THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS 1820 – 1870

Volume I

1820 – 1839

1820

?

To MASTER JOHN TRIBE AND MISS TRIBE,[†1] [1820-1]

Text from Robert Langton, *The Childhood and Youth of CD*, revised edn, 1891, p. 36. *Date: c.* 1820 according to Langton, when CD was "eight or nine". *From* St Mary's Place, Chatham, if date between 1819 and 1822; not from Ordnance Terrace, the address given by Langton.

Master and Miss Dickens will be pleased to have the company of Master and Miss Tribe to spend the Evening on [date, &c].

1825

?

To O. P. THOMAS,[†2] [1825-6]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* when CD was "between thirteen and fourteen" (Thomas *to* Forster, Feb 1871, quoted in F, I, iii, 42).

Tom/

I am quite ashamed I have not returned your Leg[†3] but you shall have it by Harry[†4] to morrow. If you would like to purchase my Clavis[†5] you shall have it at a very *reduced price.* Cheaper in comparison than a Leg.

Yours &c
C DICKENS

PS. I suppose all this time you have had a *wooden* leg. I have weighed yours every saturday Night.

1831

March

To MISS MARY ANNE LEIGH,[†1] [7 MARCH 1831]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* PM 8 Mar 31 (Tuesday). *Address:* Miss Leigh | Clapton.

21 George Street[†2] | Monday.

My dear Miss Leigh.

I have to apologize for not keeping my promise last night; but the fact is I was so exceedingly tired from my week's exertions[†3] that I slept on the Sofa the whole day. I therefore hope you will pardon my apparent rudeness, and that you will say as you often do "Ah Mr. Dickens it's quite excusable."

I called at Beadnells[†4] *on purpose to fetch you* this Morning but you had just gone which vexed me very much as I had anticipated not only the pleasure of walking with you but also of picking that bone that we have to discuss which I will embrace the first opportunity of doing.

Just this Instant as I was scoring under the second line from the top I smeared the letter which I hope you will also excuse as I am in a hurry and as "he is such a writer"!

With Compliments to Mr.[†5] and Mrs. Leigh,

I remain
(what shall I say) Yours truly?
CHARLES DICKENS[†6]

1832

February

To THOMAS BEARD,[†1] 4 FEBRUARY [1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* PM 1832, when 4 Feb was Saturday.

70 Margaret Street Cavendish Square[†2]
Saturday February 4th.

Dear Beard.

I intend keeping the Anniversary of my Birth Day, which occurs on Wednesday next the Eighth Instant[†3], by asking a chosen few to join in a friendly quadrille.

If you will make one of our family circle by seven O'Clock, or as early as the house will allow you, it will give us the greatest pleasure to see you.

Believe me
Yours Truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

March

To GEORGE BARTLEY,[†4] [?MARCH 1832]

Summary from F, 1872-4, II, ix, 179. *Date:* shortly before production at Covent Garden of Sheridan Knowles's *The Hunchback* 5 Apr 32. *From* 5 Bell Yard, Doctors' Commons ("I was at Doctors' Commons ... And I ... wrote the letter from a little office I had there": F, *ibid*, p. 180).

In a letter to Forster of Winter 1844 CD wrote that when he was about twenty, and knew three or four successive years of Mathews's At Homes[†5] *from sitting in*

the pit to hear them, he wrote to Bartley, and told him how young he was, and exactly what he thought he could do; and that he believed he had a strong perception of character and oddity, and a natural power of reproducing in his own person what he observed in others. There must have been something in the letter that struck the authorities, for Bartley wrote to him, almost immediately, to say that they were busy getting up The Hunchback *but that they would communicate with him again, in a fortnight.*

April

To GEORGE BARTLEY, [?APRIL 1832]

Summary from F, 1872-4, II, ix, 180. *Date:* a little more than a fortnight after last.

In the same letter of 1844 (see last) CD wrote that, punctual to the time, another letter came, with an appointment to do anything of Mathews's he pleased, before him and Charles Kemble, [†1] *on a certain day at the theatre. His sister Fanny* [†2] *was in the secret, and was to go with him to play the songs; but he was laid up, when the day came, with a terribly bad cold and an inflammation of the face. He wrote to say so, and added that he would resume his application next season.* [†3]

May

To H. W. KOLLE,[†1] [?APRIL-MAY 1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* clearly CD's first letter to Kolle, since the mis-spelling of his name not noticed (cf. next letter); perhaps during the Parliamentary recess 19 Apr to 6 May 32.

North End[†2] | Friday Evening.

My dear Kollie.

I have great pleasure in being enabled to assure you, that I shall be perfectly disengaged on Sunday next and shall expect you. I always rise out here, by Seven and therefore you may safely wend your way here before one if you can.

In reply to your enquiry respecting a *sizeable poney*[†3] I have also great satisfaction in being enabled to say that I can procure you a "oss" which I have had once or twice since I have been here. I am a poor judge of distance but I should certainly say that your legs would be off the ground when you are on his back. To look at the animal in question you would think (with the exception of Dog's Meat) there was no earthly purpose to which he could be applied but *when* you try him joking apart I will pledge my veracity he will beat any horse hired or private that you would see in a Morning's ride. I am his especial patron but on this occasion I will procure something smaller for myself. Pray come before One as I shall order them to be at the Door punctually at that hour, and we can mount, dismount & ride eight or ten miles without seeing a Soul the *Peasantry* excepted.

[†a]I suppose I must consider your "pilgrimage" as a sufficient excuse for your long absence, but I trust when the Shrine at which you pay your devotion is once more removed[†4] you will shew yourself a little more frequently.[†a] The people at Cecil Street[†5] put too much water in the hashes, lost the nutmeg grater, attended on me most miserably, dirtied the Table Cloths &c &c — and so (detesting petty miseries) I gave them warning, and have not yet fixed on "a local habitation and a name".[†6]

Envying you your devotions notwithstanding the pilgrimage attendant thereon and wishing you every success and happiness I remain

My dear Kollie
Yours most truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Come Early
P.S. I shall depend on your staying all night. You shall have breakfast by half past seven next Morning as I must walk to town the very first thing. CD.

July

To H. W. KOLLE, [?JULY 1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* The mis-spelling "Kollie", this time noticed by CD, suggests early in the friendship; apparently while working for the *True Sun* (see *fn*) and with several Saturdays to go before Parliament rose, 16 Aug.

My dear Kollie.

I owe you ten thousand Apologies for not having seen you last night but the fact is that I found out late in the Evening that I could not leave the house[†1] until a quarter past Ten and I thought it would be useless to endeavour to make my way into the City at that hour.

As I was not aware of the melancholy fact in sufficient time to send for you (I mean *to* you but I do not like scratching out) I hope I need not ask you to excuse the apparent inattention on my part: it is equally unnecessary to add that I was very much disappointed as I looked forward to having a very comfortable couple of hours.

I fear until the house is up, I can name no certain night on which I can go out to play except Saturday's. However I leave the selection of another day to your taste always premising that if I accept your next Invitation no consideration shall induce me to depart from it.

With my best remembrances to (?)[†2]

Believe me
My dear Kollie
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I see there are two superfluous i's in this note[†3] but I suppose you are not *particular* to a *shade.* The Sun[†4] is so obscured that I intend living under the planet no longer than Saturday Week next.

To MR LONGHURST,[†1] [30 JULY 1832]

Photograph, Dickens House. *Date:* endorsed "Received July 30th 1832" (a Monday): see W. Glyde Wilkins, *Some Letters of Charles Dickens*, privately printed, Pittsburgh, 1907.

Fitzroy Street[†2] | Monday Morning.

My dear Longhurst.

We intend asking Charles Ross[†3] and one or two fellows on Saturday Evening next, and to knock up a chaunt or two. If you will join our small circle it will give us the greatest pleasure to see you.

Believe me
Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [30 JULY 1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Similar wording of invitation strongly suggests same day as last.

Fitzroy Street | Monday Morning.

My dear Kolle.

Are you going out of town next Saturday? Because if you are not we propose to get one or two young men together for the purpose of knocking up a song or two and I am specially directed to beg your attendance on the occasion.

I give you this early notice not because there is anything formal or party like in the arrangements for that day but in order that I may have a better chance of securing you.

You will perhaps oblige me with a line at your earliest convenience, giving me your arrangements for Saturday, and the probability of your local destination on that Day.

Trusting that every thing goes on as well as ever (which I have been more than once inclined to doubt in consequence of not hearing from or seeing you)

I remain
My dear Kolle
Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [SUMMER 1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* the first appeal to Kolle to deliver a note to Maria Beadnell; signature suggests Summer 1832.

Fitzroy Street. | Friday Morning.

My dear Kolle. As I was requested in a note I received this morning to forward my answer by the same means as my first note I am emboldened to ask you if you will be so kind as to deliver the Inclosed for me when you practise your customary duet this afternoon.

I hope you will not make it long before in mere charity you look in upon me.

Believe me
My dear Kolle
Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [SUMMER 1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* the second appeal to Kolle. *Address:* H. Kolle Esqre. | Addle Street | Aldermanbury.

Fitzroy Street | Saturday Morning.

My dear Kolle.

I should really feel some delicacy in asking you again to deliver the inclosed as addressed were it not for two reasons. In the first place you know so well my existing situation that you must be almost

perfectly aware of the general nature of the note, and in the second I should not have written it (for I should have communicated it's[†1] contents verbally) were it not that I lost the opportunity by keeping the old gentleman[†2] out of the way as long as possible last night. To these reasons you may add that I have not the slightest objection to your knowing its contents, from the first syllable to the last.

I trust under these circumstances that you will not object to doing me the very essential service of delivering the Inclosed as *soon* this afternoon as you can, and perhaps you will accompany the delivery by asking Miss Beadnell only to read it when she is *quite alone*[†3] (of course in this sense I consider you as nobody).

By complying with this request you will confer a *very great* favor on

Dear Kolle
Yours most truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Excuse haste.

August

To H. W. KOLLE, [?AUGUST 1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* presumably in the Summer Parliamentary recess (16 Aug to 16 Oct).

Fitzroy Street. | Wednesday

My dear Kolle.

As we have had a little sickness among our family we intend going to Highgate for a fortnight. The Spot we have chosen is in a very pleasant Neighbourhood, and I have discovered a green lane which looks as if nature had intended it for a Smoking place.

If you can make it convenient to come down, write to me and fix *your own* day. I am sorry I cannot offer you a bed because we are so pressed for room that I myself hang out at "*The Red Lion*"[†1] but should you be disposed to stay all Night I have no doubt you can be provided with a bed at the same Establishment.

The Address is "Mrs. Goodman's[†2] next door to the old Red Lion Highgate". The place has no other name, but a twopenny[†3] directed as above will no doubt find us.

Remember me to all friends and Believe me

In haste
Most truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

September

To H. W. KOLLE, [29 SEPTEMBER 1832]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* PM 29 Sep 32 (Saturday). *Address:* H. W. Kolle Esqre | Addle Street | Aldermanbury.

British Museum[†4] | Saturday Morning.

My dear Kolle

Will you take your dinner with us tomorrow? We shall be quite alone.

Perhaps if your Brother[†1] is disengaged he will accompany you. If he is not better engaged we shall be happy to see him.

I forgot to write these few lines before I left home, and I have not a wafer[†2] here, whereby I have put this letter in without one.

Believe me (in haste)
Yours most truly
CHARLES DICKENS

H. W. Kolle Esqr.

To H. G. HARTLAND,[†3] [?AUTUMN 1832]

Mention in next. *Date:* "some time" before it.

December

To H. G. HARTLAND, 9 DECEMBER [1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Tennyson was returned as member for the new metropolitan borough of Lambeth in Dec 32, in which year 9 Dec was Sunday.

15 Fitzroy Street. | Sunday December 9th.

Sir.

In answer to your note of yesterday's date I have only to say that I shall be happy to avail myself of your assistance when the Session commences; and as soon as our arrangements at The Mirror of Parliament[†4] are completed I will write to you.

I regret for your own sake that I have not known your address until I found (on returning home yesterday Evening) your note. I wrote you a few lines some time since in reply to your former note (several engagements I had formed preventing my doing so at the moment) and about a week afterwards

the letter was returned to me by the Post Office with an Intimation that you had left the residence to which I directed it. Had I even received your yesterday's note one day sooner I could have procured you a couple of days employment at the Lambeth Election as a Poll Clerk at a Salary of one Guinea per day, having been commissioned by Mr. Tennyson[†1] to find no less than *Eighteen* young men for that purpose.[†2] I regret to say however that the number was completed yesterday morning. I could also have given you some employment on my own account about a week ago but not knowing where to find you I was under the necessity of employing a Stranger. Of course this is no fault of yours, and I only mention the circumstance for the purpose of illustrating my assurance that I shall always be most willing to put anything in your way when I have the opportunity of doing so.

Should I stand in need of your services previous to the assembling of Parliament, for a day or two I will write to you, but at all events you will hear from me when Parliament meets which will be I think on the 29th. of January.

I am Sir
Yours &c
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. H. G. Hartland.

To H. W. KOLLE, [20 DECEMBER 1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Christmas Day 1832 was Tuesday.

Fitzroy Street. | Thursday Morning

My dear Kolle.

I am exceedingly sorry that I was so unfortunate as to select last night for my *annual*[†3] visit to Drury Lane[†4] as I should have very much preferred having a chat and Cigar with you — I hope however you will give me an early opportunity of doing so.

How are you engaged on Christmas Day? — If you do not join any family party of your own, will you dine with us — It will I need hardly say give us all the greatest pleasure to see you. Perhaps you will let me know by a line pr. post.

I have two books of yours which I am quite ashamed of having kept so long. Our man shall bring them this week without fail.

I long to give you my opinion of that Miss Evans[†1] and to communicate some monstrously strong circumstantial Evidence to prove that she must tell the most confounded —— As yours are "ears polite"[†2] — I shall leave your imagination and observation to supply the blank.

Trusting that you have (as you easily may have) no better engagement for Tuesday than I can offer you

Believe me

Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

Of course I came home last night exactly four minutes after you had left.

To H. W. KOLLE, [?1832]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Signature suggests late 1832.

Fitzroy Street. | Thursday Morning.

My dear Kolle

I recollect this morning to my great horror that I owe you Eighteen pence which I borrowed and forgot to return last Night. I therefore hasten to repair the omission with all possible dispatch. A Cab Driver whom I was obliged to ask for change, last night gave me a *bad* five shilling piece, — so that I was in luck altogether: my cold is about as bad as a Cold can be, and on the whole I feel tolerably happy and comfortable to day, the state of the weather being so admirably adapted to dispel any gloomy ideas of which I always have a very plentiful stock.

Believe me
Yours most truly
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, [1832]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* endorsed, presumably by Beard, "C.D. 1832". *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre.[†3]

Saturday.

Dear Beard.

Many thanks for the Tamarinds. Is it of any use asking you and "a Brother or two" to look in and take a Glass of Punch and a Cigar tomorrow Evening?

If you are not better engaged and will honor me I need not say I shall be most happy to see you.

Believe me
Truly Yours
CD.

1833

January

To H. W. KOLLE, 5 JANUARY 1833

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* H. W. Kolle Esqre. | Addle Street | Aldermanbury.

Saturday | January 5th. 1833

Dear Kolle

Will you excuse my postponing the pleasure of seeing yourself and Brother until Sunday Week? — My reason is this: — as we are having coals in at the new place, cleaning &c we cannot very well remove until Tuesday or Wednesday next. The Piano will most likely go to Bentinck St.[†1] to day & as I have already said we cannot accompany it — So that the Piano will be in one place and we in another. In addition to this, we shall be all in a bustle, and I fear should impress your Brother with a very uncomfortable idea of our domestic arrangements. Will you therefore let me hope to see you on Sunday Week when perhaps we shall be enabled to get *a friend* of yours[†2] to meet you?

I was not certain last night that we should postpone our removal. Had I been so, I would have spared you the infliction of deciphering this elegant Epistle.

Believe me
My dear Kolle
Yours most truly
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [?JANUARY 1833]*

MS Mrs Jack Reed. *Date:* during Kolle's courtship of Anne Beadnell, and before the crisis in CD's affair with Maria; handwriting suggests Jan 33.

Dear Kolle.

"If I may be allowed to give an opinion" (as you say) on the subject of the Coach Engagement I should really prefer leaving it to you. My reason is this — not to mention the obvious one that you do everything *so* well — *You* engaged the last *I* never did anything in the money way without being

imposed upon. I know that the terms I should make would be higher than those you paid, and I really should not like my off hand badly digested bargain to be balanced against your more prudent, less expensive, and in every respect more eligible arrangements. With our friends the Beadnell's[†1] too *you* can do no wrong; *I* am not so sure of coming off well, and therefore seriously you will oblige me by undertaking the task.

With reference to the ground of objection you state it seems to me that it does not go the length you appear to think and for this reason. — It by no means follows as a necessary consequence that because you engage a Man in the City, his or his master's Stables or even his customary stand is in the City. The chances I should say are pretty well six to one that he comes some where from the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road where a vast number of the Hackney Coaches put up — However there is enough about this important subject.

I think I never was more delighted in my life than to hear that you were incarcerated in the *Vorchis*[†2] on Sunday Night. My only regret is that I was not there to see the fun, and that I am consequently unable to tell the story and to deliver a plain unvarnish'd tale[†3] of the set out. I suppose the story is to be *entre nous* or that if told at all it is to be told all on one side (your's of course) and that in relating it, you follow the usual directions on the Glass Packages "With care. Keep *this* side up." I am so anxious to hear the *particklers* that I almost made up my mind to walk to Addle Street to night instead of the Twopenny Post office. Remembering however how unlikely I should be to find you at home I reluctantly postponed the opportunity until Monday Evening. *Of course* you were not in fault — Those policemen are such a rascally set of *Negurs**.[†4]

If you do not walk up this way before Monday, let me hear from you — Pray don't forget to let me know about time or my sisters will play the deuce with me. Remember me to your brother "most kindly" as the ladies (God bless 'em) have it; and Believe me

Dear Kolle
Your's Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

* Blacks — not *Browns*[†5]

February

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 FEBRUARY [1833]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* CD came of age in 1833. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre.

18 Bentinck St. | Feby. 2nd.

My dear Beard.

I inclose an Invitation[†1] from my mother[†2] for Monday the 11th. which is the important occasion of my coming of age.[†3]

I must manage by changing with somebody on the night in question to get out of the gallery by Eight oClock — If you feel disposed to join us, we shall be most happy to see you, and of course you can manage to be with us some time in the course of the Evening.

Believe me (in haste)
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [2 FEBRUARY 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* presumably an invitation to his birthday party, as last. The new Parliamentary session opened on 29 Jan 33, but CD probably refers to the beginning of debates, on Tues 5 Feb. *Address:* H. W. Kolle Esqre. | Addle Street | Aldermanbury.

Bentinck Street | Saturday Morning

Dear Kolle.

I inclose an Invitation for yourself and *both* your brothers[†4] for the 11th. I do not like after partaking so liberally of your hospitality to leave any one

out. I was sorry to hear you were *disLiver'd*[†1] the other night — though I do not know that the thing is a bit the worse for it in the end. — Let me see you one Evening this week because next, the house begins — I shall be at home.

Believe me
My dear Kolle
Yours sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

March

To MISS MARIA BEADNELL,[†2] 18 MARCH [1833]

MS Huntington Library.[†3] *Date:* For confirmation that the break with Maria took place in 1833, see *To* Kolle, 16 May 33.

18 Bentinck Street | March 18th

Dear Miss Beadnell

Your own feelings will enable you to imagine far better than any attempt of mine to describe the painful struggle it has cost me to make up my mind to adopt the course which I now take — a course than which nothing can be so directly opposed to my wishes and feelings but the necessity of which becomes daily more apparent to me. Our meetings of late have been little

more than so many displays of heartless indifference on the one hand while on the other they have never failed to prove a fertile source of wretchedness and misery and seeing as I cannot fail to do that I have engaged in a pursuit which has long since been worse than hopeless and a further perseverance in which can only expose me to deserved ridicule I have made up my mind to return the little present I received from you sometime since (which I have always prized as I still do far beyond anything I ever possessed) and the other enclosed mementos of our past correspondence which I am sure it must be gratifying to you to receive as after our recent relative situations they are certainly better adapted for your custody than mine. Need I say that I have not the most remote idea of hurting your feelings by the few lines which I think it necessary to write with the accompanying little parcel? I must be the last person in the world who could entertain such an intention but I feel that this is neither a matter nor a time for cold deliberate calculating trifling. *My* feelings upon any subject more especially upon this must be to you a matter of very little moment still I *have* feelings in common with other people — perhaps as far as they relate to you they

have been as strong and as good as ever warmed the human heart, — and I do feel that it is mean and contemptible of me to keep by me one gift of yours or to preserve one single line or word of remembrance or affection from you. I therefore return them and I can only wish that I could as easily forget that I ever received them.

I have but one word more to say and I say it in my own vindication. The result of our past acquaintance is indeed a melancholy one to me. I have felt too long ever to lose the feeling of utter desolation and wretchedness which has succeeded our former correspondence. Thank God! I can claim for myself and feel that I deserve the merit of having ever throughout our intercourse acted fairly, intelligibly and honorably. Under kindness and encouragement one day and a total change of conduct the next I have ever been the same. I have ever acted without reserve. I have never held out encouragement which I knew I never meant; I have never indirectly sanctioned hopes which I well knew I did not intend to fulfil. I have never made a mock confidante to whom to entrust a garbled story for my own purposes, and I think I never should (though God knows I am not likely to have the opportunity) encourage one dangler as a useful shield for — an excellent set off against — others more fortunate and doubtless more deserving. I have done nothing that I could say would be very likely to hurt you. If (I can hardly believe it possible) I have said any thing which can have that effect I can only ask you to place yourself for a moment in my situation and you will find a much better excuse than I can possibly devise. A wish for your happiness altho' it comes from me may not be the worse for being sincere and heartfelt. Accept it as it is meant and believe that nothing will ever afford me more real delight than to hear that you the object of my first, and my last love, are happy. If you are as happy as I hope you may be, you will indeed possess every blessing that this World can afford.

C.D.

Miss Maria Beadnell.

To MISS MARIA BEADNELL, [MARCH 1833]

Mention in *To* Maria Beadnell, 16 May 33. *Date:* CD was answering Maria's reply (probably not long delayed) to his letter of 18 Mar, which she returned.

Expressing the same sentiments as he had ever felt and ever would feel towards her to his dying day.

April

To MISS AMELIA AUSTIN,[†1] [?6 APRIL 1833]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The first rehearsal of *Clari* was apparently on Sat 13 Apr: see next.

My dear Miss Austin

Will you allow me to forward you a copy of the Prologue?[†2] A very great press of business has prevented my bestowing more than a couple of hours on the whole composition; copy and all; and I therefore trust to your usual kindness to excuse the very *unladylike* manner in which it is copied.

I propose (of course subject to your approval) that our first Rehearsal[†3] shall be on this day week. You know I suppose that at last we have been enabled to create a Duke.[†4]

If the space of half a sheet of paper, or the powers of a bad steel pen, — or the time of your humble Servant would admit of a description of my disappointment at not being enabled to claim the promised quadrille I should attempt it but as my feelings "may be more easily conceived than described",[†5] I shall only beg you to Believe me

Most truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Austin

I forgot the date which I believe is

Saturday Morning

Fanny says "of course we see them tomorrow evening" — So say I.

To H. W. KOLLE, [?15 APRIL 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* The performance of *Clari* took place on 27 Apr; the dress rehearsal was presumably on the 26th, the Friday week after 15 Apr; Kolle had missed the rehearsal on 13 Apr.

Bentinck St. | Monday Morning

My dear Kolle.

I received your note the other day and of course much regretted the absence of any Member of my company on the occasion of a Grand Rehearsal. You ask me whether I do not congratulate you.[†1] I do most sincerely. If any one can be supposed to take a lively and real interest in such a case it is an old and mutual friend of both parties. Though perhaps I cannot lay claim to the title of an "old" friend I hope I may to that of a real one, and although unfortunately and unhappily for myself I have no *fellow feeling* with you[†2] — no cause to sympathise with your past causes of annoyance, or your present prospects of happiness, — I am not the less disposed to offer my heartfelt congratulations to you because you are, or at all events will be what I never can — happy and contented; taking present grievances as happiness compared with former difficulties and looking cheerfully and steadily forward to a bright perspective of many happy years.

Now turning from feeling, and making one's self miserable & so on, may I ask you to spare one Evening this week for the purpose of doing your two pair of side Scenes?[†3] I would not ask you but I really have no other resource; the time is fast approaching and I am rather nervous. Will you write and tell me

when you will come and when I may send for your Scene? Thursday is a Rehearsal of Clari with the Band[†4] & Friday week a dress Rehearsal. You shall have your Bills[†5] when I see you — an immense audience are invited, including many Judges. — Write me an answer to these queries *as soon as possible* pray. The family are busy, the *Corps dramatique* are all anxiety, the scenery is all completing rapidly, the machinery is finished, the Curtain hemmed, the Orchestra complete — and the manager *grimy.*[†6]

Believe me
My dear Kolle
Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [?19 or 20 APRIL 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* The Monday rehearsal must have been on 22 Apr, a week after *To* Kolle, ?15 Apr. Presumably this was written late in the intervening week, after the rehearsal with the band.

Dear Kolle.

Will you be kind enough to give Henry Bramwell[†1] the inclosed 14/- for Cigars, at the same time saying I am much obliged to him. Ask him to be punctual on Monday as I expect an excellent Rehearsal and "Look to yourself". The Scenery is progressing at a very rapid rate; the machinery is excellent, the decorations are very good and ditto expensive — and in short the whole affair is in excellent train.

I am busy and therefore will not give you the trouble of deciphering any more of my iligant writing.

Believe me
Dear Kolle
Sincerely Yours
CD.

Have you seen our friend the clerk yet?[†2] — Or have you adopted the other course?[†3] — No good result yet I presume?

To THOMAS BEARD, [?22 APRIL 1833]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Beard had apparently not yet accepted Mrs Dickens's invitation of 14 Apr.[†4] Tone suggests CD was sending the additional inducement eight days, rather than one day, later. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | Portman Place | Edgeware[†5] Road.

18 Bentinck St. | Monday Morning

Dear Beard.

Will the inclosed Bill[†6] induce you to forego the determination you appear to have formed never to accept Invitations to our little parties?

Yours Truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

To H. W. KOLLE, [23 APRIL 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* the Tuesday before the performance.

Bentinck Street | Tuesday Morning

My dear Kolle.

I will not say that I have been surprised at our not hearing from or seeing you either on the day you mentioned in your note or at any other time since its receipt, because of course we know from practical experience in other cases that a little flow of prosperity is an excellent cooler of former friendships, and that when other and more pleasant engagements can be formed visits — if not visits of convenience — become excessively irksome. This is everybody's way and of course therefore I attach no blame to you that it is yours also. I do not say this with any ill natured feeling or in any unkind spirit, but I know that something like this is felt by others *here*, and I am really sorry for it, though as I said before by no means surprised that it should be so —

Now as Saturday is fast approaching I should really be much obliged to you if you will (if you can find time) write me a word in answer to these two questions. In the first place do you play the Nobleman?[†1] I have the dress and if you are disinclined to play the character I must entrust it to other hands. In the second place when may I send for your Scene[†2] as it requires fitting up, lighting &c?

Believe me (in great haste)
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN,[†3] [?SPRING 1833]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* perhaps not long after the theatricals of 27 Apr.

Saturday Morning

Dear Henry.

If you have nothing better to engage you tomorrow (Sunday) I shall be very happy to give you a Sailing trip on board a large "wessel" which Jack Urquhart[†4] has borrowed for the occasion — of course having a proper

Crew.[†1] We take our grub (which I provide) on board and go ashore for nothing and we proceed by Coach to Greenwich (I will not say *Stage* for fear the word should excite in your mind

"A thought of the days that have passed away
A thought of those feelings so bright & gay" — †2

&c &c. The parenthesis including the "Copy of verses" is so long that I must recommence the Sentence and say that we wish to be at Greenwich by 9.†3

If you think it worth your while to join us I shall be at home this Evening at [ ]†4 purpose of settling time of meeting &c.

Believe me
My dear Henry
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, [?SPRING 1833]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably the day after last. *Address:* Henry Austin Esqre.

Sunday Morning | 8 O'Clock

Dear Henry.

If you are down at Strand Lane and hail "The Alert" any time until 9 we will send our boat off for you.†5

Believe me
Truly Yours
CD.

May

To MISS MARIA BEADNELL, [14 MAY 1833]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* CD's first letter asking Maria's consent to his writing to Mary Anne Leigh; date deduced from *To* Kolle, 16 May 33.

18 Bentinck Street | Tuesday Afternoon

I do feel Miss Beadnell after my former note to you that common delicacy and a proper feeling of consideration alike require that I should without a moment's delay inform you (as I did verbally yesterday) that I never by word or deed in the slightest manner directly or by implication made in any way a Confidante of Mary Ann Leigh, and never was I more surprised, never did I endure more heartfelt annoyance and vexation than to hear yesterday by chance that days even weeks ago she had made this

observation — not having the slightest idea that she had done so of course it was out of my power to contradict it before. Situated as we have been once I have — laying out of consideration every idea of common honour not to say common honesty — too often thought of our earlier correspondence, and too often looked back to happy hopes the loss of which have made me the miserable reckless wretch I am, to

breathe the slightest hint to any creature living of one single circumstance that ever passed between us — much less to *her*.

In replying to your last note I denied Mary Ann Leighs interference, and I did so hoping to spare you the pain of any recrimination with her. Her duplicity and disgusting falsehood however renders it quite unnecessary to conceal the part she has acted and I therefore have now no hesitation in saying that she quite unasked volunteered the information that *you*[†1] had made her a Confidante *of all that had ever passed between us without reserve.* In proof of which assertion she not only detailed facts which I undoubtedly thought she could have heard from none but yourself, but she also communicated many things which certainly never occurred at all, equally calculated to excite something even more than ordinary angry feelings.

On hearing this yesterday (and no consideration on earth shall induce me ever to forget or forgive Fanny's not telling me of it before) my first impulse was to go to Clapton:[†2] my next to prevent misrepresentation to write immediately. I thought on reflection, however that the most considerate and proper course would be to state to you exactly what I wish to do. I ask your consent previously for this reason — because it is possible that you may think that my writing a violent note would have the effect of exciting ill nature which had better be avoided. I candidly own that I am most anxious to write. I care as little for her malice as I do for her, but as you are a party who would perhaps be mixed up with her story I think it is proper to ask you whether you object to my sending the note which I have already written. I need hardly say that if it be sent at all it should be at once and I therefore hope to receive your decision tomorrow assuring you that I will abide by it whatever it be.

I will not detain you or intrude upon your attention by any more observations. I fear I could say little, calculated to interest or please you. I have no hopes to express no wishes to communicate. I am past the one and must not think of the other. Though surprised at such inconceivable duplicity I can express no pleasure at the discovery, for I have been so long used to inward wretchedness, and real, real, misery that it matters little very little to me what others may think of or what becomes of me. — I have to apologize for troubling you at all but I hope you will believe that a sense of respect for and deference to your feelings has elicited this note to which I have once again to beg your immediate answer.

CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [14 MAY 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* the letter enclosing *To* Maria Beadnell, 14 May. *Address:* H. W. Kolle Esqre.

Tuesday Evg.

My dear Kolle. On reflection it appeared to me that as Miss Beadnell is a party concerned and as Marianne Leigh's malice in the event of my writing might be directed against her I have thought it best to ask her consent to my writing at all which I have done in the inclosed note. You know how I feel upon the subject and how anxious I naturally am and I am sure therefore you will do all you can for me when I say that I want it delivered *immediately*. I have lost too much time already.

Believe me
My dear Kolle
Faithfully Yours
CD

To MISS MARIA BEADNELL, [16 MAY 1833]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* The plan to meet Kolle at 10 next evening shows this was enclosed with next.

18 Bentinck Street | Thursday 4 o'Clock.

I cannot forbear replying to your note this moment received Miss Beadnell because you really seem to have made two mistakes. In the first place you do not exactly understand the nature of my feelings with regard to your alledged[†1] communications to M A L[†2] and in the next you certainly totally and entirely misunderstand my feeling with regard to her — that you could suppose as you clearly do (that is to say if the subject is worth a thought to you) that I have ever really thought of M A L in any other than my old way you are mistaken. That she has for some reason and to suit her own purposes, of late thrown herself in my way I could plainly see and I know it was noticed by others. — For instance on the night of the play[†3] after we went up stairs I could not get rid of her; God knows that I have no pleasure in speaking to her or any girl living, and never had — May I say that *you* have ever been the sole exception? "Kind words and winning looks" have done much much with me — but not from her — *unkind* words and *cold* looks however have done much much more — That I have been the subject of both from *you* as your will altered and your pleasure changed, *I* know well — and so I think must you. I have often said before and I say again I have borne more from you than I do believe any creature breathing ever bore from a woman before. The slightest hint however even now of change or transfer of feeling I cannot bear and do not deserve.

Again. I never supposed nor did this girl give me to understand that you ever breathed a syllable *against* me. It is quite a mistake on your part but knowing (and there cannot be a stronger proof of my disliking her) what she was knowing her admirable qualifications for a Confidante and recollecting what had passed between ourselves I was more than hurt more than annoyed at the bare idea of your confiding the tale to *her* of all people living. I reflected upon it. I coupled her communication with what I saw (with a jaundiced eye perhaps) of your own conduct; on the very last occasion of seeing you before writing that note I heard even among your own friends (and there was no Mary Ann present) I heard even among them remarks on your own conduct and pity — pity Good God — for my situation and I did think (you will pardon my saying it for I am describing my *then* feelings and not my *present*) that the same light butterfly feeling which prompted the one action could influence the other — Wretched aye almost broken hearted I wrote to you — (I have the note for you returned it,[†1] and even now I do think it was written "more in sorrow than in anger", and to my mind — I had almost said to your better judgment — it must appear to breathe anything but an unkind or bitter feeling) — You replied to the note. I wrote another and that at least was expressive of the same sentiments as I ever had felt and ever should feel towards you to my dying day.[†2] *That note you sent me back by hand wrapped in a small loose piece of paper without even*

the formality of an envelope and that note I wrote after receiving yours. It is poor sport to trifle on a subject like this: I know what your feelings must have been and by them I regulated my conduct.

To return to the question of what is best to be done. I go to Kolle's at 10 oClock tomorrow Evening and I will inclose to you and give to him then a copy of the note which if I send any I *will* send to Marianne Leigh. I do not ask your *advice.* All I ask is whether you see any reason to *object.* You will perhaps inclose it after reading it, and say whether you object to it's going or not.

With regard to Fanny if she owed a duty to you she owed a greater one to me — and for this reason *because she knew* what Marianne Leigh had said of *you*; she heard from you what she had said of *me* and yet she had not the fairness the candour the feeling to let me know it — and if I were to live a hundred years I never would forgive it.

As to sending my last note back, pray do not consult *my* feelings but *your own.* Look at the note itself. Do you think it is unkind cold hasty or conciliatory? and deliberate? I shall — indeed I need — express no wish upon the subject. You will act as you think best. It is too late for me to attempt to influence your decision. I have said doubtless both in this and my former note much more than perhaps I ought or should have said had I attempted disguise or concealment to you and I have no doubt more than is agreeable to yourself. Towards *you* I never had and never can have an angry feeling. If you had ever felt for me one hundredth part of my feeling

for you there would have been little cause of regret, little coldness little unkindness between us. My feeling on *one* subject was early roused it has been strong, and it will be lasting. I am in no mood to quarrel with any one for not entertaining similar sentiments and least of all Miss Beadnell with you. You will think of what I have said and act accordingly. Destitute as I am of hope or comfort I have borne much and I dare say can bear more

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [16 MAY 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* PM 1 [ ] May 33; the only Thursday in May beginning with "I" was the 16th. *Address:* Henry Kolle Esqre. | 14 Addle Street | Aldermanbury.

Bentinck Street | Thursday

Dear Kolle.

"Least said soonest mended." I am very, very, much obliged to you for performing my commission in the midst of your multifarious concerns so kindly and punctually — May I trouble you with another? — By way of course of evincing my gratitude. I shall be at my post in Addle St. at 10 tomorrow.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY ANNE LEIGH, [17 MAY 1833]

MS Huntington Library.[†1] *Date:* clearly the note enclosed in next.

Dear Miss Leigh.

I am very happy to avail myself of the opportunity of inclosing your Album (which I regret to say want of a moment's time has quite prevented me writing in), to say a very few words relative to an observation made by you the other day to one of the Miss Beadnell's I believe; and[†2] which has only I regret to say just reached my ears quite accidentally. I should not have noticed it at all were it merely an idle gossiping remark for one is necessarily compelled to hear so many of them and they are usually so trifling and so ridiculous, that it would be mere waste of time to notice them in any way. The remark to which I allude however is one which if it had the slightest foundation in truth — would so strongly tend to implicate me as a dishonorable babbler, with little heart and less head, that in justice

to myself I cannot refrain from adverting to it — You will at once perceive I allude to your giving them to understand (if not directly by implication) that I had made you my confidante, with respect to anything which [may][†1] have passed between Maria B — and myself. Now passing over any remark which may have been artfully elicited from me in any unguarded moment, I can safely say, that I never made a confidante of any one. I am perfectly willing to admit that if I had wished to secure a confidante in whom candour, secrecy and kind honorable feeling were indispensable requisites I could have looked to no one better calculated for this office than yourself: but still the making you the depository of my feelings or secrets, is an honor I never presumed to expect and one which I certainly must beg most positively to decline — A proof of self denial in which so far as I learn from other avowed confidantes of yours, I am by no means singular.

I have not hesitated to speak plainly because I feel most strongly on this subject — The allegation — if it were not grossly untrue — I again say tending so materially to inculpate me, and the assertion itself having been made (so far as I can learn at least, for it has reached me in a very circuitous manner) certainly not in the most unaffected or delicate way.

I hope you will understand that in troubling you, I am not actuated by any absurd idea of self consequence. I am perfectly aware of my own unimportance, and it is solely because I am so; because I would much rather mismanage my own affairs, than have them ably conducted by the officious interference of any one, because I do think that your interposition in this instance however well intentioned, has been productive of as much mischief as it has been uncalled for; and because I am really and sincerely desirous, of sparing you the meanness and humiliation, of acting in the petty character of an unauthorized go-between, that I have been induced to write this note — for the length of which I beg you will accept my apology.

I am,
Dear Miss Leigh
Yours &c
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARIA BEADNELL, [17 MAY 1833]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* the note enclosing last. *Address:* Miss Maria Beadnell.

18 Bentinck Street | Friday

Agreeably to my promise I beg to Inclose you a copy of the note I propose to send to Marianne Leigh, which you will perhaps be so good as to return me (as I have no other copy from which to write the original) as

soon as possible. I had intended to have made it more severe but perhaps upon the whole the inclosed will be sufficient. Until receiving any answer you may make to my last note I will not trouble you with any further observation. Of course you will at least on this point (I mean Marianne Leigh's note) say what you think without reserve and any course you may propose or any alteration you may suggest shall on my word and honor be instantly adopted. Should anything you may say (in returning her note) to *me* make me anxious to return any answer may I have your permission to forward it to you?

I find I have proceeded to the end of my note without even inserting your name. May I ask you to excuse the omission and to believe that I would gladly have addressed you in a very very different way?

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Maria Beadnell

To MISS MARIA BEADNELL, [19 MAY 1833]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* the conciliatory note enclosed in next.

18 Bentinck Street. | Sunday Morning.

Dear Miss Beadnell.

I am anxious to take the earliest opportunity of writing to you again, knowing that the opportunity of addressing you through Kolle — now my only means of communicating with you — will shortly be lost, and having your own permission to write to you — I am most desirous of forwarding a note which had I received such permission earlier, I can assure you you would have received 'ere this. Before proceeding to say a word upon the subject of my present note let me beg you to believe that your request to see Marianne Leigh's answer is rendered quite unnecessary by my previous determination to shew it you, which I shall do immediately on receiving it — that is to say if I receive any at all. If I know anything of her art or disposition however you are mistaken in supposing that her remarks will be directed against yourself. *I* shall be the mark at which all the anger and spleen will be directed — and I shall take it very quietly, for whatever she may say I shall positively decline to enter into any further controversy with *her*. I shall have no objection to break a lance paper or otherwise with any champion to whom she may please to entrust her cause but I will have no further correspondence or communication with her personally, or in writing. I have copied the note and done up the parcel which will go off by the first Clapton Coach tomorrow morning. —

And now to the object of my present note. I have considered and reconsidered the matter, and I have come to the unqualified determination that I will allow no feeling of pride no haughty dislike to making a conciliation to prevent my expressing it without reserve. — I will advert to nothing that has passed; I will not again seek to excuse any part I have acted or to justify it by any course you have ever pursued, I will revert to

nothing that has ever passed between us; I will only openly and at once say that there is nothing I have more at heart, nothing I more sincerely and earnestly desire than to be reconciled to you. — It would be useless for me to repeat here what I have so often said before; it would be equally useless to look forward and state my hopes for the future — all that any one can do to raise himself by his own exertions and unceasing assiduity I have done, and will do. I have no guide by which to ascertain your present feelings and I have God knows no means of influencing them in my favor. I never have loved and I never can love any human creature breathing but yourself. We have had many differences, and we have lately been entirely separated. Absence however has not altered my feelings in the slightest degree, and the Love I now tender you is as pure, and as lasting as at any period of our former correspondence. I have now done all I can to remove our most unfortunate and to me most unhappy misunderstanding — The matter now of course rests solely with you, and you will decide as your own feelings and wishes direct you. I could say much for myself, and I could entreat a favourable consideration in my own behalf but I purposely abstain from doing so because it would be only a repetition of an oft told tale, and because I am sure that nothing I could say would have the effect of influencing your decision in any degree whatever. Need I say that to me it is a matter of vital import and the most intense anxiety? — I fear that the numerous claims which must necessarilly be made on your time and attention next week will prevent your answering this note within anything like the time which my impatience would name. Let me entreat you to consider your determination well whatever it be and let me implore you to communicate it to me as early as possible. — As I am anxious to convey this note into the City in time to get it delivered today I will at once conclude by begging you to believe me

Yours sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. KOLLE, [19 MAY 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Kolle was married on Wed 22 May;[†1] the celebration CD refers to here presumably took place the week before. *Address:* H. W. Kolle Esqre. | 14 Addle Street | Aldermanbury.

Sunday

My dear Kolle. I inclose a very conciliatory note sans pride, sans reserve sans anything[†2] but an evident wish to be reconciled, which I shall be most obliged by your delivering. — Independently of the numerous advantages of your marriage you will have this great consolation — that you will be for once and for aye relieved from these most troublesome commissions. I leave the note myself hoping it is possible (tho' not probable) that it may

catch you so as to be delivered to day — By the bye if I had many friends in the habit of marrying which said friends had brothers who possessed an extensive assortment of choice hock I should be dead in no time. Yesterday I felt like a Maniac — to day my interior resembles a Lime Basket.†1

Truly Yours

CD.

June

To RICHARD EARLE,†2 6 JUNE [1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* endorsed 6 June 33.†3

18 Bentinck Street | Cavendish Square | Thursday June 6th.

Sir.

I trust you will pardon the very great liberty I take in troubling you with any application on my own behalf, but as you have been kind enough to express an opinion in favour of my abilities as a Reporter,†4 and as you have had opportunities of perusing my Reports, and being enabled to judge of their accuracy &c I am induced to make a request of a strictly private nature — and I can only plead my reliance on your kindness, and a natural wish on my part to enlarge the field of my exertions as an excuse of making it.

I am always entirely unemployed during the recess. I need hardly say that I have many strong inducements for wishing to be so as little as possible; and thinking that perhaps in the course of the business with which you are connected, you are frequently to a certain extent engaged in the formation of commissions, or other public Boards on which the services of a Short Hand Writer are required, I have made up my mind to take the liberty of asking you, should you ever have an opportunity of recommendation if you would object to mentioning my name. — Of course the value of a recommendation from such a quarter would be incalculable, and I trust the recommendation itself would not be misplaced.

I will not detain you further than by again apologising for writing to you, and venturing to express a hope that you will not consider my application impertinent, and consequently unworthy of notice.

I am Sir

Your most obliged Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Earle Esqre.

&c &c &c

August

To J. P. COLLIER,[†1] [?AUGUST 1833]

Mention in J. P. Collier, *An Old Man's Diary: Forty Years Ago*, 1872, Preface, p.v. *Date:* according to Collier, soon after 27 July 33 when he first met CD and agreed to recommend him to the *Morning Chronicle.*

Thanking Collier for his attempt to obtain him an appointment as reporter on the Morning Chronicle.

October

To MISS URQUHART,[†2] [?OCTOBER 1833]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Perhaps refers to the theatricals which were the subject of a Circular dated 7 Oct 33.[†3]

Bentinck Street. | Wednesday Morng.

My dear Miss Urquhart.

It will afford me the greatest pleasure (should nothing occur to prevent me, which I have no idea of) to have the honor of dining with you on *Friday* at Five precisely. I trust your Ladyship will excuse my note being especially brief but I am terribly out of spirits this morning owing to the great difficulty I and the Stage Carpenter experience in making Moonlight which is a much more troublesome task than we anticipated.

Pray give my love to Letitia;[†4] "accept the same from yours truly" as schoolboys say when they write notes, and Believe me My dear Miss Urquhart

Yours most sincerely
CHARLES. I.B.L.K.Y.N.[†5] DICKENS

December

To H. W. KOLLE, [3 DECEMBER 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* The Dec issue of the *Monthly Magazine* came out on the 1st; CD was probably writing two days later.

Bentinck Street | Tuesday Morning

My dear Kolle

I intend with the gracious permission of yourself and Spouse to look in upon you some Evening this week. I do not write to you however for the purpose of ceremoniously making this important announcement but to beg Mrs. K's criticism of a little paper of mine[†1] (the first of a Series)[†2] in *the Monthly*[†3] (not the New Monthly)[†4] Magazine of this month. I haven't a Copy to send but if the Number

falls in your way, look for the Article. It is the same that you saw lying on my table but the name is transmogrified from "A Sunday out of town" to "A dinner at Poplar Walk".

Knowing the interest (or thinking I know the interest) you are kind enough to take in my movements I have the vanity to make this communication. Best Remembrances to Mrs. K "So no more at present" from

My dear Kolle
Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

I am so dreadfully nervous, that my hand shakes to such an extent as to prevent my writing a word legibly.

To H. W. KOLLE, [?10 DECEMBER 1833]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* probably the Tuesday after the piracy of CD's first sketch by the *Thief* in its issue of 7 Dec.

Bentinck Street. | Tuesday Morng.

My dear Kolle.

I only returned from my Uncle's[†1] at Norwood[†2] (where I have been busily engaged[†3] for a week past, and whither I return again to day) late last night. Consequently as they did not forward your note, I could not have the pleasure of seeing you on Friday Evening, not knowing of your Invitation.

They have done me *the honor* of selecting my article for insertion in "The Thief"[†4] where you will see it "for the small charge of three pence" if you have not yet paid 2/6. I have had a polite and flattering communication from The Monthly people requesting more papers but they are "rather backward in coming forward" with the needful.[†5] I am in treaty with them however; and if we close, my next paper will be "Private Theatricals"[†6] and my next "London by Night".[†7] I shall then please God

commence a series of papers (the materials for which I have been noting down for some time past) called *The Parish.*[†1] Should they be successful & as publishing is hazardous, I shall cut my proposed Novel[†2] up into little Magazine Sketches. Should I not settle with this Periodical, I shall try "The Metropolitan"[†3] —

As I am not certain how long I shall be detained at Norwood, I cannot say when I can have the pleasure of seeing you. As soon as I return, be it only for a Night, however, I shall shew myself at Newington and must take the chance of finding you at home. Business in the shape of masses of papers, plans, and prospectusses;[†4] — and pleasure in the shape of a very nice pair of black eyes,[†5] — call me to Norwood. — Of course the call is imperative and must be obeyed.

Pray give my love (I may say so, I suppose?) to Anne, and perhaps you will do me the favor of turning over the following request in your mind. — When there *is* a vacancy for a Godfathership either to a young lady or young gentleman, — for I am not particular, — who can afford to have one poor Godfather will you bear me in mind?[†6] — Hint this delicately to your *Missus.*

Believe me
My dear Kolle
Ever Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

More *nervous* than ever.
PS. Grimy.

To HENRY AUSTIN, [?WINTER 1833-4]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Signature suggests Winter 1833-4. *Address:* Henry Austin Esqre. Junr. | Bloomsbury Square.

Bentinck St. | Friday Morng.

My dear Henry

What excuse can I make to you? — None at all, and therefore for once I will tell the truth. Letitia[†7] was taken exceedingly ill on Wednesday night

or rather Thursday Morng. I was running about after Leeches Woolridge[†1] and other necessaries until about 4, went to bed late, got up ditto, went to work immediately, and as entirely forgot my promise to write to you, as I forget when, where, and how, I learnt the alphabet.

I only thought of it last night. Of course they could not have gone (at least I suppose not, under the circumstances) and therefore if you will accept my sincere apology I hope there is no harm done.

Believe me (of course in haste)
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

1834

?

To THOMAS MITTON,[†2] [?EARLY 1834]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Signature and the letter's apparent connection with CD's negotiations for a house (see *To* Molloy, Feb and 6 Mar) suggest early 1834.

Mirror Office | Monday Night

Dear Tom. I hardly know what to do — I really have not sufficient decision about me to make up my mind how to act — and (except Barrow who is violently prejudiced) I can speak to no one but you. *My* impression is, — at all risks, and running every hazard, — to back out — I have no objection to tell you (for I don't know why I should keep anything from you) the [re][†3]al reasons which induce me to take this determination. Now if it be done at all, it must be done at once. I don't like t[o][†4] come to the office tomorrow (Tuesday) because I have no particular wish to see Molloy.[†5] As it is no

trifling matter, say you must leave the office for an hour — come up by a bus or a cab or anything, the expence[†1] of which I will defray when I see you & let us decide. Come about one or half past, if you can.

Believe me
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

February

To THOMAS BEARD, [?FEBRUARY 1834]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* endorsed 1834, presumably by Beard; signature suggests Feb. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre.

Bentinck Street | Saturday Morng.[†2]

My dear Bird.[†3]

In case I should not see you this Evening I think it better to write and say that I fear in consequence of my mother's illness (to say nothing of the calomel) I shall be compelled to postpone the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow, regretting alike the cause and the necessity.

I am so delighted with Barrow's note on the qualities of Tobacco[†4] (communicated by Harfield)[†5] that I can think of nothing else.

Believe me (in haste)
Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES MOLLOY, [FEBRUARY 1834]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* presumably not long before next; signature supports.

Mirror of Parliament Office | Thursday Night

Dear Sir.

As the lady who is the cause of my treating for the purchase of the House[†6] at all, is anxious to have the agreement in her name; as I am desirous of

complying with her request, and as I presume Mr. Delmar[†1] on the circumstances being explained to him, cannot object to having a much better security than my own, for the purchase of the house, I shall feel much obliged by your having the Agreement altered to this effect — the alteration after all, is merely the Insertion of one name for another.

I need hardly say, as the other parties do not appear to be very much on the alert, that I shall feel very much indebted to you, if you will have the kindness to induce them to terminate the business one way or other as speedily as possible, — as while it is pending, I am prevented from looking out for any other bargain.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Molloy Esqre.

March

To CHARLES MOLLOY, [6 MARCH 1834]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* endorsed "March 6/34".[†2]

Bentinck Street. | Thursday Evening.

Dear Sir.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your note inclosing a copy of Mr. Delmar's and also of one from Mrs. Moore[†3] to that gentleman.

I beg to say that Mrs. Moore's representation of the understanding between us is so completely in opposition to what really occurred (I do not depend entirely on my own recollection, though that is perfect on the subject, — for there was a third party present) that I shall beg to decline any further negociation for the purchase of the house in Holywell Street.[†4]

I am
Dear Sir
Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Molloy Esqr.

April

To H. W. KOLLE, [APRIL 1834]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* CD's sketch, "The Boarding House", Part I, was published 1 May 34.

Bentinck Street. | Monday Evening.

My dear Kolle.

As neither you or yours have the most remote connexion with the Boarding House of which I am the Proprietor, I cannot have the least objection to (indeed I shall feel flattered by) your perusing it; it is however at present in the hands of the Publishers. When they return it to me, you shall have it.

I am much obliged to you for purchasing the Lottery Ticket. I shall call for an hour very soon, when I will kill two Birds with one stone, and pay you for the "*wentur*" besides bringing the "O'Thello".[†1]

I think if we win we had better sacrifice the discount and take ready money — unless indeed you prefer gold bars. I see by the announcements in the different Lottery Office Windows that the lucky Purchaser of a ticket may have the value "in money or freehold houses". Suppose we have £10 worth of freehold houses. Of course this will afford a small street. I'll have one side of the way, and you shall have the other. I shall improve my property by the erection of brass knockers, and patent Water Closets.

Give my love to Mrs K and Believe me

My dear Kolle
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Kolle Esqre.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?SPRING 1834]*

MS Mrs Humphry House. *Date:* Signature suggests Spring 1834.

[†2] forthwith, and return it to you immediately.

I wish, — when you have a moment to spare, but there's no hurry — to offer a suggestion to you for consideration.

Believe me
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I shall *most likely* see you on Tuesday.

To H. W. KOLLE, [SPRING 1834]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* probably not long after the birth of Kolle's son (to whom CD became godfather: see next) on 20 Apr; "The Bloomsbury Christening" had come out in the April *Monthly Magazine.*

18 Bentinck Street. | Monday Morning

My dear Kolle.

I am beyond measure distressed at your having had to wait for your coat. "Appearances are against me, I know" as the man said when he murdered his brother, but it really is not my fault that it has not been returned. I entrusted it to our ex-man John Boston[†1] a long time since to take to the City, and a night or two since, he brought it back very coolly with an intimation that he had not had time to execute the commission — Never lend me another. I have got *a severe cold* which I suppose is a judgment upon me.

I am most happy to hear my Godson (to whom I beg my love and a Christianity-paternal kiss may be delivered immediately on your reaching home) is flaring up[†2] so rig'lar, and that he may increase in flariness as he increases in years, is his God papa's sincere wish. I fear I shall be obliged to go to Norwood next Sunday but on the following Sabbath, I shall decidedly satisfy myself of his improvement by personal Inspection, that is to say if yourself and Mrs. Kolle are "agreeable".

I have quite come out again since I saw you. I have positively been to a party (Austin's). I know it's a weakness, but I am ashamed to say I quite liked it.

Pray give my love to Mrs. Kolle and Believe me

Dear Kolle
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Kolle Esqre.

Have you seen "The Bloomsbury Christening"? If not I'll send it you.

To H. W. KOLLE, [?SUMMER 1834]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Kolle's son was probably christened during the Summer.

Bentinck St. | Friday Evening.

Dear Kolle.

I snatch an instant to say that I shall be at the Balls Pond Chapel[†3] please God on Sunday next at ½ past two precisely.

Believe me
Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

"My duty" to your good Lady.

September

To F. C. BEARD,[†1] 3 SEPTEMBER [1834]

Text from *Temple Bar,* CII (1894), 315-16.[†2] *Date:* The only Wed 3 Sep while CD was at Bentinck Street was in 1834. *Address:* to "F. Carr Beard" according to Francis Edwards catalogue No. 406 (1920).

Bentinck Street, Wednesday, Sept. 3rd.

Dear ——,

As I am generally considered by those who know me best, one of the worst correspondents that ever existed, I take up my pen more in the hope of redeeming my character than because I have anything to communicate worthy your perusal. First and foremost, how are you — have all symptoms of *grime* disappeared — how many birds have you killed — have you been to the Something and Platter, and astonished the natives — what have you done — have you had a fall of any kind, equestrian or otherwise — have you fallen in love with any lady, or fallen out with any gentleman? Let me have the fullest particulars, and, above all, don't attempt to gammon me about your shooting — I am determined not to believe you.

Now for my report. I have taken a wine-glass full of "the mixture as before"[†3] twice a day, varying the amusement with an occasional pill. I shudder when I think of that mixture. The more one takes of it, the more nauseous it becomes; it really requires no slight mental exertion to enable me to retain my breakfast, which, thanks to your prescription and a quiet life, is now a very hearty meal. I look better, feel better, and hope, please God, to continue better than I have been for many a day. With the exception of a severe cold and nasty cough, I have nothing to complain of, and everything to be thankful for, on the score of health. Can I say anything more strongly illustrative of my confidence in your advice?

Having said thus much on a topic so unimportant to any but those who take an interest in my well-being (among whom I am vain enough to suppose I may class yourself) I really have exhausted my sources of scribbling; from you I shall expect a long letter, which I look forward to derive much amusement and instruction from. You must have seen so many new things, and new faces, that your only difficulty will be to select scenes for description. I, heaven help me! have been tied to my kennel, and beyond my communications with your family, and an unpremeditated flare at the English Opera House[†4] last night with the ladies, have had

nothing to divert the grimy monotony of my every-day life.[†1] I am writing this in the front drawing-room, in a great fidget. There is a coach-office carrier delivering *a hamper* over the way, evidently by mistake. It must be for us; it contains game, I see. They're opening the door — there's a parley — they're going to send him over here — no; damn it! they have paid him — the street door is shut, and he has driven off in a light cart.

Apropos — talking of light carts puts me in mind of travelling, and talking of travelling reminds me of ——. Up to a late hour last night no accounts of him had been received. I can make great allowances when there is a lady in the case, but I think he was bound in honour to return immediately and give us a full and faithful account of your demeanour on board the "wessle". I suppose I shall hear it to-morrow evening, which I spend [at your house]. Here are three sides [ ][†2] gone, and I must begone too [ ][†2] time I was in the City. I must be brief for my own sake, and I am sure I ought to be for yours. I have only, then, to add that all here unite in loves and remembrances, etc., etc., etc., and best wishes for your health and comfort. Let me conclude by begging you, if you should ever arrive at the end of this letter (which is just within the limits of probability), to believe that I am — not as a matter of form, but of meaning and reality, dear ——, ever yours sincerely,

CHARLES DICKENS.[†3]

October

To THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,[†1] [OCTOBER 1834]*

Text from *Monthly Magazine,* Nov 1834, XVIII, facing p. 469. *Date:* published 1 Nov 34; *The Christening* was first performed 13 Oct.

My Dear Editor,

I celebrated a christening a few months ago in the *Monthly,*[†2] and I find that Mr. Buckstone[†3] has officiated as self-elected godfather, and carried off my child to the Adelphi,[†4] for the purpose, probably, of fulfilling one of his sponsorial duties, viz., of teaching it the vulgar tongue.

Now, as I claim an entire right to do 'what I like with my own', and as I contemplated a dramatic destination[†5] for my offspring, I must enter my protest against the kidnapping process.

It is very little consolation to me to know, when my handkerchief is gone, that I may see it flaunting with renovated beauty in Field-lane;[†6] and if Mr. Buckstone has too many irons in the fire to permit him to get up his own 'things', I don't think he ought to be permitted to apply to my chest of drawers.

Just give him a good 'blow up' in your 'magazine', — will you?[†7]

I remain, your's,

BOZ.

To the Editor of the Monthly.

November

To HENRY NETHERSOLE,[†1] 13 NOVEMBER [1834]*

MS Messrs Speechly, Mumford & Soames. *Date:* The only Thurs 13 Nov while CD was at Bentinck Street was in 1834. *Address:* —— Nethersole Esqre | New Inn.

18 Bentinck Street. Cavendish Square | Thursday November 13

Sir.

As I am desirous of taking a set of Chambers in New Inn,[†2] should I find any to suit me; and as I am not aware what are the regulations of the Society, I think it better to consult you on the subject, before I trouble myself, or any one else by looking at such Chambers as are at present to let.

I am not a member of the legal profession; my whole time is at present devoted to literary pursuits, and I intend entering at the bar, as soon as circumstances will enable me to do so.[†3]

Under these circumstances I take the liberty of enquiring whether not being admitted into the List of Attornies[†4] or Law Students, I am incapable of being admitted into the Inn, on complying with the established forms, and entering into such securities as are required from other gentlemen.

I remain
Sir
Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

— Nethersole Esqre

To THOMAS MITTON, [?20 NOVEMBER 1834]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* probably after letter to Nethersole, and the day before next. *Address:* Mr. Thomas Mitton | Charles Molloy Esqre.

Bentinck Street. | Thursday Morning

Dear Tom. I called on you last night, and went to New Inn, but seeing the outer door shut, made no noise, and decamped. Will you come up here at dinner time today? — We shall not dine until half past 4 on your account. They are all in great tribulation here; my father[†5] went out yesterday

accompanied by Alfred,[†1] to endeavour to get some money, as Burr[†2] refused to wait beyond last Evening. He sent the boy home to say he had been unsuccessful, and has not made his appearance all night, or forwarded a message of any kind.

I own that at present his absence does not give me any very great uneasiness, knowing how apt he is to get out of the way when anything goes wrong. As, however, if we do not gain some tidings of him in the course of the day I shall hardly know what to think, and as at all events it may be necessary to hold a consultation, you will greatly oblige me by complying with my request.

Believe me

Sincerely yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esqre.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?21 NOVEMBER 1834]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly before *To* Beard, 29 Nov; cannot be Fri 28th when CD in Birmingham; almost certainly the Friday before. *Address:* Mr. Mitton | Charles Molloy Esqre.

Bentinck Street | Friday Morning

Dear Tom.

On waking this morning, I was informed that my father (whom I have

not seen, for he had gone out) had just been arrested by Shaw and Maxwell[†1] the quondam Wine People. Will you have the goodness the moment you receive this, to go over to Sloman's in Cursitor Street[†2] and see him for me, and ascertain whether anything can be done?

I must work this morning, but tell him please I shall be with him about Six. — I dine at 5 if you can come up.

I fear it is an awkward business, and really I have no idea of *the extent* of his other embarrassments.

Believe me
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have not yet been taken,[†3] but no doubt that will be the next act in this "domestic tragedy".

To THOMAS MITTON, [?21 NOVEMBER 1834]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly same day as last; handwriting supports. *From* Cursitor Street, Lincoln's Inn.

Lin Inn | Friday Eveng

Dear Tom. I am over in Cursitor Street. As I go on at 8 and wish particularly to see you before I leave there, will you step over as soon as you return. I have an order in my pocket from my french Employer[†4] for £5, on an agent in the City who always pays me. They pay as the order notifies "between 2 and 4" and I did not get it until 5 today. I want to give the Governor some money, and if you will let me have as much as you can on account of the order, or the whole, you can have the check, or let Hartland present it — which you please.

Believe me
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esqre

To THOMAS MITTON, [?24 NOVEMBER 1834]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Seems certainly to follow last two letters, the "condemned Hole" being presumably one of the many London Debtors' Courts.[†1]

Monday Morng

Dear Tom.

That condemned Hole is so full of Spectators and perspiration that I have been unable to get near you,[†2] and unwilling to hazard my precious person in the midst of the assembled warmint.

I want to see father at the Museum,[†3] and will be back here about 12 when we will proceed to Furnivals Inn.[†4]

Sincerely Yours

CD

12 O'Clock. I *have* seen him, and am now waiting for you at the Cock.[†5] Don't be long, if you can help it.

To THOMAS BEARD, [29 NOVEMBER 1834]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* CD had returned from reporting the preelection meeting held at Birmingham on Fri 28 Nov. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre.

Bentinck Street. | Saturday Evening

Dear Tom.[†6]

I arrived from Birmingham at 7 this Morning and remained at the office until 10, correcting the proofs of the "*Whack*"[†7] for a Second Edition[†8] — I am rather fagged as you may suppose, having perpetrated four columns in

as many hours before I left the town of dirt, ironworks;[†1] radicals, and hardware.

If I had not a little business to transact on my own account to-night, I should, tired as I am, run the chance of finding you at home, for the purpose of saying a few words to you on a very distressing subject. My mother appears most anxious that your sister[†2] and yourself should be made acquainted with the situation in which she is placed. Knowing the anxiety of her feelings on this head, and concurring most sincerely with her, in valuing the friendship of yourself and family, most highly, I think it better to spare her the pain of making any communication, by writing to you myself at once. I do this with the less

reluctance as I have already, more than once, hinted to you my fears that the state of my father's affairs, and his want of attention to them would render a change in our situation, imperative.

The fact is simply this — for a time, at all events, we must disperse ourselves[†3] as best we can, consistently with a reasonable hope of consulting the interests of all. My father I apprehend will not re-join his family for some time; my mother and two sisters will reside in the immediate neighbourhood of our present Lodgings — I hope in comfortable quarters, where they are not Strangers — and I, taking Frederick[†4] with me, to instruct and provide for as I best can, shall repair to Chambers in Furnivals Inn.[†5]

This is no great mystery after all, and perhaps will prove a source of but

little surprise to you; but as I wish you to know the real state of the case without delay, and as I know my Mother does the same, I have no hesitation in confiding it to you, to disclose just as much, or as little of, as you think proper. There may be something of selfishness in this; for one never values friends so highly as in seasons of adversity, when their good feeling is best remembered, and when their loss would be most felt. You may attribute this communication to what cause you please — As far as I am concerned I can have no wish for concealment, and to my mother and sisters I know it will be a relief to find that you, and yours, know the worst.

I will conclude this long and gloomy epistle by saying that after much trouble and anxiety, I think I have, in conjunction with a friend of ours,[†1] succeeded in making the best general arrangement that could possibly be effected. We have much more cause for cheerfulness than despondency after all; and as I for one am determined to see everything in as bright a light as possible, having thank God little at present to fear on my own score, and not much on theirs, I will not add another word on the subject.

I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you before long — I shall be at home all tomorrow.

All here desire loves and so forth. Will you add my remembrances, and accept my assurance that I am.

Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

December

To THOMAS BEARD, [?4 DECEMBER 1834]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Presumably Beard, on receiving last letter, had offered help, and this was CD's reply; handwriting supports Dec, and reference to attending a meeting (see *fn*) suggests the 4th.

Bentinck Street. | Thursday Morning

Dear Tom.

With some difficulty I have fortunately persuaded the Bill Broker to renew the bill for two months, on paying the usual moderate bonus tomorrow. My salary for a week or two is so completely mortgaged by the

expences consequent on our removal, that I really have no resource but your kind offer. If your expectation of receiving some money has been realized, will you lend me £5 for a short time? — If you have been disappointed, I shall esteem your kindness quite as highly as if you had had the money, and if you have not, it will be of the most essential service to me.

I had intended to call upon you this morning, but I have to go to a Meeting in the Afternoon,[†1] and have so much to do at home, that I cannot contrive to get out before. In the evening, after leaving the office I shall have to find Edward Barrow,[†2] and get his signature afresh.[†3] I shall however, certainly be home by ten at the latest. If business or leisure bring you in this Neighbourhood, will you look in about that time? — Of course we shall be alone and happy to see you.

Believe me
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thos. Beard Esqre

To THOMAS MITTON, [?DECEMBER 1834]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests date near last. *Address:* Mr. Thomas Mitton | Charles Molloy Esqre.

Bentinck Street. | Thursday Morng

Dear Tom. I am prevented from coming out this morning by a most absurd accident which I will explain when I see you, & which certainly would never have happened to any one but myself — I am therefore obliged to write and say for God's sake advance me what you can possibly spare till Saturday, when Hartland shall faithfully return it — I am most desperately hard up, and "the smallest contribution will be thankfully received".

Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS MITTON, [?DECEMBER 1834]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* in Bentinck Street period; signature suggests late 1834. *Address:* Mr. Thomas Mitton | Charles Molloy Esqre. | 8 New Square | Lincolns Inn.

Bentinck St. | Thursday Morning

Dear Tom.

Will you transmit me by Bearer until Saturday, the enormous sum of 4/-? Hartland shall leave it for you until[†1] that day. I need not say I'm rather hard up this week.

Believe me
Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Mitton

To EUGENE NUGENT[†2] [1833-4]

Summary from *Autograph Prices Current,* V, 1919-21; *MS* 1 p.; dated Bentinck Street, Tuesday afternoon.

Inviting Nugent to meet half a dozen friends on Tuesday evening.

To THOMAS BEARD, [16 DECEMBER 1834]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 17 Dec 34 (Wednesday). *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Evening

Dear Tom.

On returning from the City to-day, I found, contrary to my expectation, that my man had not sent. As I have *no dishes,* no curtains, and no french polish, I think we had better, for all our comforts, defer the projected flare[†3] until Saturday — on one condition; namely that my seeing you on that Evening, will not prejudice your dining with me on Sunday.

Will you do me the favor to mention this, to your father[†4] Nat[,][†5] Frank,[†6]

and Will[†1] — I should have said Thursday, but as I presume there is a *chance* of one of us going to Maidstone,[†2] I think it better to fix our conviviality for an Evening which I hope will be beyond the reach of disappointment.

Pray tell your father, that I place implicit reliance upon him; and be kind enough to remember on your own account that I have got some really *extraordinary*[†3] french brandy.

Believe me
Dear Tom
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqr

To HENRY AUSTIN, [20 DECEMBER 1834]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Mrs John Dickens's birthday was on 21 Dec; during CD's period at Furnival's Inn this was a Sunday only in 1834.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning

Dear Henry.

I am obliged to give you the very ridiculous notice that if you come and see me tomorrow we must *go out and get our dinner.* I think the best way will be to walk somewhere; the fact is that I have had an explosion with nineteen out of the twenty Laundresses[†4] in the Inn already, and can't get "done for". Some Methodistical ruffian has been among 'em, and they have all got the cant about "profaning the Sabbath" — and wiolating that commandment which embraces within its scope not only the stranger within the gates, but cattle of every description, including Laundresses.

Tomorrow is my Mother's birth day, so I have promised on behalf of yourself and Beard that we will go from here, and spend the Evening there. If you will be down here as early as you can tomorrow morning — shall we say to breakfast; for I dont take that meal until half past ten? — we can walk to Norwood, or some pretty place where we can get a chop, and return here to our grog.

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To ANDRÉ FILLONNEAU,[†1] [?1834]

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd. *Date:* Possibly Fillonneau was the "french Employer" mentioned in *To* Mitton, ?21 Nov 34 (evening), and this letter written not long after.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

Dear Sir.

If you can *conveniently* entrust your smart little Messenger tomorrow night, with the amount due for the two last weeks, you will much oblige me.

Dr. Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. Fillonneau Esqre.

1835

January

To HENRY AUSTIN, [7 JANUARY 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* On Thurs 8 Jan CD drove to Chelmsford to begin his reporting of the Essex and Suffolk elections[†2]. *Address:* Henry Austin Esqre | 23 Grove Place | Lisson Grove.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Night past 12

Dear Henry

I have just been ordered on a journey the length of which is at present uncertain. I *may* be back on Sunday very probably, and start again on the following day. Should this be the case you shall hear from me before.

Don't laugh. — I am going (alone) in a *gig*; and to quote the elegant inducement which the proprietors of Hampstead *Chays* hold out to Sunday hirers — "the genlm'n drives himself"[†3] — I am going into Essex and Suffolk.[†4] It strikes me I shall be spilt before I pay a Turnpike. I have a presentiment, I shall run over an only child before I reach Chelmsford, my first stage.

Let the evident haste of this specimen of the Polite Letter Writer be its excuse and Believe me
Dear Henry
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, [11 JANUARY 1835]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM Chelmsford 11 Jan 35. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Black Boy Hotel[†1] — Chelmsford | Sunday Morning

Dear Tom.

I am more anxious than I can well express to know the result of your Interview with Hodgkin,[†2] having set my heart on its being favourable.[†3] If you are not engaged tomorrow, will you write me a line by Return of Post, and resolve my doubts. I go into Suffolk on Tuesday Morning early but my Head Quarters will be here, and I have no doubt I shall receive at once any letter that arrives, directed as above.

I wish of all things that you were with me — Barring the grime of Solitude I have been very comfortable since I left town and trust I shall remain so until I return, which I shall do about the latter end of the week, unless I receive orders from the Office to the contrary.

Owing to the slippery state of the roads on the morning I started, I magnanimously declined the honor of driving myself, and hid my dignity in the Inside of a Stage Coach. As the Election here had not

commenced, I went on to Colchester (which is a very nice town) and returned here on the following morning. Yesterday I had to start at 8 OClock for Braintree — a place 12 miles off; and being unable to get a Saddle Horse, I actually ventured on a gig, — and what is more, I actually did the four and twenty miles without upsetting it. I wish to God you could have seen me tooling in and out of the banners, drums, conservative Emblems, horsemen, and go-carts with which every little Green was filled as the processions were waiting for Sir John Tyrell and Baring.[†4] Every time the horse heard a drum he bounded into the hedge, on the left side of the road; and every time I got him out of that, he bounded into the hedge on the right side.[†5] When he *did* go however, he went along admirably. The road was clear when I returned, and with the trifling exception of breaking my Whip, I flatter myself I did the whole thing[†6] in something like style.

If any one were to ask me what in my opinion was the dullest and most stupid spot on the face of the Earth, I should decidedly say Chelmsford.

Though only 29 miles from town, there is not a single shop where they sell Sunday Papers. I can't get an Athenæum, a Literary Gazette — no not even a penny Magazine. And here I am on a wet Sunday looking out of a damned large bow window at the rain as it falls into the puddles opposite, wondering when it will be dinner time, and cursing my folly in having put no books into my Portmanteau. The only book I have seen here, is one which lies upon the sofa. It is entitled "Field Exercises and Evolutions of the Army by Sir Henry Torrens".[†1] I have read it through so often, that I am sure I could drill a hundred Recruits from memory. There is not even anything to look at in the place, except two immense prisons, large enough to hold all the Inhabitants of the county — whom they can have been built for I can't imagine.

I fear among the gloomy reflections which will present themselves to my mind this day that of having entailed upon you the misery of decyphering such an unconnected mass as this, will not be the least. As I thought it very likely however, that you would never get beyond the first three sentences I have comprised in them, the whole object of my letter; knowing that whether you came to the end of it or not, you would believe without a written assurance that I am

Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My best remembrances to all.

To GEORGE HOGARTH,[†2] 20 JANUARY [1835]

MS British Museum.[†3] *Date:* The only Tues 20 Jan while CD was at Furnival's Inn was in 1835.

13 Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Evg. Jany. 20th.

My dear Sir.

As you begged me to write an original sketch for the first No. of The

New Evening Paper,[†1] and as I trust to your kindness to refer my application to the proper quarter, should I be unreasonably or improperly trespassing upon you, I beg to ask whether it is probable that if I commenced a series of articles under some attractive title for the Evening Chronicle, its conductors would think I had any claim to *some* additional remuneration (of course of no great amount) for doing so?[†2]

Let me beg you not to misunderstand my meaning. Whatever the Reply may be, I promised you an Article, and shall supply it with the utmost readiness, and with an anxious desire to do my best; which I honestly assure you, would be the feeling with which I should always receive any request coming personally from yourself. I merely wish to put it to the Proprietors — first whether a continuation of light papers in the style of my "street sketches"[†3] would be considered of use to the new paper; and secondly, if so, whether they do not think it fair and reasonable, that — taking my share of the ordinary reporting business of The Chronicle besides — I should receive something for the papers beyond my ordinary Salary as a Reporter.

Begging you to excuse my troubling you, and taking this opportunity of acknowledging the numerous kindnesses I have already received at your hands, since I have had the pleasure of acting under you[†4]

I am
My dear Sir
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Geo Hogarth Esqre.

To H. W. KOLLE, [?JANUARY 1835]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Signature suggests 1835; CD's return from the country seems more likely to have been from Essex in Jan, than from Exeter in May, just before his engagement to Catherine.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Morning

My dear Kolle.

As you know of old my excellent good-luck in small matters, I think it hardly necessary to say that *of course* I have received a summons from the office this morning, which will in all probability detain me the whole Evening, and consequently prevent my being able to enjoy the pleasure of your Society. This is the first I have had since I have returned from the country, and as a matter of course it interferes with the only engagement I had formed.

Now will you turn over in your own mind what evening will suit you best, and just write me a line in the morning, in time to prevent my being out, and to enable me to communicate with you *in case* I should be officially engaged? — If you don't do so at once *I'll* be offended.

Give my best love to Henry[†1] & Mrs. K

& Believe me
Dear Kolle
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, [?EARLY 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Signature suggests 1835; clearly before CD's engagement to Catherine Hogarth in May.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Evening.

My dear Henry.

You know me well enough to be aware that I occasionally take strange ideas into my head. As I am on sufficiently intimate terms with myself to know that I never act upon them without a great deal of previous consideration and deliberation on the *pro's*[†2] and *cons* of the matter, I feel no difficulty in running point blank to the main purport of my note.

It struck me last night — and the idea has occurred to me before, after some little conversations we have had together — that you would prefer living in Chambers to remaining in your present semi-rural[†3] tranquility.[†4] If this be really your feeling: if you think it would be advantageous or useful

to you in business[†1] to mount a black name on a white ground in Furnivals Inn — and if you think I am a sufficiently amiable individual to select for a companion, I shall be most happy, — and it will give me the greatest pleasure, — to make common cause with you; give you the free use of such furniture and appurtenances as I have, and make any alteration in my Chambers that you might think desirable for your own comfort and accomodation.[†2]

Pray do not misunderstand the mode in which I throw out this suggestion. I have not the most distant idea of making it as a conciliation on my part for your advantage — the thing would be too ridiculous. I throw it out as an arrangement which would afford us an opportunity of enjoying the pleasure of each other's society, and of economizing at the same time. I have only to add frankly, on this part of the question, that it is an offer I would make to no other creature living, and that I only make it to you because I sincerely believe after a tolerably close intimacy, that we could agree well: that our tastes are not wholly dissimilar, and that we should both be disposed to resign a[n]y[†3] little peculiarities of our own, for [our][†4] mutual comfort and sociality. As to the Society I at present keep about me, I could give it up without the slightest reluctance — I only retain it because I can procure no other with the same absence of trouble.

If it suit your plans to entertain the proposition at all — think of it. If it have already occurred to you, talk to me about it when you please, but do nothing without consideration. The particular arrangements we should enter into for the regulation of those little screws of existence — pounds, shillings, and pence — we could talk over hereafter at our leisure. We should have three points to discuss. First (not the least important one by the bye) whether you wish to change; secondly what alterations would be necessary to fit you up a comfortable room, and thirdly the plan we shou[ld] lay down for our regular Housekeeping — the two last[†3] we could settle in a day.

Leaving the matter for your consideration; begging you to say nothing to me about it until you have thoroughly made up your mind, and knowing that even if I have mistaken you (not at all unlikely) no harm is done[†5] — I am

Yours most sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esqre.

May

To THOMAS BEARD, [2 MAY 1835]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* written the day after Fri 1 May when he and Beard reported Lord John Russell's[†1] speech at Exeter.[†2] *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Wincanton Saturday Morng

Dear Tom. I arrived here (57 miles from Exeter) at 8 yesterday Evening having[†3] finished my whack[†4] at [the][†5] previous stage. I arranged with Neilson,[†6] whom I occasionally saw in the course of my journey, that I would stop where he did; & finding him housed here, I ordered dinner, beds, & breakfasts for two. I am happy to say that our friend Unwin,[†7] when on duty, is the most zealous, active, and indefatigable little fellow I ever saw: I have now, not the slightest doubt (God willing) of the success of our Express. On our first stage we had very poor horses. At the termination of the second, The Times and I changed Horses together; they had the start two or three minutes: I bribed the post boys tremendously & we came in literally neck and neck — the most beautiful sight I ever saw. The next stage, your humble, caught them before they had changed; & the next Denison[†8] preceded Unwin about two minutes, leaving Neilson here to return to Exeter tomorrow Evening & I to get up by the Telegraph at 11. The roads were *extremely heavy,* & as *they* had 4, I ordered the same at

every stage & empowered Unwin to do the same until he met his horses; indorsing on the parcel that the rain rendered it a matter of *absolute necessity.*[†1]

I have sketched, my dear fellow in a dozen most hasty words, our progress yester-night wh I hope, but can scarcely believe, you will be able to understand. I have only time to add that I trust you will not forget my packages & cream: that I received the bag, your kindness remembered: that I shall hope to hear from you the day of your return: that I shall impress on Powell[†2] the necessity of expressing the declaration:[†3] that I think Lyons[†4] & Roney[†5] will fail; and that I am (it's an old story, but a true one)

Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thos Beard Esqre.

To THOMAS BEARD, [4 MAY 1835]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 4 May 35. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre | New London Inn | Exeter.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morng

My dear Beard

A part of my adventures you will have heard from Neilson. The remainder is comprised in three words. We were the first out; the express arrived by 4 oClock: we had a *much much* longer account than any other paper & the whole affair is considered one of "complete & signal success"[†6] & has been noticed as a feat by the Spectator[†7] & another Sunday Paper.

I feel the effects of the rain severely. I came up by the slow coach: left

Wincanton at 9 on Saturday Evening & reached town at 11 Yesterday Morning. I have a slight touch of rheumatism & am *perfectly deaf*. I hope to God I shall soon get rid of the latter complaint. What have you done about my bag? It is lying at the Mail office to be called for. For Heaven's sake, forward it immediately, for I have not a clean shirt to put on, & am really in a state of the greatest distress.

I am in great haste having scarce time to get this letter in the Post. Let me know directly you return.

Believe me
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

To MRS GEORGE HOGARTH,[†1] [MAY 1835]

Mention in next.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH,[†2] [MAY 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* apparently the first letter from CD that Catherine kept; handwriting of this and next are identical; clearly both must refer to the same illness. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

My dearest Kate.

Need I say that my unavoidable detention in town last night, distressed me exceedingly; or that it has rendered me doubly anxious to see you this morning as early as I can? I have written a note to your Mama begging her to inform me immediately how you are, and I hope to hear that I shall be able to ask the question of you myself at an early hour.

If I were to say on paper how interested I am in the slightest word that concerns you, much more on so important a point as your health, it would look like egotism: were I to express half my solicitude in your behalf it would appear like profession without sincerity, and were I to endeavour to embody the least of the feelings I entertain for you in words, it would be a useless, and hopeless attempt. For each and all my dear Girl you must give

me credit, until time has enabled me to prove the sincerity and devotion of the affection I bear you.

Keep up your spirits above all things — if the consciousness of awa[ken][†1]ing sympathy and inte[res][†1]t in the breast of any [h]uman being be a consolation in sickness, you may take my assurance that you possess both to an extent which you can hardly imagine — nor I describe.

Believe me
My Dearest Catherine
Ever Yours Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?LATE MAY 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* endorsed by Catherine "May 1835". The absence of any letter to Catherine during CD's Exeter visit at the beginning of May suggests they were not engaged then; the implication in this letter that they had been engaged three weeks points therefore to a date late in May. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Fredk. Dickens Esqre.

Wednesday Morning

My dear Catherine.

It is with the greatest pain that I sit down, before I go to bed to-night, to say one word which can bear the appearance of unkindness or reproach; but I owe a duty to myself as well as to you, and as I was wild enough to think that an engagement of even three weeks might pass without any such display as you have favored me with twice already, I am the more strongly induced to discharge it.

The sudden and uncalled-for coldness with which you treated me just before I left last night, both surprised and deeply hurt me — surprised, because I could not have believed that such sullen and

inflexible obstinacy could exist in the breast of any girl in whose heart love had found a place; and hurt me, because I feel for you far more than I have ever professed, and feel a slight from you more than I care to tell. My object in writing to you is this. If a *hasty* temper produce this strange behaviour, acknowledge it when I give you the opportunity — not once or twice, but again and again. If a feeling of you know not what — a capricious restlessness of you can't tell what, and a desire to teaze, you don't know why, give rise to it — overcome it; it will never make you more amiable, I more fond, or either of us, more happy. If three weeks or three months of my society has wearied you, do not trifle with me, using me like any other toy as suits your humour for the moment; but make the acknowledgment to me frankly at once — I shall not forget you lightly, but you will need no second warning. Depend upon it, whatever be the cause of your unkindness — whatever give rise to these wayward fancies — that what you do not take the trouble to conceal from a Lover's eyes, will be frequently acted before those of a husband.

I know as well, as if I were by your side at this moment, that your present impulse on reading this note is one of anger — pride perhaps, or to use a word more current with your sex — "spirit". My dear girl, I have not the most remote intention of awakening any such feeling, and I implore you, not to entertain it for an instant. I am very little your superior in years: in no other respect can I lay claim to the title, but I venture nevertheless to give you this advice first, because I cannot turn coolly away and forget a slight from you as I might from any other girl to whom I was not warmly and deeply attached; and secondly, because if you really love me I would have you do justice to yourself, and shew me that your love for me, like mine for you, is above the ordinary trickery, and frivolous absurdity which debases the name, and renders it ludicrous.

I have written these few lines in haste, but not in anger. I am *not* angry, but I *am hurt*,[†1] for the second time. Possibly you may not understand the sense in which I use the word; if so, I hope you never may. If you knew the intensity of the feeling which has led me to forget all my friends and pursuits to spend my days at your side; if you knew but half the anxiety with which I watched your recent illness, the joy with which I hailed your recovery, and the eagerness with which I would promote your happiness, you could more readily understand the extent of the pain so easily inflicted, but so difficult to be forgotten.

Ever yours most affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth

June

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?JUNE 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* early in their engagement on evidence both of handwriting and tone. CD's apology suggests this was the first time he had used this sort of paper.

Brompton[†2] | 3 O'Clock[†3] — Tuesday.

My ever dearest Kate.

If our little conversation of last night, have presented itself to your mind at all since I left you, I hope it has only been to remind you of my repeated

and solemn assurances of entertaining for you a love which nothing can lessen — an affection which no alteration of time or circumstance can ever abate. I have the vanity to believe that these professions must be gratifying to you, knowing the sincerity with which they come from me.

I am happy to say my dearest Girl that Fred (whom I saw at the office)[†1] gives a very favourable report of the Porter's sanguine expectations of letting the Chambers[†2] at no distant period. God send it may be so, and that the dearest hopes I ever entertained may be realized (with your good leave) at an even earlier period than we anticipate. I shall be with you *at a quarter before* 11; not later; & perhaps before.

Excuse this paper[†3] which is much more official than elegant, and the haste with which I write which is involuntary, for my candle is — not flaring up, but flaring down into the socket.

God Bless you my Dear

Ever Your Devoted
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?JUNE 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests same period as last.

Selwood Place[†4] | Thursday Morng. ½ past 3

My Dearest Kate.

Although the Lords did *not* sit last night,[†5] the wind and rain added to the uncertainty of my time for going on (occasioned by the indisposition of somebody else) prevented my coming out in the course of the Evening. I employed the short interval in seeing Mitton: I sounded him on the subject of *our*[†6] affairs, and he seems to have arrived at the conclusion that whatever I do must be right; and that whoever I love, must be faultless. — I will tell you more of our Interview when I see you.

I shall breakfast at 11 *precisely*;[†6] and as your Mama was kind enough to

promise to go to Pimlico for us, she will perhaps call here first, and take lunch with you here at that hour. I shall feel greatly disappointed if I have to wait longer than that time before I see you — I have not seen you, you know dearest, since seven oClock yesterday Evening. It seems an age.

I write — not in haste but with unusual slowness for I have to stop every other second to get my eyes open again. Excuse all faults of commission and omission — forget all but my assurance, — renewed some hundred times a day, — that I am

My dearest Kate

Ever Yours truly & affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

I have no light so I cannot seal this note — I suppose it will not be opened.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?JUNE 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD's first written request that Catherine should make breakfast for him; probably soon after last. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Saturday Morning | 6 O'Clock.

My Dearest Kate.

I am so completely worn out, that I can only say I shall expect you at *12*.[†1] It's a childish wish my dear love; but I am anxious to hear and see you the moment I wake — Will you indulge me by making breakfast for me this Morning? It will give me pleasure; I hope will give you no trouble; and I am sure will be excellent practice for you against Christmas next.[†2] I shall expect you my dearest, and feel quite sure you will not disappoint me.

Believe me
My dearest Girl
Ever Yours most devoted
CHARLES DICKENS

Excuse my haste and drowsiness.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?JUNE 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests June.

Selwood Place | Saturday Morning 5 O'Clock

My Dearest Kate. I found the inclosed letter[†3] at the office this Morning; and I have read it, and re-read it, and loitered and lingered and read it again, until *my* head ache and the sun's appearance have warned me that

it is time even for a poor unfortunate creature like myself to think of rest and forgetfulness for a few hours.

On consideration it seems to me that three courses are open for our immediate adoption; they can be told in a few seconds: they could only be written in not a few minutes, and as I am tired to death and completely worn out, I would rather see, and speak with you quietly about the matter before I announce my determination to your Mamma,[†1] which I propose to do without a moment's loss of time. If we only decide upon *something* I shall be more comfortable. You have often told me you could be happy anywhere with me, and as I *know* I could sacrifice a great deal for you I have neither fear nor despondency about the matter for an instant.

I have got the English Opera Ticket.[†2] You will recollect perhaps that we promised to meet Fred at 1 in the Inclosure: and as we have made no arrangements for tomorrow, and shall have a good deal to talk about I should like to see you *here* early. You can surely come to breakfast at half past ten — Give my love to Mary[†3] and tell her I rely on her characteristic kind-heartedness and good nature to accompany you, *and mind on your own behalf that I fully and entirely expect you.*

I hope to be awakened by *your*[†4] tapping at my door in the morning and

I look forward on making my appearance in the sitting room, to find you heading my breakfast table — you might without difficulty head a more splendid one my dear girl, through life. If this thought should ever occur to you when you take your place at it as a matter of right, the only consolations it will be in my power to offer you will be — first the happiness and contentment that I hope[†1] you will feel; and secondly the possession[†2] of the interest and affection which I know you will have awakened.

Believe me (in haste)
My Dearest Kate
Ever Yours most affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, [15 JUNE 1835]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* The "critique" was without doubt the paragraph headed "The New Houses of Parliament" in the *Morning Chronicle* of 15 June 35.[†3]

11 Selwood Terrace. Queen's Elms[†4] | Monday Morning

Dear Henry.

I am *much*[†5] *obliged* to you for your kindness in forwarding me your very neatly written *critique,* which you will find almost in your own words, in The Chronicle to-day. I shall be most happy to see you for the purpose you mention — Write (by Fred if you can conveniently) and let me know what day this week, before Friday, you can dine with me at *Two* o'Clock.

Believe me
Ever Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?JUNE 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests June. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by William Hogarth Esqre.[†6]

Selwood Place | Wednesday Morning

My dearest Kate.

I felt rather tired this morning when I got up; but as I did not do so until *past eleven,* I soon brushed up again. I am getting on with a sketch[†7]

which has just attained its fifteenth slip; but as I do not expect to have time to finish it properly to-day, I think I shall be over by *three* o'Clock. — I am just going to dress.

I hope you have recovered from your fatigue and that I shall find you an hour hence as "compact" as ever.

Believe me
My ever dearest Girl
Yours *most* Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

July

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?JULY 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Midsummer, probably July; the Lords did not sit on any Saturday during the months CD was living in Selwood Terrace. *Address:* Miss Hogarth. | 18 York Place.[†1]

Selwood Place | Saturday Morning | 5 oClock

My dearest Kate.

I find to my astonishment that I am out of ink, and am consequently obliged to write in pencil. — I have received an Invitation to dine out to day, which *of course*[†2] I have refused; The House of Lords do *not* sit to day, and I have determined to postpone the commencement of my sketch[†3] until tomorrow: just for the purpose of devoting one day in the week, at least, to your society.

I breakfast at one. You will lunch with me at that hour, of course — I shall not rise until *you* call me.

Believe me
My Love
Ever — Ever — Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY SCOTT HOGARTH,[†1] [4 JULY 1835]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* PM 4 July 35. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Robert Hogarth Esq | Scremerston | near Berwick.

My dear Miss Hogarth. I have been requested by Catharine[†2] (upon my word I don't know why) to communicate the singularly interesting intelligence that I have got two black eyes — naturally and not artificially acquired. I am also requested to ask a question in which you will readily believe I am deeply interested — Is William Dove[†3] married? Catharine says she forgot to enquire, and as I have no distinct recollection of ever having heard that gentleman's name, whoever he may happen to be, before this moment; I hope you will answer the question by return of post. You may direct to me if you please at 18 York Place Fulham Road. I don't live there, but somehow or other can be found there at any time without difficulty.

Having executed this commission, will you allow me to add one word in sober seriousness on my own account? It merely is an expression of my earnest hope, that no change in Catharine's condition will produce the slightest alteration in the friendship which I am happy to hear subsists between you, unless indeed it be to render it closer, and more lasting. I trust we shall see you for a long visit, as soon as we are happily settled, as I have already contracted a high regard for you on three grounds. First because you are Catharine's best friend; secondly because I thought you

a very nice person when I had the pleasure of seeing you; and thirdly because you are so well disposed towards the small deformities of Buckingham Gate.[†1]

Believe me
My dear Miss Hogarth
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [9 JULY 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* On 10 July CD returned proof sheets of her uncle's book (see next); Miss Drummond's miniature of CD is inscribed on the back "Painted by Rose Emma Drummond, 8 Soho Square, 9th July 1835".

Selwood Place | Thursday Morning 4 o'Clock

My Dearest Kate.

I was unconsciously three quarters of an hour too late last night; I had not finished at the office until eleven, and had to go on again at one.[†2] I had therefore nothing to do, but sit down and look over your uncle's[†3] slips,[†4] and curse the cross accidents which keep me from you — the latter ceremony I assure you I performed with heartfelt energy.

As I was disappointed in seeing you again last night, I shall *fully expect*[†5] you and Mary to breakfast with me this morning — not later than 11 and rather before than after, as we have to call on Miss Drummond[†6] & I want to write a few pages if possible first. Mind you are punctual my dear, and recollect I take *no denial on any pretence.*

I am very tired my dearest, and can only add the — I hope — most unnecessary assurance that I am.

Yours most truly & affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM THOMSON, [10 JULY 1835]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* PM 10 July 35. *Address:* William Thomson Esqre. | 1 Judd Street | Brunswick Square.

Brompton. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I have revised, and punctually returned, the slips I have received from your Printers. They have not been quite so expeditious as you imagined, for I have only just returned the 360th. page, but I presume I shall receive some more proofs to-night.

I regret that both the Italian opera, and Drury Lane, Tickets, are engaged on Saturday Evening, or I should have procured them for you with the utmost pleasure.

Accept my best wishes in behalf of the book which is now so nearly completed, and believe me
My Dear Sir
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Thomson Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?JULY 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests July. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Saturday Morning | Three o'Clock

My dearest love. — You will readily believe that excessive fatigue prevents my saying more than a very few words at this hour. I shall breakfast at 12 tomorrow please God; and write one or two letters afterwards. I have given up all idea of beginning my sketch until Sunday; I really think[†1]

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?JULY 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests July.

Selwood Place | Wedy. Morning 5 oClock

My Dearest Kate.

I have only this instant returned from my second weary pilgrimage of the week.[†2] As *you* can understand the feeling of disappointment and regret with which I passed York Place without seeing you, I hope I need not say

how anxiously I shall expect your calling on me *the first thing* this Morning. — I shall be up by ten.

Believe me
My dearest Girl
Ever Yours affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

I have been indulging in a confused reverie of you, and the tables,[†1] all the way home.

August

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?AUGUST 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Aug 35; perhaps the 4th as the Lords sat until 3.20 that morning. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Tuesday Morning | ¼ to 6.

My Dearest Kate. It is I fear but a tiresome repetition of an old story to say, that I am too tired, and dispirited, to write more than a very brief note — It is very true however: as my aching head, and side, painfully convince me.

Will you send Powell's[†2] compts. to Frammy,[†3] in the Morning when you receive this; and say he will feel obliged to him if he will call at his (Powell's) house at *Three* o'Clock this afternoon? I shall be up at Twelve, and hope to see you here very soon afterwards. Mitton called on me at the office last night and gave me a little caution about the Chambers to which I must attend.

Believe me
My Dearest Love
Every Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

I am suffering the consequences of *Furteeg.*[†4]

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?AUGUST 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests same period as last. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

My dearest Kate. I do not want the carrier today, as Fred has just come out himself for the little parcel I wished to dispatch, but I am not the less obliged to you my Dearest for remembering me. I shall have a Letter or two to write when I have finished the Sketch[†5] but I think I may venture

to say I shall be ready in *less* than a couple of hours. If you and Mary do not come over before, I shall be with you by that time.

Believe me
My Dearest
Ever Yours most affy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, [8 AUGUST 1835]

MS Dickens House. *Date* PM 8 Aug 35. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgware Road.

Brompton | Saturday Morning

My dear Tom. — I inclose you the proof[†1] we spoke of, agreeably to your request. Keep it, *as long as you like;* — I fear I must ask you to return it some day, as it belongs to Mr. Hogarth and is the only one I have left (my own copy excepted).

Believe me
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [8 AUGUST 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* plainly enclosing last.

Selwood Place | Saturday Morng. ½ p 4

My dear love.

I have left directions to be called at one. — May I hope to find you here when I get up? I have determined not to begin writing my sketch[†2] 'till tomorrow morning but to have a quiet delicious day with you, if nothing occurs to prevent it which God forbid.

The moment you receive this, will you ask your Papa to *lend*[†3] me the proof he has of Mr. Bungs Narrative:[†4] inclose it in the accompanying letter to Beard, and have it put in the post *immediately*? — You will greatly oblige me my dear, as he is anxious to shew it to a friend today, and I promised him faithfully he should have it.

God bless you my life

Believe me
Dearest Kate
Ever — Ever — Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

(half-asleep)

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?AUGUST 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting points to Summer, perhaps Aug; a heat-wave that month supports; cannot be later than 15th since no new sketch published between 20 Aug and 27 Sep. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Saturday Morning | One oClock

My Dearest Kate.

I am now at breakfast: having made up by a good night's rest, for the fatigues of yesterday. As I have not yet set pen to paper, and as I really must settle the outline of my next Sketch to-day, I am afraid I shall not be able to see you before four O'Clock. You may be quite certain without my assurance that as soon as I can possibly come over I will, and that I shall feel very discontented and unamiable the longer I remain here.

Believe me
My Dearest Girl
Ever Yours most Affy.
CHARLES DICKENS

I think it *is* hotter than ever to-day.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?AUGUST 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Aug. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 18 York Place.

Selwood Place | Monday Morning

My dearest love.

I have finished my sketch, and have only to dress myself: so I shall be with you in no time. I will not delay my coming over, by saying more than that I hope you are well and have taken some Camphor Julep. — If not my dearest; do so at once.

Believe me
My own dear Kate
Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

September

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?SEPTEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests late Summer, probably Sep (before the 10th, when the House adjourned). *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 18 York Place.

Selwood Place | Tuesday Morng 4 oClock

My dearest Love.

My second turn followed so quickly last night, and my first was so heavy; that I was totally prevented from entertaining the slightest hope of seeing you in the evening. I shall be obliged to go to the Park, and will call for you at a *quarter past eleven.* Be ready if you please dear.

I will not endanger my rising at half past nine by staying [to] say more, than begging you now & for ever to believe — if the belief be any source of comfort or happiness to you — that I am

My own dearest Kate
Ever Yours unchangeably
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?SEPTEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* perhaps soon after the adjournment of the House; during the session CD had every excuse for oversleeping; handwriting supports. *From* Selwood Place, where CD probably stayed till the end of the month. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

My Dearest Kate

I am ashamed to say lest it should bear the appearance of something like laziness, that I am only this moment up. I shall be dressed by 12 and will come over to you directly. As we propose going to King Street[†1] I think we had better start immediately; so I hope you and Mary will be ready by that hour. I am pretty well this morning and am truly delighted to hear you are well also.

Believe me
My Dearest Kate
Ever Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?SEPTEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* perhaps soon after the adjournment of the House, as last. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Selwood Place. | Thursday Morning

My dearest love.

"This comes hopping" you are quite well as it leaves me at this present. I was fortunate enough to rise by ten, and shall please God write till two when I shall dress myself. If you feel disposed to come over and fetch me at half past, I shall be happy to see you.

On reflection, I think perhaps I had better not write to my father about the unpleasant set out of yesterday, but take an opportunity of seeing him to-night & talking to him about it. Does this meet your approval my dearest? — If you are up write me just a line. If not a verbal message as I want Fred who is the Bearer of this note.

Ever Yours truly & Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

October

To MRS WILLIAM AUSTIN,[†1] [?3 OCTOBER 1835]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* CD probably returned to Furnival's Inn early in Oct.

Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Morning

My dear Mrs. Austin.

For some part of my neglect, I can conscientiously avail myself of the excuse[†2] you so kindly suggested to me in the note I received from you some weeks since; — for the remainder I can make no excuse at all beyond this — that when you reminded me of the Debt,[†3] I was, and had been for months previously, up all night and asleep all day, and that from that happy state of existence I was transferred to one of illness[†4] from which I have only very recently recovered; and which I need hardly say imposed upon me some heavy expences in addition to others I have to meet just now.

I only returned to reside in my Chambers yesterday, and I embrace the earliest opportunity of begging you to pardon my apparent rudeness and neglect which has been I assure you most unintentional. I have some money to receive for my writings in about a fortnight's time, and I hope you will then grant me a full pardon as well as a Receipt in full.

Will you tell Henry I have returned, and shall be most happy to see him?

Believe me
Dear Mrs. Austin
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?12 OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD's visit to the Colosseum must have been to review the opening night (Mon 12 Oct); Catherine and Mrs Hogarth developed scarlet fever on a Sunday (see next, *To* Beard) — presumably the day before. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning.

My dearest Katie

It is very hard to preach consolation when one stands in no small need of it one's-self but let me entreat you (it will not require I hope much exertion to grant an entreaty from *me*) to keep up your spirits, and to remember that not only your own health and comfort depend upon your doing so, but mine too; indeed my dearest girl, your situation is almost an enviable one, compared with mine.

I send Fred with some black-currant jam which you will find an efficacious, and at the same time agreeable medicine for your throat. I have

also desired him to take some chloride of Lime from town. The good it will do in purifying the Atmosphere of your room, will more than counter-balance your dislike to its smell.

When you *can* write, if it be only a word, pray do so — you cannot think how great a consolation it will be to me.

I shall be backwards and forwards to know how you are, until late to-night when I leave the Colosseum.[†1] Should you not be so well, I *must* see you, and *will not be prevented.*[†2]

Believe me My dearest love
Ever Yours truly & affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, [?14 OCTOBER 1835]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* presumably the Wednesday after last. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

If you are in cash at present, and can lend me a couple of sovereigns until *Saturday Week*, you will oblige me very greatly. I would say Saturday next, but I have got a bill to make up, which anticipates my receipt for this week both from The Chronicle and Dowling;[†3] and I therefore think it better to name the latest day to prevent any disappointment. You will perhaps send me a reply by the Bearer.

I am in great distress of mind just now. Both Catherine, and Mrs. Hogarth are laid up with the scarlet fever, which they both took in an extraordinarily sudden manner on Sunday last, after spending the preceding evening with me. — I suppose in the ordinary course of things, I shall have it next, as I am, you will readily believe, by the bed-side of the former every day.[†4]

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?15 OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* presumably the Thursday before Sun 18 Oct, when "Making a Night Of It", No. 4 of "Scenes and Characters", appeared; but see *fn.*

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My own dearest Katie.

I write as you begged me last night, to say that with the exception of a little cold, I am very well indeed this morning, although I confess I should have felt better, could I have heard from you that you had passed a better night. I hope however to find when I see you, that you have enjoyed a refreshing nap.

I have most unfortunately received orders from the Office, to attend the first Representation of a new piece at the Adelphi to-night[†1] — unfortunately because nothing is more wretched than to sit one's body in the theatre when the mind is elsewhere, or to write a facetious notice when every thought and idea have fled to another and a very different subject. I had intended too, to attempt No. 4 of "Scenes and Characters" to day: I must sit up to-night I think and finish it.

I mean to dine, dearest, at half past one, so that I may leave here at two, and be with you by three: I shall remain with you until six when I must start for the Theatre, and should I hear from Fred when he comes out at night (which however I confidently hope will not be the case) that you are no better, I shall most certainly come out and see you again, after the Theatre is over. You will therefore expect me by *three o'Clock this afternoon.*

God bless you my more than life. If the consciousness that there is at least one person who is always present with us in thought at least, sympathizing with our sufferings, and watching our progress with a solicitude and anxiety which not even a parent can ever know, be the slightest consolation in illness, God knows you possess it — I believe in my heart I may say to an unprecedented extent.

Believe me
My dearest Girl
Ever Yours truly & affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?16 OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD's extreme pleasure at Catherine's improvement suggests early in her illness; the sketch was in that case presumably "Making a Night of it" (see last). *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Mr. Fredk. Dickens.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning

My ever dearest Katie.

You cannot imagine the delight with which I heard from Robert[†1] that you had been asleep so long; or the exquisite pleasure the belief that you must feel refreshed, and improved, affords me. Such a load seems removed from my mind, that I feel more happy by comparison, at this moment than I ever did in my life.

I have written to Dowling and faithfully promised to let him have the sketch this afternoon: Directly I have finished it, I shall be with you — six or seven o'Clock at latest I trust.

Send me word by Fred (if you are awake) how you feel exactly. — I am in a fever myself, to be with you.

I am quite well this morning, and hope to find you as much improved as my most sanguine wishes would have you.

God bless you my own dear girl

Believe me
My dear, dear Katie
Ever Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?20 OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* probably a week before *To* Macrone, ?27 Oct, promising proof of "The Great Winglebury Duel"; the enquiry about Catherine's and her mother's health is similarly worded in next two letters. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday Morning

My Dearest Katie

I hope you are in better spirits this morning, than when I left you yesterday afternoon. I have not seen Robert this morning, which rather alarmed me at first. I hope however, that his absence is only occasioned by his having been very late, and taken an omnibus. Let me know particularly how you are, and how your Mama is too.

I am finishing my Duel, and shall dress myself and come out to you as early as I possibly can — I should think about six OClock.

Believe me
My Dearest Girl
Ever Yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?22 OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD's anxiety was probably to finish "Scenes and Characters" No. 5 (published 25 Oct) on time, having been late the previous week.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Morning

My Dearest life.

At this moment (half past eleven O'Clock) I have not even commenced my sketch; and as I have received a pressing note from Dowling not to be behind time this week, I must sit here 'till I have finished it — a consummation devoutly to be wished,[†1] but not likely I fear to arrive very speedily, as my cold is really *bad* this morning, and I am consequently, more than usually stupid.

If I should be detained here until 8 O'Clock or so, I do not think I can manage to reach York Place to-night, more especially as it is so damp and wet. Should I be finished at an earlier hour, however, I will come immediately. *If* you should not see me this evening don't be alarmed, or think I am ill, but expect me for a long day tomorrow: — I say "if", because I hope I shall contrive to get out, somehow or other.

I send you the biscuits I promised, my dearest, together with some rusks for your Mama with my love. Fred also brings the "Linwoods"[†2] — Write me a note by him — as long a one as you please, and let me know how you are particularly; and how your Mama is.

Believe me
My ever dearest Katie
Yours most Sincerely & Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?22 OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* probably CD's reply to Catherine's note brought back by Fred in answer to last. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Evening.[†3]

My dearest Katie.

Your letter of this morning expressed so much anxiety, and (I am happy to add) needless solicitude in my behalf, that I cannot refrain from sending

Frederick out to-night to say that I am *quite well;*[†1] that my cold is a *great deal better*, and that I shall please God be with you tomorrow about Two OClock. I should have hazarded the damp, and come out to-night, if I had finished my sketch; but having turned aside for business of another kind[†2] this morning I have not yet completed it, and am therefore *obliged* to remain at home — Send me a particular account of your well-being, and how your Mama is.

Believe me
My Dearest Love

Ever Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, [?24 OCTOBER 1835]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* probably the Saturday on which CD had promised to repay the two sovereigns borrowed from Beard (see ?14 Oct). *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place.

13 Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Morning

My Dear Beard

I inclose the amount of your kind loan, with many thanks for your friendly readiness both on this and a former occasion, when I had not an equally early opportunity of acknowledging it.

Believe me
My Dear Beard
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* The references to Catherine's spirits and his own health suggest late Oct; handwriting supports. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Furnivals Inn | Sunday Morning

My dearest love.

I am quite well this morning, I am happy to say; and shall be with you by *five o'Clock* most punctually.

I hope the spirits are better this morning, and that you have no intention of being "low" again. I am delighted to hear you had so good a night.

God bless you my dearest Girl

Believe me (in haste)
Ever Yours most truly & Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* perhaps the day after last; again supported by handwriting.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dearest Love.

"Barring" my cold, I am quite well this morning, as I am happy — most happy — to hear you are also. I have received the Adelphi order, and shall be with you, at a quarter before three o'clock.

— Not low this morning I hope? — You ought not to be, dear Mouse, and are very ungrateful if you are.

Love to Mary and your Mama

Believe me
Darling Tatie
Ever yours truly and Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE,[†1] [?27 OCTOBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* MS seems clearly to read "26th" — a Monday in 1835; CD was probably mistaken in the date of the month rather than the day of the week.

13 Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning October 26th.

My Dear Sir.

Precisely the idea you suggest about the metallic bubbles, entered my brain after I left you the other day — bubbles from a spring impregnated

with steel, I *have* heard of: but bubbles coming direct from a steel instrument would, I am inclined to think, be a natural curiosity. Are you particularly attached to the retention of the word "Bwain" — when we can't preserve the Parody on Head's title?[†1] — What do you think of

Sketches by Boz[†2]

and

Cuts by Cruikshank[†3]

Etchings by Boz

and

Wood Cuts by Cruikshank.

I think perhaps some such title would look more modest — whether modesty *ought* to have anything to do with such an affair, I must leave to your experience as a Publisher to decide.

I will go to the Chronicle Office this morning; and if I cannot get slips, procure copies, of the missing sketches. If you will have the kindness to send to Cochrane's[†1] (you are more likely to get what we want than I am) for the October and November numbers of The Monthly for last year, you will find "The Steam Excursion" in one of them — I think the former. "The Great Winglebury Duel" (which is the title of the paper which will appear in The Monthly for December)[†2] I will get a proof of, in the course of a few days.

Now if the whole collection[†3] fall something short of the two volumes, which we shall ascertain I suppose by the printing, I will be ready with two or three new Sketches[†4] to make weight; and with this view I have begged Black[†5] to get old Alderman Wood[†6] to take me to Newgate[†7] — as an Amateur of course. I have long projected sketching its Interior, and I think it would tell extremely well. It would not keep you waiting, because the printer has plenty to go on with; and a day's time is a handsome allowance for me — much less[†8] than I frequently had when I was writing for The Chronicle. In addition to "A Visit to Newgate", I find in some memoranda I have by me, the following Headings. "The Cook's Shop" — "Bedlam" — "The Prisoner's Van" — "The Streets — Noon and Night" —

"Banking-Houses" — "Fancy Lounges" — "Covent Garden" — "Hospitals" — and "Lodging-Houses"[†1] — So we shall not want subjects at all events.

I am much gratified by the kind expression of your good opinion of my Sketches contained in your note, and hope — and believe into the bargain — that your favourable augury of the success of the book may be realized, even to *our* joint satisfaction.

I will call on you on Thursday Morning, unless I should previously hear you are otherwise engaged.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?29 OCTOBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* the day before he sent *Rookwood*[†2] to Catherine (see ?30 Oct). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre | St. James's Square.

13 Furnivals Inn | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir —

I intended to ask you this morning, but although we talked about the very book, I quite forgot it, — whether you would have the goodness to lend me any old copy of Rookwood — I promised to borrow it for Mr. Hogarth if I could; and am three parts ashamed and the other sorry, for my neglect.

I have instructed the Bearer to wait for an answer, in the event of your being at home. He has been also to Alderman Wood; and should that worthy functionary have inclosed me an order for two to see that interesting spot[†3] to which an *order* for admission is very frequently granted, I will report progress tomorrow.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

I am, by the mercy of Black, and the Chronicle proprietors, at home this Evening — It would be an insult to suppose it worth your while to walk or Cab so far East, for Scotch Whiskey and Cigars — would it not?

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?29 OCTOBER 1835]

Text from *The Dickens-Kolle Letters,* ed. Harry B. Smith, privately printed, Boston, 1910, p. 64. *Date:* Reference to *Rookwood* shows written just after last. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by George Hogarth Esqre.

Furnival's Inn, | Thursday Night.

My dearest Katie,

It is nearly eight, and I have not yet even begun the Sketch;[†1] neither have I thought of a subject. Excuse the brevity of this note on that account and believe that it is only occasioned by my wish to see you as early as possible tomorrow.

I send you by George[†2] (who in Fred's absence on business, is kind enough to be the bearer of this) the volume which contains the Life of Savage.[†3] I have turned down the leaf. Now *do* read it attentively; if you do, I know from your excellent understanding you will be delighted. If you slur it, you will think it dry. I have written to Macrone for Rookwood; and shall have it tomorrow, I doubt not.

Give my best love to your mamma and Mary. *Write* me word how all is going on.
Ever yours, my dearest love,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?30 OCTOBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* not the day before his journey to Bristol (on Sat 7 Nov), since he was planning to meet Catherine next day; probably a week before (he was more likely to expect his cold to last eight days than 15).

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning ½ past 10

My dearest Katie.

Frederick had not left me half an hour last night, than through the stupidity of Frisby[†4] who was in attendance pro: tem: Frank Ross[†5] "dropped in" to my writing room, and remained there until twelve oClock, being too much immersed in the importance of his projects relative to his foreign

trip, to take the slightest heed of my agonized appearance. The consequence is, that this morning just *one slip* of the unfortunate sketch is done, and I am more unwilling to go on with it, than ever. I am going to compose myself to the task, however, with closed doors — when it will be done God only knows.

My cold I am sorry to say is very bad indeed this morning, accompanied with a head-ache, and all the unpleasantries which usually follow in it's[†1] train. If it should be a damp night, and the fog should continue, would you advise me to stay at home, take some gruel, try hot water for my feet, and go to bed early? — Let me know; I am afraid if I don't get rid of it before I go to Bristol,[†2] I shall never get rid of it afterwards. Write me word too about tomorrow, and what time you will like to dine; and consult your Mama, dear, about the possibility of there being any fear of your being out after dark. I shall be with you (*if*[†3] I should not see you to night) by half past twelve.

I send you Rookwood which I hope will assist you materially in getting through the day. Let me know how Mary is, and all the news, in writing — and above all, write like yourself, or in other words just such a note as you sent me last night. It was faultless.

Love to all
Believe me
My Dearest Love
Ever Yours most Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

November

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [4 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests early Nov 35; Beard dined with CD on Thurs 5th (see next two letters).

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Morning

My ever dearest Katie.

I was taken so extremely unwell when we got to Knightsbridge last night, that I really thought I should have been unable to proceed; my head was so extremely bad, and the dizziness affected my sight so much that I could scarcely see at all, in addition to which cheerful symptoms my tottering legs gave me the appearance of being particularly drunk. Rather alarmed as you will readily believe, at these disorderly manifestations, as well as at the suddenness with which they came and went (for I was comparatively well again by the time we reached Hyde Park Corner) I

immediately purchased and took a *5* grained Pill — which has quite removed the original symptoms but is performing such singular evolutions in my interior that I am at present quite unable to leave home. I have ordered broth, and other soothing preparations to be made without delay, and hope they will have the effect of setting me to rights — the pill was decidedly the most powerful piece of calomel I ever ventured upon, but I have no doubt my taking it directly, has prevented my being really ill.

If it should not be damp to-night, I shall be with you by 6. If it should, or if the pill should continue refractory you may prepare yourself for a walk with me tomorrow Morning at *12 precisely*. Beard dines with me you know, my love, but I shall be with you from 12 to 3.

Write me word how you are; assure me that your dismal forebodings of last night have entirely vanished: and as an indispensable preliminary, believe that I am and shall ever be my own dearest love

Yours most truly and affectionately.

CHARLES DICKENS

— Coss?

To THOMAS FRASER,[†1] [4 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* This must have been the Wednesday before he and Beard left for Bristol. *Address:* Thomas Fraser Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Fraser[†2]

You will much oblige me, with a view to some business arrangements I have to make, if you can let me know on what day we are to leave town for Bristol — is it fixed for Saturday, or shall we start sooner?

Ever Yours truly

CHARLES DICKENS

Beard will dine with me tomorrow, and if you have any message relative to our calling for the needful &c, I will communicate it to him.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [5 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD had asked permission to visit Newgate the week before (*To* Macrone, ?27 Oct); he was still awaiting orders from the *Chronicle* office for his journey to Bristol. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Robert Hogarth Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday afternoon.

My dearest love.

I have been to-day over Newgate,[†1] and The House of Correction,[†2] and have lots of anecdotes to tell you of both places when I see you tomorrow — some of them rather amusing: at least to me, for I was intensely interested in everything I saw.[†3]

Beard is here, and Robert (who called just before dinner) will be the bearer of this note. I have not yet heard from the Office; whether I shall hear tomorrow or not, I cannot say — if I do I will send Fred out in the morning, but at all events I will see you tomorrow: for if I am very hard pressed for time, I will throw the Bell's Life over, altogether.[†4]

I hope your cold is better my dearest girl, and that you have no new complaints either *bodily* or *mental:* indeed I feel full confidence after last night that you will not have a renewal of the latter.

Love to all; and believe me my own darling

Ever Yours most truly & affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth

To JOHN MACRONE, [7 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 7 Nov, when he left for Bristol.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning 5 O'Clock

My Dear Sir.

I never regretted anything in my life so much as I do the unpleasant circumstance (the probability of which I hinted to you on Thursday) of

my having to start for Bristol this morning. The journey would not have been a very enviable one under ordinary circumstances, but the contents of your last night's note render it still more "aggrawatin'".

I have two objects in perspective in writing *this* note, — and they are these. First and foremost will you have the kindness to tell Mr. Cruikshank how very much I regret the impossibility of seeing him this evening, and thereby gratifying my long cherished wish to obtain an introduction to a gentleman whose much appreciated talents (I don't say it egotistically) no one appreciates so highly as myself? — Secondly, will you add that I shall be most happy to accompany you to Myddleton Terrace[†1] on either Thursday, Friday, or Saturday Evening next? Thirdly — I quite forgot that thirdly before — will you write me a note on *Monday* informing me what evening you have fixed? My brother sends me some letters by post on that day; he will call in Saint James's Square between 12 and 1, forward yours, and I will take care to be in town again by the time you appoint.

You have thrown me into a fever of anxiety to see the sketches already done — why didn't you inclose them? — They would have done my heart good even now; and it must be[†2] something very special

to excite any feeling half a degree removed from misery in my bosom at this moment. I am writing by candle-light shivering with cold, and choaked with smoke. The fire (which has been fed like a furnace at the gas works all night, with a view to my "early breakfast") has turned unaccountably white and dusty at the very moment when it *ought* to boil the kettle, and on the best calculation I am enabled to make at the moment I should say that event would occur about the time that I reach Hounslow Heath. I *think* it's rather a disagreeable morning, but I can't say exactly — because it's so foggy. My Laundress who is asthmatic, has dived into a closet — I suppose to prevent her cough annoying me — and is emitting from behind the door, an uninterrupted succession of the most unearthly, and hollow noises I ever heard. My portmanteau resolutely refuses to suffer itself to be locked, although it has[†3] been strapped and buckled and stood upon 'till no Guard will know it by that appellation, and rumours have just reached me that there "ain't no cabs on the stand". Conceive my feelings!

Looking forward to hearing from you in the mode I have mentioned, and trusting that before another week has passed over, we may have commenced operations in good earnest I am

My Dear Sir
Ever Yours most truly
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [8 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* PM Newbury 8 Nov 35. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 18 York Place | Queens Elms | Brompton | London.

George and Pelican Newbury | Sunday Morning.

My Dearest Katie.

We arrived here yesterday afternoon at three o'Clock, and were immediately installed into very comfortable quarters. The Times are before us and have completed their arrangements, but if we continue to be as successful in laying the Horses we require between this place and Bristol, as we have been on that part of the road to town which we have already traversed, we are in confident expectation of beating them by two hours at least. We share the expence with The Morning Herald, and are living and travelling with two gentlemen from that paper.

We leave this place for Bristol at twelve o'Clock to-day, and I shall write you again by tomorrow's Post — I hope at greater length. I am in such a chaotic state of confusion just now, surrounded by maps, road-books, ostlers, and post-boys that I have not time to devote to anything but business — not even to *you*, though I have snatched a few moments to redeem my promise in.

Will you tell Fred my love that I will write to him from Bristol tomorrow, but that I have not done so from here to-day, because I really have nothing to communicate. Give my best love to your Mama, Mary, and all the rest and Believe me

My own dearest girl
Ever Yours most affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

I hear the Coach at this moment.

To THOMAS FRASER, [8 NOVEMBER 1835]

Text from J. T. Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors*, 8th edn, 1874, p. 232. *Date:* see last. *Address:* Thomas Fraser, Esq., Morning Chronicle Office.

George and Pelican, Newbury, Sunday Morning.

Dear Fraser,

In conjunction with The Herald we have arranged for a Horse Express from Marlborough to London on Tuesday night, to go the whole distance at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, for six guineas: half has been paid, but, to insure despatch, the remainder is withheld until the boy arrives at the office, when he will produce a paper with a copy of the agreement on one side, and an order for three guineas (signed by myself) on the other. Will you take care that it is duly honored? A Boy from The Herald will

be in waiting at our office for their copy; and Lyons begs me to remind you most strongly that it is an indispensable part of our agreement *that he should not be detained one instant.*

We go to Bristol to-day, and if we are equally fortunate in laying the chaise-horses, I hope the packet will reach town by seven.[†1] As all the papers have arranged to leave Bristol the moment Russell[†2] is down, we have determined on adopting the same plan, — one of us will go to Marlborough in the chaise with one Herald man, and the other remain at Bristol with the second Herald man to conclude the account for the next day. The Times has ordered a chaise and four the whole distance, so there is every probability of our beating them hollow.[†3] From all we hear, we think the Herald, relying on the packet reaching town early, intends publishing the report in their first Edition. This is however, of course, mere speculation on our parts, as we have no direct means of ascertaining their intention.

I think I have now given you all needful information. I have only in conclusion to impress upon you the necessity of having all the compositors ready, at a very early hour, for if Russell be down by half past eight, we hope to have his speech in town at six.

Believe me (for self and Beard) very truly yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [9 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* the day before Lord John Russell's speech of Tues 10 Nov. *Address:* Paid | Miss Hogarth | 18 York Place | Queens Elms | Brompton | London.

Bush Inn.[†4] Bristol | Monday Morning

My dearest Kate. You must not be surprised at the brevity and matter-of-fact style of my letters, for we have so much to do, and so many cares and anxieties about the successful result of our expedition, that I am scarcely able to devote one moment to any other considerations than those connected with the business. We arrived here at nine O'Clock last night, after a long and somewhat cold journey through a beautiful and very interesting

country, and have been engaged ever since (with the exception of the time we were asleep) in making arrangements for the Express. We have not yet agreed upon the division of labour, or the best mode of proceeding, sufficiently to enable me to say when I shall be home. Either Beard or I (I think, myself) will leave here the moment Lord John Russell has finished speaking, and proceed as far as Marlborough in a chaise and four, where the Express will be met and carried forward by saddle horses. The other will remain here to write the conclusion of the dinner (which will take him all night) and return to town by coach next day.[†1] In either case, I hope I shall be home some time on Wednesday — it may be Thursday, but of course I shall choose the quickest mode.

God bless you my dear girl. I hope you have taken good care of yourself in my absence, and that no new "flare"[†2] has disturbed the repose of York Place. Give my best love to all and believe me, in ha[ste][†3]

My own dearest love
Ever Yours affecy. & [ ][†3]
CHARLES DICKENS

I am looking forward with gre[at][†3] anxiety to your letter of tom[orrow][†3] morning — tell Fred I have just received the paper.

Beard and I are on the point of starting on horseback down the road, to inspect the appearance and condition of the post horses we have ordered.

To THOMAS FRASER, [10 NOVEMBER 1835]

Text from N, I, 51. *Date:* the day of Russell's speech.

Bush Inn, Bristol | Tuesday Morning

Dear Fraser,

The conclusion of Russell's dinner will be forwarded by Cooper's Company's coach,[†4] which leaves here at half-past six to-morrow morning. The report of the Bath dinner[†5] shall be forwarded by the first Bath coach on Thursday morning — what time it starts we have no means of ascertaining till we reach Bath; but you will receive it as early as possible, as we will indorse the parcel "Pay the porter 2/6 extra for immediate delivery."

Beard will go over to Bath from here to-morrow morning, and I shall come back by the mail from Marlborough. I need not say that it will be sharp work, and will require two of us; for we shall both be up the whole of the previous night, and shall have to sit up all night again to get it off in time.

As soon as we have had a little sleep, we shall return to town as quickly as we *can*, for we have (if the express succeeds) to stop at two or three places along the road, to pay money and express satisfaction. You may imagine that we are extremely anxious to know the result of the arrangement. Pray direct to one of us at the "White Hart" Bath, and inform us in a parcel *sent by the first coach after you receive this* exactly at *what hour* it arrived. Do not fail on any account.

We joined with the Herald (I say this in reference to the first part of your letter) precisely on the principle you at first laid down — economy; not pushed so far, however, as to interfere with the efficiency of the express. As the conclusion of the dinner was to be done, we all thought the best plan we could pursue would be to leave two men behind, and trust Russell to the others. I have no doubt if he makes a speech of any ordinary dimensions it can be done by the time we reach Marlborough; and taking into consideration the immense importance of having the addition of saddle-horses from thence, it is, beyond all doubt, worth an effort.

Believe me
(For self and Beard)
Very sincerely yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

I thought of putting the accompanying letter to my brother in the post. Will you have the kindness to send a boy with it?

To [FREDERICK] DICKENS, [?10 NOVEMBER 1835]

Mention in last. *Address:* probably to Frederick, the eldest of CD's younger brothers.

To JOHN MACRONE, [14 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD had planned to call on Cruikshank with Macrone on 12, 13 or 14 Nov (*To* Macrone, 7 Nov 35); being ordered to Bath, he did not return until the 13th (Friday). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | St. James's Square.

13 Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Do you go to Cruikshank's with me? — And if so (which I think would be better as it is partially a business affair) will it suit you to go to-night, or shall we fix Monday Evening?[†1]

I only returned to town last night, or I should have called on you before. Will you send me back a message fixing time and place.

Believe me (in great haste)

Ever Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [18 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Macrone's first child, Frederick Joseph Bordwine, *b.* 20 Oct 35, died on Mon 16 Nov.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Morning

My dear Sir.

I am much grieved to hear of your sudden bereavement. If consolation can be offered to a father under such circumstances however, it may afford you some relief to reflect that you lost your poor little boy at an age when death is an easy transit to a better World; and before years of solicitude and anxiety, and the recollection of the thousand holds upon your affection created in that time would have rendered the shock far harder to bear, and infinitely more difficult to forget. I hope Mrs. Macrone[†1] is doing as well as even you could wish, under circumstances so trying to a young mother's feelings.

Will you have the kindness to leave out for me (and I will send for it about 7 O'Clock this evening) the bound volume of Monthly Magazines? — Cruikshank wishes to see it: I had a long interview with him yesterday morning, the result of which I will communicate to you when you are again enabled to attend to business. He only waits now to see you; and pledges himself, that as far as he is concerned, the book shall be out by Christmas without fail.[†2]

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?19 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* probably the Thursday before Mon 23 Nov, when he went to the Adelphi to review *The Dream at Sea.*

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Evening

My dearest Girl.

I had two or three interruptions this morning, and have not yet (7 o'Clock) finished my Sketch,[†1] although I am rapidly approaching that very desirable consummation. I fear I shall not be able to see you to-night, and therefore send out Fred. I have some business to transact to morrow, and fear I

should only make you late if you were to wait for my escort into town — I have therefore arranged that Fred shall be with you *at half past four precisely* (rather before than after) if that hour will suit you.

I received a note from Fraser this morning in which he says that Black is out of town and has left no tickets, but that if he return by Saturday, as in all human probability he will, they are mine — the Adelphi I shall be sent to on Monday; but I hardly know how to arrange about it, as I fear I shall be late, and I do not like your traversing the West End of London, of all other parts, accompanied only by Fred.

If you knew how eagerly I long for your society this evening, or how much delight it would afford me to be able to turn round to you at our own fireside when my work is done, and seek in your kind looks and gentle manner the recreation and happiness which the moping solitude of chambers can never afford, you would believe me sincere in saying that necessity and necessity alone, induces me to forego the pleasure of your companionship for one evening in the week even. You will never do me the justice of believing it however, and all I can do until my book[†2] is finished will be to reflect that I shall have (God willing) many opportunities of shewing you for years to come how unjust you used to be, and of convincing you then of what I would fain convince you now — that my pursuits and labours such as they are are not more selfish than my pleasures, and that your future advancement and happiness is the main-spring of them all.

Believe me
My dear Girl
Ever Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [23 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* CD must have been sending Cruikshank the volume of the *Monthly Magazine* for which he had asked Macrone on 18 Nov.

13 Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

Mr. Dickens presents his compts. to Mr. Cruikshank and begs to forward a volume of The Monthly containing four stories by him — there are two more which Mr. Dickens will procure to-day.[†1]

Mr. Dickens saw Mr. Macrone this morning; and if convenient to Mr. Cruikshank they will both wait on him this evening to conclude the arrangement.

To JOHN MACRONE, [23 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD was presumably confirming the plan to meet Cruikshank that evening (see last). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | St. James's Square.

13 Furnivals Inn | Monday ¼ to 12

My Dear Sir —

No notice has arrived from the Office[†2] yet; and as I shall not accept any even if it should arrive, at this late hour of the day, I shall expect you at half past six — I have sent a note to Cruikshank to warn him that we shall be there this evening.

Believe me
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [23 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* no doubt later in the same day, written at Furnival's Inn and left there for Macrone to find when he called at 6.30.

My Sir

I have been I am sorry to say, compelled by Black's special desire to go to the Adelphi. As Cruikshank remains at home for us the second time, he must not be disappointed. Will you do me the favor of proceeding there from hence, on my undertaking to join you at his house by 9? It is the

first piece, and if I take a cab and put off writing my notice 'till we return, I can easily manage it.[†1] I shall come straight from the Theatre. Pray excuse me — it is not my fault.

Ever Yours Sincerely.
CD.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [25 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD must have begun his sketch "A Visit to Newgate" on Wed 25th (see *To* Macrone, ?27 Nov).

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Evening

My dearest Kate

Macrone has urged me most imperatively and pressingly to "get on". I have made considerable progress in my "Newgate" sketch, but the subject is such a very difficult one to do justice to, and I have so much difficulty in remembering the place,[†2] and arranging my materials, that I really have no alternative but to remain at home to-night, and "get on" in good earnest. You know I have frequently told you that my composition is peculiar; I never can write with effect — especially in the serious way — until I have got my steam up, or in other words until I have become so excited with my subject that I cannot leave off; and hoping to arrive at this state to-night, I have, after a great deal of combating with my wish to see you, arrived at the determination I have just announced — I hope to do a good deal.

I will not do you the injustice to suppose that knowing my reason and my *motive* for exertion, *you* of all people will blame me one instant for my self-denial. You may be disappointed: — I would rather you would — at not seeing me; but you cannot feel vexed at my doing my best with the stake I have to play for — you and a home for both of us.

Write me by Fred and Believe me, my own love

Ever Yours most sincerely & affy.

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [?27 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably the Friday between Cruikshank's receiving from CD the volume of the *Monthly* (23 Nov) and CD's departure for Hatfield (1 Dec).

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I will give you a call on Monday Morning. I hope by that time we shall have the book from Cruikshank, and be enabled to put it in hand.

I was very busy yesterday and the day before doing a long paper for the book — "A Visit to Newgate" which I am very anxious for you to see a corrected proof of. Hogarth perused it very carefully last night, and bid me tell you that it would "make" any book — an opinion which Black more than confirms.

I don't say this egotistically of course, but merely to shew you that I have been exerting myself for both our sakes.

Believe me

Very Sincerely Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?27 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD had finished the Newgate sketch the night before; the new story was almost certainly "The Black Veil".

Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

My Dearest Girl.

I have finished my sketch and dispatched it; but I must stay at home for two reasons. First because I am anxious to see Mitton if I possibly can, on business;[†1] and secondly because an extraordinary idea for a story of a very singular kind occurred to me this morning, and I am anxious to commit it to paper before the impression it made upon me is lost. I will shew it to you the moment it is finished.[†2]

Frazer[†3] has sent me word that he *fears* the Drury Lane Ticket[†4] for tomorrow night is engaged. He adds that if it should be, he will get the Covent Garden one;[†5] and I am to send down for one or other to-night. — We are therefore pretty sure of going somewhere.

Either Fred or I will be with you at *One* o'Clock tomorrow, to fetch you

to dine here before we go to the play. If Mary likes to come, I shall be of course most happy to see her, and Fred can be her escort in the evening.

Cupid[†1] will be the bearer of this — a most appropriate Messenger — and as he waits, I will not stay to add more than that I am

My dearest love
Ever Yours most truly & affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?30 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* probably the Monday on which CD had promised to call on Macrone: see ?27 Nov.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Afternoon

My Dearest Katie

I was very unwell all last night, and my head though better is far from being in its usual state to-day. Should it not be quite well tomorrow, I think I will make up my mind to be bled without delay.

I have not written a line yet[†2] (it is 4 o'Clock now) — I was at Macrone's until half past twelve and since I returned from his house I have been up to Cruikshank's though I am sorry to say I was not fortunate enough to find him at home. I strolled about Pentonville thinking the air did my head good, and looked at one or two houses in the new streets. They are extremely dear, the cheapest I looked at, being £55 a year with taxes.[†3] Their situation for business is undeniable certainly, and the houses themselves are very pretty, but this is too much. Mitton has drawn me a notice to quit, and when I pay my rent (tomorrow or next day) I shall give it to Fry[†4] myself. The knowledge of having taken that step will be a relief.

Of course I shall see you tomorrow, but I fear not before the evening, as I must make up for my not writing to-day — always supposing my head is better, for I could not have penned six original lines this morning, had I five pounds depending on them. It is a sad affair just now, but I hope it will go off.

God bless you my dearest girl: — I wish you were here to-night with all my soul, notwithstanding the pleasure you think I take in being away from you.

Love to all
Believe me
My own dearest love
Ever Yours most Affecy.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [30 NOVEMBER 1835]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* presumably the same day as last, after CD's visits to Macrone and Cruikshank.

13 Furnivals Inn | Monday Afternoon

My Dear Sir

I called on you this morning[†1] by Macrone's request to ask you when you thought you would be enabled to return me my books with a list of your intended Illustrations, and frontispieces. He has been taking advice on the subject, and is exceedingly anxious to get it out with all possible dispatch, in pursuance of which intention he wishes me to arrange the contents of each volume, and send some copy to the Printer's as quickly as I can.

As I was not so[†2] fortunate as to find you at home this morning, I trouble you with a few lines now, and have desired my small secretary[†3] to wait for an answer.

Pray present my compliments to Mrs. Cruikshank, and

Believe me
Dear Sir
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

December

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [1 DECEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD left for Hatfield on 1 Dec, to report the fire at Hatfield House. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Fredk. Dickens Esqre.

Salisbury Arms. Hatfield. | Tuesday Night

My Dearest love.

The hurry in which I left town (receiving only three hour's[†4] notice, and being previously out of bed until three o'Clock) prevented my writing to you before I started for this place. I have been busy all day, but I embrace the first opportunity of explaining what without reflection might appear neglectful — I hope not for a moment unkind.

After driving about (as you will have probably heard from Fred) in quest of a stage, I procured a Leicester Coach at 8 this morning in which I left town with the intention of going direct to Saint Alban's. It

struck me on my way however that if I crossed the country from Barnet I should get here quicker: I accordingly alighted and breakfasted there, and came on here in a Gig. And here I am, waiting until the remains of the Marchionness of Salisbury are dug from the ruins of her Ancestor's Castle. I went over the place this morning, and shall "flare"[†5] briefly in the Chronicle

tomorrow.[†1] I am waiting for the Inquest which cannot be held until the bones (if the fire has left any) are discovered. None have been found up to the time I am writing (nine o'Clock) and I therefore see no chance of its being held before Thursday at soonest.[†2]

You *know* how vexatious it is to me to be away from you, more especially without notice of any kind enabling me to say good by'e[†3] first, and you can guess how it worries me to be away just now, when my presence in town is so essential to the appearance of my book. I was very unwell yesterday, but I am happy to say that I think the journey and the air have done me great good.

It would delight me — I speak sincerely when I say "more than I can possibly 'press" to receive a letter from you, but as the period of my stay here is so uncertain, and you will probably not receive this from Fred before tomorrow night, I fear you could not write without a chance of the letter and I crossing. If I should be unexpectedly detained longer than I now anticipate I will write to Fred and tell him, and you will then I hope write me a note to the address I have given at the commencement of my letter. I trust however that I shall be able to see your face before then, and without any disparagement to your letters my own dear Girl I would much rather have one kiss from you than half a dozen letters each on as many quires of paper.

Love to all
Believe me
My ever dearest Katie
Most sincerely and affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [8 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* the letter mentioned in *To* Macrone, 9 Dec.

13 Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

I fear I shall find it necessary to go over Cold Bath Fields Prison[†4] again, for I have seen so many places and written so much since I was there, that I have forgotten many important particulars.

Should you have any objection to oblige me with a line to Mr. Chesterton[†5]

reminding him that I went over the Prison a short time since with Macrone on Mr. Laurie's[†1] (the magistrate's) introduction; and committing me to his charge again? It has occurred to me that perhaps you

could do me this favour without laying yourself under any obligation, as that gentleman is a friend of yours.

I am sure you will excuse my troubling you with this request — it is your own fault, for you have shewn so much kind interest in my book, and your good opinion of it is so gratifying to me that I do not hesitate to trouble you about it when I should feel great reluctance in troubling other people.

If you have any objection to writing to Mr. Chesterton I beg you will not fail to mention it at once, for I can get another order from Mr. Laurie by calling on him.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

The Printer has instructions to forward proofs to you regularly every evening.

To JOHN MACRONE, [9 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* The specimen page and proofs must have arrived before Wed 16 Dec (see *To* Macrone, 17 Dec). On Wed 2 Dec CD was at Hatfield; this therefore must have been written on the 9th. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | &c &c.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Afternoon

My Dear Sir

I have received neither specimen page nor proofs. I hope there is not going to be any more delay, but that both Cruikshank and I are to be supplied at once.[†2] Will you tell me what you have done?

I am highly gratified with your opinion of "Newgate" — no praise I have received or can receive for it, affords me greater pleasure. The two points you mention I had not forgotten; I rejected them purposely after mature deliberation. With regard to Mrs. Fry,[†1] I saw a Quakeress in the office, and turning round to you in jest, said — "Mrs. Fry"; but whether it was really her, or some other good quakeress of whom there are numbers, God only knows — I am not even sure she's alive; if she be, she must, I should think be older than the Lady we saw. Again, about the Kitchen. I know no place in which I could introduce the fact without weakening my subsequent description, and I left it out lest scrupulous ninnies who do not see these things as you and I do, should think there was something disgusting in the idea, and repulsive. When I have the proof I will look at it again, and endeavour to notice it in the right place en passant.[†2]

Lastly with respect to the House of Correction. I wrote to Cruikshank to give me a Note to Chesterton for another ramble over the place, but I would much rather not describe it for this series.[†3] You cannot throw the interest over a years imprisonment, however severe, that you can cast around the punishment of death.[†4] The Tread-Mill will not take the hold on men's feelings that the Gallows does; and

Hogarth — whose judgment in these matters from long experience is not to be despised — says that he thinks the insertion of another Prison Paper would decidedly detract from the "hit" of the first.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Ever Yours most Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?DECEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Signature rules out the early date (before his move to Selwood Terrace) given by Walter Dexter in *Mr. and Mrs. CD,* 1935, and points to some time in the period after his return to Furnival's Inn — probably Dec. For another instance of the cool salutation used here, see ?8 Mar 36.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Evening

My Dear Catherine.

After your *very welcome* note of this morning, I feel *much more*

disappointed than I should have been had I not heard from you, at being prevented from coming out to-night. But I had no sooner got to work this morning, than the Organ began, and the Organ had no sooner left off, than Beard and Philpott[†1] came, to hold a grand consultation upon the course the latter should pursue towards the Chronicle people. I was obliged to enter into a conference which lasted until three O'Clock: I have since had to write for the office; and at this hour (6 OClock) have not more than half finished my sketch. I have been thus tediously explicit, to shew you that my absence is no fault of mine.

With regard to your note my love, I will only say, that it displays all that amiable and excellent feeling which I know you possess, and for which I believe from my heart, you are unrivalled; — if you would only determine to *shew* the same affection and kindness to me, when you feel disposed to be ill-tempered, I declare unaffectedly; I should have no one solitary fault to find with you. Your asking me to love you "once more" is quite unnecessary — *I have never*[†2] *ceased to love you for one moment, since I knew you; nor shall I.*

I shall be out as early as the Court will allow me tomorrow — I wish I could say there was a chance of my being out tonight.

Believe me
My ever dearest Girl
Yours most truly & Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?11 DECEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* possibly a week before the action for debt brought against John Dickens on Fri 18 Dec,[†3] while CD was at Kettering; the "unhappy sketch" would in this case be "The Parlour", published 13 Dec.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

My dearest Katie.

The unhappy sketch had only reached its third slip by dinner time — Father was worrying here this morning until nearly two OClock, and after he went I fell asleep; having been so unwell with my side last night as to be obliged to call up Fred.

I would give the guinea I am to receive for the paper, and another with it, if I could manage decently to escape to-night. I sent down to Dowling this Morning however to say he might rely on receiving it, however late the

hour, and thus I have no alternative but to do it as I best can — and bad will be the best God knows, for I never felt less disposed to write in my life.

Of course I shall dine with you tomorrow, but I must leave by the 6 O'Clock Buss in order that I may not disappoint Cruikshank. Should it be a fine day, will you and Mary leave Brompton at a quarter past I, and walk on 'till you meet me? — I shall come down Piccadilly on the same side of the way as the Duchess of St. Albans'[†1] House[†2] until I come to Hyde Park corner, and then I shall cross over and continue on the same side as Slater's the Upholsterer's. Just write me a line by Fred, but don't keep him my love, as I want him this evening.

God bless you dearest. Excuse the brievity[†3] of this note; but I have made so little progress with my article that unless I return to it at once, I have very little hope of its being finished at all.

Believe me
My dear Girl
Ever Yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [14 DECEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* PM 15 Dec 35 (Tuesday). *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 18 York Place | Queen's Elm | Brompton | London.

White Hart Kettering[†4] | Monday Evening

My dear Kate.

I arrived here last night at nine O'Clock, the bad state of the roads having detained both the stage and Post-chaise beyond its usual time. I am sorry — very sorry — to say that I shall not in all human

probability be home before Wednesday Week;[†5] but if I should get any opportunity of running up before that time, I shall not lose it, depend upon it.

I found here your friend Mr. Griffin[†6] and two other gentlemen, but not the Times people, whom I expect to-night. It is a dreadfully stupid and dull place, but we have discovered a Bagatelle Board, which we have had erected in our sitting room. We have played all day to-day, and I suppose except when there is work to do, shall amuse ourselves in a similar manner

until the Election is over. The nomination takes place tomorrow; and miserably cold it will be.

You will readily believe my dearest that I have little to say beyond what I have said already. To say I very much regret being away, is *I know* unnecessary, and it is equally useless to say that I am most anxious to get back. Give my love to all at home, and tell your Papa that if he has anything to say about the proofs, or Mr. Mather's[†1] reception of Robert, I shall be very happy to receive a letter from him.

I have been misinformed about the time at which the Post leaves this place; and am obliged to close my letter just as I intended to commence it. I have only time to add that I *rely* upon receiving a *long* letter from you on Wednesday Morning.

God bless you my dearest Girl

Believe me
Ever Yours most truly and affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

10,000 kisses — Not "coss" I hope?

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [16 DECEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* PM 17 Dec 35 (Thursday). *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 18 York Place | Queens Elms | Brompton | London.

White Hart Kettering | Wednesday Morning

My dear Girl.

As I received your very welcome letter just now, and am alone for a few minutes, I think I cannot do better than sit down and write another without delay, though what on earth I am to write about I know not. This place is fearfully dull, and I have seen neither a newspaper or a book since I came down here.

You will see or hear by the Chronicle of yesterday, that we had a slight flare[†2] here yesterday morning, just stopping short of murder and a riot. Party feeling runs so high, and the contest is likely to be so sharp a one that I look forward to the probability of a scuffle before it is over. As the Tories are the principal party here, *I* am in no very good odour in the town, but I shall not spare them the more on that account in the descriptions of their behaviour I may forward to head quarters.[†3] Such a ruthless set of bloody-minded

villains, I never set eyes on, in my life. In their convivial moments yesterday after the business of the day was over, they were perfect savages. If a foreigner were brought here on his first visit to an English town, to form his estimate of the national character, I am quite satisfied he would return forthwith to France, and never set foot in England again. The remark will apply in a greater or less degree to all Agricultural places during the pendency of an Election, but beastly as the electors usually are, these men are superlative blackguards. Would you believe that a large body of horsemen, mounted and armed, who galloped on a defenceless crowd yesterday, striking about them in all directions, and protecting a man who cocked a loaded pistol,[†1] were *led*[†2] by Clergymen, and Magistrates? Or that I saw one of these fellows with my own eyes, unbuckle one of his stirrup-leathers, and cut about him in the crowd, with the iron part of it — communicating to the blows all the additional force that swinging it at the end of the leather could give them? Anything more sickening and disgusting, or anything that roused my indignation so much, I never beheld.

I think I shall have to go over to Northampton to-day with the Times man, whose return from a gentleman's seat in the neighbourhood, whither he went on business before I was up, I am in momentary expectation of. If so, I shall sleep at Northampton to-night, and return here in the course of tomorrow morning. The polling begins on Friday and then we shall have an incessant repetition of the sounds and sights of yesterday 'till the Election is over — bells ringing, candidates speaking, drums sounding, a band of *eight trombones* (would you believe it?) blowing — men fighting, swearing drinking, and squabbling — all riotously excited, and all disgracing themselves. You will probably have heard from Fred that I shall have finished here by Monday. You shall hear from me again before then, and I will tell you the hour at which I shall expect to see you in Furnivals Inn. I expect a parcel from Fred to-night

God bless you my dearest Katie.

Love to all, and Believe me
Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

You won't forget the direction,[†3] if you feel disposed to write again.

To JOHN MACRONE, [17 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* PM 18 Dec 35 (Friday). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | 3 St. James's Square | London.

Northampton | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir

Your letter has been forwarded to me at Kettering where I am watching the Election, and shall be compelled to remain until *Monday* when I shall return to town pr. Mail. During my absence Mr. Hogarth is reading the proofs — a task which he will execute quite as well as I could, as he knows all the sketches by

heart, and takes an interest in the book in no way secondary to my own. I am perfectly satisfied with your arrangements with Whiting.[†1] The page is an extremely neat and pretty one, and they are getting on very quickly indeed. I hope we shall be out in the first week of the new Year.

I dare say you will have returned to town almost as soon as myself — I trust you will be enabled to inform me that Mrs. Macrone is doing well,[†2] and that you are "all right".

Believe me
Ever Yours very sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

If you could see the beastly swine who wallow in the Public Houses down here,[†3] under the denomination of "Conservatives"[†4] you would renounce your creed for ever.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [18 DECEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Polling at Kettering began on Fri 18 Dec. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 18 York Place | Queens Elm | Brompton | London.

White Hart. Kettering. | Friday Noon

My dear Kate.

I am overjoyed to say that I have received a communication from the Office to the effect that it will be unnecessary for me to remain here for the Declaration of the Poll on Monday. I shall therefore leave by the "Peveril" tomorrow night at a quarter past one, and shall be in town about nine o'Clock on the following Morning. — I shall lie down for an hour or two, and be out at Brompton to dinner on Sunday.

I am very sorry my dear Girl that you should have thought my letter of the other day stiff and formal — I don't know how it is, but I am quite certain I had no notion of its being so, and if it really were (which I can hardly believe) it was quite unintentional. The noise and confusion here this morning — which is the first day of polling is so great that my head is actually splitting. There are about forty flags on either side, two tremendous bands, one hundred and fifty constables, and vehicles of every kind, sort, and description. These last mentioned nuisances are constantly driving about and in and out and up [and] down the town, conveying voters to the Poll; and the voters themselves are drinking and guzzling and howling and roaring in every house of Entertainment there is. Our house is so full, and the blue swine, or in other words the conservative electors are such beasts that we have retired into my bed room — a large apartment at the extreme end of a long gallery, with a couple of windows commanding an interesting view of the stable yard. There is a little passage leading to the room at the entrance of which is a door which we have fastened, and on the outside of which we have affixed a poker as a temporary knocker. Here we have removed the Bagatelle Board, and here we sit secure from interruption, with the bedstead wheeled into a corner. I have just ordered dinner in this curious den for five[†1] people — cod and oyster sauce, Roast beef, and a pair of ducks, plum pudding, and Mince Pies. Bearing in mind your objection to my doing anything

in the Ducrow[†2] way, I persuaded[†3] on the Times, Post, and Advertizer, to alter their original plan of making a day of it yesterday on saddle-horses, to hiring a four wheeled chaise. A driver was chosen by ballot, and your humble servant was unanimously appointed Guard. We started at about 11 oClock for the Duke of Buccleugh's[†4] seat[†5] which is about 4 or 5 miles from hence: went over the House, dined at a country public house,[†6] and returned after dark, when our driver being very near-sighted and slightly overcome with potations of ale, and egg flip, ingeniously drove the party into a "water-splash". The Guard dismounted

— the water being up to the calves of his legs — and after a great deal of dragging, splashing, and shouting, succeeded in leading the Horse back to the road, and we all arrived here in time for coffee. On the preceding day I was at Northampton, and "flore"[†1] slightly.

And now my dear Girl I have only time to add that business and want of space combined, compel me to close my letter abruptly. Its stiffness and formality I must leave you to judge of. The assurance that the prospect of seeing you two days earlier than I expected, gives me the utmost joy, I must judge of myself: only assuring you that it is most sincere and heartfelt. I am most happy to hear you have not been "coss" — though I perceive you have not yet subdued one part of your disposition — your distrustful feelings and want of confidence. However this may be, you may rest satisfied that I love you dearly — far too well to feel hurt by what in any one else would have annoyed me greatly. Tell Fred I had no time to write to him; and *not*[†2] to take any proofs to Brompton[†3] on Saturday Night, as I should like to see them when I return on Sunday Morning. Love to all. God bless you Pig, and Believe me (if you have any faith in your nature) Ever Yours most Sincerely & Affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

Damn the Tories — They'll win here I am afraid.[†4]

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [21 DECEMBER 1835]

For text see *Addenda*, p. 701.

To JOHN MACRONE, [21 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the day after CD's return from Kettering, when Macrone also had been away (see 17 Dec). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

St. James's Square[†5] | Monday

My Dear Sir

I called on you this morning although with very little hope of finding you returned so soon. When you come back, will you be kind enough to write to Cruikshank impressing the necessity of dispatch upon him? — I think he requires the spur.

I will call on Thursday Morning and shall perhaps succeed in finding you at home.

Believe me

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [22 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* the day after last on evidence of "the spur" to be applied to Cruikshank and CD's intention to call on Thursday. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | St. James's Square.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I called at your house yesterday, and heard you would be home on Wednesday. I had occasion to communicate with the Printer this morning and saw Mr. Whiting, who said that they *could* finish by this day week (they have just begun the second volume) but that if they were to wait for Cruikshank after all, they might as well have the advantage of an extra week to complete it in. I said I would beg you on your return to ask Cruikshank by what day he would undertake to finish, and inform them without delay, for which Mr. Whiting said he would feel greatly obliged.

Will you have the kindness to write to Cruikshank on this subject and apply the spur? — I rather think he wants it. I understand you will probably be home on Wednesday. If the person who leaves the note, wait for an answer, we shall probably know for certain when he will have finished on Thursday Morning. I will call upon you about half past eleven.

It will be time to put in a preliminary advertisement soon, will it not?[†1]

Believe me
Dear Sir
Ever Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [23 DECEMBER 1835]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD clearly postponed his visit to Coldbath Fields (see *To* Cruikshank, 21 Dec: p. 701) a further day. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Robert Hogarth Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday — Two OClock

My dearest Katie.

Don't say you are angry to receive a letter from me, or that I could come to you if I would. I have only this moment returned from accompanying father to Cold Bath Fields: my sketch[†2] is not yet commenced, and Dowling tells me that if he has it at all, it must be before 9 O'Clock tomorrow morning. Even if I wrote till 7 (with the interval of dinner) and then came out, I should be obliged to disappoint him by several hours, and after all I could not finish it in the morning, as I have to be with Macrone at 11 O'Clock. This last engagement my dear Girl I quite forgot last night; remembering it now, I am obliged to determine with the most unfeigned reluctance, that I *must not* leave home to-day.

Now however strongly disposed to be "coss" you may feel at first, I am quite sure you will not continue so long, and that you cannot fail to see I have no alternative but to set to work with what appetite I may. If I be not detained tomorrow morning by business, I shall be out to Brompton to dinner *at 3.* If I am prevented doing that, I shall be out *before 6.* I wish I could receive a note from you to-night were it only a line, but as Fred has a sore throat still, I think it better to entrust this Epistle to Robert for delivering.

God bless you my dearest Girl. — I look forward to spending a nice quiet evening with *you* tomorrow. My debut at Mrs. Richards's,[†1] I defer to another opportunity.

Love to all
Believe me
Dearest Pig
Ever Yours most truly & affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS
9 9 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 [0 0 0 0]
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 kiss[es][†2]

To JOHN MACRONE, [?26 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably the Saturday after their meeting of Thurs 24 Dec. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

It occurred to me after you left me the other day, that we thoughtlessly did Cruikshank an injustice in supposing his past negligence would postpone the work for any very long time. We were marvellously indignant if you remember, at his saying you should have "a" plate next week, and "two" the week afterwards, but we quite forgot his having told us a minute before, that each plate would contain "*four*" subjects. The sixteen will therefore be accomplished much sooner than we expected, and perhaps at as good a season after all.

Of course I shall see the first proofs[†3] when the Printer has pulled them: I am not a little anxious to see him fairly at work. Let me know when you propose sending the first advertizement to the Chronicle. I

will get a paragraph inserted, calling attention to it.[†4] — I can hardly begin to puff it without apprizing them of its being in preparation, in the legitimate manner.

Have you read "The Black Veil"?

Believe me
Ever Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To J. P. HULLAH,[†1] [?29 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* probably not more than a fortnight before 12 Jan 36 when CD had nearly finished Sc. i of *The Village Coquettes*; signature supports. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street | Cavendish Square.

13 Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Evening.

My Dear Sir.

I regret to say that my being under orders from The Chronicle will prevent my enjoying the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow, and I am not quite justified in making any appointment for the next day, as I *may* possibly be busy for my paper. The moment I am quite certain of an hour or two (which I doubt not will be either on Thursday or Friday) I shall beseech you to take part in a very grave discussion.

What I am anxious to suggest to you is, the expediency of dropping the Venetian idea altogether, and making the Drama an English one. I really cannot please myself with any of the sketches I have made for an opera to which the title of "The Gondolier"[†2] would be applicable; and remembering the popularity and beauty of many of the old english Operas I am strongly prejudiced in favor of a simple rural story. I am the more induced to favor this notion when I consider with how little expense such a piece might be produced, and how very effective its situations might be made; while the Gondolier on the other hand would require a great many supernumeraries, and some rather costly scenery. Add to these considerations, the increased ease and effect with which we could both work on an English Drama where the characters would act and talk like people we see and hear of every day, and I think you will be of my opinion.[†3]

I have a little story by me which I have not yet published, which I think would dramatize well.[†4] If you approve of my idea, it is done in a twinkling

— if not, I will work out your original notion, but I will frankly confess that while I am at home in England, I am in Venice abroad indeed —

If you have time to turn the matter over in your mind, you will perhaps have decided by the time I see you —

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Hullah Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [30 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* The printers had completed the text of Vol. I by Tues 22nd (*To* Macrone, that day); Macrone had presumably just answered CD's question of ?26 Dec about "The Black Veil".

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

You can form a very imperfect notion of the indefatigable perseverance with which the thousand and one friends of Newspaper Editors and Proprietors engage the Theatrical orders when a new piece is running. The Drury Lane Ticket is engaged to-night I know: I have written to Black for it for tomorrow, or if it be still bespoke, for the first night of its disengagement. *I* shall hear this evening, and *you* shall hear tomorrow.

I regret to see one or two errors in the first Volume, though I have the consolation of believing that none but practised eyes will observe them. I am glad you like The Black Veil. I think the title is a good one, because it is uncommon, and does not impair the interest of the story by partially explaining its main feature.[†1]

I give Cruikshank 'till Saturday: — I hope we shall have something to look at by that time.

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

I forgot to say that the order will be for *two.*[†2]

To THOMAS MITTON, [31 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* almost certainly 31 Dec, since written on the back of a fragment of his sketch "The New Year", published in *Bell's Life,* 3 Jan 36. Signature supports.[†1]

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Evening

Dear Tom

I am at home to-night and alone. I am writing as I was when I last saw you, but Fred is disengaged for a rubber at Cribbage, and I shall be very happy to see you —

Believe me
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esq

1836

January

To JOHN MACRONE, [7 JANUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* PM 7 Jan 36. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

13 Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I have not been engaged in devising a new title for the Sketches, for this reason — the greater part, if not the whole of the book, is worked off: I am not acquainted with the mechanical arrangement of such matters, but I confess I do not understand how the words "*Sketches by Boz*" which head every other page, can be altered without cancelling the whole impression. If any new title-page should occur to you, I shall be very happy to hear of it, and take it into consideration; the only reason that induces me to favor the present title at all, is that it is both unaffected and unassuming — two requisites which it is very desirable for a young author [not] to lose sight of.

When George Cruikshank called here on Monday, he said he would drop me a note towards the close of the week, begging me to go up to his house to spend the evening and see the plates. I shall hear from him I dare say either to-night or tomorrow, and if so I will call on you immediately.

I am highly gratified with Ainsworth's[†2] opinion of the Visit to Newgate,

and for the very kind interest he seems to take in our proceedings. Has he seen the Black Veil?

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

Is it not time to begin advertizing? — Everybody asks me the same question.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?7 JANUARY 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* CD would probably not have sent the preface to the printers until the rest of the book was printed (see last). *Address:* George Cruik[shank Esqre] | Myddleton [Terrace.][†1]

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

As I have mentioned your name in the accompanying little preface to my book,[†2] I think it better to inclose it for your perusal, although I hope you will find nothing in it to object to. It will be sent to the printer's in the course of tomorrow, and you will perhaps have the kindness to return it to my messenger tomorrow morning — he will call for that purpose.

Pray make my compliments to Mrs. Cruikshank and Believe me

Dear Sir
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [8 JANUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* The first advertisement of *Sketches* appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* on Sat 9 Jan 36, at the top of the second Publications Column.

13 Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

My Dear Sir.

If you send the advertizement to the Chronicle to-night, I will tell the Printer to place it at the head of a Column. I cannot *take* it. It is quite a different Department of the paper, and they are particular in such matters. It can be taken into the Printing Office after the outer shop is closed.

Pray do not misunderstand me about the title. — I am ready to adopt any you can suggest. All I meant was that I could think of none myself.

I have made one alteration in the advertizement.[†1] Tell my brother whether it is going to the Office to-night. If so he will call on the Printer as he comes back with instructions from me.

Ever Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. HULLAH, [12 JANUARY 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* By Jan 21st CD had finished Act I of *The Village Coquettes* (see *To* Catherine, that day); the only *Chronicle* notice this month was of a play at the Olympic on Tues 12th. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Sir

I was obliged to notice a new piece, at the Olympic last night[†2] and have been engaged the greater part of the day. I have however, got on — the first scene (a long one) is nearly completed, and as far as I have gone it is copied, but I had rather not send it 'till it is finished.

This will be by one oClock tomorrow, and as I am prevented from seeing you to-night will you call upon me at that time?

Believe me (in haste)
Ever Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?18 JANUARY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD probably began the second of the two acts of *The Village Coquettes* on Thursday 21st (see next). *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Alfred Dickens Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dearest love.

Up to the time of Alfred's leaving here this morng (nearly ten O'Clock) no ticket had arrived, and I therefore think there is now no chance of my being sent anywhere to-night. We will have the Office Ticket and go to Braham's[†1] next week as soon as the Dramatic portion of the Opera is done, as I should very much like you to see a place and a set of people in which we are likely to be so much interested.[†2]

I shall of course be out tomorrow night agreeably to my promise, and with me I will bring the results of my two days labour. I was up at 8 this morning — washed, dressed, and at work, by nine.

Believe me
My own dearest darling Pig
Ever Yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

I have desired Alfred to see you home, and any little document you may have to send by him will be thankfully received

1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 kisses — Not coss?

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [21 JANUARY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* The ceremony (see below) took place on 21 Jan 36. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Fredk. Dickens Esqre.

Furnivals Inn, | Thursday Morning

My Dearest Love

I have been ordered by the Office to attend a Procession and ceremony at Lambeth this morning.[†3] I must leave here at 12 and do not expect to get

back before 4 — Is it my fault that I cannot get out to-night? I must work at the Opera from the moment I have finished my dinner, until one or two o'Clock in the morning, or I shall be fearfully behind hand: and with the certainty of two political dinners taking place next week — the one at Liverpool, and the other at Birmingham — to which it is very possible I may be sent,[†1] I am even more impatient and anxious about it, than I was yesterday, when I did not know of this probability. I am going to begin the second act with a Scene founded on your suggestion.[†2]

I shall see you I hope and trust tomorrow evening, by which time if no unforeseen circumstance occurs, I hope I shall have made considerable progress towards the conclusion of my labours. Write me a note back by Fred telling me particularly how you are this morning, whether you have taken any Medicine, and if so, of what kind. If you have not, I positively insist on a three grain calomel pill instantly, and a draught two hours hence.

God bless you my darling Pig —

Long letter mind

Believe me
Dearest Mouse
Ever Yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To HIS BUTCHER, [?21 or 22 JANUARY 1836]

Mention in next.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?22 JANUARY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Probably CD had caught cold while watching the "ceremony at Lambeth" on Thurs 21 Jan.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning

My Dearest Love

I am so ill this morning that I am unable to work, or do anything. I wrote till 3 oClock this morning (I had not done for the paper till 8) and passed the whole night, if night it can be called after that hour, in a state of exquisite torture from the spasm in my side far exceeding anything I ever felt. It still continues exceedingly painful and my head is aching so from pain and want of rest, that I can hardly hold it up. Whether I caught cold from sitting in the open air yesterday, or not, I do not know, but I have not had so severe an attack since I was a child. I have sent to the Chemists

to have an old prescription of Beard's brother's[†1] made up. It is a most powerful medicine in its effects upon the system (Hydroceanic[†2] Acid being the principal ingredient) and you will readily believe that I must not encounter the night air after taking it, even if I could walk about. My side is so bad however that I can scarcely stir. Don't mind on my account: I am so used to suffer from this cause that it never alarms me. I have little doubt but that I shall be well tomorrow.

You will be happy to hear my dearest, that Cruikshank called this morning with *proofs* of four plates, and that Fred is to fetch from his house to-night, proofs of four more — eight in all. He is now on the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth. So that I hope tomorrow week will see the Book at the Binder's. — I shall bring them out with me tomorrow. The Butcher wrote me last night to say that his boy was going to take out a warrant against me for an assault. I wrote word back that the sooner he did it, the better, and that I had instructed my clerk to take in no more insolent attempts to extort money. You shall see this precious correspondence too, tomorrow —

God bless you
My own dearest Girl
Believe me Ever yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?23 JANUARY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* near the completion of *The Village Coquettes* (see *To* Catherine, ?18 Jan).

Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Morng

My Dearest Mouse

I send Alfred out (Frederick being very busily engaged in writing) to let you know that I am greatly better to day, though still in some pain, and had a very good night. I shall persevere in the Medicine which I really think does me a great deal of good.

I did set to work yesterday, and dragged on as well as I could 'till a little after One this morning. I was up at 8 and have made a rapid stride. I *think* and hope I shall be out to-night, but should my work, or my ill-health, or both, detain me at home, Fred will be out, with a Book of the Songs in both acts, to take to your papa. I have only two Scenes to write, and like the second act very much — I think it will tell.

If I should not be out to-night, of course I shall see you tomorrow. If I am not better I shall take a Cab to Hyde-Park-Corner, and walk on to meet you — Leave your house at the usual time.

I will not stay to add more now, than that I am

My own dearest Love
Most truly and Affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. HULLAH, [?JANUARY 1836]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Jan 36. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street | 15 Cavendish Square.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

My dear Sir.

The arrangements at The Chronicle Office respecting Theatre Tickets are so admirable that even at this moment I am unable to say with any degree of certainty whether I shall be able to obtain the order for Braham's this evening. The printed one is mislaid (though I think Hogarth has it) and Black has written me another which I feel tolerably certain would not be admitted even if we presented it.

Perhaps as you live so near Edward Street,[†1] you will take the trouble to look in there at half past six this evening. If I get the ticket I will join you — if not, you shall hear from me tomorrow morning. I think at the worst we are pretty certain of it tomorrow, and it is not at all improbable that we shall have it to-night.

Believe me
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Hullah Esqre.

February

To ROBERT [HOGARTH], [?1 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Signature points to early 1836; presumably refers to the Parliamentary session beginning on 4 Feb.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dear Robert —

I am truly sorry to say that I have no alternative but to postpone our First Lesson[†2] until Monday Morning. I have just been requested to hurry two articles[†3] I have to write this week; and as the House meets on Thursday, I really cannot spare the time.

Believe me
Ever Yours very sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?1 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Braham could hardly have read and accepted *The Village Coquettes* before Mon 1 Feb (see *To* Catherine, ?23 Jan); on the following Monday *Sketches* was published (see *To* Macrone, 7 Feb). *Address:* George Cruikshank Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I return your Portfolio with thanks; and forward Rookwood. I need not say that I am most delighted with the Plates you have done, and rejoiced to find that we have so nearly approached the termination of our labours in Boz's cause.

When you have a spare half hour or so, one of these days, I should like to spend it with you in talking over the idea you suggested sometime since relative to a little Satire on the class of pieces usually presented, at the Theatres in these times. I think I could turn it to the account you desire — a good one.[†1]

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

The opera I was busy on, when I saw you, has been accepted by Braham with the most flattering encomiums; and an assurance that it *must* succeed.

To THOMAS BEARD, [2 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 2 Feb 26. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Afternoon

My Dear Beard.

Le Maitre[†2] called on me this morning about the "Resolution"[†3] and after some consideration, I proposed the following course, to which he at once assented. The parties dissenting, are you, I, Le Maitre, Harfield, and Watts.[†4] Tomorrow afternoon when the preliminaries for the Session have been adjusted, let one of us (I have no objection to do it myself) say that

the five wish to speak to Easthope[†1] — of course with the fellows who have signed, we have nothing to do. Let us then say that as there is some difference of opinion among us on the subject, we wish to understand distinctly, Yes or No, whether a refusal to sign, will be followed by dismissal at the termination of the present engagement. If the reply be in the affirmative, then we sign it under protest, and declaring our intention to accept the first annual Engagement elsewhere, we can get. If in the negative, then we refuse to sign, but express our readiness to conform to any arrangement (if such a one can be suggested) which while[†2] it does not interfere with the tenure of our engagements, will protect them against a recurrence of the annoyances of which they complain.

I have to go to the Adelphi tomorrow Night.[†3] They have sent the Office a Private Box in which I shall have room for you, if you like to accompany me & the Hogarths'.[†4] At all events as the meeting is at 5, dine with me at *3 precisely.*

Believe me
Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [2 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Pasted at top of p. 1 of letter is a cutting from the *Morning Chronicle,* 2 Feb (see *fn*). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

My dear Macrone.

I inclose a modest paragraph[†5] which appeared this morning — it is not

affectation; I really can*not* do the tremendous in puffing[†1] myself. Will you let me know in the course of tomorrow or next day, when you think you will have the first copies of the book; and I will come to your Office, and direct some to such Newspapers as I am interested in, and they can go at once. I suppose you will have some ready by Saturday Morning.

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?FEBRUARY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Signature suggests Feb 36.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Evening

Dearest Mouse.

I have been at *my* (or rather *your*) desk all day; — in consequence of Frederick being at the Court I could not dine at half past four; since that time I have had a good deal to write for the paper; and now I have got to dress. — I shall be with you, half an hour after Fred. I have so many things to interrupt me, that I fear I must spend one night this week at work.

I thought best to write you a hasty line in explanation of my being so late; and I am

Dearest Titmouse
Ever yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?5 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* The "Article" CD was writing so laboriously must have been "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate", ready by 12 Feb (see letter from Chapman & Hall, that day, p. 648). *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Fredk. Dickens Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

My dearest Katie —

As Mrs. Slade will take herself off tomorrow morning, and as I shall consequently be in great confusion and messiness, I have written to mother to put off the sofa covering for a day or two. Sally will be here one day next

week, and it can then be done comfortably — I shall, I hope, have finished my paper, by that time too, and it will be a better time on every account.

What a day it is again! I am sure I do not fancy without reason, when I think the weather makes me stupid. I have been poring over my desk the whole day, and have only perpetrated ten slips, or in other words one fifth, of the whole Article. I wish to Heaven it would clear up — I really shall not get on comfortably, 'till it does; I never worked with so little pleasure.

If I should hear at any reasonable time that the House is up to-night (which I half expect) I shall — as I must go as far as the Office — come out to Brompton. If it be not up, before I go on, of course I shall be prevented. Tomorrow I *must*[†1] write all day, or I really shall never get this thing done. If I can come out

in the Evening I will, but at all events I shall meet you — on Sunday — at the usual hour if it be fine, and in York Place if it be not —

God bless you Wig. — If I should not get out to-night, write me a word or two, by way of good-night.

Believe me
My Dearest Katie
Ever Yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

1 0 0 0

Edinburgh[†4] to whom I am anxious to forward them without delay, as I know they not only *can* but *will*[†5] do the work a great deal of good.

Ever Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To LORD STANLEY,[†6] 8 FEBRUARY 1836

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Monday February 8th. 1836.

My Lord —

When I was connected with "The Mirror of Parliament" in the capacity of a Reporter, I had the honor to wait on Your Lordship,[†7] for the purpose of taking a faithful Report of a portion of Your Lordship's Speech, on moving the Second Reading of the Irish Disturbances Bill,[†8] from your own

mouth: Your Lordship having been pleased to express so high an opinion of the Report of that part of your Speech which had originally fallen into my hands, as to select me for the task.

I trust Your Lordship will forgive my recalling so unimportant a circumstance to your recollections when I advert to it, merely as an apology for the liberty I take, in entreating Your Lordship's acceptance of the accompanying Volumes — the first I ever published.

If there be anything singular or presumptuous in this request My Lord, there is so little singularity in my being an enthusiastic, though humble Admirer, of your distinguished character, that I feel almost confident in the strength of my excuse. The wish of Authors to place their works in the hands of those, the eminence of whose public stations, is only to be exceeded by the lustre of their individual talents, is, and always has been, so generally felt, even by the greatest Men who have ever adorned the Literature of this Country, that I hope it may be pardoned when it displays itself in so young, and so humble a candidate for public favor, as

My Lord
Your Lordship's most obedient,
Humble Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Honorable

Lord Stanley.

To JOHN MACRONE, [9 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD had received six personal copies the day before; no review copies had yet gone out.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir

Have the copies arrived? We are losing time fearfully in getting the Notices. — I will write to Dilke[†1] to day, and tell him I am the Author of a Book he will receive from you.

Believe me
Ever Yours mo: Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

To C. W. DILKE, [9 FEBRUARY 1836]

Mention in last.

To JOHN MACRONE, [9 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* In answer to CD's last note, Macrone had promptly asked for the six copies back.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday afternoon

My Dear Sir

In three copies, I had unfortunately written, before your Messenger arrived, the names of Lord Stanley, Mr. Easthope, & Black. I can not therefore return more than 3, unless they can go to a Newspaper with the name erased.

I send you 5 — in two you will see names written, and if you like to take them out, you can. If not, you will perhaps return them to me by my brother, whom I will send to you about 6 to know whether you have anything to request. I would call myself but I shall be at the House. Pray don't forget the Chronicle. They expected to have been able to send it to Hogarth last night.

Ever Yours
CD

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [10 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* the Wednesday before Chapman & Hall's formal proposal of 12 Feb for the writing of *Pickwick*, following CD's verbal acceptance that day. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Fredk. Dickens Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Evening

My dearest Katie —

The house is up; but I am very sorry to say that I *must* stay at home. I have had a Visit from the Publisher[†1] this morning, and the story[†2] cannot be any longer delayed — it must be done tomorrow. As

there are more important considerations than the mere payment for the story, involved too, I must exercise a little self denial, and set to work.

They (Chapman & Hall)[†3] have made me an offer of £*14 a month* to write

and edit a new publication they contemplate, entirely by myself; to be published monthly and each number to contain four wood cuts. I am to make my estimate and calculation, and to give them a decisive answer on Friday Morning. The work will be no joke, but the emolument is too tempting to resist.

I *hope* I shall be able to get out to Brompton to dinner on Friday. I have to see these people, and then Macrone with whom I shall be detained some time, but I trust I shall be able to manage it. Should I be disappointed (I don't think I shall be though) of course I shall be out, early on Saturday.

Believe me (in haste)
My dearest love
Ever Yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [11 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Hogarth's review appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thurs 11 Feb. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dear Macrone.

I forward you a Chronicle with Hogarth's beautiful notice.[†1] I will keep my eye on the Evening papers to-night.[†2] There will be a notice in The Court Journal,[†3] and I hope in The other Morning Papers, whenever they can squeeze it in.

I have been busy with a Magazine Paper during the last three days; I shall finish it today I hope; and if you are likely to be at home at One O'Clock tomorrow, I will call on you then. I want to see you.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [14 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* PM 15 Feb 36 (Monday). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre | Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn | Sunday Morning

My Dear Macrone.

As I feared, the Sunday Papers did not receive the Copies in sufficient time to notice Boz this week[†1] — even the Spectator merely acknowledges the receipt of the Book, although there was the strongest disposition on the part of the Editor,[†2] to notice it, if possible. We shall look better next week. I know three daily papers where the review has been standing in Type for days past, without an opportunity offering, for its insertion — the pressure of other matter, has been so heavy. I hope you do not mean to delay the subscription[†3] beyond Tuesday: the sooner we push it now, I think, the better.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow night. Should I be prevented, I will call on Wednesday.

Believe me
Ever Yours sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To J. B. HOLLAND,[†4] [FEBRUARY 1836]

Summary from *Morning Advertiser*, 13 June 70. *Date:* not many days before *To* James Grant, 16 or 17 Feb.

Saying, in the most modest terms, that as he had hitherto given all his contributions gratuitously [†5] he would be glad if Captain Holland thought his sketches worthy of any small remuneration; otherwise he would be obliged to discontinue them, because he was going very soon to get married, and therefore would be subjected to more expenses than he was while living alone.

To JAMES GRANT,[†1] [16 or 17 FEBRUARY 1836]

Summary from *Morning Advertiser*, 13 June 70. *Date:* presumably 16 or 17 Feb, just after arrangements for *Pickwick* had been made with Chapman & Hall.

In a reply by return of post to a letter from Grant praising his sketches, expressing the hope that he would continue them in the Monthly Magazine, *and asking what his terms per sheet would be for furnishing similar sketches every month for a indefinite period, CD writes that he has just entered into an arrangement with Messrs. Chapman & Hall to write a monthly serial, and that as this serial will occupy much of his spare time from his duties as a reporter, he cannot undertake to furnish Grant with the proposed sketches for less than eight guineas per sheet.*

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 16 FEBRUARY 1836

Text from *D*, XXXIII (1936-7), 6.

Furnivals Inn, | Tuesday Morning | 16th Feby 1836.

Dear Sirs,

In reply to your Letter of Friday last,[†2] I beg to express my entire concurrence in the terms you propose, with one exception — I think the time you propose as the period during which the copy for every number should be in your hands, is too long. You will not object, I think, on consideration, to reduce it a little.

As I am removing to No. 15 in this Inn,[†3] I shall not be able to set to work until Thursday. I will call on you about 12 o'clock on that day, and bring you a Prospectus. Meanwhile, allow me to suggest that if you have the first number in the course of the first week in March, the second at the end of the third week in March, and so on, keeping you five weeks in

advance, or thereabouts, your purpose will be fully answered.[†1] I have no doubt we can easily arrange this point, and I am quite sure you will not object to accommodate me, as much as you can, consistently with the interests of the yet unchristened Work.

Dr Sirs,
Very truly yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [18 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* He presumably began *Pickwick* on Thurs 18 Feb, as promised in last, and was confident of finishing Ch. 1, a very short one, by the next day.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Evening

Dr. Sirs.

Pickwick is at length begun in all his might and glory. The first chapter, will be ready tomorrow.

I want to publish the Strange Gentleman.[†2] If you have no objection to doing it, I should be happy to let you have the[†3] refusal of it. I need not say that nobody else, has seen or heard of it.

Believe me (in Pickwickian haste)
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To JOHN MACRONE, [19 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* the first Friday after CD's move to 15 Furnival's Inn (see *To* Chapman & Hall, 16 Feb). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

15[†1] Furnivals Inn (I have moved) | Friday afternoon.

My Dear Macrone

Pray let me know by Bearer what the Subscription was. — I hear it was an excellent one. "Captain" Holland invited himself here tomorrow night, to take a glass of grog, and some oysters. Will you meet him? I shall be most happy to see you in my new quarters.

Believe me
Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [21 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* clearly the Sunday after 18 Feb; the Rochester coach journey begins in Ch. 2.

Furnivals Inn | Sunday Evening

My Dearest Life

You must not be "coss" with what I cannot help. I like the *matter* of what I have done to-day, very much, but the *quantity* is not sufficient to justify my coming out to-night. If the representations I have so often made to you, about my working as a duty, and not as a pleasure, be not sufficient to keep you in the good humour, which you, of all people in the World should preserve — why then, my dear, you must be out of temper, and there is no help for it.

I can fancy, if you began to read this note with a frown, that a smile has taken its place by this time: and so I shall speak rationally about what I have been doing, as I hope I shall always be able to do, to my own Wife. — I have at this moment, got Pickwick, and his friends, on the Rochester Coach, and they are going on swimmingly, in company with a very different character from any I have yet described, who I flatter myself will make a decided hit.[†2] I want to get them from the Ball, to their Inn,[†3] before I go to bed — and I think that will take me until one or two o'Clock, *at the earliest.* The Publishers will be here in the Morning, so you will readily suppose I have no alternative but to stick at my Desk.

Write me a long note by Fred, but if you *can* avoid crossing it, do: for my eyes are none of the best at night, and I feel some difficulty in reading it by candle-light[†4]. I hope and believe I shall be able to get out between my

turns, tomorrow night — about half past 9. But should I be prevented, I hereby solemnly pledge myself to be out, God willing, on Tuesday. Tell me all the news about Braham —

Believe me

My dearest Love
Ever Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

I wish you were a fixture here — I should like to have you by me — *so*[†1] much.

To GEORGE THOMSON,[†2] 27 FEBRUARY 1836*

MS Berg Collection.

15 Furnivals Inn. London. | February 27th. 1836.

My Dear Sir

I feel a degree of pleasure I cannot describe, in begging your acceptance, of the accompanying Volumes; — not because it gratifies an Author's vanity, but because it affords me an opportunity of paying a very slight tribute of remembrance and respect, to such near Relatives of my dear Catherine as yourself, and Mrs. Thomson.[†3]

As I do not despair of seeing you both at Catherine's table, before any very long time has elapsed (indeed, we think you ought to indulge us, by making a journey to London on purpose) I will only add, that I most sincerely and earnestly hope it may afford you half the pleasure to receive my little productions, which I promise myself, from forwarding them to you — I trust for many, many, years to come.

Begging my best remembrances to Mrs. Thomson, and everybody I *ought* to know, but most unfortunately do not —

I am
My Dear Sir
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM THOMSON, 27 FEBRUARY 1836*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* William Thomson Esqre.

15 Furnivals Inn | February 27th. 1836.

My Dear Sir.

I embrace a moment's opportunity before packing up my Parcel, to say that I hope you will call for *your* copy of "Boz", on your return to town; and also to beg you to execute a little commission for me, in Edinburgh.

Catherine is very anxious to have for her Establishment, a little — Toddy-water kettle,[†1] I suppose it should be called, like the one they have in York Place. Now such things can be got in London with great

ease, but it appears that it *must* be brought from Scotland, or it is of no value. — Will you do me the favor to put one of these desirable kettles in your Portmanteau, and "charge the same to my account"?

Believe me
My dear Sir
Ever Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [27 FEBRUARY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* see last two letters. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Evening

My Dear Macrone

Just as your messenger left the books, I had made up a parcel for Edinburgh to send to you as you were kind enough to promise to forward it. I did not, however, know he had been here, until it was too late to catch him.

If you will get it forwarded as soon as you can, I shall feel very much obliged to you —

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I shall be at home, writing, every morning next week. Call on me, like a good fellow, if you are passing this way.

To ROBERT SEYMOUR,[†1] [?FEBRUARY 1836]

Mention in undated letter [June 1889] from Seymour's son to Augustin Daly, given in Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley, *The Origin of Pickwick*, 1936, p. 96. *Date:* presumably while writing *Pickwick*, Ch. 2, in which the illustration "Dr. Slammer's Defiance of Jingle" appears.

Suggesting an alteration to the position of Dr Slammer's arm. [†2]

March

To JOHN MACRONE, [?MARCH 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* "Wind-up" strongly suggests after letters of 27 Feb. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Macrone.

A friend of my sister's Mrs. Levien,[†3] 13 Woburn Place Tavistock Square, wants a copy of "Boz". Will you allow your clerk to leave it? — She will

no doubt give (she may have already given) the money to my sister: — I will procure, and forward it to you.

When you can spare me a couple of copies, by way of wind-up, will you let me have them?

Believe me
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Editor of "The Court Journal"[†1] told a friend of mine, as a mighty secret, that Boz was done by Leigh Hunt, and some one else,[†2] whose name my informant forgets. — Knowing fellow, is he not?

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?4 MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD had undertaken to finish No. I of *Pickwick* "in the course of the first week in March"; his tone suggests fear of being a few days late, not confidence in being early. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Fredk. Dickens Esq.

Furnivals Inn. | Friday Evening

My Dearest Love

I snatch a moment to say that Fred shall be out, for you and Mary tomorrow, about *4*.[†3] Pickwick is not yet completed. The sheets are a weary length — I had no idea there was so much in them. It will certainly be finished by Sunday Morning, but I hope to do it to-night, if I get a short turn. I have lots of news to tell you — more irons in the fire: more grist to the Mill, but as I take some little pleasure out of telling you these matters, I will reserve them till I see you. I have bespoken Mother, to come and buy Linen &c, but Lætitia is so very ill (father says he is fearful she will never recover [from] her present state of debility) that I fear she may not be enabled to come.

God bless you dearest Pig. How long it is, since I saw you! Never mind — it will soon be over.[†4]

Macrone came here this morning, and said it would be a great convenience, if I would take £50 tomorrow, & the remainder on Thursday — I at once consented.

Keep the Secret —

Believe me
My ever dearest Katie
Faithfully & most affy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?8 MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* CD was probably referring to the adjourned debate on the Irish Corporations Bill, resumed Tues 8 Mar: the House sat until 3.45 a.m. on the 9th. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Edward Street.

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday. 3 o'Clock.

My dear Catherine.

My time is 8 o'Clock, supposing only one house sits. As I *must* write 'till dinner, I need not say that I shall have no time to reach Edward Street,[†1] before I go on. There is expected to be a long Debate to-night, and I shall in all probability have a heavy turn. Should I be agreeably disappointed, I will see you, of course.

I presume from what I can read of your note, that you are going to stay in Edward Street, all day tomorrow too, and that you will return with your Mama and Mary at night — I hope you will enjoy yourself.

I am very glad to hear that your Mama is pleased with the Report of the kitchen. I hope *she* is not overcome at my cruelty in being vexed with the Tom-foolery of the Sunday-School Paragon.[†2]

Believe me
Ever Yours most Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Love to Hannah,[†3] and all at Home.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [10 MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* presumably the Thursday on which Macrone paid "the remainder", as promised on 4 Mar (see *To* Catherine, that day). *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Afternoon

My Dearest Love.

As I have been walking about, all day, and have to be in the House at a quarter to six, I have only time to say, that I fear I shall not be able to get out to Brompton to-night. From what I see of the business for the Evening, I fear I shall have a heavy turn.[†4]

As your Mama has not seen the sideboard, and as there are a great number of new purchases which even *you* have not seen (!) I think the best way will be, for you, and she, and Mary, to spend the day here, on Saturday. I will ask Mother to come to tea: the purchases can be completed, and you can all get home by the last Buss. Let me know what you think.

I have bought today, a pair of quart Decanters, and a pair of pints, a chrystal[†1] Jug, & three brown dittos with plated tops, for beer and hot water, a pair of Lustres, and two *magnificent* china Jars — all, I flatter myself, slight bargains. Macrone has tipped up the balance manfully.

God bless you Wig. Believe me

Ever Yours most faithfully & affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?11 MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Tone suggests CD was working on *Pickwick* No. II (due at the end of the third week in March), not I, but not yet worried about it. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

15 Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

My ever dearest Mouse —

You ask me to write you a note to-night, be it ever so short a one. It must be brief, not from inclination but necessity, for I have been mistaken in the time, and am rather late. If I get Braham's Ticket tomorrow,[†2] as "Pickwick" must be attended to, I think the best way will be, for you to dine here, if you have no objection — Fred shall be with you, about 3. Should we be disappointed in getting it (which is however by no means probable) he shall be with you at the same hour, to say I am going to follow him directly.

Write me a note to-night, to tell me you approve of this arrangement and Believe me

My dearest Wig

Ever Yours most Affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

An unlimited number of kisses, dear.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?18 MARCH 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably the Friday between the *Morning Post* review on 12 Mar and Macrone's use of four new extracts in advertising *Sketches* on 22 Mar. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn. | Friday Afternoon

My Dear Macrone

I inclose such notices as I have by me. The Morning Post,[†1] is as good as Hogarth's. Be good enough to preserve them for me, when you have made your Extracts. — Mrs. D[†2] takes some pride out of them.

Believe me

Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?19 MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* probably the week after his unworried reference to *Pickwick* on 11 Mar. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning

My dearest Katie.

I am quite well this morning, and rejoiced to hear you have had so good a night. I have been sorely tempted to make holiday, and come out to you this morning, but a recollection of the advanced state of the month compels me with a very bad grace to stay at home until the Evening, when, please God, I shall be with you about seven.

God bless you my own dear love — take care of yourself for *my* sake, not for your own: I am very selfish.

Believe me
My dearest Love
Ever Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?20 MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* References to work on *Pickwick* and to Catherine's health in this letter, the last and next, strongly suggest they were written on consecutive days. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Favored by Fredk. Dickens Esq.

Furnivals Inn | Sunday Evening.

My dearest Katie —

A note, and not me. I am very — very — sorry. I am tired and worn out to-day, mind and body; and have that to do, which will certainly occupy

me 'till 1 or 2 o'Clock. I did not get to bed till 3 o'Clock this morning; and consequently could not begin to write, until nearly one.

If you are unjust enough to be cross, I will not deprecate your anger, or ill humour. I have at least equal reason to be so; forced as I am to deny myself the least recreation, and to sit chained to my table, when a regard for my own health, or my own wishes, would move me away. — I don't think you are cross though — I am *sure* you are not — Write me a note, and let me know what you propose doing tomorrow. Shall I come to you, or will you come to me?

I have been thinking the matter over; and it strikes me, the best plan will be, when we are married, for us to go straight to Rochester. Mother can write to the "old Lady's"[†1] Servant:[†2] and she, I have no doubt, will procure us comfortable Lodgings there.[†3] More about this, tomorrow.

God bless you my dearest Pig

Believe me
Ever Yours most truly & Affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

How are you to-day? Better? Let me have a particular account; and don't be patched up, by that humbug, Gaskell.[†4]

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [21 MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* almost certainly two days after Sat 19 Mar, a fortnight before their wedding. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Afternoon.

My dearest Wig.

I have not made any astounding progress this morning, and must therefore — even supposing I get a light turn, which I am by no means certain of — stop at home, and write to-night. I hope to see you tomorrow without fear of disappointment.

Let me have particular word how your rheumatism is, old lady, together with "all the news" about everything.

Believe me
My Dearest Katie
Ever Most Affecy Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Here's another day off the fortnight. Hurrah!

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Signature suggests March 1836. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Chronicle Office | Tuesday Evening

My Dearest Kate

I shall not I am sorry to say be able to get out to-night. I have not a great deal to write at present but as I have to be back at the house by half past eleven, it is impossible to escape between whiles. I will either come over or write the first thing in the Morning.

Believe me
My Dearest Girl
Ever Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

"*Need I say?*"[†1] how disappointed I am?

To JOHN MACRONE, [?25 MARCH 1836]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* perhaps the week before the wedding. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | 3 St. James's Square.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning

My Dear Macrone.

The unanimous voice of the ladies, confirms the authority of Mrs. Macrone. They say, with her, that I *must* be attended to the place of execution, by a single man: I have therefore engaged a substitute,[†2] and inclose you an Invite to the subsequent ceremonials, which of course you accept. Hogarth will be in town with me — most probably on Wednesday, when I will bring him to call on you, but I, in all human probability shall be passing your way, before.

Believe me
Most faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

You had a note, to alter the announcement of Pickwick, I hear.[†3]

To MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [MARCH 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* Signature suggests March 1836. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 18 York Place.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

Dear Pig.

James[†1] having told me a moment ago, that he was coming out to you, directly, I could not resist the temptation of writing one line, just to say that I shall expect you tomorrow, and that I am hard at work to-night; and moreover that I am now and ever

Dearest Wig
Most faithfully and affy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

To MRS WILLIAM AUSTIN, [?MARCH 1836]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* Signature suggests Spring 1836; probably shortly before his and Catherine's marriage.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dear Mrs. Austin.

Inclosed is £5..10..0 — the amount I am indebted to you, which I forward with many thanks for your very kind patience.

I should do an injustice to myself, if I refrained from saying, that I have had many heavy and pressing demands upon me, during the past year; and that although I have been indefatigable in industry and perseverance, the numerous Irons I have been putting in the fire, for the last twelve months, are only just beginning to get warm — hence my apparent neglect.

Accept my warmest thanks for your kindness and attention in inviting Miss Hogarth to your party on Tuesday — a mark of recollection which affords me very great gratification — and Believe me

My dear Mrs. Austin
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Austin.

To JOHN EASTHOPE, [?MARCH 1836]

Mention in *To* Easthope, ?Apr 36. *Date:* "before the Easter recess".

To MRS C. W. CHARLTON,[†2] LATE MARCH 1836

Mention in next.

To T. C. BARROW,[†1] 31 MARCH 1836

MS Dickens House.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Thursday March 31st. 1836

My Dear Uncle.

The great success of my book,[†2] and the name it has established for me among the Publishers, enables me to settle at an earlier period than I at first supposed possible; I have therefore fixed Saturday next, for my marriage with Miss Hogarth[†3] — the daughter of a gentleman who has recently distinguished himself by a celebrated work on Music,[†4] who was the most intimate friend and companion of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the most eminent among the Literati of Edinburgh.

There is no Member of my family to whom I should be prouder to introduce my wife, than yourself, but I am compelled to say — and I am sure that you cannot blame me for doing so — that the same cause which has led me for a long time past, to deny myself the pleasure and advantage of your society, prevents my doing so. If I could not as a single man, I cannot as a married one, visit at a relation's house from which my father is excluded:[†5] nor can I see any relatives here, who would not treat him, as they would myself.

This is a very painful subject, and I have many associations connected with you, which render it much more painful in this case, than in any other. I cannot forget that I was once your little companion and nurse, through a weary illness,[†6] nor shall I ever cease to remember the many proofs you have given me, in later days, of your interest, and affection.

When I say, Uncle, that I should be more happy than I can possibly express, if you would place it in my power, to know you once again on those terms of intimacy and friendship, I so sincerely desire, I hope you will not misunderstand my meaning. I do not ask you — I should conceive that I lowered and disgraced myself, if I did — to alter your determination. I may think that time might have softened the determined ani[mosity [†1] y]ears; I may [ ][†1] do an injus[tice ( ][†1] I have no doubt) to my father's real character. I cannot, however, be an impartial judge, because I cannot be an unprejudiced one; and I do not presume therefore to arraign your decision.

Nothing that has occurred to me in my life, has given me greater pain, than thus denying myself the society of yourself and Aunt. I have only to add that the contents of this letter are unknown to everybody but Aunt Charlton, to whom I have written on the same subject: and that come what may, I shall ever be, at heart,

Dear Uncle
Your most affectionate Nephew
[CHARLES DICKENS][†1]
Thomas Barrow Esqre.

April

To ROBERT SEYMOUR, [14 APRIL 1836]

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. *Date:* PM 15 Apr 36 (Friday). *Address:* Mr Seymour. | 11 Park Place West | Barnsbury Park | Islington.

15 Furnivals Inn | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir —

I had intended to write you, to say how much gratified I feel by the pains you have bestowed on our mutual friend Mr. Pickwick, and how much the result of your labours, has surpassed my expectations. I am happy to be able to congratulate you, the publishers, and myself, on the success of the undertaking, which appears to have been most complete.

I have now, another reason for troubling you. It is this. I am extremely anxious about "The Stroller's Tale"[†2] — the more especially as many literary

friends, on whose judgment I place great reliance, think it will create considerable sensation. I have seen your design for an Etching to accompany it. I think it extremely good, but still, it is not quite my idea; and as I feel so very solicitous to have it as complete as possible, I shall feel personally obliged, if you will make another drawing. It will give me great pleasure to see you, as well as the drawing, when it is completed. With this view, I have asked Chapman and Hall, to take a glass of grog with me on Sunday Evening (the only night I am disengaged), when I hope you will be able to look in.[†1]

The alteration I want, I will endeavour to explain. I think the woman should be younger — the "dismal man" decidedly should, and he should be less miserable in appearance. To communicate an interest to the plate, his whole appearance should express more sympathy and solicitude: and while I represented the sick man as emaciated and dying, I would not make him too repulsive.[†2] The furniture of the room, you have depicted, *admirably.*

I have ventured to make these suggestions, feeling assured that you will consider them in the spirit in which I submit them to your judgment. I shall be happy to hear from you, that I may expect to see you on Sunday Evening — [†3]

Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [?MID-APRIL 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Not July as previously thought, since William Thomson was posted to the West Indies in May 1836. CD was probably writing soon after his return from Chalk, and referring to the publication of the first No. of *Pickwick.* Handwriting supports. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | &c &c.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dear Macrone —

I hear from Mr. Thomson (who has just returned to town, prior to his departure for the West Indies) that my parcel[†1] has not yet reached his father's house, and that he himself enquired for it, at Bell and Bradfute's,[†2] in vain. I am greatly concerned at this, as there were letters of importance in it, which I had undertaken to forward, and the non delivery of which, may be productive of serious inconvenience, and misunderstanding. Pray have the goodness to communicate with — whomsoever you confided the packet to, and let me know the result. I am sorry to trouble you, but it is such an awkward situation for me, that I have no alternative.

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I wish you would let me have two Boz's — one for the commissary,[†3] and one for myself. I want the "Hints on Etiquette"[†4] too. PICKWICK, TRIUMPHANT.[†5]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 27 APRIL 1836

Text from *D,* XXXIII (1936-7), 7.

Furnivals Inn. | April 27th 1836.

Dear Sirs,

I have deliberated on the proposal you made me last night. Should you object to give me Twenty Guineas for the two sheets,[†6] until the appearance — say of the fourth, or fifth number; and increase the scale of payment at that time, in the event of the sale of the Work increasing as we expect? Making it twenty at once, would only be an addition of Two Pounds per

number: If the Work[†1] should be very *successful,* after the period I have mentioned, I apprehend you would have no objection to go a little further.[†2]

Believe me
Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I enclose 47 slips of copy,[†3] and a short address about the Plates.[†4] I should like to see a proof of the latter.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?APRIL 1836]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Handwriting points to Spring 1836, and the formal reference to Catherine suggests early in their marriage. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | 3 Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Evening.

My Dear Macrone —

As Mrs. Dickens has been very unwell all day, I have waited until now, to see whether it was probable that she would be able to go out tomorrow. I am sorry to say she will not: and she therefore desires her compliments to Mrs. Macrone, and begs me to say that she has no alternative but to defer a visit, to which she had looked forward with the utmost pleasure.

I suppose you will give me a call one of these Mornings, when you pass this way.

Believe me
Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN EASTHOPE, [?APRIL 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* probably a few weeks after Parliament's Easter recess (30 Mar-11 Apr).

15 Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dr. Sir —

I cannot forbear writing to you, to express my hope that there was nothing in the note I wrote to you, before the Easter Recess, on the subject of my Sketches[†1], which displeased you.[†2] I have waited some time for an opportunity to speak to you on the matter, but as I have not found one, I resort to this expedient.

I am perfectly aware that the heavy press of other matter at this season of the year, would have rendered the insertion of the new series I commenced, a task of great difficulty: but I merely wish to remind you, that I left the arrangement entirely to you; and that I am quite willing, either now, or when the Vacation commences, to concur in any views you may entertain respecting them.

I have felt it due to myself to say, that you have greatly mistaken the spirit and meaning of my Letter, if (as I almost fear you must have done) you have supposed me to entertain the slightest intention of putting you to any inconvenience, or of departing, myself, from the promise that was made to the readers of the Paper.[†3]

Begging to assure you, once more, that I shall be most happy to meet your wishes in any way —

I am
Dear Sir
Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Easthope Esqre.

May

To J. P. HULLAH, [6 MAY 1836]

MS Mr N. C. Peyrouton. *Date:* PM 6 May 36. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street. | Cavendish Square.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning

Dear Hullah

I inclose Cramer's[†1] answer — *quite satisfactory.* Do you think Coventry and Hollier,[†2] or Goulding and D'Almaine,[†3] would be likely to do it? If so, perhaps it would be better for you, as a musical person, to see them, using my name of course, in any way you please. Think of this.

Believe me
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Hullah Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [9] MAY 1836

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* wrongly dated by CD; Monday was the 9th.

15 Furnivals Inn | Monday May 8th. 1836

My Dear Macrone.

I shall have great pleasure in accepting from you, the sum of *Two Hundred Pounds* for the first Edition of a Work of Fiction (in Three Volumes of the usual size) to be written by me, and to be entitled *Gabriel Vardon, the Locksmith of London*:[†4] of which, not more than *one Thousand Copies* are to be printed.

I also agree to your printing an extra number of copies, if it should appear desirable; on condition that the profits thereon, all expenses being first deducted, be divided between us.

I also understand that the before-mentioned Two Hundred Pounds, are to be paid by you, on delivery of the entire Manuscript — on or before the 30th. day of November next, or as soon afterwards, as I can possibly complete it — by your acceptances, at such dates as may be agreeable to both of us —

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To J. P. HULLAH, [?MAY 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Signature suggests May 1836; CD's "fame" was probably the result of the better reviews of *Pickwick* No. II.

Furnivals Inn. | Monday Afternoon. 7 oClock

My Dear Hullah —

Mr. Hogarth has just been here, with news which I think you will be glad to hear. He was with Braham yesterday, who was *far more full* of the opera, than he ever was; speaking highly of my Works and "fame" (!) and expressing an earnest desire to be the first to introduce me to the Public, as a dramatic

Writer. He said that he intended opening at Michaelmas; and added (unasked) that it was his intention to produce the opera, within *one Month* of his first night.[†1] He wants a low comedy part, introduced, without singing: thinking it will take with the Audience. As he is desirous of explaining to me, what he means, and who he intends to play it, I am to see him on Sunday Morning. Full particulars of the Interview, shall be duly announced.[†2]

Perhaps I shall see you meanwhile. I have only time to add that I am

Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, [27 MAY 1836]

MS British Museum. *Date:* PM Ipswich 27 May 36. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 15 Furnivals Inn | London.

Suffolk Hotel. Ipswich[†3] | Friday Morning.

My dear Kate.

I shall be home please God, to dinner tomorrow at *half past five,* as I have booked my place by the Coach which leaves here at 9 in the morning. We arrived here about 5; the night was cold, but beautifully fine, and the ride upon the whole was a very pleasant one, the more especially as the mode of conveyance enabled us to partake of a good supper on the road. It is now half past one, and huge mobs are assembled to greet OConnell who is every moment expected. From the appearance of the crowd, and the

height of party feeling here, I rather expect a Row.[†1] Keep the paper tomorrow, as our account will arrive by a Horse Express, unless it breaks down, which God forbid!

Tell Fred if the Pickwicks and Libraries of Fiction[†2] do not come tomorrow, to fetch them in the course of the morning from Chapman and Hall's.

Give my *best love* to Mary and

Believe me
My dearest Wife
Ever Yours most affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Beard who is sitting opposite to me, very sleepy, presents his "respectful compliments" —

June

To J. P. HULLAH, [?MAY or JUNE 1836]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* Signature suggests early Summer 1836. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street | Cavendish Square.

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Hullah.

I inclose you the Finale,[†3] which I shall very much like to hear, when you have completed it. I have not yet received an answer from Braham.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Hullah Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?17 JUNE 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* probably the Friday before 23 June when CD again mentioned the visit to Bedlam and had still not heard from Cruikshank. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

Furnivals Inn. | Friday Morning.

My Dear Macrone.

I have written to Cruikshank. As yet no answer. I think of going over Bedlam[†1] *for the New Series, specially* (fine subject) one day next week. I will give you due notice if you would like to go.

Believe me
Ever faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The paragraph shall certainly appear. We will concoct one together.[†2]

To JOHN MACRONE, [23 JUNE 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date: Norton v. Melbourne,* which CD reported for the *Morning Chronicle,* was heard on 22 June 36.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Evening

My Dear Macrone —

I have not yet fixed the day for our Visit to Bedlam. Whenever I do, I will first ascertain that the time I propose, is convenient to you —

A Draft for the First of July, will suit me perfectly — could not be better. I have not yet heard from George Cruikshank. I think he must be out of town —

I am tired to death to-night, though I have been in bed all day. Melbourne v Norton[†3] has played the devil with me.

Ever faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [30 JUNE 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date: Sunday Under Three Heads* was advertised on 29 June and *Pickwick* No. IV published the same day. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My dear Macrone.

I inclose you a Sabbath[†1] and a Pickwick. Let me beg your particular regard for the specimen of London Life "Sam Weller" in the latter, also "The Madman's *MS.*"[†2]

My 'good lady' incloses a note to your'n. — I hope it's an apology for apparent, but most unavoidable neglect. I'm sure it ought to be —

Believe me
Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

July

To J. P. HULLAH, [?19 JULY 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* The reading of *The Village Coquettes* took place on Sat 23 July (see *To* Hullah, 26 July): this was presumably the Tuesday before.

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday afternoon.

Dear Hullah.

I opened the Opera this afternoon, and shall not close it again, Please God, until it is finished. I inclose the new words for Lucy's Song,[†3] and the "Fair Home"[†4] as it will stand. I have made no further alteration in the latter than was absolutely necessary.

I have some alterations to make in the Poetry. These you shall have, either tomorrow Evening, or Thursday Morning. The sooner, the better, of course, as your words must tally with mine. This remark applies especially to "Love is not a feeling"[†5] — the Duett — "Some folks who have grown old and sour";[†6] — and as I best recollect, that's all.

We will settle tomorrow night whether the Reading shall come off next Saturday. I only want to be quite certain before we fix it, that *we*[†1] shall be ready ——

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Hullah Esqr.

After the 1st. Verse of "How beautiful at Eventide" —

The gay morning breaks,
The Mists roll away,
All Nature awakes
To the glorious day.
In my breast alone
Dark shadows remain,
The peace it has known,
It can never regain.[†2]

My fair home is no longer mine
From its roof-tree I'm driven away,
Alas! Who will tend the old Vine
Which I planted in infancy's day!
The garden, the beautiful flowers,
The Oak with its branches on high,
Dear friends of my happiest hours
Among thee, I once hoped to die.
The briar, the moss, and the bramble,
Upon the green paths will run wild;
The paths where I once used to ramble
An innocent, light-hearted child![†3]

To JOHN MACRONE, [?20 JULY 1836]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* presumably the Wednesday before the reading. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | 3 Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Macrone.

I intend reading my Opera and trying the Music next Saturday Evening at 7 OClock precisely. Mrs. Dickens desires me to say that if you will, with Mrs. Macrone, join the few friends who wish to hear it, she will be most happy to see you —

My Missis furthermore desires me to say that as I shall be busy all day next Saturday, she begs you will consider yourself engaged to dinner at 5

on that day week. I says the same, and I shall say no more till I see you — except that I called yesterday and found you out, much to my regret.

Believe me
Dear Macrone
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. HULLAH, [26 JULY 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* The Saturday fixed for the return of the opera must have been 30 July — "two clear months" before 1 Oct. CD was clearly writing the Tuesday before. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street | Cavendish Square.

15 Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

Dr. Hullah.

If convenient to you, I think we had better fix *Saturday*, for the return of the Opera. I have some difficulty in getting it copied,[†1] and as there will be two clear months from that day, before the 1st. of October, there can be no doubt that it will be most excellent time. James bears the following letter to Braham, which if you approve, he will take on at once. I have blown the trumpet.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

Dr. Sir

Lest you should think I have neglected the Village Coquettes, I beg to say that I have made the whole of the alterations, and hoped to have been able to return the piece before. So far as Mr. Hullah and I are concerned, it is quite ready; we are merely waiting for the copying to be finished. This will be on Saturday next, and I shall have the pleasure of forwarding you the Drama in a very improved shape, together with the Piano Forte copy of the whole of the Music, on that day.

You will perhaps not be displeased to hear that we read the piece & tried the Music, on Saturday Evening, before a few confidential friends, literary and musical, some of whom will be called upon to express their opinion of it on its first appearance. These are not people who usually express any very strong opinion of a composition submitted to their private judgment, but they were enthusiastic in praise of the whole affair, from beginning to end. Macrone the Bookseller, purchased the copyright of the first Edition of the Piece at the termination of the first act.[†2]

Dr. Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CD.

John Braham Esqre.

Robert Hogarth will be with you this evening. You had better spare him to me afterwards. He has exerted himself, very much in getting the opera ready for the reading, and I think it (entre nous) but fair that he should have the advantage of what I pay for the copying. He will therefore begin it tomorrow evening, and finish it by Saturday. Let me know what time I shall see you on that day with the Music, to make up the parcel.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Hullah Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?27 JULY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* probably the day before next.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Morning.

My dear Macrone

If you still think that Fred would be of any use to you, I have made up my mind that I should very much like him to be initiated into business habits, in your Counting House. I know you will find him very quick and steady; and if you really want any sharp young fellow, you cannot have one better suited to your purpose. I have deliberated a long time about the propriety of keeping him at his present study, but I am convinced that at his present period of life, it is really only so much waste time. If you write me word that you will give him a stool, he shall sit himself upon it forthwith.

I have sent two Sketches to Cruikshank,[†1] and shall report further progress next week. I am happy to say that I see a decent prospect of the House being up, at last,[†2] and I devoutly hope 'ere next Session I may make some arrangements which will render its sittings a matter of indifference to me — as the story books say "for ever after".[†3]

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [28 JULY 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* endorsed in contemporary hand "Mr. Dickens | July 28th. 1836". *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My dear Macrone.

As I like to see Fred, before I go out in the evening, to set his studies for the night, and see what he is at, I should prefer his taking his tea at

home, if agreeable to you. He will gain a quarter of an hour perhaps, this way, without inconveniencing you —

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esq.

To JOHN BRAHAM, [30 JULY 1836]*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* the Saturday on which Braham was to receive the text of the opera (see *To* Hullah, 26 July 36). *Address:* John Braham Esqre.

Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Morning

Dear Sir.

I beg to inclose you the Drama of the Village Coquettes, complete. It has been entirely rewritten, and I have put the names of the performers in pencil,[†1] against those of the Dramatis personae, to assist you in the perusal.

The man who is copying the Music, finds it rather a longer job than he at first supposed. He promises to complete it, by Wednesday Evening. The moment I receive it from Hullah, I will forward it to you —

Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Braham Esqre.

To GEORGE THOMSON, 30 JULY 1836*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* George Thomson Esqre. | 73 Queen Street | Edinburgh.

15 Furnivals Inn. London. | Saturday July 30th. 1836.

My dear Sir.

I have postponed twenty times at least, writing to say, how much I was gratified by your kind letter, and your invitation to us to visit Scotland. I need not, I am sure, tell *you* how greatly delighted I should have been, to have accepted it, or how much pleasure I should have derived from accompanying Catherine to her native place, and spending some time, however short, in the society of her dearest relations. Week after week, I have delayed writing, in the hope that I might see some opening which would enable us to visit you in Edinburgh, were it only for a week. I am sorry to say that I have been disappointed at last, and that the pressure of my different occupations renders it impossible for me to exceed the distance of twelve miles from Saint Paul's Cathedral. I am at present

engaged in revising the proof sheets of the second Edition of the Sketches which will shortly appear;[†1] I am preparing another series which must be published before Christmas,[†2] I have just finished an opera which will be produced at Braham's Theatre in October, I have to get Mr. Pickwick's lucubrations ready, every month; and have, in addition, to perform the duties (neither slight nor few) which my engagement with The Morning Chronicle imposes upon me.

Situated as I have described, and anxious to see you, as I am, I have been casting about for a compromise: the one that occurs to me, is perfectly obvious, and quite practicable — you *must* come to London. If the only object you and Mrs. Thomson could gain, by doing so, were the gratification of beholding your grand-daughter's husband, I should not have the impudence to propose such a step: but when I remember how many hearts you would gladden by your presence, and recollect moreover that a son whom you have not seen for some years,[†3] is daily expected here, I confess that I not only suggest it without hesitation, but with very considerable confidence that you will gratify the whole of us. The passage is made in a very short time, at a very cheap rate, and without the least difficulty. Perhaps you will tell me that you are too old to make so long a journey, at this season of the year. I cannot admit this, as any excuse whatever, because from all I hear from those who must know best, I am satisfied that you are, to all intents and purposes, as young as I am.

Only conceive what a happy meeting it would be, if we could but all assemble together under the same roof; imagine what delightful evenings we might spend at this season of the year — what a family party we should be, on the first night of this never-sufficiently-to-be-talked-of Opera — what merry-meetings we should have — and what grand walks we might take (we shall be at Richmond for some time, and I know you like it), and if you do not persuade Mrs. Thomson to come, or supposing you to be perverse, if Mrs. Thomson does not persuade *you* to come, I shall be quite as much surprised, as disappointed — and that *is* saying a great deal.[†4]

Catherine is extremely well, and has got up a most admirable stock of good looks. She has not yet quite recovered the high and mighty satisfaction she derived from a supper of her own invention and arrangement which we gave to our first little party a week ago,[†5] but with this exception she is quite herself, and desires a thousand loves to a thousand relations and friends, whose names I have no room to write, and couldn't spell if I had. Perhaps you will fill up the blank, and place "Grandmama" and "Grandpapa", at the top. I have only to beg in conclusion, my dear Sir, that you

and Mrs. Thomson will accept the sincere assurance of my affectionate regard and esteem: and that you will seriously consider my proposal for your coming to London, taking into consideration how many of those who are very dear to you, you would gratify by doing so, and last and least how much pleasure it would give to

Yours most affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

George Thomson Esqre.

August

To JOHN MACRONE, [3 AUGUST 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD's first sketch for the *Carlton Chronicle* appeared on 6 Aug 36. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

My dear Macrone.

The Carlton Chronicle[†1] has got a new Editor,[†2] who has applied to me to write a series of short sketches for it, which I have consented to do, once a fortnight, as they will be very short, and the terms long; the Carlton club being as liberal as need be. I make my first appearance next Saturday. The circulation I believe is a small one. So much the better — Fewer people will see the Sketches before they are collected. It is all among the nobs too — Better still. They'll buy the book.

What I want to consult you about is the title. As I have the Copyright of the Sketches, don't you think the following would be a good one, for our purpose? —

LEAVES

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME

BY BOZ

(which will be torn out, once a fortnight)[†3]

Let me know.

Hansard's people don't exhaust themselves with work. I have only had 5 sheets[†4] altogether.[†5]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?6 AUGUST 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Mr Pickwick's politics were discussed in *Fraser's Magazine,* 1 Aug 36. CD should have been paid for the Aug *Pickwick* on the day of publication, 1 Aug (see *To* Chapman & Hall, 16 Feb 36, *fn*).

Furnivals Inn | Saturday

D[r] Sirs——

When you have quite done counting the sovereigns, received for Pickwick, I should be much obliged to you, to send me up a few. I have lamed myself, and am a Prisoner, or I should have looked in myself. I hope Mr. Chapman is better.

I see honorable mention of myself, and Mr. Pickwick's politics, in Fraser this month.[†1] They consider Mr. P a decided Whig.

Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

I suppose you know that a second Edition of "Boz", is advertised.[†2]

To THOMAS TEGG,[†3] [?9 AUGUST 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* probably two days before CD accepted the proposal acknowledged here (see *To* Tegg, 11 Aug). *Address:* Private. | Thomas Tegg Esqre. | Cheapside.

15 Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Tegg, and will furnish him with an immediate answer to his proposal, if he will previously favor him with a few lines of information upon the following points.

1st. Of *about* how much matter, the Book is to be composed.

2nd. When it is to be produced.

3rd. What amount of remuneration, Mr. Tegg proposes for the Author.

And Lastly whether Mr. Tegg wishes it to appear as the work of "Boz".

The idea described by Mr. Tegg, Mr. Dickens perfectly understands.

To THOMAS TEGG, [10 AUGUST 1836]

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Date:* plainly between letters to Tegg of 9 and 11 Aug.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

Dear Sir.

I have made the nearest calculation in my power of the length of the little work you speak of; and guiding my own demand by the nature of the arrangements I am in the habit of making with other Booksellers, I could not agree to do it for less than a hundred and twenty pounds.

I am not aware what the profit is, upon this description of Book, or whether it would, or would not, justify you in such an outlay. If it would, I should be prepared to produce the whole, by Christmas — the sale at that time of year, I apprehend would be important.

For many reasons I should agree with you, in not wishing the name of "Boz" to be appended to the Work.

I shall be happy to receive your answer before I leave town,[†1] which will most probably be on Wednesday next.

I am
Dear Sir
Your very obedt. Servant
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]
Thomas Tegg Esqre.

To J. P. HULLAH, [?10 AUGUST 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* CD's impatience suggests a week after Wed 3 Aug when the music should have been ready (see *To* Braham, 30 July). *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Evening

My dear Hullah.

When, oh *when*, will this Music be ready. I really begin to grow alarmed lest Braham think we are playing him some nonsense; and there is every reason to fear that he will have left town, *long* before it reaches his hands. A day's loss now, may be a month's after the Season has commenced. It is very disheartening.

I want to see you, about Cramer's & Co. to relate what passed between them and Hogarth, who has acted Godfather for us, and promised and

vowed in our names, that no one else shall have the Opera without their being first communicated with. They say they should be *very sorry to let it slip through their hands.*

Ever Yours (in the utmost haste)
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS TEGG, 11 AUGUST 1836

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Thursday August 11th. 1836

Dear Sir.

I accept with pleasure, your offer of *One Hundred Pounds*[†1] for the child's book, to be called *Solomon Bell the Raree Showman*[†2] (unless we should hit upon some other title, which we should consider a more catching one) to be completed by me, by Christmas next; and to consist of about the same number of pages, and the same quantity of matter, as "Peter Parley's tales"——[†3]

I am
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Tegg Esqre.

To H. K. BROWNE,[†4] [MID-AUGUST 1836]

Facsimile in Joseph Grego, *Pictorial Pickwickiana*, 1899, I, 187. *Date:* clearly not later than mid-Aug since written beneath Browne's original drawing for "Mrs Leo Hunter's Fancy Dress Déjeûné", *Pickwick* No. VI, Sep 36.

I think it would be better if Pickwick had hold of the Bandit's arm. If Minerva *tried* to look a little younger (more like Mrs Pott, who is perfect) I think it would be an additional improvement.

To J. P. HULLAH, [?17 AUGUST 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Braham had received the revised libretto on 30 July, and the music presumably soon after Wed 3 Aug. CD was apparently writing on the Wednesday before he left for Petersham. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street | Cavendish Square.

Wedy. Morng

Dr. Hullah

I have a note from Braham approving of the alterations, and wishing to know "on the part of the writer, and composer of the Music, their views with regard to pecuniary compensation". To this note I have written the draft of an answer, and thereupon I wish to consult you. I shall be at home to-day till Evening, and all day tomorrow until 5 oClock.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY,[†1] [17 AUGUST 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 18 Aug 36 (Thursday). *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre | New Burlington Street.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Evening.

My dear Sir.

I have spoken to some confidential friends, on the subject of our yesterday's Interview. They concur in thinking, and strongly advise me, that for

the *copyright* of a Novel in Three Volumes†1, I should have Five Hundred Pounds.

I have thought the matter over deliberately: and when I take into consideration, the time, the labour, the casting about, in every direction, for materials: the anxiety I should feel to make it a work on which I might build my fame, and the great probability of it's having a very large sale (we are justified in forming our judgment upon the rapid sale of *everything* I have yet touched) I think you will not object to raising your terms thus far. I should be very sorry to appear anxious to drive a hard bargain, as nothing is more opposed to my habits and feelings; I confidently believe that on reflection, you will consider I am quite justified in making this request.

If you will think the matter over, between the present time and Monday, I feel quite assured that when I look at the draft of our agreement, on that morning, I shall find that you have adopted my Amendment, and substituted the word "five" for "four".†2 Recollect that you are dealing with an Author not quite unknown, but who, so far as he has gone, has been most successful —

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [?AUGUST 1836]

Text from Percy Fitzgerald, *Pickwickian Manners and Customs*, [1897], pp. 87-8. *Date:* possibly soon after the similarly facetious letter of ?6 Aug.

Furnival's Inn | Friday Morning

Dear Sir,

I am very glad to find I shall have the pleasure of celebrating Mr. Pickwick's success with you on Sunday. When you have sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of publication, will you just let me know from your books how we stand. Drawing £10 one day, and £20 another, and so forth, I have become rather mystified, and jumbled up our accounts in my brain, in a very incomprehensible state.†3 Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS FRASER, [?18 AUGUST 1836]†

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* probably the Thursday before Parliament rose (20 Aug), when CD would be free to leave for his holiday. *Address:* Thomas Fraser Esqre. | Morning Chronicle Office.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My dear Fraser.

I am much obliged to you for your good-natured kindness in recollecting a matter which I thought it very likely you had long since forgotten. My address will be, at

Mrs. Denman's[†1]
Petersham
Near Richmond.

I shall not be away more than five or six weeks. It will be so flat a time, that you will hardly have occasion to write more than once or twice, I think.[†2]

Remember however that in any case of pressing emergency, I shall be happy to pay a special messenger. I have a horse of my own, so I can be in town in no time.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I should think in the Vacation you might give an occasional Extract from Pickwick.[†3] — The other papers have done so, even in the Session.

To J. P. HULLAH, [?22 AUGUST 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* They had probably left for Petersham on Sat 20th, but CD must have returned to town for the day on Monday. For Hullah's response to the suggestion about Miss Rainforth, see *To* Braham, 25 Aug.

Petersham | Monday Evening

Dear Hullah.

Since I called on you this morning, I have not had time to look over the words of "the child and the old man".[†4] It occurs to me, as I shall see you on Wednesday *Morning* that the best plan will be for you to bring the music (if you possibly can) without the words, and we can put them in then. Of course this observation applies only to that particular song.

Braham having sent to me, about the farce,[†5] I called on him this morning.

Harley[†1] wrote, when he had read the whole of the opera, saying "It's a sure card — nothing wrong *there*. Bet you ten pound it runs fifty nights. Come; dont be afraid. You'll be the gainer by it, and you needn't mind betting; it's a capital custom."[†2] — They tell the story with infinite relish. I saw the fair Manageress,[†3] who is fully of Harley's opinion, so is Braham. The only difference is, that they are far more

enthusiastic than Harley — far more enthusiastic than ourselves, even. That's a bold word — isn't it? It is a true one, nevertheless.

"Depend upon it Sir" — said Braham to Hogarth yesterday, when he went there to say I should be in town to-day "Depend upon it Sir, that there has been no such music since the days of Sheil,[†4] and no such piece since the Duenna"[†5] — "Everybody is delighted with it" — he added to me, to-day "I played it to Stansbury,[†6] who is by no means an excitable person, and he was *charmed*". This was said with great emphasis, but I have forgotten the grand point. It was not "I played it to Stansbury" — but — "I sang it, — *all through*"[†7]!!!

I begged him, as the Choruses are to be put into Rehearsal, directly the company get together, to let us have, through Mrs. Braham, the necessary passports to the stage, which will be forwarded. He leaves town, on the *8th. of September*. He will be absent a month, and the first rehearsal will take place immediately on his return; previous to it, [†a](I mean the 1st. Rehearsal — not the return)[†a] I am to read the piece. His only remaining suggestion is, that Miss Rainforth[†8] will want another song, when the piece

is in rehearsal — "a bravura — something in the 'Soldier tired' way."[†1] We must have a confab about this, on Wednesday Morning.[†2]

Harley called in Furnivals Inn, to express his high delight and gratification, but unfortunately we had left town. I shall be at head quarters by 12 Wednesday Noon.

Believe me Dear Hullah
Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

PS Tell me on Wednesday, when you can come down here, for a day or two. Beautiful place — meadow for exercise — horse for your riding — boat for your rowing — room for your studying — anything you like.[†3]

To JOHN LEECH,[†4] [?24 AUGUST 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* clearly same day as next; the Wednesday he came to London for the day (see last). *Address: This Gentleman will call*[†5] | — Leech Esqre.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning.

Sir.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your design from the last Pickwick,[†6] which I think extremely well conceived, and executed.

I can only repeat however, what I at first said when I had the pleasure of seeing you — namely that the plates for the Pickwick Papers are in the hands of a gentleman of very great ability, with whose designs I am exceedingly well satisfied, and from whom I feel it neither my wish, nor my interest, to part.

Thinking at the same time, that perhaps your wish may be, for Chapman & Hall to see your drawing, with the view of removing some erroneous impression of your ability, which you conceive them to have formed, I have forwarded it to them with a short note this morning. I think they are

already provided with an artist for the Library of Fiction though, and can hold out no present hope of their requiring your assistance.[†1] I cannot speak with confidence relative to this last work, because I have no connection with it.

I am
Sir
Your most obedt. Servt.
CHARLES DICKENS

—— Leech Esqre.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?24 AUGUST 1836]

Text from *D,* XXXIII (1936-7), 7. *Date:* Presumably Leech did his sketch in Aug, the month in which Tom Smart had appeared in *Pickwick*; according to his Agreement, CD would have been between Nos towards the end of the month.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning.

Dear Sirs,

I am much gratified with the very handsome terms of your note, received this morning, and am extremely happy to have it in my power to reciprocate most cordially, every sentiment of satisfaction you have expressed relative to our mutual friend Mr. Pickwick. Our connexion has been throughout, a most pleasant one to me, and I hope it may continue for a very long period, with the same good-will and friendly feelings on both sides.

The terms you propose are precisely those which had suggested themselves to my mind. (25£ per mo:[†2] after Nov. 8th).[†3] I need not add that they are perfectly satisfactory to me.

I will furnish you with the subjects of the Plates for the next number, as soon as I possibly can. I shall begin again tomorrow, or next day at furthest, and will turn them out with all possible dispatch.

Cruikshank sent a young artist of the name of Leech to me about a month ago, who when he heard Pickwick was engaged, seemed very anxious to try his hand at the Library of Fiction, with which I told him, I had nothing to do. He left the Inclosed Sketch from Tom Smart,[†4] here yesterday — as a specimen I suppose. As he threatened to call to-day, I

have left out a note for him, saying that I supposed he wanted you to see it, and I have sent it on accordingly.

Dear Sirs,
Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

The chair's not bad, but his notion of the Bedroom is rather more derived, I should be disposed to think from his own fourth pair back, than my description of the old rambling house.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?24 AUGUST 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably not very long after 10 Aug when Cramer's were negotiating to buy the music (see *To* Hullah, that day).

Wednesday Morning

My Dear Macrone.

After looking over your calculation, Mr. Hullah and I, have come to the determination of publishing the books of the Songs, ourselves. Being required only for distribution in the Theatre, they do not require a Bookseller's aid.[†1]

As to the Drama, I have made up my mind to leave the publication open, until it has been played, and the success ascertained. I have two other offers for it: and should the success be very great, I can make something better than half profits of it, at all events. The Music is purchased by Cramers' for a good round sum.

I hope to hear that your trip to Paris has been successful, and that you have not only arranged with Victor Hugo,[†2] but made something of Paul the needy.[†3] How goes on the negociation with Moore?[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I open the note again, to say that Hogarth has settled[†5] with Colburn.[†6]

To JOHN BRAHAM, 25 AUGUST 1836*

MS Lord Strachie. *Address:* John Braham Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | August 25th. 1836

Dear Sir

I accept with pleasure, your offer of *Thirty Pounds* for the copyright of a farce in two acts, called "The Strange Gentleman", to be produced at the Saint James's Theatre on the first of October,[†1] and paid for, on the third night of representation.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Braham Esqre.

To JOHN BRAHAM, 25 AUGUST 1836*

MS Lord Strachie. *Date:* see last, the "formal note" on the other side.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Afternoon.

Dear Sir.

We inclose you, the parts of the Village Coquettes, complete, with the exception of the Chorus, which will be ready in a few days.

I beg my compliments to Mrs Braham, for whose satisfaction I have written a formal note on the other side,[†2] in which I accept your offer for a farce, in due form. I have christened it "The Strange gentleman". Harley will be the strange gentleman of course, and there will be several little points about his first appearance, which I think both you and he, will like. I will call on you, with the piece complete, and ready for the Performers, *next Sunday week.* But if you should intend leaving town before that day, I will make an additional effort to get it finished earlier, so that you may see it, before you go. I think however, I recollect you to have said that you would not be absent until the 8th.

I have not filled up old Benson's part with the name of any Performer, because in the absence of Strickland,[†3] I do not know to whom you propose giving it.

I am
Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Braham Esqre.

Mr. Hullah will be most happy to write another song for Miss Rainforth,

if you continue to wish it. Our only anxiety is, not to overburden the piece with songs. She has two already — one very showy one — and a great deal to do, in the concerted Music.[†1]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?27 AUGUST 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Rumours about *The Village Coquettes* had appeared on 21 and 26 Aug (see *fn*).

Mrs. Denman's. Petersham near Richmond | Saturday Evening.

My Dear Sir.

I don't know whether you have seen any of the "rumours"[†2] which have appeared in the papers, about my forthcoming opera at Braham's. It has excited some curiosity, inasmuch as it will be the first time for many years, that a "drama" has been united to music, or poetry to songs: and a great many competent judges who have heard it, consider it to possess both, in a high degree.

It has occurred to me recently, that if it should make a very great hit, and were published during the run, it would be very likely to have a considerable sale. "Boz's" first play — an old English story, and an attempt to revive the rustic opera — would, I think be purchased, if it were published at any reasonable price.[†3] *Supposing*[†4] it should be as successful as I, and every one else anticipate, should you feel disposed to make any agreement with me, for publishing it? I merely ask the question in order that I may know how to act. You can either see the Manuscript now, or be present on the first representation; or both. I may add that the Music (of which I have half the copyright) is purchased for a large sum, and the whole affair is expected to go off with great eclat. It will be produced about the middle of October.[†5]

If you will consider the matter, and favor me with your answer, here, I shall be much obliged to you: — I can call, and talk it over, if you think it worth while.

I am
Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

PS. Of course I do not like to say of my own production, that it is a good one; and therefore before we made any distinct agreement, I should like you to see it played, or to read it. If it were published at all, it would be most desirable to have it out, immediately after it had "taken". Mr. Hogarth is a good authority in these cases, and he prognosticates wonders.

September

To J. P. HULLAH, [?4 SEPTEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Cannot be the day after *To* Hullah, ?10 Sep, since rehearsals of *The Strange Gentleman* had clearly not yet begun: therefore the Sunday before. Originally the hope must have been to open on Mon 19th (see *fn*).

Edwards Street[†1] | Sunday Afternoon.

Dear Hullah.

Immediately after I left you the other day, I fell into the arms of Bentley; and immediately after that, into the ditto's of Harley who dragged me home with him, and forced me into town, again to-day. He is delighted with the farce and it will certainly be got up well. He has copied out his part in The Village Coquettes, himself, for the convenience of learning, and looks over it daily. They want to open, if they possibly can, *tomorrow fortnight.*[†2]

The immediate object of my writing, is to say that I am going to the Theatre on Tuesday at a little after one, to see Harley (who perhaps you know, is Stage Manager) about the farce, and if you can make your arrangements so as to accompany me, after we have been to Cramers', it will be a good opportunity. I shall not read the farce that day, but most probably the next.

What Bentley said about the Opera, I defer till I see you, on Tuesday Morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. HULLAH, [?10 SEPTEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Probably *The Strange Gentleman* was rehearsed for two to three weeks and CD was writing on the first Saturday in the period. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street | Cavendish Square.

Edwards Street | Saturday Night.

Dear Hullah

I am most happy to report that the Miss Smiths'[†3] are very nice-looking, well dressed, agreeable-mannered, lady-like girls. I should say that Rose

especially, is a very knowing little person — *rather* fat, but not a bit too much so, with a very nice smiling pretty face. The father is all bows and politeness; and they all readiness and satisfaction. I don't think you could have picked out a nicer looking girl for the part, if you had picked all London through.

The farce is in active Rehearsal, and the company have begun *business.* I would rather you didn't see it, till they drop the written parts (about the end of the week) but you will find me at the Theatre every day at half past 12 o'Clock.

I have settled with Parry[†1] that you and I will drink tea with him next Saturday Evening. Will that suit you?

If I have any news about the opera, you will hear from me forthwith.

Believe me (in haste)
Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [17 SEPTEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the Saturday before he returned to London "permanently" (see *To* Beard, 23 Sep). *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street.

Petersham. | Saturday Night

My Dear Sir.

I send up a special messenger to bear my apology for the apparent neglect and rudeness of which I have been guilty to-day, but which, when explained, involves a situation sufficiently ridiculous for a farce. The fact is that I had come up to town in the rain; been at the Theatre all the morning, and afterwards plodded about in the mud and wet until five o'Clock, when in the expectation of a very pleasant evening to recompense me for my day's fatigue, I went to my chambers to dress, and discovered that by some extraordinary accident the change I had selected had not arrived from Petersham. I waited; six came, half past six, seven — no change of dress, and too dirty to come. So I was just obliged to put myself on the top of a stage coach, and return again.

I hope and trust you did not wait dinner for me. If you did, I am more than sufficiently punished; for any inconvenience you can have sustained, cannot equal my disappointment. I hope you will give me an early opportunity of being more fortunate.

I shall return permanently to town on Friday. I shall take an opportunity of calling on Saturday Morning, and repeating my regret in person.

Believe me
My dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To J. P. HULLAH, [20 SEPTEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* PM 21 Sep 36 (Wednesday). *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street | Cavendish Square.

Petersham | Tuesday Night

Dear Hullah.

I have thought over Beale's[†1] request, and cannot consent to give up (what I consider) the best verse of the best song in the whole piece.[†2]

If the young ladies are especially horrified at the bare notion of anybody's going to bed, I have no objection to substitute for the objectionable line

"Around, old stories go".

But you may respectfully signify to Cramer's that I will see them d——d before I make any further alteration.

As I thought you might see them, before I come back, I considered it better to write you a line. I am sure on reflection you will see that we ought not to emasculate the very spirit of a song to suit boarding-schools, and in the opinion I have formed, I am not singular.

I shall see you on Monday at 4.

Meanwhile believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. D desires her best remembrances.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [20 SEPTEMBER 1836]*

MS Private. *Date:* the Tuesday before his return to London; *The Strange Gentleman* was postponed from 26 to 29 Sep. *Address:* Messrs. Chapman and Hall | 186 Strand.

St. James's Theatre. | Tuesday Morng

Dr. Sirs.

The Theatre will not open till *Thursday*[†1] instead of Monday.[†2] I shall therefore forward you the remainder of the Pickwick by post tomorrow, and send Fred on Friday. We shall be in town on Saturday.

I have no doubt I shall know about the places on Monday, and I will call & tell you directly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?21 SEPTEMBER 1836]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* probably the Wednesday before his return, enclosing the MS promised in last.

Petersham. | Wednesday Afternoon

Dr. Sirs.

I inclose the conclusion of the number — a *very good bit* to finish with.[†3] I hope to find the proof, complete, in Furnivals Inn on Saturday. If so, it shall be returned, revised, before 9 oClock on Monday Morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To THOMAS BEARD, [23 SEPTEMBER 1836]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 23 Sep 36. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Petersham. | Friday Morning.

Dear Beard.

This is to give notice that we return to town tomorrow, and that the St. James's Theatre opens with my piece next Thursday, preparatory to which night, I should like to make arrangements with you, for going.

We shall be quite alone on Sunday. If I should not hear from you to the contrary, we shall expect you to-dinner[†1] at 5 oClock.

Believe me
Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. HULLAH, [?25 SEPTEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* probably the first Sunday after the return to Furnival's Inn; CD had arranged to meet Hullah on the 26th (see 20 Sep); signature supports. *Address:* John Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street | Cavendish Square.

Furnivals Inn. | Sunday Afternoon

My Dear Hullah.

I inclose both the Duett and song[†2]. For the latter, I have found a very dramatic situation, and I think you will find the words sufficiently passionate for display.[†3] The duett[†4] carries on the plot, and I have therefore been able to dispense with a page of dialogue. Bring either the inclosed, or legible copies, with you to the Theatre tomorrow.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [29 SEPTEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* clearly Thurs 29 Sep, the day of the first performance of *The Strange Gentleman. Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir —

"The Strange Gentleman" is my only apology for not having called. I assure you it is more than a sufficient one, for I have been superintending

its preparation, morning, noon, and night. You mistake my promise. It is *not the opera* — merely a farce; and the only admission I have, is a private box, which Mrs. Dickens, and her father's family occupy for the evening. Had I received your note yesterday, I could have got you orders; were Braham in town, I could get them even now, but situated as we all are, at the moment, I am not able to lay my hand on one. I most sincerely regret it. I should like you to be there of all things, for I confidently expect it will go well. — Can't you sacrifice a pound out of the profits of the novel:[†1] realising them by anticipation?

When the opera comes out, you may depend on my promise: I can get you orders, another night for this, if you wait — but I hope you won't.

In the utmost haste My dear Sir
Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To P. W. BANKS, [?29 SEPTEMBER 1836]*

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954). *Date:* presumably the same day as last. *Address:* P. W. Bankes Esqre. | Garden Court | Temple.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My dear Bankes[†2]

If you knew the hours I have spent at the Theatre for the last fortnight, about this one piece, and the day's work I shall have of it, again this morning, in a place like Braham's where everything is at sixes and sevens 'till the last moment, you would know how impossible it is for me to spare time to accede to your request about the plot,[†3] which I should otherwise have had the greatest pleasure in doing.

In great haste, believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. COLLIER, [?29 SEPTEMBER 1836]*

MS Folger Shakespeare Library. *Date:* Seems clearly same day as last two; handwriting supports.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Morning

My dear Sir.

I am so over head and ears in work this week, that I *cannot*[†4] find time to write a Sketch. I therefore purpose making it up next week by writing

two — one for Tuesday's paper, and the other for Saturday's, which arrangement will, I hope, answer the purpose equally well.[†1]

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?30 SEPTEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Although endorsed "To see the Village Coquettes | RB.", handwriting is clearly not as late as Dec. Bentley went to the first night of *The Village Coquettes* (Tues 6 Dec), but missed the opening of *The Strange Gentleman* (see *To* Bentley, 29 Sep): these orders were perhaps for the second night. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street.

Furnivals Inn. | Friday Afternoon.

My Dear Sir.

I hasten, though late in the day, to send you six box orders for to-night which I hope you will be able to make use of. If you give me timely notice, I shall be happy to get you a private box for any other evening.

Perhaps you will say to the bearer, whether the inclosed are of any use to you.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours.
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

October

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?3 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* CD apparently saw Cruikshank on Wed 5 Oct, and three days later sent Macrone the MS (see *To* Macrone, ?6 and ?8 Oct).

Furnivals Inn. | Monday Morning.

My dear Sir.

I am so engaged with Pickwick (being rather behind-hand this month) that if it makes no difference to you, I should rather say Wednesday Evening. If half past six would suit you, we could get it over in half an hour. I will be punctual to the minute.

Macrone bid me ask you for the MS,[†2] if you have done with it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To P. W. BANKS, [?4 OCTOBER 1836]*

MS Yale University. *Date:* Handwriting points to Oct 36. The amiable tone suggests before rather than just after the piracy on 8 and 15 Oct, in Banks's *Carlton Chronicle*, of two of CD's new *Morning Chronicle* sketches (see *To* Easthope, 1 Nov 36, *fn*).

15 Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

My dear Bankes.

I received your note at the Office last night, and hasten to reply to it.

I am very — very — much engaged just now, having many new things on the stocks;[†1] but if I can meet your views in any way, it will afford me the utmost pleasure to do so.

I will take the chance of finding you at home, at half past one to-day. If I should miss you, let me know what hour will suit you better, tomorrow.

Believe me
Dear Bankes
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. W. Bankes Esqe

To THOMAS BEARD, [5 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 5 Oct 36. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

Will you dine with us tomorrow at four? — Mr. & Mrs. Hogarth, and a couple of people from the country whom you have seen just as often as I have. We shall all go to the Saint James's in the evening; and I hope you will join us.

Apropos, if you want any orders for any of your family, say the word, and I will procure them on any night you please.

Believe me
My Dear Beard
Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?6 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. *Date:* The postscript seems to have been the first written message to Mrs Macrone after the birth of her baby on 30 Sep. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

St. James's Square. | Thursday Afternoon

My Dear Macrone

I called here to say that I was with Cruikshank last night, when we finally determined on eight[†1] illustrations for the First Volume.[†2] He has not, however, quite done with the MS, being anxious to be quite exact in following my descriptions. We will not keep it above two days more, and will then return it. If it come to *me,* it shall be forwarded here forthwith.

I am sorry to hear the sale was nullus eo.[†3] I understood that it had answered Tilt's[†4] purpose, very well.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

Missis's love[†6] up stairs

To JOHN MACRONE, [?8 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Cruikshank had apparently finished with the MS on 7 Oct (see *To* Macrone, ?6 Oct). *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square. Written above, in CD's hand, is: "With a Roll of Paper".

Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Morng

My Dear Macrone.

I forward the MS, just as Cruikshank left it here yesterday, during my absence from home. I will forward some more in a day or two, but as to the second Volume, I must again say that I am *quite certain* I cannot get it out before Christmas. There really is not time, unless Hansard's people, have greatly under-calculated the quantity sent.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?10 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably two days after CD's promise of 8 Oct to send further copy. The sketch would have been "Doctors' Commons", published 11 Oct. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

Furnivals Inn. | Monday Morning.

My dear Macrone.

I am obliged to stop at home this morning, to write a sketch for the Chron — so much the better for the second Series.

I will send you all the Copy I have, in the course of the day. Have you got a "Scotland Yard"? If so, be good enough to give it to Fred, and I will insert it, in its proper place.

The Puddleport Papers[†1] I have forwarded and recommended. The humour I was not fortunate enough to discover (this is *entre nous* of course) in the glance I gave them on Saturday Night; and really, if a man wishes his MS to be read, he should take the trouble to write something bearing a faint resemblance to the characters generally in use. I never waded through such a scrawl.

I hope to hear that Mrs. Macrone is doing as well as you could wish. Will you give Kate's best love, and return a full account of her?

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To THOMAS BEARD, [?15 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* endorsed 1836. The Wednesday for which CD had invited Holland was probably 19 Oct: see next. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Night

Dear Beard.

I inclose the tickets, and shall see you please God, on Monday Evening.

I met my old Editor Holland, to-day, and asked him to dine with us on Wednesday at half after four. Will you join us? We shall just be a Rubber[†2]
Thomas Beard Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?19 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Could hardly be less than about three weeks after the birth of the Macrones' baby (30 Sep). Macrone presumably kept Cruikshank's letter (see below) for a week before showing it to CD. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

My dear Macrone.

I have long believed Cruikshank to be mad; and his letter therefore, surprises me, not a jot. If you have any further communication with him, you will greatly oblige me by saying *from me* that I am very much amused at the notion of his altering my Manuscript,[†1] and that had it fallen into his hands, I should have preserved his emendations as "curiosities of Literature".[†2] Most decidedly am I of opinion that he may just go to the Devil; and so far as I have any interest in the book,[†3] I positively object to his touching it.

I think it a great question whether it requires any illustrations at all,[†4] but if so, I think my Pickwick man had better do them, as he is already favorably known to the public, by his connection with that immortal gentleman. This will be matter for reflection, and you are the best judge about it.

I am strongly of opinion that it would do you good to spend an hour or two here now, and then, while Mrs. Macrone is up stairs, and Catherine bids me say that she cordially agrees with me. Say when you will come, so that I may be at home, and not at work. I met Holland the other day in the street, and as he appeared much delighted to meet with his old contributor, I invited him to dine here to-day. I suppose it's a compliment, or rather no compliment at all, to ask you to meet *him*?

Take care of Mrs. Macrone. How could you let her come down to dinner so soon? Catherine is all anxiety to hear of her getting better. I trust you have a good account to send this morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHAPMAN & HALL, [?19 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Handwriting points to Oct; at the end of the Nov *Pickwick* (Ch. 23) Sam Weller lays his plans against Jingle and Job Trotter.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

Dr. Sirs.

Have you got the second Design from Mr. Browne — or is it to go on the Steel, without our seeing it?

I hope you will be able to get me a proof — no matter how rough — of all the MS tomorrow. It is particularly important that I should know exactly where to end, this month, for the story will be just on the turn about Jingle and Job Trotter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [?21 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* probably two days after *To* Macrone, ?19 Oct. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn. | Friday Morning

My dear Macrone.

I quite forgot last night 'till Missis reminded me, five minutes after you left me, that we are engaged at Chapman's[†1] to-day, and that there is no help in us.[†2] Will you compromise the matter by dining with us on Sunday at 5? We shall be quite alone, and if you are out, you will deprive Mrs. M of any temptation to come down stairs again.

Send us a particular account this morning of her well-being, and young whats-his-name's.[†3]

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MACRONE, [?27 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Mrs Macrone had probably recovered four weeks after the birth — a customary time for coming downstairs. *Address:* John Macrone Esqre. | Saint James's Square.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dear Macrone.

I am indeed delighted to hear you are doing so well at home, and I need not add how overjoyed Kate is, or how warmly she desires to be remembered to Mrs. Macrone.

I should very much like to meet you and the goose on Saturday, but as I have good reason to consider Mr. Moran[†1] a very insolent pretender,[†2] and am moreover by no means anxious to be taken notice of by him, in the street, for sundry good and sufficient reasons, — I cannot meet him.[†3]

To THOMAS BEARD, [28 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 28 Oct 36. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Furnivals Inn. | Friday Morning

My Dear Beard —

I was very sorry we were out when you called last night — the more so, as we had a large private box at the Saint James's,[†4] and could have accomodated[†5] you, well. I should like to have a chat and a glass of grog with you. We shall be at home tomorrow evening, and Monday, and I hope we shall see you. I have received a card from Phippen[†6] for Goding's rowing Match.[†7] Of course you have one, and I should like to arrange for going with you.

I have not been able to bring that Sunday Times affair to bear: — I could not get enough, and I saw no reason for doing it *cheap*.[†8] As matters stand at present, therefore, I think I shall exhibit in the Gallery next session — till Easter at all events, unless I see cause, good and sufficient, to change my mind, between this and then.[†9] We dine at *half*[†10]

To MRS GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,[†1] [?28 OCTOBER 1836]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Kitty Smith's name was omitted from the play-bills 31 Oct to Wed 2 Nov; presumably she had been out of the cast some days before the 31st and the fact not advertised.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning

My dear Mrs. Cruikshank.

As one of the principal Actresses in my piece is ill, and her place supplied by a very inefficient and imperfect substitute;[†2] and as I should wish you to see The Strange Gentleman with all due advantages, I have ventured to take on myself the responsibility of disappointing you to-night. I think there is no doubt that the young lady in question will be at the Theatre again, on Wednesday next. If I should not hear from

you that you are engaged on that night I will forward you tickets for that evening in the course of Tuesday. If you should be engaged, you will perhaps do me the favor to name your own night.

Mrs. Dickens begs her kindest regards.

I am
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cruikshank.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?OCTOBER 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* endorsed 1836; handwriting points to October.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Morning

My dear Macrone.

This will introduce to you, my friend the Reverend Mr. Dixon,[†3] who after contributing to the New Monthly, and Metropolitan, has just come up to town with a Novel which he wishes to publish. I do not know whether you are at liberty, or would feel disposed, to undertake it; but I have given him this introduction to you, in order that *you* may speak for *your*self, and Mr. Dixon for *him*self.

Believe me,
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Macrone Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?AUTUMN 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Autumn 1836; the private box would therefore have been for *The Strange Gentleman.*

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

My brother, who bears this note, will give you a ticket for a private box to-night. You will see by the paper itself, how many it holds. If your family be larger than the box I have instructed him to let you have as many more box orders as you require.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of looking in upon you, at the Theatre this evening.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To [T. C. HANSARD],[†1] [?AUTUMN 1836]

MS Miss Gladys Storey. *Date:* The enclosed title must have been for *Sketches*, Second Series, since the only edn of *Keeper's Travels* published during this period was in 1837. Handwriting suggests Autumn 1836. *Address:* clearly to T. C. Hansard, printer of both *Sketches*, Second Series, and *Keeper's Travels*.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

Dear Sir —

I am reduced to the humiliating avowal that I am *not* the Author of "Keeper's Travels".[†2] I therefore return the proofs you sent me on Saturday, *un*corrected.

I inclose the title, which perhaps you will have the goodness to arrange in decent order.

Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

November

To JOHN EASTHOPE, [1 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Four *Morning Chronicle* sketches, "New Series", had appeared by 26 Oct; No. 5 was due to appear on Tues 1 Nov. *Address:* Private | John Easthope Esqre. | Morning Chronicle Office.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Sir.

I perceive that "Bells[†1] Life" — "The Carlton Chronicle", and some other Weekly papers, are in the habit of re-publishing my sketches from the Chronicle verbatim. As their doing so without acknowledgment, would induce many people to believe that they appeared originally in those Publications, and thereby injure both me and the Chronicle, I would submit to you that some remonstrance in the paper might have the effect of inducing the Privateers at all events to acknowledge the source from whence they derive the Articles.[†2]

I have another motive in writing to you, which is to explain why No. 5 has not yet appeared. I have been labouring under one of those severe colds which bring with them a state of semi-stupefaction, and have been wholly unable to set pen to paper for some days past. I am much better now, however, and shall prepare another sketch immediately.[†3]

I am

Dear Sir
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 1 NOVEMBER 1836

Text from *D,* XXXIII (1936-7), 8.

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday Evening
November 1st 1836.

My Dear Sirs,

I have been exceedingly gratified by your very kind letter; not so much by the intelligence you communicate to me of Pickwick's success, and the consequent advantage it holds out to me (though they are something) as by the very kind tone in which it is couched, and the very handsome terms in which your intelligence is communicated.

I am well aware of the lingering disease under which Mr. Pickwick has recently laboured, and of the great aggravation of the symptoms which has gradually taken place.[†4] You may rest assured that the disease has reached its height, and that it will now take a favourable turn. Avoiding all showy

promises, I will endeavour to prove to you, before this day week,[†1] that I am serious and in earnest. I only entreat you to recollect two things — first that I have many other occupations; and secondly that spirits are not to be forced up to Pickwick point, every day. Although thank God I have as few worldly cares as most people, you would scarcely believe how often I sit down to begin a number, and feeling unequal to the task, do what is far better than writing, under such circumstances — get up, and wait till I am. It is needless for me to say how cordially I am interested in its success, or how proud I am of it. If I were to live a hundred years, and write three novels in each, I should never be so proud of any of them, as I am of Pickwick, feeling as I do, that it has made its own way, and hoping, as I must own I do hope, that long after my hand is withered as the pens it held, Pickwick will be found on many a dusty shelf with many a better work.

There — enough of Pickwick, and now for future periodicals. I should be the most insensible, and at the same time the most jolter-headed scribe alive, if I had ever entertained the most remote idea of dissolving our most pleasant and friendly connection. So I hereby nominate and appoint William Hall and Edward Chapman of No. 186 Strand, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, my periodical publishers, until I am advertised in the daily papers, as having been compressed into my last edition — one volume, boards, with brass plates; and in common with my very kind friend of the Advertiser,[†2] I hope it may be long before I come out in so unique a form.[†3]

I had intended when I began this Letter, to close it by saying how much — how very much — I feel your honorable conduct. But as I know I should grow very sentimental if I said anything more about it, I will not trust myself to add more than that I am My dear Sirs,

Most faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 2 NOVEMBER [1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The Agreement with Bentley for editing the *Miscellany* was signed 4 Nov 36. *Address:* Private | Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Evening Novr. 2nd.

My dear Sir.

I have well weighed the subject on which we conversed this morning; and feeling perfectly satisfied that it will not interfere with Pickwick, shall

be happy to undertake the editorship of the new Magazine,[†1] on the following conditions being settled between us.

I should like in my agreement to have my duties specifically set forth, together with the emoluments you propose, and a stipulation relative to the quantity of matter I am to furnish monthly, which I understand is never to exceed a sheet. As I should immediately throw up my connection with the Chronicle in the event of my closing with you, I make it a sine qua non that my engagement is for a year certain. I have little doubt that it would last for many years, but as I must resign a certain income elsewhere, this condition is indispensable.

The terms I leave to you to propose. I need not enlarge on the rapidly increasing value of my time and writings to myself, or on the assistance "Boz's" name just now, would prove to the circulation, because I am persuaded that no one is better able to form a correct estimate on both points, than you are.

I thought it might facilitate our dispatch of business on Friday, if I stated these points at once. Within four and twenty hours after you make me a definite proposal, I will return a final answer. Of course I understand that until we agree to make it public, the project remains a secret.

I am
Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN EASTHOPE, 5 NOVEMBER [1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Easthope Esqre.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Saturday November 5th.

My Dear Sir.

In inclosing to you, the accompanying Letter to the Proprietors of The Morning Chronicle,[†2] I am anxious to express to you personally, my warmest and most sincere thanks for all the courtesies and kindnesses I have received at your hands. Although I exchange for a less burdensome and more profitable employment, I can assure you that I feel great regret in leaving an Establishment where I have uniformly discharged my duties

with so much pleasure to myself, and I hope I may add, with so much satisfaction to my Employers.

Notwithstanding that my time will not be very much occupied immediately, I have deemed it right to beg you to accept my notice from to-day. I only concluded my other arrangements this morning, or I should have given it before.

The additional salary,[†1] if you please, will now cease. Between this time, and the period at which my notice will expire, I shall take care to make the number of sketches bear the proper proportion to the amount I have received. I should be happy to speak to you further, on this subject, if you will have the goodness to write me word when I may hope to see you at the Office.

I am
Dear Sir
Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Easthope Esqre.

To THE PROPRIETORS OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE, [5 NOVEMBER 1836]

Mention in last.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [5 NOVEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The Agreement had been signed on the 4th; the first advertisements appeared on the 7th. *Address:* Private | Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street.

Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Evening.

My Dear Sir.

I fear the agreement has missed me by some means or other — at all events I have not received it. Perhaps you will do me the favor, either to send it by the Bearer, or direct that it be forwarded to me.

I inclose a short prospectus.[†2] I think that until we are actually afloat, we had better not be *too facetious*: I have therefore confined it to a mere statement of the objects of the work.

Perhaps if you will be disengaged, I may as well look in, on Monday Morning, about 11 o'Clock. It is almost time the advertisements were out, is it not?

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN MACRONE, [?9 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* probably the first Wednesday after the Agreement of 4 Nov; on 7 Nov Bentley had announced Mahony (under the name "Father Prout") as a contributor to the *Miscellany.*

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Macrone.

Will you have the goodness to write me down Mahoney's[†1] titles — and address if you know it. Is he "the Reverend",[†2] or what?

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY, [?9 or 10 NOVEMBER 1836]*

MS Mr W. J. Carlton. *Date:* probably very soon after last; the letter of which this is a fragment was clearly a request for a contribution.

[†3] I shall be happy to receive your answer — I hope in the affirmative — at your earliest convenience; and am, My dear Sir.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Francis Mahony.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD,[†4] [?10 NOVEMBER 1836]†

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Jerrold had been announced as a contributor on 7 Nov. *Address:* Douglas Jerrold Esqre. | Thistle Lodge | Thistle Grove | Chelsea.

15 Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Although I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally, I am on such intimate terms with your writings that I almost feel an apology to be

unnecessary when I say that I intend calling upon you tomorrow afternoon between three and four o'Clock, in the hope that I may [be] able to obtain your promise of a paper for the first number[†1] of Mr. Bentley's "Wits Miscellany".[†2]

If an apology be necessary, I hope you will accept my unaffected assurance that I am exceedingly sorry to trouble you, and attribute my doing so, to the right cause — my anxiety to enroll you as a fellow contributor.

I am
Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Jerrold Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, [?NOVEMBER 1836]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* presumably during the rehearsal period of *The Village Coquettes.*

Furnivals Inn. | Friday Evening.

My Dear Sir.

I have not been able to get out all day, and have thus been prevented from getting any orders from Mrs. Braham. If you will have the goodness to send down to the gentleman who bears this, a pass for two to the boxes, you will very much oblige me.

I shall be "to the fore" at 11 tomorrow.

Believe me
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?12 NOVEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Presumably Mahony had called as a result of CD's letter to him of ?9 or 10 Nov. Signature supports Nov 36.

Furnivals Inn. | Saturday — ½ past 2.

My Dear Sir.

Mahoney has just been here, and we have had a long talk about his contribution to the Miscellany. He wishes to know what you propose to give him for an article of four or five pages, containing a song in Latin, English, and French, with notes, and an introduction.[†1] He says at the same time, that unless the remuneration be a degree better than Fraser's he should be unwilling to leave his old Publisher. He objects to having it left to himself, and wishes to know distinctly, what you offer.

I said I would talk with you, and communicate with him directly. If you will let me know the extent to which you would like to go, I will write to him, at once.

Dr. Sir, Believe me,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

I have received a letter from Harrison Rankin[†2] — I think him a very clever man, and a good name.

To JOHN MACRONE, [EARLY NOVEMBER 1836]

Mention in Ainsworth *to* Macrone, 14 Nov: see Ellis, *Ainsworth and his Friends*, I, 305-6.

Apparently telling Macrone that he wished to withdraw from his Agreement of 9 May to write "Gabriel Vardon", as Bentley had offered him £500 for the novel.[†3]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?15 NOVEMBER 1836]*

MS Sir Sydney Roberts. *Date:* Handwriting points to Nov 36; presumably the Tuesday before *To* Easthope, 18 Nov, saying that he had been "very ill".

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday Evening

Dear Sirs.

I have been so very unwell all day, and am still suffering under so violent a head-ache, that I have been wholly disabled from putting pen to paper. If you will call on me at one o'Clock tomorrow, I hope to get up well enough to go on. At all events as I know what the subject will be, I can put it down on a piece of paper — as indeed I could to-night, if any particular object were gained by a few hours in advance. I suppose, however, if Mr. Brown[†1] is etching the first subject, that he will not want this one, before tomorrow noon.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To P. W. BANKS, [?18 NOVEMBER 1836]*

MS Mr Robert H. Taylor. *Date:* Handwriting points to Nov; presumably the Friday after last. *Address:* Percival W. Bankes Esqre | Garden Court | Temple.

Furnivals Inn. | Friday Morning

Dear Bankes.

I would assist you, with pleasure if I possibly could, this morning, but I am grievously behindhand with Mr. Pickwick, and cannot leave him until I have finished.

Believe me (in haste)
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. W. Bankes Esqre.

To JOHN EASTHOPE, [18 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* clearly the letter which elicited Easthope's draft reply dated "M.C. Office. Friday. | Nov. 19" (a mistake for 18).†2

15 Furnivals Inn. | Friday Morning

Dear Sir.

If you imagine that I was guilty of the least intentional disrespect in not returning to the office the other day, you do me the greatest injustice.

Having left Mrs. Dickens in a shop hard by; and having consumed in waiting at the office and going to Cecil Street, a much longer time than I supposed I should have been absent, I did not choose to leave her any longer in a strange place; knowing as I did how very easily I could account for my not returning (if you had thought anything of it at all, which I considered highly improbable) when I did see you. I have not called since, because I have been very ill, and have not left the house for several days, and have since been obliged to devote my whole time, morning and night, to recovering the ground I had lost by indisposition.

You will permit me to assure you, very respectfully that you are greatly mistaken in imagining that I had *forgotten* that I was to supply a Sketch *weekly*. I merely pursued the same course as I adopted when I wrote the Sketches before. We had the same agreement then, but I wrote sometimes two in one week, sometimes none, as suited my convenience, and that of the paper. The very circumstance of the revising Barristers' Courts being open at the time, assured me that the Chronicle would sustain no injury by my doing so. Its columns must have been pretty full, for on one occasion, a Sketch was lying at the Office, I think three days, before it was inserted. I have only to add that I shall return the six guineas with the utmost pleasure, and that I wish I could return at the same time every additional six pence beyond my regular

salary as a reporter that I have received from the Establishment, although I have rendered in return for it, the money's worth.

I should have been well content to have left; and to have considered the constrained and abrupt terms of your former letter, as one of those matters of course which so often pass between master and servant, when the servant gives his month's warning, and takes his services elsewhere. But I will say now, in the same frankness and honesty with which you express your feelings to me, that I *did* expect on leaving, to receive some slight written acknowledgment from the Proprietors of the Morning Chronicle of the sense they entertained of the services I had performed. I may say now, that on many occasions at a sacrifice of health, rest, and personal comfort, I have again and again, on important expresses in my zeal for the interests of the paper, done what was always before considered impossible, and what in all probability will never be accomplished again. During the whole period of my engagement wherever there was difficult and harassing duty to be performed — travelling at a few hours' notice hundreds of miles in the depth of winter — leaving hot and crowded rooms to write, the night through, in a close damp chaise — tearing along, and writing the most important speeches, under every possible circumstance of disadvantage and difficulty — for that duty have I been selected.[†1] And I did not think when I made great efforts to perform it, and to eclipse (as I have done, again and again) other papers with double the means, that my reward at

last would be a regret that I had ever enjoyed a few week's[†1] rest, and a fear lest at the close of two years, I should have received six pounds six, too much! I have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that there is not another Newspaper Office in London where these services have not been watched and appreciated — that there is not one of my colleagues who will not cheerfully bear testimony to them — and with the respect and esteem of both Editors and reporters,[†2] I am happy to say that I can afford to part with the thanks of the Proprietors, although I feel much hurt, and much surprised at the conduct they think proper to pursue towards me.

Depend upon it, Sir, that if you would stimulate those about you to any exertions beyond their ordinary routine of duty, and gather round you competent successors to the young men whom you will constantly find quitting a most arduous and thankless profession, as other prospects dawn upon them, this is not the way to do it.

I am
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Easthope Esqre.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [18 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* The first night of *The Village Coquettes* was then expected to be Mon 5 Dec.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

My Dear Sir.

Pray do not blame me, for delaying the inclosed. Fredk. forgot his commission, or they would have been sent, this morning. I shall chance the finding you at home tomorrow evening, as I rather wish to see you.

I am glad you went to the Theatre the other night:[†3] still more glad that you thought the piece was badly acted (that being very like my own impression) and only sorry that you saw the Tradesman's Ball, and the Miniature — two severe trials.

I hope you and Mrs. Cruikshank will accompany us, on the first night of the opera — next Monday fortnight. I am sanguine about that.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To J. P. HULLAH, [?19 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* probably the Saturday before the first night of *Fra Diavolo*, 23 Nov. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre.

Brompton | Saturday Evening

My Dear Hullah —

Mr. Hogarth succeeded in obtaining an Interview with Braham this morning. He expressed his entire and perfect satisfaction with the opera, and his regret that you could not wait on him tomorrow morning. His theatrical avocations prevented his fixing any other day but tomorrow week; and for that time your next visit is fixed —

Between ourselves I am rather inclined to think that the production of our opera at this advanced period of the Season, chiefly depends on the success of *Fra Diavolo.*[†1] Braham said this morning that he was extremely anxious to get it (The Village Coquettes) out, but that he could not just at this moment distinctly pledge himself whether it would appear this season, or whether they would begin with it, at the opening of the next. — The matter is still undecided of course. We shall know for certain, I imagine, next Sunday.

I shall see you I suppose sometime next week. — You will take the score with you, complete, will you not?

Ever Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?26 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* presumably the Saturday before *To* Bentley, 30 Nov, when CD and Cruikshank settled on the illustration for CD's paper.

Furnivals Inn. | [Saty][†2] Morning

My Dear Sir

I will call on you on Monday Evening. I have not written the paper[†3] yet, so if anything should occur to you as a good illustration, I shall be happy to adopt it. I will arrange so that next month you may have the MS. by the 5th. and so on for the future.

Believe me in haste
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?27 NOVEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The title, last advertised in the London newspapers as "The Wits' Miscellany" on 26 Nov, was changed to *Bentley's Miscellany* on Thurs 1 Dec — the day on which CD, newly recovered from his illness, dined with Bentley (see *To* Bentley, 30 Nov).

Furnivals Inn. | Sunday Evening

My Dear Sir.

I hasten to say that I shall have the greatest pleasure in dining with you on Thursday — always supposing I am free from the torment of rheumatism in the face, under which I have suffered with scarcely an hour's intermission, since I saw you last.[†1] I have been obliged to wrap up, and cool myself at the Theatre every day: and I rather think, although a novel mode of treatment for such a complaint, it has not been a very effectual cure.

I have lain in bed all this day however, and had a good hot-watering and warm cordialing last night, so I hope to be rewarded for my patience and perseverance, by finding myself quite well tomorrow. Rintoul called here to-day, and told Mrs. Dickens to tell me, that he intends laughing you out of our title, which he considers a singularly bad one.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

I have had several aggravations of my indisposition, in the shape of voluntary contributions for the Miscellany — one man has sent about as much as would fill half a dozen numbers; and nearly all have forwarded the most appalling nonsense I ever had the ill fortune to peruse.

To F. CREWE,[†2] [?27 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Mr Robert H. Taylor. *Date:* clearly written during the attack described in last.

Furnivals Inn. | Sunday Evening.

My Dear Sir.

I have been in bed all day with an attack of rheumatism in the face, — a pleasant little complaint under which I have been labouring for a week past, and of which I think I *laid* the foundation stone in that confounded brewery.[†3] Had I been up, in reasonable time, I should have answered your note before.

Mrs. Dickens is a great stay-at-home[†1] just now; and between Pickwick, the Sketches, the Theatre, and the Wits' Miscellany, I deserve no great credit for keeping her company.

I hope however at some future period, that we may be enabled to accept your kind invitation. In the mean time, accept our joint thanks for the very obliging terms of your note, and our assurance that we hope to take no very distant opportunity of acknowledging them.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Crewe Esqre.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [28 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* a week before Mon 5 Dec, the expected first night of *The Village Coquettes.*

Furnivals Inn. | Monday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

I have heard nothing from Macrone about bringing out one Volume before Christmas, although I think it, under all the circumstances, an excellent notion.[†2] If I receive any such proposition from him, I shall at once meet him, in any way he can desire.

The copy must (as I warned Macrone) linger a little just now. For the last fortnight I have been very unwell — unable for many days to put pen to paper, and the unlooked-for extent of the preparations for the opera, occupies my whole day. I cannot do more than one pair of hands and a solitary head can execute, and really am so hard pressed just now that I must have breathing time.

Pray hold yourself in readiness for this day week. I think we shall come out, then.[†3] Mrs. D will write to Mrs. Cruikshank, or call, as soon as we are certain.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY, [?NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Signature suggests Nov 1836; the appointment was perhaps at Macrone's office (see *fn*).

Furnivals Inn. | Monday Night.

My Dear Sir.

I take the opportunity of my boy coming your way, early tomorrow morning, to say that I shall be at leisure either on Saturday or Monday next, before 12, or after 3; and shall be happy to keep any appointment on either day, that it may suit Mr. Maclise[†1] to make.[†2]

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Reverend Francis Mahoney.

To J. P. HARLEY, [?29 NOVEMBER 1836]

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Date:* presumably the Tuesday before the 50th night of *The Strange Gentleman. Address:* J. P. Harley Esqre. | Saint James's Theatre.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Mrs. Braham has written to me to say that the Tailor complains of not having yet received the costumes of the Village Coquettes from me; and that he ought to have them without delay.

I am sorry to say that I am once again detained at home by indisposition. I shall come out tomorrow, however on purpose to see you about this

matter. Perhaps if I am at the Theatre at one o'Clock exactly, you will do me the favor to devote ten minutes to the Wardrobe people with me.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

I suppose the Strange Gentleman is going on for his fiftieth night, now?[†1]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [30 NOVEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The magazine was first advertised in the London newspapers as *Bentley's Miscellany* on Thurs 1 Dec; CD was presumably shown the advertisement the day before.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Night

My Dear Sir.

I am greatly better. The alteration of the title[†2] would have restored me at once, had I been worse. The show of names[†3] is excellent. As the others are "little unknowns", I think the less we say about them, the better. I cannot express the pleasure it affords me, to see the title altered.

Cruikshank has been here to-day, and we have settled on a capital subject for the first illustration.[†4]

I shall certainly have the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow, and will turn over the prospectus[†5] in my mind, meanwhile.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I return the prospectus lest you should want it.

To MISS FRANCES DICKENS, 30 NOVEMBER [1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* 30 Nov was Wednesday in 1836.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Evening Novr. 30th.

Dear Fanny.

Here's the Autograph.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Dickens.

December

To T. C. HANSARD, [?1 DECEMBER 1836]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* perhaps the day before next.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Evening.

Dear Sir.

I have had an hour's time to think over your proposition of this morning; and as you say Mr. Macrone would prefer an early answer, I think it better to reply at once. I would take two hundred *and fifty* pounds (not less) for the two copyrights,[†1] if we could arrange satisfactorily. My account with Mr. Macrone would then stand thus —

For the second Edition of the first series
Balance of the first Edition of the second
For the copyright of both

T

I wish to know how Mr. Macrone (supposing he consents to give the additional £50) would propose to pay this — I mean in what amounts, and at what dates. I also wish to know whether Mr. Macrone intends to continue to advertize a novel by me, and to retain possession of a letter of mine,[†2] respecting which, a misunderstanding has arisen between us. Mr. Macrone's reply on these points, will regulate my decision.

I am
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. C. Hansard Esqre.

To T. C. HANSARD, 2 DECEMBER 1836

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* T. C. Hansard Esqre. | Paternoster Row.

Furnivals Inn. | December 2nd. 1836

Dear Sir.

You are quite right in supposing that my mind is made up, with reference to the second series, and that I accept the offer made to me by you as well as that of £100 for the Second Edition of the first, which

you proffered on behalf of Mr. Macrone. I will sign these two agreements together, but not one without the other.

You will allow me to observe, that knowing nothing of my misunderstanding with Mr. Macrone, you are not competent to judge of the propriety of my connecting it with the offer for the two Copyrights. I decline entering into any negociation with Mr. Macrone having reference to any other engagements than those I have mentioned above, so long as that misunderstanding remains in its present state.

Dear Sir.
Yours obedtly.
CHARLES DICKENS

T. C. Hansard Esqre.

To P. W. BANKS, [EARLY DECEMBER 1836]

Composite text from Sotheby's catalogue, 26 June 50, and Maggs catalogue 798; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; *from* Furnival's Inn. *Date:* no doubt two or three days before the first night of *The Village Coquettes.*

I hear from Ainsworth, that he has asked you to write a notice of Crichton in No. I of the Miscellany ...[†1]

I enclose you a book of the songs in my new opera, and an admission for two, for Tuesday Evening, when it will be represented for the first time. If I see you there, we can settle when we are to have this same chat you speak of ...

I hope you receive Pickwick regularly.[†2]

To THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER,[†1] 3 DECEMBER 1836

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC)[†2]; almost certainly in Catherine's hand.

Saturday. December 3d. 1836

"Boz" presents his compliments to the Editor of the Examiner and begs to enclose him a Book of the Songs in the new Opera which will be produced at the Saint James's Theatre on Tuesday next.[†3]

To WILLIAM AYRTON,[†4] [3 DECEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* the Saturday before the first night of *The Village Coquettes.*

15 Furnivals Inn | Saturday Evening

Mr. Dickens presents his compts. to Mr. Ayrton, and begs to inclose him a book of the songs in the new Opera which will be produced at Braham's on Tuesday. Mr. Dickens also begs Mr. Ayrton's acceptance of a few admissions for that evening.

To JOHN BRAHAM, [?3 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Lord Strachie. *Date:* Signature suggests Dec 36: Mon 5 Dec was the dress rehearsal of *The Village Coquettes.*

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Evening

My Dear Sir.

I have received your note, and will make a point of seeing you at the Theatre on Monday Evening.

I am
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Braham Esq.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [5 DECEMBER 1836]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* see reference to CD's *Miscellany* paper in next. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esqre | With a parcel.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

Dear Sir.

I inclose the paper[†1] for the Miscellany complete, which I want for the printer as soon as you have done with it. I shall be glad to have your opinion of it tomorrow, if you have time to read it meanwhile. I think you will like it.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqr.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [5 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the day before the first night of *The Village Coquettes.*

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

I have the satisfaction of informing you that I have finished my paper for the Miscellany, and that it is in George Cruikshank's hands. I shall be glad to receive copy. It is time we had it.

I will send you some orders for tomorrow, to-night. I hope you will be there, as I am anxious to get the Drama published,[†2] and rather think it will tell. I am so worried with it just now, that I have hardly time to write this hasty note.

I spent a very pleasant evening on Thursday, I assure you. I am delighted

with Jerdan,[†1] pleased with Lover,[†2] and amused with Captain Glascock[†3] — I think the last-named is a very honest fellow, but he has the fault of all officers I ever met — gets tipsy soon, and prates about "*the service*". I never met an officer yet, who didn't seem to think an Epaulette, and a brawling licence, synonymous terms.

I kept very quiet, purposely. Since I have been a successful author, I have seen how much ill-will and jealousy there is afloat, and have acquired an excellent character as a quiet, modest fellow. I like to assume a virtue, though I have it not;[†4] it has served me with a subject more than once.

If you should have any occasion to send to me this evening, perhaps you will do so, about 5. I shall be at home then, and will send back the orders. I have communicated with Bankes. I have begged him to write us another paper for No. 2 on some catching subject.[†5] He is a clever man, but his name must not appear.[†6] He is a practising barrister, and attornies don't like authors.

You may however, if you please, add to our list of names "Charles Whitehead Esqre.[†7] author of the Cavalier[†8] &c". — a man who has more in

him than three parts of the writers alive. In humourous and grave sketches he is equally admirable. He wants training, but I think I can make him of great use.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [5 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the same day as last.

Furnivals Inn. | Monday Evening

My Dear Sir.

I inclose four box orders for tomorrow night. Whatever you do, *come early*. I like your notion of a dramatic sketch, and have this moment, oddly enough, received one[†1] from A'Beckett:[†2] I have only had time to glance at it, but it *looks* clever and pointed. If I find it good, I will send it off to the Printers.

Believe me
Dear Sir
(In haste)
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To T. C. HANSARD, [7 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Macrone received the "last sheet" of *Sketches,* Second Series, from CD on 9 Dec (see next). *Address:* T. C. Hansard Esqre.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Evening.

My Dear Sir

The little tale[†3] I am on, is a very good one (I think). I have taken great pains with it, as I wished to finish the Volume with *eclat.*[†4] It will run to 28 slips,[†5] and I am on the 26th. but I must keep the whole to read, in order that I may give it the finishing touch here and there. It, and the Preface, shall be in Paternoster Row, at 7[†6] in the morning, *precisely.*[†6] I would willingly send it now, but as we should gain nothing by that, if I am punctual in the morning, I prefer keeping it by me, an hour, or so, to look coolly over. You may depend upon me.

I should certainly wish to see the proof of this sketch. I will not detain it one hour. The Messenger who brings it, may wait while I correct it. The other proof I inclose.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?10 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Hook's paper appeared in the Jan *Miscellany,* the contents of which were apparently chosen on 12 Dec (see *To* Bentley, that day). *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning.

My Dear Sir

Pray do me the favor to give directions in your office that if Macrone sends any advertisement of "Gabriel Vardon"[†1] for the Miscellany, it be rejected, at my express request.[†2] He has just sent to the Pickwick (having only yesterday, received the last sheet of the second Series of Sketches) a similar advertizement for insertion there; and I have requested Chapman and Hall to send it back, which they have done.

Is Hook's[†3] paper,[†4] coming?

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richd. Bentley Esqre.

To J. P. HULLAH, [11 DECEMBER 1836]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date: The Village Coquettes* was reviewed in the *Examiner* on 11 Dec. *Address:* J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street.

Furnivals Inn. | Sunday Morning

My Dear Hullah.

Have you seen the Examiner? It is *rather* depreciatory of the Opera, but like all their inveterate critiques against Braham, so well done that I cannot help laughing at it, for the life and soul of me.[†1]

I have seen the Sunday Times, the Dispatch, and the Satirist, all of which blow their little trumpets against unhappy me, most lustily.[†2] Either I must have grievously awakened the ire of all the "adapters"[†3] and their friends, or the drama must be decidedly bad. I haven't made up my mind yet, which of [the][†4] two is the fact.

I have not seen the John Bull[†5] or any other of the Sunday papers except the Spectator.[†6] If you have any of them, bring 'em with you on Tuesday. I am afraid that for "dirty Cummins's"[†7] allusion to Hogarth,[†8] I shall be reduced to the necessity of being valorous the next time I meet him —

Believe me
Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?12 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* presumably a week after his request to Bentley of 5 Dec for copy.

Furnivals Inn. | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Macrone has driven me so hard this month, that I really cannot get out this morning, or there certainly will be no Pickwick. But I must contrive to see you this evening, if you will be at home.

I have just got from the Printer, a statement of all the copy, and the length of every article, which he has furnished at my request. The selection is made in five minutes: I have made it on paper, already.

All the papers I have by me, will of course be returned at the end of the month. People cannot be so unreasonable as to expect them sooner, surely. I see no paper signed M. B. S — jocose papers, God help the volunteers, I have none of.

Dr. Milligen's[†1] paper,[†2] he must re-write the last half of; it has cost me three hours this morning, and I can make nothing of it. I think very little of the gentleman who writes so complacently from Northampton with his first of a Series; but I suppose he's a great man in a small way.

Nothing but being over head and ears in work, and really half dead with fatigue (for I have been at it, early and late) should have prevented my coming up to you, immediately. Do take pity on me.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To P. W. BANKS, [?12 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954). *Date:* The *Carlton Chronicle*, edited by Banks, had reviewed *The Village Coquettes* on 10 Dec.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My dear Bankes.

I cannot resist writing to say that I still think I am right. When I am not *practically* certain of the subject I am writing about, I generally take care, and look about me. I did this, in the case of the country song we spoke of. After I dismissed my two friends last night, I went out to a little evening party, and felt my ground in a great many undoubted sources. Depend upon it, that in this part of the United Kingdom, *Snipes are only*

to be found when Ice and Snow are on the ground.[†1] I have not the least doubt about the matter; and as they are only to be found in Ireland at other times by legitimate sportsman, the only conclusion I can come to, is, that when it snows in England, the Irish snipes come over here.

I am always glad to correct an error when it is suggested to me from a good quarter, and I therefore say this, in self defence.

Believe me
Dear Bankes.
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. W. Bankes Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, DECEMBER 1836

Facsimile in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, Apr 1941. *Date:* This dedication, as printed in *The Village Coquettes*, is dated 15 Dec — the day on which Bentley first advertised the book as "ready". CD presumably wrote it shortly before.

DEDICATION

TO J. P. HARLEY ESQRE.

December 1836.

My Dear Sir.

My dramatic bantlings are no sooner born, than you father them. You have made my strange gentleman exclusively your own; you have adopted Martin Stokes with equal readiness, and you still profess your willingness to do the same kind office for all future scions of the same stock, no matter how numerous they may be or how quickly they may follow in succession.

I dedicate to you, the first play I ever published; and you made for me, the first play I ever wrote. The balance is in your favor, and I am afraid it will remain so.

That you may long contribute to the amusement of the Public, and long be spared to shed a lustre, by the honor and integrity of your private life, on the profession which for many years, you have done so much to uphold, is the sincere and earnest wish of

My Dear Sir
Yours most Faithfully
Boz

To J. P. HARLEY, [15 DECEMBER 1836]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date: The Village Coquettes* was advertised by Bentley on 15 Dec as ready "this day", but in fact not published until the 22nd (Bentley's *List*); *The Strange Gentleman*, though not advertised in the press, was performed on the 15th (playbill, Victoria

& Albert Museum) — the only Thursday performance after the opening of *The Village Coquettes.*

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir.

I am so engaged with my respectable friend Pickwick (on whom I have only just commenced) that I cannot get out this week, even to the Theatre. I hope by Monday or Tuesday night, however, to be free, and at liberty.

As I cannot see you 'till then, may I beg you by letter to let them put in the bills of the Village Coquettes, "the drama is published by Mr. Bentley, New Burlington Street".[†1] — It will be really out, tomorrow night, or next morning; — the moment it is;[†2] of course I shall have the pleasure of forwarding you a copy.

I am pleased to see that you are doing the Strange Gentleman to-night. He will soon be out, also.[†3]

Believe me (in haste)
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?18 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date: Sketches,* Second Series, was advertised in the *Morning Herald* of 17 Dec as having "this day been published". Probably CD sent Bentley a copy next day.

Furnivals Inn | Sunday Evening

My Dear Sir.

Let me beg your acceptance of the accompanying copy of Boz. I shall be glad to hear that you have prospered in your offer to Macrone,[†4] but I rather doubt his accepting it.

I send at the same time, a parcel for Dr. Millingen which you will perhaps direct to be forwarded immediately.

Dr. Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, [19 DECEMBER 1836]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* The only Wednesday performance of *The Strange Gentleman* during Dec 36 was the revival for one night on 21 Dec. The time lost had clearly been over *The Village Coquettes.*

Furnivals Inn | Monday Night.

My Dear Sir.

The Strange Gentleman is under weigh, with my Pickwick Publishers. I see it is advertized for Wednesday. I shall be at the Theatre, and will bring the gentleman who illustrates Pickwick with me. If you will leave his name at the Stage Door, he can come round to your dressing room afterwards, and make whatever Sketch he thinks will be best. — It will be a complete scene, with two figures.[†1]

The time I lost at the beginning of the Month, at the Theatre, has nearly killed me, with work; but I have nearly done, thank God.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqe.

To JOHN BRAHAM, [?22 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Lord Strachie. *Date:* He was probably sending Mrs Braham *The Village Coquettes* (published 22 Dec), rather than *Sketches,* Second Series.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your obliging note. Let me beg Mrs. Braham's acceptance of Boz's last, which I inclose.

I shall be at the Theatre this evening, and will see you.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Braham Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?22 DECEMBER 1836]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The *Miscellany* copy was finally ready for the printer soon after 12 Dec (see *To* Bentley, that day); presumably the Thursday on which he was expecting proofs was the 22nd. *Address:* Wait | Richard Bentley Esqre.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

The Printer informs me that you have desired him to apply to me for notices to correspondents for the wrapper. Beyond a general notice that

various articles are under consideration, and have just been received,[†1] I have really no notices to insert. The papers you sent me yesterday, of course I know nothing about, yet. All the others, with the exception of one from Isabel Hill,[†2] and one[†3] from her brother,[†4] I must return. With respect to Jerdan[†5] and the others whose papers cannot appear in No. I, will it not be far more polite and agreeable to them, if I write a private note in preference to a public notice? I am expecting proofs every minute, or I would have come up to you myself.

Dr. Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES HICKS,[†6] [?23 DECEMBER 1836]†

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Presumably refers to the one-page Address issued in *Pickwick* No. x; no doubt CD was writing on the Friday after 19 Dec when he told Harley he had "nearly done, thank God".

Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

Dr. Sir

I have just given three cheers over the end of the number which I now forward. If you can spare a boy, be good enough to send him up in about an hour's time for the proof, which I have not yet had time to correct.[†7] If he doesn't come, I will conclude you can't spare him, and will send it.

There will be a short address[†8] to face the plates, which will be left out for your Messenger, when you send up the other proof in the morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?26 DECEMBER 1836]

Extract in unidentified catalogue, Eastgate House, Rochester; dated Furnival's Inn, Monday morning. *Date:* Chapman & Hall had *The Strange Gentleman* "under weigh" by 19 Dec 36.

I return the proof of Pickwick. The Strange Gentleman I cannot return till I have been down to the theatre, for the Dramatis Personae.

To [?J. P. HARLEY], [?DECEMBER 1836]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* possibly the note referred to in next. CD was proposed for the Garrick Club before 6 Jan (see *To* Bentley, 7 Jan 37). *Address:* probably to Harley, who seconded him.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Sir.

I have been worried, and worried again, by Bentley cum multis aliis to allow myself to be proposed as a Member of the Garrick.[†1] I have consented to undergo the honor, and am to be proposed forthwith — by whom, I really don't know, out of the number.[†2] However, when the proposition *does* take place I should like you to second it. I think you will have no objection, and I should very much like your doing it.

Believe me
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. HARLEY, [?DECEMBER 1836]†

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* perhaps a week after 21 Dec when Browne was to make his sketch of Harley. Signature supports.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

There is one thing I forgot to mention in my yesterday's note. If you have got an impression of yourself in The Strange Gentleman, will you send it me? — I think before Mr. Browne sees you again, he may just as well take your head from the plate; and then, if he comes down to the

Theatre with me on Friday Night, he can complete the likeness in no time. Send it to me at once if you have got it, for I am anxious to get the play out, and it only waits for the Illustration.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, [?DECEMBER 1836]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* endorsed 1836; handwriting points to end of year. The turkey could not be for Christmas Day — a Sunday. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Night

My Dear Beard.

We propose giving the Turkey until 4 tomorrow, in order that he may be well done. Be punctual and don't place too much reliance on our excellent friend Warburton.[†2] I arrived home at one oClock this

morning dead drunk, & was put to bed by my loving missis. We are just going to Chapman's sisters' quadrille party,[†3] for which you may imagine I feel remarkably disposed.

Believe me ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 29 DECEMBER 1836*

MS Berg Collection.

Furnivals Inn | December 29th. 1836

My Dear Sir.

If I don't see you this afternoon, here, I will call on you at about a quarter before 7. I cannot consent to take the onus of Father Prout's paper. I have no doubt it is very good, but I decidedly object to fathering anybody else's articles.

I have been clearing off all the rejected articles to-day, and nice work I have had.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JAMES THOMSON,[†1] 29 DECEMBER 1836*

MS Southwark Public Libraries. *Address:* James Thomson Esqre. | 25 Fenchurch Street.

December 29th 1836.

The Editor of Bentley's Miscellany presents his compts. to Mr. Thomson, and begs to inform him that the paper[†2] by the Author of "Tales of an Antiquary"[†3] is accepted with many thanks, and will appear in the second number of the Miscellany.

To J. P. HULLAH, [?DECEMBER 1836]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* late 1836 on handwriting. *Address: Immediate and Important*[†4] | J. P. Hullah Esqre. | Princes Street.

Furnivals Inn | late on *Friday*[†4] Night.

My Dear Hullah.

The inclosed has just arrived. I rather think I got the steam up this morning, and they[†5] couldn't help it. I did the ferocious. I shall wait at home for you, until 10 Minutes before 12. If you can come to breakfast so much the better. I *most*[†6] *particularly*[†7] wish to speak to you.

Ever Yours

CD in great haste

To DR J. G. MILLINGEN, [?DECEMBER 1836]

Mention in next.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?DECEMBER 1836]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Presumably refers to Millingen's first *Miscellany* paper (see *To* Bentley, ?12 and ?18 Dec).

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I inclose a note of Doctor Millingen's in reply to mine begging him to finish his paper. He requests an early answer. What can I say to him, after what you have said? —

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, [?DECEMBER 1836]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 21 July 1914. *MS* 1 p. *Date:* perhaps shortly before publication of *The Strange Gentleman.*

I enclose Mr. Leech's sketch,[†1] you can tell me what you think of it, when I see you to-morrow morning. *I* think he has not got the face well, or the hat. The general character is very good,[†2]

1837

January

To J. P. COLLIER, [3 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Mr N. C. Peyrouton. *Date:* The *Morning Chronicle* notice of *Miscellany* No. I appeared on Wed 4 Jan.

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Collier

I address this copy of the Miscellany to you, because I know that like some of your bretheren[†3] in Office, you will not be indisposed to notice it for me, and *un*like the bretheren aforesaid will not put it off until it is of no use.

I should have taken an earlier opportunity of doing so, had it been possible; but until this morning I have not been able to procure the necessary number of Copies for the Morning Papers.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. COLLIER, [6 JANUARY 1837]

MS Folger Shakespeare Library. *Date:* the Friday after the *Morning Chronicle* notice of Wed 4 Jan.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning.

My Dear Collier.

I feel very much obliged to you for your kind note, and also for the trouble you have taken in my behalf. Nobody I assure you is more sincerely desirous to stand well with every one than I am, but I cannot write to thank Mr. Easthope for the notice,[†1] since I cannot retract one syllable of the letter of which he complains.[†2] It is odd enough that in the correspondence which passed between us, he complains *before*[†3] this letter was written or thought of, the real and only ground of complaint seeming to be that I should ever have contemplated the possibility of having anything better to do, than reporting for the Chronicle.

At some pecuniary loss, I gave my notice a long time before I need have done so. I knew that I could by no possibility have anything to do for some time to come, but I was unwilling to take advantage of the system the Proprietors had established, and so gave my notice at once. I acted with great fairness by them, and I have nothing to atone for, or explain.

I am very anxious that you should now see the letter Mr. Easthope complains of, and the Epistle which produced it.[†4] I am chained to Mr. Pickwick just now, and cannot get away, but on Tuesday Morning I hope to be at liberty, and shall take the chance of finding you at home.

I may add that in writing to you about the Miscellany, I had not the most distant intention or idea of asking for any notice out of the ordinary course — much less had I any notion of asking a favor at Mr. Easthope's hands. Knowing the difficulty of having any notice in the paper when half a dozen Proprietors and agents are pulling different ways — each for himself — I appealed to your kindness and friendship to see that they did not neglect what after all I am strongly disposed to think they would have done with the first Number of a new periodical of Bentley's, had Powell[†5] himself been the Editor.

Believe me
My Dear Collier
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Payne Collier Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [7 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Charley[†1] was born on 6 Jan 37.

Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

After a day and night of watching and anxiety, I was yesterday made — not a Member of the Garrick Club; but a father. Need I, under such circumstances, beg you to postpone our appointment from 12 oClock to day, until ½ *past*[†2] 3 in order that I may have time for a little rest? —

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [9 JANUARY 1837]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* the Monday after Charley's birth.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

According to all established forms and ceremonies, I ought to have written on Friday Evening last, to duly acquaint and inform Mrs. Cruikshank that Mrs. Dickens had at a quarter past six oClock P.M. presented me with a son and heir. But as I know that you are not ceremonious people, and as we are very much in the same way, I thought I might just as well defer the communication until I had something else to say; knowing that the importance of such intelligence diminishes very materially outside one's own house.

What I *have* to say is, that the bustle *et cetera* has rather put me out this month, and that I want you to give me as long a time to prepare the subject[†3] in, as you can, on my promise to behave better next time. Say until what day you can conveniently give me; and I will call on you at your own time, and settle our illustration.

With Compts. to Mrs. Cruikshank

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To J. P. HULLAH, [?12 JANUARY 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* after 22 Dec 36, publication-day of *The Village Coquettes.* Clearly this and next *To* Hullah refer to the two Jan revivals (Thurs 12th & Sat 14th), not to those in Feb, when CD was at Chalk.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Evening

My Dear Hullah.

Herewith I inclose you, a copy of the Opera, and another of the new series of Boz, of which I beg your acceptance.

And now, I must take an opportunity of saying, that I think Cramers' people ought to make some arrangement for liquidating our demands upon them, and to abide by the terms they offered themselves. For myself I have no hesitation in saying that I have suffered the most severe and unlooked-for inconvenience from their negligence and delay. Depending upon them, with the same certainty with which I am accustomed to depend on booksellers and other people with whom I am engaged in business, I have accepted payment in bills where I should otherwise have required ready money, and have put money to uses to which I should never have put it at all, had it not been for a reasonable calculation of the Profits of the Opera; and this at a time when of all others, my expences are the most heavy, and my engagements the most pressing. As yet, it has proved in every way, nothing but a source of loss, and annoyance to me.

I know perfectly well, that this is no fault of yours, and I can imagine equally well, that you have sustained inconvenience from the same cause. I merely mention my feelings upon the subject, because I consider any negociation or representation with Cramer's can only come from you; I do not feel myself authorised to interfere at all with them, and having said my say, I shall have no more to add, if they never take any more notice of us, which from present appearances, I think very probable.

I shall be with you about six o'Clock on Saturday Evening. Perhaps one of us — you can, if you are at the Theatre in the morning — may ascertain in the mean time, at what hour the Rehearsal begins.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Hullah Esqre.

To H. K. BROWNE, [JANUARY 1837]*

Facsimile in Dickens House. *Date:* clearly not later than mid-Jan, since written beneath Browne's original drawing for "The First Interview with Mr. Serjeant Snubbin", *Pickwick* No. XI, Feb 37.

I think the Sergeant should look younger, and a great deal more sly, and knowing — he should be looking at Pickwick too, smiling compassionately at his innocence. The other fellows are noble — CD

To J. P. HULLAH, [?14 JANUARY 1837]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* not long after Charley's birth. For the revivals of *The Village Coquettes* mentioned here, see | *To* Hullah, ?12 Jan.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning

My Dear Hullah.

Come whenever you please; there is not the least fear of your being in the way. Although Catherine is not quite so well to-day, we are as quiet as if nothing had happened, and have been since the young gentleman's first appearance.

Braham wrote to me this morning, begging me to send in *plenty* of orders.[†1] I have written fifty, and have arranged *for you to write your own*, which you will begin to do to-night, if you please. I am not at all surprised to hear that the opera went off wretchedly. What *is* to be expected when the Theatre that has by many degrees the worst company in London, charges the highest prices?[†2]

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esqre.

To E. S. MORGAN,[†3] [?JANUARY 1837]

Mention in *To* Bentley, ?19 Jan. *Date:* two or three days before the 19th.

To SAMUEL LOVER, [?JANUARY 1837]

Mention in *To* Bentley, ?19 Jan.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?18 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the first of three letters | to Bentley mentioning Lover, clearly written on successive days. The reference to *Oliver* in the third could hardly have been earlier than Fri 20 Jan, since CD was behind-hand on the 9th (see *To* Cruikshank, that day).

Furnivals Inn. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I must beg you once again, not to allow anybody but myself to interfere

with the Miscellany.[†1] I have received a note from Lover, complaining with some justice that the effect of Handy Andy[†2] was greatly and materially impaired last month, in consequence of the whole disposition of his Dialogue having been altered after he saw a proof. If we do this, we may go look for contributors in Grub Street.

I am very happy to say that I think the next No. will be an exceedingly good one.[†3] I have bestowed great pains and time upon it, and shall consider the arrangement, well. Moreover, I think I have hit on a capital notion for myself, and one which will bring Cruikshank out.[†4]

I shall see you on Saturday if I do not hear from you before. Meanwhile Believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?19 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* see last.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir

I shall of course be with you at 12 o'Clock on Saturday. Meanwhile will you have the goodness to ascertain that copies of the Miscellany are sent to *all* the Sunday Papers.[†5] I wrote to Mr. Morgan about it, two or three days ago, but I add this refresher in order that it may not be forgotten.

I am hard at work cutting down Jerdan's paper, and touching it up as well as I can. It *is* hard work indeed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

PS. I have written to Lover. I have received two serious ballads from Haynes Bayley[†1] with Latin Versions by *Archdeacon Wrangham.*[†2] They will both go into a page;[†3] and the name of the latter is worth having.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?20 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* see last.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

My Dear Sir

I wrote to you about Handy Andy, just what Lover wrote me. I am not responsible for the Printer,[†4] and shall return that reply if I am assailed again on the same score. I only beg him not to alter *my* dialogue.

Have you seen Oliver Twist yet? I have taken a great fancy to him — I hope he deserves it.

Dr. Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [?21 JANUARY 1837]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* presumably the Saturday after 19 Jan, when he was working on Jerdan's paper.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir

I inclose you a proof of "John Richardson"[†5] which you will perhaps have the goodness to revise and return to me directly.

I have been compelled by great press of matter to cut it a little here and there, but I hope you will not think the effect of the paper impaired thereby.

I have been obliged to perform the same kind office to my own articles, and was last month at the very greatest disadvantage.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, [?21 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* This must refer to the farce (*Is She His Wife?*) which CD took to Chalk to alter (see 6 Feb). He had finished his month's work by 24 Jan (see *To* Culliford, that day). *Address:* J. P. Harley Esqre. | Saint James's Theatre.

Furnivals Inn. | Saturday Evening.

My Dear Sir.

Between the anxieties of my private affairs, and the distractions of my public engagements, I have not yet got over Pickwick and the Miscellany and consequently can admit no "other lodger"[†1] into my brain at this moment. I have by me a little piece in one act called "Cross Purposes",[†2] which I wrote long before I was Boz. It would admit of the introduction of any Music;[†3] and if you think there is anything in it, it is at your service.

I had intended to send the MS to you to-night, but if you are likely to be at home and disengaged at any reasonable hour tomorrow, I will call with it in my pocket, and discuss affairs in general.

You can send me a verbal answer by my brother. Of course the Lodger *will* be forthcoming.

Faithfully Yours my dear Sir,
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [24 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Clearly this and next refer to the same indisposition.

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Oliver Twist making nearly eleven pages, I have only five more[†1] to write for the next Miscellany — and those five I am compelled — *really*[†2] compelled; — in such matters, it is not a word that I easily admit into my vocabulary — to defer until some future opportunity, and to make up, as I am carried on by my subject.[†3] Mrs. Dickens has been for some days past, in a very low and alarming state; and although she is a little better this morning, I am obliged to be constantly with her, being the only person who can prevail upon her to take ordinary nourishment. I have been labouring for two days past, under a violent attack of God knows what, in the head; and in addition to all my other worry, am experiencing the debility, sickness, and all the other comfortable symptoms consequent upon about as much medicine as would be given to an ordinary-sized horse. Although I have perhaps the best subject I ever thought of, I really *cannot*[†4] write under these combined disadvantages.

If I thought it would injure the next Number, I should find no relief in sitting idle, but it will not, I am certain. I have thrown my whole heart and soul into Oliver Twist, and most confidently believe he will make a feature in the work, and be very popular. The gossip of Lady Mary[†5] exceeds our calculation; and without this second paper of mine, the table of contents will be exactly what we agreed upon. I have still a very great deal to do in reading communications, and preparing answers to correspondents; I *have* done a great deal in altering the papers that will appear, wherever they were weak; and between the one and the other, I really have done, with anxiety and sickness about me, more than nine people out of ten could have performed. We shall have a very strong number, and I am sure you cannot doubt my anxiety and interest in our joint behalf.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. [J.] CULLIFORD,[†1] [24 JANUARY 1837]

Composite text from *Autograph Prices Current,* VI, 49, Maggs catalogue, 1939, and N, I, 100. *Date:* endorsed 24 Jan 37, according to *APC.* No reason to doubt this was a contemporary endorsement.

Furnival's Inn | Tuesday Afternoon

My Dear Uncle,

I regret to say that I cannot leave home this evening. Catherine is not so well as she was; and we have a consultation here, at six o'clock.

I was seized last night with a violent pain in my head (fortunately, just as I had concluded my month's work), and was immediately ordered as much medicine as would confine an ordinary-sized horse to his stall for a week. [†a]Whether it arises from the "influentials",[†2] or from close application, or from worry, or from the wind cholic, to quote King Arthur,[†3] I know not; but this I know — that surely against my will, much to my disappointment, here I am, and in a gloomy and miserable state, here I must remain.[†a]

Believe me
Affectionately yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

T. C.[†4] Culliford Esqre.

To [?E. S. MORGAN], 26 JANUARY [1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* more likely to be to Morgan, Bentley's general factotum, than to Wilson, the foreman printer.

Furnivals Inn | January 26th.

Sir.

Have the goodness to inform Mr. Bentley that having had no further communication with him on the subject, I have not written the address[†5] to which your note refers; and that beyond speaking to the artist upon the subject, I have given no directions for the wood cut. Mr. Bentley is aware

that I have been extremely unwell; and I presume charged you with this commission before I acquainted him with the fact.[†1]

Yours &c
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS CHAPMAN,[†2] [27 JANUARY 1837]

MS Professor Guy Chapman. *Date:* endorsed in a contemporary hand "Jany. 27. 1837."

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I beg innumerable pardons for omitting to write to, or call on you; still more for having forgotten that my sisters, Mrs. Dickens, and I, have been engaged for the last month to a party tonight. I need not say that Mrs. Dickens is not going,[†3] but *I* must, even at the loss of the ancient Roman game of the Flying Ball[†4] which I have no doubt I should have found far more amusing than the modern entertainment of a dancing one.

I may venture to return thanks on the part of Miss Hogarth for your kindness, although she has left us.

Pray remember me to all in Arundel Street,[†5] and Believe me

My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [28 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* two days after his reference to the "address" in *To* ?Morgan, 26 Jan.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Evening

My Dear Sir.

Much obliged for your good wishes. I hope to find on Monday at 12 o'Clock, that *you* have turned the corner, and come back again. I shall bring the prospectus with me — the address, rather — and moreover the block, ready for cutting. I am glad to find that you altered the Notices to

Correspondents.[†1] Of course I did not know without previous communication with you, who were, or who were not, privately known to you. We can have a mark on such communications in future.

I have spoken to my Pickwick artist. He is delighted at the prospect of doing an etching for the Miscellany.[†2] His demand is £5. I suppose it is not too much, considering all things. This drawing on the block,[†3] you had better commission me to give him what you think proper, for.

I am much pleased with the number, and am certain we shall improve. Buss[†4] has treated a very good subject,[†5] in a very indifferent manner. Lover writes better than he draws.[†6]

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I am very glad to see that you advertise "Crichton".[†7]

To THOMAS BEARD, [28 JANUARY 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* the Saturday before publication of the Feb *Miscellany,* in which the first instalment of *Oliver* ("my glance at the new poor Law Bill") appeared. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Night.

My Dear Beard

I cannot lay my hand on that confounded Letter. I fear it must have been destroyed by mistake.

I shall be in New Burlington Street at 12 oClock on Monday. Perhaps if you should be coming in to town on that day, you will have no objection to enquire for me at Bentley's at about a quarter past 12. If you have been to Watts I can hear what you have done; if you have not, we can go together.

I send you herewith, the forthcoming Miscellany, with my glance at the new poor Law Bill.[†1]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I want a walk; — we can have a stroll on Monday, if you are not engaged. The top of the Monument is one of my longings; the ditto of Saint Pauls, another.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 31 JANUARY 1837*

MS Morgan Library.

15 Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Jany. 31st. 1837

My Dear Henry.

As every succeeding day's acquaintance with you, has only tended to heighten the friendship I have so long entertained, and the esteem I have always so imperfectly professed for you, you may imagine that nothing could give me more heartfelt pleasure than the prospect of forming a

nearer and lasting connection with you,[†1] which I hope promises many years of close and happy intercourse.

The feelings you express in your note, I can well understand. I have no doubt that you have taken this step after the maturest consideration; and I have as little doubt, that being the case, that it will be mainly conducive to your welfare and felicity.

I speak most unaffectedly and plainly — when I say, that had I a marriageable daughter (which thank God I have not) of all the young men I know or ever did know, I should delight in seeing her set her cap at you; and *when* I have one (if ever such an event should happen, which Heaven in its mercy postpone) I only hope she may be fortunate enough to meet your exact copy. As I don't think you would "keep" until that time, I give you up to Letitia most cheerfully; having the favorite street consolation that you are "one of the family".

I hope you will find that you have a wife, who is at least most conscious of your worth and value; I hope you will meet all the success in life which your industry deserves, and your ability will sooner or later command; I hope you will meet with every happiness that you picture to yourself in these palmy days; and I hope, lastly, though not least heartily, that you will meet your eldest brother-in-law in the staunchest and truest-hearted cordiality, for at least sixty years to come.

Believe me
My Dear Henry
Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esqre.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?JANUARY 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Signature suggests late Jan 37. *Address:* Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday Morning

Dr. Sir.

The Fraser[†2] I have *returned.* The Metropolitan I *will,* but I can't lay my hand upon it at this moment, and don't like to detain the Messenger; Lewis's Sketches,[†3] I *do.*

Hard at work, at Pickwick.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To E. M. FITZGERALD,[†1] [?JANUARY 1837]†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Handwriting suggests early 1837.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Evening

My Dear Sir.

†a I am, I very much regret to say, prevented from seeing you to-day, by one of the worst and most annoying colds that even in this season, can well attack one.(a It depresses me so much, and I have the prospect of so many days labour before me, that I am afraid of increasing it, and compelled though sorely against my inclination, to remain at home.

†b I assure you most unaffectedly that I am exceedingly sorry to be deprived of the pleasure I anticipated from your very kind invitation. I have only one consolation — it is, the hope that you will give me another opportunity of enjoying your society and hospitality on some future occasion.†b

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Fitzgerald Esqre.

February

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [4 FEBRUARY 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* Whitehead's receipt is dated 6 Feb 37.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness to pay Mr. Charles Whitehead eight guineas for his paper "Edward Saville".†2

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, [6 FEBRUARY 1837]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* PM 6 Feb 37. *Address:* J. P. Harley Esqre. | Saint James's Theatre | King Street | Saint James's | London.

Mrs. Nash's Chalk†3 nr. Gravesend | Monday afternoon

My Dear Sir.

Not having had time to finish altering the farce†4 before I left town, I brought it down here with me on Saturday; altered it on Saturday Night; and (by previous arrangement) forwarded it pr. Mail directed to Mr.

Hogarth Junr. to be left at the office in the City 'till called for. He was to finish copying it on Sunday, & leave it at the Theatre for you, to-day.

To-day there comes down to me a Special Messenger from Furnivals Inn to relate how the Mail came, and the Parcel didn't, according to the Booking Office Clerk's report. How on earth this can be, I cannot for the life and soul of me, make out. I have sent the Messenger back to make further enquiries, and have no doubt it will be found to be a mistake. I wrote a letter to you, which you will receive in the parcel when it turns up — I write this hasty communication to account for the delay.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?8 FEBRUARY 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* presumably the Wednesday mentioned in *To* Bentley, 10 Feb — by which date the March *Oliver* was finished. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esqre.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

Since I came up by the Boat this morning, I have been detained for a long time at Bentley's, and since then, in looking at a house. I have missed the steamer, and shall have to go back by a Dovor[†1] coach. I hope therefore, you will excuse my not coming up to you, for I really am so driven for time, that I know not where to turn. The accompanying MS is the next Chapter of Oliver Twist; there will be another — a short one — in the same number. The place which I think will make a good Illustration is at p 17, but to understand it thoroughly, I fear you will have to read the whole. We had better not give Oliver's real master and mistress this number, because we shall want them in the next plate; and for this reason I have substituted a preliminary negociation with Mr. Gamfield the Sweep.[†2]

If you have anything to write or say to me, my brother will forward it. I shall be in town again, *tomorrow week* for the whole day.

You may imagine that I am anxious to get back, for Mrs. D will expect me at 5, and I shall not be there 'till 3 or 4 hours after. She is very well & desires her best love to Mrs. Cruikshank. — Believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

"Regular Habits"[†3] I have read. If the writer does not object to my careful curtailment it shall appear — but I fear not in the next No.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [8 FEBRUARY 1837]

Mention in *To* Bentley, 10 Feb 37. *Date:* the Wednesday before.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [10 FEBRUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM Gravesend 10 Feb 37. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street. | London.

Chalk. | Friday Night.

My Dear Sir

I wrote an order on you, when I was in town on Wednesday, in favor of one Mr. Lyddy,[†1] who wrote Richie Barter.[†2] It has just occurred to me that, mistaking the length of the article, I made it five pounds instead of two pounds ten. The latter would be quite enough, as it is only 5 pages; and for him, payment at the rate of eight guineas a sheet, would be quite sufficient.

If the order has not been presented, will you have the goodness to rectify this mistake? If it has been, I will set the matter right when I next come to town.

I am happy to say that Oliver is finished, and the other paper[†3] in hand.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richd. Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [13 FEBRUARY 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* Lyddy's receipt is dated 15 Feb (Bentley Papers, BM).

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness to pay Mr. Lyddy, the author of "Richie Barter" three guineas for that contribution? —

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

New Burlington St.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 13 FEBRUARY 1837*

MS British Museum.

Feby. 13th. 1837

Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness to pay Mr. A' Beckett Five Pounds for his paper, entitled "Authors & Actors"?

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To W. WILSON,[†1] [?13 FEBRUARY 1837]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably the same day.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [13 FEBRUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* clearly the covering letter to the two orders for payment of 13 Feb.

Chalk | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I find that the order about which I wrote to you, has not reached the gentleman's hands. I have written him another for *Three* Pounds,[†2] which he will present in due course. I have also written Mr. A Beckett, one for *Five.*[†3]

Oliver and the Pantomime of Life are both finished, and with the Printer. The working off an additional thousand of the last No. has thrown him back; and as we could not begin[†4] working off any sheet before, we can now commence from the beginning of the Magazine, and go regularly on. I have written to Wilson to this effect, and shall see him on Friday Morning.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I don't think much of the Devil and Johnny Dixon.[†5]

To THOMAS BEARD, [22 FEBRUARY 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* PM Gravesend 22 Feb 37. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Mrs. Nash's Chalk near Gravesend. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard

I am only this "blessed day" finishing my month's work,[†1] or I should have written to you before. I now write to say that Catherine and I, both agree, that it will do you a vast deal of good to spend from Saturday to Monday here, until such time as we leave, which I fear will not afford you scope for more than two visits. I want you to come down by the first boat (8 O'Clock I think) from London Bridge Wharf on Saturday Morning, as I want to set off to Chatham with Kate and Mary, as soon as you come; inspect the fortifications; and order a snug little dinner at the Sun. On Sunday I am unfortunately engaged to dine at the Marine Barracks,[†2] but I dare say you will not mind being left for a few hours with the ladies and the Cigars. We can give you a bed, and shall feel much disappointed if you do not comply with our requisition and come at once.

I shall be in town tomorrow, and most probably next day, too, but as I shall be hurried about very much between Pickwick and the Miscellany, I can make no appointment with any degree of certainty. The best plan therefore, will be for you to write me *by return.*

With best remembrances from Kate and your Godson

Believe me
My Dear Beard
Most sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [LATE FEBRUARY 1837]

MS Public Library of Victoria. *Date:* Signature points to early 1837; since CD sent Jerdan a proof of his article for the Feb *Miscellany* (on 21 Jan), this probably refers to his March article. Plainly written late in the month.

Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I have been at the Printer's this morning, and have managed I am happy to say, to get your article[†3] into the forthcoming Number. Being so late there was no time to send you a proof, but I looked over it myself, carefully.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?24 FEBRUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* perhaps the Friday before 28 Feb when he asked Bentley for an advance to help with the "expences attendant upon [his] new house". *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street.

Furnivals Inn | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

I have offered for the house I mentioned,[†1] and have taken the liberty of mentioning your name, among those of other references, to testify to my being "sober and honest" &c — to testify in short to my being Boz.

I spoke to Chapman and Hall about the Speeches.[†2] They desired me to say that they will require 14,000, and that they *must* be had, by tomorrow morning.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [28 FEBRUARY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 1 Mar 37 (Wednesday). *Address:* Private | Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street | London.

Chalk | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

As I want to ask a favor of you, which perhaps on your part may require a little consideration, I think it better perhaps to write to you to-day, although I shall no doubt see you at Ainsworth's dinner tomorrow evening.

If you can do it without inconvenience, I want an advance from you of £100. I do *not* want this to be considered as an advance on account of the Miscellany, but as on account of the Novel;[†3] — on the distinct understanding that if I do not proceed with the latter with reasonable expedition, you shall be at liberty to deduct it from what I receive from you, under our agreement for the former.

The expences attendant upon my new house will exhaust such available funds as I have by me; and this would be a very great convenience to me, without, I hope, at all inconveniencing you. If, however, I am wrong in this last supposition, I hope you will feel no delicacy in saying so at once, for although I would rather ask you for the money than any one else,

connected as we are likely to be, I can easily obtain it elsewhere, if "the worst come to the worst" —

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To F. H. RANKIN, [?FEBRUARY 1837]

Extract in Rankin *to* Bentley, 3 July 39 (MS BM). *Date:* probably not long before Rankin's first contribution to the *Miscellany*, "The Biography of Aunt Jemima", Apr 37.

Rankin, after asking Bentley what he might expect to receive for "three trifles inserted in your Miscellany", added that CD as editor had written to him: Mr. Bentley's terms for contributions to the Miscellany, are of the most liberal description.[†1]

March

To JOHN FORSTER,[†2] [?2 MARCH 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* "early in March" according to F, II, i, 85; CD apparently left Chalk on 6 Mar (see *To* Beard, 22 Feb, mentioning two further week-ends in Chalk before their return to London).

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday afternoon

My Dear Sir.

I have been hurried about this morning, among a crew (I know no better word for them) of house agents and attornies, until I have nearly missed

my conveyance to Chalk, and am more than half wild besides. I am *really* disappointed at not being able to call on you, but will most certainly and without fail do myself that pleasure on Monday Morning.

My Dear Sir
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, [?MARCH 1837]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Signature points to Mar 37. CD and Catherine probably returned to London on the 6th, in time to see the first night of *Is She His Wife?*

Furnivals Inn. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your invitation, but I have solemnly pledged myself to Mrs. Dickens to-night.

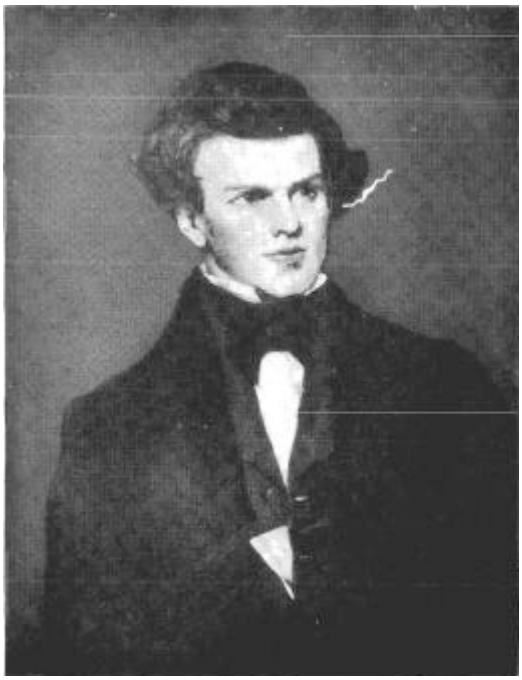
Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esqre.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [1834-7]

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2007 (1925); dated Furnival's Inn, Thursday evening. *Date:* any time from Dec 34 to Mar 37 while CD at Furnival's Inn.

To someone in want of employment, referring him to John Dickens and Charles Ross at the Times Office.



8. John Forster in 1830
From the painting by Warrington and Maclise

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [9 or 16 MARCH 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The new Agreement was signed Fri 17 Mar. This must have been written either one day or eight days before.

30 Upper Norton Street[†1] | Thursday.

My Dear Sir.

I have looked over the agreement you gave me yesterday; and I do not think that the advantages it holds out, are sufficient to compensate me for pledging myself not to write for any other periodical (with the exception recited in our original agreement) for so long a period as five years. If you will alter the

agreement under the following heads, I shall be very happy to reconsider it, — being sincerely desirous to meet your views if possible.[†2]

1 — I propose that the clause empowering you to renew the agreement at the end of five years, be wholly omitted.[†3]

2 — That the sum to be paid to me on your discontinuing the Miscellany shall be two hundred and fifty pounds, or the notice, twelvemonths.[†4]

3 — That instead of allowing me an additional ten pounds for every additional thousand of the Miscellany sold, you agree to raise my salary as its Editor on the publication of the 6th., 12th., 24th. and 36th. Numbers; the proportions are of course matters for consideration. We know that the more firmly it becomes established, the less will be the expence of advertizing it, and the greater the profit of advertizing *in* it. We have every right, judging from what we have already done, to calculate on a steady increase of its sale; and I think this is not an unreasonable request.[†5]

With these alterations, and a slight alteration in the 6th. Clause of our original agreement,[†6] to which I feel certain you could entertain no objection, I should be very willing to give any agreement you might feel disposed to enter into with me, the most favorable consideration. If you object to re-modelling it, I would rather the matter remained where it is. As the Miscellany has certainly made a most successful beginning, and has before it a very promising career, I feel quite sure that you must feel desirous by any second agreement to place me in a better situation than the first places

me in. This is but fair, and I think the mode I have pointed out, would be mutually advantageous to us.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To H. K. BROWNE, [MID-MARCH 1837]

Facsimile in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue No. 1468 (1953). *Date:* clearly not later than mid-March, since written above and below Browne's original drawing for "Mr. Winkle's Situation when the Door blew-to", *Pickwick* No. XIII, Apr 37.

Winkle should be holding the Candlestick above his head I think. It looks more comical, the light having gone out.

A *fat* chairman so short as our friend here, never drew breath in Bath. I would leave him where he is, decidedly. Is the lady full dressed? She ought to be.

CD.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [MARCH 1837]

Mention in Thomas Wright, *Life of CD*, 1935, p. 113; from "Furnivals Inn, I mean Upper Norton Street". *Date:* Mistake over address suggests early in his period at Upper Norton Street.

To THOMAS HANDISYDE,[†1] [17 or 18 MARCH 1837]

Summary from Handisyde *to* Banks, 18 Mar 37 (MS Dickens House). *Date:* According to Handisyde he had just received CD's offer.

Saying that he would be willing to treat for No. 48 Doughty Street, if the landlord were disposed to let it on a simple agreement for three years at the rent of £80 p.a.;[†2] *that he would paint the front Drawing Room and blind frames round windows; that it was extremely probable that he would remain its tenant for a considerable time as he had engagements which would keep him in London for many years to come, but he objected to take a lease of any house whatever; that it was unnecessary to add that the best references would be given.*

He would be glad to secure an early answer (*directed to him at No. 30 Upper Norton Street or 15 Furnival's Inn*) *as he had to make choice out of the houses he had seen by Ladyday. He mentioned also that the ceiling required to be cleaned.*

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [22 or 29 MARCH 1837]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* March since from Upper Norton Street; revised proof would not have been ready before the third week in the month, and might have been even later.

Upper Norton Street. | Wednesday Morning.

Dear Sirs

Have the goodness to get me, while the bearer waits, a revised proof of the new Pickwick. I want it particularly.

In haste
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 MARCH 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date: Sketches,* First Series, 3rd edn, and Second Series, 2nd edn, were published on 11 and 21 Mar respectively.

Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

You will say it is no compliment, to beg your acceptance of a couple of books which, being in their second and third editions are no longer new, and which you have already seen.

As I wish you to consider it anything *but* a compliment, I am perfectly content that you should say so; and if you will receive them as a very small testimony of the donor's regard and obligations, as well as of his desire to cultivate and avail himself of a friendship which has been so pleasantly thrown in his way — in short if you will receive them for my sake, and not for their own, you will very greatly oblige me.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [29 MARCH 1837]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* presumably on seeing in final form the Apr *Miscellany,* in which the "Memoirs of Sheridan" appeared.

Wednesday afternoon

My Dear Sir

I will take the chance of finding you at home, tomorrow at ½ past 12. I am very sorry to say, that the alterations which have been made in the

contents of the Miscellany very greatly injure it — in my opinion at least. That article on Sheridan[†1] is a desperately heavy one to close with.

In haste my dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To THOMAS BEARD, [30 MARCH 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Chapman & Hall's formal invitation to Beard for the *Pickwick* dinner was dated 29 Mar 37.[†2] Clearly CD was writing the next day. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Upper Norton Street | Thursday

My Dear Beard

I suppose you have by this time received formal announcement that the dinner at Chapman and Hall's is fixed for *Saturday the 8th. of April.* In case you have not, I write to tell you so.[†3]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [31 MARCH 1837]

Text from N, I, 104. *Date:* Presumably Chapman & Hall had sent the cheque shortly before the anniversary of the publication of *Pickwick* No. I, and their note on the anniversary itself.

Upper Norton Street | Friday Evening

Dear Sirs,

I received the Shakespeare letter[†4] and cheque[†5] in due course. I have been so deeply involved in the worry and turmoil of "moving"[†6] that I have put off acknowledging the receipt of the very acceptable tria juncta in uno till now, and I fear should not have done so until I saw you tomorrow had not your note arrived just now.

Accept my very best thanks for your handsome communication, and for the time and manner you chose for making it which renders it doubly gratifying. It was not because I was insensible of your most honourable conduct that I have not acknowledged it, but because (as I have said) I was much put about; and as I knew I should see you tomorrow, I fancied I had an additional excuse for my most unbusiness-like behaviour.

Believe me
Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

April

To J. P. HARLEY, [?APRIL 1837]

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. *Date:* Handwriting strongly suggests Spring 1837; therefore presumably refers to the revival of *The Village Coquettes* in Apr, rather than to the revivals of Jan or Feb. *Address:* J. P. Harley Esqre. | St. James's Theatre.

Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

As I have two or three business engagements this morning, I inclose the altered book of the Village Coquettes, in case I should not be able to reach the Theatre. I shall come down if possible some time in the course of the day, to know when you intend to call it —

Believe me
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, [?5 APRIL 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Apr or first week in May on conjunction of Doughty Street address, signature, and absence of mourning paper for Mary Hogarth's death (7 May)[†1]. Clearly CD was referring to a rehearsal for the revival in Apr.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Sir.

Have you called the Coquettes yet? If so, for when?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, [7 APRIL 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The name "Boz" was first omitted from *The Village Coquettes* playbills on 8 Apr, for the revival on 10 Apr, having appeared in playbills of the 6th and 7th. *Address:* J. P. Harley Esquire | 14 Upper Gower Street | Bedford Square.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

Have the goodness in the bills of the Village Coquettes to omit all mention of our respectable friend "Boz". After the choppings and changings[†1] which this most unfortunate of all unfortunate pieces has undergone, I am not anxious to *remind* the Public that I am the perpetrator.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 APRIL 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* the day before the dinner of 8 Apr (see *To* Beard, 30 Mar).

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I am very sorry to hear that you have considered it necessary to bestow a second thought on our mistake of Saturday last. We only called upon you a second time, in the hope of getting you to dine with us, and were much disappointed not to find you.

I have delayed writing a reply to your note, meaning to call upon you. I have been so much engaged however, in the pleasant occupation of "moving" that I have not had time, and I am obliged at last to write and say that I have been long engaged to the Pickwick publisher's[†2] to a dinner in honor of that hero, which

comes off tomorrow. I am consequently unable to accept your kind Invite which I frankly own I should have liked much better.

Believe me My Dear Sir
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?10 APRIL 1837]

MS Hr Jacob Christensen. *Date:* see covering letter to Bentley, below, clearly written the same day.

48 Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I have looked over Uncle Sam,[†1] and am still of the opinion I originally formed, that we could not use it for the Miscellany without great injury to the Author. It contains a great deal of matter; and if I took a few pages here and there, occasionally, it would neither, I am convinced, serve his purpose nor ours. I therefore think it better to return the MS to you without further delay, wishing it to be distinctly understood that in so doing, I wish by no means to be considered as expressing any unfavorable opinion of the MS itself.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?10 APRIL 1837]

Mention in next. *Date:* same day as last.

Enclosing the MS of "Tales of a Judge".

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?10 APRIL 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* probably before the middle of the month when CD and Bentley normally made up the contents of the *Miscellany*. "A Visit to the Madrigal Society" appeared in the May No.

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

One of the accompanying parcels contains "Uncle Sam"; the other — "tales of a Judge."[†2] In each is a note to yourself stating that their great length has induced me to return them, and that in so doing, I pronounce no unfavorable opinion of the papers.

I forgot to mention the other evening, that I have got a nice little paper

(about 5 pages) by a friend of Hogarth's called a visit to the Madrigal Society.[†1] I have pledged myself to insert it in the next No.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To THOMAS BEARD, [?12 APRIL 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Apr or first week in May on address, handwriting, and absence of mourning paper; probably refers to Sat 15 Apr, since in the following week he would have been too busy to sit to Cruikshank, and for Sat 29 Apr and Sat 6 May he had different arrangements. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | Morning Chronicle Office.

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

John Ross[†2] dines with us on Saturday. Will you do the same at 5 oClock? Let me know.

Tell Edward Barrow if you see him this evening, that I was sitting for my portrait to George Cruikshank[†3] when he called to-day, and George being a ticklish subject could not leave him.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?14 APRIL 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Apr or first week in May on address, handwriting, and absence of mourning paper; perhaps between the return of the two papers on 10 Apr and the making up of the contents of the May *Miscellany* on the 20th. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Eg.

My Dear Sir

The articles I get for the Miscellany are entered by name in a book as they arrive. The mistake about Prout's song[†4] originated in your giving me

the wrong name when you sent for it. I am very unwell indeed, to-day, and only gave out half the copy by mistake.

Faithfully Yours
My Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?20 APRIL 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Apr, since soon after the move to Doughty Street; CD's anxiety about *Oliver* and the *Miscellany* strongly suggests that he was writing in the third rather than the second week in the month.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Sir

Oblige me by saying that you will come and take your coffee with *me* to-night, at your own hour. I would not ask you, if I were not over head and ears with Oliver. My removal and the numerous takings off attendant thereupon have thrown me back so, that my time this month is more precious than ever. And as if these causes of delay were not enough, I do verily believe that I have had to read as many papers for the Miscellany, as all the Editors and Sub Editors of all the other Magazines put together.

Do not fail to come to me this evening, if you can, as I am *most anxious* to make up the contents at once, and have the means of doing so, here.

My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richd. Bentley Esqre.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?20 APRIL 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Apr or first week in May 37 on address, signature, and absence of mourning paper. Bentley's presence that evening and the promise to send *Oliver* point to same day as last. *Address:* | *Wait*[†1] | George Cruikshank Esqe.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir

Excuse my troubling you with a note which I know you abhor, but Mr. Bentley is here, and it is matter of life or death to us, to know whether you have got Ainsworth's MS[†2] yet. Oliver you shall have tomorrow.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esq.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?21 APRIL 1837]*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales. *Date:* probably the day after last. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esqre.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Would you object to illustrating Barker's[†1] paper for the next No.? We can wait no longer for Ainsworth. You shall have a fair proof of it,[†2] with Oliver Twist this morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?21 APRIL 1837]*

MS Mr Philip Blackwell. *Date:* Apr or first week in May on address, signature, and absence of mourning paper; the references to "last night" and arrangements with Cruikshank suggest 21 Apr.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

There are two things I forgot to mention to you, last night. The first is, that I want to introduce Mr. Whitehead to you, about his Novel.[†3] I think you mistake some other man[†4] for him, for he has never seen, or heard from you. He is anxious to do either the one or the other, and I think the shortest plan will be for me[†5] to bring him to you[†6] one of these mornings if you have no objection.

The second thing I forgot to mention, is, that I want at the usual trade allowance (if that be proper in an Author's case) a complete set of the Standard Novels[†7] up to this time, if you will have the goodness to direct

them to be sent to me — and also the numbers to follow, as they come out.[†1]

I hope I have arranged with Cruikshank this morning, to our satisfaction.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [?21 APRIL 1837]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Jerdan's paper, "John Pooledoune, the Victim of Improvements", appeared in the June *Miscellany*; plainly, therefore, received too late in Apr for the May No.; unhurried tone of reference to "the end of the Month" suggests 21 not 28 Apr.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I had feared that you were not going to introduce me to the victim at all — so long have I expected him without avail.

I think the best plan will be to have him set up at the end of the Month, and a proof sent to you which you will be able to keep a week or two, and correct at your leisure. Do you think so, too?

It is really very unfair of you to charge any mistakes in your last paper[†2] upon me. — I exerted myself about it at the very last moment when there was not time to take it away from the printer's at your own special request. I can have no object but to please the contributors to the best of my power — more especially yourself — and this is very discouraging indeed.

I have not yet had time to read your friend's paper, but I will do so and return you an answer before the close of the Month. I have another paper about Ceylon you sent me, which I will return.

I want to see you about the Wictim, and also to ask you a question having reference to the "Hanniwersary".[†3] Shall you be passing near here any morning, or shall I call upon you?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esqre.

To R. F. WILLIAMS,[†1] [?21 APRIL 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* Williams's paper appeared in the Apr *Miscellany*. The receipt for payment is dated Fri 21 Apr.

Friday Morning.

The Editor of Bentley's Miscellany presents his compts to Mr. Williams, and begs to forward him the No. for the present month which he would have received before, but for a mistake in the delivery. The payment for his paper[†2] Mr. Williams will receive on application at the publisher's.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?24 APRIL 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Perhaps Cruikshank had asked for a choice of papers before agreeing to illustrate Barker's "Nights at Sea" No. 2, and hence the three days' delay after CD's letter of ?21 Apr; both Barker's paper and "The Blue Wonder" appeared in May.

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I inclose the Blue Wonder[†3] and the *Nights at Sea.*[†4] I think if you read the last, you may save yourself the trouble of reading the first. It seems to me, in the old Sailor's very best style.

Have you done with Oliver? I want to return the Copy to the Printer's. Have the goodness to let me have these proofs when you have done with them, as they are corrected by myself.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [24 APRIL 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Wade's[†5] "Song of the Month" appeared in the May *Miscellany;* CD is unlikely to have corrected the proofs before the last week in Apr.

48 Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I really don't know how I can make way for Darby the Swift[†6] in the next

No., unless by the omission of Falstaff.[†1] I think it had much better stand over, more especially as we shall have Wade's songs, and I have only just received the last chapter without which we could not have printed the first.

The Number is an excellent one as it stands, and I think it will be a great pity to disturb it. We had enough of that, in the last number.

I corrected the proof of the Second No. of "Nights at Sea" yesterday, and I am happy to say that I think it one of the very best papers the old Sailor ever wrote —

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [28 APRIL 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Bentley's reminiscences[†2] show that he dined with CD on the Saturday before Mary Hogarth's death, *i.e.* on 29 Apr.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I called on you to-day to ask you whether if you had no better engagement, you would dine with me tomorrow at 5. There are only Hogarth and Cruikshank coming, and we shall be very quiet, with a little Music in the Evening. If you can I shall be very happy to see you.

You will perhaps let me know by my brother who bears this. If you will

be at home tomorrow morning too, I will call to speak with you on divers Miscellany matters.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To J. P. HARLEY, [?SPRING 1837]

Composite text from MDGH, I, 5 and Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, 18 Apr 1944. *Date:* between early Apr 37 when CD moved to Doughty Street, and Dec 37 when he began writing "My Dear Harley"; possibly not long after Braham's production of *Is She His Wife?* (6 Mar 37).

48, Doughty Street, Saturday Morning.

My dear Sir,

I have considered the terms on which I could afford just now, to sell Mr. Braham the acting copyright in London of an entirely new piece for the St. James's Theatre; and I could not sit down to write one in a single act of about an hour long, under a hundred pounds. For a new piece in two acts, a hundred and fifty pounds would be the sum I should require.[†1]

I do not know whether, with reference to arrangements that are made with any other writers, this may or may not appear a large sum. I state it merely with regard to the value of my own time and writings at this moment — and in so doing, I assure you I place the remuneration below the mark rather than above it.

As you begged me to give you my reply upon this point, perhaps you will lay it before Mr. Braham. If these terms exceed his inclination or the ability of the Theatre, there is an end of the matter, and no harm done.

Believe me ever faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS†2

To THOMAS MITTON, [?SPRING 1837]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* watermark 1836; handwriting suggests Spring 37; cannot be later since seal red. *Address:* Mr Mitton.

Dear Tom

I don't know yet, but I will see you before; — either tomorrow or Friday. I inclose the £10 for Connor,†3 but I cannot accept the bill until I know

from him (my little book being mislaid) on what days *the other two bills* are due. Will you be so kind as to inclose him the £10 and ask him the question?

Faithfully Yours
C.D.

May

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [3 MAY 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* Whitehead's receipt is dated 6 May. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Will you have the goodness to pay Mr. Charles Whitehead, Three Guineas for his paper "The Youth's new Vade Mecum" in the last Miscellany.†1

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?EARLY MAY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Apr or first week in May on address and absence of mourning paper; signature suggests early May.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I have read the several articles by Major Pryse Gordon,[†2] which I herewith return. Although they would possess considerable interest for military or naval gentlemen, I fear that to the public generally — *our* public at all events — they would present few attractions. Perhaps you will do me the favor to present my best compliments and thanks to Major Gordon and to suggest that the United Service Journal would be the best medium he could select for the publication of his papers.[†3] Beg him to understand distinctly that in returning them, I by no means question their merit, but merely express my opinion that they are not adapted to the pages of the Miscellany.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?4 MAY 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* According to normal practice, Hullah would have been paid shortly after publication of the May *Miscellany;* absence of mourning paper supports this. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Afternoon.

My Dear Sir.

Will you have the goodness to pay the Author of the "Visit to the Madrigal Society" in No. 5, three pounds for his paper?

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [7 MAY 1837]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Mary Hogarth died on Sunday 7 May.

Doughty St. | Sunday Night

My Dear Sir

We are in deep and severe distress. Miss Hogarth after accompanying Mrs. Dickens & myself to the Theatre last night, was suddenly taken severely ill, and despite our best endeavours to save her, expired in my arms at two[†1] O'Clock this afternoon.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†2]
Edwd. Chapman Esqre.

To GEORGE THOMSON, 8 MAY 1837

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

48 Doughty Street Mecklenburgh Square.
Monday May 8th. 1837.

My Dear Sir.

It is my painful and melancholy duty to inform you, that poor Mary died here at three oClock yesterday afternoon. She had been with us to the Theatre the evening before; was taken suddenly ill in the night; and breathed her last in my arms at the time I have mentioned. She lies here, and Mrs. Hogarth who was present at her death has ever since remained insensible in this house.

We lost no time in procuring medical assistance, or in applying every remedy that skill and anxiety could suggest. The dear girl however sank

beneath the attack. The medical men are of opinion that her heart had been diseased for a great length of time. Her general state of health, and above all the awful suddenness of her death induce me to think they are right.

You cannot conceive the misery in which this dreadful event has plunged us. Since our marriage she has been the grace and life of our home — the admired of all, for her beauty and excellence — I could have better spared a much nearer relation or an older friend, for she has been to us what we can never replace, and has left a blank which no one who ever know[†1] her can have the faintest hope of seeing supplied.

Believe me My Dear Sir
Affectionately and Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Thomson Esqre.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [8 MAY 1837]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* PM 8 May 37. On mourning paper.[†2] *Address:* William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre. | Kensal Lodge | Harrow Road.

48 Doughty St. | Monday Morning

My Dear Ainsworth.

It is my melancholy task to inform you that Mrs. Dickens' sister whom you saw here, and at the dinner on Wednesday,[†3] died in my arms yesterday afternoon. She had accompanied us to the Theatre the night before apparently in the best health; was taken ill in the night, and lies here a corpse. She has been

our constant companion since our marriage; the grace and life of our home. — Judge how deeply we feel this fearfully sudden deprivation.

My Dear Ainsworth
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [8 MAY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 8 May 37. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington St. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I am most sorry to inform you that Mrs. Dickens' sister whom you saw here, after accompanying us to the Theatre on Saturday Evening in the best health and spirits, was taken suddenly ill, and died in my arms yesterday afternoon — since which time her mother has been also lying

here in a state of insensibility. She was our constant friend and companion, and the loss independent of its fearful suddenness, is[†1] severely felt by us. I have given the Printer matter to go on with, and tomorrow or at furthest next day, will send him more. I must entreat you to spare me in the meanwhile.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To GEORGE COX,[†2] [8 MAY 1837]

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Date:* same day as last. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Monday 3 o'Clock

Dear Sir.

My reply to your kind Invite of yesterday, is a melancholy one indeed. A sister of Mrs. Dickens' a young and lovely girl, who has been the grace and ornament of our home for the whole time of our marriage, died here yesterday. She was at the Theatre with us on Saturday Night well and happy, and expired in my arms a few hours afterwards.

Faithfuly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cox Esquire

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [12 MAY 1837]†

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the day before Mary Hogarth's funeral. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

†[a]My Dear Sir

We are as yet, entirely undetermined about our proceedings. I rather think my father will go to Blackheath this morning, but as we are so wholly unresolved, I think we should do wrong to detain your sister in town a moment on our account. Mrs. Dickens desires her best love to her, and all the female Members of your family; and bids me say that she feels their kindness and attention in this trial most deeply, and will ever feel sincerely grateful for it.

I fear I must trouble you for as much as I had from you the other day. If it were at all inconvenient to you, you know that by one word or line I could get it elsewhere, but you have so often urged me to look upon you as my Bankers, and I am so much more disposed to avail myself of your friendly feeling than of that of any body else, that while I think you *can*

do it without injury to yourselves, I have no hesitation in drawing upon you.†[a]

I feel that as tomorrow†[1] draws nigh, the bitterest part of this calamity is at hand. I hope that for that one day at all events I may be able to bear my part in it with fortitude, and to encourage and console those about me — it will be no harder time to anyone than myself.

They are all as well as can be looked-for this morning. Perhaps you will let me hear from you in the course of the day?

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esqre.

To THOMAS BEARD, [17 MAY 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* PM 19 May 37 (Friday), clearly date of receipt. On mourning paper. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Collins's Farm.†[2] North End | Hampstead | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Beard.

I received your kind letter in due course. I should have written to you myself, to communicate the dreadful occurrence, but I had so many distressing appeals to my attention and exertions, that I was compelled to postpone doing so for a time.

I presume you heard from my father, that on the Saturday Night we had been to the Theatre — that we returned home as usual — that poor Mary was in the same health and spirits in which you have so often seen her — that almost immediately after she went up stairs to bed she was taken ill — and that next day she died. Thank God she died in my arms, and the very last words she whispered were of me.

Of our sufferings at the time, and all through the dreary week that ensued, I will say nothing — no one can imagine what they were. You have seen a good deal of her, and can feel for us, and imagine what a blank she has left behind. The first burst of my grief has passed, and I can think and speak of her, calmly and dispassionately. I solemnly believe that so perfect a creature never breathed. I knew her inmost heart, and her real worth and value. She had not a fault.

Mrs. Hogarth has suffered and still continues to suffer most deep and bitter anguish. Kate, I am glad to say, made such strong efforts to console her, that she unconsciously summoned up all her fortitude at the same time, and brought it to her own assistance. She knows that if ever a mortal went to Heaven, her sister is there; she has nothing to remember but a long course of affection and attachment, perhaps never exceeded. Not one cross word or angry look on either side, even as children, rises in judgment against her; and she is now so calm and cheerful that I wonder to see her.

I have been so shaken and unnerved by the loss of one whom I so dearly loved that I have been compelled to lay aside all thoughts of my usual monthly work, for once;[†1] and we have come here for quiet and change. We have a cottage of our own, with large gardens, and everything else on a small but comfortable scale. Kate is very anxious indeed to see you and as I can assure you that you will derive any thing but pain from seeing her, I hope you will join us in the old way. Name your own time, and believe me that there is no one whom it would give us so much pleasure to welcome as yourself.

Believe me My Dear Beard
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [17 MAY 1837]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 19 May 37 (date of receipt, as last). On mourning paper. *Address:* William Ainsworth Esqre. | Kensall Lodge | Harrow Road.

Collins's Farm. North End. Hampstead | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Ainsworth.

I have been so much unnerved and hurt by the loss of the dear girl whom I loved, after my wife, more deeply and fervently than anyone on earth, that I have been compelled for once to give up all idea of my monthly work, and to try a fortnight's rest and quiet. We have hired a very small cottage here, and have repaired hither for a little change of air and scene.

I believe there is some cross road which leads out very near your house. I wish you would show me the way by coming here. You cannot think how glad I should be to see you just now. I have given you the address above, and must leave the rest to you.

With compliments to the Ladies
Believe me
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

I had folded this note, when I saw, lying on the table, the inclosed card[†2]

among others. Thinking it the shortest plan, I have folded that up, also. Whether I have done right or no, I am not certain. I rather suspect, not.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH [?21 MAY 1837]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* The two calls paid by Ainsworth were surely the result of CD's letter to him of 17 May and followed quickly after it. On mourning paper.

Hampstead | Sunday Evening

My Dear Ainsworth.

I am very sorry that I was at Church when you called this morning, the more so as I had the misfortune to be in town when you called before. If nothing occur to prevent me, I shall have very great pleasure in meeting our friends on Tuesday. Mrs. Dickens is getting on excellently here and begs me to thank you for your kind remembrances.

Believe me
My Dear Ainsworth.
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?23 MAY 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* On mourning paper; handwriting points to May-July 37; therefore written either on return from Hampstead or from France (in July). Wording of first sentence strongly suggests the former; he had given the printer "matter to go on with" on 8 May (*To* Bentley, that day).

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Sir

I have returned to town, and am to be found here every evening.[†1] I have, as yet, received *nothing whatever*, made up. The Printers had the matter for two or three sheets, long ago.

I called upon you this morning, and found you had not returned. Will you look in upon me, whenever you think we can do anything?

I shall be much obliged to you, if you will send me tomorrow morning, on account of our monthly settlement, a cheque for £30. I have various *calls* this month, and it will help me, greatly.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richd. Bentley Esqre.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?MAY 1837]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* on mourning paper with wide black border, as for several letters of May 37; perhaps the "notes & visitors" were the result of CD's return to work (see *To* Bentley, ?23 May). *Address:* Mr. Thomas Mitton.

Thursday Mg

My Dear Tom

I was so worried with notes & visitors yesterday that I was not only prevented from coming but forgot to write to you. — I will be with you *tomorrow Morning* at ½ past One.

Faithfully
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?26 MAY 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; careful handwriting and tone suggest early in their friendship; probably shortly before Forster's visit to Hampstead "at the close of May".[†1]

48 Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster.

Let me beg your acceptance of the accompanying Nos. of the Miscellany, — not as a matter of business, or with any view to notices thereof, past present or to come, but because I should really be greatly disappointed if I wrote anything which you had not an early opportunity of reading. This looks very like vanity I dare say, but I do not mean it so. Believe me that it affords me great pleasure to hear that you

continue to read my writings, and far greater gratification than I can well describe to *you* to hear from your own lips that poor Oliver "affects" you — which I take to be the highest of all praise.

Believe me with great sincerity
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

I shall expect you on Tuesday, remember.

To RICHARD JOHNS,[†1] [31 MAY 1837]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 2 June 37, presumably date of receipt; on mourning paper. *Address:* Richard Johns Esqre. | &c &c | Royal Marine Barracks | Chatham.

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Johns.

I should have written either to you or Mrs. Johns long 'ere this, had I not had so many painful and distressing demands on my time and exertions, as to render me for a time apparently unmindful of many kind and esteemed friends.

The loss we deplore and to which the Pickwick notice[†2] bears reference, is the sudden death in this house, of our dear sister Mary Hogarth. On the day previous to that on which you dined with us she had gone home to see her Mama. On the day after, she returned. On the Saturday Evening we went to the Saint James's Theatre; she went up stairs to bed at about one o'Clock in perfect health and her usual delightful spirits; was taken ill before she had undressed; and died in my arms next afternoon at 3 o'Clock. Everything that could possibly be done *was* done but nothing could save her. The medical men imagine it was a disease of the heart.

From the day of our marriage the dear girl had been the grace and life of our home, our constant companion, and the sharer of all our little pleasures. The love and affection which subsisted between her and her sister, no one can imagine the extent of. We might have known that we were too happy together to be long without a change.

The change has come, and it has fallen heavily upon us. I have lost the dearest friend I ever had. Words cannot describe the pride I felt in her, and the devoted attachment I bore her. She well deserved it, for with abilities far beyond her years, with every attraction of youth and beauty, and conscious as she must have been of everybody's admiration, she had not a single fault, and was in life almost as far above the foibles and vanity of her sex and age as she is now in Heaven.

Mrs. Dickens has had a trying task for in the midst of her own affliction she has had to soothe the sufferings of her bereaved mother who was called here in time to see her child expire, and remained here

in a state of total insensibility for a week afterwards. She has borne up through her severe trial like what she is — a fine-hearted noble-minded girl. I have

removed her to a quiet cottage at Hampstead where we think of staying for some weeks to come; and the first anguish of her grief being passed she is quite resigned and cheerful. From their earliest infancy to this moment she can call up no single recollection of an unkind word or look having ever passed between them, and she looks forward to being mercifully permitted one day to rejoin her sister in that happy World for which God adapted her better than for this.

I should have said that the affliction we have suffered brought on a miscarriage but that she has perfectly recovered from it.

Pray present my best remembrances to Mrs. Johns, and believe me that it will afford me the very greatest gratification if you will make this house your own when you next come to London.

My Dear Johns
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To C. J. DAVIDS,[†1] [?LATE MAY 1837]*

MS Eastgate House, Rochester. *Date:* Mourning paper (wide black border) and handwriting suggest May 37; perhaps one of the business letters CD wrote soon after his return to work in late May.

48 Doughty St. Mecklenburgh Square |
Wednesday Morning

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Davids, and begs to return him the inclosed papers with many thanks. None of them appear to him exactly suited to the Miscellany, or he would have been happy to have availed himself of them.

To W. H. WILLS,[†2] [?LATE MAY 1837]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* on mourning paper (wide black border); perhaps same day as last. The "little poetic tale" appeared in the July *Miscellany.*

48 Doughty St., Mecklenburgh Square |
Wednesday Morning.

Mr. Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. W. H. Wills, and begs to apologise to him for the delay which has occurred in returning the inclosed

paper, which has been quite accidental. Mr. Dickens would have accepted it with much pleasure, had not so many papers founded on the same idea (translations and otherwise) appeared in our periodical Literature

of late years. It is curious that he has by him at this moment no less than three which have been offered for the Miscellany, and the main feature of each of which, is, the very same delusion that Mr. Wills describes.

The little poetic tale[†1] pleases Mr. Dickens very much, and he proposes to insert it in the July Number. He will be happy at all times to pay the promptest attention to anything Mr. Wills may send him.

To E. W. P. SINNETT,[†2] [?LATE MAY 1837]

Text from N, I, 113. *Date:* "The Blue Wonder" had appeared in the May *Miscellany;* probably CD heard of its earlier publication within the next few weeks.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Sinnett, and begs to inform him that he finds a precisely similar translation of the Blue Wonder to that which Mr. Sinnett furnished for the Miscellany, appeared in a cheap publication called the Rover[†3] nearly two years ago.

Mr. Dickens need scarcely say that he is quite sure Mr. Sinnett was not aware of the other translation having appeared; but as it is of the very greatest importance to the work that these mistakes should be avoided, Mr. Dickens wishes to know whether Mr. Sinnett can assure him that The Adventure of New Year's Eve[†4] has not appeared in an English dress.

To MRS C. B. WILSON,[†1] [?LATE MAY 1837]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 20 Mar 1941; *MS* 1 p.; dated Wednesday Night — possibly late May as last. "Elegiac Stanzas" appeared in the July *Miscellany.*

I cannot tell you how much affected I have been by your beautiful lines,[†2] or with how much melancholy pleasure I shall insert them in the miscellany.

June

To THOMAS BEARD, [?2 JUNE 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Since Mary was born on 6 Mar 38, Catherine was presumably "well over" her miscarriage by the beginning of June 37. CD would no doubt have sent Beard the *Miscellany* on publication. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Beard.

I suppose father told you that we thought of christening the baby tomorrow. Circumstances have rendered it a painful ceremony, and I wished to get it quietly over.

We have been obliged to postpone it however, at this very short notice. We now think of taking him into the Church's bosom next week, but of this I will give you ample notice as soon as we can determine.[†3]

As I apprehended, Kate's grief and agitation has brought on a miscarriage, but she has got well over it, and is now Thank God, all right again. I inclose you the Miscellany. When *are* we going to see you again? —

Believe me My Dear Beard
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thos. Beard Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Mourning paper and handwriting point to May-June. "Read" rather than "I inclose" suggests that the notice was part of a larger whole: therefore presumably either the brief notice about Mary Hogarth's death[†4] or the Address on the completion of the first volume, both in the June *Miscellany*. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty St. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster.

Read the notice and tell me whether you like it. Have you heard from Jerdan? And at what hour tomorrow shall I see you?

Faithfully Ever Yours
C.D.

To THOMAS HAINES,[†1] 3 JUNE 1837

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Thomas Haines Esqre. | Mansion House. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty St. — Mecklenburgh Square |
Saturday June 3rd. 1837.

My Dear Sir.

Beard, our mutual friend, was to have been the medium of an introduction between us, but as he has not seen you for some time, I venture to introduce myself as "Boz", and when I tell you why I have not had patience to wait for his intervention, I dare say you will feel highly gratified.

In my next number of Oliver Twist, I must have a magistrate; and casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be "shewn up" I have, as a necessary consequence, stumbled upon Mr. Laing[†2] of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well, but as it would be necessary to describe his appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be) I have never done.

In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might under your auspices be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning. If you can further my object, I shall be really very greatly obliged to you.

I am staying at Hampstead at present; but if you will direct a line to my house in town, stating when I shall call on you, or you on me, I will be punctual. Whether you can render me the assistance I require, or not, I shall be happy to avail myself of that opportunity of becoming known to you.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Haines Esqre.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [8] JUNE 1837

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* misdated by CD; Thursday was the 8th. *Address:* probably written to one of Mary's relations. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty St. Mecklenburgh Square London. |
Thursday June 9th. 1837.

My Dear Sir.

What I see written on the back of Mrs. Hogarth's letter; and I dare say what you will find in some other inclosed in this packet, will prepare you for the intelligence of dear Mary's sudden death under our roof — I have been requested to write you a few lines; and if they be few and hurried, believe that it is because the heart bleeds while the pen traces the characters.

Why should I say more than that she was taken ill without an instant's warning on the night of Saturday the 7th. of May, almost immediately after she retired to bed — that although every effort was made to save her, and no danger apprehended until nearly the very last, she sank under the attack and died — died in such a calm and gentle sleep, that although I had held her in my arms for some time before, when she was certainly living (for she swallowed a little brandy from my hand) I continued to support her lifeless form, long after her soul had fled to Heaven.

This was about 3 o'Clock on the Sunday afternoon. They think her heart was diseased. It matters little to relate these details now, for the light and life of our happy circle is gone — and such a blank created as we can never supply.

Her body lies in the beautiful cemetery in the Harrow Road. I saw her grave but a few days ago, and the grass around it was as green and the flowers as bright, as if nothing of the earth in which they grew could ever wither or fade. Beneath my feet there lay a silent but solemn witness that all health and beauty are but things of the hour.

Mrs. Hogarth has suffered and still suffers deeply from this dreadful calamity. For her who is dead I can feel no sorrow, for I know that before a single care of life had wounded her pure heart, she has passed quietly away to an immortality of happiness and joy. Those who are left behind to recollect what she was here; to miss her sweet face and her winning smile, and all the countless endearments that a guileless heart and affectionate nature gave birth to, are indeed objects for sympathy and compassion. Among these mourners as none loved her better living, so, believe me, none laments her more constantly and deeply in death, than, My Dear Sir

Yours most affectionately and faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To E. S. MORGAN, [8 JUNE 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* endorsed "£6. 6s. for Lieut. Johns sent to Mr. Dickens 8 June pr his servant". *Address: Wait* | — Morgan Esqre. On mourning paper.

Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Pray oblige me by sending me pr. bearer for Mr. Johns (who has presented an order from me, in vain, very much to my annoyance) six guineas — that is to say, four for the little bit of Tape,[†1] one for the Song of the Cover,[†2] and one for the Epigrams.[†3]

Believe me
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Morgan Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?EARLY JUNE 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* Although Holl's receipts for this and for a paper which appeared in Sep are both dated 15 Sep 37 (see *To* Morgan, that day), handwriting shows clearly that this order to pay was written in June, probably early in the month as usual. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Friday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

Will you have the goodness to pay Mr. Holl,[†4] the Author of Mrs. Jennings in Number 6 of the Miscellany,[†5] five guineas for that paper?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* the beginning of the dispute with Macrone which culminated in Macrone's sale on 17 June of the copyright of *Sketches;* must be before *To* Forster, ?15 June.

48 Doughty Street Mecklenburgh Square. | Friday Evening.

My Dear Forster.

I heard half an hour ago on authority which leaves me in no doubt about the matter (from the binder of Pickwick, in fact) that Macrone intends publishing a new issue of my sketches in monthly parts of nearly the same size and in just the same form as the Pickwick papers.

I need not tell you that this is calculated to injure me most seriously, or that I have a very natural and most decided objection to being supposed to presume upon the success of the Pickwick, and thus foist this old work

upon the public in its new dress for the mere purpose of putting money in my own pocket. Neither need I say that the fact of my name being before the town, attached to three publications at the same time, must prove seriously prejudicial to my reputation.

As you are acquainted with the circumstances under which these copyrights were disposed of,[†1] and as I know I may rely on your kind-feeling,[†2] may I beg you to wait upon Macrone, and to state in the strongest and most emphatic manner, my feeling on this point. I wish him to be reminded of the sums he paid for these books — of the sale he has had for them — of the extent to which he has already pushed them — and of the very great profits he must necessarily have acquired from them. I wish him also to be reminded that no intention of publishing them in this form was in the remotest manner hinted to me, by him, or on his own behalf, when he obtained possession of the copyright. I then wish you to put it to his feelings of common honesty and fair-dealing whether after this communication he will persevere in his intention.

I feel it necessary to add — not as a hasty threat but as my deliberate and well-considered determination — that if this new issue does appear, I shall advertize in all the Newspapers that it does so — not only without my sanction, but in opposition to my express request; that it is of no advantage whatever, to me; and that I most earnestly and emphatically entreat all my friends and supporters to abstain from purchasing it. Wherever he advertizes the work, I will advertize this statement.

I have only to add that in case you should be met with the assertion that the preparations he has made have involved him in great expence already, and that this is a reason for his persisting in his design, Chapman and Hall, knowing my feeling on the subject are ready and willing to buy the copyrights, and to consider this circumstance in settling the amount of the purchase money.

If you will undertake this mission you will confer a lasting obligation on

My Dear Forster

Yours most faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?14 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Forster dates this "mid-summer 1837" (F, II, i, 93); the reference to Macrone suggests the day before next.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I suspect that Prout's sapient advice like his ditto muse, is slow in the

Delivery, and hence Macrone's note. I think it will be advisable to give him till tomorrow — there is little doubt that you will hear to-night.

I inclose you my agreement with Bentley, with reference to the Miscellany.[†1] It is a very extraordinary fact (I forgot it on Sunday) that I have *never had*[†2] from him a copy of the agreement respecting the Novel[†3] which I never saw before or since I signed it at his house one morning long ago. Shall I ask him for a copy, or no? I have looked at some memoranda I made at the time, and I *fear* he has my second novel on the same terms, under the same agreement. This is a bad look-out, but n'importe — we will mend it.

You will tell me that you are very much surprised at my doing business in this way. So am I, for in most matters of labour and application I am punctuality itself. The truth is — and I need not explain the matter to you my dear fellow — that if I had allowed myself to be worried by these things, I could never have done as much as I have. I fear in my desire to avoid present vexations, I have laid up a bitter store for the future.

Perhaps I may see you here this evening if there be any news? — If not, I shall hold myself in readiness to come down to you whenever you wrote.[†4]

Ever Yours my Dear Forster
Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Of course I shall not forget Sunday.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Urgent tone, supported by Forster's comments on CD's haste in these negotiations (F, II, i, 87)[†5], points strongly to the Thursday before their culmination on 17 June. Black seal. *Address:* John Forster Esqre. | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Afternoon

My Dear Forster.

I called on you this morning, but was not fortunate enough to find you, I am very anxious to ask your further advice, without delay, respecting Macrone. I will therefore take the chance of finding you tomorrow, at a quarter before one. I do not wish to delay the matter, even until Saturday. if I can help it.

Believe me
My Dear Forster
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?15 JUNE 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* clearly during the negotiations with Macrone; this must have been the first note whose tone offended Bentley: see next. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir.

The negociation[†1] is still pending. Up to this time I have heard nothing.

My only immediate object is to prevent the publication of the Sketches in parts. I have an ulterior object also. I unfortunately parted with these valuable copyrights (as I have done with others) without advantage or reflection. In the high tide of my popularity and success I feel that I must no longer act with the same thoughtlessness, and that it is quite time that I should seek to derive some permanent advantage from works from which booksellers derive so much present gain. If I could purchase these copyrights for myself, I would do so (indeed I am prepared to do so) at almost any temporary sacrifice.

Faithfully Yours
My Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?17 JUNE 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Bentley had presumably arranged an interview with CD immediately after receiving last. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I inclose you a Letter I have received among some Miscellany communications, which does not come within my province.

At the risk of offending you by the tone of my second note upon the subject (which I really intend, as little as I did by that of my first) I must say that after the Interview we had, yesterday morning, I *was* surprised to hear through Mr. Hansard that you had been in communication with him on the previous day relative to the copyright. You made no distinct "proposal" I know, but the interference was not the less injurious to my interest notwithstanding — more so than it otherwise would have been indeed, for they have formed some magnificent notions of what you are prepared to do, which from what you tell me of the extent to which you would go, I know to be greatly exaggerated.

That you had a perfect right to step in and bid for these apples of discord, of course I know perfectly well. It is only your assurance of yesterday morning that has led me to say a word on the subject.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17 JUNE 1837]

Text from F, II, i, 87-8. *Date:* presumably between last and the Agreement of 17 June.

I sent down just now to know whether you were at home (two o'clock), as Chapman and Hall were with me, and, the case being urgent, I wished to have the further benefit of your kind advice and assistance. Macrone and his friend[†1] (arcades ambo[†2]) waited on them this morning, and after a long discussion peremptorily refused to take one farthing less than the two thousand pounds.[†3] The friend repeated the statement of figures which he made to you yesterday, and put it to Hall whether he could say from his knowledge of such matters that the estimate of probable profit was exorbitant. Hall, whose judgment may be relied on in such matters, could not dispute the justice of the calculation. And so the matter stood. In this dilemma it occurred to them (my *Pickwick* men), whether, if the *Sketches* MUST appear in monthly numbers, it would not be better for them to appear for their benefit and mine conjointly, than for Macrone's sole use and behoof; whether they, having all the *Pickwick* machinery in full operation, could not obtain for them a much larger sale than Macrone could ever get; and whether, even at this large price of two thousand pounds, we might not, besides retaining the copyright, reasonably hope for a good profit on the outlay. These suggestions having presented themselves, they came straight to me (having obtained a few hours' respite), and proposed that we should purchase the copyrights between us for the two thousand pounds, and publish them in monthly parts. I need not say that no other form of publication would repay the expenditure; and they wish me to explain by an address that *they,* who may be fairly put forward as the parties, have been driven into that mode of publication or the copyright would have been lost.[†4] I

considered the matter in every possible way. I sent for you, but you were out. I thought of [ ][†5] and consented. Was I right? I think you will say yes.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?19 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* endorsed by Forster Nov 37, but June was the only month in which the 19th was Monday, and handwriting strongly supports. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Forster

Don't come to-night, *don't* come. I have been obliged to request the illustrious George[†1] to keep himself *to* himself. After the most virtuous and inflexible resolutions to be up at 7, I rose at 12, and have not yet written one word. Pity my condition on this nineteenth morning of the month.

Shall we say One tomorrow for settling the Pickwick?[†2] I have communicated with Chapman and Hall to that effect.

Ever Yours faithfully

C.D.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* given in F, II, i, 89 as referring to the July No. when "the hero finds himself in the Fleet"; handwriting supports. One of the few letters in this period not on mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Forster.

Here.[†3] I am slippered and jacketted, and like that same starling who is so very seldom quoted, can't get out.[†4]

I am getting on thank Heaven "like a house o' fire" — and think the next Pickwick will bang all the others. I shall expect you at 1.[†5]

If you know anybody at Saint Paul's I wish you'd send round and ask them not to ring the Bell so.[†6] I can hardly hear my own ideas as they come into my head and say what they mean.

Faithfully Yours my Dear Forster

CD.

John Forster Esqr

To MRS GEORGE HOGARTH, [?JUNE 1837]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* on mourning paper; probably written soon after CD and Catherine returned to Doughty Street from Hampstead.

My Mrs. Hogarth

Kate is out, and I think it possible that she may not be home until 5 which is our dinner hour. I have a business engagement this afternoon at 4 which I think may detain me from then 'till 5. I am so very anxious to see Mr. Thomson and am so busy just now into the bargain, that I think the best plan will be to fix our meeting beforehand. Is he engaged tomorrow? Or can he and Mrs. Thomson dine with us at 5? If not, will they fix their own time and place? Suppose I were to call on them tomorrow morning and arrange the matter — will you write me a line and say what I had best do, and it shall be done.

I want to see you very much, and to hear your account of all that has been done since we have been away. I hope I shall be able to do so tomorrow.

I wish I could hear that you had been out to walk. You cannot think how much it would please me. It is really time you made the effort. If it were painful at first, you would very soon find ample compensation in the additional strength and cheerfulness which I am sure it would give you[†1]

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [21 JUNE 1837]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* the Wednesday before Tues 27 June, the day fixed for the visit to Newgate (Macready, *Diaries,* I, 401). On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Ainsworth.

I do not exactly remember whether I reminded Forster to tell you that I shall expect you to dine with me on Tuesday, after we have been to Newgate. This is to give notice that I shall expect you.

Believe me
My Dear Ainsworth
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?21 JUNE 1837]

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Nov 1924; *MS* 1 p.; dated Wednesday morning — possibly same day as last.

Saying that he has an appointment (*not a compulsory one*) *at Newgate, and will have to decline the Manchester trip.*[†1]

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [22 JUNE 1837]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* PM 23 June 37 (Friday). *Address:* William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre. | Kensal Lodge | Harrow Road. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday Evening

My Dear Ainsworth.

This cross-firing of notes makes me smile as I commence, for in all likelihood your Postman is bearing some fresh epistle to me at this moment, which this one is destined to pass on the road.

If I have finished my monthly work (which please God I shall have done) I shall be very happy indeed to join you on Monday and to lend my mite of applause to Mr. Cartlitch[†2] and the other wild beasts.)

I ought to have said that I think 12 oClock on Tuesday will be the best time for us to meet *here.* Among other advantages of situation, we have the inestimable one of living in the immediate neighbourhood of the House of Correction.[†3]

Believe me
My Dear Ainsworth
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; probably CD was sending Forster a draft of the Address on Mary Hogarth's death which appeared in the July *Pickwick,* published 30 June; handwriting supports.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Night

My Dear Forster.

I rose at 12 to-day with a most unaccountable head ache (!) and was so

much engaged afterwards, that I could not call on you. If I can manage it, be it only for a second, tomorrow — I will. I inclose the Address.[†1]

Believe me
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* the day before the visit to Newgate. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I received a letter from W Harrison[†2] last night, excusing himself from our projected "Visit to Newgate"[†3] and from dining with us here, afterwards, at 5 on the plea of business.[†4] Qy. Mrs. Touchitt's[†5] wrath?

I suppose our engagement still holds good. I hope so, for I only finished work last night, and want a little good fellowship.

I should like to ask your friend Cattermole[†6] to dine with us as I am — to

use a scotch expression — very fond of him. Do you think he would come. If so, perhaps the best plan will be for us to go up and call on him to-day. Shall you be disengaged if I call on you about One? A Verbal answer will do.

Believe me
My Dear Forster
Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?26 JUNE 1837]*

MS Commodore T. E. Barham Howe. *Date:* June or July on mourning paper and handwriting. CD was apparently expecting to leave for France on Fri 30 June (*To* Bentley, that day).

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I have received a Letter from Captain Medwin,[†1] strongly prohibiting the use of his name in any way, as connected with the papers you have purchased.[†2] Lest you should make use of it in ignorance of his wish, I write to tell you.

I am going out of town on Friday. I will call on you on *Thursday at 12.* Read Oliver. I think he flourisheth this month.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richd. Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 JUNE 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* The reference to Ainsworth and Mrs Touchet strongly suggests the day after *To* Forster, 26 June, although letter not on mourning paper. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty St. | Tuesday

My Dear Forster

Hogarth[†4] happened to be here when your note arrived. He will come with much pleasure.

I am *very* queer but I *must* come and will.

I am glad I was right about Ainsworth. Mrs. Touchitt for ever.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

The Kiveen has taste, I see.[†5]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?27 JUNE 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* perhaps Tues 27 June when Macready, Harley and others dined with CD after the visit to Newgate (Macready, *Diaries,* I, 402); handwriting supports. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Evg.

My Dear Sir.

I sent a verbal message to you, because Macready[†1] and Harley were dining with me, and I really had not time to write.

Your Messenger mistook me. I expressly said that I should have great pleasure in meeting Mr. Barham[†2] (whom, from a very great respect for his genius, I shall be most happy to know) on Thursday: I merely added that I should previously call on you, on business, *on Thursday Morning at 12.*[†3]

My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richd. Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?30 JUNE 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Presumably refers to Hogarth's series of articles for the *Miscellany,* accepted 7 Aug (*To* Bentley, that day); CD was probably writing at the end of June, just before he left for France. Mourning paper and handwriting support. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Friday Afternoon

My Dear Sir.

I have seen Mr. Hogarth. As he is waiting in town expressly with the view of *settling* this business *finally* (which really is of the last[†1] importance) and as I am detained here by no other cause, we intend to call upon you at 5 o'Clock when I hope we shall be able to arrange it.

I am
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richd. Bentley Esqre.

July

To JOHN FORSTER, 2 JULY 1837

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Address:* John Forster Esqre. | 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields | London. Black seal.

Hôtel Rignolle. | Calais, le 2nd. July 1837

My Dear Forster.

We[†2] arrived here in great state this morning — I very sick, and Missis very well. Just as the boat was leaving Dovor,[†3] a breathless Boots put a letter from town, and "The Examiner" into my hands, the latter of which, I verily believe preserved me from that dismal extremity of qualmishness into which I am accustomed to sink when I have "the blue above and the blue below". I have always thought that the "silence wheresoe'er I go"[†4] is a beautiful touch of Barry Cornwall's (otherwise Procter) descriptive of the depression produced by sea-voyaging. I know it's remarkably silent wherever *I* go, when I'm on the briny.

But seriously — how can I thank you for your beautiful notice?[†5] — Can I do so better than by saying that I feel your rich, deep appreciation of my intent and meaning more than the most glowing abstract praise that

could possibly be lavished upon me? You know I have ever done so, for it was your feeling for me and mine for you that first brought us together, and I hope will keep us so, till death do us part. Your notices make me grateful but very proud; so have a care of them, or you will turn my head.[†1]

We have arranged for a post coach to take us to Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, and a hundred other places that I cannot recollect now and couldn't spell if I did. We went this afternoon in a barouche to some gardens where the people dance, and where they were footing it most heartily — especially the women who in their short petticoats and light caps look uncommonly agreeable. A gentleman in a blue surtout and silken Berlins[†2] accompanied us from the Hotel, and acted as Curator.[†3] He even waltzed with a very smart lady (just to show us, condescendingly, how it ought to be done) and waltzed elegantly too. We rang for slippers after we came back, and it turned out that this gentleman was the "Boots". Isn't this French?

I think we shall be home on Sunday Night or Monday Morning — I shall see you, please God, directly we return — at least, so soon as my sea-sickness shall have disappeared. Meanwhile curse my negligence for having forgotten Bentley's letter, and mislaid the draught. I sent another to him by the same Post which brings this, — very nearly the same I think. Mrs. D and Browne beg their best remembrances; and I beg you (no hard task I hope) to believe me ever

Faithfully and sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 2 JULY 1837

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | 8 New Burlington Street. | London.

Hôtel Rignolle. | Calais, le 2me. Juillet 1837.

My Dear Sir.

I wrote you a few lines the morning I left town, but in the hurry and confusion of coming away, I forgot to leave out the letter to be forwarded

to you. I write it again from here, because the subject is one of great importance to me, and because I am very anxious that you should have a full opportunity of considering it, before you return me any reply.

You have often told me that it is your anxious desire to treat me "with the utmost liberality" relative to my first novel;[†1] and I sincerely believe it. I need scarcely say, that taking into consideration the great alteration of circumstances which has occurred since our agreement[†2] was entered into; my very different situation, and the increased popularity of my works, it would neither suit your views nor mine to produce it on any other terms.

Will you have the goodness to turn the matter over in your mind, and to let me know when you have done so, distinctly what the footing is on which you propose to place me, and what are the terms you

intend to offer? Will you oblige me at the same time by sending me a copy of our agreement,[†2] which I have never yet had?

I expect to be in London about Sunday next.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To C. BARING WALL,[†3] [?12 JULY 1837]

Text from N, I, 120. *Date:* 19 July was Wednesday in 1837; probably written on 12 July since on 5 July CD was in France.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday

Mr. Charles Dickens greatly regrets that a prior engagement for the same day, prevents his accepting Mr. Baring Walls[†4] kind invitation for Wednesday the 19th of July.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 14 JULY 1837

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Friday July 14th. 1837

My Dear Ainsworth.

How unfortunate! I have two engagements for tomorrow. One to a wedding breakfast which, as there is a sister of mine in the case I am

bound to attend;[†1] the other to dinner at Greenwich with the Literary Fund[†2] I think, or some elegant extracts compiled therefrom by Jerdan.[†3]

I must go to work in earnest on Monday,[†4] but as I hope to have nearly finished by that day week, I shall *confidently* look forward to hearing from you again in a few days respecting the dinner and the quiet evening.

With best compts. to the ladies, believe me
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Turn over
William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

Just as this was going to the Post, your messenger arrived — Don't you dine at Greenwich tomorrow — do. Jerdan has just written to ask me if I know whether you are coming. The place is the Crown and Sceptre. The time five precisely.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 14 JULY 1837

MS Berg Collection.[†5] *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | 98 King's Road | Brighton. PM 17 July 37, explained by delay in posting: see next. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Friday July 14th. 1837.

My Dear Sir.

I did intend writing to say that through the kindness of a friend[†6] who posts to Brighton and back next Sunday, I could have seen you for two hours on that day. I am so terribly behindhand, however, that I am compelled to give up all thoughts of leaving town this month, even for a day.

As I shall not see you then, until you return to town, I state in this short letter the alterations I propose in our agreement, with the view of facilitating the dispatch of business when we meet.

1st. That you should give me £600[†7] for permission to publish 3000 copies of my first Novel Barnaby Rudge — this number to be divided into as many editions as you think proper, and the whole of the MS to be furnished by the 1st. of March 1838 at the latest.[†8]

2nd. That for permission to publish the same number of copies of my second Novel *Oliver Twist* you should give me £700, deducting from that amount all that may have been paid to me for the appearance of different portions of it, in the Miscellany up to the time of my furnishing the whole MS which I propose, at the very latest, shall be Midsummer next.[†1]

I have considered the subject very carefully, and this is the fixed conclusion at which I have arrived. I am sure it is a fair and very reasonable one, but if you are resolved to think differently of course you have the power to hold me to the old agreement. Understand, however, that if you hold me to the strict letter of the agreement respecting the Novels, I shall abide by the strict letter of my agreement respecting the Miscellany, and arrange my future plans with reference to it, accordingly.

I am My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To E. S. MORGAN, [15 JULY 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* Having written to Bentley on 14 July, CD evidently found he had mislaid his address: hence this request the next day. *Address: Wait*[†2] | — Morgan Esqre. | Richard Bentley Esqre. | 8 New Burlington Street. On mourning paper.

Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness to give me Mr. Bentley's address at Brighton? He wrote it down for me very carefully, and I have *as* carefully mislaid it.

The inclosed note was sent to me last night. The paper alluded to is a long one and will appear in the next Miscellany.[†3] If you see no objection to advancing the money, perhaps you will send it on to me by the Bearer. The writer is a clever man and I think it would be as well to do so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—— Morgan Esqre.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?18 JULY 1837]

MS Bernard Halliday. *Date:* on mourning paper; therefore 1837 and referring to *Pickwick*; presumably written mid-month. Only in the Nos of Aug and Sep is there an illustration to the last chapter; and the reference here is probably to the Aug No., since in that the illustration goes with the very last page.[†1] *Address:* Messrs. Chapman & Hall | 186 Strand.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning.

Dear Sirs

I have been a good deal bothered by not having the plates. I can't possibly do the last part of the last chapter without them.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

To JOHN FORSTER, [?19 JULY 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; handwriting suggests Summer 1837. Probably the "flare" was the Crown and Sceptre dinner on 15 July (see *To* Ainsworth, 14 July). *Address:* John Forster Esqre. | Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Doughty Street. Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster. I owe you £2..10..0 — two thirds of the Crown and Sceptre flare. Your postponement of these matters makes me as uncomfortable as your restlessness, so I send to settle. I have done nothing yet, but purpose writing this evening. I suppose I shall see something of you soon.

Faithfully Yours. C.D.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?20 JULY 1837]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Only in Ch. 45 (No. XVI, Aug) do Mr or Mrs Raddle and Master Bardell appear together, making a printer's error understandable. The "62nd. line" shows this must have been a galley-proof, and therefore earlier than the final proof sent with *To* Hicks, 26 July. On mourning paper.

Thursday Morning

My Dear Sirs.

In the slip[†2] of Pickwick paged "675" at the 62nd. line from the top I think I left uncorrected "Master Raddle" for "Master Bardell". Will you

have the goodness to see to this, and by substituting Master Bardell's name, to do justice to the memory of that distinguished child?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To THOMAS BEARD, [21 JULY 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 21 July 37. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Beard.

Now as upon every possible occasion, believe in my sincere and anxious desire to testify my friendship by every means in my power; and let me intreat you not to turn your thoughts to this small enclosure until you have devoted every ten pounds you have, to every demand that presses upon it.

Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

You dine with us tomorrow, recollect. ½ p 4.

To J. R. LLOYD[†1], [22 JULY 1837]

Text from N, I, 124. *Date:* 22 July 37 according to N, perhaps on evidence of an endorsement, as in *To* E. Lloyd, 23 Oct 37.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

Sir,

In reply to the application you have done me the honor to make me, on behalf of the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution,[†2] I beg to assure you that it would have afforded me very sincere pleasure to have complied with their request, by presiding at the half-yearly meeting of the Elocution class on Saturday next, had I not unfortunately made a business engagement some days since, which will render it necessary for me to be out of town on that Evening.

May I beg to inform the Committee that I very sincerely regret this circumstance, and that if it had been possible for me to postpone the engagement I would cheerfully have done so. As its nature will not admit of delay, however, I can only state the real cause of my declining your

Invitation and express my warmest and most cordial wishes on behalf of the Institution. — I am — Sir — Your very faithful and obedt. Servant

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?26 JULY 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; the *Miscellany* accounts for 1837 record payment to CD for the Aug "Song of the Month"; he was working on the *Pickwick* proofs as late as 26 July (see next). *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

I am in an *un*poetical state, and am hammering over this infernal Song of the Month,[†1] which will be a rum 'un.[†2] I shall be with you by 2 I hope. Stay at home for me. My Missis is going out to day, and I want you to take some cold lamb and a bit of fish with me, *alone.*[†3] We can walk out both before and afterwards but I must *dine* at home on account of the Pickwick proofs —

Ever Yours

CD.

To CHARLES HICKS, [26 JULY 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* endorsed "July 26/37". *Pickwick* No. XVI appeared in Aug.

Private and confidential

To Mr. Hicks

Oh Mr. Hick
—S,, I'm heartily sick
Of this sixteenth Pickwick
Which is just in the nick
For the publishing trick,
And will read nice and slick,
If you'll only be quick.
I don't write on tick,

That's my comfort, Avick!

To S. D. KNOTT[†1], 27 JULY 1837*

MS Private. *Address:* Samuel D. Knott Esqre. | The Castle | Exeter. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street Mecklenburg Square London. |
July 27th. 1837.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Knott and has much pleasure in complying with his request.[†2] He would have answered Mr. Knott's letter before, had he not been prevented by the pressure of many engagements.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 27 JULY 1837

Text from *D,* XXXIII (1936-7), 9.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday July 27th 1837.

My dear Chapman and Hall,

I cannot tell you how very much I am gratified and delighted by the receipt of your most unique and beautiful present,[†3] which I shall lay up in lavender for my boy to shew *his* boys — and girls likewise — as a Pickwickian relic of his respected father. It is indeed a pleasure to be connected with such men (I was going to say booksellers) as you, and I do most unaffectedly and sincerely assure you that my whole endeavours at this moment are directed to perpetuating our most pleasant and friendly association.

Believe me that any sentiments of private and personal esteem that you may entertain for me, I most cordially and warmly reciprocate towards you both — and trust me that with feelings most sensitive by nature to honorable and generous treatment, I am and shall ever be impressed with the highest possible sense of your unvarying conduct towards me.

With very many thanks for this last mark of your delicate and warm-hearted feeling — of which within the last three months I have observed other proofs that have touched me deeply — Believe me always

Most faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To GEORGE BEADNELL, [?LATE JULY 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* The cobbler tells his story in the last chapter of *Pickwick* No. XVI (Ch. 44), published Aug 1837.

Doughty Street. | Monday Evening

My Dear Sir

I have purposely abstained from replying to your note before, in order that if our friend Mr. Clarke[†1] communicated with you again, you might be enabled to tell him with perfect truth that you had heard nothing from me.

My reason is this — if I were in the slightest instance whatever, to adopt any information so communicated, however much I invented upon it, the World would be informed one of these days — after my death perhaps — that I was not the sole author of the Pickwick Papers — that there were a great many other parties concerned — that a gentleman in the Fleet Prison perfectly well remembered stating in nearly the same words — &c &c &c. In short I prefer drawing upon my own imagination in such cases. Mr. Clarke's own story I have put into a Cobbler's mouth who tells it in the next number; and this is the only reality in the whole business of and concerning the Fleet. Fictitious narratives place the enormities of the system in a much stronger point of view, and they enable one to escape the personalities and endless absurdities into which there is a certainty of rushing if you take any man's account of his own grievances.

If you should receive any other application from the same quarter, perhaps you will have the goodness to say that you communicated the first to me, and there an end of it.[†2]

Believe me ever My Dear Sir
Faithfully and sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Pray present my best Compts. to Mrs. & Miss Beadnell.

To AN UNKNOWN CLERGYMAN, [?SUMMER 1837]

Extract in Marcus Stone, "Some Recollections of Dickens", *D,* VI (1910), 62. *Date:* "a few months" after the appearance of the April instalment of *Oliver,* containing (in Ch. 5) the description of the callous behaviour of the clergyman officiating at the pauper's funeral.

In reply to a letter of protest, in which his correspondent expressed incredulity that such a thing could ever occur, CD wrote: Thou art the man.[†3]

August

To T. N. TALFOURD,[†1] [?AUGUST 1837]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUGUST 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; handwriting suggests early Aug.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I *must* unfortunately be at work to-night. Engagements multiply so quickly that I had better take time by the fore lock and work while I may. Be with me at *a quarter past one* tomorrow. There is a train at 12; but that being too soon, we must go by the 2 o'Clock one. I have received a note from Talfourd and written in reply to say that I am most happy to accept his Invitation.

My very best remembrances to Cattermole. I wish I were with you, and Jiggins[†2] with a bottle of iced champagne beside me.

Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To S. LAMAN BLANCHARD,[†3] [?AUGUST 1837]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* near last on mourning paper and handwriting.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Evening

Dear Sir.

I have to apologize to you most heartily for the mistake into which my

unknown correspondent led me; and to thank you for your polite note acquainting me with it.

I have lost the epistle which the wiseacre in question sent me with his paper, and therefore do not recollect the address he gave, but I remember perfectly well that he signed himself either "L.W." or "W L" Blanchard and that the whole tenor of his note was obviously intended to bear the construction that it came from you and nobody else. So little doubt had I about the matter, that having lost the address of this person, I sent to the Court Journal Office as a matter of course.

I must admit on reflection that I did no very great credit to your intellect in taking this step, or rather taking this jump at a conclusion, but the real honest truth is, that as some very juvenile attempts *do* now and then appear in the Miscellany, I thought you *might* possibly have written the paper when you were a promising boy of fifteen or sixteen; — it occurred to me at the same time that what your youth promised, your riper years had a great deal more than fulfilled, and that you were much more clever as a man than you ever held out any hope to your friends and parents of being, when a boy.

I shall not regret the absurdity which has led to this correspondence if, whenever I have the pleasure of meeting you, it supersedes the necessity of a more formal introduction, and enables me to say with little preface how very truly I am

Yours My Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

Laman Blanchard Esqre.

To C. J. DAVIDS, [5 AUGUST 1837]†

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* PM 8 Aug 37 — presumably day of receipt, since PM on back of envelope. *Address:* C. J. Davids Esqre. | Lower Heath Place | Bexley Heath | Kent. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Evening

Sir.

I have to thank you for your very polite note regarding Horatio Sparkins.[†1] Let me say in one word that I really have not the time to peruse it; and that so far as any recommendation of it is concerned, I feel that it is much better both for you and myself that I should not in the remotest degree mix myself up with any dramatic version of a paper of which I am the Author. I have declined doing so, I assure you, in many cases where the parties interested had the claim of old acquaintance.

[†a]I hope your health is better, and that you are by this time enabled to resume your pain without pain[†1], if not with pleasure.

I am Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. J. Davids Esqre.

I should have answered your obliging note long ago, but numerous matters of business have driven it from my recollection.[†a]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?5 AUGUST 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* presumably after publication of the Aug *Oliver*, from which CD was quoting, and before *To* Bentley, 7 Aug. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Saturday Evening

My Dear Forster.

No ride. Dine at 5.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

No news as yet from the "infernal, rich, plundering, thundering old Jew".[†2]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [7 AUGUST 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 7 Aug 37. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | 98 King's Road | Brighton. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I shall be desirous for many reasons to receive your reply to my letter,[†3] as soon as possible; if it be delayed until a late period of the month, we may both be greatly inconvenienced.[†4] I shall be at home on Saturday next from ten 'till five, and shall perhaps see or hear from you then.[†5]

I will give immediate directions for preparing the second and third sheets of the Miscellany. The papers will be — The Poisoners of the Seventeenth Century, by Mr. Hogarth[†1] — The adventures of John Ward Gibson by Whitehead[†2] (which ought to have appeared last month) a paper which I received anonymously called — Passages in the life of a disappointed man — and next, whatever paper seems to me when I look over Wilson's list, the best adapted to the purpose and the most pressing from having been postponed.[†3] Hogarth's paper is very curious and interesting,[†4] and I think will tell quite as well as, if not better than, the Beaumarchais.[†5] The other two that I have mentioned are also very good.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Do not forget the Song of the Month.[†6]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUGUST 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; handwriting points to Aug-Sep. Perhaps "the Robber's" note was the reply CD had requested in last. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

My Forster. I shall be with you exactly one hour (One Hour that's meant for) from this time. A note has arrived from the Robber.[†7] Ever Yrs.

CD.

To J. P. HULLAH, [AUGUST 1837]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* presumably not long before 16 Aug when Macready recorded "Dickens called with Mr. Hullah, who has a comic opera nearly ready" (*Diaries,* I, 406). *Address:* John Hullah Esqre. | Favored by George Hogarth Esqre. On mourning paper.

My Hullah.

I quite forgot yesterday when I arranged to see you to-night that I had

made an engagement for tomorrow by which I shall lose the whole day; and that it was of very great importance that I should finish a Tale[†1] I am writing, *to-night.* I have tried hard this Morning but the Muse was unpropitious and I am reluctantly compelled to remain at home. You know, I am sure, that in so doing I deny myself a pleasure proportionate to the interest I take in your proceedings but I have two consolations — the first that it is of much greater importance that Mr. Hogarth should hear the opera[†2] than that I should — and secondly the hope that we may have a quiet evening here, in a week's time, when I may hear it all.

If you wish for a note to Macready, you know where to find me; and to any extent my poor services will reach, confide in my anxious desire to render them. They have *one* opera at Covent Garden,[†3] but with this exception and the substitution of Stretton for Giubelei,[†4] I know of nothing new there.

I shall be at home tomorrow till one, and next day till two. With best regards from Self and Missis to your Mother and brother, Believe me Ever

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esqre.

To H. K. BROWNE, [?MID-AUGUST 1837]

Facsimile in *D,* XXXII (1936), 268. *Date:* not later than mid-Aug since the note is written beneath the original drawing for "Mr. Winkle Returns under Extraordinary Circumstances" in the Sep *Pickwick.*

Are Sam and the housemaid clearly made out; and [be]tter[†5] if he were looking on with his arm round [ ][†5] I raythe question the accuracy of the housemaids [ ].[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 AUGUST 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* the same day as next. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I regret to say that I have too many things to do to-day, to be able to take a ride, much as I should like it. A pleasant one to you.

I will write to Beard at once, and appoint him to call with me on you, *at ½ past 12 tomorrow* if that will suit you. I hope he may be in town and disengaged.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to return her best thanks for the Books.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, [14 AUGUST 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* The meeting suggested between Beard and a friend of Bentley's took place on Wed 16 Aug, Beard obviously having agreed at once (*To* Bentley, 18 Aug). *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Beard.

I want to avail myself of your friendly services in a rather delicate matter — don't be alarmed; *not* in a duel.

My dispute with Bentley is still pending. He, merely as a colourable proceeding and to gain time, wishes a friend of mine to meet a friend of his, to discuss the subject.[†1] Now, as any reasonable man will feel convinced that my proposal is a most fair and moderate one, I merely want to concede this to him for the sake of appearances, without in the slightest degree departing from my point.[†2] Will you do this for me? It will oblige me most highly, and relieve me of a great difficulty, because as my acquaintance lies chiefly with people intimately connected with literature, I cannot find anybody else who would be supposed to feel with strict impartiality.

If I may rely upon your friendly feeling to undertake this task (as I think I may) will you call upon me tomorrow at 12 at noon? We will walk down to Forster's Chambers, put you in possession of all the facts and documents, and determine exactly on the course to be pursued. If you are at home, write me one word in reply.

Believe me Ever
My Dear Beard
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [15 AUGUST 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* clearly the Tuesday before *To* Bentley, 18 Aug. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

My friend Mr. Beard of 42 Portman Place Edgeware Road, will call in Burlington Street tomorrow morning at 12 o'Clock, with the view of meeting your friend, agreeably to your desire.

Have the goodness to send me, by bearer a copy of the agreement.[†1] I expected it long since.

Some message has just been delivered here, relative to the second plate. As I waited on Cruikshank yesterday and begged him to furnish a second one, it is quite impossible that *I* can now countermand it.

My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To THOMAS BEARD, [16 AUGUST 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Bentley had evidently not sent the copy of the Agreement (see last) until half an hour before the meeting. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. On mourning paper.

Wednesday Morng ½ p 11

My Dear Beard. I have just received the inclosed. As I do not recollect one word in the agreement, for God's sake do nothing until they shew you the original with my signature.

Ever Yours CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 18 AUGUST 1837*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Friday August 18th. 1837.

Sir.

I was very much surprised (I need not have been, I own) to hear from my friend Mr. Beard that the gentleman whom you appointed to meet him on Wednesday — the disinterested, unprejudiced, private friend whom you were to select with so much care — was no other than your own Solicitor.[†2] I was advised by my friends to depute a professional man to meet your referee on the occasion, but I rejected the proposal at once, as a gross breach

of the distinct understanding between us, and as an act of bad faith which nothing could extenuate.[†1]

I must now declare that any direct communication between us, would henceforth be most unpleasant to me, and most repugnant to my feelings. I have therefore to request that any correspondence which it may be necessary to hold with me relative to the Miscellany, may be held through some third party, and that the amount due to me at the end of each month may be forwarded in the same manner.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUGUST 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; handwriting suggests late Summer, probably August.

Doughty Street | Saturday

My Dear Forster.

I *ought* to dine in Bloomsbury Square[†2] tomorrow, but as I would much rather go with you for a ride, and had a strong aversion to going to the other place under any circumstances, that's off, and Longman's[†3] is on. So engage the Osses.

I don't know what to say, — either about your beautiful present,[†4] or the equally pleasant and gratifying expressions with which you accompany it. Conclude that I am like the Parrot who was doubly valuable for not speaking, because he thought a great deal more.[†5] Accept my and Mrs. Dickens' very best and warmest thanks for this mark of your friendship and esteem, coupled with an expression of our most selfish hope that our friendship may be lasting as sincere. Believe that if I meant less, I should say a great deal more; and that I am My Dear Forster

Ever faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. W. CHALLIS,[†1] [?26 AUGUST 1837]*

MS Boston Athenaeum. *Date:* Challis's verses appeared in the Oct *Miscellany*. The previous No. would hardly have been in type before the third week in Aug. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Mecklenburgh Square | Saturday Night

My Dear Sir

Here (with the exception of the last line) is my address complete. I am very sorry that when your capital squib from Vesuvius[†2] arrived, the next No. was in type. Trust it to me for the number following. It is too good to have lost any of it's[†3] attractions by that time.

When are you going [to] gladden with another London Legend,[†4] the eyes (nearly blinded with reading nonsense) of an unfortunate Editor?

Very truly Yours, My dear Sir,
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry. W. Challis Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?28 AUGUST 1837]*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* late Summer 1837 on handwriting; presumably therefore the Monday before the visit to Broadstairs at the end of Aug. In fact CD did not leave until Thurs 31st, no doubt having been delayed by *Miscellany* business (see *To* Wilson, 30 Aug).

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Forster.

What on earth put it into your head that you were only engaged to *me* tomorrow — in which case I grant you would have been at full liberty to have postponed your engagement? — I have asked Bankes, Harley, and half a dozen other people expressly to meet you. Really and seriously it is quite impossible that I can let you off. You know I leave town the next day, and my arrangements are such that I must positively insist on my prior claim. Mrs. Dickens says the same, so you have not the shade of a chance.

Mind, I expect you at five.

Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUGUST 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; handwriting suggests late Summer, probably Aug or Sep.

Doughty Street. | Monday Night

My Dear Forster.

Mr. Thomson and Hogarth are coming in tomorrow evening (*early*)[†1] to say — the former at least — good bye before going to Dovor.[†2] With this exception we shall be quite alone. Will you look in? I shall be delighted to see you.

In haste my dear fellow
Ever Yours Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 30 AUGUST 1837*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday August 30th. 1837.

My Dear Sir.

Knowing that you intended going to Scotland almost immediately after I received your kind letter and present, I have delayed answering the former until now.

Accept my warmest and most sincere thanks for the private copy of Ion[†3] which I shall always be more proud of, and value more highly, than any book I possess. For the kind and flattering terms in which you speak of my works — my sketches I should rather say — in the letter which accompanies it, how can I ever thank you! Believe my dear Sir that I speak most unfeignedly and honestly when I assure you that nothing that has ever occurred to me in the course of my brief career ha[s a][†4]fforded me half so much satisfaction and pleasure. I acknowledge that I *do* feel proud of my little productions when I reflect upon the glowing terms in which you have expressed your opinion of them, and remember that they were the means of creating a friendship between us.

That this friendship may last as long as we do, and that you may never have cause to regret the having formed it, is my earnest hope and belief. I have too strong an appreciation of the meaning of the word "friend" to make many new ones; and this, perhaps, is the cause of my being so warmly and affectionately attached to the few whom I designate by the name. There is no one to whom every sentiment of respect and admiration

(existing long, very long, before I knew you personally) bind me more strongly, than yourself.

Although I am almost disposed to fear that the kindness of heart which you have discovered in my writings, is the mere reflection of your own good-feeling and worth, I am very proud of your discovery, and anxious to improve upon it. So, when my memory becomes indistinct or my fancy fails me, I shall turn to you for materials: — I should spoil the picture if I were to let you into the secret now, or hint at one-thousandeth[†1] part of the visions of public and private excellence that crowd upon me when I think of it.

Believe me, Ever
My Dear Sir

Most faithfully and Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Noon Talfourd Esqre.
&c &c &c

To W. WILSON, [30 AUGUST 1837]*

MS Berg Collection.[†2] *Date:* the Wednesday before *To* Morgan, 3 Sep, which refers to these instructions.

Doughty St. Wednesday night

Dear Sir

I send you several accepted papers for the Miscellany; and as there are a good many of them, I will tell you at once for your guidance, what I want set up first for the next No.[†3]

1. The Poisoners of the 17th. Century.[†4]
2. An Excellent Offer.[†5]
3. Autobiography of a good Joke.[†6]
4. The Secret.[†7]
5. Dr. Maginn's[†8] paper.[†9]
6. The Man with the club-foot.[†10]

Of these, I want proofs of Nos. 2, 3, 4, & 6 sent to Mr. Cruikshank, Myddleton Terrace Pentonville, *as soon as you can conveniently get them worked*,[†1] as he is very anxious to select his subjects for illustration. I am going out of town for a few days,[†2] and these instructions will keep you employed and the Miscellany progressing, until I return.

As my own paper[†3] will not occupy the first sheet next month, you can make up if you please (as far as these papers go) regularly on from the commencement of the No., sending proofs to my house as usual.

Faithfully Yours
(signed) CHARLES DICKENS

To
Mr. Wilson

The green-covered book at the bottom of the packet, is the translation which Mr. Bentley wants, for the purpose of returning to Mr. Miles.[†4]

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [30 AUGUST 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* clearly written immediately after last. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Night.

My Dear Cruikshank.

There will be no Oliver Twist next month;[†5] and as my paper although the best I can make it of it's[†6] kind, will not afford a subject for illustration, I have directed the Printer to send you proofs of four tales, called "An excellent offer" — "The autobiography of a good joke" — "The Secret" — and "The man with the Club foot".[†7] — If you cannot select two good subjects from these, I will add a paper I expect from the old Sailor,[†8] and any comical one that may turn up in the course of the next week. It will

not be long before I am in town again, and if I find you have not made a selection of both subjects, I will assist you with more matter.

Believe me, Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Geo: Cruikshank Esqre.

To MADAME SALA,[†1] [?AUGUST 1837]

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Date:* on mourning paper; handwriting suggests Aug 37.

48 Doughty Street | Mecklenburgh Square | Tuesday Morning

Dear Madame Sala.

I very much regret that a pressing engagement elsewhere, will prevent my having the pleasure of seeing you on Wednesday Evening. If I could by any possibility have accepted your Invitation I should gladly have done so. I shall be exceedingly happy to know Mrs. Norton;[†2] and regret this circumstance the more, because it is only a few weeks since I was prevented from meeting her at another friend's house.

If you see Mr Sheridan[†3] you will perhaps have the goodness to communicate my address and inform him that I shall be happy to see him if he will call upon me. Or, you can if you please tell Mrs. Norton from me that as I am a most unceremonious person, and most anxious to have the pleasure of her acquaintance, I shall be happy to call on her, if she will communicate the when and where.

Believe me
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Madame Sala.

September

To E. S. MORGAN, [3 SEPTEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* At the head of the page is written: "Copy Letter sent to Mr. Morgan Sep 3rd."[†1]

12 High Street Broadstairs[†2]

My Dear Sir. — May I beg you to deliver Mr. Bentley's cheque in my favour for the Month, to my brother who bears this note? Will you also oblige me by informing Mr. Bentley in reply to a letter which he addressed to me here yesterday, that I have already arranged the contents of a greater part of the next number; and given the Printer the fullest instructions on the subject which will enable him to make up the magazine from the commencement as it goes on. You can add if you please I have communicated with Mr. Cruikshank and arranged that the papers I consider best adapted for illustration shall be sent to him with as little delay as possible in order that he may be enabled to select his subjects.

I am
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yrs.
C.D.

E. S. Morgan Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 SEPTEMBER 1837]

Extract in F, II, i, 94. *Date:* given by Forster as 3 Sep, from Broadstairs.[†2]

He reports himself just risen from an attack of illness. I am much better, and hope to begin *Pickwick* No. 18[†3] to-morrow. You will imagine how queer I must have been when I tell you that I have been compelled for four-and-twenty mortal hours to abstain from porter or other malt liquor!!! I done it though — really.... I have discovered that the landlord of the Albion[†4] has delicious hollands[†5] (but what is that to *you,* for you cannot sympathise with my feelings), and that a cobbler who lives opposite to my bedroom window is a Roman Catholic, and gives an hour and a half to his devotions every morning behind his counter. I have walked upon the sands at low-water from this place to Ramsgate, and sat upon the same at high-ditto till I have been flayed with the cold. I have seen ladies and

gentlemen walking upon the earth in slippers of buff,[†1] and pickling themselves in the sea in complete suits of the same. I have seen stout gentlemen looking at nothing through powerful telescopes for hours, and, when at last they saw a cloud of smoke, fancying a steamer behind it, and going home comfortable and happy. I have found out that our next neighbour has a wife and something else under the same roof with the rest of his furniture — the wife deaf and blind, and the something else given to drinking. And if you ever get to the end of this letter *you* will find out that I subscribe myself on paper as on everything else (some atonement perhaps for its length and absurdity), - - -

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 SEPTEMBER 1837]

Extract in F, II, i, 95. *Date:* given by Forster as "from 12 High Street, Broadstairs, on the 7th".

He alludes to one of the many piracies of Pickwick:[†2] I recollect this 'member of the dramatic-authors'-society'[†3] bringing an action once against Chapman, who rented the City Theatre,[†4] in which it was proved that he had undertaken to write under special agreement seven melodramas for five pounds, to enable him to do which a room had been hired in a gin-shop close by. The defendant's plea was that the plaintiff was always drunk, and had not fulfilled his contract. Well; if the *Pickwick* has been the means of putting a few shillings in the vermin-eaten pockets of so miserable a creature, and has saved him from a workhouse or a jail, let him empty out his little pot of filth and welcome. I am quite content to have been the means of relieving him. Besides, he seems to have suffered by agreements![†5]

To E. S. MORGAN, 12 SEPTEMBER 1837*

MS British Museum. *Address:* E. S. Morgan Esqre. On mourning paper.

Tuesday Septr. 12th. 1837

My Dear Sir.

Will you have the goodness to pay Mr. Thackeray[†1] Twelve guineas for his tale "The Professor"[†2] in the last No. of The Miscellany?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Morgan Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?13 SEPTEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* soon after CD's return from Broadstairs, on signature and mourning paper; presumably the Wednesday before his letter of 16 Sep resigning from the *Miscellany*.

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

Sir.

Having returned to town sooner than I expected,[†3] I beg to inform you with reference to your message, that I am ready to receive any communication *by letter* that you may wish to make to me.

I am Sir
Your obedt. Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To MRS ROBERT THOMSON,[†4] [?14 SEPTEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* on mourning paper; therefore the reference is to the Broadstairs visit of Aug-Sep 37; presumably the day after last.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Mrs. Thomson.

I owe you more apologies than I can find time to pay (your friend Mr.

Poignaud[†1] being kind enough to wait for this note) for not previously answering your and Colonel Thomson's[†2] most kind letter. The truth is that we have been staying at Broadstairs, whither we prevailed upon Mrs. Hogarth to accompany us, and I made up my mind before we went to get over to Dovor[†3] and tell you in person how much indebted we felt to you for your Invitation, and how much we regretted that our previous engagements and my future arrangements prevented our accepting it. I was prevented from carrying this design into execution, by being suddenly called to town in consequence of a robbery, (to no very great amount, I am happy to say) being committed here in our absence.

I fear you will find me at all times a bad correspondent, but I must plead a thousand distracting engagements and throw myself upon your mercy. With very best remembrances to Colonel Thomson and your family in which Kate joins — and trusting that you will afford me some future opportunity of *saying* all that I have not time to *write.*

I am
My Dear Mrs. Thomson
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Thomson.

To C. J. DAVIDS, [?MID-SEPTEMBER 1837]†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Sep 37, probably on his return from Broadstairs.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

Dear Sir.

I return you the October Song with many thanks for the Offer. The songs of the Month I am sorry to say, are not open to competition.

[†a]The little trifle you sent me at the same time, I am happy to retain.[†a]

In reply to your enquiry I can only say that I am extremely happy to receive any contributions for the Miscellany, †b and most anxious to accept them when I can possibly do so. I think the idea you mention a very good one, but of course I can give no distinct pledge on the subject without seeing the paper.

I am Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS†b

C. J. Davids Esqre.

To E. S. MORGAN, [15 SEPTEMBER 1837]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* Holl's receipt for "Biddy Tibbs" is dated 15 Sep. *Address:* E. S. Morgan Esqre. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Have the goodness to pay Mr. Holl the Author of Biddy Tibbs†1 in No. 9 eight guineas for his paper.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Morgan Esqre.

To W. WILSON, [15 SEPTEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection.†2 *Date:* Clearly this was the "written notice to the Printer" referred to in *To* Bentley, 16 Sep.

Doughty Street | Friday Morning

Mr. Wilson

I request that my directions respecting the contents of the Miscellany may be complied with and that in place of the enclosed proofs you have the goodness to send me proofs of the articles I have directed to be inserted, and for the insertion of which I have pledged myself to the authors. I shall neither correct nor sanction the appearance of the Legends of Ballar†3 &c. in the present number, and I request you to take notice that I object to its insertion.

Yours Truly C.D.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [16 SEPTEMBER 1837]*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales. *Date:* plainly same day as next. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I would give *you* a call with pleasure, but if it be on Mr. Bentley's behalf[†4] that you wish to see me, I would rather receive a more formal

communication — the more especially as his insolence in sending to me last night 16 pages of printed matter for the Miscellany which I have never seen before, renders it necessary for me to-day to give him legal notice through my Solicitor of my intention to withdraw myself from the Miscellany if these articles appear.[†1]

Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 16 SEPTEMBER 1837*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Saturday September 16th. 1837.

Sir.

When I left town, I placed a number of accepted articles in the Printer's hands, with directions to set them up in sheets, beginning at the commencement of the number, and to send proofs to me. The whole of this arrangement has been altered by you; proofs of articles which I never saw in Manuscript have been forwarded to me; and notwithstanding my written notice to the Printer that I would revise no such papers, this course has been persisted in, and a second sheet sent.

By these proceedings I have been actually superseded in my office as Editor of the Miscellany; they are in direct violation of my agreement with you, and a gross insult to me. I therefore beg to inform you that henceforth I decline conducting the Miscellany or contributing to it in any way; but in order that you may suffer no inconvenience or embarrassment from the shortness of this notice, I will write a paper this month, and edit the Magazine this month — no longer.

As I feel this course of treatment most strongly, I beg you to understand

that it is my firm intention to abide by this determination, regarding the propriety of which, my feeling of what is due to myself, is strengthened by the best advice from others.

I am
Sir,

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [16 SEPTEMBER 1837]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* same day as last; handwriting confirms. Wrongly given in N as Jan 39 — the date of CD's actual resignation from the *Miscellany.* On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Evening

My Dear Sir

Although my feelings were so much excited this morning by Mr. Bentley's treatment (rendered doubly insulting by the proofs received from the Printer's last night) that I could not refrain from hinting at the determination at which I had arrived, I forbore to announce it openly until I had taken a little time to consider and deliberate upon it, maturely.

I now write to say that you are released from any further trouble in the negociation regarding Oliver Twist, for I have ceased to be the Editor of the Miscellany.

Believe me Ever
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 19 SEPTEMBER 1837

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre. | New Burlington Street. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning Septr. 19th. 1837.

Sir.

Mr. Molloy of No. 8 New Square Lincoln's Inn, is my Solicitor. I have laid your last letter before him,[†1] and have merely to request that you will have the goodness to make any further communication you may deem necessary, to that gentleman and not to me.

Of course it is my intention[†2] to abide by the determination I have given you notice of, or I should not have announced it.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?SEPTEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; probably during the quarrel with Bentley which culminated in the Agreement of 28 Sep.

Thursday Morng.

My Dear Forster.

Don't call to-night, for Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have returned to town, and I fear we must go to Hogarth's to see them.

I will be with you about One o'Clock tomorrow. Cruikshank has been here — deputed by Bentley to say nothing. He is going to call again tomorrow Morning, and it may be necessary for me to see Talfourd afterwards. Full particulars when I see you.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 22 SEPTEMBER 1837*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Friday Septr. 22nd. 1837

Sir.

In reply to your note, I must refer you to Mr. Molloy in accordance with the determination expressed in my notes of Saturday and Tuesday last.

I am Sir
Your obedt. Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To THE EDITOR OF THE BRIGHTON GUARDIAN, [23 SEPTEMBER 1837]

MS G. P. Romer Ltd. *Date:* PM 23 Sep 37. *Address:* To | The Editor of | The Brighton Guardian | Brighton. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street London | Saturday Evening.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Editor of The Brighton Guardian,[†1] and begs to inform him with reference to a paragraph in his paper of Wednesday,[†2] (to which a friend who accidentally saw it, has called his attention) that the article entitled "Smoke" which appeared in the last

Number of Bentley's Miscellany,[†3] was forwarded to him by an anonymous correspondent who signed himself Snodgrass, as an original paper — the lines being at once announced as accepted,[†4] the swindling gentleman unknown wrote again to enquire why they were not inserted, some accidental[†5] delay having taken place in their publication.

No apology is due to double L, A, double B, Mr. Dickens' only sin against him being that he was struck with the merit of his production directly he read it. It would be absurd to suppose that Mr. Dickens can be acquainted with every poetical effusion that appears in every Newspaper

in England. He is not aware of anybody, however much time he may have on his hands, who is sufficiently acquainted with this most extensive department of literature to be secure from a similar imposition.

Whether the Editor of The Brighton Guardian might have used some more delicate term than Piracy in his indignant paragraph, or have done Mr. Dickens more justice by assuming in the first instance that[†1] he had been imposed upon, Mr. Dickens must leave to him with this explanation.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 SEPTEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* On Fri 22 Sep Bentley was prepared to offer CD an additional 20 guineas a month as editor of the *Miscellany* (draft Memorandum, MS Berg Collection).[†2] On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Sunday Morning

My Dear Forster.

As I have been sticking to it pretty hard all last week, I intend ordering a Oss to be at this door at 11 OClock in the morning to convey me on [†a]a fifteen mile ride out, ditto in, and a Lunch on the Road.[†a] Can you spare time to join me? We will return here to dinner at 5. I *must* dine at home, because Mitton will be here at that hour, with a full report of an Interview which is to take place tomorrow.

Gregory went down to Molloy's *unsolicited* on Saturday and offered an increased remuneration of 20 Guineas per month! Of course we refused it — a new agreement and copyright, being the War Cry.[†3]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqr

To T. N. TALFOURD, 27 SEPTEMBER 1837

Text from *Pickwick*, 1st edn, Chapman & Hall, 1837.

TO
MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD, M.P., ETC., ETC.
48, DOUGHTY STREET, | SEPTEMBER 27, 1837

MY DEAR SIR,

If I had not enjoyed the happiness of your private friendship, I should

still have dedicated this work to you,[†1] as a slight and most inadequate acknowledgment of the inestimable services you are rendering to the literature of your country, and of the lasting benefits you will confer upon the authors of this and succeeding generations, by securing to them and their descendants a permanent interest in the copyright of their works.[†2]

Many a fevered head and palsied hand will gather new vigour in the hour of sickness and distress from your excellent exertions; many a widowed mother and orphan child, who would otherwise reap nothing from the fame of departed genius but its too frequent legacy of poverty and suffering, will bear, in their altered condition, higher testimony to the value of your labours than the most lavish encomiums from lip or pen could ever afford.

Beside such tributes, any avowal of feeling from me, on the question to which you have devoted the combined advantages of your eloquence, character, and genius, would be powerless indeed. Nevertheless, in thus publicly expressing my deep and grateful sense of your efforts in behalf of English literature, and of those who devote themselves to the most precarious of all pursuits, I do but imperfect justice to my own strong feelings on the subject, if I do no service to you.

These few sentences would have comprised all I should have had to say, if I had only known you in your public character. On the score of private feeling, let me add one word more.

Accept the dedication of this book, my dear Sir, as a mark of my warmest regard and esteem — as a memorial of the most gratifying friendship I have ever contracted, and of some of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent — as a token of my fervent admiration of every fine quality of your head and heart — as an assurance of the truth and sincerity with which I shall ever be,

My dear Sir,
Most faithfully and sincerely yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [28 SEPTEMBER 1837]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* on mourning paper; presumably the Thursday before the opening of Covent Garden under Macready's management, 30 Sep; Macready recorded that Forster and Procter came to his room after the performance (*Diaries,* I, 413).[†1]

48 Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Ainsworth.

Procter,[†2] Forster, and I, having procured a Private Box are going to Covent Garden together on Saturday Evening to give Macready a welcome.[†3] We shall all three be delighted if you will join us. Write me word that you will dine here at 4 precisely. I have not seen you, for ages.

With best compts. to the Ladies
Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS C. B. WILSON, [AUTUMN 1837]*

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop. *Date:* The poem was either "Lady Blue's Ball" (*Miscellany,* Oct 37) or "My Father's Old Hall" (Nov 37). CD must have been writing in Sep or Oct.

Doughty Street. | Thursday
Dear Mrs. Wilson

I will use the poem with much pleasure. The land of our Birth[†4] shall be returned to you at the end of the month.

Trusting you have recovered your health, I am

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Baron Wilson

October

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?1 OCTOBER 1837]*

MS Somerville College, Oxford. *Date:* The final double No. of *Pickwick* was published on 30 Oct; CD is unlikely to have been finishing it earlier than the beginning of Oct. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Sunday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I must ask you to excuse me to-day. I need not, I hope, ask you to believe that by staying away, I deny myself the greatest pleasure and enjoyment.

The two Pickwicks for the month are so heavy a task, and it is so important that they should be out of my hands this week, that I am obliged in violation of my established usage to write this evening. I have postponed making this resolution until this morning in the hope that I might make some great start[†1] which would render it unnecessary. No such start I am sorry to say has taken place, so I must plod on.

As I shall sit down to work about the same time as you sit down to dinner, I shall take a glass of wine with you in imagination, and fancy I hear your sympathising with my solitary condition — which will be a great relief and consolation, and very appropriate moreover, you being the tutelar deity of my black-gaitered acquaintance.

With best remembrances to Mrs. Talfourd[†2] and Miss Ely[†3]

I am, My Dear Sir,
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd.

To CHARLES ROSS, [?2 OCTOBER 1837]

MS Mr W. J. Carlton. *Date:* The tables appeared in the first No. of the *Statistical Journal*,[†4] 1 Oct 37, which Ross probably sent CD on publication. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Monday Evening

My Dear Ross.

Many thanks for your statistical Magazine, which contains some tables concerning juvenile delinquency that I was particularly anxious to see in a well-digested form.[†5] Reciprocating all your kind wishes most cordially, I rest

Most Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Ross Esqre.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [4 OCTOBER 1837]†

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Abraham Hayward's review of CD's work up to *Pickwick* No. XVII appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of Oct 37.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Night.

[†a]My dear Talfourd.

I write a line before going to bed, just to say that no preparation for my trip Peak-wise[†1] or otherwise will prevent my having the great pleasure of a trip with you either on Friday or Saturday if your engagements will permit — and that I shall look anxiously for the note in which you fix your own time.[†a]

Murray,[†2] supposing I presume that any notice in the Quarterly must drive so young a man as myself nearly distracted with delight, sent me the Quarterly yesterday. I think Hayward[†3] has *rather* visited upon me his recollection of my declining his intimate acquaintance, but as the Notice[†4] contains a great

deal that I know to be true, and much more which may be, but of which I am no impartial judge, I find little fault with it. I hope I may truly say that no writer ever had less vanity than I have; and that my only anxiety to stand well with the world in that capacity, originates in authorship being unhappily my trade, as it is happily my pleasure.

I am sorry you blush to think of "that other matter"[†5] — even in modesty. I wish I had any better means of assuring you how honestly and sincerely I am your most affectionate and attached friend.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?OCTOBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; perhaps refers to the trip mentioned in *To* Talfourd, 4 Oct. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

My Forster. I could hug you and Talfourd too — I am so delighted to find that you are going to participate in my holiday. Come to me, and don't be later than 11. I think Richmond and Twickenham through the Park, out at Knightsbridge, and over Barnes Common, would make a beautiful ride. I sent Fred down just now, in the agonies of despair, to know if you were going. CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?9 OCTOBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* after the Agreement of 28 Sep giving Bentley power to insert articles in the *Miscellany,* and before 30 Oct when CD returned Bentley the Grimaldi MS (see *To* Bentley, that day). Reference to the *Miscellany* suggests same day as next. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning.

My Dear Sir

I cannot consent to any one article of Mr. Wilks's[†1] agreement. I will not bind myself to any man, either to commend Mr. Wilks, or Mr. Hughes,[†2] or Mr. Richard Hughes[†3] or Mr. Alfred Bunn[†4] or anybody else.[†5] As I have exercised an impartial judgment on Mr. Wilks's previous productions, I do not choose to recognize him as a regular contributor to the Miscellany, although you have the power of inserting his compositions if you like.

Let the matter drop here. We shall never agree about it I see plainly.

Mr. Wilks's conditions are exceedingly presumptuous and arrogant, and I cannot entertain them for an instant.

I will see you on Wednesday Morning at 12 about the Miscellany if that will suit you.

Faithfully Yours My Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?9 OCTOBER 1837]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* presumably Oct, soon after CD had settled his quarrel with Bentley and agreed to continue *Oliver* in the *Miscellany.* On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I have selected three papers for you to choose a subject from. The inclosed by friend Barker[†1] is one. The printer promises the others on Tuesday Evening.[†2]

The other subject will (as I suppose you have already heard from Bentley) be our young charge Oliver.

In haste Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12 OCTOBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Forster says this refers to *Pickwick,* No XIV, published 30 Apr (F, II, i, 89); impossible since letter has mourning seal. Signature strongly suggests Autumn: not Sep as no *Oliver* to be written then; not Nov as *Pickwick* finished: therefore presumably Oct.[†3] Probably 12th, since the final Nos of *Pickwick* were in proof and *Oliver* still to do. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty St. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I have so many sheets of the Miscellany to correct, before I can begin Oliver, that I fear I shall not be able to leave home this morning. I therefore send your[†4] revise of the Pickwick by Fred, who is on his way with it to the Printers'. You will see that my alterations are very slight, but I think for the better.

Let me know by a line in writing how you are. I hope you did not find that the couple of glasses of wine you took, injured you at all — that you took no cold — and that you got home well, and slept well. Take care of yourself, and tell me that you are in good stout spirits at least.

Believe me Ever
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To E. S. MORGAN, [?13 OCTOBER 1837]*

MS Bodleian Library. *Date:* after the completion of *Miscellany*, Vol. I (June 37). CD no doubt needed the first instalment of *Oliver* (*Miscellany,* Feb 37) while writing the brief account of Oliver's birth and childhood which Bumble gives Mr Brownlow in the Nov No. (Ch. 17). Letter probably written before the middle of the month.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Will you have the goodness to send me a No. 2 of the Miscellany. I have distributed all I had of that part, and have nothing to refer to for that portion of Oliver's history.

Perhaps you will remember to have the first Volume bound up for me. I mentioned it to Mr. Bentley the other day, but I have no doubt he has forgotten it.

My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Morgan Esqre.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?13 OCTOBER 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Refers to the illustration to the Nov No.; probably written same day as last.

Doughty Street | Friday Night

My Dear Cruikshank

I inclose you the first eleven slips of Oliver[†1] which I will send for on Monday Morning early. I think you will find a very good subject at page 10, which we will call "Oliver's reception by Fagin and the boys".

In haste
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?18 OCTOBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date: Ernest Maltravers* was published on 25 Sep 37; handwriting suggests Autumn 1837; perhaps the Wednesday after last.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I have never yet seen Ernest Maltravers,[†1] although I am very anxious to read it. If you will lend it me, I will take great care of it.

You are surprised at not having seen me? — I am surprised at not having seen you, though I suppose I need not be, 'till Covent Garden closes which Heaven postpone.[†2]

I should have called on you before, though, but I have been *much worried* with other people's affairs. I rashly consented too, to dine with Prentis[†3] yesterday and consequently have got the last chapter of Oliver to write to-day. Tomorrow I shall be with you between 12 and 1.

I suppose Frederick has told you that Henry[†4] came back after a week's absence and begged of me with great humility to give him another trial. I lectured him as severely as I could, and consented to do so. And here he is!

If you have any engagement tomorrow morning, let me know, and I will call at some other hour of the day.

In great haste
My Dear Forster
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To E. LLOYD, [23 OCTOBER 1837]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* endorsed "Charles Dickens (Boz) | 48 Doughty Street | 23 Oct 1837 | Recd. do. | Ansr. needless | Cannot take the Chair at Elocution Class on 28th. in consequence of going out of Town on finishing the Pickwick Papers."

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning

Sir.

I have waited the arrival of the Post this morning, and regret to say that a long-planned visit which the conclusion of the Pickwick Papers enables me to pay, will unfortunately prevent my taking the chair at the Institution[†5]

on the 28th.[†1] I have endeavoured to postpone leaving town for only one day, but I find it would occasion so much inconvenience and disappointment that I am obliged to adhere to my original arrangements.

I am Sir
Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Lloyd Esqre.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [25 OCTOBER 1837]

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. *Date:* the Wednesday before Mon 30 Oct, when the two final Nos of *Pickwick* were published.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

In order that the curiosity of Mrs. Talfourd and Miss Ely, may be set at rest as speedily as possible, I send you proofs of the double number of Pickwick which comes out on Monday. The complete copy of the Work of which I shall beg your acceptance, will not be ready I fear before the 9th. or 10th. of next month.

With best remembrances, Believe me My Dear Sir
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd

To JOHN FORSTER, [?OCTOBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; handwriting suggests Autumn 1837, probably Oct. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I have sent Fred. What time do we dine — Please send the Books. — CD.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?OCTOBER 1837]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* on mourning paper; signature suggests Autumn 1837, probably Oct.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My dear Talfourd

As I had forgotten an old engagement with Mrs. Dickens in the forenoon of Sunday, I have made bold to order the horses for 10 minutes past 1 instead of 12. It will make very little difference if we trot the first mile or two, instead of walking.

Believe me Ever
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD,[†1] 26 OCTOBER 1837

MS Messrs Lea & Febiger.

48 Doughty St. Mecklenburg Square London
October 26th. 1837.

Gentlemen.

I owe you an apology for not having returned an earlier reply to your obliging letter.[†2] I was not in London when it arrived, and have been so much engaged since my return that for a short time it escaped my recollection.

I need scarcely say that it affords me great pleasure to hear of the popularity of the Pickwick Papers in America — a country in which in common with most Englishmen I take a high interest, and with which I hope one day to become better acquainted.

I should not feel, under the circumstances, quite at ease in drawing upon you for the amount you so liberally request me to consider you my debtors in; but I shall have very great pleasure in receiving from you an American Copy of the Work, which — coupled with your very handsome letter — I shall consider a sufficient acknowledgement of the American sale.

The Novel, Barnaby Rudge of which you speak will not be published until late in the Autumn of next year. Oliver Twist will appear in June next. I shall be very happy to enter into any arrangement with you for the transmission of early proofs of the latter book, if I should hear from you that you consider it desirable.[†3]

I am Gentlemen
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Carey and Co.[†4]

To MRS GEORGE HOGARTH, [26 OCTOBER 1837]†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* CD had received from Mrs Hogarth "a chain of Mary Hogarth's hair" (MDGH, 1882, III, 6) on 25 Oct, her birthday.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Night

My Dear Mrs. Hogarth.

I need not thank you for your present of yesterday; for you know the mournful pleasure I shall take in wearing it and the care with which I shall prize it, until — so far as relates to this life — I am like her.

I have never had her ring off my finger by day or night, except for an instant at a time to wash my hands, since she died. I have never had her sweetness and excellence absent from my mind so long. I can solemnly say that waking or sleeping I have never once lost the recollection of our hard trial and sorrow, and I feel that I never shall.

It will be a great relief to my heart when I find you sufficiently calm upon this sad subject to claim the promise I made you when she lay dead in this house, never to shrink from speaking of her as if her memory were to be avoided, but rather to take a melancholy pleasure in recalling the times when we were all so happy — so happy that increase of fame and prosperity has only widened the gap in my affections by causing me to think how she would have shared and enhanced all our joys, and how proud I should have been (as God knows I always was) to possess the affection of the gentlest and purest creature that ever shed a light on earth. I wish you could know how I weary now for the three rooms in Furnival's Inn, and how I miss that pleasant smile and those sweet words which, bestowed upon an evening's work in our merry banterings round the fire, were more precious to me than the applause of a whole world would be. I can recal[†1] everything we said and did in those happy days, and could shew you every passage and line we read together.

[†a]You and I will probably be oftener alone together in Kate's coming confinement,[†2] which will be a truly heavy time to me, reminding me how we spent the last.[†a] I see *now*[†3] that you are capable of making great efforts even against the affliction you have to deplore, and I hope that then our words may be where our thoughts are, and that we may call up these old memories, — not as shadows of the bitter past, but as lights upon a happier future.

Believe me My Dear Mrs. Hogarth,
Ever truly and affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 OCTOBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to Autumn 1837. Presumably the sitting was to Laurence, whose drawing was finished by 23 Nov at latest (see *To* Bentley, that day). Probably 27 Oct, since notices to correspondents were written near the end of each month. *Address:* John Forster Esqre. Black seal.

Doughty St. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster.

Send a boy to me at about 6 or 7 oClock this Evening. I forgot that I had to sit this morning, besides finishing my notices to Correspondents —

Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?OCTOBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Autumn 1837. *Address:* John Forster Esqre | 6 Manchester Buildings.[†1] Black seal.

Friday

My Dear Forster

Many thanks. — I saw the 3rd. 4th. & 5th. Acts and was exceedingly delighted. Ever Yours CD.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 30 OCTOBER [1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* PM 31 Oct 37 (Tuesday). *Address:* William Ainsworth Esqre. | Kensal Lodge | Harrow Road. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Monday October 30th.

My Dear Ainsworth.

I am going to Brighton tomorrow for a week, but I shall make a point of returning on the 8th.[†2] — for I derive so much pleasure from my visits to Kensal Lodge that I would come from the Land's End to pay one. By the

bye, you *must* dine with me on the 14th. at Degex's[†1] No 1 Leicester Place Leicester Square at a kind of semi-business Pickwickian celebration.[†2] I shall take no denial, and I am sure you will give none.

Hayward of Faust notoriety[†3] is the Author of the Quarterly Notice. I declined the honor of his intimate acquaintance when he came to inform me about four months ago with a patronising air, that Lockhart[†4] had requested him to write it; and I think he has not quite forgotten or forgiven the circumstance. I have cared very little about the matter from the first, and care less now,[†5] since it has been the means of calling forth the kind and friendly remarks in your note contained.

Our worthy friend the Mogul[†6] has been very unwell for some days, and has worn a dark and gloomy appearance in consequence. I found him yesterday, in company with a phial and a basin of mutton broth, but he is recovering. He has been in a very blaspheming and foaming condition in consequence of Westmacott's[†7] attacks[†8] upon him, but he is now greatly softened down — quite reasonable in fact.

I should have written to you to-day to thank you for your flattering and kind-hearted mention of myself in the new Preface to Rookwood;[†9] if the

weather had been finer I intended riding out to tell you how warmly I felt it, and how much sincere delight your friendship affords me.

We will appoint a time for making some necessary arrangements in poor Mrs. Macrone's behalf,[†1] when I dine with you; till then and ever after, believe me My Dear Ainsworth.

Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My best remembrances to the Ladies. I hope Miss Harrison[†2] is married — if I were a single man I should hate her husband mortally.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [30 OCTOBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the day before CD left for Brighton. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Monday Evening

My Dear Sir.

Lady Blessington's[†3] desultory thoughts I have retained.[†4] I see nothing likely to be of the slightest service to us in any of the accompanying books, and as I received them all *from* you, I send them back *to* you.

I also return the Grimaldi MS.[†5] I have thought the matter over, and looked it over, too. It is very badly done, and is so redolent of twaddle that I fear I can not take it up on any conditions to which you would be disposed to accede. I should require to be ensured three hundred pounds in the first instance without any reference to the Sale — and as I should be bound to stipulate in addition that the work should never be published in Numbers, I think it would scarcely serve your purpose.

I have given out some copy for Wilson to get on with. I shall be at the

Old Ship Hotel at Brighton for a week, and any letter will find me there in case you have anything to communicate.

I am
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

November

To JOHN FORSTER, 3 NOVEMBER [1837]†

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Address:* John Forster Esqre. | 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields | London. On mourning paper.

Brighton. | Friday Morning Novr. 3rd.

[†a]My Dear Forster.

Your letter, although a most welcome one, disappointed me sadly, inasmuch as I confidently expected that it would have announced your intention of coming down on Saturday or Sunday at any rate, and returning with us which would greatly have enhanced the pleasure of my expedition. You know best, but I really think such a trip would have done you more good than a dozen bottles of that same medicine that you make wry faces at.[†a]

It is a beautiful day to-day and we have been taking advantage of it, but the wind has been so high and the weather so stormy, that Mrs. D[†1] has been scarcely able to peep out of doors. On Wednesday it blew a perfect hurricane breaking windows, knocking down shutters, carrying people off their legs, blowing the fires out, and causing universal consternation. The air was for some hours darkened with a shower of black hats (second-hand) which are supposed to have been blown off the heads of unwary passengers in remote parts of the town, and have been industriously picked up by the fishermen. Charles Kean[†2] was advertized for Othello "for the benefit of Mrs. Sefton, for which occasion he had most kindly postponed for one day his departure for London". I have not heard whether he got to the Theatre, but I am sure nobody else did. They do The *Honey Moon*[†3] to-night, on which occasion I mean to patronise the Drama.[†4]

We have a beautiful bay-windowed sitting room here, fronting the sea, but I have seen nothing of Beard's brother who was to have shewn me the

Lions,[†1] and my notions of the place are consequently somewhat confined being limited to the Pavilion, the chain Pier, and the Sea. The last is quite enough for me, and unless I am joined by some male companion[†2] is most probably all I shall see here.

I am glad you like Oliver this month[†3] — especially glad that you particularize the first chapter.[†4] I hope to do great things with Nancy. If I can only work out the idea I have formed of her, and of the female who is to contrast with her,[†5] I think I may defy Mr. Hayward[†6] and all his works. I have had great difficulty in keeping my hands off Fagin and the rest of them in the evenings, but as I came down for rest, I have resisted the temptation, and steadily applied myself to the labour of being idle.

Did you ever read — of course you have though — Defoe's history of the Devil?[†7] What a capital thing it is. I bought it for a couple of shillings yesterday morning, and have been quite absorbed in it ever since.

We must have been jolter-headed *geniuses*[†8] not to have anticipated Macready's reply. My best remembrances to him. I see Hullah at this moment. I must be present at a Rehearsal of that opera.[†9] It will be better than any Comedy that was ever played. Talking of Comedies, I still see "No Thoroughfare" staring me in the face, every time I look down that road.[†10]

I have taken places for Tuesday next; we shall be at home at Six o'Clock, and I shall hope to see you that evening. I am afraid you will find this letter extremely dear at eightpence, but if the warmest assurances of friendship and attachment and anxious lookings-forward to the pleasure of your society be worth anything, throw them into the balance — together with a hundred wishes for your speedy recovery and one hearty assurance that I am, my dear Forster,

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS no room for the flourish. I'll finish it the next time I write to you.

To J. P. HARLEY, [?NOVEMBER 1837]

Extract in Walter T. Spencer catalogue, n.d. *Date:* before Dec 37 when CD was beginning his letters "My Dear Harley"; perhaps shortly after his return from Brighton — when he was behindhand with *Oliver* (see next).

Dear Sir,

Having been very much out of town, I regret to say that I am obliged to shut myself up every morning now (except Sundays) and cannot have the pleasure of seeing any one.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?NOVEMBER 1837]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Black seal and handwriting point to Autumn 1837, probably Nov. The holiday in Brighton would have delayed work on *Oliver*. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank.

Shall you be at home at Two oClock to-day? I have been prevented from writing Oliver, so perhaps had better settle the Illustration[†1] with you at that time if convenient. A verbal answer will do.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS HILL,[†2] [13 NOVEMBER 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* the Monday before Sat 18 Nov, the night of the *Pickwick* dinner. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Will you dine with me on Saturday next at Degex's the Prince of Wales No. 1 Leicester Place Leicester Square — at 5 o'Clock for half past exactly? I shall be truly delighted to see you.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hill Esqre.

To CHARLES HICKS, [13 NOVEMBER 1837]*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* same day as last. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I shall be happy to see you to dinner on Saturday next at five for half past, punctually, at Degex's the Prince of Wales No. 1 Leicester Place Leicester Square. Pray give me the pleasure of your company.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Hicks.

To JAMES THOMSON, [?13 NOVEMBER 1837]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* presumably the first Monday after CD's return from Brighton on 7 Nov. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Monday Evening

Sir.

I have been out of town or I would have replied to your letter at once.

I shall be most happy to avail myself of your brother's paper,[†1] which if anything should prevent its appearance in the next Miscellany, shall certainly form a part of the January Number.

I beg to thank you for your kind congratulations on the completion of the Pickwick, and am, Sir,

Yours very obedtly.
CHARLES DICKENS

James Thomson Esqre.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [MID-NOVEMBER 1837]

Extract in Jerdan, *Autobiography*, IV, 364. *Date:* shortly before 15 Nov, when CD told Macready that Jerdan would be present at the dinner.

Inviting him to a semi-business Pickwickian sort of dinner.[†2] ... I depend upon *you* above everybody. Faithfully yours, always,

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, [15 NOVEMBER 1837]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Presumably this was the "very nice note from Dickens" which Macready answered on Wednesday night 15 Nov 37 (*Diaries*, I, 425). On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday Evening.

My Dear Sir.

There is a semi-business semi-pleasure little dinner which I intend to give at Degex's the Prince of Wales in Leicester Place Leicester Square, on Saturday at five for half past precisely, at which only Talfourd, Forster, Ainsworth, Jerdan, and the publishers will be present.[†1] It is to celebrate (that is too great a word, but I can think of no better) the conclusion of my Pickwick labours; and as I intend before you take that roll upon the grass you spoke of, to beg your acceptance of one of the first complete copies of the work, I should be very much delighted if you would join us.

I know too well the many anxieties that press upon you just now,[†2] to seek to persuade you to come if you would prefer a night's repose and quiet. Let me assure you notwithstanding most honestly and heartily that there is no one I should be more happy or gratified to see, and that among your brilliant circle of well-wishers and admirers you number none more unaffectedly or faithfully yours, than

My Dear Sir
Yours most truly
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esqre.

To SAMUEL LOVER, [16 NOVEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* same day as last. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My dear Lover.

There is a semi-business semi-pleasure kind of dinner in honor of the completion of Pickwick, to come off on Saturday at Degex's the Prince of Wales Leicester Place Leicester Square at 5 o'Clock for half past 5 precisely. If you will make one of my guests you will gratify me exceedingly.

Talfourd and Macready and one or two more will be there to counterbalance the publishers and printers, so I hope I can promise you a tolerably pleasant evening.

I would have given you longer notice, but having to consider the engagements of different members of the party, I have only just been able to "name the day".

Write me a line off-hand like a decent Irishman (if there be such a thing) and say you'll come.

Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Lover Esqre.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?16 NOVEMBER 1837]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting points to Nov 37; perhaps refers to the *Pickwick* dinner, although no evidence that Cruikshank was present. Black seal. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esqre. | Myddleton Terrace | Pentonville.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank

Have you made up your mind about Saturday? You will meet Talfourd, Macready, and a very pleasant party.

Let me know.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

PS. I am obliged to ask you for a reply, as I am making up the little table-full.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?16 NOVEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper; probably the Thursday before the *Pickwick* dinner. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My dear Forster.

I will call upon you about 3 o'Clock or a little after. *The* dinner, recollect, is on Saturday.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK [?MID-NOVEMBER 1837]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting points to Nov 37; No. VI of Barker's "Nights at Sea" appeared in the Dec *Miscellany*, illustrated by Cruikshank. Black seal. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esqre.

Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank

I send you a paper by Barker, which perhaps you will like for the subject of the second illustration. If not, let me know, and I can give you another most excellent one.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?NOVEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Handwriting points to Nov 37; Bentley had possibly called about *Grimaldi* (see 30 Oct and ?23 Nov).

Doughty Street. | Sunday Evening

Dear Sir.

I am sorry that I was not at home when you called on Saturday, and also that I did not receive your message in time to call on you. I shall be at home the whole of tomorrow Morning — if you are coming any where in this neighbourhood perhaps you will look in; if not, write and let me know when and where I shall see you.

Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?NOVEMBER 1837]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Autumn-Winter 1837; perhaps refers to the illustration mentioned in *To* Cruikshank, ?mid-Nov. On mourning paper.

I am delighted with the drawing, which is most admirable. I shall be at home tomorrow morning 'till a quarter to 12, and if you don't call on *me*, I will call on *you* about ½ past one. CD.[†1]

To MISS MARION ELY, [?NOVEMBER 1837]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* The reference is to finishing a part not the whole of *Oliver,* since handwriting points clearly to late 1837, probably Nov.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Afternoon

My Dear Miss Ely.

I am just finishing Oliver Twist for which the Printer is waiting. *If* I should conclude it sooner than I expect, I shall be only too delighted to join you at Drury Lane, but I fear — very much fear — I shall not be able.

I hardly ever regretted being so engaged before, but you make the labour which is generally a pleasure, a labour indeed, when you throw such temptations in my way.

Believe me Ever
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ely.

To EGERTON WEBBE,[†1] [NOVEMBER 1837]*

Extract in Webbe *to* Bentley, 22 Nov 37 (MS BM). *Date:* presumably shortly before Webbe's letter.

Webbe informs Bentley of a letter from CD telling him that, on his application in Burlington Street, Bentley would settle with him for "Sonnet to a Fog" [†2] *and "Genius; or, the Dog's-Meat Dog",* [†3] *and adding:*

I do not know what pecuniary value Mr. Bentley may set on your contributions, but I sincerely hope it may be such as will induce you to favor me with many more. I am sure the Dog's meat dog cannot get more than he deserves, and will not get half as much as my high appreciation of his merits would hold him entitled to.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?23 NOVEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* probably the Thursday before 29 Nov when the Agreement for *Grimaldi* was signed. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir

I forward you the draft agreement you sent me, and the draft of another agreement which I propose in lieu, which I think you will find not to differ materially from yours except in respect to the time of payment.[†4] If you

could see half the offers that lie in my desk at this moment for the employment of the next three or four months, you would deem this a very reasonable alteration. If you cannot accede to these emendations, there is no harm done and Grimaldi can stand upon his own head as he has often done before.

I am very much obliged to you for the books, which are a handsome and most acceptable present. I wish you would oblige me by calling at Laurence's the Portrait Painter's.[†1] It would gratify him exceedingly, and I should like you to see his illustrious work.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?24 NOVEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* "The Seal Caverns" (presumably the article CD refers to as "The Seal Hunt") was declined in the Notices of the Nov *Miscellany.* The reference to the draft Agreements (cf. last letter) was no doubt a reminder to Bentley to bring them when calling on CD that afternoon. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I am obliged to wait at home to-day in expectation of a message (not a hostile one) and so shall be here from 2 to 3. *You* have the drafts of agreements. I inclosed them to you, you know.

The Seal Hunt is returned. It lies at your office, and was included in the last Notices to correspondents. I recollect nothing about the Prize Master,[†3] but will have looked over the book[†4] by the time you arrive.

Faithfully Yours, Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To F. NOYES,[†5] [?1837]

Envelope only, MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Date:* 1837, not later than Nov, on handwriting. *Address:* F. Noyes Esqre. | Saint James's Street | Nottingham.

December

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Clearly refers to an article for the *Examiner*, of which Forster was dramatic critic. The only likely article covering all three theatres was on 3 Dec 37.[†1] *Address:* John Forster Esqre. Black seal.

Doughty Street. | Friday.

My Dear Forster

I send you a good *whack* of copy concerning Common Garden, the Delphi, and Saint James's. I am sorry to say that I cannot find time to do Doory[†2] Lane so send back the extracts. Were I you, I would condense the Chronicle.[†3]

Ever Yours
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 2 DECEMBER [1837]*

MS Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. *Date:* on mourning paper; 2 Dec was Saturday in 1837.

Doughty Street | Saturday Decr. 2nd.

My Dear Henry

Your friend need not have been under any apprehension that his paper would have remained unread, had it not been accompanied with a special introduction. I am sorry to say I read them all.

May I beg you to return it with my thanks? It is very neatly done indeed, but as it is a mere versification of the prose description of the chess-Players, I do not think it would do either the author or the Miscellany any good — especially unaccompanied by the outline it describes.

Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esqre.

To E. V. KENEALY,[†1] [4 DECEMBER 1837]

Mention in Percy Dobell & Son's catalogue, Oct 1916; dated 48 Doughty Street, 4 Dec 37; on mourning paper.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?5 DECEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* on mourning paper with widest black border, such as used in Dec; similar references to *Grimaldi* suggest this and next were written on consecutive days.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am getting on with Grimaldi, and I think am bringing the points out as well as it is possible to do from Mr. Wilks's dreary twaddle.

Did Wilson cast off[†2] the MS? The pages look to me as if they were too heavy. Let him be as quick as possible on Cruikshank's account.

Faithfully Yours (in haste)
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on mourning paper with widest black border; the baby was christened Charles Culliford Boz on Sat 9 Dec.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday

My Dear Forster

I cannot possibly dine at Bulwer's[†3] on Saturday, because it is my boy's christening and we have invited a host of people here in the evening — nor can you, unless you break your engagement to us, which I have no doubt *you* have forgotten, but which my better half remembering the occasion will not fail to recollect.

About the Saint James's it will be better if you call here in a cab when you leave the Ourang Outangs, and come here. We will then go together.

Grimaldi speeds but twaddles.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To THOMAS BEARD, [6 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 6 Dec 37. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

We christen the living wonder on Saturday at 12, at New Pancridge,[†1] and shall expect you here at half past 11.

We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you and your sisters to meet a few friends in the evening, or shall be much disappointed.

Always yours most faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esqre.

To SAMUEL LOVER, [6 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* same day as last.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday

My Dear Lover.

We christen an infant phænomonon[†2] on Saturday, and expect a few friends in the evening in honor of the occasion. If you will join us at about eight o'Clock you will give both myself and Mrs. Dickens very sincere pleasure.

Mrs. D begs me to remind you that we are very unceremonious people and so forward a very unceremonious and improper message to Mrs. Lover[†3] — which is, that if she will set aside all preliminary forms, and come with you, she will gladden our hearts the more by being so friendly. Pray enforce this communication with a grain or two of your eloquence and say I am requested to add that Mrs. Dickens would have called on Mrs. Lover and brought her own message, but that she is in delicate health, and the weather keeps her at home.

Believe me, always,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Lover Esqre.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [6 DECEMBER 1837]

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1248 (1916); dated 48 Doughty Street, Wednesday. *Date:* same day as last.

My Jerdan

We are going to bring within the pale of Christianity on Saturday next, an infant "whose name is velocity, and nature, genius"[†1] and in honor of him and his faith assemble a few friends in the evening to music and a rubber.

To T. J. CULLIFORD, [6 DECEMBER 1837]*

MS Mr L. C. Staples. *Date:* presumably same day as last.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Night

My Dear Sir

As my better half is "doing her hair" she begs me to reply to your note in manner following. First, we propose that the Infant phænomonon's name shall be Charles Culliford;[†2] secondly we find a substitute for you at the font; and thirdly we shall expect to see you in the evening when we gather together a few friends in honor of the occasion. So no more at present from your loving nephew to command

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Culliford Esqre.

PS. Missis's love.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?7 DECEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* on mourning paper with widest black border; the reference to *Grimaldi* suggests shortly after *To* Bentley, ?5 Dec.

Doughty Street | Thursday Night

My Dear Sir.

Order the Miscellany just as you please. I have no wish or care about the matter.

I merely wish to set myself right with you on two points.

First, I do not choose Captain Marryatt[†3] to suppose that *I* pillage his articles from American papers, and advertize his name as a contributor to

the Miscellany.[†1] I shall write him a line to that effect tomorrow, in my own justification.[†2]

Secondly, I cannot and will not bear the perpetual ill will and heartburnings and callings and writings consequent upon my accepting papers which are never inserted. In future therefore I would much rather forward you my opinion of the papers I receive, towards the close of every month, and leave you to make out the Notices to correspondents as you think proper.

The Grimaldi grows under the alterations much better than I supposed possible. But if you extend the quantity of matter in each page, remember that we shall stop short somewhere about the middle of the Second Volume.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, 11 DECEMBER 1837

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Monday Evening Decr. 11th./37

My Dear Forster.

Chapman and Hall have just sent me[†3] three "extra Super" bound copies of Pickwick — as per specimen inclosed.[†4] The first I forward to you, the second I have presented to our good friend Ainsworth, and the third Kate has retained for herself.

Accept your copy with one sincere and most comprehensive expression of my warmest friendship[†5] and esteem; and a hearty renewal (if there need be any renewal when there has been no interruption) of all those assurances of affectionate regard which our close friendship and communion for a long time back, has every day implied.

Our boy took the measles last Saturday to celebrate his birthday, and has been ill ever since. "He's got 'em very mild" in nursery phrase, so I am not sorry for it as it will now be quickly over.

That beautiful passage[†6] you were so kind and considerate as to send me,

has given me the only feeling akin to pleasure — sorrowful pleasure it is — that I have yet had, connected with the loss of my dear young friend and companion for whom my love and attachment will never diminish, and by whose side if it please God to leave me in possession of sense to signify my wishes, my bones, whenever or wherever I die, will one day be laid.[†1]

Tell Leigh Hunt[†2] when you have an opportunity how much he has affected me, and how deeply I thank him for what he has done — you cannot say it too strongly.

Ever My Dear Forster
Faithfully and truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]
John Forster Esqre.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [11 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* clearly same day as last. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street. | Monday Evening

My dear Ainsworth.

We take horse next Sunday at 10 — and I have arranged — I dare say much to the disappointment of the opposite neighbours[†4] — for the Serjeant to be put on his horse at his own residence, and for us to mount at the place where the animals live.

The accompanying copy of Pickwick is one of three bound according to the taste of Chapman and Hall; I beg your acceptance of it — not for the sake of the binding or the gilt edges or the contents, but of the Author, who I trust may long continue to occupy a place among your chosen friends, and to rank your name among the names of those for whom he entertains sentiments of no common regard and esteem.

With best compliments to the ladies, and many wishes that they may not think Pickwick in his new suit too gaudy or presuming, I rest, My dear Ainsworth

Faithfully and Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

To W. C. MACREADY, [12 DECEMBER 1837]

Mention in Macready, *Diaries,* I, 431, under date 12 Dec 37.

A "note from Dickens with his volume of Pickwick".

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Lockhart noted in his diary for Tues 12 Dec 37: "Dine at Mr. George Cruikshank's to meet Mr. Dickens, alias *Boz*" (Andrew Lang, *Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart,* 1897, II, 182). Black seal. *Address:* John Forster Esq.

Tuesday Morning

My Dear Forster

I *cannot* come out to-day, for I dine at Cruikshanks[†1] at 5 to meet Lockhart. Dine with me tomorrow at the same hour, will you?

Ever Yours
CD.

To J. P. HARLEY, [12 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* on mourning paper with widest black border; the only revivals of *The Strange Gentleman* during CD's period of mourning were on 29 May, 12 and 13 Dec; of these only 13 Dec was Wednesday. *Address:* J. P. Harley Esqre.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Night

My dear Harley.

I entrust this to Burnet's[†2] care (who has just called in here) to say that we are anxious to see our old friend the strange Gentleman tomorrow

(Wednesday) Night. As I do not know where to find Mrs. Braham now, on a short notice, may I rely on you to ask her to leave word with the man at the door to let us have either a pit or proscenium box *on the same side as that in which we used to sit; but not a box on the same tier, or opposite.* Old recollections make us shun our old haunts, or the sight of them.[†1]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?MID-DECEMBER 1837]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Handwriting points to late 1837, probably Dec.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Afternoon

My Dear Sir

I very much regret to say that my cold is so exceedingly bad that I cannot leave home to-day. I went out yesterday and was a burden to myself and everybody about me. To-day I really am extremely unwell — so much so, that although I have deferred writing 'till the last moment and had determined to come in spite of myself, I am so dead beat that I cannot.

I am exceedingly sorry for this on every account, but if I were not firm there would be no last chapter to Oliver this month. I cannot write with comfort when I am so out of condition.

Remember me to all our friends and beg them to do the same good turn by me in their cups.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-DECEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Mourning paper and handwriting make it certain that this cannot refer to the last chapter of the book (completed Oct 38); CD must be referring to the last of an instalment, probably in Dec 37. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Thursday

My Dear Forster.

Come and give *me* a call, and let us have "a bit o' talk".[†2] My missis is going out to dinner (I *ought* to go, but I have got a bad cold). Come and

sit here and read, or work, or do something, while I write the *last*[†1] chapter of Oliver which will be arter a lamb chop. Excuse a wafer and believe me ever yours — CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date: Pierre Bertrand* was performed at the Haymarket Thurs 14 Dec 37. Clearly CD was promising the review which appeared in the *Examiner* on 17 Dec. Black seal. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Friday

My Dear Forster

I will be with you to-night at from 7 to half past. I will bring *Bertrand* with me, for I do not know yet, at what time I shall be able to knock him off.[†2]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?19 DECEMBER 1837]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* on mourning paper with widest black border; presumably the Tuesday after 14 Dec, when Forster told Macready that he had undertaken not to attack Bunn in the *Examiner* "if the *Age* attacks on Talfourd were discontinued" (*Macready*, Diaries, I, 431).

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Talfourd

I have had Mr. Molloy with me this morning, who has been urging upon me what I urged upon you on Saturday night, with reference to Macready's action against Westmacott,[†3] and expressing his hope that after the altered tone of the Age and their present readiness to drop any system of annoyance against you[†4] — you will not aid and abet Macready in the proceeding. I

should say that he adds it is a mere conspiracy with Polhill[†1] against Bunn, to serve a purpose of his (Polhill's) own, which he declares White and Whitmore[†2] have unconsciously disclosed to him, and of which it is his intention if the action be pressed to take every advantage. He adds to this, a great deal about having heard that you take an active part in the action, and about Westmacott's desire not to worry or annoy you as exemplified in the readiness with which he desisted from his attacks &c &c &c.

I relate the substance of this conversation to *you* because as you were the party to whom it bore reference, I think it in any case right to do so. I merely said that I had expressed a strong opinion to you against Macready's extending the action to Westmacott at all, and that I had reason to believe that so far from having fomented it, your opinion on the subject coincided with mine.[†3]

I feel quite certain that it will be better for all parties not to carry the war into Westmacott's camp on *this* point. Only look to the Observer of the very same Sunday[†4] in which the Age declares the Salaries at Covent Garden were not paid — and judge from thence what rumours were actually afloat about Macready's losses.

I have written these few lines however — not for Macready's information or anybody's but your own. Whatever you do, I know will be right, and perhaps you may see something in Molloy's stirring in the affair which I do not.

Ever My Dear Sir
Faithfully and Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?19 DECEMBER 1837]

Envelope only, Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 19 Dec 37. *Address:* Private | Messrs. Chapman & Hall | 186 Strand.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?DECEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests Dec 37. Widest black border. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster

I was in the humour for writing last night — had begun admirably, and was regularly set in — when there came a double knock, and (Henry being out) Mr. Hullah was announced. And as Mr. Hullah stopped, I was stopped too.

So I am a prisoner for the day and evening. I will report progress tomorrow morning, and I hope it may not be necessary to ask leave to sit again.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To WILLIAM HOWISON,[†1] 21 DECEMBER 1837

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* William Howison Esqre. | 2 Lothian Road | Edinburgh.

48 Doughty Street London. | Thursday December 21st. 1837.

Sir.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me of the institution of an "Edinburgh Pickwick Club"[†2] — and conveying to me from its Members a most gratifying and welcome assurance of their good-will and regard.

I believe with you that this is the first society of the kind, established North of the Tweed, and I cannot tell you how much delight it has afforded me to hear of its existence. All my relations by marriage are of Scotland. Many of my dearest living friends are natives of your fine city, and my most cherished recollections are of a dearly loved friend and companion who drew her first breath in Edinburgh and died beside me.

I need not, I am sure, tell you that these are all reasons for endearing to me the place and everything savouring of it. If I wanted any additional sources of gratification beyond those which you acquaint me with, I should find them in the tone of your intelligence and the terms of your letter.

If a word of encouragement from me, can as you say endow you with double life, you will be the most lively club in all the Empire, from this time; for every hearty wish that I can muster for your long-continued welfare and prosperity, is freely yours. Mr. Pickwick's heart is among you always.

Nothing in the course of my brief career — numerous as my causes for gratification have been — has afforded me so much delight as the being so pleasantly and cheerily remembered by the rising spirits of distant places in their moments of relaxation and enjoyment. Trusting that I may long hold a place in your remembrances and that whenever I visit Scotland again I may find you flourishing wi[th][†1] greater vigour than ever,

I [am]
Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Howison Esqre.

&c &c

To JOHN FORSTER, [?DECEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests Dec 37. Widest black border.

Doughty Street | Saturday

My Dear Forster

Can you come and take a cutlet with us to-day at 5? Let me know and we'll add a bit of fish.

Do.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 DECEMBER 1837]*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 1837 on handwriting and black seal; Christmas Eve was a Sunday. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Sunday Morning

My Dear Forster

The same to you — Many happy Christmases for us all in company.

At 10 tomorrow

Ever Yours

CD

To FREDERICK YATES, [?DECEMBER 1837]*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* during the run of *Valsha* at the Adelphi, 30 Oct 37 to 15 Jan 38, and probably later than CD's review of it on 3 Dec (see *To* Forster, ?1 Dec, *fn*). On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

I should feel very much obliged to you if on any occasion when your private box is disengaged (if ever) you would permit my better half to behold Valsha therefrom. You pack your other boxes so closely that although I have ventured to brave the heat, Mrs. D being in delicate health is afraid.

I have to apologize to you very sincerely for adding this request to your numerous managerial nuisances, and am

My Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Yates Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?DECEMBER 1837]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to Dec 37. Black seal. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning

My Dear Forster

Dine with us by all means. We have a piece of roast beef, and — there being only you, I, Kate, and Frederick — we shall be as Mrs. Ramsbottom[†1] says, "a pleasant little tete a tete of four."

5 is the hour.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?1837]*

MS Messrs Henry Start & Sons. *Date:* on mourning paper; therefore probably 1837.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I received the accompanying note from Mr. Hogarth on Sunday, which I inclose for the edification of your ingenious informant.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To GEORGE COX, [?1837]

Extract in Naylor's catalogue No. 86 (1881); *MS* 4 pp.; dated Doughty Street [1837].

I have many things to acknowledge, but let me take them in turn. Firstly, I have to thank you for your verses. Need I say that however much of truth there may be in them, I should be guilty of very bad taste if I placed them before the public eye; or that the reference to myself and the feelings upon which it is founded are better kept within my own heart ... Lastly, I beg you to accept my best thanks for your novel;[†1] I hope to read it with much pleasure. Let me say candidly in one word that I have never, either on my own behalf, or that of my most intimate friend, made a request of any kind the most remotely connected with the noticing of a work to any [reviewer][†2] I know, directly or indirectly. I always most cautiously and carefully abstain from doing so.

To MRS JOHN DICKENS, [?1837]

Extract in Maggs catalogue No. 425 (1922). Described as a fragment of a letter of 38 lines, n.d. *circa* 1837.

Believe me (in haste)
Dear mother
Affectionately yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?WINTER 1837-8]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests Winter 1837-8.

Sunday

My Dear Forster. Good. Say about half past one, as I am not going out. Kate dines out to-day, so I wish to dispose of myself to dinner. Shall we dine somewhere?

I won't send the Cannon Row letter[†3] till I see you.

Faithfully
CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?WINTER 1837-8]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Winter 1837-8.

Dear Tom — I am sorry I missed you. We have some roast beef at 5.[†4] As I hear you wished to see me, I shall expect you to join us. Ever Yours CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?WINTER 1837-8]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to Winter 1837-8. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morng

My Dear Forster

I am not well, and want a ride. Will you join me — say at 2 o'Clock for a hard trot of three hours? Yes or No.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

1838

January

To MRS GEORGE HOGARTH, [1 JANUARY 1838]

Summary in CD's Diary (MS Victoria & Albert Museum), 2 Jan 38: see p. 629. *Date* from Diary.

Taking advantage of the opportunity afforded him by Mrs Hogarth sending a pen-wiper of Mary's as a New Year's token, CD implores her to think of the many remaining claims upon her affection and exertions, and not to give way to unavailing grief.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?5 JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* probably Fri 5 Jan, the day CD noted in his Diary that *Grimaldi* was finished except for his introduction and conclusion (see p. 630). *Address:* John Forster Esqr.

My dear Forster.

I cannot well come out, but shall be at home and delighted to see you here, any time after 8. My father is here, and we shall have finished Grimaldi I hope by that time.

Ever Yours CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?EARLY JANUARY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* One imitation of *Oliver*, by "Bos", began in Dec 37 or Jan 38; another, by "Poz", in Jan 38. Gilbert à Beckett denied the authorship of both imitations in *Figaro in London*, 13 Jan 38. CD was probably writing early in Jan.

Doughty Street. | Friday Night

My Dear Sir

I inclose you the commencing number of *two* imitations of Oliver "by different hands".[†1] The vagabonds have stuck placards on the walls — each to say that *theirs* is the only true Edition. They will follow us through the book, of course.

I forgot to speak to you the other day respecting a gentleman who bears a letter to me from a friend, and whom I wish to give a letter to you. I shall hope to see you at the Club[†1] on Wednesday.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?7 JANUARY 1838]

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Date:* presumably Jan, before CD's trip to Yorkshire (the only possible journey "North"); early in month, as *Oliver* not yet written. He dined with Talfourd on Sun 14th (Diary, p. 632).

Doughty Street. | Sunday Noon

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks for the Sparkling Moselle which besides the merit of coming ready iced, has the far greater merit of coming from you, which I have no doubt will improve its flavor, as it will enhance its value, materially. I shall try its inspiration (as Oliver will be lighter this month)[†2] this very night.

If you are at home next Sunday, I shall hope for the pleasure of taking a family dinner with you, and receiving your commissions for the North.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* CD went to the Sun office to insure his life on 9 Jan (Diary, p. 630). *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

My Dear Forster

Hard at it.

Fred is out now, but he will be in shortly, and I will communicate your message.

I am going to insure my life this morning for Mrs. D.[†1] It is necessary to give a reference as to my identity. May I give them your name and address — you know who I am I think.

Kean be blowed.[†2]

Ever Yours
CD.

To THOMAS GRISSELL, SAMUEL MORTON PETO & EDWARD GARDNER, 9 JANUARY 1838*

MS Dickens House.

Gentlemen

I hereby give you Notice that on the Twenty fifth day of December next I shall quit and deliver up possession of All that set of Rooms or Chambers situate on the South Side of the Third floor of the Messuage No. 15 in Furnivals Inn in the County of Middlesex consisting of Three Rooms on that floor

together with a Kitchen No. 8 in the Basement a Cellar No. 9 and a Lumber Room No. 5 in the Roof of the said Messuage which I now hold of you under an Agreement dated the 7th. January 1836 for a term which expires on the said 25th. day of December Next.

Dated this 9th. day of January 1838

Yours &c
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]
Tenant

To Thomas Grissell Samuel
Morton Peto and Edward
Gardner Executors of the last Will
and Testament of the late Henry
Peto Esquire deceased

Landlords of the above mentioned premises &

Mr. Stephen Fordham
their Steward.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?11 JANUARY] 1838

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to early 1838; Diary entry for 11 Jan (see p. 631) suggests perhaps written that day. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

My Dear Forster.

You don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up, and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? I knows a good 'ous there where we can have a red hot chop for dinner, and a glass of good wine.[†1]

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. *I*[†2] am as dull as a Codfish.

Faithfully Thine CD.

If you can, say "Yes" & I'll come down to you.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?MID-JANUARY 1838]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* not later than mid-Jan 38, since Cruikshank's illustration, "Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney taking tea", appeared in the Feb *Miscellany*. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esqre.

My Dear Cruikshank

I have described a *small* kettle for one on the fire — a *small* black teapot on the table with a little tray & so forth — and a two ounce tin tea cannister.[†3] Also a shawl hanging up — and the cat & kittens before the fire.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?15 JANUARY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The papers CD lists, less "Martha Mites", appeared in the Feb *Miscellany*; CD was probably writing mid-Jan. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esqre.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I send you the arrangement of the Magazine — the best I have been able to make, after much trouble.[†5] There are so many short papers which we want to get in this month, that Maginn must stand over.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Oliver Twist	16
Mr. Hogarth's paper and Mr. Barham's poetry (if any)[†1]	16
Sporting Ramble in the Highlands	6
Innkeeper of Andermath (Captn. Medwin)	6
Portrait Gallery	10
Two of a trade (Morier)[†2]	6
Nights at Sea Illustrated by George Cruikshank	12
English Comforts. From the German of Doctor Francis Kottenkamp	8
Artists and Works of Art (Sinnett)[†3]	8
Memoir of Robert Hogg (Maxwell)[†4]	8
Martha Mites (which has been standing over for a long time & a portion of which, must be got into the next Number)[†5]	8
	104

To MRS C. B. WILSON, [?15 JANUARY 1838]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* Verses by Mrs Wilson had appeared in the *Miscellany* in July, Oct and Nov 37. Handwriting suggests early 1838; perhaps Jan, and mid-month — after the contents of the *Miscellany* had been settled.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Madam.

I have been waiting for my printer's report. We are so very crowded that I cannot possibly avail myself of your daughter's lines.

I have no concern with, or controul over, the money affairs of the Miscellany which rest entirely with Bentley. If you write to him, stating that you consider yourself under-paid and usually receive more, I have not the slightest doubt that he will immediately do what you require.

I am Dear Madam
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Baron Wilson

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* CD noted in his Diary, 14 Jan, that he was to hear Talfourd's play (*The Athenian Captive*) read next night (see p. 632).

My Dear Forster

I am as badly off as you are.[†1] I have not done the young gentleman,[†2] nor written the preface to Grimaldi, nor thought of Oliver Twist, or even suggested a subject for the plate. Add to this, that I had no sleep last night in consequence of some vagaries of my son and heir, and I leave you to form some idea of my woeful plight.

I was very glad indeed to have a note from you to-day though, as it almost seems as if we had had a mortal falling out. I hope we shall have a lasting falling in again, soon — How do *you* get on; you don't say?

I heard Talfourd's play[†3] last night which, as an acting piece, I think admirable; I am as much surprised as you to imagine by what mental process such a very striking and complete thing can have been forged in so short a time. What has come to Macready? Has management driven him mad? To hesitate between a five act play by Serle[†4] and a Tragedy by Talfourd, looks to me like the last stage of imbecility. He'll play Lear to the life if he goes on thus. — Let the Legitimate Drama[†5] put this, and Joan

of Arc[†1] as a first piece into her pipe, and take the Pantomime and the Original[†2] for tobacco stoppers[†3] — and she's restored triumphantly.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* clearly same day as next, which uses the same words about *The Athenian Captive*. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty St. | Thursday

Dear Forster

Half past four — the entertainments to terminate at half past six precisely. I inclose the woman's ages,[†4] and much good may they do you.

The play haunts me, and did so all last night. I am in raptures with it.

Be exact at dinner time.

Ever Faithfully Yours
Chas. D.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [18 JANUARY 1838]

MS Harvard University Library. *Date:* presumably two days after CD's letter to Forster of 16 Jan, praising Talfourd's play.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Night

My Dear Sir.

Have you heard anything from Macready, and are you going to dine with him next Saturday? I have received an invitation, and as I am very busy and *ought* not to go, shall not accept it unless I hear you are going.

I had occasion to write to Forster the other day, and in so doing expressed my high opinion of the striking merits of your most excellent play (which haunts me); I added that I was astonished to hear there was a possibility of Macready's hesitating between it and a five act play by Serle. He returned me a profoundly mysterious message importing that the five act

play announced in the bills was *not* Serle's.[†1] This gave me some reason to hope it was yours, and hence this Note.

Let me hear one word from you to ease my doubts.

With best compliments to Mrs. Talfourd and Miss Ely —

Ever My Dear Sir
Faithfully and Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests early 1838. Forster was ill on Thurs 25 Jan (and therefore unable to review Macready's *King Lear*);[†2] CD was probably writing on Tues 23 Jan.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Forster

I am very sorry to hear you are still unwell, and will call upon you in Lincolns Inn Fields tomorrow. I shall be exceedingly glad to see you there, once again.

I will write to the Serjeant and inform him of the contents of your note.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?23 JANUARY 1838]*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Date:* plainly same day as last. Talfourd's evenings would have been occupied since the opening of Parliament on 16 Jan. *Address:* Thomas Noon Talfourd Esqre. M. P. | &c &c | Russell Square.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Afternoon

My Dear Sir.

I have received a note from Forster to-day excusing himself from the Richmond expedition tomorrow, on the plea of ill health. If your professional business should admit of your taking a holiday, and you should still feel disposed to go, perhaps you will meet me here at one, as we originally proposed. I think you will enjoy it more, if we trust to our legs, or the stage coaches, and therefore have not ordered the horses. I am entirely in your hands, so deal with me as you like; but let me know what your intentions are, that I may arrange accordingly.

My best remembrances to Mrs. Talfourd and Miss Ely. I hope they will lay an embago[†1] on me to escort them to Covent Garden very often now that your own Evenings are engaged.

Believe me Ever
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?24 JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to early 1838; possibly refers to the irritation between Macready and Talfourd over Macready's cold reception of *The Athenian Captive:* see *To* Forster, 16 Jan. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster

How do you get on? I have done,[†2] and am tired out. I am delighted to hear that Macready and Talfourd are all right again.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [25 JANUARY 1838]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* clearly the Thursday before CD planned to leave for Yorkshire.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Ainsworth

Little Hall[†3] and his little wife and his big partner[†4] are going to dine here on Saturday next at half past five. I think it very unlikely that we shall have any opportunity of broaching "London"[†5] but perhaps it would do it no harm if we met together. Will you, then, dine with us? The illustrious

George[†1] and *his* stout lady are coming, so that the Anti-Bores will be triumphant and keep the Bores in due subjection.

I should have written to you before, but my month's work has been dreadful — Grimaldi, the anonymous book for Chapman and Hall,[†2] Oliver and the Miscellany. They are all done, thank God, and I start on my pilgrimage to the cheap schools of Yorkshire[†3] (a mighty secret of course) next Monday Morning.

Your agreement is — in Wellerian phraseology — gammon. They can assign it to nobody, and the fifty pounds[†4] affects it in no way and makes no earthly difference. So set your mind at rest and be merry with Scroope Darrell.[†5]

The Mogul[†6] is in the last agonies of procrastinated composition[†7] — hunted down by that prince of humbugs Lardner,[†8] baited by Longmans,[†9] and bullied by the Printers. He related dreadful and mysterious anecdotes of not having been in bed for a fortnight, and is reduced to such a fearful ebb of nervous exasperation that Mrs. Cooper has temporalily[†10] fled No. 58[†11] and resigned her duties to a deputy who is under a course of violence. Seriously the book is to be out on Wednesday,[†12] and to-day only three sheets

are worked off. There are 70 pages still to do which "*must*" be furnished to night, and you may guess Forster's situation. I have descried an amanuensis in the Eastern apartment marvellously busy in making

Extracts of which I suspect there will be no lack. Isn't it a pity that so clever a fellow should not give himself a little fairer play; knowing as he must that there are 20 people eagerly watching for an opportunity to attack him?

A word in your ear. Macready *objected* to Talfourd's play — declined it, in fact; whereupon Talfourd grew fierce and Macready more managable[†1] less manageriable, so it is to be done next after a new 5 act play now in the Bills.[†2]

Always My Dear Ainsworth
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* probably the Thursday before 28 Jan, when the two reviews CD mentions appeared in the *Examiner*. *Address:* John Forster Esq.

Thursday afternoon

My Dear Forster

I shall see you tomorrow. I have been obliged to read for the Miscellany all day.[†3]

There is a short extract from the Sporting Book.[†4] That is a Literary notice, and the other a Fine Arts one.[†5]

Faithfully
CD.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [26 JANUARY 1838]

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library. *Date:* the Friday before 30 Jan, when CD left for Yorkshire.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Jerdan

I was going into Yorkshire on Monday Morning, but having fortunately been able to take a place for Tuesday, can accept your kind Invitation.[†6]

Be assured that among all the congratulations which will be offered to you on the delightful occasion of our meeting, there will be none more cordial and warm-hearted than mine. By the time we dine

together again, to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of your healthy offspring, I shall study to find appropriate language to clothe them in; 'till then, however, I fear they must remain locked up in breast[†1] — where they will at any rate keep warmer than on the lips — of — My Dear Jerdan

Yours most Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?28 JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to early 1838; presumably, therefore, written just before the trip to Yorkshire.

Doughty Street | Sunday Morning

My Dear Forster

I must cancel our dinner engagement for to-day, and substitute another for Eight oClock this Evening, if you will come then and have a chat — you *must* because it is the only opportunity I shall have of seeing you before I leave town.

The reason which leads me to trust to our friendship and put you off in the earlier part of the day, is, that Mrs. Hogarth wishes to have such advice and assistance as I can afford her[†2] in some trying matters, and I promised her yesterday evening that I would dine with her to-day and devote a couple of hours to the subject.

Always My Dear Forster
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [W. H. HUGHES],[†3] 29 JANUARY 1838

Text from N, I, 155. *Address:* W. H. Hughes, according to N.

48 Doughty Street, London | Monday January 29th 1838

Sir,

I regret that I cannot accept your obliging offer of a tale for the Miscellany simply because we have not space for any further continuations, as I

have more than once taken occasion to announce in the monthly notices to correspondents.[†1]

If you offered your romance to Mr. Bentley or any other bookseller accompanied by a letter with your real name and address, I have little doubt that it would be carefully perused and promptly attended to. I need scarcely say that I can be of no assistance to you in this respect, and that the manuscript would be judged by its own merits. I believe this is a very common course of proceedings and often a successful one.

From the title of your book I infer that I should address you as a clergyman, but as titles have very often as little reference to the authors as to the contents of books, I fear to do so. If I have committed any error you will excuse me.

I am Sir
Your most obedient Servant
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS REYNOLDS,[†2] 29 JANUARY 1838[†3]

Facsimile in *The Broad Arrow,* 14 Nov 1913.

48 Doughty Street London | Monday January 29th. 1838

Madam.

I have read the paper you were kind enough to forward to me, and very much regret that I cannot avail myself of it. It is not in a style of composition which would be serviceable to the Miscellany of which I am the Editor, neither is it in my power to commence any new series of papers just now.

I trust you will not feel hurt by this communication; be assured that I am perfectly sensible both of the kind womanly feeling which pervades your little tale, and of the excellence of the motive which prompted you to write it.

If I may venture to advise you, I would beg most strongly and earnestly to recommend that you endeavour to save the friend to whom you refer, by some other means than by the exercise of your pen. You cannot conceive the store of troubles and vexations you are preparing for yourself by entering upon the trade of authorship — constant harassing and annoyances which will embitter the life of seclusion you describe yourself as leading, and no pecuniary returns from which can ever repay you for the mental peace you will sacrifice.

I will return the paper to any place you may mention, or by any conveyance you may point out. Let me beg you to believe that these few

words are written in the purest sincerity, and have been called forth by the terms of your letter which I could not make up my mind to answer in mere business terms.

I am Madam
Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Reynolds

To THOMAS GASPEY,[†1] [?29 JANUARY 1838]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* "The Grand Juror" by "H.T." (Thomas Gaspey) appeared in the March *Miscellany;* CD was probably writing just before publication of the Feb No. in which there had been no room for it.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

As you have long since ceased to be "a colt"[†2] in the periodical paddock, you will not be surprised at my not having been able to find room in the next No. for that same paper. If you will leave it in my good keeping until the 28th. (February is a short month) we will astonish the Grand Jurors with it. I have laughed very heartily over it, and although I have never served (for I always pay my taxes when they won't call any longer, in order to get a bad name in the parish and so escape all honors) I can see it is true to the life.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Squib[†3] comes with this — Take care.

Is there no possibility of shortening that O P[†4] business? I am afraid a great many readers recollect it too well, to make such a very long paper on the subject acceptable.[†5]

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [29 JANUARY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the day before CD left for Yorkshire; Jerdan's dinner in fact took place the following Monday, 5 Feb.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Jerdan.

I thought your dinner was *to-day*,[†1] and but for a note from Tom Hill yesterday in which by mentioning it, he induced me to refer again to your letter, should assuredly have presented myself at the FreeMason's[†2] this evening and demanded to be shewn to your party.

I cannot tell you how much grieved I am to find that I am disappointed and cannot be present. I go away tomorrow Morning and cannot be back in time. All good wishes and joys attend you and yours (including the Gazette of course) to the end of time.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esqre.

To GERALD GRIFFIN,[†3] 29 JANUARY 1838

Extract in James Hayes, "Adventures of an Irish Giant", *The Bookworm*, V (1892), 41; dated 48 Doughty Street, 29 Jan 38; addressed Gerald Griffin, Esq., Pallas Kenry, Ireland. On mourning paper.

Sir,

Mr. Bentley has handed to me the first part of your "Adventures of an Irish Giant".[†4] As the subscribers to the *Miscellany* have complained bitterly of our numerous continuations we have been obliged to discontinue them.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?JANUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* early 1838 on handwriting. *Address:* J. Forster Esqr.

Dr. Forster

I shall expect you — chops await you.

CD.

February

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 1 FEBRUARY 1838

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens. | 48 Doughty Street Mecklenburgh Square | London.

Greta Bridge.[†1] | Thursday February 1st. 1838.

My Dearest Kate.

I am afraid you will receive this, later than I could wish, as the Mail does not come through this place until 2 o'Clock tomorrow Morning. However, I have availed myself of the very first opportunity of writing, so the fault is *that* mail's, and not *this.*

We reached Grantham between 9 and 10 on Tuesday night, and found everything prepared for our reception in the very best Inn I have ever put up at.[†2] It is odd enough that an old lady who had been outside all day and came in towards dinner time turned out to be the Mistress of a Yorkshire School returning from the holiday-stay in London. She was a very queer old body, and shewed us a long letter she was carrying to one of the boys from his father, containing a severe lecture (enforced and aided by many texts from Scripture) *on his refusing to eat boiled meat.*[†3] She was very communicative, drank a great deal of brandy and water, and towards evening became insensible, in which state we left her.

Yesterday we were up again shortly after 7 and came on upon our journey by the Glasgow Mail which charged us the remarkably low sum of *six pounds, four* for two places inside. We had a very droll male companion until seven oClock in the evening, and a most delicious lady's maid for twenty miles who implored us to keep a sharp look-out at the coach windows as she expected her carriage was coming to meet her and she was afraid of missing it.[†4] We had many delightful vauntings of the same kind; and in the end it is scarcely necessary to say that the Coach did not come, and a very dirty girl did.

As we came further North, the snow grew deeper. About eight o'Clock it began to fall heavily, and as we crossed the wild heaths hereabout, there was no vestige of a track.[†5] The Mail kept on well, however, and at eleven we reached a bare place with a house standing alone in the midst of a dreary moor, which the Guard informed us was Greta Bridge. I was in a perfect agony of apprehension, for it was fearfully cold and there were no outward signs of anybody being up in the house. But to our great joy we discovered a comfortable room with drawn curtains and a most blazing fire. In half an hour they gave us a smoking supper and a bottle of mulled port (in

which we drank your health) and then we retired to a couple of capital bedrooms in each of which was a rousing fire half way up the chimney.

We have had for breakfast, toasts,[†1] cakes, a yorkshire pie[, a][†2] piece of beef about the size and much the shape of my portmanteau, tea, coffee, ham and eggs — and are now going to look about us. Having finished our discoveries, we start in a postchaise for Barnard Castle which is only four miles off, and there I deliver the letter given me by Mitton's friend. All the schools are round about that place, and a dozen old abbies[†3] besides, which we shall visit by some means or other tomorrow. We shall reach York on Saturday I hope, and (God willing) I trust I shall be at home on Wednesday Morning. If anything should occur to prevent me, I will write to you from York, but I think that is not likely.

I wish you would call on Mrs. Bartley[†4] and thank her for her letter; you can tell her when I expected to be in York.

A thousand loves and kisses to the darling boy whom I see in my mind's eye crawling about the floor of this Yorkshire Inn. Don't leave him alone too much. Bless his heart I would give two sovereigns for a kiss. Remember me too, to Frederick who I hope is attentive to you. Take care of yourself my dearest, and let me find by your letter at the York Post Office that you are in both good health and good spirits.

Is it not extraordinary that the same dreams which have constantly visited me since poor Mary died, follow me everywhere? After all the change of scene and fatigue, I have dreamt of her ever since I left home, and no doubt shall 'till I return. I should be sorry to lose such visions for they are very happy ones — if it be only the seeing her in one's sleep — I would fain believe too, sometimes, that her spirit may have some influence over them, but their perpetual repetition is extraordinary.[†5]

Love to all friends.

Ever my dear Kate your affectionated[†6] husband

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2 FEBRUARY 1838]

Mention in F, II, iv, 123-4. *Date:* probably written from Barnard Castle, shortly after seeing the Yorkshire schools.

Giving Forster the description of his Barnard Castle visit which he later used in the Preface to Nickleby, *First Cheap Edn,* 1848 — *Forster having returned the letter to him for that purpose.*

To THE EDITOR OF THE DURHAM ADVERTISER, [3 FEBRUARY 1838]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 3 Feb 38. *Address:* To | The Editor of | The Durham Advertizer[†1] | Durham.

Darlington. | Saturday Morning

Sir.

Waiting in this place for a York coach this morning, I chanced in the course of the few minutes I stayed here, to take up your paper of January the 26th. in which I saw a brief Autobiography of myself by Dr. Mackenzie.[†2] Dr. Mackenzie[†3] whoever he may be, knows as much of me as of the meaning of the word autobiography, in proof of which may I beg you to state on my authority that when I commenced the Pickwick papers I was *not* living on five guineas a week as a Reporter on the Morning Chronicle — that Messrs. Chapman and Hall were never persuaded with some difficulty to become the Pickwick publishers but on the contrary first became known to me by waiting on me to propose the work — that no such pecuniary arrangement as the paragraph describes ever existed between us — that by the Pickwick Papers alone I have *not* netted between £2000 and £3000[†4] — that the Sketch called Watkins Tottle never appeared in The Morning Chronicle — that I am *not* now in the receipt of £3000 a year, and that Mr. Bentley does *not*

give me £1000 a year for editing the Miscellany and twenty guineas a sheet for what I write in it.[†1]

I have the honor to be Sir
Your most obedt. Servant
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To the Editor of

The Durham Advertiser.[†3]

To [?MRS HENRY] BELCOMBE, [3 FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS Private. *Date:* see last.

Black Swan Hotel York | Saturday Evening

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss[†4] Belcombe, and (having just arrived in York) begs to forward her the accompanying letter from Mrs. Bartley.[†5]

To MRS HENRY BELCOMBE,[†6] 8 FEBRUARY 1838

MS Berg Collection.

48 Doughty Street London | February 8th. 1838.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his best compliments to Mrs. Henry Belcombe, and begs her acceptance of one of a few copies of the Pickwick Papers, which the zeal of his publishers has put into a much smarter dress than his own modesty might have suggested as an appropriate costume.[†7] He ventures to forward it to Mrs. Belcombe as a slight acknowledgement

of the great kindness and attention he received from her family in his recent visit to York, and of the great pleasure he derived from their society.

To JOHN FORSTER, [FEBRUARY 1838]

Extract in F, II, ii, 107; presumably from a letter since in quotation marks. *Date:* shortly before he began writing *Nickleby.*

As the time for beginning Nickleby *came on, and as he thought of his promise for November,*[†1] *he had the sense of* something hanging over him like a hideous nightmare.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 10 FEBRUARY 1838†

MS Berg Collection.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday February 10th. 1838[†2]

My Dear Sir

I should wish at your convenience to have an account of the sale of the Miscellany.[†3] You may recollect that you promised a statement should be made out for me, some time since.

I have recently been thinking a great deal about Barnaby Rudge. Grimaldi has occupied so much of the short interval I had, between the completion of the Pickwick and the commencement of the new Work, that I clearly see it will be wholly impossible for me to produce it by the time I had hoped, with justice to myself, or profit to you.

What I wish you to consider, is this — Would it not be far more to your interest, as well as within the scope of my ability, if Barnaby Rudge began in the Miscellany immediately on the conclusion of Oliver Twist, and were continued there for about the same period, and then published in three Volumes?[†4] — Take these simple facts into consideration. If the Miscellany

is to keep its ground, it *must* have some continuous tale from me when Oliver stops. If I sat down to Barnaby Rudge, writing a little of it when I could (and with all my other engagements it would necessarily be a very long time before I could hope to finish it in that way) it would be clearly impossible for me to begin a new *series* of papers in the Miscellany. The conduct of three different stories at the same time, and the production of a large portion of each, every month, would have been beyond Scott himself.[†1] Whereas, having Barnaby in the Miscellany we could at once supply the gap which the cessation of Oliver must create, and you would have all the advantage of that prestige in favor of the work which is certain to enhance the value of Oliver Twist, considerably.

Just think of this, at your leisure. I am really anxious to do the best I can for *your*self as well as *my*self; indeed in this case the pecuniary advantage must be all on your side. If you turn over in your mind what I have said, I think you cannot fail to see the advantages of this proposition.[†2]

When shall we meet about the Miscellany for the Month?

Faithfully Yours My Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?11 FEBRUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Forster's life of Henry Marten was published on 2 Feb 38. CD was in Yorkshire on Sunday 4th, but would probably have been given the book soon after his return and written his thanks on Sunday 11th.

Doughty Street | Sunday Evening

My Dear Forster.

A hundred thanks for your beautiful present.[†3] I am "up" in Harry Marten already, and delighted with the staunch and jolly hero.[†4] The biography is glorious.

Believe me that I require no presents to render more lively my assurance of your friendship, or my deep conviction of its worth. I know your sterling value, and [†a]look back with unmingled pleasure to every link which each ensuing week has added to the chain of our attachment. It shall go

hard, I hope, 'ere[†1] anything but Death impairs the toughness of a bond now so firmly riveted.[†a]

Believe me
Ever
Faithfully and wholly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

About the riding tomorrow. — Come here at your own time, and we will walk to the stable together.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [12 FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* clearly 12 Feb, the same date as the enclosed letters which follow.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Before you look at the accompanying mass of paper, let me assure you that I would not ask you to frank four letters for me on my own individual account.[†2] Ainsworth and I are attempting to get up a one volume collection of original fragments for the benefit of Macrone's (the publisher's) widow[†3] who is left utterly destitute with two helpless infant children. With this view we are writing to all those for whom he published, seeking their assistance as contributors; and four of the letters having to be sent by the General Post, we make bold in such a cause to ask you to frank them.

I mean to ask you for something more, in the event of this scheme being brought to bear, as I fervently hope it may. I think you must have a spare sonnet[†4] which you could bestow upon us. It's[†5] value to this poor creature would be really incalculable, so one of these days prepare yourself for a great appeal to your feelings when we are out riding together.

I shall see you at the new club[†6] on Saturday, if I fail to set eyes upon you

before; and shall be truly delighted to have that opportunity of shaking hands with you again.

Believe me, ever,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd MP.
&c &c &c

To ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,[†1] 12 FEBRUARY 1838

MS Morgan Library. Signed by CD, but otherwise wholly in the hand of John Dickens.

48 Doughty Street | 12 February 1838.

Sir

Mrs. Macrone the widow of the late publisher of St. James's Square, is left, after several meetings of her deceased husband's creditors, in a state of utter destitution; not one farthing remaining for her support and that of two infant children.

This distressing circumstance having become known to Mr. Ainsworth and myself, it has occurred to us that if some small collection of papers, in one Volume, could be made for this young widow's benefit, the produce of the sale of an edition to some respectable bookseller, would afford her the means of setting on foot some little scheme for her future support. If this be done at all, it must be done immediately.

Mr. George Cruikshank has kindly offered his gratuitous assistance in illustrating this book. For its literary contents we can appeal only to those who were on any occasion connected, however slightly, with poor Mr. Macrone in business.

May we venture to ask whether your engagements will admit of your assisting us with any trifle from your pen? I need scarcely say how much it would aid the project, nor can I describe to you how much of real charity you would be instrumental in promoting.

I may add that besides lending our humble assistance in the same way, we are willing to take upon ourselves the entire arrangement of the volume, and to negociate for its Sale and publication, which we trust is a sufficient security to you, that no improper use would be made of your contribution.

I trust the urgency of this distressing case is a sufficient excuse, both for my troubling you with this letter, and begging the favor of a reply, *at your earliest convenience.*

I am Sir
Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Allan Cunningham Esq.

To G. W. LOVELL,[†1] 12 FEBRUARY 1838*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. Text identical with *To* Cunningham, 12 Feb 38. Also in John Dickens's hand except for signature.

To DR J. A. WILSON,[†2] [?14 FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS Mrs Humphry House. *Date: Grimaldi* was finished by 21 Jan and review copies were distributed before 17 Feb. It seems more likely CD was writing on Wed 14 Feb than on 7 Feb, immediately on his return from Yorkshire.

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Let me thank you most cordially for your very kind note and inclosure which is exceedingly interesting, and of which I should certainly have availed myself, if poor Grimaldi's memoirs had not already passed through the Press; but for which I am not the less obliged to you on that account.

I am very happy to find that I had not formed a wrong estimate of the poor fellow's character. I have merely been editing another's account, and telling some of the stories in my own way, but I was much struck by the many traits of kindheartedness scattered through the book, and have given it that colouring throughout.

If you will permit me to retain the autograph for a few days, I shall be happy to return it in person,[†3] and to thank you by word of mouth for your polite attention.

I am Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Wilson
&c &c

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15 FEBRUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* probably the Thursday after CD's request to Bentley of 10 Feb about *Barnaby Rudge. Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I got out yesterday, after all. I was not able to leave home until a little after three, but rode at a slapping pace and went to Finchley and back.

I hope you will not be able to ride to-day, for I can't. I dine at Bentley's and want to get on with Oliver before I go there — Added to which considerations I have somehow rubbed such a desperate sore in my left leg just under the knee, that I can scarcely crawl about. I suppose one's flesh chafes more easily in the frost, for I never had anything of the kind before. However that may be, it is really so bad that I can scarcely crawl up and down stairs.

Bentley was here yesterday. He at once gave in about Barnaby Rudge, and said I could direct Molloy to alter the agreement as I liked, to meet the object in view![†1] He appears desperately savage with Ainsworth's delay,[†2] and I suspect contemplates a breeze.

I will write you tomorrow morning, and let you know whether I am in riding condition.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. W. LOVELL, [?15 FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* perhaps the Thursday after CD's first letter to Lovell. *Address:* George. W. Lovell Esqre. | 60 Upper Seymour St. | Euston Square.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir

I have to thank you very cordially for your obliging note, and most kind exertions in Mrs. Macrone's behalf. I wished very much to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance yesterday, but being compelled to dine out today and having a vast deal to do just now, I was constrained (much against my will) to absent myself from the Club.

I will write to Mr. Harrison[†3] immediately. It is unnecessary to say how much he will assist us.

I am happy to inform you that in every quarter in which I have made application, I have received the most cheerful and ready acquiescence in

our little undertaking. If you can forward me your contribution (its length and subject of course rest wholly with yourself) by the end of the first week in March, I shall hope to send you a proof sheet very shortly afterwards.

I am
My Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George W. Lovell Esqre.

To R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, 16 FEBRUARY 1838

MS Pennsylvania Historical Society. *Address:* Dr. Mackenzie | Liverpool.

48 Doughty Street London | Friday February 16th. 1838.

Sir.

I have to thank you very cordially for your letter of the twelfth, and to assure you that your explanation is quite satisfactory.[†1]

I saw the paragraph in question during a stay of a few minutes at Darlington in Yorkshire,[†2] and wrote a hasty contradiction to the Editor of the news paper[†3] in which it appeared. It certainly contained nothing ill-natured or offensive, but I felt for the moment annoyed at my private affairs being dragged before the public, and stated incorrectly in every particular.

Any impression of this kind is at once removed by your frank and manly letter; and I hasten to assure you that I care nothing for the paragraph since it has been the means of calling forth so polite and ready a communication.

I am Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Mackenzie.[†4]

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [?FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS The Rev. Noel Boston. *Date:* presumably some time in Feb after CD's return from Yorkshire.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Cattermole

Why do you always ask me to dinner on days when I can't come? I have been engaged for next Tuesday a fortnight back, and you pick out that

unfortunate day as if there were no other days in the week and no other weeks in the year. I regret this very much, and take it exceedingly ill.

I went over York Cathedral the other day. I had scarcely set foot in the Nave when the Verger taking me by the shoulder led me to a particular pillar to contemplate a particular window.[†1] "There!" said the old man "*Mr. Britton*[†2] *the great artist and architect* says that's the first window in all Europe; and if Mr. Britton don't know a fine window when he sees it, who does, — as the Dean says."

I know this will please you, and so write it for your satisfaction.

Believe me always
Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17 FEBRUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to early 1838, probably Feb, in which month the only Saturday not ruled out by CD's other activities was the 17th. *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Doughty St. | Saturday ½ p 2

My Dear Forster

Being utterly unable from intense stupidity to write a line, I have gone out riding after anxiously hoping to see you the whole morning. I have gone the old road, and should be truly delighted to meet or be overtaken by you.[†3]

Ever Yours. CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [18 FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the day after the *Athenaeum* notice of *Grimaldi* on 17 Feb.

Doughty Street | Sunday Night

My Dear Sir.

How is it that the Athenæum have neither my Preface nor conclusion to the Grimaldi?[†4] You see that you have already defeated your own end by

not sending them. Pray do not make it necessary for me to call upon Dilke with my own proofs.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [21 FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* clearly the Wednesday after last.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

No harm done — only it looked bad, and as if we were trying to get Notices under false pretences; and was more especially annoying to me as I had set great store by those same introductory and concluding chapters.[†1]

The next Miscellany will be excellent;[†2] I am much pleased with it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?21 FEBRUARY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* presumably the day before 22 Feb when CD told Chapman & Hall that the first chapter of *Nickleby* was ready. A brief extract in F, II, iv, 124 is given as "two days" after CD's birthday — i.e. on 9 Feb (a Friday).

Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster

I am *afraid* it is too dirty, yet will I adventure on foot to your rooms about two or shortly before, and if we decide upon a little ride we can have it.

Bulwer requires consideration.[†3] The first chapter of Nicholas is done. It took time but I think answers the purpose as well as it could.

Perhaps we can substitu[t]e a small walk for the small ride. I have just looked out of window, and fear we should be smothered.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 22 FEBRUARY 1838*

MS Berg Collection.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Evening 22nd. Feb./38

My Dear Sir.

I have been requested by Mr. Walker†1 a line engraver of great promise (and who has executed some popular subjects respecting which he can enlighten you better than I can) to give him a letter of introduction to you.

I am not aware whether you have any opportunities of putting this gentleman's talents to the test, but as I am enabled to speak most highly of them and him, and moreover oblige an old friend by doing so, I have much pleasure in complying with his request.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To [MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL], 22 FEBRUARY 1838

Text from N, I, 160. *Address:* It seems clear that it was Chapman & Hall who made the offer accepted here: see *fn*.

Doughty Street | Thursday Feb 22nd 1838

My Dear Sirs,

I accept with much pleasure your offer for my new Comic Work entitled ["Boz's]†2 Annual Register and Obituary of Blue Devils"†3 to be published in one octavo volume at Christmas next, on the following terms — you to pay me £300,†4 on the day of publication, and to account to me besides for one clear half of the whole amount of profits; on which conditions I undertake to transfer to you a half interest in the copyright of the work.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL], 22 FEBRUARY 1838

Text from N, I, 161. *Address:* same day as last.

Doughty Street | Thursday Night, 22nd Feby 1838

My Dear Sirs,

I inclose you a formal acceptance of your offer for the Register — leaving a blank for you to supply which I think you may perhaps afford to fill up with the figures 300; they will look much better in your books, and far nicer in mine.

Never mind the anonymous wiseacre.[†1] If you will promise to engage him to write twenty plays for Webster's Acting Drama[†2] I will tell you his name, but not otherwise.

I have been decoyed to the play, and seduced from Nicholas by a thousand blandishments, but the first chapter is ready, and I mean (God willing) to begin in earnest tomorrow night, so you can begin to print as soon as you like. The sooner you begin, the faster I shall get on.

Ever yours faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS BEARD, [23 FEBRUARY 1838]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 24 Feb 37 (Saturday). *Address:* Thomas Beard Esqre. | 42 Portman Place | Edgware Road.

Doughty Street | Friday Evening

My Dear Beard.

I have had a note from Bulwer begging me to dine with him next Sunday. As I have repeatedly disappointed him of late, I fear I must do so. Will you dine with us on the following Saturday; that is, next Saturday week instead? And so ease the mind of

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To DANIEL MACLISE, 24 FEBRUARY [1838]

Text from W. Justin O'Driscoll, *A Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A.,* 1871, p. 63. *Date:* 1838, from *Memoir*.

Twenty-fourth February, Saturday Morning.

Mr. John Forster (of Lincoln's Inn Fields) and Mr. Charles Dickens (of universal popularity) request the favour of Mr. Maclise's company at supper at the Parthenon Club[†1] to-night, at half-past ten o'clock exactly.

Thinking it possible that Mr. Maclise may have gone to court at an early hour this morning, they address this letter both to his private house and the Athenæum; and but for the veneration due to their youthful sovereign, they would have forwarded a duplicate to the Palace at Pimlico.[†2]

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?25 FEBRUARY 1838]

Composite text from N, I, 116 and Sotheby's catalogue, 23 June 1903; *MS* 1 p.; dated 48 Doughty Street, Sunday Evening — probably the day after the first monthly Shakespeare Club supper.[†3] Talfourd joined the Oxford Circuit on Wed 28 Feb for the Spring Assize.

I very much regret (like a dutiful son) that my father came to dine with me to-day, and so prevents my seeing you to-night, [†a]although I still hope by hook or by crook to shake hands with you before you start upon the circuit[†a] ... [†b]I don't think I drank half a pint of the bad wine altogether yesterday, and yet I was the worse for it this morning. Shakespeare will have a great deal to answer for if the port always comes from the same binn.[†b]

March

To JAMES WINSTON,[†4] [?1 MARCH 1838]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly 1838 on handwriting; under Rule 19 CD's name would have been "put up" on Thurs 1 Mar.[†5]

Doughty Street | Thursday Evening

Sir.

I am just reminded by your note, that I have entirely forgotten my subscription, for which I inclose you a cheque with many apologies.

As the 19th Rule authorised my name to be put up in the Club Room, I hope some other rule is in existence authorising it to be now taken down again.

If the form of the order to which your note alludes, had been inclosed I would gladly have signed it, and thus prevented any future unpleasant consequences arising from my forgetfulness, but as it is *not*, I can do no more than forward you one for the current year. Perhaps it has been put up by accident instead of my name.

I am Sir Your very obedt. Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Winston Esqre.

To MRS METZE,[†1] 2 MARCH 1838*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Evening March 2nd./38

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Metze, and begs to inform her that he will be happy to avail himself of her paper "The French Governess",[†2] and to insert it on the earliest opportunity. He regrets to add, however, that from a great pressure of other matter, he fears some delay is inevitable.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MARCH 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests Spring 1838; perhaps March, when he was sitting to both Pickering and Laurence. He probably wrote the first No. of *Nickleby* in the early part of that month. Under the draft Agreement of 18 Aug 37 it was to be delivered to Chapman & Hall "on or before" the 15th (see p. 658).

Doughty St. | Saturday

My Dear Forster

No ride for me to-day. Sitting first, then a business appointment with Mitton (who remained here the other evening) then a hasty dinner, and then Nickleby who has scarcely advanced a jot.

I will be busy all tomorrow morning with Miscellany Papers, but if you ride out in the course of the day, will you call here?

Ever Yours

CD.

To THE SUB-EDITOR OF BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY, [MARCH 1838]†

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.[†1] *Date:* doubtless written as a result of the review of *Grimaldi* in the *Athenaeum,* 3 Mar.[†2]

CONCERNING GRIMALDI
A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO THE SUB EDITOR

My Dear Sir

I understand that a gentleman unknown is going about this town, privately informing all ladies and gentlemen of discontented natures that on a comparison of dates and putting together of many little circumstances which occur to his great sagacity, he has made the profound discovery that I can never have seen Grimaldi whose life I have edited, and that his biography must therefore and consequently and of necessity be bad.

Now Sir although I was brought up from remote country parts in the dark ages of 1819 and 1820 to behold the splendour of Christmas Pantomimes and the humour of Joe, in whose honor I am informed I clapped my hands with great precocity; and although I even saw him act in the remote times of 1823, yet as I had not then aspired to the dignity of a tail coat (although I had been forced by a relentless parent into my first pair of boots) I am willing with the view of saving this honest gentleman further time and trouble

to concede that I had not arrived at man's estate when Grimaldi left the stage, and that my recollections of his acting are — to my loss — but shadowy and imperfect.[†3] Which confession I now make publicly, and without mental qualification or reserve, to all whom it may concern.

But the deduction of this pleasant gentleman that therefore the biography must be necessarily bad, I must take leave through you to deny, although upon the question of fact I leave the public to decide between us. I never heard it established as a sound position before, that to write a biography of a man (having genuine materials) or to edit his own notes[†4] it is essential that you should have known him. *Parvis componere magna,*[†4] I am not aware that either Hazlitt or Scott was on terms of close intimacy with Napoleon Bonaparte or ever saw him in action; neither do I apprehend that Lord Braybrooke had more than a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Pepys whose memoirs he edited two centuries after he died, or that Plutarch

had a personal knowledge of all the gentlemen whose lives he wrote, or that Doctor Johnson was on visiting terms with the Earl of Rochester, or[†1] in short that any author sitting himself down to a similar task, has felt himself bound, or been considered bound, to prove — speaking literally — his familiar acquaintance with his subject.

Do Sir make a corner for this letter, so that my small word may find its way where this merry gentleman found his.

Your faithful colleague to command

BOZ[†2]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [5 MARCH 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the day before Mamie's birth (see next), on evidence of handwriting and the spelling "Esqre.".[†3]

Doughty Street. | Monday Afternoon

My Dear Sir

Mrs. Dickens perversely and obstinately took it into her head to fall ill at 7 O'Clock this morning. I have been with her all day, but as I am advised by the most experienced authorities that I may safely absent myself from home, so that I am within reasonable call, I have ordered dinner for us at the Garrick at 5 precisely. You who are a family man will I am sure require no apology for this change of place under circumstances common to all well regulated families.

Ever My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [6 MARCH 1838]*

MS New York Public Library. *Date:* Mary (Mamie)[†1] was born on 6 Mar 38.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

We were all right here at One o'Clock this morning, when I had an instalment of posterity in the shape of a daughter.

Will tomorrow morning, before One and as early as you please, suit you for the Miscellany?

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 MARCH 1838]

Extract in F, II, ii, 108. *Date:* same day as last.

CD closes his announcement of the birth of a daughter with the postscript: I can do nothing this morning. What time will you ride? The sooner the better for a good long spell.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [7 MARCH 1838]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Ainsworth's wife died on Tues 6 Mar 38.

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Friend.

I am truly grieved to hear of the affliction which has befallen you, and know from sad experience how to sympathize with your sorrows. If anything can soften the first sharp moments of bereavement it is such a reflection as you possess — the consoling thought of having by all available means promoted the peace of mind and comfort of the object we regret. Your separation in life was not to be avoided, and if you were both (or either of you were) the happier for it, there is little reason to deplore it now.[†2]

Your mind will naturally turn from the contemplation of this sad subject, to many bright hopes of the happiness in store for you, in the society of your dear children, who will now possess a double claim upon your love and affection. That Heaven may long preserve them to be your comfort

and pride, and that in their domestic happiness you may witness the realisation of the gayest visions of your gayest days is the earnest and heartfelt prayer of

My Dear Ainsworth
Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

William Ainsworth Esquire[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 MARCH 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* presumably same day as last. *Address:* "William Ainsworth Esquire" cancelled; "John Forster Esquire" substituted.

Wednesday Morng

My Dear Forster.

I have also had a note from Ainsworth, and have written to him. Poor fellow!

All as well as even I could wish.

Ever Yours

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 MARCH 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting and "go on well" suggest very soon after Mamie's birth — probably the day before next. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

Thank God, all continues to go on well — except Nickleby and he does *not* go on well, and therefore we do *not* dine together, but I stick to it, in thorough style until a late hour of the night, and hope I shall be able really to "report progress" tomorrow.

I will call or write, the very first thing in the Morning.

Ever Yours

CD.

[ ][†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 MARCH 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Progress on *Nickleby* and the further report on Catherine and the baby strongly suggest the Friday after last. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster

[†a]I wrote 20 slips of Nicholas yesterday, and only left 4 to do this morning.[†3] Up at 8 oClock too!

I have ordered my horse at one[†a] exactly, as I am to be at the cemetery[†1] by a quarter before Two. Will you go with me? If not, shall I call upon you about four or half past? — But do if you can.

All wonderfully well.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?12 MARCH 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* probably not long after CD's protest at the review of *Grimaldi* of 3 Mar; but clearly not on same Monday as *To* Bentley, 5 Mar.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I have considered the Grimaldi point, and consulted some friends on the subject. The result is, that I do not consider Mr. John Hamilton Reynolds[†2] of sufficient importance to be noticed, nor the necessity of the case strong enough to justify it — in both of which opinions I think you will be disposed, on reflection, to concur.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To W. C. MACREADY, [13 MARCH 1838]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Fox's notice of the opening night of Macready's *Coriolanus* appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of 13 Mar.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Have you any objection to allow my name to be put down among the admissible at the Stage Door? I have passed (I don't know by what authority, now I come to think of it) fifty times this season, but as the porter was not particularly sober last night, and exceedingly insolent, I should like to have right upon my side — having which, I can spare the civility.

It has done my heart good to read the Chronicle notice of Coriolanus this morning. If there were more of such men as Fox,[†1] your management would be a less thankless office.[†2]

Believe me
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, 13 MARCH 1838

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty St. | Tuesday Morning | March 13th. 1838

My Dear Forster

No going out to-day. The morning is not inviting, and I am †asitting patiently at home waiting for Oliver Twist†3 who has not yet arrived.†a

Will you call here tomorrow morning before Leigh Hunt comes to you; or how?

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-MARCH 1838]

Extract in F, II, ii, 108. *Date:* given in F as 9 Mar, probably on assumption that written a few days after Mamie's birth, but *To* Forster, "I wrote 20 slips of Nicholas", seems far more likely to be that date. Probably this was written soon after last.

I was thinking about *Oliver* till dinner-time yesterday, and, just as I had fallen upon him tooth and nail, was called away to sit with Kate. I did eight slips, however, and hope to make them fifteen this morning.

To FREDERICK YATES, [?MID-MARCH 1838]†

MS Private. *Date:* presumably before CD knew of the first dramatization of *Oliver,* produced at St James's, 27 Mar 38. Spelling "Esqre" suggests not later than mid-March.

48 Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Supposing we arrange preliminaries to our mutual satisfaction, I propose to dramatize Oliver for the first night of next Season.†1

I have never seen Mrs. Honnor†2 to the best of my recollection, but from the mere circumstance of her being a Mrs, I should say at once that she was "a many sizes too large" for Oliver Twist. If it be played by a female, it should be a very sharp girl of thirteen or fourteen — not more, or the character would be an absurdity.†3

I don't see the possibility of any other house doing it before your next opening night.[†4] If they do, it must be done in a very extraordinary manner, as the story (unlike that of Pickwick) is an involved and complicated one. I am quite satisfied that nobody can have heard what I mean to do with the different characters in the end, inasmuch as at present I don't quite know, myself; so we are tolerably safe on that head.

Any way, I am quite sure that your name as the Jew[†5] and mine as the

author would knock any other attempts quite out of the field. [†a]I do not however see the least possibility of any other Theatre being able to steal a march upon you.[†a]

Believe me always
Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Yates Esqre.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?19 MARCH 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The election of Beadle was held on 26 Mar 38; on Mon 19th CD noted "Mr. Hicks" in his diary, perhaps as a reminder to canvas support for him. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esquire.

Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Will you do me the favor to sign the petition of the Bearer Mr. Hicks (overseer to Bradbury and Evans) who is a candidate for the vacant office of Beadle to the Stationers' Company?[†1] I have recommended him most warmly myself, and know him to be a man of very high character and deserts.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To CHARLES HICKS, [?MARCH 1838]*

MS Dr David Ross. *Date:* Handwriting points to Feb or Mar 38; the resetting would then be of *Nickleby* No. I, proofs of which would have been ready during the third week of March.

My Dear Sir

As Nickleby is to be re-set, I send it you *un*corrected — or at least with only a very few corrections made; and one insertion. According to my calculation of the quantity, the number will not bear more, but if it should require anything to make up, I will insert it directly you send me the new proofs.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Hicks.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [?MARCH 1838]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* not on mourning paper; handwriting points to Spring 1838, probably March.

Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Ainsworth

Kindly remember that you promised to speak to the gardener at the Cemetery[†1] for me. And if for some fee, he will plant a rose tree or a few little flowers on that early grave, oblige me by giving it to him until I see you.

Best remembrances at home and Believe me Ever

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 MARCH 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* presumably the Sunday before the reference to Catherine's relapse in *To* Bentley, 28 Mar. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Sunday Evg.[†2]

My Dear Forster

Kate is so ill this morning that I fear it is *almost* certain I cannot go, but if you will call at Laurence's[†3] (it is not much out of your way) there may be a chance as I shall then have seen Pickthorn.[†4]

In haste
Ever Yours
CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE MARCH 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* F, II, ii, 104 implies soon after first week of publication of *Grimaldi*; more probably later in the month after Kate's relapse.

[†1] deliberately upon it, except by means of this glossary.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Kate is better, I think, this morning. *1700 Grimaldis have been already sold, and the demand increases daily*![†2] ! ! !

Any way, I hope you will spend Sunday here.[†2] If she is too ill to see you, we can easily dine in another room. So meet me at the Shakspeare[†3] on Saturday Evening at 8, order your horse at midnight, and ride back with me to the bed I shall order for you.[†4]

Directly you receive this write a line back by the twopenny post, and let me know that I may engage your bed and tell them to sit up for us. Tell Fred if you see him, to stop at home on Saturday after 5 o'Clock till I come.

In great haste
Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

April

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?2 APRIL 1838]

Mention in next.

A note to the authoress of "The Radical Aristocrat", [†1] *rejecting her paper.*

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?2 APRIL 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Probably refers to CD's request to Bentley of 10 Feb to give him an account of the sales of the *Miscellany*. Could not be Mon 5 Mar (see *To* Bentley, that day); probably therefore the first Mon in Apr.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

Dear Sir.

The Radical Aristocrat is sent with the other rejected papers this month. The parcel contains a private note for the Authoress.

There is also among the papers, one piece of absurdity by Mr. Grantley Berkeley,[†2] called "Chariot versus coach"[†3] which I had previously read and returned, and consequently suppose has been sent back to me by mistake.

I wrote to you some weeks ago, begging at the close of the year to know what sum the increased sale of the Miscellany entitled me to, under our agreement. As you have taken no notice of the note, let me recal your attention to it.

I have not received a single copy of the Miscellany although it has been published two or three days![†4]

The receipt of the cheque acknowledged.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?APRIL 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to Spring 1838; the only occasion on which CD and Catherine were away from their children was the visit to Richmond for Catherine's convalescence.

My dear Forster

I forward the volume you want — after detaining your messenger nearly half an hour, for I was not up when he arrived.

There are rumours in the camp, of anxiety to see the children and get home to-day. I will tell you when I see you between 12 and 1, whether we strike our tents or not.

Ever Yours
CD

Head achey, and hand unsteady.

To E. S. MORGAN, [11 APRIL 1838]*

MS British Museum. *Date:* letter endorsed "Dft of £9 sent in a note to Mr. Dickens 12 April" (Thursday). *Address:* E. S. Morgan Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness to give the Bearer the amount due to the Author of John Ward Gibson in the last No.?[†1] He cannot come or send for it,[†2] and I have promised to remit him what is due.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Morgan Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13 APRIL 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to Spring 1838; CD was probably writing on the first Friday after their return from Richmond. Black seal. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street | Friday Night

My Dear Forster

I am ashamed to tell you that I have not had time to do that. I need not assure you that nothing but one uninterrupted series of botherations arising out of our removal would have prevented me.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To SAMUEL LAURENCE, [?14 APRIL 1838]

Text from N, I, 140. *Date:* after 25 Mar (see *To* Forster, that day); perhaps the first Saturday after their return home, before Catherine's complete recovery.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir,

I intended calling on you to thank you for your very kind note and present[†1] and lest business engagements should postpone those thanks until they become quite worthless (if they be not so already) I forward them through this medium.

You will forgive my saying that much as I wish to have Mrs. Dickens[†2] portrait done by you, I cannot allow her to sit without previously stipulating that this time I shall have my own way and that we be on the terms of strangers.[†3] This being understood, I shall as soon as she recovers, consign her to you at all convenient times and season and as often as you think proper.

Accept her very best and warmest thanks for the present of my picture and believe me my dear Sir

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15 APRIL 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Spring 1838 on handwriting; "that 'ere" was perhaps the piece of work he said on ?13 Apr he was ashamed not to have done. Reference to Cruikshank suggests CD was writing the day before next. Black seal. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

The cold, or the mulled wine, or the driving, made me as bad as you. I couldn't write a line 'till three oClock, and have yet 5 slips to finish,[†4] and

don't know what to put in them for I have reached the point I meant to leave off with.[†1]

Conseqvently[†2] I have not done that 'ere.

I think I shall have to go to Cruikshank's tomorrow Evening, but in any case I shall dine with you.

The Poney had tight shoes on, with nails an inch or so too long, and was nearly crippled.

Yours in misery

CD.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [16 APRIL 1838]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Spring 1838 on handwriting; his being already a day late with *Nickleby* perhaps explains the sense of urgency. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire.

Monday afternoon

My Dear Cruikshank

Will you give me a cigar on Friday Night, instead of this evening? I am at work on something which I am anxious to finish, and fear I shall be at my Desk 'till very late?

In order that we may settle Oliver[†3] before, I will (if you think proper) call upon you on Tuesday Noon at One[†4] o'Clock.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Geo Cruikshank Esq.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?APRIL 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Conjunction of handwriting, black seal and "Esquire" point to Apr 38. CD noted in his Diary dinner engagements for the 17th and 19th (see p. 633). *Address: Wait* | John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster

Hullah came in last night, and I did nothing, so I must work hard to-night, or the numerous dinners of this month will lay me on the small of my back. It is a fine morning — what say you to a ride? Can I tempt

you? — If you come up here, we can go to Gray's[†1] together, and they will mount you on *something* in no time. I should not object to an early chop at some "village inn".

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?APRIL 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* as last, on conjunction of handwriting and black seal. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Forster

If you are disposed for a ride to-day, I can give you one gratis, for at one o'Clock there is coming here a tall black horse with a saddle on, which was tried yesterday in harness, and if you like to ride him I will take the cob.

Let me know before hand. If you come, be here at 10 minutes before One.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS,[†2] [?APRIL 1838]

Composite text from catalogues of Parke-Bernet Galleries, Apr 1946, and Anderson Galleries, Apr 1926; dated Doughty Street, Monday Morning. *Date:* Perhaps the joke about Hicks was connected with his candidature for the office of Beadle on 26 Mar and CD was writing the following month; he would probably have received proofs in the third week. The word "estimate" supports a date early in the writing of *Nickleby.*

Dear Sirs.

As I am induced to think from your estimate that I have still a couple of pages or so to write, and consequently cannot correct the first sheets until I see the last, perhaps you will make another wonderful exertion not exhausting yourselves but having regard to your healths and the happiness of your wives and children. Mr. Hicks, I presume, is no more. Poor fellow! He fell a victim to a rash spirit of enterprise, and I regret him deeply.

To THE SECRETARY OF THE PICKWICK CLUB,[†1] 21 APRIL [1838]*

MS Cornell University Library. *Date:* 21 Apr was Saturday in 1838.

48 Doughty Street London | Saturday April 21st.

Sir.

If the dinner of the Pickwick Club had been on Monday Week, I would have joined it with all the pleasure which you will readily imagine this most gratifying recollection of my works by so many gentlemen, awakens in my mind.

At any personal inconvenience to myself, I would have joined you on the day you name, but I regret to say that if I were tempted to do so, Nicholas Nickleby and Oliver Twist would make a much longer stay in London this month than is good for their health — and although this might be of no very great importance to buyers in the country, I think sellers would murmur.

Let me beg you to offer my best remembrances and thanks to the Committee; and to assure them that I should have felt more pleasure and delight than I can express to you in a hasty note, if I could have been present on their approaching anniversary.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. J. CRACKENBOTTOM,[†2] [?SPRING 1838]†

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Spring 1838.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I am much indebted to you for your great patience which is so exemplary and peculiar that I fear you will never make an author, as you can never be one of the *genus irritabile.*

The cause of the delay of your paper is simply this — Mr. Bentley considers it too broad, although it does not strike me as being *so* broad as to render its insertion dangerous. The question is, whether you can so alter it as to make the doubtful lady a mantua maker, and give the interview more of a "courting" character. [†a]To this end I have directed the printer to

send you either the MS or a proof in the course of tomorrow, and I shall be happy to receive your early reply.[†1]

I am
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

John Julius Crackenbottom Esquire

To EDWARD OLIVER,[†2] [?SPRING 1838]

Mention in *To* Oliver, June-July 38. *Date:* presumably several months before CD's apology of that date.

Declining two papers submitted for the Miscellany.

May

To SPENCER HALL,[†3] [?MAY 1838]

Extract in John Waller catalogue, 1859; *MS* 2 pp.; from 48 Doughty Street. *Date:* probably not long after the Athenaeum's General Meeting of 8 May 38, when it was decided to elect 40 new members. CD was elected on 21 June.

My dear Sir

I am really more obliged to you than I can express for the kind interest you take in my behalf ... But having my name proposed and recorded[†4] I shall leave all the rest to fortune.[†5]

To SPENCER HALL, [?MAY 1838]*

MS Mr J. L. Douthwaite. *Date:* probably soon after last.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

One more last word in reply to yours. I never canvass anybody for anything. If the committee elect me, well and good; if not I shall forget it, and them, and all about the matter in fact except the kind interest you have taken in it.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Spencer Hall Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MAY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* probably late in May, shortly before they took the cottage at Twickenham. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Saturday Morng

Dear Forster

Kate is going in a fly to Twickenham to look at the cottage[†1] this morning, and we are to join her there. Don't make it later than half past 12, but be earlier if you can.

Ever Yours CD.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 20 MAY [1838]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 23 July 1903; *MS* 3 pp.; dated 20 May.

Refers to a dinner invitation from Lord Holland;[†2] *also mentions a play of Talfourd's.*

I am desperately hard up just now, having only written one chapter of Nickleby number three.[†3] I hope to make a great dash tomorrow, however, to proceed at rail-road pace.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MAY 1838]

Extract in F, II, iv, 124. *Date:* Refers to *Nickleby,* according to Forster; presumably shortly after last.

I remain dissatisfied until you have seen and read number three.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?24 MAY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Handwriting points to Apr-May 1838; "by Post" in cancelled sentence (see *fn*) suggests shortly before CD's departure for Twickenham; since postscript refers to a returned paper, probably towards end of the month.

Doughty Street | Thursday Night

My Dear Sir

The inclosed I received a day or two since from Mr. Maxwell.[†1] It was directed to you but my brother seeing it on my table thought it an unopened Miscellany Paper, and broke the seal by mistake. He immediately found out his error, and I send it to you with this hasty explanation.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

T.O

Richard Bentley Esquire

I have never had "Dismal Treatises by Minimus Little Gent".[†2]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?31 MAY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Probably refers to the accounts for the year July 37 to June 38 (see *fn*). Handwriting strongly suggests not later than May; presumably 31 May, the day the June *Miscellany* went to the booksellers. No Thursday in June seems possible.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

Dear Sir.

On looking over the account of Miscellany sales, I find that the odd pages of Oliver each month are deducted — that this meanness is carried so far, that in four instances there are fifteen pages *and a half*[†3] put down; in one fifteen, and in five fourteen.[†4]

Now I distinctly recollect that in the case of Nicholas Tulrumble,[†1] two pages and a half were cut by me out of the printed proof to suit the exigencies of the Number, and that since that time I have *twice* cut Oliver Twist to the extent of a page each time, with the same object.[†2] But I have no wish to put the matter on this ground. I merely wish to ask you whether when there may be some thirty or forty pounds due to me on account of the Miscellany sales,[†3] you think it is liberal towards your editor and principal contributor to deduct his half pages and count him down by the line, to make a set-off against such a paltry sum — whether you do not think that the pains and care bestowed upon the tale of which you count the words, deserve a better return — and whether you consider that such treatment (so different from any I have received elsewhere) is likely to make me wish for a very long continuance of our business connection?[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richd. Bentley Esqre.

June

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?6 JUNE 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* probably the Wednesday after last, the appointment having been to discuss the *Miscellany* accounts.

Twickenham Park. | Wednesday Morning

Dear Sir

I went to town yesterday, according to our appointment, and waited for you in Doughty Street until Two oClock. I dare say you had forgotten it, so this is to let you know that I shall be there again on Saturday next from 12 to 2, and glad to see you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To G. H. LEWES,[†5] [?9 JUNE 1838]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* probably a week before *To* Lewes, ?16 June, and concerned with the same meeting.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir

I write — fortunately for you — short notes, having no time (if I had the inclination) to make them longer.

I will take soundings in Counting-House Quarters and report about that very deep mine to which you devote yourself, in due course.[†1]

I don't think I shall be in town again until next Saturday, but between twelve and two on that day I shall be here. I have I am sorry to say several unfixed dinner engagements afoot, but I have at present no reason to fear that any one of them will clash with whatever day may suit Leigh Hunt best. I merely stipulate that you discharge me at an early hour, as I shall go back to Twickenham that night.

With reference to that question of yours concerning Oliver Twist I scarcely know what answer I can give you. I suppose like most authors I look over what I write with exceeding pleasure and think (to use the words of the elder Mr. Weller) "in my innocence that it's all wery capital". I thought that passage a good one *when* I wrote it, certainly, and I felt it strongly (as I do almost every word I put on paper) *while* I wrote it, but how it came I can't tell. It came like all my other ideas, such as they are, ready made to the point of the pen — and down it went. Draw your own conclusion and hug the theory closely.[†2]

I strongly object to printing anything in italics but a word here and there which requires particular emphasis, and that not often. It is framing and glazing an idea and desiring the ladies and gentleman[†1] to walk up and admire it. The truth is, that I am a very modest man, and furthermore that if readers cannot detect the point of a passage without having their attention called to it by the writer, I would much rather they lost it and looked out for something else.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?11 JUNE 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The second appointment broken by Bentley was presumably for the Saturday after the first one: i.e., for the 9th, when CD was in London (see last).

Twickenham Park | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I have twice kept appointments which you have traitorously violated. Write to me *here*, and tell me what day this week at one oClock at Noon you will be in Doughty Street to meet me.

Always
Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, [12 JUNE 1838]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 12 June 38. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Twickenham Park | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Beard

I hasten to reply to your note. I will come up to town tomorrow, and going first to Doughty Street to get a cargo of books for your amusement while I am at work, will be with you at *three exactly*. We shall then get down here to dinner. NB. We have a very unseemly-looking back to the front seat of the chaise, for country rides, which shall be put on specially for your ease and comfort.

Burnett and his wife are coming down on Saturday but Mrs. D and I have taken council[†1] this morning, and find that the resources of the establishment are more than sufficient for a greater number of visitors. We therefore lay violent hands on you until some days after you are perfectly restored, and assure you with great sincerity that the longer you stay, the better you will please us. You must forget in the present crisis that there

is such a thing as a Chronicle (except on Saturdays) content that there is no chance of their forgetting you.

Kate desires her best love to your sisters, and I beg my best remembrances to all.

Believe me, ever,

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?14 JUNE 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* presumably the Thursday after letter of ?11 June.

Twickenham Park. | Thursday Evening 6 oClock

My Dear Sir

I only received your note two hours ago. Say Saturday in Doughty St. between 12 and 2, and I will be punctual — the earlier after 12, the better.

I am anxious to hear your offer for poor Mrs. Macrone's book. Things have come to that pass that I *must* dispose of it without delay, somewhere.

Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To G. H. LEWES, [?16 JUNE 1838]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* in June, the month of the Coronation; probably "next Wednesday week" was the 27th, when CD would be free from *Miscellany* proofs.

Parthenon Club | Saturday Evng

My Dear Sir

In consequence of the Coronation,[†1] the Booksellers make the 26th. of this month, the day for delivering periodicals to the trade, and I am consequently obliged to go hard to work.

Will you change our day to *next Wednesday week* instead of Monday, and meet at the appointed place and hour?

Believe me
Always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire

To MISS AGNES STRICKLAND,[†1] [?17 JUNE 1838]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* probably the day after the meeting with Bentley arranged for the 16th.

Twickenham Park | Sunday Morning

My dear Miss Strickland.

Your letter has been forwarded to me here, but unfortunately the MS tale has been by some accident left in town, where I shall not be until next Saturday, and then only for a few hours.

Will you do me the favor to leave the two printed tales and the Manuscript in my hands for a few days? I shall be very happy to retain "Irmingland Hall" for insertion in Mrs. Macrone's book,[†2] and to determine on the original tale after I have perused it.

I saw Mr. Bentley yesterday, and mentioned to him what you had said to me relative to the copyright of your papers. He thinks eight guineas a sheet, you reserving to yourself the right of collection "after a reasonable time", would be fair. Do you think so too?

I had intended to do myself the pleasure of calling on you before I left town, but the remarkable phænomonon of a sunshiny day decoyed me suddenly away — and since that surprising appearance I have been waiting patiently here looking out for another.

Believe me
Dear Miss Strickland
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Strickland.

To JOHN FORSTER, 23 JUNE 1838

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

Gammon Lodge | Saturday Evening | June 23rd. 1838

Sir.

I am requested to inform you that at a numerous meeting of the Gammon Aeronautical Balloon association[†3] for the encouragement of Science and the Consumption of Spirits of Wine — Thomas Beard Esquire, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Charles Dickens Esquire, the Snodgering Blee, Popem Jee,[†4] and other distinguished characters being present and assenting — the

vote of censure of which I inclose a copy was unanimously passed upon you for gross negligence in the discharge of your duty, and most unjustifiable disregard of the best interests of the Society.

I am Sir
Your most obedt. Servant
CHARLES DICKENS
Honorary Secretary[†1]

John Forster Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?24 JUNE 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Summer 1838, probably June, on handwriting; clearly CD was urging Forster to join him at Twickenham; towards the end of the month, since correcting proofs. Perhaps the letter he was answering had crossed his last. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

A thousand thanks for that joke (new!) respecting the Thames Tunnel.[†2] I shall certainly put it into Nickleby.

[ ][†3]

[†a]We start *precisely*[†4] — precisely mind — at half past one. Come, come, come, and walk in the Green Lanes. You will work the better for it all the week.

Come.[†5] I shall expect you.[†a]

Ever & Ever

CD.

Sunday Morning

NB. Not at church, but correcting proofs.

To [?MR HAWKINS],[†1] [29 JUNE 1838]

Summary in James Hawkins *to* E. B. L. Dickens (Plorn), Oct 1889 (MS Mr W. A. Foyle). *Date:* the day after Coronation day.

Asking for the return of a provisions basket he had left in the third floor front room of Mr [?*Hawkins's*] *house, which he had engaged for Coronation day in order to witness the procession.*

To CHARLES HICKS, [?29 JUNE 1838]

Text from N, I, 165. *Date:* Since the misprint was not corrected in the first issue of *Nickleby* No. IV, published 2 July 38, CD was presumably returning the proofs on 29 rather than 22 June.

Twickenham Park | Friday Evening

My Dear Mr. Hicks,

On looking hastily over the proof, I see no mistake except at page 123 where at line 17, the word "sister" should be substituted for "visiter."

Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29 JUNE 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Presumably the "few lines about the fair" were the final part — plainly by CD — of the long article on the Coronation in the *Examiner,* 1 July 38, p. 403. No other fair is described in the *Examiner* during this period. CD was probably writing the morning after the Coronation. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

I have not *done* anything, for I got caught in the rain, came home, and have been beset ever since. I'll do, I'll do, I'll do,[†2] however, and when I call in Pulteney Street[†3] will bring a few lines about the fair.[†4] Pray Heaven they may fall in pleasant places![†5]

Faithfully

CD.

To [?MESSRS CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD], [?JUNE 1838]

Mention in *To* Talfourd, ?9 July 38. *Date:* perhaps not long before that letter.

Asking them to send him some copies of the penny edition of Talfourd's Ion.

July

To J. P. HARLEY, [JUNE-JULY 1838]

MS Mr L. T. Edwards. *Date:* during CD's stay at Twickenham.

Twickenham Park. | Thursday Night

My Dear Harley.

This comes hoping you are well, as it leaves me at this present. Likewise to inform you that I have a small box with a spare bed in it down here, and shall be glad to see you to dine (and sleep) next Sabbath. Forster is coming, and offers to pilot you, with which hospitable view he intends sounding you at the Theayter to-night. We shall be quite alone with this exception, and Missis hopes to see you.

N.B. Neat Wines.

In haste
My Dear Harley,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J P Harley Esquire

&c &c

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, [JUNE-JULY 1838]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [JUNE-JULY 1838]*

MS Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens. *Date:* during CD's stay at Twickenham.

Twickenham Park | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster

Here is my note to Fonblanque, and — a curiosity — Hogarth's note to me, which I inclose for your perusal.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To EDWARD OLIVER, [JUNE-JULY 1838]*

MS Mr M. B. Ashford. *Date:* during CD's stay at Twickenham. *Address:* —— Oliver Esq | Surgeon | Ebury Street.

Twickenham Park | Monday Evening

Sir.

I very much regret that your note has so long remained unanswered. It was put aside among some answered letters, and so escaped me.

I recollect very shortly after I received your two papers, writing you a note in which I ventured to say that I did not think the idea of a Surgeon's Diary at all a promising one after the Physician's;[†1] and that I did not consider your articles adapted to the Miscellany. I therefore declined them with many thanks for your preference.

As you have not received this communication, I infer that the parcel must have been, since that time, lying at Mr. Bentley's. But I shall be in town on Saturday, and will take care that it is sent to your residence.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedt. Servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Oliver Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?3 JULY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The *Miscellany* volumes were no doubt for Leigh Hunt, to go with the first four Nos of *Nickleby* (see 13 July). CD probably made up the parcel on 3 July, the day after publication of *Nickleby* No. IV.

Twickenham Park. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I gave your invitation to Mr. Forster, and he begged me to tell you that he would be exceedingly happy to join us. We shall be at Hungerford Market[†2] at a quarter to 4.[†3]

Will you have the goodness to send me (to Doughty Street) a set of the Miscellany in boards? I wish to present one to a friend in the country.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. H. KUENZEL,[†1] 9 JULY 1838

Mention in catalogue of J. W. Jarvis & Son, 1884; dated 9 July 38.

Expressing his pleasure at acquiring popularity in Germany.

To LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR,[†2] 9 JULY 1838*

MS Mrs Margaret Dorling. *Address:* The Lord Robert Grosvenor | Park Lane.

Twickenham Park. | July 9th. 1838

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Lord Robert Grosvenor and begs to inform him that Mr. Squeers and Do-the-boys Hall were originally suggested to him by such advertisements as Lord Robert Grosvenor has had the kindness to enclose. Those particular advertisements had never come under Mr. Dickens' notice before, although he was in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Twycross[†3] (as he finds by his printed address) in the course of a little tour among the Yorkshire Schools which he made last winter. Mr. Dickens feels much flattered by Ld. R. Grosvenor's enquiry on behalf of Oliver Twist and begs to inform him that the tale will shortly be published in three volumes.

To JOHN LIMBIRD,[†1] 9 JULY 1838*

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd. *Address:* Mr. Limbird | 143 Strand.

Twickenham Park Twickenham | Monday July 9th. 1838.

Mr. Charles Dickens in acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Limbird's note, begs to inform him that he is staying out of town for the summer, but that he will be in 48 Doughty Street for an hour on Monday next, the 16th., and will be happy to see him at One o'Clock on that day.

If Mr. Limbird's proposition be one which requires an earlier answer, and he will have the goodness to state it in a note directed to the address whence this letter is dated, Mr. Dickens will have much pleasure in giving it immediate attention.

To MR PARKER, 9 JULY [1838]

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Dec 1933; *MS* 1 p; dated 9 July 1858, plainly a mistake for 1838, as Doughty Street mentioned.

Have the goodness to send to Doughty Street for two pairs of boots of mine to mend. Put light soles to them and don't be an age about it.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?9 JULY 1838]

Text from N, I, 166. *Date:* probably the Monday before 15 July — the first anniversary of Letitia's wedding; seems clearly to refer to CD's first invitation from Lady Holland, since on 15 July he wrote to Talfourd of the invitation being "renewed".

Twickenham Park | Monday evening

My dear Talfourd,

I am more sorry than I can tell you to find your note on returning from a walk. I have not been out for weeks, and have purposely kept aloof from Sunday engagements in expectation of Lady Holland's[†2] most agreeable invite; but two days ago I contracted an engagement for next Sunday (in fancied security) which I cannot now postpone as it is a family anniversary, and I have moreover engaged myself with Mrs. Dickens.

May I ask you to let Lady Holland know how very much I regret this circumstance, and how anxiously I hope to have another opportunity of retrieving my loss?[†1]

I don't know whether you are aware of your great popularity in America, where Ion is sold for a penny! Thinking you might not have seen one of these curiosities I have requested some booksellers in Philadelphia[†2] with whom I have been in communication, to send me a copy or two.

I write in great haste, and in the dark, to save the next post; but in haste or leisure, or darkness or light, I am always.

Most faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [10 JULY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* CD noted in his Diary, Thurs 12 July: "Bentley and Hullah to come down early and sleep here"; and on 7 July: "Finished Oliver for the Month".

Twickenham Park | Tuesday Night.

My Dear Sir.

Don't fail to be early on Thursday, as I project a visit to Hampton Court, and a ride by the River side.

Wilson has Oliver for the Month. I have planned the tale to the close, and if I have any fortune in preparing the next No. of Nickleby expeditiously, hope to make a great start this month.[†3]

In haste
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

over

Your best way, if you can manage it, would be to come down by the boat from Hungerford Market. They leave (I think) at 10 and 11 o'Clock.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?10 JULY 1838]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Handwriting points to July; "Water Party" possibly refers to the Hampton Court expedition mentioned in last.

Twickenham Park. | Tuesday Night

Dear Tom

I sat down this evening and put on paper my testamentary *meaning.* Whether it is sufficiently legal or not, is another question, but I hope it is. The rough draft of the clauses which I inclose, will be preceded by as much of the fair copy as I send you, and followed by the usual clause about the receipts of the trustees being a sufficient discharge. I also wish to provide that if all our children should die before 21 and Kate married again, half

the surplus should go to her, and half to my surviving brothers and sisters, share and share alike.

This will be all, except a few lines I wish to add, which there will be no occasion to consult you about, as they will merely bear reference to a few tokens of remembrance, and one or two slight funeral directions. And so pray God that you may be grey and Forster bald long before you are called upon to act as my executors.[†1]

I suppose I shall see you at the Water Party on Thursday? We will then make an appointment for Saturday Morning, and if you think my clauses will *do*, I will complete my copy, seal it up, and leave it in your hands. There are some other papers which you ought to have. We must get a box.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To HENRY COLBURN, [?13 JULY 1838]

For text see *Addenda*, p. 701.

To LEIGH HUNT, [?13 JULY 1838]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* probably ten days after CD's request to Bentley of ?3 July for a set of the *Miscellany.*

48 Doughty Street | Friday Evening

My Dear Sir

Here is the unhappy parcel which, after being safely booked and entered in my own mind as gone, has been lying on my table in the dust of fourteen days.

It contains the first four numbers of my new work, a portion of Oliver Twist (which you will find in the two Miscellany Volumes) and an American Edition of Pickwick, which is curious from the singular vileness of the Illustrations.[†2] Do me the favor to read Oliver and Nickleby *first.* Of the latter work I have directed the publishers to send you all future numbers regularly; and of the former I will send you more anon, if it interest you — an old stager — sufficiently.

You are an old stager in works, but a young one in faith — faith in all beautiful and excellent things. If you can only find it in that green heart of yours to tell me one of these days that you have met, in wading through the accompanying trifles, with any thing that felt like a vibration of the old chord you have touched so often and sounded so well, you will confer the truest gratification on, My Dear Sir,

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, 15 JULY 1838

Text from MDGH, I, 10.

Twickenham Park, Sunday, July 15th, 1838.

My dear Talfourd,

I cannot tell you how much pleasure I have derived from the receipt of your letter. I have heard little of you, and seen less, for so long a time, that your handwriting came like the renewal of some old friendship, and gladdened my eyes like the face of some old friend.[†1]

If I hear from Lady Holland before you return, I shall, as in duty bound, present myself at her bidding; but between you and me and the general post, I hope she may not renew her invitation until I can visit her with you, as I would much rather avail myself of your personal introduction. However, whatever

her ladyship may do I shall respond to, and anyway shall be only too happy to avail myself of what I am sure cannot fail to form a very pleasant and delightful introduction.[†2]

Your kind invitation and reminder of the subject of a pleasant conversation in one of our pleasant rides, has thrown a gloom over the brightness of Twickenham, for here I am chained. It is indispensably necessary that "Oliver Twist" should be published in three volumes, in September next.[†3] I have only just begun the last one,[†4] and, having the constant drawback of my monthly work, shall be sadly harassed to get it finished in time, especially as I have several very important scenes (important to the story I mean) yet to write. Nothing would give me so much pleasure as to be with you for a week or so. I can only imperfectly console myself with the hope that when you see "Oliver" you will like the close of the book, and approve my self-denial in staying here to write it. I should like to know your address in Scotland when you leave town, so that I may send you the earliest copy if it be produced in the vacation, which I pray Heaven it may.

Meanwhile, believe that though my body is on the banks of the Thames, half my heart is going the Oxford circuit.[†1]

Mrs. Dickens and Charley desire their best remembrances (the latter expresses some anxiety, not unmixed with apprehension, relative to the Copyright Bill,[†2] in which he conceives himself interested),[†3] with hearty wishes that you may have a fine autumn, which is all you want, being sure of all other means of enjoyment that a man can have.

I am, my dear Talfourd,
Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S. — I hope you are able to spare a moment now and then to glance at "Nicholas Nickleby," and that you have as yet found no reason to alter the opinion you formed on the appearance of the first number.

You know, I suppose, that they elected me at the Athenæum? Pray thank Mr. Serjeant Storks[†4] for me.

To MESSRS CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD, 18 JULY 1838

MS Messrs Lea & Febiger.

48 Doughty Street London | 18th. July 1838

Gentlemen

I take the opportunity of my friend Mr. Thompson[†5] leaving England on a voyage of discovery to the New World, to thank you most cordially for your box of books, and also for your acknowledgment of the popularity of the Pickwick papers in America, which (both the acknowledgment and the popularity, and especially the last) affords me the greatest delight and satisfaction.

I have never seen your Agent Mr. Miller[†1] upon the subject of Nicholas Nickleby, but if I had I should have been unable to have sent you early proofs of any Number that has yet appeared, as I have been rather behind-hand than in advance and have only completed each Number a day or two before its publication.

I shall be glad to hear that Nicholas is in favor with our American friends (whom I long to see) and if you can point out to me any means by which, either in this case or any other, I can give you a preference or serve your interests, believe me that I shall be most willing and prompt to do so.

I am
Gentlemen
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Carey Lea and Blanchard.

To MISS JANE SHIRREFF,[†2] 18 JULY 1838*

MS Private.

48 Doughty Street Mecklenburgh Square.
Wednesday July 18th. 1838

My dear Miss Shireff.

Hearing that you have taken your passage for America in The Great Western,[†3] I wish to have the pleasure of introducing to you my friend Mr. Thompson, the bearer of this letter, a gentleman of great attainments and accomplishments who is starting for a tour in the Far West. I am happy to believe that in making you known to him, I shall repay some portion of the pleasure which you have so often afforded me, in common with all playgoers and admirers of beautiful music.

I hope you will not be persuaded to cast so great a slight on your own countrymen as to bestow your heart on an American in this long trip.[†4] Above all I hope (I regret to say, most selfishly,) that whatever you do, you will not be persuaded to remain in the United States, and deprive old England of the light of your countenance and voice.

Believe me
Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN WILSON,[†1] 18 JULY 1838

MS Walter T. Spencer.

48 Doughty Street Mecklenburgh Square

Wednesday July 18th. 1838

My Dear Sir.

Mrs. Dickens and myself are anxious to introduce to you the Bearer of this letter, a friend of ours — Mr. Thompson by name — who has taken his passage for America in the same vessel by which you travel thither, and will deliver this letter to you on board. We are sure that you cannot fail to like him greatly, and feeling equally assured that he cannot fail to like you, anticipate receiving the thanks of both parties when both return.

Accept our united and most sincere wishes — I will not say for your success, for of that there is no doubt — but for your safe, and happy return. And Believe me

My Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—— Wilson Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?19 JULY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Handwriting of both letter and the MS of the second "Mudfog Association" paper, published in Sep, points to July; supported by the reference to Twickenham. The meeting with Cruikshank suggests about the middle of the month.

Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir

The inclosed papers are by a young man[†2] whom Leigh Hunt introduced to me some time since. He is going to Germany on Saturday, or Sunday, and if they are accepted wishes to be paid *in advance.* Under these circumstances I think it best to send them to you; merely observing that if you think them worth paying for on the usual terms, I shall be very glad on the writer's account. Will you let me know by post to Twickenham, and without delay, whether you think proper to comply with this request or not?

I have seen Cruikshank this morning, and he has left me in transports with his Mudfog association subject.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [20 JULY 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* plainly the Friday after Bentley's visit of 12-13 July.

Twickenham Park | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

Wilson will receive the proofs revised, early tomorrow. There are a good many of them, and my time has been much occupied.

I am glad you liked your country trip the other day, and shall be truly pleased to give you an opportunity of repeating it before we leave this.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To F. P. BECKER,†1 [?20 JULY 1838]

Text from Walter T. Spencer catalogue No. 104 (1901); *MS* 1 p.; dated Twickenham Park, Friday — perhaps same Friday as last, since the illustration appeared in the Aug instalment of *Oliver.*

Mr. Dickens' compliments to Mr Becker, and begs to inform him that the lettering for the Oliver Twist plate will be —

"Mr. Fagin and his pupils†2 recovering Nancy."

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 JULY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* presumably not long after Leigh Hunt's reply (see p. 685) to CD's letter of 13 July.

Twickenham Park | Monday Morning

My dear Forster.

I wish you would write to Hunt, and tell him that now *I* am so busy I can't see him. What with the two days dissipation in this week, and a wasting diarrhœa I have got upon me somehow or other, all my work is in the most foggy perspective I ever saw it in.

You can easily lay it upon the conclusion of Oliver.

Be punctual on Wednesday and Believe me always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I don't know whether you are aware that under the new law of registration†3 it is necessary for a man to register his intention to get married, *three weeks*†4 before the ceremony can take place. I mention this as a friend, and to prevent disappointments.†5

To MADAME SALA, [?23 JULY 1838]

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd. *Date:* If referring to Madame Sala's benefit at the Haymarket Theatre on 3 Aug 38, after her recovery from smallpox, CD must have been writing on 23 July, envisaging an announcement in the *Examiner* on Sun 29th.

Twickenham Park | Monday Evening

My Dear Madame Sala.

You will I am sure believe that my delay in answering your letter, has arisen from no want of sympathy with your very severe misfortune,[†1] or indifference to your success and recovery for which I am sincerely anxious. I have been out of town for some weeks, and so hard pressed with business that I have not had ten minutes' time to spare.

I regret that I have not the remotest influence with any daily or weekly paper — not the slightest. I am always most careful to solicit no favors from such gentlemen connected with them as I happen to know personally — and I need not, I am sure, point out to you — situated as I am — the necessity of my adopting this course.

All I have been enabled to do, has been to mention precisely what you tell me in your note, to my friend Mr Forster, who will most cheerfully say or do anything you wish in the Examiner,[†2] or — if there should not be time for that — in the Morning Chronicle, which will perhaps be of even greater importance to you. He is very desirous to serve you by any means in his power, and you may fully depend on his doing so.

For myself I can only say that if you will point out to me any mode by which, either now or at any future time, I can advance your interests or be of service to you, I pray you to command me. I do not say this as a mere compliment, but in all truth and sincerity. And I hope you will let me know before long, that you have read this note with your own eyes, and written me a short bulletin in reply with your own fingers.

My Dear Madame Sala
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Madame Sala.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?26 JULY 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* probably the same day as next; Forster must have replied at once, advising CD to write to Bentley himself. Getting his papers together suggests shortly after CD's return to London.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My dear Forster.

I have only time (having just got up) to say that if you see Bentley to-day, you will oblige me greatly by broaching the idea of another month's rest from the Miscellany, and hint that we must hold a great discussion thereupon (he, you, and I) before the month is out.

I have my papers to get together, and therefore shall not come out this morning. Will you come here, or pick a bit with us at five, or how?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dine here if you can, and we will discuss all grave matters.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?26 JULY 1838]†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting points to Summer 1838; the return home must therefore have been from Twickenham — some time after 20 July (see *To* Bentley, that day). Since the *Miscellany* of Sep 38 contained no *Oliver*, "after next month" suggests CD was writing in July.

Doughty Street. | Thursday.

My Dear Sir

†a This is to give you notice that I have come home.†a

I wish you to consider whether — after next month — it would hurt the Miscellany if (the announcement that I was about to begin a new tale therein, being meanwhile very conspicuously displayed)†1 I wrote nothing in it for a number. I really see no other way of making a great start with Oliver, for †b I no sooner get myself up, high and dry, to attack him manfully than up come the waves of each month's work, and drive me back again into a sea of manuscript.†b

†a There is plenty of time for you to think this over; I wish you would consider it well.†a

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, 27 JULY 1838

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

July 27th. 1838.†1

Dr. Sir.

Poets tell us that love is blind;[†2] — I fear indifference is more so. It is many months since I sent you a slight gage d'amour; it is many years (do not be alarmed, I am still very young) since I first became acquainted with your worth and excellence. I have seen you — met you — read your works — heard you speak — listened, in a breathless state, to your eloquent and manly expression of the sentiments which do you honor; and still by no word or sign have I discovered that you recognized in me the giver of the simple worthless riding whip which I have often seen in your hand, and once (when you [ ][†3] it) nearly touched.

Mr. Forster — dear Mr. Forster let me say, as it is but on paper, and through the distant medium of an anonymous communication — I have loved you, and I could have wished, and have wished with all a woman's ardour that you were mine. You are no ordinary man. When I tell you this, believe that love — a love of which I am not ashamed, but proud, since its object exalts even that great passion — has rendered me superior to the common foibles of my sex. I love you still, but I know neither jealousy, envy, nor hatred. You love another. Heaven send you may be happy — as happy, Mr. Forster, as you deserve. As happy as in the wildest dreams of your youth you can ever have hoped to become.

I have but one object in writing, and that is soon stated. I might say two, since it will be a consolation to know that your eye traces these lines — but I will not. Think me capricious — strange — romantic — what you will — but when this engagement arising out of the acquaintance you have recently formed, *is* ratified (it may be already, I have no reason to doubt it) return that whip to the booking office of the Golden Cross Charing Cross, directed "To T.B.K. To be called for." I shall receive it within four and twenty hours. The Reflection that you have used it, kept it, had it by you, looked upon it, wondered whence it came, and perhaps felt proud of it at times, will support me under the heavy infliction of knowing that you are another's.

Dear Mr. Forster, bless you. In the society of your future wife, and your excellent friends Mr. Dickens, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd and Mr. Macready who respect and admire you as a kindred spirit and find their genius mirrored in your own, may you be happy; — happier Dear Mr. Forster than

Louisa.

To J. H. KUENZEL, [?JULY 1838]

Text from Walther Fischer, *Des Darmstädter Schriftstellers Johann Heinrich Kuenzel*, Giessen, 1939, p. 12.[†1] *Date:* probably after CD's return from Twickenham, but not long after 16 July, when his Diary records an appointment to see a "German Gentleman", presumably Kuenzel.

Doughty Street | Monday Evening.

My Dear Sir.

Pray keep the English Authors as long as you please. I only wish the collection were a more comprehensive and interesting one.

I am ashamed to confess that — in the hurry of many engagements — I have quite forgotten your request.[†2] That I may forget it no longer, I will tell you "all I know" at once.

I was born at Portsmouth, an English Seaport town principally remarkable for mud, Jews, and Sailors, on the 7th. of February 1812. My father holding in those days a situation under Government in the Navy Pay Office, which called him in the discharge of his duty to different places, I came to London, a child of two years old, left it again at six, and then left it again for another Sea Port town — Chatham — where I remained some six or seven years, and then came back to London with my parents and half a dozen brothers and sisters, whereof I was second in seniority.

I had begun an irregular rambling education under a clergyman at Chatham, and I finished it at a good school in London — tolerably early, for my father was not a rich man, and I had to begin the world. So I began in a Lawyer's office — which is a very little world, and a very dull one — and leaving it at the expiration of two years, devoted myself for some time to the acquirement of such general literature as I could pick up in the Library of the British Museum, — and to the study of Short Hand, with a view to trying what I could do as a reporter — not for the Newspapers, but legal authorities — in our Ecclesiastical Courts. I was very successful in this pursuit — was induced to join the Mirror of Parliament — a publication, which was at that time devoted solely to the Debates — and afterwards to attach myself to the Morning Chronicle, where I remained until the four or five first numbers of the Pickwick Papers had appeared,[†3] and in the columns of which Journal most of my shorter sketches were originally published. Some few appeared in the old Monthly Magazine. I may tell you that I was considered very remarkable at the Chronicle for an extraordinary facility in writing and so forth — that I was very liberally paid

during my whole connection with the paper — and that, when I quitted it, Pickwick was rapidly approaching the zenith of its fame and popularity.*[†1]

The rest of my career up to this time, you know. I may add for your guidance in any little notes you may throw together of my "Life and adventures" that I was a great reader as a child, being well versed in most of our English Novelists before I was ten[†2] years old — that I wrote tragedies and got other children to act them — that I won prizes at school, and great fame — that I am positively assured I was a very clever boy — that I am now married to the eldest daughter of Mr. Hogarth of Edinburgh, a gentleman who has published two well-known Works on Music,[†3] and was a great friend and companion of Sir Walter Scott's — and that, being now in my twenty-seventh year, I hope with God's blessing to retain my health, spirits, fancy, and perseverance (such as they are) for many years to come.

As to my means of observation, they have been pretty extensive. I have been[†4] abroad in the world from a mere child, and have lived in London and travelled by fits and starts through a great part of England, a little of Scotland, and less of France, with my eyes open. Heaven send that some kind wind may ere long blow me to Germany!

There — I have said more about myself in this one note than I should venture to say elsewhere in twenty years. If you can make anything of such a jumble of matter, and — more than all — interest anybody in it, your ability, my dear Sir, will have exalted your subject.

Believe me
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Kuenzel

If it be any consolation to the German Ladies to know that I have two children, pray tell them so.

*The Sketches, I should have told you, had been previously collected and published with amazing success, and have since gone through many editions.[†5]

To E. J. STANLEY,[†6] [SUMMER 1838]

Mention in *To* Stanley, 10 Nov 38, as written "last summer".

Presumably asking his help in promoting Frederick Dickens's career at the Treasury.

To E. J. STANLEY, [?SUMMER 1838]

Extract in unidentified catalogue; no correspondent or date mentioned. Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2007 (1925) mentions a letter to E. J. Stanley, dated 48 Doughty Street, Monday morning, in "gratification for his remembrance" of CD's brother. Presumably both catalogues refer to the same letter. *Date:* no doubt not long after last.

I cannot tell you how very much I am obliged to you, for your most kind recollection of my brother. Believe me that few things have ever occurred which have afforded me more gratification than your handsome conduct, of which — I honestly assure you — I feel a more lively sense than I could well express upon paper if I were to send you a treatise in lieu of this brief note.

August

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 AUGUST 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Forster dates this May (F, II, iii, III). But the Agreement with Colburn for *The Pic Nic Papers* was signed on Fri 10 Aug 38, and CD was probably writing two days before.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My dear Forster

I worked pretty well last night — very well, indeed, — but although I did eleven close slips before half past twelve I have yet four to write to complete the chapter;[†1] and as I foolishly left them 'till this morning have the steam to get up afresh.

I do not think I shall be able to call upon you before 3 o'Clock, but if Mr. Colburn will sign the agreement[†2] (you will see that it is all right) and leave it with you, I will sign a duplicate — if he will leave that too — and return it to him this evening, in which case you can receive the cash.[†3]

If he would rather see me, I can be with him at a quarter to 4. Any way I hope he will complete the arrangement to-day.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?AUGUST 1838]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* The "last published No." must have been the Aug instalment, to which the illustration "The Evidence Destroyed", which did not appear in the *Miscellany* until Dec, properly belongs. Probably the copy promised here was the "go" sent in next.

Doughty Street | Sunday

My dear Cruikshank

I have written a long chapter since I saw you, but it has no subject. In the course of the week, I will send you some more copy. In the mean time may I venture to call your attention to the last published No. (which I inclose) and to suggest that possibly there may be one more subject there? I confess that I thought there was, when I wrote it.

With best remembrances from Mrs. *D* and self to Mrs. *C*

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?AUGUST 1838]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Presumably refers to the four chapters following the Aug instalment, which have only one illustration between them.[†1] Postscript, implying that he was now ahead of publication in the *Miscellany*, supports. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank

I inclose you a "go" of Oliver, and although I am of necessity in that part of the story which is not so productive of subjects for illustration as in the sequel it will become when I have cleared two chapters more, I hope you will find something in it suitable to your purpose.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

PS. Pray do me the favor to be very particular "until further notice" in returning the MS *only to me*.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUGUST 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* probably shortly after 18 Aug, when the first report appeared in the Newcastle press of arrivals for the British Association meeting.

My Dear Forster

Kate has settled to go from Lawrence's[†2] to the illustrious Mister Springate's[†3] per Richmond Stage about half past Three. As I have been correcting

proofs all the morning, I fear I shall not be able to leave home until 7 or 8 when I shall drive down to Barnes.

Kate of course goes alone, and you will suit yourself. I have some uncooked chops here, dressable at any time. If you feel disposed to take one with me, send back the lively bearer and name your time. If not don't take no furder notice.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

Thanks for the Newcastle paper. The Quackery is of extra strength this year I think. Among the "most interesting of the arrivals" I see Dr. Lardner and W Jerdan Esquire[†1]

So let us scream long live the Queen
And Jerdan long live he,
And when he dies, let's have no more
Of sitch humbuggere.[†2]

To CHARLES SMITHSON,[†3] [?AUGUST 1838]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Handwriting suggests not long after return from Twickenham, perhaps Aug. *Address:* Charles Smithson Esquire.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday afternoon | at Dinner

My Dear Sir.

It appears to be a mistake — all knowledge of your umbrella is strongly denied, and nobody has seen it — wherefore I plead with legal distinctness — first that we sent it back, secondly that it was an old one when it came, and thirdly that we never had it at all.

Our best remembrances wait on Mrs. Smithson.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 AUGUST 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* presumably the Wednesday before CD's review in the *Examiner* of 2 Sep 38.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster

I inclose you a review — very moderate in tone, if not in length — of the Ballantyne pamphlet,[†1] together with a volume of Lockhart for a short extract. I have thought it better not to make use of anything I know from the Hogarths',[†2] and have taken all the facts from the Refutation itself. I hope you may like it.

As I sat down to it yesterday morning, Oliver is still in waiting.

I forgot to say to you (as I had intended last Sunday) that if you want any plate for the forthcoming Sabbath, of course our chest is at your service.

Believe me always

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [29 AUGUST 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* CD returned from the Isle of Wight on Wed 12 Sep; clearly his visit must have begun on Mon 3 Sep not 10 Sep. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esquire | 8 New Burlington Street | Regent Street.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morng.

Dear Sir

I have some idea of sheltering myself for a week (for Oliver purposes) in the Isle of Wight next Monday. Will you come & settle the Miscellany some morning this week?

Truly Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To THE REV. WILLIAM GILES,[†1] [?AUGUST 1838]

MS Private. *Date:* Handwriting suggests not long after return from Twickenham, perhaps Aug.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday afternoon

My Dear Sir.

I send you such books as I have already finished.[†2] I wish that Oliver were among the number, but when he appears in three volumes, I shall find means of forwarding him to Manchester.

Two of these little books — to wit the Sunday under three heads, and the Sketches of Young Gentlemen — I wrote sub rosâ as the fancy struck me, and they are not generally known to be mine. For the condition of the first-mentioned, and indeed for the appearance of the greater part of them, I should perhaps make some apology, but the truth is that some are out of print, others are the only copies I have by me at the moment, and all have been my reference volumes since their publication. I have the vanity to hope that *you* will not like them the less because they have been thumbed by your old pupil, however, and therefore send them as they are.

Accept with them, my dear Sir, all the warm and earnest wishes for your happiness and prosperity which a vivid remembrance of your old kindness and excellence can awaken. And believe that whether I be on "the pinnacle" or in the darkest coal-cellar of Fame's Temple,[†3] I shall ever be

Affectionately and sincerely Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Giles.

To THOMAS MALKIN,[†1] [31 AUGUST 1838]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* PM 31 Aug 1838. *Address:* Thomas Malkin Esquire | 58 Seymour Street | Euston Square.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

Sir.

I regret that I have been out of town or engaged when you have called upon me, but my time is at present so completely occupied that if I did not shut myself up, strictly, I should never have a moment for rest and relaxation.

I leave town tomorrow for a few weeks, and shall not perhaps be at home until October. I regret to say that I am not aware of any means by which I can promote your interests in London, but if you can at any time suggest any mode of doing so to me, I pray you to believe that I shall be truly happy to adopt them if possible.

I am Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Malkin Esquire
&c &c

To [MESSRS WILEY & PUTNAM],[†2] 31 AUGUST 1838

Text from G. H. Putnam, *George Palmer Putnam,* 1912, p. 402. *Address:* salutation omitted in printed source; presumably to the firm (as letter of 13 Dec 38), not to Putnam personally.

48 Doughty Street, | Friday, Aug. 31, 1838.

I beg to thank you for the books you have been so obliging as to forward me. I have only had time to glance at them, but have been already much pleased, and hope to be more so. I assure you that nothing would yield me greater pleasure than to be the humble means of introducing any American writer to this part of the world. I would only entreat you to remember that our means do not always keep pace with our inclination, and that the claims upon the very limited space of such a magazine as the *Miscellany* are necessarily more than it is possible to answer with any speed or regularity. I should be very happy to write something for the

Knickerbocker[†1] and *American Monthly*;[†2] but I do assure you I have scarcely time to complete my existing engagements. So I think I must defer this pleasure until I visit America, which I hope to do before very long; and then I shall be more independent and free, which will be more in keeping.[†3]

I am your obedient servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

September

To LADY HOLLAND, [2 SEPTEMBER 1838]*

Text from transcript by Walter Dexter. *Date:* The anecdote about Sydney Smith appeared in the *Miscellany* of Sep 38, published on the 1st.

48 Doughty Street | Sunday Night

Dear Lady Holland,

You will I hope forgive my troubling you with this note when I mention the reason which prompts me to write it.

Although my name appears as that of the editor of "Bentley's Miscellany" I have little to do with the business part of the publication, and hence I saw yesterday evening for the first time that in this month's number there is some impromptu of Sidney[†4] Smith's,[†5] purporting to have

been written at your table some years ago — which Bentley I presume obtained gratis from some well-informed babbler, and printed accordingly.[†1]

So insignificant a matter will very probably have escaped your attention, but I entertain so great an abhorrence of printed recollections of private conversations, and so great a detestation of the impertinence and vulgarity which make them public (I see little difference whether the subject discussed be of great moment or none at all) that I am most anxious you should understand that the production in question has never been authorised by me.

This anxiety has occasioned this note, and perhaps I cannot furnish a better apology for its length than making it no longer.

Pray believe me
Dear Lady Holland
Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lady Holland

To JOHN GROVES,[†2] [EARLY SEPTEMBER 1838]*

MS Winifred A. Myers Ltd. *Date:* The MS is headed in an unknown hand: "Epistolary lines to Mr. Groves of the Needles. (by Charles Dickens Sept. 1838)". No doubt written in Groves's hotel between 3 Sep, when CD and Catherine went to the Isle of Wight, and 10 Sep when they moved on to Ventnor.

1.

Oh Mr. Groves
If so be you approves
Of writings in rhyme
Knocked off in quick time
And set down at once
By an insolent dunce
Who to Alum bay runs —
Read these lines Mr. Groves.

2

For those same twenty heads
Who are coming for beds
From Cowes or from Ryde
Of from some hole deside
Don't fit up that "Tent"[†3]
Which in our room is meant
For some very small child
Of years meek and mild

Because I've a wife
And I swear on my life
It would our blushes bring
To have that sort of thing, —
So no stranger coves
If you please Mr. Groves

3.

And when people repair
Here, to dine in the air
Just give 'em their grub
On some barrel or tub
In the cow-yard or garden;—
I'll bet a brass farden
They'll eat as much cheese,
And cough spit and sneeze
And make as much shindy
As outside our windy;
So there but their loaves
If you please Mr. Groves.

4

And as Ann is a maid
By no means afraid
Of doing what's right
By day or by night,
And perfectly able
To wait well at table,
If she's wrong here or there
Don't bluster and swear
But of slight faults absolve her.
Yours truly —

Revolver.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [SEPTEMBER 1838]

Mention in next.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [10] SEPTEMBER [1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* PM 12 Sep 38, clearly date of receipt. 9 Sep 38 was in fact a Sunday; CD must have been writing on the 10th. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esquire | 8 New Burlington Street | London.

Ventnor Isle of Wight. | Monday Evening Septr. 9th.

My Dear Sir

I have received a letter with some double or treble postage tacked to it from one "Omega"[†1] relative to some german[†2] translations. This Omega is an impertinent gentleman who has done me the favor to write a continuation[†3] of Pickwick and ask me to father it. In case you should hear from him again, I think it best to let you know that I have written him a reply, stating that I do not wish to accept his papers, firstly because the greater

part of them are too long, and secondly because you do not require translations from new Contributors — the strong probability being (this I have *not* told him) that they have appeared somewhere else before.

I shall be home, please God, on Wednesday Evening. Shall I see you this week?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?17 SEPTEMBER 1838]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* CD signed a receipt for 12 guineas from Bentley on Holland's behalf on Thurs 20 Sep 38 (MS BM); he was more likely to send Holland the money in advance and reimburse himself than to keep him waiting until Monday 24th.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

Dear Tom

Are you going into the City — or are any of your people going to the City, who could get me a bank post bill for the inclosed twelve guineas, that I can forward to poor Holland[†1] at Paris to-night? If so it will be a great thing for me, as I cannot by any means set out this morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?17 SEPTEMBER 1838]*

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd. *Date:* Signature points to Sep or Oct 38; since "this paper" suggests prose, not verse, CD was probably sending "Marcel's Last Minuet", illustrated by Cruikshank in the Oct *Miscellany*, rather than one of the *Ingoldsby Legends,* illustrated in Nov. He would have been writing about the middle of the month.

Doughty Street. | Monday

My Dear Cruikshank

Will you look over this paper, and see if you like the subject?

There is no Kidd[†2] in Ainsworth's book.[†3]

I know you like short letters.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?18 SEPTEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests Sep-Oct 1838; the reference seems to be to the negotiations Forster was conducting on CD's behalf in Sep; perhaps written the day before next. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My dear Forster.

I have no doubt you will find that all the important matters in dispute, *are* clearly right and necessary. I will be with you between 3 & 4. I don't know what hour you sent Browne to bed, but he has done nothing.[†1]

Ever Yours
CD.

John Forster Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [19 SEPTEMBER 1838]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Clearly refers to the interview mentioned in next.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Night.

Dear Tom.

Bentley and Follett[†2] were with Forster yesterday nearly all day; they went through the draft, and everything (except one or two mere matters of *words*) was settled in my favor. I want you to come over to Forster's with me in the morning (Thursday morning I mean, on which you will receive this) to go through the draft without delay, as they appointed Saturday for its execution, and it will have to be ingrossed. *I will be with you at a quarter past Ten.*

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [20 SEPTEMBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The Agreement was executed on Sat 22 Sep 38.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I saw my friend Mr. Forster yesterday evening, who communicated to me the result of the interview he had had with you and Mr. Follet.[†3]

While I have most unfeigned pleasure in saying that the arrangement you have consented to is alike highly satisfactory to me and highly creditable to yourself and that gentleman, I feel sure you will acknowledge that it embodies no unreasonable or unfair proposal of mine, but merely carries

out the wishes and intentions which have been expressed or implied between us on many occasions.[†1]

That this arrangement should have been so long delayed I very much regret, — the more especially as its postponement has greatly chafed and irritated me, and so led to expressions of feeling on my part which I should be hurt if I supposed likely to give you any pain. Let me assure you with real sincerity that in our future intercourse all proposals emanating from you in a spirit of fairness and candour will be most cheerfully and cordially responded to by me; and that it will be my endeavour as I feel assured it will henceforth be yours to make our connection a source of mutual pleasure and advantage.

We execute the agreement I am told at Mr. Forster's on Saturday at Three o'Clock. Will you help me to put a less formal termination to our differences by dining with me on Wednesday at five o'Clock? — long before which time I hope we shall have forgotten them all.

I am, My Dear Sir,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [20 SEPTEMBER 1838]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* same day as last.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank

Bentley and I have at length come to a cessation of hostilities and made a fair and most satisfactory arrangement respecting Oliver Twist; to celebrate which long-deferred event he dines with me on Wednesday at five o'Clock. My Missis's love to your'n and will she join us with you?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To CHARLES HICKS, [?20 SEPTEMBER 1838]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Handwriting points to Sep-Oct 38; clearly refers to *Nickleby*, since written to Bradbury & Evans's foreman; therefore probably Sep. (In Oct he was occupied with *Oliver* until the 20th, and the "Monday Morning" after Thurs 25th would have been too late for sending the final *Nickleby* chapter.)

Doughty Street | Thursday Night

Dear Mr. Hicks

I send you a chapter — 12 pages I hope. You will have another (please God) either on Sunday Night, or Monday Morning. When you have time be good enough to look me up all the old copy you have of mine, as I am very anxious to have it complete.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PHILIP VERINI,[†2] [?22 SEPTEMBER 1838]*

MS Manchester Central Library. *Date:* Handwriting points to Sep-Oct 1838; probably CD was referring to the dinner with Bentley arranged for 26 Sep.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I have a semi-business dinner party next Wednesday which will hold me a prisoner until a late hour. Will you have the kindness to excuse me to your friends with all due acknowledgements for their courtesy and all good wishes for the success and safe return of Mr. Price[†3] from Venice?

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Miss Verini (whom we are very sorry to have missed on Sunday) and I am My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. Verini Esquire

October

To THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE LITERARY FUND, 2 OCTOBER 1838*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

48 Doughty Street | Tuesday October 2nd. 1838.

Gentlemen.

May I beg to solicit your attention to the case of a Mr. Wilmington Fleming,[†4] a distressed author, who was relieved by you by an advance of

£30 in 1825? I am very unwilling to trouble you with any application on behalf of anybody; but the case of this person appears to me to be one deserving your attention, and as he is entirely friendless and destitute, I venture (unasked) to appeal to you in his behalf.

He applied to me some months ago for pecuniary assistance which I afforded him then, and have since, to some slight extent. He resides at No. 6 Plumtree Court Shoe Lane where he and an idiot mother rent one small room, and where I verily and in my heart believe they often want bread from day to day. I have never seen him myself, but when he first applied to me, I sent my brother not only to see him but to enquire among the neighbours, who corroborated his own account of his distress in every particular, and represented him to be a perfectly sober and well-conducted person. He has written some poems not destitute of merit, and in his letters to me expresses himself with feeling and like a gentleman.

I should add perhaps that I recollect on mentioning this case to my friend Mr. Serjeant Talfourd some time since, he assured me that it had once come under the notice of his clerk who had made very particular enquiries with the same result as has attended my own.

I state these circumstances very briefly to save your time and my own, feeling assured that you will attribute my presumption in troubling you to the right cause — a conviction that this unfortunate person's case is one of great urgency, and that if you deem it to be so, too, you will be very far from finding fault with me for venturing to lay it before you.

I beg to remain, Gentlemen,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To

The Committee of The Literary Fund.

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 OCTOBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* presumably the Tuesday after publication of the Oct *Edinburgh Review* containing a long article on *Sketches, Pickwick,* and the *Nickleby* and *Oliver* instalments to date.[†1] Wrongly dated "at the opening of August" in F, II, iii, 111.

Doughty Street | Tuesday night

My Dear Forster

I need not tell you how delighted I have been with the notice in the Edinburgh.[†2] It is all even *I* could wish, and what more can I say!

[†a]Hard at work still. — Nancy is no more. I shewed what I have done to Kate last night who was in an unspeakable "*state*",[†1] from which and my own impression I augur well. When I have sent Sikes to the Devil, I must have yours.[†a]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqr.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [3 OCTOBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* clearly the day after last.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I have such work in point of quantity and time with Oliver, and am applying to it with such hearty energy, that I have given out at my door that I am out of town for a fortnight. Pray favor the notion with all Miscellany ladies and gentlemen that may happen to come under your notice.

I think you will be struck with the last volume. It is difficult to manage, but I am doing it with greater care, and I think with greater power than I have been able to bring to bear on anything yet. I saw the Edinburgh Review notice last night, and it praises Oliver to the skies.[†2]

I want to speak to you about the printing and so forth. Will you call upon me between eleven and two, either tomorrow or next day? — You had better get it in hand,[†3] for unless we are out in November, the Miscellany will spoil it in the best part.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To MRS W. C. MACREADY, [?4 OCTOBER 1838]

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1722 (1923); *MS* 3 pp.; dated Doughty Street, Thursday Morning. *Date:* Covent Garden had opened on 24 Sep; *Hamlet* and *Othello* were appearing alternately from 1 Oct; before 13 Oct when Macready recorded that CD used his box (*Diaries,* I, 473).

Saying he is unable to dine with her because of most pressing, more solitary, and less agreeable engagements.... I have had the resolution to shut myself up so strictly with Oliver Twist, as not to enter the doors of Covent Garden Theatre since the opening night, despite Hamlet and Othello. What do you think of that?

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?6 OCTOBER 1838]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Nancy was dead by 1 Oct; *To* Forster, 2 Oct, strongly suggests that CD went straight ahead with sending "Sikes to the Devil"; thus the escape would have been written by Sat 6th rather than 13th Oct, and the intervening "Monks" chapter probably written later.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My dear Cruikshank

I find on writing it, that the scene of Sikes's escape will not do for illustration. It is so very complicated, with such a multitude of figures, such violent action, and torch-light to boot, that a small plate could not take in the slightest idea of it.

I am expecting to see you with some designs. When I do, we will settle upon the substitute for this.[†1] I shall finish (please God) next week.

Always Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10 OCTOBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting and pale blue watermarked paper point to Autumn 1838; the "explanations" were surely therefore Ch. 51 of *Oliver,* "Affording an Explanation of more Mysteries than one". *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Wednesday

My Dear Forster

"I can't get out."[†2] I am in the midst of explanations and must stick to 'em till late to-night — unless you chop with me at 5. Will you? If you won't or can't, I will see you at about 2 tomorrow. If you will or can, you shall go free at 7.

Ever Faithfully Yrs.
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 or 13 OCTOBER 1838]†

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* one of the last two Saturdays before 20 Oct, "the day of the delivery of the concluding part of the Manuscript Copy" (see p. 677) — depending on the order in which he wrote the "explanations" (Chs 49 and 51) and the chapter disposing of Fagin (Ch. 52). *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Saturday Morning

My Dear Forster,

I dreamt last night — strange to say — of the books you have sent home. †aI don't ride till tomorrow,†a †bnot having yet disposed of the Jew who is such an out and outer that I don't know what to make of him.†b

The play†1 you have with this.

Always
CD.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?20 OCTOBER 1838]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* probably written on day of delivery; no doubt Cruikshank protested at this request — hence CD's next note. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire | Myddleton Terrace | Pentonville.

Saturday afternoon

My Dear Cruikshank.

Will you give the bearer (the printer) the copy you have of Oliver? If you have not read it, you can have it back again. They want to cast it off.†2

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?20 OCTOBER 1838]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Sketches on back of letter†3 show the "marvellous tale" was *Oliver,* due for delivery on 20 Oct (see above); but CD apparently gave Cruikshank an extra day's grace. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire.

Saturday.

My Dear Cruikshank

Don't hurry with that MS. The printer bothered me, or I would not have bothered you. If you send it *me* any time tomorrow, that will do. I shall be glad to hear what you think of the last portion of this marvellous tale.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esqre.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER, [?OCTOBER 1838]

Mention in *To* Bulwer, 15 Nov 38. *Date:* probably towards the finish of *Oliver*.

A note about Oliver Twist.

To DUDLEY COSTELLO,[†1] 22 OCTOBER 1838

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

48 Doughty Street | October 22nd. 1838

Dear Sir.

I have to apologise to you most earnestly and sincerely for my apparent neglect of your note, and favor from Blanchard. But the most constant and unremitting labour during the whole month has alone occasioned my delay in writing to you, and I hope that under such circumstances you will forgive me.

Your name I recollected immediately, coupled with two most pleasant productions.[†2] The Every Day Life in Hanover has been in the printer's hands for some time, and has been twice in the draft table of contents, whence it has been unfortunately displaced by more pressing (and very inferior) matter.[†3]

I am going to Wales on Monday for a fortnight, but when I return I shall be most happy to see you whenever it is convenient to you to call — and I hope by that time I may have more definite and satisfactory intelligence to communicate to you of both your papers.

I am Dr. Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dudley Costello Esquire

To S. LAMAN BLANCHARD, 22 OCTOBER 1838

Text from N, I, 174.

Doughty Street | October 22nd 1838

My Dear Blanchard,

I beg your pardon a hundred times. I have been so incessantly occupied, night and day, that I have not opened a letter this month until today.

What on earth you, or Mr. Costello, can think of me, I can't conceive, but to induce you to think better, I write this, and to induce him to do the same have dispatched a note post-haste.

Always yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE REV. G. R. GLEIG,[†1] 22 OCTOBER 1838*

MS Mr N. C. Peyrouton.

48 Doughty Street. | October 22nd. 1838.

My Dear Sir.

I venture to address you as an old friend; for your writings — I believe — have had no more constant and admiring acquaintance than myself even among *their* large circle of friends.

Mr. Bentley sent to me your paper for the Miscellany, which I have read with much pleasure and think exceedingly well-adapted to its pages. But I understand from him that he thinks it scarcely worth while it should appear, unless it has the sanction of your name.†2

As my interest in the Magazine is very slight and temporary,†3 and as I should be most unwilling that you should suppose *I* entertained any but a most earnest desire to have you for a fellow-labourer, I have determined to make this known to you, in perfect confidence, and to ask you whether you really entertain any very strong feeling on the subject, and wish to remain anonymous?

I am going into Wales on Monday next for a fortnight. If you will write me a line at your convenience, I shall be glad to hear from you.

In the hope that it may not be very long before I have the pleasure of knowing you personally,†4

I am
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—— Reverend —— Gleig &c &c

To WILMINGTON FLEMING, [?24] OCTOBER [1838]*

MS Bodleian Library. *Date:* clearly same month as *To* The Literary Fund, 2 Oct 38; but since 22 Oct was a Monday, CD was presumably writing on the 24th.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Octr. 22nd.

Sir.

I beg to inform you in reply to your last note (which constant occupation, almost day and night, has hitherto prevented my answering) that I wrote on the 2nd. of this month a most urgent appeal on your behalf to the Committee of the Literary Fund upon whom I pressed your case as strongly as I could. To this letter I received an immediate reply from Mr. Crofton Croker†1 informing me that the Committee would not meet until the 14th. of next month, but that when they met, your case would be immediately taken into consideration. Directly I hear from them, you shall hear from me.

I have not what you ask me for, to give away, as such matters are the perquisites of some people about me. But I inclose you a trifle to procure it, and wish other claims left me at liberty to send you more. As they do not, I can only hope that the Literary Fund will listen to my appeal in your behalf.[†2]

I am Sir
Your most obedt. Servant.
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Wilmington Fleming

To J. P. HARLEY, [?24 OCTOBER 1838]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Handwriting and spelling "Esquire" in full make it clear that this was the Wednesday before 29 Oct when CD and Browne left for Wales, not the Wednesday before the trip to Yorkshire the previous Jan.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Harley.

I regret beyond measure that I am prevented from dining with you on Sunday. Browne never gets up in the morning without the application of force, and deeming it prudent to have him here in order that we might not miss the coach in the morning, I have invited him to come on Saturday and stop till we go away on Monday. This is the only reason which prevents me, and I assure you it disappoints me greatly.

I shall see you at the Theatre one night this week.

Always Believe me
Faithfully and truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 OCTOBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* endorsed by Forster "1838 | Time I was busy on Cromwell & wh[en] *Macready had Cov. Garden*"; on pale blue watermarked paper often used in Oct 38. Preface to Forster's *Cromwell,* Vol. I, is dated Oct 38; Vincent Crummles first appeared in *Nickleby* that month. Probably CD was writing on the Thursday between completion of *Oliver* and his trip to Wales and the Midlands.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Afternoon

My Dear Forster

Kate incloses you her humble "tribute" with all good wishes and kindest remembrances.

Miss Foster[†1] goes with us on Saturday, so that we shall be joined by the redoubtable Hullah. I have also asked Browne which will make us six in all. 5, mind, if you dine with us — and do, if you can.

Kate boasts very much to-day, of having "frightened" you last night, and moreover of having told you "a piece of her mind". We must investigate this, when we meet.

How goes *Crummle* — the great great unconstitutional Crummle I mean?[†2]

Faithfully Always

CD.

John Forster Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [27 OCTOBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* CD was clearly writing on the last Saturday in Oct, since the correction to "Bolter" did not appear in the early copies of the *Miscellany* of Nov 38.

Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning

Dr. Sir

I don't know who prints the plates. He has made a mistake in the lettering of the Oliver. Instead of "Morris *D*olter" it should be "Morris Bolter".[†3] If it is too late to correct this for the Miscellany, he should be careful to do so for the book.[†4]

The Jew and Morris Bolter begin to understand each other.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUTUMN 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests Autumn 1838. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty St. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster

I will be with you, God willing, very shortly after ten. Be ready for me, and don't look out of that infernal little kennel in your shirt.

Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?AUTUMN 1838]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Autumn 1838. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire.

Wednesday

My Dear Cruikshank

I haven't got it — C & H have.

Always Faithfully
CD.

To MR JOHNSON, [?AUTUMN 1838]*

Text from MS copy by Walter Dexter, source unknown. *Date:* Handwriting, apparently carefully copied, suggests Autumn 1838.

Doughty Street | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness to send us five tons of coals supposing them not to be inordinately and frightfully dear just now. I am obliged to add this for you Coal merchants are such — I won't say what sort of fellows you are.

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Johnson

To THOMAS MITTON, [?AUTUMN 1838]*

MS Bodleian Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Autumn 1838.

Southampton Buildings | Friday Morning

Dear Tom

I called on you this morning, but "found you out".

In witness &c
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUTUMN 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests Autumn 1838.

My Dear Forster

Do you and George[†1] come if you can. — I shall not be out to-night.

All I can say regarding the visit of Mr. and Mrs. T,[†2] is, damn the impudence of *Mr.* T.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

November

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 1 NOVEMBER 1838

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 48 Doughty Street | London.

Lion Hotel. Shrewsbury.[†3] | Thursday November 1st. 1838.

My dearest Love.

I received your welcome letter on arriving here last night, and am rejoiced to hear that the dear children are so much better. I hope that in your next or your next but one I shall learn that they are quite well. A thousand kisses to them — I wish I could convey them myself.

We found a roaring fire, an elegant dinner, a snug room, and capital beds all ready for us at Leamington after a very agreeable (but *very* cold) ride. We started in a postchaise next morning for Kenilworth with which we were both enraptured, and where I really think we *must*[†4] have lodgings next summer, please God that we are in good health and all goes well. You cannot conceive how delightful it is. To read among the ruins in fine weather would be perfect luxury. From here we went on to Warwick Castle (which is an ancient building newly restored and possessing no very great attractions beyond a fine view and some beautiful pictures) and thence to Stratford upon Avon where we sat down in the room where Shakespeare was born and left our autographs, and read those of other people, and so forth.

We remained at Stratford all night, and found to our unspeakable dismay that father's plan of proceeding by Bridgenorth was impracticable as there were no coaches. So we were compelled to come here by way of Birmingham and Wolverhampton, starting at eight o'Clock through a cold wet fog, and travelling when the day had cleared up, through miles of cinder-paths and blazing furnaces and roaring steam engines, and such a mass of dirt gloom and misery as I never before witnessed. We got pretty well accomodated here when we arrived at half past four, and are now

going off in a post-chaise to Llangollen — 30 miles — where we shall remain to-night, and where the Bangor Mail will take us up tomorrow. Such are our movements up to this point, and when I have received your letter at Chester I shall write to you again and tell you when I shall be back. I can say positively that I shall not exceed the fortnight, and I think it very possible that I may return a day or two before it expires.

We were at the play last night. It was *a bespeak*[†1] — The Love Chace,[†2] a ballet (with a phenomonon!)[†3] divers songs, and a Roland for an Oliver.[†4] It is a good theatre, but the actors are very funny. Browne laughed with such indecent heartiness at one point of the entertainments that an old gentleman in the next box suffered the most violent indignation. The bespeak party occupied two boxes;

the ladies were full dressed and the gentlemen, to a man, in white gloves with flowers [in][†5] their button holes. It amused us mightily, and was real[ly] as like the Miss Snevellicci business as it could well be.[†6]

My side has been very bad since I left home, although I have been very careful not to drink much — remaining to the full as abstemious as usual — and have not eaten any great quantity, having no appetite. I suffered such an ecstacy[†7] of pain all night at Stratford that I was half dead yesterday, and was obliged last night to take a dose of henbane.[†8] The effect was most delicious. I slept soundly and without feeling the least uneasiness, and am a great deal better this morning; neither do I find that the henbane has affected my head, which from the great effect it had upon me — exhilirating[†7] me to the most extraor[din][†9]ary degree, and yet keeping me sleepy — I feared it would. I suppose all this is the penalty for sticking so close to Oliver; whatever the cause is, the effect is a very sad one. If I had not got better I should have turned back to Birmingham, and come straight home by the railroad. As it is, I hope I shall make out the trip.

If you see Forster, my love, tell him that I am [ ][†10] an end of this letter, and hope my next may be a longer and more entertaining one. God bless you my darling — I long to be back with you again, and to see the sweet Babs — Your faithful and most affectionate Husband.

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 NOVEMBER 1838]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 NOVEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* PM Llangollen 2 Nov 38.[†1] *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields | London.

Llangollen. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster

I wrote you last night, but by mistake the letter has gone on Heaven knows where in my portmanteau. I have only time to say, go straight to Liverpool by the first Birmingham train[†2] on *Monday Morning* and at the Adelphi Hotel in that town you will find us.[†3]

I trust to you to see my dear Kate, and bring the latest intelligence of her & the darlings. My best love to them.

In the utmost haste
Always your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 5 NOVEMBER [1838]

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 48 Doughty Street | London.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool. | Monday Night November 5th.

My Dearest Love.

I write these hasty lines to say that in order to ensure that there shall be no mistakes in Oliver — or at least in order that all I can do to prevent it, shall be done — I have made up my mind to return to town with Forster.[†4] We shall leave here at 3 o'Clock on Thursday *Morning*, and shall be at the

Euston Square Station of the Birmingham Railway — I should think about two on Thursday afternoon but Henry can ascertain exactly what time it will be, if he enquires there. Let him be in waiting that he may get a coach and so forth.

God bless you my darling, and the dears. I am rejoiced to think that I shall see you so soon.

Forster sends his kindest regards. He came down safe.

Always your most affectionate husband

CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [9 NOVEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC).[†2] *Date:* CD returned to London on Thurs 8 Nov (see last).

My dear Cruikshank.

I returned suddenly to town yesterday afternoon to look at the latter pages of Oliver Twist before it was delivered to the booksellers, when I saw the majority of the plates in the last volume for the first time.[†3]

With reference to the last one — Rose Maylie and Oliver.[†4] Without entering into the question of great haste or any other cause which may have led to its being what it is — I am quite sure there can be little difference of

opinion between us with respect to the result — May I ask you whether you will object to designing this plate afresh and doing so *at once* in order that as few impressions as possible of the present one may go forth?[†1]

I feel confident you know me too well to feel hurt by this enquiry, and with equal confidence in you I have lost no time in preferring it.

To E. J. STANLEY, 10 NOVEMBER 1838*

MS Mr Robert H. Taylor.

48 Doughty Street. | Saturday Novr. 10th./38.

My Dear Sir.

I do not know whether your more important avocations ever leave you time to devote to such writing as mine, but I venture, nevertheless, to beg your acceptance of the accompanying volumes,[†2] in asmuch[†3] as in forwarding them I am enabled to say how very much and very sincerely I am obliged to you for your kind and ready attention to the note I wrote you last summer, and how strong a sense I entertain of your handsome behaviour towards me on that occasion.[†4]

As I do not remember your private address, and have not a reference book at hand, I send this to the Treasury — partly on that account, and partly under the impression that by this means it will reach you more speedily and conveniently.

Believe me, My Dear Sir,
Your very faithful and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

E. J. Stanley Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?10 NOVEMBER 1838]†

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* presumably the day after publication of *Oliver*, as last. *Address:* Mr. Serjeant Talfourd M.P. | &c &c.

48 Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning

My Dear Talfourd.

As my childish anxiety that you should finish Oliver Twist without delay, has undergone no diminution in the course of my trip, I send you one of the earliest copies I have been able to lay my hands on — only upon the understanding that you let me have it back without loss of time, to bind uniform with your Pickwick.

[†a]With best remembrances to all at home, and anxious hopes that neither you nor they may be disappointed in the close of the fortunes of Oliver and Co.

Believe me, as always,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

To LEIGH HUNT, [?10 NOVEMBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* same day as last.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My dear Hunt (for I will not call you "Sir", as you do me)

I send you herewith one of the earliest copies of Oliver Twist, and I would at the same time complete your set of Nickleby if I remembered what was the last number you had — which, unfortunately, I do not. Resolve me upon this point, and I will enable you to keep pace with me. I cannot bear the notion of your being behind-hand.

You cannot think how glad I was that you did not read your play[†1] when you proposed, for urgent business would have kept me away. I hope you will be in a condition to remember your promise shortly, for I am sincerely desirous to hear it, and am greatly interested in its (the tragedy's I mean) behalf.

I should like to have a note from you when you have skimmed over such part of Oliver as is new to you; — I wish you would tell me in it that you will come and dine with me here, quietly, any day you like to name. Don't you think you can manage it, if we are *very* temperate?

Believe me always,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [12 NOVEMBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the Monday after 9 Nov, publication-day of *Oliver*.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Your people were to have sent me six copies of Oliver the day before yesterday, which they have not done. Pray let me have them to-day. And if they are at hand, have the goodness to give them to the Bearer.

Cruikshank is doing the last plate again, or rather a new subject with the same title. Do not therefore let the printers take off more impressions of it than you absolutely require,[†1] as it will be cancelled in a day or two.

If you will alter your advertisements according to what the title page is to be, you will oblige me greatly. The substitution of "Charles Dickens" for "Boz", is the extent of the alteration I wish in them.[†2]

Wilson cries out for Miscellany papers. Can you come to me to-day to settle the Miscellany? I shall be at home all the morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [15 NOVEMBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* presumably the Thursday after last, when CD had suggested a meeting to settle the Dec *Miscellany* (in which the contributions listed below appeared).

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning.

Dear Sir.

On the other side I forward you a copy of the making-up. I had sent it to Wilson before receiving your note.

I wish to see you about the plates, respecting which I have forgotten to ascertain your intentions. I will call on you at half past two tomorrow, as I shall be passing in the neighbourhood.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

If the hour I have named will not suit you, let me know early in the morning when I shall see you here.

Oliver Twist	16
Walter Childe[†1]	8
Parisian Cafés[†2]	7
Count Gonello[†3]	3
Nights at Sea[†4]	13
Anecdotes of Service[†5]	5
Double-bedded Room[†6]	5
Uncle Sam[†7]	9
The claqueur system[†8]	9
	75

To SIR EDWARD BULWER, 15 NOVEMBER [1838]

MS Lytton Papers.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday November 15th.

My Dear Sir Lytton.[†9]

May I beg your acceptance of a copy of Oliver Twist? — As I troubled you with a note the other day relative to this son of misfortune, I am the more anxious to introduce him to your notice.[†10]

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 NOVEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* On Thurs 15 Nov CD paid £57.2.6. by cheque to Edward Barrow (cheque-counterfoil, MS Mr H. C. Dickens).

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

Dear Forster.

How is the tooth-ache? I have the heart-ache, for I paid fifty seven pounds, two and six pence for Edward Barrow this morning.[†11] And so it always is; — directly I build up a hundred pounds, one of my dear relations comes and knocks it down again.

Let's have a bulletin about the tooth. My pipe is out for this morning, but I hope to be at work to-night. Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?15 NOVEMBER 1838]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests late 1838; perhaps CD had told Mitton as well as Forster of his payment to Barrow.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Night

Dear Tom.

Don't dream of it. I have plenty to carry on with — abundance. I merely told you of it, as I should have told you anything else of importance, in our usual confidence. Nothing was further from my thoughts than any allusion to the fifty pounds which I beg (and insist upon it indeed) that you retain until you have touched your profits to such a tune as will enable you to return it easily.

I have not begun[†1] yet — not begun! Correspondence has been unusually heavy, and to-day I was upset early and have not yet recovered. I think of coming out for a walk, and if so will call upon you in Southampton Buildgs. (where I understand you are) *before ½ past 8 to night.*

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To JOHN EDMONDS, [?NOVEMBER 1838]

Extract in Alwin J. Scheuer catalogue No. 6 (1931); *MS* 1 p.; dated Doughty Street, Thursday Morning; addressed to Mr. Edmonds, Silversmith, Strand. *Date:* Possibly the order was for a ring for H. K. Browne; but CD, perhaps not satisfied, in fact bought him one on 30 Nov 38 from Simmonds — another jeweller with whom he dealt (see cheque-counterfoil, p. 645).

Requesting a selection of a few cameo rings, from which he may choose one ... for the little finger of a gentleman ... as a present to an artist, *and asking for* a statement of ready money prices.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [16 NOVEMBER 1838]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* the Friday between 12 Nov, when Cruikshank was working on the new plate (*To* Bentley, that day), and 21 Nov when CD reminded Bentley about the Rabelais article.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning.

My Dear Sir —

The Rabelais article[†2] accompanies this. Will you oblige me with two or three copies of Oliver with the amended title page, and new plate? My list of presentations among friends and relatives (not book-buyers I am sorry to say) is a long one.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?17 NOVEMBER 1838]

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, 2 Feb 1922; *MS* 1 ½ pp. *Date:* The *Miscellany* of Dec 38 was the only one to contain two *Oliver* illustrations. Bentley had apparently called on CD on 16 Nov.

Sending him a box ticket for a play; referring to the illustrations to Oliver Twist; *and concluding:*

Bentley called on me yesterday, and said that he meant to put in *two* Oliver plates this month and one portrait,[†1] so you will not have the trouble of doing another, which I presume — at this late period of the month — you will not be sorry for.[†2]

To W. C. MACREADY, [?19 NOVEMBER 1838]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD read his farce to Macready on 5 Dec 38 (*Diaries,* I, 480). He was probably writing the Monday before 24 Nov.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning.

My Dear Macready.

I have not seen you for the past week, because I hoped when we next met, to bring the Lamplighter[†3] in my hand. It would have been finished by this time, but I found myself compelled to set to work *first* at the Nickleby on which I am at present engaged, and which I regret to say — after my close

and arduous application last month — I find I cannot write as quickly as usual. I *must*[†4] finish it at latest by the 24th. (a doubtful comfort!) and the instant I have done so, I will apply myself to the farce. I am afraid to name any particular day, but I pledge myself that you shall have it this month, — and you may calculate on that promise.

I send you with this, a copy of a farce[†5] I wrote for Harley when he left Drury Lane, and in which he acted for some seventy nights. It is the best thing he does. It is barely possible you might like to try it. Any local or temporary allusions could be easily altered.[†6]

Believe me that I only feel gratified and flattered by your enquiry after the farce, and that if I had as much time as I have inclination, I would write

on and on, and on, farce after farce and comedy after comedy, until I wrote you something that would run. You do me justice when you give me credit for good intentions, but the extent of my good-will and strong and warm interest in you personally, and your great undertaking,[†1] you cannot fathom nor I express.

Believe me, My Dear Macready,
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready.

For Heaven's sake don't fancy that I hold "The Strange Gentleman" in any estimation, or have a wish upon the subject.

To JOHN FORSTER, 19 NOVEMBER 1838*

MS Mr A. Malcolm.

Monday Novr. 19th./38

My Dear Forster

My man's an Ass. We dine

at 4
4!
4!!
4!!!
4!!!!

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 NOVEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* "Nov. 20, 1838" written in by Forster under CD's "Tuesday Morning".

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Forster.

[†a]I have just begun my second chapter[†2] — cannot go out to-night — must get on — think there *will* be a Nickleby at the end of this month, now, (I doubted it before) and want to make a start towards it, if I possibly can.[†a]

Should I prove *very*[†3] successful to-day, so that I finish this division before dinner tomorrow, I think I might adventure on an expedition to the Adelphi tomorrow night.[†4] Perhaps the best plan will be for me to write you the very first thing in the morning, so that if we go you can apply for a private box without loss of time (you will have Yates's of course); and in that case we will dine here at 5 and have a glass of wine before we go.

Manchester at Christmas, most assuredly. William Harrison, William Harrison![†1] — "Poor fellow".

I guessed Crossley[†2] at once, by the "shibboleth of authorship", and the repetition of the "no" which is the style of oratory that regaleth the ears of the Borough-reeve.[†3] It is a malicious thing to say, but I should better like to see our dear good friend at a dinner of his fellow townsmen (or *by* his fellow townsmen) than any mixed sight of pleasure and comicality that I can imagine.

Always Yours, My dear Forster,

CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?21 NOVEMBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* "Mr. Peter Punctilio" appeared in the Dec *Miscellany*; since not included in the make-up CD sent Bentley on 15 Nov, it was presumably added by Bentley and corrected by CD the following week.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of the cheque, which I found when I returned home to-dinner.[†4] I am sorry I was not at home when you called.

Don't dream of disturbing or postponing your modern Rake's Progress[†5] arrangements, for me. I don't like the notion, and would not touch it on any account. I feel well assured it would never do.

I have just corrected Mr. Peter Punctilio.[†6] As all our readers who have

ever seen a dreary face will have known him for many years, I hope they will respect him accordingly.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

Don't forget the Rabelais.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?23 NOVEMBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* presumably two days after last, Bentley having meantime returned Banks's Rabelais paper for revision.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

I find that I cannot be with you to-day, for I have been obliged to appoint any time this morning most suitable to Mr. Bankes, for the purpose of going over his Rabelais paper. Can you call on me in the course of the morning, or early tomorrow?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 NOVEMBER 1838]

Composite text from MS Victoria & Albert Museum and F, II, iv, 124-5. *Date:* Fri 23 Nov on assumption that CD and Forster went to the Adelphi to see Stirling's *Nickleby* on the 21st (as proposed in *To* Forster, 20 Nov), and that the account of the performance in this letter was what CD had failed to send Forster the previous day.

On Friday morning [*23 Nov*] *he explains the sudden failure of something that had been promised for the previous day:* I was writing incessantly until it was time to dress; and have not yet got the subject of my last chapter, which *must be* finished to-night.

He goes on to describe the performance, praising the skilful management and dressing of the boys, the capital manner and speech of Fanny Squeers, the dramatic representation of her card-party in Squeers's parlour and the careful making-up of all the people ... Mrs. Keeley's[†1] first appearance beside the fire[†2] (see wollum[†3]), and all the rest of Smike, was excellent;

bating sundry choice sentiments and rubbish regarding the little robins in the fields[†1] which have been put in the boy's mouth by Mr. Stirling[†2] the adapter.

[†a]- - - and the rest you saw[†3] — and Ralph you did *not* see, there being nothing of him but a wig, a spencer,[†4] and a pair of boots.

The tableaux from Browne's Sketches exceedingly good.

I have a rich account to give you of last night[†5] — quite glorious. Our procrastinating friend[†6] was there, and in great force. He tells me you are probably going down tomorrow with a Mr. — Something or other beginning with an L, I think. Only let me know in time what you mean to do, that I may arrange accordingly.

Don't forget Cruikshank's box for tomorrow night, regarding which he is in an agony of suspence.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

John Forster Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?24 NOVEMBER 1838]†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Perhaps the invitation was for Sun 25 Nov, when Macready also was to see one of Elliotson's experiments (*Diaries,* I, 478). Signature supports. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire.

Doughty Street | Saturday Afternoon

My Dear Cruikshank

Elliotson[†1] has written to me to go and see some experiments on Okey[†2] at his house at 3 o'Clock tomorrow afternoon. He begs me to invite you. Will you come? Let me know.

Ever Faithfully Yrs.
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

[†a]I have kept your messenger some time, for I trusted the box to Forster and he forgot it. So I had to send to Macready. CD[†a]

To THE HON. J. ERSKINE MURRAY,[†3] 27 NOVEMBER 1838

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

48 Doughty Street London | 27th. November 1838

Dear Sir.

I am greatly obliged to you for your contribution to Mrs. Macrone's book, and shall be most happy to receive one from your brother.[†4]

I shall be much delighted to receive, at any time or season, a contribution from you for the Miscellany.[†1] I should have replied to your letter immediately — were it only to say this — but I have been in Wales and have not long returned.

I may perhaps add that, personally, I have no connexion with the pecuniary arrangements of the Magazine, but that Mr. Bentley will no doubt pay for your contributions according to his established scale, whatever it be. If you will inform me to whom in London you wish the payment to be made, I will take care that your directions are remembered.

I am,
Dear Sir,
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon J Erskine Murray
&c &c

To JAMES WINSTON, 28 NOVEMBER 1838*

MS Mr David Borowitz.

48 Doughty Street. | 28th. November 1838.

Dr. Sir.

May I beg you to inform the Committee that with their permission I wish, at the close of the present year, to withdraw my name from the list of Members of the Garrick Club?[†2]

Dr. Sir
Yours very truly
CHARLES DICKENS

— Winston Esquire
&c &c

To THOMAS HILL, 29 NOVEMBER [1838]

Facsimile Dickens House. *Date:* 29 Nov was Thursday in 1838.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday Novr. 29th.

My Dear Sir.

Have you any better occupation for next Saturday evening than to dine with me on that day at half past five punctually? It will give Mrs. Dickens and myself much pleasure to see you. I have not set eyes on you this age.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hill Esquire

To FREDERICK YATES, [?29 NOVEMBER 1838]†

MS Private. *Date:* presumably not long after CD's visit to the Adelphi of 21 Nov; written perhaps on the 29th, since *To* Forster, 4 Dec, shows that he had a private box that Tuesday night.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I am very glad indeed that Nickleby[†1] is doing so well. You are right about the popularity of the work, for its sale has left even that of Pickwick far behind.

My general objection to the adaptation of any unfinished work of mine simply is, that being badly done and worse acted it tends to vulgarize the characters, to destroy or weaken in the minds of those who see them the impressions I have endeavoured to create, and consequently to lessen the after-interest in their progress.[†2] No such objection can exist for a moment where the thing is so admirably done in every respect as you have done it in this instance. I felt it an act of common justice after seeing the piece, to withdraw all objection to its publication, and to say thus much to the parties interested in it, without reserve.[†3]

[†a]Would you think me very unreasonable if I asked you not to compare Nicholas with Tom and Jerry?[†a†4]

If you can spare us a private box for *next Tuesday,* I shall be much obliged to you. If it be on the stage so much the better, as I shall really be glad of an opportunity to tell Mrs Keeley and O Smith[†5] how very highly

I appreciate their Smike and Newman Noggs. I put you out of the question altogether, for that glorious Mantalini is beyond all praise.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Yates Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [?NOVEMBER 1838]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* between CD's acceptance of Mrs Metze's tale, 4 Mar 38, and its publication in Feb 39; handwriting suggests Nov 38.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Mrs. Metz[†1] — a lady who was introduced to me by Mr. Banks and who has written a pretty little tale which I accepted some time ago for the Miscellany, but have not yet been able to find room for[†2] — is desirous of obtaining an introduction to you, for the purpose of submitting to you some volumes for publication. I have much pleasure in introducing her, and shall feel greatly obliged if you can afford her an early interview.

Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To SAMUEL LOVER, [?NOVEMBER 1838]

Extract in Antiquarian Booksellers Association, Middle Atlantic States, 7th catalogue. *Date:* Three instalments of "Handy Andy" had appeared in the *Miscellany* by Apr 37; four more appeared Jan to May 39. Probably CD was writing not later than the end of Nov.

Asking for a new "Handy Andy" story for the Miscellany: I have a special respect for Handy Andy, and want to see more of him. I hope he will have some complicated adventures — a story.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [?NOVEMBER 1838]

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. *Date:* Handwriting sugests Nov-Dec 38.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Jerdan

When you come here tomorrow, will you put that caricature of Thackeray's relative to Forster and Bulwer, in your pocket?[†3]

I wish to have an opportunity of glancing at it for an instant — alone of course — and you promised me you would shew it to me.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Jerdan Esquire

To J. P. HARLEY, [?NOVEMBER 1838]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Nov-Dec 38.

Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning.

My Dear Harley.

George Cruikshank and his wife, and Burnett and his'n, dine with us on Wednesday. Will you please me by joining us? I don't know what they put up at the Theatre for that night, but as we shall dine at 5 o'Clock sharp, you will be in time for the afterpiece if we should be so unfortunate as to be obliged to let you go.

Always believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqr.

December

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 DECEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Macready noted in his diary, under 5 Dec 38: "Dickens brought me his farce, which he read to me" (*Diaries*, I, 480). *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Forster

Just as I was about to write a note to you and say that nobody was going with us,[†1] Cruikshank came in to say that *they* were. Haven't you an order for two? If so, perhaps you will take my father, and join us in our box. Kate and I go in Cruikshank's Fly. Let me know how we arrange.

The farce[†2] I hope will be finished before dinner. It is copied up to the point I have reached, and certainly doesnt[†3] get more dull as it gets on. Macready will have it tomorrow evening.[†4] I want to know whether I shall read it to him after the Lady of Lyons[†5] or on Thursday Morning — if you go out to-day, perhaps you will ask him for me.

The stoical and aristocratical Fred came here at 11 o'Clock last night, breathless with the remains of the William Tell[†1] enthusiasm. It *must* have been great.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN,[†2] [?DECEMBER 1838]

Extract in Chas. J. Sawyer catalogue No. 103 (1931); *MS* 1 p.; from Doughty Street. *Date:* "London by Moonlight" in fact did not appear until Sep 39. CD was probably writing in early Dec, before the Jan *Miscellany* was made up.

London by Moonlight has been in the printer's hands for many months ... If it be not in the January number, Mr. Dickens will take care that it appears in the February.[†3]

To MASTER W. H. HUGHES,[†4] 12 DECEMBER 1838

MS Colby College, Waterville, Maine. *Address:* William Hastings Hughes Esquire | Donnington Priory. | Favored by the Reverend R. H. Barham.

Doughty Street. London. | December the twelfth | 1838.

Respected Sir.

I have given Squeers one cut on the neck and two on the head, at which he appeared much surprised and began to cry, which being a cowardly thing is just what I should have expected from him — wouldn't you?

I have carefully done what you told me in your letter,[†5] about the lamb and the two sheeps for the little boys. They have also had some good ale

and porter, and some wine. I am sorry you didn't say *what* wine you would like them to have. I gave them some sherry which they liked very much, except one boy who was a little sick and choaked a good deal. He was rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so, too.

Nicholas had his roast lamb as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so, he should like to have the rest hashed tomorrow, with some greens which he is very fond of and so am I. I said I was sure you would give him leave. He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoilt the flavour, so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it. I thought he never would have left off. I also gave him three pounds of money — all in six pences to make it seem more — and he said directly that he should give more than half of it to his mama and sister and divide the rest with poor Smike. And I say he is a good fellow for saying so, and if anybody says he isn't, I am ready to fight him whenever they like. — There.

Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty disagreeable thing and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it, and what I say is that I hope it may. You will say the same, I know — at least I think you will.

I meant to have written you a longer letter but I cannot write very fast when I like the person I am writing to, because that makes me think about them, and I like you and so I tell you. Besides it is just eight o'clock at night, and I always go to bed at eight o'Clock except when it is my birthday, and then I sit up to supper. So I will not say anything more besides this — and that is my love to you and Neptune, and if you will drink my health every Christmas Day, I will drink yours — Come.

I am

Respected Sir
Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

I don't write my name very plain, but you know what it is, you know, so never mind.

To R. H. BARHAM, [12 DECEMBER 1838]

Text from N, I, 171. *Date:* clearly enclosing last.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Sir,

Accept a thousand thanks for the Epistle which found me cogitating the next number of Nicholas, and instantly took me away from it to write an answer, which I inclose. I send it open for your edification, but when you have read it pray seal it with a very large seal, in order that it may bear an

appearance of becoming form and gravity. The communication to which it is a reply, has amused me highly.†1

When do you mean to send me those "fugitive pieces" concerning the rebellion in the [Garrick]?†2 I am in the last stage of hope deferred.

My Dear Sir
Always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

My best remembrances to your son,†3 and congratulations on his honors.†4

To W. C. MACREADY, 13 DECEMBER 1838

MS Morgan Library.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday December 13th. 1838

My Dear Macready.

I can have but one opinion on the subject — withdraw the farce†5 at once, by all means.

I perfectly concur in all you say, and thank you most heartily and cordially for your kind and manly conduct which is only what I should have expected from you, though under such circumstances I sincerely believe there are few but you — if any — who would have adopted it.

Believe me that I have no other feeling of disappointment connected with this matter, but that arising from the not having been able to be of some use to you. And trust me that if the opportunity should ever arise, my ardour will only be increased — not damped — by the result of this experiment.

Believe me always

My Dear Macready,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To MESSRS WILEY & PUTNAM, 13 DECEMBER [1838]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* undoubtedly misdated by CD. There is no mourning border; and the signature, flourish and individual letters in the text point clearly to Dec 38.

Doughty Street. | Decr. 13th. 1837.

Dr. Sirs.

I shall be exceedingly happy to make an exchange[†1] with the Editor of the Knickerbocker[†2] which I read with very great pleasure. An exchange of proofs is, I am sorry to say, impossible, for we never get our matter together until the very last moment, and my connection with the arrangements of the Magazine is too slight to enable me to effect a reform in this particular.

[ ][†3] in a complete form before, and often not 'till long afterwards.

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam.

To HENRY JACKSON,[†4] 13 DECEMBER 1838

Text from N, I, 182.

Doughty Street | Thursday Decr. 13th. 1838

Dear Sir,

Of course you cannot know until I tell you that I have at this moment at least thirty papers — many of them by authors pretty favourably known — which have been lying in my cabinet, not for six months merely, but for twelve, and which I have been wholly prevented from inserting by the pressure of other matter and the numerous engagements entered into by the publisher before the first number of the Magazine appeared.

These delays are not more annoying to anyone than to me. I assure you that when my present engagement expires, I would not connect myself with a periodical where I could be held responsible for this part of its arrangements, on any consideration whatever.

Your paper is in type as you will see, and when the printer returns it to you (in compliance with your request) he will forward a printed slip also. You will see from this, that it has neither escaped my memory nor been held by me to be inadmissible.

I may add that I retained it, in the hope that its brevity would have assured it a place before now; and because I was pleased with the modest and gentlemanly note which accompanied it.

I am Sir,
Your most obedient servant
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE HON. J. ERSKINE MURRAY, [14 DECEMBER 1838]

MS (envelope only) Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* The Honorable | James Erskine Murray | &c &c | Aberdona | Near | Alloa | N.B. *Date:* PM 14 Dec 38.[†1]

To JOHN HULLAH, [17] DECEMBER 1838*

Text from *The Life of John Hullah LL.D.* By his Wife [Frances Hullah], 1886, p. 23. *Date:* probably the Monday before Hullah's wedding-day, 20 Dec.

Doughty Street | December 1838 | Monday evening, 11 o'clock

My dear Hullah

I am very sorry indeed that an engagement of pure business prevented my being in the way to see you to-night and shake hands with you as a bachelor for the last time. Believe me that my warmest and heartiest wishes are with you and your amiable wife,[†2] and that among many sincere wishers for your welfare whom you will both — happily — be enabled to number, neither of you will count one more true or stedfast[†3] than myself. I say God bless you with the gravity of an old man and the warmth of a young one, and am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [MID-DECEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* late 1838 on handwriting; progress of *Nickleby* suggests the middle of the month. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Tuesday

My Dear Forster

Winter[†1] I will see

Rutt[†2] I will wisit
Vincent[†3] I have.
[†a]I got to the 16th. slip last night, and shall try hard to get [to] the 30th. before I go to bed.[†a]

In great haste
Ever Faithfully CD

To H. K. BROWNE, [DECEMBER 1838]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 DECEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Postscript clearly refers to the *Courier* of 20 Dec 38.

CD went to a rehearsal of the Covent Garden pantomime on Mon 24 Dec (see Diary, p. 637).

Doughty Street. | Thursday Evening

My Dear Forster.

I am very glad to see the note, which does Jack Sheppard[†4] credit — great credit I think, and gives me much pleasure.[†5]

I dreamt odd dreams all night, but they were not funny by any means, and I suffered desperately from my side. Nevertheless I have been at work all day and hope to finish this chapter by bed-time. Tomorrow I shall have a stiff job.

On Saturday morning I shall expect to see you. I have written to Browne anent the Pantomime[†1] on Monday, and the something desperate afterwards.

All well.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Qy. connection — as the Printers say — Wasn't it the burlesque that made you dream such absurdities?

[†a]I wish you'd let me know what Sir Francis Burdett[†2] has been saying about Oliver Twist at some Birmingham Meeting. Blanchard has just sent me the Courier containing some reference to his speech,[†3] but the speech I haven't seen.[†a]

To CHARLES HICKS, [?21 DECEMBER 1838]

Facsimile Sotheby's catalogue, 30 Nov 1931. *Date:* Handwriting points to late 1838; presumably same morning as next.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning 1 a.m.

Dear Mr. Hicks

If you can let me know in the course of the day, *exactly* how many more pages you want, it will greatly facilitate our progress. According to my calculation, five more will do it.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

I mean, of course, counting from the end of the copy which I now inclose.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 DECEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Forster, in reply to CD's letter of 20 Dec, must have at once sent him a fuller newspaper report of Burdett's speech.

Friday Morning.

My Dear Forster

I only wished to understand what the allusion was. I see it clearly now, of course. Now what do you think of Bacon's[†1] honesty?

Five printed pages — or rather less I hope — to write. And I am getting on swimmingly.

I send you the Courier. I think the "Sure never was such a green old Age"[†2] exceedingly happy.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS MITTON, [?21 DECEMBER 1838]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Presumably the "inclosed matter" was the surrender of the lease of Furnival's Inn, which expired on 25 Dec 38. Handwriting supports.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

Dear Tom.

Will you see that the inclosed matter is all right at Furnivals and elsewhere, and tell me what I have to do? Or do it for me?

Perhaps I shall see you here some time to-day. I shall finish this Evening, please God.[†1]

To EDWARD CHATFIELD,[†2] [23 DECEMBER 1838]

Mention in next.

To S. LAMAN BLANCHARD, [23 DECEMBER 1838]

Text from Memoir by Blanchard Jerrold in *The Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard*, 1876, p. 37. *Date:* The references both to Christmas and to the paper sent by Blanchard (clearly the *Courier* of 20 Dec) make 23 Dec certain.

48 Doughty Street | Sunday morning

My dear Blanchard,

I have booked you — one inside — for the fly to Ainsworth's,[†3] wherein all available places are now secured. As we have one Mr. Lover, of Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, in the way-bill, and the gen'lm'n is to be took up at his own door, I must trouble you to have your luggage ready at the "Courier Office" at a *quarter-past five*.

I am writing to you with a sad heart, for I have just indited a few lines to poor Chatfield, to whom I should have written long since but for Forster's confounded assurance that it would be better not. I do not like to break in upon him without notice, but I have told him you gave me reason to hope he would not be displeased to see me, and that if the changes of sickness leave him in the same mood I will see him on Christmas morning (alas, poor fellow! a merry time to us), at two o'clock.

I was very much obliged indeed to you for the paper. I was not aware of the quotation, and was greatly amused with the "leader." It seemed to me exceedingly happy, terse, pointed, smart, and quite an off [hand] leader in short.[†1]

I have been amused beyond all telling with your son's[†2] play, in which the rival kings talk a great deal more common sense than any stage kings I have ever known.[†3] I suppose its excessive length is an insuperable objection to its representation at Covent Garden — even if the character of Stephen were not an insuperable objection with "Macweady," who could never stand Anderson[†4] in such a part as that.

My dear Blanchard,
Always faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?24 DECEMBER 1838]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests late 1838; Mrs Macready gave birth to a son (Henry Frederick Bulwer) on 21 Dec; perhaps CD was writing on the 24th, expecting to hear news of her at the rehearsal of the Covent Garden pantomime that evening (see Diary, p. 637). *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I yield to the sore temptation, hereby recording a Vow not to stir out of doors tomorrow.

Not quite so well this morning, which I hope[†5] arises as much from Physic (not Mr. Austin's) as anything else. I don't know about Mrs. Macready,[†6] but perhaps shall know better to-night.

Ever Yours. CD.

To [?MISS] H. DOWNING,[†1] 27 DECEMBER 1838

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

48 Doughty Street | 27th. December 1838

Dear Sir.

Pray do not heap upon me any more "little responsibilities" until I have thrown off those which now press heavily upon my conscience.

I hope and trust you will see the unfortunate Hen[†2] in the February Number. These delays are not mine, nor can I help them, although they press quite as severely upon me — in their consequences at least — as upon anybody else.

I return you — for the present — your last paper, and am

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. Downing Esquire

To MR HARDY,[†3] 27 DECEMBER 1838*

MS Herr W. T. Elson.

48 Doughty Street | December 27th. 1838.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hardy, and regrets that he does not think the accompanying Sketch of character sufficient to form a paper in itself. If Mr. Hardy can weave it into any little tale, or mingle it in any way with some other characters, Mr. Dickens ventures to think its oddity and humour would be much more apparent to general readers.

Mr. Dickens remembers Mr. Hardy's chapter on some old authors,[†4] with great pleasure. He is not aware whether Mr. Hardy knows that all payments for contributions to the Miscellany are made at the Publisher's immediately after the appearance of the current Number.

To JAMES HINE,[†1] 27 DECEMBER 1838*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

48 Doughty Street. | Decr. 27th. 1838.

My Dear Sir.

I am afraid the inclosed is too exclusively musical to suit the Miscellany, although I am not the less obliged to you for your kindness in offering it. If it were mine, I should send it to "the Musical World" whose readers I should think would relish it exceedingly.[†2]

My Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Hine Esquire

To T. BARRY,[†3] 27 DECEMBER 1838

MS Professor Clyde S. Kilby. *Address:* T. Barry Esquire, Jun'r. | 4 Thanet Place | Temple Bar.

48 Doughty Street | December 27th. 1838.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Barry, and begs to return him one of the papers he obliged him by forwarding; the other, Mr. Dickens retains for insertion with much pleasure.[†4]

It is difficult to answer Mr. Barry's question without seeing one or two of the Sketches to which he refers; but there is certainly nothing in the subjects he speaks of which would disqualify them for the Miscellany.

To MRS METZE, [28 DECEMBER 1838]

Mention in next.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 28 DECEMBER 1838

Text from N, I, 184.

Doughty Street | December 28th, 1838

My Dear Talfourd,

I cannot thank you too much, I cannot thank you enough for your beautiful and most gratifying remembrance of me, which as long as I live will afford me the truest pleasure and delight, and will be the pride of those dearest to me, many long years after I have been removed from those

pursuits which such praise as yours and such friends as you, render a delight indeed.[†1]

I find that I shall not be able to ride on Saturday, but at dinner-time I joyfully hold myself engaged to you.

A card of invitation to a little party on the 7th. when we christen one of our children and keep the birthday of the other, has gone to Russell Square for you. I hope as you were with us last year, you will stretch a point to give us the same gratification on the coming anniversary.

Will you frank the accompanying letter for me, and let it go to the Post with yours? The direction is on the back of the envelope; the name (which I have not written very plainly) M.e.t.z.e.

Believe me always
My Dear Talfourd
Most faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To S. LAMAN BLANCHARD, 28 DECEMBER 1838

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Presumably this invitation was sent out on same day as last.

48 Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Blanchard.

I inclose to Mrs. Blanchard an Invitation from my worser half to a gentle "flare" with which we are going to celebrate that stirring event, — a christening. We are very homely and unceremonious people, and Mrs. Dickens labours under some apprehension that there should have been previous callings and interchanges of formality. I have undertaken, however, to dispense with any such preliminaries, trusting that as we (i.e. you and I) understand each other moderately well, Mrs. B and Mrs. D may arrive at a similar interchange of friendliness without first playing at company.

I went to see poor Chatfield, and am going again to-day. Forster is going with me. He seemed better; was in good spirits, and talked like a man who meant to come back to the World again. I told him he looked much better than I had expected, but I looked at him a long time and narrowly too, before I could detect the faintest trace of his former self.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THEODORE MARTIN,[†1] 28 DECEMBER 1838

MS National Library of Scotland.

48 Doughty Street. | December 28th. 1838.

My Dear Sir.

The Modern Salathiel[†2] has been at the Printer's for some weeks, and I hope it will find its way from his hands to the Miscellany before long.

The fete at Weissnichtwo[†3] is not, I think, quite the thing for us, but why don't you turn it into a two-act comedy? It would make an excellent little piece for the stage and looks so like one even now, that when I read it I could scarcely help thinking you had originally written it in that form. If you will let me know when you have an opportunity whether you would like it returned to Edinburgh, I can send it to you through a Bookseller's parcel at the end of the Month. — I have this moment turned to your note, and find that you mention the very thing that struck me. I am happy to find that our opinions coincide. My objection to the paper is precisely your own.

The Dying Student[†4] is also at the Printer's. I will look him up, and entomb him in the February Number.

I don't at all know what Bentley's rate of payment is, but I know that the payments are always made, immediately after the appearance of the current Number. I should imagine that the easiest course would be, for him to remit to you under cover to his agent in Edinburgh.[†5] I will speak to him upon the subject, and let you know the result when I return your paper.[†6]

I am delighted to hear that Oliver is so well received in Edinburgh, and that Jeffrey[†7] awards high praise[†8] to the New Volume.[†9] It has done

wonders here in the way of sale,[†1] — and as to Nickleby, I don't know where he is going to stop.

My Dear Sir, I am,
Very truly yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Theodore Martin Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [28 DECEMBER 1838]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting suggests late 1838; perhaps Fri 28 Dec, the only day on which CD recorded in his Diary an engagement to dine with Elliotson (see p. 637). *Address:* Wait | George Cruikshank Esquire | Myddleton Square | Pentonville.

Doughty Street | Friday Noon

My Dear Cruikshank

Do you dine at Dr. Elliotson's to day? — And if you do, will you call for me as you go along? A word (verbally) by bearer will suffice.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [?28 DECEMBER 1838]

Composite text from *Autograph Prices Current*, I, 49 and N, I, 199. *Date:* This may refer to the dinner at Ainsworth's noted in CD's Diary for Sat 29 Dec 38: cannot be confirmed from handwriting, since MS untraced.

Doughty Street | Friday noon

My Dear Ainsworth,

Cruikshank has been here to say how that he thought your dinner was *last* Saturday, how that he now finds it is *next* Saturday, and how he means to come with me and surprise you. As the surprise, however agreeable, might be too much for Mrs. Touchet, I have thought it best to send you this warning. Mind, you must assume the virtue though you have it not,[†2] and feign extravagant astonishment at sight of the Illustrious George.

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. P. HARLEY, [?29 DECEMBER 1838]

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. *Date:* probably sent the day after the invitations to Talfourd and Blanchard for 7 Jan.

Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning.

My Dear Harley.

I am afraid from not having seen you since the Lamplighter was suffocated, that you may suppose I have some feeling of annoyance on the

subject.[†1] If you have any notion of the kind, rest assured that I am quite satisfied with the opinions of those who must know so much better than myself what would tell upon the stage — and that if a good subject occurred to me, I would write another farce tomorrow. All my regret is, that we don't pull together again quite so soon as I had hoped.

My wife begs me to say that we intend to have a few friends on Monday Evening January the 7th.[†2] to celebrate our boy's birthday and our girl's Christening,[†3] and that she hopes you will give us the light of your countenance. She also begs me to say that you must not suppose it to be a large party from the length of the Invitation, but that the notice is long because the season is hazardous and so many friends engaged with so many other friends.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

To MRS S. C. HALL,[†4] 29 DECEMBER 1838

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Doughty Street | December 29th. 1838.

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note, and the interesting anecdote which you tell so well. I have laid it by in the MS of the first number of Nickleby, and shall keep it there in confirmation of the truth of my little picture.

Depend upon it that the rascalities of those Yorkshire schoolmasters *cannot* easily be exaggerated, and that I have kept down the strong truth and thrown as much comicality over it as I could, rather than disgust and weary the reader with its fouler aspects. The identical scoundrel you speak of, I saw — curiously enough. His name is Shaw;[†5] the action was

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tried (I believe) eight or ten years since,[†1] and if I am not much mistaken another action was brought against him by the parents of a miserable child, a cancer in whose head *he* opened with an inky penknife, and so caused his death.[†2] The country for miles round was covered, when I was there, with deep snow. There is an old Church near the school, and the first grave-stone I stumbled on that dreary winter afternoon was placed above the grave of a boy, eighteen long years old, who had died — suddenly, the inscription said;[†3] I suppose his heart broke — the Camel falls down "suddenly" when they heap the last load upon his back — died at that wretched place. I think his ghost put Smike into my head, upon the spot.

I went down in an assumed name,[†4] taking a plausible letter to an old Yorkshire attorney[†5] from another attorney in town,[†6] telling him how a

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friend had been left a widow, and wanted to place her boys at a Yorkshire school in hopes of thawing the frozen compassion of her relations. The man of business gave an introduction to one or two schools, but at night he came down to the Inn where I was stopping, and after much hesitation and confusion — he was a large-headed flat-nosed red-faced old fellow — said with a degree of feeling one would not have given him credit for, that the matter had been upon his mind all day — that they were sad places for mothers to send their orphan boys too[†1] — that he hoped I would not give up him as my adviser — but that she had better do anything with them — let them hold horses, run errands — fling them in any way upon the mercy of the World — rather than trust them there. This was an attorney, a well-fed man of business, and a rough Yorkshireman!

Mrs. Dickens and myself will be delighted to see the friend you speak of — we unite in regards to yourself and Mr. Hall[†2] — and I throw myself single-handed upon your good nature, and beseech you to forgive me this long story — which you ought to do, as you have been the means of drawing it from me. Believe me, Dear Mrs. Hall

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [E.M.] FITZGERALD,[†3] 29 DECEMBER 1838

Text from Edwin Hodder, *The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.*, 1887, I, 227.

48, Doughty Street, | December 29th., 1838.

Dear Sir,

I went, some weeks ago, to Manchester, and saw the *worst* cotton mill.[†4] And then I saw the *best. Ex uno disce omnes.*[†5] There was no great difference between them.

I was obliged to come back suddenly, upon some matters connected with the publication of "Oliver Twist", and saw no more. But on the 11th. of next month I am going down again, only for three days,[†6] and then into the enemy's camp, and the very head-quarters of the factory system advocates. I fear I shall have little opportunity of looking about me, but I should be

most happy to avail myself of any introduction from Lord Ashley[†1] which, in the course of an hour or so, would enable me to make any fresh observations.[†2]

With that nobleman's most benevolent and excellent exertions, and with the evidence which he was the means of bringing forward, I am well acquainted.[†3] So far as seeing goes, I have seen enough for my purpose, and what I have seen has disgusted and astonished me beyond all measure. I mean to strike the heaviest blow in my power for these unfortunate creatures, but whether I shall do so in the "Nickleby", or wait some other opportunity, I have not yet determined.[†4]

Will you make known to Lord Ashley (confidentially) my intentions on this subject, and my earnest desire to avail myself, either now or at some future time, or both, of his kind assistance?[†5] Pray thank him warmly, from me, for tending it, and believe me,

Very truly yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN DICKENS, [?DECEMBER 1838]*

MS Miss Elizabeth Joyce.[†6] *Date:* Handwriting points to late 1838. *Address:* John Dickens Esquire | 30 King Street.

Doughty Street | Wed[ne]sday[†7] Morning

Dear Father

Can you dine with us to-day at 5, and go to the Adelphi afterwards?

Affy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Dickens Esquire

To JOHN DICKENS, [1838]

Extract in Noel Conway & Co catalogue, 1893; *MS* ½ p., fragment of 3-page letter. *Date:* given in catalogue as 1838; after 6 Mar, since CD refers to his "children".

I will tell you further particulars of this enquiry when I have received your answer. I have scarcely a moment to spare and can only add best love

from Kate and the children, to you, Mother, and Augustus,[†1] — and hope that mother reached home in safety.

Affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]
John Dickens, Esq.

To CHARLES MACKAY,[†2] [1838]

Extract in Charles De F. Burns catalogue, Jan 1880; *MS* 2 pp. *Date:* given in catalogue as 1838.

Remembering Charles Lamb's most happy glances at the same subject, I think you have treated it too seriously, and am sure you could do it much better in another vein.[†3]

To J. P. HARLEY, [?1838]

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 101; dated Wednesday evening. *Date:* perhaps 1838 when CD and Harley were meeting frequently.

Can you take a family dinner with me next Saturday at four. Forster dines with us, and a man named Thackeray, whom perhaps you know;[†4] no one else.

To W. H. HARRISON, [1838]

Extract in W. E. Benjamin catalogue, Dec 1896; *MS* 2 pp. [1838].

I have so much correspondence that I always forget somebody, and generally the most important among the complete letter-writers to whom I owe a line.

To W. B. ARCHER,[†5] [?1837-8]*

Extracts in Thomas F. Madigan catalogue, Nov 1928; *MS* 4 pp.; from 48 Doughty Street. *Date:* presumably during CD's editorship of the *Miscellany.*

I venture to return it to you with a few suggestions which perhaps you will not object to comply with. If so, I shall be happy to receive it again at your convenience.

I would condense — greatly condense — the opening scene with the priest, so that the reader might come to the story. I would materially shorten the

commencement of the story itself, and I would describe a little more forcibly the Hero's boldness when he sees the shade and rushes after it, and his fear when he finds it gone — it is a very natural idea, and would bear a few lines more ...

I have thrown out these crude remarks very hastily, and trust you will not consider them hypercritical or impertinent.

I reserve my final suggestion for a fresh paragraph, because it is a sweeping one. I beg you to understand that I leave it entirely to yourself, and if you prefer the paper in its present shape, do not make the alteration an indispensable condition of its appearance in the Magazine. But to my mind you would make the tale a much better one if you wholly omitted the visit of the Priest and yourself to the castle, and finished it at the "I believe", adding a few words to the effect that our spirits commonly hold intercourse with those of the beloved dead in waking thoughts and dreams in which we see them (knowing them to be no longer in this world) without fear or pain, and that if there be any case in which strong and blameless sympathy could be supposed to bring the dead and living together, it would be such a case as you describe.[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?WINTER 1838-9]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* watermark 1838; handwriting suggests late in the year — presumably after CD had met Beaver in Manchester (see *fn*). *Address:* John Forster Esquire | Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning.

My Dear Forster

Beaver[†2] is going away tomorrow morning, and will be at home at 2 o'Clock to-day. Will you call there with me? And if so, will you be here in a cab at a quarter before?

Faithfully CD.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?WINTER 1838-9]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Winter 1838-9 on handwriting.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank.

I quite forgot on Sunday that I had an old engagement for to-night, which a note came last night to remind me of. As I cannot decently get

off, I fear we must postpone our Adelphi visit until next week; there is the one consolation in this, that by so doing we shall see better pieces.

If you will think between this and Saturday what day will best suit you and Mrs. C, we will make another engagement then.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To FRANK STONE,[†1] [?WINTER 1838-9]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* the first known letter to Stone; Winter 1838-9 on handwriting.

48 Doughty Street. | Tuesday

My Dear Sir.

Nobody can tell me your number, so I forward the inclosed per-post, trusting that the Postman will find you out.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?WINTER 1838-9]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Winter 1838-9 on handwriting. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Tuesday Night

My Dear Forster

I don't think I can be bothered with old Rutt just now, so I'll take the chance of seeing him some other day.

If nothing takes you out tomorrow between 12 and 2, I will be with you between those hours. If they don't suit you, say when.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?WINTER 1838-9]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Winter 1838-9 on handwriting. *Address:* Wait | John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Forster.

My cold is so bad, and my eyes so much worse, that I am compelled to disappoint Procter to-day; for I am sure that if I go to the Shakspeare on

Saturday, I must stay at home until that time. I am so heavy and unwell that I know going out would render me unfit for work for days to come.

Send me back word what his address is. I would rather forward my excuse to his house than to his Chambers, and have forgotten the whereabout of the former. Don't ask me to go, for it is of no use. I must be quiet with my own leave, or I shall be made quiet without it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?WINTER 1838-9]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Winter 1838-9 on handwriting.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster

Between you and me, I anticipated as much, — and devoutly thank the cold and my own resolution. I did not write much last night but I wrote *something,* and am much better today as is Missis also.

I promised to call on Bentley at two, and will come straight to you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

1839

January

To EDWARD CHATFIELD, [?3 JANUARY 1839]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?3 JANUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Winter 1838-9 on handwriting; the reference to visiting "poor Chatfield", who died in Jan 39, supports. Perhaps the news which had so disturbed CD was the suggestion of suicide in the report of Letitia Landon's[†1] death published on Thurs/3 Jan. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Forster.

I *think* the number of poor Chatfield's is 66,[†2] and I have put it on the letter. I have also written a line to say how sure I am that he will be

pleased with Quin's[†1] intelligence and kindness; and have inclosed it in your envelope.

I fear I shall not be able to go with you to Chatfields,[†2] and consequently think that you had better not come out of your way to call for me. *After* you have been, you will come straight here, of course? Ninety nine chances and three quarters out of a hundred that I shall be at home, but if not I shall be close upon your heels.

[†a]I have not yet seen the paper, and you throw me into a fever. The comfort is, that all the "strange and terrible" things come uppermost,[†3] and that the good and pleasant things are mixed up with every moment of our existence so plentifully that we scarcely heed them.[†a]

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR F. H. F. QUIN, [3 JANUARY 1839]

Text from N, I, 195. *Date:* Clearly this was the "more formal note" enclosed in next.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Quin,

As you were kind enough to be the bearer of Lady Morgan's[†4] Invitation to me, may I beg you to complete the good work by presenting my compliments to her Ladyship (with whose address I am unacquainted) and assuring her that it would have given me the greatest pleasure to wait upon her, but for an old engagement which I cannot postpone, and which takes me to-night half-way to Harrow.

This note, (or another very like it) should have reached you yesterday morning, but my man being more than commonly ingenious carried it in his pocket all day, and returned it to me with modest confusion at breakfast time this morning. Believe me always

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DR F. H. F. QUIN, [3 JANUARY 1839]

Text from N, I, 195. *Date:* the Thursday before Mamie's christening (see Diary, p. 638).

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Quin,

Inclosed is a more formal note *nor* this *here,* addressed likewise to yourself, which will be your warrant and voucher to Erin's daughter for not producing me to-night.

I dine, in fact, at Ainsworth's, or I should have been glad to go with you for a joke's sake. The hereditary bondswoman[†1] was at a party at Braham's on Tuesday, but she had left, I think, before I got there. Otherwise I should have answered for myself.

We christen a "babby" here next Monday,[†2] and hold sundry festivities in the evening, whereof quadrilles and supper do form a part. I need not say how much pleasure it will give us to see you, if the light of your countenance be not already bespoken by some more majestic bushel.[†3]

Believe me
Heartily yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 3 JANUARY 1839*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Messrs. Chapman & Hall | 186 Strand.

48 Doughty Street | Thursday January 3rd. 1839

Dear Sirs

Will you have the goodness to send in the course of the Day by the Parcels Delivery Company, a set of Nickleby (complete as far as it has gone) directed to Leigh Hunt Esquire 4 Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 JANUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Winter 1838-9 on handwriting; clearly Forster wanted the name Shakabac for his notice of the pantomime *Bluebeard* in the *Examiner* of 6 Jan 39. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster.

If I had a copy of the Arabian Nights, I could shew you where it is in a second. But I haven't, and for the life of me I can't at a pinch remember

the fellow's name, though I think it was Shacabac.[†1] At all events I know it was one of the barber's brothers, and if you describe him as "the barber's brother" I'll engage that you are right.

[†a]I *have* begun. I wrote four slips last night,[†a †2] and but for Pickering[†3] the snobbish, should get on like a house on fire this forenoon. As it is, I can do little or nothing 'till evening, as he comes to proceed with his practical joke against me this morning. However, [†b]the beginning is made, and — which is more — I can go on, so I hope the book is in training at last.[†b]

I shall not be out to-day I reckon. [†c]This snow will take away the cold weather, and then for Twickenham.[†c]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charley bolted into the spare room this morning and was much disappointed to find that you had not taken up your quarters there, permanently.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, [9 JANUARY 1839]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* CD, Forster and Ainsworth left for Manchester on Sat 12 Jan.

Doughty Street | Wednesday

My Dear Sir

In fulfilment of a rash promise and Vow, I am going with Mr. Ainsworth to Manchester on Saturday Morning, and shall return on the following Thursday. Will you call upon me tomorrow morning between 10 and 2 to arrange the Miscellany?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS MITTON, [?JANUARY 1839]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* in turkey-season: signature has curious "C" found in several letters of Jan-Feb 39. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire.

At your Office | Wednesday Morning

Dear Tom

I called to ask you to come and partake of Smithson's turkey at 5 O'Clock to-day — and also to leave with you the papers I looked out yesterday, which (not finding you) I have put into the Pigeon-hole opposite the Indian Rubber. I shall hope to see you at 5.

You are a pretty fellow, as I should have told you if I had got you alone yesterday. What do you mean by trying to get married "unbeknown" to your friends?[†1]

Always Yours

To W. WILSON, 13 JANUARY 1839†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Manchester | Sunday January 13th. 1839

Mr. Wilson.

Have the goodness to strike out the music to Mr. Ainsworth's song,†2 and to print the song without†3 it. Also to restore the passage erased in page 128, beginning "the hurricane" and ending "by the excess of their fears". †aDo not fail to make these alterations and to send a revise to Doughty Street before Thursday when I shall be in town.

Do not neglect the two pieces of poetry I sent you.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS†a

To JOHN NOBLE,†1 [?21 JANUARY 1839]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* CD and Catherine dined with the Nobles on 29 Jan 39 (see Diary, p. 638); Mon 21 Jan seems the probable day for this letter, since on 14 Jan CD was in Manchester and on the 7th involved in a christening party.

Doughty Street | Monday Evening

My Dear Sir

It will give Mrs. Dickens much pleasure to see the ladies of your family†2 on Wednesday, — and both she and I will be most happy to dine with you on the 29th.

Accept my best thanks for the Highland Whiskey, which, as in honor bound, I intend trying this very night. As I shall be at work on Nickleby, you will know what has inspired me, if the next Number should contain anything specially good.

My Dear Sir, I am,
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Noble Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 JANUARY 1839]

Extract in F, II, iii, 116. *Date:* 21 Jan 39, enclosing *To* Bentley, 22 Jan, according to Forster.

From what I have already said to you, you will have been led to expect that I entertained some such intention. I know you will not endeavour to dissuade me from sending it. Go it MUST. It is no fiction to say that at present I *cannot* write this tale. The immense profits which *Oliver* has realised to its publisher, and is still realising; the paltry, wretched, miserable sum it brought to me (not equal to what is every day paid for a novel that sells fifteen hundred copies at most);[†3] the recollection of this, and the consciousness that I have still the slavery and drudgery of another work on the same journeyman-terms; the consciousness that my books are enriching everybody connected with them but myself, and that I, with such a popularity as I have acquired, am struggling in old toils, and wasting my energies in the very height and freshness of my fame, and the best part of my life, to fill the pockets of others, while for those who are nearest and

dearest to me I can realise little more than a genteel subsistence: all this puts me out of heart and spirits: and I cannot — cannot and will not — under such circumstances that keep me down with an iron hand, distress myself by beginning this tale until I have had time to breathe; and until the intervention of the summer, and some cheerful days in the country, shall have restored me to a more genial and composed state of feeling. There — for six months *Barnaby Rudge* stands over. And but for you, it should stand over altogether. For I do most solemnly declare that morally, before God and man, I hold myself released from such hard bargains as these,[†1] after I have done so much for those who drove them. This net that has been wound about me so chafes me, so exasperates and irritates my mind, that to break it at whatever cost — *that* I should care nothing for — is my constant impulse. But I have not yielded to it. I merely declare that I must have a postponement very common in all literary agreements; and for the time I have mentioned — six months from the conclusion of *Oliver* in the *Miscellany* — I wash my hands of any fresh accumulation of labour, and resolve to proceed as cheerfully as I can with that which already presses upon me.[†2]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 22 JANUARY 1839

Mention in Bentley *to* CD, 25 Jan (see *To* Bentley, 26 Jan, *fn*). *Date:* letter referred to as "of the 22nd. instant".

CD writes requiring a postponement of six months *before beginning* Barnaby *in the* Miscellany.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 JANUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* early 1839 on signature; no doubt "the inclosed" was Bentley's letter to him of 25 Jan.

Dear Forster

I must break in upon you for a few minutes this morning by coming down and advising with you on the best way of answering the inclosed which I found lying at home last night. I think perhaps we might as well take Talfourd into our Council.

In haste

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER [?26 JANUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* early 1839 on handwriting; presumably enclosing next.

My Dear Forster

I have dreamt of Bentley all night, and am fierce. The answer ought to go to-day to make the blow the stronger. What say you to the inclosed? Say that you see no objection to it, and I will send it at once.

Faithfully
CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 26 JANUARY 1839*

MS (Galley proof[†1]) Berg Collection.

Doughty Street, | January 26, 1839.

Sir,

In reference to the lawyer's letter (fairly re-written and signed by yourself) which you sent me last night,[†2] I have merely to say that I do not "require" and demand this postponement: — firstly, because as one who is enriching you at the expence of his own brain, and for a most paltry and miserable pittance, I have a right to some regard and consideration at your hands; and, secondly, because such postponements are matters of common literary custom, taking place as you well know every day, and in three-fourths of the arrangements in which you are concerned. I have further to say that I do *not*, and will not receive it as a favour or concession from you — that I will *not* consent to extend my engagements with you for the additional term of six months — that I will *not* give you the pledge you so insultingly require — and that if you presume to address me again in the style of offensive impertinence which marks your last communication, I

will from that moment abandon at once and for ever all conditions and agreements that may exist between us, and leave the whole question to be settled by a jury as soon as you think proper to bring it before one.[†1]

And I am, yours,
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]
Richard Bentley, Esq.

To CHARLES HICKS, [?26 JANUARY 1839]*

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Date:* Unusual formation of the "C" in signature points to Jan-Feb 39; probably 26 Jan, the day CD was Chairman at the Shakespeare Club dinner (see next). Reference in both letters to working late supports.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning.

Dear Mr. Hicks.

I felt quite certain when I received your note last night, that there must be some mistake. However, it put me out of heart, and instead of sitting up and finishing as I should otherwise have done, I left off at 3 O'Clock this morning and went to bed.

I shall write 5 slips more in addition to what I now send, which will be amply sufficient. If you send up for them about *2*[†3] o'Clock, I have no doubt I shall have them ready for you.

When you send the proofs, be good enough to send a duplicate — never mind waiting until it's revised — I am obliged to go to a public dinner to-night, but if they arrive this evening or tomorrow morning, I will lose no time on their correction and return.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Hicks.

To W. C. MACREADY, [26 JANUARY 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Macready recorded in his diary for 26 Jan 39 "Received a note from Dickens, wishing me to look in upon the Shakespeare Club in the course of the evening" (*Diaries*, I, 493).

Shakspeare Club | Piazza Coffee House. | Saturday Evening.

My Dear Macready.

In my capacity of chairman at the dinner to-day, I promised the Committee of this noble Institution that I would exert my influence to get you to look in here this evening, were it only for ten minutes.[†1] Seriously, let me say that as there [is] a little band of your most devoted adherents (comprising a few of whose high opinion I am sure you would feel proud) assembled together, it would give me the utmost pleasure to be the means of inducing you to gratify them by so slight a sacrifice of time. It would really infuse a new spirit into the Society; and as I hold any society to be valuable which recognizes something of slight interest in the Drama shorn of Lions and Tigers,[†2] I have at great inconvenience, and after wearing work protracted far into the watches of the night, joined them myself.

I only mention this last circumstance to shew you that I am not selfish, and that if you should come you have at least one fellow-sufferer.

My Dear Macready, always faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [26 JANUARY 1839]*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales. *Date:* 1839 on signature. The Queen paid a state visit to Drury Lane on Tues 29 Jan, and a command performance took place at Covent Garden on Fri 1 Feb. Macready was not told the date of the "command" until 26 Jan (*Diaries*, I, 493).

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Evg.

My Dear Cruikshank.

We are in an awkward position which I forgot yesterday. We are engaged to Macready for sundry entertainments and a Ball at Covent Garden Theatre, on the night of the Queen's "*command*". Now, what night that will be is not yet known, but it is *supposed* as she goes to the other house on Tuesday, that it will be this very identical Thursday Night.

In such a state of things, what is to be done?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [28 JANUARY 1839]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* clearly written on 28 Jan after his return from dinner at the Parthenon with Forster and Ainsworth (see Diary, p. 638). *Address:* This must go before 7 in the morning | William Ainsworth Esquire | Kensal Lodge | Harrow Road.

48 Doughty Street. | Monday Night

My Dear Ainsworth.

You will receive this before you are out of bed, and will be no doubt not a little surprised at so untimely a communication; but I send a messenger out to Kensall[†1] Lodge in the middle of *my* night to relieve myself of an anxiety which has pressed greatly upon me since we parted this evening.

The object I have in view is, to entreat you to see Mr. Bentley without an instant's delay, and to offer yourself as the future Editor of the Miscellany.[†2] I think such a connexion would not prove unpleasant to you (who have time to devote to it) and that it is of vital importance to the publication. I need not say that a great proportion of those who were friendly to me as its Editor will be more friendly to you than to any other man — that you will have my warmest wishes and best assistance whenever I can render it in any way — and that you will moreover have the assistance of a very influential body of friends, all anxious and willing to oblige you, personally, on every possible occasion.

As you can confide in my feelings of friendship towards yourself, and as you may naturally suppose that I have yet some lingering interest in the well-being of a periodical which has cost me so much time and so many anxious hours, and in which poor Oliver first saw the light, I urge you most strongly not to neglect this opportunity. I should be really grieved to see it go down; I am quite sure — on all the considerations I have mentioned, and taking into account also, the successful connexion with it, you have just begun — that no man is so likely to keep it up as you — and I feel confident that if you offer your assistance frankly and without reserve at this critical period of its existence, you will do Mr. Bentley the greatest service

(while you do that which is not disagreeable to yourself) that you could by [any] possibility render him.

Do not neglect this advice my dear Ainsworth, or lose an hour. And believe me now, as ever,

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

William Ainsworth Esquire

To MRS FRANCES TROLLOPE,[†1] [30 JANUARY 1839]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The engagement with Mrs Trollope which CD cancelled was for 30 Jan (see Diary, p. 639).

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

Dear Mrs. Trollope.

As if a spell were set against my having the pleasure of dining with you, a friend of mine[†2] has come up from the country to-day to request my assistance in some very intricate and unpleasant business which I fear must occupy me until a late hour to-night. I cannot refuse to lend him my heartiest aid as he is an old and valued friend, and I fear this circumstance — which would not occur with me once in ten years — will deprive me of the happiness of joining your party. If I *should* be released in any decent time, and be enabled to make one, though it be only for half an hour, I shall make bold to lay ceremony aside and tell you in words how much I regret this.

Believe me with sincerity
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Trollope

To R. H. HORNE,[†1] [?30 JANUARY 1839]*

MS State Library of Victoria. *Date:* presumably the day before next.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I *can* see no objection to the "Private List"[†2] which I think has been managed with the utmost delicacy and very best feeling. Will you have the kindness to let me know when you want my subscription. It is at your service at any time.

I do not know whether you have sent to Bentley's for the remuneration for your paper. The custom is to call or send for it immediately after the appearance of the Magazine. I have received a very droll letter thereanent from Moon the print publisher[†3] (a good-natured little man) which will amuse you very much.

Believe me
My Dear Sir
Very cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire

To [R. H. HORNE], 31 JANUARY [1839]*

MS Francis Edwards Ltd. *Address:* see last.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday January 31st.

My Dear Sir.

I inclose a cheque for the Private list. I *think* it was five guineas, but I am not sure. If I have made any mistake, pray have the goodness to set me right.

I most heartily thank you for your kind congratulations on my recent miraculous deliverance. Her Majesty's Chief Baker[†1] was not quite careful enough. He "did" me so remarkably brown, that I became crusty all over, and the rasp being injudiciously applied flew with great violence into an extraordinary number of sharp pieces which entered the eyes nose and pockets of the Chief Baker aforesaid, and caused him the most exquisite irritation. He still itches and sneezes very much, but we have him now, and like the other Baker — the great actor of Drury Lane,[†2] I mean — he is meek and harmless.

I am My Dear Sir
With very great truth
Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. L. SAMMONS,[†3] 31 JANUARY 1839

Text from MDGH, III, 12.

48 Doughty Street, London, January 31st, 1839

Sir,

Circumstances have enabled me to relinquish my old connection with the "Miscellany" at an earlier period than I had expected. I am no longer its editor, but I have referred your paper[†4] to my successor, and marked it as one "requiring attention." I have no doubt it will receive it.

With reference to your letter bearing date on the 8th of last October, let me assure you that I have delayed answering it — not because a constant stream of similar epistles has rendered me callous to the anxieties of a beginner, in those doubtful paths in which I walk myself — but because you ask me to do that which I would scarce do, of my own unsupported opinion, for my own child, supposing I had one old enough to require such a service. To suppose that I could gravely take upon myself the responsibility of withdrawing you from pursuits you have already undertaken, or

urging you on in a most uncertain and hazardous course of life, is really a compliment to my judgment and inflexibility which I cannot recognize and do not deserve (or desire). I hoped that a little reflection would show you how impossible it is that I could be expected to enter upon a task of so much delicacy, but as you have written to me since, and called (unfortunately at a period when I am obliged to seclude myself from all comers), I am compelled at last to tell you that I can do nothing of the kind.

If it be any satisfaction to you to know that I have read what you sent me, and read it with great pleasure, though, as you treat of local matters, I am necessarily in the dark here and there, I can give you the assurance very sincerely. With this, and many thanks to you for your obliging expressions towards myself,

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient Servant
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [31 JANUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* clearly the day after CD, Ainsworth, Barham and Forster dined together, "settling Miscellany business" (Diary entry for 30 Jan, p. 639).

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Forster

Ainsworth must have made some ridiculous mistake, and carried off Barham's letter to Bentley in his pocket.[†1] I searched for it directly you had

left last night, and again this morning, but can find it nowhere. Pray let him know of this the instant he comes to town, or there will be the devil to pay.

If you suppose that anything which fell from me last night could by the utmost latitude of construction imply the smallest dissatisfaction on my part with your warm, unflinching, and friendly exertions for me, for God's sake dismiss such a feeling from your mind.[†1] Believe me my dear Forster that I am too well aware of the energy and steadiness of your friendship ever to entertain or express the least approach to doubt or discontent where you have been mediating for me, and that I see the value of you and appreciate the sterling openness[†2] and honesty of your heart, more and more (if that be possible) as I behold it in contrast with the hearts of other men.

I could say more on such a subject as this, but you would think me foolish and rhapsodical, and such regard as I have for you is better kept within one's own breast than vented in imperfect and inexpressive words.

In great haste —
Always My Dear Forster
Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. N. TALFOURD, 31 JANUARY [1839]

MS Berg Collection.

Doughty Street | Thursday Jany. 31st.

My Dear Talfourd.

I return your Oliver, which has only just now reached me. And once again let me impress upon you that its gaudy dress is no choice of mine.

The binder chose it at first, and as I hope to present you with long shelves of books by the same author, I am anxious that they should have an appearance of uniformity.

You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that I have burst the Bentleian bonds — that I have relinquished the Miscellany (in favor, I hope, of our friend Ainsworth) — that Barnaby Rudge will be published next year as a Novel, and not in portions — and that I have two thousand pounds certain, on the delivery of the Manuscript, and two thousand more conditional upon the Sale![†1]

My best regards at home and believe me

Always faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd
&c &c

To J. A. OVERS,[†2] 31 JANUARY [1839]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 18 Dec 1905; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Doughty Street, Thursday 31 Jan.

Unexpected circumstances have enabled me to terminate at a much earlier period than I had expected, my old connection with the Miscellany. In the ordinary course I should have to return your papers[†3] and refer you to the new Editor; but if you will allow me I will place them in the hands of that gentleman (when he is appointed) myself, and accompany them with a brief explanation of the circumstances under which they were written and forwarded to me, which may possibly do them some service.

To MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN, [?JANUARY 1839]

Mention in Maggs catalogue No. 258 (1910); *MS* 1 p. *Date:* News of the death of Mrs Maclean ("L.E.L.") was published in the London *Courier* on 1 Jan 39; Camilla Toulmin's lines appeared in the *Miscellany*, Feb 39, V, 144.

Concerning her lines "On the Death of Mrs. Maclean".

To THOMAS MITTON, [?JANUARY 1839]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* Unusual "C" of signature is found in several letters of Jan-Feb 39.

[Doughty][†1] Street | [Thurs]day Morning

Dear Tom

I will call on you at or about *one*.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?JANUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Signature suggests Jan-Feb 39. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Sunday Night.

Dear Forster

It rained so hard to-day, that I was glad to get under cover — and so was the mare. Kate wants the loan of the Observer if you can oblige her.

Shall we see anything of you to-night — Or no?

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

February

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 or 2 FEBRUARY 1839]

Extract in F, II, V, 132. *Date:* Almost certainly refers to the review on 3 Feb of Hood's *Comic Annual* for 1839 — the only book of his reviewed in the *Examiner* in this period.

Describing a book by Hood he is reviewing for the Examiner *as* rather poor, but I have not said so, because Hood is too, and ill besides.[†3]

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [?3 FEBRUARY 1839]

Text from transcript in Eastgate House, Rochester. *Date:* Clearly refers to the "Familiar Epistle" which appeared in the March *Miscellany* (not, as sometimes thought, in Feb). Probably CD was writing on the first Sunday after handing over, and the Thursday mentioned was his birthday.

Doughty Street | Tuesday night.

My dear Ainsworth

I have sent the notice to Wilson and should like to see a proof. *It is not so long as I thought it would be,* but it is a very difficult thing to do and has

given me more trouble in pleasing myself than a paper of half a dozen pages would have done.[†1] I hope you will like it.

On Thursday I shall expect you.

With best regards,
Ever yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. HARLEY, [7 FEBRUARY 1839]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* CD's 27th birthday.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Harley.

This is my birth-day. Many happy returns of the day to you and me.

I took it into my head yesterday to get up an impromptu dinner on this auspicious occasion — only my own folks, Leigh Hunt, Ainsworth, and Forster. I know you can't dine here in consequence of the tempestuous weather on the Covent Garden shores, but if you will come in when you have done

Trinculizing[†2] you will delight me greatly, and add in no inconsiderable degree to the "conwiviality" of the meeting.

Lord bless my soul! Twenty seven years old. Who'd have thought it. I *never* did!

But I grow sentimental.

Always Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

To S. LAMAN BLANCHARD, 9 FEBRUARY [1839]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Morning Feby. 9th.

My Dear Blanchard.

Let me thank you with great sincerity for the trouble and interest you have taken in the factory matter,[†3] and also for the perusal of Mr. Colburn's letter to you,[†4] which I return herewith.

That gentleman is quite right in supposing that Barnaby Rudge has nothing to do with factories, or negroes — white, black, or parti-coloured. It is a tale of the riots of Eighty, before factories flourished as they did thirty years afterwards, and containing — or intended to contain — no allusion to cotton lords, cotton slaves, or anything that is cotton.

The advertisement is quite a matter of taste. As there is a lady in the case, I suppose it is in the very best taste possible. Whether or no, I care so little about it that I have rejected urgings and promptings from a hundred quarters to write to Mr. Colburn about it, and have left him in the peaceable enjoyment of his own course. If Mrs. Trollope were even to adopt Ticholas Tickleby as being a better-sounding name than Michael Armstrong, I don't think it would cost me a wink of sleep, or impair my appetite in the smallest degree.

Believe me, always,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Laman Blanchard Esquire
&c &c

To S. LAMAN BLANCHARD, [9 FEBRUARY 1839]*

MS Mr Douglas Jerrold. *Date:* no doubt enclosing last.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Blanchard.

I am more obliged to you than I can possibly express for your very kind and friendly conduct, which gives me I assure you — as everything in our intimacy has — the utmost pleasure and satisfaction.

The whole affair of Mrs. Trollope's is a "*do*" — suggested in the first instance I am inclined to believe (though this is mere suspicion) by Bentley,[†1] when he found I was gone to Manchester, the first time.[†2] As it is *certain* to burn Colburn's fingers,[†3] there being no room for them to come into any decent circulation in that form, I will express no further opinion of Mrs. Trollope, than that I think *Mr.* Trollope must have been an old dog and chosen his wife from the same species.

In case you should wish or like to shew Colburn a reply to his letter, I inclose a more formal "statement of facts", which you can use as you please. Any way let me thank you once again most heartily.

I was dead all day yesterday, being first aware of the circumstance at

ten minutes past 11 oClock A.M. Slight symptoms of returning animation have manifested themselves this morning, but the "wital spark" requires a deal of bellows.

Believe me
My Dear Blanchard
Always faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Laman Blanchard Esquire.

To CHARLES RICHARDS,[†1] 11 FEBRUARY [1839]

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, 25 Feb 1918; *MS* 3 ½ pp.; dated 48 Doughty Street, 11 Feb — plainly 1839, soon after CD's resignation from the *Miscellany.*

Saying that he has no longer any connection with the Miscellany, *having been succeeded by his friend Harrison Ainsworth, and that he feels unable to recommend to Ainsworth the translation which his correspondent has sent him, as it is too long.*

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 13 FEBRUARY 1839

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1722 (1923); *MS* 1 p.; dated Doughty Street, 13 Feb 39.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?14 FEBRUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* early 1839 on handwriting; plainly Feb ("this short month"); probably the Thursday between the 9th, when he was "thinking about

Nickleby" (see Diary, p. 640) and ?21 Feb when he was finishing it. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster

Don't come in to-night, for I want to get on: having moved slowly this short month. I have gallantly refused dinner Invitations from Talfourd, Milnes,[†2] Elliotson, and two others, and really begin to hope that I shall be able to *keep on* at Nickleby. Tomorrow we are obliged to go to Hullah's, which makes it the more necessary that I should stick like a leech to Nicholas to-night.

I will report progress on Sunday if you dine here — Let me know tomorrow or Saturday whether you do or not.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

15 slips achieved.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [?MID-FEBRUARY 1839]*

MS Mrs Marjorie Graham. *Date:* soon after CD's resignation from the *Miscellany.* Perhaps Jerdan was trying to raise money in the week before 19 Feb when he defaulted on his debt of £70 to Macready (*Diaries,* II, 496).

Doughty Street | Friday Afternoon.

My Dear Jerdan.

It pains me, I assure you with real sincerity, more than I can express, to be obliged to say that I cannot render you the assistance you require — And believe me that I use no common form of words when I declare that if it were in my power to do so — consistently with other obligations and demands — *I would.*

Within the last three months I have lost at one swoop the whole sum you mention, by one of my own relatives.[†1] Within the last twelve, I have expended double and treble its amount on others — I have sacrificed the profits (editorial profits I should say — not publishing) of the Miscellany, such as they were, to be quit of Bentley; and I am really at this moment, for the first time, in the way of making what I ought to have made long since.

I say thus much to shew you why I am not in a condition to help you. I feel nothing but regret to have received your note under such circumstances. And I consider this matter so strictly confidential between us, that I shall not mention it — even to my wife.

I owe an apology to your son for not seeing him. Pray tell him from me, with my regards, that my servant dropped his card as she was bringing your letter into my room, and I did not receive it until after he was gone.

I am My dear Jerdan
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esquire.

To S. C. HALL, [?18 FEBRUARY 1839]

Extract in N, I, 199; dated 48 Doughty Street, Monday morning — probably the Monday after 15 Feb 39, date of the first No. of the *Art Union.*

All good fortune to the Art Union,[†2] I think the idea a very good one, striking as it does into the only unoccupied field ... Thank you for the perusal of Mr. Warner's[†3] letter, which I inclose. He was not quite correct in the facts of the "petty cash" story, the realities of which are far more honorable to the noble fellows concerned ... The 18th of this fraudulent

month of February, which for the sake of periodical Writers should be blotted from the calendar, although I was born in it, or made a reasonable length, you know that of old.

To THE REV. W. H. LANDON,[†1] [?18 FEBRUARY 1839]

Facsimile in unidentified catalogue, New York Public Library. *Date:* plainly Feb; since referring to *Nickleby*, must be Feb 39; perhaps Mon 18th, as last.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir,

I beg you a thousand pardons — In the hurry of my Nicklebeian Engagements in this most fraudulent month of eight and twenty days, I forgot your note. Pray excuse me.

I enclose a more formal acknowledgment of the return of the Sovereign, — and am, My Dear Sir,
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend W. H. Landon

To JOHN FORSTER, [?FEBRUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Signature suggests early 1839; must be before 21 Feb when Henry was dismissed. *Address:* Wait | John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Forster

I think I may venture to go out to-night. Will you dine with us at 5 — and see about a box without loss of time? If you want a messenger, Henry is available.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?21 FEBRUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* This and next, *To* Mitton, clearly refer to the "cashiering" of Henry the groom, elaborated on in *To* Forster, ?22 Feb. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I must contrive, please God, by hook or by crook to finish to-night. Will you come in tomorrow evening — or to dinner at 5 — ?[†2] let me know.

I have been obliged to dismiss Henry summarily, for impudence to his "Missis". Therefore if you *should* hear by any chance of a steady groom, not to be drunk on the premises——

Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?22 FEBRUARY 1839]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* see next.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning.

My Dear Tom

I inclose a letter from the veterinary Surgeon. I have not time to go to-day, having appointments at home; and I have been compelled to discharge Henry for impertinence to his "Missis".

Can you, as it is not far, take a cab and go over for me, this morning? Very possibly you will be able to see a trial too. I should think the five and forty guinea one would be about the touch, and I shall be perfectly satisfied with your report and description. If you find him good, we can have the veterinary Surgeon's warranty and close at once.

I shall be greatly obliged to you if you can conveniently do me this favor. Will you dine with us at 5? Send a line and say. If not — the evening.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 FEBRUARY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Between Mr Kenwigs's first appearance in *Nickleby*, July 38, and the last No. in Sep 39, the only advertised performances of *King Lear* on any Mondays were Macready's at Covent Garden on 4, 11, 18 and 25 Feb 39. The finishing of the *Nickleby* No. suggests late in the month. Postscript shows plainly written same day as last, presumably the Friday before the performance of 25 Feb.

My Dear Forster

Henry fell a victim to no festivities (by the wedding, there hangs a tale though) but kicked up his heels very high indeed in cold blood, and was instantly cashiered.

Sunday at half past four — punctivally, as Mr. Kenwigs has it.

If you come in decent time to-night, we might have a little reading — but half past ten is the middle of the night as times go now. See if you can't expedite yourself.

Nickleby is finished — and (I think) as good a Number as the last. [ ][†1]

I begin again (God willing) on Monday!!![†1] But I hope to see Lear on Monday night.

Always faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

An Express has just arrived regarding three "Osses". As I have no groom to send and don't like the job myself I have despatched Mitton who I hope will not fail to unscrew their tails.

To MRS CUTHBERT,[†2] 22 FEBRUARY 1839

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Mrs. Cuthbert | Ponducle | Ryde | Isle of Wight.

48 Doughty Street London | Friday February 22nd. 1839.

Madam.

In reply to your letter of the 15th. Instant, I beg to inform you that as I have relinquished my connexion with Bentley's Miscellany, and am only connected with one other periodical work, which is of my own writing, I have no opportunity of receiving papers in the manner you describe.

I may add for your information that great numbers of original contributions are constantly offered anonymously to monthly Magazines; and that *if*[†3] any of them should happen to suit the Editor's taste and the wants of his Magazine, they are not unfrequently accepted. I believe any respectable literary journal would pay for articles so retained for insertion. The Magazine of which I have recently resigned the Editorship, always did so.

I am, Madam,
Your very obedt. Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cuthbert.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?24 FEBRUARY 1839]

Text from N, I, 200. *Date:* between Mitton's abortive inspection of horses (?22 Feb) and CD's payment to Mr Turtill, harness-maker, of £20.8 on 1 Mar (CD's account-book, MS Messrs Coutts).

Doughty Street | Sunday

My Dear Tom,

Looking back to all the trouble and botheration of horse seeking, remembering the carthorse of yesterday and the slow mare of Cheapside and anticipating a hundred other grievances in the pursuit of animals and

phaetons I have made up my mind if that Craven Street turn-out be not disposed of, to purchase it and to spend some fifteen pounds on its decoration.[†1] If you have no decided objection to this course (which upon the whole, and as Kate likes them, I take to be the best we can adopt) will you make the purchase before you come to me in the morning and we can then take council about driving to the coach painters and Harness Makers.

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To save you trouble and ensure you settling this before you come to me, I have made 2 copies of this letter and sent one to your chambers and one to the office.

To ROBERT MUNRO,[†2] 25 FEBRUARY 1839

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Robert Munro Esquire | 15 Adelphi Street | Laurieston | Glasgow.

48 Doughty Street London | February 25th. 1839.

Sir.

In reply to your letter (forwarded to me from Mr. Bentley's this morning) I beg to say that no such papers as you describe have ever been accepted or seen by me. I have lately relinquished my connection with Bentley's Miscellany; and whether they have been accepted by Mr. Bentley himself or anybody on his behalf I cannot inform you.

Whoever the "respectable authority" may be who assumes to be so well acquainted with my proceedings I can assure him in this instance that he is utterly in error. And assuring *you* that any apology for requesting an answer on this head was wholly unnecessary,

I am Sir
Your very obedt. Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Munro Esquire
&c &c

To H. K. BROWNE, [FEBRUARY 1839]

Facsimile in F. G. Kitton, *CD and his Illustrators*, 1899, facing p. 64. *Date:* Feb 39 since the note is written beneath the original drawing for "A Sudden Recognition, unexpected on both sides" in the March *Nickleby*.

I don't think Smike is frightened eno[ugh or Squeers][†3] earnest enough — for my purpose.

To ANGUS FLETCHER,[†1] [?FEBRUARY 1839]

Extract in N, I, 209. *Date:* Pickering was apparently working on a portrait of CD during the early months of 1839 (see *To* Forster, 4 Jan, and Diary entry for 21 Feb).

Wedy. Morn.

We find that to be dutiful and relation-like we must alter our plans, and ask divers Aunts and Uncles to *dine* with us today at 6.0. Will you alter your plan of coming in the evening, and dine with us too?

Faithfully always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

A most mean signature, but I am writing under the soothing influence of Mr. Pickering, the author of that meek portrait still unfinished ... Kate wants her picture (only for the day).

To JOHN DICKENS, [1838-9]*

MS Dr A. S. M. Severn. *Date:* between Mar 38 (when CD started writing "Esquire" in full) and John Dickens's move to Devon in Mar 39.

Doughty Street | Wedy. Morning

Dear Father

Will you dine with us at ½ past 5 to-day, and let me know about Wapping?

Affy Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Dickens Esquire

March

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 MARCH 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* the Monday before 4 Mar when CD left for Exeter. *Address:* Immediate | John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Doughty Street | Friday Night

My Dear Forster

Since I saw you this morning, I have reflected seriously and constantly on the matter in hand.[†2] The result is, that I have taken my place to Exeter for *next Monday Morning*[†3] in order that they may join me — or at least leave town for that purpose — on the following Saturday when their notice expires.[†4]

I have mentioned this to my mother who is to be with me tomorrow morning at half past 10. I have also given her the option of joining me at Exeter if she wishes, a day or two before the Saturday, that she may get things in better order than I could do. I have done this verbally — not by letter.

The money for the coach-fares and road expences will be paid by you and Mitton to whom I will forward a cheque by post from Exeter. I fear it is too much to hope that you can accompany me in this toilsome journey. If you could, you know how much you would lighten its weariness and inconvenience.

The rent Mitton arranges tomorrow morning. To tradespeople let them say nothing. The only hope I have of making any composition short of paying in full, is founded upon their being previously non est inventus.

This hasty preparation leaves me but one day of hurry. Will you dine here at 5? Say yes or no, before 12.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

This promptitude is *necessary*[†1] and worth a thousand prospective resolutions. Some *present* arrangement for Frederick must be contrived in my absence. His mother gives him a good character, and if father bestirs himself, it can be surely done without much difficulty.

To WILLIAM BRADBURY,[†2] 3 MARCH [1839]

MS Messrs Bradbury, Agnew & Co. *Date:* clearly 1839: see *To* Catherine, p. 523. *Address:* To be left at Messrs Bradbury and Evans. Printers — Whitefriars. | Mr. Bradbury | 1 Clarence Terrace.

48 Doughty Street | Sunday Morning March 3rd.

My Dear Sir.

I read your note last night with heartfelt pain and sorrow. But I hope and believe that from the very depth and strength of your affection for your dead child, will arise your best and truest consolation.

The certainty of a bright and happy world beyond the Grave, which such young and untried creatures (half Angels here) *must* be called away by God to people — the thought that in that blessed region of peace and rest there is one spirit who may well be supposed to love and watch over those whom she loved so dearly when on earth — the happiness of being always able to think of her as a young and promising girl, and not as one whom years and long sorrow and suffering had changed — above all, the thought of one day

joining her again where sorrow and separation are unknown — these are all sources of consolation which none but those who have suffered deep affliction can know in all their force, and which will whisper comfort and resignation to you and your poor wife.

To many, these would sound as very very slight considerations to fortify the mind against such a loss. It is nearly two years ago since I lost in one short night a young and lovely creature whom — I can say even to *you* now — I loved with the warmest affection that our nature is capable of, and in whom I had the fondest father's pride. The first burst of anguish over, I have never thought of her with pain — never. I have never connected her idea with the grave in which she lies. I look upon it as I sometimes do upon the clothes she used to wear. They will moulder away in their secret places, as her earthly form will in the ground, but I have long since learnt to separate her from all this litter of dust and ashes, and to picture her to myself with every well-remembered grace and beauty heightened by the light of Heaven and the power of that Merciful Being who would never try our earthly affections so severely but to make their objects happy, and lead our thoughts to follow them.

I venture to hope my dear Sir, that the day is not far distant when you will be able to think of this dear child with a softened regret which will have nothing of bitterness in its composition — when it will be a melancholy but not a painful satisfaction to call up old looks and thoughts and turns of speech — and when you will be able to reflect with a grateful heart that those who yield most promise and are most richly endowed, commonly die young, as though from the first they were the objects of the Almighty's peculiar love and care. It is, no doubt, a heavy blow to lose so sweet a child; but who that loved her would call her back, if any soul could return to tell the bliss of that distant land to which she has winged her early flight?

Receive my Dear Sir the assurance I cannot refrain from conveying to you at such a time as this, of my earnest and sincere sympathy and warm regard. And may the influence which the blessed spirits of those who have toiled on earth, have been supposed by many good and wise men to exercise over sorrowing mortals, bring comfort to you and yours in this sad bereavement.[†1]

My Dear Sir, I am always,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. W. Bradbury.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, [5 MARCH 1839]

MS British Museum. *Date:* clearly the morning of 5 Mar (see next). *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 48 Doughty Street | London.

New London Inn Exeter. | Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Kate.

If this letter is a short or uninteresting one, do not complain, for I have been travelling about all the morning and it is now nearly Two o'Clock. The post leaves at a quarter past, and I have barely time to jot down a few words in anything like sensible order.

Consider too, my dear, that this letter is addressed to my mother as well as yourself, for I wish to say something to her and have not time to write to you both.

I cannot tell you what spirits I have been put into by the cottage I have taken — taken, and paid the first quarter in advance!! I walked straight to it this morning. I heard nothing from the Bank and walked out to look about me. Something guided me to it, for I went on without turning right or left, and was no more surprised when I came upon it and saw the bill up, than if I had passed it every day for years. It is a jewel of a place — Mile-End Cottage, Alpherton;[†1] the one mile stone from Exeter opposite the door. It is on the road to Plymouth, in the most beautiful, cheerful, delicious rural neighbourhood I was ever in. The old landlady,[†2] the finest old countrywoman conceivable — lives next door, and her brother and his wife in the next cottage to that. They have been known there for half a century and have the highest possible character at the Bank and from the clergyman[†3] who formerly lived himself, in the cottage which I have taken. I lunched with the old woman this morning, and we were quite affectionate in no time. There is an excellent parlor with an open beaufet[†4] in the wall and a capital closet, a beautiful little drawing-room above that — a kitchen and little room adjacent — and I forget whether two or three bedrooms besides. There is a noble garden, and there are cellars and safes and coalholes everywhere. The rent (including taxes) is *£20 a year*.[†5] The old lady has a "lined" (she dwelt a good deal upon that) a "lined" pew in the best part of the church, and in it are two sittings for nothing. The place is exquisitely clean and the paint and paper from top to bottom are as bright as a new pin. I have seen the upholsterer who furnished it when

the clergyman lived there, and arranged with him for the greater part of the things. All articles here are cheap, even to furniture.

Now, *if* my mother *can* — I don't urge it, if she objects — if she can make

up her mind to come down to me by the Telegraph on Thursday Morning, the house will be *perfect* by the Saturday Night, and I shall be saved — not only a world of uneasiness, but a good deal of money, for the people will take me in and I can't help it. I have not time to dilate upon all the advantages of her doing so, but *if* she *can,* you must let me know by return of post. I send below a cheque[†1] (which you will tear off)[†2] for the amount of her travelling expences and that little matter of the spoons, which I had forgotten. The fare inside is *Three Pounds.* She must eat and drink whenever and wherever the coach stops for the purpose. It goes from the Black Bear Piccadilly, just beyond the Burlington Arcade. The place should be taken.

I cannot tell you, my love, how much delighted I am with this success, and how much and what unexpected pleasure I am sure she will feel when she sees the place and the arrangements that are in progress. I have only time to send a thousand loves and kisses to the dear Babs and to say that I will write you a long letter tom[orro]w,[†3] and that by the same post, Forster will receive the necessary directions for Father's and Augustus's journey on Saturday. I shall also write to Mitton with *his* needful instructions as to their rent. Ever Affectionately Yours — CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 MARCH 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* PM Exeter 6 Mar 39 (Wednesday). *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields | London.

New London Inn. Exeter. | Tuesday Night.[†4]

My Dear Forster.

I took a cottage for them this morning. If they are not pleased with it — I shall be grievously disappointed; that's all. It is at a place called Alphington, exactly one mile beyond Exeter on the Dawlish, I think, but I know on the Plymouth-Road. There are two white cottages together, built of brick with thatched roofs. One is theirs and the other belongs to their landlady one Mrs. Pannell. I almost forget the number of rooms and cannot say positively until I have been there again, but I can report on solemn affirmation that on the ground floor there are an excellent parlor, a nice kitchen, and a little third room of comfortable proportions; and that in the yard behind there are meat-safes cellars coal holes wood houses and such like accomodations in rural abundance. Upstairs there is really a beautiful little room over the parlor which I am furnishing as a drawingroom, and I am not sure whether there are two or three bedrooms besides. There is a splendid garden and the rent of the whole (the landlady paying

all taxes) is twenty pounds a year! The paint and paper throughout is new and fresh and cheerful-looking: the place is clean beyond all description; and the neighbourhood I suppose the most beautiful in this most beautiful of English counties.[†1]

Mrs. Pannell of whom I must make most especial mention is a Devonshire widow with whom I had the honor of taking lunch to-day. She is a fat, infirm, splendidly-fresh-faced country dame, rising sixty and recovering from an attack "on the Nerves" — I thought they never went off the stones,[†2] but I find they try country air with the best of us. In the event of my mother's being ill at any time, I really think the vicinity of this good dame (the very picture of respectability and good humour) will be the greatest possible comfort. *Her* furniture and domestic arrangements are a capital picture, but that, with sundry imitations of herself and some "ladies" who called while I was there (evidently with a view to the property) I must reserve 'till I see you, when I anticipate a hearty laugh. The cottages communicate at the back — that is, our people pass close behind hers to get to their garden — she bears the highest character with the bankers and the clergyman — who formerly lived in *my* cottage himself — and is a kind-hearted worthy capital specimen of the sort of life, if she is properly managed, or I have no eye for the real and no idea of finding it out.

The good lady's brother and his wife live in the next nearest cottage, and the brother transacts the good lady's business, the nerves not admitting of her transacting it herself, although they leave her in her debilitated state something sharper than the finest lancet. Now the brother having coughed all night 'till he coughed himself into such a perspiration that you might have "wringed his hair", according to the asseverations of eye witnesses, his wife was sent for to negociate with me, and if you could have seen me sitting in the kitchen with the two old women, endeavouring to make them comprehend that I had no evil intentions or covert designs and that I had come down all that way to take some cottage and had *happened* to walk down that road and see that particular one, you would never have forgotten it. Then to see the servant-girl run backwards and forwards to the sick man, and when the sick man had signed one agreement which I drew up and the old woman instantly put away in a disused tea-caddy, to see the trouble and the number of messages it took before the sick man could be brought to sign another (a duplicate) that we might have one apiece, was one of the richest scraps of genuine drollery I ever saw in all my days. How, when the business was over, we became conversational — how I was facetious and at the same time virtuous and domestic — how I drank toasts in the beer, and stated on interrogotary[†3] that I was a married man and the father of two blessed infants — how the ladies marvelled thereat — how one of the ladies, having been in London, enquired where I lived and being told, remembered that Doughty Street and the Foundling Hospital were

in the Old Kent Road, which I didn't contradict,[†1] — all this and a great deal more must come with Stebbing[†2] when I return, and will make us laugh then I hope, and makes me laugh now to think of. Of my subsequent visit to the Upholsterer recommended by Mrs. Pannell — of the absence of the upholsterer's wife and the timidity of the upholster,[†3] fearful of acting in her absence — of my sitting behind a high desk in a little dark shop calling over the articles in requisition and checking off the prices as the upholsterer exhibited the goods and called them out — of my coming over the upholsterer's daughter with many virtuous endearments to propitiate the establishment and reduce the bill — of these matters I say nothing, either, for the same reason as that just mentioned. The discovery of the cottage I seriously look upon as a

blessing (not to speak it profanely) upon our efforts in this, I hope no longer sad, cause. I had heard nothing from the Bank and walked straight there, by some strange impulse, directly after breakfast. I am sure they may be happy there, if they will. If I were older and my course of activity were run, I am sure *I* could, with God's blessing, for many and many a year.

The Theatre[†4] is open here, and Charles Kean is playing for his last night to-night. If it had been the "rig'lar" drama I should have gone, but I was afraid Sir Giles Overreach[†5] (are there two r's?) might upset me so I stayed away. My quarters are excellent and the head-waiter is *such* a Waiter! Knowles — not Sheridan Knowles,[†6] but Knowles of the Cheatham Hill Road[†7] — is an ass to him. This sounds bold but truth is stranger than fiction. By the bye, not the least comical thing that has occurred was the visit of the upholsterer (with some further calculations) since I began this letter. I think they took me here for the wonderful Being I am; they were amazingly sedulous, and no doubt looked for my being visited by the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. My first and only visitor came to-night. — A ruddy-faced man in faded black with extracts from a feather bed all over him — an extraordinary and quite miraculously dirty face — a thick stick — and the personal appearance altogether of an amiable bailiff in a green old age. I have not seen the proper waiter since, and more than suspect I shall not recover this blow. He was announced (by *the* waiter) as "a person". I expect my bill every minute.

[†a]I have left so little room for business that I must be brief. I wrote to-day for my mother to come down on *Thursday*, and inclosed her — for herself — the wherewithal. Please to advance to father for himself and Augustus to follow on Saturday five pounds. Don't forget your letter by Friday's post,

and let it be a long one. If you *should* have time to see little Evans[†1] or Hicks you will relieve my mind by telling them how it is that they will not get the copy for the next No. as soon as I promised. I want my mother for some matters of curtains, blinds, and so forth in which — with her — I can save greatly. Forgive this jumble of incoherence (penned under the pressure of two other letters and some sleepiness) and believe me my dear Forster if I need ask it

Always Your attached friend
CHARLES DICKENS

I hope to be home on Monday Evening at half past eight.[†a]

The waiter is laughing outside the door with another waiter — This is the latest intelligence of my condition.

[†b]I open this on Wednesday Morning to say that Charles Kean is gone, and I have moved into his sitting room. I am sitting at this instant in his wery chair!!! I was bursting into the water-closet this morning, when a man's voice (of tragic quality) cried out — "There is somebody here." It was his. I shall reserve this for his Biographer.[†b]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 5 MARCH 1839

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 48 Doughty Street | London.

New London Inn Exeter. | Tuesday Evening March 5th. 1839.

My Dearest love.

I hope to be home *on Monday Evening at half past eight.* I will write you again on Saturday, so that you may know when and where to send Topping[†2] to meet me. I am looking eagerly forward to a letter from you, and shall expect to receive one *by Thursday's post from town.* If my mother comes down on Thursday — about which, by the bye, I am rather doubtful and anxious — I shall have a line by her of course. Were you surprised at my request that she should? I made it for two reasons. Firstly, because she really can be the means of saving money in many items of expenditure, and secondly because I thought that the suddenness of the call would break the force of the separation, and spare much of the pain of coming away.

It was a delicious day yesterday and the journey was most pleasant, although the morning and evening were both bitterly cold, with a sharp and cutting wind. I found everything most comfortable here — roaring fires in sitting-room and bedroom and supper ready — a capital bed, and all as nice as nice could be, under such circumstances. I slept well, being very tired, as I am to-night with all the bustle and running about of the day.

I cannot tell you — although I have thought coolly about it since the morning — how much pleased I am with the cottage, which really can, at as little expence as one could hope for be made a place that anybody might be proud of. It stands adjoining [the][†1] landlady's and has a thatched roof. You enter into a neat [?little] passage. There is an exceedingly good parlour, a regular [ ] kitchen, another little room on the same floor, and either [ ] little bedrooms upstairs besides the pretty drawing room from which there is a distant view of Exeter with the cathedral which is quite lovely. Add to this such a garden as there is — so many comforts and conveniences — and the beautiful situation — and think of it being all had tax free for twenty pounds a year!

I have begun with the furniture which, with the exception of one or two trifling articles, is contracted to be put in by Friday night. The outside of every expence will be I hope Seventy Pounds. I trust it may be done for less, but I take the very outside. I have put, or rather shall put, into the worst sitting-room, six painted in imitation of rosewood chairs, a pembroke table, a round dining-table, a kidderminster carpet, and some second-hand red curtains; cost price thirty shillings. In the best sitting-room six better chairs, a second-hand sofa table, a couch, white muslin curtains, and a second-hand brussels carpet. In the best bedroom a tent bedstead with best bedding and white dimity furniture; in the next a french bed and mattress; and in both painted furniture *en suite* of course. Then there are the kitchen necessaries, the crockery and glass, the stair-carpet, and the floorcloth. One "Betty Peek" officiates as servant pro tem; there will be fires in all the rooms on Thursday Morning; and the neatness and cleanliness of the place is beyond description.

I entertain you with these particularities because as you are interested in the proceedings, which are as much your own as mine, I think you will prefer them to facetiousness of which I have picked up great store. Indeed I have let loose some of it upon Forster this very [?day;] but I have a capital story concerning my interview with the [brother] to whom the house belongs, and her sister in law — and how [ ] what

the Devil ever took me there, and evidently suspected [ ] and at length got quite assured, and asked me if I [?were married and] wondered to hear I had two children, and "supposed now" that belike the lady had a pretty little bit of property, and a great deal more which I must save to tell you. If you could have seen me sitting on one side of the kitchen-fire drawing up an agreement for taking the house, and explaining it with great perspicuity but without infusing into them the slightest notion of its nature, you would never have forgotten it. Of course I made myself quite at home, and I

think — don't be alarmed, though the youngest is not seventy — I *think* I made an impression. Then I went to the upholsterer's with whom I am already on the most familiar terms, and to whose daughter I have been most attentive all day in the hope of keeping down the small account. I meant to have gone to the Theatre to-night, but I thought better of it when I found Charles Kean was doing Sir Giles Overreac[h] and so stopped by the fireside, reading a book of celebrated [trials][†1] for High Treason which I bought to-day, and which has interested me deeply.

To say how much I miss you, would be ridiculous. I miss the children in the morning too and their dear little voices which have sounds for you and me that we shall never forget. I have not forgotten the Mouse's[†2] birthday to-morrow, and shall keep it though after a lonely fashion. If you will drink her health at six o'Clock exactly, I will do the same as if we were together. Tell her at th[ ][†3] and fill us with pleasant thoughts when the lighter things that can charm us now, are no longer remembered. I hope and believe that these three or four hundred pounds will come back to us one-day in three or four hundred thousand recollections which nothing else could buy.

I hope my love you saw and sent poor Bradbury's letter which was on my desk. It was one of condolence, and I should grieve if it were delayed. Don't[†3]

To THOMAS MITTON, 6 MARCH 1839†

MS Huntington Library.

New London Inn, Exeter. | Wednesday Morning March 6th. 1839

Dear Tom.

Perhaps you have heard from Kate that I succeeded yesterday in the very first walk, and took a cottage at a place called Alphington one mile from Exeter which contains on the ground floor a good parlor and kitchen, and above, a full-sized country drawingroom and three bedrooms — in the yard behind, coal-holes, fowl-houses, and meat safes out of number; in the kitchen a neat little range; in the other rooms good stoves and cupboards — and all for £20 a year taxes included. There is a good garden at the side well stocked with cabbages, beans, onions, celery, and some flowers. The stock belonging to the landlady (who lives in the adjoining cottage) there

was some question whether she was not entitled to half the produce, but I settled the point by paying five shillings and becoming absolute master of the whole!

I do assure you that I am charmed with the place and the beauty of the country round about, though I have not seen it under very favorable circumstances, for it snowed when I was there this morning, and blew bitterly from the East yesterday. It is really delightful, and when the house is to-rights and the furniture all in, I shall be quite sorry to leave it. I have had some few things second-hand, but I take it Seventy Pounds will be the mark even taking this into consideration. I include in that estimate, glass and crockery, garden tools, and such like little things. There is a spare bedroom of course. That I have furnished too.

I am on terms of the closest intimacy with Mrs. Pannell the landlady, and her brother and sister in law who have a little farm hard by. They are capital specimens of country folks, and I really think the old woman herself will be a great comfort to my mother. Coals are dear just now — *26/- a ton*[†1] — They found me a boy to go two miles out and back again to order some, this morning. I was debating in my mind whether I should give him eighteenpence or two shillings, when his fee was announced — Twopence!

The house is on the high road to Plymouth, and though in the very heart of Devonshire, there is as much long-stage and posting life, as you would find in Piccadilly. The situation is charming. Meadows in front, an orchard running parallel to the garden hedge, richly-wooded hills closing in the prospect behind, and away to the left, before, a splendid view of the hill on which Exeter is situated; the Cathedral towers rising up into the sky in the most picturesque manner possible. I don't think I ever saw so cheerful or pleasant a spot. The drawing-room is nearly if not quite as large as the outer room of my old chambers in Furnivals Inn. The paint and paper are new, and the place clean as the utmost excess of snowy cleanliness can be.

You would laugh if you could see me powdering away[†2] with the upholsterer, and endeavouring to bring about all sorts of impracticable reductions and wonderful arrangements. He had by him two second-hand carpets; the important ceremony of trying the same, comes off at three this afternoon. I am perpetually going backwards and forwards. It is two miles from here, so I have plenty of exercise, which so occupies me and prevents my being lonely that I stopped at home to read last night and shall to-night, although the Theatre is open. Charles Kean has been the star for the last two evenings. He was stopping in this house and went away this morning. I have got his sitting-room now, which is smaller and more comfortable than the one I had before.

You will have heard perhaps that I wrote to my mother to come down tomorrow. There are so many things she can make comfortable at a much

less expence than I could, that I thought it best. If I had not, I could not have returned on Monday, which I now hope to do and to be in town at half past eight. [†a]I think Duncombe's[†1] rent is £18 altogether. Will you ascertain from my father (remembering that you are supposed not to know the *cause* of all this) and will you tell him besides,[†a] that if he could devise any means of bringing him down, I think it would be a great thing for him to have Dash if it be only to keep down the trampers and beggars? The cheque I send you below. [ ][†2]

To THOMAS HILL, 13 MARCH 1839

MS Berg Collection.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday March 13th./39

My Dear Sir

Accept the Oliver with my best and most cordial wishes,[†3] and an assurance of the sincere pleasure it gives me to count you among the number of my best-wishing friends.

I have been in Devonshire on family business, and having reached town late over-night was not out of bed when your messenger came yesterday.

Always believe me
My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hill Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, [13 MARCH 1839]†

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 14 Mar 39 (Thursday). *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Night

My Dear Beard

I haven't seen anything of you (except at the buttonless party) for time out of mind. Can you dine with us next Sunday — quite alone — at half past four? And if you can, will you come at Two and ride out with us in the morning?[†4] I want your opinion of the new turn-out, which I take to be — but I won't go on.

I have made some arrangements concerning the settling-down for life of the governor which will a little surprise you.

With best remembrances believe me, ever,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

[†a]Do you know that a disgusting idea connected with the glass shade of Browne's table lamp is constantly present to my imagination? It is exactly like the pan of a tavern water closet and haunts me, waking and sleeping.[†a]

To T. J. OUSELEY,[†1] 14 MARCH 1839*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales.

Doughty Street London | March 14th. 1839

My Dear Sir.

I sent the Dream of the Dying Girl[†2] to Mr. Bentley's and specially marked it (when I relinquished the Editorship of the Magazine) as "requiring attention". I cannot think that they will be so senseless as to hesitate for an instant to avail themselves of it, but if you do not see it in the next No., I would recommend you to address Mr. Bentley himself at No. 8 New Burlington Street. When I next see Mr. Ainsworth I will speak to him on the subject and tell him what I really think of that beautiful little poem.

I am My Dear Sir
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Ouseley Esquire.

To MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN, [14 or 15 MARCH 1839]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the Thursday or Friday (see *fn*) after his return from Devonshire, 11 Mar.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday[†3] Morning

My Dear Madam

I have only just returned to town from Devonshire, which is the reason that I had not the pleasure of seeing you when you called. I should recommend you to write to Mr. Bentley on the subject of your little poem,[†4]

mentioning that it was accepted by me. If you should not receive a satisfactory reply, I shall be happy to render you any assistance in my power if you will communicate with me again.

Let me assure you that it has always given me real pleasure to be the humble means of rendering you better known to the public — if any attention and opportunity so slight as mine can have led to that result — and that I am, Dear Madam,

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Camilla Toulmin.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 MARCH 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Ch. 41, "Containing some romantic Passages between Mrs Nickleby and the Gentleman in the Small-Clothes next-door" was part of the April *Nickleby;* CD was probably writing on the Friday after his return from Devonshire. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster

†aI must be alone in my glory to-day and see what I can do. I perpetrated a great amount of work yesterday and have every day indeed since Monday, but I must buckle to again and endeavour to get the Steam up. If this were to go on long, I should "bust" the boiler.

I think Mrs. Nickleby's love scene will come out rather unique.†a

If you are likely to be in the way tomorrow about 2 o'Clock, I'll give you a call.

Always Faithfully CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MARCH 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* a Saturday, since the day of a Shakespeare Club meeting; handwriting suggests Spring 1839; perhaps March, shortly after his parents had moved to Alphington. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

My Dear Forster

Pickthorn has administered some more physic of such extra strength that I have deemed it prudent to put Marjoribanks†1 off. I shall therefore not be

at the "Shikspere" to-night, but shall confine myself to my own room and Nickleby.

An unsatisfactory epistle from mother this morning.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To DR F. P. B. PICKTHORN, [?MARCH 1839]

Text from N, I, 173. *Date:* possibly Mar 39, following the expenses resulting from his father's move to Alphington.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir,

I very sincerely regret that I cannot do what you require just now, having had a most serious drawback this month which has rendered it necessary for me to draw a hundred pounds[†1] at a time when it was of the very utmost importance that it should be elsewhere. If £10 *on the last day of this month* will be of service to you, and you will let me hear from you to that effect, you may depend upon it.[†2]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS MITTON, [22 MARCH 1839]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* 1839 on handwriting; CD was presumably writing on the Friday before 29 Mar, Good Friday. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | Southampton Buildings.

Doughty Street | Friday Morning

[D]ear[†3] Tom

Bradbury and Evans are driving me so [ha]rd in consequence of the coming of [G]ood Friday and Easter Week, that I fear I must postpone our engagement for to-day, and stick to the work. To which end I shall dine early.

I will call upon you *early* on Monday Morning.

Always Faithfully
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, [22 MARCH 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably the day before Sat 23 Mar, when Macready called on CD to discuss Haynes Bayly and CD "promised to go to the Literary Fund about the £50" (Macready, *Diaries*, I, 503); "finishing Nickleby for the month" supports.

Doughty Street | Friday

My Dear Macready.

What have you done about Haynes Bayley? Is any application to be made to the Literary Fund tomorrow?[†1] The committee meet at Three o'Clock. I am very busy finishing Nickleby for the month, but *if*[†2] his case is to be brought forward, I shall make a point of attending and supporting his claim.

Perhaps if it is too much out of your way to call here as you go to the Theatre tomorrow morning, you will write me a line and say yes or no to this, so that I may act accordingly,

Believing me always
Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, [?23 MARCH 1839]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Handwriting points to Spring 1839; probably the Saturday before the Shakespeare Club dinner of 30 Mar, when CD was in the chair (Macready, *Diaries*, I, 504).

Doughty Street | Saturday Night.

My Dear Sir

I shall have a hard week's work and very late hours at my Desk; but I shall be at the service of the Club notwithstanding, and only too happy if I can save them any inconvenience by appearing as the faint shadow of their proper President.[†3]

Believe me (in haste)
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Stone Esquire

To HENRY COLBURN, 25 MARCH 1839

Extract in N, I, 208; dated 48 Doughty Street, 25 March 39.

Will you make arrangements with some printer for getting on with Mrs. Macrone's book.[†4] I shall be ready to give out the copy this week.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 26 MARCH 1839†

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning March 26th. 1839.

My dear Ainsworth.

If the subject of this letter, or anything contained in it, should eventually become the occasion of any disagreement between you and me, it would cause me very deep and sincere regret. But with this contingency — even this — before me, I feel that I must speak out without reserve and that every manly honest and just consideration impels me to do so.

By some means — by what means in the first instance I scarcely know — the late negociation's[†1] between yourself myself and Mr. Bentley, have placed a mutual friend of ours in a false position and one in which he has no right to stand; and exposed him to an accusation — very rife and current indeed, just now — equally untrue and undeserved, namely that he, who a short time before had

pledged himself to Mr. Bentley (in the presence of Mr. Follett) to see my last agreement with that person executed and carried out, counselled me to break it and in fact entangled and entrapped the innocent and unsuspecting bookseller — who being all honesty himself had a child-like confidence in others — into taking such steps as led to that result.

Now I wish to remind you — †afor a purpose which I will tell you presently†a — that even by me no agreement whatever was broken; that I demanded a postponement of my agreement for the term of six months — that Forster (to whom I have been alluding of course) expressly and positively said when you pressed upon me the hardship of my relations with that noblest work of God, in New Burlington Street, that he could not and would not be any party to a new disruption between us — *that he was bound to see the old agreement performed*†2 — that he wrote to Mr. Bentley warning him of my dissatisfaction — that he saw Mr. Bentley for a full hour, in his own rooms †b(a man must be in earnest to do that)†b — read to him a letter of mine†3 in which I had expressed my feelings on the subject and strongly urged upon him the necessity and propriety of some concession — that Mr. Bentley went away thanking him and appointing to call again — that he never called again — that he wrote me an insulting letter dictated by his lawyers†4 — that Forster then washed his hands of any further interference between us — that Mr. Bentley then went out to you at Kensal Green — and that you and he, between you, and without any previous consultation or advising with Forster settled upon certain terms and conditions†5 which were afterwards

proposed to me through you, and communicated to Forster, for the first time and to his unbounded astonishment, by both of us.†1

I remind you of all this because Mr. Bentley is going about town stating in every quarter what may or may not be his real impression of Forster's course — †cbecause Mr. Bentley does appeal as an authority to you — because you do countenance Mr. Bentley in these proceedings by hearing him express his opinion of Forster and not contradicting him — and have aggravated him, indeed, by such thoughtless acts as first procuring an unfavorable notice of the Miscellany in the Examiner†2 (by dint of urgent solicitation) and then shewing it to him with assumed vexation and displeasure.†c I remind you of all this, because Forster must and shall be set right — not with Mr. Bentley, but with the men to whom these stories are carried, and his friends as well as foes — because there are but two persons who can set him right — and because I wish to know distinctly from you who shall do so, *without the delay of an instant* — You or I.

There is another reason which renders this absolutely necessary. Forster, acting for Mr. Savage Landor, arranged with Mr. Bentley for the publication of two tragedies by that gentleman,†3 which were proceeding rapidly through the Press when these matters occurred, and have since been taken from the printers by Mr. Bentley — not published, though the time agreed upon is long past; not advertized though they should have been long ago†4 — their existence not recognized in any way — †dand all this as a means of annoyance and revenge against Forster who is placed in the most painful situation with regard to Mr. Landor, that it is possible to conceive.

Mr. Landor who holds such men as Mr. Bentley in as little consideration as the mud of the streets, and[†d] who is violent and reckless when exasperated, is as certain by some public act to punish the bookseller for this treatment (if he be not prevented by an immediate atonement) as the Sun is to rise tomorrow. This would entail upon me the immediate necessity, in explanation of the circumstances which led to it, of laying a full history of these proceedings before the public, [†e]and the consequence would be that we and our private affairs would be dragged into newspaper notoriety and involved in controversy and discussion, for the pain of which nothing could ever compensate.[†e]

But however painful it will be to me to put myself in communication once again with Mr. Bentley, and openly appeal to you to confirm what I shall tell him, I have no alternative unless you will frankly and openly and for the sake of *your* old friend as well as my intimate and valued one, avow to Mr. Bentley yourself that he is not to blame, that you heard him again and again refuse to interfere although deeply impressed with the hardship of my case — and that you proposed concessions which he — feeling the position in which he stood — could not have suggested. Believe me Ainsworth that for your sake no less than on Forster's account, this should be done.[†1] [†f]You do not see it I know, you do not mean it I am persuaded, but he is impressed with the idea, and nine men out of ten would be (if these matters were stated by anybody but you) that to enable yourself to gain your object and stand in your present relations towards Mr. Bentley, you have used him as an instrument by suppressing that which would have shewn his conduct in the best and truest light, and have shrunk from the friendly and manly avowal of feeling which your own impulses and freer and less worldly considerations so generously prompted.

Once more let me say that[†f] I do not mean to hurt or offend you by anything I have said, and that I should be truly grieved to find I have done so. But I must speak strongly because I feel strongly, and because I have a misgiving that even now I have been silent too long.

My Dear Ainsworth I am
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Ainsworth Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?26 MARCH 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to 1839; after engagement of Topping in Mar 39 and probably before CD left for Petersham on 30 Apr. (He was not living in London again until Oct, by which time the last Nos of *Nickleby* were in print and no proof-correcting was necessary.) Perhaps the day of his visit to Mrs Talfourd mentioned in next.

My Dear Forster

I am correcting the proofs and have but a minute to spare.

To Mrs. Talfourd's we *must* go, but we can go to Finchley too. Topping will be with you at 25 minutes past two. Then come on to me at Maclise's and don't keep him waiting.

Faithfully Always

CD

To THOMAS MITTON, [?26 MARCH 1839]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Spring 1839 on handwriting; promise of the cheque, supported by reference to Kensal Green (see *fn*), suggests the day before next.

Tuesday

Dear Tom

I was prevented from keeping my appointment with you to-day — firstly by Frederick, secondly by little Hall, and thirdly by circumstances which rendered it necessary for me to pay an unpleasant visit to Kensal Green[†1] whence I have only now returned barely in time for Mrs. Talfourd's.

I will inclose you the cheque early in the morning — by 10 OClock. You will be glad to hear that Stanley[†2] sent for Fred to the Treasury this morning, and appointed him to the Secretary's Office in the Custom House[†3] — a "much better place" but how much until he has [enquired][†4] I don't know.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thos. Mitton Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?27 MARCH 1839]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Spring 1839 on handwriting; a payment of £50 to Mitton on Thurs 28 Mar is recorded in CD's Account-book (MS Messrs Coutts).

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

Dear Tom

I inclose a cheque for £50. You know there are some I have to pay myself, and as well as I remember — excluding Parrell[†1] — this will be more than our unknown genius[†2] (unknown at least, to me,) will require.

Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

To J. H. CARLETON,[†3] 27 MARCH 1839*

MS Harvard College Library. *Address:* Mr. James Henry Carleton | Bangor | Maine | United States.

48 Doughty Street London | March 27th. 1839.

Dear Sir.

Your letter has occasioned me very great embarrassment. I am most anxious to respond to the frank and confiding feeling in which it is written, and to answer it in the gentlest and kindest tone. And yet I fear I shall offend you — for the moment merely — or disappoint you, which I should regret even more.

To tell you that your self-education and perseverance under such circumstances as you describe, are most honorable and praiseworthy, would be merely to tell you what you know and very properly feel already. But to tack to this tardy encouragement, an earnest caution that you consider well before you mistake your future course in life and struggle through a troublesome and thorny track in which the tombs of many great and adventurous spirits like the stone-stricken adventurers in the Eastern Tale warn you to recede[†4] — to remind you how many men who have gone before, have confounded thoughts and impulses with the power of realizing them,

and languished in hopeless obscurity and chilling neglect — to entreat you to consider that in quitting your own country for England, bound on that most precarious and uncertain voyage, the quest of literary fame, you are deserting a certainty which might be comfort and content for an uncertainty which may be all bitterness and sorrow — to point out to you the numerous obstacles in the way, to which even your eyes are now partially opened — these are most unpalatable hints I know, but, notwithstanding, I feel it my bounden duty to lay them thus briefly before you and to beg you to reflect upon them seriously and often.

I am not, of course, so good a Judge as you should be of the degree of encouragement which America affords to her own Citizens. At the same time I cannot but think that good tales — especially such as you describe, connected with the customs and history of her aboriginal inhabitants who every day become more interesting as their numbers diminish — would surely find some patrons and readers in her great Cities. If they do not, I should very nigh despair of their ever being read or appreciated here. I can call no parallel case to mind, to which this argument does not strongly apply. I see your newspapers and Magazines — usually the readiest channels for beginners here — crowded with contributions from American Writers. It may be that interest, influence, good fortune, or a thousand things may be necessary to give a reasonable chance of success, and that a young and unknown man has great impediments and difficulties to contend against. Believe me that this is not peculiar to America, and that in England his difficulties are most mighty and gigantic.

You wish to know whether, in the event of your coming to England, you might command me as a friend. My inability to answer that question, is in exact proportion to the great weight I attach to the name, and the care with which I bestow it upon but a few out of troops of acquainta[nces.][†1] I have some friends who have been my friends from boys, and others — more intimate still — whom I have known but a few months or years. I hope that most young men who have appealed to me, have had such sympathy and assistance as I could render them. But they have not been among my "friends" for all that; and to pledge myself to find a friend in a man whom I have never seen and with the whole tenor of whose thoughts and feelings I am unacquainted — save as I find them expressed in one enthusiastic letter — would be to

prostitute the term, and not, I am convinced, to advance myself in your estimation when you came to consider the subject more dispassionately and calmly.

Advise you as a countryman and [a brother, I will.][†2] And my advice is, that you satisfy yourself beyond all doubt that you are qualified for the course to which you now aspire — that you employ that perseverance of which you speak, in the sphere that is open to you — that you try to achieve something in your own land before you venture on a strange one — and that 'ere you wander from home you feel quite *sure* that you *are* neglected

at home, and are really summoned elsewhere. Otherwise, the more enthusiastic, the more lofty the more fervent your aspirations, the more certain and complete will be the dejection and disappointment of your after-life.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours very truly
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE MARCH 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date: The Boy's Country Book; being the Real Life of a Country Boy* [by William Howitt] was reviewed in the *Examiner*, 7 Apr 39. Presumably "copy" here was CD's review on 31 Mar of *The Ballantyne-Humbug Handled* (see *To* Forster, 29 Aug 38, *fn*). *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

Behold copy — and send again between 6 & 7.

I don't think you'll want the Country Boy, for I shall have *three* or *four* slips more of this. Tell me whether you will or no.

Always
CD.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [29 MARCH 1839]*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales. *Date: The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman* was published in June 1839. Good Friday was 29 Mar that year.

Good Friday

My Dear Georgius.

I forgot I was engaged ('till Missis reminded me) for next Wedy. You left Lord Bateman[†1] as he appeared when the Turkish Lady drank[†2] his health.[†3] Here he is.

In haste
CD[†4]

To WILLIAM BEHNES,[†1] [?MARCH 1839]

MS Mr W. J. Carlton. *Date:* Signature suggests Spring 1839, probably March.

48 Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

With a sorrowful pen and a contrite heart, I sit down to tell you that I lost your card (a matter of course with me) before the dinner was over the other day — that I booked my engagement to you for the following Tuesday with great gravity and precaution — and found when Tuesday morning came and I was all ready to come also, that I was prevented by the one trivial circumstance of not having the faintest idea where you lived.

In this unhappy state I remained up to last evening when a friend who called here, related how that *he* had a friend who knew a man who had been once heard to say that you lived in Osnaburgh Street near the Regent's Park. Having been a pretty close prisoner at my desk for the last fortnight I have not had an opportunity of seeking more authentic information, and I now send this Dove through the Post Office in quest of your studio. If any other Dove should return on twopenny wings bearing but a leaf of olive in assurance of your yet peaceful disposition towards me, I shall be but too happy to avail myself of a second opportunity of knowing you.

I feel the absurdity of telling a man so famous as you that one didn't know where to find him. But I really did not, and my failing to inquire in quarters where I might have learnt, is attributible[†2] — not to constitutional laziness but constitutional activity in other matters, which often leaves me for weeks together nothing but pen ink and paper and the best means of using them, to think of.

Believe me My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Behnes Esquire

April

To J. P. HARLEY, 1 APRIL 1839*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

48 Doughty Street. | Monday April 1st. 1839.

My Dear Harley.

Behold the Oliver and the American Pickwick. I'll enquire after my head,[†1] and tell the present possessor that I can't do without it any longer.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 1 APRIL 1839*

MS Morgan Library.

Doughty Street | Monday April 1st. 1839.

Dear Ainsworth.

I preferred the "formality of a correspondence" between us, because what we had to say bore reference to a third person,[†2] and I have had sufficient experience of the mistakes and misconstructions to which conversations are liable in such cases.

It is not a point of any importance, but I think you must confound me with somebody else, when you speak of our discussing at Macready's, the subject of the Examiner Notice.[†3] If we did, I have most strangely and unaccountably forgotten it. The impression on my mind is, that we never exchanged a word upon the subject except here, one morning, and that *from you* I never heard one word relative to your having shewn it to Mr. Bentley. I am not infallible, and may possibly be mistaken.

I have forwarded your letter to Mr. Forster, together with that from Mr. Bentley[†4] beginning "My dear Ainsworth" and ending "Ever my dear Ainsworth, faithfully Yours" — &c — and with that, my share in these proceedings is at an end.

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Ainsworth Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 APRIL 1839

Extract in Thomas F. Madigan catalogue; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 4 Apr 39.

I am so much engaged just now, and have so many prior claims in England, and one in America, that I cannot possibly enter into any new engagements (even engagements to the ladies of New York)[†1] however much I may feel disposed to do so.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [APRIL 1839]

Mention in *To* Mitton, 7 Apr 39.

Replying to an advertisement of a "villa". [†2]

To W. C. MACREADY, [7 APRIL 1839]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the day after Sat 6 Apr when Macready decided to announce his retirement from Covent Garden (*Diaries*, I, 506).

Doughty Street. | Sunday.

My Dear Macready.

I will have, if you please, three dozen (that's meant for 3)[†3] of the extraordinary champagne; and I am much obliged to you for recollecting me.

I ought not to be sorry to hear of your abdication,[†4] but I am notwithstanding — most heartily and sincerely sorry, for my own sake and the sake of thousands who may now go and whistle for a Theatre — at least such a Theatre as you gave them. And I do now in my heart believe that for a long and dreary time that exquisite delight has passed away. If I may jest with my misfortunes and quote the Portsmouth critic of Mr. Crummles's company, I say that "as an exquisite embodiment of the poet's visions and a realisation of human intellectuality gilding with refulgent light our dreamy moments, and laying open a new and magic world before the mental eye, the drama is gone — perfectly gone."[†5]

With the same perverse and unaccountable feeling which causes a heartbroken man at a dear friend's funeral to see something irresistibly comical in a red-nosed or one-eyed undertaker, I receive your communication with ghastly facetiousness. Though on a moment's reflection I find better cause for consolation in the hope that relieved from your most trying and painful

duties, you will now have leisure to return to pursuits more congenial to your mind, and to move more easily and pleasantly among your friends. In the long catalogue of the latter, believe that there is not one prouder of the name or more grateful for the store of delightful recollections you have enabled him to heap up from boyhood, than My Dear Macready

Yours always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]I inclose the cheque for HB, which I ought to have sent you before.[†a†1]

To THOMAS MITTON, [7 APRIL 1839]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* same day as last. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | Southampton Buildings.

Doughty Street. | Sunday.

Dear Tom

I am doing the Snail at present — not the Railroad, and if I finish the next No. by next Saturday shall consider myself well off. The devil of it is, that I am afraid I must spoil a number now and then, for the sake of the book. It's a hard case, but I *ought* to be hard as iron to my own inclinations and do so.[†2]

I am sorry to say that I had a note from Macready to-night, saying that the negociations with the proprietors have terminated in his final abandonment of the Theatre. The *next* Lessee, whoever he is, will have a good chance of making his fortune[†3] — Don't you think so? This is "Most private" at present, of course.

I almost forgot that I am writing to say how much obliged to you I am for your alacrity in sending me the advertisement of the "Willa".[†4] I answered it directly. Further particulars in future bills.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

The King Street business has *almost* floored me.[†5] If Coutts's were to be broken open by a riotous mob tomorrow,[†6] I should be quite magnanimous and christian-like.

To J. P. HARLEY, [8 APRIL 1839]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* clearly the invitation to which Harley sent a verse reply on 9 Apr: see *fn.*

Two Aunts and two uncles, a sister and brother,
Dine with us next Wen'sday; — will you make another?

Doughty Street | Monday Evening.

My Dear Harley.

The above though exquisitely poetical is literally matter-of-fact. The hour is Six. If you are put up for the afterpiece, we'll let you go, and if you an't, why then we won't. *Do* come; and *don't* ever leave off believing that I shall ever keep on perpetually remaining

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

J. P. Harley Esquire
&c &c

To J. P. HARLEY, 9 APRIL 1839

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

[*Doughty Street April 9th. 1839*][†2]

RECITATIVE

You're wery funny so you air,
Good peoples' sides you shake,
But in that 'ere poetic flare
You've made a small mistake;
For "*Thursday*"[†3] ain't the day young Snipe,
But "*Wen'sday*"[†4] is the cry:

So please to put that in your pipe
And act according-*ly*.

AIR

Oh come then *tomorrow* and taste of that cheer
Purwided for good 'uns like you:

With the light of your countenance soften my beer,
My champagne, and my other Wines too.
And if in your fun, of that Beer you should think,
(For you are old Momus's child)
Take a maxim from it while your sherry you drink,
And pray Harley — pray — draw it mild.
Oh come then *tomorrow* when church-clocks strike six,
Dum vivimus — live while we may —
And when you have eaten and drunk too "like bricks",[†1]
Oh then, like the Page — "Go and Play".[†2]
[*Please to hang up this bill in the kitchen.*][†3]

To W. C. MACREADY, [11 APRIL 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Clearly CD was writing the day after T. J. Serle's defence of Macready at the meeting held on 10 Apr: see *fn*.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Macready.

Nicklebeian fetters bind me here to-night. I may not sup abroad.

I am in perfect [tran]sports[†4] this morning with Se[arle.][†4] I cross-examined somebody last night who was at the meeting yesterday, and he (Searle[†5] that [is)] seems to have stood up most manfully and gallantly.[†6] It does my heart good to think of him. I could hug him for it, or Mrs Searle[†7] either, if it were strictly platonic.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, [11 APRIL 1839]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 12 Apr 39 (Friday). *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Beard

I am in a manner obliged to dine with Lord Jeffrey next Sunday, for he has just come to town and makes but a short stay.

As you are a much older acquaintance than he or any other lord I shall use you as one and ask you to say Sunday *Week* at half past four for dining here, instead of next Sunday. I hope by that time I shall be enabled to report final arrangements relative to the Twickenham matter, which is still in abeyance.

I long to be in the fields again. I am so unsettled with hope that I can scarcely work.

Best remembrances
Always My Dear Beard
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To JOHN MURRAY,[†1] 12 APRIL 1839*

MS Sir John Murray.

48 Doughty Street | April 12th. 1839

My Dear Sir.

My friend Mr. Bell,[†2] the bearer or sender of this note, is a gentleman who wishes an introduction to you. Let me tell you first what he is, and next what he wants.

He is a gentleman who has been for some years engaged in writing leading articles for the public papers — who once engaged in the expensive amusement of establishing a new property of that description — who has recently put forth some opinions through the same medium which has attracted my great attention and regard — and for whose strict honor, punctuality, perseverance, and zealous devotion to anything in which he engages, I cannot too strongly or warmly vouch. He is a man of very great acquirements, very deeply versed in political science and many abstruse works and questions of which most people know little but the names, and has habits and opportunities of research, of which — as I hope you will have an opportunity of testing their usefulness — I will say no more than that they are very rare and most highly valuable.

This gentleman having seen the announcements of your forthcoming "Universal Biography"[†3] has thought that in a work of such great labor and extent you might possibly require such assistance as it [is] in his power to render towards it. He has spoken to me upon the subject and as I think it highly probable that he may be correct in this supposition, I have readily

given him this letter. Not to detain you, I refer you (if your arrangements are not wholly completed) for any further information to himself; merely begging you to understand that if this were an ordinary case, or one in which I did not feel very strongly or was not well assured of the merit and ability of the party, I would not thus have troubled you.

I beg my compliments to your father. I address this letter to you under the impression that it may reach *both of you* sooner by finding you in Albemarle Street. I hope you may one of these days have it in your power to retort an introduction upon me. And I am My Dear Sir

Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Junr. Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, [15 APRIL 1839]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* On 11 Apr "the Twickenham matter" was "still in abeyance" (*To* Beard, that day); CD was clearly writing on Mon 15th (see postscript).

Dr. Tom

Twickenham Park can't be had. I am wild with apprehension, and start at *½ past 10* this morning for Richmond, Petersham, and Hampton.

Is business very pressing? Or can you get anybody to mind the Shop — and come with us?
Faithfully CD.

Monday Morning

15th:[†1] end *of 1st. chapter in next No.*[†2]

To T. J. THOMPSON, 19 APRIL 1839*

MS Mrs Murray Sowerby.

Doughty Street. | April 19th. 1839.

My Dear Thompson.

I know not how to thank you for your elegant and most gratifying present.[†3] If I could imagine such a case in a work of fiction I might perhaps do justice to the feelings of the receiver, but when it comes home to myself I am quite powerless and have not words to use.

Believe me that among some most pleasant and happy recollections which it is my good fortune to entertain, this will henceforth occupy a conspicuous and prominent place; and that I am most sincere in expressing my earnest hope that this is but the commencement of a friendship between us, of which the best memorial will be in the hearts of both.

As you have added so materially to the cheerful thoughts of which an

author who seeks to beguile men of their cares need have a plentiful store — and given me a testimonial of your kind feeling of which my children will one day have reason to be very proud — I hope you will not forget that henceforth you have some share in my works, and that when you meet with anything of which you particularly approve you will say (as you will have good reason) — "I had a hand in that."

Believe that I am always
Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To ANDREW BISSETT,[†1] 25 APRIL 1839

Composite text from *American Book Prices Current,* 1941, Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 4148 (1935), and Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Doughty Street, 25 Apr 39.

I have to thank you and Mr. Chadwick[†2] for the constabulary report. *He goes on to say that he has read it* with the greatest interest ... though it contains a vast number of statements which must be taken with great allowance, the sources whence they are drawn being so very impure, and these fellows being, as Chesterton and all governors of Jails will know, the most extraordinary and gratuitous liars that ever drew the breath of life[†3] ... I will be [at] the Scholar's Hall, and take care that you have it. I shall send on in a week or two a proof of the article[†4] you were so kind as to give me for Mrs. Macrone's book.

To WILLIAM LONGMAN,[†5] 26 APRIL 1839

Extract in Union Galleries catalogue No. 33; *MS* 3 pp.; dated 26 Apr 39.

Engagements of business and engagements of (so-called) pleasure come upon me in such showers that this week and next week I am booked for no

peace or quiet. I shall be at Petersham from the latter end of next week until the end of September. If you will write to me here (the letter will be forwarded) appointing any day that may be convenient, except the 10th of May, on Saturday or on Monday — any other day but those — I shall gladly respond to your call and present myself at Hampstead. The longer the notice the better, May, June, July, August, or September.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

William Longman, Esquire

To FRANK STONE, [?APRIL 1839]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Handwriting suggests not long before his departure for Petersham at the end of April.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

Say Friday Morning at 12 — or any hour on Friday that will suit you best, so that you let me know (if there is any change in the time) beforehand.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Stone Esquire

To J. A. OVERS [?APRIL 1839]

Mention in *To* Overs, 27 Sep 39. *Date:* clearly sometime before CD left for Petersham, since, between writing this and the letter of 27 Sep, he had been "out of town, in different places, for some months".

Concerning Overs's songs.

To WILLIAM LONGMAN, [?APRIL 1839]

Text from MDGH, I, 24. *Date:* Since CD had met Sydney Smith (see Diary entry, p. 641) by the time he returned to London in Aug, this was clearly written some time before he left for Petersham.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My dear Sir,

On Friday I have a family dinner at home — uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, cousins — an annual gathering.

By what fatality is it that you always ask me to dine on the wrong day?

While you are tracing this non-consequence to its cause, I wish you would tell Mr. Sydney Smith that of all the men I ever heard of and never saw, I have the greatest curiosity to see and the greatest interest to know him.

Begging my best compliments at home,

I am, my dear Sir,
Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [1837-APRIL 1839]*

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop. *Date:* some time in the Doughty Street period, while working on either *Pickwick* or *Nickleby*. Since CD had no proofs on hand in the weeks between his return to London (after Petersham and Broadstairs) and the move to Devonshire Terrace, this must have been written before he left London.

Doughty Street | Thursday

Dr. Sirs

Pray send me a proof of the plates. I am stopping for the first one.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman & Hall

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS,[†1] [1837-APRIL 1839]

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 522 (1929); *MS* 1 p.; from Doughty Street. *Date:* as last.

I have one hundred slips of copy ready for you,[†2] but cannot send it 'till I see Mr. Browne whom I have expected these two days. If he comes today, I can send you *more than two sheets* tonight.

May

To S. C. HALL, 7 MAY 1839*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Doughty Street. | May 7th. 1839.[†3]

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks to you — not so much for the words being helping words, but for their most kind and friendly tone, which comes home to me more.

My best regards to Mrs. Hall. And believe me always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. C. Hall Esquire.

To W. BLANCHARD JERROLD, 7 MAY 1839

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1891.

To J. A. OVERS, 8 MAY 1839

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mr. J. A. Overs | Messrs. Springweiler & Co.[†1] | 2 Duke Street | West Smithfield | London.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday May 8th. 1839.

Sir.

I fear you are right in your conjectures — appearances look very like it.

I think if I were you I should address a private note to Mr. Ainsworth, reminding him that *I* placed in his own hands a composition of yours[†2] — informing him that you have sent others to the bookseller[†3] without receiving the smallest notice — and that you hope his respect for me, if not his courtesy towards a humble contributor who has treated him with no disrespect or petulance, will at least induce him to secure the return of your papers, if it does not prompt that common notice and attention which every decent man deserves from another.[†4]

I believe the bookseller is the active person in the Magazine at present,[†5] and you may possibly have heard that booksellers (as a class) are not remarkable for anything but dishonesty. But you may very fairly address Mr. Ainsworth notwithstanding — firstly because you are not supposed to be aware of this circumstance — and secondly because my having communicated personally with that gentleman respecting you, when I declined further connection with the Miscellany, gives you a direct claim upon him.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 MAY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* CD, presumably accompanied by Catherine, went to *Virginius* on Mon 13 May 39, the last performance that season (Macready, *Diaries,* II, 3).

Petersham | Thursday Evening

My Dear Forster.

I cannot say for certain whether we shall be able to come to town next Monday or no. I *think* it probable we may. As I am very anxious that Kate should see Virginius[†6] I shall do my best towards that end.

Perhaps the best way will be for you (if you will take the trouble) to ask Macready to oblige me with a box if convenient, and to send your boy with the ticket inclosed to Doughty Street before 2 oClock on Saturday. If you

can manage to do so, Fred will bring it down and we can go straight to the Theatre from here.

How do you get on? *I* move but slowly.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES HICKS, [?10 MAY 1839]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* clearly May, since Madeline Bray is first mentioned by name in the June *Nickleby* (Ch. 46); CD was probably writing on the 10th, expecting Evans to receive the enclosed copy next day — in fact on the 11th.

Elm Cottage, Petersham, Surrey | Friday Evening

Dear Mr Hicks

The copy which precedes that now inclosed has gone to Mr. Browne,[†1] who will send it to Chapman and Hall who will send it to you. In the first half of slip 20, "Cray" is written for "Bray", and "Janet" for "Madeline". Perhaps you will alter this, if you remember it, and save your readers some botheration. Please to be careful of the MS.

Send me the proof, if you please, by the twopenny post. I hope to get on like a house on fire, and will of course come up to town to correct the last chapters, and lose no time in sending copy as I write it.

My compliments to Mr. Evans and ask him *what* will be his feelings when he gets the copy on the 10th.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Hicks

To THOMAS MITTON, 13 MAY 1839

MS Huntington Library.

Elm Cottage Petersham. | Monday May 13th. 1839

My Dear Sir.

You wish to know what my recollection is, of the arrangements I had with Mr. Macrone relative to my Sketches. I will tell you.

For the first edition of the first Series, I had, three or four days after the publication £100. I never was a partner, I never signed any agreement to be a partner, I never claimed or received one six pence as a partner, in the publication of that work.[†1]

I think for the first edition of the Second Series, I had a hundred and fifty pounds, but I am not certain what the precise amount may have been. I only know that I had no partner's share — no share at all — in the profits, and never dreamt of such a thing. A dispute arose between myself and Mr. Macrone whether an agreement for a novel,[†2] which we had together, was not understood to be cancelled between us. As it was not actually cancelled and he had the legal power of enforcing it, or claiming damages against me, I — upon the negociation of this very same Mr. Hansard who acted for "his friend" Mr. Macrone, and acted so very strongly too, that my friends and I always supposed *him* to have been a pretty considerable sharer with that gentleman in the profits of my works — I gave up to Mr. Macrone the copyright of both series of Sketches on getting back the novel agreement.[†3] The rest you know. First and last by those books, I had some *400*£.[†4] Macrone had some £*4000*[†4], and the copyrights were purchased back again by Chapman and Hall for £2,000.

Of this purchase Mr. Hansard was cognizant, and not a word said he, then, of his bill being unpaid or my having ever been a partner — which indeed he knows I never was, as well as any man alive, and better. For all evidence and explanation upon these matters, pray apply to my friend Mr. Forster, who negociated matters on my behalf with Mr. Macrone and his fidus Achates Mr. Hansard, and can set the question entirely at rest. Whatever you do, pray apply to me no more. You have my assurance that I will not pay this money or a six pence of it.[†5] I will not characterize this proceeding of the printer's just now as it deserves, but I'll bide my time, and may perhaps have a word or two to say about it one of these days which will raise his honest wrath.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To MISS MARION ELY, [?MAY 1839]

Text from N, I, 126. *Date:* probably not long after the beginning of one of CD's absences from London, either at Twickenham in Summer 1838 or at Petersham in Summer 1839.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

My dear Miss Ely,

I did not receive your note until I came home here after the play last night.[†1] I need scarcely tell you that if I had been more fortunate and less foolish (for I might have had it sooner, it seems) I should have been most delighted to avail myself of the Invitation it contains.

The next time you give me a similar notice, give me in charity a longer one. For although I shall receive all future letters that may be sent here in quicker time, still I shall be out of town and may have to wait a little.

With best regards at home
Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FRANK STONE, [15 MAY 1839]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* PM 15 May 39.

Elm Cottage Petersham | Near Richmond | Wednesday

My Dear Stone.

I shall be "to the fore" on Saturday.[†2] Burnett's ticket I have sent him. If you have any other communication to send me and will address it straight here, it will come to me direct.

In haste
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Stone Esquire.

To SAMUEL LOVER, [?29 MAY 1839]

Extract in Edgar H. Wells & Co. catalogue No. 15 (1926); dated Doughty Street, Wednesday Morning — perhaps the Wednesday before the celebration on board HMS *Howe* of 1 June 39.

My dear Lover. I am sorry to say that a month's laziness will prevent my forming one of the party to H.M.S. Howe which is a great disappointment to me as I have no doubt it will be to the vessel.[†3] I received a note from the aforesaid Howe 3 or 4 days back which I wish to answer. I may

trouble you I suppose to bear so will send it to you on Friday evening and if you can remember to deliver it and not bring it back again in your pocket will increase the obligation.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?MAY 1839]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Clearly refers to *Lord Bateman*; CD could hardly be writing later than May, since by 15 June the ballad (see *fn*) was advertised as published.

Elm Cottage Petersham | Friday Night

My Dear George.

I send you the song. I have altered a line or a word here and there, and substituted a new last verse for the old one. I have also added some notes, though it was not easy to make anything of them, for the song's too good.

I have not been able to see Mrs. Burnett. She lives in Argyll Street King's Cross — the last house but one on the left — name on the door. Your shortest plan will be to write her a line and ask her when you

can call and hum the tune while she jots it down. *Tell her to be sure to mark the shakes and the expression.*[†1]

You had better let me have the proofs to look over.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

June

To THOMAS BEARD, [7 JUNE 1839]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 7 June 39. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Petersham | Friday Morning

My Dear Beard

Come down at your own time and in your own way. We shall then be sure of no mistakes which otherwise I apprehend.

Always yours faithfully
& at present hastily
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, [7 JUNE 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* plainly the same day as next.

Elm Cottage Petersham. | Friday Morning

My Dear Macready.

Enticed by sundry dark and mysterious invitations from Stanfield,[†1] I am coming to your Rehearsal[†2] tomorrow night — for which condescension I dare say you are exceedingly obliged to me. But I have a friend[†3] stopping here whom I cannot leave behind, and wish to bring too. *I* know that if you have the smallest objection, you will not hesitate to write a line to Doughty Street and tell me so, and *you* know that I shall only feel gratified by your treating me in this, as in all other matters, without ceremony. Therefore my conscience does not reproach me for preferring this humble suit by post, although it warns me not to waste your time by writing another word

Always My Dear Macready
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 JUNE 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* On 8 June Macready recorded in his diary: "Forster, Mr. Kenyon, Dickens and his friend[, and][†4] Maclise came to the night rehearsal of *King Henry V*, which went off tolerably smoothly" (*Diaries*, II, 6).

Petersham. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster.

Thanks for the newspapers. I have barely time to acknowledge their receipt, for we are just starting (for the *third* time) to the Races,[†5] at which we have worked much harder than the running horses.

As there seems to be a probability that the Thompsons[†1] will favor us until Monday, I have written to Macready asking his permission to bring the excitable gentleman of that name to the rehearsal tomorrow night. Maclise (who will spend Sunday here) will join our little party too, but for him of course no permission is necessary.

As I presume that you have no wish for such a run upon your chops, the best plan will be for we three (Thompson, Mac, and I) to dine together and join you and Kenyon[†2] afterwards. At ½ past 12, or from that to 1 oClock, I shall see you on all other matters.

Faithfully Always

CD.

You shall have the full glory of breaking out to Maclise the coming jollity.[†3]

To E. W. BANKS,[†4] [10 JUNE 1839]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* letter misdated by CD: PM appears to be 10 June (a Monday) and the cheque was presented on the 12th (CD's Account-book, MS Messrs Coutts). *Address:* Edward Banks Esquire | *Witham* | Kent. "Kent" crossed out by unknown hand, clearly because it should be Essex.

Petersham Surrey | Monday June 20th. 1839.

Dear Sir.

I have this day paid into Hankey's, a cheque for £30 — deducting from the half year's rent, the sum of £10 paid on the 25th. of April last for ground rent to Mr. Gotobed,[†5] whose receipt I have left out in Doughty Street under cover to you.

I am living out of town at present, and so missed your brother, which I trust, however, has not occasioned you any inconvenience.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Bankes[†6] Esquire.

To WILLIAM BEHNES, [11 JUNE 1839]

Text (in part from fascimile) from Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, Apr 1941. *Date:* wrongly given as 11 June 55 in catalogue; must be 1839 since from Elm Cottage; confirmed by handwriting.

[†a]Left his home
On the evening of Tuesday the Thirtieth of April last,
A remarkable Dog
answering to the name of
B O Z .

He had on at the time a white collar, marked with the initials "C.D." (in marking ink) and was last seen, in company with some other dogs, lying on the banks of the Thames at Richmond.

He is decidedly a *Setter*,[†1]
And the property of Mr. Behnes of Osnaburgh Street Regent's Park.
He has been traced to
Elm Cottage, Petersham, Surrey,
Where it appears probable he will remain until the end of the summer.

This is to give notice

That if he be not restored to his owner by the 24th. of this present month (up to which time he will be perpetually engaged, it is supposed, in a monthly fit of barking to which he is unfortunately subject,)

The aforesaid Mr. Behnes
Will himself repair to Petersham on the finest morning he can select[†a]
and claim his property.
Knives and Forks
have been seen in very suspicious attitudes on the premises, and there is strong reason to believe that the animal is fed on
Joints, roast or boiled,
Every Day
at
Half-past four.

To MISS MARY BERRY,[†1] [?JUNE 1839]

Text from N, I, 216. *Date:* CD dined with Miss Berry on 1 July (see Diary entry, p. 641); the reference to his work suggests the middle of the month.

Petersham | Wednesday Morning

Dear Miss Berry,

I am exceedingly sorry that I was, with Mrs. Dickens, at Windsor when you called. I still more regret that I am not able to dine with you to-day as I must shut myself up for my monthly labours, and remain shut up for ten days to come. When I emerge again, I shall hope to be enlightened on the subject of the Pictures,[†2] and I shall seek consolation, if not inspiration, in the thought.

Yours very truly
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 18 JUNE 1839*

MS Hr Jacob Christensen.

Elm Cottage | Petersham | Tuesday the 18*th.*[†3] (*only*) of June 1839

Dear Sirs.

I am quite astonished to find that you have not received the whole copy of the next No. which I can only conclude *must* have been stolen by some blackguard coachman.

Always ready to spare you trouble and uneasiness, I have rewritten the first chapter and will with great pleasure re-write the rest. The number will be a *leetle* later than I could wish, but this you will attribute (I know) to my good nature and friendliness, and the immorality of the Richmond coachmen, who are very benighted indeed. I know you are overflowing with gratitude, but that you needn't mention I assure you.

I send the first chapter with this — and am Dear Sirs

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 28 JUNE 1839*

MS Richmond Public Library.

Elm Cottage Petersham | Friday June 28th. 1839.

My Dear Maclise.

When I had read your note, I fell into a stupefaction from which I have not yet recovered, and under which I am still labouring so heavily that I have only sense and energy sufficient to say "Come down — Come down — Revive yourself by country air — Come down — and that without loss of time — and leave the rest to me, and I'll warrant you good health for 12 months at least. Come to the Shakspeare on Saturday, bring your bag with you, and return with me and the trusty Topping."

Beard is hearty, new and thicker ropes have been put up at the tree, the little birds have flown, their very nests have disappeared, the roads about are jewelled after dusk by glow-worms, the leaves are all out and the flowers too, swimming feats from Petersham to Richmond Bridge have been achieved before breakfast, I myself have risen at 6 and plunged head foremost into the water to the astonishment and admiration of all beholders, a series of performances have been invented for the swing which out-Blackmore Mr. Blackmore.[†1] You haven't a notion of the glories we have been working, which to be appreciated must be seen.

Your intelligence has so exhausted me, that I have but strength enough for one more word COME; and in that one strong gasp, I sink backward on the large sofa, and can add no more.

Ill! *He* ill![†2]
Any time while the —
Sick a gettin' up —
My strength is gone

To J. P. HARLEY, 28 JUNE 1839

MS John Rylands Library.

Elm Cottage Petersham | near Richmond | June 28th. 1839.

My Dear Harley.

I have "left my home" and been here ever since the end of April — and shall remain here, most probably, until the end of September; which is the reason that we have been such strangers of late.

I am very sorry that I cannot dine with you on Sunday, but some people are coming here and I cannot get away. "Better luck next time" I hope.

I was on the point of writing to you when your note came, to ask you if

you would come down here next Saturday — *tomorrow week*, I mean — and stop 'till Monday. I will either call for you at the Theatre at any time you name, or send for you "punctiwal" and have you brought down. Can you come — if it's fine? Say yes, like a good fellow as you are, and say it Pr. post.

I have countermanded that face. Maclise has made another face of me,[†1] which all people say is astonishing. The engraving will be ready soon and I would rather you had that, as I am sure you would if you had seen it.

In great haste to save the post, I am My Dear Harley.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire.

To [WILLIAM] FINDEN,[†2] [?JUNE 1839]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 12 Dec 1950; *MS* 1 p.; from Petersham. *Date:* perhaps soon after last.

My mother who is resident in the country and shortly returning to the place from whence she came, is very anxious before she leaves town to see the Portrait of her beloved son.[†3]

July

To THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, [?JUNE or JULY 1839]

Extract in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, New York, Aug 39, XIV, 196; quoted as "in a recent letter to us".

I never commit thoughts to paper until I am obliged to write, being better able to keep them in regular order, on different shelves of my brain, ready ticketed and labelled, to be brought out when I want them.[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS,[†1] 1 JULY 1839*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* (in another hand, probably Catherine's) Miss Coutts | Stratton Street.

Doughty Street | Monday July 1st. 1839.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Coutts, and exceedingly regrets that a prior engagement prevents his accepting her and Lady Langham's[†2] invitation for the ninth, which he would otherwise have had great pleasure in doing.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [3 JULY 1839]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* This clearly refers to the notice in the *Morning Post* of 2 July: see *fn.*

Petersham. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank.

I understand that the Morning Post yesterday, mentioned me as "the author of the Introduction and Notes" to Lord Bateman.[†3] Pray be strict in not putting this about, as I am particularly — *most particularly* — anxious to remain unknown in the matter, for weighty reasons.[†4]

You never did anything like those etchings[†5] — never.

Always Yours

C.D.

To H. K. BROWNE, [EARLY JULY 1839]

Text from D. C. Thomson, *Life and Labours of Hablot K. Browne,* 1884, p. 73. *Date:* plainly early in July 39, since CD is giving the subject for the first illustration[†1] for the Aug *Nickleby.*

— A hairdresser's shop at night — not a dashing one, but a barber's. Morleena Kenwig[s] on a tall chair having her hair dressed by an underbred attendant with his hair parted down the middle, and frizzed up into curls at the sides. Another customer, who is being shaved, has just turned his head in the direction of Miss Kenwigs, and she and Newman Noggs (who has brought her there, and has been whiling away the time with an old newspaper), recognise, with manifestations of surprise, and Morleena with emotion, Mr. Lillyvick, the collector. Mr. Lillyvick's bristly beard expresses great neglect of his person, and he looks very grim and in the utmost despondency. —

To MRS JOHN DICKENS, [11 JULY 1839]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 JULY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* PM 13 July 39 (Saturday). *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields | London.

Petersham | Thursday Night.

My Dear Forster.

Read my mother's letter inclosed, and my reply (from which I have struck out sundry "sneezing"[†2] passages) and let Mitton have them, please. I do swear that I am sick at heart with both her and father too, and think this *is* too much.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD.

To S. LAMAN BLANCHARD, [11] JULY 1839

Text from *The Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard,* 1876, p. 39. *Date:* misread by Jerrold or misdated by CD, since 13 July 39 was Saturday. Clearly CD must have been writing the Thursday before Macready's farewell performance at Covent Garden on Tues 16 July.

Elm Cottage, Petersham | Thursday night, July 13 1839.

My dear Blanchard,

Living in these remote and distant parts, with the chain of mountains formed by Richmond Hill presenting an almost insurmountable barrier

between me and the busy world, I know no more than that there *is* to be a dinner to Macready on Saturday week,[†1] and that I am a steward. But I shall be in town and at the theatre on Tuesday night. You will be there too, no doubt? In the Proscenium box on the Bow Street side I will hold further converse with you when the play is over; and if I have gained no further information by that time I will procure it for you next morning, and I have little doubt that I can "do your business" both ways. Macready has, as Talfourd judiciously and justly remarked in one of his speeches on the night of the Stone snuff-box,[†2] "cast a new grace round joy and gladness, and rendered mirth more holy!" Therefore are we preparing crowns and wreaths here, to shower upon the stage when that sad curtain falls[†3] and kivers[†4] up Shakspeare for years to come.[†5] I try to make a joke of it, but, upon my word, when the night comes I verily believe I shall cry.

I am very glad to read what you say about Nicholas. It is very difficult indeed to wind up so many people *in parts,* and make each part tell by itself, but I hope to go out with flying colours notwithstanding. I have been at work all day, so if this note is illegible it's not my fault, but number seventeen's, which is yet an infant.

Always believe me,
My dear Blanchard,
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 JULY 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* endorsed in Forster's hand "July 39"; presumably the Sunday before Macready's farewell performance.

Petersham | Sunday

My Dear Forster

Your two Suns[†1] came safe to hand and were received with joyfulness.

I send you, in order that you may have time to make yourself master of the subject, my rough notes of proposals for the New Work.[†2] And now I tell you what I think, when you see Chapman and Hall, you may safely throw out: —

[†a]First, that they may admit you into their confidence with respect to what they mean to do at the conclusion of Nickleby, without admitting me.

Secondly, that I am well disposed towards them, and that if they do something handsome — even handsomer perhaps than they dreamt of doing — they will find it their interest and will find me tractable.

Thirdly. That I have had straightforward offers from responsible men to publish anything for me at a pr. centage on the profits, and take all the risk. But that I am unwilling to leave them, and have declared to you, that if they behave with liberality to me I will not on any consideration, although to a certain extent I certainly and surely must gain by it.

In addition to this, you may expatiate on the glories of this new project, and you may hint that when Barnaby is published[†3] I am clear of all engagements, and that if they wish to secure me and perpetuate our connection, now is the time for them to step gallantly forward and make such proposals as will produce that result.

I feel sure that if you do this, as I know you will,[†4] the negociation will be of the most vital importance to me and mine, and that a very great deal may be done to recompense your humble[†5] for very small profits and very large work as yet.

You will see that I have been thinking the subject over. Indeed I have been doing so to the great stoppage of Nickleby and the great worrying and fidgetting of myself.

I shall see you [please God][†1] on Tuesday Night. If they wait upon you on Wednesday, I shall remain in town until that evening.[†a] I say all this to you now, instead of on Tuesday, because we shall be excited and hurried then I know, and by this means you can receive it coolly.

I have had a petition from Frederick and Alfred for two corners of our Box. I suppose, "under the circumstarnces" there is no prejoction?[†2]

Always Faithfully Yours

CD.

The Notes may be handed over to C & H when the palaver has been holden, of course.

[†b]I should be willing to commence on the thirty-first of March, 1840, a new publication consisting entirely of original matter, of which one number price threepence should be published every week, and of which a certain amount of numbers should form a volume, to be published at regular intervals.[†3] The best general idea of the plan of the work might be given perhaps by reference to *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and

Goldsmith's *Bee*;[†4] but it would be far more popular both in the subjects of which it treats and its mode of treating them.

I should propose to start, as *The Spectator* does, with some pleasant fiction relative to the origin of the publication; to introduce a little club or knot of characters and to carry their personal histories and proceedings through the work; to introduce fresh characters constantly; to reintroduce Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller,[†5] the latter of whom might furnish an occasional communication with great effect; to write amusing essays on the various foibles of the day as they arise; to take advantage of all passing events; and to vary the form of the papers by throwing them into sketches,

essays, tales, adventures, letters from imaginary correspondents and so forth, so as to diversify the contents as much as possible.

In addition to this general design, I may add that under particular heads I should strive to establish certain features in the work, which should be so many veins of interest and amusement running through the whole. Thus the Chapters on Chambers which I have long thought and spoken of, might be very well incorporated with it;[†1] and a series of papers has occurred to me containing stories and descriptions of London as it was many years ago, as it is now, and as it will be many years hence, to which I would give some such title as The Relaxations of Gog and Magog,[†2] dividing them into portions like the *Arabian Nights*, and supposing Gog and Magog to entertain each other with such narrations in Guildhall all night long, and to break off every morning at daylight. An almost inexhaustible field of fun, raillery, and interest, would be laid upon by pursuing this idea.

I would also commence, and continue from time to time, a series of satirical papers purporting to be translated from some Savage Chronicles, and to describe the administration of justice in some country that never existed, and record the proceedings of its wise men.[†3] The object of this series (which if I can compare it with anything would be something between *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Citizen of the World*[†4]) would be to keep a special look-out upon the magistrates in town and country, and never to leave those worthies alone.

The quantity of each number that should be written by myself would be a matter for discussion and arrangement. Of course I should pledge and bind myself upon that head. Nobody but myself would ever pursue *these ideas,* but I must have assistance of course, and there must be some contents of a different kind. Their general nature might be agreed upon beforehand, but I should stipulate that this assistance is chosen solely by me, and that the contents of every number are as much under my own control, and subject to as little interference, as those of a number of *Pickwick* or *Nickleby.*

In order to give fresh novelty and interest to this undertaking, I should be ready to contract to go at any specified time (say in the midsummer or autumn of the year, when a sufficient quantity of matter in advance should have been prepared, or earlier if it were thought fit) either to Ireland or to America,[†5] and to write from thence a series of papers descriptive of the places and people I see, introducing local tales, traditions, and legends, something after the plan of Washington Irving's *Alhambra.*[†6] I should wish the republication of these papers in a separate form, with others to render

the subject complete (if we should deem it advisable), to form part of the arrangement for the work; and I should wish the same provision to be made for the republication of the Gog and Magog series, or indeed any that I undertook.

This is a very rough and slight outline of the project I have in view. I am ready to talk the matter over, to give any further explanations, to consider any suggestions, or to go into the details of the subject immediately. I say nothing of the novelty of such a publication now-a-days or its chances of success. Of course I think them great, very great; indeed, almost beyond calculation, or I should not seek to bind myself to anything so extensive.

The heads of the terms upon which I should be prepared to go into the undertaking would be — That I be made a proprietor in the work and a sharer in the profits. That when I bind myself to write a certain portion of every number, I am ensured, *for* that writing, in every number a certain sum of money. That those who assist me, and contribute the remainder of every number, shall be paid by the publishers immediately after its appearance, according to a scale to be calculated and agreed upon, on presenting my order for the amount to which they may be respectively entitled. Or, if the publishers prefer it, that they agree to pay me a certain sum for the *whole* of every number, and leave me to make such arrangements for that part which I may not write, as I think best. Of course I should require that for these payments, or any other outlay connected with the work, I am not held accountable in any way; and that no portion of them is to be considered as received by me on account of the profits. I need not add that some arrangement would have to be made, if I undertake my Travels, relative to the expenses of travelling.

Now I want our publishing friends to take these things into consideration, and to give me the views and proposals they would be disposed to entertain when they have maturely considered the matter.[†2†b]

To J. P. HARLEY, [14 JULY 1839]*

MS Cornell University Library. *Date:* PM 16 July 39 (Tuesday) — presumably day of receipt. *Address:* J. P. Harley Esquire | 14 Upper Gower Street.

Petersham | Sunday Evening

My Dear Harley.

With joy and best regards[†1]

Faithfully Yours

BOZ.

J. P. Harley Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, [?17 JULY 1839]*

MS Private. *Date:* Probably refers to the dinner to Macready on 20 July; possibly written on Wed 17th when CD expected to be in London (*To* Forster, 14 July).

Doughty Street. | Wednesday afternoon

My Dear Stone.

I have been so very busy all day, that I have not been able to reach your house. I inclose you a couple of tickets — one for yourself and one for Charles Landseer.[†2] — I mentioned the matter you spoke of, but I *believe* the arrangements as to toasts are concluded.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Stone Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?22 JULY 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* perhaps the Monday before 25 July when CD dined with Miss Coutts: see *To* Mitton, 26 July. *Address:* Miss Coutts | Stratton Street.

Petersham. | Monday Morning.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Coutts, and has the greatest pleasure in accepting her kind Invitation.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?24 JULY 1839]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* probably Wed 24 July, the day before CD dined with Miss Coutts and went straight back to Petersham (see *To* Mitton, 26 July).

Petersham | Wednesday Noon

My Dear Maclise.

I am sure we both deserve — richly deserve — a holiday by this time. Come and ruralize again, and refresh your imagination. I dine in town tomorrow and shall leave *for here*[†1] at 10 at night. I have instructed Topping to call in Russell Place for yourself and bag at *a quarter before 10.* You can then come on to Miss Coutts's in Piccadilly (which is all in the way) and call for me.

You see it's of no use saying no, for the arrangements are made and MUST[†2] come off.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I meant to have dragged you forth yesterday but business prevented me

To [?MRS GODFREY],[†3] 25 JULY 1839

Composite text from facsimile in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, 16 Jan 1941, and N, I, 220. *Address:* almost certainly to the Mrs Godfrey to whom CD wrote on the same subject on 3 Oct 39.

[†a]Elm Cottage Petersham | Thursday July 25th. 1839.

My Dear Madam

The tales you have sent me will be quite sufficient in point of quantity to make the little book for your own distribution, in which I will immediately have them printed for you — indeed, I would suggest the omission of the tale about the pin cushion, as it does not seem to me very likely to please and you will have quite enough for your purpose without it.

There is some want of explanation concerning Brownwing[†4] himself and the little girls to whom he addresses his tales. That, if you please, I will supply.[†a] A very few words will render this quite intelligible to children, and as I have marked the passages where they appear to be wanted, I can perhaps set this right more readily than you could.

In acknowledging the receipt of your parcel, and requesting you to let me know whether you will like your name in the little title page and the addition (as I suppose you will) of the name of your school, I feel it necessary to suggest to you whether you do not think there are some passages in the story "The loss of beauty" which are calculated (and very

naturally so) to give offence to the very class of persons with whom you desire to stand well — whether it does not appear to be designed more for the correction of parents than the instruction of children — whether the points about the grandmama do not touch upon very delicate ground and one upon which there is always more or less of sore feeling in families where there is a grandmama and whether, the teaching children (who always apply stories to their own cases) to decide so positively in her favour against their own parent is exactly judicious and very likely to create a prepossession in your own favour? You should be a better judge of this than I, but I know you will rather thank me than be displeased for mentioning these doubts as they have occurred to me on reading your tales.

There is one other point upon which I have at all times and in all cases so strong and violent a feeling, that (although I do not ask you to make any alteration, for my opinions are peculiar, I daresay, and quite as likely to be wrong as yours) I cannot forbear expressing my opinion upon it. I do most decidedly object, and have a most invincible and powerful repugnance to that frequent reference to the Almighty in small matters, which so many excellent persons consider necessary in the education of children. I think it monstrous to hold the source of inconceivable mercy and goodness perpetually up to them as an avenging and wrathful God who — making them in His wisdom children before they are men and women — is to punish them awfully for every little venial offence which is almost a necessary part of that stage of life. I object decidedly to endeavouring to impress them with a fear of death, before they can be rationally supposed to become accountable creatures, and so great a horror do I feel at the thought of imbuing with

strict doctrines those who have just reflection enough to know that if God be as rigid and just as they are told He is, their fathers and mothers and three fourths of their relations and friends must be doomed to Eternal Perdition, and if I were left to choose between the two evils I would far rather that my children acquired their first principles of religion from a contemplation of nature and all the goodness and beneficence of the Great Being Who created it, than I would suffer them with such strict construction ever †bto open a Bible or a Prayer Book, or enter a place of Worship. I do declare to you my dear Madam, that I daily see such evil and misery springing up from this fatal mistake, that whenever I see the slightest approach to it, I cannot in my conscience let it go by without my most solemn protest.

I am always Dear Madam
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS†b

To ANGUS FLETCHER, [25 JULY 1839]*

MS New York Public Library. *Date:* PM 26 July (Friday). *Address:* Angus Fletcher Esquire | Messrs. Loft & Company†1 | Dean Street | Soho | London.

Elm Cottage Petersham | Near Richmond | Thursday Evening

My Dear Fletcher.

I am missing from my home, and am to be heard of, as above. I think you would like this place, I am sure we should be marvellously jolly together, and I am anxious to give you (out of hand and without an hour's delay) a general invitation — not in the ordinary sense of the term but in the extraordinary sense, which you must understand to include the assurance that there is *always* a bed for you at five minute's†2 notice, and that we shall be most delighted to see you at every time and season. If you don't come, and very often too, I'll wear an entirely new face wherever I go, and disgrace the bust.

Could you manage to ride home with us from Wilkie's†3 — it will be a Friday Night — and make holiday on the following Saturday and Sunday? You can bring a pair of slippers you know, and leave them behind you, so that they may always be ready for you.

Let me hear what you have to say to all this. And believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire
&c &c

I forget your No., so I put a business address on this.

To THOMAS MITTON, 26 JULY 1839

MS Huntington Library.

Petersham | July 26th. 1839.

Dear Tom.

I am extremely sorry to hear you have been so unwell. — You cannot do better than get out of town with all speed; and really if I were you I would see some good medical man, put myself into a good and regular course of living, and get well systematically. There must be something in the weather I think, for I — who never have a headache — have scarcely had anything else of late, but have been in a moping and heavy condition, at least six hours out of the four and twenty.

Since Tuesday I have only been into town once, which was last night to dine with Miss Coutts and then I did not go on to Doughty Street but went straight there and came straight back. I was prevented from seeing you on

Tuesday by being engaged all day with Forster, checking Chapman and Hall's calculations and rejecting and making proposals. The terms of the new thing were finally agreed upon before I left town at night, and they advertize it for the first time in the next number.

Before I tell you what they are, I should premise that the form being much more expensive, the profits are less than those of Pickwick and Nickleby which they do not deny were — *upon the numbers and without the sale in books — £14,000 upon each.* I should also tell you that every estimate has been (unknown to them) rigidly checked by printers and paper-makers and pronounced perfectly accurate.

First — they give me £1,500 *more* for Nickleby. Five hundred of this I have had, so there is a thousand more to pay.[†1]

Secondly — they pay me £50 a week for the new work, out of which I pay for such assistance as I require which upon a liberal allowance may average £12 a week, but certainly not more. They also pay all expences of printing, advertizing, and illustrations (the last being wood-cuts will be very expensive) and then of all profits allow me one clear half — *not deducting the expences.*

By this arrangement, upon a sale of 20,000 copies they get nothing; upon a sale of 40,000, they get half the profit upon the additional 20,000 and I add the other half to my £50 — you understand? If the work went on for two years, and were to sell 50,000 (which Bradbury and Evans think[†2] certain, but which I confess I do not, though there is a good chance of it) my profits would be between ten and eleven thousand pounds, and theirs five thousand.

I think this very good — as good as could be, and if the secret of the form and nature of the new publication be rigidly kept, as no doubt it will, I hope it may make a tremendous stand. If so, I don't despair of making a decent thing out of some one of my works yet — and as to time, if it continues to be popular it may go on for five years as well as for two.

I should like to hear what you think of this. Let me know, and if you go by Chapman and Hall's call there — tell them you are going out of town — and get the next No. of Nickleby. It may amuse you for half an hour.

Always Faithfully

CD

Alfred is instructed by his Papa that it's "all up"!!!

To W. C. MACREADY, 26 JULY 1839

MS Morgan Library.

Petersham | July 26th. 1839.

My Dear Macready.

Fix your visit for whenever you please. It can never give us anything but delight to see you, and it is better to look forward to such a pleasure than back upon it, as the last gratification is enjoyable all our lives, and the first for but a very few short stages in the journey.

I feel more true and cordial pleasure than I can express to you, in the request you have made. Anything which can serve to commemorate our friendship and to keep the recollection of it alive among our children is — believe me — and ever will be, most deeply prized by me. I accept the office[†1] with hearty and fervent satisfaction, and to render this pleasant bond between us the more complete, must solicit you to become godfather to that last and final branch of a genteel small family of three which I am told may be looked for in that auspicious month when Lord Mayors are born and Guys prevail.[†2] This I look upon as a bargain between us, and I have shaken hands with you in spirit upon it.

Family topics remind me of Mr. Kenwigs. As the weather is wet and he is about to make his last appearance on my little stage, I send Mrs. Macready an early proof of the next Number, containing an account of *his* baby's progress.[†3]

I am going to send you something else on Monday — a tragedy — don't be alarmed; I didn't write it, nor do I want it acted. A young Scotch lady whom I don't know (but who is evidently very intelligent and accomplished) has sent me a translation of a German play, soliciting my aid and advice in the matter of its publication.[†4] Among a crowd of Germanisms, there are many things in it which are so very striking, that I am sure it will amuse you very much — at least I think it will — it has me. I am going to send it back to her; when I come to Elstree[†5] will be time enough; and meantime if you bestow a couple of hours upon it, you will not think them thrown away.

It's a large parcel, and I must keep it here 'till somebody goes up to town and can book it by the coach. I warrant it — large as it looks — readable in two hours, and I very much want to hear what you think of the first act, and especially the opening, which seems to me quite famous. The metre is very odd

and rough, but now and then there's a wildness in it which helps the thing very much; and altogether it has left a Something on my mind which I can't get rid of.[†6]

Mrs. Dickens joins with me in kindest regards to yourself, Mrs., and Miss Macready.[†1] And I am always My Dear Macready

Faithfully and truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A dreadful thought has just occurred to me that this is a quadruple letter and that Elstree *may*[†2] not be within the twopenny post.[†3] Pray Heaven my fears are unfounded!

To FRANK STONE, [?27 JULY 1839]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* probably the Saturday after the dinner of 20 July.

Elm Cottage Petersham | Saturday Morning

My Dear Stone.

The Stewards' accounts for the Macready Dinner are in course of settlement. Am I correct in having you down for two tickets, or am I thinking the thing which is not?[†4]

I'll back *our* dinner to Macready, (meaning the Shakspeare of course)[†5] against all other dinners to him or anybody else, past — present — or to come.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Stone Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 29 JULY 1839

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current,* v, 1919-21; *MS* ½ p.; dated Doughty Street, 29 July 39.

I hope you may live to increase your collection of autographs for at least eighty-four years more, and that you may present in your own person a choice specimen of the light and gentle hand in which Time writes when he is in his very best humour.

August

To MRS [SARAH] AUSTIN,[†1] 5 AUGUST 1839

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd.

Elm Cottage | Monday 5th. August 1839.

Dear Mrs. Austin.

I have delayed answering your letter until now, because we have had friends stopping here and I have not been master of my own time. I am sorry to say that I am no better off even now, as some of them yet remain — tomorrow I have to go to Elstree to a christening celebration[†2] which will occupy the week — and when I return I shall have for ten days or so, to sit steadily at my desk.

I cannot, however, reconcile it to my conscience to leave your most welcome note unanswered until I am enabled to fix some special time when I may have the pleasure of visiting you — though this was my first intention. Believe me that yours is one of the most pleasant invitations I have ever received — that it is completely after my own heart — that I am most sincerely anxious to improve the opportunity it affords me — and that entertaining in common with you and yours the strongest and most ardent feelings in behalf of those hundreds of thousands for whom (I am sorry to say) few people seem to feel at all, I seem when I read your note and write these few words in answer to it, as if I were among old friends already.

Your "affront" therefore, I endure with christian resignation; your "strange" invite does not appear in the least degree strange to me; and though I suppose I am bound to say in modesty that I wonder how you can see in the last Number of Nickleby or in anything else of mine material towards the formation of such a kind opinion of me, I will not even say that, but confine myself to reciprocating most cordially all your frankness and sincerity, and promising myself the pleasure of responding to it in person in my very first leisure moment from this time.

I am dear Madam, with sincere regard
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Austin.

To THOMAS ELLIS BRAMALE,[†1] 5 AUGUST 1839

Mention in Dawson's Book Shop catalogue No. 323.

To E. J. HYTCHE,[†2] 6 AUGUST 1839*

MS Mr H. E. Quick.

Elm Cottage Petersham | August 6th. 1839

Sir.

In reply to your letter, I beg to say — firstly that I can have no objection to the discussion to which it refers. Secondly that I am sincerely obliged to you for taking up the cudgels in defence of my unfortunate head, and thirdly that no other part of the bust was *cast* but the throat, which is a facsimile of my own property.

The idea of this controversy has amused me very much, for there is one little circumstance about Mr. Fletcher's cleverly executed bust, the possibility of which seems to have been wholly overlooked. My friends, artists and otherwise, tell me that it is not like — *especially about the head.*[†3]

I am Sir
Your very obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

E. J. Hytche Esquire.

To LADY HOLLAND, [EARLY AUGUST 1839]

Mention in next.

To LADY HOLLAND, [EARLY AUGUST 1839]*

MS Mr Robert W. Hompe. *Date:* during the week before the christening of Macready's son on Wed 7 Aug.

I don't know how to apologize to you, My Lady Holland, for having committed a most monstrous oversight in accepting yesterday (in my anxiety to accept) your and Lord Holland's kind Invitation for Wednesday. I had some misgiving when your card arrived that I was engaged, and sent

out word to the bearer that I should be driving through Kensington in the course of an hour or two and my servant should leave an answer then; but as he said that Lord Holland had kindly sent him so far in order that he might bear an answer back, I wrote the card at once — quite forgetting at the moment that I promised some weeks since to be godfather to a child of Mr. Macready's, and that the christening takes place on that very day. I need not say how happy I should be to forego any other engagement for the honor of waiting upon you, but I fear that my absence from a high festival in which I have consented to sustain so prominent a character, would throw a damp upon the day, and perhaps hurt the feelings of a friend whom I hold in very high esteem. I should have asked your permission to wait upon you in the evening, but unfortunately Mr. Macready lives at Elstree — too far from town to enable me to stay [for] dinner there, and reach Kensington at any reasonable hour.

May I venture to hope that as the consequences rest so heavily upon myself, you will pardon me this very foolish mistake, which I think I should not have committed but that I was engaged at the time with some imaginary persons[†1] whose affairs have attained such a very complicated pitch just now, that they sometimes confuse me in my recollection of my own? And may I further venture to hope that you and Lord Holland will assure me of your forgiveness by affording me another opportunity of paying my respects to you? —

I am, My Lady Holland,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [10 AUGUST 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* PM 10 Aug 39. *Address:* Miss Coutts | Stratton Street. | Piccadilly.

Elm Cottage, Petersham. | Saturday Morning.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Miss Coutts, and greatly regrets that a far less pleasant engagement for Tuesday, prevents his accepting her kind invitation.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [21 AUGUST 1839]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Cattermole was married on 20 Aug 39; clearly CD was writing the day after.

Elm Cottage, Petersham. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Cattermole.

Why is Peveril[†1] lingering on my dusty shelves in town while my fair cousin and your fair bride[†2] remains in blissful ignorance of his merits? There he is I grieve to say, but there he shall not be long, for I shall be visiting my other home on Saturday Morning and will bring him bodily down and forward him the moment he arrives.

Not having many of my books here, I don't find any among them which I think more suitable to your purpose than a carpet-bag-full sent herewith, containing the Italian and German Novelists (convenient as being easily taken up and laid down again; and I suppose you won't read *long* at a sitting) Leigh Hunt's Indicator and Companion[†3] (which have the same merit) Hood's Own[†4] complete, A Legend of Montrose, and Kenilworth which I have just been reading with greater delight than ever, and so suppose everybody else must be equally interested in. I have Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, and the British Essayists handy; and I need not say that you have them at hand too if you like.

You know all I would say from my heart and soul on the auspicious event of yesterday, but you don't know what I could say about the delightful recollections I have of your "good lady's" charming looks and bearing, upon which I discoursed most eloquently here last evening and at considerable length. As I am crippled in this respect, however, by the suspicion that possibly she may be looking over your shoulder while you read this note (I would lay a moderate wager that you have looked round twice or thrice already) I shall content myself with saying that I am ever heartily My Dear Cattermole

Hers and Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My man (who, with his charge, is your man while you stay here) waits to know if you have any orders for him.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [SUMMER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* from Petersham, therefore May-Aug 39, since he did not know Forster at the time of his 1836 visit. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields | London.

Petersham. | Monday Morning.

My Dear Forster.

I shall be in town to-day, and will give you a call.

Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?SUMMER 1839]

Extract in catalogue of Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery, 1909; dated Petersham, Saturday: familiar tone suggests 1839 rather than 1836. *MS* 1 p.

Persecute me as you will, I am a Christian.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?SUMMER 1839]

Text from W. Justin O'Driscoll, *A Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A.*, 1871, p. 67. *Date:* According to O'Driscoll (above), Maclise had returned the substantial cheque CD had sent for the *Nickleby* portrait,[†1] and this was CD's reply. Probably written within a few weeks of the finishing of the portrait.

Do not be offended. I quite appreciate the feeling which induced you to return what I sent you; notwithstanding, I *must* ask you to take it back again. If I could have contemplated for an instant the selfish engrossment of so much of your time and extraordinary powers, I should have had no need (knowing you, I knew that well) to resort to that little device I played off.[†2] I will take anything else from you at any time that you will give me, any scrap from your hand; but I entreat you not to disturb this matter.

I am willing to be your debtor for anything else in the whole wide range of your art, as you shall very readily find whenever you put me to the proof.

September

To JOHN FORSTER, 9 SEPTEMBER 1839

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields | London.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs. | Monday September 9th. 1839.

My Dear Forster.

There were no lodgings at Ramsgate (thank Heaven!) and after spending a night at an Hotel[†1] there we came on here, and with great difficulty established ourselves for a month — we couldn't get it for a shorter term — in this house, which is [†a]two doors from the Albion Hotel where we had that merry night two years ago,[†a] and has the most beautiful view of the sea from its bay-windows that you can imagine. It is a *house* — not a lodging — has a comfortable sitting room with the view aforesaid, a large bedroom with ditto, a ditto nursery with ditto, and towards the street a little sitting-room, spare bedroom, and servants' room — kitchens et cetera in their usual places, entrances front and back, surprisingly clean beds, and a costively inconvenient water-closet.

Miss Rainforth and her father and mother came down with us in the boat, and live a few doors off. *Harley* and his sister arrived on Wednesday and hang out in the next street, Rogers (bless his heart) dwelleth at the Albion, and Tom Longman[†2] and his wife are to be found at the Library. They have a baby with them, and I think *at present* that's all the friends and acquaintances — enough too soay you, and so say I.

I sent up to town last Wednesday for our cook. The landlady of the house recommended a woman on Tuesday morning to act 'till she arrived, who got drunk — remarkably drunk — on Tuesday night, was removed by constables, lay down in front of the house and addressed the multitude for some hours, and in short far out-cooked the cook of Petersham! Can you understand this, or explain it on any philosophical principle?

[†b]Chapman and Hall came down yesterday with Browne's Sketches and dined here. They imparted their intentions as to a Nicklebeian fete[†3] which will make you laugh heartily, so I reserve them 'till you come.[†b]

The last three words bring me to the main object of my letter, and I come to it at once with the greater pleasure as I have been writing all the

morning and pant to get out. About your coming down: — [†c]I am hard at it, but these windings up, wind slowly,[†1] and I shall think I have done great things if I have *entirely* finished by the 20th.[†c] That's a Friday — can you come on Saturday the 21st? Consult the almanack and that Diary of yours[†2] which contains nothing, and then sit down, write, and say. If not then, when, — before or after, for how long, and why not for very long. Say too how you have enjoyed yourself at Bath,[†3] what news there is, how Macready is, and what his number is, for I shall want to write to him perhaps anent the Nickleby.

Kate and the children are well, and desire their loves. We enjoy the place amazingly, and so will you I'm sure.

Always my Dear Forster
Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

DIRECTIONS FOR COMING DOWN

Take a *Ramsgate*[†4] boat from London Bridge Wharf at 9 precisely. Say when you draw near here, that you are for Broadstairs, and come ashore in the boat which will come along-side for you. If the weather should be so rough that the boat can't come off [not probable][†5] go on to Ramsgate and return — 2 miles — per fly.

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 14 SEPTEMBER [1839]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

40 Albion Street, Broadstairs | Saturday Evening September 14th.
(In a gale of wind)

My Dear Fletcher.

Our one spare bed will be at leisure (and so shall I) on *Friday the 27th.* If you will come — by Ramsgate boat from London Bridge Wharf at 9 — to a

beautiful sea view, a quiet place, fresh air, famous walks and a hearty welcome, both Kate and I will be delighted to see you on that day — and unless we hear from you to the contrary shall expect you at dinner.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire.

Fred was mistaken in thinking I wanted the Night and morning[†1] for my bookcase. I design them for the dining-room.

To CHARLES HICKS, [15 SEPTEMBER 1839]†

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* clearly Sun 15 Sep, when CD recorded in his Diary: "Wrote the preface (to Nickleby)". *Address:* Mr. Hicks.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs.
Sunday Morning | (I mean afternoon)

Dear Mr. Hicks.

I send you 60 slips of copy, and the preface. I shall write 105 which will about settle your business — perhaps not more than 100, and perhaps between the two.[†2] I hope I *may* finish on Thursday — at latest

on Friday — I will send you another parcel before the last, and dispatch the very last one with all possible speed.

You had better send proofs (I think) by Dovor Coach from the Golden Cross Charing Cross. Be sure that I will correct the last proofs without an instant's delay, and find speedy means of returning them to you. Let me have duplicates of all the proofs you send, and send them as often as you please. The titles of 2 chapters are wanting in the copy inclosed. I will supply them when I correct.

On Saturday morning Mr. Forster is coming down to me. Anything sent to him on Friday night, he will bring.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To CHARLES HICKS, [18 SEPTEMBER 1839]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 SEPTEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* PM Ramsgate 18 Sep 39. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields | London.

Broadstairs. | Wednesday Afternoon.

My Dear Forster.[†1]

I plainly see that I must come to town on Saturday, or I shall delay the proofs terribly, and perhaps endanger the appearance of the No. This necessity will bring one pleasure with it, for it will enable us to come back together on Sunday, and further to dine together on Saturday if you will give me a chop. I am very anxious that you should see the conclusion of Nickleby, the preface &c before it finally leaves my hands. I have therefore written to Hicks telling him to send proofs to your chambers on Saturday evening, and a note beforehand, saying when they may be expected. If you don't object, we will devote the evening to a careful reading. Will you send for me to Doughty Street telling them to have a bed ready for me, and ordering Topping to be at your place to take my bag? I shall be with you (I hope) between 4 and 5.[†2]

I have not written to Macready, for they have not yet sent me the little page of Dedication, which is merely "To W. C. Macready Esquire the following pages are inscribed, as a slight token of admiration and regard, by his friend the Author" — duly set out in lines and various types of course. I will write to him when I get it. Meanwhile will you let him know that I have fixed the Nickleby dinner for *Saturday the 5th. of October* — place, the Albion in Aldersgate Street.[†3] Time, six for half past exactly.

I shall not finish entirely, before Friday — sending Hicks the last 20 pages of MS by the Night coach. I have had pretty stiff work as you may suppose, and I have taken great pains. I shall be more glad than I can tell you to see you again, and look forward to Saturday and the evenings that are to follow it, with most joyful anticipation.

The discovery is made,[†4] Ralph is dead, the loves have come all right, Tim Linkinwater has proposed, and I have now only to break up Dotheboys and the book together. I have had a good notion for Barnaby, of which more anon.

It has been blowing great guns here for the last three days, and last night — I wish you could have seen it — there was *such* a sea! Fred (who is here) and I, staggered down to the Pier and creeping under the lee of a large boat which was high and dry, watched it breaking for nearly an hour. Of course we came back wet through, but it was most superb. One steamboat after getting to Ramsgate could not make her way into the harbour and was obliged to go back to Margate and put in there, and the boat from

London didn't come at all. Heaven knows what became of it — nobody here does.

What a strange thing it is that all sorts of fine things happen in London when I'm away! [†a]I almost blame myself for the death of that poor girl who leaped off the Monument[†1] — she would never have done it if I had been in town; neither would the two men have found the skeleton in the Sewers.[†2†a] If it had been a female skeleton, I should have written to the coroner and stated my conviction that it *must* be Mrs. Sheppard. A famous subject for an illustration by George — Jonathan Wild forcing Mrs. Sheppard down the grown-up seat of a gloomy privy, and Blueskin or any such second robber cramming a child (anybody's child) down the little hole[†3] — Mr. Wood looking on in horror — and two other spectators, one with a fiendish smile and the other with a torch, aiding and abetting![†4]

My love to Macready, and to you — and no more at present from yours ever faithfully CD — except best regards from all here.

To W. C. MACREADY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1839

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* W. C. Macready Esquire | Elm Place | Elstree | Herts.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs | September 21st. 1839.

My Dear Macready.

I am so anxious to prefer a request to you which does not admit of delay, that I send you a double letter — with the one redeeming point though, of having very little in it.

Let me prefix to the last number of Nickleby and to the book, a duplicate of the leaf which I now send you.[†5] Believe me that there will be no leaf in the volume which will afford me in times to come more true pleasure and gratification, than that in which I have written your name as foremost among those of the friends whom I love and honor. Believe me that there will be no one line in it, conveying a more honest truth, or a more sincere feeling, than that which describes its dedication to you as a slight token of my admiration and regard.

So, let me tell the world by this frail record that I was a friend of yours

and interested to no ordinary extent in your proceedings at that interesting time when you shewed them such noble truths in such noble forms — and give me a new interest in, and association with, the labour of so many months.

I write to you hastily and crudely, for I have been very hard at work, having only finished to-day, and my head spins yet. But *you know what I mean*, I am sure.[†1]

Always Believe me
My Dear Macready
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Kate sends her best regards to Mrs. and Miss Macready and the children, in which I cordially join. Forster will have told you about the dinner?

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 21 SEPTEMBER 1839

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs | September 21st. 1839.

My Dear Cattermole.

The folks concerned in the publication of Nickleby, and one or two intimate friends, dine with me on Saturday the 5th. of October, at the Albion in Aldersgate Street at 6 for half past precisely, to celebrate its conclusion. Make one at the little table as you do in my little circle, and add to the pleasure of looking back upon this labour.

We return to town on Tuesday week, and shall duly report ourselves at Clapham — Meanwhile, best remembrances and all manner of loves.

Ever My Dear Cattermole
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire.

To CHARLES HICKS, 21 SEPTEMBER 1839*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs | September 21st. 1839.

Dear Mr. Hicks.

Do me the favor to dine with me on Saturday the 5th. of October at the Albion in Aldersgate Street, at 6 for half past precisely.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Hicks.

To THOMAS HILL, 21 SEPTEMBER 1839

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs. | September 21st. 1839.

My Dear Sir.

I commissioned Jerdan — in my anxiety that you should not escape to Paris — to tell you that I could not possibly dispense with your attendance at my Nickleby dinner. It comes off on Sunday the 5th. of October at the Albion in Aldersgate Street at 6 for half past precisely — a very few friends indeed.

Always believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hill Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 21 SEPTEMBER 1839

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs | September 21st. 1839.

My Dear Beard.

The Nickleby dinner on Saturday the 5th. of October at the Albion in Aldersgate Street, at 6 for half past precisely. Book it.

I have been so hard at work here, and we are so delightfully situated in a bay-windowed house in front of the sea, that we don't return to town until Tuesday week. Meanwhile all manner of remembrances to you and loves to your sister, from Kate.

Fred is spending a fortnight here. — I wish you could have seen him with his slippers, in a high wind.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 21 SEPTEMBER 1839*

MS Clark Library, University of California.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs | September 21st. 1839

My Dear Maclise

The Nickleby dinner on Saturday the 5th. of October, at the Albion in Aldersgate Street — 6 for half past precisely. Book this.

I return to town next Tuesday week, and am wearying to see you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire.

To SIR DAVID WILKIE, 23 SEPTEMBER 1839

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Sir David Wilkie R.A. | &c &c | Kensington | near | London.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs | September 23rd. 1839.

My Dear Sir David.

I *ought* not to write you at all, for we return to town tomorrow week, and I am promising myself (in conjunction with Mrs. Dickens) the pleasure of immediately calling upon Miss Wilkie,[†1] and telling her how our sudden departure from Richmond and change to this place, prevented our doing so in more regular course, and so deprived us of opportunities of seeing her and you, of which we had hoped to avail ourselves long 'ere this.

Nevertheless, I have a plea for this departure from ceremony, and I will tell you at once what it is.

On Saturday the fifth of October I have a little dinner at *the Albion in Aldersgate Street,* to celebrate the conclusion of Nickleby. It is merely to the parties concerned in the publication, and one or two intimate friends — not more than a dozen in all. Will you give me an additional reason for remembering the occasion with pleasure, by joining this quiet party? I cannot tell you how happy I should be to see you, and how much true pleasure and delight your company will afford me.

If you are in town, and can send me a line in answer — do.

I beg my best remembrances to Miss Wilkie in which my wife joins — adding hers to you. And I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir David Wilkie
&c &c

I should have told you that the dinner hour is 6 for half past precisely.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 SEPTEMBER 1839]*

MS The Lady Mary Clive. *Date:* presumably the Thursday of the week in which CD was sending out invitations to the *Nickleby* dinner.

Broadstairs | Thursday

My Dear Forster.

What am I to do about Captain Macready[†1] at the Nickleby dinner? I *must* have him, and will.[†2] Look to this, for if you don't manage it (as you ought: I being away) I shall go express to Elstree and settle the matter myself.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To THOMAS ELLAR,[†3] 27 SEPTEMBER 1839

Text from Thomas Marshall, *Lives of the Most Celebrated Actors and Actresses*, [1847], p. 123.

Broadstairs, Friday, September 27, 1839.

Sir

It is with very great pain and reluctance that I feel obliged to tell you I cannot accede to your request. Many considerations, most of them obvious ones, and all too grave and weighty to be disregarded, render it quite impossible.

To dissuade you from any further thought of publishing your memoirs as a means of relief and support, would, I fear, be very difficult. Still I cannot refrain from telling you most strongly that I do not think you are likely to gain anything by such a proceeding but disappointment and vexation.

I should have replied to your letter before, but I have been out of town

— here and elsewhere — for some time; and being busily engaged besides, I did not receive it in regular course.

I assure you that I feel for your situation, and am extremely sorry that I cannot assist you in the mode you have pointed out.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

To Mr. Thomas Ellar.

To J. A. OVERS, 27 SEPTEMBER 1839

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mr. J. A. Overs | Messrs. Springweiler & Co. | 2 Duke Street | West Smithfield | London.

Broadstairs. | September 27th. 1839.

Dr. Sir.

I can have no objection to your stating either to the Editor of Tait's Magazine,[†1] or of Blackwood's,[†2] the substance of what I wrote to you concerning your Songs, or (if you have the note by you) the exact terms in which I expressed myself.

I should have answered your letter before, but I have been out of town, in different places, for some months and did not receive it in due course. This is the reason why I have not returned your play long ago. I shall be in town towards the end of next week, and will send it to you.

I am sorry to say — and would not say, but that I know you wish me to speak plainly, and that I ought to do so — that of the play itself, I cannot speak favorably. The production is most honorable and creditable to you, but it would not benefit you, either in pocket or reputation, if it were printed; — and acted, I do not think it ever could be. Not to mention that the verse contains most singular instances of inverted expressions (which I may describe more familiarly as putting the cart before the horse) and many words not to be found in the language — not to mention these faults which are easily susceptible of correction, there are some in the plot and characters, which seem to me incurable. The father is such a dolt, and the villain *such* a villain, the girl so especially credulous and the means used to deceive them so very slight and transparent, that the reader *cannot* sympathize with their distresses. Action too is terribly wanting, and the characters not being strongly marked (except in improbabilities) the dialogues grow tedious and wearisome. I read it with great care, and not long ago either, but I don't remember at this moment any difference in the mode or matter of their speech which enables me to distinguish, in recollection, one character

from the other — except the maiden lady and the villain, of whom the former is very good, and the latter but an average villain who speaks in dashes and interjections and constantly interrupts himself.

I think so highly of the exertions you have made and the difficulties against which you have struggled, that I am unwilling you should suppose you had no mart for worthy labour, and were *kept down* by obstacles against which you could not contend. I firmly believe that if this play had been written by Sheridan Knowles or Sir Edward Bulwer, it would not have been acted. I am *sure* it would not, from what I know of the proceedings of both those gentlemen, and the friendly criticism and judgment to which they have several times submitted. Remember how very difficult it is to produce a good play, how very

few men can do it, and how many fail and how few try — or if they do try, ever permit their trials to see the light.

Calling these things to mind, you will not (I am sure) be discouraged or hurt by what I tell you — remembering too, that I communicate but my individual opinion, and that I am as likely to commit an error in judgment as anybody else.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, [SEPTEMBER 1839]

Summary in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, New York, Nov 39, XIV, 464.

In reply to a request to exchange the manuscript of Oliver Twist *for that of papers by "Geoffrey Crayon"* [*Washington Irving*] *contributed to the* Knickerbocker, *in order that the two might be published simultaneously in England and America, Dickens writes that having retired from the* Miscellany *he cannot comply with the proposition, which would otherwise have given him great pleasure; but that readers of the* Knickerbocker *will have an opportunity of hearing from him at first hand through those pages.*[†1]

October

To MRS GODFREY, 3 OCTOBER 1839

MS Boston Public Library. *Address:* Mrs. Godfrey | care of | — Cockburn Esquire | Temple.[†1]

48 Doughty Street. | October 3rd. 1839.

Dear Madam.

I have only just arrived from Broadstairs, where I have been spending some weeks, and could not write to you before, for I had forgotten Mr. Cockburn's address.

I will have your little books[†2] printed, immediately. You must not be too anxious; they will take time — perhaps, a month.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Godfrey.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?3 OCTOBER 1839]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* probably same day as last. He had finished *Nickleby* on 20 Sep.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Cruikshank.

I have finished my Nickleby *at last* and returned to town. I am going forthwith tooth and nail at Barnaby, and shall have MS[†3] by the middle of the month for your exclusive eye. Meanwhile as many consultations and preliminary explanations as you like.[†4]

Faithfully Yours — and hastily
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, [3 OCTOBER 1839]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the Thursday before the *Nickleby* dinner. *Address:* Wait | Clarkson Stanfield Esquire R.A. | &c &c | Mornington Place | Hampstead Road.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Stanfield.

On Saturday next, the printers and publishers of the Nickleby, and one or two mutual friends of ours, dine with me at the Albion in Aldersgate

Street at 6 for half past precisely to rejoice with me upon the conclusion of the book.[†1] Do give me an additional reason for remembering the occasion with pleasure, and join the little party.[†2]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have instructed the bearer to wait a reply.

To J. A. OVERS, 8 OCTOBER 1839

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mr. J. A. Overs | Messrs. Springweiler & Co. | 2 Duke Street | West Smithfield.

Doughty Street. | October 8th. 1839

Dr. Sir.

Of the songs you have sent me,[†3] I infinitely prefer that for May, which is extremely pretty, and I think would do you better service if sent somewhere alone, and not accompanied by the lays for April, June, and July. Of these, that one for June which begins "Night's conqueror I" seems to me to be the best. I think you succeed most when you are not comical, and you can scarcely pursue a better vein than your May vein.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To DR J. H. HUTTON,[†4] [?OCTOBER 1839]*

MS Mrs A. B. Hutton. *Date:* perhaps not long after *Nickleby,* Ch. 64, published Oct 39, in which Mr Mantalini is discovered in the cellar with a scolding woman.

48 Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform the ladies and gentlemen who have

addressed him from Dr. Hutton's, that Mr. Mantalini's companion in the cellar is *not* his wife.[†1] He begs to thank them too for their kind acknowledgments.

To THE SECRETARY[†2] OF THE MANCHESTER ATHENAEUM,[†3] [22 OCTOBER 1839]

Mention in next.

To ROBERT PHILIPS,[†4] 22 OCTOBER 1839

Extract in N, I, 232; *MS* 1 p.; dated 48 Doughty Street, 22nd October 1839. *Address:* Robert Philips of Prestwich near Manchester, according to Maggs catalogue No. 449 (1924).

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind invitation, which I hope to acknowledge in person before long but cannot avail myself of at this time, for I have been obliged to write to the secretary of the Athenaeum by the same post which conveys this letter to you, expressing my regret that the present state of Mrs. Dickens's health[†5] prevents my leaving home.[†6]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [22 OCTOBER 1839]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* presumably the day before publication-day of *Nickleby* (23 Oct) and same day as next.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Night

My Dear Maclise

I don't know whether Chapman and Hall have it in contemplation to send you a more gorgeous and sumptuous Nickleby than the accompanying one; but though I think it very probable, still I don't see why I should suffer them to deprive me of the pleasure of sending you one myself.

If one dozen of the one hundred hearty and honest wishes for your continued success and fame and for the brilliancy of your career and happiness of your life, with which I send the book be realised (as in

the case of such a man as you they must surely be) *you* will be a great fellow and *I* shall have many new reasons, albeit I do not require one, for always regarding our friendship with pleasure and pride.

Always believe me
Dear Maclise
Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, [22 OCTOBER 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably the Tues before 25 Oct when CD sent Macready a *Nickleby* in "gorgeous dress".

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Night

My Dear Macready.

You spoke to me (the day of our dinner) about Burnett. I made it my business to ask my sister whether it really was his intention to quit the stage, and learnt, as I expected, that this is so far from being the case that they are both most eagerly and painfully anxious that he should get an engagement.[†1] I think it my duty to tell you this after what passed between us, and ought to have done so before now. I thought however that we should have met, and was unwilling to trouble you by writing.

I suppose his extraordinary communication was the result of some timidity and confusion occasioned by your august presence.

Can you give me Charles Young's[†2] address? I promised him on the day of *your* dinner,[†3] that he should have a Nickleby, and have since quite forgotten where he lives.[†4] There is a mighty one binding for you (as I learn from Chapman and Hall) but it's not done yet, and the binder when questioned on the subject shakes his head mysteriously and says, "never mind", which his intimate friends take to be a kind of dark hint that it is to be something uncommon.

With best regards at home, always believe me My Dear Macready
Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 23 OCTOBER 1839*

MS Princeton University Library.

Doughty Street. | October 23rd. 1839.

Dear Dr. Elliotson.

Let me have the pleasure of requesting you to accept the accompanying volume[†1] as a very feeble mark of my lasting esteem and admiration. And always believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Doctor Elliotson
&c &c

To MRS GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 23 OCTOBER 1839*

MS Princeton University Library.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday 23rd. October 1839

Dear Mrs. Cattermole

I have taken the liberty of writing your name in the accompanying volume,[†2] of which I entreat your acceptance together with the assurance of my best wishes and strong regard for you and yours.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. George Cattermole.

To W. C. MACREADY, 25 OCTOBER 1839

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Doughty Street. | Friday Night October 25th. /39

My Dear Macready.

The book, the whole book, and nothing but the book (except the binding which is an important item) has arrived at last, and is forwarded herewith.[†3] The red represents my blushes at its gorgeous dress; the gilding all those bright professions which I do *not* make to you; and the book itself my whole heart for twenty months, which should be yours for so short a term, as you have it always.

I meant to have thanked you in this note for your kindness about Burnett, and to have told you how I go to bed every night to horrid nightmares concerning a nurse who is not to be found, a doctor with a

night-bell that can't wake him, and a cab with a motionless horse and wheels that go round without moving onward. But what are my experiences to yours? Three to — well, say ten,[†1] which I hope includes past, present, and to come.

With best regards to Mrs. and Miss Macready, always believe me My Dear Macready
Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esqre.

To EDWARD DOWLAND,[†2] 25 OCTOBER 1839

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Feb 1927; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 25 Oct 39; addressed Edward Dowland Esquire.

I have much pleasure in complying with your request, and beg to thank you for the obliging terms in which it is conveyed.

To WILLIAM UPCOTT,[†3] 28 OCTOBER [1839]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 1839 on handwriting, when 28 Oct was a Monday.

48 Doughty Street. | Monday Morning October 28

My Dear Sir.

In direct opposition to all my established usages and customs, I have such a violent and annoying cold upon me to-day, that I am compelled to nurse it and stay close at home. My usual course of treatment is to set such things at defiance, but I am in such a sneezing, winking, weeping, watery state as to be quite unfit for public inspection and a complete nuisance — even to an antiquary.

I remember your saying that you were going out of town this week. I shall therefore defer calling upon you until the latter end of next, when I shall take my chance of finding you at home.[†4]

My Dear Sir believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Upcott Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29 OCTOBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting shows clearly this must refer to the birth of Kate (see next) rather than that of Mary in Mar 38. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

After being exactly the same all night, Kate was taken ill at 7 this morning, and violently so by 8. I have not heard for the last half-hour how she is going on, but Pickthorn is there, and I am in momentary hope of hearing that it is all safely over.

Wait at home for *me*. I will come to you directly I can leave home — may be in an hour, maybe in two, maybe in three, but whenever it is all right (as I hope, please God it will be) I shall drive down to you directly.

Always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 OCTOBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Kate[†1] was born on Tues 29 Oct 39. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Night | 9 o'Clock

My Dear Forster.

Thank God it is just now all safely over, and Kate and the child — another little girl — as well as possible.

Always my dear fellow

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THOMAS LONGMAN, [?OCTOBER 1839]†

MS Mr Louis J. Heizmann. *Date:* Signature points to Autumn 1839, probably Oct. Presumably refers to a birthday outside the family, since no known family birthday except CD's own fell on a Thursday in 1839.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly grieved that I cannot dine with you tomorrow. [†a]I am the victim of another engagement.

You will forgive me this delay in answering your kind note when I tell you that I have been trying to free myself from this previous bespeak; but being reminded that it is a birth day and high festival, I am the melancholy bound one still.[†a]

I beg my Compliments to Mrs. Longman — and am My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Longman Esquire

November

To MRS W. C. MACREADY, [1 NOVEMBER 1839]*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* presumably same day as next.

Doughty Street | Friday Evening

My Dear Mrs. Macready.

[ ][†1] I have seen an extremely pretty house in Kent Terrace where you used to live (but larger, I think, than your old residence) which, as the terms seem promising, it is not impossible we may take — unless your recollection serves you with any decided objection to Kent Terrace itself which presents "a just cause or impediment".

With best regards, always believe me dear Mrs. Macready

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Macready.

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* endorsed by Forster "Oct 39 | after Kate's birth"; CD was presumably writing the day after the first performance of Bulwer's *The Sea Captain*, Haymarket Theatre, Thurs 31 Oct. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster.

[†a]Thank God, all goes on famously.

I have worked at Barnaby all day, and moreover seen a beautiful (and reasonable) house in *Kent Terrace*[†2] where Macready once lived,[†3] but larger than his.[†a] Mother[†4] is going tomorrow to scrutinize, and I really think it'll do —

I *was* disappointed last night — Oh! grievously! I can scarcely say how much. How could you, or Macready, let him do such things, out-Adelphiing the Adelphi?[†5]

In the Theatre to-night of course.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2 NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Postscript suggests soon after birth of Kate, and the reference to *Barnaby* one day rather than eight days after last.

Saturday[†1] afternoon

My Dear Forster.

Let me think. — Come here, HERE,[†2] at *half past ten,*[†3] and I will come to you, or before you, — the last, the most likely.

[†a]Barnaby has reached his tenth page. — I have just turned lazy and have passed into Christabel and thence to Wallenstein.[†4†a]

Always Yours

CD.

ALL WELL.

To THOMAS MITTON, [4 NOVEMBER 1839]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* presumably the Monday after *To* Mrs Macready, 1 Nov.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Mitton

Macready tells me that when they lived in Kent Terrace (2 doors from No. 10) the stench from the stables at certain periods of the wind was so great that they could scarcely breathe — and this circumstance alone was the cause of their not retaining the house constantly, as, liking it very much, they would otherwise have done. He holds it to be a decided and insurmountable objection, and, when *he* speaks so strongly, I — alas! — am compelled to do the same.

Will you communicate without delay with Mr. Chamberlayne[†5] in order that he may tell his clients we are "off"? Perhaps I shall see you when you come to him.

My mother is going to look at the house in Ulster place and another one this morning, but I begin to droop and despair.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Knowles's orders,[†6] he is sorry to say, are all gone for tonight.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* the Thursday between 4 Nov when CD decided against Kent Terrace and 14 Nov when he invited Macready to see his new house — 1 Devonshire Terrace.[†1]

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Forster.

In fulfilment of an engagement of long-standing, I dined at Wilkie's yesterday, and having been house-hunting all the morning could not spare time or Topping to answer your note.

†a A house of great promise (and great premium) "undeniable" situation, and excessive splendour, is in view. Mitton is in treaty, and I am in ecstatic restlessness.

Kate wants to know whether you have "any books to send her". If you have any literary rubbish on hand, please to shoot it here.†a

I shall be obliged to go out this evening for a few hours, but I shall certainly be at home *by a quarter before ten.* Will you sup here?

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* perhaps the day after last, when the house-hunting had apparently just ended. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Friday

My Dear Forster

†a Barnaby has suffered so much from the house-hunting, that I mustn't chop to-day,†a — but if you can come *to-night*, all right.

I am obliged to be with Mitton at half past 2, and will call on you afterwards.

Faithfully
CD.

John Forster Esquire

To LADY HOLLAND, 9 NOVEMBER 1839*

MS Mr Robert W. Hompe.

Saturday 9th November 1839.

In begging you, my lady Holland, to accept from me a copy of Nickleby in a dress which will *wear* better than his every-day clothes, I am not

influenced by any feeling of vanity or any supposition that you will find in the book, a solitary charm to which you have not already done more than justice. I must not scruple to say that I am actuated by a most selfish feeling, though, for I wish to have the gratification of acknowledging your great kindness, and I do

not know how I can better do so than by this poor token; which I venture to send you — not for its own sake (for that would be presumptuous indeed) but simply and solely for the reason I have just mentioned.

I beg to be remembered to Lord Holland, and am always, Lady Holland,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. COLLIER, [?9 NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* A proof of the engraving of Maclise's *Nickleby* portrait accompanied the letter; therefore 1839. Since the Oct *Nickleby* announced that proof impressions would be ready on 21 Oct, CD was probably writing on Sat 9 Nov, not 9 Oct (a Wednesday) — having made a slip in the month.

Doughty Street. | Saturday October 9th.

My Dear Collier.

I send you the best "proof" I have — bad *is* the best, I fear, but I have the consolation of believing that bad as it is,†1 you could not buy so good a one †afrom a most excellent and most mangled picture.(a

Always believe me
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Payne Collier Esquire

To E. W. BANKS, 11 NOVEMBER 1839*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Free | — Banks Esquire | Witham | Essex.

Doughty Street London | November 11th. 1839.

Dr. Sir.

I have a proposition to make to you relative to leaving your house, which, under the circumstances, I think it very probable may meet your views as well as mine by enabling you to make whatever repairs or alterations you may deem advisable before letting it again, without losing rent or time in the meanwhile. Some repairs I presume you will deem it necessary to make at once, with a view to obtaining a Tenant on good terms. The drains for instance have been a serious annoyance to us, and although we

have had the plumbers in the house half a dozen times, we have not been able to make them last our time without often receiving strong notice of their being in the neighbourhood.

The proposition I have to make to you, is this: — I will give you up possession at Christmas (paying the rent to March) if you will take the fixtures off my hands. I purchased them when I came in and have improved and added to them since, and as they stand — excellent blinds being fitted in every window, and many little conveniences here and there — they certainly improve the appearance of the

house and give it an air of much greater comfort and accomodation. There is some pattern furniture, namely the drawing-room carpet, the fender and fire-irons, the curtains and fitted cornices, and the oil cloth in the passage — all in the best condition. These I wish to offer you too. If you feel inclined to take them *all,* I propose they should be valued by any respectable person — Mr. Handisyde for instance who valued for you before — and in consideration of your taking the whole, I would make an abatement in the price of fifteen per cent upon his valuation.

The advantage to you would be that besides having a certain profit on these things from the next tenant, you would have possession for three months, receiving the rent from me meantime, and could do anything you wished to the house without loss of rent, and perhaps let it before the quarter expired. The advantage to me would be that I should dispose of these matters at once (at a sacrifice which I would rather make than keep them) and so have done with them and the house together.[†1]

An answer at your convenience will oblige me. Meanwhile I am,

Yours very truly
CHARLES DICKENS

— Banks Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Clearly refers to Banks's letter of 12 Nov in answer to last (see *fn*). *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster.

I have received a letter from my present landlord in answer to mine, stating that he will call upon me at 2 to day.[†2] I cannot therefore come to you, and must trouble you to come to me.[†3]

To W. C. MACREADY, 14 NOVEMBER 1839

Text from MDGH, I, 27.

Doughty Street, Thursday, Nov. 14th, 1839.

My Dear Macready,

Tom Landseer[†1] — that is, the deaf one, whom everybody quite loves for his sweet nature under a most deplorable infirmity — Tom Landseer asked me if I would present to you from him the accompanying engraving, which he has executed from a picture by his brother Edwin; submitting it to you as a little tribute from an unknown but ardent admirer of your genius, which speaks to his heart, although it does not find its way there through his ears. I readily undertook the task, and send it herewith.

I urged him to call upon you with me and proffer it boldly; but he is a very modest and delicately-minded creature, and was shy of intruding.[†2] If you thank him through me, perhaps you will say something about my bringing him to call, and so gladden the gentle artist and make him happy.

You must come and see my new house when we have it to rights. By Christmas Day we shall be, I hope, your neighbours.

Kate progresses splendidly, and, with me, sends her best remembrances to Mrs. Macready and all your house.

Ever believe me,
Dear Macready,
Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 14 NOVEMBER 1839

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. Inscription on end fly-leaf of 1st edn of *Pickwick.*

"How should you like to grow up a clever man, and write books?" said the old gentleman.

"I think I would rather read them Sir" replied Oliver.

"What! Wouldn't you like to be a book-writer?" said the old gentleman.

Oliver considered a little while, and at last said he should think it would be a much better thing to be a bookseller; upon which the old gentleman laughed heartily, and declared he had said a very good thing, which Oliver felt glad to have done, though he by no means knew what it was.[†3]

——————— ——————— ———————

Vide Oliver Twist in which the old gentleman does *not* say, though I *do* that Chapman and Hall are the best of booksellers past, present, or to

come; and my trusty friends. Which I give under my hand for the benefit of Edward Chapman, his book, this fourteenth day of November 1839.

CHARLES DICKENS

Witness

BOZ.

To SAMUEL ROGERS,[†1] 14 NOVEMBER [1839]

MS Professor E. S. Pearson.

Doughty Street. | Thursday November 14th.

My Dear Sir

I was concerned to hear at Holland House yesterday, that you had left there in consequence of not feeling very well. I hope it was but a temporary ailing, and that this will find you as well as I wish you — in which case you will not have felt better in all your life, believe me.

I intended to have asked you yesterday, to let me send you a copy of Nickleby. Being prevented, I send it you now without permission, begging you to receive with it my dear Sir, the warm assurance of my esteem and admiration.

Did you ever "move"? We have taken a house near the Regents Park, intending to occupy it between this and Christmas, and the consequent trials have already begun. There is an old proverb that three removes are as bad as a fire. I don't know how that may be, but I know that one is worse.

Always believe me My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT,[†2] 14 NOVEMBER [1839]*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Doughty Street | Thursday November 14th.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Blewitt, and begs to inform him that Mrs. Philpott's[†3] address is No. 7 Stockwell Place Clapham Road.

Mr. Dickens may perhaps take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Blewitt on his accession to his present office, and of venturing to thank him individually for the zeal and earnestness he evinced yesterday in the performance of its duties. Mr. Dickens is sensible that he needs an excuse for obtruding such an expression of opinion on Mr. Blewitt, but he would rather require it in such a case than do violence (by a formal silence) to his very warm and sincere feeling.

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 14 NOVEMBER [1839]

MS Private.

Doughty Street. | Thursday November 14th.

My Dear Sir.

Do me the favor to accept a copy of Nickleby, and with it the assurance of my warm regard and admiration.

I shall be removing in the course of a few weeks nearer to your neighbourhood[†1] — Devonshire Place,[†2] York Gate — and when this comes to pass, I cherish the hope of seeing you more frequently.

Believe me always My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Albany Fonblanque Esquire

To JAMES HALL,[†3] 19 NOVEMBER [1839]

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954).

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Novr. 19th.

My Dear Sir

I am in the agonies of house-letting, house-taking, title proving and disproving, premium paying, fixture valuing, and other ills too numerous to mention. If you have the heart of anything milder than a monster, you will pity me.

Although I was shut up the other day when you and your brother called, with a knot of worthies whose professional avocations are connected with the above headings, I was exceedingly sorry that I didn't know *who* it was until you were gone, as I should most joyfully have exchanged their society for yours.

Will you do me the favor to represent my unfortunate case to Captain Hall[†1] — to tell him that I shall be most flattered and happy to make and improve his acquaintance — and to say that I shall look for the pleasure of calling upon him next week, and should have done so 'ere now, but for these dismal engagements which (added to my others) have really not left me a moment of time.

I should like to take the same opportunity of seeing your picture,[†2] and perhaps you would accompany me. Would next Wednesday (tomorrow week) or the following Thursday suit you? If so, at what hour?

I beg you to believe me My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Hall Esquire.

To MESSRS LEA & BLANCHARD,[†3] 22 NOVEMBER 1839*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Messrs. Lea and Blanchard Publishers | Philadelphia | United States.

48 Doughty Street London. | November 22nd. 1839.

Gentlemen.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and myself, wish to treat with you for the transmission (at such times as will enable you to publish in America on the same day as we publish in England) of a complete cast[†4] of each number of my new work in parts, including the plates.[†5]

I have received overtures from other American houses within these few days, tending to this same object, but remembering our past correspondence I hold myself bound no less in honor than in inclination, to treat with you in the first instance.

I beg to ask therefore, whether you feel disposed to enter into an arrangement with us for this purpose. If you reply in the affirmative I will beg Messrs. Chapman and Hall to explain to you the nature of the work and such details as you may desire to know, that you may be the better enabled to state the terms on which you would be disposed to enter upon such an undertaking.[†6]

I am Gentlemen
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?23 NOVEMBER 1839]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* late 1839 on signature; probably CD was enclosing *To* Lea & Blanchard, 22 Nov, which is post-marked 23 Nov (Saturday).

Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning

Dear Sirs.

Is there anything you would like added to this letter in the present state of the matter? If you let me have it back by bearer, I will have it put in the Post to-day.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* Very probably CD was making an arrangement cancelled later in the morning: see next.

My Dear Forster.

I should have been with you on Saturday night, but there was a false alarm regarding Mrs. Burnett,[†1] and I was obliged to stop and keep Kate company.

I have news also — about Cruikshank — and Ainsworth too. I am going to take Chapman up to Devonshire Terrace to day for the second time; he is a genius in houses, and has made a suggestion relative to the Water closet, which is to be forthwith carried out. Will you go with us? I am to be with him at two — shall have the carriage — and will call on you in passing — that is to say, about ten minutes before the hour.

[†a]Barnaby moves — not at racehorse speed, but yet as fast (I think) as under these unsettled circumstances could possibly be expected.[†a]

All other news when we meet.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire.

[†b]I return the form[†2] — it's the *right* Temple, I take for granted.[†b]

To JOHN FORSTER, 25 NOVEMBER 1839

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Address: Wait* | John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street London | November 25th, 1839[†1]
Monday Morning

Dear Forster

I can't come out. Mrs. Burnett is taken ill — my mother and the nurse are gone — and it would be cruel to leave Kate. Dine with us at half past four, and lay this to the account of one of those[†2] accidents which are inevitable in all well-regulated and Kenwigsian[†3] families.

In haste
Faithfully Always
CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, [25 NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* On Mon 25 Nov CD paid the balance of the purchase money and received the lease of 1 Devonshire Terrace (MS Mr H. C. Dickens). *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire.

Monday afternoon

Dear Tom

A hundred thanks for so complete a conclusion. All safely received.

I will see you on Wednesday or Thursday, and report further progress. Handisyde was here after you, and believes the house is let to the gentleman who saw it[†4] — carpet, curtains, fixtures and all.

Faithfully Yrs.

CD.

Thos. Mitton Esquire

To HENRY COLBURN, [?NOVEMBER 1839]*

MS Mr Joseph W. Lynas. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Nov 39.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to say that I cannot avail myself of your kind invitation, being already engaged.

I write in the utmost haste, as I was out all yesterday, and so did not receive your note until late last night.

Believe me
Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Colburn Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?NOVEMBER 1839]

Mention in next.

Accepting an invitation.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?NOVEMBER 1839]*

MS Private. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Nov 39.

Doughty Street | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am more sorry than I can tell you, that I made an engagement last night which prevents my having the pleasure of dining with you to-day.

I had engaged to dine with Serjeant Goulburn.[†1] Hearing from him last evening that a death had suddenly occurred in his family, I dispatched a note to an old friend from whom I had another Invitation, and pledged myself to him.

I hope you will give me another opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance which will give me most cordial pleasure — and that you will believe me, my Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR F. P. B. PICKTHORN, [?NOVEMBER 1839]

Text from N, I, 173. *Date:* possibly a Nov in the Doughty Street period; if so, Nov 39 seems the most likely, in view of the expenses of his impending move to Devonshire Terrace.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir,

I could not reply to your note last evening, as I was engaged when it arrived. I shall be very happy to settle your account in the course of next month. If it would serve you particularly I should not object to your

drawing upon me at such a date as will bring it — say to the 30th December. If you can do without my acceptance I would much rather that you did so; but if you are greatly pressed I will give it you.

I am, Dear Sir,
Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. (FC). *Date:* see next.

Doughty Street. | Friday Morning

My Dear Forster

By a happy touch of Kate's accustomed cleverness, I find now that the name is *Mull*rainy (MULLRAINY).[†1] Write — oh write — another and send it up. I would dispatch an emissary for it, but alas the gentle Topping is bespoke.

Faithfully Always
CD.

John Forster Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE NOVEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* after 23 Oct 39 when *Nickleby* came out in one volume; presumably linked with last and therefore before leaving Doughty Street. Handwriting suggests late Nov. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

I haven't a decent Nickleby here — and no Pickwick. I'll try and get them in the course of the day.

I beg to thank you on the part of Miss Mullrainy for your obliging attention.

Faithfully

CD

To WILLIAM SNOXELL,[†2] 30 NOVEMBER 1839

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning Nov[†3] 30th. /39

Mr. Charles Dickens will thank Mr. Snoxell to send to a house to which he is on the point of removing, (No. 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate —

close to Marylebone Church) and measure the dining-room windows for white spring roller blinds.

Between three and four to day would suit well for the measuring, but if that is inconvenient to Mr. Snoxell, he can send as early as he pleases on Monday.

December

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY DECEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* late 1839 on handwriting; "the House" must have been 1 Devonshire Terrace, and CD was presumably writing shortly before the move — the books being perhaps for Miss Mullrainy.

Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Forster.

I inclose a note for Henry[†1] to take to Chapman and Hall's for the books. I am going up to the House this morning, and will call on you between three and four, or about three, to affix my sign-manual to the same.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD.

To BASIL HALL, [3 DECEMBER 1839]

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* the Tuesday in the week before his move to Devonshire Terrace, completed by 11 Dec.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Night.

My Dear Sir.

When I asked you the other day if you had been in Germany, I corrected myself precipitately, and added — "but of course you have", — for there rushed upon my mind at the moment a thought of this very book[†2] which is now lying on my table, and for which I beg to thank you with hearty cordiality.

You do me injustice if you suppose that it will "lie on the table" or on my shelves, without being first carefully perused. I don't pretend that I read *all* the books that are sent me, but to be suspected of not reading yours is to undergo a tacit accusation of dullness and insensibility which I am not meek enough to sustain in quiet; and I mean to seek satisfaction — in your pages.

I have a shadowy recollection of having seen or heard some extracts from the volume. The name, I need scarcely say, is familiar both to my eyes and ears. You shall find me quite "up" in the contents, and able to go through an examination in them very creditably, by the next time we meet.

Our moving accidents[†1] will be over I hope next week — sometime next week. I shall take the earliest opportunity of leaving a card at your door in token of their happy conclusion, and Mrs. Dickens's anxious wish to become acquainted with Mrs. Hall.[†2]

To whom I beg to be remembered, and to all your family — especially my particular young friend[†3] whose good-will I shall hope to cultivate personally.

Let me thank you again my dear Sir for your very kind recollection of me, and beg you to believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Basil Hall

To JAMES HALL, [?4 DECEMBER 1839]*

MS National Library of Scotland. *Date:* Signature points to end of Doughty Street period; probably refers to the final dinner of the Shakespeare Club on 7 Dec (see *To* Stanfield, that day, *fn*).

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Sir.

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind offer (conveyed to me through your brother) relative to the Shakespeare Portrait,[†4] of which I have no doubt the club will be delighted to avail themselves.

The dinner is on Saturday. If you can spare the precious curiosity for so long, and will leave it out for my man between 5 and 6 tomorrow afternoon, I can take it under my own care, and engage for its return to you on Sunday.

I should like the "knowing-ones" to be in possession of the facts. Would you mind writing a short note of the same?

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Hall Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?EARLY DECEMBER 1839]*

MS Mr David Borowitz. *Date:* late 1839 on handwriting; presumably Dec, when CD was still at Doughty Street but preparing 1 Devonshire Terrace for their move.

Friday Morning

I shall be at home until *a quarter before 5*, and shall hope to see you. I was at the house yesterday for the first time this long while, and shall be very glad to be able to air it. It stands in need of fires beyond all expression.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, [?6 DECEMBER 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* late 1839 on handwriting; probably 6 Dec, when Macready recorded in his diary "Dickens gave me a play to read, called *Glencoe*" (*Diaries*, II, 33): see *To* Talfourd, 12 Dec, *fn.*

At Your house | Friday Morning.

My Dear Macready.

I wish to see you without loss of time; having — I really believe — something to shew you which you will be glad to see. I'll therefore come down to the Theatre to-night at the end of the Play, to have a few words.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, [7 DECEMBER 1839]*

MS Mr C. W. Bliss. *Date:* late 1839 on handwriting; presumably refers to the Shakespeare Club dinner of 7 Dec, at which CD presided.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Stanfield

They have sent me the plan of the Shakespeare table for to-day,[†1] and I find that next to me on the right, is a blank for your name. For the love of all that is pleasant, come and support me — send a word (not a line) by bearer, and let it be "Yes", and by no means "No", — or bear the eternal malediction of (in that case) Your enemy

CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire.

To FRANK STONE [?7 DECEMBER 1839]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* probably same day as last; CD had clearly just heard that Stanfield was away. On 17 Dec he asked Beard about an accident to his eye.

Doughty Street. | Saturday

Dear Stone

Stanfield is out of town. — Beard has met with a slight accident, and will not be forthcoming.

Hastily & Faithfully

Yours

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [?DECEMBER 1839]

Extract in F, II, v, 133*n*. *Date:* Forster, himself uncertain, suggests this letter may be connected with a dispute at the Shakespeare Club; if so, not later than Dec 39.

I need not, I am sure, impress upon you the sincerity with which I make this representation. Our close and hearty friendship happily spare me the necessity. But I will add this — that feeling for you an attachment which no ties of blood or other relationship could ever awaken, and hoping to be to the end of my life your affectionate and chosen friend, I am convinced that I counsel you now as you would counsel me if I were in the like case; and I hope and trust that you will be led by an opinion which I am sure cannot be wrong when it is influenced by such feelings as I bear towards you, and so many warm and grateful considerations.

To JOHN FORSTER, [1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* watermark 1839; before the move from Doughty Street. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster.

Letters and business press so hard to-day that I must not dine. Will you go into the 3rd. Circle at Drury Lane? I shall hope to join you there before 10.

In great haste
Faithfully
CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests late in Doughty Street period.

10 minutes to 5.

My Dear Forster. Be with me in Doughty Street, at 6.[†1]

CD.[†2]

To B. B. THATCHER,[†3] [1837-9]

Text from Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. catalogue, May 1906; dated 48 Doughty Street, Wednesday Evening.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Thatcher, and begs to inform him that as the Literary Fund Dinner has for its object the augmentation of a charitable Fund it is not in his power to procure him (or indeed anyone else) an admission to it. He has, however, forwarded his note to the Secretary of the Institution, who will no doubt ascertain the sentiments of the Committee on the subject. Mr. Dickens begs to add, with reference to Mr. Thatcher's last question, that Mr. Moore[†4] *will* be present.

To MRS WILLIAM AUSTIN, [1837-9]

Text from N, I, 187. *Date:* in the Doughty Street period.

Doughty Street | Sunday Morning

Dear Mrs. Austin,

When you called the other day I knew I was engaged to dine at Hampstead today, but I forbore mentioning the engagement, in the hope that I might be enabled to put it off. I regret however that as it is in part one of business, I have been unable to do so, and that as I must keep it, I cannot have the pleasure of being with you in Bloomsbury Square.

My better half will represent me worthily in my absence.

Believe me
Dear Mrs. Austin
Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. HARRISON, [1838-9]

Text from N, I, 141. *Date:* in the Doughty Street period; unlikely to be before Feb 38, when Harrison was suggested as a contributor to *The Pic Nic Papers* (see *To* Lovell, ?15 Feb).

Doughty Street | Monday Night

My dear Sir,

I should have sent you the enclosed before, but I forgot your address and trusted to your writing to remind me.

Many thanks for your kind note.

Pray believe me always
Very truly yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM HALL, [1838-9]

Text from unidentified catalogue cutting. *Date:* before 11 Dec 39, since from Doughty Street. The reference is probably not to monthly illustrations, but either to the cover design for the first No. of *Nickleby* (Apr 38) or to the device for the preliminary announcement of *Master Humphrey's Clock* (reproduced in the National Edn, 1908).

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

Dear Sir,

As Mr. Browne was engaged on Saturday, I did not see him until yesterday. I am to send for the designs at 10 tomorrow morning, and as there is now no time to lose I will return them to him direct the moment I have inspected them.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Hall Esquire

To J. P. HARLEY, [1838-9]

Text from N, I, 123. *Date:* probably late 1838 or 1839 when CD and Harley were on increasingly friendly terms.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

My Dear Harley

Are you safe for Saturday? I have been surprised not to receive a note from you; a word in reply.

Always Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To GEORGE BEADNELL, [1838-9]

MS Winifred A. Myers Ltd. *Date:* between March 38 ("Esquire" in full) and the move from Doughty Street.

Doughty Street | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

Mrs. D and I have much pleasure in accepting your invite, and much regret that we were not in the way when you called.

Our best regards to Mrs. and Miss Beadnell.

Always believe me
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Beadnell Esquire

To CHARLES SMITHSON, [1838-9]

Extract in N, I, 119; from Doughty Street. *Date:* between Spring 1838 (when Mitton joined the firm of Smithson & Dunn) and the move from Doughty Street.

Mr. Forster is engaged at 12, and proposes to make it ½-past one. If I don't hear from you, I shall conclude that hour will suit you.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [12 DECEMBER 1839]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* On Thurs 12 Dec CD was too ill to accompany Macready to Talfourd's for dinner; after dinner Talfourd admitted his authorship of *Glencoe* — clearly the "communication" CD mentions here (see Macready, *Diaries,* II, 34). *Address:* Mr. Serjeant Talfourd M.P. | &c &c &c | Serjeants Inn | Chancery Lane.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Talfourd.

I am labouring under a very bad cold upon my chest, and a severe attack of indigestion which kept me sitting up nearly the whole of last night. — You may suppose how very unwell I am, when I tell you that I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of dining with you to-day, and to take physic and slops at home. I have not been half so upset for a very long time.

It has occurred to me to suggest to you whether there *may* not be a reason for your not making the communication you thought of,[†1] until you are quite sure of Mrs. Talfourd. Would not your doing so now, and your

declining to have it played after all, subject you again to all the past sorrows annoyances and vexations of the Athenian Captive?[†1]

I hope there is little chance of your preventing the representation of so noble a tragedy, but as you yourself touched on this point, I feel I should not do right if I refrained from saying what has occurred to me — especially as my genuine and heartfelt interest in your genius is my best excuse.

Always believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd

To THOMAS MITTON, [12 DECEMBER 1839]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* This must refer to the lease of 1 Devonshire Terrace, no doubt executed soon after CD took possession. Second paragraph strongly suggests same day as last.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning

Dear Tom.

Will you walk up here this evening — take the Cheque from me — and name your own day and hour for the Execution of the lease at your office?

If you can't come (which I hope you can) will you send? I am exceedingly unwell to-day, and was up — for the same reason — nearly all last night.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To MESSRS SMITHSON & MITTON, 16 DECEMBER 1839*

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park.
December 16th. 1839.

Dear Sirs.

I happened to take up the Morning Herald on Saturday afternoon, and in it saw an advertisement from Mr. Bentley announcing "Mr. Dickens's new work Barnaby Rudge, in three volumes", as "preparing for publication".†2

I wish you if you please, without delay, formally to make known to Mr. Bentley (through his agents with whom you have already corresponded) what I presume he is already perfectly well acquainted with, through Mr. George Cruikshank — namely, that I am not prepared to deliver the Manuscript of Barnaby Rudge to him on the First of January.

At the same time have the goodness, unless you see some very strong

reason to the contrary, to state to those gentlemen *why* I have placed it out of my power to have the work ready by that time, and why at the present sacrifice of from two to four thousand pounds I prefer leaving Mr. Bentley to avail himself, if he thinks proper, of that penal clause in our agreement (penal as regards me at least) which provides for this contingency.†1

My chief reason is, that Mr. Bentley in his advertisements and hired puffs of other books with which I never had and never can have any possible connection, has repeatedly within the last three or four months used my name and the names of some of my writings in an unwarrantable manner, dragging them before the public when he had no business to refer to them, and hawking them about in a manner calculated to do me serious prejudice.†2

When Mr. Bentley first began to publish these repeated allusions, undoubtedly seeking by such means to force the sale of other books by connecting them unfairly with my name, I was at work upon and was progressing rapidly with this Barnaby Rudge. My friends one and all remonstrated with me upon going further; they urged upon me that the publication by Mr. Bentley of a new work of mine under such circumstances would connect me still further with matters with which I have no connection; they pointed out to me how closely Mr. Bentley imitated in external appearance and form of publication everything I did;†3 and left me to judge how fairly he would use my name when he had it, from the manner in which he used it when he had it not. Yielding to these and many like considerations which I need not say nobody can feel so strongly as I, I devoted myself to another work†4 which I had long had in contemplation, and laid Barnaby Rudge aside.†5

Since this period Mr. Bentley has published a novel in three volumes at twenty five shillings, and with Heaven knows how many copies on the town, unsold by the booksellers to some of whom they had been delivered but the very day before, republished it immediately, in fifteen weekly parts at a shilling apiece.†6 I have no protection against Mr. Bentley's pursuing

exactly the same course in my case; and I neither choose to be considered a party to such proceedings by those who could never know how bound and fettered I should be, nor to arm Mr. Bentley with such a powerful engine of annoyance and injury to my own reputation, as a new work of mine would assuredly become in his hands just now.

I therefore take the course which the Agreement distinctly recognizes the possibility of my adopting, and declare that when the specified time arrives, I shall not be prepared with the Manuscript.[†1]

I am Dear Sirs
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]
Messrs. Smithson and Mitton.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?17 DECEMBER 1839]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Probably this was sent as a covering letter to last; its business subject no doubt explains the formal salutation.

Tuesday Morning

My Dear Mitton

I inclose the letter. In any communication you have with the opposition, you must use entirely your own discretion as to the prospect you hold out of their having the MS at some *un*stipulated time.

Ever Yours
CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, [17 DECEMBER 1839]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 18 Dec 39 (Wednesday).

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Beard.

Will you dine with us on Sunday? As we shall be quite alone, you needn't "mind your eye" — speaking of which reminds me to ask how you got it. Did you take it naturally, or bacchanalially?

We have been very sorry to hear of your sister's ill health. Our best remembrances and wishes wait upon her.

War to the knife and with no quarter on either side, has commenced with the Burlington Street Brigand.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS
P.T.O.

When you go down Oxford Street (for I forget his precise whereabout) will you order me from the immortal Harris[†2] a one pound box of the unrivalled Cubas?[†3]

To GEORGE BEADNELL, 19 DECEMBER 1839

MS Winifred A. Myers Ltd.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening Decr. 19th. 1839.

My Dear Sir.

One of the gentlemen who have so feelingly acquitted themselves of their melancholy duty in the letters which I now return to you, says it would be hopeless to offer you any consolation on the bereavement you have sustained in the loss of your dear son.[†4] I differ from him, and confidently trust that in the very letters which brought to you the sad intelligence of his death, you have long 'ere this found a source of deep and lasting reflection — reflection, which, whenever the loss presents itself to your mind will soften its first bitterness more and more, and render it less hard to bear.

It is nothing that death is inevitable; but it is something that it has been without pain — how much more that it has been resigned and tranquil — that the object of our love and regret has passed away in peace, leaving nothing behind but pleasant thoughts of his worth and excellence, and his timely reliance on that Merciful Being who did not desert him in his hour of need. In the plain and honest tribute to his memory which his old companions pay, there is — I am sure — more lasting comfort for you, than they (who are not fathers) can conceive; and sharp as the pain must be of losing a child, and that child one so well deserving of your love and affection, even his high deserts will, I feel assured, reconcile you only the sooner to his untimely fate.

Remember, my dear Sir, that the barrier which divides you now, is nothing to the gulf which has been between you ever since his boyhood. It is impossible to separate the idea of the dead from the companionship of the living. His thoughts were with you in life, but in that state which succeeds to death — in that happy state in which he surely is at this moment

— to whom can his spirit cleave so strongly as to his mother and father? If in the living, the affections survive beyond the grave, it is but reasonable to hold that they survive with the dead. The Great Father who requires that His children should love Him, requires also that they should love their earthly parents; and when no fragment of our bodies perishes without producing something beautiful in its stead, it would be impious indeed to believe that a child's love and duty were buried in the grave, and that from their ashes nothing sprung again.

As his form is changed for one of whose brightness we can have no conception, so I believe his regard and care for you are exalted in like degree. He spoke of returning to England where at best he could

have been with you but for a time. He is now with you always. The air about us has been said to be thick with guardian angels, and I believe it, in my soul. The meeting with you to which he now looks forward is darkened by no thought of separation. The idea of death, which would seem to have been frequently present to him, is past, — and he is happy.

That you and Mrs. Beadnell may be happy in your remaining children, and in the recollection of him who is spared all further trials, is the heartfelt and earnest wish of My Dear Sir, Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, 23 DECEMBER 1839

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

Monday Morning 23rd. Decr. 1839.

My Dear Forster.

I shall be at home until *a quarter before 2*. We rather expected to have seen you yesterday.

The governor is both sore and sorely bruised[†1] — goes about in great anguish — and becoming the victim of Pickthorn is drenched with physic.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 27 DECEMBER 1839

MS Dickens House.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | 27th. December 1839.

My Dear Sir

The place where you pledge yourself to pay for my beef and mutton when I eat it, and my ale and wine when I drink it, is the Treasurer's

office of the *Middle*[†1] Temple[†2] — the new building at the bottom of Middle Temple Lane on the right hand side. You walk up into the first floor and say (boldly) that you have come to sign Mr. Charles Dickens's bond which is already signed by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. I suppose I should formally acquaint you that I have paid the fees,[†3] and that the responsibility you incur is a very slight one — extending very little beyond my good behaviour, and honorable intentions to pay for all wine-glasses, tumblers, or other dinner furniture, that I may break or damage.

I wish you'd do me another service, and that is to choose at the place you told me of a reasonable copy of the Beauties of England and Wales,[†4] and bid the man send it here with a bill and receipt any day between 11 and 1. You can choose it quite as well as I can, or better, and I shall be much obliged to you. I

should like him to send it at once as I am diving into all kinds of matters at odd minutes with a view to our forthcoming operations.[†5]

The Brigand[†6] is sleeping, but I suspect with one eye open. Whether he is ogling the Vice Chancellor[†7] with it, or not, time will show.[†8]

Best remembrances to Mr. Hall.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To J. A. OVERS, 28 DECEMBER 1839

MS Morgan Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regent's Park |
December 28th. 1839.

Dear Sir.

In reply to your letter, I wish you to understand that I am not on such terms with Mr. Ainsworth as would justify me in giving him trouble for

others; and that I am not on such terms with Mr. Bentley as to render any communication with him, directly or indirectly, either pleasant or desirable.

As I cannot serve you, therefore, by reading your papers I would rather not peruse them — simply because I fear it would seem a kind of impertinence to pronounce an opinion upon them which might appear intended to guide some Editor unknown, and which would certainly seem to be given somewhat gratuitously, as I am not an Editor myself and have no Magazine purposes to consider. I will not add that I am very closely occupied and that the sight of MS (not my own) is a nightmare to me, for I would not allow this consideration to have any weight, if I saw a prospect of being useful to you.

I know it may be unpalatable to you that I should do so, but I cannot too strongly commend the resolution you propose to yourself of applying to *certain* pursuits, and not allowing your literary efforts to throw you back in the world, and by degrees disgust and weary you with your more profitable avocations. Such efforts as you have made are most laudable, but protracted beyond the bounds of hope or prudence they become less and less praiseworthy and by degrees culpable, when others look to the labour of one's hands for their sole support. If a ballad were printed here or a paper accepted there, do you think you would better your condition or be a happier man? I am bound to tell you — having the miseries of such a condition urged upon me by hundreds every day and hour of my life — that you *would not.* I am bound to tell you besides that in nine tenths of the distressing cases which are so made known to me, there is as much natural ability as in yours — neither more nor less — although it has seldom developed itself under

the same disadvantages. Now do take this to heart, and if you still persevere do so when perseverance becomes a pleasure and relaxation from other toils, and may be indulged in without regret or pain.

I do not return your papers with this, because if you still wish me to read them and give you *a private opinion upon them solely for your own guidance*, I will cheerfully do so. You will let me know the conclusion at which you arrive on this point.[†1]

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To WILLIAM UPCOTT, 28 DECEMBER 1839*

MS Newark Public Library, New Jersey.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
28th. December 1839.

My Dear Sir.

If you ever read this penitent epistle, traced with a trembling hand and an amazingly bad pen, I think you will forgive me; and as antiquaries *do* sometimes suffer themselves to be deceived and take new lamps for old ones, so I am not without hope that you will ante-date my apparent neglect and consider it so old as to be quite beyond the memory of man.

I received your last note when my wife was very ill. Next day she was confined. "I will write" said I to myself, "to Mr. Upcott tomorrow." But with tomorrow there came all kinds of new anxieties and occupations, and then I said I'd write tomorrow. Meantime I disposed of my house (which I had been wanting to get rid of) and had to seek a new one. At last I found a new one; then came appointments with Carpenters bricklayers upholsterers and painters, journies[†1] to and fro by day and night, and at last the "moving". Then came Christmas time and with it a house full of relations from the country. All this while, I went on from day to day silencing a murmuring conscience by saying "I'll write to Mr. Upcott tomorrow." At last the[†2]

To CHARLES MOLLOY, 28 DECEMBER 1839

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate |
December 28th. 1839.

My Dear Sir.

Not mentioning your name, but stating that my informant was a banker in Lombard Street, I communicated to Mitton what you told me; begged him to see the parties immediately, to make the strongest representation from me in disapproval of their conduct, and rather to take the bill up than have it hawked about in such hands. The person to whom it was paid was a Mr. Price an auctioneer and house agent in Chancery Lane.[†3] He expressed

the greatest surprise and astonishment at the report, and opening his cash box took out the bill which he solemnly assured Mitton had never left his hands and never would (except to be paid into his bankers) as he had himself, in pursuance of an arrangement between them, discounted it for his client, the gentleman who had this property before me.[†1] He further said (and quite truly) that as the terms required had been half the money down and the remainder in a note of hand at such months, he would have acted most unwarrantably and improperly if he had lent himself to such a proceeding as negociating it with Mr. Flight,[†2] — and begged that his most positive denial of the rumour or the possibility of its being true might be conveyed to me.

Now, of course I can do nothing more in this matter without your permission; and I very much wish to let this Mr. Flight know that I have been made acquainted with his statement respecting me, and to demand to know why he presumed to make it. I am the more anxious to do this as banking at Coutts's and being on terms of intimacy with Miss Coutts, and the other partners,[†3] I should be seriously annoyed if any such reports came to their ears. If you can enable me to do this, you will add to the obligation which your friendly interest in the matter has already imposed upon me. If not, I hold myself bound to you in the strictest confidence and secrecy.

My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Molloy Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?DECEMBER 1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* watermark 1839; handwriting suggests late in the year. Perhaps Leigh Hunt was to give a reading of *A Legend of Florence,* first performed at Covent Garden on 7 Feb 40. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Friday Morning

My Dear Forster

As a family man, I really have not the face to dine out again to-day. But I will surely and certainly be with you before Hunt begins.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [?DECEMBER 1839]

Extract in MDGH, 1882, I, 33; given as penultimate paragraph of *To* Edward Chapman, 27 Dec 39. *Date:* perhaps of roughly the same period; reference to accounts would support end of year.

Will you mention to your book-keeper, that in case he should meet a Fair Copy of our accounts, walking about anywhere, I shall be glad if he will give her my compliments, and say she may rely upon a welcome, whenever she is disposed to come towards this end of the town.

To W. C. MACREADY, [?DECEMBER 1839]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Signature and inclusion of "1" in address (dropped in *To* Macready, 29 Jan 40) suggest soon after CD's move to Devonshire Terrace.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Morning

My dear Macready

I omitted to take into account last night, the possibility of my having an engagement on Sunday, which is still uncertain, but to which I shall be in a manner bound if it should unluckily occur. On consideration, the best and surest plan perhaps will be to change our day to *Sunday week* — when we shall expect you and Mrs. Macready, the Major[†1] and your sister, to all of whom I beg you to commend me heartily.

Always Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1839]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting points to 1839; presumably after July when Macready's management of Covent Garden ended. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster

I am astonished at the Papers. There is little hope for them the next time they (the C. G. people) produce anything good, when they get such praise for what is so vilely bad.

At 5 I shall see you. — I hope Macready knows how Smith[†2] exerted himself — he really ought.

Faithfully Yours
CD

To THOMAS MITTON, [1836-9]

Text from N, I, 240. *Date:* 1836-9 on evidence of the salutation "Dear Tom" and suggestion in last sentence that CD was married.

Thursday Morning

Dear Tom,

If you are at the office tonight at ½ past 7, I shall be out and will be with you, as we may take a stroll together or find some other occupation. — *Don't go 'till I come.*

We were at the Adelphi last night.

Faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

Addenda

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [21 DECEMBER 1835]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* CD returned to London from reporting the North Northamptonshire by-election on 20 Dec 35.

Furnivals Inn | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I was hurried off to Northamptonshire ten days ago, to be present at the Election from which I only returned yesterday. I should have called on you this morning to see how you had been getting on, but I was fearful of disturbing you, and thought the better way would be to write and make the enquiry. I hope to hear you have made considerable progress.

It occurred to me too that you might have heard I was out of town from Macrone. This is another reason for my writing to say that if you wish to see me about the plates at any time I am "to the fore" again.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Geo Cruikshank Esqre.

I am much obliged to you for seeing Mr. Chesterton.[†1] I think I shall visit the Establishment tomorrow, but as "Newgate" is rather long, and we have much more matter than we can use already, I think I shall make a Magazine paper of it, and offer it to the Metropolitan.[†2]

To HENRY COLBURN, [?13 JULY 1838]

MS Universiteits-Bibliotheek, Amsterdam. *Date:* Handwriting points to July 38; probably the Friday before Wed 18 July when CD expected to be in London for a party at T. J. Thompson's and might well hope to have finished the month's *Nickleby*; the *Oliver* was already finished (see Diary entries, pp. 633-4).

Twickenham Park | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

I think I shall be in town on Wednesday, but until I have finished for the month cannot certainly say. I will write you on Wednesday morning, and name an hour at which I will call upon you.

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Colburn Esquire

Corrigenda to the letters in Volume I

NB. in counting text lines from the top or bottom of pages, we have not included the running-heads.

7 line 2 *replace* photograph Dickens House *with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

10 n. 4 2nd col. line 13 *for* 1831 *read* 1830

25 line 16 anger" *fn Hamlet*, I, ii, 23.

29 line 22 necessarilly *fn* Thus in MS.

36 n. 1st col. line 12 *for* 11 May *read* 12 May

48 n. 5 line 1 *for* Staples *read* Staple

n. 5 line 3 *for* 1906 *read* 1897

57 line 17 *for* [our]^{4} *read* [our]^{3}

line 29 *for* last^{3} *read* last^{4}

58 line 3 *address should read* Thos Beard Esqre|Exeter|Favored by John Neilson Esqre

66 n. 3 lines 6–8 *for abuses of the present system of competition in architecture read* *Abuses of the Present System of Competition in Architecture*

102 n. 2 line 1 *for Autograph Prices Current*, VI, 49, *read* Berg Collection *Dickens Anthology*, p. 17

131 line 13 *add square brackets* to headline date

line 14 *replace* Text from *D*, XXXIII (1936–7), 6 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

line 15 *after* 16th Feby 1836 *add fn* date added in another hand

line 16 *for* Sirs, *read* Sirs.

line 21 *for* reduce it *read* reduce it,

132 line 5 *for* Sirs, *read* Sirs

n. 2 line 15 *for* 1834 *read* 1843

137 line 26 *delete* [from]: recover *fn* See *OED* 15.

147 8th line from bottom *replace* Text from D, xxxiii (1936–7) 7, *with* MS Dickens House

6th line from bottom *for* Dear Sirs, *read* Dr Sirs—

2nd line from bottom *for* sale *read* Sale

150 n. 1 3rd line from bottom *for* four songs *read* five songs

167 n. 4 line 2 *delete*; *DNB*

n. 6 line 2 *for* 1845 *read* 1843

176 n. 3 line 2 *for* old Lowten *read* Jack Bamber *and delete final sentence*

188 13th line from bottom *replace* Text from D, xxxiii (1936–7), 8 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

10th line from bottom *for* Dear Sirs, *read* dear Sirs

189 12th line from bottom *for* dear Sirs, *read* Dear Sirs.

201 n. 1 line 13 *for* 1871 *read* 1874

202 n. 2 line 6 *for Back Through read back through*

209 line 15 "Gabriel Vardon" *fn* i.e. Varden.

212 line 3 *for* sportsman, *read* sportsmen,

240 n. 1st col. line 2 *for* 1835 *read* 1834

n. 2nd col. last line *for* xi–xiii. *read* xi–xvii.

244 line 17 *replace* Text from N, i, 104 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

line 21 *for* Dear Sirs, *read* Dr Sirs.

line 22 *for* letter[4] *read* letter,[4]

245 line 6 *for* unbusiness-like *read* un-business-like

254 line 8 *replace* Composite text ... 1944 *with* MS Mr Alfred Berol

line 12 *for* 48, Doughty Street, *read* 48 Doughty Street

line 13 *for* Sir, *read* Sir.

line 16 *for* St. *read* Sailine 17 *delete comma after* long

8th line from bottom *read* Believe me Ever|

8th line from bottom *for* yours *read* Yours.

7th line from bottom *add subscription*, J. P. Harley Esqre.

258 line 18 *for* Faithfuly *read* Faithfully

264 n. 2 line 9 *for* Cornwall *read* Cornwell

266 n. 1 line 2 *for* Cornwall *read* Cornwell

274 headline *delete* ? *before* 19

276 8th line from bottom *for* [?23 JUNE 1837] *read* [?22 JUNE 1837]

280 n. 3 *for* MS: *read* MS. *and delete rest of note*

288 line 11 *replace* Text from D, XXIII (1936–7), 9 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

line 13 *for* dear *read* Dear

for Hall, *read* Hall.

2nd line from bottom *for* yours *read* Yours

293 n. 4 line 3 *for* St *read* Ste

297 n. 5 line *for Abulists read Fabulists*

317 n. 4 line 7 *for* continued *read* returned

line 8 *for* until 1848. *read* in 1843–8.

340 4th line from bottom birthday *fn* In fact his christening, a slip of CD's

341 n. 2 2nd col line 4 *for* Edward *read* Edmund

348 n. 1 line 3 *for* on Winifred *read* by Winifred

353 line 13 *To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?MID-JANUARY 1838] should come after

To JOHN FORSTER, 16 JANUARY 1838 (p. 355)

355 n. 2 line 6 *for* 5 *read* 3

375 n. 4 lines 12 and 13 *for* Durham Advertiser *read Durham Advertiser*

378 line 14 *delete square brackets from* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL,

line 15 *replace* Text from N, i, 160 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

line 15 *delete n. on Address*.

11th line from bottom *for* Feb *read* Feby

10th line from bottom *for* Sirs, *read* Sirs.

8th line from bottom *delete* square brackets from "Boz's"[2]

2nd line from bottom *for* yours *read* Yours

last line *delete square brackets from* CHARLES DICKENS; *add subscription*,

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

n. 2 line 1 *add* incorrectly. *after* "Don's" *and delete rest of note*.

379 line 1 *delete square brackets from* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL,

line 1 *add square brackets to* headline date.

line 2 *replace* Text from N, i, 161 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

line 3 *replace* 22nd Feby 1838 *with* 22 Feb 1838; *add* fn date added in another hand.

line 4 *for* Sirs, *read* Sirs

line 16 *for* yours *read* Yours

line 17 *delete square brackets from* CHARLES DICKENS, *and add subscription*, Messrs. Chapman & Hall

388 line 2 *replace* MS Private. *with* MS University of Kentucky,

402 7th line from bottom *for* 1838] * *read* 1838]

408 line 7 *To* CHARLES HICKS, [?29 JUNE 1838] PM JU 23, 1838 according to Anderson Auction Co., Mar 1909

416 n. 5 line 2 *for* James *read* Thomas

n. 5 2nd col 4th line from bottom *for* the wife *read* the second wife

423 n. 1 line 2 *title of book should read Zeitschrift fur Bucherfreunde Beziehungen zu England*

429 n. 1 2nd col line 11 *for* To the Inimitable *read* to the inimitable

431 n. 1 line 12 *for* Maclise *read* Laurence

464 line 20 *for* Booksellers *read* Booksellers'

471 n.[aa] *for* 111; *read* 111.

474 line 13 *for* 23 *read* 21

line 16 *for* 23 *read* 21

line 17 *for* Sunday *read* Friday

483 11th line from bottom *after* 227 *add* checked from MS Christies. 10th line from bottom *for*

48, Doughty Street, *read* 48 Doughty Street.

for **December 29th**, *read* Dec. 29th.

9th line from bottom *for* Sir, *read* Sir.

8th line from bottom *delete comma after* Manchester

7th line from bottom *Ex uno disce omnes* should be roman

5th line from bottom *delete comma* after suddenly

4th line from bottom *delete quotation marks from* Oliver Twist,

3rd line from bottom *substitute dash for comma after* again

2nd line from bottom *for* enemy's camp, *read* Enemy's camp

n. 2 line 10 *for* Pecksniff *read* Pecksniff

484 line 4 *delete comma after* exertions

line 10 *delete quotation marks from* Nickleby,

line 12 *transpose comma from after* myself *to after* now

line 14 *for* tending it, and *read* tendering it. And

line 14 *add* Dear Sir

line 15 *for* yours, *read* Yours,

line 16 *add subscription*, Edward Fitzgerald Esquire &c &c

488 6th line from bottom *for* Thurs/3 Jan. *read* Thurs 3 Jan.

489 line 15 *for* Text from N, i, 195. *read* MS Mr and Mrs John Madden.

line 18 *for* Quin, *read* Quin.

line 24 *for* half-way *read* half way

last line *add subscription*, Doctor Quin | &c &c

delete square brackets round CHARLES DICKENS

499 n. 1 line 9 *for* 100 *read* 30

504 line 16 *after* 31 Jan. *add* Checked from MS Private.

line below *add* Doughty Street

above line 17 *add* Sir

below line 23 *add* I am/Your very obedt Servant/Charles Dickens

add subscription, Mr. J.A. Overs.

505 4th line from bottom *for* Tuesday *read* Sunday

520 line 22 Cheatham *fn* i.e. Cheetham.

530 line 26 God, *fn* Pope, *Essay on Man*, IV, 248.

531 n. 3 line 7 *for* 1,360. *read* 11, 360.

546 bottom line *delete square brackets* from signature

15th line from bottom *replace* Text from MDGH, I, 24 with MS University of Reading

11th line from bottom *delete comma after* Sir

559 n. 1 line 2 *for* Burdett *read* Burdett-

561 n. 2 lines 4 and 5 *for* may well have been *read* was

575 line 13 *delete* [for]: stay *fn See* OED 17.

577 n. 1 2nd col. line 12 *after* generosity *add* But see Vol. III p. 418 and n.

584 line 7 *for* Sunday *read* Saturday

612 line 17 *for* spare *read* spares

614 line 14 *for* Text from ... cutting, *read* MS Private.

line 19 *for* Tuesday *read* Monday

line 23 *add comma after* direct

631 n. 2 line 7 *for* (*Experiences read* (*Some Experiences*

690 line 15 *for* interest to *read* interest you

Volume II

1840 – 1841

— II - 1 —

1840

January

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1840

MS Dickens House.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night January 2nd. 1840

My Dear Sirs.

I determined not to thank you for the Turkey until it was *quite gone,* in order that you might have a becoming idea of its astonishing capabilities.

The last remnant of that blessed bird made its appearance at breakfast yesterday — I repeat it, yesterday — the other portions having furnished forth seven grills, one boil, and a cold lunch or two.

Accept my warm thanks (in which Mrs. Dickens begs to join) for your annual recollection of us, which we value very highly as one of the pleasant circumstances of a pleasant season — and couple with them my hearty wishes for many happy years to both of you and both of yours — and of good health and good work and good feeling to all of us.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To JOHN FORSTER,[†2] [3 JANUARY 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* clearly the day before CD's visit to Upcott of 4 Jan (see *fn*). His Diary entry for 9 Jan records correcting proofs of *Sketches of Young Couples.*

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Afternoon

My Dear Forster.

Recollecting on consideration that the servants have been up very late indeed for a great many nights — and moreover that I have not yet finished the Couples[†3] and have to wait on Mr. Upcott[†4] tomorrow — I have

determined to resist the Pantomime[†1] and to come straight home like a good boy — for which resolution blame Christmas and the New Year; not me.

I shall expect to see you at 2 on Sunday. Meanwhile and always

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY,[†2] [?JANUARY 1840]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1929; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Saturday morning. *Date:* possibly early 1840: in Oct 39 CD had discussed Burnett's future with Macready (see Vol. I, p. 592), and by 18 Jan 40 Burnett, having refused other engagements, was in Bath (see *To* Mrs CD, 1 Mar, *fn*).

Saying that he wants to come over to [Macready] and ask a question about Burnett who being in a cleft stick requires [CD's] advice.

To CHARLES MOLLOY,[†1] JANUARY [1840]

Extract in P. J. Dobell & Son catalogue, New Series No. I (1913); *MS* 2 pp.; from Devonshire Terrace. *Date:* Jan (1840) according to catalogue; presumably shortly before *To* Molloy, 9 Jan, on the same subject.

I am very much and very truly obliged to you for the interest you have taken in that annoying matter. If anything could have obliged me more than your frank and friendly communication to me in the first instance, it would have been this.

I am still very uneasy and nervous lest any gentleman unknown should be signing my name for his own convenience[†2] — and I think the best thing I can do will be to tell either Sir Edmund Antrobus[†3] or Mr. Marjoribanks[†4] what I have heard and beg them to look out carefully for me.

To CHARLES MOLLOY, [9 JANUARY 1840]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* PM 9 Jan 40 (Thursday). *Address:* Charles Molloy Esquire | 8 New Square | Lincolns Inn.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate. | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you, and think you are right. We will let the matter rest where it is.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Molloy Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON,[†5] [?9 JANUARY 1840]

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd. *Date:* Handwriting suggests early 1840. The parcel was perhaps the "proofs of Young Couples" which CD spent the whole of Thurs 9 Jan correcting, and the enclosed cheque perhaps the £19 to the Britannia Life Insurance Co. shown in his Account Book (MS Messrs Coutts) as paid on 18 Jan (the amount of the next premium, paid 8 Aug 40, was £18.17.6 — i.e. "something less" than the cheque sent in Jan). Apparently Mitton did not dine with CD as suggested: see next. *Address:* Mr. Thomas Mitton | Charles Molloy Esqre | 8 New Square | Lincolns Inn.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Mitton

I have received a parcel from Bradbury's people this morning which

will oblige me (most unwillingly) to stay at home all day. Our engagement therefore must stand over.

I haven't my banker's book at home and consequently don't know exactly what the Insurance money is. But I think the amount is something less than that of the inclosed cheque.

I shall expect to see you to dine here tomorrow. Will you call in before you wait upon the prig next door,[†1] that I may shew you what I propose to do.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10 JANUARY 1840]

Extract in F, II, vi, 143. *Date:* according to Forster, "a few days" before next; but CD had not thought of the two possible titles until 9 Jan and did not dine out that day (see Diary, p. 461). Letter must surely have been written between his "considering new work in all possible ways" on the 9th (*ibid*) and starting work on the 11th: i.e. on the same day as next.

I will dine with you. I intended to spend the evening in strict meditation (as I did last night); but perhaps I had better go out, lest all work and no play should make me a dull boy. *I* have a list of titles too, but the final title I have determined on — or something very near it. I have a notion of this old file in the queer house, opening the book by an account of himself, and, among other peculiarities, of his affection for an old quaint queer-cased clock; showing how that when they have sat alone together in the long evenings, he has got accustomed to its voice, and come to consider it as the voice of a friend; how its striking, in the night, has seemed like an assurance to him that it was still a cheerful watcher at his chamber-door; and how its very face has seemed to have something of welcome in its dusty features, and to relax from its grimness when he has looked at it from his chimney-corner. Then I mean to tell how that he has kept odd manuscripts in the old, deep, dark, silent closet where the weights are; and taken them from thence to read

(mixing up his enjoyments with some notion of his clock); and how, when the club came to be formed, they, by reason of their punctuality and his regard for this dumb servant, took their name from it. And thus I shall call the book either *Old Humphrey's Clock,*[†2] or *Master Humphrey's Clock;* beginning with a woodcut of old Humphrey and his clock, and explaining the why and wherefore. All Humphrey's own papers will be dated then From my clock-side, and I have divers thoughts about the best means of introducing the others. I thought about this all day yesterday

and all last night till I went to bed. I am sure I can make a good thing of this opening, which I have thoroughly warmed up to in consequence.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 JANUARY 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* clearly Fri 10 Jan, the day after he entered in his Diary: "Qy. Title | Old Humphrey's Clock | Master Humphrey's Clock" (see Appx, p. 461). He started work on the book on Sat 11th (*To* Cattermole, 13 Jan). *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday.

My Dear Forster

Coutts's people had made a mistake in not entering the bill in my book for this year, and I was fearful that it might fall due before we had provided for it. I find now, that the day is the *14th.*[†1]

I am thinking awfully,[†2] but not writing, as I intend (Please God) to start tomorrow. I incline rather more to *Master* Humphrey's Clock than old Humphrey's — if so be that there is no danger of the pensive confounding "master" with a boy.

Faithfully CD.

To THOMAS HUMPHREYS,[†3] [JANUARY 1840]

Mention by Dr Charles Rogers in *Daily News* letter reprinted in *Notes & Queries*, 30 July 70, and quoted by H. Burnett Watson in "The Story of Dotheboys Hall", *Monthly Chronicle of North Country Lore and Legend,* I (1887), 294-6. *Date:* probably soon after finally deciding on the title *Master Humphrey's Clock.*

Telling him that his clock[†4] *had suggested the title of the new book.*[†5]

To MESSRS LONGMAN & CO.,[†1] [JANUARY 1840]

Mention in next. *Date:* shortly before the 11th.

To MESSRS LONGMAN & CO., 11 JANUARY 1840*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Saturday 11th. January 1840

Dear Sirs.

I am obliged to you for your letter and am in the very best humour I assure you — in proof of which let me say that I am now quite sure you had no intention to annoy or do me an injustice, and that if I shewed you any want of courtesy (which, even under a mistaken impression, was not my intention) I am very sorry for it.

I had not the remotest idea that you intended to "knock me down with poor Jack". But I thought — and I was not alone in thinking — that you were twisting a paragraph for poor Jack's purposes;[†2] it always annoys and irritates me greatly to be dragged into print in connection with matters with which I have no concern;[†3] and I was the more annoyed that *you* should do this, as I had congratulated myself very much previously, on having such people as you in the same field. Your reply to my note assures me that I did not calculate upon your fairness and integrity without good reason.

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Longman and Company.

To WILLIAM UPCOTT, [?JANUARY 1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Signature suggests early 1840; probably not long after CD's visit to Upcott of 4 Jan.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Afternoon

My Dear Sir

Thank you a thousand times for your kind recollection of me, and useful inclosure.

I wish I could send you some autographs. A great many of the kind you wish come here sometimes, but I find on enquiry that my lady wife has been bestowing them upon her friends.

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Upcott Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE,[†1] 13 JANUARY 1840

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Monday January 13th. 1840

My Dear Cattermole.

I am going to propound a mightily grave matter to you. My new periodical work appears — or I should rather say the first No. does — on Saturday the 28th. of March;[†2] and as it has to be sent to America[†3] and Germany[†4] and must therefore be considerably in advance, it is now in hand — I having in fact begun it on Saturday last. Instead of being published in *monthly* parts at a *shilling* each, only, it will be published in *weekly* parts at three pence *and* monthly parts at a shilling — my object being to baffle the imitators[†5] and make it as novel as possible. The plan is a new one — I mean the plan of the fiction — and it will comprehend a great variety of tales. The title is, "*Master Humphrey's Clock*".

Now, among other improvements, I have turned my attention to the illustrations, meaning to have wood-cuts dropped into the text, and no separate plates.[†1] I want to know whether you would object to make me a little sketch *for* a wood-cut[†2] — in indian ink would be quite sufficient — about the size of the inclosed scrap: the subject an old quaint room with antique Elizabethian[†3] furniture, and in the chimney-corner an extraordinary old clock — *the* clock belonging to Master Humphrey in fact — and no figures. This I should drop into the text at the head of my opening page.[†4]

I want to know besides — as Chapman and Hall[†5] are my partners in the matter there need be no delicacy about my asking or your answering the question — what would be your charge for such a thing, and whether (if the work answers our expectations) you would like to repeat the joke at regular intervals, and if so, on what terms. I should tell you that I intend asking Maclise to join me likewise,[†6] and that the copying the drawing on wood,[†7] and the cutting, will be done in first-rate style.[†8] We are justified

by past experience in supposing that the sale would be enormous, and the popularity very great; and when I explain to you the notion I have in my head, I think you will see that it opens a vast number of very good subjects.

I want to talk the matter over with you, and wish you would fix your own time and place — either here, or at your house, or at the Athenæum, though this would be the best place, because I have my papers about me. If you could take a chop with me, for instance, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I could tell you more in two minutes than in twenty letters, albeit I have endeavoured to make this as business-like and stupid as need be.

Of course all these tremendous arrangements are as yet a profound secret, or there would be fifty Humphreys in the field.[†1] So write me a line like a worthy gentleman, and convey my best remembrances to your worthy lady.

Believe me always, My Dear Cattermole

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15 JANUARY 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 158. *Date:* according to Forster, the day after CD's attendance as juryman at the inquest on a baby "alleged to have been murdered by its mother" (F, II, viii, 157). The inquest was almost certainly that held on 14 Jan at Marylebone Workhouse on the newly-born child of Eliza Burgess.†2

— II - 10 —

Whether it was the poor baby, or its poor mother,†1 or the coffin,†2 or my fellow-jurymen,†3 or what not, I can't say, but last night I had a most violent attack of sickness and indigestion which not only prevented me from sleeping, but even from lying down. Accordingly Kate and I sat up through the dreary watches.†4

To FREDERICK YATES,†5 [?15 JANUARY 1840]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Handwriting points to Winter 1839-40; Forster in the *Examiner,* 29 Dec 39, announced his intention "to take an early opportunity" of reviewing the Adelphi Pantomime (see *fn*); 15 Jan was the first Wednesday after the 29th on which CD was free to accompany him.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Afternoon

My Dear Sir

Forster and I — he for purposes of business, I suppose, and I for pleasure

— II - 11 —

— have just designed a visit to you to-night.†1 Have you an untaken box which you have no better means of bestowing than on such vagrants as we?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Yates Esquire

To H. G. ADAMS,†2 18 JANUARY 1840†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park.
Saturday Jany. 18th. 1840

Dear Sir.

The pressure of other engagements will, I am compelled to say, prevent me from contributing a paper to your new local Magazine.[†3] But I beg you to set me down as a subscriber to it, and foremost among those whose best wishes are enlisted in your cause. It will afford me real pleasure to hear of your success for I have many happy recollections connected with Kent, and am scarcely less interested in it than if I had been a Kentish man bred and born, and had resided in the County all my life.

[†a]I beg you to excuse, and to attribute to constant occupation, so long a delay in answering your note, and am Dear Sir[†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [?21 JANUARY 1840]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* probably eight days rather than one after CD's request of 13 Jan for a sketch of an "old quaint room".

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Afternoon

My Dear Cattermole

I think the drawing[†1] *most famous,* and so do the publishers, to whom I sent it to-day. If Browne[†2] should suggest anything for the future which may enable him to do you justice in copying (on which point he is very anxious) I will communicate it to you. It has occurred to me that perhaps you will like to see his copy on the block *before* it is cut,[†3] and I have therefore told Chapman and Hall to forward it to you.

In future, I will take care that you have the No. to *choose* your subject from. I ought to have done so, perhaps, in this case; but I was very anxious that you should do the room.

Perhaps the shortest plan will be for me to send you *as inclosed,* regularly, but if you prefer keeping account with the Publishers they will be happy to enter upon it when, where, and how you please.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [JANUARY 1840]

Extract in F, II, vi, 143. *Date:* On 29 Jan CD had a rough proof of No. 1 to send to Macready (see next); he would presumably have finished writing the No. not many days before.

I have finished the first number, but have not been able to do more in the space than lead up to the Giants, who are just on the scene.[†4]

To W. C. MACREADY, [29 JANUARY 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Macready recorded under date 29 Jan 40: "Dickens sent me a parcel — the pamphlet relating to *Glencoe*, and the proof sheets of his first number of his new work — *Master Humphrey's Clock*" (*Diaries*, II, 43).

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Macready.

I inclose you the Pamphlet about Glencoe.[†1] I have not read it, and don't know whether it possesses any interest or no.

I also inclose you (sub rosa) the rough draft of the first Number of my new Work, being anxious to hear what you think *of the idea.*[†2] The blanks that you see are for Wood-cuts, and the part of which I want to know your opinion is the first article.[†3] You come fresh upon it, and I shall be greatly interested to know how it strikes you. When you have had time to look at it, send it back to me. — Of course I shall be proud to extend my confidence to the Ladies.

Always My Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [29 JANUARY 1840]*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Date:* CD's birthday, 7 Feb, fell on a Friday in 1840; reference to Bentley and *Barnaby* makes that year certain.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Mitton.

I saw Cruikshank[†4] (who has — of course — quarrelled with Bentley)[†5] in

the street the other day, and he told me that Bentley had told Ainsworth[†1] that if I did the New Work instead of Barnaby,[†2] he *intended to publish all the letters I had ever written him*!!![†3] I think this looks like desperation, and that the Sharks of Bedford Row are likely to bring it to a Compensation Question 'afore long. What do *you* think?

Hold yourself disengaged for the Evening of Friday Week, which is my birthday,[†4] and of which further particulars will be expressed in future bills. I should like to see you soon, if you can manage to get up here. I suppose you have no news of Adlington's Entire,[†5] or I should have heard.

Don't leave the inclosed about, 'till the First of Next Month.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30 JANUARY 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests early 1840; but letter cannot refer to No. 1, which CD began on a Saturday (11 Jan). Probably refers to No. 2, begun about a fortnight later; Forster's "news", then, may have contained further details of Bentley's threats (see last). *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Thursday.[†1]

Dear Forster

I was thinking all yesterday, and have begun at Master Humphrey to-day. Your news however has suddenly pulled me up and awakened my ferocity. I am going down to Mitton's and shall be with you — most probably as soon as Henry.[†2]

Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?JANUARY 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests early 1840.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Night

My Dear Forster.

I shall order the "Wan" at a quarter past Ten, and shall (I hope) assuredly be at home by the half hour. Whoever is here first, let him rush to the Study Fire.

Faithfully Yours

CD

Oh Bisery, bisery!

February

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,[†1] [1 FEBRUARY 1840]

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Date:* the Saturday before CD's 28th birthday (Fri 7 Feb).

1 Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning

My Dear Mr. Milnes

I never went out to breakfast in my life, and am afraid to try how one feels under such circumstances; but I will be with you next Friday at eleven o'Clock for purposes of small talk — that being the day which did itself the honor of presenting me to the world twenty eight years ago.

I really would immortalize myself if I were you by presenting that national anthem to Catnac[†2] of the Seven Dials.[†3] It is a capital notion. Perhaps you have heard that song in the streets about the Queen's marriage, whereof the burden is —

(Her Majesty being supposed to sing it)
So let 'em say, whatee'r[†4] they may,
Or do whatee'r they can;
Prince Hallbert he vill[†5] always be
My own dear Fancy Man.

There is also another prose composition in the form of a catechism. This is performed by two gentlemen and opens thus.

Question. Vell Mr. Bull Sir what is your private opinions vith respectin' to German Sassages — fresh as imported Sir from Saxe Humbug and Go-to-her?[†6]

Answer (in a melancholy growl) My opinion is Sir as they comes wery dear.

Question. Supposin' Mr. Bull as these here foreign sassages wos to cost the country a matter o' thirty thousand pound per annewum, who do you think ought to stand that 'ere wast and enormous expenditer?

Answer. Them as awails theirselves o' the sassages aforesaid. (a laugh in the crowd)

Question. Then in your opinion Mr. Bull they're a wery dear commodity?

Answer. I consider Sir as they would be uncommon dear at any price, and what I says is, let us rewert to the good wholesome home-made, dairy-fed native sassages — the Cambridge sassages of right down English Manafacter[†1] — the Protestant Sassages[†2] as our forefather and Marshal Blue Cur[†3] fought and bled for (Great applause)

(Both sing)
Oh *didn't* the Prince look as sveet as new honey
Ven Melbourne said, Johnny should get the full money;
And *isn't* his Missis vith Joe raythe vild,
Now they're almost too poor for to vet-nurse the child![†4]

— — — —

I return the letter which is a very extraordinary and a very sad one.

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Milnes Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD,[†5] 4 FEBRUARY [1840]

Text in N, I, 247, checked from MS Sotheby's, 15 Dec 1964. *Date:* 4 Feb was Tuesday in 1840.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Tuesday 4th. February.

My Dear Talfourd.

Many thanks for the little book,[†6] which I hope will prove among the most interesting I shall ever leave to those for whom I work.

As you will come fresh upon the subject, I am curious to see how the idea of the first No. of my projected work, strikes you. I inclose you the proof (a secret yet, of course) which, when you have had time to look at, please return to me. It is the first article that I want you most to read. The blanks are for Wood Cuts.

Macready certainly is most singularly warm upon *the*[†1] subject.[†2] I saw him at dinner the other evening,[†3] and he took me aside and dwelt upon what he felt he could do with his part[†4] (which it seemed he had been going over that day) in a manner which for him is most extraordinary.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd | &c &c.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 FEBRUARY 1840*

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park, London

4th. February 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to his fair correspondent unknown, & begs to inform her that Mr. Mantalini's companion in the cellar is certainly *not* his wife, and that her appreciation of the lady's character is perfectly correct and just.[†5]

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, [?7 FEBRUARY 1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Handwriting suggests early 1840. Perhaps Fri 7 Feb, the day fixed in *To* Milnes, 1 Feb, for CD's visit; Milnes had possibly given him the choice of Friday or Saturday. *Address:* Richard Milnes Esquire MP. | &c &c | 26 Pall Mall.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am very much annoyed that an unexpected arrival from the country obliges me to postpone the pleasure of seeing you, until tomorrow.

In haste | Believe me
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Milnes Esquire

To JOHN OVERS,[†1] [?7 FEBRUARY 1840]†

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Signature suggests Feb 40; CD was perhaps referring to Ainsworth's note of 4 Feb: see *fn.*

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Afternoon

Dear Mr. Overs.

I have been much occupied — not with business, I am sorry to say, but with pleasure — [†2] during the past week, but have nevertheless sat down to alter your story. I find it, however, almost an impossible job without having you at my elbow, for I cannot cut it down to anything like the limits that will give you a fair chance of seeing it in Print without having all the story at my fingers' ends as I go on — [†a]the referring backwards and forwards, being a most grievous trial to me and by no means the best course for you. If you can be with me at *12 exactly* next Sunday, I can spare an hour and a half, and I have no doubt that will be quite sufficient for our purpose.[†a]

I regret to say that I have no occupation for anybody, such as you describe. I never copy,[†3] correct but very little, and that invariably as I write. But I fancy that I see something in Mr. Ainsworth's note which may be worth your keeping in view.[†4] What it is, I will explain to you when we meet.

[†a]I beg that you will not mention any slight pains I may be at in your behalf (which are in truth so many pleasures to me) or rate slight services so very highly. I most sincerely wish that I saw any clearly-defined and certain way of assisting you in your design. It would afford me nearly as much pleasure as it would yield you, and whether we hit our mark or fall short of it, believe me that my interest in you will remain the same.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To R. H. HORNE,[†1] [?FEBRUARY 1840]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Feb 40, in which month Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* had terminated in the *Miscellany*. For the coupling of *Oliver* and *Jack Sheppard* in print in Jan and Feb 40, see *fn.*

At Forster's | Saturday Night

My Dear Horne.

I am by some jolter-headed enemies most unjustly and untruly charged with having written a book after Mr. Ainsworth's fashion.[†2] Unto these jolter-heads and their intensely concentrated humbug, I shall take an early

opportunity of temperately replying.[†1] If this opportunity had presented itself and I had made this vindication, I could have no objection to set my hand to what I know to be true concerning the late lamented John Sheppard,[†2] but I feel a great repugnance to do so now, lest it should seem an ungenerous and unmanly way of disavowing any sympathy with that school, and a means of shielding myself.

Believe me that I concur heart and hand and shall be ready to do so at all needful times with pen and purse, in your great object,[†3] and that I sincerely regret being with-held by this consideration of delicacy from being among the Pioneers. I hope I shall shew not unworthily in the van, yet.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. J. THOMPSON,[†1] [?9 FEBRUARY 1840]*

Facsimile in unidentified catalogue. *Date:* Handwriting suggests early 1840. Possibly the Monday morning engagement was for 10 Feb, to see the Queen's wedding procession from Thompson's chambers, 63 Pall Mall.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday.

My Dear Thompson.

Maclise[†2] and I, coming from the place where you were *not* last night, and going in to the Piazza to supper, then and there encountered Forster who learning how we were engaged tomorrow Morning[†3] enquired (with much humility and prostration of spirit) whether I thought you would give him house-room. I ventured to make answer that I thought you would — and write to inform you of the heavy responsibility which I have herein contracted.

I am confined at home with the worst cold you can conceive, and am all alone. You are *such* a gentleman of England and live at home so *much* at ease[†4], or I should ask you to come in and take your wine in my sanctum ——?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

— II - 23 —

To W. S. LANDOR,[†1] [11 FEBRUARY 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 155. *Date:* "the 11th of February, the day after the royal nuptials", according to Forster.

Society is unhinged here, by her majesty's marriage, and I am sorry to add that I have fallen hopelessly in love with the Queen,[†2] and wander up and down with vague and dismal thoughts of running away to some uninhabited island with a maid of honor, to be entrapped by conspiracy for that purpose. Can you suggest any particular young person, serving in such a capacity, who would suit me? It is too much perhaps to ask you to join the band of noble youths (Forster is in it, and Maclise) who are to assist me in this great enterprise, but a man of your energy would be invaluable. I have my eye upon Lady...,[†3] principally because she is very beautiful and has no strong brothers. Upon this, and other points of the scheme, however, we will confer more at large when we meet; and meanwhile burn this document, that no suspicion may arise or rumour get abroad.[†4]

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To JOHN FORSTER, [12 FEBRUARY 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 156. *Date:* 12 Feb 40 according to Forster.

I am utterly lost in misery, and can do nothing. I have been reading *Oliver*, *Pickwick*, and *Nickleby* to get my thoughts together for the new effort, but all in vain:

My heart is at
Windsor,[†1]
My heart
isn't here;
My heart is at Windsor,
A following
my dear.[†2]

I saw the Responsibilities this morning, and burst into tears. The presence of my wife aggravates me. I loathe my parents. I detest my house. I begin to have thoughts of the Serpentine, of the regent's-canal, of

the razors upstairs, of the chemist's down the street, of poisoning myself at Mrs. ——'s table, of hanging myself upon the pear-tree in the garden, of abstaining from food and starving myself to death, of being bled for my cold and tearing off the bandage, of falling under the feet of cab-horses in the New-road, of murdering Chapman and Hall and becoming great in story (SHE must hear something of me then — perhaps sign the warrant: or is that a fable?), of turning Chartist,[†3] of heading some bloody assault upon the palace and saving Her by my single hand —— of being anything but what I have been, and doing anything but what I have done. Your distracted friend, C.D.[†4]

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [?12 FEBRUARY 1840]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Since No. 1 of *Master Humphrey* was presumably finished not long before 29 Jan when CD sent Macready a proof, and No. 3 was finished by 28 Feb (*To* Chapman & Hall, that day), Wed 12 Feb seems the probable date for his sending Cattermole "the greater portion" of No. 2.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Cattermole.

This (that I sen[d][†5] you now) is the greater portion of No. 2. I am writing such things as occur to me without much regarding, for the present, the

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order in which they will appear,[†1] and thus you will receive in the course of the week another Story.[†2] When you have looked over the two, perhaps I shall see or hear from you?

In haste, believe me
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, [13 FEBRUARY 1840]†

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly the Thursday after the Queen's wedding.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Thompson

[†a]I called to enquire after the bill[†3] yesterday, but it was not made out. When I have it, I will not fail to call a settlement of the same.[†a]

Maclise and I are raving with love for the Queen — with a hopeless passion whose extent no tongue can tell, nor mind of man conceive. On Tuesday we sallied down to Windsor, prowled about the Castle, saw the Corridor and their private rooms — nay, the very bedchamber (which we know from having been there twice) lighted up with such a ruddy, homely, brilliant glow[†4] — bespeaking so much bliss and happiness — that I, your humble servant, lay down in the mud at the top of the long walk and refused all comfort — to the immeasurable astonishment of a few straggling passengers who had survived

the drunkenness of the previous night. After perpetrating sundry other extravagances we returned home at Midnight in a Post Chaise, and now we wear marriage medals next our hearts and go about with pockets full of portraits which we weep over in secret. Forster was with us at Windsor and (for the joke's sake) counterfeits a passion too, but *he does not love her.*[†5]

Don't mention this unhappy attachment. I am very wretched, and

— II - 26 —

think of leaving my home. My wife makes me miserable,[†1] and when I hear the voices of my Infant Children, I burst into tears. I fear it is too late to ask you to take this house, now that you have made such arrangements of comfort in Pall Mall;[†2] but if you will, you shall have it very cheap — furniture at a low valuation — money not being so much an object, as escaping from the family. For God's sake turn this matter over in your mind, and please to ask Captain Kincaide[†3] what he asks — his lowest terms, in short, for ready money — for that Post of Gentleman at Arms. I must be near her, and I see no better way than that - - for the present.

I have on hand three Numbers of Master Humphrey's Clock, and the two first chapters of Barnaby.[†4] Would you like to buy them? Writing any more in my present state of mind, is out of the question. They are written in a pretty fair hand and when I am in the Serpentine may be considered curious. Name your own terms.

I know you don't like trouble, but I have ventured, notwithstanding, to make you an Executor of my will. There won't be a great deal to do, as there is no money. There is a little bequest having reference to *her*[†5] which you might like to execute. I have heard on the Lord Chamberlain's authority, that she reads my books and is very fond of them[†6] - - I think she

— II - 27 —

will be sorry when I am gone. I should wish to be embalmed, and to be kept (if practicable) on the top of the Triumphal Arch at Buckingham Palace[†1] when she is in town, and on the north-east turrets of the Round Tower when she is at Windsor [†a] [illegible] [†a]

From your distracted and blighted friend

C.D.

[†b](Don't shew this to Mr. Wakley,[†2] if it ever comes to that)[†b]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [13 FEBRUARY 1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* obviously same day as last.

V. R.[†3]

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Afternoon

My Dear Maclise[†4]

I send you a copy of Pickwick and the two little books.[†5] Let the authorship of the last-named trifles remain in the bosom of your family.

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The last aggravating word has touched that tender chord in my heart which you understand so well. Have you heard from Forster this morning? I have, but oh what a mockery it is. *He does not love her.*[†1]

I have seen my wife — spoken to her — been in her society. I burst into tears on hearing the voices of my infant children. I loathe my parents. I hate my house. I love nobody here but the Raven,[†2] and I only love him because he seems to have no feeling in common with anybody. What is to be done. Heavens my friend, what is to be done!

What if I murder Chapman and Hall. This thought has occurred to me several times. If I did this she would hear of me; perhaps sign the warrant for my execution with her own dear hand. What if I murder myself. Mr. Wakley is a beast — a coarse unsympathizing coroner — and would not understand such feelings as mine. I feel that, and lay down my razor as the thought occurs to me. Is there no sentimental coroner? I have heard of Mr. Baker[†3] but I don't know how his mind is constituted. I have also heard of Mr. Higgs[†4], but the name is not promising. I think there is one named Grubb.[†5] Perhaps *he* has high feeling and could comprehend me. The Serpentine is in his district, but then the Humane Society[†6] steps in. They might disfigure me with drags — perhaps save me and expect me at the next Anniversary Dinner to walk round Free-Mason's Hall with a bible under my arm. She would never love me after *that.* — All is difficulty and darkness.

What is to be done? Would any alliance with the Chartists serve us? They have no doubt in contemplation attacks upon the palace, and being plain men would very likely resign *her* to us with great cheerfulness. Let us then toss — the best out of three — and the loser to poison himself. Is this feasible?

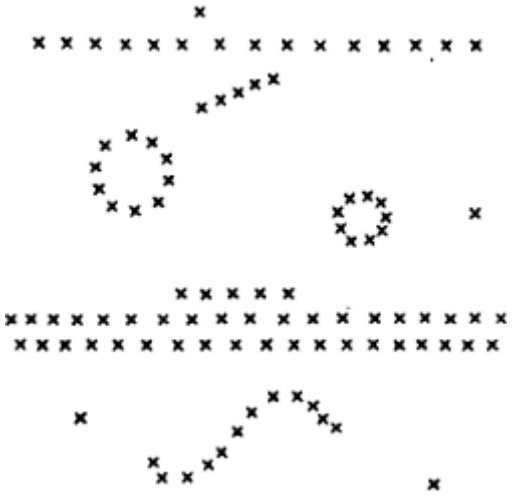
I dreamt of Lady Fanny Cowper[†7] all night, but I didn't love her, sleeping, nor do I now that I am awake although I did but a few days back. I feel tenderly towards your sister[†8] because she knows our secret. With the great exception that I need not name, she is now the only woman on Earth that I do not shrink from in horror. Here is a state of mind!

How are you to-day. It will be some consolation to me to receive a detail of your sufferings. On Saturday Morning I shall call upon you. Conceive

— II - 29 —

my misery until then! Tonight — tomorrow — all tories[†1] — nothing but slight and insult upon her generous head[†2] — Gracious Powers where will this end!

I am utterly miserable and unfitted for my calling. What the upshot will be, I don't know, but something tremendous I am sure. — I feel that I am wandering.



Your distracted friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?13 FEBRUARY 1840]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Watermark 1839; handwriting suggests early 1840; perhaps 13 Feb, referring to Mrs Rolls's dinner that night (see last, *fn*). Mitton, who had been away from London earlier in the week, had perhaps now received the letter of 8 Feb from Bentley's solicitors (see *To* Mitton, 29 Jan, *fn*) and wished to report on it to CD. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Mitton.

I am obliged to attend a dinner party to-day, and another (I grieve to say it) tomorrow. All the morning to-day and tomorrow I shall most probably be at home, but if the matter you write of may rest until Saturday, I can be with you then at 12 o'Clock.

Let me know in one line if this will do. — If not, make your own appointment.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To JOHN OVERS, 16 FEBRUARY 1840

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | February 16th. 1840.

Dear Mr. Overs.

I have read your Legend of Canterbury with great interest and pleasure. It would have been a most creditable performance to anybody — it is strikingly and remarkably so to you, who write under so many disadvantages — and if I had the controul of any Magazine, I would publish it immediately.

It has occurred to me that as this Story possesses a local as well as a general interest, it would be excellently adapted to a Kentish Magazine. Now although there is no such thing in existence (that I know of) at this moment, I have reason to believe that there soon will be, as a gentleman who has such a periodical in contemplation wrote to me about it a few weeks since.[†1] I strongly recommend you to write to this gentleman yourself — to mention me in any way you please — and to say that you will be happy to send him your tale for perusal, if he will permit you. His address is "H. G. Adams Esquire — J Bryant Esquire's Parsonage House — Chatham". I think it will be an acquisition to him, and that you will be mutually obliged to each other.[†2]

I don't know what the resources of this local Magazine may afford — very little, I dare say — but the gentleman of whom I speak, cannot be offended by your asking the question and I have no doubt will return you a straight forward answer. I would lose no time, but write to him immediately, and I again empower you to make the fullest use of my poor recommendation.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To W. C. MACREADY, [21] FEBRUARY 1840*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Letter misdated by a week, no doubt through exasperation. Bentley's advertisement of *Barnaby* "was repeated" on 21 Feb (see *fn*).

Friday Night 28th. Feby/40

My Dear Macready.

The advertisement was repeated today in the Times and Herald;[†1] and the dog's solicitors (God forgive me for libelling his good animals) doggedly inform us that they mean to repeat it. The contradiction, therefore, — from my solicitors — appears in the Evening papers tomorrow, the respectable Sunday Papers, and all the Morning Papers on Monday.[†2] This done, he means, as he tells us, to advertize the agreements — and that done, I don't know what happens.[†3]

If I have any news, I shall be able to tell it you on Sunday.[†4] It would be a very bad return for your kind and affectionate interest, if I made any shew of apology for wearying you with these details.

For to-day, the Vagabond has stopped my clock — and he knows that as well as I. I shall try to sleep it off and go to work tomorrow; and if I do, with any success, he may go to — but I won't anticipate, having no doubt his ultimate destination is already arranged.

Always My Dear Macready | Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

W.C. Macready Esquire

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To W. C. MACREADY, [?23 FEBRUARY 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* There is a discrepancy between CD's "Sunday" (if correct, clearly Sun 23 Feb) and entry under 23 Feb in Macready's *Diaries* (II, 45). Almost certainly CD's date is right and the *Diaries* entry refers to Sat 22 Feb, not the 23rd. See *fn.*

1 Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Morning.

My Dear Macready

I fear I may not have sufficiently expressed to you yesterday,[†1] my sense of your most kind and friendly interest in the matter of Bentley. Nor can I express it now, although I desire to do so. Like most men who are sensitive to irritation and annoyance, I am at least equally alive to their reverse; and I do assure you that the few words which passed between us yesterday brace me up even against the Court of Chancery,[†2] and give me a

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feeling of true pleasure which I can scarcely separate from the subject that give[s][†1] it birth.

I am exceedingly anxious that you should understand that I do not reject your good offices from any obstinate or wrong-headed feeling, but simply because I *know* the hopelessness of any mediation just now, and know this man as well as anybody living. The law, bad as it is, is more true and more to be trusted than such a hound as he, and *unless* he gives me the opening for a negociation, I must trust myself to its tender mercies, and submit to its vexations with what philosophy I may. If I were a builder or a stone-mason I might fulfil my contract with him, but write for him I really cannot unless I am forced and have no outlet for escape.

If the question should resolve itself into one of compensation (which I devoutly hope it may) then I shall not scruple to avail myself of your friendly mediation. Mean time believe me that if it had been used and had been attended with the most triumphant success, it could scarcely have made me happier than the proffer of it has already.

I am always My Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To JOHN BROWNLOW,[†2] 26 FEBRUARY 1840*

MS[†3] Thomas Coram Foundation for Children.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | February 26th. 1840.

Sir

I am much indebted to you for your obliging note. We *have* removed

have forgotten to give notice at the Foundling,[†1] and the chapel[†2] being too far for us (which we greatly regret, as we miss it very much) shall be glad if you will have the goodness to hold the Pew at your disposal.

Yours very truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Brownlow

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 FEBRUARY 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* probably two days before 29 Feb when they left for Bath to see Landor; handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster

I waxed rather stupid yesterday and consequently must keep close today. Will you dine with us tomorrow at *a quarter before 4*? If so, we can go to Southampton Buildings in a body, calling for Mac as we go.[†3]

You write to Landor I suppose? Mitton has taken places, but at what

hour the Coach starts, this Deponent knoweth not, — though he verily believes it is 10 from the Railroad.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?27 FEBRUARY 1840]*

MS Mrs Percy W. Valentine. *Date:* probably the Thursday after 23 Feb, when CD had not yet received Bacon's opinion (see *To* Macready, 23 Feb, *fn*).

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate.
Thursday Morning | (I should say, afternoon)

My Dear Mitton

Nothing can be clearer or more satisfactory than Bacon's[†1] opinion.[†2] We may put our hands in our pockets and wait for the Dragon's approach with perfect philosophy.

I have not received the message you refer to. I will call tomorrow or next day, and do the needful.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 28 FEBRUARY [1840]*

MS New York Public Library. *Date:* Handwriting shows this must refer to the journey to Bath of 29 Feb 40.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Afternoon 28th. Feby.

Dear Sirs.

Herewith I send you No. 3. I meant to have seen you to-day; but having to finish it, could not get out.

I mark on the other side,[†4] such subjects in it as occur to me for illustration. — You will see that the story is not finished, but runs into No. 4.[†5]

I go to Bath tomorrow morning and return on Wednesday Night by Mail. You are not likely to have any occasion to write to me, but if you have, Mrs. Dickens will give you the address.

Accept my blessing, each partner on one knee (the left) to render it the more impressive — and believe me

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

March

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 1 MARCH 1840

MS British Museum.

35 Saint James's Square, Bath.[†1] | March 1st. 1840.

My Dearest Kate

We reached here in safety last night, after a very pleasant ride, during a great part of which (the day being so very fine) we came outside; stopping to lunch vigorously at two o'Clock, and arriving here shortly before 8. We were alone at dinner, and although desperately learned and frequently first-person-singular-ish, we were much better than I had expected.[†2] Indeed I was not bored — for which I am very thankful and devout this morning.

We sleep at the York House — the largest hotel here — where the beds are very good and very warm. Of course I *arranged* both the room and my luggage before going to bed, and had everything very tidy.

The first thing I did on arriving, was to look at a play-bill, wherein Rob Roy[†3] was announced for last night, and Somnabula[†4] for tomorrow, but no mention of Burnett in either,[†5] the tenor being one *Mr. T. Bishop*![†6] Upon my life I begin to think that Burnett has been writing deceitful

letters — has never been here at all — and is hiding himself in some remote corner, whence he steals out now and then, and issues to the Post Office for his letters. — I communicated this suspicion to Forster this morning, and amused him mightily with it. Seriously, it is odd enough that there is no mention of him in the Posters on the walls; and as for excitement — oh dear you can't think how calm the place is. It seems as if there were no Burnett here.[†1] I shall make it my business to investigate the truth tomorrow, and shall report it when I come home, which will be on Thursday Morning about Six or half past. You must have one of the servants up *by six*, and perhaps you will have a fire lighted in our bedroom in order that I may warm myself and get a cup of coffee.

You may suppose that having been on a Coach all day yesterday, I have no great News, though I hope to bring back amusing intelligence of one kind or another.[†2] Meantime I look forward to Wednesday Night with great eagerness, and am charmed to think that besides to-day only Monday and Tuesday stand between. God bless you my love. Kiss the darling babs and write a *long* letter (and don't forget to put it in the post, which you must if you wish it to reach me) as soon as you receive this.

Always yours truly & affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Forster's best regards — Landor's ditto. I see Yates announces another portion of Nickleby.[†3] *Unless* you have already written for a box, I would rather you didn't go, until I return.

To WILLIAM UPCOTT, 6 MARCH 1840*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday 6th. March 1840.

My Dear Sir

I hope the inclosed will *do*.[†4] If not, tell me and I'll try another form.

I am in haste to answer your note as I have just come back from Bath and fear you may think me neglectful.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William Upcott Esquire

To H. K. BROWNE, [?6 or 7 MARCH 1840]

Facsimile in F. G. Kitton, *CD and his Illustrators,* 1899, facing p. 72. *Date:* CD's comments are written at the foot of Browne's sketch for "Master Humphrey and his companion",†1 which on 9 Mar CD sent on to Chapman & Hall, Browne having presumably made the small changes requested without delay.

Master Humphrey *admirable.*†2 Could his stick (with a crooked top) be near his chair? I misdoubt the deaf gentleman's pipe and wish he could have a better o[ne].†3

To JOHN OVERS, 7 MARCH 1840

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 7th. March 1840.

Dear Mr. Overs.

I think Mr. Adams a very unconscionable person, a very obtrusive one, and extraordinarily self-sufficient. His enquiry whether you can make out a relationship with Kent is ridiculous in the last degree (coming as it does after his acceptance of the story) and his cool confession of having copied a part of my note to you is "something more", — and I would fain hope not a necessary ingredient in the Kentish character.

If he *paid* you, I would cheerfully give *you* (not him) the permission he seeks.†4 As he does not, I beg you to with-hold it and to say that you have not the inclination to make any such request to me, — as your note assures me you have not. I have a nervous dread and horror of being supposed to direct the judgements of people who can judge very well for themselves, or of seeming to patronize — both of which I should certainly appear to do if I yielded this permission.

Nevertheless if it would do you any tangible service, you should have it. As it can do no such thing, but would on the contrary place you in a position with reference to this gentleman in which you have no right to stand, I know you will agree with me that it should not be given.

I will read your paper†5 in the course of next week, and communicate with you when I have done so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs

To MRS A. T. THOMSON,[†1] 8 MARCH [1840]†

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 8 Mar was Sunday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Sunday 8th. March

My Dear Madam

I should have answered your letter immediately, but that I have been on a short visit to Bath whence I have only just returned.

Sir Edward Bulwer[†2] has already applied to me with reference to the subject in which you so kindly interest yourself,[†3] and I have already arranged with Mr. Forster — a mutual friend of ours who communicated with me on Bulwer's behalf — for promoting it with my slight assistance.[†4] I have not seen Sir Edward himself lately, but he understands this, I have no doubt.[†5]

[†a]In all that you say so well concerning poor Mrs. Landon[†6] and her unfortunate daughter[†7] I most cordially and heartily concur.[†a] Let me thank

you for your note and especially for your kind expressions towards myself, and beg you to believe me

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Thomson.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 MARCH 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 145. *Date:* 4 Mar according to Forster; but unless CD changed his plans he and Forster did not reach London until early in the morning of the 5th (see *To* Catherine, 1 Mar). Probably CD was writing on the day before the 9th, when he announced the changes in *Master Humphrey* to Chapman & Hall and Cattermole.

If you can manage to give me a call in the course of the day or evening, I wish you would. I am laboriously turning over in my mind how I can best effect the improvement we spoke of last night, which I will certainly make by hook or by crook, and which I would like you to see *before* it goes finally to the printer's. I have determined not to put that witch-story into number 3,[†1] for I am by no means satisfied of the effect of its contrast with Humphrey. I think of lengthening Humphrey, finishing the description of the society,[†2] and closing with the little child-story, which is SURE to be effective, especially after the old man's quiet way.[†3]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [9 MARCH 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the same day as next.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning

Dear Sirs

The inclosed Sketch[†4] arrived yesterday afternoon. Will Mr. Chapman take *the pipe* under his especial care?

I should like to see the said Mr. Chapman tomorrow morning or to-day, if he can conveniently call upon me. I have it in contemplation to alter the contents of the third Number, and to throw the witch story over to 4, 5, or 6 — putting the story which Mr. Chapman calls "I was a lieutenant" into No. 3, and lengthening Master Humphrey so as to finish if possible the Sketch of the Society in the same No. I feel that this will be a great improvement. I am also trying by some slight alteration in No. 1 to connect the stories more immediately with the clock,[†1] and to give the work a less discursive appearance.[†2] — In short I am beginning to be stimulated by finding myself in March, and am rising with the occasion.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 9 MARCH 1840

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Monday March 9th. 1840.

My Dear Cattermole.

I have been induced on looking over the works of the Clock, to make a slight alteration in their disposal, by virtue of which the story about John Podgers[†3] will stand over for some little time, and that short tale will occupy its place which you have already by you, and which treats of the assassination of a young gentleman under circumstances of peculiar aggravation.[†4] I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will turn your attention to this last morsel as the feature of *No. 3,* and still more so if you can stretch a point with regard to time (which is of the last importance just now) and make a subject out of it, rather than find one in it.[†5] I would neither have made this alteration nor have troubled you about it, but for weighty and cogent

reasons which I feel very strongly, and into the composition of which caprice or fastidiousness has no part.[†1]

I should tell you perhaps with reference to Chapman and Hall that they will never trouble you (as they never trouble me) but when there is real and pressing occasion, and that their representations in this respect, unlike those of most men of business, are to be relied upon.

I cannot tell you how admirably I think Master Humphrey's room[†2] comes out, or what glowing accounts I hear of the second design[†3] you have done. I had *not the faintest anticipation* of anything so good, — taking into account the material and the dispatch.

With best regards at home, believe me dear Cattermole

Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The new No. 3 tale begins "I held a Lieutenant's commission in His Majesty's Army, and served abroad in the Campaigns of 1677 and 1678." It has at present no title.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 MARCH 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 145-6. *Date:* This came "hard upon" letter of ?8 Mar according to Forster.

What do you think of the following double title for the beginning of that little tale? "PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF MASTER HUMPHREY: *The Old Curiosity Shop.*" I have thought of *Master Humphrey's Tale, Master Humphrey's Narrative, A Passage in Master Humphrey's Life* — but I don't think any does as well as this. I have also thought of *The Old Curiosity Dealer and the Child* instead of *The Old Curiosity Shop.* Perpend. Topping[†4] waits.[†5]

To J. A. DIEZMANN,[†1] 10 MARCH 1840

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Dr. A. Diezman | Leipzig.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate,
Regents Park London, 10th. March 1840.

My Dear Sir.

I will not attempt to tell you how much gratified I have been by the receipt of your *first* English letter; nor can I describe to you with what delight and gratification I learn that I am held in such high esteem by your great countrymen, whose favorable appreciation is flattering indeed.[†2]

To you who have undertaken the laborious (and often, I fear, very irksome) task of clothing me in the German garb, I owe a long arrear of thanks. I wish you would come to England, and afford me an opportunity of slightly reducing the account.

It is with great regret that I have to inform you in reply to the request contained in your pleasant communication, that my publishers have already made such arrangements[†3] and are in possession of such stipulations relative to the proof sheets of my new works, that I have no power to send them out of England. If I had, I need not tell you what pleasure it would afford me to promote your views.

I am too sensible of the trouble you must have already had with my writings, to impose upon you a long letter. I will only add, therefore, that I am my Dear Sir

With great sincerity | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. A. Diezman.[†4]

To W. H. HARRISON,[†1] 14 MARCH 1840*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | 14th. March 1840.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your note. I was already aware of the circumstance, as I presided at the club[†2] last Wednesday.

The long-talked of book *proceeds*, and only awaits the Illustrations, and a few sheets from the Printer.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Harrison Esquire

To JOHN MILLER,[†4] 15 MARCH [1840]*

MS Mr Harry Secombe. *Date:* 15 Mar was Sunday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate.
Sunday Morning March 15th.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Miller, and begs to inform him that he has sent to Messrs. Chapman and Hall a note which he received last night from Messrs. Lea and Blanchard; and that if Mr. Miller will have the goodness to treat with those gentlemen on the subject to which it refers, he will find them prepared to treat with him.[†5]

To J. P. HARLEY,[†6] 16 MARCH [1840]

Photograph, John Rylands Library. *Address:* Prepaid | J. P. Harley Esquire | 14 Upper Gower Street. *Date:* PM 16 Mar 40.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Monday 16th. March.

My Dear Harley.

If you know no reason
Why good wine in season

Should ever be forgot

— dine with me, not on the fifth of November, as this commencement

would seem to imply, but next Sunday at Six o'Clock *sharp,* when we will renew that former acquaintance which we used to have together.

It is so long since I have seen you, that I expect to find you greatly changed, and am filled with sad anticipations.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

To EBENEZER LANDELLS,[†1] [?20 MARCH 1840]*

MS Mrs S. S. Clephan. *Date:* Presumably refers to the first drawing of Nell to appear in *Master Humphrey* — Cattermole's headpiece ("The Shop") to No. 4, which Landells engraved. Since on Mon 9 Mar CD gave Cattermole instructions, with some urgency, for his illustration to No. 3, this was probably written on the Friday of the following week (20th). On 25 Mar CD gave Chapman instructions for the second illustration to No. 4.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I sent the drawing back to Mr. Chapman, for I was more than doubtful of the child's face, and the subject is one of the last importance to the work.

I presume he has taken it back to Mr. Cattermole this morning (that was my wish) — and I have no doubt you will hear from him in the course of the day.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Landells Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD,[†2] 22 MARCH [1840]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* endorsed, in contemporary hand, "March — 1841"; but subject and signature could fit only 1840, in which year 22 Mar was Sunday. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Morning March 22nd.

My Dear Beard

I have been very anxious to see you for some time, for I have been ill at ease about Master Humphrey, in the one respect of connecting you with

that labour, which, as you know I anxiously desire, I will say very little about.

It has been for weeks quite clear to us that I must write it *all*,[†1] if we are to hope for that great success which we expect. Now if I do this, the office which I had assigned to you of managing the correspondence, correcting proofs and so forth, vanishes into air,[†2] because there will be no proofs but my own and nobody to write to or transact business with, but me.

Although I have seen this for a pretty long time, I have refrained from telling you, in the hope that I should yet see some way of being useful to you and establishing a new link between us. *Do not for a moment believe that I have lost this hope even in connection with the Clock* — on the contrary I have a great many possibilities and probabilities in my brain which a little time and experience may arrange into something tangible — but I am anxious that you should know that this alteration has in the outset disarranged my plans and scattered them completely.

I wish you would call upon me one morning in the week — on Tuesday if you can — about one [o'] Clock[†3] or so, when we can talk a little upon this matter — and also about the *when* to ask your friend Mr. Blackburn[†4] to dinner (who has been kind enough to send me a very interesting Calcutta newspaper) and also about a certain misty notion I have begun to form of some queer old farm house distant about 20 miles from town,[†5] and of goings down and comings up all *through the Summer*! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To EDWARD CHAPMAN,[†6] 25 MARCH [1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* 25 March was Wednesday in 1840; signature supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday 25th. March

My Dear Sir

The best plan will be for Mr. Browne to read the number, and take or make any subject that he fancies. It should have the girl in it, that's all.[†7]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To T. P. GRINSTED,[†1] 25 MARCH 1840

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Prepaid | Mr. T. P. Grinsted | &c &c | 3 Glos'ter Terrace | Brighton.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate
Regents Park London | 25th. March 1840.

Dear Sir.

I have to thank you — which I do with great heartiness — for your letter, and through you to thank those gentlemen who remembered me in their flowing cups last Thursday.[†2]

Do me the favor to convey to the Nickleby Club,[†3] the warmest expression of my gratitude and interest in their proceedings. I trust they may continue to hold me, and I them, in pleasant and cheerful recollection for very many years, and long connect their recreations with a name which is naturally associated in my mind with favorite and familiar thoughts.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. T. P. Grinsted
&c &c

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?27 MARCH 1840]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Presumably refers to progress with the Agreement for *Master Humphrey*, signed 31 Mar (see *fn*); and to the Wellers' first appearance in the later part of No. 6, which CD would have been writing towards the end of March.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Friday

Dr. Sirs

I should like to have a line reporting progress,[†4] either to-day or tomorrow. I am very busy upon the Wellers, father and Son.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

To JAMES HOGGINS,[†1] 27 MARCH 1840*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* James Hoggins Esquire | Literary and Philosophical Society | Newcastle.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park London

27th. March 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hoggins, and begs to inform him, in reply to his enquiry, that his Works comprise three volumes of Sketches, the Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, and Nicholas Nickleby.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?MARCH 1840]*

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania. *Date:* Signature suggests Mar 1840.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

Dear Tom

I'll come down[†2] by the Rail as you recommend.

In haste | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To SAMUEL WILLIAMS,[†3] [31 MARCH 1840]*

MS Mrs Elaine Waley. *Date:* presumably the Tuesday after 25 Mar when CD gave Chapman instructions for the second illustration to No. 4. Accompanying wrapper (see *To* Chapman & Hall, ?3 Apr) supports 31 Mar.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evg.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compts. to Mr. Williams, and greatly regrets having been obliged to be from home this morning at the time he called.

The object being to shew the child in the midst of a crowd of uncongenial and ancient things, Mr. Dickens scarcely *feels* the very pretty drawing inclosed, as carrying out his idea: the room being to all appearance an exceedingly comfortable one pair,[†1] and the sleeper being in a very enviable condition. If the composition would admit of a few grim, ugly articles seen through a doorway beyond, for instance, and giving a notion of great gloom outside the little room and surrounding the chamber, it would be much better. The figure on the bed is not sufficiently *childish,* and would perhaps look better without a cap, and with the hair floating over the pillow. The last paragraph of the paper (which perhaps Mr. Williams has) expresses Mr. Dickens's idea better than he can convey it in any other words.[†2]

As Mr. Dickens hopes to communicate with Mr. Williams on very many future occasions, he will not weary him with any apology for these remarks just now.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [MARCH 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 156. *Date:* Mar 40 according to Forster.

I find it will be positively necessary to go, for five days in the week at least, on a perfect regimen of diet and exercise,[†4] and am anxious therefore not to delay treating for a horse.

April

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?3 APRIL 1840]*

MS Mrs Elaine Waley. *Date:* written on inside of wrapper which almost certainly enclosed Williams's drawing "Nell in bed" (see *To* Williams, 31 Mar, *fn*); "off" therefore meant off to Birmingham 3 Apr. *Address:* Messrs. Chapman & Hall | 186 Strand; signed CHARLES DICKENS.

All right
In great speed
Off![†1]

To [WILLIAM HALL, ?7 APRIL 1840]*

MS Private. *Date:* CD dined with Chapman and Hall on 21 Apr 40 ("Easter Tuesday"): see *To* Forster, that day. He was probably writing on 7 Apr (the Tuesday after publication of *Master Humphrey* No. 1 when its prospects seemed at their brightest),[†2] having returned from Birmingham earlier that day.[†3] *Address:* presumably to Hall, since letter mentions Chapman.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Afternoon.

My Dear Sir

Easter Tuesday is a very good day for dining out. I don't think that if I went through the almanack, I could find a better.

The Clock goes gloriously indeed. What will the wiseacres say to weekly issues *now*? And what will they say to any of those ten thousand things we shall do together to make 'em wink, and stagger in their shoes? Thank God for this great hit. I always had a quiet confidence in it, but I never expected *this*, at first.

I hope to put Mr. Chapman at rest (pro tem at least, for he will be an

unquiet spirit always, and a thorn in my side, I know) tomorrow.[†1] The result I hope to send him on Thursday Morning.

Commend me to him though he *does* wear me to a shadow, and believe me always

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN[†2] and MRS DE MORGAN,[†3] 12 APRIL 1840

Text from S. E. De Morgan, *Memoir of Augustus De Morgan*, 1882, p. 266*n.*

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, April 12, 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments both to the gentleman and the lady who do him the honour to differ upon an illustrated point in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and begs to inform them that the lady sitting down is intended for Mrs. Kenwigs, and the lady standing up for the designing Miss Petowker. But Mr. Dickens begs the gentleman and lady unknown to take especial notice that neither of their portraitures is quite correct, Mrs. Kenwigs being constitutionally slim and delicate and of a slight figure (quite unimpaired by her frequent confinements), and Miss Petowker a young female of some personal attractions, set off by various stage effects and professional captivations.[†4]

To WILLIAM H. SOTHAM,[†1] 12 APRIL 1840

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park London
12th. April 1840.

Sir.

Let me thank you for your letter, and the obliging terms in which it is couched. I fear I am rather behind-hand in my reply, but constant occupation makes me too often an indifferent correspondent. It shall never make me unmindful of your hospitable offer if I visit America, or of that English Farmer's-home[†2] to which you welcome me (in anticipation) with so much kindness.

Pray assure the proprietors of the Knickerbocker[†3] that I have not

forgotten my promise, though appearances are certainly against me. I fear I shall find it more difficult to redeem than ever, engaged as I am just now, but as I do not despair myself, I would not have them do so, either. To Mr. Clark, I beg you to convey my best remembrances with the assurance that I will take *an early opportunity* of writing to him through the Knickerbocker Agents.[†1]

I cannot charge you with any commission for New York, but this is my residence and if you can call here before you sail, I shall be quite as happy to see you, as you are good enough to say you will be to see me.

Believe me | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. William Sotham.

To JOHN OVERS, 12 APRIL [1840]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* 12 Apr was Sunday in 1840; signature supports that year.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Evening 12th. April

Dear Mr. Overs.

I am much obliged to you for your note, and all your good wishes. The probability of such a feeling as you mention[†2] occurred to me more than once while I had my plan under consideration; but as I have no reason to suppose it of extensive growth (but quite the contrary)[†3] and as I think it scarcely fair or reasonable, seeing that no man is compelled to trust one against his will, I shall leave it to its course.[†4]

I dare say you think me very unkind for not having given your paper[†5] an earlier perusal. I have, however, been so closely occupied that I have not had time to look at it until within these few days. I would certainly recommend you to *offer* it somewhere, though I don't think it tells so well as your other story, except in the one respect of being very compact and close, and in that essential quality a great improvement. The idea of the nightcap is a good one and capable of much, I think; but it is not very natural though it may be true. Neither do I think that the closing passage about the woman produces its effect, for this one reason. — You cannot interest your readers in any character unless you have first made them hate, or like him. This is an utterly insignificant fellow; so much so that one feels disposed to doubt whether the child is really his or some gentleman's

unknown — indeed I incline to the latter opinion from all you say about him, and do not sympathize with the feeling of the scene as much as I ought, in consequence.

Offer it somewhere by all means, and God speed you. Its acceptance in any quarter would scarcely please you more than me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, [?12 APRIL 1840]*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Date:* probably 12 Apr; CD was at Lord Northampton's on the 11th (Macready, *Diaries,* II, 57); handwriting supports.

Private

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Morning

My Dear Milnes.

Pray do not suppose that my difference with Bentley is a question of money. It is with me a matter of strong feeling, upon which I take my stand with the certainty of a great present loss. It involves besides (which is worse to me) the postponement of a story I had sketched out with great care, which I am very anxious to write, and upon which my thoughts have been actively employed for a long time.[†1]

I neither require nor expect any sympathy from the class (of which I am one) whose pens are their support. But I am resolved at whatever sacrifice of peace or pocket to shew this fellow that he cannot count on always doing as he pleases with them, and as I can certainly and surely defeat him, be his legal weapons what they may, I am determined to do so.

As there were bystanders last night when we spoke on this subject at Lord Northampton's,[†2] I did not pursue it. But as I should greatly regret your receiving or diffusing a false impression with reference to it, I am anxious to convey to you the assurance with which this note sets out.

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard M Milnes Esquire

To [LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK],[†1] 14 APRIL 1840†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* clearly to the Editor of the *Knickerbocker*; and since in answer to a letter from Clark, probably addressed to him by name.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate Regents Park London
14th. April 1840.

My Dear Sir

I am about to write you a very short letter, lest I should despair, in the multitude of my avocations, and write none at all.

Firstly — believe me, that I have not forgotten the promise to the Knickerbocker — that I cannot venture to say when I can redeem my pledge — but that I *will* redeem it, please Heaven, and strive for an early opportunity.[†2] You may suppose that I am very much engaged with Master Humphrey's Clock.

[†a]Secondly — commend me heartily to Mr. Washington Irving,[†3] who I am

rejoiced to hear from you has lent his powerful aid to the international copyright question.[†1] It is one of immense importance to me, for at this moment I have received[†2] from the American Editions of my works — fifty pounds.[†3] It is of immense importance to the Americans likewise if they desire (and if they do not, what people on earth should) ever to have a Literature of their own.[†a†4]

Thirdly — accept my thanks for your kind communications, and a hasty but sincere assurance of the pleasure they afford me, and of the truth with which I am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS AYRTON,[†5] 14 APRIL 1840

Text from N, I, 255.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 14th April 1840

My dear Miss Ayrton,

Kate tells me that you want a small specimen of my writing. Here it is, under my hand. There is a certain *seal* required of the receiver in such cases, which I shall not fail to demand of you when I see you next.

Believe me | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS C. B. WILSON,[†1] 14 APRIL 1840

MS John Rylands Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate. | 14th. April 1840.

Dear Mrs. Wilson

Accept my best thanks for your charming volume,[†2] — and trust me, that the Elegiac Stanzas in particular have lost none of their interest or beauty in my eyes, but that they are, and will always be, together with your kind feeling at that time, fresh in my recollection.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson.

To THOMAS HILL,[†3] 14 APRIL 1840*

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | April 14th. 1840.

My Dear Mr. Hill.

Thank you for your kind note, which has truly gratified me. The Clock thank God is going nobly, and I hope I may venture to predict that its future proceedings will not lessen it by any means in your good opinion.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hill Esquire

To ANGUS FLETCHER,[†4] 14 APRIL 1840

Extract in Winifred A. Myers Ltd catalogue, Feb 1953; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 14 Apr 40.

I wish I could say *certainly* that I will come to Edinburgh ... but I *can* say that I mean to come.

Invites Fletcher to come South and to stop here — you observe that? — *here*.... Reform the poor-laws by all means, but if you wait until you have done that, I suspect you'll find me with bleared eyes and a white beard.... The clock is doing *wonders.* It is rather sharp work, but so long as it is a triumph I don't care for that a rush. I hope the Edinburgh people like

it? Number 3 I rather take to myself. Kate and I [?wished we][†1] were at Edinburgh when the pictures were exhibiting[†2] ... she sends all manner of kind remembrances.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON,[†3] [16] APRIL 1840*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* 15 Apr 40 was Wednesday; presumably CD was writing on 16 Apr (date of PM; year illegible); 1840 confirmed by signature. *Address:* The | Countess of Blessington | Gore House | Kensington.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate
Thursday 15th. April 1840.

Dear Lady Blessington.

Forster communicated to me the substance of your note,[†4] yesterday, and was proceeding to back it by various friendly influences, when I stopped him with the assurance that a request of yours needed no such assistance, and said that I would immediately write to you myself and explain to you my exact situation.

I have (as I think Forster told you) a kind of tacit understanding with my publishers at present, which binds me not to write except for my Clock. It is one which I could, at a word, induce them very cheerfully to relinquish, but the truth is that my thoughts are so constantly and continually occupied with the very difficult game I am playing now, (which I would never have undertaken but with very high stakes before me) that I *have not leisure* to turn them to any other occupation, however slight. I have been for a long time past engaged at times in getting together a little book of voluntary contributions for the benefit of Macrone's (the publisher's) widow, and I assure you that I am so much occupied at this moment that I

cannot even write a short story to complete it, and am keeping it back, to my own unspeakable annoyance and the poor lady's great anxiety.

I have always had an objection to write, and therefore have never yet written, in an Annual. But I assure you most unaffectedly that I could not have resisted *your* appeal,[†1] and would have cheerfully responded to it, had I been less firmly bound and less constantly beset than I am at this moment. Let me hope that next year I shall be able to devote a few mornings to proving to you how very sincere I am in what I say.[†2]

I intended to ride over to Kensington this morning and tell you this and a great deal more to the same purpose, by word of mouth. But not knowing when I should be likely to find you at home, and fearing that any delay on my part might induce you to suppose that I was unmindful of or indifferent to your wish, I have written this note instead.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?16 APRIL 1840]*

MS Private. *Date:* Presumably refers to the same dinner party as next. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday.

My Dear Maclise

What is Bankes's[†3] address? I promised to let him know what time we dine next Sunday — and don't know where he lives.[†4]

Do you feel vagabondishly disposed for this evening? — I have a confused idea of Astley's[†1] or some such place, and in case you were in the same plight would call upon you, or be glad to see you here, about 7 o'Clock or so.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.[†2]

Or, I am now going out Willesden-wards to ride and walk. How do you say about that? We might be public house-ish.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?18 APRIL 1840]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting points to first half of 1840. Possibly Banks was to have dined with CD on 19 Apr, the only Sunday in this period for which Macready records a dinner invitation from CD (*Diaries*, II, 58).

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night

My Dear Maclise.

I found a note from Bankes to-night, pleading another engagement for tomorrow, the sd. engagement having reference to some avocations in behalf of a friend. *As you know the why and wherefore,* of this note coming now, better than anybody, I have no hesitation in saying that I hope you have nothing better to do than to join our party, which is a pleasant one — Talfourd, Lord Nugent,[†3] Macready, Dr. Elliotson, and the rest all friends. Do come, and give me a new reason for enjoying it. We were saying this morning that a dinner here without you, seemed an absurdity.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Send me round a line.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20 APRIL 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Mr Weller appears in Nos 6, 7 and 9 — of which No. 6 seems ruled out by *To* Hall, ?7 Apr, and No. 9 by *To* Forster, ?early May ("We are to be heard of at the Eel Pie House"). CD would probably have been correcting proofs of No. 7 on Mon 20 Apr; weather supports.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning

My Dear Forster

I inclose the proofs, with no further alteration than one or two letters illustrative of Mr. Weller's pronunciation.

Kate and I have been saying this morning, what a pleasant trip it wod. be in this fine weather,[†1] to go down per steamer to Gravesend, dine there, and return in the Evening — Do you feel this at all?

Faithfully Always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, 21 APRIL [1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 21 Apr was Tuesday in 1840; signature supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Morning April 21st.

My Dear Forster

I did not know that Kate had promised Fanny[†2] we would call for *her* to day. As our places are all taken, get you to C & H's per cab.[†3]

I must send my letter to Alphington *tonight,* for an imperative epistle[†4] has arrived, demanding (as though the writer were majestic in his virtue) my opinion upon the "vital questions" already propounded.

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, [24 APRIL 1840]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* clearly the day before next; handwriting supports. Watermark 1839. *Address:* Wait | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Morning.

My Dear Beard.

Will you dine with us on Sunday — alone? I have made a purchase of port which I should like you to taste. It is *raythe*r uncommon.

I am riding, at present, a poney which is something too slight for me. A friend of Topping's has a cob (warranted sound) rising six year old, and price £20 — described as a good trotter and everything about him "in a concatenation accordingly".[†1] He is in an awfully rough state at this minute, but curry-combable of course. I should like to know what you say about him. If Topping brought him up to you at about 10 or 11 tomorrow morning, would you give me your opinion — inspect and try?[†2]

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

I don't care about his being "demnition fast"[†3] as long as he can *keep on.*

To THOMAS BEARD, 25 APRIL [1840]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* 25 Apr was Saturday in 1840; handwriting supports that year. *Address:* (With a quadruped) | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday 25th. April

My Dear Beard

Behold the little horse. As I have only taken one observation of him from a staircase window, while Topping industriously trotted him out of sight, pray don't spare him on my account.

We dine at 6 tomorrow, as I have to write and to take exercise, first. If I call for you at 4 will you come Willesden-wards in the phaeton?

The beer is in a high state of perfection. The port is — but we will not anticipate.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?28 APRIL 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Probably the note from Lady Holland contained the invitation refused in next; handwriting supports.

[ ][†4] | Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Forster.

Your letter found me — my pen blushes to the feather, and my ink turns red as I write it — in bed.

I have said 'yes' to Bulwer, and must therefore say 'no' to Lady Holland

from whom I found a note last night with a bidding for to-day.[†1] The Monday affair had best, I think, stand over.

[ ][†2]

Heres[†3] a day!

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To LADY HOLLAND,[†4] 28 APRIL [1840]*

Text from transcript by Walter Dexter. *Date:* 28 Apr was Tuesday in 1840; reference to Pickwick and the Wellers confirms that year.

1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Tuesday 28th. April

Dear Lady Holland,

Your kind note (dated the 25th.) only reached me *last night*, and as I was at Rochester yesterday[†5] I did not see it until this morning.

I am exceedingly sorry to say that to-day I am engaged, and that the engagement is not one which I can postpone upon so short a notice.

Pray do not suppose that in sending you the Clock, I intended to impose upon you the penalty of acknowledging its receipt. It never occurred to me that any answer was required.

I am almost vain enough to believe that you will be glad to hear of Mr. Pickwick, who, with Mr. Weller and his father, are about to return to public life under Master Humphrey's auspices.[†6]

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?30 APRIL 1840]*

MS Private. *Date:* before Nov 40 on salutation "Maclise" (not "Mac" as later). Catherine was present at the RA private view Fri 1 May[†1] (Macready, *Diaries*, II, 59), but CD was not. Possibly "the inclosed" was the ticket he could not make use of.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning

My Dear Maclise

Kate is very much obliged to you, but will not interfere with the chance of your bestowing the inclosed elsewhere.

Faithfully always
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire

May

To EDWARD MOXON,[†2] 5 MAY 1840*

MS the Executors of the late Miss E. H. Gray.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
5th. May 1840.

My Dear Sir.

Let me thank you cordially, for your beautiful and interesting present,[†3] for which, believe me, I am truly obliged to you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Moxon Esquire

To JOHN OVERS, 5 MAY 1840

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | May 5th. 1840.

Dear Mr. Overs.

I don't think you could have done better than you have done. You do not tell me whether the odd fellow carries his eccentricity so far, as to *pay*.

I should like to know that. If he does, he sustains his character to perfection.

Mr. Adams's letter I return herewith. He appears to be a very nice man indeed.†1

If you can spare time to let me know the result of your proceedings, when any result comes of them, I shall be interested to know how you get on.

And I am always very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Overs.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY MAY 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* clearly 1840 on handwriting. No. 9 of *Master Humphrey* was published 30 May. Possibly this letter and *To* Hunt, 12 May, refer to the same visit to Eel Pie House. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

My Dear Forster

We are †a to be heard of at the Eel Pie House, Twickenham,†a †2 where we shall dine at half after five or thereabouts, and where we will take care of you if you come.

Faithfully Always
CD.

†b I remain dissatisfied until you have seen (and read) *No. 9*†b †3.

To EDWIN LANDSEER,†4 11 MAY 1840*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | May 11th. 1840.

My Dear Sir.

Allan†5 is going to dine with us on Friday at 6, which is the only day he has to spare before going north'ards; and therefore this short notice. If you have no better engagement, will you make one of our little party?

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Landseer Esquire.

To LEIGH HUNT,[†1] 12 MAY 1840

MS British Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday May 12th. 1840.

My Dear Hunt.

A crowd of thanks, treading on each others' heels and tripping one another up most pleasantly — a crowd of thanks, I say, for that Rustic Walk which I have just taken with you, and for the dinner,[†2] and for the no-mention of the bill, or of the little squat doll-looking tumbler which you knocked over with your elbow when you were talking so merrily, and broke.[†3] As to the apostrophe[†4] I wouldn't lay a hand upon it for the world; and shew me the printer who dares to mar it!

I should have been exceedingly glad to shake hands with your son;[†5] but when he called, I was on a rustic walk with Maclise, and was doing all that you did — only not so well — and eating lamb chops, and drinking beer, and laughing like a coal-heaver, — and all this at the Eel Pie House on Twickenham Island, which teaches one geography on the practical method, and

illustrates that problem about the tract of country "entirely surrounded by water", rendering it intelligible and pleasant to the meanest capacity.

Good God how well I know that room! Don't you remember a queer, cool, odd kind of smell it has, suggestive of porter and even pipes at an enormous distance? Don't you remember the tea-board, and the sand, and the press on the landing outside full of clean linen intensely white? Don't you recollect the little pile of clean spittoons in one nook near the fireplace, looking like a collection of petrified three-cornered hats once worn by the dead-and-gone old codgers who used to sit and smoke there? The very sound of the bell — flat like a sheep-bell as if it had caught its tones from listening to it in its idle, shady, drowsy time of rest — the jingling wire more noisy than the bell — I have it in my ears. And closing my eyes, I'm down stairs in the bar where the soda water comes out of the window seat on which the landlady sits o' fine evenings, where the lemons hang in a grove each in its own particular net, where "the cheese" is kept, with great store of biscuits hard by in a wicker basket — where those wonderful bottles are, that hold cordials. You know 'em? great masses of grapes painted on 'em in green, blue, and yellow, and the semblance of an extraordinary knot of ribbon supporting the emblem of a label, whereon is the name of the compound? On one of these is "Lovitch". Great Heaven what is Lovitch? Has it any connection with peppermint, or is it another name for nectar? Tell me my heart, can *this* be Love-itch.[†1]

Oh Hunt I'm *so* lazy, and all along o' you! The sun is in my eyes, the hum of the fields in my ears, the dust upon my feet — and a boy, redolent of the steam engine and sweltering in warm ink is slumbering in the passage, waiting for "Copy".

Tell your son I can shake hands with him though he comes without a letter in his palm. And believe me always

Heartily Yours, in *the* faith,
CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD,[†2] [15 MAY 1840]*

MS Mr C. W. Bliss. *Date:* Handwriting points to first half of 1840; the invitation was doubtless for Fri 15 May (see *To* Landseer, 11 May).

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

My Dear Stanfield

This is an invitation to-dinner, *for to-day*. If the shortness of the notice hasn't taken your breath away, respire 'till you have sent a word of answer.

It is a little party I have made up for old Allan Scotchman and painter, before he goes home'ards. I still want a twelfth. Be that twelfth, and count upon the "tarnal" gratitude of

Yours always Faithfully
BOZ

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To W. HERING,[†1] 16 MAY [1840]

Text from N, I, 257. *Date:* 16 May was Saturday in 1840.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Saturday 16th May

My dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot oblige you in the matter of the enclosed, for I have no interest at the "Chronicle",[†2] and have deemed it best under all circumstances (situated as I am) not to make any.

I hope I need not say how readily I would have complied with your request had it been in my power, or how much I regret the not being able to do so.

Believe me | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 16 MAY 1840*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday May 16th. 1840.

My Dear Macready.

Is the Glencoe day fixed?[†3] I trouble you with the enquiry, because I am anxious to take our Box without delay. It is odd enough that I have dreamt of that Tragedy for the last two nights — two first nights I have had in my sleep; and very indifferently it was done too.

It has occurred to me, whether, as that book was sent about by Moxon, it would not be a good thing to keep the name of the play out of the bill, until the actual night, in order that it might not be identified with Collinson too soon.[†4] Very possibly this has occurred to you; very possibly it is

impracticable, but I don't mind troubling you with the idea, as it has occurred to me very often and seems on better acquaintance to be the more prudent and advisable.

Always My Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?16 MAY 1840]

Mention in next.

Accepting a dinner invitation.

To W. C. MACREADY, [?16 MAY 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Signature points unmistakably to 1840, in which year the only "Thursday the 28th" was in May. CD could scarcely have been writing on Sat 23 May, day of the first production of *Glencoe*; nor on Sat 9 May, when he spent the evening with Macready at Babbage's (*Diaries,* II, 59). Probable date therefore 16 May — Macready's invitation having crossed letter written earlier in the day.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Afternoon.

My Dear Macready.

I am very sorry to say that having a cousin from France[†1] staying with us, we have a small family circle here tomorrow, and cannot get quit of it — which I assure you we would gladly do, to dine in Clarence Terrace.[†2]

I wrote and despatched, two minutes before your note arrived, an acceptance of a dinner invitation for Thursday the 28th. I am now going to write another note to put it off.

Always faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, 17 MAY [1840]

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, 19 July 1907; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace 17 May — clearly 1840 (see *To* Talfourd, 22 May and *fns*).

Saying that Macready is about to bring out "Collinson's" tragedy; mentioning the bubble and speculation in the Sunday papers;[†1] *adding that he is anxious about Talfourd, has dreamt of the production twice already, but is confident.*

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MAY 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 146-7. *Date:* "after the first half dozen chapters", according to Forster (F, II, vii, 146); probably refers to Dick Swiveller's and Fred Trent's conversation over "the rosy" in No. 10 (Ch. 7), published 6 June. Forster had no doubt seen it in proof — probably in the third week of May.

I am very glad indeed that you think so well of the *Curiosity Shop*, and especially that what may be got out of Dick strikes you. I *mean* to make much of him. I feel the story extremely myself, which I take to be a good sign; and am already warmly interested in it. I shall run it on now for four whole numbers together, to give it a fair chance.[†2]

To T. N. TALFOURD, [22 MAY 1840]

Text in N, I, 258 checked from MS Sotheby's, 8 Dec 1964. *Date:* clearly Fri 22 May, "*the* day *before*" the first night of *Glencoe. Address:* Mr Serjeant Talfourd | &c &c.

At your chambers
Friday Morning (*the* day *before*)

My Dear Talfourd.

Macready called on me this morning and begged me to come straightway to you, and urge upon you the propriety of abusing Moxon to the utmost extent of your powers, and impressing upon him a due sense of the

gross and unwarrantable violation of your confidence, of which he has been guilty.

Not content with telling Tom Hill, Wordsworth, Browning,[†1] and Heaven knows who besides, this traitorous publisher told (yesterday) Knowles,[†2] who straightway repairs to the Box office of the Theatre and takes a place for Saturday "to see his friend Talfourd's play". "Mr. Talfourd's play!" cries the box-keeper[†3] "You don't say it's Mr. Talfourd's! Why, it has been kept the closest secret here, and nobody had the least idea of the Author's name!" Knowles replies "oh yes, he knows it from the publisher who is his

publisher too", and in case the man *should* keep the secret, dashes round to Webster,[†4] and there blurts it out again. It ran of course like wildfire through the Theatre, and by last night was generally known to the company.

I really cannot tell you how disgusted I am with the envy and ill-nature of Knowles, who must have known of course that you would not have concealed your name but for some sufficient reason. I am equally disgusted with the coarse and vulgar babbling of Moxon, who I think has behaved most culpably and improperly. This last-named person you *can* take to account for his conduct — and I hope you will.[†5]

Macready is still very anxious (as no doubt you will be also) that every effort should be made to prevent the spreading of this disclosure and keep it quiet; the chances in our favor being strengthened by the shortness of the time that will yet intervene before the play is presented. He is also exceedingly anxious for you to state in your preface *the exact circumstances under*

which the play was put into his hands,[†1] as he naturally feels himself in a very awkward position with reference to Webster, who is, of course, not over-flattered to find that a matter kept so scrupulously from him has been confided to Knowles (with whom nobody trusts anything) and by him belched out to his own boxkeeper.[†2] I promised, to put him at his ease on these points, that I would see you immediately, and so went to Guildhall. Finding the court shut up, and you absent from here, I have scribbled down the substance of what I had to say to you. — I need only add that so far as my share in the presentation of the play goes, [you][†3] cannot state anything which will not be pleasant to [me; so][†4] freely use my name if you think proper.

I am more confident than ever. I[?was at the][†5] Rehearsal yesterday, and cannot keep away to day [ ][†5] possibly be done tomorrow, and what will become [of Master][†5] Humphrey's Clock, I don't know — it's your fault, that's [my ?view].[†6]

Always My Dear Talfourd | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM BRYDEN,[†7] 23 MAY [1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* 23 May was Saturday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning May 23rd.

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your note. I greatly regret having been

compelled to trouble you in the matter; but you will see that my doing so was unavoidable.

I think with you — not only that the conduct of these Cuffs[†1] is most unjustifiable, but that it is paltry and mean in the extreme. It is as bad as the dinner they gave us, and no known language could express anything worse than that.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Bryden Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 24 MAY [1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* obviously the morning after the first night of *Glencoe.*

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Morning May 24th.

My Dear Macready.

Talfourd, armed with his proposed preface,[†2] will call with his carriage — first for me to-day, and then for you.[†3] I arranged on our joint behalf that we would be ready for him at half past Six.

I inclose you the letters he received from Knowles and Moxon.[†4] Will you put them in your pocket, so that he may have them back?

The Messenger waits to know how Mrs. Macready[†5] is after the anxieties and delights of last night. I should think *you* must be rather the worse today. I have seen you play ever since I was | *that* high, but I never saw you make such a gallant stand as you did last night, or carry anything through

so triumphantly and manfully by the force of your own great gifts.[†1] If I felt the agitation of an anxious author yesterday, I assure you that I feel the gratitude and admiration of a successful one this morning.[†2]

Always Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To MRS CHARLES SMITHSON,[†3] 27 MAY 1840†

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Immediate | Mrs Smithson | Southampton Buildings.

Wedy. | 27th. May/40

My Dear Mrs. Smithson

In the hope and belief that an extra knife and fork will not pierce your heart, and in the assurance that you will be glad to see him, I am going to bring Maclise with me today, [†a]with whom I have been walking this afternoon and was in a manner pledged to dine.[†a]

Forgive the penitent and weeping
BOZ.

To GEORGE BRIGHTWEN,[†4] 28 MAY 1840

Facsimile in American Art Association catalogue, Apr 1929.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park London
May 28th. 1840.

Sir.

In reply to your letter, I beg to inform you that the portrait originally published in Nicholas Nickleby, and since published separately by Messrs. Chapman and Hall is considered the best likeness that has been engraved

of its author.[†1] You can order it of any bookseller. There is another published with the signature of "*Boz*",[†2] which I am told is not so good.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

George Brightwen Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE MAY 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 147. *Date:* Ch. 8, describing Dick's behaviour at the Wackles's party (No. 11, published 13 June), was probably in proof before 1 June, when CD left London (on 5 June he had finished writing No. 12).

Dick's behaviour in the matter of Miss Wackles will, I hope, give you satisfaction. I cannot yet discover that his aunt has any belief in him, or is in the least degree likely to send him a remittance, so that he will probably continue to be the sport of destiny.[†4]

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE MAY 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 158. *Date:* May 40 according to Forster; during the week before CD and family left for Broadstairs.

I don't know of a word of news in all London,[†5] but there will be plenty next week, for I am going away, and I hope you'll send me an account of it. I am doubtful whether it will be a murder, a fire, a vast robbery, or the escape of Gould,[†6] but it will be something remarkable no doubt.[†7]

To W. C. MACREADY, [?MAY 1840]*

MS Tenri University Library, Japan. *Date:* Signature suggests May 1840.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Macready.

The orders I want, are for tonight.[†1] The ravenous demand is four *in two two's.* Forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more.

Kate sends her love, and enquiries after Miss Macready.[†2]

Always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To HENRY GILPIN,[†3] 30 MAY 1840

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
May 30th. 1840.

Dear Sir

I seize a moment before leaving town for a few weeks, to acknowledge the receipt of your note, dated the day before yesterday. I should be most happy to promote your object, but I fear it is not in my power to do so. The *worthiness* of your work, no one, I imagine, can question for a moment.

Dear Sir | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Gilpin Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?31 MAY 1840]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* shortly before CD's June visit to Broadstairs on evidence of signature.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday.

My Dear Mitton

I have taken Topping on again. As you said you would look at the advertisements for "grass", I have told him to call upon you on Tuesday morning, and see whether you know of any place to which he can take the noble animal. If you have not seen anything that will suit, will you appoint a time with him when he may call again?

I shall write you very soon from Broadstairs. Any letter addressed to

me there, will find me. Our house is next to Barnes's[†1] Library and everybody in the place will know all about us.

Think well about coming to the sea breeze.

Always your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

June

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 JUNE 1840

MS Comtesse de Susannet. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

37 Albion Street Broadstairs.
Monday Night June 1st. 1840

My Dear Beard.

With that tremendous energy which characterizes the proceedings of this establishment, we thought of coming here one day last week, and accordingly came this very morning. We have been in the house two hours, and the dining-parlor closet already displays a good array of bottles, duly arranged by the writer hereof — the Spirits labelled "Gin", "Brandy", "Hollands" in autograph character — and the wine tasted and approved. The castors already boast mushroom ketchup, harvey,[†2] cayenne, and such like condiments; the writing table is set forth with a neatness peculiar to your estimable friend; and the furniture in all the rooms has been entirely re-arranged by the same extraordinary character. The sea is rolling away, like nothing but the sea, in front of the house, and there are two pretty little spare bedrooms waiting to be occupied.

We mean to stay here a Month, and to return, please God, for another Month in the beginning of September. For occasional manly sports in July and August, I shall endeavour to find some queer cabin at Cobham in Kent.

Meantime verbum sap. Every Saturday Morning at 9 o'Clock[†3] there is a Ramsgate steamer leaving London Bridge Wharf, which, being boarded off this place by a boat belonging to it, will deposit you in the family's arms. On Monday Mornings you can leave here either at 8 or 9, and be in town, as you please, at about ½ past 3 or ½ past 4.

Therefore, as I am very tired and just now going to bed preparatory to close work tomorrow, I merely forward you these instructions, expecting by return of post a becoming assurance of your duty and submission.

My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 2 JUNE 1840*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Broadstairs | Tuesday June 2nd. 1840.

My Dear Mitton

We arrived here in famous time yesterday, and with no miseries of any kind. The house is beautifully situated, very clean, and very commodious. The place quiet, fresh, and beautiful. I hope you will reconsider the visit I proposed to you, and determine to make it before we leave.

I shall expect to hear from you before long. I shall be anxious to know what Forster and Jerdan[†1] do, and I hope and trust they may be able to arrange that matter and set it at rest for ever. You have heard from Forster, I dare say, of Jerdan's admission that it was intended to include a settlement of the Barnaby question? That's a great point, I know you will think, as I do.[†2]

We had a heavy shower here this morning, though a very short one. For the rest, as I look for news to those whom I have left behind me in "old england",[†3] I can only commend myself as being now and ever

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

Nothing *yet* from Alphington.[†4]

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 JUNE 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 159. *Date:* Tues 2 June according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

Before I tasted bit or drop yesterday, I set out my writing-table with extreme taste and neatness, and improved the disposition of the furniture generally.[†5]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 2 JUNE 1840

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs | Tuesday June 2nd. 1840.

My Dear Maclise.

My foot is in the house,
My bath is on the sea,
And before I take a souse
Here's a single note to thee.[†1]

It merely says that the sea is in a state of extraordinary sublimity, that this place is, as the Guide Book most justly observes, "unsurpassed for the salubrity and purity of the refreshing breezes which are wafted on the ocean's pinions from far distant climes" — that we are all right after the perils and voyages of yesterday — that the sea is a rowling away in front of the window at which I indite this epistle — and that everything is as fresh and glorious as fine weather and a splendid coast can make it. Bear these recommendations in mind, and shunning Talfourdian pledges and Elyian blandishments,[†2] come to the bower which is shaded for you[†3] in the one pair front, where no chair or table has four legs of the same length, and where no drawers will open till you have pulled the pegs off, and then they keep open and won't shut again.

COME![†4]

I can no more.[†5]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY DENMAN,[†1] 4 JUNE 1840*

MS Mr John Schroder.

Broadstairs | Thursday June 4th. 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens would have had the utmost pleasure in waiting on Lady Denman on Saturday evening but he is unfortunately absent from town for a month, and cannot avail himself of her kind invitation.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 5 JUNE 1840†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Broadstairs. | Friday June 5th. 1840.

Dr. Sirs.

Behold No. XII[†2] which I think will be found a good 'un. No. XIII will finish the part[†3] at rather a good point, I expect.[†4] I will write you more at large when I send the subjects for it,[†5] which *I hope* will be by the Post from here, on Sunday Night.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

[†a]I shall expect to hear from you on Sunday. (*Sunday*)[†a]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY JUNE 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 147. *Date:* placed by Forster after extract of ?late May about *Master Humphrey* No. 11; probably refers to No. 13 (see *fn*) — the first chapter of which CD would have finished a few days after 5 June (see *To* Chapman & Hall, that day).

I was obliged to cramp most dreadfully what I thought a pretty idea in the last chapter. I hadn't room to turn.†6

To H. G. ADAMS, 9 JUNE 1840*

MS Dr A. N. L. Munby.

Broadstairs | 9th. June 1840.

Dear Sir

Let me thank you in few words for your letter, and express (with the very soul of wit whose name is brevity)†1 my hope that the Kentish Coronal will not wither yet.

I am so constantly and closely occupied, that I am obliged to reduce even my letters to this standard. Can I give you a more emphatic answer to your request?

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To ROBERT KNOX,†2 9 JUNE 1840*

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs. | June 9th. 1840.

Dear Sir

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter (which has been forwarded to me), and should have had very great pleasure in attending the dinner on the 20th.†3 but that I am staying here at present for a few weeks, and cannot spare the time which would be occupied in travelling to and fro.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Knox Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12 JUNE 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 158. *Date:* The "heroic speeches" of Edward Oxford (see *fn*) were reported in the papers on 12 June. *From* Broadstairs.

It's a great pity they couldn't suffocate that boy, Master Oxford,[†4] and say no more about it. To have put him quietly between two feather-beds

would have stopped his heroic speeches,[†1] and dulled the sound of his glory very much. As it is, she will have to run the gauntlet of many a fool and madman, some of whom may perchance be better shots and use other than Brummagem firearms.[†2]

To JOHN DICKENS, [14 JUNE 1840]

Mention in next.

To THOMAS MITTON, 14 JUNE [1840]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 14 June was Sunday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

Broadstairs | Sunday 14th. June

My Dear Mitton

When I came home last evening from an afternoon's excursion, I found the inclosed from my father, which had arrived by the Day Mail. This morning I wrote and despatched the reply of which I send you the Rough Draught. Keep them both safe, please, till I return.

You can shew them, of course, to Forster. If you can spare time, I should like to see a line or so of your handwriting by return.

[Sm]ithson[†3] is at Ramsgate, and [?comes he]re[†3] today.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD.

Brilliant Weather!

To THOMAS MITTON, 16 JUNE 1840

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Comtesse de Suzannet): Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London. PM 17 June [1840].[†1]

Broadstairs | June 16th. 1840.

Dear Tom.

I am sorry to hear about that eye of yours, and think sea water would be the thing to cure it. We are flourishing exceedingly, and as brown as berries. I am up every morning at 7, and usually finish work for

the day, before 2. I hope on Friday Night next, to have gained a number.[†2] It takes a long time doing, I can tell you.

With regard to your difference with Smithson[†3] (respecting which you do me a great injustice if you suppose I am not the person most interested, next after yourself) we must have a long talk upon the subject when I come back. Meanwhile there are two or three points which perhaps I don't clearly understand. They are these: —

As you have drawn the £600 quarterly, and may therefore be presumed to elect at the beginning of the year, would it not have been better to have urged this matter *prospectively* rather than fall back upon the second year, which had expired? And when he talked about dissolving the partnership, would it not have been better to have expressed the utmost astonishment at such a reply to your just demand, than for one moment to have entertained or hinted at the subject of *terms*? You seem to me to have made a mistake here, for a man like him would immediately think that a dissolution was your real object, and run his head against that one idea for evermore. Was there any intemperance or heat in the discussion, on either side or on both; and when he made this apparently monstrous tirade about an apology, had he any excuse in the *manner* and not the matter of your demand?

These latter questions only relate to the particular conversation. What I want to know upon the main point, is this:

Does your receiving these quarterly sums, affect your right to claim for the third of the profits during the time over which those receipts extend? Or, did you want to know the state of the accounts, in order that you might, upon seeing them, decide whether you would continue to take your share, or the guaranteed amount? If this were your object, did you state it to him plainly, and did he merely evade it by saying it was not convenient, and so forth?

In any case, it seems to me that you — making the demand in a straightforward and gentlemanly manner — have an undoubted right to know at the close of every year, the exact state of the accounts down to the uttermost farthing, or it is no partnership at all, and you might as well (or

better) be managing the business. And I think that this is a claim so clear and plain that, if you referred it to a friend, I for one would readily prefer it on your behalf and insist upon it besides.[†1]

I wish you would decide me on these doubts, and tell me how you met and what you said. I have made a great many erasures and mistakes in this short space,[†2] but I have nearly written my head off this morning and am dismally stupid. Don't leave this about, as there are ladies in the neighbourhood, and always believe me

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 JUNE 1840]

Extracts in F, II, vii, 147 and F, II, viii, 159*n*. *Date:* 17 June according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

It's now four o'clock and I have been at work since half-past eight. I have really dried myself up into a condition which would almost justify me in pitching off the cliff, head first — but I must get richer before I indulge in a crowning luxury. Number 15,[†3] which I began to-day, I anticipate great things from. There is a description of getting gradually out of town, and passing through neighbourhoods of distinct and various characters, with which, if I had read it as anybody else's writing, I think I should have been very much struck. The child and the old man are on their journey of course, and the subject is a very pretty one.

Pondering on what might be done to help off the unsold stock of Oliver[†4] *when he had regained the copyright from Bentley, CD suggests:*

Would it not be best to print new title-pages to the copies in sheets and publish them as a new edition, with an interesting Preface?[†5] I am talking

about all this as though the treaty were concluded, but I hope and trust that in effect it is, for negotiation and delay are worse to me than drawn daggers.

To THOMAS MITTON, 18 JUNE 1840

Text from N, I, 263. *Address* (envelope, MS Dickens House): Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildgs. | Chancery Lane | London. PM Ramsgate 18 June 40.

Broadstairs | 18th June 1840

My dear Mitton,

Nothing can be plainer than your case,[†1] I am delighted to find that it is so — almost as much pleased to find that there is more than a chance of seeing you here.

Let the Miscellany papers go.[†2] They are of no great worth, and when one has the Devil on one's shoulders, it is best to shake him off, though he has one's cloak on.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN BLACK,[†1] 21 JUNE 1840*

MS Mr H. J. O. Harris.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday June 21st. 1840.

My Dear Sir

If you have no objection to the insertion of the accompanying letter in Tuesday's Chronicle, I should *very much like* to see it there.[†2]

I have marked this letter "immediate" as I am staying at this place until the beginning of next week, and fear it might otherwise come to you a day after the fair.[†3]

Believe me My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Black Esquire

To THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE, [?21 JUNE 1840]

Text from *Morning Chronicle,* 23 June 40; signed "Manlius". *Date:* Presumably this was the letter enclosed in *To* Black, 21 June.[†4]

Sir

At the risk of giving some offence to the members of a profession which is accounted (and justly so, when its duties are becomingly exercised) a

highly honourable one, I beg to propose to you, and through you to the public mind, a few questions which have been suggested to me in the reports of the late trial of Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell.[†1]

Firstly, Was Mr. Phillips,[†2] the counsel for the prisoner, justified, knowing as he did his client's guilt from his own confession to himself,[†3] in seeking to cast the guilt of a foreknowledge of the murder, if not of the murder itself, upon the prisoner's female fellow servant,[†4] a witness on the trial?

Secondly, Was Mr. Phillips justified in distinctly and solemnly stating his conviction that the stolen articles found in the prisoner's box had been placed there by the police for purposes best known to themselves, when he

well knew at the time he made this statement that the prisoner had stolen and secreted them with his own hands?[†1]

Thirdly, Was Mr. Phillips justified in stigmatising the men who, in the discharge of their duty, had been actively and vigilantly employed in tracing the guilty man through all the mazes of his crime, as "inquisitorial ruffians" and "miscreant blood-hounds",[†2] and in applying to them other wild-flowers of speech of the like nature, which are easily grown, but have a very rank and foul smell in the nostrils of honest men?

Fourthly, Was Mr. Phillips justified when he found he could not weaken the force of that most important and remarkable circumstance deposed to by the landlady of the hotel in Leicester-place,[†3] so critically and providentially made known — was he justified, unable to shake this woman's evidence in any degree, in casting disgraceful aspersions on her character; thus seeking to render the discharge of that sacred duty to society which she had come there to perform, not matter of consolatory reflection to her, but a most painful and degrading circumstance?

Whether Mr. Phillips was justified in appealing so frequently and solemnly to his God[†4] in behalf of a man whose hands he knew were reeking with venerable blood, most savagely, barbarously, and inhumanly shed — whether he was justified in doing this, and in plainly stating that the jury, in finding him guilty, endangered their eternal salvation,[†5] is a question in which I have no right or wish to interfere, but which I leave between that gentleman and his own conscience.

For myself, sir, I am a plain man, and perhaps unable to balance the advantages of continuing that license which is extended to counsel, against the disadvantage of restricting and confining it within more limited bounds. But the impression made upon me (and if it be made upon me, I have a right to assume it is made on many other practical men also), by the perusal of these proceedings, is — firstly, that I never would stretch out my hand to arrest a murderer, with these pains and penalties before me; and, secondly,

that no earthly consideration should induce me to permit my wife or daughter to give evidence at the Old Bailey, if any effort of mine could shield her from such a trial.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,
MANLIUS.[†1]

To W. SCROPE,[†2] 22 JUNE 1840*

MS Private.

Broadstairs, Kent | Monday June 22nd. 1840.

My Dear Sir.

Your note and inclosure have been forwarded to me here, where I am staying until the end of the month. If you should see Lady Shelley,[†3] may I trust to your kindness to spare her the trouble of any formal communication from me, and to say that I hope to have the pleasure of availing myself of her kind Invitation on my return to town?

My Dear Sir | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Scrope Esqre.

To GEORGE CHAPMAN,[†4] 25 JUNE 1840

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, March 1923; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Broadstairs, 25 June 40.

Every day since I have been here (except on Mondays when in common with other vagabonds I usually make holiday) I have been at my desk for many hours ... my country escapes must be limited for the present to quiet places near at hand, where I can take root and put out my *leaves* without interruption,

To THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE, 26 JUNE 1840

Text from *Morning Chronicle*, 29 June 1840; signed "Manlius".[†1]

Friday, 26th June.

Sir,

As I addressed my last letter to you from Kent, at a distance of nearly eighty miles from London, where I still am, and as I did not see your paper of Thursday until noon to-day, I need offer no apology to you for not returning an earlier reply to the "Templar".[†2]

It strongly occurs to me, sir, as I have no doubt it has occurred to many of your readers, that this "Templar" is a very young one of that order of Knights Templars who first make their giants and then kill them. For the "Templar", assuming that I mean to do what I do not, girds up his loins to attack his own assumption (whose weak points none, of course, know better than he), and having pierced it with several small wounds, concludes that he has vanquished me. I regret to awaken the Templar from his agreeable delusion, but I beg to say that his assumption and my questions are identified in no one respect.

The plain state of the case, and the plain drift and purport of my letter which you printed in your Tuesday's paper, was this: — Mr. Phillips being counsel for a murderer, and having received from that murderer's lips a confession of his guilt,[†3] does not confine himself to defending that man, and endeavouring to show by argument or inference that he may not have been guilty of the crime, but attacks with violent language the witnesses for the prosecution, *whose evidence he knows is true*, and plainly imputes his crime to them. I ask, was this necessarily part and parcel of Mr. Phillips's duty to his wretched client? I know it was his bounden duty to defend one side, but did the discharge of that duty of necessity include a most foul attack upon the other? Could he not argue that his client was guiltless of the murder without attempting to show that the witnesses against his client were guilty of it, and of other crimes almost as bad, themselves? Is there any man of common sense and reason (not a logician as the "Templar" is),[†4] who can fail to see this broad and manifest distinction? And have Lord ERSKINE'S remarks on PAINE'S trial[†5] — which I cannot but think that the "Templar" quotes rather as a proof of his legal reading than for any useful purpose — the remotest influence upon or application to it?

The "Templar" speaks of the "startling equivocation" of the landlady

of the hotel in Leicester-place. I could wish with you[†1] that he had pointed out in what it consisted. Will he say that it related to a point of fact respecting which the truth was likely to be elicited by such questions as

"who slept with her when her husband was away?" or that it gave Mr. Phillips the faintest glimmering of a right to raise the insinuation that she was an adulteress and a strumpet?

Upon this last point, sir, I shall take leave to make a remark which will kindle the ire of a great many Templars, I have no doubt; but as I appeal from Templars to those who employ them, and to those by whose opinion, strongly and properly expressed, their too free flights may be at last restrained, I shall venture upon it notwithstanding. It is, that in cross-examination of all kinds, but especially in the cross-examination of women, counsel do most abominably and shamefully abuse the licence they enjoy. Every man — not being a Templar or other party concerned — who has watched a criminal trial, or who has sat upon a jury at the Old Bailey, knows that a counsel cross-examining a female in a desperate case invariably begins with a reckless assault upon her character; and that when he has bullied her into a state of extreme confusion, and shamed her modesty into tears, he triumphantly calls upon the jury to observe her "equivocation" and embarrassment.

All the questions which I propounded in my former letter I repeat; and I beg, emphatically and earnestly, to call the calm attention of your readers to them once again. I recognise the right of any counsel to take a brief from any man, however great his crime, and, keeping within due bounds, to do his best to save him; but I deny his right to defeat the ends of truth and justice by wantonly scattering aspersions upon innocent people, which may fasten a serious imputation upon them for the remainder of their lives — as those so profusely showered by Mr. Phillips would have done in this instance, in the not impossible case of Courvoisier having been acquitted. In so doing, I maintain that he far oversteps his duty, and renders his office, not a public protection, but a public nuisance.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,
MANLIUS.

To MRS MARJORIBANKS,[†2] 26 JUNE [1840]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* 26 June was Friday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Friday 26th. June.

Dear Mrs. Marjoribanks.

I should have had real pleasure in availing myself of your kind invitation

for last Thursday, but that I have been staying here since the beginning of the month, and do not return to town until its close. Your note was only forwarded to me this morning, or I need scarcely say I should have answered it immediately.

I beg to be remembered to Mr. Marjoribanks and your daughters,[†1] and am
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Marjoribanks.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?LATE JUNE 1840]

Extract in unidentified catalogue; from Broadstairs; signed initials. *Date:* perhaps referring to the smoking chimney (see 4 July) and written shortly before CD's return to London at the end of June.

Will you see after the subject matter enclosed, and if any alteration must be made, direct Topping accordingly; I should like the neighbourly scamp in question (who is of course a Jew) to know that I appreciate the neighbourly manner in which he has made his communication.[†2]

To W. C. MACREADY, [?30 JUNE 1840]

Mention in Macready, *Diaries*, II, 67. *Date:* Macready recorded its receipt on 30 June.

A very humorous card of inquiry[†3] *from Dickens, Maclise and Forster*.[†4]

July

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 JULY [1840]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 1 July 40. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday 1st. July

My Dear Beard.

If you have nothing better to do, will you come and dine with us next Sunday? The hour is Six, but if you are for a walk beforehand, I am your man.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?EARLY JULY 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Signature suggests late May to early July 40; probably July since at end of May Forster was away from London and in June CD was at Broadstairs. *Address: Wait* | Thomas Mitton Esquire | Southampton Buildings.

At Forster's | Wednesday Morng.

My Dear Mitton

You *will*[†1] receive a note from me appointing one oClock tomorrow for me to call on you. But having come out unexpectedly, I am now here, if you have time to come over.

Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 2 JULY 1840†

MS (copy in clerk's hand)[†2] Mr C. C. Dickens.

1, Devonshire Terrace, | Thursday July 2nd. 1840.

My dear Sirs,

The terms upon which you advance the Money to day for the purchase of the Copyright and Stock of Oliver on my behalf,[†3] are understood between us to be these: —

That this £2,250 is to be deducted from the purchase Money of a Work by me, entitled "Barnaby Rudge", of which two Chapters are now in your hands,[†4] and of which the whole is to be written within some convenient time to be agreed upon between us. But if it should not be written (which God forbid) within five years,[†5] you are to have a lien to this amount on the property belonging to me that is now and will be then in your hands, namely, my Shares in the Stock and Copyright of "Sketches by Boz", "The Pickwick Papers", "Nicholas Nickleby", "Oliver Twist", and "Master Humphrey's Clock", in which we do not include my Share of the Current profits of the last named Work, which I still remain at liberty to draw at the times stated in our Agreement.[†6]

Your purchase of Barnaby Rudge is made upon the following terms. It is to consist of matter sufficient for ten monthly numbers of the size of "Pickwick" and "Nickleby" which you are, however, at liberty to divide

and publish in fifteen smaller numbers if you think fit. — The terms for the purchase of this edition in numbers, and for the Copyright of the whole book, for six months after the publication of the last number, are £3,000. At the expiration of the six Months, the whole Copyright reverts to me.[†1]

[†a]I had nearly omitted to mention, that as a security to you, my life is to be insured in the sum of Fifteen hundred Pounds. The remainder of the money you advance, being for the purchase of the Stock which you will have on hand, need not (as I take it) be included in the Policy.[†2] —

Dear Sirs | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?2 JULY 1840]

Text from City Book Auctions catalogue No. 551; *MS* 1 p.; n.d. *Date:* probably 2 July 40, enclosing last.

My Dear Talfourd.

Enclosed with this are two letters — one which I received from Chapman and Hall last night, and one which I propose to send as an answer thereto this evening. I consulted with Forster this morning about the letter, and he quite acquiesced in its propriety, but I cannot prevail upon myself to send it without first asking your advice. I went to your chambers an hour or two ago but you were not there. May I tax your friendship by asking you to return the enclosed to me when you have [read] them, with one line telling me whether you think I have done right or not? I shall be guided entirely by your opinion.

Always Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [?2 JULY 1840]

Mention in *To* Chapman & Hall, ?3 Aug 41.

A private letter of thanks for the ready and kind way in which the firm had advanced the £2250.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS,[†1] 4 JULY 1840*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday 4th. July 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens has great pleasure in accepting Miss Coutts's kind Invitation for Wednesday the Fifteenth.

To THOMAS MITTON, 4 JULY [1840]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* paper watermarked 1840; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace | 4th. July

My Dear Mitton

I sent over to the District Surveyor this morning, who said "he had nothing to do with my chimneys"[†2] and declined the honor of coming over, intimating that I might go and see him. To this I returned (per Topping) a reply that I should find it inconvenient to Carry the chimney and that I wanted him to survey it and say if it was right or wrong — whereunto he rejoined that "he had nothing to do with my chimnies"[†2] once more, and there the matter ended.

Blast the chimney, what's to be done?

Faithfully always

CD.

To EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, 6 JULY 1840†

MS Morgan Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | 6th. July 1840.

[†a]My Dear Sir.

A kind of impossible possibility occurred to me this morning, and filled me with a shadowy dread. I have determined to apply to you to solve my doubts.[†a] Miss Coutts's card for the fifteenth has solemn mention of a Royal Duke and Duchess[†3] — *are* gentlemen expected to wear court-dresses in consequence?

Forgiving my troubling you. I have already appeared in that very extraordinary costume and am prepared for the worst; [†b]but I have no confidence

in my legs, and should be glad to hear that the etiquette went in favor of trowsers.

My Dear Sir Believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†b]

Edward Marjoribanks Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 7 JULY 1840*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | July 7th. 1840.

My Dear Macready.

I want a couple of orders for Glencoe for a man with a letter of introduction — a mutual admirer of yours and mine — from Liverpool[†1] — any early night except to-night. If you are at home can you return them to me by bearer? If not will you send them down to me?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. S. DALTON,[†2] 8 JULY 1840*

MS Mr Roger W. Barrett.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday 8th. July 1840.

Dear Sir.

I send you a couple of orders for Saturday to the new Tragedy at the Haymarket. If you have leisure and inclination to go, I think I can answer for your being much pleased.

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. S. Dalton Esquire.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 8 JULY 1840*

MS Mr James H. Heineman.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | 8th. July 1840.

My Dear Sirs

There are no alterations to make in No. 16.[†3] Mr. Chapman must have misunderstood me. Go on with it as soon as you please.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 JULY 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 160*n*. *Date:* 8 July 40 according to Forster.

Accept from me, as a slight memorial of your attached companion, the poor keepsake which accompanies this. My heart is not an eloquent one on matters which touch it most, but suppose this claret jug[†1] the urn in which it lies, and believe that its warmest and truest blood is yours. This was the object of my fruitless search, and your curiosity, on Friday. At first I scarcely knew what trifle (you will deem it valuable, I know, for the giver's sake) to send you; but I thought it would be pleasant to connect it with our jovial moments, and to let it add, to the wine we shall drink from it together, a flavor which the choicest vintage could never impart. Take it from my hand — filled to the brim and running over with truth and earnestness. I have just taken one parting look at it, and it seems the most elegant thing in the world to me, for I lose sight of the vase in the crowd of welcome associations that are clustering and wreathing themselves about it.

To EDWARD GOULBURN,[†2] 8 JULY 1840

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1919; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 8 July 40.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?8 JULY 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* watermark 1840; handwriting supports. Last paragraph almost certainly refers to the smoking chimney mentioned in *To* Mitton, 4 July; the party at "little Hall's" is more likely to have taken place on 7 July, celebrating the signing of the Agreement of 2 July, than on 1 July, the day before it.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Mitton.

By the time I was up this morning (having been kept abed by some very doubtful wine of little Hall's) Macready had gone out, and was busily rehearsing at the Theatre. Name another night.

I think as the Smithsons will be here, I won't come out tonight. I'll write or see you tomorrow morning, which will be more to the purpose.

Topping waits to know what news you have — you must have *some*, I think.

Always Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 or 10 JULY 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 157. *Date:* Since this records the end of the chimney dispute, clearly later than Sat 4 July. The visit to Hall "the other night" was on a Tuesday (see *To* Mitton, ?8 July), and CD clearly writing soon after.

I shall give you my latest report of the chimney in the form of an address from Topping, made to me on our way from little Hall's at Norwood the other night, where he and Chapman and I had been walking all day, while Topping drove Kate, Mrs. Hall, and her sisters, to Dulwich. Topping had been regaled upon the premises, and was just drunk enough to be confidential. "Beggin' your pardon, sir, but the genelman next door sir, seems to be gettin' quite comfortable and pleasant about the chim'ley." — "I don't think he is, Topping." — "Yes he is sir I think. He comes out in the yard this morning and says, *Coachman* he says" (observe the vision of a great large fat man called up by the word) "*is that your raven* he says, *Coachman? or is it Mr. Dickens's raven?* he says. My master's sir, I says. *Well,* he says, *It's a fine bird. I think the chimley 'ill do now Coachman, — now the jint's taken off the pipe* he says. I hope it will sir, I says; my master's a genelman as wouldn't annoy no genelman if he could help it, I'm sure; and my missis is so afraid of havin' a bit o' fire that o' Sundays our little bit o' weal or wot not, goes to the baker's a purpose. — *Damn the chimley, Coachman,* he says, *it's a smokin' now.* — It a'nt a smokin your way sir, I says; *Well* he says *no more it is, Coachman, and as long as it smokes anybody else's way, it's all right and I'm agreeable.*" Of course I shall now have the man from the other side upon me, and very likely with an action of nuisance for smoking into his conservatory.[†1]

To THE COMMITTEE OF THE WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION,[†2] 10 JULY 1840

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* To | The Committee of | The Western Literary Institution.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.

July 10th. 1840.

Gentlemen.

I beg to recommend to you, Mr. Thornton Hunt, who is a candidate for the situation of librarian to your valuable Institution.

I venture to commend this gentleman to your notice most warmly and earnestly; not because I have a great esteem and regard for his father, but

because of his own personal character and qualifications. Besides possessing abilities which would qualify him for a much higher station than that which he seeks to fill, he is a person of the highest honor and integrity: most punctual and exact in the discharge of any duties he undertakes, and a truly zealous and conscientious man.

I am happy to bear this testimony to the character of Mr. Thornton Hunt; and I offer no apology, gentlemen, for obtruding it on you, being quite certain that if you elect him, you will never require any.[†1]

I am Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To | The Committee of | The Western Literary Institution.

To LEIGH HUNT, 10 JULY 1840

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 10th. July 1840.

My Dear Hunt.

I send you the testimonial.[†2] If it's too long, or too short, or too little, or too much, send it back again, and I'll write another.

I send herewith an imaginary old shoe which please to throw after your son — instantly if he is at home, and if not, directly on his return.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire.

P.S. I fancied there was the slightest possible peculiarity in your speech last night — just an elaborate show of distinctness — a remarkably correct delivery — an exquisite appreciation of the beauty of the language, with the faintest smack of wine running through it — This was mere fancy, I suppose?[†3]

To JOHN OVERS, 13 JULY 1840

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mr. J. A. Overs | Messrs. Springweiler & Co. | 2 Duke Street | West Smithfield.[†4]

Devonshire Terrace | 13th. July 1840.

Dear Mr. Overs.

Frazer's[†5] flourish about payment was meant for my eye, I think; and it strongly occurs to me that you will have to write to him again.[†6]

I have been greatly interested by your account of the Moral World,[†1] though I cannot make up my mind whether I shall pursue the subject or leave it alone. Several grave questions have arisen in my mind respecting the very doubtful propriety of noticing it at all, when the great object of its Citizens is plainly notoriety.[†2]

I will send you your paper very soon. Meantime, thank you for your letter.[†3]

Yours very truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Overs.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 15 JULY [1840]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* 15 July was Wednesday in 1840; handwriting and "Maclise" in salutation support that year. *Address:* Wait | Daniel Maclise Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Wedy. 15th. July

My Dear Maclise.

My better half is going out to dinner to day, and I am going out at night,[†4] but I shall not want to come home to dress, before Nine or half past. Shall you and I, taking advantage of the beautiful day, walk somewhere, and dine? If so, I'll call for you — or rather you call here, for it's in the way to all foreign parts — at any hour you please. Name it, that's all, and I'll be ready.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To MISS ROGERS,[†1] 16 JULY [1840]*

MS Professor E. S. Pearson. *Date:* 16 July was Thursday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday 16th. July.

Dear Miss Rogers.

I sat in a draught at a party last night, — before an open window and door all the evening — and have such a raging pain to day in every tooth in my head, that I am enduring a perfect martyrdom. I really believe nobody ever had such a complication and concentration of this most abominable torture as I am suffering at this moment.

Will you pity me for not being able to come to you to-day, and pity the cause also? If anything will do me good, I think that will. And pray believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES EDWARDS LESTER,[†2] 19 JULY 1840

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sunday July 19th. 1840.

Dear Sir.

As I have not the complete MS of Oliver[†3] (I wish I had, as it would one

day have an interest for my children) I am enabled to send you a scrap,[†1] in compliance with your request; and have much pleasure in doing so.

Pray make my regards to your lady,[†2] and give her from me the other little packet inclosed. It is the first specimen of the kind I have parted with — except to a hair-dresser — and will most likely be the last,[†3] for if I were to be liberal in this respect, my next portrait would certainly be that of a perfectly bald gentleman.

Believe me Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To Charles Edwards[†4] Lester.

P.S. I should tell you perhaps as a kind of certificate of the Oliver scrap, that it is a portion of the original and only draught. — I never copy.[†5]

To THOMAS CAMPBELL,[†6] 19 JULY 1840*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Thomas Campbell Esquire | 61 Lincolns Inn Fields.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
19th. July 1840.

My Dear Sir.

I cannot lay your letter[†7] aside, without telling you how much pleasure it

gave me to hear from you, and how it came upon me — not as from a slight acquaintance, but from a very old and valued one; for if I have not known you intimately in the flesh, I have been upon most friendly terms with you in the spirit for a long, long, time.

I hope we shall improve this opportunity and become better known to each other. Believe me that you do not rank among the admirers of your genius one more sincere and earnest person than

Yours very faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Campbell Esquire.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 22 JULY [1840]

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954). *Date:* 22 July was Wednesday in 1840; clearly refers to the "dreadful girl" mentioned in next.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday July 22nd.

My Dear Maclise

Kate has a girl stopping here, for whom I have conceived a horrible aversion, and whom I *must* fly. Shall we dine together today in some sequestered pothouse, and go to some theatre afterwards? (My Examiner promise[†1] in the latter respect, lies heavy on my mind.) If yea, will you be here at 4, *or as soon as you like*. If nay, whither can I turn from this fearful female! She is the Ancient Mariner of young ladies. She "holds me with her glittering eye", and I cannot turn away. The basilisk is now in the

dining room and I am in the study, but I *feel* her through the wall. She is of a prim and icy aspect, her breast tight and smooth like a sugar loaf, — she converseth with fluency, and hath deep mental lore — her name is Martha Ball[†1] — she breakfasted in the dining room this morning, and I took my solitary food, tight locked-up in the study. I went out last night and in my desolation, had my hair cut — merely to avoid her. Evins, this is dreadful!

Your wretched friend
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Is Davis[†2] of an excitable and ardent nature — I mean the enthusiastic sculptor? Do you think if I asked him here, he might be got to run away with this tremendous being? She is remarkable for a lack of development everywhere, and might be useful as a model of a griffin or other fabulous monster.

P.P.S Or would he make her bust, and "aggrawate" it. That would be some revenge.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?23 JULY 1840]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Handwriting points to 1840, in which year the only Thursday performances for which both *The Lady of Lyons* and Power were billed were on 9, 16, 23 and 30 July. Among these four dates, CD was free to go only on the 23rd. Reference to the "dreadful girl" (see last) supports.

Your Office | Thursday

Will you come up and dine with us at 5?[†3] We have a box at the Haymarket for Kate to take that dreadful girl, and perhaps you would like to go with us, though it's only the Lady of Lyons[†4] and Power.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, [?23 JULY 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* probably same day as last, mentioning the "dreadful girl"; handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday.

My Dear Macready.

We will come with the greatest pleasure and delight. We must bring the guest, and I'm sorry to say I can't recommend her. But as different people have different opinions, some preferring onions to apples, perhaps you'll like her.

That exquisite pun of yours about the fawning,[†1] was almost lost through hieroglyphical penmanship. I had put your note away when suddenly it dawned upon my mind and a re-perusal convulsed me.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

What time do you dine? — 6?

To THOMAS MITTON, 24 JULY 1840

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | 24th. July 1840.

My Dear Mitton.

Inclosed is a cheque (dated 6th. next month) for[†2] the life Insurance.[†3]

Don't fail to bear in mind [? you come ou]t[†4] of town with us at the [beginning][†5] of September, which I am sure would do you good. A Month at that time of year would not be too long a holiday, and you might come up to town for a day, mid way in that period, if necessary. I shall quite conclude that you go with us; and set it down as a solemn bargain.

I think Broadstairs will surely be the place.

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JULY 1840*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Saturday 25th. July 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Miss Coutts, and exceedingly regrets that having made an engagement to go into Devonshire[†1] on Monday, whence he does not return for ten days, he is prevented from accepting her welcome invitation.

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, 26 JULY 1840†

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 26th. July 1840.

My Dear Landor.

Mr. Shandy's Clock[†2] was nothing to mine — wind, wind, wind, always winding am I; and day and night the alarum is in my ears, warning me that it must not run down. When I received that Swing-like[†3] letter of yours, such visions of Bath sprung up and floated about me that I rung the bell for my portmanteau and putting it on a chair, looked hard at it for three quarters of an hour. Suddenly a solemn sound from the Clock, jarred upon my ears; and sending it upstairs again, I sat down with a sigh, to write.

Gravely and seriously — for it *is* a serious matter — I have been looking forward to a glimpse of you were it only for one day, and am still looking forward, and shall be looking forward for Heaven knows how long. I am more bound down by this Humphrey than I have ever been yet — Nickleby was nothing to it, nor Pickwick, nor Oliver — it demands my constant attention and obliges me to exert all the self-denial I possess. But I hope before long to be so far ahead as to have actually turned the corner and left the Printer at the bottom of the next sheet[†4] — and then — !

In the meanwhile, when you have the grace to write a long letter *I* will have the grace to answer it with one of corresponding dimensions, so take care what you do, and what inflictions you call down upon that poetical sconce,[†5] on which be all peace and happiness and sunny light for evermore!

BOZ.

I was going to put in this place such an effusion (impromptu of course) about *her*,[†6] but as I've only got the first line and the last, and it wants a

dozen or so to express the vast idea, I shall defer it until my next, when I shall certainly dispatch it to you. Until then, give her my love, or if you won't — and upon my word I mistrust you — add it to that little private store of your own, and say nothing about it.

Regards to Mrs. Painter[†1] and the rest of the family of course. Also to that blighted reed[†2] who whispers softly according to the custom of his family and was grown in the softest soil conceivable.

Forster is out of town, but comes home next Wednesday.[†3]

To W. C. MACREADY, [26 JULY 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly 1840 on signature. Basingstoke was on the way to Devonshire, where CD stayed 27 July to 4 Aug. Mrs Macready took her children to Broadstairs on 7 Aug (*Diaries*, II, 72).

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday

My Dear Macready.

I send you Bryant[†1] — not with any idea, however, of your finding time to read the same. Indeed this would have prevented my sending it to you at all, but that the man who forwarded it to me from America, has marked the best pieces in the Index, which saves trouble. I think they are all famous, but perhaps these *are* the best.

I forgot to tell Mrs. Macready to bear especially in mind at Broadstairs in connection with bottled stout, ale, punch, wines and spirituous liquors, Mr. Ballard[†2] of the Albion Hotel — one of the best and most respectable tradesmen in England. He has a kind of reverence for me (you will admire his simplicity) and on the mention of my name will send his very best.

If it clears up, we think of going by the Railroad as far as Basingstoke tonight.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, 31 JULY [1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 31 July was Friday in 1840; paper is watermarked 1840; signature supports that year.

Alphington | Friday Night July 31st.

My Dear Forster.

Bradburys told me you were going to write, but as I have not heard from you, I scrawl a very *short* note (having just finished my number)[†3] to say that we shall be home, please God, on Tuesday Evening. I have taken our places by the Telegraph, albeit it is a monstrously dangerous coach. Coming down, we were *twice* as nearly over as you can conceive. The hills are very steep, and the pace tremendous.[†4]

I don't believe there is anywhere such a perfect little doll's house as this.[†1] It is in the best possible order — beautifully kept — the garden flourishing, the road lively, the rooms free from creeping things or any such annoyance, and the prospect beautiful. I wish you could see it, and but that you have been so roving of late should have asked you to come down and return with us. It is quite a queer thing, and if it were not for recent demonstrations (I speak of those you know of)[†2] would give me unmingled satisfaction. I wonder more than ever how he had the heart to write as he did. I hope that's all over.

They *seem* perfectly contented and happy. That's the only intelligence I shall convey to you except by word of mouth.

Kate joins in kindest remembrances.

Always believe me Dear Forster
Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [31 JULY 1840]

Mention in *To* Cattermole, ?7 Aug 40. *Date:* CD had finished the No. on 31 July (see last). *From* Alphington.

Sending the MS of No. 21 and mentioning "an old Gateway"[†4] as a subject for illustration.

August

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON,[†5] [5 AUGUST 1840]

MS Wisbech Museum & Literary Institute. *Date:* Signature points to Summer 1840; CD had clearly returned to London on Tues 4 Aug as planned (*To* Forster, 31 July).

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Doctor Elliotson.

I only returned to town from Devonshire, late last night. I shall be truly

glad to dine with you on Saturday, and also to meet Mr. Townshend[†1] from whom I have found two kind notes on my table.

Mr. Forster's address is No. 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Doctor Elliotson.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [?7 AUGUST 1840]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* The "old Gateway" was a subject for Ch. 27 (No. 21, published 22 Aug); reference to his visit to Devonshire strongly suggests first Friday after CD's return to London.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning.

My Dear Cattermole.

I sent the MS of the inclosed proof marked Z up to Chapman and Hall from Devonshire, mentioning a subject of an old Gateway which I had put in expressly with a view to your illustrious pencil.[†2] By a mistake, however, it went to Browne instead.[†3] Chapman is out of town, and such things have gone wrong in consequence.

The subject to which I wish to call your attention is in an *un*written No. to follow this one, but is a mere echo of what you will find at the conclusion

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of this proof marked Z.[†1] I want the cart — gaily decorated — going through the street of the old town with the Wax Brigand displayed to fierce advantage, and the child seated in it also, dispensing bills — as many flags and inscriptions about Jarley's wax-work fluttering from the cart, as you please. You know the Wax Brigands, and how they contemplate small oval miniatures? That's the figure I want. I send you the scrap of MS which contains the subject.[†2]

Will you, when you have done this, send it with all speed to Chapman and Hall as we are mortally pressed for time, and I must go hard to work to make up what I have lost by being dutiful and going to see my father.

I want to see you about a frontispiece to our first Clock Volume[†3] which will come out (I think) at the end of September[†4] — and about other matters. When shall we meet, and where?

I say nothing about our cousin[†5] or the baby, for Kate bears this, and will make me a full report and convey all loves and congratulations.

Could you dine with us on Sunday at 6 o'Clock sharp? I'd come and fetch you in the morning and we could take a ride and walk. We shall be quite alone unless Macready comes. What say you?

Don't forget dispatch, there's a dear fellow and ever believe me.

Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To THOMAS HILL, 8 AUGUST 1840

Composite text from facsimile in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 486 (*aa*) and N, I, 267 (*bb*).

[a]Devonshire Terrace | 8th. August 1840.

My Dear Mr. Hill. — I call you "Mr." because you are such a veteran,[†6] though my inclination is to drop any word that *seems* to imply any formality between us, and assume the most irreverential familiarity of address.

I cannot tell you how much pleasure I have derived from your kind note,

and how cheering it is to me to be assured of the friendly interest of one whom I so warmly and truly esteem. I receive your congratulations with true gratification, for I know they are sincere and am proud of a place in your kind recollection and warm heart.

Carry with you to Paris and bring back again, my earnest and hearty friendship. Be a reader as long as I am a writer, and let us hope that we may regard each other with the[a] [b]same feelings as those which animate us now, in some other world where if there will be very few books, there will be (if my faith be at all near the right one) marvellously few Booksellers. Mrs. Dickens's "love".

Faithfully Yours[b]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS MITTON, [?10 AUGUST 1840]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* paper watermarked 1840. Clearly refers to the Broadstairs visit beginning 31 Aug 40; cannot have been written the day before *To* Mitton, 18 Aug; presumably, therefore, a week earlier.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Morning

My Dear Mitton

Will you dine with us on *Wednesday* at 5 instead of to-day? I owe a visit to a gentleman who leaves England tomorrow for a long time; and as the said gentleman addressed a Sonnet to me, have been obliged to engage myself.[†1]

As Macready's house will not be vacant soon enough for our purpose[†2] we have written to Broadstairs today about our old one. We purpose going *on Monday the 31st.* Prepare accordingly.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, [10 AUGUST 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Handwriting points to 1840. Mrs Macready took her children to Broadstairs on Fri 7 Aug: hence the invitation to Macready who was alone until Sat 29th. Since CD was at Alphington on the Monday before Mrs Macready's departure, this letter

was presumably written the Monday after. Macready dined with him on 16 and 23 Aug (*Diaries,* II, 74-5).

Monday.

My Dear Macready

We hope that until we go to Broadstairs you will dine with us every Sunday when you are not better engaged. Is it a bargain?

As you were asking after that little boy who wrote the copies,[†1] I send you the last accounts of him. They have just reached me.

I've got a word. — It's a mineral, and isn't to be found in England.[†2] You have guessed it already, I have no doubt!

Always My Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours

CD.

To ALFRED DICKENS,[†3] 12 AUGUST 1840

Text from N, I, 267.

Devonshire Terrace | 12th August 1840

My dear Alfred,

I am very glad to learn that you have so good a prospect of continued employment in your old quarters.[†4]

By a kind of fatality the servants, among them, lost that unfortunate dog on the day your letter arrived. He had grown very much, looked handsome, and was in high favor. He has not returned, nor can we get any news of him. I have determined never to keep another, be he who or what he may.

We are going to Broadstairs again, on the 31st and have been to Alphington where we found them very well, and looking exceedingly comfortable. The children are "charming" and desire their loves. On our return from

Devonshire, we found the baby[†1] extremely unwell, and Pickthorn considered it advisable to call in Doctor Davis.[†2] We were very much distressed at first, but on consultation they thought there was nothing to be alarmed at, and since then she has improved greatly. She is still very thin, however, and paler than she should be.

I send you on the other side three signatures which I suppose will serve your purpose. There is no news in London — everybody is hurrying out of town — the two great theatres are shut up — and all the watering places are crammed with hot people.

Kate sends her best love. And I am always

You affectionate brother
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SAMUEL ROGERS,[†3] 13 AUGUST 1840

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday 13th. August 1840.

My Dear Sir.

I have decided to publish Master Humphrey's Clock in half yearly volumes — [†a]each volume, containing, of course, the collected Numbers for that period. As the first of these will be out at the end of September,[†4] and I want to settle a point I have in my mind, let me ask a favor of you at once.[†a]

Have you any objection to my dedicating the book to you, and so having one page in it which will afford me earnest and lasting gratification? [†b]I will not tell you how many strong and cordial feelings move me to this enquiry; for I am unwilling to parade, even before you, the sincere and affectionate regard which I seek to gratify.[†5]

If I wrote a quire of notes I could say no more than this. I must leave a great deal *understood,* and only say with a most hearty adaptation of what has passed into a very heartless form, that I am always

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†b]

Samuel Rogers Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 13 AUGUST [1840]†

MS University of Texas. *Date:* 13 Aug was Thursday in 1840.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday August 13th.

My Dear Cattermole.

Will you turn your attention to a frontispiece for our first Volume, to come upon the left hand side of the book as you open it, and to face a plain, printed title? My idea is, some scene from the Curiosity Shop, in a pretty border or scroll work or architectural device; it matters not what, so that it be pretty. The scene even might be a fanciful thing partaking of the character of the story but not representing any particular passage in it, if you thought that better for the effect.[†1]

I ask you to think of this, because, although the volume is not published until the end of September, there is no time to lose. We wish to have it engraved with great care, and worked very skilfully; and this cannot be done unless we get it on the stocks soon.

They will give you every opportunity of correction, alteration, revision, and all other ations and isions connected with the Fine Arts.

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

†aLoves to Cousin and — by the bye what relationship is there between us and the last of the Cattermoles — We†2 must look into this — I have no doubt the nurse can tell — baby meanwhile.†a

To W. C. MACREADY, 17 AUGUST [1840]†

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 17 Aug was Monday in 1840.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday August 17th.

My Dear Macready.

†bMany thanks for the book. I think so well of it *as to have it bound,* and when that's done, you must put your name in it for me.†3

Tuesday the Twenty Fifth shall (God willing) be the day.†1 We have arranged accordingly. Time and so forth we will settle next Sunday.†b †2

What can I say to you, about last night?†3 Frankly, nothing. Nothing can enhance the estimation in which I hold you, or the affectionate and sincere attachment I bear towards you, my dear friend, — and not even your manly and generous interposition can make me eloquent upon a subject on which I feel so deeply and singly.

I am very much grieved, and yet I am not penitent and cannot be, reason with myself as I will. With all the regard I have for Forster, and with all the close friendship between us, I cannot close my eyes to the fact that we do not quarrel with other men; and the more I think of it, the more I feel confident in the belief that there is no man, alive or dead, who tries his friends as he does. I declare to you solemnly, that when I think of his manner (far worse than his matter) I turn burning hot, and am ashamed and in a manner degraded to have been the subject of it.

I have found the soul of goodness in this evil†1 thing at all events, and when I think of all you said and did, I would not recal†2 (if I had the power) one atom of my passion and intemperance, which carried with it a breath of yours.

Ever believe me | My Dear Macready
Yours affectionately and heartily
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. P. HARLEY, 17 AUGUST 1840

MS Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Monday August 17th./40

Deserter of your friends.

A babby is to be christened and a fatted calf killed on these premises on Tuesday the 25th. Instant. It (the calf; not the babby) is to be taken off the spit at 6. *Can* you come, and gladden the heart of the indignant

BOZ

J. P. Harley Esquire

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 17 AUGUST [1840]*

MS The Earl of Harrowby. *Date:* 17 Aug was Monday in 1840.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday 17th. August.

My Dear Sir.

A Hundred thanks for your kind note which I found, on returning from a walk, within two or three minutes after you had called.

We go to Broadstairs at the end of this month, and remain there for five weeks. We are in great hopes of having you for a neighbour again.[†3]

Believe me My Dear Sir
Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?17 AUGUST 1840]

Extract in John Waller catalogue No. 133 (1882); *MS* (signed initials) 2 pp.; from Devonshire Terrace. *Date:* probably the day before *To* Mitton, 18 Aug — which seems to have been written the day CD had intended to go to Broadstairs (since he had not gone, he could ask Mitton to dinner).

I find that if I would have a House at Broadstairs, I must go there and get one. With this view I shall start tomorrow morning, will you run down with me? Say "yes", and come and sleep here tonight.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?17 AUGUST 1840]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably same day as last.

To THOMAS MITTON, 18 AUGUST [1840]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* Letter is endorsed, in an unknown hand: "Given me by Mr. Mitton, at Broadstairs Sepr. 1840".

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday 18th. August.

My Dear Mitton

This comes to say that I didn't go to Broadstairs (thinking better of it) but wrote. Wherefore if you will dine with us *to day* at half past 5, we shall be glad to see you.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?19 AUGUST 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 147. *Date:* probably the day before he began Ch. 33 (the first chapter in No. 24, published 12 Sep), which opens with a description of Sampson Brass's house. Since CD finished No. 25 on 2 Sep (*To* Forster, that day), and was writing on an average one No. a week, the likely date for his beginning No. 24 seems about 20 Aug.

I intended calling on you this morning on my way back from Bevismarks,[†1] whither I went to look at a house for Sampson Brass. But I got mingled up in a kind of social paste with the jews of Houndsditch,[†2] and roamed about among them till I came out in Moorfields, quite unexpectedly. So I got into a cab, and came home again, very tired, by way of the city-road.

To HENRY COLBURN,[†3] 19 AUGUST [1840]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* 19 Aug was Wednesday in 1840.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday August 19th.

My Dear Sir.

Mrs. Dickens and I, very much regret that we have an old engagement for tomorrow evening, and cannot have the pleasure of accepting your kind Invitation; which we should otherwise have done with exceeding pleasure.

I send this *in*formal reply to your card, in order that I may take the opportunity of dashing[†1] even this small piece of friendly intercourse, with business. I had this morning a most urgent note from poor Mrs. Macrone enquiring after her book and imploring me not to delay getting the money for her fatherless

children. I assure you that I have been greatly pained and grieved by the contents of her letter, and am deeply and earnestly anxious to bring the matter to an issue.

When do you propose to publish it and in what state is it? For God's sake do not delay it beyond November.[†2] And let us have a final meeting upon the subject one day between this and the 31st. when I leave town for six weeks.

Don't forget this, but be a worthy and considerate bookseller,[†3] and I'll preserve your image in spirits in my mental Museum as a good agreeable phaenomonon.[†4]

My Dear Sir Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Colburn Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?20] AUGUST [1840]

Text from Eleanor E. Christian, "Recollections of CD", *Temple Bar*, LXXXII (1888), 482-3.[†5] *Date:* clearly misdated. 19 Aug was Thursday in 1841; but Mrs Christian's references to the rumour that CD was mad ("Reminiscences", p. 338: cf. *To* Forster, 6 and 13 Sep 40) and to Angus Fletcher's eccentricities (*ibid*: cf. *To* Maclise, 2 Sep, *To* Forster, 20 Sep) show that the holiday she shared with the Smithsons at Broadstairs took place in 1840.[†6]

Devonshire Terrace, | Thursday, 19th August.

My dear Mitton.

The only intelligence we can get about the houses on the Terrace at Broadstairs is, that there are two to let, or nearly to let, one (certainly empty at this moment) a little to the left of our old house, supposing you were looking out of the window upon the blue, the fresh, and ever free;[†7] the other a little more to the left still, and commonly called or known by the name of Barfield's Cottage.

This Barfield's Cottage will be vacant (we are told) upon the twenty-first. But the devil of it is that at this season of the year they won't keep the houses even a week for you, and consequently Barfield's Cottage is meat for our masters.[†1] The other house must be either the one which Smithson looked at, or one close to and exactly like it.

If he wants to get up a picture of this last-named tenement in his mind, ask him if he don't remember going with Kate and me and the man from the library to look at a house, and stealing in at the kitchen-door past the water-butt and coal-cellar.[†2] That house was next the library on the side nearest London — the library being between it and ours. I am not sure that this particular house is the same, but it must be either the next door to it, or the next door but one. The terms I don't know, but they are certainly *not more than* five guineas per week, I should say....

In short, nothing can be done without going down in person, for the place is very full indeed, and the people wildly rapacious and rearing up on their hind legs for money. The day to go down upon is *a*

Monday, for there is a chance of some family having gone out upon that morning, it being a great departure day. If you put all this into your partner's pipe, tell him that I wish, for his sake and my own too, I could fill it with more substantial matter.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?24 AUGUST 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD probably went down to Broadstairs on Wed 26 Aug and stayed the night; for he had in person "engaged a house" there by the morning of Thurs 27th (*To* Mitton from Broadstairs, that day). No other visit to Broadstairs on a Wednesday is known during the period in which he was writing to Miss Coutts in the third person. If written on 24 Aug, the note is disingenuous; but CD (engaged all Tuesday with Katey's christening celebrations) did not dare postpone his house-hunting in Broadstairs beyond Wednesday, and the beginning of the family holiday seemed the best excuse. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Evening

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Miss Coutts and greatly regrets that he cannot have the pleasure of dining with her on Wednesday, as he leaves town on that morning for a few weeks on the Coast.

Mr. Dickens deferred answering Miss Coutts's kind note until tonight in the hope that he might have been enabled to postpone his departure for one day. He finds, however, that he could not do so without great inconvenience to others, and is reluctantly obliged to abide by his previous arrangements.

To THOMAS MITTON, [27 AUGUST 1840]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* PM 27 Aug 40. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London.

Broadstairs. Thursday Morning.

My Dear Mitton

In case I should not see you in Devonshire Terrace when I arrive at home this evening (which, however, I have my doubts about) I write you the glad tidings that I have engaged a house — a *very good one*[†1] — and purpose taking possession of it, next Sunday. Let me see you to know if we take steam together, and so forth.

In haste | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To WILLIAM HALL, [?28 AUGUST 1840]

Text from N, I, 285. *Date:* probably 1840 or 41 since not fully dated by CD; an envelope in Eastgate House, Rochester, addressed "William Hall Esquire | 186 Strand" with PM 28 Aug 40 (Friday), may possibly belong with it.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Evening

My dear Sir,

My feelings will not admit of my doing more than acknowledging the receipt of your note and enclosures, and begging you to transmit to Mrs. Hall (*without delay*) the enclosed outpouring of a grateful heart.[†1]

Faithfully yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

September

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 SEPTEMBER 1840]

Extract in F. II, vii, 147-8. *Date:* 2 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I have been at work of course and have just finished a number. I have effected a reform by virtue of which we breakfast at a quarter before eight, so that I get to work at half-past, and am commonly free by one o'clock or so, which is a great happiness. Dick is now Sampson's clerk, and I have touched Miss Brass in Number 25, lightly, but effectively I hope.[†2]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 2 SEPTEMBER 1840†

MS Berg Collection.

The Lawn House Broadstairs. | September 2nd. 1840.

My Dear Maclise.

[†a]Since that melancholy night when we parted in Covent Garden I have been hard at work; you must therefore consider this in the light of "a trifle from Broadstairs" which is of no intrinsic worth and is only valuable for the *sender's* sake.[†a]

You know that *we* know Fletcher didn't go into the Sea that day at Ramsgate?[†3] Well — I had good corroborative evidence yesterday. Seeing me going into one of the Machines he plucked up and said he'd have another. He had the next one. I undressed, went in, waited, still no Fletcher. Determined that he should not escape, I waded under the hood

of his bath and seeing him standing with only his coat off, urged him to make haste. In about five minutes more he fell heavily into the water, and feeling the cold, set up a scream which pierced the air! You never

heard anything so horrible! And then he splashed like a fleet of Porpoises, roaring most horribly all the time, and dancing a maniac dance which defies description. Such a devil — such a bald, howling, fearful devil in buff, I never beheld.[†1]

He distinctly said afterwards that being the *first* time &c &c.

He sketches here, gets beggars and idiots to sit to him on the sands and pier, dresses them in fragments of his own attire (all this, in public) and rewards them with shillings for their pains. He makes acquaintance with old Prout[†2] as he sketches the Pier, endeavours to reconcile Miss Collins[†3] to [Strivens][†4] (the rival bather) goes up into lofts where sails are made, and asks if they can find him half a dozen old apostles to come and sit in the same — and, in short, commits all manner of absurdities. He is decidedly calmer though, than he was in town, but he is as greedy as ever, and he is *here*, and don't say when he'll be anywhere else — there's the Rub.

Come down for a week, come down for a fortnight, come down for three weeks, come down for a month. Arrange to come — arrange to come. It's charming, and the house a most brilliant success — far more comfortable than any we have had.

[†a]Alas! There is no intelligence of The Modest Quencher.[†5] I have

explored Ramsgate, lingered in Margate, flitted like a ghost through Saint Peters, and refused to be comforted in Broadstairs — Still no Quencher. The Moozler[†1] *I have seen* in that quarter of Margate where Moozlers most do congregate — but the Modest Quenchers — ah! where do *they* preserve their shrinking purity!

The theme grows painful. Kate (forgive me for mentioning her) is quite well and desires her best regards. So are the children, and so do they. So am I, and so do I. And I am always

My Dear Maclise | Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire[†a]

To JOHN FORSTER, 6 SEPTEMBER 1840

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC).

Broadstairs | Sunday 6th. Septr. | 1840.

My Dear Forster.

Just look at this dedication[†2] and preface, and let me have a line from you by return.

First of the Preface — Would you say anything more? Would you allude to the mad report?[†3] Would you touch on anything else or treat anything differently? If so, say so, and I'll consider it.[†4]

Secondly, the Dedication. The reason of it, is there. Would you state it? I think I should.[†5]

Your note I got this morning with great pleasure. I have been blundering over the Preface so long that I'm deadly stupid and can't answer it.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To SAMUEL ROGERS, [?8 or 9 SEPTEMBER 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* probably two days or three after last, Forster having no doubt replied by return as CD requested.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS ESQUIRE

My Dear Sir.

Let me have *my* Pleasures of Memory[†1] in connection with this book by dedicating it to a Poet whose writings (as all the World knows) are replete with generous and earnest feeling; and to a man whose daily life (as all the world does not know) is one of active sympathy with the poorest and humblest of his kind.

Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 SEPTEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 148. *Date:* This and next letter are both dated 9 Sep by Forster, but surely mistakenly; for the two mornings referred to are obviously different. Impossible to be sure which was the earlier of the two; but 9 Sep seems a probable date for his beginning No. 27 (Chs 38 and 39) with which Vol. II opened (on Sun 13 Sep he had a corrected proof of No. 26 to send Forster). *From* Broadstairs.

I have opened the second volume with Kit;[†3] and I saw this morning looking out at the sea, as if a veil had been lifted up, an affecting thing that I can do with him bye and bye.[†4] Nous verrons.

To JOHN FORSTER, [SEPTEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 160. *Date:* not the same day as last, as given by Forster, but in the same week. CD had corrected the proof of the Preface by 13 Sep (see *To* Forster, that day, *fn*). *From* Broadstairs.

I was just going to work when I got this letter, and the story of the man who went to Chapman and Hall's knocked me down flat.[†1] I wrote until now (a quarter to one) against the grain, and have at last given it up for one day. Upon my word it is intolerable. I have been grinding my teeth all the morning. I think I

could say in two lines something about the general report with propriety. I'll add them to the proof, giving you full power to cut them out if you should think differently from me, and from C and H, who in such a matter must be admitted judges.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, 13 SEPTEMBER 1840

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC).

Broadstairs | Sunday Morning 13th. Septr./40.

My Dear Forster.

I send you the proofs of 26[†3] — cut here and there, but not otherwise corrected.[†4] *I* am decidedly for the mention in the Preface, leaving out the

word "raving" which you will see I have struck out.[†1] Kate is for it too — Mitton against.[†2]

What do you think of the quotation in the title page?[†3] To be, or not to be? I'm not particular.

Mitton sublimely absurd[†4] — Fletcher horribly mad[†5] — further particulars in future bills.

Always Faithfully

CD.

Will you let Henry in his spare time look out the Clock MS, that I may "arrange" it when I come home?[†1] Anxiously expecting yours.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 SEPTEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 160-1. *Date:* 15 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I have been rather surprised of late to have applications from roman-catholic clergymen, demanding (rather pastorally, and with a kind of grave authority) assistance, literary employment, and so forth. At length it struck me, that, through some channel or other, I must have been represented as belonging to that religion. Would you believe, that in a letter from Lamert[†2] at Cork, to my mother, which I saw last night, he says "What do the papers mean by saying that Charles is demented, and further, *that he has turned roman-catholic?"* — ![†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 SEPTEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, xi, 182*n*. *Date:* 20 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

Mrs. M.[†1] being in the next machine the other day heard him[†2] howl like a wolf (as he does) when he first touched the cold water. I am glad to have my former story in that respect confirmed. There is no sound on earth like it. In the infernal regions there may be, but elsewhere there is no compound addition of wild beasts that could produce its like for their total. The description of the wolves in *Robinson Crusoe* is the nearest thing; but it's feeble — very feeble — in comparison.

An alarming report being brought to me the other day that he was preaching, I betook myself to the spot and found he was reading Wordsworth[†3] to a family on the terrace, outside the house, in the open air and public way. The whole town were out. When he had given them a taste of Wordsworth, he sent home for Mrs. Norton's book,[†4] and entertained them with selections from that. He concluded with an imitation of Mrs. Hemans[†5] reading her own poetry, which he performed with a pocket-handkerchief over his head to imitate her veil[†6] — all this in public, before everybody.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 SEPTEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 148. *Date:* "twelve days later" than letter of 9 Sep according to Forster: i.e. twelve days had passed between CD's beginning No. 27 and receiving a letter written by Forster after reading it in proof. This interval seems likely. *From* Broadstairs.

I am glad you like that Kit number[.][†7] I thought you would. I have altered that about the opera-going. Of course I had no intention to delude the many-headed into a false belief concerning opera nights, but merely to specify a class of senators.[†8] I needn't have done it, however, for God knows they're pretty well all alike.

To [JOHN] EDMONDS,[†1] [?27 SEPTEMBER] 1840

Extract in Goodspeed's Book Shop catalogue, Nov 1914; *MS* 3rd person; dated Lawn House, Broadstairs, 1840. *Date:* N, I, 274 mentions a letter to Mr Edmonds dated 27 Sep 40 — very probably the same letter.

Saying that when he wants anything more in either way [*jewellery or plate*] he will have pleasure in ordering it of Mr. Edmonds.

To HENRY COLBURN, 28 SEPTEMBER 1840

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Broadstairs | September 28th. 1840.

Dear Sir.

Having occasion to send some other papers to our friend Mr. Forster, I have forwarded him the introduction[†2] and title to Mrs. Macrone's book, which he will give you on your application.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Colburn Esquire

October

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 2 OCTOBER 1840

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Broadstairs. | Friday October 2nd. 1840.

Dear Sirs.

I send you eleven slips of MS herewith.[†3] I am suffering, — and have suffered all night, and during the greater part of yesterday — insupportable torture from some complaint in the face — whether rheumatism, tic doloreux,[†4] or what not, Heaven knows. I have had fomentations of various

kinds, but with little or no relief, and am desperately beaten in consequence. I am as bad as Miss Squeers — screaming out loud all the time I write.[†1]

Yours inflammatorily and despondingly

CHARLES DICKENS

I haven't the heart to flourish.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 OCTOBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 148. *Date:* 4 Oct according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

You will receive the proof herewith. I have altered it. You must let it stand now.[†3] I really think the dead mankind a million fathoms deep, the best thing in the sentence.[†4] I have a notion of the dreadful silence down there, and of the stars shining down upon their drowned eyes — the fruit, let me tell you, of a solitary walk by starlight on the cliffs. As to the child-image I have made a note of it for alteration.[†5] In number thirty there will be some cutting needed, I think. I have, however, something in my eye near the beginning which I can easily take out.[†6] You will recognize a

description of the road we travelled between Birmingham and Wolverhampton:[†1] but I had conceived it so well in my mind that the execution doesn't please me quite as well as I expected.[†2] I shall be curious to know whether you think there's anything in the notion of the man and his furnace-fire.[†3] It would have been a good thing to have opened a new story with, I have been thinking since.

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 4 OCTOBER 1840*

MS University of Kentucky.

Broadstairs | Sunday Night Octr. 4th./40.

My Dear Sir

I send you my paper,[†4] in case you should not have seen one. I should have sent you at the same time yesterday's Clock, but not knowing where you may have left off, forbear to bore you with it on the chance.

Further of these 'shoulds'. I should have come to see you to day, but I have been troubled with a raging face, and being out for a few minutes was visited by certain admonitory symptoms which sent me home again, faster than I came out.

I am always My Dear Sir
Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire.

Compts. to Mr. Maltby.[†5]

To THOMAS MITTON, 6 OCTOBER [1840]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* presumably 6 Oct 40, since on 7 Oct Mitton paid £20 into CD's bank (Account-book, MS Messrs Coutts); handwriting supports. *Address:* Private | Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London.

Broadstairs | 6th. October

My Dear Mitton

If you succeeded in drawing the needful, I wish you would pay that £20 into Coutts's for me, *directly*,[†1] if possible. I had overlooked a payment of £60,[†2] which, with the expences of leaving here, will run me for a few weeks very near indeed.[†3]

Should you want it again in a month or so, of course you can have it.

Faithfully Always
CD.

All well.

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 7 OCTOBER [1840]

Mention in Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue, Jan 1910; dated Broadstairs, Wed 7 Oct — presumably 1840, the only year in which CD was at Broadstairs on that date.

To JOHN FORSTER, 12 OCTOBER [1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 12 Oct was Monday in 1840; handwriting supports that year. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday 12th. October.

My Dear Forster.

I have a few letters to write, which will take me an hour or so to finish. I will be with you between One and Two.

Faithfully Always

CD.

I didn't hear your ring last night. *Did* you pull the bell?

To THOMAS SIBSON, [12 OCTOBER 1840]

Mention in next.

To WILLIAM SMITH WILLIAMS,[†1] 12 OCTOBER 1840

Text from N, I, 275.

Devonshire Terrace | 12th Octr. 1840

My dear Sir,

I have just returned to town after six weeks' absence, and hasten to thank you for your friendly congratulations and good wishes, which I do, most cordially.

I have written to Mr. Sibson[†2] by this Post.

Believe me | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 13 OCTOBER 1840

Photograph, Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | 13th. October 1840

My Dear Cattermole

All the Clock Corps dine here on Tuesday next, at Six for half past exactly, to celebrate the completion of the first Volume. You have shewn

your interest in the matter too well to leave me in any doubt of your joining us, and joining us heartily. Therefore I count upon you.

My missis's love to your'n, — and mine.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To CHARLES GRAY,[†1] 13 OCTOBER 1840

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park
13th. October 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Gray, and if he has no better engagement for next Tuesday, begs the favor of his company to dinner (at Six o'Clock for half past punctually) to meet their fellow-labourers in the Clock, and celebrate the completion of the first Volume.

To [R. S. HORRELL],[†2] 14 OCTOBER 1840

MS Public Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park London
14th. October 1840.

Sir.

I should have answered your letter immediately after you sent it to me, had it reached my hands. But as I have been out of town for nearly two months, and as letters addressed to my publishers' are not forwarded to me at those times (being seldom important, and being usually of that kind from which I am anxious to escape) I did not receive your communication until this morning.

The great pressure and extent of my correspondence, added to my other occupations, oblige me to be a man of very few words in my epistolary conversation. First, let me say that I am sincerely and truly interested in the labours and aspirations of all young men. And secondly, that if you wish me to read your poems or any of them, I will cheerfully do so.

But, to this I must add that such a task is to me a very painful one, for I

know, before I enter upon it, that I can do you no service. The influence I have with publishers is solely and entirely personal. While they care for me, they care nothing for my recommendation, as it does not carry profit with it; and I cannot call to mind any one instance in which it has been productive of any good result.

You will therefore place me in the distressing situation, either of telling you that I do not think your productions more likely to succeed than a thousand others which have been languishing in mothy manuscript and vainly trying to burst into butterfly type, for years; or that I consider them very good, and can do no more. But if either of these dicta would give you the smallest satisfaction, believe me that I shall be very happy to be the means towards such an end.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Harford Esquire

To THOMAS HILL, 14 OCTOBER [1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* 14 Oct was Wednesday in 1840.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday 14th. October

My Dear Sir.

Designers, printers, publishers, wood-cutters — in short, the whole of the works of Master Humphrey's Clock dine here next Tuesday at Six for half past exactly, to celebrate the completion of the first Volume. I look upon you as an essential part of the publication; and count surely on your joining us.

I regretted to hear from my brother Fred,[†1] that you had not been very well — though I look upon your being anything but well and cheerful, as a sort of practical joke; not an agreeable thing, but still a thing too preposterous to be considered seriously.[†2]

Always Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hill Esquire

To W. G. TAUNTON,[†3] 14 OCTOBER 1840*

MS New York Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace, York Gate. | Regents Park London
14th. October 1840.

My Dear Sir.

My father tells me you want an autograph of Mr. Macready's. I have looked among his notes, and have turned up the inclosed, which has

nothing in its contents to make its presentation to you, treasonable. I shall be extremely happy to see you if you ever come to town; and begging my compliments to your sister, am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. G. Taunton Esquire

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, [?MID-OCTOBER 1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* 1840 on handwriting; Forster's letter on the back[†1] seems likely to have been an invitation for a few days in London after a visit Landor paid to Cheltenham in mid-Oct.

My Dear Landor.

Here is a small sign-manual which includes a great deal — all manner of hearty recollections and cordial wishes, and all the friendly things you can think of. Come up to London forthwith, and go back when the Railroad's finished[†2] — not an hour sooner.

Faithfully Yours always
BOZ.

(the short signature for convenience)

To J. P. HARLEY, 16 OCTOBER [1840]*

MS Johns Hopkins University. *Date:* 16 Oct was Friday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday October 16th.

My Dear Harley.

The *works* of the Clock-printers, publishers, designers, engravers, and wood-cutters, dine here on the completion of the accompanying Volume, next Tuesday at 6 for half past exactly. Don't tell me that they have put up anything at 'the Garden' which will prevent your joining us — don't, there's a worthy fellow.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 20 OCTOBER 1840*

MS Morgan Library.

Tuesday Morning Octr. 20th. 1840

My Dear Macready.

Many thanks for the offer. If he[†1] attends you here, and lends a hand in waiting at dinner, he will be of great service[†2] I have no doubt.

I have thought of nothing but that Tragedy[†3] — until last night; and since then, I have thought of nothing but Werner.[†4]

Faithfully Yours ever

CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 25 OCTOBER 1840*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire | 14 Russell Place.

Sunday Morning | 25th. Octr. 1840.

My Dear Maclise

I promised to call on the modern Michael Angelo — Patric Park[†5] — to arrange about Sittings, at *Two* to-day. If you are not painting, will you call

there with me? After that, the day being very fine, I should propose a walk 'till dinner.

Any way, I'll call upon you at a quarter before Two. If you're at work, reject me.

Forster being here last night, I sent to you, but you were otherwise and better engaged.

Faithfully Always

C.D.

To EDWARD MOXON, 27 OCTOBER 1840

Extract in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue No. 262; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 27 Oct 40.

Will you have the goodness to send me at your convenience, a copy of each of your famous reprints[†1] (except the Shakespeare) and two copies of Beaumont and Fletcher,[†2] as I want to make a present of one of them.[†3]

[†a]I include the Campbell in one volume, of course; Charles Lamb too by the bye, except the letters,[†4] which I have.[†a]

To JOHN OVERS, 27 OCTOBER [1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* 27 Oct was Tuesday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday 27th. October

Dear Mr. Overs.

First, with regard to the beautiful little model you have sent me, and which I return herewith. The Lion holds in his right paw, a maltese cross, which is made after this manner

✠

— that is to say, so that all the four parts are broad at the base, and go

tapering up to the point whence they diverge.[†1] Of the present itself, let me assure you that *in feeling* I have it — complete and perfect in all its parts — and that come when it will, it will be nothing new, or strange, or long in coming, to me.

Now, with reference to your letter. It was sent on to me at Broadstairs in Kent where I have been for nearly two months; and, as you may suppose, occasioned me a great deal of pain and surprise. I sat down to answer it a great many times, but I really could not bring myself to discuss the question in writing, and postponed it until I should see you. For I thought you would have that confidence in me, and that assurance within yourself that I could not be offended with what was honest and true in intention, that I never once dreamed of your imputing my silence to any feeling of coldness towards you, or any umbrage I had taken on the score of your communication.

But though I should have contemplated this possibility, I cannot, even now, answer your letter, as I would in speaking to you. I do not know and have never known a man on whom riches and honors have had less corrupting influence than the venerable old gentleman[†2] who is the subject of our discussion. I do not know and have never known a more amiable, charitable, or just man in all he says and does. A kinder-hearted or more gentle creature I have never seen. And that he does, every day, a thousand worthy and generous acts, *I know*.

Now, what have I to put against these results of my own reason, observation, and experience, and the evidence of senses which I will not pretend are peculiarly acute, but which I have been accustomed to train to the pursuit of the Truth, and which I believe are as little to be dazzled by the false glitter of the world or its applause as those of most men? This story which is told you by somebody else, and which *must* have relation to some time long ago, or it is a monstrous farce. What do I find in it? That this old man, being then a younger one, had connection with some girl who prostituted herself for money, and had it. I have no reason to believe that he used force, strategem, or any other arts to attain his object. She must have been a willing and consenting party. Supposing the story to be true,

I find nothing in it but this. And good God if such sins were to be visited upon all of us[†1] and to hunt us down through life, what man would escape! You speak of your own daughters. Do you know — *can* you know — that this girl had not gone through the same ordeal a hundred times, and sold her virginity — cheap or dear, according to the buyer's circumstances — over and over again? Consider whether you are not pressing very hard on vices which have been your own no less than his, and whether it would not be honest and right to let virtues which are not everybody's have their fair weight in the other scale.

I cannot write a hundredth part of what I should say, or of what I think, upon this matter. But doing full justice to your honest and upright impulses, I must add that *my faith is not shaken in the least,* and that I very strongly doubt the motives of your authority.

I received, and read, your notes on the Chartist book,[†2] some of which I will shew to Mr. Carlyle[†3] as I am sure he would be glad to see them. I wish you would bring me one of these Sundays two or three of your songs to choose from.[†4] I shall have an opportunity, I hope, at the turn of the year to publish one with your name.[†5]

I have a Beaumont and Fletcher for you too — a book in which you will find many great things that will please you highly.

Dear Mr. Overs | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, 28 OCTOBER [1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 28 Oct was Wednesday in 1840; watermark 1840 and handwriting support that year. *Address:* Wait | John Forster Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning Oct 28

Dear Forster

How are you this morning? And what about the Pills?

Faithfully Always
CD.

To T. W. WHITE,[†1] 29 OCTOBER 1840*

MS Mrs R. H. Dabney.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park London.
Thursday 29th. October 1840.

Dear Sir.

I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your Southern Literary Messenger[†2] which has been obligingly forwarded to me, by your friend Mr. Lyman[†3] of New York.

In the short interval which has elapsed between the receipt of your kind favor and its acknowledgment, I have barely had time to do more than glance at the table of its contents. But I promise myself an early perusal of the work, and am sure (from the glance I have had already) that it will afford me great pleasure and interest.[†4]

I know not how to thank you for your flattering remembrance of me. Such gifts, — and I have had many such from your great country — come upon me like the voices of friends, assuring me of awakened interest and cordiality in the land where most men would desire to be known and approved; and where, it is one of the chief pleasures of my life to learn that my writings have been received with favor.[†5]

Before many years are over, I shall hope, with God's leave, to shake hands with you and many other brothers in the New World. Meantime in heart and spirit believe me theirs and yours

CHARLES DICKENS

T. W. White Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 31 OCTOBER [1840]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* 31 Oct was Saturday in 1840; handwriting and "Maclise" in salutation support that year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Octr. 31st.

My Dear Maclise.

I *don't* sit to-day, but *do* tomorrow, from 12 till 2, between which hours I shall hope to see you in the studio of Patric Park.

Forster dines with us. And I told him that after we had done with sculpture, we would give him a call, in case he should be disposed to take a walk.

He (the Author of the Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth) made divers enquiries of me yesterday touching the Feast of Lanthorns,[†1] which, you may remember, we told him we were going to see. I described the same, but stopped at the street corner, and *said no more.*

Another visit must be paid to that world of enchantment; between which and all beside ourselves, there is a deep gulf fixed — shadowy, mysterious, and profound.

Yours my friend | In darkness

CHARLES DICKENS

Such a days[†2] work as I have before me! And yet I can jest — but with a breaking heart.[†3]

November

To MISS MARION ELY, 1 NOVEMBER 1840

Mention in Hodgson & Co. catalogue, 20 July 1916; dated 1 Nov 40.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 3 NOVEMBER 1840*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | 3rd. November/40

My Dear Maclise.

I am dead (in spirit) with yesterday's work. I'll call on you — alone in the carriage — at 2. For Heaven's sake let us range the fields and get some freshness if its[†1] only fresh rain. I want to read you what I did yesterday,[†2] as it shadows out one or two ideas which, if you exert your pencil in my behalf at all, perhaps would suit you as well as any other.[†3] For this purpose I have kept back the MS from the Printer, and will come with it in my pocket.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 NOVEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 149. *Date:* Subject and similar wording point to same day as last.

Maclise and myself (alone in the carriage) will be with you at two exactly. We propose driving out to Hampstead and walking there, if it don't rain in buckets'-full. I shan't send Bradburys' the MS. of next number till tomorrow, for it contains the shadow of the number after that, and I want to read it to Mac,[†4] as, if he likes the subject, it will furnish him with one, I think. You can't imagine (gravely I write and speak) how exhausted I am to-day with yesterday's labours. I went to bed last night utterly dispirited and done up. All night I have been pursued by the child;[†5] and this morning I am unrefreshed and miserable. I don't know what to do with myself.... I think the close of the story will be great.

To JOHN MAJOR,[†1] 3 NOVEMBER 1840*

MS Mr L. T. Edwards.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday 3rd. November 1840.

Sir.

I assure you that I shall be exceedingly sorry if this reply to your note occasions you any feeling of disappointment; for then I shall have a solitary reason for regretting that we have corresponded.

I cannot give you a letter of recommendation to Messrs. Chapman and Hall — not because I deem your pieces unworthy of it; for, on the contrary, I think them very good — but because I have resolved never again to trouble those gentlemen with any such communications. I need not tell you that the influence I have with them is strictly personal, and that I have no right to dictate to or advise them in the

conduct of their business. Now, if I had not prescribed this rule to myself, I should be its manager, and not they, for I believe there is not one man out of a dozen who has a proposal to make to them, who does not first write to me (as you have done) and urge me to back it.

Let me tell you frankly, for your consolation, that in submitting your proposals to them, you will stand on precisely as good a footing of your own, as if you had the strongest and most favorable introduction from me. In either case they would publish your book if they thought it would repay them, and reject it if they thought it would not. It will be a comfort to you to know that before I determined on my present system of non-interference, I *did* recommend several books to them, and (acting on this principle) they rejected them every one. And the last case, I perfectly remember, was one which I urged on behalf of one of our first authoresses, who would have appeared as "editing" the work.†2

If you give me credit for a sincere desire to assist you if I had the power, you will only do justice to

Sir | Yours very truly
CHARLES DICKENS

John Major Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, [6 NOVEMBER 1840]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* clearly the Friday between 3 Nov and the 12th, when Maclise saw the MS of the No. he was to illustrate (see *To* Forster, 12 Nov).

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Morning

My Dear Maclise

Will you mind doing me a little design, embodying the bells above and

the well below, and the old sexton and the child?†1 If you will do so, I'll tell them to send you a block forthwith.

I am obliged to ask you 'yes' or 'no' today, because time gets precious and if you don't, somebody else must. Topping (the gentle bearer) is going on to the Adelphi, and will call for an answer as he returns.

Ever Yours
CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?6 NOVEMBER 1840]*

MS Private. *Date:* probably same day as last — Maclise having sent an answer by hand immediately. CD was at the Adelphi all day on Sat 7 Nov (*To* Mitton, 9 Nov).

Dear Mac.

A *Million thanks.* I have sent directions to C and H. Remember that your illustration will come into the No. *after* the one of which you'll have the proof. Therefore if you like to put any more people in, young

or old, do so at your own discretion, and I'll take care to account for 'em.[†2] When you have done it, will you let *me* have it, that I may take care the text and it agree?[†3]

Will you put on some shelf or nook, an old broken hour glass?[†4]

Always Faithfully

CD

I am obliged to go down to the Adelphi tomorrow morning, and will call on you between 2 & 4.

To [PATRIC PARK], 6 NOVEMBER 1840*

Photograph, Mr Leigh B. Block. *Address:* almost certainly to Patric Park, to whom CD was at this time sitting (see *To* Maclise, 25 and 31 Oct).

Devonshire Terrace | Friday 6th. November 1840

Dear Sir

Don't think me a false, inconstant, perjured sitter — pray. I was detained yesterday on my way to you by urgent business, and have now to tug at the

oar and work my little galley, double tides. I am afraid I shall not be able to sit before next Tuesday; but I will write to you again.

Have faith in me, — and believe me always

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, [6 NOVEMBER 1840]

Mention in next.

To W. C. MACREADY, [6 NOVEMBER 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the Friday before Mon 9 Nov, first night of *Old Curiosity Shop* at the Adelphi.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Evening

My Dear Macready.

I have been detained this week by some new arrangements with Chapman and Hall,[†1] and shall have to[†2] break tomorrow (which I had set aside for ten hours work) by going down to Yates and preventing his making a greater atrocity than can be helped of my poor Curiosity Shop, which is "done" there[†3] on Monday Night.[†4]

At the last minute — I had not the resolution to breathe it to myself before — I am obliged to decide *not to go* tonight. You know how hard this is upon me as we were to have gone together — and I have a high regard for Elliotson[†1] — but it is really no go in every sense of the word.

I send the carriage to take you there, and Topping is charged with a letter to convey instead of my portly person. I also send you herein a cheque[†2] for the amount I am in your debt, with a thousand thanks.

The wine exhausts the language in its approving adjectives.

Ever Yours

CD.

I have *crossed* the cheque.

To THOMAS MITTON, 9 NOVEMBER [1840]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* 9 Nov was Monday in 1840. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday 9th. Novr.

My Dear Mitton

So far — all right.

I am *not* going to the Adelphi tonight[†3] — I haven't the heart. Kate goes, and Fred takes her. I was at the Theatre all day on Saturday and made a great many improvements — especially in furnishing Bedford[†4] with divers pieces of bye-play, in the invention of which, he seemed most woefully at sea. Yates will be *good.* The thing may be better than I expect, but I have no faith in it at all.[†5]

Forster's appointment, if I remember right, stands for 11. I shall not see him, I think, today.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 NOVEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 149. *Date:* 12 Nov according to Forster.

I will bring the MS and, for Mac's information if needful, the number before it.[†1] I have only this moment put the finishing touch to it. The difficulty has been tremendous — the anguish unspeakable. I didn't say six. Therefore dine at half-past five like a Christian. I shall bring Mac at that hour.

To MRS MACREADY,[†2] [13 NOVEMBER 1840]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Handwriting suggests late 1840. It seems probable that Macready regularly received *Master Humphrey* on the day before publication: see four instances recorded in *Diaries* (II, 58, 89, 90, 94) and CD's words "regular course" in letter of 22 Jan 41. On Fri 13 Nov Macready read not only No. 33, published 14 Nov, but No. 34 as well (II, 94) — probably having received it through this letter to his wife. For CD's heavy cold, see next.

My Dear Mrs. Macready.

That madman — the Broadstairs bather whose grampus sounds you may remember[†3] — turned up yesterday to the astonishment and horror of this peaceful household, and invited himself to dine here next Sunday. *Him* I would put off, to enjoy such pleasure as your note offers me, but my sister[†4]

(being alone just now) usually dines with us on that day, and moreover my brother[†1] whom I encourage so to do, as he is at an age when he might do worse. Now is there not *one* other day, early in next week, when we could meet for this delightful purpose? *Do* cast about in your mind for a snug, happy, undisposed-of evening, and say it shall be then. I am going out on no day but Thursday, and shall have no peace of mind until you write again. Therefore, pray relieve me soon from a despondency which is already stealing over my spirits, and unfitting me for Clock work.

Apropos of that — I send you next week's Number to look at, thinking that it may read none the worse for being exclusive. When the family have done with it, perhaps you'll let me have it back.

Our best loves at home. I don't know what word to use when I send remembrances to Macready, and have thoughts of coining one which shall be strong enough.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have got *such* a cold! I have been crying all day, and upon my word I believe that my nose is an inch shorter than it was last Tuesday, from constant friction.

To [PATRIC PARK], 14 NOVEMBER 1840*

MS Miss Elena Klasky. *Address:* see *To* [Patric Park], 6 Nov, *hn.*

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Novr. 14th. 1840

My Dear Sir

I am afraid I cannot manage to sit to you before Tuesday at 12. But on that day, and on Wednesday, I will do so, with pleasure. It happens most unfortunately that I have been engaged in some extensive business arrangements[†2] during the last fortnight, which have taken up so much of these short days that after a couple of hours writing in the morning, and then attending to them, it has been night again. In addition to these drawbacks I have had, and have still, a deplorable cold which almost prevents me from working.

I owe you an apology for this delay but I will make none, because I am sure *you* are sure that if I could have found the time to continue our pleasant sittings, I would most gladly have done so.

I am always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 17 NOVEMBER [1840]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* 17 Nov was Tuesday in 1840; reference to *The Pic Nic Papers* supports that year.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Seventeenth November

My Dear George.

As I know you are *sometimes* (!) engaged,[†1] and fear your servant may check me at your street door, unless previously admonished from Head Quarters, I send this threatening letter to let you know that I mean to call on you tomorrow at 3 o'Clock about Mrs. Macrone's book,[†2] which is ripe and ready. Poor thing, she needs its help, sadly.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To T. J. SERLE,[†3] 17 NOVEMBER 1840*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate
Tuesday 17th. November 1840.

My Dear Sir.

I am so heartily favorable to all such Institutions as that to which your note refers,[†4] that I should have cheerfully complied with your request, had it been urged by one with whom it afforded me no pleasure to communicate. As it is, if I had a dozen names you should be welcome to them all.

Moreover, I shall hold myself in a manner bound to attend the dinner,[†5]

and have made a memorandum of the day — when I hope nothing will occur to prevent me from joining the party.

The gentleman you mention, is *not* one of the Cheerybles I am happy to say — happy, because it is pleasant to think that there are more than two in the family, and that duplicates are wandering about the world in divers places.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas James Serle Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 18 NOVEMBER 1840

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eighteenth Novr. 1840.

My Dear Mitton

I shall be at home — tomorrow till six — Friday till 2 or 3, and in the evening; and Saturday all day.

Let me give you a hint. Make the *first* article of your Treaty, the period Smithson's name is to remain in the business. If you don't carry that point well, it would be madness to purchase it.[†1] And upon that point — by far the most important of all — I see some reason to expect a little trimming on the other side.

Don't forget this. You will find sooner or later that it is important.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 20 NOVEMBER 1840*

MS Private; seen before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954; fragment (*aa*)
MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Friday November twentieth Eighteen forty

My Dear Mac

I have been writing all day, and mean to take a great, London, backslums kind of walk tonight, seeking adventures in knight errant style. Will you come with me? And [a]as a preparation, will you dine with us at *a quarter before 5?* — Leg of mutton stuffed with oysters.

Reply 'Yes'.

Always & Ever
CD[a]

To JOHN CLOSE,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1840

MS Abbot Hall Art Gallery, Kendal.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty third November 1840.

Sir.

I hasten to say that the former communication to which you refer in your letter dated the twentieth and received today, has not reached me. — I have been out of town, and have little doubt that it is lying at my publisher's.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for the obliging and courteous terms in which you have addressed me, but I *can* assure you that it will give me great pleasure and satisfaction to receive a copy of your book,[†2] and that I shall esteem it highly.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 24 NOVEMBER 1840

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | November twenty four | 1840.

Dear Sirs

I think the inclosed[†3] is the sort of thing. — I have not shewn it to anybody. — If you have anything to suggest, let me know straightway.

I am inundated with imploring letters recommending poor little Nell to mercy. — Six yesterday, and four today (it's not 12 o'Clock yet) already!

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman & Hall

To JOHN FORSTER, [?NOVEMBER 1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting, supported by white paper, suggests Nov 40 to Feb 41; perhaps Nov 40 since later Catherine might have been too near child-birth for such an expedition. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Forster.

Thompson, his two sisters,[†4] Mrs. Burnett, and we, are away to Windsor

this morning, purposing to take a Dinner there, which we shall call a lunch, and to return by the Train at 5 o'Clock or thereabouts. Mac has suddenly taken it into his head to join the party, though I didn't ask either of you, lest you should think it a bore.

I wish to God you'd come down after us by the first train after you [have][†1] this (they start every hour) and go straight to the White Hart, where, if we should not be at the moment, I'll leave full word of our whereabout.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To [R. S. HORRELL],[†2] 25 NOVEMBER 1840

MS Public Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty fifth November 1840.

Sir.

I have read the little poems you sent me (and which I now return), and in compliance with your request, have to give you my opinion of them. I am by no means satisfied, nor do I wish you to be, that my conclusions are infallible; and I scarcely expect, and certainly do not desire, that you should attach any weight to them, whatever.

First, as the more grateful task, let me say what I have to say of praise. You are a very young man you tell me, with other occupations to employ your time; and you can only cultivate these thoughts and aspirations by stealth. A love of the good and beautiful, and a desire to illustrate it in one so circumstanced is always a thing to be commended — to be very highly commended. It should increase your own happiness whether it adds to the happiness and entertainment of mankind or no, and from pursuits so worthy and humanizing, I would not turn you aside by one discouraging word. The pursuit of excellence in any path which has the light of Truth upon it, is, in the abstract, a noble employment, and like the search for the Philosopher's Stone will reward you with a hundred incidental discoveries though you fall short of the one great object of your desire.

Beyond this, I think that you have many good thoughts — occasionally a power of expressing them, very simply and well — a love of nature and all creation — and, of course, (for these are its necessary companions) deep feeling and strong sympathy.

On the other hand, you have very much to learn. Your versification is often harsh and irregular, your conceits strained and unnatural, your images fraught with more sound than sense. The first fault is one which

only time and reading can remove; a few instances of the other two, I have marked as they have struck me in the perusal. To spell a tiger from all thoughts of harm — to clasp blood springs with tendril fingers (which appears difficult, to say the least) — to make the sun unfurl his bannered robe — to engrave words *with* fire — to describe the birds as couching with gasping pants of bliss — to tear a man to pieces with links — to fold love's banner o'er a lady's brow — are so near being absurdities that I hardly know what else to call them. You may find, I know, startling and monstrous conceits in the writings of our greatest Poets; but you must remember that *they* were great, not because of these blots, but in despite of them, having for every one a crowd of beautiful and grand thoughts which bore down all before them. Never imitate the eccentricities of genius, but toil after it in its truer flights. They are not so easy to follow, but they lead to higher regions.

You have too much about faëry land, and faëry things — by far too much mention of nerves and heart strings — more agonies of despondency than suit my taste — mysterious promptings too in your own breast which are much better there, than anywhere else. It is not the province of a Poet to harp upon his own discontents, or to teach other people that they ought to be discontented. Leave Byron to his gloomy greatness, and do you

> Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.[†1]

The young painter's last dream pleased me very much in its opening; the change of time and coming on of morning are very beautifully described, and the aspect of his room and the familiar things about it I really think *highly* of. But surely in the close of this piece you have quite perverted its proper object and intention. To make that face his comfort and trust — to fill him with the assurance of meeting it one day in Heaven — to make him dying, attended, as it were, by an angel of his own creation — to inspire him with gentle visions of the reality sitting by his bedside and shedding a light even on the dark path of Death — and so to let him gently pass away, whispering of it and seeking the hand to clasp in his — would be to complete a very affecting and moving picture. But, to have him struggling with Death in all its horrors, yelling about foul fiends and bats' wings, with starting eyes and rattles in his throat, is a ghastly, sickening, hideous end, with no beauty, no moral, nothing in it but a repulsive and most painful idea. If he had been the hero of an epic in seventy books, and had out-Lucifered Lucifer in every line of them, you could scarcely have punished him at last in a more revolting manner. I do hope that you will write this piece again with some such alteration. If you ever do so, I shall be glad to see it.

"Withered Leaves" opens, I think, very prettily. But it is not so well sustained, and treads rather closely at last (in the idea; not in the manner of

expressing it) upon a song of Mr. Lover's, founded on an Irish Superstition. It is called, if I remember right, the Four Leaved Shamrock.[†1] The Ode to the Moon, very good. These are the only *data* I have, by which to form an opinion of your powers.

The advice I have to give you, is given in a very few words. I don't think you would ever find a publisher for a volume of such compositions unless at your own expence; and if you could, and have anything in you, the time would very soon come, when you would most heartily regret the having rushed into print. There are a great many people who write as well — many who write better. If you are to pass them, or are to take any place in the procession of Fame, you will do so none the later for keeping these effusions in your desk. At the same time, I see no objection to your sending some piece of moderate length — the painter for instance, but not in its present form — to such a Magazine as Blackwood's; and no improbability — no unusual improbability I mean — in the way of its acceptance and insertion. If you do this, give yourself the advantage of plain penmanship and a sheet of paper large enough to hold the lines, or it will never be read. And don't write to the Editor to tell him who you are or what you are, for he will care very little about that, and the public will care less.

It is impossible for me to say on such means as you have given me, whether I think you ever will be a great man, or whether you have God's gifts to become one. Some men would consider it their bounden duty to warn you off the dangerous ground of Poetry, but that I will not do, — firstly because I know you would still trespass there as boldly as ever, and secondly because for aught I know the land may be yours by right. Therefore, I make such remarks upon your writings as occur to me in reading them, and point out to you the course you would do best to take — the course I took myself when I was about one and twenty — and the course most writers have adopted when unknown and untried.

It is impossible that being unknown and untried, I could introduce you to a publisher with any beneficial result. I could not say that I thought your book would *pay* (that would be his first question); I could not even tell him that it was likely to attract public attention. I know but a dozen leaves of it, and if I said of those leaves to him, what I have said to you, he would be perfectly satisfied; and with the utmost deference and respect, and with the sincerest possible thanks, would decline the honor I proposed to confer upon him, and express the deepest gratitude for the preference.

You wish to know whether you do right in sacrificing so much time to what may fail at last. If you do so at the cost of any bitterness of heart, or any disgust with the employment in which you are engaged, you certainly do *wrong.* If you have strength of mind to do your duty cheerfully, and to make these toils a relaxation and solace of which nobody can deprive you, you do *right.* This is a question which none but yourself can determine. It is settled easily. When you have finished something carefully

and to please yourself, make the trial I have suggested. If it fail in one quarter, try it again in another. If it fail in half a dozen, and each failure bring with it vexation and disappointment, lock up your papers, burn your pen, and thank Heaven you are not obliged to live by it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

M[r. S.] Har[ford][†1]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 25 NOVEMBER 1840*

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954).

Devonshire Terrace.
Wednesday Night | November Twenty five 1840.

My Dear Maclise

It seems like an impertinence to put such a question to such a man as you, but have you thought in the various sleeping faces, of *dreaming* expressions — guards dreaming of fighting & roystering — ladies of love — and chamber women of flirting? It occurred to me last night, thinking of you, that there was a great field in this for such an imagination as yours, especially as the idea could be impressed upon the most leaden-headed of visitors by the catalogue description. Such a thing as a sleeping child among 'em, in the happiest repose, would point the notion — shewing how even sleep in after life becomes "grown up" and of the world. — Beautiful! Very beautiful![†2]

So charming indeed, that I blush to sully such poetry with the prose announcement that we dine at half past four on Saturday, before the comedy,[†3] but as we can't live on poetry alone (as the deaths of several spare authors have unhappily demonstrated) perhaps you'll forgive me.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To JOHN OVERS, 26 NOVEMBER 1840

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | 26th. November 1840.

Dear Mr. Overs.

Any time on Sunday week the Sixth of December, between eleven and half past one, I shall be glad to see you.

I have gone through your two profiles, and marked them in pencil here and there. The Postilion[†1] is much the better of the Two. I am sorry to say that I have not had time to go again through that weightier story, and fear I must reserve myself for the piece you will bring with you — which I am curious to see.

I am glad you are hearty with Beaumont and Fletcher — They are very good company. It will take you a long time to get through the two volumes, which are of a huge thickness and closely printed. Don't write about them, for I fancy it rather spoils the pleasure.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To W. C. MACREADY, [26 NOVEMBER 1840]

Mention in Macready, *Diaries,* II, 100. *Date:* On 26 Nov 40 Macready recorded: "Received a dear and affectionate note from Dickens, which comforted me as much as I can be comforted" (on the death of his daughter Joan).[†2]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 27 NOVEMBER [1840]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* two days after the death of Macready's daughter Joan.

Devonshire Terrace
Friday Morning Twenty Seventh Novr.

My Dear Mac

Perhaps you haven't heard that poor Macreadys have suddenly lost little Joan — the night before last, it was — and that little Henry is almost despaired of, also.

It is impossible, I am sure, that any people can more truly sympathize with the affliction of others, than we do for the sorrows of those to whom we are so strongly and ardently attached — and so I know you will say and feel. But I vow to God that if you had seen Forster last night, you would have supposed our Dear Friend was dead himself — in such an amazing

display of grief did he indulge, and into such a very gloomy gulf was he sunk up to the chin.[†1]

I wrote to Macready yesterday, but have not seen him of course. Poor fellow. He is a man of very strong affections, and I fear feels this misfortune keenly. If the second Child die, it will be a heavy blow indeed.[†2]

We dine today at 5 or a quarter before, and I think Forster will take a little sustenance at that time. Will you come in, if you are not going anywhere? Burn this letter, for I generally see my autographs for six months past, lying about your room.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 28 NOVEMBER [1840]

Seen in Sotheby's, Oct 1967; dated 28 Nov — unmistakably 1840 on handwriting.

Saying that he is bound to work that night,[†3] and suggesting a meeting on the following Monday.

To CHARLES MOLLOY, 28 NOVEMBER [1840]

Extract in P. J. Dobell & Son catalogue No. 4 (1912); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, November Twenty-eighth — clearly 1840, the year of the failure of Wright's Bank (see *fn*).

I hope you have not been, or will not be, a great sufferer by Wright's failure.[†4] Remembering you banked there, I feared you might be a loser, when I heard they had stopped payment.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 30 NOVEMBER 1840

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night Thirtieth Novr. | 1840.

Dear Sirs

I have spoken to two or three friends — judges in such matters — about the Barnaby Notice; and they are all of opinion that in the height and stir of the present story, Saturday week would be *too soon.*

Therefore, please let it stand over, until we have had time to discuss and consider it further.[†1]

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE NOVEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 148. *Date:* given by Forster as written "just before" CD's return from Broadstairs in second week of Oct. But since on 12 Nov No. 35 was only in MS, Nos 36 and 37 could not both have been written before the last week in Nov; and proofs of No. 37 would have been received a few days later.

Tell me what you think of 36 and 37?[†2] The way is clear for Kit now, and for a great effort at the last with the Marchioness.[†3]

December

To JOHN FORSTER, 3 DECEMBER [1840]*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* the day after CD's speech of 2 Dec (see *fn*); handwriting supports 1840. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Thursday | Third Decr.

My Dear Forster.

I believe you[†4] — as to my own brilliancy.[†5] Serle, subdued.[†6] Speeches,

excellent. I wish you had been there,[†1] for you can form no idea of what these bodies are. I never saw such a good meeting, or a thing so well and handsomely done.

If you come up today, either come before half past 2 and go with me to Willesden and thereabouts — or at half past 4 to dinner. But not in the evening because I am only just up, and must be then, at work.

Faithfully Always

CD.

[†a]A brilliant morning for a country walk.[†a]

To T. P. GRINSTED, 7 DECEMBER 1840*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* T. P. Grinsted Esquire | 3 Glo'ster Terrace | Brighton.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park London
Seventh December 1840.

Sir.

I am cordially obliged to you for the interesting intelligence you have been kind enough to send me. A day or two after I received your letter, I had, from some other hand, a Port Nicholas Mens paper[†2] containing an advertisement of the Club Meetings.[†3] It was very curious to see the old familiar name in its unusual-looking columns.

I hope when you write to your friend, you will convey to him (and through him, to *his* friends) an assurance of the great gratification I have derived from the circumstance of their meeting together for social purposes, under this name. To be associated with their pleasant recollections of home in their hours of relaxation, is to me a most proud and happy distinction. I really cannot tell you how very much it has interested and pleased me.

I hope the Brighton club still flourishes nobly. And again thanking you for your communication and good wishes, which I fully reciprocate, I am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. P. Grinsted Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 7 DECEMBER 1840

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace, York Gate
Seventh December 1840.

My Dear Cruikshank.

I'll call upon you next Wednesday about 2.[†1]

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To "JAMES FLEMING",[†2] 8 DECEMBER 1840*

MS Clark Memorial Library, University of California.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Eighth December 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens cannot afford any assistance to the writer of the Letter signed "James Fleming", which reached him last night. The case stated is not one, in which he would feel justified in giving pecuniary assistance; to the exclusion of some living, and unhappy object.[†3]

To SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, 12 DECEMBER 1840

MS Lytton Papers.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate
Twelfth December 1840.

Dear Sir Edward.

Let me thank you for the copy of your comedy[†1] received this morning.

I told Macready when he read it to me a few weeks since, that I could not call to mind any play since the Good Natured Man,[†2] so full of real, distinct, genuine character; and now that I am better acquainted with it, I am only the more strongly confirmed in this honest opinion.[†3]

You may suppose that "I was there to see",[†4] last Tuesday; — I most heartily and cordially congratulate you on its brilliant reception and success, which I hope will encourage you to other efforts in the same Path.[†5] I feel assured that you will tread it alone.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 13 DECEMBER 1840

Extracts in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1914 (*aa*), and Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, Feb 1941 (*bb*); *MS* 2 pp.; dated [b]"Devonshire Terrace, Twelfth December, 1840 (I mean the Thirteenth)"[b]; salutation "My dear George".

[a]Here is that dinner of ours still to come off, and I gasping with anxiety to speak to you about divers closing subjects for poor Nell.[a]

[b]I am going out Monday *Evening* but at no early hour — what do you say to dining with me at the Parthenon on that day at half 5?[b] †1 [a]I cannot make Mac or Forster of the party, because the laws of the Medes and *Parthenons*†2 forbid a member to indulge in more than one friend.[a]

To LORD ASHLEY,†3 [13 or 14 DECEMBER 1840]

Mention in next.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH,†4 15 DECEMBER 1840

MS Mrs Robert Nuttall.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Fifteenth December 1840.

My Dear Sir.

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind note and inclosure of to day. I had never seen the Sanatorium pamphlet,†5 and have been greatly pleased

with it. The reasons for such an Institution,†1 and the advantages likely to result from it, could not have been more forcibly or eloquently put. I have read it twice with extreme satisfaction.

You have given me hardly less pleasure by sending me the Instructions of the Childrens'†2 Employment Commission,†3 which seem to me to have been devised in a most worthy spirit, and to comprehend every point on which humanity and forethought could have desired to lay stress. The little book reaches me very opportunely; for Lord Ashley sent me his speech†4 on moving the Commission, only the day before yesterday, and I could not forbear, in writing to him in acknowledgement of its receipt, cursing the present system and its fatal effects in keeping down thousands upon thousands of God's images, with all my heart and soul.†5

It must be a great comfort and happiness to you to be instrumental in bringing about so much good.†6 I am proud to be remembered by one who

is pursuing such ends, and heartily hope that we shall know each other better.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 15 DECEMBER 1840

Text in MDGH, III, 16, checked from MS Sotheby's, 15 Dec 1964. *Address:* T. J. Thompson Esquire | Pall Mall.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Fifteenth December | 1840.

My Dear Thompson.

I have received a most flattering message from the Head Turnkey of the Jail this morning, intimating that "there warn't a genelman in all London as he'd be gladder to shew his babies to, than Muster Dickens. And let him come wenever he would to that shop, he wos welcome". But as the Governor[†1] (who is a very nice fellow, and a gentleman) is not at home this morning, and furthermore as the morning itself has rather gone out of town in respect of its poetical allurements, I think we had best postpone our visit for a day or two. I will write to you again on this head, as soon as I have finished my No.[†2]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 DECEMBER 1840*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Free | Miss Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth December 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Coutts, and has great pleasure in accepting her kind Invitation for Thursday the Seventeenth.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?16 or 18 DECEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, vii, 149-50. *Date:* 16 Dec according to Forster. But see *hn* to next.

"If you make believe very much it's quite nice; but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning, certainly."[†3] I think that's better. Flavour is a common word in cookery, and among cooks, and so I used it. The part you cut out in the other number, which

was sent me this morning, I had put in with a view to Quilp's last appearance on any stage, which is casting its shadow upon my mind;[†1] but it will come well enough without such a preparation, so I made no change. I mean to shirk Sir Robert Inglis,[†2] and work to-night. I have been solemnly revolving the general story all this morning.[†3] The forty-fifth number will certainly [be the] close.[†4] Perhaps this forty-first[†5] which I am now at work on, had better contain the announcement of *Barnaby*?[†6] I am glad you like Dick and the Marchioness in that sixty-fourth chapter — I thought you would.

To SIR ROBERT INGLIS, [?16 or 18] DECEMBER 1840

Mention in N, I, 283. *Date:* given in N as 18 Dec, but possibly incorrectly: if a note of excuse for shirking the engagement with Inglis mentioned in last, presumably written the same day. Either Forster's or N's dating is to be doubted.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?17 DECEMBER 1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1840; possibly refers to the invitation for 17 Dec which CD had accepted on the 15th.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday 5 O'Clock.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Coutts, and exceedingly regrets that a sudden necessity for his going a few miles from town on business, prevents his having the honor of dining with her to-day. But Mr. Dickens hopes to have the pleasure of paying his respects to Miss Coutts in the course of the Evening, if he can by any means return to town in time.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 DECEMBER [1840]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 18 Dec was Friday in 1840; handwriting supports that year. *Address:* Miss Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Eighteenth December

Dear Miss Coutts.

I cannot thank you sufficiently for your great kindness, and am most happy to avail myself of it.

I have kept the order for this Evening,[†1] and beg to return you the other.

I beg my compliments to Miss Meredith,[†2] and assure you that I am always *with great sincerity*

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To J. P. HARLEY, 18 DECEMBER [1840]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* 18 Dec was Friday in 1840; handwriting supports that year. *Address:* J. P. Harley Esquire | Upper Gower Street.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Friday Evening Decr. 18th.

My Dear Harley.

Come and dine here on the last day of this good old year, at 6 *sharp.* Make them put up something you don't play in, or if they won't mind you, come when you *have* played.[†1] We have no serious party — only George Cruikshank, Quin, and one or two more who are friends of all of us — and want to see the year out with some charades and other frolics. I won't tell you simply that you could come in dirty boots, but that stockings alone would be considered court dress.

Faithfully Always

BOZ.

J. P. Harley Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [?18 DECEMBER 1840]

Extract in Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 8 (1902); *MS* 1 p. *Date:* probably, like letters to Ainsworth and Harley, an invitation for 31 Dec 40.

Will you dine with us on the last day of the old year — just to see it jollily out.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 18 DECEMBER 1840

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 2 June 1932; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 Dec 40. *Address* (envelope, MS Private): William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire | Kensal Lodge | Harrow Road. PM 19 Dec 40.

Behold your Sketch.[†2] I want to make you promise to dine here on the last day of the old year at 6 *exactly* — quite at home and unceremoniously to see it out with forfeits and such like exercises. So make the promise — kiss the children, and remember me to the ladies (heartily).[†3]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 DECEMBER 1840

Text from John Waller catalogue No. 135 (1883); dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 Dec 40.

Dear Sir,

I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of seeing you next Wednesday, and am always, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 21 DECEMBER [1840]

Text from MDGH, I, 33. *Date:* 1840, since CD's instructions for *Old Curiosity Shop*, Ch. 70 (No. 43).

Devonshire Terrace, December 21st.

My dear George,

Kit, the single gentleman, and Mr. Garland go down to the place where the child is, and arrive there at night. There has been a fall of snow. Kit, leaving them behind, runs to the old house,[†1] and, with a lanthorn in one hand and the bird in its cage in the other, stops for a moment at a little distance with a natural hesitation before he goes up to make his presence known. In a window — supposed to be that of the child's little room — a light is burning, and in that room the child (unknown, of course, to her visitors, who are full of hope) lies dead.[†2]

If you have any difficulty about Kit, never mind about putting him in.

†[a]The two others to-morrow.†[a]

Faithfully always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?21 DECEMBER 1840]

Extracts in F, II, viii, 162. *Date:* According to Forster, CD was here describing the "motive, as well as the principle that guided him" in his "last successful labour of the year ... the reconciliation of two friends". The friends were no doubt Forster himself and Ainsworth;†3 and this letter probably told Forster of Ainsworth's acceptance of the invitation of 18 Dec. The letter's opening words must refer to CD's thoughts about Nell's coming death, while writing instructions to Cattermole: see last.

In the midst of this child's death, I, over whom something of the bitterness of death has passed, not lightly perhaps, was reminded of many

old kindnesses, and was sorry in my heart that men who really liked each other should waste life at arm's length.

I have laid it down as a rule in my judgment of men, to observe narrowly whether some (of whom one is disposed to think badly) don't carry all their faults upon the surface, and others (of whom one is disposed to think well) don't carry many more beneath it. I have long ago made sure that our friend is in the first class; and when I know all the foibles a man has, with little trouble in the discovery, I begin to think he is worth liking.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 DECEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, viii, 162. *Date:* the day following last according to Forster, who also calls it CD's "latest letter of the year" — which it was almost certainly not.†1 CD was probably writing about plans for Christmas Day.†2

The letter closed with the hope that he and Forster might enjoy together fifty more Christmases, at least, in this world, and eternal summers in another.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [?22 DECEMBER 1840]

MS Mr Roger W. Barrett. *Date:* not dated by CD; but he probably sent Cattermole the two subjects on 22 Dec (the date supplied by MDGH and copied in N), as promised on 21 Dec.

Dr. George

The child lying dead in the little sleeping room which is behind the

oaken screen. It is winter time, so there are no flowers; but upon her breast, and pillow, and about her bed, there may be slips of holly, and berries, and such free green things. — Window overgrown with ivy — . The little boy who had that talk with her about angels, *may* be by the bedside, if you like it so, but I think it will be quieter and more peaceful if she is quite alone. I want it to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can.[†1]

2nd.

The child has been buried *inside* the church, and the old man who cannot be made to understand that she is dead, repairs to the grave every day, and sits there all day long, waiting for her arrival, to begin another journey. His staff and knapsack, her little bonnet and basket, &c lie beside him.[†2] "She'll come tomorrow" he says when it gets dark, and goes sorrowfully home. I think an hour-glass running out, would help the notion.[†3] — Perhaps *her* little things upon his knee, or in his hands —

———————

I am breaking my heart over this story, and cannot bear to finish it.

Love to Missis
Ever & always heartily
CD

To MRS CHARLES SMITHSON, 23 DECEMBER 1840

Mention in *American Book Prices Current,* 1901.

To THOMAS MITTON, 24 DECEMBER 1840*

MS University of Texas.

Christmas Eve 1840.

My Dear Mitton

Father[†4] tells me he saw you today — I thought you told me you were going out of town. — The Smithsons are coming to play at charades

tonight.[†1] If you are really not gone, for God's sake come. I can't tell you how surprised and vexed I am to think I mistook you — as I suppose I must have done.

I have sent a copy of this to New Inn.[†2]

Always faithfully
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 26 DECEMBER 1840*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Henry Austin Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | December Twenty Sixth 1840.

Dear Henry.

John Forster Esqre. 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Daniel Maclise Esqre. 14 Russell Place Fitzroy Square.

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS][†3]

Henry Austin Esquire

To BASIL HALL,[†4] 28 DECEMBER 1840

Extracts in Retz & Storm catalogue No. 8 (*aa*) and N, I, 284 (*bb*); dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, Twenty-Eighth December 1840.

[a]Thanking Hall for a copy of *Patchwork.*[†5] I have been pursuing the

fortunes of the child in whom you take so much interest, ever since its receipt, and have only had time to cut it, to read the preface, and to devour (very gluttonously) the paper called the Gallows and the Guillotine,[†1] which struck me very much indeed. It is a great piece of description.[†2] He then gives his views on public executions.[a]

[b]What can I say to you in acknowledgement of your high commendation of the tale I am drawing to a close — with no common regret and pain I do assure you — for I am loath to finish it — and of the cheering encouragement you give me. It would be idle to tell you that such expressions[†3] of interest from thinking and gifted men are a source of the purest happiness and delight. You know that, I am sure, and I cannot thank you enough for your generous applause.[b]

[a]CD closes with the hope that Hall will accept, with his compliments, copies of *Master Humphrey* as the parts are issued.[a]

To JOHN FORSTER, 28 DECEMBER [1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* clearly 1840. CD's Account-book (MS Messrs Coutts) shows £200 credited on 29 Dec 40, £300 on 11 Jan 41, and the monthly £200 reduced to £150 from Jan onwards. *Address:* John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Parthenon. | Tuesday twenty eighth December

My Dear Forster.

Knowing that you are out by this time, I write to you instead of calling again.

After I saw you to day and had been into the city, I called at Chapman and Hall's. I saw the latter, who told me that he had paid into Coutts's £200. Now, the two should be a five — that is, £200 for the month,[†1] and £300 which was (you recollect?) to be advanced at this time, and deducted in monthly fifties.

As you were kind enough to negociate this matter with them,[†2] and as I have never interchanged a syllable with them about it, I wish you would be so good as to send for Mr. Hall tomorrow morning, and get this mistake corrected. I need not say that it is rather a serious one at this time of year,[†3] and that the sooner it is set right, the better.

I would have spared you this trouble, but as I am not in a condition to remind them of what passed, (not having heard it) I think it but right and necessary to leave the matter with you.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, 30 DECEMBER [1840]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* undoubtedly 1840, on handwriting.

Devonshire Terrace | December Thirtieth

My Dear Forster.

I think there is plenty inserted to fill the inclosed. I question, however, whether it will be necessary now to strike anything out. I hope you may think it the better for the alterations.[†4]

It will be necessary to have a revise.[†5]

What about dining today?

Faithfully Ever
CD

To JOHN OVERS, 30 DECEMBER 1840

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday 30th. December | 1840.

Dear Mr. Overs.

I could not find time to read your paper before to-day. Having done so, I think it is a good magazine piece — I am speaking, mind, as if I knew nothing of the author, or the circumstances under which it was written — and *quite equal* to the general run of such things. If you will make the little corrections I have marked, and keep it by you until you have finished the other, I will think in the mean time where you will do best to try it.

I object on principle to making Wat such a thorough-paced villain, because a rebel on such grounds has a certain claim to one's sympathy, and I feel that if I had lived in his time, I should have been very likely to have knocked out the Collector's brains myself, — or at all events to have looked upon the man who did so, as a demi-God. Fathers may naturally object to having gross indecencies practised upon their daughters even by government servants; and bystanders can scarcely shew their manhood better than by resenting such things when they are done before their eyes.†1

Therefore, if Wat Tyler and his followers when their passions were once let loose, had burnt down the City and got drunk with blood, I should still entertain some respect for their memory.

Apart from this, I have been greatly pleased with the performance, and I

speak most seriously when I say that in the way of improvement, you have done *wonders.*†1

Beware of writing things for the eyes of everybody, which you would feel the smallest delicacy in *saying* anywhere. Mrs. Scutfidge†2 may have stripped in public — I have no doubt she did — but I should be sorry to have to tell young ladies so in the nineteenth Century, for all that.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS F[?ILLONNEAU], [WINTER 1840-1]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [WINTER 1840-1]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Signature (on outside) and handwriting suggest Winter 1840-1. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

Yes — I wrote to that effect to the beautiful Mrs. F,†3 whose eyelashes are in my memory.

Would you know this hand? Oh Evins how misty I am!

Always Faithfully
CD

Come tonight†4

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [1840]

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* VI (1921-2); *MS* 1 p.; from Devonshire Terrace, 1840.

Referring to the purchase of some port.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [1840]*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | Sunday Morning, 1840.

Dear Sir,

I had retained your tale with the view of reading it next week, when I should have had sufficient leisure for the purpose — inferring from the tone of the letter which did *not* miscarry, that you still wished me to peruse it.

In the propriety and truth of all that you state in that letter with equal manliness and modesty, I entirely concur. I wish you saw your way to the attainment of your moderate wishes, and assure you sincerely that if I can at any time help you towards that end, you may command such aid as I can render you.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

I did not quite understand whether you wished to see me this morning, and have therefore left your parcel out, deeming it very probable that you might not have any such desire. If you have, I shall be very happy to afford you an interview at half past one o'clock on any Sunday you may name.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?1840]

Mention in American Art Association and Anderson Galleries catalogue, Jan 1935; *MS* (signed initials) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Monday morning [1840].

Requesting Mitton to change the hour of their appointment and mentioning Miss Coutts.

1841

January

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1841

Text from MDGH, I, 37.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning, Jan. 2nd, 1841

My dear Harness,

I should have been very glad to join your pleasant party, but all next week I shall be laid up with a broken heart, for I must occupy myself in finishing the "Curiosity Shop", and it is such a painful task to me that I must concentrate myself upon it tooth and nail, and go out nowhere until it is done.

I have delayed answering your kind note in a vague hope of being

heart-whole again by the seventh. The present state of my work, however (Christmas not being a very favourable season for making progress in such doings), assures me that this cannot be, and that I must heroically deny myself the pleasure you offer.[†1]

Always believe me, | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To T.N. TALFOURD, 2 JANUARY 1841

Mention in *To* Harness, 10 Jan.

To JOHN FORSTER, 5 JANUARY [1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 5 Jan was Tuesday in 1841; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Morning | Fifth January.

My Dear Forster.

On the whole we were tremendous last night,[†2] though rather slack at first. We had two very long Sir Roger de Coverleys, and after supper about eight very good Charades. Among them was conspicuous "Morning Herald" invented by your humble.

I shall certainly not stir out today, for we were not home until half-past five, and not up until half-past twelve. Unless I look very sharp, I shall not have done the No. by tomorrow night[†3] — for I drank punch last evening in considerable quantities.

Always Faithfully

CD.

As you don't say how the face is, I suppose it was a false alarm.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 6 JANUARY [1841]

Text in N, I, 292 checked from MS Sotheby's, 15 Dec 64. *Date:* Charley was four in 1841.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Morning Sixth January

My Dear Maclise.

To day is Charley's birth-day. He attains the tremendous age of four. If

you have nothing better to do, perhaps you'll look in this evening. Forster will be here, but nobody else.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, [?6 JANUARY 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* almost certainly 6 Jan, referring to Ch. 70 (finished that day), which ends with Kit's arrival at the house in which — although no one yet knew it[†1] — Nell lies dead. By Wed 13 Jan the final "murdering" had already been done; CD spent that day and the next on Ch. 72, and read Chs 71 and 72 to Forster on the night of Thurs 14th (F, II, vii, 150).

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Macready.

Why do you always leave the name which is most pleasant and welcome to me, — when I am not at home?

Are you going to Elliotson's on Friday? If so, I'll take you there, and call for you.

I am slowly murdering that poor child, and grow wretched over it. It wrings my heart. Yet it must be.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?7 JANUARY 1841]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* from Nov 40 onwards on "Mac" in salutation; before July 41 on handwriting. If referring to Talfourd's dinner of 7 Jan (see *To* Harness, 10 Jan), CD's promise would have been made while inflamed by punch and Sir Roger de Coverley on the 4th (*To* Forster, 5 Jan). *Address:* Wait | Daniel Maclise Esquire.

My Dear Mac

Kate and Fanny have Raised the Standard of Rebellion this morning, and placed me in what the Americans would call "a slantindicular[†2] fix" — swearing that I promised to bring them to see your picture[†3] to day; being at the moment inflamed with wine and "the Mazy".[†4]

What's to be done? May they come about 3 or so? After that, as I want to call at Brompton,[†5] let you and I go and ride in the Parks until Talfourd's

dinner is ready, and Elyian[†1] blandishments convert our present sweet seeming into bitter gall.[†2]

Faithfully Always

CD

To MISS HANNAH MEREDITH, 7 JANUARY [1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 7 Jan was Thursday in 1841; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Jany. 7th.

My Dear Miss Meredith.

On *Wednesday* next,[†3] I shall most gladly enjoy the pleasure your note offers.

Begging my compliments to Miss Coutts, I am always

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Meredith.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 JANUARY 1841]

Extract in F, II, vii, 150. *Date:* Fri 7 Jan according to Forster; but 7 Jan was Thursday. CD had probably finished No. 43 on 6 Jan (see *To* Forster, 5 Jan), begun No. 44 on 7 Jan, and was now, on 8 Jan, still writing Ch. 71 — at the end of which Kit, Mr Garland, the single gentleman, the school-master and the bachelor follow the old man into Nell's room and find her dead.

Done! Done!!! Why bless you, I shall not be done till Wednesday night. I only began yesterday, and this part of the story is not to be galloped over, I can tell you. I think it will come famously — but I am the wretchedest of the wretched. It casts the most horrible shadow upon me, and it is as much as I can do to keep moving at all. I tremble to approach the place a great deal more than Kit; a great deal more than Mr. Garland; a great deal more than the Single Gentleman. I shan't recover it for a long time. Nobody will miss her like I shall. It is such a very painful thing to me, that I really cannot express my sorrow. Old wounds[†4] bleed afresh when I only think of the way of doing it: what the actual doing it will be, God knows. I can't preach to myself the schoolmaster's consolation,[†5]

though I try. Dear Mary died yesterday, when I think of this sad story. I don't know what to say about dining to-morrow — perhaps you'll send up to-morrow morning for news? That'll be the best way.[†1] I have

refused several invitations for this week and next, determining to go nowhere till I had done. I am afraid of disturbing the state I have been trying to get into, and having to fetch it all back again.[†2]

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 10 JANUARY [1841]*

MS Mr Richard C. Hatchwell. *Date:* 10 Jan was Sunday in 1841; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace.

Tentl
there
unbu

My Dear Harness.

See what a false, and yet what a true fellow I am!

On the day I answered your kind Invitation,[†3] I had one from Talfourd (for that same Thursday) to which I returned exactly the same reply. But on the night following this answer, I had another letter from Russell Square, urging me for various weighty reasons therein set forth to break my resolution rather than the Serjeant's party. The man waited — I am not as firm as I ought to be — I yielded — and went. Now, curse, or forgive me.

Apart from duty, I would have better liked to dine with you, because of those few words we said together at Miss Coutts's.[†4] I really feel as though I had committed some grave offence against you, and am impelled to this full and free confession. If it be any consolation to you to know that going out in the midst of the work I had resolved nothing should interfere with, has, up to this time, broken it off and protracted the heartbreaking, you have it in full force I do assure you.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Reverend William Harness.

To JOHN FORSTER, 11 JANUARY [1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 11 Jan was Monday in 1841; handwriting supports that year; paper watermarked 1840.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning | January Eleven

Dear Forster

Behold George's note.[†1] I shall meet you there at 5 sharp. 23 Amwell Street Pentonville — name on door — brass plate.

Faithfully
CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 11 JANUARY [1841]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* same day as last; handwriting supports.

Monday | January Eleven

My Dear Mac

Cruikshank tells me we are fully expected today, to discuss the promised edgebone.[†2] The time 5 *sharp.* The place 23 Amwell Street Pentonville. Name on door.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 14 JANUARY [1841]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* 14 Jan was Thursday in 1841.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday January Fourteen

My Dear Cattermole.

I cannot tell you how much obliged I am to you for altering the child,[†3] or how much I hope that my wish in that respect didn't go *greatly*[†4] against the grain.

I saw the old Inn[†5] this morning. Words cannot say how good it is. I can't bear the thought of its being cut, and should like to frame and glaze it in statu quo for ever and ever.

Will you do a little tail piece for the Curiosity story — only one figure if

you like — giving some notion of the etherealised spirit of the child — something like those little figures in the Frontispiece. *If* you will, and can dispatch it at once, you will make me happy.[†1]

I am, for the time being, nearly dead with work — and grief for the loss of my child.

Always | My Dear George | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 JANUARY [1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 14 Jan was Thursday in 1841; handwriting supports that year. *Address:* Miss Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday January Fourteen.

Dear Miss Coutts.

On *Monday* I am disengaged, and shall be but too happy to enjoy a Library Dinner.[†2]

Many thanks to you for the book. I am quite ashamed to have given you the trouble of sending it, — and was about to send for it when your messenger arrived.

Always believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 14 JANUARY 1841

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1950; *MS* 1 p. (signed initials); dated 14 Jan 41; salutation "My Dear Mac".

To BASIL HALL, 15 JANUARY 1841

Extracts from *Autograph Prices Current*, VI, 50 (*aa*), and Anderson Galleries catalogue, 1924 (*bb*); *MS* 2 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, January Fifteenth, 1841.

[a]I have been breaking my heart with such constancy over the Curiosity Shop, that I have not been able to write one note since I received your welcome letter,...[a†3]

[b]The clock does not stop, and was never intended to.[†1] It goes on — but with a new story.[b]

To [R. S. HORRELL], 15 JANUARY 1841

MS Public Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth January 1841.

Sir.

I cannot forbear saying a very few words in reply to your letter of the Ninth. As my time is short, I must say them briefly.

I did not expect you to defer to my opinion *now*. I should say that in three years time you will be more disposed to entertain it, and that in five — at the longest — we shall have come to think alike.

Are you quite sure that you do not confound my means of estimating your genius, with your own? Pray consider that I am ignorant of the feelings which you admit, yourself, you express inadequately —

that I have not been the companion of your thoughts — that I have seen but a very few lines of your writing — and that you would be a very extraordinary man, indeed, if on so short an acquaintance I could pronounce you in my own mind — a Poet.

You seem to desire that I should expressly say whether you would do best to pursue this bent, or to abandon it for ever. I am not in a condition to do so. I have not sufficient knowledge of your abilities. It is impossible for me to acquire it from the data you have given me. And I am confident that if you laid those same pieces before any man who considered the responsibility you imposed upon him, he would say in so many words what I now tell you.

In answer to some of the objections I ventured to suggest to you, you plead the absence of needful revision and correction. Now, I must say you are foolish and wrong in this. The question you wish me to decide, has reference, not only to what you think, but to your power of expressing what you think. How can I judge of that, upon you[r] mere assurance that you have the power of writing regular verse, but have not taken the trouble to exert it? For aught I know, a great many men may *think* poetry — I dare say they do — but the matter between us, is, whether you can write it or no.

Do not suppose that the entertaining a distaste for such extremely light labour as reading and revising your own writings, is a part of the true poetical temperament. Whatever Genius does, it does well; and the man who is constantly beginning things and never finishing them is no true Genius, take my word for it.

I do not remember to have ever had, within the last four or five years, any composition sent me by a young man (and I have had a great number) who did not give me to understand that it was the worst he had ever written, and that he had much better ones at home.

I tell you candidly that I am interested in you — that I should be glad if you would do justice both to yourself and me, and give me the means of knowing what you really can do — and that I should be delighted to cheer and encourage you if I found I could. I should like to see the Young Painter's Dream with its altered (that is, with its original) conclusion; and if I should not receive them from you by any other mode, I shall certainly if I visit Exeter next summer — as I think I shall — hope to take the two poetical tales from your own hand.

I hope you will not misunderstand me in anything I have said to you, either in this, or in my former letter. If I seem cruel, it is only to be kind,[†1] believe me. You do not know, and can form no conception of the misery (often untold to any other ears) which I see every day of my life in young men who mistook their vocation when they were younger, and have become the very beggars of Literature. It is because I know the bitterness

and anguish of such mistakes, and looking along the path you wish to tread, see these dismal scarecrows in it, that I must know well what your qualification is, before I encourage you in your perilous desire.

If my last letter to you were unsatisfactory, it was so because the specimens you sent me were unsatisfactory too, and insufficient. What I have seen of yours, I should have read with pleasure if it had

caught my eye by chance. I cannot say more, unless I repeat that I see every day, writing which is to my mind quite as good. You say you can write better. I wish to be enabled to say so too.

I regret very much to hear that you have been unwell, and sincerely hope your health is now improving. Assuring you that your confidence needs no apology or excuse, I am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Harford[†1] Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17] JANUARY 1841†

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC).[†2] *Date:* 17 Jan was Sunday in 1841; curiously, CD seems to have been mistaken in the day of the week, not the date in the month.[†3]

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Seventeenth January | 1841.

My Dear Forster.

I can't help letting you know how much your yesterday's letter pleased me.[†4] I felt sure you liked the Chapters when we read them on Thursday

night, but it was a great delight to have my impression so strongly and heartily confirmed.

You know how little value I should set on what I had done, if all the world cried out that it was good, and those whose good opinion and approval[†1] I value most, were silent. The assurance that this little closing of the scene, touches and is felt by you so strongly, is better to me than a thousand most sweet voices[†2] out of doors.[†3]

When I first began [†a](on your valued suggestion)[†a] to keep my thoughts upon this ending of the tale,[†4] I resolved to try and do something which might be read by people about whom Death had been, — with a softened feeling, and with consolation. [†b]I was moved, therefore, to have poor Bradbury's note yesterday,[†5] and was glad to think he felt as I would have had him.[†b]

After you left last night I took my desk up stairs, and writing until four o'Clock this morning, finished the old story. It makes me very melancholy to think that all these people are lost to me for ever,[†6] and I feel as if I never could become attached to any new set of characters.

[†c]I wish you would give my love to Macready (I suppose you dine there today) and tell him that on Friday night, I will send him the next week's number, in order that he may read the two together, which I should like him very much to do. Tomorrow morning, please God, I shall be with you — about twelve.

Always My Dear Forster | Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS[†c]

John Forster Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [18 JANUARY 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly 18 Jan, the day fixed for the "Library Dinner" (*To* Miss Coutts, 14 Jan); signature supports. *Address:* Miss Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Afternoon.

Dear Miss Coutts.

It is with no slight disappointment, I assure you, that I have been

obliged to make up my mind — on the doctor's orders — to stay at home this evening. I should not mind a bad cold, but I have the additional pleasure of a swelled face, which is too large even to be amusing — to look at — otherwise I should certainly have presented it in its deformity, despite all injunctions to the reverse.

I hope this is not the *last* "Library Dinner"; and with that hope, console myself.[†1]

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To W. C. MACREADY, 19 JANUARY 1841

Text from N, I, 295.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth January 1841

My Dear Macready,

I don't know whether you have seen the inclosed. I only send it to you because I promised Basil Hall that I would distribute a few copies for him.[†2]

There is a separate subscription for the widows of the other officers, and the men.[†3] I mean to divide what I did intend to give to the Lord Holland testimonial[†4] between the two lists.[†5]

Always, my Dear Macready, | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN OVERS, 21 JANUARY 1841

Text from Walter T. Spencer catalogue, n.d., in Eastgate House, Rochester.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty-first January, 1841.

Dear Mr. Overs,

They have sent me from Chatham a copy of that immortal work, which I beg you to accept, as it contains a very good song of yours.[†6] It is in company which will by no means discourage you.

I also send a little hand-bill, by which you will see that due honour has been done to your name.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 21 JANUARY 1841

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Wait. | Thomas Beard Esquire | or | Miss Beard | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First January 1841.

My Dear Beard

Will's[†1] haunch is scientifically carved by your humble, next Sabbath Day at 5. Come and try it. And Kate desires me to say (with all manner of loves and remembrances, wherein I join) that if your sister will join you, we shall be delighted to see her.

Always My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 21 JANUARY 1841*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thursday Evening January 21st. | 1841.

Dear Sirs.

Instead of the usual two of No. 44,[†2] let me have half a dozen tomorrow night, if you please, as I wish to send them *confidentially* to one or two friends who would consider it a mighty recollection of them, and a great anticipation of the many-headed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 JANUARY 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 164. *Date:* 22 Jan 41 according to Forster.

I am at present in what Leigh Hunt would call a kind of impossible state — thinking what on earth Master Humphrey can think of through four mortal pages.[†3] I added, here and there, to the last chapter of the *Curiosity*

Shop yesterday,[†1] and it leaves me only four pages to write. I also made up, and wrote the needful insertions for, the second number of *Barnaby*[†2] — so that I came back to the mill a little.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 22 JANUARY 1841*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace.
Friday Twenty Second January 1841.

My Dear Stanfield

On Wednesday the 27th. at the hour you *don't* name, I shall be delighted to join you, and to know Marryat.[†3] Until then, and then, and always afterwards,

believe me | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 JANUARY [1841]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD was clearly sending Miss Coutts one of the six copies of *Master Humphrey* No. 44 requested from Chapman & Hall on 21 Jan 41.

Devonshire Terrace.
Friday Evening | January Twenty Second.

Dear Miss Coutts.

It has occurred to me — this is a kind of vanity to which the meekest of authors are occasionally liable — that when you came to read this week's number of the Clock, you might possibly desire to know what the next one contained, without waiting seven days. I therefore make bold to send you, inclosed, the two numbers together, begging you not to be at the trouble of returning them, as I have always plenty by me.[†1]

Beseeching you to with-hold this mighty revelation from all the world — except Miss Meredith, who is free to share it to the utmost, I am always

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To W. C. MACREADY, 22 [JANUARY 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Must refer to *Master Humphrey*, the only work of CD's originally published in weekly Nos (Apr 40 to Nov 41). But 22 Dec 40 was Tuesday not Friday. Clearly CD meant Fri 22 Jan [41], the day on which Macready received the "next week's" No. (one of the six advance copies of No. 44): see *fn.*

Friday Evening | Twenty Second Decr.

My Dear Macready.

I believe Forster mentioned to you that I wished you to read this week's Number, and next week's together.[†2] As you will no doubt have received the first in regular course tonight, I send you the second herewith.[†3] Do not be at the trouble of returning it, for I have plenty more.

I have read the Tragedy,[†1] and will report thereupon in a separate note.[†2]

Always My Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 23 JANUARY 1841

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace.
Saturday Night | January Twenty Third | 1841.

My Dear Beard.

I am sorry to say that the Haunch must be presented before a solitary carver tomorrow, and not to a jovial half dozen as I had hoped.

Kate was taken very unwell at Four o'Clock this morning,[†3] and has remained so ever since. Nothing has come of it so far, and all appearances indicate another night of watching and suspence.[†4] I expected some such state of things about this time, and am resignedly putting the best face possible (a very sleepy one though) upon it.

My regards to your sister — and always believe me

Dear Beard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JANUARY 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty fifth January 1841.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I have contrived to get rid of my cold, and shall be happy to reconcile myself to my late disappointment, by dining with you on Saturday.[†1]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 25 JANUARY 1841

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty fifth January 1841.

My Dear Ainsworth.

I shall be truly happy to dine with you on the Fourth, and remember the day well.[†2] Forster and I dining together on the last Fourth of February, drank your health most heartily, and wished that would come about which has since been accomplished.[†3]

I have not had an opportunity of telling you how generous and manly I felt your conduct to be on that first occasion of your dining here.[†4] It gave me throughout the most unfeigned and cordial pleasure, and if I stop here and say no more, it is only because I cannot express to you my approval and admiration.[†5]

My wife has been (and is) exceedingly unwell, and I have not been to bed for eight and forty hours. I hoped the event we are expecting would have

taken place before now — but patience, in this matter and in all others, is the sovereign virtue.

With best regards to the Ladies
Believe me My Dear Ainsworth
Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Forster and I, called upon you yesterday, but you were out.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 JANUARY 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 164. *Date:* according to Forster, four days after letter to him of 22 Jan (during which CD had "done nothing").

I have been looking (three o'clock) with an appearance of extraordinary interest and study at *one leaf* of the *Curiosities of Literature*[†1] ever since half-past ten this morning — I haven't the heart to turn over.[†2]

To BASIL HALL, [27 JANUARY 1841][†3]

Extract in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, Jan 1941; *MS* 1 p. *Date:* clearly written between Hall's two letters to CD of 27 Jan; see *fns* to this and *To* Hall, 28 Jan. *Address* (from Sotheby's catalogue, June 1913): Captain Basil Hall, R.N.

I am sorry to say that I dare not go out in the morning (being very busy) until next Tuesday, sorely tempted as I am to be undutiful for the sake of Miss Edgeworth[†4] ... As you never read Oliver,[†5] I promise myself the pleasure of sending you a copy this morning ... C.D.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [28 JANUARY 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Clearly CD was replying to Miss Coutts's letter of 27 Jan (see *To* Miss Coutts, 25 Jan, *fn*). *Address:* Miss Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning

Dear Miss Coutts.

Next Monday — I have written the word, but I mean *Tuesday* — will suit me exceedingly well. I shall therefore hold myself engaged for that day instead of Saturday. And if I can do myself the pleasure of joining your party on Friday the 27th.[†1] I shall be most happy to do so.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To BASIL HALL, 28 JANUARY 1841

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth January 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I am not, I confess, a good hand at roaring,[†2] and do indeed shrink from it with most invincible repugnance. But you really do me injustice in the matter of Miss Edgeworth, whom I should have been *glad* to see.[†3] The plain Truth is that in the beginning of a new story — with all my thoughts and interest hanging about the old one — and the difficulty of settling down into the track I must pursue, when I have sickness and anxiety at home[†4] — to say nothing of engagements which I cannot avoid, and which seldom leave me a quiet evening — I cannot break in upon my mornings[†5] work. Just at this time I have but one holiday in the week, and that is Tuesday. — Tuesday therefore, I named to you.

If I were not resolute in shutting myself up now and then, either to write or think as the case may be, there would soon be no Clock. If the Queen were to send for me at such times, I wouldn't go to her.

I should be sorry if you left town under a wrong impression, and therefore dispatch this missive.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Basil Hall

To THOMAS MITTON, [?28 JANUARY 1841]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* CD's difficulty in concentrating on *Barnaby* points to the Thursday between letters to Forster of 26 and 29 Jan.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning.

My Dear Mitton.

I have been so terribly delayed by Kate's illness, goings out to dinner, and the extreme difficulty of fixing my thoughts on Barnaby after so recently shutting up the "Shop", that I am afraid I must shut up myself now, and go to work tonight.

If you will let our pleasanter engagement for tonight stand over, I will come down to you as soon as I have finished my Number — which will be (if no new obstacles interpose) either on Monday, or Tuesday.

Kate continues much the same. She will be no better until this little business is finally disposed of.

Now and always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 28 JANUARY 1841†

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Night January 28. | 1841.

My dear George.

I sent to Chapman and Hall yesterday morning, about the second subject for No. 2 of Barnaby[†1] — but found they had sent it to Browne.

The first subject of No. 3,[†2] I will either send to you on Saturday, or at latest on Sunday morning. I have also directed C and H to send you proofs of what has gone before, for reference if you need it.

I want to know whether you *feel* Ravens in general, and would fancy Barnaby's raven in particular. Barnaby being an idiot my notion is to have him always in company with a pet raven who is immeasureably more knowing than himself. To this end, I have been studying my bird, and

think I could make a very queer character of him. Should you like the subject where this raven makes his first appearance?[†1]

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]Loves to Cousin — We are in statu quo at home.[†2] — Did you ever write on greasy paper? This is like butter. The pen *won't* mark.[†a]

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 JANUARY 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 164. *Date:* 29 Jan according to Forster.

I didn't stir out yesterday, but sat and *thought* all day; not writing a line; not so much as the cross of a t or dot of an i. I imaged forth a good deal of *Barnaby* by keeping my mind steadily upon him; and am happy to say I have gone to work this morning in good twig,[†3] strong hope, and cheerful spirits.[†4] Last night I was unutterably and impossible-to-form-an-idea-of-ably miserable.... By the bye don't engage yourself otherwise than to me, for Sunday week, because it's my birthday. I have no doubt we shall have got over our troubles here by that time, and I purpose having a snug dinner in the study.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 30 JANUARY 1841†

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Saturday Evening | January Thirtieth | 1841.

My Dear George.

I send you the first four Slips of No. 48,[†5] containing the description of the Locksmith's house, which I think will make a good subject, and one you will like. If you put the 'Prentice in it, shew nothing more than his paper cap, because he will be an important character in the story, and you will need to know more about him as he is minutely described.[†6] [†b]I may as well say that he is *very short.*[†b] Should you wish to put the locksmith in,[†7]

you will find him described in No. 2 of Barnaby (which I told C and H to send you) — Browne has done him in one little thing,[†1] but so very slightly that you will not require to see his sketch, I think.

Now, I must know what you think about the Raven,[†2] my buck, otherwise I am in this fix. — I have given Browne *no* subject for this No., and time is flying. If you would like to have the Raven's first appearance, and don't object to having both subjects, so be it. I shall be delighted. If otherwise, I must feed that hero forthwith.[†3]

I cannot close this hasty note, my dear fellow, without saying that I have deeply felt your hearty and most invaluable co-operation in the beautiful illustrations you have made for the last story — that I look at them with a pleasure I cannot describe to you in words — and that it is impossible for me to say how sensible I am of your earnest and friendly aid. Believe me that this is *the very first time* any designs for what I have written have touched and moved me, and caused me to feel that they expressed the idea I had in my mind. I am most sincerely and affectionately grateful to you, and am full of pleasure and delight.

Believe me,

My Dear Cattermole | Always Heartily Yours
C.D
Over

†a We are just the same at home. But next week, I should say, *must* put us all to rights.†a

To W. C. MACREADY, [31 JANUARY 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD's Diary entry for 31 Jan 41 reads "Rogers at" but names no time; and Macready's for the same day: "Dickens called for me and I accompanied him to Rogers's, where we dined" (*Diaries,* II, 118). Since CD expected to see Macready that same night and then reclaim from him the end of *Old Curiosity Shop,* he was clearly writing on the day of Rogers's dinner.

My Dear Macready

What time does Rogers dine? I forget. I'll call for you, if you'll let me know. We will not be too soon, for there is usually what you call "a long wait" there.

I inclose you the end of the Curiosity Shop, which I must ask you for again tonight. Don't be afraid of it. It's very cheerful, or intended to be so.†4

You are not disposed for a walk this delicious morning, are you? I am going to ride out at 2, and get down on Hampstead Heath or some high and dry road to walk.

Best regards at home. We are here in statu quo.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To MRS GORE,†1 31 JANUARY 1841

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace

Sunday Thirty First January | 1841.

Dear Mrs. Gore.

Let me thank you cordially for the two Magazines,[†2] and for that delicate and most touching attention which I recognize in the maiming of the cover. If the name be never whispered in Heaven (as I should think it never was) it is no doubt muttered very often in the other place,[†3] and it is a great relief to be free of it.[†4]

I have been greatly pleased with both papers, but especially with the

children of the Mobility.[†1] Those books[†2] are the gall and bitterness of my life. I vow to God they make me wretched, and taint the freshness of every new year. Your satire is most admirable, and to pluck the peacock's feathers from such daws is worthy of you.

What do you think of a book in serious earnest — a true, strong, sledge-hammer book — about the children of the people; as much beaten out of Nature by iron necessity as the children of the nobility are, by luxury and pride? It would be a good thing to have the two extremes — Fairlie[†3] and Fielding — Hogarth and Chalon[†4] — the Princess Royal[†5] whom the nurse daren't kiss — and the baby on the step of a door whose mother tried to strangle it.

I have seen in different towns in England, and do see in London whenever I walk alone into its byeways at night, as I often do, such miseries and horrors among these little creatures — such an impossibility of their ever growing up to be good or happy — that these aristocratic dolls do turn me sick. I only know one good those books are likely to achieve. If I were a poor labouring man and saw them in the shop windows as I went slouching home, I should think of my own children and the no-regard they had from anybody, and be a greater Radical than ever. I hope they may be productive of some advantage that way.

You see what *I* am. I can't help it. It's more genteel to be on the other side, but Truth doesn't always keep its carriage, and is sometimes content to go in hob-nailed shoes and wheelbarrows.

I heartily reciprocate the pleasure you so kindly express at our having met the other night; and hope we shall be better acquainted. As a means to this end, I shall not fail to call upon you — if not next Tuesday, at all events on the Tuesday following. I was very sorry to leave Harness's so soon t'other night,[†6] but I was anxious to get away as early as I could, and refrained from going up stairs again, lest I should be tempted to stay.

Believe me | Dear Mrs. Gore | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Raven sends his duty. He has just [w]aylaid[†1] and attacked a butcher, whose pantaloons [ha]ve suffered considerably. He (the butcher) [th]reatens to throw poison over the garden wall, [bu]t my groom is of opinion that I needn't be [u]neasy, for the Raven wouldn't have it at no [pr]ice. *He* knows better than that, he says, bless you.

Mrs. Gore.

February

To NATHANIEL ELLISON,[†2] 3 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Messrs Clark & Smith, Solicitors.

Devonshire Terrace. | Third February 1841.

Sir.

Mr. Harness in a note to me this morning, mentioned the object with which you called upon me on Sunday last.[†3] If I could have anticipated it, I should have been happy to have seen you, but, as you may suppose, I am obliged to deny myself to those visitors (for their name is Legion) whom I have not the pleasure of knowing.

I have a distinct recollection of having at pretty long intervals received three or four letters from the young gentleman in whom you are interested. Taking it for granted that they had their origin in some unfortunate delusion, I have not noticed them in any way. If I should have any further communication on the same topic, I will forward it to you immediately.[†4]

Yours very obedtly.
CHARLES DICKENS

Nathaniel Ellison Esquire

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [4 FEBRUARY 1841]

Mention in next.

Apologizing for not being able to dine with him that day as arranged.

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 FEBRUARY 1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* clearly 4 Feb 41 (Ainsworth's birthday), when Forster and CD were to have dined with him; CD's Diary entry for 3 Feb reads "Dr. Smith at 6 o'Clock". Handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Forster.

[ ][†1]

There will not be time to write Ainsworth by post. Please, therefore, to hand him the inclosed — which is an excuse on the score of Kate.[†2]

I didn't go to Southwood Smith's yesterday, and last night went out roaming. I tapped at your Window with my stick soon after Ten (to carry you to the Parthenon, and broiled bones) but you were not at home. At the club I stumbled upon Thompson when I had had my supper, and with him sat drinking Gin and Water until 3 this morning.

Faithfully Always
CD.

Mac is laid up with a cold, he says, in a note just this moment received, and don't go either.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 FEBRUARY 1841]*

Forster's summary of letter and his copy of extract from it, MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC).[†4] *Date:* headed "Devonshire Terrace Thursday" by Forster; clearly later in the same day as last, referring again to the visit to Ainsworth cancelled on the score of Kate, and to CD's spree of the night before.[†5]

About going to Ainsworth's.[†6] *Remorseful about his bachelor's doings.* I

finished the number yesterday and then broke loose.[†1] Upon my word and honour I have serious thoughts of retiring, as soon as K is confined, to the seaside, & getting out of harm's way.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [4 FEBRUARY 1841]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* presumably the Thursday before Walter's birth; for CD's engagement to dine with Cattermole on 13 Feb ("Saturday *week*"), see *To* Cattermole, that day.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Afternoon

My Dear George.

As this business of Kate's is not yet over, and don't seem to advance at all (my mind begins to run very much on Joanna Southcote)[†2] I should like, if it will not inconvenience you, to postpone our Athenæum dinner until Saturday *week.* Will this suit you?

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 5 FEBRUARY 1841

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifth February 1841.

My Dear Ainsworth.

Will you tell me where that Punch is to be bought, what one is to ask for, and what the cost is. It has made me very uneasy in my mind.

Mind — I deny the beer. It is very excellent; but that it surpasses that meeker, and gentler, and brighter ale of mine (oh how bright it is!) I never will admit.[†3]

My gauntlet lies upon the cask. Yours in defiance.

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?6 FEBRUARY 1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on white paper watermarked 1840 and used by CD up to Mar 41; depressed tone suggests shortly after his return to *Barnaby* (cf. *To* Forster, 26 Jan). However, not Sat 23 Jan, since Catherine was taken ill that morning, and probably not Sat 30 Jan when he wrote cheerfully to Cattermole; perhaps 6 Feb, CD having relapsed into his mood of 28 Jan (see *To* Forster, 29 Jan). *Address: Wait* | John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields.

Saturday Morning.

My Dear Forster.

I am deadly stupid this morning — perfectly swinish and brutal in an intellectual point of view, and of no use whatsomdever excepting out of doors.

Can you come to Hampstead — while the day is bright, not when it has dwindled away to nothing — or to Greenwich — or to Windsor — or anywhere ? ? ? ? ? ?[†1]

Faithfully

CD.

To EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, ?7 FEBRUARY 1841

Mention in *To* Marjoribanks, 9 Feb 41.

To THOMAS MITTON, [8 FEBRUARY 1841]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Handwriting shows that the birth this refers to was Walter's (8 Feb 41). *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday 1 O'Clock

My Dear Mitton.

You will be glad to hear that Kate was safely confined at 12 oClock today — a jolly boy.[†2] She had a very hard trial indeed, but thank God is thriving now, amazingly.

Ever Yours

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 9 FEBRUARY [1841]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* 9 Feb was Tuesday in 1841; signature supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Ninth February.

My Dear George.

My notes tread upon each others' heels. In my last,[†1] I quite forgot business.

Will you for No. 49 do the locksmith's house, which was described in No. 48[†2] — I mean the outside. If you can, without hurting the effect, shut up the shop as though it were night, so much the better. Should you want a figure, an ancient watchman in or out of his box, very sleepy, will be just the thing for me.[†3]

I have written to Chapman, and requested him to send you a block of a long shape, so that the house may come *upright* as it were.[†4]

Faithfully ever

CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

George Cattermole Esquire

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 9 FEBRUARY 1841

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current,* v (1919-21); *MS* 2 ½ pp.; dated 9 Feb 41.

I have written to Mr. Cattermole and told him that I want for the end of No. 49 the outside of the locksmiths[†6] House (at night) as described in the beginning of No. 48. I have also told him that Mr. Chapman will let him have a block of an upright shape — the size is not material; it needn't be very large — the house may come as it were thus [*here CD outlines the shape*] — in the shape of a house. Do you understand? ... Mrs. Dickens and the child are not merely as well as can be expected, but a great deal better.

To HABLOT K. BROWNE, [9 FEBRUARY 1841]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 FEBRUARY 1841]

Extracts in F, II, ix, 164 (*aa*), and F, II, x, 173 (*bb*). *Date:* 9 Feb according to Forster, the day after Walter's birth.

[a] Thank God, quite well. I am thinking hard, and have just written to Browne enquiring when he will come and confer about the raven.[a] †1

[b] I mean to call the boy Edgar, a good honest Saxon name, I think.[b]†2

To EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, 9 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Private | Free | Edward Marjoribanks Esquire | Messrs. Coutts and Compy. | Strand.

Devonshire Terrace. | Ninth February 1841

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks for your kind note.

I see now how it was that you came to talk of "finance", and I could not for my life understand you. You were obscure, like some streams and rivers, by reason of your excessive depth. Miss Meredith interposes and asks what you say. "Nothing" you reply; "only a little matter of finance." And then I — this is a humiliating confession — instead of thinking "Good God how ready he is!", exclaim within myself "Finance! What *can* he mean!"

Seriously, I had been vexed not many days before by the practices of my unknown representative who lords it fearfully in my name at watering places and country inns, and sometimes doesn't pay his bills.†3 Not understanding you, and being on the alert for some new discovery, I tortured myself with the possibilty of some monstrous or impertinent application having been made to you in my name.†4 The chances were ninety nine to one that there was nothing in it, but while that one remained I was not quite at ease, and so occasioned you the trouble of writing one note and reading two — for which I know you will forgive me.

My Dear Sir Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I am delighted to find that rascal Dunn,†5 so well trounced. But if

Miss Coutts had electrified her knocker in the first instance, or had procured "the Pet of the Fancy", or "the Slashing Sailor Boy", or "Young Sawdust"[†1] or some such gentleman to accomodate[†2] him with a customer[†3] as the sporting phrase is, I should have been still better pleased.

To C. L. EASTLAKE,[†4] 10 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth February 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I deferred answering your note, in the hope that I should be enabled to tell you that I had attended the ballot at the Athenæum and voted for your friend.[†5] I regret to say, however, that some family circumstances obliged me to dine at Hampstead on Monday[†6] and that I did not return to town in time.

Let me assure you of the pleasure it would have given me to comply with this, or any request of yours, and believe me My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. L. Eastlake Esquire

To E. HENDERSON,[†7] [EARLY FEBRUARY 1841]

Mention in Henderson *to* CD, 11 Feb 41.[†8]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 10 FEBRUARY [1841]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* See *To* Forster, 9 Feb; 10 Feb was Wednesday in 1841.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Tenth February

My Dear Maclise.

Browne (who is coming to sketch the Raven) dines with me in the study

to-day *en garçon* at five. The gay and festive Thompson also joins us. Will you make a fourth? Say yes.

Ever Yours
CD.[†1]All going on famously.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 11 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Mrs Percy W. Valentine.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh February 1841.

My Dear Maclise.

We were speaking of Ethelstan.[†2] Le voici.

I am sorry the water bottle[†3] held you so long last night. We adjourned from the Private Box to the Parthenon, and were rather jolly.

Hot joints here on Sunday at Five o'Clock.[†4]

Faithfully Always

BOZ.

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, [?11 FEBRUARY 1841]

Summary from F, II, x, 173.[†5] *Date:* a few days after letter of 9 Feb according to Forster; probably 11 Feb — the day Elliotson answered a similar request.

Asking Landor to be godfather to his newly-born son and telling him that it would give the child something to boast of, to be called Walter Landor, and that to call him so would do his own heart good. For, as to himself, whatever realities had gone out of the ceremony of christening,[†6] the meaning still remained

in it of enabling him to form a relationship with friends he most loved: and as to the boy, he held that to give him a name to be proud of was to give him also another reason for doing nothing unworthy or untrue when he came to be a man.[†1]

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 13 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Mr Edward S. Moore III.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth February 1841.

My Dear George.

I am very sorry to hear you are an Invalid.[†2] I, too, am under the doctor's hands for a violent fit of indigestion; and as I may only eat with

great discretion, and may not drink at all, am truly rejoiced that our dinner does not come off.

Thank God, we are brilliant up stairs. Fish yesterday — boiled fowl to day — up to dinner tomorrow — drawing room by the middle of next week. Kate is asleep at[†1] this moment, and I defer giving her your inclosure (which will afford her great pleasure I know) until she wakes.

With best regards | Always Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 15 FEBRUARY 1841

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Fifteenth February | 1841.

My Dear Mitton

If you have nothing else to do, will you come and play a game at cribbage with me this evening? I shall be alone and at home any way.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To NATHANIEL ELLISON, 15 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Messrs Clark & Smith, Solicitors.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth February 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Ellison, and begs, in compliance with his request, to forward him the inclosed, — received this morning.[†2]

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [?15 FEBRUARY 1841]

Mention in Ainsworth *to* CD, 15 Feb 41.[†1]

To T. N. TALFOURD, 16 FEBRUARY 1841

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday February Sixteen | 1841.

My Dear Talfourd.

A friend of mine — a man you will say of most extraordinary tastes — wants to go into the Gallery of the House of Commons next Friday. Can you give me an Order for that day, and will you send it me by post?

Tell Mrs. Talfourd your Nickleby and Clock are in course of binding — by the slowest man in England.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MR LLOYD,[†3] [16] FEBRUARY [1841]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Someone (apparently not CD) has written "1840" beneath CD's "February" — perhaps because 18 Feb 40 was Tuesday. A third hand, in different ink, has changed the "0" to "1". Handwriting and reference to *Master Humphrey* confirm 1841; but in that year 18 Feb was Thursday. Probably CD was wrong in the date of the month, not the day of the week, and was writing on Tues 16 Feb.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Tuesday 18th. February

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Lloyd, and begs to assure him that Master Humphrey's Clock is really, decidedly, and unquestionably of his manufacture.

Mr. Dickens owes an apology to Mr. Lloyd for not returning an earlier reply to his note.

To MISS LLOYD,[†1] 17 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Berg Collection.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park London.

Wednesday Seventeenth Feby. 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Miss Lloyd, and complies with her request with pleasure.[†2] And he begs to assure Miss Lloyd at the same time, in reference to one part of her note, that she is entirely and thoroughly mistaken in supposing him to be the author of Sketches of Young Ladies.[†3]

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 17 FEBRUARY 1841

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth February 1841.

My Dear Cruikshank.

Will you let me know whether you are willing or able to go into that matter of the Annual?[†4] If you are, I will write you my views upon it and put you in possession of the means of determining whether you shall join it or no.[†5]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, 18 FEBRUARY [1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 18 Feb was Thursday in 1841; handwriting supports that year. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Eighteenth Feby.

My Dear Forster.

I think it probable I *shall* be out to day, and in your neighbourhood at about 2 or 3 o'Clock. If so, I will call, of course.

I am walking round and round the garden this exquisite morning, trying to think of the subjects for next No.,[†1] and indulging in visions of the country. What a day for a Greenwich Steamer!

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THOMAS LATIMER,[†2] 18 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Most Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Thursday Eighteenth Feby. | 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Your letter has occasioned me great grief and distress. It opens a very painful subject — one that has been a source of constant anxiety, uneasiness, and expence to me for some years; and which I fondly hoped, when I settled my father in Exeter, would haunt me no more.

I need scarcely tell you (for I am sure you will have anticipated it already) that he [†a]should have[†a] had no need to borrow money of you, or of any man; and that his making your note of hand payable at my publishers' was a moral outrage which words can scarcely censure enough. They felt it so, as they knew I should, and refrained from informing me of the circumstance, knowing how much it would hurt me.

Will you let me know how I shall remit you the amount — whether I shall send you a cheque on my own Bankers in town — whether I shall desire them to pay it to Saunders's in Exeter[†3] — or whether I can pay it, to your

credit, with anyone in London?[†1] I shall desire to write you more at length, and to beg a favor of you, when I have heard from you on this head. Meantime believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Latimer Esquire

To BASIL HALL, 19 FEBRUARY 1841

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Nineteenth February 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks to you for the MS.[†2] I have not had time to read it yet, and intend to reserve it until after dinner on Sunday.[†3] Your wishes in relation to it, I shall religiously observe, of course.[†4]

I quite understand how you all laughed when the friend came in, and am glad you did so, because I know how truthful and hearty the crying must have been that went before. My love to the whole audience.[†5]

I am happy to say that Kate (that's my wife) is in a brilliant state, and is rather sitting in the drawing room up stairs as a matter of form, than for anything that prevents her coming down here. The three *old* children (they seem quite grown up, now there's another baby) are well and hearty, and the young one appears to be in the same condition. I can vouch for his lungs, which are dreadfully good.

As to his outward boy — about which you want to know something — all I know is that he has large dark eyes, and no nose at all as yet — that he seems to live in a state of perpetual sleepiness and intoxication (except when he cries) — is very fat — and looks when he is being washed, like a plucked turkey. His name, after one of his godfathers, is Walter Landor. And now you know as much of him as I do.

Have you ever had two babies in the house at once? — of your own I mean. Our third child can't walk yet, and here is a fourth upon her heels. I am expecting every day to be gray, and have very nearly persuaded myself that I am gouty.

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Basil Hall

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 19 FEBRUARY 1841

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth February 1841

My Dear Cruikshank.

The Bearer Lord Lindsey[†1] has just come to town from Lincolnshire and wants to see the live Lions, among whom he justly puts you foremost. Therefore show yourself if you will, shake your mane, and roar at me for giving you the trouble.

My Dear Cruikshank | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FOWLER,[†2] [?19 FEBRUARY 1841]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Date:* PM Sheffield 20 Feb 41 (clearly day of receipt). *Address:* John Fowler Esquire | Mechanics Institution | Sheffield.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?20 FEBRUARY 1841][†1]

MS Chas J. Sawyer Ltd. *Date:* Signature points to Feb 41; possibly not long after *To* Latimer, 18 Feb.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning

My Dear Mitton.

The inclosed, I had from my mother yesterday. If you have heard this morning, please let me know by Bearer. I shall be at home all day.

I have told John[†2] to wait, *in case* you have any news.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?22 FEBRUARY 1841]

Envelope listed in John Anderson Jr. catalogue No. 343; postmarked 22 Feb 41; addressed "Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, M.P. | &c &c."

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 22 FEBRUARY 1841

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second February/41.

My Dear Cattermole.

I find I shall have so many little things to do tomorrow, that I must forego the *morning* part of our Engagement. Therefore I shall expect you to a snug dinner in the study at 6.

Punctival.

Best Regards. Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To JOHN TOMLIN,[†3] 23 FEBRUARY 1841

Text from MDGH, I, 40.

1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park,
London, Tuesday, Feb. 23rd, 1841.

Dear Sir,

You are quite right in feeling assured that I should answer the letter you have addressed to me. If you had entertained a presentiment that it would

afford me sincere pleasure and delight to hear from a warm-hearted and admiring reader of my books in the backwoods of America, you would not have been far wrong.

I thank you cordially and heartily both for your letter and its kind and courteous terms. To think that I have awakened a fellow-feeling and sympathy with the creatures of many thoughtful hours among the vast solitudes in which you dwell, is a source of the purest delight and pride to me; and believe me that your expressions of affectionate remembrance and approval, sounding from the green forests on the banks of the Mississippi, sink deeper into my heart and gratify it more than all the honorary distinctions that all the courts in Europe could confer.

It is such things as these that make one hope one does not live in vain, and that are the highest reward of an author's life. To be numbered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen, and associated with their homes and quiet pleasures; to be told that in each nook and corner of the world's great mass there lives one well-wisher who holds communion with one in the spirit, is a worthy fame indeed, and one which I would not barter for a mine of wealth.

That I may be happy enough to cheer some of your leisure hours for a very long time to come, and to hold a place in your pleasant thoughts, is the earnest wish of "BOZ".

And, with all good wishes for yourself, and with a sincere reciprocation of all your kindly feeling,
I am, dear Sir, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 FEBRUARY 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 165. *Date:* 25 Feb 41, from Brighton,[†1] according to Forster.

I have (it's four o'clock) done a very fair morning's work,[†2] at which I have sat very close, and been blessed besides with a clear view of the end of the volume.[†3] As the contents of one number usually require a day's

thought at the very least, and often more, this puts me in great spirits. I think — that is, I hope — the story takes a great stride at this point, and takes it WELL. Nous verrons. Grip will be strong, and I build greatly on the Varden household.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 26 FEBRUARY 1841

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Old Ship Hotel Brighton.
Twenty Sixth[†1] February 1841.

My Dear Kittenmoles.

I passed your house[†2] on Wednesday — being then atop of the Brighton Æra[†3] — but there was nobody at the door, saving a solitary poulterer, and all my warm-hearted aspirations lodged in the goods he was delivering. — No doubt you observed a peculiar relish in your dinner. That was the cause.

I send you the MS. I fear you will have to read all 5 slips, but the subject I think of, is at the top of the last, where the guest, with his back towards the spectator, is looking out of window.[†4] I think, in your hands, it will be a very pretty one.

Then, my boy, when you have done it, turn your thoughts (as soon as other engagements and prostrations will allow) first to the outside of the Warren — see No. 1[†5] — secondly, to the outside of the locksmith's house by

night — see No. 3.[†1] Put a penny pistol to Chapman's head, and demand the blocks of him.[†2]

I have addled my head with writing all day, and have barely wit enough left to send my love to my cousin, and — here's a genealogical poser — what relation of mine may the dear little child be[†3] — at present, I desire to be commended to her clear blue eyes.

Always My Dear George | Faithfully Yours

BOZ.

George Cattermole Esquire

To THOMAS HOOD,[†4] [?LATE FEBRUARY 1841]

Mention in Hood *to* CD, ?Feb or Mar 41 (i.e. after the move to 2 Union Row which Hood reported to his doctor on 1 Feb, and probably before the improvement in his health that spring). *Date:* not on first reading in Nov 40 Hood's review of *Master Humphrey,* but shortly before Hood's reply, below.[†5]

Saying how much he had been pleased by Hood's review of Master Humphrey *in the* Athenæum *of 7 Nov 40,*[†6] *and by his earlier praise of other books.*[†7]

To HENRY AUSTIN, ?28 FEBRUARY 1841*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 1 Mar 41 was Monday; probably CD was writing on Sun 28 Feb.

Old Ship Hotel Brighton | Sunday First March 1841.

My Dear Henry.

I shall be at home next Wednesday Evening. May I hope to find a note

from you, telling me when you can come and have a little talk with me?[†1] I have my reasons for not coming to you, which you may perhaps guess; and which our conversation will explain, if you do not.[†2]

My love to Letitia

In haste | Always Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire

March

To THE DIRECTORS OF THE NEW ZEALAND COMPANY,[†3] 4 MARCH 1841*

MS Public Record Office, London. *Address:* To | The Board of Directors | of | The New Zealand Company.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.
Thursday Fourth March 1841

My Lords and Gentlemen.

A younger brother of mine, Mr. Alfred Dickens, being desirous to try his fortune in your new Colony, and to procure an appointment as Assistant Surveyor and Civil Engineer, of the First Class, I take the liberty of recommending him to you as a young man who is in every respect qualified to serve you in that capacity.

He has been educated for his profession under the very best auspices, and has been practically employed for the last four years, without cessation, on Great Public Works.[†4] He is extremely intelligent, active, and enterprising; and I trust I need hardly say that unless I were well assured

of his fitness for the office, I would, on no consideration whatever, countenance his application.

I have the honor to be

My Lords and Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

The Directors | of | The New Zealand Company.

To [?ALEXANDER] BLACKWOOD,[†2] [EARLY MARCH 1841]

Mention in *To* Overs, 5 Mar 41.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?4 or 5 MARCH 1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* on the pale blue watermarked paper that CD began using Mar 41, but before July 41 when he changed his initial "y" (see *To* Forster, 23 July, *fn*). "That monstrosity" may well have been the news of John Dickens which infuriated CD to the point of publicly repudiating his debts (see *To* Mitton, 6 Mar and *fn*).

My Dear Forster

I have already sent to Mac, who is to be here at a quarter before 5. Therefore I have told Henry *not* to take the note.

That monstrosity of yesterday has played the very devil with me. To complete my cheerfulness, I was seized last evening with a fearful tooth ache which is pulling my jaw to pieces this morning. I have sent to the Dentist, but am afraid he's out.

I have sent Topping to order dinner — Six, I said, that we might ride gently there, by the pleasantest road.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To JOHN OVERS, 5 MARCH 1841

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Paid | Mr. J. A. Overs | Messrs. Springweiler & Compy. | 2 Duke Street | West Smithfield.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Evening Fifth March | 1841.

Dear Mr. Overs.

I have only time to write you half a dozen words.

Since you sent me your paper, I have had sickness at home[†1] — family affairs of a trying nature to arrange[†2] — and have been out of town. I have gone through it at last (the improvement is *immense*)[†3] and have sent it to Blackwood with an earnest private letter. What the upshot will be, I cannot tell of course, —

for I fear they will not set much store by my recommendation of a paper when I don't write for them — but directly I hear anything, I shall not fail to communicate with you.

I have given it a second name. It stands now, Norris and Anne Boleyn. An English Chronicle.[†4]

The new introduction[†5] is — except the latter part[†6] — the best of the whole. When you do anything fresh, throttle your jesters, remorselessly.[†7]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To THOMAS MITTON, 6 MARCH 1841*

MS Hr Jacob Christensen.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Sixth March 1841.

My Dear Mitton.

I return you the form of advertisement,[†8] corrected; and have marked

upon the back the papers in which it must be inserted, which, indeed, are all the morning and evening ones.[†1] The Sundays we may leave alone.

Let there be no misunderstanding, for this is a very serious matter, relative to what I said to you this morning. Mind. If he communicate with you, the following are the only conditions to which I will assent.

First. That he goes abroad — to Calais, Boulogne, or Antwerp. The last, I think, is the best place, but let him please himself.

Secondly. That he takes Augustus[†2] with him, whom, immediately on their arrival, I will send as a weekly boarder to the best school I can find in the place, and clothe, and find in pocket money.[†3] I say weekly boarder, because I should wish the boy, for more reasons than one, to be at home from Saturday night to Monday Morning.

Thirdly. That if my mother should object to go — I think it very likely she may, but I have had no communication whatever with her upon the subject — he allows her out of his pension,[†4] for her support, forty pounds a year.

On these conditions, I will allow him £20 a year, which will make his income a hundred[†5] — a very good one mind, abroad — put the amount of the last quarter's allowance to whatever the furniture at Alphington will fetch, and apply the amount to paying or compounding for the Devonshire debts — and I will give him besides £10 to leave England with.

If these concessions are accepted, you have full power from me to carry them out immediately. *But I will consent to nothing short of, or beyond them*; and I know after the solemn injunctions I have laid upon you to the

contrary, that you will not hold yourself justified in entertaining any other proposition for a moment.[†1]

Always | Dear Mitton | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 7 MARCH 1841

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1950; *MS* 1 p.; dated 7 Mar 41; salutation "My Dear Mac", signed initials.

To JOHN FORSTER, 8 MARCH [1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 8 Mar was Monday in 1841; handwriting and blue watermarked paper support that year.

Monday 8th. March.

My Dear Forster.

I am writing the Oliver preface,[†3] and will give you a call — I hope — at about 4. Will you dine here at 5 any way?

I want to have some talk with you. Please Sir, did you ring the bell at half past Eleven last night?

Faithfully Always

CD

To DANIEL MACLISE, 8 MARCH 1841*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire.

Monday Eighth March 1841

My Dear Mac

I'll write you tomorrow, and fix either that, or Wednesday night, for our foregathering.[†1]

In the last haste | Faithfully

CD.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, [?8 MARCH 1841]*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Date:* Signature points to Mar 41; light blue watermarked paper supports; perhaps connected with first paragraph of *To* Milnes, 10 Mar.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning

My Dear Milnes.

Look at the inclosed, which came in an envelope directed to me. Have you anything for *me* in return?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard M. Milnes Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 9 MARCH 1841†

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday Evening Ninth March 1841.

My Dear Mitton.

I have been thinking over what we spoke of this morning, and write to ask you to put to him[†2] — even more distantly and unpromisingly than you have already settled in your own mind — the matter of the debts. Independently of the worth of the money, [†a]I am more fearful than I can tell you, of encouraging his expectations.[†a]

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 10 MARCH 1841

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday March Tenth | 1841.

My Dear Milnes.

I thank you very much for the Nickleby correspondence, which I will keep for a day or two, and return when I see you. Poor fellow! The long letter is quite admirable, and most affecting.[†1]

I am not quite sure, either of Friday or Saturday; for independently of the Clock (which for ever wants winding) I am getting a young brother off to New Zealand[†2] just now, and have my mornings sadly cut up in consequence. But knowing your ways, I know, I may say that I will come if I can — and that if I can't, I won't.

That Nellicide was the Act of Heaven, as you may see any of these fine mornings when you look about you. If you knew the pain it gave me — but what am I talking of — if you don't know, nobody does.[†3]

I am glad to shake you by the hand again autographically, and am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard M. Milnes Esquire

To [?EDWARD CHAPMAN], 10 MARCH 1841*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* His correspondent's access to the proofs of *Barnaby* (see *fn*) and the words "kind care" suggest Chapman or Hall; probably Chapman, the more literary of the two.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Tenth March 1841.

My Dear Sir

I have looked back to the Annual Register, and find you are quite right about the one pound notes.[†4] Very many thanks to you for your kind care.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10 MARCH 1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Almost certainly refers to the first day of the sale of Thomas Hill's library 10-17 Mar by Messrs Evans of 93 Pall Mall: see *fn*; handwriting supports. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

My Dear Forster

Of course I am going to the Sale; and was just dressing to repair to the Parthenon,[†1] when your note arrived.

It's a farce proposing to be later than *a quarter past 2,* for if I am to be in Southampton Buildings at 4, what in God's name would be the use of going to Evans's at 3? I shall wait at the Parthenon from 2 to a quarter past, and if you don't come, repair to the Auction.[†2]

Will you dine with me afterwards — at home at 5?

Faithfully Always
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 11 MARCH 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thursday March the Eleventh. | 1841.

My Dear Macready.

When your note arrived yesterday,[†3] I had left home and gone to Evans's where I bought some of poor Tom's books, and whither I have dispatched an agent today, to purchase more.[†4] There's a cup, made from the Bard's

Mulberry tree, and presented by somebody or other, to Garrick.[†1] It is quite clear to me that this relic *must* be yours; the more especially as you have very good stuff to put into it — no man better.

I have booked Monday the 22nd. at a quarter before seven, for a full inside.[†2] A sort of madness is upon me (occasioned by seeing the buds come out) which prevents me from doing anything but walk round and round the garden,[†3] haunted by a ghostly clock which I don't seem to care for.

Always My Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W.C. Macready Esquire

Fine weather for the hooping-cough. Since such things must be, it is a most fortunate time.

To MRS BENNETT,[†4] 11 MARCH 1841

Mention in N, I, 303.[†5]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 12 MARCH 1841

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). Endorsed by Forster: "Enormous Black Seal on Envelope".

Devonshire Terrace.
Friday Evening | March The Twelfth 1841.

My Dear Maclise.

You will be greatly shocked and grieved to hear that the Raven[†6] is no more.

He expired to-day at a few minutes after Twelve o'Clock at noon. He had been ailing (as I told you t'other night) for a few days, but we anticipated no serious result, conjecturing that a portion of the white paint he swallowed last summer might be lingering about his vitals without having

any serious effect upon his constitution. Yesterday afternoon he was taken so much worse that I sent an express for the medical gentleman (Mr. Herring)[†1] who promptly attended, and administered a powerful dose of castor oil. Under the influence of this medicine, he recovered so far as to be able at 8 o'Clock p.m. to bite Topping. His night was peaceful. This morning at daybreak he appeared better; received (agreeably to the doctor's directions) another dose of castor oil; and partook plentifully of some warm gruel, the flavor of which he appeared to relish. Towards eleven o'Clock he was so much worse that it was found necessary to muffle the stable knocker. At half past, or thereabouts, he was heard talking to himself about the horse and Topping's family, and to add some incoherent expressions which are supposed to have been either a foreboding of his approaching dissolution, or some wishes relative to the disposal of his little property — consisting chiefly of halfpence which he had buried in different parts of the garden. On the clock striking twelve he appeared slightly agitated, but he soon recovered, walked twice or thrice along the coach-house, stopped to bark, staggered, exclaimed "Halloa old girl!" (his favorite expression) and died.

He behaved throughout with a decent fortitude, equanimity, and selfpossession, which cannot be too much admired. I deeply regret that being in ignorance of his danger I did not attend to receive his last instructions. Something remarkable about his eyes occasioned Topping to run for the doctor at Twelve. When they returned together our friend was gone. It was the medical gentleman who informed me of his decease. He did it with great caution and delicacy, preparing me by the remark that "a jolly queer start had taken place", but the shock was very great notwithstanding.

I am not wholly free from suspicions of poison — a malicious butcher has been heard to say that he would "do" for him — his plea was, that he would not be molested in taking orders down the Mews, by any bird that wore a tail — other persons have also been heard to threaten — among others, Charles Knight[†2] who has just started a weekly publication, price fourpence;[†3] Barnaby being, as you know, Threepence. I have directed a

post mortem examination, and the body has been removed to Mr. Herring's school of Anatomy for that purpose.

I could wish, if you can take the trouble, that you would inclose this to Forster when you have read it. I cannot discharge the painful task of communication more than once.[†1] Were they Ravens who took Manna to somebody in the wilderness? At times I hope they were, and at others I fear they were not, or they would certainly have stolen it by the way. In profound sorrow, I am ever Your bereaved friend. CD.

Kate is as well as can be expected, but terribly low as you may suppose. The children seem rather glad of it. He bit their ancles. But that was play ——[†2]

To THOMAS LATIMER, 13 MARCH 1841†

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Thirteenth March | 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I thank you heartily for your kind letter, and shall hope to hear from you again at your convenience.

I don't think any object would be gained by concealing the fact of my having paid the bill.[†1] So long as he is left to suppose that I traced it from Chapman and Hall's and took it up, all the end we need have in view is gained.

I received a paper from you[†2] after I had written the first paragraph of this note. [†a]It is curious that I have always fancied the Old Curiosity Shop to be my XXX,[†3] and that I never had the design and purpose of a story so distinctly marked in my mind, from its commencement. All its quietness arose out of a deliberate purpose; the notion being to stamp upon it from the first, the shadow of that early death.[†4] I think I shall always like it better than anything I have done or may do. So much for authorship.[†a]

Bulwer who read it through t'other day holds exactly my opinion,[†5] and Lord Jeffrey[†6] was — and is I believe but I have not seen him since its conclusion[†7] — of the same mind. I know a great many people are of yours,[†8] or I shouldn't say so much.

My raven died suddenly yesterday at noon. He is a great loss to me. He buried in his lifetime immense quantities of treasure (in halfpence) in

various parts of the garden — so much, indeed, that if it were not spring time I should certainly have it dug up. His death was characteristic. He had had some castor oil, and a little warm gruel to assist its operation; and having swallowed the last-named medicine with infinite relish, walked the Stable twice or thrice — very slowly — from end to end. Suddenly he stopped, staggered, called my man by his name, walked on again, stopped, cried "Halloa old girl!" — which I take to be an apostrophe to death, which is feminine in Latin — and expired. The medical gentleman (one Herring, a bird fancier) arrived immediately afterwards and broke the intelligence to me. He did it with great delicacy, preparing me with the remark that "a jolly queer start as ever he know'd had took place back'ards there" (the stable is in the rear of the premises) but the shock was very great of course.

I am not without suspicions of Poison — a butcher having been heard to threaten — and have directed a Post Mortem examination.

Excuse this rambling note, for *my* commission is always opening and never shutting up again.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Latimer Esquire

To BASIL HALL, 16 MARCH 1841

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday Evening Sixteenth March | 1841.

My Dear Hall — for I see it must be juniores priores,[†2] and that I must demolish the ice at a blow.

I have not had courage until last night to read Lady De Lancey's narrative,[†3] and but for your letter[†4] I should not have mustered it even then. One glance at it when (through your kindness) it first arrived here, impressed me with a foreboding of its terrible truth; and I really have shrunk from it, in pure lack of heart.

After working at Barnaby all day, and wandering about the most wretched and distressful streets for a couple of hours in the evening — searching for some pictures I wanted to build upon[†5] — I went at it, at about

ten oClock.[†1] To say that the reading that most astonishing and tremendous account has constituted an epoch in my life — that I never shall forget the lightest word of it — that I cannot throw the impression aside and never saw anything so real, so touching, and so actually present before my eyes, is nothing. I am husband and wife, dead man and living woman, Emma[†2] and General Dundas,[†3] doctor and bedstead, — everything and everybody (but the Prussian officer[†4] — damn him) all in one. What I have always looked upon as masterpieces of powerful and affecting description, seem as nothing in my eyes. If I live for fifty years, I shall dream of it every now and then from this hour to the day of my death with the most frightful reality. The slightest mention of a battle will bring the whole thing before me. I shall never think of the Duke any more, but as he stood in his shirt with the officer in full dress uniform,[†5] or as he dismounted from his horse when the gallant man was struck down.

It is a striking proof of the power of that most extraordinary man Defoe, that I seem to recognize in every line of the narrative, something of him. Has this occurred to you? The going to Waterloo with that unconsciousness of everything in the road, but the obstacles to getting on — the shutting herself up in her room and determining not to hear — the not going to the door when the knocking came — the finding out by her wild spirits when she heard he was safe, how much she had feared when in doubt and anxiety — the desperate desire to move towards him — the whole description of the cottage; and his condition; and their daily shifts and contrivances; and the lying down beside him in the bed and both *falling asleep*; and his resolving

not to serve any more but to live quietly thenceforth; and her sorrow when she saw him eating with an appetite, so soon before his death; and his death itself — all these are matters of truth which only that astonishing creature, as I think, could have told in fiction.

Of all the beautiful and tender passages — the thinking every day how happy and blest she was — the decorating him for the dinner — the standing in the balcony at night, and seeing the troops melt away

through the gate — and the rejoining him on his sick bed — I say not a word. They are God's own and should be sacred. But let me say again with an earnestness which pen and ink can no more convey than toast and water, in thanking you heartily for the perusal of this paper, that its impression on me never can be told; that the ground she travelled (which I know well)[†1] is holy ground to me from this day; and that please Heaven I will tread it every foot, this very next Summer,[†2] to have the softened recollection of this sad story on the very earth where it was acted. You won't smile at this, I know. When my enthusiasms are awakened by such things, they don't wear out.[†3]

Have you ever thought within yourself of that part where having suffered so much by the news of his death, she *will not* believe he is alive? I should have supposed that unnatural if I had seen it in fiction.

I shall never dismiss the subject from my mind, but with these hasty and very imperfect words I shall dismiss it from my paper with two additional remarks — firstly that Kate has been grievously putting me out by sobbing over it while I have been writing this, and has just retired in an agony of grief — and secondly that *if* a time *should* ever come when you would not object to letting a friend copy it for himself, I hope you will bear me in your thoughts.[†4]

———————

It seems the poorest nonsense in the world to turn to anything else — that

is, seems to me being fresher in respect of Lady De Lancey than you — but my Raven's dead. He had been ailing for a few days but not seriously, as we thought, and was apparently recovering, when symptoms of relapse occasioned me to send for an eminent medical gentleman (one Herring; a bird fancier in the New Road) who promptly attended, and administered a powerful dose of castor oil. This was on Tuesday last. On Wednesday Morning he had another dose of castor oil; and a teacup-full of warm gruel, which he took with great relish, and under the influence of which he so far recovered his spirits as to be enabled to bite the groom severely. At 12 o'Clock at noon he took several turns up and down the stable with a grave, sedate air — and suddenly reeled. This made him thoughtful. He stopped directly, shook his head, moved on again, stopped once more, cried in a tone of remonstrance and considerable surprise "Halloa old girl!" — and immediately died.

He has left a rather large property (in cheese and halfpence) buried, for security's sake, in various parts of the garden. I am not without suspicions of poison. — A butcher was heard to threaten him some weeks since — and he stole a clasp knife belonging to a vindictive carpenter, which was never found. For these reasons I directed a post mortem examination, preparatory to the body being stuffed; the result of it has not yet reached me. The medical gentleman broke out the fact of his decease to me with great delicacy, observing that "the jolliest queer start had taken place with that 'ere knowing card of a bird, as ever he see'd — " but the shock was naturally very great. With reference to the jollity of the start, it appears that a raven dying at two hundred and fifty or thereabouts, is looked upon as an infant. This one would hardly, as I may say, have been born for a century or so to come, being only two or three years old.

I want to know more about the promised "tickler"[†1] — when it's to come — what it's to be — and in short all about it, that I may give it the better welcome. I don't know how it is, but I am celebrated, either

for writing no letters at all, or for the briefest specimens of epistolary correspondence in existence. And here I am — in writing to you — on the Sixth side! I

won't make it a seventh any way: so with love *to* all your home circle, and *from* all mine, I am now and always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I am very glad you like Barnaby.[†1] I have great designs in store, but am sadly cramped at first for room.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 MARCH 1841]

Extract in F, II, x, 174. *Date:* given by Forster as 18 Mar — the day after the Hill sale had ended.

I have done nothing today but cut the *Swift*,[†2] looking into it with a delicious laziness in all manner of delightful places, and put poor Tom's books away. I had a letter from Edinburgh this morning,[†3] announcing that Jeffrey's visit to London will be the week after next; telling me that he drives about Edinburgh declaring there has been "nothing so good as Nell since Cordelia,"[†4] which he writes also to all manner of people; and informing me of a desire in that romantic town to give me greeting and welcome.[†5] For this and other reasons I am disposed to make Scotland my destination in June rather than Ireland.[†6] Think, *do* think, meantime (here are ten good weeks), whether you couldn't, by some effort worthy of the owner of

the gigantic helmet,[†1] go with us. Think of such a fortnight — York, Carlisle, Berwick, your own Borders,[†2] Edinburgh, Rob Roy's country, railroads, cathedrals, country inns, Arthur's-seat, lochs, glens, and home by sea. DO think of this, seriously, at leisure.

To THOMAS MITTON, 19 MARCH 1841*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth March 1841.

Dear Tom.

I'll come down to you at a quarter to four. I am hard at work (having been fearfully lazy since Monday) but will take a couple of hours before dinner, and resume at night.

I am, as you are, much surprised that Alfred has not heard from the New Zealand folks. I dictated a letter to him yesterday, which he wrote and sent to the chief clerk.[†3] It cannot fail, I think, to bring something decisive soon.

Faithfully Always

CD

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

I thought this a good opportunity of sending you the C & H accounts.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 22 MARCH 1841

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Devonshire Terrace.
Monday March Twenty Second | 1841.

My Dear Talfourd

That immortally sluggish binder has at length completed your Nickleby, which I pray you accept herewith. The two Clock Volumes are in progress.

The mention of them brings me to asking a favor of you. I must have *the works* to dinner again. Will Saturday April the Tenth at a quarter past six, suit you? — And if so, will you on that day again kindly do for me what no man can do so well, or with so much pleasure to all his hearers?[†4]

The celebration of the Second Volume[†1] entails these pains and penalties upon you.[†2]

With best regards to Mrs. Talfourd and to Miss Ely.

Believe me ever
My Dear Talfourd | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd

To W. C. MACREADY, [22 MARCH 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly Mon 22 Mar 41, the day the Siddons Committee met at Exeter Hall and Macready recorded in his diary: "Then Bulwer came; an excuse from Dickens and Tom Moore" (*Diaries,* II, 129).

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Morning.

My Dear Macready.

I have had this morning a grievous letter from the Printer which *obliges* me — either to dine at home this evening, or stay at home this morning. I choose the lesser evil of the two, and send you this, to beg that in the Siddons matter you will at this first Meeting do all for me that you do for yourself.[†4]

In haste | Always My Dear Macready
Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

W. C. Macready Esquire

To JOHN SCOTT,[†1] 22 MARCH 1841

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
March The Twenty Second 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I really cannot tell you how much pleasure I have derived from the receipt of your warm-hearted and welcome note; nor can I thank you for it sufficiently.

Although I know in my heart and conscience that every action of my life and every impulse by which I am guided give the lie to the assertion, I am still greatly pained to learn that you have ever heard me charged with forgetting old friends or associates. Those who know me best, best know how such a charge would wound me, and how very undeserved it is. There is no character I so detest and abhor as a man who presumes on his prosperity. I feel its baseness so strongly that if I supposed my children could at any future time believe me to have been a creature of that kind, I should be wretched.

Happily, although I have made many friends, I have never since my schooltime lost *one.* The pleasantest and proudest part of my correspondence is that in which I have stored the congratulations of some from whom I had been separated by distance or accident for several years; and believe me that from a little pale schoolmaster[†2] who taught me my letters (and who turned up miraculously the other day in a high state of preservation) to those who have more recent and more fleeting claims on my regard, I have never in my life — and especially in my later life — no, not once, treated any single human being with coldness or hauteur. I have a capacity, and a strong inclination, for feeling warmly towards all those whom I have

known in less successful times; and any man who reports me unjustly in this respect, either does me wilfully an envious and grudging wrong, or acquiesces too easily in a falsehood, of which he may convince himself at the smallest possible expence of trouble and justice.

Let me thank you again, very faintly and imperfectly, for your honest letter. I shall put it among the grateful records to which I have referred; and I do not despair of increasing their bulk before I die, by communications not very dissimilar, even from those who now mistake me most.

Pray, if you should have reason to think when you read the Clock that I have written anything about this time in extremely good spirits, believe that you have had a large share in awakening them — and believe besides that I am with sincerity

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Scott Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 MARCH 1841]*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Macready recorded in his diary for 22 Mar 41: "Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Pierce Butler, Kenney, Dickens, Travers, Harness and Rogers dined with us" (*Diaries*, II, 129). Presumably CD's note was in answer to a letter from Forster asking who had been present at the dinner, and was written next day or soon after.

My Dear Forster

I shall be out between 2 and 4, and will call on you.

Faithfully Always
CD.

An anonymous man with grey whiskers[†1]
Rogers
Kenney[†2]
Mrs. Butler[†3]
Mr.[†4] Jameson[†5]
Harness

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 MARCH 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 166. *Date:* 25 Mar according to Forster.

I see there is yet room for a few lines, and you are quite right in wishing what I cut out to be restored. I did not want Joe to be so short about Dolly, and really wrote his references to that young lady carefully[†1] — as natural things with a meaning in them. Chigwell, my dear fellow, is the greatest place in the world.[†2] Name your day for going. Such a delicious old inn[†3] opposite the churchyard — such a lovely ride — such beautiful forest scenery — such an out of the way, rural, place — such a sexton! I say again, name your day.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 MARCH 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 167. *Date:* 26 Mar according to Forster.

I have shut myself up by myself to-day, and mean to try and "go it" at the *Clock*;[†4] Kate being out, and the house peacefully dismal. I don't remember altering the exact part you object to, but if there be anything here you object to, knock it out ruthlessly.[†5]

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 27 MARCH 1841

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh March 1841.

My Dear Cattermole.

Will you book Saturday the Tenth of April at a quarter past 6 (that's this day fortnight) to dine here with our Clock Works, in honor of the new Wolume?[†1] And will you furthermore get the steam up to an extent which will enable you to toast the Ali Babas or wood cutters,[†2] to the concern?

Always Faithfully | And at present hastily
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To CHARLES GRAY, 27 MARCH 1841*

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twenty Seventh March 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Will you do me the favor to dine with me on Saturday the Tenth of April, at a quarter past six, to welcome our new volume?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

— Gray Esquire

To WILLIAM SHOBERL,[†4] 29 MARCH 1841

Extract in John Waller catalogue No. 98 (1873); *MS* 2 pp.; dated 29 Mar 41.

I want to know when I shall revise the proofs of the end of the second volume,[†5] comprising the latter portion of Mr. Landor's paper, which I wish that Gentleman to correct.[†6]

To BASIL HALL, [?31 MARCH 1841]

Mention in Hall *to* CD, 1 Apr (see *fn*). *Date:* written between Hall's letters of 29 Mar and 1 Apr.

Acquiescing in Hall's wish to possess a bust of him and have it done by Mr Joseph[†1] *and to give him a bust of himself by Joseph; approving of his notion of writing "Seaport sketches";*[†2] *and saying that Hall's humility about his own writing made him uneasy.*[†3]

To J. C. PRINCE,[†4] 31 MARCH 1841*

MS Winifred A. Myers Ltd.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thirty First March 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Prince, and begs to assure him that he will have great pleasure in subscribing to his book.[†5]

April

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 1 APRIL 1841

Extract in J. F. Drake catalogue No. 191; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1 Apr 41.

With all my heart — at half past six next Saturday, in the Athenaeum dining room.[†1] I shall want to walk into Lord Northampton's and out again in the course of the Evening as it is the last "swarry" and I have not been yet; but that will not interfere.[†2]

To FRANCIS SMEDLEY,[†3] 1 APRIL 1841*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | April The First, 1841.

Dear Sir,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note. I am not "free" of Tothill Fields Bridewell (I am of most other jails), and do entertain a curiosity to see the Palace Victim;[†4] strongly doubting the popular belief in his sharpness of intellect.[†5]

Therefore, I will call on you next Tuesday, as you are good enough to leave the day to me, at a quarter after twelve.[†6]

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Smedley Esquire.

To R. S. HORRELL, 1 APRIL 1841

MS Public Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace. | April The First 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I think the improvement you have made in the inclosed MS, *very great.* My objection is entirely removed, and I have read it with the greatest pleasure.

You will not consider me hypercritical if I suggest to you that in lieu of the "shriek" at page 5, a groan or sigh or murmur would be more in consonance with the spirit of the piece. At page 7 marréd is awkward I think. Sullied would be better. And going back to page 5 again, I would rather see "good creature" or something to that effect than "Ha! woman" when he is apostrophising the nurse. This, however, is altogether a matter of taste.

I don't think it needs any other alteration whatever; and I shall be very happy to receive the copy from you, whenever it suits your leisure and convenience.

If I were you, I would send it to Blackwood's — you are not to be discouraged, mind, if it be rejected[†1] — with some such note as this: "S.H presents his compliments to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and earnestly begs that he will do him the favor to *read* the accompanying paper which is very short, and which he forwards with much diffidence and self-distrust." The shorter such a communication is, the better; and I always found when I edited a Magazine, that a modest note arrested me when I had been wading through seas of nonsense and was growing almost too dull to see the words upon the paper.

With best wishes for your success, believe me

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

[S]. H[arford][†2] Esquire

To HENRY COLBURN, 1 APRIL 1841

Facsimile[†3] in *CD's Original Autograph Copy of his Letter to Henry Colburn ... Together with a Note to Forster*, privately printed for Cumberland Clark, 1918.

(Copy)

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.

April The First 1841.

Sir

As I address you upon a matter of business, and not a mere question of

gentlemanly and courteous treatment, I count upon receiving an answer.

Last June, you objected to the quality of some essays by Mr. Walter Savage Landor[†1] which I had forwarded to you for insertion in the Pic Nic Papers, in my capacity as Editor of that work. Mr. Forster, himself an intimate friend of Mr. Landor's, saw you upon the subject (I being then out of town) and pointed out to you your mistake — You withdrew — to reconsider it.

Since then, I have several times requested to see a complete proof of these articles, in which you had — without any communication with me — stopped the Printer some weeks previously. Of these applications you have taken no notice whatever. In the mean time I have with-held my paper, in the hope of bringing you by that means to do your duty.

It is apart from my object to characterize this proceeding of yours in reference to myself, or to discuss your competency to sit in judgment on the productions of Mr. Landor. I content myself with asserting my right as Editor of the book to choose the matter for its pages, and denying any authority on your part to interfere with my selection.

If the book were publishing as my own property or for my own profit, I would not forego this right though I retarded its publication a dozen years and wanted bread the while. But as the case is one of "charity", and as I cannot resist, and do not hold myself justified in resisting, the urgent appeals of the lady for whose benefit our price is to be paid, I will no longer delay it by with-holding my contribution. I have therefore to request that you will, in reply to this, send me back that Manuscript of Mr. Landor's which you refuse to print, and in reference to which, you have taken my office on yourself; — in order that I may return it to that gentleman with a statement of the circumstances leading to his receiving it.[†2] This done, the Printer will receive my tale, and the book will be completed.

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, 1 APRIL 1841

Facsimile in *CD's Original Autograph Copy of his Letter to Henry Colburn ... Together with a Note to Forster*, privately printed for Cumberland Clark, 1918.

April The First 1841

My Dear Forster[†3]

Here is a copy of the letter to Colburn — sent along with an imaginary

gauntlet, to day. Preserve it,[†1] for I have no other. The letter to Landor I will write when I have received an answer from this sneaking vagabond.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To EDWARD DUBOIS,[†2] 2 APRIL 1841

MS Harvard College Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | April The Second 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Thank you for your note of yesterday.

I was a *leetle* startled when I first went to Evans's, by the autographic department of the Catalogue,[†3] but a moment's reflection assured me that the Executors had no choice in the matter; for those who have a gratification in preserving such things during their lives, usually contemplate their sale at some distant time, and have a pleasure in anticipating the little bustle it will make.

You are quite right in your philosophy. The pooh-poohers[†4] and Lord Burleighs[†5] have it hollow, all the world through — but we won't allow Hill to have been one of that kind.

He used to tell me often that he had kept a Diary for — I am afraid to say how many years, but I know it was a great number. I am looking forward with great expectation to your publishing it.[†6] I have in my mind's eye at this minute the expression of face, with which he told me he intended it to see the light — an unfathomable face — with something of John Murray, hinted, and perhaps a dim suggestion of three Volumes — but all the rest a deep, inscrutable mystery. It was behind a door he whispered it — He gave me to understand that between ourselves it would throw a light on certain

autobiographies — that somebody hadn't represented something quite correctly somewhere — that he knew all about that, bless you (God knows what) before *she* (God knows who) was trusted with it. And so, with one nudge of his elbow and three nods, he dismissed the subject and fell upon another no less weighty and secret.[†1]

I really did love him. He seems to have carried away with him half the pleasant, good-humoured little eccentricities of the world — of *my* world at least, as Charles Lamb says.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Du Bois Esquire

To J. P. HARLEY, 3 APRIL 1841

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace. | April The Third 1841.

My Dear Harley.

The "works" of the Clock dine with me next Saturday at a quarter past 6, in honor of our new volume. It is Passion week, and I devoutly hope you have no engagement to prevent you from joining the little party[†3] which you have gladdened so often on the like occasions.[†4]

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire.

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, [4] APRIL 1841*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Date:* 5 Apr 41 was a Monday; presumably CD was writing on the 4th.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Night | April The Fifth 1841.

My Dear Landor.

I shall look for the end of the month right earnestly, and shall be heartily glad and pleased to see you.

I am in fearfully low spirits tonight — bilious, behind-hand in my work in consequence, blue devil haunted and miserable. Thank God there are no real causes for this (saving, I suppose, some slight disorder in the system) and it's no great matter to me and less to you, except as an explanation of this poor note — for which reason I mention it.

Four months! I don't believe a word of it. If you're away from Bath four whole months consecutively, I'll write four novels for fourpence. Four months![†1] In the very high time and season of roses![†2] Your note bears date on the First of April, or it would have no such wild and monstrous statement in it, I'll be sworn.

Don't talk of such rash acts. Don't think of them. Come to London. Go to Paris. But return to Bath at short intervals wherever you go. How can a man live without sun, light, heat — How are you to be inspired — How are you to go on writing (as I know you do) — how are you to go on at all? It *cannot*[†3] be done. Or if it can, it must be by some frozen-hearted, slowblooded, torpid wretch; and you are not the man to do it.

If you do, I renounce you. I hold the Landor faith no more, and publicly recant.

Always Faithfully — but at present | conditionally | Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

All well and blooming — your dutiful Godson included.

To H. P. SMITH,[†4] 5 APRIL 1841*

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Morning April Fifth | 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I am so very much indisposed by a bilious attack, that we are reluctantly compelled to deny ourselves the pleasure of being with you to day. I

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assure you it grieves me very much to lose so good an opportunity of improving your acquaintance though I hope to have very many more — but indisposition is a serious matter to me who am so constantly engaged, and I am obliged[†1] to drive it away by vigorous and rigid measures, whereof the first is keeping at home and living abstemiously.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to present her compliments to Mrs. Smith. I doubt whether my bilious and most uncomfortable regards are worth acceptance, but I venture to add them notwithstanding.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To FRANCIS SMEDLEY, 5 APRIL 1841

Extract in N, I, 312, from catalogue source; dated Devonshire Terrace, 5 Apr 41.

I am extremely unwell with a vile bilious disorder which must be

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promptly subdued and has been taken in hand by the doctor[†1] with a most unpleasant alacrity[†2].

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 APRIL 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 167. *Date:* 5 Apr according to Forster.

Don't fail to erase anything that seems to you too strong. It is difficult for me to judge what tells too much, and what does not.[†3] I am trying a very quiet number[†4] to set against this necessary one. I hope it will be good, but I am in very sad condition for work. Glad you think this powerful. What I have put in is more relief, from the raven.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 APRIL 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 167. *Date:* two days after 5 Apr according to Forster.

I have done that number[†6] and am now going to work on another. I am bent (please Heaven) on finishing the first chapter[†7] by Friday night.

I hope to look in upon you to-night, when we'll dispose of the toasts for Saturday.[†1] Still bilious — but a good number, I hope, notwithstanding. Jeffrey has come to town and was here yesterday.

To ANDREW BELL,[†2] 7 APRIL [1841]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 7 Apr was Wednesday in 1841; handwriting supports that year.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Wednesday April The Seventh.

Dear Sir.

It gave me very great pleasure, I assure you, to receive your letter last night. I read the paper[†3] you did me the favor to send with it, before I went to bed, and was much amused and *interested* with it. Charles Lamb would have been charmed with it, I am sure.

I beg you to use my name among your other credentials, as freely and fully as you please.

And in thanking you for the many services I have received at your hands in the exercise of your painful calling[†4] (which I have often observed, and often commended) let me couple with my very sincere acknowledgments, my cordial wishes for your prosperity and success. It will afford me real gratification to hear that you are doing well; and if any commendation[†5] of mine can serve you at any time, it will be heartily at your service.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Andrew Bell.

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 8 APRIL 1841

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thursday April The Eighth | 1841.

My Dear Fletcher.

On the Twenty First of June, God willing, and no accident or misfortune interposing, I shall leave this for Edinburgh; staying one night, or possibly two, upon the road.

The choice of the Hotel I will leave to you; and some week or ten days beforehand, I will write to entreat you to take the trouble to bespeak the needful accommodation for us — a trouble I know you will take.

In the matter of the dinner or rumours of dinner, I feel bound to say — stop nothing. You know my "quiet ways", but coming Northward really as an acknowledgment of the kind opinion of the Northern people,[†1] and with a cordial desire to shake hands with them one and all, I would not for the world reject any compliment they, or any of them, sought to offer me. Therefore I say, stop *nothing*; and be assured that I should accept any testimonial of that, or any other kind, in the full height of the spirit in which it would be bestowed — and very gladly and proudly.

Jeffrey called on me two or three days ago, and I went to him this morning.[†2] He was in great force and charmed me exceedingly. His enthusiasm relative to the Old Curiosity Shop, exceeded even what you had prepared me for,[†3] and upon my word I c[a]me[†4] out of the house more delighted than if I had been ten thousand pounds the richer than when I went in — as I was in the true wealth undoubtedly.

The Bust[†5] arrived safe, and is considered by everybody (by Maclise at the head of them) *much more like* in the Marble than in the Cast. Kate wrote to thank you for it, but was guilty of the small omission (a very slight one) of forgetting to put it in the post. She is[†6] going to write again, and I have no doubt you will get her note, either with this, or immediately afterwards.

Somebody has been talking to me all the time I have been writing this. I am afraid it's illegible. But you would rather have it than wait, I know, and I would rather you had — so here (it) goes.

Always Dear Fletcher | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

You shall be our "Dougal"[†1] to the Highlands, and I your bailie. It *was* Forster who noticed Susan Hopley.[†2] He has *sent* me the book to read.

Note

There was, as you will see by the erasures, a redundancy of L's in the above paragraph.[†3] The talking man was the occasion of it.

To EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, 8 APRIL 1841†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Edward Marjoribanks Esquire | &c &c.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday April the Eighth 1841.

My Dear Sir

[†a]Twice a year — that is, at the end of each volume — I hold, not a solemn supper,[†4] but a solemn dinner, whereat all the Clock "Works", publishers, printers, artists, engravers, &c &c assemble together in high festival.[†a] And we make wonderful speeches I assure you, and strange things happen — such as men

in black who were never seen to smile before, cutting jokes — and songs breaking out in unexpected places — and many other moral Vesuviuses of that nature.

Unhappily next Saturday is the great day. Three white waistcoats have been seen on lines in suburban districts under suspicious circumstances, and I have reason to suppose are preparing for the occasion; a studious-looking man has been observed in Saint John's Wood muttering such scraps as "Gentlemen I rise" — " — on the present occasion" — "more than I can express" and so forth — and the description tallies exactly with a renowned engraver.[†5] Under *any*[†6] other circumstances (I am serious now) I would have a cold immediately, but in this predicament I have nothing for it but to regret most heartily you didn't say Monday or any other day, indeed, but this.

Dear Sir Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Marjoribanks Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN, 8 APRIL 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday April the Eighth | 1841.

My Dear Henry

Remember that the time for the Clock Works is a quarter past 6 on Saturday next.

Love to Letitia.

Affectionately Always
[CHARLES DICKENS][†1]

Henry Austin Esquire

To THE REV. THOMAS ROBINSON,[†2] 8 APRIL 1841

Tracing of MS by Mr R. L. McCulloch.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thursday April The Eighth/41.

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your interesting letter. Nor am I the less pleased to receive it, by reason that I cannot find it in my conscience to agree in many important respects with the body to which you belong.

In the love of virtue and hatred of vice, in the detestation of cruelty and encouragement of gentleness and mercy — all Men who endeavour to be acceptable to their Creator in any way, may freely agree. There are more roads to Heaven, I am inclined to think, than any Sect believes; but there can be none which have not these Flowers garnishing the way.

I feel it a great tribute, therefore, to receive your letter. It is most welcome and acceptable to me. I thank you for it heartily, and am proud of the approval of one who suffered in his youth, even more than my poor child.[†3]

While you teach in your walk of life the lessons of tenderness you have learnt in sorrow, trust me that in mine, I will pursue cruelty and oppression, the Enemies of all God's creatures of all codes and creeds, so long as I have the energy of thought and the power of giving it utterance.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend | Thomas Robinson

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 APRIL 1841*

MS Miss Christina Macready.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thursday April The Eighth. | 1841.

My Dear Macready.

If Mrs. Macready isn't going to have an evening party next Saturday, may I ask you to bring Meyrick[†1] with you, as you were kind enough to do on the last Clock work occasion?[†2]

Faithfully always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 9 APRIL 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Friday April The Ninth 1841.

My Dear Macready.

I think No. 1[†3] will suffice. Thank you no less for the offer of No. 2.

I am afraid I shall not be able to go out today. Perhaps if you are not anxious to call at Lord Northampton's now, you will let it stand over until one day next week. Then, I shall be happy to go with you.[†4]

My courage rises higher and higher now that you have settled for Drur[y] Lane.[†5] I feel more strongly than [ever][†6] that it is the position you alone should occupy — the position you alone can maintain — [an]d the venture tha[t] is as sure as a[ny] man's can be [to][†7] be crowned in the end, with a m[ ][†8] and success.

Always Faithfully Yours | My Dear Macready
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 APRIL 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 167. *Date:* given by Forster as "five days later" than *To* Forster, 7 Apr (itself "two days later" than letter dated by him 5 Apr).

I finished the number[†1] yesterday, and, although I dined with Jeffrey, and was obliged to go to Lord Denman's[†2] afterwards (which made me late), have done eight slips of the *Lamplighter*[†3] for Mrs. Macrone, this morning. When I have got that off my mind, I shall try to go on steadily, fetching up[†4] the *Clock* lee-way.

To MESSRS COX & SONS,[†5] 13 APRIL 1841*

MS Clark Memorial Library, University of California.

Devonshire Terrace | April The Thirteenth 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs. Cox and Sons, and begs to say that he will leave out his contribution to the Pic Nic Papers, under cover to them, if they will have the goodness to send a boy for it on Monday Morning.

To MISS CATHERINE HUTTON,[†6] 13 APRIL 1841

Text from N, I, 314.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park, London
April the Thirteenth, 1841

Dear Madam,

Mr. Charles Knight punctually executed your commission and sent me

your father's biography.[†1] I should have acknowledged its receipt immediately, but I had forgotten your address, and hoped to have my memory refreshed by hearing from you again.

I have not yet had time to do more than dip into the volume just before going to bed, but what I have read has interested me greatly. The part on which I chanced to light on cutting the leaves was that

which described Mr. Hutton's "running away", and first entry into Birmingham.[†2] I was much struck with the whole description of his journey — very much — and felt as if I were reading some new story by DeFoe.

Let me thank you very cordially for your kind recollection of me in sending me the book which I am sure I shall read with strong interest throughout, and with hearty good wishes for your health and happiness, believe me, Dear Madam,

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LORD JEFFREY, [?14 or 15 APRIL 1841]

Mention in Jeffrey *to* CD, "Thursday 15th" [Apr 41]: see *fn.*

Confirming an invitation for 26 Apr.[†3]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?15 APRIL 1841]*

MS Private. *Date:* Initials (not wholly reliable) suggest Mar-Apr 41, in which period 15 Apr seems the only possible Thursday. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire.

Devonshire T. | Thursday

Dear Mac.

Forster dines here today at ½ past 5. Will you dine with us? I mean to leave off, and go out for a ride — *now.* Will you come with us? Kate waits, and will bring you to me.

In haste | Always
CD

To [?SIR FRANCIS AND LADY BURDETT], [?15] APRIL [1841]*

MS Bodleian Library. *Date:* endorsed 1841 in contemporary hand; style of date ("April The Sixteenth") supports. But since 16 Apr 41 was a Friday, CD was probably writing on Thurs 15th. *Address:* see *fn.*

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday, April The Sixteenth.

Mr. Charles Dickens has very great pleasure in accepting [?Sir Francis and Lady Burdett's][†1] kind Invitation for tomorrow.

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE,[†2] 16 APRIL 1841*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | April The Sixteenth, 1841.

My Dear Sir,

Have you anything better to do on Monday Week the Twenty Sixth, than to dine here at 7 o'clock — only to meet Jeffrey, and one or two others whom you know?[†3]

If you have not, I shall be truly glad to see you.[†4]

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Albany Fonblanque Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 17 APRIL 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace.
Saturday April The Seventeenth | 1841.

My Dear Henry.

The pamphlet[†1] is extremely well got up, and looks capital. The following names occur to me — should I think of any others, I will send them to you.

Affy. always
CD.

Sir Martin Archer Shee,[†2] P.R.A. 32 Cavendish Sqe.
The Right Hon The Marquis of Lansdowne[†3]
54 Berkeley Square
The Right Hon The Marquis of Northampton
145 Piccadilly.
The Right Hon The Lord Monteagle[†4]
8 Mansfield Street.

Sir Francis Chantrey[†1] R.A. 30 Lower Belgrave Place
Pimlico

His Majesty The King
of the
Cannibal Islands[†2]
Cannibal Islands.
World.

And all the R.As and architects you can think of. I should say Ewart M.P[†3] certainly. I don't know his address, but you'll find it in any list of Members.[†4]

I sent one copy to Forster, and begged him to notice it.[†5]

To MRS [?HURNALL],[†6] 17 APRIL 1841*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* see *fn.*

Devonshire Terrace.
Saturday April The Seventeenth | 1841.

Dear Madam.

I should have written to you the first thing this morning, had I not been anticipated by your messenger (whom I fear I have detained some time,

for I was not up when he arrived) to appoint tomorrow for calling on you, and to tell you that I was unexpectedly summoned out of town yesterday morning, and did not return 'till Evening.

I regret to say that this is always with me the busiest day in the week, and that this morning I could not on any account leave home. I must therefore defer the pleasure of seeing you — very unwillingly — until your next visit to town. Wishing you health and happiness in the mean time, and trusting that I may have the good fortune to increase your stock of cheerfulness in time to come, as you make me happy by telling me I have, in time past, I am Dear Madam

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Harnace

To MRS SMITHSON, 18 APRIL 1841

Mention in *American Book Prices Current*, 1901; dated 18 Apr 41.

To SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, 19 APRIL 1841

MS Lytton Papers.

1 Devonshire Terrace. York Gate
Monday April The Nineteenth 1841.

My Dear Sir Edward.

If you have no better engagement — as you easily may have — for next Monday the Twenty Sixth, will you dine with me at Seven o'Clock?[†1] I shall be heartily glad to see you, if you will.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

To FRANCIS SMEDLEY, 19 APRIL 1841

Text from *D,* X (1914), 214.

Devonshire Terrace, | April the Nineteenth, 1841.

My dear Sir,

Unless you forbid me, I mean to call upon you next Monday between 12 and 1, and avail myself of your good offices in the matter of "The Boy Jones",[†1] as the Sunday newspapers denominate him in very fat capitals.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]
Francis Smedley Esquire.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 19 APRIL 1841*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | April The Nineteenth 1841

My Dear Sir.

I shall be happy to act as one of the Stewards at the next Anniversary Dinner, and beg you to assure the Committee of my ready and cordial co-operation on the occasion.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 APRIL 1841

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace.
Tuesday April The Twentieth 1841.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I thank you very much for the order (which I intended calling for today, to save you trouble); and as you are so good as to offer your box at the German Opera, I will avail myself of your kindness, if you please, on Thursday Night.[†3]

I have at length been enabled to discover the benevolent Porkman. His name is Edward Hurcomb; his address, 19 William Street Lisson Grove. The poor distracted creature who stole the pork (I think it *was* pork) lives, or did live then, at No. 1 Carlisle Mews Paddington. Her name is Maria Robinson. The circumstance occurred on Monday December the Twenty Eighth, and was reported in the Newspaper Police Accounts of the following day.[†1]

I have given my binder instructions to put up an Old Curiosity Shop in one Volume, and when it is becomingly dressed, to send it to you.[†2] I hope I may venture to beg your acceptance of it, in this more pleasant shape, as a slight but very sincere tribute of my respect and esteem, and as conveying the author's most cordial and hearty regard.

I should add two more sentences in reference to this Copy of the Tale which I am proud to believe has added something to your stock of pleasant associations. The first is, that the binder to whom I have sent it, is the slowest man in England.[†3] The second, that as I have told him to weed out all the foreign matter that was mixed up with its earlier pages, in the Clock,[†4] it will have some blank sides here and there, and will be regularly irregular in the numbers at the top of the leaves.[†5] But it will be all together, and free from interruptions, and will serve you, I hope, until it comes to be printed in a more convenient form, some years hence.

The Raven's body was removed with every regard for my feelings, in a covered basket. It was taken off to be stuffed, but has not come home yet.

He has left a considerable property (chiefly in cheese and halfpence) buried in different parts of the garden; and the new Raven — for I have a successor[†1] — administers to the effects. He had buried in one place, a brush[†2] (which I have made two efforts to write plainly) a very large hammer, and several raw potatoes, which were discovered yesterday. He was very uneasy just before death, and wandering in his mind, talked amazing nonsense. — My servant thinks the hammer troubled him. It is supposed to have been stolen from a carpenter of vindictive disposition. — He was heard to threaten, — and I am not without suspicions of Poison.

Believe me at all times | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I beg my compliments to Miss Meredith whose cold, I hope, is better.

To WASHINGTON IRVING, 21 APRIL 1841

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate | Regents Park London
April The Twenty First 1841.

My Dear Sir.

There is no man in the World who could have given me the heartfelt pleasure you have, by your kind note of the Thirteenth of last Month.[†3] There is no living writer, and there are very few among the dead, whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn. And with everything you have written, upon my shelves, and in my thoughts, and in my heart of hearts, I may honestly and truly say so. If you could know how earnestly I write this, you would be glad to read it — as I hope you will be, faintly guessing at the warmth of the hand I autographically hold out to you, over the broad Atlantic.

I wish I could find in your welcome letter, some hint of an intention to visit England. I can't. I have held it at arm's length, and taken a bird's-eye view of it after reading it a great many times, but there is no greater encouragement in it this way than on a microscopic inspection. I should love to go with you — as I have gone, God knows how often — into Little Britain, and Eastcheap, and Green Arbour Court, and Westminster Abbey.[†4] I should like to travel with you, outside the last of the coaches, down to Bracebridge Hall.[†5] It would make my heart glad to compare notes with you about that shabby gentleman in the oilcloth hat and

red-nose who sat in the nine-cornered back parlor at the Masons' Arms[†1] — and about Robert Preston[†2] — and the tallow chandler's widow[†3] whose sitting room is second nature to me — and about all those delightful places and people that I used to walk about and dream of in the daytime when a very small and not over-particularly-taken-care-of boy. I have a good deal to say too about that dashing Alonzo De Ojeda[†4] that you can't help being fonder of than you ought to be — and much to hear concerning Moorish Legend, and poor unhappy Boabdil.[†5] Diedrich Knickerbocker[†6] I have worn to death in my pocket — and yet I should shew you his mutilated[†7] carcass — with a joy past all expression.[†8]

I have been so accustomed to associate you with my pleasantest and happiest thoughts, and with my leisure hours, that I rush at once into full confidence with you, and fall — as it were naturally, and by the very laws of gravity — into your open arms. Questions come thronging to my pen as to the lips of people who meet after long hoping to do so. I don't know what to say first, or what to leave unsaid, and am constantly disposed to break off and tell you again how glad I am this moment has arrived.

My Dear Washington Irving I cannot thank you enough for your cordial and generous praise, or tell you what deep and lasting gratification it has [given me].[†9] I hope to have many letters from you, and to exchange a frequent correspondence. I send this to say so. After the first two or three, I shall settle down into a connected style, and become gradually rational.

You know what the feeling is after having written a letter, sealed it, and sent it off. I shall picture you reading this and answering it, before it has lain one night in the Post Office. Ten to one that before the fastest packet could reach New York, I shall be writing again.

Do you suppose the Post office clerks care to receive letters? I have my doubts. They get into a dreadful habit of indifference. A Postman, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one to himself, without being startled by a preliminary double knock — !

Always your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY,[†1] 26 APRIL [1841]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* 26 Apr was Monday in 1841.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Monday Evg. April The Twenty Sixth.

My Dear Sir.

Since I left you to-day, I have been greatly distressed in my mind, concerning our wretched friend the (supposed) tailor.[†2] May I ask you to apply the inclosed trifle in any way that you think will do him the most good, and to exercise your own discretion — for none can have so good a one as you in such a case — either to pay his fine and give him the rest, or keep him his five days,[†3] and then let him have the whole to start with. In either case, I would like to send him, besides, a suit of cast-off clothes, which (if you give me your permission to forward them to the jail; I don't like to venture on sending them without it) my man shall bring directly.

I cannot express to you how much moved I have been by witnessing the results of your humanity and goodness.[†4] Men who have so much in their

power and acquit themselves so well, deserve the gratitude of mankind. Accept the thanks and assurances of esteem of one among them who loves, and truly loves the rest. It is the only qualification I have for offering them to you.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lieut. Tracey | &c &c &c

To BASIL HALL, 27 APRIL 1841

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | April The Twenty Seventh 1841.

My Dear Hall.

Post just going — compression of sentiments required — Bust received[†1] — likeness *amazing* — recognizable instantly if encountered on the summit of the Great Pyramid — Scotch anecdote most striking and most distressing[†2] — dreamed of it — babbies well — wife ditto — yours the same, I hope? — Seaport sketches,[†3] one of those ideas that improves in promise as they are pondered on — *Good,* I am certain — Ever faithfully, and at present hastily — [†4]

BOZ.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 27 APRIL [1841]

Text from R. S. Mackenzie, *Life of CD,* Philadelphia, 1870, p. 214. *Date:* misdated 1840 by Mackenzie and N; 27 Apr was Tuesday in 1841; references to the sonnet and Ewart (see *To* Forster, 3 May) support that year.

Devonshire Terrace,
Tuesday, April the Twenty-seventh.

My Dear Talfourd,

Many thanks for the Sonnet.[†1] Do you know Ewart? I want, on behalf of an oppressed lady,[†2] to remind him of a promise he made her relative to the presentation of a petition to the House. I don't like to approach a man of his kidney, without an introduction. Can you give me one in a couple of lines?[†3]

Faithfully Always,
CHARLES DICKENS

To LEITCH RITCHIE,[†4] 27 APRIL [1841]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* clearly 1841 on handwriting.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
April The Twenty Seventh.

My Dear Sir.

Believe me that *pecuniary* considerations would have no influence with me, if I could possibly comply with your request, in the matter of the Friendship's Offering.[†5] But I cannot. While the Clock is going, my hands are tied. I have not turned aside from it to write one line for anything else, although I have been very strongly and earnestly solicited; nor can I. If I could, I would most cheerfully assist you.

You will be glad to hear that the book for Mrs. Macrone's benefit to which you kindly sent a very interesting contribution,[†6] is coming out *at last.*

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Leitch Ritchie Esquire.

To WILLIAM SHOBERL, 27 APRIL 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | April The Twenty Seventh 1841.

My Dear Sir

I couldn't write to you yesterday, for I had not heard from Mr. Browne.

He says that *certainly* he will finish his plates by the middle of next week — and I have no doubt he will.[†1] Please to send him two steel plates directly, and to tell the Printer to be quick in sending me a set of the proof sheets, — with a view to the subjects of the designs.[†2]

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Sonnet I inclose. I have a little song I should wish to find room for.[†3] It will not occupy more than a page. You shall have it tomorrow.

Mr. Forster, it seems, is writing a short paper.[†4] If you will instruct the printer to send a boy to 58 Lincolns Inn Fields for it on Friday Morning, it will be ready.

Have you sent to Mr. Cruikshank?[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Shoberl Esquire.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 28 APRIL 1841*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace
Wednesday The Twenty Eighth April | 1841.

Dear Sir.

I was in the very act of acknowledging the receipt of your first note, and assuring you that I heartily reciprocated all its friendly contents, when your second arrived.

It is impossible to doubt the wisdom and propriety of your intention, in reference to our love-lorn friend, — respecting whose ricketty intellects by the way, I would rather take his face's evidence than his sister's. If you

will bestow the fifteen shillings[†1] in any portions you please on any objects who may seem deserving of such poor aid when they travel into the world again, from your seclusion, you will gratify me very much.

As you say nothing about the clothes, and as I take it for granted that his master will not like him the worse for a slight improvement in his appearance, I send them herewith. They will do the poor creature no harm at any rate, and may do him service.

I am truly indebted to you on every score for the kind interest you have shewn in this matter, and the very great pains you have taken. But the being regardless of trouble when good is to be done, must be so common with you, that it would be impertinence to thank you for it.

Believe me with sincerity | My Dear Sir
[CHARLES DICKENS][†2]

Lieutenant Tracey
&c &c &c

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 29 APRIL 1841

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | April The Twenty Ninth/41,

My Dear Ainsworth.

With all imaginable pleasure. I quite look forward to the day.[†3] It is an age since we met, and it ought not to be.

The artist has just sent home your Nickleby. He suggested variety, pleading his fancy and genius. As a wilful binder must have his way, I put the best face on the matter and gave him, his. I will bring it, together with the Pickwick, to your house-warming with me.

The old Royal George went down in consequence of having too much weight on one side.[†4] I trust the New First Rate of that name,[†5] won't be

heavy anywhere. There seems to me to be too much whisker for a shilling,[†1] but that's a matter of taste —

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 APRIL 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 167 (*aa*), dated 29 Apr by Forster; extract in F, II, x, 173 (*bb*), dated simply "April" by Forster, but clearly also 29th since both extracts answer a letter from Forster dated "Thursday" [29 Apr].[†3]

[a]I am getting on very slowly. I want to stick to the story; and the fear of committing myself, because of the impossibility of trying back or altering a syllable, makes it much harder than it looks.[†4] It was too

bad of me to give you the trouble of cutting the number,[†5] but I knew so well you would do it in the right places. For what Harley would call the "onward work" I really think I have some famous thoughts.[a]

[b]How often used Black[†6] and I to quarrel about the effect of the poor-law bill![†7] Walter comes in upon the cry.[†8] See whether the whigs go out upon it.[b†9]

May

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 2 MAY 1841

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday May The Second 1841.

My Dear George.

Many thanks for, and all good wishes to, the "Buss".[†1] It is wery light, wery easy on the springs, well horsed, driv in a slap up style, and altogether an uncommon spicy con-sarn. "Mind Coachman" as the old ladies say "you take me as fur as ever you go, and don't you put me down till you come to the very end of the journey."

I object, Sir, to one thing — and that is, your treatment of that 'ere windgalled, wall-eyed, spavined, knock-knee'd, gallows-bred leader, Grant[†2] — known down our yard as the Blunderer. You an't half nor a quarter sharp enough with him Sir;[†3] you should have established a raw on him as 'ud ha' made him wince till sich time as he wos made into dog's meat for halfbred mongrels — the only animals as 'ud condescend to eat him — and them only on account of his amazing sarce. I should ha' liked to have had the punishing of him Sir. *I* wouldn't ha' let him off so easy.[†4]

Seriously. A man has no right to live upon lies, and to trade in reputations as that scoundrel does. With an air of truth, he deliberately sits down, to tell at so much a line, what he knows to be lies about you (because he invented them) and which are calculated to give people a most unfavourable impression of your habits and character.[†5] Vermin, when caught, are

never tickled, but killed outright; and having got my foot upon that louse of literature, I'd have squashed him ruthlessly.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To J. BLACKBURN, 3 MAY 1841

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday May The Third 1841

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks to you for the Magazine, which is a great curiosity. As you may suppose that I haven't read my second self "right through", you will not give me any credit for returning them within the specified time.†2

Good God how hot these Oriental Magazines look! You're so used to them, that I dare say you don't see it, but the pages are parched — burnt up — suggestive of drought and scorching heat. Some Indian birds we have, began to sing directly the parcel was brought in. *I* began to drink claret out of a tumbler before I had turned over the leaves of the Second Number. And all last night, I dreamed about Vishnu, and Hindoo Temples, and Indian Jugglers sitting upon nothing, and Tigers coming unexpectedly to dinner parties and bounding away into remote Jungles with English Butlers — Elephants too were so common as to be quite ridiculous; and I ate rice by hundred weights.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Blackburn Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, 3 MAY [1841]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 3 May was Monday in 1841; handwriting and pale blue watermarked paper support that year.

Monday Morning the Third of May.

My Dear Forster.

I should have been very glad to go to that hallowed spot on which the eyes of Europe and the beating hearts of the civilized world are unalterably

fixed†1 — but I had previously made an engagement to be with Ewart at 4 o'Clock, about "the Cry from the Oppressed" &c.†2

From the eloquent and illustrious Member for Wigan, I shall come straight to you. Wherefore, between half past four and five, expect the writer hereof. — Perhaps at half price†3 — there *is*†4 one Bullock†5 to be seen — I say no more —

Dinner at the Grays Inn, I suppose?

Faithfully
CD.

This rain will do good.

To MRS BOOTH, 4 MAY 1841†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Private

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday May The Fourth 1841.

Dear Mrs. Booth.

[†a]I was not home until very late last night, and did not see your letter until this morning. I have an appointment, I am sorry to say, which will take me out at the hour you name; but I shall be visible on Sunday at one, or[†6] tomorrow afternoon at half past four.[†a]

I could not bring Mr. Booth[†7] to Lord Jeffrey's recollection, neither was

he acquainted with his writings. I would advise you not to urge the matter in that quarter, as I think he does not wish to interfere. I know something of Macauley,[†1] and if you like will inclose him Mr. Booth's memorial, myself; but it *must* have added to it the facts of his apoplexy and illness, strongly stated. As it stands, I am quite certain the case is not strong enough to attract attention among a hundred others.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Booth

To JOHN HUDSON,[†3] 5 MAY 1841

MS University of Texas.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regents Park, London.
Wednesday May The Fifth./41.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his Compliments to Mr. Hudson, and begs to inclose him a cheque for the amount of his account.[†4] Mr. Dickens does so, by reason of its easy transmission; but if it should be inconvenient, he begs Mr. Hudson to return it, and mention any other mode of payment that may suit him better.

Mr. Dickens has to thank Mr. Hudson for the ingenious legend concerning the Punch, which he has read with breathless interest. With regard to the Punch itself, it is impossible to praise it too highly, as all who taste it at Mr. Dickens' table agree in saying.

To W. C. MACREADY, [?6 MAY 1841]*

MS Private. *Date:* Handwriting points to Mar-May 41. Clearly after Macready's decision of 6 Apr to take over Drury Lane, but not in Apr when the Haymarket was closed; almost

certainly refers to the only tragedy Macready performed in during May — Byron's *Werner*, on the 5th.

My Dear Macready.

Kate will be delighted.[†5] — Maclise knows all about it.

I meant to have written you a long letter this morning about last night. But if I followed the dictates of my own heart, I should write to you every time I see you play. There is nothing I know, or can imagine, so exquisitely beautiful, so manly, noble, dignified, true, and brave, as that most exquisite and touching performance.[†1] It's Nature refined to the very highest pitch of refinement — its[†2] everything it ought to be, or can be: and to talk about it, is presumption and arrogance.

I yearn for the Drury days. — I want King Lear — I want everything — I want 'em all at once.

Always Your faithful friend
and admirer from the heart
CHARLES DICKENS

To LORD JEFFREY, 11 MAY 1841

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh May 1841.

My Dear Lord Jeffrey.

I told you I was going to beg the favor of your acceptance of a Copy of the Old Curiosity Shop. Here it is.[†3] The binder, agreeably to my directions has cut out and pasted out all foreign matter, and it has the unique advantage, consequently, of being regularly irregular in the paging.[†4]

It is in a more durable form than its ordinary dress,[†5] and as it is not likely to appear in any other fashion for some years to come,[†6] I hope you will receive it and keep it for my sake. If you knew how much I *mean* in sending it to you,[†7] you would not wonder at my only *saying* that the praise you have bestowed upon the tale[†8] has afforded me more real and enduring pleasure than any other man living could give me.

Believe me with sincere regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lord Jeffrey

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 11 MAY 1841

Text from N, I, 319.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday, Eleventh May 1841

My Dear Sir,

I was afraid our poor friend was damaged in his intellects. Any man who goes to a Police Office without absolute necessity, must be raving mad.

I shall look out for the suit of clothes with some curiosity. I saw a hat going down Oxford Street yesterday, which looked remarkably like mine, and I am pretty sure was the tile of this ill-fated House.

Good God! When I think of him standing in the sun after he got out of the van, with his face to the wall like a scriptural mourner — and call up his desolate figure — with things upon his legs which were a kind of compromise between jack-boots and gaiters — and remember how he burst into tears when you questioned him kindly, and rubbing his dim eyes with his sooty hands wept tears of milk — when I picture him after his real fashion, and think of a clean and very flesh-coloured cupid with blue wings and scarf and bow and arrow complete, looking over his shoulder, I don't know whether to laugh or cry, or to be sad or merry. Heaven knows he is no less an object of pity for his imbecility of mind; and if he could have walked off in as many suits of clothes as there are of cards, he should have been welcome to them.

How right you were about the Sovereign! If he had had it, he would not have been a bit the better for the money, and would have come back the sooner, I dare say.[†1]

I suppose you couldn't, in your ingenuity and knowledge of dealing with these unfortunate creatures, bring about a match between him and the fair unknown, formerly in man's attire? If he could be brought to love her instead of the deceitful charmer, and she could be brought to love him instead of the aspiring Footman, and they could go off arm in arm to a Westminster Chapel with a Turnkey to give the girl away, and some light offender who was good company — say Jones — to act as Bridegroom's man, what a happy thing it would be. But I am afraid neither of them can ever forget. There are no waters of oblivion in the silent Gruel.[†2]

I am going to ask you one day next week, to let me introduce you to my friend Doctor Elliotson (who is a good, as well as clever man) whose utmost interest I have awakened by a very imperfect description of your humane and wise government. I will write you a line the day before, that I may be sure of not putting you to inconvenience.

My dear Sir | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS MITTON, 12 MAY 1841

MS Huntington Library.

Twelfth May 1841.

My Dear Mitton

Can't you manage — for once — to be here by 5 tomorrow? I tell you why I ask you. I have been out every day this week, and have scarcely seen the children. If we dine so late as 6, it is their bedtime when the cloth is removed[†1] — and I don't like to deprive them of the opportunity of coming down —

Faithfully Always

CD.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 13 MAY 1841*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales.

Devonshire Terrace. | May The Thirteenth 1841.

My Dear George

I am sorry to trouble you — but obliged — for the Press is stopping. *When* can you let us have the plates for Mrs. Macrone?[†2]

One word in answer.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, 13 MAY 1841

Facsimile in George R. Sims, *Among my Autographs*, 1904, p. 31.

Devonshire Terrace | May The Thirteenth 1841.

My Dear Thompson.

Your sisters[†3] are going to dine with us — and no strangers, or indeed anybody else that I know of — on Sunday at five. Will you give me the pleasure of seeing you? Take your blister off,[†4] and come.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 18 MAY 1841*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday May The Eighteenth 1841.

My Dear Sir.

If I don't hear from you that it will be any inconvenience, I shall trespass on your kindness so far as to bring the friend I spoke of[†1] and two others[†2] to view your charge at a quarter past one Tomorrow.[†3]

To JOHN OVERS, [?22] MAY [1841]*

MS Mr Robert K. Black. *Date:* The only Sat 21 May during CD's acquaintance with Overs was in 1842 — when CD was in America. Handwriting points clearly to 1841. CD was probably writing on Sat 22 May, that year.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday May The Twenty First.

Dear Mr. Overs.

I have been so very much engaged since I saw you, that I have not had time to read your papers; neither have I seen Mr. Cruikshank[†4] who has been very busy too. Therefore, instead of coming tomorrow, wait a few days, and I will write to you.

In haste | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 MAY 1841

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Evening
May The Twenty Third 1841.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I return you the Curiosity Shop with the *something* inserted. I meant so much in asking you to accept the book, that I forgot to say anything. Pray forgive me.[†5]

I have not seen Rachel[†1] yet, being unwilling to be forced to believe that anybody or anything could impart an interest to Racine.[†2] I mean to wait for Mary Stuart;[†3] — I am told she is a wonder, and am prepared to think so.

If anybody should entreat you to go to the Polytechnic Institution[†4] and have a Photographic likeness done[†5] — don't be prevailed upon, on any terms. The Sun is a great fellow in his way, but portrait painting is not his line. I speak from experience, having suffered dreadfully.

Always believe me, with sincerity,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS E. J. STANLEY,[†6] 23 MAY [1841]*

MS (copy) Mr George Howard. *Date:* 23 May was Sunday in 1841; the copied signature supports that year. *Address:* clearly Mrs E. J. Stanley since copy is among the Carlisle papers (see *fn*).

Devonshire Terrace. | Sunday Twenty Third May.

Dear Mrs. Stanley.

I am exceedingly sorry to say that I have an engagement for Tuesday which binds me to dine elsewhere, far less pleasantly; but if I should be

so fortunate as to be able to release myself early in the evening, I shall make bold to look in, and pay my compliments to you.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PATRIC PARK, 26 MAY [1841]*

MS Miss Madge Pemberton. *Date:* 26 May was Wednesday in 1841.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Twenty Sixth May.

My Dear Park.

I find that I am obliged — sorely against my will, and by a confounded engagement which I can't avoid — to postpone my sitting until six tomorrow; when I shall hope to see you.[†1]

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Patric Park Esquire.

To BASIL HALL, 26 MAY [1841]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* The death of Hall's youngest son, Frederick Richard, aged 4, was announced in *The Times* of 25 May.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday May The Twenty Sixth.

My Dear Hall.

I saw the paper yesterday, and had sorrowful thoughts of you.

The traveller from this World to the next, found the Infant Child he had lost many years before, wreathing him a bower in Heaven.[†2] It must be something to you, even in your grief, to know, that one of the Angels called you father upon Earth.[†3]

God bless you, and send you in the comforting presence of your other children and the impression of this calamity upon their minds, a lasting source of consolation.[†4]

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR G[EORGE] CAYLEY,[†1] 26 MAY [1841]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1923; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 26 May. *Date:* 31 May was Monday in 1841 and 1847. Since in May 47 CD was in Brighton or at 1 Chester Place, 1841 seems certain.

If the Fates will keep themselves to themselves, until and on Monday the thirty-First, I'll dine with you on that day.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [26 MAY 1841]

Mention in next.

To [HENRY COLBURN], 27 MAY 1841

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | May The Twenty Seventh 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Not seeing Mr. Cruikshank yesterday, I wrote to him last night. His answer is "My dear Dickens — the plates will be at Mr. Colburn's, either tomorrow (to day, that is) or Friday."

I will look over the Lamplighter and send him back to you tonight. I hope we may be out next week[†1] — I suppose we can, if Mr. C redeems his pledge?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DANIEL MACLISE, 27 MAY 1841*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Twenty Seventh May 1841.

My Dear Maclise

Are you going out tonight? If not, and you should be disposed for a stroll through some of the queer places and bye ways, come here at half past 7. My other half is going (oh!) to Samivel Carter Hall's — the Rosory[†2] — Old Brompton.

A word in answer.

Always Faithfully

CD

To GEORGE LOVEJOY,[†1] 31 MAY 1841

Text from MDGH, I, 44.[†2]

1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park,
Monday Evening, May 31st, 1841.

Sir,

I am much obliged and flattered by the receipt of your letter,[†3] which I should have answered immediately on its arrival but for my absence from home at the moment.[†4]

My principles and inclinations would lead me to aspire to the distinction you invite me to seek, if there were any reasonable chance of success,[†5] and I hope I should do no discredit to such an honour if I won[†6] and wore it.[†7] But I am bound to add, and I have no hesitation in saying plainly, that I cannot afford the expense of a contested election. If I could, I would act on your suggestion instantly. I am not the less indebted to you and the friends to whom the thought occurred, for your good opinion and approval. I beg you to understand that I am restrained solely (and much against my will) by the consideration I have mentioned, and thank both you and them most warmly.[†8]

Yours faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS][†9]

To JOHN FORSTER, [MAY 1841]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 551. *Date:* May 41 according to Forster.

I have a letter from my father lamenting the fine weather, invoking congenial tempests, and informing me that it will not be possible for him to stay more than another year in Devonshire, as he must then proceed to Paris to consolidate Augustus's French.[†1]

To H. G. ADAMS, [?MAY 1841]

MS (fragment) Francis Edwards Ltd. *Date:* Signature suggests *c.* May 41.

I hasten to answer your note, and am obliged to do so thus briefly or I should lose another Post.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H.G. Adams Esquire

June

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 JUNE 1841

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | June The Second 1841.

My Dear Beard.

If you have not yet stirred in the matter of the Newspaper Dinner[†2] — don't. I feel that I ought to be at work on Saturday Evening, for I have much to do before going to Edinburgh and but a little time to do it in.

Kate tells me to say that we shall expect your sister Marion[†3] to dinner also on Sunday. So none of your nonsense, but bring her.

5 [†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

If *you* go to the Whacking[†5] dinner, or have pledged yrself in any way — I will.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 2 JUNE 1841

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* Dr. Southwood Smith | New Broad Street | City.

Devonshire Terrace.
Wednesday June The Second 1841.

My Dear Dr. Smith.

I find it can't be done.[†1] The artists, engravers, printers, and every one engaged, have so depended on my promises and so fashioned their Engagements by them, that I cannot, with any regard to their comfort or convenience, leave town before the Nineteenth. At any other time, I would have gone with you to John o' Groats for such a purpose; and I don't thank you the less heartily, for not being able to go now.

If you should see one place which you would like me to behold of all others, and should find that I could get easy access to it, tell me when you come back, and I'll see it on my way to Scotland, please God.

I will send your papers[†2] home by hand tomorrow.

In haste | Believe me with true regard

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

To THOMAS MITTON, 2 JUNE 1841

Mention in N, I, 322; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 2 June 41.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 2 JUNE 1841

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday June The Second/41.

Dear Lady Blessington.

The year goes round so fast, that when anything occurs to remind me of its whirling, I lose my breath and am bewildered. So your handwriting last night had as startling an effect upon me as though you had sealed your note with one of your own eyes.[†3]

I remember my promise,[†1] as in cheerful duty bound, and with Heaven's grace will redeem it. At this moment I have not the faintest idea how, but I am going into Scotland on the nineteenth to see Jeffrey, and while I am away (I shall return, please God, in about three weeks) will look out for some accident, incident, or subject for small description, to send you when I come home. You will take the will for the deed, I know; and remembering that I have a Clock which always wants winding up, will not quarrel with me for being brief.[†2]

Have you seen the Magnetic boy?[†3] You heard of him no doubt from Count D'Orsay.[†4] If you get him to Gore House,[†5] don't, I entreat you, have more than eight people — four is a better number — to see him. He fails in a crowd, and is *marvellous* before a few.[†6]

I am told that down in Devonshire there are young ladies innumerable,

who read crabbed Manuscript with the palms of their hands — newspapers with their ankles[†1] — and so forth, and who are, so to speak, literary all over. I begin to understand what a blue-stocking means, and have not the smallest doubt that Lady Stepney[†2] (for instance) could write quite as entertaining[†3] a book with the sole of her foot, as ever she did with her head.

I am a believer, in earnest, and I am sure you would be, if you saw this boy under moderately favorable circumstances — as I hope you will, before he leaves England.

Believe me Dear Lady Blessington
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, [?3] JUNE 1841*

MS New York Public Library. *Date:* 3 June 41 was Thursday; but since Macready — and Talfourd, to a similar request (see next, *fn*) — replied on the 4th, CD was probably mistaken in the day of the week, not date of the month.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday June The Third 1841.

My Dear Macready.

Will you (like a good man) empower me to add your name to the Sanatorium committee? It is a most excellent Institution, and they are exceedingly desirous to have you.

Such weather as it is here, for warmth and sunshine, was never seen. You are so languid, I suppose, with playing in [h]ot Theatres every night, that if I were to write you a long letter you would swoon at the sight of it. — Don't be alarmed at my going over leaf, [?I'll just write][†4] four lines and no more.

Mrs. Macready is *amazing* at the charades. The way she *wouldn't* go into a Station House the other night, was masterly in the extreme. You couldn't have done it better in a Domestic Tragedy. Comparisons are odious, but I shall have my eye on you at Drury Lane — My faith is shaken.

Always believe me | My Dear Macready | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

I am [?verging] on the [ ].[†2]

To SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, 3 JUNE 1841

MS Harvard College Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
June The Third 1841.

Dear Sir Martin Shee.

I don't know whether you happen to have seen anything of the inclosed project — a most excellent and worthy one — which is now about to be carried into immediate operation. The Committee (among whom are Drs. Southwood Smith and Arnott,[†3] Macready, Talfourd,[†4] the leading merchants and bankers in the City, and many whom you know) are extremely desirous to have your name, as representing a class which includes a great number of young Students whose friends are resident at a distance, and to some of

whom, at one time or other, the Sanatorium might prove of inestimable service. As I look upon your sanction and influence as being of very great importance and value, I volunteered at the last Meeting to write to you upon the subject. Therefore I trouble you with this Note.

I will not take up your time by urging the point. It is enough that I convey to you the respectful and earnest desire of the Committee, and beg you to forgive me this intrusion, for the object's sake.

If you should desire any further information on the subject, they will be most happy to give it you.

I beg to remain | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

Sir Martin Archer Shee

&c &c &c

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 3 JUNE 1841

Mention in C. F. Libbie catalogue, Sep 1909; dated Devonshire Terrace, "June the Third, 1841"; salutation "My Dear Dr. Smith".

Apologizing for his absence from a Sanatorium Committee meeting and mentioning Talfourd and Macready.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 JUNE 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 168. *Date:* 3 June according to Forster.

Solomon's expression I meant to be one of those strong ones to which strong circumstances give birth in the commonest minds. Deal with it as you like.[†3] ... Say what you please of Gordon,[†4] he must have been at heart

a kind man,[†1] and a lover of the despised and rejected, after his own fashion. He lived upon a small income, and always within it; was known to relieve the necessities of many people; exposed in his place the corrupt attempt of a minister to buy him out of Parliament;[†2] and did great charities in Newgate.[†3] He always spoke on the people's side, and tried against his muddled brains to expose the profligacy of both parties.[†4] He never got anything by his madness, and never sought it. The wildest and most raging attacks of the time, allow him these merits: and not to let him have 'em in their full extent, remembering in what a (politically) wicked time he lived, would lie upon my conscience heavily. The libel he was imprisoned for when he died, was on the queen of France;[†5] and the French government interested themselves warmly to procure his release[†6] — which I think they might have done, but for Lord Grenville.[†7]

To CHARLES OLLIER,[†1] 3 JUNE 1841

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday June The Third 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks to you for your kind offer, but I don't need the trials.[†2] What I wanted from Upcott was a *portrait* of Lord George, which I got from him.[†3] As to the Riot, I am going to try if I can't make a better one than he did.[†4]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Ollier Esquire.

To HENRY COOK,[†5] 4 JUNE 1841

Extract (in part from facsimile) from Charles Hamilton catalogue, 16 May 1963; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 4 June 41.

... cordial thanks for the present of your Poem,[†6] and for the very kind and welcome expressions with which you have accompanied it. As the earliest opportunity I shall have of reading it, will be, most likely, in a fortnight's time in Scotland, I cannot refrain from acknowledging its receipt before perusal ...

My warm assurance of the gratification I have derived from your letter.

Believe me | Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Cook Esquire

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 7 JUNE 1841

MS New York Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Seventh June 1841.

Dear Sirs

Mr. Browne has the MS of another Number.[†1] If you will send up to him, No. 33 Howland Street Fitzroy Square, any time this evening, he will leave it out for your Messenger.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DAVID BARNES, 7 JUNE 1841*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Monday Seventh June 1841.

Dear Mr. Barnes.

We purpose coming to Broadstairs this year, please God, on Saturday the Thirty First of July, and remaining until Saturday the Ninth of October; and as we are going into Scotland on the nineteenth of this month, we wish, if we can, to arrange about a house before leaving town.

Mrs. Dickens and I, think (though we don't quite remember its accomodations)[†2] that your small Library House[†3] would suit us very well. If you are disposed to let it for this term, we shall be glad to hear from you on the subject. If you are otherwise engaged, perhaps you will look about for us and give us the benefit of your advice. We wish to be on the Terrace if possible.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Barnes

To THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, [?EARLY JUNE 1841]

Mention in Townshend *to* CD, "Wednesday" [?9 June 41].[†4]

To SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, [9 JUNE 1841]

Extract in 11th Cooperative Catalogue of Members of the Middle Atlantic Chapter of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 9 June 41.

I thank you very much for your kind ... acquiescence in the matter of the Sanatorium. I should have mentioned when I sent you Dr. Smith's pamphlet ... that the design — honestly — was not upon your pocket, but upon the sanction of your name and station.

To ANGUS FLETCHER, [9 JUNE 1841]

Mention in next.

A formal acceptance of the invitation to the Edinburgh dinner in his honour.

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 9 JUNE 1841*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | June The Ninth 1841.

My Dear Fletcher.

You are the *other* Dromio,[†1] an't you? You convene, I think?[†2] I am lost between you and the unknown Angus.[†3] — The formal reply comes along with this, and will be right in any case.

I needn't tell you what I think of this testimony. It knocked me over this morning just as I was going to work, and threw me into such a flurry of pleasure that I *think* I spoiled a Number.[†4] I never was so gratified in my life, nor ever had such reason to be.

Now, about our operations. We leave here, please God, next Saturday

Morning, — [†a]I mean the 19th. which is Saturday week[†a] — Per Rail. Sunday we spend with some friends within 20 miles of York.[†1] Monday Morning we shall start forward again in a posting carriage which I have ordered at that City — taking the Railway as far as Darlington, and sleeping that night upon the road — Tuesday we shall push on again — early enough, I hope, to be in Edinburgh by 6 o'Clock.

Now, will you order dinner for Kate and you and me, at that hour? — A good, Scotch, comfortable, perfectly cosy dinner? And will you order us comfortable rooms at whatever hotel you please (if they could include a little antichamber of any kind, in which I could write o'mornings,[†2] it would be a great relief) — and will you, furthermore, write again when you have done all this, tell me where we are to come to, and any news you have, besides? I have a horror of Kate's boxes. If I should find she contemplates a very big one, I shall despatch it Pr. Steam beforehand.

I have been thinking that the best plan will be, to make an indomitable, savage, unalterable resolve to leave Edinburgh on the Saturday week, in the morning, — and to stick to it. Our route in the Highlands we will plan together. I suppose a week would be a liberal allowance? — I should like to have a three days halt at some intensely romantic tavern, to refresh from the excitements and hospitalities of Auld Reekie.[†3] — All this, and much more, we will talk about, over that unparalleled repast I have just spoken of.

As Kate will be mad to see the house she was born in,[†4] and all the rest of it, let us be *alone* that evening, we three — and with the sun next morning, let you and I cut up to the top of Arthur's Seat,[†5] and stand upon its highest crag. I am on the highest crag of expectation now, and shan't come down again 'till I have been there.

———————

It has just been told to me that Wilkie[†6] is dead. I can hardly believe it.[†7] 'Tis in the papers, they say. You will know the truth or falsehood of the tale, as soon as I.

Always Dear Fletcher | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 JUNE 1841]

Extract in F, II, x, 174. *Date:* presumably same day as last; written, says Forster, on hearing of Wilkie's sudden death, in which CD "refused to believe" at first.

My heart assures me Wilkie liveth. He is the sort of man who will be VERY old when he dies.

To CHARLES SMITHSON, [?9 JUNE] 1841

Composite text from Sotheby's catalogue, Nov 1903, and George D. Smith catalogues, 1901 and 1907; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1841 — possibly 9 June, the date of a letter of 2 pp. to Smithson mentioned (without Text) in N, I, 325.

My dear Smithson,

I have but a minute before post time, and must therefore be as short as the twenty-first of December. The carriage, I think, is decidedly cheap. I hope it is a good 'un to look at, as well as a good 'un to go.... †[a]but I am a galley slave, as you know. Why wasn't I born with a golden ladle in my mouth as well as a pen†[a]

†[b]*Mentions the visit to Edinburgh and gives details of the journey.*†[b] Kate will write to Mrs. Smithson the day before. As we shall be desolate at the station, I shall look out for one of Wallace's†[1] whiskers.

†[c]Love to the Ladies†[c] †[2]

To GEORGE LOVEJOY, 10 JUNE 1841

Text from MDGH, I, 44.†[3]

Devonshire Terrace, June 10th, 1841.

Dear Sir,

I am favoured with your note of yesterday's date,†[4] and lose no time in replying to it.†[5]

The sum you mention, though small I am aware in the abstract, is greater than I could afford for such a purpose; as the mere sitting in the House and attending to my duties, if I were a member, would oblige me to make many pecuniary sacrifices, consequent upon the very nature of my pursuits.

The course you suggest did occur to me when I received your first letter, and I have very little doubt indeed that the Government would support me — perhaps to the whole extent. But I cannot satisfy myself that to enter Parliament under such circumstances would enable me to pursue that honourable independence without which I could neither preserve my own respect nor that of my constituents. I confess therefore (it may be from not having considered the points sufficiently, or in the right light) that I cannot

bring myself to propound the subject to any member of the administration whom I know. I am truly obliged to you nevertheless, and am

Dear Sir, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LADY HOLLAND, 10 JUNE 1841*

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

Devonshire Terrace. | June The Tenth 1841.

Dear Lady Holland.

I am truly obliged to you for your kindness in the matter of Lord Lauderdale,[†1] and thank you sincerely.[†2] I hope I shall be able to call upon him while in Scotland, and shall make a point of doing so if I possibly can.[†3] — I fear I shall be very much at other peoples'[†4] disposal, however, all the time.

I should have had great pleasure in dining with you on Saturday the Nineteenth, had I not arranged to leave town that very morning. Nor can I postpone my departure for a day (as I would gladly have done), for I am obliged to turn out of my road in Yorkshire to visit some friends, and am obliged to be in Edinburgh punctual to my appointed time, — as I yesterday received formal announcement of a public Dinner in my honor.

I should be much delighted if I could execute any commission for you in the North; and am always Dear Lady Holland,

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES SMITHSON, 13 JUNE 1841*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sunday Thirteenth June 1841.

My Dear Smithson.

It has occurred to me that if Malton is not horribly out of the way to Edinburgh, it will be best not to take the Darlington Rail Road at all, but to go straight on from your door. If you consider this a wise and Dickenslike idea, perhaps you will kindly arrange for me accordingly. In that case it would be best for us to take the carriage from the station to Easthorpe (the hired one from York I mean) and order Post horses again at 7[†1] on Monday Morning. Considering the ghastly absurdity one becomes when one is hoisted bodily, carriage and all, on a Railway Truck, I think this will be what Mitton would call "a tidy move".

I don't know how you may be in the North just now, but here we have come to the conclusion that there's a mistake in the almanacks. The blankets are put on again, the fires lighted, great coats and

mackintoshes taken out of lavender; and a Policeman, it is reported, was frozen to death on Ludgate Hill last Friday Night.

Love to the ladies — from theirs and your [ ]

Charles Sm[ithson Esquire][†2]

To MISS ROGERS, 14 JUNE 1841*

MS Mr John Greaves.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourteenth June 1841.

Dear Miss Rogers.

I should have been extremely happy to dine with you next Monday, but that I leave town for Scotland on Saturday Morning.

I wish I could execute any commission for you across the border. On *that* side and on this, I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Rogers.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 15 JUNE 1841*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tuesday Fifteenth June 1841.

My Dear Mac

Forster and Stanfield are on the vagabond tack tonight, being now at the

Grays Inn,[†1] where they want us to meet them and then repair to some place of amusement. Shall we go? If so, I will call on you between 7 and ½ past.

Faithfully
CD.

To CHARLES SMITHSON, 15 JUNE 1841*

MS University of Oregon.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth June 1841.

My Dear Smithson.

Our letters crossed upon the road.

I quite understood the terms. — To take a carriage from London would be a great expense,[†2] as you say; and I should not like to incur it. Therefore, please to do the best for me you can, and be sure that what you do, will please me.

Love to the Ladies | Always Faithfully

CD.

[†a]In great haste — having been working all day, and the Post just going.[†a]

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 15 JUNE 1841†

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth June 1841.

My Dear Fletcher.

Many thanks for your welcome letter.

Ten days let us say — good ten days in the Highlands. But to secure this liberty we must be immoveable[†3] in the matter of leaving Edinburgh — stone — steel — adamant. Therefore on the morning of the Saturday week after the dinner, we bolt summarily.[†4]

Grip *is* no more. He was only ill a day. I sent for the medical gentleman (a bird-fancier in the New Road) on the first appearance of his indisposition. He promptly attended, and administered castor oil and warm gruel. Next day, the patient walked in a thoughtful manner up and down the stable till the clock struck Twelve at Noon; then staggered twice; exclaimed "Hal-loa old girl" — either as a remonstrance with his weakness, or an apostrophe to Death: I am not sure which — and expired.

Suspectful of a butcher who had been heard to threaten, I had the body opened. There were no traces of poison, and it appeared he had died of influenza. He has left a considerable property, chiefly in cheese and

halfpence, buried in different parts of the Garden. The new raven (I *have* a new one, but he is comparatively of weak intellects) administers to his effects, and turns up something every day. The last piece of bijoutrie[†1] was a *hammer* of considerable size — supposed to have been stolen from a vindictive carpenter who had been heard to speak darkly of vengeance, "down the Mews".

The medical gentleman, himself — habituated to Ravens — assured me that he "never see sich a thorough going, long-headed, deep, outdacious file" in the whole course of his practice. And he wound up by saying, in reference to Topping "Why, wot was *he* agin that bird? That 'ere little man could no more stand agin him in pint of sense and reason, than I could agin the ghost of Cobbett".[†2]

Good Christians say in such cases "it was all for the best perhaps!" I try to think so, — he had ripped the lining off the carriage and eat the paint off the wheels. In the course of the summer while we were at Broadstairs, I think he would have eat it all, bodily.

I have been fearfully hard at work, morning, noon, and night. I have done now, for the present, and am all impatience to start. — I shall not be quite myself (now that having done I can venture to think of it) until we have taken our first glass of wine at the Royal.[†3]

Until when — and always —

Believe me Dear Fletcher
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire

[†a]I have been greatly importuned by the people of Reading, to stand for the next Parliament, but I can't afford it myself, and don't choose to be bound hand and foot to the Reform Club. Therefore I don't. Your friend Hall, the Jotter, stands for Taunton.[†4] — There is a Heaven above us![†a] [†b]I think it much better that Jeffrey shod. *not* be in the Chair at the dinner.[†5] I dare say he has a delicacy in connection with that. — Wilson[†6] is on every ground a better man for the purpose.[†b]

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 JUNE 1841]

Extract in F, II, x, 174. *Date:* 15 June according to Forster.

I heard from Edinburgh this morning.[†1] Jeffrey is not well enough to take the chair,[†2] so Wilson does. I think under all circumstances of politics, acquaintance, and *Edinburgh Review,* that it's much better as it is — Don't you?

To HENRY AUSTIN, 15 JUNE 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Tuesday Evening June Fifteenth 1841.

My Dear Henry.

Let us dine on Thursday, at the Parthenon, and take a stroll afterwards. I shall be at your end of the Town,[†1] in the afternoon, and will call for you between 4 and 5.

Always Affectionately Yours
C.D.

Love to Lætitia

To HENRY JACKSON,[†2] 16 JUNE 1841†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Free | Henry Jackson Esquire | Birkendike's Hotel | York.[†3]

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth June 1841.

[†a]Dear Sir.

I don't know whether this letter will find you; but I write to acknowledge the receipt of yours, and to thank you for the trouble you have taken in the matter of the carriage.[†a]

I have been endeavouring to picture to myself what a Mail Phaeton may be[†4] — whether it has one, two, three, four, or six wheels — whether it has a head, a front, a back, a pole, a drag, a box, a boot — and can't settle the question at all. [†b]It runs very fast in my mind, but has no bodily existence that I know of.

I have no doubt it will suit us well. And am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†b]

Henry Jackson Esquire.

To CHARLES BABBAGE,[†1] 17 JUNE 1841

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace. | June The Seventeenth 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks to you for the pamphlets on the Corn Laws,[†2] which I have read with great interest.

I am very sorry I was not able to have the pleasure of seeing you on either of the two last Saturdays. I am going to Scotland the day after tomorrow, and have had to work so hard before going away, that for the last three weeks I have been nowhere.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Babbage Esquire.

&c &c &c

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 JUNE 1841]

Extracts in F, II, x, 175-6. *Date:* 23 June, the day after their arrival in Edinburgh, according to Forster.

I have been this morning to the Parliament-house, and am now introduced (I hope) to everybody in Edinburgh. The hotel is perfectly besieged, and I have been forced to take refuge in a sequestered apartment at the end of a long passage, wherein I write this letter. They talk of 300 at the dinner. We are very well off in point of rooms, having a handsome sitting-room, another next to it for *Clock* purposes, a spacious bed-room, and large dressing-room adjoining. The castle is in front of the windows, and the view noble. There was a supper ready last night which would have been a dinner anywhere.

He describes some of the eminent people he had met.

The renowned Peter Robertson[†1] is a large, portly, full-faced man with a merry eye, and a queer way of looking under his spectacles[†2] which is characteristic and pleasant. He seems a very warm-hearted earnest man too, and I felt quite at home with him forthwith. Walking up and down the hall of the courts of law (which was full of advocates, writers to the signet, clerks, and idlers) was a tall, burly, handsome man of eight and fifty, with a gait like O'Connell's, the bluest eye you can imagine, and long hair — longer than mine — falling down in a wild way under the broad brim of his hat. He had on a surtout coat, a blue checked shirt; the collar standing up, and kept in its place with a wisp of black neckerchief; no waistcoat; and a large pocket-handkerchief thrust into his breast, which was all broad and open. At his heels followed a wiry, sharp-eyed, shaggy devil of a terrier, dogging his steps as he went slashing up and down, now with one man beside him, now with another, and now quite alone, but always at a fast, rolling pace, with his head in the air, and his eyes as wide open as he could get them. I guessed it was Wilson, and it was. A bright, clear-complexioned, mountain-looking fellow, he looks as though he had just come down from the Highlands, and had never in his life taken pen in hand. But he has had an attack of paralysis in his right arm, within this month. He winced when I shook hands with him; and once or twice when we were walking up and down, slipped as if he had stumbled on a piece of orangepeel. He is a great fellow to look at, and to talk to; and, if you could divest your mind of the actual Scott, is just the figure you would put in his place.[†3] ...

Allan[†4] has been squiring me about, all the morning. He and Fletcher have gone to a meeting of the dinner-stewards, and I take the opportunity of writing to you. They dine with us to-day, and we are going to-night to

the theatre. M'Ian[†1] is playing there. I mean to leave a card for him before evening. We are engaged for every day of our stay, already; but the people I have seen are so very hearty and warm in their manner that much of the horrors of lionization gives way before it. I am glad to find that they propose giving me for a toast on Friday the Memory of Wilkie.[†2] I should have liked it better than anything, if I could have made my choice. Communicate all particulars to Mac. I would to God you were both here. Do dine together at the Gray's-inn on Friday, and think of me. If I don't drink my first glass of wine to you, may my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder.[†3] All sorts of regard from Kate. She has gone with Miss Allan[†4] to see the house she was born in, &c.[†5] Write me soon, and long, &c.

To SIR CHARLES BELL,[†6] 24 JUNE 1841*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Royal Hotel, Princes Street
Thursday Morning. | June 24. 1841

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Sir Charles Bell, and begs to hand him the inclosed letter and accompanying little parcel, with which he was entrusted, previous to leaving town, by Mr. Thomas Landseer.[†7]

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 JUNE 1841]

Extracts in F, II, x, 176-7. *Date:* Sat 26 June according to Forster.

The great event[†1] is over; and being gone, I am a man again.[†2] It was the most brilliant affair you can conceive; the completest success possible, from first to last. The room was crammed, and more than seventy applicants for tickets were of necessity refused yesterday. Wilson was ill, but plucked up like a lion, and spoke famously.[†3] I send you a paper herewith,[†4] but the report is dismal in the extreme.[†5] They say there will be a better one — I don't know where or when. Should there be, I will send it to you.
I *think* (ahem!) that I spoke rather well.[†6] It was an excellent room, and both

the subjects (Wilson and Scottish Literature, and the Memory of Wilkie)[†1] were good to go upon. There were nearly two hundred ladies present.[†2] The place is so contrived that the cross table is raised enormously: much above the heads of people sitting below: and the effect on first coming in (on me, I mean) was rather tremendous. I was quite self-possessed however, and, notwithstanding the enthoosemoosy, which was very startling, as cool as a cucumber. I wish to God you had been there, as it is impossible for the "distinguished guest" to describe the scene. It beat all natur'....

I have been expecting every day to hear from you, and not hearing mean to make this the briefest epistle possible. We start next Sunday (that's tomorrow week). We are going out to Jeffrey's to-day (he is very unwell), and return here to-morrow evening. If I don't find a letter from you when I come back, expect no Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life[†3] from your indignant correspondent. Murray the manager[†4] made very excellent, tasteful, and gentlemanly mention of Macready,[†5] about whom Wilson had been asking me divers questions during dinner.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 26 JUNE 1841

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Royal Hotel Edinburgh. | Saturday Twenty Sixth June 1841.

Dear Sirs.

The great event is over. It was the most brilliant affair you can possibly imagine. The room was crammed to the throat, and more than seventy people were turned away yesterday who had come from different parts of Scotland, — in consequence of the room being full. Besides the diners there were nearly two hundred ladies, and the whole place rings to-day with the noise of the affair.

I send you a couple of newspapers, but the report is very dismal indeed. Blackwoods have been here this morning and intend to publish a corrected account in a pamphlet,[†1] which of course you shall have.

I shall be glad if you will send me, so that I may receive it in the course of the week, a fifty pound note, and deduct it with the other extras from the monthly payment into Coutts's. The Highland arrangements seem to be more extensive than I had supposed, and I have no cheque book here, nor did I make any arrangement for a credit at the bank in this place before I came away; not thinking I should require it.[†2]

I shall be very glad to hear from you. We are going to Lord Jeffrey's tonight, and shall stop there a day or two, but I shall be sure to be in Edinburgh again by the time the Post returns.

Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 26 JUNE 1841

MS Dickens House.

Royal Hotel Edinburgh | Saturday 26th. June 1841.

My Dear George.

I have barely time to write six words, having some sixty letters to dispatch. The dinner was the most brilliant success ever known here. They turned away more than 70 people yesterday for whom there was no room, and besides the 250 or 270 who dined, there were nearly 200 ladies. It was a most magnificent show, and the shouting perfectly awful.

I send you a newspaper, but the report is intensely dismal. Blackwoods have been here this morning to tell me that they mean to publish a corrected

account in a pamphlet, of which I promise myself the pleasure of sending you a copy.

With best regards from Kate in which I heartily join,

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To WILLIAM JERDAN, 28 JUNE 1841

Extracts in N, I, 329 and Anderson Galleries catalogue, Feb 1922 (*aa*); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, 28 June 41.

The dinner was a very brilliant affair indeed — they say here the best on record. [a]It included all parties and persuasions.[a] They were obliged for lack of room to turn away nearly a hundred applicants for tickets, and besides the diners we had more than a hundred and fifty ladies. Blackwoods are going to publish a good account of the speechifying. When they do so, I'll send you one. Meanwhile I forward you two papers wherein the reporting is dismal.

It's November here. I hope it may be June in London.

To THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH,[†1] [30 JUNE 1841]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 JUNE 1841]

Extracts in F, II, x, 177-80, dated by Forster four days after letter of 26 June; and extract in F, II, ix, 168, dated 30 June.

A hundred thanks for your letter. I read it this morning with the greatest pleasure and delight, and answer it with ditto, ditto. Where shall I begin — about my darlings? I am delighted with Charley's precocity. He takes arter his father, he does. God bless them, you can't imagine (*you !* how can you!) how much I long to see them. It makes me quite sorrowful to think of them.... Yesterday, sir, the lord provost, council, and magistrates voted me by acclamation the freedom of the city, in testimony (I quote the letter just received from "James Forrest, lord provost") "of the sense entertained by them of your distinguished abilities as an author." I acknowledged this morning in appropriate terms the honour they had

done me, and through me the pursuit to which I was devoted. It *is* handsome, is it not?[†1]

The men who spoke at the dinner were all the most rising men here, and chiefly at the Bar. They were all, alternately, whigs and tories; with some few radicals, such as Gordon,[†2] who gave the memory of Burns. He is Wilson's son-in-law and the lord advocate's nephew — a very masterly speaker indeed, who ought to become a distinguished man. Neaves,[†3] who gave the other poets, a *little* too lawyer-like for my taste, is a great gun in the courts. Mr. Primrose[†4] is Lord Rosebery's[†5] son. Adam Black,[†6] the publisher as

you know. Dr. Alison, a very popular friend of the poor.[†7] Robertson you know. Allan you know. Colquhoun[†8] is an advocate. All these men were selected for the toasts as being crack speakers, known men,

and opposed to each other very strongly in politics. For this reason, the professors and so forth who sat upon the platform about me[†1] made no speeches and had none assigned them. I felt it was very remarkable to see such a number of grey-headed men gathered about my brown flowing locks; and it struck most of those who were present very forcibly.[†2] The judges, solicitor-general,[†3] lord-advocate,[†4] and so forth, were all here to call, the day after our arrival. The judges never go to public dinners in Scotland. Lord Meadowbank[†5] alone broke through the custom, and none of his successors have imitated him. It will give you a good notion of *party* to hear that the solicitor-general and lord-advocate refused to go, though they had previously engaged, *unless* the croupier[†6] or the chairman were a whig. Both (Wilson and Robertson) were tories, simply because, Jeffrey excepted, no whig could be found who was adapted to the office. The solicitor laid strict injunctions on Napier[†7] not to go if a whig were not in office. No whig was, and he stayed away. I think this is good? — bearing in mind that all the old whigs of Edinburgh were cracking their throats in the room. They give out that they were ill, and the lord-advocate did actually lie in bed all the afternoon; but this is the real truth, and one of the judges told it me with great glee. It seems they couldn't quite trust Wilson or Robertson, as they thought; and feared some tory demonstration. Nothing of the kind took place; and ever since, these men have been the loudest in their praises of the whole affair.[†8]

A threat reached me last night (they have been hammering at it in their papers, it seems, for some time) of a dinner at Glasgow.[†1] But I hope, having circulated false rumours of my movements, to get away before they send to me; and only to stop there on my way home, to change horses and send to the post-office.... You will like to know how we have been living. Here's a list of engagements, past and present. Wednesday, we dined at home, and went incog. to the theatre at night, to Murray's box:[†2] the pieces admirably done, and M'Ian in the *Two Drovers* quite wonderful, and most affecting. Thursday, to Lord Murray's;[†3] dinner and evening party. Friday, *the* dinner. Saturday, to Jeffrey's, a beautiful place about three miles off,[†4] stop there all night, dine on Sunday, and home at eleven. Monday, dine at Dr. Alison's, four miles off. Tuesday dinner and evening party

at Allan's. Wednesday, breakfast with Napier, dine with Blackwoods[†1] seven miles off, evening party at the treasurer's of the town-council,[†2] supper with all the artists (!!).[†3] Thursday, lunch at the solicitor-general's, dine at Lord Gillies's,[†4] evening party at Joseph Gordon's,[†5] one of Brougham's earliest supporters. Friday, dinner and evening party at Robertson's. Saturday, dine again at Jeffrey's; back to the theatre,[†6] at half-past nine to the moment, for public appearance; places all let, &c. &c. &c. Sunday, off at seven o'clock in the morning to Stirling, and then to Callender, a stage further. Next day, to Loch-earn, and pull up there for three days, to rest and work. The moral of all this is, that there is no place like home; and that I thank God

most heartily for having given me a quiet spirit, and a heart that won't hold many people. I sigh for Devonshire-terrace and Broadstairs, for battledore and shuttlecock; I want to dine in a blouse with you and Mac; and I feel Topping's merits more acutely than I have ever done in my life. On Sunday evening the 17th of July I shall revisit my household gods, please heaven. I wish the day were here. For God's sake be in waiting. I wish you and Mac would dine in Devonshire-terrace that day with Fred. He has the key of the cellar. *Do.* We shall be at Inverary in the Highlands on Tuesday week, getting to it through the pass of Glencoe, of which you may have heard! On Thursday following we shall be at Glasgow, where I shall hope to receive your last letter before we meet. At Inverary, too, I shall make sure of finding at least one, at the post-office.... Little Allan is trying hard for the post of queen's limner[†7] for Scotland, vacant by poor Wilkie's death. Every one is in his favor but ——[†8] who is jobbing for some one else. Appoint him, will you, and I'll give up the premier-ship. — How I breakfasted to-day in the house where Scott lived seven and twenty years;[†9] how I have made solemn pledges to write about [mining][†10] children in the *Edinburgh Review*, and will do my best to keep them; how I have declined to be brought in, free gratis for nothing and qualified to boot, for a Scotch county that's going a-begging, lest I should

be thought to have dined on Friday under false pretences; these, with other marvels, shall be yours anon.

[†a]You may suppose, I have not done much work — but by Friday night's post from here I hope to send the first long chapter of a number and both the illustrations;[†1] from Loch-earn on Tuesday night, the closing chapter of that number; from the same place on Thursday night, the first long chapter of another, with both the illustrations; and, from some place which no man ever spelt but which sounds like Ballyhoolish,[†2] on Saturday, the closing chapter of that number,[†3] which will leave us all safe till I return to town.[†a]

I must leave off sharp, to get dressed and off upon the seven miles dinner trip. Kate's affectionate regards. My hearty loves to Mac and Grim.[†4]

July

To A. S. LOGAN,[†5] 1 JULY 1841*

MS National Library of Scotland.

Royal Hotel Edinburgh | First July 1841.

Dear Sir.

I find to-day that I must receive some gentlemen here, on Saturday morning, and that after I have done with them I must fulfil so many engagements (all of which I have postponed to that last day of my stay) that I shall not have time to see Mr. Harvey's[†6] pictures, to which you so kindly offered to introduce me. Having two engagements for the evening besides, I shall really not have a moment to spare between morning and night.

With reference to Stirling too, I am obliged, having regard to my letters from London this morning, to *get on;* and I grieve to say that I must not stop there except to change horses. So the castle and the battle fields must be visited when I come again; — I hope it will not be very long before I do.

†bI beg my compliments to Mrs. Logan, and am Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS†b

A. S. Logan Esquire

To LORD JEFFREY, 1 JULY 1841

MS Mr A. G. Schaw Miller.

Royal Hotel. | Thursday First July 1841.

My Dear Lord Jeffrey.

Do not fear that either my spouse or I had forgotten, or were in danger of forgetting, our engagement for next Saturday. It is much too pleasant and happy.

I wish most earnestly that it were in my power to remain with you over Sunday and enjoy a quiet day, but I am sorry to say that our arrangements are made for leaving Edinburgh at Seven on Sunday morning, and that I am bound to be virtuous, and constant to my plans. I am a poor Slave of the Lamp, and tomorrow it will have been rubbed thrice, with no response from me.†1 It is impossible to work or think here, and I must fly for my life — or for my living, which is the same thing.

I shall be obliged, moreover, to leave Craigcrook at a quarter before nine. I have been terribly beset by Murray to go to his theatre, and having made a vague promise that I would, am anxious to redeem it, lest I should seem to set too high a store by my gracious presence. Therefore I have settled to be there at half past nine. — It's martyrdom to me, but there is no help for it.

You see how defenceless I am, and knowing how much rather I would be with you, will be sorry for me, I am sure.

I beg my compliments to Miss Browne.†2 She told me she would like to see the inclosed pamphlet, which I happened to have in my desk, and which I send for her perusal.

Kate desires her best regards. And I am always

Dear Lord Jeffrey
With truth and heartiness
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I hope, and have no doubt, that your coming holidays will set you up completely.

To LORD JEFFREY, 3 JULY 1841*

MS Mills College, Oakland, California.

Royal Hotel. | Saturday July The Third 1841.

My Dear Lord Jeffrey.

I need not say that we are truly sorry for the cause of our disappointment to day, and that we are extremely anxious to hear how you are, when

we reach town tomorrow fortnight. If you could find time to write me one line, you would gratify me very much. If not, I hope Miss Brown will do us that favor.

We took solemn council together just now, whether we should come round and see you, and shake hands before parting. We have come to the conclusion that we had better not; firstly, because you have been enjoined repose, and secondly — to tell the truth — because parting even for a few months from one whom I hold in such esteem and regard, is a thing I cannot bear. — I have been contriving all the morning, a hundred ways of getting off from your dinner table without saying good bye. Writing it, is nearly as bad, but not quite.

God bless you. We shall always remember with delight the few most pleasant hours we have spent at Craigcrook,[†1] and shall look forward to your next visit to London with as much real pleasure as any of your thousand friends.[†2]

Believe me Dear Lord Jeffrey | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Our united best regards to Miss Browne[†3] — with whom I am very much in love.[†4]

To MISS ALLAN, 3 JULY 1841*

MS Albion Hotel, Broadstairs.

Royal Hotel. | July The Third 1841.

My Dear Miss Allan.

When you come up to London, to assist at Miss Liston's sacrifice,[†1] don't forget to remind your iron uncle of our Broadstairs engagement, to which I hold you bound. A good sea — fresh breezes — fine sands — and pleasant walks — with all manner of fishing boats, light houses, piers, bathing machines and

so forth are its only attractions, but it's one of the freshest and free-est little places in the world. Consequently the proper place for you.

Always believe me with sincere regard

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. MURRAY, 3 JULY 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Royal Hotel. | Third July 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Will you take some supper with us tonight after the play?[†2] I have ordered it at 11, and sincerely hope to see you. And will you let me know in one word, by bearer (if one word will hold it) what time your half price goes in?

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Murray Esquire.

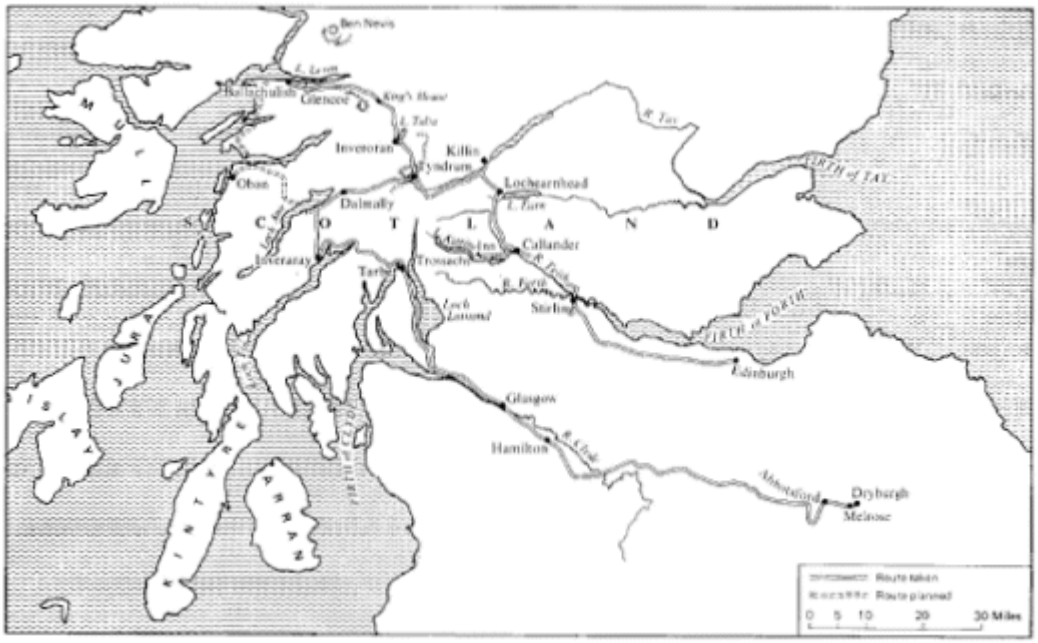
To JOHN FORSTER, [5 JULY 1841]

Extracts in F, II, xi, 182-3. *Date:* Mon 5 July according to Forster. *From* Loch-earn-head.[†1]

Having had a great deal to do in a crowded house on Saturday night at the theatre, we left Edinburgh yesterday morning at half past seven, and travelled, with Fletcher for our guide, to a place called Stewart's-hotel, nine miles further than Callender. We had neglected to order rooms, and were obliged to make a sitting-room of our own bed-chamber; in which my genius for stowing furniture away was of the very greatest service. Fletcher slept in a kennel with three panes of glass in it, which formed part and parcel of a window; the other three panes whereof belonged to a man who slept on the other side of the partition. He told me this morning that he had had a nightmare all night, and had screamed horribly,[†2] he knew. The stranger, as you may suppose, hired a gig and went off at full gallop with the first glimpse of daylight. Being very tired (for we had not had more than three hours' sleep on the previous night) we lay till ten this morning; and at half past eleven went through the Trossachs to Lochkatrine, where I walked from the hotel after tea last night. It is impossible to say what a glorious scene it was. It rained as it never does rain anywhere but here. We conveyed Kate up a rocky pass to go and see the island of the Lady of the Lake, but she gave in after the first five minutes, and we left her, very picturesque and uncomfortable, with Tom[†3] holding an umbrella over her head, while we climbed on. When we came back, she had gone into the carriage. We were wet through to the skin, and came on in that state four and twenty miles. Fletcher is very good natured, and of extraordinary use in these outlandish parts. His habit of going into kitchens and bars, disconcerting at Broadstairs, is here of great service. Not expecting us till six, they hadn't lighted our fires when we arrived here; and if you had seen him (with whom the responsibility of the

omission rested) running in and out of the sitting-room and the two bed-rooms with a great pair of bellows, with which he distractedly blew each of the fires out in turn, you would have died of laughing. He had on his head a great highland cap, on his back a white coat, and cut such a figure as even the inimitable can't depicter ...

The Inns, inside and out, are the queerest places imaginable. From the road, this one looks like a white wall, with windows in it by mistake. We have a good sitting-room though, on the first floor: as large (but not as lofty) as my study. The bedrooms are of that size which renders it impossible for you to move, after you have taken your boots off, without chipping pieces out of your legs. There isn't a basin in the Highlands which will hold my face; not a drawer which will open after you have put your



Map showing Dickens's route on his tour of the Highlands, July 1841

clothes in it; not a water-bottle capacious enough to wet your toothbrush. The huts are wretched and miserable beyond all description. The food (for those who can pay for it) "not bad", as M[†1] would say: oatcake, mutton, hotch potch, trout from the loch, small beer bottled, marmalade, and whiskey. Of the last named article I have taken about a pint to-day. The weather is what they call "soft" — which means that the sky is a vast waterspout that never leaves off emptying itself; and the liquor has no more effect than water.... I am going to work to-morrow, and hope before leaving here to write you again. The elections have been sad work indeed. That they should return Sibthorp[†2] and reject Bulwer,[†3] is, by Heaven, a national disgrace.... I don't wonder the devil flew over Lincoln.[†4] The people were far too addle-headed, even for him.... I don't bore you with accounts of Ben this and that, and Lochs of all sorts of names, but this is a wonderful region. The way the mists were stalking about to-day, and the clouds lying down upon the hills; the deep glens, the high rocks, the rushing waterfalls, and the roaring rivers down in deep gulfs

below; were all stupendous. This house is wedged round by great heights that are lost in the clouds; and the loch, twelve miles long, stretches out its dreary length before the windows. In my next, I shall soar to the sublime, perhaps; in this here present writing I confine myself to the ridiculous. But I am always,

To JOHN FORSTER, 9 JULY 1841

Extracts in F, II, xi, 183-6 and F, II, ix, 168-9. *Date:* "Ballechelish,[†5] Friday evening, ninth July, 1841, half past nine, P.M." (F, II, xi, 183-4).

I can't go to bed without writing to you from here, though the post will not leave this place until we have left it, and arrived at another. On looking over the route which Lord Murray made out for me, I found he had put down Thursday next for Abbotsford and Dryburgh-abbey, and a journey of seventy miles besides! Therefore, and as I was happily able to steal a march upon myself at Loch-earn-head, and to finish in two days what I thought would take me three, we shall leave here to-morrow morning; and,

by being a day earlier than we intended at all the places between this and Melrose (which we propose to reach by Wednesday night), we shall have a whole day for Scott's house and tomb, and still be at York on Saturday evening, and home, God willing, on Sunday.... We left Loch-earn-head last night, and went to a place called Killin, eight miles from it, where we slept. I walked some six miles with Fletcher after we got there, to see a waterfall: and truly it was a magnificent sight, foaming and crashing down three great steeps of riven rock; leaping over the first as far off as you could carry your eye, and rumbling and foaming down into a dizzy pool below you, with a deafening roar. To-day we have had a journey of between 50 and 60 miles, through the bleakest and most desolate part of Scotland, where the hill-tops are still covered with great patches of snow, and the road winds over steep mountain passes, and on the brink of deep brooks and precipices. The cold all day has been *intense*, and the rain sometimes most violent. It has been impossible to keep warm, by any means; even whiskey failed; the wind was too piercing even for that. One stage of ten miles, over a place called the Black-mount, took us two hours and a half to do; and when we came to a lone public called the King's-house, at the entrance to Glencoe — this was about three o'clock — we were well nigh frozen. We got a fire directly, and in twenty minutes they served us up some famous kippered salmon, broiled; a broiled fowl; hot mutton ham and poached eggs; pancakes; oatcake; wheaten bread; butter; bottled porter; hot water, lump sugar, and whiskey; of which we made a very hearty meal. All the way, the road had been among moors and mountains with huge masses of rock, which fell down God knows where, sprinkling the ground in every direction, and giving it the aspect of the burial place of a race of giants. Now and then we passed a hut or two, with neither window nor chimney, and the smoke of the peat fire rolling out at the door. But there were not six of these dwellings in a dozen miles; and anything so bleak and wild, and mighty in its loneliness, as the whole country, it is impossible to conceive. Glencoe itself is perfectly *terrible.* The pass is an awful place. It is shut in on each side by enormous rocks from which great torrents come rushing down in all directions. In amongst these rocks on one side of the pass (the left as we came) there are scores of glens, high up, which form such haunts as you might imagine yourself wandering in, in the very height and madness of a fever. They will live in my dreams for years — I was going to say as long as I live, and I seriously think so. The very recollection of them makes me shudder.... Well, I will not bore you with my impressions of these tremendous wilds, but they really are fearful in their grandeur and amazing solitude. Wales[†1] is a mere toy compared with them.

We are now in a bare white house on the banks of Loch-leven, but in a comfortably furnished room on the top of the house — that is, on the first floor — with the rain pattering against the window as though it were December,

the wind howling dismally, a cold damp mist on everything without, a blazing fire within halfway up the chimney, and a most infernal Piper practising under the window for a competition of pipers which is to come off shortly.

†aI have done all I can or need do in the way of *Barnaby* until I come home, and the story is progressing (I hope you will think) to good strong interest. I have left it, I think, at an exciting point, with a good dawning of the riots.†1 In the first of the two numbers I have written since I have been away, I forget whether the blind man, in speaking to Barnaby about riches, tells him they are to be found in *crowds.* If I have not actually used that word, will you introduce it?†2 A perusal of the proof of the following number (70) will show you how, and why.†a †3

The store of anecdotes of Fletcher with which we shall return, will last a long time. It seems that the F's are an extensive clan, and that his father†4 was a highlander. Accordingly, wherever he goes, he finds out some cotter or small farmer who is his cousin. I wish you could see him walking into his cousins' curds and cream, and into their dairies generally! Yesterday morning between eight and nine, I was sitting writing at the open window, when the postman came to the inn (which at Loch-earn-head is the post office) for the letters. He is going away, when Fletcher, who has been writing somewhere below stairs, rushes out, and cries "Halloa there! Is that the Post?" "Yes!" somebody answers. "Call him back!" says Fletcher: "Just sit down till I've done, *and don't go away till I tell you.*" — Fancy! The General Post, with the letters of forty villages in a leathern bag! ... To-morrow at Oban. Sunday at Inverary. Monday at Tarbet. Tuesday at Glasgow (and that night at Hamilton). Wednesday at Melrose. Thursday at Ditto. Friday I don't know where. Saturday at York. Sunday — how glad I shall be to shake hands with you. My love to Mac. I thought he'd have written once. Ditto to Macready. I had a very nice and welcome letter from him, and a most hearty one from Elliotson.... P.S. Half asleep. So, excuse drowsiness of matter and composition. I shall be full of joy to meet another letter from you! ... P.P.S. They speak Gaelic here, of course, and many of the common people understand very little English.

Since I wrote this letter, I rang the girl upstairs, and gave elaborate directions (you know my way) for a pint of sherry to be made into boiling negus; mentioning all the ingredients one by one, and particularly nutmeg. When I had quite finished, seeing her obviously bewildered, I said, with great gravity, "Now you know what you're going to order?" "Oh yes. Sure." "What?" — a pause — "Just" — another pause — "Just plenty of *nutbergs*!"

To THE POSTMASTER, OBAN, [10 JULY 1841]

Mention in next (penultimate sentence).

To JOHN FORSTER, 11 JULY 1841

Extracts in F, II, xi, 186-9. *Date:* "Dalmally, Sunday, July the eleventh, 1841" (F, II, xi, 186).

As there was no place of this name in our route, you will be surprised to see it at the head of this present writing. But our being here is a part of such moving accidents by flood and field[†1] as will astonish you. If you should happen to have your hat on, take it off, that your hair may stand on end without any interruption. To get from Ballyhoolish (as I am obliged to spell it when Fletcher is not in the way; and he is out at this moment) to Oban, it is necessary to cross two ferries, one of which is an arm of the sea, eight or ten miles broad. Into this ferry-boat, passengers, carriages, horses, and all, get bodily, and are got across by hook or by crook if the weather be reasonably fine. Yesterday morning, however, it blew such a strong gale that the landlord of the inn, where we had paid for horses all the way to Oban (thirty miles), honestly came upstairs just as we were starting, with the money in his hand, and told us it would be impossible to cross. There was nothing to be done but to come back five and thirty miles, through Glencoe and Inverouran, to a place called Tyndrum, whence a road twelve miles long crosses to Dalmally, which is sixteen miles from Inverary. Accordingly we turned back, and in a great storm of wind and rain began to retrace the dreary road we had come the day before.... I was not at all ill pleased to have to come again through that awful Glencoe. If it had been tremendous on the previous day, yesterday it was perfectly horrific. It had rained all night, and was raining then, as it only does in these parts. Through the whole glen, which is ten miles long, torrents were boiling and foaming, and sending up in every direction spray like the smoke of great fires. They were rushing down every hill and mountain side, and tearing like devils across the path, and down into the depths of the rocks. Some of the hills looked as if they were full of silver, and had cracked in a hundred places. Others as if they were frightened, and had broken out into a deadly sweat. In others there was no compromise or division of streams, but one great torrent came roaring down with a deafening noise, and a rushing of water that was quite appalling. Such a *spaet*, in

short (that's the country word), has not been known for many years, and the sights and sounds were beyond description. The post-boy was not at all at his ease, and the horses were very much frightened (as well they might be) by the perpetual raging and roaring; one of them started as we came down a steep place, and we were within that much (——) of tumbling over a precipice; just then, too, the drag broke, and we were obliged to go on as we best could, without it: getting out every now and then, and hanging on at the back of the carriage to prevent its rolling down too fast, and going Heaven knows where. Well, in this pleasant state of things we came to King's-house again, having been four hours doing the sixteen miles. The rumble[†1] where Tom sat was by this time so full of water, that he was obliged to borrow a gimlet, and bore holes in the bottom to let it run out. The horses that were to take us on, were out upon the hills, somewhere within ten miles round; and three or four bare-legged fellows went out to look for 'em, while we sat by the fire and tried to dry ourselves. At last we got off again (without the drag and with a broken spring, no smith living within ten miles), and went limping on to Inverouran. In the first three miles we were in a ditch and out again, and lost a horse's shoe. All this time it never once left off raining; and was very windy, very cold, very misty, and most intensely dismal. So we crossed the Black-mount, and came to a place we had passed the day before, where a rapid river runs over a bed of broken rock. Now, this river, sir, had a

bridge last winter, but the bridge broke down when the thaw came, and has never since been mended; so travellers cross upon a little platform, made of rough deal planks stretching from rock to rock; and carriages and horses ford the water, at a certain point. As the platform is the reverse of steady (we had proved this the day before), is very slippery, and affords anything but a pleasant footing, having only a trembling little rail on one side, and on the other nothing between it and the foaming stream, Kate decided to remain in the carriage, and trust herself to the wheels rather than to her feet. Fletcher and I had got out, and it was going away, when I advised her, as I had done several times before, to come with us; for I saw that the water was very high, the current being greatly swollen by the rain, and that the post-boy had been eyeing it in a very disconcerted manner for the last half hour. This decided her to come out; and Fletcher, she, Tom, and I, began to cross, while the carriage went about a quarter of a mile down the bank, in search of a shallow place. The platform shook so much that we could only come across two at a time, and then it felt as if it were hung on springs. As to the wind and rain! ... well, put into one gust all the wind and rain you ever saw and heard, and you'll have some faint notion of it! When we got safely to the opposite bank, there came riding up a wild highlander, in a great plaid, whom we recognized as the landlord of the inn, and who without taking the least notice of us, went dashing on, — with the plaid he was wrapped in, streaming in the wind, — screeching in Gaelic to the post-boy on the opposite bank, and making the most frantic gestures you ever

saw, in which he was joined by some other wild man on foot, who had come across by a short cut, knee-deep in mire and water. As we began to see what this meant, we (that is, Fletcher and I) scrambled on after them, while the boy, horses, and carriage were plunging in the water, which left only the horses' heads and the boy's body visible. By the time we got up to them, the man on horseback and the [man][†1] on foot were perfectly mad with pantomime; for as to any of their shouts being heard by the boy, the water made such a great noise that they might as well have been dumb. It made me quite sick to think how I should have felt if Kate had been inside. The carriage went round and round like a great stone, the boy was as pale as death, the horses were struggling and plashing and snorting like sea-animals, and we were all roaring to the driver to throw himself off and let them and the coach go to the devil, when suddenly it came all right (having got into shallow water), and, all tumbling and dripping and jogging from side to side, climbed up to the dry land. I assure you we looked rather queer, as we wiped our faces and stared at each other in a little cluster round about it. It seemed that the man on horseback had been looking at us through a telescope as we came to the track, and knowing that the place was very dangerous, and seeing that we meant to bring the carriage, had come on at a great gallop to show the driver the only place where he could cross. By the time he came up, the man had taken the water at a wrong place, and in a word was as nearly drowned (with carriage, horses, luggage, and all) as ever man was. Was *this* a good adventure?

We all went on to the inn — the wild man galloping on first, to get a fire lighted — and there we dined on eggs and bacon, oat-cake, and whiskey; and changed and dried ourselves. The place was a mere knot of little outhouses, and in one of these there were fifty highlanders *all drunk*.... Some were drovers, some pipers, and some workmen engaged to build a hunting-lodge for Lord Breadalbane[†2] hard by, who had been driven in by stress of weather. One was a paper-hanger. He had come out three days before to paper the inn's best room, a chamber almost large enough to keep a Newfoundland dog in; and, from the first half hour after his arrival to that moment, had been hopelessly and irreclaimably drunk. They were

lying about in all directions: on forms, on the ground, about a loft overhead, round the turf-fire wrapped in plaids, on the tables, and under them. We paid our bill, thanked our host very heartily, gave some money to his children, and after an hour's rest came on again. At ten o'clock at night, we reached this place, and were overjoyed to find quite an English inn, with good beds (those we have slept on, yet, have always been of straw), and every possible comfort. We breakfasted this morning at half past ten, and at three go on to Inverary to dinner. I believe the very rough part of the journey is over, and I am really glad of it. Kate sends all kind of regards.

I shall hope to find a letter from you at Inverary when the post reaches there, to-morrow. I wrote to Oban yesterday, desiring the post-office keeper to send any he might have for us, over to that place. Love to Mac.

To [JAMES BOGLE[†1] AND OTHERS, 12 JULY 1841]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 JULY 1841]

Extracts in F, II, xi, 189. *Date:* "from Inverary the day following his exciting adventure [of 10 July]", says Forster (F, *ibid*). But reference to the invitation from Glasgow (see *fn*), which CD received on 12 July (*To* Maclise, that day), shows that he must have been writing not the day after the adventure but the day after his letter about it: i.e. on the 12th.

Promising another letter from Melrose (*lost, or possibly never written*) *and enclosing the invitation to a public dinner at Glasgow.*[†2]

I have returned for answer that I am on my way home, on pressing business connected with my weekly publication, and can't stop. But I have offered to come down any day in September or October, and accept the honour then. Now, I shall come and return per mail; and if this suits them, enter into a solemn league and covenant to come with me. *Do.* You must. I am sure you will[†3] ... Till my next, and always afterwards, God bless you. I got your welcome letter this morning, and have read it a hundred times. What a pleasure it is. Kate's best regards. I am dying for Sunday, and wouldn't stop now for twenty dinners of twenty thousand each.

Always your affectionate friend

BOZ.

Will Lord John meet the parliament, or resign first?[†4]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 12 JULY 1841*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Inverary. | July The Twelfth 1841.

My Dear Mac.

You're a nice man. Why in the name of Heaven, have you never written to me — why didn't you say a word in acknowledgment of the receipt of those newspapers — why do you fix your thoughts exclusively on green cloths and water bottles,[†1] and leave your bosom friends uncongratulated, when Grims and Elliotsons[†2] write him long letters brim full of friendly enthusiasm — does R. A. stand for coldness, forgetfulness, insensibility, or what?[†3]

And who has scraped out the beautiful eyes of those sweet summer-evening girls?[†4] Who has reduced the Modest Quencher to a state of darkness,[†5] and quenched the lustre of the gentle Sophy?[†6] If you had no interest in my affairs, do you think it was mutual, and I had none in yours? But Shee shall answer for this, if he lives 'till my return. It's his doing, I know.

The mountain passes we have traversed, the rushing streams in which we have been nearly drowned, the torrents that have roared and raged in our ears, the heather we have plucked, the rocks we have climbed, the lochs whereon we have glided, shall all be yours anon. *Do* ask Forster for my

last letter, and see what perils we encountered. I wrote it for your edification no less than his.[†1] Unkindly villain!

— Or stay — was it love for Fortescue[†2] that kept your thoughts from me? If so, I am satisfied. We always agree on those points, you know. — When I last saw her, I *think* her nose turned up at the end. Is it so? Let me know the worst, and I will bear it.[†3]

Tomorrow night, we sleep at Hamilton — on Wednesday at Melrose — on Thursday at Melrose too — on Friday, somewhere on the road, but I don't know where — on Saturday at York. Let me hear from you though it be only to the amount of six words. To see your handwriting will be summ'at.

And *do* be in Devonshire Terrace on Sunday evening. And *do*[†4] bear

this in mind — that I have had to-day an invitation to a great dinner, from the Glasgow people — that I have declined it for the present, being on my way home for Clock purposes — that I have offered to come back in September or October[†1] — and that if this suits them, I shall come down by Mail and go back by ditto. You'll join me in that? Now say you will, once and for all. The only thing I felt at the Edinburgh Dinner (and I felt it very strongly) was, that except Kate there was nobody I cared for, there to see.

She sends her best regards. She thinks with me that you are a villain, but like me is meek and forbearing. Fletcher desires to be remembered. I *think* I have some good stories of him. — You shall judge.

Let us dine together every day next week. I look forward to Sunday, with a delight past all expression.[†2]

Always Dear Mac
Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To CHARLES SELBY,[†3] 20 JULY 1841

Text from N, I, 339.

Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | July the Twentieth 1841

My Dear Sir,

Your letter of I don't know what date, but not a very recent one, has been following me over Scotland. It was forwarded with others from town, and did not reach me until I was coming home within these few days.

It would be ridiculous for me to deny that I am always most intensely mortified and very much aggravated by having my stories anticipated in their course;[†4] and that I think the state of the law which permits such

things, is disgraceful to England.[†1] At the same time, I am so far from blaming you in the matter, that if I could give you a patent for dramatizing my productions I would gladly do so; inasmuch as if they *must* be done at all, I would rather have them done by gentlemanly hands, and by those who really desire to act fairly and honorably as I am sure you do.

Mrs. Dickens will be glad if you can let her have a private box tonight; and I hear so much of Miss Fortescue,[†2] that I shall endeavor to accompany her. If this should not find you at the Theatre, will you do me the favor to leave such instructions with the doorkeeper as will insure us a quiet and quick reception?

Believe me always | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM SHOBERL, 20 JULY 1841*

MS Mr J. W. Nyberg.

Devonshire Terrace. | July The Twentieth 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I have been in Scotland for more than a month, and on my return home yesterday,[†3] found your note of Saturday's date.

I shall be happy to see you tomorrow at Ten, and am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Shoberl Esquire

To WILLIAM SHOBERL, 21 JULY 1841

Text from N, I, 341.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty-First July 1841

Dear Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter in answer to mine of this morning,[†4] which is quite satisfactory. I need not, I am sure, point out the

necessity of being very particular in respect of the form of advertisement in the Weekly papers [.A]s[†1] there has been ample time for correction, I am sure you will have attended to it.[†2]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 21 JULY 1841*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First July 1841.

Dear Mac

I can't go tonight — at all events until late; for a man[†3] is coming here at 8, to settle (mirabile dictu) the matter of Mrs. Macrone's book, for ever.

All you have to do, is, to go to the Strand Theatre,[†4] and ask for Forster's box.

I shall see you I hope, at least a dozen times, between this and Sunday. But don't forget that you dine with us on that day at 6. — Will you lounge first?

Faithfully
CD.

I think it very likely I may come in tonight about 9.

To JOHN FORSTER, 21 JULY 1841

Forster's summary of letter, made before destruction, MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC); dated Devonshire Terrace, 21 July 41.

As to the Pic Nic book. He and Shoberl.

To LORD MURRAY, 21 JULY 1841*

MS Public Archives of Canada.

1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park London
Twenty First July 1841.

Dear Lord Murray.

I know that when you see the inclosed letters,[†5] you will think me a

villain — dead to a sense of Highland grandeur and Highland hospitality — unworthy of that memorable chart[†1] which I have worn into a perfect fringe by frequent reference — and in short a worthless character, utterly undeserving your interest and kindness.

But believe me that notwithstanding your judicial habits, all this is a mistake. I have — if I may say so, who shouldn't — a particular capacity for feeling and remembering such genial treatment as yours; a vivid recollection of anything that is true and earnest; and, by consequence, a most distinct remembrance of everything you said and did, advised and recommended — and a strong desire to stand well with you.

I plead guilty to never having intended to deliver these fatal missives, simply for this one reason — that I was bound by a great many considerations, to be in London last Sunday night — that I mistrusted my power of resisting the Lady of the Lake[†2] (for which you will please attack the Laird of Dunans,[†3] who gave me a heart rending account of her and filled my soul with a vague idea that Mr. Callandar[†4] had done something personal in marrying so fair a creature) — and that I wanted to see as many places as I could, in so short a space of time. These are several reasons in one, but they all go to the same point, and therefore I use the singular number. For this reason then, I put the letters away, when you gave them to me, in the very bottom of my Portmanteau, and said within myself that they would give me an excuse for writing to you when I got home. You see that I am not slow to avail myself of it; this is their real use, and a very good one too — as *I* think.

That I was delighted and astonished beyond all measure by what I saw; and that I never could have seen what I did, without your aid; I need not say. As I have you associated in my mind with Glencoe, Loch Katrine, and everything that was wild wonderful or beautiful in the expedition, I hope my friends on this side of the Tweed will not charge upon you a new failing of which I am sensible. I am strongly apprehensive that I have come back, a bore. Strange desires to talk about Scotland come upon me at improper seasons. I prose fearfully after supper. The mind of my most intimate friend wandered last night as I related some moving adventures at Inverouran, and described the dreariness of Tyndrum. I see that

visitors begin to avoid the subject; and when I put my hand into my desk, and drawing out a greasy paper, say — "this was the little route which Lord Murray — " they recollect engagements, and think they left their hats outside.

I am on the subject now, and will be warned in time. Not another word shall pass my pen's lips, except that I beg my compliments to Lady Murray;[†1] that Mrs. Dickens desires to be remembered cordially, both to you and her; and that I am, with a most unaffected sense of your great kindness,

Dear Lord Murray
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Honorable | Lord Murray

To MRS MARY HURNALL, 21 JULY 1841

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Free | Mrs. Mary Hurnall | Clipston | Market Harborough.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
July The Twenty First 1841.

Dear Madam.

I have been in Scotland for some weeks past, and find so many letters to answer on my return, that I am obliged to send a more brief reply to yours than I desire.

Accept my sincere thanks, both for your note, and the Invitation it contains. I fear it is not likely that it will ever be in my power to accept it in deed, but in spirit I do, and so do Mrs. Dickens and my children — you are right; I have four.

Be assured that I am not unmindful of my promise, and that if you should come back to London at any time, I shall, please God, make a point of seeing you.[†2]

Your remark — a very natural and proper one — on the blind man in Barnaby, is only another proof to me, among many others which present themselves in various forms every day, of the great disadvantages which attend a detached and desultory form of publication. My intention in the management of this inferior and subordinate character, was to remind the World who have eyes, that they have no *right* to expect in sightless men a degree of virtue and goodness to which they, in full possession of all their senses, can lay no claim — that it is a very easy thing for those who misuse every gift of Heaven to consider resignation and cheerfulness the duty of those whom it has deprived of some great blessing — that whereas we look upon a blind man who does wrong, as a kind of monster, we ought in Truth and Justice to remember that a man who has eyes and is a vicious wretch, is by his very abuse of the glorious faculty of sight, an immeasurably greater offender than his afflicted fellow. In a word, I wished to show

that the hand of God is at least as manifest in making eyes as in unmaking them, and that we do not sufficiently consider the sorrows of those who

walk in darkness on this earth, when we set it up as a rule that they *ought* to be better than ourselves, and that they are required to be by their calamity. Calamity with us, is made an excuse for doing wrong. With them, it is erected into a reason for their doing right. This is really the justice of rich to poor, and I protest against it because it is so.[†1]

All this you would have seen if you could have had the whole book before your mental vision.[†2] As it is, I can only hope to bring my meaning before you by very slow and gradual degrees, and after you have formed a first impression on the subject.

That it is a real pleasure and delight to me to know that I afford you any consolation or amusement, you may believe with your whole heart. And believe also that I am, Dear Madam with an unaffected interest in your happiness

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Hurnall.

To JOHN CAY,[†3] 21 JULY 1841*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
July The Twenty First 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks for your letter, and for the Index to the same.[†4] They both reached me, safely.

My Barnaby plans are so laid, that I am not sure (especially as I think I can make a better riot than Lord George Gordon did) whether I could

make any use of any new discoveries. But being interested in the subject I should very much like to see the two books of which you so kindly proffer me the loan. And if you will have the kindness to address them to me to the care of the Clock agent — Mr. Menzies, Bookseller of Prince's Street — I have no doubt he will have the means of forwarding them.

I am delighted to hear that the Orsons are at peace, and that you, Valentine, got home again undamaged.[†1] I was half afraid to look into the print shop windows at Glasgow as I rode through the town, lest I should see a lithographic representation (on the model of the picture of Captain Cook's death)[†2] of

certain Irish excavators beating you to death with clubs. I bless my stars — and the Military — for your preservation.[†3]

Mrs. Dickens desires to be kindly remembered to you, and I am, with many thanks,
My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I should state that I have the remarkable property of taking care of borrowed books, and of returning them.

To R. S. HORRELL, 21 JULY 1841

MS Public Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

Devonshire Terrace. | July The Twenty First 1841.

Dear Sir.

You must not be down-hearted about Blackwood. You may write a civil

note, I think — enquire after the Young Painter's fate — and beg to have the MS returned, if rejected. I should like to know what they say to you.

I see no objection to your trying Mr. Heraud[†1] certainly, though I believe (but this is between ourselves) that he and some other gentlemen inclose themselves in a magic circle formed of their own Manuscripts, and perform wondrous incantations which seldom reach beyond it. However, a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,[†2] and perhaps the Young Painter may see the light, even amidst their brightness. Try the Monthly by all means.[†2]

I [hope][†3] you have received some benefit from your Voyage. I should have written to you sooner, but I have been in Scotland for some weeks, and only returned home last Monday.
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I fear I shall not be able to get to Exeter this year.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 21 JULY 1841*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | July The Twenty First 1841.

My Dear George.

Come and dine with me on Sunday at 6 exactly[†4] — nobody here but the two Macs and Forster. I am at home again, you see. Traitor! Why didn't you write to me after I sent you that paper ? ? ?[†5]
Loves at home nevertheless

Yours indignantly
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 21 JULY 1841*

MS Dunedin Public Library, New Zealand.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First July 1841.

Dear Sir.

I have been in Scotland for some weeks, and have only just returned to get your note. Nothing less should have prevented my answering it immediately.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS PERRY,[†1] 21 JULY 1841

Mention in *American Book Prices Current,* IV, 1918-9; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 21 July 41.

Answering an inquiry about a gentleman.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 21 JULY 1841

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First July 1841.

My Dear George

I am just home from Scotland.

What about the Postilion. Is he "all right", or "all wrong" — Vich?[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To JOHN OVERS, 21 JULY 1841*

Transcript by Dr J. B. Solley, owner of MS in 1939.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First July 1841

Dear Mr. Overs.

I write hastily to you, because I have been in Scotland for some weeks, and have only just returned to find your letter lying upon my table.

I have not seen Mr. Cruikshank, of course. But as I think it cannot prejudice you now, to spur his memory, I have done so by letter. The result you shall hear, directly *I* hear it.

I am concerned to hear that you are ill, and trust you have sound advice.

If you have any doubt upon that subject, let me know, and I will take care that the best authority shall set your mind at ease on that score. You need have no hesitation in doing this, for most of our skilful doctors are my friends, and any one of them would be glad, I know, to wait upon you without charge.

This brings me to something else. — I hope you don't want money; but if you do, I hope you know whom to ask for it. Lest you should have any doubt upon the subject, here is the man's name at full length.

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs

To JOHN OVERS, 23 JULY 1841*

MS Carl and Lily Pforzheimer Foundation.

†[a]In haste to save the Post.[†a]

———

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Third July 1841.

My Dear Mr. Overs.

I am truly pleased to hear you are so much better. You must have suffered very much. *One* of your complaints I am, and have been from a child, subject to myself. I can feel for you.

Will you — if you can comfortably — acknowledge the safe receipt of the inclosed, in one line? I hope it is enough for your present purpose.[†1]

I shall be in town until Saturday week; and after that, at Broadstairs in Kent, where all letters will find me. Whenever I hear from Mr. Cruikshank, depend upon my writing. In case I should be addressing you at a wrong place, you had better let me know when you return to town.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To JOHN FORSTER, 23 JULY 1841

Forster's summary of letter, made before destruction, MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC); dated Devonshire Terrace, 23 July 41.

As to Shoberl matters.[†2] *And some misprinted words in proof.*[†3]

To THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, 23 JULY [1841]

MS Wisbech Museum & Literary Institute. *Date:* clearly the year of CD's visit to Scotland; signature supports.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Third July.

My Dear Townshend.

On Wednesday I will dine with you please God. At what hour?

I am horribly hard at work,[†1] after my Scotch honors, and dare not be mesmerized, lest it should damage me at all. Even a day's head ache would be a serious thing just now.[†2]

— But a time *will* come — as they say in melo dramas[†3] — no more —

Except that I am always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend | Chauncey Hare Townshend.

To THOMAS BEARD, 25 JULY 1841

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Free | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday July Twenty Fifth 1841.

My Dear Beard.

This is to give you notice that I am safe at home — that the children and other valuables repair to Broadstairs next Saturday — and that self and Partner follow them, this day week.

You have not changed your mind, I hope, in respect of your weekly visits, dips, and airings? If not, come and dine with me (alone) at 5 on Thursday, and we'll enjoy everything in anticipation. It'll freshen you up and make a man of you till next Autumn, so break it out to Easthope forthwith.

Always Faithfully

BOZ.

Loves and regards

To JOHN FORSTER, 26 JULY 1841

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Morning | July Twenty Sixth 1841.

My Dear Forster.

The broad light of day, shews me that I ought not to go to Greenwich tomorrow; for unless I keep my mind upon my work, I shan't do it; and if I don't do it, I'm done. Wherefore I declare off virtuously.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Over

I had written this when your note came. I must stick to it, like wax, pitch, glue, cement. Pity and protect

The Slave.

I have told the boy to bring Stanfield's note back to you for reconsideration.

What about Friday?†[1] I shall see you between this and then. We might — I say we *might* — breakfast at the Parthenon perhaps.

! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

To DANIEL MACLISE, 28 JULY [1841]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* 28 July was Wednesday in 1841; handwriting, and references to the "fete" (see last, *fn*) and to Broadstairs support.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday July The Twenty Eighth.

My Dear Mac.

Will you let me know when I see you on Friday at that dazzling fete, whether you purpose going to Broadstairs with us on Sunday.

Recollect that all the time we are there, there is a bedroom most heartily at your service. I only ask in order that the servants (who go on Saturday morning) may know for whom they are to prepare.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 28 JULY 1841

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace.
Wednesday Evening | July The Twenty Eighth 1841.

My Dear George.

Can you do for me by *Saturday Evening* — I know the time is short, but I think the subject will suit you, and I am greatly pressed[†1] — a party of rioters (with Hugh and Simon Tappertit conspicuous among them) in old John Willet's bar — turning the liquor taps to their own advantage — smashing bottles — cutting down the grove of lemons — sitting astride on casks — drinking out of the best punchbowls — eating the great cheese — smoking sacred pipes &c &c — John Willet, fallen backward in his chair, regarding them with a stupid horror, and quite alone among them, with none of the Maypole customers at his back.

It's in your way, and you'll do it a hundred times better than I can suggest it to you, I know.[†2]

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 28 JULY [1841]*

MS Dr William A. Whittaker. *Date:* clearly same day as last; handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Twenty Eighth July.

My Dear Sir.

I forgot to tell you — I have given Mr. Cattermole a subject for No. 73[†3] — a full one — and asked him to get it done by *Saturday Evening.* Look him up ac-cor-din-ly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 JULY 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 169. *Date:* 29 July according to Forster.

Have you seen no. 71? I thought there was a good glimpse of a crowd, from a window — eh?[†4]

To JOHN HUDSON, 29 JULY 1841*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | July Twenty Ninth 1841.

Dr. Sir.

The bottle has been a great success, and has provoked a great many enquiries — as I hope you will find.

I want to make a present of some of the Illustrious Punch, to my friend Doctor Elliotson. Will you be good enough to have two dozen nicely packed, and to send it to that gentleman (Carriage Paid) 37 Conduit Street, Bond Street, London?[†1] — The account, of course, to me. We are going to the seaside for a couple of months, but when we return I shall want some more for myself.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Hudson.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 31 JULY 1841

MS[†2] Widener Collection, Harvard.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 31st. July 1841

My Dear Sirs

The terms upon which you advanced to me on the 2nd. July 1840 the sum of £2250 for the purchase of the Copyright and Stock of Oliver [on][†3] my behalf and also upon which you have since advanced to me the su[m][†3] of £769..9..5 making together the sum of £3019.9.5 are underst[ood][†3] between us to be these.

That this sum is not to be called in by you before the 2nd. day of July 1845 and to be without interest in the mean time — That you are to have a lien to this amount on the property belonging to me that is now and will be then in your hands namely my shares in the Stock and Copyright of "Sketches by Boz" "The Pickwick Papers" "Nicholas Nickleby" "Oliver Twist" and "Master Humphrey's Clock" in which we do not include my share of the current profits of the last named Work which I still remain at

liberty to draw at the times stated in our Agreement except as to one half of the profits arising to me over and above the Weekly sum of £50 which one half is to be applied towards the reduction of the said sum of £3019.9.5 — That you are also to appropriate [to] gradual liquidation of the said sum of £3019.9.5 whatever sum you may receive from the Sale of the Stock of Oliver Twist deducting the sum of £5 pr. cent for Commission on the Sale thereof and all charges of Advertizing and of foreign Commission.

I have also caused my Life to be insured with the Britannia Life Asse. Company for £2000 the policy for which (Numbered 2251)[†1] I am willing that you should hold as a further Security and the same will this day be handed over to you by my solicitors.

Dear Sirs | faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

Messrs. Chapman & Hall

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [31 JULY 1841]

Mention in *To* Chapman & Hall, ?3 Aug 41. *Date:* written immediately after signing the Bond of 31 July, and sent with Mitton's letter to Chapman & Hall closing the business.

Peremptorily demanding the return of the private letter to Edward Chapman, 2 July 40, in which he had thanked him for the firm's loan of £2250.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [31 JULY 1841]

Extract in F, II, xii, 193. *Date:* 31 July according to Forster.

I subscribed for a couple of copies of this little book.[†4] I knew nothing of the man, but he wrote me a very modest letter of two lines, some weeks ago. I have been much affected by the little biography at the beginning,[†5] and I thought you would like to share the emotion it had raised in me. I wish we were all in Eden again — for the sake of these toiling creatures.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?31 JULY 1841]*

MS Private. *Date:* later than CD's Broadstairs visit of Sep-Oct 40 on reference to "the Maniac" (i.e. Fletcher: see *To* Forster, 13 Sep); clearly some Saturday when CD had "packed up" before leaving home; probably 31 July 41 (he left for Broadstairs on 1 Aug). *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday

My Dear Maclise

Let me make you lazy today, for I have packed up all my tools and can't do anything. The Maniac joins us at "Mister Ryan's"[†1] at half past 6. Meanwhile let us lunch and walk. I'll be with you in a quarter of an hour after the receipt of this.

Faithfully Yours Always

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?JULY] 1841

Extract in Charles De F. Burns catalogue, Feb 1896; *MS* (signed initials) 1 p.; dated 1841 — possibly July when he was hard at work making up for time spent in Scotland.

I am hard at work, but will take a couple of hours before dinner and resume at night.

August

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 AUGUST 1841

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Broadstairs | Monday. August The Second | 1841.

My Dear Beard.

You cannot (as you know) come too soon, or too often, or stay too long. I am alone, and anxiously expecting you.

The *Ramsgate* boat starts from the Wharf at London Bridge, every morning at 9 to the moment. All you have to do, is to go aboard of her, and when you come off Margate or thereabouts, tell the captain you want to go ashore at Broadstairs.

When you know, write and tell me the day, that I may be on the look out for you. And may I ask you to stop your cab at No. 1 Devonshire

Terrace, and bring down a small basket Topping shall have ready packed and waiting for you — together with any letters he may have on hand?

The Sea, with long creation,[†1] seems to me to get fresher every year.

Always My Dear Beard | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Best regards from Kate, and from Fred, who is here — in tight boots[†2] of course. Love from children.

To JOHN FOWLER, 2 AUGUST 1841

Mention in N, I, 343. *Address* (envelope, MS Private): John Fowler Esquire | Occupation Road | Sheffield; PM Sheffield 3 Aug 41.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?3 AUGUST 1841]†

MS[†3] Huntington Library. *Date:* Handwriting points unmistakably to Aug 41 at earliest. Presumably *To* Chapman & Hall, 31 July (like CD's insurance policy), was delivered by hand that same day; Chapman & Hall would probably have replied on Mon 2 Aug, and CD written the answer below on the 3rd. An apparently post-reconciliation letter from William Chapman to Mitton, about CD's insurance premium, is dated 4 Aug (MS Mr C. C. Dickens). *From* Broadstairs (see below).

Dear Sirs.

I desire, no less earnestly than yourselves, that the spirit of confidence which has always — until lately — prevailed between us, and which of late has doubtless undergone a[†4] suspension, should be restored. But I owe it to myself, and to the[†5] reliance I have always felt[†6] in you, [†a]and always endeavoured

earnestly to [ ],[†a] to say that its suspension is in no wise attributable to me, or to any act or expression on the part of any person who has mediated, on my behalf, between us.

When [†b]I applied to you to advance[†b] me the money for the purchase of Oliver Twist and for my extrication from the hands of the nefarious[†7] Mr. Bentley, I did so because you knew me well — because you had profited largely by such abilities and powers of perseverance and application as are

my only Bank — because [†c]you had my copyrights — because[†c] you knew me to be a man of truth and honor in my dealings — because we were closely and intimately connected in business transactions of present and prospective profit, both to you and to me. For all these reasons I considered that I had a claim upon you; and having it, that it was better to get the money from you than from any of the dozen strangers who would have thrust it into my pockets, and hampered me with hard conditions.

You advanced it. I wrote you an acknowledgement[†1] which I considered, and do consider, was between truthful men a sufficient security. I also wrote you a private letter in which I expressed, as I always do, what I felt, [†d]and always endeavoured [ ].[†d] I had a strong sense of the ready and kind way in which you had come forward with the money, and of the personal interest you had shewn in the matter — this made it in my eyes something of a more pleasant nature than a mere matter of business, and[†2] I was glad to be affected by it, and to think it a gratifying circumstance.

The [†e]acknowledgement I wrote you[†e] was "to be put into law".[†3] Well, I thought, perhaps, on reflection, you would not consider this necessary. But as I had had the money, and had parted with it, I made no objection.

The next I heard of the business was this: — I was taken aside one day by Mr. Smithson (no very great private friend of mine — not in my confidence, and not having much reason that I know of to be partially interested in my proceedings)[†4] who told me that a few nights previous, he had opened a parcel addressed to the firm, containing a draught of a deed from Mr. Chapman of Richmond[†5] — that he had read it, and during the perusal could not refrain from expressing to those who were about him, at the moment, his unbounded surprise at the conditions it recited — that he held them to be most degrading in reference to myself, quite unwarrantable in reference to you; [†f]of a most hard,[†f] stringent, and overbearing kind — and that it was a deed such as no client of his, apart from any delicate[†6] consideration arising out of previous dealings between the parties, should ever sign with his consent.[†7] He expressed himself with the greatest warmth, and said that if you had instructed Mr. Chapman to prepare such

an Instrument, it was his duty to have remonstrated with you, and to have endeavoured to dissuade you from attempting to carry such an intention into effect. He said that he felt great hesitation in interfering with the business, as this was the first he had heard of it, and it was managed by Mr. Mitton. But that he had told Mr. Mitton what he thought, and found that that gentleman entirely concurred with him, and was as much surprised as himself.[†1] He wound up by telling me in so many words that he thought it would be much better if I empowered Mr. Mitton to negociate an advance of two thousand pounds in some other

quarter & repay the money to you — and rid me of a burden †a you sought to render †a so insupportable and oppressive.

On this I communicated with Mr. Mitton directly — †b After reading the deed I †b told him flatly that I *would not* sign any such document, that I believed Mr. Chapman of Richmond was more to blame than you — and that it might go back to him as so much waste paper, as soon as he pleased.

The upshot of all the subsequent legal conferences and discussions †c (from which I was quite unable to separate your [ ]) †c is simply this. The letter I wrote you was a security in equity, but not in law. Mr. Chapman of Richmond — acting with no very strong family likeness to Mr. Chapman of the Strand, and not always expressing himself, as I am told, in the most courteous or becoming terms — demanded to have *both.* As the least offensive way of putting me into double irons, Mr. Mitton recommended the bond; and wearied to death with opposition and delay, disgusted with the whole course of proceeding and thoroughly sick at heart, I signed the bond.

But when I did so, I told Mr. Mitton that as you had trusted nothing to me, and had treated me like a stranger, I would not leave on record between us a private letter (he had never seen or heard of it) which I had sent to Mr.

Chapman immediately after the money was put down; and †1 which, left unrecalled, would be a lie. I therefore took up the pen with which I had signed the bond, and with my own hand wrote those words which you say occasioned you so much pain; and peremptorily required that he should add them to the letter in which he closed the business.

This done, I left town, as you know, and coming down here, tried to dismiss the subject from my thoughts. Your letter of yesterday (received this morning) has re-opened it, and rendered it necessary that I should tell you exactly what I have thought, and felt, and known about it. †a I have done so without the least reserve. †a

†2 That my sentiments have undergone a complete change since the receipt of that letter; and that it has done more to awaken the feelings which have so long subsisted and should always subsist between us, than whole years of uninterrupted good understanding without any allusion to this theme, could have effected, it would be ungenerous in me to conceal for a moment. I make the avowal with great delight and pleasure; and rest assured that in the negociation of our new undertaking, †3 you will find me †4 as ready to respond to you in a frank and cordial spirit, and as earnestly desirous to meet you on all points with a liberal construction, and a confidence, founded on mutual [knowledge] †5 and esteem as I ever have been at any period of our intercourse.

As you think you can trust me without the bond, I would rather you threw it into the fire with your own hands — for I can trust you to do it.

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 AUGUST 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 169. *Date:* 5 Aug according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I am warming up very much about *Barnaby*.[†6] Oh! If I only had him, from this time to the end, in monthly numbers. *N'importe!* I hope the interest will be pretty strong — and, in every number, stronger.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?6 AUGUST 1841]

Mention in next.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 6 AUGUST 1841

Text from MDGH, I, 46-7.

Broadstairs, Friday, August 6th, 1841.

My dear George,

Here is a subject for the next number;[†1] the next to that I hope to send you the MS. of very early in the week,[†2] as the best opportunities of illustration are all coming off now, and we are in the thick of the story.[†3]

The rioters went, sir, from John Willet's bar (where you saw them to such good purpose)[†4] straight to The Warren, which house they plundered, sacked, burned, pulled down as much of as they could, and greatly damaged and destroyed. They are supposed to have left it about half an hour. It is night, and the ruins are here and there flaming and smoking. I want — if you understand — to show one of the turrets laid open — the turret where the alarm-bell is, mentioned in No. 1; and among the ruins (at some height if possible) Mr. Haredale just clutching our friend, the mysterious file, who is passing over them like a spirit; Solomon Daisy, if you can introduce him, looking on from the ground below.[†5]

Please to observe that the M. F. wears a large cloak and a slouched hat. This is important, because Browne will have him in the same number,[†6] and he has not changed his dress meanwhile. Mr. Haredale is supposed to have come down here on horseback, pell-mell; to be excited to the last degree. I think it will make a queer picturesque thing in your hands.[†7] I have told Chapman and Hall that you may like to have a block of a peculiar shape for it.[†8] One of them will be with you almost as soon as you receive this.

[†a]We are very anxious to know that our cousin is out of her trouble, and

you free from your anxiety.[†1] Mind you write when it comes off. And when she is quite comfortable come down here for a day or two, like a bachelor, as you will be. It will do you a world of good. Think of that.[†a]

Always, dear Cattermole, | Heartily yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

[†b]P.S. — When you have done the subject, I wish you'd write me one line and tell me how, that I may be sure we agree. Loves from Kate.[†b]

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, [?EARLY AUGUST 1841]

Mention in next.

To MACVEY NAPIER, 8 AUGUST 1841

MS British Museum.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sunday August The Eighth 1841

My Dear Sir.

I write to you in great haste, — to save at once the Post, and my character.

I wrote to Southwood Smith, the chief commissioner in the Infant Labour Commission,[†2] as we agreed; and have an answer from him[†3] in which he says:

"I hope both report and evidence will be presented to Parliament during its next Sitting, that is, if it should not be prorogued earlier than 6 weeks or 2 months after its first meeting. As soon as these Documents are laid on the table of the House of Commons, they become public property, and may be treated accordingly; until that is the case, any communication of the matter contained in them must be strictly private and confidential. That you may be the better prepared to handle it, I will put you in possession of this matter as soon as I have put it in order, only it must be entirely for your own private study."

Therefore, I suppose the best plan will be, for me to write the paper[†4] at my leisure, and for you to throw it over, until the Review after next — will it not? Southwood Smith, in other passages of this letter, lays extraordinary stress upon the facts they have got together — and from what I

know of them already, I am sure the subject is a most striking and remarkable one.[†1]

Meanwhile, if any other should occur to me, I will communicate with you upon it.

I shall be glad to have one line from you.[†2] And am always

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Dickens desires her compliments — and joins me in remembrances to Miss Napier.

To JOHN OVERS, 8 AUGUST 1841*

MS Dr Hugh Raven.

Broadstairs. | Sunday August The Eighth 1841.

Dear Mr. Overs.

You never found home so pleasant, as when you went back to it, — did you? I know the feeling well, and am glad sometimes (not often though) to go away by myself, for the purpose of enjoying it.

I was very glad to receive your note to day — not only because I am pleased to know you are so much better, but because I was very much fretted to have the inclosed good news from Mr. Cruikshank[†3] lying idly here, and not being able to send it to you, until I should go to town; for want of your address — which I had forgotten.

I shall be glad to hear from you again soon, and to know how you are

getting on. I don't think I shall be in town (unless for a day) until the eleventh or twelfth of October.

But here, or there, or anywhere, I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Your father, like many I know, takes after the birds, and forgets his children as soon as they can fly. But that's not the worst that can happen. I know some men who would be heartily glad, with reason, if their fathers would forget them altogether, instead of having dim glimpses of recollection as yours has.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 10 AUGUST 1841*

MS Mr Cregoe D. P. Nicholson.

Broadstairs | August The Tenth 1841.

My Dear Sirs.

Since I have been here, I have not received a proof, of any kind or sort. Will you, by return of Post, send me proofs of the two Nos. 72 and 73[†1] — and forward slips to me in future as soon as read.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To THE EDITOR OF THE GATESHEAD OBSERVER,[†2] 10 AUGUST 1841

MS Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Broadstairs, Kent | August The Tenth, 1841

Sir.

Your paper of the Thirty First of last Month has been forwarded to me here, from London. It has made me desirous to depart from the rule I have found it necessary to establish in reference to any

unfounded statements concerning myself that find their way into Print, — and to address these half dozen words to you with a twofold object.

Firstly, I beg to thank you with great cordiality for expressing your conviction that the charcoal sketch in Blackwood, of Cannie Newcastle,

(which I have not seen) is not from my hand.[†1] Secondly, to assure you that you are perfectly correct in your judgment, and that I know as much about it as I do of the heart of China.[†2]

I am Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To the Editor of | The Gateshead Observer.

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 AUGUST 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 169. *Date:* six days after letter of 5 Aug, according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I was always sure I could make a good thing of *Barnaby*, and I think you'll find that it comes out strong to the last word. I have another number ready, all but two slips.[†3] Don't fear for young Chester. The time hasn't come[†4] — there we go again, you see, with the weekly delays. I am in great heart and spirits with the story, and with the prospect of having time to think before I go on again.

To THOMAS MITTON, 11 AUGUST 1841*

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | August The Eleventh 1841.

My Dear Mitton

Take the will for the deed, and you will make a very long letter of this very short note. Until yesterday, I have been constantly at work. This is only my second holiday.

I don't know what time the Saturday boats leave town, but that you can find out. On Sunday there is a boat from Margate at One; and on Monday at 8 — that boat gets to town about one or half past.

Now write and tell me when you are coming, and how. I'll meet you whenever and wherever it is, please God. The weather here has been showery, but very fine and pleasant — crops decidedly good — today very squally.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Forster writes me that he has had two letters from Father, which he don't mean to answer. This is not encouraging.

To [WILLIAM] SHOBERL, 12 AUGUST 1841

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue No. 60 (1930); *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 12 Aug 41. *Address:* mistakenly given in catalogue as *To* Frederic Shoberl; but clearly to William, Colburn's assistant. *From* Broadstairs.

I am greatly obliged to you for your note of the ninth (which has been forwarded to me here) and beg to assure you that I am quite convinced the omission was accidental, and that I entirely rely on your honorable and correct intentions.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 AUGUST 1841]

Extract in F, II, xii, 190. *Date:* 13 Aug according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

By Jove how radical I am getting![†1] I wax stronger and stronger in the true principles every day. I don't know whether it's the sea, or no, but so it is.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-AUGUST 1841]

Extract in F, II, xii, 191. *Date:* at a moment of sudden indignation at the political outlook; placed by Forster after letter of 13 Aug. *From* Broadstairs.

[†a]*CD thinks of carrying off himself and his household gods, like Coriolanus, to a world elsewhere!*[†a] [†1] Thank God there is a Van Diemen's-land.[†2] That's my comfort. Now, I wonder if I should make a good settler! I wonder, if I went to a new colony with my head, hands, legs, and health, I should force myself to the top of the social milk-pot and live upon the cream! What do you think? Upon my word I believe I should.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 AUGUST 1841

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts | Stratton Street.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday August The Sixteenth | 1841.

Dear Miss Coutts.

A kind of daymare comes upon me sometimes, under the influence of which I have dismal visions of your supposing me careless of your kind Invitations — regardless of your notes — insensible to your friendship — and a species of moral monster with the usual number of legs and arms, a head, and so forth, but no heart at all.

This disorder, instead of diminishing within the cheerful influence of the Sea, is so much aggravated by distance from Stratton Street and the obstacles in the way of telling you about it by word of mouth, that I am fairly driven to the desperate step of writing to you, to tell you how notes and cards of Invitation from you have reached me in Scotland, in Yorkshire, in Kent — in every place but London — and how I have reason to suppose that some others are still taking sportive flights among the Post offices, and getting very brown from change of air in various parts of the United Kingdom.

I have too much pleasure and gratification in the sympathy you have expressed, with my visionary friends, to let you forget me if I can help it. In duty to myself therefore — this is a description of moral obligation which most men discharge with the utmost punctuality — I raise my still small voice from the ocean's brink, and humbly desire to live in your recollection as an innocent, and not erring Individual, until next October.

If Miss Meredith should remember a fair young man with whom she had a community of feeling in reference to the impossibility of getting up in the

morning during the Great Frost of eighteen hundred and forty one, — I beg to say that I am the person, and that I send my compliments.

Let me add that I am always with high regard and esteem,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

Miss Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 AUGUST 1841]

Extract in F, II, xii, 193. *Date:* Mon 16 Aug according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I sit down to write to you without an atom of news to communicate. Yes I have — something that will surprise you, who are pent up in dark and dismal Lincoln's-inn-fields. It is the brightest day you ever saw. The sun is sparkling on the water so that I can hardly bear to look at it. The tide is in, and the fishing boats are dancing like mad. Upon the green-topped cliffs the corn is cut and piled in shocks; and thousands of butterflies are fluttering about, taking the bright little red flags at the mast-heads for flowers, and panting with delight accordingly. [Here the Inimitable, unable to resist the brilliancy out of doors, breaketh off, rusheth to the

machines, and plungeth into the sea. Returning, he proceedeth:] Jeffrey is just as he was when he wrote the letter I sent you. No better, and no worse. I had a letter from Napier on Saturday, urging the children's-labour subject upon me. But, as I hear from Southwood Smith that the report cannot be printed until the new parliament has sat at the least six weeks, it will be impossible to produce it before the January

number.[†1] I shall be in town on Saturday morning and go straight to you. A letter has come from little Hall begging that when I *do* come to town I will dine there, as they wish to talk about the new story.[†2] I have written to say that I will do so on Saturday, and we will go together; but I shall be by no means good company.... I have more than half a mind to start a bookseller of my own. I could; with good capital too, as you know; and ready to spend it. *G. Varden beware!*[†3]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?16 AUGUST 1841]

Mention in Maclise *to* CD, [17] Aug (see *fn*). *Date:* Macready played in *William Tell* on 16 and 23 Aug; Maclise's letter almost certainly referred to the performance of the 16th and to CD's first visit to London (announced in *To* Forster, 16 Aug).

Saying that he is coming up to London on the following Saturday, and suggesting a meeting at Forster's.[†4]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 16 AUGUST 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | August The Sixteenth 1841.

My Dear Henry.

You would like this place, I think. Arrange to come down here with Letitia — say on the 1st. of September, and stop as long as you can.

The passage at the longest is 6 hours — the fare as many shillings — and you come ashore under the window — consequently, you can go backwards and forwards as often as you like.

My letters are of the briefest, because my relief is, *not* to write. But I mean a quirefull.

Kate joins me in love to Letitia and sends the same to yourself. Always believe her husband

[ ]

[CHARLES DICKENS][†1]

Henry Austin Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 19 AUGUST 1841

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs. | Nineteenth August 1841.

My Dear George.

When Hugh and a small body of the rioters cut off from the Warren unbeknown[†2] to their pals, they forced into a ramshackle[†2] post-chaise Dolly Varden and Emma Haredale, and bore them away with all possible rapidity; one of their company driving, and the rest running beside the chaise, climbing up behind,

sitting on the top, lighting the way with their torches &c &c. If you can express the women inside without shewing them

— as by a fluttering veil, a delicate arm or so forth, appearing at the half closed window — so much the better. Mr. Tappertit stands on the steps, which are partly down, and hanging on to the window with one hand, and extending the other with great majesty, addresses a few words of encouragement to the driver and attendants. Hugh sits upon the bar in front — the driver sitting postilion wise — and turns round to look through the window behind him at the little doves within. The gentlemen behind are also curious to catch a glimpse of the ladies — one of those who are running at the side, may be gently rebuked for his curiosity by the cudgel of Hugh. So they cut away, Sir, as fast as they can.†1

Always Faithfully

CD.

John Willet's bar is *noble.*†2

We take it for granted that cousin and baby are hearty. — Our loves to them.

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 20 AUGUST 1841

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1949; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 20 Aug 41.

Introducing John Overs, a cabinet maker who has literary aspirations and really writes, in the intervals of his daily labour, *very well.*†3

To JOHN OVERS, 20 AUGUST 1841*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace,
Friday, August Twentieth, 1841.

My Dear Mr Overs,

Go to Doctor Elliotson (No 37 Conduit Street Bond Street) tomorrow morning between 10 and 12, and send in this card. I have written to him. I never knew him fail in any case where cure was possible, or care, humanity, and strong interest in his patient, coupled (I do believe) with greater skill than any other man possesses, could be of any avail. I am in town till Sunday morning. If you can come round here after you leave him, I shall be glad to hear your report of what he said to you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 21 AUGUST 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace.
Saturday Morning | August Twenty First 1841.

My Dear Macready.

Among the men I have an interest in, and help a little in their struggles through this workaday world, is one — Mr. Overs hight — a poor cabinet maker, who in the intervals of his work has taught himself for many years to think and feel like a man, and has written some[†1] pretty ballads and good little prose sketches — of which latter commodity I am happy to say I have just got Cruikshank to take a sample for his Omnibus.

Now this cabinet maker (he is foreman to a manufacturer of medicine-chests, at some Thirty Shillings a week, wages) has a chronic affection of the pleura — but now discovered — which the doctors tell him will prevent his making cabinets any more, inasmuch as in doing that work he is obliged to *stand* for twelve hours a day at least — which they say won't do. I have sent him to Elliotson this morning, and no doubt he will confirm the opinion.

He is none of your maudlin gentry who think themselves neglected geniuses, but a straight forward, hard working, earnest man — above his station in nothing but having read and remembered a great many good books. It has occurred to me as just possible that you might at some time or other find you wanted such a person in some capacity about the Theatre — as a kind of upper messenger, or doorkeeper, or in any capacity where a diligent, respectable, sober fellow, of very creditable appearance and manners would be a desideratum. I can vouch for him most thoroughly in every respect. He has been in the habit of coming backwards and forwards to me for three years, and I know him to be a man of that kind that only this country and this time give birth to.

I think these few words will interest you in the poor fellow, and I am sure if you knew as much of him as I do, you would be greatly affected with his little history. Will you bear him in mind?

I meant to have spoken to you last night,[†2] and in the coach had the words, once, upon my lips. But something arose to put it out of my head, and I forgot it.

My Dear Macready | Always Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN OVERS, [22 AUGUST 1841]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly the day after Overs's visit to Elliotson and the call on CD suggested in *To* Overs, 20 Aug.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Morning | Half past 7.[†1]

Dear Mr. Overs.

I was very much vexed to be obliged to go away without seeing you yesterday — but very glad to infer from the confused account of my servant (who for his good intentions and most imperfect execution might be the Devil's head pavior) that you had seen the doctor. I wish you would write and tell me what he said to you.

Thinking about you yesterday, and casting about for some light employment that would suit you, it occurred to me that Mr. Macready might be able to give you some employment, which would not tax your strength at all, at Drury Lane Theatre which — as you may have seen in the papers — he has taken. I wrote to him immediately telling him all about you, and I have very little doubt indeed — hardly any — from the answer he sent last night, that he will find a Post for you. In the hurry of starting for Broadstairs again, this morning, and the anguish of packing up, I cannot — for the life of me — lay my hand upon his note but you shall see it, for it will please you very much, — being of a scarce kind in these times.

I am obliged to come up to town next Saturday, to attend a meeting about a Monument to Sir David Wilkie.[†2] Could you call upon me at the Parthenon Club, Regent Street, between 6 and 8 in the evening? Or would the morning suit you better? If so, I will make another appointment.

Write to Broadstairs.

In great haste | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Keep up your spirits. There's more philosophy in "never *say*[†3] die", than most people suppose.

To THOMAS MITTON, 23 AUGUST 1841*

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs
Monday Morning August Twenty Third | 1841.

My Dear Mitton

After I left you on Saturday, I think an inspiration came upon me, which you will think highly of.

Being a little too early, I walked about Lincolns Inn, pondering all the Chapman and Hall matters in my mind, and reflecting on the proposed change from the weekly to monthly parts.[†4] The impression it might have

on the public mind,[†1] the probable sale of the new work, the short pause, and so forth, I turned over again and again; and the more I thought of it, the more hazardous it seemed. I remembered that Scott failed in the sale of his very best works, and never recovered his old circulation (though he wrote fifty times better than at first) *because he never left off.*[†2] I thought how I had spoilt the novel sale — in the cases of Bulwer, Marryatt,[†3] and the best people — by my great success, and how my great success was, in a manner, spoiling itself, by being run to death and deluging the town with every description of trash and rot.[†4] Then I thought if I could but have forseen[†5] what would come to pass, and could but have made better bargains,

now was the time — the very moment, with a view to my future fame and station — to *stop* — to write no more, not one word, for a whole year — and then to come out with a complete story in three volumes[†6] — with no cuts or any expense but that of printing — and put the town in a blaze again.

When I had got into my head the enormous advantages of such a step, I came to this: — If my position is a strong one, and my reputation is as good as money, why not use it now, for this great object? I walked off to Forster, and said "Now will you in my presence say to Chapman and Hall for me after dinner to day (as I am not a very great demonstrator when my own affairs are at issue) what I am going to tell you" — "What is it?"

Then I told him. I see, I said, as in a clear bright glass that if I go to the monthly parts next March, I do so at a great hazard. Scott's life warns me that let me write never so well, if I keep on writing, without cessation, it is in the very nature of things that the sale will be unsteady, and the circulation will fall. The Clock shews us this, every week, for it started at 70,000, and is now 30,000 — and this, notwithstanding that the Curiosity Shop made, without doubt, a greater impression than any of my other writings. I am doing what every other successful man has done. I am making myself too cheap. And although I still command a sale wholly unprecedented and unknown, even in Scott's case,[†7] that sale is *shaky*, and trembles every day.

Propose this to Chapman and Hall. That the notice I have written[†1] be cancelled directly[†2] — that we contemplate no monthly parts at all — that we finish the Clock on the 27th. of November,[†3] and advertize for that day twelve months a new book in three volumes.[†4] And say to them this: — if Mr. Dickens is willing to let you have one half of the Copyright of that book, what can you afford, and what do you propose to give him for it, over and above Two Thousand Pounds which is to be paid to him in quarterly payments, for his subsistence through the year during which he retires from public notice?[†5]

Little Hall with his pocketfull[†6] of figures and estimates, gave, as soon as we were left alone after dinner, "Success to our new undertaking" whereupon Forster, who was a little piqued to do his best by something that had passed between us,[†7] said that he was going to startle them by something I had mentioned to him half an hour before, but that he was sure it was *the*[†8] thing, and certain all my friends would say so. He then stated (extremely well) what, in effect, I have just told you; throwing in a great many new considerations, and among others, the effect which a year's silence would have upon the sale of the back Nos. of the Clock, the sale of the Oliver — the Pickwick — and the Nickleby.

If you can imagine little Hall and big Chapman knocked down by a thunderbolt, you can form an imperfect idea of the minute's silence that ensued. Chapman was the first to break it; and he said in a very manly straight-forward way, that he *did* believe — looking forward for 20 years, and not for 2 — that the effect of the year's silence would be tremendous. Then little Hall struck in, and said "Yes — he thought so too", but his doubt was, whether we should break it with three volumes or new monthly parts. To this, Forster and I rejoined, — the volumes certainly.[†9] First, because it would be a great thing for me to try a new form. Secondly,

because it was a cheap form. Thirdly because *after* we had done that, the question of any more publishing in numbers would be as open to us, as it was now. Then they both said that they had never desired to press Mr. Dickens — that they wished to consult Mr. Dickens's reputation[†1] and[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 AUGUST 1841]

Extract in F, II, xii, 194. *Date:* Mon 23 Aug, the day after his return to Broadstairs, according to Forster.

An enthusiastic letter about the share Forster had taken in the development on Saturday afternoon; when I thought Chapman very manly and sensible, Hall morally and physically feeble though perfectly well intentioned, and both the statement and reception of the project quite triumphant. Didn't you think so too?

To R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, 23 AUGUST 1841

Text from R. Shelton Mackenzie, *Life of CD,* Philadelphia, 1870, pp. 218-19.

Broadstairs, Kent, | Monday, Twenty-third August, 1841.

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for your letter, and the scrap of paper enclosed in it. I was aware of the imposition soon after it was attempted, but had never seen the article.[†3] I can bear, like a good Christian, the not having any more of it.

Let me thank you also for the newspaper I received from you. I found some lines in its columns which afforded me very great pleasure in the perusal.[†4]

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Mackenzie.

To W. C. MACREADY, 24 AUGUST 1841†

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs
Tuesday August The Twenty Fourth | 1841.

My Dear Macready

I *must* thank you — most heartily and cordially — for your kind note relative to poor Overs. I can't tell you how much it pleased me, or how glad I am to know that he thoroughly deserves such kindness.

What a good fellow Elliotson is! He kept him in his room a whole hour, and has gone into his case as if he were Prince Albert; laying down all manner of elaborate projects, and determining to leave his friend Wood[†1] in town when he himself goes away, on purpose to attend to him. Then he writes me four sides of paper about the man, and says he can't go back to his old work for that requires muscular exertion, and muscular exertion he mustn't make — What are we to do with him? he says — Here's five pounds for the present —

I declare before God that I could almost bear the Tories[†2] for five years, out of the pleasure I feel in knowing such things. And when I think that every dirty speck upon the fair face of the Almighty's creation, who writes in a filthy, bawdy[†3] newspaper — every rotten-hearted pander who has been beaten, kicked, and rolled in the kennel, yet struts it in the Editorial We once a week — every vagabond that an honest man's gorge must rise at — every live emetic in that nauseous drug-shop, the Press — can have his fling at such men and call them knaves and fools and thieves,[†4] I grow so vicious that with bearing hard upon my pen, I break the nib down, and with keeping my teeth set, make my jaws ache.[†5]

[†a]How Abraham must be smoothing his etherial robes, to make a warm place in his bosom for the Protestant champions of this time![†6] What joy

in Holy Heaven when the angels look down on Sunday mornings, and read in bright blue letters that Mr. Westmacott[†1] takes their part! Fancy the Standard, and the Morning Post — the Age — the Argus — and the Times — all on the side of Christ.[†2] Celestial host![†a]

I have put myself out of sorts for the day, and shall go and walk, unless the direction of this, sets me up again. On second thoughts, I think it will.

Always My Dear Macready | Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN OVERS, 24 AUGUST 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs
Tuesday August The Twenty Fourth | 1841.

My Dear Mr. Overs.

Doctor Elliotson has written me a full and particular account of your case. It arrived last night, and your letter reached my hands in due course this morning. He tells me, in effect, exactly what he told you — at greater length, perhaps, but without the least addition in the main point. He says emphatically, that he has cured several such cases. I *know* that, under God, there does not live a man in whose hands you would have so much reason to hope for a perfect restoration to health. If I were to tell you what I know of his skill, patience, and humanity, you would love and honor him as much as I do. If my own life, or my wife's, or that of either of my children were in peril tomorrow, I would trust it to him, implicitly.

He tells me in his letter that you cannot work; and he sends me, as a means towards keeping you from the present necessity of doing so, a five pound note. Tell me whether I shall send you the whole sum at once, or a part — and consider that I have put another five to it, and am your banker to the amount of Ten Pounds.

As I send you Mr. Macready's note, I should tell you what I said in

writing to him. I told him, in a few simple words, what you had been by trade — what your weekly earnings were — and how I had come to know you — and I said that you were not one of the maudlin persons (of whom he and I know many) who consider themselves great geniuses neglected, but that you had always worked hard until you were taken ill, and had worked none the worse for having improved yourself by reading and writing in your few leisure hours. He is a most generous and high-minded man, having as great a sympathy with all struggling persons as anyone I know — and instantly sent back the note I inclose. His word is his oath, and you may rest assured he will not forget you.

You see that it is unnecessary to write to him. When I am in town, I see him almost every day; and when I am away, we are in very frequent correspondence. Leave the matter where it stands. He will not require any hint from either of us.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

P.S. I ought to tell you (I don't think he desires this to be known) that Drury Lane will not open 'till Christmas. It is possible, however, that he might be enabled to employ you sooner. I don't know how that may be just now. As soon as I can find out, I will.

To THOMAS MITTON, 26 AUGUST [1841]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 26 Aug was Thursday in 1841; Broadstairs address and proposed visit to Chapman and Hall support that year.

Broadstairs | Thursday August Twenty Sixth

My Dear Mitton.

I think it *possible* that I may have to see Chapman and Hall tomorrow evening. As I shall do well to hold myself disengaged, *in case,* I will alter our appointment, if you please, and come to you directly I arrive in town tomorrow,[†1] which will be, I have no doubt, between 3 and 4. That will leave me the evening free.

In haste | Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To LORD NUGENT, 26 AUGUST 1841*

MS Private.

Broadstairs, Kent
Thursday Evening | Twenty Sixth August 1841

My Dear Lord Nugent.

I write to you from the place where I am staying for the Autumn; for a most extraordinary and unheard-of purpose. I am an author — yet I want

to recommend a Publishing firm to your favorable notice, and to give them a high character!

You are one of the Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.[†1] I understand the Society are in want of a Publisher; and further that my publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall of the Strand, aspire to that office.[†2] If you take any interest in the matter, I think my recommendation will have its weight with you when I tell you, after long dealings of very considerable magnitude with these gentlemen, that I respect them highly — that I have unbounded confidence in their honor, integrity, and first-rate business qualities — and that I *am certain* there is not a House in London that would better answer the Society's purpose.

Mrs. Dickens begs her compliments to Lady Nugent.[†3] I take leave to add mine — and am, Dear Lord Nugent,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Nugent.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [28 AUGUST 1841]*

MS Private. *Date:* Clearly refers to the Wilkie meeting on 28 Aug at which CD was in fact present (see *fn*), perhaps as a result of persuasion by Maclise.

In haste — Saturday Morning.

My Dear Mac

Occupations[†4] too tremendous to admit of my going to the Wilkie Meeting[†5] — Come here *as soon as it is over* — The carriage shall be ready at

2; and I will wait for you — Forster will be at the Parthenon, of course, as we agreed.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To WILLIAM SHOBERL, 29 AUGUST 1841

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1912; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Broadstairs, 29 Aug 41.

My experience of Magazine editing, however, has been by no means a pleasant one, and I have resolved not to connect myself, even in name, with such duties any more,[†1]

To THOMAS MITTON, 30 AUGUST [1841]

MS Mr Alfred C. Berol. *Date:* The negotiations with Chapman & Hall and death of Hook show year to have been 1841. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London.

Broadstairs | Monday Thirtieth August.

My Dear Mitton

I was up and down — here and there — torn to pieces — until dinner time on Saturday, which was after you left town. The result was, that I made them a proposition (to which I feel pretty sure they will accede) which I am certain is the best I could make, and which I think you will look upon in that light, also. It involves[†2] the pause for a year — the breaking[†2] ground then, with a new work in monthly parts *instead* of a Novel[†3] (which gives me, of course, a much longer rest) — the payment of £150 a month all through the year — the doing anything else, if I choose[†4] — and secures such a share of the profits to me,[†5] as promises to enable me to repay the money advanced, with great expedition. As soon as I have the figures and calculations

(which I left with them, while they considered) I will send them to you, and you will then have the whole proceeding at your fingers' ends.[†1]

In haste | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Colburn sent people to me on Saturday night, and *before 7 on Sunday Morning* to negociate for my taking the New Monthly, now Hook is dead.[†2] I declined, of course.

September

To THOMAS MITTON, 1 SEPTEMBER 1841

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd.

Broadstairs | First September 1841.

My Dear Mitton

I am sorry to say that *this* week, we are full — and I am afraid you would not get a comfortable bed out of the house, by reason that we have two already — one for Fred, and one for Fanny's servant. She and Burnett are still here; and Maclise came down yesterday.

Now, I am coming up next Tuesday, and intend to return on Wednesday. Why can't you come back with me on that day?[†3] We shall then have plenty of room, and surely you are not so very strong and special in your engagements, but that you can spare a few days next week, as well as this.

Write and say *Yes.*[†4]

Chapman and Hall have agreed to my terms; and for a year I am a free man. They are, I think, as fair as *could* be expected, and very promising indeed. More of this, when I come to town.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

Write me by return.

To LORD BROUGHAM,[†5] 2 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Second September 1841.

My Lord.

I should apologize with becoming humility for the extraordinary liberty I take in writing to you; but that I hope the uncommon purpose of my

communication may in itself be some excuse. I am an author; and I wish to recommend a publishing firm to your favorable consideration.

I learn that the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge are in want of a Publisher, and that my publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall of the Strand, aspire to that distinction.[†1] I do assure you, My Lord, that there are not in London two persons so well calculated by their high respectability, their perfect integrity, and thorough knowledge of their business, for such a situation. I bear testimony to their fitness for it, after a connexion of some years and of great extent; and I do so, most earnestly, and with the strongest possible impression of their being the very people the Society need.

If I were less convinced of this, My Lord, I would not venture to trouble you. But as I know how truly you are interested in the cause of Education from which your name will always be inseparable; and how important even the humblest means are, in furthering its ends; I take the liberty of addressing this recommendation to you, and even of hoping that you will not be displeased by my intrusion.

I beg you to ascribe it, in any case, to my interest in all that concerns an Association which has such noble ends in view, and has done so much — and to the sincere respect and esteem with which I am

My Lord | Your faithful Servant.
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Honorable | The Lord Brougham.

To ALFRED DICKENS, [3 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Mention in next two letters.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 3 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Friday Third September 1841.

My Dear Henry.

We are coming to town on Tuesday, and return on Wednesday morning. Hadn't you and Letitia better come back with us? If so, let us meet on board the boat. All you have to do, is to go down to London Bridge Wharf, and go on board the *Ramsgate*[†1] boat. You can make no mistake concerning it, as there is but one. She starts at 9, but the better plan is to be on board by a quarter before. I believe Mitton the Brilliant, returns with us also. I shall conclude that this is a bargain, unless I hear from you to[†2]

P.S. The matter of Alfred, is a difficult one.[†3] I have written, and told him exactly how the matter stands; and said that if he likes to renew his application, I don't object. But I have laid great stress on his saying nothing about it, and not leaving his present occupation for so much as a day.

To THOMAS MITTON, 3 SEPTEMBER 1841

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Third September 1841.

My Dear Mitton.

Either I made a mistake in my last, or you have read it wrong. I don't [come][†4] to town 'till Tuesday — and return [next mo]rning[†5] — Wednesday.

I made a stipulation — to prevent [any][†6] interference from Rufus;[†7] which I expressly prohibited — that our agreement should be copied, in its phraseology and provisions, by Forster, from your Clock one.[†8] As I shall have to look it over carefully, I shall be occupied, I think, every minute of the Tuesday afternoon, and until pretty late in the evening.[†9] Will you

engage to meet us on board the *Ramsgate*[†1] boat at London Bridge Wharf on Wednesday morning? I believe the Austins are going back with us, too; — when I say "us", I mean Kate and myself.

I had a letter from Henry this morning saying that Beadnell[†2] had called to tell him that the New Zealand people[†3] want more assistants, and that Alfred might apply [to him].[†4] I have written Alfred that he [?may do][†5] so, if he likes; but have cautioned [hi]m[†6] against coming to town for the purpose.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To LORD BROUGHAM, 5 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Broadstairs | Fifth September 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Lord Brougham, and is exceedingly obliged to him for his very kind letter and for the gratifying terms in which it is couched. Mr. Dickens need scarcely add, that immediately on his return to town (which will be early next month) he will gladly do himself the pleasure of calling on Lord Brougham; and that he feels much honored by Lord Brougham's request.

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Extract in F, II, xii, 194*n*. *Date:* 9 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

M.[†7] was quite aghast last night at the brilliancy of the C. & H. arrangement:[†8] which is worth noting[†9] perhaps.

To THE SWEDENBORG SOCIETY,[†1] 9 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS The Swedenborg Society.

Broadstairs, Kent. | September The Ninth 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to the Society for printing and publishing the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg; and begs to thank them cordially for their obliging communication, and for the copy of the work on Heaven and Hell,[†2] accompanying it. He begs to assure the Society that he will not "reject the book unexamined", (he is at present quite unacquainted with it, save from their description) — and that it shall have his most careful and attentive consideration.

To JOHN PAUL,[†3] 9 SEPTEMBER 1841

Extract in N, I, 349, from catalogue source; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Broadstairs, 9 Sep 41.

I do not know at what precise time I shall be in Glasgow.... I received a letter, begging to know which would be the most convenient time for me to visit the city.[†4]

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 169. *Date:* 11 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I have just burnt into Newgate,[†5] and am going in the next number to tear the prisoners out by the hair of their heads. The number which gets into the jail[†6] you'll have in proof by Tuesday.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 12 SEPTEMBER 1841

MS Doheny Memorial Library, Camarillo, California.

Broadstairs | Sunday Twelfth September 1841.

My Dear George.

Here is a business letter, written in a scramble just before post time. Whereby, I dispose of loves to Cousin, in a line.

Firstly. Will you design upon a block of wood, Lord George Gordon, alone and very solitary, in his prison in the tower? — The chamber as ancient as you please, and after your own fancy.[†1] [†a]The time evening. The season, Summer.[†a]

Secondly. Will you ditto upon a ditto, a sword duel between Mr. Haredale and Mr. Chester, in a grove of trees? No one else by. Mr. Haredale has just pinked his adversary who has fallen, dying, on the grass. He (that is, Chester) tries to staunch the wound in his breast, with his handkerchief — has his snuffbox on the earth beside him — and looks at Mr. Haredale (who stands with his sword in his hand, looking down on him) with most supercilious hatred — but polite to the last. Mr. Haredale is more sorry, than triumphant.[†2] Thirdly. Will you conceive and execute after your own fashion, a frontispiece for Barnaby.[†3]

Fourthly. Will you devise a subject representing Master Humphrey's clock as stopped — his chair by the fireside empty — his crutch against the wall — his slippers on the cold hearth — his hat upon the chair back — the MSS of Barnaby and the Curiosity Shop, heaped upon the table — and the flowers you introduced in the first subject of all, withered and dead?[†4] [†b]Master Humphrey being supposed to be no more.[†b]

I have a fifthly, sixthly, seventhly, and eighthly — for I sorely want you,

as I approach the close of the Tale — but I won't frighten you, so will take breath.

Always My Dear Cattermole

Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire.

P.S. I have been waiting until I got to subjects of this nature; thinking you would like them best.[†1]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 12 SEPTEMBER 1841

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Frederick Dickens Esquire | Commissariat | Treasury | Whitehall.

Broadstairs | Sunday September Twelfth 1841.

My Dear Fred.

The wording of the Minute[†2] is certainly discouraging. If I saw any way of helping you by coming up to town, I would do so, immediately. But I cannot possibly apply to the Tories for *anything*.[†3] I dare say they would be glad enough if I would; but I cannot with any regard to honor, consistency or Truth, ask any favor of people whom, politically, I despise and abhor. It would tie my hands, seal my lips, rob my pen of its honesty, and bind me neck and heels in most discreditable fetters.

Is Archer[†4] in town? If so, have you spoken to him? If not, when is he coming? You should speak to him, certainly. I have told you before, that I am very much afraid you have not treated him with that show of respect, which he has a right to claim. Why in the name of God should he have a personal dislike to you, but for some such reason as this?

If you think — and I see no objection to your asking Mr. Archer the question, that without doing anything improper, you might memorialize the Lords of the Treasury, I will draw a memorial for you.[†5] If you have reason to think this would be unofficial and ill-advised, I know of nothing better than waiting and hoping.

I should be as sorry as you, if you were to lose this step. Let me hear from you by Return.

Affectionately Always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Extract in F, II, xii, 194. *Date:* 13 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

There's no news since my last. We are going to dine with Rogers[†1] to-day and with Lady Essex,[†2] who is also here. Rogers is much pleased with Lord Ashley,[†3] who was offered by Peel a post in the government, but resolutely refused to take office unless Peel pledged himself to factory improvement.[†4] Peel "hadn't made up his mind"; and Lord Ashley was deaf to all other inducements, though they must have been very tempting.[†5] Much do I honour him for it.[†6] I am in an exquisitely lazy state, bathing, walking, reading, lying in the sun, doing everything but working. This frame of mind is superinduced by the prospect of rest, and the promising arrangements which I owe to you. I am still haunted by visions of America,[†7] night and day. To miss this opportunity would be a sad thing.

Kate cries dismally if I mention the subject. But, God willing, I think it *must* be managed somehow!

To J. H. KUENZEL,[†1] 13 SEPTEMBER 1841

MS Milwaukee Public Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday Thirteenth September 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I should have answered your letter immediately after its date; but I generally come to this part of England to pass the Autumn, and did not receive it until yesterday.

Accept my best thanks, I beg you, for your welcome letter; and assure the gentleman who so kindly and flatteringly remembers me in the present I received, at the same time through your hands, that I am warmly obliged to him, and feel honored by his approval.

In regard to the Britannia,[†2] what can I say? That my best wishes are yours, that my most cordial sympathy and interest are with you? You know it already.

Believe me, my dear Sir — and I say it most unaffectedly — that next to the favor and good opinion of my own countrymen, I value, above all price, the esteem of the German people. I honor and admire them past all expression. I know them to be, in their great mental endowments and cultivation, the chosen people of the Earth; and I never was more proud or more happy than when I first began to know that my writings found favor in their eyes.

I can be indifferent to nothing which connects English Literature with Germany. The object of your new paper is my object, and that of every Englishman who has an interest or delight in the progress of human thought. God prosper it, and you! I wish to Heaven I could speak German, though never so badly. If I could, I would be among you in six months.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To JOHN SCOTT, 13 SEPTEMBER 1841

Photograph New York Public Library. *Address* (wrapper, MS Auckland Public Library): Carriage Paid | John Scott Esquire | 120 Camden Road Villas | Camden New Town | London. | By Coach | Monday Sept. 13 | 1841.

Private

Broadstairs. | Monday Thirteenth September | 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I have been much struck by some passages in the latter portion of the Tragedy,[†1] which are very good indeed, and eminently dramatic.

But it is very unequal; and I fear would never, on the stage, get through the first two acts. Besides that the verse halts woefully, and is often made up of expressions so curiously inverted that it is difficult on first reading them to understand their meaning, it has many most serious objections. The author dead, they strike at the root of the whole composition, I fear. If he were alive, I do think he could amend them, and make the play one of great merit and promise.

I fear the characters of the two brothers, which afford a fine opportunity for contrast, are not sufficiently played off: the one against the other. Fadilla, appearing in that one love scene and never coming on the scene again, would astonish an audience, unfavorably. Macrinus and Martialis conducting their share of the plot in constant conversations with each other, would — place yourself in imagination, in the pit, and you will feel it — become insufferably tedious after their first entrance. And I very much mistrust the mention of that African, who is exceedingly well introduced at first, and whom one naturally expects to be of greater importance. Further, I doubt whether Macrinus says or does anything good enough to qualify him for killing the hero of the piece; and I doubt whether the hero could ever raise himself in the estimation of the people, after his scene with Fadilla. The mother, on the other hand, is a tragic conception; and in the latter part of the play, would have a great effect.

I do not feel justified, under these circumstances, in exposing Mr. Macready to the pain and vexation which I know he would feel, if he felt it necessary to decline a play which I recommended to him. But I still think he ought to see the Tragedy; for while I know that he has many better plays upon his desk at this moment, I know equally well that he has many which will bear no comparison with it.

If I may suggest to you the course you would do best to pursue, I would advise you to send it to his house (No 5 Clarence Terrace, Regents Park) with a short note to the effect that the author is no more; and that you, who are doing your best for his widow and family, beg him to peruse it.[†2] I

think I would add a special allusion to its rising greatly in the last three acts, *in case* he should feel disposed to stop at the end of the second.

As I am not coming to town very soon, and have no one with me who is bound for London, I send you the MS by coach. Will you acknowledge, in one line, its safe receipt?

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Scott Esquire.

To WILLIAM HALL, 14 SEPTEMBER 1841†

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs. | Tuesday Fourteenth Septr. 1841.

My Dear Sir.

†1. — Gate of Newgate in 78; not in 79. I don't want Barnaby in the subject,†2 but feared he might be there.

I plainly see that it's all up with the mechanical genius.†3 — Don't trust him with anything; keep an eye on the till; restrain him from making any entries in the books; and un-confuse Mr. Cattermole whom I clearly perceive he will distract with wrong instructions.

†aI am hideously lazy — always bathing, lying in the sun, or walking about. I write a No. when the time comes, and dream about it beforehand on cliffs and sands — but as to getting in advance — ! where's the use, too, as we so soon leave off!—†a

It would be a good thing, wouldn't it, if I ran over to America about the end of February, and came back, after four or five months, with a One Volume book — such as a ten and sixpenny touch? †bI can't persuade Mrs. Dickens to go, and leave the children at home; or to let me go alone. I wish you'd take an opportunity one of these days, of asking all about the Fares — what a single fare is — what a double fare — what a cabin with childstowage. I can depend on you, and am afraid to make any enquiries myself, lest it should get blabbed about, before I had quite resolved.†b

Washington Irving writes me that if I went, it would be such a triumph from one end of the States to the other, as was never known in any Nation.†4 †cDon't you conceive that it would be, on every account, an excellent employment of a part of the interval? I should like to hear.†c

When you g[e]t†5 the riot-block,†6 will you sen[d]†7 me a proof of it?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

William Hall Esquire

To [EDWARD CHAPMAN], 16 SEPTEMBER 1841

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* clearly written not to Hall but to Chapman who was shortly to be married (see *fn*).

Broadstairs. | Thursday Sixteenth September 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Know for your utter confusion, and to your lasting shame and ignominy, that the initial letter *has been*†1 purwided — that it was furnished to the artist at the same time as the subject†2 — and that it is a

D†3

— which stands for Double — Demnible — Doubtful — Dangerous — Doleful — Disastrous — Dreadful — Deuced — Dark — Divorce — and Drop — all applicable to the Precipice on which you stand.†4

Farewell! If you did but know — and would pause, even at this late period — better an action for breach than — but we buy experience. Excuse my agitation. I scarcely know what I write. — To see a fellow creature — and one who has so long withstood[†5] — still if — Will *nothing* warn you —

P.S.

[†a]In extreme excitement
C D
My hand fails me
Pause
Put it off
P.P.S.
Emigrate
P.P.P.S.
And leave me
The business——
I mean the Strand
one.one.[†a]

To HENRY ROBERTSON,[†6] 17 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Broadstairs, Kent.
Saturday Seventeenth September | 1841.

My Dear Sir.

As I am staying here for the Autumn, I have only just received your

circular note, acquainting me that my name (and that of Mrs. Dickens) is continued on the Free List of Covent Garden Theatre.

May I beg you to present my compliments and thanks to Mr.[†1] and Mrs. Mathews?[†2] I have no doubt they intend to pay me a compliment and do me an act of courtesy; although upon the first — and I need scarcely add, the only — occasion of my seeking to use this Privilege last season, I was refused admittance at the door.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Robertson Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 169. *Date:* "a week later" than letter of 11 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I have let all the prisoners out of Newgate, burnt down Lord Mansfield's,[†3] and played the very devil.[†4] Another number will finish the fires, and help us on towards the end. I feel quite smoky when I am at work. I want elbow-room terribly.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 19 SEPTEMBER 1841

Text from N, I, 353.

Broadstairs | Sunday Nineteenth September 1841

My dear Fred,

As a matter of composition, or in respect of brevity or plainness, you

have not improved my draft[†1] by altering it. I shall be very anxious to hear your further news.

I knew the German Doctor[†2] had left town, but I thought he might have left his address also.

Will you take the enclosed[†3] (but don't delay) to Mr Schloss,[†4] bookseller, Dover Street — the publisher of the [Tiny][†5] Almanac and Quizzing Glass.[†6] If he can forward it, ask him to do so. If not, ask him to put the address upon it — and then put it in the post for me, will you? You must pay the postage; or the letter, being foreign, won't go.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

Will you send me the amount of the inclosed cheque by return?

To JOHN FORSTER, [19 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Extracts and summaries in F, III, i, 196-7. *Date:* 19 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

A letter about many unimportant things; then, near the end, announcing:

Now to astonish you. After balancing, considering, and weighing the matter in every point of view, [†a]I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND (WITH GOD'S LEAVE) TO GO TO AMERICA — AND TO START AS SOON AFTER CHRISTMAS AS IT WILL BE SAFE TO GO.[†a] [†7]

He promises further information immediately, and a request follows:

On the ninth of October we leave here. It's a Saturday. If it should be fine dry weather, or anything like it, will you meet us at Rochester, and stop there two or three days to see all the lions[†8] in the surrounding country?

Think of this.[†1] ... If you'll arrange to come, I'll have the carriage down, and Topping; and, supposing news from Glasgow[†2] don't interfere with us, which I fervently hope it will not, I will ensure that we have much enjoyment.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 21 SEPTEMBER 1841

Text from MDGH, I, 51.

Broadstairs, September 21st, 1841.

My dear George,

Will you, before you go on with the other subjects I gave you,[†3] do one of Hugh, bareheaded, bound, tied on a horse, and escorted by horsesoldiers to jail?[†4] If you can add an indication of old Fleet Market, and bodies of foot soldiers firing at people who have taken refuge on the tops of stalls, bulkheads, etc., it will be all the better.[†5]

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Tuesday Twenty First September 1841.

My Dear Macready.

Forster tells me you are at Drury Lane at all unseasonable hours — are finding out all manner of small delinquencies — making all kinds of dim and distant preparations — and, in a word, justifying that stir and bustle of anticipation which is constantly fermenting within me.

I want to ask your advice — I would, as you know, take no man's so readily as yours, on any subject. On that which I have in mind, you have, from your experience and affections the best right to tutor me.

I am going to America — I think next February. If I go without our dear children, I shall stay Three Months. If I took them with me, I should stay six. What would you do, if you were me?

Kate is averse to taking them — fearing sickness might make them ill. At the same time she naturally finds it difficult to contemplate a subject which is so new to her and so startling, in any very reasonable light. I could take them all, and one servant, for a hundred and fifty pounds each way. I do not — and I almost think one should not, in such a case — make expence a consideration, on either side the question.

Now, here's the question. My dear Macready if you were I, what would you do.[†1]

When I have once made up my mind to anything, I can keep it as much at ease as though the thing were done. But I can't make it up in this case, and am sorely tossed and tumbled on a moral ocean in this early stage of my design.

Our best loves to all.
Ever Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Extract in F, III, i, 197. *Date:* "three days later" than letter of 19 Sep according to Forster, and clearly written before CD received (23 Sep) Macready's advice not to take the children to America (see 21 Sep, *fn*). But if written on the 22nd letter possibly did not leave Broadstairs until the 23rd; for Forster was reading it on the 24th when a note from Devonshire Terrace (clearly written that day and delivered by hand) announced to him that CD was on his way to share his breakfast (F, III, i, 196).

I wrote to Chapman and Hall[†2] asking them what they thought of it, and saying I meant to keep a note-book, and publish it for half a guinea or thereabouts, on my return. They instantly sent the warmest possible reply, and said they had taken it for granted I would go, and had been speaking of it only the day before. I have begged them to make every enquiry about the fares, cabins, berths, and times of sailing; and I shall make a great effort to take Kate *and* the children. In that case I shall try to let the house furnished, for six months (for I shall remain that time in America); and if I succeed, the rent will nearly pay the expenses out, and home. I have heard of family cabins at £100; and I think one of these is large enough to hold us all. A single fare, I think, is forty guineas. I fear I could not be happy if we had the Atlantic between us; but leaving them in New York while I ran off a thousand miles or so, would be quite another thing. If I can arrange all my plans before publishing the *Clock* address, I shall state

therein that I am going: which will be no unimportant consideration, as affording the best possible reason for a long delay.[†1] How I am to get on without you for seven or eight months, I cannot, upon my soul, conceive. I dread to think of breaking up all our old happy habits, for so long a time. The advantages of going, however, appear by steady looking-at so great, that I have come to persuade myself it is a matter of imperative necessity. Kate weeps whenever it is spoken of. Washington Irving has got a nasty low fever. I heard from him a day or two ago.

To THOMAS MITTON, 22 SEPTEMBER 1841

Photograph New York Public Library. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings.

Broadstairs | September The Twenty Second | 1841.

My Dear Mitton.

The fruit arrived safely, and in great perfection. I should have acknowledged its receipt, but I knew you were cruising about, and thought a note

might run after you for a week or two, and follow you home at last — which, very possibly, will be the fate of this.

I am not getting on with my work at all; being deliciously lazy, and walking about, all day long. Indeed I don't much care to get on; being so near my resting place.[†1]

Fred will have his Promotion this week.[†2] I am as glad of it, as though anyone had given me five hundred pounds.

Are you surprised to learn that I have made up my mind to go to America — that I have got all the information needful, about the Packets — that I shall sail, please God, in February, if the latter part of the Winter be not too immoderately severe — and that I am going to announce my intention in the Clock? — There.

I have sent the Alphingtonian notice to day.[†3] I address this to the office, as your people will most likely know where to forward it.

A pleasant trip to you — I shall see you, of course, as soon as I return to town.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, [23 SEPTEMBER 1841]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly Thurs 23 Sep, under which date Macready recorded in his diary: "As I was going to bed Dickens called in, having sent a note first" (*Diaries,* II, 143). *Address:* W. C. Macready Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night.

My Dear Macready

If you are at home and *up,* I should like to have five minutes talk with you,[†4] as I have just come to town, and want to go away by the Morning Boat.

Send me a word — In bed — or out?

Affecy. always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Extract in F, III, i, 197. *Date:* written from Devonshire Terrace on the morning after seeing Macready (see last).

This is to give you notice that I am coming to breakfast with you this morning on my way to Broadstairs. I repeat it, sir, — on my way *to* Broadstairs. For, directly I got Macready's note yesterday I went to Canterbury, and came on by day-coach for the express purpose of talking with him; which I did between 11 and 12 last night in Clarence-terrace. The American preliminaries are necessarily startling, and, to a gentleman of my temperament, destroy rest, sleep, appetite, and work, unless definitely arranged. Macready has quite decided me in respect of time and so forth. The instant I have wrung a reluctant consent from Kate,[†1] I shall take our joint passage in the mail-packet for next January. I never loved my friends so well as now.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs | Sunday Twenty Sixth September | 1841.

My Dear Fred.

Unless you have *strong* reason for changing your mind, write and tell Mr. Percy,[†2] when you hear from him, that I entertained strong doubts whether his case was one which called for such relief as I could afford; and

that you cannot make any report to me which will alter that impression. I think he's a damned rascal, but *that* you needn't tell him.

You have got your promotion on very handsome terms, and I am heartily rejoiced. — In the matter of Collinson,[†1] Beard told me of Easthope's intention when he was here. Therefore I am not surprised.

Kate and I are going to America for five or six months (but I don't tell her how long) — and we sail on the Fourth of January. We must, I grieve to say (for everyone advises me to do so) leave the darlings behind us, which will be a very severe trial.

If I don't let the house, — and I don't think, at present, I shall try to do so, — I shall ask you to take up your residence there, and to board, and lodge, and keep the Cellar key 'till we return.[†2] It will be a great comfort to us to know that you see them every day; and I hope you will dine there, for our peace and happiness, every Sunday, and have them down after dinner. Of course you can always have whom you like, to dine with you. This is our earnest desire, and I trust you will think of us, and be very careful of our dear children.

I announce my intention in the Clock,[†3] next Saturday Week. Until then, it will be best not to talk of it. All our arrangements are made, and we go to Boston by the British and North American Mail Packet,[†4] from Liverpool.

It makes me very down-hearted when I think of the parting. But the conviction that it will be a great thing to do, and the knowledge that I do it for their advantage, brings me up again.

Always Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Dickens Esquire.

Over

Anne[†5] goes with us. — Will you get the inclosed cheque in one note, and let me have it, half by the next post, and half by the next after.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 SEPTEMBER 1841]

Extract in F, III, i, 198. *Date:* two days after letter of 24 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

Only a word. Kate is quite reconciled. Anne goes, and is amazingly

cheerful and light of heart upon it. And I think, at present, that it's a greater trial to me than anybody. The 4th of January is the day. Macready's note to Kate was received and acted upon with a perfect response.[†1] She talks about it quite gaily, and is satisfied to have nobody in the house but Fred, of whom, as you know, they are all fond. He has got his promotion, and they give him the increased salary from the day on which the minute was made by Baring.[†2] I feel so amiable, so meek, so fond of people, so full of gratitudes and reliances, that I am like a sick man. And I am already counting the days between this and coming home again.

To JOHN OVERS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Sunday Twenty Sixth September 1841.

Dear Mr. Overs.

I inclose you a cheque for Five Pounds. Please let me know that it has reached you safely.

I am delighted, truly delighted, to hear that you are getting so much better, and are enjoying such good and worthy relaxation. I hope you will have no need of Mr. Wood;[†3] but if you should have any, you will like him very much.

The eleventh or twelfth of next month will find me, I hope, in town. I shall be glad to see you then, for many reasons — and not least among them, for one you will see stated in the Clock next Saturday week.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, 28 SEPTEMBER 1841

Text from Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post,* 13 Nov 41, quoting the *New York Courier;* date and salutation from MDGH, III, 19. *From* Broadstairs (see *fn* to next).

September 28th, 1841.

My dear Sir,

I condole with you, from my heart, on the loss you have sustained;[†4] and

I feel proud of your permitting me to sympathise with your affliction. It is a great satisfaction to me to have been addressed under similar circumstances by many of your countrymen, since the "Curiosity Shop" came to a close. Some simple and honest hearts in the remote wilds of America, have written me letters on the loss of their children; so numbering my little book, or rather heroine, with their household gods, and so pouring out their trials and sources of comfort in them, before me as a friend, that I have been inexpressibly moved — and am, whenever I think of them — I do assure you.[†1] ... You have already all the comfort that I could lay before you — all, I hope, that the affectionate spirit of your brother, now in happiness, can shed into your soul. The peaceful memory of the dead be with you!

I am going to *bring* you an article for good old Diedrick.[†2] For on the fourth of next January, if it pleases God, I am coming, with my wife, on a three or four months' visit to America. The British and North American Steam Packet will bring me, I hope, to Boston, and enable me in the third week of the New Year to set my foot upon the soil I have trodden in my day-dreams many times, and whose sons (and daughters) I yearn to know and be among.

I hope you are surprised — and I hope not unpleasantly.

Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To WASHINGTON IRVING, 28 SEPTEMBER 1841

Text from W. L. Andrews, *A Stray Leaf from the Correspondence of Washington Irving and CD,* privately printed, New York, 1894, p. 32.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, London[†3]
Twenty-eighth September, 1841

My dear Washington Irving

I was very sorry to hear t'other day from Mr Clark, of the Knickerbocker

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and New York, that you were unwell. I hope you are better; and furthermore that in proof of your being so, you will write me one line by the next Packet, to certify the fact.

I told Leslie[†1] what you had written about him,[†2] and he was much pleased. I know him, but have not known him long or intimately — I needn't tell you that London keeps a great many people apart, who incline strongly towards each other. His great abilities and uncommon gift of humour, with his pencil (a kind of Charles Lamb-like humour of the best quality) I have always doted on. We agreed that in your honor we would dine together instantly, and that we would be constant associates for evermore.

It has been a toss up for some weeks, whether I should write you a long letter, or a short one. I am happy to say the latter carries it. For why should I inflict four sides of paper on you, when I am coming to see you? And are there not at this moment in the books of the British and North American Mail Packet Company, the words — "fourth of January eighteen hundred and forty two, Mr and Mrs Charles Dickens — for Boston"?

I look forward to shaking hands with you, with an interest I cannot (and would not, if I could) describe. You *can* imagine, I dare say, something of the feelings with which I look forward to being in America. I can hardly believe I am coming.

[Rogers][†3] had been in great distress and desolation at having missed

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your niece.[†1] He was with us last night, and bewailed his affliction in very moving terms. He begged me to say as much to you, and to remember him heartily — though I am not clear whether it is a recent occurrence, or whether my projected voyage reminded him of it.

[†a]Did you know poor [Hook]?[†2] He has left a widow (poor creature, she was not married to him, but there is mourning out of matrimony, and it is no disparagement to the word) with four illegitimate daughters — I am not sure whether I should not have written, five.[†3] I heard yesterday at the Athenæum, that the King of [Hanover][†4] has sent them five hundred pounds. It is a good thing to find gratitude in Kings, and better when the King is a bad one, so I hope it's true. J ...[†5] declined to join in a subscription for rescuing these girls from poverty — it may be, from the very streets — because they were not born in wedlock. I hardly know what your politics are; remembering the Squire in Bracebridge Hall and the radical.[†6] — But I am sure this is not your creed.[†a]

Murray has just re-published in a new form, Lockhart's translation of

the Spanish and Moorish ballads, with all manner of gold and silver borders, and variegated colours. He is said to be making rather a desperate stake with it,[†1] having suffered from recent failures in the trade. It looks tawdry and poor; and I fear will not do.

You knew Wilkie, I think, in Spain.[†2] A very handsome subscription has been already made for raising a monument to him in London. They are going to raise another, in Edinburgh.[†3] Poor fellow! He gave me a little picture of his painting, shortly before he went away,[†4] and I little thought I had seen him for the last time. His sister is so sadly changed by grief for his loss, that she is hardly to be recognized for the person she used to be.[†5] She had dressed herself as gaily as a bride, and was waiting for his coming home, when they had to tell her that he lay under the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Believe me, always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Washington Irving Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 29 SEPTEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Twenty Ninth September 1841.

My Dear Macready.

I take it very ill of you that you didn't say "Come up to the Council, Dickens"; and furthermore that you didn't tell me at what time the

Cardinals meet.[†1] I am in a whirl of doubt whether, coming by the Steam boat, I could arrive in time. If Forster don't write and tell me tomorrow morning, I'll disinherit him.

I think the address is in a manly honest tone, and of *the right* kind, and like you.[†2] I have made a few slight suggestions, which occur to me.[†3] About the prices, I am so thoroughly, entirely, and unalterably convinced, that if the Cardinals go to the Vote, I beg Dickens may be recorded as 12,[†4] in consequence of the supernatural obstinacy of his convictions.

I should have written to thank you, My Dear Macready, for that letter,[†5]

but I had hardly the heart to do it. And even now, I can only say to you — not that I am more your friend than ever, for that I could not be — but that my warmest affection and love are yours always.

I wonder, can you imagine how often I shall think of Drury Lane when I am away; and how strange it seems to me, and how full of regrets I am, to be going away from such a source of interest and delight. No, I am sure you can't, in the full extent.

Kate sends her love to you, and all. We are in great force, and talk about it often, in the liveliest way possible. It has been blowing a smart gale here for two days and nights. — I have seen her *looking* (very hard) at the Sea, but she has *said* nothing.

She has been much comforted by a stout note from Fred, who is to live with the children. The girl who is going with us, is a moral cork jacket, too, and gives great confidence.

Always My Dear Macready
Your faithful friend
CD.

W. C. Macready Esquire

October

To CHARLES LEVER,[†1] [?EARLY OCTOBER 1841]

Mention in Lever *to* CD, 11 Oct 41 (see *fn*). *Address* (envelope, MS Walter T. Spencer): Favored by Hablot Browne Esquire | Dr. Lever. Signed by CD, in full.[†2]

Refusing an invitation, and protesting angrily at Lever's publisher's use of a comparison of his work with Lever's in advertisements.[†3]

To HUGH TILSLEY,[†1] 1 OCTOBER 1841

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* Hugh Tilsley Esquire | Stamp Office | Somerset House | London.

Broadstairs, Kent. | October The First 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Tilsley, and begs to thank him for his obliging letter, relative to the real name of the Keeper of Newgate, at the time of Lord George Gordon's riots — though Mr. Dickens is not aware that he will have any further occasion to mention it, or any opportunity, therefore, of correcting his mistake.[†2]

It is singular that the various accounts of the trial (which agree in nothing else) unite in calling this gentleman Akerman.[†3] Perhaps, however, the circumstance is most satisfactorily accounted for, by the fact that that is not his proper name.[†4]

To THOMAS BEARD, [12 OCTOBER 1841]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 12 Oct 41. *Address:* Free | Thomas Beard Esq | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My dear Beard.

You will hardly believe it I dare say, for I cant,[†1] but I have been very ill for a week,[†2] and last Friday Morning was obliged to submit to a cruel operation, and the cutting out root and branch of a disease caused by working over much which has been gathering it seems for years.[†3] Thank God it's all over and I am on the Sofa again — rather lean but filling the Doctor with boundless astonishment notwithstanding.[†4]

Kate to whom I dictate this sends all kinds of loves. When you have time come and see me.

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To ANDREW BELL, 12 OCTOBER 1841*

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* Free | Mr. Andrew Bell | Bradbury and Evans | Printers Whitefriars | Fleet Street.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 12th. October 1841.

My dear Sir

I am obliged to dictate this letter to you for I have been very unwell, having indeed undergone an extremely painful operation, which leaves me weak though I am recovering fast.

I thank you very much for your book[†1] which I have read with great amusement and pleasure.

I think you are rather hard on the Americans and that your dedication[†2] like Mrs Trollope's[†3] preface[†4] seems to denote a foregone conclusion.[†5] It is much better however to be hard in such a case, than soft which you certainly are not[†6] — for your descriptions are all exceedingly life like and bring their subjects before my eyes distinctly.[†7] My notion is that in going to a New World one must for the time utterly forget, and put out of sight the Old one and bring none of its customs or observances into the comparison — Or if you do compare remember how much brutality you may see (if you choose) in the common streets and public places of London. I

have often seen a boy, and more than once a Woman, quite as roughly used as your Negro in the Oyster room and either you or I rising from our desk and walking out, could find in the next street (always supposing that we were bent on looking for him) the counterpart of your Yankee swaggerer.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS†2

Mr Andrew Bell

To JOHN OVERS, 12 OCTOBER 1841

MS Dickens House.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 12th. October 1841

Dear Mr. Overs.

I dictate this letter to you because I have not been well and am yet lying on the Sofa, after being some days in bed. I have had to undergo a painful operation, and am only just recovering.

Thank you for the verses, which are very good.

I shall be very glad to hear what has passed between you and Mr. Macready and how you like the situation. That gentleman comes to me every day, but I think it better not to ask him.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS†2

To R. S. HORRELL, 12 OCTOBER 1841

MS Public Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 12th. October 1841

Dear Sir

I am obliged to dictate this brief letter to you, in consequence of having had to undergo a painful operation which leaves me weak, though recovering with great rapidity. As soon as I get about again and have disposed of such arrears as my compulsory retirement will have engendered, I will not fail to read your poem and write to you myself.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS†2

To GEORGE REYNOLDS,†3 13 OCTOBER 1841

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1910; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 Oct 41.

To THOMAS MITTON, 17 OCTOBER 1841

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 17th. October 1841

My dear Mitton

Kate writes this note at my dictation because I find that the act of writing on the Sofa [is][†1] very irksome indeed.

I asked the advice of a great City man,[†2] whose name I must not repeat, but who is perfectly acquainted with the whole monied concerns, and monied people of London, relative to my life Insurances. He tells me that both the Argus and the Brittania are such *very* doubtful offices,[†3] that if I can effect an insurance in any good one, of long standing, I had better get rid of those policies for any little money they may fetch, and put up with the loss.[†4]

This is pleasant.

I must not go out till Tuesday. When I have been to Salmon[†5] I will see this gentleman and come on to you. It will be nearly twelve before I reach your Office.

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS[†6]

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To MACVEY NAPIER, 21 OCTOBER 1841

MS British Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 21st October 1841.

My dear Sir. If you had asked me three weeks ago, whether you might have reckoned upon me, for January,[†1] I should have written you back, an emphatic "Yes", but within that short space, I have found out, that I laboured under the complaint called Fistula the consequence of too much sitting at my desk, and have undergone a painful operation. Now although I am Thank God, recovering so rapidly, that I am in possession of my usual appetite and spirits, and can already go out for a daily drive, I am so thrown back, in respect of my "Clock" and my American preparations, for I am going, that it will be as much as I can do, within any reasonable regard to my health, to come out punctually every week until the end of November, and then lay down my pen, for eight months at least. We sail (Mrs Dickens goes with me) on the 4th of January, and purpose to return in June. I don't go with any idea of pressing the Americans into my service. In my next fiction, and in all others I hope, I shall stand staunchly by John.[†2] I *may* write an account of my trip — but that is another matter.

I had laid myself out, to redeem my promise to you — had considered the subject in various ways — and looked forward to its fullfillment[†3] with great pleasure. I hope you will consider its redemption only postponed — I need not say, by a circumstance over which I had no control, and which I would most gladly have avoided.

In common with every body else, I have been perfectly charmed with the last number of the Review.[†4] Believe me that I do anxiously look forward, to being among its contributors. If wars or rumours of wars,[†5] should keep me at home, I will not fail to give you timely notice.

I find it so irksome, lying on the Sofa to write my weekly matter, that I dictate my correspondence,[†1] but I hope you will be able, to make this letter out, and to recognize my whole heart in it, though my pen is wanting.

A gentleman of your name[†2] called here two days ago. I hoped it was you, and was about writing to you in Cecil Street, where the unknown gave his address, when your letter undeceived me.[†3]

My dear Sir | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 OCTOBER 1841]

Extract in F, II, ix, 169. *Date:* written in his sickroom on 22 Oct according to Forster.

I hope I shan't leave off any more, now, until I have finished *Barnaby.*

To JOHN OVERS, 22 OCTOBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second October 1841.

Dear Mr. Overs.

I find it such a very slow process to be obliged to write, lying on the sofa,

that I have not been able to read your papers yet. Defer your visit, therefore, until you hear from me again.

I am recovering with the greatest possible rapidity, thank God; and already go out for a drive every day.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Overs.

To JOHN OVERS, 22 OCTOBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace

Friday Night Twenty Second October | 1841

Dear Mr. Overs.

I have had your letter read to me,[†1] and I have read it myself; and I strongly disapprove of it, for three reasons.

In the first place, I think it rather inconsiderate to address three sides of foolscap, on such a subject, to a gentleman who receives three or four score letters every day, and has every moment of his time occupied by important business.

In the second place, I think you seem to vaunt your independence too much, and to flourish it rather unnecessarily in the eyes of a stranger; who might be apt to think (*being* a stranger to you) that a stream so very noisy is not very deep.

In the third place, I consider — even I — that the whole of that paragraph about the wives and children, and the wet and cold, is presumptuous and impertinent. You have no right to constitute yourself a judge of the regulations which Mr. Macready — for the security of his property, and the comfort of those about him when the Theatre is open — sees fit to establish.[†2] That they are contrary to the custom of a place, bankrupt for many years — the lounge of vagabonds — and chosen resort of the worst hangerson to the very worst haunts — is extremely possible. I hope they are, or Mr. Macready would not be the friend of mine he is.

I write to you directly, because it seems to me that tomorrow being Saturday, you have a very plain course to take. Nothing is easier than to tell Mr. Bryden[†3] the post does not suit you — and that you wish to leave the Theatre, as soon as your services can be dispensed with.

I distinctly recognize, and always do in the case of every person about me, the right of every man to do his best for himself. I do not therefore quarrel with you at all for leaving this situation, but I do not hesitate to tell you that your letter is in execrable taste, and not at all becoming. This

is so obvious to my sense of what is right and proper, that I look upon it as a fact, and not a matter of opinion.

It is so much a custom with me to try to understand what people *think* when they are talking to me, that I saw in five minutes the other night (and said when you had left me) that you would not stay at the Theatre a month. I am therefore not at all surprised at your decision. But I am a little surprised at your working your ideas of Mr. Macready's character out of the wretched materials presented to your view, which would be well enough in a man who could neither read nor write, but is quite beneath you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS GEORGE HOGARTH, 24 OCTOBER 1841

Photograph New York Public Library. *Address:* Mrs. Hogarth.

Devonshire Terrace
Sunday October Twenty Fourth 1841.

My Dear Mrs. Hogarth.

For God's sake be comforted, and bear this well, for the love of your remaining children.[†1]

I had always intended to keep poor Mary's grave for us and our dear children, and for you. But if it will be any comfort to you to have poor George buried there, I will cheerfully arrange to place the ground at your entire disposal. Do not consider me in any way. Consult only your own heart. Mine seems to tell me that as they both died so young and so suddenly, they ought both to be buried together.[†2]

Try — do try — to think that they have but preceded you to happiness, and will meet you with joy in Heaven. There *is*[†3] consolation in the knowledge that you have treasure there, and that while you live on earth, there are creatures among the Angels, who owed their being to you.

Always Yours with true affection
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK SALMON, 25 OCTOBER 1841

Extract in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, 17 Nov 1953; dated 25 Oct 41.

I don't wait[†4] to beg your acceptance of the enclosed, until you [finally][†5] dismiss me, because I don't want to give any appearance of ceremony[†4] to

what is a spontaneous and most heartfelt emotion — though a very poor token — of gratitude. Put these books[†1] upon some spare shelf for my sake — and let it be upon some shelf which has room for all I may write hereafter ... You once told me that Mrs. Salmon laughed too much at my books. I hope she will find some passages in the Old Curiosity Shop to make her cry, — without making her less happy or less charitable than they found her.

To JOHN OVERS, [?25 OCTOBER 1841]

Mention in *To* Mrs Macready, ?25 Oct.

To WILLIAM [BRYDONE],[†2] [?25 OCTOBER 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* presumably the Monday after CD had advised Overs to call on Brydone (see 22 Oct).

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday

My Dear Sir

I have told Mr. Overs — that is,[†3] the person's name — to call on you at the *Theatre* tomorrow, at one. I am not sure whether I ought to have said the Theatre, or your house.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Bryden Esquire

To MRS MACREADY [?25 OCTOBER 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly same day as last.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Evening | ½ past 9.

My Dear Mrs. Macready

I have only this moment come home; having been out, all day. I wrote to Mr. Overs this morning — in consequence of what Mr. Bryden sd. to me last night — appointing him to be at the Theatre tomorrow at *One.* I also wrote to Mr. Bryden, telling him that I had done so. He lives in the remotest fastnesses of Islington, and I fear (as he will be long 'ere this in bed) it is too late to alter this state of things for the better.

My heartiest regards to all
Faithfully Yours ever
C.D.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 OCTOBER 1841]

Extract in F, III, i, 198. *Date:* 25 Oct according to Forster.

As no steps had been taken towards the funeral, I thought it best at once to bestir myself; and not even you could have saved my going to the cemetery. It is a great trial to me to give up Mary's grave; greater than I can possibly express. I thought of moving her to the catacombs, and saying nothing about it; but then I remembered that the poor old lady[†1] is buried next her at her own desire, and could not find it in my heart, directly she is laid in the earth, to take her grandchild away. The desire to be buried next her is as strong upon me now, as it was five years ago; and I *know* (for I don't think there ever was love like that I bear her) that it will never diminish. I fear I can do nothing. Do you think I can? They would move her on Wednesday, if I resolved to have it done. I cannot bear the thought of being excluded from her dust; and yet I feel that her brothers and sisters, and her mother, have a better right than I to be placed beside her. It is but an idea. I neither think nor hope (God forbid) that our spirits would ever mingle *there.* I ought to get the better of it, but it is very hard. I never contemplated this — and coming so suddenly, and after being ill, it disturbs me more than it ought. It seems like losing her a second time.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 OCTOBER 1841]

Extract in F, III, i, 199. *Date:* the morning after last, according to Forster.

No, I tried that. No,[†2] there is no ground on either side to be had. I must give it up. I shall drive over there, please God, on Thursday morning, before they get there; and look at her coffin.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?OCTOBER 1841]

Extract in F, IX, i, 720. *Date:* written, says Forster, when CD "was under the greatest trial of his life, and illness and sorrow were contending for the mastery over him". The only time in CD's life when illness, sorrow, and the writing of a novel coincided seems to have been Oct 41.[†3]

Of my distress I will say no more than that it has borne a terrible,

frightful, horrible proportion to the quickness of the gifts you remind me of. But may I not be forgiven for thinking it a wonderful testimony to my being made for my art, that when, in the midst of this trouble and pain, I sit down to my book, some beneficent power shows it all to me, and tempts me to be interested, and I don't invent it — really do not — *but see it,* and write it down.[†1] ... It is only when it all fades away and is gone, that I begin to suspect that its momentary relief has cost me something.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 OCTOBER 1841

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Seventh October 1841.

Dear Miss Coutts.

Let me thank you for your kind recollection of me, yesterday. I was greatly pleased to hear from you once more, I assure you.[†2]

I should have called in Stratton Street immediately on my return to town, but I have been exceedingly unwell. It is scarcely three weeks, since I was obliged to submit to a painful surgical operation (for which agreeable change I left the seaside) and although I have recovered with a rapidity whereat the Doctors are astounded, I have only just begun to feel my legs at all steady under my diminished weight. I almost thought, at first, that I was about to go through life on Two pillars of jelly, or tremulous Italian cream, — but I am happy to say that I am again conscious of floors and pavements.

They tell me that in two or three days I may go to Windsor, and set up for myself as one who has no need of the Faculty. I shall not be there, I

hope, more than a fortnight at the utmost, and on my return I shall be only too well pleased to present myself at Roehampton, or, if you should have left there, at your house in town. I defer all particulars about America, until then.

Some friends in Yorkshire[†1] have sent me a raven, before whom *the* Raven (the dead one) sinks into insignificance. He can say anything — and he has a power of swallowing door-keys and reproducing them at pleasure, which fills all beholders with mingled sensations of horror and satisfaction — if I may [say]

so;[†2] with a kind of awful delight. His infancy and youth have been passed at a country public house, and I am told that the sight of a drunken man calls forth his utmost powers. My groom is unfortunately sober, and I have had no opportunity of testing this effect, — but I have told him to "provide himself" elsewhere, and am looking out for another who can have a dissolute character from his last master.

With best regards to Miss Meredith, I am always Dear Miss Coutts

Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN OVERS, 27 OCTOBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Seventh October 1841.

Dear Mr. Overs.

There can be no doubt that you should send *all* the songs to Mr. Tait.[†3] I shall do nothing with February.[†4]

Mr. Cruikshank called here on Sunday to say that your paper[†5] could not appear next month (on account of press of matter) but that it would certainly be published in the No. following, and that he would send the money for it here, as though it appeared now. When he does so, it shall be forwarded to you. It is open to you, of course, to send any other papers there, you may think likely to suit the Omnibus.[†6]

I cannot read the inclosed, being ordered out of town in a few days, and having my attention engaged by a severe affliction in Mrs. Dickens's family. You had better, in future, consult your own judgment.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To C. HUNTON,[†1] 27 OCTOBER 1841*

MS Chicago Historical Society.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Seventh October 1841.

My Dear Sir

The basket of game (No. 2)[†2] arrived safely. I assure you I enjoyed it heartily; and that I am very much obliged to you.

I am happy to say that I am greatly better, and have the appetite of a mountaineer, with the spirits that usually belong to me.

With many thanks to you, I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Hunton Esquire.

To MRS HURNALL, 27 OCTOBER 1841

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1903; *MS*[†3] 2 pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 27 Oct 41.

Containing an amusing reference to the numerous applications he receives for a lock of hair.[†4]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 28 OCTOBER 1841

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1950; dated 28 Oct 41.

To THOMAS MITTON, 29 OCTOBER [1841]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* clearly 1841 since concerned with the visit to America; handwriting supports. *Address:* Wait. | Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday October Twenty Nine

My Dear Mitton

The Britannia southern charge is very preposterous in its proportion to the Northern; and comes, I suppose, of their scrambling way of doing business. There is no help for it, of course.[†1] I should like the Board to know that I shall not be away more than six months altogether — and not South of New York for more than eight weeks. With regard to the Medical officers it will be best to say that I am going out of town — that I shall be back in the course of November — and that I will wait on them when I return.

I have been thinking about the Argus Policy. It will certainly be necessary for *my*[†2] protection (not Smithson's; I am not particular about that;) that you shod. pay the extra rates. I am sorry to put you to the expence, — but you must look upon it as a consequence of purchasing the business,[†3] — and make the best of it.

Going into the city every morning plays the Deuce with my work. I *hope* to be ordered off to Windsor, about next Monday week. Before then I will call upon you; and I will write to you the day before I do so.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To JOHN HUDSON, 30 OCTOBER 1841

MS Mr H. E. Quick.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
October The Thirtieth 1841.

Sir.

In answer to your obliging enquiries, I beg to tell you that I have, for the last three weeks, been confined to a sofa and a carriage; having undergone a surgical operation, which rendered those restrictions necessary in its after-treatment.

If no wars or rumours of wars,[†1] occur to prevent me, I am going, in January, to America for Six Months. I need scarcely add that I am going for any other reason than on account of illness, as Doctors do not commonly recommend sick people to make a voyage across the Atlantic, in the severest season of the year.

I shall be happy to receive the Pheasants you speak of — and to eat them with the appetite of a Hunter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Hudson.

November

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 NOVEMBER 1841]

Summary in F, III, i, 199. *Date:* 2 Nov according to Forster.

Reporting himself as progressing and ordered to Richmond.[†2]

To JOSEPH LUNN,[†3] 2 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Second November 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Three weeks ago last Friday, I was obliged to submit to a painful operation, and I have been confined to a sofa and a carriage ever since.

I am now, thank God, going out of town for a little change of air; having made a very quick and famous recovery. In Three Weeks I shall be at home again. Directly I return, I will not fail to write to you, and appoint an hour for seeing you.

If, in the meanwhile, you should desire to write me, I shall be very happy to hear from you, and to pay immediate attention to your letter. Address to me here, and it will be forwarded without loss of time.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Lunn Esquire.

To GEORGE FLETCHER,[†1] 2 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS University of Texas.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Second November, 1841.

Sir.

It is no less painful to me to refuse, than it is to you to ask. Let me do so, briefly.

Nearly every day of my life, I receive letters akin to that which you have sent me. My inclination is, God knows, never to send an applicant away, empty-handed. But if I were the richest man in England, I should have to disappoint, almost as often as I helped. Judge then, being what I am, how frequently I am forced to hold my hand.

Fame's Trumpet should blow a little more of the wealth arising from the circulation of my works, into the Booksellers' pockets, and less into my own.[†2] With a hundred claims upon my superfluity, I cannot render more than sympathy to such a case as yours. *If I could, I would.*

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. George Fletcher.

To W. C. MACREADY, 3 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Third November 1841

My Dear Macready

Salmon don't agree with me — by which I mean that the Surgeon of that name, orders me to Windsor next Saturday, and won't let me dine with you on Sunday; objecting to chairs for another week;

and laying stress on sofas. What can I do but say with the good Mussulmen — "to hear is to obey? Upon my (not exactly, eyes, but you can supply the term) be it."

You know that there are not many things I have a greater delight in than your society. So I will not add another word.

I was at Nina Sforza the other night — in spirit.[†3]

Affectionately Yours Ever

CD.

To JOHN LANDSEER,[†1] 5 NOVEMBER 1841

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Fifth November 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Let me thank you, both for your call and your note — and let me add that it affords me real pleasure to communicate with you in any way.

You are quite right in considering it very remarkable and worthy of notice, that Wilkes should have been the active magistrate in the suppression of the Gordon Riots.[†2] I determined however, after some consideration, not to notice it in Barnaby, for this reason. — It is almost indispensable in a work of fiction that the characters who bring the catastrophes about, and play important parts, should belong to the Machinery of the Tale, — and the introduction towards the end of a story where there is always a great deal to do, of new actors until then unheard of, is a thing to be avoided, if possible, in every case. Now, if I had talked about Wilkes, it would have been necessary for me to glance at his career and previous position[†3] (for in that lies the singularity you speak of)[†4] — and if I had stopped to do that, I should have stopped the riots which must go on to the end headlong, pell mell, or they lose their effect. I therefore resolved to defer that point, with some others of equal curiosity and interest, until the appearance of another Edition would afford me an opportunity of relating them in *Notes,* where they would not stem the current of the Tale, or embarrass the action.

I need not tell you who are so well acquainted with "Art" in all its

forms, that in the description of such scenes, a broad, bold, hurried effect must be produced, or the reader instead of being forced and driven along by imaginary crowds will find himself dawdling very uncomfortably through the town, and greatly wondering what may be the matter. In this kind of work the object is, — not to tell everything, but to select the striking points and beat them into the page with a sledge-hammer. And herein lies the difficulty. No man in the crowd who was pressed and trodden here and

there, saw Wilkes. No looker-on from a window at the struggle in the street, beheld an Individual, or anything but a great mass of magistrates, rioters, and soldiery, all mixed up together. Being always in one or other of these positions, my object has been to convey an idea of multitudes, violence, and fury; and even to lose my own dramatis personae in the throng, or only see them dimly, through the fire and smoke.

Until I received your second note last evening, I did not observe the slip of the pen to which it alluded. Even if I had done so, I should have understood, of course, what you had intended to write.

Believe me | My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Landseer Esquire

To MR LOFT,[†1] 6 NOVEMBER 1841

Mention in N, I, 361.

To LORD JEFFREY, [?EARLY NOVEMBER 1841]

Mention in Jeffrey *to* CD, 26 [Nov 41]. *Date:* presumably shortly after receiving Jeffrey's letter of 4 Nov.[†2]

To FREDERICK SALMON, 7 NOVEMBER 1841

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

White Hart Hotel Windsor.
Sunday Seventh November 1841.

My Dear Salmon.

I don't know whether it was because I had caught my wife's cold; or because of my being weak, and having stood too long, finishing Barnaby;[†1] but yesterday and the evening before, all manner of queer pains were floating about my illustrious person: now twitching at the calves of my legs — now sticking shadowy pins into the soles of my feet — now entertaining themselves with my knees — now (but not often) shooting through that region which you have made as tender as my heart — and now settling in the small of my back; but particularly favoring the back; and the calves before mentioned. I had an odd sort of nervousness about me besides, and if it had not fortunately been the day for coming down here, should have felt quite ill.[†2] The change, however, did me a world of good in the first half hour. And this morning, this uneasiness has greatly abated, and I have taken a breakfast to which no pen can do justice. In a word, I feel *immeasurably better*.

I think it best, however, remembering your injunctions, to send my servant up with this, to know whether I shall come to you tomorrow, instead of Tuesday; or whether there is anything you wish me to do

in the meanwhile. I parboiled my feet last night in hot water with plenty of salt in it, and rubbed my back with camphor liniment.

Don't mind how brief your answer is — and forgive my troubling you on your day of rest.

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Salmon Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13 NOVEMBER 1841]

Forster's summary of letter, made before destruction, with two words quoted, MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Nov 41 since "from Windsor" according to Forster; possibly "tomorrow" was Sun 14 Nov, when Forster and CD met (see Forster's answers to the Eagle Life Assurance Co.'s questions of 13 Nov, Appx, p. 494); "saner" probably referred to the Company's enquiry about the "mad story" — possibly made in a confidential letter of the same date (see *To* Mitton, 18 Nov).

As to Insurance for America. Will be sapient saner *tomorrow.*

To JOSEPH LUNN, 15 NOVEMBER 1841

MS Huntington Library.

Private.[†1]

Windsor | November Fifteenth 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Your note has but just now reached me. I hasten to answer it.

I long ago found it necessary and just, to lay down with reference to Chapman and Hall, this position: — "I am every day asked to recommend works to you, and sometimes I am, in a manner, forced to do so. Understand that whenever I introduce any writer to you (which I never will, save when I cannot help it) I leave you to your own unfettered discretion in the acceptance or rejection of his work. You will never displease me by consulting your own inclinations; and I never require you to follow mine".

They thanked me, and said they would act upon this understanding — which they have always done. Last summer I was very anxious that they should publish a novel by a young lady of considerable ability,[†2] to whose book Mrs. Norton,[†3] from a strong interest in her, would have put her name as Editress. They declined it, notwithstanding, and I was not offended.

I cannot therefore introduce the author of Jest and Earnest[†4] to them, "in a manner which will induce them to purchase and publish his second work".[†5] But I will introduce him and his desire, gladly.

And I will add (which is perfectly true) that I think very highly of his little book.[†6] Beyond this, I cannot go. I shall be in town on Saturday. If you will let me know by that time that your son has no objection to this mode of introduction, I will *say* all I can to them, — which is better than writing it.

Let me assure you, and your son, most unfeignedly that I write this with a real interest in the author of Jest and Earnest, and a real desire for

his success. These publishers, however, are not speculative or inclined to launch out upon ventures; and I have very little confidence in the weight of my recommendation. I have always found, as yet, that however much "the Trade" may care for my writings, they are by no means deferential to my opinion of other mens'[†1] — indeed that they rather doubt, and look with distrust upon it; possibly having in their minds' eye, the example of Scott and *his* publishers.[†2]

The Editor of the Albion,[†3] is as cool a gentleman as I ever encountered. I owe to him and such as him[†4] the having used my best endeavours to advance the passing of an International Copyright Bill on this side of the water — the being staved off, now that it *is* passed, with promises deferred, from day to day — and the exquisite justice of never deriving sixpence from an enormous American sale of all my books.[†5]

Do not suppose that I am ignorant of your claims as a brother. I am

well acquainted with them, and happy, I assure you, to respond to them with all my heart.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

J. Lunn[†1] Esquire.

To [ANGUS FLETCHER], 16 NOVEMBER 1841

Text from unidentified bookseller's catalogue, Dickens House. *Address:* clearly to Angus Fletcher; in *To* Fred Dickens, 3 Jan 42, from Liverpool, CD reports Fletcher "here".

Windsor, 16 Nov., 1841

My dear F —

Here's a short note, but to the purpose. I thank God I am getting stout and hearty, and can walk about the Parks here like a giant with his seven-leaguers on, and eat like the same with his knife and fork in hand, and sleep like the same with a hogshead of old crusted under his waistcoat.

We shall be *delighted* to shake hands with you at Liverpool. We shall be there at the latest the morning before the packet sails, unless some change is made in the arrangements. She will sail on the 4th of January. I think it will be the Britannia, but whatever her name may be she will be the British and North American Mail Steamer.[†2] Mind — at the Adelphi Hotel.

Kate's best regards — all well.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MURRAY,[†3] 17 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Carl and Lily Pforzheimer Foundation.

Windsor | Seventeenth November 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Your kind note only reached me here, last night. If I had been in town I am not quite sure that I should have had

philosophy enough to deny myself the pleasure of dining with you — though I am advised to dine at home for another week or so. Therefore I console myself under this tardy receipt of your invitation with the reflection that "it's all for the best".

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire.

To GEORGE SHURY, 17 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Free | G. Shury Esquire | George Street | Euston Square | London.[†1]

Windsor | Seventeenth November 1841.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. I am staying here for a few days, and it has been forwarded to me.

You will no doubt perceive that by this time I am *past* all further information on the subject of the Gordon Riots; and you will readily understand that in using them for purposes of fiction, it has been necessary — quite indispensable to the Progress of the Story — to reject many circumstances growing out of them, though in themselves sufficiently amusing and characteristic. Your anecdotes are of this kind; but I am not the less obliged to you for doing me the favor to communicate them, or less entertained by the story of the chimney-sweeper, which is very quaint and whimsical.

Pray accept my thanks; both on this score, and for the obliging tenor of your expressions.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Shury Esquire.

To [?JOHN] DE GEX,[†2] 18 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Eastgate House, Rochester. *Address:* probably John De Gex, of whom CD saw more than of his brother Edward;[†3] but he was friendly with both.

White Hart Windsor. | Eighteenth November 1841.

My Dear De Gex.

Where on earth were[†4] you and Frank[†5] today. — I had a dinner ready, the

particulars of which would madden you both. We return to Town on Saturday.[†1]

To THOMAS MITTON, 18 NOVEMBER 1841

MS Huntington Library.

White Hart — Windsor | Eighteenth November 1841.

My Dear Mitton

You will be very glad, I am certain, to hear that they have insured me at the Eagle for £5,000 at the ordinary Rate.[†2] They were very particular in requiring an emphatic contradiction of the mad story,[†3] but they stuck at nothing else — having Salmon's report, of course.

You cannot think what a comfort this is to my mind, or, if I *should* get into any danger in my Travels, how pleasant it will be to reflect that my darlings are well provided for.

I shall see you on Monday.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [18] NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Mr Horace G. Commin. *Date:* 19 Nov 41 was Friday; presumably CD was writing on Thurs 18th, or he would have said "We come home tomorrow".

White Hart, Windsor
Thursday Nineteenth November 1841.

My Dear Mac.

We come home on Saturday. Dine with us on Sunday at five, and behold the once more vigorous, hearty, blooming, grateful,

BOZ.

Daniel Maclise Esquire

R. A.[†4]

To JOSEPH LUNN, 22 NOVEMBER 1841

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 399 (1920); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 22 Nov 41.

I shall see Chapman & Hall tomorrow, and will write to you in the evening.

To MESSRS LEA & BLANCHARD, 23 NOVEMBER 1841

MS Messrs Lea & Febiger.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
Tuesday November Twenty Third | 1841.

Dear Sirs.

I have had the pleasure of receiving your welcome letter of the Thirtieth of last month — and thank you cordially for its obliging tenor.

I shall only be six months in America, altogether; and my present purpose is to land at Boston: go from thence to New York; and thence into the South. Of course I shall visit Philadelphia at some time or other in the half year; and when I do, I shall not fail to see you immediately. It is scarcely possible until one is on your side of the Atlantic, to be at all certain as to dates and seasons; but as soon as I arrive, and have shaped my course minutely, I will write to you again.

In the meanwhile, accept my thanks for your polite attention; and the assurance that I am
Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 23 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace.
Twenty Third November 1841.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

If a very distressing illness from which I am but just now recovering, and the preparations for my half year's expedition to America, leave me but two mornings to devote to your service, believe me that

I *will* redeem my pledge.[†1] Indeed I should have done so by this time, but the Surgeon's knife is a bad sharpener of the pen; and I have been acutely nibbed, I do assure you.

Whether I appear before you with a contrite heart and a sorrowful face, or in the modest triumph of having been as good as my word, I shall see

you, please God, between this and Christmas.[†1] At the worst, I hope I shall not come *quite* empty-handed.

I should have answered your note before, but I have been at Windsor for change of air, and have but just returned.[†2]

Believe me | Dear Lady Blessington
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington

To JOHN BRADFORD,[†3] 23 NOVEMBER 1841

Extracts from American Art Association and Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 3976, Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 36 (*aa*) and N, I, 363; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 23 Nov 41.

I have read your little book.[†4] ... It has pleased me very much [a] — very much — and does you infinite credit.[a] ... I entertain a very strong objection to seeing my opinion of any Book in print, as it does seem a kind of presumption and a dictating to people's taste. It is my invariable custom to request that any communication of this nature may be considered private.[†5]

But I am not proof against your solicitation and the tone of your last note and cannot find it in my heart to lay upon you the injunction which my inclination leads me to impose. If you must, however, include my opinion ... do me the favor to say generally that I have expressed myself much pleased with your production, and do not quote me.[†1]

To JOHN OVERS, 23 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Third November 1841

Dear Mr. Overs.

I will tell you why the interest I had in you, has undergone a change. I need scarcely look for a better text than your last note, which informs me that you can much more easily imagine my having been unjust, irascible, and everything which you ought to know I am not, than you can entertain the idea of your having committed a fault.

I think in this, and in all you have written and done since I first mentioned you to Mr. Macready, you have shewn a deficiency of that moral sense which I believed you to possess; and that you have lost sight of your true position in regard to that gentleman, and all other gentlemen with whom you have come in contact.

I spoke of you to Mr. Macready (as you know) as one who was incapacitated by illness from pursuing his usual occupation, or devoting himself to any labour. Mr. Macready accordingly engaged you, in the only capacity about the Theatre, then unfilled, in which such a man *could* be employed. If I could have recommended you as a stage carpenter, you would have been engaged as one, and paid as one. If I could have recommended you as a scene painter, you would have entered the Theatre on the footing of a scene painter, and at a scene painter's pay. But you went there, emphatically a disabled man. Nobody supposed that you were to remain so all your life, but you went there invalided, and unfit for work. The first thing you do, before you have been there a fortnight, is to write a letter to Mr. Macready, measuring your salary, by that of the different artizans employed in the house, every man working at his own craft, and in the full possession of its cunning, such as it may be, and of his bodily powers!

Further than this, you ask me how I think Mr. Macready would like your situation. You take the case of a man who by long study, liberal education, incessant application and constant self denial, combined with divers physical and mental gifts, has raised himself, slowly and in the course of years, to the summit of an art in which very few attain to excellence. You set him beside yourself — measure, head to head, and heel to heel — and seem to recognize no difference between the two.

This not being enough, you go on to lecture this gentleman — with certain flourishes of which I will say no more than that they were very preposterous — upon his government of his own establishment (of which you know nothing at all) — tell him plainly, that your feelings are much finer than his — and that he must get a less sensitive man to carry into effect his ogre-like commands. And in the very first instance you go to him with a kind of malice prepense; for not having seen Mr. Bryden in one or two calls, you write me like an ill-used, suffering person, in a tone which hurts and surprises me beyond expression. For I can remember the time, without any violent effort, when I, wanting employment in my path of life, had to call a dozen times upon a busy man,[†1] and yet bore it with a Christian fortitude — though conscious of my own deserts, as most men are.

I have already told you (although you suppressed this Truth from Doctor Elliotson) that I distinctly recognize your right to leave the situation when you found it did not suit you. Your manner of leaving it, and your whole course of reflection upon the subject, is what I quarrel with; and it is this which leads me to the conclusion that Mr. Macready and Mr. Bryden treated you with a delicacy and a consideration which you did not deserve at their hands; and renders me very sorry that I ever recommended you.

Surely this same deficiency of which I have spoken, is apparent in your believing that my "zeal" for my friend, led me to write you a reproof which you had not merited.[†2] You ought to know that zeal for my friend would have induced me to laugh at the whole business. It is not because I am anxious to defend Mr. Macready from *your* censures, that I am warm with you; but because your conduct has disappointed me,

and has shewn me that you were not the sort of man I took you for. In anybody else the supposition that I was unjust because I was ill, or because I had a strong attachment to an intimate friend, would have been extremely insulting. Coming from you, it only confirms me in the impression that there is something wanting in you, which I believed you to possess.

As between you and me, it is no matter whether Mr. Macready had or had not the letter which you wrote. *I* had it, and you wrote it. That is enough.

I repeat, that in this matter I am disappointed in you. I am changed in no other respect. Disappointment, of course, slackens my zeal to serve you; but I still entertain the desire; and I would do so, if I had the opportunity.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To W. C. MACREADY, 23 NOVEMBER [1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 23 Nov was Tuesday in 1841 and 1847; handwriting points unmistakably to 1841. *Address:* W. C. Macready Esquire | Clarence Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday. November Twenty Third.

My Dear Macready.

Please to be an out and out villain, *to night.*[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To HENRY VINCENT,[†2] 23 NOVEMBER 1841

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Third November 1841.

Henry Vincent Esquire
With Mr. Charles Dickens' Compts.[†3]

To JOSEPH LUNN, 24 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth November 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I have spoken to Chapman and Hall; and left them Jest and Earnest to look at. All I can do, I have done.

If your son will call upon them in the course of the week — say on Saturday — they will tell him, I have no doubt, at what conclusion they have arrived.

Pray make my compliments to him. And believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Lunn Esquire.

To [EDWARD] JESSE,[†1] 24 NOVEMBER 1841

Text from N, I, 364. *Address:* N gives christian name as "Edmund", clearly a mistake for Edward (see *fn*).

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park
November Twenty-Fourth 1841

My Dear Sir,

I have been very anxious to write you before, but my engagements have been rendered so very uncertain by a variety of avocations, that I have been disabled from communicating with you until now.

If to-morrow week will suit you, and the weather should be at all fine, we should be delighted to avail ourselves of your kind offer,[†2] and to meet you at Hampton Court.

Believe me, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 NOVEMBER 1841

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts | Roehampton | Surrey.

1 Devonshire Terrace. York Gate.
Thursday Twenty Fourth November 1841.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I beg to report myself quite well, and contemplating a descent upon

Roehampton, where — I learn on enquiry at your house in town — you still are.

My domestic peace is so disturbed by rumours of Adelaide Kemble,[†1] and my hearth is rendered so very desolate by the incursions of those who have heard her, that I can never hope for peace of mind until I have carried Mrs. Dickens to Covent Garden Theatre. If, to this end, you can let me have your box any night next week,[†2] you will eternally oblige me, and do much to smooth my passage from my Native Shores.

I heartily wish I had been to America and had come home again. I am told that getting up in the morning *there* in the winter time, is beyond Miss Meredith's conception.[†3]

I beg my compliments to her, and am with sincerity

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, [LATE NOVEMBER 1841]

Mention in Landor *to* CD, [Nov 41].[†4] *Date:* clearly after CD's return on 20 Nov from his convalescence at Windsor. The invitation for "Saturday week" must have been to the christening of Landor's godson Walter Landor Dickens on Sat 4 Dec;[†5] Landor was therefore replying not later than Fri 26 Nov to a letter written shortly before.

To GEORGE THOMSON,[†1] 26 NOVEMBER 1841

Facsimile in *D*, X (1914), 235.

Devonshire Terrace.
Friday November Twenty Sixth 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I hope you may like the inclosed,[†2] but if you do not, pray have no hesitation in saying so. It is very difficult to write such a piece properly, unless in the first freshness and fulness of grief.

Believe that I would not have delayed doing this, if I had not been ill.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Thomson Esquire.

To JOHN PAYNE COLLIER,[†3] 27 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Seventh November 1841.

My Dear Collier.

Many thanks for your pleasant and welcome recollection of me.

Oddly enough, I was talking about your pamphlet,[†4] at the very moment when a very small boy, in a very large coat and a very glazed hat, was heard to proclaim at the Street Door in a very shrill voice, that he belonged to the Parcels Delivery Company. As I happened to be holding forth with

great effect on your side of the question (although I am the proprietor of a Boswell's Malone),[†1] and as I happened to be doing so without knowing much about it, I went to work and read you straightway.

I think you make out a very good case; and that Whittakers[†2] will make out another very good case in *their* way, if they allow a reasonable time for doing so. I heartily and cordially wish you "well through it" — as the monthly nurses say — and shall have my eye on you, please God.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Payne Collier Esquire.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 29 NOVEMBER [1841]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* 29 Nov was Monday in 1841; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire T. | Monday Twenty Ninth November.

My Dear Mac

dine[†3] with us tomorrow at *half past four*, as a preparation for the classic Addle Head.[†4]

My soul is filled with Grattan.[†5]

Yours Miserably.
Her[†6] Maddened adorer.[†7]

Who is *he*[†8] — her husband[†9] — that he should possess that Being — Tell me — What has he done, to be so blest — Would nothing less satisfy his craving lust — Are there no legs but these — Is the world so narrow that he could find no other Wife! —

To MISS HANNAH MEREDITH, [30 NOVEMBER 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the day of his visit to Covent Garden to see Adelaide Kemble; handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Miss Meredith.

Pray make my compliments to Miss Coutts, and say that I shall be *most happy* to dine at Roehampton on Thursday, when I will duly and conscientiously report, concerning Adelaide Kemble.[†1] I will return home at night — I should say, *must* — having a bore of German extraction,[†2] to breakfast with me in the morning. The way is very short, and the road very pleasant, though not so pleasant as remaining; which my inclination would lead me to prefer.

Always Believe me
(with much to say, about your note)
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Meredith

To JOHN OVERS, 30 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirtieth November 1841.

Dear Mr. Overs.

Before I answer your last, I have something to say which may be disposed of in a very few words.

Doctor Elliotson renders it quite clear to me that when you spoke to him about your having left the Theatre, you felt doubtful of having done quite right in your *way* of proceeding, and wanted the moral courage to tell him the whole Truth. What you did tell him was the Truth, I have no doubt, but you did not tell him *all.* Another time tell all, and you will find it best in the end.

I have no desire or intention to speak harshly upon this point, for I do not look upon it as a very serious or unnatural proceeding, and found upon it no accusation against you. Having noticed it, I have done with it.

I don't know where you discovered in my last note that I looked upon you as the subject of a moral deficiency which rendered you unfit to associate with gentlemen. Do you not think it probable that if I entertained any such opinion, I should have abstained from writing to you?

I have no quarrel with you, and want no submission from you. I hate it; have no right to exact it; and am, in my nature, repugnant to it. All I want is that for your own welfare and happiness, you should submit yourself, if I may use the expression, *to* yourself, and feel that you have acted foolishly. It is because I wish you to maintain a worthy independence, and because I respect the quality, that I am vexed when you mistake a wrong-headed,

loud-tongued, vaunting demonstration, for a virtue which shrinks from such display, and lives in a man's heart; not upon his lips or the nib of his pen. There is a farce[†1] in which a stage-stricken footman breaks a plate or two at dinner time, and throwing himself into an attitude cries "I acknowledge it — I will pay the forfeit of my crime — lead me to the Scaffold!" That man might have written your letter to Mr. Macready, and no doubt would have assassinated Mr. Bryden for not being at home when he called upon him.

If you wish to see me before I go away, you can do so any Sunday but next Sunday, between Twelve and One. Let this matter rest where it is. It has been quite enough discussed, and had better be left alone for the future.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. A. Overs.

To MISS MYERS,[†3] 30 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thirtieth November 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Myers, and begs to inform her that Mr. Mantalini's companion in the cellar is certainly not his wife. The exact position she holds in relation to that gentleman, Mr. Dickens can only suspect.[†4]

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE NOVEMBER 1841]

Summary and extract in F, III, i, 199. *Date:* near the close of November according to Forster.

Describing himself as thoroughly on his legs again, in the ordinary state on which he was wont to pride himself, bolt upright, staunch at the knees, a deep sleeper, a hearty eater, a good laugher; and nowhere a bit the worse, 'bating a little weakness now and then, and a slight nervousness at times.

December

To FRANCIS ROSS,[†1] 1 DECEMBER 1841

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1628 (1922); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1 Dec 41.

Postponing a trip for a week on account of the particularly national *weather.*[†2]

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library

Devonshire Terrace.
Thursday Second December | 1841.

My Dear Macready.

I have not answered your kind note of last Sunday, really because I have not known how. I have so much pleasure and delight in your sympathy and approval, that I *can't* be warm enough on paper, and that's the Truth.[†3]

I should not write to you now, but to congratulate you most heartily upon your release from the fangs of Webster;[†4] not because I shall be able to see

you in your proper sphere again before I go, or for any selfish reason, but because the only point that anxious friendship could have twisted into a doubt of your triumph from the first, is now removed. I fully and entirely believe that you will take the people up exactly where you left them when you closed Covent Garden, and that you will have no check or obstacle from the outset.

I tell you what I soberly believe — not what I wish. There is no sobriety in my wishes for you and yours, which are as boundless as my interest and affection.

Ever My Dear Macready
Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To JAMES ANDERSON,[†1] 2 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Library of Congress.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
Second December 1841.

My Dear Anderson

Will you give me the pleasure of your company at Dinner on Sunday Week, the Twelfth, at a quarter past Six o'Clock? Pray do not imagine from this length of notice that we have a formal party; for I hold such things in unspeakable abhorrence.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J— Anderson Esquire.

To MRS S. C. HALL,[†2] 2 DECEMBER 1841

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thursday Second December 1841.

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

I am exceedingly sorry to hear of your good husband's illness, and almost as sorry that you should think it necessary to apologize to me for any delay in sending Catlin,[†3] under such anxious circumstances.

I am greatly taken with him, and strongly interested in his descriptions. He is an honest, hearty, famous fellow; and I shake hands with him in every page.

Pray make my best remembrances to your spouse, and give him my earnest wishes for his speedy recovery.

Be careful in your choice of a Raven. Have an undeniable character with him from his last place. I have one, now, whose intelligence is scarcely beyond a fowl's. I have another, whose infancy and early youth were passed at a village alehouse in Yorkshire, who is a wonder — a paragon.[†1] I could tell you such things of him, as would make your hair stand on end. Nothing delights him so much as a drunken man — he loves to see human Nature in a state of degradation, and to have the superiority[†2] of Ravens asserted. At such time he is *fearful* in his Mephistophelean humour.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Hall.

To FRANCIS ALEXANDER,[†3] [?3] DECEMBER 1841

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* 2 Dec 41 was Thursday; CD was probably writing on Fri 3rd.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park, London.
Friday Second December 1841.

Dear Sir.

I answer your letter immediately, that it may be conveyed to you by the next packet; and briefly, because I hope to see you very soon.

My stay in Boston will be but a short one, as I am going on into the South. I shall be most happy to sit to you, however, and hold myself engaged to do so, directly on my arrival.[†1] I leave Liverpool on the Fourth of next month by the Britannia Steam Packet.

Your welcome communication, and all the other letters I have received from America, fill me with glad and cheerful anticipation. Trust me, that my heart warms towards the land, and that for every hearty greeting, I have as hearty a response.

There is no such clock![†2] If there were, I should be its owner. You and I and Mrs. Alexander have the same silent sorrow in not being able to possess it.

I thank you cordially for your frank and genial favor; and am

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Alexander Esquire.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [5] DECEMBER 1841*

MS Private; seen before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954; MS fragment (*aa*) Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* 4 Dec 41 was Saturday; clearly CD was writing on the 5th (see *fns*).

Sunday | Fourth December 1841

My Dear Mac

You have *her*[†3] in your mind this morning? Is she lovely, or no? Do you dine there?[†4] If you don't will you dine here? Are you disposed to walk? Shall I call on you?

[a]Weren't you closely stowed (oh happy stowage!) in the Talfourdian car, last night?[†5]

Answer these interrogations.

Ever Yours
GRATTAN[a†6]

To D. M. MOIR,[†1] 6 DECEMBER 1841†

MS Doheny Memorial Library, Camarillo, California.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Monday Sixth December 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I have been greatly pleased to hear from you; and am very proud to be ranked among that class of your admirers who are your private friends.

Let me thank you for the copy you have sent me of your very interesting and elegant Memoir of poor Galt.[†2] I have read it through; and it has impressed me very much.[†3]

For your hearty and cordial wishes, I thank you no less. I reciprocate them, I assure you, with unaffected sincerity and warmth of heart; and shake the hand you autographically extend to me, with a most emphatic squeeze.

[†a]I am exceedingly sorry to leave home, for my household Gods, like Charles Lambs[†4], "take a terrible deep root".[†5] But I look forward with a pleasure it would be hard to express, to seeing Washington Irving — So would you if you were going, I am sure. As I write his name and Lamb's, a crowd of passages from your books come flocking upon me, very much akin to both;[†6] and I feel, directly, that you love them as well as I do.

I shall only be six months gone, please God.[†a] My other halfyear of rest I mean to pass in England. There may be some railroad then — Heaven knows — which will tempt you to London.[†1] If I hear of it, I will subscribe my mite, that I may see you here. A very pleasant recollection of a very unpleasant night when we rode from Blackwood's to Edinburgh[†2] inclines me to believe that we could be quite happy together for a whole day, — even though it were the Twenty First of June.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to send a great many Scottish remembrances to yourself and Mrs. Moir.[†3] Adding as many more of my own, I am

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

D. M. Moir Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, 7 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh Decr. 1841.

My Dear Macready.

Now that you are a Manager again, I shall write you epigrammatic notes.

Firstly. Will you dine with me next Saturday week, at a quarter past 6?

Secondly. Will you allow my brother Fred, to represent me in my free admission, while I am away? He is a very good fellow, and I should be glad to give him that great pleasure, and keep him out of harm's way at the same time.

Thirdly. Will you call for me one morning, as you go down to the Theatre. I feel its[†4] time I saw the Pit.[†5]

Affectionately Yours Ever
CD.[†6]
W. C. Macready Esquire

To LORD JEFFREY, [?8 DECEMBER 1841]*

MS Mr D. Cleghorn Thomson. *Date:* clearly CD's reply to the letter from Jeffrey asking if he was "surfeited with idleness yet", dated "Wedy."[†1] (probably 8 Dec, the first Wednesday after publication of the final No. of *Master Humphrey*).

[†2] I am not at all tired with idleness. It is delicious — if I can call that idleness which is full of busy preparation.[†3] I have not written a line since I penned the words "Master Humphrey's Clock has stopped for ever".[†4] I have had a few visions of things to be done, and they have been very pleasant. Otherwise I have done nothing but walk, and lounge about, and read drowsily, all day long. — What do you think of my reading the Curiosity Shop, *all through*?[†5] It deserves a note of interrogation as large as a lamp-post.

Always My Dear Lord Jeffrey
Yours affectionately and attached
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, 11 DECEMBER [1841]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* clearly 11 Dec 41 (a Saturday).

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Eleventh December.

My Dear Sir

I am sincerely obliged to you for so kindly thinking of me; and will call on you at the Banking House on Tuesday, at Three o'Clock. As I have a most dove-like innocence on the subject of American roads; and as my

course may depend in many material respects upon the severity of the season; I think the best and shortest plan will be for me to have a Letter of credit on your correspondent at New York for eight hundred pounds. That will be a good central point, and if I should want to have any sum or sums lodged elsewhere, I presume they can readily arrange for me.

This is all subject to your opinion and kind advice, of which I shall have the benefit on Tuesday.

Meanwhile and always — with best remembrances to your family — believe me My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Marjoribanks Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13 DECEMBER 1841]*

MS Mr Frederick J. Macartney. *Date:* probably the day before the appointment made with Marjoribanks in last; handwriting supports. *Address:* John Forster Esquire.

Devonshire T. | Monday Night.

My Dear Forster.

I overlooked this morning an appointment with Marjoribanks tomorrow at 3. When I leave him, I will call on you. Perhaps you'll dine here?

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 DECEMBER 1841

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Free | Miss Coutts | Roehampton | Surrey.

Devonshire Terrace | December Fourteenth 1841.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I am sincerely obliged to you for your kind Invitation,[†1] but I am obliged, most reluctantly, to deny myself the pleasure of accepting it.

Every day this week I am engaged. As I shall have only a fortnight more when next Sunday comes, I have "registered a vow" (in imitation of Mr. O Connell)[†2] to pass those fourteen days at home, and not to be

tempted forth. Having withstood your note and acted so manfully in this trying situation, which is a kind of reversal of Eve and the Serpent, I feel that I can be adamant to everybody else. This is the only comfort I have in the penmanship of these words.

You will allow me, notwithstanding, to call upon you one morning before I go, to say good by'e, and to take your orders for any article of a portable nature in my new line of business — such as a phial of Niagara water,[†1] a neat tomahawk, or a few scales of the celebrated Sea Serpent,[†2] which would perhaps be an improvement on writing paper, for Miss Meredith's pillows.[†3]

I beg my compliments to her, and am sincerely

And Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To [MURDO] YOUNG,[†4] 14 DECEMBER 1841

Extract in George D. Smith catalogue No. 165; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 14 Dec 41. *Address:* "Micado" Young in catalogue; obviously a misreading of Murdo.

Thanking him for the beautiful copy you have sent me of your Tragedy.[†5] ... I am living just now in a perpetual state of Weighing Anchor.

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, [MID-DECEMBER 1841]

Extract in *New York Evening Post,* 4 Jan 42. *Date:* According to the *New York Evening Post,* Clark had received the letter "by the last steamer"; it therefore presumably went either on the *Garrick,* which left Liverpool for New York 14 Dec, or — more probably — on the *Royal Sovereign,* which left for New York 16 Dec.

Saying that after a few days in Boston he will be visiting New York. My design is to spend but little time in these two cities, but to proceed to the south, as far as Charleston. Our stay will be six months; during which time, I must see as much as can be seen in such a space, of the country and the people.

You make me very proud and happy by anticipation, in thinking of the number of friends I shall find; but I cannot describe to you the glow into which I rise, when I think of the wonders that await us, and all the interest I am sure I shall have in your mighty land.

To JOHN FORSTER, 15 DECEMBER 1841

Letter summarized by Forster before destruction, MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC); dated Devonshire Terrace, 15 Dec 41.

Mentioning a letter from Spencer Hall[†1] *about* The Glory and Shame of England[†2] *not being by an American.*

To SAMUEL JOSEPH, 15 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Fifteenth December 1841.

Dear Sir

I have not, as you may suppose, much time to spare just now; but rather than put you to any serious inconvenience, I will sit to you *three times* next week.[†3] And unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will come to you on Monday at Twelve o'Clock.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Joseph Esquire.

To MARY TALFOURD,[†1] 16 DECEMBER 1841

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth December 1841.

My Dear Mary.

I should be delighted to come and dine with you on your birthday, and to be as merry as I wish you to be always; but as I am going, within a very few days afterwards, a very long distance from home, and shall not see any of my children for six long months, I have made up my mind to pass all that week at home for their sakes — just as you would like your Papa and Mamma to spend all the time they could possibly spare, with you, if they were about to make a dreary voyage to America; which is what I am going to do myself.

But although I cannot come to see you on that day, you may be sure I shall not forget that it is your birth day; and that I shall drink your health and many happy returns, in a glass of wine filled as full as it will hold. And I shall dine at half past five myself, so that we may both be drinking our wine at the same time, and I shall tell *my* Mary (for I have got a daughter of that name — but she is a very small one as yet) to drink your health too; and we shall try and make believe that you are here, or that we are in Russell Square, which is the best thing we can do, I think, under the circumstances.

You are growing up so fast, that by the time I come home again, I expect you will be almost a woman; and in a very few years we shall be saying to each other, "don't you remember what the birthdays used to be in Russell Square?" — and "how strange it seems" — and "how quickly Time passes" — and all that sort of thing, you know. But I shall always be very glad to be asked on your birthday, and to come if you'll let me, and to send my love to you and to wish that you may live to be very old and very happy, which I do now, with all my heart.

Being always | My Dear Mary
Yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Talfourd.

To LORD BROUGHAM, 17 DECEMBER [1841]*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* endorsed "1841 Mr. C. Dickens".

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Friday Evening | Seventeenth December[†2]

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Lord Brougham, and begs to say that he is disengaged next Monday, or any day in the *following*

week (that is, the week after Christmas Day) that may suit Lord Brougham's convenience.[†1]

To LADY HOLLAND, [?17 DECEMBER 1841]

Mention in Lady Holland *to* CD, 25 Dec 41 (see *fn*). *Date:* probably early in the same week.

Saying that he could not come to see her on the following Wednesday evening [*22 Dec*] *but hoped he might call some other day, and asking for an introduction to Lord Morpeth.*[†2]

To JOHN ROSS,[†3] 20 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth December 1841.

Dear John Ross.

I had an appointment of some duration, so early this morning, that I was obliged to go out and come home again, before I could answer your note. Will the inclosed do? If not, I shall be at home between half past ten and half past eleven tomorrow morning, and from four to half past

four in the afternoon; and shall be delighted to amend it in any manner you may point out.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Ross Esquire.

To JOHN ROSS, 20 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park
Twentieth December 1841.

My Dear Ross.

I wish I had been at home when you called yesterday; and I wish you had mentioned in the note you sent afterwards, what country paper it is of which you desire to become the Editor,[†1] and who are the proprietors; as I should have then been enabled to address them personally on your behalf. Believe me that any recommendation I can possibly make to them, is as heartily at your service as it is thoroughly deserved by you.

It is needless for me to tell you that I know you to be a man, of all others qualified for such an office, by your long newspaper experience, your education, conduct, abilities, and position in society. Only

let me know how I can best convey this information, and much more, to the gentlemen whom you seek to propitiate, and I will do so in the most earnest words I can possibly employ. I cannot do more than justice to my earnest feeling in the matter, and my strong conviction that you are the person they want.

Point out any way in which I can serve you in your endeavour to attain your object; and I will promptly exert myself. And believe me that I am warmly interested in your success, and ready to promote it, heart and hand; not merely for the love of you, but for the love of the right cause[†2] which I know you will serve well (no man better) if you get this opportunity.

Always My Dear Ross | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Ross Esquire

To CHARLES SMITHSON, 20 DECEMBER 1841

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth December 1841.

My Dear Smithson.

The Pie was no sooner brought into my room yesterday evening, than I fainted away.

Topping put his shoulder out, in carrying it from the waggon to the hall-door; and John is in the hospital with a damaged spine — having rashly attempted to lift it.

There never *was* such a Pie! We are mad to know what it's made of, but haven't the courage to cut it. Indeed we haven't a knife large enough for the purpose. We think of hiring Fletcher to eat it. We sit and stare at it in a dull astonishment, and grow dizzy in the contemplation of its enormous magnitude.

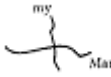
It prevents my writing at any length, as my faculties are absorbed in crust. I have a shadowy recollection that I owe Mrs. Smithson a large sum of money,[†1] and that it preys upon my mind. Fred was to have told me the amount, but he forgot it on his way home. I seem to remember, too, that you paid for **THE** Raven[†2] — Good God! — if you could only hear him talk, and see him break the windows!

You will be glad to hear — I can only hint at his perfections — that he disturbs the church service, and that his life is threatened by the Beadle. Maclise says he *knows* he can read and write. I quite believe it; and I go so far as to place implicit reliance on his powers of cyphering.

Ease my mind, or ask Mrs. Smithson to ease it, on the subject of my liabilities. I am going to send her two books,[†3] and will remit (if you or she will put me in a condition to do so) at the same time.

Kate joins me in hearty wishes that you and yours (including "beauteous Bill")[†4] may enjoy very many happy Christmases, and New Years.

†aSince writing the above, I have looked at the Pie, ~~and~~†5 — I am very weak



†a

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, [22] DECEMBER 1841

Envelope only, MS Berg Collection. *Address:* The | Countess of Blessington | Gore House | Kensington. PM 22 Dec 41.

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 23 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third December 1841.

Do you remember that you promised me a letter to Sir Charles Bagot?†1 And will you let me have it, before the end of next week? And will you let me know your movements; and whether I am to shake hands with you before I leave England on the second day of the New Year, in the Flesh, or in the Spirit?

Affectionately Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Free | Miss Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace
Thursday Twenty Third December | 1841.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I am truly indebted to you for your kind note.†2 I had intended coming to Roehampton on Sunday; but having this timely information of your movements, I will call in Stratton Street on that day, shortly after Two o'Clock, to say good by'e.†3

As you make no mention of your cold, I hope and conclude it is better.

With much pleasure in the sight of your hand writing, I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To GEORGE HOGARTH, 23 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Third December 1841.

My Dear Hogarth

I don't know how I came to make the mistake; but in my last to you, I proceeded on the notion that tomorrow would be Christmas Day. Now as

it is not, and I shall see Chapman and Hall tonight,[†1] I think it will be best for you to come here (if you can) *very soon* after the receipt of this tomorrow morning.

Affecy. always

CD.

To MISS CATHERINE HUTTON, 23 DECEMBER 1841

MS Mr Robert K. Black.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Third December 1841

My Dear Miss Hutton.

I don't know why your last letter to me should have caused you any uneasiness, but I *do* know that it gave me much pleasure; and I am very glad to have this opportunity of telling you so.

Thank you, heartily, for the Purse.[†2] I had been debating within myself whether I should carry one in America (I never do in England) when the opportune arrival of your pretty present, carried the question by an enormous majority.

The merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years to you! I hope to carry you easily through a dozen New stories, at least.[†3]

Always Believe me
With true regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Catherine Hutton.

To ROBERT OWEN,[†4] 27 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh December 1841.

My Dear Sir.

Some time ago, you sent me an interesting book of which you are the

Author.[†1] I forgot to thank you for it; and I take shame to myself for having done so. Accept this tardy ackowledgement, and believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Owen Esquire.

To SAMUEL JOSEPH, 27 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Messrs Young & Sossen Inc.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh December 1841

My Dear Sir.

I regret to say — and I would not say it unless I were *forced* — that I cannot sit to you any more before I leave England. I have made a list of my indispensable engagements, this morning; and I find that every hour of my time, this week, is fully occupied.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Joseph Esquire

To FRANCIS ROSS, 27 DECEMBER 1841

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Feb 1922; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 27 Dec 41.

Making an appointment.

To LORD BROUGHAM, 27 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Seventh December | 1841.

Dear Lord Brougham.

I shall be at home on Friday Morning, from twelve o'Clock until Two. If it should be inconvenient to you to leave home at that time, I shall be happy to come to you. Pray have no delicacy in requesting me to do so, as it would not put me out of the way at all.

Always | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Honorable | The Lord Brougham.

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 DECEMBER [1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 27 Dec was Monday in 1841; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace.
Monday Twenty Seventh December

My Dear Macready.

God bless you and yours, and all you do. Health and happiness for many years, and all the merriment and peace I wish you.

You are at the head of *my* audience, as you know. Here are my latest pieces.[†1]

Ever Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire
I am so excited about tonight, that I can do nothing.[†2]

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 DECEMBER 1841

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday Twenty Eighth December | 1841.

My Dear Macready.

This note is about the saloon. I make it as brief as possible. Read it when you have time. As we were the *first* experimentalists last night, you will be glad to know what it wants.[†1]

1st. The refreshments are preposterously dear. A glass of wine is a shilling, and it ought to be sixpence.

2ndly. They are served out by the wrong sort of people — two most uncomfortable drabs of women, and a dirty man with his hat on.

3rdly. There ought to be a boxkeeper to ring a bell or give some other notice of the commencement of the overture to the afterpiece. The promenaders were in a perpetual fret and worry to get back again.

And fourthly and most important of all: — *if the plan is ever to succeed,* you must have some notice up to the effect that as it is now a place of resort for ladies, gentlemen are requested not to lounge

there in their hats and great coats. No ladies will go there, though the conveniences should be ten thousand times greater, while the *sort* of swells who have been used to kick their heels there, do so in the old sort of way. I saw this expressed last night, more strongly than I can tell you.

Hearty congratulations on the brilliant triumph. — I have always expected one, as you know, but nobody could have imagined the reality.

Always My Dear Macready
Affectionately Yours
CD.

W. C. Macready Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, [28 DECEMBER 1841]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly same day as last — CD having in the meantime received Macready's note of 28 Dec (see *To* Macready, 27 Dec, *fn*).

Devonshire Terrace

My Dear Macready.

Hurrah — ah — ah — ah — ah!!!

I will come round after the comedy.[†1] — I have already despatched a letter to you at Drury Lane, per post, concerning the Saloon. The suggestions, such as they are (they *are* very few) are all important to its success.

Ever Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 28 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire.

Twenty Eighth[†2] Decr. 1841.

My Dear Mac

Call at the Parthenon for me, not later than five and twenty Minutes afore 7.

Faithfully Yours always
CD

To ROBERT KEELEY, [?29 DECEMBER 1841]

Mention in Keeley *to* CD, Dec 41 (see *fn*). *Date:* shortly before CD's departure for America; possibly the day after Keeley's and his wife's appearance together in *Every One Has his Fault,* Drury Lane, 28 Dec.

Praising the Keeleys' talents;[†3] *mentioning that he had been ill, and was shortly leaving for America.*[†4]

To FREDERICK SALMON, 30 DECEMBER 1841*

Text from transcript by Walter Dexter.

Devonshire Terrace
Thursday Night December Thirtieth 1841

My Dear Salmon.

Here are two books which complete your set, so far.[†1] I was sorry to miss you to-day, and will come down to-morrow morning at half-past ten.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Salmon Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [? DECEMBER 1841]*

MS (fragment only) Private. *Date:* probably shortly before leaving for America.

Let me thank you for your note, and your kind wishes. Be assured that I shall endeavour to deserve them, by doing all in my power to come home in safety.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 1841

Extract in George D. Smith catalogue, 1901; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 1841.

Concerning Yorkshire dialect.

If you could send me the dirty scrap of print[†1] back tonight you would oblige me heartily.

To JOSEPH [HAYDN],[†2] [?1841]

Text from N, I, 363. *Date:* CD's imprecise "Monday Night" (written to a stranger) suggests not later than 1841. *Address:* N's "Haydon" is almost certainly a mistake.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night

My dear Sir,

Will you allow me to appoint *next Wednesday Morning* at the hour you name? I shall not be disengaged in the morning until then.†3

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

Addenda

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 1 APRIL 1840*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | April 1st. 1840.

Dear Count D'Orsay

I have a dim idea of lighting my small torch at the nightly fires of Wolverhampton†1 — and I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I have arranged to go to Birmingham with this view on Friday next, and to remain there or in the neighbourhood until the Monday following.

I am afraid you will be responsible if I look upon furnaces and coal pits with a jaundiced eye, for you put me out of humour with the expedition. Indeed if I had had your note one day earlier, I would have deferred it to another opportunity.

I beg my compliments to Lady Blessington, and am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE BEADNELL, 26 JULY [1840]*

MS Douglas Library, Queen's University, Ontario. *Date:* 26 July was Sunday in 1840; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday 26th. July.

Dear Sir.

I go so very seldom to the Parthenon, and have so neglected my duties as a Member of the Committee (which I have never yet been able to attend) that I feel a great delicacy in proposing any candidates, and cannot therefore comply with your request.

Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Beadnell Esquire

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 8 JULY 1841*

MS Bodleian Library.

Loch. Earn Head. | Thursday Eighth July 1841.

Dear Sirs.

With the view of having a whole day at Abbotsford and Dryburgh Abbey, I have altered my plan slightly, and arranged to be at Glasgow on

Tuesday. I write a hasty note to tell you this — that you may write to me accordingly. Copy and subjects by tomorrow's post.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 13 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Thirteenth December | 1841.

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

I am sincerely obliged to you, both for your beautiful present†1 and your kind note; the latter has a most welcome and acceptable quality of heartiness which delights and does me good.

I need hardly say that I shall be more than pleased to give you any opportunity you require for the completion of that likeness. I am sorry to say, though, that every day this week I am engaged to dinner; and as I shall only have a fortnight left when this week is over, I have "registered a vow"†2 to spend those fourteen days at home, both because I want to hold on tight by my household Gods to the last, and on account of my health which I am afraid may suffer from too much dining. Now, any morning this week, at any hour you name, I am wholly at your service, and on receiving due notice from you, will repair to Gore House and sit there as long as you like.†3

To save you further trouble in the matter of my head, I have directed my servant to wait for an answer to this. It shall be forwarded to you with care, and with the proper side upwards, whenever you may appoint.

With a most sincere and unaffected pleasure in your cordiality and friendship, always believe me Dear Count D'Orsay.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY BURNETT, [?DECEMBER 1841]

Extract quoted in Henry Burnett *to* F. G. Kitton, 19 Dec 88 (MS Huntington Library).[†4] *Date:* probably between 30 Nov 41, when CD saw Adelaide Kemble in *Norma* (*To* Maclise, 29 Nov), and 4 Jan 42 when he sailed for America.

Adelaide Kemble is much talked about — I think her desperately unpleasant — almost repulsive.

Volume III

1842 – 1843

1842

January

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1842†

MS Benoliel Collection.

186 Strand[†2] | First January 1842.

My Dear Sirs.

In order that we may have on paper, a clear understanding of our position in reference to your advances and my receipts, on account of the American book[†3] and the Monthly Work we are to commence in November,[†4] I state the matter here, in regular array.

On account of the American book, I have received in all £885,[†5] which is to be deducted from the first proceeds consequent on its publication.[†6]

On account of the Monthly Payments agreed upon between us, in reference to the New Work, you have paid into Coutts's, the sum of £800.[†7] Over and above this amount, I wish you, if you please, to make, while I am away, such payments as I have mentioned on the other side; and when I return, the balance can be struck between us.[†8]

In reference to these last mentioned payments I should add that you will

receive, through the hands of my brother Frederick,[†1] one hundred and five guineas at the end of March, and one hundred and five guineas at the end of June;[†2] which you will set off against them, and duly give me credit for.

As a security for these advances, you hold three policies effected by me on my life, with the Britannia Life Assurance Company.[†3]

[†a]Having disposed of the business part of this letter, I should not feel at ease on leaving England, if I did not tell you once more with my whole heart, that your conduct to me, on this and on all other

occasions, has ever been honorable, manly, and generous; and that I have felt it a solemn duty, in the event of any accident happening to me while I am away, to place this testimony upon record. It forms part of a Will I have made for the security of my children;— for I wish them to know it, when they are capable of understanding your worth and my appreciation of it.

Always believe me | Faithfully and truly Yours[†a]

CHARLES DICKENS

(Over)

The payments referred to, to be made while I am away, are the weekly bills of my children and servants, certified as correct by my brother Frederick; ten pounds a month for the rent of their lodgings; the servants' wages; and the rent and taxes of my own house. Other payments may be rendered necessary by some omission of mine or by unlooked-for circumstances, but for whatever you pay, and for everything you pay, I request that you will take my brother Frederick's acknowledgement as mine, and that my executors and legal representatives will in every case consider it a sufficient receipt and discharge, and a proof of the correctness of your claims in these respects.

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS MITTON,[†4] 1 JANUARY 1842

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire (on flap of wrapper).

New Year's Day | 1842

My Dear Mitton

You will be with me at 5 of course? I merely brought these papers,[†5] that you might have not[†6] the inconvenience of stuffed pockets.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1842*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | First January 1842

My Dear Maclise.

Your gloom throws a shade upon our journey in the very outset. I will say nothing of sympathy: for between such friends as we are, it is needless.[†2]

I cannot go away, my dear fellow, without shaking hands with you. Between 2 and 3 to day, I *must* come and do so.

Always Your affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To EDWARD EVERETT,[†3] 1 JANUARY 1842*

MS Massachusetts Historica lSociety. [[sic]]

Devonshire Terrace | New Year's Night | 1842.

My Dear Sir.

If I *can* thank you for your kindness and attention,[†4] let me do so.

Always Yours faithfully & obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Everett Esquire

To LORD JEFFREY,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1842

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | New Year's Night 1842

My Dear Lord Jeffrey

Write you from Boston! I *think* so.[†2]—I can say anything but good bye; and that, not because I have anything about me but hope and trust, but because I love my friends dearly.[†3]

God bless you! | The earnest prayer of yours ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS M'IAN,[†4] [1 JANUARY 1842]

Text from Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 56 (1907).

My Dear Mrs. McIan

The enclosed book[†5] belongs of right to you for you have beautifully perpetuated

it.[†1] You who have done so much for the love of the fiction will accept this volume I hope, for the sake of its author.

Ever believe me | Faithfully and Truly Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. McIan

To MRS CHARLES SMITHSON,[†2] 1 JANUARY 1842*

MS Mr Robert H. Taylor.

Devonshire Terrace | New Year's night 1842.
Just going.

My Dear Mrs. Smithson

God bless you—best regards to Smithson,[†3] and love to the Beauteous.[†4] Think of us sometimes, and accept the inclosed[†5] for my poor sake.

Always Faithfully & truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Smithson

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH,[†6] 1 JANUARY [1842]

Extract in unidentified catalogue cutting, Dickens House; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, New Year's Night—1842 on reference to the Sanatorium.

Make me a Vice President[†7] and make Talfourd[†8] and Macready[†9] the same on my responsibility.[†10] All good attend you! ... Think of me sometimes and wish me back again.

To LORD BROUGHAM,[†1] 3 JANUARY 1842*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool.
Monday Third January 1842.

My Dear Lord Brougham.

I quite forgot to say to you the other day, thus much.—If any proposition for a book to be published by the Society,[†2] should be made through Chapman and Hall by Mr. Hogarth (my father in law)[†3] at any time during my absence, will you kindly bear in mind my having observed to you that he has written very admirable Works of Instruction in Music and History; and is a gentleman of varied and extensive information?[†4] You will remember his name by the great painter's.

The Ship weighs anchor tomorrow, at Two o'Clock. That is the best excuse I have for troubling you; and I plead it in extenuation.

Dear Lord Brougham I am always
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Brougham.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 3 JANUARY 1842*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Free | Frederick Dickens Esquire | Commissariat | Treasury | London.

Adelphi Hotel. Liverpool. | Monday Third January 1842.

My Dear Fred.

We came down here in great comfort and in good spirits. We reached this house before 7. Alfred[†5] we left at Birmingham.[†6] He talked of coming here to dinner, but has not arrived yet. Fanny[†7] came early this morning,[†8] stops all night, and sees us sail tomorrow.

Tomorrow the Britannia lies a mile or so off, to be *out* of the way of the shipping, and *in* the stream. We go out to her in a small steamer, at One. She sails directly we get aboard. The passengers[†9] friends accompany them in the small

steamer aforesaid, and return when the anchor is weighed. They talk of seventy, but I don't believe it.[†1] They expect, too, a very fine passage. God send they may be right.

Our cabin is something immensely smaller than you can possibly picture to yourself. Neither of the portmanteaus could by any mechanical contrivance be got into it. When the door is open, you can't turn round. When it's shut you can't put on a clean shirt, or take off a dirty one. When its[†2] day, it's dark. When it's night, it's cold. The Saloon is incredibly less than that of "The Fame. Capt. Corbyn".[†3] Anyone of the beds, with pillows, sheet, and blankets complete, might be sent from one place to another through the Post Office, with only a double stamp. I believe it's the best, notwithstanding, both in respect of the motion, and its contiguity to the lady's cabin, where Anne[†4] will be. That is really a comfortable room, larger than the breakfast room in Devonshire Terrace; well-lighted, sofa'd, mirrored, and so forth. From *it's*[†2] door to *our* door, is literally but a step; and not a wide one either.

Captain Hewitt[†5] was not on board; and all hands were very busy, stowing away meat and greens, and an enormous cow, for milk. The stewardess[†6] is a Scotch woman, and has crossed the Atlantic seventeen times. She is quite young withal, and buxom enough.

Did I give you the two receipts for Sir John Wilson, with blank dates, one in March and one in June? If not, write receipts yourself at the proper time.[†7]

Forster will be home early on Wednesday morning, and will give you full particulars of our departure. Kiss the dear, beloved darlings many times for Kate and me. (I needn't ask you to take care of them)—and always believe me

My Dear Fred
Your truly affectionate brother
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Dickens Esquire.

Kate's face is better. She is in glorious spirits.[†8]

Fletcher[†9] is here.

Thompson[†10] has not been telegraphed, as yet.

Fanny stays all night, and sees us off tomorrow.

I forgot to say that I have seen Elliotson,[†1] who is prepared for any summons from you, at any time of the night or day.[†2] Don't trust Morgan[†3] too far. You know my love for Macready. *Stick to him.* Mind nobody else.[†4]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [3] JANUARY 1842*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address: Free* | Daniel Maclise Esquire. R.A.| &c &c | 14 Russell Place | Fitzroy Square | London. *Date:* Monday was 3 Jan; letter postmarked 4 Jan.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool. | Monday Second January 1842.

My Dear Mac.

You know I try to believe that the main usefulness and purpose of Death, is to make us fonder of each other, and to bind us together the more closely during the brief term of our existence here. I never felt the Truth of this, more, than when we parted t'other day.

I shall be delighted to hear—when I *do* hear from you in those foreign latitudes—that your Home is restored to its former peace: that your father[†5] has become resigned and happy: and that this shadow in a world of shadows has passed away. Omit nothing. Tell me everything you can think of.[†6] Every word will be a new link to those great chain cables which moor me to the friends I love.

I wish, Mac—I wish, and I must say it, though you be never so gloomy when you get this—that you could conceive, and from personal inspection were in a condition to understand, the wild absurdity of our "cabin". I don't know what to compare it with. A small box at a coffee room is much too big. So is a hackney coach. So is a chariot cab. It is more like one of those cabs where you get in at the back;[†7] but I think you could put on a shirt in one of those: and you certainly couldn't in this chamber. There are two horse-hair seats in it, fixed to the wall— one opposite the other. Either would serve for a kettle holder. The beds (one above the other of course) might both be sent to you per post, with one additional stamp. The pillows are no thicker than crumpets; and the sheets and blankets are too ridiculous to write of.

Our luggage is all aboard. They were "taking in the Milk" when we [were] there—an enormous cow! Bread, boxes, greens, and bullocks-heads for soup,

were strewn about the deck. The grand impression was the smallness of the vessel. The Saloon is nothing like that of a Ramsgate boat—there!!

How often have we wished that you were here! How often shall we wish the same thing, when we all go out together tomorrow in a small steamer, to board the 'Merrikin'[†1] which[†2] will be then (but was not to day) lying out, a mile or so off, in the middle of the stream! When we come home again—*when* we do—if you and Forster are *only* at Liverpool, and *only* come alongside in the Pilot's boat, I shall never know greater happiness.

God bless you a hundred times. At two tomorrow, the Atlantic will be before us. Think of us then, and many times afterwards. And always believe me, My Dear Mac

Your affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?3 JANUARY 1842]

Mention in postscript to next. *Date:* probably 3 Jan, since not part of *To* Chapman & Hall, 1 Jan, and on 2 Jan CD was travelling to Liverpool.

To THOMAS MITTON, 3 JANUARY 1842†

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool, | Monday Third January 1842

My Dear Mitton

This is a short note, but I will fulfil the adage, and make it a merry one.

We came down in great comfort. Our luggage is now well aboard. Anything so utterly and monstrously absurd as the size of our cabin, no gentleman of England who lives at home at ease,[†1] can for a moment imagine. A water closet of that size would be something too ridiculous to think of. *Neither of the Portmanteaus would go into it.*—There!

These Cunard packets are not very large, you know, actually, but the quantity of sleeping berths makes them much smaller, so that the Saloon is not nearly as large as in one of the Ramsgate boats. The lady's cabin is so close to ours that I could knock the door open without getting off something they call my bed, but which I believe to be a muffin, beaten flat. This is a great comfort, for it is an excellent room (the only good one in the Ship); and if there be only one other lady besides Kate, as the Stewardess thinks, I hope I shall be able to sit there, very often.

They talk of seventy passengers, but I can't think there will be so many. They talk besides (which is even more to the purpose) of a very fine passage; having had a noble one, this time last year. God send it

so! We are in the best spirits, and full of hope. I *was* dashed for a moment when I saw our "Cabin"; but I got over that, directly, and laughed so much at its ludicrous proportions, that you might have heard me all over the ship.

God bless you! Write to me by the first opportunity. I will do the like by you. And always believe me, your old and faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]I have written Chapman and Hall to give you £10 for Augustus's[†2] schooling,[†3] on your application to them. Good bye again.[†a]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 3 JANUARY 1842*

MS Private.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool. | Monday Third January 1842.

My Dear Mr. [ ]

Many thanks to you for your letters. My children live at No. 25 Osnaburgh Street.

Mrs. Dickens joins me in kindest regards and farewells.

Always believe me
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John [ ][†1] Esquire

To MR WEBB,[†2] 3 JANUARY 1842*

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mr. Webb.

Adelphi Hotel | January Third, 1842

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Webb; and is greatly obliged to him for his attention, and the trouble he has taken.

To JOHN FORSTER,[†3] [17 JANUARY 1842]

Extract in F, III, ii, 201-3. *Date:* 17 Jan according to Forster. *From* the *Britannia*, off Newfoundland.

CD describes their stormy passage, the hurricane which blew throughout the night of Mon 10 Jan, and the steamer's behaviour in it. [†4]

For two or three hours we gave it up as a lost thing; and with many thoughts of you, and the children, and those others who are dearest to us, waited quietly for the worst. I never expected to see the

day again, and resigned myself to God as well as I could.[†5] It was a great comfort to think of the earnest and devoted friends we had left behind, and to know that the darlings would not want.

We have 86 passengers; and such a strange collection of beasts never was got together upon the sea, since the days of the Ark. I have never been in the saloon since the first day; the noise, the smell, and the closeness being quite intolerable. I have only been on deck *once!*—and then I was surprised and disappointed at the smallness of the panorama. The sea, running as it does and has done, is very stupendous, and viewed from the air or some great height would be grand no doubt. But seen from the wet and rolling decks, in this weather and these circumstances, it only impresses one giddily and painfully. I was very glad to turn away, and come below again.[†6]

I have established myself, from the first, in the ladies' cabin[†1]—you remember it? I'll describe its other occupants, and our way of passing the time, to you.

First, for the occupants. Kate, and I, and Anne—when she is out of bed, which is not often. A queer little Scotch body, a Mrs. P—,[†2] whose husband is a silversmith in New York. He married her at Glasgow three years ago, and bolted the day after the wedding; being (which he had not told her) heavily in debt. Since then she has been living with her mother; and she is now going out under the protection of a male cousin, to give him a year's trial. If she is not comfortable at the expiration of that time, she means to go back to Scotland again. A Mrs. B—, about 20 years old, whose husband is on board with her. He is a young Englishman domiciled in New York, and by trade (as well as I can make out) a woollen-draper. They have been married a fortnight. A Mr. and Mrs. C—, marvellously fond of each other, complete the catalogue. Mrs. C— I have settled, is a publican's daughter, and Mr. C— is running away with her, the till, the time-piece off the bar mantel-shelf, the mother's gold watch from the pocket at the head of the bed; and other miscellaneous property. The women are all pretty; unusually pretty. I never saw such good faces together, anywhere.

Apropos of rolling, I have forgotten to mention that in playing whist[†3] we are obliged to put the tricks in our pockets, to keep them from disappearing altogether; and that five or six times in the course of every rubber we are all flung from our seats, roll out at different doors, and keep on rolling until we are picked up by stewards. This has become such a matter of course, that we go through it with perfect gravity; and when we are bolstered up on our sofas again, resume our conversation or our game at the point where it was interrupted.

As for news, we have more of that than you would think for. One man lost fourteen pounds at vingt-un in the saloon[†4] yesterday, or another got drunk

before dinner was over, or another was blinded with lobster sauce spilt over him by the steward, or another had a fall on deck and fainted. The ship's cook was drunk yesterday morning (having got at some salt-water-damaged whiskey), and the captain ordered the boatswain to play upon him with the hose of the fire

engine until he roared for mercy—which he didn't get; for he was sentenced to look out, for four hours at a stretch for four nights running, without a great coat, and to have his grog stopped. Four dozen plates were broken at dinner. One steward fell down the cabin-stairs with a round of beef, and injured his foot severely. Another steward fell down after him, and cut his eye open. The baker's taken ill: so is the pastry-cook. A new man, sick to death, has been required to fill the place of the latter officer, and has been dragged out of bed and propped up in a little house upon deck, between two casks, and ordered (the captain standing over him) to make and roll out pie-crust; which he protests, with tears in his eyes, it is death to him in his bilious state to look at. Twelve dozen of bottled porter has got loose upon deck, and the bottles are rolling about distractedly, over-head. Lord Mulgrave[†1] (a handsome fellow, by the bye, to look at, and nothing but a good 'un to go) laid a wager with twenty-five other men last night, whose berths, like his, are in the fore-cabin, which can only be got at by crossing the deck, that he would reach his cabin first. Watches were set by the captain's, and they sallied forth, wrapped up in coats and storm caps. The sea broke over the ship so violently, that they were *five and twenty minutes* holding on by the handrail at the starboard paddle-box, drenched to the skin by every wave, and not daring to go on or come back, lest they should be washed overboard. News! A dozen murders in town wouldn't interest us half as much.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 JANUARY 1842]

Extract in F, III, ii, 203-5. *Date:* 21 Jan according to Forster (continuation of letter begun 17 Jan). *From* the *Britannia*, in the Bay of Fundy.

We were running into Halifax-harbour on Wednesday night, with little wind and a bright moon; had made the light at its outer entrance, and given the ship in charge to the pilot; were playing our rubber, all in good spirits (for it had been comparatively smooth for some days, with tolerably dry decks and other unusual comforts), when suddenly the ship STRUCK! A rush upon deck followed

of course. The men (I mean the crew! think of this) were kicking off their shoes and throwing off their jackets preparatory to swimming ashore; the pilot was beside himself; the passengers dismayed; and everything in the most intolerable confusion and hurry. Breakers were roaring ahead; the land within a couple of hundred yards; and the vessel driving upon the surf, although her paddles were worked backwards, and everything done to stay her course. It is not the custom of steamers, it seems, to have an anchor ready. An accident occurred in getting ours over the side; and for half an hour we were throwing up rockets, burning blue lights, and firing signals of distress, all of which remained unanswered, though we were so close to the shore that we could see the waving branches of the trees. All this time, as we veered about, a man was heaving the lead every two minutes; the depths of water constantly decreasing; and nobody self-possessed but Hewitt. They let go the anchor at last, got out a boat, and sent her ashore with the fourth officer, the pilot, and four men aboard, to try and find out where we were. The pilot had no idea; but Hewitt put his little finger upon a certain part of the chart, and was as confident of the exact spot (though he had never been there in his life) as if he had lived there from infancy. The boat's return about an hour afterwards proved him to be quite right.[†1] We had got into a place called the Eastern-passage, in a sudden fog and through the pilot's folly. We had struck upon a mud-bank, and driven into a perfect little pond, surrounded by banks and rocks and shoals of all kinds: the only safe speck in the place. Eased by

this report, and the assurance that the tide was past the ebb, we turned in at three o'clock in the morning, to lie there all night.

CD describes their landing at Halifax on 20 Jan.

Then, sir, comes a breathless man who has been already into the ship and out again, shouting my name as he tears along. I stop, arm in arm with the little doctor[†2] whom I have taken ashore for oysters. The breathless man introduces

himself as The Speaker of the house of assembly;[†1] *will* drag me away to his house; and *will* have a carriage and his wife sent down for Kate, who is laid up with a hideously swoln face.[†2] Then he drags me up to the Governor's house (Lord Falkland[†3] is the governor), and then Heaven knows where; concluding with both houses of parliament, which happen to meet for the session that very day, and are opened by a mock speech from the throne delivered by the governor, with one of Lord Grey's sons[†4] for his aide-de-camp, and a great host of officers about him. I wish you could have seen the crowds cheering the inimitable[†5] in the streets. I wish you could have seen judges, law-officers, bishops, and law-makers welcoming the inimitable. I wish you could have seen the inimitable shown to a great elbow-chair by the Speaker's throne, and sitting alone in the middle of the floor of the house of commons, the observed of all observers,[†6] listening with exemplary gravity to the queerest speaking possible, and breaking in spite of himself into a smile as he thought of this commencement to the Thousand and One stories in reserve for home and Lincoln's-inn fields and Jack Straw's-castle.—Ah, Forster! when I *do* come back again!——

To T. C. GRATTAN,[†7] 22 JANUARY 1842†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* T. C. Grattan Esquire | 11 Franklin Street.

Tremont House.[†8] | Saturday Night January 22nd. 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I have received your kind note with great pleasure, and shall be delighted to shake hands with you. I regret that we cannot dine with you tomorrow, for Lord

Mulgrave (who goes on to Montreal on Monday Morning to rejoin his regiment) is with us, and we have entered into a solemn league and covenant to dine alone together, after the [†a]fatigues and perils of a most tempestuous passage.[†a] But I hope you will give us another opportunity of enjoying your hospitality.

Mrs. Dickens begs to be commended to Mrs. Grattan. So do I. I look forward to seeing you sometime tomorrow, and am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. C. Grattan Esquire.

To FREDERICK A. WHITWELL,[†1] 22 JANUARY [1842]*

MS Maine Historical Society. *Address:* Fredk. A. Whitwell Esquire | 48 Chesnut[†2] Street. *Date:* CD's "1841" clearly written absent-mindedly.

Tremont House | Saturday Night | January Twenty Second 1841.

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your polite offer[†3]—the more so, because I have the greatest possible respect for Dr. Channing,[†4] and hold him in the very highest estimation.

I fear, however, that after the fatigues of the Voyage we shall not be in church-going order tomorrow morning—not to mention our having no change of dress:[†1] our luggage being still on board.

We are not the less indebted to you. Mrs. Dickens begs her compliments to yourself, and to your sister,[†2]—in which I cordially join. I am always Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. A Whitwell Esquire.

To G. W. MINNS,[†3] 23 JANUARY 1842

Extract from letter formerly in possession of the Philadelphia Library Company; dated Tremont House, Boston, 23 Jan 42.

I beg you to thank the Committee.[†4] *Continues that he will receive them at half-past ten.*[†5]

To [HENRY DEXTER],[†1] [25 JANUARY 1842]

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Clearly to Henry Dexter since he and Alexander were the only people in America to whom CD consented to sit, and he sat to Alexander on Tues 25th. *Date:* No doubt CD had originally arranged to give first sittings to both Alexander and Dexter on the Tuesday, but to Dexter earlier in the day—at Tremont House, while he ate his breakfast.

Tremont House. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I very much regret that I am *obliged*[†2] by the pressure of correspondence, and by my late rising this morning (consequent on the fatigues of yesterday)[†3] to postpone our sitting until tomorrow at the same hour.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MR AND MRS GEORGE BANCROFT,[†1] 25 JANUARY 1842

Extract in Samuel T. Freeman & Co. catalogue, April 1937; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Tremont House, 25 Jan 42.

Mr. & Mrs. Dickens have great pleasure in accepting Mr. & Mrs. Bancroft's[†2] kind invitation for Thursday evening next.[†3]

To JOSEPH M. FIELD,[†4] 25 JANUARY 1842

MS Boston Public Library.

Tremont House | January Twenty Fifth | 1842.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Field, and is extremely obliged to him for the MS he had the goodness to send last night.[†5] Though

Mr. Dickens had not received any such mark of Mr. Field's courtesy and attention, he would still have felt it a pleasure and a duty to thank him for his most ingenious compliment, which afforded him very high gratification and entertainment.[†1]

To CHARLES SUMNER,[†2] 25 JANUARY 1842*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

Tremont House | January Twenty Fifth 1842.

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks to you for your note. I hoped to have seen you this morning, but I have been beset and torn to pieces all day long.[†3] I shall trust myself in

your den[†1] tomorrow, or if not tomorrow, next day. My will leads me there. My visitors keep me here. Cannot we plot to have *one* quiet day together, before I go away?[†2]

Believe me ever | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Sumner Esquire.

To W. W. GREENOUGH,[†3] 26 JANUARY 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tremont House | Twenty Sixth January 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am truly sorry that I cannot accept the welcome Invitation you have given me on behalf of your club.[†4] Pray assure the gentlemen[†5] who compose it, when you thank them cordially and warmly in my name, that if I had had but one disengaged day (which I have not) I should have been proud and happy to pass it in their society.

Faithfully Yours—and theirs—
CHARLES DICKENS

W. W. Greenough Esquire

To CHESTER HARDING,[†6] 26 JANUARY 1842*

Photograph, Longfellow House.

Tremont House | January Twenty Sixth 1842.

Dear Sir

I am much flattered and obliged by your request,[†7] and would willingly accede

to it, if I had the time—if I could, with the slightest regard to my personal comfort, health, or exercise. But I really cannot. Believe me that I regret it very much.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Chester Harding Esquire.

To GENERAL TWIGGS,[†1] 26 JANUARY 1842

MS[†2] Private. *Address:* General Twigg[†3] | Tremont House.

Tremont House | January 26th. 1842.

My dear Sir.

I shall be happy to see you, and your friend at four o'clock this afternoon, if that hour will suit your convenience.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

To DR R. H. COLLYER,[†5] 27 JANUARY 1842

Text from *Boston Morning Post*, 1 Feb 42.

Tremont House | 27 January 1842

Dear Sir,

If we can possibly arrange it, I shall be much interested in seeing your cases,

when you come to Boston.[†1] With regard to my opinion on the subject of Mesmerism, I have no hesitation in saying that I have closely watched Dr. Elliotson's[†2] experiments from the first[†3]—that he is one of my most intimate and valued friends—that I have the utmost reliance on his honor, character, and ability, and would trust my life in his hands at any time—and that after what I have seen with my own eyes and observed with my own senses, I should be untrue both to him and myself, if I should shrink[†4] for a moment from saying that I am a believer,[†5] and that I became so against all my preconceived opinions.[†4]

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS[†6]

To Dr. Collyer[†4]

To EDMUND B. GREEN,[†7] 27 JANUARY 1842

Text from *New England Weekly Review*, 5 Feb 42.

Tremont House, Boston, | Twenty Seventh January, 1842[†8]

My Dear Sir,

Pray assure my friends in Hartford, that I joyfully and gladly accept their most welcome invitation—that I shall arrange to meet you at Springfield, on Monday week;[†9] and that I shall have the pleasure of dining with them on

Wednesday following.[†1] Add that I shall ever remember my Thirtieth Birthday, (the intervening Tuesday) as the season of their kindness and congratulation, above all my other birthdays, past, present, or to come.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund B. Green, Esquire.

To JARED SPARKS,[†2] 27 JANUARY [1842]

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1926; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tremont House, 27 Jan.

Saying that he and Catherine intended to call on him before they left Boston. †3

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 27 JANUARY 1842*

MS City Library Association, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Tremont House. | January Twenty Seventh 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am truly sorry to be obliged to refuse you, but I am so much fatigued, and have been so totally deprived of any opportunity of walking or riding, that I have resolved (among other wise resolutions) to sit no more to anyone during my stay in America.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To N. P. WILLIS,†1 27 JANUARY [1842]

Extract in Madigan's Autograph Bulletin, n.d. [?1931-2]; dated Tremont House, Boston, 27 Jan.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your cordial welcome and shall be very glad indeed to renew our acquaintance.†2 I can scarcely hope, our movements being very rapid and uncertain, to enjoy the hospitality of your cottage,†3 but I shall look forward to seeing you at least; and to making Mrs. Dickens known to your lady.†4

To THE NEW YORK DINNER COMMITTEE,†5 ?27 JANUARY 1842

Text from the *New York Tribune*, 9 Feb 42. *Date:* probably correct, since date in printed source is clearly based on CD's usual style. (For doubts about other 27 Jan letters, see next, *To* Alexander, *hn* and *fns.*)

Tremont House, Boston | 27th January 1842

My Dear Sirs,

I need not tell you that I accept with inexpressible pride and pleasure the invitation with which you have honored me, and I cannot tell you how much moved and gratified I have been by the terms in which it is conveyed. Your kind

and earnest words have done my heart good—you have made me feel indeed that I am no stranger among you, and I have looked at your names a hundred times, as if they were the faces of old friends.

As nearly as I can guess I shall be in New-York on Saturday the 12th of February, or it may be a day earlier. Any day toward the latter end of the following week that will suit you will suit me.[†1]

Be assured that you cannot name any time which will not be a bright day in the calendar of my life; and that all hours and seasons will be alike welcome to me.

Believe me, dear Sirs, with cordial and affectionate regard,

Your faithful friend,
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To the Committee, &c. &c. &c., New-York.

To FRANCIS ALEXANDER,[†3] [?27 JANUARY 1842]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* 26 Jan if CD's "Wednesday" correct; but according to Putnam ("Four Months with CD ... By his Secretary", *Atlantic Monthly*, XXVI [1870], 477), himself elsewhere accurate over dates, it was in the "forenoon" of the Thursday (27 Jan) that CD mentioned to Alexander his need of

a secretary,[†1] which he followed up later that day with a note, almost certainly the note below—probably written (if Thursday night 27 Jan is accepted) in the interval between his return from F. C. Gray's dinner and his departure with Catherine for two evening parties (see *To* Bancroft, 25 Jan, *fn*): see *fn*.

Tremont House. | Wednesday Night

My Dear Sir.

Will you (I forgot to ask you just now) speak to Mr. Putnam[†2] for me, and bespeak his assistance[†3] *during the time I am in Boston*? If I find him very useful,— then I can propose to him to travel with me, in such a manner as will not displease him.[†4]

I need hardly say that if he can call upon me early tomorrow morning, he will relieve me very much.

Yours and Mrs. Alexander's[†1] | Affectionately
(and pro. tem.[†2] knocked up)
BOZ

To C. C. FELTON,[†3] 27 JANUARY [1842]*

MS[†4] Mr Noel C. Peyrouton.

Tremont House Jan 27

My dear Sir

Mrs. Dickens and myself will have great pleasure in dining with you on Tuesday next[†5] at 5 o clock.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Felton

To G. W. ROBERTS,[†6] 27 JANUARY [1842]

MS[†7] Mr Noel C. Peyrouton.

Tremont House Jan 27

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your consideration. I shall be at leisure, and glad to see you,

at 3 o clock tomorrow.[†1] In the matter of business I should add, perhaps, at once that I have no intention of writing while I remain in America, except once for the Knickerbocker;[†2] and that I leave all publishing arrangements to my publishers in London.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Roberts Esq

To ROBERT H. MORRIS,[†3] 28 JANUARY 1842

Text from *New York Tribune,* 3 Feb 42.

Tremont House, Boston | Jan. 28, 1842

My Dear Sir,

I beg to convey to the Committee of Gentlemen,[†4] whose organ you are, my hearty and cordial thanks for their most kind congratulations; and my glad acceptance of the honor they propose to confer upon me.[†5]

I have had the pleasure of seeing your agent,[†1] and of explaining my movements and arrangements to that gentleman.

Rest assured, that I shall only be too proud and happy to meet you at any time you may appoint, after receiving his explanation of my engagements.[†2]

With many thanks to you and the Committee, generally, I am, my dear Sir, yours, faithfully and obliged,

CHARLES DICKENS

Robert H. Morris, Esq.

To DAVID C. COLDEN,[†3] 28 JANUARY 1842

Mention in Colden *to* CD, 29 Jan 42.

Referring to the Ball Committee's invitation, and evidently telling Colden that he would not be arriving in New York until the 12th. [†4]

To THE REV. H. F. [HARRINGTON],[†1] 28 JANUARY [1842]*

MS[†2] Longfellow House. *Address:* Subscription reads "Hannington"; presumably CD had misread Harrington's signature.

Tremont House Jan 28

Dear Sir,

I very much regret not having seen you when you did me the favor to call here. I am much gratified by the communication you have made to me from the young men of Providence, and I assure you I am unaffectedly sorry that I cannot meet them and personally reciprocate their kind feelings at present. Although the distance from Boston is so short[†3] it is an almost insurmountable journey to me; every moment of my time being fully occupied and every morning and evening engaged during the whole term of my stay here.

I beg you to return my hearty thanks to those on whose behalf you have communicated with me and to say that I still look forward to meeting them when I return this way next June.[†4]

I scarcely know what to say in relation to that part of your earnest letter in which you speak of the effect my books have had upon your life, but I can honestly tell you that I have never received from any quarter, public or private, any testimony of their usefulness which has impressed me more—or any encouragement to proceed in the same course which I shall longer remember.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Rev Henry F Hannington | Providence. | R.I.

To THE REV. W. E. CHANNING, 29 JANUARY 1842*

MS[†5] Rhode Island Historical Society.

Tremont House | Jan 29 | 1842.

My Dear Dr. Channing,

I shall indeed be glad to shake hands with you in the free and friendly way you speak of, and if you and Mrs. Channing[†6] will let us come and Breakfast with you on Wednesday morning,[†7] and will let me know in one word at what hour, we shall be delighted to meet you.

About the other engagement I am very much afraid that our time is wholly occupied, but we will settle that point, when we see each other.[†1]

In the mean while I am always, believe me, with high esteem and regard,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Rev. Dr. Channing.

To RICHARD HENRY DANA, [?SR],[†2] 29 JANUARY 1842

Text transcribed by Prof. Edgar Johnson from MS then in possession of H. W. L. Dana. *Address:* Since neither call nor invitation to call is mentioned in the *Journal of R. H. Dana, Jr.*, ed. R. F. Lucid, probably letter, like that of 4 Feb with similar subscription, was written to R. H. Dana, Sr.

Tremont House | Twenty Ninth January 1842

My Dear Sir,

I shall be very happy to see you at Eleven o'clock Monday Morning, if that hour will suit your convenience.

Believe me | With true regard
Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Dana Esquire

To MRS GEORGE HILLARD,[†3] 29 JANUARY 1842

Mention, without addressee's name, in *To* Forster, 29 Jan; identified in Felton *to* Sumner, 8 Feb[†4] (MS Houghton Library, Harvard).

Crying off a party at Mrs Hillard's that evening on the grounds of exhaustion. †5

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 JANUARY 1842]

Extract in F, III, ii, 205-7 (resumption of letter begun 17 Jan, continued 21 Jan). *Date:* "Saturday the 28th of January" according to F, III, ii, 205; but 28 Jan was Friday. Since CD refers to leaving Boston "next Saturday" he was presumably writing not on Friday 28th but on Saturday 29th—a date clinched by Forster's statement (F, III, ii, 206) that "there were but two days more before the post left for England". The *Britannia* sailed from Boston on 1 Feb. *From* Tremont House.

As the Cunard boats have a wharf of their own at the custom-house, and that a narrow one, we were a long time (an hour at least) working in. I was standing in full fig on the paddle-box beside the captain, staring about me, when suddenly, long before we were moored to the wharf, a dozen men came leaping on board at the peril of their lives, with great bundles of newspapers under their arms; worsted comforters (very much the worse for wear) round their necks; and so forth. "Aha!" says I, "this is like our London-bridge": believing of course that these visitors were news-boys. But what do you think of their being EDITORS? And what do you think of their tearing violently up to me and beginning to shake hands like madmen? Oh! If you could have seen how I wrung their wrists! And if you could but know how I hated one man in very dirty gaiters, and with very protruding upper teeth, who said to all comers after him, "So you've been introduced to our friend Dickens—eh?"†1 There was one among them, though, who really was of use; a Doctor S, editor of the ——.†2 He ran off here (two miles at least), and ordered rooms and dinner. And in course of time Kate, and I, and Lord Mulgrave (who was going back to his regiment at Montreal on Monday, and had agreed to live with us in the meanwhile) sat down in a spacious and

handsome room to a very handsome dinner, 'bating peculiarities of putting on table, and had forgotten the ship entirely. A Mr. Alexander, to whom I had written from England promising to sit for a portrait, was on board directly we touched the land, and brought us here in his carriage. Then, after sending a present of most beautiful flowers, he left us to ourselves, and we thanked him for it.

How can I tell you what has happened since that first day? How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here;†1 of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day; of the people that line the streets when I go out; of the cheering when I went to the theatre;†2 of the copies of verses, letters of congratulation, welcomes of all kinds, balls, dinners, assemblies without end? There is to be a public dinner to me here in Boston, next Tuesday, and great dissatisfaction has been given to the many by the high price (three pounds sterling each) of the tickets.†3 There is to be a ball next Monday week at New York, and 150 names appear on the list of the committee. There is to be a dinner in the same place, in the same week, to which I have had an invitation with every known name in America appended to it. But what can I tell you about any of these things which will give you the slightest notion of the enthusiastic greeting

they give me, or the cry that runs through the whole country! I have had deputations from the Far West, who have come from more than two thousand miles distance:[†4] from the lakes, the rivers, the back-woods, the log-houses,[†5] the cities, factories, villages, and towns. Authorities from nearly all the States have written to me. I have heard from the universities, congress, senate, and bodies, public and private, of every sort and kind. "It is no nonsense, and no common feeling," wrote Dr. Channing to me yesterday. "It is all heart. There never was, and never will be, such a

triumph." And it is a good thing, is it not, ... to find those fancies it has given me and you the greatest satisfaction to think of, at the core of it all? It makes my heart quieter, and me a more retiring, sober, tranquil man to watch the effect of those thoughts in all this noise and hurry, even than if I sat, pen in hand, to put them down for the first time. I feel, in the best aspects of this welcome, something of the presence and influence of that spirit which directs my life, and through a heavy sorrow has pointed upwards with unchanging finger for more than four years past. And if I know my heart, not twenty times this praise would move me to an act of folly....

We leave here next Saturday. We go to a place called Worcester, about 75 miles off, to the house of the governor of this place;[†1] and stay with him all Sunday.[†2] On Monday we go on by railroad about 50 miles further to a town called Springfield, where I am met by a "reception committee" from Hartford 20 miles further, and carried on by the multitude: I am sure I don't know how, but I shouldn't wonder if they appear with a triumphal car.[†3] On Wednesday[†4] I have a public dinner there. On Friday I shall be obliged to present myself in public again, at a place called Newhaven,[†5] about 30 miles further. On Saturday evening I hope to be at New York; and there I shall stay ten days or a fortnight. You will suppose that I have enough to do. I am sitting for a portrait and for a bust. I have the correspondence of a secretary of state, and the engagements of a fashionable physician. I have a secretary whom I take on with me. He is a young man of the name of Q;[†6] was strongly recommended to me; is most modest, obliging, silent, and willing; and does his work *well.* He boards and lodges at my expense when we travel; and his salary is ten dollars per month—about two pounds five of our English money. There will be dinners and balls at Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and I believe everywhere. In Canada, I have promised to *play* at the theatre with the officers, for the benefit of a charity.[†7] We are already weary, at times, past all expression; and I finish this by means of a pious fraud. We were engaged to a party, and have written to say we are both desperately ill.[†8] ... "Well," I can fancy you saying, "but about his impressions of Boston and the Americans?"—Of the latter, I will not say a word until I have seen more of them, and have gone into the interior. I will only say, now, that we have never yet been required to dine at a table d'hôte;[†9] that, thus far, our rooms

are as much our own here, as they would be at the Clarendon;[†1] that but for an odd phrase now and then—such as *Snap of cold weather;* a *tongue-y man*[†2] for a talkative fellow; *Possible?* as a solitary interrogation; and *Yes?* for indeed—I should have marked, so far, no difference whatever between the parties here and those I have left behind. The woman are very beautiful, but they soon fade;[†3] the general breeding is neither stiff nor forward; the good nature, universal. If you ask the way to a place—of some common

waterside man, who don't know you from Adam—he turns and goes with you. Universal deference is paid to ladies;[†4] and they walk about at all seasons, wholly unprotected.... This hotel is a trifle smaller than Finsbury-square; and is made so infernally hot (I use the expression advisedly) by means of a furnace with pipes running through the passages, that we can hardly bear it. There are no curtains to the beds, or to the bedroom windows. I am told there never are, hardly, all through America. The bedrooms are indeed very bare of furniture. Ours is nearly as large as your great room, and has a wardrobe in it of painted wood not larger (I appeal to K) than an English watch box. I slept in this room for two nights, quite satisfied with the belief that it was a shower bath.

To [?THE SECRETARY, BROTHERS IN UNITY], [?LATE JANUARY 1842]

Extract in the *Collector*, Dec 1894, VIII, 35; dated Tremont House, 1842—clearly before *To* Frederick Dickens, 30 Jan, which mentions his New Haven engagement.

Pray assure the "Brothers in Unity"[†5] that I accept with great pride and satisfaction the distinction they offer me.[†6]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 30 JANUARY 1842[†7*]

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* By "The Britannia" Steamer. | Frederick Dickens Esquire | Commissariat | Treasury | London | England.

My dear Fred. You were quite right, and may retire from public life upon an honorable independence, as soon as you please. Hewett *did* stand upon the paddle box—with a brazen speaking trumpet in his hand—wherewith he gave

his orders to the men, which were passed by sundry officers in handsome naval uniforms, from one to another, until they reached the required point. You should see the engines of one of these large vessels. There are thirty men, who attend to them alone. The sea ran so high all the way, that when we came into Boston, the funnel which was properly red, was *white* to the top, with the ocean's Salt. Such a battered looking ship as it was, you can hardly imagine. When we put into Halifax, the fragments of our broken life boat still hung upon the deck. The rumour ran from mouth to mouth, that we had picked up the wreck of one of the poor President's[†1] boats at sea; and the crowd came down for splinters of it, as valuable curiosities!

I was ill for 5 days—Kate for 6. After that time we managed our knives and forks with great credit to ourselves and expense to the Cunard Company. In winter time, and with such heavy weather, it is a most miserable voyage— wretched and uncomfortable beyond all description.

I can't tell you what they do here to welcome me, or how they cheer and shout on all occasions—in the streets—in the Theatres[†2]—within doors—and wherever I go. But Forster holds the papers I have sent him, in trust to communicate their news to everybody. I have only time to write one letter, which is anything like a letter. He has it, and will tell you all.

We leave here on Saturday, and go with the Governor to a place called Worcester where we stay all Sunday. On Monday we go to a place called Springfield, and there we are publicly met by the citizens of Hartford, and carried on to that place; where—on Wednesday[†3]—I have a public dinner. On Thursday, I have another public reception at Newhaven. On Saturday, we reach New York. On Monday they give me a great ball there, the Committee for which, alone, is 150 strong. In the same week a great public dinner, and a[nother][†4] dinner with a club.[†5] I believe this is to go on all through the States. You may sup[pose][†4] I have not much time to spare.

I have engaged a very good and modest secretary, who lives with us w[hen][†4]

we travel, and has ten dollars a month. He does his work very well, and I like him much.

God bless you and the darling children.[†1] I long to be at home.

Always Your affectionate brother.

C.D.

I inclose the Giniril's receipts.[†2] As Park[†3] saw us on board, will you call upon him—remember me to him—say I had no time to write before the packet left— and tell him all the News? Will you do the same by Stanfield,[†4] *without loss of time*?

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 JANUARY 1842]

Extracts in F, III, ii, 207-8, and F, III, i, 200 (final addition to letter begun 17 Jan, continued 21st and 29th). *Date:* According to F, III, ii, 207, the addition "bore date the 29th of January"—i.e. was written on day after portion misdated by CD 28 Jan but clearly 29 Jan (see *To* Forster, 29 Jan, *hn*).

I hardly know what to add to all this long and unconnected history. Dana,[†5] the author of that *Two Years before the Mast*,[†6] is a very nice fellow indeed;[†7] and

in appearance not at all the man you would expect. He is short, mild-looking, and has a care-worn face. His father is exactly like George Cruikshank after a night's jollity—only shorter. The professors at the Cambridge university,[†1] Longfellow,[†2] Felton, Jared Sparks, are noble fellows. So is Kenyon's[†3] friend,

Ticknor.[†1] Bancroft is a famous man; a straightforward, manly, earnest heart; and talks much of you, which is a great comfort.[†2] Doctor Channing I will tell you more of, after I have breakfasted alone with him next Wednesday.... Sumner is of great service to me.[†3] ... The president of the Senate here[†4] presides at my dinner on Tuesday. Lord Mulgrave lingered with us till last Tuesday (we had our little captain to dinner on

the Monday), and then went on to Canada. Kate is quite well, and so is Anne, whose smartness surpasses belief. They yearn for home, and so do I.

Of course you will not see in the papers any true account of our voyage, for they keep the dangers of the passage, when there are any, very quiet. I observed so many perils peculiar to steamers that I am still undecided whether we shall not return by one of the New York liners.[†5] On the night of the storm, I was wondering within myself where we should be, if the chimney were blown overboard: in which case, it needs no great observation to discover that the vessel must be instantly on fire from stem to stern.[†6] When I went on deck next day,

I saw that it was held up by a perfect forest of chains and ropes, which had been rigged in the night. Hewitt told me (when we were on shore, not before) that they had men lashed, hoisted up, and swinging there, all through the gale, getting these stays about it. This is not agreeable—is it?

... [†a]How little I thought the first time you mounted the shapeless coat, that I should have such a sad association with its back as when I saw it by the paddle-box of that small steamer.[†a]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?30 or 31 JANUARY 1842]

Mention in Maclise *to* Forster, n.d., and in *To* Maclise, 22 Mar. *Date:* On 22 Mar CD mentions having already written Maclise two letters—one of them on 27 Feb. Almost certainly the other (untraced) was written at the end of Jan, when CD dispatched letters to Macready, Mitton, Fred Dickens and Forster, ready for mail leaving 1 Feb.[†1]

To DAVID C. COLDEN, 31 JANUARY 1842*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. *Address:* David Colden Esquire | New York.

Tremont House, Boston. | January Thirty First 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I thank the Committee very much; and have booked Monday the Fourteenth for the Ball.[†2] Be assured that there is no likelihood of my forming any other engagement for that Evening.[†3]

In the matter of my first appearance before my friends in New York, I shall be so proud to avail myself of that first opportunity of meeting them, that I shall put myself wholly into the hands of the Committee, and lead quite a secluded life until they "bring me out".[†1]

We shall be delighted to dine with you on the Sunday, and also to go to church with you[†2]—*if* we are not too tired out by the business of the previous week, to get up early enough.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial Regards.

Always believe me | My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David Colden Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 31 JANUARY 1842

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* By the "Britannia" Steamer | Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London | England.

Tremont House, Boston, | Thirty First January 1842.

My Dear Mitton.

I am so exhausted with the life I am obliged to lead here, that I have had time to write but one letter, which is at all deserving of the name, as giving any account of our movements. Forster has it, in trust to tell you all its news; and he has also some newspapers which I had an opportunity of sending him,[†3] in which you will find further particulars of our progress.

We had a dreadful passage—the worst (the officers all concur in saying) that they have ever known. We were 18 days coming; experienced a dreadful storm which swept away our paddle boxes and stove our life boats; and ran aground besides, near Halifax, among rocks and breakers, where we lay at anchor all night. After we left the English Channel,[†1] we had only one fine day. And we had the additional discomfort of being 86 passengers. I was ill five days—Kate six—though indeed she had a swelled face,[†2] and suffered the utmost terror all the way.[†3]

I can give you no conception of my welcome here. There never was a King or Emperor upon the Earth, so cheered, and followed by crowds, and entertained in Public at splendid balls and dinners, and waited on by public bodies and deputations of all kinds. I have had one from the Far West:[†4] a journey of 2,000 miles! If I go out in a carriage, the crowd surround it and escort me home. If I go to the Theatre, the whole house (crowded to the roof) rises as one man, and the timbers ring again. You cannot imagine what it is. I have 5 Great Public Dinners on hand at this moment,[†5] and Invitations from every town, and village, and city, in the States.

There is a great deal afloat here, in the way of subjects for description. I keep my eyes open, pretty wide; and hope to have done so to some purpose, by the time I come home.

When you write to me again—I say again; hoping that your first letter will be soon upon its way here—direct to me to the care of David Colden Esquire, New York. He will forward all communications by the quickest conveyance, and will be perfectly acquainted with all my movements.

Always Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 31 JANUARY 1842*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* By The "Britannia" Steamer. | W. C. Macready Esquire | Clarence Terrace | Regents Park | London | England.

Tremont House, Boston. | Thirty First January 1842.

My Dear Macready.

I have hardly time, here, to dress—undress—and go to bed. As yet, I have

had no time whatever for exercise. You may suppose I have very little for writing. This last consideration is the greatest annoyance I have.

I have, however, written one pretty long letter, and sent it to Forster—In trust to read it to you. I have penned it from time to time, and it contains some news. I have sent him at the same time a little box of letters which will interest you, I think—among them, some from David Colden[†1] who is a *hearty*[†2] fellow. There are Newspapers too in the same Dispatch.[†3]

It is impossible to tell you what a reception I have had here. They cheer me in the Theatres;[†4] in the streets; within doors; and without. I have a public dinner here tomorrow—another at Hartford on Wednesday[†5]—another at Newhaven on Thursday[†6]—a great Ball in New York on Monday the Fourteenth—a Great Public dinner at the same place in the same week—another dinner in the same place, with a club—and entertainments of all kinds, in perspective, all through the States. Deputations and Committees wait upon me every day—some have come 2000 miles—it is nothing to say that they carry me through the country on their shoulders, or that they flock about me as if I were an Idol. Nothing will express their affectionate greeting—I only wish to God that you could see it.

I won't say a word about the Americans until I have gone further. It is enough to say, now, that they are as delicate, as considerate, as careful of giving the least offence, as the best Englishmen I ever saw.—I like their behaviour to Ladies infinitely better than that of my own countrymen; and their Institutions I reverence, love, and honor.[†7]

We had a terrible passage—as you will learn from Kate's letter to Mrs. Macready. I hope to write you at greater length from New York.

How I am longing for a letter from you! How often we think of Drury Lane, and wonder what you're doing, and say 'Now the curtain's going up—now the halfprice is coming in—now they're calling for Macready'. We have agreed not to believe that there is any difference between the clocks here and those at home;[†8] and we find it a marvellous satisfaction.

My Dear Macready I won't thank you for the peace of mind you have given us, and the perfect confidence we have through you in our dear children being well cared-for, and thoroughly happy.—If I could but shake hands with you, on the penalty of not saying one word—as they shewed the figures of the absent,

in the Magic Mirror of the Fairy Tale[†1]—I could express more in one squeeze than in a score of letters.

I thirst for news of Drury Lane. I don't know how we shall restrain ourselves when the time approaches for the arrival of the packet.

God bless you My Dear Macready!

Ever Your attached and most affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To LORD JEFFREY, [LATE JANUARY 1842]

Mention in *To* Colden, 4 Apr, as posted from Boston 2 Feb.

February

To W. W. GREENOUGH, 1 FEBRUARY 1842*

Text from copy formerly owned by Edward F. Payne.

Tremont House Feb. 1. 1842

My Dear Sir,

I shall expect the Committee[†2] at the hour you mention, and have no alteration to suggest in so pleasant an arrangement. Believe me always,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

W. W. Greenough, Esq.

To DR FRANCIS DANA,[†3] 2 FEBRUARY [1842]*

MS[†4] Longfellow House.

Tremont House Feb 2nd.

My dear Sir

In answer to your inquiry I beg to say that I know Mr. Townshend[†5] well. He is a gentleman of Independent fortune and station in Society, and of very

high and varied attainments. I need scarcely add that whatever he says is perfectly true; and that I have no doubt relative to any one of the statements contained in his Book.[†1]

Dear Sir I am | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Doctor Dana

To A. R. DUNTON,[†2] 2 FEBRUARY 1842

Text from the *Boston Daily Mail,* 3 Mar 42.

Tremont House | Feb. 2, 1842

Dear Sir,

Mrs. Dickens and myself are exceedingly obliged for those beautiful and elegant specimens of Penmanship and Card Marking which you have done us the favor to present us with. Our friends who have seen them pronounce them equal to copper plate. We shall have pleasure in showing them in our country as a specimen of Yankee ingenuity. Hoping you will ever prosper, you will please accept our thanks, and believe me

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. A. R. Dunton

To MISS THEODA DAVIS FOSTER,[†3] 2 FEBRUARY 1842

Text from *Memorial Sketch of Theoda Davis Foster Bush* By her Husband, Boston, 1890, p. 27.

Tremont House, Boston | 2nd February, 1842

Dear Madam,

What can I say to your very interesting letter?[†4] That it has afforded me the utmost satisfaction of heart and the truest delight? You know that, I am sure, already.

I can but thank you, but I do so with a sincerity which may attach some value to my words; and in the same spirit I assure you, my unknown friend, that I am ever

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. D. F.[†1]

To UNKNOWN LADIES OF PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS,[†2] 2 FEBRUARY [1842]

Text from the *New York Herald,* 27 Feb 42.

Tremont House, February 2d.

My Dear Ladies,

I wish I could bring my whole head among you, but being prevented, (by reason of the arrangements I have made for going elsewhere) I confess that I am afraid to send you a lock of my hair, as the precedent would be one of a most dangerous and alarming kind, and likely to terminate before long in my total baldness.[†3]

You see how very candidly I deal with you. If I had been of a deceitful nature, nothing would have been easier for me to do, than to have got a lock of hair from one of the waiters, and forwarded it to you by post.

But, as I have had much pleasure in the receipt of your letter, and feel that I may treat you with perfect confidence, I prefer even to refuse your request, and to throw myself upon your merciful consideration.

Dear Ladies, I am ever | Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. MOSES STUART,[†4] 2 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS[†5] Northwestern Mutual Insurance Company, Seattle.

Tremont House Feb 2 1842

My dear Sir

I thank you very much for your pleasant letter. I wish I could come to see

you. I wish I had half an hour, or had had half an hour, during my short stay in this City.

I hope to return this way. If I do, I shall look forward to meeting you. In the mean time commend me and Mrs. Dickens to your family and believe me

dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev Moses Stuart.

To GEORGE TICKNOR, 2 FEBRUARY 1842†

MS Berg Collection.

Tremont House, Boston | Second February 1842.

My Dear Sir.

Thank you for your kind note.

†aI fear (oh if you only knew the full extent of my "engagements"!)†1 that I shall not be able to accompany you until I return this way,—which I hope to do.†a But I am not the less obliged to you, or the less desirous to avail myself of your thoughtful proffer.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Ticknor Esquire

To THE EDITOR OF THE *BUNKER-HILL AURORA,*†2 [EARLY FEBRUARY 1842]

Summary from *Bunker-Hill Aurora*, 5 Feb 42.

Protesting that the sketch of his life, †3 *as published in the last issue of that paper, contained statements about his birth and parentage, and that of Mrs Dickens, which were entirely new to him.* †4

To RICHARD HENRY DANA,†1 4 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Richard Dana Esquire | Boston.

Tremont House, Boston. | Fourth February 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I thank you most heartily, for your kind note of this morning,†2 and for the copy of Bryants†3 Poems†4 you have given me. I assure you that I shall prize it very highly for your sake; and that I attach no common value to your kind and affectionate expressions.

I shall hope to see you again, before I leave this country. But in England or America, I shall never fail to look back with pleasure to our brief intercourse, or to be with sincere regard, My Dear Sir,

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Dana Esquire

To JAMES T. FIELDS,†5 4 FEBRUARY [1842]*

MS†6 Mr Philo Calhoun. *Address: To* James T. Fields according to cutting from Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue, n.d.

Tremont House Feb 4.

Dear Sir.

Not having the Book with me I really forget the date of the Publication of the

Pickwick Papers.[†1] But I think the first number appeared six years ago, come the last day of next March. Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?4 FEBRUARY 1842]

Extract in F, III, ii, 208-9. *Date:* Though quoted by Forster as the conclusion of letter begun 17 Jan, ended 30 Jan, dispatched by the *Britannia* 1 Feb, must clearly have been written later. Muddled though he was about dates himself, CD could scarcely refer to his birthday as "next Tuesday" until Tues 1 Feb; and the only factories he is known to have visited from Boston were those at Lowell, on 3 Feb. Probably this (and more) was written shortly before he left Boston on the 5th, but instead of being posted the following Tuesday (in Hartford) it formed part of the letter posted in New York on 14 Feb—the one Forster so firmly calls CD's "second".

I wonder whether you will remember that next Tuesday is my birthday![†2] This letter will leave here that morning.

On looking back through these sheets,[†3] I am astonished to find how little I have told you, and how much I have, even now, in store which shall be yours by word of mouth. The American poor, the American factories,[†4] the institutions of all kinds[†5]—I have a book, already. There is no man in this town, or in this State

of New England, who has not a blazing fire and a meat dinner every day of his life. A flaming sword in the air would not attract so much attention as a beggar in the streets. There are no charity uniforms, no wearisome repetition of the same dull ugly dress, in that blind school.[†1] All are attired after their own tastes, and every boy and girl has his or her invididuality as distinct and unimpaired as you would find it in their own homes. At the theatres, all the ladies sit in the fronts of the boxes. The gallery are as quiet as the dress circle at dear Drury-lane. A man with seven heads would be no sight at all, compared with one who couldn't read and write.

I won't speak (I say "speak"! I wish I could) about the dear precious children, because I know how much we shall hear about them when we receive those letters from home for which we long so ardently.

To WILLIAM WETMORE STORY,[†2] 4 FEBRUARY [1842]

Extract in Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 174; dated Tremont House, 4 Feb, in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2201.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note, and for your letter of introduction, which, you may readily suppose, I shall not fail to deliver. I have already a letter and Pamphlet for your Father,[†3] from Lord Brougham[†4] and I shall be very happy indeed, when the opportunity presents itself to deliver them.

To MISS TUTHILL,[†1] 7 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS Huntington Library.

City Hotel, Hertford[†2] | Seventh February 1842.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Tuthill, and begs to thank her, both for her book,[†3] and her most acceptable and welcome note. Mr. Dickens has not the heart to say "Dear Madam", which has even a more formal appearance than this mode of address.—He is cordially obliged to her; and earnestly assures her that she was not mistaken in supposing that her gift would be received and acknowledged with pleasure.

To THE REV. R. C. WATERSTON,[†4] 7 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Private.

City Hotel. Hertford | Seventh February 1842.

My Dear Sir.

You have not mistaken me. I have a deep and strong interest in children, and in all creatures who appeal through their helplessness to our gentleness and mercy— in children most especially. They need more friends in England than they have.

It was not a sister of my own, I lost.[†5] She was my wife's sister. God knows that no tie of blood could have bound her closer to me, or endeared her to me more. She was but seventeen when she died; and she died in one night. She lay down upon her bed in perfect health and beauty; and never rose again, but in the Spirit.

I will not tell you how sorely I was tried, four years ago last May, by this bereavement—nor how dearly I loved her; my constant affectionate, and chosen

companion—nor in what respects I hope this sorrow has gradually made me a better man—nor how I have learnt to look beyond the Grave—and tried, in one of my stories, to divest it of some of its terrors. It is enough to say that I *feel* what you have written and sent to me; that it touches me very much; and that I *thank* you.

I hope yet[†1] to avail myself of your good company in visiting the poor of Boston.[†2] In the meanwhile and always—with best wishes for yourself and your lady,[†3] in which Mrs. Dickens unites—I am My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend R. C. Waterston.

To ARTHUR LIVERMORE,[†4] 8 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS New Hampshire Historical Society.

City Hotel Hertford. | Eighth February 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am truly obliged to you for your frank and hospitable Invitation. I fear that the course I have marked out (which is *not* restricted to highways and cities) will keep us apart;[†5] but I feel equally indebted to you for your kindness.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to convey to you her best regards and thanks.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Livermore Esquire

To THE YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE, NEW HAVEN, [?8 FEBRUARY 1842]

Mention in the *American Traveller,* Boston, 15 Feb 42. *Date:* shortly after his arrival in Hartford, where he found their letter awaiting him.

Saying in reply to an invitation to deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Institute on Thurs 10 Feb that he had never delivered a lecture in his life, but would be happy to listen to one on the evening in question. [†6]

To [?GEORGE] GRIFFIN,[†1] [?8 FEBRUARY 1842]

Mention in next. *Date:* the day before that letter.

To MRS LYDIA SIGOURNEY,[†2] [?9] FEBRUARY 1842*

MS Connecticut Historical Society. *Date:* 10 Feb was Thursday, not Wednesday, in 1842. Since Mrs Sigourney had written verses to welcome CD[†3] which were recited at the Hartford Dinner on Tues 8 Feb, when no doubt she met him, it seems more likely that CD wrote to her on Wed 9th suggesting the 10th for her call than that it should be left till the 11th, his

last day in Hartford, when he visited jails and asylums in the morning and left for New Haven at 5 p.m. (*To* Forster, 17 Feb).[†4]

City Hotel, Hertford
Wednesday February Tenth 1842.

Dear Mrs. Sigourney.

I am very sorry to say that owing to a mistake on the part of my Secretary, Mr. Griffin's letter[†5] went to New York last night by the Post.

I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow, between twelve and two.—Mrs. Dickens is much better,[†6] and sends her best regards.

Always believe me | Your friend and warm admirer
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Sigourney.

To [?THE SECRETARY, BROTHERS IN UNITY], [?9 FEBRUARY 1842]

Mention in *To* Forster, 17 Feb. *Date:* probably the day before he had originally intended to leave for New Haven.

Cancelling his engagement for Thurs 10 Feb because his wife was unwell and needed a further day's rest at Hartford. [†1]

To I. H. ADAMS,[†2] 10 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Goodspeeds Book Shop. *Address:* I. H. Adams Esquire. | City Hotel.

City Hotel, Hertford. | Tenth February 1842.

My Dear Sir.

We beg to thank you (to whom we understand we are indebted for the exquisite pleasure we received last night) for your most beautiful Serenade. If you knew how much delight it afforded us, and how many thoughts of home and those who make it dearest, your charming performance awakened; you would feel how inadequate this acknowledgement is—almost as strongly as we do.

With the sincere hope that you may long live to elevate and refine the hearts of your friends by the help of such sweet sounds; and that your feeling for the tender and mournful may never have a sadder origin than in your innate power of expression and perfect appreciation of the Poet's meaning, we are

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CATHERINE DICKENS
CHARLES DICKENS

I. H. Adams Esquire

I need scarcely add that we beg to include your friend Mr. Boedenhare,[†3] in our grateful recollections.

To JOSEPH S. SMITH,[†4] 12 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Private

Carlton House New York.[†5] | Twelfth February 1842.

My Dear Sir

Let me say, in answer to your letter, that the wanderings, history, and death of Nell, are quite imaginary, and wholly fictitious.

That many of the feelings which grow out of this little Story and are suggested by it, are familiar to me, I need scarcely say. The grave has closed over very deep affection and strong love of mine. So far, and no farther, there is Truth in it.

I do not usually answer questions having this reference, so freely. But yours is an honest letter, I believe. Therefore I give you an honest answer.

Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Jos. S. Smith.

To JONATHAN CHAPMAN,[†1] [?12 FEBRUARY 1842]

Mention in Chapman *to* CD, 14 Feb.[†2] *Date:* Chapman was clearly answering a note he had newly received from CD, probably written on 12 Feb, the day he reached New York.

Presumably thanking Chapman for his kindness in Boston and proposing that they should regard their friendship as an "alliance".

To CUTHBERT C. GORDON,[†3] 13 FEBRUARY [1842]

MS[†4] Princeton University Library.

Carlton House | Feby. 13th.

Dear Sir—

Your kind and welcome letter awaited me here yesterday. It did not reach Boston until after I had left.

I scarcely know how to thank you for the earnest manner in which you have conveyed to me the distinguished compliment of the directors of the Mercantile Library Association.[†5] I can only beg you to assure those gentlemen that I highly appreciate and esteem the honor they have done me, and that I shall not fail to take an early opportunity of visiting their Institution.

To you, personally, I can say no more than that you have given me unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction—that I thank you for it with all my heart—and that

I am | Dear Sir | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Cuthbert C. Gordon Esq.

To MESSRS LEA & BLANCHARD,[†1] 13 FEBRUARY 1842

Text from *Dickensian,* XI (1913), 260.

Carlton House, New York, | Thirteenth February, 1842.

My Dear Sirs,

I am cordially obliged to you for your thoughtful recollection, and for the box of books.[†2] Accept my very best thanks.

I shall be exceedingly glad to know you, and shake hands with you when I come to Philadelphia, where I shall be, I hope, (though for a very few days) in a fortnight at furthest.[†3]

I shall be glad to have, too—of course, between ourselves—some information on a business point which occurs to my mind just now.[†4]

The intelligence of the long faces[†5] had reached my ears before I received your letter. I am truly sorry for the cause of their elongation, and wish them short again with all my heart.

Dear Sirs, | Always faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

To SAMUEL WARD,[†6] 13 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Sunday. Thirteenth February | 1842.

My Dear Sir.

We are—not seven,[†7] but fourteen.[†8] Our whole fortnight is engaged. Wherefore, let it remain—Wednesday.[†9]

— III - 58 —

I write this with my hands in a basin of water; being in the very act of trimming myself for going out. Mrs. D unites with me in best regards. And I am always

Faithfully Yours | (I take my shortest name)

BOZ

Samuel Ward Esquire

To WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,[†1] 14 FEBRUARY 1842

Text from Parke Godwin, *A Biography of William Cullen Bryant*, New York, 1883, I, 395.

Carlton House. | February 14, 1842.

My Dear Sir,

With one exception (and that's Irving)[†2] you are the man I most wanted to see

— III - 59 —

in America.[†1] You have been here twice, and I have not seen you. The fault was not mine; for on the evening of my arrival committee-gentlemen were coming in and out until long after I had your card put into my hands. As I lost what I most eagerly longed for, I ask you for your sympathy, and not for your forgiveness. Now, I want to know when you will come and breakfast with me: and I don't call to leave a card at your door before asking you, because I love you too well to be ceremonious with you. I have a thumbed book at home, so well worn that it has nothing upon the back but one gilt "B," and the remotest possible traces of a "y."[†2] My credentials are in my earnest admiration of its beautiful contents. Any day but next Monday or next Sunday. Time, half-past ten. Just say in writing, "My dear Dickens, such a day. Yours ever." Will you?[†3]

Your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 FEBRUARY 1842]

Extract and summary in F, III, iii, 214, and mention in *To* Forster, 17 Feb; probably the conclusion of the letter begun ?4 Feb. *Date:* 14 Feb according to Forster. *From* the Carlton Hotel, New York.

Saying that he had spoken about international copyright twice publicly,[†4] to the great indignation of some of the editors here, who are attacking me for so doing,

— III - 60 —

right and left;[†1] *that all the best men*[†2] *had assured him that, if only at once followed up in England, the blow struck might bring about a change in the law; and—yielding to the agreeable delusion that the best*

men could be a match for the worst in such a matter— urging Forster to enlist what force was obtainable and in particular (since CD had made Scott's claim his war cry) to bring Lockhart into the field. He enclosed a newspaper and the Ball Committee's report on the Boz Ball.[†3]

— III - 61 —

To EDMUND B. GREEN, 14 FEBRUARY 1842

Text from the *New World*, 26 Feb 42.

Carlton House, New York, | February 14th, 1842.

My Dear Sir,

I see you have taken my life into your paper.[†1] It is so wildly imaginative, and so perfectly new to me, I could not help writing to the editor of the Bunker Hill Aurora, (in which I first saw it) to compliment him on the rich fancy of its author, whose imaginative biography, both of myself and my better half, is the most remarkable invention I ever met with.[†2]

If I enter my protest against its being received as a strictly veracious account of my existence down to the present time, it is only because I may one of these days be induced to lay violent hands upon myself—in other words attempt my own life[†3]—in which case, the gentleman unknown, would be quoted as authority against me.

Always faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To Edmund B. Green, Esq.

— III - 62 —

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK,[†1] 15 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS Mr N. C. Peyrouton.

Carlton House | Fifteenth February 1842.

My Dear Sir

We must postpone our breakfast, I grieve to say, for a day or two. I have been in bed all day with a violent sore throat—and have been obliged to have a doctor—and am not myself by any means—though if resolutions to that effect will do it, I mean to be quite well tomorrow.

My best regards to Mrs. Clark[†2]—Mrs. Dickens unites with me in all good wishes.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

[L.][†3] Gaylord[†4] Clark Esquire

To CHARLES A. DAVIS,[†5] [15 FEBRUARY 1842]

Mention in *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851,* ed. A. Nevins, New York, 1936, p. 588. *Date:* Diary entry of 16 Feb refers to CD's apology of the day before.

Apologizing for being unable to come to a dinner party at Davis's house that evening, since he was confined to his room with a sore throat and was prohibited by the doctor from going out. [†6]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 FEBRUARY [1842]

Mention in C. F. Libbie catalogue, Apr 1904; *MS* 1 p.; dated 15 Feb, from New York.

A business letter.

To A COMMITTEE OF GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA,[†1] [?15 FEBRUARY 1842]

Mention in *Philadelphia Gazette,* Wednesday Afternoon, 16 Feb, quoting a report in the *Chronicle* of that morning. *Date:* more likely to have been written on the 15th when exhausted by the Boz Ball and ill with his sore throat (see *To* Forster, 17 Feb) than on the day of the Ball itself.

Declining a public dinner offered him by a Committee of Gentlemen of Philadelphia, and saying that his stay would be short and he wished to see the people. [†2]

To THE YOUNG MEN OF BALTIMORE,[†3] [?15 FEBRUARY 1842]

Mention in *To* Forster, 24 Feb. *Date:* On 10 Feb, after CD had left Boston, Dana recorded in his journal: "Letter to Dickens upon business confided to me from Baltimore. Wm. Watson to take it, as a letter of introduction" (*The Journal of R. H. Dana, Jr.,* ed. R. F. Lucid, I, 61). Watson, a New York lawyer, presumably delivered the letter shortly after CD's arrival in New York, and CD's refusal was perhaps written on the day he declined the Philadelphia dinner.

Declining their invitation to a Public Dinner. [†4]

To CHARLES H. DELAVAN,[†5] 16 FEBRUARY [1842]

Text from *New York Tribune,* 23 Feb 42.

Carlton House, February 16

Dear Sir,

I very much regret, and so does Mrs. Dickens, that in consequence of the numerous engagements which we have made, it is not in our power to accept

the welcome invitation of the New York Mechanics' Institute.[†1] And I assure you that I regret this the more because I have formed the very highest respect for the object which brings them together on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, and for its great influence upon the most valuable portions of society.[†2]

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully and obliged,
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles H. Delevan, Esq.

To [WILLIAM] MITCHELL,[†3] 16 FEBRUARY [1842]*

MS[†4] Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Undoubtedly to William Mitchell, but "J B" in subscription shows that CD had forgotten his first name (cf. subscription "R. Mitchell Esquire" in letter of 30 Apr).

Carlton House Feby. 16th.

My dear Sir.

I am really obliged to you for your frank and courteous letter. If, during our short and hurried stay, Mrs. Dickens and I can make but one escape to your pleasant Theatre,[†5] trust me that we shall only be too happy to do so,[†6] as[†7] the Drama is one of our most constant amusements in London and some of our dearest friends are intimately connected with it.

For myself I have perhaps a stronger interest in you than you suspect. I was a very staunch admirer of yours (and I paid in those days) at the Queens[†8]

Theatre in the remote times of the "wandering minstrel",[†1] and the "revolt of the Workhouse".[†2] I was constantly with you at the Strand Theatre, both before and after that time. I followed you to Covent Garden when you did very good things in a very bad part in "His first Campaign".[†3] Thence I tracked you to Brahams[†4] and lost you thereabouts to find you at the Ball the other night.

I am truly glad to hear on all sides that you are meeting with the success you deserve; and I hope it may be prolonged and increased until you see fit to come back to England again, a rich man.[†5]

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. B. Mitchell Esq.

To EDMUND S. SIMPSON,[†6] 16 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Carlton House. | Sixteenth February 1842.

Dear Sir.

I write to you from my bed; and I am truly sorry to say that I do so for the purpose of informing you that I cannot attend the Ball tonight,[†7] owing to an inflammatory affection of the throat which confined me to the house during the whole of yesterday, and obliges me to keep my room to day.

I am sure I need not tell you how very much I regret this disappointment, or how great an effort I would make to come to the Theatre, if I could do so with any degree of prudence. But you will see by the inclosed[†8] that my doctor

expressly forbids it; and if you could see me, you would be at no loss to discover the soundness of his reasons for doing so.[†1]

I am Dear Sir Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Simpson Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, 17 FEBRUARY 1842

Extract in F, III, iii, 214-18.

Carlton-house, New York: Thursday, February Seventeenth, 1842

As there is a sailing-packet from here to England to-morrow which is warranted (by the owners) to be a marvellous fast sailer, and as it appears most probable that she will reach home (I write the word with a pang) before the Cunard steamer of next month, I indite this letter.[†2] And lest this letter should reach you before another letter which I dispatched from here last Monday, let me say in the first place that I *did* dispatch a brief epistle to you on that day, together with a newspaper,[†3] and a pamphlet touching the Boz ball;[†4] and that I put in the post-office at Boston another newspaper for you containing an account of the dinner,[†5] which was just about to come off, you remember, when I wrote to you from that city.

It was a most superb affair; and the speaking *admirable*.[†1] Indeed the general talent for public speaking here, is one of the most striking of the things that force themselves upon an Englishman's notice. As every man looks on to being a member of Congress, every man prepares himself for it; and the result is quite surprising. You will observe one odd custom—the drinking of sentiments. It is quite extinct with us, but here everybody is expected to be prepared with an epigram as a matter of course.[†2]

We left Boston on the fifth, and went away with the governor of the city to stay till Monday at his house at Worcester.[†3] He married a sister of Bancroft's,[†4]

and another sister of Bancroft's[†1] went down with us. The village of Worcester is one of the prettiest in New England.[†2] ... On Monday morning at nine o'clock we started again by railroad and went on to Springfield, where a deputation of two were waiting, and everything was in readiness that the utmost attention could suggest. Owing to the mildness of the weather, the Connecticut river was "open," videlicet not frozen, and they had a steamboat[†3] ready to carry us on to Hartford; thus saving a land-journey of only twenty-five miles, but on such roads at this time of year that it takes nearly twelve hours to accomplish! The boat was very small, the river full of floating blocks of ice, and the depth where we went (to avoid the ice and the current) not more than a few inches. After two hours and a half of this queer travelling we got to Hartford. There, there was quite an English inn;[†4] except in respect of the bed-rooms, which are always uncomfortable; and the best committee of management that has yet presented itself. They kept us more quiet, and were more considerate and thoughtful, even to their own exclusion, than any I have yet had to deal with. Kate's face being horribly bad, I determined to give her a rest here; and accordingly wrote to get rid of my engagement at Newhaven,[†5] on that plea. We remained in this town until the eleventh: holding a formal levee every day for two hours, and receiving on each from two hundred to three hundred people. At five o'clock on the afternoon of the eleventh, we set off (still by railroad) for Newhaven, which we reached about eight o'clock. The moment we had had tea, we were forced to open another levee for the students and professors of the college[†6] (the largest in the States), and the townspeople. I suppose we shook hands, before going to bed, with considerably more than five hundred people; and I stood, as a matter of course, the whole time.[†7] ...

Now, the deputation of two had come on with us from Hartford; and at Newhaven there was another committee; and the immense fatigue and worry of all this, no words can exaggerate. We had been in the morning over jails and deaf and dumb asylums;[†1] had stopped on the journey at a place called Wallingford, where a whole town had turned out to see me, and to gratify whose curiosity the train stopped expressly; had had a day of great excitement and exertion on the Thursday (this being Friday); and were inexpressibly worn out. And when at last we got to bed and were "going" to fall asleep, the choristers of the college turned out in a body, under the window, and serenaded us! We had had, by the bye, another serenade at Hartford, from a Mr. Adams[†2] (a nephew of John Quincey Adams)[†3] and a German friend. *They* were most beautiful singers: and when they began, in the dead of the night, in a long, musical, echoing passage outside our chamber door; singing, in low voices to guitars, about home and absent friends and other topics that they knew would interest us; we were more moved than I can tell you.[†4] In the midst of my sentimentality though, a thought occurred to me which made me laugh so immoderately that I was obliged to cover my face with the bedclothes. "Good Heavens!" I said to Kate, "what a monstrously ridiculous and commonplace appearance my boots must have, outside the door!" I never *was* so impressed with a sense of the absurdity of boots, in all my life.

The Newhaven serenade was not so good; though there were a great many voices, and a "reg'lar" band. It hadn't the heart of the other. Before it was six hours old, we were dressing with might and main, and making ready for our departure: it being a drive of twenty minutes to the steamboat, and the hour of

sailing nine o'clock. After a hasty breakfast we started off; and after another levee on the deck (actually on the deck), and "three times three for Dickens," moved towards New York.

I was delighted to find on board a Mr. Felton whom I had known at Boston. He is the Greek professor at Cambridge, and was going on to the ball and dinner. Like most men of his class whom I have seen, he is a most delightful fellow— unaffected, hearty, genial, jolly; quite an Englishman of the best sort. We drank all the porter on board, ate all the cold pork and cheese, and were very merry indeed.[†5] I should have told you, in its proper place, that both at Hartford and

Newhaven a regular bank was subscribed, by these committees, for *all* my expenses. No bill was to be got at the bar, and everything was paid for. But as I would on no account suffer this to be done, I stoutly and positively refused to budge an inch until Mr. Q should have received the bills from the landlord's own hands, and paid them to the last farthing. Finding it impossible to move me, they suffered me, most unwillingly, to carry the point.

About half past 2, we arrived here. In half an hour more, we reached this hotel, where a very splendid suite of rooms was prepared for us;[†1] and where everything is very comfortable, and no doubt (as at Boston) *enormously* dear.[†2] Just as we sat down to dinner, David Colden made his appearance; and when he had gone, and we were taking our wine, Washington Irving[†3] came in alone, with open arms. And here he stopped, until ten o'clock at night.[†4] Having got so far,

I shall divide my discourse into four points. First, the ball. Secondly, some slight specimens of a certain phase of character in the Americans. Thirdly, international copyright. Fourthly, my life here, and projects to be carried out while I remain.

Firstly, the ball. It came off last Monday (vide pamphlet). "At a quarter past 9, exactly," (I quote the printed order of proceeding), we were waited upon by "David Colden, Esquire, and General George Morris;"[†1] habited, the former in full ball costume, the latter in the full dress uniform of Heaven knows what regiment of militia. The general took Kate, Colden gave his arm to me, and we proceeded downstairs to a carriage at the door, which took us to the stage door of the theatre: greatly to the disappointment of an enormous crowd who were besetting the main door, and making a most tremendous hullaballoo. The scene on our entrance was very striking. There were three thousand people present in full dress; from the roof to the floor, the theatre was decorated magnificently;[†2] and the light, glitter, glare, show, noise, and cheering, baffle my descriptive powers. We were walked in through the centre of the centre dress-box, the front whereof was taken out for the occasion; so to the back of the stage, where the mayor and other dignitaries received us; and we were then paraded all round the enormous ball-room, twice, for the gratification of the many-headed. That done, we began to dance—Heaven knows how we did it, for there was no room.[†3] And we continued dancing until, being no longer able even to stand, we slipped away quietly, and came back to the hotel. All the documents connected with this extraordinary festival (quite unparalleled here) we have preserved;[†4] so

you may suppose that on this head alone we shall have enough to show you when we come home. The bill of fare for supper, is, in its amount and extent, quite a curiosity.[†1]

Now, the phase of character in the Americans which amuses me most, was put before me in its most amusing shape by the circumstances attending this affair. I had noticed it before, and have since, but I cannot better illustrate it than by reference to this theme. Of course I can do nothing but in some shape or other it gets into the newspapers. All manner of lies get there, and occasionally a truth so twisted and distorted that it has as much resemblance to the real fact as Quilp's leg to Taglioni's.[†2] But with this ball to come off, the newspapers were if possible unusually loquacious; and in their accounts of me, and my seeings, sayings, and doings on the Saturday night and Sunday before, they describe my manner, mode of speaking, dressing, and so forth.[†3] In doing this, they report that I am a very charming fellow (of course), and have a very free and easy way with me; "which," say they, "at first amused a few fashionables;" but soon pleased them exceedingly. Another paper, coming after the ball, dwells upon its splendour and brilliancy; hugs itself and its readers upon all that Dickens saw;[†4] and winds up by gravely expressing its conviction, that Dickens was never in such society in England as he has seen in New York,[†5] and that its

high and striking tone cannot fail to make an indelible impression on his mind! For the same reason I am always represented, whenever I appear in public, as being "very pale;" "apparently thunderstruck;" and utterly confounded by all I see.[†1] ... You recognize the queer vanity which is at the root of all this? I have plenty of stories in connection with it to amuse you with when I return.

To FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,[†2] 17 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Professor Ronald Paulson.

Carlton House. | Seventeenth February 1842

My Dear Sir

Will you come and breakfast with me on Tuesday the Twenty Second, at half

past ten? Say yes.[†1] I should have been truly delighted to have a talk with you tonight (being quite alone) but the Doctor says that if I talk to man, woman, or child this Evening, I shall be dumb tomorrow.

Believe me with true regard

Faithfully | Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Fitzgreene Halleck Esquire

To THE EDITOR OF THE *NEW YORK HERALD*,[†2] 19 FEBRUARY 1842

Summary in *New York Herald*, 20 Feb 42.

Returning the draft report of his speech at the New York Dinner, the evening before, and expressing "his highest encomiums at its remarkable accuracy". †3

To J. P. GEBLER,†4 J. M. DAVIS,†5 T. B. FLORENCE,†6 J. G. BRESLEY,†7 20 FEBRUARY [1842]

Text from *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, 23 Feb 42.

Carlton House, Feb 20th.

Dear Sirs,

I thank you for your letter.†8 No man subscribes more heartily to the sentiments you express in reference to the worth of that class of society which you represent,†9 than I do; and I unaffectedly assure you that I am proud of your good opinion.

I have already†10 declined various invitations to a public reception in Philadelphia,

but I shall be exceedingly glad to shake hands with you when I arrive there, and shall hope that you will give me an opportunity of doing so.†1

I remain, gentlemen, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To John P. Gebler, James M. Davis, Thomas B. Florence, John G. Bresley, Esqrs.

To SAMUEL WARD, 21 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

To Samuel Ward Esquire

Carlton House. | Twenty First February 1842

God forgive me! I was already engaged for Sunday.†2 I thought it could scarcely be that I—I, the devoted one; the sacrifice—could have a morning to myself. Pity and pardon the miserable, but not impenitent
BOZ.

Ask me to breakfast when I return here—do.†3

To M. F. WHITTIER,†1 21 FEBRUARY [1842]

Mention in John Anderson Jr. catalogue No. 152 and George D. Smith catalogue, n.d. [?1907]; *MS* 1 p.; dated Carlton House, 21 Feb.

Acknowledging a letter. Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To JONATHAN CHAPMAN, 22 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Carlton House, New York. | Twenty Second February 1842.

My Dear Friend.

Here's my hand.—Our alliance is complete.[†3] Let the Sea rise never so high between us, we will rise higher. And when you come to England, we will have such walks and talks together, as shall indemnify us for years of separation.[†4]

I am sick to death of the life I have been leading here—worn out in mind and body—and quite weary and distressed. I have declined all future Invitations of a public nature; and mean to be resolute from this time forth. I am a splendid illustration of the wisdom of the fable concerning the old man and his ass. Half the population take it ill if I *do* go where I am asked; and the other half take it ill if I *don't.* So I mean, in future, to consult my own wishes,—and those of no other person in this Hemisphere.

I have never in my life been so shocked and disgusted, or made so sick and sore at heart, as I have been by the treatment I have received here (in America I mean), in reference to the International Copyright question. I,—the greatest loser by[†5] the existing Law, alive,—say in perfect good humour and disinterestedness (for God knows that I have little hope of its ever being changed in my time) that I hope the day will come when Writers will be justly treated; and straightway there fall upon me scores of your newspapers; imputing motives to me, the

very suggestion of which turns my blood to gall; and attacking me in such terms of vagabond scurrility as they would denounce no murderer with.[†1] I vow to Heaven that the scorn and indignation I have felt under this unmanly and ungenerous treatment has been to me an amount of agony such as I never experienced since my birth. But it has had the one good effect of making me iron upon this theme; and iron I will be, here and at home, by word of mouth and in writing, as long as I can articulate a syllable, or hold a pen.

I open my whole heart to you, you see! I write in such a spirit of confidence that I pour out all I have felt upon this subject,—though I have said nothing in reference to it, even to my wife.[†2] This is a foretaste of what you have brought upon yourself.

I shall be in Washington, about the sixth or seventh of March.[†3] While I am there, I will write to you again; and I shall hope to see your handwriting before I go further South. How I wish that you were not Mayor of Boston, and would join us there, and travel with us until the end of May![†4]

Always Your faithful | And affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Jonathan Chapman Esquire

To CHARLES WILSON PEALE,[†5] 22 FEBRUARY [1842]

Extract in Dodd, Mead Company catalogue No. 90; *MS* 1 p.; dated Carlton House, 22 Feb.

I beg to acknowledge your invitation to visit your store. I am sorry to add, however, that as every "moment" of my time is engaged during the whole of the remainder of my short stay in the City, I cannot have an opportunity of doing so.[†6]

To MRS MARY GRIFFITH,[†7] 23 FEBRUARY [1842]*

MS[†8] Mr N. C. Peyrouton.

Carlton House Feby. 23rd.

My dear Madam.

Let me thank you heartily for your kind and interesting letter and for the books[†9] which accompanied it.

I wish it were in my power to come to see you, but I have no leisure for anything I wish to do; and can only thank you on that head also.

And lastly, let me thank you for the letter of introduction to your daughter.[†1] But I shall only be three days at Philda., and I greatly fear that I may never deliver it.

Rest assured that if I can, I will, and

Believe me | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Mary Griffith.

To HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 23 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Carlton House. | Twenty Third February 1842.

My Dear Longfellow.

You are coming to England, you know.—Now, listen to me. When you return to London, I shall be there, Please God. Write to me from the Continent, and tell me when to expect you. We live quietly—not uncomfortably— and among people whom I am sure you would like to know; as much as they would like to know you. Have no home but mine—see nothing in town on your way towards Germany—and let me be your London host and cicerone.[†2] Is this a bargain?

Always | Faithfully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Longfellow.

To UNKNOWN BOOKSELLER, [23 FEBRUARY 1842]

Mention in *To* Forster, 24 Feb 42.[†3]

Refusing him financial help.

To JOHN S. BARTLETT,[†1] 24 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Doheny Memorial Library, California.

Private and Confidential
Carlton House. | Twenty Fourth February 1842.

My Dear Sir.

Our friend Clark[†2] has shewn me your letter. It is so very generous and manly, and is couched in so true a spirit, that I cannot help inflicting this note upon you, in reply.

I do not expect that any alteration will take place in the Law of International Copyright, until I am past the sense of Justice or Injustice, and my children are fighting their own way in the World. Until the Law is altered nothing can be done through the General Honesty and Good Feeling. The absence of all Generosity, Honor, or Truth which distinguishes the gross assaults that have been made upon me, here, for alluding to the subject, sufficiently assures me of *that.*

I thank you, nevertheless, for your frank note; and hold the feeling which dictated it, in unaffected respect.[†3]

I have just received a communication, which is such an exquisite satire upon some of the loudest upholders of the existing system, that I cannot forbear sending it to you—with full permission to print it, if you like.[†4] The circumstances of its receipt are these.—A man came here the day before yesterday, and demanded—not besought—demanded pecuniary assistance from the gentleman who acts as my secretary: on the ground that he was an itinerant vendor of books, and had earned his living by selling mine. As his manner was extremely offensive and bullying, and as I really did not recognize the validity of his *claim*, I begged the gentleman aforesaid, to write him a note to the effect that I every day received a vast number of similar applications (which I need scarcely say is the Truth)—that if I were a man of large fortune, I could not assist all those who appealed to me—and that I regretted the not being able to assist him. Upon the receipt of this epistle, he sent me the inclosed. Will you return it to me by

post in the course of tomorrow, as I wish to save it for England? It is much too good to be lost.[†1]

My Dear Sir, I am always,
Faithfully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

John. S. Bartlett Esquire

To WILLIAM C. BARTON,[†2] 24 FEBRUARY [1842]*

MS[†3] Dr Noël J. Cortés.

Carlton House February 24

Dear Sir

I have read your letter with much pleasure and cordially thank you for it.

I am a little surprised by the question you ask, as the whole meaning and purpose of the story pointed to that end or none. I am not aware that I can give you any better reason for Nell's death than you will find in the last paragraph of page 352 of Lea and Blanchards American Edition of the tale.[†4]

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Wm. C. Barton Esq.

To MRS DAVID C. COLDEN,[†5] 24 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* With a small parcel.[†6] | Mrs. Colden | 28 Laight Street | Hudson Square.

Carlton House. | Twenty Fourth February 1842.

My Dear Mrs. Colden.

Kate told me when I had my hair docked t'other day,[†7] that you wanted some of it to give away. I am so desirous to live in your recollection, and in that of your good husband and esteemed family, that I have been vain enough to have a very small specimen of my head, set in the accompanying little brooch; of

which, with more good wishes than I can express, and a sincerer meaning than I can convey to you, I entreat your acceptance.[†1]

To THOMAS B. FLORENCE, 24 FEBRUARY [1842]

Text from American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1924; *MS* 2 pp.

Carlton House | February 24

I beg to refer you again to my former letter[†2] which you seem to have misunderstood. I wished and still wish to respectfully decline any Public reception or recognition of any kind; and I beg most earnestly to repeat this desire.

Faithfully | your friend
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To THE REV. W. B. SPRAGUE,[†4] 24 FEBRUARY [1842]

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2029 (1926); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Carlton House, 24 Feb.

Saying that he expects to be in Albany before June. [†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, 24 FEBRUARY [1842]

Extract in F, III, iii, 218-23 (continuation of letter begun 17 Feb).

Twenty-fourth February

It is unnecessary to say ... that this letter *didn't* come by the sailing packet, and *will* come by the Cunard boat.[†6] After the ball I was laid up with a very bad sore throat, which confined me to the house four whole days; and as I was unable to write, or indeed to do anything but doze and drink lemonade, I missed the ship.... I have still a horrible cold, and so has Kate, but in other respects we are all right. I proceed to my third head: the international copyright question.

I believe there is no country, on the face of the earth, where there is less freedom of opinion on any subject in reference to which there is a broad difference of opinion, than in this.[†7]—There!—I write the words with reluctance,

disappointment, and sorrow; but I believe it from the bottom of my soul. I spoke, as you know, of international copyright, at Boston; and I spoke of it again at Hartford.[†1] My friends were paralysed with wonder at such audacious daring. The notion that I, a man alone by himself, in America, should venture to suggest to the Americans that there was one point on which they were neither just to their own countrymen nor to us, actually struck the boldest dumb! Washington Irving, Prescott, Hoffman,[†2] Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Washington Allston[†3]—every man who writes in this country is devoted to the question, and not one of them *dares* to raise his voice and complain of the atrocious state of the law.[†4] It is nothing that of all men living I am the greatest loser by it. It is nothing that I have a claim to speak and be heard. The wonder is that a breathing man can be found with temerity enough to suggest to the Americans the possibility of their having done wrong. I wish you could have seen the faces that I saw, down both

sides of the table at Hartford, when I began to talk about Scott.[†1] I wish you could have heard how I gave it out. My blood so boiled as I thought of the monstrous injustice that I felt as if I were twelve feet high when I thrust it down their throats.

I had no sooner made that second speech than such an outcry began (for the purpose of deterring me from doing the like in this city) as an Englishman can form no notion of.[†2] Anonymous letters; verbal dissuasions; newspaper attacks making Colt (a murderer who is attracting great attention here)[†3] an angel by comparison with me; assertions that I was no gentleman, but a mere mercenary scoundrel; coupled with the most monstrous mis-representations relative to my design and purpose in visiting the United States;[†4] came pouring in upon me every day. The dinner committee here (composed of the first gentlemen in America, remember that) were so dismayed, that they besought me[†5] not to pursue the subject *although they every one agreed with me.* I answered that I would. That nothing should deter me.... That the shame was theirs, not mine; and that as I would not spare them when I got home, I would not be silenced here. Accordingly, when the night came, I asserted my right, with all the means I could command to give it dignity, in face, manner, or words;[†6] and

I believe that if you could have seen and heard me, you would have loved me better for it than ever you did in your life.[†1]

The *New York Herald*, which you will receive with this,[†2] is the *Satirist*[†3] of America;[†4] but having a great circulation (on account of its commercial intelligence and early news) it can afford to secure the best reporters.[†5] ... My speech is done, upon the whole, with remarkable accuracy. There are a great many typographical errors in it; and by the omission of one or two words, or the substitution of one word for another, it is often materially weakened. Thus I did not say that I "claimed" my right, but that I "asserted" it; and I did not say

that I had "some claim," but that I had "a most righteous claim," to speak. But altogether it is very correct.[†1],[†2]

The effect of all this copyright agitation at least has been to awaken a great sensation on both sides of the subject; the respectable newspapers and reviews taking up the cudgels as strongly in my favour,[†3] as the others have done against me. Some of the vagabonds take great credit to themselves (grant us patience!) for having made me popular by publishing my books in newspapers:[†4] as if there were no England, no Scotland,[†5] no Germany,[†6] no place but America in the whole world. A splendid satire upon this kind of trash has just occurred. A man came here yesterday, and demanded, not besought but demanded, pecuniary assistance; and fairly bullied Mr. Q for money. When I came home, I dictated a letter to this effect—that such applications reached me in vast numbers every day; that if I were a man of fortune, I could not render assistance to all who sought it; and that, depending on my own exertion for all the help I could give, I regretted to say I could afford him none. Upon this, my gentleman sits down and writes me that he is an itinerant bookseller; that he is the first man who sold my books in New York; that he is distressed in the city where I am revelling in luxury; that he thinks it rather strange that the man who

wrote *Nickleby* should be utterly destitute of feeling; and that he would have me "take care I don't repent it." What do you think of *that*?[†7]—as Mac would say. I thought it such a good

commentary, that I dispatched the letter to the editor of the only English newspaper here,[†1] and told him he might print it if he liked.

I will tell you what *I* should like, my dear friend, always supposing that your judgment concurs with mine; and that you would take the trouble to get such a document. I should like to have a short letter addressed to me,[†2] by the principal English authors who signed the international copyright petition,[†3] expressive of their sense that I have done my duty to the cause. I am sure I deserve it, but I don't wish it on that ground. It is because its publication in the best journals here would unquestionably do great good. As the gauntlet is down, let us go on. Clay[†4] has already sent a gentleman to me express from Washington (where I shall be on the 6th or 7th of next month) to declare his strong interest in the matter, his cordial approval of the "manly" course I have held in reference to it, and his desire to stir in it if possible.[†5] I have lighted up such a blaze[†6] that a meeting of

the foremost people on the other side (very respectfully and properly conducted in reference to me, personally, I am bound to say) was held in this town 'tother[†1] night.[†2] And it would be a thousand pities if we did not strike as hard as we can, now that the iron is so hot.

I have come at last, and it is time I did, to my life here, and intentions for the future. I can do nothing that I want to do, go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair. If I visit a public institution, with only one friend, the directors come down incontinently, waylay me in the yard, and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so inclosed and hemmed about by people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted for want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything, to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighbourhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman preaches *at* me. I take my seat in a railroad car, and the very conductor won't leave me alone. I get out at a station, and can't drink a glass of water, without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow.[†3] Conceive what all this is! Then by every post, letters on letters arrive, all about nothing, and all demanding an immediate answer. This man is offended because I won't live in his house; and that man is thoroughly disgusted because I won't go out more than four times in one evening. I have no rest or peace, and am in a perpetual worry.

Under these febrile circumstances, which this climate especially favors, I have come to the resolution that I will not (so far as my will has anything to do with the matter) accept any more public entertainments or public recognitions of any kind, during my stay in the United States;[†4] and in pursuance of this determination I have refused invitations from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,

Virginia, Albany, and Providence.[†1] Heaven knows whether this will be effectual, but I shall soon see, for on Monday morning the 28th we leave for Philadelphia.[†2] There, I shall only stay three days. Thence we go to Baltimore, and *there* I shall only stay three days. Thence to Washington, where we may stay perhaps ten days; perhaps not so long. Thence to Virginia, where we may halt for one day; and thence to Charleston[†3], where we may pass a week perhaps; and where we shall very likely remain until your March letters reach us, through David Colden. I had a design of going from Charleston to Columbia in South Carolina, and there engaging a carriage, a baggage-tender and negro boy to guard the same, and a saddle-horse for myself—with which caravan I intended going "right away," as they say here, into the west, through the wilds of Kentucky and Tennessee, across the Alleghany-mountains, and so on until we should strike the lakes and could get to Canada.[†4] But it has been represented to me that this is a track only known to travelling merchants; that the roads are bad[†5], the country a tremendous waste, the inns log-houses, and the journey one that would play the very devil with Kate. I am staggered, but not deterred. If I find it possible to be done in the time, I mean to do it; being quite satisfied that without some such dash, I can never be a free agent, or see anything worth the telling.

We mean to return home in a packet-ship—not a steamer. Her name is the George Washington, and she will sail from here, for Liverpool, on the seventh of June. At that season of the year, they are seldom more than three weeks making the voyage; and I never will trust myself upon the wide ocean, if it please Heaven, in a steamer again.[†6] When I tell you all that I observed on board that Britannia, I shall astonish you. Meanwhile, consider two of their dangers. First, that if the funnel were blown overboard, the vessel must instantly be on fire,

from stem to stern:[†1] to comprehend which consequence, you have only to understand that the funnel is more than 40 feet high, and that at night you see the solid fire two or three feet above its top. Imagine this swept down by a strong wind, and picture to yourself the amount of flame on deck; and that a strong wind is likely to sweep it down you soon learn, from the precautions taken to keep it up in a storm, when it is the first thing thought of.[†2] Secondly, each of these boats consumes between London and Halifax 700 tons of coals;[†3] and it is pretty clear, from this enormous difference of weight in a ship of only 1200 tons burden in all, that she must either be too heavy when she comes out of port, or too light when she goes in. The daily difference in her rolling, as she burns the coals out, is something absolutely fearful.[†4] Add to all this, that by day and night she is full of fire and people, that she has no boats, and that the struggling of that enormous machinery in a heavy sea seems as though it would rend her into fragments—and you may have a pretty con-siderable damned good sort of a feeble notion that it don't fit nohow; and that it a'nt calculated[†5] to make you smart, overmuch; and that you don't feel 'special bright; and by no means first rate; and not at all tonguey (or disposed for conversation);[†6] and that however rowdy[†7] you may be by

natur', it does use you up com-plete, and that's a fact; and makes you quake considerable, and disposed toe damn the engine!—All of which phrases, I beg to add, are pure Americanisms of the first water.[†1]

When we reach Baltimore, we are in the regions of slavery. It exists there, in its least shocking and most mitigated form; but there it is. They whisper, here (they dare only whisper, you know, and that below

their breaths), that in that place, and all through the South, there is a dull gloomy cloud on which the very word seems written. I shall be able to say, one of these days, that I accepted no public mark of respect in any place where slavery was;—and that's something.

The ladies of America are decidedly and unquestionably beautiful. Their complexions are not so good as those of Englishwomen; their beauty does not last so long; and their figures are very inferior. But they are most beautiful.[†2] I still reserve my opinion of the national character—just whispering that I tremble for a radical coming here, unless he is a radical on principle, by reason and reflection, and from the sense of right.[†3] I fear that if he were anything else, he would return home a tory.... I say no more on that head for two months from this time, save that I do fear that the heaviest blow ever dealt at liberty will be dealt by this country, in the failure of its example to the earth. The scenes that are passing in Congress now, all tending to the separation of the States,[†4] fill one with such a deep disgust that I dislike the very name of Washington (meaning the place, not the man), and am repelled by the mere thought of approaching it.

To FRANCIS ALEXANDER, 25 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Mr Charles Hamilton.

Carlton House, New York. | Twenty Fifth February 1842.

My Dear Mr. Alexander.

Your beautiful and welcome present,[†5] arrived safely to day. I will hang it in my own room at home, please God—and you shall see it there.

Yes. I *have* kept the Total Abstinence Pledge.[†1] And I mean to keep it, unbroken, to the last.

Mr. P though no longer a new broom, sweeps clean still. He does what he has to do, well,—and always with a ready, cheerful will.[†2]

For him, and much more—thank you!

Always believe me | Faithfully, | Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Alexander Esquire

over[†3]

To MRS ALEXANDER, 25 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Mr Charles Hamilton.

Carlton House, New York. | Twenty Fifth February 1842.

My Dear Mrs. Alexander.

I have received your beautiful book[†4] with exceeding pleasure, and will always preserve it carefully, for your sake. I have scarcely the heart to rob you of such beautiful triumphs,—and yet I would not be without them for a great deal.[†5]

Mrs. Dickens has a very bad cold, but she sends a host of very warm messages and loves. She begs you to kiss "Fan"[†6] in her name. If you will ask Fan to kiss you in mine (when Mr. Alexander is looking another way) I shall be even more indebted to you than I am already.

Ever believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE C. BAKER,[†1] 27 FEBRUARY 1842

Mention in Dodd, Mead & Co. catalogue, Nov 1901; *MS* 1 p.; dated Carlton House, New York, 27 Feb 42.

To JOHN FORSTER, 27 FEBRUARY [1842]

Extract in F, III, iii, 224 (end of letter begun 17 Feb, continued 24 Feb). *From* New York.

Twenty-seventh February. Sunday.

There begins to be great consternation here, in reference to the Cunard packet[†2] which (we suppose) left Liverpool on the fourth. She has not yet arrived. We scarcely know what to do with ourselves in our extreme anxiety to get letters from home. I have really had serious thoughts of going back to Boston, alone, to be nearer news. We have determined to remain here until Tuesday afternoon, if she should not arrive before, and to send Mr. Q and the luggage on to Philadelphia to-morrow morning. God grant she may not have gone down: but every ship that comes in brings intelligence of a terrible gale (which indeed was felt ashore here) on the night of the fourteenth; and the sea-captains swear (not without some prejudice of course) that no steamer could have lived through it, supposing her to have been in its full fury. As there is no steam packet to go to England, supposing the Caledonia not to arrive, we are obliged to send our letters by the Garrick ship, which sails early to-morrow morning. Consequently I must huddle this up, and dispatch it to the post-office with all speed. I have so much to say that I could fill quires of paper, which renders this sudden pull-up[†3] the more provoking.

I have in my portmanteau a petition for an international copyright law, signed by all the best American writers with Washington Irving at their head.[†4] They have requested me to hand it to Clay for presentation,[†5] and to back it with any remarks I may think proper to offer. So "Hoo-roar for the principle, as the money-lender said, ven he vouldn't renoo the bill."[†6]

God bless you.... You know what I would say about home and the darlings.

A hundred times God bless you.... Fears are entertained for Lord Ashburton[†1] also. Nothing has been heard of him.[†2]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 27 FEBRUARY 1842†

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* By Packet Ship "Garrick" from N. York. | Daniel Maclise Esquire. R.A. | 14 Russell Place | Fitzroy Square | London | England.

Carlton House, New York. | February The Twenty Seventh 1842.

My Dear Mac. Don't blame me for writing a short letter.—I am obliged, most unexpectedly to despatch it by a Sailing Ship tomorrow, instead of having until Tuesday or Wednesday; for the Caledonia Steamer which left Liverpool on the Fourth, *has not yet arrived,* and terrible apprehensions are beginning to be entertained for her safety,[†3] as there was an awful gale on the night of the Fourteenth, and the coast hereabouts is strewn with wrecks. God knows, dear Mac, whether your hand-writing is not now at the bottom of the deep Sea. When I think of the passengers, and the fine fellows in command of the vessel, and how recently we have been exposed to the same dangers, my heart grows sick and faint within me.

I *did* intend leaving here for Philadelphia, tomorrow. But I have resolved to send my secretary and baggage on, and to linger behind until Tuesday afternoon, in the hope that the poor steamer may yet arrive in safety. It is worth remarking that I "registered a vow"[†4] soon after we came ashore, not to return in a steamer; having observed on our passage many dangers to which those demons are peculiarly liable. Indeed, the wonder with me, is, how they get across in heavy weather, as they have done. Instead of riding on the tops of the waves as ships do, they cleave their passage through them, and are under water the whole time. I wish you could once—only once—hear the noise of the sea upon her deck, and feel how she stops and quivers. Oh! It is a most damnable invention out upon the wide ocean; by the ghosts of all those who went down in the President it is.

[†a]We purpose returning in a Ship—the George Washington—which is advertized to sail from here, on the Seventh of June. We were going on, South, tomorrow, but have decided to remain here until Tuesday afternoon, in the hope of yet getting letters from dear, old, hearty home.

I send you with this, a newspaper (the Satirist of America,[†1] but the best paper here) containing an account of the Dinner. It is impossible to describe the Ball. I will only tell you that there were Three Thousand People present, and that it was the most splendid, gorgeous, brilliant affair you—yes, even you, Mac— and Good God my dear Dan, what an eye you have[†2]—can possibly conceive.

Oh for Jack Straw's! Oh for Jack![†3] oh for Topping![†4]—oh for Charley, Mamey, Katey[†5]—the study, the Sunday's dinner, the anything and everything connected with our life at Home! How cheerfully would I turn from this land of freedom and spittoons—of crowds, and noise, and endless rush of strangers—of everything public, and nothing private—of endless rounds of entertainments, and daily levees to receive 500 people—to the lightest, least-prized pleasure of "Den'ner Terrace"![†6] I turn my eyes towards the picture[†7] (which is always set out in great state, wherever we are) and yearn for Home, three thousand miles away. Oh Mac, Mac!

Exchange news with Forster—I say "exchange", for I send you herewith, a document of which he knows *nothing.*[†8] The Bill of Fare, at the Ball Supper.[†9] God bless you. Ever believe me, My Dear Mac,[†a]

Your affectionate and attached friend

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 27 FEBRUARY 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Carlton House, New York | Twenty Seventh February 1842.

My Dear Friend.

I have but a moment for writing to you; all my plans of correspondence this month, being sadly deranged by the non-arrival of the Caledonia, which, it is much feared has gone down at Sea.
She *may* arrive, yet; but if she left England to her time, she has been out 23 days.

You will receive a newspaper from me by a Sailing packet which sailed from here this morning. By the April steamer I will write you at length.[†1]

Always Yours faithfully

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, 28 FEBRUARY 1842

Extract in F, III, iii, 224-6.[†2]

Carlton-house, New York, | February twenty-eighth, 1842.

The Caledonia, I grieve and regret to say, has not arrived. If she left England to her time, she has been four and twenty days at sea. There is no news of her; and on the nights of the fourteenth and eighteenth it blew a terrible gale, which almost justifies the worst suspicions. For myself, I have hardly any hope of her; having seen enough, in our passage out, to convince me that steaming across the ocean in heavy weather is as yet an experiment of the utmost hazard.

As it was supposed that there would be no steamer whatever for England this month (since in ordinary course the Caledonia would have returned with the mails on the 2nd of March), I hastily got the letters ready yesterday and sent them by the Garrick; which may perhaps be three weeks out, but is not very likely to be longer. But belonging to the Cunard company is a boat called the Unicorn,[†3] which in the summer time plies up the St. Lawrence, and brings passengers from Canada to join the British and North American steamers at Halifax. In the winter she lies at the last-mentioned place; from which news has come this morning that they have sent her on to Boston for the mails; and, rather than interrupt the communication, mean to dispatch her to England in lieu of the poor Caledonia. This in itself, by the way, is

a daring deed; for she was originally built to run between Liverpool and Glasgow, and is no more designed for the Atlantic than a Calais packet-boat; though she once crossed it, in the summer season.

You may judge, therefore, what the owners think of the probability of the Caledonia's arrival. How slight an alteration in our plans would have made us passengers on board of her!

It would be difficult to tell you, my dear fellow, what an impression this has made upon our minds, or with what intense anxiety and suspense we have been waiting for your letters from home. We were to have gone South to-day, but linger here until to-morrow afternoon (having sent the secretary and luggage forward) for one more chance of news. Love to dear Macready, and to dear Mac, and every one we care for. It's useless to speak of the dear children. It seems now as though we should never hear of them....

P.S. Washington Irving is *a great* fellow. We have laughed most heartily together. He is just the man he ought to be. So is Doctor Channing, with whom I have had an interesting correspondence since I saw him last at Boston.[†1] Halleck is a merry little man. Bryant a sad one, and very reserved. Washington Allston the painter (who wrote *Monaldi*)[†2] is a fine specimen of a glorious old genius.[†3] Longfellow, whose volume of poems[†4] I have got for you, is a frank accomplished man as well as a fine writer, and will be in town "next fall." Tell Macready that I suspect prices here must have rather altered since his time. I paid our fortnight's bill here, last night. We have dined out every day (except when I was laid up with a sore throat), and only had in all four bottles of wine. The bill was 70*l.* English!!!

You will see, by my other letter, how we have been fêted and feasted; and how there is war to the knife about the international copyright; and how I *will* speak about it, and decline to be put down....

Oh for news from home! I think of your letters so full of heart and friendship, with perhaps a little scrawl of Charley's or Mamey's, lying at the bottom of the deep sea; and am as full of sorrow as if they had once been living creatures.— Well! they *may* come, yet.

To MISS SARAH MOORE,[†5] 28 FEBRUARY 1842*

MS[†6] Dunedin Public Library.

Carlton House Feby. 28th. 1842.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Miss Sarah Moore, and in forwarding the enclosed letter of Introduction, begs to say, that he defered[†7] doing so until he left the City[†8] as every moment of his time was occupied during the whole period of his stay, and he did not wish to trouble Miss M. unnescessarily.[†7]

To THE REV. JOHN McVICKAR,[†1] 28 FEBRUARY 1842

Text from John Brett Longstaff, *The Enterprising Life: John McVickar, 1787-1868*, New York, 1961, p. 272.

Carlton House | 28 February 1842

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Reverend Professor McVickar, and in forwarding the enclosed letter of Introduction begs to say that he deferred doing so until he left the city as every moment of his time was fully occupied during the whole period of his stay, and he did not wish to trouble Mr. McVickar unnecessarily.

March

To GEORGE W. PUTNAM, 1 MARCH 1842*

MS Columbia University Libraries.

Carlton House, New York | First of March 1842.

Dear Mr. Putnam

Mrs. Dickens is so very unwell with a bad sore throat, that I am constrained to remain here until tomorrow. I hope to come, either with or without her, by the train which leaves here at five o'Clock tomorrow afternoon.†2

If you see Mr. Ingersoll†3 in the meanwhile, make my best regards to him†4— I have only just found that there was some writing on this sheet of paper. This is the cause of the unseemly lining-out, which gives the foregoing handsome appearance to this note.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

G. W. Putnam Esquire

To GEORGE W. PUTNAM, 2 MARCH 1842*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* G. W. Putnam Esquire United States Hotel | Philadelphia.

Carlton House. | March The Second 1842

Dear Mr. Putnam.

As the doctor forbids Mrs. Dickens' getting up; and as I fear that if I left her here, alone in sickness at such a great distance from Home, she would feel distressed after I had gone; I have determined to remain here until she can come on with me. I hope she will be able to travel, by the day after tomorrow; but I will write to you again tomorrow, and tell you.†5

She has an ulcerated sore throat. It is not *very* bad. But she is subject to an attack of this kind every Spring; and on that account the doctor is more cautious than he would otherwise be.

There is no news of the Caledonia—except that the Unicorn has cruised out to look for her. A fisherman has reported at Boston that being out in his boat some mornings ago, he saw in a certain latitude not very far from Halifax, a large steam vessel quite disabled;[†1] being under no sail and having no smoke issuing from her funnel; and tossing about at the mercy of the sea. Whether this appearance had its sole existence in the fisherman's brain, or whether it was some other ship, or whether (as in the case of the poor President) men's fancies have begun to float about flying-Dutchman[†2]-wise, on the ocean, I can't say.

After this detention, I shall limit my stay at Philadelphia to *two* days—knock off Baltimore in one—and dispose of Washington in a week.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THOMAS S. GIBBS,[†3] 3 MARCH 1842

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Apr 1968; *MS* 1 p.; dated New York, 3 Mar 42.

Thanking him for his invitation, but regretting that he is engaged for the whole of the next day even if he remains in New York so long which I am by no means sure of doing.

To GEORGE W. PUTNAM, 4 MARCH 1842*

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter.

Carlton House, New York | Fourth of March 1842

Dear Mr. Putnam,

Mrs. Dickens is better; and we shall come on—without fail, I hope—by the 5 o'Clock train tomorrow (Saturday).

Pray *do not on any account* lead anyone to suppose that I shall remain in Philadelphia more than two days.[†4] We cannot mark time, and must go forward. I do not think now, that I shall make any halt in Baltimore; as I am assured by those who know the place, that if we do not proceed to Charleston with all possible despatch, we shall find the heat most oppressive and uncomfortable.[†5] Do not talk about our movements, except so far as Philadelphia is concerned, to anybody. I have so much enjoyed the quiet I have had here for the last two or

three days (owing to its having been generally supposed that I left New York on Monday), that I am more anxious than ever, to travel peaceably.[†1]

I received your letter this morning.

They have moved us into a room looking upon Broadway, which is more cheerful and gay than our old one; to say nothing of its having a decent chimney, which the smoke goes up, instead of coming down.

You had better give our Philadelphia landlord notice of our movements—I mean of our intention to leave on Wednesday morning. Don't let our coming be buzzed about—so that there may be no more people at the depot than there usually are.[†2]

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To ASBURY DICKENS,[†3] 6 MARCH 1842

Mention in John Anderson Jr. catalogue No. 297; *MS* 1 p.; dated Philadelphia, 6 Mar 42.

To JOHN FORSTER, 6 MARCH 1842

Extract in F, III, iv, 230-5.

United-states-hotel Philadelphia, | Sunday, sixth March, 1842

As this is likely to be the only quiet day I shall have for a long time, I devote it to writing to you. We have heard nothing from you*[†4] yet, and only have for our consolation the reflection that the Columbia[†5] is now on her way out. No news had been heard of the Caledonia yesterday afternoon, when we left New York. We *were* to have quitted that place last Tuesday, but have been detained there

all the week by Kate having so bad a sore throat that she was obliged to keep her bed. We left yesterday afternoon at five o'clock, and arrived here at eleven last night. Let me say, by the way, that this is a very trying climate.

I have often asked Americans in London which were the better railroads—ours or theirs? They have taken time for reflection, and generally replied on mature consideration that they rather thought we excelled; in respect of the punctuality with which we arrived at our stations, and the smoothness of our travelling. I wish you could see what an American railroad is, in some parts where I now have seen them.[†1] I won't say I wish you could feel what it is, because that would be an unchristian and savage aspiration. It is never inclosed, or warded off. You walk down the main street of a large town: and, slap-dash, headlong, pell-mell, down the middle of the street; with pigs burrowing, and boys flying kites and playing marbles, and men smoking, and women talking, and children crawling, close to the very rails; there comes tearing along a mad locomotive with its train of cars, scattering a red-hot shower of sparks (from its *wood* fire) in all directions; screeching, hissing, yelling, and panting; and nobody one atom more concerned than if it were a hundred miles away. You cross a turnpike-road; and there is no gate, no policeman, no signal—nothing to keep the wayfarer or quiet traveller out of the way, but a wooden arch on which is written in great letters "Look out for the locomotive." And if any man, woman, or child, don't look out, why it's his or her fault, and there's an end of it.

The cars are like very shabby omnibuses—only larger; holding sixty or seventy people. The seats, instead of being placed long ways, are put cross-wise, back to front. Each holds two. There is a long row of these on each side of the caravan, and a narrow passage up the centre. The windows are usually all closed, and there is very often, in addition, a hot, close, most intolerable charcoal stove in a red-hot glow. The heat and closeness are quite insupportable. But this is the characteristic of all American houses, of all the public institutions, chapels, theatres, and prisons. From the constant use of the hard anthracite coal in these beastly furnaces, a perfectly new class of diseases is springing up in the country. Their effect upon an Englishman is briefly told. He is always very sick and very faint; and has an intolerable headache, morning, noon, and night.[†2]

In the ladies' car, there is no smoking of tobacco allowed. All gentlemen who have ladies with them, sit in this car; and it is usually very full. Before it, is the gentlemen's car; which is something narrower. As I had a window close to me yesterday which commanded this gentlemen's car, I looked at it pretty often, perforce. The flashes of saliva flew so perpetually and incessantly out of the windows all the way, that it looked as though they were ripping open feather-beds inside, and letting the wind dispose of the feathers.[†3] But this spitting is universal. In the courts of law, the judge has his spittoon on the bench, the counsel have theirs, the witness has his, the prisoner his, and the crier his. The jury are accommodated at the rate of three men to a spittoon (or spit-box

as they call it here); and the spectators in the gallery are provided for, as so many men who in the course of nature expectorate without cessation. There are spit-boxes in every steamboat, bar-room, public dining-room, house of office, and place of general resort, no matter what it be. In the hospitals, the students are requested, by placard, to use the boxes provided for them, and not to spit upon the stairs. I have twice seen gentlemen, at evening parties in New York, turn aside when they were not engaged in conversation, and spit upon the drawing-room carpet. And in every bar-room and hotel passage the stone floor looks as if it were paved with open oysters—from the quantity of this kind of deposit which tesselates it all over.[†1] ...

The institutions at Boston,[†2] and at Hartford, are most admirable. It would be very difficult indeed to improve upon them. But this is not so at New York; where there is an ill-managed lunatic asylum,[†3] a bad jail,[†4] a dismal workhouse,[†5] and a perfectly intolerable place of police-imprisonment.[†6] A man is found drunk in the streets, and is thrown into a cell[†7] below the surface of the earth; profoundly dark; so full of noisome vapours that when you enter it with a candle you see a ring about the light, like that which surrounds the moon in wet and cloudy weather; and so offensive and disgusting in its filthy odours, that you *cannot bear* its stench. He is shut up within an iron door, in a series of vaulted passages where no one stays; has no drop of water, or ray of light, or visitor, or help of any

kind; and there he remains until the magistrate's arrival. If he die (as one man did not long ago) he is half eaten by the rats in an hour's time (as this man was). I expressed, on seeing these places the other night, the disgust I felt, and which it would be impossible to repress. "Well; I don't know," said the night constable—that's a national answer by the bye—"Well; I don't know. I've had six and twenty young women locked up

here together, and beautiful ones too, and that's a fact." The cell was certainly no larger than the wine-cellar in Devonshireterrace; at least three feet lower; and stunk like a common sewer. There was one woman in it, then. The magistrate begins his examinations at five o'clock in the morning; the watch is set at seven at night; if the prisoners have been given in charge by an officer, they are not taken out before nine or ten; and in the interval they remain in these places, where they could no more be heard to cry for help, in case of a fit or swoon among them, than a man's voice could be heard after he was coffined up in his grave.

There is a prison[†1] in the same city, and indeed in the same building, where prisoners for grave offences await their trial, and to which they are sent back when under remand. It sometimes happens that a man or woman will remain here for twelve months, waiting the result of motions for new trial, and in arrest of judgment, and what not. I went into it the other day: without any notice or preparation, otherwise I find it difficult to catch them in their work-a-day aspect. I stood in a long, high, narrow building, consisting of four galleries one above the other, with a bridge across each, on which sat a turnkey, sleeping or reading as the case might be. From the roof, a couple of windsails dangled and drooped, limp and useless; the skylight being fast closed, and they only designed for summer use. In the centre of the building was the eternal stove; and along both sides of every gallery was a long row of iron doors—looking like furnace doors, being very small, but black and cold as if the fires within had gone out.

A man with keys appears, to show us round. A good-looking fellow, and, in his way, civil and obliging.[†2]

"Suppose a man's here for twelve months. Do you mean to say he never comes out of that little iron door."

"He *may* walk some, perhaps—not much."

"Will you show me a few of them?"

"Ah! All, if you like."

He threw open a door, and I looked in. An old man was sitting on his bed, reading. The light came in through a small chink, very high up in the wall. Across the room ran a thick iron pipe to carry off filth; this was bored for the reception of something like a big funnel in shape; and over the funnel was a watercock. This was his washing apparatus and water-closet. It was not savoury,

but not very offensive. He looked up at me; gave himself an odd, dogged kind of shake; and fixed his eyes on his book again. I came out, and the door was shut and locked. He had been there a month, and would have to wait another month for his trial. "Has he ever walked out now, for instance?" "No." ...

"In England, if a man is under sentence of death even, he has a yard to walk in at certain times."

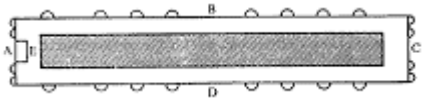
"Possible?"

... Making me this answer with a coolness which is perfectly untranslateable and inexpressible, and which is quite peculiar to the soil, he took me to the women's side; telling me, upon the way, all about this man, who, it seems, murdered his wife, and will certainly be hanged. The women's doors have a small square aperture in them; I looked through one, and saw a pretty boy about ten or twelve years old, who seemed lonely and miserable enough—as well he might.[†1] "What's *he* been doing?" says I. "Nothing" says my friend. "Nothing!" says I. "No," says he. "He's here for safe keeping. He saw his father kill his mother, and is detained to give evidence against him—that was his father, you saw just now." "But that's rather hard treatment for a witness, isn't it?"—"Well! I don't know. It a'nt a very rowdy life, and *that's* a fact." So my friend, who was an excellent fellow in his way, and very obliging, and a handsome young man to boot, took me off to show me some more curiosities; and I was very much obliged to him,[†2] for the place was so hot, and I so giddy, that I could scarcely stand....

When a man is hanged in New York, he is walked out of one of these cells, without any condemned sermon or other religious formalities, straight into the narrow jail yard, which may be about the width of Cranbourn-alley. There, a gibbet is erected, which is of curious construction; for the culprit stands on the earth with the rope about his neck, which passes through a pulley in the top of the "Tree" (see *Newgate Calendar* passim),[†3] and is attached to a weight something heavier than the man. This weight being suddenly let go, drags the rope down with it, and sends the criminal flying up fourteen feet into the air; while the judge, and jury, and five and twenty citizens (whose presence is required by the

law), stand by, that they may afterwards certify to the fact. This yard is a very dismal place; and when I looked at it, I thought the practice infinitely superior to ours: much more solemn, and far less degrading and indecent.

There is another prison[†1] near New York which is a house of correction. The convicts labour in stone-quarries near at hand, but the jail has no covered yards or shops, so that when the weather is wet (as it was when I was there) each man is shut up in his own little cell, all the live-long day. These cells, in all the correction-houses I have seen, are on one uniform plan—thus:



A, B, C, and D, are the walls of the building with windows in them, high up in the wall. The shaded place in the centre represents four tiers of cells, one above the other, with doors of grated iron, and a light grated gallery to each tier. Four tiers front to B, and four to D, so that by this means you may be said, in walking round, to see eight tiers in all. The intermediate blank space you walk in, looking up at these galleries; so that, coming in at the door E, and going either to the right or left till you come back to the door again, you see all the cells under one roof and in one high room.[†2] Imagine them in number 400,[†3] and in every one a man locked up; this one with his hands through the bars of his grate, this one in bed (in the middle of the day, remember), and this one flung down in a heap upon the ground with his head against the bars like a wild beast. Make the rain pour down in torrents outside. Put the everlasting stove in the midst; hot, suffocating, and vaporous, as a witch's cauldron. Add a smell like that of a thousand old mildewed umbrellas wet through, and a thousand dirty clothes-bags musty, moist, and fusty, and you will have some idea—a very feeble one, my dear friend, on my word—of this place

yesterday week. You know of course that we adopted our improvements in prison-discipline from the American pattern;[†4] but I am confident that the writers who have the most lustily lauded the American prisons, have never seen Chesterton's[†5] domain or Tracey's.[†6] There is no more comparison between these two prisons of ours, and any I have seen here YET,

than there is between the keepers here,[†1] and those two gentlemen. Putting out of sight the difficulty we have in England of finding *useful* labour for the prisoners (which of course arises from our being an older country, and having vast numbers of artizans unemployed),[†2] our system is more complete, more impressive, and more satisfactory in every respect. It is very possible that I have not come to the best, not having yet seen Mount Auburn.[†3] I will tell you when I have. And also when I have come to those inns, mentioned—vaguely rather—by Miss Martineau, where they undercharge literary people for the love the landlords bear them.[†4] My experience, so far, has been of establishments where (perhaps for the same reason) they very monstrously and violently overcharge a man whose position forbids remonstrance.[†5]

To HARRY INGERSOLL,[†1] 6 MARCH 1842*

MS Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston. *Address:* Harry Ingersoll Esquire,

United States Hotel[†2] | Sunday Morning March Sixth 1842.

My Dear Sir

Mrs. Dickens *is* with me;[†3] and we shall both be very happy to dine with you tomorrow, as you so kindly propose.

If you be disengaged, I should be glad to plan some lion-inspecting[†4] expedition for tomorrow morning, but of that we can speak, when I have the pleasure of seeing you.—I go on to Washington next Wednesday without fail.

Always Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

We are most comfortably bestowed here, and owe you many thanks for your good offices.

To EDGAR ALLAN POE,[†5] 6 MARCH 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Private

United States Hotel | Sixth March 1842.

My Dear Sir

I shall be very glad to see you, whenever you will do me the favor to call.[†6]

I think I am more likely to be in the way between half past eleven and twelve, than at any other time.

I have glanced over the books you have been so kind as to send me;[†1] and more particularly at the papers to which you called my attention.[†2] I have the greater pleasure in expressing my desire to see you, on their account.

Apropos of the "construction" of Caleb Williams.[†3] Do you know that Godwin wrote it *backwards*—the last Volume first—and that when he had produced the hunting-down of Caleb, and the Catastrophe, he waited for months, casting about for a means of accounting for what he had done?[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edgar. A. Poe Esquire.

To ISAAC LEA,[†1] 7 MARCH 1842*

MS Mr Henry Lea Hudson.

U.S. Hotel. | Seventh March 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am very much obliged to you for your note. I have no occasion to trouble you, for you have anticipated all my wants, but I shall be happy to see you—and as I leave on Wednesday morning, and am engaged nearly all day tomorrow, I would say ten o'clock tomorrow morning, if it will not be inconvenient to you to shake hands with me at that hour.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Isaac Lea Esquire

To JOHN M. PATTON AND OTHERS,[†2] 7 MARCH [1842]

Text from the *Richmond Enquirer*, 19 Mar 42.

United States Hotel, March 7

Gentlemen,

I am truly obliged to you for your most kind and friendly invitation to a public dinner in Richmond.[†3]

I regret to say, however, that I have found it necessary, (putting a strong restraint upon my inclination,) to form a resolution not to accept any more public entertainments, during my short stay in this country. Upon the faith of this decision, I have already, most unwillingly, declined the proffered hospitality of many generous friends in other places; and no alternative is left me but to do the like by you.[†4]

Believe me that I am not the less sensible of your kindness, and that I am always,

Faithfully, your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

To John M. Patton, Esq, &c., &c.

To PETER RICHINGS,[†1] 7 MARCH 1842

Extract in John Anderson Jr. catalogue No. 141 (1902); dated 7 Mar 42.

I must decline to make any public visits to the theatre.[†2]

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOSEPH STORY, 9 MARCH 1842*

MS University of Texas.

Fuller's Hotel[†3] | Wednesday Ninth March 1842.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Justice Story, and begs to forward the accompanying letters; one of which (Lord Brougham's) was accidentally unsealed, when it was detached from an outer envelope. And Mr. Dickens is extremely sorry to add that a pamphlet[†4] which Lord Brougham begged him to deliver to Mr. Justice Story, has been most unfortunately left behind, with some other papers, at New York. He earnestly hopes that Mr. Justice Story will not be inconvenienced by a few weeks' delay.

To DAVID C. COLDEN, 10 MARCH 1842

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* David C. Colden Esquire | 28 Laight Street | Hudson Square | New York.

Fuller's Hotel Washington | March The Tenth 1842.

My Dear Colden.

We reached this place safely last night: having sustained no more damage by the way, than the presence of a miraculously fractious child in the railroad Car from Philadelphia to Baltimore; who, leaving us at the last-named place, was relieved by another child in the same frame of mind,—in whose cheerful company we arrived here. He (it was a boy) set in so very heavily at Baltimore that I thought it impossible

he could last; especially as his friends tempted him from time to time with a tin mug of milk and water, and other refreshment, from a basket. But contrary to my expectations, he cried the whole forty miles

through; and when he was taken out at the station, the crown of his head was covered with crimson pimples—the consequence of his supernatural exertion.[†1]

We were very comfortably lodged at Philadelphia—and indeed we deserved to be; for the landlord not only charged us half rent for the rooms during the time he had expected us (which was quite right) but charged us also—when I say us, I mean Kate, her maid, and I—for board during the whole of the same period. As I could not help regarding the statement that he had paid for our food while we were paying for it at New York, in the light of a pleasant fiction, or ingenious jest, I *did* suggest through my factotum the slightest possible insinuation to that effect. It appeared, however, that it was "the custom"; and as strangers in Rome do as they do in Rome, I bowed to the custom, and paid.

I passed a whole day in the Penitentiary[†2]—where, as you know, the principle of Solitary confinement is observed, in the strictest manner, in every case. It is inexpressibly painful to see so many of the prisoners as I did, and to converse with them;[†3] but I fear that to a certain extent the system is a good one. I use the expression "I fear", because it is dreadful to believe that it is ever necessary to impose such a torture of the mind upon our fellow creatures. But it seems, from all one can learn, to do good:[†4] and now and then to effect that reclamation which gives joy in heaven.[†5] In the case of a very long term of imprisonment, however, I cannot but think it cruel, though I know it is mercifully and well intended. One man had been shut up by himself in the same Cell, for nearly twelve years.[†6] His time is just expiring. I asked him how he felt at the prospect of release,— and he answered—plucking in a strange way at his fingers, and looking restlessly about the walls and floor—that he didn't care; that it was all the same to him now; that he had looked forward to it once, but that was so long ago, that

he had come to have no regard for anything. And so, with a heavy sigh, he went about his work,[†1] and would say no more. We are accustomed to hear it said sometimes that such a person must have felt in a minute, a year of suffering. But if ever twelve years of the most intense mental anguish were written in the small compass of one face, I saw it in this prisoner's. Indeed the men, however unlike naturally, become alike, and strikingly alike, in this place. There is the same bright eye, and haggard look, in them all; and an indescribable something—distantly resembling the attentive and sorrowful expression you see in the blind—which is never to be forgotten. The women bear it better, and acquire a patient and subdued look, that makes you very sad, but not distressingly so. Each of them seems a better creature than one feels one's-self to be, and that's a comfort. The prison is beautifully—exquisitely—kept, and thoroughly well managed: but I never in my life was more affected by anything which was not strictly my own grief, than I was by this sight. It will live in my recollection always. When I come to tell you something of my brief experience there, you will often think of it too.

We have been to both Houses of the Legislature to-day,[†2] and have seen many of the Lions, both living and stuffed. I think of going every day while I remain here.

I went to the Presidents,[†3] too, this morning, in company with a namesake who is Secretary to the Senate.[†4] He has a good face, (I mean the President) and his manners are very mild and gentlemanly.[†5] He expressed great surprise at my being so young. I would have returned the compliment; but he looked so jaded, that it stuck in my throat like Macbeth's amen.

Some twenty gentlemen were waiting in a lower room, for audiences. There is no denying that they *did* expectorate considerably. They wrought a complete change in the pattern of the carpet, even while I was there.—Before I forget it, let me ask you at what annual salary in Dollars, you would hold that office? Would you do it cheap—or dear?

We start for Charleston on Wednesday next.[†1] In the meanwhile if any news should reach you of the poor Caledonia, or our letters, I need not say how glad we shall be to receive it; or how happy we shall be to hear from you at all times and seasons. Those very small darlings we have left behind, hold Giants' places in our hearts; and that's the reason I suppose, why they are always full when we think of home.

We mean to wait at Charleston for the other letters you will send us, and which are now upon their way to you in the March Steamer from Liverpool. As we shall make no halt to speak of, between this place and Charleston, will you write to us, after we move from here, at

PAGE'S HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S.C.

Our route after that—whether it shall be back to New York, and so into Canada, or back to Baltimore, or back to Philadelphia, and thence to Pittsburgh and thereabout—I have not decided. But from Charleston, I will write to you again when I have received your packet there; with full and particular details.

God bless you. Give our united loves to Mrs. Colden and to Mrs. Wilkes,[†2] and to "Mrs. S",[†3] and Doctor Wilkes, and all friends—not forgetting the dear children and Nela Gibbs,[†4] to whom I beg my especial regards. We often talk of you and yours, and devoutly wish you lived at Charleston as well as New York, and could be there when we are. But if our wishes could take effect, you would be very Jactars[†5] in roving, so it's well they are nothing but affectionate breath. Ever my dear Colden

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN T. MAULL,[†6] 10 MARCH 1842*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:*[†7] John T. Maull | 83 Pine St | Philadelphia.

Washington | Tenth March 1842.

Dear Sir.

I am much obliged to you for the note you wrote me at Philadelphia, which place I left so hastily that I could not send you an earlier acknowledgment.[†8] I had great pleasure, I assure you, in its Receipt.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John. T. Maull Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 10 MARCH 1842

Mention in John Heise catalogue, Dec 1943; dated Fuller's Hotel, 10 Mar 42.

Regretting that he cannot accept an invitation.

To JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,[†1] [10 or 11 MARCH 1842]

Mention in Robert C. Winthrop,[†2] *Reminiscences of Foreign Travel*, privately printed, [Boston], 1894, p. 62. *Date:* Adams had received the letter by Saturday 12th (see *fn*).

Refusing an invitation to dinner, but saying that he wished to have the privilege of coming, with his wife, to luncheon on Sunday. [†3]

To H. D. GILPIN,[†1] 11 MARCH 1842*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Fuller's Hotel, Washington | Eleventh March 1842.

My Dear Sir

I thank you heartily for the letters;[†2] and for your own kind epistle, which I have received with great pleasure.

I wish I could have remained longer in Philadelphia, but I am forced onward by my poverty of time—not by my will[†3]—and in some sort following the example of that renowned Sultan to whose despotism we are indebted for so much delight, must go on making friendships over-night, and cutting their heads off, every morning.[†4]

If the sharp and rapid severance of our pleasant intercourse should leave you any future opportunity of remembering me, I shall be glad to live in your recollection, and will honestly return the compliment.

Mrs. Dickens begs her kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Gilpin[†5]—in which I join—and I am always My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS S. J. HALE,[†6] 11 MARCH 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Private.

Fuller's Hotel, Washington | Eleventh of March 1842.

My Dear Madam.

I left Philadelphia so hurriedly, that I had not time to reply to your earnest and gratifying letter.

Believe me, that I did not read your beautiful lines unmoved; and that you could not have devised a mode of pleasing me more, than by the production of such a tribute.[†1] I scarcely know how to thank you for it. As I am in that condition, however, wherein we are apt to feel that we cannot say enough, but in which a very little may be very expressive, I will only add that I thank you with my whole heart.

—On second thoughts though, I must couple with these latter words, one assurance, no less truthful and sincere. It is, that you will never find me departing from those sympathies which we cherish in common, and which have won me your esteem and approval.[†2]

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial regards and best wishes. And I am always

Dear Madam | Faithfully | Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. S. J. Hale.

To DAVID C. COLDEN, 12 MARCH 1842

Mention in unidentified catalogue, 4 Apr; *MS* 1 p.; dated Washington, 12 Mar 42.[†3]

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE,[†4] 12 [and ?21] MARCH 1842

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* for the finishing of letter on ?21 Mar, see *fn* p. 120. Like *To* Mitton, 22 Mar, it bears an English postmark of 21 Apr 42. *Address:* Albany Fonblanque Esquire | Connaught Square | Edgeware Road | London | England.

Washington (Fuller's Hotel) | Twelfth March 1842.

My Dear Fonblanque. I have reserved my fire upon you until I came to this place, thinking you would best like to know something about the political oddities of this land. No doubt you have heard the leading points in my adventures—as how we had a bad passage out, of 18 days—how I have been dined, and balled (there were 3000 people at the ball) and feted in all directions—and how I can't stir, without a great crowd at my heels—and am by no means in my element, in consequence. I shall therefore spare you these experiences, whereof Forster is a living chronicle; and carry you straightway to the President's house.[†5]

It's a good house to look at, but—to follow out the common saying—an

uncommon bad 'un to go; at least I should think so. I arrived here on Wednesday night; and on Thursday morning was taken there by the Secretary to the Senate: a namesake of mine, whom "John Tyler" had despatched to carry me to him for a private interview which is considered a greater compliment than the public audience. [†a]We entered a large hall, and rang a large bell—if I may judge from the size of the handle. Nobody answering the bell,[†1] we walked about on our own account, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, and their hands in their pockets) were doing, very leisurely. Some of them had ladies with them to whom they were shewing the premises; others were lounging on the chairs and sofas; others, yawning and picking their teeth. The greater part of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else; as they had no particular business there, that anybody knew of. A few were eyeing the moveables as if to make quite sure that the President (who is not popular)[†2] hadn't made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit.

After glancing at these loungers who were scattered over a pretty drawing room, furnished with blue and silver, opening upon a terrace with a beautiful prospect of the Potomac River and adjacent country—and a larger state room, not unlike the dining room at the Athenæum—we went up stairs into another chamber, where were the more favored visitors who were waiting for audiences. At sight of my conductor, a black in plain clothes and yellow slippers, who was moving noiselessly about, and whispering messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a sign of recognition and glided off to announce us.

There were some twenty men in the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular old man from the West, sunburnt and swarthy,—with a brown white hat and a giant umbrella, who sat bolt upright in his chair, frowning steadily at the carpet, as if he had made up his mind that he was going to "fix" the President in what he had to say, and wouldn't bate him a grain. Another, a Kentucky farmer nearly seven feet high, with his hat on, and his hands under his coat tails, who leaned against the wall, and kicked the floor with his heel, as though he had Time's head under his shoe, and were literally "killing" him. A third, a short, round-faced man with sleek black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down into blue dots, who sucked the head of a big stick, and from time to time took it out of his mouth to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whistle.[†a] The rest balanced themselves, now on one leg, and now on the other, and chewed mighty quids of tobacco—such mighty quids, that they all looked as if their faces were swoln with erisypelas. They all constantly squirted forth upon the carpet, a yellow saliva which quite altered its pattern; and even the few who did not indulge in this recreation, expectorated abundantly.

In five minutes time, the black in yellow slippers came back, and led us into an upper room—a kind of office—where, by the side of a hot stove, though it was

a very hot day, sat the President—all alone; and close to him a great spit box, which is an indispensable article of furniture here. In the private sitting room in which I am writing this, there are two; one on each side of the fire place. They are made of brass, to match the fender and fire irons; and are as bright as decanter stands.—But I am wandering from the President. Well! The President got up, and said, "Is *this* Mr. Dickens?"—"Sir", returned Mr. Dickens—"it is". "I am astonished to see so young a man Sir",

said the President. Mr. Dickens smiled, and thought of returning the compliment—but he didn't; for the President looked too worn and tired, to justify it. "I am happy to join with my fellow citizens in welcoming you, warmly, to this country", said the President. Mr. Dickens thanked him, and shook hands. Then the other Mr. Dickens, the secretary, asked the President to come to his house that night, which the President said he should be glad to do, but for the pressure of business, and measles. Then the President And the two Mr. Dickenses sat and looked at each other, until Mr. Dickens of London observed that no doubt the President's time was fully occupied, and he and the other Mr. Dickens had better go. Upon that they all rose up; and the President invited Mr. Dickens (of London) to come again, which he said he would. And that was the end of the conference.

From the President's house, I went up to the Capitol, and visited both the Senate, and the House of Representatives, which, as I dare say you know are under one roof. Both are of the amphitheatre form, and very tastefully fitted up; with large galleries for ladies, and for the public generally. In the Senate, which is much the smaller of the two, I made the acquaintance of everybody in the first quarter of an hour—among the rest of Clay, who is one of the most agreeable and fascinating men I ever saw. He is tall and slim, with long, limp, gray hair—a good head[†1]—refined features—a bright eye—a good voice—and a manner more frank and captivating than I ever saw in any man, at all advanced in life. I was perfectly charmed with him.[†2] In the other house, John Quincey Adams interested me very much. He is something like Rogers,[†3] but not so infirm; is very accomplished; and perfectly "game".[†4] The rest were in appearance a

good deal like our own members—some of them very bilious-looking, some very rough, some heartily good natured, and some very coarse. I asked which was Mr. Wyse,[†1] who lives in my mind, from the circumstance of his having made a very violent speech about England t'other day,[†2] which he emphasized (with great gentlemanly feeling and good taste) by pointing, as he spoke, at Lord Morpeth[†3] who happened to be present.[†4] They pointed out a wild looking, evil-visaged man, something like Roebuck,[†5] but much more savage, with a great ball of tobacco in his left cheek.[†6] I was quite satisfied.

I didn't see the honorable member who on being called to order by another honorable member some three weeks since, said "Damn your eyes Sir, if you presume to call *me* to order, I'll cut your damnation throat from ear to ear";— he wasn't there—but they shewed me the honorable member to whom he addressed this rather strong Parliamentary language; and I was obliged to content myself with him.[†7]

Yesterday, I went there again. A debate was in progress concerning the removal of a certain postmaster, charged with mal-practises, and with having interfered in elections.[†1] The speaking I heard, was partly what they call "Stump Oratory"—meaning that kind of eloquence which is delivered in the West, from that natural rostrum[†2]—and partly, a dry and prosy chopping of very small logic into very small mincemeat. It was no worse than ours, and no better. One gentleman being interrupted by a laugh from the opposition, mimicked the laugh, as a child would in quarrelling with another child, and said that "before he had done he'd make honorable members sing out, a little more on the other side of their mouths". This was the most remarkable sentiment I heard, in the course of a couple of hours.

I said something just now, about the prevalence of spit-boxes. They are everywhere. In hospitals, prisons, watch-houses, and courts of law—on the bench, in the witness box, in the jury box, and in the gallery; in the stage coach, the steam boat, the rail road car, the hotel, the hall of a private gentleman, and the chamber of Congress; where every two men have one of these conveniences between them—and very unnecessarily, for they flood the carpet, while they talk to you. Of all things in this country, this practice is to me the most insufferable. I can bear anything but filth. I would be content even to live in an atmosphere of spit, if they would but *spit clean*; but when every man ejects from his mouth that odious, most disgusting, compound of saliva and tobacco, I vow that my stomach revolts, and I cannot endure it. The marble stairs and passages of every handsome public building are polluted with these abominable stains; they are squirted about the base of every column that supports the roof; and they make the floors brown, despite the printed entreaty that visitors will not disfigure them with "tobacco spittle". It is the most sickening, beastly, and abominable custom that ever civilization saw.

When an American gentleman is polished, he *is* a perfect gentleman. Coupled with all the good qualities that such an Englishman possesses, he has a warmth of heart and an earnestness, to which I render up myself hand and heart. Indeed the whole people have most affectionate and generous impulses. I have not travelled anywhere, yet, without making upon the road a pleasant acquaintance

who has gone out of his way to serve and assist me. I have never met with any common man who would not have been hurt and offended if I had offered him money, for any trifling service he has been able to render me. Gallantry and deference to females are universal. No man wod. retain his seat in a public conveyance to the exclusion of a lady, or hesitate for an instant in exchanging places with her, however much to his discomfort, if the wish were but remotely hinted. They are generous, hospitable, affectionate, and kind. I have been obliged to throw open my doors at a certain hour, in every place I have visited, and receive from 300 to 7 or 800 people; but I have never once been asked a rude or impertinent question, except by an Englishman—and when an Englishman has been settled here for ten or twelve years, he is worse than the Devil.[†1][†2]

For all this, I would not live here two years—no, not for any gift they could bestow upon me. Apart from my natural desire to be among my friends and to be at home again, I have a yearning after our English Customs and english[†3] manners, such as you cannot conceive. It would be impossible to say, in this compass, in what respects America differs from my preconceived opinion of it, but between you and me—privately and confidentially—I shall be truly glad to leave it, though I have formed a perfect attachment to many people here, and have a public progress through the Land, such as it never saw, except in the case of Lafayette.[†4] I am going away, now, into the Far West. A public entertainment has been arranged in every town I have visited; but I found it absolutely necessary to decline them—with one reservation.—I am going now, to meet a whole people of my readers in the Far West—two thousand miles from N. York—on the borders of the Indian Territory!

Since I wrote the inclosed sheet,[†5] I have had an Invitation from the President

to dinner. I couldn't go: being obliged to leave Washington before the day he named.[†1] But Mrs. Dickens and I went to the public drawing room[†2] where pretty nearly all the natives go, who choose. It was most remarkable and most striking to see the perfect order observed—without one soldier, sailor, constable, or policeman in attendance, within the house or without; though the crowd was immense.

I have been as far South, as Richmond in Virginia.[†3]—I needn't say how odious the sight of Slavery is,[†4] or how frantic the holders are in their wrath against England, because of this Creole business.[†5]—If you see Forster soon, ask him how the Negroes drive in rough roads.[†6]

And if you should ever have time to scratch a few lines to a poor transported man, address them to the care of David Colden Esquire 28 Laight Street, Hudson Square, New York. He will forward them to me wherever I be. You must do on your side, what I can't do on this—pay the postage—or your letter will come back to you.

How long will the Tory Ministry last?[†7] Say six months, and receive my blessing.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Fonblanque[†8] and her sister.[†9] And I am always, My Dear Fonblanque

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES MURRAY,[†1] JAMES HOBAN,[†2] AND PHILLIP ENNIS,[†3] 12 MARCH 1842

Text from the *National Intelligencer,* 23 Mar 42.

Washington, March 12, 1842

Gentlemen,

I am truly obliged to you for your kind and flattering invitation.[†4] It would have afforded me the greatest pleasure to accept it, but I regret to say that I leave this city on the 16th, and have made arrangements for doing so, which I cannot depart from.

Accept my cordial thanks, and believe me, gentlemen, yours, faithfully and obliged,
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. G. TOTTEN,[†5] 12 MARCH 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Washington | Twelfth March 1842.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compts. to Colonel Totten; and thanking him exceedingly for his kind note, very much regrets that both himself and Mrs. Dickens are engaged for every day during their short sojourn in Washington. Under more fortunate circumstances, it would have afforded them sincere pleasure to have accepted Colonel Totten's hospitable offer, and to have "named the day".

To GEORGE WATTERSTON,[†6] 12 MARCH 1842*

MS Huntington Library.

Fuller's Hotel, Washington | Twelfth March 1842.

My Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for the interesting book[†7] you have been good enough

to send me; and for the kind and gratifying expressions with which you have accompanied it. Accept my sincere thanks; and believe me, dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Watterston Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, 13 MARCH 1842

Extract in F, III, iv, 235-7 (continuation of letter of 6 Mar).

Washington, Sunday, March the Thirteenth 1842.

In allusion to the last sentence,[†1] my dear friend, I must tell you a slight experience I had in Philadelphia. My rooms had been ordered for a week, but, in consequence of Kate's illness, only Mr. Q and the luggage had gone on. Mr. Q always lives at the table d'hôte, so that while we were in New York our rooms were empty. The landlord not only charged me half the full rent for the time during which the rooms were reserved for us (which was quite right), but charged me also *for board for myself and Kate and Anne, at the rate of nine dollars per day* for the same period, when we were actually living, at the same expense, in New York!!! I *did* remonstrate upon this head; but was coolly told it was the custom (which I have since been assured is a lie), and had nothing for it but to pay the amount. What else could I do? I was going away by the steamboat at five o'clock in the morning; and the landlord knew perfectly well that my disputing an item of his bill would draw down upon me the sacred wrath of the newspapers, which would one and all demand in capitals if THIS was the gratitude of the man whom America had received as she had never received any other man but La Fayette?

I went last Tuesday to the Eastern Penitentiary near Philadelphia,[†2] which is the only prison in the States, or I believe in the world, on the principle of hopeless, strict, and unrelaxed solitary confinement, during the whole term of the sentence. It is wonderfully kept, but a most dreadful, fearful place. The inspectors, immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, invited me to pass the day in the jail, and to dine with them when I had finished my inspection, that they might hear my opinion of the system. Accordingly

I passed the whole day in going from cell to cell, and conversing with the prisoners.[†3] Every facility was given me, and no constraint whatever imposed upon any man's free speech. If I were to write you a letter of twenty sheets, I could not tell you this one day's work; so I will reserve it until that happy time when we shall sit round the table at Jack Straw's—you, and I, and Mac—and go over my diary.[†4] I never shall

be able to dismiss from my mind, the impressions of that day. Making notes of them, as I have done, is an absurdity, for they are written, beyond all power of erasure, in my brain. I saw men who had been there, five years, six years, eleven years, two years, two months, two days; some whose term was nearly over, and some whose term had only just begun. Women too, under the same variety of circumstances. Every prisoner who comes into the jail, comes at night; is put into a bath, and dressed in the prison garb; and then a black hood is drawn over his face and head, and he is led to the cell from which he never stirs again until his whole period of confinement has expired. I looked at some of them with the same awe as I should have looked at men who had been buried alive, and dug up again.

We dined in the jail: and I told them after dinner how much the sight had affected me, and what an awful punishment it was. I dwelt upon this; for, although the inspectors are extremely kind and benevolent men, I question whether they are sufficiently acquainted with the human mind to know what it is they are doing.[†1] Indeed, I am sure they do not know. I bore testimony, as every one who sees it must, to the admirable government of the institution (Stanfield[†2] is the keeper: grown a little younger, that's all); but added that nothing could justify such a punishment, but its working a reformation in the prisoners. That for short terms—say two years for the maximum[†3]—I conceived, especially after what they had told me of its good effects in certain cases, it might perhaps be highly beneficial,[†4] but that, carried to so great an extent, I thought it cruel and unjustifiable; and further, that their sentences for small offences were very rigorous, not to say savage. All this, they took like men who were really anxious to have one's free opinion, and to do right. And we were very much pleased with each other, and parted in the friendliest way.[†5]

They sent me back to Philadelphia in a carriage they had sent for me in the morning; and then I had to dress in a hurry, and follow Kate to Cary's[†1] the bookseller's, where there was a party. He married a sister[†2] of Leslie's.[†3] There are three Miss Leslies[†4] here, very accomplished; and one of them has copied all her brother's principal pictures.[†5] These copies hang about the room. We got away from this as soon as we could; and next morning had to turn out at five. In the morning I had received and shaken hands with five hundred people,[†6] so

you may suppose that I was pretty well tired. Indeed I am obliged to be very careful of myself; to avoid smoking and drinking; to get to bed soon; and to be particular in respect of what I eat.... You cannot think how bilious and trying the climate is. One day it is hot summer, without a breath of air; the next, twenty degrees below freezing, with a wind blowing that cuts your skin like steel. These changes have occurred here several times since last Wednesday night.

I have altered my route, and don't mean to go to Charleston. The country, all the way from here, is nothing but a dismal swamp; there is a bad night of sea-coasting in the journey; the equinoctial gales are blowing hard; and Clay (a most *charming* fellow, by the bye), whom I have consulted, strongly dissuades me. The weather is intensely hot there; the spring fever is coming on; and there is very little to see, after all. We therefore go next Wednesday night to Richmond, which we shall reach on Thursday. There, we shall stop three days; my object being to see some tobacco plantations. Then we shall go by James river back to Baltimore,[†1] which we have already passed through,[†2] and where we shall stay two days. Then we shall go West at once, straight through the most gigantic part of this continent: across the Alleghany-mountains, and over a prairie.

To CHARLES SUMNER, 13 MARCH 1842

MS Harvard College Library.

Washington. | Thirteenth March 1842.—Sunday.

My Dear Sumner.

Hood says of a man in a quandary, in one of his books, that he could no more collect himself than the Irish Tithes.[†3] I was really in this plight, when I opened your hundred times welcome letter last night. I thought the hand writing looked reproachfully at me; reminding me of solemn promises to correspond, all violated—and of a hundred good intentions unfulfilled. But I know you will forgive me. I do a good deal of work as a Paviour in Hell, in common with most men; but I keep many pledges too. And I would have kept these, religiously (and interestedly, too, for the pleasure of hearing from you) if I had had but time—which is one of the few good things your countrymen don't give me.

You cannot think how glad we are to know that you have thought about us, and our letters, and that poor Caledonia which I have quite given over. Her non-arrival has been, of course, a sad disappointment, and has filled us with weary longings for news of home. It is a strange feeling to think of some odd little blotted scrawl which one of our small toddlers believed to be a letter, lying at the bottom of the deep sea, among drowned men, and fragments of fine Ships, and such serious, uncongenial company; but when I think how easily we might have been ourselves in that dread plight, and how strange, it seems that we, who have so many friends about us, should not have deferred our departure until

February, that we might have had our Christmas Time at home, unbroken, I thank God we are here, and am ashamed that a thought of those pieces of paper—packages of love and affection though they be—should mingle with our anxiety for the poor passengers, and their friends and children in such desolate expectation.

As to the agent,[†1] he is paid for his faith; and I no more believe in it, than I do in that of a bishopric-aspiring parson.

I have seen no place, yet, that I like so well as Boston. I hope I may be able to return there, but I fear not. We are now in the regions of slavery, spittoons, and senators—all three are evils in all countries,

but the spittoon is the worst. I don't see the use of it, either. If it be in deference to the opinion of society, I, for one, would rather not be obliged to imagine constantly what may be inside that circular orifice. I prefer the box of sand which is a candid piece of furniture and invites contemplation. But why one should be troubled with either, when everybody uses the carpet, is not satisfactorily proved to me by any means.

There are many men in both houses with whom I am greatly taken, but I confess a wild attachment to Clay. He is a fine fellow, and has won my heart.—Did John Quincey[†2] Adams ever remind you of Rogers? When the President speaks to you, he curls up his legs as I thought nobody but Talfourd could. Mr. Wyse[†2] is like Roebuck of the Westminster Review[†3]—or like what Roebuck would have been, if he had been suckled, Romulus-like, by a wolf and had been savage all his boyhood.

We have altered our route, and don't mean to go to Charleston. We leave here on Wednesday Night for Richmond, where we shall stop three days. On Monday, we shall go down James River to Baltimore, where we shall stay two days. Then we shall proceed along the line of internal improvement,[†4] over the Mountains, to Pittsburgh, which is a three days halting place; thence into Kentucky, to Lexington, Louisville, and so forth: then down the lakes to Buffalo where we shall arrive, please God, upon the Thirtieth of April or the first of May. And after some days at Niagara, we shall run into Canada. We embark in a packet ship from New York, on the Seventh of June.—There are our plans. All correspondence will be gratefully received, and thankfully acknowledged.

I miss Felton sadly.[†5] Half the pleasure of my world, as Charles Lamb says,

has gone with him.[†1] I used to remonstrate with him on his eating so many oysters—at such a distance from home.[†2] He commonly took them fried. Perhaps that saved him. I would give—I hardly know what I would not give—to have him at No 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate Regents Park, London; for I have a sincere affection for him.

Don't you think you could come to Buffalo—stay at Niagara with us—and run into Canada to see some of the pleasant Englishmen there about?[†3] Think of it—Do—You know what became of that young man (*he* was a lawyer, I have no doubt) who was always at work, and never at play; he was a dull dog at last. Be wise in time. You ask me what you can do for me—this.

Always believe me, My Dear Sumner,
(with my wife's best regards)
Faithfully and cordially Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Sumner Esquire

Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Hillard, and Bancroft, and Prescott,[†4] and all friends. I don't like Mrs. Governor Davis. She is too good a housekeeper, and has a hungry eye.[†5] The papers say that Govr. Seward[†6] and some other men are invited to pay a visit there. If you care for anybody that's asked, write him an anonymous letter & tell him Not to go on any Terms.[†7]

To JOHN BARNEY,[†8] 14 MARCH [1842]

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, May 1913; dated Fuller's Hotel, 14 Mar.

I shall probably be in Baltimore on Monday Night. I shall remain there two

days. I shall devote an hour each day to receiving any friends who may do me the favor of a call.†1

To C. C. FELTON, 14 MARCH 1842†

Text from James T. Fields, "Our Whispering Gallery, VI", *Atlantic Monthly,* XXVII (1871), 765.†2

Fuller's Hotel, Washington, Monday, March 14, 1842.

My dear Felton,

I was more delighted than I can possibly tell you to receive (last Saturday night) your welcome letter. We and the oysters missed you terribly in New York. You carried away with you more than half the delight and pleasure of my New World;†3 and I heartily wish you could bring it back again.

There are very interesting men in this place,—highly interesting, of course,—but it's not a comfortable place; is it? If spittle could wait at table we should be nobly attended, but as that property has not been imparted to it in the present state of mechanical science, we are rather lonely and orphan-like, in respect of "being looked arter." A blithe black was introduced on our arrival, as our peculiar and especial attendant. He is the only gentleman in the town who has a peculiar delicacy in intruding upon my valuable time. It usually takes seven rings and a threatening message from ——†4 to produce him; and when he comes he goes to fetch something, and, forgetting it by the way, comes back no more.

We have been in great distress, really in distress, at the non-arrival of the Caledonia. You may conceive what our joy was, when, while we were dining out yesterday, Putnam†5 arrived with the joyful intelligence of her safety. The very news of her having really arrived seemed to diminish the distance between ourselves and home, by one half at least.

And this morning (though we have not yet received our heap of despatches, for which we are looking eagerly forward to this night's mail),—this morning there reached us unexpectedly, through the government bag (Heaven knows how they came there), two of our many and long-looked-for letters, wherein was a circumstantial account of the whole conduct and behavior of our pets; with marvellous narrations of Charley's precocity at a Twelfth Night juvenile party

at Macready's; and tremendous predictions of the governess, dimly suggesting his having got out of pot-hooks and hangers, and darkly insinuating the possibility of his writing us a letter before long; and many other workings of the same prophetic spirit, in reference to him and his sisters, very gladdening to their mother's heart, and not at all depressing to their father's. There was, also, the doctor's report, which was a

clean bill; and the nurse's report, which was perfectly electrifying; showing as it did how Master Walter had been weaned, and had cut a double tooth, and done many other extraordinary things, quite worthy of his high descent. In short, we were made very happy and grateful; and felt as if the prodigal father and mother had got home again.

What do you think of this incendiary card being left at my door last night? "General G.[†1] sends compliments to Mr. Dickens, and called with two literary ladies.[†2] As the two L. L.'s are ambitious of the honor of a personal introduction to Mr. D., General G. requests the honor of an appointment for to-morrow." I draw a veil over my sufferings. They are sacred.

[†a]We have altered our route, and don't mean to go to Charleston, for I want to see the West, and have taken it into my head that as I am not obliged to go to Charleston, and don't exactly know why I should go there, I need do no violence to my own inclinations. My route is of Mr. Clay's designing, and I think it a very good one. We go on Wednesday night to Richmond in Virginia. On Monday we return to Baltimore for two days. On Thursday morning we start for Pittsburg, and so go by the Ohio to Cincinnati, Louisville, Kentucky, Lexington, St. Louis; and either down the Lakes to Buffalo, or back to Philadelphia, and by New York to that place, where we shall stay a week, and then make a hasty trip into Canada.[†a] We shall be in Buffalo, please Heaven, on the 30th of April. If I don't find a letter from you in the care of the postmaster at that place, I'll never write to you from England.

But if I *do* find one, my right hand shall forget its cunning,[†3] before I forget to be your truthful and constant correspondent; not, dear Felton, because I promised it, nor because I have a natural tendency to correspond (which is far from being the case), nor because I am truly grateful to you for, and have been made truly proud by, that affectionate and elegant tribute which ——[†4] sent me, but because you are a man after my own heart, and I love you *well.* And for the

love I bear you, and the pleasure with which I shall always think of you, and the glow I shall feel when I see your handwriting in my own home, I hereby enter into a solemn league and covenant to write as many letters to you as you write to me, at least. Amen.

Come to England! Come to England! Our oysters are small I know; they are said by Americans to be coppery, but our hearts are of the largest size. We are thought to excel in shrimps, to be far from despicable in point of lobsters, and in periwinkles are considered to challenge the universe. Our oysters, small though they be, are not devoid of the refreshing influence which that species of fish is supposed to exercise in these latitudes.[†1] Try them and compare.[†2]

Affectionately yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 14 MARCH 1842

Mention in Chicago Book & Art Auction catalogue No. 2; *MS*[†3] 2 pp.; dated 14 Mar 42.

Declining further engagements in Baltimore.

Yours faithfully and obliged

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 MARCH 1842]

Extracts in F, III, iv, 230*n* and 237-9 (resumption of letter begun on 6 Mar, continued 13 Mar).

†a*Read on. We *have* your precious letters, but you'll think, at first, we have not. C.D.†a

Still at Washington, Fifteenth March, 1842.... It is impossible, my dear friend, to tell you what we felt, when Mr. Q (who is a fearfully sentimental genius, but heartily interested in all that concerns us) came to where we were dining last Sunday,†4 and sent in a note to the effect that the Caledonia had arrived!†5 Being really assured of her safety, we felt as if the distance between

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us and home were diminished by at least one half. There was great joy everywhere here, for she had been quite despaired of, but *our* joy was beyond all telling. This news came on by express. Last night your letters reached us. I was dining with a club†1 (for I can't avoid a dinner of that sort, now and then), and Kate sent me a note about nine o'clock to say they were here.†2 But she didn't open them—which I consider heroic—until I came home. That was about half past ten; and we read them until nearly two in the morning.

I won't say a word about your letters; except that Kate and I have come to a conclusion which makes me tremble in my shoes, for we decide that humourous narrative is your forte, and not statesmen of the commonwealth.†3 I won't say a word about your news; for how could I in that case, while you want to hear what we are doing, resist the temptation of expending pages on those darling children....

I have the privilege of appearing on the floor of both houses here, and go to them every day.†4 They are very handsome and commodious. There is a great deal of bad speaking, but there are a great many very remarkable men, in the legislature: such as John Quincey†5 Adams, Clay, Preston,†6 Calhoun,†7 and others:

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with whom I need scarcely add I have been placed in the friendliest relations. Adams is a fine old fellow—seventy-six years old, but with most surprising vigour, memory, readiness, and pluck. Clay is perfectly enchanting; an irresistible man. There are some very noble specimens, too, out of the West. Splendid men to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in varied accomplishments, Indians in quickness of eye and gesture, Americans in affectionate and generous impulse. It would be difficult to exaggerate the nobility of some of these glorious fellows.

When Clay retires, as he does this month, Preston will become the leader of the whig party. He so solemnly assures me that the international copyright shall and will be passed, that I almost begin to hope;†1 and I shall be entitled to say, if it be, that I have brought it about.†2 You have no idea how universal the discussion of its merits and demerits has become; or how eager for the change I have made a portion of the people.

You remember what Webster[†3] was, in England.[†4] If you *could* but see him

here! If you could only have seen him when he called on us the other day— feigning abstraction in the dreadful pressure of affairs of state;[†1] rubbing his forehead as one who was a-weary of the world;[†2] and exhibiting a sublime caricature of Lord Burleigh.[†3] He is the only thoroughly unreal man I have seen, on this side the ocean.[†4] Heaven help the President! All parties are against him, and he appears truly wretched.[†5] We go to a levee at his house to-night.[†6] He has invited me to dinner on Friday, but I am obliged to decline; for we leave, per steamboat, to-morrow night.

I said I wouldn't write anything more concerning the American people, for two months. Second thoughts are best. I shall not change, and may as well speak out—to *you*. They are friendly, earnest, hospitable, kind, frank, very often accomplished, far less prejudiced than you would suppose, warm-hearted, fervent, and enthusiastic. They are chivalrous in their universal politeness to women, courteous, obliging, disinterested; and, when they conceive a perfect affection for a man (as I may venture to say of myself), entirely devoted to him. I have received thousands of people of all ranks and grades, and have never once been asked an offensive or unpolite question—except by Englishmen, who, when

they have been "located"[†1] here for some years, are worse than the devil in his blackest painting. The State is a parent to its people; has a parental care and watch over all poor children, women labouring of child, sick persons, and captives.[†2] The common men render you assistance in the streets, and would revolt from the offer of a piece of money. The desire to oblige is universal; and I have never once travelled in a public conveyance, without making some generous acquaintance whom I have been sorry to part from, and who has in many cases come on miles, to see us again. But I don't like the country. I would not live here, on any consideration. It goes against the grain with me. It would with you. I think it impossible, utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here, and be happy. I have a confidence that I must be right, because I have everything, God knows, to lead me to the opposite conclusion: and yet I cannot resist coming to this one. As to the causes, they are too many to enter upon here....

One of two petitions for an international copyright which I brought here from American authors, with Irving at their head,[†3] has been presented to the house of representatives.[†4] Clay retains the other for presentation to the senate after I have left Washington.[†5] The presented one has been referred to a committee;[†6] the Speaker[†7] has nominated as its chairman Mr. Kennedy, member for Baltimore, who is himself an author[†8] and notoriously favourable to such a law; and I am going to assist him in his report.[†9]

To WASHINGTON IRVING, 15 MARCH 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Fuller's | Fifteenth March 1842.

My Dear Irving.

We leave here tomorrow night.—Say that you will come and dine with us tomorrow—inviolably alone—at 4. Don't refuse, if you love me. It may be a very long time before we dine together again.[†1]

I am glad to say that I have a[†2] brother to whose memory we can drink a glass of wine—he died in his infancy some nine and twenty years ago.[†3] He wasn't a twin, but we must make the best of him.[†4]

Heartily | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Washington Irving Esquire

To ROBERT GILMOR,[†5] 16 MARCH 1842

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania. *Address:* Paid | R. Gilmour[†6] Esquire | Messrs. R. Gilmour & Sons | Baltimore.

Washington. | Sixteenth March 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I hope to be in Baltimore on Monday night, and to remain there *two days,* before going West—in the course of which brief stay, I shall rob you of certain large sums in Gold and Silver to carry into those remote parts. Meanwhile let me advise you that as Coutts's house[†7] by some strange mistake directed my letter of credit to a gentleman, formerly of this place, who has been dead some six years,[†8] I have been obliged to draw Fifty Pounds from the Metropolis

Bank, and have given them a draft on you to that amount. I should have written to you for a supply, but it did not occur to me to enquire after the deceased Agent until last night (though I thought it odd not to have heard of him)— and tonight I leave this City, for Richmond.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. Gilmour Esquire

To FREDERICK SAUNDERS,[†1] 16 MARCH 1842*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Private

Washington | Sixteenth March 1842

Dear Sir

I have but a moment, before leaving here, to acknowledge the receipt of your communication. It is, I fear, too late to add the signatures you have sent me, for I confided both the petitions to Mr. Clay's charge some days since, and one— that to the house of Representatives—has been presented.

That petition, you will be glad to hear, has been referred to a Committee, of which Mr. Kennedy from Baltimore (himself an Author) is apppointed[[sic]]an. I augur *good*[†2] results from his report.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Saunders Esquire

To W. W. SEATON,[†4] 16 MARCH 1842

Text from [Josephine Seaton], *William Winston Seaton of the "National Intelligencer." A Biographical Sketch. With Passing Notices of his Associates and Friends*, [Boston], 1871, p. 272.

Washington | March 16, 1842

My dear Sir,

I am truly obliged to you for your kind note. I am so constantly engaged,

however, that I think I *must* deny myself the pleasure of making an appointment with you, which I could scarcely keep without making a most uncomfortable scramble of it. I will report my knowledge of the lions to you, and you shall judge how I have been shown about.

In case I should forget it when we meet to-night,[†1] may I venture to ask two favors of you,—or rather one favor with two heads.

It is that you will kindly (if you see no objection) let my friends here know through that channel which is open to you, and over which you so ably preside, that whenever I make an appointment I keep it; and that it gives me great uneasiness and pain to be placarded all over the town as intending to make a visit to the theatre, when I have given no authority whatever to any person to publish such an announcement; and secondly, that travelling as we do, we can never return the calls of our friends, in consequence of their immense number, and our very limited stay in any one place.[†2]

Let me take this opportunity of thanking you, most heartily and earnestly, for the exceedingly kind attention I have received at your hands, and the pleasure I have enjoyed in your society and in that of your family.[†3] I need scarcely say that Mrs. Dickens desires me to say as much for her.

I am, my dear sir, with true regard, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

W. W. Seaton, Esq.

To JOHN FORSTER, 17 MARCH [1842]

Extracts in F, III, iv, 239 (resumption of letter begun 6 Mar, continued 13th and 15th).

Richmond, in Virginia. Thursday Night, March 17.

Irving was with me at Washington yesterday, and *wept heartily* at parting. He is a fine fellow, when you know him well; and you would relish him, my dear friend, of all things. We have laughed together at some absurdities we have encountered in company, quite in my vociferous Devonshire-terrace style. The

"Merrikin" government have treated him, he says, most liberally and handsomely in every respect.[†1] He thinks of sailing for Liverpool on the 7th of April;[†2] passing a short time in London;[†3] and then going to Paris.[†4] Perhaps you may meet him.[†5] If you do, he will know that you are my dearest friend, and will open his whole heart to you at once. His secretary of legation, Mr. Coggleswell,[†6] is a man of very remarkable information, a great traveller, a good talker, and a scholar.[†7]

I am going to sketch you our trip here from Washington, as it involves nine miles of a "Virginny Road."[†8] That done, I must be brief, good brother....

To MISS EMMA MORDECAI,[†1] 19 MARCH 1842*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Richmond. Virginia | Nineteenth March 1842.

My Dear Dreamer.

I have received the southern flowers most joyfully—though I need nothing to remind me of *you*, believe me. I shall place them on my pillow tonight, and trust to their influence for some sweet visions in which you may be the chief actor.

Believe me

(Sleeping or waking)

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emma Mordecai

To JOHN FORSTER, 21 MARCH [1842]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 239-41 (continuation of letter begun 6 Mar).

At Washington again, Monday, March the twenty-first.

We had intended to go to Baltimore from Richmond, by a place called Norfolk: but one of the boats being under repair, I found we should probably be detained at this Norfolk two days. Therefore we came back here yesterday, by the road we had travelled before;[†2] lay here last night; and go on to Baltimore this afternoon, at four o'clock. It is a journey of only two hours and a half. Richmond is a prettily situated town;[†3] but, like other towns in slave districts (as the planters themselves admit), has an aspect of decay and gloom which to an unaccustomed eye is *most* distressing. In the black car (for they don't let them sit with the whites), on the railroad as we went there, were a mother and family, whom the [?owner][†4] was conveying away, to sell; retaining the man (the husband and father I mean) on his plantation. The children cried the whole way. Yesterday, on board the boat, a slave owner and two constables were our fellow-passengers. They were coming here in search of two negroes who had run away on the previous day. On the bridge at Richmond there is a notice against fast driving over it, as it is rotten and crazy: penalty—for whites, five dollars; for slaves, fifteen stripes. My heart is lightened as if a great load had

been taken from it, when I think that we are turning our backs on this accursed and detested system. I really don't think I could have borne it any longer. It is all very well to say "be silent on the subject." They won't let you be silent. They *will* ask you what you think of it; and *will* expatiate on slavery as if it were one of the greatest blessings of mankind. "It's not," said a hard, bad-looking fellow to me the other day, "it's not the interest of a man to use his slaves ill. It's damned nonsense that you hear in England."—I told him quietly that it was not a man's interest to get drunk, or to steal, or to game, or to indulge in any other vice, but he *did* indulge in it for all that. That cruelty, and the abuse of irresponsible power, were two of the bad passions of human nature, with the gratification of which, considerations of interest or of ruin had nothing whatever to do; and that, while every candid man must admit that even a slave might be happy enough with a good master, all human beings knew that bad masters, cruel masters, and masters who disgraced the form they bore, were matters of experience and history, whose existence was as undisputed as that of slaves themselves.[†1] He was a little taken aback by this, and asked me if I believed in the bible. Yes, I said, but if any man could prove to me that it sanctioned slavery, I would place no further credence in it. "Well then," he said, "by God, sir, the niggers must be kept down, and the whites have put down the coloured people wherever they have found them." "That's the whole question" said I. "Yes, and by God," says he, "the British had better not stand out on that point when Lord Ashburton comes over, for I never felt so warlike as I do now,—and that's a fact." I was obliged to accept a public supper in this Richmond,[†2] and I

saw plainly enough, there, that the hatred which these Southern States bear to us as a nation has been fanned up and revived again by this Creole business,[†1] and can scarcely be exaggerated.... We were desperately tired at Richmond, as we went to a great many places,[†2] and received a very great number of visitors. We appoint usually two hours in every day for this latter purpose, and have our room so full at that period that it is difficult to move or breathe. Before we left Richmond, a gentleman told me, when I really was so exhausted that I could hardly stand, that "three people of great fashion" were much offended by having been told, when they called last evening, that I was tired and not visible, then, but would be "at

home" from twelve to two next day![†3] Another gentleman (no doubt of great fashion also) sent a letter to me two hours after I had gone to bed, preparatory to rising at four next morning, with instructions to the slave who brought it to knock me up and wait for an answer!

I am going to break my resolution of accepting no more public entertainments, in favour of the originators of the printed document overleaf.[†4] They live upon the confines of the Indian territory, some two thousand miles or more west of New York! Think of my dining there! And yet, please God, the festival will come off—I should say about the 12th or [13th][†5] of next month.[†6]

To ROBERT GILMOR, 21 MARCH [1842]

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania. *Address:* Robert Gilmor[†1] Esquire | Exchange Place.

Barnum's Hotel[†2] | Monday Evening Twenty First March.

My Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind letter.—I should have come to you today, beyond all doubt if I had been here; but I have only just now (past 6 O'Clock) arrived.[†3] I will call on you tomorrow at eleven, and shall hope to find you as much better as in these sudden changes of temperature, may be reasonably expected.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Gilmour[†1] Esquire

To WASHINGTON IRVING, 21 MARCH 1842

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Washington Irving Esquire | at Brown's.

Washington. | Monday afternoon. March Twenty First. | 1842

My Dear Irving.

We passed through—literally passed through—this place, again to day. I did not come to see you, for I really have not the heart to say "good bye" again, and felt more than I can tell you when we shook hands last Wednesday.

You will not be at Baltimore, I fear? I thought at the time[†4] that you only said you might be there, to make our parting the gayer.[†5]

Wherever you go, God bless you! What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you, I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live. What *would* I give, if we could have but a quiet week together!

Spain is a lazy place, and its climate an indolent one. But if you have ever leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you, and holds communion with your spirit, oftener perhaps than any other person alive—leisure

from listlessness, I mean—and will write to me in London, you will give me an inexpressible amount of pleasure.†1

Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS†2

Washington Irving Esquire

To W. W. SEATON, 21 MARCH 1842*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* W. W. Seaton Esquire.

Washington | Monday afternoon. March Twenty First | 1842.

My Dear Sir.

This will reach you when we have gone on to Baltimore; and will tell you that we came back here last night, and left this morning. It is such a hard thing, that saying good b'ye, when one has no time to say anything besides, that we resolved to write it. Here it is—and with it our best regards to Mrs. Seaton and your family, whom we shall not easily forget.

Your son shewed us every attention, in Richmond. You were a false prophet in respect of his requiring to be drawn out. We were friends directly.†3

With many thanks to you for your hospitality and kindness, believe me ever
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. W. Seaton Esquire

To LORD BROUGHAM, 22 MARCH 1842*

MS The Hon. Mrs John Mildmay-White. *Address:* The Right Honorable | The Lord Brougham | Grafton Street | London | England.

Baltimore. United States. | Twenty Second March 1842.

Dear Lord Brougham.

As you were so kind as to express some interest in my movements, I cannot resist the temptation I feel to write and tell you that I have seen Judge Story, and

executed your commission;[†1] and that if there be anything I can possibly do for you before I return on the 7th. of June, I shall be truly proud and glad to do it. Is there nothing I can bring back for you—animate or inanimate? Have you no fancy for any American reprint of any book? Cannot you invent a desire which I may be the means of gratifying? If you can, and will write to me, to the care of David Colden Esquire, 28 Laight Street, Hudson Square, New York, your letter will be safely sent on to me, wherever I may be.

You may perhaps have heard that they do me great honor here, and that I can't help making a public progress through the land—sorely against my own habits and inclinations. As they purposed getting up a public entertainment in every town I passed through, I was obliged to diffuse public notice that I would not accept any festivals after leaving New York. But I have made an exception in favor of one body of readers in the Far West. They reside at St. Louis, which is two thousand miles from here, and on the confines of the Indian Territory. I am going there—to dinner—and start the day after tomorrow.

I have been South as far as Richmond in Virginia; but the weather becoming prematurely hot; and the sight of Slavery, and the mere fact of living in a town where it exists being positive misery to me; I turned back. The Southerners are perfectly frantic on the subject of your speech in reference to the Creole affair.[†2] I know you are not sorry, my Lord, to hear *that.*

I have done, and am doing, my best to shame the Americans into the passing of an International Copyright Law with England. Mr. Preston who will be the leader of the Whig party on Mr. Clay's retirement gives me such positive assurances, that I almost begin to hope it may be brought about. The system, as it stands, is most iniquitous and disgraceful. A writer not only gets nothing for his labours, though they are diffused all over this enormous Continent, but cannot even choose his company. Any wretched halfpenny newspaper can print him at its pleasure—place him side by side with productions which disgust his common sense—and by means of the companionship in which it constantly shews him, engenders a feeling of association in the minds of a large class of readers, from which he would revolt, and to avoid which he would pay almost any price.[†3]

I have some scruples of conscience whether a letter so brief and so devoid of interest be worth the sending; but I give myself the benefit of the doubt on the chance of being useful to you. And I am always My Lord

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Honorable | The Lord Brougham.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS,[†1] 22 MARCH 1842

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London | England.

Baltimore. United States. | Twenty Second March 1842.

Dear Miss Coutts.

You have long ago discharged from your mind any favorable opinion you may ever have entertained of me—and have set me down, I know, as a neglectful, erratic, promise-breaking, and most unworthy person.

And yet I have not forgotten the book you asked me to bring home for you— nor the pebble I am to gather for Lady Burdett[†2] at Niagara—nor the something unstipulated[†3] which I am to put in my portmanteau for Miss Meredith.[†4] The truth is that they give me everything here, but Time. That they never will leave me alone. That I shake hands every day when I am not travelling, with five or six hundred people. That Mrs. Dickens and I hold a formal Levee in every town we come to, and usually faint away (from fatigue) every day while dressing for dinner.—In a word, that we devoutly long for Home, and look forward to the seventh of next June when we sail, please God, from New York—most ardently.

I have sent you some newspapers; and I hope they have reached you. They gave me a ball at New York, at which Three Thousand people were present—and a public dinner besides—and another in Boston—and another in a place called Hertford. Others were projected, literally all through the States, but I gave public notice, that I couldn't accept them: being of mere flesh and blood, and having only mortal powers of digestion. But I have made an exception in favor of one body of readers at St. Louis—a town in the Far West, on the confines of the Indian territory. I am going there to dinner—it's only two thousand miles from here—and start the day after tomorrow.

I look forward to making such an impression on you with the store of anecdote and description with which I shall return, that I can't find it in my Heart to open it—on paper. I don't see how I shall ever get rid of my gatherings. It seems to me, at present, that when I come home I must take a cottage on Putney Heath, or Richmond Green, or some other wild and desolate place, and talk to myself for a month or two, until I have sobered down a little, and am quiet again. A prophetic feeling comes upon me sometimes, and hints that I shall return, a bore—.[†5]

We had a terrible passage out, and mean to return in a sailing ship. Can you

think of anything I can bring back for you? If you can possibly commission me to bring you any article whatever from the New Country, I need scarcely say how proud and glad you will make me. Any letter addressed to me to the care of David Colden Esquire 28 Laight Street Hudson Square New York, would be forwarded to me wheresoever I might chance to be at the time of its receipt.

May I ask you when you next see Mr. Marjoribanks[†1] to tell him, with my best regards, that I thank him very much for his letters,[†2] and have received the greatest attention from all his correspondents—except the poor gentleman at Washington—who has been dead six years. Not finding him readily (no wonder!) I went into a bank to ask for him. I happened to make the enquiry of a very old clerk, who staggered to a stool and fell into a cold perspiration, as if he had seen a spectre. Being feeble, and the shock being very great, he took to his bed—but he has since recovered: to the great joy of his wife and family.

With every good and cordial wish for your health and happiness—many messages of regard to Miss Meredith—and very many scruples of conscience in sending you so poor a letter from so long a distance—I am always, Dear Miss Coutts,

With true regard | Faithfully Your obliged friend

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I forgot to say that I have been at Washington (which is beyond here) and as far beyond that, again, as Richmond in Virginia. But the prematurely hot weather, and the sight of slaves, turned me back.

To GEORGE D'ALMAINE,[†3] [?22 MARCH 1842]

Mention in next. *Date:* CD received a letter from D'Almaine in Philadelphia, 5-9 Mar (*To* Forster, 1 Apr); by 13 Mar he had decided to break his journey West at Pittsburgh (*To* Sumner, that day); but he probably answered D'Almaine's letter only when he knew which day he could be expected.

Asking him to meet their canal boat at Pittsburgh and secure rooms for them at a hotel there.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 22 MARCH 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Baltimore. United States. | Twenty Second March 1842.

My Dear Fred.

You must take the will for the deed in my case, and not measure the length of your letters, by the length of mine. Although I have declined, and constantly

decline, all public entertainments, our life is a very fatiguing one. In every place we come to, we hold regular Levees or drawing rooms, and receive immense crowds of people. This, and constant engagements morning, noon, and night (to say nothing of the fatigues of travelling by railroad, stage, & steam boat, and getting up at four or five o'Clock in the morning for that purpose) occasionally quite wear us out; and at the best leave very little leisure, as you may suppose, for writing.

The Secretary continues to do very well—Kate of course don't like him. He is sentimental certainly—has a languishing air—and is a cross between Burnett[†1] and Hartland.[†2] He sings too—and tells marvellous lies concerning his past life— in both of which aspects of his character, you will detect a resemblance to one of the gentlemen I have likened him to.[†3] But he is of great use. If it were for nothing else but paying the bills, and collecting the luggage, he would be, like the soothing Syrup, "A real blessing"—As to the baggage, its amount is fearful to behold. We are going into the Far West, the day after tomorrow; and as we shall have to cross Mountains, Forests, and Prairies, we are packing a quantity of it off to New York, and cutting ourselves down to the smallest amount of necessaries. Anne is a very good land traveller; but at sea she is the dismallest of the dismal.

We have struck Charleston out of our trip, as the weather South, is intensely and prematurely hot. We have been as far as Richmond, and, even under more favorable circumstances, would certainly not have been tempted by the sight of Slavery, to proceed. I have made one exception in my determination, and accepted a public entertainment at St. Louis, where they had a meeting and passed certain resolutions which I have sent to Forster. It is on the borders of the Indian Territory—only two thousand miles from here—and, as one may say, almost next door.

Do you remember little George D'Almaine? He is a portrait painter at a Western town on the Ohio, called Pittsburgh. We shall be there next Sunday;[†4] and as he wrote me a very good letter, I have written to beg him to secure rooms for us at the Hotel[†5] (whatever it may be) and to meet us at the Canal boat. Fancy us on board a canal boat—walking on the towing path whenever we feel disposed for a change—and having four days and nights of it! We go from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati—to Louisville—to St. Louis—back to Louisville—across the Great Prairie to Chicago[†6]—then down the lakes to Buffalo—by railroad to Niagara, where we stay a week. From thence we run into Canada, and so return to New York. We have arranged to embark from New York for England in the George Washington Packet Ship, on the 7th. of June. We shall count the days until that blessed time arrives.

We had your first letter—the Caledonia one—at Washington, & it is impossible

to say with what joy we sat up half the night, and read that, and the whole packetfull.[†1] Your second letter awaited us here last night, together with Forster's Ontario[†2] epistle. I can't make out how that second letter of yours, came. You have marked it by the Acadia—not the steam packet surely?[†3]

Forrest[†4] breakfasted with us at Richmond (Richmond is in Virginia, among the tobacco manufactories) last Saturday. He appears to be a very amiable fellow—has a charming wife[†5]—and spoke most gratefully of Macready's kindness to him when he was in London.[†6] All manner of Theatricals are at the lowest possible ebb here. The Southern people are perfectly frantic about the Creole business. Lord Ashburton is looked for every day. We were at a drawing room at the Presidents, and were invited to dinner besides, but couldn't wait. Kate's face swells every other day. My hair is terribly long, & I am afraid, to have it cut, lest the barber (bribed by admirers) should clip it all off for presents.[†7] And I think that's all our personal news. I have told a very few of our adventures to Forster, who will tell them to you. But I reserve my great effects (including some brilliant stories, illustrations, imitations &c) until I come home.

[†a]I can't tell you, Fred, how very much pleased I have been with your letters, or truly gratified by your affectionate care of our dear darlings. But I shall never forget your brotherly regard, or cease to place the most implicit and unhesitating reliance in all you say and do in reference to what is dear to Kate and me.[†a]

Always Your loving brother
CHARLES DICKENS

Write long letters—long letters—full, true, and particular accounts—and always direct to the care of David Colden—who is as prompt and anxious as if they were his letters; not ours.[†8]

To LADY HOLLAND,[†1] 22 MARCH 1842†

MS The Earl of Ilchester. *Address:* The Right Honorable | The Lady Holland | South Street. Grosvenor Square | London | England.

Baltimore. United States. | Twenty Second March 1842.

Dear Lady Holland.

[†a]I know I am not mistaken in thinking that you would like to hear from my own lips that I am well; not at all spoiled (you remember that you thought I should be?); and longing, in common with my wife, to be again in our dear old home, and among our friends and children. You will have smiled, before getting so far, at my using the word "lips";—but my pen has so long supplied the place of a voice, that the expression comes quite naturally to me.[†a]

Perhaps you know something of the Public Progress I am obliged to make in this country—of the ball (attended by three thousand people) which they gave me at New York—and of the festivals of all kinds with which they have received me. Public entertainments were proposed in every town I intended to visit—but I gave public notice that I could not possibly bear it, and have refused all those in contemplation, except one. This originates with the people of St. Louis; a town in the Far West, near the Indian territory. It is only two thousand miles from here—quite next door, as one may say—and I am going there to dinner. We start the day after tomorrow.

It was a great delight to me to see Irving, for whom I have conceived a perfect affection. He talks of leaving here for Liverpool on the 7th. of next month— when I say, here, I mean New York. He goes on to London of course. We spoke very much of you—and with a grateful pleasure that had at least the merit of being perfectly sincere.[†2]

[†a]Mrs. Dickens remains well in this very trying climate, and begs me to thank your Ladyship for the kind message you sent her, when I came to take leave of you. We are obliged to hold a Levee for all comers, every day when we are not travelling—and labour very hard indeed, I do assure you. The Queen and Prince Albert can scarcely be more tired—for ours is a perpetual Drawing Room. Our crown, too, is not a Golden one, except in opinion.[†a]

We have been to Boston, Worcester, Hertford, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Richmond in Virginia. We originally intended to have gone as far South as Charleston, but the prematurely hot weather, and the sight of slavery, turned us back.[†1] We are now on our way to the Forests, Mountains, and Prairies of the West; and have taken our passage in a sailing ship which leaves New York for England on the 7th. of June.

I have made *some* observations, of course. They are not all favorable, for I love England better than I did when I left her. But I am bound to say that travellers have grossly exaggerated American rudeness and obtrusion.[†2] Among all the thousands whom I have seen, within doors and without (and they are so many that I have almost paralyzed my right arm by constantly shaking hands) I have never once encountered a man, woman, or child, who has asked me a rude question, or made a rude remark. The best and only passports needed in this country, are frankness and good humour. This is not the opinion of a man who has been conciliated by flattery or attention. I have much to say on the other side of the question. But the people are naturally courteous, good-tempered, generous, warmhearted, and obliging. That is a matter of fact, and not of opinion.

I have been a week or so behind Lord Morpeth everywhere. He is now in the South,[†3] but if the rumoured account of his movements be correct, I still hope to fall in with him, westward.[†4] Wherever he has been, he has won the hearts of all kinds of people. They quite love him; and as I truly respect his character, I am proud and glad to hear his praises.[†5]

[†a]This is a poor letter to send you, Lady Holland, from so great a distance; but if it were only because it is a gratification of heart to me to wish you peace of mind, health, and happiness—if I had not the selfish desire to live in your remembrance—I should be tempted to inflict it upon you. If you can charge me with any commission, great or small, I need scarcely say it would be a real pleasure to me to execute it. Any letter addressed to me, to the care of David Colden Esquire 28 Laight Street Hudson Square New York, would be sure to reach me.

I am always
Yours faithfully, and truly obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.
I beg to be kindly remembered to Mr. Allen.[†1]
We carry with us, a sketch of our darlings, by Maclise. It is a great [comfort.][†2] We unpack it every night, if we be on a journey; and make as [?much of t][†3]his little Household God, as though it were alive.[†a]

To LORD JEFFREY, [?22 MARCH 1842]

Mention in *To* Colden, 4 Apr. *Date:* sent by the steamer leaving Boston on 2 Apr; probably written on 22 Mar, the day CD wrote to other English friends.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 22 MARCH 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire. R.A. | 14 Russell Place | Fitzroy Square | London | England.

Baltimore. | Twenty Second March 1842.

My very dear Mac.

From the depths of the Far West, whither we are now going—from the heights of

the Alleghanny[†1] Mountains which we are about to ascend—from the small cabin of the canal boat in which we embark—from the surface of the Lakes we have yet to traverse—and amidst the silence of the broad Prairies we shall shortly cross—nay from the gloom of the Great Mammoth Cave in Kentucky,[†2] and high above the roar and spray of dread Niagara—my voice shall be heard, cursing the Academy. I will call down imprecations on the head of Martin Archer Shee[†3] from the solitudes where the Indians used to roam, and from which the white man has driven everything but the red sun which lingers there every evening as it did of yore—(oh beautiful, beautiful!)[†4] I will Anathematize the Green table and *un* holy water bottles[†5] in the splendour of early morning, and the softened beauty of the night. I will spit upon Trafalgar Square,[†6] and set my heel upon the Council Chamber. The aged and staggering associates shall dwindle peak and pine,[†7] beneath my withering blight—and the ranks of R.A's shall be thinned by me.

And could you—*could* you, Mac— lose the recollection of us, in the crowned presence of the King of Prussia?[†8] Was Devonshire Terrace forgotten, in the Monarch's state? Was it a necessary consequence of being out of your sight (and good God my dear boy, what an eye you have)[†9] that we should be out of your mind, likewise? Oh Mac, Mac. The Caledonia, having no letter from you on board, was ashamed of her mission, and put back. The very ocean rebelled at the enormity. How it must have gone to your heart—what coals of fire were heaped upon your head—when you had those two letters from me; and especially that one with the ball bill of fare, and Kate's portrait![†10]—You were penitent *then.* I know you were.[†11]

We have been travelling a great deal. Forster has a few scraps of description— in trust, as usual. As to Scenery, we really have seen very little as yet. It is the same thing over and over again. The railroads go through the low grounds and swamps, and it is all one eternal forest, with fallen trees mouldering away in stagnant water and decayed vegetable matter—and heaps of timber in every aspect of decay and utter ruin. I dress up imaginary tribes of Indians, as we rattle on, and scatter them among the trees as they used to be—sleeping in their blankets, cleaning their arms, nursing brown children, and so forth. But saving an occasional log hut, with children at the door, or a slave house, or a white man with an axe and a great dog, long miles and miles are wholly destitute of life, or change of any kind.

You will be familiar, very likely on the day this reaches you, with all that I have written to Forster. I will let it have the freshness of novelty, and spare you its repetition. He tells me great things of your Hamlet.[†1] What would I give to see it! But we shall be home, please God, before the exhibition closes; and thats[†2] a comfort.[†3]

Do you feel as though you would like some summer rides, some summer walks, some dinners, strolls at night, and minor theatre visitations? Do you feel as if, when we come home, you would like us, even better than the Academy, for a few weeks? For myself, if Shee stood bodily upon the pier of Liverpool when I leaped ashore, I would forget the past, and shake hands with him.— Yes.—I would.

Imagine Kate and I—a kind of Queen and Albert—holding a Levee every day (proclaimed and placarded in newspapers) and receiving all who choose to come. Imagine—but you can't imagine, without seeing them—how now and then a republican boy, of surpassing and indescribable free and easiness comes in among the company, and keeping his cap upon his head, inspects me at his leisure. We had one the other day who remained two hours, and took no other refreshment during the whole time than an occasional pick at his nose, or survey of the street from the open window, whence he invited other boys to come up, and do the like. Imagine, when I landed from a steam boat in New York, in a dense crowd, some twenty or thirty people, screwing small dabs of fur out of the back of that costly great coat I bought in Regent Street![†4] Imagine these public receptions occurring *every day*, and how I feel towards the people who come in, fresh, and full of speech and questioning, when I am quite tired out! Every railroad car is like a great omnibus. Whenever we come to a town station, the crowd surround it, let down all the windows, thrust in their heads, stare at me, and compare notes respecting my appearance, with as much coolness as if I

were a Marble image. What do you think of *that*—as you would say, yourself.

Ever My Dear Mac
Your Faithful (though unacademic) friend
CHARLES DICKENS

My best regards to all your house.[†1]

To W. C. MACREADY, 22 MARCH 1842†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. C. Macready Esquire | 5 Clarence Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London | England.

Baltimore. Twenty Second March 1842.

My Dear Friend.

I beg your pardon—but you were speaking of rash leaps at hasty conclusions. Are you quite sure you designed that remark for me? Have you not, in the hurry of correspondence, slipped a paragraph into my letter, which belongs of right to somebody else?[†2] When did you ever know me leap at a *wrong* conclusion? I pause for a reply.[†3] Pray Sir did you ever find me admiring Mr. Bryden?[†4] On the contrary, did you never hear of my protesting through good, better, and best report, that he was not an open or a candid man and would one day *beyond all doubt* displease you by not being so. I pause again for a reply.

Are you quite sure, Mr. Macready,—and I address myself to you with the sternness of a man in the pit—are you quite sure Sir, that you do not view America through the pleasant mirage which often surrounds a thing that has been, but not a thing that is. Are you quite sure that when you were here,[†5] you relished it as well as you do now, when you look back upon it. The early spring birds, Mr. Macready, *do* sing in the groves, that you were very often not over well pleased with many of the new Country's social aspects. Are the birds[†6] to be trusted? Again I pause for a reply.

My dear Macready, I desire to be so honest and just to those who have so

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enthusiastically and earnestly welcomed me, that I burned the last letter I wrote to you[†1]—even to *you* to whom I would speak as to myself—rather than let it come with anything that might seem like an ill-considered word of disappointment. I preferred that you should think me neglectful (if you could imagine anything so wild) rather than I should do wrong in this respect.—Still it is of no use. I *am* disappointed. This is not the Republic I came to see. This is not the Republic of my imagination. I infinitely prefer a liberal Monarchy—even with its sickening accompaniments of Court Circulars, and Kings of Prussia[†2]—to such a Government as this. [†a]In every respect but that of National Education,[†3] the Country disappoints me.[†a] The more I think of its youth and strength, the poorer and more trifling in a thousand respects, it appears in my eyes. In everything of which it has made a boast—excepting its education of the people, and its care for poor children[†4]—it sinks immeasurably below the level I had placed it upon. And England, even England, bad and faulty as the old land is, and miserable as millions of her people are, rises in the comparison. [†b]Strike down the established church,[†5] and I would take her to my heart for better or worse, and reject this new love without a pang or moment's hesitation.[†b]

You live here, Macready, as I have sometimes heard you imagining! *You!* Loving you with all my heart and soul, [†c]and knowing what your disposition

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really is,[†c] I would not condemn you to a year's residence on this side of the Atlantic, for any money.[†1] Freedom of opinion! Where is it? I see a press more mean and paltry and silly and disgraceful than any country ever knew,—if that be its standard, here it is. But I speak of Bancroft, and am advised to be silent on that subject, for he is "a black sheep—a democrat".[†2] I speak of Bryant, and am entreated to be more careful—for the same reason.[†3] I speak of International copyright, and am implored not to ruin myself outright. I speak of Miss Martineau, and all parties—slave upholders and abolitionists; Whigs, Tyler Whigs, and Democrats, shower down upon her[†4] a perfect cataract of abuse. "But what has she done? Surely she praised America enough!"[†5]—"Yes, but she told us of some of our faults,[†6] and Americans can't bear to be told of their faults. Don't split on that

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rock, Mr. Dickens, don't write about America—we are so very suspicious."[†1]— Freedom of opinion! Macready, if I had been born here, and had written my books in this country,—producing them with no stamp of approval from any other land—it is my solemn belief that I should have lived and died, poor, unnoticed, and "a black sheep"[†2]—to boot. I never was more convinced of anything than I am of that.

The people are affectionate, generous, open-hearted, hospitable, enthusiastic, good humoured, polite to women, frank and cordial to all strangers; anxious to oblige; far less prejudiced than they have been described to be; frequently polished and refined, very seldom rude or disagreeable. I have made a great many friends here, even in public conveyances, whom I have been truly sorry to part from. In the

towns, I have formed perfect attachments. I have seen none of that greediness and indecorum on which travellers have laid so much emphasis. I have returned frankness with frankness—met questions not intended to be rude, with answers meant to be satisfactory—and have not spoken to one man, woman, or child of any degree, who has not grown positively affectionate before we parted. In the respects[†3] of not being left alone, and of being horribly disgusted by tobacco chewing and tobacco spittle, I have suffered considerably. The sight of Slavery in Virginia; the hatred of British feeling upon that subject; and the miserable hints of the impotent indignation of the South, have pained me very much—on the last head, of course, I have felt nothing but a mingled pity and amusement; on the others, sheer distress. But however much I like the ingredients of this great dish, I cannot but come back to the point from which I started, and say that the dish itself goes against the grain with me, and that I don't like it.

You know that I am, *truly*, a Liberal. I believe I have as little Pride as most men; and I am conscious of not the smallest annoyance from being hail fellow well met, with everybody. I have not had greater pleasure in the company of any set of men among the thousands whom I have received (I hold a regular Levee every day, you know, which is duly heralded and proclaimed in the Newspapers) than in that of the Carmen of Hertford,[†4] who presented themselves

in a body in their blue frocks, among a crowd of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and bad me welcome through their spokesmen. They had all read my books, and all perfectly understood them. It is not these things I have in my mind when I say that the man who comes to this Country a Radical and goes home again with his old opinions unchanged, must be a Radical on reason, sympathy, and reflection, and one who has so well considered the subject, that he has no chance of wavering.[†1]

We have been to Boston, Worcester, Hertford, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Fredericksburgh, Richmond, and back to Washington again. The premature heat of the weather (it was 80 yesterday in the shade) and Clay's advice—how you would like Clay![†2]—made me determine not to go to Charleston; but having got to Richmond, I think I should have turned back, under any circumstances. We remain at Baltimore for two days, of which this is one. Then we go to Harrisburgh. Then by the Canal boat and the Railroad over the Alleghany Mountains, to Pittsburgh. Then down the Ohio to Cincinnati; then to Louisville, and then to St. Louis. I have been invited to a public entertainment in every town I have entered, and have refused them; but I have excepted St. Louis, as the farthest point of my travels. My friends there have passed some resolutions which Forster has, and will shew you. From St. Louis we cross to Chicago, traversing immense prairies. Thence by the lakes and Detroit to Buffalo, and so to Niagara. A run into Canada follows of course, and then—let me write the blessed word in capitals—we turn towards HOME.[†3]

Kate has written to Mrs. Macready,[†4] and it is useless for me to thank you my dearest friend, or her, for your care of our dear children, which is our constant theme of discourse. Forster has gladdened our hearts with his account of the triumph of Acis and Galatea,[†5]—and I am anxiously looking for news of the Tragedy.[†6]—Forrest breakfasted with us at Richmond last Saturday—he was acting there, and I invited him—and he spoke very gratefully and very like a man, of your kindness to him when he was in London.[†7]

David Colden is as good a fellow as ever lived; and I am deeply in love with his wife. Indeed we have received the greatest and most earnest and zealous kindness from the whole family, and quite love them all. Do you remember one Greenhow,[†1] whom you invited to pass some days with you at the hotel on the Kaatskill Mountains?[†2] He is translator to the State Office at Washington— has a very pretty wife[†3]— and a little girl of five years old. We dined with them, and had a very pleasant day. The President invited me to dinner, but I couldn't stay for it. I had a private audience, however, and we attended the Public drawing room besides.

Now don't you rush at the quick conclusion, that *I* have rushed at a quick conclusion. Pray be upon your guard. If you can by any process estimate the extent of my affectionate regard for you, and the rush I shall make when I reach London to take you by your true right hand, I don't object. But let me entreat you to be very careful how you come down upon the sharp-sighted Individual who pens these words, which you seem to me to have done in what Willmott wod. call "one of Mr. Macready's rushes"—As my pen is getting past its work I have taken a new one to say, that I am ever, My Dear Macready your faithful friend. CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 22 MARCH 1842

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings. | Chancery Lane | London England.

Baltimore—United States | Twenty Second March 1842.

My Dear friend.

We have been as far South as Richmond in Virginia (where they grow and manufacture Tobacco; and where the labour is all performed by Slaves) but the Season in those latitudes is so intensely and prematurely hot, that it was considered a matter of doubtful expediency to go on to Charleston. [†a]For this unexpected reason; and because the country between Richmond and Charleston is but a desolate swamp the whole way; and because Slavery is anything but a cheerful thing to live amidst, I have altered my route by the advice of Mr. Clay (the great political leader in this country) and have returned here, previous to diving into the Far West.[†a] We start for that part of the country—which includes

mountain travelling, and Lake travelling, and Prairie travelling—the day after tomorrow at 8 o'Clock in the Morning; and shall be in the west, and from there going Northward again, until the 30th. of April or 1st. of May, when we shall halt for a week at Niagara, before going further into Canada. We have taken our passage Home (God bless the word) in the George Washington Packet Ship from New York. She sails on the 7th. of June.

I have departed from my resolution not to accept any more public entertainments—they have been proposed in every town I have visited—in favor of the people of St. Louis—my utmost Western point. That town is on the borders of the Indian territory—a trifling distance from this place—only 2000[†1] miles!

At my second halting place I shall be able to write on to fix the day. I suppose it will be somewhere about the 12th. of April. Think of my going so far towards the setting Sun, to dinner!

In every town where we stay, though it be only for a day, we hold a regular levee or drawing room, where I shake hands, on an average with five or six hundred people, who pass on from me to Kate, and are shaken again by her. Maclise's picture of our darlings stands upon a table or sideboard the while; and my "travelling Secretary", assisted very often by a committee belonging to the place, presents the people in due form. Think of two hours of this, every day,— and the people coming in by hundreds—all fresh, and piping hot, and full of questions—when we are literally exhausted, and can hardly stand. I *really do believe* that if I had not had a lady with me, I should have been obliged to leave the country and go back to England. But for her, they never would leave me alone by day or night; and as it is, a Slave comes to me now and then *in the middle of the night* with a letter—and waits at the bedroom door for an answer!

It was so hot at Richmond that we could scarcely breathe,—and the Peach and other Fruit trees were in full blossom. It was so cold at Washington next day, that we were shivering! But even in the same town you might often wear nothing but a shirt and trousers in the morning, and two Great coats at night—the thermometer very frequently taking a little trip of 30 degrees between sunrise and sunset.

They *do* lay it on at the Hotels, in such style! They charge by the day; so that whether one dines out or dines at home, makes no manner of difference. T'other day, I wrote to order our rooms at Philadelphia to be ready on a certain day, and was detained a week longer than I expected in New York. The Philadelphia landlord not only charged me half rent for the rooms during the whole of that time, but board for myself, and Kate, and Anne during the whole time too, though we were actually boarding at the same expense during the same time, in New York!—What do you say to *that*? If I remonstrated, the whole virtue of the newspapers would be aroused directly.

[†b]We were at the President's drawing room while we were in Washington. I had a private audience besides, and was asked to dinner, but couldn't stay.[†b]

Parties—parties—parties—of course, every day and night. But it's not all parties. I go into the prisons, the police offices, the watch-houses, the hospitals, the workhouses. I was out half the night in New York with two of their most

famous constables[†1]—started at midnight—and went into every brothel, thieves' house, murdering hovel, sailors dancing place, and abode of villainny,[†2] both black and white, in the town. I went incog behind the scenes to the little Theatre where Mitchell is making a fortune. He has been rearing a little dog for me, and has called him "Boz".[†3] I am going to bring him home.—In a word I go everywhere, and a hard life it is. [†c]But I am careful to drink hardly anything, and not to smoke at all. I have recourse to my medicine chest whenever I feel at all bilious; and am, thank God, thoroughly well.[†c]

When I next write to you, I shall have begun, I hope, to turn my face homeward. I have a great store of oddity and whimsicality, and am going now into the oddest and most characteristic part of this most queer country.[†4]

[†d]Always direct to the care of David Colden Esqre. 28 Laight Street Hudson Square New York. I received your Caledonia letter with the greatest joy.

Kate sends her best remembrances.[†d] And I am always,

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS][†5]

[†e]P.S. Richmond was my extreme southern point; and I turn from the South altogether, the day after tomorrow. Will you let the Britannia know of this change[†6]—if needful?[†e]

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 22 MARCH 1842

MS Professor E. S. Pearson. *Address:* Samuel Rogers Esquire | 22 Saint James's Place | London | England.

Baltimore. United States. | Twenty Second March 1842.

My Dear Mr. Rogers.

I know you will be glad to hear, under my own hand, that we are both well,—though very anxious to get back to dear old home, our friends, and darling children. I am obliged to make, as perhaps you have heard, a kind of Public Progress through this Country; and have been so oppressed with Festivals given in my honor, that I have found it necessary to notify my disinclination, to accept any more; or I should rather say my determination not to lead such a trying life. I have made one departure from this rule, and that is in the case of a body of readers in the Far West—at a town called St. Louis, on the confines of the

Indian Territory. I am going there to dinner (it is only two thousand miles off)—and start the day after tomorrow.

If you ever have leisure to write a line, saying that you have received this, and are well, I shall be truly delighted to hear from you. Any letter addressed to me, to the care of David Colden Esquire, 28 Laight Street Hudson Square New York, will be forwarded to me without delay.

They give me everything here, but Time. If they had added that to the long catalogue of their hospitalities, I should certainly have inflicted a long letter upon you, which would have wandered into it's impossible to say how long a description of our[†1] travels and adventures. So you may consider yourself very fortunate.

I hope you are as well as ever, and as great a walker as ever, and as good a talker as ever—in short as perfect and complete a Samuel Rogers as ever— which I don't doubt in the least. I have made great exertions here in behalf of an International Copyright law,[†2] and almost begin to hope, from the assurance the leaders of the different parties at Washington have given me, that it may be brought about.

We have arranged to sail from New York for England, on the 7th. of June, in the George Washington Packet Ship. We had so bad a voyage out, that I have eschewed ocean steamers for ever.

The peace and quiet of Broadstairs never seemed so great as now. I could hug Miss Collins the Bather,[†3] as though she were a very Venus.

Believe me—here and everywhere—

Faithfully | Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

Samuel Rogers Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, 22 MARCH 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Mr. Serjeant Talfourd | Serjeant's Inn Chancery Lane | London | England.

Baltimore, United States | Twenty Second March 1842.

My Dear Talfourd.

I am not going to inflict a long letter upon you. Nor am I going to weary you

with any account of the Public Progress they oblige me to make through this country. I dare say you will have heard enough of that.

My purposes are threefold—first to tell you that we are safe and well— secondly to ask you to bear me in mind sometimes—thirdly, to add that if you can ever find time to write to me, it will give me true delight to recognize your familiar hand at this long—long—distance from dear old Home. Any letter addressed to me, to the care of David Colden Esquire 28 Laight Street Hudson Square New York, will be forwarded to me wherever I may be.

We have been as far South, as Richmond in Virginia; and are now going into the Far West. The first thing I saw in Richmond was a Play bill, whereon was ION[†1] in enormous capitals. One Mrs. Shaw[†2] from New York (a very handsome woman and a good actress) played Ion—very well she played it too, I assure you; and the piece was applauded to the echoe.[†3]

I have exerted myself very much in the way of remonstrance, private influence, and public speeches, to advance the International Copyright question. And I have received such strong assurances from the party leaders at Washington, that I almost begin to hope something will be done at last. I dare say Forster will have seen you on this subject, in compliance with my request, however.[†4]

The day after tomorrow, we start for the Mountains, Forests, and Prairies. Towards the end of April we shall go round by the lakes to Niagara—then run into Canada—and return, please God, on the 7th. of June by the George Washington Packet Ship from New York.

I need scarcely say that as you were one of the last friends I saw before leaving England, you will be one of the first whom I hope to see on my return. Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial remembrances to yourself, Mrs. Talfourd, Miss Ely, Frank, Mary,[†5] and all the children. And I am ever My Dear Talfourd

Faithfully | Your Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

To JOHN FORSTER, 22-23 MARCH [1842]

Extract in F, III, iv, 241-2 (final addition to letter begun 6 Mar, continued 13th, 17th and 21st).

Baltimore,[†1] | Tuesday, March 22nd.

I have a great diffidence in running counter to any impression formed by a man of Maclise's genius, on a subject he has fully considered. But I quite agree with you, about the King in *Hamlet.*[†2] Talking of Hamlet, I constantly carry in my great-coat pocket the *Shakespeare* you bought for me in Liverpool. What an unspeakable source of delight that book is to me!

Your Ontario letter, I found here to-night: sent on by the vigilant and faithful Colden, who makes every thing having reference to us, or our affairs, a labour of the heartiest love. We devoured its contents, greedily. Good Heaven, my dear fellow, how I miss you! and how I count the time 'twixt this and coming home again. Shall I ever forget the day of our parting at Liverpool! when even ——[†3] became jolly and radiant in his sympathy with our separation! Never, never shall I forget that time. Ah! how seriously I thought then, and how seriously I have thought many, many times since, of the terrible folly of ever quarrelling with a true friend, on good for nothing trifles! Every little hasty word that has ever passed between us, rose up before me like a reproachful ghost. At this great distance, I seem to look back upon any miserable small interruption of our affectionate intercourse, though only for the instant it has never outlived, with a sort of pity for myself as if I were another creature.[†4]

I have bought another accordion.[†5] The steward[†6] lent me one, on the passage

out, and I regaled the ladies' cabin with my performances. You can't think with what feeling I play *Home Sweet Home*[†1] every night, or how pleasantly sad it makes us.... And so God bless you.... I leave space for a short postscript before sealing this, but it will probably contain nothing. The dear, dear children! what a happiness it is to know that they are in such hands.[†2]

P.S. Twenty-third March, 1842. Nothing new. And all well. I have no heard that the Columbia is in, but she is hourly expected. Washington Irving has come on for another leave-taking, and dines with me to-day. We start for the West, at half after eight to-morrow morning. I send you a newspaper, the most respectable in the States, with a very just copyright article.[†3]

To WILLIAM [GUY],[†4] 23 MARCH 1842

MS Harvard University Library.

Barnum's Hotel. | Twenty Third March 1842

My Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for the beautiful and delicious mint julep you have so kindly sent me.[†5] It's quite a mercy that I knew what it was.[†6] I have tasted it, but reserve further proceedings until the arrival of Washington Irving whom I expect to dine with me, tete a tete;[†7] and who will help me to drink your health, with many thanks to you.[†8]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Gay[†9] Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 23 MARCH 1842

Text from Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 169; *MS* 1 p.; dated Baltimore, 23 Mar 42.

My dear young friend.

I have had great satisfaction in the receipt of your letter; and am truly glad to know that I have given you so much pleasure. It will be my endeavour when I go home to England, to enlarge your stock of amusement and happiness—and I shall always be,

Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, 28 MARCH 1842

Extract in F, III, v, 246-51.

On board the canal boat.[†1] Going to Pittsburgh.
Monday, March twenty-eighth, 1842.

We left Baltimore last Thursday the twenty-fourth at half-past eight in the morning, by railroad; and got to a place called York,[†2] about twelve. There we dined, and took a stage-coach for Harrisburgh;[†3] twenty-five miles further. This stage-coach was like nothing so much as the body of one of the swings you see at a fair set upon four wheels and roofed and covered at the sides with painted canvas. There were twelve *inside*! I, thank my stars, was on the box. The luggage was on the roof; among it, a good-sized dining table, and a big rockingchair. We also took up an intoxicated gentleman, who sat for ten miles between me and the coachman; and another intoxicated gentleman who got up behind, but in the course of a mile or two fell off without hurting himself, and was seen in the distant perspective reeling back to the grog-shop where we had found him. There were four horses to this land-ark,[†4] of course; but we did not perform the journey until after half-past six o'clock that night.... The first half of the journey

was tame enough, but the second lay through the valley of the Susquehanah[†5] (I think I spell it right, but I haven't that American Geography at hand)[†6] which is very beautiful....

I think I formerly made a casual remark to you touching the precocity of the youth of this country.[†1] When we changed horses on this journey I got down to stretch my legs, refresh myself with a glass of whiskey and water, and shake the wet off my great coat—for it was raining very heavily, and continued to do so, all night. Mounting to my seat again, I observed something lying on the roof of the coach, which I took to be a rather large fiddle in a brown bag. In the course of ten miles or so, however, I discovered that it had a pair of dirty shoes at one end, and a glazed cap at the other; and further observation demonstrated it to be a small boy, in a snuff-coloured coat, with his arms quite pinioned to his sides by deep forcing into his pockets. He was, I presume, a relative or friend of the coachman's, as he lay a-top of the luggage, with his face towards the rain; and, except when a change of position brought his shoes in contact with my hat, he appeared to be asleep. Sir, when we stopped to water the horses, about two miles from Harrisburgh, this thing slowly upreared itself to the height of three foot eight, and fixing its eyes on me with a mingled expression of complacency, patronage, national independence, and sympathy for all outer barbarians and foreigners, said, in shrill piping accents, "Well now, stranger, I guess you find this, a'most like an English a'ternoon,—hey?" It is unnecessary to add that I thirsted for his blood....

We had all next morning in Harrisburgh, as the canal-boat was not to start until three o'clock in the afternoon. The officials called upon me before I had finished breakfast; and as the town is the seat of the Pennsylvanian legislature, I went up to the capitol.[†2] I was very much interested in looking over a number of treaties made with the poor Indians,[†3] their signatures being rough drawings of the creatures or weapons they are called after; and the extraordinary drawing of these emblems, showing the queer, unused, shaky manner in which each man has held the pen, struck me very much.[†4]

You know my small respect for our house of commons. These local legislatures

are too insufferably apish of mighty legislation, to be seen without bile; for which reason, and because a great crowd of senators and ladies had assembled in both houses to behold the inimitable, and had already begun to pour in upon him even in the secretary's private room, I went back to the hotel, with all speed.[†1] The members of both branches of the legislature followed me there, however, so we had to hold the usual levee before our half-past one o'clock dinner. We received a great number of them. Pretty nearly every man spat upon the carpet, as usual; and one blew his nose with his fingers—also on the carpet, which was a very neat one, the room given up to us being the private parlor of the landlord's wife. This has become so common since, however, that it scarcely seems worth mentioning. Please to observe that the gentleman in question was a member of the senate, which answers (as they very often tell me) to our house of lords.

The innkeeper was the most attentive, civil, and obliging person I ever saw in my life. On being asked for his bill, he said there was no bill: the honor and pleasure &c. being more than sufficient.[†2] I did

not permit this, of course; and begged Mr. Q to explain to him, that, travelling four strong, I could not hear of it on any account.

And now I come to the Canal Boat. Bless your heart and soul, my dear fellow,—if you could only see us on board the canal boat! Let me think, for a moment, at what time of the day or night I should best like you to see us. In the morning? Between five and six in the morning, shall I say? Well! you *would* like to see me, standing on the deck, fishing the dirty water out of the canal with a tin ladle chained to the boat by a long chain; pouring the same into a tin-basin (also chained up in like manner); and scrubbing my face with the jack towel. At night, shall I say? I don't know that you *would* like to look into the cabin at night, only to see me lying on a temporary shelf exactly the width of this sheet of paper when it's open (*I measured it this morning*),[†3] with one man above me, and another below; and, in all, eight and twenty in a low cabin, which you can't stand upright in with your hat on. I don't think you would like to look in at breakfast time either, for then these shelves have only just been taken down and put away, and the atmosphere of the place is, as you may suppose, by no means fresh; though there *are* upon the table tea and coffee, and bread and

butter, and salmon, and shad, and liver, and steak, and potatoes, and pickles, and ham, and pudding,[†1] and sausages; and three and thirty people sitting round it, eating and drinking; and savoury bottles of gin, and whiskey, and brandy, and rum, in the bar hard by; and seven and twenty out of the eight and twenty men, in foul linen, with yellow streams from half-chewed tobacco trickling down their chins. Perhaps the best time for you to take a peep would be the present: eleven o'clock in the forenoon: when the barber is at his shaving, and the gentlemen are lounging about the stove waiting for their turns, and not more than seventeen are spitting in concert, and two or three are walking overhead (lying down on the luggage every time the man at the helm calls "Bridge!"), and I am writing this in the ladies'-cabin, which is a part of the gentlemen's, and only screened off by a red curtain. Indeed it exactly resembles the dwarf's private apartment in a caravan at a fair; and the gentlemen, generally, represent the spectators at a penny-a-head. The place is just as clean and just as large as that caravan you and I were in at Greenwich-fair last past. Outside, it is exactly like any canal-boat you have seen near the Regent's-park, or elsewhere.

You never can conceive what the hawking and spitting is, the whole night through. Last night was the worst. *Upon my honor and word* I was obliged, this morning, to lay my fur-coat on the deck, and wipe the half dried flakes of spittle from it with my handkerchief: and the only surprise seemed to be, that I should consider it necessary to do so. When I turned in last night, I put it on a stool beside me, and there it lay, under a cross fire from five men—three opposite; one above; and one below. I make no complaints, and shew no disgust. I am looked upon as highly facetious at night, for I crack jokes with everybody near me until we fall asleep.[†2] I am considered very hardy in the morning, for I run up, bare-necked, and plunge my head into the half-frozen water, by half past five o'clock. I am respected for my activity, inasmuch as I jump from the boat to the towing-path, and walk five or six miles before breakfast; keeping up with the horses all the time. In a word, they are quite astonished to find a sedentary Englishman roughing it so well, and taking so much exercise; and question me very much on that head. The greater part of the men will sit and shiver round the stove all day, rather than put one foot before the other. As to having a window open, that's not to be thought of.

We expect to reach Pittsburgh to-night, between eight and nine o'clock; and there we ardently hope to find your March letters awaiting us. We have had, with the exception of Friday afternoon, exquisite weather, but cold. Clear starlight and moonlight nights. The canal has run, for the most part, by the side of the Susquehanah and Iwanata[†3] rivers; and has been carried through tremendous

obstacles. Yesterday, we crossed the mountain.[†1] This is done *by railroad.* ...[†2] You dine at an inn upon the mountain; and, including the half hour allowed for the meal, are rather more than five hours performing this strange part of the journey. The people north and "down east" have terrible legends of its danger; but they appear to be exceedingly careful, and don't go to work at all wildly. There are some queer precipices close to the rails, certainly; but every precaution is taken, I am inclined to think, that such difficulties, and such a vast work, will admit of.

The scenery, before you reach the mountains, and when you are on them, and after you have left them, is very grand and fine; and the canal winds its way through some deep, sullen gorges, which, seen by moonlight, are very impressive:[†3] though immeasurably inferior to Glencoe, to whose terrors I have not seen the smallest *approach.* We have passed, both in the mountains and elsewhere, a great number of new settlements, and detached log-houses. Their utterly forlorn and miserable appearance baffles all description. I have not seen six cabins out of six hundred, where the windows have been whole. Old hats, old clothes, old boards, old fragments of blanket and paper, are stuffed into the broken glass; and their air is misery and desolation.[†4] It pains the eye to see the stumps of great trees thickly strewn in every field of wheat; and never to lose the eternal swamp and dull morass, with hundreds of rotten trunks, of elm and pine and sycamore and logwood, steeped in its unwholesome water; where the frogs so croak at night that after dark there is an incessant sound as if millions of phantom teams, with bells, were travelling through the upper air, at an enormous distance off. It is quite an oppressive circumstance, too, to *come* upon great tracks, where settlers have been burning down the trees; and where their wounded bodies lie about, like those of murdered creatures; while here and there some charred and blackened giant rears two bare arms aloft, and seems to curse his enemies.[†5] The prettiest sight I have seen was yesterday, when we— on the heights of the mountain, and in a keen wind—looked down into a valley full of light and softness: catching glimpses of scattered cabins; children running to the doors; dogs bursting out to bark; pigs scampering home, like so many prodigal sons; families sitting out in their gardens; cows gazing upward, with a stupid indifference; men in their shirt-sleeves, looking on at their unfinished houses, and planning work for to-morrow;—and the train riding on, high above them, like a storm. But I know this is beautiful—very—very beautiful![†6]

... I wonder whether you and Mac mean to go to Greenwich-fair! Perhaps you dine at the Crown-and-sceptre to-day, for it's Easter-Monday—who knows! I wish you drank punch, dear Forster. It's a shabby thing, not to be able to picture you with that cool green glass....

I told you of the many uses of the word "fix."[†1] I ask Mr. Q on board a steamboat if breakfast be nearly ready, and he tells me yes he should think so, for when he was last below the steward was "fixing the tables"—in other words, laying the cloth. When we have been writing, and I beg him (do you remember anything of my love of order, at this distance of time?) to collect our papers, he answers that he'll "fix 'em presently." So when a man's dressing he's "fixing" himself, and when you put yourself under a doctor he "fixes" you in no time. T'other night, before we came on board here, when I had ordered a bottle of mulled claret and waited some time for it, it was put on table with an apology from the landlord (a lieutenant-colonel)[†2] that "he feared it wasn't fixed properly." And here, on Saturday morning, a Western man, handing the potatoes to Mr. Q at breakfast, enquired if he wouldn't take some of "these fixings" with his meat. I remained as grave as a judge. I catch them looking at me sometimes, and feel that they think I don't take any notice. Politics are very high here; dreadfully strong; handbills, denunciations, invectives, threats, and quarrels. The question is, who shall be the next President.[†3] The election comes off in *three years and a half* from this time.

To JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, [LATE MARCH 1842]

Mention in *To* Kennedy, 30 Apr 42.[†4] *Date:* since according to CD written from Pittsburgh, one of the last three days in Mar.

Saying that, after many attempts to write a memorandum for Kennedy's Committee on international copyright, he had found he could not do so, and giving his reasons.

April

To W. C. MACREADY, 1 APRIL 1842

MS Morgan Library. *Address*: W. C. Macready Esquire | 5 Clarence Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London | England.

On Board the Steamboat | From Pittsburgh to Cincinnati
Friday Night April The First 1842.
(which will account for tremulous writing)

My Dear Macready. But that I know from constant experience that there are seasons, and many seasons, in a life of excitement and hard work, when a man needs all the manhood he has in him, *not* to give in—and to keep up—doing the labour he has to do in this doing world—and facing the weather, whatever it be, bravely—I should quarrel with you for your despondent letter in which I do fear certain rotten sins called Sunday Newspapers, and certain rotten creatures with mens'[†1] forms and devils' hearts (serving the demoniac ability) called writers, have greater part and share than they should.[†2] I have been thinking all day, as we have been skimming down this beautiful Ohio, its wooded heights all radiant in the sunlight,[†3] how *can* a man like Macready fret, and fume, and chafe himself for such lice of literature as these! You may say that they are like lice, for another reason besides their meanness—because they live in peoples'[†1] heads. I don't believe it. I have no faith in their influence, good or bad. I put no trust in them, for

good or evil. Associating you with my recollections and meditations in this, and all other journeys, and becoming more and more mindful at such times, if that can be, of the images with which you have stored my brain, and the human

energies and great passions you have set before me, and remembering the stamp and substance you have impressed on unsubstantial thoughts,—I have wondered a hundred times how things so mean and small—so wholly unconnected with your image, and utterly separated from the exercise of your genius, in its effects on all men—can, for an instant, disturb you. Fine talking, you will say,—and so it is. For I know the vague desire to take somebody by the throat, which is consequent upon the discharge of these pigmy arrows. But it is not the more rational because I have felt it also; and I vow to try and overcome it, and gain the victory by being indifferent, and feeling my own worth, and bidding them whistle on.

The theatre, Forster tells me, is doing well. Everybody tells me it is doing well. You yourself don't say that it is doing ill. In the joint names of Hercules and the Waggoner, cheer up then! The work will not always be so hard. You won't always take it so much to heart.—My mind misgives me that you have been living too long on chops—and that you don't take enough "rosy"[†1] to drink—and that you are altogether in what Beau Tibbs,[†2] with another meaning in his mind, would call "a horrid low way".—But if Elliotson be the man I take him to be (and if he be not, the whole human race wear masks and dominoes) he will already have administered, the necessary restoratives. He will have said that you must, and shall, have regular dinner times. He will have spoken emphatically of nourishing meats; generous drinks; and healths five fathoms deep, to the distant Dickens. He will have created a new office in the Theatre, and appointed to it a strictly virtuous female, whose function is, to come upon the stage at 12 at noon, bearing in her hand a tumbler-glass, containing the yolk of a new laid egg, discreetly mixed with Golden Sherry,[†3] concerning which, the stage direction shall be "Macready drinks, smacks his lips, and becomes refreshed."

Seriously, my dear Macready, no man can work in mind and body, long, unless he uses a dining table as christians should. I have always thoroughly abominated and abjured those chops — those nasty Hemming chops.[†4] Old Parr[†5] never dined off chops, or in his dressing room. Chops and Cheerfulness are impossible of connection, but Joints and joy are clearly related; and Port and peace go hand in hand. *Do*[†6] say in your next that you have left off eating with your fingers on week days, and have taken to knives and forks again. *Do* say that you are better, and healthfully disposed—but not unless you really are so. And never acknowledge to yourself (so shall your affectionate confidence have no occasion to acknowledge to me) that in the smallest angle of your heart, you ever framed that wish or thought twice—that thought, which seriously entertained for but one moment's space—would give pain, in Heaven, to the Spirit of your own child.[†7]

We received your letter, and that of your dear wife and sister,[†1] with all our other epistolary treasures this morning—most fortunately and opportunely just before we left Pittsburgh. We have been looking for them painfully, these many days; and if they had arrived but four and twenty hours later, would have gone on our way with heavy hearts. The steamer that brought them had a terrible passage.[†2] Her

engine was disabled, and she came on with her sails (they carry but two; and neither is larger than a T.R.D.L. flat[†3]—I mean one of a pair). She staggered into Halifax, and the stationary steamer[†4] brought on her Mails and passengers.

I will not tell you of our route; for I have written at some length to Forster, and he will, no doubt, read my letter to you. Nor will I tell you (for the same reason) of my extraordinary success in magnetizing Kate. I hope you will be a witness of that, many, many, many happy times.

I have not changed—I cannot change, my dear Macready—my secret opinion of this country; its follies, vices, grievous disappointments. I have said to Forster that I believe the heaviest blow ever dealt at Liberty's Head, will be dealt by this nation in the ultimate failure of its example to the Earth.[†5] See what is passing now—Look at the exhausted Treasury;[†6] the paralyzed government; the unworthy representatives of a free people; the desperate contests between the North and the South; the iron curb and brazen muzzle[†7] fastened upon every man who speaks his mind, even in that Republican Hall, to which Republican men are sent by a Republican people to speak Republican Truths[†8]—the stabbings, and shootings,[†9]

and coarse and brutal threatenings exchanged between Senators under the very Senate's roof[†1]—the intrusion of the most pitiful, mean, malicious, creeping, crawling, sneaking party spirit, into all transactions of life[†2]—even into the appointments of physicians to pauper madhouses[†3]—the silly, drivelling, slanderous, wicked, monstrous Party Press.[†4] I say nothing of the egotism which makes of Lord Ashburton's appointment, the conciliatory act of a frightened Government; nothing of the boastful, vain-glorious spirit which dictates a million of such absurdities; and which is *not English.* I love and honor very many of the people here—but "*the Mass*" (to use our monarchical term) are miserably dependent in great things, and miserably independent in small ones. That's a Truth, and you will find it so. The Nation is a body without a head; and the arms and legs, are occupied in quarrelling with the trunk and each other, and exchanging bruises at random.

God bless you my dearest friend. A hundred times God bless you. I will not thank you (how *can* I thank you!) for your care of our dear children: but I will ever be, heart and soul, your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I need not say that I have many pleasant things to say of America. God forbid that it should be otherwise. I speak to you, as I would to myself. I am a Lover of Freedom, disappointed—That's all. I am carrying this letter on to Cincinnati, to send to Boston from there.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, 1, 2, 3 and 4 APRIL 1842

Extracts in F, III, v, 251-6 (continuation and conclusion of letter begun 28 Mar).

On board the steam boat from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, April the first, 1842. A very tremulous steam boat, which makes my hand shake.[†6] This morning, my

dear friend, this very morning, which, passing by without bringing news from England, would have seen us on our way to St. Louis (viâ Cincinnati and Louisville) with sad hearts and dejected countenances, and the prospect of remaining for at least three weeks longer without any intelligence of those so inexpressibly dear to us—this very morning, bright and lucky morning that it was, a great packet was brought to our bed-room door, from HOME. How I have read and re-read your affectionate, hearty, interesting, funny, serious, delightful, and thoroughly Forsterian Columbia letter, I will not attempt to tell you; or how glad I am that you liked my first; or how afraid I am that my second was not written in such good spirits as it should have been; or how glad I am again to think that my third *was*; or how I hope you will find some amusement from my fourth: this present missive.[†1] All this, and more affectionate and earnest words than the post office would convey at any price, though they have no sharp edges to hurt the stamping-clerk—you will understand, I know, without expression, or attempt at expression. So having got over the first agitation of so much pleasure; and having walked the deck; and being now in the cabin, where one party are playing at chess, and another party are asleep, and another are talking round the stove, and all are spitting; and a persevering bore of a horrible New Englander[†2] with a droning voice like a gigantic bee *will* sit down beside me, though I am writing, and talk incessantly, in my very ear, to Kate;—here goes again.

Let me see. I should tell you, first, that we got to Pittsburgh between eight and nine o'clock of the evening of the day on which I left off at the top of this sheet; and were there received by a little man (a very little man) whom I knew years ago in London. He rejoiceth in the name of [George D'Almaine];[†3] and, when I knew him, was in partnership with his father on the stock-exchange, and lived handsomely at Dalston. They failed in business soon afterwards, and then this little man began to turn to account what had previously been his amusement and accomplishment, by painting little subjects for the fancy shops. So I lost sight of him, nearly ten years ago; and here he turned up 'tother day, as a portrait painter in Pittsburgh! He had previously written me a letter which moved me a good deal, by a kind of quiet independence and contentment it breathed, and still a painful sense of being alone, so very far from home. I received it in Philadelphia, and answered it. He dined with us every day of our stay in Pittsburgh (they were only three), and was truly gratified and delighted to find me unchanged— more so than I can tell you. I am very glad to-night to think how much happiness we have fortunately been able to give him.

Pittsburgh is like Birmingham—at least its townsfolks say so; and I didn't

contradict them. It is, in one respect. There is a great deal of smoke in it.[†1] I quite offended a man at our yesterday's levee, who supposed I was "now quite at home," by telling him that the notion of London being so dark a place was a popular mistake. We had very queer customers at our receptions,[†2] I do assure you. Not least among them, a gentleman with his inexpressibles[†3] imperfectly buttoned and his waistband resting on his thighs, who stood behind the half-opened door, and could by no temptation or inducement be prevailed upon to come out. There was also another gentleman, with one eye and one fixed gooseberry, who stood in a corner, motionless like an eight-day clock, and glared upon me, as I courteously received the Pittsburgians. There were also two red-headed brothers—boys—young dragons rather—who hovered about Kate, and wouldn't go. A great crowd they were, for three days; and a very queer one.

Still in the same Boat. April the Second, 1842.

Many, many, happy returns of the day.[†4] It's only eight o'clock in the morning now, but we mean to drink your health after dinner, in a bumper; and scores of Richmond dinners to us![†5] We have some wine (a present sent on board by our Pittsburgh landlord) in our own cabin; and we shall tap it to good purpose, I assure you; wishing you all manner and kinds of happiness, and a long life to ourselves that we may be partakers of it. We have wondered a hundred times already, whether you and Mac will dine anywhere together, in honour of the day. I say yes, but Kate says no. She predicts that you'll ask Mac, and he won't go. I have not yet heard from him.[†6]

We have a better cabin here, than we had on board the Britannia; the berths being much wider, and the den having two doors: one opening on the ladies'

cabin, and one upon a little gallery in the stern of the boat.[†1] We expect to be at Cincinnati some time on Monday morning, and we carry about fifty passengers. The cabin for meals goes right through the boat, from the prow to the stern, and is very long; only a small portion of it being divided off, by a partition of wood and ground-glass, for the ladies. We breakfast at half after seven, dine at one, and sup at six. Nobody will sit down to any one of these meals, though the dishes are smoking on the board, until the ladies have appeared, and taken their chairs. It was the same in the canal boat.

The washing department is a little more civilized than it was on the canal, but bad is the best. Indeed the Americans when they are travelling, as Miss Martineau seems disposed to admit, are exceedingly negligent: not to say dirty. To the best of my making out, the ladies, under most circumstances, are content with smearing their hands and faces in a very small quantity of water.[†2] So are the men; who superadd to that mode of ablution, a hasty use of the common brush and comb.[†3] It is quite a practice, too, to wear but one cotton shirt a week, and three or four fine linen *fronts*. Anne reports that this is Mr. Q's course of proceeding: and my portrait-painting friend[†4] told me that it was the case with pretty nearly all his sitters; so that when he bought a piece of cloth not long ago, and instructed the sempstress to make it *all* into shirts, not fronts, she thought him deranged.

My friend the New Englander, of whom I wrote last night, is perhaps the most intolerable bore on this vast continent. He drones, and snuffles, and writes poems, and talks small philosophy and metaphysics, and never *will* be quiet, under any circumstances. He is going to a great temperance convention at Cincinnati;[†5] along with a doctor of whom I saw something at Pittsburgh.[†6] The doctor, in addition to being everything that the New Englander is, is a phrenologist besides. I dodge them about the boat. Whenever I appear on deck, I see them bearing down upon me—and fly. The New Englander was very anxious last night that he and I should "form a magnetic chain," and magnetize the doctor, for the benefit of all incredulous passengers; but I declined, on the plea of tremendous occupation in the way of letter-writing.

And speaking of magnetism, let me tell you that the other night at Pittsburgh, there being present only Mr. Q and the portrait-painter, Kate sat down, laughing, for me to try my hand upon her. I had been holding forth upon the subject rather luminously, and asserting that I thought I could exercise the influence, but had never tried. In six minutes, I magnetized her into hysterics, and then into the magnetic sleep. I tried again next night, and she fell into the slumber in little more than two minutes.... I can wake her with perfect ease; but I confess (not being prepared for anything so sudden and complete), I was on the first occasion rather alarmed.... The Western parts being sometimes hazardous,[†1] I have fitted out the whole of my little company with LIFE PRESERVERS, which I inflate with great solemnity when we get aboard any boat, and keep, as Mrs. Cluppins did her umbrella in the court of common pleas, ready for use upon a moment's notice.[†2] ...

Sunday, April the third

Besides the doctor and the dread New Englander, we have on board that valiant general[†3] who wrote to me about the "two LL's."[†4] He is an old, old man with a weazen face, and the remains of a pigeon-breast in his military surtout. He is acutely gentlemanly and officer-like. The breast has so subsided, and the face has become so strongly marked, that he seems, like a pigeon-pie, to show only the feet of the bird outside, and to keep the rest to himself. He is perhaps *the* most horrible bore in this country. And I am quite serious when I say that I do not believe there are, on the whole earth besides, so many intensified bores as in these United States. No man can form an adequate idea of the real meaning of the word, without coming here.[†5] There are no particular characters on board, with

these three exceptions. Indeed I seldom see the passengers but at meal-times, as I read and write in our own little state room.... I have smuggled two chairs into our crib; and write this on a book upon my knee. Everything is in the neatest order, of course; and my shaving tackle, dressing case, brushes, books, and papers, are arranged with as much precision as if we were going to remain here a month. Thank God we are not.

The average width of the river rather exceeds that of the Thames at Greenwich. In parts it is much broader; and then there is usually a green island, covered with trees, dividing it into two streams. Occasionally we stop for a few minutes at a small town, or village (I ought to say city, everything is a city here); but the banks are for the most part deep solitudes, overgrown with trees, which, in these western latitudes, are already in leaf, and very green ...

All this I see, as I write, from the little door into the stern-gallery which I mentioned just now. It don't happen six times in a day that any other passenger comes near it; and, as the weather is amply warm enough to admit of our sitting with it open, here we remain from morning until night: reading, writing, talking. What our theme of conversation is, I need not tell you. No beauty or variety makes us weary less for home. We count the days, and say, "When May comes, and we can say—*next month*—the time will seem almost gone." We are never tired of imagining what you are all about. I allow of no calculation for the difference of clocks, but insist on a corresponding minute in London. It is much the shortest way, and best.... Yesterday, we drank your health and many happy returns—in wine, after dinner; in a small milk-pot jug of gin-punch, at night. And when I made a temporary table, to hold the little candlestick, of one of

my dressing-case trays; cunningly inserted under the mattress of my berth with a weight a-top of it to keep it in its place, so that it made a perfectly exquisite bracket; we agreed, that, please God, this should be a joke at the Star-and-garter on the second of April eighteen hundred and forty-three.[†1] If your blank *can* be surpassed ... believe me ours transcends it. My heart gets, sometimes, SORE for home.

At Pittsburgh I saw another solitary confinement prison:[†2] Pittsburgh being also in Pennsylvania. A horrible thought occurred to me when I was recalling all I had seen, that night. *What if ghosts be one of the terrors of these jails?* I have pondered on it often, since then. The utter solitude by day and night; the many hours of darkness; the silence of death; the mind for ever brooding on melancholy themes, and having no relief; sometimes an evil conscience very busy; imagine a prisoner covering up his head in the bedclothes and looking out from time to time, with a ghastly dread of some inexplicable silent figure that always sits upon his bed, or stands (if a thing can be said to stand, that never walks as men do) in the same corner of his cell. The more I think of it, the more certain I feel that not a few of these men (during a portion of their imprisonment at least) are nightly visited by spectres. I did ask one man in this last jail, if he dreamed much. He gave me a most extraordinary look, and said—under his breath—in a whisper—"No." ...

Cincinnati. Fourth April, 1842.

We arrived here this morning: about three o'clock, I believe, but I was fast asleep in my berth. I turned out soon after six, dressed, and breakfasted on board. About half after eight,[†1] we came ashore and drove to the hotel,[†2] to which we had written on from Pittsburgh ordering rooms; and which is within a stone's throw of the boat wharf. Before I had issued an official notification that we were "not at home," two Judges called, on the part of the inhabitants, to know when we would receive the townspeople. We appointed to-morrow morning, from half-past eleven to one,[†3] arranged to go out, with these two gentlemen, to see the town, *at* one; and were fixed for an evening party to-morrow night at the house of one of them.[†4] On Wednesday morning we go on by the mail-boat to Louisville, a trip of fourteen hours; and from that place proceed in the next good boat to St. Louis, which is a voyage of four days. Finding from my judicial friends (well-informed and most agreeable gentlemen) this morning, that the prairie travel to Chicago is a very fatiguing one, and that the lakes are stormy, sea-sicky, and not over-safe at this season, I wrote by our captain to St. Louis (for the boat that brought us here goes on there) to the effect that I should not take the lake route, but should come back here; and should visit the prairies, which are within thirty miles of St. Louis, immediately on my arrival there....

I have walked to the window, since I turned this page, to see what aspect the town wears. We are in a wide street: paved in the carriage way with small white stones, and in the footway with small red tiles. The houses are for the most part one story high; some are of wood; others of a clean white brick. Nearly all have green blinds outside every window. The principal shops over the way, are, according to the inscriptions over them, a Large Bread Bakery; a Book Bindery; a Dry Goods Store; and a Carriage Repository; the last named establishment looking very like an exceedingly small retail coal-shed. On the pavement under our window, a black man is chopping wood; and another black man is talking (confidentially) to a pig.[†5] The public table, at this hotel and at the hotel opposite, has just now finished dinner. The diners are collected on the pavement, on both sides of the way, picking their teeth, and talking.

The day being warm, some of them have brought chairs into the street. Some are on three chairs; some on two; and some, in defiance of all known laws of gravity, are sitting quite comfortably

on one: with three of the chair's legs, and their own two, high up in the air. The loungers, underneath our window, are talking of a great Temperance convention which comes off here to-morrow.[†1] Others, about me. Others, about England. Sir Robert Peel is popular here, with everybody.[†2] ...

To DAVID C. COLDEN, 4 APRIL 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address: Paid.* | David. C. Colden Esquire | 28 Laight Street | Hudson Square | New York City.

Cincinnati. Ohio. | Monday Fourth April 1842.

My Dear Friend.

We arrived here this morning, safe and sound, and not materially the worse for wear; although the Pittsburgh Levees *were* rather hard work, & although certain gaunt and grim Pittsburghians *did* stand behind the door and in remote corners of the reception chamber by the hour together; and resist all temptations to come forth, or to be seduced into conversation.[†3] Mrs. Colden (the beloved Mrs. Colden, if I may make so bold as to trust that expression to your keeping) complimented me, before I left New York, on my feats of sleight of hand. I am improving very much; and expect to be able in a short time to swallow a black-handled dinner knife, and reproduce it at pleasure. I have not yet passed the ferrule, but I am getting on by degrees. Necessity and two-pronged forks[†4] are the mothers of invention.

Our letters, thank God, brought none but the best and most cheerful and cheering news. We are entrusted with more kind remembrances and messages to you, than the Post Office at this place will undertake to forward on any terms. The Theatre flourishes nobly, but Macready has been very hard-worked and is not quite well, wherefore he writes in low Spirits. I have returned his shuttlecock more lightly than it came, and hope the match will be played out, merrily, on both sides.

Did you ever pass a night on board a canal boat? Did you ever pass a morning on board a canal boat? Did you ever find yourself on board a canal boat under any circumstances when washing and dressing were necessary? If not, I exult in the consciousness of my immeasurable superiority. When I think of the cold mornings whereon I scooped the dirty water out of the canal with a tin ladle chained to the boat, and having so filled a tin basin also chained to the boat, plunged my face into the same, and wiped it into a kind of damp and slimy dryness on *the* jack towel, I feel something between Robinson Crusoe and Philip

Quarll,[†1] with a dash of Sinbad the Sailor—and think of leaving off ordinary clothes, and going clad, for the future, in skins and furs; with a gun on each shoulder, and two axes in a belt round my middle.

We are not quite clear whether we shall cross to Chicago from St. Louis, and so get to Buffaloe[†2] by the Lakes; or whether we shall return to Pittsburgh by steamboat, and go from that place to

Erie, and so to Buffaloe. Some wise men of the West have told me that the Grand Prairie will be too wet for comfortable travelling until May; and other wise men report that its present state is nothing less than perfection. In like manner, some authorities are of opinion that it takes four days and nights to cross the Prairies; and others know for a certainty that the journey can be accomplished in four and twenty hours.[†3] Upon the whole— though I shall not finally decide until I have consulted the St. Louis people—I think it most likely that we shall eschew the Lakes, and avoid sea-sickness.[†4] Sich (as Miggs[†5] would say) is Mrs. D desires; and as my wishes is to please her inclinations, it will be my endeavours to make myself conformable to her dispositions, though I *am* but a husband.

In either case, will you in your kindness, send any letters, you may have for us,—addressed to the care of the Postmaster at Buffaloe, up to the twenty fourth of this month. I calculate that on the night of the twenty fourth we shall sleep in that town;[†6] and you may be sure that on our arrival, I shall not be slow to send to the Post Office. Whatever you receive for us in the meanwhile, please to keep in your counting house until the time arrives for sending them to Buffaloe with a view to their receipt by us on that date. From that town, we shall go straight to the hotel at Niagara, *on the English side,* where we purpose remaining a week, at least, and where you may safely address any later despatches. But directly we arrive there, I will write to you again.

In the matter of the George Washington, we trust ourselves entirely in your hands for the choice of our State Room. If there should be any larger or family one, which possesses *decided* advantages, I should be very glad to pay extra for it;[†7] our object being to be comfortable—if I may use a word so wildly and preposterously impossible of connection with all Christian peoples' experience of a Ship. In a word, and to copy the phraseology of the advertisements in our English Newspapers "Wages is not so much an object as a comfortable situation". But whatever you do, will be right; and will be certain to please us.

If paper could blush; this, for the trouble it gives you, would be rose-colored by the time of its arrival in New York. You see what you have brought upon yourself by making us regard you and yours in the light of dear old friends! Take warning from this sad experience, and make that house in Laight Street a disagreeable and repulsive one from this time.

But as you never can make it so to us, who are in the secret, give our joint loves and affectionate regards to all who are in it. And believe me My Dear friend

Always Faithfully | And cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

David. C. Colden. Esquire.

P.S. I wrote to Lord Jeffrey by the Steamer from Boston on the Second.

To CHARLES A. DAVIS, 4 APRIL 1842*

MS Mr John J. Emery. *Address:* Charles Augustus Davis Esquire | Broadway | New York City.

Cincinnati. Ohio. | Monday, Fourth April 1842.

My Dear Davis.

Please to turn back to your daily memorandum book, and to erase that leaf whereon you have written down my name as a thoughtless and unmindful Vagabond. And substitute in its place another entry, doing full justice to my virtues and captiwations—inadwertent, or otherwise.

It is so long since I saw a fork with three prongs, that I shall be greatly disconcerted by their use, when I get back to New York. I don't often wash myself in these parts; and as to shaving—but that's a weakness; not the more defensible because of its being commonly entertained.

Perhaps you never made your toilette on board a canal boat? If you never did—don't. Perhaps you never slept on a perch, like a Canary Bird? I have. It's not so hard to hold on as you would suppose, after the first two or three nights. Travel from Baltimore to Pittsburgh (by way of the Canal) and try.

We are on our way now—or shall be, the day after tomorrow—to Saint Louis, whence I make a day's journey into the Prairies. Then we purpose returning here, and going by two places (one is Columbus, and the other sounds like Sandisky[†1]—it ought to be in Poland) to Buffaloe. So to Niagara.

I have put that cotton of yours in my pipe, and smoked it carefully. The idea is an exceedingly good one, and *might* be made very striking. I am not so sure that it falls in my path. I have not made up my mind yet, even, to write anything about America, and my wanderings in it.[†2] Nous verrons.

John Quincey Adams is as like your sketch of him[†3] as he is like the John Quincey Adams in his bedroom Mirror. What a fine fellow he is! I saw him several times. We dined there one day; and another day I met him at a Club of gentlemen who invited me to dinner.[†4] There he ate, and drunk, and made a

speech, and talked, and perfectly astonished me by his memory, freshness, vigour, and intellect. I delivered the greater part of your letters, and had abundant reason to thank you for your friendly precaution, in giving them to me. We enjoyed Washington very much. As to Mr. Clay—he is perfectly enchanting.

We went from Washington to Richmond. But finding the time melting away, I acted on Mr. Clay's advice, and went no further South—returned to Baltimore for two days—and here we are.

This is an intolerably stupid letter, I know. But I am fain to send it, and to wait no longer for time to write anything of interest to you—otherwise the chances are, that I should arrive in New York before my autograph.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Davis[†1] (concerning whom I grieve to say I have dreamed no dreams lately)—and to your daughter—and I am always

My Dear Davis | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Augustus Davis Esquire

To DR F. H. DEANE,[†2] 4 APRIL 1842

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* Dr. F. H. Deane | Richmond | Virginia.

Cincinnati. Ohio. Fourth April 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I have not been unmindful of your request, for a moment; but have not been able to think of it until now. I hope my good friends (for whose Christian names I have left blanks in the Epitaph)[†3] may like what I have written; and that they will take comfort, and be happy again.[†4] I sail on the Seventh of June, [a]nd purpose being at the Carlton House New York, about the first. It will make me easy to know that this [let]ter[†5] has reached you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Doctor F. H. Deane

[†1]This is the Grave
of
A Little Child,
Whom God in his goodness
Called to a Bright Eternity,
When he was very young.
Hard as it is
For Human Affection
To reconcile itself
To Death,
In any shape;
(And most of all, perhaps,
At First,
In This)
His parents
Can even now believe
That it will be a consolation to them,
Throughout Their Lives,
And when they shall have grown old
And grey,
always to think of him

As a Child,

In Heaven.[†2]

========

"And Jesus called a little child unto

him, and set him in the midst of them."

========

He was the son of A and M Thornton.

Christened[†3] CHARLES IRVING[†4]

He was born on the 20th. day of January 1841,

And he died on the 12th. day of March 1842.

Having lived only Thirteen Months, and nine[†3] days.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 4 APRIL 1842*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Frederick Dickens Esquire | Commissariat | Treasury | London | England.

Cincinnati. Ohio. Monday Fourth April 1842.

My Dear Fred. After a long delay (for the steamer had, again, a terrible voyage) we received our welcome and most ardently looked-for packet of letters, at Pittsburgh last Friday Morning, the First,—just before embarking in the Steamboat for this place, which is more than Five Hundred Miles from it. You may conceive how delighted we were to get the long-expected news from Home; and with what heartfelt pleasure we read your account of our dear darlings, whom we so long to see, that twenty times a day we count the days between this, and our return.

The steamer in which we came here, is called the Messenger; and has far better accommodations than the Britannia. There is one enormous Cabin, running all through the boat; and opening from it, little state rooms with two berths in each. Those which are set apart for married folks have each another little door opening on a light gallery at the stern; and here we sat very comfortably: looking at the prospect on the banks of the river, where there are great solitudes for many long miles together—only broken by log-houses where the new settlers live in the roughest and most desolate fashion you can well imagine.[†1] Think what rivers are, in this country! The Ohio is 900 miles long;[†2] and usually as broad as the Thames at Greenwich—very often much wider. We are going down to its mouth, and then 200 miles up the Mississippi, as you will see if you look for St. Louis on the map. We leave here on Wednesday; and intend halting at Louisville for a day.—I have been told that the Prairies are too wet to be easily crossed at this season of the year. If this should prove to be so,[†3] we shall return to Pittsburgh from St. Louis (very likely by the same boat that brought us here)— and get to Buffaloe from there, by the way of Erie. This will still bring us to Niagara by the twenty fourth or twenty fifth.

I have only had time to write one letter on board;[†4] and that I have sent to Forster, who will make you acquainted with its contents. I would not therefore tell you anything about the Canal boat or other modes of conveyance, even if I had the time; as I have described them to him.

We have not heard from Alfred,[†5] nor have we written to him, for we have both forgotten his address. I wish you would do so. I need not say what delight it gives me to hear that Fanny is doing so well,[†6] nor how sure I feel that she will yet

do much better. I suppose Burnett has become quite an aristocrat[†1]—and that he rides to give lessons[†2] on a thorough-bred Hunter?

You will wonder to see this lined paper, but the Immortal Secretary being absent, looking after the luggage, I am obliged to use the writing-materials of the Hotel; and in this part of the Globe they are much given to this uncomfortable paper.—What do you think of my having magnetized Kate, with amazing success? She will rather astonish you, when we come home, I can tell you.

I should think Sir John Wilson, having had so little enjoyment out of the house,[†3] would consider it dear at any price. The very walls must wonder at its being so dull; and what the bitter beer can assign in its own mind as the reason of its not being tapped, I am at a loss to conceive. By the bye,—on the first of June will you get Sir John's permission to have two strong men in, to roll the casks out, and stand them on the horse in the old place? Otherwise, it will not be in drinking trim when we arrive. I think you have the key of the Wine cellar?

Remember me, kindly and heartily, to Chapman and Hall; from whom I have not yet heard once. And will you do so, too, to Beard? And will you tell him that I have only time, in the multiplicity of my engagements, to write more than one letter containing anything like an account of our proceedings—and that Forster will be pleased to shew these documents to him, if he has sufficient interest in them to give him a call.

Our hearts ache for home. It is impossible to say how we long to see the dear children. God bless you and them!

Always Your affectionate brother
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

To THOMAS MITTON, 4 APRIL 1842

MS Huntington Library.

In Haste [†5]

Cincinnati. Ohio. | April The Fourth 1842.

My Dear friend.

I received yours with great delight and pleasure. It was very late, as the Columbia had a bad passage, and broke her engine by the way. We got our

letters from England, most opportunely on the very morning we left Pittsburgh, and within a very few hours of the boat's starting. If they had missed us there, we should in all probability not have received them for weeks, through being constantly before the Mail.

Ever since, and including, the day of their receipt, we have been coming here by Steamboat; along the Ohio River. This River is 900 Miles in length (think of that!) and we have travelled about 550 miles upon it: stopping at a great many intermediate places. On Wednesday morning we start again; and changing boats, and perhaps stoppi[ng? two days][†1] at Louisville; go down to its mouth, and two hundred [miles up the] Mississippi river, to get to St. Louis. Since we left [Baltimore,[†2] we have] travelled upwards of a hundred miles by railroad and [stage-coach], and 250 miles by canal, besides.

Forster has the best journal I have had time to keep in these conveyances, of our adventures. He will be glad to shew, or read it to you. I think you will be amused by it.

I was greatly pained to find that you had misconstrued that passage in my first letter, in which I made allusion to our darlings.[†3] I put it there, because it naturally fell there; and my account of the gale brought me to it. But if you think that in saying it was a consolation to me to reflect upon the friends they would have, I for an instant lost sight of you, my old and familiar friend, in whom I repose so much and such implicit confidence, I can hardly say which you wrong most—yourself or me.[†4]

I am glad to hear that the business goes on bravely—You know that you yourself are not more interested in its success than I am.[†5] The anxious time, in everything, is the first part of the struggle. That over, the path is smooth and straight.

I shall have so much to tell and talk about when I come home, that I am half afraid I may return a Bore.[†6] But for the pleasure of being at home again, I will consent even to that.

We count the days; and long, and yearn, for Home. Kate is very well, and

sends her best regards to you. Anne is a very good traveller; and the Secretary (whose wages I have "ris" to twenty dollars a month) takes such care of the luggage and all other matters, that I walk into and out of every coach, car, wagon, boat, and barge, as if I had nothing with me but one shirt, and that were [in] my pocket.

I am vexed to hear that that father of mine [is "in trou]ble"—again.[†1] How long he is, growing up to be a m[an!]

I am always My dear friend | Faithfully and truly Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Did you remember that last Saturday, the First, was our Wedding-Day?[†2]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?4-6 APRIL] 1842

Extract in Bangs & Co. catalogue No. 2341 (1886); *MS* 1 p.; dated 1842. *Date:* clearly after meeting Gilmor on 22 Mar; perhaps in Cincinnati where he stayed 4-6 Apr.

Mr. Gilmor, of Baltimore, gave me a letter to you, begging your advice in the matter of getting cashed any drafts I might draw upon his house. But after doing so he gave me a letter to a Banker in this city[†3] for the same purpose; therefore I will not trouble you with the communication—which is a mere business one, rendered quite unnecessary.

To WILLIAM C. KINNEY,[†1] 14 APRIL 1842

Text from the *Belleville Weekly Advocate*, 21 Apr 42.

Planters' House,[†2] St. Louis | Fourteenth April 1842.

My Dear Sir,

I am truly obliged to you for your letter of welcome and congratulation,[†3] which has given me real pleasure. Accept my cordial thanks, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, 15, 16 and [17] APRIL 1842

Extracts in F, III, vi, 257-65.

On board the Messenger again. Going from St. Louis back to Cincinnati.
Friday, fifteenth April, 1842.

We remained in Cincinnati one whole day after the date of my last, and left on Wednesday morning the 6th.[†4] We reached Louisville soon after midnight on the same night;[†5] and slept there.[†6] Next day at one o'clock we put ourselves on board another steamer,[†7] and travelled on until last Sunday evening the tenth; when we reached St. Louis at about nine o'clock. The next day we devoted to seeing the city. Next day, Tuesday the twelfth, I started off with a party of men (we were fourteen in all) to see a prairie;[†8] returned to St. Louis about noon on

the thirteenth; attended a soirée and ball[†1]—not a dinner—given in my honor that night; and yesterday afternoon at four o'clock we turned our faces homewards. Thank Heaven!

Cincinnati is only fifty years old, but is a very beautiful city:[†2] I think the prettiest place I have seen here, except Boston. It has risen out of the forest like an Arabian-night city; is well laid out; ornamented in the suburbs with pretty villas; and above all, for this is a very rare feature in America, has smooth turf-plots and well kept gardens. There happened to be a great temperance festival; and[†3] the procession mustered under, and passed, our windows early in the morning. I suppose they were twenty thousand strong, at least. Some of the banners were quaint and odd enough. The ship-carpenters, for instance, displayed on one side of their flag, the good Ship Temperance in full sail; on the other, the Steamer Alcohol blowing up sky-high. The Irishmen[†4] had a portrait of Father Mathew,[†5] you may be sure. And Washington's broad lower jaw (by the bye, Washington had not a pleasant face)[†6] figured in all parts of the ranks. In a kind of square at one outskirt of the city, they divided into bodies, and were addressed by different speakers. Drier speaking I never heard. I own that I felt quite uncomfortable to think they could take the taste of it out of their mouths with nothing better than water.

In the evening[†1] we went to a party at Judge Walker's,[†2] and were introduced to at least one hundred and fifty first-rate bores, separately and singly. I was required to sit down by the greater part of them, and talk![†3] In the night we were serenaded (as we usually are in every place we come to), and very well serenaded, I assure you. But we were very much knocked up. I really think my face has acquired a fixed expression of sadness from the constant and unmitigated boring I endure. The LL's[†4] have carried away all my cheerfulness. There is a line in my chin (on the right side of the under-lip), indelibly fixed there by the New-Englander I told you of in my last. I have the print of a crow's foot on the outside of my left eye, which I attribute to the literary characters of small towns. A dimple has vanished from my cheek which I felt myself robbed of at the time by a wise legislator.[†5] But on the other hand I am really indebted for a good broad grin to P..E..,[†6] literary critic of Philadelphia, and sole proprietor of the English language in its grammatical and idiomatical purity; to P..E.., with the shiny straight hair and turned-down shirt collar, who taketh all of us English men of letters to task in print, roundly and uncompromisingly,[†7] but told me, at the same time, that I had "awakened a new era" in his mind....[†8]

The last 200 miles of the voyage from Cincinnati to St. Louis are upon the Mississippi, for you come down the Ohio to its mouth. It is well for society that this Mississippi, the renowned father of waters, had no children who take after him. It is the beastliest river in the world....[†9]

Conceive the pleasure of rushing down this stream by night (as we did last night) at the rate of fifteen miles an hour; striking against floating blocks of timber every instant; and dreading some infernal blow at every bump.[†1] The helmsman in these boats is in a little glass-house upon the roof. In the Mississippi, another man stands in the very head of the vessel, listening and watching intently; listening, because they can tell in dark nights by the noise when any great obstruction is at hand. This man holds the rope of a large bell which hangs close to the wheel-house, and whenever he pulls it, the engine is to stop directly, and not to stir until he rings again. Last night, this bell rang at least once in every five minutes;

and at each alarm there was a concussion which nearly flung one out of bed.... While I have been writing this account, we have shot out of that hideous river, thanks be to God;[†2] never to see it again, I hope, but in a nightmare. We are now on the smooth Ohio, and the change is like the transition from pain to perfect ease.[†3]

We had a very crowded levee in St. Louis. Of course the paper had an account of it.[†4] If I were to drop a letter in the street, it would be in the newspaper next day,[†5] and nobody would think its publication an outrage. The editor objected to my hair, as not curling sufficiently.[†6] He admitted an eye;[†7] but objected again to dress,[†8] as being somewhat foppish, "and indeed perhaps rather flash."—"But such," he benevolently adds, "are the differences between American and English taste—rendered more apparent, perhaps, by all the other gentlemen present being dressed in black."[†9] Oh, that you could have seen the other gentlemen! ...

A St. Louis lady complimented Kate upon her voice and manner of speaking: assuring her that she should never have suspected her of being Scotch, or even English. She was so obliging as to add that she would have taken her for an American, anywhere: which she (Kate) was no doubt aware was a very great compliment, as the Americans were admitted on all hands to have greatly refined upon the English language! I need not tell you that out of Boston and New York a nasal drawl is universal,[†1] but I may as well hint that the prevailing grammar is also more than doubtful; that the oddest vulgarisms are received idioms; that all the women who have been bred in slave-states speak more or less like negroes, from having been constantly in their childhood with black nurses; and that the most fashionable and aristocratic (these are two words in great use), instead of asking you in what place you were born, enquire where you "hail from?"!![†2]

Lord Ashburton arrived at Annapolis t'other day,[†3] after a voyage of forty odd days in heavy weather. Straightway the newspapers state, on the authority of a correspondent who "rowed round the ship" (I leave you to fancy her condition), that America need fear no superiority from England, in respect of her wooden walls. The same correspondent is "quite pleased" with the frank manner of the English officers; and patronizes them as being, for John Bulls, quite refined. My face, like Haji Baba's, turns upside down, and my liver is changed to water,[†4] when I come upon such things, and think who writes and who read them....

They won't let me alone about slavery. A certain Judge in St. Louis went so far yesterday, that I fell upon him (to the indescribable horror of the man who brought him) and told him a piece of my mind.[†5] I said that I was very averse to speaking on the subject here, and always forbore, if possible: but when he pitied our national ignorance of the truths of slavery, I must remind him that we went upon indisputable records, obtained after many years of careful investigation, and at all sorts of self-sacrifice; and that I believed we were much more competent to judge of its atrocity and horror, than he who had been brought up in the midst of

it. I told him that I could sympathise with men who admitted it to be a dreadful evil, but frankly confessed their inability to devise a means of getting rid of it: but that men who spoke of it as a blessing, as a matter of course, as a state of things to be desired, were out of the pale of reason; and that for them to speak of ignorance or prejudice was an absurdity too ridiculous to be combated....

It is not six years ago, since a slave in this very same St. Louis, being arrested (I forget for what), and knowing he had no chance of a fair trial, be his offence what it might, drew his bowie knife and ripped the constable across the body. A scuffle ensuing, the desperate negro stabbed two others with the same weapon. The mob who gathered round (among whom were men of mark, wealth, and influence in the place) overpowered him by numbers; carried him away to a piece of open ground beyond the city; *and burned him alive.* This, I say, was done within six years in broad day; in a city with its courts, lawyers, tipstaffs, judges, jails, and hangman; and not a hair on the head of one of those men has been hurt to this day.[†1] And it is, believe me, it is the miserable, wretched independence in small things; the paltry republicanism which recoils from honest service to an honest man, but does not shrink from every trick, artifice, and knavery in business; that makes these slaves necessary, and will render them so, until the indignation of other countries sets them free.

They say the slaves are fond of their masters. Look at this pretty vignette[†2] (part of the stock-in-trade of a newspaper), and judge how you would feel, when men, looking in your face, told you such tales with the newspaper lying on the table. In all the slave districts, advertisements for runaways are as much matters

of course as the announcement of the play for the evening with us.[†1] The poor creatures themselves fairly worship English people: they would do anything for them. They are perfectly acquainted with all that takes place in reference to emancipation; and *of course* their attachment to us grows out of their deep devotion to their owners. I cut this illustration out of a newspaper which had a leader in reference to *the abominable and hellish doctrine of Abolition—repugnant alike to every law of God and Nature.* "I know something" said a Dr. Bartlett[†2] (a very accomplished man), late a fellow-passenger of ours: "I know something of their fondness for their masters. I live in Kentucky; and I can assert upon my honour, that, in my neighbourhood, it is as common for a runaway slave, retaken, to draw his bowie knife and rip his owner's bowels open, as it is for you to see a drunken fight in London."

Same Boat, Saturday, Sixteenth April, 1842.

Let me tell you, my dear Forster, before I forget it, a pretty little scene we had on board the boat between Louisville and St. Louis, as we were going to the latter place. It is not much to tell, but it was very pleasant and interesting to witness.[†3]

There was a little woman on board, with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with a sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St. Louis in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be.[†4] The baby had been born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months: having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and

anxiety, as this little woman was: and there she was, all the livelong day, wondering whether "he" would be at the wharf; and whether "he" had got her letter;

and whether, if she sent the baby on shore by somebody else, *"he" would know it, meeting it in the street:* which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature; and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state; and let out all this matter, clinging close about her heart, so freely; that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she: and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you: enquiring, every time we met at table, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and supposing she wouldn't want to go ashore the night we reached it, and cutting many other dry jokes which convulsed all his hearers, but especially the ladies. There was one little, weazen, dried-apple old woman among them, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands under such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lap dog), old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him, in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put the baby to bed; but she got over that with the same good humour, tied a little handkerchief over her little head, and came out into the gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies! and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones! and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last, there were the lights of St. Louis—and here was the wharf—and those were the steps—and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing, or seeming to laugh, more than ever, ran into her own cabin, and shut herself up tight. I have no doubt, that, in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears lest she should hear "him" asking for her; but I didn't see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, and was staggering about among the other boats to find a landing-place; and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him; when all of a sudden, right in the midst of them—God knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman hugging with both arms round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy fellow! And in a moment afterwards, there she was again, dragging him through the small door of her small cabin, to look at the baby as he lay asleep!—What a good thing it is to know that so many of us would have been quite downhearted and sorry if that husband had failed to come.

But about the Prairie—it is not, I must confess, so good in its way as this; but I'll tell you all about that too, and leave you to judge for yourself.[†1] Tuesday the

12th was the day fixed; and we were to start at five in the morning—sharp. I turned out at four; shaved and dressed; got some bread and milk; and throwing up the window, looked down into the street. Deuce a coach was there, nor did anybody seem to be stirring in the house. I waited until half-past five; but no preparations being visible even then, I left Mr. Q to look out, and lay down upon the bed again. There I

slept until nearly seven, when I was called.... Exclusive of Mr. Q and myself, there were twelve of my committee[†1] in the party: all lawyers except one.[†2] He was an intelligent, mild, well-informed gentleman of my own age—the unitarian minister of the place.[†3] With him, and two other companions, I got into the first coach.[†4] ...

We halted at so good an inn at Lebanon[†5] that we resolved to return there at night, if possible. One would scarcely find a better village alehouse of a homely kind in England. During our halt I walked into the village, and met a *dwelling-house* coming down-hill at a good round trot, drawn by some twenty oxen! We resumed our journey as soon as possible, and got upon the looking-glass prairie at sunset. We halted near a solitary log-house for the sake of its water; unpacked the baskets; formed an encampment with the carriages; and dined.

Now, a prairie is undoubtedly worth seeing—but more, that one may say one has seen it, than for any sublimity it possesses in itself. Like most things, great or small, in this country, you hear of it with considerable exaggerations. Basil Hall was really quite right in depreciating the general character of the scenery.[†6] The widely-famed Far West is not to be compared with even the tamest portions of Scotland or Wales. You stand upon the prairie, and see the unbroken horizon all round you. You are on a great plain, which is like a sea without water.[†7] I am exceedingly fond of wild and lonely scenery, and believe

that I have the faculty of being as much impressed by it as any man living. But the prairie fell, by far, short of my preconceived idea. I felt no such emotions as I do in crossing Salisbury plain. The excessive flatness of the scene makes it dreary, but tame. Grandeur is certainly not its characteristic. I retired from the rest of the party, to understand my own feelings the better; and looked all round, again and again. It was fine. It was worth the ride. The sun was going down, very red and bright; and the prospect looked like that ruddy sketch of Catlin's,[†1] which attracted our attention (you remember?); except that there was not so much ground as he represents, between the spectator and the horizon.[†2] But to say (as the fashion is, here) that the sight is a landmark in one's existence, and awakens a new set of sensations, is sheer gammon. I would say to every man who can't see a prairie—go to Salisbury plain, Marlborough downs, or any of the broad, high, open lands near the sea. Many of them are fully as impressive; and Salisbury plain is *decidedly* more so.[†3]

We had brought roast fowls, buffalo's tongue, ham, bread, cheese, butter, biscuits, sherry, champagne, lemons and sugar for punch, and abundance of ice. It was a delicious meal: and as they were most anxious that I should be pleased, I warmed myself into a state of surpassing jollity; proposed toasts from the coach-box (which was the chair); ate and drank with the best; and made, I believe, an excellent companion to a very friendly companionable party. In an hour or so, we packed up, and drove back to the inn at Lebanon. While supper was preparing, I took a pleasant walk with my unitarian friend; and when it was over (we drank nothing with it but tea and coffee) we went to bed. The clergyman and I had an exquisitely clean little chamber of our own: and the rest of the party were quartered overhead....

We got back to St. Louis[†4] soon after twelve at noon; and I rested during the

remainder of the day. The soirée came off at night, in a very good ball-room at our inn—the Planter's-house.[†1] The whole of the guests were introduced to us, singly. We were glad enough, you may believe, to come away at midnight; and were very tired. Yesterday, I wore a blouse.[†2] To-day, a fur-coat. Trying changes!

In the same Boat, | Sunday, Sixteenth[†3] April, 1842.

The inns in these outlandish corners of the world would astonish you by their goodness. The Planter's-house[†4] is as large as the Middlesex-hospital and built very much on our hospital plan, with long wards abundantly ventilated, and plain whitewashed walls. They had a famous notion of sending up at breakfast-time large glasses of new milk with blocks of ice in them as clear as crystal. Our table was abundantly supplied indeed at every meal. One day when Kate and I were dining alone together, in our own room, we counted sixteen dishes on the table at the same time.

The society is pretty rough, and intolerably conceited. All the inhabitants are young. *I didn't see one grey head in St. Louis.* There is an island close by, called bloody island. It is the duelling ground of St. Louis; and is so called from the last fatal duel which was fought there.[†5] It was a pistol duel, breast to breast, and both parties fell dead at the same time. One of our prairie party (a young man) had acted as second there, in several encounters. The last occasion was a duel with rifles, at forty paces; and coming home he told us how he had bought his man a coat of green linen to fight in, woollen being usually fatal to rifle wounds. Prairie is variously called (on the refinement principle I suppose) Para*a*rer; par*e*arer; and paro*a*rer.[†6] I am afraid, my dear fellow, you will have had great difficulty in reading all the foregoing text. I have written it, very laboriously, on my knee; and the engine throbs and starts as if the boat were possessed with a devil.

To DR STEPHEN COLLINS,[†7] 19 APRIL 1842*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Cincinnati. | Nineteenth April 1842.

My Dear Sir.

We have been on to Saint Louis, and are now returning through this place and by way of Columbus to Buffalo.

I gladly embrace this—really the *first*—opportunity I have had since I left Baltimore to thank you, heartily and cordially, for your kind letter, and for its most gratifying and welcome enclosures.[†1] I have read your criticisms[†2] with the sincerest pleasure, I do earnestly assure you.

My address in London, is No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park. It will give me great satisfaction to hear from you at any time.

Dear Sir Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Stephen Collins.

To THE PROPRIETOR OF THE NEIL HOUSE, COLUMBUS,[†3] [?19 APRIL 1842]

MS[†4] Cornell University Library. *Date:* Since the coach for Columbus left Cincinnati at 8 a.m. on Wed 20 Apr and CD had arrived in Cincinnati only at 1 a.m. on Tues 19th, letter must have been dispatched on 19 Apr—though CD could have drafted it (see *fn*) on 18 Apr, while on the *Benjamin Franklin.*

Sir

I am requested by Mr. Charles Dickens to inform you that he is coming to Columbus by the Coach which leaves this City on Wednesday Morning next,[†5] and reaches your town on Thursday—and that he purposes resting that day, and night, at your house; preparatory to going on to Sandusky on Friday morning.

He will be greatly obliged to you if you will have the goodness to prepare comfortable quarters for him;[†6] and if you will have the kindness to say (in case any enquiries should be made on the subject) that he will not be able to have the pleasure of receiving any visitors in Columbus,[†7] as his short stay is one of *rest*: of which both himself and Mrs. Dickens stand in need,—as they have for some weeks been constantly travelling.

The accommodation we shall require, are a comfortable private parlor and bedroom adjoining—or as near to it as convenient—another sleeping chamber for myself—and another for Mrs. Dickens' Maid.

To MRS R. S. NICHOLS,[†1] 19 APRIL 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Cincinnati. | Nineteenth April 1842.

My Dear Madam

I am very much obliged to you for your beautiful lines upon the death of Nell;[†2] which I have read with great interest and pleasure.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. R. S. Nichols.

To JOHN FORSTER, 24 and 26 APRIL 1842

Extracts in F, III, vi, 265-71 (continuation and conclusion of letter of 15, 16 and [17] Apr).

We went ashore at Louisville this night week, where I left off, two lines above; and slept at the hotel, in which we had put up before. The Messenger being abominably slow, we got our luggage out next morning, and started on again at eleven o'clock in the Benjamin Franklin mail boat: a splendid vessel with a cabin more than two hundred feet long, and little state-rooms affording proportionate conveniences. She got in at Cincinnati by one o'clock next morning, when we landed in the dark and went back to our old hotel.[†3] As we made our way on foot over the broken pavement, Anne measured her length upon the ground, but didn't hurt herself. I say nothing of Kate's troubles—but you recollect her propensity? She falls into, or out of, every coach or boat we enter; scrapes the skin off her legs; brings great sores and swellings on her feet; chips large fragments out of her ankle-bones; and makes herself blue with bruises. She really has, however, since we got over the first trial of being among circumstances so new and so fatiguing, made a *most admirable* traveller in every respect. She has never screamed or expressed alarm under circumstances that would have fully justified her in doing so, even in my eyes; has never given way to despondency or fatigue, though we have now been travelling incessantly, through a very rough country, for more than a month, and have been at times, as you may readily suppose, most thoroughly tired; has always accommodated

herself, well and cheerfully, to everything; and has pleased me very much, and proved herself perfectly game.[†1]

We remained at Cincinnati, all Tuesday the nineteenth, and all that night. At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning the twentieth, we left in the mail stage for Columbus: Anne, Kate, and Mr. Q inside; I on the box.[†2] The distance is a hundred and twenty miles; the road macadamized; and for an American road, very good. We were three and twenty hours performing the journey. We travelled all night;[†3] reached Columbus at seven in the morning; breakfasted; and went to bed until dinner time. At night we held a levee for half an hour, and the people poured in as they always do: each gentleman with a lady on each arm, exactly like the Chorus to God Save the Queen.[†4] I wish you could see them, that you might know what a splendid comparison this is. They wear their clothes, precisely as the chorus people do; and stand—supposing Kate and me to be in the centre of the stage, with our backs to the footlights—just as the company would, on the first night of the season. They shake hands exactly after the manner of the guests at a ball at the Adelphi or the Haymarket; receive any facetiousness on my part, as if there were a stage direction "all laugh;" and have rather more difficulty in "getting off" than the last gentlemen, in white pantaloons, polished boots, and berlins,[†5] usually display, under the most trying circumstances.

Next morning, that is to say on Friday the 22nd at seven o'clock exactly, we resumed our journey.[†6] The stage from Columbus to this place only running thrice a week, and not on that day, I bargained for an "exclusive extra" with four horses, for which I paid forty dollars, or eight pounds English: the horses changing, as they would if it were the regular stage. To ensure our getting on properly, the proprietors sent an agent on the box; and, with no other company but him and a hamper full of eatables and drinkables, we went upon our way. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea to you of the kind of road over which we travelled. I can only say that it was, at the best, but a track through the wild forest, and among the swamps, bogs, and morasses of the withered bush. A great portion of it was what is called a

"corduroy road:" which is made by throwing round logs or whole trees into a swamp, and leaving them to settle there. Good Heaven! if you only felt one of the least of the jolts with which the coach falls from log to log! It is like nothing but going up a steep flight of stairs

in an omnibus.[†1] Now the coach flung us in a heap on its floor, and now crushed our heads against its roof. Now one side of it was deep in the mire, and we were holding on to the other. Now it was lying on the horses' tails, and now again upon its back. But it never, never, was in any position, attitude, or kind of motion, to which we are accustomed in coaches; or made the smallest approach to our experience of the proceedings of any sort of vehicle that goes on wheels. Still, the day was beautiful, the air delicious, and we were *alone:* with no tobacco spittle, or eternal prosy conversation about dollars and politics (the only two subjects they ever converse about, or can converse upon) to bore us. We really enjoyed it; made a joke of the being knocked about; and were quite merry. At two o'clock we stopped in the wood to open our hamper and dine;[†2] and we drank to our darlings and all friends at home. Then we started again and went on until ten o'clock at night: when we reached a place called Lower Sandusky,[†3] sixty-two miles from our starting point. The last three hours of the journey were not very pleasant, for it lightened—awfully: every flash very vivid, very blue, and very long: and, the wood being so dense that the branches on *either* side of the track rattled and broke *against* the coach, it was rather a dangerous neighbourhood for a thunder storm.

The inn at which we halted was a rough log-house. The people were all abed, and we had to knock them up. We had the queerest sleeping room,[†4] with two doors, one opposite the other; both opening directly on the wild black country, and neither having any lock or bolt. The effect of these opposite doors was, that one was always blowing the other open: an ingenuity in the art of building, which I don't remember to have met with before. You should have seen me, in my shirt, blockading them with portmanteaus, and desperately endeavouring to make the room tidy! But the blockading was really needful, for in my dressing case I have about 250*l.* in gold; and for the amount of the middle figure in that scarce metal, there are not a few men in the West who would murder their fathers. Apropos of this golden store, consider at your leisure the strange state of things in this country. It has no money; really *no money*.[†5] The bank paper won't pass;[†6] the newspapers are full of advertisements from

tradesmen who sell by barter; and American gold is not to be had, or purchased. I bought sovereigns, English sovereigns at first: but as I could get none of them at Cincinnati to this day, I have had to purchase French gold; 20-franc pieces; with which I am travelling as if I were in Paris!

But let's go back to Lower Sandusky. Mr. Q went to bed up in the roof of the log-house somewhere, but was so beset by bugs[†1] that he got up after an hour and *lay in the coach*[†2] ... where he was obliged to wait till breakfast time. We breakfasted, driver and all, in the one common room. It was papered with newspapers, and was as rough a place as need be. At half past seven we started again, and we reached Sandusky at six o'clock yesterday afternoon.[†3] It is on Lake Erie, twenty-four hours' journey by steam boat from Buffalo. We found no boat here, nor has there been one, since. We are waiting, with every thing packed up, ready to start on the shortest notice; and are anxiously looking out for smoke in the distance.

There was an old gentleman in the Log inn at Lower Sandusky who treats with the Indians on the part of the American government,[†4] and has just concluded a treaty with the Wyandot Indians at that place to remove next year to some land provided for them west of the Mississippi: a little way beyond St. Louis.[†5] He described his negotiation to me, and their reluctance to go,[†6] exceedingly well. They are a fine people, but degraded and broken down.[†7] If you could see any of their men and women on a race-course in England, you would not know them from gipsies.

We are in a small house here,[†8] but a very comfortable one, and the people are exceedingly obliging. Their demeanour in these country parts is invariably morose, sullen, clownish, and repulsive. I should think there is not, on the face of the earth, a people so entirely destitute of humour, vivacity, or the capacity of enjoyment. It is most remarkable. I am quite serious when I say that I have not

heard a hearty laugh these six weeks, except my own; nor have I seen a merry face on any shoulders but a black man's. Lounging listlessly about; idling in bar-rooms; smoking; spitting; and lolling on the pavement in rocking-chairs,[†1] outside the shop doors; are the only recreations. I don't think the national shrewdness extends beyond the Yankees;[†2] that is, the Eastern men. The rest are heavy, dull, and ignorant. Our landlord here[†3] is from the East. He is a handsome, obliging, civil fellow. He comes into the room with his hat on; spits in the fire place as he talks; sits down on the sofa with his hat on; pulls out his newspaper, and reads; but to all this I am accustomed. He is anxious to please—and that is enough.[†4]

We are wishing very much for a boat; for we hope to find our letters at Buffalo. It is half past one; and as there is no boat in sight, we are fain (sorely against our wills) to order an early dinner.

Tuesday, April Twenty-sixth, 1842.

NIAGARA FALLS!!! (upon the *English*[†5] Side).

I don't know at what length I might have written you from Sandusky, my beloved friend, if a steamer had not come in sight just as I finished the last unintelligible sheet (oh! the ink in these parts!): whereupon I was obliged to pack up bag and baggage, to swallow a hasty apology for a dinner, and to hurry my train on board with all the speed I might. She was a fine steamship, four hundred tons burden, name the Constitution, had very few passengers on board, and had bountiful and handsome accommodation. It's all very fine talking about Lake Erie, but it won't do for persons who are liable to sea-sickness. We were all sick. It's almost as bad in that respect as the Atlantic. The waves are very short, and horribly constant. We reached Buffalo at six this morning; went ashore to breakfast; sent to the post-office forthwith; and received—oh! who or what can

say with how much pleasure and what unspeakable delight!—our English letters!

We lay all Sunday night, at a town (and a beautiful town too) called Cleveland; on Lake Erie. The people poured on board, in crowds, by six on Monday morning, to see me; and a party of "gentlemen" actually planted themselves before our little cabin, and stared in at the door and windows *while I was*

washing, and *Kate lay in bed.*[†1] I was so incensed at this, and at a certain newspaper published in that town which I had accidentally seen in Sandusky (advocating war with England to the death,[†2] saying that Britain must be "whipped again," and promising all true Americans that within two years they should sing Yankee-doodle in Hyde-park and Hail Columbia in the courts of Westminster),[†3] that when the mayor[†4] came on board to present himself to me, according to custom, I refused to see him, and bade Mr. Q tell him why and wherefore. His honor took it very coolly, and retired to the top of the wharf, with a big stick and a whittling knife, with which he worked so lustily (staring at the closed door of our cabin all the time) that long before the boat left the big stick was no bigger than a cribbage peg![†5]

I never in my life was in such a state of excitement as coming from Buffalo here, this morning.[†1] You come by railroad; and are nigh two hours upon the way. I looked out for the spray, and listened for the roar, as far beyond the bounds of possibility, as though, landing in Liverpool, I were to listen for the music of your pleasant voice in Lincoln's-inn-fields. At last, when the train stopped, I saw two great white clouds rising up from the depths of the earth— nothing more. They rose up slowly, gently, majestically, into the air. I dragged Kate down a deep and slippery path leading to the ferry boat; bullied Anne for not coming fast enough; perspired at every pore; and felt, it is impossible to say how, as the sound grew louder and louder in my ears, and yet nothing could be seen for the mist.[†2]

There were two English officers with us (ah! what *gentlemen*, what noblemen of nature they seemed), and they hurried off with me; leaving Kate and Anne on a crag of ice; and clambered after me over the rocks at the foot of the small Fall,[†3] while the ferryman was getting the boat ready. I was not disappointed,—but I could make out nothing. In an instant, I was blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. I saw the water tearing madly down from some immense height, but could get no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity. But when we were seated in the boat, and crossing at the very foot of the cataract—then I began to feel what it was.[†4] Directly I had changed my clothes at the inn I went out again, taking Kate with me; and hurried to the Horse-shoe-fall.[†5] I went down alone, into the very basin. It would be hard for a man to stand nearer God than he does there. There was a bright rainbow at my feet; and from that I looked up to—great Heaven! to *what* a fall of bright green water! The broad, deep, mighty stream seems to die in the act of falling; and, from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist

which is never laid, and has been haunting this place with the same dread solemnity—perhaps from the creation of the world.[†1]

We purpose remaining here a week.[†2] In my next I will try to give you some idea of my impressions, and to tell you how they change with every day. At present it is impossible. I can only say that the first effect of this tremendous spectacle on me, was peace of mind—tranquillity—great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness—nothing of terror. I can shudder at the recollection of Glencoe[†3] (dear friend, with Heaven's leave we must see Glencoe together), but whenever I think of Niagara, I shall think of its beauty.

If you could hear the roar that is in my ears as I write this. Both Falls are under our windows. From our sitting-room and bed-room we look down straight upon them. There is not a soul in the house but ourselves. What would I give if you and Mac were here, to share the sensations of this time! I was going to add, what would I give if the dear girl whose ashes lie in Kensal-green, had lived to come so far along with us—but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight.

One word on the precious letters[†4] before I close. You are right, my dear fellow, about the papers; and you are right (I grieve to say) about the people. *Am I right?* quoth the conjuror. *Yes!* from gallery, pit, and boxes. I *did* let out those things, at first, against my will,[†5] but when I come to tell you all—well; only wait—only wait—till the end of July.[†6] I say no more.

I do perceive a perplexingly divided and subdivided duty,[†7] in the matter of the book of travels. Oh! the sublimated essence of comicality that I *could* distil, from the materials I have! ... You are a part, and an essential part, of our home, dear friend, and I exhaust my imagination in picturing the circumstances under which I shall surprise you by walking into 58, Lincoln's-inn fields. We are truly grateful to God for the health and happiness of our inexpressibly dear children and all our friends. But one letter more—only one.... I don't seem to have been half affectionate enough, but there *are* thoughts, you know, that lie too deep for words.[†8]

To THOMAS MITTON, 26 APRIL 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Niagara Falls | (Upon the English Side)
April The Twenty Sixth 1842 (at night)

My Dear Friend.

I have time for but six words. Coming here only today from a Month's hard travelling in the Far West, we have lost the Great Western,[†1] and have to make up a packet for the Cunard Boat, as though it were tea and sugar, or yellow soap, or anything else that can be tied up and dispatched by mere handicraft.

We are in good health, and tip top spirits. For now home, [?sweet][†2] Home [?, begins] to look near. Forster has some scraps from my Journal [?, and will give you] such details of our proceedings as I have made h[?im acquainted with.]

This place is the most wonderful and beautiful in the w[?orld. We have it a]ll to ourselves, and by the next boat I will tell you more [abou]t it.

I made no question about the Packet Ship; knowing that it is esteemed much safer. I had your affectionate letter this morning, and read it with surpassing pleasure.—You won't be surprised if I rush into your bedroom early one morning, about the end of June?

Kate (who has proved herself an out and outer to travel)[†3] unites with me in best regards. And I am, and always will be,

Your staunch and faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To THE EDITORS OF FOUR AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS,[†4] 27 APRIL 1842

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* written 27th April, the day after receiving Forster's letter and accompanying documents, but date changed to 30 April on copies sent to the Press (see below).

To the Editor &c[†5]

Niagara Falls | Twenty Seventh April 1842.

Sir

I found, awaiting me[†6] at the Post Office in Buffalo, certain letters from England, of which the following are copies.[†7] I ask the favor of you that you will

publish them in your columns; and I do so, in order that the People of America may understand that the sentiments I have expressed on all public occasions since I have been in these United States, in reference to a law of International Copyright, are not merely my individual sentiments, but are, without any qualification, abatement or reserve, the opinions of the great body of British Authors—represented by the distinguished men whose signatures are attached to these documents.[†1]

That they are also the opinions of the Native Writers of America, they have sufficiently shewn in their earnest petitions to the Legislature upon this subject.[†2]

I would beg to lay particular stress upon the letter from Mr. Carlyle,[†3] not only because the plain and manly Truth it speaks is calculated, I should conceive, to arrest attention and respect in any country, and most of all in this; but because his creed in this respect is, without the abatement of one jot or[†4] atom, mine; and because I never have considered and never will consider this question in any other light than as one of plain Right or Wrong—Justice or Injustice.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To C. C. FELTON, 29 APRIL 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Clifton House. | Niagara Falls. | Twenty Ninth April 1842.

My Dear Felton.

Before I go any further, let me explain to you what these great Inclosures portend; lest—supposing them part and parcel of my letter, and asking to be read—you shall fall into fits, from which recovery might be doubtful.

They are, as you will see, four copies of the same thing.[†1] The nature of the Document, you will discover at a glance. As I hoped and believed, the best of the British brotherhood took fire at my being attacked because I spoke my mind and theirs on the subject of an International Copyright; and with all good speed, and hearty private letters,[†2] transmitted to me this small parcel of gauntlets for immediate casting down.[†3]

Now, my first idea was—publicity being the object—to send one copy to you for a Boston newspaper[†4]—another to Bryant for his paper[†5]—a third to the New York Herald (because of its large circulation)—and a fourth to a highly respectable journal at Washington (the property of a gentleman, and a fine fellow named Seaton,[†6] whom I knew there) which I think is called The Intelligencer. Then the Knickerbocker[†7] stepped into my mind—and then it occurred to me that possibly the North American Review[†8] might be the best Organ after all, because indisputably the most respectable and honorable; and the most concerned in the Rights of Literature.[†9]

Whether to limit its publication to one journal, or to extend it to several, is a question so very difficult of decision to a stranger, that I have finally resolved to send these papers to you, and ask you (mindful of the conversation we had on this head one day, in that renowned oyster Cellar) to resolve the point for me. You need feel no weighty sense of responsibility, my dear Felton, for whatever you do, is *sure* to please me. If you see Sumner, take him into our councils.[†1] The only two things to be borne in mind, are,—first, that if they be published in several quarters, they must be published in all, *simultaneously*.[†2] Secondly, that I hold them in trust, to put them before The People.

I fear this is imposing a heavy tax upon your friendship; and I don't fear it the less, by reason of being well assured that it is one you will most readily pay.— I shall be in Montreal about the 11th. of May. Will you write to me there, to the care of the Earl of Mulgrave, and tell me what you have done?

So much for that. Bis'ness first, pleasure artervards, as King Richard the Third said ven he stabbed the t'other King in The Tower, afore he murdered the babbies.[†3]

I have long suspected that oysters have a rheumatic tendency. Their feet are always wet; and so much damp company in a man's inside, cannot contribute to his peace.—But whatever the cause of your indisposition, we are truly grieved and pained to hear of it—and should be more so, but that we hope from your account of that Farewell Dinner,[†4] that you are all Right again. I *did* receive Longfellow's note.[†5] Sumner I have not yet heard from—for which reason I am constantly bringing Telescopes to bear on the Ferry Boat, in hopes to see him coming over, accompanied by a modest portmanteau.[†6]

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To say anything about this wonderful place, would be sheer nonsense. It far exceeds my most sanguine expectations,—though the impression on my mind has been, from the first, nothing but Beauty and Peace. I haven't drunk the water. Bearing in mind your caution, I have devoted myself to Beer, whereof there is an exceedingly pretty Fall in this house.

One of the noble hearts who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers, is dead.[†1] If I had been in England, I would certainly have gone into mourning, for the loss of such a Glorious Life. His brother is not expected to survive him.[†2] I am told that it appears from a memorandum found among the papers of the deceased, that in his life time he gave away in charity £600,000, or Three Millions of Dollars!

What do you say to my *acting* at the Montreal Theatre?—I am an old hand at such matters, and am going to join the Officers of the Garrison in a public representation for the benefit of a Local Charity. We shall have a Good House, they say. I am going to enact one Mr. Snobbington in a funny farce called a Good Night's rest.[†3] I shall want a Flaxen Wig and Eyebrows; and my nightly rest is broken by visions of there being no such commodities in Canada. I wake in the dead of night in a cold perspiration, surrounded by imaginary barbers all denying the existence or possibility of obtaining such articles.[†4] If Hamlet[†5] had a Flaxen Head, I would certainly have it shaved, and get a wig and eyebrows out of him, for a small pecuniary compensation.

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By the bye, if you could only have seen the Prince[†1] at Harrisburgh, crushing a friendly Quaker[†2] in the Parlour Door!—It was the greatest sight I ever saw. I had told him not to admit anybody whatever—forgetting that I had previously given this honest Quaker a special invitation to come. The Quaker would not be denied, and Hamlet was staunch. When I came upon them, the Quaker was black in the face, and Hamlet was administering the final squeeze. The Quaker was still rubbing his waistcoat with an expression of acute inward suffering, when I left the town. I have been looking for his Death in the Newspapers, almost daily.

Do you know one General Ganes?[†3] He is a weazen-faced Warrior—and in his dotage. I had him for a fellow passenger on board a steamboat.[†4] I had also a statistical Colonel with me, outside the coach from Cincinnati to Columbus. A New England Poet[†5] buzzed about me on the Ohio, like a gigantic Bee—A mesmeric Doctor, of an impossibly great age, gave me pamphlets at Louisville[†6]—I have suffered much—very much.

If I could get beyond New York to see anybody, it would be (as you know) to see *you.* But I do not expect to reach the Carlton until the last day of May—and then we are going with the Coldens, somewhere on the banks of the North River for a couple of days.[†7] So you see we shall not have much leisure for our Voyaging preparations.

You and Doctor Howe[†8] (to whom my Love) *must*[†9] come to New York. On the Sixth of June, you must engage yourselves to dine with us at the Carlton;[†10] and if we don't make a merry evening of it, the fault shall not be in us.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Felton and your little daughter.[†11] And I am always My Dear Felton

Affectionately Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

I saw a good deal of Walker[†1] at Cincinnati. I like him very much. We took to him mightily at first, because he resembled you in face and figure, we thought.—You will be glad to hear that our news from home is cheering from first to last—all well, happy, and loving—My friend Forster says in his last letter that he "wants to know Felton"—and looks forward to Longfellow—

To MRS CHARLES SEDGWICK,[†2] [?29 APRIL 1842]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To DAVID C. COLDEN, 29 APRIL 1842

Photograph Dickens House.

Clifton House, Niagara Falls. | Twenty Ninth April 1842.

My Dear Friend.

Again let me thank you heartily for our letters,[†3] and for your note,—over which, I assure you, we were very merry. You will be glad to hear that nothing can be more cheering or happy than all our news from Home; and that we have not one speck or dot of uneasiness or regret.

There is no company here—to our unspeakable delight. We have the Falls to ourselves; ramble about, all day long; do just as we please; play cribbage o'nights; dine at two in the day; wear our oldest clothes; walk ankle-deep in the mud; and thoroughly enjoy ourselves. We have left corduroy roads, high pressure steamboats, seventeen-inside stage coaches, two-pronged pocket pitchforks, and crooked knives with both sides of the blade alike, far—far—behind us. New York is before us—beyond that home—and (as Mr. Brass observes) "the still small voice is a singing comic songs within us, and all is happiness and peace."[†4]

Will you send the next packet of letters to Montreal, addressed to the care of The Earl of Mulgrave?—I am going to *act* at the Montreal Theatre, with him and the officers of the Garrison, for the benefit of a local charity.—What do you think of that?—I can't get the books I wanted, and cannot therefore play any of the parts I should have liked best. I am going to do Mr. Snobbington (a priggish bank clerk of the most tidy habits possible) in a piece called A Good Night's Rest.[†5] It is funny enough. I would give fifty pounds if you were all coming from Laight Street to see it.

I don't expect that we shall be at the Carlton before the Thirtieth or the Thirty First of May. The day after our arrival, I should like to devote to leaving

cards at divers street doors. After that, I wish to Heaven you would lay an embargo on us, and bear us off. Bespeak us—lay claim to us—let everybody know that we are not to be had—leave me no possibility of being persuaded, overpowered, or induced by any coaxings or threatenings to do violence to my own wishes, by going anywhere else. Put it in my power to say to all comers— "Engaged—bespoke—fully occupied, and tightly bound"—Take the bill down, and come into possession of us 'till we go on board the George Washington. I was under a kind of promise to go and see Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, but I have written her that it is impossible, and have pleaded prior engagements with you. We therefore resign ourselves, fully and unconditionally, into your hands— reserving only Monday June the Sixth, on which day we beseech your company to dinner at the Carlton House. I must ask Mr. and Mrs. Davis[†1]—and I think Professor Felton from Cambridge, and Dr. Howe from Boston, will be of the party likewise.

At Cleveland on Lake Erie, our steamboat lay all night. At 6 in the morning a party of gentlemen planted themselves opposite our little State room (it was an uncommonly tight fit, even for a State room) and stared in at the door and windows while I was washing, and Kate lay in bed. I was so incensed at this, that I straightway went to bed, and when the Mayor came, refused to see him. His Honor planted himself on the Wharf with a big stick, and a whittling knife, with which, after receiving my refusal, he worked so lustily that when the boat left, the stick which was at first a trifle bigger than a wooden leg, was shaved down to a small-sized cribbage peg.

We are charged in all our letters with all manner of loves to you and yours. We add our own to the number, and look forward to meeting you again (*we* count the days too) with inexpressible pleasure.

Always My Dear Friend | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David. C. Colden Esquire
You will most likely see by the publication of some documents which I have sent to Boston for that purpose, that the Greatest Writers in England have taken fire at my being misrepresented in the International Copyright matter, and have flung their gauntlets down atop of mine, nobly.

To MRS DAVID C. COLDEN, 29 APRIL 1842

Photograph Dickens House.

Clifton House, Niagara Falls. | Twenty Ninth April 1842.

My better Angel.

If this should meet **HIS**[†2] eye, I trust to you to throw dust into the same. **HIS** suspicions must not be aroused.

HE says that I have applied tender epithets to a certain Mrs. D. I repel the charge with indignation. Alas his motive is but too apparent! He conceives that by piquing you, and rousing your—forgive me for the application of such

a term to your ethereal[†1] nature—your vanity, he will disrupt that bond between us, which nothing but that (and Death) can ever sever. **HE IS A SERPENT.**[†2] You are the Bride of a Scorpion—Like the (I forget the animal's name, but you will find it in any book of Natural History, dearest)—his sting is in his Tale— this tale—which I pronounce to be base and calumnious.

And could you?—but no—no—I am sure you couldn't!

I have thrown my feelings into verse; you will find it neatly copied on the other side. Forgive my presumption. I scarcely know what I write. It is difficult to be coherent, with a bosom full of arrows. Inclosed is a groan. I shall not miss it. I have a great many left.

Take no heed of **HIM** or **HIS** reports. Be true to me, and we may defy **HIS** malice.—When I think of **HIS** futile attempts to tear two hearts asunder that are so closely knit together, I laugh like a Fiend.

Ha! ha! ha!

Cupi**D**

LOVE SONG.[†3]

Air—"*London now is out of Town.*"
Sweet Woman is of many kinds;
She sometimes is propi-tious;
She sometimes has a Thousand minds;
Sometimes is raythe wi-cious.
Above her sex, my love doth shine,
Though by no means a bold 'un,
"I'd crowns resign, to call her mine"
—Her name is Missis .....

===

—Poor Frankenstein, that Prince of fools
Why grim male monster made he,
When with the self-same clay and tools
He might have built a Lady!
How wealthy in the Worlds effects,
If he had made and sold 'un,
So wery prime in all respects
As charming Missis .....!

===

But vain reflection! who could rear,
On scaffold, pier, or starling,
A creetur half so bright or dear,

As my unmentioned Darling!
No artist in the World's broad ways
Could ever carve or mould 'un,
That might aspire to lace the stays
Of charming Mrs.....

===

To ASBURY DICKENS, 30 APRIL 1842

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 297 (1904); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Niagara Falls, 30 Apr 42.

We have reached this wonderful place in safety. We often speak of you and your kindness in Washington. I say that you can't be a relation, however distant—if you were we never could have been on such good terms.

To JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, 30 APRIL 1842*

MS Peabody Institute, Maryland.

Niagara Falls | Thirtieth April 1842.

My Dear Sir

I am truly vexed to discover, by a mere accident, that a letter I wrote to you from Pittsburgh a month ago, *went to England* in a packet with others! The mistake is so ridiculous that I can hardly offer a serious apology to you for it, although it has annoyed me, inexpressibly.

I told you in that letter (it will come back to you, I dare say, one of these days) that on consideration, and on sitting down to the task, I found I could not write anything which was at all likely to prove of service to you in the matter of your report.[†1] That I have always felt, and do always feel, so keenly, the outrage which the existing Piracy inflicts upon writers—the flagrant injustice which Law Makers suffer to be committed upon them as though the exercise of the highest gifts of the Creator, of right entailed upon a man, heavy pains and penalties, and put him beyond the pale of Congressional and Senatorial sympathies—that I *cannot*, though I try ever so hard, discuss the question as one of expediency, or reason it as one of National profit and loss.[†2] Again and again, I put pen to paper, agreeably to the promise I made you; and again and again I threw it down in disgust. When Miss Martineau came to me to sign the petition which was presented to the American Legislature a few years ago, I said, then, that I had an invincible repugnance to ask humbly for what I had as clear a right to, as the coat upon my back; and that I could not bring myself to sue to a Body which had so long sanctioned such a Monstrous and Wholesale Injustice, as if, in seeking its correction, I asked a favor at their hands. I was persuaded to sign that petition, and did so.[†3] I have always regretted it since. And now, if I begin

to write upon the subject, the old fit comes upon me, and I get (as Carlyle says of himself in the same matter) "inconveniently loud".[†1]—I made a few sketches for your report, clearly shewing—as all we authors know perfectly well—that under an International Copyright Law, popular books would be no dearer than they are now. Then I bethought myself that I had always said, and always intended to say, that the question was one of Plain Right and Wrong, and was not to be considered, honestly, in any other Light. So down went my pen, at the thought that if I went on with what I was doing, I could not reiterate that opinion, and say that much for myself, in writing on the subject when I got home. All this, I wrote to tell you: and all this is wandering about England at this moment.

I found the documents of which the inclosed are copies, awaiting me at Buffalo a day or two since. You will see that they are signed by the first writers in England; and that their object (as they have taken fire at my being misrepresented on such a matter) is *Publicity.* Not being very well able, as a stranger, to decide whether it would be best to publish these letters and the memorial, in a literary journal, or, in the newspapers, I have sent them to some friends in Boston; begging them to decide, and to do with them what they shall conclude right. I have added a few lines from myself—also for publication—stating that Mr. Carlyle's creed is mine.

I expect to be in New York, on the Thirtieth or Thirty First of March.[†2]— May I hope to hear from you?

Faithfully Yours always | My Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

The Honorable |— Kennedy.

To MESSRS LEA & BLANCHARD, 30 APRIL 1842*

MS Messrs Lea & Febiger. *Address:* Paid | Messrs. Lea and Blanchard | Booksellers |

Philadelphia.

Niagara Falls. | Thirtieth April 1842.

My Dear Sirs.

Availing myself of your kind offers of service, I am going to trouble you with a few troublesome commissions. If you will execute them for me, between this time, and the end of May, and will send me to New York, at the same time, a note of the amount you have expended for me in so doing, you will very much oblige me.

1st.—Can you get me a good copy of a Book called "History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with biographical sketches and anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs &c 120 portraits. By Thomas. L. Mc Kenny and James Hall.

Published in Philadelphia. By C. Biddle."? If it be not very expensive,[†1] and is easily obtained, I should like two copies.

2ndly. Will you send me one complete set of my books?[†2]

3rdly. Did you republish an English Book, called "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth. By John Forster of the Middle Temple, London"?[†3]—If so, will you send me a Copy?

4thly.—Will you send me any and every edition of Mr. Talfourd's Tragedy of "Ion",[†4] that you can possibly lay your hands on?

There—that's modest. I have quite done.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard

To WILLIAM MITCHELL, 30 APRIL 1842*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Private.

Niagara Falls. | Thirtieth April 1842.

My Dear Sir

I write to ask a favor of you, which is quite in your way, and in which the exercise of your discretion will be of material assistance to me.

I am going to act at Montreal in some Private Theatricals, with the officers there—and I want a good, *comical,* flaxen wig; such as a priggish, tidy, bachelor clerk in the Bank would wear—if with a little bit of whisker, about half way down the cheek, so much the better. Now, I fear I should not be able to get such a commodity in Montreal; you have the size of my head, in virtue of the possession of that old hat; you no doubt know where to get such a thing; and if you will kindly try to procure it (within two days from the receipt of this, if possible) and will send it by the quickest conveyance, addressed to me at Montreal to the care of The Earl of Mulgrave, you will oblige me very much.

I hope to be in New York on the Thirtieth or Thirty First of May—and I need not add that I shall be happy to pay all expenses then.[†5]

I hear that you have "got me up" with great effect.[†1]—I hope I am putting money in your purse?[†2]

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R.[†3] Mitchell Esquire

To W. W. SEATON, 30 APRIL 1842

Text from [Josephine Seaton], *William Winston Seaton of the "National Intelligencer"*, [Boston], 1871, p. 274.

Niagara Falls, 30th April, 1842.

My dear Sir,

You will be glad, I know, to receive my hasty report of our safe arrival at this scene of beauty and wonder,—of our being off Western waters and corduroy roads,—and of our looking forward with great pleasure and delight to home. We are perfectly well, and not at all tired by our long journey.

I have received some documents from the greatest writers of England, relative to the International Copyright, which they call upon me to make public immediately. They have taken fire at my being misrepresented in such a matter, and have acted as such men should.

They consist of two letters, and a memorial to the American people, signed by Bulwer, Rogers, Hallam, Talfourd, Sydney Smith, and so forth. Not very well knowing, as a stranger, whether it would be best to publish them in newspapers, or in a literary journal, I have sent them to some gentlemen in Boston, and have begged them to decide. In the event of their recommending the first-mentioned course, I have begged them to send a manuscript copy to you immediately.[†4]

We often speak of you and your family, I assure you; and entertain a lively recollection of your great kindness, and the pleasant hours we passed in your society. Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial regards to Mrs. Seaton and your family. And I am always, my dear sir,

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I enclose your son's pleasant and capital letter.[†1] Tell him that if he should ever come to London I will "swing" him about *that city* to some purpose,— being an indifferent good showman of the lions thereof.[†2]

To N. P. WILLIS, 30 APRIL 1842

Summary in H. A. Beers, *Nathaniel Parker Willis*, Boston, 1885, pp. 264-5; dated 30 Apr 42.

Regretting that he has not time to accept Willis's invitation to visit him at Oswego.

May

To THOMAS BEARD,[†3] 1 MAY 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address*: Per Steam ship "Unicorn", by way of Halifax. | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London | England.

Niagara Falls (Upon the *English* Side)
First of May—Sunday—1842.

My Dear Beard.

This letter will not be as old a one when it comes to you,—as (observing this date) you will at first suppose it. I write it now: thinking it very probable that if I don't, I may be again disappointed in my endeavours to find time for that purpose. But I shall be obliged, for steamboat purposes, to carry it on to Montreal; and before I post it, I will add a line or two with the Latest Intelligence of our health and spirits.

I dare say you have long ago set me down as a forgetful, unmindful, discourteous, unfriendly—and not to say utterly profligate and abandoned villain. But we have been travelling so far and so constantly—have been, if I may be allowed the expression, such perfect Pashanger-Marjits[†4]—and have been, moreover, so beset, waylaid, hustled, set upon, beaten about, trampled down, mashed, bruised, and pounded, by crowds, that I never knew less of myself in all my life, or had less time for those confidential Interviews with myself whereby I earn my bread, than in these United States of America. But all our journeyings by Land and Water; by coach and steamer; wagon, railway, prairie, lake and river, shall be yours anon; and I will not be tempted to take the edge off that hearty laughter we shall raise (please God) in Number One,[†5] over its not despicable vintages, before we are many weeks older, by launching into present description. We have been into the Far West—into the Bush—the Forest—the log cabin—the swamp—the Black Hollow—and out upon the open Prairies.

By the time we reach home, we shall have travelled Ten thousand miles or more. I have a horrible fear that I shall return "a bore"—not to anticipate which dire consummation, I will only add, on this head, that we sail from New York, per George Washington Packet *Ship* (none of your steamers) on Tuesday the Seventh of June. Hoo— ray— ay— ay— ay— ay— ay— ay— ay!!!!!

You will naturally enquire about the Medicine chest[†1]—Oh! Shade of Sir Humphrey Davy![†2]—if you could only have seen me, Beard, endeavouring (with that impossible pair of scales, and those weights, invisible to the naked eye) to make up pills in heavy weather, on the rolling Atlantic! If you could only have seen me,—when Kate and Anne were deadly fearful of Shipwreck,—bent on raising their spirits by means of calomel, and ringing the changes on all the bottles in that Mahogany box, to restore their peace of mind! Anne struck at last. She objected to take any more pills, powders, or mixtures, "unless she knew what was inside of 'em". This stipulation did not please me by any means for two reasons—firstly, because it implied the absence of that blind reliance and faith which are essential to all great cures; and secondly, because I didn't always know, myself. She made distant allusions, too, to having her wages "ris"—and to physic not being in her articles of engagement. I therefore stopped short; but sometimes, in that unsettled state of body which fast travelling engenders, she *asks* for physic—and then—then—I give it her. No half measures. Strong, and plenty of it.

This is the only place we have had to ourselves, since we left home. We came here last Tuesday; and stay until next Wednesday Morning. Directly I arrived, I yearned to come over to the English Side, and ordered the Ferryman out, in a pouring rain, for that purpose. It fortunately happens that there really is no point of view to see the Falls from, properly, but this. They are under our windows. But in any case I should have come here. You cannot conceive with what transports of joy, I beheld an English Sentinel—though he didn't look much like one, I confess, with his boots outside his trousers, and a great fur cap on his head. I was taken dreadfully loyal after dinner, and drank the Queen's health in a bumper—in Port too, and by no means bad Port—the first I had put to my lips, since leaving home.

I was not sick for more than five or six days coming out. We had a terrible passage—had our paddle boxes torn off, and life boats broken to pieces—and were under water; wet; and leaky through every seam and crevice; the whole time. The agent at Liverpool came on board with me, and politely begged, on the part of the owners, that I would live in the Ladies' Cabin, which was the best on board. As there were only four ladies in all, we were very comfortable. I ordered dinner, and carved in great state every day. At night, we always had a rubber— Love points; half crown bets. We had the doctor down to play, regularly. And every night the captain appeared at half after ten, and we drank mulled wine together very jovially. I effected various improvements in the cabin; made it very tidy; invented new drinks; suggested the introduction of hot collops for lunch; and was admitted, even by the initiated stewardess, to be a great acquisition to her society.

†aI only recollect one amusing circumstance in my sickness. One day—it's impossible to say how I got there—I found myself on deck—the ship, now on the top of a mountain; now in the bottom of a deep valley. It was blowing hard; and I was holding on to something—I don't know what. I think it was a pump— or a man—or the cow.†1 I can't say for certain, which. My stomach, with its contents, appeared to be in my forehead. I couldn't understand which was the sea and which the sky; and was endeavouring to form an opinion, or a thought, or to get some distant glimmering of anything approaching to an idea, when I beheld, standing before me, a small figure with a speaking trumpet. It waved, and fluctuated, and came and went, as if smoke were passing between it and me, but I knew, by its very good-natured face, that it was the captain. It waved its trumpet, moved its Jaws, and evidently spoke very loud. I no more heard it, than if it had been a dumb man, but I *felt* that it remonstrated with me for standing up to my knees in water.—I was, in fact, doing so. Of course I don't know why. Sir, I tried to smile. Yes.—Such is the affability of my disposition, that even in that moment I tried to smile. Not being able to do so, and being perfectly sensible that the attempt had faded into a sickly hiccough, I tried to speak—to jest—at all events to explain. But I could only get out two words. They bore reference to the kind of boots I wore, and were these—"Cork soles".— I repeated, in the feeblest of voices, and with my body all limp and helpless,—"Cork Soles",—perhaps a hundred times (for I couldn't stop; it was a part of the disease)—The captain, seeing that I was quite childish, and for the time a maniac, had me taken below to my berth. And when consciousness returned I was still saying to myself, in a voice that might have melted a heart of sheer steel— "Cork Soles—Cork Soles!"—

Soon after this, we had a terrible gale at night. Indeed, I believe that gale drove my sickness away. At all events, there were, in the Ladies Cabin (which adjoined our little state room, the size whereof was something smaller than one of those Cabs with the door behind) Kate, Anne, and a little Scotch Lady—all in their night dresses, and all nearly mad with terror. It was blowing great guns; the ship was rolling from side to side with her masts in the water at every plunge; and the lightning streamed through the skylight, awfully. I could do no less, of course, than try to comfort them: and the first thing that occurred to me was Brandy and Water. Now all along this cabin was a great fixed sofa—built so as to form a part of it; and running the whole length. They were all three heaped together at one end of this sofa, when I appeared with the Jorum of Grog in my hand. Just as I was administering it to the lady who happened to be at the top of the live bundle, the vessel rolled, and to my horror and astonishment they all went to the other end of the couch. By the time I staggered to that end, there came another roll, and they all tumbled back to the other—as if they were in an otherwise empty omnibus, and two Giants were tilting it by turns at either end. I dodged them, perhaps for half an hour, without catching them once—with nothing on but a pair of rough trousers, and that blue jacket I used to wear at

Petersham.[†1] And in all the misery of the time, I had a keen sense of the absurdity of my position which I cannot, even now, surpass.[†a]

We gave the Captain some Plate[†2] afterwards: and he well deserved it. I presented it, in the Saloon of the Boston Theatre—and thought of Stone and the snuff box.[†3]—Look over leaf for the PS—Remember me, heartily, (and Kate who, in getting in and out of coaches and boats has fallen down, per register, three hundred and forty seven times)[†4] to Catherine[†5] and your other sisters—and to Frank[†6] and Will[†7]—and to your father and mother.[†8] And ever believe me My Dear Beard Your old and faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS[†9]

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN,[†10] 1 MAY 1842

Facsimile in *A Reference Catalogue of British and Foreign Autographs and Manuscripts* Edited by Thomas J. Wise—Part III. The Autographs of Charles Dickens. ... London, 1894. *Address:* Per Unicorn Steam Ship by way of Halifax. | Henry Austin Esquire. | 87 Hatton Garden. | London | England.

Niagara Falls. (English side) | Sunday First of May 1842.

My Dear Henry.

Although I date this letter as above, it will not be so old a one as at first sight it would appear to be when it reaches you. I shall carry it on with me to Montreal and dispatch it from there, by the steamer which goes to Halifax to meet the Cunard boat at that place with Canadian Letters and Passengers. Before I finally close it, I will add a short Postscript; so that it will contain the Latest Intelligence.

We have had a blessed Interval of quiet in this beautiful place, of which, as you may suppose, we stood greatly in need; not only by reason of our hard travelling for a long time, but on account of the incessant persecution of the people, by land and water; on stage coach, railway car, and steamer; which exceeds anything you can picture to yourself by the utmost stretch of your imagination.

So far, we have had this Hotel nearly to ourselves. It is a large square house standing on a bold height, with over-hanging eaves like a Swiss Cottage; and a wide, handsome gallery, outside every story. These Colonnades make it look so very light, that it has exactly the appearance of a house built with a pack of cards; and I live in bodily terror, lest any man should venture to step out of a little observatory on the roof, and crush the whole structure with one stamp of his foot.†1

Our sittingroom (which is large and low, like a Nursery) is on the second floor, and is so close to the Falls that the windows are always wet and dim with Spray. Two bedrooms open out of it; one our own; one Anne's.—The Secretary slumbers near at hand, but without these sacred precincts. From these three chambers, or any part of them, you can see the Falls rolling and tumbling, and roaring and leaping, all day long—with bright rainbows making fairy arches, down a hundred feet below us. When the Sun is on them they shine and glow like molten gold. †aWhen the day is gloomy, the water falls like snow—or sometimes it seems to crumble away like the face of a great chalk Cliff—or sometimes again, to roll along the front of the rock like white smoke.†a But at all seasons, gay or gloomy, dark or light, by sun or moon; from the bottom of both falls, there is always rising up a solemn ghostly cloud,†2 which hides the boiling cauldron from human sight, and makes it, in its mystery, a hundred times more grand than if you could see all the secrets that lie hidden in its tremendous depth.—One Fall is as close to us, as York Gate is to No. 1 Devonshire Terrace. The other (the great Horse-Shoe Fall) may be perhaps about half as far off as "Cready's".†3 One circumstance in connexion with them, is, in all the accounts, absurdly exaggerated;—I mean the noise. Last night was perfectly still. Kate and I *could just hear them* at the quiet time of Sunset, a mile off. Whereas, believing the statements I heard, I began putting my ear to the ground, like a Savage or a Bandit in a ballet, thirty miles off, when we were coming here from Buffalo!

I was delighted to receive your famous letter, and to read your account of our darlings; whom we long to see, with an intensity it is impossible to shadow forth, ever so faintly. I do believe, though I say it as shouldn't, that they *are* good 'uns—both to look at, and to go.†4 I roared out this morning, as soon as I was awake, "Next Month",†5—which we have been longing to be able to say, ever since we have been here: I really do not know how we shall ever knock at the door, when that slowest of all impossibly slow hackney Coaches shall pull up—at Home.

I am glad you exult in the fight I have made about the copyright. If you knew how they tried to stop me, you would have a still greater interest in it. The Greatest Men in England have sent me out, through Forster, a very manly and becoming, and spirited, Memorial and address, backing me in all I have done.

I have dispatched it to Boston for publication, and am coolly prepared for the storm it will raise. But my best rod is in pickle.[†1]

Is it not a horrible thing that scoundrel-booksellers should grow rich here from publishing books, the authors of which do not reap one farthing from their issue, by scores of thousands?[†2] And that every vile, blackguard, and detestable newspaper,—so filthy and so bestial that no honest man would admit one into his house, for a water-closet door-mat—should be able to publish those same writings, side by side, cheek by jowl, with the coarsest and most obscene companions, with which they *must* become connected in course of time, in people's minds?[†3] Is it tolerable that besides being robbed and rifled, an author should be *forced* to appear in any form—in any vulgar dress[†4]—in any atrocious company— that he should have no choice of his audience—no controul over his own distorted text[†5]—and that he should be compelled to jostle out of the course, the best men in this country who only ask to *live*, by writing? I vow before High Heaven that my blood so boils at these enormities, that when I speak about them, I seem to grow twenty feet high, and to swell out in proportion.[†6] "Robbers that ye are"— I think to myself, when I get upon my legs—"Here goes!—"[†7]

The places we have lodged in; the roads we have gone over; the company we

have been among; the tobacco spittle we have wallowed in; the strange customs we have complied with; the packing cases in which we have travelled; the woods, swamps, rivers, prairies, lakes, and mountains, we have crossed; are all subjects for legend and tale at home. Quires—reams—wouldn't hold them. In landing and going aboard, and getting in and out of coaches, Kate has fallen down (per register) seven hundred and forty three times. Once in going over a corduroy road—which is made by throwing trunks of trees into a marsh—she very nearly had her head taken off. It was a very hot day. She was lying in a languishing manner with her neck upon the open window—B[um]p![†1]—Crash!—it's a little on one side to this hour. I don't think Anne has so much as seen an American Tree. She never looks at a prospect by any chance, or displays the smallest emotion at any sight whatever. She objects to Niagara that "its[†2] nothing but water", and considers that "there is too much of that"!!!

I suppose you have heard that I am going to act at the Montreal Theatre, with the officers? Farce books being scarce, and choice consequently limited I have selected Keeley's[†3] part in Two O'Clock in The Morning. I wrote yesterday to Mitchell, the actor and Manager at New York, to get and send me, a comic wig—light flaxen, with a small whisker halfway down the cheek. Over this, I mean to wear two nightcaps; one with a tassel, and one of flannel. A Flannel wrapper, drab tights, and slippers, will complete the costume.

I am very sorry to hear that business[†4] is so flat, but the Proverb says it never rains but it pours; and it may be remarked with equal Truth upon the other side, that it never *don't* rain, but it holds up very much indeed. You will be busy again, long before we come home, I have no doubt.

We purpose leaving here on Wednesday Morning.—Give my love to Letitia[†5] and to mother. Also my affectionate and most devoted regards to Mr. Bremner.[†6]

And always Believe me | My Dear Henry | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†7]

To JOHN FORSTER, 3 MAY 1842

Extract in F, III, vii, 272-4.

Niagara Falls. | Tuesday, Third May, 1842

I'll tell you what the two obstacles to the passing of an international copyright law with England, are: firstly, the national love of "doing" a man in any bargain or matter of business; secondly, the national vanity.[†8] Both these characteristics prevail to an extent which no stranger can possibly estimate.

With regard to the first, I seriously believe that it is an essential part of the

pleasure derived from the perusal of a popular English book, that the author gets nothing for it. It is so dar-nation 'cute—so knowing in Jonathan to get his reading on those terms. He has the Englishmen so regularly on the hip that his eye twinkles with slyness, cunning, and delight; and he chuckles over the humour of the page with an appreciation of it, quite inconsistent with, and apart from, its honest purchase. The raven hasn't more joy in eating a stolen piece of meat, than the American has in reading the English book which he gets for nothing.[†1]

With regard to the second, it reconciles that better and more elevated class who are above this sort of satisfaction, with surprising ease. The man's read in America! The Americans like him! They are glad to see him when he comes here! They flock about him, and tell him that they are grateful to him for spirits in sickness; for many hours of delight in health; for a hundred fanciful associations which are constantly interchanged between themselves, and their wives and children at home! It is nothing that all this takes place in countries where he is *paid:* it is nothing that he has won fame for himself elsewhere, and profit too. The Americans read him; the free, enlightened, independent Americans; and what more *would* he have? Here's reward enough for any man. The national vanity swallows up all other countries on the face of the earth, and leaves but this above the ocean. Now, mark what the real value of this American reading is. Find me in the whole range of literature one single solitary English book which becomes popular with them,[†a] before, by going through the ordeal at home and becoming popular there, it has forced itself on their attention[†2]—([a]and I am content that the law should remain as it is, for ever and a day. I must make one exception. There *are* some mawkish tales of fashionable life before which crowds fall down as they were gilded calves, which have been snugly enshrined in circulating libraries at home, from the date of their publication.[†3]

As to telling them, they will have no literature of their own, the universal answer (out of Boston) is, "We don't want one. Why should we pay for one when we can get it for nothing? Our people don't think of poetry, sir. Dollars, banks, and cotton are *our* books, sir." And they certainly are in one sense; for a lower average of general information than exists in this country on all other topics, it would be very hard to find. So much, at present, for international copyright.

[†1O]One of the most amusing phrases in use all through the country, for its constant repetition, and adaptation to every emergency is "Yes, Sir." Let me give you a specimen.[†2] ... I am not joking, upon my word. This is exactly the dialogue. Nothing else occurring to me at this moment, let me give you the secretary's portrait. Shall I?

He is of a sentimental turn—strongly sentimental; and tells Anne as June approaches that he hopes "we shall sometimes think of him" in our own country. He wears a cloak, like Hamlet;[†3] and a very tall, big, limp, dusty black hat, which he exchanges on long journeys for a cap like Harlequin's.... He sings; and in some of our quarters, when his bedroom has been near ours, we have heard him grunting bass notes through the keyhole of his door, to attract our attention. His desire that I should formally ask him to sing, and his devices to make me do so, are irresistibly absurd. There was a piano in our room at Hartford (you recollect our being there, early in February?)—and he asked me one night, when we were alone, if "Mrs. D" played. "Yes, Mr. Q." "Oh indeed Sir! *I* sing: so whenever you want *a little soothing*—" You may imagine how hastily I left the room, on some false pretence, without hearing more.

He paints.[†4] ... An enormous box of oil colours is the main part of his luggage: and with these he blazes away, in his own room, for hours together. Anne got hold of some big-headed, pot-bellied sketches he made of the passengers on board the canal-boat (including me in my fur-coat), the recollection of which brings the tears into my eyes at this minute. He painted the Falls, at Niagara, superbly; and is supposed now to be engaged on a full-length representation of me: waiters having reported that chamber-maids have said that there is a picture in his room which has a great deal of hair. One girl opined that it was "the beginning of the King's-arms"; but I am pretty sure that the Lion is myself.[†5] ...

Sometimes, but not often, he commences a conversation. That usually occurs when we are walking the deck after dark; or when we are alone together in a coach. It is his practice at such times to relate the most notorious and patriarchial[†6] Joe Miller,[†7] as something that occurred in his own family. When travelling by

coach, he is particularly fond of imitating cows and pigs;[†1] and nearly challenged a fellow passenger the other day, who had been moved by the display of this accomplishment into telling him that he was "a Perfect Calf." He thinks it an indispensable act of politeness and attention to enquire constantly whether we're not sleepy, or, to use his own words, whether we don't "suffer for sleep." If we have taken a long nap of fourteen hours or so, after a long journey, he is sure to meet me at the bedroom door when I turn out in the morning, with this enquiry. But apart from the amusement he gives us, I could not by possibility have lighted on any one who would have suited my purpose so well. I have raised his ten dollars per month to twenty; and mean to make it up for six months.

To THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, [7 MAY 1842]

Extract in unidentified catalogue, Eastgate House, Rochester. *Date:* written from Kingston where they arrived 7 May.[†2]

Expect us at [Lachine][†3] on Wednesday afternoon,[†4] and we shall count on your escort to Montreal.[†5] The School for Scandal is usually considered the most impracticable and difficult play in the whole Theatrical Calendar, the parts being without a single exception "characters", which require very delicate manipulation.... I have heard so much of the fame of your Montreal Amateurs, since I have been in Canada, with considerable and becoming diffidence.

To B. J. TAYLOR,[†6] 11 MAY 1842*

MS The Marquis of Normanby.

Montreal. | Wednesday Eleventh May 1842.

My Dear Sir.

Don't be alarmed at my troubling you so soon—but will you allow your Servant to enquire at Lord Mulgrave's (they don't know, here,[†7] where he lives)

whether there are not some *more* letters for me? Those we expected from home are not among the number received just now; and Mrs. Dickens is consequently in the last extremity of wonderment and complicated disappointment.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Taylor.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 12 MAY 1842

Facsimile in *A Reference Catalogue* ... Edited by T. J. Wise ... (conclusion of letter begun 1 May).

Montreal, Canada. Twelfth May, 1842—All well, though (with the exception of one from Fred) we have received *no letters whatever* by the Caledonia. We have experienced impossible-to-be-described attentions in Canada. Everybody's carriages and horses are at our disposal; and everybody's servants; and all the Government boats and boats crews. We shall play between the 20th. and the 25th.[†1]—A Roland for an Oliver—Two o'Clock in the Morning—and Deaf as a Post.

To THOMAS BEARD, 12 MAY 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet (conclusion of letter begun 1 May).

Montreal—Canada. May Twelfth 1842—All well, and looking forward to home. We have been to Toronto and to Kingston—have had everybodys[†2] carriages and horses at our disposal—and all the Govt boats, boats' crews, officers, and steamers. Derbishire[†3] (you remember him?) is a Member of Parliament at Kingston—holds a good sinecure office; Lord Sydenham's[†4] gift; and is quite a great man.—

To JOHN FORSTER, 12 MAY [1842]

Extract in F, III, vii, 274-5 (conclusion of letter begun 3 May).

Montreal, Thursday twelfth May

This will be a very short and stupid letter, my dear friend; for the post leaves here much earlier than I expected, and all my grand designs for being unusually brilliant fall to the ground. I will write you *one line* by the next Cunard boat— reserving all else until our happy and long long looked-for meeting.

We have been to Toronto,[†1] and Kingston;[†2] experiencing attentions at each which I should have difficulty in describing. The wild and rabid toryism of Toronto, is, I speak seriously, *appalling.*[†3] English kindness is very different from American. People send their horses and carriages for your use, but they don't exact as payment the right of being always under your nose.[†4] We had no less than *five* carriages at Kingston waiting our pleasure at one time;[†5] not to mention the commodore's[†6] barge and crew, and a beautiful government steamer.[†7] We dined with Sir Charles Bagot[†8] last Sunday. Lord Mulgrave was to have met us yesterday at Lachine; but as he was wind-bound in his yacht and couldn't get in, Sir Richard Jackson[†9] sent his drag four-in-hand, with two other young fellows who are also his aides, and in we came in grand style.

The Theatricals (I think I told you I had been invited to play with the officers of the Coldstream guards[†10] here) are, *A Roland for an Oliver; Two o'clock in the*

Morning;[†1] and either the *Young Widow*,[†2] or *Deaf as a Post.*[†3] Ladies (unprofessional)[†4] are going to play, for the first time.[†5] I wrote to Mitchell at New York for a wig for Mr. Snobbington, which has arrived, and is brilliant. If they had done *Love, Law, and Physick*,[†6] as at first proposed, I was already "up" in Flexible, having played it of old, before my authorship days;[†7] but if it should be Splash[†8] in the *Young Widow*, you will have to do me the favor to imagine me in a smart livery-coat, shiny black hat and cockade, white knee-cords, white top-boots, blue stock, small whip, red cheeks and dark eyebrows. Conceive Topping's state of mind if I bring this dress home and put it on unexpectedly! ... God bless you, dear friend. I can say nothing about the seventh, the day on which we sail. It is impossible. Words cannot express what we feel now that the time is so near.

To [?DAVID C. COLDEN], 13 MAY 1842

Extract in unidentified New York catalogue, Apr 1939; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Montreal, Canada, 13 May 42. *Address:* almost certainly to Colden with whom CD had promised to make an expedition up the North River after his return to New York (*To* Felton, 29 Apr).

Your plans are mine, to a T. I particularly want to visit the scene of Rip Van Winkle's game at nine pins.[†9]

To C. C. FELTON, 16 MAY 1842*

Typescript Harvard College Library.

Montreal. | Sixteenth May 1842.

My Dear Felton.

A hundred thousand thanks for your ready and most friendly kindness in the matter of the International copyright. It would have been impossible to have taken a better or a more judicious course.[†1]

I shall bear the Bostonians and their Memorial in loving remembrance.[†2] I am steeping a little rod in strong Pickle, expressly on their account.[†3]

I have but a moment to add my best regards and Kate's to Mrs. Felton and my dear little friend.[†4] On the Sixth, we shall expect you, with Dr. Howe under your arm.[†5]

The play comes off on the Twenty Fifth. The wig and whiskers have arrived.

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS][†6]

To CHARLES SUMNER, 16 MAY 1842*

MS Maine Historical Society. *Address: Paid* | Charles Sumner Esquire | 4 Court Street | Boston.

Montreal—Canada. | Monday Sixteenth May 1842.

My Dear Sumner.

I received your last, at Niagara; where we enjoyed nine days of perfect repose; and where we were most comfortable and happy.

Directly we arrived at the end of the Railroad[†7] I hurried off: bearing Kate with me, as though General Swett were behind us[†8]—ran down the slope (it was

raining hard, and was very slippery) ordered out the Ferryman—got into the boat—and crossed straightway; previously, I should have said, getting wet through, to the skin, by clambering over the rocks under the American Fall. I had a vague sense of the greatness of the scene, as we crossed; but it was not until I got upon Table Rock, that I was able to comprehend it—for I was in a kind of whirl up to that time, and should have been rather at a loss if I had been suddenly called upon to state what part of me I regarded as my head, and what as my heels. But when I had looked at the Great Horse Shoe Fall for a few minutes, from this point, I comprehended the whole scene.

I was never for a moment disappointed in any respect, except in the noise, which is preposterously exaggerated, and which really did not strike me at any time as being very loud,—except when one stands *in* the basin, and upon a level with the river, in front of the Horse Shoe Fall. Every other expectation I had formed, was fully and entirely realized. From the first, the impression on my mind was one of Beauty, unmixed with any sense of Terror. In the Vale of Glencoe in the Highlands of Scotland, I lost all count of time, and was exalted above every other reflection in the tremendous gloom and horror of the place, which filled me with the grandest sensations I have ever known.[†1] At Niagara, I never for a moment forgot that I *was* at Niagara, although from the first to the last of my stay there, I never looked at the Falling Water, without having the same train of thought awakened by it. It was always Peaceful Eternity; without the least admixture of trouble or commotion.

We idled about this Great Place, as I have said, for nine days—morning, noon, and night. And I think it would be difficult for any visitors to contemplate it under better circumstances than we did.

My wrath is kindled, past all human powers of extinction, by the disgusting entries in the books which are kept at the Guide's house;[†2] and which, made in such a spot, and preserved afterwards, are a disgrace and degradation to our nature. If I were a despot, I would force these Hogs to live for the rest of their lives on all Fours, and to wallow in filth expressly provided for them by Scavengers who should be maintained at the Public expence. Their drink should be the stagnant ditch, and their food the rankest garbage; and every morning they should each receive as many stripes as there are letters in their detestable obscenities.

I don't quite know what I would do with Mr. James Silk Buckingham,[†3] who

writes blank verse in praise of the scene, and has it hung up framed and glazed, in the same chamber.[†1] Solitary confinement; lukewarm milk and water; very damp, clammy sop; and his own books to read; would perhaps be a sufficient punishment.

The extraordinary kindness and attention we experience here, in Canada, no words can express. I believe all the carriages, horses, boats, yachts, boats crews, and servants, in the Colony (whether belonging to Government or Private Individuals) are, or have been, at our disposal.

Let me thank you heartily, for the consultation you held with Felton about the copyright matter. *It was impossible to take a more judicious course.*

I am afraid and ashamed to give you trouble, but with regard to those books and things which were left in your charge at Boston.—My factotum reports that at the Dry Goods Stores there are old boxes to be bought for five and twenty cents or so, one of which wod. be a Masterpiece of art to pack them in. May I ask you to send them to New York, in such a Package, directed to me at the Carlton? And as soon as you please?—If I thought you would ever retaliate on me, I would invent fifty useless commissions for you to discharge, that I might have the pleasure of doing something for you.

Kate sends her best regards. And I am always (with cordiall[†2] remembrances to all friends)

Affectionately Yours | My Dear Sumner
CHARLES DICKENS

I was quite charmed with Hillard's lines on Longfellow's departure.[†3] Their Music is of the heart, and it goes to mine.[†4]

I shall walk into the Bostonians when I get home, for their precious Memorial, and its extravagant dishonesty. I have thought of a rod with tingling ends; and have put it in Pickle.

To [HUGH SIBBALD],[†1] 17 MAY 1842

Text from *Leisure Hour,* 1876, pp. 63-4, with emendations and additions from text provided by F. P. Hett in *D,* XXXIII (1937), 162.[†2] *Address:* recipient identified as Hugh Sibbald by Hett.

[*Private*][†3]

[Rasco's][†4] Hotel, Montreal, | Seventeenth May, 1842

Dear Sir,

I am much indebted to you for your gratifying and welcome letter,[†5] and am proud to know that you have conferred[†6] my name on your child in recollection of my writings.

That he may become all you wish him to be, and that he may in his [turn][†7] derive some entertainment and instruction from my endeavours[†8] to beguile the leisure time of children of a larger growth, is my sincere and earnest wish. If I could ever learn that I had happily been the means of awakening within him any new love of his fellow-creatures, and desire to help and assist them with his sympathy, I should [gain][†9] much pleasure from the knowledge.

Believe me, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

[Mr. Andrew Hughes][†10]

To DAVID C. COLDEN, 21 MAY 1842

Photograph Dickens House.

Rasco's Hotel, Montreal
(which, by the bye, is the worst
in the whole wide World)[†1] | 21st. May. 1842.

My Dear Friend.

I received your kind letter yesterday; and am truly grateful to you for the trouble you have taken, in the matter of the George Washington. The *two* state rooms decidedly—and as they offer to open a door of communication, please let them do so. It will be a great comfort and convenience to us.

My Bostonian factotum will come on to New York a day before us, with the baggage—I mean the trunks; not Kate. I will instruct him to call in Laight Street and give you timely notice of our movements. We are becoming very impatient to move, I assure you.

The young woman as formerly waited on G Warsen[†2] and wife, begs me to say that her name was at that time Miggs—*not* "Moggs".[†3] She considers that though she is but a servant, and her stations is humble and her fortunes lowly,[†4] no gentleman as can lay any claims to sich a title, has a rights to call her out of her name. Her name is but a short one, but she considers that it come direct from Evins, and was there invented for her ancestors' use and distinction. She thanks her blessed Stars that she has no shame in connections with her name, and has no call to disguise it; and she is of opinion that it hill becomes a 'Publican and Sinner (she is supposed to mean *Re*publican) to miscall his feller creeturs as isn't clothed in purple through no faults of their own, but may fly equally up'ards ven the time comes, in calico, notwithstanding.

Kate sends her best love to all. I join her heartily; and looking forward to our speedy meeting, am always My Dear friend

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S.
I inclose one tear for you

by rule - one out of many,

[†a]

wrung from me by the hand of cruel Destiny. It is not so large as I could wish, but you will take the will for the deed.[†a]

To C. C. FELTON, 21 MAY 1842†

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library. *Address:* Professor Felton | Cambridge | Massachusetts | U.S.

Montreal. | Saturday Twenty First May 1842.

My Dear Felton.

I was delighted to receive your letter, yesterday; and was well pleased with its contents. I anticipated objection to Carlyle's Letter.[†1] I called particular attention to it for three reasons. Firstly, because he boldly *said* what all the others *think*; and therefore deserved to be manfully supported. Secondly, because it is my deliberate opinion that I have been assailed on this subject in a manner in which no man with any pretensions to public respect, or with the remotest right to express an opinion on a subject of universal literary interest, would be assailed in any other country [†a]on the face of the Earth.[†2] Thirdly, because I have seen enough to be assured that it is of no use to clutch these robbers in any other part of their ungodly persons but the throat. And Fourthly (I will add a fourth reason) because, meaning to let my indignation loose when I get home, I do not choose to curb it here, when I have an opportunity of giving it vent.[†a]

I really cannot sufficiently thank you, dear Felton, for your warm and hearty interest in these proceedings. But it would be idle to pursue that theme, so let it pass.

The wig and whiskers are in a state of the highest preservation. The play comes off, next Wednesday night, the Twenty Fifth. What would I give to see you in the front row of the centre box—your spectacles gleaming not unlike those of my dear friend Pickwick—your face radiant with as broad a grin as a staid Professor may indulge in—and your very coat, waistcoat, and shoulders, expressive of [†b]the rum and water we should drink[†b] together, when the performance was over! I would give something (not so much, but still a good round sum) if you could only stumble into that very dark and dusty Theatre in the day time (at any minute between 12 and 3) and see me, with my coat off, the Stage Manager and Universal Director, urging impracticable ladies and impossible gentlemen on to the very confines of insanity—shouting and driving about, in my own person, to an extent which would justify any philanthropic stranger in clapping me into a strait waistcoat without further enquiry— endeavouring to goad Hamlet into some dim and faint understanding of a

prompter's duties—and struggling in such a vortex of noise, dirt, bustle, confusion, and inextricable entanglement of speech and action, as you would grow giddy in contemplating. We perform a Roland for an Oliver—A Good Night's Rest—and Deaf as a Post. This kind of voluntary hard labour used to be my great delight. The furor has come strong upon me again; and I begin to be once more of opinion that nature intended me for the Lessee of a National Theatre—and that pen ink and paper have spoiled a Manager.

Oh! How I look forward across that rolling water to Home, and its small tenantry! How I busy myself in thinking how my books look; and where the tables are; and in what positions the chairs stand, relatively to the other furniture; and whether we shall get there in the night, or in the morning, or in the afternoon—and whether we shall be able to surprise them—or whether they will be too sharply looking out for us—and what our pets will say—and how they'll look—and who will be the first to come and shake hands—and so forth! If I could but tell you how I have set my heart on rushing into Forster's study (Forster is my great friend, and writes at the bottom of all his letters—"My Love to Felton") and into Maclise's painting room, and into Macready's managerial ditto, without a moment's warning—and how I picture every little trait and circumstance of our arrival to myself, down to the very colour of the bow on the cook's cap—you would almost think I had changed places with my eldest son, and was still in pantaloons of the

thinnest texture. I left all these things—God only knows what a love I have for them—as coolly and calmly as any animated cucumber; but when I come upon them again I shall have lost all power of self-restraint, and shall as certainly make a fool of myself (in the popular meaning of that expression) as ever Grimaldi[†1] did in his way, or George The Third in his.

And not the less so, dear Felton, for having found some warm hearts, and left some instalments of earnest and sincere affection, behind me on this continent. And whenever I turn my mental telescope hitherward, trust me that one of the first figures it will descry will wear spectacles so like yours that the maker couldn't tell the difference, and shall address a Greek class in such an exact imitation of your voice, that the very students, hearing it, should cry "That's he! Three cheers for Felton Hoo—ray—ay—ay—ay—ay!"

—About those joints of yours—I think you are mistaken. They *can't* be stiff. At the worst, they merely want the air of New York, which, being impregnated with the flavor of last year's oysters, has a surprising effect in rendering the human frame supple and flexible, in all cases of rust.

A terrible idea occurred to me, as I wrote those words—The oyster cellars—what do they do, when oysters are not in season? Is pickled salmon vended there—do they sell crabs, shrimps, winkles, herrings?—The oyster openers, what do *they* do? Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards and hermetically-sealed bottles—for practice? Perhaps they are dentists out of the oyster season. Who knows!

[†c]Kate sends her love to you, and Mrs. Felton, and your little girl—in which I join with all my heart. Being ever my dear Felton[†c]

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS][†1]

To DAVID C. COLDEN, 25 MAY 1842

Mention in unidentified catalogue, 4 Apr, n.y.; dated Montreal, 25 May 42.

To JOHN FORSTER, 26 MAY [1842]

Extract in F, III, vii, 275-7.

[Rasco's][†2] Hotel, Montreal, Canada, twenty-sixth of May

This, like my last, will be a stupid letter, because both Kate and I are thrown into such a state of excitement by the near approach of the seventh of June, that we can do nothing, and think of nothing.

The play came off last night.[†3] The audience, between five and six hundred strong, were invited as to a party; a regular table with refreshments being spread in the lobby and saloon. We had the band of the twenty-third[†4] (one of the finest in the service) in the orchestra, the theatre was lighted with gas, the scenery was excellent, and the properties were all brought from private houses. Sir Charles Bagot, Sir

Richard Jackson, and their staffs were present; and as the military portion of the audience were all in full uniform, it was really a splendid scene.

We "went" also splendidly; though with nothing very remarkable in the acting way. We had for Sir Mark Chase[†5] a genuine odd fish,[†6] with plenty of humour; but our Tristram Sappy[†7] was not up to the marvellous reputation he has somehow or other acquired here. I am not however, let me tell you, placarded as stage-manager for nothing. Everybody was told they would have to submit to the most iron despotism; and didn't I come Macready over them?

Oh no. By no means. Certainly not.[†1] The pains I have taken with them, and the perspiration I have expended, during the last ten days, exceed in amount anything you can imagine. I had regular plots of the scenery made out, and lists of the properties wanted; and had them nailed up by the prompter's chair. Every letter that was to be delivered, was written; every piece of money that had to be given, provided; and not a single thing lost sight of.[†2] I prompted, myself, when I was not on; when I was, I made the regular prompter of the theatre my deputy; and I never saw anything so perfectly touch and go, as the first two pieces.[†3] The bedroom scene in the interlude was as well furnished as Vestris had it;[†4] with a "practicable" fireplace blazing away like mad, and everything in a concatenation accordingly.[†5] I really do believe that I was very funny:[†6] at least I know that I laughed heartily at myself, and made the part a character, such as you and I know very well: a mixture of T——,[†7] Harley,[†8]

Private Theatricals.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. TORRENS. | Mrs. PERRY.
W. C. ERMATINGER, Esq. | Captain TORRENS.
THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

STAGE MANAGER—MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, MONTREAL.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 25TH, 1842,
WILL BE PERFORMED,

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

MRS. SELBORNE. —— Mrs Torrens
MARIA DARLINGTON. —— Miss Griffin.
MRS. FIXTURE. —— Miss Ermatinger.

MR. SELBORNE. —— Lord Mulgrave.
ALFRED HIGHFLYER. —— Mr Charles Dickens
SIR MARK CHASE. —— Mr Mathews
FIXTURE. —— Captain Willoughby.
GAMEKEEPER. —— Captain Granville

AFTER WHICH, AN INTERLUDE IN ONE SCENE, (FROM THE FRENCH,) CALLED

Past Two o'Clock in the Morning.

THE STRANGER. —— Captain Granville
MR. SNOBBINGTON. —— Mr Charles Dickens

TO CONCLUDE WITH THE FARCE, IN ONE ACT, ENTITLED

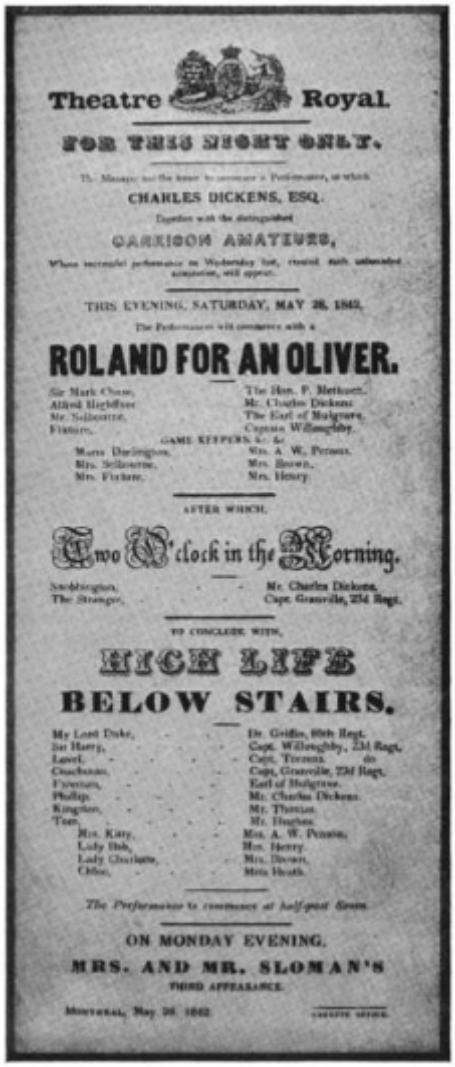
DEAF AS A POST.

MRS. PLUMPLEY. — Mrs Torrens
AMY TEMPLETON. — Mrs Charles Dickens!!!!!!!!
SOPHY WALTON. — Mrs Perry.
SALLY MAGGS. — Miss Griffin

CAPTAIN TEMPLETON. — Captain Torrens
MR. WALTON. —— Captain Willoughby.
TRISTRAM BAPPY. —— Doctor Griffin
CRUPPER. —— Lord Mulgrave
GALLOP. —— Mr. Charles Dickens.

MONTREAL, May 24, 1842. GAZETTE OFFICE,

Playbill of the Private Theatricals
Montreal, 25 May 1842



Theatre Royal.

FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY.

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

GARRISON AMATEURS,

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1842,

ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Two O'clock in the Morning.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

ON MONDAY EVENING,

MRS. AND MR. SLOMAN'S

THIRD APPEARANCE.

Playbill of the Public Theatricals
Montreal, 28 May 1842

Yates,[†1] Keeley,[†2] and Jerry Sneak.[†3] It went with a roar, all through; and, as I am closing this, they have told me I was so well made up that Sir Charles Bagot, who sat in the stage box, had no idea who played Mr. Snobbington, until the piece was over.[†4]

But only think of Kate playing! and playing devilish well, I assure you! All the ladies were capital, and we had no wait or hitch for an instant.[†5] You may suppose this, when I tell you that we began at eight, and had the curtain down at eleven. It is their custom here, to prevent heartburnings in a very heartburning town, whenever they have played in private, to repeat the performance in public.[†6] So, on Saturday (substituting, of course, real actresses[†7] for the ladies), we repeat the two first pieces to a paying audience,[†8] for the manager's[†9] benefit....

I send you a bill,[†10] to which I have appended a key.[†11]

I have not told you half enough. But I promise you I shall make you shake your sides about this play. Wasn't it worthy of Crummles that when Lord Mulgrave and I went out to the door to receive the Governor-general, the regular prompter followed us in agony with four tall candlesticks with wax

candles in them, and besought us with a bleeding heart to carry two apiece, in accordance with all the precedents? ...

I have hardly spoken of our letters, which reached us yesterday, shortly before the play began. A hundred thousand thanks for your delightful mainsail[†1] of that gallant little packet. I read it again and again; and had it all over again at breakfast time this morning. I heard also, by the same ship, from Talfourd, Miss Coutts, Brougham, Rogers, and others. A delicious letter from Mac too, as good as his painting I swear. Give my hearty love to him.... God bless you, my dear friend. As the time draws nearer, we get FEVERED with anxiety for home.... Kiss our darlings for us. We shall soon meet, please God, and be happier and merrier than ever we were, in all our lives.... Oh home—home—home—home—home—home—HOME !!!!!!!!!!

June

To JONATHAN CHAPMAN, 2 JUNE 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Private. | The Honorable Jonathan Chapman Boston | Mass.

Carlton House, New York. | Second June 1842.

My Dear Friend.

I am going up the Hudson, for rest; and shall not return here until Monday. Though I have but a minute to spare, I cannot choose but answer your affectionate and warmly-welcomed letter.

I *did* receive that other communication from you,[†2] of which you speak. I am not ashamed to own it, although I have not written. I answered a great many other letters. They were mere things of course. But I always laid yours aside, and said "This is quite another matter. I won't write *him* a traveller's hurried, common-place note. I will wait"—Well! You know what waiting comes to, under such circumstances as these?

Besides, I have always said to my wife, "He'll come over to New York. I feel confident that he will dine with us, on Monday The Sixth."—When your letter was brought in, I plumed myself very much (before opening it) on being so accurate. And I do assure you that for a moment I was quite sorry and disappointed.[†3] But to connect any such feelings with such a letter, long, was out of the question; so I brightened up again, very soon, and am now quite radiant.

The ocean can no more divide you and me, than darkness can shut out Heaven from a blind man. Were it twenty times as broad as it is, we could send a warm pressure of the hand, across it. And I feel, besides, an inexpressible confidence that, on one side of it, or the other, we shall meet again.[†4]

God bless you, my dear fellow. In the happiness of Home, I shall only remember you the more earnestly, heartily, and affectionately. I don't know

how extravagantly I shall feel, or what extravagant things I shall do, in the joy of heart with which I shall first stand among my household Deities again. But, I will tell you all about it, from the midst of them, with God's leave.

—I write God bless you, once more, as if that were a satisfaction. Who that has ever reflected on the enormous and vast amount of leave-taking there is in this Life, can ever have doubted the existence of another!

I have more than half a mind to write those three words of farewell, again.—But let this go without, for you know that it comes from Yours with all his heart

CHARLES DICKENS

The Honorable Jonathan Chapman.

I cannot tell you how often I feel grieved at our not having dined together, alone, on that day when we went to South Boston.[†1] And now, it really weighs upon me, quite heavily.

To JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, 2 JUNE 1842*

MS Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

In Haste.

Carlton House, New York.
Second of June 1842.

My Dear Sir

I am going on a short excursion up the Hudson, and shall not return until the day of Sailing. I have been here but a few hours,[†2] and have barely time to acknowledge the receipt of your very welcome and interesting letter.

My address in London is No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park. Command me, at all times and seasons, in the International Copyright matter. And trust me that I will leave no stone unturned which human levers can uproot. Bulwer, Hallam,[†3] and all the signers of that letter (with many more behind) will help me cordially.[†4] Whatever you have need of, ask for. I will communicate your letter to them all, immediately on my arrival in England.[†5]

My first step shall be, to *stop*[†6] the sale of early proofs to any Newspaper in

the United States.[†1] We will deprive them of *that* interest in the present Robbery, at any rate.

I inclose you Carlyle's autograph communication.[†2] And am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Honorable J. P. Kennedy.

To MESSRS LEA & BLANCHARD, 2 JUNE 1842

MS Messrs Lea & Febiger. *Address:* Paid | Messrs. Lea and Blanchard | Philadelphia.

Carlton House. New York. | Second of June 1842.

My Dear Sirs

I thank you, very sincerely, for your kind letter, and your handsome Present of Books. I shall carry them all home, and put them beside your other contributions to my shelves.[†3]

My inclination would lead me, with a silken cord, to Philadelphia. But, I am weary of travelling, and am going to lie in the shade of some Trees on the bank of the North River until Tuesday comes—that bright day in my Calendar when I turn towards Home and England.

Good b'ye. | Always Believe me
Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

To FREDERICK GRANVILLE,[†4] 2 JUNE 1842*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Carlton House. | Thursday Second June 1842.

My Dear Granville.

I have taken a State room for you & Captain Woodhouse,[†5] on board the George Washington.[†6] It is just amidships, where there is least motion; and is

next door to ours. She is not full; and promises, I hope, to be exceedingly comfortable.[†1]

Our goods and chattels will go on board at 9 o'Clock on Monday Morning. Mrs. Dickens's maid and Mr. Putnam are going down with them. They will stow your things, if you please, at the same time; and will observe any directions you may give them.

I am just starting on a short excursion up the Hudson.[†2] It is not very likely that we shall return before Monday. Will you be in the way between 11 and 1 on that morning? I have not paid for your

passage, or my own: the owners[†3] begging me not to do so, until the day before sailing. We will call upon them together, and settle.

In the mean time, pray make use of our sitting room. And pray beg Captain Woodhouse, in my name, to dine with us on Monday at 6.[†4]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM MITCHELL, 6 JUNE 1842*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Carlton House. | Monday Evening | Sixth June 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am more sorry than I can tell you, to find that I am bound, in pursuance of a very old engagement, to go out to breakfast tomorrow Morning.[†1] You will believe, readily, that on the eve of going back to the old country, I regret this, sincerely, for the sake of past times. But I have just been reminded of this promise, and cannot choose but fulfil it, for many reasons—not least among them, for the sake of my best friends on this side.[†2]

I shall send you from England, please God, English copies of my books.[†3] If you receive them in the spirit in which I send them, the Olympic will prosper more and more; for I wish you more than well—not merely by reason of your extraordinary *quiet*, rich, comic humour (which I never saw exceeded) but in recollection of the gentlemanly and considerate spirit you have shewn in every pleasant communication we have had together.

The dog[†4] is in a superb state; & is already deeply attached to my Wife's maid.

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To A. H. BURROWS,[†5] [?28 JUNE 1842]

Mention in *Boston Daily Evening Transcript*, 21 July 42. *Date:* They landed at Liverpool early on Wed 29 June; letter was probably written the day before.

A letter of thanks to the Captain of the George Washington *for the comfort they had experienced and the attention they had received, signed by all the passengers.*

July

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 1 JULY 1842*

MS Southeast Missouri State College.

Devonshire Terrace. | First July 1842.

My Dear Fonblanque.

Many thanks for your kind note and welcome.

We should have been truly delighted to have dined with you to day, had we not previously pledged ourselves to regale with Forster. I should have written to tell you this, yesterday afternoon, but the happy hurry of getting into my home again,[†1] made me oblivious.

In haste | Believe me ever
Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Albany Fonblanque Esquire

To THOMAS LONGMAN,[†2] [1 JULY 1842]

Text from MDGH, I, 73. *Date:* clearly the day after the meeting of 30 June chaired by Longman.

Athenæum, Friday Afternoon.

My dear Sir,

If I could possibly have attended the meeting yesterday[†3] I would most gladly have done so. But I [had][†4] been up the whole night, and was too much exhausted even to write and say so before the proceedings came on.

I have fought the fight across the Atlantic with the utmost energy I could command; have never been turned aside by any consideration for an instant; am fresher for the fray than ever; will battle it to the death, and die game to the last.

I am happy to say that my boy is quite well again. From being in perfect health he fell into alarming convulsions with the surprise and joy of our return.[†1]

I beg my regards to Mrs. Longman,[†2]

And am always, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 JULY 1842

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace.
Saturday Evening | Second July 1842

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I beg to report myself arrived and well—and in proof of the fact, to send you the Rocking Chair.[†3] Let me also ask your acceptance of some specimens of American Poetry,[†4] which I forward at the same time.

I send for Miss Meredith, an Eagle's feather.[†5] Its rightful owner fell over the great fall at Niagara last winter (or, I should rather say, was carried over by the strong current) and was picked up, dead, some miles down the river.

I did not forget Lady Burdett's request. A piece of rock from the cave behind the great sheet of water is slumbering ignominiously in the Custom House, among some other contraband articles. As soon as the chest comes to hand, I shall have the pleasure of redeeming my vow.[†6]

Believe me always
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To CHARLES MACKAY,[†1] [?EARLY JULY 1842]

Extract in Walpole Galleries catalogue No. 132; *MS* 2 pp. *Date:* probably not long after 30 June 42, date of publication of *The Salamandrine* (see *fn*).

My Dear Sir,

I have read your "wild poem"[†2] with great pleasure and delight ...

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DANIEL MACLISE, 4 JULY 1842

Mention in N, I, 461.

To MRS MACREADY, 4 JULY 1842*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace.
Monday Evening | Fourth July 1842.

My Dear Mrs. Macready.

As we never can thank you enough in all our lives for your most kind and zealous friendship,[†3] let me ask you to accept the accompanying little token of our love[†4]—to the end that whenever you look upon it, you may remember how powerless we were to express our grateful feeling to you on coming home from America, and how much we should have said, if we could have found words in our full hearts.

Ever Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Macready.

To DAVID BARNES,[†5] 6 JULY 1842*

MS Messrs Chas J. Sawyer Ltd.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
Wednesday Sixth July 1842.

Dear Mr. Barnes.

We should like to get a house at Broadstairs this year, for the Months of August and September; and I shall be glad to hear from you, at your leisure, on the subject.

We wish it to be on the Terrace—and it must have a Water Closet.

I think of bringing my carriage (which is a one-horse Phaeton) down with me, but my Groom I shall be obliged to leave in town, to take care of the house, as I don't like to trust it to a stranger. Can you let me know whether I could get stabling &c in Broadstairs, and what it would cost—including, of course, the keep of the horse, and keeping the carriage and harness clean for daily use?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Barnes.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH,[†1] 7 JULY 1842

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventh July 1842.

My Dear Ainsworth.

I turned back t'other day, directly Maclise called out to me that you had passed—and turned back up Portland Place yesterday, after an imaginary William Harrison—but it was no go on either occasion.

Will you dine with me at 6, next Saturday Week? I give you so long a notice—not because of any great party or mighty preparations, but in the hope of finding you disengaged.

My love to Mrs. Touchett[†2] and Miss Buckley[†3]—and to the Misses Ainsworth,[†4] with whom I am afraid (for I know what women they are by this time) of being too tender, lest they should erect their heads and wither me with a look.

Always My Dear Ainsworth
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire.

To BRITISH AUTHORS AND JOURNALS, 7 JULY 1842

Text from printed Circular.[†5]

1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park,
Seventh July, 1842.

[My Dear]

You may perhaps be aware that during my stay in America, I lost no opportunity of endeavouring to awaken the public mind to a sense of the unjust and

iniquitous state of the law in that country, in reference to the wholesale piracy of British works.

Having been successful in making the subject one of general discussion in the United States, I carried to Washington, for presentation to Congress by Mr. Clay, a petition from the whole body of American authors, earnestly praying for the enactment of an International Copyright Law. It was signed by Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Cooper,[†1] and every man who has distinguished himself in the literature of America; and has since been referred to a Select Committee of the House of Representatives.[†2]

To counter any effect which might be produced by that petition, a meeting was held in Boston—which you will remember is the seat and stronghold of Learning and Letters in the United States—at which a memorial against any change in the existing state of things in this respect was agreed to,[†3] with but one dissentient voice.[†4] This document, which, incredible as it may appear to you, was actually forwarded to Congress, and received, deliberately stated that if English authors were invested with any controul over the republication of their own books, it would be no longer possible for American authors to alter and adapt them (as they do now) to the American taste![†5]

This memorial was, without loss of time, replied to by Mr. Prescott,[†1] who commented, with the natural indignation of a gentleman, and a Man of Letters, upon its extraordinary dishonesty. I am satisfied that this brief mention of its tone and spirit, is sufficient to impress you with the conviction that it becomes all those who are in any way connected with the Literature of England, to take that high stand, to which the

nature of their pursuits, and the extent of their sphere of usefulness, justly entitle them; to discourage the upholders of such doctrines by every means in their power; and to hold themselves aloof from the remotest participation in a system, from which the moral sense and honourable feeling of all just men must instinctively recoil.

For myself, I have resolved that I will never from this time enter into any negociation with any person for the transmission, across the Atlantic, of early proofs of any thing I may write;[†2] and that I will forego all profit derivable from such a source. I do not venture to urge this line of proceeding upon you, but I would beg to suggest, and to lay great stress upon the necessity of observing, one other course of action: to which I cannot too emphatically call your attention.

The persons who exert themselves to mislead the American public on this question; to put down its discussion; and to suppress and distort the truth, in reference to it, in every possible way; are (as you may easily suppose) those who have a strong interest in the existing system of piracy and plunder; inasmuch as, so long as it continues, they can gain a very comfortable living out of the brains of other men, while they would find it very difficult to earn bread by the exercise of their own. These are the editors and proprietors of newspapers almost exclusively devoted to the republication of popular English works.[†3] They

are, for the most part, men of very low attainments and of more than indifferent reputation;[†1] and I have frequently seen them, in the same sheet in which they boast of the rapid sale of many thousand copies of an English reprint, coarsely and insolently attacking the author of that very book, and heaping scurrility and slander upon his head.[†2]

I would therefore entreat you, in the name of the honourable pursuit with which you are so intimately connected, never to hold correspondence with any of these men, and never to negociate with them for the sale of early proofs of any work over which you have control; but to treat, on all occasions, with some respectable American publishing house, and with such an establishment only.[†3]

Our common interest in this subject, and my advocacy of it, single-handed,[†4] on every occasion that has presented itself during my absence from Europe, form my excuse for addressing you.

And I am,
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To [W. C. MACREADY], 7 JULY 1842*

MS Morgan Library. Endorsed on outside in CD's hand: "Affidavit | of | Charles Dickens. *Address:* Both tone of letter and Macready's diary entry for 9 July, "A very amusing letter from Dickens" (*Diaries,* II, 179), point to him, not his wife, as recipient.

†aCharles Dickens†a of No. 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park in the County of Middlesex Gentleman, Maketh oath and saith, That this Deponent hath been for many years last past in the custom and habit of making certain annual visits (to wit in the months of August, September and October) to a certain seaside dipping, bathing, or watering-place, much frequented by individuals of a lone and quiet temper, and by certain virtuous and monastic fishermen; as also by a gloomy and thoughtful race much given to contemplation and retirement, and commonly known as The Preventive Service†1—to wit, the Port, Landing, Village, hamlet, or town of Broadstairs in the County of Kent. And this Deponent saith that the said Port, Landing, Village, hamlet, or town of Broadstairs in the said county, was and is, and to the best of this Deponent's judgment and belief will always be, the chosen resort and retreat of jaded intellect and exhausted nature; being, as this Deponent further saith it is, far removed from the sights and noises of the busy world,†2 and filled with the delicious murmur and repose of the broad ocean; the said broad ocean being (as this Deponent further saith and fearlessly asserteth) the finest feature (when you are off it) in the whole creation.

And this Deponent further saith That he has been informed and verily believes that there are, roaming the world, and in particular the dominions of her Gracious Majesty Victoria, By the Grace of God, Queen Defender of the Faith and so forth; certain persons who by reason of their inability to appreciate the many excellencies and unequalled beauties of the said Port, landing, village, hamlet, or town of Broadstairs, do falsely and heretically decry the same; and do annually repair to a certain sty, hole, den, and sink of deep disgust called Eastbourne,†3 which, as this Deponent hath been informed and verily believes

is a desolate and desert place, inhabited by gulls and sea-Mews, and excessively geological—in points of flints and chalk. And this Deponent further saith that the aforesaid sty, hole, den, and sink of deep disgust called Eastbourne, is, and was, and to the best of this Deponent's judgment and belief will always be, a kind of English Saint Helena, to which stern husbands banish their unwilling and reluctant wives. And that so great and manifold are the horrors of the aforesaid sty, hole, den, and sink of deep disgust called Eastbourne, that persons there confined grow desperate, as was distinctly proved not long ago (to wit last year) in a case which came within the observation and happened within the knowledge of this Deponent (to wit, the case of Catherine Macready) who being tolerably lodged therein, and furthermore supplied with meat, and drink, and clothes, did nevertheless grow weary of her life,†1 and being frantic did indite and send strange letters to her Lord and Master, to wit, threatening and Swing-like†2 letters, demanding her release on pain of Death and Suicide. And this Deponent further saith that he distinctly remembereth having heard the aforesaid Catherine vehemently protest that if she had not been brought up to London, she would have come without being sent for; and that if there had been no boat, or coach, or other carriage, she would have walked on foot; with other strong and terrible expressions, whereat the hair of this Deponent stood on end, and all bystanders shuddered. Wherefore this Deponent Saith—That the aforesaid sty, hole, den, and sink of deep disgust called Eastbourne, is in no wise comparable, and can by no credible and reasoning persons be likened unto, the delightful and unequalled Port, landing, village, hamlet or town of Broadstairs, which this Deponent doth assert to be (in the words of Thryza to Isambiel) †a"A token and a tone"†a—for evermore.†3

CHARLES DICKENS

Sworn before me, at the
Mansion House, London, this
Seventh day of July, in the
year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and forty Two

John Pirie[†4] Mayor

To LADY HOLLAND, 8 JULY 1842*

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

Private and Confidential.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Eighth July 1842.

Dear Lady Holland.

You will, I know, forgive me for writing, before coming to see you; as the subject on which I am going to beg your kind influence, is one which admits of no delay.

Pehaps[[sic]] you are aware that the Courier Newspaper (formerly on the Whig side, and recently Conservative)[†1] is just now dead, and incorporated with the Globe.[†2] If I had been aware of its condition (which my absence from Europe prevented) I should have put myself into instant communication with the leaders of the Liberal party, and made proposals to them for saving the Paper—nailing the true colours to the mast—and fighting the battle staunchly, and to the Death. I need scarcely say, that if I threw my small person into the breach, and wrote for the paper (literary articles as well as political) I could command immediate attention; while the influence I have with Booksellers and Authors would give me a better chance of stamping it with a new character, and securing for it, after a reasonable trial, good advertisements, than almost any other man could possess.

I am assured, beyond all doubt, that the premises and types and so forth, are still to be disposed of—and I am strongly inclined to establish a new evening paper, on the right side, in its place. But of course it would be impossible for me to do this, unless I were assured of the countenance, and could receive direct pecuniary assistance from the Members of the late Government or from the Reform Club.[†3] It has occurred to me that the only straight-forward and

short course of proceeding (and despatch is of great importance, as the things are about to be put up to auction, which I would prevent, if possible) is, to ascertain the sentiments of the leading members of the party, with as little delay as possible—and that, through you, if you would kindly make known the contents of this note—say to Lord Melbourne and Lord Lansdowne.[†1] With the latter I would communicate

myself,[†2] and with Mr. Stanley[†3] and one or two more, did I not feel that, asking your kind interposition at all, I had better leave the matter entirely in your hands.

I feel a perfect confidence that I could establish an organ for the party which would do good service, and which would have the inestimable advantage of taking a certain position at once, instead of struggling for years before it became known. Knowing how strongly you sympathize with the views I am so earnestly desirous of advocating, I can scarcely think that I need offer you any lengthened apology— even for this long trespass on your time and patience.

Always Dear Lady Holland
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.

To SIR JOHN EASTHOPE,[†4] [JULY 1842]

Mention in next.

To THOMAS BEARD, 11 JULY 1842

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh July 1842.

My Dear Beard.

Alfred has written me to say that the Line of Railway he is employed on, being nearly finished,[†5] the Head thereof[†6] (under whom he has been some Years) has

given him a letter of Introduction to Mr. Locke:[†1] engineer of the Southampton—Havre and Rouen—and divers other works. He has it in his head (with some reason I dare say) that a word from Sir John Easthope would do his business— and has written to me for a Letter of Introduction to the Baronet; which I have given him.[†2]

If it comes in your way, to help him or keep him in mind at the right time, I know you will do so.

You are acquainted with the business that kept me away from the Chronicle last Saturday.[†3]— George Cruikshank came home in my phaeton, on his head— to the great delight of the loose Midnight Loungers in Regent Street. He was last seen, taking Gin with a Waterman.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire P.S. Directly I have concluded the Broadstairs arrangements, I will send you timely notice. Prepare the Baronet for an enormous[†4] absence. No half measures.

To MESSRS JOSEPH ELLIS & SON,[†1] 11 JULY 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh July 1842.

Gentlemen.

If you will have the goodness to send me your last year's Bill, I shall be glad to settle it.[†2]

And let me have, if you please, four dozen of Sparkling Champagne, and six dozen of the Metternich Hock—three dozen yellow seal, and three red. I have a dinner party on Saturday,[†3] and am out of both Wines. I want them, therefore, with all speed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Ellis and Son.

To LADY HOLLAND, 11 JULY 1842*

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh July 1842.

Dear Lady Holland.

I cannot tell you how very much obliged to you I feel, for your kindness and interest in the matter in which I sought your valuable aid. Nor can I thank you sufficiently, believe me.

I think it very possible that Mr. Stanley is right[†4]—though we must not forget that in such questions, the Liberal party have very seldom made a mistake on the Bold side.

You embolden me to ask another favor of you. It is, that whenever you happen to see those with whom you spoke, again, you will give them to understand (if they do not already know) that my idea originated in no thought of personal advantage; and that at the very best, I should have been, in a pecuniary sense, a loser for many years;—besides undertaking a very serious amount of mental labour, as I could not have afforded to desist from my other pursuits. I should not have hinted at this fact while there remained any chance of trying the project, but there being none, I feel it but justice to myself to say that much.

The notion of this newspaper was bred in me by my old training—I was as

well acquainted with the management of one,[†1] some years ago, as an Engineer is, with the Steam engine. And I always feel when I take up a paper now (which is not often) that the subjects which all the writers

leave unhandled (except Fonblanque, who is another Swift)[†2] are exactly the questions which interest the people, and concern their business and bosoms,[†3] most.

I shall have the pleasure of calling in South Street on Thursday Morning.[†4] Meantime Mrs. Dickens begs me "to thank Lady Holland for her kind remembrance of her, and to say how happy she feels, now that she is at home again."—We found our children, thank God, quite well; but the eldest fell into convulsions soon after our arrival—from being, as he said, "too glad"—and was in a dangerous state all that night. He has since quite recovered.

Dear Lady Holland. Yours always faithfully
And Truly obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.

[†a]P.S. I send with this—I brought them home from America, for the purpose—a book of American Poetry, in which Mr. Longfellow's pieces are very good,[†5] and an Eagle's Feather from the Great Falls at Niagara.—I hope the regard and respect which accompany them, may give them a value they have not in themselves.[†a]

To MISS C. LE GRAND,[†6] 11 JULY 1842

Text from N, I, 462.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park
Monday, Eleventh July, 1842

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Le Grand, and begs to assure her that he is much flattered and pleased by her obliging note; and that it will afford him much pleasure to accept the Dedication she does him the honor to offer.

To THOMAS MITTON, 11 JULY 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Eleventh July | 1842.

My Dear Mitton

Have you had the counterpart of the Inclosed?[†1]—I have not given it the most absorbing attention possible, certainly; but I can't understand it for the Life of me.

I will come to you on Thursday between One and Two, if that will suit you.

Always Faithfully
CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

(Over)

They can't stand the Money for the Newspaper. I will shew you the letters thereanent.—Before I go to Broadstairs, I should like (if your household arrangements should be completed before I leave town) to have a chop in the swell first floor.[†2]

To JOHN OVERS,[†1] 11 JULY 1842*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Eleventh July 1842.

Dear Mr. Overs,

I am truly glad to hear that you are so much better; and am rejoiced (though not surprised) by this new instance of Dr Elliotson's kindness, and surpassing goodness of heart.[†2]

I shall not fail to tell Mr Ainsworth that you mentioned his very considerate reply to your note,[†3] and I shall add that I feel personally obliged to him for it.

I am usually at home every day between 11 and 12; and on Sunday, as of old, am almost always visible at that time. I shall be very glad to see you whenever you like to come.

Always faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr J. A. Overs.

To H. P. SMITH,[†4] 11 JULY 1842*

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh July 1842.

My Dear Smith.

I hoped to have been able to come to you today, with Mrs. Dickens, who bears this. But the correspondence I have to get through just now (to say nothing of any American Sketches that may be just shaping themselves in my head) is so preposterously enormous that even on this sunny day I am forced to stay at home until dinner time—though by Noon I was in the desperate condition of Jack in the spelling book, who was also a Martyr to all work and no play.

I was home within the half Year. Is it necessary for me to make any formal application to the Directors for the return of the balance of the sum paid for extra premium[†5]—or is this note to you enough?

If it will be necessary for me to come to the office, I am ready.

Always My Dear Smith | Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To R. MONCKTON MILNES, 13 JULY 1842*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth July 1842.

My Dear Milnes

Do you dine with me on Saturday at 6,—or are you otherwise engaged?

A word in answer.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire

To H. P. SMITH, 13 JULY 1842

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 486 (1926); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 July 42.

My rates and taxes being all paid, I beg to vote for Richmond—a Plumper.[†1] Richmond, Rustic Refreshment, and the rippling river!

I have already begun working like a dray-horse;[†2] to the great astonishment of my red face,[†3] which is turning white with wonder.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 13 JULY 1842

Mention in list of letters from CD to Thompson made by his son-in-law Wilfrid Meynell; *MS* 1 p.; from Devonshire Terrace, 13 July 42.[†4]

To LORD BROUGHAM, 14 JULY 1842*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourteenth July 1842.

Dear Lord Brougham.

In reply to your kind note, let me say, that I shall be disengaged next Saturday Week, or on the Wednesday following that Saturday. I need scarcely add that I shall be delighted to have an opportunity of seeing you before you leave town.— I go to the seaside on the First of August.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Brougham.

To H. P. SMITH, 14 JULY 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Fourteenth July 1842.

My Dear Smith.

The cheque safely received.[†1] As you say—it would be cheap at any money. My devotion to the fine arts renders it impossible for me to cash it. I have therefore ordered it to be framed and glazed.[†2]

I am really grateful to you for the interest you take in my proceedings. Next time I come into the City, I will shew you my introductory chapter to the American book.[†3] It may seem to prepare the reader for a much greater amount of slaughter than he will meet with; but it is *honest* and *true*.[†4] Therefore my hand does not shake.

Best loves and regards—"Certainly" to the Richmondian intentions.[†1]

Always Faithfully Your friend

CD.

H. P. Smith Esquire

To MRS DAVID C. COLDEN, 15 JULY 1842

Photograph Dickens House. *Address:* By The Cunard Steamboat Viâ Halifax | Mrs. Colden | 28 Laight Street | Hudson Square | New York | U.S.

Fifteenth July 1842.

My Dear Mrs. Colden.

It is more clear to me than ever that Kate is as near being a Donkey, as one of that sex whose luminary and sun you are, *can* be. You will immediately recall, when I express this—not strong, but merely expressive opinion,—that she has written about Great Westerns sailing on Fourteenths, and other impossibilities, when all reasoning beings know that this letter will come by the Cunard boat, and that the sixteenth is its day—at least I *think* it is: and any impression of mine is, I need not say, much better than a fact.[†2]

We ought to have written you by the last boat,[†3] and fully intended to have done so; but the thick throng of occupations which has continually beset me, has really, so far as I am concerned, deprived me of leisure to do anything I should have liked to do. And even now, in this Preface or Prologue to our future correspondence (in which I mean to shine very much) I have only time to be dull, and inclination to be bright.

How we enjoy our own home, and revel in everything connected wi[th][†4] it; and how I every day resolve to go dreadfully to work directly after breakfas[t and][†4] break my resolution in favor of some gentlemanly piece of vagabondism wit[h][†4] Maclise and Forster (who, by the bye, are madly delighted with, and grateful for, th[e][†4] Shaker Pipes)[†5] or some most riotous game at trap-bat and ball[†6] in the Garden with the children—and how I played the accordion[†7]

perpetually on board ship (as I write the words, and remember that you never heard me perform on that instrument, my soul is filled with grief)—and established a select dinner party of four at the bottom of the table all the way home, who were called The United Vagabonds, of which honorable Society I was President[†1]—are topics which I shall handle in my next. At present I will only add; hearing the Bellman[†2] (an English Institution connected with the Post office, sweet Foreigner); that I wish you would come and live next door; for the best part of my heart is in Laight Street, and I find it difficult to get on without it.

God bless you—and—yes—and even—*Him.*[†3] And *Them* too, for I never loved any people better. For which reason I am half mournfully, and wholly faithfully

Yours | Always | My Dear Mrs. Colden

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE W. PUTNAM, [15 JULY 1842]

Extract in Putnam *to* Charles Sumner, 4 Aug 42 (MS Houghton Library, Harvard). *Date:* 15 July according to Putnam.

Asking Putnam to tell Sumner that he could rely on hearing from him in August;[†4] *that they were* perfectly happy; *that he had not a moment for correspondence*; *and that Sumner was not to be alarmed at his silence. He had* found his children and friends quite well—thank God.[†5]

To FREDERICK MARRYAT, 16 JULY 1842

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth July 1842.

My Dear Marryatt.

Most unquestionably and undoubtedly I expect you at 6 to day—to dinner.[†6] I should have sent you a reminder, but when the Invitation has been given at dinner time,[†7] I have a delicacy in doing so, lest it should seem to intimate a suspicion that the Invited One was drunk!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I think I can give you some Hock today[†8] which will do your Leg good.

To THOMAS BEARD, 19 JULY 1842

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth July 1842

My Dear Beard.

I have been thinking about a breast of Venison next Sunday at half past 5—and about making the Falstaffic F, read, in the evening,[†1] our passage out,[†2] which I have just finished writing—What do you say?

Kate begs her love to your sister Catherine, and desires me to say, that she counts upon seeing her, along with you. Mind you give that Message.

I have, at present, some Port Wine, called "Croft's London Particular".[†3] It is worthy of notice.

The Broadstairs arrangements being now concluded, I beg to give you notice that I have taken last Year's house at Broadstairs,[†4] for the months of August and September. Make your arrangements accordingly; but don't chip such a small piece as a week out of the Baronet. Cut a slice from him.

Always My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To LEIGH HUNT,[†5] 19 JULY 1842

Facsimile *D,* XII (1916), 41.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth July 1842.

My Dear Hunt.

I don't know your friend—but to the best of my belief he is *not* a bookseller;[†6] and therefore comes within the pale of human sympathies.

Although you didn't send me the Florentine Legend,[†7] nor the Palfrey,[†8] I have them both; and when that leg of Mutton *does* come off (Good God, how long it has been unamputated!) you shall write your name in them, for the sake of my Lawful Heir.

Your paper for Mrs. Macrone's book[†9] was sent by me to Mr. Colburn, for

the Printer. Mr. Colburn exercised my duties, and accepted and rejected Papers at his most literary will and pleasure. I resisted this monstrous indecency in Mr. Colburn for a whole year; and then wrote him[†1] that as it was a work of charity, and I wanted his money for Mrs. Macrone, I would give him his own way—which, if it were my own case, and I wanted bread, I would never do. I damned his eyes (by implication and construction) at the same time; and declined to hold any further correspondence with him, on any subject.

But if you wish me to apply to him, or any of his Myrmidons, for this particular paper, I will do so. We fell out about a paper of Landor's,[†2] which he said "his literary friend had told him *wasnt Protestant*" !!!!!!!!!!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To MISS JULIA PARDOE,[†3] 19 JULY 1842

MS Harvard College Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Nineteenth July 1842.

Dear Madam.

I beg to set you right on one point, in reference to the American Robbers, which perhaps you do not quite understand.

The existing law allows them to reprint any English book, without any communication whatever—with the author, or anybody else. My books have all been reprinted on these agreeable terms.—
But *sometimes* when expectation is awakened there, about a book, before its publication, one firm of Pirates will pay a trifle to procure early proofs of it,[†4] and get so much the start of the rest, as they can obtain by the time necessarily consumed in printing it. Directly it is printed, it is common property; and may be reprinted a thousand times.[†5]

My circular only referred to such bargains as these.

I should add that I have no hope of the States doing Justice in this dishonest

respect, and therefore do not expect to overtake these fellows—but we may cry "Stop Thief" nevertheless—especially as they wince and smart under it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Pardoe.

To HORACE SMITH,[†1] 19 JULY 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Nineteenth July 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am happy in the receipt of your kind note; and am very glad that we have become better acquainted through crying Stop Thief, together, in a crowd.

I believe there are hopes of throttling the continental Brigands.[†2] I have no hope, whatever, of stopping American Piracy in this Generation.[†3] But we may just as well serve the next, and assert our wrongs; and I *know* it galls them, and they wince.[†4]—That should be a comfort to us. It is a very great one to me.

I am very glad to read that passage in your letter, wherein you say that you have nearly run your literary career. For as all rich men complain of being poor, I trust I may discern in this, the promise of a great many more books from your Pen.[†5]

Believe me My Dear Sir
Very faithfully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Horace Smith Esquire.

To CHARLES SWAIN,[†1] 20 JULY 1842*

MS Manchester Public Libraries.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace.
York Gate, Regents Park.
Twentieth July 1842.

My Dear Sir.

Let me thank you with unaffected cordiality, for your beautiful book.[†2] I have read it with great pleasure; and have derived many interesting and instructive thoughts from its teeming pages.[†3]

For this, and for the valuable and welcome terms of your note, I am very much your debtor.

Always believe me | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Swain Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 21 JULY 1842

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First July 1842.

My Dear Beard.

I have consulted Mr. Groves of Charing Cross.[†4] His suggestive mind gave birth to this remarkable expression—"then why not consider this here breast o' wenson, off—and let me git another prime 'un in good eatin' order for you, for Sunday week? What"—continued Mr. Groves—"is the hodds to a day?"

Mr. Groves slapped a piece of venison[†5] as he spoke, with the palm of his hand; and plainly signified, by his manner no less than by his words, that this was wisdom. What do you say to it?—And what your sister?

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

If I don't swim, this Autumn, may I—but we will not anticipate.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [24] JULY 1842*

MS Messrs Henry Sotheran Ltd. *Date:* Sunday was 24 July in 1842.

Devonshire Terrace
Sunday Twenty Third July | 1842.

My Dear Mac.

I only heard from Forster yesterday Evening that you were still unwell;[†6] and

had (with a tardy but most commendable wisdom) called in Blue Beard.[†1]— Send me word how you are, preparatory to my coming to see you between 2 and 4.

I say Seaside. So will Elliotson if you ask him. Tomorrow week, we shall go down by way of Rochester and Canterbury. That's *your* road, if you be wise.

We were at the Exhibition yesterday.[†2] Nothing is to be said of the Hamlet, but *Wonderful.*[†3] You know what I honestly think of your extraordinary powers; and how much in earnest I am when I say that it amazed, even me.

Faithfully Always
CD.

Daniel Maclise Esquire.

To LADY HOLLAND, [?18-25 JULY 1842]

Extract in Charles De F. Burns catalogue, May 1883; *MS* 1 p. *Date:* 1842 according to catalogue; since the conjuror was no doubt Döbler—to whom CD wrote on 26 Apr 44 that he had seen him perform "on the last occasion" of his being in London, and Döbler was not in England in 1843—CD was presumably writing on or soon after 18 July 42 (see *fn*) but before Döbler's final 1842 performance on 25 July.

I had engaged to carry a whole bevy of young people to see the conjuror[†4] tonight.[†5]

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT,[†1] 25 JULY 1842

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth July 1842

My Dear Sir.

I am exceedingly anxious to procure some assistance from the Literary Fund for Mr. W. A. Chatto,[†2] author of the History of Wood Engraving[†3] (published by Charles Knight)—Rambles on the Scottish Border[†4]—the History of Fly-fishing[†5]—and various works of research, and patient investigation. He is reduced by various causes, to a state of the most extreme temporary distress; and is, I earnestly assure you, a most fit and proper subject for immediate relief.

In addition to my personal certificate and assurance that this is the case, he has the strongest recommendation to the Committee from Messrs. Chapman and Hall, booksellers, who are well acquainted with his situation, and have already assisted him themselves.[†6]

Pray, my dear Sir, do all you can in this matter,[†7] and oblige

Yours always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

O. Blewitt Esquire

I should have addressed the Committee without delay, but having only just now returned home from America, I do not know whether they are sitting or no.

To THE EDITOR OF THE *MORNING CHRONICLE,* 25 JULY 1842

Text from the *Morning Chronicle,* 25 July 42; signed "B."[†8]

Monday morning, July 25, 1842

Sir,

As the Mines and Collieries Bill[†9] will be committed in the House of Lords to-night; or, in other words, as it will arrive to-night at that stage in which the tender mercies of the Colliery Lords will so distort and maim it, that its

relations and friends elsewhere will be sorely puzzled to know it again when it is returned to them, I venture to trouble you with a few remarks upon the subject. From its first public exposition it has had such ready sympathy from you, and has received such able and manly support in your journal,[†1] that I offer no apology for this intrusion on your time and space.

That for very many years these mines and all belonging to them, as they have been out[†2] of sight in the dark earth, have been utterly out of legislative mind; that for so many years all considerations of humanity, policy, social virtue, and common decency, have been left rotting at the pit's mouth, with other disregarded dunghill matter from which lordly colliers could extract no money; that for very many years, a state of things has existed in these places, in the heart and core of a Christian country, which, if it had been discovered by mariners or missionaries in the Sandwich Islands,[†3] would have made the fortune of two quarto volumes, filled the whole bench of bishops with emotion,[†4] and nerved to new and mighty projects the Society for the Propagation of the

Gospel in Foreign Parts,[†1] is well known to every one. That the evidence taken by the commissioners wrought (as well it might) an extraordinary impression on the public mind, from the first moment of its diffusion;[†2] that the bill founded upon it, passed the House of Commons with the hearty consent of all parties, and the ready union of all interests;[†3] that the people of every class, and their representatives of every class, were no sooner made acquainted with the evil, than they hastened to apply the remedy, are recent and notorious facts. It was reserved for the House of Lords alone to discover that this kind of legislation was very bad and odious, and would never do.[†4] Let us see on what grounds.

It is an interference with the rights of labour, because it proposes to banish women from the mines.[†5] It proceeds on insufficient evidence, because the witnesses were not upon oath. The sub-commissioners who examined the witnesses did so improperly. Nobody knows how or why—but somebody says so. To these formidable heads of objection Lord Londonderry[†6] adds (with true Lord Londonderry *naïveté*) that the prints upon their lordships' table[†7] are

excessively disgusting. Wherefore, he argues, (with true Lord Londonderry logic) that the parties who originated them are excessively hypocritical.[†1]

In addition to these grounds of opposition, it was stoutly contended by their collier lordships that there are no grievances, no discomforts, no miseries whatever, in the mines; that all labourers in mines are perpetually singing and dancing, and festively enjoying themselves; in a word, that they lead such

rollicking and roystering lives that it is well they work below the surface of the earth, or society would be deafened by their shouts of merriment. This is humorous, but not new. Exactly the same things have been said of slavery, factory-work, Irish destitution, and every other grade of poverty, neglect, oppression, and distress. There is a kind of opposition to truth, which may be called the out-and-out, or whole-hog opposition. It stops at nothing, and recognises no middle course. Show beyond all dispute, and the remotest possibility of doubt, that any class of persons are in especial need of legislative protection and assistance, and opponents of this stamp will instantly arise, and meet you with the assertion, not that that class are moderately well off, or have an average amount of comfort; but that of all earthly ranks and conditions, theirs is the most surpassingly and exquisitely desirable. Now, happiness capers and sings on a slave plantation, making it an Eden of ebony. Now, she dwelleth in a roofless cabin, with potatoes thrice a week, buttermilk o' Sundays, a pig in the parlour, a fever in the dungheap, seven naked children on the damp earth-floor, and a wife newly delivered of an eighth, upon a door, brought from the nearest hut that boasts one—five miles off. Now, she rambles through a refreshing grove of steam engines, at midnight, with a Manchester child, patting him occasionally on the head with a billy-roller.[†2] And now she sits down in the dark, a thousand feet below the level of the sea, passing the livelong day beside a little trapper six years old.[†3] If I were not this great peer, quoth Lord Londonderry, I would be that small trapper. If I were not a lord, doomed unhappily in my high place to preserve a solemn bearing, for the wonder and admiration of mankind, and hold myself aloof from innocent sports, I would be a jolly little trapper. Oh, for the cindery days of trapper infancy! The babes in the wood had a rich and cruel uncle. When were the children in the coals ever murdered for their inheritance? Jolly, jolly trappers![†4]

It is an interference with the rights of labour to exclude women from the mines—women who work by the side of naked men—(daughters often do this beside their own fathers)—and harnessed to carts in a most revolting and disgusting fashion, by iron chains. Is it among the rights of labour to blot out from that sex all form and stamp, and character of womanhood—to predestine their neglected offspring, from the hour of their conception in the womb, to lives of certain sin and suffering, misery and crime—to divest them of all knowledge of home, and all chance of womanly influence in the humble sphere of a poor peasant's hearth—to make them but so many weaker men, saving in respect of their more rapid and irresistible opportunities of being brutalised themselves, and of brutalizing others; and their capacity of breeding for the scaffold and the gaol? When we talk of "rights of labour," do we picture to ourselves a hideous phantom whispering discontent in the depths of pits and mines, sharpening the Chartist's[†1] pike by stealth, and skulking from the farmer's rickyard? Or are we men, possessing the common average of reason bestowed by God upon the descendants of Adam, who well know that what these lords proclaim to be the rights of labour are its wrongs? Who well know that the opposition to this vital clause originates with men who stand, it may be almost said, upon their trial—who in any other tribunal would be heard with caution and distrust; and could not sit upon the jury, far less carry in their pockets friendly verdicts from absent jurymen, by the score! To speak more plainly yet, do we not know, right well, that the real leader of the opposition to this very clause is himself the owner of the worst-conducted mine in that worst district of Scotland; who has at this moment 400 women in his weekly pay and service?[†2] And is there a man alive (out of the House of Lords) who does not read in this phrase "rights of labour," fears of possible claims for higher wages from the men, when the women no longer prostitute all the faculties of their minds and

bodies to the degrading work they have pursued too long? Who does not see upon its face distinctly pictured apprehensions of a louder cry for bread? The mining labourers, with no complaint or hope of change, are bound to work, from year to year, and from age to age, their fingers to the bone; to turn their women into men, and children into devils; and do all this to live. These are the "rights of labour" with your collier lords!

The evidence is insufficient, because not taken upon oath. It was well

observed in your journal some days since, that this was made no ground of objection to the Poor Law Bill upon its introduction; and that it arises for the first time.[†1] But why this extraordinary distinction between the Poor Law Act, and that for the better regulation of mines and collieries? Simply, because in the one case property sought protection against poverty; and in the other, poverty seeks protection against property. "A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places: and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"[†2]

Abuse of the sub-commissioners is a very fruitful theme, and it daily grows in favour with these lords. Now, the sub-commissioners were chosen from among barristers, medical gentlemen, and civil engineers.[†3] I have examined the result of their labours, very attentively;[†4] and I honestly believe that a more impartial, able, and carefully-conducted investigation never was pursued. I believe that is the almost universal opinion; and I only concur with every friend of humanity, when I express my gratitude to these gentlemen, for the extraordinary pains they have taken to arrive at the truth; and the luminous manner in which they have stated it. But they by no means please the collier lords. I should be greatly surprised if they did. Barristers are not so liable as other men to be easily imposed on by false statements; surgeons cannot be blinded to the present and probable effects of a pernicious atmosphere, and the work of beasts of burden, on tender years and frames. Civil engineers are well acquainted with the dangers that lurk in ill-conducted pits, where no provision is made for the safety of the labourers. Lord Littleton's[†5] valet, Lord Londonderry's butler, and any steward or overseer of the Duke of Hamilton[†6] would have known better. They would have made an excellent commission. With three such sub-commissioners (one to form a quorum) the collier lords would have got on briskly. Jolly little trappers would have been quoted against us by the dozen, and not a whisper would have been heard about their jolly little affidavits.

It is something so new for a rational being to agree with Lord Londonderry on any subject, that I am happy to be enabled to lay claim to that distinction.

The pictures on the table of the House of Lords are unquestionably disgusting. They exhibit human beings in a condition which it is horrible to contemplate—which is disgraceful to the country, dangerous to the community, repulsive and offensive to all right-thinking persons, in the highest degree. But Lord Londonderry's objection is not to the existence of this deplorable state of society; it is confined to the naughty pictures that set it forth and illustrate it; "Keep it in the mines," says he, "but don't lay it on the table. Preserve it, but don't paint it. I equally protest against legislation and lithograph." In like manner the

delicacy of the distillers of Hogarth's time was grievously outraged by the print of "Gin Lane,"[†1] and nearly all the stout landladies[†2] dwelling about Covent-garden voted "The Harlot's Progress"[†3] indecent and immoral.

Without taking up your time by following Lord Londonderry into his acute deduction before mentioned, that because these prints disgust him, therefore the gentlemen with whom they originated are of necessity hypocrites, I would beg, in conclusion, earnestly to impress on your readers that these are the only objections which have been urged against the Mines and Collieries Bill; and that these are the men who will to-night, by motions for delay, and other means, so pare, and cut, and fritter it away, as to reduce it to the very ghost and shadow of its former self, and to a mere absurd nonentity.[†4] Of the few petitions which have been presented against it by these same hands, purporting to come from the labourers in mines, I say nothing,[†5] as it is not very difficult to understand how signatures are procured to them, and as Lord Londonderry himself admitted a few nights ago, in his usually happy manner, on presenting one of these very documents, that the prospect of this relief "had thrown them into a fever."[†6]

In these times, when so wide a gulf has opened between the rich and poor, which, instead of narrowing, as all good men would have it, grows broader daily; it is most important that all ranks and degrees of people should understand whose hands are stretched out to separate these two great divisions of society each of whom, for its strength and happiness, and the future existence of this country, as a great and powerful nation, is dependent on the other. Therefore it is that I implore your readers closely to watch the fate of this measure, which has for its sole object the improvement of the condition and character of one great class of hewers of wood and drawars[†1] of water,[†2] whose lives, at the very best, must be fraught with danger, toil, and hardship; to compare the fate of this bill in the House of Lords, with its reception by the country,[†3] and its progress through the House of Commons, and to bestow their best attention on the debate of this night.

B.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 26 JULY 1842

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1842

My Dear Fred.

It has occurred to me that Mitton (having, I know, some unexamined papers of father's in his desk, and being necessarily absent from business just now) would wish him to know of the Death in his family.[†4] Will you write and tell him?[†5]

Don't forget Mister Groves[†6]—The battledores have arrived. They are brilliant—but the Shuttlecocks are not big enough.

Affy. Always

CD.

Frederick Dickens Esquire

To G. P. R. JAMES,[†7] 26 JULY 1842*

MS Haverford College, Pennsylvania.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of your letter.[†8]

You are perfectly right, no doubt, in thinking that even in respect of the price of books, the American people would suffer very little (if at all) by being honest. I am well assured that they would have as cheap books as they have now; and would have them much more correctly[†1] and creditably printed.

With regard to the question of a corrupted Text, I fancy there is very little danger of that, in your case, or mine,[†2] or any such instance. I put forth that plea of the Pirates,[†3] rather as a proof of the amazing obtuseness of their moral sense, than as a reason for any serious alarm in the breasts of Writers of Fiction.

I fully agree with you that one can expect but little in this respect from a people who have shewn themselves so shamelessly dishonest in the plain question of repaying or with-holding borrowed money.[†4] But we can at least shew them that we, the robbed, entertain for them, the robbers, a very disdainful and contemptuous disgust. And I rather think that this, in the slow fulness of Time, will move them more, than all the considerations of abstract Justice that will have been spread abroad, between the first hour of the creation, and the last of the Day of Judgment, would be likely to do, if they could be all arrayed together and brought to bear against them.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. P. R. James Esquire.

To CHARLES MACKAY, 26 JULY 1842†

MS Berg Collection. Endorsed, probably by Mackay: "Chas. Dickens | In reference to the proposed establishment of a Literary Club".

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Sixth July 1842.

My Dear Sir.

In the *principle* of your note, I heartily concur. Of the chances that hang about its successful reduction into practice, I am somewhat doubtful. These experiments have been very often tried; and have, almost as often, failed.[†1]

Nevertheless I shall be exceedingly glad to talk with you upon the subject; and any morning this week that may be convenient to you, I shall be happy to see you. About one o'Clock is usually the best time for such a purpose with me—but chuse your own time, and I will make it mine.

[†a]Don't ask if I am at home, but say, magisterially, to the servant as you give him your card—"Take that to Mr. Dickens, and tell him I am waiting."[†a]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mackay Esquire.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 26 JULY 1842

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Twenty Sixth July 1842.

My Dear Mac

How are you?

Well enough to dine with us (inviolably alone) at 5—before the evening ride?

If so, say Yes.

Dieted at all? If so, say on what.[†2]

Yours
Sutherland.[†3]

To THOMAS MITTON, 26 JULY 1842

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Sixth July 1842.

My Dear Mitton

I am heartily sorry to hear of your poor father's death;[†1] though it is a very great comfort to hear of any death, that it was unaccompanied by Pain. It is a real happiness, too, to know that for many years past, he has lived respectably and happily, which he never could have done but for your arrangements and care.

I should have written to you, directly on the receipt of this sad intelligence; but taking it for granted that you would be out of town, and would have many things to attend to, I deemed it best to wait a little. I did not yield to my first impulse, which was to write and tell you that I should be glad to attend the Funeral, if you desired it, because a moment's reflection assured me that if you had any such wish, you would have summoned me without hesitation.

Remember me with all the kindness possible, to your mother and sister.[†2] And believe me, in this trouble, as in all others, and at all times

Faithfully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To MACVEY NAPIER, 26 JULY 1842

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Sixth July 1842.

My Dear Sir.

In thanking you for your last letter, let me thank you also for your last but one,[†3] which reached me shortly before I left England, and which I did religiously intend to answer. The thousand and one preparations for my American journey, alone prevented me from doing so.

I am happy to say that both Mrs. Dickens and I are in the highest health and greatest force—very happy, too, to be at home again, as you may readily suppose.

Before I heard from you, this last time, I had begun to fear that our subject[†4]

was too stale.[†1] You see that I was not mistaken in supposing it would create a very strong and very general sensation, on the publication of the evidence.

I have resolved to describe my American journies, in a couple of volumes;[†2] and am consequently, just now, very closely engaged. I fear I shall not have anything for your October No., therefore; but I am really desirous to "come out" in the Edinburgh, and hope to do so, in the number following. I will keep the matter in my thoughts, and consult you, without loss of time, in reference to any subject that may occur to me.[†3]

Mrs. Dickens begs her best regards. And I am always

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier

To LADY HOLLAND, [27] JULY 1842*

MS The Earl of Ilchester. *Date:* 26 July 42 was Tuesday; doubtless CD was writing on the 27th. This misdating raises the possibility that last six letters, all dated 26 July 42 but without day of the week, were also written on the 27th.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Twenty Sixth July | 1842.

Dear Lady Holland

Pray do not suppose that I have ever forgotten my pledge[†4] to send you the

inclosed books.[†1] The truth is that I found my own first copy so blotted and defaced by scoring and underlining, that you would have found it quite a Nuisance. I therefore sent for another; and did not get it until yesterday.

You must not suppose, either, that I have marked in the index to each volume the only pieces I think worth reading. On the contrary I really believe them to be nearly all equally good. I can only say of those I have marked, that they are good things to begin with.[†2]

Always Dear Lady Holland
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland

To THOMAS MITTON, 29 JULY 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth July 1842. | Friday.

My Dear Mitton

I will call on you tonight at 8 OClock, punctually.—I shall be writing all day.[†3]

To DAVID C. COLDEN, 31 JULY 1842

Photograph Dickens House. *Address:* By The Cunard Steam Packet viâ Liverpool. | David. C. Colden Esquire | 28 Laight Street | Hudson Square | New York | United States.

London 1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park. | Thirty First July 1842.

My Dear Friend.

Just to shew that I am a good boy, and not unmindful, being at home, of those to whom I am indebted for so much delight abroad, I write to say—all well—and Mrs. D *going* to write, next time. We

move off to the Seaside tomorrow morning, and I write this in the agonies of packing, with nothing (except the carpet) in its usual place.

You remember our talking about a certain bust—of *Maclise*[†4]—done by a man in Howland Street,[†5] who forces folks into his sitting chair. It is in the Exhibition

this year, and is certainly not a striking success. I don't think I should have recognized it in a room, but I certainly did not in the Academy without referring to the Catalogue; though I was looking hard in its face.—He says he don't exactly know what to do in the matter, and would like to know. It has good points. If I were he, I should give instructions for having it forwarded.

"Nothing is stirring but stagnation."[†1] I thank God that Peel continues hideously unpopular. Our united loves to all at home, beginning with HER.[†2]

Always My Dear friend | Yours with Sincere regard
Bully and Meek.[†3]

To C. C. FELTON, 31 JULY 1842†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* [By The][†4] Cunard Packet viâ Liverpool | Professor Felton | Cambridge | Massachusetts | United States.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
Sunday Thirty First July 1842.

My Dear Felton.

Of all the monstrous and incalculable amount of occupation that ever beset one unfortunate man, mine has been the most stupendous since I came home. The dinners I have had to eat, the places I have had to go to, the letters I have had to answer, the sea of business of business and business of pleasure in which I have been plunged,—not even the genius of an L.L.[†5] or the pen of a Putnam[†6] could describe.

Wherefore I indite a monstrously short, and wildly uninteresting epistle to the American Dando—but perhaps you don't know who Dando was?[†7] He was an oyster eater, my dear Felton. He used to go into oyster shops, without a farthing of money, and stand at the counter, eating Natives, until the man who opened them grew pale, cast down his knife, staggered backward, struck his white forehead with his open hand, and cried "You are Dando! ! !"—He has been known to eat twenty dozen at one sitting; and would have eaten forty, if the truth had not flashed upon the shop-keeper.[†8] For these offences he was

constantly committed to the House of Correction. During his last imprisonment, he was taken ill—got worse and worse—and at last began knocking violent double knocks at Death's Door. The Doctor stood beside his bed, with his fingers on his pulse. "He is going"—says the Doctor. "I see it in his eye. There is only one thing that would keep life in him for another hour, and that is—oysters." They were immediately brought. Dando swallowed eight, and feebly took a ninth. He held it in his mouth, and looked round the

bed, strangely. "Not a bad one, is it?" says the doctor. The patient shook his head, rubbed his trembling hand upon his stomach, bolted the oyster, and fell back—Dead. They buried him in the Prison Yard, and paved his Grave with oyster shells.

We are all well and hearty, and have already begun to wonder what time next year you and Mrs. Felton[†1] and Doctor Howe, will come across the briny sea together.[†2] Tomorrow we go to the Seaside for two months. I am looking out for news of Longfellow, and shall be delighted when I know that he is on his way to London and this house.[†3]

I am bent upon striking at the Piratical newspapers[†4] with the sharpest edge I can put upon my small axe; and hope in the next session of Parliament to stop their entrance into Canada.[†5] For the first time within the memory of man, the professors of English Literature seem disposed to act together, upon this question.[†6] It is a good thing to aggravate a scoundrel if one can do nothing else— and I think we *can* make them smart a little in this way. [†a]In a circular letter which I have addressed to every person connected with letters, I have (of course by mistake) given Prescott the credit of the Counter Memorial drawn by Mr. Bowen.[†7] I will take the earliest opportunity of doing Mr. Bowen justice.[†a]

I wish you had been at Greenwich the other day,[†8] where a party of friends gave me a private dinner—public ones, I have refused. George Cruikshank[†9] was perfectly wild at the reunion; and after singing all manner of maniac[†10] songs, wound up the entertainment by coming home (six miles) in a little open phaeton of mine, *on his head*—to the mingled delight and indignation of the Metropolitan Police. We were very jovial, indeed; and I assure you that I drank your health with fearful vigor and energy.

On board that ship coming home, I established a club, called The United Vagabonds, to the huge amusement of the rest of the passengers. This Holy Brotherhood committed all kinds of absurdities, and dined always, with a variety of solemn forms, at one end of the table, below the mast, away from the rest. The Captain being ill when we were three or four days out, I produced my medicine chest, and recovered him. We had a few more sick men after that; and I went round "the wards" every day, in great state, accompanied by two Vagabonds, habited as Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, bearing enormous rolls of plaister, and huge pairs of scissors. We were really very merry, all the way— breakfasted in one party at Liverpool—shook hands—and parted most cordially.

[†a]God bless you my dear Felton. Commend me heartily to Mrs. Felton, and to your pretty little daughter, to whom our small fry send all manner of loves. Kate is—it is impossible to say how earnest in her messages. And I am always[†a]

Affectionately | Your faithful friend
[CHARLES DICKENS][†1]

I have looked over my Journal; and have decided to produce my American Trip in two Volumes. I have written about half the first,[†2] since I came home; and hope to be out in October.—This is "exclusive news"—to be communicated to any friends to whom you may like to intrust it,[†3] my dear F.

To THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, 31 JULY 1842*

Extract in unidentified bookseller's catalogue, n.d., Eastgate House, Rochester; dated 31 July 42.

What a villain you must suppose me to be! as to Sir Richard[†4] he has blotted me out of the Calendar of his affections altogether I know.... Good God, what

a dream that play[†1] appears; I can hardly believe that Mister Latham[†2] had any material existence; Mr Whats-his-name in the Mackintosh, who puts our wigs on, I look upon as a mere fancy of my own brain.

To W. H. PRESCOTT, 31 JULY 1842*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society. *Address:* (By The Cunard Steam Packet, vîa Liverpool) | W. H. Prescott Esquire | Boston | United States.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Sunday Thirty First July 1842

My Dear Prescott.

I seize upon a few spare minutes which present themselves before I leave town for the seaside (which I do, tomorrow morning) to acknowledge the receipt of your welcome letter, and to thank you for it, heartily. I was most delighted by its receipt, and read it with an unusual amount of eagerness, I assure you.

I have been stirring up our English Writers, in the matter of the International Copyright; and have other measures brewing. In a circular letter which I addressed to the whole Literature of England (you may perhaps have seen it)[†3] I gave you the credit of drawing up the Counter-Memorial. For although Felton had written me at Niagara a faithful account of Mr. Bowen's[†4] gallantry,[†5] I understood you to say, at Lebanon,[†6] that you were the author of that Document. I see clearly, from your letter[†7] that I was led into this mistake by your having

been the first signer.[†1] Whenever you come across Mr. Bowen, pray tell him that I am exceedingly sorry to have made this error, and will do him justice.[†2]

We found our Darlings (thank God) quite well, and most rejoiced to see us. Charley, our eldest, told his mother he was "too glad", and fell, soon afterwards, into very alarming convulsions. We were obliged, besides having our regular apothecary,[†3] to call up Dr. Elliotson in the middle of the night, who said that joy had quite overthrown his system; and that he had never seen such a case before. I am happy to say the disorder took a favorable turn in a few hours, and he very soon recovered. He—that is, Charley—had previously confided to a confidential friend of his (a washerwoman) that he was afraid that when we *did* come home, he should "shake very much". He is a very queer fellow.[†4]

Everything here is proceeding in the usual track. Peel is desperately unpopular; and the labouring classes are badly off and worse disposed. There is no doubt of this, although their condition is stated in the Newspapers with Newspaper exaggeration.[†5]

I think it better to have the gratification of writing you a stupid letter, rather than none at all. Therefore, my dear Prescott, I hope you will receive this infliction, as having within it, a warm and lively assurance of my sincere regard. Remember me particularly to your father and mother, and all your house—and

then to all friends. Mrs. Dickens adds her love. For the love of you, I waive considerations of jealousy, and forward it.

Ever believe me | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Prescott Esquire
P.S. There is a very general interest and curiosity here, to know what you are doing.—I hope you are getting on bravely with your new book.[†1]

To CHARLES SUMNER, 31 JULY 1842

MS Harvard College Library. *Address:* By The Cunard Steam Packet vîa Liverpool | Charles Sumner Esquire | Boston | Massachusetts | United States.

London 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Sunday Thirty First July 1842.

My Dear Sumner.

Here I am—at home again. Here I am in my own old room, with my books, and pen and ink and paper,—battledores and shuttlecocks—bats and balls— dumbbells—dog—and Raven. The Raven, I am sorry to say, has become a Maniac. He falls into fits periodically; throws himself wildly on his back; and plucks his own feathers up, by the roots. Nothing can be more unravenlike than that. To hurt anybody else would have been quite in character, but to hurt himself—Insanity in its most hopeless aspect.

I have had a medical gentleman who looks after the queen's birds,[†2] to see him. He says if it an't the weather, he don't know what it is. My man says its "aggerawation". The medical gentleman retorts that there is no such disorder in the books. *I* suspect poison.[†3] A malicious butcher was heard to threaten, some months since. He said that "he worn't a goin to have pieces took out of his leg ev'ry time he come down them Mews, at no price. And that if the wery dove as come out o' the Hark interfered vith him, he wished he might be busted, if he wouldn't scrag him."—which looks alarming, I think?

Lady Holland has fitted up some of the lower rooms at Holland House, and there are dinners there, as of yore. But the old rooms she has never entered.[†4] I

dined there, a week ago,[†1] and had a strange sense of their being dark and vacant, overhead.[†2] Sydney Smith is in greater force than ever, though waxing gouty. Talfourd has just now printed privately, and circulated among his friends, a little book (in prose) called "Recollections of a Visit to the Alps in 1841".[†3] Here is the Dedication—Some folks think it uxorious.

To

H E R [†4]

Whose Image Endears The Recollections

Of a Delightful Tour,

As it cheers and graces

The journey of life,

These "trivial, fond records"

Printed only for partial eyes,

Are Inscribed

By

A grateful and admiring husband

Well, after writing it out, I *do* think it is rather Adam-and-Evey.[†5]

Brougham is in good health and spirits. Lyndhurst[†6] has been ill, but is recovering. Jeffrey is much better, and sits in his Court again.[†7] Rogers[†8] is a thought more deaf than he was eight months ago. Tom Moore ages. Mrs. Norton[†9] and Lady Seymour[†10] are both sights for the Gods, as they always have

been. Poor Southey's case is quite hopeless.[†1] Landor is like forty lions concentrated into one Poet. D'Orsay is confined at home by bailiffs,[†2] but is not an atom the worse in temper, health, looks, or spirits. Lady Blessington[†3] wears brilliantly, and has the gloss upon her, yet. Bulwer is out of town, and I have not yet seen him. Edwin Landseer has thoroughly recovered.[†4] Macready is

making great preparations for his next season at Drury Lane.[†1] Ditto the Kembles for theirs at Covent Garden.[†2] Forster is still uproarious with the joy of our return. Everybody else the same as usual.[†3]

Maclise's picture from Hamlet[†4] is a *tremendous* production. There are things in it, which in their powerful thought, exceed anything I have ever beheld in painting. You know the subject?—The play scene in Hamlet. The murderer is just pouring the poison into the ear of the mimic King. But what a notion is that, which hoods this murderer's head, as who should say to the real King— "*You*[†5] know what face is under that!" What an extraordinary fellow he must be, who so manages the lights in this picture, that on the scene behind, is an enormous shadow of this groupe—as if the real murder were being done again by phantoms! And what a carrying-out of the prevailing idea, it is, to paint the very proscenium of the little

stage with stories of Sin and Blood—the first temptation—Cain and Abel—and such like subjects—crying Murder! from the very walls.[†6]

He is a great fellow, and I wish you knew him. I meant to write a long letter, and I wish you knew *that*, but you never will, for I am called away by invaders, and must finish this before I go, or lose the steamer. Remember me to all friends, beginning with Mr. and Mrs. Hillard.[†1] Accept all imaginable regards from Kate,—and always believe me

My Dear Sumner | Faithfully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Lord Morpeth has written home, strong praise of Prescott. But not more than he deserves.

To GEORGE W. PUTNAM, [?JULY 1842]

Mention in *To* Putnam, 18 Oct 42. *Date:* while "the large Packing Case" sent by Putnam from New York in June was still in the English Customs.

Asking Putnam to send him the books collected on his visit to America. [†2]

August

To JOHN MURRAY, 2 AUGUST 1842*

MS Sir John Murray.

Broadstairs | Tuesday Evening | August The Second 1842

My Dear Sir

On coming here an hour ago[†3] (it is just now, post time) I found your note. If any conveyance *but* tonight's Mail could have brought me to town in sufficient time to join the Deputation who wait on Mr. Gladstone,[†4] I should unquestionably have been a member of it.[†5]

But as it would have been necessary for me,—even to get a place in this Mail,—to have started off to Ramsgate immediately on my arrival, in a most dilapidated and dusty condition, I have no alternative but to write to you,—assuring you that if I had been fortunate enough to have seen you on Sunday, or to have received your note two hours earlier, I would have sacrificed any consideration of convenience or personal comfort, for the lightest feather of a cause in which I have taken, and shall ever take, such an earnest interest.

I send you a letter, just received, and a newspaper.[†6] They shew what the

scoundrels are doing; and point out a new feature in their frauds which I think is *most important*[†1] Mr. Gladstone should understand.

If, at your convenience, you will write me a very brief account of what passed between the Deputation and Mr. Gladstone,[†2] I shall be truly obliged to you. And if any other deputation, or any other meeting or discussion of any kind should ensue, pray give me such notice as will enable me to be present.

In great haste to save the post,

Always Believe Me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire

To JONATHAN CHAPMAN, 3 AUGUST 1842

Text from *Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings*, Boston, 1922, LIV, 153.[†3]

Broadstairs, Kent | Wednesday, August the Third, 1842.

My dear Friend,

I date this letter from a little fishing town on the sea coast, whither we have retired (according to our annual custom) for a couple of months. It is a very delicious place; and I wish I could meet you on the beach in one of my long walks hereabouts.

The receipt of your letter gave me inexpressible pleasure. I have read the lines in which you recall our parting—many times[†4]—always with new interest, and a still more eager looking forward to that bright day when we shall meet again on this side of the ocean. For I make a point of taking it for granted that that day is to come, and is to come moderately soon. There is nothing like assuming a fact stoutly in such a case as this. The comfort is unspeakable.

When we sat down in our own dear old home again, we did just as you have[†5] imagined. I never in my life felt so keenly as on the night of our reaching it. When we had expended ourselves upon the children, I hurried away to see

Macready who had had charge of them in our absence.[†1] He was sitting in a dark room by an open window, and had no idea who it was, until I laid my hand upon his sleeve and spoke. Such a scene as we had then![†2] I hustled[†3] off to see another most intimate friend. He was dining out. Thereupon I drove to the place where he was dining; and admonishing the servant not to say who it was, told him to carry in the message that a gentleman wanted to speak to him. Guessing directly what it was, he came flying out of the house, got into the carriage, pulled up the window and began to cry. We had gone a couple of miles before he remembered he had left his hat behind him![†4]

It would have been worth going anywhere—far less going where I have gained such friends as you—to feel the affection and attachment I have been made sensible of in ten thousand quiet ways, since I came home. As to the pleasures of home itself; they are unspeakable.

We found our darlings heartily well; and delighted beyond all telling to see us. They were in bed, but we very quickly had them up, you may believe. Charley (our eldest boy) told his mother that he was "too glad," as indeed he was, for he soon afterwards fell into violent convulsions. Dr. Elliotson told us afterwards that the sudden joy had perfectly turned his brain and overthrown his system, and that he had never seen the like in a child. Thank God he soon got well again. I can see him now, from the window at which I am writing, digging up the sand on the shore with a very small spade, and compressing it into a perfectly impossible wheelbarrow. The cliffs being high and the sea pretty cold, he looks a mere dot in creation. It is extraordinary how many hopes and affections we may pile up on such a speck; small as it is.

I have decided on writing an account of my journeyings in America[†5] and am at this moment busily engaged upon the book. It will be published in a couple of volumes, either in October (I hope) or November next.

I shall be very curious and eager to get your first letter after reading it.[†1] As I fear I may miss the next packet even at the best, I must make this a very short epistle. But as I never should feel, though I made it a mile long, that I had said anything I want to say, I have the less scruple in closing it. Mrs. Dickens desires her best regards to yourself and Mrs. Chapman. The children, hearing us speak of you look very hard at this sheet of paper, and repeat the message. So I will add Mary's love and Katey's and Walter's, and take upon myself the responsibility of sending Charley's also.

God bless you, ever believe me, affectionately your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY AUGUST 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 279. *Date:* one of CD's "first announcements" from Broadstairs according to Forster, who dates it 18 July—mistakenly (the Broadstairs visit began 1 Aug).[†2] CD was clearly replying to a letter from Forster presumably written shortly after the departure for Broadstairs, since proofs of the Boston chapter (finished before 29 July: see *To* Mitton, 29 July, *fn*) could soon be expected.

The subjects at the beginning of the book are of that kind that I can't *dash* at them, and now and then they fret me in consequence.[†3] When I come to Washington, I am all right. The solitary prison at Philadelphia is a good subject, though; I forgot that for the moment. Have you seen the Boston chapter yet? ... I have never been in Cornwall either.[†4] A mine certainly; and a letter for that purpose shall be got from Southwood Smith.[†5] I have some notion of opening the new book in the lantern of a lighthouse![†6]

To THOMAS BEARD, 4 AUGUST 1842

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Broadstairs | Thursday Fourth August 1842.

My Dear Beard.

Thank you heartily for your thoughtfulness and consideration in the matter of Alfred.[†1] I have sent your note to him, by this Post.

I am looking out anxiously for your definite notice about that Month's holiday—for I say a Month, and down with the Baronet. This place is most beautiful just now: the weather being past all descriptive powers. Heavens, how crisp the water is—I bathed yesterday.

Ballard[†2] too has got me some Port Wine which is quite remarkable—for a place like this, really astonishing.

Regards from all | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 5 AUGUST 1842*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fifth August 1842.

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

That fatal direction over your name—or I should rather say that fatal address[†3]—includes my answer to your kind and welcome note. A Tiger with such a name as Dwarkanaught Tagore,[†4] is not an everyday animal. Can a pinch of salt be dropped upon his tail?

I seem to think that I have seen puppet-shows in the Streets, placarding the Drama of Dwarkanaught Tagore—I half remember having seen him at Astleys, clad in a Leopard Skin with Salmon-colored arms and legs, throwing summersets in the Ring, and performing such feats of strength as amazed everybody but that misbelieving clown. I in part believe that I have seen him made up in a very small parcel with his heels very close together, and his card on his breast, at the Egyptian Room in the British Museum. And again my treacherous memory conjures up his portrait in colours, cut from a sheet of Theatrical Characters, and pasted on the lamp of a baked potatoe[†5] stand, in the public street at night.

Dwarkanaught Tagore! What does the postman think of him—what does a long-stage coachman say, when he has him on the Waybill—what does his

washerwoman call him, when she mentions him to her friends—who gave him that name[†1]—had he godfathers and godmothers—or did some old Maniac of a Brahmin, drunk with the spirit of Rice, invent it?

Sometimes I think he is that grizzly Bear you spoke of—but then I remember that *he* came from America— not India. I have spelt it backwards, but it makes no less tremendous nonsense that way. He is a live hieroglyphic. I give him up.

I have hardly strength, after the exhaustion of this man, to beg my regards to Lady Blessington, and to Miss Power—and to say how very sorry I am— and how busy I am—for I have got into the very heart of my American Book, and night and day wish myself well through it.

Always Believe Me | Dear Count D'Orsay | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [HENRY] HALLAM,[†2] [?7 AUGUST 1842]

Mention in next.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 7 AUGUST 1842*

MS Mr Robert H. Taylor.

Broadstairs | Sunday Seventh August 1842.

My Dear Fred.

We shall find somebody or other, soon, to bring down the Accordion,[†3] I dare say.—By the bye, if you should see or hear from Fletcher, tell him I shall be very glad to see him in these Latitudes.[†4]

Let me have any Income Tax notices that may be left,[†5]—with all convenient speed.

Tell Topping that Mr. Handisyde[†6] has instructions to go into the dining

room whenever he pleases. And in case Hewett *should* call, and leave his card, I know I may rely on your going to see him forthwith, and directly writing to me. I would come to town immediately, for the pleasure of meeting him.[†1]

I inclose a note for Mr. Hallam, to whom one of those pamphlets[†2] I spoke to you about sending, was addressed. Let Topping take it.

And at your leisure will you call at that big floorcloth place in the Strand (near St. Clements)[†3] and make an appointment with somebody to meet you in Devonshire Terrace. I want to know whether the floorcloth in the Hall, be worth new-painting. If so, they may take it up and do it. If not, let them state the cost of a new one of the same Pattern.

Has Maclise's framer[†4] sent for the picture and prints in the little room? If not, let Topping take them. Maclise will give you the address.

One more commission—Will you tell Chapman and Hall (at any time that may suit you) that I want to know what it would cost to have gas carried into the Hall, and to have the Hall Lamp altered, for burning it.[†5] Their gas-fitter wod. perhaps be the best workman to survey the job, and tell me.

All well,—with loves | Affy. always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 AUGUST 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 280. *Date:* 7 Aug according to Forster.

I have been reading Tennyson[†6] all this morning on the seashore. Among other trifling effects, the waters have dried up as they did of old, and shown me

all the mermen and mermaids, at the bottom of the ocean;[†1] together with millions of queer creatures, half-fish and half-fungus, looking down into all manner of coral caves and seaweed conservatories; and staring in with their great dull eyes at every open nook and loophole.[†2] Who else, too, could conjure up such a close to the extraordinary and as Landor would say "most woonderful" series of pictures in the "dream of fair women," as—

> Squadrons and squares of men in brazen
> plates,
> Scaffolds, still sheets of water,
> divers woes,
> Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
> And hushed seraglios![†3]

I am getting on pretty well, but it was so glittering and sunshiny yesterday that I was forced to make holiday.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 10 AUGUST 1842

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs. | Wednesday Tenth August 1842.

My Dear Fred.

In consequence of a letter I have had from Alfred, I expect him down here by Monday's boat. I wish you would write to him by Thursday's post (the day you receive this) at Birmingham, and tell him that Topping will bring Georgina's[†4] parcel to him, on board the 9 o'Clock Ramsgate Boat. And I wish Topping would take "Belle"[†5] down too. I should like to have her here.

The accordion, *and* Kate's parcel, both arrived safely.

Love from all.

Have you got your leave yet?

Affecy. Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Dickens Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 AUGUST 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 280. *Date:* four days later than letter of 7 Aug according to Forster.

I have not written a word this blessed day. I got to New York yesterday,[†6]

and think it goes as it should .... Little doggy[†1] improves rapidly, and now jumps over my stick at the word of command. I have changed his name to Snittle Timbery, as more sonorous and expressive. He unites with the rest of the family in cordial regards and loves. *Nota Bene.* The Margate theatre is open every evening,[†2] and the Four Patagonians[†3] (see Goldsmith's *Essays*)[†4] are performing thrice a week at Ranelagh.[†5]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 14 AUGUST 1842*

MS Private; seen before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954; fragments (*aa*, *bb*) MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Broadstairs | Sunday Fourteenth August 42.

My Dear Mac

At the risk of awakening that suspicious resentment which always appears to fire your bosom when I give you an Invitation, I ask, I implore, I *recommend*[†6] you to come [a]down here. The beauty of the weather, the delicacy of the bathing, the crispness of the sea, and the charms of the Screamer,[†7] all cry "Come!"[a] Her swelling bosom and swelling other B invite you. Come! come! come! Had I three mouths I'd ask you.[†8]

[b]I want to know (with a view to the accuracy of a passage in[b] the Book I am writing) what an old Irishwoman would call a Burying Ground at home. Would she call that place in which the bones of her kindred lie—a Burying Ground— a Chapel Yard—or what. Mrs. Hall[†9] would call it a Cushla Ma Cree or a Ma Vourneen or an Obedadsir[†10]—but that's not what I mean, at all.[†11]

Tell me—and come.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN BLACK,[†1] 15 AUGUST 1842

Extract in John Heise catalogue No. 744 (1927); *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, Monday Fifteenth August 1842.

I see that Lord Londonderry advertizes a letter to Lord Ashley on the subject of mines and collieries.[†2] If you would like to have it noticed, and will send it to me, HERE, when it comes out, I shall be happy to review it.[†3] Faithfully yours always, My dear Sir

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. MAXWELL,[†4] 15 AUGUST [1842]*

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter. *Date:* 15 Aug was Monday in 1842.

Broadstairs | Monday Fifteenth August

My Dear Sir,

I was engaged to go to *Minster*[†5] early this morning[†6]—and I regret to say that in the hurry of getting away, I forgot to write to you. Pray excuse me.

I shall be at home to-morrow at half past one. If I should not see you then, I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 20 AUGUST 1842

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Broadstairs, Twentieth August 1842.

My Dear George

Don't be much after 10 O'Clock. I'll tell you why.—We will dine late, and make a Morning at Minster, where there is a good old Church.[†7] We will send

the Ladies there in a Fly—leaving them to start at a quarter before 12—and you, Maclise, Forster,[†1] and I, will start forthwith, to walk.

Always Faithfully Yours
BOZ

All manner of loves to Mrs. C—including mine.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 AUGUST 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 283; wrongly given as part of letter of 25 Sep. *Date: American Notes* was first advertised on Tues 30 Aug as to be published "in October next, in 2 vols"

(*Morning Chronicle*); CD presumably suggested the title to Forster a few days before (see *fn*).

What do you think of this for my title—*American Notes for General Circulation;* and of this motto?

"In reply to a question from the Bench, the Solicitor for the Bank observed, that this kind of notes circulated the most extensively, in those parts of the world where they were stolen and forged.[†2] *Old Bailey Report.*"[†3]

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 26 AUGUST 1842

Summary in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, Jan 1941; *MS* I p.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, 26 Aug 42. *Address* (envelope, MS Sotheby's, June 1962): Albany Fonblanque Esquire | 48 Connaught Square | Edgeware Road | London; PM 27 Aug 42 (clearly day of receipt).

Asking if he might borrow the letter he had written Fonblanque from Washington [†4] *to save himself the trouble of describing the scenes again.* [†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30 or 31 AUGUST 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 281. *Date:* "the opening of September" according to Forster; but news of the forged letter must have been sent to Forster before CD wrote about it to Felton and others on 1 Sep—on which day, moreover, he was in London, seeing Forster (*To* Felton, 1 Sep), and had no need to write. The *Emerald* from New York and *Columbia* from Boston both arrived at Liverpool 29 Aug, and mail should have reached Broadstairs on the 30th or 31st. Proofs of *American Notes,* Ch. 7, would almost certainly have arrived by 30 Aug (see *fn*).

The Philadelphia chapter I think very good,[†1] but I am sorry to say it has not made as much in print as I hoped.[†2] ... In America they have forged a letter with my signature, which they coolly declare appeared in the *Chronicle* with the copyright circular;[†3] and in which I express myself in such terms as you may imagine, in reference to the dinners and so forth. It has been widely distributed all over the States;[†4] and the felon who invented it is a "smart man" of

course. You are to understand that it is not done as a joke, and is scurrilously reviewed.[†1] Mr. Park Benjamin[†2] begins a lucubration upon it with these capitals, DICKENS IS A FOOL, AND A LIAR....[†3] I have a new protégé, in the person of a wretched deaf and dumb boy whom I found upon the sands the other day, half dead, and have got (for the present) into the union infirmary at Minster. A most deplorable case.

September

To MESSRS THOMAS BARGE JUNR & BROS,[†1] 1 SEPTEMBER 1842*

MS Dr Gordon N. Ray.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park London.
First September 1842.

Gentlemen.

I am much indebted to you for your obliging letter (which I should have acknowledged sooner, but that I have been absent from town)—and for its most ingenious inclosure.

I assure you that I shall be proud and happy to accept your proposed present. And that I am always
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Thomas Barge Junr. and Brothers.

To JOHN JAY,[†1] 1 SEPTEMBER 1842

Text from the *New York Independent*, 25 Dec 1879.

[Private]

Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, | Regent's Park, London,
First Sept., 1842

My Dear Sir,

I am greatly obliged to you for your letter and for the newspapers which accompanied it.[†2]

You know what the American press is. I need scarcely add that these passages purporting to have been written by me, to which you call my attention, are forgeries as false as our felons swing for. I have not contradicted them publicly, nor shall I do so. I had not been many weeks in America (no stranger can be) before I was amazed and repelled beyond expression by these instruments of public degradation. No deed of their doing would surprise me and no falsehood of their telling would move me into communication with them for an instant.

I am, my dear sir, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, [? 1 SEPTEMBER 1842]

Extract quoted in Clark *to* Robert Balmanno, [Oct 42], *Letters of Willis Gaylord Clark and Lewis Gaylord Clark*, ed. L. W. Dunlap, New York, 1940, p. 137 (*aa*); and extract

in *Knickerbocker Magazine*, Oct 42, XX, 395 (*bb*). *Date:* Subject and wording point to same day as last.

[a]You know what the American papers are. Is it necessary for me to say that the passages which have been published in my name are lies and forgeries? I have not contradicted them publicly, nor do I mean to do so. When I enter the lists of literature with such adversaries, I shall have left my self-respect without the Barrier.[a] †3

[b]I have not forgotten my promise†1 nor your patience. I *will* not forget either.[b]

To C. C. FELTON, 1 SEPTEMBER 1842†

MS (incomplete) Yale University Library; missing passage (*aa*) from typescript Harvard College Library. *Address:* By The Great Wester[n Steamer via Bristol] | Professor Fel[ton] | Ca[mbridge | Massachusetts | United States.]

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park London
First September 1842

My Dear Felton

Of course†2 that letter in the Papers was as foul a forgery as ever felon swung for. †b[You know what the American Press is, and are as little surprised as I am.†b

I have not contradicted it publicly, nor shall I.†3 When I tilt at such wringings-out of the dirtiest mortality, I shall be another man indeed—almost the creature they would make me.

I gave your message to Forster, who sends a despatch-box full of kind remembrances in return. He is in a great state of delight with the first Volume of my American Book (which I have just finished)†4—and swears loudly by it. It is *True*, and Honorable, †b[but they will like it the less for having those two obnoxious properties,†b I know. I shall hope to send it you, complete, by the First Steamer in November.

Your description of the Porter and the carpet bags,†5 prepares me for a first-rate facetious Novel, brim full of the richest humour, on which I have no doubt you are engaged. What is it called?—Sometimes I imagine the title-page thus:

OYSTERS
IN
EVERY STYLE
OR
OPENINGS
OF
LIFE.
BY
YOUNG DANDO†6

As to the man putting the luggage on his head, as a sort of sign—I adopt it from this hour.

I date this from London, where I have come, as a good profligate, graceless bachelor, for a day or two—leaving my wife and babbies at the Seaside, [†b]just as you leave Mrs. Felton and that pretty little daughter in the academic Groves of Cambridge, while you gallivant about New York.[†b] Heavens! If you were but here, at this minute! A piece of Salmon and a Steak are cooking in the kitchen—it's a very wet day, and I have had a fire lighted—the Wine sparkles on a side table—the room looks the more snug from being the only *un*dismantled one in the house[†1]—plates are warming for Forster and Maclise whose knock I am momentarily expecting—that groom I told you of,[†2] who never comes into the house, except when we are all out of town—is walking about, in his shirt sleeves, without the smallest consciousness of impropriety[†3]—and a great mound of proofs are waiting to be read aloud,[†4] after dinner. With what a shout I would clap you down into the easiest chair, my genial Felton, if you could but appear—and order you a pair of slippers instantly!—

Since I have written this, the aforesaid groom—a very small man (as the fashion is) with fiery red hair (as the fashion is *not*) has looked very hard at me, and fluttered about me at the same time, like a giant butterfly. After a pause, he says, in a Sam-Wellerish kind of way—"I vent to the Club this mornin' Sir. There vorn't no letters Sir"—"Very good, Topping"—"How's Missis Sir?"—"Pretty well, Topping"—"Glad to hear it Sir. *My* Missis an't wery vell Sir"—"No!"—"No Sir—She's a goin', Sir, to have a hin-crease[†5] wery soon, and it makes her rather nervous Sir; and ven a young 'ooman gets at all down upon her luck at sich a time Sir, she goes down wery deep Sir"—To this sentiment, I reply affirmatively. And then he adds, as he stirs the fire (as if he were thinking out loud) "Wot a mystery it is! Wot a go is Natur!"—with which scrap of philosophy, he gradually gets nearer to the door, and so fades out of the room.

This same man asked me one day, soon after I came home, [wh]at[†6] Sir John Wilson was. This is a friend of mine, who took our house [a]and servants, and everything as it stood, during our absence in America. I told him, an officer—"A wot Sir?"—"an officer"—and then, for fear he should think I meant a Police officer, I added—"an officer in the army". "I beg your pardon Sir", he said touching his hat, "but the club as I always drove him to, wos the United Servants".

The real name of this club is the United Service, but I have no doubt he

thought it was a High Life Below Stairs[†1] kind of resort, and that this gentleman was a retired Butler, or superannuated Footman.[a]

[†c]There's the knock—and the Great Western sails—or steams rather—tomorrow. Write soon again dear Felton, and ever believe me, [†b]with best regards from Kate to yourself and Mrs. Felton, in which I heartily join[†b]

Your Affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS[†c]

All good Angels prosper Dr. Howe's Courtship![†2] He, at least, will not like me the less, I hope, for what I shall say of Laura.[†3]

To T. C. GRATTAN, 1 SEPTEMBER 1842

Extract in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue No. 1583; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 1 Sep 42.

Everybody is cursing the Income Tax,[†4] except the men to whom it gives places ... You will have seen that I have followed up the International Copyright question, and that they have forged a letter under my hand in the American

papers—which does not startle me in the least. Nothing but Honesty or common sense would startle me, from such a quarter.

To JACOB HARVEY,[†1] 1 SEPTEMBER 1842

Text from Harry B. Smith, *A Sentimental Library*, privately printed, [New York], 1914, p. 88.

Says that he received Harvey's letter just before he embarked for England.

I always seek, in drawing characters, for a mixture of Good and Evil, as the Almighty has created human character after that fashion. It is commonly one of the weaknesses of my characters that they drink spirituous liquors—just because that is one of the weaknesses of real men. They do not prosper in their fortunes *because* of this taste (far from it), but in spite of it, through their better natures. I certainly do not advocate Temperance Doctrines, and on this plain ground: my reason and sense of justice are not at all convinced that men who can drink without abuse and excess should be deprived of the enjoyment of drinking in moderation because there are a vast number of men in the world who do not know what moderation is. A great many good qualities and a great many genial feelings are brought out in good men by a cheerful glass. I think Temperance may be as immoderate and irrational in its way as abuse is in *its* way; and what is called Total Abstinence is, in my opinion, a good thing ridden to death—just as Drunkenness is.... I learn that the New York newspapers have been forging some passages under my hand. Nothing that American newspapers can do (unless they should chance on something honest or becoming a decent state of society) would surprise me in the least.

To R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,[†2] 1 SEPTEMBER 1842

Extract in R. S. Mackenzie, *Life of CD,* Philadelphia, [1870], p. 219; dated "First September, 1842".

I am greatly obliged to you for your note and its accompanying Paper,[†3] which is indeed a phenomenon. The announcement[†4] you allude to had attracted

my attention. We shall see a hundred others of the same family, and we shall continue to see them until we die.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 1 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday First September 1842.

My Dear Mac

Come here at a quarter before 3 tomorrow, to meet John Forster and

Yours ever faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS MITTON, 4 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Fourth September 1842 | Sunday.

My Dear Mitton

I quite forgot yesterday, to bring down some money with me. Will you get a bank-note for the inclosed,[†1] and send it me by Post?

I am happy to say that Chapman and Hall, and Bradbury and Evans opine that I was doing too much for the money—so that the first Volume will end with Washington, and the second begin with the black driver[†2]—which is a great help.

Faithfully Always
CD.

I am very unwell with a disordered stomach and a Beastly sickness.

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 5 SEPTEMBER 1842*

MS University of Iowa Libraries. *Address:* Albany Fonblanque Esquire | 48 Connaught Square, Edgeware Road, London.

Broadstairs | Fifth September 1842.

My Dear Fonblanque

Many thanks for the inclosed.[†1] I shall hope to send you my book, pretty early in October.

Always Faithfully Yours | My Dear Fonblanque

CHARLES DICKENS

Albany Fonblanque Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 SEPTEMBER 1842*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Tuesday Sixth September | 1842.

My Dear Henry.

Do you happen to have by you, in a semi-tindery state, the letter I wrote you from Niagara?[†2] I know it is not at all likely that you have, but *if*[†3] you have, will you lend it me? I should like to refer to it, when I come to that part of my "Voyages and Travels".[†4]

With love to Letitia, in which Kate and all the babbies join,

Believe me always | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire

To JOHN S. BARTLETT, 6 SEPTEMBER 1842*

MS Doheny Memorial Library, California. *Address:* By the British Queen Steam Packet. | Doctor Bartlett | Office of | The Albion Newspaper | New York | United States | Private.

Private. [†5]

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park London.[†6]

Sixth September 1842.

My Dear Sir

I am greatly indebted to you for your letter,[†7] which does honor to yourself and to the Proprietors of the Journal over which you preside. I beg you to thank them in my name, and to assure them of my respect and obligation.

I cannot, however, enter into any such arrangement as that which you propose; nor can I submit it to other English Authors.

I decline to do so, simply because so long as the Law remains in its present state (and it will outlast our time) I shall rigidly abide by the determination I have publicly expressed,[†1] never to enter into any negociation for the transmission across the Atlantic, of early Proofs of anything I may write—because I object to addressing any book of mine to the American people, or recognizing them as Patrons of

Literature, while they cling to the present system—and because I will not make an appeal to them, which I believe, with a penny's-weight in the other scale, they would certainly reject.

I am not the less obliged to you for this honorable and worthy carrying-out of the spirit you manifested in our first communication. And I am

My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Doctor Bartlett.

To THOMAS BEARD, 8 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Broadstairs | Thursday Eighth September 1842

My Dear Beard

When is that jolly old Baronet (may Jackasses sit upon his Grandfather's grave!)[†2] coming home? Here is the bathing, in a most unprecedented state— the Punch, toothsome beyond description—the Ranelagh Gardens[†3] exulting in the Proprietorship of a family of Tumblers, called "The Five Patagonians"— the Theatre open at Margate—all manner of breeziness, freshness, and waviness going on—and no Beard! Again I ask, when does Fir Grove[†4] come on to Dunsinane?—and pause for a reply.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To G. L. CHESTERTON, 11 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address: Private* |—Chesterton Esquire | Middlesex House of Correction | Coldbath Fields | London.

Private.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Eleventh September | 1842.

My Dear Sir

In my Book on America, I purpose introducing this note.[†1] Please to tell me in one line (directed here, where I am enjoying myself quietly, until the end of the Month) whether there is anything in it, you would desire to be altered or omitted.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Chesterton Esquire

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 11 SEPTEMBER 1842*

MS University of Texas.

Private.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Eleventh September | 1842.

My Dear Sir.

In my book on America, I purpose introducing this note.[†2] Please to inform me, in one line (directed here, where I am staying quietly, until the end of the Month) whether there is anything in it, you would wish altered or omitted.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Tracey Esquire

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 12 SEPTEMBER 1842

Mention in American Art Association catalogue No. 3891; dated Broadstairs, 12 Sep 42; signed initials.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 14 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourteenth September 1842.

My Dear Ainsworth.

The inclosed has been sent to me by a young gentleman in Devonshire[†1] (of whom I know no more than that I have occasionally, at his request, read, and suggested amendments in, some of his writings) with a special petition that I would recommend it to you for insertion in your Magazine.

I think it very pretty, and I have no doubt you will also. But it is Poetry, and may be too long.

He is a very modest young fellow, and has decided ability.

I hope when I come home at the end of the Month, we shall foregather more frequently. Of course you are working, tooth and nail;[†2] and of course I am.

Kate joins me in best regards to yourself, and all your house (not forgetting, but especially remembering my old friend Mrs. Touchett).[†3] And I am always

My Dear Ainsworth
Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 SEPTEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 281. *Date:* 14 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I have pleased myself very much to-day in the matter of Niagara.[†4] I have made the description very brief (as it should be), but I fancy it is good.[†5] I am beginning to think over the introductory chapter,[†6] and it has meanwhile occurred to me that I should like, at the beginning of the volumes, to put what follows on a blank page. *I dedicate this Book to those friends of mine in America, who, loving their country, can bear the truth, when it is written good humouredly and in a kind spirit.* What do you think? Do you see any objection?[†7]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 16 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Broadstairs | Sixteenth September 1842.

My Dear Sir

All right. That is the kind of extract I want.[†1] Mr. Forster seems to have got it into his head (and the quantity of hair he wears, probably prevents its coming out again) that I mean to use them for a separate chapter, and that they are not strong enough for such a purpose. Whereas I want them for the chapter on Slavery, as an Illustration of the State of Society in the Slave Districts.[†2]

Read the inclosed Letter from Mr. Prescott.[†3] I think it probable that a book of which *he* speaks so highly, is likely to be a creditable work. What do you say to it?[†4]

Summer is come again. Such a day as it is is here, this blessed sixteenth of September!

I suppose the Co. are tremendously busy, furnishing that house.[†5] Let them

be careful, for we will be down upon them in the way of criticism (you and I, I mean) when the Warming comes off.

How is Mrs. Chapman? Tell her with my love, that I have ordered a Mug, and should be glad to know whether it is to be engraved for a Boy or a Girl.[†1] *I* say, a boy. Sometimes I think of twins, in which case there must be two mugs.

At the end of the month we had better advertize, I suppose, for the 20th. of October.[†2] There is no doubt, please God, of our being punctual to that day, easily.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 SEPTEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 281 (*aa*), written "before the end of the month",[†3] and extract in F, III, viii, 279 (*bb*), dated 16 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

[a] For the last two or three days I have been rather slack in point of work; not being in the vein.[†4] To-day I had not written twenty lines before I rushed out (the weather being gorgeous) to bathe. And when I have done that, it is all up with me in the way of authorship until to-morrow. The little dog is in the highest spirits; and jumps, as Mr. Kenwigs would say, perpetually.[†5] I have had letters by the Britannia from Felton, Prescott, Mr. Q., and others, all very earnest and kind. I think you will like what I have written on the poor emigrants and their ways as I literally and truly saw them on the boat from Quebec to Montreal.[a †6]

[b] At the Isle of Thanet races yesterday I saw—oh! who shall say what an immense amount of character in the way of inconceivable villainy and black-guardism! I even got some new wrinkles in the way of showmen, conjurors, pea-and-thimblers,[†7] and trampers generally. I think of opening my new book

on the coast of Cornwall, in some terribly dreary iron-bound spot.[†1] I hope to have finished the American book before the end of next month;[†2] and we will then together fly down into that desolate region.[b]

To PHILIP HONE,[†3] 16 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* By Steam Packet. | Philip Hone Esquire | New York | United States.

Broadstairs, Kent. England. | Sixteenth September 1842.

My Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for your friendly letter, which I have received with real pleasure.[†4] It reached me last night, being forwarded from London

to this sea-side Fishing town, where we are enjoying ourselves quietly, until the end of the month. I answer it without an hour's delay, though I fear my reply may lie at the Post office some days, before it finds a Steampacket to convey it across the ocean.

The letter to which you refer, is, from beginning to end, in every word and syllable, the cross of every t, and the dot of every i, a most wicked and nefarious Forgery. I have never published one word or line in reference to America, in any quarter whatever, except the Copyright Circular. And the unhung Scoundrel who invented that astounding Lie, knew this as well as I do.

It has caused me more pain, and more of a vague desire to take somebody by the throat, than such an act should, perhaps, have awakened in any honorable man. But I have not contradicted it publicly: deeming that it would not become my character or elevate me in my own self-respect, to do so.

I shall hope to send for your acceptance next month, my "American Notes".[†1] Meanwhile and always, and with cordial remembrances to all friends, I am My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Philip Hone Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 SEPTEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 281. *Date:* 20 Sep according to Forster. *From* Broadstairs.

I don't quite see my way towards an expression in the dedication of any feeling in reference to the American reception.[†2] Of course I have always intended to glance at it, gratefully, in the end of the book; and it will have its place in the introductory chapter, if we decide for that.[†3] Would it do to put in,

after "friends in America," *who giving me a welcome I must ever gratefully and proudly remember, left my judgment free, and* who, loving, &c. If so, so be it.[†1]

To THOMAS MITTON, 21 SEPTEMBER 1842†

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Twenty First September 1842.

My Dear Mitton

I am very glad indeed to have heard from you, for I began to wonder where you were, and whether some country practitioner on whom you called with a large sum of money in your pocket-book, could possibly have laid violent hands on you in his Private Office.

[†a]Emma Picken (as wos)[†2] and her husband[†3] are here, as you have heard.[†4] But [ ] no more. But Fred,[†5] I believe has seen something of them, and danced with her in her Honey Moon Hops[†6] at the Ranelagh Gardens.[†7a]

I am going on rarely I hope. We intend to publish on the Twentieth of next month, please God. There is great curiosity afloat in all directions, about the book. I have made no arrangement in reference to it,[†1] nor shall I; but I think in all these matters, their[†2] interests and mine must be *a little* more identified than you think.

All well and hearty—A regatta here today, and a great flying of bright flags—let me know when you return to town.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 SEPTEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 282. *Date:* in the last week of Sep according to Forster; but clearly the day after the Broadstairs regatta (see last).

I send you proofs as far as Niagara.... I am rather holiday-making this week ... taking principal part in a regatta here yesterday, very pretty and gay indeed. We think of coming up in time for Macready's opening,[†3] when perhaps you will give us a chop; and of course you and Mac will dine with *us* the next day? I shall leave nothing of the book to do after coming home, please God, but the two chapters on slavery and the people[†4] which I could manage easily in a week, if need were.[†5] ... The policeman who supposed the Duke of Brunswick[†6] to be

one of the swell mob,[†1] ought instantly to be made an inspector.[†2] The suspicion reflects the highest credit (I seriously think) on his penetration and judgment.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 25 SEPTEMBER 1842

Text from Goodspeeds Book Shop monthly bulletin, n.d.

Broadstairs, | Sunday, twenty-fifth September, 1842

My Dear Henry,

I inclose you the Niagara letter,[†3] with many thanks for the loan of it.

Pray tell Mr. Chadwick[†4] that I am greatly obliged to him for his remembrance of me, and that I heartily concur with him in the great importance and interest of the subject[†5]—though I do differ from him, to the death, on his crack topic, the new Poor Law.[†6]

I had been turning my thoughts to this very item in the condition of American

towns, and have put their present defects strongly before the American people.[†1] Therefore I shall read his report with the greater interest and attention.

We return next Saturday night. If you will dine with us next day, or any day in that week, we shall be truly glad and delighted to see you.

Let me know here, what day you will come.

I need scarcely say that I shall joyfully talk with you about the Metropolitan Improvement Society,[†2] then, or at any time—and with love to Letitia in which Kate and the babies join, I am always

My dear Henry, | Affectionately Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

The childrens'[†3] present names are as follows:

Katey (from a lurking propensity to fiery-ness)
Mamey (as generally descriptive of her bearing)
Charley (as a corruption of Master Toby)
Walter (suggested by his high cheek bones)

Each is pronounced with a peculiar howl, which I shall have great pleasure in illustrating.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 SEPTEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 283. *Date:* three days later than letter of 22 Sep according to Forster.

For the last two days we have had gales blowing from the north-east, and seas rolling on us that drown the pier. To-day it is tremendous. Such a sea was never known here at this season, and it is running in at this moment in waves of twelve feet high. You would hardly know the place. But we shall be punctual to your dinner hour on Saturday.[†1] If the wind should hold in the same quarter, we may be obliged to come up by land; and in that case I should start the caravan at six in the morning.[†2]

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Broadstairs | Twenty Sixth September 1842

My Dear Mr. Rogers.

May I appoint tomorrow evening instead of tonight, for the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. Maltby?[†3] If I may, I pledge myself to walk eight miles tonight; detect Talfourd ensconced in fancied security in the Margate Theatre to see the Athenian Captive[†4] (at least, I fondly hope so); and report fully to you tomorrow, over our tea table.

It would be a brilliant thing to take him in the act; and it is well worth the effort. Is it not?[†5]

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [27 SEPTEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 280. *Date:* Forster implies that this was written in Aug; but since Betty's first performance in *The Athenian Captive* in this Margate season was on 26 Sep, CD must have been writing the day after the planned visit mentioned in *To* Rogers, 26 Sep.

Now you really must come. Seeing only is believing, very often isn't that, and even Being the thing falls a long way short of believing it. Mrs Nickleby[†1] herself once asked me, as you know, if I really believed there ever was such a woman; but there'll be no more belief, either in me or my descriptions, after what I have to tell of our excellent friend's tragedy, if you don't come and have it played again for yourself "by particular desire." We saw it last night, and oh! if you had but been with us! Young Betty,[†2] doing what the mind of man without my help never *can* conceive, with his legs like padded boot-trees wrapped up in faded yellow drawers, was the hero. The comic man of the company enveloped in a white sheet, with his head tied with red tape like a brief and greeted with yells of laughter whenever he appeared, was the venerable priest.[†3] A poor toothless old idiot at whom the very gallery roared with contempt when he was called a tyrant, was the remorseless and aged Creon. And Ismene, being arrayed in spangled muslin trowsers very loose in the legs and very tight in the ankles, such as Fatima would wear in *Blue Beard*, was at her appearance immediately called upon for a song. After this, can you longer ...?

To HENRY AUSTIN, 28 SEPTEMBER 1842*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Twenty Eighth September 1842.

My Dear Henry

Young Methusaleh[†4] will put the initiatory dish on, at half past five, sharp.[†5]

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire

To HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 28 SEPTEMBER 1842

MS Longfellow House, Cambridge, Massachusetts. *Address:* M: W. H. Longfellow | Poste Restante | Bruges.

Broadstairs, Kent.
Twenty Eighth September Eighteen Forty Two.

My Dear Longfellow.

How stands it about your visit, do you say?[†1] Thus.—Your bed is waiting to be slept in, the door is gaping hospitably to receive you, I am ready to spring towards it with open arms at the first indication of a Longfellow knock or ring; and the door, the bed, I, and everybody else who is in the secret, have been expecting you for the last month.

The tortures of the mind that I have undergone—and all along of you—since I have been down here; a term of nine weeks!—The imaginings I have had of the possibility of your knocking at my door in London without notice, and finding nobody there, but an old woman who is remarkable for nothing but a face of unchangeable dirtiness—the misgivings that have come across me of your being, successively, in every foreign steamer that has passed these windows, homeward bound, since the first of last month—the horrible possibilities that have flashed across me of your shipping yourself aboard a Cunard Packet in gloomy desperation, and steaming back to Boston—the hideous train of Fancies from which your letter has relieved me, baffle all description.

My address in town (I shall be there, please God, next Saturday) is No. 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park. But if you can manage to write and tell me when you will arrive in London, and by what conveyance, I will be there to meet you. This will be by far the best plan, so arrange it in that way, if you can. If you cannot, I shall look for you at home, and be ready for you.[†2]

I send you the circular you speak of. I addressed it to every person connected with Literature, who is at all known in England. It has made a great noise here, and will strip the Privateers of all *exclusive* profit in time to come. The forged letter of which Felton speaks, was published in the New York Papers, with a statement that I had addressed it to the Editor of the London Morning Chronicle, who had published it in his columns. I disparaged America very much in this production, and girded at my own reception. You know what the American Press is, and will be, I dare say, as little surprised at this outrage as I was. Still, it exasperated me (I am of rather a fierce turn, at times) very much; and I walked about for a week or two, with a vague desire to take somebody by the throat and shake him—which was rather feverish.

I have decided (perhaps you know this?) to publish my American Visit. By

the time you come to me, I hope I shall have finished writing it.[†1] I have spoken very honestly and fairly; and I know that those in America for whom I care, will like me the better for the book. A great many people, I dare say, will like me infinitely the worse, and make a Devil of me, straightway.[†2]

Rogers is staying here, and begs me to commend him to you, and to say that he has made me pledge myself, on pain of non forgiveness ever afterwards, to carry you to see him without loss of time, when you come among us.[†3] Among other pleasant enjoyments we shall have together, and to which I look eagerly forward, I think I can promise you that we shall see Shakespeare on the stage as never he was seen before.[†4]

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial remembrances to you. And I am always
My Dear Longfellow | Faithfully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I have heard thrice from Felton, whom I love; and once from Prescott. I am sorry to see that Sumner, in the North American, speaks slightingly of

Tennyson.[†1] Good God how strange it seems to me that anyone can do that— though many do.

To THOMAS MITTON, 28 SEPTEMBER 1842*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London.

Broadstairs | Twenty Eighth September 1842.

My Dear Mitton

I suppose it will be best to let him[†2] have the Cheque.[†3]—He has been living, it seems, in a cottage adjoining the old one,[†4] which he rented, furnished, at Twelve Shillings Pr. week.

I will call upon you on Monday—either between four and five, or between Seven and Eight.
Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 SEPTEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 283. *Date:* Forster makes two contradictory statements— that this letter was written on 25 Sep, and that he received it "on the last day of the month". The second is obviously correct: CD was writing the day before he left Broadstairs, and was leaving on Fri 30 Sep instead of Sat 1 Oct.

Strange as it may appear to you, the sea is running so high that we have no choice but to return by land. No steamer can come out of Ramsgate, and the Margate boat lay out all night on Wednesday with all her passengers on board. You may be sure of us therefore on Saturday at 5, for I have determined to

leave here to-morrow, as we could not otherwise manage it in time; and have engaged an omnibus to bring the whole caravan by the overland route.[†1] ... We cannot open a window, or a door; legs are of no use on the terrace; and the Margate boats can only take people aboard at Herne Bay!

October

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 OCTOBER 1842]

Extract in F, III, viii, 283. *Date:* 5 Oct according to Forster.

I want you very much to come and dine to-day that we may repair to Drurylane together;[†2] and let us say half-past four, or there is no time to be comfortable. I am going out to Tottenham this morning, on a cheerless mission I would willingly have avoided. Hone, of the *Every Day Book*,[†3] is dying;[†4] and sent Cruikshank yesterday to beg me to go and see him, as, having read no books but mine of late, he wanted to see and shake hands with me before (as George said) "he went". There is no help for it, of course; so to Tottenham I repair,[†5]

this morning. I worked all day, and till midnight; and finished the slavery chapter[†1] yesterday.

To THOMAS MITTON, [6 OCTOBER 1842]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* On Thurs 6 Oct CD took Longfellow to Drury Lane to see *As You Like It* (Macready, *Diaries,* II, 185); Longfellow had evidently arrived the night before, having left Belgium on 4 Oct (see *To* Longfellow, 28 Sep, *fn*). *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Mitton

I am paralyzed by having to tell you, that the American Professor whom I expected on the 10th. suddenly made his appearance here, last night. Hence I am captive today—in which light I would have considered myself on no less compulsion, as you will readily suppose.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To A[NDREW] B[ELL], [9] OCTOBER 1842*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Address:* To | A. B.[†2] *Date:* Sunday was 9 Oct in 1842.

Sunday Morning | October the Eighth. Forty two.

Dear Sir

I was aware of the *cause* of the preponderance in the representation, possessed by the Slave owners. But as it has its origin in the principle of representing Property (which finds favor here) I thought it would, with some persons, weaken the case, to state it.[†3]

I have called the drivers "Coachmen", simply because I know it will annoy them;[†1] and they deserve[†2] to be annoyed for such absurdities.

You will see that I have made an insertion relative to their sleeping in Iron Collars[†3]—though that was expressed in their wearing them, as it is not a kind of hosiery which is easily put on and taken off, or frequently sent to the Wash.

I am much obliged to you for your suggestions.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To A.B.

To [?WILLIAM HALL], [?9] OCTOBER 1842

Extract in John Waller catalogue No. 142 (1884); dated 8 Oct 42; signed "D" according to catalogue, but presumably "CD". *Address:* since the visit was to return proofs and dining had been suggested, probably to William Hall, the partner in Chapman & Hall usually concerned with business arrangements (see references to dining with him in Vol. II, pp. 50 and 97). *Date:* probably 9 not 8 Oct (see last).

My American friend is going out on Monday evening.[†4] I can't dine with you; but I will be with you laden with proofs, at 7 exactly.

Faithfully yours ever
[CD.]

To MISS C. LE GRAND, 9 OCTOBER 1842

Mention in American Art Association catalogue No. 3823; *MS* I p., 3rd person; dated London, 9 Oct 42.

Acknowledging the receipt of her work, and thanking her for the compliment of her dedication.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 9 OCTOBER 1842

Extract in S. J. Davey catalogue No. 6336 (1893); *MS* I p.; dated 9 Oct 42.

I have looked over your sketches with very great pleasure; and have been quite charmed with their fidelity and their artistical merits.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 OCTOBER 1842]

Mention in F, III, viii, 283-4.[†5]

To LADY BLESSINGTON, [13 OCTOBER 1842]*

Photograph, Longfellow House. *Date:* Letter is endorsed "October 13, 1842", a Thursday.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning

Dear Lady Blessington

Professor Longfellow, the best of the American Poets, (and a gentleman also, which latter recommendation it may be well to add), is staying with me on his way home from the Continent of Europe; and is very desirous to have the honor of being presented to you. May I bring him to Gore House some morning, for that purpose?[†1] *I warrant him, not a Penciller by the way.*[†2]

I beg my best regards to Miss Power[†3] and to Count D'Orsay. And am always

Dear Lady Blessington

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington.

To THOMAS HOOD, 13 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth October 1842.

My Dear Hood.

I can (and will) give you a copy of the American book, next Monday.[†1] It will not be in the hands of any other friend I have, until Tuesday night.

I will bring it myself about noon on Monday; and with it, if you will let me, Professor Longfellow of Boston (whose poetry you may have seen) who, admiring you as all good and true men do, wants to know you.[†2]

Peter Parley[†3] is a scoundrel and a Liar; and if he would present himself at my door, he would, as he very well knows, be summarily pitched into the street.[†4] That fellow, Hood, came to me at Washington, at his own request;[†5] brought papers and documents, and many dismal lamentations on the International

robbery; got at my views on the subject, and heard me speak in full frankness and confidence; and then—went away to Boston, †a*and presided at that Meeting,*†6 *where the Resolution was passed, that the Law must not be changed, for if it were, American Editors could not alter English books.*†7a I was immediately informed of this, by Mr. Felton, Greek Professor at the American

Cambridge, and the best fellow in the States. I was so astonished at Parley's baseness (though before God, it was very American and tradesmen-like) that I wrote back to Felton, and besought him to be quite sure that there was no mistake.†1 He returned for answer that the only gentleman†2 present, who had spirit enough to protest against the proceedings, assured him, upon his honor, that he stood on Parley's right hand, and Parley filled the chair. Wherefore I will ever proclaim said Parley to be a Scoundrel.†3

I saw Grattan's speech.†4 He is a very false and time-serving fellow. He lives by those qualities, and is worth nothing but contempt.†5

Ever since we have been at home, my other half has been gradually filtering away, through the medium of a cold in her head. Directly she has anything solid about her, she is coming to make friends with Mrs. Hood. I hope it may be on Monday. The sooner the better, *she* says. And so do I, with all my heart.

My Dear Hood | Always Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hood Esquire

To FREDERICK MARRYAT, 13 OCTOBER 1842

MS Harvard College Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth October 1842

My Dear Marryatt

Many thanks for your famous book;†6 over which I have been chuckling, and

grinning, and clenching my fists, and becoming warlike, for three whole days last past.

I have delayed acknowledging its receipt, that I might send you, at the same time, my American Volumes. But as I shall not be able to do so, I find, until Tuesday, I despatch this Thankful and Congratulatory Epistle first.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Stanfield tells me you have taken to drinking Cold Water in the morning. So have I. One of our pumps is dry, and the other drying, I drink so much of it.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 13 OCTOBER 1842

Extract from unidentified source; dated 13 Oct 42.

Longfellow is with us; we have taken many Expeditions; to Rochester: to the prisons: among tramps and thieves in the Mint lodging houses.[†1]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 14 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday October Fourteenth | Forty Two.

My Dear Henry.

Here are a plump brace of partridges and a stewed steak, on table today at half past five—and nobody to partake of them but the phlegmatic Poet. Can you come and assist?[†2]

Affectionately Always

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire Love to Tish.[†3]

To MRS HENRY BURNETT, [?14 OCTOBER 1842]†

MS Dickens House. *Date:* during the week before publication of *American Notes.* Envelope (MS Private), postmarked Manchester 15 Oct 42 (day of receipt), presumably belongs with this letter. *Address:* Mrs. Henry Burnett | 3 Elm Terrace | Higher Ardwick | Manchester.

...[†1] [†a]working people living in it. He[†2] seems to be somewhat of that opinion himself ...

... to you all.[†a]

I don't think it probable that I shall have a copy of my American book until Tuesday. On Tuesday night, I will send you, by the Mail train, a Parcel containing its two volumes, and Barnaby. The orders for it from the trade already, are much larger than have ever been known since Scott's time—taking off 3000 copies in two days, a week before its publication.

Make our affectionate remembrance to Burnett, and the children.—Harry,[†3] I suppose, is almost marriageable by this time.

Your affectionate brother

CHARLES DICKENS

Why don't you put your address in your letters?

To EDWARD JESSE,[†4] 14 OCTOBER 1842

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1909; *MS* I p.; dated 14 Oct 42.

To MISS [THOMASINA] ROSS,[†5] 14 OCTOBER 1842

Mention in N, I, 482.

To JONATHAN CHAPMAN, 15 OCTOBER 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* By Mail Steamer. | The Honorable Jonathan Chapman | Boston | Massachusetts | United States.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Fifteenth October 1842.

My Dear Friend.

I was heartily glad to see your hand-writing when the Cunard Boat which brought your letter, came in. And I was heartily glad to read it—not the less

so, because it led me to the belief that your tenderness for me was keener and less bold[†1] than any anxiety you would ever entertain for yourself.[†2]

In lieu of the American people (or the worst among them) as a mass, consider them, for a moment, as a man. If you could only retain the friendship of an Individual by the sacrifice of everything which elevates you in your own respect—by fearing to speak the Truth—by keeping a timid silence—by debating within yourself at every turn, as though he were a rich relation, "will he like this; will he be angry if I say that; will he find out that I am but a toy for his amusement, if I do the other"—would you seek to hold it, for a day? If I know you, No. Neither would I. And because I claim to have been kindly received in America, by reason of something I had done to amuse its people and prepossess them in my favor; and not with reference to something I was not to do; therefore I write about its people, and write freely. And as I have never been deterred by hopes of promotion or visions of greatness, from pointing out abuses at home, so no amount of popular breath shall blow me from my purpose, if I see fit to point out what in my judgment are abuses abroad. And if my being an honest man, bring down caprice, and weathercock fickleness, and the falsest kind of insult on my head, what matters it to me—or to you—or to any man who is worth the name, and, being right, can look down on the crowd, and whistle while they hiss?

What is to prevent my writing? The certainty of not pleasing them. How does the certainty appear? By every claim I have upon them being disregarded and cast ruthlessly aside, at the printed bidding of some abandoned fellow; and aspersions being greedily believed which make me out a lying adventurer.[†3] My dear Chapman, if we yielded to such reasons or such men as these; in five year's[†4] time there would be no such thing as Truth in the world; and from that hour downward, her cause would be a hopeless, desperate venture.

I am well convinced that in your heart of hearts, you think and feel with me. I am well convinced that there is not, in my book, one solitary line in which you, and such as you, will not most thoroughly concur. I dispassionately believe that in the slow fulness of time, what I have written, will have some effect in purging your community of evils which threaten its very existence. And I know that it is written kindly and good-humouredly; and that I have never, for an instant, suffered myself to be betrayed into a hasty or unfair expression, or one I shall, at any time, regret.[†1] Believe me, my dear friend, the fact is literally so; and that you will find it so, to your entire contentment. And when you meet with evidences of a change in the popular opinion towards me, is it not enough to say within yourself, "if he had not brought about that change himself, he would not be the man who is my friend, but would be some other fellow whom I could hear dispraised with supreme indifference"?

Longfellow from Cambridge is staying with us just now, and will return, I believe, by the Great Western next Saturday. I shall charge him with a copy of my book for you. I have caused my publishers to take such precautions as will prevent (I hope) its reaching America by the Steamer which will bring you this letter.[†2]

Our darlings are all well, and send all manner of messages in broken English, to yours. Mrs. Dickens joins me in cordial and sincere remembrances to yourself, and to Mrs. Chapman.[†1] And I am always—stay; not always—conditionally—conditionally on your not, at any future time, talking about the length of your letters, or committing any such monstrous absurdity—Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. PRESCOTT, 15 OCTOBER 1842†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* By Mail Steamer | W. H. Prescott Esquire | Boston | Massachusetts | United States.

Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park London
Fifteenth October 1842.

My Dear Prescott.

My publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, will be happy to republish that book of which you speak: requiring no better commendation of it, than your description of its merits.[†2] [†a]They are exceedingly anxious to treat with you for the purchase of your new history; and I can distinctly say, from every day's knowledge and experience, that they are perfectly truthful, reliable, and honorable men in all their dealings.

Perhaps you don't know—if you do not, it is right you should—that Bentley advertizes himself as the Publisher, on this side, of the History aforesaid.[†3] But if he have done so, without authority, do not be

disturbed; for the bookseller, whomsoever he may prove, to whom you send early proofs, will anticipate and stop him, beyond all kind of question.[†4][†a]

Longfellow is staying with me; and has been for some days. He thinks of returning by the Great Western on this day week. I shall charge him with a copy of my American Notes for you.[†1] I have no fear but they will find favor in your eyes, though they may not in those of the mass.[†2]

[†b]With best regards to your father[†1] and mother,[†2] and to all friends. Believe me My Dear Prescott,

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†b]

W. H. Prescott Esquire.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 15 OCTOBER [1842]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* 15 Oct was Saturday in 1842; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Fifteenth Octr.

My Dear Sir

Our letters crossed.—For Heaven's sake, put the virtuous boy between those dismal blinkers, instantly.

We will carry you home in a hackney Coach on Monday Evening, and take up our friend, the Warden, in the same conveyance. Nothing can do better.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Lieutenant Tracey
&c &c &c

To EDWARD MOXON,[†3] 17 OCTOBER [1842]

MS copy, Massachusetts Historical Society. *Address:* Edward Moxon Esquire | Dover Street | Piccadilly; postmark 17 Oct 42.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Seventeenth October

My Dear Sir.

Mr. Longfellow, the best of the American Poets, (as I have no doubt you know) is staying with me and wishes to see you on the subject of republishing his verses.[†4]

We breakfast with Mr. Rogers tomorrow morning, and will call upon you, if convenient to yourself, when we leave his house.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Moxon Esquire

To MRS HENRY BURNETT, 18 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

In great haste
Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth October 42.

Dear Fanny

I send you the books by tonights[†1] Mail. As I have made great efforts to baulk the American Pirates by not suffering the American Volumes to go out by tomorrow's boat,[†2] be very careful to keep them strictly to yourself and Henry until Thursday.

Affy. always
CD.

To THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, 18 OCTOBER 1842

Extract in unidentified bookseller's catalogue, n.d., Eastgate House, Rochester; dated 18 Oct 42.

Since I received your letter Mrs Dickens wrote to W. Patison's Hotel[†3] begging Miss Fisher[†4] to come and stay here.... Joe Miller[†5] whom you ask about was a Canadian dyspeptic who was ill the whole way home, and who, in the midst of apparently strong health, would suddenly fall head first into a bucket on deck and be horribly sick.

To GEORGE W. PUTNAM, 18 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* By Mail Steamer. | Mr. George. W. Putnam | Salem | Massachusetts | United States.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park London
Eighteenth October 1842.

Dear Mr. Putnam

I received the parcel you sent me by the hands of Captain Hewett,[†6] quite safely. The papers, according to my old custom, I put in the fire without opening; but I was not the less obliged to you for sending them to me, as I know you did so, with the best intentions.

The truth is, that you so anticipated all my wants when we left New York, that I had no occasion for that parcel after all. When I wrote to you, to send me what books you had; the large Packing Case was still at the Custom House, and I was ignorant of its miscellaneous contents. But long before your last arrived, it came home; and I found in it, everything I could possibly require.

I send you, by the hands of Mr. Longfellow who has been staying with me for a week or two, and returns in *The Great Western*, a copy of a book I have just published, containing an account of our wanderings.[†1] Mr. Sumner of Boston will give it to you, or to anybody whom you may authorize to receive it.

Being in doubt where to address this, I send it to Salem: relying on its reaching you, through some of your friends. I have taken it into my head that you *must* be painting the portraits of the Factory Young Ladies at Lowell.[†2] If so,—make them very handsome, and the demand is certain to be brisk. The skilful introduction of a gold-watch occasionally, would be very judicious: and if you can counterfeit satin to the life,[†3] your fortune is made.[†4]

If I could make it, I would: for my recollection of your zealous and faithful services does not weaken with time or distance. Being no wizard however, [and][†5] having no aunt or grandmother who is a fairy (as the good people in the story books always have) I can only send you, across the Atlantic, my best and heartiest wishes.

Mrs. Dickens joins in them, she says, most sincerely: and desires all manner of kind remembrances to you. Anne (who is very blooming, but still a spinster) does the like. And the children, who are quite well and very happy, send their loves.

Remember me to Julia,[†6] and to all your family.[†7] And believe me, however much you may see me abused (it will not be seldom or sparingly) still Faithfully

Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. George. W. Putnam.

To CHARLES MACKAY, [19 OCTOBER 1842]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* CD's review appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thurs 20 Oct. *Address:* Charles Mackay Esquire.

MC Office | Wednesday Night

My Dear Sir

Here is a review I promised to write (sub rosâ) of Lord Londonderry's Letter,[†8]

just now published.[†1] Will you kindly ask Hogarth,[†2] for me, to read the proof very carefully; as the Printers (unmindful of our old acquaintance)[†3] maimed my last communication, most surgically.[†4]

I have been *going*, every day, to write you about the Miltonians.[†5] I will, in a day or two. I cannot make up my mind that the thing would do—not by reason of any defects of its own, but because of its jarring materials.[†6]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mackay Esquire

To THOMAS CAMPBELL,[†7] OCTOBER 1842

Mention in Stan Henkels catalogue No. 1337 (1923); dated Devonshire Terrace, Oct 42 (clearly before leaving for Cornwall).

To [EDWARD CHAPMAN], 20 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* clearly to Edward Chapman: see reference to Mrs Chapman's expected baby in letter of 16 Sep.

Thursday | Twentieth October 1842.

My Dear Sir

Here is Mrs. Chapman's Autograph[†8]—the gratification of her wish—"a real blessing to mothers"[†9]—in perspective.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 20 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Mr W. J. Goddard.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth October 1842

My Dear Sirs

I have given the lady who wrote the enclosed note,[†1] a letter of Introduction to you. There is no doubt whatever, of her ability as a translatress; and her credentials, as you will see, are of the best kind.

If you can avail yourselves of her services, I shall be particularly glad. For she is most deserving and reliable (though not beautiful); and it will be a high satisfaction to me, to have been instrumental in serving her. For this reason I write you privately; that you may know I really am interested in her.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. | Chapman and Hall.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 20 OCTOBER 1842

Text from N, I, 485.

1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate, Regents Park
Twentieth October 1842

Dear Sirs,

This will introduce you to Miss Ross; the lady in reference to whom I have already written you. I need say no more to secure to her your ready attention.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS THOMASINA ROSS, 20 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth October 1842.

My Dear Miss Ross.

I have been very closely engaged since I received your note, or I would have answered it, sooner.

To Chapman and Hall I have written very strongly, to the effect you desire; and I have urged the matter on them as one personally interesting to myself. This is the reason why I send you so brief a note of introduction as the Enclosed.[†1] Such a communication as I have made to them in private, will have fifty times the weight of any letter I could give you; and I can confidently depend on their attending to it.[†2]

If, either now or at any other time, you desire me to do more, or to render you further assistance, trust me that I will promptly meet your wishes, and that I shall have real pleasure in doing so.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to send you her kind regards. And I am always, believe me,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ross.

To FREDERICK GRANVILLE, 20 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Benoliel Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.

Twentieth October 1842.

My Dear Granville

It gave me very great pleasure this morning to hear from you; for I began to think—either that you had over-eaten yourself under the parental gooseberry bushes (as you threatened to do, aboard ship),[†3] or had been violently married by some Warwickshire beauty.[†4]

Of course there is no place like old England. There never was, and never will be. What has a rational man to do with Canada? Nothing at all. Nobody who "calls himself a gentleman"—here I quote our Theatricals,[†5] which have come to be like a dream—has anything in common with such outlandish parts.

Anything in the way of Game, is always acceptable. So shall anything in the shape of Granville, be, whenever it presents itself in these Latitudes.

Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards. Little Miss Fisher, of Muffin Memory, is in town, and coming to stay here. We had a letter from Mulgrave, commending her to our protecting care.[†6]

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Granville

To LEIGH HUNT, 20 OCTOBER 1842

MS British Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twentieth October 1842.

My Dear Hunt.

Many thanks to you for your note. I saw the Rustic Walk and Dinner in the old Monthly;[†1] and had so much pleasure in seeing it, that I never once bethought myself of having had any other share in it, at any time, than that intimate one which all its readers may claim.[†2] You have apostrophized me and all true men in the cheese,[†3] the salad,[†4] the chairs, the view, the walk, and everything else. What more would a reasonable creature, such as I claim to be, have!

Trust me, that if you knew all, you would better like to have your Palfrey[†5] cantering, at your expense,[†6] through the whole American territory, wide as it is, than you would relish being there yourself.

Always My Dear Hunt | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To FREDERICK SALMON,[†7] 22 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Second October 1842.

My Dear Salmon.

Binding these Volumes[†8] to match the others,[†9] has occasioned a delay of two or three days, or you would have received them sooner.[†10]

God bless you, and yours.

Always Faithfully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Salmon Esquire

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 22 OCTOBER 1842

Text from Mrs C. L. Lewes, *Dr Southwood Smith*, 1898, p. 87.

Devonshire Terrace, | Saturday, October Twenty-second, 1842.

My dear Sir,

I have an expedition afoot in which I think you can assist me.

I want to see the very dreariest and most desolate portion of the sea-coast of Cornwall; and start next Thursday,[†1] with a couple of friends,[†2] for St. Michael's Mount.[†3] Can you tell me of your own knowledge, or through the information of any of the Mining Sub-Commissioners,[†4] what is the next best bleak and barren part? And can you, furthermore, while I am in those regions, help me down a mine?[†5]

I ought to make many apologies for troubling you, but somehow or other I don't—which is your fault and not mine.

Always believe me faithfully your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr Southwood Smith.

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 26 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | October Twenty Sixth 1842.

My Dear Carlyle.

I have been truly delighted by the receipt of your most welcome letter. You will believe me, I know, when I tell you that having always held you in high

regard for the manliness and honesty with which you have exercised your great abilities, there are very few men in the world whose commendation, so expressed, would so well please me.[†1]

I am going down into Cornwall for a few days. When I return, I shall come to Chelsea and report myself. For as we are to know each other *well* (which I take to be clearly recognized as a fact in perspective, by both of us) the sooner we begin, the better.

Ever believe me | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. L. CUYLER,[†2] 26 OCTOBER 1842

Text from T. L. Cuyler, *Recollections of a Long Life: an Autobiography*, 1902, p. 21.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | Regents Park, Oct. 26th, 1842.

My Dear Sir,

I am heartily obliged to you for your frank and manly letter.[†3] I shall always remember it in connection with my American book; and never—believe me— save in the foremost rank of its pleasant and honorable associations.

Let me subscribe myself, as I really am

Faithfully your Friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 26 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth October 1842.

My Dear Dr. Smith

Many thanks for your kind communication.[†1] I will bear all your hints in mind, and attend to them as promptly and faithfully, as though I were (which Heaven forbid!) in a high fever.

Believe me | Always Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

November

To JOHN LEECH,[†2] 5 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 9 Powis Place | Queen Square.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Saturday Evening Fifth November | 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I have had great pleasure in the receipt of your manly note; which I should have answered sooner, but that I have been in Cornwall for some days, and am only just now returned.[†3]

I had quite forgotten the circumstance to which you refer, and have never blamed you in the smallest degree.[†1] But I have never forgotten the having seen you some years ago,[†2] or ceased to watch your progress with much interest and satisfaction. I congratulate you heartily on your success; and myself on having had my eye upon the means by which you have obtained it.[†3]

If it can possibly be arranged, consistently with that regard which I feel bound to pay to Mr. Browne,[†4] I shall be truly happy to avail myself of your genius in my forthcoming Monthly Work. Until I have communicated with him (which I will do immediately) in reference to a project which has occurred to me, I cannot well explain myself further.[†5] But I will write to you again, in the course of next week; and will tell you exactly how my arrangements stand.

In the mean time let me say with perfect sincerity, that I shall hope, in any case, to improve your acquaintance, and not to lose sight of you any more.

My Dear Sir believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

To MESSRS THOMAS BARGE JUNR & BROS, 5 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Dr Gordon Ray.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Fifth November 1842.

Dear Sirs.

Accept my cordial thanks for the two pieces of Nickleby furniture you have so kindly sent me. They are in course of conversion into Nursery bed curtains for my smallest Works; to the noisy delight of all the Four Volumes.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Thomas Barge Junr. and Brothers.

To THOMAS BEARD, 5 NOVEMBER [1842]

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Fifth November

My Dear Beard

If you are not at the Barrow Knight's[†7] tomorrow, or otherwise better engaged,

there is a Leg of delicate Welsh Mutton in the Pantry (to be served up at half past five) which deserves attention.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To JOHN HILLARD,[†1] 5 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Fifth November 1842.

Dear Sir

I have been out of town for some days and have only just now returned home, or I would have sent you an earlier acknowledgement of the safe receipt of your enclosure of Ten Pounds on account of our friend Longfellow—who I fear has been most piteously tossed about, on that maddest of Oceans, during the last fortnight.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hillard Esquire

To G. JOY,[†3] 5 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales. *Address:* G. Joy according to contemporary endorsement.

Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Fifth November 1842.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Joy, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging letter. He grieves to add, that there are but too many such instances as that which Mr. Joy cites, of the strange halting of Law and Equity.—He wishes he had the reforming of them.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 7 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Comte de Gramont.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Seventh November 1842.

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

You would make me very glad, if you would come and dine with me next Sunday Week (I name that distant day, to give myself the better chance of laying

violent hands upon you) at seven o'Clock.[†1] If this should find you able and willing, I will ask Fonblanque and Maclise, and perhaps Elliotson,—whom I know you like,—to meet you.

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Le Comte D'Orsay.

To JOHN LEECH, 7 NOVEMBER [1842]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Private | John Leech Esquire | Powis Place.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | Monday Seventh November

My Dear Sir.

I find that there are so many mechanical difficulties, complications, entanglements, and impossibilities, in the way of the project I was revolving in my mind when I wrote to you last,[†2] as to render it quite impracticable. I perceive that it could not be satisfactory to you, as giving you no fair opportunity; and that it would, in practice, be irksome and distressing to me.[†3] I am therefore compelled to relinquish the idea, and for the present to deny myself the advantage of your valuable assistance.

But as I desire, notwithstanding, to lay a small quantity of salt on the tail of your private and personal coat, will you give me the means of doing so, by joining our family dinner table next Sunday at half past five?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 7 NOVEMBER 1842

MS University of Kentucky.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Seventh November | 1842

My Dear Stanfield

On making up our travelling accounts, I find that the total Expences were £88,[†4] and the stock purse £90. This leaves me with £2 in hand, one fourth of which, I now inclose you.

Always my Dear Stanfield | Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To THE REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG,[†1] [?5-8 NOVEMBER 1842]

Mention in Robert Henderson, *A Memoir of the Late Rev. George Armstrong, Formerly Incumbent of Bangor in the Diocese of Down, and Latterly One of the Ministers of Lewin's-Mead Chapel, Bristol. With Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence*, 1859, p. 150. *Date:* early Nov according to *Memoir*.

Declining Armstrong's suggestion that he should write an essay on W. E. Channing, but expressing a deep interest in him. [†2]

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 8 NOVEMBER 1842†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth November 1842.

My Dear Fonblanque.

[†a]Will you dine with me on Sunday Week, the Twentieth, at seven o'Clock? I name that distant day because D'Orsay dines with me then, and I know you and he have a great liking for each other.[†3†a]

I was very sorry to see in the Postscript to the last Examiner, something that careless readers (a large class) will easily twist into a comparison between

the English and American Newspapers.[†1] Bad as many of our journals are, Heaven knows, they cannot be set against each other for a moment; and Decency is not befriended by any effort to excuse the Transatlantic Blackguardism, which is so intense that I seriously believe words cannot describe it.[†2]

My Dear Fonblanque
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Albany Fonblanque Esquire

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,[†1] 8 NOVEMBER 1842

Text from MDGH, I, 76.

Devonshire Terrace, November 8th, 1842.

My dear Harness,

Some time ago, you sent me a note from a friend of yours, a barrister,[†2] I think, begging me to forward to him any letters I might receive from a deranged nephew of his, at Newcastle. In the midst of a most bewildering correspondence with unknown people, on every possible and impossible subject, I have forgotten this gentleman's name,[†3] though I have a kind of hazy remembrance that he lived near Russell Square. As the Post Office would be rather puzzled, perhaps, to identify him by such an address, may I ask the favour of you to hand him the enclosed, and to say that it is the second I have received since I returned from America? The last, I think, was a defiance to mortal combat.[†4] With best remembrances to your sister,[†5] in which Mrs. Dickens joins, believe me, my dear Harness,

Always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To T. J. OUSELEY,[†6] 8 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth November 1842.

My Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for your note, and shall be truly glad to comply with your request:[†7] which I will do with the first opportunity of safe conveyance.

I had heard of the Fraser Article,[†8] and I know the Writer[†9]—to whom, I need scarcely add, I have ever been kind and considerate. It is of no moment.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Ouseley Esquire

To CHARLES BARHAM,[†1] [?8 NOVEMBER 1842]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 8 NOVEMBER 1842

Text from Mrs C. L. Lewes, *Dr Southwood Smith*, 1898, p. 89.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Eighth November 1842.

My dear Sir,

I have just come home from Cornwall. I did not, after all, deliver your letter. Having Stanfield and Maclise and another friend[†2] with me, I determined not to do so, unless I found it absolutely necessary; lest the unfortunate Doctor should consider himself in a state of siege.

I saw all I wanted to see, and a noble coast it is. I have sent your letter to Dr Barham with a line or two from myself; and am as much obliged to you as though I had driven him wild with trouble.

Always faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr Southwood Smith.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 9 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Ninth November 1842. Wednesday

My Dear Mac

It's a holiday—Lord Mayor's Day. We pledged ourselves to keep it. Do you remember? Shave. I'll come down, directly.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE LITERARY FUND,[†1] 12 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twelfth November 1842

Gentlemen.

As one of a Committee[†2] of Gentlemen who are exerting themselves for the relief of the Destitute widow and children of the late Mr. Hone, the author of The Every Day Book and other works of the same character which are well known to you, I beg to submit their hard case to your favorable consideration.

I am aware that Mr. Hone himself was more than once assisted by the excellent Institution whose affairs you administer.[†3] Nevertheless, I am well assured that the claims of his Widow[†4] and Family[†5] are not weakened in your opinion by that circumstance; and that you will feel, with me, that his contributions to the stock of cheerful blameless Literature, are deserving of remembrance in their afflicted persons.

I may be permitted to add, on behalf of myself and those other gentlemen who act with me in this matter, that the best use will be made of any sum of money you may be pleased to bestow on Mrs. Hone;[†6] and that in its appropriation, the strictest regard will be had to its being of lasting benefit and service to her, if possible.

I am Gentlemen | With great respect
Your faithful friend and Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To | The General Committee of The Literary Fund.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 12 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth November 1842.

My Dear Sir

Will you do me the favor to lay the enclosed before the Committee at their next Meeting; and to communicate the result to me?

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

O. Blewitt Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth November 1842.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Your most kind note found me in the agonies of plotting and contriving[†1] a new book;[†2] in which stage of the tremendous process, I am accustomed to walk up and down the house, smiting my forehead dejectedly; and to be so horribly cross and surly, that the boldest fly at my approach. At such times, even

the Postman knocks at the door with a mild feebleness, and my publishers always come two together, lest I should fall upon a single invader and do murder on his intrusive body.

I am afraid if I came to see you under such circumstances, you would be very glad to be rid of me in two hours at the most; but I would risk even that disgrace, in my desire to accept your kind Invitation, if it were not indispensable just now, that I should be always in the way.[†3] In starting a work which is to last for twenty months, there are so many little things to attend to, which require my personal superintendence, that I am obliged to be constantly on the watch; and I may add, seriously, that unless I were to shut myself up, obstinately and sullenly in my own room for a great many days without writing a word, I don't think I ever should make a beginning.

For these reasons, I am fain to be resolute and virtuous, and to deny myself and Mrs. Dickens the great pleasure you offer us. I have not answered your letter until now, because I have really been tempted and hesitating. But the lapse of every new day, only gives me a stronger reason for being perseveringly uncomfortable, that out of my gloom and solitude, something comical (or meant to be) may straightway grow up.

If you should still be in your present retreat when I have got my first number written (after which, I go on with great nonchalance) we shall be more than glad to come to you for one or two days. In the meantime Mrs. Dickens begs me to add her best remembrances to my own; and to say that if you can oblige her with your box at Covent Garden on any of Miss Kemble's nights,[†1] she will be very thankful.

I am always Dear Miss Coutts

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

It is impossible for me to say how I should argue with Miss Meredith, under existing circumstances.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 NOVEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, IV, i, 290. *Date:* 12 Nov according to Forster.

Behold finally the title of the new book[;][†3] don't lose it, for I have no copy. "The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewig,[†4] his family, friends, and enemies. Comprising all his wills and his ways. With an historical record of what he did and what he didn't. The whole forming a complete key to the house of Chuzzlewig."[†5]

To THOMAS HOOD, 12 NOVEMBER 1842†

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth November 1842.

My Dear Hood

[†a]What *could* I be, but delighted with the New Monthly Notice?[†6] What

can I say in reference to the Pirates,[†1] but demnition seize 'em; and that my blunt[†2] and my sharpness (such as they are) are both ready for the service of the association you suggest.[†3] Any set of men, but authors, would have had such an Institution long ago.[†a]

I can't state in figures (not very well remembering how to get beyond a Million) the number of Candidates for the Sanatorium Matronship, but if you will ask your little boy[†4] to trace figures in the beds of your garden, beginning at the front wall, going down to the cricket ground,[†5] coming back to the wall again, and "carrying over" to the next door; and will then set a skilful accountant to add up the whole; the product, as the Tutors assistants say, will give you the amount required.—I have pledged myself (being assured of her capability) to support a near relation of Miss Edgeworth's.[†6] Otherwise I need not say how glad I should have been to forward any wish of yours.[†7]

We shall be more than glad to come to you on any Evening you may name.[†8] [†b] I am in the agonies of new harness just now, and walk up and down the house smiting my forehead dejectedly, to the unspeakable consternation of my wife and children, and the great uneasiness of a very small dog.[†b]

Always My Dear Hood | Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hood Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 12 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twelfth Novr. 1842.

My Dear Macready

You pass this house every day, on your way to, or from, the Theatre. I wish you would call once as you go by—and soon, that you may have plenty of time to deliberate on what I wish to suggest to you. The more I think of Marston's[†1] Play,[†2] the more sure I feel that a Prologue, to the purpose, would help it materially,[†3] and almost decide the fate of any ticklish point on the first night.[†4] Now I have an idea (not easily explainable in writing, but told in five words) which would take the prologue out of the conventional dress of prologues— quite—get the curtain up with a dash—and begin the play with a sledge hammer

blow. If, on consideration, you should think with me, I will write the Prologue, heartily.[†1]

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To MRS PAYNTER,[†2] 12 NOVEMBER 1842

Text from *Sketches from the Diaries of Rose Lady Graves Sawle 1833-1896,* privately printed, 1908, p. 54.

Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, | Regent's Park.
Twelfth November, 1842.

My dear Mrs. Paynter,

Many thanks to you for your kind letter and for its enclosure from Lord A.,[†3] which I beg to return to you. The monument of which I make mention in my "Notes," is that which is raised to Wolfe and Montcalm[†4] jointly; and I call it worthy of two great nations, because it was created by subscriptions of the French and English.[†5] I do not enter into Canadian topics, or desire to make any extended mention of them, for the reason I have given in my book;[†6] and therefore I have no use for any information, highly valuable although it could not fail to be, which your kindness would procure for me from your brother.

I am afraid that the preparations for my new book will put a padlock on my locomotive powers, and keep me fast at home for some time. But, if I should get to Bath, rest assured that I have too pleasant a recollection of our old evenings there, and too earnest a desire to see you and Miss Paynter[†7] again, not

to come very quickly up that inaccessible hill, and inflict a cheery double knock upon your door, to which the street shall ring again.[†1]

Mrs Dickens begs me to say all that is loving and kind;[†2] and, venturing to add similar remembrances to Miss Paynter on my own account,

I am, always faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS [A. T.] THOMSON,[†3] 12 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twelfth November | 1842.

Dear Mrs. Thomson.

It would have given me great pleasure to vote for the lady in whom you are interested, if I had not already pledged myself (being assured of her capability) to support another candidate who is a near relation of Miss Edgeworth's, and who, therefore, has a strong claim on my attention and regard.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Thomson

To THOMAS BEARD, 15 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth November 1842.

My Dear Beard.

I should have been truly glad (I need not tell you) to serve any friend of yours,[†4] if my sympathy and interest had not been strongly enlisted beforehand, in behalf of a Niece of Miss Edgeworth, whose testimonials are immeasurably better than those of any other Candidate; and who has learned tenderness and patience, in the bitterest of schools.

I shall expect to see you towards the close of the week, if the Barrow Knight acts up to his title, and gives you leisure.

Best Regards and loves from everybody to everybody else.

I am working away upon my new book, like—like a brick. I don't know why it is, but that popular simile *seems* a good one.

Always Faithfully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To JOHN BLACK, 15 NOVEMBER 1842

MS National Library of Scotland.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth[†1] November 1842.

My Dear Sir

If an advertizement should come to the Chronicle from a Committee (to which I belong) who are trying to raise a little money for the Wife and Family of poor Hone of the Every Day Book, will you, if you see no objection, call attention to it, by a line in the Paper?[†2] They are very poor, and he was not a common man.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Black Esquire

To W. P. FRITH,[†3] 15 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Fifteenth November 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I shall be very glad if you will do me the favor to paint me two little companion pictures; one, a Dolly Varden (whom you have so exquisitely done already), the other a Kate Nickleby.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I take it for granted that the original picture of Dolly with the Bracelet, is sold?[†5]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 15 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tuesday Fifteenth November 1842.

My Dear Mac

Will you put the No on the enclosed, that John may take it?—I have asked him[†1] to paint for me, two little companion pictures. One, a Dolly Varden. One, a Kate Nickleby.

I have been working feebly all day; and between that and the weather, am damnably hipped.[†2] Shall we repair to some Saloon tonight? If so, I'll call on you, about half past seven.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 15 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth November 1842

My Dear Mitton

I am sorry to say, I couldn't help Mrs. Stevens.[†3] I was, and am, strongly interested in another Candidate, who is immeasurably the best among them. And besides, I had already, as a principle, strongly objected to their electing anybody who had been, or had sought to be, connected as Matron with any *charity*. It would have been destructive of the whole spirit and object of the Sanatorium, which heals and shelters those, who are above the receipt of charitable aid.

I am very much engaged—but will come to you on Thursday, at about 4 O'Clock.

Always Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

Wednesday. I open this again to say—Friday, instead of Thursday.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 17 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire | Amwell Street | Pentonville.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth November 1842.

My Dear George.

I want to ask you a question,[†1] when you next happen to be passing this way.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To W. P. FRITH, 17 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth November 1842

My Dear Sir

Pray consult your own convenience, in the matter of my little commission. Whatever suits your engagements and prospects, will best suit me.

I saw an unfinished proof of Dolly,[†2] at Mitchell's,[†3] some two or three months ago. I thought she was proceeding excellently well, *then.* It will give me great pleasure to see her when completed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H.[†4] P. Frith Esquire

To EDWARD MOXON, 17 NOVEMBER 1842

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Jan 1935; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 17 Nov 42.

Concerning the proposed publication of an American poet in England. [†5]

Pray write me such a reply as I can send to the author of the volumes; and to get absolution for my conscience in this matter.

To THOMAS BEARD, 18 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road,

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth November 1842.

My Dear Beard

I quite forgot yesterday, that I am engaged tomorrow. Wherefore, let our Prison trip[†1] stand over until your next Day of leisure.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To NAHUM CAPEN,[†2] 18 NOVEMBER 1842

MS Mr Robert H. Taylor. *Address:* By The Britannia Steam Ship | Mr. Nahum Capen | Boston | United States.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighteenth November 1842.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to express my general concurrence in its contents. It is exactly because I think the subject[†3] is not understood, or sufficiently discussed by those who are bound to bring it forward, that I have always, without fear or favor, expressed my opinion in reference to it, whenever I have had an opportunity of doing so. At the same time, I have always considered Justice in this respect, as pertaining only to a very advanced state of society; and that it will not be rendered until you and I have been many years in our graves.

Have the goodness to present my compliments and regards to your Partner. And believe me Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Nahum Capen

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 18 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth November 1842.

My Dear Fred

As I am engaged on Sunday, I wish you would call upon me, if you can,

on Tuesday. I will tell you then what I shall have determined on, in reference to the Alphington Removal.[†1]

Affy. Always

CD.

Frederick Dickens Esquire

To L. HOSKINS,[†2] 18 NOVEMBER 1842

Mention in N, I, 490.

To THOMAS MITTON, 18 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | Southampton Buildings.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eighteenth November 1842.

My Dear Mitton

The meeting at the Sanatorium, which *was* to have taken place yesterday, is postponed until today.[†3] I must therefore (as no doubt you go out of town tomorrow afternoon), defer our appointment until Monday.

Faithfully Always

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 19 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Library of Congress.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth November | 1842.

Dear Sirs

I wish you would send me by the Bearer, if you please, a dozen of the Chuzzlewit bills.[†4]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To W. C. MACREADY, 22 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday November Twenty Second | 1842.

My Dear Macready

Don't fire such blunt arrows into my premises, but enlighten me like a Christian (not Pagan) manager, on two points; in respect of which I must know something, or I can't get my mind upon the subject.[†5] Firstly, what scene do you mean to have?[†6] Secondly, when do you propose to shew it?

At my cue in the Prologue,[†1] or when Anderson[†2] comes on?[†3] If your Hall Cerberus hadn't clean forgotten me during my absence in America, I would have come down and asked you these questions. As it is, I wait by proxy, in top boots;[†4] and demand to be instantly satisfied.

Indignantly Always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [24 NOVEMBER 1842]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Written across the top of the page is the following note in Cruikshank's hand: "My Dear Sir | I have just received this note from Mr. Dickens— | Yours truly | Geo Cruikshank | Nov. 24 | 42 | 8 oCk. | Dr. West".

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Evening

My Dear George.

I only received Coutts's answer this Afternoon; and was just about to send to you.—They will be happy to receive Subscriptions.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To HENRY BURNETT, [25 NOVEMBER 1842]

Mention in Henry Burnett *to* F. G. Kitton, 19 Dec 88 (MS Huntington). *Date:* given by Burnett.

Telling Burnett that he had received the Bill he had put his hand to on Burnett's behalf. [†1]

To W. C. MACREADY, [25 NOVEMBER 1842]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly written on the Friday after hearing from Macready what the first scene was to be and when he proposed to "shew it" (questions asked in *To* Macready, 22 Nov).

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

My Dear Macready

I have made some verbal alterations in the enclosed, and substituted three new lines after the disclosure of the Library; in lieu of the three I first wrote.[†2] And I think it is improved.

Is it too late for me to say, that after considering the idea of the Allegorical Picture, I wish you would reconsider it also? Suppose the frame had, at first, merely some dim ground within it, like black glass—

Faithfully Always

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, [25 NOVEMBER 1842]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* no doubt the same day as last; Macready received and answered CD's morning letter (both letter and answer clearly being sent by hand) before going out (*Diaries,* II, 188); the "veiled picture" of the afternoon letter must have been what CD in his morning letter had suggested as an alternative to "the Allegorical Picture". By the following Friday Anderson was no longer involved with the Prologue.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday afternoon

My Dear Macready

I am *very glad* you like the Prologue; and also that you like the idea of the veiled picture first. I think I see it, as a good, mysterious thing, and simple too, as becomes the subject.

"Clangour" is an infinitely better word. Strange enough, I thought so, today.[†1]

I will come down to the Theatre once or twice (when you tell me it is time to do so), and hear and see the thing. If any word sound harshly then, or seem in Anderson's way, I need not say that as I write to please you and not myself, I will most gladly alter it.

Marston called on me yesterday, and asked 'if he were free to use my name as the author of the Prologue?'—I told him 'yes, provided he had a desire to do so'—He then asked 'if he were free to publish it, with the altered Edition of the Play?' And again I told him 'Yes'.—But both these matters are dependent on your opinions and wishes, for they are mine. [†a]It might be judicious to keep the Prologue fresh, and out of the book,[†2] and to say nothing of it but in the Bills of the Day? Eh?[†a]

Faithfully Always

CD.

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To JOHN FORSTER, [25 NOVEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, IV, i, 291. *Date:* 25 Nov according to Forster, confirmed by *To* Maclise, 26 Nov.

Browning's play[†1] has thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. To say that there is anything in its subject save what is lovely, true, deeply affecting, full of the best emotion, the most earnest feeling, and the most true and tender source of interest, is to say that there is no light in the sun, and no heat in blood. It is full of genius, natural and great thoughts, profound, and yet simple and beautiful in its vigour.[†2] I know nothing that is so affecting, nothing in any book I have ever read, as Mildred's recurrence to that "I was so young—I had no mother."[†3] I know no love like it, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid thing after its conception, like it. And I swear it is a tragedy

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that MUST be played; and must be played, moreover, by Macready.[†1] There are some things I would have changed if I could (they are very slight, mostly broken lines); and I assuredly would have the old servant[†2] *begin his tale upon the scene*; and be taken by the throat, or drawn upon, by his master, in its commencement. But the tragedy I never shall forget, or less vividly remember than I do now. And if you tell Browning that I have seen it,[†3] tell him that

— III - 383 —

I believe from my soul there is no man living (and not many dead) who could produce such a work.— Macready likes the altered prologue[†1] very much.

To WILLIAM MARTIN,[†2] 25 NOVEMBER 1842

Extract in N, I, 491, from catalogue source; dated 25 Nov 42.

I sincerely regret to say, that I cannot comply with the request you prefer to me, on behalf of Miss Isaacs,[†3] not, believe me, from any indifference to that young lady's position, or to her honorable exertions; but because I am, I may almost say every day and hour, *forced*, to convey a refusal to similar applicants; which is scarcely less painful to them, than it is to me.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 26 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954).

Saturday Morning | Twenty Sixth November 1842

My Dear Mac

I wonder when *you* would look up No 1 Devonshire Terrace, if No 1 Devonshire Terrace didn't look up you.

I dined out yesterday, and stayed at home the day before.

The Beloved and Co[†4] (indignant, as I suspect, at my not reviving the subject of Love for Love)[†5] immolate themselves tonight on Mrs. Macready's Private Altar. What do we do? Do you dine here at 5, or do we dine elsewhere at 5? Will you call here, or I shall[†6] call there? Did I see on your chimney piece t'other day, a summons for tonight to that Tomb of Good Fellowship in Trafalgar Square,[†7] or was I deceived? Tell me. Lead on. I'll follow.

How do you get on with the charming picture?[†8]

Always and Ever

CD

I gasp to write it—we go to Fonblanque's tomorrow.[†9] No such luck as meeting you there, I suppose?

[†a]P.S I do not hesitate to say that Browning's Tragedy could have been written by no other man living; and by very few dead. It is at once the most tender and the most terrible story I ever read. It made my eyes so red and dim, in the perusal, that I thought they would never sparkle (hem!) any more.[†a]

To THOMAS CHAPMAN,[†1] 27 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty Seventh Novr. | 1842

My Dear Sir

Agreeably to your wish, I send you a sketch of what I shod. recommend for insertion in the Newspapers; relative to the Prince and the Sanatorium.[†2] I have been particularly mindful of the great desideratum in such a case, which is to say as little in relation to space, and as much in relation to purpose, as possible.

I think two letters (I have marked them in Pencil) are quite enough to publish. But if your opinion should differ from mine, I beg you to act upon it without ceremony, as we have but one object.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire

To EDGAR ALLAN POE, 27 NOVEMBER 1842

Text from the *Century Magazine*, New Series, XXVI (1894), 730.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regent's Park,
November 27, 1842.

Dear Sir,

By some strange accident (I presume it must have been through some mistake on the part of Mr. Putnam in the great quantity of business he had to arrange for me), I have never been able to find among my papers, since I came to England, the letter you wrote to me at New York. But I read it there, and think I am correct in believing that it charged me with no other mission than that which you had already entrusted to me by word of mouth.[†3] Believe me that it

never, for a moment, escaped my recollection; and that I have done all in my power to bring it to a successful issue—I regret to say, in vain.

I should have forwarded you the accompanying letter from Mr. Moxon[†1] before now, but that I have delayed doing so in the hope that some other channel for the publication of [y]our book[†2] on this side of the water would present itself to me. I am, however, unable to report any success. I have mentioned it to publishers with whom I have influence, but they have, one and all, declined the venture.[†3] And the only consolation I can give you is that I do not believe any collection of detached pieces by an unknown writer, even though he were an Englishman, would be at all likely to find a publisher in this metropolis just now.

Do not for a moment suppose that I have ever thought of you but with a pleasant recollection; and that I am not at all times prepared to forward your views in this country if I can.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To THOMAS MITTON, 28 NOVEMBER [1842]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 1842 on handwriting; confirmed by reference to Greenwich in *To* Mitton, 1 Dec.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth November

My Dear Mitton

I have just received from Talfourd, a vexatious reminder of a solemn promise I had utterly forgotten—to dine with him in his Chambers tomorrow. Will you write and tell me, whether Friday or Saturday would suit you for the Greenwich Expedition?

I have heard from the Govr.,[†4] who professes peace.[†5]

Faithfully Ever
CD.

Thos Mitton Esquire

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 30 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirtieth November 1842

My Dear Count D'Orsay

We shall all three[†6] be delighted to dine at Gore House on Friday; and,

(as you do not mention the hour) we shall take it for granted that you dine at Half past Seven, unless we hear to the contrary.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS HOOD, 30 NOVEMBER 1842

Text from *Memorials of Thomas Hood,* ed. [Mrs F. F. Broderip and T. Hood, Jr], 1860, II, 146-7.

Devonshire Terrace, November 30th, 1842.

My dear Hood,

In asking your and Mrs. Hood's leave to bring Mrs. D.'s sister (who stays with us) on Tuesday,[†1] let me add that I should very much like to bring at the same time a very unaffected and ardent admirer of your genius, who has no small portion of that commodity in his own right, and is a very dear friend of mine and a very famous fellow; to wit, Maclise, the painter, who would be glad (as he has often told me) to know you better, and would be much pleased, I know, if I could say to him, "Hood wants me to bring you."

I use so little ceremony with you, in the conviction that you will use as little with me, and say, "My dear D.—Convenient;" or, "My dear D.—Ill-convenient," (as the popular phrase is), just as the case may be. Of course, I have said nothing to him.[†2]

Always heartily yours,
BOZ

To DANIEL MACLISE, 30 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirtieth November 1842

My Dear Mac.

You shall decide. Shall we go to Dulwich, and stroll and dine pictorially?[†1] Or to Richmond, and stroll and dine aquatically?[†2] (in either of which cases I will call for you at 1) Or take an afternoon's walk about the streets contemplatively, and afterwards dine Athenæumatively (in which case I will call between two and three)?

Decide. And I am ready.

I have said nothing to my Venuses,[†3] nor will I unless our arrangements include them; the which I mention,[†4]

December

To THOMAS MITTON, 1 DECEMBER 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | First December 1842.

My Dear Mitton

I am under an old engagement to *dine* with D'Orsay tomorrow, at 1/2 past 7. I don't like our only lunching at Greenwich, but if the day particularly suit you, I will be with you at 11.

If, like me, you would prefer our having a whole day, what say you to next Tuesday?

Faithfully Always

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire I have an immense No of letters from America.[†5] The effect of the book on the better orders, is *decidedly favorable.*

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE,[†1] 2 DECEMBER 1842*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace

Friday Evening | Second December 1842.

My Dear Cattermole

I have delayed writing to you, until I saw how this day's work turned out— much or little. I am sorry to say that it is as little a one as I would desire to see; and, consequently, that I must stay at home tomorrow.

Best loves and regards.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esqre.

To R. S. HORRELL,[†2] 2 DECEMBER 1842

MS Public Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

Devonshire Terrace. | Second December 1842.

My Dear Sir

I write in haste to you to say that I no sooner received your two pieces, than I sent them to Mr. Ainsworth[†3] (previously speaking to him on the subject), who returned me a favorable and hopeful answer. But since then, I have not seen *him*,[†4] or heard of *them.*

I think the best thing you can do, if you see no objection, will be to leave them where they are: resting assured that I will be their faithful guardian during your absence.[†5]

I should have written to you before, but I have been expecting every day to have some good news for you.

With best wishes for your restoration to health,

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

R. S. Horrell Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 4 DECEMBER 1842*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth December 1842

My Dear Macready

Here are three Income Tax notions.[†6] Two of them I mentioned to you,

and one I didn't. If there be anything else I can do; you know how truly delighted I shall be to do it.

—— gather'd, stored, and grown
I think you made that alteration?[†1]

It might be well to counsel Marston to burn his copy of the prologue, pro tem: in order that he may be enabled to say, if applied to by any of the papers, that he hasn't got it—If you think so, pour that wholesome medicine in his ear.[†2]

And if you have a Private Box to spare on *the* night,[†3] remember the truly Inimitable; so shall he ever pray &c.

Faithfully Always
CD.

W. C. Macready Esquire

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 7 DECEMBER 1842*

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh December 1842

My Dear Sir,

Can you tell me (in a word) whether Mr. Davis the writer of the letter I enclose, states the Truth?[†4] He mentions the Literary Fund; and perhaps you may know something of his case.

I have not known Mrs. Hone, save by report, until very lately; and therefore do not think (do you?) that I can very well sign the enclosed form.[†5] Perhaps my letter[†6] will serve the purpose as well.

I shall be glad to be at the Board of the Literary Fund once more, if its members, having an opportunity of summoning me thither, should desire to avail themselves of it.[†7]

My Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To RICHARD KING,[†1] 7 DECEMBER 1842

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate Regents Park.
Seventh December 1842.

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for your note, and its accompanying Prospectus;[†2] and I beg to assure you that I am strongly impressed with a sense of the great importance and value of such a society as that whose objects it developes. But I regret to add that I cannot become a member of it at this time; being already connected with so many Institutions, that if I were free of half of them for evermore, I should still be encumbered by the number of the rest.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard King Esquire.

To MRS JOHN DICKENS, [DECEMBER 1842]

Mention in next.

To THOMAS MITTON, 7 DECEMBER 1842

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh December 1842 | Wednesday Night.

My Dear Mitton

I have been so busy and so full of complicated thoughts to day, that I could not get to my Mother in person.[†3] But I have written to her, and shall be glad if you will make the Seventy Pound offer for that little house on Blackheath.[†4]

I inclose a cheque for the Pensioner—four and twenty pounds.[†5]

A party and some hot Punch—made hotter inside of me by dancing, last night[†1]—has rather impaired my memory today. Did you say you would like to go on Saturday, *if* I could get a newspaper order, or how was it?

Faithfully Yours ever

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To T. J. PETTIGREW,[†2] 7 DECEMBER 1842

Text from N, I, 493.

Devonshire Terrace | December Seventh 1842

My Dear Pettigrew,

I shall be delighted[†3]—and was coming, myself,[†4] this morning to tell you so.

Faithfully yours always

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 DECEMBER 1842]

Extract in F, IV, i, 290. *Date:* 8 Dec according to Forster.

The *Chuzzlewit* copy makes so much more than I supposed,[†5] that the number is nearly done. Thank God!

To SAMUEL PHILLIPS,[†1] [?8 DECEMBER 1842]

Extract in Mrs Oliphant, *Annals of a Publishing House*: *William Blackwood and his Sons*, 1897, II, 306. *Date:* probably received by Phillips on 9 Dec (see below).

Having begun your story[†2] I cannot resist telling you at once that I think it *excellent,* and of *great* merit, and that next week I promise myself the pleasure of writing you again, and giving you my opinion more in detail.[†3]

To W. C. MACREADY, [10 DECEMBER 1842]†

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly a last minute suggestion for *The Patrician's Daughter;* could scarcely have been written on Sat 3rd, or *To* Macready, 4 Dec, would have contained some reference to Macready's response.

Saturday Morning

My Dear Macready

One suggestion, though it be a late one. *Do* have upon the table in the opening scene of the second act, something in a velvet case or frame that may look like a large Miniature of Mabel[†4]—such as one of Ross's;[†5] and eschew that Picture.[†6] It haunts me with a sense of danger. Even a titter at that critical time[†7] with the whole of that act before you, would be a fatal thing. The picture

is bad in itself, bad in its effect upon the beautiful room, bad in all its associations with the house. In case of your having nothing at hand, I send you by Bearer what would be a Million times better.

Always My Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I need not remind you how common it is, to have such pictures in cases, lying about elegant rooms: [†a]and what a frightful phenomonon[†1] such a work of art as that Portrait and its stand would be in real life.[†a]

To T. J. PETTIGREW, 14 DECEMBER 1842

Facsimile in Ralph Straus, *Dickens: a Portrait in Pencil*, 1928, facing p. 72.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth December 1842

My Dear Pettigrew.

I cannot tell you how much I regret the being obliged to say that I have received letters this morning which oblige me to leave town by Railroad immediately on some family business[†2] (not the most pleasant in its nature), which will detain me until tomorrow.[†3]

In haste | Believe me
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Pettigrew Esquire

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 15 DECEMBER 1842*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Fifteenth December 1842

My Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge, with very many thanks, the safe receipt of a donation of £50 from the Literary Fund, for Mrs. Hone. And I entreat you to present her most grateful thanks to the Committee of that estimable Society for their liberal gift.[†4]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To [THOMAS] COOKE,[†1] 15 DECEMBER 1842

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Fifteenth December 1842

My Dear Cooke

I am most unfeignedly and heartily obliged to you for your kind remembrance of me. I don't *begin* in Cornwall,[†2] though it is possible I may come there, in course of time. If you can get the dialect book without inconvenience, I shall be very glad to see it.[†3]

Mrs. D desires her best regards to Mrs. Cooke. And I am always

Hers and Yours | Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

I want to improve the acquaintance of your "little boy"; and I wish you would give me his address.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 16 DECEMBER 1842

Text from N, I, 494.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth December 1842

My Dear George,

I am happy to say that I received the enclosed last night from the Secretary of the Literary Fund, and that I have a fifty pound note to hand over to anyone authorised to receive it on behalf of the committee.

Always believe me | Heartily Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?16 DECEMBER 1842]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* late 1842 on handwriting, and paper watermarked 1842. The first number was "nearly done" on 8 Dec (*To* Forster, that day); but working time would have been lost on 9th-10th through *The Patrician's Daughter* and on 14th-15th by the unexpected journey on family business.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday

My Dear Mac

Let our engagement for tonight, stand for *tomorrow* instead; will you? I am afraid to go out this evening: having pledged myself to the Printer, that I will finish tomorrow morning.[†4]

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MRS FRANCES TROLLOPE,[†1] 16 DECEMBER 1842

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park
Sixteenth December 1842

My Dear Mrs. Trollope

Let me thank you most cordially for your kind note in reference to *my* Notes; which has given me true pleasure and gratification.

As I never scrupled to say in America, so I can have no delicacy in saying to you, that allowing for the change you worked in many social features of American Society, and for the time that has passed since you wrote of the Country,[†2] I am convinced that there is no Writer who has so well and accurately (I need not add, so entertainingly) described it, in many of its aspects, as you have done;[†3] and this renders your praise the more valuable to me.

I do not recollect ever to have heard or seen the charge of exaggeration made against a feeble performance, though, in its feebleness, it may have been most untrue. It seems to me essentially natural, and quite inevitable, that common

observers should accuse an uncommon one of this fault. And I have no doubt that you were long ago of this opinion; very much to your comfort.[†1]

Mrs. Dickens begs me to thank you for your kind remembrance of her: and to convey to you, her best regards.

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Trollope.

To THOMAS BEARD, 18 DECEMBER [1842]

MS Dickens House. *Address*: Wait | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Eighteenth December | Sunday

My Dear Beard

I want your help in a pious fraud—such a pious one, that I have no doubt you will give it me.

I am very anxious for many reasons, to possess a little picture which Maclise is at this minute painting;[†2] and I know very well, that if I were to say so, he would either insist upon giving it to me, or would set some preposterous price upon it, which he can by no means afford to take. Now, I think I may purchase it without his knowing I am the purchaser; and if I can, he is a cleverer fellow than I take him to be (highly as I estimate his abilities), if he can ever return the money to me afterwards.

Behold my project.

I want you to write him a note, and say that Mr. So and So of such and such a place in Sussex—one of your country friends—is enthusiastic in his admiration of him, and is very anxious to possess a small picture (he can't afford a large one) of his painting. That he has commissioned you to ask him what he has now by him, and has empowered you to purchase any subject, with *one*[†3] figure in it. That you have spoken to me on the subject, and I have mentioned privately to you, his having a most charming picture of a girl at a Waterfall. That you wish to buy the girl at the Waterfall, forthwith. That you will take it as a personal favor, if he will sell you the girl at the Waterfall. And that you are prepared to give him the money *down*, for the girl at the Waterfall, if he will

let you know what sum you shall forward to him as her ransom from his damned uncomfortable studio.[†1]

A hundred, or a hundred and fifty Guineas, will most likely be the mark. If you can only buy it, I will give you the needful instantly wherewith to close the bargain;[†2] and a hundred and fifty thousand thanks, *in.*

All minor points I leave to your discretion.—I suppose you *an't* at home, and *couldn't* dine here today at half past five—could you?

Always Faithfully
CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 20 DECEMBER 1842†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* George Cattermole Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth December 1842

My Dear George

It is impossible for me to tell you how greatly I am charmed with those beautiful pictures,†3 in which the whole feeling and thought and expression of the little story is rendered to the gratification of my inmost heart; and on

which you have lavished those amazing resources of yours with a power, at which I fairly wondered when I sat down yesterday before them.†1

I took them to Mac, straightway, in a cab—and it would have done you good if you could have seen and heard him. You can't think how moved he was by the old man in the church, or how proud *I* was to have chosen it, before he saw the drawings.

You are such a queer fellow, and hold yourself so much aloof, that I am afraid to say half I would say, touching my grateful admiration. So you shall imagine the rest.

†aI enclose a note from Kate; to which I hope you will bring the only one acceptable reply.†a Always

My Dear Cattermole | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

To LEIGH HUNT, 20 DECEMBER 1842

MS Iowa University Libraries.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth December 1842.

My Dear Hunt.

I have received your letter—and read it with some pain. In Heaven's name, don't imagine there is any man alive from whom you could possibly, if you knew his heart, accept a "favor"†2 with less reason for feeling it a burden or a cause of uneasiness, than

Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 22 DECEMBER 1842

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second December | 1842.

My Dear Beard.

I have a few people coming to dine here tomorrow at a quarter past Six, on a short notice, to meet a gentlemanly bore from Quebec[†3] from whom I received some attentions, who is going away directly. Join us at that hour, and try the Wintages.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 22 DECEMBER [1842]

Extract in Chas J. Sawyer catalogue, 1939; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 22 Dec (1842 on evidence of CD's article).

As I haven't had time to do that "Snoring for the Million"[†1] yet, and shall not have until tomorrow, I will tell Forster to send a boy here for it tomorrow afternoon; and will despatch it straight to the Printers.

To LADY HOLLAND, 23 DECEMBER 1842*

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third December 1842

Dear Lady Holland.

I return you, with this, the French Papers you kindly lent me.[†2] And I send, at the same time, Kohl's[†3] book on Russia;[†4] and a queer old book for Mr. Allan,[†5] which he and I were talking of t'other night.[†6]

I will make an early report to you, touching Bulwer.[†1] And am always

Dear Lady Holland | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.

To MISS CATHERINE HUTTON,[†2] 23 DECEMBER 1842

Text from Catherine H. Beale, *Reminiscences of a Gentlewoman of the Last Century,* 1891, p. 210.

1, Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regent's Park,
Twenty-third December, 1842.

Dear Miss Hutton,

I am very glad to have heard from you again, and to have such evidence of your good health and spirits as I find in your letter; though I cannot agree with you on the subject of your penmanship, which, in its marvellous plainness, so puts mine to the blush that I should not be at all surprised if, by the time this reaches you, it seems to have been written in red ink.

It gave me a great shock at the time, and I am very unwilling to tell you now, that my friend Pitch[lynn]'s[†3] card is *printed.*[†4] If it had been written, I would have sent it to you.

I am the worst correspondent in the known world, for when I have been writing (as I have this morning), I am as anxious to get the pen out of my hand, as a school-boy is. But if you will only imagine what I would say to you, and will lay great stress on my assurance that I have committed the offending picture[†5] (it *was* a bad one) to the flames, you will forgive me readily, for this short infliction.

Always believe me, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hutton.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 23 DECEMBER 1842

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1143 (1915); dated Devonshire Terrace, 23 Dec 42; signed initials.

Mentions that he is writing an article[†1] for Fonblanque, who is ill.

To THOMAS MITTON, 24 DECEMBER [1842]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* Christmas Eve was Saturday in 1842; handwriting supports that year.

Saturday Mg. Xmas Eve | 9 o'Clock

My Dear Mitton

I am reminded of my promise to see to the Pantomime,[†2] and am called out at this unholy hour. I shall hope to be in time to see you before you leave. I have not more than £20 at Coutts's, in all.[†3]

Faithfully Always
CD

To COUNT D'ORSAY, [26 DECEMBER 1842]*

MS Comte de Gramont. *Date:* Maclise had sat to D'Orsay on Tues 20 Dec 42;[†4] doubtless CD was writing the following Monday. He, Maclise and Forster dined at Gore House on Wed 28 Dec (see *To* Maclise, 27 Dec).

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

I think Maclise's profile, *most excellent.* I should have recognized it instantly, though I had seen it pasted on the wooden leg of a Greenwich Pensioner,[†5]

or in any other equally unexpected place. It is a very striking likeness; and is full of character.

I shall be rejoiced to dine at Gore House on Wednesday. Pray convey my best regards, with all the good wishes of the Season, to Lady Blessington and the Miss Powers—I can't say "the Misses Power", for it looks so like the blue board at the Gate of a Ladies' Seminary.[†1]

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My Wife has just come in, and is delighted with Maclise's likeness, which, she says, he couldn't have done better, if he had done it himself.

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 27 DECEMBER 1842

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Feb 1922; *MS* 3 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 27 Dec 42.[†2]

About the Sanatorium.

There is a natural repugnance on the part of most people to be in the society or neighborhood of madmen.... Touching Mrs. Gibbons[†3] she appears rather to have gone into the matter as if the patients were, by the ordinary and established laws of nature, her natural enemies—as if she were a warranted mouser and they all mice.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 27 DECEMBER 1842*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh December 1842

My Dear Mac

I received yours, this morning.

I have had a Note from D'Orsay asking me to dine there, tomorrow. I can't make out from its contents whether you are already invited or I am to invite you; for he says "you, Maclise, and Forster, en famille". How is it? Do you go? *I* will.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 DECEMBER 1842]*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* Handwriting suggests late 1842; possibly "the Notice" was his *Examiner* review of Macready's pantomime (see *To* Mitton, 24 Dec and *fn*). *Address:* John Forster Esqre.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evg.

My Dear F.

Here is the Notice.—I will come down at about 12 tomorrow, to correct the proof, if you can have it by that time.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MRS LYDIA MARIA CHILD,[†1] 28 DECEMBER 1842*

MS Boston Public Library. *Address:* [By M]ail Steamer | [Mrs. Lydia] M. Child | [Ne]w York | United States.[†2]

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.
Twenty Eighth December 1842.

My Dear Madam.

Let me thank you for your earnest and interesting letter; and pray do not estimate the amount of pleasure I have had in it, by the length of my reply: which has reference only to the extent of my correspondence and the nature of my avocations.

You hardly give me credit, I think, for being as good a friend to Temperance as I really am.[†3] As to denying myself my cheerful glass of wine because other men get drunk, I see no more reason for doing so, than I do for recognizing no distinction between Use and Abuse in any other commodity, temporal or

spiritual. I am a great friend to Temperance, and a great foe to Abstinence. The more stoutly that Abstinence is insisted upon now, the more clearly I can foresee, I think, that the next age will run riot in

Drunkenness. For all history and experience warn us that of one violent extreme, its opposite has always sprung.

Besides which, there is an immense amount of ignorance and folly and false reasoning, constantly broached by the Abstinence Disseminators. The position that Drunkenness is the cause of all other passions, is one of the most monstrous in the world. You will almost invariably find that some other passion has been the cause of Drunkenness; and that that vice is the coping on the top of most of the Devil's Edifices—not the foundation stone, as your mole-eyed enquirers into Human Nature would have us believe.

The man who cannot drink without drinking too much for his Soul and Body, should be urged to abstinence by all manner of means. But the man who can, should be left alone. If I walk among honest men with my hand kerchief hanging out of my pocket, I am guilty of throwing no temptation in their way, but if I do the like among thieves I am very culpable indeed.

To STEPHEN COLLINS, 28 DECEMBER 1842*

MS New York University Library. *Address:* By Mail Steamer | Stephen Collins Esquire | Baltimore | United States.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.
Twenty Eighth December 1842

Dear Sir.

I have duly received your letter and your book;[†1] for both of which, I beg to thank you cordially.

Mrs. Dickens (who, with our children, is quite well and happy) begs to be kindly remembered to you.

I am always, Dear Sir
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Stephen Collins Esquire.

To MESSRS LEA & BLANCHARD, 28 DECEMBER 1842

MS Messrs Lea & Febiger. *Address:* Private. By Mail Steamer. | Messrs. Lea and Blanchard. | Philadelphia. | United States.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.
Twenty Eighth December 1842.

Dear Sirs

Rest assured that if any personal or private feeling were intermixed with the resolution at which I arrived when I came home in reference to American republications of my books,[†2] it would have great weight in *your* favor. I formed

it, on principle. Disgusted with the infamous state of the Law in respect of Copyright, and confirmed in the opinion I have always held that there is no reasonable ray of hope of its being changed for very many years to come, I determined that so far as I was concerned the American people should have the full pride, honor, glory, and profit of it; that I would be no party to its evasion; and that I would have nothing blown to me by a side-wind, which the dishonest breath of the popular legislature with-held.

I hope that the more you see of this plunder, and the dirty hands into which it goes; the more you will feel and advocate the necessity of a change.†1

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

To CORNELIUS MATHEWS,†2 28 DECEMBER 1842†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* By Mail Steamer. | Cornelius Mathews Esquire | 14 Pine Street | New York | United States.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.
Twenty Eighth December 1842

My Dear Sir

I was very glad to receive your letter, and to read your remarks on the spirit of my American book. I know it deserves them for its good intentions.

Do not suppose, I beg you, that I for a moment misunderstood your suggestions in reference to the want of an International Copyright, or that I conceived it possible you had any personal or private interest to serve, in making them. I simply intended to convey to you my rooted and decided objection to get the better of †a the nefarious system which now exists†a (and will, long after you and I are dead) by an *evasion*, or to take anything from the American People which they will not give me honestly and openly. So far as I am concerned, your†1 intensely intelligent and respectable newspapers†2 shall have the full credit and profit of the present state of things. And perhaps, in time, your publishers may begin to see that it is their interest to have some Law besides the Law of Plunder.

I have to thank you for the Copy of Puffer Hopkins†3 you have kindly sent me for myself; and to acknowledge the receipt of those other sheets of the same work which you sent me at the same time, for a purpose to which, I am sorry to say, I cannot put them. I know of no publisher here, who is at all disposed to reprint an American book unless it have attached to it, some name which is already well known on this side of the water. Since I came home, I have, in the discharge of other commissions to the same effect, several times offered American books (on any terms) to Mr. Moxon,†4 the most likely bookseller for the purpose; but always with the same result.

In the matter of the Brother Jonathan, I would certainly recommend you to take charge of that Journal, if you can do so with profit and advantage.[†5] As to your using the works of British Authors, there can be no doubt that you would be justified in doing so, while matters remain as they are; and that the best return you could make, would be the advocacy of an honorable and honest change. At the same time, I am quite certain in my own mind that such an advocacy would be prejudicial to the interest of the paper, and would seriously affect its circulation, when opposed to the [†b]free and independent doctrines of Mr. Benjamin; which are popular and patriotic.[†b]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Cornelius Mathews Esquire

To FRANK STONE,[†6] 28 DECEMBER 1842*

MS Mr David Borowitz.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate
Twenty Eighth December 1842

My Dear Stone

All manner of childish entertainments are coming off here on Twelfth Night, in honor of my eldest son attaining the tremendous age of six years. It has

occurred to me that a few older boys and girls (all of whom you know) might protract the festivities on their own account, and make a merry evening of it. Come and try—as early as between 7 and 8. I have asked Charles Landseer[†1] to join us, also.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire.

To HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 29 DECEMBER 1842

MS Princeton University Library.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Ninth December 1842.

My Dear Longfellow.

I was delighted to receive your assurance of your safe arrival among our hearty friends, and to think of your sitting down in your own comfortable rooms[†2] after all your cold watering[†3] (and Good God what a quantity of water you had in that halfyear, counting the two passages!) safe and sound again. I was but poorly received when I came home from Bristol that night,[†4] in consequence of my inability to report that I

had left you actually on board the Great Western; and that I had seen the chimney smoking. But I have got over this ... gradually; and am again respected.

I have been blazing away at my new book, whereof the first Number will probably be published under the black flag,[†5] almost as soon as you receive this. The Notes had an enormous sale;[†6] and I trust the Chuzzlewit (so I call this new baby) will go and do likewise. I quite agree with you that we shall never live to see the passing of an International Law. I have always held the same opinion. But we may sow the seed, and leave the gathering of the fruit to others.

Heaven speed your Slavery poems![†7] They will be manful, vigorous, and

full of indignant Truth, I know. I am looking for them eagerly. By the way I have been somewhat shocked to find that Everett[†1] plays fast and loose in our English Society on that question; and says, as any trimming counting-house porter might, "that it is easy to find fault with the system, and not so easy to propound a remedy"[†2]—as if any man with a head on his shoulders fit for anything but a block to put his hat on, did not know perfectly well that it is only after many years of strong denouncement that any remedy in such a case has birth! But here is another instance of the discordant materials he represents. He is the Minister of the Federal Government; and the Federal Government upholds Slavery—wherefore the man of Massachusetts goes to the wall and Freedom with him.

There is nothing new here. A tragedy of the present day has been played at Drury Lane, for which I wrote a Prologue which was spoken by Macready. It has been excellently received, but has not drawn money. He is quite well. Mrs. Macready has just presented him with a little girl,[†3] with whose coming (having an indifferent good stock already) they would perhaps have dispensed if they could have done so, conveniently.[†4] Forster thinks he is hard at work; in which delusion he has been plunged for the last six years.[†5] Rogers has appeared at a Police Office, after threshing divers frail ladies (his former concubines) with a big umbrella.[†6] Talfourd—who much regrets not having seen

you[†1]—is in rude health and high spirits, in consequence of the Tragedy before-mentioned, not having proved attractive.[†2] George Cruikshank got rather drunk here, last Friday night, and declined to go away until Four in the morning, when he went—I don't know where, but certainly not home.[†3] D'Orsay was in great force yesterday, when I dined at Gore House;[†4] and Lady Blessington asked kindly after you. Maclise is painting wonderful pictures.[†5] And the Cornwall expedition was the greatest success ever known in this country.

After you left us, Charley invented and rehearsed with his sisters a dramatic scene in your honor, which is still occasionally enacted. It commences with expressive pantomime, and begins immediately after the ceremony of drinking healths. The three small glasses are all raised together, and they look at each other very hard. Then Charley cries "Mr. Longfellow! Hoo—ra— a— a— a— a— a— e!". Two other shrill voices repeat the sentiment, and the little glasses are drained to the bottom. The whole concludes

with a violent rapping of the table, and a hideous barking from the little dog, who wakes up for the purpose.

They all send their loves to you, in which Kate joins very earnestly. I wish you had seen her sister who is usually with us, as she is now;[†6] but was with her mother when you were here. There *was*[†7] another when we were first married, but She has been my better Angel six long years.

Ever My Dear Longfellow Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Mc Dowall the boo[t] Maker,[†1] Beale the Hosier,[†2] Laffin the Trousers Maker,[†3] and Blackmore the Coat Cutter,[†4] have all been at the point of death, but have slowly recovered. The medical gentlemen agreed that it was exhaustion, occasioned by early rising—to wait upon you, at those unholy hours.[†5]

To T. N. TALFOURD, 30 DECEMBER [1842]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* 30 Dec was Friday in 1842; handwriting supports that year.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night Thirtieth Decr.

My Dear Talfourd.

My attention was attracted to the *book* in the accompanying parcel, by an advertisement in the Papers the other day, which announced for eighteen pence Such and such a Volume of "Parley's Library. Containing every incident in The Old Curiosity Shop and Barnaby Rudge".[†6] The yellow pamphlets (Nos. of the same publication)[†7] contain a great amount of Extract from the

American Book.[†1] The fellow who publishes these Piracies hasn't a penny in the World; but I shall be glad to know, at your convenience, whether the Law gives us any means of stopping him short.[†2]

If you will tell me in one line, when and where I can see you, I will come, and be much obliged to you.

My Dear Talfourd | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To C. C. FELTON, 31 DECEMBER 1842†

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* By Mail Steamer. | Professor Felton | Cambridge | Massachusetts | United States.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park

Thirty First December 1842

My dear Felton. Many and many happy New Years to you and yours! As many happy children as may be quite convenient, (no more); and as many happy meetings between them and our children and between you and us, as the kind Fates in their utmost kindness shall favorably decree!

The American book (to begin with that), has been a most complete and thorough-going success—Four large Editions have now been sold *and paid for*;[†3] and it has won golden opinions from all sorts of men[†4]—except our friend in

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Fraser,[†1] who is a miserable creature; a disappointed man in great poverty, to whom I have ever been most kind and considerate (I need scarcely say that); and another friend in Blackwood[†2]—no less a person than an illustrious gentleman named Warren,[†3] who wrote a story called Ten Thousand a Year.[†4] They have done no harm, and have fallen short of their mark, which, of course, was

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to annoy me. Now I am perfectly free from any diseased curiosity in such respects, and whenever I hear of a notice of this kind, I never read it. Whereby I always conceive (don't you?) that I get the Victory. With regard to your Slave owners, they may cry, 'till they are as black in the face as their own Slaves, that Dickens lies. Dickens does not write for their satisfaction, and Dickens will not explain for their comfort. Dickens has[†1] the name and date of every newspaper in which every one of those advertisements[†2] appeared;—as they know perfectly well; but Dickens does not choose to give them, and will not, at any time between this and the Day of Judgment. [†a]Neither will Dickens correct, to the joy of the Republican Free (and Easy) Newspapers, any little local errors into which he has fallen—not even that of Brock's Monument,[†3] which is a misprint[†4]—but he will leave the book with all its imperfections on its head,[†5] just as it first came out, and alter nothing.([a]

I have been hard at work on my new book, of which the first Number has just appeared.[†6] The Paul Jones's[†7] who pursue Happiness—and Profit—at other

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mens'[†1] cost, will no doubt enable you to read it, almost as soon as you receive this. I hope you will like it. And I particularly commend, my dear Felton, one Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters, to your tender regard.[†2] I have a kind of liking for them, myself.

Blessed star of morning, such a trip as[†3] we had into Cornwall, just after Longfellow went away! The "we", means Forster, Maclise, Stanfield (the renowned Marine Painter) and the Inimitable Boz. We went down into Devonshire by the Railroad, and there we hired an open carriage[†4] from an Innkeeper, patriotic in all Pickwick matters; and went on with Post Horses. Sometimes we travelled all night; sometimes all day; sometimes both.[†5] I kept the joint stock purse; ordered all the dinners and drinks;[†6] paid all the turnpikes; conducted facetious conversations with the postboys; and regulated the pace at which we travelled. Stanfield (an old sailor) consulted an enormous map on all disputed points of wayfaring: and

referred moreover to a pocket compass and other scientific Instruments. The luggage was in Forster's department; and Maclise, having nothing particular to do, sang songs. Heavens! If you could have seen the necks of bottles—distracting in their immense varieties of shape—peering out of the carriage pockets! If you could have witnessed the deep devotion of the post boys—the wild attachment of the Hostlers—the maniac glee of the waiters. If you could have followed us into the earthy old Churches we visited, and into the strange caverns on the gloomy seashore, and down into the depths of Mines,[†7] and up to the tops of giddy heights[†8] where the

unspeakably green water was roaring I dont know how many hundred feet below! If you could have seen but one gleam of the bright fires by which we sat in the big rooms of ancient Inns at night, until long after the small hours had come and gone—or smelt but one steam of the *hot*[†1] Punch (not white, dear Felton, like that amazing compound I sent you a taste of, but a rich, genial, glowing brown) which came in every evening in a huge broad china Bowl! I never laughed in my life as I did on this journey. It would have done you good to hear me. I was choaking and gasping and bursting the buckle off the back of my stock, all the way. And Stanfield (who is very much of your figure and temperament, but fifteen years older) got into such apoplectic entanglements that we were often obliged to beat him on the back with Portmanteaus before we could recover him. Seriously, I do believe there never was such a trip.[†2] And they made such sketches, those two men, in the most romantic of our halting places,[†3] that you would have sworn we had the Spirit of Beauty with

us, as well as the Spirit of Fun.—But stop 'till you come to England—I say no more—.

The actuary of the National Debt couldn't calculate the number of children who are coming here on Twelfth Night, in honor of Charley's birthday, for which occasion I have provided a Magic Lantern and divers other tremendous engines of that nature. But the best of it, is, that Forster and I have purchased between us the entire stock in trade of a conjurer,[†1] the practice and display whereof is entrusted to me. And oh my dear eyes, Felton, if you could see me conjuring the company's watches into impossible tea caddies, and causing pieces of money to fly, and burning pocket handkerchiefs without hurting 'em,— and practising in my own room, without anybody to admire—you would never forget it as long as you live. In those tricks which require a confederate I am assisted (by reason of his imperturbable good humour) by Stanfield, who always does his part exactly the wrong way: to the unspeakable delight of all beholders. We come out on a small scale tonight, at Forster's, where we see the Old Year out and the New One in. Particulars [†b]of Success[†b] shall be forwarded in my next.

I have quite made up my mind that Forster[†2] really belie[ves][†3] he *does* know you personally, and has, all his life. He talks to me about you with such gravity that I am afraid to grin; and feel it necessary to look quite serious. Sometimes he *tells* me things about you—doesn't ask me, you know—so that I am, occasionally perplexed beyond all telling, and begin to think it was he, and not I, who went to America. It's the queerest thing in the World.

The book I was to have given Longfellow for you, is not worth sending by

itself: being only a Barnaby. But I will look up some Manuscript for you (I think I have that of the American Notes complete)[†1] and will try to make the parcel better worth its long conveyance. With regard to Maclise's pictures, you certainly are quite right in your impression of them; but he is "such a discursive devil", (as he says of himself) and flies off at such odd tangents that I feel it difficult to convey to you any general notion of his purpose. I will try to do so, when I write again.[†2]

I want very much to know about Howe[†3] and that charming girl;[†4] [†c]and to hear whether he has got as far as the finger (or squeezing) language yet.[†5c] Give me full particulars. Will you remember me cordially to Sumner, and say I thank him for his welcome letter? The like to Hillard, with many regards to himself and his [†d]most sensible[†d] wife, with whom I had one night a little conversation which I shall not readily forget.[†6] The like to Washington Allston, and all friends who care for me, and have outlived my book. [†e]Kate joins me in earnest and affectionate remembrances to yourself and Mrs. Felton and your little daughters. So does Charley. So does Mary. So does Kate. So does Walter.[†e] Always My Dear Felton

With true regard and affection Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. PRESCOTT, [28-31 DECEMBER 1842]

Mention in Prescott *to* CD, 30 Jan 43. *Date:* received by Prescott "by the last steamer", i.e. the *Caledonia*, which had sailed from Liverpool 4 Jan and arrived in Boston 25 Jan; CD clearly intended his other American letters of 28-31 Dec for the same boat.

About arrangements for the publication of Mme Calderón's book, and stating the amount Chapman & Hall proposed to advance. [†7]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?LATE DECEMBER 1842]

Text from W. Justin O'Driscoll, *A Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A.*, 1871, p. 67. *Date:* clearly soon after the "device" (see *To* Beard, 18 Dec and *fn*) was revealed to Maclise, which must have been not long after the payment of the cheque to Beard on 24 Dec, but later than *To* Maclise, 27 Dec, where the matter is not mentioned.

Do not be offended. I quite appreciate the feeling which induced you to return what I sent you;[†1] notwithstanding, I *must* ask you to take it back again. If I could have contemplated for an instant the selfish engrossment of so much of your time and extraordinary powers, I should have had no need (knowing you, I knew that well) to resort to the little device[†2] I played off. I will take anything else from you at any time that you will give me, any scrap from your hand; but I entreat you not to disturb this matter.[†3] I am willing to be your debtor for anything else in the whole wide range of your art, as you shall very readily find whenever you put me to the proof.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, [?1842]

Extract in Walter M. Hill catalogue No. 50 (1914); from Devonshire Terrace. *Date:* Probably CD's thanks were for one (or both) of Stanfield's watercolour drawings, *Land's End* and *The Logan Rock*,[†4] done during the trip to Cornwall Oct-Nov 42 (see *To* Felton, 31 Dec, *fn* p. 415).

My dear Stanfield

Many thanks for your most beautiful present, which I shall frame conspicuously, and prize, most highly.

Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards to Mrs. Stanfield and hopes she is getting on well,

1843

January

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 2 JANUARY 1843*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Second January 1843.

My Dear Count D'Orsay

Mrs. Dickens thinks the portrait,[†1] "capital", and so do divers other domestic authorities who have seen it—though some protest that the lower part of the face is susceptible of improvement.

I have kept it thus long, to collect opinions.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Le Comte D'Orsay.

To FRANK STONE, 2 JANUARY [1843]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* 1842 impossible; clearly CD's error for 1843. Handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace | Second January 1842

My Dear Stone

Did you get a letter I wrote to you t'other day,[†2] and forwarded Per Post, touching the next Twelfth Night as ever comes? If 'yes', well and good. If 'no', learn that you are expected here, *early* on that Evening.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To LEIGH HUNT, 3 JANUARY 1843

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Third January 1843.

My Dear Hunt.

Next Friday—Twelfth Night—is the Anniversary of my Son and Heir's birthday; on which occasion, a Magic Lantern and divers other engines are going to be let off on these premises.

I have asked some children of a larger growth (all of whom you know)[†3] to come and make merry on their own account. If you be well enough to join us, and

will do so by half past seven, you will give my Wife and myself great pleasure, and (I think I may predict) Leigh Hunt no pain.

Always Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To FREDERICK MARRYAT, 3 JANUARY [1843]

Text from *Life and Letters of Captain Marryat*, ed. Florence Marryat, 1872, II, 118-9. *Date:* 6 Jan was Friday in 1843; and see *To* Hunt, above, and next. Misdated 1849 in N, II, 141.

Devonshire Terrace | January 3

My Dear Marryat,

Friday next—twelfth night—is the anniversary of my son and heir's birthday; on which occasion I am going to let off a magic lantern and other strong engines.

I have asked some children of a larger growth (nearly all of whom you know) to come and make merry. If you are in town, and will join us as early as halfpast seven or so, you will give us *very great* pleasure.

Faithfully yours always,

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK MARRYAT, 3 JANUARY 1843*

MS Colegate University Library, New York.

Devonshire Terrace | Third January 1843

My Dear Marryat

As we old girls and boys will muster in sufficient strength to defend ourselves, on Friday; I can safely promise to give you some Supper. But I think it *would* be prudent if you were to dine before you come.

My son and heir is not (being of very tender years) a fast-goer in the reading way, yet: and consequently is not in the possession of Masterman Ready.[†1] But I will undertake for his being very proud of the book as your gift, when he is much older. And if he be not Delighted with its contents, he is no son of mine—which, at present, I believe him to be. So don't forget it, please.

I will immediately remedy that dire mistake, concerning the American Notes.[†2] I cannot conceive how it has arisen, but I am as much vexed, as if it were my own fault.

They sent *me* that Christian Book[†3] too. Setting aside the incidental cant, I thought it a good article.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Marryat.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 JANUARY 1843*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss B Coutts (in Mrs Dickens's hand).

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Sixth January | 1843

Dear Miss Coutts

I shall be delighted to dine with you on Wednesday next—always supposing that the fatality which seems to have attended all my recent chances of seeing you, should so far relent, as to allow me to enjoy that pleasure.

Always Yours | Faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 JANUARY 1843]

Extract in F, IV, i, 292. *Date:* 8 Jan according to Forster.

I hope the number[†1] will be very good. I have been hammering away, and at home all day. Ditto yesterday; except for two hours in the afternoon, when I ploughed through snow half a foot deep, round about the wilds of Willesden.

To [LADY BURDETT], 13 JANUARY 1843*

MS Chicago University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth January 1843.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to [Lady Burdett][†2] and begs to express (with Compliments to [Sir Francis])[†3] the great regret it gives him to be already engaged on Monday, and therefore unable to dine in [Saint James's Place].[†4]

Mr. Dickens begs, at the same time, to forward to [Lady Burdett], two very small Mineral Specimens from America, which he brought home expressly for [her]. The yellow piece, is Virginia Marble;[†5] and the dark piece is from Niagara.[†6] He brought it away from behind the Great Horse Shoe Fall, where it formed a portion of the cavern worn into the Rock by the mere spray of the Cascade in tumbling over from the height above. It has been saturated in its dismal home, for Ages.

To MISS HANNAH MEREDITH, 13 JANUARY 1843

MS Morgan Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth Jany. 1843

Dear Miss Meredith

Pray thank Miss Coutts from me, for her kindness in respect of the box.

I am sorry I was not at home, and able to answer your note yesterday. I was

ploughing at a tremendous pace through the snow near Harrow, with Mr. Pinch on my right hand and the Pecksniffs on my left.[†1]

To day I have sent Lady Burdett a piece (a very small one) of Niagara, and also a tiny scrap of Virginia Marble. As ill-luck would have it, I was already engaged for Monday.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to add her Compliments.

Always Believe Me

(with the firm conviction that you will shortly dote

(dramatically speaking) on Anderson)[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Meredith

To JOHN TOMLIN,[†3] 13 JANUARY 1843

Text from N, I, 503.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, London
January 13, 1843.

Dear Sir,

I am much flattered by your having inscribed to me your very beautiful lines to Shelley's memory.[†4] I have read them with very great pleasure, and like them exceedingly. I regret, however, that I cannot undertake to procure their insertion in a London Magazine, as I have no connection with any of them, and am obliged to make a rule never to address their Editors on behalf of other writers. If I did, I assure you they would have no rest; and I should be suffocated by favours of their conferring.

Always your faithful and obliged,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* 15 JANUARY 1843

Text from *The Times,* 16 Jan 43.

1, Devonshire-Terrace, Sunday, Jan. 15.

Sir,

In your paper of Saturday you thought it worth while to refer to an article

on my *American Notes* published in the recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*,[†1] for the purpose of commenting on a statement of the reviewer's in reference to the English and American press, with which I have no further concern than that I know it to be a monstrous likening of unlike things.[†2]

I am anxious to give another misrepresentation made by the same writer, whosoever he may be,—which *is* personal to myself,—the most public and positive contradiction in my power; and I shall be really obliged to you if you will allow me to do this through the medium of your columns.

He asserts "That if he be rightly informed, I went to America as a kind of missionary in the cause of international copyright."[†3] I deny it wholly. He is wrongly informed; and reports, without inquiry, a piece of information which I could only characterize by using one of the shortest and strongest words in the language. Upon my honour the assertion is destitute of any particle, aspect, or colouring of truth.

It occurred to me to speak (as other English travellers connected with literature have done before me) of the existing laws—or rather want of laws—on the subject of international copyright, when I found myself in America, simply because I had never hesitated to denounce their injustice while at home; because I thought it a duty to English writers, that their case should be fairly represented; and because, inexperienced at that time in the American people, I believed that they would listen to the truth, even from one presumed to have an interest in stating it, and would no longer refuse to recognize a principle of common honesty, even though it happened to clash with a miserably shortsighted view of their own profit and advantage.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 JANUARY 1843†

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Sixteenth Jany. | 1843.

Dear Miss Coutts

I am very sorry to say that we, only yesterday, made an engagement for Wednesday. I was not much disposed to contemplate it with satisfaction then; but now I hate it.

Mr. Penn†1 made an engagement to call on me on Wednesday Morning, "to talk about America". I find I shall not have finished my Number by that time, and must put him off. As I don't know his address, if Miss Meredith would kindly convey this piece of information to him on my behalf, per post—adding that I shall be glad to see him any day next week he may appoint—she would bind me to her for ever.

Your note finds me in Mr. Pinch's society. He seems comfortable and in good spirits: having a holiday.†2

Always believe me | Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts P.S. Mrs. Dickens begs me to present her compliments, and to express her regrets.

To MRS M'IAN, 16 JANUARY 1843*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Sixteenth Jany. | 1843.

Dear Mrs. Mc Ian

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind Note, and will certainly do myself the pleasure of calling tomorrow.

I hope your face is better.

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Mc Ian

To HENRY AUSTIN, 17 JANUARY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Seventeenth Jany. 1843

My Dear Henry

Mitton is going to dine with me at the Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead, on Friday next, when I shall most likely have the new No. in my pocket. Will you be my only other guest? If so, let us meet at his place in Southampton Buildings at 3, and I will drive you up there.

With love to Letitia, | Always Affectionately
CD.

Henry Austin Esquire

To R. R. M'IAN,[†1] 17 JANUARY 1843*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth January 1843

My Dear Sir

I am perfectly *delighted* with the Sketches[†2] you have so kindly sent me. I will swear to their truthfulness, at all times and seasons, and am proud to possess them. Thank you, heartily.

There seems to be some spell against my calling in Coram Street,[†3] for I have twice been kept in double irons at home, when I have been coming to you. Will you and Mrs. Mc Ian reverse the venture, and promise to come to us next Wednesday at Six exactly? That is our dinner-hour. We have either no party at all, or a very, very, small one.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. R. Mc Ian Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, [17 JANUARY 1843]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* the Tuesday before Fri 20 Jan 43; see *fn.* Handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Mitton

Unless Friday will be too late for Parbury purposes,[†1] I should like to appoint that morning at your own hour. If Thursday would be better, I *can* (but not so conveniently) make it that day instead.

Faithfully Always

CD

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To [JOSEPH] ABLETT,[†2] 19 JANUARY 1843*

MS Yale University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park
Nineteenth Jany. 1843.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ablett, and begs, with many thanks, to acknowledge the receipt of his kind cheque on the London and Westminster for Two Pounds, in aid of the Subscription for the Widow and family[†3] of the late Mr. Hone.

To WILLIAM DAY,[†1] 19 JANUARY 1843†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Nineteenth January 1843

My Dear Sir.

Let me thank you for the proof of the letter you have addressed to me;[†2] which I received, by your favor, this morning. I have read it with the greatest satisfaction. And though I cannot lay claim to the merit you would give me; for doing so slight a thing as denouncing Slavery on any terms, but especially in co-existence with that monstrous Lie, the declaration of American Independence; still I cannot but feel proud of your approval and Good opinion.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Day Esquire

To MRS FRANCES TROLLOPE, 19 JANUARY 1843†

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Nineteenth Jany. 1843

My Dear Mrs. Trollope.

Do, in the name of all the live physic[†3] in the World, read *my* letter from your esteemed correspondent! And when you have done so, kindly send it back to me: for it is too good to be lost.

What do you suppose the delicate readers of books (whose ears, as Mrs. Slipslop[†4] says, are the delicatest parts about them) would have said, if you had imagined such a case as this, in your Domestic Manners?

I am much pleased by your communicating the matter to me: and can only feel gratified by your making any mention of me you please, to this, or any other skulker under the Black Flag of Literature.

But it is right I should tell you, at the same time, that I have not yet learned that there is any *general* intention of abstaining from the custom of selling early

proofs when they are asked for, on the other side. Indeed I know of nobody save myself who has come to that resolution.

Always Believe me | Dear Mrs. Trollope
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Trollope.

P.S. I have sent Mr. T. J. Marshall,[†1] this letter from my Solicitors.

Sir

We are requested by our client, Mr. Charles Dickens, to inform you, that having had an opportunity of comparing your letter to him of the 13th. Instant, with another (to a similar purpose, but couched in a very different tone) which you addressed elsewhere on the very next day; he would consider himself degraded by holding any communication with you.

We have it further in request from Mr. Dickens, to acquaint you, that if you address him again, your letter will be returned, unopened, to the Post Office; and that your letter of the 13th. would have been sent back to you herewith, but that it is probable Mr. Dickens may want it for reference hereafter.

Smithson and Mitton
23 Southampton Buildings.

To SIR ROBERT INGLIS,[†2] 21 JANUARY 1843

Mention in Stan Henkels catalogue No. 1297 (1922); dated Devonshire Terrace, 21 Jan 43.

Regretting his inability to accept an invitation.

To FREDERICK MARRYAT, 21 JANUARY 1843*

Facsimile, Nicolas Rauch S.A. Geneva (Auction catalogue No. 13).

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First Jany. 1843

My Dear Marryat.

I have always been on friendly terms with Bulwer, but I am by no means pleased with his having taken no notice of my International Copyright letter. I held my Gauntlet somewhat toughly to Jonathan's nose, and should have deserved better of the Baronet though I had been a stranger.

Therefore I will not sign his paper;[†1] the rather as it seems to me to be an unnecessary kind of flourish, importing that we mean to do, what we can do very well, without blast of trumpet.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg to be well remembered to you. We are going to Bath[†2] today, but shall be home again in the middle of the week.

Always My Dear Marryat | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MACVEY NAPIER, 21 JANUARY 1843

MS British Museum.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty First January 1843.

My Dear Sir.

In acknowledging the receipt of your two letters, let me hasten to say, in the fullest and most explicit manner, that you have acted a most honorable, open, fair, and manly part in the matter of my complaint;[†3] for which I beg you to accept my best thanks, and the assurance of my friendship and regard.

I would on no account, publish the letter you have sent me for that purpose; as I conceive that doing so, I should not reciprocate the spirit in which you have written to me privately. But if you should, upon consideration, think it not inexpedient to set the Review right in regard to this point of fact, by a note in the next number,[†1] I should be glad to see it there.

In reference to the article itself (which I consider now, as I need hardly say, quite apart from you) it did, by repeating this statement, hurt my feelings excessively; and is, in this respect, I still conceive, most

unworthy of its author. I am at no loss to divine who its author is.[†2] I *know* he read in some cut-throat American paper, this and other monstrous statements, which I could at any time have converted into sickening praise by the payment of some fifty dollars. I know that he is perfectly aware that his statement in the Review, in corroboration of these Lies, will be disseminated through the whole of the United States; and that my contradiction will never be heard of. And though I care very little for the opinion of any person who will set the statement of an American Editor (almost invariably an atrocious scoundrel) against my character and conduct, such as they may be; still, my sense of Justice does revolt from this most cavalier and careless exhibition of me to a whole people, as a traveller under false pretences, and a disappointed intriguer.

The better the acquaintance with America, the more defenceless and more inexcusable such conduct is. For I solemnly declare (and appeal to any man, but the Writer of this Paper, who has travelled in that country; for confirmation of my statement) that the source from which he drew the "Information" so recklessly put forth again in England, is infinitely more obscene, disgusting, and brutal, than the very worst Sunday newspaper that has ever been printed in Great Britain.—Conceive the Edinburgh Review, quoting "The Satirist", or "The Man about Town", as an authority against a man with one grain of honor or feather-weight of reputation!

With regard to yourself, let me say again that I thank you with all sincerity and heartiness; and fully acquit you of everything but kind and generous intentions towards me. In proof of which, I do assure you that I am even more

desirous than before, to write for the Review, and to find some topic which would at once please me, and you.

My Dear Sir I am always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

Professor Napier

To LORD BROUGHAM, 25 JANUARY 1843*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fifth January 1843.

Dear Lord Brougham.

I have been passing a few days at Bath; on my return from which place, last night, I found your kind letter.[†2] I address my answer to your town residence: hoping, from what you tell me of your movements, that you are already on your way home.

The first information I had of that mighty cool and reckless statement in the Edinburgh review (taken, by the bye, from the most atrocious of the American Newspapers;[†3] which I could have silenced at any time by the payment of a pound or two; or by consenting—which I never would—to receive the

Editor) was brought to me last Saturday Week. I immediately wrote a letter to the Times, giving it the flattest and strongest contradiction I could put into words. I did not write to Napier, because I knew; having always been on friendly terms with him; that he was kindly disposed towards me. And I was apprehensive that by doing so, I might occasion some difference between him and Jeffrey, who, I also knew, was very favourable to the book, in his affectionate regard for me.

But the next Post brought me a long, and very honorable letter, from Napier himself: giving me the whole history of the Notice (except the Writer's name) and expressing his very great regret. He enclosed a second letter; for publication if I desired; retracting the assertion most explicitly and fully. I wrote him back, that I would on no account publish it, as I did not think I should, in doing so, respond to the manly spirit in which he had written to me. But that if he thought it not inexpedient to correct the statement by a note in the next No. of the review, I should be glad to see it there.

I have not the least doubt of the review having been written by Lord Morpeth.†4 Not the slightest in the world.

The English Press†1 is bad enough—a great part of it, very bad—but it can no more be compared with the American Journalism, than a silver fork can be likened to a bowie knife, or a gold bracelet to an iron handcuff. I firmly believe it has no parallel in the history of the World. And I hope to God it never may have.

I quite agree with you in your estimate of the power of newspapers at home, in the long run. But in the short run—the trot of the day—they can be Angel or Devil—as the humour seizes them—with vast effect, I think.

I am always | My Dear Lord
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Brougham.

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 25 JANUARY 1843

Mention in unidentified catalogue, New York Public Library, and in N, I, 505; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 25 Jan 43 (date in N); signed initials.

Bitterly attacking Lord Morpeth for writing a review.

To W. M. THACKERAY,†2 26 JANUARY 1843

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth January 1843.

My Dear Thackeray

I have been at Bath for some few days.—Remember, that I expect you to dinner on Sunday, at Six, sharp. No party.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD LANE,[†1] 30 JANUARY 1843*

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

Monday Morng | January 30th. | 1843

My Dear Sir

Tomorrow at eleven will suit me excellently well.

I am very sorry that "Mercy"[†2] arrived when I was dressing; and that I could not therefore have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with her. But I count on having that gratification before long.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Lane Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 30 JANUARY [1843]

MS Chas J. Sawyer Ltd. *Date:* 1843 on handwriting.

Victoria By The Grace of God Queen Defender of The Faith, to her trusty subjects John Forster and Charles Dickens, Greeting.

This is to will and require you, the said John Forster and Charles Dickens to have in your safe keeping, at No 1 Devonshire Terrace on this present Thirtieth day of January at half past five exactly, the body of Clarkson Stanfield, Royal Academician, and him in safe Custody to keep and hold, until the said Clarkson has taken his fill of certain Meat, to wit hashed Venison from America, and has washed down the same with certain liquors, to wit fermented liquors, provided at the said Charles Dickens' proper cost and charge.

Herein fail not at your peril.
Victoria.

Countersigned
CHARLES DICKENS
JOHN FORSTER

To RICHARD LANE, 31 JANUARY 1843*

MS Mr L. C. Hopkins.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First January 1843

My Dear Sir

I am obliged to be the postponer, this morning. In the hurry of writing

to you yesterday, I forgot an engagement which compels me to ask whether tomorrow at the same hour will suit you instead of today.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard. J. Lane Esquire

February

To ANDREW BELL, 1 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Andrew Bell Esquire | 23 Liverpool Terrace | Islington.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate Regents Park
First February 1843

My Dear Sir

I thank you for your gratifying letter; and for the loan of the enclosed sketches.[†1] They have pleased me very much. I know something of Coal Heavers, and of the hostelry you mention in that paper. There is another in Milbank[†2]—not very far from Abingdon Street; on the left hand side of the way, as you go towards Vauxhall Bridge. It is a famous house.[†3] There is a heaver who uses it, who, in his sober moments is a merry fellow, but who, after his eighth or ninth pot (I am not sure which) becomes rather maudlin and Byronical. You will find him in this state any night when the clock strikes Twelve, staggering past the great lamp-post in the Strand, opposite Northumberland House, and crying "I'm a bloody orphan!" in accents full of grief. This is really a fact. He never says more, and never less; is a sturdy, broad-shouldered, honest fellow; fifty years old, or more; sensitive to a fault in porter, but quite a plain man out of it.

I owe you an apology for having thought you hard on the Americans.[†4] Accept it from me, in my improved and clearer sight. Your dedication to Peel stuck in my throat; and I thought (perhaps still think) that you lost sight of the fact that the Republic had its growth—not in liberal principles, but in the wrongest-headed Toryism and the obstinacy of that swine-headed anointed of the Lord—his Majesty King George The Third. But for him it might have been a very different place at this hour.

The note you are free to use.[†5] I wish it were better worth your using. Such as it is, it is heartily at your service.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew Bell Esquire

To W. CARPENTER,[†1] 1 FEBRUARY 1843

Mention in Waller catalogue No. 124 (1879); dated Devonshire Terrace, 1 Feb 43.

Declining the Presidentship of the Literary and Dramatic Fund. [†2]

To JOHN DE GEX,[†3] 1 FEBRUARY 1843

MS Bernard Quaritch Ltd. *Address:* John De Gex Esquire | 5 New Square | Lincolns Inn.

Devonshire Terrace. | First February 1843.

My Dear De Gex.

I am very sorry I missed you t'other day.

You have done quite right, I think, in deciding to run the hazard of the die.[†4] I need not say that I shall drop my white ball into the box,[†5] vigorously.

I never ask men to vote for a friend, when the voting is by ballot, nor do I ever respond to those who ask that favor of me: as I hold it to be inconsistent with the ballot to have any negociation on such a subject. But if anybody ask me whether I know you, I will give that report of you which dwelleth within me.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John De Gex Esquire.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 1 FEBRUARY 1843

MS Boston Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace | First February 1843

My Dear Dr. Smith

I have read the enclosed with great pain, and with a foreknowledge of its entire Truth.

I fear, however, that I cannot take up the subject.[†6] Firstly and mainly, because I am fully engaged in doing my best for similar objects by different means.[†7] And secondly, because this question involves the whole subject of the

condition of the mass of people in this country. And I greatly fear that until Governments are honest, and Parliaments pure, and Great men less considered, and small men more so, it is almost a Cruelty to limit, even the dreadful hours and ways[†1] of Labor which at this time prevail. Want is so general, distress so great, and Poverty so rampant—it is, in a word, so hard for the Million to live by any means—that I scarcely know how we can step between them, and one weekly farthing. The necessity of a mighty change, I clearly see; and yet I cannot reconcile it to myself to reduce the earnings of any family—their means of existence being now so very scant and spare.

I shall be very glad to see the evidence,[†2] and to have an opportunity of studying it. It will not fall on rocky ground if you send it here, I think.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith

To T. B. L. BAKER,[†3] 3 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Miss Olive K. Lloyd-Baker. *Address:* T. B. G.[†4] Baker Esquire | Hardwicke Court.

Private.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Third February 1843

Dear Sir.

I am much indebted to you for your interesting note.[†5] The Gloucestershire facts were quite unknown to me. The sad history of Captain Brenton and his Institution,[†6] I was perfectly acquainted with. But I feared to make any

allusion to it in my book, lest some Samaritan should be sickened and put out of heart, and his good deeds throttled in their birth.

I thank you cordially, for your obliging favor. And am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. B. G. Baker Esquire

To H. SMALE,[†1] 3 FEBRUARY 1843

Extract in N, I, 506.

Devonshire Terrace | Third February, 1843

The months come round so fast....

... I shall not be able to have the pleasure of coming to dine with you until my February work has had its throat cut: which laudable deed I shall perform with all convenient despatch.

I was hurried away unexpectedly to Bath, in the beginning of my January leisure, and have since been reposing on some rheumatic laurels gathered on the railway.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 3 [FEBRUARY] 1843

MS University of Kentucky. *Date:* "January" clearly an error; 3 Feb 43 was a Friday, and 4 Feb Ainsworth's birthday.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning | Third January 1843.

My Dear Stanfield.

Landseer[†2] has spread such exciting reports of the conjurations we performed on Twelfth Night,[†3] that I have been fain to promise Mrs. Norton they shall come off for the behoof of her boys on Monday.[†4]

I have some new tricks, and some improvements on the old, which require an exact knowledge on the part of Ivory.[†1] And as I hear you are going to Mrs. Norton's on Monday, will you be here at 5—not later—that we may have time to go over them? Do you dine at Ainsworth's tomorrow? In the event of such extraordinary good luck, will you come here *tomorrow* at 5?

A word in answer.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [?EARLY FEBRUARY 1843]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Handwriting points to early 43; probably soon after seeing Ainsworth on 4 Feb.

My Dear Ainsworth.

Relying on auld acquaintance, I had made exactly the arrangement you propose; and shall send the Carriage back in the Evening for my small relation.[†2]

Many thanks for the Magazine.[†3]

Always Heartily

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 6 FEBRUARY 1843

Text from J. B. Findlay, *Charles Dickens and his Magic*, privately printed, Shanklin, 1962. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire, | 23 Southampton Buildings.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday, Sixth February, 1843.

My Dear Mitton,

I am greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in relation to the turn-out.[†4] I had already told the coachmaker to put all possible strength into the splinter-bar, and to make as stout a job of it as he really could.

You will be delighted to hear that my Mother is formally "bespoke" for the Easthorpe[†1] Park delivery!!![†2]

I have made a most splendid trick of that apparatus which Hamley[†3] couldn't manage: by the addition of one or two simple contrivances. It is better than the Northern Wizard[†4] and as good as Doebler.

Faithfully Always,

CD.

To GEORGE STEVENSON,[†5] 6 FEBRUARY 1843

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* V, 1919-21; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 6 Feb 43; signed initials.

Referring to repairs to a coach.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 7 FEBRUARY 1843

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh February 1843.

Dear Sirs

I wrote to Mr. Browne yesterday morning, and told him he should have both subjects by the Tenth. In the meantime, I asked him to make and send me, a sketch of Mark, who will appear in the first.[†6]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 FEBRUARY 1843]

Extract in F, IV, i, 292. *Date:* 12 Feb according to Forster.

I am in a difficulty, and am coming down to you some time to-day or tonight. I couldn't write a line yesterday; not a word, though I really tried hard. In a kind of despair I started off at half-past two with my pair of petticoats[†1] to Richmond; and dined there!![†2] Oh what a lovely day it was in those parts.

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 13 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth February 1843

My Dear Elliotson.

I am much indebted to you for the loan of the enclosed.[†3] The letter has particularly interested me: being very womanly and tender.

But I fear—I greatly fear—that in that place, which is the very last resort of the most hardened crime, we must be stern.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Elliotson.

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 FEBRUARY 1843]

Extract in F, IV, i, 293, dated by Forster two days after letter of 12 Feb.

Send me word how you are.[†4] But not so much for that I now write, as to tell you, peremptorily, that I insist on your wrapping yourself up and coming

here in a hackney-coach, with a big portmanteau, to-morrow. It surely is better to be unwell with a Quick and Cheerful (and Co.) in the neighbourhood, than in the dreary vastness of Lincolns-inn-fields. Here is the snuggest tent-bedstead in the world, and there you are with the drawing-room for your workshop, the Q and C for your pal, and 'everythink in a concatenation accordingly.' I begin to have hopes of the regeneration of mankind after the reception of Gregory[†1] last night, though I have none of the *Chronicle*[†2] for not denouncing the villain. Have you seen the note touching my *Notes* in the blue and yellow?[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-FEBRUARY 1843]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 311. *Date:* probably while writing the March No. (Chs 6-8); see below.

As to the way in which these characters have opened out,[†4] that is, to me, one of the most surprising processes of the mind in this sort of invention. Given what one knows, what one does not know springs up; and I am as absolutely certain of its being true, as I am of the law of gravitation—if such a thing be possible, more so.

To EBENEZER JOHNSTON,[†1] 15 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth February 1843

My Dear Sir

I have been waiting to answer your note, until now, simply because Mrs. Dickens has been exceedingly unwell, ever since your daughters[†2] did her the favor to call here (when she had already been in bed two or three days), and is only just now recovering. Though greatly better, she is afraid to encounter the night air,—nor do I think, though generally on the bold side in such matters, that it would be well for her to do so, for some few days longer.

For myself, I am in agonies peculiar to February—a month which, by reason of its shortness, ought to be blotted out of the almanacks—and although, if she had been able to come to you on Friday, I would have made a dash and accompanied her; still, now that I have the opportunity of consideration which her staying at home gives me, I decide in behalf of Virtue and Constancy, and remain at home to finish.[†3]

Mrs. Dickens begs her compliments to your daughters, and looks forward to returning their visit, very soon.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Ebenezer Johnstone Esquire
P.S. Not being quite certain of your address, I despatch this to the root and branch in Fenchurch Street.[†4]

To CHARLES MACKAY, 17 FEBRUARY 1843

Text from Charles Mackay, *Forty Years' Recollections*, 1877, I, 172.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth February 1843

My dear Mackay,

I have such strong reasons to doubt the easy working of your project,[†5] and to fear it will end in disappointment, that I "cannot"—as the honest, and I am

sorry to add, very heavy servant in "High Life below Stairs,"[†1] says,—"make one among you." Some of these weighty arguments shall be yours when I see you next.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mackay, Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 17 FEBRUARY 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth Feby. | 1843.

My Dear Mitton

If I bring the carriage down on Tuesday, at what time shall I come?

Shall we make a day of it, somewhere? I shall most likely have the No.[†2] in my pocket.

Until that day, will you stave off the mischievous lunatic[†3] (on the best terms you can) whose letter I enclose? And will you tell the man, Reeves,[†4] under Grays Inn archway who has sent me in *for the second time* a bill which I think is Frederick's, that the papers[†5] never came to me, and I know nothing about 'em?

In haste | Always Faithfully

CD.

To LORD BROUGHAM, 20 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth February 1843

Dear Lord Brougham.

Thank you for your kind note. I was misled by Napier's letter; which seemed strongly to point to Lord Morpeth; and did indeed admit, as I thought, of no other construction than that which I put upon it. Except to you, I had only mentioned my impression to one friend, however: and therefore I have done him but little injustice beyond the compass of my own thoughts.

I know the Writer's name now.[†1]

You saw how the town took the law into their own hands in the case of a scoundrel Editor who appeared, the other night, as an Actor at Covent Garden?[†2] It is as good a sign of the popular detestation of printed stabs, as I have seen, I think.

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Brougham.

To EDWIN LANDSEER, 20 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Mrs Joan Stern.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twentieth February | 1843.

My Dear Landseer

Have you anything better to do, than to dine here next Wednesday at 6— sharp—precise—exact? We have no party, saving Mc Ian and his wife; and may be two others whom you know.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Landseer Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, 20 FEBRUARY 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth February 1843.

My Dear Mitton

I quite agree in opinion with you, touching my father[†3] who I really believe, as Sam Weller says of some one in Pickwick, "has gone ravin' mad with conscious willany".[†4] The thought of him besets me, night and day; and I really do not know what is to be done with him. It is quite clear that the more we do, the more outrageous and audacious he becomes.

Perhaps we cannot do better tomorrow than go to Dulwich where there is an interesting Picture Gallery, which I think you never saw. I will be with you at one. If the day be anything short of cats, dogs, and pitchforks, in its dampness, I will send Topping on, by buss, in order that you may the better see (from the

box seat), the performance of the horses. I have to go to a party at night,[†1] but not until late.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

P.S. I finished on Saturday Night, last.

To T. PRICE,[†2] 24 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Chas J. Sawyer Ltd. *Address:* T. Price Esquire | 95 Islington | Birmingham.

Private.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fourth February 1843

Sir.

I am much obliged to you for your good-humoured note. The sheets to which you allude, are merely (as I conceive) impressions of some detached tales published in the commencement of the clock:[†3] which I have had cancelled, at some loss, merely because I considered that they injured the effect of the two long stories, which are now published in separate Volumes, without those interruptions. They *sold* as well as the rest, but they did not please me; and therefore I disposed of them to the four Winds.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Price Esquire

To H. P. SMITH, 24 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth February 1843

My Dear Smith.

We rejoice in your being out of quarantine at last; and congratulate you, heartily, thereupon.

On Tuesday, we shall be very glad indeed, to dine with you. I should have written you as much yesterday, but that I was from home all day.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 27 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS University of Kentucky.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh February | 1843.

My Dear Stanfield

My Missis says that we dine at 5, not half past—otherwise it is such a struggle and bustle to reach the Theatre[†1] in time. Of course I understand that you will come or not, just as suits your convenience.

Faithfully always
CD

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To T. E. WELLER,[†2] 27 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Mrs Sowerby.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Seventh February 1843

Dear Sir.

I am obliged to you for your good-humoured letter; and I beg you to present my regards to your accomplished daughter,[†3] together with this autograph,[†4]

which must be understood to include all manner of good wishes for her, and you, and the Wellers generally.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. E. Weller Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 FEBRUARY 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth February 1843

Dear Miss Coutts.

I don't know whether you may happen to remember that there was a Public Subscription some two or three years ago, for the purchase of a Testimonial to Macready, in honor of his exertions to elevate the National Drama. However, there *was*: a handsome piece of plate was designed and made;[†2] and is at last[†3] to be presented by the Duke of Sussex[†4] in the course of the ensuing month.[†5]

But the failure of Hammersley's Bank, and the consequent loss of a part of the money, has rendered a second Subscription necessary. Being a Member of the Committee, and casting about to whom it would be right to apply, I have naturally thought of you. Firstly, because I know you are attached to the most rational of all amusements. And secondly, because in the horrible indifference to it which prevails among people of influence and station, any support from you, cannot fail to be at once most valuable to the cause, and most gratifying and cheering to Macready himself.

Therefore, if you see no objection to aiding the object (a much higher one than the froth of the World suppose) I shall be most proud and glad to act as your Secretary or steward in the matter. Lord Lansdowne is one of the very few men in high places, who have dealt with it as they should. There be some (whose titles would startle you) who have put down their names with round sums attached, but have not put down their money; in consequence of which, I am in danger of turning misanthropical, Byronic, and devilish.

I hope you liked the Much Ado—and the Comus[†6]—and that you will go to

see Virginius[†1] next Monday. If you were not pleased last Friday, I shall certainly carry my misanthropical impulses into effect, and leave off my neck cloth[†2] without further notice.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY HOLLAND, 28 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth February 1843

Dear Lady Holland.

I beg to return you the French newspapers, with many thanks. I shall hope to have the pleasure of coming to see you when the middle of next month is past. My plan now, is, to keep myself strictly at home (with the exception of a long country walk or ride every day) during one half of the month; and I find it a capital one, both for health, and pleasant authorship.

Let me thank you too, for your kind Message, touching the Edinburgh Review. Napier's private letters to me, seemed to point so plainly at Lord Morpeth, that I fell into that mistake against my will and desire: which were, and always have been, to consider him incapable of any but good actions. Saving to Fonblanque, I only mentioned my suspicion to one other person. That was Lord Brougham; who immediately corrected it, and set me right.

I hope you are in such health and spirits as I would have you enjoy. And I am always
Dear Lady Holland
Yours faithfully and truly obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.

To D. M. MOIR,[†1] [JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1843]

Mention in letter from Moir to Aird, quoted in *The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir*, ed. Thomas Aird, 1852, p. lxv. *Date:* according to Moir, "a few months" before he wrote the Preface to the edition published 18 May,[†2] but not before Jan 43.

Encouraging him to publish his Domestic Verses *circulated privately early in 1843.*[†3]

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART,[†4] [?DECEMBER 1842-FEBRUARY 1843]

Extract from unidentified newspaper cutting about a Dickens exhibition, in possession of Mr W. J. Carlton. *Date:* clearly at least some weeks after CD first heard Tagart in Nov 42

(see *To* Felton, 2 Mar 43, *fn*), but tone suggests early in their acquaintance, and the "discourse" may have been in Feb; see below.

As one of your congregation[†5] I cannot resist the opportunity of conveying to you my earnest and grateful feelings for your eloquent and charming discourse of last Sunday.[†6] It made more impression upon me than any sermon I have ever yet heard—even from your lips.[†7]

March

To JOHN BRITTON,[†1] 2 MARCH 1843*

MS Mrs S. S. Clephan.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Second March 1843

Dear Sir.

Nobody who knows me, will, I am certain, consider me supine when the interests of Literature or any of its Professors are in question. I have always done my duty in upholding it and them to the utmost extent of my power. And if, in my business transactions I had had less regard to its honor, and more to my own profit, I might have been by this time—almost as rich a man as you take me for.

But I am not by any means clear that the Society[†2] you propose *will* tend to its advancement. Nor can I exercise that right of private judgment in such a matter which unquestionably belongs to me, until I know of whom it is composed, and what it is to do. Until I have reasonable information on these heads from its own proceedings, I must, in all good humour, decline to add another to my already long list of Clubs and Societies. In the meantime, pray rest assured that the Pursuit of Literature as a Profession shall suffer no greater disparagement in my person, than I can possibly help.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Britton Esquire.

To [MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL], 2 MARCH 1843*

MS Dr Peter Beattie.

Devonshire Terrace | Second March 1843

Dear Sirs

I enclose you Mr. Prescott's letter.[†3]

I shall be glad to hear of any improvement in Chuzzlewit.[†4] Please to take care that Mrs. Hogarth has the No. every month.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, 2 MARCH 1843

MS Berg Collection.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Second March 1843.

My Dear Clark

Let us lay a wager upon that Copyright business. What impossible odds shall

I set against some piece of property of yours, that we shall be in our graves and out of them again in particles of dust, impalpable, before those honest men at Washington, in their earthy riots, care one miserable damn for Mind?

You will not take it ill when I tell you that the last-sent Nicks[†1] remain uncut. When I resolved on shipboard coming home, to write upon America, I solemnly determined with myself that I would never read an American Criticism on the book. Innumerable newspapers have been sent to me across the Atlantic since its publication. If there were anything to pay, they have gone back to the Post Office; if nothing, they have gone, unopened, into the fire. I have never once departed from my resolution in the least degree. And I feel the wisdom of it, in my good spirits and good humour.[†2]

I don't think you will like Chuzzlewit less, as it goes on. I particularly commend Mr. Pinch, and a sister of his who will one day appear upon the scene,[†3] to your favorable consideration.

Ah! That unfulfilled promise! If I ever have a scene of Chuzzlewit written early enough to send to you—but I will not lay down any more pieces of stone in the Infernal Pavement. Nous verrons.

Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards to yourself and Mrs. Clark; in which I cordially join.—Last Thursday twelvemonth, we dined at your house.[†4]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

L. Gaylord Clark Esquire.

To C. C. FELTON, 2 MARCH 1843†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* By Mail Steamer | Professor Felton | Cambridge | Massachusetts | United States.

1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park London
Second March 1843.

My Dear Felton.

I don't know where to begin, but plunge headlong with a terrible splash into this letter, on the chance of turning up somewhere.

Hurrah! Up like a Cork again—with the North American Review[†5] in my

hand. Like you, my dear Felton. And I can say no more in praise of it, though I go on to the end of the sheet. You cannot think how much notice it has attracted here. Brougham called the other day with the No. (thinking I might not have seen it) and I being out at the time, he left a note, speaking of it, and of the writer, in terms that warmed my heart. Lord Ashburton (one of whose people wrote a Notice in the Edinburgh, which they have since publicly contradicted)[†1] also wrote to me about it in just the same strain. And many others have done the like.

I am in great health and spirits, and powdering away at Chuzzlewit, with all manner of facetiousness rising up before me as I go on. As to news, I have really none, saving that Forster (who never took any exercise in his life) has been laid up with the rheumatism for weeks past, but is now, I hope, getting better. My little captain,[†2] as I call him—he who took me out, I mean, and with whom I had that adventure of the cork soles[†3]—has been in London too, and seeing all the lions under my escort. Good Heavens! I wish you could have seen certain other mahogany faced men (also Captains) who used to call here for him in the morning, and bear him off to Docks and Rivers and all sorts of queer places, whence he always returned late at night, with rum and water tear-drops in his eyes, and a complication of Punchy smells in his mouth! He was better than a Comedy to us—having marvellous ways of tying his pocket hand kerchief round his neck at dinner time in a kind of jolly embarrasment[†4]—and then forgetting what he had done with it. Also of singing songs to wrong tunes, and calling land objects by sea names, and never knowing what o'Clock it was, but taking midnight for seven in the evening; with many other sailor oddities, all full of honesty, manliness, and good temper. We took him to Drury Lane Theatre to see Much Ado About Nothing.[†5] But I never could find out what he meant by turning round to Kate after he had watched the first two scenes with great attention; and enquiring "whether it was a Polish piece?"!

[†a]Forster must make haste and get well, for this day month, the second of April, is our wedding day and his birthday; on which high festival, we always go down in great state to Richmond (an exquisite place upon the River Thames: some twelve miles off) and hold a solemn dinner, whereat we empty our glasses, you may believe.[†a] On the fourth, I am going to preside at a Public Dinner for

the benefit of the Printers;[†1] and if you were a guest at that table, wouldn't I smite you on the shoulder, harder than ever I rapped the well-beloved back of Washington Irving at the City Hotel in New York![†2]

You were asking me—I love to say, asking—as if we could talk together— about Maclise. He is such a discursive fellow, and so eccentric in his might, that on a mental review of his pictures I can hardly tell you of them as leading to any one strong purpose. But the Annual Exhibition at the Royal Academy comes off in May,[†3] and then I will endeavour to give you some notion of him. He is a tremendous

creature, and might do anything. But like all tremendous creatures, he takes his own way, and flies off at unexpected breaches in the conventional wall.

You know Hone's[†4] Every Day Book, I dare say. Ah! I saw a scene of mingled comicality and seriousness at his funeral some weeks ago,[†5] which has choked me at dinner-time ever since. George Cruikshank and I, went as Mourners;[†6] and as he lived, poor fellow, five miles out of town, I drove George down. It was such a day as I hope for the credit of Nature is seldom seen in any parts but these—muddy, foggy, wet, dark, cold, and unutterably wretched in every possible respect. Now, George has enormous whiskers which straggle all down his throat in such weather, and stick out in front of him, like a partially unravelled bird's-nest; so that he looks queer enough at the best, but when he is very wet, and in a state between jollity (he is always very jolly with me) and the deepest gravity (going to a funeral, you know) it is utterly impossible to resist him: especially as he makes the strangest remarks the mind of man can conceive, without any intention of being funny, but rather meaning to be philosophical. I really cried with an irresistible sense of his comicality, all the way, but when he was drest out in a black cloak and a very long black hatband by an undertaker, who (as he whispered me with tears in his eyes—for he had known Hone many years—was "a character, and he would like to sketch him") I thought I should have been obliged to go away. However, we went into a little parlor where the funeral party was, and God knows it was miserable enough, for the

widow and children were crying bitterly in one corner, and the other mourners—mere people of ceremony, who cared no more for the Dead Man than the hearse did—were talking quite coolly and carelessly together in another; and the contrast was as painful and distressing as anything I ever saw. There was an Independent clergyman[†1] present, with his bands on and a bible under his arm who as soon as we were seated, addressed George thus, in a loud emphatic voice—"Mr. Cruikshank. Have you seen a paragraph respecting our departed friend, which has gone the round of the morning papers?"[†2]—"Yes Sir", says George, "I have"—looking very hard at me the while, for he had told me with some pride, coming down, that it was his composition. "Oh!" said the clergyman. "Then you will agree with me Mr. Cruikshank that it is not only an insult to me who am the servant of the Almighty, but an insult to the Almighty whose servant I am"—"How's that Sir?" says George. "It is stated, Mr. Cruikshank, in that paragraph", says the Minister, "that when Mr. Hone failed in business as a bookseller, he was persuaded by *me* to try the Pulpit, which is false, incorrect, unchristian, in a manner blasphemous, and in all respects contemptible. Let us pray." With which, my dear Felton—and in the same breath I give you my word—he knelt down, as we all did, and began a very miserable [jumble][†3] of an extemporary prayer. I was really penetrated with sorrow for the family, but when George (upon his knees, and sobbing for the loss of an old friend) whispered me "that if that wasn't a clergyman, and it wasn't a funeral, he'd have punched his head", I felt as if nothing but convulsions could possibly relieve me.[†4]

[†b]Tell Longfellow that I can't find that book of his, but that I have some others from the Shakespeare Society[†1] for him; and that I want to know whether I shall send them to Hillard.[†2] Remember me heartily to *our* Hillard, and to Sumner, and all friends. We have been greatly concerned at Mrs. Felton's

not being well,[†3] but hope your next accounts will be more favorable. Our united loves to her. Tell me something in your next, about Dr. Channing's family. Disgusted with our Established Church, and its Puseyisms,[†4] and daily outrages on common sense and humanity, I have carried into effect an old idea of mine, and joined the Unitarians,[†5] who *would* do something for human improvement,

if they could; and who practise Charity and Toleration. The Tories will love me better than ever, if this gets wind. My children shall return the compliment, please God![†b]

Faithfully Always My Dear Felton

CD.

To W. H. PRESCOTT, 2 MARCH 1843

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* By Mail Steamer | W. H. Prescott Esquire | Boston | Massachusetts | United States.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Second March 1843.

My Dear Prescott.

You are playing at blindmans buff with International copyrights, I see. In the existing state of the law (whereof the folks at Washington have the full credit) no transmission of early copies, secures a copyright in this country. All you gain is priority of publication; and at this moment anybody who thought it worth his while could print Madame de Calderon's book,[†1] or yours, on his own account, without paying the author one sixpence. Therefore what you have to consider in the disposal of your own wares, is, who will give you the most, for the desperate chance he purchases.[†2]

Chapman and Hall are going to write you by this packet;[†1] and therefore I will leave business matters to them. We are all well, and unite in cordial regards to yourself, and Mrs. Prescott, and all your house.

As to the Pirates, let them wave their black flag, and rob under it, and stab into the bargain, until the crack of doom. I should hardly be comfortable if I knew they *bought* the right of blackguarding me in the Model Republic; but while they steal it, I am happy.[†2] So hurrah for Spring; which, I hope, by the time you get this, will be drawing upon us in England; and may we all enjoy what Leigh Hunt calls "the leafy greenery"[†3] as much as Heaven meant us to, in sending it!

Faithfully your friend My Dear Prescott

CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Prescott Esquire.

To GEORGE W. PUTNAM, 2 MARCH 1843*

MS New York Public Library. *Address:* By Mail Steamer. | Mr. G. W. Putnam | *Nashua* | New Haven | United States.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.
Second March 1843.

Dear Mr. Putnam.

I was very glad indeed to receive your letter dated on the First of January; for, from your long silence, we began to fear you were not well; and to wonder, if you were, what on earth had become of you. I hope you will not only put counterfeit gold into the portraits,[†4] but will put the real metal into your own

pockets. For I know you deserve it, and should be better pleased to hear of your well-doing than I can easily tell you.

You write of the American newspapers, and cause me to smile afresh as I turn once more to your letter. If you could see me in my quiet study at home here, you would begin to know how little they trouble me, I fancy. You remember my old way of not reading them? Well! Since I came home, and the book was published, I have received some bushels of them by post. If there were anything to pay, they went back to the post office; if nothing, they went, with their covers on them, into the fire. And to this hour I have not seen one line of their producing, but am in glorious health and glorious spirits, and writing merrily at my new story.

Mrs. Dickens is quite well, and desires to be cordially remembered to you. So does Anne, who brightened up very much on the receipt of your message, and says she wouldn't mind travelling over all that land and water, again. As to Kate, she holds her old opinion on this point—which perhaps you recollect? The children are mightily red in the face and very fat; and if we tell them we are going to America again, they all roar lustily.

Captain Hewitt has been in town here, and I have shewn him all the Lions; as I should very much like to do for you. Perhaps I shall, one of these days. In the meantime, and ever, believe in the assurance of my true regard, and always reckon me

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Dickens says I have "forgotten Julia"; to which *I* say "No. For she is understood, like a latin pronoun, though not expressed."—We went to Bath (a hundred miles or so) the other day, with one of the renowned boys, which made us talk of you more than once, upon the road.[†1]

To LADY LOVELACE,[†2] 4 MARCH 1843*

MS Estate of Mary Lady Lovelace.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1843

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Lady Lovelace, and in acknowledging the receipt of her kind answer to his note, begs to say that he will be very happy to call in St. James's Square at ten o'Clock on Tuesday morning.

He is not aware that the subscription list[†3] has ever been printed, or that any

copy of it is in existence, save that which has been most desperately thumbed by a persevering collector.[†1] But he will procure it, such as it is, and bring it with him on Tuesday.

He may be permitted to add that he is too well assured of the interest felt by Lady Lovelace in all that concerns the improvement and happiness of the people, to have ever entertained the idea of addressing her on this subject, *merely* as the daughter of Lord Byron.[†2] He intended to urge that circumstance, only as an apology for what, under other circumstances, might have seemed an unwarrantable intrusion.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 6 MARCH 1843

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* Dr. Southwood Smith | New Broad Street | City.

Private

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth March 1843.

My Dear Dr. Smith

I sent a message across the way today, begging you, in case you should come to the Sanatorium, to call on me, if convenient. My reason was this;—

I am so perfectly stricken down by the blue book[†3] you have sent me, that I think (as soon as I shall have done my month's work) of writing, and bringing out, a very cheap pamphlet, called "An appeal to the People of England, on behalf of the Poor Man's Child"—with my name attached, of course. I should

be very glad to take counsel with you in the matter, and to receive any suggestions from you, in reference to it. Suppose I were to call on you one evening in the course of ten days or so, what would be the most likely hour to find you at home?

In haste | Always Faithfully | Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith

To ALFRED TENNYSON,[†1] 9 MARCH 1843

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Alfred Tennyson Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth March 1843.

My Dear Tennyson.

For the love I bear you, as a man whose writings enlist my whole heart and nature in admiration of their Truth and Beauty, set these books upon your shelves[†2]; believing that you have no more earnest and sincere homage than mine.[†3]

Faithfully | and Gratefully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Alfred Tennyson Esquire

To MR LOVE,[†1] 10 MARCH 1843

Mention in Samuel T. Freeman & Co. catalogue, Apr 1917; *MS* 1 p. (3rd person); dated Devonshire Terrace, 10 Mar 43.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 10 MARCH 1843

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* Dr. Southwood Smith | 36 New Broad Street | City.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth March 1843.

My Dear Dr. Smith

Don't be frightened when I tell you, that since I wrote to you last, reasons have presented themselves for deferring the production of that pamphlet, until the end of the year. I am not at liberty to explain them further, just now; but *rest assured* that when you know them, and see what I do, and where, and how, you will certainly feel that a Sledge hammer has come down with twenty times the force—twenty thousand times the force—I could exert by following out my first idea. Even so recently as when I wrote to you the other day, I had not contemplated the means I shall now, please God, use. But they have been suggested to me, and I have girded myself for their seizure—as you shall see in due time.[†2]

If you will allow our tete a tete, and projected conversation on the subject, still to come off, I will write to you, as soon as I see my way to the end of my Month's work.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith

To T. J. THOMPSON, 10 MARCH 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tenth March 1843

My Dear Thompson.

When you said t'other day that you had forgotten how much you gave to the Macready Testimonial, I told you I thought it was five guineas. Now, how I got that idea into my mind, I don't know—perhaps I had a confused remembrance of your giving that sum to the Minor Theatrical Fund[†1]—but however that may be, I think it right to tell you that I have looked at the Subscription List, and find *you didn't give anything*!

Will you like to remedy this defect, and taking up the stone you have laid down in the infernal pavement, replace it with precious metal? You can tell me on Sunday.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 13 MARCH 1843*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth March 1843.

My Dear Fonblanque

I plainly see, by your treatment of that order, that you are going over to the Tories. You stand by your order[†2] too long and too much.—If you don't take the Examiner with you, leave it to me, and I'll be your Shadow; undoubtedly faint; but warranted fierce.

The Drury Lane Order for next Saturday would purge me of a promise,[†3] made in an unthinking hour. I say no more.

I have been expecting to see or hear from you, all the week. Forster told me you had found a mote in Pecksniff's eye;[†4] and I see too much brightness in yours, to render me indifferent to the knowledge of it, or anything but anxious that you should freely point it out to me.

I find that I am getting horribly bitter about Puseyism. Good God to talk in these times of most untimely ignorance among the people, about what Priests shall wear, and whither they shall turn[†5] when they say their prayers.—They

had best not discuss the latter question too long, or I shrewdly suspect they will turn to the right about: not easily to come back again.

Always Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 13 MARCH 1843

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth March 1843

My Dear Beard.

Coming on, in due course, for the first vacant Saturday, I send you the unforgotten Drury Lane Order.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [13 MARCH 1843]

Mention in next.

To THOMAS MITTON, 14 MARCH 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday, Fourteenth March 1843

My Dear Mitton

When I wrote to you last night, I had not received your letter. All I meant by "deferring the consideration" of the freehold project, was, that I had received C and H's account; and that the balance being still heavy against me,[†1] I wished to be careful.

It must be something highly advantageous (don't you think?) which would render it desirable to borrow any part of the purchase money? And I fear that Highgate, though a place I like of all things, would be too dear. But I shall be guided, very much, by your enquiries and advice.[†2]

Hertfordshire—some twelve or thirteen miles from town, in the direction of Rickmansworth &c—is the cheapest neighbourhood I know of.

Write me again if you have time—supposing, that is, that I don't come to you this evening before 8.

I inclose a cheque for £15[†3]

Faithfully Ever
CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, 15 MARCH 1843*

MS Mrs Sowerby.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth March 1843.

My Dear Thompson

Second sight no doubt—caught (I see it all), from Donald what's his name, who came bock agen to that unspellable Glen, and published the news of his arrival so extensively.†1

Next time you send to your bankers, if you will let them have a cheque for the money, payable to Coutts & Co. on account of the Macready Testimonial; you will receive the hearty thanks of the committee, and all other privileges and gratifications to which the subscription entitles you.

I shall very likely see you, sometime next week.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To FRANCIS ROSS,†2 16 MARCH 1843*

MS The Rev. Charles T. Mentzer.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth March 1843

My Dear Frank

I am truly sorry that I missed you again, last Sunday. And therefore I write to give you notice that I have altered my former arrangements for that day; and that a quarter before Two, is the time to have me on the hip.†3

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Ross Esquire

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 20 MARCH 1843

Text from P. W. Clayden, *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, 1889, II, 231.

Devonshire Terrace: | Twentieth March, 1843.

My dear Mr. Rogers,

If I am not at your house at seven next Wednesday, write me down an ass.†4

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 21 MARCH 1843

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First March 1843

My Dear Beard.

I write to you with mingled feelings of Pride and Shame—of honest pride, for that I have discovered a sequestered Farm House at Finchley,[†1] five miles and a half from the Regents Park, whereat I do beseech the honor of your company to dinner, next Sunday; and to which retreat I will myself conduct you, if you will be *here* at a quarter before Two. Beds on the premises, or close at hand.

Now for the bitter, bitter shame.

I don't know whether I mentioned to you at the Theatre,[†2] that a Finchley Postman, meeting me in the road accompanied by an animal I brought from America, made proposals of marriage, having reference to that creature—in short, to Timber; for I must write his name, sooner or later. Having my doubts on certain points of consummation, I avoided the subject (ran away, in fact) but yesterday, of all evil days in the year, I met this demon Postman in a solitary lane. Again he proposed; and I think I saw distinctly, something fiendish in his face. The result was, that the settlements (involving all possible contingencies of probable puppies) were arranged; and Timber was taken by Topping to the demon's cave; I dining meanwhile, at a rural tavern in the neighbourhood.

The female appeared to be of his own breed—in the full glow of youth and passion—and in every point of view, in the highest state of perfection.

He was absent one hour and a half.

He returned, covered with disgrace and mortification. He had done *nothing.* The official report was, that he had tried, but was considered to be weak in his loins.

I am in a distracted frame of mind. Dreadful thoughts come over me at times, of taking his life. At other times I think of only taking his—but I will

not anticipate. Heaven send him a safe deliverance. He is at present in a basket on the top of the bookcase, pending the decision of the particular kind of Torture to which he shall be exposed.

Yours despondingly

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 MARCH 1843

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First March 1843

Dear Miss Coutts.

I hope you have by this time got the better of your cold. I speak feelingly, having had a tremendous one of my own, besides the pleasure of six weeks contemplation of another in my wife. I have discovered a lonely Farm House at Finchley; and am going to bury myself there for at least a month to come; visiting this City at rare Intervals[†1]—and immersing myself in my story. But it is not so far off that I shall have any difficulty in reaching this place "for a consideration"[†2]—and if you will give me that kind and valuable one which will lie in a favorable answer to the enclosed, I shall be delighted.

Macready has been so much pleased by your approval and support;[†3] and is a man who while he courts nobody, feels such encouragement with great keenness; that I shall be glad to present him to you, if you will dine here.[†4] I know you will like him, as a private gentleman, exceedingly.

With best regards to Miss Meredith

Believe me always
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts. P.S. I return the enclosed with many thanks, and I need hardly say that it was most gratifying to all of us—but especially so to the party chiefly interested.

To THOMAS MITTON, 22 MARCH 1843

Text from N, I, 514.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty-Second March 1843

My Dear Mitton,

I enclose you the accounts. If you see either of the firm, say nothing to them of what I am about in the writing way.[†5] I am bent on its coming (if it come at all) a surprise.

Faithfully always,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS MITTON, 28 MARCH 1843

Mention in Hodgson & Co. catalogue, May 1903; dated 28 Mar 43.

To JOHN DE GEX, 30 MARCH 1843

Extract in Hodgson & Co. catalogue, June 1914; *MS* 2pp; dated Devonshire Terrace, 30 Mar 1843.

Accepting an invitation.[†1] If the devil could be got to dine at the Freemasons' through one season, I think he'd die; and then the world would come all right again.

To E. W. ELTON,[†2] 30 MARCH 1843

MS Duke University Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Thursday Morning | March Thirtieth 1843

My Dear Sir

I beg to enclose you the Fund Document,[†3] duly executed and attested.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. W. Elton Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 31 MARCH 1843

MS Dickens House.

Finchley | Friday Thirty First March | 1843

My Dear Beard

I find that the wedding feast at Richmond,[†4] *does* come off on Sunday. *Tomorrow week,* therefore, I shall expect you here, as early as you can come. The green man[†5] will receive you with open arms. So will the flesh-colored one.

Faithfully Always
CD.

I am happy to report that Timber runs into a corner and stands on 2 legs, at the word of command.

April

To RICHARD LANE, 2 APRIL 1843 †

MS Dr De Coursey Fales.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Second April | 1843.

My Dear Sir

I am sorry to say that I cannot sit to you any morning next week, for my whole time is disposed of. If I could have anticipated your request, I would have arranged to meet it; but I had a notion in my head (Heaven knows how it came there), that the Drawing was done.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Lane Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, [2 APRIL 1843]

Mention in Macready, *Diaries*, II, 201.

About dining with Miss Coutts on Friday. †1

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 6 APRIL 1843*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixth April 1843

My Dear Sir

I beg you to thank the Vice Presidents and other officers of the Literary Fund, on my behalf, for the Invitation to the Anniversary Dinner with which they have honored me, and which I am most happy to accept.†2

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To J. P. HARLEY, 6 APRIL 1843*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth April 1843

My Dear Harley

Thank you very much for consulting me in the matter of our friend's†3 note. He must be rather a rum customer, I take it, for he *had* written to me before, forwarding a book of Poems (?) of his writing: the which I graciously acknowledged. Therefore I should have thought he needed no other Introduction. Whatever you desire to do in the matter—do—and be assured it will please me.

always Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 6 APRIL 1843*

MS The Frank Hollings Bookshop. *Address:* The Reverend William Harness | Heathcoate Street | Mecklenburg Square.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth April 1843

My Dear Harness.

I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for that amazing and stupendous circular. You have conferred an obligation on me which is as enduring in its character as Humbug itself.

I must ask your leave (and that of Miss Harness) to retain it—at all events for a short time. I have thought of certain weekly squibbers who ought to know of it. For it is a noble thing.[†1]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Harness.

To MARK LEMON,[†2] 6 APRIL 1843*

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixth April 1843.

My Dear Sir

Don't forget that you dine with me next Wednesday (with as little botheration

about it, in the way of ceremony as may be) at a quarter before 6 for 6 *sharp*—not a blunt half after.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 7 APRIL 1843

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday. Seventh April 1843

My Dear Beard

As I am obliged to attend a Meeting of Authors[†1] in town tomorrow, at 2 o'Clock, wouldn't it be as well for us to dine somewhere, and walk out afterwards? If you will call on me as you go by in the morning, we can arrange in a second, about place and time.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 7 APRIL 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Evening | Seventh April 1843.

My Dear Macready

Forster is here; and we are all very anxious to know what kind of house there was, on the Third Night of our friend of the Italian Academies.[†1] If you are at home, tell us.

T'other night, at the Printers' Dinner, I asked Jerrold,[†2] and Mr. Lemon of Punch (in return for his kindly inviting us to the Palace)[†3] to dine with me next Wednesday at a quarter before 6 for 6 exactly. Will you come? If you can—do.[†4] I have since asked Serle.[†5]

Affectionately always
W. C. Macready.[†6]
Over [†7]

To LUIGI MARIOTTI,[†1] 12 APRIL 1843*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | April Twelfth 1843.

Dear Sir.

I am at present staying out of town, that I may the better get through certain labours in which I am engaged. I am only here today for a few hours: and contemplate retiring to my Cave[†2] again, this evening. But on Sunday *Week* (not Sunday next) I shall be visible here, between two o'Clock and half past. I contemplate making a longer stay than the Comet did;[†3] for after that time, I have no idea of being out of my sphere (supposing this place to be my proper orbit) for some months.

I have not forgotten our "Merry Meeting" on board of that accursed Craft, wherein we crossed the damnable Atlantic Ocean. In grateful recollection of the Mustard poultice, I shall be truly glad to see you.[†4]

Believe me | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Mariotti Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 13 APRIL 1843*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday | April Thirteenth 1843

My Dear Mitton

I will call on you tomorrow, between five and a quarter past; I am forced to go to Chelsea[†1] to day.

In haste

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 18 APRIL 1843[†2]

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania. *Address:* Thomas Carlyle Esquire | 5 Cheyne Row | Chelsea.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth April 1843

My Dear Carlyle

In the multitude of our unmentioned Wrongs under the Black Flag of Literature, I don't think Mr. Ticknor's case deserving of especial mention;[†3] and I have therefore returned it, as you requested, to the Geologist.[†4] I am the less

disposed to assist in giving it publicity, because of certain Thieves in books, called Wiley and Putnam,[†1] having recently published a variety of similar statements, to which publicity was given by the Athenæum—and in which, they lie consumedly—after the true American fashion of smartness.

Always | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Carlyle Esquire

To JOHN DE GEX, 18 APRIL 1843

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth April 1843

My Dear De Gex

In the last piece I saw at the Victoria, a murdering Brigand (of high moral sentiments) was urged by another murdering Brigand (of low moral sentiments) to slaughter a child, whom it was indispensable to the plot of the play—but not otherwise—to murder.[†2] After a severe moral struggle, he said "I'll do it!"—whereat the audience were very much delighted, and applauded hugely; though I couldn't tell exactly why. I repeat the Brigand's sentiment; and I hope *my* audience[†3] may be in the same humour.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

John De Gex Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 22 APRIL 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second April 1843

My Dear Mitton

I have had a bad cold in my ears for some days, and woke up this morning with a most horrible affection of all the nerves on one side of my face (ear included) since which cheerful discovery, I have been roaming up and down stairs in perpetual, restless, uneasiness and pain.

This will throw me back in my work. Couldn't you manage to dine in the country with me, next *Saturday* instead of Tuesday? Consider, and let me know. Meanwhile I will reserve Henry's Invitation.[†1]

Faithfully Always

CD

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 APRIL 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth April 1843.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Marjoribanks was with me this morning; and I really cannot tell you how very much I feel your great kindness and interest in my behalf. I wrote to him, and not to you, in the first instance; because, feeling assured of your friendship, I was the more sensitive and delicate in troubling you, if I could help it.

I enclose such a note to you as Mr. Marjoribanks told me you wished to have.[†2] Nor do I know that I can add anything to it, further than that I am prepared to catch thankfully at anything which promises a reasonable opening, no matter where.

We are much concerned to hear of Miss Meredith's illness. I am myself kept within doors by the doctor for a kind of rheumatism in the face, which penetrates into the depths of my ears, and makes me feel at times as if a beehive had been upset in the intricacies of my brain. But as divers small tortures are to be inflicted on me this morning, I look for a release into the open air tomorrow; and whenever I *do* get out, I shall walk straight to your door, and make my personal enquiries.

Pray let me recommend the Dragon in the Easter Piece[†3] to your particular regards. I look upon him as the most comic animal of modern times. When he

gets drunk at the Fountain, he is Sublime—the Learned Pig[†1] turns pale before him, in his dullest moments.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 APRIL 1843

MS Morgan Library. Enclosed with last.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth April 1843

Dear Miss Coutts.

I have it very much at heart at this time to obtain some suitable and worthy employment for a brother of mine[†2]—just now of age—who has been bred a Civil Engineer, and has for the last four years been constantly employed on one of the great main lines of Railway, performing all the duties of assistant Engineer—drawing plans and executing them—levelling—constructing bridges— and so forth; all of which, from the beginning of the work to its close, he has done to the great satisfaction of those above him, as his testimonials fully shew, and as I can most honestly avouch.[†3]

The work on which he was engaged, being completed;[†4] and the Profession being, as I dare say you know, most horribly overstocked; he has applied to me to exert any interest or influence I may possess in his behalf. And knowing the kind interest you take in any application or design of mine, I have determined to write to you to ask you if it be possible that you can assist me in this. I know him to be possessed of great energy, industry, and ability; and I am more anxious than I can tell you to procure him the means of exercising these qualities, either at home or abroad.

I will not ask you to forgive my troubling you on such a subject; for if I were not sure you had already done that, I could never have made up my mind to trouble you at all.

I am always | Dear Miss Coutts

Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE STEWARDS OF THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND,[†1] 27 APRIL [1843]

Text from N, II, 23. *Date:* clearly 1843, from address; confirmed by reference to another Dinner (see *fn*). Wrongly given in N as 1847, a common misreading.

Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park
Twenty-Seventh April 184[3]

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to The Stewards of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, and begs to thank them for the honor they have done him in forwarding him an Invitation to the forthcoming Dinner.[†2] It would have given him the very greatest pleasure to accept it, if he had not been already pledged to attend another Public Dinner in the City on the same day.[†3]

To CHARLES BABBAGE, 27 APRIL 1843

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh April 1843

My Dear Sir

I write to you, *confidentially*, in answer to your note of last night; and the tenor of mine will tell you why.

You may suppose, from seeing my name in the Printed Letter[†4] you have received, that I am favorable to the proposed Society. I am decidedly opposed to it. I went there on the day I was in the chair,[†5] after much solicitation; and

being put into it, opened the Proceedings by telling the meeting that I approved of the Design in theory, but in practice considered it hopeless. I may tell you—I did not tell them—that the nature of the meeting, and the character and position of many of the men attending it, cried Failure trumpet-tongued[†1] in my ears. To quote an expression from Tennyson, I may say that if it were the best society in the world, the grossness of some natures in it, would have weight to drag it down.[†2]

In the wisdom of all you urge in the Notes you have sent me, taking them as statements of Theory, I entirely concur.[†3] But in practice, I feel sure that the present Publishing system cannot be overset, until Authors are different men. The first step to be taken, is, to move as a body in the question of copyright—enforce the existing laws—and try to obtain better. For that purpose, I hold that the Authors and Publishers must unite, as the wealth, business-habits, and interests of that latter class are of great importance to such an end. The Longmans and Murray have been with me proposing such an association. That I shall support. But having seen the Cockspur Street Society, I am as well convinced of its invincible hopelessness as if I saw it written by a Celestial Penman in the book of Fate.

My Dear Sir | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Babbage Esquire

To SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, 27 APRIL 1843

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh April 1843

My Dear Sir Edward

I wish to speak with you in relation to that Brood of birds at the British Coffee House in Cockspur Street,[†4] who have certainly taken my name in vain, and I

dare say have taken yours likewise. I also wish to impart to you the purport of some communications I have had from the Longmans and Murray.[†1] At what time will you be at home this morning, if you can make it convenient to see me?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer

To HENRY AUSTIN, 28 APRIL 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth April 1843

My Dear Henry

Mitton is going to dine with me in the country, next Tuesday.[†2] Will you come and do likewise? And shall we meet in Southampton Buildings at 12? That is, unless you should be in this Neighbourhood in the morning, and will come here at halfpast Eleven.

Love to Letitia. | Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 28 APRIL 1843*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth April 1843

My Dear Sirs

Please send up to me on Monday Morning, for copy of next No.[†3] and when you have it *all* in type, send proofs to Mr. Browne and Mr. Forster. In No. 4 page 108, there is a horrible mistake, which I think must be yours. "What do you go a lowerin the table for?" says Bailey in the type. "What do you go a lowerin' the table BEER[†4] for", *my* Bailey says.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans.

May

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 2 MAY 1843

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Second May 1843

My Dear Frederick.

Your absence from here, has been your own act always.[†1] I shall be perfectly glad to see you; and should have been, at any time.

Mitton and I are going to dine somewhere in the Country to day. If you like to join us, and can conveniently,—do. I will take the chance, and will send Topping up to you at half past 12 when I shall be in the carriage at the Treasury Door.

Affectionately Always

CD.

To THOMAS LONGMAN, 2 MAY 1843

Extract in Walter T. Spencer catalogue No. 104 (1901); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 2 May 43.

Sir Edward Lytton was with me yesterday. I explained our views to him, and he is very much of our opinion in the matter. *Saturday Week* (he is going out of town in the meanwhile) he would be glad to attend a meeting.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 MAY 1843]

Extract in F, IV, i, 295. *Date:* 3 May 43 according to Forster.

I am deeply grieved about Black.[†3] Sorry from my heart's core. If I could find him out, I would go and comfort him this moment.[†4]

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 3 MAY 1843

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | Third May 1843

My Dear Jerrold.

Let me thank you, most cordially, for your books[†1]—not only for their own sakes (and I have read them with perfect delight) but also for this hearty and most welcome mark of your recollection of the friendship we have established; in which light I know I may regard and prize them.

I am greatly pleased with your opening paper[†2] in the Illuminated.[†3] It is very wise, and capital; written with the finest end of that iron pen of yours; witty, much needed, and full of Truth. I vow to God that I think the Parrots of Society are more intolerable and mischievous than its Birds of Prey.[†4] If ever I destroy myself, it will be in the bitterness of hearing those infernal and damnably good old times, extolled. Once in a fit of madness, after having been to a Public Dinner which took place just as this Ministry came in, I wrote the Parody[†5] I send you enclosed, for Fonblanque. There is nothing in it but wrath; but that's wholesome—so I send it to you.

I am writing a little history of England[†1] for my boy, which I will send you when it is printed for him, though your boys are too old to profit by it. It is curious that I have tried to impress upon him (writing, I dare say, at the same moment with you) the exact spirit of your paper. For I don't know what I should do, if he were to get hold of any conservative or High church notions; and the best way of guarding against any such horrible result, is, I take it, to wring the parrots' necks in his very cradle.

Oh Heaven, if you could have been with me at a Hospital Dinner[†2] last Monday! There were men there—your City aristocracy—who made such speeches, and expressed such sentiments, as any moderately intelligent dustman would have blushed through his cindery bloom to have thought of. Sleek, slobbering, bow-paunched, overfed, apoplectic, snorting cattle—and the auditory leaping up in their delight![†3] I never saw such an illustration of the Power of Purse, or felt so degraded and debased by its contemplation, since I have had eyes and ears. The absurdity of the thing was too horrible to laugh at. It was perfectly overwhelming. But if I could have partaken it with anybody who would have felt it as you would have done, it would have had quite another aspect—or would at least, like a "classical" mask (oh damn that word!)[†4] have had one funny side to relieve its dismal features.

Supposing fifty families were to emigrate into the wilds of North America— yours, mine, and forty eight others: picked for their concurrence of opinion on all important subjects, and for their resolution to found a Colony of Common Sense. How soon would that Devil, Cant, present itself among them in one shape or other—the day they landed, do you say—or the day after?

That is a great mistake (almost the only one I know) in the Arabian Nights, where the Princess restores people to their original beauty by sprinkling them with the Golden Water.[†5] It is quite clear that she must have made monsters of them by such a christening as that.

My wife is very sorry to hear of your daughter's illness,[†6] and sends many kind

messages to her and Mrs. Jerrold—whereof the best, is, that she hopes the latter will never stand upon ceremony, but always on something better.

My Dear Jerrold | Faithfully your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Jerrold Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 5 MAY 1843

MS University of Kentucky. *Address:* Clarkson Stanfield Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth May 1843.

My Dear Stanfield

Mac told me (I mean Maclise: not Macready) of the party today;[†1] and I should have been delighted to join it, had we not engaged to dine with Forster, previous to going to "Doory Lane".[†2] There, however, I shall hope to see you in a double sense—firstly in your proper person; secondly, in your immortal screenery. To both of whom be all Love Honor and Glory, now and for evermore. Amen.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS GEORGE HOGARTH, 8 MAY 1843

Text from MDGH, III, 50-1.

Devonshire Terrace, 8th May, 1843.

My Dear Mrs. Hogarth,

I was dressing to go to church yesterday morning—thinking, very sadly, of that time six years[†3]—when your kind note and its accompanying packet were brought to me. The best portrait that was ever painted would be of little value to you and me, in comparison with that unfading picture we have within us; and of the worst (which ——'s really is)[†4] I can only say, that it has no interest in my eyes, beyond being something which she sat near in its progress, full of life and beauty. In that light, I set some store by the copy you have sent me; and as a mark of your affection, I need not say I value it very much. As any record of that dear face, it is utterly worthless.

I trace in many respects a strong resemblance between her mental features and Georgina's—so strange a one, at times, that when she and Kate and I are sitting together, I seem to think that what has happened is a melancholy dream from which I am just awakening. The perfect like of what she was, will never be again, but so much of her spirit shines out in this sister, that the old time comes back again at some seasons, and I can hardly separate it from the present.

After she died, I dreamed of her every night for many months—I think for the better part of a year—sometimes as a spirit, sometimes as a living creature,

never with any of the bitterness of my real sorrow, but always with a kind of quiet happiness, which became so pleasant to me that I never lay down at night without a hope of the vision coming back in one shape or other. And so it did. I went down into Yorkshire, and finding it still present to me, in a strange scene and a strange bed, I could not help mentioning the circumstance in a note I wrote home to Kate. From that moment I have never dreamed of her once,[†1] though she is so much in my thoughts at all times (especially when I am successful, and have prospered in anything) that the recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beating of my heart is.[†2]

Always affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM BROWN,[†3] 10 MAY 1843

Mention in *American Book Prices Current*, 1938-9; *MS* 1 p.; dated 10 May 43.

Thanking him warmly for the gift of a book.

To DAVID DICKSON,[†4] 10 MAY 1843

Text from MDGH, I, 89.

1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park,
May 10th, 1843

Sir,

Permit me to say, in reply to your letter, that you do not understand the intention (I daresay the fault is mine) of that passage[†5] in the "Pickwick Papers" which has given you offence. The design of "the Shepherd" and of this and every other allusion to him is, to show how sacred things are degraded, vulgarised, and rendered absurd when persons who are utterly incompetent to teach the

commonest things take upon themselves to expound such mysteries, and how, in making mere cant phrases of divine words, these persons miss the spirit in which they had their origin. I have seen a great deal of this sort of thing in many parts of England, and I never knew it lead to charity or good deeds.

Whether the great Creator of the world and the creature of his hands, moulded in his own image, be quite so opposite in character as you believe, is a question which it would profit us little to discuss. I like the frankness and candour of your letter, and thank you for it. That every man who seeks heaven must be born again, in good thoughts of his Maker, I sincerely believe. That it is expedient for every hound to say so in a certain snuffling form of words, to which he attaches no good meaning, I do not believe. I take it there is no difference between us.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. H. FRISWELL,[†1] 10 MAY 1843

Mention in Bangs & Co. catalogue, June 1902; *MS* 1 p. (3rd person); dated 10 May 43.

To EDWARD F. LEEKS,[†2] 10 MAY 1843

MS Bowdoin College, Maine.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth May 1843.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to say that circumstances over which I have no controul, and which oblige me to be otherwise engaged this evening, will prevent my having the pleasure I had expected, of attending your Anniversary Dinner.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward. F. Leeks Esquire

To [?THOMAS LONGMAN], 10 MAY 1843*

MS New York University Library. *Address:* Substance of letter suggests Longman.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tenth May 1843.

My Dear Sir

I have glanced at the papers you send me; and they appear to be quite correct.

I did not forget yesterday, that I had promised to send to Murray;[†1] but on my life I did not know, without entering into a regular history, what to write. Nor do I know now, unless it be the very short paragraph I send you on the other side,[†2] which you might insert,[†3] where that letter of yours comes out.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 10 MAY 1843

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth May 1843.

My Dear Mitton.

If tomorrow at 5, will suit you (as, in the event of my not hearing from you to the contrary, I shall take it for granted it will), I will sign, seal, and deliver, at that hour.[†4] If you are engaged at that time, say when your leisure serves on Friday or Saturday.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To CHARLES SMITHSON, 10 MAY 1843

Text from N, I, 519.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park
Tenth May 1843

My Dear Smithson,

If you will act as my representative at the Font, I will gladly be supposed to make all manner of impossible promises for your blooming daughter,[†5] in right of whom I cordially congratulate you and Mrs. Smithson. And as the captain

of the ship in which Mr. William Taylor[†1] served as an able seaman said of the lady who followed Mr. Taylor on board in man's attire, so I say of Mrs. Smithson that "I've wery[†2] much applauded her for wot she's done." I hope *my* missis won't do so never no more: but that's nothing to the purpose.

We talk of invading you[†3] for a day or two, some time before we go to Broadstairs, which fashionable movement takes place usually on the First of August. I have likewise made rash pledges to go to Scotland, but whether I shall carry out either design is at present hidden in the mists of time and monthly numbers.

Great changes have taken place here, during the many years that have elapsed since your retirement into Yorkshire. I am grey, and Kate is bald. Charles (you remember him a little boy?) was married some years ago to a fascinating girl (with no prospects)[†4] and is just appointed the Government Inspector of Egyptian Balloons, which is a very good post. Mary's second husband is not quite equal to her first, poor fellow!—but in his capacity of chief clerk to the chief magistrate at Bow Street, which office I have filled, as you know, for nearly ten years, he is always near me, which is a great comfort, I find, in the decline of life.

Mr. Mitton after living on hard eggs for several years, under the delusion that he was fast approaching the workhouse, has married his only friend, the old charwoman whom he employed when you first left Southampton Buildings. I am told she beats him cruelly. These are a few of the alterations wrought by Time, you see!

Commend me heartily to all your house,—not forgetting Beauteous Billa,— and lay your hand for me, as apostolically as you can, on the head of my God-child.

Always my Dear Smithson— | Faithfully your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 11 MAY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh May 1843

My Dear Macready

I have proposed next Saturday Week, for poor Black's dinner[†5] at Greenwich (the house we dined in the other day),[†6] at 6 exactly. Will this suit you? I will take you down and bring you home, if you please.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 MAY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth May 1843.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am most earnestly obliged to you for your cordial kindness, which, in its spirit, I really cannot acknowledge sufficiently.

I will take care that my brother immediately acts upon the hint contained in the letter you sent me yesterday. It was a previous knowledge of the perfect truth of all that is stated there, in respect to Railway Making, that first suggested to me the expediency of finding him some other pursuit, if I possibly could. And I still think that if I could get him out to some better sphere of action—as to India—I should do him, as an active and intelligent young man, the best service. Whatever he may get, or fail to get, I cannot be more truly grateful to you than I am.

I called on you the other day, but, I fear, before the Wedding[†1] was over. The wind having, at last, gone round to the South, I think and hope Miss Meredith will make a dashing recovery. Pray tell her, with my best wishes, that she is bound to do so.

Always Yours faithfully & obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To MACVEY NAPIER, 12 MAY 1843

MS British Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Twelfth May 1843

My Dear Sir

Any day next week, I shall be truly delighted if you will breakfast or dine with me.[†2] I will not bore you with a party. That I promise; and I do so, because I think no party will be a relief to you. Name your own hour.

But if you be already sufficiently engaged; do not, I beg, put yourself out of the way. It is a great misery to do so, I know; and in that case you must bind yourself to give me early notice of your next arrival in these parts.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier

To JOHN WILSON,[†3] 13 MAY 1843

Text from N, I, 521.

Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park
Thirteenth May 1843

My Dear Sir,

A few friends of Mr. Black (a countryman of yours) who has been Editor of the Morning Chronicle for nearly thirty years, are going to give him a *Strictly*

Private dinner at the Trafalgar Tavern at Greenwich next Saturday the Twentieth, at a quarter before 6 for 6 exactly. The party is composed of a few influential and private gentlemen who are his personal friends; and will not exceed fifteen in number.

I am one of the circle; and my object in writing to you is to ask you if you will allow me to carry you there, as my guest. You already know the majority of the Company—and would, I think, have pleasure in the Society of the remainder. On the other and more selfish hand, I must frankly tell you that I can think of nothing so appropriate and pleasant to all of us on such an occasion, as the presence of a National man like you who can carry an old Scotchman home again by one sound of your voice.

I will not offer any other apology to you for this request, than that very comprehensive one which lies in the assurance that I well know how valuable your time is, and how numerous your engagements are.

I should be happy to bring you home and to take you down. Oblige me with one line in answer at your early convenience.

Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To ROBERT WOOD,[†1] [13 MAY 1843]

Mention in N, I, 521.

To SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, 14 MAY 1843

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth May 1843

My Dear Sir Edward.

By this time you will, I have no doubt, have received Longman's Circular.[†2] Pray come,[†3] and let us see if we can do anything reasonable.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer

&c &c &c

To THOMAS MITTON, 14 MAY 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Evening | Fourteenth May 1843

My Dear Mitton

Here is as much as I can manage now.[†1] I hope it will do.

When you see Moody,[†2] will you tell him you can get him a cheque from me for £7, if he will take that in full. Should he say, yes, I will forthwith send you that separately. What I now enclose, is "between you and the Schoolmaster".[†3]

Faithfully Always
CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To THE REV. HENRY COLMAN,[†4] 16 MAY 1843

MS Harvard College Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixteenth May 1843.

Dear Sir.

The rain prevented me from being punctual yesterday; and you had left your lodgings before I reached them. I was very sorry to miss you, but glad you had not stood upon ceremony, and had taken me at my word.

Will you join our family dinner on Friday (which is, I am sorry to say, the first day we are disengaged) at half past five o'Clock? We shall be quite alone.

If there be, in the mean time, any Lion whose Den I can open for you, pray command me. I called on Sunday last, to say thus much and a great deal more, and to tell you I had been busy all the week, or I should have come to you sooner for Felton's sake. But unfortunately you were from home.

I shall be within doors tomorrow, from half past Eleven to Half past twelve. On other days, I usually leave off work at a quarter before Three in the afternoon, and go out at Three.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend | Henry Colman

To THE REV. W. J. FOX,[†1] 16 MAY 1843

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 157; *MS* 1 p.; addressed to the Reverend W. J. Fox; dated [London], 16 May 43; marked Private.

Concerning the postponement of the friendly and private dinner *to Mr. Black.*

To W. C. MACREADY, 16 MAY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth May 1843

My Dear Macready

Sheil,[†2] Fonblanque, and I, have held a kind of Divan,[†3] wherein we have determined that it will be better to *defer* the dinner to Black, for the present; in as much as some negociations[†4] (having no reference, however, to his restoration) are pending between him and Easthope; and the dinner, however private and friendly, might give offence to the latter Potentate whose sickly soul was cradled in the Stock Exchange, and ran alone in Lombard Street.[†5]

So the dinner, for the time, is off. And if it never comes on, until men are Men and Nature's Nobility are baronets, God help the Landlord who looks to profit from it.

Affectionately Your friend always

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To THOMAS LONGMAN, 17 MAY 1843*

MS Mr Arnold U. Ziegler.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Seventeenth May | 1843.

My Dear Sir

If you and Murray should be together, before I come; pray consider the "two principles" which Dilke[†6] informs me he intends to move in the opening and outset of the business.[†7]

1. That a main object of the association is to advance the cause of International Copyright all over the World.

2. That as it protests against being robbed, it protests no less against robbing; and therefore[†a] pledges itself by all its Members, not [†a]to lay violent hands upon the property of any Foreign author whomsoever, without his permission in writing.

I cannot oppose either of these things, so far as I am concerned. Indeed I consider them unquestionably honorable and just, and calculated to give the association a high standing.

In haste | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Longman Esquire

To W. M. THACKERAY, [6-18 MAY 1843]

Mention in Thackeray *to* his mother, Mrs Carmichael Smyth, *Letters and Private Papers,* ed. G. N. Ray, II, 113. *Date:* On 20 May Thackeray wrote "Boz has written me a letter of compliments" (on his *Irish Sketch Book,*[†1] published 5 May).

To DR S. G. HOWE, 19 MAY 1843

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Dec 1917; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 May 43.

A cordial letter of greeting and invitation to dine. [†1]

To D. M. MOIR, 19 MAY 1843

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Nineteenth May 1843.

My Dear Sir

Very many thanks to you for your beautiful book,[†2] and for your affectionate letter. I can very truly say that I have not received half as much pain from the sources you mentioned,[†3] as I have received pleasure from any one piece in your volume, or any one sentence in your note. I have a strong spice of the Devil in me; and when I am assailed, as I think falsely or unjustly, my red hot anger carries me through it bravely, until I have forgotten all about it.

When I first began to write, too, I suffered intensely, from reading Reviews. And I made a solemn compact with myself, at last, that I would only know them, for the future, from such General report as might reach my ears. For five years[†4] I have never broken this Rule, once. I am unquestionably the happier for it— and certainly lose no Wisdom.

Upon the whole I have as little to complain of in this respect, as any man perhaps. I set your note against the worst thing[†1] I have heard of within these six months—and find the balance in my favor.

It gives me great pleasure to read your account of Jeffrey.[†2] I have ever found him a warm-hearted, zealous, kindly-natured friend, and I love him very much. I know no man who would be more truly and keenly alive to the tenderness and pathos of your verse.

God bless you and all your house! Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial regards to Mrs. Moir. And I am always

My Dear Moir
(For here I vow never to call you 'Sir' again)
Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

D. M. Moir Esquire

To J. C. PRINCE,[†3] 19 MAY 1843

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1929; *MS*, 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 May 43.

I think *highly* of your tribute to Southey;[†4] and was very much influenced by it, on reading it this morning.

To WILLIAM SHOBERL,[†5] 19 MAY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate Regents Park
Nineteenth May 1843

Dear Sir

I am obliged to you for your note—and regret very much that I was not at home on either occasion of your calling here. But I have been constantly engaged in the adjustment of some family affairs;[†6] and they have sadly interfered with my ordinary routine of business and recreation.

I have a great horror of "editing", and have much employment on my hands. I cannot therefore entertain the project[†1] to which your note refers.

I shall not fail to remember, at your desire, that our correspondence on this head, is strictly private.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Shoberl Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, 20 MAY 1843†

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night Twentieth May | 1843.

My Dear Talfourd

[†a]I am more vexed than I can tell you, that I overlooked a horrible engagement for Tuesday, the other night; and have only had it brought home to me today.([a]

I am a steward at the Dinner of the Deaf and Dumb Charity,[†2] which comes off that very evening.[†3] *That* I wouldn't mind; but, most unhappily one Dr. Howe[†4] from America who invented the means of communicating with Laura Bridgman; the deaf, dumb, and blind girl at Boston; has come to London, just when I don't want him, for the express purpose of being carried to that dinner (in pursuance of a wild engagement made four thousand miles off) by *me*. But for this, he would have remained another week at Liverpool—as I devoutly wish he had.

[†b]We were talking the other night, when we were last together, of the nuisance of these things. Previously to that, I had registered a Vow to have nothing more to do with them. But now,[†b] I swear I will shun them like a Pestilence; and that I will make this, my Third Public Dinner[†5] this year, my final appearance on the London Tavern Stage.

If I get away in decent time, will you let me in?

[†c]Always Faithfully | My Dear Talfourd
CHARLES DICKENS[†c]

P.S. When *are* you going to let us into the secret of that unconfessed Tragedy?[†6]

To W. C. MACREADY, [25 MAY 1843]

Mention in Macready, *Diaries,* II, 208. *Date:* On 25 May Macready recorded: "Note from Dickens".[†1]

To JOHN OVERS, 25 MAY 1843*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Twenty fifth May, 1843.

My Dear Mr Overs,

I have learned the value of a good and honest intention so well, that when I am assured of its deserving that character, I look upon it as a deed done. Do not therefore suppose that in my mind, you have left anything unaccomplished in the matter you wrote me of, a few days since. The measure of my gratification is as well filled up, as if I had the mark of recollection on my table.

I hope your wife is better. She has a fine season before her: and I hope is laying up a store of health, as peasants store up fuel, for the winter.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Overs.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 25 MAY 1843[†2]

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth May 1843.

My Dear Stanfield

No—no—no—Murder, murder! Madness and misconception—Any *one* of those subjects—not the whole. Oh blessed Star of Early Morning,[†3] what do you think I am made of, that I should, on the part of any man, prefer such a pig-headed, calf-eyed, donkey-eared, imp-hoofed request!

Says my friend,[†4] to me, "Will you ask *your* friend, Mr. Stanfield, what the damage of a little picture of that size, would be—that I may treat myself with the same—if I can afford it?"—Says I, "I will". Says he, "Will you suggest that I should like it to be *one* of those subjects?" Says I, "I will".

I am beating my head against the door, with grief and frenzy—and shall continue to do so, until I receive your answer.

Mrs. Stanfield has heard from Kate?[†5]

Ever Heartily Yours
The Misconceived One.

To T. J. WATSON,[†1] 25 MAY 1843

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1924; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, 25 May 43.

Pray do not forget your kind promise to dine here on Saturday next. We shall be quite a family party;[†2] and our hour is half-past six.

To JOSEPH SOUL,[†3] 26 MAY 1843

Text from N, I, 523.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park
Twenty-Sixth May 1843

Dear Sir,

I am greatly obliged to Mr. Abdy[†4] for his kind and flattering recollection of me; and to you for conveying his welcome mark of it. I have not forgotten the Working School,[†5] but have been so constantly engaged in a Private Working School of my own, wherein I am teacher and scholar too, that I have not been able to get there.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,[†1] 26 MAY 1843*

MS William H. Robinson Ltd.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth May 1843

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Duchess of Sutherland, and very much regrets that having an engagement for this evening which he cannot set aside, and which he has reason to fear will detain him late; he cannot have the honor and pleasure of availing himself of The Duchess of Sutherland's kindness. It is unnecessary for him to add that if it had been possible to forego his previous engagement, he would most gladly have relinquished it.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 26 MAY 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth May 1843.[†2]

My Dear Thompson

Read the enclosed,[†3] and say Will it do?

Faithfully Always.
Anti Pusey[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 MAY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth May 1843.

Dear Miss Coutts

Very many thanks to you for your kind note of yesterday. I will not fail to call on Captain Fitzroy,[†5] and to carry my brother with me, at the appointed

time. But I rather fear from what I read in the note you send me from Mr. Parkinson,[†1] that I shall trouble him in vain.

I am delighted to hear that Miss Meredith is getting on so well, and beg to send her my best regards and congratulations. If she goes back any more, though by but the twentieth part of an inch, my faith in her is at an end, and my affections shall be transferred—as a mark of the wildest desperation—to Lady Sale.[†2]

If you will permit me—which I shall take it for granted you will, unless I hear from you to the contrary—I will call on you at about Two on Wednesday: after I have seen Captain Fitzroy.

Dear Miss Coutts
Always Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

June

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 JUNE 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Second June 1843

Dear Miss Coutts.

I will not weary you, at present, by saying anything more in the way of Thanks. I enclose a note, written according to Mr. Marjoribank's[†3] suggestion. It is quite needless, I am sure, for me to add that I am fully sensible of its value, and of his kindness.

Lady Sale, I renounce for ever. And I here register a vow to look upon her henceforth with an eye, colder and duller than a Fish's. Nor will I ever envy her Husband—her dog—her maid—nor anything that is her's,[†4] except the Memory of her departed Son in Law.[†5] He must have had a blessed release; and I have no doubt is in an uncommon state of Peace. If his wife took after her mother, I believe more implicitly than I ever did, that every bullet has its billet, and that there is a Special Providence in the Fall of a Sparrow.[†6]

If Miss Meredith will receive me in that Poet's apartment[†7] you write of, on Sunday next; there will I be. I have pondered and reflected about the best time. Something seems to point in my mind to 3.[†8] But if that something be wrong by

the Horse Guards, all times are alike to me in such a pleasant case, and an anonymous figure received per post in the course of tomorrow, will be perfectly understood and gratefully attended to.

There is a terrible paper on Theodore Hook,[†1] in the last Quarterly—admirably written—as I think, from its internal evidence, by Lockhart. I have not seen anything for a long time so very moving. It fills me with grief and sorrow. Men have been chained to hideous prison walls and other strange anchors 'ere now, but few have known such suffering and bitterness at one time or other, as those who have been bound to Pens. A pleasant thought for one who has been using this very quill all day!

Always Faithfully Yours | And earnestly obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To GEORGE FLETCHER,[†2] 2 JUNE 1843

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 119 (1944); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 2 June 43.

I thank you very much for the book ... I have already one reason to read it with interest; and I have very little doubt that its own merit[†3] will give me another.

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 JUNE 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Second June 1843.

My Dear Macready.

It has been a matter of Life or Death with the Sanatorium[†4]—which has done a World of Good, and if it can weather the storm, will do worlds more. We are going to have a dinner (Lord Lansdowne, I

believe, in the chair)—and they are very anxious to have you for a steward, as being the distinguished head of a large class who come immediately within its objects.[†5] For a similar reason, though it is

not so powerful in his case, I have secured Maclise. So, in the name of Wise Charity, and Church Mice—the Sanatorium represents the first; and I—being very poor—the second—let me put you down. I wouldn't ask you in behalf of any other Establishment.

The dinner is proposed for the last Wednesday *or* Thursday in June—this present Month.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 7 JUNE 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Evening | Seventh June 1843.

My Dear Mitton

I duly received your first note; but I have been (as you never seem to think I am) busied and worried in a hundred ways; with scores of perplexing engagements[†1] on my hands, and the American episode[†2] in Chuzzlewit to wo[rk][†3] at; which takes me at least [twic]e as long, every line of it, [as t]he ordinary current of [it w]ill.

I will try [to] come down to you tomorrow ev[eni]ng at 8. It is the first evening I have had for nights and nights; though every evening, I have meant to come down to you upon the next.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To AMÉDÉE PICHOT,[†4] 7 JUNE 1843

Text from *Le Neveu de ma Tante*, 3rd edn, Paris, 1851, I, viii-ix; presumably Pichot's translation: of CD's letters to him, only those in *Le Neveu de ma Tante* are in French.

Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park

7 juin 1843.

Mon cher monsieur,

Je serai vraiment heureux de recevoir votre visite et celle d'un gentleman aussi universellement connu que le *personnage noir*[†5] dont vous me parlez dans votre

billet. S'il vous convenait de venir lundi prochain à midi (je fais une petite absence à la campagne[†1] dans l'intervalle), ce sera un grand plaisir pour moi de faire personnellement votre connaissance.[†2]

Je vous remercie beaucoup de la *Cloche du Tocsin,*[†3] ainsi que de tout ce que vous me dites d'obligeant et d'aimable.

Croyez-moi fidèlement à vous,
CHARLES DICKENS

A M. Amédée Pichot.

To THE BARONESS DE ROTHSCHILD,[†4] [7 JUNE 1843]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 9 June 43.

To [AUGUSTUS TRACEY], 7 JUNE 1843*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* clearly to Lieutenant Tracey, Governor of Tothill Fields Bridewell.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | Seventh June 1843.

Governor.

Now, we don't want none of your sarse—and if you bung any of them tokes[†1] of yours in this direction, you'll find your shuttlecock sent back as heavy as it came. Who wants your Bridewell umberellers? Do you suppose people can't perwide theirselves with crooked handles, without axing *you*? Who ever see your umbereller? *I* didn't. Go and look for it in the Gruel; and if it an't there, search the Soup. It an't so thick, but wot you'll find three and sixpence worth of ginghum[†2] among the ox heads as you pave your garden with. Ah. Oh. Yes. No. Yor'ne too cheekish[†3] by half Governor. That's where it is. You'd better take it out of yourself by a month and labour, on the Mill. If that don't answer, let off one of them blunderbusses in the office agin your weskut. *That's* what your complaint wants.

his
Villium X Gibbuns
Mark. [†4]

Memorandum added by the Chaplain [†5]

P.S.[†6] The unfortunate man forgot to state that the umbrella was Found in his possession while he penned the above—that his wretched wife was as well as could be expected; also her sister—that he had determined not to ask the Governor in Dr Howe's behalf, for a ticket to the St. Giles's Lions[†7] (thinking the said Doctor troublesome in that respect) but had conferred with Mr. Crea[†8] according

to the Governor's kind suggestion; and would write the Governor when the Night was fixed.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 JUNE 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Ninth June 1843

Dear Miss Coutts.

I hasten to say, in answer to your kind note, that I wrote to the Baroness De Rothschild on *Wednesday Night,* proposing to call to day at Half Past Three. I did not name an earlier day, because on Tuesday and Wednesday the Baroness was engaged; and yesterday I was obliged to shut myself up, from 9 until 5.

I am truly sorry to hear that Miss Meredith is so slow—the more so, as I think it is quite a new complaint with her. But it must be a comforting reflection, both to her and you, that there are *outward* causes enough, in all conscience, to account for her tardy recovery. I suppose it is morally impossible to get rid of rheumatism while this terrible wetness prevails.[†1]

I enclose you the little pamphlet[†2] I spoke of—and will report progress when I have seen the Baroness.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 9 JUNE 1843*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth June 1843

My Dear Sir

Will you tell the watchful Crea (who always sits, by instinct, close to the door when he comes here, and looks as if he would like to lock it and keep the key) that at Halfpast Eleven tonight, a carriage—most probably a Brougham—will be waiting by St. Giles's Church; and that in that mysterious vehicle, he will find Dr. Howe and his friend expecting him, eagerly.

He is a cold-blooded fellow, that Howe—a regular American—and I wouldn't have taken the trouble to put even your friendly willingness to this test, but for your letter.[†3]

To DR S. G. HOWE, 9 JUNE 1843

Text from Laura E. Richards and Maud H. Elliott, *Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910,* New York, 1916, I, 183.

Ninth June, 1843.

My Dear Howe,

Drive to-night to St. Giles's Church. Be there at half-past 11—and wait. One of Tracey's people will put his head into the coach after a Venetian and mysterious fashion, and breathe your name. Trust him to the death.

So no more at present from

The Mask[†1]

To W. C. MACREADY, [?9 JUNE 1843]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* June 43 on handwriting; likely to be before Macready's last performance on 14 June; Macready mentions a call on 9 June (see *fn*).

My Dear Macready

Will *you* call *here,* if you are coming out?—The sooner after 12, the better.[†2] I wod. come to you; but forgot last night, having appointed a man to call.

Talfourd was sublimely ridiculous—a very comet of absurdity—last night.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To [? SIR FRANCIS AND LADY BURDETT], 10 JUNE 1843*

MS Bodleian Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth June 1843.

Mr. Charles Dickens very greatly regrets that he cannot have the pleasure of accepting [Sir Francis & Lady Burdett's][†3] kind Invitation for Wednesday;[†4]

but on that evening his friend Mr. Macready retires from the direction of Drury Lane Theatre, and, for some considerable time,[†1] from the English Stage—and it is an occasion in which he has so much interest and regret, that he cannot avoid being present.[†2]

To GEORGE LAVAL CHESTERTON, [12 JUNE 1843]

Mention in *Revue Britannique,* Paris, June 1843, p. 702. *Date:* written during Pichot's and Forgues' call on CD (see *To* Pichot, 7 June 43, *fn*).

Introducing Amédée Pichot and Emile Forgues to the Governor of the Middlesex House of Correction. [†3]

To W. C. MACREADY, 12 JUNE 1843*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. C. Macready Esquire.

Twelfth June 1843

My Dear Macready. Moore[†4] will be very glad to receive your Invitation to the

Theatre,[†1] though the chances seem against his being able to use it. His address is 31 Sackville Street.[†2]

Affectionately always

CD.

To [MAJOR] H. S. STEPHENS,[†3] 12 JUNE 1843

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth June 1843.

Sir.

I have appointed the time kindly proposed by His Royal Highness,[†4] for the presentation of the Testimonial[†5] to Mr. Macready.[†6] And I avail myself of the permission of His Royal Highness, to forward such facts connected with the Testimonial, as I conceive His Royal Highness may desire to know. To the best of my recollection, they include those points upon which his late Royal Highness The Duke of Sussex,[†7] laid the greatest stress, and set the most value.

Mr. Smith, 12 Duke Street Lincolns Inn Fields, is the Working Silversmith, at whose house the Testimonial will be, after the day I mentioned in my former letter. In the mean time it is undergoing some process necessary to its completion.[†8]

Should His Royal Highness give me leave, it would afford me pleasure to attend there at any time His Royal Highness might appoint, to explain the views the Committee have had, in the selection of the Design.

I have the honor to be | Sir,

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Captain H. S. Stephens.

To JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, 13 JUNE 1843

Facsimile in Henri Saffroy catalogue No. 52 (1967).

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth June 1843.

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your kindness in forwarding me a prospectus of the British and Foreign Institute[†1]—not the less so, because I cannot, at present, become a member of any New association.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James S. Buckingham Esquire

To SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, 13 JUNE 1843

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth June 1843.[†2]

My Dear Sir Edward

The Duke appoints *12 for 1*, instead of 1 for 2.

"There's no such thing"[†3]—as an Honorary Secretary. Some phantom with

that name, once flitted through the books at Coutts's, but has long since passed away;[†1] and unlike old Aubrey's spectres left no "melodious twang" behind.[†2]

I found two or three restless men, wandering in the depths of the Drury Lane Scenery last night, and plundered them of as many Guineas. They had heard of the Testimonial in their infancy, and thought it a pleasant fiction. One hoary sage had been a Member of the Committee of Taste,[†3] he mournfully said.

Always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 13 JUNE 1843

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth June 1843.

My Dear Jerrold.

Yes. You have anticipated my occupation. Chuzzlewit be damned,—High Comedy and five hundred pounds are the only matters I can think of.[†4] I call it The One Thing Needful, or A Part is Better than the Whole. Here are the characters.

Old Febrile — Mr. Farren.[†5]

Young Febrile (his son) — Mr. Hone.

Jack Hessians (his friend) — Mr. W. Lacy.

Chalks (a landlord) — Mr. Gough.

Hon. Harry Staggers — Mr. Mellon

Sir Thomas Tip — Mr. Buckstone

Swig — Mr. Webster

The Duke of Leeds — Mr. Coutts
Sir Smivin Growler — Mr. Macready

Sir Smivin Growler — Mr. Macready

Servants, gamblers, visitors &c

Mrs. Febrile — Mrs. Gallot

Lady Tip — Mrs. Humby

Mrs. Sour — Mrs. W. Clifford

Fanny — Miss A. Smith[†1]

One scene, where Old Febrile tickles Lady Tip in the ribs, and afterwards dances out with his hat behind him, his stick before, and his eye on the pit, I expect will bring the house down. There is also another point—where Old Febrile, at the conclusion of his disclosure to Swig, rises and says "And now Swig, tell me, have I acted well?"—and Swig says "Well Mr. Febrile! Have you ever acted ill!"—which will carry off the piece.

Herne Bay.[†2] Hum. I suppose it's no worse than any other place in this weather—but it *is* watery, rather—isn't it? In my mind's eye, I have the sea in a perpetual state of smallpox; and the chalk running downhill like town milk. But I know the comfort of getting to work "in a fresh place", and proposing pious projects to one's self, and having the more substantial advantage of going to bed early and getting up ditto, and walking about, alone. If there were a fine day, I should like to deprive you of the last-named happiness, and to take a good long stroll, terminating in a public house, and, whatever they chanced to have in it. But fine days are over, *I* think. The horrible misery of London in this weather, with not even a fire to make it cheerful, is hideous.

But I have my Comedy to fly to. My only comfort! I walk up and down the street at the back of the Theatre every night, and peep in at the Green Room Window—thinking of the time when "Dick—Ins"[†3] will be called for, by excited hundreds, and won't come, 'till Mr. Webster[†4] (half Swig and half himself) shall enter from his dressing room, and quelling the tempest with a smile, beseech

that Wizard if he be in the house (here he looks up at my box) to accept the congratulations of the audience, and indulge them with a sight of the man who has got five hundred pound in money and it's impossible to say how much in laurel. Then I shall come forward and bow—once—twice—thrice—Roars of approbation—Brayvo—Brarvo—Hooray—Hoorar—Hooroar—one cheer more— and asking Webster home to supper shall declare eternal friendship for that public-spirited Individual—which Talfourd (the Vice) will echo with all his heart and soul and with tears in his eyes: adding in a perfectly audible voice, and in the same breath, that "he's a vewy wetched cweature, but better than Macweady any way, for *he* wouldn't play Ion[†1] when it was given to him"— after which he will propose said Macweady's health in terms of red hot eloquence.

They have *not* sent me the Illustrated Magazine.[†2] What do they mean by that?—You don't say your daughter is better, so I hope *you* mean that she is quite well. My wife desires her best regards. I am always My Dear Jerrold

Faithfully Your friend
The Congreve of the 19th. Century
(which I mean to be called in the Sunday Papers).

P.S. I shall dedicate it to Webster, beginning—"My dear Sir. When you first proposed to stimulate the slumbering dramatic talent of England, I assure you I had not the least idea"—&c—&c—&c.

[†a]P.S. I did your errand to Maclise,[†3] who sends Regards and Thanks.[†a]

To WILLIAM LUCY,[†4] 13 JUNE 1843

MS Mr Leslie Staples. *Address:* Mr. William Lucy | 25 College Green | Bristol.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth June 1843

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. William Lucy, and begs to inform him, in reply to his letter, that Bailey Junior was liberally rewarded

by the Miss Pecksniffs, and broke the bandboxes and damaged the luggage, in the greatness of his energy.[†1]

To WILLIAM SANDYS,[†2] 13 JUNE [1843]

Text from MDGH, I, 178-9. *Date:* 1843 on Devonshire Terrace and reference to Cornwall; wrongly given as 1847 in MDGH—a common misreading.

1, Devonshire Terrace, June 13th, 184[3].

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kind note. I shall hope to see you when we return to town, from which we shall now be absent (with a short interval in next month) until October.[†3] Your account of the Cornishmen gave me great pleasure; and if I were not sunk in engagements so far, that the crown of my head is invisible to my nearest friends, I should have asked you to make me known to them. The new dialogue[†4] I

will ask you by-and-by to let me see. I have, for the present, abandoned the idea of sinking a shaft in Cornwall.[†5]

I have sent your Shakesperian extracts to Collier.[†6] It is a great comfort, to my thinking, that so little is known concerning the poet. It is a fine mystery; and I tremble every day lest something should come out. If he had had a Boswell, society wouldn't have respected his grave, but would calmly have had his skull in the phrenological shop-windows.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 17 JUNE 1843

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Parthenon Club | Seventeenth June 1843.

My Dear Milnes

The Duke of Cambridge gives Macready his "Testimonial" on Monday in Willis's rooms at 12 for one. Pray, as a Member of the Committee, come up to the Scratch.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, [19 JUNE 1843]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the day of the presentation.

From the Chapel of the Jail | Monday Morning

Unhappy man.

Yes. I am of opinion that in your miserable condition, you might extend your remarks—so far, for instance, as to say what you had done in the Theatres, and tried to do. But whatever is easiest and most comfortable to yourself, will be the best course to take.[†1]

You will be expected on the Scaffold at halfpast twelve. Enquire for the Committee Room—or the Sheriffs.

If you have anything on your mind, yet unrevealed, now is the time to throw the weight from off your conscience and make a clean breast.

Sympathetically Yours
The Ordinary[†2]

To GEORGE HOGARTH, 20 JUNE 1843*

MS Mr J. M. Dawkins. *Address:* George Hogarth Esquire | 8 Willows Place | Brixton.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twentieth June 1843.

My Dear Hogarth.

I was obliged to go out very early yesterday morning to arrange for the presentation of Macready's Testimonial. In that way I missed you when you called.

Pray let Mr. Doyle[†1] know that I have heard nothing said to his disadvantage, but on the contrary have learned on all hands, that he acted, in the business of the Chronicle Editorship, with the utmost consideration and manliness. When I first heard of Black's removal, I asked a deservedly distinguished man, in a conversation we had together, at the Athenæum one morning, "whether Mr. Doyle was friendly to him?"—meaning Black. I did so casually, and for information, really not knowing at that time in what relation they stood, with reference to each other. If this should have reached Mr. Doyle (which is very possible), and he supposes on that account that I am "under any wrong impression", undeceive him by all means, and assure him from me, that he is quite mistaken.

So very anxious have I been not to be supposed to cast the slightest blame on Mr. Doyle, that when I wrote certain notes postponing a Private Dinner a few friends had intended to give to Black;[†2] I went out of my way to say, in so many words, that it was merely a mark of our personal regard, and had no reference whatever to any other Transaction or Individual. You know my old regard and esteem for Black, and can perfectly understand this to be the case. I should be greatly shocked and disgusted if I could suppose that my favorable feeling towards him, were considered by any man to include a disfavorable feeling towards his successor, or anybody else. Any such representation is very monstrous, wholly absurd, and from the crown of its head to the sole of its foot, unwarranted.

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Hogarth Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 22 JUNE 1843

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address: Wait.* | George Cruikshank Esquire | 23 Amwell Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second June 1843.

My Dear George

Can you, and will you, dine with me on Sunday, at 6 exactly? I shall have an American of the better sort[†3]—and Maclise—and maybe two more. That's all.

I am obliged to make it Sunday, for we are going out of town soon; and the preparatory work leaves me no other day to dine upon.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

United best regards to Mrs. C.

To T. B. BRINDLEY,[†1] 26 JUNE 1843*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Sixth June 1843

My Dear Sir

In consequence of your book and kind letter having been sent to my Publishers (where parcels addressed to me, accumulate until there is a great heap to be opened) I have only just now received them. I need not assure you that this is the sole cause of the present tardy acknowledgment of your glowing Dedication.[†2]

Although it puts my modesty to the blush, and makes it very rosy indeed, I am truly obliged to you for your earnest and fervent tribute. I am sure you mean and feel what you say; and this consoles me for not deserving it.

I shall not forget your request, with which I am delighted to comply. My booksellers shall find means of forwarding to you a couple of Volumes,[†3] which pray put upon your shelves in remembrance of me.

Believe me Yours | Faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. T. B. Brindley

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [27 JUNE 1843]

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1923;[†1] *MS* 1 p; dated Devonshire Terrace, Tuesday Morning. *Date:* presumably the Tuesday before 1 July 43 (see *fn*).

Your friend's lines[†2] on seeing poor Scott embark for his last voyage, are in a very worthy spirit, and do him honor. If it is likely to give any pleasure to know that I think so, pray tell him as much;

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 JUNE 1843]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 303. *Date:* 28 June according to Forster.[†3]

I am so irritated, so rubbed in the tenderest part of my eyelids with bay-salt, by what I told you yesterday,[†4] that a wrong kind of fire is burning in my head, and

I don't think I *can* write.[†1] Nevertheless, I am trying. In case I should succeed, and should not come down to you this morning, shall you be at the club or elsewhere after dinner? I am bent on paying the money. And before going into the matter with anybody I should like you to propound from me the one preliminary question to Bradbury and Evans.[†2] It is more than a year and a half since Clowes[†3] wrote to urge me to give him a hearing, in case I should ever think of altering my plans. A printer is better than a bookseller, and it is quite as much the interest of one (if not more) to join me. But whoever it is, or whatever, I am bent upon paying Chapman and Hall *down.*[†4] And when I have done that, Mr. Hall shall have a piece of my mind.

To J. SPANTIN,[†5] 30 JUNE 1843

Mention in N, I, 527

To FREDERICK WILKINSON,[†1] 30 JUNE 1843†

MS Dickens House.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regents Park
Thirtieth June 1843

Sir.

I am exceedingly sorry to have read your note incorrectly. I have no doubt the mistake was mine.

Pray believe that I am quite [†a]as much obliged by your polite communication, as if you had offered me a Hundred Translations.[†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Wilkinson Esqre

July

To JOHN MILES,[†2] [30 JUNE or 1 JULY 1843]

Extract in N, I, 527, from catalogue source; dated Devonshire Terrace, June 1843. *Date:* CD was still in London 30 June (see last); in *To* Beard, 18 July, he was back from Yorkshire having been there "all the month".

It would have given me great pleasure to come to you today, if I had been disengaged. But I am going into Yorkshire this evening[†3] to pay a long-promised visit

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 5 JULY 1843*

MS The Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Easthorpe Park | Fifth July 1843

Dear Lady Blessington.

The sins of my youth (I was quite a boy when I made that ancient promise)[†4] rise up against me, fearfully.

If I can think of anything, though it be but a scrap of rhyme, I will send it you by the end of the week. Keep me in your charitable and forgiving remembrance.

Many thanks to you for so kindly recollecting me in the matter of your new book, Meredith.[†5] I torture myself by wondering what its[†6] about, and am all impatience to read it.

Pray make my best regards to Count D'Orsay—and to your nieces—And believe me, with sincerity,

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington

To DANIEL MACLISE, 6 JULY 1843*

MS University of Texas.

Easthorpe Park, near Malton | Yorkshire | Sixth July 1843

My Dear Mac.

It is plain to me, that Smithson (who don't know you as I do) is living in the delusive idea that you are coming down here to see him. Now, if it *be* delusive, I wish you'd write and tell him so. But if it be not, I wish much more that you would write and say that much. For I am quite serious in saying that this is the most remarkable place of its size in England[†1] and immeasurably the most beautiful; and that if you lose the opportunity of seeing it (they move next Autumn)[†2] you will miss something which would certainly have been most suggestive and enjoyable to you. As to the rides—and they would mount you capitally—it is impossible to do them justice by description.

In the event of your coming, all you have to do, is to start from the Birmingham Railway, *for York,* at a quarter before Nine in the morning—and to write here, and say on what day. My present

intention is to return home on Saturday Week,[†3] but I should be delighted to stay longer, if you were coming.[†4]

Tell me how you get on at the Palace, and whether you are knighted yet.[†5] Kate and Georgy send their best regards.

Always My Dear Mac | Faithfully

CD

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 or 7 JULY 1843]

Extracts in F, IV, i, 294. *Date:* "July 1843", and "from Yorkshire", according to Forster; dated by reference in *To* Lady Blessington, 5 July.

Tell me what you think of Mrs. Gamp?[†1] You'll not find it easy to get through the hundreds of misprints in her conversation, but I want your opinion at once. I think you know already something of mine. I mean to make a mark with her.

I have heard, as you have, from Lady Blessington, for whose behoof I have this morning penned the lines I send you herewith. But I have only done so to excuse myself, for I have not the least idea of their suiting her;[†2] and I hope she will send them back to you for the *Ex.*

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 JULY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Easthorpe Park | Saturday Eighth July 1843

In haste.

My Dear Macready.

You will not suppose, I am certain, that I forgot your request,[†1] the day before I left town.[†2] But I had so much to do, that I was occupied until midnight, and went to bed quite weary and worn out. Since I have been here, I have done nothing but ride over all manner of country;[†3] stroll among ancient Ruins; eat, drink, and sleep.

Your note finds me just setting out for Scarboro'. But having an hour to spare, I sketch hurriedly what I think you had best say. I have followed your own ideas closely, and have, indeed, seldom departed from them except when it occurred to me that they could be showily combined with mine.

Kate unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Macready, and all your house We shall be home, I think, this day Week.

Always My Dear Macready
Affectionately Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To JOHN BOWRING,[†4] 15 JULY 1843*

MS The Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Easthorpe Park | Near Malton | Yorkshire. | Fifteenth July 1843.

My Dear Sir

I have been in this county for some weeks, and your kind note has only just

now reached me. If I had been in town, it would have given me much pleasure to accept your friendly Invitation.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Bowring

To THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, 15 JULY 1843*

MS The Marquis of Normanby.

Easthorpe Park, Near Malton
Fifteenth July 1843.

My Dear Lord Mulgrave.

We were at Mulgrave last Sunday afternoon. There we found the most hospitable and generous arrangements made for our reception—everybody on the look out for us—and the whole establishment with a lively Faith in our having come to stay a couple of days at least—all owing to your kind instructions in our behalf.

But I never dreamed of such a thing, when I wrote to you. All I intended, was, to stroll about the grounds and walk through the house. And being in that part as a mere bird of passage, and having (besides Mrs. Dickens and her sister) two friends with me, I went to Mulgrave solely with this view. So the bed was unslept in, and the dinner was untasted, and the wine was undrunk, and the buck was unattended in his Death next morning, and I, most probably, at the time of his violent decease, was returning to this place by the Whitby railroad.[†1]

Pray receive my hearty thanks for your great kindness. We were perfectly charmed with Mulgrave, which is one of the most desirable and beautiful places[†2]

I ever saw. I could ride about those woods, and look out upon the sea from that terrace, and write in that Library, for ever and a day. More I will report to you when we come home next week; but I could not avoid shaking hands with you by post, first, and telling you how much indebted we are to you.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl of Mulgrave.

To JOHN OVERS, 15 JULY 1843*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Easthorpe Park, | Near Malton, Yorkshire.
Fifteenth July, 1843.

Dear Mr Overs,

Your letter has only just now been forwarded to me here. I have been in this county for some weeks.

It gives me much sorrow to receive so bad an account of your doings—the more so, because my influence in respect of newspapers is most insignificant: my position suggesting to me the propriety of keeping aloof from them. But it has occurred to me that with the Doctor's[†1] assistance, I may *possibly* be able to advance your object. And immediately on my return to town I will see him on the subject.

This will be very early next week. By Wednesday, or Thursday at latest, you shall hear from me again.

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr J. A. Overs.

To THOMAS BEARD, 18 JULY 1843

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth July 1843

My Dear Beard

I have been in Yorkshire all the month, and am only just now in the receipt of your note. I address my answer to the old house: hoping that by this time you have come home, round and sound. You know who has always treated you successfully, and you know where that great physician is to be found, during

the months of August and September. Kate agrees with me that to make your cure complete, there would be nothing like eight undisturbed weeks at Broadstairs with that distinguished man. Now, do think of this. There are a hundred things you could do for the paper on the Margin of the Sea—abstracting Parliamentary reports, and so forth—matters of great use in the Recess. The bedroom you had last year, is ready for you. The bathing machine beckons its wooden finger— and cocks its preposterous eye—on the sands. The tide rushes in, demanding

to be breasted. Dick is all joviality, and very brown in the face from Northern toasting. Mac swears "he'll swim to the Goodwin Sands if HE will—there!" Forster asserts with dignified emphasis that "it is the very sort of thing my dear boy that Beard requires to set him on his legs". Timber makes himself as unlike a dog as possible, in confirmation of these sentiments. Topping forgets even "Mount Consumious"[†1] at the Surrey Zoological Gardens (his crack subject just now) and overhearing these discussions, redly[†2] remarks to me that "a little pickling 'ud make Mister Beard wot he used to be, wen we wos down at whats his name"—meaning Petersham[†3]—in short, everything and everybody are decisive on the subject; so take the Sussex card[†4] off your Portmanteau, and label it afresh Pashangermarjit.

Have you come back? If so, will you ride out on Sunday, and dine here afterwards? Say yes: and I will call for you at half past two.

I am so full of Broadstairs and your going there, that I have scarcely left room to say, with my regards to Mr. Blackburn, that we have sent out Powers of attorney to divers parts of India,[†5] for the enforcement of the new law as far as my books are concerned; and that I don't think I can entertain any proposal for an arrangement, after handing the matter over to others by these means. But if he would like to make a distinct proposal, I will take counsel with the Publishers upon it.

Regards from all to all. Ever Faithfully My Dear Beard.

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire

To MISS MARGARET GILLIES,[†6] 21 JULY 1843*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First July 1843.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Gillies, and begs to say that he will have the pleasure of sitting to her, next Tuesday, at *12.*

To THOMAS MITTON, 22 JULY 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twenty Second July | 1843.

My Dear Mitton

I want you to help me in money matters, until the 1st. of September; for several things have come crowding on me at once,[†1] and although at any other time I wouldn't mind overdrawing my account at Coutts's, I cannot prevail upon myself to do so now, when she is exerting herself in behalf of Alfred. I needn't say why I will not exceed by sixpence the reduced monthly of C and H.[†2]

Therefore what I want you to do, is, to draw £70 on account of that bill you have deposited at your banker's,—for me,—and to pay [it][†3] into Coutts's. This will not [pu]t[†4] you about, as you have already effected the necessary understanding with them. On the 1st. of September, as I have said, you shall have it back[†5]—of course with whatever interest the bankers charge for the five or six weeks.

Faithfully Always

CD.

I am working like a Dragon.[†6]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 24 JULY 1843

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday 24th. July 1843

Dear Sirs

Please to send a proof of the enclosed[†7] to the Parthenon Club in Regent Street; this evening at 7 exactly. Mr. Forster and myself will be there together, and the boy can wait while it is corrected.

Faithfully Always

C.D.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans.

To JOHN DE GEX, 24 JULY 1843

Text from N, I, 529, checked from MS Sotheby's, May 1966.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth July 1843.

My Dear De Gex.

I am truly sorry to be obliged to return the enclosed papers to you, without having written a Statement for the Charity.[†1] But I have so much to do, and have been so beset by other Institutions to use my pen in their behalf also, that I really have no alternative. Trust me that if I could have done it by any reasonable means, I would.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John De Gex Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 24 JULY 1843

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1949; *MS* 2 pp; dated Devonshire Terrace, 24 July 43.

I finished my work on Saturday; having gone at it every morning at eight o'clock. I have great confidence in the story, and have just received some tremendous and elaborately written panegyrics on the same from Sydney Smith,[†2] which from such an authority are worth having.

To JOHN OVERS, 24 JULY 1843*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Twenty fourth July, 1843.

Dear Mr Overs,

As soon as I returned to town, I fulfilled my promise, and saw the doctor on the subject of your last note. He agreed with me that there was a bare possibility of being able to do something with the newspaper proprietor[†3] I mentioned to him, whom he knows better than I do. He said he would see him straightway. I have nothing further to report yet; but am waiting, still, to hear the result.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 JULY 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1843.

Dear Miss Coutts

I don't know whether you have seen an advertisement in the papers of this morning, signed by me and having reference to the family of Mr. Elton[†1] the actor, who was drowned in the Pegasus. I consented last night to act as Chairman of a Committee[†2] for the assistance of his children; and I assure you that their condition is melancholy and desolate beyond all painting.

He was a struggling man through his whole existence—always very poor, and never extravagant. His wife died mad, Three Years ago, and he was left a Widower with seven children—who were expecting his knock at the door, when a friend arrived with the terrible news of his Death.[†3]

If in the great extent of your Charities, you have a niche left to fill up, I

believe in my heart this is as sad a case as could possibly be put into it. If you have not, I know you will not mind saying so to me.

Do not trouble yourself to answer this, as I will call upon you today between one and two. I called on Sunday last, to enquire after Miss Meredith; but seeing your carriage at the door, I left my card.—By the way—lingering at the street corner, was a very strange looking fellow, watching your house intently. I hope it was not Mr. Dunn.[†1]

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Yours Faithfully & obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, 26 JULY 1843

MS Lytton Papers.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1843[†2]

My Dear Sir Edward.

I am Chairman of a Committee whose object is, to open a Subscription and arrange a benefit for the relief of the seven destitute children of poor Elton (your Beauseant)[†3] who was drowned in the Pegasus. They are exceedingly anxious to have the great assistance of your name; and if you will allow yourself to be announced as one of the Body,[†4] I do assure you, you will help a very melancholy and distressful cause.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 26 JULY 1843

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1843

My Dear Cruikshank.

I am Chairman of a Committee whose object is to open a Subscription and arrange a benefit, for the relief of the seven destitute children of poor Elton the actor, who was drowned in the Pegasus. They are exceedingly anxious to have

the great assistance of your name; and if you will allow yourself to be announced as one of the body, I do assure you, you will help a very melancholy and distressful cause.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

†[a]The committee meet tonight, at 8, at the Freemasons' Tavern.†[a]

To J. P. HARLEY, 26 JULY 1843*

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Sixth July 1843.

My Dear Harley.

I am Chairman of a Committee whose object is, to open a Subscription and arrange a benefit for the relief of poor Elton's seven children. They are exceedingly anxious to have the great assistance of your name. Let them have it my good fellow for God's sake.

We meet at the Freemason's tonight at 8.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

To THOMAS HOOD, 26 JULY 1843*

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1843

My Dear Hood.

I am Chairman of a Committee whose object is, to open a Subscription and arrange a benefit for the relief of the seven destitute children (they have no mother) of poor Elton the actor, who was drowned in the Pegasus. They are exceedingly anxious to have the great assistance of your name; and if you will kindly allow yourself to be announced as one of the Body, I do assure you, you will help a very melancholy and distressful cause.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

We meet at the Freemasons tonight at 8 oClock.†[1]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 26 JULY 1843*

MS Benoliel Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1843

My Dear Mac.

I am Chairman of a Committee whose object is, to open a Subscription and arrange a Benefit for the relief of poor Elton's children. They are exceedingly anxious to have your name as one of the body. Pray give me permission to announce it.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 26 JULY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1843.

My Dear Macready.

I consented last night to be Chairman of a Committee for doing the best that *can* be done for the unfortunate family of that poor man, Elton. A couple of hours put the business into good shape; and I have written this morning to everybody I can think of.

Lumley[†1] replies that he cannot allow the Singers to assist—but sends five guineas as his Subscription. Now, what do you think? I ask you for the guidance of my own opinion. Without the singers, wod. you run the hazard of opening Drury Lane if it is to be got for nothing—or would you accept an offer which has been made by Webster, of the Haymarket and the Lighting?[†2]

Faithfully Always

CD

W. C. Macready Esquire

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 26 JULY 1843*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1843

My Dear Mr. Rogers.

I am Chairman of a Committee whose object is, to open a Subscription and arrange a benefit for the relief of the seven destitute children (for they have no mother) of poor Mr. Elton the actor, who was drowned in the Pegasus. They are exceedingly anxious to have the great assistance of your name; and if you will kindly allow yourself to be announced as one of the Body, I do assure you you will help a very melancholy and distressful cause.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 26 JULY 1843

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July 1843

My Dear Stanfield

I am Chairman of a Committee, whose object is, to open a Subscription and arrange a benefit for the relief of the seven destitute children of poor Elton the actor, who was drowned in the Pegasus. They are exceedingly anxious to have the great assistance of your name; and if you will allow yourself to be announced as one of the body, I do assure you you will help a very melancholy and distressful cause.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Committee meet tonight at the Freemasons', at 8 oClock.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,†1 26 JULY [1843]

Text from N, II, 44, from catalogue source, dated Devonshire Terrace, 26 July 47. *Date:* clearly 1843, with other Elton letters.

I am Chairman of a Committee, whose object is, to open a Subscription and arrange a benefit for the relief of the seven destitute children of poor Elton the actor who was drowned in the Pegasus. They are exceedingly†2 anxious to have the great assistance of your [name];†3 and if you will allow yourself to be announced as one of the body, I do assure you, you will help a very melancholy and distressful cause.

To W. C. MACREADY, 26 JULY 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Evening | Twenty Sixth July 43

My Dear Macready

I called at Forster's today, and found him in the act of writing to you, before going to Greenwich with Procter.†4 As soon as he told me what he was writing,

I undertook to save him the trouble of going on, by communicating its substance to you in the strongest terms I cod. employ.

He had been thinking all day of your declining to act for Elton's family—*and had been considering it: not with any reference to them, but solely with reference to You.* And he says that if you do not act at

that benefit, you will, in your position, do yourself irretrievable injury, and give your enemies a lever to use against you, which will be worked beyond all foreseeing.

I had a delicacy in telling you my opinion on this subject, for I thought it might be only mine. But when I find Forster so bent and set upon this opinion— and call to mind that the instant I heard of your refusal last night, I considered it the most rash and injudicious step that such a man as you could take—I should be wanting in the duty which my love for you prescribes, if I did not tell you plainly—along with him—that I think you have made a mistake, which I urge you to reconsider.

My Dear Macready everything that you urge as a reason for *not* playing, is a reason why you *should* play, and a reason why the grace of playing wod. be immeasurably the greater. I am confident you are in error.

Do think of this once more, and let me hear from you between this and a quarter to Eight, when I leave home to preside at the Meeting.[†1]

Faithfully Ever

CD

W. C. Macready Esquire

To JOHN [POVEY],[†2] [27 or 28] JULY 1843

Extract in S. J. Davey's catalogue No. 42, (Dickens House, in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", III, 20); *MS* 1 p.; *Date:* 13 July 1843 according to catalogue, but certainly later; probably the day after one of the early meetings of the Elton committee. *Address:* "Pavey" in catalogue, clearly a misreading of "Povey".[†2]

Your kind offer of assistance in behalf of poor Elton was joyfully and gratefully accepted by us all. I have sent—I mean, I will send immediately—your note to Serle, who is our acting manager.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 JULY 1843

MS Morgan Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth July 1843.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will not attempt to tell you what I felt, when I received your noble letter last night.[†1]

Trust me that I will be a faithful steward of your bounty; and that there is no charge in the Wide World I would accept with so much pride and happiness as any such from you.

I should be uneasy if I did not let you know that your letter being put in my hands at the Freemasons' last night where the committee were sitting,[†2] I told them what it contained, *before* I arrived at

your injunction of secrecy. But the gentlemen who were there, were far too much impressed by what I had conveyed to them, ever to betray your confidence, I am sure. I can answer for that.

Charley will be ready at the appointed time, and is counting the clock already.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 JULY 1843]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 308. *Date:* 28 July 43 according to Forster.

I write in haste, for I have been at work all day; and, it being against the grain with me to go back to America when my interest is strong in the other parts of the tale, have got on but slowly.[†3] I have a great notion to work out with Sydney's favourite,[†4] and long to be at him again.

To MRS HOOD,[†1] [?28 JULY 1843]*

MS (fragment) Mr Graham Storey. *Date:* June-July 1843 on handwriting; probably in reply to hers of ?27 July (see *To* Hood, 26 July, *fn*).

I shall be glad to hear from you, or to see you, next week.

Always Dear Mrs. Hood | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 31 JULY 1843*

MS Mr Theodore Hewitson.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First July 1843

My Dear George.

I received your hearty letter in due course; and have begged the Secretary to send you, in the course of to day, some Circular Letters and Subscription Lists. Any money you can collect,[†2] we shall be truly glad to receive.

I hope we are getting on as well as we could expect. Much depends on the benefits.[†3] After one or two of them have come off, we shall know better where we are.

In haste | Always Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

August

To T. P. COOKE,[†4] 3 AUGUST 1843

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1272 (1917); *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 3 Aug 43.

Acknowledging a contribution for Elton's children. [†5]

To VISCOUNT MORPETH, 3 AUGUST 1843

MS Mr George Howard.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Third August 1843.

Dear Lord Morpeth

In acknowledging the safe receipt of your kind donation in behalf of poor Mr. Elton's orphan children,[†1] I hope you will suffer me to address you with little ceremony, as the best proof I can give you of my cordial reciprocation of all you say in your most welcome note. I have long esteemed you, and been your distant but very truthful admirer; and trust me that it is a real pleasure and happiness to me to anticipate the time when we shall have a nearer intercourse.

Believe me | With sincere regard
Faithfully Your Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Viscount Morpeth

To JOHN OVERS, 3 AUGUST 1843*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Third August | 1843.

Dear Mr. Overs.

The Dr. has taken immense pains in the matter I wrote you of. The result is, that Mr. Young[†2] of the Sun Newspaper requests you to call on him, next Saturday evening at 6. The office is in the Strand, and you must send up to him the enclosed card.

Be as plain; and as cheerful in your anticipations of him and yourself; as you can. Tell him what things of yours have been published, and fill him with the impression, so far as in you lies, that you desire to be useful. If you do anything for him, lay this to heart—never use a hard word, where an easy one will serve your turn.

Write to me at Broadstairs, and tell me what passed. If, at any time, you have anything to do for him that admits of so much leisure, let me see your Manuscript.

In great haste | Faithfully Yours always

CD

Mr. J. A. Overs

To WILLIAM PULFORD,[†3] 6 AUGUST 1843†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixth August 1843.

Dear Sir

In reply to your enquiry, I beg to say that what we are doing for the orphan Family of poor Mr. Elton, is simply this—endeavouring to get as much money as possible. We shall be truly glad to have some from you; and I have written to the Secretary, begging him to send you a Blank subscription List by Post.

I do not see that it is possible to *suggest* anything to Mr. Welch.[†1] Whatever he could get for us, we would gratefully accept; but we have no means of sending professional people down to Brighton,[†2] nor should we feel justified in incurring any risk in getting up a concert or other entertainment there. But I will not fail to make Mr. Welch's kind offer of service known to the Committee when they meet again on Monday week; and I can answer for their thanking him for his kindness.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William Pulford Esquire

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 6 AUGUST 1843*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Broadstairs,[†3] Kent. | Sixth August 1843.

My Dear Milnes

Behold the date of this. And say,—being here, and receiving your kind note only this morning—how *could* I breakfast with you yesterday?

I wish you would endorse this Card for me. Mr. Jerrold (who is a friend of mine, and a man of very great ability) wishes to join the British and Foreign Institute; and by the endorsement of an original member, can do so without ballot.[†4] Therefore if you will affix your sign manual to this little bit of pasteboard, and send it me back again by return of post, you will truly oblige me.

My Dear Milnes | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Milnes Esquire

To R. W. HONNER,[†5] 6 AUGUST 1843

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1912; *MS* 1 p; dated Broadstairs, 6 Aug 43.

I am truly gratified by your account of the splendid result of the Benefit[†6] at the Surrey Theatre in behalf of the orphan children of poor Mr. Elton—and so will the committee be, I am sure, when we meet again on Monday week.

To AMBROSE WILLIAMS,[†1] 6 AUGUST 1843*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixth August 1843

Dear Sir

Pray accept the best thanks of the Committee for your Address in behalf of poor Mr. Elton's children. It impressed me very favorably in the reading, as being appropriate, modest, and pathetic.

You will have seen that having had another and an earlier offer[†2] we could not avail ourselves of your kindness. But we are not the less indebted to you, believe me.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Ambrose Williams Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 AUGUST 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday Seventh August 1843

Dear Miss Coutts.

I went up to town last Thursday to preside at a Meeting of the Committee for poor Mr. Elton's children; but as I came back here next morning, I had no opportunity of calling on you.

Owing to the offensive conduct of Mr. Charles Mathews[†3] and his estimable lady we were unable to use either Harley, the Keeleys, Mrs. Nisbett, or Mrs. Stirling at the Haymarket, although they had all been previously announced with Mr. Webster's full consent. The consequence was, that we were obliged at the last moment to alter an excellent bill; and the entertainments were very trash.[†4] You will be glad to hear, however, that the receipts were £280; a very large sum in that Theatre, which when crammed to the very utmost will not hold more than £300. Including this sum, we had in hand on Thursday night, hard upon a

thousand pounds; since which time the benefit at the Surrey[†5] (the only return I have yet had) has produced a hundred and forty pounds more, and some additional private subscriptions have also come in.

Finding it exceedingly difficult in the midst of their trouble to arrive with

anything like tolerable certainty at the weekly expenses of the family; last Thursday, I placed £10—the ten you sent me—in the hands of a lady[†1] who knows them, and can be trusted to make a careful report: and begged her to account to me for it, and to get me an estimate by the time we meet again (next Monday) of their average bills. Before I see you on that head, I will visit the children myself. For I wish particularly to speak to the eldest girl[†2] about it, and to be very careful that your assistance, is free from the controul of any relation or friend,[†3] but such as she knows can be thoroughly trusted, and is kindly disposed towards them. I fancy I have observed some slight signs and tokens, which render this precaution indispensable.

This little place is very bright and beautiful—and I wish you and your Patient could see it this morning. I have been here six years, and have never had a Piano next door; but this fortune was too good to last, and now there is one close to the little bay window of the room I write in, which has six years' agony in every note it utters. I have been already obliged to take refuge on the other side of the house, but that looks into a street where the "Flies" stand, and where there are donkeys and drivers out of number. Their Music is almost as bad as the other, and between the two, I was driven into such a state of desperation on Saturday, that I thought I must have run away and deserted my family. The matter was not mended when the paper came down, with Mr. Thomas Duncombe's[†4] tribute to the character and acquirements of Mr. Bunn;[†5] which so exasperated me (though the two gentlemen are well worthy of each other's friendship) that I walked ten miles over burning chalk, before I could resume the least composure.

Charley and two hundred and fifty other children, are making fortifications in the sand with wooden spades, and picking up shells and sea weed. He is still full of his last visit to you, and brightened up like burnished copper at breakfast

when I asked him if he had any message to send. If I thought his love would *do* (he said) he should like to forward it. So I promised to convey it to you, in due form. I have some idea of writing him a Child's History of England,[†1] to the end that he may have tender-hearted notions of War and Murder, and may not fix his affections on wrong heros, or see the bright side of Glory's sword and know nothing of the rusty one. If I should carry it out, I shall live in the hope that you will read it one wet day.

I fear the weather has been sorely against Miss Meredith; as indeed it has been against all invalids, Mrs. Dickens[†2] included, who begs me to send her best remembrances. It would give us great pleasure to hear that Miss Meredith had left her room, though individually I must say that if I once knew of her eating two thirds of a roast chicken, and drinking three glasses of Wine, I would be content to leave all the rest to Herself and Good Fortune. I beg to be heartily remembered to her, and am ever dear Miss Coutts with high regard

Faithfully Yours

Miss Coutts.

To THOMAS MITTON, 10 AUGUST 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent | Tenth August 1843.

My Dear Mitton

I have but a moment before the Post goes: having been at work the livelong day.

If the Insurance[†3] be *not* for Chapman and Hall, let it drop. But if it be theirs, I think we had better let it be renewed; the account not having been wiped off to the extent we had looked for. If it be mine—decidedly No.

I shall come to town for a meeting of the Elton Committee, on Monday: returning next Morning. I will appoint a time for calling on you when I know my movements better—most likely by Sunday Night's Post from here. We have about £1500 in hand.

The next No.[†4] is not so much to *my* taste as the last—being in America again. But I am making the best of it.

Faithfully Yours ever

CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 13 AUGUST 1843

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1932; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 13 Aug 43.

I come up to town tomorrow for one night, and dine with Mr. Forster at 5. If you can send a proof of the accompanying MS[†1] by that time, I should like to have it.... Punch is better than ever[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 AUGUST 1843]*

MS Mr Alfred Essex. *Date:* clearly same day as last.

Broadstairs | Sunday.

My Dear Forster.

I shall come up by the Fame; we may dine at halfpast 5 to the moment—and I have little doubt that I shall be with you before then.

I have "Yeses" from Barham and Stanny. Thompson will be out of England. Stone uncertain, till tomorrow night. Edwin Landseer, very.

Have you asked Fox?[†3]

Ever affecy.

CD.

John Forster Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [13 AUGUST 1843]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* clearly same day.

Broadstairs | Sunday

My Dear Mitton

I shall come up by the Fame tomorrow, and will immediately call—it will be only a call I am sorry to say—on you. But I shall be in town again, soon.

I have nearly killed myself with laughing at what I have done of the American No.[†4]—though how much comicality may be in my knowledge of its Truth,[†5] I can't say. I seem to hear the people talking again.

Faithfully Ever

CD

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 AUGUST 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Fifteenth August 1843.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I have satisfactorily ascertained that the weekly expenses of the Elton Family, will be, as nearly as possible, Three Pounds—not more. I have also taken the utmost care that not a farthing of the money shall be appropriated to any but the main and single purpose of their support; and that no man, woman, or child, shall interfere with its expenditure in any way. I will keep such a watch upon them as Argus could not have surpassed, though all his eyes had been melted down into one; and will take care that every shilling you entrust me with in their behalf, shall be satisfactorily accounted for.

You will be glad, I am sure, to hear that the Subscriptions and benefits together, will amount to a couple of Thousand Pounds.[†1]

I shall come to town to see the children on Friday week; and if you are not otherwise engaged, will call on you next morning about one o'Clock. I sincerely hope Miss Meredith is better. She *ought* to be much better now, I think.

Always Dear Miss Coutts
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 AUGUST 1843]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 309. *Date:* 15 Aug according to Forster; but he is probably wrong in saying that it was accompanied by the "second chapter of his eighth [*error for ninth*] number".

I gather from a letter I have had this morning that Martin has made them all stark staring raving mad across the water.[†2] I wish you would consider this.

Don't you think the time has come when I ought to state that such public entertainments as I received in the States were either accepted before I went out, or in the first week after my arrival there; and that as soon as I began to have any acquaintance with the country, I set my face against any public recognition whatever but that which was forced upon me to the destruction of my peace and comfort—and made no secret of my real sentiments.

To H. K. BROWNE, [?15-18 AUGUST 1843]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* probably between 15 Aug (his return to Broadstairs) and the completion of the No. on 18 Aug.[†1]

2nd Subject[†2]

The First Subject having shewn the settlement of Eden on paper, the second shews it in reality. Martin and Mark are displayed as the tenants of a wretched log hut (*for a pattern whereof, see a Vignette brought by Chapman and Hall*) in a perfectly flat swampy, wretched forest of stunted timber in every stage of decay, with a filthy river running before the door, and some other miserable loghouses indicated among the trees, whereof the most ruinous and tumbledown of all, is

labelled BANK. And National Credit Office. Outside their door, as the custom is, is a rough sort of form or dresser, on which are set forth their pot and kettle and so forth: all of the commonest kind. On the outside of the house at one side of the door, is a written placard CHUZZLEWIT AND CO. ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS; and upon a stump of tree, like a butcher's block, before the cabin, are Martin's

instruments—a pair of rusty compasses &c On a three legged stool beside this block, sits Martin in his shirt sleeves, with long dishevelled hair, resting his head upon his hands: the picture of hopeless misery—watching the river, as sadly remembering that it flows towards home. But Mr. Tapley, up to his knees in filth and brushwood, and in the act of endeavouring to perform some impossibilities with a hatchet, looks towards him with a face of unimpaired good humour, and declares himself perfectly jolly. Mark the only redeeming feature. Everything else dull, miserable, squalid, unhealthy, and utterly devoid of hope: diseased, starved, and abject.

The weather is intensely hot, and they are but partially clothed.[†1]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 18 AUGUST 1843*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Address:* clearly to Bradbury & Evans (see 13 Aug).

Broadstairs | Friday 18 August 1843

Dr. Sirs.

Proof with all speed

Faithfully

CD.[†2]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 AUGUST 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Twentieth August 1843

Dear Miss Coutts

I avail myself of the last moment before the post leaves, to say that I have just received your kind note, and that either you misread, or I miswrote mine. I said *Saturday Week*[†3]—meaning next Saturday. I only mention it, lest you should think I had neglected my appointment.

I am truly rejoiced to hear that Miss Meredith has made a rally; and am quite sure of her, *now*. Charley sends his best love.

The piano goes away on Friday. My mind misgives me that some other Instrument will take the house afterwards. I have seen a man looking at the bill, who has been heard playing the flute in the Evening under solitary cliffs.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Yours faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To MR COOPER,[†1] 21 AUGUST 1843

Mention in N, I, 533.

To FRANCIS CREW,[†2] [24 AUGUST 1843]

Text (with corrected punctuation) from version by F. Crew, described by him as "something like this" (MS John Rylands Library; see *fn* below). Mention in S. F. Henkels catalogue No. 1492; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Thursday night—clearly the Thursday before the Macready dinner on 26 Aug.

Dear Sir

A few friends[†3] will dine together at the Star and Garter, Richmond, on Saturday at four for the purpose of giving a farewell dinner to Mr Macready on

his departure for America. It struck me on my journey to town from Broadstairs that your company would be a great acquisition to our party. I do not pretend to hide from you that I am in some measure selfish in this invitation, but yet I think you will derive some pleasure from such a meeting. You [cannot][†1] but be aware how charmed I always am with your delightful voice, nor less admirable taste, and I would willingly afford my friends who will be present upon this occasion an example of them. Do not, however, look upon the reason of my asking the pleasure of your company, but come. You will by doing it very much oblige
Yours most faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE GENTLEMEN OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, 28 AUGUST 1843

MS Boston Public Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.
Twenty Eighth August 1843.

Gentlemen.

You are aware, I have no doubt, that a Public Subscription has been entered into, for the benefit of the Seven Orphan Children—all girls but one—of the late Mr. Elton, who was drowned in the Sad Shipwreck of the Pegasus. Their mother died insane some years since; and but for the friends they have found since their father's death, they would be quite destitute and unprotected.

The fund will be vested in three trustees—Edward Marjoribanks Esquire, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, and myself. A committee of five gentlemen; all known to Mr. Elton and to the public; will be associated with them for promoting, by all means in their power, the welfare of these orphans, and the benevolent intentions of the Subscribers.

I have refrained from addressing you until now, for I deemed it right to bring our plans thus far towards a practical conclusion, before I troubled you upon the subject. But I feel that I should be very imperfectly discharging my duty as Chairman of the Committee of this Fund, if I allowed the Subscription to come to a close, without soliciting the aid of a body of Gentlemen, always conspicuous for their Charity and Generosity, and always so nobly representing, in its best aspect, the Wealth of this great city.

Trust me, Gentlemen, that if you should feel disposed to assist the object I have thus briefly explained and have very much at heart, you will extend a helping hand to persons not unworthy of your notice; and may securely rely on as careful, and at the same time as tender and becoming an appropriation, of every farthing of the money, as even you yourselves could desire.†1

I have the honor to be
Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Gentlemen | of | The Stock Exchange.

To W. H. MURRAY,†2 29 AUGUST 1843†

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Broadstairs, Kent | Twenty Ninth August 1843

Dear Sir

As I do not know the address of Bishop Gillies;†3 and as the kind offer of that reverend Gentleman in reference to the disposal of one of poor Elton's children, was made through you; I shall feel much obliged to you if you will convey to him the purport of this communication.

The smaller committee to whom the immediate consideration of the family's necessities has been entrusted, have given their best and most grateful attention to the offer of Bishop Gillies. But they have come to the conclusion that as it would involve the necessity of one child being educated in the Roman Catholic persuasion, it is best for them to decline it.

In arriving at this opinion, they have not allowed themselves to be influenced by any religious opinions or scruples of their own: but have confined themselves to three points of consideration—firstly, how their father would have viewed such a proposal had he been happily alive—secondly, how the elder children regard it among themselves—and thirdly how far they would be justified in

introducing differences of faith and separations of opinion among persons too young to judge on such difficult matters, *for* themselves. The result is, what I have already stated.

They beg, at the same time, to return the Bishop their warm and cordial acknowledgements; and to assure him of their high esteem.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Murray Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29 AUGUST 1843]

Extract in F, IV, i, 296. *Date:* according to Forster, "at the close of August", from Broadstairs,[†1] and "a few days" before *To* Felton, 1 Sep; but clearly not earlier than 29 Aug, to allow time for a whole day since CD's return from London.

I performed an insane match against time of eighteen miles by the milestones in four hours and a half, under a burning sun the whole way. I could get no sleep at night, and really began to be afraid I was going to have a fever. You may judge in what kind of authorship-training I am to-day. I could as soon eat the cliff as write about anything.

September

To C. C. FELTON, 1 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* By the Caledonia Mail Packet | Professor Felton | Cambridge | Massachusetts | United States.

Broadstairs, Kent. First September 1843.

My Dear Felton. If I thought it in the nature of things that you and I could ever agree on paper touching a certain Chuzzlewitian question whereupon Forster tells me you have remarks to make, I should immediately walk into the same tooth and nail. But as I don't—I won't. Contenting myself with this prediction—that one of these years and days, you will write or say to me "My dear Dickens you were right, though rough, and did a world of good, though you got most thoroughly hated for it." To which I shall reply, "My dear Felton, I looked a long way off and not immediately under my nose, [†a]and I value their hatred, being haters, just as much as I prized their love, being lovers—a little more indeed, for Nature formed them to be very constant in their prejudices, and not at all constant in their affections."[†a] At which sentiment you will laugh, and I shall laugh; and then (for I foresee this will all happen in England) we shall call for another pot of porter, and two or three dozen of oysters.

Now don't you in your own heart and soul[†b]—in that secretest of Feltonian chambers—[†b]quarrel with me for this long silence? Not half so much as I quarrel with myself, I know; but if you could read half the letters I write to you

in imagination, you would swear by me for the best of correspondents. The truth is, that when I have done my morning's work, down goes my Pen, and from that minute I feel it a positive impossibility to take it up again, until imaginary butchers and bakers wave me to my desk. I walk about brimful of letters, facetious descriptions, touching morsels, and pathetic friendships, but can't for the soul of me uncork myself. The Post-Office is my rock ahead. My average number of letters that *must* be written every day, is, at the least, a dozen. And you could no more know what I was writing to you spiritually, from the perusal of the bodily

thirteenth, than you could tell from my hat what was going on in my head, or could read my heart on the surface of my flannel waistcoat.

This is a little fishing-place; intensely quiet; built on a cliff whereon—in the centre of a tiny semicircular bay—our house stands: the sea rolling and dashing under the windows. Seven miles out, are the Goodwin Sands (you've heard of the Goodwin Sands?) whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark, as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants. Also there is a big lighthouse called the North Foreland on a hill behind the village—a severe parsonic light— which reproves the young and giddy floaters, and stares grimly out upon the sea. Under the cliff are rare good sands, where all the children assemble every morning and throw up impossible fortifications which the sea throws down again at high water. Old gentlemen and ancient ladies, flirt, after their own manner, in two reading rooms and on a great many scattered seats in the open air. Other old gentlemen look all day through telescopes and never see anything. In a bay-window in a one pair, sits from nine o'Clock to one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neck-cloth who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz. At one, he disappears, and presently emerges from a bathing machine, and may be seen—a kind of salmon-coloured porpoise— splashing about in the ocean. After that, he may be seen in another bay window on the ground floor, eating a strong lunch—after that, walking a dozen miles or so— or lying on his back in the sand, reading a book. Nobody bothers him unless they know he is disposed to be talked to; and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they *do* say, is a small fortune to the innkeeper who sells beer and cold punch. But this is mere rumour. Sometimes he goes up to London (eighty miles or so, away) and then I'm told there is a sound in Lincolns Inn Fields at night, as of men laughing: together with a clinking of knives and forks and wine-glasses.

I never shall have been so near you since we parted aboard the George Washington, as next Tuesday. Forster, Maclise, and I—and perhaps Stanfield— are then going aboard the Cunard Steamer at Liverpool, to bid Macready good bye, and bring his wife away.[†1] It will be a very hard parting. You will see and know him of course. We gave him a splendid dinner last Saturday at Richmond, whereat I presided with my accustomed grace. He is one of the noblest fellows in the world; and I would give a great deal that you and I should sit beside each other to see him play Virginius, Lear, or Werner—which I take to be, every one,

the greatest piece of exquisite perfection that his lofty art is capable of attaining. His Macbeth, especially the last act, is a tremendous reality; but so indeed is almost everything he does.[†1] You recollect perhaps that he was the guardian of our children while we were away. I love him dearly. [†c]He has no letters from me: not even to you.[†2] Do not laugh, when I say that I have given him none, lest they should injure him; for I know how many head of vermin would eat into his heart if they could, that they might void their hatred even second-hand, upon a man I prized.[†3] But pray tell Sumner, Ticknor, and such friends as you know I esteem, with what commendation and affectionate regard, I mention him through you.[†4] If I could un-dedicate Nickleby, I would, until his return from America.[†c]

You asked me, long ago, about Maclise. He is such a wayward fellow in his subjects,[†5] that it would be next to impossible to write such an article as you were thinking of, about him. I wish you could form an idea of his Genius. One of these days, a book will come out—Moore's Irish Melodies[†6]—entirely

illustrated by him, on every page. *When* it comes, I'll send it to you. You will have some notion of him then. He is in great favor with the Queen, and paints secret pictures for her to put upon her husband's table on the morning of his birthday[†7]

—and the like. But if he has a care, he will leave his mark on more enduring things than Palace Walls.

And so Longfellow is married.[†1] I remember her well; and could draw her portrait—in words—to the life. A very beautiful and gentle creature—and a proper love for a poet. My cordial remembrances and congratulations. Do they live in the house where we breakfasted?[†2] [†d]And does Longfellow find cold water as essential to matrimony as to a single life. I greatly desire to be enlightened on this head. *Do* ask him—in confidence. As to oysters—but I may be open to misconstruction, if I pursue that subject.[†d]

I very often dream I am in America again; but strange to say, I never dream of you. I am always endeavouring to get home in disguise, and have a dreary sense of the distance. Apropos of dreams, is it not a strange thing if writers of fiction never dream of their own creations: recollecting I suppose, even in their dreams, that they have no real existence? *I* never dreamed of any of my own characters and I feel it so impossible, that I would wager Scott never did of his, real as they are. I had a good piece of absurdity in my head a night or two ago. I dreamed that somebody was dead. I don't know whom, but it's not to the purpose. It was a private gentleman and a particular friend; and I was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me (very delicately) by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top boots, and a sheet. Nothing else. "Good God", I said. "Is he dead!". "He is as dead Sir", rejoined the gentleman, "as a door-nail. But we must all die Mr. Dickens—sooner or later my dear Sir"—"Ah!" I said. "Yes. To be sure. Very true. But what did he die of?" The gentleman burst into a flood of tears, and said, in a voice broken by emotion, "He christened his youngest child, Sir, with a toasting-fork." I never in my life was so affected as at his having fallen a victim to this complaint. It carried a conviction to my mind that he never could have recovered. I knew that it was the most interesting and fatal malady in the world; and I wrung the gentleman's hand in a convulsion of respectful admiration—for I felt that this explanation did equal honor to his head and his heart!

What do you think of Mrs. Gamp? And how do you like the undertaker? I have a fancy that they are in your way. Oh Heaven such green woods as I was rambling among, down in Yorkshire, when I was getting that done, last July![†3] For days and weeks, we never saw the sky but through green boughs; and all day long, I cantered over such soft moss and turf that the horse's feet scarcely made a sound upon it. We have some friends in that part of the country (close to Castle Howard, where Lord Morpeth's father dwells in state—*in* his Park indeed) who are the jolliest of the jolly: keeping a big old country house, with an ale cellar

something larger than a reasonable church, and everything like Goldsmith's bear dances, "in a concatenation accordingly". Just the place for you, Felton! We performed some madnesses there, in the way of forfeits, pic-nics, rustic games, inspections of ancient monasteries at midnight[†1] when the moon was shining; that would have gone to your heart, and as Mr. Weller says, "come out on the other side."[†2]

†eI was going to say a great deal about Mrs. Felton, and the good it would do her to bring her to England, but Kate is going to write to her by this Mail:†3 which is much better. Our domestic news is slight but portentous. Coming events cast their shadows before. I have visions of a fifth child, sometimes.†e

Write soon My Dear Felton, and if I write to you less often than I would, believe that my affectionate heart is with you always. Loves and regards to all friends, from Yours ever and ever
CHARLES DICKENS

†fP.S. I heard from Hamlet†4 by the last packet.†5 He seems to be a prey to Gentle Melancholy. But he was a Good fellow, and I believe as honestly and disinterestedly attached to me, as a Man could be. I wish you could have seen his lady love. Quite a practical joke, she was.†f

To W. C. MACREADY, 1 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | First September 1843.

My Dear Macready.

I have lately had great doubts of the propriety of my seeing you on board the Steamer. It will be crowded with Americans at this season of the year; and believe me, they are not the people you suppose them to be. So strongly have I felt that my accompanying you on board, would be, after the last Chuzzlewit, *fatal*†6 to your success, and certain to bring down upon you every species of insult and outrage, that I have all along determined within myself to remain in the Hotel, and charge the Landlord to keep my being there, a secret.

But this morning I have heard from Marryatt†7 to whom Stanfield had chanced

to mention our Liverpool design.†1 And he so emphatically and urgently implores me, for your sake, not even to go to Liverpool, that I instantly renounce the delight of being among the last to say God bless you. For when a man who knows the country confirms me in my fears, I am as morally certain of their foundation in Truth and freedom from exaggeration, as I am that I live.

If you but knew one hundredth part of the malignity, the monstrous falsehood, the beastly attacks even upon Catherine;†2 which were published all over America, even while I was there, on my mere confession that the country had disappointed me—confessions wrung from me in private society, before I had written a word upon the people—you would question all this, as little as I do. Soon after you receive this, I hope to come to Clarence Terrace to shake you by the hand.†3

And now my dear Macready, I have one request to make to you; the indisputable expediency of which is as clearly presented before my eyes, as if it were written in fire upon the wall: Whatever you see or hear stated of me—whatever is addressed to you or to anybody else in your presence—never contradict it, never take offence at it, never claim me for your friend, or champion me in any way.†4 I not only absolve you from any such office, but I distinctly entreat you to consider silence upon all such topics, your

duty to those who are nearest and dearest to you. It is enough for me that while you are away, you hold me in your heart. I have no desire to be upon your lips. Nor have I the faintest glimmering of a wish that you should say any monstrous assertions to my disparagement are false, because you know them—knowing me—to be so. Every anxiety of my breast, points in an exactly opposite direction.

Further—do not write to me through the post, but enclose any letter to me, in some other one, and let it come that way. And do not be shaken out of this by your own prepossessions or by anything else. For I *know* that such precaution is necessary—though I do not know that I should have had the courage to tell you so, but for the indescribable earnestness of Marryatt, who gives expression, in a perfect agony of language, to every misgiving that has haunted me for months past.

Ever My Dear Macready | Your affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

I wish to Heaven I could un-dedicate Nickleby until you come home again.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?3 SEPTEMBER 1843]

Extract in F, IV, i, 296. *Date:* "from Broadstairs" according to Forster; presumably the day after their meeting in London 2 Sep (Macready, *Diaries,* II, 219).

Your main and foremost reason for doubting Marryat's judgment,[†1] I can at once destroy. It had occurred to me many times; I have mentioned the thing to Kate more than once; and I had intended *not* to go on board, charging Radley to let nothing be said of my being in his house. I have been prevented from giving any expression to my fears by a misgiving that I should seem to attach, if I did so, too much importance to my own doings. But now that I have Marryat at my back, I have not the least hesitation in saying that I am certain he is right. I have very great apprehensions that the *Nickleby* dedication will damage Macready. Marryat is wrong in supposing it is not printed in the American editions, for I have myself seen it in the shop windows of several cities. If I were to go on board with him, I have not the least doubt that the fact would be placarded all over New York, before he had shaved himself in Boston. And that there are thousands of men in America who would pick a quarrel with him on the mere statement of his being my friend,[†2] I have no more doubt than I have of my existence. You have only doubted Marryat because it is impossible for *any man* to know what they are in their own country, who has not seen them there.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | (Lord De Grey's)[†3] | Putney.

Broadstairs. | Fifth September 1843.

Dear Miss Coutts.

All of a sudden it occurred to me the other day that if I went to Liverpool with Macready they would bowstring his throat in New York; so tightly that not a word should come out of it upon the stage—

and drive him out of the country, straightway. While I was deliberating whether this was probable in the abstract, or I was like Dennis (who after writing a satire on the French Nation, fled from

the English Coast on catching sight of a French ship in the distance: thinking it must be despatched to seize and bear him off)[†1] the Postman brought me a note from Marryatt, adjuring me not to go, or Macready was "done for". As he knows the virtuous Americans pretty well and as I think I do too, I immediately abandoned my intention. And so it came to pass that I sat down to Chuzzlewit quietly, and am now in the heart of it. Under other circumstances I should have been reporting to you this week, touching the Ragged Schools.[†2]

I find that they are only open on Sundays and Thursdays. Next Thursday *week*,[†3] in the evening, I will take my seat among the fluttering rags of Saffron Hill. If I have finished my Number, and can remain in town next day, I will come out to Putney. If I should be obliged to return here on Friday morning, I will punctually write you a full account of the school, the pupils, and the masters; and all concerning them.[†4]

Charley and his sisters desire their loves to be faithfully conveyed to you. The piano is gone, and the flute is out of hearing—at Dover. But a barrel organ, a monkey, a punch, a Jim Crow, and a man who plays twenty instruments at once and doesn't get the right sound out of any one of them, are hovering in the neighbourhood. Also a blind man who was in a Sea Fight in his youth; and after playing the hundredth psalm on a flageolet, recites a description of the Engagement.

Charley is so popular with the boatmen, that I begin to think of Robinson

Crusoe, and the propriety of living in-land. I saw him yesterday through a telescope, miles out at sea, steering an enormous fishing-smack, to the unspeakable delight of seven gigantic companions, clad in oilskin. Katey is supposed to be secretly betrothed, in as much as a very young gentleman (so young, that being unable to reach the knocker, he called attention to the door by kicking it) called the other evening, and being gratified in a mysterious, I may say quite a melodramatic, request, to speak with the Nurse, produced a live crab, which he said he had "promised her".

I hope Miss Meredith is past the fowl stage, and getting on towards beef. I beg to be cordially remembered to her.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN OVERS, 5 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fifth September 1843.

Dear Mr. Overs

I received your five pound note, quite safely, this morning. I take it for granted that if you could not comfortably afford to return it, you would never dream of sending it to me.

I shall be glad to hear whether you do anything satisfactory with Mr. Young. Don't you think you could suggest to him the feasibility of your writing some original articles in the paper? It is much read by working men in London. Couldn't you hit upon some subject of interest to them (and consequently to other people of liberal opinions) and suggest it to Mr. Young? I *fear*—this is strictly between ourselves—that your Guildhall attendance[†1] may turn out unprofitable in more ways than one. But be as patient as you can, because the difficulty of holding any moderate recompense in that way (I mean the newspaper way) would be nothing to the difficulty of seizing it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I hadn't time to tell you the other day, how immeasurably better I thought you looking.

To FREDERICK MARRYAT, 6 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS University of Texas.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sixth September 1843.

My Dear Marryat,

A hundred thanks for your kind note, and the renewal of your hospitable invitation—and for your truly friendly suggestion in the joint matter of Macready and Liverpool. The same thought had occurred to me, but I felt it would

seem so preposterous to people who didn't "know our country",[†1] that I really lacked the courage to give it utterance. As soon as I heard what you had said, I resolved, of course, to keep away—and did so.

It gives me great pleasure to find that you like the tickling. I shall go in again before I have done, and give the Eagle a final poke under his fifth rib.[†2]

I fear I cannot say with any degree of certainty, sooner than the *third* week in October for the pleasures of Langham;[†3] but please God I shall be ready about the 19th. or 20th. I will make this known to Maclise and Forster; and we will send you a threatening letter when the time approaches.

Kate (that's Mrs. Dickens) is very thankful for your kind recollection of her, and begs me to say that she hopes to have the pleasure of knowing your daughter[†4] well. I fear however that she will not be fit for travelling. A coming event casts its shadow before. Still she can't make up her mind to a capital *No*[†5] yet.

My Dear Marryat | Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 7 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs | Seventh September 1843

My Dear Fred

I have only time to say that we are all well, and here is the Money. Best regards and loves to all at pleasant Easthorpe.

Acknowledge safe receipt.

Affy. always

CD.

Frederick Dickens Esquire

To MR CAPEL,[†1] [8 SEPTEMBER 1843]

Mention in next.

Thanking him for Stock Exchange subscriptions to the Elton Fund.

To [EDWARD MARJORIBANKS], 8 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* clearly written to Marjoribanks, a banker and a fellow trustee of the Elton Fund.

Broadstairs, Kent | Eighth September 1843.

My Dear Sir

I think the Stock Exchange Subscription, all things considered, an excellent one. I assure you I should have thought Twenty Pounds a *most* satisfactory result. The suggestion was truly valuable.

I have written by this post to Mr. Capel. I think we had better enter all their names in the book. Perhaps it would be well to bracket them, "Stock Exchange"? I return you the list.

A Misgiving came over me that the quondam Dr. Kaye,[†2] while tinkering his name into something else, might have permanently taken off the handle. But in the days when I met him he wore that appendage; and I didn't like to apply my shears to it without authority.

I begin to be afraid from the tone of your letters that you are going to set up an opposition Chuzzlewit.[†3] If your mind be made up, you won't believe anything I may say to dissuade you. But I assure you it's a poor trade—nothing like banking.

My Dear Sir | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

N.B. | The *Original* Boz. | All others are Counterfeits.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†4] 8 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eighth September 1843

Sir.

I thank you for your welcome and obliging note; and I beg to inform you, in

reply, that Chuzzlewit, like Pickwick and Nickleby, will be completed in Twenty Numbers.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MADAME SALA,[†2] [?AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1843]

Mention in G. A. Sala, *Things I Have Seen and People I Have Known*, 1894, I, 59, as "from Broadstairs, or Brighton, or some other watering-place". *Date:* 1843, as Sala says he was "about fifteen" and that *Punch* had started "some two years previously"; in the period when CD was at Broadstairs and making occasional visits to London.

An amicable letter, making an appointment for Sala and his mother to meet him at ten o'clock on a given morning at the Euston Hotel.

To MACVEY NAPIER, 12 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS British Museum. *Address:* By favor of Thomas Hood Esquire | Professor Napier | Castle Street | Edinburgh.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twelfth September 1843

My Dear Sir

I will not offer any apology for introducing to you, Mr. Hood—a personal friend of mine whom I greatly value; and a public friend of yours, I have not the least doubt, already. If his writings have not found for him greater favor in your eyes than any *I* could bespeak, then am I the most mistaken of Edinburgh citizens.

I am going to write to you in a week or two, upon the subject we spoke of when you were last in London,[†3] in reference to which, an idea has now and then occurred to me: though I am yet sadly in want of your suggestive help.—In the meantime Mrs. Dickens begs to unite with me in cordial regards to yourself and daughter.[†4] And I am always

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier.

To THOMAS HOOD, 12 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twelfth September 1843

My Dear Hood

Since I received your first letter, I have been pegging away, tooth *and nail, at Chuzzlewit.* Your supplementary note[†1] gave me a pang such as one feels when a friend has to knock twice at the street door, before anybody opens it.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any honorable man, that the circumstances under which you signed your agreement, are of the most disgraceful kind in so far as Mr. Colburn is concerned. There can be no doubt that he took a money-lending, bill-broking, Jew clothes-bagging, Saturday Night pawnbroking advantage of your temporary situation. There is as little doubt (so I learn from Forster who had previously given me exactly your version of the whole circumstances) that like most pieces of knavery, this precious document is a mere piece of folly, and just a scrap of wastepaper wherein Mr. Shoberl might wrap his dirty snuff.[†2] But I am sorry—speaking with a backward view to the feasibility of placing you in a better situation with Colburn—that you flung up the Editorship of the Magazine. I think you did so at a bad time, and wasted your strength in consequence.

When a thing is done, it is of no use giving advice—not even when it can be as frankly rejected as mine can be by you. But have you *quite* determined to reject his offer of the Thirty Guineas per sheet? Have you placed it, or resolved to place it, out of your power to enter into such an arrangement if you should feel disposed to do so, bye and bye? On my word I would pause before I did so— and if I did, then, most decidedly, I would open a communication with Bentley, and try to get that Magazine.[†3] For to any man, I don't care who he is, the

Editorship of a Monthly Magazine, on tolerable terms, is a matter of too much moment, in its pecuniary importance and certainty, to be flung away as of little worth. It would be to me, I assure you.

I send you letters for Jeffrey and Napier.[†1] If the former should not be in Edinburgh, you will find him at his country place, Craigcrooch,[†2] within three or four miles of the City. Should you see Wilson, give him a hundred hearty greetings from me. And should you see the Blackwoods[†3] don't believe a word they say to you. Moir (their Delta) is a very fine fellow, and you will like him much. In all probability he will come to see you, should he know of your being in Edinburgh.

A pleasant journey and a pleasant return! Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Hood. And I am always

My Dear Hood | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hood Esquire P.S. The light of Mr. Colburn's countenance has not shone upon *me* in these parts.[†4] May I remain in outer darkness!

To T. J. SERLE, 12 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Broadstairs. | Twelfth September 1843

My Dear Serle

I shall see you tomorrow evening, of course. Will you send Miss Elton the enclosed? She ought to have had it *last Friday*, but I had no memorandum of her address.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To S. R. STAREY, 12 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Boston Public Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twelfth September 1843.

Sir.

I take a great interest in the advertizement of the Ragged School;[†1] and am deeply impressed by a sense of the great benevolence and importance of the scheme. I have also promised a wealthy and influential person to whom you made application for support, that I would see your pupils, and take an opportunity of being present in the school. I do not suppose that you would consider a visit from me, likely to be prompted by idle curiosity; and I merely mention this latter circumstance as one that is likely to interest you.

I shall be in town on Thursday; and if you will kindly write me word (addressed to my house in town) at what hour that evening, I could visit the school and *see it in its usual aspect* without giving you any inconvenience, I will be punctual in coming—bringing two, or at most three friends, along with me, if I have your permission.[†2]

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Samuel R. Starey

To JOHN FORSTER, [?14 SEPTEMBER 1843]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 323. *Date:* according to Forster, 18 Feb 44; but neighbouring extracts contain other dating errors, and the only Nos in which Betsey Prig appears are Oct and Nov 43 and June 44. In this period the only recorded visit to the Ragged School (perhaps with "two, or at most three friends", and certainly with Stanfield) was on 14 Sep 43.

Stanfield and Mac have come in, and we are going to Hampstead to dinner. I leave Betsey Prig as you know, so don't you make a scruple about leaving Mrs. Harris.[†3] We shall stroll leisurely up, to give you time to join us, and dinner will be on the table at Jack Straw's at four... In the very improbable (surely impossible?) case of your not coming, we will call on you at a quarter before eight, to go to the ragged school.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Mr Roger W. Barrett.

Broadstairs | Sixteenth September 1843

Dear Miss Coutts.

I wished very much to have had the pleasure of coming to Putney on Friday, and to have remained there that night, in compliance with your kind Invitation. But when I got to town on Thursday, I had still an unfinished number on my hands and mind. So I came back here again yesterday—too late for the post, or I would have saved it, and written to you. Pray tell Miss Meredith, with my best regards, that I have written the second chapter in the next number, with an eye to her experiences.[†1] It is especially addressed to them, indeed.

On Thursday night, I went to the Ragged School; and an awful sight it is.[†2] I blush to quote Oliver Twist[†3] for an authority, but it stands on that ground, and is precisely such a place as the Jew lived in. The school is held in three most wretched rooms on the first floor of a rotten house; every plank, and timber, and brick, and lath, and piece of plaster in which, shakes as you walk. One room is devoted to the girls: two to the boys. The former are much the better-looking—I cannot say better dressed, for there is no such thing as dress among the seventy pupils; certainly not the elements of a whole suit of clothes, among them all. I have very seldom seen, in all the strange and dreadful things I have seen in London and elsewhere, anything so shocking as the dire neglect of soul and body exhibited in these children. And although I know; and am as sure as it is possible for one to be of anything which has not happened; that in the prodigious misery and ignorance of the swarming masses of mankind in England, the seeds of its certain ruin are sown, I never saw that Truth so staring out in hopeless characters, as it does from the walls of this place. The children in the Jails are almost as common sights to me as my own;[†4] but these are worse, for they have not arrived there yet, but are as plainly and certainly travelling there, as they are to their Graves.

The Masters are extremely quiet, honest, good men. You may suppose they are, to be there at all. It is enough to break one's heart to get at the place: to say nothing of getting at the children's minds afterwards. They are well-grounded in the Scotch—the Glasgow—system[†5] of elementary instruction, which is an

excellent one; and they try to reach the boys by kindness. To gain their attention in any way, is a difficulty, quite gigantic. To impress them, even with the idea of a God, when their own condition is so desolate, becomes a monstrous task. To find anything within them—who know nothing of affection, care, love, or kindness of any sort—to which it is possible to appeal, is, at first, like a search for the philosopher's stone. And here it is that the viciousness of insisting on creeds and forms in educating such miserable beings, is most apparent. To talk of Catechisms, outward and visible signs, and inward and spiritual graces, to these children, is a thing no Bedlamite would do, who saw them. To get them, whose whole lives from the moment of their birth, are one continued punishment, to believe even in the judgment of the Dead and a future state of punishment for their sins, requires a System in itself.

The Masters examined them, however, on these points, and they answered very well—sometimes in a shout all at once, sometimes only one boy, sometimes half a dozen. I put a great many questions to them upon their answers, which they also answered very well. There was one boy, who had been selling Lucifer Matches all day in the streets—not much older than Charley—clad in a bit of a sack—really a clever child, and handsome too, who gave some excellent replies, though, of course, in language that would be very strange in your ears. Hardly any of them can read yet. For the masters think it most important to impress them at first with some distinction (communicated in dialogue) between right and wrong. And I quite agree with them. They sell trifles in the streets, or beg (or some, I dare say, steal) all day; and coming tired to this place at night, are very slow to pick up any knowledge. That they *do* come at all, is, *I* think, a Victory.

They knew about the Saviour, & the Day of Judgment. The little match boy told me that God was no respecter of persons, and that if he (the match boy) prayed "as if he meant it", and didn't keep company with bad boys, and didn't swear, and didn't drink, he would be as readily forgiven in Heaven, as the Queen would. They understood that the Deity was everywhere, and had knowledge of everything; and that there was something in them which they couldn't see or lay their hands on, which would have to account to him after they were dead. They were very quiet and orderly, while the Master said a little prayer; and sang a short hymn before they broke up. The singing was evidently a great treat, and the match boy came out very strong, with a Shake, and a Second.

I am happy to say I afforded great amusement at first—in particular by having a pair of white trousers on, and very bright boots. The latter articles of dress, gave immense satisfaction, and were loudly laughed at. Mr. Stanfield, who was with me,—in consequence of looking rather burly and fat in the small room— was received with a perfect cheer; and his sudden retirement, in consequence of being overcome by the closeness of the atmosphere, and the dread of Typhus Fever, was much regretted. When they saw that I was quite serious, and had an

interest in their answers, they became quiet, and took pains. They were still better-behaved on seeing that I stood with my hat off, before the master (though I heard one boy express his opinion that I certainly wasn't a barber, or I should have cut my hair); and so far as their behaviour is concerned, I should not have the least doubt of my ability—or that of anybody else who went the right way to work—to reduce them to order in five minutes, at any time.

The school is miserably poor, you may believe, and is almost entirely supported by the teachers themselves. If they could get a better room (the house they are in, is like an ugly dream); above all, if they could provide some convenience for washing; it would be an immense advantage. The moral courage of the teachers is beyond all praise. They are surrounded by every possible adversity, and every disheartening circumstance that can be imagined. Their office is worthy of the apostles.

My heart so sinks within me when I go into these scenes, that I almost lose the hope of ever seeing them changed. Whether this effort will succeed, it is quite impossible to say. But that it is a great one, beginning at the right end, among thousands of immortal creatures, who cannot, in their present state, be held accountable for what they do, it is *as* impossible to doubt. That it is much too squalid and terrible to meet with any wide encouragement, I greatly fear. There is a kind of delicacy which is not at all shocked by the existence of such things, but is excessively shocked to know of them; and I am afraid it will shut its eye on Ragged Schools until the Ragged Scholars are perfect in their learning out of doors, when Woe to whole garments.

I need not say, I am sure, that I deem it an experiment most worthy of your charitable hand. The reasons I have, for doubting its being generally assisted, all assure me that it will have an interest for you. For I know you to be very, very far-removed, from all the Givers in all the Court Guides between this, and China.

If you will let me know whether there is anything you would like me to do in the matter, I shall be truly rejoiced to do it—I shall certainly visit the school again; for some important topics have occurred to me, in reference to which, I want to offer strong suggestions to the Masters.

We return to town on the second of next month. I am going down to Manchester for a couple of days, on the fifth, to preside at the re-opening of their Athenæum, whereat some couple of thousand people are to be assembled.[†1] If you are at Putney on the Third or Fourth, perhaps you will let me come to see you.

With best regards to Miss Meredith—and Mr. Young[†2] if the bird of passage known by that name be still with you—I am always Dear Miss Coutts

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To MACVEY NAPIER, 16 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS British Museum.

Confidential

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixteenth September 1843

My Dear Sir

I hinted in a letter of introduction I gave Mr. Hood the other day to you, that I had been thinking of a subject for The Edinburgh.[†1]

Now, would it meet the purposes of the Review, to come out strongly against any system of Education, based exclusively upon the principles of the Established Church? If it would, I should like to shew why such a thing as the Church Catechism is wholly inapplicable to the state of ignorance that now prevails; and why no system but one, so general in great religious principles as to include all creeds, can meet the wants and understandings of the Dangerous Classes of Society.

This is the only broad ground I could hold, consistently with what I feel and think, on such a subject. But I could give, in taking it, a description of certain voluntary places of instruction, called "The Ragged Schools", now existing in London—and of the schools in Jails[†2]—and of the ignorance presented in such places, which would make a very striking paper—especially if they were put in strong comparison with the effort making, by subscription, to maintain exclusive Church Instruction.[†3] I could shew these people in a state so miserable and so neglected, that their very nature rebels against the simplest religion—and that to convey to them the faintest outlines of any system of distinction between Right and Wrong, is in itself a Giant's task, before which Mysteries and Squabbles for Forms, *must* give way. Would this be too much for the Review? I shall be glad to know what you think.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier P.S. We should have to find a peg[†4] to hang the paper on.—Perhaps you know of one.

To A. VAN LEE,[†1] 16 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS[†2] Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* M. Avan Lee | Amsterdam.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate—Regents Park
September 16th. 1843

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to thank you for the terms in which it is expressed.

I am compelled to add, however, that it is not in my power to enter into any arrangement for the transmission of early proofs of my wrtings, with a view to their translation abroad, unless some distinct proposal is made to my publishers, upon which in the ordinary course of business they can form an opinion and report the same to me in consulting my views upon the subject.[†3]

I believe there are difficulties and objections in the way of such an arrangement, unless it were attended with a certain profit to them.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

M. Avan Lee[†4] | Amsterdam

To THOMAS MITTON, 17 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seventeenth September 1843

My Dear Mitton

As soon as I receive Smithson's communication, I will answer it in the needful way.[†5] It gives me great delight to find him yielding so readily to your proposition; and I must say that I think he has always behaved like a Man in this matter.[†6]

I am not surprised at your having enjoyed yourself at Easthorpe, for it is a most enjoyable place. I never saw such varieties of scenery crowded within so small a space, as on the Whitby Railroad.[†7] From Devonshire to the Scottish Highlands, all the grades and diversities are there.

They write to me from Manchester 'Thursday, October the Sixth'. But Thursday is the *Fifth*. I suppose, however, that they are more likely to be wrong in the day of the month than the day of the week. Supposing it is Thursday, we will go down on Wednesday (staying with Fanny) and return on Friday.[†8]

The weather here is gorgeous, but the heat terrific. All well except Mrs. D who has ailed very much this time, and suffers a good deal.

The next Number,[†1] bangs all the others!

Faithfully Ever
CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To THE REV. JOHN SINCLAIR,[†2] [?17 SEPTEMBER 1843]

Mention in next.

To T. J. SERLE, [?17 SEPTEMBER 1843]

MS Mr Peter Brandt. *Date:* 1843, as obviously referring to the Eltons;[†3] CD returned 2 Oct, therefore Sep; 17 Sep the likeliest Sunday (see *To* Serle, 12 Sep and 24 Sep).

Broadstairs | Sunday

My Dear Serle

The writer of the enclosed is the Reverend John Sinclair. I have written to him, and told him that if we proceed in the matter before I return next month, one of the Committee will communicate with him. Will you, like a good Christian—either through yourself or that better Christian, Mrs. Serle—possess the two girls with the contents of the Printed Scrap? And if either of them should be ready to go, I suppose she had better, like Macbeth's visitors, go at once[†4]— had she not?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To CHARLES SMITHSON, 20 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Twentieth September 1843.

My Dear Smithson.

He[†5] is the most tremendous fellow in the world. I don't know what is to be done with him. Just before he left town, he came out in a waistcoat that turned

my whole mass of blood—a flowery waistcoat, with buttons like black eyes; I don't mean natural black eyes, but artificial ones. He has also a sea-weed coloured coat, against which human nature revolts and reason rebels. His trousers (especially at the knees) are a spectacle I wouldn't meet in a lonely place for the wealth of a Rothschild. His cravats would be rejected with scorn in Holywell Street. Any magistrate of intelligence (if there were such a thing) would commit him to the treadmill, on the evidence of his jewellery. There is a ring, like a lady bird in the dropsy, on one of his fingers (one of those that are always crooked: I think the third) which tempts me to stab him. I don't see the end of it. But it *must* be something awful.

I am going to Manchester on the fifth, to take the chair at a great set-out at their Athenæum, where a vast number of people are to be assembled. He wants to go with me. I have said "Yes". My mind is disturbed in consequence, so excuse the incoherence of this letter. Sometimes I wonder whether I could get him in, in a box; sometimes, a bag. Sometimes I think of making interest with the Railroad to put him in a wrong train and run him into Scotland. I fancy the Manchester people putting him on the platform, as a distinguished friend of mine from London. I see him standing there. I behold that boot (oh what a boot it is!) crossed over the other boot; one hand playing with that cruel watch-chain, and the crooked fingers of

the other pushing up that bird's nest of hair, which meets a little rill of whisker. I see his countenance twisted up into an expression of auctioneering acuteness, while he mentally appraises the furniture, and ticks off the benches at "four and half each—I mean to say they shan't be more." I then give a great shriek, and fall upon the floor, where I am found by a disconsolate wife and four small children, in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

My best love, and all our best loves, to all at Easthorpe. We often talk of you. I think when I am a bachelor pro tem. I shall look in at one of the ground floor windows of the abbey with a carpet bag in my hand, and terrify Miss Thompson with what HE[†1] would call high-strikes—oh!—but I think a great many things that never come to pass. Good God how green You must be! I don't mean you, but the country about you,—those exquisite leaves—and Castle Howard Park.[†2] You see how incoherent I am. But I have told you why; so pity me.

I have been expecting, and am still expecting, Thompson here. I have his little dog; for I wished that an alliance shd. take place between her and Timber; but there seems to be an incompatibility—I don't know whether of temper, or taste. Its an uncommon nice dog, and regularly runs away twice a day—once after breakfast, and once after tea—always being brought back by the Police. We *have* a police here now. A.I. He wears an uniform. But it has been discovered that he hasn't any power (not being legally appointed)[†3] so

strong vagrants come over, and dare him to take 'em up. As they come on purpose, we find him rather an inconvenience than otherwise.

Among other similar invites, I have had a note from Ld. Brougham this morning, asking me to go on there, when I am at Manchester, *and take anyone I may have with me.* Shall I make them known to each other? If Mrs. Smithson says Yes,—I will. Damme.—There!

Document enclosed.[†1] Always My Dear Smithson

Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. C. PRINCE, 22 SEPTEMBER 1843

Mention in N, I, 541; dated Broadstairs, 22 Sep 43.

CD hopes to be able to meet Prince when he comes to Manchester. [†2]

To JAMES QUILTER[†3], 22 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS[†4] Dickens House.

Broadstairs—Kent | September 22nd. 1843

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compts to Mr. Quilter and begs to thank him for his obliging note.[†5] He can scarcely admit, however, that the unfortunate Postboy of Lincoln at all contravenes the great authorities in question,[†6] as he came to his end by violent means, and not in the ordinary course of nature.

To LORD BROUGHAM, 24 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Fourth September 1843

Dear Lord Brougham.

I have had much pleasure in the receipt of your kind note. I wish it were in my power to come on into Cumberland,[†1] when I am as far upon the way as Manchester—there are few things I should like better—but I grieve to say that I am obliged to return to town on the day after the Meeting:[†2] having been here for two months; and before then, in Yorkshire.

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have gone very much about the Jails and byeplaces of London, and although they are old sights to me, am more than ever amazed at the Ignorance and Misery that prevail. I saw the other day the announcement of a New Treatise in your name upon the subject of Education,[†3] which brings the theme to my mind.

I would that I were a Police Magistrate,[†4] and could take and hold this question from such a 'vantage ground at its lowest and most wretched end. I think I should be a pretty good one, with my knowledge of the kind of people that come most commonly within their Jurisdiction; and I would never rest from practically shewing all classes how important it has become to educate, on bold and comprehensive principles, the Dangerous Members of Society. I have often had this desire in my mind, but never so strongly as now.

With many thanks for your kind remembrance, and begging to send my compliments to Lady Brougham[†5]

I am always | Dear Lord Brougham
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Brougham.

To MRS HENRY BURNETT, 24 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Broadstairs | Sunday Twenty Fourth September | 1843.

My Dear Fanny.

I am declining all Invitations to peoples'[†1] houses, about Liverpool and Manchester (it's one man's work to answer them); and hold myself bound to you, of course. They invited Lord Brougham who can't attend, but has written to ask me to go on to his place in Cumberland, and stay there—and to bring any friend I may have with me. I have been chuckling, ever since, over the notion of taking Mitton, and making Them known to each other.

I mean to leave town on the Wednesday Morning, and come direct to you. Will it not be best for us to dine upon the road? And should we stop at Ardwick[†2] (if we can) or go on? And shall I bring John? I wish you would write me a line, addressed to Devonshire Terrace, by next Saturday's or Sunday's post, and enlighten me. I shall be home next Monday night.

Don't think of making Mitton a bed on the sofa, but get him one at the nearest public house, or any decent place. He would be wretched at the idea of putting you out of the way, I am sure.

Kate[†3] sends her best love to yourself, and Burnett, and the children—to whom commend me kindly also. I hope Harry is getting on well.[†4] I shall be delighted to renew our old facetiousness.[†5]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Twenty Fourth September 1843

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I shall be most glad to confer with you, about Little Nell;[†6] and I will come out to Putney on Tuesday Afternoon, the Third, which will be the day after I return to town. But I solemnly protest against the number being read out of its proper course—especially as the first chapter is not mortally long. If Miss Meredith resorts to any such improper and unjustifiable courses, Pinch is a dead man from that moment.[†7]

I will endeavour between this time, and when I have the pleasure of seeing you, to ascertain what you so kindly desire to know, in reference to the Ragged Schools. There are fewer girls than boys; but the girls are more numerous than

you would suppose, and much better behaved—although they are the wretchedest of the wretched. But there is much more Good in Women than in Men, however Ragged they are. People are apt to think otherwise, because the outward degradation of a woman strikes them more forcibly than any amount of hideousness in a man. They have no better reason.

Mr. Rogers is[†1] down here, with an old Schoolfellow, Mr. Maltby.[†2] We have had some mutual tea-drinkings of a rather forlorn description: the same stories being related over and over again, at each festivity. But really Rogers walks about, in a most surprising manner. I find him, with a little cane under his arm, airing himself on the top of inaccessible cliffs, and trotting, with his head on one side and his chin on his waistcoat, down gulfs and chasms where few middle-aged Visitors penetrate. Sometimes I see him on the sand, hustled by beggars, and defending himself manfully against a host of Vagrants. And his

occupation within doors is to make perpetual alterations in the Pleasures of Memory,[†3] and blot them out again. "Everybody writes too fast,"[†4] he says. It's the great pleasure of his life to think so.

Charley sends his best love, and so do his sisters. The unknown (who like a Greater Unknown[†5] is called Walter) does the like, on the faith of their representations. Mrs. Dickens begs to add her best regards.

I don't wonder that Miss Meredith, in her weak state, has suffered from the heat. Everybody here, has been ill from the same cause.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Yours most faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 SEPTEMBER 1843]

Extract in F, IV, i, 298 (*aa*), dated 24 Sep according to Forster; and extract in F, IV, i, 298 (*bb*), wrongly dated "at the close of the year". (Both the "sledge-hammer account" for Miss Coutts and the suggestion to Napier for an article were written on 16 Sep; CD would doubtless have reported on them both in the same letter to Forster.)

[a]I sent Miss Coutts a sledge-hammer account of the Ragged schools;[†6] and as I saw her name for two hundred pounds in the clergy education subscription-list,[†7] took pains to show her that religious mysteries and difficult creeds wouldn't do for such pupils. I told her, too, that it was of immense importance they should be washed. She writes back to know what the rent of some large airy premises would be, and what the expense of erecting a regular bathing or purifying place; touching which points I am in correspondence with the authorities. I have no doubt she will do whatever I ask her in the matter. She is a most excellent

creature, I protest to God, and I have a most perfect affection and respect for her.[a]

[b]I have told Napier I will give a description of them in a paper on education, if the *Review* is not afraid to take ground against the church catechism and other mere formularies and subtleties, in reference to the education of the young and ignorant. I fear it is extremely improbable it will consent to commit itself so far.[†1b]

To G. CARR GLYN,[†2] 24 SEPTEMBER 1843

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1904; *MS* 1 p.; dated 24 Sep 43.

In reference to CD's brother. [†3]

To T. J. SERLE, 24 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Fourth September 1843

My Dear Serle.

I wrote to this Mr. Griffiths,[†4] as we agreed, politely declining. Whereupon, with the perseverance of a Fiend with a newly-ground pitchfork, he addresses the enclosed note, and accompanying pieces of Gold-beaters skin to me. If you think there is no reason for us to alter our opinion, I wish *you* would try him with a communication (as Secretary) again declining. Its quite clear to me, that he wants to make an advertizement[†5] for himself of the little Eltons.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To S. R. STAREY, 24 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS Shaftesbury Society.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Fourth September 1843.

Dear Sir.

Allow me to ask you a few questions in reference to that most noble undertaking in which you are engaged—with a view, I need scarcely say, to its advancement and extended usefulness. For the present, I could wish them, if you please to be considered as put in confidence, but not to the exclusion of the

gentlemen associated with you in the management of the Ragged School on Saffron Hill.[†1]

It occurred to me when I was there as being of the most immense importance that if practicable the boys should have an opportunity of Washing themselves, before beginning their tasks.

Do you agree with me? If so, will you ascertain at about what cost, a washing-place—a large trough or sink, for instance, with a good supply of running water, soap, and towels,—could be put up? In case you consider it necessary that some person should be engaged to mind it, and to see that the boys availed themselves of it in an orderly manner, please to add the payment of such a person to the expence.

Have you seen any place, or do you know of any place, in that neighbourhood—any one or two good spacious lofts or rooms—which you would like to engage (if you could afford it) as being well suited for the school? If so, at what charge could it be hired, and how soon?

In the event of my being able to procure you the funds for making these great improvements, would you see any objection to expressly limiting Visitors (I mean visiting teachers—volunteers, whoever they may be—) to confining their questions and instructions, as a point of honor, to the broad truths taught in the School by yourself and the gentlemen associated with you? I set great store by this question, because it seems to me of vital importance that no persons, however well intentioned, should perplex the minds of these unfortunate creatures with religious Mysteries that young people with the best advantages, can but imperfectly understand. I heard a lady visitor, the night I was among you, propounding questions in reference to "the Lamb of God" which I most unquestionably would not suffer any one to put to my

children: recollecting the immense absurdities that were suggested to my own childhood by the like injudicious catechizing.[†2]

I return to town on Monday the second of next Month. If you write to me before then, please to address your letter here. If after that date, to my house in town.

With a cordial sympathy in your Great and Christian Labour, I am Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. R. Starey

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 27 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Twenty Seventh September 1843

Dear Sirs

I shall be much obliged to you, if you will get for me, and send to Devonshire

Terrace on Monday, those Volumes of The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, which contain "The Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties".[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman & Hall

To THOMAS MITTON, 28 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Broadstairs | Twenty Eighth September 1843

My Dear Mitton

He is certain to do it again.[†2] There was no help but to pay it, as you so kindly did. But he is sure to do it again.

Even now, with the knowledge of him which I have so dearly purchased, I am amazed and confounded by the audacity of his ingratitude. He, and all of them, look upon me as a something to be plucked and torn to pieces for their advantage. They have no idea of, and no care for, my existence in any other light. My soul sickens at the thought of them.

There seems to be no hope of anything—or next to no hope—for Alfred,[†3] yet. I had been debating in my own mind what to do for the present, and had resolved to give him a pound a week[†4] and his

boathire[†5] to and fro, and to make use of him as a Secretary. I have tried him in that capacity here, and he does exceedingly well: being very quick, and very neat.[†6] I think I should have proposed it to

him this very day. But his father's letter—a threatening letter, before God!—to me!—chokes the words in my throat.

What do you think of this? If you think it the best thing I can do, and should see my disinterested and most affectionate parent, will you undertake to tell him that his letter has disgusted me beyond expression; and that I have no more reference to anything he wants or wishes or threatens or would do or wouldn't do, in taking on myself this new Burden, than I have reference to the Bell of Saint Paul's Cathedral or the Statue at Charing Cross?

Nothing makes me so wretched, or so unfit for what I have to do, as these things. They are so entirely beyond my own controul, so far out of my reach, such a drag-chain on my life, that for the time they utterly dispirit me, and weigh me down.

I shall be punctual on Tuesday. In the meantime, perhaps I shall receive a line from you.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

I received Smithson's communication, and answered it by Return.

October

To EDWARD WATKIN[†1] AND PETER BERLYN, [?2 OCTOBER 1843]

Mention in Edward William Watkin, *Alderman Cobden of Manchester*, 1891, p. 123. *Date:* CD would wait to write until he heard from Ardwick on Mon 2 Oct (see *To* Mrs Burnett, 24 Sep).

Desiring an interview for Wednesday night, October 4, at about 9 o'clock, to arrange for the meeting. [†2]

To GEORGE LOVEJOY,[†1] 4 OCTOBER 1843

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1930; *MS* 1 1/2 pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 4 Oct 43.

Regretting that he cannot attend the opening of the new buildings of a Literary and Scientific Institution. [†2]

To WILLIAM JERDAN,[†3] 9 OCTOBER 1843

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2298; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 9 Oct 43.

A thousand thanks for your kind and genial letter. I have been out of town, and only received it yesterday. It is not a weak cheer, but good cheer, strong cheer, heart cheer, and cheer I love to have.[†4] It satisfies me more than I can tell you. My Dear Jerdan, Faithfully your friend,

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS POWELL,[†5] 9 OCTOBER 1843*

MS Mrs Caroline Trollope.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth October 1843.

My Dear Sir

Mrs. Dickens is much beholden to you for your kind recollection of her, and

— III - 578 —

for your elegant present.[†1] She begs me to thank you most cordially. I should have done so, before now; but we have been out of town, and I returned only yesterday.

I shall not fail to keep a sharp eye on Horne.[†2] Let him beware! If he gives

— III - 579 —

me the least offence, I will unsay all I have said, everywhere, in praise of his report on youthful labour.[†1] It will take a long time to do, but vengeance is strong, and Dickens persevering.

Believe me | Very Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Powell Esquire

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,[†2] 9 OCTOBER 1843

Extract in Kurt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912.

London, 1, Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park,

October 9th, 1843.

In reply to your letter I beg to say that if you will favour me with any distinct proposition ... I shall be happy to give it *immediate* consideration.[†3]

— III - 580 —

To EDWARD WATKIN AND PETER BERLYN, 10 OCTOBER 1843

Text from facsimile in Edward William Watkin, *Alderman Cobden of Manchester,* 1891, p. 139.

London Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regent's Park
Tenth October 1843

Dear Sirs

I am exceedingly glad to receive so good a report of our Athenæum prospects.[†1] And I hope when I next hear from you, to learn that everything continues to realize your expectations.

Pray assure the Ladies' Committee and the Bazaar Committee, of the great gratification I have in their kind and flattering recollection of me.

Many thanks to you for the Manchester Newspapers—in which the proceedings of the other night, are remarkably well reported.[†2] If you should see, or know, any of the gentlemen who attended for the Press, I wish you would say as much from me, in common justice.

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Watkins Esquire
Peter Berlyn Esquire

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 13 OCTOBER 1843

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth October 1843.

My Dear Ainsworth

I want very much to see you: not having had that old pleasure for a long time. I am at this moment deaf in the ears, hoarse in the throat, red in the nose, green in the gills, damp in the eyes, twitchy in the joints, and fractious in the temper, from a most intolerable and oppressive cold—caught the other day, I suspect, at Liverpool,[†3] where I got exceedingly wet. But I will make prodigious efforts to get the better of it tonight, by resorting to all conceivable remedies. And if I succeed so far as to be only negatively disgusting tomorrow, I will joyfully present myself at 6, and bring my womankind along with me.

Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 OCTOBER 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth October 1843

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The "Ragged" Masters are really very honest men. I infer from the enclosed,[†1] that they fear they may not succeed in the long run, and are delicate of availing themselves of individual kindness, beyond the temporary help of a Subscription. But I may be wrong in this; and when I have done my month's work (with which I am now in spasms) I will see the writer, and talk to him more fully. This will be, very early, I hope, in the week after next.[†2]

I have been thinking very much about Nell. Will you tell me whether you wish her to *learn* anything? I am not quite clear about that.—I mean, to learn a trade, or learn what is popularly called "her book".

A hideous cold has taken possession of me to an almost unprecedented extent. I am not exactly, like Miss Squeers, screaming out loud all the time I write;[†3] but I am executing another kind of performance beginning with an s, and ending with a g; perpetually.

The Manchester Meeting, composed of men of all parties, was very brilliant I assure you. A thousand tickets were sold, and most of them admitted two,— many three,—persons.[†4] I am strongly tempted to send you a local paper, containing all the Speeches. But modesty (a besetting sin with authors) prevents me.

It will be a comfort to Miss Meredith to know that my other rheumatic friend[†1] who got well long before her—that is to say too soon—is turning all wrong again, just as she is turning all right. May I trouble you to tell her that my hair is growing,[†2] and I'll never do so any more?

Charley and his sisters, entrust me with messages full of partially unintelligible enthusiasm. Mrs. Dickens begs me to say that if you can oblige her with your Drury Lane Box[†3] for any performing night next week, she will take it as a great favor.

Always Dear Miss Coutts
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

I was greatly pleased with Mr. Morier.[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 OCTOBER 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth October 1843.

Dear Miss Coutts.

In a scarlet fever of modesty, I send you two papers. The report in the Guardian, is, upon the whole, the better of the twain.

Certainly I would teach Nell, a *trade.* It is a matter of stupendous difficulty, however, to say what trade. I will keep the point in my mind, and after making some enquiries, report to you next week.

Undoubtedly if the Ragged School could obtain any assistance from the Government, it would be an immense thing. I am not sanguine in my hopes of any Government in such cases; but Lord Sandon[†1] would be an excellent person to interest in Saffron Hill's[†2] behalf, and I believe would be easily interested in any question involving so much misery. *Your* intervention would be most powerful.

I send you the advertisement,[†3] and will duly forward your valuable donation.

Always Believe me | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

P.S. I beg to inform Miss Meredith, (with my best regards) that my other rheumatic friend is of the sterner sex. But I have shrewd misgivings that *his* disorder is not rheumatism after all, though it has been treated as such. May I trouble you to keep the Manchester papers until you see me?

To MACVEY NAPIER, 17 OCTOBER 1843

MS British Museum. *Address:* Professor Napier | Castle Street | Edinburgh.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth October 1843.

My Dear Sir

My view of the case is precisely yours.[†4] I know it would be very bad policy to hit the church unnecessarily in any tender place; and I have no inclination to do so.

I think you had best make up your *January* No. without reference to me, as I am not *certain* for that time. But in the course of that month you shall have the paper; and then you will suffer no uneasiness or chance of disappointment in reference to it.

I should say a dozen pages or thereabouts, will be the utmost extent of the article. That is not too long, I hope?

Mrs. Dickens sends you her best regards. We have been in Yorkshire, and in Kent; but are fixtures in London now, until next Summer.

My Dear Sir | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier

To S. R. STAREY, 17 OCTOBER 1843*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regents Park,
Seventeenth October 1843.

Dear Sir,

I very much regret that it is not more immediately within your power, and in that of the gentlemen who are associated with you, to carry out the object I hinted in my last. I have made the best interest in my power to bring your case before the council of education;[†1] and although I am not very sanguine as to the result, I have no doubt that it will be considered there.

I have ten pounds for you, which is a subscription from Miss Burdett Coutts. As I do not like to send it by the post, I shall be glad if you will have the goodness to let it be called for here. I will leave it out in an envelope addressed to you,

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

R. S. Starey Esquire. P.S. When you send for the money will you be good enough to forward a receipt.

To MISS MARGARET GILLIES, 23 OCTOBER 1843

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday October Twenty Third | 1843.

Dear Miss Gillies

Tomorrow, Tuesday, at 3 o'Clock, I will dutifully present myself: having now got rid (almost) of a cold, which has ridden rough-shod—to use the favorite newspaper expression—over my features.

Would you like me to ask Mr. Maclise to look in, during the sitting? He has a mighty knowledge of my face, and expressed himself much struck with the

"spirit"[†1] of your portrait as photographed.[†2] "A very little bit"—he said, waving his hand in the air, something [?like an auc]tioneer,[†3] and giving it a twist [at] the same time, "would make it ca-pi-tal".

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Gillies

To T. BOYS,[†4] 24 OCTOBER 1843

Mention in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue No. 1535 (1954); *MS* 1 p.; dated 24 Oct 43.

To MACVEY NAPIER, 24 OCTOBER 1843

MS British Museum. *Address:* Professor Napier | Muirestone House | Mid-Calder | by Edinburgh.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth October 1843

My Dear Sir

I am extremely sorry to find that my proposal puts you to any inconvenience; but the fault is really not mine. You wrote me in answer to my letter,[†5] that you were much oppressed by matter of all kinds and from a variety of distinguished sources (as I can readily understand)—but would "*endeavour*" to find room for me in the January Number. I immediately resolved not to give you that trouble, but to write the paper at my leisure, and send it to you for the Number following—really meaning to be considerate, and to meet your views, as I understood them. And I thought the postponement, rather advantageous than otherwise, as the mention of the subject in the Queen's Speech,[†6] or the omission of it, would be alike a good reason for taking it up afresh. Accordingly I plunged headlong into a little scheme[†7] I had held in abeyance during the interval which had elapsed between my first letter and your answer; set an artist[†8] at work upon it; and put it wholly out of my own power to touch the Edinburgh subject until after Christmas is turned. For carrying out the notion I speak of, and being

punctual with Chuzzlewit, will occupy every moment of my working time, up to the Christmas Holidays.[†1]

I hope you will see how this has come to pass; and that I acted *on your letter, distinctly.*

I did not fail to give your message to Hood, who thanks you very much, and greatly regrets having missed you.[†2]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier.

To MRS CROWE,[†3] 26 OCTOBER 1843†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Sixth October 1843

My Dear Mrs. Crowe.

It can't be done. When there is unanimity among authors, perhaps it may be.[†4] As that state of things may be expected to come to pass on the afternoon of the Last Day But One, I hope neither you nor I may live to see it.

You are not alone in your sufferings, nor does great success carry with it any exemption from such penalties. If you knew what my books have brought to others, and what they have brought to me, you would, as the Song says,

open your eyes
and die with surprise[†5]

[†a]—so I won't tell you; the more especially as I want you to get off your back with all speed, and be as well and merry as you can wish to be.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

Mrs. Crowe.

November

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 NOVEMBER 1843]

Text from F, IV, ii, 304-5. *Date:* 1 Nov according to Forster.

Don't be startled by the novelty and extent of my project. Both startled *me* at first; but I am well assured of its wisdom and necessity. I am afraid of a magazine—just now. I don't think the time a good one, or the chances favourable. I am afraid of putting myself before the town as writing tooth and nail for bread, headlong, after the close of a book taking so much out of one as *Chuzzlewit.* I am afraid I could not do it, with justice to myself. I know that whatever we may say at first, a new magazine, or a new anything, would require so much propping, that I should be *forced* (as in the *Clock*) to put myself into it, in my old shape. I am afraid of Bradbury and Evans's desire to force on the cheap issue of my books, or any of them, prematurely. I am sure if it took place yet awhile, it would damage me and damage the property, *enormously.* It is very natural in them to want it; but, since they do want it, I have no faith in their regarding me in any other respect than they would regard any other man in a speculation. I see that this is really your opinion as well; and I don't see what I gain, in such a case, by leaving Chapman and Hall.[†1] If I had made money, I should unquestionably fade away from the public eye for a year, and enlarge my stock of description and observation by seeing countries new to me; which it is most necessary to me that I should see, and which with an increasing family I can scarcely hope to see at all, unless I see them now. Already for some time I have had this hope and intention before me; and though not having made money yet, I find or fancy that I can put myself in the position to accomplish it. And this is the course I have before me. At the close of *Chuzzlewit* (by which time the debt will have been materially reduced) I purpose drawing from Chapman and Hall my share of the subscription[†2]—bills, or money, will do equally well. I design to tell them that it is not likely I shall do anything for a year; that, in the meantime, I make no arrangement whatever with anyone; and our business matters rest *in statu quo.* The same to Bradbury and Evans. I shall let the house if I can; if not, leave it to be let. I shall take all the family, and two servants—three at most—to some place which I know beforehand to be CHEAP and in a delightful climate, in Normandy or Brittany, to which I shall go over, first, and

where I shall rent some house for six or eight months. During that time, I shall walk through Switzerland, cross the Alps, travel through France and Italy; take Kate perhaps to Rome and Venice, but not elsewhere; and in short see everything that is to be seen. I shall write my descriptions[†1] to you from time to time, exactly as I did in America; and you will be able to judge whether or not a new and attractive book may not be made on such ground. At the same time I shall be able to turn over the story I have in my mind,[†2] and which I have a strong notion might be published with great advantage, *first in Paris*[†3]—but that's another matter to be talked over. And of course I have not yet settled, either, whether any book about the travel, or this, should be the first. "All very well," you say, "if you had money enough." Well, but if I can see my way to what would be necessary without binding myself in any form to anything; without paying interest, or giving any security but one of my Eagle[†4] five thousand pounds; you would give up that objection. And I stand committed to no bookseller, printer, moneylender, banker, or patron whatever; and decidedly strengthen my position with my readers, instead of weakening it, drop by drop, as I otherwise must. Is it not so? and is not the way before me, plainly this? I infer that in reality you do yourself think, that what I first thought of is *not* the way? I have told you my scheme very baldly, as I said I would. I see its great points, against many prepossessions the other way—as, leaving England, home, friends, everything I am fond of—but it seems to me, at a critical time, *the* step to set me right. A blessing on Mr. Mariotti my Italian master, and his pupil!— If you have any breath left, tell Topping how you are.

To T. J. SERLE, 1 NOVEMBER 1843*

MS Mr C. D. B. Hawksley. *Address:* T. J. Serle Esquire | 9 Southampton Row | Russell Square.

1 Devonshire Terrace | First November 1843.

My Dear Serle.

Let us meet here on Saturday at half past Seven exactly, as an Elton Committee.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 NOVEMBER 1843

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* To be forwarded | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.[†1]

Devonshire Terrace. | Second November 1843.

Dear Miss Coutts.

On going out to Putney yesterday, I was perfectly amazed to find that Miss Meredith had gone direct to Brighton[†2] in the Garden chair. I trust she is better; and that your Ague has gone over to Holland, to settle there.

I enclose you a note[†3] I have had from the Ragged Schoolmaster. I don't know what you may have said to Lord Sandon, or whether you would desire to shew it him. But I send it to you, on the chance.

Nell distracts me. It unfortunately happens that there is no Institution (that I know of, or can find out, at least) where such a girl could learn a trade. This throws one on a choice of trades. Then I think of tambour-working—then of stay-making—then of shoe-binding—then of ready made Linening—then of Millinery—then of Straw Bonnet Making[†4]—then of Mrs Brownrigge[†5]—then of surplus labor—and then I give it up, with a headache.

Would it not be a good plan—first, to find out what the child thinks herself, and then to cast about among your servants for instance, whether they have not some friend or relation who is, or who knows some other friend or relation who is, in a respectable little way of business that would do for her? I could very easily find out, by personal inspection, whether it promised well. None of our former handmaidens are settled in any trade, except a most respectable cook,[†6] who married from us (in a cab—No. 74) and keeps a thriving shop, I am told, "in the general line". But there seems to be nothing to learn, in the general

line,[†1] except making up infinitessimal[†2] parcels of pepper, and chopping soap into little blocks—and she can do that now, I dare say.

There's half a bonnet-shop in Tottenham Court Road, with an Inscription in the window in these words—"Wonted a feamail Prentis with a premum". *That* wouldn't do, perhaps?

This day week, I shall have paid the Eltons, the full amount you gave me. One of the poor girls[†3] is very ill, I am sorry to say, and seems consumptive. Did you see the cruel hoax of the bottle?[†4] We have the slip of paper which was shut up in it; and it is not (they tell me) in his handwriting, or at all like it. What strange minds those must be, which can find delight in such intolerable cruelties—for which, and which only, if I had my will, I would flog at the church-doors. After the President went down, Mrs. Power[†5] had some new letter, almost every day, saying that he had landed in Ireland, and was staying at the Writer's house!

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 NOVEMBER 1843]

Text from F, IV, ii, 305-6. *Date:* 2 Nov according to Forster.

I expected you to be startled.[†6] If I was startled myself, when I first got this project of foreign travel into my head, MONTHS AGO,[†7] how much more must you be, on whom it comes fresh: numbering only

hours! Still, I am very resolute upon it—very. I am convinced that my expenses abroad would not be more than half of my expenses here; the influence of change and nature upon me, enormous. You know, as well as I, that I think *Chuzzlewit* in a hundred points immeasurably the best of my stories. That I feel my power now, more than I ever did. That I have a greater confidence in myself than I ever had. That I *know,* if I have health, I could sustain my place in the minds of thinking men, though fifty writers started up to-morrow. But how many readers do *not* think! How many take it upon trust from knaves and idiots, that one writes too fast, or runs a thing to death! How coldly did this very book go on for months, until it forced itself up in people's opinion, without forcing itself up in sale![†8] If

I wrote for forty thousand Forsters, or for forty thousand people who know I write because I can't help it, I should have no need to leave the scene. But this very book warns me that if I *can* leave it for a time, I had better do so, and must do so. Apart from that again, I feel that longer rest after this story would do me good. You say two or three months, because you have been used to see me for eight years[†1] never leaving off. But it is not rest enough. It is impossible to go on working the brain to that extent for ever. The very spirit of the thing, in doing it, leaves a horrible despondency behind, when it is done; which must be prejudicial to the mind, so soon renewed, and so seldom let alone. What would poor Scott have given to have gone abroad, of his own free will, a young man, instead of creeping there, a driveller, in his miserable decay![†2] I said myself in my note to you—anticipating what you put to me—that it was a question *what* I should come out with, first. The travel-book, if to be done at all, would cost me very little trouble; and surely would go very far to pay charges, whenever published. We have spoken of the baby,[†3] and of leaving it here with Catherine's mother. Moving the children into France could not, in any ordinary course of things, do them anything but good. And the question is, what it would do to that by which they live: not what it would do to them.—I had forgotten that point in the B. and E. negociation[†4]; but they certainly suggested instant publication of the reprints, or at all events of some of them; by which of course I know, and as you point out, I could provide of myself what is wanted. I take that as putting the thing distinctly as a matter of trade, and feeling it so. And, as a matter of trade with them or anybody else, as a matter of trade between me and the public, should I not be better off a year hence, with the reputation of having seen so much in the meantime? The reason which induces you to look upon this scheme with dislike—separation for so long a time—surely has equal weight with me. I see very little pleasure in it, beyond the natural desire to have been in those great scenes; I anticipate no enjoyment at the time. I have come to look upon it as a matter of policy and duty. I have a thousand other reasons, but shall very soon myself be with you.

To MRS HURNALL,[†5] 2 NOVEMBER 1843

Extract in Edwin A. Denham catalogue No. XII (1902).

The Story of a Feather[†6] (which you so justly commend) is written by Mr. Jerrold, an author of great power, who has been laid up with rheumatic gout, but is getting better rapidly.

To J. C. PRINCE, 2 NOVEMBER 1843

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Second November 1843

Dear Sir,

I regret too, I assure you, that we had not the pleasure of a longer conversation when we became known to each other at Manchester.[†1]

I should say that the chances of your being able to connect yourself with a London Magazine as a paid contributor, were very good. I would recommend you to send one or two pieces, with a short note, to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine; and one or two to Mr. Ainsworth for insertion in *his* Magazine. That gentleman is a native of Manchester, and very likely, I think, to be interested in you. If Blackwoods say No, try if Tait will say Yes.[†2]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. C. Prince. P.S. I have no connexion with any magazine myself, or I would gladly assist you.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 6 NOVEMBER 1843

MS Royal Literary Fund.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixth November 1843

My Dear Sir.

I have heard, with much distress, from Mr. Charles Whitehead,[†3] that he finds it necessary to seek assistance from the Literary Fund.[†4] And he has requested me to speak to my knowledge of him.

I know him to be a gentleman of very great accomplishments, and of very

high original power as a writer of Fiction.[†1] I have always considered him to be an author of remarkable ability; have read his productions with strong interest; and have borne my testimony to their merit on many occasions, when I little thought he would ever need such a service as this at my hands.

I have reason to know that he has been proud in his troubles, and has never obtruded them on the notice of his admirers. I am sure he is a man of too honorable and high a spirit to appeal to the Literary Fund, but on the pressure of strong necessity. And I can conscientiously and earnestly recommend his case.

If you think I can say more, or that it is desirable for me to address the Committee in any other form, I will gladly do it.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

O. Blewitt Esquire

To R. W. OSBALDISTON,[†2] 8 NOVEMBER 1843

Mention in *To* Perry, 10 Nov.

To P. B. TEMPLETON,[†3] 8 NOVEMBER 1843*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* P. B. Templeton Esquire | Manchester Advertizer Office | Manchester.

London—1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighth November 1843.

Dear Sir

"Laid down by brutal ignorance, and held together like the Solid Rock, by years of this most wicked axiom"—certainly.[†4] This wicked axiom, meaning, the axiom that a little Learning is a dangerous thing.

I have glanced at your book on Short Hand; and it seems to me a very good one—as indeed you practically shew it to be, in your excellent Reporting. But I am sorry that I feel obliged to lay my earnest entreaties on you, *not* to publish

this opinion. I have a great objection to seeing such things in Print as if I were asserting my infallibility. And I assure you that if I were to comply with one Twentieth part of such requests, my warmest admirers would be disgusted by the sight of my name: as I certainly should be myself.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. B. Templeton Esquire

To EDWARD WATKIN AND PETER BERLYN, 8 NOVEMBER 1843*

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter. *Address:* Edward Watkin Esquire | Peter Berlyn Esquire | The Athenæum | Manchester.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth November 1843

Dear Sirs

I am extremely happy to hear that the Athenæum is going on so favourably. The half holiday and the gift of the membership by the Merchants as a reward for good behaviour, are vital points.[†1] The latter does great honor, I think, to the gentlemen of Manchester.

I enclose an acknowledgment[†2] of the elegant gift[†3] I received in due course; and I shall be much obliged if you will entrust yourselves with its delivery.

Dear Sirs | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Watkin Esquire
Peter Berlyn Esquire

To P. E. PEMBERGUE,[†4] 8 NOVEMBER 1843

Text from *Manchester Guardian,* 11 Nov 1843.

Devonshire Terrace, | Eighth November 1843

Dear Sir,

Allow me to most gratefully acknowledge the gift of a life membership of the Manchester Athenæum; and the flattering, and earnest terms in which it is bestowed on me, in the elegant testimonial to which your signature is attached. I cannot have a warmer interest in the prosperity of such an Institution than I had before, nor can anything enhance the pleasure I feel in the recollection of

having presided at one of its festivals. But I am truly gratified by this mark of the regard and approbation of the directors, and shall ever prize it highly— trust me.

I have the honor to be, dear sir,
Your most obliged and faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 NOVEMBER 1843]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 306-7. *Date:* 10 Nov according to Forster.

I have been all day in *Chuzzlewit* agonies[†1]—conceiving only. I hope to bring forth to-morrow. Will you come here at six? I want to say a word or two about the cover of the *Carol* and the advertising,[†2] and to consult you on a nice point in the tale. It will come wonderfully I think. Mac will call here soon after, and we can then all three go to Bulwer's[†3] together. And do, my dear fellow, do for God's sake turn over about Chapman and Hall, and look upon my project as *a settled thing.*[†4] If you object to see them, I must write to them.

To R. B. [PERRY],[†5] 10 NOVEMBER 1843

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2273 (1928); dated Devonshire Terrace, 10 November 1843.

I enclose you my account of subscriptions; the balance is paid into Coutts's.[†6] I wrote to Mr. Osbaldistone the day before yesterday, but have not yet received an answer.

To W. H. PRESCOTT, 10 NOVEMBER 1843*

MS Mr Linzee Prescott. *Address:* By Mail Steam Packet | W. H. Prescott Esquire | Boston | United States.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Tenth November 1843.

Mr Dear Prescott.

I avail myself of a minute's leisure this morning, to acknowledge the receipt of your last kind note. I am afraid of putting it off until I have time to write a long reply; for how many boats would cross and recross the Atlantic before that came about, Heaven only knows.

I have received your noble book, through Mr. Rich.[†1] It came here a few days ago. I am half way through it already, and *am full of delight and pleasure*— dreaming of it, talking of it, and thinking of it. It will exceed the warmest expectations of your warmest admirers, I am convinced.[†2]

Your bargain with Bentley, amazes me! He has no copyright, you know, one moment after the publication of the work in America. You could not have got more, in the existing state of the law; and could have got much less with stupendous ease.[†3] Moreover, the Brigand has really brought the book out in a handsome form, and done it justice.[†4] For which I take off one of the seven hundred thousand imprecations I laid upon his head during the ancient intercourse between myself and him;[†5] and leave him only six hundred and ninety nine thousand to wipe off by decent conduct.

The heartiest of Greek Professors has become strangely mute. I wrote him a

beaming epistle of four sides of paper; and he introduces a friend[†1] (after its receipt) with four lines! I am not quite certain whether he won't find himself in Chuzzlewit before long. At the best, I shall cut him off with an oyster.

What an unnatural villain you must be, to disparage Mrs. Prescott's eyes.[†2] I shuddered when I read the passage. Her critical taste assures me that her mental eyes are brighter than Diamonds. To her physical organs of vision I have indited a Sonnet, which will be forwarded by the next mail. Being rather heavy, it will come as Goods.

Mrs. Dickens sends her love and best regards. We think of keeping the New Year, by having another child. I am constantly reversing the Kings in the Fairy Tales, and importuning the Gods not to trouble themselves: being quite satisfied with what I have. But they are *so* generous when they *do* take a fancy to one!

Longfellow has done quite right, and I commend him for it. My best remembrances to him, and all old friends in Boston.

Always My Dear Prescott | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Prescott Esquire

To SIR WILLIAM ALLAN,[†3] 13 NOVEMBER 1843[†4]

Text from Sir Theodore Martin, *Helena Faucit* (*Lady Martin*), 1900, p. 117.

Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regent's Park,
13th November 1843.

My Dear Allan,

I am very anxious to bespeak your kind offices in behalf of Miss Helen Faucit:[†5] a young lady who is a much esteemed friend of ours, and whose great

abilities I hold in high regard. She is coming to Edinburgh to fulfil an engagement with Murray. If you and Miss Allan[†1] can come to know her in private, I will answer for your having real pleasure in her society, and for your not taxing me with overrating her excellent qualities. I am "say[†2] fond" of her, which I think—and as an Edinburgh citizen I *ought* to *know*[†3]—is good Lowlan' Scotch.

Kate unites in this, and in kind loves to Miss Allan and yourself.

Always, my dear Allan, faithfully your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. HORNE, 13 NOVEMBER 1843

Text from MDGH, I, 93.

Devonshire Terrace, November 13th 1843.

Pray tell that besotted —— to let the opera sink into its native obscurity.[†4] I did it in a fit of d—— ble good nature long ago, for Hullah, who wrote some very pretty music to it. I just put down for everybody what everybody at the St. James's Theatre wanted to say and do, and that they could say and do best, and I have been most sincerely repentant ever since. The farce[†5] I also did as a sort of practical joke, for Harley, whom I have known a long time. It was funny— adapted from one of the published sketches called the "Great Winglebury Duel," and was published by Chapman and Hall. But I have no copy of it now, nor should I think they have. But both these things were done without the least consideration or regard to reputation.[†6]

I wouldn't repeat them for a thousand pounds apiece, and devoutly wish them to be forgotten. If you will impress this on the waxy mind of —— I shall be truly and unaffectedly obliged to you.

Always faithfully yours

To CHARLES SMITHSON, 14 NOVEMBER 1843

Text from transcript by Mr R. E. G. Woodman (*Times Literary Supplement*, 25 Jan 1947).

Devonshire Terrace, | Tuesday, Fourteenth November, 1843.

My Dear Smithson,

I wish you to know one or two facts and one or two opinions of mine, upon which (so far as I understand what Mitton tells me of your correspondence together) I have a natural desire to set you right.

Don't believe all you hear; and least of all believe the flying rumours that rise about Lewisham and Blackheath Hill.†1

More than £2,000—in fact all the debt that is likely to exist at the expiration of Chuzzlewit—was advanced by Chapman and Hall to wrest the copyright of Oliver Twist from Bentley, and release me from the Magazine. It was advanced, more for their benefit than mine; for they had a fortune, and I had only an income from the work then in progress, which would have been greatly damaged by his flooding the town with Oliver in numbers.†2 The Clock, with a circulation more than equal to that of The Times multiplied by five, was certainly not a very profitable undertaking. But not from any onesidedness in the agreement, but because every calculation made by Chapman and Hall (who are preposterously ignorant of all the essentials of their business) was wrong, and the thing could not pay largely at the price. The Oliver agreement was of my own making, and so was the Pickwick. It was a consequence of the astonishing rapidity of my success and the steady rise of my fame that the enormous profits of these books should flow into other hands than mine. It has always been so (I speak from a knowledge of the lives of eminent and successful writers); and I cannot reasonably hope to be exempt from the curse which has fallen on all the Professors of Literature.

The Nickleby agreement turned out to be a terrible mistake, though at that time the stability of my success was not certain. But it was a mistake to which I was the chief party, and the blame of which mainly rests with me.†3

I wish you to know that Bradbury and Evans would bring to my house £3,000†4 to-morrow morning. But I do not take it, and will not; simply because I wish to free myself by my own exertions, and not by the assistance of "The Trade."

I cordially approved of the project of confiding with you, because I had no reason to be delicate of your knowing these things; and had reason, I thought,

to believe that if you had the money to put out at all, you would as soon advance it for a short period to one in whose energy and honor you could confide, as you would employ it in any other way. If you haven't got it to spare—you can't send it.

But as I would not have been assisted on mistaken grounds, and would not have had the money on any terms while you were wrong in your understanding of anything connected with my position, so I do not like to close the matter in any misconception and therefore I have written you this note.

My dear Smithson, | Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Smithson, Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17 NOVEMBER 1843]

Mention in F, IV, ii, 307. *Date:* according to Forster "a few days" after CD's letter of 10 Nov; his letter of 19 Nov answered, "on the following day", Forster's reply.

Describing with great bitterness one of his family's financial demands. †1

To JOHN FORSTER, [19 NOVEMBER 1843]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 307-8. *Date:* 19 Nov according to Forster.

I was most horribly put out for a little while; for I had got up early to go at it, and was full of interest in what I had to do. But having eased my mind by that note to you, and taken a turn or two up and down the room, I went at it again, and soon got so interested that I blazed away till 9 last night; only stopping ten minutes for dinner! I suppose I wrote eight printed pages of *Chuzzlewit* yesterday. The consequence is that I *could* finish to-day, but am taking it easy, and making myself laugh very much.†2

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 NOVEMBER 1843]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 308. *Date:* the day after last according to Forster.†3

I am quite serious and sober when I say, that I have very grave thoughts of keeping my whole menagerie in Italy, three years.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 21 NOVEMBER 1843*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire | 4 Clifton Terrace | near The Baths | Gravesend.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First November 1843.

My Dear George

Many Thanks for the Almanack,†1 in which you are prodigious.

I am afraid I may not be in the way tomorrow; and therefore write to you. For I am finishing a little Book for Christmas, and contemplate a Bolt, to do so in peace. As soon as I have done, I will let you know, and then I hope we shall take a glass of Grog together: for I have not seen you since I was grey.

Always Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To JOHN WILSON,[†2] 24 NOVEMBER 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Evening | Twenty Fourth November 1843.

Sir.

Allow me to ask whether you addressed a letter to me this morning, recommending a Petitioner from Scotland? If so, I grieve to assure you that my means are utterly inadequate to answer the enormous number of similar appeals that are made to me every day; and would be if my income were multiplied by four, and my blood-petitioners divided by six.[†3] Do you know anything of this unhappy person's case, beyond what you have told me? And how do you know that?

Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Wilson.

To THOMAS MITTON, 25 NOVEMBER 1843*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings.

Twenty Fifth November 1843

My Dear Mitton

Let every bill be returned, with "No orders" noted on it; and let the answer be, that no such person is known at your office.

After that, he[†1] must have the money to take them up, and must be seen to take them up, or he'll not do it. What after that, it is impossible to say. I am full of Grief.

On Monday Evening I will come to you. Your note found me in the full passion of a roaring Christmas scene![†2]

Faithfully Ever
CD

To MISS MARION ELY, [29 NOVEMBER 1843]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Since from Devonshire Terrace, the only possible Christmas book is the *Carol* or the *Cricket*; but by 1845 Miss Ely had seen CD act. Wednesday must be 29 Nov, as he is finishing the *Carol*, and refers to the dinner on 2 Dec (see below).

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Miss Ely.

Forgive my not having answered your kind note; but I have been working from morning until night upon my little Christmas Book; and have really had no time to think of anything but that.

I am much pleased by your sister's[†3] recollection of me, and if I can possibly get to the "Theatre"[†4] tonight (I have strong hopes of it, for I am finishing now)—trust me, I will. For I have such a passion for anything in the shape of Private Theatricals—Ah! You never saw me act!—as nobody but Mrs. Harris[†5] ever had.

We dine on Saturday[†6]—Kate begs me say, with her love to Mrs. Talfourd— at a Quarter before Seven.

Dear Miss Ely | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ely.

December

To JOHN W. BOWDEN,[†1] 2 DECEMBER 1843*

MS New York University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Second December 1843.

Sir.

Being the person referred to, in your letter, I have much pleasure in complying with your request, for an Autograph[†2]—as I should have had in any case.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Bowden Esquire

To CHARLES MARTIN,[†3] 2 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Second December 1843.

Dear Sir

I regret that I was not at home yesterday, when you called.

It will give me pleasure to see you Tomorrow (Sunday) at Two, or on Monday at half past Twelve.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Martin Esquire

To CHAPMAN & HALL, [2-4 DECEMBER 1843]

Mention in next. *Date:* written after seeing Bradbury on 2 Dec.

To THOMAS MITTON, 4 DECEMBER [1843]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 1843 on reference to *Carol*; 4 Dec was a Monday.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Fourth December

My Dear Mitton

Just now, as I was coming down to you, a man brought a note from Lady Holland: begging me to dine there today,[†1] and to go and give her some advice this morning—Heaven knows what about. So I am obliged to turn my face Westward, and not Eastward. But I write to you for three reasons. First, to know whether anything has occurred. Secondly, what time tomorrow will suit you best for my calling on you. Thirdly, to ask you to turn over in your mind, between this and tomorrow, how I can best put £*200* into Coutts's. For on looking into the matter this morning, for the first time these 6 weeks, I find (to my horror) that I have already overdrawn[†2] my account. This month's money I have paid into the Eagle.[†3] Next month's is bespoke. And therefore I must anticipate the Christmas Book, by the sum I mention, which will enable me to keep comfortable.

If it would[†4] damage you, or bother you very much, to break the bill at Dixons[†5] by that sum, suppose you give me your acceptance at 3 months for it, and I will tell them I want it discounted at Coutts's?[†6] What do you think of this? The reason that I am pressed to do it, *at once* is, that I want it done, before I have any notice of my account being overdrawn—which is very important.

Of course, I could have double the sum from C and H, instantly. But I have been obliged to write them a most tremendous letter, and have told them not to answer it, or to come near me, but simply to do what I have ordered them. Can you believe that with the exception of Blackwood's, *the Carol is not advertized*

in One of the Magazines![†1] Bradbury would not believe it when I told him on Saturday last. And he says that nothing but a tremendous push can possibly atone for such fatal negligence. Consequently, I have written to the Strand, and said—Do this—Do that—Do the other—keep away from me—and be damned.

I have shewn the book to two or three Judges[†2] of very different views and constitutions. I have never seen men, personally and mentally opposed to each other, so unanimous in their predictions, or so hot in their approval.

I *can* come down to you before dinner to day—at 4 or 5. A word by Bearer. I wouldn't trouble you about the money, if it were not a case of necessity. But being so busy, I have let it pass until the very last moment. In March or so, please God, I shall be as rich as (a very moderate) Jew.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, [6 DECEMBER 1843]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Coutts's had discounted the bill on 5 Dec (*To* Mitton, 4 Dec, *fn*). *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday

My Dear Mitton

I am extremely glad you *feel* the Carol.[†3] For I knew I meant a good thing. And when I see the effect of such a little *whole* as that, on those for whom I care, I have a strong sense of the immense effect I could produce with an entire book. I am quite certain of that.

Bradbury predicts Heaven knows what. I am sure it will do me a great deal of good; and I hope it will sell, well.

The title page I have had materially altered.[†4] They always look bad at first.

I had a letter from Coutts's yesterday afternoon to say that they had much

pleasure in discounting the bill: though they were not in the habit of doing so, without the acceptance of a banker or large mercantile house.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 7 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventh December 1843.

My Dear Ainsworth.

Half past five. Sharp as Jack Sheppard, and bright as Jolly Nose.[†1]

Loves to all.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 7 DECEMBER 1843

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh December 1843.

My Dear George.

Ainsworth, Thackeray, Maclise, and Forster—and maybe another or two— dine here, at a short notice, on Saturday next at *Half Past Five,* punctually. Come to my arms!

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

To THOMAS HOOD, 7 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Folio Society.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh December 1843

My Dear Hood.

It has not at all surprised me, that I have not heard from you. I know how busy you must be just now; and did not expect it.

I am glad I did not make your proposal to C and H. There can be no kind of doubt that your ballads should appear, in the first instance at all events, in your own Magazine.[†2]

Your prospectus[†1] is *admirable,* and I hear but one opinion of it on all sides. Whatever you do, be early with your number.[†2] Up to the scratch in good season!

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hood Esquire

To MR FOUNTAIN,[†3] 12 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Mr H. E. Quick.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twelfth December 1843

Sir.

I truly regret to say, that I have no present means of giving you any employment in your present occupation. But if I should have an opportunity, I will bear your letter in mind. Do not suppose I shall be the less mindful of it, because, in the pressure of laborious engagements, I acknowledge its receipt thus briefly.

Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Fountain

To W. M. THACKERAY, [?12-13 DECEMBER 1843]

Mention in Thackeray *to* Ainsworth, [Dec 43], *Letters and Private Papers*, ed. G. N. Ray, II, 132. *Date:* see *fn.*

Begs for a remission of the dinner. [†4]

To JOHN LEECH, 14 DECEMBER 1843[†1]

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth December 1843.

My Dear Sir

I do not doubt, in my own mind, that you unconsciously exaggerate the evil done by the colourers.[†2] You can't think how much better they will look in a neat book, than you suppose. But I have sent a Strong Despatch[†3] to C and H, and will report to you when I hear from them. I quite agree with you, that it is a point of great importance.

Faithfully Yours
CD

John Leech Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 17 DECEMBER 1843*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth December 1843

My Dear Mac.

I think of walking out to Ainsworth's this morning at a quarter before 2, and giving him his copy of the enclosed.[†4] Will you come? I was writing this Morning until Three o'Clock.[†5]

Faithfully Ever

CD

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 17 DECEMBER 1843

MS Professor E. S. Pearson.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth December 1843.

My Dear Mr. Rogers

If you should ever have inclination and patience to read the accompanying little book,[†6] I hope you will like the slight fancy it embodies. But whether you do or no,[†7] I am ever

Your friend and admirer

CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire

To ANDREW BELL, 19 DECEMBER 1843*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace,

Nineteenth December, 1843. | Tuesday Afternoon.

Dear Sir,

I have only this moment risen from the current number of Chuzzlewit; or I would have answered your note sooner.

I have no doubt that I shall be at home at eleven on Thursday morning, or at Eleven on Friday morning. I shall be glad to see you on either day. If both are inconvenient, let me know, and I will appoint another.

I have conceived a real regard for Bradbury and Evans, and am pained by your allusions to them. It is very possible that six months hence you will think more tenderly of them yourself.[†1] But in any case, it is a subject I would rather avoid.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew Bell, Esquire. P.S. I am very glad you think so highly of the Carol.[†2] It interested *me* exceedingly.

To CHARLES MACKAY, 19 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Morgan Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Nineteenth December 1843.

My Dear Mackay.

Believe me that your pleasure in the Carol,[†3] so earnestly and spontaneously

expressed, gives me real gratification of heart. It has delighted me very much. I am sure you feel it; that your praise is manly and generous; and well worth having. Thank you heartily.

I was very much affected by the little Book myself; in various ways, as I wrote it; and had an interest in the idea, which made me reluctant to lay it aside for a moment. Your allusion to that inexorable Pot, tempts me into saying that the Subscription was large, and the demand great.[†1]

I shall not forget your note, easily.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mackay Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?20 DECEMBER 1843]*

MS Cornell University Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1843-4; perhaps refers to the party at Mrs Macready's on Tues 26 Dec.

At your chambers | Wednesday afternoon

My Dear Talfourd.

I thought it better, on consideration, not to urge Mrs. Talfourd again, to go to Mrs. Macready's,—as I threatened to do—when I left your house on Saturday. Not because I had the least doubt of her receiving it kindly, or being disposed to accede to a request of mine; but because I really was unwilling to associate myself with any subject disagreeable or irksome to her—I am here to tell you so, and to ask you whether you don't think I am right. And not finding you, I leave this note.

Ever Yours CD.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [?20 or 27 DECEMBER 1843]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* 1843-4 on handwriting; "quadrille" suggests Christmas season, and 23 and 30 Dec are possible Saturdays for the gathering.

Athenæum | Wednesday

My Dear Fred

Moses[†2] is the most impudent dog in the world; and Moses's Son is another.

I am going to give Ainsworth's little daughters, a quadrille on Saturday. No party. Will you dine with that family and ours, at half after five?

Affectionately Always

CD

Frederick Dickens Esquire

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 22 DECEMBER 1843

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Decr. 22nd. 1843

My Dear Harness.

I have run short of copies of the Carol,[†1] owing to the demand, or I would have sent you this before.

I forget your pretty niece's[†2] christian name. When you have read the little book, send it me back with that information; and I will write the same on the title page.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Harness.

To JOHN NOBLE,[†3] 22 DECEMBER 1843

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* V, 1919-21; *MS* 1 p.; dated 22 Dec 43.

Refusing an invitation.

To T. J. PETTIGREW, 22 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Twenty Second December 1843

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks for the ingenious and interesting book[†4] you were kind enough to leave for me the other day (though I should have been better pleased if you had put your name in it); and which I have read

with very great pleasure. I take some blame to myself for not having acknowledged it sooner, but I have been too closely engaged to do many things I ought to have done.

I mentioned the enclosed little book to Mrs. Pettigrew. It's such a small one,[†5] that I was afraid I never should find it again.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Pettigrew Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 25 DECEMBER 1843*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day 1843.

Recreant of the Castle.

The banquet hour on this eventful day, is when the turret chimes denote Half Past Five. If, in accordance with a Sacred Custom, you dine with the Bozonian Knight be punctual. If with Royalty,[†1] be hungry and be jovial— strange qualities, Sir Painter, at your Queenly boards!

Carol.

To WILLIAM BEHNES,[†2] 26 DECEMBER 1843

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* CD was mistaken in the day of the week; 26 Dec was a Tuesday in 1843.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Sixth December | 1843.

My Dear Sir

I am obliged to remain at home this morning. Mrs. Dickens extremely unwell; and I am waiting to see the Doctor. Will you let our Engagement stand for the same hour tomorrow?[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Behnes Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 26 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth December 1843.

My Dear Mac

How are you today? Better? If so, will you dine here at half past *Four*, preparatory to going to Macready's?[†1]

Faithfully Ever

CD

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 DECEMBER 1843

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh December 1843.

Dear Miss Coutts.

If every Christmas that comes to you, only makes you, or finds you, one half as happy and merry as I wish you to be, you will be the happiest and merriest person in all the world. I should have sent you my seasonable wishes; but I feared (from not having heard from you) that Lady Burdett[†2] was still very ill; and am exceedingly sorry to have the apprehension confirmed by your note.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to thank you for your kind remembrance of her, and to say that she will use the box *tonight.*[†3] She is not very well, and I am glad of a pantomime or anything else that is likely to amuse her.

Charley is in great force, and, with his sisters, desires his hearty love. They all went, with us, last night to a juvenile party at Mrs. Macreadys,[†4] and came out

very strong—especially Charley who called divers small boys by their Christian names (after the manner of a Young Nobleman on the Stage) and indulged in numerous phases of genteel dissipation. I have made a tremendous hit with a conjuring apparatus, which includes some of Doëbler's best tricks, and was more popular last evening after cooking a plum pudding in a hat, and producing a pocket handkerchief from a Wine Bottle, than ever I have been in my life. I shall hope to raise myself in your esteem by these means.

Macready still continues as successful as it is possible to be. He is very well, and likes the people—which must be a great comfort to him.[†1]

We are getting on steadily with the Elton's.[†2] The sick one is quite restored to health.

I am very glad to hear that Miss Meredith has left that corner she was so long in turning, quite out of sight. Will you remember me, kindly and cordially to her?

I shall have a request—a petition I ought to say—to make to you before I

finish the Chuzzlewit, which is very selfish, for it will give the book a new interest in my eyes.[†1] But I will defer it, and all questions concerning the charities into which I have made enquiry for you, until you have more leisure for such subjects. I am sure this ancient Year must have been a very arduous one to you; and but for such occupations being their own reward, would have wearied you to a serious extent.

With every good wish

Believe me Dear Miss Coutts
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

You will be glad to hear, I know, that my Carol is a prodigious success.[†2]

To M. A. DE GOY,[†3] 27 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Mr Robert L. Henderson. *Address:* M. A. De Goy | London Coffee House | Ludgate Hill.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty Seventh December 1843.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to M. A. De Goy, and begs to say that being engaged with friends in town and country just now, he cannot have the pleasure of making an appointment, without a previous delay which M. De Goy may find inconvenient and troublesome. But his Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall 186 Strand will be happy to receive M. De Goy at any time, and have full power in the business. He begs to thank M. De Goy for his obliging note.

To THOMAS MITTON, 27 DECEMBER 1843

Text from N, I, 550.

Devonshire Terrace, | Twenty-Seventh December, 1843

My dear Mitton,

You will be glad to hear that I had a note from C and H on the twenty-fourth to say that the Carol was then in its Sixth Thousand;[†4] and that as the orders

were coming in fast from town and country, it would soon be necessary to reprint. I am very glad you saw the children the other day, and made them so happy. I have much to say in reference to your note of last Friday, but cannot say it better perhaps than when France draws nearer to us.[†1] I shall see you within a day or two.

Ever faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To S. R. STAREY, 29 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Ninth December 1843

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry that my engagements render it impossible for me to preside at the Meeting in behalf of the Field Lane School.[†2] I regret that I did not know of it sooner; and that when the Superintendent[†3] did me the favor to call here, he did not leave some card or note in explanation of his business. In which case I would have made an appointment with him immediately.

I can have no objection to your stating (as you desire it) that I have visited the School, and am deeply impressed with a sense of the vital importance of such Institutions. I have already taken measures for directing public attention to them, and urging their claims to the best of my ability.[†4]

There can be no objection either, to the announcement of Miss Coutts's Subscription.

As I have not yet seen Lord Sandon (who I believe is still absent from town) I would recommend you to say no more in reference to your wish to obtain a Government Grant, and your hopes of success, than that application has been made through a private channel.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Samuel Robert Starey.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 30 DECEMBER 1843*

MS Chicago University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirtieth December 1843.

My Dear Frederick.

You will find a *bed* in my dressing room on the Ground floor. The door will be on the latch; the gate open; and a light in the hall. I enclose you the latch key.

In consequence of your putting off your request about money to so late a moment, and my not returning home until after the time you mentioned, I have not known what to do about it. And I fear to send it you with this: feeling that so strange a letter is not unlikely to be opened at any rate. For a post office order there is no time. Therefore, as you say nothing on the subject, I think it best not to send it. Of course you can have it, when you arrive.

Kate and Georgy send their loves to all. Kate is but poorly, and keeps at home. There was some talk of a Maltonian[†1] hamper. If it has been sent, some fiend in human shape has got it, for we haven't.

The Carol is a prodigious success.

In haste, always affecy.

CD.

To H. G. ATKINSON,[†2] 1843

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1935; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1843.

Thanking him for kind remembrances.

To JOHN BRADFORD,[†3] 1843

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 617 (1908); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1843.

I am glad to learn that I have ever given you pleasure

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1843

Extract in George D. Smith catalogue, 1901; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 1843.

In case you should call to-morrow. I write a hasty line to tell you that contrary to my usual Sunday custom I shall not be at home.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [1843]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1843.

My Dear Mac

How in respect of dining at the Athenæum today? Can you call here, about 4?

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Wednesday Morning

Volume IV

1844 – 1846

1844

January

To THOMAS HOOD,[†1] [?1 JANUARY 1844]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1892. *Date:* answering Hood *to* CD (see *fn*), probably written Sun 31 Dec as copies of *Hood's Magazine* were available 30 Dec.

A thousand thanks for your kind and charming notice of the Carol.[†2] Take my advice, be energetic the right way, and I'll carol again when your magazine is a twelvemonth old.

To JAMES CLEPHAN,[†3] 2 JANUARY 1844

Text from N, I, 554.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park
January the Second, 1844

Dear Sir,

Pray assure the lady who has asked me through you for the enclosed autographs in furtherance of a benevolent object, that she is heartily welcome to them;[†4] and that I wish they were a far more valuable commodity.

I quite agree with you in your admiration of the forbearance and long-suffering of the poor—everyone who knows them must. Their outbreaks, whenever they recur, can surprise few, I think, but Governments and Parliaments, who are always disposed to virtuous wonder.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To C. C. FELTON,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1844†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* By The January Cunard Steamer | Professor Felton | Cambridge | Massachusetts | United States.

Devonshire Terrace London | Second January 1844

My very dear Felton.

You are a Prophet, and had best retire from business straightway. Yesterday Morning, New Year's Day, when I had walked into my little work room after breakfast, and was looking out of window at the Snow in the Garden—not seeing it particularly well in consequence of some staggering suggestions of last night's Punch and Turkey[†2] whereby I was beset—the Postman came to the door with a knock for which I damned him from my heart. Seeing your hand upon the cover of a letter which he brought, I immediately blessed him—presented him with a Glass of Whisky—inquired after his family (they are all well)—and opened the despatch, with a moist and oystery[†3] twinkle in my eye. And on the very day from which the new year dates, I read your New Year congratulations, as punctually as if you lived in the next house.—Why don't you!

Now, if instantly on the receipt of this, you will send a free and independent citizen down to the Cunard Wharf at Boston, you will find that Captain Hewett[†4] of the Britannia Steam Ship (*my* ship) has a small parcel for Professor Felton of Cambridge; and in that parcel you will find a Christmas Carol in Prose. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas by Charles Dickens.[†5] Over which Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens wept, and laughed, and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner, in the composition; and thinking whereof, he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed. [†a]He don't like America, I am told, but he has some friends there, as dear to him as any in England; so you may read it safely.[†a] Its success is most prodigious. And by every post, all manner of strangers write all manner of letters to him about their homes and hearths, and how this same Carol is read aloud there, and kept on a very little shelf by itself. Indeed it is the greatest success as I am told, that this Ruffian and Rascal has ever achieved.

Forster[†6] is out again—and if he don't go in again after the manner in which we have been keeping Christmas, he must be very strong indeed.[†7] Such dinings,

such dancings, such conjurings, such blindmans-buffiings, such theatre-goings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before. To keep the Chuzzlewit going, and do this little book, the Carol, in the odd times between two parts of it, was, as you may suppose, pretty tight work. But when it was done, I broke out like a Madman. And if you could have seen me at a children's party at Macready's[†1] the other night, going down a Country dance [†b]something longer than the Library at Cambridge[†b] with Mrs. M. you would have thought I was a country Gentleman of independent property, residing on a tip-top farm, with the wind blowing straight in my face every day.

[†c]We have not yet achieved that family performance I told you of; which I expect will come off in the course of next week. Kate is not quite as well as usual: being nervous and dull. But her health is perfectly good, and I am sure she might rally, if she would. I shall be much relieved when it is well over. In the mean time total abstinence from oysters seems to be the best thing for me; and good spirits for all of

us. She is much rejoiced to hear that Mrs. Felton continues to improve; and sends her cordial love. In which I, no less cordially, join.[†c]

Your friend, Mr. Parker[†2] dined with us one day (I don't know whether I told you this before?), and pleased us very much. Mr. Coleman[†3] has dined here once, and spent an evening here. I have not seen him lately, though he has called twice or thrice; for Kate being unwell, and I busy, we have not been visible at our accustomed seasons. I wonder whether Hamlet[†4] has ever fallen in your way. Poor Hamlet![†4] He was a good fellow, and has the most grateful heart, I ever met with. Our journeyings with Hamlet seem to be a dream, now. Talking of dreams, strange thoughts of Italy and France—and maybe Germany[†5]—are springing up within me, as the Chuzzlewit clears off. It's a secret I have hardly breathed to any one, but I "think" of leaving England for a year, next midsummer—bag and baggage, little ones and all—then coming out with *such* a story, Felton—all at once—no parts—sledge hammer blow.

I send you a Manchester paper,[†6] as you desire. The report is not exactly done, but very well done, notwithstanding. It was a very splendid sight, I assure you, and an awful-looking audience. I am going to preside at a similar Meeting

at Liverpool on the 26th. of next month; and on my way home, I may be obliged to preside at another at Birmingham. I will send you papers, if the reports be at all like the real thing.

[†d]Forster thought I should be very much surprised by what you told him of Lardner;[†1] but I was not. I don't know much of the man—but I know the country he is in, and think he acted with great sagacity.[†d†2]

I wrote to Prescott[†3] about his book, with which I was perfectly charmed. I think his descriptions, Masterly; his style, brilliant; his purpose, manly and gallant always. The introductory account of Aztec civilisation impressed me, exactly as it impressed you. From beginning to end, the whole History is enchanting and full of Genius. I only wonder that having such an opportunity of illustrating the Doctrine of Visible Judgments, he never remarks when Cortes and his men tumble the Idols down the Temple Steps and call upon the people to take notice that their Gods are powerless to help themselves[†4]—that possibly if some intelligent Native had tumbled down the Image of the Virgin or patron saint after them, nothing very remarkable might have ensued, in consequence.

Of course you like Macready.[†5] Your name's Felton. I wish you could [see][†6]

him play Lear. It is stupendously terrible. But I suppose he would be slow to act it, with the Boston Company.[†1]

Hearty remembrances to Sumner,[†2] Longfellow,[†3] Prescott, and all whom you know I love to remember. Countless happy years to you and yours, my dear Felton, and some instalment of them, however slight, in England, in the loving company of

The Proscribed One.
Oh breathe not his name[†4]

To RICHARD LANE,[†5] 2 JANUARY 1844

Composite text, from MS[†6] Sir John Nicholson (*aa*) and facsimile of complete letter (without subscription) in *Autographic Mirror*, 20 Feb 64, p. 7.[†7]

Devonshire Terrace | Second January 1844.

My Dear Sir

That is a very terrible case you tell me of. I would to God I could get at the parental heart of ——— ———,[†8] in which event I would so scarify it, that he should writhe again. But if I were to put such a father as he into a book, all the fathers going (and especially the [a]bad ones) would hold up their hands and protest against the unnatural caricature. I find that a great many people (particularly those who might have sat for the character) consider, even Mr. Pecksniff,[†9] a grotesque impossibility.[†10] And Mrs. Nickleby herself,[†11] sitting bodily before me in a solid chair, once asked me whether I really believed there ever was such a woman.[a†12]

So ———[†13] reviewing his own case, would not believe in Jonas Chuzzlewit. "I

like Oliver Twist," says ———[†1] "for I am fond of children. But the book is unnatural. For who would think of being cruel to poor little Oliver Twist!"

Nevertheless I will bear the Dog in my mind. And if I can hit him between the eyes so that he shall stagger more than you or I have done this Christmas under the combined effects of Punch and Turkey—I will.

[a]Thank you cordially for your note. Excuse this scrap of paper. I thought it was a whole sheet, until I turned over.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. J. Lane Esquire.[a]

To THOMAS MITTON,[†2] 2 JANUARY 1844*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Second January 1844.

My Dear Mitton

So long ago, as the Second of last month, I made an appointment with the Elton Treasurer[†3] pro tem, to go through his accounts tonight and discharge him, before transferring the Banker's account to the Trustees. I have only just now (5 o'Clock) been reminded of it; and as I don't know how long it may take (all other Prosers in the World are chickens to this man) I think it best to postpone coming to you until Thursday at the usual time.

The subscription in the City (*ex*clusive of the West End) for the Second Edition of the Carol,[†4] was 1500. They have consequently printed 3000 additional, instead of 2, making in all 9000, and not 8.

Hurrah, say I! As to the letters about it, there's no saying what *they* are.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD,[†5] 2 JANUARY 1844*

MS Authors' Club.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park. | Second January 1844.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, inviting me to attend a public Meeting at Birmingham in behalf of the Polytechnic Institution of that town.[†6]

I have read the Prospectus of the Institution with great interest. For I *know* that on the wise regulation and success of such Establishments, in such places, the future happiness and character of the people mainly depend; and that they are the most important and salutary influence at work for their improvement.

But honored as I feel by your communication, and gratified as I should be, to witness such a festival as you describe, in such a place as Birmingham, I regret to say that I cannot leave home at the time you mention. I have been requested, within this fortnight, to preside at a similar meeting at Liverpool, which was originally intended to have taken place early in the present month, but has been postponed until the 26th. of February, in consequence of my inability to leave town on an earlier day.

If your meeting had been fixed for the 27th. of February, or for the 28th. I should have been truly glad to take Birmingham in my way home. As it is, I can only thank you for your Invitation—assure you of my hearty and cordial sympathy with the Great object to which it relates—and hope for the pleasure of visiting Birmingham at some future time.[†1]

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Scholefield Esquire

To T. J. SERLE,[†2] 2 JANUARY [1844]

MS Mr Peter Brandt. *Date:* "1843" clearly CD's error for 1844.

Devonshire Terrace | Second January 1843.

My Dear Serle.

If I can come to you before you separate tonight—I will. But an engagement which I could not anticipate, renders it exceedingly improbable.

Will you therefore formally pass Mr. Perry's accounts, and discharge him of the same? If my signature should be necessary, I will attach it afterwards, of course. Perhaps if Mr. Perry signs an order to Coutts & Co. to the effect that the account is now to be transferred to the Three Trustees, subject to the drafts of any two of them,—and sends it to me for my signature and subsequent proceeding on—it will be the shortest course.

The Lady[†3] with whom the Ali Baba Miss Elton[†4] resides, has sent me the enclosed note. I answered it by saying that the Committee met tonight, and I had no doubt would readily comply with her request. We may make the sum a

part of Mr. Perry's accounts perhaps. I therefore enclose a blank cheque, with my signature.

I have received ten shillings additional, the amount of sundry Subscriptions, from Mr. John Reddish of the York and London Assurance Office.[†1] I have paid fifteen shillings for Three Insertions of the "Companion" advertisement in The Times.[†2] Whereby the Estate owes the Inimitable B. five shillings.

The advertisement will be inserted tomorrow, Friday, and Saturday. I have delayed it at Miss Elton's request, as the young lady was absent on a little recreation.

Dr. Elliotson[†3] reports his patient,[†4] getting on famously.

I don't know that I have anything else to say, except to send my remembrances and seasonable congratulations to our friends. Always My Dear Serle Yours and Theirs

CHARLES DICKENS

No room for the flourish. We must "suppose that"—as you say at Rehearsals.

To ALBERT SMITH,[†5] 2 JANUARY 1844*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Second January 1844.

Dear Sir

I hasten to thank you for your Three Volumes[†6] received last night, and for the courteous note accompanying them.

I read a specimen of a certain Miniature Magazine the other day (I believe you know something of it?) which entertained me very much indeed.[†1] It is full of a pleasant humour and capital observation.

That sounds so like the Evening Paper, that I am half disposed to write another note of Thanks. But I will defer it, on second thoughts, until you send me another Book.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Albert Smith Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 JANUARY 1844]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 314. *Date:* 3 Jan according to Forster.

Saying about sales of the Carol *that* two thousand of the three printed for second and third editions are already taken by the trade.[†2]

To W. C. MACREADY, 3 JANUARY 1844†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* By the Cunard Steam Packet for January | W. C. Macready Esqre. | To the Care of David Colden Esqre. | Laight Street | Hudson Square | New York | United States.[†3]

Devonshire Terrace | Third January 1844.

My very dear Macready.

You know all the news, and you know I love you; so I no more know why I write, than I do why I "come round" after the play to shake hands with you in your dressing-room. I say, *Come,* as if you were at this present moment the lessee of Drury Lane, and had Jones[†4] with a long face on one hand—Smith,[†5] elaborately explaining that everything in creation is a joint stock Company, on the other—the Inimitable B by the fire, in conversation with [†a]Serle—and Forster confidential with everybody about nothing particular.[†a] Well a day!—I see it all, and smell that extraordinary compound of odd scents peculiar to a theatre, which bursts upon me when I swing open the little door in the hall; accompanies me, as I meet perspiring supers in the narrow passage; goes with me, up the two

steps; crosses the stage; winds round the third entrance P.S.[†1] as I wind; and escorts me safely into your presence, where I find you *un*winding something slowly round and round your chest, which is so long that no man ever saw the end of it.[†2]

Oh that you had been in Clarence Terrace on Nina's birthday! Good God how we missed you, talked of you, drank your health, and wondered what you were doing! Perhaps you are Falkland enough (I swear I suspect you of it) to feel rather sore—just a little bit you know; the merest trifle in the world—on

hearing that Mrs. Macready looked brilliant—blooming, young, and handsome; and that she danced a country dance with the writer hereof (Acres to your Falkland) in a thorough spirit of beaming good humour and enjoyment.[†3] Now you don't like to be told that? Nor do you quite like to hear that Forster and I conjured bravely—that a hot plum pudding was produced from an empty saucepan, held over a blazing fire, kindled in Stanfield's[†4] hat, without damage to the lining—that a box of bran was changed into a live Guinea Pig, which ran between my God child's[†5] feet, and was the cause of such a shrill uproar and clapping of hands that you might have heard it (and I daresay did) in America—that three half crowns being taken from Major Burns[†6] and put into a tumblerglass before his eyes did then and there give jingling answers unto questions asked of them by me, and knew where you were, and what you were doing; to the unspeakable admiration of the whole assembly.[†7] Neither do you quite like to be told that we are going to do it again, next Saturday, with the addition of Demoniacal dresses from a Masquerade Shop.[†8] Nor, that Mrs. Macready, for her gallant bearing always, and her best sort of best affection, is the best creature I know. Never mind. No man shall gag me; and those are my opinions.

My dear Macready, the lecturing proposition[†9] is not to be thought of. I have not the slightest doubt or hesitation in giving you my most strenuous and decided advice, against it. [†b]I am not at all clear, even of its success in America, for as it is invariably the characteristic of low, coarse, and mean minds in the circle of one's own acquaintance to delight in new faces and change of friends, so it is one of the most striking features in that low, coarse, and mean Nation to be perpetually playing skittles with different sets of Idols. And I am by no

means sure, that *any* second visit of yours to any place for any purpose will be the success it ought to be, and would, with people of a higher standard, most indubitably prove. But setting aside this, *and looking only to its effect at home*,[†b] I am immoveable in my conviction that the impression it would produce would be one of failure, and a reduction of yourself to the level of those who do the like here. To us who know the Boston names and honor them, and who know Boston and like it (Boston is what I would have the whole United States to be) the Boston requisition would be a valuable document of which you and your friends might well be proud. But these names are perfectly unknown to the public here, and would produce not the least effect. The only thing known to the public here, is, that they ask (when I say "they", I mean the people) everybody to lecture. It is one of the things I have ridiculed in Chuzzlewit.[†1] Lecture, you, and you fall into the roll of Lardners, Vandenhoffs,[†2] Eltons,[†3] Knowleses,[†4] Buckinghams.[†5]—You are off your pedestal, have flung away your glass slipper, and changed your triumphal coach into a seedy old pumpkin. I am quite sure of it, and cannot express my strong conviction, in language of sufficient force.

"Puff-ridden"! Why to be sure they are. The Nation is a miserable Sindbad, and its boasted press (the braggarts!) the loathsome, foul old man upon his back. And yet [†c]with that extraordinary disregard of Truth, that monstrous audacity of assertion, which makes a Gentleman in heart so rare a man among the people,[†c] they will tell you, and proclaim to the four winds, for repetition here, that they don't heed their ignorant and brutal papers. As if the papers could exist if they didn't heed them! [†d]As if a man could live in the United States a month, and not see the whole country is led and driven by a herd of rascals, who are the human lice of God's creation![†d†6] Let any two of these vagabonds in any town you go to, take it into their heads to make you an object of attack, or to direct the general attention elsewhere, and what avail those wonderful images of passion which you have been all your life perfecting, [†e]and which I no more believe

the rotten heart of that false land is capable of feeling, otherwise than as a fashion, a fancy, than I believe, or ever did believe, it made a distinction between me and Fanny Elssler,[†7] or between her and La Fayette. Pah! I never knew what it was to feel disgust and contempt, 'till I travelled in America.[†e]

— IV - 12 —

I have sent you, to the charge of our trusty and well-beloved Colden,[†1] a little book I published on the 17th.[†2] of December, and which has been a most prodigious success—the greatest, I think, I have ever achieved. It pleases me to think that it will bring you Home for an hour or two. And I long to hear you have read it, on some quiet morning. Do they allow you to be quiet, by the way? "Some of our most fash'nable people Sir", denounced me awfully, for liking to be alone sometimes.

Now that we have turned Christmas, I feel as if your face were directed homewards, Macready. The downhill part of the road is before us now, and we shall travel on to midsummer at a dashing pace. [†f]Damn them, I can't damage you by coming with open arms to Liverpool[†3] (for you won't be going back again in a hurry, much as you relish them);[†f] and please Heaven I will be there, when you come steaming up the Mersey, with that red funnel smoking out unutterable things, and your heart much fuller than your trunks, though something lighter! If I be not the first Englishman to shake hands with you on English Ground, the man who gets before me will be a brisk and active fellow, and even then need put his best leg foremost. So I warn Forster to keep in the rear, or he'll be blown.

If you should have any leisure to project, and put on paper, the outline of a scheme for opening any Theatre on your return, upon a certain List Subscribed, and on certain understandings with the actors, it strikes me that it would be well to break ground, while you are still away. Of course I need not say that I will see anybody or do anything—even to the calling together of the actors—if you should ever deem it desirable. My opinion is, that our respected and valued friend Mr. Bunn, will stagger through another season, if he don't rot first. I understand he is in a partial state of decomposition at this minute. He was very ill, but got better.[†4] How is it that Bunns always *do* get better, and strong hearts are so easy to die!

[†g]Burn this letter, lest it should be abstracted from your desk (as Jeffrey's pocket book was) and published in a newspaper.[†5] Being confidentially addressed to yourself, it would be very extensively read. I hope you saw Mr. Park Benjamin[†6] in New York—a literary gentleman, and "smart", oh very smart. Also Mr. James Gordon Bennet[†7] (think of his proposing to Chapman and Hall

— IV - 13 —

to publish his travels in England!)[†1] and Colonel Webb,[†2] and all that holy brotherhood.[†g] Kate sends her tender love. So does Georgy. So does Charley, so does Mamy, so does Katey, so does Walter, so does the other one who is to be born next week. Look homeward always, as we look abroad to you. God bless you my dear Macready. Ever your affectionate friend

C.D.

To LAMAN BLANCHARD,[†3] 4 JANUARY 1844

MS Mr Douglas Jerrold.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth January 1844.

My Dear Blanchard

I cannot thank you enough for the beautiful manner, and the true spirit of friendship, in which you have noticed my Carol.[†4] But I *must* thank you, because you have filled my heart up to the brim, and it is running over.

You meant to give me great pleasure, my dear fellow, and you have done it. The tone of your elegant and fervent praise has touched me in the tenderest place. I cannot write about it; and as to talking of it, I could no more do that, than a dumb man. I have derived inexpressible gratification from what I know and feel was a labour of love on your part. And I can never forget it.

When I think it likely that I may meet you (perhaps at Ainsworth's[†5] on Friday?) I shall slip a Carol into my pocket, and ask you to put it among your books for my sake.[†6] You will never like it the less for having made it the means of so much happiness to me.

Always My Dear Blanchard | Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Laman Blanchard Esquire

To FREDERICK DICKENS,[†1] 4 JANUARY 1844*

MS L. & H. Nathan Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourth January 1844.

My Dear Fred

Will you, and can you, make it convenient to go to the Lowther Rooms[†2] for me, after the receipt of this; upon the following errand.

I want to hire for twelfth night, a Magician's Dress—that is to say a black cloak with hieroglyphics on it—some kind of doublet to wear underneath—a grave black beard—and a high black sugar-loaf hat—and a wand with a snake on it, or some such thing. Forster wants a similar set of garments in fiery red. Anything between these and the dress of Mephistopheles will suit him, but it must be blazing red, or have a good deal of red in it. Also he wants a jolly mask—such as Wieland[†3] would have if he were a grinning spirit. He must be able to see well out of it. Our legs we don't care for.

I have been to Nathan's myself, but they have not such things. The production of my card will materially assist you with the Lowther Vagabond,[†4] I dare say. But I want to know the cost, and must have the things sent up for inspection, that I may be quite sure they are of the right sort.

If you can effect this wonderful work, fifty people are expected to fall into fits.

Affectionately Always

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Don't *leave* my card if you can't get the dresses. For they'll stick it up in the chimney glass of some [se.][†5]

To THOMAS MITTON, 4 JANUARY 1844*

MS Private. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Fourth January 1844

My Dear Mitton.

I must come down to you this *morning,* some time before dinner, and between 3 and 4. For I have a cold upon me, which makes me afraid to go out at night. My chest is raw, my head dizzy, and my nose incomprehensible. I tried hot

water to my feet last night, but I could not sleep. And this morning I can hardly hold up my watery old eyes. I must see what a Warm Bath will do tonight.

Faithfully Always

CD

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To SIR GEORGE HAYTER,[†1] 5 JANUARY 1844

Text from N, I, 558.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park

Fifth January 1844

Dear Sir,

However kindly and well you understand my little work, believe me that you have a most imperfect understanding of its author, if you suppose that he can ever, in public or in private, derive anything but satisfaction from the receipt of your earnest note. I am happy to say that I have received very many letters to the same effect; but not one among them has given me greater pleasure than that to which your name is appended.

I thank you *sincerely* and am always

Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To R. R. M'IAN,[†2] 5 JANUARY 1844*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifth January 1844.

My Dear McIan.

Pray tell the fair authoress of the Quadrupeds' Pic Nic,[†3] that I am greatly obliged to her for sending me that pretty little book. I have put it into the very small hands of my Son and Heir, who is delighted with it—which I take to be a kind of bud of good taste in the Young Plant.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R. R. McIan

To THOMAS MITTON, 7 JANUARY 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventh January 1844
Sunday Night.

My Dear Mitton.

I received the enclosed letter from Bradburys, *and* the enclosed yellow book[†1] on Saturday afternoon at about Four o'Clock.[†2]

I have not the least doubt that if these Vagabonds[†3] can be stopped, they must be. So let us go to work in such terrible earnest that everything must tumble down before it.

First, register the copyright as mine.[†4]

Secondly, will you get an *immediate* opinion from some man, learned in Injunction matters?[†5] If he be a man who has a taste for Literature besides, so much the better. Should it be favorable, let us instantly apply for an injunction[†6] or their second number will be out.[†7] If we could have a conversation with the Counsel, it would be well that I, who know the original book, should be present. And I certainly would be in court too, as I know the V. C.[†8] and would wish to shew that I have a strong feeling in the matter.

I shall not leave home all the morning: expecting a summons from you. I have written on a piece of paper, and slipped into the yellow book, a few remarks that occur to me. Let us be *sledge-hammer*[†9] in this, or I shall be beset by hundreds of the same crew, when I come out with a long story.

Faithfully Always
CD

First.[†1] To observe the title on the first page of the story under the wood cut, and Secondly the Advertisement on the bottom of the wrapper at the back.

[That the story] is precisely the same and the characters the same and the names the same with the exception of the name Fezziwig, which is printed F*u*zziwig. That the incidents are the same, and follow in the same order.

That very frequently indeed (I have marked some of the instances) the language is the same. That where it is not, it is weakened, degraded; made tame, vile, ignorant, and mawkish.

[And] I particularly wish it to be put to the [Judge] and to the Counsel, that this is a [material] part of my damage and complaint. That with the idea (though not, as I think, with the effect) of evading the letter of the law in such matters, my book is made to appear a wretched, meagre, miserable thing; and is still hawked about with my title and my name—with my characters, my incidents, and whole design.[†2]

To DR GEORGE SHRENBURGH,[†3] 9 JANUARY 1844

Extract in N, I, 560 and Sotheby's catalogue, July 1912; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 9 Jan 44.

I believe my publishers facilitate the German translations[†4] of my writings, by sending early sheets to certain German booksellers.[†5] But this is a matter of arrangement between them. The books are translated in Germany, and the enterprise is not mine, or my publishers', but originates with German houses of business.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 9 JANUARY 1844

MS Mr Philo Calhoun.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth January 1844.

My Dear Stanfield

Is your Leg really bad, or did you merely want to keep at home, when our friend W. H. A.[†1] asked you to dine with him?

I was coming up to you today to make this enquiry, but was detained abroad until dinner time, swearing affidavits against a Gang of Robbers who have been printing the Carol; and against whom the most energetic vengeance of the Inimitable B, is solemnly (and lawfully) denounced.

Send me a line—literally, a line or word—in answer.

With best regards to all. | Faithfully Yours Ever

My Dear Stanfield

Philo Forecastle.[†2]

P.S. I think of going back to the Garrick; having received earnest invitations from the Committee.[†3] What do you say? Umph?

P.P.S. We expect, every hour, to have a Baby born here.[†4] If anything happens while I am putting this in the envelope, I'll write the Sex in large text, outside.

To THOMAS MITTON, 11 JANUARY 1844

Facsimile in *Black & White,* 21 Dec 1901.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thursday Evening Eleventh January | 1844.

My Dear Mitton

It has been most brilliantly and promptly done. I am glad to find that the Publishers are frightened.[†5]

Meet Mr. Cross[†1] of Surrey Street, with doubled fists, and peg away at him Right and Left. I think it very likely the printers are in earnest. At all events let us seem to suppose so, and hold out no appearance of an idea of anything but War to the Knife.

I am planning and scheming my No tonight, and shall begin (I hope) in good earnest tomorrow Morning.[†2] I shall expect to hear from you when anything occurs.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS HANNAH MEREDITH,[†3] 13 JANUARY 1844

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning
Thirteenth January 1844.

My Dear Miss Meredith.

I am truly grieved (though not surprised) to hear of Lady Burdett's death.[†4] I have very often thought of Miss Coutts[†5] in her long and arduous attendance upon her poor Mother; and but that I know how such hearts as hers are sustained in such duties, should have feared for her health. For her peace of mind in this and every trial, and for her gentle fortitude always, no one who knows her truly, can be anxious in the least. If she has not the materials of comfort and consolation within herself, there are no such things in any creature's nature.

I am much concerned for Sir Francis;[†6] but he has a strong mind and a young spirit; and I hope will rally soon.

Let me thank you for your kind remembrance of me at such a time. I value it very much, and am exceedingly grateful to you.

Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards. She is in hourly expectation of her confinement, but I trust is pretty well. Charley and his sisters are in rude health, and beg to add their loves.

Believe me Dear Miss Meredith

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Meredith.

To THOMAS MITTON, 13 JANUARY 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Thirteenth January | 1844.

My Dear Mitton

They are the damndest rascals in the World, one and all.[†1] If we do not trounce them, all I can say, is, that the English Law in these matters is even worse than I take it to be. And it does not need to be that.

We had a corresponding case—corresponding I mean to that of the Liverpool Albion[†2]—with a Birmingham paper[†3] once. I do not remember the exact circumstances, but I know they made submission. I will go carefully over the Piracy,[†4] and let you have it on Monday. Sometime on that day, I will certainly come down. The parcel shall be sent on to you, the first thing on Monday Morning. You may perhaps think it worth while to ask Chapman and Hall to tell you exactly what occurred.

The passages you have marked, don't seem to me as important as they do to you. If the Carol don't fix them, nothing will.[†5]

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, [15 JANUARY 1844]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* the Monday after the appearance of No. 18 of *Parley's,* presumably on 13 Jan when No. 17 would have been published but for the injunction.

Devonshire T. | Monday afternoon

My Dear Mitton

No. 18 of Parley's is out with this Inscription on the front "that for reasons stated on the back, No. 17 will not be published until next week."[†6] If you have not seen this, will you let one of your people buy a Copy. The wording of the notice *may* serve our end.

Faithfully Ever

To GEORGE BERGER, [16 JANUARY 1844]

Mention in *To* Mitton, 17 Jan 44.

To JOHN FORSTER, 17 JANUARY 1844

Text from F, IV, i, 300.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE,[†1] *Seventeenth of January*, 1844. FELLOW COUNTRYMEN![†2] The appeal with which you have honoured me, awakens within my breast emotions that are more easily to be imagined than described. Heaven bless you. I shall indeed be proud, my friends, to respond to such a requisition. I had withdrawn from Public Life—I fondly thought for ever—to pass the evening of my days in hydropathical pursuits, and the contemplation of virtue. For which latter purpose, I had bought a looking-glass.—But, my friends, private feeling must ever yield to a stern sense of public duty. The Man is lost in the Invited Guest, and I comply. Nurses, wet and dry; apothecaries; mothers-in-law; babbies;[†3] with all the sweet (and chaste) delights of private life; these, my countrymen, are hard to leave. But you have called me forth, and I will come. Fellow countrymen, your friend and faithful servant, CHARLES DICKENS.

To THOMAS MITTON, 17 JANUARY 1844*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth January 1844.

My Dear Mitton

First and foremost, I enclose a letter from "the Defendant Berger"[†4] marked "Gammon", and an answer thereunto, marked "Spinach", which was posted before 8 this morning.

The Boston Dinner was on the 1st. of February 1842. The name of the gentleman who produced the Piracy, is Doctor Palfrey.[†5]

I made the enquiry of Forster as I came home last night whether I had ever mentioned the receipt of such a book as Hewitt's to him. Without making it matter of recollection, at all, he distinctly says as a point of fact that he is certain I never did, and that he never saw or heard of any such thing. Considering that I never mentioned it to you either, and that you were both so much here, immediately before my going to America, I believe said Hewitt lies.[†6]

But I should be uneasy if I swore that too strongly. To say nothing of its having occurred to me as being just barely and wildly possible that I *might* have written even, acknowledging the receipt of some book called Parley's Something or other—really without knowing what it contained—and that a Vagabond like this, may actually have such a letter to produce. I should therefore like you to alter the affidavit to this effect—"But this Deponent has *Great Doubts* of the correctness of that part" &c—"and founds his doubts upon the following circumstances &c". And then after they are all stated, and after the words "before or since", Insert this. "At the same time this Deponent is bound to admit that he is at all times in the constant receipt of very strange communications and that it is possible though not as he considers probable that the said book may have been sent to him as aforesaid and may have reached his hands and may have been by him immediately laid aside or hastily thrown into the fire as an impertinence. But he again saith that although he has a good memory he has no recollection whatever of any such circumstance as that deposed to by the said Hewitt and certainly never possessed himself of the contents of any such book otherwise than as aforesaid at Boston in America."[†1]

This will reserve the distinct charge of falsehood for his other Lie,[†2] & will be better every way.

At what time?

Affecy. always

CD.

To DR F. H. F. QUIN,[†3] [?17 JANUARY 1844]

Text from Edward Hamilton, *A Memoir of Frederick Hervey Foster Quin M. D.*, privately printed, 1879, p. 50. *Date:* soon after 15 Jan ("new babby") and before CD had progressed far with Feb No., still in progress Sat 20 Jan: see *To* Lady Holland, that day. Not 18 or 19 Jan as "Friday" mentioned.

Devonshire Terrace.

My dear Quin,

You know as I am of a convivial turn, and should be delighted to dine with

you on Friday, but I have a cold in my head, a new babby in the house, six chancery suits on my hands, and my next number unborn and unbegotten.

Distractedly yours,

Rebecca.[†1]

To WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD, 17 JANUARY 1844*

MS Cornell University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth January 1844.

Dear Sir

I shall be happy to preside at the Birmingham Meeting, or to do anything (in an honest way) that the Committee desire.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Scholefield Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 18 JANUARY 1844

MS Chas J. Sawyer Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth January 1844.

My Dear Mitton.

I am not at all clear about that: being naturally averse to putting any one over Talfourd's head.[†2] If I retained Wilde[†3] (after consultation with Talfourd to prevent his being against us, if T thinks right, and *without any kind of suggestion from me*) I would retain the next best Queen's Counsel junior to Talfourd, also, and have three of them. The extra fee makes very little difference.

Why can't it be in the Queen's Bench.[†4] Lord Denman[†5] really likes me, and has an interest in me. He is a man of the world, and would be better up to their "Literary" witnesses than Tindal,[†6] I think.

I wish to God you would come *here,* from Westminster, and take what you can get, in the Study, for dinner. You and Kate must join hands when she is

about again, and I see no reason why we should make any further difficulty of a bad business from beginning to end.[†1]

Affecy. always
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 JANUARY 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 321. *Date:* 18 Jan, "after leaving the court", according to Forster.

The pirates are beaten flat. They are bruised, bloody, battered, smashed, squelched, and utterly undone. Knight Bruce would not hear Talfourd, but instantly gave judgment. He had interrupted Anderdon constantly by asking him to produce a passage which was not an expanded or contracted idea from my book. And at every successive passage he cried out, "That is Mr. Dickens's case. Find another!" He said that there was not a shadow of doubt upon the matter. That there was no authority which would bear a construction in their favour; the piracy going beyond all previous instances. They might mention it again in a week, he said, if they liked, and might have an issue if they pleased; but they would probably consider it unnecessary after that strong expression of his opinion.[†2] Of course I will stand by what we have agreed as to the only terms of compromise with the printers. I am determined that I will have an apology for their affidavits.[†3] The other men may pay their costs and get out of it, but I will stick to my friend the author.[†4]

To T. J. SERLE, [18] JANUARY 1844

MS Mr Peter Brandt. *Date:* Thurs was 18 Jan; presumably the day rather than the date is correct.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday January Nineteen | 1844.

My Dear Serle.

My individual opinion is distinctly opposed to the settlement of Miss Angell's claim.[†1] No such thing was contemplated by the donors of the Money. And if we have run a risk in respect of Fifty Pounds, that is no reason, to me, for making it Seventy.

The family seems to be of an odd kind, and especially liable to odd influences. I shall take an opinion about the possibility of any one among them who may have less of the Fund than another, putting me into chancery one of these fine days, before I formally accept my Trustee Ship.

I don't value M'Ian's idea that nobody else would come forward if we paid Miss Angell—one peppercorn. He is a very good fellow, and I like him much. But if there be two commodities with which he is especially unfurnished, I should say they were judgment and discretion.

We must formally debate Miss A, and vote pro and con, when we meet. At Forsters let it be.

Yours up to his eyes in work

CD

To THOMAS MITTON, [19 JANUARY 1844]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly the day before the publication of Mitton's letter to the press: see *fn*; handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morng

My Dear Mitton

Turn over leaf. If you should think it right to send that letter, will you do so? If the mistakes be repeated in any other paper, it should go to that paper too.[†2]

The brief and Short Hand Writer's Notes,[†1] deliver to Topping,[†2] separate from your note to me. I want him to leave them at Forster's, that he may read them.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Any time between this and 8 at night, will do for the Newspapers.

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 JANUARY 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 321-2. *Date:* "two days later" than letter of ?18 Jan according to Forster.

The farther affidavits put in by way of extenuation by the printing rascals *are* rather strong, and give one a pretty correct idea of what the men must be who hold on by the heels of literature.[†3] Oh! the agony of Talfourd at Knight Bruce's not hearing him! He had sat up till three in the morning, he says, preparing his speech; and would have done all kinds of things with the affidavits. It certainly was a splendid subject. We have heard nothing from the vagabonds yet.[†4] I once thought of printing the affidavits without a word of comment, and sewing them up with *Chuzzlewit.* Talfourd is strongly disinclined to compromise with the printers[†5] on any terms. In which case it would be referred to the master[†6] to ascertain what profits had been made by the piracy, and to order the same to be paid to me. But wear and tear of law is my consideration.

To LADY HOLLAND,[†1] 20 JANUARY 1844*

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth January 1844

Dear Lady Holland.

Pray do not think me neglectful, in not having answered your kind note before now. Certain vagabonds have recently produced a flagrant and most audacious piracy of the Carol; and being resolved to put it down, I plunged immediately into *Six* Chancery Suits.[†2] One is usually considered very good measure, in respect of irritation and anxiety; but half a dozen at a time have quite a powerful effect, I assure you.

I have come off victorious in all points yet decided, but have been busying myself so much in getting up the case that I have delayed my Monthly Work beyond all precedent, and am now, and have been since the receipt of your note, in the full tide of it. This is the real occasion of my not having seen you; and this prevents me from having the pleasure of accepting your kind Invitation to Dinner on Sunday.[†3] I shall not fail to call upon you as soon as I have finished; and I hope to be at large again, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to say, that she is much gratified by your enquiries; and that she is as well as it is possible to be. We had some apprehensions beforehand, as she was exceedingly depressed and frightened; but thank God that all passed off before the reality.

I took Serjeant Talfourd out of his own Court,[†4] to lead my Chancery cases. Knight Bruce, who was the Judge, understood the matter so perfectly, and appreciated the Piracy so well, that he did not require to

hear Talfourd at all. Which I think was a prodigious disappointment to the Serjeant who had made up his mind for a great speech.

I am always Dear Lady Holland | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.

To MRS PROCTER,[†5] 22 JANUARY 1844*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Twenty Second January | 1844.

My Dear Mrs. Procter

Your kind note coming in, met, or might have met, a man in spectacles[†6] going

out. And *to* the man in spectacles, the unhappy writer hereof had said "Dine with me on Sunday next at 6."—to which the man in spectacles made answer, "Yes! I will!" Moreover the man in spectacles said he would bring his sister. For which, may my curse—a father's curse—!

At this crisis the five children are borne in. They twine themselves about my legs; the nurse seizes my outstretched arm; I relax—look upon my offspring —become penitent—burst into tears. At the same moment the man with the spectacles, happening to come back for his gloves (which he left behind him) looks in at the cottage window. He raises his arm and eyes, as invoking a blessing upon the family. I am heard to sob "My Love to Procter",[†1] and the Curtain comes down very slowly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Procter.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD,[†2] 23 JANUARY 1844

Extract in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, Feb 1963; *MS* 3 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 23 Jan 44.

Enclosing something unidentified[†3] *which he had intended to send to Jerrold out of town; because of delays, he is now sending it to him on his return.* Forster tells me that Bradbury told him that you are "discharged cured".[†4] Is it true? I have faith in Hydropathy[†5] myself—drink cold water night and morning—and pour it down my back besides . . . I can't tell you how often I read, Brown, Jones, and

Robinson,[†1] whereunto I solemnly called Horne's[†2] attention[†3] t'other day. It is full of melancholy and pain to me, but its truth and wisdom are prodigious.[†4]

To MISS HANNAH MEREDITH, 24 JANUARY 1844*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fourth January 1844.

My Dear Miss Meredith

Will you kindly let me know, by a brief verbal message, how Miss Coutts really is.[†5] I need not offer an apology to you, for wishing to hear as an anxious friend, and not as a formal caller.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Meredith

To ARTHUR RYLAND,[†6] 24 JANUARY 1844*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fourth January | 1844.

Sir.

Let me thank you cordially, for your earnest and welcome communication in reference to my little Christmas Carol. It has given me real pleasure, I assure you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,[†7] 25 JANUARY 1844

MS Lytton Papers.

Athenaeum.
Thursday afternoon | Twenty Fifth January 1844.

My Dear Sir Edward.

I received your kind cheque yesterday, in behalf of the Elton Family; and am much indebted to you on their behalf.

Pray do not believe that the least intentional neglect has prevented me from calling on you, or that I am not sincerely desirous to avail myself of any opportunity of cultivating your friendship. I venture to say this to you in an unaffected and earnest spirit, and I hope it will not be displeasing to you.

At the time when you called[†1] and for many weeks afterwards, I was so closely occupied with my little Carol (the idea of which had just occurred to me) that I never left home before the owls went out; and led quite a solitary life. When I began to have a little time, and to go abroad again, I knew that you were in affliction, and I then thought it better to wait, even before I left a card at your door, until the pressure of your distress had passed.[†2]

I fancy a reproachful spirit in your note—possibly because I know that I may appear to deserve it. But *do* let me say to you that it would give me real pain to retain the idea that there was any coldness between us, and that it would give me heartfelt satisfaction to know the reverse.

I shall make a personal descent[†3] upon you before Sunday, in the hope of telling you this myself. But I cannot rest easy without writing it also. And if this should lead to a better knowledge in each of us, of the other, believe me that I shall always look upon it as something I have long wished for.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer.

To THEODORE COMPTON,[†4] 26 JANUARY 1844

Text from N, I, 563.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park
Twenty-Sixth January 1844

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter together with a copy of the address of the National Temperance Society.

Believe me that I honour and esteem the efforts of the honest advocates of

Temperance, and am convinced that they have been productive of inestimable benefits to society. But in restraining Drunkards, I do not see the wisdom or the justice of depriving sober men of that which *moderately used,* is undoubtedly a cheerful, social, harmless, pleasant thing—often tending to kindness of feeling and openness of heart. If I were a Drunkard, I would take the pledge. If I had a drunkard in my family or service I would urge him by all means to do the like. But I can no more concur in the philosophy of reducing all mankind to one total abstainment level, than I can yield to that monstrous doctrine which sets down as the *consequences* of Drunkenness, fifty thousand miseries which are, as all reflective persons know, and daily see, the wretched *causes* of it.

Those who insist upon total abstinence shut me out from the possibility of helping them. I will gladly add my small subscription to your funds if I could do so, consistently with the principle I maintain, that all sober men should be left in possession of their sober enjoyments—of which there are not so many in this world of six working days to one day's rest, that we can afford to diminish them lightly. But you

won't have that. You require me to bind myself to an unreasonable adaptation to all sorts and conditions of men, of one sweeping measure. And I am quite serious in saying that I cannot get it into my mind, that this is just or wise.[†1]

The position that Beer, Spirits, and Wine are not natural to man, is poor and unfair. Shew me any Total Abstainer at his dinner and I will shew you fifty things making their way into his digestive organs, which are as foreign to his natural condition as the clothes he wears.

The certificate of the medical Gentleman bearing testimony to the injurious effects of even the most temperate use of liquor, might be applied with equal truth to scores of eatables in which I see my total abstaining friends continually revelling.

I am, Sir, | Yours faithfully, and obliged
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. B. HODGSON,[†2] 26 JANUARY 1844*

MS B. H. Blackwell Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth January 1844.

Dear Sir.

Let me thank you for your valuable addition to the kind letter of Mr. Yates.[†3] I have answered it by this day's post.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. B. Hodgson Esquire

To [R. V.] YATES, 26 JANUARY 1844

Mention in last.

To MRS CARLYLE,[†1] 27 JANUARY 1844

MS National Library of Scotland.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty Seventh January 1844.

My Dear Mrs. Carlyle.

Your note has no date; but if it had, I fear the figures would look reproachfully upon a man of modest merit like myself. So I am very glad it has not. I should have written to you long ago, but have been so much engaged in another kind of Penmanship, that I have not answered a letter this fortnight. Yours is the thirty eighth in the batch. Forgive me!

I don't know how it was, but I certainly did most strongly suspect the expediency of taking that story about our friend,[†2] quite literally, when you and I were audience to the same. And consequently I did not back a vague suggestion thrown out by Titmarsh, touching a Subscription List in behalf of its unfortunate subject.[†3] Perhaps it arose from my knowledge of the man (meaning Robertson) the tendency of whose manner certainly is to impress one with the idea that he is in the last stage of fasting, and exists upon the very smallest independence that can be stated in figures. I had picked him up one day in Bond Street, not long before; and such a watery, washed-out, vapid old rag of

humanity, never presented itself before my mental vision. A bottle of wine left without a cork for twelve months—a vat full of Ginger Beer without the effervescing quality—an Atlantic of the feeblest milk and water, lukewarm—are figures of speech, perfectly inadequate to the expression of my feelings concerning the Projector of the Great Literary Association. I fancy that if I met him in the street within five minutes after his receiving an announcement of somebody having left him twenty thousand pounds, I should feel disposed (looking upon that meek face, and observing the gasp and struggle, which precedes all his codfish-like attempts at speech), to press half a crown into his hand, wring it, burst into tears, and run away.

I really, therefore, am not surprised at Thackeray's having, in perfect good feeling, mistaken him. But I quite agree with you that he ought to have been very sure indeed, before mentioning such a circumstance even to yourself and me.

Your countrywoman is going on very favorably—though with Northern caution and slowness. She sends her love, and hopes to come and see you as soon as she is well.

Remember me affectionately to Carlyle. I am glad he saw that American General.[†1] I am quite serious when I say that it is *impossible,* following them in their own direction, to caricature that people. I lay down my pen in despair sometimes when I read what I have done, and find how it halts behind my own recollection.[†2]

The Guinea Pig is dead! He left it in his will that he believed conjuring had done it; but that he forgave his enemies, and died (he was a very small Pig you know) believing in the whole Bench of Bishops.—Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MACVEY NAPIER,[†3] 27 JANUARY 1844

MS British Museum.

Athenaeum | Twenty Seventh January 1844

My Dear Sir

A very intimate and valued friend of mine—Mr. Forster, the author of the Lives of the Statesmen of The Commonwealth: who does the literary portion of Fonblanque's[†4] paper, the Examiner—is desirous of propounding to you a subject

on which he wishes to write an article for the Edinburgh;[†1] and has asked me to make him known to you. What is the best mode of doing so? Shall I ask you whether his notion is agreeable? or shall I tell him that he may consider himself introduced?

A word in reply, will oblige me.

I am thinking of my little paper,[†2] and shall not fail to be punctual.

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier.

To LORD JEFFREY,[†3] [?LATE JANUARY 1844]

Mention in Jeffrey *to* CD, 1 Feb 44; Lord Cockburn, *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, II, 382. *Date:* probably shortly before 1 Feb since Jeffrey is unlikely to have delayed in replying.

Asking Jeffrey to be godfather to his newly-born son and telling him that Catherine wished it.[†4]

To LAMAN BLANCHARD, 29 JANUARY 1844

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Morning | January Twenty Nine 1844.

My Dear Blanchard

It was a joke of Forster's. He wanted me to play it off upon you, but I hadn't the heart.

When I went down to my Solicitor's, the first thing said, was, '*Who*[†5] do you think has made an affidavit?'—'God knows. Bunn?'—'Your friend Mr. Blanchard' —'D____d nonsense'—'Oh but he has. And there an't two Laman

Blanchards, for I went down to Serjeant Talfourd's directly, and his clerk says there's only one, and it's your friend'.!!![†1]

But you can't see the cream of the thing, without seeing the affidavit itself. Oh my stars!

I am in for it now; and I dare say (through the villainy of the Law, which after declaring me robbed, obliges me to bring an action against men from whom it demands no security for the expences to which I shall be put) am in a fair way to lose Three Hundred Pounds or so. Never mind. I declare War against the Black Flag; and down it shall come, if strong and constant hauling will do it.[†2]

Here is the little book[†3] my dear Blanchard, which pray put upon your shelves for the love of Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Laman Blanchard Esquire

To MRS S. C. HALL,[†4] 29 JANUARY 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Twenty Ninth January | 1844.

My Dear Mrs. Hall

I heartily wish you success in your new Undertaking.[†5] There can be no doubt that if its high end be not too much insisted on, or held too prominently before the readers' eyes, it will do great good. And I think, myself, that the opening is a wide one with rich promise about it.

But I am sorry to add that journeying towards the same goal, I have different

paths before me, and cannot bear you company. The occupation I have at this time on my hands, will keep me in employment until June; and after that, I have a hope of working out some cherished projects which are almost as old as myself, and which, if entered on, will be a twelvemonth's task.[†1]

Kate desires her best regards to you, and Mr. Hall, and Mrs. Fielding.[†2] She has been going on slowly, but always well; and I hope has now begun to stride in good seven-league earnest.[†3]

I must come out one day, and see the little Elton's.[†4] You promised to introduce me to Miss Rogers,[†5] so I shall ring your bell, in the hope of not disturbing you.

Dear Mrs. Hall. | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. J. SERLE, 29 JANUARY 1844

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Morning January Twenty Nine | 1844.

My Dear Serle.

Have you done with my Maurice Morgann on Falstaff?[†6] I want to lend it to Charles Kemble.[†7]

Is it not *one* Elton we wish to advertize for? I will do it at once, and head the advertizement P R E M I U M [†8]—which, in the critical language of the day, looks rather "soul-stirring", I think?

Faithfully Always

CD.

T. J. Serle Esquire

February

To MRS S. C. HALL, 1 FEBRUARY 1844†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | First February 1844

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

I fear it is not possible for me to comply with your request. I quite understood it in the first instance as an expression of your wish that I would write some little paper for the first number only; and if my compliance merely involved the expenditure of so much time and thought as would be required for such a purpose, I would gladly do so. But similar entreaties have been at different times strongly urged upon me by other friends; and my reply, where I have any feeling of personal regard has always been "I do not wish to write in any Magazine, or think of doing so, but if I should, I will write something for you." Departing from my total abstinence in this respect, at all, [†a]I should hold myself bound to assist Hood for instance in his hazardous enterprises:[†1] inclining towards him with the interest of a private friend, and with the highest admiration of his powers. For scattered scraps of writing, here and there, I really have no leisure,[†a] however; and the publication of one would, in honor and good faith, involve the necessity of publishing several.

[†b]The lines I wrote for Lady Blessington, I gave her in redemption of a promise *four years old.*[†b†2] It is two years, since I pledged myself to write a paper for the Edinburgh;[†3] and I have not yet done it; although it is not open to the same objection in anything like the same degree, as it would not bear my name.

I did not mention these things when I wrote to you last, because I was unwilling to parade them as reasons for my not doing what I really should like to do, and feel disposed to do. But this is the plain truth of my situation, and I see no way out of it, except to keep my strait waistcoat on—unless you can show me another.

My Dear Mrs. Hall | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. S. C. Hall.

To S. R. STAREY,[†4] 1 FEBRUARY 1844

MS Shaftesbury Society.

Devonshire Terrace | First February 1844.

Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness to turn over in your mind, and to note down for me as briefly as you please, any little facts or details connected with the Ragged School, which you think it would benefit the design to have publicly known?

If you could make it convenient to favor me with a call any evening next week, or on Sunday Week, and will let me hear from you to that effect, I shall be glad to make an appointment with you. But pray do not hesitate to let me know what time suits you best, as I can easily accommodate myself to your engagements.

The kind of thing I wish to know is—your average number of scholars—whether it increases or falls off—whether any boys are pretty constant in their attendance—whether, after absenting themselves, they return again—whether the ignorance of their parents be one of your rocks ahead—and the like. In short, I think I can turn any result of your experience and observation of these unfortunate creatures, to the account you would desire.[†1]

Pray, mention to me the discouraging as well as the encouraging circumstances, for they are equally a part of the sad case; and without a knowledge of them, it is impossible to state it forcibly.

You are at perfect liberty to mention this to the Masters in the School. But beyond this, or such other limits as you may consider necessary, I could wish our correspondence to be confidential.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. R. Starey.

To LAMAN BLANCHARD, 2 FEBRUARY 1844

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday February Second 1844

My Dear Blanchard

Jerrold and Leech[†2] are coming to dine with me on Sunday, at half past five sharp. No party. Can you, and will you, join us?

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Laman Blanchard Esquire.

To MRS DAVID LAING,[†3] 2 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Mrs. Laing | 1 Cambridge Terrace | Regents Park.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Second February 1844.

Dear Madam.

I have found it necessary—sorely against my will—to decline attending many projected dinners in behalf of charitable Institutions. But I will most certainly make an exception in favor of the Governesses. Their cause has my warmest sympathy; and I should perform Lord Castlereagh's remarkable feat of turning my back upon myself,[†4] if I hesitated for an Instant.

Allow me to thank you, cordially, for your letter; and to beg that you will do me the favor to assure Mr. Laing of my high and respectful sense of the good he is doing, and of the value which attaches to his benevolent services.

I have made a memorandum that I am engaged for Saturday the Twentieth of April. I would rather avoid being a steward; but in any other respect, the Institution may command me.[†1]

Dear Madam | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Laing

To JOHN DILLON,[†2] 3 FEBRUARY 1844

Text from *Autograph Prices Current,* I (1914-16); dated 1, Devonshire Terrace, 3 Feb 44; salutation from N, I, 566.

My Dear Sir,

No, indeed. Trust me you were not wrong in believing—in feeling well assured, I hope—that the testimony you bear to the success of my little book, would sink deep into my heart, and fill it with a sad delight. Nothing could touch me half so nearly. No roar of approbation that human voices could set up would affect me like the faintest whisper from a home such as yours. . . . I shall ever prize your letter. I thank God for the high privilege of speaking to the secret hearts of those who are in grief like yours;[†3] and I thank you earnestly, for the courage you have given me.

To MR WHEELER,[†4] 3 FEBRUARY 1844

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1929; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 3 Feb 44.

A grateful letter for a basket of game.

To SAMUEL RADLEY,[†5] 6 FEBRUARY 1844

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1930; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 6 Feb 44.

Asking him to take special care of his friend, Harrison Ainsworth, who is staying at the Adelphi, Liverpool, for a fancy ball.

To G. H. RODWELL,[†1] 6 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixth February 1844.

Dear Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note, requesting permission to have one of the Carol Designs copied, as a frontispiece to your song—and to assure you that you are at perfect liberty to have it copied for that purpose, and to consider this as your license to do so.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Rodwell Esquire

To THOMAS CHAPMAN,[†3] 8 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Thomas Chapman Esquire | 14 Montague Place | Bryanstone Square.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth February 1844.

My Dear Sir

Pray excuse my troubling you with a petition. But my City friends are not numerous; and casting about how to strive after an object I have very much at heart just now, it occurred to me as just coming within the bounds of possibility that you might be able to assist me.

I have a young brother (about Seventeen) recently come up from a Good School at Exeter,[†4] and now living, with his father, at Greenwich.[†5] I am extremely anxious to get employment for him in the office of some respectable house, where he would carry (in his pockets) such metal as is usually bestowed on such small craft. He is quick and clever; has never given any trouble to anybody; and has been well brought up. Above all, I have no reason to suppose that he is addicted to authorship, or any bad habits of that nature.

If any such thing should present itself before you at any time, and you will kindly think of the Committee-Man who never comes to the Sanatorium (in consequence, chiefly, of living close to it: which is a terrible drawback) you will confer a very great obligation on him.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Chapman.[†6] To whom I am happy to report that Mrs. Dickens is doing extremely well.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire

To JOHN MORTIMER,[†1] 8 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Mr David Borowitz.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighth February 1844.

Dear Sir.

I thank you very much for your kind attention in sending me the Story Teller;[†2] and beg you to believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Mortimer Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, 10 FEBRUARY 1844†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tenth February 1844

My Dear Mitton.

Fred was telling me last night about the impudence of the Pirates—which I think I had much better not know, unless they should give us an opportunity of being down upon them in some new fashion. *For I can easily conceive the possibility of its being an advantage to us, and certainly a position of dignity, to be able to declare that I have never seen their effusions.* [†a]Even in the event of your thinking it desirable at any time that I *should* be acquainted with their doings,[†a] I should like to receive the book, sealed up, that I might even then pause before I looked into it.[†3]

[†b]Have you served the second man, and has the first appeared?[†4] It seems to me that we have no course but to go on with the action pell mell.[†b†5] It is of no use to falter with such Rascals.

Mr. Blanchard's name is not Laman at all.[†6] He was christened *Edward Lyt*, and is a desperate bad character. [†c]I can get the Certificate of his christening. Jerrold knows all about him.[†7]

Mr. Cleave,[†1] I also find, is active in the business. I have set the real Blanchard to get news of him, and think I shall be able to nail the "gent."

On we must go. Depend upon that.[†c]

C and H promise the Carol accounts, today!

Faithfully Always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 FEBRUARY 1844]

Extract in F, IV, ii, 314. *Date:* "Saturday morning 10 February", according to Forster; but *To* Mitton, 10 Feb, shows CD received the accounts that day, so the disturbed night must have been Sat, and the date of the letter 11 Feb.

Such a night as I have passed! I really believed I should never get up again, until I had passed through all the horrors of a fever. I found the *Carol* accounts awaiting me, and they were the cause of it. The first six thousand copies show a profit of £230![†2] And the last four will yield as much more. I had set my heart and soul upon a Thousand, clear. What a wonderful thing it is, that such a great success should occasion me such intolerable anxiety and disappointment! My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific,[†3] that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad; which, if next June come and find me alive, I shall do. Good Heaven, if I had only taken heart a year ago![†4] Do come soon, as I am very anxious to talk with you. We can send round to Mac[†5] after you arrive, and tell him to join us at Hampstead or elsewhere. I was so utterly knocked down last night, that I came up to the contemplation of all these things quite bold this morning. If I can let the house for this season, I will be off to some seaside place as soon as a tenant offers. I am not afraid, if I reduce my expenses; but if I do not, I shall be ruined past all mortal hope of redemption.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 12 FEBRUARY 1844

Mention in next.

To THOMAS MITTON, 12 FEBRUARY 1844†

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace

Monday Morning | Twelfth February 1844.

[My][†6] Dear Mitton

Prepare yourself for a shock. I never was so knocked over in my life, as when

I opened this Carol account on Saturday Night. And though I had got over it by yesterday and could look the thing good-humouredly in the face, I have slept as badly as Macbeth ever since—which is, thank God, almost a Miracle with me.

I have not the least doubt that they have run the expences up, anyhow, purposely to bring me back,[†1] and disgust me with charges. If you add up the different charges for the plates, you will find that they cost more than I get.[†2] I had £200 for the Young Couples[†3]—a poor thing of little worth, published without my name.

You will see my letter to them in reply. I have adhered to the strict business percentage; seeing the Shadow of War before me. The Vouchers I shall inspect before I sign their books. But of course they have got *them*.

Observe little Hall's note, with the allusion to the American book.[†4] Oh Heaven!

If you can send me these papers back, in the course of the day,—do. Pray do not talk of this to anyone. I shall not tell Bradbury and Evans; as I think it highly important not to dash the triumph of the book.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]The half years profits of Chuzzlewit are £750.[†a†5]

To THOMAS MITTON, 12 FEBRUARY [1844]

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Twelfth February.

My Dear Mitton

I am afraid I cannot possibly get round to you before dinner, as I want to finish a chapter; and after that, am obliged to attend a ballot at the Athenæum, which will most likely keep me until Ten o'Clock. If you will call there and ask for me at that time, we can go over to the Parthenon, and discuss matters.—As to Chapman and Hall's, that is past and over. Nothing can remedy that.

I am, as you may suppose—not only on *my* beam ends, but tilted over on the

other side. Nothing so unexpected and utterly disappointing, has ever befallen me. That you know.

The bill for £200 *must* be provided for.[†1] To that, I mean to devote this precious balance.[†2] The rest must be worked round somehow. I wish I could say that I see how (I am thunder-stricken by the amount) but I have been on the other side with you often, and you must do your best for me.

Nothing upholds me under this, but the very circumstance that makes it so tremendous—the wonderful success of the book.

I expect that Chapman and Hall's answer will be impertinent. Forster thinks otherwise. If you should be engaged tonight, you will find me at home, *and alone*, between this and half past Four.
Faithfully Ever

CD

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH,[†3] [12 FEBRUARY 1844]

Envelope only, MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Date:* PM 12 [Feb] 44—only the "e" of the month clearly visible, but must be Feb as CD was in Italy Sep 44. *Address:* Dr. Southwood Smith | 38 Finsbury Square.

To THOMAS BEARD,[†4] 14 FEBRUARY 1844

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth February 1844.

My Dear Beard

I need not tell you how truly glad I am at any time to comply with any wish of yours. And although that disposition cannot be strengthened by *any* circumstance, I should be really glad to oblige Mr. Mc Cabe[†5] in so small a matter; for I entertain (I think I do, at least?) a very pleasant recollection of him as an especially cheerful and good natured old colleague. But I am in this difficulty—that I have recently stood in relations towards Chapman and Hall, which are not perfectly agreeable, and which have limited our correspondence to affairs of

business. I have had no distinct quarrel with them; but this vague kind of barrier has arisen between us; and I do not entertain the least desire to throw it down.

To the best of my recollection it is more than a year since I introduced anybody to them. And my doing so now, would consequently seem an unusual proceeding—rather out of my way, and against my ordinary course.

I leave it to you to tell Mr. Mc Cabe as little or as much of this, as you think proper; merely bearing in mind that I mention the plain Truth in confidence, because I do not wish him to suppose that I evade or slight his wish.

I have every reason to believe—I may add—that they are surrounded by translators. There is the whole Corps of the Foreign Quarterly;[†1] and there are other linguists who do not write in it, to my personal knowledge.

My Dear Beard | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 14 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday 14 Feby. 44

My Dear Mitton

What do you think of the enclosed???[†2] If you can manage to give me a call at any time, I wish you would.

I really think I shall begin to give in, one of these days. For anything like the damnable Shadow which this father[†3] of mine casts upon my face, there never was—except in a nightmare.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JOHN EASTHOPE,[†4] 15 FEBRUARY 1844

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth February 1844

Dear Sir John

I am exceedingly sorry not to have been able to answer your note[†5] when your servant was here. But I was much engaged with visitors two deep; and lived in hopes of their business being brief—which it was not.

I am obliged to wait at home this Morning until Four; and if you could call, as you kindly propose, I should be happy to see you. I very much regret to say that I have an engagement to dine out, or I should have been truly glad to dine with you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir John Easthope.

To SIR JOHN EASTHOPE, [15 FEBRUARY 1844]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* endorsed 15 Feb 44 in a contemporary hand.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday afternoon

Dear Sir John

I find (which I had forgotten when I wrote to you) that in all probability, I shall have to be at my Printers' tomorrow Morning, and *may* be detained there, after the time I named in my note.[†1] Allow me to say then, that I will take the chance of finding you at home on Sunday between two and three. And pray do not take the trouble to write, in the event of your being engaged as I shall be calling in your neighbourhood[†2] in any case, and shall not be in the least degree inconvenienced though you be not at home.

After Tuesday next, I shall be quite free in the Morning; and should I not find you at home on Sunday, I will repeat my visit at a quarter before Eleven on Wednesday.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir John Easthope.

To T. J. THOMPSON,[†3] 15 FEBRUARY 1844†

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth February 1844

My Dear Thompson

Yes. For my sins, I am going to Liverpool—and to Birmingham, for a similar purpose, on my way home. [†a]I shall be at the Adelphi on Sunday Evening, the 25th.; and shall write to Radley the day previous. I shall order a sitting room, and shall hope to find you in it.

I need not say that if you would like to behold *my* steeple run[†4] (and be d____d to it)[†a] I shall be happy to mount you in a post of honor.

I don't think you quite consider the number of commissions Stanfield always has—and you certainly have not considered (for you don't know) that he has been laid up for many weeks, with a cruel old leg,[†5] which appears to be emulous of raspberry Jam, and to break out into a concatenation accordingly. He is

greatly better, and was *much hurt* when I told him of your note: calling me to witness that he had several times said "Now I *will* do your friend's little picture" &c &c.[†1] The which I solemnly affirm to be true in all respects.

My love to Smif,[†2] and all the rest. Kate is all right again; and so, they tell me, is the Baby. But I decline (on principle) to look at the latter object.

Faithfully Yours Always | In Great Haste
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [MID-FEBRUARY 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 323. *Date:* 16 Jan according to Forster (in a passage containing other dating errors); but Jonas and Mrs Gamp both appear in the Mar No., not Feb; "distractingly late" suggests mid-Feb as the No. had to be completed before CD left for Liverpool.

I had written you a line pleading Jonas and Mrs. Gamp, but this frosty day tempts me sorely. I am distractingly late; but I look at the sky, think of Hampstead, and feel hideously tempted. Don't come with Mac, and fetch me. I couldn't resist if you did.

To THOMAS MITTON, 17 FEBRUARY 1844*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Seventeenth February 1844.

My Dear Mitton,

Dropping the £500[†3] (which we may certainly do,) what is the *exact* amount you will want for the Premium?[†4] I don't remember.

Faithfully yours,
C.D.
Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To J. P. HARLEY,[†5] 18 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* J. P. Harley Esquire | 14 Upper Gower Street.

Sunday afternoon | Eighteenth February 1844

My Dear Harley.

I am so much depressed and worried by an intolerable cold, that I am obliged,

with a view to tomorrow's work,[†1] to deny myself the pleasure of dining with you. I have not seen you for ages; and shall hope to reverse the medal—or in other words to get you to dine with me—before we are many weeks older.

To day I am neither useful nor ornamental—simply stupid, drowsy, snivelling, ugly, red-nosed, watery-eyed, and gasping.

Kate sends her love to your sisters. She is doing brawly.—I ought to say has done, for she is off the Invalid List, Thank God.

Theatricals are looking up—AN'T THEY?[†2]

Always Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

To FREDERICK DICKENS,[†3] 19 FEBRUARY 1844

Text from George D. Smith catalogue, n.d. (?1910). *Date:* extract in American Art Association and Anderson Gallery catalogue, Mar 1914, dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 Feb 44.

My dear Fred.

You will find me at the Adelphi[†4] tomorrow night, with Mitton, if you like to come, or at the Garrick at any time after a quarter before 6, and before the play if you will enquire there for me.

Affectly and Always
C.D.

To JOHN FOWLER,[†5] 19 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* John Fowler Esquire | Mechanics' Institution | Sheffield.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park, London.
Nineteenth February 1844.

Sir.

I am honored and flattered by your request to preside at a Public Meeting, in behalf of the Building Fund of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution.

Believe me, that I have too earnest and staunch an interest in such an Establishment in such a town, to decline acceding to a proposal so congenial to my feelings, if I could—with any kind of regard to my own convenience, and previous engagements—give it my reasonable acquiescence. But I regret to say, that I see no probability of being enabled to comply with your request, at any time between this and June. And in July, I have engaged to leave London for quite another Quarter.

Under these circumstances, I am reluctantly compelled to say, that I cannot accept your welcome proposal.

Allow me to thank you, very cordially, for the kind terms in which you have addressed me. I am Dear Sir

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Fowler.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 FEBRUARY 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iii, 319-20, 320. *Date:* first extract 21 Feb according to Forster; second extract said to be on his return from Liverpool and Birmingham, but clearly 21 Feb, the day after his visit to the Adelphi: see *To* Fred Dickens, 19 Feb.

Advise me on the following point. And as I must write to-night, having already lost a post, advise me by bearer. This Liverpool Institution, which is wealthy and has a high grammar-school[†1] the masters of which receive in salaries upwards of £2000 a year (indeed its extent horrifies me; I am struggling through its papers this morning), writes me yesterday by its secretary a business letter about the order of the proceedings on Monday; and it begins thus. "I beg to send you prefixed, with the best respects of our committee, a bank order for twenty pounds in payment of the expenses contingent on your visit to Liverpool." —And there, sure enough, it is. Now my impulse was, *and is,* decidedly to return it. Twenty pounds is not of moment to me; and any sacrifice of independence is worth it twenty times' twenty times told. But haggling in my mind is a doubt whether that would be proper, and not boastful (in an inexplicable way); and whether as an author, I have a right to put myself on a basis which the professors of literature in other forms *connected with the Institution* cannot afford to occupy. Don't you see? But of course you do. The case stands thus. The Manchester Institution, being in debt, appeals to me as it were *in formâ pauperis,* and makes no such provision as I have named. The Birmingham Institution, just struggling into life with great difficulty, applies to me on the same grounds. But the Leeds people (thriving) write to me, making the expenses a distinct matter of business;[†2] and the Liverpool, as a point of delicacy, say nothing about it to the last minute, and then send the money. Now, what in the name of goodness ought I to do?—I am as much puzzled with the cheque as Colonel Jack was with his gold.[†3] If it would have settled the matter to put it in the fire

yesterday, I should certainly have done it. Your opinion is requested.[†1] I think I shall have grounds for a very good speech at Brummagem; but I am not sure about Liverpool; having misgivings of over-gentility.

I saw the *Carol*[†2] last night. Better than usual, and Wright[†3] seems to enjoy Bob Cratchit, but *heart-breaking* to me. Oh Heaven! if any forecast of *this* was ever in my mind! Yet O. Smith[†4] was drearily better than I expected. It is a great comfort to have that kind of meat underdone; and his face is quite perfect.

To THOMAS POWELL,[†5] 24 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace.
Saturday Twenty Fourth February | 1844.

My Dear Powell.

I enclose the brother,[†6] concerning whom Mr. Chapman has been so kind as to talk with you. I need not commend him I know (being a Spirit,[†7] and I hope a good one) to your favorable regard.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Powell Esquire

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 26 FEBRUARY 1844

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London.

Liverpool Radley's Hotel.
Monday Twenty Sixth February 1844.

My Dear Kate.

I got down here last night (after a most intolerably wet journey) before Seven; and found Thompson sitting by my fire. He had ordered dinner; and we ate it pleasantly enough, and went to bed in good time. This morning Mr. Yates,[†1] the great man connected with the Institution (and a brother of Ashton Yates's)[†2] called. I went to look at it with him. It is an enormous place, and the tickets have been selling at two and even three guineas apiece. The lecture room, in which the celebration is held, will accommodate over thirteen hundred people.[†3] It was being fitted with Gas—after the manner of the Ring at Astleys —I should think is an easy place to speak in: being a semi-circle, with seats rising one above another to the ceiling—and will have eight hundred ladies tonight, in full dress. I am raythe shakey just now, but shall pull up, I have no doubt. At dinner time tomorrow you will receive, I hope, a facetious document, hastily penned after I return tonight, telling you how it all went off.

When I came back here, I found Fanny.[†4] And Hewitt had picked me up just before. We all went off straight to the Britannia, which lay where she did, when we went on board. We went into the old little Cabin, and the Ladies Cabin, but Mrs. Bean[†5] had gone to Scotland, as the ship does not sail again before May. In the Saloon we had some champagne and biscuits; and Hewitt had set out upon the table a block of Boston Ice weighing fifty Pounds.[†6] Lott of the Caledonia lunched with us—a very nice fellow. He saw Macready play Macbeth in Boston, and gave me a tremendous account of the effect.[†7] Poor Burroughs of the George Washington[†8] died *on board,* on his last passage home. His little wife was with him.

Hewitt dines with us today, and I have procured him admission tonight. I am very sorry indeed (and so was he) that you didn't see the old Ship. It was the strangest thing in the world to go on board again.

There is no more news that I can remember. I am lying on the sofa and keeping myself quiet. It is pouring of rain: and has been all day. Fanny and Thompson are playing back-gammon—Hewitt has gone to dress himself and

order some wonderful piece of finery—and the great Burnett[†1] has not yet shewn. Give my best love to Georgy, and kisses to the Darlings. Also affectionate regards to Mac and Forster.

You had better write to me by Wednesdays Post, and address me at Dee's Royal Hotel, Birmingham. I had Bacon with me as far as Watford yesterday—and very pleasant. Sheil[†2] was also in the Train, on his way to Ireland.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Love from Fanny, and best regards from T. and Hewitt.

Out of The Common.—Please.[†3]

Dickens against *The World.*

Charles Dickens of No 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park in the County of Middlesex, Gentleman, the successful Plaintiff in the above cause, maketh oath and saith: That on the day and date hereof, to wit at seven o'clock in the evening, he this Deponent took the chair at a large assembly of The Mechanics Institution at Liverpool, and that having been received with tremendous and enthusiastic plaudits, he this Deponent did immediately dash into a vigorous, brilliant, humourous, pathetic, eloquent, fervid, and impassioned speech. That the said speech was received by Thirteen Hundred Persons with frequent, vehement, uproarious, and deafening cheers; and that to the best of this Deponent's knowledge and belief he this Deponent did speak up like a man and did to the best of his knowledge and belief, considerably distinguish himself. That after the proceedings of the Evening were over, and a Vote of Thanks was proposed to this Deponent, he this Deponent did again distinguish himself; and that the cheering at that time, accompanied with clapping of hands and stamping of feet, was in this Deponents ears Thundering and awful. And this Deponent further saith that his white and black or magpie waistcoat did create a strong sensation, and that during the hours of promenading, this Deponent heard from persons surrounding him, such exclamations as "What is it! *Is* it a waistcoat? No, its a shirt," and the like, all of which this Deponent believes to have been complimentary and gratifying. And this Deponent further saith that he is now going to supper, and wishes he may have an appetite to eat it.[†4]

CHARLES DICKENS

Sworn before me at the Adelphi Hotel Liverpool, on the 26th of February 1844

S. Radley

To THE REV. WILLIAM GILES,[†1] 27 FEBRUARY 1844

MS Liverpool Public Library.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool | Twenty Seventh February 1844.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to say, that I shall not be able to get over to your house, during my very brief stay in Liverpool. I am engaged during the whole of this day—pledged indeed to more appointments than I am likely to have it in my power to fulfil[†2]—and tomorrow morning early, I start for Birmingham, where I have arranged to preside at a meeting in Behalf of a Mechanics Institution in the Evening.

I need not tell you that if I *had* time, I would most cheerfully and joyfully dispose of some of it, in seeing my old Master. Remember me with sincere kindness to Mrs. Giles and all your family, and ever believe me.

Faithfully Yours My Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Giles.

To MISS CHRISTIANA WELLER,[†3] 27 FEBRUARY [1844]

Text from *A Dickens Friendship*, ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, p. 3.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. Tuesday Twentyseventh February.

My Dear Miss Weller,

Riding out to see you to-day[†4]—the horse's name is *not* Pegasus—I conceived

the idea of putting this bit of doggerel in your album. But you do nothing like anybody else, and therefore did not produce one. So I send it to you.[†1]

Faithfully yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Christiana Weller. P.S. I shall not forget Tennyson.[†2]

To [SIR JOHN EASTHOPE], [24-27 FEBRUARY 1844]

MS (fragment) Dr De Coursey Fales. *Date:* The reference to "Meetings" suggests Feb 44; handwriting confirms; either 24 Feb, the day before leaving for Liverpool, or during his absence. *Address:* as with other Easthope papers, probably to him: see *To* Easthope, 15 Feb—but just possibly to Andrew Doyle.

Preside at some Meetings in behalf of Educational Institutions. But I hope to be at home by Thursday, or at latest by Friday; and I shall be happy to find a note from you.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours Always

CHARLES DICKENS

To T. J. THOMPSON, 28 FEBRUARY [1844]

Text from *A Dickens Friendship*, ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, p. 7.

Brummagem. Wednesday night, twentyeighth February.

Half-past-ten at night

My dear Thompson,

There never were such considerate people as there are here. After offering me

unbounded hospitality and my declining it, they leave me to myself like gentlemen. They saved me from all sorts of intrusion at the Town Hall—brought me back and left me to my quiet supper (now upon the table) as they had left me to my quiet dinner.

I wish you had come. It was really a splendid sight. The Town Hall was crammed to the roof—by, I suppose, two thousand persons. The ladies were in full dress and immense numbers; and when Dick showed himself the whole company stood up; rustling like the leaves of a wood. †aTar-nation grand, it was, and rather unbalancing (especially after Sir Rogers†1 and brandys-and-waters), but†a Dick with the heart of a lion dashed in bravely †band made decidedly the best speech I ever heard him achieve. Sir, he was jocular, pathetic, eloquent, conversational, illustrative, and wise—always wise.†b He introduced that about the Genie in the casket with marvellous effect;†2 and was applauded to the echo which did applaud again.†3 He was horribly nervous when he arrived in Birmingham, but when he stood upon the platform I don't believe his pulse increased†4 ten degrees. A better or a quicker audience never listened to man.†5

The ladies had hung the hall (do you know what an immense place it is?) with artificial flowers, all round. And on the front of the great gallery, immediately fronting this †chighly-gifted†c young gentleman were the words (still in artificial flowers you'll observe) "Welcome Boz", in letters about six feet high. Behind his head, and about the great organ, were immense transparencies, representing several Fames in the act of crowning a corresponding number of Dicks—at which Victoria (taking out a poetic licence) was highly delighted. †dBeing positively the first time of her appearance in that character.†6

I cannot joke about Miss Weller; for she is too good; and interest in her (spiritual young creature that she is, and destined to an early death, I fear) has become a sentiment with me. Good God what a madman I should seem, if the incredible feeling I have conceived for that girl could be made plain to anyone!

Well, well! There must be things of this kind in heaven; and some of us are going there, faster than we think perhaps. I shall never be a wise man (except oratorically) as long as I live on earth, unless I get Hewett to bring some Boston blocks over and ice me.

When the train moved off today I put my head out, gasping with chuckles, to ask you whether you didn't think Smith[†7] looked more like an ancient Roman than

a Dane[†1] last night—and whether that wouldn't be a good description of the amount of his classicality. But you were too far off, and I was alone. I continued so all the way.[†d]

I am going to bed. The landlady is not literary, and calls me Mr. Digzon. In other respects it is a good house.

My dear Thompson, always yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

March

To MRS HENRY BURNETT, 1 MARCH 1844

MS Miss Gladys Storey.

Athenaeum | Friday First March 1844

My Dear Fanny.

I left Liverpool at half past ten on Wednesday Morning, and reached Birmingham at about half past Three; where I was received by some most excellent fellows,[†2] and straightway conducted to the Town Hall, which positively took away my breath. A committee of ladies had decorated that immense building with artificial flowers,[†3] to such an extent that it looked like a vast garden; and on the front of the Gallery facing the platform (which was erected below the organ) were the words "Welcome Dick", in gigantic letters of the same material. There were also transparencies representing divers Fames in the act of crowning divers Dicks: to the unspeakable admiration and delight of the queen, who looked on, approvingly. Having danced a Sir Roger of forty couple until Three o'Clock in the morning, I was rendered rather nervous by these splendid preparations—especially as I was vexed to have nobody with me to see them. But I dined by myself at the Inn—took a pint of Champagne and a pint of Sherry—dressed in the Magpie waistcoat—and was as hard as iron and as cool as a cucumber again. At ten minutes before eight, they fetched me; and immediately on my arrival, I ascended the Scaffold. The hall was crammed to the roof, with all the first-rate tories, whigs, and radicals in the town; and ladies in full-dress were standing, for want of seats, in all parts of the crowd. The moment Dick appeared the whole assembly stood up, with a noise like the rustling of leaves in a wood; and then began to cheer in the most terrific manner I ever heard; beginning again and again and again. When they at last left off, Dick dashed in—and I must say that he delivered the best speech I ever heard him make: to the great disconcertment of the Reporters, who fairly laid down their pens; sometimes to laugh, and sometimes to stare at him. On he went, right and left,

hammer and tongs, until the audience (and oh such a good audience! [ ][†4] London by the train at a quarter past one yesterday.

The Newspaper with the best Report[†1] will be out tomorrow. I will not fail to send you one by Monday's Post. Now that the excitement is all over, I am perfectly exhausted, dead, worn-out, and Spiritless. The wear and tear since Sunday last—to say nothing of that of the number, which I finished shortly before—has rendered me quite prostrate. And but for the recollection of Miss Weller (which has its tortures too), I don't know but I would as soon be comfortably suffocated, as continue to live in this wearing, tearing, mad, unhinged, and Most extraordinary world[†2]

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [?WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD], 1 MARCH 1844*

MS University of California Los Angeles. *Address:* ending of letter with subscription cut away: probably William Scholefield (see *To* Scholefield, 19 Jan).

Athenaeum. | Friday First March 1844.

My Dear Sir

I cannot resist the impulse I feel, to write and beg you not to believe that in expressing a desire for our better acquaintance yesterday, I used (as I might have done in any ordinary case) mere words of course, having no deeper root than such words strike in common politeness. I am anxious to assure you that our brief intercourse has afforded me real pleasure; and that it will gratify [ ][†3] more [ ][†4] and I do [ ][†5] much in this plain manner, because if I were not well-assured of your receiving it in the same spirit, I should have no desire to say it at all.

I have been asked for Papers by so many people, that if you will kindly send me a dozen Journals, I shall be saved some importunity. For the cost and charge thereof, I am your Debtor.

And when you tell me how the Polytechnic is going on, let me know whether my books are in its Library.[†6] If they be not, I shall be glad to present the Members with a set.

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To T. E. WELLER,[†1] 1 MARCH 1844

Text from *A Dickens Friendship,* ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, pp. 13-15.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.

First March, 1844

My dear Sir,

Finding that your daughter had not read the volumes[†2] which I send her in the enclosed parcel (from one of which I quoted a few words last night)[†3] and, knowing that they could not but prove most acceptable to a mind such as hers, I obtained her permission to send them—and made a promise which it gives me real pleasure and delight to fulfil.

Will you tell her that I have marked with a pencil in the Index to each, those pieces which I should like her to read first—as being calculated to give her a good impression of the Poet's Genius?[†4] And will you say that I have sent her a copy which is not quite new, in preference to a new one; hoping she might like it none the worse for having been my companion often, and for having been given to me by Tennyson himself?[†5]

I scarcely know whether I do right or wrong in not closing my note to you here. But I cannot help saying to you that your daughter's great gifts and uncommon character have inspired me with an interest which I should labour in vain to express to you, though I set myself to it as to a task. I see many people as you may suppose; and many whom Nature has endowed with talents of one kind or another. The figures which come and go before me are so numerous, and change so constantly, that, however bright they may be, I am not accustomed to care much for them, or to feel any great degree of concern in their proceedings. But I read such high and such unusual matter in every look and gesture of the spiritual creature who is naturally the delight of your heart and very dear to you, that she started out alone from the whole crowd the instant I saw her, and will remain there always in my sight.

Your affection will not be displeased to hear this, I know, and therefore I disregard the singularity of the impression—or lose it in the singularity of the cause —and tell you the honest truth.

With cordial remembrance to Mrs. Weller and all your family,

Believe me always, Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To F. C. BEARD,[†1] 2 MARCH 1844

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current,* V, 1919-21; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 2 Mar 44.

Having just returned from a trip to Liverpool and Birmingham and received a present of turtle soup and venison, CD invites Beard to dine with him. The notice is short, because the turtle *won't keep,* and its not a thing to be trifled with.

To J. R. ISAAC,[†2] 2 MARCH 1844*

MS Mr Cedric Dickens.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Second March 1844.

Dear Sir

Permit me from my own house (I had not leisure in Liverpool) to thank you for the presentation copies of my lithographed likeness,[†3] and for your very modest letter. The first needed no apology; and the second was *exceedingly acceptable to me.*

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John. R. Isaac Esquire.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 2 MARCH 1844

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | Second March 1844

My Dear Mac

We dine together at the Piazza before going to Paganini's[†4] tonight. I will call for you at about 10 minutes to 6.

I send you a Liverpool paper, and will add the munificent gift of a Birmingham paper when I get one. In the course of the day they will come I have no doubt.

On the other side[†5] is a copy of the Graceful Impromptu penned by Dick in the album of that most wonderful girl Miss Weller. You had better have it copied in letters of gold—framed—glazed—and hung—by Green.[†6]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To CORNELIUS MATHEWS,[†1] 2 MARCH 1844*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton. *Address:* By The Cunard Steamer. Cornelius Mathews Esquire | New York | United States of America.

London 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Second March 1844.

My Dear Sir.

Pray do not suppose for a moment that your letter was suggestive of anything but pleasure and gratification to me. I am in fault not to have replied to it, though even by a brief acknowledgement of its receipt; but my correspondence at home is something so tremendous, that I fall into arrear with my friends abroad, in spite of myself and my desire to retain their good opinion.

I am very glad you like the Christmas Carol. It has been an astonishing success here; and affected me so much in the composition, that if it had been otherwise, I verily think I should have broken my heart.

I do not remember having received the address you speak of, on the subject of Copyright.[†2] But I may have done so without being able, now, to call it to mind. For the subject has long since passed from my thoughts. It only dwelt there, when I viewed the influences that make up an American government, through the mist of my own hopes and fancies. When that cleared away, I ceased to have any interest in the question.

Should you ever be in doubt again, relative to the expediency of sending me a Book, pray give me the benefit of it; and believe that I shall, at all times, be glad to hear from you.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

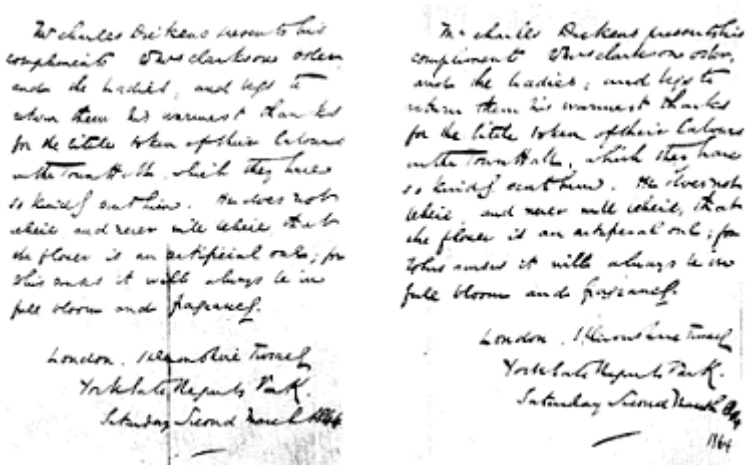
Cornelius Mathews Esquire.

To MRS CLARKSON OSLER,[†3] 2 MARCH 1844*

MS Mr Howard Smith.[†4]

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Saturday Second March 1844

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Clarkson Osler, and the Ladies; and begs to return them his warmest thanks for the little token of



Original and forgery of letter to Mrs Clarkson Osler

their labours in the Town Hall, which they have so kindly sent him. He does not believe, and never will believe, that the flower is an artificial one; for to his senses it will always be in full bloom and fragrance.

To THOMAS POWELL, 2 MARCH 1844*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | Second March 1844.

My Dear Powell.

I really am more indebted and obliged to you than I can express, for your great interest and kindness in the matter of my small "bit of blood"[†1]—to use a sporting phrase. And though there be five hundred thousand gallons of water to every scruple of Spirit in the Total abstinence Volume,[†2] yet will I read it through and through, and never Wink.

Audiences of twos of thousands have been driving me mad at Liverpool and Birmingham, with their loving cheers. Ah! It is a brave thing, by Heaven it is, to walk out of the room where one is shut up for so many hours of such a short life, into a sea of agitated faces, and think that they are always looking on—

Woa, Spirit Number one. Woho my boy. Gently, gently. Don't be maudlin, Spirit. Think of your ethereal essenence,[†3] my buck. Steady, steady.

Come and take a little Ambrosia here, next Sunday (I mean tomorrow week) at 6 exactly, will you? I have a trifle of bottled Dawn—the old Aurora particular —the real crusted Rosy—if you can make your dinner off that, and a Zephyr or two. I shall be delighted to see you.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Ariel.

P.S. You don't happen to know anybody who wants a blossom (furnished)—do you? I think of letting my harebell.[†4]

To G. H. RODWELL, 2 MARCH 1844

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1906; *MS* 1 p., dated 2 Mar 44.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 4 MARCH 1844

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Frederick Dickens Esquire | Commissariat | Treasury | Whitehall.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Fourth March 1844.

My Dear Fred.

I forgot yesterday to give you the enclosed letter, addressed to yourself. Will you see the writer of the other one (who is close in your neighbourhood) and explain that I have been out of town—that I have

no means whatever of giving the gentleman employment—receive scores of similar applications every day—&c &c.

If it seem a real case, I will give him my mite; but I have no knowledge whatever, so far as I know, of this Mr. Walker;[†1] and you cannot watch him too sharply.

Let me know the result.

Affectionately Always

CD

To ANDREW DOYLE,[†2] 5 MARCH 1844*

MS Dr De Coursey Fales. *Address:* Andrew Doyle Esquire | Morning Chronicle Office | Strand.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth March 1844.

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks for your letter. I would rather leave the matter as I left it with you yesterday. For I should not desire to enter upon any other terms—I mean on any lower terms.[†3]

I send you a short leader[†4] agreeably to my promise. For tomorrow if you have room. May I ask you to give directions that the proofs are well read? Or to send them, by a boy, to me? A point is so easily spoiled.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew Doyle Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 MARCH 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 323. *Date:* 5 Mar according to Forster.

Sir, I will—he—he—he—he—he—he—will NOT eat with you, either at your own house or the club. But the morning looks bright, and a walk at Hampstead

would suit me marvellously. If you should present yourself at my gate (bringing the R. A.'s[†1] along with you) I shall not be sapparized.[†2] So no more at this writing from Poor MR. DICKENS.[†3]

To COLONEL W. L. MABERLY,[†4] 5 MARCH 1844*

MS Post Office Records.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Fifth March 1844.

Sir.

In reply to your letter of yesterday's date, in which you do me the honor to enquire on behalf of The Postmaster General whether the representation made by the Proprietor of the Albion Newspaper, published in New York,[†5] relative to his having purchased of me the Right of publishing "Martin Chuzzlewit", in Canada,[†6] be correct or otherwise; I beg to say that it is perfectly accurate.[†7]

Allow me to thank you for your care and attention in this regard; and to remain

Sir | Your most obedient | Faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Colonel Maberly

To JOHN MURRAY,[†8] 5 MARCH 1844

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* v, 1919-21; *MS* 1 p.; dated 5 Mar 44.

Ordering books.[†9]

To THE REV. R. H. BARHAM,[†10] 6 MARCH 1844†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth March 1844.

My Dear Barham.

The Garrickers and the Aldermen are wonderful temptations; so are the

Vintages, if not the Vintners.[†1] But I fear I must not go out to dinner next week. It is the week in every month in which I never go out to dinner, except on some tremendous provocation—such as a twin brother's coming home from China, and having appointed to return next Morning. Which does not often happen.

On one side I perceive a clear head, looking forward to the end of Chuzzlewit. On the other, a blear-eyed (but amiable and prepossessing) Youth, drinking Soda Water and incapable of any greater mental exertion than ordering it. On the one side, a solitary chop. On the other a Gregarious and Aldermanic spread.

[†a]I strike myself on the breast—beat the stage doubtfully with my right russet boot—shake the feathers in my slouched hat—look darkly at you—suddenly cry "Tempter! No More!"—cross—defy you by tapping the hilt of my sword—and go off through a very little door, which has previously been shoved on sideways, by a man in scarlet plush.[†a]

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend R. H. Barham

To H. J. MORTON,[†2] 6 MARCH 1844

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixth March 1844.

Sir.

I am truly indebted to the Committee of the Wakefield Mechanics' Institution, for the Invitation with which they have honored me, through you. But I regret to add that the pressure of other engagements will render it impossible for me to attend their Anniversary Meeting on the Twenty Eighth.

I am Sir Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

H. J. Morton Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN,[†3] 7 MARCH 1844*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh March 1844.

My Dear Henry.

I was coming to you yesterday, and brought Kate to walk half the way. She walked so impossibly slowly, that I was benighted at Covent Garden Market, and came back again.

I was coming to you to day at One. A false man[†1] who was to have been here at 11 on business, took it into his head to write that he would come at 3 instead. Having disappointed him once myself, I was obliged to wait for him. And now your pavement is coming up Cheapside in a waggon, I *know*.[†2]

If you lay down half as large a piece in Parliament as I have laid down in a still lower place, in right of these unfulfilled intentions, your fortune's made. I hope to Heaven you may floor both houses. *I* would if I could. I have no respect for them.

I wish you would come and see me sometimes. I have hardly set eyes on you, since we bearded an obdurate old Dragon who keeps watch and ward over Rochester Castle.[†3] A question arises in my mind whether you would come and dine with me next Sunday, at 6. But God knows (as Maclise would say)—I dare say you wouldn't.

Longfellow is married—"him as got over the Wall"—(See principles of English Composition by T. Mitton).[†4]

Affy. Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 MARCH 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 325. *Date:* 7 Mar according to Forster.

Then[†5] said the editor—and this I particularly want you to turn over in your

mind, at leisure—supposing me to go abroad, could I contemplate such a thing as the writing of a letter a week under any signature I chose, with such scraps of descriptions and impressions as suggested themselves to my mind? If so, would I do it for the *Chronicle*? And if so again, what would I do it for? He thought for such contributions Easthope would pay anything. I told him that the idea had never occurred to me; but that I was afraid he did not know what the value of such contributions would be. He repeated what he had said before; and I promised to consider whether I could reconcile it to myself to write such letters at all. The pros and cons need to be very carefully weighed. I will not tell you to which side I incline, but if we should disagree, or waver on the same points, we will call Bradbury and Evans to the council. I think it more than probable that we shall be of exactly the same mind, but I want you to be in possession of the facts and therefore send you this rigmarole.[†1]

To CHARLES MACKAY,[†2] 7 MARCH 1844

Text from Charles Mackay, *Forty Years' Recollections,* 1877, I, 191.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh March, 1844.

My Dear Mackay,

I find (so far as I can judge from the few friends I have talked with) that there is an idea abroad that the Edinburgh people, or Scotch people, at all events, should finish their own monument,[†3] and that some prejudice is created by the incompleteness of the testimonials to their two great men, Scott and Burns. I would, therefore, prefer to leave men to their own opinions in reference to joining the Committee, and have sent Brougham's[†4] letter by post to him, without making any addition to it.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles Mackay, Esq.

To H. J. [MORTON], 7 MARCH 1844

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1929; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 7 Mar 44. *Address:* "H. J. Merton" according to catalogue—clearly an error for "Morton".

Regretting that he cannot be present at a dinner on behalf of an institution; he would not in any case have entertained the idea of displacing their President.

To HENRY HERSEE,[†1] 9 MARCH 1844

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1970; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Saturday Evening, 9 Mar 44.

Saying how much he appreciates the request by the Elocution Class of the City of London Institution[†2] *conveyed to him by Hersee; but he regrets that he must decline owing to his numerous engagements.*

To MR PARKIN,[†3] 9 MARCH 1844*

MS Benoliel Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Ninth March 1844.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Parkin, and begs to thank him for his note. The dreadful thought that there was no Suet in the pudding, had already suggested itself to Miss Pinch's mind. Mr. Dickens will be careful that the Public shall not be deluded on the subject, and that the indispensability of Suet shall be distinctly recognized.[†4]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 10 MARCH 1844*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Tenth March 1844.

My Dear Henry.

I cannot possibly be offended by your being mysterious, or pleasing yourself in any other harmless way. I feel much too cordially towards you for that.

I will give you a call in the city, sometime between this and June. I am bound for a long journey in July; when I turn my face towards Rome.

My hearty good wishes are with the Pavement. You must have had many anxieties and disappointments, and procrastinations of hope, I am very sure.

Affectionately Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON,[†1] 10 MARCH 1844

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Tenth March 1844.

Dear Lady Blessington

I have made up my mind to "see the world"; and mean to decamp, bag and baggage, next midsummer, for a twelvemonth. I purpose establishing my family in some convenient place, from whence I can make personal ravages on the neighbouring country—and somehow or other have got it into my head that Nice would be a favorable spot for Headquarters.[†2]

You are so well acquainted with these matters, that I am anxious to have the benefit of your kind advice.[†3] I do not doubt that you can tell me whether this same Nice be a healthy place the year through—whether it be reasonably cheap—pleasant to look at and to live in—and the like. If you will tell me when you have ten minutes to spare for such a client, I shall be delighted to come to you, and guide myself by your opinion. I will not ask you to forgive me for troubling you, because I am sure beforehand that you will do so.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Count D'Orsay and to your nieces.—I was going to say "the Misses Power",[†4] but it looks so like the blue Board at a Ladies' School,[†5] that I stopped short.

Always Believe me | Dear Lady Blessington
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington.

To THOMAS MITTON, 10 MARCH 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Tenth March 1844.
On Greasy Paper.

My Dear Mitton.

Easthope is such a damned screw, and it is so impossible to fix him to anything, that I thought it best not to dally, but to do something—or the good men of the party, if they heard I was standing out on a question of Guineas (which they would be sure to do from him) might think I had rather forgotten Fred's quick appointment and rapid removal.[†6] So I said to Doyle, "I won't make any bargain with him at all, or haggle like a pedlar, but I'll write a leader now and then, and leave him, in June, to send me a cheque for the whole. He shall set his own value on them; and if he sets too little, the shame is his, and not mine."

He would pay *anything*[†1] he says for letters from Italy. But that wouldn't do. I have no doubt he would pay 20 Guineas a week. But it wouldn't do.[†2]

I send you a paper with my first article in it—the second leader.[†3] When you have read it, send it me back, as I have no other.

The half year's account is *good.*[†4] Deducting £50 a month from Chuzzlewit up to the end, the Debt is reduced to Nineteen Hundred Pounds. There will then be the half years profits to deduct and the whole Subscription.[†5] So, please God, it will have come down bravely by the time I start.

This looks well, I think?

Faithfully Always

CD

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, 11 MARCH 1844

Text from *A Dickens Friendship*, ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, p. 18.

Devonshire Terrace. Monday, Eleventh March, 1844

My dear Thompson,

I swear to you that when I opened and read your letter this morning (I laid down my pen to break the seal, being just shut up in my room) I felt the blood go from my face to I don't know where, and my very lips turn white. I never in my life was so surprised, or had the whole current of my life so stopped, for the instant, as when I felt, at a glance, what your letter said. Which I did, correctly. For when I came to read it attentively, and several times over, I found nothing new in it.

This was not because it contained a word to astonish *me,* but because I never had imagined you remaining in Liverpool, or seriously admiring her.[†6] Forgive me when I say that I did not think it lay in your temper or habit to do so unless it had become a thing of pretty long custom. I supposed you had returned to Yorkshire—I expected you in town any day—and have often wondered within myself whether you would still have an interest in recalling with me her uncommon character and wonderful endowments. I know that in many points I am an excitable and headstrong man, and ride O God what prancing hobbies!—and although I knew that the impression she had made on me was a true, deep, honest, pure-spirited thing, I thought my nature might have been prepared to receive it, and to exaggerate it unconsciously, and to keep it green long after

such a fancy as I deemed it probable you might have conceived had withered. So much for my injustice, which I *must* release myself of in the first instance.

You asked me to write, and I think you want me to write freely. I will tell you what I would do myself, if I were in your case and I will tell you without the least reserve.

If I had all your independent means, and twenty times my own reputation and fame, and felt as irresistibly impelled towards her as I should if I were in your place and as you do, I would not hesitate, or do that slight to the resolution of my own heart which hesitation would imply. But would win her if I could, by God. I would answer it to myself, if my world's breath whispered me that I had known her but a few days, that hours of hers are years in the lives of common women. That it is in such a face and such a spirit, as part of its high nature, to do at once what less etherial creatures must be long in doing.[†1] That as no man ever saw a soul or caught it in its flight, no man can measure it by rule and rod. And that it has a right in such lofty development to pitch all forms laid down by bodies to the devil—the only thing, as far as I know, who was never in love himself, or inspired it in others.

And to the father I *would* point out, in very tenderness and sorrow for this gentle creature, who otherwise is lost to this sad world which needs another, Heaven knows, to set it right—lost in her youth as surely as she lives—that the course to which he is devoting her, should not be called her life but Death; for its speedy end is certain. I saw an angel's message in her face that day that smote me to the heart. He may not know this, being always with her; it is very likely he does not; and I would tell it him. Repose, change, a mind at rest, a foreign climate would be, in a springtime like hers, the dawning of a new existence. I believe, I do believe and hope, that this would save her; and that many happy years hence, she would be strong and hardy. But at the worst, contemplating the chance, the distant chance in such a case, of what is so dreadful, I could say in solemn and religious earnestness that I could bear better her passing from my arms to Heaven than I could endure the thought of coldly turning off into the World again to see her no more; to have my very name forgotten in her ears; to lose the recollection of her myself but at odd times and in remorseful glances backwards; and only to have the old thoughts stirred up at last by some indifferent person saying "You recollect her? Ah! She's dead."

As I live, I write the Truth and feel it.

So many ideas spring up within me, of the quiet happiness we might enjoy abroad, all of us together, in some delicious nook, where we should make merry over all this, that I don't know whether to be glad or sorry at my own hopefulness —Such Italian Castles, bright in sunny days, and pale in moonlight nights, as I am building in the air!—

But time is precious, and Dick is (to a certain extent) a prosing Donkey, if you

give him the rein. So as it is pouring very hard, and John will probably contract an asthma in running at the rate of seven miles an hour to the post-office to save the post, I will go on with my building after I have dispatched this.

I never was more in earnest, my dear Thompson, in my life.

Always faithfully your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I am truly sorry to hear about Smithson[†1] but I have been afraid of it for a long time. Write, if you remain.
P.P.S. I don't seem to have said half enough.

To W. M. THACKERAY,[†2] [1-11 MARCH 1844]

Mention in Thackeray *to* his wife, 11 Mar 44 (*Letters and Private Papers*, ed. G. N. Ray, 1945-6, II, 165). *Date:* news included in Thackeray's first letter to his wife in Paris after his own return to London, 3 Mar.

Saying that Thackeray's notice[†3] *of him had touched him to the quick, encouraged him and done him good.*

To F. W. POWELL,[†4] 13 MARCH 1844

MS Columbia University Libraries.

I wish I had given this book[†5] to Frank Powell; but I didn't, and couldn't How could I, you know Frank, when I was not acquainted with you? Don't you see? If you had come to my house, and had knocked at my door, and had said to my servant "Is Mr. Dickens at home?" my servant would have said "What name Sir?" Then you would have said, "Powell". Then he would have said "Powell of Peckham Sir?" Then you would have said, "The same". Then he would have said, "Walk in Sir". When you came in, I should have shewn you an Eagle (a real Eagle, you know, no nonsense or make belief), a Raven,[†6] and a very small white dog;[†7] curling all over; and barking, as the vulgar expression is,

like Bricks. And when you asked me to write my name in this book, I should have taken up a pen and done it so—

CHARLES DICKENS

But don't you flourish when you grow up, because its a bad habit, and don't leave room for the day of the month: which is the Thirteenth of March 1844.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 13 MARCH 1844

Text from *A Dickens Friendship*, ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, pp. 25-7.

Devonshire Terrace. Thirteenth March, 1844

My dear Thompson,

"Think of Italy!" Don't give that up! Why, my house is entered, at Philipps's[†1] and at Gillow's,[†2] to be let for twelve months; my letter of credit lies ready at Coutts's; my last number of *Chuzzlewit* comes out in June; and the first week, (if not the first day) in July, sees me, God willing, steaming off towards the Sun.

Yes. We must have a few books, and everything that is idle, sauntering, and enjoyable. We must lie down in the bottom of those boats, and devise all kinds of engines for improving on that gallant holiday. I see myself in a striped shirt, moustache, blouse, red sash, straw hat, and white trousers, sitting astride a mule, and not caring for the clock, the day of the month, or the day of the week. Tinkling bells upon the mule, I hope? I look forward to it, day and night; and wish the time were come. Don't *you* give it up. That's all.

[†a]I feel what you say in respect of your old suffering, and quite understood it as being expressed in your former letter. No man can enter on such lists with one who has trodden them, if he only knew them in imagination.

At the father, I snap my fingers. I would leap over the head of the tallest father in Europe, if his daughter's heart lay on the other side, and were worth having.

As to my chance of having it—well, I think I could make a guess about that

(tesselating a great many little things together) which should not be very wide of the mark.

But I could not tarry where I could not resolve. For aught you know, you may deal a heavier wound than you realize; and you certainly will not salve your own by keeping it open. You will crucify nothing but yourself upon that Diamond Cross unless it be *her*self too.

If you come to town I shall look to see you immediately. If you remain there, to hear from you. In either case to go abroad with you, stay there with you, and come back with you.[†a]

Always, my dear Thompson, Faithfully your Friend,

CHARLES DICKENS

[†b]I'll send him those verses[†1] to-morrow.[†b]

To MISS ISABEL BOOTH,[†2] 14 MARCH 1844

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1911; *MS* 1 p.; dated 14 Mar 44.

To CHARLES FOWLER,[†3] 14 MARCH 1844

Text from N, I, 581.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth March 1844

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Fowler and with many thanks to the President and Council of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution for the invitation with which they have honoured him, regrets that it will not be in his power to attend the dinner on Saturday the Thirtieth.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15 MARCH 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 324. *Date:* soon after 13 Mar when the *Hibernia* reached Liverpool.

I heard from Macready by the *Hibernia*. I have been slaving away regularly, but the weather is against rapid progress. I altered the verbal error, and substituted for the action you didn't like some words expressive of the hurry of the scene.[†4] Macready sums up slavery in New Orleans[†5] in the way of a gentle

doubting on the subject, by a "but" and a dash. I believe it is in New Orleans that the man is lying under sentence of death, who, not having the fear of God before his eyes, did not deliver up a captive slave to the torture?[†1] The largest gun in that country has not burst yet—*but it will.* Heaven help us, too, from explosions nearer home! I declare I never go into what is called "society" that I am not aweary of it, despise it, hate it, and reject it. The more I see of its extraordinary conceit, and its stupendous ignorance of what is passing out of doors, the more certain I am that it is approaching the period when, being incapable of reforming itself, it will have to submit to be reformed by others off the face of the earth.

To EDWIN LANDSEER,[†2] 15 MARCH 1844*

MS Mr W. D. Varnals.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth March 1844.

My Dear Landseer.

I am delighted to book myself for Sunday the Twenty Fourth. You don't say at what hour. Let me know in the meanwhile.

All well, and loving | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Landseer Esquire.

To T. E. WELLER, 15 MARCH [1844]*

MS Dr. LaFayette Butler. *Date:* CD wrote "1845" in error (impossible as he was then abroad).

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Fifteenth March 1845.

My Dear Sir

I return you the letter you were so kind as to send me;[†3] and also the critiques, which you may naturally desire to preserve.[†4] I will not fail to interest Mr. Hogarth[†5] in one who needs no favor from any man, woman, or child;—though Heaven has shewn her, much.

Before the Month is out, I shall take an opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of a letter from Miss Weller, which it gave me *very great pleasure* to receive. In the mean time, do me the favor to convey to her my best wishes and truest regard, and to commend me cordially to all your house.[†1]

[ ]

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS MITTON, 18 MARCH 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Eighteenth March 1844.

My Dear Mitton

Kate heard from Mrs. Smithson yesterday. I was therefore prepared for your account of Mr. Smithson's health.

A man giving his name Smith,[†2] and declining to leave his business, called here twice (thrice, I think) on Friday, and once on Saturday: giving each time a thundering double knock, and sort of fire-bell ring. On Saturday, he left a Card of *Strange's*;[†3] and you being out of town, I thought it best to see him if he came again; and as he called early this morning, and said he would call again at One, I had him shewn up.

As I *must* use the Interview in a book,[†4] I can't weaken it by writing it down. He was a literary gentleman—not a friend of Mr. Strange's, but acquainted with him—called out of a regard for my character—Mr. Strange had shewn him an advertizement he intended to print, which would have a dreadful effect on any man—Mr. Strange had spoken of applying to Sir Peter Laurie (!)[†5] representing that the Solicitor had been going round, taking different sums of money from different people—he (Smith) would suggest to me that there was no Equity in punishing the innocent utterers of a Piracy, like the Pirates—&c &c &c &c. "Sir", said I, with my hand upon the bellrope, "I know nothing of Mr. Strange except what you tell me, which enlightens me curiously; touching that Gentleman. I regard my character as quite beyond the reach of Mr. Strange's assailment. There does not seem to me to be any particular Equity in my being one or two hundred Pounds out of pocket, even if Mr. Strange paid his full costs. Tell Mr. Strange from me that I am determined to stop this Piracy and to put it down[†6]—and that if he Sent Everybody in London to me, I would not interfere

between him and my Solicitors." So—he saying the same thing over and over again, and I doing the like—the Interview terminated.

Now, I think Mr. Strange must imperatively be looked to, forthwith.

I have been writing all day, and I have only just time to save the Post. Barely that.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To COUNT D'ORSAY,[†1] 19 MARCH 1844*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth March 1844.

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

I am heartily obliged to you for your kind letter, and thank you, most sincerely, for the interest you take in my proceedings.

I swear by Pisa.[†2] It's[†3] accessibility, position, climate, recommendation, and everything else (to say nothing of the Kid;[†4] upon whose grave I will shed a tear if I can find one) beckon me thither. Pisa is the Devonshire Terrace of my adoption.

I am on the look-out for some bilious colonel or dark West Indian, who will take my house for a twelvemonth. He shall have a Raven and an Eagle *in*, if he wish it. Together with a litter of little bulldogs, with very large blunt heads,

who, when they are brought into my room, think the flowers in the pattern of the carpet are milestones or some such thing, and try to get over them.

Always Dear Count D'Orsay
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Le Comte D'Orsay.

To T. N. TALFOURD,[†1] 19 MARCH 1844

Text in N, I, 582, checked from MS Sotheby's, Dec 1964.

London 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park.
Nineteenth March 1844.

My Dear Talfourd.

The writer of the enclosed is Mr. Charles Mackay—"poet"; and Sub Editorial, paste-and-scissorsorial Craftsman of the Morning Chronicle. He called on me, and asked me for my name: which I gave him, chiefly because while Statues are erected to fighting men by sea and land, I like one to be put up now and then, in honor of that amiable Dragon, Intellect, which Saint George (in his courtdress) is rather fond of riding over. But in principle, I quite agree with you.

He asked me to speak to you; and my reply was, that you were on circuit, but in writing to you, he was free to say he had been with me. I have no feeling whatever on the subject, which is worthy of the

name. Indeed I especially told him that there would be a prejudice abroad in reference to the Edinburgh people requiring external assistance to finish Monuments in honor of their two great men, Scott and Burns; and that unless he could get a very good Committee indeed, starting with bright prospects of success, he had better leave the thing alone. In which he entirely agreed—or so professed.

Mr. Berger[†2] has paid his costs. At least, his bill was £42, and we let him off for £30. If you could have seen a man whom Mr. Strange sent to me yesterday! He had called, he said, (he was a Literary Gentleman) entirely from a regard to my reputation. Mr. Strange, indignant at Injunctions being obtained against four publishers, had drawn up an advertizement which must have an immense effect upon the reputation of any man. Mr. Strange had hinted darkly at making application to Sir Peter Laurie (!!) on the subject of costs being got from several parties; and he recommended me, for my own sake, to let Mr. Strange off, scot free. I told him, with my hand upon the bell rope, (but with a comfortable coolness which threw him out of his saddle instantly) that I had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Strange, except as a Pirate; and that what he had mentioned of that gentleman did not dispose me to form a very high estimate of his character. That he might give my compliments to Mr. Strange, and inform him that I was determined to put the Piracy down, and Mr. Strange with it, as far as his invasion of my property was concerned; and that if Mr. Strange sent all London to me, I would not interfere between him and the attornies, who had already treated him with infinitely more consideration than he deserved. My gentleman, coming

down a peg or so, then said, that there were sentiments expressed in my books which—which Mr. Strange (I suggested) had construed into a disposition on my part to allow myself to be plundered in all directions. I would endeavour to shew Mr. Strange that he was mistaken in his reading.

So it ended. And this Strange having been in contempt for some days, I would have had him taken this morning, for his Audacity, but that Mr. Mitton is unfortunately out of town. The Action against the Assignees of the Bankrupts, we will pursue to the Death.[†1]

I had a great notion myself, of making them drink something with that pudding —or rather of stating what they *did* drink (it was Punch; you are quite right) but on reconsideration I thought it best to let the Pudding stand by itself.[†2] I have a little idea for the last two or three pages of the book, which I hope will please you. So far as I know, it is quite a new thought; and if I can work it out as I have it in my head, I think it will be very gentle and pretty.[†3]

Horne's book[†4] is Syncretic.[†5] Shadows of Martinuzzi, Gregory the Seventh,[†6] and Co. darken its pages, and make the leaves hideous. Don't you feel that,

rather? I am a disinterested objector[†1] Heaven knows—except in the regard of my portrait, which looks in my eyes a leetle like the Iron Mask,[†2] without The Man in it.

I hope my dear Talfourd that when you come back, I shall see you often. For on the first of July, please God, I turn my face towards Italy—most likely for a whole year's absence. D'Orsay recommends Pisa for headquarters; and other judgments back him.

Ever My Dear Talfourd | Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 MARCH 1844

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Apr 1923; *MS* 2 pp.; 3rd person; dated 19 Mar 44.

To SAMUEL ROGERS,[†3] 20 MARCH 1844*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday March Twentieth | 1844.

My Dear Mr. Rogers.

I am greatly vexed to say, that I have a friend from Italy[†4] (you have heard of Italy?) coming to breakfast here tomorrow,[†5] and most likely to sleep here tonight. As he will only be a single day in town, I cannot put him off. And I am therefore most reluctantly obliged to deny myself—or rather to be denied—the pleasure you so kindly propose.

I am sorry to hear you are confined to the house; but I take it for granted it is only Influenza. I have a very red nose myself, and wheeze incessantly.

Kate and her sister send their best loves to you. Will you give my kind remembrances to Moore?[†1]

Always My Dear Mr. Rogers | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire

To JOHN OVERS,[†2] 21 MARCH 1844

MS Harvard College Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Twenty First March | 1844

Dear Mr. Overs.

I am very sorry to hear you are so unwell. If you have ever any particular reason for desiring to see me, let me know; and I will come out to you with pleasure.

You are quite right to *try*, in the regard of the Blue Coat School.[†3] Faint heart never won anything, but has always stood towards every object in the World, in the same relative position as towards the fair lady. I must tell you, however, that these presentations are very eagerly sought after[†4]—that immense influence is exerted to obtain them—and that the Institution is very much abused.

There are only two names on the list (of which I have any knowledge)[†5] that appear promising. I have marked them. I know some of the other gentlemen; but I know also, that their influence has been long engaged. I do not take them into account, therefore.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Overs.

To ANGUS FLETCHER,[†6] 24 MARCH 1844

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Angus Fletcher Esqre. | Poste Restante | Carrara.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate
Sunday Twenty Fourth March 1844.

My Dear Fletcher

You have (unconsciously) covered me with shame; and degraded me to an ignominious and deplorable level.

In an evil hour, I invited Fred, the McIans, and Maclise, to dine here last Wednesday the Twentieth—I repeat it in capitals, THE TWENTIETH. Said

I, "Fletcher—a punctual man—is coming from Italy, and will turn up at half past five, sharp." I made use of the expression "sharp". They jeered; they sneered; they taunted me. "He will not appear",—said they. "I know him better", said I. "We will dine", said they, "with pleasure. But Fletcher will not appear." Confiding in the rectitude and punctuality of my own heart, I ordered your knife and fork to be laid. John laid it. The guests arrived. At five and twenty minutes to six, [†a]they became restless. At twenty minutes to six, they remonstrated formally. At a quarter to six, they grew mutinous and insolent. At ten minutes to six,[†a] they proposed to leave me in a body, and dine together at the Star and Garter, Richmond. At five minutes to six, they rang the bell, and ordered John, on pain of death, to serve the Banquet. That wretched Innocent complied. Over my mortification and anguish, let me draw a decent veil.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Seventhly—I think it was seventhly I left off at, in my last—seventhly—

I find it necessary for the sake of effect to turn over. Seventhly, I am coming to Italy.[†1] Bag and baggage, children and servants, I am coming to Italy for twelve months. We start, please God, on the first of next July! Take breath, and I will proceed.

I purpose establishing my head quarters in some one place, from which I can, at such intervals as suit me, harass and ravage the neighbouring countries. Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, who are well acquainted with the locale, assure me that I cannot do better than set up my rest at Pisa. And *to* Pisa, therefore, we shall proceed straight. Unless I hear any special reason (which does not seem likely) for giving the preference to any other place.

Now, my modern Canova, I don't know where Carrara[†2] is. I dont know where anywhere is, indeed, exactly. But if you can come to Pisa, and meet us, we shall be truly delighted to see you. And the benefit of your advice in taking quarters, would be very great. [†b]Of course I don't mean to live at an hotel: but in private apartments.[†b] There is a Palazza[†3] di Something, commanding a southern view of somewhere, in which I am told[†4] we could be agreeably lodged. I want[†5] to do the thing comfortably, but I don't want to fling my money away, for the benefit of the olive visaged sons of the balmy South—especially, as I have none to spare. Here is a list of the Caravan.

1. The Inimitable Boz
2. The other half of Do.
3. The sister of Do.—Do.—
4. Four babbies, ranging from two years and a half old, to seven and a half.
5. Three women servants, commanded by Anne of Broadstairs.[†6]

Do you think a genteel stranger (No. 1) extensively *un*acquainted with the language, manners and customs, of Italy, could penetrate to Pisa (with Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5) without engaging a sort of courier to attend him thither? If he could, do you or do you not consider that he would be most infernally done, by the way? Your reply on these points will be highly esteemed.

I have some idea of writing to the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, to let me have a couple of solitary rooms in the observatory for Three months, that I may grow a reasonable moustache. London Society in the season, is not favorable to the cultivation of that Vegetable.

Tell me your opinion about the best way of coming, with such a train—whether we shall meet, and where—together with all other matters and things that occur to you. I look forward to these new and brilliant scenes impatiently, as you may suppose.

Kate sends her best regards. We are all well. Fred's boots are still rather tight,[†1] and he suffers in his feet. But in all other respects he is reasonably healthy.

If I have not astonished you, I am disappointed. I received your note, announcing the prolongation of your stay for six months, last Friday.

Always My Dear Fletcher | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,[†2] 24 MARCH 1844*

MS New York University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty Fourth March 1844

A hundred thousand thanks my dear Landor for your note. Alas! No Bath for me, until the Chuzzlewit is done. And I am not much more advanced in it, at this present writing (I hope) than you are.[†3] D'Orsay and Lady Blessington strongly insist that there is no such place for the Family Head Quarters, as Pisa; and they back this opinion by divers weighty arguments. What do *you* say?

Carry that same commodity up the Hill again, for me.[†4] My mind misgives me that you play tricks with it, Landor. I see you at this instant coming out of your bedroom with that strawberry stock on. And no man knows (nor woman neither) how my blood boils at the sight.

Kate and her sister send their best loves to you. You see how fairly *I* deliver

the goods entrusted to my charge! Take care I am not down upon you, in an old Bailey point of view, for Embezzlement.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. J. SERLE, 24 MARCH 1844

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth March 1844.

My Dear Serle.

I confess I have a strong personal desire to "pull"[†1] Mr. Lancaster,[†2] the hero of the enclosed letter; and make a Bow-street application in regard of his swindling in Charity's name. I would as soon do it, in my own person, as eat my breakfast.

I shall be glad to hear what you think of it, and also to confer with you, about Rosa's[†3] passage out (which should be secured) &c &c. By the way, she is coming to you tomorrow morning for some money.

Can you come to me any Evening in this next week; or, better still, can you come and dine with me, *quite alone*, any day but Friday, at half past five? Make your own appointment, and it will be sure to be acceptable and convenient to me.

Always My Dear Serle | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, 24 MARCH 1844

Text from *A Dickens Friendship*, ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, pp. 29-31.

Devonshire Terrace. Sunday, March Twenty-fourth, 1844

My dear Thompson,

My study fireplace having been suddenly seized with symptoms of insanity, I have been in great affliction. The brick-layer[†4] was called in, and considered it necessary to perform an extensive[†5] operation without delay. I don't know whether you are aware of a peculiar bricky raggedness (not unaccompanied by pendant stalactites of mortar) which is exposed to view on the removal of a

stove, or are acquainted with the suffocating properties of a kind[†1] of accidental snuff which flies out of the same cavernous region in great abundance. It is very distressing. I have been walking about the house,—after the manner of the Dove before the waters subsided—for some days, and have had no pens or ink or paper. Hence this gap in our correspondence, which I now repair.

What are you doing??? When are you coming away???? Why are you stopping there????? Do enlighten me, for I think of you constantly, and have a true and real interest in your proceedings.

D'Orsay, who knows Italy very well indeed, strenuously insists that there is no such place for Headquarters, as Pisa. Lady Blessington says so also. What do *you* say? On the first of July—the first of July!—Dick turns his head towards the orange groves.

[†a]Do you eat at all yet? Are you still drinking? *What* do you drink? Thin potations that make your liver white; or generous fluids that inflame your heart to deeds of valour? At what time do you rise; at what time go to bed; where ride, and when, with whom and how; where sup and spend the evenings; what do you dream about? Give me something to guess by. Shake up the grouts[†2] of that Liverpool life of yours, and let me read your fortune in the cup.[†a]

Daniel not having yet come to judgment,[†3] there is no news stirring. Every morning, I proclaim: "At home to Mr Thompson." Every evening I ejaculate with Monsieur Jacques: "But he *weel* come. I know he *weel*!"[†4] After which I look vacantly at the boxes; put my hands to my grey wig, as if to make quite sure that it is still on my head, all safe; and go off, 1st. entrance O.P. to soft music.

[†b]Give her my love. And don't appropriate it by the way.[†b]

Always Faithfully your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. P. GALE,[†5] 25 MARCH 1844†

MS Morgan Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fifth March 1844.

Sir.

†cI beg to thank you for your courteous and good-humoured communication.†c

I was perfectly aware of Steevens's note in reference to the door-nail.†6 My

meaning in observing gaily, in the Carol, that I don't know what there is particularly dead about a door-nail, is, that I don't know why a door-nail is more dead (if I may use the expression) than anything else that never had life.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend P. Gale

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,†1 25 MARCH 1844†

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fifth March 1844.

My Dear Milnes

†aI am very sorry to say, that having been out every day this last week, I have been obliged to take a solemn vow, and make strict compact with myself, that I will not go out to any meal, or other enjoyment this week, saving on Friday: when I shall hope to meet you.†a

I have not acknowledged the receipt of your highly-esteemed present, because I think it a poor compliment to thank an author for his book, without having first read it. I am now in a condition to thank you; and honestly to assure you that the elegance, tenderness, and thoughtful fancy of the Palm Leaves,†2 have greatly charmed me, and have made an impression on me, such as I believe you would yourself desire to produce, and would be satisfied with—fully.†3

Believe me | With Many Thanks
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire

To MR PUNSHON,†4 25 MARCH 1844*

MS Duke University.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fifth March 1844.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Punshon, (if the name

be incorrectly spelt, he begs to apologize: not being able to decypher his correspondent's signature satisfactorily), and begs to say that there is *not*, at present, any uniform Edition of his books.

To THOMAS MITTON, 26 MARCH 1844*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth March 1844.

My Dear Mitton

I am afraid he[†1] is in a bad way. It presented itself to me, when I came to think of it, as exceedingly probable that you would not have an opportunity of speaking to him on such a subject[†2] at such a time.

I will call on you at *about* 3. There is no news of the house. All well.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To F. O. WARD,[†3] 26 MARCH 1844

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Twenty Sixth March 1844.

Dear Sir

It is quite unnecessary for me to say that I have a great regard for Hood; and hold his genius in the highest estimation.

I cannot promise to render any but the slightest assistance to his Magazine, in case it should recover the consequences of its late appearance this month.[†4] But if it should, and if it should be in the hands of Mr. Spottiswoode,[†5] I will certainly write *something* for the next Number.[†6] It will necessarily be very short, and will most probably refer to its starting under new and favorable circumstances.

But in the case I have put, I will do that much with sincere pleasure—and would do much more, if my engagements permitted.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

F. O. Ward Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, [?27 MARCH 1844]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the last Wednesday before Smithson's death. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane.

Wednesday Morning

My Dear Mitton

I don't send you the enclosed,[†1] because I think you can do anything, but because I think you would desire to know it. I have also heard from Thompson this morning: who says "I have no hopes of his getting over this Illness".

Faithfully Always
CD.

To H. J. MORTON, 27 MARCH 1844*

MS Yale University Library.

London—1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Seventh March 1844.

Sir.

I beg to assure you, in reply to your letter, that it would have given me sincere gratification to attend the Meeting of the Delegates from the Associated Mechanics' Institutions of the West Riding of Yorkshire,[†2] if I could, by any reasonable alteration of my Engagements, have done so. Nor would I allow my own

personal convenience to stand in the way. But I regret exceedingly, that I could not leave town for such a purpose at the time you mention, without entailing serious inconvenience on others, whom I have no right to disappoint; and that I cannot, therefore, have the pleasure you propose to me.

The terms of your letter, sufficiently assure me, that I need not convey to you the expression of my hearty and cordial sympathy in the objects you have in view.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. J. Morton Esquire

To THE COMMITTEE OF THE METROPOLITAN DRAPERS' ASSOCIATION,[†1] 28 MARCH 1844

Text from *The Student . . . a Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art,* New Series, No. 1, Jan 1845, p. 19.

Devonshire Terrace, 28th March, 1844

Gentlemen,

I beg to assure you, that it gives me great satisfaction to have the honour of enrolling my name among the Vice-Presidents of your Association.

My engagements will not permit, I regret to say, of my attending your Meeting at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday Evening.[†2] But though absent in the body, I am with you in the spirit there and always. I believe that the objects you have in view, are not of greater importance to yourselves than to the welfare and happiness of society in general; to whom the comfort, happiness, and intelligence of that large class of industrious persons whose claims you advocate, is, if rightly understood, a matter of the highest moment and loftiest concern.

I understand the late-hour system to be a means of depriving very many young men of all reasonable opportunities of self-culture and improvement, and of making their labour irksome, weary, and oppressive. I understand the early-hour system to be a means of lightening their labour without disadvantage to any body or any thing, and of enabling them to improve themselves, as all rational creatures are intended to do, and have a right to do; and, therefore I hold that there is no more room for choice or doubt between the two, than there is between good and bad, or right and wrong.

I am, Gentlemen, | Your faithful Servant,
CHARLES DICKENS.

The Committee of the | Metropolitan Drapers' Association.

To THE REV. HENRY HART MILMAN,[†1] 28 MARCH 1844

Mention in unidentified catalogue.

An amusing letter, regretting the impossibility of getting to a meeting of the Geographical Association,[†2] owing to prior engagements.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 29 MARCH 1844

MS Mrs Sowerby.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Ninth March 1844

My Dear Thompson.

I congratulate you, with all my heart and soul, a million of times. It is a noble prize you have won. And I am sure you have won it, in a noble Spirit. A hearty God Bless you!

Good Heaven what a Dream it appears! Shall we ever forget that night when she came up to THE Piano—that morning when Dick, the energetic Dick, devised the visit! Shall we ever cease to have a huge and infinite delight in talking about the whole Romance from end to end—in dwelling upon it, exaggerating it; recalling it in every possible way, form, shape, and kaleidoscopic variety!

Ask her to save the dress—the dress with the fur upon it. Let it be laid up in Lavender. Let it never grow old, fade, shrink, or undergo millinerial alteration, but be a household God, Immortally Young and Perpetually Green. *Wasn't* it Green? I think so.

The father seems to have acted like a man. I had my fears of that, I confess; for the greater part of my observation of Parents and children, has shewn selfishness in the first, almost invariably.

I swear, my dear Thompson, that I am as well pleased as yourself. I send you all manner of cordiality, in this.

Of course I shall see you, as soon as you arrive here. I rather expect to hear that you have been called to Yorkshire, for I received dreary accounts of poor Smithson, this morning and yesterday, through Alfred.[†3]

Always Faithfully Your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [JANUARY-MARCH 1844]*

MS (fragment) Mr W. J. Carlton. *Date:* Jan-Mar 44 on handwriting.

first note. But my answer must still have been, in effect, what you have already received from me.

I have not been unmindful of Mrs. and Miss Barrow's[†1] condition as it is stated to me, but have made it known to Mrs. Barrow's nearest, and wealthiest relation.[†2] If I decline to mention to you what kind of assurance from myself I coupled[†3]

April

To MESSRS LEA AND BLANCHARD, 2 APRIL 1844

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania. *Address:* By Post Office Steamer. | Messrs. Lea and Blanchard | Philadelphia | United States.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Second April 1844.

My Dear Sirs

Many thanks to you for your kind recollection of me, in the matter of the Indian Biography.[†4] I had just given up the rest; and had my numbers bound—not doubting you, but thinking (I am sure I don't know why) that the rest were not going to be published.

It is needless for me, I hope, to say, that personal regard would lead me to break my determination in your favor, if I could possibly contemplate the breaking of it upon any consideration. But I cannot. I have made a covenant with myself, which admits of no violation.[†5]

How came you to address your letter to me at my publisher's, when Mr. Willis[†6] has given you (as I understand) my address so elaborately in print?[†7] Surely you

don't doubt the Mouthpiece of the Greatest Country in the World—do you! I will swear that neither of you will ever get into Congress if you do.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

To C. C. FELTON, 2 APRIL 1844*

MS The Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Second April 1844. Tuesday

My very dear Felton.

The boat sails a day earlier than I expected;[†1] and I have time for but a line. We are all well, and quite happy. Kate recovered. Babby thriving. I have been writing all the morning (it is now two) and am not dressed. At a quarter to three, we always proceed to Richmond, eleven miles off, and hold a solemn dinner on this day—our wedding day, and Forster's birthday. Party composed of the three interesting Individuals concerned; Maclise; and Kate's sister. Dinner, Forsters. Your health shall be drunk with all the honors.

My dear Felton, if I *do* go in at Willis (and I am sorely tempted),[†2] I will put that mark upon him, which he shall carry red, to his grave.

Best loves from Kate and myself to Mrs. Felton, *your*self, and all your house.

Ever Your Affectionate friend
The Insolvent One.
Professor Felton

To THOMAS MITTON, 2 APRIL 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Second April 1844.

My Dear Mitton

Your second letter has thrown me upon the immediate but careful consideration of the adviseability of my complying with your suggestion and that of Mr. Jackson:[†1] and coming down straightway. I am quite sure that I could not do so, with any propriety, *unless I were 'specially asked by Mrs. Smithson or Thompson.* I have not the least doubt of that. It is needless for me to say, that I would allow no consideration of personal convenience to influence my decision, in that case, or in any other. But it would not do. There would be an indelicacy—a positive impropriety—in it, which, in the after recollection of it by others, would more than outweigh any service I could possibly render. And it is quite in the nature of things that you and Jackson, who are on the spot, should not see this; while I, who am at a distance, should be fully possessed with it.

I have always thought it *possible* that, beingthere, I might be a check upon the Opposition of Allen[†2] & Co. For this reason, if I had had such an excuse as Thompson's coming here, I think I should have seized it, and gone down with him. But without a special reason arising *in* the family, and presented to me *by* the family, I could not reconcile it to myself.

It does not strike me, that your being invited to Allen's, looks bad. I have not the least doubt of his being a Rascal—not the smallest; he is much too turfy to be anything else—but I should hardly think, if he meant mischief in that, he would think you such a confounded Jackass as to be taken in by it.

Pray communicate all this to Jackson. I have not heard from Thompson since he left Liverpool. He wrote to tell me that he was summoned away, and did not expect to find poor Smithson alive.

I am much grieved by his death; and little thought when we parted at Easthorpe, that I should never see him again. There are old fairy-tales about men being changed into stones; but the men *I* know are changed into Gravestones, with terrible rapidity and reality.

Do not fail to tell me news of Mrs. Smithson.[†3] I feel for her, deeply.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To ALFRED DICKENS, 3 APRIL 1844

Text from N, I, 590-1.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday April Third 1844

My Dear Alfred,

Fred sent me up your account of poor Smithson's death, last night. I had

been anxious to know the particulars, having felt very much for all the house, and thought about them constantly.

It is a comfort to know, poor fellow, that his end was so peaceful. He was a kind-hearted creature; and I regret him most truly.

I need not say to you that if I were *sure* of being of the least comfort to Mrs. Smithson, or of affording her the slightest grain of consolation by my attendance at the Funeral, I should have started off to the railway immediately upon the receipt of your note of yesterday's date. But she has so many people about her, and it is so doubtful whether what one means for sympathy and kindness, be really so at such a time, or be but an aggravation of the mourner's distress; that I could not resolve to come, unless I were assured by Thompson that she actually and actively wished it. God knows that if she did, I would cheerfully and zealously render—not such a trifling attention as that—but services of patient attention and fatigue, and think myself happy in their performance. When I think, however, of the number of friends about her, I am not (as I have already said) at all confident that I am not much better and kinder, away.

I deem it best therefore, to stay where I am. But in case Thompson should happen to write to me to the same effect by to-day's post, I will order my portmanteau to be packed, and if I should hear from him (as in that case I should) by a quarter past 9 tomorrow morning, I shall be all ready for repairing to the railway which I will then do immediately, and come down by the first train after my arrival at the terminus in Euston Square which I suppose would be the Day Mail.

Affectionately always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS OSBORNE,[†1] 3 APRIL 1844*

MS Text from copy, Mrs John Silcock.

1 Devonshire Terrace | April 3, 1844

Dear Miss Osborne

Let me thank you, very earnestly, for your kind remembrance of me. I shall not fail to read the little books[†2] you have sent me as soon as possible; and though they were the dullest little books in the world instead of being what I expect them to be, yet would I read them with an unwearying mind for the givers sake.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to say that we both respond to Lady Osborne's[†1] desire for our better acquaintance.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM PICKERSGILL,[†2] 3 APRIL 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Third April 1844.

Sir.

I fear the best reply I can give you, in acknowledging the receipt of your letter, will be rather unsatisfactory; but if it be so, it is not from any lack of interest on my part. It is in the nature of all literary beginnings to be surrounded by unsatisfactory circumstances.

You know the general character of your composition; and can tell, by looking over the Magazines for any single Month, to which Periodical it seems to be the best adapted by its resemblance to the prevailing tone. You send it addressed to the Editor, with a brief note, intimating that you wish it to be inserted at the usual rate of remuneration. If you send it at the end of one month, you will most likely know its fate at the end of the next.

A Magazine Sheet is sixteen pages. If you count the words in any one page of the Magazine you select, and then count the words in any one page of your own writing, you can easily calculate what quantity of your MS will go to a sheet. When I say that a Magazine Sheet is sixteen pages, I mean sixteen pages *of* the Magazine, of course.

The rate of remuneration to unknown writers, is six or eight Guineas a sheet, usually. Many unknown Writers, write for nothing. I wrote for the next thing to it myself, when I was one and twenty.[†3]

The only additional piece of advice I can give you, is to concentrate on this pursuit all the patience that would be required in all the other pursuits of this world, put together; and to lay your account with having it tried. I have no great private knowledge of any Magazine, but I should say that Ainsworth's, Hood's and Bentley's[†4] were the least likely to be already oppressed by a great accumulation

of accepted contributions. So far as I know, your offering is pretty certain to be read, and to receive courteous attention.

Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

William Pickersgill Esquire

To J. V. STAPLES,[†1] 3 APRIL 1844

Text from F, IV, ii, 317*n*.

Third of April, 1844. I have been very much gratified by the receipt of your interesting letter, and I assure you that it would have given me heartfelt satisfaction to have been in your place when you read my little *Carol* to the Poor in your neighbourhood.[†2] I have great faith in the poor; to the best of my ability I always endeavour to present them in a favourable light to the rich; and I shall never cease, I hope, until I die, to advocate their being made as happy and as wise as the circumstances of their condition, in its utmost improvement, will admit of their becoming. I mention this to assure you of two things. Firstly, that

I try to deserve their attention; and secondly, that any such marks of their approval and confidence as you relate to me are most acceptable to my feelings, and go at once to my heart.

To GEORGE HODDER,[†3] [?1-4 APRIL 1844]

Mention in George Hodder, *Memories of my Time*, 1870, p. 147. *Date:* not earlier than 1 Apr since the advertisement for a secretary to the Art-Union appeared 30 Mar (*Literary Gazette*), and before the closing date of 5 Apr.

Recommending Hodder for the post of Secretary to the Art-Union of London.[†4]

To JOHN OVERS, 4 APRIL 1844*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Fourth April 1844.

My Dear Mr Overs,

I am suddenly called away into Yorkshire to attend a Funeral;[†1] but I have found time this morning to read your Poem.

Doing so with a pencil in my hand, I have marked here and there such slight observations as occurred to me. I think it very good all things considered, though here and there a little obscured and forced.

I fear that with Gray's Ode on the books, it is not likely to find a ready market. I would counsel you to try Tait[†2] with it again. I am not hopeful in regard to it; but let me know what you determine,

In great haste, | Faithfully yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr J. A. Overs.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 6 APRIL 1844

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London. On mourning paper.

Malton Abbey.[†3] | Saturday Sixth April 1844.

My Dearest Kate. I found Alfred waiting for me at York yesterday; but one of the horses having gone lame, we had nothing to come over here in, but a Post chaise. And as we did not leave York until 7, and poor Smithson was to be buried at ½ past 9 you may suppose it was pretty sharp work to get here, and get dressed, in time. We managed it, however. When we drove in to the Gannock[†4] (as that green place which you recollect, outside the house is called) it was filled with

country-people hurrying away to the abbey churchyard; and with Malton trades-people, dressed in mourning. The sight was very affecting indeed; and so was the funeral, which was very solemnly performed in the old abbey church; the rector[†1] walking there, before the Hearse. Poor Smithson is buried immediately outside his own Garden Wall—in a piece of ground which was lately taken from his garden by the abbey Property, and consecrated.[†2] A tree is to be planted over his Grave.

Mrs. Smithson had been upstairs by herself ever since, but I saw her yesterday afternoon. She cried a good deal at first, and looked very lonely and miserable: her face a good deal altered by crying and anxiety: and not improved by the widow's cap. She was quite sensible about it though, and made no show of sentiment. Thompson, Fanny,[†3] and I, sat with her in the Evening. She was comfortable enough, then, and came down to breakfast this morning, and was in her old place, before anybody was up. Everything goes on now again much as ever.

There appears to be no doubt whatever, that he died without a will. Every place has been searched that could be thought of: and nothing has been found.[†4] He had even dropped a certain Life Insurance for £3000, which in a man of business is extremely strange. Mitton tells me that on the best calculation Jackson can make after looking over the papers in the office, the estate will not yield more than two or three thousand pounds, after everything is got in, and everything is paid.[†5] But this, for the present, is mere talk. She has £330 a year, of her own. Milly[†6] has the same. And this, with what Thompson pays for the two children,[†7] would of course maintain them genteelly anywhere. She has not yet mentioned to Thompson what her wishes are in respect of leaving this place—But Thompson talks of Devonshire. He is going to remain with them until everything is finally arranged. It will take a long time; and all his foreign projects are of necessity broken up.

I think, being so near, I shall go over to Mulgrave[†8] by the coach on Monday

Afternoon, and return here either on Tuesday or Wednesday: coming to town most probably on Thursday *Night*, but sometime on Thursday at latest. Write to me by Tuesday's Post; and if there be any letters that you think *particular*, send them—not otherwise.[†1] Pray write to Mrs. Smithson at the same time. I blushed to think yesterday, that I had come down at such a time, without bringing a line from you.

Fanny goes home again today—Alfred to York tomorrow. Mitton somewhere else on Monday, I believe. I grieve to report that Wallace was almost too drunk to wait at table yesterday; which is horribly discouraging, in reference to one's treatment of servants. I am sure no man ever had a kinder master than he had in poor Smithson.

Love to the Darlings, and to Georgy. I shall look for your letter. Of course you will open any that may come from Jeffrey.[†2] Always affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Sunday Morning

The state of the Miss Weller business is exactly what I predicted to you. A prior attachment—kept secret by her—and *the parents with* Thompson. You have the key of my round Study Table. If you open the drawer in which I keep my cheque-book, you will see two latch keys. They both belong to the street door. Send me one of them in your letter, that I may admit myself on Thursday night.

To MISS CHRISTIANA WELLER, 8 APRIL 1844

Text from *A Dickens Friendship*, ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, pp. 37-43.

Malton Abbey, Yorkshire, Monday Eighth April, 1844

My dear Miss Weller,

I was exceedingly glad to receive your letter some weeks since; and should have written to thank you for it if I had anything to say. Not being one of those remorseless persons who look upon the Penny Postage as a General Licence to let fly with a paper pellet at all sorts of game, however, I waited in the hope that I might have something to say in course of time. In which expectation I have been disappointed. Nobody's house, in whom I have recently supposed you interested, has taken fire; nothing has changed for good or evil which is likely to concern you at all; and unless the modest creature who sang about the Ugly Man[†3] at Liverpool has grown bold since I was there (which is not probable:

considering his remarkable bashfulness at that time) no man or woman whom we both know is one bit the better or the worse since we parted, that *I* know.

Yet that is not so, either. For to my amazement, I have found one friend of mine very much the worse for a visit to your town. Something comes over the paper like the light of a blush from you; I don't know what is the cause of the effect, but it is very red. I mention it on account of its singularity; and, losing the thread of my discourse in doing so—(it is so very slight that it is hard to find)—I must turn overleaf, and look back.

O, my friend! I recollect. Yes. He went to Liverpool, and fell desperately, madly, irretrieveably in Love there. Which was so perfectly natural (the circumstances of his case being quite uncommon and his provocation enormous) that I could not find it in my heart to remonstrate with him for his folly. Indeed I rather encouraged him in it than otherwise; for I had that amount of sympathy with his condition, which, but that I am beyond the reach—the lawful reach—of the Wings that fanned *his* fire, would have rendered it the greatest happiness and pleasure of my life to have run him through the body. In no poetical or tender sense, I assure you, but with good sharp Steel. He fell in love, this man; and, after divers misgivings and hesitations and deliberations and all that, mentioned the fact—first to the winds, and to the gentle airs that blow in Mr. Radley's bed-chambers; and afterwards to—to Her. Well. He thought he was getting on Hopefully, gently, reasonably, smoothly; and wrote as much to me, in London. I immediately threw up a small cap (sky-blue) which I keep on a peg in my study for such joyful occasions as very seldom happen; and remained for some days perpetually casting it into the air and catching it again, in a transport of delight.

In the midst of this enthusiasm I was summoned down here (he visits hereabouts) to attend a funeral; and at this funeral I found him, to my great amazement, acting as chief mourner to his own hopes, and attending them to an early grave with the longest hat-band and the usefullest pocket handkerchief I ever saw in my life.

At this I was very much surprised and very sorry, as you will believe; and the sky-blue cap (still in the air) fell down upon my head with the weight and velocity of a Cannon-ball.

For I found out, when I came to talk to him, that one wretchedness coming on the head of another—they always make a pyramid, God knows why—he had heard, in the very height of another distress, from Her; and She had told him that he had been a little premature, and that there were other footprints in the field—and so forth.

But, by little and little, I got the cap up again—not very high, but *up*—and there it is now, over my head as I write. For I told him that, as to other foot-marks being in that course, there might be a host, and yet the best flowers might grow up at last in the steps of the last man, if he were True, Unselfish, Manly, Honourable, Patient, and Persevering. I told him that I had a Faith in such strong qualities never being inspired in a man's breast for failing purposes; that I had a Faith in his possessing them, and carrying them gallantly with his attachment; and that I had as high and confident a Faith (O Heaven what a boundless Faith it is!) in Her, and that whatever she worked out would be for

Good. I know, I *do* know it, as well as if I had known her from her cradle. As, in the spirit, I have.

In short, I went on as if I had a white head, a staff, a patriarchal beard, and a bent back—saving that I threw the sky-blue cap a *little* higher than an old man would have done perhaps, and kept it up as gaily as I could. Which I mean to do, unless you hold my hands; and that you won't do, I believe. Whatever happens in this case, of this I am quite sure—that it will all happen Wrong, and cannot happen otherwise but Wrong; the undersigned being excluded from all chance of competition, and only throwing up his cap for other men, instead of cutting it up into Favors for himself. Not last among your faithful and admiring friends, my dear Miss Weller, nor yet a cold spectator of the slightest thing that can concern your happiness,

Faithfully your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

To LORD JEFFREY, [12 APRIL 1844]*

MS Professor Harry Stone. *Date:* the day after CD's return from Yorkshire.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

My Dear Lord Jeffrey.

I have just returned from Yorkshire, and shall wait at home today until I see or hear from you.[†1] I am yours tomorrow, if that will suit you better.

Always | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS MITTON, [12 APRIL 1844]

Extract in John Waller catalogue No. 141 (1884); signed initials; undated, but clearly same letter as *To* Mitton, 12 Apr 44, mentioned in catalogue of Quabbin Book House, Ware, Mass (Jan 1942), *MS* 1 p., from Devonshire Terrace, since CD had arranged to see Jeffrey on this date (see last).

I forgot the very thing I came to town for—to see Lord Jeffrey, who is our boy's Godfather—I breakfast with him to-morrow at 10.

To [MRS. GORE],[†2] 13 APRIL 1844*

MS The Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate | Saturday Thirteenth April 1844.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the author of Agathonia,[†3]

and begs to acknowledge, with very many thanks, the receipt of that book. He is much indebted to the author for his courteous and flattering attention; and anticipates great pleasure from its perusal.

Mr. Dickens loses no time in acknowledging its receipt: having lost some days already, he fears, through being in Yorkshire, whence he only returned home yesterday.

To CHARLES KNIGHT,[†1] [?13 APRIL 1844]

Text from MDGH, I, 152. *Date:* "Saturday, April 13th, 1846" according to MDGH's text; but Sat was 11 Apr in 1846, 13 Apr in 1844. Knight's book was published July 1843, and it seems very unlikely that he would have delayed sending CD a copy of so important a work for two years.

Devonshire Terrace, Saturday, April 13th, 184[4].

My Dear Sir,

Do you recollect sending me your biography of Shakespeare[†2] last autumn, and my not acknowledging its receipt? I do, with remorse.

The truth is, that I took it out of town with me, read it with great pleasure as a charming piece of honest enthusiasm and perseverance,[†3] kept it by me, came home, meant to say all manner of things to you, suffered the time to go by, got ashamed, thought of speaking to you,[†4] never saw you, felt it heavy on my mind, and now fling off the load by thanking you heartily, and hoping you will not think it too late.

Always believe me, | Faithfully yours.
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 13 APRIL 1844*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* Dr. Southwood Smith | 38 Finsbury Square.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth April 1844.

My Dear Sir

I feel, on second thoughts, the delicacy of Chairmanship[†1] so strong upon me, that I would rather leave Lords Normanby[†2] and Seymour[†3] to be written to, by the man of business.[†4] All the other people we spoke of this morning, I have faithfully written to, already.[†5]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

To EBENEZER JONES,[†6] 15 APRIL 1844†

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Monday Fifteenth April 1844

Dear Sir

I don't know how it has happened that I have been so long in acknowledging the receipt of your kind present of your Poems,[†7] but I *do* know that I have often thought of writing to you, and have very often reproached myself for not carrying that thought into execution. [†a]It is not my habit or intention to be dilatory in such cases; and I hope in all plain sincerity that you will excuse me.[†a]

I have not been neglectful of the Poems themselves, I assure you, but have

read them with very great pleasure. They struck me at the first glance as being remarkably nervous, picturesque, imaginative, and original. I have frequently recurred to them since; and never with the slightest abatement of that impression. I am much flattered and gratified by your recollection of me; I beg you to believe in my unaffected sympathy with, and appreciation of, your powers; and I entreat you to accept my best wishes, and genuine though tardy thanks.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Ebenezer Jones Esquire

To MRS CHARLES SEDGWICK,[†1] 15 APRIL 1844*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society. *Address:* By the Hibernia Post Office Packet. | Mrs. Sedgwick | Lenox | Massachusetts | United States | Private.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park.
Fifteenth April 1844.

Dear Madam. I am too glad to have heard from you (remembering in what earth, our correspondence first took root) to be disposed to contest the points you set forth in your letter, at any length. But I cannot help remarking, with the very best feeling and temper in the world, that the Popular Instructor of America —its gallant and veracious press—has left you uninstructed on one or two points of fact, which it was rather essential for you to have known, before you formed such very strong opinions in reference to the Pennsylvanian Penitentiary.[†2] You seem to regard my opinion of the system, as something so extraordinary and unaccountable that it can only be understood or comprehended in any degree as consistent with honesty, by the supposition that I was under some strange influence—some wonderful and unparalleled perversion of judgment, unknown to all other men—when I wrote about that Prison. I have no doubt this has been very often represented to you, and very seldom so politely; but this cannot change the fact that it is no peculiar crotchet of mine—that many most excellent, amiable, virtuous, thoughtful, and enlightened men have arrived at exactly the same conclusions from exactly the same premises—that the introduction of this discipline is strongly opposed in England, and has already been attended with lamentable results—that it has lately been distinctly and decidedly reported against, in Paris, where its introduction was contemplated[†3]—and that it has

unquestionably, more opponents than defenders among those who are best acquainted with the subject of Prison regulations, and have most attentively studied the operations of the human mind. Of myself, and my own means of arriving at a right conclusion, I will only say that I have paid great attention to the first of these themes for several years; and that if I have no natural aptitude for the second, I have entirely mistaken my vocation, and some few readers of books have done so, likewise.

And in reference to my expressed opinion at the time, by word of mouth, I will merely remind you that not even the Governor of an American Prison can alter the Truth, or change an iota of it; the Truth being even a higher thing than such Governor, and far beyond his reach, assailment, or controul. And the Truth is, upon my honor as a Gentleman and as I must see God as a mortal creature, that after a dinner in the Prison, I, being called upon, did say in so many words to the party then assembled that the Punishment was an awful and tremendous one; and that if it were inflicted at all, it should only be inflicted for very short terms; and that I believed very few men knew what a Punishment it was. All of which sentiments, I, *of course*, separated however, from the cleanliness, order, and humanity of intention observable throughout the establishment; to which I awarded the Praise such arrangements deserved. I recollect, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday, an awkward and blank pause succeeding upon these remarks; and I have no doubt that a gentleman in Philadelphia named Ingersoll,[†1] an officer in the United States Navy, remembers these circumstances as well as I; and our reference to them in a coach as we rode back together.

If you recollect a few details on this same subject—I mean the Prison generally —in your letter, and look back to my book, you will find that you have not read it quite correctly. Unless you have an

American Edition with a few forged passages in it. Which is exceedingly probable. Having seen my own hand to a letter I never wrote,[†2] and Mr. O'Connell's hand to a letter *he* never wrote;[†3] and being possessed of some information in reference to the concoction and dispersion of those magnanimous documents by tens of thousands, through America, I can easily compass this likelihood.

The case of the interesting lady who stabbed the gentleman,[†4] is exactly the

illustration I should have invented, if I were putting a supposititious case, of one of the many phases in which America differs from other Countries, and does such stupendous and grievous injury to the progress of Free Institutions elsewhere. I mean the readiness of her people to take the Law into their own hands; and their manifest want of confidence in, and want of real respect for, the Institutions which they parade so noisily. In the ordinary course of events in any other civilized country, the Jury in that case *must* have found the lady guilty—inasmuch as they were upon their oaths, and she *did* unquestionably stab the gentleman. So they would have found her guilty, and would have recommended her, in their confidence in the Powers that be, to the Mercy of the authorities, with a perfect reliance on their recommendation being carefully, and honorably, and favorably considered. And as to the Constables applauding, they would have appeared in that character for positively the first and last time: and would very likely (and deservedly) have been clapped into prison to boot, for so far forgetting the dignity and decency of a solemn Court of Justice. In America, the course is what you describe—and in the absence of that respect and confidence of which I have just treated, quite naturally so. But not the less dangerously.

Of Mrs. Childe's[†1] appearance as a Comforter at the Bar, I will only say (the same being a question of taste) that I am very glad I am not *Mr.* Childe.

I have marked this letter Private—not, of course, with any distrust of your delicacy, but because I wish you expressly to understand my dear Madam, that my desire is, NOT to be set right upon any subject of slander or falsehood whatever; as I have resolved not to compromise the respect which I owe to myself by rebutting, refuting, explaining, or denying, any accusation whatever which is brought against me on your side of the Atlantic; the character of such accusations and such unimpeachable Gentlemen as they originate with, being not of that kind which any person claiming the least superiority to a Scavenger, could possibly notice, without a compromise of his degree. You wrote to me first, in the confidence of grief and a full heart;[†2] and for this reason I have written in a spirit of confidence to you. This being the first, as it will be the last time, of my replying to anything like a reproach from any correspondent in America.

I write to you, and no one else. And I beg you (beyond your own house) to consider this letter, as strictly private and confidential, as if it treated of none but private topics.

Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards. We are all very well, thank God, and very happy. I hope your daughter[†3] is so, likewise. If I could draw (which I

can't), I could make a portrait of her engaging face at this moment: I remember it so well.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Sedgwick.

To THOMAS POWELL, 16 APRIL 1844

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Thomas Powell Esquire | 2 Leadenhall Street.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixteenth April 1844.

My Dear Powell.

Lord bless you! Thursday or Friday!!! Why, I composed (though I say it, as shouldn't) the best little party you can imagine; comprehending everybody I had room for, whom I thought Mr. Chapman would like to know.[†1] Let me see. Rogers for Poetry, Sydney Smith[†2] for Orthodoxy, Charles Kemble and Young[†3] for Theatricality, Lord Denman for Benchity, Lord Dudley Stuart[†4] for Polarity, Mr. and Mrs. Milner Gibson[†5] for Anti Corn Law Leaguality, Mrs. Norton[†6] for beauty, and divers others for variety. Lord love you! Why, at this time of the year it couldn't be done again under three weeks. Not to mention the Dwarf—General Tom Thumb[†7]—whom on the word of a Spiritiwal creetur, I had summoned, and have summoned, for the Evening in question. No. We won't come down with the run. We'll have a long notice, and see what can be done with the second wentur. When we doos go in, we plays to win Sir.

Says Shrimp to me (I allude to the humble individual who has the honor to be my brother) "Mr. Powell is coming up one evening".—"Shrimp", said I. "Why evening? We dine at half past 5. Cannot said Powell, with a day's notice (to ensure my not being out) come up to dinner?" I saw that I had touched him; and had a modest confidence in my Message reaching you safely. Whether Shrimp broke down, or Prawn (otherwise Powell) I don't know. But until this point is

cleared up, I decline to acknowledge the receipt of [†a]potted chair.[†1] If indeed that *be* chair in a black bag; which I don't believe.[†a] Faithfully Ever

CD.

To LORD DUDLEY COUTTS STUART,[†2] 16 APRIL 1844

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1970; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 16 Apr 44.

Saying he and the whole party *will be delighted to see him and that* I am not acquainted with the other Governesses and believe these are the genuine unadulterated and original G's.

To THOMAS MITTON, 17 APRIL 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Seventeenth April | 1844.

My Dear Mitton. I am engaged to dine tomorrow with Rodwell the Music man] at Brompton. I was coming do[wn ye][†3]sterday Morning to tell you [that I was, detained by my last [chapter] of the next No which I have not yet finished, as it requires great[†4] discretion.[†5]

The No. will be a teazer,[†6] I think.

I am very much and pressingly in want of a hundred pounds until June. Though the time is short, my father's debts, two quarters income tax[†7] &c, coming all at once, drive me, sailing so near the wind by not drawing any profits from C and H, into a most [un]comfortable corner.[†8] Ca[n you oblige] me with

this, or devise any [means] of doing so? Send me a line, and say how the land lies in your view, and at what time you will be in the Way on[†1] Friday.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To MRS CHARLES SMITHSON, 18 APRIL 1844*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth April 1844.

My Dear Mrs. Smithson.

I send you the long-promised Carol.[†2] Better now, I hope, than never.

I think it best, on consideration, *not* to send you the other books we spoke of. You will have enough to occupy your thoughts just now, I do not doubt, without them. And when you come to town, you will be better able to judge of what you wish to know, by going with us (as I hope you will) on Sunday Mornings,[†3] twice, or thrice, than if you read a Library. I cannot reconcile it to myself to influence anybody's mind on such a subject. There would be happier lives and happier Deaths, perhaps, if we read our Saviour's preaching a little more, and let each other alone. If men invest the Deity with their own passions, so much the worse for them. He remains the same; and if there be any Truth in anything about us, and it be not all one vast deceit, he is full of Mercy and Compassion, and looks to what his creatures do, and not to what they think.

I was in hopes our house would have suited you for a twelvemonth; and thought it would be like a kind of Home to you. Since you were here, we have made a pretty bedchamber of the Breakfast Room.

Thompson wrote me, however, a few days since, that there were not bedrooms enough for you;[†4] and that he was coming up house-hunting.[†5] I am on the lookout for him.

I shrewdly suspect there was a Concert at Manchester last night—and that *she* played there[†6]—and that *he* went.

Here I put my finger at the side of my nose, and pull up; with love to beauteous Bill,[†7] and my Glorious Godchild whom I have proclaimed in the highways as being in all respects a Brilliant Baby.[†8]

Let us have another to match, and we'll get on happily yet.

Always Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Smithson.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN,[†1] 20 APRIL 1844*

MS John F. Fleming, Inc.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twentieth April 1844

Dear Sir. The lettering is on the other side. I wondered what on earth had become of the plates.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Chapman Esquire

Mrs. Gamp makes tea[†3]
Mr. Moddle is led to the contemplation of his destiny.[†4]

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 20 APRIL 1844*

MS Dr William A. Whittaker.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twentieth April 1844

My Dear Dr. Smith. On Monday Morning at Ten—or a quarter before Ten if that will suit you better—I shall be delighted to see you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

To T. J. SERLE, 22 APRIL 1844

MS Mr Peter Brandt. *Address:* T. J. Serle Esquire | 9 Southampton Row | Russell Square.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Evening April Twenty Second 1844

My Dear Serle.

The Captain of the Britannia has written me, that unless the berth be taken straightway, she can't go by that ship,[†5] as it is filling fast. Will you draw me a cheque for the passage-money (leaving the sum blank, as I don't at this moment know what it is—I will put it in when I find out) & send the same to me forthwith.

In haste Ever Yours

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 APRIL 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 323. *Date:* 23 April according to Forster.

November blasts! Why it's the warmest, most genial, most intensely bland, delicious, growing, springy, songster-of-the grovy, bursting-forth-of-the-buddy, day as ever was.[†1] At half-past four I shall expect you.[†2] Ever, Moddle.[†3]

To MRS S. C. HALL, 23 APRIL 1844

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third April 1844.

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

Many thanks for Chambers's Journal.[†4] Your Governess[†5] is an immense relief to that somewhat cast-iron and utilitarian publication (as congenial to me, generally, as the brown paper packages in which Ironmongers keep Nails); and I have read it with very great pleasure. It is delicately and beautifully done; with a womanly touch that cannot be mistaken.

When I saw you among the Ladies at the Dinner t'other night,[†6] I made a valorous resolve to come out with a reference to this very tale; thinking and hoping it would not displease you. I was very much vexed when I sat down

again, to have forgotten it. And they have been laughing at me here, ever since, for swearing I would tell you what I meant to have done. "As if *that* were of any use!" they say.

Remember me to Mr. Hall and your Good Mother. And believe me always

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. S. C. Hall.

To JAMES THOMSON,[†1] 23 APRIL 1844

Extracts in N, I, 595, and James F. Drake catalogue No. 196 (1928); *MS* 2 pp.; dated 23 Apr 44.

[†a]I am greatly indebted to you for your kind attention and Mrs. Dickens begs me to present her compliments and thanks.[†a] In the execution of a peculiar faculty for which I am distinguished in an eminent degree, I quite forgot when we spoke about those tickets, that Mrs. Dickens had invited some friends at home for the very day to which they refer. In the modesty of my mind, I should not have mentioned this circumstance, but for her special desire that you should know why she is unable to avail herself of your kindness.

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 25 APRIL 1844

MS Professor Robert D. Horn. *Address* (envelope, MS Myers & Co.): Thomas Chapman Esquire | 2 Leadenhall Street.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Twenty Fifth April | 1844

My Dear Sir. Lord Lansdowne[†2] has been out of town; and I only received the enclosed last night. I have written to Doctor Smith, and made him acquainted with its contents.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?25 APRIL 1844]

Mention in next.

To THOMAS MITTON, 25 APRIL 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fifth April 1844.

My Dear Mitton.

Bradbury and Evans[†1] are dead[†2] and decided on my paying C and H's balance before I go, and settling the whole question of the Stock on hand of the books in which I have an interest: considering it would be leaving a power in their hands which under circumstances of separation would be full of danger and embarrassment otherwise. I think this is right; especially as C and H have never taken the slightest steps towards informing me of the state of Pickwick.

I have therefore written to them for the necessary statements, and informed them that I wish to pay them before I go, if I can. They have replied that the Statements shall be made out with all despatch.

It will now be necessary for me to discuss with Bradbury and Evans, the terms on which we are to proceed; and in doing this, I must of course give them an Interest in throwing every possible kind of briskness and alacrity into the business working of books old, and books new.

Before I enter on this, I want to look over the papers I have, in connexion with C and H, and perfectly understand the different Agreements. Will you send me up all the documents connected with my Books, that are now in your possession?

Thompson was here yesterday, and is in treaty for another house[†3] (£250 for the half year, if I remember right) which will be settled today.

Faithfully Ever

CD

Thomas Mitton Esquire
Any news of the "Gent" upstairs??[†4]

To CHARLES WATSON,[†5] 25 APRIL 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fifth April 1844.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter of the Twenty Third Instant.

I am perfectly aware that there are several passages in my books which, with very little alteration—sometimes with none at all—will fall into blank verse,[†6] if

divided off into Lines. It is not an affectation in me, nor have I the least desire to write them in that metre; but I run into it, involuntarily and unconsciously, when I am very much in earnest. I even do so, in speaking.

I am not prepared to say that this may not be a defect in prose composition; but I attach less importance to it than I do to earnestness. And considering that it is a very melodious and agreeable march of words, usually; and may be perfectly plain and free; I cannot agree with you that it is likely to be considered by discreet readers as turgid or bombastic, unless the sentiments expressed in it, be of that character. Then indeed it matters very little how they are attired, as they cannot fail to be disagreeable in any garb.

Upon the whole I am inclined to think that if I had altered the passages which give you offence, you would not have liked my books so well as you are kind enough to say you do; and would not have given me that credit for being in earnest which has procured for me the pleasure of receiving your good-humoured and agreeable letter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Watson Esquire

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 26 APRIL 1844

Mention in S. V. Henkels catalogue No. 1249 (1920); *MS* 4 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Friday, twenty-sixth April, 1844.[†1]

Referring to the Sanatorium dinner: making suggestions as to whom to invite and the manner of holding the same; very emphatic in declaring ladies should be invited.[†2]

To LUDWIG DÖBLER,[†3] 26 APRIL 1844

Text from N, I, 596.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park | Twenty-sixth April 1844

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to M. Döbler, and very much regrets that being already engaged for tomorrow, he cannot avail himself of the box which M. Döbler has so kindly sent him through Mr. Schloss.[†4] But if M. Döbler should have another opportunity of conferring a similar favor on Mr. Dickens, it will give Mr. D. great pleasure to accept it.

Mr. Dickens begs to add, that he had the pleasure of seeing M. Döbler at the

Saint James's Theatre on the last occasion[†1] of M. Döbler's being in London; and that he was much astonished and delighted by his magical performances.

To MRS TALFOURD,[†2] 27 APRIL 1844

Text from N, I, 596.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty-Seventh April 1844

My Dear Mrs. Talfourd,

I will not fail to give my best attention to the subject of the Home Mission,[†3] and its report. And if its Christian aid be extended to all classes of Believers, and its Christian instruction be such as all poor creatures may receive, I will drop my mite into its treasury—not when I grow rich, like the bells of Shoreditch[†4] (for that will never be), but when I have recovered my last half-dozen subscriptions, which have been rather quick—even for subscriptions—on each other's heels.[†5]

Poor Fanny Chandler![†6] God knows she is better where she is! Pray tell me, when I next see you, how her good nurse is, and where.

Isms! Oh Heaven for a world without an ism. The wickedness of us moles to each other in our isms is enough to have brought a comet on the head of this, a thousand years ago.

Always My Dear Mrs. Talfourd | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS WILLIAMS & CLAPHAM,[†7] 27 APRIL 1844*

MS Messrs B. F. Stevens & Brown.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh April 1844.

Mr Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Messrs. Williams and Clapham, and hopes the latter end of next Month (May) may suit their convenience for the settlement of their account. But if they should have any pressing occasion for the money before that time, and will let Mr. Dickens know, he will not fail to do what they require.

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART,[†1] 29 APRIL 1844

MS Mr Justin Turner.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Ninth April 1844

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for Mr. Piper's[†2] letter. Will you kindly charge yourself with the enclosed for him? Also with the other enclosed for Mrs. Tagart?[†3]

Dr. Dewey[†4] sent me his pamphlet,[†5] which, in the exercise of a stern resolve, I immediately put in the fire, without glancing at, beyond the title page. When I determined to tell the Truth about America, I determined also that I would not, from that time, read any American Paper, Pamphlet, Book, or Review, in which I had reason to suppose (from the very fact of its being sent to me) there might be the least allusion to myself.

I do not mean to say that it requires a Roman fortitude to exercise this Self-Denial. But I have beaten, by these means, every free and independent Citizen who has written to annoy me (judging from the number of packets I return to the Post Office unopened, I should think their name is Legion); and I do not think I am less wise or less honest, and I know I am more good-tempered, in consequence.

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Edward Tagart.

To THE REV. H. H. PIPER, [?29 APRIL 1844]

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1937; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1844—probably the enclosure referred to in last.

Thanking him for a generous allusion to him in a sermon.[†6]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 30 APRIL 1844

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth April 1844.

My Dear Stanfield

The Sanatorium, or Sick House for Students, Governesses, Clerks, Young Artists, and so forth, who are above Hospitals, and not rich enough to be well attended in illness in their own Lodgings (you know its objects) is going to have a Dinner at the London Tavern on Tuesday the Fifth[†1] of June.

The Committee are very anxious to have you for a Steward, as one of the heads of a large class; and I have told them that I have no doubt you will act. There is no Stewards' Fee, or Collection, whatever.[†2]

They are particularly anxious also, to have Mr. Etty[†3] and Edwin Landseer.[†4] As you see them daily at the Academy, will you ask them, or shew them this note. Sir Martin[†5] became one of the Committee some few years ago, at my solicitation, as recommending young Artists, struggling alone in London, to the better knowledge of this Establishment.

The dinner is to comprize the new feature of Ladies dining at the tables with the Gentlemen—not looking down upon them from the Gallery.[†6] I hope in your reply you will not only book yourself, but Mrs. Stanfield[†7] and Mary.[†8] It will be very brilliant and cheerful, I hope. Dick in the cheer. Gentlemens'[†9] dinner-tickets a guinea as usual. Ladies' Twelve Shillings.

I think this is all I have to say, except (which is nonsensical and needless) that I am always affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquires

To J. ASHTON YATES, 30 APRIL 1844*

MS Mrs Pauline Dower.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth April 1844.

My Dear Sir

They may book you as a Sanatorium Steward. May they not? There is no Stewards' Fee whatever.

Tuesday the fifth of June is the day.

Faithfully Yours Always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Ashton Yates Esquire

May

To T. J. SERLE, 1 MAY 1844*

MS Dr F. H. Fuller.

My Dear Serle. I think this will be the best form of cheque. If you will send it to me, I will arrange the matter with Coutts's. Miss Elton will have, I suppose to take a Letter of Credit.

Faithfully Ever
CD

1st May 1844.

Pay to your Correspondent at Halifax Nova Scotia, payable to the drafts of Miss Rosa Elton

To CHARLES EVANS,[†1] 2 MAY 1844*

MS Liverpool Public Libraries.

Devonshire Terrace | Second May 1844

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for so promptly forwarding the letter addressed, by an unknown correspondent, to me at Birmingham. What on Earth, or above it, or under it, put it into his head to direct his communication there I cannot in the faintest degree imagine.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles. M. Evans Esquire

To T. J. SERLE, 2 MAY 1844

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace | Second May 1844

My Dear Serle

As Rosa will most probably have to take a letter of credit, I have thought it best to make a round Sum, and fill up the cheque for five and twenty pounds. May some Nova-Scotian bedlamite fall in love with her, and marry her!

The passage cheque was £39..18..0. She will have to give the Steward a Guinea besides, and the Steward*ess* summut for herself.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD

T. J. Serle Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 3 MAY 1844*

MS Columbia University Libraries.

Devonshire Terrace. | Third May 1844

My Dear Mitton. I am just reminded that Burnett dines here today. Come and dine with us at half past 5 exactly. Will you? Kate is ill—abed—but she would have been delighted to see you.

I have a most hideous cold—and am obliged to dine with the Prince and the Academicians[†1] tomorrow, nevertheless.

Faithfully Yours always

CD

To JOHN WALKER, [3 MAY 1844]

Mention in *The Times*, 23 May 44. *Date:* answering a letter from Walker of 3 May: see *To* Forster, ?22 May.

Saying that he could not aid the writer further.

To WILLIAM SANDYS,[†2] 5 MAY 1844

Extract in Maggs's catalogue No. 104 (1896).

Very many thanks for the accompanying dialogues.[†3]

To T. N. TALFOURD, 5 MAY 1844

Text in N, I, 598, checked from MS Sotheby's, Dec 1964.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Fifth May 1844.

My Dear Talfourd.

Very many thanks for the newspaper,[†4] and your friendliest of eloquent memories.

I have dropped—dropped!—the action and the Chancery Suit[†1] against the Bankrupt Pirates. We have had communication with the assignees, and found their case quite desperate. The four booksellers have come in and compounded. So that I lose nothing by them. By Lee and Haddock[†2] (the vagabonds) I *do* lose, of course, all my expences, costs and charges in those suits.[†3] But it is something to know the worst of it and to be rid of Knight Bruce, whom I should call (if he were not a friend of yours) rather a pragmatical donkey—judicially speaking.

I think it is high time we invested the Elton money. When would it suit you best, to bear me company to Coutts's, and settle it in five minutes with Mr. Marjoribanks?

Always Faithfully Yours | My Dear Talfourd
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY and JAMES EDWARDS,[†4] 6 MAY 1844

Extract in Anderson Auction Co. catalogue No. 1098 (1914); *MS* 2 pp.; dated London, 6 May 44.

I do not quite understand from your letter what it is that you want of me. If it is a contribution to your little storehouse[†5] that, I regret to say I cannot give; as my acquiescence in one such request would involve me in too many sources of similar engagements to be contemplated for a moment.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT,[†6] 6 MAY 1844

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth May 1844 | Monday Evening

My Dear Sir

I have delayed acknowledging the courtesy of the Committee, not because I

was in the least degree insensible to it, but because I deemed it probable that I might be leaving town (to write peacefully), before the Dinner of the Literary Fund;[†1] and in case I should not do so I wished to accept the Invitation with which I have been honored. But although I am not going away just now, and am not therefore prevented from attending by that course, I regret that I *am* prevented by a no less potent one; and that is, a most intolerable cold or taste of influenza, which keeps me sneezing and wheezing from morning until night, and would render the sharpening of a saw an infinitely more agreeable sound to the Literary Fund Diners than any observations from me.

Pray assure the Committee of my obligation to them, and believe me

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To JOHN OVERS, 6 MAY 1844*

MS Mrs Jessie Reed. *Address:* Mr. Overs | 8 John's Place | Camberwell New Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth May 1844

Dear Mr. Overs.

Don't on any account come out, unless you are in a proper condition to do so; but write to me when you have any news.[†2] I did not intend to imply in my note that you ought to have come, or were in any way bound to do so, but that I had, without any particular reason, expected you.[†3]

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS]
Mr. Overs.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, [MAY 1844]

Text from W. Blanchard Jerrold, *The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold*, 1859, pp. 217-18. *Date:* soon after the publication of *The Story of a Feather* on 4 May.

I am truly proud of your remembrance, and have put the 'Story of a Feather'[†4] on a shelf (not an obscure one) where some other feathers are, which it shall help to show mankind which way the wind blows, long after *we* know where the wind comes from. I am quite delighted to find that you have touched the latter part again, and touched it with such a delicate and tender hand.[†5] It is a wise and beautiful book. I am sure I may venture to say so to you, for nobody consulted it more regularly and earnestly than I did, as it came out in *Punch.*

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 8 MAY 1844

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Evening Eighth May 1844.

My Dear Sirs.

I will begin with a statement of the amount in which I must desire to become indebted to you. The balance payable to C and H will be £1,500. The sum I shall require for my anticipated expenses will be £1,500. I owe you already £500;[†1] and against this entire sum of £3,500, I propose to place to your credit, when the account for the subscription to the completed Chuzzlewit is rendered, £500. I apprehend there is little doubt of its realizing that much.[†2]

But in addition to this sum of £3,000 which will then be left, I *may* require, for anything I know, in the spring of next year, or about that time, £500 more. I do not know that this will be so; but I think it right to mention it.[†3]

Now, for the repayment of these advances, we must look, of course, to the following heads.

First. The New Carol,[†4] and the new next Christmas issue of the old one.

Secondly. The Magazine or Journal, and the mutual relations we may agree upon, respecting it. I would suggest that it should be commenced within six months, certainly, after the expiration of my year's retirement.[†5] There is also the question of other new books by me.

Thirdly. The best working of the copyrights in existence.[†6]

Oliver Twist, which has not yet been published in a single volume or a cheap form, is absolutely mine; free from any conditions whatever. The stock on hand is 27 copies in cloth—583 in quires.[†7]

The Christmas Carol is also mine, unconditionally. The Stock on hand is 227 copies in cloth—337 in quires.

My interest in *Pickwick* is at present one third of the copyright. They cannot

alter the form or price without my consent. If I wish to sell my third, I must offer to them. If they wish to sell their shares or any part of them, they must offer to me. If we disagree about the price in either case, two arbitrators are to be called in; one by them and one by me. If *they* disagree, they elect an umpire who decides. I may now, if I please, buy a third of the Stock on hand, but this would not give me the power of appointing any other publishers, as long as C and H hold their two thirds. I have not yet received their account of the stock (which is preparing), but as they were moving me not long ago towards a new issue of this book, I suppose it is not very large.

Nickleby. In the November of this year, the whole copyright of Nickleby becomes mine, but I cannot sell it without the offer to C and H as before. There is, however, no clause in the agreement, confirming them as the perpetual publishers. In November I may buy the Stock at Cost Price; and until November I have no right to ask what it is.

Humphrey's Clock, or, in other words, The Old Curiosity Shop, and Barnaby Rudge. In these books, I have half the copyright. The same provisions as to sale, and offers are in the agreement as in the others. I cannot exactly give you the Stock, but you can calculate it easily. It is 208,753 *numbers.* This of course has to be divided by the *number of numbers* in the two stories. The miscellaneous papers were reserved for wasting; and of them, there are on hand 99,250. There is no distinct clause as to their being always the Publishers, but I apprehend the stipulation that they shall not alter the form or price without my consent, implies that.

American Notes. I have three fourths of this book. There is no agreement whatever, respecting it. I wrote them a letter, giving them their share.[†1] The Stock is, 61 copies in cloth—168 in quires.

Chuzzlewit. I have three fourths of the profits of this book (Subscription included) up to the last no., and for six months afterwards. At Christmas in this year, C and H on payment to me of a fourth of the cost price of the stock then on hand, come into half the copyright. This agreement contains the same stipulations as to disposal of the interest on either side. Same as Humphrey's Clock, with respect to their publishing.

The Sketches they bought of Macrone, with his stock, for £2,250; and hold the copyright in trust for five years from March 1840, to assign half of it to me, if it have paid the advance and expences on it at that time, or before. If it have not paid that money, and I still wish to buy, I get half the copyright and stock, if I choose to pay half the balance. All the same clauses as to offers of sale, &c.

You will see at once that the only *immediately* available books, apart from C and H, are the Oliver Twist, and the American Notes. And what I particularly wish you to consider is, whether you think it would be more advisable to publish each of them with a new publisher, in a cheap form (in which neither has appeared) or to break ground with Chapman and Hall, for a general serial Edition of *all* the books in Volumes, under your auspices. This Edition I should propose to embrace new prefaces, and here and there a note, by me; and in short anything I could think of, to increase its interest.

The money I should want, upon the first of June,[†1] or as soon afterwards as may suit your convenience. When you have considered these various heads, and got them into some shape in your minds, I shall hold myself ready for any appointment you may make with Mr. Forster.

I have confined myself entirely to the business details of the matter; not wishing to give you the trouble of having to separate them from a crowd of remarks.

My Dear Sirs | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To THOMAS [POWELL], 9 MAY 1844

Extract in Parke-Bernet catalogue, Jan 1947; *MS* 1 p.; dated 9 May 44. *Address:* "Thomas Ponele" in catalogue.

About the Sanatorium dinner.[†2] I do not like to ask men to act as stewards at a dinner over which I preside, otherwise I could have had no possible objection to the bagging of Talfourd and Richard Monckton [Milnes].

To JOHN OVERS, 10 MAY 1844

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth May 1844 | Friday

My Dear Mr. Overs. I have thought it best, for divers reasons, not to put any publisher's name in the letter; but I have slightly altered it, as you will see. Try Newby.[†3] If he won't, try Mortimer. If *he* won't, let me know.

Faithfully Yours always

CD

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 13 MAY 1844†

MS Mrs R. E. Yeats-Brown. *Address:* Angus Fletcher Esq. | Poste Restante | Genoa.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Thirteenth May 1844

My dear Fletcher.

Ten thousand thanks. Take the illustrious abiding place of the illustrious man *for three Months*[†4] (I do not like to bind myself to a place I have not seen and

tried, for longer): stipulating in the agreement that if I, at the expiration of that time continue it for 12 months, I shall pay so and so. Of course you will get it as cheap as you can. But I do not wish to bind the butcher very tight for the three months, so that what I overpay, as it were, in that term, is afterwards allowed me if I hold it for twelve. You understand, bright Dugald?[†1]

[†a]Likewise let the butcher make a water closet. If I should leave at the end of the three months, *I* will pay for it. If I hold the house for 12 months, *he* shall pay for it. If you employ a—(what's a lawyer in Italian? Solicito I suppose?) hold me your debtor, like a good Canova, 'till I come.[†a]

Hadn't your bedroom better be on the Ground floor, lest those enormous blocks of marble you will work upon, should fall through, and damage the family? I feel myself on the roof with a telescope at my Eye. You stand beside me with a blouse and chisel. But little of me is visible behind my moustache, but that is of a swarthy and Bandit hue. I look towards my Native Land, and scowl. I also drink—a little. Do I smoke at all?

A duplicate of this, has gone to the other address.[†2] You are a nice man to hope I am working at Italian, when I am working my very head off at Martin Chuzzlewit! [†b]How is Clara?[†b†3]

Best regards and many thanks from Kate. [†c]Mrs. Wilson's[†4] letter has not yet arrived. I will write again soon. Start on the 1st. of July, please God.[†c]

Ever faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire

To MACVEY NAPIER, 13 MAY 1844

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Thirteenth May 1844.

My Dear Sir.

I have altered all my plans, (or I should rather say so unexpectedly carried out very old plans) since our compact was made, that I must throw myself upon your merciful consideration, even with reference to next October. I am going abroad on the first of next July—to Italy—where I shall remain some time —six or eight months, I dare say. Do anything but finish Chuzzlewit before I go, I cannot. And what I may do there, it is impossible for me to say, until I know by experience what manner of life I lead in sunny places, and whether I am stupendously idle, or moderately active.

I will report to you from some Vineyard, in August or thereabouts. But do not count upon a John Doe[†5] so far out of your bailiwick. It is likely, I think, that

I might hit upon something fresh (in your way) under such new circumstances; and if I do, I shall be delighted to let you have it, to be used at your convenience.

I have just heard from Lord Jeffrey, whom I am going to see tomorrow. It gives me great concern to learn from him that he has been very ill again:[†1] and has a consultation of Doctors just now, at his Hotel. He talks of returning to Scotland on Wednesday, if they will allow him.

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier.

To H. P. SMITH, 13 MAY 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Thirteenth May 1844

My Dear Smith

Quite Papist[†2] enough, but by no means man of leisure enough. Dinners,[†3] meetings, and the like, are already the Death of me—nearly. Add a Pope festival to the rest, and my Eagle Policies will fall in, prematurely.

Chapman and Hall have expressed a desire to see the Volcanic MS, and have written me to that effect. I have duly apprized the Milanese[†4] thereof. I clearly foresee that he will smash some bookseller by assault and battery; and as Hall is small, perhaps he may answer his purpose better than another.

Cordial regards | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To T. E. WELLER, 13 MAY 1844

Text from *A Dickens Friendship*, ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, pp. 45-9.

Private

Devonshire Terrace, Monday, Thirteenth May, 1844

My dear Sir,

It will afford me real pleasure and gratification to see your family in London, and to promote your views in reference to Miss Weller (in whom, I need not say, I have the truest and most lively interest) to the utmost of my power. That

power is not, I fear, as great as you suppose. It certainly is not with reference to the Press; from which the circumstances of my position keep me very much aloof. But, as I told you, the *Chronicle* is the most looked to, as scientifically musical in that department of its criticism; which is written by Mrs. Dickens's father, to whom I shall be delighted to present Miss Weller, immediately on her arrival. To Moscheles[†1] and some of the best musical Professors we can also make her known (if she is not already so) without a moment's loss of time. And everything, or I should rather say anything, that the unreserved expression of my personal regard for, and warmest interest in, Miss Weller, can effect, shall be effected vigorously. Rely on that!

I presume you know that you will be very late in the season,[†2] and that the concerts are all made up. There is a concert and Ball to come off, early in June, for the benefit of the Poles.[†3] These festivals are usually attended by a great array of fashionable people, and by the opera singers. Mrs. Dickens was suggesting to me, yesterday, that it might be a very good place for Miss Weller's first appearance; and, in case you should think so, I would immediately speak to Lord Dudley Stuart who manages the whole affair, and is a friend of mine. And I have no doubt that he would gladly do anything I might suggest to him. It would be difficult to decide upon the subject without your being in town, but I will open it at a venture. Mrs. Dickens will also see her father, and ascertain whether he can suggest any other opening which it would be desirable to seize. I would strongly impress upon you that every day you lose at this time of the year (if you be bent on bringing Miss Weller out) is a very serious loss indeed.

In reference to the Press (where I think you are a little mistaken) take my word that the quieter you keep in London on that score the better. The provincial criticisms on Miss Weller are not so remarkable for their good-taste that they are likely to do any good here.[†4] Indeed I am sure their injudicious obtrusion would do her serious dis-service, and prejudice her very much. I do not scruple to mention this to you, because I deem it very natural that you should be disposed to sound those provincial trumpets lustily. But let them be dumb.[†5] After Mrs. Dickens's father has heard Miss Weller play, she can be very easily heralded in print,[†6] with a general reference to her previous reputation, and to the times and places of its acquisition.

One can only judge of these things by their personal effect. Shall I candidly

tell you that when you first wrote[†1] to me sending me some provincial notices of Miss Weller, I instantly got it into my head that she *needed* every kind of puff? You cannot be too careful on this head. You may catch tittlebats by spreading such nets, but the large fish won't come near them.

I *fear* that one charge of your double-barrelled gun will hang fire; and that the difficulties in Miss Weller's way are stupendous. Faint heart never won anything, and the trial is worth making, but the number of Professors of her art and mystery in London,[†2] and the immense time it takes to establish a connexion, dishearten me, I confess to you.

Let me know at your convenience on what morning you and Mrs. Weller will call here with Miss Weller, in order that Mrs. Dickens may lose no time in knowing her, as well and lovingly as I desire her to, and as I am sure she will. Make my best regards at home and believe me faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. We are going abroad in the first week in July.

To JOHN FORSTER, [MAY 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iii, 325. *Date:* In Forster's account of CD's preparations for departure, the carriage precedes the courier (see *To* Roche, 15 May) and the tenant (see *To* Landseer, 27 May).

It occurred to him that he might perhaps get for little money some good old shabby devil of a coach—one of those vast phantoms that hide themselves in a corner of the Pantechnicon[†3] *and exactly such a one he found there; sitting himself inside it, a perfect Sentimental Traveller, while the managing man told him its history.* As for comfort—let me see—it is about the size of your library; with night-lamps and day-lamps and pockets and imperials[†4] and leathern cellars, and the most extra-ordinary contrivances.[†5] Joking apart, it is a wonderful machine. And when you see it (if you *do* see it) you will roar at it first, and will then proclaim it to be "perfectly brilliant, my dear fellow."

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 14 MAY 1844

Mention in next.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 15 MAY 1844*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth May 1844.

My Dear Sirs.

The Stock on hand of the Christmas Carol, in which, as well as in the copyright of that book, you have one fourth share,[†1] agreeably to my letter of yesterday, is, I find by Chapman and Hall's account,

337 copies in quires

227 in cloth: on hand, and with agents. Their account is dated 30th. April last; and from that time your interest dates.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To D. M. CORKINDALE,[†2] 15 MAY 1844

Extract in Walter M. Hill catalogue No. 173; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 15 May 44.

I am much beholden to yourself and to those other gentlemen whose sentiments you represent, for the flattering request preferred in it. But I do not desire to offer myself as a candidate for the honor of sitting in Parliament, at this time.[†3]

To LOUIS ROCHE,[†4] 15 MAY 1844

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Fifteenth May 1844

Louis Roche.

If you will call upon the gentleman with whom you travelled last; or, if he should not be in town, upon the other gentleman whom you mentioned to me as being able to speak to your character; and will ask him when it will be most convenient for me to call upon him, and will let me know, I shall be happy to make the needful enquiries. In case they are quite satisfactory, I shall be glad to engage you, if we can agree upon terms.

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I send you one of my cards, that you may arrange with your old employer for my calling on him.

To GEORGE B. WEBB,[†1] 15 MAY 1844

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 623; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 15 May 44.

I am much obliged to you for sending me the enclosed . . . Any sense I might otherwise have of the oddity of the letter is quenched in my pity for the poor "chance child" who wrote it. He certainly is not the son mentioned in Grimaldi's Life, for he is described as dying under very terrible circumstances.†2 Nor should I think it likely that his name is, of right, Grimaldi at all. For it is the custom in such unhappy cases to be poetic and fanciful in the choice of names; and if the Beadle is a man of fertile imagination to leave it pretty much to him.†3 Perhaps the Beadle in your Correspondent's case was fond of Pantomimes.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 18 MAY 1844*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth May 1844 | Saturday

My Dear Fred. I wish you would see this man,†4 today, or this evening. You will observe he has moved.

If he be really in the distress he states, I shod. be sorry to refuse him another Sovereign. If you have one in your pocket give it him (being thoroughly satisfied); if not, I will send it to him after I have spoken with you at breakfast tomorrow.

But I have some doubts of him. Do not be taken in. If I could establish it for a fact that he has imposed upon me, I would have him up to Queen Square†5 forthwith.

I hope you are not going behindhand in money matters. Besides my ten pounds, I am told there are five pounds due upon the Lewisham account.†6

Affectionately Always

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 MAY 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 326. *Date:* CD almost certainly sent Forster his account of the Walker case on the day of the hearing, 22 May.

When the Mendicity officers†7 themselves told me the man was in distress, I desired them to suppress what they knew about him, and slipped out of the

bundle (in the police office) his first letter, which was the greatest lie of all.†1 For he looked wretched, and his wife had been waiting about the street to see me, all the morning. It was an exceedingly bad case however, and the imposition, all through, very great indeed. Insomuch that I could not *say* anything in his favour, even when I saw him. Yet I was not sorry that the creature found the loophole for escape.†2 The officers had taken him illegally without any warrant; and really they messed it all through, quite facetiously.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 22 MAY 1844

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second May 1844

My Dear Thompson

I will bring that treasure[†3] with me.

I have been at the Police Office. The man really was in distress tho' he had lied damnably—The Mendicity people had taken him illegally —and he got off. Thank God!

Faithfully Ever

CD.

P.S. If Hogarth isn't ecstatic,[†4] I shall go into fits.

To LEIGH HUNT,[†1] 24 MAY 1844

MS Iowa University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth May 1844.

My Dear Hunt.

Very many thanks for your companionable, and welcome, and valued book.[†2] I can cordially send back to you, your own words in the Inscription.

Talfourd punctually told me the news[†3] you write of. No one who knows and cherishes you, can be better pleased by it than I am.

Always My Dear Hunt | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To EDWIN LANDSEER, 27 MAY 1844

Text from MDGH, I, 103.

Athenæum, Monday Morning, May 27th, 1844.

My dear Landseer,

I have let my house with such delicious promptitude, or, as the Americans would say, "with sich everlass'in slickness and al-mity sprydom," that we turn out to-night! in favour of a widow lady, who keeps it all the time we are away![†4]

Wherefore if you, looking up into the sky this evening between five and six (as possibly you may be, in search of the spring), should see a speck in the air—a mere dot—which, growing larger and larger by degrees, appears in course of time to be an eagle (chain and all) in a light cart, accompanied by a raven

of uncommon sagacity, curse that good-nature which prompted you to say it—that you would give them house-room.[†5] And do it for the love of

Boz.

P.S.—The writer hereof may be heerd on by personal enquiry at No. 9, Osnaburgh Terrace,[†6] New Road.

To BENJAMIN LUMLEY,[†1] 27 MAY 1844*

MS Mrs Violet Martham Jones.

Athenæum | Twenty Seventh May 1844 | Monday Morning

Dear Sir

I will not apologize for troubling you with this note; hoping that when you have read it, you may consider that unnecessary.

I have a great interest in a young Lady from Liverpool and Manchester who has just come to London, partly at my instance; and not on account of her name (which is Weller) but because she is eighteen—very handsome—accomplished in many ways—and (this is the point) a brilliant and extraordinary Piano Forte player. Mr. Hogarth has heard her; and Count D'Orsay, and Mr. Ayrton,[†2] came to my house yesterday for that purpose. The latter is decidedly of opinion that she will be a great hit, and will take the town by storm. He considers her equal to Thalberg.[†3]

Coming so late in the Musical Season, it became a question with us how she could be brought out, to reasonable advantage, before it draws to a close. Count D'Orsay suggested—and begged me to say as much to you—that as you had Hoffenbach,[†4] and some French Singer whose name I forget,[†5] to whom you desired to afford an opportunity; it might suit your views to have a Musical Act one Opera night, including those Professors and this young lady—of whom he will not fail to report beforehand as she deserves, to the best-known among the audience. Mr. Ayrton considering this a good idea, and one which might not be unacceptable to you, I engaged to write to you this morning. Hence this note.[†6]

I do not know that I can add anything to this plain statement of the case, unless I say that I shall be delighted to give you an opportunity of hearing Miss Weller, if you will allow me: and that it would be an unspeakable pleasure to me, if I could be instrumental, through your means, in making her known.

I am going abroad in July, and have already let my own house, from which I remove today. But I encamp this evening, and henceforth until I leave England, at No. 9 Osnaburgh Terrace New Road, where it will be a great satisfaction to me to receive your answer, at your convenience.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

B. Lumley Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?JANUARY-27 MAY 1844]

Extract in S. V. Henkels catalogue No. 1328 (1923); dated Devonshire Terrace, 5 June 44— impossible, as CD left Devonshire Terrace 27 May (see next).

I would to Heaven your letter were not one of many scores of scores, that I might give you a better proof of my sympathy with your distresses than I now enclose.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 MAY 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 326-7. *Date:* 28 May according to Forster. *From* 9 Osnaburgh Terrace.

Advise, advise, advise with a distracted man. Investigation below stairs renders it, as my father would say, 'manifest to any person of ordinary intelligence, if the term may be considered allowable,' that the Saturday's dinner cannot come off here with safety. It would be a toss-up, and might come down heads, but it would put us into an agony with that kind of people. . . . Now, I feel a difficulty in dropping it altogether, and really fear that this might have an indefinably suspicious and odd appearance. Then said I at breakfast this morning, I'll send down to the Clarendon.†1 Then says Kate, have it at Richmond. Then I say, that might be inconvenient to the people. Then she says, how could it be if we dine late enough? Then I am very much offended without exactly knowing why; and come up here, in a state of hopeless mystification. . . . What do you think? Ellis†2 would be quite as dear as anybody else; and unless the weather changes, the place is objectionable. I must make up my mind to do one thing or other, for we shall meet Lord Denman at dinner to-day. Could it be dropped decently? That, I think very doubtful. Could it be done for a couple of guineas apiece at the Clarendon? . . . In a matter of more importance I could make up my mind. But in a matter of this kind I bother and bewilder myself, and come to no conclusion whatever. Advise! Advise!†3 . . . List of the invited. There's Lord Normanby. And there's Lord Denman. There's Easthope, wife, and sister. There's Sydney Smith.†4 There's you and Mac. There's Babbage. There's a Lady Osborne and her daughter. There's Southwood Smith. And there's Quin. And there are Thomas Chapman and his wife. So many of these people have never dined with us, that the fix is particularly tight. Advise! Advise!

To CHARLES BABBAGE,†1 28 MAY 1844†

MS British Museum.

9, Osnaburgh Terrace, New Road | Twenty Eighth May 1844

My Dear Sir.

I regret to say that we are placed in the preposterous situation of being obliged to postpone our little dinner party on Saturday, by reason of having no house to dine in. We have not been burnt out; but a

desirable widow (as a tenant, I mean) proposed, only last Saturday, to take our own house for the whole term of our intended absence abroad—on condition that she had possession of it today. We fled, and were driven into this place, which has no convenience for the production of any other Banquet than a cold collation of Plate and Linen—the only comforts we have not left behind us.

My consolation lies in knowing what sort of dinner you would have had if you had come *here*; and in looking forward to claiming the fulfilment of your kind promise when we are again at home. †aI cannot tell you how much obliged both Mrs. Dickens and I feel to you, for your very friendly interest in procuring the enclosed information for us. It is an unspeakable encouragement and relief (I had taken precisely the course which your son suggests);†2 and I assure you that we are truly indebted to you.†a

Always Believe Me | My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Babbage Esquire

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 28 MAY 1844*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* Dr. Southwood Smith | 38 Finsbury Square.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace, New Road | Twenty Eighth May 1844

My Dear Dr. Smith

I regret to say that we are placed in the preposterous situation of being obliged to postpone our little dinner party on Saturday, by reason of having no house to dine in. A most desirable Widow (as a tenant, I mean) proposed, only last Saturday, to take our own house for the whole term of our intended absence abroad—on condition that she had possession of it today. We fled, and were driven into this place, which has no convenience for the production of any other banquet than a cold collation of Plate and Linen—the only comforts we have not left behind us.

I pledge myself to try and be the better man at the Sanatorium Dinner, and to make you as happy and contented as I can.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 30 MAY 1844*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace, New Road
(for I have let my own house
for the term of my absence)
Thirtieth May 1844

My Dear Milnes

I want for a Maniac from the Agricultural Districts,[†1] two Commons Gallery Orders for tomorrow night. Have you parted with yours? And if you have, will you kindly undertake to ask any mutual friend whom you may see in the house tonight, for his?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

over

R. M. Milnes Esquire
I will send to you at 12 tomorrow.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 31 MAY 1844*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace | Thirty First May 1844.

My Dear Milnes.

Any day after the nineteenth, I shall be delighted to breakfast with you.[†2] But for one of your days (next Wednesday) I was obliged to refuse Sydney Smith yesterday. For I am finishing Chuzzlewit—at such times I work slowly—and the break up of a morning would ruin me.

Many thanks for the orders. Much good may they do the unhappy person who is going to use them!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Milnes Esquire P.S. I am not going to live (or die, I hope) at Pisa. My head quarters are at Albaro—close to Genoa.

To THOMAS MITTON, 31 MAY 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Osnaburgh Terrace | Thirty First May 1844.

My Dear Mitton

If Jackson[†3] seeks to influence me, falsely, against you, he is a fool. And if he be only a fool, I care very little about him.

The number of years during which I have kept the advice I felt it strongly and imperatively necessary to give you this morning, to myself, is a sufficient demonstration of two things. Firstly, that any words but words of kindness between such old friends as you and me, occasion me unaffected pain.

Secondly that I had such strong reliance on you as to believe from day to day that you would see, without my shewing, what you have not seen yet.

If you know anything in which my heart has changed for the colder or the worse with the change in my fortunes, I do not. I could say that with perfect truth, or belief of perfect truth, if I were dying. And I do not think that anyone who knows me as I really am, would quarrel with me for doing so, or say I wanted cause.

I will not dash the spirit which animates me in writing to you, or which animated you in writing to me the manly letter which you left upon my desk today;[†1] by making any remark in reference to this Insurance Policy—save one. It is not the Policy[†2] in reference to which some passages passed between us a year or two ago,[†3] that *did* endanger (for the only time) the old feeling between us. You recollect that I was to hold a policy on your life[†4] for the amount of my liability under Smithson's bond.[†5] The continuance of it, and the punctual

payment of the premiums, is a matter of such common honor, that I will not do you the injustice of hinting at it. I know it is enough for me to say that I want that understanding acted on, and wish to have the policy in my own charge.

Faithfully Yours as always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, [LATE MAY 1844]

Text from W. Blanchard Jerrold, *A Day with CD*, 1871, p. 6. *Date:* after CD had taken the villa at Albaro (*To* Fletcher, 13 May), and before 3 June when he knew Jerrold would not be present at the Sanatorium dinner.

Come and see me in Italy. Let us smoke a pipe among the vines. I have taken a little house surrounded by them, and no man in the world should be more welcome to it than you.

Is your modesty really a confirmed habit, or could you prevail upon yourself, if you are moderately well, to let me call you up for a word or two at the Sanatorium dinner?[†1] There are some men—excellent men—connected with that institution who would take the very strongest interest in your doing so, and *do* advise me one of these days, that if I can do it well and unaffectedly, I may.

June

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 3 JUNE 1844

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Osnaburgh Terrace | Monday Third June 1844

My Dear Sir

I send you the name[†2] of my Printers' Party. I observe that two among them (the first two) are men of great ability, whom I know; and foremost in *Punch*. They would not like to leave their party, to join the horseshoe, I dare say; but I would begin the middle table down the room with them, so that they may have very good places. Mr. Lemon (the third name) is the Editor of Punch, moreover. The names are

Mr. A'Beckett[†3]
Mr. Leech
Mr. and Mrs. Lemon[†4]
Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury
Mr. and Mrs. Evans
Mrs. Hicks[†5]
Miss Chambers[†6]

My own private little party, for a good place, not at the chief table, are:

Mr. Austin & Mrs. Austin[†1]
Mrs. John Dickens[†2]
And (I believe) Augustus and a third lady. Mr. Thompson, of whom I spoke to you, as having an eye on Miss Weller, is coming. So I must trust to your miraculous arrangement-power (in which I have great faith) to insinuate him into that region of the horseshoe.

I find that Mr. Forster *is* coming; and I have given him the toast "The Medical Profession, but especially" &c.—thinking it would be well to have a new speaker in that place, as I shall just have been proposing The Ladies.

Always Believe me | My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esq.

(Over)

I have forgotten to mention that Doctor Hitchman[†3] came to me today, saying that Mr. Laing had sent for two Ladies tickets for the Gallery (!);[†4] and what should he do? I advised him to reply that there was no such thing, but he could have ladies tickets for the dinner, with all the pleasure in life. Could you send to the Tavern in the morning, to tell them to lock up the Gallery, and on no account to let a single person in?

To T. J. THOMPSON, 3 JUNE 1844*

MS Morgan Library.

Osnaburgh Encampment | Third June 1844

My Dear Thompson

Will you bring your Bruffam tomorrow. Otherwise we shall be short of conveyance.

Faithfully Ever
The Cheer

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 4 JUNE 1844

Text from MDGH, I, 104.

Devonshire Terrace, June 4th, 1844.

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your proof, and for your truly gratifying mention of my name. I think the subject excellently chosen, the introduction exactly what it should be, the allusion to the International Copyright question most honourable and manly, and the whole scheme full of the highest interest.[†1] I had already seen your prospectus,[†2] and if I can be of the feeblest use in advancing a project so intimately connected with an end on which my heart is set—the liberal education of the people—I shall be sincerely glad. All good wishes and success attend you![†3]

Believe me always, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 4 JUNE 1844*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace | Fourth June 1844

My Dear Milnes

If Friday the Twenty First will do as well—at what hour? I am going away with Fonblanque on the Saturday, a sailing.

Ever Yours
W. Ferrand[†4]

Sell this for two and eight,[†5] if you can.

To T. PHILLIPS,[†1] 4 JUNE 1844*

MS Private.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace | Fourth June 1844

Dear Sir

I beg to send you a cheque[†2] for the amount of your account and to thank you for the great interest and attention with which you transacted my business.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Phillips Esquire.

To H. K. BROWNE,[†3] [?JUNE 1844]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* early June, to leave Browne enough time; CD was still writing 13 June, but could have foreseen all he describes.

FRONTISPIECE

I have a notion of finishing the book, with an apostrophe to Tom Pinch, playing the organ. I shall break off the last Chapter suddenly, and find Tom at his organ, a few years afterwards.[†4] And instead of saying what became of the people, as usual, I shall suppose it to be all expressed in the sounds; making the last swell of the Instrument a kind of expression of Tom's heart. Tom has remained a single man, and lives with his sister and John Westlock who are married—Martin and Mary are married—Tom is a godfather of course—Old Martin is dead, and has left him some money—Tom has had an organ fitted in his chamber, and often sits alone, playing it; when of course the old times rise up before him. So the Frontispiece is Tom at his organ with a pensive face; and any little indications of his history rising out of it, and floating about it, that you please; Tom as interesting and amiable as possible.[†5]

VIGNETTE FOR TITLE PAGE.

The finger post at the end of the lane, which has been so often mentioned. You can either have Tom Pinch waiting with John Westlock and his boxes, as

at the opening of the book; or Mr. Pecksniff blandly receiving a new pupil from the coach (perhaps this will be better);[†1] and by no means forgetting the premium in his welcome of the Young Gentleman.
Will you let me see the Designs for these two?

(Over)

1st. Subject.[†2]

The Room in the Temple. Mrs. Lupin, with Mary in her charge, stands a little way behind old Martin's chair. Young Martin is on the other side. Tom Pinch and his sister are there too. Mr. Pecksniff hastens in to rescue his venerable friend from this horde of plunderers and deceivers. The old man in a transport of burning indignation, rises from his chair, and uplifting his stick, knocks the good Pecksniff down; before John Westlock and Mark who gently interpose (though they are very much delighted) can possibly prevent him. Mr. Pecksniff on the ground. The old man full of fire, energy and resolution.

Lettering.
Warm Reception of Mr. Pecksniff by his Venerable friend.

2nd. SUBJECT.[†3]

Represents Miss Charity Pecksniff on the bridal morning. The bridal breakfast is set out in Todgers's drawing-room. Miss Pecksniff has invited the strong-minded woman, and all that party who were present in Mr. Pecksniff's parlor, in the second number, to behold her triumph. She is not proud, but forgiving. Jinkins is also present and wears a white favor in his button hole. Merry is *not* there. Mrs. Todgers is decorated for the occasion. So are the rest of the company. The bride wears a bonnet with an orange flower. They have waited a long time for Moddle. Moddle has not appeared. The strong-minded woman has expressed a hope that nothing has happened to him; the daughters of the strong-minded woman (who are bridesmaids) have offered consolation of an aggravating nature. A knock is heard at the door. It is not Moddle but a letter from him. The bride opens it, reads it, shrieks, and swoons. Some of the company catch it up crowd about each other, and read it over one another's shoulders. Moddle writes that he can't help it—that he loves another—that he is wretched for life—and has that morning sailed from Gravesend for Van Diemen's Land.
Lettering. *The Nuptials of Miss Pecksniff receive a temporary check.*

To JOHN KENYON,[†1] 5 JUNE 1844*

MS Mrs Sheila Sokolov-Grant.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace | Fifth June 1844

My Dear Kenyon.

I am rather late this morning, or I would have answered your friendly note sooner.

First, let me thank you for your kind and liberal donation to the Sanatorium. When they send you, as they will, a little report,[†2] do give it a perusal one morning at breakfast. It will shew you what an excellent Institution it is, and how well it merits your voluntary support.

On Saturday next, we dine with the Milner Gibsons. And I verily believe that we have at least one engagement for every day between this and the first of July, when we leave England. In this list I don't include the slight engagement of having to finish Chuzzlewit, which I shall be very glad to dispose of, notwithstanding.

We shall come and shake hands with you before we go; and we shall meet you one night, I hope, at Mrs. Macreadys. Let us take a vow to be better neighbours[†3] in time to come. As the boys say, "I will, if you will".

Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards. And I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Kenyon Esquire.

To MR HOWELL,[†4] [?7 JUNE 1844]

Mention in report of meeting of Charterhouse Square Infirmary, 8 June (*Morning Herald,* 10 June 44).

Regretting his inability to attend the meeting of the Charterhouse Square Infirmary on 8 *June to decide on a testimonial for Frederick Salmon.*[†5]

To DUDLEY COSTELLO,[†6] 7 JUNE 1844

Text from MDGH, I, 104.

June 7th, 1844.

Dear Sir,

Mrs. Harris, being in that delicate state (just confined, and "made comfortable," in fact), hears some sounds below, which she fancies may be the owls (or

howls) of the husband to whom she is devoted. They ease her mind by informing her that these sounds are only organs. By "they" I mean the gossips and attendants. By "organs" I mean instrumental boxes with barrels in them, which are commonly played by foreigners under the windows of people of sedentary pursuits, on a speculation of being bribed to leave the street. Mrs. Harris, being of a confiding nature, believed in this pious fraud, and was fully satisfied "that his owls was organs."[†1]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS BEARD, 10 JUNE 1844

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace. | Tenth June 1844

My Dear Beard. Many many thanks for your interest and recollection. The Sanatorium was exceedingly well done in the Herald[†2]—to the great delight of its Committee—and I have no doubt the Institution will derive great benefit from that account.

Miss Weller plays tomorrow, at the Hanover Square Rooms, at one Maras's Morning Concert.[†3] And she plays on Thursday, at the same place, at a Concert of her own—evening.

Will you book yourself to come and dine with us on the last Sunday in the month, at half after five? It will be the day before our departure. Kate begs her love to your sister,[†4] and desires me to say how happy she will be, if she will join you.

Come about an hour before dinner. We will then go over to the stable at Devonshire Terrace, to see the wonderful Carriage. The price whereof shall on that tremendous occasion be made known.

Ever My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To JOHN FOWLER, 10 JUNE 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* John Fowler Esquire | 50 Occupation Road | Sheffield.

London Tenth June 1844

Sir.

It would afford me pleasure to comply with your request, if it were one of rare occurrence. But I am so frequently asked to do the same thing for others, and have so strong an objection to obtruding my individual opinion through the medium of the public announcement,[†1] that I must beg to decline in this case, as in all others.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Fowler Esquire

To LADY HOLLAND, 10 JUNE 1844†

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace, New Road | Monday Tenth June 1844

Dear Lady Holland

I write from a new address, as we have happily been able to let our own house for the whole term of our absence abroad. We leave England on the First of July.[†2]

I assure you that it appears a very long time to me, since I had the pleasure of seeing you. And although it has not been my fault (for I have been almost incessantly occupied, at your hours, for months past, in present and prospective engagements of all kinds) it has bred such misgivings in me, that I was on the very point of writing to you to say that if you hadn't rated me in your blackest of books, I would come and see you this week. Your kind note relieves me very much, and does not render me the less desirous of executing this intention.

[†a]But not on Wednesday,[†3] I grieve to say; for I am finishing Chuzzlewit; and

am this day upon the very last touches (I have not room, or story, for many more) of Tom and his sister. I do not expect to finish the book until Friday; and in the meantime I am obliged to walk about the fields and streets every evening, and to avoid all dinners; otherwise I should not be steadily enough set upon the dismissal of two of the greatest favorites[†1] I have ever had. I think halfpast twelve at noon is a good time to see you? And unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will come at that time on *Saturday* next.

I am delighted to find that Chuzzlewit has risen so highly in your estimation—and I hope you perceive, now, why the undertakers[†2] appeared; and how the selfishness of the book is the setting for these little sparklers; and how their influence is intended to refine and improve the rest. It is the great misery of such a form of publication that conclusions are necessarily arrived at, in reference to the design of the story, before the design becomes apparent or complete.

I mean to send over, please God, from Italy, a small successor to the little Carol, to appear next Christmas. I wish you may like it as well. That book has been a most extraordinary success; and still sells, quite rapidly. It has been reprinted eight times.[†a] [†3]

Fonblanque called the other day—I have no doubt as the bearer of your kind message—but I was not at home. The children are all well and blooming; and Mrs. Dickens begs me to present her grateful regards.

Believe me always, Dear Lady Holland
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, [?11 JUNE 1844]*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Date:* the Tuesday after the publication of CD's speech in the *Herald*, 5 June. *Address:* Dr. Southwood Smith | 38 Finsbury Square. PM 1844 (day and month illegible).

Osnaburgh Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Dr. Smith

Here is the Speech.[†4] Word for word, and letter by letter.

I wish I could be the Patron of your scheme in better essentials than in name. Use that, as you will.

Faithfully Always
CD[†5]

To H. G. ROGERS,[†1] 11 JUNE 1844

MS Boston Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh June 1844

Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to say that I am prevented from attending the dinner of the United Law Clerks' Society today,[†2] and personally expressing (as it would have afforded me great gratification to do) my interest in the welfare of so excellent an Establishment.[†3]

I beg to enclose you a small subscription towards its funds.[†4] And am Sir

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Harry G. Rogers Esquire

To MRS GORE, [11] JUNE 1844*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton. *Date:* Tuesday was 11 June.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace New Road

Tuesday Evening Tenth June 1844

Dear Mrs. Gore.

The Marble Halls[†5] having fallen into the temporary possession of an ancient Princess (sent by a kind Fairy to take them for the term of my intended absence abroad) I am to be found in a temporary encampment as above. The which is proclaimed to all comers through the medium of a tin plate something larger than the largest sized teatray, boldly affixed to the right hand side of the Marble Porch of my vacated Castle.

I would gladly—cheerfully—heartily—help you with a Prologue,[†6] if I could. But it will require my utmost exertions to finish Chuzzlewit this week; and on Monday I am going down, in pursuance of an old engagement, to see Walter Landor at Bath,[†7] whence I shall only return in time for the dinner at which you

will *not* be present.[†1] If it ever were, at any time, an utter impossibility with me to do such a thing, it is now.

But believe that the last line of the Song you quote, is, at least, as true as the first; and that "I love you, still the same".[†2] The same being very truly and admiringly, always,

My Dear Mrs. Gore | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gore P.S. I'll warrant you safe. And I write to you before going to bed, that I may not delay the answer.

To [CAPTAIN DI VILLA], 11 JUNE 1844

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1179 (1915); *MS* 3 pp.; dated Tuesday night, eleventh June, 1844. *Address:* name of recipient removed, but clearly Captain Di Villa: see *To* Di Villa, 15 June.

I am exceedingly sorry to say that I cannot comply with your request, in the matter of the novel and Mr [Newby].[†3] You may recollect my telling you that I had the strongest objection to communicating, even with my own Publishers, on

such a subject. But I have an objection to communicating with anyone else. Even if I had read the book, or had time to read it in Manuscript, my feelings on this point would be equally strong and decided,

To MISS CHRISTIANA WELLER, 14 JUNE 1844

MS Mrs Sowerby.

Friday Morning | Fourteenth June 1844.

My Dear Miss Weller

Let me congratulate you with my whole heart, on your brilliant achievements last night.[†1] You rose with the occasion, nobly. Nothing could have been more successful, graceful, charming—triumphant, in every particular.

I felt a pride in you which I cannot express. I do not write to you, therefore, with the view of expressing it, or giving language to my great delight; but merely to say that I can't do either.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Christiana Weller. P.S. Anna[†2] was *great.* I adored her. I refused all comfort afterwards, because I hadn't sent her a bouquet. But writing all day put it out of my head. It *was* there, several times. Tell her it was Mr. Chuzzlewit's omission. Not mine.

To CAPTAIN DI VILLA,[†3] 15 JUNE 1844

MS Mr Alan Moore. *Address:* Captain Di Villa | 1 Old Cavendish Street.

Osnaburgh Terrace | Fifteenth June 1844

My Dear Sir

I tried very hard to come to you today; but every previous engagement (I had three) turned out at least half an hour longer than I had expected, and I did not get home again: thoroughly tired: until four o'Clock.

I thank you for the privilege of reading the enclosed. The writer seems to have become my friend. I know her, perfectly well.

Do not suppose that I attach the least idea of impropriety to your request in the matter of Mr. Newby; or that I ever confounded the fair authoress of the Misjudged[†4] with it; or that I ever supposed you intended it to be a public

recommendation; or that I ever had the least reference to the merits or demerits of the book, in declining to give it. My objection is, to addressing myself to any Publisher on such a subject. I have found my own negociations with that class of gentlemen quite sufficient to keep me in genially warm water, from my toes to the crown of my head.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Di Villa.

To MISS ELIZABETH HORNE,[†1] 15 JUNE 1844

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Miss Elizabeth Horne | 124 Edgeware Road.

Fifteenth June 1844.

Dear Madam.

I believe you wrote to me for an autograph. Here it is. I do not know whether you are married, or single; but you will see that in the superscription of this note, I have given Mankind the benefit of the doubt.

Pray do not suppose that I attribute the least impropriety of motive to you, in addressing me anonymously. But I object to correspond in the slightest degree, with any one, on such terms.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Elizabeth Horne.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 17 JUNE 1844*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Osnaburgh Terrace | Monday Seventeenth June 1844

My Dear Mac

I don't know whether you are aware (for I don't know when you went away last night, or what previous communication you had with Forster) that we meet here, to day, at half past one.[†3] If you feel dispoged for a morsel of warm lunch at one exactly, you will find it on the table.

Faithfully Ever

CD

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To ROBERT KEELEY,[†1] 24 JUNE 1844

MS J. W. Garrett Library, Johns Hopkins University.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace.
Monday Evening | Twenty Fourth June 1844.

My Dear Sir.

I have been out Yachting[†2] for two or three days; and consequently could not answer your letter in due course.

I cannot, consistently with the opinion I hold, and have always held, in reference to the *principle* of adapting novels for the Stage, give you a Prologue to Chuzzlewit.[†3] But believe me to be quite sincere in saying that if I felt I could reasonably do such a thing for anyone, I would do it for *you.*

I start for Italy on Monday next; but if you have the piece on the Stage, and rehearse on Friday, I will gladly come down at any time you may appoint, on that morning: and go through it with you all. If you be not in a sufficiently forward state to render this proposal convenient to you, or likely to assist your preparations, do not take the trouble to answer this note.

I presume Mrs. Keeley[†4] will do Ruth Pinch. If so, I feel secure about her. And of Mrs. Gamp I am certain. But a queer sensation begins in my legs, and comes upward to my forehead, when I think of Tom.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Keeley Esquire

To G. CARR GLYN,[†1] 25 JUNE 1844

Extract and summary in Chicago Book & Art Auction catalogue No. 2; summary in John Anderson catalogue No. 2298; mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1904; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 25 June 44. *Address:* "G. Carr Glyn" in Sotheby's is clearly correct (see *fn*); John Anderson catalogue gives as "Seymour Glyn".

I am going abroad on Monday next. *If a proxy vote is possible he will leave one for the lady in whom the recipient is interested.*[†2]

To THOMAS BEARD, 28 JUNE 1844

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 28 June 44. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road. On the flap of the envelope above the seal is written: "It is particularly requested that if Sir James Graham should open this, he will not trouble himself to seal it [agai]n."[†3]

Osnaburgh Terrace | Friday

My Dear Beard

You will see from the enclosed, that Sunday's dinner[†4] is transferred to Forster's.

To which, I hope, you will not object. Will you come here, at about half past 4, that we may leisurely inspect the Magnificent Carriage?

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 28 JUNE 1844*

MS Morgan Library.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace | Friday Twenty Eighth June | 1844

Dear Sirs.

Please to deliver to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans on my behalf; at any time when they may produce this letter as their authority; the stock on hand and plates of Oliver Twist, or The Christmas Carol, or both, as they may require.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]
Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To MESSRS D'ALMAINE,[†2] 28 JUNE 1844

Mention in John Anderson Jr. catalogue No. 455; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 28 Jun 44.

Granting some request.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 28 JUNE 1844

MS John Rylands Library.

Osnaburgh Terrace. | Twenty Eighth June 1844

My Dear Frederick.

Forster tells me he has asked you to dine with him on Sunday; so I presume we shall meet there.

I wish you would get me a bottle of dye for my unprecedented Moustache at the Baron's[†3] in Regent Street, or some such good place. We shall be passing the Treasury about 3 or 4 today, on our way from calling at Tracey's.[†4] I will send up to you on the chance of your having received this.

We do not go until Tuesday Morning, as there is no boat on Monday.

Affecy. always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 JUNE 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 327. *Date:* 28 June according to Forster.

I wish you would read this,[†1] and give it me again when we meet at Stanfield's to-day. Newby has written to me to say that he hopes to be able to give Overs more money than was agreed on.

To T. C. NEWBY, 29 JUNE 1844*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Osnaburgh Terrace | Twenty Ninth June 1844.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Newby, and begs to forward him the proofs of Mr. Overs' book:[†2] corrected. Mr. Dickens will be glad if Mr. Newby will send a complete revise of the whole book, title page, dedication,[†3] and introduction[†4] to Mr. Overs, for his attentive perusal. Mr. Overs will certainly not detain them beyond one day.[†5]

Mr. Dickens will feel still further obliged to Mr. Newby, if, on the publication of the book, he will pay the five and twenty pounds agreed upon, to his account with Messrs. Coutts & Co., bankers. He begs to enclose Mr. Overs' receipt for the amount.[†6]

Mr. Dickens would prefer to leave all arrangements connected with presentation copies of the work, to Mr. Newby's business discretion. He cannot terminate this correspondence, however, without expressing his very high sense of Mr. Newby's honorable and manly note, in reference to the possibility of his extending some further remuneration to Mr. Overs.

To LADY HOLLAND, 30 JUNE 1844*

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

Osnaburgh Terrace
Sunday Morning Thirtieth June | 1844.

My Dear Lady Holland

Let me thank you, earnestly, for the letters which you have, with so much kindness, remembered to procure for me.

I have an engagement, I am sorry to say, to a parting dinner with some very old friends today[†1]— and on Tuesday Morning I leave England.[†2] But I will call to say Good B'ye, before you go out tomorrow.

I was in the country yesterday; and coming home very late last night; and going out early this morning to breakfast with Rogers; could not answer your kind note until now, when I blush to hear it striking Two.

Always Dear Lady Holland
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland

July

To LUIGI MARIOTTI,[†3] 1 JULY 1844*

MS Morgan Library.

Osnaburgh Terrace. | First July 1844

Dear Sir

I beg to send you on the other side, a cheque for the amount in which I am indebted to you;[†4] and I feel greatly obliged, I assure you, by the interest you have taken in your two pupils.

They desire to be remembered to you, very kindly. And I am
Always | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

M. Mariotti

To JOHN FORSTER, [?14-15 JULY 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iv, 329. *Date:* They arrived in Marseilles 14 July, according to Forster, and left by sea the following afternoon (*Pictures from Italy*, 1846, p. 35). *From* Marseilles.

Describing the journey, he says that not being able to get vetturino horses in Paris, they had come on, post—paying for nine horses but bringing only four, and thereby saving a shilling a mile out of what the four would have cost in England. But what with distance, caravan, sight-seeing, and everything, *two hundred pounds would be nearly swallowed up before they were at their destination.*[†1]

The children had not cried in their worst troubles, the carriage had gone lightly over abominable roads, and the courier had proved himself a perfect gem.

Surrounded by strange and perfectly novel circumstances, I feel as if I had a new head on side by side with my old one.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20 JULY 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 330, and F, 1872-4, II, v, 91*n*. *Date:* second extract 20 July according to Forster; first extract clearly a few days after arrival at Albaro on 16 July, therefore same letter. CD soon established a pattern of weekly letters to Forster,[†1] normally writing at weekends.

The villa at once impressed him with its likeness to a pink jail. It is the most perfectly lonely, rusty, stagnant old staggerer of a domain that you can possibly imagine.[†2] What would I give if you could only look round the courtyard! *I* look down into it, whenever I am near that side of the house, for the stable is so full of "vermin and swarmers"[†3] (pardon the quotation from my inimitable friend) that I always expect to see the carriage going out bodily, with legions of industrious fleas[†4] harnessed to and drawing it off, on their own account.[†5] We have a couple

of Italian work-people in our establishment; and to hear one or other of them talking away to our servants with the utmost violence and volubility in Genoese, and our servants answering with great fluency in English (very loud: as if the others were only deaf, not Italian), is one of the most ridiculous things possible. The effect is greatly enhanced by the Genoese manner, which is exceedingly animated and pantomimic; so that two friends of the lower class conversing pleasantly in the street, always seem on the eve of stabbing each other forthwith. And a stranger is immensely astonished at their not doing it.

We have had a London sky until to-day, grey and cloudy as you please:[†1] but I am most disappointed, I think, in the evenings, which are as commonplace as need be; for there is no twilight, and as to the stars giving more light here than elsewhere, that is humbug.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?22 JULY 1844]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably same day as next.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 22 JULY 1844

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Frederick Dickens Esqre. | Commissariat | Treasury | London.

Villa di Bagnerello. Albaro. Monday Twenty Second July 1844.

My Dear Fred.

I have written a rather long letter to Mitton, with a few wandering Notes of this place, which I have begged him to put you in possession of, forthwith. And as I dare say you will have heard from Forster besides, I will confine myself at this moment, to what immediately concerns you—namely, the notion you had of coming here, in your holidays. I am assured that the journey, straight through, can be very well done in something less than a week, for £15 each way. If you should decide to come, I will very gladly stand £10 of this Thirty. And I can answer for your seeing all manner of novelties, and being very much entertained in this New World. I *believe* (but I will enquire further into this, if you decide to come) that you would cross the Alps, and not steam it. In that case; or indeed in any, most probably; I would come on to some point to meet you. Such french phrases as you would want, I could give you in a letter; but you can book yourself to Paris, in London; and very nearly to this place, in Paris. And one word "combien"—how much?—would carry you further than you are ever likely to go, in Foreign Parts.

Let me know what you really intend in this respect, and [I][†1] can make all that part of it, easy enough, if you decide to come.

We are all very well, Thank God; and living in the queerest [sort][†2] of place that ever was anywhere. We expect a Piano up from Genoa to day. I trea[ted][†3] the Pigs[†4] with a carriage yesterday, wherein they went to that City, with Roche, Cook, and the Nurses; and seeing a very magnificent religious Procession in the streets, came back with a decided leaning towards the Roman Catholic faith. The Genoese Ladies wear Veils[†5] instead of bonnets; and we had no rest here, until the Dolls were similarly attired.

Fletcher is living with us, and desires to be heartily remembered. He says "Boots" are cheap here; and you can't do better than come and buy 'em. But I don't know what you would do on the pavements; which are very trying. It is like walking on marbles, with here and there a peg-top—all red hot, and smoking.

Kate, Georgy, and the darlings, send their loves. Give mine to everybody who comes in your way, who is worth receiving it. Address still to the Poste Restante, Genoa, as that is the shortest mode. If Mitton gives you the MS of the last 2 Nos. of Chuzzlewit, will you give it to Forster.

Always My Dear Fred | Your affectionate Brother

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Dickens Esquire P.S. Will you see Topping one evening, and ascertain that the Phaeton has come home, safely?

To DANIEL MACLISE,[†6] 22 JULY 1844

MS New Brunswick University Library. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Daniel Maclise Esqre. R.A. | 14 Russell Place | Fitzroy Square | London.

Villa di Bagnerello, Albaro. Monday Twenty Second July 1844.

My very dear Mac.

I address you[†7] with something of the lofty spirit of an exile—a banished

commoner—a sort of Anglo Pole.[†1] I don't exactly know what I have done for my country in coming away from it, but I feel it is something, something great—something virtuous and heroic. Lofty emotions rise within me, when I see the sun set on the blue Mediterranean. I am the limpet on the rock. My father's name is Turner, and my boots are green.[†2]

Apropos of blue. In a certain picture, called the Serenade,[†3] you[†4] painted a sky. If you ever have occasion to paint the Mediterranean, let it be of exactly that colour. It lies before me now, as deeply and intensely blue. But no such color is above me. Nothing like it. In the South of France; at Avignon, at Aix, at Marseilles; I saw deep blue skies (not *so* deep though—oh Lord no!);[†5] and also in America; but the sky above me is familiar to my sight. Is it heresy to say that I have seen its twin brother shining through the window of Jack Straw's—that down in Devonshire I have seen a better sky? I dare say it is; but like a great many other heresies, it is true.

But such green—green—green—as flutters in the vineyard down below the windows, *that* I never saw; nor yet such lilac and such purple as float between me, and the distant hills; nor yet—in anything—picture, book, or verbal[†6] boredom[†7]—such awful, solemn, impenetrable blue, as in that same Sea. It has such an absorbing, silent, deep, profound effect; that I can't help thinking it suggested the idea of Styx. It looks as if a draught of it—only so much as you could scoop up, on the beach, in the hollow of your hand—would wash out everything else, and make a great blue blank of your intellect.

When the Sun sets clearly, then, by Heaven, it is Majestic! From any one of eleven windows here; or from a terrace, overgrown with grapes; you may behold

the broad sea; villas, houses, mountains, forts; strewn with rose leaves—strewn with them? Steeped in them! Dyed, through and through and through. For a moment. No more. The Sun is impatient and fierce; like anything else in these parts; and goes down headlong. Run to fetch your hat—and it's night. Wink at the right time of black night—and it's morning. Everything is in extremes. There is an insect here (I forget its name; and Fletcher and Roche are both out)[†1] that chirps all day. There is one outside the window now. The chirp is very loud: something like a Brobdignagian Grasshopper. The creature is born to chirp—to progress in chirping—to chirp louder, louder, louder—till it gives one tremendous chirp, and bursts itself. That is its life and death. Everything "is in a concatenation accordingly". The day gets brighter, brighter, brighter, 'till its night. The summer gets hotter, hotter, hotter, 'till it bursts.[†2] The fruit gets riper, riper, riper, 'till it tumbles down and rots.

Ask me a question or two about fresco,[†3] will you be so good? All the houses are painted in fresco, hereabout—the outside walls I mean; the fronts, and backs, and sides—and all the colour has run into damp and green seediness, and the very design has straggled away, into the component atoms of the plaster.[†4] Sometimes (but not often) I can make out a Virgin with a mildewed Glory round her head; holding nothing, in an undiscernible lap, with invisible arms; and occasionally the leg, or arm, or what Marryat would call the arthe[†5] of a cherub. But it is very melancholy and dim. There are two old fresco-painted Vases outside my own gate—one on either hand—which are so faint, that I never saw them 'till last night; and only then, because I was looking over the wall after a Lizard, who had come upon me while I was smoking a cigar above; and crawled over one of these embellishments in his retreat. There is a Church here—the Church of the Annunciation—which they are now (by "they", I mean certain noble families) restoring at a vast expence, as a work of piety. It is a large Church, with a great many little chapels in it; and a very high dome. Every Inch of this edifice is painted; and every Design is set in a great gold frame or border, elaborately wrought.[†6] You can imagine nothing so splendid. It is worth coming the whole distance to see. But all sorts of splendour is in perpetual enactment through the means of these churches. Gorgeous processions in the streets, illuminations of windows on Festa nights; lightings up of Lamps, and clusterings of flowers before the shrines of Saints; all manner of show and display. The doors of the churches stand wide open; and in this hot weather great red curtains flutter and wave in their places; and if you go and sit in one of them, to get out of the Sun, you see the queerest figures kneeling against pillars, and the strangest

people passing in and out, and such streams of women in veils (they don't wear bonnets) with great fans in their hands coming and going, that you are never tired of looking on. Except in the churches, you would suppose the City (at this time of year) to be deserted; the people keep so close within doors. Indeed it is next to impossible to go out into the heat. I have only been into Genoa twice, myself. We are deliciously cool here, by comparison; being high, and having the sea breeze. There is always some shade in the Vineyard too; and underneath the rocks on the sea shore. So if I choose to saunter, I can do it easily: even in the hot time of the day. I am as lazy, however, as—as you are; and do little but eat, and drink, and read.

As I am going to transmit regular accounts of all sight-seeings and journeyings to Forster, who will shew them to you, I will not bore you with Descriptions, however. I hardly think you allow enough, for the great brightness and brilliancy of colour which is commonly achieved on the continent, in that same fresco painting. I saw some—by a French artist and his pupil—in progress at the Cathedral at Avignon[†1] which was as bright and airy as anything can be; nothing dull or dead about it. And I have observed quite fierce and glaring colours, elsewhere.

We have a Piano now (there was none in the house) and have fallen into a pretty settled, easy, track. We breakfast about half past nine or ten—dine about four—and go to bed about eleven. We are much courted by the visiting people of course; and I very much resort to my old habit of bolting from callers, and leaving their reception to Kate.[†2] Green figs I have already learnt to like. Green almonds (we have them at dessert every day) are the most delicious fruit in the world. And green lemons, combined with some rare Hollands that is to be got here, make prodigious Punch, I assure you.

You ought to come over, Mac;[†3] but I don't expect you, though I am sure it would be a very great move for you. I have not the smallest doubt of that. Fletcher has made a sketch of the house,[†4] and will copy it in pen and ink, for transmission to you in my next letter. I shall look out for a place in Genoa between this and the winter time. In the meantime, the people who come out here, breathe delightedly, as if they had got into another climate. Landing in the City, you would hardly suppose it possible that there could be such an air within Two Miles.

Write to me as often as you can, like a dear good fellow; and rely upon the punctuality of my correspondence. Losing you and Forster is like losing my arms and legs; and dull and lame I am without you. But at Broadstairs next year, please God, when it is all over, I shall be very glad to have laid up such a store of recollections and improvement.

I don't know what to do with Timber. He is as ill adapted to the climate at this time of year, as a suit of Fur. I have had him made a Lion Dog; but the fleas flock in such crowds into the hair he has left, that they drive him nearly frantic, and render it absolutely necessary that he should be kept by himself. Of all the miserable, hideous little frights you ever saw, you never beheld such a Devil. Apropos, as we were crossing the Seine, within two stages of Paris, Roche suddenly said to me: sitting beside me on the box: "the littel dog ave got a great lip!" I was thinking of things remote and very different, and couldn't comprehend why any peculiarity in this feature on the part of the dog, should excite a man so much. As I was musing upon it, my ears were attracted by shouts of "Helo! Hola! Hi hi hi! Le Voila! Regardez!" and the like. And looking down among the oxen—we were in the centre of a numerous drove—I saw him, Timber, lying in the road, curled up—you know his way—like a lobster, only not so stiff; yelping dismally in the pain of his "lip" from the roof of the carriage; and between the aching of his bones, his horror of the oxen, and his dread of me (whom he evidently took to be the immediate agent in, and cause of the damage) singing out to an extent which I believe to be perfectly unprecedented: while every French Man and French Boy within sight, roared for company. He wasn't hurt, but I think the fall must have affected his bowels which were very open, all through the journey.

Kate and Georgina send their best loves; and the children add theirs. Katey in particular desires to be commended to "Mr. Teese". She has a sore throat; from sitting in constant draughts I suppose; but with that exception, we are all quite well. Ever believe me, my dear Mac

Your Affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 JULY 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 335, 336, 330. *Date:* These extracts, undated by Forster, suggest early but not initial impressions: Forster introduces the second extract with "I soon heard of", and follows the third by saying there had been "a whole week" of the sirocco "soon after his

arrival". He says "the second letter" also "sketched the story of his travel through France", but attaches this comment to *To* Maclise, 22 July.

Sharp as the tradespeople at Albaro were after money, their idleness quenched even that propensity. Order for immediate delivery two or three pounds of tea, and the tea-dealer would be wretched. "Won't it do to-morrow?" "I want it now," *you would reply; and he would say,* "No, no, there can be no hurry!" *But everywhere there was deference, courtesy, more than civility.* In a café a little tumbler of ice costs something less than threepence, and if you give the waiter in addition what

you would not offer to an English beggar, say, the third of a halfpenny, he is profoundly grateful.

Describing the Strada Nuova and Strada Balbi—the former narrower than Albanystreet, the latter less wide than Drury-lane or Wych-street; but both filled with palaces of noble architecture and of such vast dimensions that as many windows as there are days in the year might be counted in one of them, and this not covering by any means the largest plot of ground. Other streets had no footways, and all varying in degrees of narrowness, but for the most part like Field-lane in Holborn, with little breathing-places like St. Martin's-court; and the widest only in parts wide enough to enable a carriage and pair to turn. Imagine yourself looking down a street of Reform Clubs[†1] cramped after this odd fashion, the lofty roofs almost seeming to meet in the perspective. *He was struck by the profusion of trash and tinsel*[†2] *in the churches; but that of the Capucin friars blazed every inch of it with gold, precious stones, and paintings of priceless art; the principal contrast to its radiance being the dirt of its masters, whose bare legs, corded waists, and coarse brown serge never changed by night or day, proclaimed amid their corporate wealth their personal vows of poverty. He preferred the country people of their suburb on festa-days, with the Indulgences that gave them the right to make merry stuck in their hats like turn-pike tickets. He did not think the peasant girls in general good-looking, though they carried themselves daintily and walked remarkably well: but the ugliness of the old women, begotten of hard work and a burning sun, with porters' knots of coarse grey hair grubbed up over wrinkled and cadaverous faces, he thought quite stupendous. He was never in a street a hundred yards long without getting up perfectly the witch part of* Macbeth.

The heat tried him less than he expected, excepting always the sirocco,[†3] *which, near the sea as they were and right in the course of the wind as it blew against the house, made everything hotter than if there had been no wind.* One feels it most, on first getting up. Then, it is really so oppressive that a strong determination is necessary to enable one to go on dressing; one's tendency being to tumble down anywhere and lie there. *It seemed to hit him behind the knee, and made his legs so shake that he could not walk or stand.*

To SIR JAMES MURRAY,[†4] 28 JULY 1844

Text from Horace G. Commins Catalogue No. 132 (1948).

Albaro, | Sunday Morning July Twenty-eighth, 1844

Dear Sir James,

Little Kate appears to be pretty well in health this morning: but the swelling

in her neck hardly seems to have subsided or softened, so far as I can judge. It will be a great satisfaction to Mrs. Dickens if you can kindly make it convenient to see our pet to-day—and certainly to myself also.

With best regards, Believe me,

Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Sir James Murray

August

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 AUGUST 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 331; F, 1872-4, II, V, 91*n* (*aa*), 95*n*; F, IV, iv, 333-4. *Date:* first extract 3 Aug according to Forster, and *aa* probably same letter; others, part of "that August letter".

He opened his letter by saying that there was a thick November fog, that rain was pouring incessantly, and that he did not remember to have seen in his life, at that time of year, such cloudy weather as he had seen beneath Italian skies. The story goes that it is in autumn and winter, when other countries are dark and foggy, that the beauty and clearness of this are most observable. I hope it may prove so; for I have postponed going round the hills which encircle the city, or seeing any of the sights, until the weather is more favourable. [a]My faith on that point is decidedly shaken, which reminds me to ask you whether you ever read Simond's Tour in Italy.[†1] It is a most charming book, and eminently remarkable for its excellent sense, and determination not to give in to conventional lies.[a] I have never yet seen it so clear, for any long time of the day together, as on a bright, lark-singing, coast-of-France-discerning day at Broadstairs; nor have I ever seen so fine a sunset, *throughout,* as is very common there. But the scenery is exquisite, and at certain periods of the evening and the morning the blue of the Mediterranean surpasses all conception or description. It is the most intense and wonderful colour, I do believe, in all nature.

He described his first call from the French consul-general.[†2] Their house is next to ours on the right, with vineyards between; but the place is so oddly contrived

that one has to go a full mile round to get to their door. *He made the visit his excuse for breaking off from a facetious description of French inns to introduce a sketch*[†1] *from a pencil outline by Fletcher, of what bore the imposing name of the Villa di Bella Vista, but which he called by the homelier one of its proprietor, Bagnerello.* This, my friend, is quite accurate. Allow me to explain it. You are standing, sir, in our vineyard, among the grapes and figs. The Mediterranean is at your back as you look at the house: of which two sides, out of four, are here depicted. The lower story (nearly concealed by the vines) consists of the hall, a wine-cellar, and some storerooms. The three windows on the left of the first floor belong to

the sala, lofty and whitewashed, which has two more windows round the corner. The fourth window *did* belong to the dining-room, but I have changed one of the nurseries for better air; and it now appertains to that branch of the establishment. The fifth and sixth, or two right-hand windows, sir, admit the light to the Inimitable's (and uxor's) chamber; to which the first window round the right-hand corner, which you perceive in shadow, also belongs. The next window in shadow, young sir, is the bower of Miss H. The next, a nursery window; the same having two more round the corner again. The bowery-looking place stretching out upon the left of the house is the terrace, which opens out from a French window in the drawing-room on the same floor, of which you see nothing: and forms one side of the courtyard. The upper windows belong to some of those uncounted chambers upstairs; the fourth one, longer than the rest, being in F.'s[†2] bedroom. There is a kitchen or two up there besides, and my dressing-room;

which you can't see from this point of view. The kitchens and other offices in use are down below, under that part of the house where the roof is longest. On your left, beyond the Bay of Genoa, about two miles off, the Alps stretch off into the far horizon; on your right, at three or four miles distance, are mountains crowned with forts. The intervening space on both sides is dotted with villas, some green, some red, some yellow, some blue, some (and ours among the number) pink. At your back, as I have said, sir, is the ocean; with the slim Italian tower of the ruined church of St John the Baptist[†1] rising up before it, on the top of a pile of savage rocks. You go through the courtyard, and out at the gate, and down a narrow lane to the sea. Note. The sala goes sheer up to the top of the house; the ceiling being conical, and the little bedrooms built round the spring of its arch. You will observe that we make no pretension to architectural magnificence, but that we have abundance of room. And here I am, beholding only vines and the sea for days together. . . . Good Heavens! How I wish you'd come for a week or two, and taste the white wine at a penny farthing the pint. It is excellent.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 7 AUGUST 1844*

MS Comte de Gramont. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Le Comte D'Orsay | Kensington Gore. | *near* | London.

Albaro, Near Genoa. Wednesday August Seventh 1844

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

I hope you will not think me tardy in commencing that correspondence—with yourself and Lady Blessington alternately—from which I am o[[sic]] derive so much interest and happiness during my stay in these latitudes. I should have flung my loving glove into Gore House before now; but that the restlessness of a perfectly new life, and the illness of my pet little daughter (the smaller of the two Kensington

lunchers)[†2] have sadly interfered with my good resolutions. Once off, however, I think I can back myself to keep going. I am a bad starter —nothing more.

We had a charming journey here. I cannot tell you what an immense impression Paris made upon me. It is the most extraordinary place in the World. I was not prepared for, and really could not have believed in, its perfectly distinct and separate character. My eyes ached and my head grew giddy, as novelty, novelty, novelty; nothing but strange and striking things; came swarming before me. I cannot conceive any place so perfectly and wonderfully expressive of its own character; its secret character no less than that which is on its surface; as Paris is. I walked about the streets—in and out, up and down, backwards and forwards —during the two days we were there; and almost every house, and every person

I passed, seemed to be another leaf in the enormous book that stands wide open there. I was perpetually turning over, and never coming any nearer the end. There never was such a place for a description.[†1] If I had only a larger sheet of paper (I have ordered some for next time) I am afraid I should plunge, wildly, into such a lengthened account of those two days as would startle you. This is the sole and solitary sheet in the house this morning (except those on the beds)—which looks providential, and seems to be an interposition in your favor.

Let me explain to you where I am. Do you recollect Byron's old house?[†2] Yes? Well. It isn't that—as they always say on the stage, when the two comic men are sitting in chairs before the lamps—but keeping on, up the hill past Byron's house, you come to another large house at the corner of a lane, with a little tumble-down blackguard old green-grocer's shop at the other corner, on which is painted, if I recollect right, Croce di San Lorenzo. The Governor lives in the large house opposite the Green Grocer's now; and turning down between the Governor's *and* the Green Grocer's, you go down a long, straggling, very narrow lane until you come to mine: which is on the left hand, with the open Sea before it—a fort close by, on the left—a vineyard sloping down towards the shore—and an old ruined church dedicated to St. John the Baptist (which I dare say Lady Blessington will remember) blotting out just so much of the sea as its walls and tower can hide. It is properly called The Villa di Bella Vista; but *I* call it the Villa di Bagnerello—that being the name of an amiable but drunken butcher[†3] into whose hands it has fallen, and who, being universally known (in consequence of being carried home from some wine shop or other every night), is a famous address: which the dullest errandboy recognizes immediately.

There is a delicious air here—almost always a sea breeze—and very good bathing. The house is bare of furniture, but especially clean. The Sala is very large, and the bedrooms excellent. As it would never do for a winter residence, however, I have been looking about me, and have concluded an arrangement, I hope, for the Peschiere: entering on the possession of that Palazzo, on the first of October. I have the whole Palace except the Ground Piano. I don't know whether you ever saw the rooms. They are very splendid indeed; and every inch of the walls is painted in fresco. The Gardens also, are beautiful.[†4] The last

English resident paid Eight hundred francs a month; but I take the unexpired term of the present occupier (an English Colonel)[†1] who has had it for a year and a half, and got it much cheaper in consequence. My rent will be five hundred, which, as rent goes in Genoa, will be very cheap. I had thought of a Piano in the Solicetti[†2] on the Acqua Sola; but I am doubtful whether it might not be a thought too breezy in the windy weather; to say nothing of an intolerable bell which is always clashing and clanging hard by; or of the hospital,[†3] which is close to the windows.

I have been turning my plans over in my mind; and I think I shall remain quiet until I have done my little Christmas Book—that will be, perhaps, about the middle of October. In November, I think I shall start, with my servant (I have a most admirable and useful fellow—a frenchman) for Verona, Mantua, Milan, Turin, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn &c. I shall come back here for Christmas, and remain here through January. In February, I think I shall start off again (attended as before) and taking the Steamboat to Civita Vecchia, go to Rome—from Rome to Naples—and from Naples to Mount Ætna, which I very much desire to see. Then I purpose returning to Naples, and coming back here, direct, by Steamer. For Easter Week, I design returning to Rome again; taking Mrs. Dickens and her sister with me, that time; then coming back here, picking up my caravan, starting off to Paris, and remaining there a month or so, before I return to England. What do you think of that?[†4]

Now is it not a pity that Maclise don't come here straightway, and see all this along with me? I feel that it would be of immense service to him; and the delight to me would be, of course, unspeakable. I believe that in his heart he thinks so too; but there never lived a man who had such extraordinary difficulty in making up his mind *to anything*, as he has. I have observed indecision in many and divers men; but never in any one to one hundredth part of the extent to which it exists in him. Do pour a broadside into him, dear Count D'Orsay. You have great influence with him. Stir him up with a pole as long as that dress cane you once gave me; and let us see if one of the eighteen spare beds in the Peschiere cannot be tenanted by an R.A.[†5]

I am disgusted with the Fine Arts Commission—by the way, the frescoes in the Peschiere were reported to them as among the finest in Italy. I think their

putting Maclise anywhere but at the very head and front of the Competitors, abominable. And I think the terms on which their designs are to be sent in, are disgraceful to the Commissioners as gentlemen—disgraceful to the selected artists, as men of talent—and disgraceful to the country in which the paltry, huckstering piece of power is exercised. If I were one of the exhibitors, I would see the New Houses of Parliament blown up higher than ever the old ones were like to have been, before I would coin the smallest corner of my brain for their service.[†1] A word in your ear, my dear Count D'Orsay. Do you think that when they were placing the artists, Rogers had any recollection of—the faintest and dimmest pleasure of memory in—a certain little pen and ink likeness of himself, once published in Frazer's Magazine?[†2] God forgive me. But I shrewdly suspect that too smooth head of his, I swear!

What a sad place Italy is! a country gone to sleep, and without a prospect of waking again! I never shall forget, as long as I live, my first impressions of it, as I drove through the streets of Genoa, after contemplating the splendid View of the town, for a full hour, through a telescope, from the deck of the

steamboat. I thought that of all the mouldy, dreary, sleepy, dirty, lagging, halting, Godforgotten towns in the wide world, it surely must be the very uttermost superlative. It seemed as if one had reached the end of all things—as if there were no more progress, motion, advancement, or improvement of any kind beyond; but here the whole scheme had stopped centuries ago, never to move on any more, but just lying down in the sun to bask there, 'till the Day of Judgment.†3

I have [a gre]at†4 interest in it now; and walk about, or ride about, the [town] when I go there, in a dreamy sort of way, which is very comfortable. I seem [to be] thinking, but I don't know what about—I haven't the least idea. I can sit down in a church, or stand at the end of a narrow Vico, zig-zagging uphill like a dirty snake: and not feel the least desire for any further entertainment. Just in the same way, I lie down on the rocks in the evening, staring the blue water out of countenance; or stroll up the narrow lanes, and watch the lizards running up

and down the walls (so slight and fast, that they always look like the shadows of something else, passing over the stones)†1 and diving into their holes so suddenly that they leave bits of their tails hanging out, and don't know it. I never knew what it was to be lazy, before.—I should think a dormouse was in very much the same condition before he goes under the wool in his cage—or a tortoise before he buries himself. I feel that I am getting rusty.—I should creak when I tried to think,†2 if it were not for some feeble efforts I am making to acquire the language: each one a tiny drop of oil upon my hinges: and the only oil they ever get.

Were you ever at Lyons? *That's* the place. It's a great Nightmare—a bad conscience—a fit of indigestion—the recollection of having done a murder. An awful place! I made a good mistake there, at which I used to laugh afterwards; before I had lost the strength of mind which laughing requires. There is a curious clock in the cathedral—I dare say you have seen it. At all events, it is covered at the top with little doors, and when the Sacristan gets inside and sets the works a going, the doors fly open, one after another, and little scriptural images bolt out suddenly, and retire again; while some shrill little bells exert themselves to the utmost. One of these doors flying open, disclosed the Virgin Mary—with a very blunt nose, like the hangman in Punch's Show. She hadn't sat there long when another little door, after trying to open itself a great many times (you know the queer, jerking manner of clockwork) flew wide open all at once, and disclosed a little doll with Wings, who dived out with surpassing suddenness, and at sight of the Virgin instantly dived in again, while its little street-door shut up of itself, with a bang. "Aha!" said I. "Yes, Yes—The Devil, of course. We have very soon settled *his* business".—"The Devil!" said the Sacristan, looking out of the clock, pale with horror. "The Angel Gabriel Monsieur! The Annunciation Monsieur!" Which it seemed (to my great confusion) had actually been represented.†3

My dear Count D'Orsay, I am afraid this is the rustiest of letters, but blame Italy for it. Not me. I shall look to hear from you, or Lady Blessington, most eagerly. My most cordial and sincere regards to her. She cannot think how sorry she made me, by her heartiness and interest at parting—and yet how very glad, at the same time. Remember me, very cordially, to Miss Power and her sister. And believe me with the sincerest regard

Always Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Le Comte D'Orsay.

What Portraits are you painting? What figures are you modelling?[†4] Has that

libellous artist[†1]—I am still strong on that point: feeble as I have become—finished his slander on Miss Power?

P.S. Address to the Poste Restante. The Albaro postman gets drunk—loses letters—and goes down on his knees in sober repentance. Poste Restante, Genoa.

To PIERRE-EDOUARD ALLETZ, 9 AUGUST 1844

Extract in Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 237; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Albaro, 9 Aug 44.

I shall be most happy in meeting a writer of such distinguished and eminent genius as M. Lamartine[†2]—though it is for only a few moments,[†3] and under the unfavorable circumstance of my not being able to speak his language with any degree of correctness or fluency. But I hold myself more than repaid in being able to read it well, since that accomplishment is a source of great delight to me and inspires me with an interest in M. Lamartine which nothing but himself, in his own beautiful productions, could have awakened.[†4]

To T. C. CURRY,[†5] 9 AUGUST 1844†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Thomas Curry Esquire. Albaro. | Ninth August 1844.

My Dear Sir

As I find none of my unfortunate books in the chest which you so kindly forwarded to me yesterday, I write to enquire whether there is anything for me

to do in the matter—any application for me to prefer—any promise and vow for me to make—any pledge that I have no intention of reading them aloud to the Friars in the Streets, whether they will or no—or of converting the Genevese, from the true faith, to the Arabian Nights.

[†a]And my stationery—my inkstand—the tools of my trade—I won't write against the Cathedral, or the King, or the Governor, or the Town Gates even; I swear—if I get 'em. But Woe to the Custom House, and the Jesuits who examine the books, if I don't.[†a]

Mrs. Dickens says she will take it as a great favor, if you will buy her, at your leisure and in the course of your own marketings, three pounds of black tea, and a Ham. If blushes could be forwarded in a note, this paper would be red with a consciousness of the trouble it gives you, by the time it comes to hand.

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Curry Esquire

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 9 AUGUST 1844

Text from N, I, 614-16 (from text supplied by Comte de Suzannet).

Albaro Near Genoa Friday August Ninth 1844

My Dear Sir,

I find that if I wait to write you a long letter (which has been the cause of my procrastination in fulfilling my part of our agreement), I am likely to wait some time longer. And as I am very anxious to hear from you; not the less so because I hear *of* you through my brother, who usually sees you once a week in my absence; I take pen in hand, and stop a messenger who is going to Genoa. For my main object being to qualify myself for the receipt of a letter from you, I don't see why a ten line qualification is not as good as one of a hundred lines.

You told me it was possible that you and Mrs. Tagart might wander into these Latitudes in the autumn. I wish you would carry out that infant intention to the utmost. It would afford us the truest delight and pleasure to receive you. If you come in October, you will find us in the Palazzo Peschiere, in Genoa; which is surrounded by a delicious garden, and is a most charming habitation in all respects. If you come in September, you will find us less splendidly lodged, but on the margin of the sea, and in the midst of vineyards. The climate is delightful even now; the heat being not at all oppressive, except in the actual city, which is what the Americans would call considerable fiery, in the middle of the day.

But the sea breezes out here are refreshing and cool, every day; and the bathing in the early morning is something more agreeable than you can easily imagine. The orange trees of the Peschiere shall give you their most fragrant salutation if you come to us at that time; and we have a dozen spare beds in that house that I know of; to say nothing of some vast chambers here and there, with ancient †airon†a chests in them, where Mrs. Tagart might enact Ginevra†1 †ato perfection,†a and never be found out. To prevent which, I will engage to watch her closely if she will only come and see us.

The flies are incredibly numerous just now. The unsightly blot, a little higher up, was occasioned by a very fine one who fell into the inkstand, and came out unexpectedly, on the nib of my pen.

We are all quite well, thank Heaven, and had a very interesting journey here. Of which, as well as of this place, I will not write a word, lest I should take the edge off those agreeable conversations with which we will beguile our walks.

Pray tell me all about the presentation of the plate,†2 and whether Ashton Yates†3 was very slow, or trotted at all, and if so, when. He is an excellent creature, and I respect him very much,†4 so I don't mind

smiling when I think of him as he appeared when addressing you, and pointing mildly to the plate, with his head a little on one side, and one of his eyes turned up languidly.

Also, let me know exactly how you are travelling, and when, and all about it: that I may meet you with open arms on the threshold of the city, if, happily, you bend your steps this way. You had better address me, Poste Restante, Genoa, as the Albaro postman gets drunk; and when he has lost letters, and is sober, sheds tears—which is affecting, but hardly satisfactory.

Kate and her sister send their best regards to yourself and Mrs. and Miss Tagart, and all your family. I heartily join them in all kind remembrances and good wishes. As the messenger has just looked in at the door, and shedding on

me a balmy gale of onions, has protested against being detained any longer, I will only say (which is not at all necessary) that I am ever faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS] P.S. There is a little to see here, in the church way, I assure you.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10-11 AUGUST 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 334; F, 1872-4, II, v, 113*n*; F, IV, iv, 343, 334-5, 341*n*, 337. *Date:* first two extracts "seven days" after 3 Aug according to Forster; next three probably same letter, as similar items of news in *To* Mitton, 12 Aug; final extract not before 11 Aug, since season at Teatro Carlo Felice opened 10 Aug, and presumably same letter.

I have got my paper and inkstand and figures now (the box from Osnaburgh-terrace only came last Thursday), and can think—I have begun to do so every morning—with a business-like air, of the Christmas book.[†1] My paper is arranged, and my pens are spread out, in the usual form. I think you know the form—Don't you? My books have not passed the custom-house yet, and I tremble for some volumes of Voltaire.[†2] . . . I write in the best bedroom. The sun is off the corner window at the side of the house by a very little after twelve; and I can then throw the blinds open, and look up from my paper, at the sea, the mountains, the washed-out villas, the vineyards, at the blistering white-hot fort with a sentry on the drawbridge standing in a bit of shadow no broader than his own musket, and at the sky, as often as I like. It is a very peaceful view, and yet a very cheerful one. Quiet as quiet can be.

A monk was drowned here on Saturday evening.[†3] He was bathing with two other monks, who bolted when he cried out that he was sinking—in consequence, I suppose, of his certainty of going to Heaven.

Everybody wears a dress. Mine extremely theatrical: Masaniello to the life: shall be preserved for your inspection in Devonshire-terrace.[†4] . . . The moustaches are glorious, glorious. I have cut them shorter, and trimmed them a little at the ends to improve the shape. They are charming, charming. Without them, life would be a blank.

He described the blank impossibility of getting native meanings conveyed to his English servants; the spell was first broken by the cook, being really a clever woman,

and not entrenching herself in that astonishing pride of ignorance which induces the rest to oppose themselves to the receipt of any information through any channel, and which made A.[†1] careless of looking out of window, in America, even to see the Falls of Niagara. *She had so primed herself with* the names of all sorts of vegetables, meats, soups, fruits, and kitchen necessaries, *that she was able to order whatever was needful of the peasantry that were trotting in and out all day, basketed and barefooted.*

Timber has had every hair upon his body cut off because of the fleas, and he looks like the ghost of a drowned dog come out of a pond after a week or so. It is very awful to see him slide into a room. He knows the change upon him, and is always turning round and round to look for himself. I think he'll die of grief.

The first play he saw at the principal theatre[†2] *was a version of Balzac's* Père Goriot. The domestic Lear I thought at first was going to be very clever. But he was too pitiful—perhaps the Italian reality would be. He was immensely applauded, though. *The house was larger than Drury Lane and the arrangements were excellent. Instead of a ticket for the private box he had taken on the first tier, he received the usual key for admission which let him in as if he lived there; and for the whole set-out,* quite as comfortable and private as a box at our opera, *paid only eight and fourpence English.*

To THOMAS MITTON, [12] AUGUST 1844*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 12 Aug was a Monday in 1844; PM 13 Aug 44 confirms. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London.

Albaro, Monday afternoon Eleventh August 1844.

My Dear Mitton. As you will desire to know about the taxes, I sit down to answer your letter (received to day) at once. But this will not be posted until tomorrow, as the office would be closed[†3] before I could write and send it into Genoa to day.

The Income Tax, I remember, is *not* paid. I have no doubt the collector's application is correct, and may be discharged.[†4] I have not my cheque-book here, to make quite sure; but he is an exceedingly respectable man, and I feel quite satisfied it is all right. I am rejoiced to learn that the partnership[†5] proceeds

so well; and the success of the two causes at Derby,[†1] I hail as a glorious omen.

We are now in the height of the heat: which is supposed to decline after St. Lorenzo's day—which was on Saturday last.[†2] Walking is wholly out of the question. I feel that deprivation very much; but I have

many resources wherever I am; and get on quite happily. The Christmas Book already occupies me, in the preliminary shutting myself up and thinking all the morning; and I shall soon be in full swing with it, I hope. There are so many contrivances for coolness, that within doors it is really much less distressing than on a very hot day in London. It is out of doors—in the Sun—that one feels it; and there it really is, just now, *blazing*. I turn out before 7 every morning, and plunge into the sea instantly. It is inexpressibly delicious—though the bottom is rocky; and I cut my knees to pieces when the waves are rough. I am learning Italian, which is more difficult than I expected: partly because my book-thoughts interfere with it: and partly because of a preposterous custom the gentry have, of addressing each other—men, observe!—as *she*, and in the third person. So that instead of saying "how are you?" to a great fellow with a black moustache; you say "Is she quite well?" Charley is learning French of the same gentleman;[†3] and I hope will get on nobly. The cook has picked up more Italian than any of them. She is really a clever woman. The laundress happens to speak good Italian—the Genevese speak nothing Earthly, but a Gibberish of their own—and from her, she has learnt the names of all sorts of meats and vegetables and household articles; so that she can order what is wanted for the house, quite freely. She is the most contented of all the servants too; and although this house is diabolically supplied, in even such small essentials as the commonest saucepans; she gets on just as she would in Devonshire Terrace, somehow or other; and never makes the least complaint. Roche is my right hand still, in all things. And he remains with me, gladly.

I have taken the unexpired term of an English colonel who is going away, in the Palazzo Peschiere (pronounced Peskeeairy): which I enter on the possession of, on the 1st. of October, and hold until the sixteenth of March, at 5 Guineas a week—one more than this place. To remain here in the winter would have been impossible, for there are no fire-places; and the coach-hire into Genoa is very expensive, besides being very damnable, and jolting one to death. The Peschiere is greatly esteemed as being perfectly healthy—in the midst of the most splendid prospects—within the walls of Genoa—in the heart of all the Mountain walks—and surrounded by the most delicious gardens (filled with fountains, orange

trees, and all sorts of lovely things) you can conceive: which are *not* maintained at the expence of the tenant. Within, it is painted: walls and ceilings, every inch: in the most gorgeous manner. There are ten rooms on one floor: few smaller than the largest habitable rooms in Hampton Court Palace: and one quite as long and wide as the Saloon of Drury Lane Theatre; with a great vaulted roof higher than that of the Waterloo Gallery in Windsor Castle—I think again, and can safely add very much higher. It is always let for the winter at £32 per month; but this colonel having taken it for a year and a half certain, got it cheap; and being a great Bozonian, he came to me privately—shewed me the offers he had for it—and said "But if you like to take it, you shall have it before anybody." I caught at it gladly; to the great discomfiture of the other competitors. And the competition for any good place here—there are not four in the whole town—is quite extraordinary.

You will have heard from Fred, I dare say, that poor little Katey has been very ill. She is now recovering, thank Heaven, and goes out every night upon a Donkey. But you would scarcely know her; she is so extremely thin. She would let nobody touch her; in the way of dressing her neck or giving her physic; when she was ill; but her Papa. So I had a pretty tough time of it. But her sweet temper was wonderful to see. I shall be very glad when they can go out for long walks. The time will very soon be here, I trust.

My plans are, to go to Marseilles again, to meet Fred; and to come back by the Cornice Road across the Alps: which I must see, and which will not fit into my other plans. I shall then remain quiet, until I have done my Christmas Book: which will be (I hope) at the end of October, or pretty early in November. I shall then go: taking Roche with me: to Milan, Bologna, Turin, Mantua, Verona, Venice, Florence, and intermediate places. I shall return here, for Christmas, and remain here through January when it is usually very bad weather, and intensely cold. In February, I purpose starting off to Rome—from Rome to Naples—and after seeing Mount Vesuvius, and Herculaneum and Pompeii, away into Sicily, to Mount Etna. Returning to Naples then, I shall come back here by a Steamboat, and remain until the week before Easter, when I shall start off again on a second visit to Rome; that being the time when all sorts of displays take place. Returning here at the End of Easter week, I shall pick up the Caravan, and go straight to Paris: arranging so as to be there, if I can, by the end of April: and remain there, in a lodging, until about the Second week in June. There is no such place for material in my way, as Paris.

These are my present designs, and they seem to be the best; as I shall go into France by the pass of the Great Saint Gotherd (which is the most tremendous pass in the Alps) and by Strasburgh—an entirely new line. Something may occur to change them; but I shall hold to them, if possible.

The novelty having worn off, I think we all like Italian life very well. Fletcher was *bit*, in this place, beyond all kind of question. But the sea breeze blows away all objections to it. He is known in Genoa (so Roche tells me) as the mad gentleman, and is renowned for believing whatever he is told. You are quite right in your conclusions touching the probable effects of heat upon his addled head. He horrified us the other night, by saying he felt as if it were going to burst; and that he had taken a walk with a lady once, who complained of being

similarly affected, and who was escorted to a Madhouse next day. I had some notion of knocking him down with a chair; but he got better.

He always gives a horrible yell, when he first puts his foot in the sea. And to see him; with his very bald head & his very fat body; limping over the sharp rocks in a small, short, tight pair of striped drawers—such as they wear in Masaniello on the stage; which is the dress you are expected to wear here, in bathing—is one of the most ridiculous sights I ever beheld in my life. He is always taken faint, immediately after coming out; and so remains until breakfast is ready: when he goes in, to win, at half a dozen breakfast cups of tea: which he drinks (like Quilp) boiling hot,[†1] and with his eyes standing out, like a lobster's.

The box arrived here, only last Thursday. I have not got my books yet. They are taken out at the Custom House and examined by Priests, before they are allowed to pass. As some Volumes of a French author, Voltaire, are among them, who always wrote against Priests, I fully expect them to be stopped. Though I am not likely to read them to the Genevese, and woo them to their damnation, I am sure.

The other children are all quite well; and they send their loves. The baby is a brilliant fellow. Charley is rather hove down, at times, for want of somebody to play with him. We are too far out of the world here, to get him companions. But wh[en][†2] we move, there is an English Merchant[†3] close by our

Palazzo, (who buys all sorts of impossible [things][†4] for us, at wholesale prices) who has a son very like him, and about his own age, with whom he will be able to keep it up.

Give my love to Fred, and ask him to bring—A French Grammar for Charley (we can't get one here in French and English, for Love or Money)—a copy of Overs's book[†5]—and a Unitarian Prayer-Book; which he can buy at one Green's, a bookseller in Newgate Street.[†6] If he can cram two or three packs of playing cards into his trunk, so much the better. Ask him to beg Forster, too, to give him some good little book of general knowledge, out of which the aforesaid Charley may prepare himself to floor his schoolfellows on his return to Ould England. And a copy of Tennyson's Poems, for me.[†7]

I have some difficulty in my mind, about the best way of giving that Guinea to Overs. Let it be, for the present. Many thanks for your rigid discharge of the other commissions—poor dear Mary's[†8] first, and before all. "Private and Confidential" should be at the top of all the acknowledgements of letters received, which you write: to imply that you opened them on those terms.

The fleas here, surpass the bounds of human credulity. They don't touch *me.* I have had every atom of Timber's hair cut off. But he is so full of them, still, that it is impossible to allow him to come up stairs. I am afraid they will go before Fred comes; but tell him I will keep them for him if I can. Insects of divers sorts abound. The great Sunday amusement, is for whole families to sit outside their doors, on the pavement: picking the lice out of each other's heads.[†1] As we rode through Genoa to church[†2] yesterday, we saw innumerable little pleasure parties, of this description.

Fletcher is so infernally lazy, that he hasn't copied his sketch. I mean to tell him that if he don't, I'll have the tea reduced in strength. After which terrible threat, I dare say I shall get it to send you in my next. Kate and her sister desire to be heartily remembered. Ever faithfully CD.

Tuesday Morning. The books arrived last night—all complete. They never pass Voltaire; but with great politeness, passed it for me. Englishmen and other foreigners are obliged to apply to the Police for a Permission to reside here: renewable every three months; but they exempt me from these forms, and are exceedingly considerate. I had a private box at the Theatre (which is larger than Drury Lane or Covent Garden) on Saturday Night. It was comfortably fitted up with sofas and a mirror: and cost eight and fourpence English. The opera is open there, in the winter. The banker (Coutts's Correspondent) whom we visit,[†3] has a box. He is a bachelor, and never goes: so he means to place it at our disposal. There is another Theatre,[†4] where the performances are in the open air and in the day time—very cool and pleasant. Katey is still improving, rapidly.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20 AUGUST 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 338, 337, 336-7, 338-9. *Date:* first extract 20 Aug according to Forster; second extract after 11 Aug (see *fn*), so probably part of same letter; third extract also, since clearly after first visit to marionettes; dinner-party in fourth extract "in the middle of August" according to Forster.

A Spanish duke[†5] has taken the room under me in the Peschiere. The duchess was his mistress many years, and bore him (I think) six daughters. He always

promised her that if she gave birth to a son, he would marry her; and when at last the boy arrived, he went into her bedroom, saying—"Duchess, I am charmed to salute you!" And he married her in good earnest, and legitimatized (as by the Spanish law he could) all the other children.

He had seen a version of Dumas' preposterous play of Kean,[†1] *in which most of the representatives of English actors wore red hats with steeple crowns, and very loose blouses with broad belts and buckles round their waists.* There was a mysterious person called the Prince of Var-lees, the youngest and slimmest man in the company, whose badinage in Kean's dressing-room was irresistible; and the dresser wore top-boots, a Greek skull-cap, a black velvet jacket, and leather breeches. One or two of the actors looked very hard at me to see how I was touched by these English peculiarities—especially when Kean kissed his male friends on both cheeks.

He wrote of the puppets. There are other things,[†2] too solemnly surprising to dwell upon. They must be seen. They must be seen. The enchanter carrying off the bride is not greater than his men brandishing fiery torches and dropping their lighted spirits of wine at every shake. Also the enchanter himself, when, hunted down and overcome, he leaps into the rolling sea, and finds a watery grave. Also the second comic man, aged about 55 and like George the Third in the face, when he gives out the play for the next night. They must all be seen. They can't be told about. Quite impossible.

He had dined with the French consul-general. There was present, among other Genoese, the Marquis di Negri:[†3] a very fat and much older Jerdan,[†4] with the

same thickness of speech and size of tongue. He was Byron's friend,[†1] keeps open house here, writes poetry, improvises, and is a very good old Blunderbore;[†2] just the sort of instrument to make an artesian well with, anywhere. Well, sir, after dinner, the consul proposed my health, with a little French conceit to the effect that I had come to Italy to have personal experience of its lovely climate, and that there was this similarity between the Italian sun and its visitor, that the sun shone into the darkest places and made them bright and happy with its benignant influence, and that my books had done the like with the breasts of men, and so forth. Upon which Blunderbore gives his bright-buttoned blue coat a great rap on the breast, turns up his fishy eye, stretches out his arm like the living statue defying the lightning at Astley's, and delivers four impromptu verses in my honour, at which everybody is enchanted, and I more than anybody—perhaps with the best reason, for I didn't understand a word of them. The consul then takes from his breast a roll of paper, and says, "I shall read them!" Blunderbore then says, "Don't!" But the consul does, and Blunderbore beats time to the music of the verse with his knuckles on the table; and perpetually ducks forward to look round the cap of a lady sitting between himself and me, to see what I think of them. I exhibit lively emotion. The verses are in French—short line—on the taking of Tangiers by the Prince de Joinville,[†3] and are received with great applause; especially by a nobleman present who is reported to be unable to read

and write. They end in my mind (rapidly translating them into prose) thus,—

The cannon of France
Shake the foundation
Of the wondering sea,
The artillery on the shore
Is put to silence,
Honour to Joinville[†4]
Rendering thanks
To Heaven.
The King
And all the Royal Family
Are bathed
In tears.

And the Brave!
The Great Intelligence
Is borne
Upon the wings of Fame
To Paris.
Her national citizens
Exchange caresses
In the streets!
The temples are crowded
With religious patriots
They call upon the name
Of Joinville!
France also
Weeps, and echoes it.
Joinville is crowned
With Immortality;
And Peace and Joinville,
And the Glory of France,
Diffuse themselves
Conjointly.

If you can figure to yourself the choice absurdity of receiving anything into one's mind in this way, you can imagine the labour I underwent in my attempts to keep the lower part of my face square, and to lift up one eye gently, as with admiring attention. But I am bound to add that this is really pretty literal; for I read them afterwards.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 AUGUST 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 338, 334. *Date:* 24 Aug according to Forster.

He described the great public tanks in an archway beneath the Acqua Sola, where, at all ordinary times, washerwomen were washing away, thirty or forty together.[†1] *Matters were worse at Albaro: the clothes there being washed in a pond, beaten with gourds, and whitened with a preparation of lime* so that what between the beating and the burning they fall into holes unexpectedly, and my white trowsers, after six weeks' washing, would make very good fishing-nets. It is such a serious damage that when we get into the Peschiere we mean to wash at home.

He could ask in Italian for whatever he wanted in any shop or coffee-house, and could read it pretty well.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 24 AUGUST 1844†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Clarkson Stanfield Esquire. R.A. | Mornington Place | Hampstead Road | London.

Albaro Saturday Night Twenty Fourth August 1844

My Dear Stanfield. I love you so truly, and have such pride and joy of heart in your friendship, that I don't know how to begin writing to you. When I think how you are walking up and down London in that portly surtout, and can't receive proposals from Dick to go to the theatre, I fall into a state between laughing and crying, and want some friendly back to smite.—"Je-im! Aye aye your honor",—is in my ears every time I walk upon the seashore here; and the

number of expeditions I make into Cornwall,[†1] in my sleep—the springs of flys I break, the songs I sing, and the bowls of punch I drink—would soften a heart of stone.

We have had weather here since five o'Clock this morning, after your own heart. Suppose yourself the admiral in Black Eyed Susan—after the acquittal of William, and when it was feasible to be on friendly terms with him.—I am T.P.[†2] My trousers are very full at the ankles—my black neck kerchief is tied in the regular style—the name of my ship is painted round my glazed hat.—I have a red waistcoat on—and the seams of my blue jacket are "paid"[†3]—permit me to dig you in the ribs, when I make use of this nautical expression—with white. In my left hand I hold the baccy box, connected with the Story of Sandomingerbilly.[†4] I lift up my eyebrows as far as I can (on the T.P. model) take a quid from the box—screw the lid on again (chewing at the same time, and looking pleasantly at the pit)—brush it with my right elbow—cock up my right leg—scrape my right foot on the ground—hitch up my trousers—and in reply to a question of yours: namely "Indeed! What weather, William?" deliver myself as follows:

Lord love your honor! Weather!! Such weather as would set all hands to the pumps aboard one of your fresh water cockboats, and set the purser to his wits' ends to stow away for the use of the Ship's company, the casks and casks full of blue water as would come powering in over the gunnel! The dirtiest night, your honor, as ever you see 'atween Spithead at Gunfire[†5] and the Bay of Biscay! The wind Sou West, and your Honor dead in the wind's eye; the breakers running high upon the rocky beach—the light 'us no more looming through the fog, than Davey Jones's sarser eye through the blue sky of Heaven in a calm, or the blue toplights of your Honor's lady, cast down in a modest overhauling of her catheads,[†6]—avast!" (whistling) "my dear eyes here am I a goin, head-on, to the breakers!" (bowing)

Admiral (smiling)—"No William! I admire plain-speaking as you know. And so does old England William, and old England's Queen. But you were saying—"

William. "Aye aye your Honor—I", (scratching his head) "I've lost my reckoning. Damme!—I ast pardon—but won't your honor throw a hencoop, or any ould end of towline to a man as is overboard?"

Admiral. (smiling still) "You were saying, William, that the wind—"

William. (again cocking up his leg and slapping the thigh very hard) "Avast heaving your honor! I see your honor's signal fluttering in the breeze, without a glass! As I was a saying, your honor, the wind a blowin from the Sou West—due Sou West your honor: not a pint to Larboard nor a pint to Starboard—the clouds a gatherin in the distance, for all the world like Beachey Head in a fog—

the sea a rowling in, in heaps of foam, and running higher than the mainyard arm—the craft a scuddin by, all taught and under storms'els, for the harbor—not a blessed star a twinklin out aloft—aloft, your honor, in the little Cherub's[†1] Native Country—and the spray a flying like the white foam from Jolly's lips, when Poll of Portsea[†2] took him for a tailor!" (laughs)

Admiral (laughing also) "You have described it well, William, and I thank you. But who are these!"

[Enter Supers—in calico jackets to look like cloth—some in brown holland petticoat trousers and big boots, all in belts with very large buckles. Last Super rolls on a cask and pretends to tap it. Other supers apply tin mugs to the bunghole, and drink—previously holding them upside down.][†3]

William (after shaking hands with everybody) "Who are these your Honor! Mess mates as staunch and true as ever broke biscuit. An't you my lads!"

All. "Aye aye William. That we are. That we are!"

Admiral. (much affected) "Oh England! What wonder that—! But I will no longer detain you from your sports my humble friends" [Admiral speaks very loud, and looks hard at the orchestra this being the cue for the dance]—"from your sports my humble friends. Farewell!"

All. Hurrah! Hurrah! [Exit Admiral]

[*Voice behind*] Suppose the dance, Mr. Stanfield. Are you all ready? Go—then!

My dear Stanfield, how I wish you would come this way, and see me in the Palazzo Peschiere! Was ever man so welcome as I would make you! What a truly gentlemanly action it would be, to bring Mrs. Stanfield—and the baby! and how Kate and her sister would wave pocket handkerchiefs from the Wharf, in joyful welcome! Ah, what a glorious proceeding!

Do you know this place? Of course you do.[†4] I won't bore you with anything about it, for I know Forster reads my letters to you; but *what* a place it is! The views from the hills here, and the immense variety of prospects of the sea, are as striking, I think, as such Scenery can be. Above all, the approach to Genoa, by sea from Marseilles, constitutes a Picture which you ought to paint; for nobody else can ever do it! Villain! You made that bridge at Avignon, better than it is. Beautiful as it undoubtedly is,[†5] you made it fifty times better. And if I were Morrison,[†6] or one of that school (bless the dear fellows one and all!) I wouldn't stand it, but would insist on having another picture gratis, to atone for the imposition.

The night is like a seaside night in England, towards the end of September.

They say it is the prelude to clear weather. But the wind is roaring now, and the sea is raving, and the rain is driving down, as if they had all set in for a real hearty pic nic, and each had brought its own contribution[†1] to the general festivity. I don't know whether you are acquainted with the Coast Guard men in these parts? They are extremely civil fellows, of a very amiable manner and appearance, but the most

innocent men, in matters you would suppose them to be well acquainted with, in virtue of their office: that I ever encountered. One of them asked me, only yesterday, if it would take a Year to get to England in a ship. Which I thought for a Coast Guard man was rather a tidy question.—It would take a long time to catch a ship going there, if he were on board a pursuing cutter though. I think he would scarcely do it in twelve months, indeed.

[†a]Forster told me, in a letter I received from him yesterday, of your mistake at the Parthenon, in respect of that marvellous likeness of Liston.[†2] I laughed immoderately. He gave me an admirable description of the scene; and when I recollected the laborious manner in which I had impressed the fact of the strong resemblance upon you, in that very room—and the courteous, Academical sympathy for my uneducated eye, with which you had conceded—"Well! he *is* like him Dick"—I grinned from ear to ear.[†a] So you were at Astley's[†3] t'other night! "Now Mr. Stickney Sir! what can I come for to go for to do, for to bring, for to fetch, for to carry for you Sir?"—"He he he! Oh! I say Sir!"—"Well Sir?"—"Miss Woolford knows me Sir. She laughed at me!"—I see him run away after this;—not on his feet, but on his knees and the calves of his legs alternately —and that smell of sawdusty horses, which was never in any other place in the world, salutes my nose with painful distinctness.

What do you think of my suddenly finding myself a Swimmer? But I have really made the discovery; and skim about a little blue bay just below the house here, like a fish in high spirits. I hope to preserve my bathing dress for your inspection and approval—or possibly to enrich your collection of Italian Costumes—on my return. Do you recollect Yarnold[†4] in Massaniello?[†5] I find that I unintentionally "dress at him", before plunging into the sea. I enhanced the likeness very much last Friday Morning, by singing a barcarole on the rocks. I was a trifle too flesh-coloured (the stage knowing no medium between bright salmon, and dirty yellow); but apart from that defect, not badly made up, by any means.

[†b]I see in Galignani, that a Public dinner is to be given to Mr. Bunn.[†6] It is a

great mortification to me, not to be in England; that I might have the honor and gratification of enrolling my name in the list of stewards, and humbly testifying by that action and by my poor presence at the Festival, my sympathy with, and admiration for, a public servant, who, as a gentleman, a manager, a man: and considered either as a public or a private Individual; has no parallel in the country which claims him for her son. When I see such honors paid to this distinguished gentleman, whose speech, whose life, and whose every proceeding in every capacity, so justly entitle him to that meed of public approbation which he has so well earned, I feel, indeed that the regeneration of the Drama is at hand; and that its golden age (or it may be, brazen; at this distance the metals resemble each other, very nearly) has not departed from our happy shores. If you think Lord Glengall likely to buy this, for his speech, I will take five guineas for it, and subscribe the Sum to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.[†b]

[†c]When you write to me, my dear Stanny; as I hope you will soon; address, Poste Restante Genoa.[†c] I remain out here until the end of September, and send in for my letters daily. There *is* a Postman for this place, but he gets drunk and loses the letters; after which he calls to say so, and to fall upon his knees—[†d]which is affecting, but not satisfactory.[†d] About three weeks ago, I caught him at a Wine shop

near here; playing bowls in the garden. It was then about five o'Clock in the afternoon; and he had been airing a newspaper addressed to me, since 9 o'Clock in the Morning.

Kate and Georgina unite with me in most cordial remembrances to Mrs. and Miss Stanfield,[†1] and to all the children;[†2] [†e]who I hope are well and thriving.[†e] They particularize all sorts of messages, but I tell them they had better write themselves if they want to send any. Though I don't know that their writing would end in the safe deliverance of those commodities after all; for when I began this letter, I meant to give utterance to all kinds of heartiness, my dear Stanfield; and I come to the end of it without having said anything more than that I am—which is new to you—under every circumstance and everywhere

Your most affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To T. C. CURRY, 31 AUGUST 1844*

MS University of Texas.

Albaro. | Saturday Thirty First | August 1844

My Dear Sir

I should have written to you yesterday, but was not quite sure that I should

get so far round the corner as to be myself again,[†1] by tomorrow. In which case, I should have had nothing to say.

What I have now to ask, is, whether you will do the friendly deed of coming to dine with us tomorrow at four, along with your, and Fletcher's, friend?[†2] Mrs. Dickens reports after a careful examination of the kitchen (which is very easily made, as there is hardly anything in it) that there are *plates enough* for two guests. So will you come, and say Grace before the more hospitable meat of the Peschiere.

With best Regards, in which my ladies join, to all your house

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Currie[†3] Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?31 AUGUST 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 341*n*, 340, 340-1; 335. *Date:* first extract "three weeks later" than letter of ?10 Aug; second and third extracts clearly after *To* Stanfield, 24 Aug —and *To* Curry, 31 Aug, shows that CD had recovered from his attack of illness; fourth extract in a letter which Forster received "before the end of the second week of September".

Timber's hair is growing again, so that you can dimly perceive him to be a dog. The fleas only keep three of his legs off the ground now, and he sometimes moves of his own accord towards some place where they don't want to go.

After the French consul's dinner-party he was invited to a great reception at the Marquis di Negro's on his daughter's birthday.[†4] *The grottoes and fanciful walks in the grounds reminded him of old White-conduit-house, except that he would have been well-pleased, on the present occasion, to have discovered a waiter crying, "Give your orders, gents!" it being not easy to him at any time to keep up, the whole night through, on ices and variegated lamps merely. He was amused by the old Marquis himself,* who was constantly diving out into dark corners and then among the lattice-work and flower pots, rubbing his hands and going round and round with explosive chuckles in his huge satisfaction with the entertainment. *It occurred to him, however, with horror, that four more hours of this kind of entertainment would be too much; that the Genoa gates closed at twelve; and that as the carriage had not been ordered till the dancing was expected to be over and the gates to reopen, he must make a sudden bolt if he would himself get back to Albaro.* I had barely time to reach the gate before midnight; and was running as hard as I could go, downhill, over uneven ground, along a new street called the strada Sevra, when I came to a pole fastened straight across the street, nearly breast high, without any light or watchman—quite in the Italian style. I went over it, headlong, with such force that I rolled myself completely white in the dust; but although I tore my clothes to shreds, I hardly scratched myself except in one

place on the knee. I had no time to think of it then, for I was up directly and off again to save the gate: but when I got outside the wall, and saw the state I was in, I wondered I had not broken my neck. I "took it easy" after this, and walked home, by lonely ways enough, without meeting a single soul. But there is nothing to be feared, I believe, from midnight walks in this part of Italy. In other places you incur the danger of being stabbed by mistake; whereas the people here are quiet and good-tempered, and very rarely commit any outrage.

There followed a short but sharp attack of illness. It came on with the old unspeakable and agonizing pain in the side *and yielded quickly to powerful remedies. But for a few days he had to content himself with the minor sights of Albaro. He sat daily in the shade of the ruined chapel*[†1] *on the seashore. He looked in at the festa in the small country church,*[†2] *consisting mainly of a tenor singer, a seraphine, and four priests sitting gaping in a row on one side of the altar,* in flowered satin dresses and little cloth caps, looking exactly like the band at a wild-beast-caravan. *He was interested in the wine-making, and in seeing the country tenants preparing their annual presents for their landlords, of baskets of grapes and other fruit prettily dressed with flowers. This brought out after dusk strong parties of rats to eat them as they ripened, and so many shooting parties of peasants to get rid of these despoilers, that as he first listened to the uproar of the firing and the echoes he half fancied it a siege of Albaro. The flies mustered strong, too, and the mosquitoes; so that at night he had to lie covered up with gauze, like cold meat in a safe.*

The servants are beginning to pick up scraps of Italian; some of them go to a weekly conversazione of servants at the Governor's[†3] every Sunday night, having got over their consternation at the frequent introduction of quadrilles on these occasions; and I think they begin to like their foreigneering life.

September

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 1 SEPTEMBER 1844

MS Professor E. S. Pearson. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Samuel Rogers Esquire | Saint James's Place | London.

Albaro near Genoa. Sunday First September | 1844.

My Dear Mr. Rogers. We have been greatly concerned to hear, through Mr. Forster, of your having been unwell,[†4] and seriously so. But hearing from the same source that you had recovered, we were, like the town ladies in the Vicar of Wakefield (with a small difference in respect of sincerity) extremely glad again.[†5] And to the end that we may not be made sorry once more, by any flying

rumours that may shape their course this way, we entreat you to let us know, under your own hand, that you are in as good health, heart, and spirits, as we would have you. Believe me, dear friend, you need not desire to be in better condition than that.

We are living very quietly out here, close to the Seashore. I have taken a very commodious and spacious apartment in the Palazzo Peschiere for the next six months. Do you know that Palace? It is splendidly situated, in the midst of beautiful gardens, and on the side of a steep hill. The grounds being open to the Public for their recreation, I may say of it: altering three words of yours

> 'Tis in the heart of Genoa (he who comes,
> Should come on foot) and in a place of stir;
> Men on their daily pleasure, early and late,
> Thronging its very threshold.[†1]

I wish you would come, and pluck an Orange from the Tree at Christmas Time. You should walk on the Terrace as early in the morning as you pleased; and there are brave breezy places in the neighbourhood to which you could transfer those stalwart Broadstairs walks of yours, and hear the Sea, too, roaring in your ears. I could shew you an old chest, in a disused room upstairs, where Ginevra's sister[†2] may have hidden—alas she was an only child! But where she *might* have hidden had she ever lived and died, and left her Memory to you. Come and see it.

A little, patient, revolutionary officer;[†3] exiled in England during many years; comes to and fro three times a week, to read and speak Italian with me. A poor little lame butterfly of a man, fluttering a little bit at one time, and hopping a little bit at another, and getting through life at some disadvantage or other, always. If I question him closely on some idiom which he is not in a condition to explain, he usually shakes his head dolefully, and begins to cry. But this is not what I meant to say just now, when I began to allude to him. He has initiated me in the Promessi Sposi[†4]—the book which Violetta read, that night.[†5] And what a clever book it is! I have not proceeded far into the story,[†6] but I am quite charmed with it. The interviews between the Bridegroom and the Priest, on the

Morning of the disappointment[†1]—and between the Bridegroom and the Bride, and her Mother—and the description of poor Renzo's walk to the house of the learned doctor; with the fowls—and the scene between them[†2]—and the whole idea of the character and story of Padre Christoforo are touched, I think, by a most delicate and charming hand. I have just left the good father in Don Rodrigo's boisterous Eating Hall; and am in no little anxiety, I assure you.[†3]

You recollect the Church of the Cappuccini—l'Annunciata?[†4] It is being entirely re-painted and regilded; and a marble portico is building, over the Great Entrance. That part of the interior—some two thirds—the redecoration of which is finished, is the most gorgeous work imaginable. Standing on a bright day before the Great Altar, and looking up into the three Domes, one is made giddy by the flash and glory of the place. The contrast between this Temple and its Ministers is the most singular and complete that the whole World could furnish, surely. But it is a land of contradictions, in everything, this Italy.

Do you know of *the Marriage Brokers*, among the Genevese? Sometimes they are old women—queer old women who are always presenting themselves mysteriously at unexpected times, like their sisterhood in the Arabian Nights.[†5] But there are men brokers: shrewd, hard, thorough-paced men of business. They keep formal registers of marriageable young gentlemen and marriageable young ladies; and when they find a very good match on their books—or rather when one of these gentry does—he goes to the Young Lady's father, and says, "Signore, you have a daughter to dispose of?"—"I have," says the father. "And you will give her," says the broker, "fifty thousand francs?" "On fair terms," replies the father. "Signore," says the broker, "I know a young gentleman, with fifty thousand francs embarked in business, who will take fifty thousand francs, *and the clothes.*"—"Clothes to what value?" asks the father. "Clothes to the value of five hundred francs," says the broker:—"And a gold watch. She must have a gold watch."—"His terms are too high," says the father. "My daughter hasn't got a gold watch."—"But Signore, she has a cast in her eye," says the broker; "And a cast in the eye is cheap at a gold watch."—"Say clothes worth two hundred and fifty francs," retorts the father, "and a silver bracelet. I admit the cast in the eye, and will throw in the bracelet: though its too much."—"We couldn't do it Signore," says the broker, "under a gold watch. The young gentleman might have done better in his last negociation; but he stood out for a watch. Besides, Signore, as a fair-dealing man, you must make some allowance for the ankles: which," says the broker, referring to his books, "are thick. If I did rigid justice to my employer, Signore, and hadn't a personal

regard for you, I should require a hundred and fifty francs, at least, for each leg." On such terms the bargain is discussed and the balance struck; and the young people don't see each other, until it is all settled.

In short it's very like the system of our own dear Dowagers at home; except that the Broker boldly calls himself a Marriage Broker, and has his regular percentage on the fortune.—Which some of our own revered Merchants in such wares wouldn't object to, I dare say. I should like to start somebody I know at Fulham,[†1] in business, on those terms.

My dear Mr. Rogers, if you ever get to the end of this letter, without leaping over the middle, forgive me. If you get to the end by a short cut, remember me not the less kindly; and however you get to the end, believe me that although it is all True, the truest part of the whole is, the assurance that I am always, with great regard, Your affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Kate and her sister, rebel, at not being mentioned by name. I am pretending to write long messages—which would take another sheet, at least.

To CHARLES KEMBLE, 3 SEPTEMBER 1844*

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania. *Address:* Inghilterra | Charles Kemble Esquire | Garrick Club | King Street | Covent Garden | London | To be forwarded.

Albaro, Near Genoa. Tuesday Third September 1844.

My Dear Mr. Kemble.

You recollect our covenant and agreement; made and entered into, on the blank day of blank, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty Four; whereby I covenanted and agreed to put you in possession of my plans as soon as I had formed them?

Here they are, then. I shall go away from here, for about Three Weeks, towards the middle of November—certainly not before, being now engaged upon a task: I shall go, then, to Milan, Turin, Mantua, Verona, Florence, Pisa, and Venice. I shall return here for Christmas and January; and burn coal fires and take long walks. Sometime in February, most likely, I shall start for Rome, and remain there, during the Carnival—then go to Naples—Herculaneum—Pompeii—and away to Mount Etna—returning to Rome for the Holy Week; coming back here afterwards; picking up bag and baggage; and going for six weeks or a couple of months to Paris.

My address is, Genoa. On the first of October, we move into the Palazzo Peschiere, within the walls. I have taken a charming apartment there, for six months. There are more beds in it than you could sleep in, if you changed once a week. There will be a welcome there, such as you have long been used to in many places and from many lips; but such, in its cordiality, as cannot be surpassed. I should be unfeignedly and heartily glad to see you. To have and to hold you, until you were tired of me.

Mrs. Dickens says the same, and means it. We beg to be remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris;[†1] and I shall look to hear from you at your pleasure and convenience.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Kemble Esquire.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 7 SEPTEMBER 1844

MS British Museum. *Address:* A Madame | Madame Charles Dickens | Poste Restante | Genes.

Hotel Du Paradis Marseilles[†2] | September Seventh 1844

My dearest Kate. We arrived here this morning, about 9; after a very pleasant, though rather rough, passage.[†3] I was perfectly well, and slept in a cool little cabin on deck. The Masters and I kept it up pretty gaily—dined luxuriously—and breakfasted on the same model. A person came from the hotel to the boat, as soon as we entered the Harbor, to announce that Fred[†4] had arrived at 5 o'Clock and was then in bed. By the time of my arrival here, he was just sitting down to breakfast. He does not appear to be at all tired.

He has a Moustache. I have not touched on that delicate subject yet, as I desire it to be seen in the Villa di Bagnerello. But I feel (as the Stage Villains say) that Either he or I must fall. Earth will not hold us both.

I purpose leaving here for Toulon (Roche implores me to see it, on his bended knees) by coach tomorrow night at 9 o'Clock.[†5] This will bring us home, most likely in the course of Friday—it may be, Thursday, but I *think* not. Do not alter any of the arrangements in the Whitest of Willys[†6] on our account; beyond having something to eat, in the house, in case we should want it.

The Colonel forgot to leave the key[†7] of the press in the drawing room, with Bennett.[†8] He has given it to me; and I have it safe.

Fred sends his best love to you and Georgy and the darlings. In which I join. Likewise his best regards to Fletcher. In which I also unite.[†9]

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10 SEPTEMBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iv, 342. *Date:* Forster gives 9 Sep, but clearly the night of 8 Sep had been spent at Nice: see *fn.*

We lay last night[†1] at the first halting-place[†2] on this journey, in an inn which is not entitled, as it ought to be, The house of call for fleas and vermin in general, but is entitled The grand hotel of the Post! I hardly know what to compare it to. It seemed something like a house in Somers-town originally built for a wine-vaults and never finished, but grown very old. There was nothing to eat in it and nothing to drink. They had lost the teapot; and when they found it, they couldn't make out what had become of the lid, which, turning up at last and being fixed on to the teapot, couldn't be got off again for the pouring in of more water. Fleas of elephantine dimensions were gambolling boldly in the dirty beds; and the mosquitoes!—But here let me draw a curtain (as I would have done if there had been any). We had scarcely any sleep, and rose up with hands and arms hardly human.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15-16 SEPTEMBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 342-3, 341, 334. *Date:* third extract 16 Sep according to Forster; first extract clearly part of same letter, and possibly written on previous day; second extract more likely to belong to this letter than to 23 Sep, as reports of O'Connell would certainly have reached CD.

The morning after their arrival at Albaro, Fred very nearly drowned in the bay. He swam out into too strong a current, and was only narrowly saved by the accident of a fishing-boat preparing to leave harbour at the time. It was a world of horror and anguish, crowded into four or five minutes of dreadful agitation; and, to complete the terror of it, Georgy, Charlotte†4, and the children were on a rock in full view of it all, crying, as you may suppose, like mad creatures.†5

I have no faith in O'Connell taking the great position he might upon this:

being beleaguered by vanity always. Denman delights me.†1 I am glad to think I have always liked him so well. I am sure that whenever he makes a mistake, it *is* a mistake; and that no man lives who has a grander and nobler scorn of every mean and dastard action. I would to Heaven it were decorous to pay him some public tribute of respect. . . . O'Connell's speeches are the old thing: fretty, boastful, frothy, waspish at the voices in the crowd, and all that: but with no true greatness. . . . What a relief to turn to that noble letter of Carlyle's,†2 which I think above all praise. My love to him.

I wish you could see me without my knowing it, walking about alone here. I am now as bold as a lion in the streets. The audacity with which one begins to speak when there is no help for it, is quite astonishing.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 SEPTEMBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, v, 344; mention in F, IV, v, 348. *Date:* Forster mentions a "first letter" from the Peschiere (about the commissions) and puts the move in "the last week of September"; probably 23 Sep, the Monday of the dream described in CD's "second letter" dated 30 Sep by Forster. Account of storm during the move and first impression clearly from same letter.

They moved from Albaro into Genoa, with great guns blowing, *the lightning incessant, and the rain driving down in a dense thick cloud. But the worst of the storm was over when they reached the Peschiere. As they passed into it along the stately old terraces, flanked on either side with antique sculptured figures, all the seven fountains were playing in its gardens, and the sun was shining brightly on its groves of camelias and orange-trees. Sending commissions in regard to his wife's family.*†3

To T. C. CURRY, 30 SEPTEMBER 1844

MS Berg Collection.

Peschiere | Monday Thirtieth September | 1844

My Dear Sir

I send you the Chuzzlewit.

My Brother Frederick will be happy to avail himself of your hospitality,

whenever you like between this and Friday. I should be truly glad to do so also, but I find that I cannot very well leave home for that purpose just now.[†1] I shall soon be alone here, with my own household; and then I hope we shall see each other often.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas C. Curry Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30 SEPTEMBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, v, 344-5, 348-9; VI, vii, 552. *Date:* first extract almost certainly his second letter from the Peschiere; second extract specified as such and dated 30 Sep by Forster; third extract "September from the Peschiere" according to Forster and therefore either 23 or 30 Sep.

Describing the rooms in the Peschiere:[†2] *in the centre was the grand sala, fifty feet high,*[†3] *of an area larger than* the dining-room of the Academy, *and painted, walls and ceiling, with frescoes three hundred years old,* as fresh as if the colours had been laid on yesterday. *On the same floor were a drawing-room, and a dining-room,* into which we might put your large room—I wish we could!—away in one corner, and dine without knowing it. *Out of these opened three other chambers that were turned into sleeping-rooms and nurseries. Adjoining the sala, right and left, were the two best bed-rooms;* in size and shape like those at Windsor-castle but greatly higher; *both having altars, a range of three windows with stone balconies, floors tesselated in patterns of black and white stone, and walls painted every inch: on the left, nymphs pursued by satyrs* as large as life and as wicked; *on the right,* Phaeton larger than life, with horses bigger than Meux and Co.'s, tumbling headlong down into the best bed. *The right-hand room he occupied with his wife, and of the left took possession as a study; writing behind a big screen he had lugged into it, and placed by one of the windows, from which he could see over the city, as he wrote, as far as the lighthouse in its harbour. Distant little over a mile as the crow flew, flashing five times in four minutes, and on dark nights, as if by magic, illuminating brightly the whole palace-front every time it shone, this lighthouse was one of the wonders of Genoa.*

Let me tell you of a curious dream I had, last Monday night; and of the fragments of reality I can collect, which helped to make it up. I have had a return of rheumatism in my back, and knotted round my waist like a girdle of pain; and had laid awake nearly all that night under the infliction, when I fell asleep and dreamed this dream. Observe that throughout I was as real, animated, and full of passion as Macready (God bless him!) in the last scene of *Macbeth.* In an indistinct place, which was quite sublime in its

indistinctness, I was visited by a Spirit. I could not make out the face, nor do I recollect that I desired to do so. It wore a blue drapery, as the Madonna might in a picture by Raphael; and bore no resemblance to any one I have known except in stature. I think (but I am not sure) that I recognized the voice. Anyway, I knew it was poor Mary's spirit. I was not at all afraid, but in a great delight, so that I wept very much, and stretching out my arms to it called it "Dear." At this, I thought it recoiled; and I felt immediately, that not being of my gross nature, I ought not to have addressed it so familiarly. "Forgive me!" I said. "We poor living creatures are only able to express ourselves by looks and words. I have used the word most natural to *our* affections; and you know my heart." It was so full of compassion and sorrow for me—which I knew spiritually, for, as I have said, I didn't perceive its emotions by its face—that it cut me to the heart; and I said, sobbing, "Oh! give me some token that you have really visited me!" "Form a wish," it said. I thought, reasoning with myself: "If I form a selfish wish, it will vanish." So I hastily discarded such hopes and anxieties of my own as came into my mind, and said, "Mrs. Hogarth is surrounded with great distresses"—observe, I never thought of saying "your mother" as to a mortal creature—"will you extricate her?" "Yes." "And her extrication is to be a certainty to me, that this has really happened?" "Yes." "But answer me one other question!" I said, in an agony of entreaty lest it should leave me. "What is the True religion?" As it paused a moment without replying, I said—Good God, in such an agony of haste, lest it should go away!—"You think, as I do, that the Form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good?—or," I said, observing that it still hesitated, and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, "perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? perhaps it makes one think of God oftener, and believe in him more steadily?" "For *you*," said the Spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me, that I felt as if my heart would break; "for *you*, it is the best!" Then I awoke, with the tears running down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn. I called up Kate, and repeated it three or four times over, that I might not unconsciously make it plainer or stronger afterwards. It was exactly this. Free from all hurry, nonsense, or confusion, whatever. Now, the strings I can gather up, leading to this, were three. The first you know, from the main subject of my last letter. The second was, that there is a great altar in our bedroom, at which some family who once inhabited this palace had mass performed in old time: and I had observed within myself, before going to bed, that there was a mark in the wall, above the sanctuary, where a religious picture used to be; and I had wondered within myself what the subject might have been, *and what the face was like.* Thirdly, I had been listening to the convent bells (which ring at intervals in the night), and so had thought, no doubt, of Roman Catholic services. And yet, for all this, put the

case of that wish being fulfilled by any agency in which I had no hand; and I wonder whether I should regard it as a dream, or an actual Vision![†1]

There has arrived a characteristic letter for Kate from my father. He dates it Manchester, and says he has reason to believe that he will be in town with the pheasants, on or about the first of October. He has been with Fanny in the Isle of Man[†2] for nearly two months: finding there, as he goes on to observe, troops of friends, and every description of continental luxury at a cheap rate.

October

To JOHN FORSTER, [?6 OCTOBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, v, 344*n*; IV, iv, 341-2 (*aa* only F, 1872-4, II, V, III); IV, V, 345-6. *Date:* first extract 6 Oct according to Forster; second extract almost certainly same letter, as the nearest in date to Robertson's visit (see *fn*); third extract "only two days" before next, which is more likely to be 8 Oct than 7 Oct (see *hn*).

Describing the drawing-room and dining-room: Very vast you will say, and very dreary; but it is not so really. The paintings are so fresh, and the proportions so agreeable to the eye, that the effect is not only cheerful but snug. . . . We are a little incommoded by applications from strangers to go over the interior. The paintings were designed by Michael Angelo, and have a great reputation . . . Certain of these frescoes were reported officially to the Fine Arts Commissioners by Wilson[†3] as the best in Italy[†4] . . . I allowed a party of priests to be shown the great hall yesterday . . . It is in perfect repair, and the doors almost shut—which is quite a miraculous circumstance. I wish you could see it, my dear F. Gracious

Heavens! if you could only *come back* with me, wouldn't I soon flash on your astonished sight.

He had a visit from Lord Robertson,[†1] *who had received letters about the Burns Festival*[†2] *giving an* awful *narrative of Wilson's*[†3] *speech and of the whole business.*[†4] There was one man who spoke a quarter of an hour or so, to the toast of the navy; and could say nothing more than "the—British—navy—always appreciates—" which remarkable sentiment he repeated over and over again for that space of time; and then sat down.[†5] Robertson told me also that Wilson's allusion to, or I should rather say expatiation upon, the "vices" of Burns, excited but one sentiment ([a]of indignation and disgust;([a] and added, very sensibly, "By God!—I want to know *what Burns did*! I never heard of his doing anything that need be strange or unaccountable to the Professor's mind. ([a]I think he must have mistaken the name, and fancied it a dinner to the sons of *Burke*"—meaning of course the murderer.([a] In short he fully confirmed Jerrold in all respects.[†6] *He had been reading the* Story of a Feather. Gauntwolf's sickness and the career of that snuffbox, masterly.[†7] I have been deep in Voyages and

Travels,[†1] and in De Foe.[†2] Tennyson I have also been reading, again and again. What a great creature he is! . . . What about the *Goldsmith*?[†3] Apropos, I am all eagerness to write a story about the length of that most delightful of all stories,[†4] the *Vicar of Wakefield.*[†5]

About the Christmas Book: Never did I stagger so upon a threshold before. I seem as if I had plucked myself out of my proper soil when I left Devonshire-terrace; and could take root no more until I return to it. . . . Did I tell you how many fountains[†6] we have here? No matter. If they played nectar, they wouldn't please me half so well as the West Middlesex water-works at Devonshire-terrace. *Sitting down on the previous morning resolute for work,*[†7] *though against the grain, his hand being out and everything inviting to idleness, such a peal of chimes*[†8] *arose from the city as he found to be maddening. All Genoa lay beneath him, and up from it, with some sudden set of the wind, came in one fell sound the clang and clash of all its steeples, pouring into his ears again and again, in a tuneless, grating, discordant, jerking,*

hideous vibration that made his ideas spin round and round till they lost themselves in a whirl of vexation and giddiness, and dropped down dead.[†9]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 OCTOBER 1844]

Text from F, IV, v, 346. *Date:* "Only two days later" than last, according to Forster, and almost certainly same day as next, in which "it's a great thing to have my title".

A letter in which not a syllable was written but "We have heard THE CHIMES at midnight, Master Shallow!"[†10]

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 OCTOBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, v, 346. *Date:* 8 Oct according to Forster.

He so missed his long night-walks before beginning that he seemed dumbfounded

without them. I can't help thinking of the boy in the school-class whose button was cut off by Walter Scott and his friends.[†1] Put me down on Waterloo-bridge at eight o'clock in the evening, with leave to roam about as long as I like, and I would come home, as you know, panting to go on. I am sadly strange as it is, and can't settle. You will have lots of hasty notes from me while I am at work: but you know your man; and whatever strikes me, I shall let off upon you as if I were in Devonshire-terrace. It's a great thing to have my title, and see my way how to work the bells. Let them clash upon me now from all the churches and convents in Genoa, I see nothing but the old London belfry[†2] I have set them in. In my mind's eye, Horatio. I like more and more my notion of making, in this little book, a great blow for the poor. Something powerful, I think I can do, but I want to be tender too, and cheerful; as like the *Carol* in that respect as may be, and as unlike it as such a thing can be. The duration of the action will resemble it a little, but I trust to the novelty of the machinery to carry that off; and if my design be anything at all, it has a grip upon the very throat of the time.

To T. YEATS BROWN,[†3] [?OCTOBER 1844]

Mention in *To* Forster, ?18 Oct. *Date:* shortly after the Governor's arrival on 5 Oct (see *To* Forster, 18 Oct and *fns*).

Excusing himself from the Governor's levee.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-OCTOBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, v, 350. *Date:* one of the "frequent letters while he was fairly in his work".

With my steam very much up, I find it a great trial to be so far off from you, and consequently to have no one (always excepting Kate and Georgy) to whom to expatiate on my day's work. And I want a crowded street to plunge into at night. And I want to be "on the spot" as it were. But apart from such things, he life I lead is favourable to work.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-OCTOBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, V, 350. *Date:* "his next letter" after preceding one according to Forster; "fierce to finish" does not necessarily suggest that he was close to the end, but merely foreseeing it.

I am in regular, ferocious excitement with the *Chimes;* get up at seven; have a cold bath before breakfast; and blaze away, wrathful and red-hot, until three o'clock or so: when I usually knock off (unless it rains) for the day. . . . I am fierce to finish in a spirit bearing some affinity to those of truth and mercy, and to shame the cruel and the canting. I have not forgotten my catechism. "Yes verily, and with God's help, so I will!"[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13-14 OCTOBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, V, 350, 354-5. *Date:* first extract "in the middle of October" according to Forster, and "in reply to my mention of what had most attracted myself" in the *Life of Dr. Arnold*—reviewed by Forster in *Examiner,* 12 Oct; second extract not later than Mon 14 Oct—*To* Macready, that day, refers to CD's visit to London, and he had received Forster's reply by the beginning of Nov (see *To* Forster, ?1-2 Nov).

I respect and reverence his memory, beyond all expression. I must have that book.[†2] Every sentence that you quote from it is the text-book of my faith.[†3]

He planned to come to London.[†4] If I come, I shall put up at Cuttris's,[†5] that I may be close to you. Don't say to anybody, except our immediate friends, that I am coming. Then I shall not be bothered. If I should preserve my present fierce writing humour, in any pass I may run to Venice, Bologna, and Florence, before I turn my face towards Lincoln's-inn-fields; and come to England by Milan and Turin. But this of course depends in a great measure on your reply.

To W. C. MACREADY, 14 OCTOBER 1844

MS Morgan Library.

Palazzo Peschiere. Genoa.
Fourteenth October 1844.

My Very Dear Macready.

My whole heart is with you *at home.* I have not yet felt so far off, as I do now—when I think of you there[†1]—and cannot fold you in my arms. This is only a shake of the hand. I couldn't *say* much to you, if I

were one to greet you. Nor can I write much, when I think of you, safe and sound, and happy, after all your wanderings.

My dear fellow, God bless you twenty thousand times. [All][†2] happiness and joy be with you! I hope to see you soon. If I should be so unfortunate, as to miss you in London, I will fall upon you, with a swoop of Love, in Paris.[†3] Kate says all kind things in the Language; and means more than are in the Dictionary-Capacity of all the descendants of all the Stone Masons that worked at Babel. Again and again and again, my own true friend, God bless you!

Ever yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. C. CURRY, 17 OCTOBER 1844*

MS New York University Library.

Peschiere | Thursday Evening | October Seventeenth | 1844.

My Dear Sir

I earnestly congratulate you on the happy termination of your anxieties in behalf of Mrs. Curry. May your new child be a new comfort and blessing to you both!

I have to thank you for something that stands on my desk at this moment, and will hold its place there (I hope) for many years.[†4] You could have given me nothing so likely to be my very constant companion. And I shall never look at it, I am sure, in my working hours, without associating it with the grateful recollection of your most considerate kindness and hearty good will.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas C. Curry Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 OCTOBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, v, 350-3. *Date:* 18 Oct according to Forster; accompanied the MS of the First Quarter of *The Chimes.*

I send you to-day by mail, the first and longest of the four divisions. This is great for the first week,[†1] which is usually up-hill. I have kept a copy in shorthand in case of accidents. I hope to send you a parcel every Monday until the whole is done. I do not wish to influence you, but it has a great hold upon me, and has affected me, in the doing, in divers strong ways, deeply, forcibly. To give you better means of judgment I will sketch for you the general idea, but pray don't read it until you have read this first part of the MS.

The general notion is this. That what happens to poor Trotty in the first part, and what will happen to him in the second (when he takes the letter to a punctual and a great man of business,[†2] who is balancing

his books and making up his accounts, and complacently expatiating on the necessity of clearing off every liability and obligation, and turning over a new leaf and starting fresh with the new year), so dispirits him, who can't do this, that he comes to the conclusion that his class and order have no business with a new year, and really are "intruding." And though he will pluck up for an hour or so, at the christening (I think) of a neighbour's child,[†3] that evening: still, when he goes home, Mr. Filer's precepts will come into his mind, and he will say to himself, "we are a long way past the proper average of children, and it has no business to be born:" and will be wretched again. And going home, and sitting there alone, he will take that newspaper out of his pocket, and reading of the crimes and offences of the poor, especially of those whom Alderman Cute is going to put down, will be quite confirmed in his misgiving that they are bad; irredeemably bad.[†4] In this state of mind, he will fancy that the Chimes are calling to him; and saying to himself "God help me. Let me go up to 'em. I feel as if I were going to die in despair—of a broken heart; let me die among the bells that have been a comfort to me!"—will grope his way up into the tower; and fall down in a kind of swoon among them.[†5] Then the third quarter, or in other words the beginning of the second half of the book, will open with the Goblin part of the thing: the bells ringing, and innumerable spirits (the sound or vibration of them) flitting and tearing in and out of the church-steeple, and bearing all sorts of missions and commissions and reminders and reproaches, and comfortable recollections and

what not, to all sorts of people and places. Some bearing scourges; and others flowers, and birds, and music; and others pleasant faces in mirrors, and others ugly ones: the bells haunting people in the night (especially the last of the old year) according to their deeds. And the bells themselves, who have a goblin likeness to humanity in the midst of their proper shapes, and who shine in a light of their own, will say (the Great Bell being the chief spokesman)[†1] Who is he that being of the poor doubts the right of poor men to the inheritance which Time reserves for them, and echoes an unmeaning cry against his fellows? Toby, all aghast, will tell him it is he, and why it is.[†2] Then the spirits of the bells will bear him through the air to various scenes, charged with this trust: That they show him how the poor and wretched, at the worst—yes, even in the crimes that aldermen put down, and he has thought so horrible—have some deformed and hunchbacked goodness clinging to them; and how they have their right and share in Time.[†3] Following out the history of Meg the Bells will show her, that marriage broken off and all friends dead, with an infant child; reduced so low, and made so miserable, as to be brought at last to wander out at night. And in Toby's sight, her father's, she will resolve to drown herself and the child together. But before she goes down to the water, Toby will see how she covers it with a part of her own wretched dress, and adjusts its rags so as to make it pretty in its sleep, and hangs over it, and smooths its little limbs, and loves it with the dearest love that God ever gave to mortal creatures;[†4] and when she runs down to the water, Toby will cry "Oh spare her! Chimes, have mercy on her! Stop her!"—and the bells will say, "Why stop her? She is bad at heart—let the bad die." And Toby on his knees will beg and pray for mercy: and in the end the bells will stop her, by their voices, just in time. Toby will see, too, what great things the punctual man has left undone on the close of the old year, and what accounts he has left unsettled: punctual as he is. And he will see a great many things about Richard, once so near being his son-in-law, and about a great many people. And the moral of it all will be, that he has his port on in the new year no less than any other man, and that the poor require a deal of beating out of shape before their human shape is gone; that even in their frantic wickedness there may be good in their hearts triumphantly asserting itself, though all the aldermen alive say "No," as he has learnt from the agony of his own child; and that the truth is Trustfulness in them, not

doubt, nor putting down, nor filing them away.[†5] And when at last a great sea rises, and this sea of Time comes sweeping down, bearing the alderman and such mudworms of the earth away to nothing, dashing them to fragments in its fury—Toby will climb a rock and hear the bells (now faded from his sight) pealing out upon the waters. And as he hears them, and looks round for help, he will wake up and find himself with the newspaper

lying at his foot; and Meg sitting opposite to him at the table, making up the ribbons for her wedding to-morrow; and the window open, that the sound of the bells ringing the old year out and the new year in may enter. They will just have broken out, joyfully; and Richard will dash in to kiss Meg before Toby, and have the first kiss of the new year (he'll get it too); and the neighbours will crowd round with good wishes; and a band will strike up gaily (Toby knows a Drum in private); and the altered circumstances, and the ringing of the bells, and the jolly musick, will so transport the old fellow that he will lead off a country dance forthwith in an entirely new step, consisting of his old familiar trot. Then quoth the inimitable—Was it a dream of Toby's after all? Or is Toby but a dream? and Meg a dream? and all a dream![†1] In reference to which, and the realities of which dreams are born, the inimitable will be wiser than he can be now, writing for dear life, with the post just going, and the brave C booted. . . . Ah how I hate myself, my dear fellow, for this lame and halting outline of the Vision I have in my mind. But it must go to you. . . . You will say what is best for the frontis-piece.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 OCTOBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, V, 346-7. *Date:* 18 Oct according to Forster, but clearly a distinct letter from preceding one, which concludes at post-time; unlikely that CD would begin that letter with the present extract.

He described how, bent upon his work, he had been disturbed by hearing that he must attend the levee of the Governor[†3] *who had unexpectedly arrived in the city, and who, Fletcher told him, would be affronted if he did not go.* It was the morning on which I was going to begin, so I wrote round to our consul *praying that excuse should be made. Don't bother yourself, he replied, for all the consuls and governors alive; but shut yourself up by all means.* So he went next morning in

great state and full costume, to present two English gentlemen. "Where's the great poet?" said the Governor. "I want to see the great poet." "The great poet, your excellency," said the consul, "is at work, writing a book, and begged me to make his excuses." "Excuses!" said the Governor, "I wouldn't interfere with such an occupation for all the world. Pray tell him that my house is open to the honour of his presence when it is perfectly convenient for him; but not otherwise. And let no gentleman," said the Governor, a surweyin' of his suite with a majestic eye, "call upon Signor Dickens till he is understood to be disengaged." And he sent somebody with his own cards next day. Now I *do* seriously call this, real politeness and pleasant consideration—not positively American, but still gentlemanly and polished.[†1] The same spirit pervades the inferior departments; and I have not been required to observe the usual police regulations, or to put myself to the slightest trouble about anything.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?21 OCTOBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, V, 353; mention in F, 1872-4, II, V, 91*n*; extract in F, IV, V, 354. *Date:* first extract "after a week's interval" (from 18 Oct) according to Forster; but 25 Oct hardly possible in view of "eight more days" interval before next letter, and CD intended to send "a parcel every Monday" (see *To* Forster, 18 Oct); probably same date as letter mentioned by Forster as 21 Oct (a Monday). Final extract "after three Mondays" according to Forster—i.e. the first three Mondays in Oct, and clearly before Sat 26 Oct when the weather changed, and so probably part of same letter, written late on third Monday.

Sending the Second Quarter, and explaining some changes in the plan.[†2] I am still in stout heart with the tale. I think it well-timed and a good thought; and as you know I wouldn't say so to anybody else, I don't mind saying freely thus much. It has great possession of me every moment in the day; and drags me where it will. . . . If you only could have read it all at once!—But you never would have done that, anyway, for I never should have been able to keep it to myself; so that's nonsense. I hope you'll like it. I would give a hundred pounds (and think it cheap) to see you read it. . . . Never mind.

They had had, so far, only four really clear days since they came to Italy.

Weather worse than any November English weather I have ever beheld, or any weather I have had experience of anywhere. So horrible to-day that all power has been rained and gloomed out of me. Yesterday, in pure determination to get the better of it, I walked twelve miles in mountain rain. You never saw it rain. Scotland and America are nothing to it.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29 OCTOBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, V, 353. *Date:* with the Third Quarter, "after eight more days" according to Forster. The Fourth Quarter was finished on 3 Nov, and four to five days spent on it seems likely.

This book (whether in the Hajji Baba sense or not I can't say, but certainly in the literal one) has made my face white in a foreign land.[†1] My cheeks, which were beginning to fill out, have sunk again; my eyes have grown immensely large; my hair is very lank; and the head inside the hair is hot and giddy. Read the scene at the end of the third part, twice.[†2] I wouldn't write it twice, for something. . . . You will see that I have substituted the name of Lilian for Jessie. It is prettier in sound, and suits my music better.[†3] I mention this, lest you should wonder who and what I mean by that name. To-morrow I shall begin afresh (starting the next part with a broad grin,[†4] and ending it with the very soul of jollity and happiness); and I hope to finish by next Monday at latest. Perhaps on Saturday. I hope you will like the little book. Since I conceived, at the beginning of the second part, what must happen in the third, I have undergone as much sorrow and agitation as if the thing were real; and have wakened up with it at night. I was obliged to lock myself in when I finished it yesterday, for my face was swollen for the time to twice its proper size, and

was hugely ridiculous.[†5] . . . I am going for a long walk, to clear my head. I feel that I am very shakey from work, and throw down my pen for the day. There! (That's where it fell.)[†6]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?31 OCTOBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, v, 354. *Date:* "two days later" than last according to Forster (353).

The weather changed on Saturday night,[†7] and has been glorious ever since. I am afraid to say more in its favour, lest it should change again.

November

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 OCTOBER-2 NOVEMBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, V, 354. *Date:* The several expeditions and outings which Forster combines in a single paragraph must have followed the change in the weather (see last) and preceded the return of the sirocco (see next).

Describing his walks in the mountain wind, lovely, enjoyable, exquisite past expression; mountain walks behind the Peschiere, most beautiful and fresh, among which, and along the beds of dry rivers and torrents, he could pelt away *in any dress, without encountering a soul but the contadini. One day he started off after finishing work* fifteen miles to dinner—oh my stars! at such an inn!!! *Another day there was a dinner-party at their pleasant little banker's at Quinto six miles off, to which, while the ladies drove, he was able* to walk in the sun of the middle of the day and to walk home again at night. *Another day, an expedition up the mountain on mules. Another day, a memorable tavern-dinner with their merchant friend Mr. Curry, in which there were such successions of surprising dishes of genuine native cookery that they took two hours in the serving, but of the component parts of not one of which was he able to form the remotest conception: the site of the tavern being on the city wall,[†1] its name in Italian sounding very romantic and meaning "the Whistle", and its bill of fare kept for an experiment to which, before another month should be over, he would challenge Forster's cookery in Lincoln's-inn.*

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1-2 NOVEMBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, V, 355, 354. *Date:* first extract before 3 Nov as CD had not yet finished *The Chimes*, but not earlier than 1 Nov to allow for the arrival of Forster's comments on the First Quarter, despatched by CD 18 Oct; confirmed by Fred Dickens *to* Maclise, 8 Nov (MS Benoliel), which assumes that Maclise had heard from Forster that "Charles is expected over . . . very shortly". Second extract "just before he sent his last manuscript" according to Forster, therefore clearly same letter.

Notwithstanding what you say, I am still in the same mind about coming to London.[†2] Not because the proofs concern me at all[†3] (I should be an ass as well as a thankless vagabond if they did), but because of that unspeakable restless something which would render it almost as impossible for me to remain here and not see the thing complete, as it would be for a full balloon, left to itself, not to go

up. I do not intend coming from *here,* but by way of Milan and Turin (previously going to Venice), and so, across the wildest pass of the Alps that may be open, to Strasburg. . . . As you dislike the Young England gentleman[†1] I shall knock him out, and replace him by a man (I can dash him in at your rooms in an hour) who recognizes no virtue in anything but the good old times, and talks of them, parrot-like, whatever the matter is. A real good old city tory, in a blue coat and bright buttons and a white cravat, and with a tendency of blood to the head.[†2] File away at Filer, as you please;[†3] but bear in mind that the *Westminster Review*[†4] considered Scrooge's presentation of the turkey to Bob Cratchit as grossly incompatible with political economy. I don't care at all for the skittle-playing.[†5]

At the close of his letter:

Shall I confess to you, I particularly want Carlyle[†6] above all to see it before the rest of the world, when it is done; and I should like to inflict the little story on him and on dear old gallant Macready with my own lips, and to have Stanny and the other Mac sitting by. Now, if you was a real gent, you'd get up a little circle for me, one wet evening, when I come to town: and would say, "My boy (SIR, will you have the goodness to leave those books alone and to go downstairs—WHAT the Devil are you doing! And mind, sir, I can see nobody—do you hear? Nobody. I am particularly engaged with a gentleman from Asia)—My boy, would you give us that little Christmas book (a little Christmas book of Dickens's Macready, which I'm anxious you should hear); and don't slur it, now, or be too fast, Dickens, please!"—I say, if you was a real gent, something to this effect might happen. I shall be under sailing orders the moment I have finished. And

I shall produce myself (please God) in London on the very day you name. For one week: to the hour.

Wind, hail, rain, thunder and lightning. To-day has been November slack-baked,[†1] the sirocco having come back; and to-night it blows great guns with a raging storm.

To JOHN FORSTER, 3 and [4] NOVEMBER 1844

Extract in F, IV, V, 356.

Third of November, 1844. Half-past two, afternoon. Thank God! I have finished the *Chimes.* This moment. I take up my pen again to-day, to say only that much; and to add that I have had what women call "a real good cry!" *Resuming his letter on* 4 *November.* Here is the brave courier measuring bits of maps with a carving-fork, and going up mountains on a tea-spoon. He and I start on Wednesday for Parma, Modena, Bologna, Venice, Verona, Brescia, and Milan.[†2] Milan being within a reasonable journey from here, Kate and Georgy will come to meet me when I arrive there on my way towards England; and will bring me all letters from you. I shall be there on the 18th. . . . Now, you know my punctiwality. Frost, ice, flooded rivers, steamers, horses, passports, and custom-houses may damage it. But my design is, to walk into Cuttris's coffee-room on Sunday the 1st of December, in good time for dinner. I shall look for you at the farther table by the fire—where we generally go. . . . But the party[†3] for the night following? I know

you have consented to the party. Let me see. Don't have any one, this particular night, to dinner, but let it be a summons for the special purpose at half-past 6. Carlyle, indispensable, and I should like his wife of all things: *her* judgment would be invaluable. You will ask Mac, and why not his sister? Stanny and Jerrold I should particularly wish; Edwin Landseer; Blanchard; perhaps Harness;[†4] and what say you to Fonblanque and Fox? I leave it to you. You know the effect I want to try. . . . Think the *Chimes* a letter,[†5]

my dear fellow, and forgive this. I will not fail to write to you on my travels. Most probably from Venice. And when I meet you (in sound health I hope) oh Heaven! what a week we will have.

To THOMAS MITTON, 5 NOVEMBER 1844

MS Huntington Library.

Peschiere, Genoa. Tuesday November Fifth 1844.

My Dear Mitton.

The cause of my not having written to you, is too obvious to need any explanation. I have worn myself to Death, in the Month I have been at Work. None of my usual reliefs have been at hand; I have not been able to divest myself of the story—have suffered very much in my sleep, in consequence—and am so shaken by such work in this trying climate that I am nervous as a man who is dying of Drink: and as haggard as a Murderer.

I believe I have written a tremendous Book; and knocked the Carol out of the field. It will make a great uproar,[†1] I have no doubt.

I leave here tomorrow, for Venice and many other places; and I shall certainly come to London to see my proofs—coming by new ground all the way: cutting through the Snow in the Valleys of Switzerland: and plunging through the Mountains in the Dead of Winter. I would accept your hearty offer with right good-will; but my visit being one of business and consultation, I see impediments in the way, and insurmountable reasons for not doing so. Therefore I shall go to an Hotel in Covent Garden where they know me very well, and with the landlord of which, I have already communicated. My orders are not upon a mighty scale—extending no further than a Good bedroom and a cold Shower Bath.

[†a]Bradbury and Evans are going at it, Ding Dong,[†1] and are wild with excitement. All news on that subject (and on every other) I must defer 'till I see you. That will be immediately after I arrive, of course. Most likely on Monday 2nd. Dec.[†a]

[†b]I am very anxious to hear *your* News too. And indeed I have been constantly expecting some long Narrative from you.[†b]

†cKate and her sister (who send their best regards) and all the children, are as well as possible.†c The house is *perfect*; the servants are as quiet and well-behaved as at home—which very rarely happens here—and Roche is my right hand. There never was such a fellow.

We have now got carpets down—burn fires at night—draw the Curtains—and are quite wintry. We have a box at the opera which is close by (for Nothing) and sit there when we please, as in our own Drawing Room. There have been three fine days in four weeks. On every other, the Water has b[een]†2 falling down in one continued sheet: and it has been [thun]dering and lightening every day and night.

My hand shakes in that feverish and horrible manner, that I can hardly hold a pen. And I have so bad a cold that I can't see.

In haste to save the Post
Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

Charley has a Writing Master every day—and a French Master. He and his sisters are to be waited on, by a Professor of the noble art of Dancing, next Week.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?JULY-NOVEMBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 366*n. Date:* a letter from Genoa, "previous" to 22 Dec according to Forster—therefore before 6 Nov.

Apropos of servants, I must tell you of a child-bearing handmaiden of some friends of ours, a thorough out and outer, who, by way of expiating her sins, caused herself, the other day, to be received into the bosom of the infallible church. She had two marchionesses for her sponsors; and she is heralded in the Genoa newspapers†1 as Miss B____, an English lady, who has repented of her errors and saved her soul alive.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 8 NOVEMBER 1844

MS British Museum. *Address:* Alla Signa. | Signa. Dickens | Palazzo Peschiere | Genova.

Parma. Albergo Della Posta.†2 Friday November Eighth 1844.

My Dearest Kate. "If Missis could see us to-night, what would she say!"—That was the brave C's remark last night at Midnight; and he had reason. We left Genoa, as you know, soon after 5 on the evening of my departure; and in company with the lady whom you saw, and the Dog whom I don't think you did see—travelled all night *at the rate of Four Miles an Hour,* over bad roads, without the least refreshment, until Daybreak, when the Brave and myself escaped into a miserable Caffe while they were changing horses, and got a cup of that drink, hot. That same day a few hours afterwards—between 10 and 11, we came to (I

hope) the damndest Inn in the world,[†3] where, in a vast chamber, rendered still more desolate by the presence of a most offensive specimen of what D'Israeli calls The Mosaic Arab[†4] (who had a beautiful girl with him) I regaled upon a breakfast, almost as cold and damp and cheerless as myself. Then, in another coach, much smaller than a small fly, I was packed up with an old Padre, a Young Jesuit, a provincial avvocato, a private gentleman with a very red nose and a very wet brown umbrella, and the Brave C; and so went on again, at the same pace through the same Mud and Rain, until Four in the afternoon, when there was a place in the coupee (two indeed) which I took: holding that select compartment in company with a very ugly, but very agreeable Tuscan "Gent", who said "Gia" instead of "Si" and rung some other changes on this changing language, but with whom I got on very well: being extremely conversational. We were bound, as you know,—perhaps,—for Piacenza, but it was discovered that we couldn't get to Piacenza; and about 10 o'Clock at night we halted at a place called Stradella, where the Inn was a series of queer Galleries open to the

night, with a great courtyard full of Waggons, and horses, and Veloceferi and what not, in the centre.[†1] It was bitter cold and very wet; and we all walked into a bare room (Mine!) with two immensely broad beds on two deal dining tables—a third great empty table—the usual washing-stand tripod with a slop basin on it—and two chairs. And here we walked up and down for three quarters of an hour or so, while dinner, or supper, or whatever it was, was getting ready. This was set forth (by way of variety) in the old Priest's bedroom, which had two more immensely broad beds on two more deal dining-tables in it. The first dish was a cabbage boiled in a great quantity of rice and hot water: the whole flavored with cheese. I was so cold that I thought it comfortable: and so hungry that a bit of cabbage, when I found such a thing floating my way, charmed me. After that, we had a dish of very little pieces of Pork, fried: with pigs kidneys. After that, a fowl. After that, something very red and stringy, which I think was veal; and after that two tiny little new-born-baby-looking turkeys. Very red and very swollen. Fruit, of course, to wind up. And Garlic in one shape or another with every course. I made three Jokes at supper (to the immense delight of the company) and retired early. The brave brought in a bush or two, and made a fire: and after that, a glass of screeching[†2] hot brandy and water; that bottle of his, being full of brandy. I drank it at my leisure—undressed before the fire—and went into one of the beds. The brave reappeared about an hour afterwards, and went into the other; previously tying a pocket-handkerchief round and round his head in a strange fashion: and giving utterance to the sentiment with which this letter begins. At 5 this morning, we resumed our journey—still through mud and rain—and at about 11, arrived at Piacenza; where we fellow passengers took leave of one another in the most affectionate manner. As there was no coach on, 'till six at night—and as it was a very grim, despondent sort of place—and as I had had enough of Diligences for one while—I posted forward here, in the strangest carriages ever beheld, which we changed, when we changed horses. We arrived here before 6. The hotel is quite French. I have dined, very well, in my own room on the second floor; and it has two beds in it, screened off from the room by drapery. I only use one tonight; and that is already made.[†3]

I purpose posting on to Bologna, if I can arrange it, at 12 tomorrow: seeing the sights here, first. [†a]If there be a Mail from Bologna to Venice, and it serves my time, I will write you again on my arrival at the latter place. You *may* not have that letter before you leave for Milan. But we will take our chance of it.

My dear Kate, be very careful if no opportunity occur for Susan's[†4] leaving Genoa before you come to Milan, that you set aside every little consideration, and bring her with you. Remember how much we owe to Macready, and to Mrs. Macready too, for their constancy to us when we were in such great

anxiety about the Darlings;[†1] and do not let any natural dislike to her inanities, interfere in the slightest degree with an obligation so sacred. You are too easily run away with—and Georgy is too—by the irritation and displeasure of the moment, in such a case. Far[†2] too easily, for the lasting honorable and just remembrance of such a bond; and I was pained to see (as I should have told Georgy before I left if I had had an opportunity) that in such a case as the Messages to Forster (she will know what I mean) she does a glaringly foolish and unnecessary silliness, and places huge means of misrepresentation in very willing hands. I should never forgive myself or you, if the smallest drop of coldness or misunderstanding were created between me and Macready, by means so monstrously absurd. And mind what I say. It will be created—I see it very clearly—unless you are as careful with that girl as if you were treading on hot ploughshares; and unless you are something more tender too. I am sure her presence at the Peschiere during the past month, has worried nobody more than me. I am sure her presence at our short reunion at Milan would be a positive grievance to me. But I do hold hospitality, even when there is no other tie upon it, to be so high a thing, that I spare even Fletcher, when I am tempted to "put him down." And do, for God's sake, look beyond the hour into six or twelve months hence. Say I beg to be remembered kindly to her; and whether she leaves you, or not, have it understood that you intended to bring her to Milan. And observe. *I positively object, and say No, to her going to Rome under the protection of any entire stranger. I cannot allow it to be, until I have seen Macready.*[†3] I have thought of this, very much.[†a]

It is dull work, this travelling alone. My only comfort is, in Motion. I look forward with a sort of shudder to Sunday, when I shall have a day to myself in Bologna; and I think I must deliver my letters in Venice, in sheer desperation. Never did anybody want a companion after dinner (to say nothing of after supper) so much as I do.

There has been Music on the landing outside my door to night. Two violins and a violincello. One of the violins played a Solo; and the others, struck in, as an orchestra does now and then—very well. Then he came in, with a small tin platter. "Bella Musica!" said I. "Bellissima Musica Signore. Mi piace Multissimo." "Sono Felici Signore!" said he. I gave him a franc. "E multissimo generoso. Tanto generoso Signore!"

It was a joke to laugh at, when I was learning, but I swear that unless I could stagger on, Zoppa-wise,[†4] with the people, I verily believe I sh[ould turn][†5] back, this morning.

In all other respects, I think the entire change has done me ser[vice—] undoubted service, already. I am free of the Book: and am red-faced; [;] and feel marvellously disposed to sleep.

So for all the straggling qualities of this straggling letter, want [of sleep] must be responsible. Give my best love to Georgy, and my paternal blessing to

Mamey
Katey
Charley
Walley
and

Chickenstalker.[†1]

Ever My Dearest | Yours with true affection
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Keep things in their places. I can't bear to picture them otherwise.
P.P.S. I *think* I saw Roche sleeping with his head on the lady's shoulder—in the coach. I couldn't swear it, and the light was deceptive. But I think I did.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 NOVEMBER 1844]

Extracts from fragments of MS of *Pictures,* Forster Collection, V & A (see Preface, pp. XV-XVI); also in F, IV, vi, 357 and *n.*[†2] *Date:* 10 Nov according to Forster. *From* Ferrara.[†3]

I left my disconsolate wife (who is now living shut up in her palace like a Baron's lady in the time of the Crusades) on Wednesday afternoon last, at 5 o'clock.

If you want an antidote to this[†4] I may observe that I got up this moment, to fasten the window; and the street looked as like some byeway in Whitechapel—or—I look again—like Wych-street, down by the little barber's shop on the same side of the way as Holywell Street[†5]—or—I look again—as like Holywell Street itself—as ever street was like to street, or ever will be, in this world.

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 NOVEMBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, vi, 357-8 and *n. Date:* "Tuesday night the 12th of November" according to Forster. *From* Venice.

I began this letter, my dear friend, with the intention of describing my travels as I went on.[†6] But I have seen so much, and travelled so hard (seldom dining,

and being almost always up by candle light), that I must reserve my crayons for the greater leisure of the Peschiere after we have met, and I have again returned to it. As soon as I have fixed a place in my mind, I bolt—at such strange seasons and at such unexpected angles, that the brave C stares again. But in this way, and by insisting on having everything shewn to me whether or no, and against all precedents and orders of proceeding, I get on wonderfully.

I must not anticipate myself. But, my dear fellow, nothing in the world that ever you have heard of Venice,[†1] is equal to the magnificent and stupendous reality. The wildest visions of the Arabian Nights are nothing to the piazza of Saint Mark, and the first impression of the inside of the church. The gorgeous and wonderful reality of Venice is beyond the fancy of the wildest dreamer. Opium couldn't build such a place, and enchantment couldn't shadow it forth in a vision. All that I have heard of it, read of it in truth or fiction, fancied of it, is left thousands of miles behind. You know that I am liable to disappointment in such things from over-expectation, but Venice is above, beyond, out of all reach of coming near, the imagination of a man. It has never been rated high enough. It is a thing you would shed tears to see. When I came *on board* here last night (after a five miles' row in a gondola; which somehow or other, I wasn't at all prepared for); when, from seeing the city lying, one light, upon the distant water, like a ship, I came plashing through the silent and deserted streets; I felt as if the houses were reality—the water, fever-madness. But when, in the bright, cold, bracing day, I stood upon the piazza this morning, by Heaven the glory of the place was insupportable! And diving down from that into its wickedness and gloom—its awful prisons, deep below the water; its judgment chambers, secret doors, deadly nooks, where the torches you carry with you blink as if they couldn't bear the air in which the frightful scenes were acted; and coming out again into the radiant, unsubstantial Magic of the town; and diving in again, into vast churches, and old tombs—a new sensation, a new memory, a new mind came upon me. Venice is a bit of my brain from this time. My dear Forster, if you could share my transports (as you would if you were here) what would I not give! I feel cruel not to have brought Kate and Georgy; positively cruel and base. Canaletti[†2] and Stanny,[†3] miraculous in their truth. Turner,[†4] very noble. But the reality itself, beyond all pen or pencil. I never saw the thing before that I should be afraid to describe. But to tell what Venice is, I feel to be an impossibility. And here I sit alone, writing it: with nothing to urge me on, or goad me to that estimate, which, speaking of it to anyone I loved, and being spoken to in return, would lead me to form. In the sober solitude of a famous inn; with the great bell of Saint Mark ringing twelve at my elbow; with three arched windows in my room (two stories high) looking down upon the Grand Canal and away, beyond, to where the sun went down to-night in a blaze;

and thinking over again those silent speaking faces of Titian and Tintoretto; I swear (uncooled by any humbug I have seen) that Venice is *the* wonder and the new sensation of the world! If you could be set down in it, never having heard of it, it would still be so. With your foot upon its stones, its pictures before you, and its history in your mind, it is something past all writing of or speaking of—almost past all thinking of. You couldn't talk to me in this room, nor I to you, without shaking hands and saying "Good God my dear fellow, have we lived to see this!"

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 16 NOVEMBER 1844†

MS Mr Douglas Jerrold. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Douglas Jerrold Esqre. | Care of | Messrs. Bradbury and Evans | Printers | Whitefriars | London.

Cremona | Saturday Night Sixteenth November 1844.

My Dear Jerrold. As half a loaf is better than no bread, so I hope that half a sheet of paper may be better than none at all coming from one who is sincerely anxious to live in your memory and friendship. I should

have redeemed the pledge I gave you in this regard, long since; but occupation at one time, and absence from pen and ink at another, have prevented me.

Forster has told you, or will tell you, that I very much wish you to hear my little Christmas Book; and I hope you will meet me, at his bidding, in Lincolns Inn Fields. I have tried to strike a blow upon that part of the brass countenance of Wicked Cant, where such a compliment is sorely needed at this time. And I trust that the result of my training is at least the exhibition of a strong desire to make it a staggerer. If *you* should think at the end of the four rounds (there are no more) that the said Cant, in the language of Bell's Life, "comes up piping",[†1] I shall be very much the better for it.

I am now on my way to Milan; and from thence (after a day or two's rest) I mean to come to England by the grandest Alpine Pass that the Snow may leave open. You know this place as famous, of yore, for fiddles. I don't see any, here, now. But there is a whole street of coppersmiths not far from this Inn; and they throb so damnably and fitfully, that I thought I had a palpitation of the heart, after dinner just now—and have seldom been more relieved than when I found the noise to be none of mine.[†2]

I was rather shocked, yesterday (I am not strong in geographical details) to find that Romeo was only banished twenty five miles. That is the distance between Mantua and Verona.[†3] The latter is a quaint old place, with great houses in it that are now solitary and shut up—exactly the place it ought to be. The former has a great many apothecaries in it at this moment, who could play that part to the life. For of all the stagnant little ponds I ever beheld, it is the

greenest and weediest. I went to see the old Palace of the Capulets, which is still distinguished by their cognizance (a hat) carved in stone on the Courtyard Wall. It is a miserable Inn.[†1] The court was full of crazy coaches, carts, geese, and pigs: and was ankle-deep in mud and dung. The Garden is walled off and built out. There was nothing to connect it with its old inhabitants but a very unsentimental lady at the kitchen-door, who resembled old Capulet in the one particular of being very great indeed, in the "Family" way.[†2] The Montagues used to live, some two or three miles off, in the country. It does not appear quite clear whether they ever inhabited Verona itself. But there is a Village bearing their name to this day, and traditions of the quarrels between the two families are still as nearly alive as anything can be, in [this][†3] drowsy neighbourhood.

It was very hearty and good of you, Jerrold, to make that affectionate mention of the Carol, in Punch;[†4] and I assure you it was not lost upon the distant object of your manly regard, but touched him as you wished and meant it should. I wish we had not lost so much time in improving our personal knowledge of each other. But I have so steadily read you, and so selfishly gratified myself in always expressing the admiration with which your gallant truths inspired me,[†5] that I must not call it lost time, either.

You rather entertained the notion once, of coming to see me at Genoa. I shall return, straight, on the 9th. of December—limiting my stay in town to one week. Now, couldn't you come back with me? The journey, that way, is very cheap: costing little more than Twelve Pounds; and I am sure the gratification to you, would be high. I am lodged in quite a wonderful place, and would put you in a painted room, as big as a church and much more comfortable. There are pens and ink upon the premises; orange trees, gardens,

battledores and shuttlecocks, rousing wood-fires for evenings; and a welcome worth having. †aIf you were disposed to give Mrs. Jerrold†6 a Christmas Holiday, I will warrant my Wife to be as gentle a little woman, and as free from affectation or formality of any kind, as ever breathed. And it would delight her very much to have an opportunity of confirming my judgment.†a

Come! Letter from a Gentleman in Italy, to Bradbury and Evans in London. Letter from a gentleman in a country gone to sleep, to a gentleman in a country that would go to sleep too, and never wake again, if some people had their way. You can work in Genoa—the house is used to it—it is exactly a week's Post—Have that portmanteau looked to: and when we meet, say "I am coming".

I have never in my life been so struck by any place as by Venice. It is *the*

wonder of the world. Dreamy, beautiful, inconsistent, impossible, wicked, shadowy, damnable old place. I entered it by night, and the sensation of that night, and the bright morning that followed, is a part of me for the rest of my existence. And oh God the cells below the water, underneath the Bridge of Sighs—the nook where the Monk came at midnight to confess the political offender—the bench where he was strangled—the deadly little vault in which they tied him in a sack—and the stealthy crouching little door through which they hurried him into a boat, and bore him away to sink him where no fisherman dare cast his net—all shewn by torches that blink and wink as if they were ashamed to look upon the gloomy theatre of such horrors: past and gone as they are—these things stir a man's blood, like a great Wrong or Passion of the Instant. And with them in their minds; and with a Museum there, having a chamber full of such frightful instruments of torture, as the Devil in a brain Fever could scarcely invent, there are hundreds of parrots who will declaim to you in speech and print by the hour together, on the degeneracy of the times in which a Railroad is building across the Water to Venice!†1 Instead of going down upon their knees, the drivellers, and thanking Heaven that they live in a time when Iron makes Roads instead of Prison Bars, and engines for driving screws into the skulls of innocent men. Before God!—I could almost turn bloody-minded, and shoot the Parrots†2 of our Island, with as little compunction as Robinson Crusoe shot the parrots in his!—

I have not been in bed, these ten days, after five in the morning; and have been travelling many hours every day. If this be the cause of my inflicting a very stupid and sleepy letter on you, my dear Jerrold, I hope it will be a kind of signal at the same time, of my wish to hail you lovingly, even from this sleepy and unpromising station. And believe me, as I am, always Your friend and admirer.

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 and 18 NOVEMBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, vi, 359, 359-63. *Date:* all extracts 17 Nov according to Forster, except the last, "next day". *From* Lodi (17 Nov) and *from* Milan (18 Nov).

Saying he had been, like Leigh Hunt's pig, up all manner of streets†3 *since he left his palazzo; that with one exception he had not on any night given up more than five hours to rest; that all the days except two had been bad,* the last two foggy as Blackfriars Bridge on Lord Mayor's Day; *and that the cold had been dismal.*

I am already brim-full of cant about pictures,[†4] and shall be happy to enlighten

you on the subject of the different schools, at any length you please. It seems to me that the preposterous exaggeration in which our countrymen delight in reference to this Italy, hardly extends to the really good things. Perhaps it is in its nature, that there it should fall short. I have never seen any praise of Titian's great picture of the Assumption of the Virgin[†1] at Venice, which soared half as high as the beautiful and amazing reality. It is perfection. Tintoretto's picture too, of the Assembly of the Blest, at Venice also,[†2] with all the lines in it (it is of immense size and the figures are countless) tending majestically and dutifully to Almighty God in the centre, is grand and noble in the extreme. There are some wonderful portraits there, besides; and some confused, and hurried, and slaughterous battle pieces, in which the surprising art that presents the generals to your eye, so that it is almost impossible you can miss them in a crowd though they are in the thick of it, is very pleasant to dwell upon. I have seen some delightful pictures; and some (at Verona and Mantua) really too absurd and ridiculous even to laugh at. Hampton Court is a fool to 'em[†3]—and oh there are some rum 'uns there, my friend. Some werry rum 'uns. . . . Two things are clear to me already. One is, that the rules of art are much too slavishly followed; making it a pain to you, when you go into galleries day after day, to be so very precisely sure where this figure will be turning round, and that figure will be lying down, and that other will have a great lot of drapery twined about him, and so forth.[†4] This becomes a perfect nightmare. The second is, that these great men, who were of necessity very much in the hands of the monks and priests, painted monks and priests a vast deal too often. I constantly see, in pictures of tremendous power, heads quite below the story and the painter; and I invariably observe that those heads are of the convent stamp, and have their counterparts, exactly, in the convent inmates of this hour. I see the portraits of monks I know at Genoa, in all the lame parts of strong paintings: so I have settled with myself that in such cases the lameness was not with the painter, but with the vanity and ignorance of his employers, who *would* be apostles on canvas at all events.

It is a great thing—quite a matter of course—with English travellers, to decry

the Italian inns. Of course you have no comforts that you are used to in England; and travelling alone, you dine in your bedroom always. Which is opposed to our habits. But they are immeasurably better than you would suppose. The attendants are very quick; very punctual; and so obliging, if you speak to them politely, that you would be a beast not to look cheerful, and take everything pleasantly. I am writing this in a room like a room on the two-pair front of an unfinished house in Eaton-square: the very walls make me feel as if I were a bricklayer distinguished by Mr. Cubitt[†1] with the favour of having it to take care of. The windows won't open, and the doors won't shut; and these latter (a cat could get in, between them and the floor) have a windy command of a colonnade which is open to the night, so that my slippers positively blow off my feet, and make little circuits in the room—like leaves. There is a very ashy wood-fire, burning on an immense hearth which has no fender (there is no such thing in Italy); and it only knows two extremes—an agony of heat when wood is put on, and an agony of cold when it has been on two minutes. There is also an uncomfortable stain in the wall, where the fifth door (not being strictly indispensable) was walled up a year or two ago, and never painted over. But the bed is clean; and I have had an excellent

dinner; and without being obsequious or servile, which is not at all the characteristic of the people in the North of Italy, the waiters are so amiably disposed to invent little attentions which they suppose to be English, and are so lighthearted and goodnatured, that it is a pleasure to have to do with them. But so it is with all the people. Vetturino-travelling involves a stoppage of two hours in the middle of the day, to bait the horses. At that time I always walk on. If there are many turns in the road, I necessarily have to ask my way, very often: and the men are such gentlemen, and the women such ladies, that it is quite an interchange of courtesies.

The brave C continues to be a prodigy. He puts out my clothes at every inn as if I were going to stay there twelve months; calls me to the instant every morning; lights the fire before I get up; gets hold of roast fowls and produces them in coaches at a distance from all other help, in hungry moments; and is invaluable to me. He is such a good fellow, too, that little rewards don't spoil him. I always give him, after I have dined, a tumbler of Sauterne or Hermitage or whatever I may have; sometimes (as yesterday) when we have come to a public-house at about eleven o'clock, very cold, having started before day-break and had nothing, I make him take his breakfast with me; and this renders him only more anxious than ever, by redoubling attentions, to show me that he thinks he has got a good master. . . . I didn't tell you that the day before I left Genoa, we had a dinner-party—our English consul and his wife;[†2] the banker;[†3]

Sir George Crawford and his wife;[†1] the De la Rues;[†2] Mr. Curry; and some others, fourteen in all. At about nine in the morning, two men in immense paper caps enquired at the door for the brave C, who presently introduced them in triumph as the Governor's cooks, his private friends, who had come to dress the dinner! Jane wouldn't stand this, however; so we were obliged to decline. Then there came, at half-hourly intervals, six gentlemen having the appearance of English clergymen; other private friends who had come to wait. . . . We accepted *their* services; and you never saw anything so nicely and quietly done. He had asked, as a special distinction, to be allowed the supreme control of the dessert; and he had ices made like fruit, had pieces of crockery turned upside down so as to look like other pieces of crockery non-existent in this part of Europe, and carried a case of tooth-picks in his pocket. Then his delight was, to get behind Kate at one end of the table, to look at me at the other, and to say to Georgy in a low voice whenever he handed her anything, "What does master think of datter 'rangement? Is he content?" . . . If you could see what these fellows of couriers are when their families are not upon the move, you would feel what a prize he is. I can't make out whether he was ever a smuggler, but nothing will induce him to give the custom-house-officers anything: in consequence of which that portmanteau of mine has been unnecessarily opened twenty times. Two of them will

come to the coach-door, at the gate of a town. "Is there anything contraband in this carriage, signore?"—"No, no. There's nothing here. I am an Englishman, and this is my servant." "A buono mano signore?" "Roche" (in English), "give him something, and get rid of him." He sits unmoved. "A buono mano signore?" "Go along with you!" says the brave C. "Signore, I am a custom-house-officer!" "Well, then, more shame for you!"—he always makes the same answer. And then he turns to me and says in English: while the custom-house-officer's face is a portrait of anguish framed in the coach-window,[†1] from his

intense desire to know what is being told to his disparagement: "Datter chip," shaking his fist at him, "is greatest tief—and you know it you rascal—as never did en-razh me so, that I cannot bear myself!" I suppose chip to mean chap, but it may include the custom-house-officer's father and have some reference to the old block, for anything I distinctly know.

Catherine and Georgina met him next day at Milan, having travelled 80 *miles from Genoa.* We shall go our several ways on Thursday morning, and I am still bent on appearing at Cuttris's on Sunday the first, as if I had walked thither from Devonshire-terrace. In the meantime I shall not write to you again . . . to enhance the pleasure (if anything *can* enhance the pleasure) of our meeting. . . . I am opening my arms so wide!

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 20 NOVEMBER 1844†

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Inghilterra | The | Countess of Blessington | Gore House | Kensington | London.

Milan. Wednesday November Twentieth 1844.

My Dear Lady Blessington. Appearances are against me. Don't believe them. I have written you, in intention, fifty letters. And I can claim no credit for any one of them (though they were the best letters you ever read), for they all originated in my true desire to live in your memory and regard.

Since I heard from Count D'Orsay, I have been beset in I don't know how many ways. First of all, I went to Marseilles, and came back to Genoa by the Cornice Road. Then I moved to the Peschiere. Then some people who had been present at the Scientific Congress here, made a sudden inroad on that Establishment and over-ran it. Then they went away, and I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my Christmas Book. All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a Murderer, long before I wrote "The End". When I had done that; like *the* Man of Thessaly[†2] who having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a Bramblebush to scratch them in again, I fled off to Venice, to recover the composure I

had disturbed. From thence, I went to Verona and to Mantua. And now I am here. Just come up from underground; and earthy all over, from seeing that extraordinary Tomb[†1] in which the Dead Saint lies in an Alabaster Case, with sparkling Jewels all about him to mock his dusty eyes: and robes of gold and fine linen dressing out his miserable old mummied carcase. Not to mention the Twenty Franc pieces which devout votaries were ringing down upon a sort of skylight in the Cathedral pavement above, as if it were the Counter of his Heavenly Shop.

You know Verona? You know everything in Italy, *I* know.[†2] [†a]I am not learned in Geography, and it was a great blow to me to find that Romeo was only banished five and twenty miles. It was a greater blow to me, to see the old house of the Capulets, with their cognizance still carved in stone, over the Gateway of the Court Yard. It is a most miserable little Inn, at this time; ankle-deep in dirt; and noisy Vetturini and muddy market carts were disputing possession of the Yard, with a brood of geese—all splashed and bespattered, as if they had their yesterday's white trousers on. There was nothing to connect it with the

beautiful story, but a very unsentimental middle-aged lady—the Padrona, I suppose—in the doorway, who resembled old Capulet in the one particular of being very great indeed, in the "Family" way.[†a]

The Roman amphitheatre[†3] there, delighted me beyond expression. I never saw anything so full of such a solemn interest. There are the Four and forty rows of seats, as fresh and perfect as if their Roman occupants had vacated them but yesterday—the entrances, passages, dens, rooms, corridors; the very numbers over some of the arches. An equestrian troop had been there a few days before, and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena, and had their performances on that spot. I should like to have seen it, of all things, for its very dreariness. Fancy a handfull of people sprinkled over one corner of the great place (the whole population of Verona wouldn't fill it now) and a clown being funny[†4] to the echoes, and the grass-grown walls! I climbed to the topmost seat, and looked away at the beautiful view for some minutes; and turning round, and looking down into the Theatre again, it had exactly the appearance of an immense straw hat, to which the helmet in the Castle of Otranto was a Baby: the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw: and the arena, the inside of the crown. [†b]*Do* shut your eyes and think of it, a moment.

I came through Modena[†5] (I am reminded of it by the mention of the strollers), on a brilliant day. One of those days when the sky is so blue that it hardly seems

blue at all, but some other colour.—Lord Castlereagh[†1] might have said it, but it's true. I passed from all this glory into a dark mysterious church, where high mass was performing, feeble tapers were burning, and people were kneeling about in all directions, and before all manner of shrines. Thinking how strange it was to find in every stagnant town, this same heart beating with the same monotonous pulsations; the centre of the same languid, torpid, listless circulation; I came out again by another door, and was scared to Death by the blast of the shrillest trumpet that ever was blown. Forthwith, there came tearing round the corner, an equestrian Company from Paris, marshalling themselves under the very walls of the church: flouting with their horses' heels, the very Griffins and Tigers supporting its pillars. First of all, there came an Austrian Prince without a hat: bearing an enormous banner on which was inscribed "Mazeppa.[†2] Oggi Sera!" Then a Mexican chief, with a great club upon his shoulder, like Hercules. Then six or eight Roman Chariots: each with a beautiful lady in extremely short petticoats, and unnaturally pink silks, erect within: shedding beaming looks upon the crowd, in which there was an unaccountable expression of discomposure and anxiety, until the open back of each chariot presented itself, and one saw the immense difficulty with which the Pink Legs maintained their perpendicular over the uneven stones of the town—which was the drollest thing I ever beheld, and gave me quite a new idea of the ancient Romans and ancient Britons. The procession was brought to a close by some dozen warriors of different Nations, riding two and two; and when it passed on, the people who had come out of the church to look at it, went in again to *that* spectacle. One old lady kneeling on the pavement near the door, had seen it all, and had been immensely interested—without getting up. Catching my eye when it was all over, she crossed herself devoutly, and went down at full length on her face before a figure in a blue silk petticoat and a gilt crown; which was so like one of the other figures, that I thought her interest in the Circus quite excusable and appropriate.[†b]

I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there, went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its

sources of interest, its uncommon novelty and freshness. A Thousand and One realizations of the Thousand and One Nights could scarcely captivate and enchant me, more than Venice.

†cPray tell Count D'Orsay, dear Lady Blessington, with my heartiest remembrances, that the receipt of his letter, was a long and deep notch in my then very wooden Calendar at Albaro. He did me but justice in supposing me able to read it without difficulty, as I have long been accustomed to read French almost as easily as English. But its sound is rather strange in my ears. I know it, as I know some men, perfectly well by sight—and therefore I design, Please God, to spend

next May and June in Paris,†1 that I may enlarge my acquaintance with it, and encounter it upon easy terms. I have applied very little to the Italian: being lazy at first, and otherwise busy since. But I have great pleasure in what I know of it; and can understand, and be understood, without difficulty.

We like Italy more and more, every day. We are splendidly lodged—have a noble Sala—fifty feet high, and splendidly painted—and beautiful gardens. Mrs. Dickens and the children are as well as possible; our servants (contrary to all predictions) as contented and orderly as at home; and everything else "in a concatination accordingly".†c

Your old house Il Paradiso, is spoken of as yours to this day. What a gallant place it is! I don't know the present Inmate, but I hear that he bought and furnished it not long since, with great splendour, in the French style—and that he wishes to sell it. I wish I were rich, and could buy it. There is a third rate Wine Shop below Byron's house; and the place looks dull and miserable and ruinous enough. Old De Negro†2 is a trifle uglier than when I first arrived. He has periodical parties at the Villetta; at which there are a great many flowerpots and a few ices—no other refreshments. He goes about, constantly charged with extemporaneous poetry, and is always ready, like Tavern Dinners, on the shortest notice and the most reasonable terms. He keeps a Gigantic Harp in his bedroom, together with pen and paper for fixing his ideas as they flow—a kind of profane King David, but very harmless. Very.

†dI am in great hopes that I shall make you cry, bitterly, with my little Book; and that Miss Power and her sister will take it, also, to heart. I dare say you have forgotten that when we parted, I promised myself the pleasure of sending you an early proof to read, but *I* have not. So in the course of the first week of December, "about this time"—as Moore's almanack says—"a packet may be looked for"—It will be a great pleasure to me to think that you have bestowed an hour upon it.†d

Pray say to Count D'Orsay, everything that is cordial and loving from me. His purse has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand in it. When I come back to England I shall have it hung up, on a nail, as a trophy. And I think of gashing the brim like the blade of an old sword, and saying to my son and heir, as they do upon the stage—"You see this notch boy? Five hundred francs were laid low on that day, for post horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged me treble the correct amount—and got it. This end, worn into teeth like a file, is sacred to the Custom Houses, boy—the passports—and the shabby soldiers at town-gates who put an open hand and a coat-cuff into the coach-windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy. Thy father has nothing else to give."

My desk is cooling itself in a Mail coach, somewhere down at the back of the Cathedral. And the pens and ink in this house (where the Great Mr. Lumley tarries, by the way) are so detestable, that I have no hope of your ever getting to this portion of my letter. But I have the less misery in this state of mind, from knowing that it has nothing in it to repay you for the trouble of perusal, †eand

that you do not require its formal close to assure you (or you would not have parted from me with such unaffected and genuine kindness) that I am ever, My Dear Lady Blessington, Faithfully and truly Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I beg to be remembered to your Nieces. I saw a picture very like Miss Power, at Venice—and again denounced that Frankenstein of an Artist, who had his Easel at Gore House when I left.†e

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 23 NOVEMBER 1844

MS British Museum. *Address:* Italia | A Madame | Madame Dickens | Palazzo Peschiere | Genova | Italia.

Fribourg. Saturday Night November Twenty Third 1844.

My Dearest Kate. For the first time since I left you, I am sitting in a room of my own hiring, with a fire and a bed, in it. And I am happy to say that I have the best and fullest intentions of sleeping in the bed; having arrived here at half past four this afternoon, without any cessation of travelling, night or day, since I parted from Mrs. Bairr's†1 cheap firewood.

The Alps appeared in sight, very soon after we left Milan—by 8 or 9 o'Clock in the morning; and the Brave C was so far wrong in his calculations, that we began the ascent of the Simplon that same night, while you were travelling (as I would I were) towards the Peschiere. Most favourable state of circumstances for journeying up that tremendous Pass! The brightest moon I ever saw, all night; and daybreak on the summit. The Glory of which: making great wastes of snow, a rosy red: exceeds all telling. We *sledged* through the snow on the summit, for two hours or so. The weather was perfectly fair and bright; and there was neither difficulty nor danger—except the danger that there always must be in such a place, of a horse stumbling on the brink of an immeasurable precipice. In which case, no piece of the unfortunate traveller would be left, large enough, to tell his story in dumb-show. You may imagine something of the rugged grandeur of such a scene as this great passage of these great mountains; and indeed Glencoe, well-sprinkled with Snow, would be very like the ascent. But the top itself, so wild, and bleak, and lonely, is a thing *by* itself, and not to be likened to any other sight. The cold was piercing; the north-wind, high and boisterous; and when it came driving in our faces, bringing a sharp shower of little points of snow and piercing it into our very blood, it really was, what it is often said to be, "cutting" —with a very sharp edge too. There are houses of refuge here—bleak, solitary places—for travellers overtaken by the snow, to hurry to, as an escape from death; and one great house, called the Hospital, kept by monks, where wayfarers get supper and bed for nothing. We saw some coming out and pursuing their journey. If all Monks devoted themselves to such uses, I should have little fault to find with them.†2

The cold in Switzerland, since, has been something quite indescribable. My eyes are tingling tonight, as one may suppose cymbals to tingle when they have been lustily played.—It is positive purgatory to me to write. The Great Organ[†1] which I was to have had "pleasure in hearing" don't play on a Saturday at which the Brave is inconsolable. But the town is picturesque and quaint, and worth seeing. And the Inn (with a German bedstead in it, about the size and shape of a baby's linen-basket) is perfectly clean and comfortable. Butter is so cheap hereabouts, that they bring you a great mass, like the squab of a sofa, for tea. And of honey, which is most delicious, they set before you a proportionate allowance. We start tomorrow morning at 6, for Strasburgh; and from that town, or the next halting-place on the Rhine; I will report progress; if it be only in half a dozen words.

I am anxious to hear that you reached Genoa quite comfortably—and shall look forward with impatience to that letter, which you are to indite, with so much care and pains, next Monday. My best love to Georgy. And to Charley, and Mamey, and Katey,[†2] and Walley, and Chickenstalker. I have treated myself to a new travelling-cap tonight (my old one being too thin), and it is rather a prodigious affair I flatter myself.

Swiss towns, and mountains, and the Lake of Geneva, and the famous suspension-Bridge[†3] at this place, and a great many other objects (with a very low thermometer conspicuous among them) are dancing up and down me, strangely. But I am quite collected enough, notwithstanding, to have still a very distinct idea that this Hornpipe travelling is uncomfortable, and that I would gladly start for my Palazzo out of hand, without any previous rest. Stupid as I am, and much as I want it!

Ever my Dear Love Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Charles Dickens. P.S. I hope the Dancing Lessons will be a success. Don't fail to let me know.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 NOVEMBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, vi, 363. *Date:* "Monday night the 25th" according to Forster. *From* Strasburg.[†4]

Saying that Forster might look for him one day earlier, so rapid had been his progress. He had been in bed only once, at Friburg for two or three hours, since he left Milan, and he had sledged through the snow on the top of the Simplon in the midst of prodigious cold. I am sitting here *in* a wood-fire, and drinking brandy and water scalding hot, with a faint idea of coming warm in time. My face is at present tingling with the frost and wind, as I suppose the cymbals may, when that turbaned Turk attached to the Life Guards' band has been newly clashing at

them in St. James's-park. I am in hopes it may be the preliminary agony of returning animation.

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 NOVEMBER 1844*

MS Missouri Historical Society. *Date:* clearly 28 Nov; it is the "Exhibit Marked A" referred to in *To* Macready, written later the same night.

Hotel Bristol. Place Vendomme[†1] | Thursday Nigh

My Dearest Macready.

I have been travelling for weeks, and have not been five minutes in Paris, on my way to London—after a 50 hours' spell in a horrible coach. Are you at Meurice's? If you are, I shall come and rush into your arms—as soon as I am clean enough—unless you anticipate me by coming here and rushing into mine. I go on to London at 8 tomorrow morning.

Affecy. Ever & Ever

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 28 NOVEMBER 1844

MS British Museum. *Address:* Italie | A Madame | Madame Dickens | Palazzo Peschiere | Genes | Italie.

Hotel Bristol, Paris. | Thursday Night November 28th. 1844

My Dearest Kate. With an intolerable pen, and no ink, I am going to write a few lines to you, to report progress.

I got to Strasburgh on Monday Night: intending to go down the Rhine. But the weather being foggy, and the Season quite over: they could not insure out getting on, for certain, beyond Mayence: or our not being detained by unpropitious weather. Therefore I resolved (the Malle Poste being full) to take the Diligence hither—next day in the afternoon. I arrived here at halfpast five tonight, after 50 hours of it, in a French coach. I was so beastly dirty when I got to this house, that I had quite lost all sense of my identity, and if anybody had said 'Are you Charles Dickens?' I should have unblushingly answered 'No. I never heard of him.' A good wash, and a good dress, and a good dinner, have revived me, however: and I can report of this house concerning which the Brave was so anxious when we were here before, that it is the best I ever was in. My little apartment—consisting of three rooms, and other conveniences—is a perfect curiosity of completeness. You never saw such a charming little baby-house. It is infinitely smaller than those first rooms we had at Meurice's, but for elegance, compactness, comfort, and quietude, exceeds anything I ever met with at an Inn.[†2]

The moment I arrived here, I enquired, of course, after Macready. They said

the English Theatre had not begun yet, but they thought he was at Meurice's, where they knew some members of the company to be. I instantly dispatched the Porter with a note, to say that if he were there, I would come round and hug him, as soon as I was clean. They referred the Porter to the Hotel Brighton. He came back and told me, that the answer, there, was, 'M. Macready's rooms [†a](I feel that I am writing rather like him)[†a] were engaged, but he had not arrived. He was expected *tonight*.' If we meet tonight, I will add a Postscript. Wouldn't it be odd if we met upon the road between this and Boulonge,[†1] tomorrow?

I mean, as a recompense for my late sufferings, to get a Hackney carriage if I can—and post that journey—starting from here, at 8 tomorrow morning—getting to Boulonge sufficiently early next morning to cross at once, and dining with Forster that same day: to wit, Saturday. I have notions of taking you with me on my next journey (if you would like to go!) and arranging for Georgy to come to us by Steamer—under the protection of the English captain, for instance —to Naples—where I would top and cap all our walks, by taking her up to the crater of Vesuvius with me. But this is dependent on her ability to be perfectly happy for a fortnight or so, in our stately palace, with the children, and such foreign aid as the Simpsons.†2 For I love her too dearly, to think of any project, which would involveher being uncomfortable for that space of time.

You can think this over, and talk it over—and I will join you in doing so, Please God, when I return to our Italian Bowers, which I shall be heartily glad to do. I will write to you again, by Monday's Post, from London. They tell us here, that the Landlord of this house, going to London some week or so ago, was detained at Boulonge two days by a high sea in which the Packets could not put out. So I hope there is the greater chance of no such bedevilment happening to me.

Paris is better than ever. Oh dear how grand it was, when I came through it in that Caravan tonight! I hope we shall be very hearty here—and able to say with Walley "Han't it plassant!"

†bApropos of nothing. The Babbages. My mind sorely misgives me, that the Babbages ought to be at the Reading. I hardly think we have taken as much notice of them as we should have done, or as they have shewn they desired.†b†3

Love to Charley, Mamey, Katey,†4 Walley, and Chickenstalker. The last-named, I take it for granted, is indeed Prodigious.

Best love to Georgy.
Ever my dearest Kate | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Charles Dickens

P.S. I have been round to Macreadys hotel—it is now past 10—and he has not arrived, nor does it seem at all certain that he seriously intended to arrive tonight. So I shall not see him, I take it for granted until my return.

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 NOVEMBER 1844†

MS Morgan Library.

Hotel Bristol, Paris.
Thursday Night November 28th. 1844. | Half Past Ten.

My Dearest Macready.

Since I wrote to you, what would be called in Law Proceedings the Exhibit Marked A, I have been round to the Hotel Brighton, and personally examined, and cross-examined, the attendants. It is painfully clear to me, that I shall not hug you tonight.[†1] Nor until Tuesday the 10th: of December; when, Please God, I shall re-arrive here, on my way to my Italian Bowers. I mean to stay, all the Wednesday, and all the Thursday, in Paris. One night to see you act (my old delight when you little thought of such a Being in existence), and one night to read to you[†2] and Mrs. Macready (if that Scamp of Lincolns Inn Fields have not anticipated me) my little Christmas Book. In which I have endeavoured to plant an indignant right-hander on the eye of certain Wicked Cant that makes my blood boil, which I hope will not only cloud that eye with black and blue, but many a gentler one with chrystal of the purest sort. God forgive me,—but I think there are good things in the little Story!

[†a]I want you, meanwhile, to execute a little commission for me here; and to advertize me in one line, addressed to the Piazza Coffee House Covent Garden London (did you ever dine there?) that you have done so, successfully. Will you, *as soon after your arrival as convenient;* for the conveyance is in great request; take me Two Places in the Malle Poste to Marseilles, for Friday afternoon the Thirteenth of December—paying the money, or as much as may be necessary, and holding me your Debtor until we meet.

The Malle Poste, observe. And nothing but the Malle Poste. Should it be unfortunately engaged for that day (which, with so long a notice, is not likely) then the day before or the day after. But *that* is the day I want.[†a]

I took it for granted you were, as your American friends say, "in full blast" here—and meant to have sent a card into your dressing-room with "Mr. G. S. Hancock Muggridge. United States"—upon it. But Paris looks coldly on me, without your eye in its head; and not being able to shake your hand, I shake my own head dolefully. Which is but poor satisfaction.

My love to Mrs. Macready. I will swear to the Death that it is truly hers for her Gallantry in your absence if for nothing else. And to you my Dear Macready I am ever a devoted friend

CHARLES DICKENS

December

To JOHN LEECH, 1 DECEMBER 1844

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Leech [Esquire][†1] | 9 Powis Place | Great Ormond Street.

Piazza Coffee House | Covent Garden
Sunday December First 1844.

My Dear Leech.

You have done gallantly, for my little book.[†2] And I am greatly pleased with this new token of your talent and interest, believe me.

Will you come and breakfast with me here, tomorrow, at Ten? There is a slight alteration in one of your blocks[†3] (explainable in half a minute) which I want to tell you of.

Always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Leech.[†4] Mrs. Dickens and her sister, charged me with many kind messages to you both.

To JOHN LEECH, 3 DECEMBER 1844

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Powis Place | Great Ormond Street.

Piazza Coffee House Covent Garden | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Leech.

On coming *home* here, late last night, I found your note. The alteration in respect of the figure of Richard will be quite sufficient; and I assure you that your cheerful readiness to give yourself trouble on my account gratifies me exceedingly. It is a real pleasure to me to say so, and to work with you. I have the greatest diffidence in suggesting any change, however slight, in what you do—you are so ready to make it.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

To THE GOVERNORS OF THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, [?DECEMBER 1844]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 8 Dec 44. *Date:* shortly before 8 Dec when CD told Miss Coutts that he had heard from the Governors.

Nominating John Richard Overs, eldest son of John Overs, for a place in the Orphan Working School.[†5]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 2 DECEMBER 1844

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | Palazzo Peschiere | Genoa | North Italy.

Piazza Coffee House, Covent Garden.
December Second 1844. Monday.

My Dearest Kate. I received, with great delight, your *excellent* letter of this morning. Do not regard this, as my answer to it. It is merely to say that I have been at Bradbury and Evans's all day, and have barely time to write more, than that I *will* write tomorrow. I arrived about 7 on Saturday Evening, and rushed into the arms of Mac and Forster[†1]—Both of whom, send their best loves to you and Georgy. With a heartiness, not to be described.

The little book, is now, so far as I am concerned, all ready. One cut of Doyle's,[†2] and one of Leech's, I found so unlike my idea, that I had them both to breakfast with me this morning, and with that winning manner which you know of, got them with the highest good humour, to do both afresh. They are now hard at it. [Stan]field's[†3] readiness—delight—wonder at my being pleased—in what *he* has done[†4] is delicious. Mac's frontispiece is charming. The book is quite splendid, —the expences will be very great, I have no doubt.

Anybody who has heard it, has been moved in the most extraordinary manner. Forster read it (for dramatic purposes) to A Beckett[†5]—not a man of very quiet feeling. He cried so much, and so painfully, that Forster didn't know whether to go on or stop; and he called next day to say that any expression of his feeling was beyond his power. But that he believed it, and felt it, to be—I won't say what.

As the reading comes off tomorrow night,[†6] I had better not despatch my letter

to you, until *Wednesday's* Post. I must close to save this (heartily tired I am; and I dine at Gore House today!) so with love to Georgy, Mamey, Katey, Charley, Walley, and Chickenstalker, Ever believe me Yours with true [affec]tion. CD.

P.S. If you had seen Macready last night—undisguisedly sobbing, and crying on the sofa, as I read—you would have felt (as I did) what a thing it is to have Power.
P.P.S. "In[".][†1]

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 6 DECEMBER 1844

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Piazza Coffee House.
Friday Sixth December 1844. | In the greatest haste.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

My proofs have been delayed. I send them to you the moment I receive them. As the book is not published until the Sixteenth,[†2] I need not ask you to keep them "close".

I purpose coming to you on Sunday to say good bye. Meanwhile remember me most cordially to Count D'Orsay, and to the young ladies, and believe me, with earnest regard.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Blessington.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, [8 DECEMBER 1844]

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library. *Date:* Sunday was 8 Dec and the day of CD's departure (see next).

Covent Garden Sunday Noon

My Dear Lady Blessington.

Business for other people (and by no means of a pleasant kind)[†3] has held me prisoner during two whole days, and will so detain me today, in the very agony of departure, that I shall not even be able to reach Gore House, on which I had

set my heart. I cannot bear the thought of going away without some sort of reference to the happy day you gave me last Monday, and the pleasure and delight I had in your earnest greeting. I shall never forget it, believe me. It would be worth going to China—it would be worth going even to America—to come home again and feel as I feel in the friendship of yourself and Count D'Orsay.[†1]

To whom my love—and something as near it to Miss Power and her sister, as it is lawful to send. It will be an unspeakable satisfaction to me, though I am not maliciously disposed, to know under your own hand at Genoa, that my little book made you cry.[†2] I hope to prove a better correspondent on my return to those shores. But better or worse or anyhow, I am ever my Dear Lady Blessington, in no common degree and not with an every-day regard,

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Blessington.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 DECEMBER 1844

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bolton Street | Piccadilly.

Piazza Coffee House, Covent Garden | Sunday December Eighth 1844.

Dear Miss Coutts. I have been in town a very few days; and leave it again, and start for Italy, tonight. I hoped to have seen you as a matter of course; but when I had disposed of the business part of my Christmas Book (which mainly brought me here, and imprisoned me at the Printer's two days) I had some arrangements to make for the extrication of some unhappy people from circumstances of great distress and perplexity, which have occupied my whole time. So that I have seen no one, and gone nowhere.

I had the greatest pleasure some months ago, in the receipt of your interesting letter from Germany. I was going to answer it with some account of my Italian adventures; but as soon as I had any to narrate, the time had come for my sitting down to my little book; and when I got up again, it was to come here. I

hope you will like those Chimes, which will be published on the 16th. and though I am not malicious, I am bent on making you cry, or being most horribly disappointed.

The Sanatorium Committee have informed me of your munificent donation[†3] to that Establishment. There is not in England an Institution whose design is more noble, useful, and excellent. I know some little histories connected with that place, and the blessing it has proved in sickness and Death, which are among the most affecting incidents that have ever come within my observation.

You may possibly have seen a Preface I wrote, before leaving England, to a little book by a Working Man; and may have learned from the Newspapers that he is dead:[†1] leaving a destitute wife and six children, of whom one is a Cripple.[†2] I have addressed a letter to the Governors of the Orphan Working School in behalf of the eldest boy: and they tell me he has a good chance of being elected into that Institution in April next.[†3] It has occurred to me that at some time or other you might have an opportunity of presenting one of the Girls to some other School or Charity.[†4] And as I know full well that in such an event you would rather thank than blame me for making a real and strong case known to you, I send you the children's names and ages.

Amelia Overs	11 years old
John Richard	9
Harriett	7
Geraldine	6
Editha	4
John	4 months

They live, at present, at 55 Vauxhall Street Lambeth.

My head quarters in Italy, are at Genoa: where we live in a Palace (the Palazzo Peschiere) something larger than Whitehall multiplied by four; and where Charley and his Giant sisters play among Orange Trees and Fountains all day long. They were particularly anxious when I came away, that I should give their loves to you, and they entrusted me with the Private commission that I should ascertain whether "That Lady" was still in bed upstairs. In pursuing my enquiries on this head, I have received information in reference to that lady, which has quite delighted me, and not at all surprised me.[†5] I hope I may still live in her memory; and that I may venture to send her my regards and congratulations.

I have been to Modena, Parma, Bologna, Ferrara, Cremona, Venice, and a hundred other places. Florence, Rome, Naples, and Palermo lie before me. I never could have believed, and never did imagine, the full splendour and glory of Venice. That wonderful dream! The three days that I passed there, were like a Thousand and One Arabian Nights, wildly exaggerated a thousand and one

times. I read Romeo and Juliet in Verona too, and bought some tooth-ache mixture of an Apothecary in Mantua, lean enough and poor enough to "go on" in the Tragedy.[†1] I came to England by the Simplon—

sledging through the Snow upon the top—and through Switzerland, which was cool. But beautiful and grand, beyond expression. I shall remain in Paris—at the Hotel Brighton—until Friday Evening next; and if at that place or at any other, you could give me any commission to execute for you, I need not say how happy it would make me.

Mrs. Dickens begged me to present her best regards, if I saw you. I do so with a very ill will, in this miserable substitute for the pleasure I had anticipated in doing so, after so long an interval.

I am Ever Dear Miss Coutts
Yours most faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To T. C. NEWBY, 8 DECEMBER 1844*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Address:* Paid. | T.C. Newby Esquire | Publisher | Mortimer Street | Cavendish Square | Private.

Piazza Coffee House, Covent Garden | Sunday Eighth December 1844.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Newby, and begs to say that he thinks it will be best for Mrs. Overs, if Mr. Newby will have the goodness to pay into Messrs. Coutts's Bank, to the account of Mr. Dickens in trust for Mrs. Overs; all the money he has collected. Mr. Dickens (who leaves town again to day) has arranged for its immediate Investment in a Savings Bank in the name of Dr. Elliotson;[†2] as it will then bear some interest, instead of lying idle.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13 DECEMBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, vi, 364. *Date:* Forster clearly implies that CD wrote on the day he left Paris: confirmed by Macready's reference to performance of *Christine* (see *fn*).

I would not recall an inch of the way to or from you, if it had been twenty times as long and twenty thousand times as wintry.[†3] It was worth any travel—anything! With the soil of the road in the very grain of my cheeks, I swear I wouldn't have missed that week, that first night of our meeting, that one evening

of the reading at your rooms, aye, and the second reading too, for any easily stated or conceived consideration.

With Macready he had gone two nights before to the Odéon to see Dumas' Christine *played by Madame St. George*[†1] once Napoleon's mistress; now of an immense size, from dropsy I suppose; and with little weak legs which she can't stand upon. Her age, withal, somewhere about 80 or 90. I never in my life beheld such a sight. Every stage-conventionality she ever picked up (and she has them all) has got the dropsy too, and is swollen and bloated hideously. The other actors never looked at one another, but delivered all their dialogues to the pit, in a manner so egregiously unnatural and preposterous that I couldn't make up my mind whether to take it as a joke or an outrage. You and I, sir, will reform this altogether.[†2] *The next night*

he went to the Italian Opera, where Grisi was singing in Il Pirata[†3] *and* the passion and fire of a scene between her, Mario, and Fornasari,[†4] was as good and great as it is possible for anything operatic to be. They drew on one another, the two men—not like stage-players, but like Macready himself: and she, rushing in between them; now clinging to this one, now to that, now making a sheath for their naked swords with her arms, now tearing her hair in distraction as they broke away from her and plunged again at each other; was prodigious. *Next day*[†5] *he saw Macready rehearse the scene before the Doge and council in* Othello,[†6] not as usual facing the float but arranged on one side, *with an effect that seemed to him to heighten the reality of the scene.*

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 DECEMBER 1844]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 327*n. Date:* 17 Dec according to Forster. *From* Marseilles.[†1]

When poor Overs was dying he suddenly asked for a pen and ink and some paper, and made up a little parcel for me which it was his last conscious act to direct. She[†2] told me this and gave it me. I opened it last night. It was a copy of his little book in which he had written my name, "With his devotion." I thought it simple and affecting of the poor fellow.

To W. S. LANDOR, [?13-19 DECEMBER 1844]

Mention in Landor *to* Rose Paynter, ?26 Dec 44 (letter clearly written just after Christmas), in *Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public,* ed. Stephen Wheeler, 1899, pp. 138-9. *Date:* evidently sent so as to reach Landor for Christmas, but after leaving England.

A delightful letter, saying he had been in England[†3] *for a week, and describing his plans for visiting Rome, Naples, and Sicily.*

To T. YEATS BROWN, 20 DECEMBER 1844*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Subito Subito | T. Yeates[†4] Brown Esqre | Console Inglese.

Steamer Charlemagne | Genoa Harbor
Friday Morning December Twentieth 1844.

My Dear Sir.

I write to you in great haste and by the first opportunity. I arrived last night.

Through my passport having fallen into the hands of a rival boat at Marseilles, which promised to sail, and didn't,[†5] and still wanted to keep it and me, waiting at that delightful town until Heaven knows when—and through my having only rescued it from those Sharks by main force, in time to leap on board this Vessel—*it has not the visa of the Sardinian Minister at Marseilles upon it:* which ought to have been obtained. Our Captain advises me (he is now going ashore, with the

passports[†1] of the passengers) that I had best write to you, to ask you to send down to the Police to explain the omission—state that I am an undoubted gentleman, resident here without evil intentions—and release me from this scene of sickness and suffering.

I needn't tell you how anxious I am to get home; and I am sure I need not apologize to you for this early and pressing importunity. Ever believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Yeats Brown Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 DECEMBER 1844]

Extracts in F, IV, vi, 365, IV, vii, 366. *Date:* second extract 22 Dec according to Forster; first extract clearly same letter, the first on his return to Genoa.

He described his departure from Marseilles. As he went up the side of the packet, he saw a strange sensation among the angry travellers whom he had detained so long[†2]*, heard a voice exclaim* "I am blarmed if it ain't DICKENS!" *and stood in the centre of a group of* Five Americans![†3] *But they were all glad to see him; their chief man, who had met him in New York, introduced them all round with the remark,* "Personally our countrymen, and you, can fix it friendly sir, I do expectuate",[†4] *and through the stormy passage to Genoa they were excellent friends. He had to keep to his cabin, but contrived to get enjoyment out of them. The member of the party who had the travelling dictionary wouldn't part with it, though he was dead sick in the next cabin, and every now and then CD was conscious of his fellow-travellers coming down to him, crying out in varied tones of anxious bewilderment* "I say, what's French for a pillow?" "Is there any Italian phrase for a lump of sugar? Just look, will you?" "What the devil does echo mean? The garsong says echo to everything!"[†5] *They were excessively curious to know the population of every little town on the Cornice, and all its statistics;* perhaps the very last subjects within the capacity of the human intellect that would ever present themselves to an Italian steward's mind. He was a very willing fellow, our steward; and, having some vague idea that they would like a large number, said at hazard fifty thousand, ninety thousand, four hundred thousand, when they asked about the population of a place not larger than Lincoln's-inn-fields. And when they said *Non Possible!*

(which was the leader's invariable reply), he doubled or trebled the amount; to meet what he supposed to be their views, and make it quite satisfactory.

A letter from Jeffrey[†1] *about* The Chimes *was* most energetic and enthusiastic.[†2] Filer sticks in his throat rather, but all the rest is quivering in his heart. He is very much struck by the management of Lilian's story, and cannot help speaking of that; writing of it all indeed with the freshness and ardour of youth, and not like a man whose blue and yellow[†3] has turned grey.

Miss Coutts has sent Charley, with the best of letters to me, a Twelfth Cake[†4] weighing ninety pounds, magnificently decorated;[†5] and only think of the characters, Fairburn's Twelfth Night characters,[†6] being detained at the custom-house for Jesuitical surveillance! But these fellows are ____ Well! never mind. Perhaps you have seen the history of the Dutch minister at Turin,[†7] and of the spiriting away of his daughter by the Jesuits? It is all true; though, like the history of our friend's servant, almost incredible. But their devilry is such that I am assured by our consul that if, while we are in the south, we were to let our

children go out with servants on whom we could not implicitly rely, these holy men would trot even their small feet into churches with a view to their ultimate conversion! It is tremendous even to see them in the streets, or slinking about this garden.[†1]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 26 DECEMBER 1844*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur | M. Emile De La Rue.

Peschiere December Twenty Sixth 1844.

My Dear Sir

I am truly distressed to hear that Madame De La Rue has had so severe an attack of her sad disorder; but if it has been more than usually trying, I am not without hope that the Mesmerism may have increased it for the moment.[†2]

At Eleven tomorrow, I shall be ready and happy to come to you—equally so, at any other time or season when I can entertain the smallest expectation of rendering Mad. De La Rue the lightest service.

I have the truest interest in her, and her sufferings; and if I could lessen them in any degree, I should derive great happiness from being the fortunate instrument of her relief.

Believe that I reciprocate all your friendly feeling with genuine cordiality, and that I am, with great regard

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I am going out to Quinto at twelve. Do not take the trouble of calling *formally*. We may eschew all that, I hope.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUGUST-DECEMBER 1844]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 552. *Date:* from Genoa in 1844 according to Forster; after 28 July if reference is to Sir James Murray.

We are very sorry to lose the benefit of his advice[†3]—or, as my father would

say, to be deprived, to a certain extent, of the concomitant advantages, whatever they may be, resulting from his medical skill, such as it is, and his professional attendance, in so far as it may be so considered.

1845

January

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30-31 DECEMBER 1844 and 1 JANUARY 1845]

Extracts in F, v, i, 380; F, 1872-4, II, ix, 179-81;[†1] F, IV, vii, 366. *Date:* last extract a postscript, dated 1 Jan 45, to a letter written after Christmas and in the week "following" CD's first letter according to Forster's summary; preceding extracts probably 30-31 Dec, since comments on play are in answer to Forster's first letter to Genoa (the second being about his brother's death: see *To* Forster, 8 Jan 45).

ARE we to have that play???[†2] Have I spoken of it, ever since I came home from London, as a settled thing! I do not know if I have ever told you seriously, but I have often thought, that I should certainly have been as successful on the boards as I have been between them. I assure you, when I was on the stage at Montreal[†3] (not having played for years) I was as much astonished at the reality and ease, to myself, of what I did as if I had been another man. See how oddly things come about! When I was about twenty, and knew three or four successive years of Mathews's At Homes from sitting in the pit to hear them, I wrote to Bartley[†4] who was stage manager at Covent-garden, and told him how young I was, and exactly what I thought I could do; and that I believed I had a strong perception of character and oddity, and a natural power of reproducing in my own person what I observed in others. There must have been something in the letter that struck the authorities, for Bartley wrote to me, almost immediately, to say that they were busy getting up the *Hunchback* (so they were!) but that they

would communicate with me again, in a fortnight. Punctual to the time, another letter came: with an appointment to do anything of Mathews's I pleased, before him and Charles Kemble, on a certain day at the theatre. My sister Fanny was in the secret, and was to go with me to play the songs. I was laid up, when the day came, with a terrible bad cold and an inflammation of the face; the beginning, by the bye, of that annoyance in one ear to which I am subject at this day. I wrote to say so, and added that I would resume my application next season. I made a great splash in the gallery soon afterwards; the *Chronicle* opened to me; I had a distinction in the little world of the newspaper, which made me like it; began to write; didn't want money; had never thought of the stage, but as a means of getting it; gradually left off turning my thoughts that way; and never resumed the idea. I never told you this, did I? See how near I may have been, to another sort of life.

This was at the time when I was at Doctors' Commons as a shorthand writer for the proctors. And I recollect I wrote the letter from a little office I had there, where the answer came also.[†1] It wasn't a very good living (though not a *very* bad one), and was wearily uncertain; which made me think of the Theatre in

quite a business-like way. I went to some theatre every night, with a very few exceptions, for at least three years: really studying the bills first, and going to where there was the best acting: and always to see Mathews whenever he played. I practised immensely (even such things as walking in and out, and sitting down in a chair): often four, five, six hours a day: shut up in my own room, or walking about in the fields. I prescribed to myself, too, a sort of Hamiltonian system for learning parts;[†2] and learnt a great number. I haven't even lost the habit now, for I knew my Canadian parts immediately, though they were new to me. I must have done a good deal: for, just as Macready found me out,[†3] they used to challenge me at Braham's:[†4] and Yates,[†5] who was knowing enough in those things, wasn't to be parried at all. It was just the same, that day at Keeley's, when they were getting up the *Chuzzlewit* last June.[†6]

If you think Macready would be interested in this Strange news from the South, tell it him. Fancy Bartley or Charles Kemble *now!* And how little they suspect me!

He wrote that he and Catherine intended to start for the south of Italy in the middle of January; he dwelt on all he had missed, in that first Italian Christmas, of their old enjoyments of the season in England; and closed with a postscript at midnight:

First of January, 1845. Many many many happy returns of the day! A life of happy years! The Baby is dressed in thunder, lightning, rain, and wind. His birth is most portentous here.[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, 7 JANUARY [1845]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1929; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Genoa, 7 Jan 44— clearly CD's error for 1845.

Introducing a friend and asking him to open the doors of some of the Theatres and suchlike places for him.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 8 JANUARY 1845

Extract in Anderson Auction Co. catalogue, June 1914; *MS* 1 p.; dated Genoa, 8 Jan 45; marked "Private".

Mentioning Forster and the death of his brother, and asking for the balance of £500;[†2] the estimated expenses of the journey in Carnival and Holy Time,[†3] and among all sorts of damnable Potentates in frogged coats with stars upon them have made my hair stand on end to that extent that I can't get my hat on. Never mind. We will turn it to good account.[†4] *Saying they drank healths on the first.* Punch's Almanac[†5] is brilliant, but don't your Woodcutters require a leetle remonstrance? . . . Has George Cruikshank[†6] been fined since? Don't mention it to anybody. It's quite in confidence.

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 JANUARY 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 367*n*. *Date:* 8 Jan according to Forster.

I feel the distance between us now, indeed. I would to Heaven, my dearest friend, that I could remind you in a manner more lively and affectionate than this dull sheet of paper can put on, that you have a Brother left.[†7] One bound to you by ties as strong as ever Nature forged. By ties never to be broken, weakened,

changed in any way—but to be knotted tighter up, if that be possible, until the same end comes to them as has come to these. That end but the bright beginning of a happier union, I believe; and have never more strongly and religiously believed (and oh! Forster, with what a sore heart I have thanked God for it) than when that shadow has fallen on my own hearth, and made it cold and dark as suddenly as in the home of that poor girl[†1] you tell me of. . . . When you write to me again, the pain of this will have passed. No consolation can be so certain and so lasting to you as that softened and manly sorrow which springs up from the memory of the Dead. I read your heart as easily as if I held it in my hand, this moment. And I know—I *know*, my dear friend—that before the ground is green above him, you will be content that what was capable of death in him, should lie there. . . . I am glad to think it was so easy, and full of peace. What can we hope for more, when our own time comes!—The day when he visited us in our old house is as fresh to me as if it had been yesterday. I remember him as well as I remember you. . . . I have many things to say, but cannot say them now. Your attached and loving friend for life, and far, I hope, beyond it. C.D.

To [EMILE DE LA RUE], 15 JANUARY [1845]*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* clearly to Emile de la Rue:[†2] see *fn*.

Wednesday January Fifteenth. Having been asleep some twenty minutes, I drew her into a conversation, as follows—occasionally with some little difficulty, and by dint of repeating the same question three or four times. "Well! where are you today? On the Hillside as usual?"—"Yes."—"Quite alone?"—"No."—"Are there many people there?"—"Yes. A good many." "Men, or women?"—"Both." "How they are[†3] dressed?"—"I can't see. I have too many things to look at."—"But you can tell me what they are doing. Can't you?"—"Yes. They are walking about, and talking."—"To you?"—"No. To each other."—"What are they saying?"—"I don't know."—"Try and find out"—"I am too busy."—"But not so busy that you can't listen to them, surely?"—"Yes I am. I have so many things to attend to."—"Are they a crowd?"—"Yes; quite a crowd."

Suddenly, she cried out, in great agitation. "Here's my brother! Here's my brother!"—and she breathed very quickly, and her figure became stiff. "Where?

In the crowd?"—"No. In a room."—"Who is with him?"—"Nobody."—"What is he doing?"—"Leaning against a window: looking out. Oh he is so sad! He is so sad!"—shedding tears as she spoke, and shewing the greatest sympathy. "What Brother? The Brother I know?"[†1]—"No no. Not the Brother you know. Another."—"What is his name?"—"Charles.[†2] Oh how sad he is!"—"What makes him so?"—"I don't

know, I don't know. I must try to find out."—"Watch the door, and perhaps somebody will come in"—"Yes yes, I will. I am very busy, looking. I am trying to see."

After a pause, I said:
"Well! Has anybody come in?"—"No. He is still alone."—"Leaning against the window?"—"No. Walking up and down the room."—"Still sad?"—"Oh! Very sad! What *can* make him so sad!"—"Tell me what you see through the window."—"No. I can't, I can't. I am looking at him."—"Yes. But look at the window too. I'm sure you will if I ask you. What do you see through the window? Fields?"—"No no. The sea."—"How is your brother dressed?"—"In his uniform."—"With a sword?"—"No."—"With a hat?"—"No."—"You will be sure to tell me, if anyone comes in?"—"Yes yes. But I am trying to find out what makes him so sad, poor fellow!"—still crying, and in great distress. After a time, she said, with increased agitation. "He is thinking of me!"—and after another interval, she cried that she had found out the reason of his despondency. That he thought himself forgotten. That the letters had miscarried, and he had not received them. Then she fell back in the chair, like one whose mind was relieved; and said it was gone and she saw him no more.

She said all this, with as much earnestness as if the scene had been actually present to her view; and spoke in the peculiar tone of voice which is natural to a person who watches intently, and is afraid of losing any glimpse of what is passing. She several times brushed her closed eyes with her hands, as if to wipe away her tears, and see him more distinctly.

I do not make any note of the other visions of today, on this paper; as they are incomplete. And I am very curious to see whether she resumes them tomorrow. It is sufficient to remark just now, that she always imagines herself lying on a hill-side with a very blue sky above, green grass about her, and a pleasant air stirring. That the sensation of pain, suggests to her the rolling of stones down this hill, by some unseen people: which she is much distressed in her endeavours to avoid: and which occasionally strike her. There is a man haunting this place—dimly seen, but heard talking sometimes—whom she is afraid of, and "dare not" look at. I connect it with the figure whom she calls her bad spirit; in consequence of her trembling very much, when I once asked her, lying on this imaginary hill, if that phantom were to be seen: when she implored me not to speak of him. She said today that this creature was talking of me; and at my request, she tried hard to overhear what he said. But "she couldn't make it all out", she complained, and suddenly added, "Don't go away upon a Monday.

Be sure not to go away upon a Monday. It's not he who says that. *I* say it." Immediately afterwards, she complained of being tired, and begged me to awaken her.[†1]

To [EMILE DE LA RUE], [18 JANUARY 1845]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* endorsed by de la Rue: "Plan du Voiage de Dickens 18 Jan. 1845. Gênes".

Leave Genoa on Sunday 19th. January. Arrive at Carrara on Tuesday Evening January 21st. Stop at Carrara on Wednesday 22nd. Leave Carrara on Thursday 23rd. Arrive at Pisa, the same night. To Leghorn

on Friday 24th. and sleep there, that night. Leave Leghorn on Saturday 25th. Arrive in Rome on the morning of Thursday 30th.—Leave Rome on Wednesday 5th. February. Arrive in Naples on Friday 7th.

My proceedings in Naples, and the length of my stay there, I shall regulate entirely, by what I hear from you and Madame De La Rue. My present idea is, to return to Rome ten days or a fortnight before the beginning of the Holy Week. But I have no fixed plan upon the subject; and shall be guided *solely* by your letters. Of course I shall write and let you know my intentions and movements, in any case, from Naples.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 25 JANUARY 1845*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Genova.

Leghorn. Saturday Morning Twenty Fifth January 1845.

My Dear De la Rue.

Your most interesting Journal is exactly what I wished to have. Nothing could be more clearly or plainly stated. Having her at a distance from me at all, I think it hardly possible that her state of mind could be more favorable to the preservation of the influence; for the more she accustoms herself to rely on the idea of her anxious Physician, the more prepared she will necessarily be to confide in, and to yield to, the Reality, when it is at hand.

I have read her letter many times since its receipt last night. It is full of interest, patience, the most winning confidence, strong hope, and the best side of the best nature that belongs to a woman.

The impression made on the disorder, generally, is beyond all question very great. But the extent to which her thoughts are directed to, and clustered round, that bad phantom—and the manner in which she watches the effect upon it, and trusts to my influence over it, and refers all her suffering to it—is most remarkable. So remarkable, and so needing to be helped, and tenderly and carefully directed, that if anything should occur (which Heaven forbi[d)][†2] to prevent your coming to Rome together, I cannot too strongly urge you to think of [the] easiest

and most expedient way of inducing her to come, in any case. I see, af[ar] off, how *essential it is that this Phantom should not regain its power* for an instant. And we can hardly expect, yet, that she will very long be able to combat it, successfully, alone.

I have but a few moments this morning, and am forced to be very brief. I will write you at greater length from Rome, where I anxiously expect to hear from you again.[†1] I fear that before that time she may have had a bad attack. It keeps off wonderfully.

We have every reason for Hope, Courage, Confidence, Resolution, and Perseverance. And we will entertain them all, my dear De La Rue, and with God's leave to a right good end, or my name is not

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Don't consider this, a letter—for it's no such thing. Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards. It seems quite unnatural and strange to me, to write to you in *anything but Pencil.*[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 JANUARY 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, vii, 367 and *n. Date:* first and third extracts "five days later" than 20 Jan according to Forster; second extract 25 Jan according to Forster. *From* La Scala.

Describing the little inn at La Scala, supported on low brick arches like a British haystack, *the bed in their room* like a mangle, *the ceiling without lath or plaster, nothing to speak of available for comfort or decency, and nothing particular to eat or drink.* But for all this I have become attached to the country and I don't care who knows it.

They had left Pisa that morning and the day before, Carrara, where Fletcher was staying with an English marble-merchant: A Yorkshireman, who talks Yorkshire Italian with the drollest and pleasantest effect; a jolly, hospitable, excellent fellow; as odd yet kindly a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity as I have ever seen. He is the only Englishman in these parts who has been able to erect an English household out of Italian servants, but he has done it to admiration. It would be a capital country-house at home; and for staying in "first-rate." (I find myself inadvertently quoting *Tom Thumb.*)[†3] Mr. Walton[†4] is a man of an extraordinarily kind heart, and has a compassionate regard for Fletcher, to whom his

house is open as a home, which is half affecting and half ludicrous. He paid the other day a hundred pounds for him, which he knows he will never see a penny of again.[†1]

At Carrara: There is a beautiful little theatre there, built of marble; and they had it illuminated that night, in my honour.[†2] There was really a very fair opera: but it is curious that the chorus has been always, time out of mind, made up of labourers in the quarries, who don't know a note of music, and sing entirely by ear.[†3] It was crammed to excess, and I had a great reception; a deputation waiting upon us in the box, and the orchestra turning out in a body afterwards and serenading us at Mr. Walton's.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 26 JANUARY 1845*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue. | Genova.

Siena.[†4] Sunday Night. | Twenty Sixth January 1845.

My Dear De la Rue.

When I halt tomorrow night, I will write you a letter—a real letter—and despatch it by post immediately afterwards. I am anxious to answer your journal day by day; and intended to have sat down for that purpose this evening, when it came into my head to write her a cheerful note instead.[†5]

And the reason was, that I have had a strange and uncommon anxiety upon me, all day, which has amounted to a positively great distress. I cannot help fearing that she must be ill; and silence, with such an apprehension on me, seems to double distance.

I am looking, with the greatest impatience and interest, for your next. The debt I owe you for your last, I will not fail to pay tomorrow. In the meantime, and ever,

Believe me | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

I write in great haste; with the last candle going out, and the Lamp gone.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 27 JANUARY 1845*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Genova.

La Scala, No. 2[†1] (for we were in another
place of the same name, the night
before last.)
Monday January 27th. 1845.

My Dear De La Rue.

Having disposed, in this very lone house, of a much better dinner than any reasonable person could have expected to find in such a place,[†2] I am going to bestow a little tediousness[†3] on you. And I heartily wish you were "crackling"[†4] your very loudest in your own Palazzo, and I were writing it in my accustomed literary station in your drawing-room; instead of sitting (as I am) at the corner of an immense table, much larger than any table on which Billiards were ever[†5] played: with one very sharp corner forcing my centre waistcoat-button into my chest, and stamping[†6] a lively impression of it into my skin. Which is the only position in which I can find the least approach to warmth. In consequence of all the fire going up the chimney; and nothing of it coming into the room except the smoke.

I shall come to the subject which is nearest to my heart (and yours) last. As Hope stepped out of Pandora's box when all its stock of troubles was exhausted, so that topic shall shew itself from the depths of my letter, when other and less interesting matters are disposed of.

They are few enough. You know how gloomy it was, when we left Genoa, and you know how it rained next day. On reflection, I don't think anybody knows that, to the full extent, except myself, my wife, Roche and the Vetturino—and the four horses: I had almost forgotten the horses. Perhaps because they were under water nearly all the way. Something wet and heavy—feeling, to the touch, like the toast out of a jug of toast and water—was put into the carriage by a postilion, after it was dark on that Monday night, and when we were within some four miles from Spezzia. It appeared, on examination, to be a letter from Fletcher, who had got wet through, in crossing the Magra to meet us; and described himself as taking dinner in a blanket while his clothes were drying.

When we reached the Inn we found him in this state; very red and warm; and looking like a perfectly new-born baby, suddenly grown up. He had by that time taken two dinners; and on my ordering our own, he requested that a knife and fork might be placed for him—and so took a third. You recollect the dimensions (in round numbers) of his nose? Well! By the time he had finished this third dinner, his eyes protruded infinitely beyond the tip of that feature.

You never saw such a human Prawn as he looked, in your life. When he retired to bed in a state of insensibility, I had the faintest expectation possible, of ever seeing him again, alive.

But he got through it, somehow or other, and turned up again at breakfast. He was soft and pulpy, all over: and much swollen. This last appearance subsided in course of time, and the Magra subsiding also, we got over it (not, as I thought, without some danger) on Tuesday afternoon. We remained with Mr. Walton until Thursday Morning[†1]—started for Pisa that day (taking him and Fletcher with us)—dined and slept at Pisa that night—climbed up the Leaning Tower next morning—took the Railroad to Leghorn[†2] that afternoon—and dined at Mr. Gower's[†3] that Evening. Next day we started from Pisa, alone—slept at the other La Scala, that night—at Siena last night; where there is a very beautiful Cathedral, a picturesque Piazza, and a very quaint old town—and arrived here this evening, at Six. That is to say, Two Hours ago. It rained rather heavily in the night, last night. But since this day week, the weather has been fine and pleasant: though generally cool, and sometimes very cold.

Before I take up your Diary and read it over for the hundredth time; let me tell you what happened today. And if you think it will interest Madame De la Rue, pray read it to her: giving her, at the same time, something as near my love as you may feel disposed to deliver. I was on the Box of the Carriage; and, as usual, at Eleven by the Genoa time, composed myself for one hour's abstraction, in rigid pursuance of our agreement. Now, it happened that I was not alone, as it is my custom to be then; but that Mrs. Dickens had been hoisted up, to get the air. As I very often sit a long time without saying anything at all—when I am thinking, or when I am thinking I am thinking—and as she is well used to it, I didn't mind her, but sat quite still and quiet. Observe.—I didn't move hand or foot. I engaged myself, in imagination, in mesmerizing our Patient; and my whole Being, for the time, was set upon it, certainly, with the greatest stedfastness. But it was impossible for anybody to know in what I was engaged, otherwise than that I was very intent on some subject. Will you believe me when I tell you that I had not remained thus, more than five or ten minutes, when I was disturbed by Mrs. Dickens' letting her muff fall. And *can* you believe me when I tell you that looking at her I found her, as I live! in the Mesmeric trance, with her eyelids quivering in a convulsive manner peculiar to some people in that state—her hands and feet suddenly cold—her senses numbed—and that on my rousing her, with some difficulty, and asking her what was the matter, she said she had been magnetized?[†4] She was so discomposed that it was necessary to put her into the carriage immediately; and she had a bad fit of trembling until the influence wore off.

No word had ever passed my lips in reference to my compact with Madame De La Rue. She was as utterly ignorant of it, as she is of any business-secret in

your banking house. There is no possibility of any mistake or exaggeration in this. She is quite well, and has been ever since we left Genoa. Within five minutes of my shutting myself up within myself, I had been teaching her some Italian words; and I supposed her to be still engaged in conning them over, when this surprise occurred. It was really quite a fearful thing, and the strongest instance of the strange mysteries that are hidden within this power, that I have ever seen or heard of. Picture to yourself the stupendous difficulty of believing such a statement, if you read it in Print. Even imagine the difficulty of getting anybody to

believe it, who knew the parties and could not doubt their veracity. Yet there can be nothing more true. For it is Truth itself. I have purposely stated it in the plainest manner, and have not presented it to you in anything like the remarkable aspect, in which it actually occurred.

Now, with reference to your Journal. Pray do not think you have put down too much, and pray do not depart from that system of writing it, as nothing could be more concise and intelligible. I cannot express to you the delight with which I read it, for with that strong trust in me on the part of Madame de la Rue—that most indubitable token of the strength of our position, and the power of the Magnetism—how can we despair of anything, or fail to hope for everything! Preserving that, and steadily increasing it (which is my desire and expectation) I do hope and believe that with God's leave the worst parts of her disorder will fall down prostrate, and be crushed the soonest, before it. If she were clairvoyant, or (to say the wildest thing I can think of) if she were omniscient, I should not value the wonder more than I do this gentle Trust of hers in my power to help her—I should not care for it, as a bright star of Hope, half so much. It is an assurance to me that the root of that Tree which shall peacefully shelter your Home for years to come, has struck deep into the Earth; and that the relief she has already experienced in her Mind is hardly to be estimated.

But this last assurance I have from herself. Set down in her own words, and not to be read with dry eyes. It is in that letter which you forwarded to me at Leghorn; and from it, I learn that her *mental* agony has been immensely beyond anything she has ever led you (on whom, she says, she could not bear to bring more sorrow than she could help: having already brought so much) to suppose. She speaks of that, as a thing past. She speaks, with confidence, of her nightly horrors as dreadful trials whose days were numbered—almost as trials already past. It is impossible to imagine the weight of the load she has begun to lay down in this respect, without the affecting knowledge of her grateful heart.

She has now no secret in connexion with the devilish figure; for that chain is utterly broken. That it bound her to the disease, and the disease to her, and that it must have linked her (she says so) in the course of time to Madness, I have no earthly doubt. I cannot yet quite make up my mind, whether the phantom originates in shattered nerves and a system broken by Pain; or whether it is the representative of some great nerve or set of nerves on which her disease has preyed —and begins to loose its hold now, because the disease of those nerves[†1] is itself

attacked by the inexplicable agency of the Magnetism. I think upon the whole, I incline to this last opinion; but I could not make up my mind without more observation of, and more conversation with, herself. I should also like to discuss it, at full length, with you.

However this may be, what I want to impress upon you; and what your affection will, I know, readily see, is this. That figure is so closely connected with the secret distresses of her very soul—and the impression made upon it is so entwined with her confidence and trust in me, and her knowledge of the power of the Magnetism—*that it must not make head again.* From what I know from her, I know there is more danger and delay in one appearance of that figure than in a dozen fits of the severest bodily pain. Believe nothing she says of her capacity of endurance, if the reappearance of that figure should become frequent. Consult that, mainly, and before all other signs. I shudder at the very thought of the precipice on

which she has stood, when that Fancy has persecuted her. If you find her beset by it, induce her to be got to me by one means or other; for there the danger lies so deep, that she herself can hardly probe it, even now.

My dear De la Rue, I have written, or have meant to write, very strongly on this point, for I hold her clue now, and am acquainted with its vast importance. This letter will cross your second, which is already, I hope, on its way to Rome. I will write to you, when I have heard from her and you at that place. I have come to the end of my paper, and to bed time, at the same moment. Very many thanks for your kindness to my pet little sister in law. Best remembrances from Mrs. Dickens. All cordial assurances of friendship and regard From Yours Heartily

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29 JANUARY 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, vii, 368-9, 367-8*n*. *Date:* second extract 29 Jan according to Forster; first extract clearly same letter, since it describes the journey up to that point. *From* Ronciglione.

Describing the journey, he said that before Radicofani[†1] *was reached there were disturbing rumours of bandits*[†2] *and even uncomfortable whispers as to their night's lodging-place.*[†3] I really began to think we might have an adventure; and as I had

brought (like an ass) a bag of napoleons with me from Genoa, I called up all the theatrical ways of letting off pistols that I could call to mind, and was the more disposed to fire them from not having any. *The inhabitants of Radicofani, being all of them beggars, had the habit of swooping down, like so many birds of prey,*[†1] *upon any carriage that approached it.* Can you imagine [Samuel Carter Hall][†2] in a very frowsy brown cloak concealing his whole figure, and with very white hair and a very white beard, darting out of this place with a long staff in his hand, and begging? There he was, whether you can or not; out of breath with the rapidity of his dive, and staying with his staff all the Radicofani boys, that he might fight it out with me alone. It was very wet, and so was I: for I had kept, according to custom, my box-seat. It was blowing so hard that I could scarcely stand; and there was a custom-house[†3] on the spot, besides. Over and above all this, I had no small money; and the brave C never has, when I want it for a beggar. When I had excused myself several times, he suddenly drew himself up and said, with a wizard look (fancy the aggravation of [Hall] as a wizard!) "Do you know what you are doing, my lord? Do you mean to go on, to-day?" "Yes," I said, "I do." "My lord," he said, "do you know that your vetturino is unacquainted with this part of the country; that there is a wind raging on the mountain, which will sweep you away; that the courier, the coach, and all the passengers, were blown from the road last year; and that the danger is great and almost certain?" "No," I said, "I don't." "My lord, you don't understand me, I think?" "Yes I do, d___ you!" nettled by this (you feel it? I confess it). "Speak to my servant. It's his business. Not mine"—for he really was too like [Hall] to be borne. If you could have seen him!—"Santa Maria, these English lords! It's not their business, if they're killed! They leave it to their servants!" He drew off the boys; whispered them to keep away from the heretic; and ran up the hill again, almost as fast as he had come down. He stopped at a little distance as we moved on; and pointing to Roche with his long staff cried loudly after me, "It's *his* business if you're killed, is it, my lord? Ha! ha! ha! whose business is it, when the English lords are born! Ha! ha! ha!" The boys taking it up in a shrill yell, I left the joke and them at this point. But I must

confess that I thought he had the best of it. And he had so far reason for what he urged, that when we got on the mountain pass the wind became terrific, so that we were obliged to take Kate out of the carriage lest she should be blown over, carriage and all, and had ourselves to hang on to it, on the windy side, to prevent its going Heaven knows where![†4]

Do you think, in your state room, when the fog makes your white blinds yellow, and the wind howls in the brick and mortar gulf behind that square

perspective, with a middle distance of two ladder-tops and a back-ground of Drury-lane sky—when the wind howls, I say,—as if its eldest brother, born in Lincoln's-inn-fields, had gone to sea and was making a fortune on the Atlantic—at such times do you ever think of houseless Dick?[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?31 JANUARY 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 369. *Date:* probably the day after their arrival at Rome on 30 Jan.

Describing his arrival in Rome,[†2] *he said that the cloudy sky, dull cold rain and muddy footways, he was prepared for; but not for the long streets of commonplace shops and houses like Paris or any other capital, the busy people, the equipages, the ordinary walkers up and down.* It was no more my Rome, degraded and fallen and lying asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins, than Lincoln's-inn-fields is. So I really went to bed in a very indifferent humour.[†3]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 31 JANUARY 1845*

MS Miss Gladys Storey.

Hotel Meloni,[†4] Rome.
Friday Night Thirty First January | 1845.

My Dear De la Rue.

We arrived here last night; and I received your packet safely, this morning. Very many thanks. I hope that before this reaches you, you will have received a couple of missives from me, over and above that sent from Leghorn.

The weather has been, and is, atrocious. We found this Hotel full to the throat —except one apartment. And what do you say to that apartment having been the very one you occupied when you were here? *I* say there is something Magnetic in it. I didn't know it until just now at dinner, when Roche, my man, came up, red hot, with the intelligence which had transpired in a conversation between himself and Meloni.

We arrived yesterday, just in time for the horse Race. It was very pretty, but uncommonly short. I sneezed as I put my head out of window to look at it; and the whole business was begun and ended during that short convulsion. It was not a strong sneeze either. Quite a mild one.

As to the Masks, of which there were many scores going round and round the Piazza, afoot and in coaches; I must confess that my present impression of their

powers is not a very high one. They were marvellously dull and stupid, so far as I could see.[†1] There have been none today, and there will be none tomorrow (when there is a Festa); but I shall correct my judgment on Monday and Tuesday. I have been to St. Peters,[†2] and to the Coliseum. The former struck me of course, immensely. But the latter is the great sensation. And I never *can* forget it.[†3]

It is lucky for you that I am going to write forthwith to Madame De la Rue—that I may enclose the note in this—or I would have come down upon you with a blaze of description and fancy, worthy of old Di Negro, when he screws his right hand round, and looks out at the corners of those sly old leering Peepers of his, after the manner of the inspired Improvisatori. Heaven send you may never find me in that humour, with opportunity added to it! For I am much longer about it than a Carnival Horse—and am infinitely slower in my pace, I fear.

I don't know the Writings you ask me about. Not at all. I have a kind of sense that I ought to know them. But I don't.

Now to our serious subject.

Madame De la Rue writes cheerfully. But she says in her note (which is very short) "My head is certainly not as *cool* as when I was mesmerized every day,—once or twice I have had the sensation of Fire burning and raging in my head, to a painful degree."

But it is not so much that passage to which I am anxious to call your attention, as this:—

After speaking of the struggle which, she says, she feels must occur with the Bad Spirit, she adds this:

"Do not think me very foolish in again requesting you not to go to St. Trinita di Monti. Although I am so much better, I cannot yet bring myself to believe all I heard and saw there, was a fevered dream. And without, as yet, being able to explain to myself the reason, I dread your going there, without me. I trust I shall soon be able to tell you what has left so fearful an impression, but as yet I find it *impossible.* Heaven preserve me from passing another such day and night as I did then!"

I extract this, to shew you that I did not lay great stress on this creature, in my last, without strong reason. There can be no doubt that her position in reference to it is a very critical one; and that she is now in a state most favorable and advantageous to the best influence The Mesmerism could possibly exert upon her.

Therefore I am more than ever anxious for your news from Geneva.[†4] I shall not fail, in writing to her tonight, to urge her again, to have no secret whatever from me, in connexion with this Fancy; and I shall try to shew her how unwise it is, and how opposed to all my earnest wishes, that she should retain one, hidden

in her breast. Do not lead in any way to the subject, lest she should think (which she would immediately) that I had given you any hint of this. But how unnecessary it is, that I should caution you who know her so well, and have studied and tended her with such delicate and loving care! My dear De la Rue, forgive me.

My agony is, lest any portion of the existing influence should be lost in prolonged separation—and lest that Devil in torturing her, should establish other secret horrors. In that case, how disheartening it would be to us (though I have no doubt of getting the better of them in time, even then) and what dreadful endurance to her!

Suppose—only suppose—it haunted her, night after night, and threatened her with revenge upon herself and upon me, of some prodigious and inconceivable kind, if she resumed the Mesmerism. And suppose *that* became a fixed idea! If it were once rooted in her unselfish and enduring nature, that I could bring the Malice of this Fancy on myself, by trying to heal her; I believe she would rather suffer, and would never tell why.

Could anything of this kind have been in her mind, when she was in that strange state we have so often spoken of, at Brown's one night—and so inconsistently and unaccountably proposed to drop the Mesmerism, of which she had then just begun to feel the Relief and Benefit? It may seem a monstrous idea of mine; but I am staggered[†1] by the possibility of such a thing.

Therefore, once again, I am the more anxious for your news from Geneva. And heartily glad I shall be to hear that it is what we could desire, and what we *do* desire. And if your plans are unfolded in your next letter, and promise to lead you soon this way, it will be one of the most welcome letters I have ever read in my life.

Mrs. Dickens begs to be most cordially and Sincerely remembered to you. I wish, for your sake, I wrote a better hand. But it was a better hand once, before I wrote books. Which must be a great satisfaction to you, no doubt.

Always My Dear de la Rue | Yours most Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

M. De la Rue

February

To CHARLES BODENHAM,[†2] 2 FEBRUARY 1845

Text from N, I, 657.

Hotel Meloni | Sunday Afternoon, Second February 1845

My Dear Sir,

I am much indebted to you for your kind recollection of me, this morning. I was in the act of making myself as clerical as possible,[†3] when your note arrived.

Mrs. Dickens had a very good place (though we were rather late); and we saw

the sight to great advantage. I regret that we missed you, but in a scene of such magnitude and bewilderment, I scarcely hoped to find you.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 4 FEBRUARY 1845*

MS Miss Gladys Storey. *Address* (envelope, MS Berg Collection): A Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Genova.

Rome Tuesday February Fourth 1845.

My Dear De La Rue. I have read your two notes; this morning received; with a more painful interest than usual. But not with the least surprise.

I am decidedly of opinion that the poor housekeeper's condition and all its attendant anxieties have little or nothing to do, in reality, with Madame De La Rue's gradually altering state. You know that from the first I have had a great fear that the influence so recently established, would gradually wear away—I, the cause of the influence, not being present—before the pressure and returning strength of the disorder represented by the bad figure. I believe the influence to be fading fast. She may not distinguish it, herself, from her faith in me, and may think that as long as the latter exists, the former remains with her. But it is not so. The figure is obtaining the ascendant—and will get it, until I can mesmerize her again; when I shall *not* be able to take her up, I fear, at the point where I left her, but shall have to work on to it.

It is a great point that she has conquered her horror of breaking confidence with this shadow, and that she has told me, in this last note, all it said when it broke silence in her bedroom. On the other hand, I cannot but observe that her fear of it is greater than her subservience to me. I find this exemplified in a slight incident, but one which shews it as strongly as a greater circumstance could. She had written me that she would leave the Casino Ball, exactly at One: remembering that I had appointed that hour before: and thinking it would please me. She laid great stress on this, and underlined the words. Notwithstanding this promise and her desire to keep it, her dread of the shadow becomes so great that she utterly disregards her voluntary pledge to me, and remains abroad until the morning is far advanced (as I learn from you) to escape it. I see in this, an increasing power on the part of the figure, beyond all kind of question.

As to what she says of her confidence in not requiring the Magnetism (if need were) until my return to Genoa, we can place no reliance on it whatever. It is merely a piece of that strange inconsistency which we know to be, at times, a part of her state. In the very same packet of letters in which you told me that; she expressed to me a perfect pain of Hope that nothing would prevent your bringing her to Rome.

Thank Heaven your good partner[†1] comes, and you will be able to do so! For

on the beating down of this Phantom—worst symptom of her disorder, and most alarming evidence of its progress and strong hold upon her; mind and body—all depends. I *cannot* beat it down, or keep it down, at a distance. Pursuing that Magnetic power, and being near to her and with her, I believe that I can shiver it like Glass.

I am obliged to write to you in great haste, as this packet must go to Torlonia's[†1] before Rome goes mad—which will be soon after Mid-day.[†2] I shall look, with great impatience, for your letters at Naples. I am full of anxiety for her; and would to God the Holy Week were here.

Always My Dear De la Rue | Yours wholly
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 4 FEBRUARY 1845†

MS Morgan Library.

Rome. Tuesday Fourth February 1845

My Dearest Georgy.

This is a very short note, but time is still shorter. *Come by the first boat, by all means. If there be a good one a day or two before it, come by that.* [†a]In case of any missing, or unforseen[†3] arrival (which is not likely) we shall be at the Vittoria Hotel, Naples. Write to us (by De la Rue as usual) and let us know; if there be time; exactly on what day and by what boat you leave Genoa.[†a] Don't delay on any account. I am very sorry you are not here. The Carnival is a very remarkable, and beautiful sight. I have been regretting the having left you at home, all the way here.

Kate says will you [†b]bring her a box of toothpowder. Anne knows where it is. Also will you[†b] take counsel with Charlotte about colour (I put in my word, as usual, for brightness) and have the darlings bonnets made at once, by the same artist as before. Kate would have written, but is gone, with Black,[†4] to a day-Performance

at the opera, to see Cerito[†1] dance. At two each day, we sally forth in an open Carriage [†c](bearing dear Susan[†2] with us)[†c]—with a *large sack* of sugar plums and at least five hundred little Nosegays, to pelt people with. I should think we threw away yesterday, a thousand of the latter. We had the Carriage filled with flowers, three or four times. I wish you could have seen me catch a Swell Brigand [†d](Mr. Wood,[†3] exactly)[†d] on the nose with a handfull of very large confetti, every time we met him.[†4] It was the best thing I have ever done. The Chimes are nothing to it.

[†e]Best loves to Mamey, Katey, Charley, Walley, and Chickenstalker (whose name, I beg to observe, is written all in one).[†e]

Anxiously expecting you, I am ever
Dear Georgy | Yours most Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

†fMrs. Charles Gibbs.†5 Yours received this morning, of course.†f

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 10 FEBRUARY 1845*

MS Miss Gladys Storey.

Vittoria Hotel,†6 Naples. Monday Night
February Tenth 1845.

My Dear De la Rue.

We were delayed a day longer than I had expected, in Rome; and did not get here, until yesterday Evening.†7 The Steamer which brought me your most welcome Packet arrived at breakfast-time this morning. I saw it coming; and had your letter in my hand, almost as soon as I had shut the telescope, through which I watched it into Port.

I am much concerned that you should think it possible I had the faintest

doubt of the true depth, intensity, and earnestness, of your devotion to Madame De la Rue; or of the affectionate and zealous watch you have kept over her in all her sufferings. Believe me, I admire and feel your constancy under such a trial, scarcely less than hers; and that everything I have seen of you, in reference to her (it has been much, though in a short time) has filled me with a sorrowful pleasure, not easy of expression. When I wrote to you, strongly, on the Great and terrible symptom which is hovering about her, and over which—God be thanked for it!—we know we can exercise great power; I wrote as I felt. As I felt, do I say! Not one twentieth part as strongly as I felt, and feel. For the mystery of her mind in connexion with this Phantom, was then just opening to me. And the vast extent of the danger by which I saw she was beset, made me clench the pen as if it were an iron rod—Made me use it too, as clumsily as if it were a poker, when it became the instrument of conveying such a wrong and groundless idea to you.

My full reasons for entertaining this fervid opinion of the necessity of following up the blow that has been struck at this worst symptom of her state, I cannot give you. For she makes a condition with me that I shall not, *until*—she looks forward, you see, to being quite composed upon the subject, one day—*until* she gives me leave. Under the impression that with all your anxious care you might not know what she had kept hidden so fearfully in her breast, I wrote as I did. With no other grain of meaning or intention my dear friend, believe me.

I think it possible, even now—I think it probable, indeed—that as the time approaches for your journey to Rome, she may raise objections, and be disinclined to go. The more she shews this state of mind, the greater the danger is, and the more urgent and imperative the necessity for her being *brought*—I underline the word "brought" to express—by your determination. You feel with me, I know.

Observe, my dear De la Rue. On Sunday the Second, she confesses to you that she feels stronger against the figures, now that the journey is decided on. That night, she sees the Figure, and apparently overcomes it. But before it disappears, it says something, which she does not distinctly hear. *On the next*

day, she vaguely damps the ardour of your preparations for the journey. I strongly incline, with you, to the belief that trying in the interval to put together what scattered words she heard the figure say, she joined and dovetailed them into some threat, having reference to her venturing to undertake the journey. And I think you will always find that her otherwise unaccountable indisposition to go, manifests itself, *after* an interview with this Phantom. That her own heart is set on going—that her whole being is full of the most earnest hope and expectation of relief that all her wishes tend that way—I know. In this very last letter, received to day, she speaks of it with greater Earnestness than ever. With an earnestness that seems to make her hand tremble as she writes.

In my two last letters—I mean the last of the two from Rome, and that just written from here, and to be enclosed in this—I have battled this point, with the greatest perseverance and doggedness I could use. I have told her that she must set no store whatever, by anything this creature says. That it is in its Nature a false thing—an unreal creation; a lie of her eyes and Ears—and cannot speak the Truth. That if it could speak the Truth, it couldn't *be,* at all. That if I could call

it up, when she and I were together, and could represent it as letting fall the Blade of a Guillotine upon my head, I would do so, and would have her look on immoveably: triumphant in the conviction that it was a powerless shadow. That if she thinks, for a moment, it could hurt me; she cannot have faith and trust in me, and I must magnetize her, 'till I win them in reality—&c&c. Anticipating what may happen.

The Magnetism between us on that Sunday, is especially remarkable—if I can call anything so, which is a part of such a strange and mysterious whole.

The *Tuesday,* on which she was so restless, was the day on which I last wrote to you, I think. It was the last day of the Carnival in any case; and I was out, in the streets, all the afternoon. I was not very gay, certainly; but I was not unusually gloomy. I am not quite sure whether it was on that night or on Monday, that I woke up suddenly, about one or two o'Clock, in a state of indescribable horror and emotion. Not caused by any dream, for I had not dreamed. And when I say "woke up", I don't express it properly; for I was quite myself when I awoke, and the feeling came on, immediately afterwards, when I was broad awake. It was so intense that I was obliged to get up, and walk about, and light the candles. I could almost swear this happened on the Tuesday Night, but I am not quite sure, and cannot fix it, by any helping circumstance. I thought continually about her, both awake and asleep, on the nights of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. And it is remarkable that I don't dream of her, in the ordinary sense; but merely have an anxiety about her, and a sense of her being somehow a part of me, as I have when I am awake.—It turns me quite cold to think, with a start, that this *may* have been on *Wednesday*! I cannot find out at this moment, but I will do so, and tell you when I am quite certain.

I quite agree with you in your construction of that extraordinary circumstance about the voices in the sick-room. It is a philosophical explanation of many Ghost Stories. Though it is hardly less chilling than a Ghost-Story itself. There is no reasonable doubt that the woman received the impression magnetically from Madame De la Rue.

I shall hope to hear from you again (and shall rely on doing so) by my little Mrs. Gibbs. I will write by the next Steamer after that; and if there be a boat in two or three days from this time, I will write a line to Madame De la Rue, without waiting for Mrs. G's arrival.

A capital apartment (though at the top of the house) secured for *us*[†1] at Meloni's! I purpose returning there, on the first of March; and leaving here, four *days* beforehand, at most. The exact day of leaving here, I will tell you in my next. Besides other letters to this place, I shall hear from you, of course, at Rome, before you start, and when you start. Write as often as possible—and do not think you can write at too great length. I shall be glad to arrange with you, for catching Madame de la Rue with a joyful note, upon the road; and also for making a false appointment for meeting you, and coming on her sooner than we agree upon.

Of all the walks and talks we shall have together—and the sights we shall see together—and our merry journey home together—and our weighty conversation

(yours and mine I mean) about our summer plans, and how we can best arrange to pursue the great end before us, steadily, to *its* end: of which I am constantly thinking—I dare say nothing, now, lest the clocks of Rome and Naples should stand still for a Month to come. But when I think of your coming to Rome, and of Madame de la Rue growing day by day and week by week, better in health, quieter in mind, happier in everything; when I picture her restored to peace and rest, with nothing lingering and cankering in her breast to make her nights hideous and her days weary; I feel such enthusiasm at work within me, that every hour's postponement is an hour of heaviness. Mrs. Clive the actress said of Garrick[†1] (crying at his Lear) that she believed he could act a Gridiron. When I think of all that lies before us, I have a perfect conviction that I could magnetize a Frying-Pan.

I don't know the American Gentleman—God forgive me for putting two such words together!—whose name you mention. I never heard of him. Do you know what the population of the United States is?—I forget the figures myself, but I will answer for it, that every man and boy in the sum total knows me intimately. I never heard of an American, since I was in "our country",[†2] who didn't.

Too much set upon the one subject tonight, my dear De la Rue, to tell you anything about our travels! Except that as we came South, it got colder and colder. That yesterday it was painfully and bitingly cold! That the night before last, the Fleas (at a place called Saint Agata) really overdid the thing, and sowed themselves, like self-acting mustard and cress, in my flannel dressing-gown. That I find myself perpetually stopping in public places to scratch myself, like a Dog. And that when I listen very hard outside my Portmanteau, I think I can distinctly hear them, leaping up inside the lid, and knocking their heads against it.

Ever believe me [†a]though—With them or without
them (if I ever should be
again)[†a]
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Here is a letter for Charley, and two (English) for the Post.

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 FEBRUARY 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, vii, 369-70 and *n*. *Date:* first extract 11 February according to Forster; second extract probably same letter, since so placed by Forster. *From* Naples.

He had found the wonderful aspects of Rome before he left; for loneliness and grandeur of ruin nothing could transcend the southern side of the Campagna. But farther and

farther south the weather had become worse; the only bright sky he had seen was just as the sun was coming up across the sea at Terracina. Of which place, a beautiful one, you can get a very good idea by imagining something as totally unlike the scenery in *Fra Diavolo*[†1] as possible. *He thought the bay less striking at Naples than at Genoa, the shape of the latter being more perfect in its beauty, and the smaller size enabling you to see it all at once, and feel it more like an exquisite picture. He disliked the city.* The condition of the common people here is abject and shocking. I am afraid the conventional idea of the picturesque is associated with such misery and degradation that a new picturesque will have to be established as the world goes onward. Except Fondi,[†2] there is nothing on earth that I have seen so dirty as Naples. I don't know what to liken the streets to where the mass of the lazzaroni live. You recollect that favourite pigstye of mine near Broadstairs? They are more like streets of such apartments heaped up story on story, and tumbled house on house, than anything else I can think of, at this moment.

In Naples, the burying place of the poor people is a great paved yard with three hundred and sixty-five pits in it: every one covered by a square stone which is fastened down. One of these pits is opened every night in the year; the bodies of the pauper dead are collected in the city; brought out in a cart (like that I told you of at Rome);[†3] and flung in, uncoffined. Some lime is then cast down into the pit; and it is sealed up until a year is past, and its turn again comes round. Every night there is a pit opened; and every night that same pit is sealed up again, for a twelvemonth. The cart has a red lamp attached, and at about ten o'clock at night you see it glaring through the streets of Naples: stopping at the doors of hospitals and prisons, and such places, to increase its freight: and then rattling off again. Attached to the new cemetery (a very pretty one, and well kept: immeasurably better in all respects than Père-la-Chaise) there is another similar yard, but not so large.[†4] . . . About Naples, the dead are borne along the street, uncovered, on an open bier; which is sometimes hoisted on a sort of palanquin, covered with a cloth of scarlet and gold.[†5] This exposure of the deceased is not peculiar to that part of Italy; for about midway between Rome and Genoa we encountered a funeral procession attendant on the body of a woman, which was presented in its usual dress, to my eyes (looking from my elevated seat on the box of a travelling carriage) as if she were alive, and resting on her bed. An attendant priest was chanting lustily—and as badly as the priests invariably do. Their noise is horrible.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 14 FEBRUARY 1845*

MS Berg Collection.

Naples. | Friday Morning February Fourteenth 1845.

My Dear De la Rue.

I have but a moment. The Castore[†1] is going suddenly.—My little Pet,[†2] just arrived, and safely.—Your journal full of interest—Madame De la Rue, sliding fast back—Good God, how glad I am, you made your arrangements in good time!

We will see everything when you come—and do everything—and talk about everything. We leave here for Rome (by the Monte Cassino road) on the 24th.[†3] arriving there, on the 1st.—I was desperately mindful of my Patient yesterday and the day before. Intensely so, last night. I half expect some reason for it in your next Journal.

Ever Yours at heart

CD.

To DOUGLAS CHEAPE,[†4] 15 FEBRUARY 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Vittoria Hotel Naples | Saturday Fifteenth February 184

My dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to say that we are engaged on Monday—and indeed for every day during the short remainder of our stay here—otherwise it would have afforded both Mrs. Dickens and myself the greatest pleasure to have accepted your kind Invitation.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Cheape Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, 17 and 22 FEBRUARY 1845

Text from MDGH, I, 136-41, with some readings from extracts in unidentified catalogue at Eastgate House, Rochester.

Naples, Monday, February 17th, 1845.

My dear Mitton,

This will be a hasty letter, for I am as badly off in this place as in America—

beset by visitors at all times and seasons, and forced to dine out every day.[†1] I have found, however, an excellent man for me—an Englishman, who has lived here many years, and is well acquainted with *the*

people, whom he doctored in the bad time of the cholera, when the priests and everybody else fled in terror.[†2]

Under his auspices, I have got to understand the low life of Naples (among the Fishermen and Idlers) almost as well as I do[†3] the do. do. of my own country; always excepting the language, which is very peculiar and extremely difficult, and would require a year's constant practice at least. It is no more like Italian than English is to Welsh. And as they don't say half of what they mean, but make a wink or a kick stand for a whole sentence, it's a marvel to me how they comprehend each other. At Rome they speak beautiful Italian (I am pretty strong at that, I believe); but they are worse here than in Genoa, which I had previously thought impossible.

It is a fine place, but nothing like so beautiful as people make it out to be. The famous bay is, to my thinking, as a piece of scenery, immeasurably inferior to the Bay of Genoa, which is the most lovely thing I have ever seen. The city, in like manner, will bear no comparison with Genoa. But there is none in Italy that will, except Venice. As to houses, there is no palace like the Peschiere for architecture, situation, gardens, or rooms. It is a great triumph to me, too, to find how cheap it is. At Rome, the English people live in dirty little fourth, fifth, and sixth floors, with not one room as large as your own drawing-room, and pay, commonly, seven or eight pounds a week.

I was a week in Rome on my way here, and saw the Carnival, which is perfectly delirious, and a great scene for a description. All the ancient part of Rome is wonderful and impressive in the extreme, far beyond the possibility of exaggeration. As to the modern part, it might be anywhere or anything—Paris, Nice, Boulogne, Calais, or one of a thousand other places.

The weather is so atrocious (rain, snow, wind, darkness, hail, and cold) that I can't get over into Sicily. But I don't care very much about it, as I have planned out ten days of excursion into the neighbouring country.[†4] One thing of course—the ascent of Vesuvius, Herculaneum and Pompeii, the two cities which were covered by its melted ashes, and dug out in the first instance accidentally, are more full of interest and wonder than it is possible to imagine. I have heard of some ancient tombs (quite unknown to travellers) dug in the bowels of the earth,

and extending for some miles underground. They are near a place called Viterbo,[†1] on the way from Rome to Florence. I shall lay in a small stock of torches, etc., and explore them when I leave Rome. I return there on the 1st of March, and shall stay there nearly a month.

Saturday, February 22nd.—Since I left off as above, I have been away on an excursion of three days. Yesterday, leaving[†2] at four o'clock, we began (a small party of six) the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, with six saddle-horses,[†3] an armed soldier for a guard, and twenty-two guides. The latter rendered necessary by the severity of the weather, which is greater than has been known for twenty years, and has covered the precipitous part of the mountain with deep snow, the surface of which is glazed[†4] with one smooth sheet of ice from the top of the cone to the bottom. By starting at that hour I intended to get the sunset about halfway up, and night at the top, where the fire is raging. It was an inexpressibly lovely night without a cloud; and when the day was quite gone, the moon (within a few hours of the full) came proudly

up, showing the sea, and the Bay of Naples, and the whole country, in such majesty as no words can express. We rode to the beginning of the snow and then dismounted. Catherine and Georgina were put into two litters, just chairs with poles, like those in use in England on the 5th of November; and a fat Englishman, who was of the party, was hoisted into a third, borne by eight men. I was accommodated with a tough stick, and we began to plough our way up. The ascent was as steep as this line /—very nearly perpendicular.[†5] We were all tumbling at every step; and looking up and seeing the people in advance tumbling over one's very head, and looking down and seeing hundreds of feet of smooth ice below, was, I must confess, anything but agreeable. However, I knew there was little chance of another clear night before I eave this, and gave the word to get up, somehow or other. So on we went, winding a little now and then, or we should not have got on at all. By prodigious exertions we passed the region of snow, and came into that of fire—desolate and awful, you may well suppose. It was like working one's way through a dry waterfall, with every mass of stone burnt and charred into enormous cinders, and smoke and sulphur bursting out of every chink and crevice, so that it was difficult to breathe. High before us, bursting out of a hill at the top of the mountain, shaped like this , the fire was pouring out, reddening the night with flames, blackening it with smoke, and spotting it with red-hot stones and cinders that fell down again in showers.[†6] At every step everybody fell, now into a hot

chink, now into a bed of ashes, now over a mass of cindered iron; and the confusion in the darkness (for the smoke obscured the moon in this part), and the quarrelling and shouting and roaring of the guides; and the waiting every now and then for somebody who was not to be found, and was supposed to have tumbled[†1] into some pit or other, made such a scene of it as I can give you no idea of. My ladies were now on foot, of course; but we dragged them on as well as we could (they were thorough game,[†2] and didn't make the least complaint), until we got to the foot of that topmost hill I have drawn so beautifully. Here we all stopped; but the head guide, an English gentleman of the name of Le Gros[†3]—who has been here many years, and has been up the mountain a hundred times—and your humble servant, resolved (like jackasses) to climb that hill to the brink, and look down into the crater itself. You may form some notion of what is going on inside it, when I tell you that it is a hundred feet higher than it was six weeks ago. The sensation of struggling up it, choked with the fire and smoke, and feeling at every step as if the crust of ground between one's feet and the gulf of fire would crumble in and swallow one up (which is the real danger), I shall remember for some little time, I think. But we did it. We looked down into the flaming bowels of the mountain and came back again, alight in half-a-dozen places, and burnt from head to foot. You never saw such devils. And *I* never saw anything so awful and terrible.

Roche had been tearing his hair like a madman, and crying that we should all three be killed, which made the rest of the company very comfortable, as you may suppose. But we had some wine in a basket, and all swallowed a little of that and a great deal of sulphur before we began to descend. The usual way, after the fiery part is past—you will understand that to be all the flat top of the mountain, in the centre of which, again, rises the little hill I have drawn—is to slide down the ashes, which, slipping from under you, make a gradually increasing ledge under your feet, and prevent your going too fast. But when we came to this steep place last night, we found nothing there but one smooth solid sheet of ice. The only way to get down was for the guides to make a chain, holding by each other's hands, and beat a narrow track in it into the snow below with their sticks. My two unfortunate ladies were taken out of their litters again, with half-

a-dozen men hanging on to each, to prevent their falling forward; and we began to descend this way. It was like a tremendous dream. It was impossible to stand, and the only way to prevent oneself from going sheer down the precipice, every time one fell, was to drive one's stick into one of the holes the guides had made, and hold on by that. Nobody could pick one up, or stop one, or render one the least assistance. Now, conceive my horror, when this Mr. Le Gros I have mentioned, being on one side of Georgina and I on the other, suddenly staggers away from the narrow path on to the smooth ice, gives us a jerk, lets go, and plunges headforemost down the smooth ice into the black night, five hundred

feet below! Almost at the same instant, a man far behind, carrying a light basket on his head with some of our spare cloaks in it, misses his footing and rolls down in another place; and after him, rolling over and over like a black bundle, goes a boy, shrieking as nobody but an Italian can shriek, until the breath is tumbled out of him.

The Englishman is in bed to-day, terribly bruised but without any broken bones. He was insensible at first and a mere heap of rags; but we got him before the fire, in a little hermitage there is halfway down, and he so far recovered as to be able to take some supper, which was waiting for us there. The boy was brought in with his head tied up in a bloody cloth, about half an hour after the rest of us were assembled. And the man who had had the basket was not found when we left the mountain at midnight. What became of the cloaks (mine was among them) I know as little. My ladies' clothes were so torn off their backs that they would not have been decent, if there could have been any thought of such things at such a time. And when we got down to the guides' house, we found a French surgeon (one of another party who had been up before us) lying on a bed in a stable, with God knows what horrible breakage about him, but suffering acutely and looking like death. A pretty unusual trip for a pleasure expedition,[†1] I think!

I am rather stiff to-day but am quite unhurt, except a slight scrape on my right hand. My clothes are burnt to pieces. My ladies are the wonder of Naples, and everybody is open-mouthed.

Address me as usual. All letters are forwarded. The children well and happy. Best regards.

Ever faithfully

C.D.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 FEBRUARY 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, vii, 370, 370*n*. *Date:* second extract "Naples, 2nd February, 1845" according to Forster—impossible, since CD did not reach Naples until 9 Feb; probably a mistake for 22 Feb, as he would certainly send Forster an account of Vesuvius, and "English letters" already written are mentioned in *To* de la Rue, 23-25 Feb; first extract "a later letter" than 11 Feb according to Forster; probably same letter as second extract.

What would I give that you should see the lazzaroni as they really are—mere squalid, abject, miserable animals for vermin to batten on; slouching, slinking, ugly, shabby, scavenging scarecrows! And of the raffish counts and more than doubtful countesses, the noodles and the blacklegs,[†2] the good society! And oh the miles of miserable streets and wretched occupants, to which Saffron-hill or the Borough-mint

is a kind of small gentility, which are found to be so picturesque by English lords and ladies; to whom the wretchedness left behind at home is

lowest of the low, and vilest of the vile, and commonest of all common things.[†1] Well! well! I have often thought that one of the best chances of immortality for a writer is in the Death of his language, when he immediately becomes good company; and I often think here,—What *would* you say to these people, milady and milord, if they spoke out of the homely dictionary of your own "lower orders."

Thackeray praises the people of Italy for being kind to brutes.[†2] There is probably no country in the world where they are treated with such frightful cruelty. It is universal.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 23 and 25 FEBRUARY 1845*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* M. Emile De la Rue.

Naples. Sunday Twenty Third February 1845.

My Dear De la Rue.

We have been away from here for three or four days—at Pæstum. We took Vesuvius on our way back—in the only perfectly clear weather I have seen since we left Genoa, and on the night before that on which the Moon was at the full. We began the ascent at 4 o'Clock in the afternoon, and came down at Midnight. The coming down was extremely difficult and dangerous; the ashes lying deep under Snow and Ice, and the whole side of the Cone being like a smooth sheet of Glass. A Guide was much hurt; and an English Gentleman fell head foremost down the whole side of the Cone. He has been in bed ever since, greatly bruised but in no wise dangerously hurt. A french gentleman, one of a party who were an hour or so in advance of us, was not so fortunate. When we got down to the Guide's house, we found him stretched on a litter in a stable, with some horrible breakage about him, and looking like Death. He could not be moved, or I would have brought him back to Naples in my carriage.

My ladies were perfectly "Game", and covered themselves with Glory. They had need to cover themselves with something, for their clothes were literally torn off their backs, and hanging in Rags about them. The Mountain is blazing away prodigiously; the little crater at the top being one hundred feet higher than it was, six weeks ago. I burnt my clothes off my back by climbing up to the top of it, on the windy side (with the English Gentleman before mentioned and Salvatore the head Guide, while the twenty five assistant Guides were roaring and yelling that we should be killed) and looking down into the flaming Hell below. The red hot ashes were falling in showers; and the noise and fire, and smoke, and sulphur, made me feel as if I were dead drunk. To which effect, the trembling crust of ground below my feet, contributed, no doubt.

It is a tremendous sight. Awful and terrible indeed. Between the stately moon, and the fire, and the black smoke, and the white Snow, and the red going-down

of the Sun, there was a combination of Lights and Shadows upon it, such as I could never have imagined. It is more terrible than Niagara: the effect of which (to me at least) is peacefully and gently solemn, as the happy deaths of ten thousand people, without pain or blood, might be.[†1] But the two things are as different in the impression they produce as—in short as fire and water are, which I suppose is the long and the short of it.

The weather has been bad, and very cold. But we have been here and there, and everywhere. Among other places to the Teatro San Carlino,[†2] where there is the most extraordinary acting I ever beheld. As an exact copy of the life out of doors; set before one without much art—not heightened here, and kept out of view there, but presented broadly and plainly as the real thing itself is—it is quite wonderful.

Naples itself, rather—very slightly—disappoints me. I don't think the Bay so beautiful a picture as the Bay of Genoa. Its shape is not so easily made out and understood; and the effect of the hills is dissipated by its great size. Neither is the out-of-door life half so picturesque and uncommon as our travelling wiseacres are fond of making it. Herculaneum and Pompeii have impressed me beyond all description. I couldn't say how much, if I had the power of forty Gaberels[†3] rolled into one.

Your Journal proceeds as I expected it would. I have no doubt the shadows will thicken more and more, until you start. But I hardly imagine they will be *very* troublesome on the journey; though I have no doubt it will be a trying time for Madame De la Rue. I have not observed the hour from eleven to twelve, for sometime—for twelve days; being curious to see whether she became at all worse at that time, after I left off. I have not told her this, in my note.

I live in the hope that you start on thethird. And I take it for granted that when you write to me, on the road, you will address me at Meloni's, so that I may get the letters straight. I felt last night, between 11 and 12 o'Clock, as if Madame De la Rue were alarmed and uneasy. Very suddenly; as I was writing letters to England; this idea took possession of me. I felt so very uncomfortable, that I shut my desk and went to bed. Where was she, and how was she, I wonder!

On the day you come to Rome, you will start in the morning from Ronciglione, will you not? Let me know where you come from, and at what hour. I will leave Rome on horseback, at about the same hour; and meet you, as near as possible, *halfway*. When you have made half your distance therefore, look out for a Gallant Figure, apparently possessing an angelic Nature. All others are counterfeits.

I have always forgotten to tell you that I read French as easily as English; and that if it be pleasanter to you to write in that language (though I can hardly think it; you write English so well) it is all one to me. I am afraid I have lost a steamer in being away at Pæstum; and am in a state of irritable impatience to

shut this packet up. As if closing it and getting it to you were one and the same thing!

Will you Post these English letters for me; and charge yourself with the small correspondence for the Peschiere?

Madame De la Rue's last letter to me was full of hope and impatience in reference to Rome; but was remarkably incoherent and unconnected. So much so, that I could scarcely make out, here and there, what she really had in her mind. I am very feverishly looking for the next Packet; and have damned it so much that I begin to fear it is going to revenge itself by not coming at all. My mind misgives me that she must have had a bad attack, after this long interval. The tenth of March, the tenth of March, the tenth of March!

Ever My dear De la Rue, Heartily Yours,

CD.

—I won't sign my name at full length, because I haven't room for the Flourish.

Tuesday 25th.—The weather is so very bad, my dear De la Rue; and the boat after 2 postponements, seems still so uncertain in its departure (as the Leopoldo is in its long expected and long-protracted arrival) that I have taken my English letters out of this Packet, and sent them by the Land Post today.

Ever Yours

CD.

To C. E. COTTERELL,[†1] 25 FEBRUARY 1845*

MS Mitchell Library, Sydney. *Address:* Al Sigr. | Sigr. C. E. Cotterell.

Vittoria | Twenty Fifth February 1845

My Dear Sir

I thank you very much for your kind letter, and its enclosures.

I am horrified to find that my Servant has despatched Le Gros' book to Capua in the carriage, along with many other volumes that usually have a place there. I will not fail to return it to you, carefully, by the railroad.

Nor will I forget to make you better acquainted with the principles on which the School we spoke of (Bruce Castle,[†2] Tottenham) is conducted. But I shall not be able to do so, before I reach Genoa.[†3]

Let me assure you that I would infinitely rather be a familiar star to you, than a distantly glorious one; and that I have had sincere pleasure in our frank and unaffected intercourse.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth unite with me in best regards to Mrs. Cotterell, and I am always My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

C. E. Cotterell Esquire.

March

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2 MARCH 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 370-1. *Date:* CD was back at Rome on Sunday 2 Mar (the expected date) according to Forster, who says, "Sad news from me as to a common and very dear friend[†1] awaited him there"; CD would naturally write at once.

No philosophy will bear these dreadful things, or make a moment's head against them, but the practical one of doing all the good we can, in thought and deed. While we can, God help us! ourselves stray from ourselves so easily; and there are all around us such frightful calamities besetting the world in which we live; nothing else will carry us through it. . . . What a comfort to reflect on what you tell me.[†2] Bulwer Lytton's conduct is that of a generous and noble-minded man,[†3] as I have ever thought him. Our dear good Procter too! And Thackeray—how earnest they have all been! I am very glad to find you making special mention of Charles Lever.[†4] I am glad over every name you write.[†5] It says

something for our pursuit, in the midst of all its miserable disputes and jealousies, that the common impulse of its followers, in such an instance as this, is surely and certainly of the noblest.

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 MARCH 1845]

Extracts in F, 1872-4, II, v, 91-2*n*; F, IV, vi, 359-60*n*. *Date:* first extract 9 Mar according to Forster; second extract "four months later" than 17 Nov 44, clearly before CD left Rome *c.* 25 Mar, and since also concerned with pictures, likely to be same letter.

None of the books are unaffected and true but Simond's, which charms me more and more by its boldness, and its frank exhibition of that rare and admirable quality which enables a man to form opinions for himself without a miserable and slavish reference to the pretended opinions of other people.[†1] His notices of the leading pictures enchant me. They are so perfectly just and faithful, and so whimsically shrewd.[†2]

The most famous of the oil paintings in the Vatican[†3] you know through the medium of the finest line-engravings in the world;[†4] and as to some of them I much doubt, if you had seen them with me, whether you might not think you had lost little in having only known them hitherto in that translation. Where the drawing is poor and meagre, or alloyed by time,—it is so, and it must be, often; though no doubt it is a heresy to hint at such a thing,—the engraving presents the forms and the idea to you, in a simple majesty which such defects impair. Where this is not the case, and all is stately and harmonious, still it is somehow in the very grain and nature of a delicate engraving to suggest to you (I think) the utmost delicacy, finish, and refinement, as belonging to the original. Therefore, though the Picture in this latter case will greatly charm and interest you, it does not take you by surprise. You are quite prepared beforehand for the fullest

excellence of which it is capable.[†1] *He thought the paintings in private palaces*[†2] *seen to greater advantage than those in galleries; because in numbers not so large as to distract attention or confuse the eye.* There are portraits innumerable by Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt and Vandyke; heads by Guido, and Domenichino, and Carlo Dolci; subjects by Raphael, and Correggio, and Murillo, and Paul Veronese, and Salvator; which it would be difficult indeed to praise too highly, or to praise enough.[†3] It is a happiness to me to think that they cannot be felt, as they should be felt, by the profound connoisseurs who fall into fits upon the longest notice and the most unreasonable terms. Such tenderness and grace, such noble elevation, purity, and beauty, so shine upon me from some well-remembered spots in the walls of these galleries, as to relieve my tortured memory from legions of whining friars and waxy holy families. I forgive, from the bottom of my soul, whole orchestras of earthy angels, and whole groves of St. Sebastians stuck as full of arrows according to pattern as a lying-in pincushion is stuck with pins.[†4] And I am in no humour to quarrel even with that priestly infatuation, or priestly doggedness of purpose, which persists in reducing every mystery of our religion to some literal development in paint and canvas, equally repugnant to the reason and the sentiment of any thinking man.

To MRS MACREADY, 10 MARCH 1845

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Mrs. Macready. | 5 Clarence Terrace | Regents Park | London.

Rome, Monday Tenth March 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Macready

More in recollection of your two welcome notes, heartily received and blushingly unanswered, than as one labouring under the delusion of having anything to say, I append my Sign-Manual to the highly illegible letter of my worser half.[†5] I was so cold after leaving you and dear Macready in Paris, that I was taken out of the coach at Marseilles (it was sixteen hours behind its time) in a perfectly torpid state, and was at first supposed to be luggage. But the Porter's not being able to find any direction upon me, led to a further examination; and what the newspapers call, "the vital spark", was finally discovered twinkling under a remote corner of the travelling-shawl, which you were pleased to approbate—love the word; it belongs to our dear and enlightened friends the Great American People—in the Hotel Brighton.

After that, I passed three days of waking nightmare at Marseilles. I think it was three. It may have been two, but I crowded into the space, the noisome

smells of a patriarchal life. After that, I was so horribly ill on board a steamboat that I should have made my Will if I had had anything to leave—but I had only the basin; and I couldn't leave that, for a moment. That suffering over, I rushed into the arms of my expectant family. Their happiness is more easily conceived than described. You know me; and will paint the Picture for yourself.

I was greatly distressed to hear from you that you had been so unwell in Paris. What *can* have been the matter with you? I laid down your note, and thought of all manner of possibilities[†1]—My particular love to my Godson.

Sometimes I have a terrible apprehension that Macready, conscience-stricken beyond endurance by the reflection that he has never written a word to me of his triumphs and projects (I have a great desire to know his secret mind upon the latter head)[†2] will play the Roman Fool,[†3] and die upon the Jewelled Dagger the French King gave him.[†4] Adjure him to be of good-cheer. My forgiveness and blessing are enclosed.

How anxiously I look forward to finding myself once again in the dining parlor at Clarence Terrace—just the old, snug, little party of *ourselves*—I should vainly try to say, though I wrote a quire! But Midsummer, please God, will find us all together—well and happy—and mainly so, in our mutual friendship and attachment.

In any case, as poor Power[†5] used to say *I*'m mutual. And I am sure you are too—though you Do attack me sometimes.

When Willy has finished his Complete Guide to Paris and its Environs, I shall be happy to edit the Book, and to preface it with some account of the author, founded on a personal correspondence with him in that Capital.[†6] With best regards to Miss Macready, and all the Pets, I am ever My Dear Mrs. Macready Faithfully Your friend CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 MARCH 1845

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Rome Eighteenth March 1845.

My Dear Miss Coutts. I am very much afraid that the date of this letter will contrast, to my disadvantage, with the date of Twelfth Night, which you made a proud night for Charley in Genoa, and a happy night to me in the more secret quarter of my own breast, by your kind and generous remembrance. But I have been so constantly and incessantly on the wing since that great finale of the Christmas Holidays; and have been so cold, and so wet, and so muddy, and so everything which is currently supposed to be incompatible with Italy—and have been into such extraordinary places, and have eaten such unaccountable meals, and have slept in such incredible beds, and have led, altogether, such a wildly preposterous life—that I have not had the heart to write to you, lest my letter, partaking in some degree of the character of my existence, should be of too vagabond a nature for delivery at your door.

Before I left Genoa, I had all the knives locked up: fearing that Charley would otherwise, in the excitement of his feelings, lay hands upon a sharp one, and do himself a mischief—I don't mean with any evil design upon his life, but in the endeavour to make a pen wherewith to write a note to you. The intention was so very active within him that I should have allowed him to gratify it, but for his writing

being something large for the Foreign Post, which, at his rate of penmanship, would hardly carry more than his name. But I gave him a solemn promise that I would thank you twenty thousand times. That I would report him tolerant of Italian life and manners, but not attached to them: yielding a strong preference to those of his own country. That I would say, he never could forget his ride with you to Hampstead. That I should tell you that such a thing as a Twelfth Cake was never seen in Genoa before; and that when it went to a Swiss Pastry-Cook's in that City, to have the sugar repaired (it was a very little chipped at one corner) it was *exhibited* to the principal Inhabitants, as a wonder and marvel. That I would give his love and his sisters' loves to "that lady",[†1] and would add that I had at length succeeded in impressing on their minds the great truth that she didn't always live in bed. That I would say, that he looked forward to coming with me to see and thank you, on our return to England. And that I would be sure to tell you a great deal more, which I will not inflict upon you on any account.

The weather has been atrocious, ever since I returned from England at Christmas. I do not think I ever felt it so cold as between this place and Naples, about a Month ago. Between Naples and Paestum too, three weeks ago; with a cold North wind blowing over Mountains covered with Snow; it was quite intolerable. Within the last three days, there have been glimpses of Spring. I will not say more, in the fulness of my heart; for experience has taught me that tomorrow may be deep Winter again. I have certainly seen more Sun in England, between the end of December and the middle of March, than I have seen in

Italy in that time. And for violent and sudden changes, there is surely no country in the world, more remarkable than this. When it *is* fine (as people say) it is very fine—so beautiful, that the really good days blot out the recollection of the bad ones. But I do honestly believe that it is not oftener fine here, than it is elsewhere; and that we are far better off at home in that respect, than anything short of the Rack, would induce most people to confess.

In the mass, I like the common people of Italy, very much—the Neapolitans least of all; the Romans next, for they are fierce and brutal. Not falling on very good specimens of the higher orders, in the beginning, I have not pursued that Enquiry. I have had no leisure to do so, if I had had the inclination, so I have avoided them as much as possible, and have kept the greater part of my letters of introduction in my own desk. Florence I have not yet seen: intending to take it, next week,[†1] on my way back to Genoa. But of all the places I *have* seen, I like Venice, Genoa, and Verona, most. The Bay of Genoa has charms, in my eyes, which the Bay of Naples wants. The City of Genoa is very picturesque and beautiful. And the house we live in, is really like a Palace in a Fairy Tale.

I cannot remember, to my satisfaction, whether you were ever at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Though my impression is, that I have heard you speak of them. The interest and wonder of those ruined places, far exceeded my utmost expectations. Venice was such a splendid Dream to me, that I can never speak of it,—from sheer inability to describe its effect upon my mind. The ancient parts of Rome, and a portion of the Campagna, are *what I meant* when I came here; the rest a little below my imaginary mark, and very unlike it. The Coliseum by daylight, moonlight, torchlight, and every sort of light, most stupendous and awful. Saint Peters not so impressive within, as many Cathedrals I have seen at home. The great altar, and the state entrance to the Subterranean Church, might be Rundell and Bridge's[†2] show-room.

And the canopies, hangings, and carpets (of all sorts of reds and greens) now hung up, and put down, for the Holy-Week Ceremonies,[†3] have the effect of an enormous Bon-bon. Before which, and round which, and in and out of which, they are perpetually carrying the poor old Pope about on men's shoulders, like a Gorgeous Guy Faux.[†4]

The drollest thing I have seen, is a daily gathering of Artists' "Models" on the steps of a church near the house (Meloni's Hotel) in which we live: where they dispose themselves in conventionally picturesque attitudes, and wait to be hired as Sitters. The first time I went up there, I could *not* conceive how their faces were familiar to me—how they seemed to have bored me, for many years, in every variety of action and costume—and to come back upon my sight as perfect nightmares. At last it flashed upon me all at once that we had made acquaintance, and improved it, on the walls of the Royal Academy. So we had indeed. And there is not one among them whom you wouldn't know, at first sight, as well as the Statue at Charing Cross. The most aggravating of the party is a dismal old patriarch, with very long white hair and beard, who carries a great staff in his

hand: which staff has been faithfully copied at the Exhibition in all its twists and knots, at least once through the Catalogue. He is the venerable model. Another man in a sheepskin, who always lies asleep in the Sun (when there is any) is the Pastoral Model. Another man in a brown cloak who leans against a wall with his arms folded, is the assassin Model. Another man who looks over his shoulder and always seems to be going away, but never goes, is the haughty model. Several women and children form the family models. And the cream of the whole is, that they are one and all the falsest Rascals in Rome or out of it: being specially made up for their trade, and having no likeness among the whole population. It is a good illustration of the Student life as it is, that young men should go on copying these people elaborately time after time and time out of mind, and find nothing fresh or suggestive in the actual world about them.[†1]

My English papers tell me of the death of Sydney Smith,[†2] whom I deeply regret. I also hear, privately, that Hood, the author, is past all chance of recovery.[†3] He was (I have a sad presentiment that even now I may speak of him as something past) a man of great power—of prodigious force and genius as a poet—and not generally known, perhaps, by his best credentials. Personally, he had a most noble and generous spirit. When he was under the pressure of severe misfortune and illness, and I had never seen him, he went far out of his way to praise me; and wrote (in the Athenæum) a paper on The Curiosity Shop; so full of enthusiasm and high appreciation, and so free from any taint of envy or reluctance to acknowledge me, a young man far more fortunate than himself, that I can hardly bear to think of it.[†4]

I hope to be in Genoa again, before the middle of next month;[†5] and have arranged to leave there and turn homeward, in the middle of June. Whether we may linger on the way in France or Switzerland, I do not yet quite know. But in that case it is probable that I may run over to London for two or three days to preside at a Public Dinner in aid of the Sanatorium.[†6] I shall hope to see you then, at latest, unless (I wish there were any hope of it!) you should be coming Genoaway, and would give me a chance of shewing you the Peschiere orange trees.

In any case, when I am among them again, I shall trouble you with at least one more of Charley's messages, and a few words of my own. For I fear that I may otherwise (not undeservedly) pass out of your remembrance; and believe me dear

Miss Coutts there are not many memories from which it would give me so much pain to fade, as from yours. I rate its worth too highly.

Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Mrs. Dickens begs to unite in best regards to yourself, and "the lady"—who is well, I hope—and happy, I know. I hope you cried when you read the Chimes?

To COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY, 18 MARCH 1845*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Rome. Tuesday Night. March Eighteenth 1845.

My Dear Count D'Orsay. If I didn't love you as much as I do, and hadn't given my whole heart to Lady Blessington (except the two pieces which belong to the Miss Powers) I never should have the courage to begin this letter. For have I not preserved a dismal silence for three whole Months? Did I not receive the charmingest of charming notes from Lady Blessington, within a fortnight after my return to Genoa, which note is still unanswered? And have I not been actually yearning to write, week after week and month after month; during the whole of which time I have been on the wing, and have scarcely once taken pen in hand?

I hardly know where I have not been, since we parted in that cold weather at Kensington. But I have been at Naples—and don't like it. It disappointed me greatly. The weather was not fine, certainly; was often very bad; but even if it had been better, I should not have liked the place. Its attractions seem to me to have been greatly exaggerated. Nor do the common people there, please me as well as in other parts of Italy. For the Bay—I like the Bay of Genoa better. It can be better seen in one view, and its beauty is not so diffused and wasted. Of all the picturesque abominations in the World, commend me to Fondi. It is the very pink of hideousness and squalid misery.

As to Rome, you know all about *that.* You know how one goes to see the Coliseum by daylight, moonlight, torchlight, and every sort of light. You know what an awful and tremendous place it is, and what an impression the first sight of it produces. Not that it weakens day by day, or does anything but strengthen. For it has greater claims upon me now, than ever.

The Holy Week is in full force at this time; and hundreds of English people with hundreds of Murray's Guide Books and a corresponding number of Mrs. Starkes'[†1] in their hands are chattering in all the silent places, worrying the professional Ciceroni to death, and doubting the authenticity of everything on the spot—to defend it to the last gasp, when they get home again. The Pope is being perpetually carried up and down Saint Peter's like a glorious Guy Faux;

some very long ceremony takes place every day; everybody says that everything is not worth seeing; and everybody goes to see everything else notwithstanding, by day and by night, with unabated vigour.

You know that great flight of steps, which leads from the Piazza di Spagna, to the Church of Trinita del Monte? Perhaps you don't know that it is the place of resort for the Artists' Models—their Bourse, as it were—where they wait to be hired. It has amused me more than anything I have seen in the way of drollery. The first time I went up there, I could not conceive why the faces seemed familiar to me—why they appeared to have bored me, for years, in every possible variety of action and costume—and how it was that they started up before me in the broad day, like so many saddled and bridled nightmares. I soon found that we had made acquaintance (and improved it for several years) on the walls of the Royal Academy. There is one old villain with long white hair and an immense beard, who I am convinced has gone, at least once, through the whole catalogue. This is the venerable or patriarchal model. He carries a long staff: every knot and twist in which staff I have seen faithfully depicted at innumerable exhibitions. There is another man in a blue cloak who always pretends to lie asleep in the Sun (when there is any), and who I needn't say is always very wide awake, and very attentive to the disposition of his legs. This is the dolce far niente Model. There is another man in a brown cloak who leans against a wall with his arms folded in his mantle, and looks out of the corners of his eyes, which are just visible beneath his slouched hat. This is the Assassin Model. There is another man who constantly looks over his own shoulder, and is always going away, but never goes. This is the haughty or scornful model. As to Domestic Happiness and Holy Families, they must come very cheap, for there are lumps of them all up the steps. And the grand thing is that they are all the falsest Rascals in the World; specially made up for the purpose; and having no counterparts in Rome or any other part of the habitable Globe.[†1] It is a good illustration of the Student System that young men should go on, batch after batch, reproducing and reproducing these people: and finding nothing fresh or stirring in the active real world about them. Is it not?

You know all the Pictures and Statues I have seen—and how many of them are really good, and how many really bad. I am guilty of all sorts of heresies in these respects; and when I see a Jolly Young Waterman representing a cherubim, or a Barclay and Perkins's Drayman depicted as an Evangelist, am obliged to confess that it is not exactly my idea of either character. Neither am I partial to angels who play on Genuine Cremonas and brazen bassoons, for the edification of sprawling monks apparently in liquor[†2]—nor to Josephs surveying Nativities, from shiny backgrounds, in a state of considerable mystification—nor to Saint Sebastians, of whom I wouldn't have a specimen on any terms, notwithstanding the extreme rarity of the subject. All this kind of High Art is out of my reach, I acknowledge. Not the less so, because I have the purest and most enduring

delight in those achievements of the pencil which are truly great and grand, and worthy of their theme. But there is such an extensive amount of humbug afloat on these matters; and people are so strangely disposed to take what they have heard or read for granted and not use their own intellects and senses, that whenever I go into a Gallery I hang out "No Trust" in legible white letters on a black ground—like an English Turnpike.[†1]

I was enchanted by Herculaneum and Pompeii—with Paestum also, which is wonderfully solemn and dreary. Vesuvius I saw under very remarkable circumstances, with not an ash upon the surface of the cone—nothing but deep snow frozen hard; up which we climbed, with poles, as if we were toiling up an Antedeluvian Twelfth Cake.[†2] There was a great deal of fire pouring out of the crater, and it was in a state of violent agitation. The Moon was at the full; the night intensely cold; the sky without a cloud. First, day; then sunset; then darkness; then the rising of the moon; then the dark night of the black smoke; then the raging of the red fire; then the coming out again into the shining of the moon upon the waste of Snow—it was the finest sight conceivable. There were some accidents, as you may have heard from poor Forster. But happily they befel neither me nor mine. The loneliness and grandeur of the scene, I never can forget.

We intend taking Florence on our way back to Genoa, for which place we start, on Wednesday the Twenty Sixth. We shall remain at the Peschiere until the middle of June, as I at present purpose; and may linger for a month or so, in France or Switzerland, on our way home. I look forward to seeing you again my dear Count D'Orsay, with the greatest impatience and delight; and project dinners in Devonshire Terrace of the most glorious description.

Will you tell Lady Blessington with my best regards and most affectionate and earnest remembrances, that I will not fail to write to her, as soon as I set foot in my Genoa Palazzo. Ten thousand thanks to her for her little piece of Fiction in the Court Journal.[†3] The real subscription was *much larger* than any there has ever been to any of my books; and the Sale has gone on nobly. But all this, she knows, I dare say, better than I. It has given me great pain to read in the newspapers of the death of Sydney Smith, and of the wife of my good friend Tracey[†4]—greater to hear from Forster that there are no hopes of Hood's recovery. He was a man of extraordinary power as a writer: and personally had a most generous and noble spirit. At a time when I had never set eyes upon him, and when he was sick and in circumstances of great distress, he went far out of his way to write a gallant and enthusiastic paper on my Curiosity Shop, in the

Athenæum. Nor had he, I sincerely believe, one atom of base envy in his nature. I speak of him in the past tense, for I fear he has by this time ceased to be.

The weather has been something too preposterous to write about, ever since I returned. There are glimpses of Spring now, but I am afraid to say more lest I should find myself in winter again, before the conclusion of the sentence. The last day and evening of the Carnival quite charmed me. I returned hither from Naples by the Monte Cassino Road; where there are no Post Horses, and where there are such Inns, that travelling in that direction is quite a practical joke. It is a beautiful country. In the Convent of Monte Cassino, high up in the clouds, I found a Ra[ven][†1] speaking the lingua Toscana admirably, and expressing in all his looks and gestures that the system of convents in general was perfectly understood between himself and the Friars.[†2]

Poor Forster, what a Martyr he is![†3] I wish to God he would marry somebody and not be ill by himself in that howling Mansion, with dear old Landor's Lion[†4] looking down upon him in a state of absurd

grimness which renders that Picture quite unique. I greatly lament that I am not in London to carry him up, bodily, to my own home. Which I wanted to do when he was last ill.[†5]

And poor Blanchard. What a tremendous history is that! I never was more shocked and horrified. I see in the Examiner, accounts of a bad murder in one of my daily walks near Hampstead.[†6] Which, as a mere matter of dirty speculation —a mercantile venture for a trifle of money—is one of the worst murders I ever read of.

When you write to me, address at the Peschiere. Tell me what you have been painting[†7] since I was at Gore House—and whether you have seen Maclise's Cartoon—and what you think of it. I am particularly anxious to know. All scraps of intelligence of any kind will be thankfully received. I am truly sorry to hear that the Miss Powers have lost a near relative.[†8] Remember me to them, with all sincerity and cordiality.

And think of me sometimes, for I think of you often. Being as truly attached to you as to any man alive.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES BLACK, [?21 MARCH 1845]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* a "Pilgrims' Banquet" took place on Good Friday, 21 Mar.

Hotel Meloni | Friday Evening | 10 'Clock[†1]

My Dear Sir

I am truly sorry to have missed you—the more so, as I fancy you can scarcely have left here, ten minutes before our return from the Pilgrims' Banquet.[†2] We propose *7* sharp, tomorrow; and to come straight to the top of your street—Ladies to start at half after 9. We also propose (not to cram too much into a little time), "cutting" the Mountain, and strolling round the Lake.[†3]

I send this in haste, that you may not think me indifferent to a trip from which I anticipate a great deal of pleasure.

With best Regards, | Believe me | always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Black Esquire

To CHARLES BODENHAM, [24 MARCH] 1845

Text from N, I, 667. *Date:* Easter Monday was 24 Mar in 1845.

Hotel Meloni | Easter Monday 1845

My Dear Sir,

In case I should not have the pleasure of finding you at home this morning when I call with the accompanying books, I write this note to thank you for the pleasure I have derived from them; and for the interest I have had in your own notes especially.

We have not seen the alabaster columns![†4] The lady who is with us, being a sad invalid,[†5] has been ill three days and on every one of those days we had

deliberately projected availing ourselves of your kindness. Once I had actually taken pen in hand to propose to call for you.

Believe me that I am not the less indebted to you for your good offices. I shall carry away with me from Rome tomorrow, a living recollection of the pleasant Sunday walk we had together towards the Metella Tomb:[†1] and shall deem myself fortunate if I have (as I hope I may) some future opportunity of renewing our acquaintance in England.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg to unite in compliments to yourself and Mrs. Bodenham. And I am My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS ELISABETH JESSER REID,[†2] 25 MARCH 1845*

MS Bedford College, London.

Hotel Meloni, Rome.
Tuesday Morning | Twenty Fifth March 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Reid.

I was coming over to see you this morning (having at last hunted down the whole preserve of Roman Lions); but they tell me you will not be up, before we are some miles on the road. Therefore I send you this small representative to wish you health and happiness until we meet again, and then, and always afterwards; and to assure you that I am ever, with Sincerity,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Reid.

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 26 MARCH 1845*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Al Sig: | Il Sig. Angelo Fletcher | Scultore | Carrara.

Narni.[†1] | Wednesday Night | March Twenty Sixth 1845.

My Dear Fletcher. If I wait to write you a letter with anything in it, I shall never write at all, I clearly see. So here is one with nothing at all.

If I ever said, I should be in Carrara by the first of April, it must have been after innumerable fiaschi of Carrara Wine. For no such idea ever entered my rational head, or my rational pocket-book, wherein I find myself entered as due *to leave Florence* either on Friday the fourth or Saturday the Fifth of April. To that purpose I still hold, with a bulldog tenacity. So write me a note, addressed Poste Restante Florence, telling me whether Walton is base enough to go to England in the meantime, and where you would have us come, with a view of passing One Day in and about some quarries or other. On receipt of that letter, I will, from Florence, tell you exactly when we leave; and will furthermore charge you with an exact statement of our wants and wishes in the way of Inn-accommodation at Massa or wherever else you summon us.[†2]

We are exceedingly happy, and don't fight much. If I could be supposed to express myself disinterestedly on such a theme, I should say we were facetious.[†3] I should also say that the Holy Week is unmitigated hum[bug—except][†4] the Benediction[†5] (as a bright spectacle) and the Illumination of St. Peters[†6]—which is glorious. The Coliseum[†7] *enchanted* me—I went there continually, and never could see enough of it. The Open Campagna[†8] also, beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella (some two miles beyond, and thence to Albano: I have walked it all) is sublime. The first time I saw it from that spot, was when the Sun was going down; and it seemed to set on such a Ruined World, that I could have almost fancied it had done its work and would never rise again.[†9,†10]

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30 MARCH 1845]

Mention in F, IV, iii, 327*n*. *Date:* According to Forster, CD wrote to him from Montevarchi,[†1] 30 Mar 45; but the extract he quotes cannot have been written before 10 Apr (see *To* Forster, that day).

April

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2-4 APRIL 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, vii, 371-2, 371*n* (two extracts), 372. *Date:* second extract 2 Apr according to Forster; first extract also from Florence, so probably same letter; third extract placed here by Forster; fourth extract "Before he left Florence (on the 4th of April)" according to Forster.

There are some places[†2] here,—oh Heaven how fine! I wish you could see the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio as it lies before me at this moment, on the opposite bank of the Arno! But I will tell you more about it, and about all Florence, from my shady arm-chair up among the Peschiere oranges. I shall not be sorry to sit down in it again. . . . Poor Hood, poor Hood! I still look for his death, and he still lingers on.

And Sydney Smith's brother[†3] gone after poor dear Sydney himself! Maltby[†4] will wither when he reads it; and poor old Rogers[†5] will contradict some young man at dinner, every day for three weeks.

He drove out from Florence to see Landor's villa and asked his coachman which it was.[†6] He was a dull dog, and pointed to Boccaccio's.[†7] I didn't believe him. He was so deuced ready that I knew he lied. I went up to the convent, which is on a height, and was leaning over a dwarf wall basking in the noble view over a vast range of hill and valley, when a little peasant girl came up and began to point out the localities. *Ecco la villa Landora!*[†8] was one of the first half-dozen sentences

she spoke. My heart swelled[†1] as Landor's would have done when I looked down upon it, nestling among its olive-trees and vines, and with its upper windows (there are five above the door) open to the setting sun. Over the centre of these there is another story, set upon the housetop like a tower; and all Italy, except its sea, is melted down into the glowing landscape it commands. I plucked a leaf of ivy[†2] from the convent-garden as I looked; and here it is. For Landor. With my love.

You know that in the streets and corners of roads, there are all sorts of crosses and similar memorials to be seen in Italy. The most curious are, I think, in Tuscany.[†3] There is very seldom a figure on the cross, though there is sometimes a face; but they are remarkable for being garnished with little models in wood of every possible object that can be connected with the Saviour's death. The cock that crowed when Peter had denied his master thrice, is generally perched on the tip-top; and an ornithological phenomenon he always is. Under him is the inscription. Then, hung on to the cross-beam, are the spear, the reed with the sponge of vinegar and water at the end, the coat without seam for which the soldiers cast lots, the dice-box with which they threw for it, the hammer that drove in the nails, the pincers that pulled them out, the ladder which was set against the cross, the crown of thorns, the instrument of flagellation, the lantern with which Mary went to the tomb—I suppose; I can think of no other—and the sword with which Peter smote the high priest's servant. A perfect toyshop of little objects; repeated at every four or five miles all along the highway.

Describing a very pleasant and very merry day *at Lord Holland's.*[†4]

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, [10 APRIL 1845]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* 10 Apr was Thursday, and the date, not the day, is correct, since written the day after his return to Genoa on 9 Apr (see next and *To* Mitton, 14 Apr). *Address:* Inghilterra | Thomas Chapman Esquire | 14 Montague Place | Bryanstone Square | London.

Palazzo Peschiere, Genoa | Wednesday, April Tenth 1845.

My dear Sir.

As I have rather altered my arrangements in reference to my return home, I deem it best to write to you in reference to the Sanatorium dinner. And I do not delay a single day, for I returned hither from Rome and Naples and Heaven knows where else, only yesterday.[†1]

The nature of my agreement for this place (I wish you could see it, by the way, for I really believe it is the most beautiful in Italy)—coupled with some other domestic considerations[†2]—has determined me to remain here until about the Tenth or Twelfth of June. I could not, therefore, safely pledge myself to preside at a dinner in London, before the expiration of the First Week in July. But I would arrange to return in good time for Saturday the Fifth of that month, or Monday the Seventh, or any day afterwards. And I can warrant myself in all things, as punctual as the clock at the Horse-Guards.

Now, what I wish you and the committee to do is, to balance the possible disadvantages of dining so late in the season, against the possible advantages of your humble servant's first appearance after a Year's absence—of which you are welcome to make any use you please. And I beg you, most hear[tily][†3] and unaffectedly, to consider nothing but the welfare of that excellent Institution in which we are all so warmly interested. Though I had ad[hered] to my original intention of leaving here this month, I should still have written to you to say that if any other President would have served your turn better than I, I should count on your appointing him, and using me in any other way in which I could be useful to our common object. And I should take it ill, if, in coming to a conclusion on the doubt I present to you now, you considered me in the least, or supposed me to have any feeling on the subject which could, by possibility, differ from your own.

As soon as you have decided, I shall be glad to hear from you, as I shall not settle my homeward route until I know your determination. In the event of the Committee deciding to wait until July, I hold myself bound, of course, to any of the days I have named.[†4]

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best remembrances to yourself and Mrs. Chapman. The children are all well and rosy: and I find my waistcoat-buttons flying off occasionally, with great violence. From which I conclude that I am growing stouter.

Believe me always, and with great sincerity,

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire.

To MRS JOHN OVERS, 10 APRIL 1845*

MS in the Selbourne Collection, now deposited in Birmingham University Library. *Address:* Inghilterra | Mrs. Overs | 16 Carthusian Street | Charter-House Square | London.

Palazzo Peschiere, Genoa. | Thursday Tenth April 1845.

Dear Mrs. Overs.

Yours of the sixteenth of last month has just reached me. I have been travelling in many parts of Italy, and only returned here yesterday.

I really do not know what Mr. Forster has in hand for you. I think he wrote me word, but I do not remember—and I deem it best not to keep you in a state of expectation, while I search out that fragment from an extensive correspondence. But if you will send him this letter, he will take it as an authority to pay to you whatever he may have.

I trust in God you will succeed in your undertaking.[†1] Your account of Miss Coutts's kindness is very gratifying to me. But it does not surprise me, for she is always kind and good to those who need her help.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Overs.

To AMÉDÉE PICHOT,[†1] 10 APRIL 1845

Extract in *Le Neveu de ma Tante,* traduit et précédée d'une Notice Biographique et Littéraire, par Amédée Pichot, Paris, 1851, I, viii; dated Genoa, 10 Apr 45.

Après quelques observations sur la traduction des Carillons de Nöel.[†2] Je suis né à Portsmouth, dans le comté de Hampshire, en Angleterre, le 7 février 1812. Ce serait un plaisir pour moi de vous donner quelques détails sur ma vie, comme vous le désirez, n'était que j'ai formé le dessein, il y a longtemps, de l'écrire moi-même[†3] . . . cela vous amusera peut-être de savoir que j'ai lu maintes fois ma biographie, et que j'y ai trouvé toujours quelque nouveau et bizarre incident qui m'était révélé à moi-même;[†4] mais la plus bizarre et la plus neuve peut-être de toutes ces histoires a été écrite en français.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10-11 APRIL 1845]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 327*n. Date:* wrongly given as 30 Mar 45 by Forster (see that day): *To* Mrs Overs, 10 Apr shows that he had only just heard the news.

Mrs. Overs tells me that Miss Coutts has sent her, at different times, sixteen pounds, has sent a doctor to her children, and has got one of the girls into the Orphan School. When I wrote her a word in the poor woman's behalf,[†6] she wrote me back to the effect that it was a kindness to herself to have done so, "for what is the use of my means but to try and do some good with them?"

To CHARLES BLACK, 12 APRIL 1845†

MS Mr Robert H. Taylor. *Address:* Al Sigr. | Il Sigr Carlo Black | 13 Via Gregoriana | Roma.

Peschiere, Genoa. April Twelfth 1845.

My Dear Black.

As you were kind enough to mediate between Mr. Scott[†7] and me; and furthermore as I don't know Mr. Scott's address; I trouble you with a Bill on Torlonias

for the price of the Merry Boy.[†1] It will be necessary for Mr. Scott to write his name across the back, under that of our distinguished countryman, the author of A Christmas Carol in prose and other works. Pray convey to Mr. Scott my best regards and thanks; and couple Mrs. Dickens's name with mine when you call me to the recollection of his good wife.

It was my intention, as you may remember, to have sent you this from Florence; but on enquiry at that place (what a charming place it is!) I found it would be easier to make the remittance from Genoa. That last-mentioned city stands pretty much where it did. The De la Rues are very anxious that I should impress upon you how much they hope to see you, if, on your return you come this way. You will find them at the top of the Palazzo Brignole Rosso in an apartment which is a very charming one when you get up to it.

I heard last from Forster a few days ago. He is better and able to take a carriage airing now and then. But he is still very ill.[†2] I have strenuously urged him to come over here, and return with us through Switzerland. Macready is making one vast Tom Tidler's[†3] ground of the provinces in general, and picking up gold and silver in great quantities.[†4] Mrs. Macready is full of compassion for him in consequence; and writes piously.

We found the children well and happy; and the house very comfortable after all our wanderings. Gwilt's Architecture[†5] looms large and grim from a table in the Sala. I will exert myself to the utmost to find somebody coming to Rome who will take charge of it. And if my blushes for having twice left it behind, should have any effect upon the cover, you will find it neatly bound in Red, by the time it reaches you.

I hope you have seen Parke's address to the Murderous Quaker, in passing sentence. Also Fonblanque's article on the probability of that miserable culprit having imitated Belaney. [†a]I thought the first quite magnificent in its stern and just indignation, after the dispassionate charge (it is vigorous English too; witness the use of the word 'tearing'); and the second quite unanswerable in all its wise positions.[†a†6]

If you can find time in the midst of the Stations,[†1] to acknowledge the safe receipt of the Bill, I shall be glad to know that it has not fallen into the possession of a nefarious Roman. Kate and Georgy send their best loves to Mrs. Black and Miss Elderton.[†2] I beg to forward the next thing to it. And uniting with them in all cordial regards to yourself, am always

Faithfully Yours

Charles Black Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 APRIL 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 372. *Date:* 13 Apr according to Forster.

Seriously, it is a great pleasure to me to find that you are really pleased with these shadows in the water,[†3] and think them worth the looking at.[†4] Writing at such odd places, and in such odd seasons, I have been half savage with myself, very often, for not doing better. But d'Orsay, from whom I had a charming letter three days since, seems to think as you do of what he has read in those shown to him,[†5] and says they remind him vividly of the real aspect of these scenes. . . . Well, if we should determine, after we have sat in council, that the experiences they relate are to be used, we will call B. and E. to their share and voice in the matter.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?9-14 APRIL 1845]

Mention in next.

To THOMAS MITTON, 14 APRIL 1845†

MS Huntington Library.

Peschiere, Genoa. Monday April Fourteenth 1845

My Dear Mitton. I arrived here last Wednesday, well and flourishing: and found the children looking beautiful. You shall see Mamey and Charley dance

the Polka,[†1] when we return—which you will really consider a very brilliant performance. Master Frank is a prodigious blade, and more full of queer tricks than any of his predecessors have been at his time of life. Katey has been quite lamed by chilblains, but she is now hobbling about again. They have not affected her rosy looks.

I have decided to remain here, until about the Tenth of June, and to come home by Switzerland. I hope to pass the Alps over the Great St. Gothard; and in that case shall have taken its two finest passages. This arrangement will probably shut out Paris; but I can run over there, at any time; whereas the country I propose to traverse is not so easy of access from England. This house is as faultless as it always has been. There are very few houses in Italy, I do believe, where the children could have kept their health in such an extraordinary year.

It would be easier to tell you what I haven't seen, than what I have. I have been upon the Wing, now, full six months on end; and have crowded such an immense number of objects into that time, that it makes me weary to think of them.

Bradbury and Evans have sent me an account of the Chimes.[†2] They make *the Profit* on the first 20,000, from fourteen to fifteen hundred pounds. And they add that if they had charged only their own small commission, and had not been obliged to employ Chapman and Hall, the profit wod. have been from £150 to £200 more. C and H's accounts make a profit of £726 only, on a sale of 15,000 of the Carol.[†3] So that supposing it had sold 20,000, the gross profit would have been about £1,000. This is a slight difference! Think of the difference too, in the appearance and production[†4] of the two books—and I think you will agree with me that Bradbury and Evans are the Men for me to work with.[†5]

They were very anxious to know what I thought of their management in general, under the disadvantageous circumstance of having C and H in the business at all. I wrote and told them that I was greatly pleased, and that I was quite certain it couldn't have been better done. As I am.

Chapman and Hall's account has been rendered to Forster and settled. Before I left, I settled all the profits of the different books up to April and credited

myself with the estimated amount of my share of the Chuzzlewit profits up to the time of the subscription, and exclusive of it. I also paid them £81..9..8 for my purchase of my share of the Stock of Pickwick.[†1]

The account of my Profits with C and H from April to the close of the Year/44 stands thus:

	£ .	S .	D
Chuzzlewit	611..	12..	4
Humphrey's Clock	21..	2..	3
Pickwick	50..	2..	4
Carol	189..	11.	5
Oliver Twist	54..	0..	10
German Bookseller, for proofs[†2]	5..	10..	0
	£934..19..2		

— which they have received directions from Lincoln's Inn Fields, to pay into Coutts's. This is "not so bad" either?[†3]

When I thought you might have a balance in my favor, I forgot the taxes, and took the gross receipt for rent for the whole Year. You were quite right in not paying anything in. I hope the balance will turn on my side, the next time the old lady pays.

This reminds me. *The moment she turns out,* will you set your man to work to paint the outside of the house? I should like all the doors and railings in the garden to be a nice bright cheerful green, except the little staircases from the windows, which I should prefer being painted white, as they are now. I should like to have the hall and staircase painted inside, to the top of the house—a good green: not too decided, of course, to spoil the effect of the prints—The little skirting-board there is, wainscoat.[†4] The ceiling, white. The outside of the street door, wainscoat—if you see no reason for any other colour—a letter box made in it, with a glass back; so that John may see when there are letters in the inside. I will pay him ready money,

so please to make him produce an Estimate for all this, beforehand. I will *not* new-point the house; really not caring about it.

I know you will take care, better than anybody else could, that it is done on reasonable terms. Therefore he may go to work on all this, without your consulting me upon his Estimate.

But there is another job I should like to do, which I must know the expence of, before I decide. I should like to new-paper the drawing-room; taking away the ugly hand rail, and bringing the paper down to the skirting board. I should like the skirting board to be painted in imitation of Satin-Wood—the ceiling to have a faint pink blush in it—and a little wreath of flowers to be painted round

the lamp. The paper must be blue and gold or purple and gold—to agree with the furniture and curtains; and I should wish it to be cheerful and gay. I can safely trust to your taste, if you will choose it. I have sd. nothing about this to Mrs. D: wishing it to be a surprise, if I do it at all.—Gold moulding round the paper.

If the old lady would allow the man to go up one morning before she is out of bed; and see the room,—he might make his Estimate: then you could send it to m[e†1 here. If I] decided on this improvement, he [could begin] on all his work at on[ce as soon as Mrs. Onslow] was out of the house. Will you [let me know] what you do in this [matter, as it will be] necessary to set him to work on [the painti]ng, as soon as she vacates [the house, as I fear the] smell would damage the children['s health. The] long travelling in the air†2 [ ].

I don't think we [shall stop] upon the way except to r[est, unless we stay at] the coast for bathing. But I d[on't think] it likely.

Write me about [your affair]s when you have leisure†2 [ ] have by this time: Elliotson ha[s probably] set your poor facto[tum†3 on his unsteady legs] again. I wonder you got over su[ch a wet sta]te, without Rheumati[sm; that is something] gained, at all events.

I begin to be anxious to get home, a [ ] with Bradbury and Evans,†4 for the Campaign which [ ].

Here is a World of trouble for you!†5—[ ] whenever you can serve me, so I will say nothing [ ].

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth as[k me to send you their kindest] remembrances. In all its travelling, the Carria[ge†6] of iron the size of a toothpick. Roche says†6 [ ] with.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?APRIL 1845]

Extract in F, IV, V, 345. *Date:* "one Spring day" according to Forster; probably April.

Beyond the town is the wide expanse of the Mediterranean, as blue, at this moment, as the most pure and vivid prussian blue on Mac's palette†7 when it is

newly set; and on the horizon there is a red flush, seen nowhere as it is here. Immediately below the windows are the gardens of the house, with gold fish swimming and diving in the fountains; and below them, at the foot of a steep slope, the public garden and drive, where the walks are marked out by hedges of pink roses, which blush and shine through the green trees and vines, close up to the balconies of these windows. No custom can impair, and no description enhance, the beauty of the scene.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-APRIL 1845]

Extract in F, IV, iv, 335*n*. *Date:* "a couple of months before he left the country" according to Forster.

We are living very quietly; and I am now more than ever glad that I have kept myself aloof from the "receiving" natives always, and delivered scarcely any of my letters of introduction. If I had, I should have seen nothing and known less. I have observed that the English women who have married foreigners are invariably the most audacious in the license they assume.[†1] Think of one lady married to a royal chamberlain (not here) who said at dinner to the master of the house at a place where I was dining—that she had brought back his *Satirist*,[†2] but didn't think there was quite so much "fun" in it as there used to be. I looked at the paper afterwards, and found it crammed with such vile obscenity as positively made one's hair stand on end.

To JOHN FORSTER, [27 APRIL 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 372-3. *Date:* 27 Apr according to Forster.

Since our return we have had charming spring days.[†3] The garden is one grove of roses;[†4] we have left off fires; and we breakfast and dine again in the great hall, with the windows open. To-day we have rain, but rain was rather wanted I believe, so it gives offence to nobody. As far as I have had an opportunity of judging yet, the spring is the most delightful time in this country. But for all that I am looking with eagerness to the tenth of June, impatient to renew our happy old walks and old talks in dear old home.

To LORD ROBERTSON, 28 APRIL 1845*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Peschiere, Genoa. Twenty Eighth April 1845.

My Dear Lord Robertson.

Don't think me unmindful of the pleasant day we passed together here last autumn—or of your no less pleasant letter, afterwards received—or of anything connected with your pleasant Self; because I am a Beast in appearance (correspondentially speaking), and have never wafted a half sheet of paper to

Edinburgh. I have been travelling hither and thither, ever since; with the exception of one month, when I was hard at work. And this is my excuse.

I saw the friend to whom you introduced me—at Naples.[†1] He was on the eve of departing for Sicily, so I only saw him once. He prepossessed me most agreeably; and I should have been well pleased to have known him better.

Your friends the Puppets gave their last performance, last Friday.[†2] I attended, of course. The Piece (of a pathetic character) was entitled St. Helena, or the Death of Napoleon; and opened by a Valet coming into Napoleon's room, with this obscure announcement:

"Sir Yew ud se on Low! (the "ow" as in cow)

Sir Hudson was represented as an Ogre—and wore a suit of regimentals which I wish you could have seen. There was no mistake about his being an Englishman, for at the end of every long Italian Speech he delivered, he said "Yes"—in English—which never failed to bring down thunders of a[pplause. His] brutality to Napoleon awakened one general sentiment of execration in the breasts of [the audience]: and so affected the Emperor himself, that once he fainted away on the spot, and [was carried out by two] other Puppets. He never recovered the shock, for he was next seen in a clea[n shirt (with an i]mmense collar to it) in a bed with red and white drapery, where he made a decent [end; the last] word on his lips being "Vatterloo".

It was very ludicrous [and absurd,] Napoleon's boots being particularly unmanageable—[getting under ta]bles—and doubling up [themselves]—and quivering in the air—and sometimes skaiting [away with him,] out of all human [sight. Then][†3] he had to stand at a table, reading a book. And to [see his bo]dy bent over the Volume like a [boot-jack,] with his mournful eyes (his face expressed a [sett]led melancholy) glaring o[ut into the] Pit, was the finest spectacle I ever beheld.

Kate says you have h[ad another] daughter married,[†4] if Galignani tells the Truth, and that she congratulates you, and w[ishes her] joy and happiness. Do

you remember our Highland engagement? I fear it will not come [off this au]tumn, for a coming event, which I hadn't reckoned on, is casting its shadow before Mrs. [Dickens in] a very disconcerting manner.[†1]

She sends her best regards to you, however, and so does her sister. We are dying to know what that book[†2] is, to which we see your name attached in newspaper announcements. I expect to reach my English Home, at the end of June. If I don't find a copy of said book then and there, with your hand-writing on the title page, I shall run over to Edinburgh about September or so, I think, to denounce you in person. And if I *do* find it—to thank you.

Have you ever been into a church since you were at Rome? *I* haven't. I took the Valet de place by the throat on the Tenth day of churches, and on the steps of the Eighty Second church;[†3] and swore I would strangle him if he shewed me another. He resigned next [mor]ning.

Ever My Dear Lord Robertson | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

[Remem]ber us all, cordially, to [Lady R.][†4]

P.P.S. In the Holy Week[†5] at Rome [while the Pope was] waiting at table on the 12 [apostles & Judas,[†6] there] were two Englishmen behind me—[in an] immense crowd, and we were all struggling and standing on tiptoe to see—whose whole interest in the scene seemed to have resolved itself into a desire to see what there was to eat. "There are two decanters to the right there!" sd. one of them. "I distinctly see white wine! I think I perceive red, but I'll swear to white!"—"Mustard by G—!" cried the second gentleman in great excitement. "Will any gentleman in front be kind enough to inform me whether he sees any Pepper anywhere! I distinctly saw the Mustard Pot a moment ago!"[†7]

May

To EMILE DE LA RUE, [2 MAY 1845]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* endorsed by de la Rue, "2 mai", and clearly the Friday just before the execution: see *To* Maclise, 9 May.

Peschiere | Friday Evening

My Dear De La Rue.

Many thanks for your notice. I think, however, I will leave the two wretched creatures to their fate; and take their behaviour on your report of it.[†8]

I have taken an Eight mile walk this Evening: and am all the better for it—Slept badly last night.

Best regards to Madame. At Eleven tomorrow, I will present myself.

Faithfully Ever CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?4 MAY 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 373. *Date:* shortly after *To* de la Rue, ?2 May, and presumably in his usual week-end letter.

Saying that two men had been hanged in the city, and describing how two ladies of quality agreed to keep up for a time a prayer for the souls of these two miserable creatures so incessant that Heaven should never for a moment be left alone, and they relieved each other *so that, for the whole of the stated time, one of them was always on her knees in the cathedral church of San Lorenzo. From which he inferred that* a morbid sympathy for criminals is not wholly peculiar to England, though it affects more people in that country perhaps than in any other.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 9 MAY 1845†

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Inghilterra. | The | Countess of Blessington | Gore House | Kensington | London.

Palazzo Peschiere, Genoa. | Ninth May 1845.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

Once more in my old quarters; and, [†a]unlike the Dove of the Ark,[†a] with rather a tired sole to my foot, from having found such an immense number of different resting-places for it since I went away; I write you my last Italian letter for this bout—designing to leave here, please God, on the Ninth of next month, and to be in London again, by the end of June. I am looking forward, with great delight, to the pleasure of seeing you once more: and mean to come on Gore House with such a swoop as shall astonish the Poodle, if, after being accustomed to his own size and sense, he retain the power of being astonished at anything in the wide world.

You know where I have been, and every inch of ground I have travelled over, and every object I have seen.[†1] It is next to impossible, surely, to exaggerate the interest of Rome: though I think it *is* very possible to find the main source of interest in the wrong things—[†b]and very often done, moreover.[†b] Naples disappointed me, greatly. The weather was bad during a great part of my stay there, [†c]to be sure.[†c] But if I had not had mud, I should have had dust. And though I had had Sun, I must still have had the Lazzaroni; and they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, so sunk and steeped in utter hopelessness of better things, that they would make Heaven uncomfortable, if they could ever get there. I didn't expect to see a handsome City, but I expected something

better than that long dull line of squalid houses which stretches from the Chiaja to the Quarter of the Porta Capuana;[†1] and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace, I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining sun-browned faces. Whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples itself, I have not one solitary *pleasant* recollection. The country round it, charmed me, I need not say. Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii? As to Vesuvius, it burns away, in my thoughts, beside the roaring waters of Niagara; and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire; but there they go on tumbling and flaming, night and day, each in its fullest glory.

I have seen so many wonders, and each of them has such a voice of its own, that I sit all day listening to the roar they make, as if it were in a seashell; and have fallen into an idleness so complete, that I can't rouse myself sufficiently, to go to Pisa on the Twenty Fifth,[†2] when the triennial illumination of the Cathedral and Leaning Tower, and Bridges, and what not, takes place. But I have already been there once; and it cannot beat St. Peters, I suppose. So I don't think I shall pluck myself up by the roots, and go aboard a Steamer for Leghorn.

[†d]There were some wonderful people in Rome for the Holy week, of course; both French and English. The latter especially. There was one Mrs. Davis[†3] —I know her name from her being always in great request among her party, and her party being everywhere—who was in every part of every scene of every ceremony; and who for a fortnight before, had been in every tomb, and every Church, and every Ruin, and every Picture Gallery: and who never for one instant held her tongue. Deep underground, high up in St. Peters, out on the Campagna, and in the Jews Quarter, Mrs. Davis turned up all the same. I don't think she saw anything or ever looked at anything; and she had always lost something out of a straw hand-

basket, and was trying to find it with all her might and main, among an immense quantity of English halfpence which lay, like sands upon the seashore, at the bottom of it. There was a Cicerone always attached to the party (which had been brought over from London, some fifteen or twenty strong, by contract I believe);[†4] and if he so much as looked at Mrs. Davis, she invariably cut him short by saying, "there! God bless the man, don't worrit me: I don't understand a word you say, and shouldn't if you was to talk 'till you was black in the face!"[†5] Mr. Davis always had a snuff-colored great coat on, and an umbrella in his hand: and had a sort of slow curiosity always devouring him: which prompted him to do extraordinary things, such as taking the covers off Urns, and looking in at the ashes as if they were Pickles—and tracing out Inscriptions with his umbrella, and saying with intense thoughtfulness, "here's a B, you see—and a R—And this is the way we goes on in!" His antiquarian

habits occasioned his being frequently in the rear of the rest; and one of the agonies of Mrs. Davis and the party in general, was, an ever-present fear that Davis would be lost: causing them to scream for him in the strangest places and at the most improper seasons. And when he came slowly emerging out of some Sepulchre or other, like a peaceful Ghoul, saying "Here I am!"—Mrs. Davis invariably replied "You'll be buried alive in a foreign country Davis; and it's no use trying to prevent you!"

It would be idle to endeavour to thank you my dear Lady Blessington, for all your enthusiasm and friendship in behalf of the Chimes. Trust me, I am deeply and truly sensible of it; and that is far from being the least of the pleasures which that book has yielded me. Forster will have told you of its prodigious success; and how, from the time of the subscription to this hour, it has, in its results to me, left its Predecessors far behind.[†d]

Let me thank you, heartily, for the Keepsake and the Book of Beauty. They reached me a week or two ago. I have been very much struck by two papers in them. One, Landor's conversation; among the most charming, profound, and delicate productions I have ever read. The other, Your lines on Byron's Room at Venice.[†1] I am as sure that you wrote them from your heart, as I am that they found their way, immediately, to Mine. [†e]They are as full of Strength, and Truth, and Feeling, as anything can be. I cannot say how much they moved me.

Poor Forster must have had a sad winter of it, but I hope to find him quite well, when I return. He tells me in his last letter, that you had Lord Robertson with you the other day. He is a good creature, and (out of Edinburgh where they spoil him) very humourous. We had a happy day together here, last Autumn, when he passed through Genoa on his way home.—[†e]

It delights me to receive such accounts of Maclise's fresco.[†2] If he will only

give his magnificent Genius fair play, there is not enough of Cant and Dulness even in Criticism—the Criticism of Art; from which Sterne prayed kind Heaven to defend him, as 'the worst of all the Cants continually canted in this Canting World'[†1]—to keep the Giant down, an hour.

[†f]Do you recollect a Picture by Vandyke in the Durazzo Palace here, commonly known as The Boy in White Satin?—a picture of a child standing near an old chair. It is a noble painting, and is such a curious accidental likeness of my Son and Heir that I have written to Paris (where I understand a good one is to be had) for a Copy.[†2] Old Di Negro is gone to his country house. For which I am very grateful . . He wanted to improvise here, one night; but I couldn't stand it. I respect the old man for his goodness to the poor followers of the Muses here (despised of Genoa Nobles, whose Nature and cultivation you know) but I *could not* bear it.[†f]

Poor Tracey[†3] has lost his wife, I am sorry to hear, since you and I spoke of his pleasant face. And Blanchard—what a terrible history that was! Forster did himself enduring honor by his manly and zealous devotion to the interests of that Orphan Family, in the midst of all his pains and troubles. It was very good of him.

Do not let your Nieces forget me, if you can help it. And give my love to Count D'Orsay, with many thanks to him for his charming letter. I was greatly amused by his account of Bulwer.[†3] There was a "cold shade of aristocracy"[†4] about it, and a dampness of cold water; which entertained me, beyond measure.

[†g]Everybody in England is mad, it seems to me, about Maynooth. And long memories are shaking off their slumbers, I see, and besetting D'Israeli: a little.[†5] He has certainly done his best to be attacked—and done it well too.

Has the Sybil[†6] spoken yet?

Believe me always My Dear Lady Blessington
With the truest Regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Do you know Mr. Temple, the Minister at Naples?[†7] I like him exceedingly.[†g]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 9 MAY 1845

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Daniel Maclise Esquire. R.A. | 14 Russell Place | Fitzroy Square | London.

Palazzo Peschiere, Genoa. Ninth May 1845.

My Very Dear Mac. I should be ashamed of having observed this long silence towards such a correspondent as *you*,[†1] if I were not comforted by the belief that you hear of all our proceedings from Forster—hear, sometimes, more than you could desire, perhaps, of the prolix Dick—and that you have us as fully in that astonishing eye of yours ("and Good God, my dear Mac, what an Eye you have!")[†2] as if you saw us all bodily, in No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, which please God, old fellow, you will shortly do, again and again; for on Monday, the Ninth of next month we turn homewards. The main object of my

letter—its sole object—is to say that I *can't* say how happy I am in the hope of speedily seeing you again, my dear friend, and holding all manner of glorious jollifications in your beloved company.

Would you like to know a piece of domestic news that Forster *don't* know? Would you permit me to put you in the position of crushing him? I will do so. Forthwith. You recollect our Cook, our nice Cook, our good-looking Cook; the best Servant as ever trod (excuse my being nautical) 'twixt stem and stern your Honor? Yesterday she came up to her Mistress, and announced that she was not going to return to England, but intended to be married, and to settle here! ! ![†3]

The Bridegroom is the Governor's Cook: who has been visiting in the kitchen ever since our first arrival. The Governor's servants have a weekly ball in the Summer, and there they first met—'twas in a Crowd,[†4] I believe. He is a Frenchman by birth, but has been here a long time. They have courted in Italian, as he knows no English, and she no French. They are to be married as soon as her Baptism Certificate can arrive from England (at Leghorn; they must go there, for the purpose; it is not legal here: she being a Protestant)—and intend opening a Restaurant in Genoa. It is a great venture on her part, for she is well brought-up: quite delicate in her ideas: full of English notions of comfort and cleanliness and decency—and must, for some time at all events, live in some miserable rooms in some miserable neighbourhood, of which you can form no idea, without seeing the ordinary residences of an Italian Town. I do not

remember a single English person of her own station who will be here, after we have left. But she is resolved. And [all][†1] I can do, is to take care that the Marriage is lawfully and properly solemnized before we depart.

This is the second of them who has found a lover here; the Nurse, Charlotte,[†2] having "provi[ded][†1] herself" with that commodity the other day. I am in daily expectation of finding that Anne is secretly married to Roche and has a young family. I have interrogated Charley in private, but I believe he is still free, also his sisters. Chickenstalker (whom I think you will like—you always predicted well of him) is still heartwhole, I believe.

The greatest public news of this place, is, that Two Men were hanged here the other day. It was the first public execution for many years, and made an immense sensation. They had broken into and robbed a Priest's house (the Priest was the uncle of one of them) in broad day, in the most crowded part of the town: and had murdered the Woman Servant who had opened the door to them, by throttling her with their hands, that there might be no Weapon, and no Blood. They suffered on the Outer Mole of the Harbor—a stone wall, out in the broad blue sea—and the great crowd were gathered together in Boats. On their way to the Scaffold, they had the Sacrament given them, I am told, *no fewer than Seven times*, at the doors of seven different Churches. I was afraid to go, for I know how they manage things here: and knew I should be horrified. It was very dreadful, I understand: one man standing by, while the other was hanged: and Jack Ketch dangling with his arms on the cross beam, and dancing on the quivering body! Roche went—and could eat nothing for a long time afterwards. Ketch came from Turin, express. He used to live here. But it being accidentally discovered that he prowled about the town after nightfall, wrapped up in a great cloak, attending the poor people as a Physician (!), he was ordered off, a few years ago.

I ought to have filled this Half sheet with a little critical talk about the Farnese Hercules, and the Do. Bull, and the Venuses (all bad by the bye, and like anything but women—they may be like Goddesses: I don't know about that), and the Apollo, and Laöcoon, and other Novelties. But I can think of no Art but your Cartoon, of which Forster gives me such a tremendous and rapturous account. So we will be critical in our walks home at night. And there is no chance of our disagreeing, I know. For is not our motto Truth for ever, and cant[†3] be damned?

Goodbye my dear Mac. I am looking forward, with perfect enthusiasm, to shaking you by the hand. So are Kate and Georgy (who send loves); so are all the children! Ever and Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Best remembrances to your Good Sister.[†4]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 9 MAY 1845*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Clarkson Stanfield Esquire. R.A. | Mornington Place | Hampstead Road | London.

Palazzo Peschiere Genoa. Maggio 9 1845.

Carissimo Amico Mio!

Siete stato in Italia e capite ben'la lingua.[†1]

Perche non vi ho scritto tre, quattro, cinqui mesi fa! Perche non ho mandato mai, una piccola lettera al pittore famosissimo; al figlio del Mare; al Meglio di camaradi; al meglio d'amici; al meglio di Uomini—in una parola, a Stanny! Non c'e che—un Stanny nel mondo. Lo se chiama, generalmente vecchio Stanny. Non importa. E un Giovane.

Amico mio, vi sono, quasi, sei mesi che son stato in cammino qua e la. Son stato a Roma, a Napoli, a Firenze,—ad ogni parte d'Italia. Non vi sono che tre settimane—circa—che son' venuto ancora, a mia casa. Ecco la mia scusa! Ma in tutti questi viaggii, caro mio, ho pensato costantamente degli amici chi lasciai in Inghilterra, in Decembre del' anno passato. E Stanny e stato sempre, nel mio cuore di cuori.

Domanderete "che si dice di nuovo in Genova?" Niente. Veramente, Niente. L'intelligenza la piu interressante a mi (e, spero, a [te][†2] anche) e, che partiremo fra, li otto di Giugno, per ritornare al nos[tro][†2] paese ben' amate; ed ai nostri amici.

Lesi, l'altro jeri, in Galignani, che foste partito per America, per pingere un prodigioso quadro nella Sala di Congresso.[†3] Questa Intelligenza mi fece molto tristo. Ma, quando ne lesi (poi a pochi giorni) il contraddizione, scoppiai dalle risa, e fu ben' contento!

Si! Spero passare molti felici giorni con voi, e caro Forster, e Maclise, in Inghilterra! Spero che pranzeremo, molte volte, al Castello di Giovanni Straw—a Greenwich—a tutti gl'antichi luogi. Spero che

faremo (quando arrivera la stagione d'Autumno) un altro buon' viaggio come quello alle Mine di Cornwall! Bisogna avere pazienza, come se dice; ma, son' tutto pieno d'impazienza a rivedervi,[†4] ed abbracciarvi!

Mia moglie, e mia cognata, e tutti i piccolini, stanno bene. Bacciano le mani della Signora vostra sposa, e della bella Maria, e di tutta la vostra famiglia.

Via Saro sempre vostro amico

Dick.

Al Sigr. | Il Sigr. Clarkson Stanfield | Membro dell Accademia Reale.

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 MAY 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, iv, 335*n*, 342*n*. *Date:* 12 May according to Forster.

About the cook: She will have to go to Florence, I find, to be married in Lord Holland's house: and even then is only married according to the English law: having no legal rights from such a marriage, either in France or Italy. The man hasn't a penny. If there were an opening for a nice clean restaurant in Genoa—which I don't believe there is, for the Genoese have a natural enjoyment of dirt, garlic, and oil—it would still be a very hazardous venture; as the priests will certainly damage the man, if they can, for marrying a Protestant woman. However, the utmost I can do is to take care, if such a crisis should arrive, that she shall not want the means of getting home to England. As my father would observe, she has sown and must reap.

I wish you would suggest to Jerrold for me as a Caudle[†1] subject (if he pursue that idea), "Mr. Caudle has incidentally remarked that the housemaid is good-looking."

To T. C. CURRY, 13 MAY 1845

Text from N, I, 676.

Peschiere, Genoa | Tuesday, Thirteenth May, 1845

My Dear Sir,

As there is some mystery in the artful packing of the smaller boxes (which contain some little ornaments that are liable to duty) I think it will be best for them *not* to pass the London Custom House until Roche arrives in town, which will be without doubt the end of June. I will immediately send him to Messrs. Pickernell Brothers.[†2] The large box had better stand over too, that they may all be cleared at the same time. It contains wearing apparel and books belonging to me in England, and brought out here in the Musica.

Always faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES BLACK, 14 MAY 1845*

MS Mrs E. M. Biden. *Address:* Charles Black Esquire | 13 Via Gregoriana | Roma.[†3]

Genoa. | Wednesday Fourteenth May 1845.

My Dear Black

I write in great haste, to get this off by today's post, lest I should play the very

Capital D—with your arrangements. I have been waiting for a letter from Carrara, before I could decide on the feasibility of meeting you at Pisa on the Twenty Fifth. It has now arrived; and as I shall most probably have a gentleman from the same place staying here at that time on his way to England (from whom we received the greatest attention in our Progress:)[†1] I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure—it would have been a real pleasure to me—of seeing you.

Forlorn and wretched Gwilt! If no means of conveyance present themselves before we quit this place, I will leave him at Gibbs's the English Banker's office in the Strada Nuova, under cover for you.

Kate and her sister join with me in all sorts of loves to Mrs. Black and Miss Elderton and the olive branches. Katey is cut to the heart by your son's devotion —the penknife has penetrated into her soul.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Black Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12-17 MAY 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 373*n*. *Date:* The letter from Felton about his wife's death (clearly forwarded by Forster) would not reach CD before about 12 May.

Give my love to Colden, and tell him if he leaves London before I return[†2] I will evermore address him and speak of him as *Colonel* Colden.[†3] Kate sends *her* love to him also, and we both entreat him to say all the affectionate things he can spare for third parties—using so many himself—when he writes to Mrs. Colden: whom you ought to know, for she, as I have often told you, is BRILLIANT.[†4] I would go five hundred miles to see her for five minutes. I am deeply grieved by poor Felton's loss.[†5] His letter is manly, and of a most rare kind in the dignified composure and silence of his sorrow.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17-18 MAY 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 373. *Date:* According to Forster "his next letter" after this was 24 May.

A gentleman of Fletcher's acquaintance living four miles from Genoa had lost his wife; and no attendance on the dead beyond the city gate, nor even any decent conveyance, was practicable. Fletcher nevertheless promised him the sad satisfaction of an English funeral, which he had meanwhile taken enormous secret pains to arrange with a small Genoese upholsterer. The mourner was waited upon, on the appointed morning, by a very bright yellow hackney-coach-and-pair driven by a

coachman in yet brighter scarlet knee-breeches and waistcoat, who wanted to put the husband and the body inside together. They were obliged to leave one of the coach-doors open for the accommodation even of the coffin; the widower walked beside the carriage to the protestant cemetery; and Fletcher followed on a big grey horse.[†1]

To THOMAS BEARD, 20 MAY 1845

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Palazzo Peschiere, Genoa. Twentieth May 1845.

My Dear Bardolph.

This is to give you notice and require you, from and after the end of this next coming month of June, to be and hold yourself in readiness to eat and drink a Sunday Dinner at No. 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park London; on the receipt of a brief and hasty slip of paper, signed sealed and delivered by the Writer hereof. Said Writer purporting to leave the Sunny clime of Italy (respecting which clime, much Gammon is afloat among the subjects of her Britannic Majesty) very early in June next; and to return to his native and admiring country, by the Pass of the Great St. Gothard, and the river of the Rhine.

I take it for granted, my dear Beard, that you have occasionally declaimed, with mingled vehemence and misgiving, against the apparently oblivious memory of the humble Individual who has now the honor to &c. But the life I have led—roaming from place to place, and scene to scene—the objects I have crammed and crowded into my inimitable mind—the gentlemanly vagabond I have been, for the last six or eight months—the extraordinary beds I have slept in—and the bewildering amount of fleas, mosquitoes, bugs, and other Insects I have unwillingly bepastured—these things have hardly left me any leisure in my holiday, until within the last four or five weeks. During the whole of which time I have been employed, chiefly, in lying on my back on sofas, and leaning out of windows and over balconies, in a sort of mild intoxication.

Some of the many things I have seen, and many delights I have had (Venice at their head: and the mournful Roman Campagna shining like moonlight through them all) shall be yours over a glass of average good claret and a "light Cigar" [On reflection, I think that if I mean that for a quotation, it ought to be "Guitar," but never mind.].[†2] I wish you could smoke one with me here. The house is considerably larger than Whitehall; and the great room is fifty feet high, and painted all over. It stands in the midst of Terrace Gardens—overlooks the towers and steeples of the town—and comprehends, beyond them, the whole

blue range of the Mediterranean. There is a perfect forest of orange trees below the windows: which are now in blossom; and the air is sleepy with their fragrance.

Moreover there is a marble bath below stairs, from which in all weathers, cold or warm, wet or dry, the heels of the Inimitable B may be beheld protruding, as the clock strikes 8 every morning.

But I don't intend to be descriptive. I reserve myself. So do Charley and his two sisters; who will rather astonish you, I *think*, with sundry Polka, Mazurka, and other fierce performances. The last one (boy, I mean) is decidedly a success —a perpetual grin is on his face; and in the spoon exercise he is amazing.

Kate and her sister send their loves to *your* sister,[†1] and add that they are overjoyed with the expectation of soon seeing her again. They also send their heartiest remembrances to you. Mine wait on all your house—and I am always my Dear Beard—now as ever—in Italy or England—Palaces or postchaises—as a tourist for a twelvemonth, or a mere Pashanger Marjit—

Cordially and faithfully your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

PS You will be glad to hear that The Chimes has been a most sweeping success
PPS. I thought I saw Conway Lingham[†2] in the Ruins of the Coliseum—but I couldn't swear it.

To THOMAS MITTON, 20 MAY 1845†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Inghilterra | Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London.

Palazzo Peschiere, Genoa. Tuesday Twentieth May | 1845

My Dear Mitton. I received your letter yesterday. I had expected to hear from you sooner; but when I found, day after day, that nothing arrived from Southampton Buildings, I felt sure you were delayed by some cause independent of yourself: and immediately booked the old lady as its head and front.

Kate thinks with you, that Green for the hall and staircase is quite out of the question. I merely mentioned the color without much reflection, as one for which I have a natural partiality. So let it be whatever you and the Decorator think best—not so cold as to be dull, and not so warm as to suffocate the prints.

The Drawing-room Estimate is what Mr. Swiveller calls, a Staggerer.[†3] I had no idea it would mount so high. It really should be done; for as it is, it is very poor and mean in comparison with the house—and I have been "going" to do it these five years. But before I quite decide, will you let me know in one line, by return, *about* the cost of the other repairs in the lump. I will write to you by

return again, and if I say "yes", there will be abundant time to get the job done before we arrive, and to get the smell of the paint (in that instance confined to one room) well out of the house. All the work except the drawing-room, will be in hand, I take it for granted, as soon as the old lady turns out.

I don't think you quite do justice to B and E. I don't think you quite understand that the little book is in a very expensive form—that you remember it is not sold at five shillings[†1]—or that you sufficiently consider the enormous difference between its [total][†2] Profit, and the Carol's.[†3] I say nothing about feeling

bound to give men some credit for[†4] [intending to give so] much to me in the very wide confidence of their agreement.

Every day has shewn me the prudence of my alteration in my [travelling plans. I] could know no more of Paris than I do now—having its general characteristics [already clear in my] mind—unless I resided there, at least a month or two. If I went there now [I could not possibly] prevail upon myself to remain that time: as I am growing anxious to arran[†5][ge If I had] gone there straight, in April, I should have been immediately involved in a [(and] I dare say from the King downwards) of which you can hardly form an idea. [And besides this, all the] materials of my greatest trip into the South, would have been sh[uffled together and] brought home in dire confusion: for my whole time would have been a [But now I have] elaborately *painted* at least three fourths of it:[†6] and all the most difficul[t part is already done.] So that if I should determine to use these experiences, they are almost rea[dy now and I shall] be hard at work tomorrow. Add to this, that going to Paris I must have tak[en the route that I] have already travelled; whereas I cross, now, the Great St. Gotherd[†7]—the m[ost tremendous pass in] the Alps—and coming down the Rhine (a trip in itself) see some of [ ] curious towns in Germany.

I suppose Letitia really has had a Miscarriage?[†8] She ha[d one before that] existed only in my Mother's brain, and led to the dilution of more gu[shing floods of] tears, than any failure of that kind, being real, has probably ever do[ne in the whole history of] the World.

Topping and Co. had better go into the house to take charge of it [and you had better] have Rudkin[†9] the Carpenter to take up the carpets: beat them: and p[ut all of them] down in the course of the last week in June. He does this job annually [and knows all about] them and their fittings. Also will you tell him to

have "Josephine" ([who is to be heard] of at Mr. Brown's our Grocer's in Paddington Street)[†1] to clean the house fro[m top to bottom including] paint and wainscoatting. This lady is also employed once a year, and also knows all about it. The process usually occupies eight or ten days. Of course she will not begin until the workmen have finished, or until our arrival is so near, as that we may find her work all fresh and bright. Further, will you tell Topping to lay on the Gardener (he knows where he lives) to come and put the garden into perfect order, and afterwards to attend once a week as usual. I think there should be a coat of gravel on the walks; and if he [wants to put any plant]s in—he may. But I should wish this head of expence, certainly not to exceed [£ including the fi]lling of the boxes for the Drawing-room windows, with the Stocks and other things [that he knows about. Sn]oxell[†2] in Chancery Lane may be sent to take down all the blinds, and clean, and [put them back. He] also is acquainted with his duties, and experienced in their discharge.

[All this app]ears, on paper, to be the Devil's own quantity of trouble: and I am afraid it will [be a world of trouble of]f paper. I shall be truly pleased to see you once more; and have pretty strong [hopes that you will find the] Caravan in blooming order. I was afraid we should lose our Cook, who was going to [be married but *his* religion] is in the way of a lawful and binding performance of the Ceremony with a Protestant, [so we are still] in hopes that she will return. Not only on her own account (for she would

certainly be [unhappy) but because sh]e is a most capital Servant. I have some misgivings that she speaks Italian better than [I do, or at least mo]re fluently. Ever Faithfully CD.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, [22 MAY 1845]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* endorsed by de la Rue "Fête Dieu Juin 1845"; Corpus Christi fell on 22 May in 1845, and "Juin" is obviously de la Rue's error.

Just out of the Bath | Thursday Morning

My Dear De la Rue

Roche will see to the carriage. We will come to the Show in good time. Many thanks for your note.

Ever Yours

CD.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 24 MAY 1845

MS Mr S. A. Rochlin.

Saturday Twenty Fourth May | 1845

My Dear De la Rue.

Mr. Walton has glimmerings of business engagements with Mr. Curry tomorrow morning; so I think it best to send you timely notice that we will *not* walk. Unless you have other plans for yourself and tell me so at the opera[†3]

tonight: perhaps you might as well make your magnetic start,[†1] tomorrow instead of Monday. But all times are alike to me.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

à Monsieur M. De la Rue

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 MAY 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 374. *Date:* 24 May according to Forster.

He wrote of two English travellers who had taken a portion of the ground floor of the Peschiere. They had with them a meek English footman who immediately confided to CD's servants that he was made to do everything, even cooking, in crimson breeches; which in a hot climate, he protested, was "a grinding of him down." He is a poor soft country fellow; and his master locks him up at night, in a basement room with iron bars to the window. Between which our servants poke wine in, at midnight. His master and mistress buy old boxes at the curiosity shops, and pass their lives in lining 'em with bits of parti-coloured velvet. A droll existence, is it not? We are lucky to have had the palace to ourselves until now, but it is so large that we never see or hear these people; and I should not have known even, if they had not called upon

us, that another portion of the ground floor had been taken by some friends of old Lady Holland[†2]—whom I seem to see again, crying about dear Sydney Smith, behind that green screen as we last saw her together.[†3]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [?11 APRIL-30 MAY 1845]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* endorsed by Georgina "First two letters I receive from C.D. | *Genoa 1845*" (for the first see 4 Feb 45); the latest possible Friday is 30 May. *Address:* Miss Hogarth.

Peschiere | Friday Evening

My Dear Georgy

Unless there should be some reason beyond my comprehension, for *your* staying where you are, I really think you had best come home to dinner. Do as you will.

Affecy. CD.

June

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 and 2 JUNE 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, vii, 374-5; F, 1872-4, II, v, 89*n*; F, IV, vii, 375. *Date:* according to Forster, first extract 1 June; second extract 2 June; third extract, ending of same letter as first extract.

He began by saying that his letter had been twice begun and twice flung into the basket, so great was his indisposition to write as the time for departure came.

He described how an English ship of war, the Fantôme, appeared in the harbour; and from her commander, Sir Frederick Nicolson,[†1] *he received, among attentions very pleasant to him, an invitation to lunch on board and bring his wife, for whom, at a time appointed, a boat was to be sent to the Ponte Reale. But no boat being there at the time, CD sent off his servant in another boat to the ship to say he feared some mistake.* While we were walking up and down a neighbouring piazza in his absence, a brilliant fellow in a dark blue shirt with a white hem to it all round the collar, regular corkscrew curls, and a face as brown as a berry, comes up to me and says, "Beg your pardon sir—Mr. Dickens?" "Yes." "Beg your pardon sir, but I'm one of the ship's company of the Phantom sir, cox'en of the cap'en's gig sir, she's a lying off the pint sir—been there half an hour." "Well but my good fellow," I said, "you're at the wrong place!" "Beg your pardon sir, I was afeerd it was the wrong place sir, but I've asked them Genoese here sir, twenty times if it was Port Real; and they knows no more than a dead jackass!"—Isn't it a good thing to have made a regular Portsmouth name of it?

I saw last night an old palazzo of the Doria,[†2] six miles from here, upon the sea, which De la Rue urged Fletcher to take for us, when he was bent on that detestable villa Bagnerello; which villa the Genoese have hired, time out of mind, for one fourth of what I paid, as they told him again and again before he made the agreement. This is one of the strangest old palaces in Italy, surrounded by

beautiful *woods* of great trees (an immense rarity here) some miles in extent: and has upon the terrace a high tower, formerly a prison for offenders against the family, and a defence against the pirates. The present Doria lets it as it stands for £40 English—for the year . . . And the grounds are no expense; being proudly maintained by the Doria, who spends this rent, when he gets it, in repairing the roof and windows. It is a wonderful house;[†3] full of the most unaccountable pictures and most incredible furniture: every room in it like the most quaint and fanciful of Cattermole's pictures; and how many rooms I am afraid to say.

The fire-flies at night now, are miraculously splendid; making another firmament among the rocks on the sea-shore, and the vines inland. They get into the bedrooms, and fly about, all night, like beautiful little lamps. . . . I have surrendered much I had fixed my heart upon, as you know, admitting you have had reason for not coming to us here: but I stand by the hope that you and Mac will come and meet us at Brussels; it being so very easy. A day or two there, and at Antwerp, would be very happy for us;[†1] and we could still dine in Lincoln's-inn-fields on the day of arrival.

To T. YEATS BROWN, 3 JUNE 1845

MS Mrs R. E. Yeats Brown.

Peschiere | Tuesday Evening June Third 1845

My Dear Sir

I must beg you—with the greatest reluctance—to excuse me this Evening.[†2]

It has only this moment come to my knowledge that you expect guests whom I have never seen or heard of in my life. If I knew them I have no doubt I should be as happy to read to them as I should be to read to you; but I do not know them; and I have an invincible repugnance to that kind of exhibition which an otherwise pleasant recreation becomes under such circumstances. It may be a natural and rational dislike or it may be very much beside the mark. But I have it.

I am truly sorry that I did not explain this general objection of mine more explicitly to you, some days ago. But I thought in the first instance that you would perhaps infer it from my dislike to reading out of my own house. And I felt sure you were in full possession of it, when Mrs. Browne[†3] proposed to make a special exception in the case of Lady Pellew and her daughter. To which I was unfeignedly glad to assent.

It is no fault of mine, but rests solely with Mrs. Dickens, that I write to you at so late a moment. It is not ten minutes since she told me what you told her of your arrangements, last Sunday.[†4]

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

T. Yeats Brown Esquire

To MADAME DE LA RUE, [?16 APRIL-4 JUNE 1845]†

MS University of Texas. *Date:* 1845, after his return to Genoa—since the visitor was someone CD had met at Naples. *Address:* Madame De la Rue.

Peschiere. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Madame De la Rue.

I have a man from Naples—come, and going, by the Mongibello—here, to whom I am forced to pay some attention in the way of shewing him the town. Consequently; and with a bad grace, I assure you; I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of coming to you this Morning.

Kate and Georgy will leave here at a quarter before 2, and will come straight to you.

Ever Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Madame De la Rue.

†[a]Since sealing this, your note has come. Mrs. D will change her time accordingly.†[a]

To CHARLES RIDGWAY,†[1] 5 JUNE 1845*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Palazzo Peschiere, Genoa. | Thursday June 5th 1845.

My Dear Sir

As we cannot possibly think of invading you in our ruthless numbers, I make up the parcel containing your books, today. We leave here on Monday next; and you will receive this by the trustiest hands I can find, when we are passing near to your retreat. When it reaches you, we shall be upon our road to the Mountain.

We are all quite well. Not forgetful in any degree of your kind hospitality at Naples: and anticipating the pleasure of seeing you in England.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite in kindest regards.

I am Ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Ridgway Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 JUNE 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, vii, 375-6, 372. *Date:* both extracts 7 June according to Forster, who calls it "his last letter from Genoa".

They are all at sixes and sevens up at the Peschiere,[†1] as you may suppose; and Roche is in a condition of tremendous excitement, engaged in settling the inventory with the house-agent, who has just told me he is the devil himself. I had been appealed to, and had contented myself with this expression of opinion, "Signor Noli, you are an old impostor!"[†2] "Illustrissimo," said Signor Noli in reply, "your servant is the devil himself: sent on earth to torture me." I look occasionally towards the Peschiere (it is visible from this room), expecting to see one of them flying out of a window. Another great cause of commotion is, that they have been paving the lane by which the house is approached, ever since we returned from Rome. We have not been able to get the carriage up since that time, in consequence; and unless they finish to-night, it can't be packed in the garden, but the things will have to be brought down in baskets, piecemeal, and packed in the street. To avoid this inconvenient necessity, the Brave made proposals of bribery to the paviours last night, and induced them to pledge themselves that the carriage should come up at seven this evening. The manner of doing that sort of paving work here, is to take a pick or two with an axe, and then lie down to sleep for an hour. When I came out, the Brave had issued forth to examine the ground; and was standing alone in the sun among a heap of prostrate figures: with a Great Despair depicted in his face, which it would be hard to surpass. It was like a picture—"After the Battle—Napoleon by the Brave: Bodies by the Paviours."

I am in as great doubt as you about the letters I have written you with these Italian experiences. I cannot for the life of me devise any plan of using them to my own satisfaction, and yet think entirely with you that in some form I ought to use them.[†3]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 8 JUNE 1845*

MS Miss Gladys Storey.

Sunday June Eighth 1845.

She called out to me suddenly, today, that I, being in England, must be mindful to magnetize her on the *23rd. of December*[†4] at 11 in the forenoon for a quarter

of an hour; and must on no account omit or forget it! It seems so odd, that it may be worth preserving. I write it down, in order that there may be no possibility of her overhearing the least allusion to the subject.

CD

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 8 JUNE 1845

Extract in George D. Smith catalogue, 1901; mention in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 84; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 8 June 45.

In all the hustle and bustle of this most momentous of moments with everybody everywhere and yet nowhere—and the Carriage packing at the Door for 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. I scratch a line to you to send the loves of my ladies and babbies and the parting regard of my inimitable self.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 JUNE 1845]

Extracts in F, IV, vii, 376-7, 381. *Date:* For the first extract Forster gives 14 June, but the reference to reaching Altdorf "yesterday afternoon" (see below) shows that 15 June is correct; CD probably wrote "14 June" in error (see next). Second extract called "the letter from Lucerne", clearly the same. *From* Lucerne.

We came over the St. Gothard,[†1] which has been open only eight days.[†2] The road is cut through the snow, and the carriage winds along a narrow path between two massive snow walls, twenty feet high or more. Vast plains of snow range up the mountain-sides above the road, itself seven thousand feet above the sea; and tremendous waterfalls, hewing out arches for themselves in the vast drifts, go thundering down from precipices into deep chasms, here and there and everywhere: the blue water tearing through the white snow with an awful beauty that is most sublime. The pass itself, the mere pass over the top, is not so fine, I think, as the Simplon; and there is no plain upon the summit,[†3] for the moment it is reached the descent begins. So that the loneliness and wildness of the Simplon are not equalled *there*. But being much higher, the ascent and the descent range over a much greater space of country; and on both sides there are

places of terrible grandeur, unsurpassable, I should imagine, in the world. The Devil's Bridge, terrific! The whole descent between Andermatt (where we slept on Friday night)[†1] and Altdorf, William Tell's town,[†2] which we passed through yesterday afternoon, is the highest sublimation of all you can imagine in the way of Swiss scenery.[†3] Oh God! what a beautiful country it is![†4] How poor and shrunken, beside it, is Italy in its brightest aspect!

I look upon the coming down from the Great St. Gothard with a carriage and four horses and only one postilion, as the most dangerous thing that a carriage and horses can do. We had two great wooden logs for drags, and snapped them both like matches. The road is like a geometrical staircase,[†5] with horrible depths beneath it; and at every turn it is a toss-up, or seems to be, whether the leaders shall go round or over. The lives of the whole party may depend upon a strap in the harness; and if we broke our rotten harness once yesterday, we broke it at least a dozen times. The difficulty of keeping the horses together in the continual and steep circle, is immense. They slip and slide, and get their legs over the traces, and are dragged up against the rocks; carriage, horses, harness, all a confused heap. The Brave, and I, and the postilion, were constantly at work, in extricating the whole concern from a tangle, like a skein of thread. We broke two thick iron chains, and crushed the box of a wheel, as it was; and the carriage is now undergoing repair, under the window, on the margin of the lake: where a woman in short petticoats, a stomacher, and two immensely long tails of black hair hanging down her back very nearly to her heels, is looking on—apparently dressed for a melodrama, but in reality a waitress at this establishment.

If the Swiss villages[†6] looked beautiful to me in winter, their summer aspect is most charming: most fascinating: most delicious. Shut in by high mountains capped with perpetual snow; and dotting a rich

carpet of the softest turf, overshadowed by great trees; they seem so many little havens of refuge from the roubles and miseries of great towns. The cleanliness of the little baby-houses of tnns is wonderful to those who come from Italy. But the beautiful Italian imanners, the sweet language, the quick recognition of a pleasant look or cheerful

word; the captivating expression of a desire to oblige in everything; are left behind the Alps. Remembering them, I sigh for the dirt again: the brick floors, bare walls, unplaistered ceilings, and broken windows.

Did I ever tell you the details of my theatrical idea,[†1] before? Strange, that I should have quite forgotten it. I had an odd fancy, when I was reading the unfortunate little farce[†2] at Covent-garden, that Bartley looked as if some struggling recollection and connection were stirring up within him—but it may only have been his doubts of that humorous composition.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, [16 JUNE 1845]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Monday was 16 June in 1845; PM, 17 June 45, confirms. *Address:* A Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres | Genes | Italie.

My Dear De la Rue. I have written as cheerfully as I can.[†3] I am very anxious to hear from you, and to know exactly how she is. Therefore I am growing weary for Brussels. I hope to write you at greater length then; but from my own home, certainly. I think of you always. The best part of me is in Genoa shaking hands with you. I have only the dregs here.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Zurich | Monday Night 15th. June

Late. All well, and all asleep.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?16-21 JUNE 1845]

Extract in F, IV, vii, 375*n*. *Date:* "During his travel home" according to Forster; probably not before 16 June, as CD had received Forster's reply to his letter of ?1-2 June (see *fn*), and unlikely to be after 21 June since they were meeting a few days later.

Odd enough that remark of yours.[†4] I had been wondering at Rome that Juvenal[†5] (which I have been always lugging out of a bag, on all occasions) never used the fire-flies for an illustration. But even now, they are only partially seen; and nowhere I believe in such enormous numbers as on the Mediterranean coast-road, between Genoa and Spezzia.[†6] I will ascertain for curiosity's sake, whether there are any at this time in Rome, or between it and the country-house

of Mæcenas[†1]—on the ground of Horace's journey.[†2] I know there is a place on the French side of Genoa, where they begin at a particular boundary-line, and are never seen beyond it. . . . All wild to see you at Brussels! What a meeting we will have, please God!

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 29 JUNE 1845*

MS Miss Gladys Storey. *Address:* A Monsieur | Monsr. Emile de la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres, | Genes | Italie.

Hotel de l'Europe, Brussels. | Sunday June Twenty Ninth 1845.

My Dear De la Rue. I safely received your kind notes and enclosures, both at Mayence and Cologne. The last, as you surmised, was from Fletcher. Poor fellow! He seemed so heavy in his mind, that the Post Office might have charged it as a double letter. The other was from a gentleman unknown, who has written a Poem called Job—and the Reader, in the perusal, represents Job in a very lively manner.

I *am* responsible for that opinion of which you find yourself possessed, in reference to Madame De la Rue's condition. It is, on the whole, quite as favorable as I have ever expected. And I have strong reason, I think, for holding that whenever I mesmerize her again, I shall find the power of the Agency which has, God be thanked!, done her so much good—greatly increased and intensified. I have little doubt of that; if any. With a lightened spirit, I find too, from her letter, that the *moral* influence gained over the Shadows, *exceeds* even my previous knowledge of it. I compare her present feeling on that subject, with her feeling when I first went to Rome; and regard the change as only short of miraculous. I believe it impossible to exaggerate the alteration of her Mind—where incalculably the greatest torment and greatest danger used to lie. She tells me that she has seen a Shadow for an instant—the Shadow of the Bad Shadow—passing in a great hurry: escaping observation; hanging its head; and nearly worn away. I like that even better than I should have liked her not seeing anything. If it should return, we know she is to be cured, with God's leave, beyond all question.

I feel how natural it is, that you should be grieved at not being able to exert the influence. But it dwells with this person and does not dwell with that person, unaccountably; and we must forget that source of regret, in the gratification of knowing (you and I) that she *can* be affected by somebody—that she has been rescued from great suffering, and still greater danger—and that if the disease should return (I hope otherwise, however) the World may be a wide one,

but is not so wide still, as to keep us hopelessly asunder. Believe me, and understand it once for all, that no occupation of any sort or kind can change or affect the intensity of my desire to do her good. And if, at any future time my Dear De la Rue, you ever say to me that you have a grain of doubt or delicacy in demanding of me such help as I can render, I will blot you out from all possibility of forgiveness or kind construction, and will say within myself that I have utterly mistaken you, and you are the most notable Humbug, Imposter,[†1] and Hypocrite I have ever known or heard of. And to speak more seriously on this most serious theme, I should, in my serious breast, think ill of you, and consider that you thought all this of me, if you should ever falter, for an instant, in putting me to the proof, or in believing with fullest

confidence that I should respond with Great Joy of Heart. Ours is not a common knowledge of each other. Let us always remember it; and act as if we did.[†2]

It is clear to me that Miss Holdscamp[†3] does not love her lover. I am slow to come to the conclusion, for I should have liked her to love him; but in such a case a woman's observation is invariably right—hardly seems to possess the faculty of being wrong; Nature having ordered it otherwise. And you may rely upon it—Madame De la Rue's suspicion in that wise, is the true one. I have no more doubt about it, than I have that I am not standing on my head at this moment—and I distinctly see my boots on the carpet, I assure you.

Mr. Forster is here, and Mr. Maclise; and another Gentleman named Jerrold,[†4] who is a clever author as perhaps you know. Forster is quite well. He looks thinner, and roars out sometimes, without any notice, in consequence of rheumatic twinges in one of his knees. But I hope he is quite right, notwithstanding. He is highly complimentary (of course) to Peel. Whom we have been anathematizing with extreme good will, for two days.[†5] We are going to Ghent tomorrow —to Bruges next day—to Ostend next day—and across, and home, on Thursday. I will begin to send you the Examiner on the following Monday: and will write to you again soon. They are all gone to Antwerp today. I stayed here, to write to Madame De la Rue and you, and read your letters in peace. I had no heart to go with them, for I can't forget our Italian wanderings, or dear old Genoa. I never shall.

Well! You must come to England. That's clear. And I must come back to Genoa too. I shall think of both arrangements, and try to establish myself in a gayer mood in my own room. Don't say anything about it—but if I can find anybody to make a good little sketch in water colors of that mysterious chamber,

with the Inimitable B at his usual little table, I shall have it done, when I get home, that some friends of mine in a Red Palace may know how I am lodged on working days.

I can't forget Rome—and Albano—and Florence—and Perugia—and the walks uphill—and you alone, inside the big carriage, with great books dashing out your brains[†1]—and Michele and Roche swearing eternal hostility on Monday, and Eternal Friendship on Tuesday—and the queer Inns—and our happy company. I can't forget anything connected with it. I live in the Past now, in sober sadness.

Ever My Dear De la Rue, notwithstanding, | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I take it for granted that you *did* hear from me at Zurich, after the date of your last?

July

To GEORGE SCOTT, [?JULY 1845]

Mention in W. T. Spencer catalogue, undated, in Fitzgerald Collection at Eastgate House, Rochester. "Date torn off" according to catalogue. *From* Devonshire Terrace; addressed to Scott at Rome. *Date:* possibly soon after return to England.

Speaks of Mr. Black and asks if he is to be made a cardinal.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 5 JULY 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning | Fifth July 1845.

My Dear Sirs

Will you have the goodness to give the Bearer a Proof of my Portrait by Mr. Maclise? I have promised to send as good a one as I could get, to a friend abroad.[†2]

I don't know whether you may happen to have any impressions of that earlier head by Mr. Lawrence.[†3] If you should possess any, will you also send me one of those?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 5 JULY 1845*

MS Comte de Gramont. *Date:* PM 5 July 45.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Morning

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

Once more in my own house!—If that can be called mine, which is such a heap of hideous confusion, and chaos of boxes.

I am going into the country tomorrow,[†1] but promise myself the long-expected pleasure of seeing you and Lady Blessington on Monday morning. In the meanwhile, as you have been so kind as to demand personal inspection of my gem of Couriers I will send him to Gore House tomorrow (Sunday) at Twelve o'Clock, with my card in his hand.

He can do anything; and is willing at all times and seasons to do everything. I really believe him to be one of the most honest and excellent servants in the World. His face is a good letter of recommendation, but it leaves the man himself at an immense distance behind. If I could afford to keep him, and had duties for an upper servant to discharge, I wouldn't part with him for the weight of his head (though its[†2] a large one) in refined Gold.[†3]

With best regards to Lady Blessington, and the Miss Powers,

Ever believe me | Most Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Le Comte D'Orsay.

To DAVID COLDEN, 6 JULY 1845

Extract in Merwin-Clayton sales catalogue, Oct 1906; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 6 July 45.

I am unwilling[ly][†4] obliged to defer our engagement until we shall have an opportunity of concerting another appointment that may suit your engagements. I am obliged to go out this morning on business, and the interval between would be hardly long enough for our purpose. What say you to Tuesday at 12? I will come to you then, if you say yes.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 7 JULY 1845

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Seventh July 1845.

My Dear Bradbury and Evans.

Mr. Forster is not sure whether he has or has not spoken to you about a certain young man[†5] whom I begged him (writing from Genoa) to recommend to you, in case you wanted a trustworthy person of good appearance and manners in any of the new arrangements.

He is going to marry one of our nurses, who has been with us six years. He has been servant to Sir George Crawford, whom I know, and who gives him the very best of characters. He has lived with that gentleman nine years, and quits

his service, on account of this Matrimonial speculation. He comes of very respectable people—can read and write, and so forth very well—and understands Italian, and I think French, to boot, if that be any additional recommendation.

He will be in town in a few days: both his late Master and I have it very much at heart to get him some occupation which will enable the young couple to make a tolerably fair start. I can think of nothing better than writing to you; but do not take the trouble to write again, as I shall see you on Thursday.

I needn't add that I know enough both of him and his intended, to be sure of their being worthy of all trust and recommendation; and that I have the greatest interest in their well-doing.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 7 JULY 1845*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning Seventh July | 1845.

Dear Sirs

I am very much obliged to you for the offer of your own Impression of Mr. Lawrence's portrait. But I really do not so much care to send that particular print to my friend, that I need deprive you of it. I do not thank you the less.

We are all quite well.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, [7 JULY 1845]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* endorsed in unknown hand 7 July 1845, and clearly just after D'Orsay had seen Roche.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

A Hundred Thousand thanks to you. I will send the Unexceptionable to 9 Grosvenor Place[†1] tomorrow Morning, and will tell you the result as soon as I know it.

Ever Believe me | Cordially Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Le Comte D'Orsay.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY JULY 1845]

Extract in F, V, i, 378-9. *Date:* "his first letter" after his return according to Forster; probably in the first week.

I really think I have an idea, and not a bad one, for the periodical.[†2] I have turned it over, the last two days, very much in my mind: and think it positively good. I incline still to weekly; price three halfpence, if possible; partly original

partly select; notices of books, notices of theatres, notices of all good things, notices of all bad ones; *Carol* philosophy, cheerful views, sharp anatomization of humbug, jolly good temper; papers always in season, pat to the time of year; and a vein of glowing, hearty, generous, mirthful, beaming reference in everything to Home, and Fireside. And I would call it, sir,—

THE CRICKET

A cheerful creature that chirrups on the hearth.

Natural History.

Now, don't decide hastily till you've heard what I would do. I would come out, sir, with a prospectus on the subject of the Cricket that should put everybody in a good temper, and make such a dash at people's fenders and arm-chairs as hasn't been made for many a long day. I could approach them in a different mode under this name, and in a more winning and immediate way, than under any other. I would at once sit down upon their very hobs; and take a personal and confidential position with them which should separate me, instantly, from all other periodicals periodically published, and supply a distinct and sufficient reason for my coming into existence. And I would chirp, chirp, chirp away in every number until I chirped it up to ____ well, you shall say how many hundred thousand! . . . Seriously, I feel a capacity in this name and notion which appears to give us a tangible starting-point, and a real, defined, strong, genial drift and purpose. I seem to feel that it is an aim and name which people would readily and pleasantly connect with *me*; and that, for a good course and a clear one, instead of making circles pigeon-like at starting, here we should be safe. I think the general recognition would be likely to leap at it; and of the helpful associations that could be clustered round the idea at starting, and the pleasant tone of which the working of it is susceptible, I have not the smallest doubt. . . . But you shall determine. What do you think? And what do you say? The chances are, that it will either strike you instantly, or not strike you at all. Which is it, my dear fellow? You know I am not bigoted to the first suggestions of my own fancy; but you know also exactly how I should use such a lever, and how much power I should find in it. Which is it? What do you say?—I have not myself said half enough.[†1] Indeed I have said next to nothing; but like the parrot in the negro-story, I "think a dam deal."[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 JULY 1845]*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* 1845 on handwriting, and after June since from Devonshire Terrace. Reference to "cleaning" (see *To* Mitton, 20 May 45) suggests shortly after CD's return.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Forster.

The "cleaning" &c &c is in that advanced stage of damnability, that I find, on consultation, it will be best to dine out today—more especially as the children are not at home to Polk. Will you let our engagement for today—having reference to *this* dining-room—stand over until tomorrow? And shall we dine together somewhere else, today? Yes, of course. Well. Where shall I meet you? Name your ground, and I will bring Mac.

Ever and Ever

CD.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 9 JULY 1845*

MS Mr Douglas Jerrold.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth July 1845.

My Dear Jerrold

Here is the letter I spoke to you about.[†1] I am charmed with your comedy[†2] —so much so, that I do not think I shall go to see it badly played.[†3] I am greatly struck by the whole idea of the piece.[†4] The elopement in the beginning, and the consequences that flow from it, and their delicate and masterly exposition, are of the freshest, truest, and most vigorous kind—the characters (especially the Governess)[†5] among the best I know—and the wit and the wisdom of it are never asunder. I could almost find it in my heart to sit down and write you a long letter on the subject of this Play. But I won't. I will only thank you for it, heartily; and add that I agree with you in thinking it incomparably the best of your dramatic writings.

I don't know that I could express my feeling better, even if I tried, than by saying that if you didn't read it yourself to the actors (damn 'em) I feel as if I should have liked to do it, and to have belaboured them, sledge-hammer wise, with the whole five acts, so that they should have been bruised into *some* understanding of it.

We dine at 5 on Sunday, remember.

Ever My Dear Jerrold
Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Jerrold Esquire

To CHARLES WHITEHEAD,[†1] 9 JULY 1845

Text from photograph, Mr W. G. Southwell.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Ninth July 1845.

Sir.

I have been much gratified by the receipt of your letter, which I found awaiting me on my return from Italy a few days since, after a year's absence. It is a great happiness to me (remembering the circumstances under which you wrote to me on a former occasion) to learn that you are doing so well.

I am unwilling to damp your ardor by suggesting that Poetry is a dangerous pursuit better laid aside than encouraged in the position you occupy, of all others most unlikely ever to lead you to fame, happiness, or profit. But this is a grave truth; and one, believe me, which you will do well to consider.

Regard me, nevertheless, as a Subscriber to your book,[†2] but have the goodness not to insert my name in your list.

Assuring you once again, that the receipt of your letter has given me great satisfaction I am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS ELIZA ACTON,[†3] 11 JULY 1845

Text from N, I, 686.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park
Eleventh July 1845

Dear Madam,

I beg to thank you cordially for your very satisfying and welcome note of the tenth of January last; and for the book that accompanied it.[†4] Believe me, I am far too sensible of the value of a communication so spontaneous and unaffected, to regard it with the least approach to indifference or neglect—I should have been proud to acknowledge it long since, but I have been abroad in Italy.

Dear Madam, | Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To T. J. THOMPSON, 12 JULY 1845*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Morning Twelfth July | 1845.

My Dear Thompson

I had a delicacy in alluding last night—even before Fred—to the subject[†5]

which occupies your thoughts, I know, just now: and in which I take, as *you* know, a lively and fervent interest. If you had originated it, I should have had no hesitation in pursuing the theme; but as you did not, I held my peace. I should not have done so, had we been alone. You trust Fred, I believe; and I know him worthy of all trust. But I did not feel certain that I had a right to act on that belief, without your leading.

If it be any satisfaction to you to confide in me freely, as you did in the beginning of your love, pray do so. I can scarcely hope that I shall have the good fortune to assist you; but I am unfeignedly and heartily your friend and hers; and you can tell me nothing which will not have my warm heart.

I am at home every morning, and have a ready ear and an open hand for you. Being in all sincerity

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To F. O. WARD, 12 JULY 1845*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twelfth July 1845

Dear Sir.

In reply to your favor of Thursday last, I beg to assure you that you are at full liberty to use my name, if you should desire to do so, as a Member of the Committee of the Hood Fund.[†1] May all success attend it!

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. O. Ward Esquire.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 14 JULY 1845*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth July 1845.

My Dear Count D'Orsay

I told you yesterday that Maclise had been offered a thousand pounds for his Cartoon. I swear Forster told me so, at Brussels. *He* swears he didn't, but that I must have misunderstood something that fell from him in the ravaging torrent of News they were all pouring out at once. However this may be, I write to prevent *your* having a wrong impression of the fact also. The patriotic ma reserved by Providence to offer that tribute to Maclise's genius, has not appeared yet. The Hour is come, but the Man is, as yet, out of town.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 15 JULY 1845†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth July 1845.

My Dear Stanny.

As I write to you now, not as a Private Friend, but as a Stage Manager, I have half a mind to damn your eyes by way of beginning.

Our Play Sir. Our play—

Every Man in his Humour,[†1] and the Mayor of Garratt.[†2] The Prompt book is Cumberland's Edition[†3] in both cases. They are both cast,[†4] and really very

well. I should say, the St. James's Theatre[†1] when we are quite ready, [†a]as there is no doubt of our being able to keep that as Private as a Drawing Room.[†a] In the meantime, merry rehearsals innumerable. [†b]The first, *here* on Wednesday the 23rd. at a quarter before 7 for 7 exactly.[†b]

You will find Downright (your part in Every Man in his Humour) very much in the Sir Anthony Absolute line. And as your best business is with me (I am Bobadil) we will make it out brilliantly. Take also, Sir Jacob Jollop[†2] in the Farce; [†c]and I am confident that both pieces will be very well done.[†c]

Stick to us nobly. My steam is up!

Ever affectionately

CD.

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire.

To LADY HOLLAND, 16 JULY 1845*

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Sixteenth July 1845.

My Dear Lady Holland

I find it quite out of the question to think of availing myself, today, of the kindness of the Duchess of Bedford.[†3] I am obliged to dine, if by any reasonable exertion I can do so, with a party at Greenwich in the evening;[†4] the engagement being an old one, and the dinner mainly planned for me. My throat is worse instead of better: and I have such a villainous cold, that I am continually weeping, and feel as uncomfortable and heavy as if I had done some evil deed. So I am taking your remedy, and going round and round my garden in a great coat, in desperate training for tonight.

After your kind interest on Monday Evening,[†5] I could not stay away from her Grace's breakfast[†6] without writing you a line. I shall of course make a point of calling there before the week is out; and I will soon report to you, as in duty bound.

Always Dear Lady Holland | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Lady Holland.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 18 JULY 1845*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur | M. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres | Genoa | North Italy.

Devonshire Terrace. 18th. July/45. Friday

My Dear De la Rue. Your letter received this morning as I was writing to Madame. I will write to you by Monday's Post.

Ever and Ever Yours CD

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 18 JULY 1845*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Eighteenth July 1845.

My Dear Stanny.

Your hearty note, shews me (as I knew before) that you are the boy for Downright! The gentlemen of the company beg me to *postpone* the first Rehearsal, that they may be easier in their words before it comes off. I therefore suggest Thursday the 31st. Can you start for Chatham on Tuesday the 29th? If so, let our engagement stand on those terms; and we will come back, merrily, to the Rehearsal.

I anticipate great amusement from the Play, and am quite full of it.

Kate (who was at the opera last night,[†1] and is not up yet, or she would write) begs me to give her love to Mrs. Stanfield, and to ask if she and you will come and dine with us on Sunday, at 6 sharp. We shall be quite alone, with the exception of Mac and Forster, and Mr. Colden from New York: whom you know. We earnestly hope that you have no engagement to deprive us of this pleasure.

Ever Believe me

My Dear Stanfield | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 21 JULY 1845*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First July 1845

I would if I could, Dear Milnes. But I can't. So I won't.

Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 or 23 JULY 1845]

Extract in F, V, i, 382. *Date:* 22 or 23 July—the only days during the run of the *Gamester* when CD could have dined with Macready: see *fns.*

Man of the House. *Gamester!* By the foot of Pharaoh,[†2] I will *not* see the *Gamester*. Man shall not force, nor horses drag, this poor gentleman-like carcass[†3] into the presence of the *Gamester*.[†4] I have said it. . . . The player Mac

hath bidden me to eat and likewise drink with him,[†1] thyself, and short-necked Fox[†2] to-night. An' I go not, I am a hog, and not a soldier. But an' thou goest not—Beware citizen![†3] Look to it. . . . Thine as thou meritest. BOBADIL (Captain). Unto Master Kitely. These.

To EDWIN LANDSEER, 23 JULY 1845

MS Mr Noel C. Peyrouton. *Address:* Edwin Landseer Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Twenty Third July 1845.

My Dear Landseer

I would if I could—but I am tied by the heels—both heels—having engagements and occupations from which I can no more cast myself off today, than I can cast myself to the top of the Church Weathercock. Which I think I would do, if I could: to get out of the way.

Best Regards. My affectionate protection to the Eagle and Raven.[†4] They sound like the sign of a Public House.

Ever Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LORD DUDLEY COUTTS STUART, 24 JULY 1845

MS Mr Wyndham Payne.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fourth July 1845.

My Dear Lord Dudley.

Behold Sanvanero's little Bottle of Wine![†5] His whole heart is in it, I am certain.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Dudley Stuart

To THOMAS MITTON, 25 JULY 1845*

MS Mrs Humphry House. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fifth July 1845.

My Dear Mitton. I suppose he[†1] must have it? Am I right?—As the Wizard of the North[†2] used to say.

Roche is out, and I can't find the Cigars. I will send them on Monday, and see you myself, either on that day or Tuesday.

Bradbury and Evans have perfectly amazed me with another new notion—Capital, *down and ready,* fifty Thousand Pounds![†3]

Ever Yours
CD.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 26 JULY 1845*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Sixth July 1845.

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

The upshot of the business between Mr. Dods[†4] and the Brave Courier is, that Mr. D engages him for Three Months from the latter end of next month: on the understanding that this is the real length of the Engagement, and tha

said D does not design to travel for any longer period. And D aforesaid adds (handsomely and properly, I think) that if said Brave C should find a better place in the interval between this and the period of the proposed commencement of his engagement, it shall be understood between them that he is at full liberty to take it.[†1]

My affectionate regards to Lady Blessington, whose sister, I fear, is now in great distress.[†2]

Ever My Dear Count | Wholly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?26 JULY 1845]

Extract in F, V, i, 379-80. *Date:* "about half way through the summer" according to Forster; reference to D'Orsay and Roche suggests 26 July.

Mentioning the success of D'Orsay's kind exertions on behalf of Roche.

What do you think of a notion that has occurred to me in connection with our abandoned little weekly? It would be a delicate and beautiful fancy for a Christmas book, making the Cricket a little household god—silent in the wrong and sorrow of the tale, and loud again when all went well and happy.[†3]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 28 JULY 1845*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* North Italy | A Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres | Genova.

Devonshire Terrace. Monday Twenty Eighth July 1845.

My Dear De la Rue.

My left ear has been burning a good deal since last Monday, when I *didn't* write to you; and as I sit with the right side of my face towards Genoa, I am inclined to think you must have been anathematizing me, pretty considerably, for not keeping my promise. Though it has been owing to little fault of mine, believe me.

The weather here, has been truly damnable. I have no milder word for the due expression of its merits. As somebody once said to somebody else, somewhere or other, "the Summer has set in with its usual severity."[†4] It has been perfectly dark for a whole week. The sky, a dull slate color. The air, by turns intensely close, and insufferably cold. The dust, doing the strangest things: getting up in clouds without any wind to stir it; flying into the sky to meet the

fog; dancing on an imaginary tight rope, all down the longest streets and roads. Today the sun is shining. People don't know what to make of it. One man called here, this morning, quite alarmed at the sight, and thought it attributable (he said) to the comet.[†1]

There is nothing new in London. Parliament is just getting up; and everybody is hurrying out of town, as fast as Railroads will carry them. Walton was here yesterday—dined here. I thought he didn't seem quite at his ease, though we had no party: only three or four of my familiars. To be sure there was no dancing. Gracious Heaven, do you remember a mad attempt at the light fantastic toe, that took place in the Town of Carrara,[†2] one Sunday night, at about the Deadest Watch of the Night! The deep dejection of that hour, will never be obliterated from my memory. The Count whats-his-name!—I see him waltzing now, with the niece of that hoary old ruffian, the Swedish Professore. On whose beard, Baldness fall for evermore, Amen!

I don't know whether Roche will come your way, in the course of a short trip of three months he is about to take with one Mr. Dods, MP. But I have exhorted him to see you, if he should: and to bring me something or other out of the drawing-room, given him by Madame De la Rue's own hand. I hope to get him a longer engagement at the end of that term; and if I succeed, you will see him *then*, certainly. I shall amuse Madame De la Rue in my next letter (tell her so, with my love) by telling her all about the Master and Mistress[†3] for whom I design him. I think I told her something about them, on that memorable night when you went to Torlonia's, and she and I laughed so immoderately at Meloni's.

I hope and trust she is still going on well. I hardly dare to hope that the good effects of the Mesmerism of Three Months will be lasting on her physique, but I have great hopes indeed, that they will be so durable in respect of her morale, as to sustain it until we meet again, which, please God, shall be, at latest, within One Year of my most unhappy departure from Genoa. I shall receive every account you give me of her with unceasing interest—if possible with new and higher interest than ever.

On the very day after I wrote to her, last: Miss Holdskamp (I hope I spell her name correctly, but I'm doubtful) came. I was not at home. I think Kate was not at home either, but I am not sure. Anyhow, she left a card with her address upon it; and Kate and Georgy went soon afterwards to call upon her. They found her in Somers Town—a little house, they said—not *very* comfortable—but it didn't appear to have made any unusual impression upon them, or to have had any cause of embarrassment to either side, in it. They saw a sister,[†4]

whom they describe as very pretty, though of a different kind of beauty altogether, to Miss H. The sister said she had been rallying her, on having left her Heart in Genoa: and there was some little cross-firing on that subject. Georgy (you may remember a small Virgin of that name) suggested that it might have been left with a gentleman named "Grannet"—but the sister said "Oh dear no!" and appeared surprised: observing that she often talked of *him.*

You can put on this, whatever construction your wisdom suggests. It is just a toss-up, I think, whether the sister, on these premises, was right or wrong. But I tell you exactly what they told me, when they came home. I am anxious to know what has passed, in reference to your Brother-in-law. Give my love to him. I shall be truly sorry to hear that this, or anything else, in which he has a real interest: looks unpromising or goes wrong.[†1]

The box was gone before I received your letter about Brewster, and the Philosophy of apparitions.[†2] If the steamer repeat her voyage regularly (she is now absent on her first trip) I will not fail to send them to you by that conveyance. The thought occurred to me more than once, that I might have put them in the box. But the Binder made it, and didn't like to be interfered with; for when I suggested to him that I might have some other things for him to pack, he addressed me in these terms. "That 'ere box, Mr. Dickens, is at present dewoted, en-tirely to your works Sir. Them works is intended, if I understand the subject, as a present, Mr. Dickens, toe a lady. That box and them works, Mr. Dickens, is now a complete thing, which the lady will perceive Sir, if she is the lady that no doubt she is, when you sends your works in a gift so far Sir. Wery good Sir. Now Sir, the Pint is this. Wotever you orders me to pack along with them works, Sir, I packs and willing. No man more so. But if you introdooses into that 'ere box, a single blessed work as an't your own Sir, the completeness of that 'ere box is gone, and I don't care no more for it, myself, than if it wos a Tea Kittle."

I was so much affected by this reasoning, that I begged him to nail the lid on instantly. Being called away, I must nail the lid on this letter much sooner than I intended. And as there is nothing in it, my dear De la Rue, only think of it as a squeeze of the hand forwarded by Post—just such a squeeze as I used to give you when we parted at the corner opposite the Post Office, and were going to take a walk again—at night.

Ah!

Ever Yours sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Emile De la Rue.

To MACVEY NAPIER, 28 JULY 1845

MS British Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Eighth July 1845

My Dear Sir

As my note is to bear reference to business, I will make it as short and plain as I can.

You want me to write a paper for you.[†1] I think I could write you a pretty-good, and a well-timed[†2] article on the Punishment of Death, and sympathy with Great Criminals: instancing the gross and depraved curiosity that exists in reference to them, by some of the outrageous things that were written, done, and said, in recent cases.

But as I am not sure that my views would be yours; and as their statement would be quite inseparable from such a paper; I will briefly set down their purpose, that you may decide for yourself.

Society having arrived at that state, in which it spares bodily torture to the worst criminal: and having agreed, if criminals be put to Death at all, to kill them in the speediest way: I consider the question with reference to society, and not at all with reference to the criminal. Holding that in a case of cruel and deliberate murder, he is already mercifully and sparingly treated.

But, as a question for the deliberate consideration of all reflective persons, I put this view of the case.—With such very repulsive and odious details before us, may it not be well to enquire whether the Punishment of Death be beneficial to Society. I believe it to have a horrible fascination for many of those persons who render themselves liable to it, impelling them onward to the acquisition of a frightful notoriety; and (setting aside the strong confirmation of this idea, afforded in individual instances) I presume this to be the case in very badly regulated minds, when I observe the strange fascination which everything connected with this Punishment or the object of it, possesses for tens of thousands of decent, virtuous, well-conducted people, who are quite unable to resist the published portraits, letters, anecdotes, smilings, snuff-takings &c &c &c of the bloodiest and most unnatural scoundrel with the Gallows before him. I observe that this strange interest does not prevail to anything like the same degree, where Death is not the Penalty. Therefore I connect it with the Dread and Mystery surrounding Death in any shape, but especially in this avenging form; and am disposed to come to the conclusion that it produces crime in the criminally disposed and engenders a diseased sympathy—morbid and bad, but natural and often irresistible—among the well-conducted and gentle.

Regarding it as doing harm to both these classes, it may even then be right to enquire whether it has any salutary influence on those small knots and specks of people, mere bubbles in the living ocean, who actually behold its infliction with their eyes. On this head, it is scarcely possible to entertain a doubt; for we know that robbery and obscenity and callous indifference are of no commoner occurrence anywhere, than at the foot of the Scaffold. Furthermore, we know that all exhibitions of agony and Death have a tendency to brutalize and harden the feelings of men, and have always been the most rife, among the fiercest people. Again, it is a great question whether ignorant and dissolute persons (ever the great body of spectators, as few others will attend), seeing that murder done, and not having seen the other, will not, almost of necessity sympathize with the man who dies before them; especially as he is shewn, a Martyr to their fancy—tied and bound—alone among scores—with every kind of odds against him.

I should take all these threads up, at the end, by a vivid little sketch of the origin and progress of such a crime as Hocker's—stating a somewhat parallel case, but an imaginary one—pursuing its hero to his Death, and shewing what enormous harm he does, *after* the crime for which he suffers. I should state none of these positions in a positive sledge-hammer way, but tempt and lure the reader into the discussion of them in his own mind; and so we come to this at last—whether it be for the benefit of society to elevate even this crime to the awful dignity and notoriety of Death; and whether it would not be much more to its advantage to substitute a mean and shameful punishment, degrading the deed, and the committer of the deed, and leaving the general compassion to expend itself upon the only theme at present quite forgotten in the history; that is to say, the murdered person.

I do not give you this as an outline of the paper: which I think I could make attractive.[†1] It is merely an exposition of the inferences to which it's[†2] whole philosophy must tend.[†3]

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 28 JULY 1845*

Text from copy in the possession of Mrs Gladys Ahern.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Eighth July 1845

My Dear Stanny

The Chatham Excursion is to decide on keeping themselves *to* themselves on Wednesday; and to take advantage of that day for doing work which might otherwise interfere with the ultimate carrying-out of that much postponed and Stanfield slaughtered design.

Will you come to me after Lord Lansdowne has left you? I propose your coming here, because the garden is convenient. I will read your part with you, in anticipation of Thursday, to the best of my idea of

it: and I think put you out of the reach of all misgiving or discomfort. After that, there is sure to be a joint on the premises. And after that, we can walk in half-price, somewhere or other if so "dispoged."

Ever Yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, 28 JULY 1845

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth July 1845

My Dear Thompson

I hope, if you have no decided objection, you will do Wellbred in the Comedy[†1] —if for no other reason, to oblige *me*, as I should very much like you to be in it. You will find the "company" perfectly good-natured and most agreeable. I never saw men go to anything in such a hearty spirit.

Write me a word, and let it be Yes. The first Rehearsal comes off *here* on Thursday at ¼ before 7.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK,[†1] 30 JULY 1845*

MS Columbia University Libraries.

1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park.
Thirtieth July 1845

My Dear Clarke.[†2]

This may seem a tardy answer to your kind remembrance of me dated the Fourth of last November. But I have passed a happy year in Italy; and am but newly come back to my Household Gods.

Thank you for your brother's book.[†3] I will read it in my most quiet hours. I am prepared, as you know, to approach it in the right spirit.

Mrs. Clarke[†4] is long since out of that trouble, you tell me of: no doubt. A coming event of the same character is casting its shadow over this house. But we are not so near the substance as you appear to have been when you wrote your note.

I take it for granted that Mr. Inman[†5] has come and gone again, since those remote times. The remembrance of him lives with me very pleasantly. It would have gratified me to have seen him in these parts.

Knickerbocker is looking upward, I hope? Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial remembrances to your other half and all your house. And I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

L. Gaylord Clark Esquire

To A. C. M. PARISOT,[†6] 30 JULY 1845*

MS Mr H. E. Quick. *Address:* A Monsieur | Monsr. A. C. M. Parisot | 1 Rue du Pont Louis Philippe | a Paris.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park
Thirtieth July 1845.

Dear Sir.

In the hope that you read English, I answer your letter in my own language. And I beg to assure you that I should have answered it long ago, but that I have only very recently returned to England from Italy. On my arrival here, I found your letter among many others; within this fortnight only.

I am not quite sure (for your Journal, the "Réaction",[†7] has not reached me: having been, I suppose, mislaid, on its way)—I am not quite sure that I perfectly understand the nature of your request. But if the association to which it refers,

be "The London Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals",[†1] and you desire to know such points connected with its management as may assist you in the formation of a similar society, I would recommend you to address a letter to the Secretary[†2] of that Society, through the Post Office. I have no doubt he will be happy to give you any information in his power.

I would willingly seek it for you, though I do not belong to the association;[†3] but that I feel sure the gentlemen connected with its management would be proud to render you their direct assistance. I cannot say that I have any practical knowledge on the subject. If I saw a man grossly ill-using any animal in the streets, I could, and certainly should, summon him before a Magistrate, who would fine him according to the extent of his offence. Any citizen can do this, in England, without belonging to the Society. And as I cannot belong to *all* the excellent Societies of whose objects I approve, this would be my course in such a case as I have supposed.

Accept my thanks, dear Sir, for your courteous consideration, and believe me, with a strong sympathy in your benevolent objects,

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

à | Monsieur A. C. M. Parisot.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 30 JULY 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth July 1845.

My Dear Mac. Stanny is here, and we talk of going halfprice somewhere tonight. Will you come round, at your leisure?

Ever Yours

CD.

To JOHN MITCHELL,[†4] [?LATE JULY 1845]

Mention in *To* Miss Kelly, 7 Aug 45. *Date:* after 15 July (*To* Stanfield, that day) when CD suggested the St James's, and some days before 6 Aug, since by then, as he told Miss Kelly next day, he had Mitchell's reply.

Asking if the amateurs might hire the St James's Theatre.

August

To WILLIAM OLIVER,[†1] 1 AUGUST 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace First August 1845

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Oliver, and begs to than, him for the gratification he has had in looking over the contents of the accompanying Portfolio. Mr. Dickens is no stranger to the taste and elegance of Mr. Oliver's pencil: and is happy to have seen, however cursorily, so many tokens of its worthy employment.

Mr. Dickens begs to add (as a reason for his not having expected Mr. Oliver this morning, and not being able to remain at home for his second visit) that he saw Mr. Hogarth yesterday, and explained to him that he could not have the pleasure of connecting himself with the proposed work.[†2] Not because (as it is scarcely necessary to say) he has the least doubt of the execution of Mr. Oliver's share in it, but because he really is not open to any offer of the kind.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 1 AUGUST 1845

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | First August 1845.

My Dear Thompson.

I hope you will have no more misgivings.[†3] I assure you, on my word, that your ease and self-possession were the subject of general commendation last night, among the whole Dram: Pers: You could not have done better.

What do you mean to do on Sunday? Will you dine here at half past 5? No Party.

Faithfully Ever

CD

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To THOMAS POWELL, 2 AUGUST 1845

MS Mr H. E. Quick.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | August Second 1845.

My Dear Powell.

I intend handing this to Augustus (whom I expect to see here, tomorrow) to bring to you. But he is quite innocent of its subject or contents.

I have thought several times of what you said to me in Broad Street,[†1] and am disposed (subject always to your corrective judgment) to leave the matter where it is. I will tell you why.

In the first place, I think any grave notice of such a thing to a youth of Augustus's years, very likely to invest it with an importance not otherwise attaching to it in his eyes. In the second, I am relieved from any oppressive anxiety touching the young Lady's[†2] designs upon him, by the knowledge that he has no possessions of any sort or kind. In the third, I contemplate the great possibility of there being nothing at all in it, but a means of getting rid of spare time pleasantly. In the fourth, and at the worst, I am not at all sure but it may keep him out of other harm's way.

I broke my heart into the smallest pieces, many times between thirteen and three[†3] and twenty. Twice, I was very horribly in earnest;[†4] and once I really set upon the cast for six or seven long years,[†5] all the energy and determination of which I am owner. But it went the way of nearly all such things at last, though I think it kept me steadier than the working of my nature was, to many good things for the time. If anyone had interfered with my very small Cupid, I don't know what absurdity I might not have committed in assertion of his proper liberty; but having plenty of rope he hanged himself, beyond all chance of restoration.

I have asked no questions of my father or mother, for though I am dutiful, I am not altogether disposed to trust to their discretion in such a case. But I have sounded my brother Fred; and he seems to think the Virgin may be "only joking". She may be a Platonic Virgin, perhaps. Who knows!

In any case, without further communication with you, I am unwilling to seem to recognize the possibility of there being any danger either of contract or contact between Augustus and the Damsel. And this is not a hasty opinion, I assure you.

Now, what do *you* say?

Ever Yours Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Powell Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 6 AUGUST 1845

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth August 1845.

My Dear Beard

Here is a point at issue. And I am *determined* to be right!

Will you tell me (in the strictest confidence, of course) what is the gross

expence of the Foreign Department of the Herald: Expresses, Correspondents' Salaries, and Everything included: for any given period that may be fairly taken as representing a portion of the round year. And will you tell me, over and above, how much more you may suppose it to be in amount than the similar expences of our friend the Great Baronet.[†1]

It seems an odd question, but I will tell you bye and bye how it came about.[†2]

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 6 AUGUST 1845

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth August 1845.

My Dear Lemon

Forster tells me you have some doubts about the Farce.[†3] I have many, also. Now let me suggest a substitute to you; and do you think of it, before to-night.

I played twice in Canada, in a version (by Mrs. Gore) of that Two o'Clock in the Morning. I bought it somewhere in America, but I don't recollect what it was called (I gave it, in the Bills, its London name).

It was a most prodigious success; and went, with a roar, all through. The characters are rather better expressed in it, as I remember, than in Charles Mathews' version.[†4]

I played Keeley's part. Charles Mathews' was acted by a tall, big, English officer[†5]—a kind of person who expresses the remorseless intruder into the bedroom, much better than a figure like Mathews. It is an admirable part. Now if you would play that, I would play the other.[†6] And there, we have the afterpiece. You and I could get it up, splendidly, between us. We want no rehearsal with the rest; we shall have no need to prolong the already very long rehearsals of Every Man in His Humour—can choose different days and times—and without dependence on anybody whomsoever, can get it so glib and pat, that it shall go like a Firework.

If you think the others do not care to play in the Farce (*I* am inclined to think it would bother them, most ruefully), I wish you would propose this, and see what they say to it. We should only want a wait of five minutes between the

comedy and the second overture; and could carry the little piece off, in a "blaze of triumph" (I know its effect) in five and thirty minutes.

I send four foils, by the Bearer.[†1]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, 7 AUGUST 1845*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventh August 1845

My Dear Macready.

Will Monday the fifteenth of September (at Miss Kelly's Theatre) suit you for the conveyance of your critical eye, into the Atmosphere of Amateurs.[†2]

Reply, Reply, Reply![†3]
Between ourselves, I think the company *"damned* bad"—no other phrase will express the sentiment, at present. This is confidential.

We do Two o'Clock in the Morning, for the last piece.

Loves from all to all.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To MISS FANNY KELLY,[†4] 7 AUGUST 1845†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Seventh August 1845.

Dear Miss Kelly.

Mr. Stanfield and I met the other gentlemen concerned in our Play (most of them more or less known to you, I believe) last night; and we impressed upon them the ease and privacy of your little Theatre, as compared with the Saint James's: which some of them were very anxious to secure—so much so, that I had already written to Mr. Mitchell on the subject, and received the assurance of his desire to do everything for us, and to place it at our disposal. In the end, they very willingly agreed to come to Dean Street. And we purpose playing there, on Monday the fifteenth of next month—unless I should hear from Mr. Macready (who is very anxious to come, and to whom I have written this

morning) that he has any engagement for that night. In which case, but in no other, we shall change the day.

We purpose rehearsing on the Stage, *on Monday evening next, at a quarter before seven o'Clock,* when we wish to have the float lighted, if you will have the goodness to give directions to that effect. As my Servant knows the whole party, I will send him down beforehand, if you will allow me, to attend to the door.

[†a]Believe me that I had great pleasure yesterday in becoming personally known to one whose truthful observation of nature and uncommon art in portraying it, have often afforded me the highest delight. I address you in the least ceremonious form, because I have known you in your best Spirit for some years; and I feel, somehow or other, like an old acquaintance.[†a]

I am always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly

To MACVEY NAPIER, 7 AUGUST 1845

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh August 1845.

My Dear Sir

Pray do not have the least regard to the exclusion of my paper from the next number. I will write it at my leisure; and you shall have it in good time. Rely upon me, certainly, for the January number.

Mandeville, I know. The short report, I do not. But I will make myself master of it, before I begin.[†1]

I am happy to say, that the whole of my rather formidable travelling Caravan, have returned in the best preservation. Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards to you. If you should see Lord Jeffrey, pray give him my love.

And Believe me always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier.

To JOHN WILLMOTT,[†2] 7 AUGUST 1845†

MS The Governors of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Seventh August 1845

My Dear Willmot.[†3]

Mayhap you may have heard how that some friends of yours are going to have

a Private Play at Miss Kelly's Theatre—how that Clarkson Stanfield Esquire is not innocent of the fact—how that John Forster Esquire has been spoken of for Kitely—and how that Charles Dickens Esquire is connected, in whispers, with Bobadil.[†1]

It will not come off until the fifteenth of next month. But I and some others want our dresses made at once, in order that we may be easy in them, as well as in the words. It has occurred to me that nobody can tell us so well as you, where we can get them well and not ruinously made. [†a]Perhaps the English Opera House tailor[†2] might be recommended for the Job? They are to be marvellously correct; and great councils must be holden before the Shears are used.

So I want to see you. Now, shall I come to the Theatre, or will you come here?[†a] If you will take a Chop with me, either on Saturday or on Tuesday, you shall have it at your own hour.[†3] What do you say to Saturday? You shall be producible behind that fat silver watch you used to hang up in your box at Drury Lane, at any minute you choose.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Willmot Esquire.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 8 AUGUST 1845

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Eighth August 1845

My Dear Thompson. I went to see Miss Kelly and her Theatre, the other day. I became a convert, immediately. The Stage is much wider than I had supposed —the audience part very good—the whole perfectly genteel and private—and the space sufficient for *our* actors, or the Devil's in it. We therefore decide (on my Stage-Managerial recommendation) to play there. We rehearse on the Stage next Monday Evening, at a quarter before 7. Will you take pot-luck with me that day, at half past four?[†4]

I want to speak to you about your Dress. We purpose *playing* on Monday the 15th. of next Month. The farce is altered. Two o'Clock in the Morning is now the Dodge.[†5]

Old W.[†6] wrote to me last night, for a personal recommendation to the committee of the Liverpool Exchange Rooms.[†7] I tipped them raythe a special one.

Always heartily Yours

Bobadil

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To G. F. BAKER,[†1] 10 AUGUST 1845*

MS Mr D. E. D. Lawson. *Address:* Paid. | Frederick Baker Esquire | Church Row | Limehouse.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Tenth August 1845.

My Dear Sir

I am truly indebted to you for your great kindness in sending me so correct and beautiful a reminder of a place whither my heart wanders very often.[†2] I shall prize it highly, always. You could not have devised any token of good-will that would have pleased me better, or gratified me more.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Baker Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10 AUGUST 1845]

Extract in F, V, i, 381-2. *Date:* CD visited Miss Kelly 6 and 10 Aug; this letter almost certainly refers to the second meeting (and see *To* Miss Kelly, 14 Aug, in which he reassures her). Forster's date of 22 July is clearly impossible.

Heavens! Such a scene as I have had with Miss Kelly here, this morning! She wanted us put off until the theatre should be cleaned and brushed up a bit, and she would and she would not, for she is eager to have us and alarmed when she thinks of us. By the foot of Pharaoh, it was a great scene! Especially when she choked, and had the glass of water brought. She exaggerates the importance of our occupation,

dreads the least prejudice against the establishment in the minds of any of our company, says the place already has quite ruined her, and with tears in her eyes protests that any jokes at her additional expense in print would drive her mad.[†3] By the body of Cæsar,[†4] the scene was incredible! It's like a preposterous dream.

To JOHN LEECH, 10 AUGUST 1845

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Paid. | John Leech Esquire | Brook Green | Hammersmith.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Tenth August 1845.

My Dear Leech.

Can you come here tomorrow (Monday) afternoon, by *a quarter before* 6, and not later? I have appointed the English Opera House Tailor to come at that time; and I have found a picture, I think, which is the very thing for your dress.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 11 AUGUST 1845

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday August Eleventh 1845.

My Dear B and E. I have always omitted to ask you in our conversations (though I have always had it in my mind to do so) how Johnson whom you so kindly took on my recommendation, goes on. He is full of satisfaction and a sincere desire to please you, in all he tell me. I thought to have mentioned to you the other day, that if in the arrangement of the multifarious establishments; you should want a couple to keep house (having no older servant with a prior claim) I think he and his Intended would suit your purpose excellently well. She is a most respectable young woman, of a very nice appearance and good manner. As we have always other things to speak of when we meet, I write thus much, lest I should forget it again.

Rather a good notion in connexion with the Cricket,[†2] has occurred to me this morning. A decided chirp!

Ever Yours
CD

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To MR LAKE,[†3] 11 AUGUST 1845

Summary in Quaritch catalogue, No. 541 (1937); *MS* 2 pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 11 Aug 45.

A formal note apologizing for not being able to see Mr. Lake and at the same time stating that he could not consider the proposal that Mr. Lake had in mind.

To THE REV. DAVID LAING, [12 AUGUST 1845]

MS (envelope only) Mrs D. Harmer. *Address:* The Reverend David Laing | 1 Cambridge Terrace | Regents Park. *Date:* PM 12 Aug 45.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 13 AUGUST 1845*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth August 1845.

My Dear George. I am very sorry to say that I see no prospect of serving your unfortunate friend:[†1] whose memoranda I return. But if occasion *should* present itself, rely upon me, I will seize it promptly.

I hope to see you at Margate, on Monday or so. Meantime and always
Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire
Kate and her sister unite in Loves to Mrs. Cruikshank.

To MR HEAD,[†2] 13 AUGUST 1845

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Thirteenth August | 1845.

Mr. Head. I send you, on the other side, the names of the three other gentlemen who have decided to have their dresses made by you. And against their names, I have written their addresses, and the best time for measuring them. *Be very careful that the colors are bright; and that they will shew well by Lamplight.*

I enclose you three sketches, which express the figure of Bobadil, as I wish to make up. The sword I have; and I do not want spurs. But I wish the tops of the boots, and the gauntlets, and the hat-brim, to be very large. And I want the boots, gauntlets, and hat, *first*—and as soon as convenient to you. Do not forget the sword-belt. I want that to come home at the same time as the boots and gauntlets.

I wish particularly to see the red, of which you propose to make Bobadil's breeches and hat. I want it to be a very gay, fierce, bright color.

You can send to me, either between 10 and 11 tomorrow morning, or between 6 and 8 tomorrow evening. But it must be tomorrow, as I am going out of town next day for four or five days. Send a pattern

of the red, at the same time. I will give an old pair of gloves to the person whom you send, that you may know the size of my hands for the gauntlets.

If you do these dresses well, as I have no doubt you will, I think it will throw some good jobs into your way, another time. If you want your Messenger to see any of the other prints to refresh your memory, I will shew them to him.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Take care of the sketches.

Over

Wellbred. Mr. Thompson, 35 Gloucester Road, Hyde Park Gardens. Best time for measuring this gentleman, I should think tomorrow before 12.

Cash. Mr. Augustus Dickens. This gentleman will call on you at the Theatre, between 4 and 5 on Friday afternoon, to be measured. His dress to be of cloth.

Young Knowell. Mr. Frederick Dickens. This gentleman will write you a note, on Monday, and tell you when he will call at the Theatre for the same purpose

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Master Mathew. Mr. Leech, Brook Green Hammersmith. This gentleman can be measured at his house on Friday Morning

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To T. J. THOMPSON, 13 AUGUST 1845

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth August 1845.

My Dear Thompson. Estimate of your dress about five guineas. Shoes from 7/6 to 10/- Boots from 20/- to 30/- Beaver hat 14/- I don't think, to be safe, you can do better than employ Head. I have written him that I believe the best time for measuring you will be before 12 tomorrow Morning.[†1] I have given him your address. I enclose your proposed color, as he sends it to me. Alter it, by instruction to the Measurer, if you see fit.

Au revoir in the sequestered Glades of Margate![†2]

Ever Yours
CD

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 14 AUGUST 1845

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth August 1845.

My Dear Fred. I wish you had written, as we arranged; for Mrs. Smithson[†3] says no word of terms in her letter (which is a preposterous omission, as we are no wiser than before); neither do I know whether Ballard[†4] expects us tomorrow

afternoon. I have thought it best, therefore, to arrange that the children shall come down on Saturday by the Margate Boat.[†1] Kate, Georgy, and I, come down tomorrow by the Ramsgate boat from London Bridge at half past 9: trusting to our good fortune for a boat coming off from Broadstairs. Affecy. always

CD

Over

Frederick Dickens Esquire If you have not already prepared Ballard, pray do.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 14 AUGUST 1845†

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Fourteenth August 1845.

Dear Miss Kelly.

[†a]As I did not happen to see, immediately before coming away the other night, the gentleman to whom you introduced me (who was most attentive and obliging); and as I am going down to Broadstairs in the interval between this and next Wednesday;[†a] I think it best to let you know that we have appointed our next Rehearsal for that evening at a quarter before 6. I will then appoint an early day with Mr. Stanfield for looking at the Scenery, and will communicate it to you before we leave the Theatre, as we shall want a carpenter or two to get it down for us.

I know you will be glad to receive my assurance that there was the very best disposition on the part of all the gentlemen concerned, the other night, to be well pleased with the little Theatre and everything belonging to it. [†b]*I* was extremely glad (remembering our conversation on Sunday) to observe their good nature.[†b]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To F. O. WARD, 14 AUGUST 1845

Text from N, I, 694.

Devonshire Terrace | August Fourteenth 1845

Dear Sir,

My impression decidedly is, that all that can be done has been done in the matter of Mrs. Hood's Subscription.[†2] The appeal as a general claim on public sympathy is greatly weakened by the existence of the pension and I do not think that more money is to be got.

In the case of the Elton Fund we received two thousand three or four hundred pounds. But it was a very peculiar case. There were six children, all females and without a mother. It was a particularly distressing accident in which Elton lost his life, and one to which public attention was very strongly attracted. Moreover the managers of theatres and the actors in theatres, had a lively interest in the catastrophe, and the endeavour to mitigate the severity of its pressure on the

unfortunate children; and free benefits were held in divers parts of the kingdom, from which a good deal of the money came.

Such practical knowledge as I have of these matters leads me distinctly to the conclusion that it is not advisable to press Mrs. Hood's appeal to any greater extent. I think it would be useless to her, and would be tortured into an unpleasant association with the memory of our deceased friend. I express this merely as my own individual opinion, of course, and am not expecting you to attach any greater weight to it than as it may seem to you on consideration to be reasonable and well founded. My estimate of the great genius of poor Hood is as huge as it is possible for man to form, and always has been, consequently I set her claim on very lofty grounds indeed. But in turning the question in my mind, I separate myself, or you, from the crowd who are addressed.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 17 AUGUST 1845†

MS Morgan Library.

Albion Hotel Broadstairs
Sunday August Seventeenth 1845

My Dear Macready.

[†a]I have been obliged to communicate with the Punch men, in reference to Saturday the 20th; as that day of the week is usually their business-dinner-day;[†1] and I was not quite sure that it could be conveniently altered.

Jerrold now assures me that it can, for such a purpose—and that it shall—and therefore consider *the* Play, as being arranged to come off, on Saturday the 20th: of next month.

I don't know whether I told you that we have changed the Farce; and now mean to act Two o'Clock in the Morning, as performed by the Inimitable B at Montreal.[†a]

In reference to Bruce Castle School,[†2] I think the question set at rest most

probably, by the fact of there being no vacancy (it is always full) until Christmas; when Howitt's two boys,[†1] and Jerrold's one,[†2] go in, and fill it up again. But, after going carefully through the School, a question would arise in my mind whether the system—a perfectly admirable one; the only recognition of education as a broad system of moral and intellectual philosophy, that I have ever seen in practice—do not require so much preparation and progress in the mind of the boy, as that as[†3] he shall have come there, younger and less advanced than Willy: or at all events without that very different sort of school experience which he must have acquired at Brighton.[†4] I have no warrant for this doubt, beyond a vague uneasiness suggesting a suspicion of its great probability. On such slight ground, I would not hint it to anyone but you; who I know will give it its due weight—and no more—and no less.

I have the paper setting forth the nature of the higher classical studies, and the books they read. It is the usual course, and includes the great books in Greek and Latin. They have a Miscellaneous Library—under the Management of the boys themselves—of some five or six thousand volumes, and every means of study and recreation, and every inducement to self-reliance and self exertion, that can easily be imagined. As there is no room just now, you can turn it over in your mind again. And if you would like to see the place yourself, when you return to town, I shall be delighted to go there with you.

I come home on Wednesday. [†b]It is our rehearsal night; and of course the active and enterprising stage-manager must be at his Post.[†b]

Ever My Dear Macready | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, 18 AUGUST 1845*

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eighteenth August 1845

My Dear Talfourd.

I have had all sorts of communications from the Manchester people, touching your Presidency in October next;[†5] of which, as is natural and right and proper, they are very proud. It happens at an awkward time for me, as I shall be anxious about that period in behalf of my other moiety, who, in the ordinary rustic phrase, is likely to be worse before she is better. Still, I cannot deny myself the gratification of sharing your triumph, and holding up your train with my poor hand, in right of my old dedication[†6] and older regard.

They tell me you and Mrs. Talfourd are to stay with Mr. Atherton.[†1] I want to know, have you quite made up your mind to do so, as upon that, depends my own acceptance of his invitation. I have a very great dislike, I confess, to staying in peoples' houses, unless I know them very well—as it necessarily involves some tie and restraint. And we might be prodigiously comfortable at a good Inn!—

I am coming to town on Wednesday night: leaving the children here for a month or so, but returning home then, with Kate and her sister. Will you write me a line to Devonshire Terrace; telling me, at the same time, when you will be at leisure at chambers (or at leisure for a ride, like one of our old expeditions), as I want to speak to you about that Elton Fund, in pursuance of an uneasy request from Coutts's.[†2]

With best regards to Mrs. Talfourd and Miss Ely[†3]—Frank[†4] (if he be at home)—and all the children.

I am Ever My Dear Talfourd | affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

To JOHN FORSTER, [19 AUGUST 1845]

Extracts in F, V, i, 384-5*n*. *Date:* first extract 19 Aug 45 according to Forster; second extract must be same letter. *From* Broadstairs.

Perhaps it is a fair specimen of the odd adventures which befall the inimitable, that the cab in which the children and the luggage were (I and my womankind being in the other) got its shafts broken in the city, last Friday morning,[†5] through the horse stumbling on the greasy pavement; *and was drawn to the wharf* (*about a mile*) *by a stout man*, amid such frightful howlings and derisive yellings on the part of an infuriated populace, as I never heard before. Conceive the man in the broken shafts with his back towards the cab; all the children looking out of the windows; and the muddy portmanteaus and so forth (which were all tumbled down when the horse fell) tottering and nodding on the box! The best of it was, that *our* cabman, being an intimate friend of the damaged cabman, insisted on keeping him company; and proceeded at a solemn walk, in front of the procession; thereby securing to me a liberal share of the popular curiosity and congratulation. . . . Everything here at Broadstairs is the same as of old. I have walked 20 miles a day since I came down, and I went to a circus at Ramsgate on Saturday night, where *Mazeppa* was played in three long acts without an H in it: as if for a wager. Evven, and edds, and orrors, and ands, were as plentiful as blackberries; but the letter H was neither whispered in

Evven[[sic]], nor muttered in Ell,[†1] nor permitted to dwell in any form on the confines of the sawdust.

Describing how he saw a Giant played by a village comedian with a quite Gargantuesque felicity; he had a fine manner of sitting down to a hot supper (*of children*), *with the self-lauding exalting remark, by way of grace*, "How pleasant is a quiet conscience and an approving mind!"

To JOHN THOMPSON, 19 AUGUST 1845

Text from Sotheby's catalogue, June 1930; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 19 Aug 45.

John,

We shall come to London tomorrow by the steamboat which leaves Margate at 10 o'clock. I think she will be at London Bridge Wharf, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Be there waiting for us, in good time.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 AUGUST 1845

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First August 1845

Dear Miss Coutts. It is most extraordinary. There seems to be a fatality in my not seeing you.

I was at Broadstairs, when your last kind note arrived. It was past ten before I returned home last night, and found your hand-writing on my table. Mrs. Dickens was with me. And Charley and his sisters we have left behind, on the Seashore, for a month.

Under more fortunate circumstances, we should have been delighted to have come to you last night. I cannot tell you how much I have wished to see you.

I hope you are not going so far, or intend being absent so long, that you will be out of town on Saturday the 20th. of September. I am Stage Manager of a Company of Amateurs who are going to have a Play at Miss Kelly's little Theatre that night. And I don't know what I shall do, if you are not "in front"—as we say, professionally. Mr. Stanfield makes his first appearance on any stage, that night. Mr. Stone, the artist, also. And some of the "Punch" people[†2] are also to appear before an admiring and delighted audience. The Comedy is Every Man in his Humour. There will be one man very much out of humour, if you are out of town.

To ease my mind on this head, I have marked this letter to be forwarded.

If I should hear in reply that you will not be in town that night—and further that Mrs. Brown will be away likewise—I shall take to drinking, immediately.

Ever Believe me with great regard

Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To CAPTAIN ARTHUR CUNYNGHAM,[†1] 21 AUGUST 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Captain Arthur Cunyngham | Messrs. Cox and Co. | Charing Cross.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park.
Twenty First August 1845

My Dear Sir. I have had very great pleasure in the receipt of your letter. I am a bad correspondent: writing more letters, of necessity, in a week, than all the clerks in the Home Secretary's office. But I am happy to have the opportunity of acknowledging a note from you, and assuring you of the gratification I shall have in hearing from, or seeing you, at all times.

I envy you, your Spanish Trip. I envy you, your having seen Irving,[†2] for whom I have a very high regard and admiration. He is coming home, I hear; having been recalled by the New President,[†3] who is what they call in America "a blue-nosed[†4] Presbyterian". I have hopes that he will take London in his way; and that I shall shake hands with him, once more.[†5]

We left Genoa on the Ninth of June, and went, by way of Milan to Como. I wished to make the passage of the St. Gothard: having crossed the Simplon in the winter. It was open, and quite easy. The descent on the Swiss side, after Andermatt, I thought the most wonderful and glorious thing imaginable. But the whole of Switzerland delighted me beyond expression. We came to Frankfort, and so down the Rhine to Cologne, and thence to Brussels. Being joined by some friends from England at that place (who had come across to welcome us home) we went to Bruges and Ghent at our leisure; and embarking at Ostend, got home within the month after our departure from the Peschiere. I regret that Palace

and that City very much; and am full of hopes and plans for seeing Italy again, one day.

London is as flat as it can be. There is nothing to talk about, but Railroad shares.[†1] And as I am not a Capitalist, I don't find anything very interesting in that. The Gin Punch shall be yours in the snowy time (I hope) of Christmas; and it shall be preceded by a glass of rather better wine than one can get in the City of Palaces.

I am hot in the preparation of some Private Theatricals just now, which are to come off on the Twentieth of next Month. Mrs. Dickens and her sister send you their best regards. And I am ever Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FOWLER, 21 AUGUST 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* John Fowler Esquire | Mechanics' Institute | Sheffield.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty First August 1845.

Sir.

I have been in Kent for a few days, or I should have answered your letter sooner.

It is with great reluctance that I, for the second time, feel bound to decline the Invitation with which the Directors of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institute have honored me. But at the time you mention, it would be quite impossible for me (having regard to other Engagements) to preside at the proposed Meeting. I have just now arranged to go to Manchester for a similar purpose, as a guest, on the 23rd. of October. In the interval, I am quite unable to leave town on any new invitation: having many visits to pay, and much to do, after a year's absence from England.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

John Fowler Esquire.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?22 AUGUST 1845]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* Friday was 22 Aug, and the day, not the date, is correct (see next). The letter was evidently not posted till the next day: see *To* Cruikshank, 27 Aug.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night August 23rd. 1845.

My Dear George.

You have heard of our intended Play. I want you to take a part in it—a good

part, which would not cost you much trouble, and which you would do, admirably.

First let me tell you how it comes to be vacant.

We arranged this Play one day at a country-dinner—quite offhand—and have taken nobody in, since, but two walking gentlemen. We have often wanted, among ourselves, to get you in, but have never had a reasonably good part to offer you.

The one I propose now, is *Downright* in the enclosed Comedy. It begins in the first Scene of the Second act. Until within an hour ago, it was Stanfield's, but he is so much bothered, and has so much to do with his other duties of Stage Director and Manager of the Scenery and Carpenters that he has come to me and said he will be glad to resign it, if *you* will take it. Now, do take it; and make one in as pleasant a party as was ever got together for such a purpose.

We have Miss Kelly's little Theatre—which is strictly and perfectly private. We play on Saturday the 20th. of next month—a month hence. We rehearse, on the stage, generally once a week; and the next Rehearsal is on Tuesday Evening at a quarter before Seven. If you join us, and would come up to it,[†1] I can give you a Bed. No names will be printed in our Bills, but the names of the characters. It will be done with every possible appliance in the way of arrangement, correct costume, and so forth. The admissions will be by a printed card of Invitation, addressed to the person invited by all concerned, as if it were a party. And no man can have any visitor (being obliged to make the names of his list known to the rest beforehand) to

whom anyone else objects. I think it will be as brilliant an audience, and as good an amateur Play, as was ever seen. The expence to *each, exclusive of the dress,* (which every man finds for himself) will not exceed Two Guineas.

I almost rely upon you from this moment, as one of the party. Write me by Sunday nights post, *or at the latest by Mondays,* a definite answer. Every actor will have the privilege of inviting about five and thirty friends. The names of the actors, I have written below.[†2] Don't mind any pen and ink marks you find in the book, as they were made for my private edification.

With best regards to Mrs. C.

Ever Yours heartily

CD.

Kitely	Forster	Captain Bobadil	Myself
Old Knowell	Mayhew[†3]	Cash	Augustus Dickens
Young Knowell	F. Dickens	Formal	Evans[†4]
Wellbred	Thompson	Cob	Leigh[†5]
Master Stephen	Jerrold	Brainworm	Lemon

Master Mathew	Leech	Mrs. Kitely	Miss Fortescue[†1]
Justice Clement	Stone	Bridget	Miss Jackson
Downright (I hope)	You	Tib	Miss M. Jackson[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 AUGUST 1845]

Extract in F, V, i, 382*n*. *Date:* 22 Aug according to Forster.

Look here! Enclosed are two packets—a large one and a small one. The small one, read first. It contains Stanny's renunciation as an actor!!! After receiving it, at dinner-time to-day, I gave my brains a shake, and thought of George Cruikshank. After much shaking, I made up the big packet, wherein I have put the case in the artfullest manner. "R-r-r-r-ead it!" as a certain Captain[†3] whom you know observes.

To MRS M'IAN, 23 AUGUST 1845

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third August 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Mc Ian.

I went to Whitelands[†4] yesterday. Mrs. Field was absent in the country for her health, but I saw the Second in Command,[†5] and had a long talk with her.

I pressed her closely—don't be alarmed; I am not going to say to my beating heart—I pressed her closely with the question whether the school near Canterbury was still open to Esther if she chose to take it. She said, distinctly, 'Yes'. I then asked her why the Chester School had been suggested. She replied because they thought the future patronage of Lady Westminster[†6] might prove most advantageous to Esther—and because there is another Virgin in the School who is equal to the Canterbury business, whereas they have nobody at present, but Esther, who is up to the Chester Mark. I said that that was unfortunate, certainly; but that Esther had always sustained herself with the hope of having her little sisters with her in the holidays. That this would be practicable at

Canterbury, but would be impracticable at Chester. That she stood almost in the relation of a Mother to them. And that I could not find it in my heart to do more than place before her the comparative advantages of the two Schools, and leave her to her own selection. I said that I thought the other gentlemen interested in her, would be of the same mind.

Number Two then observed that she felt the kindness and propriety of this suggested course of proceeding but that she would like to communicate it to Mrs. Field, if I would allow her, before I spoke to Esther. She could write to Mrs. Field, she said, by that day's post; and write to me on Monday: receiving that Lady's answer in the meanwhile. In the interval, she would be glad if I would not mention my sentiments to Esther.

To this, I acceded. So I saw Esther, and told her I should like to consider for a day or two before I gave her any advice on the subject—but as she looked rather depressed and anxious, I added that it would be only advice, and I would leave her to decide for herself. At this she brightened up (a most excellent girl she is, and they greatly extol her); and I left her with the promise that I would see her again, on Monday or Tuesday.

Ever believe me | Dear Mrs. Mc Ian | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Mc Ian.

To ROBERT KEELEY, 25 AUGUST 1845

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Fifth August | 1845.

My Dear Sir

We are going to have a tiny pair of flats painted for that most tremendous play of ours, under our friend Stanfield's direction. As there is no very good place at Miss Kelly's for the purpose, Stanfield and I have thought of your Painting Room, at the Lyceum; and I write to beg the favor of your allowing them to be painted there.

I know you are very much engaged. Pray don't take the trouble of answering this, unless you desire to say 'No'. I shall take your silence as 'Yes'.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Keeley Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 27 AUGUST 1845

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

At Forster's | Wednesday 27th. August

My Dear George.

Have you received a letter I wrote you, *last Saturday*, and sent by the Day Mail to Margate?[†1] It contained a request to you to act in our projected play—

the part of one Downright in Every Man in his Humour. So many days have elapsed since I wrote to you (in the meantime we have asked nobody of course) that we are fast approaching to a most intensely considerable fix. I shall be at home by 5 o'clock. In any case, pray let me see or hear from you, *this evening*.[†1]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE,[†2] 27 AUGUST 1845

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* Forster's letter (see *fn*) is dated 27 Aug.

My Dear George. I add a line to Forster's "other side",[†3] to tell you what the project is. A little party of us have taken Miss Kelly's Theatre for the Night of the 20th of next month; and are going to act a play there, with correct and pretty costume—good orchestra—&c &c. The affair is strictly private. The admission will be by cards of Invitation—every man will have from 30 to 35—nobody can ask any person without the knowledge and sanction of the rest; any objection being final—and the expence to each (exclusive of the dress: which every man finds for himself) will not exceed two guineas. Forster plays. And I play. And Stone plays. And some of the Punch people play. Stanfield, having the Scenery and Carpenters to attend to, cannot manage his part also. It is "Downright" in Every Man in His Humour—not at all long, but very good[†4]—he wants you to take it. And so do we. We shall have a brilliant audience. The uphill part of the thing is already done—our next Rehearsal is next Tuesday—and if you will come in, you will find everything ready to your hand—and all very merry and pleasant.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FOWLER, 28 AUGUST 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* John Fowler Esquire | Mechanics' Institute | Sheffield.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thursday Twenty Eighth August | 1845.

Dear Sir.

I have deliberated for a few days on the subject of your letter: most sincerely wishing to give the Sheffield Mechanics' Institute the benefit of my poor assistance, if I could possibly arrange to visit the town at the time you propose. But

though I should be so very near it on the twenty third of October, I cannot pledge myself with any degree of certainty—certainly not with the requisite degree of certainty—to come to you. Domestic reasons will oblige me to return home from Manchester with all possible dispatch; and will render my flying-visit even there, an anxious one.

Under other circumstances, I should have been truly glad of so favorable an opportunity of complying with the request of the Directors.

I am Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

John Fowler Esquire

To JAMES MONTGOMERY,[†1] 28 AUGUST 1845*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* J. Montgomery Esquire | "The Mount" | near | Sheffield.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regents Park
Twenty Eighth August 1845.

My Dear Sir.

I have had great pleasure, I assure you, in the receipt of your letter. It would have been a greater pleasure to me, if I could have hoped it would lead to a personal acquaintance between us at the time to which it refers. But, (as I have written Mr. Fowler to day) I cannot decide to come on to Sheffield from Manchester at that particular period; having special reasons for anxiety at home; and for making a rather ill-timed absence from it, as brief as possible.

If I had been wavering in my inclination to come, your persuasion—much weightier with me than the feather of the largest bird that flies—would have brought the scale down, heavily. But I am really disposed to make the visit; and would not hesitate a moment, on any lighter grounds than those which oblige me to deny myself that pleasure.[†2]

Believe me Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

J. Montgomery Esquire.

To T. J. SERLE, 29 AUGUST 1845

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Ninth August 1845.

My Dear Serle.

I set great store by your plain-spoken letter; which comes from the Man I know you to be: and is not addressed to an inconsiderate or regardless person, believe me.

Something seemed to lead me the other night, when I was with you, to a

suspicion of the Truth. But having been away so long, I had no idea that anything of an unpleasant nature had arisen between you and Macready.[†1] I purposely alluded to him, to ascertain if my misgiving were well-founded.

I am quite concerned that I should have been a party to the request,[†2] under such circumstances. But your letter assures me that you absolve me from all blame. Therefore I merely state the fact of my entire ignorance to you, as a satisfaction to myself.

Ever My Dear Serle | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To FRANK STONE,[†3] 29 AUGUST 1845*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth August 1845 | Friday

My Dear Stone.

I don't know whether you will return to town before next Tuesday; but in case you should arrive in the interval, I deem it best to let you know that we rehearse that night, and previously dine at the Bedford[†4] *at 4 o'Clock*; when everybody brings his list of proposed Invitations, to the number of 2 or 3 and thirty each; and when the bills and cards of Invitation will be given out.

We have changed the night of acting, to Saturday the 20th. as Macready plays in Liverpool on the 15th. and begged hard for that much postponement.

Ever Yours
Bobadil

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, [31 AUGUST 1845]

MS British Museum. *Date:* PM 31 Aug 45. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London.

Broadstairs | Sunday Afternoon

My Dear Kate.

I found the darlings all well and happy—looking very brown, and in the most robust health. Chickenstalker is beyond all question a size larger. The sea was so very rough, that the Boat couldn't come off; and we were carried on to Ramsgate. As we entered Broadstairs in a Fly, we came upon the Babbies in a cornfield, plucking wheat. They have been to Ramsgate with us today: and returned in a carriage. They are coming to dessert, immediately.

We had a most abominable passage—the boat a mass of sour sickness from

the head to the stern. I didn't come to that pass myself, but Maclise was extremely ill. It *was*[†1] intolerable. We have taken our places by coach to Dover, tomorrow Morning. I have no doubt, at present, that we shall return to town by the train at 6 from Dover. But in case we should not, and you should not see me until Tuesday Morning, take it for granted that we have decided, for some reason or other, to pass the night there.

We have seen nothing of Frederick[†2] or Thompson.[†3] I suppose they have not come down. Maclise sends his love to you and Georgy; and all the children add theirs.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I have my latch-key in my pocket. I have written in great haste, as I have been with the children all day, and had almost missed the Post. Best love to Georgy.

To DUDLEY COSTELLO, [LATE AUGUST 1845]

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* III (1917-18), 83. *Date:* presumably end of Aug, after Cattermole's refusal, and in time for the next rehearsal on 2 Sep; since accompanied "by a Note admitting him", clearly for the first rehearsal that Costello attended, when he would not yet be known at the theatre.

Inviting him to come to a rehearsal.

September

To W. C. MACREADY,[†4] 2 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Second September 1845

My Dear Macready.

Do you think Bobadil is *humble* before the Justice,[†5] or still carrying it off in his swaggering way? Forster and I can't agree about it. *I* say, swagger before the Justice. *He* says, be completely hove down before the Legal presence. Now, what do *you* say?

Between you and me, and that Post which is in everybody's confidence, I don't think its a very good part, and I think the comedy anything but a very good

play. It is such a damned thing to have all the people perpetually coming on to say their part, without any action to bring 'em in, or take 'em out, or keep 'em going.

Affectionately Ever

CD

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 2 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* With Two Books. | Dr. Southwood Smith | 38 Finsbury Square.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Second September 1845.

My Dear Dr. Smith

I have been to Broadstairs to see my children (who are staying there, a few weeks, with their nurses) or I should not have left your kind note so long unanswered.

It vexes me very much that I am engaged on Thursday. Otherwise, I need not say that it would have delighted me to come to you.

I shall send you—most likely tomorrow—an Invitation to some Private Theatricals on the 20th. I hope you will be able to accept it. They may amuse you, perhaps.

I forward you with this, two Transportation reports, at the request of our friend Mr. Chesterton.[†1] Very terrible books they are.[†2]

We are all quite well. Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their best regards to you. And I am Ever

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

To THOMAS BEARD, 4 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Fourth September 1845.

My Dear Beard.

This will be presented to you by Mr. Sidney Blanchard—a son of poor Blanchard whom you knew; and to whose melancholy history you are no stranger.

He is anxious (as you may have already heard from Hazlitt, who is much interested in his behalf) to obtain an Engagement on the Herald, in some reporting capacity. He is not untried: having attended Railway Committees for the Globe in the course of last Session: and having given, as I am assured, every satisfaction.†1

You know how very much interested I am, my Dear Beard, in all that relates to this family—and if you can tender them any service in this regard, it will be the very greatest satisfaction to me. I need say no more; for I am sure it would be a satisfaction to yourself also.

I sent you a prodigiously formal and unique document†2 to Portland Place this morning.

Always My Dear Beard | Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To WILLIAM HAZLITT,†3 4 SEPTEMBER 1845

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue Feb 1922; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 4 Sep 45.

I have given your young friend, a note to Beard: which I will back by the strongest personal recommendation. . . . It is very kind of you to interest yourself so actively in the matter.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 4 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Fourth September

My Dear Fred

I will take of you—First Circle of Boxes Nos. 49, 50, 51, and 52. And I give you instead, in the same circle, Nos. 72 110, 111 and 112.

Affectionately always

CD

PS. I want, after the next Rehearsal, to go over your part with you, in your dress, *almost every day.* It strikes me you are still more at sea than you ought to be. What do you do with my names on your list? Have you sent out those cards?

Or do you leave them to me to send. I want exceedingly to know this, or I shall get into all sorts of difficulties.[†1]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 4 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Fourth September

My Dear Mac.

I wish, if you can, you would come and dine with us again tomorrow at half past 5.[†2] Head the tailor is coming, and I want to have the benefit of your presence when I instruct him about the Cloak.

Ever Yours

CD

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 4 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth September 1845.

My Dear Tracey. The Bearer of this, is my Father. He is much interested in a curious case of Mysterious Disappearance[†3] which has occurred lately. So am I, from its singularity, though I don't know the party. He is anxious (I mean my father is) to have the benefit of your opinion. Will you kindly give it to him: being so competent to render valuable counsel in such a case?

Ever Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick[†4] Tracey Esquire

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 6 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth September 1845.

Dear Miss Kelly

I send you a bill[†5] and card[†6]—not because you will have any need of them, but

in order that you may see that we have set forth your Theatre in due state, on each.

We shall want the Gas on, in the dressing-rooms on Tuesday Night, if you please. Also that trap-door opened, which admits of a communication below, between both sides of the stage.

Faithfully Yours

CD

Miss Kelly.

To ALFRED DICKENS, 8 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Eighth September 1845.

My Dear Alfred. It is some time since I received your letter dated Scarborough;[†1] but I have been very much engaged, in many ways; and am indeed at the best of times but a bad correspondent: having rather more letters to write, that must be written, than the Home Secretary.

There is no news in town of any sort or kind, except that the children are at Broadstairs, and that Fred seems to find a sort of dismal fascination in a windy spot called Mutrix Farm near Margate, where Mrs. Smithson has lodgings, and where he makes himself drowsy with bottled beer and great masses of meat, by the week together. Thompson was about to be married in a great hurry, but Mrs. Weller's mother (an ancient Lady, known in the family by the name of "Gran") threatens to die; and in that case, there will be a postponement of the Nuptials.[†2] With his usual odd frostiness of manner, he seems to me to be rather glad of it, than otherwise.[†3]

Supernatural exertions are being made for the Great Play which is to come off on the Twentieth. We have Scene Painters at work, touching up all the Scenery; and the dresses will really be very brilliant indeed. The actors rather disappoint me, so far. But they will improve perhaps, and come out better than I expect. If you should run up to London on this great occasion, I shall be happy to give you house-room.

Nothing whatever has been heard of young Birkenshaw;[†4] for whose mother I

am sincerely sorry. Father goes about, identifying all the Male Bodies that turn up; and bearing enormous handbills in his pocket: together with a tremendously long document called a Statement of the Facts. Which he reads to Everybody. He is a sort of Private Coroner—sitting upon all the Fatal Accidents that happen, and cross-examining his witnesses (he summons all manner of Servant-girls and Policemen) with the greatest closeness.

Kate and Georgy send their loves. Always affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Alfred Dickens Esquire

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 8 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening 8th Septr. | 1845.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

No, no.—No audience tomorrow night. I am afraid my hand-writing has led you into a mistake. I do not want the Drawing-Room lighted by any means. *The Dressing-Rooms* are what I wrote about.

We will find time to speak together, tomorrow evening.

This Paper is no larger than yours.†1

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Tenth September | 1845.

My Dear Miss Coutts. I am deeply sensible, believe me, of your kind interest in my dear boy. I feel it as much as it is possible to feel anything. Far too much to thank you in written words like these. I am so painfully happy in your thoughtful remembrance of him, that I can only thank you from my inmost heart; and say that I am proud to place my trust in your considerate friendship.

I could do nothing better for him than to accept—I could do nothing half so good for him as to accept—your generous offer. My object is, to make him a good man and a wise one; and to place him in the best position I can help him to, for the exercise of his abilities and acquirements. Your help towards such an end is priceless to me, and to him. You could not (but you know it, I am sure) have done a more tender service.

He will be nine years old, next Twelfth Day. He had a Governess at home originally, and used to go to school, for half a year before we went to Italy, at a Mr. King's†2 at St. John's Wood. The gentleman is a good scholar, and has sons

of Macready†1 and some other friends of ours.†2 Charley has returned to him, as a Day Boarder, since we came home; and while we were abroad, he had lessons at home in English and French, and so forth. I should not say that in small scholarship, he is very far advanced as yet, for I have been more solicitous, in the first instance, about his health than his study. But he is a child of a very uncommon capacity indeed; and I have no doubt (neither has his present Master) of his rapidly winning his way upward, in any school whatever. His natural talent is quite remarkable.

If you will let me know at what age he is presentable at Marlborough,[†3] and whether it is desirable that his attention should be directed in the meantime to any particular books or branches of learning—or if you can put me in the way of ascertaining these things from the Head Master by going down there, myself—or if you can, at your leisure, tell me anything that it is advisable or necessary to do—I need not say how vigilantly I shall set about it. But do not trouble yourself to write to me, unnecessarily. I shall be quite easy until I hear from you.

I was both surprised and grieved to find, by your preceding letter, that you were at all an Invalid; of which I had not the least idea. I hope that the repose and freshness of the Devonshire Coast, have done you good, already; and that your eyes have found many beautiful objects to refresh them.

When your letter reached me yesterday, I was on the point of writing to tell you (for I knew you would be gratified to hear) that Esther Elton, the eldest, in her training at the Normal School has uniformly conducted herself in a manner for which no praise could be too high; and has now the choice of two large schools in the Country—to one of which she will go, as Mistress, early in the Spring. I never in my life saw such gentle perserverance[†4] and steady goodness as this girl has displayed, from the first. Going into the establishment, a woman grown—with her character already formed, and her habits adapted, as one would have thought, to the easy kind of life she had led, as her poor father's poor housekeeper—she settled herself at once, resolutely, to the discipline and hardwork

of the place; and has never turned from it, for one moment, though it has involved her separation from her little sisters, to whom she feels as a mother—her resignation of all her old society—her self-denial in a hundred ways, in all the ways of her previous life. I regard it really as an instance of patient womanly devotion; a little piece of quiet, unpretending, domestic heroism; of a most affecting and interesting kind. And if you could see her, with her pleasant face, and her neat, composed, agreeable manner, you would recollect that time when you gave me a commission in behalf of herself and the others, with such an emotion as very few people can ever know.[†1]

My Dear Miss Coutts I will not thank you again, nor will I say for Charley's Mama, all that she wants me to say. No one can imagine it, better than you.

Believe me Ever | Yours most faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I beg my best regards to Miss Meredith—by which name I always call her, whether I will or no. I am quite sorry you and she are not in town to see the Play on Saturday Week; being pretty sure it would have amused you.

To JOHN LEECH, 10 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Brook Green | Hammersmith. *Date:* PM 10 Sep 45.

REHEARSAL CALLS.

Tuesday 16th. at ¼ before 7

Not Dress

_____

Thursday 18th. at 6 (To allow time for dressing)

Dress

_____

Friday 19th. at ¼ before 7

Not Dress

_____

John Leech Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, 10 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Huntington Library.

REHEARSAL CALLS.

Tuesday 16th. at ¼ before 7

Not Dress

_____

Thursday 18th. at 6 (To allow time for dressing)

Dress

_____

Friday 19th. at ¼ before 7

Not Dress

_____

T. J. Thompson Esqre.

(Over)

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth Septr. 1845

My Dear Thompson. I will send for your table *next Tuesday Morning.* I shall want Wallace[†1] to be in attendance, if you please, *at 6 on the Friday Evening* (the night before the Play) to receive his instructions and be shewn the seats.

Ever Yours

CD

To JOHN WILLMOTT, [?10 SEPTEMBER 1845]

Text from *Birmingham Gazette and Express,* 30 Apr 1904, taken from MS Memorial Library, Stratford (since mislaid). *Date:* clearly the week before the dress-rehearsal; probably when collecting properties, as in *To* Thompson, 10 Sep.

I want a couple of stage cudgels made. I don't know the technical name for them (or I have forgotten it),[†2] but you know what I mean—a sort of flexible sausage to beat a man with, that seems to hurt him very much but doesn't. I have no doubt there is some genius at your elbow who will manufacture them in no time. Will you give him the commission and tell him to let me have them this week with a note of his charge for them? So may you prosper and flourish for ever!

Some of my company say that as the night approaches they begin to feel like used-up cab horses—going perceptibly at the knees. One of them has gone on the cold water system to make himself courageous.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S.—Good long cudgels, as long as walking-sticks.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 11 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Eleventh September | 1845.

My Dear Mac.

Many thanks! The hat is gone to be altered; and the belt to be buckled. I fear spurs: having a great dread of their coming in my way. But I will think of them.

I do not so clearly see how to adopt your suggestion in reference to the trousers. Which I find, on looking to the books, are perfectly correct "Spanish slops".[†1] But you shall shew me practically, if you will, next Sunday.

What a man Stone is! ! ! I went through some of my books of Authority[†2] last night, because I was confident that I knew at least as well as he; and that he had made preposterous objections, without a shadow of reason. He pulled up Frederick's boots, like Wellington's. They were worn so low at the exact period of this Play, that they are described in the Gull's Horn Book,[†3] as often having the fringe of the part turned over, trailing on the ground. He objected to gloves with large gauntlet tops—"There was no such thing at that day. Nothing of the sort".—The tops of the gloves were made so large and wide, *that it was a common practice to carry letters and such small papers in them.* Why, isn't it a lamentable thing, Grandsire,[†4] that a man should bore one so, and be wrong all the time?

I will very likely give you a call sometime this morning.

Ever Yours
CD

To LADY HOLLAND, [?10-15 SEPTEMBER 1845]*

Extract from copy[†5] in Holland House Dinner Book (MS British Museum), followed by "The above is Mr Dickens's account of them, which he wrote to My Lady". *Date:* between 10 and 15 Sep, since Lady Holland gave her son many of these particulars in a letter of 15 Sep (MS BM), but did not mention the theatricals on 9 Sep.

Every Man In His Humour

Old Knowell. Mr. Mayhew. Punch Writer

Edward Knowell. Frederick Dickens

Brainworm. Mark Lemon. Punch writer

George Downright. Dudley Costello (an author)

Wellbred. Thompson (a private Gentleman)

Kitely. Forster[†6]

Captain Bobadil. Charles Dickens

Master Stephen. Douglas Jerrold. Punch Writer of "Mrs. Caudle" Punch's

Letters to his Son &c. &c. &c.

Master Mathew—Leech Punch Caricaturist He has done all their famous

things—Lord Brougham as Clown; and so forth.

Thomas Cash—Augustus Dickens

Oliver Cob. Leigh. Punch Writer

Justice Clement. Frank Stone. Artist

Roger Formal. Evans. My Printer.

William—A'Becket.[†1] Punch Writer The Comic Blackstone &c &c

James—Mr. Jerrold's son

Dame Kitely—Miss Fortescue (from the Haymarket)

The two other Ladies, two of Miss Kelly's pupils.

A Good Night's Rest.

Mr. Snobbington—Mr. C. Dickens

The Stranger—Mr. Lemon again

The Company includes all the Punch corps with the exception of one gentleman. We chose them because they are so well accustomed to act in concert good humouredly.—

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 15 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Fifteenth September 1845.

My Dear Sir

I called in Great Russell Street to day, to ask, under the seal of Literary-Fund-confidence, if you know anything of Mr. Frederick Tolfrey,[†2] who has published two books, the Sportsman in France and the Sportsman in Canada; and who has written in several of the Magazines.[†3] I am deputed to make enquiry about this gentleman privately, if I possibly can, by one to whom he has written for some temporary assistance, and I really don't know how to do it; so I catch at the possibility of your knowing something of him.

My Dear Sir Faithfully | Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

O. Blewitt Esquire.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 15 SEPTEMBER 1845

Mention in Morris Book Shop Inc. catalogue, n.d.; *MS* 1 p.; dated 15 Sep 45.

Acknowledging receipt of payments.[†1]

To T. J. SERLE, 16 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS[†2] Mr Peter Brandt.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Sept. 16th. 1845.

My dear Serle,

There will probably be many carriages in Dean Street on Saturday night; and the half hour mentioned in the bill as the time for sitting down is so very short, that the door will be opened at half past 6, instead of seven.[†3] I think it best to tell you, that if you can manage to be there *before* seven, you will certainly enter more comfortably.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth September 1845.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Immediately on the receipt of your letter, I set about enquiring into the reputation of Mr. Tolfrey. And as I knew nothing of him myself, and was even unacquainted with his name, I went away to the office of the Literary Fund (I am one of its Managing Committee); where I knew I should hear the Truth about him, if he had ever applied for assistance there; and where I knew my enquiry, in any case, would be strictly confidential; secrecy being one of the main principles of the Establishment.

I found, to my disappointment, that it being Vacation time, the Secretary (an excellent and charitable gentleman) was out of town. But I wrote to him straightway; and here is his letter in reply. I should decidedly say, on such evidence, that Mr. Tolfrey is *not* a fit subject for your generous aid. If his story be true, his bookseller will certainly purchase a Second Edition of his book from him. If his story be untrue, a Second Edition (supposing him to apply the money, if he got it

from you, in its publication) would be mere waste paper.[†1] The Second Edition being all sold, would, certainly, be much more profitable to him if he published it on his own account, than if he made a bargain with Bentley, Colburn, or any other Shark of those Waters. But I can hear nothing of the book. And I do not believe its success warrants any such presumption.

A slight thing may turn the scale when the balance is going very plainly one way. I did not like his mention of his "revered and lamented father", and his "beloved mother" in his letter to you. A man who is quite in earnest, can afford to leave his estimation of his parents, I think, to the understanding of his reader.

At the same time, if you be inclined to advance him the money, I need not say that I will give it him with the greatest caution, and in the most considerate manner. All I wish to say against it, is, that I think I would not give it him, if I were you.

With a smaller sum, my dear Miss Coutts, I think I can do, on your behalf, an infinitely greater service. George Cruikshank came to me some weeks ago, and told me the facts of the melancholy little history I am going to state to you. He asked me if I thought I could influence any rich friend in the sufferer's behalf. You were not in the way. I do not know that I should have had the courage to come to you, if you had been. And I told him No; I could not then; but if I ever could, I would. I should premise that Cruikshank is one of the best creatures in the World, in his own odd way (he is a live Caricature himself); and that to the extent of his means, he has rendered assistance here, already, from his own purse.

I don't know if you ever saw a book called "Mornings at Bow Street". It is a collection of Bow Street reports that appeared, years and years ago, in the Morning Herald; and did the paper immense service at that time. The writer is a Mr. White,[†2] who from that time, until very recently, has been

connected with the Herald as one of its Sub-Editors. The paper changed hands[†3] within this Year and a Half, or so—he was not wanted in the new arrangements—and at 60 years of age was suddenly discharged, with a month's Salary, from the Establishment that had not only been his income but his whole prospect; for he thought himself (quite naturally) a leaf of the tree, and believed he would never be shaken off until he died. He had lived upon his salary, but had done no more—I really don't see how he could have done more—and this was a blow, as if his Bank had failed, or he had become paralyzed.

His daughter had been engaged to be married, *Fourteen Years.* Her lover was not rich—was fighting his way, very slowly, to the Bar—and they had always said they would be married, when he was 'called'. After all these many years, he was called, at last; and her wedding clothes were being made, when one night (just at the time of his discharge), after they had been to the opera together, he went home to his chambers and was seized with congestion of the Brain.

In a very few hours she was sent for. If she wished to see him before he died, the Message said, she must come without delay. She was taken down to the Adelphi (where the chambers were) by her mother; and they arrived in the Bedroom, just in time to see him die. Quite frantic, she ran out of the chamber; opened a window, four tall stories high; and plunged herself, head-foremost, from it! By a kind of miracle, she fell into a tank of water at the back of one of the neighbouring houses; and was taken out, insensible, but unhurt. Since that time, she has been watched, day and night. Her mother has never been told the Truth, but the father knows it. The poor girl sits all day in a sort of dream, repeating little scraps of comfort from the Bible. She has never shed a tear.

The wretched father is oppressed with some small debts. But they are very small; and if he could release his plate, which he has pawned for Thirty Pounds, I have no doubt Cruikshank could compound for every one of them with the produce of its Sale; and then he could, with an easier mind, seek some employment: or at the worst, go away to live with his son[†1] who is a poor Curate[†2]—I think—in Wales. My dear Miss Coutts, these are all miserable facts within my knowledge. Thirty Pounds here, will be like Help from Heaven. There is no possibility of imposition; Cruikshank has known the parties twenty years[†3] at least; and the circumstances surely are peculiarly affecting and distressful.

My letter is so long already that I will tell you of the other Eltons in my next. We have never had the least trouble with them; and they are all as well, as happy, and as full of promise—thank God for it!—as we could possibly desire.

With best regards to Miss Meredith

Believe me Dear Miss Coutts Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 17 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace

Wednesday Evening | Seventeenth September 1845.

My Dear Stanny

You will have seen Rainey[†4] (as I have understood from him) before this reaches you. I have a suggestion to make, for getting out of the supper business much more simply and safely. For this purpose, I will drive to you tomorrow Morning *at half past 11*, when perhaps you can ride down with me to Lemon, and discuss it.

Ever Yours

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 18 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Eighteenth September 1845.

My Dear Macready. We hold a little supper Sir, after the Farce, at No. 9 Powis Place Great Ormond Street, in an empty house belonging to one of the company.[†1] There, I am requested by my fellows to beg the favor of thy company, and that of Mrs. Macready. The guests are limited to the actors and their ladies,—with the exception of yourselves, and D'Orsay, and George Cattermole,[†2] "or so"—that sounds like Bobadil a little.[†3]

I am going to adopt your reading of the Fifth Act, with the worst grace in the World.[†4] It seems to me that you don't allow enough for Bobadil having been frequently beaten before—as I have no doubt he had been. The part goes down, hideously, on this construction; and the end is mere lees. But never mind Sir. I intend bringing you up with the Farce, in the most brilliant manner.

Ever Yours affectionately

CD

N.B. Observe. I think of changing my present mode of life, and am open to an engagement.

NB. No. 2. I will undertake not to play Tragedy, though Passion is my strength.

(over)

N.B. No. 3. I consider myself a chained lion.[†5]

To MISS MACREADY,[†6] 18 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth September 1845.

My Dear Miss Macready.

Macready's Box will hold—let me see—Miss Kelly would say, Forty, but I should really think *Six.* It is the best, for seeing, in the house, of course. And in case any of the Six should prove to be at a disadvantage in that respect, there is

standing-room behind the First Circle of Boxes, which is really the best place in the little Theatre.

I am half dead with Managerial work—and with actual work in shirt sleeves; with a dirty face, a hammer, and a bag of Nails. I never in my life saw a place in such a state, or had to do with such an utterly careless and unbusiness-like set of dogs (with the exception of Stanfield and Brainworm) as my fellow actors. I don't except Forster:[†1] for so far as he is concerned, there is nothing in the World but Kitely[†2]—there is no World at all; only a something in its place that begins with a "K" and ends with a "Y".

I enclose a note for Macready when he arrives. Ever My Dear Miss Macready

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS MACREADY, [?18 SEPTEMBER 1845]

MS Auckland Public Library. *Date:* evidently later on same day as last.

Devonshire T | Thursday

My Dear Miss Macready

It is rather difficult—adjoining each other, I fear it can't be done. But anything connected with the House of Macready is quite a special thing; and if you will send me the names of the parties[†3] (soon:—I am going out to the Theatre in

an hour) I will make such prodigious efforts as become an energetic Stage Manager. And you shall hear from me, tomorrow Morning.

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Some of the actors say that as the Night draws on, they feel themselves *going at the knees*![†1]

To RICHARD LANE, 19 SEPTEMBER 1845

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1933; *MS* 1 p.; dated 19 Sep 45; probably the same as mention and summary in Sotheran's Price Current of Literature, No. 822 (1931) of letter to "N. I. Lane" from Devonshire Terrace.

Stating that he is sending him an invitation card.

To SYDNEY WILLIAMS,[†2] 19 SEPTEMBER 1845

Extract in Maggs catalogue No. 451 (1924); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 Sep 45.

Arranging for Williams to visit him. Mr. Dickens will not be enabled at that time to conclude any negotiations with Mr. Williams; but he will be happy to understand the nature of Mr. Williams' proposal.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 22 SEPTEMBER 1845†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean St.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Twenty Second September | 1845.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

If you will have the kindness to get us a note of our expences for Carpenters and Gas &c, and to send it by post to Mr. Stanfield, we shall be happy to square accounts immediately. [†a]I am desirous to settle them without delay.[†a]

I hope you are none the worse for your anxiety and your exertions. They were both very great, I am afraid, [†b]at last.[†b†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [24 SEPTEMBER 1845]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* endorsed "24/9/1845", which is consistent with *To* Miss Coutts, 17 Sep 45.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday

My Dear Miss Coutts. I return you Mr. Tolfrey's letter.

A thousand thanks on behalf of Mr. White. I have rigidly observed your injunctions; and will write you fully about that poor girl, when I have settled the adjustment of the Fifty Pounds.[†2] Suffice it to say at this moment that I hope to be able to make such lasting use of it, as will delight your generous Heart. She is much better.

Where shall I write to you? I shall be glad to know at your perfect leisure.

Ever believe me
With the truest regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To T. J. SERLE, 24 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth September 1845.

My Dear Serle

I was in Managerial agonies at the Theatre, all day on Saturday; and did not receive your letter until a very short time before the Curtain rose. I am extremely sorry you were not there, as I really counted on your worship's presence: setting a high value on your opinion.

I waited and waited on behalf of Mr. Novello,[†3] thinking it certain that out of more than five hundred people, some would send their tickets back, at the last moment. But it never came to pass. And I was powerless.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To ALEXANDER SMART,[†1] 24 SEPTEMBER 1845*

MS Yale University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fourth September 1845.

Dear Sir

I have had the truest pleasure in the perusal of your gentle little book; so feelingly and well described by my dear friend Lord Jeffrey.[†2]

I thank you cordially, for your remembrance of me—enhanced in value by the kind expressions in your note; by which I set great store.

I am Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Alexander Smart Esquire

To DR J. A. WILSON,[†3] 24 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Mrs Humphry House.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fourth September 1845.

Dear Sir

I perfectly recollect your obliging communication some years ago.

If we should repeat Every Man in his Humour to a Private audience, I shall be happy to send you an Invitation. But we have no plan or idea of doing so, at this time, that I know of. And I should certainly, in my managerial capacity, have early knowledge of any such intention.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Wilson

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 26 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (envelope, MS New York Public Library): A Monsieur | M. Le Comte D'Orsay | Gore House | Kensington.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth September 1845.

My Dear Count D'Orsay

Can you, and will you, come to dine with me on Wednesday next at 6 o'Clock? I have a Mr. Ridgway coming, who is a great man at Naples now-a-days, and is the Receiver General of all distinguished travellers, both there, and at the Lake

of Como, where he has a beautiful Villa. He is a bit of a Bore, but can be swamped, easily.

I am under orders for Rosherville,[†1] remember, and shall be punctual to any summons you give me.[†2]

Ever Faithfully Yours
Bobadil

To LORD DUDLEY COUTTS STUART, [?26 SEPTEMBER 1845]*

MS The Earl of Harrowby. *Date:* endorsed "1845—Autumn"; handwriting supports; Oct ruled out by other engagements and Catherine's health; 26 Sep the most likely Sep date.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

My Dear Lord Dudley

It will be the greatest pleasure to Mrs. Dickens and myself, if you will come and join our Family Dinner next Sunday at Six. Will you?

If this should find you otherwise engaged or out of town, I shall retire into the Wilderness: bereft of all hope of ever setting eyes on you again.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Dudley Stuart

To MADAME DE LA RUE, 27 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* North Italy. | A Madame: | Madame Emile De la Rue | Monsieur Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres | Genoa | North Italy.

Devonshire Terrace, Saturday Twenty Seventh September 1845.

My Dearest Madame De la Rue. I received your letter last Monday Morning, when I was still in a whirl from the uproar of Saturday Night. But I expected it fully—had half expected it, indeed, on Saturday—and went down to the Theatre after post-time on Saturday Morning, a little disappointed by its non-arrival. So you see that occupation only makes this difference in me—I am rather damped for the time being, if you are not, in some sort, a sharer in it.

Good Heaven how I wish you could have been there! It really was a brilliant sight. The audience so distinguished for one thing or another—every one so

elegantly dressed—all in such a state of excitement and expectation.[†1] As to the acting, modesty forbids me to say more than that it has been the town talk ever since.[†2] I have known nothing short of a Murder, to make such a noise before. We are overwhelmed with invitations, applications, petitions, and Memorials, for a repetition of the Performance; and on the night it was as much as we could do, with a strong body of Police, to keep the doors from being carried by force. It got into the Papers, notwithstanding all our precautions;[†3] and I sent you a Times[†4] the other day, with some account of the proceedings. I hope it reached you safely.

We numbered every seat in the House; and assigned each by lot. I am afraid Miss Holskamp[†5] (whose brother and sister I invited also) had a bad place; for it

was in the upper boxes, and looked down, rather awkwardly, upon the stage. I have not seen her since, but I hope she either has given, or will give you, some account of the Evening. The Duke of Devonshire travelled a couple of hundred miles, in one direction, to be present; and Alfred Tennyson (our friend) travelled a couple of hundred miles in another.[†1] So the attraction spread itself to all sorts and conditions of men. We newly painted all the scenery; newly-carpentered all the Machinery; had the dresses (they were bright colors you may be sure, to please my Managerial eye) made expressly, from old pictures; and worked away at it, rehearsing and rehearsing, night after night, and day after day, as if it were the whole business of our lives. But I have always had a misgiving,[†2] in my inmost heart, that I was born to be the Manager of a Theatre. And now, I am quite sure of it. I send you a bill, as a little Curiosity. There are whispers of Gold snuff-boxes for the indefatigable Manager, from the Performers—Hem!

And Gaberel is going to be married at last!!! I am glad of it. Though I find that native obstinacy of yours, in full force on the subject, still! I don't think he is exactly the man to fall in love with—I agree with you, there. But there is a vulgar saying in England "Wot's the odds so long as you're happy!" And perhaps the Bride elect starts from that point, and adopts that line of argument. When I think of the possible consequences—of little gaspers like Papa—or apple-faced Maniacs like Grandpapa—a chill runs through my blood. It is a dreadful thought.

Ridgway came in the other night (last Thursday) with his hair still crisp with yolk of egg, and his tongue still glib on the theme of certain Counts and Countesses who have been visiting his Cook—himself I should say—at the Lake of Como. He dines here, next Wednesday; and contemplates a three weeks' stay in London. I heard from Walton the other day (do you remember an evening of intoxicating and rapturous excitement, we once passed at Carrara?) who tells me he has been nearly married, and "is not out of danger yet". Una bellissima Signora, he adds—and underlines it, a great many times.

If the Champion[†3] has the benefit of my good wishes, you will never get that box; for she will certainly go down in some deep water. Confound her tardy, lagging, miserable pace! I never was so vexed as by the loss of that first Steamer; for your impatience to receive the box, is nothing to that with which I burn to know that you have got it. Tell De la Rue that I will write to him immediately after the receipt of that mysterious package, which I will open in this Study of mine, with my own careful hands. You have made me desperately anxious to know what on earth it can contain. Whatever it be, as a remembrance from him, it will be very precious to me.

As to the Examiner, I have risen into the Seventh Heaven of indignant

wonder, since I learnt from you, that it has ever miscarried. *It has always been sent.* Do not fail to let me know, if it should ever fail again. For in that case I will bestow a little of my superfluous indignation on the General Post office. The Examiner reminds me of Forster, who is quite well, and played admirably the other night—though he imitated Macready too much. I suspect Macready thought so; and would have been better pleased, if the resemblance had been less near.[†1] Talking of him, reminds me of Maclise, who is exactly in his old state; from which he has in nothing, made any departure, except in being so nervous when the Overture to the Comedy was playing, the other night, that he turned a deadly white, and had nearly fainted away. Georgy is very well, and takes long country walks with me.—She is quite happy, I think. And I have left that matter where it was; trusting to its wearing itself out, on her part, in due course.[†2]

The affair at Manchester is on the Twenty Third of October. I suppose there will be an audience of some Two Thousand people. I will look into the local papers, and send you the best report I see. I have been much solicited to go to Sheffield at the same time, and to Birmingham; and have had other public receptions tendered to me, both in the Country and in London. But I have declined them; firstly, because I would rather be quiet; and secondly because I am now composing myself to write my little Christmas book. I shall be actually at work upon it, I hope, when you receive this; and for a month afterwards, most likely. Christmas turned, you will see me, in the bloom of Print again, pretty often.[†3]

I have forgotten to say in its right place that I took the glass you gave me, to the Theatre, in my Portmanteau of Costumes; and drank a bottle of old Sherry from it, in my dressing-Room, at divers fatiguing periods of the Evening. And I drank to you, in a great black wig, and with a peaked beard and black moustache —all stuck on, singly, by the individual hair! I had a dresser from one of the large Theatres to do it; and I never was so much astonished in my life as at the

time it took. After I was beaten, I had all this taken off (an idea of my own) and put on lank and straight—the moustache, which had curled up towards the eyes, turned drooping *down*—and every hair dishevelled. You never saw such a Devil. But I wore real armour on my throat and breast; and most enormous boots and spurs—and looked like an old Spanish Portrait, I assure you. Maclise is going to paint the figure, as an ideal one; and I have sat to him already, in the Dress.[†1] I am constantly reverting to this Play, I find; but only because I know you will like to hear whatever I happen to remember about it. It is not unlikely we may act again—some other play—at Christmas. Mr. Lemon, the Editor of Punch, who played Brainworm in the Comedy, and acted with me in the Farce, is an excellent actor. But everybody's understanding of what he was about, and what the author meant, was truly interesting in a very high degree.

Dear Madame De la Rue, I didn't wear the slippers! I couldn't find it in my heart to drag them through the dirt and destruction of a Theatre. Here they are, every morning on the rug—giving me as great a start, sometimes, when they catch my eye, as the footprint on the sand caused Robinson Crusoe—and carrying me back to Genoa at a greater pace than ever seven-league boots went. I have a new picture of the Peschiere; painted by a friend of my brother's[†2] who came to see us there; and very well done. It hangs upon the staircase, just outside my bedroom door. The last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning, I see the Peschiere—and all day long, besides; for there is another in my room here. What would I give to see you, too? I carry you about with me in the shape of a Purse; and though that pocket is in a very tender place—breast pocket—left hand side—I carry you about in tenderer places still, in your own image which will never fade or change to me, come what may. Ever Yours affecy. CD. P.S. Children at home and thriving. All well. Kate and Georgy send their loves. Both "going" to write.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 27 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS University of Kentucky.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh September 1845.

My Dear Stanny

I return you the Pipe,[†3] with many thanks.

You recollect that we meet at Forster's to day, at 3, to settle the accounts. A chop afterwards, I suppose, and some illegitimate Theatricals?

Have you received the statement of the Gas? If you have not, I will send down to Miss Kelly, myself, on receiving a word from you to that effect.

Ever Faithfully

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 29 SEPTEMBER 1845†

MS Clark Memorial Library, University of California. *Address:* Messrs. Bradbury and Evans | Whitefriars | Fleet Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Ninth September 1845.

My Dear B and E.

I think it is time we determined how the Xmas book†1 shall be illustrated. If you deem it advisable to have it done as expensively as the Chimes, it may be as well to communicate with Messrs. Leech and Doyle, and prepare them for what they will have to do. I have already given Mr. Maclise to understand that he must let me know, *this week*, whether he will do the Frontispiece.†2

†aAs soon as you have done those Chimes accounts, I shall be glad to swell my balance with the result.†3 When we settle them, I have to credit you with a small amount in right of the Carol. I have C and H's accounts, in a great deal of red and black ink, all duly ruled and rendered.†a†4

I have seen George Cruikshank in reference to the Oliver Twist cover,†5 which he is more than ready to do. It is clear it would never have done to have handed it on to anybody else. †bIt may be a wholesome reminder to send him a Block in the course of the next few days.†b

I am in the preliminary seclusion and ill-temper of the Xmas book. You will find me at home, any morning.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans

To THOMAS POWELL, 29 SEPTEMBER 1845

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth September 1845.

My Dear Powell.

I have no doubt whatever, from the botheration I daily undergo on the subject of more performances, that the Theatre could be immediately filled at a Guinea a head, for the repetition of Every Man In His Humour. But I have a great doubt whether the Company in general would like to play to that kind of audience; and I am not at all clear that I should like it myself. I acted to a General audience in Canada, once—But that is far away, and quite another thing.

In case you should not, in the fulness of time, hear anything more from me on this subject, you may conclude that it is not feasible. Every one concerned, however, has, I do really believe, the strongest possible interest in behalf of the Sanatorium.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Powell Esquire

P.S. I think a letter from Southwood Smith, or from some of the Committee addressed to me as Manager would be the best mode of bringing it before the Body of Amateurs, if you really desire that they should consider it in a business-like way.

To MR ELLIS,[†1] 30 SEPTEMBER 1845†

MS Mr Alan G. Thomas.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate Regents Park
Thirtieth September 1845.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ellis, and begs, on behalf of the gentlemen engaged in the Amateur Performance at Miss Kelly's Theatre, to enclose him a cheque for Eight Guineas. [†a]He will be glad to learn that it is a sufficient remuneration to Mr. Ellis for his time and trouble.[†a]

To W. S. LANDOR, 30 SEPTEMBER 1845

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 9 Feb 1901; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 30 Sep 45.

Your Godson[†2] flourishes. My ladies say they don't object to receive any amount of love you may forward but they question whether you have much to send.

October

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | First October 1845.

My Dear George. Don't let me take away your breath with too sudden a question—but can you come and dine with me *today*[†3] at 6?

I have made up a small table, suddenly, for an Englishman from Naples,[†4] who keeps great state there, and shewed me extreme attention. Count D'Orsay is

coming, who wishes very much to know you better. Stanfield, Maclise, and ourselves are the rest of the party.

Ever Yours
CD.

Stretch a point if needful and say Yes.

To FRANK STONE, 1 OCTOBER 1845*

MS[†1] Benoliel Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | October 1st. 1845

My Dear Stone

I beg to inform you that the whole of the Accounts arising out of the Play, have been got in and paid; and that your share of the gross expences (including the supper and every incidental charge) amounts to £10..4..0 which you can forward to me, if you please, at your convenience.

The cost of a repetition of the Comedy and Farce, would be about £3 to each of us.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, 1 OCTOBER 1845

MS[†2] Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | October 1st. 1845

My Dear Thompson

I beg to inform you that the whole of the accounts arising out of the Play, have been got in and paid; and that your share of the gross expences (including the supper and every incidental charge) amounts to £10..4..0 which you can forward to me, if you please, at your convenience.

The cost of a repetition of the Comedy and Farce, would be about £3 to each of us.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

Wilson the Hair dresser[†3] (nearly opposite Chapman and Hall's in the Strand) has got your great coat and cigar case.

To CHARLES EATON,[†1] 1 OCTOBER 1845

MS[†2] Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Charles Eaton Esquire.

1 Devonshire Terrace | October 1st. 1845

My Dear Sir

I beg to inform you that the whole of the accounts arising out of the Play, have been got in and paid; and that your share of the gross expences (including the supper and every incidental charge) amounts to £3..14..0 which you can forward to me, if you please, at your convenience.

The cost of a repetition of the Comedy and Farce, would be about £3 to each of us.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Eaton Esquire.

To JOHN LEECH, 1 and 2 OCTOBER 1845

MS[†3] Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Brook Green | Hammersmith.

1 Devonshire Terrace | October 1st. 1845

My Dear Leech

I beg to inform you that the whole of the accounts arising out of the Play, have been got in and paid; and that your share of the gross expences (including the supper and every incidental charge) amounts to £10..4..0 which you can forward to me, if you please, at your convenience.

The cost of a repetition of the Comedy and Farce, would be about £3 to each of us.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

Devonshire Terrace | Second October 1845.

My Dear Leech.

To my business note to you, and enclosure for your brother in law, I add a line to say that I hope I may again count on your assistance in my little Christmas Book. I am now settling myself to work; and hope in ten days or so, to be in a condition to wind you up and set you going.

If you are in the mood, therefore, to illustrate my poor fancies, we will hold discourse together on the subject, in about that time. We intend publishing earlier than usual, this Year.[†4]

Ever Yours
CD.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 2 OCTOBER 1845

Text from MDGH, I, 144-5.

Devonshire Terrace, October 2nd, 1845.

My dear Stanny,

I send you the claret jug.[†1] But for a mistake, you would have received the little remembrance almost immediately after my return from abroad.

I need not say how much I should value another little sketch[†2] from your extraordinary hand in this year's small volume, to which Mac again does the frontispiece. But I cannot hear of it, and will not have it (though the gratification of such aid, to me, is really beyond all expression), unless you will so far consent to make it a matter of business as to receive, without asking any questions, a cheque in return from the publishers. Do not misunderstand me—though I am not afraid there is much danger of your doing so, for between us misunderstanding is, I hope, not easy. I know perfectly well that nothing can pay you for the devotion of any portion of your time to such a use of your art. I know perfectly well that no terms would induce you to go out of your way, in such a regard, for perhaps anybody else. I cannot, nor do I desire to, vanquish the friendly obligation which help from you imposes on me. But I am not the sole proprietor of these little books; and it would be monstrous in you if you were to dream of putting a scratch into a second one without some shadowy reference to the other partners, ten thousand times more monstrous in me if any consideration on earth could induce me to permit it, which nothing will or shall.

So, see what it comes to. If you will do me a favour on my terms it will be more acceptable to me, my dear Stanfield, than I can possibly tell you. If you will not be so generous, you deprive me of the satisfaction of receiving it at your hands, and shut me out from that possibility altogether. What a stony-hearted ruffian you must be in such a case!

Ever affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOSEPH ELLIS,[†3] 4 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Mr H. W. Woodward.

Devonshire Terrace. London | Saturday Fourth October | 1845.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ellis, and begs to say that himself and Mr. Forster are coming down to Brighton tomorrow, to remain at the Bedford until Monday; and that they will be obliged to Mr. Ellis if he will order two comfortable bedrooms to be reserved for them.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 4 OCTOBER 1845*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire | 14 Russell Place.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth October 1845.

My Dear Mac.

A Thousand Thanks for your kind remembrance of that dinner-table promise.[†1] Nothing could be more brilliant than the knife and fork you sent. I wouldn't change them on any account.

There is an old superstition about knives—Nothing in it, I dare say—but I send you a halfpenny in payment.

Do not think so nonsensically[†2] about the value of your frontispiece.[†3] I can hardly believe you to be serious, when I know so much better, and so far above all possibility of dispute, what its value is.

I have had quite a noble note from Stanny: who, also, illustrates again. I will explain my idea to you, as soon as I have shaped it quite distinctly. You will find it a good subject, I think.

Has Forster told you that he and I are going to Brighton tomorrow—returning next day? You mean to bear us company, I hope? It is only a two hours' journey, now.

Affectionately Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Danial Maclise Esquire.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 4 OCTOBER 1845†

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Fourth October 1845.

My Dear Stanny.

[†a]I am touched to the quick by the kind heartiness of your letter. Heaven forbid that there should be any of that same dirty metal in the leaven of our friendship, ever![†a] The few grains I insist upon, are really not mine. From myself, I offer you nothing but Thanks.

As to the value and importance of your help—all I say on that score is, that you are a Pernicious old Humbug.

[†b]I shall hope, in a fortnight or so, to shew you something of the Tale. I am thinking still; but have not yet begun.[†b]

I should have made a point of coming to Liston's[†4] last night, had I not been engaged all day in some painful business of my friend Wellbred's; who, on the

very eve of his marriage with a very beautiful girl—the ring purchased, wedding dresses made, and so forth—finds the whole contract shattered like Glass, in an instant, under the most inexplicable circumstances that ever distracted the head of "a mutual friend".

If you could have seen me yesterday, as the Acting Manager of *this* Drama (a domestic tragedy) you would have said Miss Kelly's was nothing to it. I am still up to the eyes in the miserable affair, but with no hope of a good end.[†1]

Ever Affectionately Yours | Dear Stanny
CHARLES DICKENS

Kate was very queer indeed, all night on Thursday. I thought of the Doctor several times. I was more than ever sorry to have left you so soon, when I heard from Toby[†2] and Mac, that Mrs. Stanfield sang in *the most charming manner.*[†3]

To [JOSEPH ELLIS], [6 OCTOBER 1845]*

MS Bodleian Library. *Date:* endorsed "6 October 1845" in unknown hand; clearly the day of their return. *Address:* from a collection of letters to Joseph Ellis.

Bedford Hotel Brighton | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your note, and at the same time to express my regret that we are off and away again, at too early an hour this morning, to admit of our accepting your kind Invitation.

Mr. Forster begs me to convey his compliments to you. And I am always
Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Night Sixth October | 1845.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I cannot but think that a letter of mine must have been overlooked at your

house. The impression on my mind—an impression so very strong, that it amounts to everything but a moral certainty—is, that some days ago, I wrote to Stratton Street, acknowledging the safe receipt of the money, and telling you that I would write again and gratify you (I hoped) by saying how we had disposed of it—as soon as I had quite completed the business. I said in the same letter that the poor young lady was very greatly better—composed, and mentally resigned: placing her trust in a better World, and relying on a meeting there, in God's good time, with her lover. Nothing, surely, could induce me to believe that I wrote this letter, unless I had actually done so.[†1] *I feel quite sure that I dispatched it to your house in town.* The more I think of it; being usually very exact in such things; the more persuaded I am, that I wrote and sent it.

I will not fail to redeem that pledge of telling you the end of your benevolence, so far as it can now be ascertained, as soon as I know it myself.

I write in great haste, lest you should miss the second letter. Ever Dear Miss Coutts Yours most faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS COOPER,[†2] 7 OCTOBER 1845†

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh October 1845.

Dear Sir

I am sorry to say that I am not yet prepared to report to you upon your MS.[†3] I have been engaged for some days, in the endeavour to arrange some affairs of a distressing nature for a friend; and this business has left me no leisure whatever.

You can have access to your papers at any time you please, for the purpose of taking out the Verses. [†a]If you desire it, I can very easily send them to you. Let me know which you will prefer. I should have answered your letter without delay, but for my having been at Brighton.[†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Cooper Esquire

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 7 OCTOBER 1845

Extract in Maggs catalogue No. 399 (1920); *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 7 Oct 45. *Address* (envelope, MS Mr L. C. Staples): Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

By all means. If I do not see you here tomorrow between half past 2 and 3, I will call on you at ten minutes after the last-named hour.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 7 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Fitzwilliam Museum.

Devonshire Terrace.
Wednesday Evening | Seventh October 1845.

My Dear Fred.

I claim no right whatever to oppose your wishes. You ask me for my counsel: and I give it you. I do not expect you to take it, nor shall I be in the least offended if you do not. But I would earnestly advise you not to be hasty in rejecting it.

So far as I know myself, I think I have some reason to suppose that I am not accustomed to take "stern" views of any subject. That it is not my nature in any case. And that if I had a tendency that way it would be very unlikely to beset me in reference to any matter nearly concerning *you*.

Marriage, with your income, is a very serious affair.[†1] Something on the lady's part, would certainly be desirable. But failing that, (on which I do not lay extraordinary stress, as the affections are not commonly regulated by the pocket) I do hold it very essential that the family with which you connect yourself should seem, in what one knows of them, to give you some sort of warrant for trusting in them as good, straight-forward, agreeable persons—pleasant to associate with, when their freshness has gone off—commonly discreet and rational in ordinary life—and such good governors of themselves in their sentiments, sympathies, antipathies, and what not, as to render them reasonably likely to stand the wear and tear of Home-test; which brings all metal to the proof in a very searching manner.

I do not think the Wellers are this kind of people. I want odd phrases to express my meaning when I think of them. Perhaps I cannot express myself better than by saying they are, in my opinion, an "impracticable family." They don't seem to me to have any ballast. They are very amiable, but especially uncomfortable. They are feverish, restless, flighty, excitable, uncontrollable, wrong-headed; under no sort of wholesome self-restraint; and bred to think the absence of it a very intellectual and brilliant thing. The presence of this flutter and fever in anybody's house—but especially in a poor man's, with the world before him—is not the presence that would make it comfortable, rich, or happy.

Anna is very young—surely *very* young.[†1] I grant her good looks. I grant her cleverness (I think very highly of it); but I doubt her quiet wisdom in the quiet life to which you must inevitably retreat. I doubt whether that "Soul" of which the family make such frequent mention, may not be something too expansive for a domestic parlor—a little too vague for the defined and marked-out tenor of your way. I doubt whether she be in a condition to know her own mind, or your mind, or anything else, with any sort of distinctness, or with any enduring perception. The world about her seems to be a Great Electrifying Machine, from which she gets all sorts of unaccountable shocks and knocks and starts; and it seems to me to be an open question whether she will ever be shocked and knocked and started into a reasonable woman.

You will say, very naturally and with good reason, that I may be wrong in this, and how do I know it? But I may say, at least as naturally and with no less reason, that *you* may be wrong in *your* estimate, and how do *you* know better. When I went away to Italy, she was a mere child. Consider. Have your opportunities been so very numerous or good, that you can pronounce with any sort of clearness, on the dawning character half developed in her, since. These things of which I speak, are on the surface: broadly open to all observers. Have you been able to see so far below it, as to find the quiet source of all these eddies and currents?

The change in Thompson's affairs has, very naturally, hurried you on, it seems to me. For it has disturbed you in your opportunities of intercourse with her,[†2] and driven you into the devising of some new occasions. But do you believe you are so much attached to her, that you cannot withdraw now, if you will? And do you believe that your Heart is already shut up against all other comers? I have nothing in my mind but your Happiness. If I thought your Happiness would be secured by this pursuit, I would encourage you at all hazards. But the little foibles of the Wellers seem to me as dangerous to domestic peace as many graver—infinitely graver—faults would be. And I should be wanting in that affection for which you give me credit (not, I can sincerely say, without as good reason as ever a Brother had; for my love for you has always been a strong and true and tender one) if I did not entreat you to be cautious—to avoid all rash conclusion—and to look steadily along the far perspective of weary years to which one hasty moment may conduct you: shutting out retreat.

I have assumed that Anna may reciprocate your attachment—that the father may approve of it—that the weakness of the mother may happen to stagger into your side of the balance—that the commercial arithmetic of Mr. Shaw may find no flaw in your proposals—that nobody's Soul may make your probation a wretched and uncertain one—but think of all these chances my dear Fred. And

whatever you resolve on (for I see the resolution lies with you at last) come and tell me what it is. If I cannot dissuade you from your purpose, I may guide you in its execution.

Ever Yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Dickens Esquire

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 9 OCTOBER 1845

Text from Walter T. Spencer catalogue No. 104 (1901).

Devonshire Terrace, | Thursday, October Ninth, 1845.

My dear Dr. Smith,

I have appointed them to meet at Mr. Forster's room on Saturday, at *half after Three*. I believe Mr. Jerrold has a strong objection to playing to an audience who pay for their seats.[†1]

Ever yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 11 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Miss Doris Minards.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday 11th. October 1845.

My Dear Fred.

I think you have an undoubted right to go to Weller's if you please; and that you are in no way compromised by the position of Thompson's affairs in reference to the family. But you must always remember that you are there, distinctly *on your honor;* and that you can carry no word, or letter, or communication of any kind, between the parties. This *may* become your difficulty.

Shall we see you tomorrow?

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Dickens Esquire

To [W. C. MACREADY], 11 OCTOBER [1845]

Text from MDGH, I, 195. *Date:* 1845 was the only year when CD was acting in *Every Man in his Humour* and Macready playing Shakespeare in London. *Address:* clearly to Macready; headed "Another 'Bobadil' note" by MDGH and placed immediately after a letter to him in May 1848 in similar style. Reference to "twenty-first" confirms: see *fn.*

At Cobb's, a water-bearer, | October 11th.

I must tell you this, sir, I am no general man; but for William Shakespeare's sake[†2] (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I will communicate

with you on the twenty-first,[†1] and do esteem you to be a gentleman of some parts—of a good many parts in truth. I love few words.[†2]

Bobadil[†3]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 11 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Cheltenham Ladies' College.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh October 1845.

My Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the Receipt of your kind letter. I have written an authority to the Bookseller, to receive the Copies of Eugene Aram from your Publisher;[†4] and will let you know what has been done with them, as soon as the business is arranged.

Faithfully Yours Dear Sir
CHARLES DICKENS

[ ][†5]

To JAMES EDWARDS,[†6] 12 OCTOBER 1845

Mention in American Art Association and Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 3854; *MS* 2 pp.; dated London, 12 Oct 45.

Concerning proposed visit to Manchester.

To THOMAS BEARD, [13] OCTOBER 1845

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Monday was 13 Oct. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Twelfth October | 1845.

My Dear Beard. I have a confidential question to ask you. One that may rather

amaze you.[†1] If you can come round to me tonight—do. If not—tomorrow Morning.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 17 OCTOBER 1845

Mention in N, I, 708; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 17 Oct 45, "enclosing £40 for investment".[†2] Probably belongs with envelope (MS Benoliel Collection), PM 18 Oct 45, addressed "George Cruikshank Esquire | Amwell Street | Pentonville".

To JOHN LEECH, 17 OCTOBER 1845

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Brook Green | Hammersmith.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth October 1845.

My Dear Leech. James Heywood[†3] is a man of great consideration in Manchester, and of great attainments. You must regard his invitation (Manchesterially speaking) as a great compliment. I have refused it: simply because I am beaten almost out of heart by all manner of occupations, and wouldn't be a Provincial Lion at this time, in a private way, for I don't know how many shares in the Great Grimsby Junction. No Master Mathew! Refuse James Heywood, and repair to an honest Inn with honest Gentlemen. Jerrold and I (and you) will start on *Wednesday Morning* somewhere about 9. I will tell you the exact hour when we meet at Macreadys on Tuesday.

Ever Heartily Yours
Bobadil

To THE DIRECTORS OF THE ATHENAEUM, MANCHESTER, 17 OCTOBER 1845

MS Chas J. Sawyer.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Night | Seventeenth October 1845.

Dear Sirs.

M. Eugene Sue[†4] has begged me to write to you, and acknowledge with many

heartfelt thanks the receipt of your flattering Invitation.[†1] He requests me to assure you of his high and unfeigned sense of the honor you have done him; and earnestly entreats me to add that he is gratified by your recognition of him, a French Writer, in England—certainly beyond his power of expression in a foreign language, and to an extent not at all easy of expression in his own.

His state of health, however, does not admit of his attending the soirée at Manchester. He has been very unwell; and is enjoined to seek repose; in pursuance of which advice, he has already left Paris in search of temporary change and quiet.[†2]

If I could convey to you an adequate idea of M. Eugene Sue's anxiety that I should do my very best to thank you on his behalf, and to find "strong words" for that purpose, you would feel with me that your remembrance of him has met with a sincere and quick response.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Directors of The Athenaeum | Manchester.

To MACVEY NAPIER, 17 OCTOBER 1845

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth October 1845.

My Dear Sir

I must ask you for as broad a licence in respect of Time, as you can possibly allow me.[†3] I have been forced by a perfect multitude of unexpected distractions, both business and domestic, to postpone the beginning of my little Xmas book until within these few days; and it will occupy me (allowing for such interruptions as I cannot ward off) until late in November.

Never having written in the review, I find it difficult to speak precisely about *Length.* I should say 16 or 20 pages. Certainly not less I should imagine.

How late can you afford to let me be? I have a great desire to know.

Your opinion about Rape, coincides with Lord John Russell's, I believe.[†4]

I cannot bring myself to believe that *any* crime affects the broad philosophy of the question: still less a crime so very difficult of proof; so very easy to be charged: so perplexing of disentanglement from chances of palliation in the previous conduct of the woman—in her very looks and gestures. But I espy a way, I think, of not compromising you on this head. And you may rely on my being gentle and discreet.

Dear Sir | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier

To W. C. MACREADY, 17 OCTOBER 1845

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace

Friday Evening | Seventeenth October 1845.

My Dear Macready.

You once (only once) gave the World assurance of a Waistcoat. You wore it Sir—I think in "Money".[†1] It was a remarkable and precious Waistcoat wherein certain broad stripes of blue or purple, disported themselves as by a combination of extraordinary circumstances, too happy to occur again. I have seen it on your Manly chest in Private Life. I saw it, Sir, (I think) the other day, in the cold light of morning—with feelings easier to be imagined than described. Mr. Macready, Sir! Are you a father?[†2] If so, lend me that Waistcoat for five minutes. I am bidden to a wedding[†3] (where fathers are made); and my artist cannot, I find (how should he?) imagine such a waistcoat. Let me shew it to him as a sample of my tastes and wishes; and—ha ha ha ha!—*Eclipse*[†4] the Bridegroom!

I will send a trusty Messenger at halfpast 9 precisely—in the Morning—He is sworn to secrecy—He durst not for his life betray us—or Swells in ambuscade would have the Waistcoat at the cost of his Heart's blood.

Thine

The Unwaistcoated One.

To SIGNOR NOLI,[†1] [?17 OCTOBER 1845]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day as next.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 17 OCTOBER 1845

Text from MDGH, 1882, III, 81-2.

Devonshire Terrace, 17th October, 1845.

My dear Thompson,

Roche has not returned;[†2] and from what I hear of your movements,[†3] I fear I cannot answer for his being here in time for you.

I enclose you, lest I should forget it, the letter to the Peschiere agent.[†4] He is the Marquis Pallavicini's[†5] man of business, and speaks the most abominable Genoese ever heard. He is a rascal of course; but a more reliable villain, in his way, than the rest of his kind.

You recollect what I told you of the Swiss banker's wife, the English lady? If you would like Christiana to have a friend at Genoa in the person of a most affectionate and excellent little woman, and if you would like to have a resource in the most elegant and comfortable family there, I need not say that I shall be delighted to give you a letter to those who would die to serve me.[†6]

Always yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS BEARD, [17 OCTOBER 1845]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* the day before CD went to Chatsworth (18 Oct). *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night

My Dear Beard. On five minutes notice, I am obliged to go into Derbyshire,[†7] on matters of great moment connected with my scheme. You know my punctuality,

and that nothing of light import would induce me to postpone anything—much less, a dinner with you. Forgive me, my dear fellow, for putting it off until my return. I expect to be back on Sunday night (I leave Kate in a most critical condition, so strong is my necessity)—and immediately on my return, I will write to you.

Ever Yours affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 20 OCTOBER 1845

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth October 1845.

My Dear Beard. If I don't hear from you to the contrary, I shall take it for granted that you will dine with me at the Parthenon (that will be best, I think; Kate being in a state of tribulation) *on Wednesday next,*[†1] *at a quarter past 6.* There is some rather choice Claret in that Establishment just now.

Ever Yours affecy.
CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To EMILE DE LA RUE [?OCTOBER 1845]

Mention in *To* de la Rue, 20 Oct 45. *Date:* between 17 Oct (see *To* Thompson, that day) and 20 Oct.

A note of introduction.[†2]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 20 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur: | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres | Genoa | North Italy.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twentieth October 1845.

My Dear De la Rue. I received your kind present, yesterday—not 'till yesterday, in consequence of unheard of delays on the part of the Agent, whom I have liberally anathematized for his pains. I cannot tell you how much I thank you for a remembrance so valuable and dear to me, or how sensible I am of the thoughtful kindness that turned your fancy in this direction, when we parted at

Genoa. You know you could have sent me nothing, I should have received with half the pleasure I have felt, and shall always feel, in this memorial. And what folly it is in me, therefore, to talk of it, when you know what I would say, so much better than I can say it! Here it is, in my sanctum sanctorum; and here it will remain, until the principal Figure in the said Sanctum is removed from it, and laid low in a smaller and more private one.

All the little news I have, I have told Madame De la Rue. Ask her for an exact account of a man, who will come to Genoa one of these days, laden with a note of introduction to you, from the Inimitable B. Ask her for a dark hint of a mighty scheme in which I am engaged. Ask her for some faint and shadowy allusion to a hope I have of travelling a little way in some short time. Ask her whether I am idle or busy: full of plans, or full of leisure.

So they stop the Examiner on that Frontier! Heaven and Earth, what blunder-headed dolts they must be! And here have I been complacently folding it up, and sending it off, week after week; feeling, each time, as if I had written to you, and were the most regular Correspondent in the World! I could have sworn in vexation (perhaps I did), when I pictured these same Newspapers lying, four deep, in the accursed drawer of some Humbug at Turin—you, all the time, imagining the Inimitable B oblivious of his promise and his friends! Well! If I ever *do* write about Italy, I will give the Turin people something worth the trouble of stopping, in return for this; or I'm a Dutchman!

You know that all the World is raving mad, here, about Railroad speculations. There has been a great check since Saturday; and people with faces whose length is quite out of proportion to their bodies, are walking up and down in all the streets, with their hands in apparently empty pockets.[†1] As I was writing those words, Ridgway came in to take leave. He stayed five minutes, and went away, after telling me how

Gibbs wouldn't wash himself, at the Lake,[†2] notwithstanding the abundance of water in it—and how he wanted to sit at table in a complete suit of dirty fustian. And how it couldn't be allowed, on any terms.

Madame De la Rue says nothing in her last note, about Gaberel. I suppose it's all right, and that the young lady (poor Maniac!) has had no interval of sanity, to the destruction of the Reverend's hopes? What has become of Butler?[†3] Has he returned to that weeping mother and young pledge of affection, on the Acqua Sola? Is the British Consul, green, yellow, grey, mottled, or plaid?[†4] Is Noli hanged? Has Palaviccini (my Marquess) been afflicted with any gleam of

reason, since I left?[†1] Is the old Governor[†2] really angry (as I hear from travellers he is) because I never forced myself upon him? Is that dear young Dragoon who drove the Dog-Cart with the red wheels, shut up in Prison by a jealous Government, because of his too great wit? Is the Peschiere full of English, who would have waylaid me, had I been there, and tortured me?

How does the Idiot? How are all my old walks? How is that wicker-work fowl—that live basket—whom we once met in the street of the Madhouse? Does what's his name the Vetturino sit upon a form all day, at his own door in the Strada Nuova, still? Is there an old man with a broom, always doing nothing on the staircase of your Palace? Was I ever an idle man in a plaid coat, basking, day after day, on the box of a travelling carriage with a happy little party? Or is it all a Dream, and did I never magnetize a little Somebody; with all my heart in her recovery and happiness?

Adieu dear De la Rue! A hundred times God bless you!

Ever Yours

CD.

To C. R. LESLIE,[†3] 20 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Mr Clem D. Johnston.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twentieth October 1845.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your kind note. I will come up to you, in a fortnight or three weeks, then; (when I shall either have finished, or nearly finished, my little book) to arrange our sittings.[†4]

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

C. R. Leslie Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 20 OCTOBER 1845

Text from *Daily News*, 14 Dec 1915.

Devonshire-terrace | Twentieth October 1845

My Dear Mitton. I went down to Chatsworth myself, on Saturday—left here at 12 noon—got there at ½ past 9 at night—left there again at 3 o'clock next morning —and reached home at half past one yesterday afternoon. H.[†5] is with us in

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influence though not as a proprietor.[†1] Paxton[†2] has command of every railway and railway influence in England and abroad except the Great Western;[†3] and he is in it, heart and purse. One other large shareholder is to come in; and that is to be a house which has the power of bringing a whole volley of advertisements to bear upon the paper always. The commercial influence that will come down upon it with the whole weight of its aid and energy; not only in the City of London, but in Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, and Yorkshire, is quite stunning. I am trying to engage the best people,[†4] right and left; and mean to go abroad,

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myself, to establish that system, when I shall have finished my little book. The venture is quite decided on; and I have made the Plunge.[†1]

The book has proceeded slowly, of course. I have not had two unbroken days together at it yet . . .[†2]

Always faithfully,

CD.

To PETER BERLYN,[†3] 22 OCTOBER 1845

MS Manchester Central Library. *Address:* Peter Berlyn Esquire | The Athenaeum | Manchester.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Second October 1845.

My Dear Sir

I am obliged, most reluctantly, to excuse myself from attending the Meeting tomorrow night. The state of Mrs. Dickens'[†4] health at this moment, would render my absence from home a matter of such great anxiety to me, and of such distress to her, that I have no alternative but to abandon my intention of coming to Manchester.

If it were needful for me to assure you of my interest in all that relates to the Athenaeum, or of the great pleasure I had anticipated in meeting its Members and Friends once more, I should have found it very difficult to write to you to this effect. As it is, I trust the reason that I have for being absent, and the statement of my most unfeigned disappointment, are sufficient both for text and comment.

Will you do me the favor to convey to the Directors of the Athenaeum, the assurance of my regret and my esteem?[†5] And if I may venture to congratutate them on the President they have this Year, I must acknowledge the influence of

some selfish feeling, as I cannot do so without congratulating myself on possessing in him one of my dearest and most valued friends.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Berlyn Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, 22 OCTOBER 1845

Text from N, I, 709.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Twenty-Second October 1845

My Dear Talfourd,

My other half remains in such a doubtful state, that I cannot win any cheerful consent from her to my being absent from home. Apart from my own anxieties, it would be cruel, therefore, to attempt the Manchester flight. And I have been most reluctantly obliged to write by this post to the Athenæum people, excusing myself. Like Tony Lumpkin I shouldn't so much have minded disappointing them, but I can't abide to disappoint myself;[†1] and had set my hopes on being by your side.[†2]

So much for myself. A little more for business.

Stone, the painter (whom you know) will be present, as one of the Invited guests.[†3] He is a Manchester Man; and this is the first occasion on which he will have met his fellow townsmen, since he left the place an unknown student.[†4] I have reason to suppose that he is desperately anxious to be called up—and I found the supposition on the slight incidents of his having implored me to write him a short speech, and on my having done so.[†5]

Verbum sap:

I saw Jerrold last night; and told him that if, in alluding to you, he could establish the presence of mind to advert to your old connection with the Press when you were a younger man, I believed it would not be distasteful to you.[†6]

He said he was no speaker (which is true) but he thought he could do that much easily and plainly. I thought it best to give him this hint: remembering a conversation I had with Forster some weeks ago.

There are two or three very good reporters in Manchester—I think the best one is on The Guardian.[†1] Will you have an eye on the local papers, and tell me when you come back (when I will tell you my reason for wishing to know)[†2] where your speech is best done, and whether it is anywhere *well done*?

With best remembrances to Mrs. Talfourd and Miss Ely

I am always | My Dear Talfourd affectionately yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS LEWIS,[†3] 26 OCTOBER 1845

MS Mr Robert H. Taylor.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Twenty Sixth October 1845.

Dear Miss Lewis.

If I had forgotten you, I must have greatly changed, and so must you. If I could come to Wiltshire, I should be an idle man, and you (I hope) would like me none the better on that account. If you lengthen out that "train of persecution" of which you tell me in your letter, I will bear it like a Christian Gentleman, believe me.

I thank your Papa very heartily for his kind and acceptable remembrance of me—It was very tender—in the eating.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth send their best regards. And I am

Always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Lewis

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 26 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Mr Edward S. Moore III.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty Sixth October 1845.

My Dear Kittenmoles. Wellbred is married, and gone abroad. Play Wellbred, I adjure you![†4] The Comedy comes off twice—both times privately. Once on

Saturday the 15th. November, when Prince Albert has officially written to say (we got the letter only last night) he will attend, at 7 to the moment. The other time, on the last Saturday in November, for the benefit of Miss Kelly. There is no expence but your Dress, in either case. Take this vacant part, like a Pupil of Johnny Britton,[†1] as you are—and come or send to me tomorrow, as I can afford to lose no time!!!

Ever Yours

CD.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 26 OCTOBER 1845

MS Mr Jacob Christensen.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty Sixth October 1845.

My Dear Stanny

Here is the Devil to pay. Prince Albert[†2] has written to say that he dies to see the Amateur Performance on behalf of the Sanatorium, and can it be done on the fifteenth! Lord and Lady Lansdowne and the 'Tarnal Smash knows who, have taken Boxes. And on the fifteenth (three weeks from yesterday) it must come off.[†3] Write and tell me, by Bearer, that you have no unlucky engagement that night—for it can't be done; and I'm a Dutchman if I do it; without you.

Ever Faithfully

Bob

To THOMAS BEARD, [26 OCTOBER 1845]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 27 Oct 45; 26 Oct was Sunday in 1845. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Night

My Dear Muster Beard

Resolve this question.—Those small correspondents at Madras, Ceylon, and Aden—do they make separate parcels of their newspapers, addressed to the agent at Malta; or do they open the parcel on its way from Calcutta, and put them in it? If so, how is the parcel addressed when it leaves Calcutta?—To the Agent at the next place? This seems to me to be a query essential to the right working of things.

Here's a pretty kettle of Fish! Prince Albert is coming to our next performance. And it will be at the St. James's Theatre on the 15th. of next Month.

Mrs. Dickens in statu quo. I call her Joanna Southcote.[†1]

The freshness of my mental faculties on the Day after the Claret, exceeds description. That must be done again, my friend.

Ever Affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Forster is already getting deep dents in his nose, by reason of the workings of the coming Kitely.

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [?27 OCTOBER 1845]

Extract in MDGH, I, 143; given as final sentence of *To* Cattermole, 27 Aug 45. *Date:* perhaps sent as part of reminder when Cattermole did not immediately reply to letter of 26 Oct.

Let me know what you decide, like a Kittenmolian Trojan. And with love from all here to all there,

Believe me, ever, | Heartily yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 27 OCTOBER 1845

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1912; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 27 Oct 45.

I am sorry to say that for the Sanatorium representation we shall be obliged to go to the St. James's Theatre. Prince Albert is coming; and they have already exceeded your means of accommodation.

To ANDREW McKEAN,[†2] 27 OCTOBER 1845*

MS The Hon. Sir David Croom-Johnson.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Seventh October 1845.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. McKean, and begs to say, in reply to his letter, that the Proprietress of the Mangle is certainly *not* the original Mrs. Mantalini, or (lawfully speaking) any Mrs. Mantalini at all.[†3]

To FRANK STONE, 27 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh October 1845.

My Dear Stone.

Prince Albert is coming to the Private Performance for the benefit of the Sanatorium, with a long list of Lords and Ladies. At his entreaty we have changed the day to Saturday the 15th. of next Month; and we play at the St. Jame's Theatre.

There will be three Rehearsals, of which I will give you ample notice.

Always Faithfully Yours
CD

I hear from Talfourd that you were *brilliant* at Manchester.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 28 OCTOBER 1845

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth October 1845.

My Dear B and E. I am sorry to say that I have made appointments for this Evening, both with Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Maclise, with a view to the Christmas Book. And on such hasty notice (I have only received your note this morning), I do not like to put them off.

I think it necessary that I should see you today; for the question of the Reporters is becoming very serious. I will come down to Fleet Street[†1] sometime between 12 and 2 (perhaps you will tell my father[†2] so); and send round for you if I do not find you there.

Do not print any of the few white Satin Play Bills for the Prince, until I give instructions for them. It occurs to me that *those* ought to have the actors' names.

I really think it very necessary (let me say so while I think of it) that you should privately represent to Mr. Paxton the serious consequences that may come from such a loose, flurried way of proceeding as in the case of that Sir George Larpent[†3] the other day. To whom the whole thing has been prematurely broached, at a disadvantage, without a point the size of a Pin's head being gained. It would be injurious to anything, but to a newspaper it is Death.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To WILLIAM CHALLENOR,[†1] 28 OCTOBER 1845*

Transcript by Mr J. Challenor Smith, owner of MS in 1926. *Address:* W. Challenor Esquire | 11 Godliman Street | Doctors Commons.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth October 1845

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Challenor and regrets to inform him that the only two occasions on which the Performance to which he refers can be repeated are already arranged. Both repetitions are for Private Benefits.[†2] Mr. Dickens is sorry to add that he is so constantly and closely engaged that he really has no leisure to devote to the consideration of Mrs. Seymour's case.[†3] He had great pleasure in drawing up the little statement for that lady to which Mr. Challenor refers[†4] but he fears it is not in his power to be of any further service to her.

To MRS MILNER GIBSON, 28 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Mr Robert B. Riss.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty Eighth October 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Milner Gibson.

I did not answer your note by your own Messenger this Morning, because Kate was then in the midst of her troubles; and I knew you would rather hear of her, out of them. I am happy to tell you that she has a boy;[†5] and is wonderfully well. Though she suffered very much.

I care for nothing but girls by the bye; but never mind me.

I shall be delighted to come to La Scuôla Italiana on the 10th.[†6] provided it

is not one of our Rehearsal Nights.[†1] We are going to repeat our Play for the edification of Prince Albert; and it is possible (but not probable, I hope) that my Managerial duties may rule me with an Iron Rod.

On Thursday, I grieve to say, I am far less pleasantly engaged—but irretrievably engaged nevertheless.

May I charge you with my compliments to Mr. Mariotti, and my hopeful answer to the Committee of the school?

Always Believe me | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Milner Gibson.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, [28 OCTOBER 1845]

MS University of Kentucky. *Date:* Handwriting shows that the birth this refers to was Alfred's (28 Oct 45).

My Dear Stanny. Yes—at the Gray's Inn Coffee House with Mac and Tony.[†2] But come *here,* about 5, or a quarter before. We can have a Cab down.—I believe you are the Gent which is partial to Cabs?

If not a ill-conwenience, bring the Scrip.

Kate confined, Thank God, at half past ten this morning with what is usually called (I don't know why) a chopping[†3] Boy. I am partial to girls, and had set my heart on one—but never mind me.

She sends her love to Mrs. Stanfield.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To FRANK STONE, [LATE OCTOBER 1845]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* after 27 Oct, but allowing "ample notice" for 5 Nov (see *To* Stone, 27 Oct 45).

Rehearsal Calls

———

St. James's Theatre—Stage Door

Mr. Stone

———

Wednesday 5th. Novr. ¼ before 7

Wednesday 12th. Novr. Same Hour

———

Attention and punctuality, indispensable, as it is doubtful whether the Theatre can be spared on any other occasion.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?29 OCTOBER 1845]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* probably about the Sanatorium performance, rather than the one at Miss Kelly's, and if so almost certainly 29 Oct, to allow time for invitations to be issued.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday

My Dear B and E. Don't do anything final with the Theatre ticket or Bill, without sending me Proofs first. It is hardly necessary to say so, perhaps; but as I didn't mention it to Formal,[†1] I do it.

Ever Yours

CD

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 30 OCTOBER 1845*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace
Thursday Thirtieth October | 1845

My Dear Lady Blessington

More thanks than I can pay you, or than you would care to receive, for your inestimably useful kindness!

Will you tell me where the Baboo[†2] is to be found? I will leave a card at his Hotel,[†3] straightway.

Shall I speak to Dr. Southwood Smith, who is Manager of the Sanatorium Committee arrangements, about a good box for you on the 15th. Otherwise I fear they will all be gone. For how many, do you wish it?

I am very sorry I had gone out for a walk when you called yesterday. It would have delighted me to have installed you into my Sanctum.

Mrs. Dickens, I am glad to say, is going on quite brilliantly. I wish I could say as much for myself, but in the distraction of these great Newspaper arrangements, I find the little book trots slowly—sometimes walks indeed—and sometimes stops altogether.

Dear Lady Blessington | Ever Yours Most Cordially
CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Blessington

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, [31 OCTOBER 1845]

Mention in next.

About Lady Blessington's box for the performance in aid of the Sanatorium.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 31 OCTOBER 1845

Text from City Book Auction catalogue No. 523; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 31 Oct 45.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

Here is Lord Auckland's[†1] letter, which you wished me to return. I saw the Baboo yesterday, and thanked him heartily.[†2] I have written to Dr. Southwood Smith, about your box. Enclosed is a note for Count D'Orsay, if you will have the kindness to give it him.

My dear Lady Blessington. | Yours affectionately and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 31 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First October 1845.

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

I saw the Baboo yesterday, and engaged him to dine here[†3] on Sunday fortnight, the 16th. November at Half past Six. Will you book yourself as Mine for

that day and hour? The B (I am afraid to write Baboo again, for I am always going to put an N after it) wants to hear all about the Paper; and I told him I would ask the Gentleman who is going to India,[†1] and two of the Proprietors—my printers.

Were you ever a Godfather? I mean to call my new boy after you, whether you like it or not. But if you will let me do it with your consent, you will gratify me very much, and delight my other half most heartily.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Count D'Orsay

To JOHN FORSTER, [31 OCTOBER 1845]

Extracts in F, V, i, 385. *Date:* 31 Oct according to Forster.

The older and more gifted of his ravens having indulged the same illicit taste for putty and paint which had been fatal to his predecessor,[†2] *died unexpectedly before the kitchen-fire.* He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of *Cuckoo*!

He was at a dead lock in his Christmas story. Sick, bothered and depressed. Visions of Brighton come upon me; and I have a great mind to go there to finish my second part,[†3] or to Hampstead. I have a desperate thought of Jack Straw's. I never was in such bad writing cue as I am this week, in all my life.[†4]

November

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [1 NOVEMBER 1845]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* clearly after Cattermole had accepted the part, and before the first regular rehearsal on Wed 5 Nov; therefore Sat 1 Nov. (Wrongly dated April 1848 in N, II, 84.)

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday

My Dear Fred. I want you to dine here tomorrow. At all events you must produce yourself here somehow, by hook or by crook, for George Cattermole plays Wellbred on a short notice, and I have pledged myself to produce you for his benefit[†5]—Do not fail me.

Ever affecy.

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 NOVEMBER 1845]

Extract in F, V, i, 385-6. *Date:* "the morning after the last" according to Forster.

I have been so very unwell this morning, with giddiness, and headache, and botheration of one sort or other, that I didn't get up till noon: and, shunning Fleet-street, am now going for a country walk, in the course of which you will find me, if you feel disposed to come away in the carriage that goes to you with this. It is to call for a pull of the first part of the *Cricket*, and will bring you, is you like, by way of Hampstead to me, and subsequently to dinner. There if much I should like to discuss, if you can manage it. It's the loss of my walks, I suppose; but I am as giddy as if I were drunk, and can hardly see.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 or 2 NOVEMBER 1845]

Extract in F, V, i, 386. *Date:* answering Forster's reply to his last; clearly not 3 Nov, as he called at Forster's that day.

Many thanks for your affectionate letter, which is full of generous truth. These considerations weigh with me, *heavily:* but I think I descry in these times greater stimulants to such an effort; greater chance of some fair recognition of it; greater means of persevering in it, or retiring from it unscratched by any weapon one should care for; than at any other period. And most of all I have, sometimes, that possibility of failing health or fading popularity before me, which beckons me to such a venture when it comes within my reach. At the worst, I have written to little purpose, if I cannot *write myself right* in people's minds, in such a case as this.[†1]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 3 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Favored by John Forster Esquire. | Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Devonshire Terrace
—I mean, at Mr. Forster's.
Monday Third November 1845.

My Dear Bradbury and Evans.

I have given my best consideration to the subject we discussed yesterday; and in this letter, you have my conclusions in reference to the Newspaper.

I will take that Post of Editor which is marked in the little statement[†2] as having a Salary of a Thousand Pounds attached to it—for double that Salary.[†3]

In which I include the Publication of the Series of the Italian letters, with my name—my frequently writing for the Paper, from day to day—my constantly exercising an active and vigilant superintendence over the whole Machine. When I am not there, or after I have left the office, I shall (as the custom is) have a Sub Editor[†1] to whom I can, with perfect confidence, hand over the practical management for the time being. The head and leading principle of the thing, I am willing to become on these terms.

I will not disguise from you—for I am pretty sure you will feel—that I think they are far from high for one in my position. And therefore I make my share in the paper[†2] an object of importance. But it is quite impossible that I can say what, in my opinion, that share should be, without your first shewing me, out of what proportion of the whole it is to come.[†3]

If you feel disposed to do so, on this short statement of the compensation I aim at, you can give this information to Mr. Forster, and arrange that point, as well as every other, with him. I am fully prepared to abide by any arrangement you agree upon.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To THOMAS BEARD, 4 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Fourth November | 1845.

My Dear Beard. There was a failure of a Great Broker in the City last night,[†4] which so affects two of my principal people[†5] that the Paper *cannot be*, on any proper footing. You may conceive that after laying aside all my usual and dear pursuits for this object, I have been a little shaken for half an hour. But never say die is the Inimitable's motto; and I have already pumped up as much courage as will set me going on my old track, please God, in four and twenty hours.

They will have to pay some five or Six Thousands[†1] Pounds for engagements made. I shall take nothing, but my leave.

Ever affectionately

CD

To GEORGE JULIAN HARNEY,[†2] 4 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Mrs Renee Metivier Black.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | Fourth November 1845

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Harney, and begs to inform that gentleman that he has no intention of connecting himself with any Newspaper. He is not the less indebted to Mr. Harney for his obliging note.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 4 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Fourth November 1845.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

I would have 500 announcements such as I have written on the other side, printed (if I were you) each on a sheet of Note Paper, and laid upon the seats all over the house, wherever our Bills are laid, on the night of the 15th. Do you come down yourself, and see to their distribution; and I will take care that they are not removed.

To the Private Boxes, I would send the same announcement, enclosed in an envelope with a short note from yourself, to the effect that you ventured to take the liberty of begging attention to it. I would seal each of these, and direct it, personally, to the occupier of the Box, by name. Our box list shall be at your disposal on the previous Monday.

Will this do for you?

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

MISS KELLY

Begs leave to announce that the Gentlemen who perform this evening, have kindly consented, as a mark of their regard for an old Servant of the Public, who has struggled with some difficulties,

TO REPEAT THESE PERFORMANCES
FOR THE LAST TIME
AND FOR HER BENEFIT.
AT HER THEATRE IN DEAN STREET
ON EVENING THE

— IV - 426 —

With the addition of the Farce of GRETNA GREEN[†1] in which Miss Kelly will appear in her old Part of Betty Finnikin.[†2] The other characters by the amateurs.

Applications for Tickets to be made to Miss Kelly 73 Dean Street Soho. Saturday 15th. November 1845.

To H. P. SMITH, 4 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth November 1845

My Dear Smith

My chickens and their little aunt will be delighted to do honor to the Lord Mayor on the Ninth.[†3] So should I be,—but I am hard at it: grinding my teeth.

I came down with Thompson[†4] the other day, hoping to see you. You were keeping it up, however, in some holiday region; and your glass-case looked like a large pantry, out of which some Giant had stolen the Meat.

Best regards to Mrs. Smith from all of us. Kate quite hearty, and the Baby, like Goldsmith's Bear, "in a concatenation accordingly".

Always My Dear Smith | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 6 NOVEMBER 1845.

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace
Thursday November Sixth 1845.

My Dear Bradbury and Evans.

Mr. Forster will have told you this morning, at what conclusion I arrived last night. Such new consideration as I have been enabled to give the subject since then, strengthens and fortifies me in that view of the case. I leave you to judge how strongly it has impressed itself upon me, when it outweighs your new desire to proceed, and all the painful considerations that arise out of my own position, as well as the disgraceful circumstances in which I have unfortunately placed my father.

So far as I am personally concerned, the heart of the enterprize is broken and dead. If I could do such violence to myself, as to resume it tomorrow, I should have no faith in it. It would always oppress me as a doomed thing; and every new engagement we might make, would fill me with new fear and wretchedness.

So far as the project, as a scheme apart from myself, is involved, I think it has

received a blow from which it cannot recover. You do not know how different the little world of newspapers is, from every other—how quickly intelligence of this sort is dispersed through it—and how lingering its effect must necessarily be. The difficulty of getting the gentlemen indispensably necessary to the carrying on of the paper, *now*,[†1] I cannot, I declare to you, sufficiently estimate in my own mind. Supposing that patched up, and poorly overcome by the substitution of inferior ability in the most important departments of a Newspaper, for the ability at which we have been aiming; then, the dread of this Venture among the other papers[†2] (which was very great) is still gone, past all restoration. The notion that undoubtedly existed among them of there being a powerful combination of energy, experience, and money, on the side of this new Journal is shattered to atoms by your own abandonment of it. And all the prestige, and vague impression of success which surrounded this idea while it was still in the clouds, and which would have served it immensely in its first struggles, serves it no more.

Again. The advertizing power that was to be brought to bear upon it, is no longer available. If Mr. Paxton still promised to move Heaven and Earth, and still felt really disposed to do so (which I doubt) could you, in reason, set the least store by such wild and ill-considered pledges? I have rated them at less than nothing since his introduction of you to that City-House. And I distinctly believe that he has had a foreknowledge of this break-down, for many days; and that it stared him in the face (and looked out of his face too) when we met in Fleet Street the other day.[†3]

If you feel so far committed, and liable to such heavy loss,[†4] that you *must* go on with this Paper (not being able to contemplate the consequences of its abandonment) I will give you every advice and assistance in my power. But I cannot connect myself with it, as I originally designed. Nor can I conceal from you that I believe in my Soul it would end in your Ruin.

On the other hand, if you can look the utmost present loss, steadily in the face; and can meet it; and pay the utmost of the money; and turn the leaf down on which the amount is written, and look at it no more; I do believe that with your advantages and opportunities, and turning our connexion to the best account, you will be able, easily, to recover the ground you have lost. That you will be much happier than

you ever could be with the maimed hands of this wounded Newspaper dragging at you, night and day, I am sure.

I told Mr. Forster when he came to me with the overwhelming news of the day before yesterday, that you could not have considered, I was certain, to what extent you were already bound. And when I heard that there were flying calculations of a Thousand Pounds as a round Sum to lose,[†1] I swear it stunned me—I was so amazed.

The ever having gone on such a Gigantic forgetfulness of the condition in which these gentlemen are placed (of whom some have resigned the certain Income of a whole life, for the chances of this Paper) renders it the more difficult, I know, to meet the real Truth at once, and encounter the whole force of its shock. But I would do it, if the Money and the mistake were mine. I am so certain I would, that I give you that counsel without the least misgiving or hesitation.[†2]

At the same time, I think it right to enclose you a note I received from Mr. Beard[†3] last night, in acknowledgement of one I had written him, to let him know the Paper was abandoned.

I have only to entreat you to read or shew this letter of mine, both to Jerrold and to Lemon; as I have a sincere regard for them both, and should be deeply hurt if they misunderstood the part I take, in any degree. And lastly, let me say that my confidence in the Paper and my confidence in you, are as distinct and separate things as Heaven and Earth; and that while the first is gone utterly—the second is not affected by a hair's-breadth or a feather's weight.

Always My Dear Bradbury and Evans | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 6 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixth November 1845.

My Dear Kittenmowls

What a fellow you are! You couldn't have done better. Heaven!—If you had seen the other men, when *they* began!

The impression of everybody who spoke to me on the Stage last night, was, that you were as cool as a Cucumber, and safer than the Bank.—I am quite serious, believe me.

I have written to Costello at Brighton, today. Frederick I will drag to Miss Kelly's by the hair of his head. And we will go at your scenes[†4] on Monday, over and over again—as often as you like. You can't tire me.

What an extraordinary constitution you must have! Upon my Soul of honor, I don't understand it, and can hardly believe you serious.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To DUDLEY COSTELLO, 6 NOVEMBER 1845

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 893; *MS* 1 p; dated 6 Nov 45. *Address:* Dudley Costello, according to Hodgson's catalogue, 2 Nov 1904.

Cattermole is so hideously nervous, and so very much behind-hand, that we have appointed a rehearsal[†1] at Miss Kelly's Theatre.

To MR ELLIS, 6 NOVEMBER 1845*

MS Guildhall Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixth November 1845

Dear Mr. Ellis.

Will you have the goodness, when you have corrected and copied the two Property Lists, to send them to me? I wish particularly to have them tomorrow, as I promised the Property Man at the St James's to put him in possession of them immediately, in order that he may get what is wanted.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, [7 NOVEMBER 1845]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly same day as next.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

My Dear Lady Blessington.

A Thousand thanks for your kind note. Fifty thousand Pounds were laid down yesterday; and I assure you Forster and I passed an anxious day in discussing the expediency of renewing the Project.[†2] But I resolved last night to turn my back upon it; and as it had had a shock, to know it no more.

So I have whistled it off, and am as merry again as my own Cricket—which, by the bye, has been a good deal slighted in all these distractions. I must work away, therefore, tooth and nail.

My hearty regards to Count D'Orsay, and all kind remembrances to your fair

Nieces. George Cattermole is going to play Wellbred, on the 15th. the original having married and gone abroad.

Ever My Dear Lady Blessington | Most Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 7 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace
Friday Morning | November Seventh 1845.

My Dear Bradbury and Evans.

My opinion remains unchanged. It has been strongly and finally confirmed since I saw you yesterday.

When you had gone, Mr. Forster and I discussed the subject again; and then we resolved to send for Mr. Beard, and be guided by his advice. He came here in the Evening; and we saw him together. We merely stated to him how the matter stood; and asked him whether he deemed it advisable to proceed. He considered for a little time, and then replied that he believed it impossible to complete the formation of such an Establishment as we should require, after the shock the project had received—that he believed it to be utterly out of the question that we could get "*one* first-rate hand" to join the Paper: all confidence in it, having been destroyed within the last two days.

He pointed out, very plainly, that when he wrote me the letter you have read, the Reporters had not been communicated with, or the design of abandoning the Paper made known. Since that time he has seen, he thinks, all the gentlemen engaged, whom you have seen. He said that even in the first bitterness of their disappointment, they uttered no word to your disparagement or mine (even spoke of your honorable and candid manner to them in high terms) but intimated in so many words that there were evidently other parties in the background who had had the power of overthrowing a scheme full of promise, at a moment's notice: and that they never could feel themselves secure from a repetition of that proceeding. Some of them have already, with the view of releasing you, written to Easthope proposing to return. Others have made application to the Herald; others to the Times. In the little newspaper World our project is understood to have gone by the Board; and to make head against that impression, he considers hopeless.

Remember how strongly I urged this same consideration to you to day;[†1] and how I laboured to shew you that you were hardly Judges of its real force.

Mr. Beard spoke very cheerfully and confidently, of your means of arranging these engagements, as some of the gentlemen fall (as he has no doubt they will) into new situations. He had believed them to be more numerous; and he *knew*, he said, that your exhibition of a liberal and manly spirit in the matter, had already met, and would meet with the most sensitive and quick response. He

stated the probable loss at a very small sum, compared with its apparent extent; and had no doubt of your ability to retire at no enormous sacrifice, and leave the pleasantest impression on the minds of these gentlemen. But everything brought him back to this—that to go on was desperate.

He said all this, in spite of a strong belief that the Paper had, before these circumstances, a great course open to it. Which he coupled with the certain knowledge that it had filled the Times people with dismay, and had been the cause of all sorts of councils and discussions in Printing-House Square.[†1]

My Dear Bradbury and Evans, in a truly earnest and affectionate Spirit, I assure you from my heart that I esteem and honor you the more, for what I have known of you since these occurrences. I hope and believe that a long course of mutual confidence and friendship, and mutual usefulness, is open to us. And I am lighter in my mind for you—who have occupied my thoughts in all this matter, quite as much as any personal considerations—when I turn my face upon this blighted scheme, as I do now, for the last time;[†2] and look to brighter plans in which we are to work together.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 7 NOVEMBER 1845

Extracts in Quaritch's catalogues Nos 898 and 931; *MS* 2 ½ pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate Regents Park, 7 Nov 45.

The Performance on the Fifteenth is not gratuitous, though Private. Being for the benefit of an Institution called the Sanatorium, the tickets are a Guinea each . . . I shall be glad to receive Longfellow's book and letter,[†3] when you find them. In the meantime I hope you are deriving some pleasure and amusement from the Sea change you have suffered.

To THOMAS BEARD, 8 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 8 Nov 45. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday.

My Dear Beard.

I wish you would look at the enclosed letter,[†1] and give me your opinion of it when we meet tomorrow. This is the case (there are two such) of a man taken from the Chronicle, on an engagement for Three Years at 8 Guineas pr. week. I am curious to know what you think they expect in such instances: being able to get another engagement—£200?

Ever affecy.
CD

P.S. Don't forget to bring the letter with you.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [8 NOVEMBER 1845]

Envelope only, MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esq | 23 Amwell Street | Pentonville. PM 8 Nov 45.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 10 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth November 1845.

My Dear B and E

It is nearly, if not quite, a fortnight ago, since I arranged with Mr. Leech for the little design for the cover.[†2]

I have sent to Mr. Forster this morning—returning him Mr. Wilson's letter to you, and telling him what Mr. Beard communicated to me, yesterday. You had best see him *immediately*—but I think it likely you will have done so, before you get this note.

Faithfully Always

CD

To MACVEY NAPIER, 10 NOVEMBER 1845

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth November 1845.

My Dear Sir

I write to you in great haste. I most bitterly regret the being obliged to disappoint and inconvenience you (as I fear I shall do, greatly), but I find it will be

impossible[†1] for me to write the Paper on Capital Punishment, properly, for your next Number. The fault is really not mine. I have been involved for the last fortnight in one maze of distractions which nothing could have enabled me to anticipate or prevent. Everything I have had to do, has been interfered with, and cast aside. I have never in my life had so many insuperable obstacles crowded into the way of my pursuits. It is as little my fault, believe me, as though I were ill and wrote to you from my bed. And pray bear as gently as you can with the vexation I occasion you, when I tell you how very heavily it falls upon myself.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Napier

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 12 NOVEMBER 1845

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1920; *MS* 3/4 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 12 Nov 45.

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 13 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth November 1845.

My Dear Sir

I was going to write to you this morning, to tell you that the gentlemen in general are so incensed at the manner in which they have been treated during the whole of the arrangements for the Play—and were so especially indignant last night[†2]—that I have made no mention to them of the proposed dinner: being perfectly certain that they would accept no courtesy whatever, at the hands of the committee.

When I had the pen in my hand, Augustus came to tell me of the proposal to set chairs upon the Stage. I think it right to let you know without delay, that if there is a single person introduced upon the Stage, or into the Orchestra, or behind the Scenes, there is not one of the Company who will act—not one. And in such a case I would, most certainly, as having brought them into these unpleasant circumstances, be the first to leave the Theatre, though the overture were played, and the Queen and the whole Court present.

I know you are in no way responsible for the arrangements. But I am so confident that if you do not interfere promptly, this Play will not be acted, that I feel bound to express the sentiments of the rest to you—not so strongly as they expressed them last night, but with as much plainness as I have been able to get into this hasty letter.

Believe me always, My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS
Thomas Chapman Esquire
(over)

I am not at all clear that Mr. Jerrold, who is most important to the Comedy, will play as it is. I could get him to do nothing last night, and could reduce him to no terms whatever.

To C. E. COTTERELL, 14 NOVEMBER 1845†

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourteenth November 1845.

My Dear Sir

[†a] I hope you are not making a flying visit to England,—or at all events that you will be in London on Sunday Week the 23rd. when pray dine with me, unceremoniously, at Half Past Five o'Clock.[†a] My reason for placing a week's interval between your return and my appointment, is, that I have arranged to

leave town on Monday Morning to finish a little Book in peace and quietness; and I do not think it likely I shall be here again, until the day on which I hope to see you.[†1]

Always Believe me | Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. E. Cotterell Esquire.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?14 NOVEMBER 1845]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* clearly the Friday before *To* Bradbury & Evans, ?17 Nov 45.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night

My Dear B and E. I have got hold of Mr. Barrow[†2]—the gentleman I spoke of, for India—and propounded the Journey to him; making it a condition of his going, that he shall come on the Paper when he returns, *as a Reporter* for one turn a night.—He had previously declined that, but would be quite invaluable—; and that he shall have the French and Italian Papers and so forth (he is an excellent scholar) to translate. I thought it as well, if we nailed him in one place, to nail him in another. He is to give me his reply, and suggest his terms, by letter, at 90 Fleet Street at 3 tomorrow, where I shall wish to see you. I think he will go;[†3] and I know there is not in London a man who could do the business better. He was the great Times man in the Days of the Queen's Trial; and is as well acquainted with Indian affairs, as you are with Railroads.

It seems to me that Mr. Paxton's City Man has broken down dead, in the very outset,[†1] if the assistance we got this morning be any criterion. Never mind. We must get our letters elsewhere, written and ready by Monday Night,[†2] somehow or other.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 17 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Seventeenth November 1845.

Dear Sir

The Gentlemen engaged in the Amateur Performance at the Saint James's Theatre on Saturday Evening last,[†3] unanimously requested me to write to you;

and on their behalf, no less than on my own, to thank you, most earnestly, for the great assistance you have rendered them in many ways.

They have an unaffected desire to acknowledge your generous courtesy in the warmest terms; and if my form of doing so be a brief one, it is because I should find it difficult to say to you, in any words, how highly we estimate both the matter and the manner of your help.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [17 NOVEMBER 1845]*

MS The Proprietors of *Punch*. *Date:* the Monday before Wednesday 19 Nov when Landseer's block was sent to Leech.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night

My Dear B and E

I would give Mr. Barrow as little more, in the way of a Prospectus,[†1] than the name of the Newspaper, as possible. I have not a pull of the last Prospectus by me. If you leave[†2] of it for Indian purposes, the *business part*; the general plain description of the paper, without any of the flourishes; I do not think we can do better. This would reduce it to one half or one third of its present length; and I think that will be quite enough for this object. If you will bring it to me, so altered tomorrow, between half past 4 and half half[†3] past 5 I will correct the Proof immediately, and settle any point you may have a suggestion to offer on. I am not at all sure that Mr. Barrow, having the name and his credentials, has not, already, quite enough to go upon.

Now, with reference to the Cricket. There is a Dog in the story; and I have got Mr. Edwin Landseer to draw it on the wood for us. He is not sure whether he will make a Vignette of the Dog alone, or whether he will make it a larger subject.[†4] Will you, therefore, *immediately*[†5] send him (his address is No. 1 St. Johns Wood Road) two blocks; one for a mere Vignette; the other as large as one of Mr. Stanfield's in the Chimes. He has promised to let me have one or other on Wednesday.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN LEECH, 18 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Brook Green | Hammersmith.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday Evening | Eighteenth November 1845.

My Dear Leech

Edwin Landseer pledges himself to forward Boxer[†1] tomorrow. I will send him to you as soon as he comes to hand.

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 19 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Messrs. Bradbury and Evans | Whitefriars.

Nineteenth November 1845

My Dear B & E

I expect a block from Mr. Doyle today.[†2] Leech is waiting to see Edwin Landseer's dog, which I hope to send him tonight.

Ever Yours
CD

I wish you would send and see if Mr. Maclise is nearly ready.[†3] Send to them all, perpetually, until we have got everything. Looking after them, delays me. I wish you would see to the furnishing of those two rooms in Fleet Street. The moment I have finished the Book, I shall come down there, every day.[†4] They are not very business-looking chambers for appointments in their present condition—and are certainly not over-comfortable.

To GEORGE HOGARTH, 19 NOVEMBER 1845

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth November 1845.

My Dear Hogarth

I shall be delighted to put you on for Music and a general liability to Theatres, at five Guineas a week. I consider that done.

But I confess I feel a greater difficulty about the time and manner of your leaving the Chronicle (after your recent return) than *you* seem to entertain. I have a doubt whether it might not be best to leave the matter as it stands, at all events until Easthope and the Chronicle people generally, shall have seen the announcement of the New Paper—which will be out in a day or two.[†1] Surely it would be more agreeable, now, if you could bring them by such means to originate the idea of your leaving them.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Hogarth Esquire.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 19 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Mr A. G. Schaw Miller.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth November 1845.

My Dear Mr. Smith

I enclose you a very generous note from Horace Twiss.[†2] I have acknowledged its receipt, and referred him to you.

On the other side is a list of all the charges on the Stage. Which I have paid. If you will pay the amount to my account at Coutts's in the Strand, it will be the most convenient course to me.[†3] Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

	£..	S..	D
Drink for all the Men. Performance and Rehearsals.	2..	0..	0
Hire of Furnitute, Carriage of Do. and "Property Man"—	2..	[†4]..	0
Dressing Room Women. And Candles	—..	10..	—
Alteration of Scenery, & Repainting	11..	15..	0
Carpenters & Master Carpenter	5..	10..	0
Male Dresses, and Barber	1..	6..	0
Orchestra	14..	3..	0
Stage-Door Keeper	—..	10..	6
	£37..	14..	6

To HORACE TWISS, [?19 NOVEMBER 1845]

Mention in *To* Southwood Smith, 19 Nov 45.

To JOHN LEECH, [19 NOVEMBER 1845]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* clearly the same day as *To* Bradbury & Evans, 19 Nov. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Brook Green | Hammersmith.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Night

My Dear Leech

Here is Boxer, *on* Box. Everything in a concatination accordingly.

Will you send him on to B and E, tomorrow Morning?

Ever Yours

CD

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 21 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Mr Jacob Christensen.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First November | 1845.

My Dear Stanny. I am heartily indebted and bounden to you for thinking of me under such circumstances. I hadn't the heart to come near you, lest you should think I wanted to bore you for these drawings.[†1] Than which, nothing in the World was more distant from my thoughts.

I have no doubt they can be easily copied on the blocks; and I will send them down to Bradbury's directly. I am delighted to hear from George[†2] that you are so much better.

Ever affectionately

CD

To H. P. SMITH, 24 NOVEMBER 1845*

MS Library of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth November 1845

My Dear Smith.

Your friend[†3] is right in his Information. I have made a memorandum of the

name and application, and will communicate with the gentleman very shortly. But I fear there is no chance of any Vacancy in the Department he speaks of.

Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To MRS TALFOURD, 25 NOVEMBER 1845

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1975; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 25 Nov 45.

Accepting an invitation to dine with her on Saturday.

To AMEDÉE PICHOT, 27 NOVEMBER 1845*

MS Mr George Potts. *Address:* A Monsieur. | Monsr. Amedée Pichot | Revue Britannique | 1 Rue Grange Bateliere | Paris.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Thursday Twenty Seventh November 1845.

My Dear Sir

I write (in great haste to save the Post) to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the Nineteenth; and to say that I should be happy to supply you with some sheets of the Cricket, in advance of the Publication, if it were compatible with our business arrangements. But as it is not, I cannot have that pleasure.

There is no reference in the Chimes to the Mug of a Bell.[†1] Nothing of the kind. You must have made some mistake.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsr. Amedée Pichot

To WILLIAM EMPSON,[†2] 28 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth November 1845.

My Dear Empson—That seems to me to be the shortest cut through your difficulty.

A thousand thanks for your warm-hearted letter, which came upon me in the pleasantest way, as I was rounding off the few last chirpings of The Cricket on the Hearth. It made me feel the Cricket a hundred times more real than ever.

We play *once more*—for the benefit of Miss Kelly; and the tickets will be a Guinea each. We have not yet decided when it shall be, what it shall be, or where it shall be. But as soon as these precious morsels of intelligence become known to me (probably next week) I will write to you again.

I had a most affectionate and delightful letter from Lord Jeffrey not long ago.[†1] There are very few things that are so charming to me as the way in which he has lived through all that Blue and Yellow, and remained so tender, true, and earnest. He is the freshest of friends and readers. And God send he may continue so, for as many years as you and I desire!

Kate is quite well, and begs to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Empson and yourself and all the children. Dolly lives in my memory brightly; but she must be quite another Dolly by this time.[†2]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Empson Esquire

To VISCOUNT MORPETH,[†3] 28 NOVEMBER 1845†

MS Mr George Howard.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth November 1845.

My Dear Lord Morpeth.

†a I am greatly indebted to you for your kind recollection of the Alchemist.†a†4 I have delayed writing to you until now: hoping I might have been able to tell you of our dramatic plans, and of the day on which we purpose playing. But as these matters are still in abeyance, I will give you that precious information when I come into the receipt of it myself.

And let me heartily assure you that I had at least as much pleasure in seeing you the other day,†5 as you can possibly have had in seeing me; and that I shall consider all opportunities of becoming better known to you, among the most fortunate and desirable occasions of my life.

And that I am, with your conviction about the probability of our liking each other; and as Lord Lyndhurst†6 might say, "with something more,"

Ever faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Viscount Morpeth.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 28 NOVEMBER 1845

MS Mr Jacob Christensen.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth November 1845.

My Dear Stanny

As George told me he would let me know when you became visible, I have not called at your house: fearing to worry you.

I will answer Albert Smith.†1

And I will also insert a full-sized Blue Bottle in the ear of the Printer for not having sent you the Third Chirp. Which shall come to you today, my Boy.†2

Ever affectionately & heartily
CD.

To JOHN LEECH, [?29 NOVEMBER 1845]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Reference to "the last block" makes 29 Nov more likely than 22 Nov. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night

My Dear Leech. If I could urge anything against the last block, it would be, that my good friend the Carrier, is *hardly* handsome enough.[†3] I have not seen the others, but have no doubt Jones[†4] acted wisely, to save time.

Cordially Yours

CD

December

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 DECEMBER 1845

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | First December 1845.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have delayed answering your last kind note until now, because I wished, previously, to have a long talk with Charley's Mama on the subject to which it refers; and I could not very well do that, until she was quite well and downstairs again.

We have no reason to think that Charley has anything but a vigorous constitution, and good sound health. But when he is in full school employment, there is a strange kind of *fading* comes over him sometimes: the like of which, I don't think I ever saw. Whether the child is anxious at his book, or excited at his Play, or what, I cannot make out. But I see it occasionally, in a very remarkable degree—more plainly, I think, than his mother does, although I am by no means

open to such impressions in general, and am not at all fearful for him, except as I know him to be very quick and sensitive.

But I fear if it were to continue, and he were at school at a distance from home, I should have real cause for anxiety; and as you leave the choice to me, I would, solely on this account, prefer King's College,[†1] if you think well of it too. I have taken a long time to think of this, because I feel that such a kindness as yours *should* be thought of and deliberated upon. And I have come to the conclusion that this is the best course for him.

Bertha White is quite restored. She is depressed of course, but perfectly rational, composed, and resigned. I am trying to keep back a part of your gift for her own sole use in after-life. Whether the necessities of her father will admit of this, I cannot, as yet, say. But I hope they may. She is living with him just now in Wales, and is endeavouring to obtain a situation as companion to a Lady.

I have just finished my little Christmas Book, which I hope will please you. It is very quiet and domestic. I trust it is interesting and pretty. At all events I think so. If you have any fancy for reading a book before it is published, I shall be more than delighted to send you the Proofs by post, if you will let me know in one line that you are still at the place whither I address this letter.

Mrs. Overs succeeded the other day in getting one of her children into the Orphan School.[†2] It is a great thing for her.

I cannot help wondering when I shall see you again: remembering how long it is since I had that pleasure. I shall be at Liverpool for a day or two towards the end of next week; and at Paris for a week or two, immediately after Christmas Day. If there be anything I can do for you in either place (especially the last) I need not tell you how glad I shall be, to do it.

Charley sends his love, and his sisters beg to add their small remembrances. Mrs. Dickens again adds messages which I do *not* send: and I have a very touching letter from Miss White, in which she expresses her gratitude to an unknown person, with as much sincerity and earnestness as ever I saw expressed in words, in my life.

Kindly keep me in "Miss Meredith's" recollection. And ever believe me Dear Miss Coutts,

Your most obliged and faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To MR FRY,[†3] 1 DECEMBER 1845

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1912; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 1 Dec 45.

Concerning a vacancy on the staff of the Daily News.

To JOSEPH PAXTON, 1 DECEMBER 1845†

MS Office of the *Daily News* Ltd.

90 Fleet Street | Monday First December | 1845.

My Dear Sir.

I intend going to Liverpool myself,[†1] in a week or so, to blow vague Trumpets for the Daily News. [†a]As it will be a part of my mission to appoint the Agent,[†2] I will send for the gentleman you recommend, immediately on my arrival there. We have several previous offers; but this appears to be full of promise.[†a]

I am regularly in harness now;[†3] and we are getting on, vigorously and steadily. Mr. Powell[†4] comes to me today, when I hope to nail him tight. And for the second Sub-Editor I have received a proposal which is likely to drive Easthope (when he knows it) raving mad.[†5]

Our man in Paris[†6]—[†b]most important to our success[†b]—has distinguished himself already: being as familiar with the most secret moves upon the road, on the part of the other papers, as if he had done nothing else but receive their unlimited confidence, from his Cradle.

[†c]You will see that the advertisement is out today.[†c†7]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Paxton Esquire

To THOMAS HODGSKIN,[†1] 2 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

90 Fleet Street. | Second December 1845.

My Dear Sir

I have great pleasure in concluding your engagement with the Daily News, on the terms you mentioned to me this morning. My father will be happy to receive your signature to the agreement, as soon as you can conveniently call here: and to give you a counterpart, signed on behalf of the Proprietors.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hodgskin Esquire

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 3 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Third December 1845.

Dear Miss Kelly.

Yesterday was the first opportunity the Principals in our little Corps have had, of meeting together.

We find from the nature of our various engagements, that it would be most unsafe and inexpedient to postpone the Play for your benefit until January. We could not do so, with any reasonable prospect of fulfilling our promise. And therefore we have decided to act on *Saturday the 27th. of this Month.* You may proceed accordingly, in the full confidence of that being the Night.

In case you wish us to act at any Theatre but your own, it must not be larger than the Saint James's.

We will communicate with you again, in a very few days, and tell you what Play and afterpiece we shall then have decided on, and what we shall ask you to act. But the Night is subject to no change or discussion.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To J. H. STOCQUELER,[†1] [?1-4 DECEMBER 1845]

MS[†2] The *Daily News* Ltd. *Date:* after the appearance of the advertisement on 1 Dec, and before the leader in the *English Gentleman* on 6 Dec (see *fn*).

OFFICE OF THE DAILY NEWS
90, *Fleet Street,* and *Whitefriars.*

Dear Sir,

I really do not know that I can possess you with an idea of the designs & intentions of the paper, which will be more explicit than that which you may have already derived from the announcement in the Daily Journals. Its politics will be decidedly liberal and all measures tending to the improvement and happiness of the people, their education and advancement and civil & religious liberty will have its decided sympathy & support. It is intended to be an accurate and reliable business paper and its reports of all kinds of proceedings will be as full and good as possible. I have every reason to believe (knowing what pens will be at work) that it will be extremely well written: and, besides being what a first-rate daily newspaper now is, will be something that it is not. Great attention will be paid to foreign matters and we are particularly anxious to shine in reference to India.

So much for the "Daily News" which I hope will speak more emphatically for itself.

Personally I can hardly tell you how much I am indebted to you for your obliging letter and also for those previous passages[†3] to which you refer, which I assure you did not escape my recognition at the time.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. H. Stocqueler Esquire

To R. H. HORNE, [?EARLY DECEMBER 1845]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* clearly in the period when CD was completing his establishment.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY NEWS
90, *Fleet Street,* and *Whitefriars*[†1]

My Dear Horne

What do you think of Eight Guineas pr. week and travelling expences—as a point to start from?[†2] Let me see you here one day, between 12 and 2, and I will then answer your other question.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire

To JOHN ALLCARD,[†3] 5 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

90 Fleet Street. | Fifth December 1845.

My Dear Sir.

Thinking that while we are in search of the Money Man,[†4] it might be worth while to take the enclosed note into consideration (though I have no reason to attach any weight to it) I venture to enclose it to you, and to ask whether you happen to know anything about the Writer.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Allcard Esquire

To BENJAMIN HAWES,[†1] 6 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Mr Colin Richardson; Benjamin Hawes Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixth December 1845.

My Dear Sir

Our friend Fonblanque has made a suggestion to me in reference to the New Morning Paper with which I am (as you are perhaps aware) intimately connected; on which I should greatly like to have a few minutes conversation with you, if you will kindly inform me what time is most convenient to you for the purpose.

It relates to the engagement of a gentleman, for commercial treatises and so forth, whom Fonblanque says you know well, and who would be of great service to such a design.[†2]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Hawes Esquire. MP.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 7 DECEMBER 1845†

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Seventh December 1845.

Dear Miss Kelly

[†a]We have decided on acting an altered version of The Elder Brother, a very remarkable play by Beaumont and Fletcher[†a†3]—and Comfortable Lodgings;[†4] in which latter piece, we hope you will do Madame Pelagie yourself, and give Antoinette to whomsoever you please.[†5]

[†b]We shall have the Parts in the Elder Brother, on *Wednesday*, and we purpose coming to your Theatre,[†b] if you will have the float lighted, to compare them,[†1] *at 6 precisely.* There will be a little part for Miss Hinton.[†2] Will you have the goodness to ask her to be there: and also the young Lady who will play in the farce?

As the time is so short, we must be very punctual and particular in the Rehearsals.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W[ILLIAM] CARPENTER[†3] and CHARLES [R.] CARTER,[†4] [8 DECEMBER 1845]*

Envelope only, MS Private. *Date:* PM 8 Dec 45. *Address:* W. Carpenter Esquire | Charles M. Carter Esquire | London Mechanics' Institution.[†5]

To BENJAMIN HAWES, 8 DECEMBER 1845

Extract in Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 174; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 8 Dec 45. *Address:* Catalogue has "Howes" in error.

I am sorry that I had appointments[†6] at both the times you suggested to me in your kind note of Saturday. I will take the chance of catching you for a moment before you leave home tomorrow morning. But pray do not depart in the least from your usual order of proceedings on my account.

I am My Dear Sir | Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Hawes Esq., Junior

To LORD NUGENT,[†1] 10 DECEMBER 1845

Mention in Dutton's catalogue, *c.* 1931-8; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 10 Dec 45.

Referring to Lord Johnny.[†2]

To THE EDITOR OF *THE OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE REVIEW,*[†3] 10 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Benoliel Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Tenth December 1845.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Editor of the Oxford and Cambridge Review, and begs to say that he would feel the greatest pleasure in complying with his request, but that he has always instructed his Publishers to shew no preference in any such case, but to send out their presentation copies to all the Magazines and Reviews *on the same day.*[†4] He feels that reasonable ground of complaint might exist, if he ever departed from this rule; and he is confident that the Editor of the Oxford and Cambridge Review will take no umbrage at this reply to his note, when he assures that gentleman that no personal friendship or regard has ever, in any case, led to its infringement.

To H. G. ADAMS,[†5] 11 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh December 1845

Dear Sir

I regret to say, that I have private reasons for declining to interfere in the Election you mention. I have great faith, however, in the good intentions and

sincerity of the Managers of the Athenaeum; and I really believe that the applications will be fairly judged on their own merits.[†1]

I am much indebted to you for your notice of my book;[†2] to which Captain Johns[†3] had previously directed my attention. I begged him to say thus much to you, if he should ever have an opportunity of doing so.

The New Paper, I fear (having a very large and expensive Establishment already completed) does not offer any vacancy to which I could recommend you. Nor do I feel justified: knowing the extent of correspondence already arranged: in holding out a hope that there is likely to be one.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To THOMAS COOPER, 11 DECEMBER 1845

MS Mrs Renee Metivier Black.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh December 1845.

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to say that there is no chance of my being useful to your friend in the manner you suggest; for a very large Establishment has been formed for the New Paper in every one of its working departments: and there is no Vacancy whatever, to which I could recommend him.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Cooper Esquire

To FRANK STONE, [17 DECEMBER 1845]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly 17 Dec 45 as CD had just returned from Liverpool.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Afternoon

My Dear Stone. I write to you in great haste; having just returned from Liverpool; and having to dress and go out to dinner.

We are obliged to act for Miss Kelly on Saturday the 3rd. of January—short notice! We act Fletcher's Play (altered for the purpose) of The Elder Brother, in which there is no character for you. But send for "Comfortable Lodgings"

(No. 215 of Cumberland's Acting Plays) and study "Mr. Bonassus"[†1] at Railroad speed. That is the farce; and the part is a good one.

We rehearse both play and Farce on *Friday Evening* at Miss Kellys. We take the Play first, and begin at 6.

Ever Yours
CD.

To THOMAS FRASER,[†2] 19 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Yale University Library.

90 Fleet Street | Nineteenth December 1845.

My Dear Sir

I quite concur in everything you say in your note of yesterday. We are not likely to differ on such topics, I am very sure.

I am obliged to run away this morning for an hour or two, to save myself from being more direfully slaughtered than is absolutely necessary, at the English Opera House.[†3] But I shall be back again between 2 and 3, when I shall hope to see you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM DAVIDGE,[†4] 22 DECEMBER 1845

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Second December 1845.

Sir.

I beg to thank you for your obliging note and its enclosure, which shall be disposed of as you desire and as it deserves.

Let me assure you that I fully appreciate the honor you do me: not only in making my books the subject of your lectures,[†5] but in entering into your theme with so much warmth and earnestness.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Davidge Esquire

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 22 DECEMBER 1845

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second December 1845.

My Dear Sir

I am very much pleased by your interest in the Cricket. I had great satisfaction in the writing of it, and have an uncommonly strong belief in it.

I hadn't the courage to go to the English Opera House on Saturday, but they tell me it is very well played there.[†1] I took great pains with the "getting up" of the little piece: to the end that I might be slaughtered as gently as possible. And from what I saw of the Rehearsals, I really believe it is better done than anything of the kind has yet been.

I walk to Harrow still—was nearly blown away, yesterday, on Hampstead Heath—went to Finchley the other day in the pouring rain—take a cold Shower Bath every morning—and oil the Machinery of the Daily News, 'till the afternoon.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all your house. When shall I see the Palazzo Peschiere again, I wonder!

Faithfully Yours Always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Edward Tagart.

We are going to act, for the last time, for Miss Kelly's Benefit, on Saturday the 3rd. of January. Fletcher's play of the Elder Brother, and Peake's farce of Comfortable Lodgings.

To T. J. SERLE, 23 DECEMBER 1845

MS Princeton University Library. *Address:* T. J. Serle Esquire | Uxbridge Gardens | Bayswater.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third December 1845.

My Dear Serle.

We have got to play once more (for our sins) for Miss Kelly's benefit. And I am playing a harder game than that, every day, to boot. When the first of these projects has come off, I will see you about the Eltons. I fancy we shall be the committee in the end, whomsoever we summon.

Of course there is no question, and can be none, about all we have done.

I honor Esther very much. Her conduct has been gallant and true, throughout.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire.

To GEORGE HODDER, DECEMBER 1845*

MS[†1] Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* probably in latter half of Dec, near in date to John Dickens's other inquiries: see *fn.*

OFFICE OF THE DAILY NEWS | 90 FLEET STREET
December 1845

Sir

Having been informed by Mr. John Dickens that you have undertaken the duty of reporting the proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas, *specially* for the Daily News at an Annual Salary of Three Guineas per Week, I shall be glad if you will do me the favor (as a matter of form) to apprize me under your own hand, of your acceptance of the office.[†2]

Perhaps I may be permitted to point out to you the urgent necessity there will be for your Reports being supplied *at the earliest possible moment* after the rising of your Court. Any unnecessary delay on this head cannot but be productive of most serious inconvenience to the Paper, and this is therefore pressed upon you as a matter of paramount importance.

The Salary attached to the duties you are so good as to undertake will commence one week before the publication of the first number of the Paper. I shall have the pleasure of informing you, in due course, on what precise day it will begin to be payable: and on what Evening your first report will be expected at the Office.†3

I have the honor to be | Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

George Hodder Esqr.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 25 DECEMBER 1845†

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day 1845.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

†aIn addition to my other tickets, will you book (as friends of mine: for good

places—a second row in the best boxes would do well for these two) *Mr. and Mrs. Powell.*†a†1

Will you instruct Charles when he comes on Saturday Night, to look, between that time and the Play, to all the Grooves and so forth, that everything may run smoothly and well? †bThe Gasman, too, should see to the Border battens.†b Will you also take care, in good time, that the orchestra does us credit? Moreover will you exert yourself about the Properties: and also about an intelligent boy to take care of them, and to act as Callboy too?

†cThe Butler in the play—who, in the fourth act says one speech as "Servant". Will you secure the man you spoke of for this—give him his part—and tell him to go to Nathan, and be measured for his dress? He should be called for Saturday.†c

I want everything to be *well done*; and, the time being short, am getting very nervous.

Faithfully Yours Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly

To J. LUNN,†2 25 DECEMBER 1845

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue n.d.; *MS* 1 p.; dated "Christmas Day" 1845.

Thanking Lunn for his kind note.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 25 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day 1845

A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and many of 'em![†3]

My Dear Stanny

Do you think you will be well enough to take care of our Stage and Scenery for us, on Saturday Week? And shall I (if I don't see you next Saturday, when we rehearse all the Evening) let you know what the Rehearsal Nights are, in next week? I am in great tribulation for the want of you. They are so horribly imperfect,[†4] that I have no leisure to see after the Carpentering part of it: and leaden weights are on my mind, in consequence.

I met your turkey in Tottenham Court Road last night. He was looking very well,—and so was Drury.[†1]

Affectionately Yours always

CD.

To MRS BALL WILSON,[†2] 25 DECEMBER 1845†

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day 1845.

My Dear Rebecca

[†a]I would counsel your friend, by all means, to have patience with the book-seller, and wait the publication of the MS at the bookseller's time. It is easy to preach thus, you may say. But I have practised the doctrine in my young day: very much against my will.[†a]

As regards any influence of mine, I am quite powerless to assist this author.[†3] When I tell you that requests similar to yours are made to me, *by scores,* every week of my life, you will not be surprised at my having long ago released my Publishers from any obligation of attending to a recommendation of mine. It would be a mere form: and so recognised by them, immediately.

Kate and the children are all well, and send their loves. With divers Merry Christmases and Happy New Years; in which[†4]

[ ]

[CHARLES DICKENS]

Mrs. Ball Wilson.

To J. T. DANSON, 26 DECEMBER 1845

MS Lieut.-Col. J. R. Danson.

90 Fleet Street. | Twenty Sixth December 1845

My Dear Sir

You mentioned to me once that you might probably want, in your department of the Daily News, some one to transcribe Parliamentary Papers and so forth, under your direction. The object of this note (which does not require an answer) is, to say, that in case you should not desire to recommend particularly any person with whom you are acquainted, I have an application for such a Post, to which I should be most desirous—having the opportunity—to extend a favourable consideration.[†5]

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. T. Danson Esquire

To JOSEPH PAXTON, 27 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

90 Fleet Street. | Saturday 27th. December | 1845.

My Dear Sir.

I will send our Secretary[†1] to Manchester, in due course, to complete the arrangement with the Guardian[†2] People. I do not (this is between you and me) very much like their letter which is rather conceited. Mr. Tootal's[†3] estimate of a Manchester Reporter too, is blissfully in the clouds. But nothing of this, affects the value of the Correspondents.[†4]

We are full of activity in these regions: and bent on nothing but winning. It is war to the knife, now, with the Times.[†5] And if they don't repent the day that ever we started in the field against them, my name is not

CHARLES DICKENS
And I rather think it is.
Joseph Paxton Esquire.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 28 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace

Sunday Night | December Twenty Eighth 1845.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

I send you, on the other side, the Prologue.[†1] It has the two merits of being short and modest. I hope you may like it.

I also enclose the list of Properties for the Farce, in order that you may adapt it to the calls, in reference to those properties which are taken on.

At 6 tomorrow, I shall be at the Theatre.

Faithfully Yours always

CD

To THOMAS BEARD, [?29 DECEMBER 1845]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* CD arranged to meet Beard on 28 Dec (John Dickens *to* Beard, 27 Dec 45, MS Suzannet); reference to Overland Express also fits 29 Dec 45 (see *fn*). *Address:* Private | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

90 Fleet Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Beard

Although I mentioned A'Beckett's engagement at the Times yesterday, it didn't occur to me to mention a very distinct and unmistakeable way of putting the case to the fierce Doctor.[†2] We stand, with reference to the Punch men, in exactly the same position as the Times and Chronicle. Jerrold is engaged with

us—Thackeray is engaged by the Chronicle[†1]—A'Beckett by the Times.[†2] We have no other association with Punch of any kind of sort.—To which I may add that the interests and doings of more than one of the Proprietors of the D.N. have been, on more than one occasion, very distinctly and plainly attacked in it.

So much to use[†3] as you will.

Ever Faithfully

CD

I see your Overland Express triumphant this morning.[†4]

To MRS HANNAH BROWN, 29 DECEMBER [1845]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 29 Dec was a Monday in 1845, and letter is endorsed "1845".

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning December 29th.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I am much indebted to you (and no less to Miss Coutts) for your kind note. I have happily been enabled to send to Paris, instead of going myself; and will take the chance of finding you or Miss Coutts in Stratton Street, tomorrow (Tuesday) about 3 o'Clock.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown

To MRS HANNAH BROWN, [30 DECEMBER 1845]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the day after last.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I shall be more than delighted to dine with Miss Coutts today. And as I shall have that pleasure, I will *not* trouble her at 3 o'clock.

I am glad you like the Cricket. Its sale is quite enormous.[†5]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown

To JOSEPH PAXTON, 30 DECEMBER 1845

Text from *Daily News,* 14 Dec 1915.

90 Fleet-street | Tuesday Thirtieth December | 1845.

My Dear Sir

I have most special and urgent reason[†1] (in which participate)[†2] for wishing to see you here, *with as little delay as possible,* though only for a few hours. Pray order your Carpet Bag, and get into the train INSTANTLY.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Paxton Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 31 DECEMBER 1845

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* VI, 51; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 90 Fleet Street, 31 Dec 45.

Stating that there is no vacancy on the Daily News.

To JOHN WILLMOTT, [?31 DECEMBER 1845]*

MS The Governors of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Dec 45 or early 46. The Pantomime at the Pavilion ran from 26 Dec to 31 Jan; the only likely Wed in Jan is 14 Jan, and it seems improbable that Catherine would delay so long before seeing the *Cricket.*

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Willmott

Mrs. Dickens will be very much obliged to you, if you can let her have a Box for *tonight.*[†3]

It is really worth your while to send somebody to see the Columbine at the Pavilion. I don't even know her name;[†4] but I strolled in there by chance, the other night, and never saw a performance of that sort so light-hearted, graceful, pleasant, and agreeable. She is, moreover, young and very pretty; and would do you good service, I think, at the Lyceum.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [1845]

Extract in F, I, iv, 61. *Date:* 1845 according to Forster: presumably in relation to plans for the *Daily News.*

There never was anybody connected with newspapers who, in the same space of time, had so much express and post-chaise experience as I. And what gentlemen

they were to serve, in such things, at the old *Morning Chronicle*![†1] Great or small it did not matter. I have had to charge for half-a-dozen break-downs in half-a-dozen times as many miles. I have had to charge for the damage of a great-coat from the drippings of a blazing wax-candle, in writing through the smallest hours of the night in a swift-flying carriage and pair. I have had to charge for all sorts of breakages fifty times in a journey without question, such being the ordinary results of the pace which we went at. I have charged for broken hats, broken luggage, broken chaises, broken harness—everything but a broken head, which is the only thing they would have grumbled to pay for.

To MRS HOOD, [?AUGUST-DECEMBER 1845]

Extract in S. F. Henkels catalogue No. 1128; *Date:* presumably after the closing of the Fund, and before the publication of Moxon's edn of Hood's *Poems* (preface dated Dec 45).

Declining to allow her to dedicate a book to him.[†2] I cannot honorably encourage you in the mistaken idea that such an association of my name "with any work would be a guarantee of success".

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?JULY-DECEMBER 1845]*

MS Francis Edwards. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1845: July-Sep or Dec most probable, as Catherine was not going out in Oct-Nov.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning

My Dear Maclise

Kate is very much obliged to you, but will not interfere with the chance of your bestowing the enclosed elsewhere.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire

1846

January

To GEORGE BEADNELL,[†3] 1 JANUARY 1846

MS Myers & Co. *Address* (envelope, MS Professor Harry Stone): Immediate | George Beadnell Esquire | Messrs. Smith Payne & Co. | 2 Lombard Street

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning | New Year's Day 1846

My Dear Sir

I apprehend you will find no difficulty whatever, in getting good places of Miss Kelly *No. 73 Dean Street Soho.* The tickets (it is for her benefit, or I should have

been delighted to send you some) are a guinea each. I would recommend you to send to her for as many as you want, in the course of today if convenient. I shall see her this morning, and will mention your name to her beforehand.

With all earnest wishes for you and yours in the years to come—for the love and remembrance of the years that are gone,[†1]

I am Ever | My Dear sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 JANUARY 1846

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Private | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

90 Fleet Street. | New Year's Day 1846.

My Dear Bardolph.

The same to you—many on 'em—and a long life to both of us, and our jolly old friendship!

They are printing the book:[†2] and no copies are to be had until Saturday, when they will be in the Theatre. I would send you mine, *but it has only my part in it;* and the exquisite unintelligibility of such a document to all but the Initiated, would (I am afraid) drive Mr. Hastings mad.[†3]

Enclosed is your private ticket. Kate will leave Devonshire Terrace at ¼ before 7. If you don't appear, they will look for you at the Theatre. She, Georgy, you, Mac, and his sister, sit together.

When I am bullied through those Four Acts,[†1]—always regard me as being ready (in serious earnest) to stab Forster to the heart. It makes me so damned savage that I could rend him limb from limb.[†2]

Ever affectionately

CD

To R. W. JELF,[†3] [?1 JANUARY 1846]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 JANUARY 1846*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | New Years Day 1846

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Very many happy years to you, and all who are dear to you!

I have written to Dr. Jelf (in answer to his kind note) that I will call on him next Tuesday Morning. When I have primed myself with all needful particulars, I will endeavour to find you at home, and will bring Charley with me.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. The Nomination Papers[†4] really *are* enclosed, this time.

To C. C. FELTON, 1 JANUARY 1846†

MS Harvard College Library. *Address:* By Cunard Mail Steam Packet. | Professor Felton | Cambridge | Massachusetts.

Office of the Daily News. | First January 1846.

My Dear Felton.

I am going to write a very short answer to your generous note. Read it in its spirit, my dear fellow, and not in its length.

Try the letters. There is a Commercial Correspondent at New York.[†1] So try them. Your politics are mine. I do not think you will write the worse for not being too intimate with the party leaders, or too near the roar of Washington. So try them, my dear Felton, and see how you like it. Write your first, by the Packet which leaves Boston in the beginning of February,[†2] and address it to the London Daily News, Care of Mr. Whitty Journal office, Liverpool. He will get it out of the Mail Bag (being our agent) with all speed. The American Newspapers are already provided for, on this side.

[†a]A general view (such as you would naturally take if you were writing to a friend) of Politics and News, will be excellent, I am sure. And the only way of ascertaining how you relish it will be by trying it. So I shall depend upon you.

We start on the 21st. of this Month,[†3] and are proceeding vigorously. The Times has done us enormous service by attacking me, in its jealousy of the Paper.[†4] It has brought all sorts and conditions of men, rallying round us gallantly.[†a]

The Cricket is a most tremendous success.[†5] It has beaten my two other Carols out of the field, and is going still, like Wildfire. [†b]Best regards from Kate. And loves from my little girls to yours. Ever My Dear Felton, Your Affectionate friend[†b]

CD.

Professor Felton

To MRS MACREADY, [?2 JANUARY 1846]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests early 1846; possibly the Friday after *To* Paxton, ?30 Dec, asking him to come to London immediately on urgent business.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Evening

My Dear Mrs. Macready. More thanks than I can pay, for your kind note of this morning. More blushes than my face will hold, for its still being unanswered.

I have been obliged to make an indefinite appointment with a gentleman to call here today (on the most urgent business) at his own leisure between 12 at Noon and 12 at Night. I have been looking for him all day. He has not come; and I dare not go out.

Let me claim your kind promise another time. And ever believe me

Faithfully Your friend | (Not Your Enemy and Hater)

CHARLES DICKENS

To LUIGI MARIOTTI, 2 JANUARY 1846

Mention in Catalogue of the Dreer Collection, 1890; dated 2 Jan 46.

To NICHOLAS TRÜBNER,[†1] 5 JANUARY [1846]

Extract in S. F. Henkels catalogue No. 1436; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 5 Jan 45—
CD's error for 1846: see *fn.*

Thanking him for a volume. I assure you that it will afford me very great pleasure to call attention (so far as I can) to the Flemish Tales.[†2]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 6 JANUARY 1846

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | Devonshire Terrace.

Fleet Street | Twelfth Day | 1846

My Dear Kate

The weather is so very bad, that I really think you had better send down to Edginton's in Piccadilly,[†3] and see if they can't, at a reasonable charge, put up an awning from the street-door to the Curb-Stone. They do such things every day. It is really too far for Ladies to go in the wet.

Affecy. always

CD.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 6 JANUARY [1846]*

MS New York University Library. *Date:* clearly 1846 since referring to *Cricket.*

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth January 1845.

My Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for your attention in sending me the enclosed

Card.[†1] But as we have an annual Engagement[†2] for tonight, I return it, in case you should be able to make another use of it. Mrs. Dickens will be very thankful to you if you can kindly bestow another Box on her, any "Cricket" night, this week.

I am | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 JANUARY 1846

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh January 1846

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am sure I need not say to you that it would give me the truest pleasure to be of the least help to anyone in whom you have an interest; and that I should esteem myself most fortunate in having the power. But the Courier rumour has not the least foundation. The man who served me in that capacity abroad (one of the best Servants in the World) I recommended to some employment only the other day. He is constantly backwards and forwards here, to play with the children: who are his most intimate friends. And if I were to want any other courier, I think it would break his heart. I cannot conceive how your man got such information—unless he derived it from a newspaper. I see almost daily, in those sources of intelligence, the most prodigious accounts of my occupations, intentions, &c. &c., which are all so new to me that they make my hair stand on end.†3

I saw Dr. Jelf the other morning, (yesterday morning) and received the greatest courtesy and attention from him. As he thinks I had best see Dr. Major, who is the Head Master of the *School*,†4 I contemplate an inroad on that gentleman tomorrow Morning. When I have seen him, and know all that is to be done, I will bring my large Son to Stratton Street. He has been writing a Play lately. There are four acts in it; two scenes in each; and about twelve words in each

scene. The Hero of the piece is a certain "Boy" (it is a nautical subject) who, by reason of his always having to introduce the other characters by asking them where they come from, and having to get them off by proposing to "come along" (which he invariably does, at the end of every scene) has a part, in proportion, longer than Hamlet.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To LEIGH HUNT, 7 JANUARY 1846

Extract in P. J. Dobell catalogue No. 24 (1923); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 7 Jan 46.

I hardly know how it came about, but I was *not* glad to receive your letter. It affected me at first, with a sensation of pain to find that you should have so carefully remembered what I had so utterly forgotten.†1

To C. CLAXTON,†2 8 JANUARY [1846]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* clearly 1846 since referring to *Cricket* and *Daily News.*

Devonshire Terrace, London | Eighth January 1845.

Dear Sir

I am glad to hear you have been crying over the Cricket. I hope you may come to Spectacles over the Newspaper, which will begin its career on the Twenty First.

The Times has done us a great deal of service.

I cannot forward the enclosed Paper to any of the Punch Writers, because I have taken a pledge (to myself) of Total Abstinence in all such cases; otherwise, so numerous are the MSS sent to me, it would be a misfortune and grievous calamity to any Public Writer, to know me. But, if you send it in a blank cover to the Punch office, I have no doubt it will be opened and read by the gentleman, whoever he be, whose duty it is to dispose of such communications.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Claxton Esquire.

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD,[†3] 8 JANUARY 1846

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 2 June 1911; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 8 Jan 46.

I shall be happy to receive the deputation who propose doing me the honor of waiting on me.[†4]

To THOMAS BEARD, 9 JANUARY 1846

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Private | Thomas Beard Esquire.

90 Fleet Street | Ninth January 1846

My Dear Beard.

If you be at leisure to see my Secretary Mr. Wills[†1] who bears this, for a minute or two, will you kindly do so? I have charged him with a business enquiry.

He is a very good fellow, and late Editor of Chambers's Journal.

About the dinner to our friend[†2] (who I thought spoke very manfully and honestly, yesterday). What would you recommend? Shall I write and ask him at once: giving him a week's notice?

Ever Yours
CD

To JOHN CATTERMOLE,[†3] 9 JANUARY 1846*

MS The Press Club, London.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth January 1846.

Sir.

I beg, in reply to your note, to express my regret that the Daily News cannot avail itself of your proffered services. The arrangements of the Paper are completed, I understand, in every Department.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Cattermole Esquire

To JAMES DAVIDSON,[†4] 9 JANUARY 1846

MS Mr Noel C. Peyrouton.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth January 1846

Dear Sir

I shall be happy to do you any service in my power at the Garrick (though I should think you would need none); but the Election rests, as perhaps you know, with the Committee, and not with the Members.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Davidson Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?12 JANUARY 1846]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* The "Proprietor" must have been Joseph Paxton, who returned to London in the week beginning Mon 12 Jan; reference to injured hand confirms (see next). *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning

My Dear Miss Coutts. I waited until the arrival of the Post this morning, before answering your kind note, as I had a half-appointment for this evening, with a gentleman resident in the Country, who is one of the Proprietors in my new Undertaking; and there was a chance of his not coming to town.[†1] I have now, however, heard that he *is* coming for this special purpose; and I am sorry to say he will deprive me of the pleasure of dining with you.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have hurt my right hand, and write illegibly.

To H. P. SMITH, 12 JANUARY 1846*

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Office of the Daily News
12 January 1846

My dear Smith

Forster having done his best towards an amputation of my right hand middle finger, I dictate this note[†2] to thank you heartily for your remembrance of the Daily News & for your cordial and earnest manner of remembering it.

Faithfully Your's | My dear Smith,
CHARLES DICKENS

H. B.[†3] Smith Esquire

To C. R. LESLIE, 15 JANUARY 1846*

MS Mr Thomas L. Twidell.

Devonshire Terrace
Fourteenth—I mean Fifteenth | January 1846

My Dear Sir

If *Saturday Week* will suit you for a beginning, I shall be happy to sit to you in full costume,[†4] and as hirsute as I was originally, all day long. Let me know whether this will do or not.

I am very glad you passed so pleasant an Evening on Twelfth Night. It gave us the greatest pleasure I assure you to have your family among our guests.[†1]

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 16 JANUARY 1846

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS[†2]
Sixteenth January 1846

My Dear Beard.

—Two points for you to mention to Mr. Baldwin;[†3] who I hope is better of that accursed rheumatism.

There is a Meeting at Norwich on Tuesday Night—a free trade Meeting—which has this novelty that Wodehouse[†4] (I think that's the way to spell his name; it looks like a Saxon God's) has challenged Cobden[†5] to a discussion, and they will go at it like a couple of Crichtons.[†6] We are all powerful on that Railway, and mean, if possible to have a special train in which our man or men can come up long before the Mail—write out, on the way—and give us his or their couple of Columns or so, in time for the first Edition. I don't think we should do this, but for a preliminary splash;[†7] and it is possible, therefore, that you

may not think it worth while to join.[†8] But in the Spirit of the Alliance, I think it right to tell you exactly what we mean to do.

About the Queen's Speech.[†1]—Can you help us to any outline? I merely ask the question, as your information may be *uncommunicable*. The Times will have it, I hear; and there are prophets who foretell its imparting the same to the drowsy but comparatively virtuous old Chronicle.

Ever My Dear Beard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 16 JANUARY 1846*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Sixteenth January 1846.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

I have been wanting to write to you every day since I last saw you, but have had no hand to do it with until now.

We know each other so well, and you have shown me your nature so frankly and generously, that I have no hesitation in asking you to consider whether you can reconcile it with your other engagements to let me have for the Daily News (in the strictest confidence) any sort of intelligence you may like to communicate of the sayings, doings, rumours, and movements, in that World which you know all about. Such communications from you, would be of inestimable service to the Paper; and if you will tell me how many Hundreds a Year the Paper may pay you in return, I will answer for its being as delighted as a Paper *can* be, to have the opportunity.[†2]

I feel, my dear Lady Blessington, that I should be but a poor fellow if I had any delicacy in approaching that part of the subject; and that I should pay you but a slight compliment if I avoided it in the least. My personal recognition of your assistance, as my dear friend, it is idle to speak of; for that is far removed from any such considerations. But in my very different capacity as the representative of a body of Proprietors, I hold myself as much bound to recognize it plainly, as I feel pretty sure you will.—Just as I have a very distinct recognition indeed, of my own remuneration.

I shall be very glad to hear a few words from you. Meantime with love to Count D'Orsay, I am Ever

My Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington

To R. S. HOBBES,[†1] 16 JANUARY 1846

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth January 1846

Sir

I am extremely sorry to say that it is not in my power to be of any service to you. The Establishment of the Daily News is quite completed, as I understand, in all its Departments; and I know of at least a score of gentlemen who are candidates for the first vacant post in connexion with it, that may offer.

Nor have I the least idea who is the Editor of Bentley's Miscellany.[†2] My knowledge of that Magazine ceased with my own Editorship, seven or eight years ago.

I write to you in great haste, being much pressed for time. But I beg you to believe that I am not indifferent to your note, and that I wish I could return a more encouraging reply to it.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. S. Hobbes Esquire

To JOSEPH PAXTON, 16 JANUARY 1846*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Sixteenth January 1846

My Dear Sir

By all means let us have the order from Mr. Hudson,[†3] for a Special Engine, if it can possibly be managed. It will enable us to make a hit in our very first Number.

I should like to know when and where we can get it from you in town here (if you get it) on Monday Night, as a Reporter will be in waiting to start off immediately on its receipt.

Captain Taylor[†4] writes from Paris this Morning, that his Petition was received with the greatest interest by the Count St. Aulaire,[†5] and that the idea excited him

extremely, as one of most uncommon importance. The Lords of the Admiralty have granted the permission on this side of the Water.

I hope we shall derive great reputation from the trial.[†1]

Everything looks well for our Start. I can't sleep; and if I fall into a doze I dream of first numbers till my head swims.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Paxton Esquire

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 17 JANUARY 1846*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Seventeenth January 1846

My Dear Lady Blessington

I am quite delighted with your letter. It occurs to me that you must have *some* figures in your mind, as what you would think fair. *Will you tell me what they are?* Without committing you at all, I will then sound the Money-Managers without the least delay, and write to you again before the Evening.

The agreement will be decidedly, for a year; and it could be stated on the face of it, that if renewed at the expiration of that time, it should be at a higher rate. I would propose for your satisfaction that you and the Money-Managers aforesaid, should interchange the form of agreement which is entered into with the Leader-Writers, who are all treated with in strict confidence.

Ever My Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington

To DR EPPS,[†2] 17 JANUARY 1846

Mention in Hodgson's catalogue, Dec 1921; dated 17 Jan 46.

To LORD ROBERTSON, 17 JANUARY 1846*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth January 1846

My Dear Lord Robertson.

The quotation is an admirable one. But you will be glad to hear that there

have been some fifteen or twenty Editions[†1] of the Cricket, already printed. It has done more than either of its predecessors: and has been a most prodigious success.

The new calling shall not long supersede the old one. I should be glad to establish the Paper well, if I could. My share of it would then be a fine property.

Do not charge me with not thinking of you. I do so, very often. I go to the Puppets with you, never less than once a week: and see you, perpetually, in that Lemonade Shop perplexed with a handful of tin riches, bestowed upon you by the Landlord.

Also your travelling-hat is enshrined in my dearest recollection.

So are you, and always shall be.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lord Robertson.

To THOMAS BEARD, [?MID-JANUARY 1846]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* after 9 Jan, when CD was still writing from 90 Fleet St, and probably shortly before the first number. *Address:* Wait | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Saturday Evening

My Dear Beard

I have altered the plan[†2] very much, and made it one that is more likely, I think, to suit you—I can't come over, but *before* you see your Governor[†3] tonight, will you give me a call in Devonshire Terrace? It's important.

Ever
CD.

To T. N. TALFOURD, [?MID-JANUARY 1846]†

MS Mr Arnold Ziegler. *Date:* possibly connected with last.

Whitefriars | Saturday Night

My Dear Talfourd.

We of the Daily News Proprietorship, wish, in a case of sudden emergency (only Bradbury and Evans & I) to see you *tomorrow*[†4] (Sunday). [†a]Will you kindly make an appointment for the Afternoon by Bearer.[†a] It is a most pressing case,

[†b]or I would not trouble you. We shall not detain you more than a quarter of an hour.[†b]

Affecy. Always

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, [20 JANUARY 1846]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly 20 Jan, the Tuesday after *To* Lady Blessington, 17 Jan; her first contribution appeared 22 Jan.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Tuesday Noon

My Dear Lady Blessington.

I have been involved in such an overwhelming pressure of business, and we are all so torn to pieces here,[†1] that I have not been able to see the Money Men until today. They were with me, for the first time, when your Messenger arrived.

I should frankly tell you that Eight Hundred Pounds is certainly too much for them. Not as being too much for you, but as being more than I think it likely any Newspaper—but certainly a new one—could afford to devote to that branch of Intelligence; which is one, as you know, of very many, and forms but one item in a sum of more than a Thousand Pounds per week. I have not compromised you in any way, but I have ascertained this, beyond a doubt.

If you think you could reconcile it to your views of the subject (the justice of which I perfectly comprehend) to begin on a decidedly lower scale, and to leave the adjustment of it, for a very few weeks, to me, rely on my bringing them to the highest point to which they think they can reasonably go.[†2] If that should not please you, then let Forster and I arbitrate for the Past (the then past, I mean, of course) and release you handsomely and without offence on either side.

I shall be very anxious to know what you think of this. I should have written to you by this time, though I had not heard from you.

Ever My Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington

To J. J. HARRISON,[†1] 20 JANUARY 1846*

MS[†2] New York Public Library.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
20 January 1846

Private

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter and to say that if you can do me the favour to call upon Mr. Wills (my secretary, a gentleman who can be treated with in entire Confidence and who perfectly represents myself) here, to morrow Wednesday evening at Nine o'clock, I shall be happy to pursue the subject you open to me.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. J. Harrison Esquire

To THE UNITED TRADES ASSOCIATION, [?20 JANUARY 1846]

Mention in *The Times*, 22 Jan 46. *Date:* shortly before 21 Jan.

Regretting his inability to take part in the soirée for Thomas Duncombe.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 JANUARY 1846]

Extract in F, V, i, 387. *Date:* 21 Jan according to Forster.

A little note written before going home *at six o'clock in the morning saying they had* been at press three quarters of an hour, and were out before the *Times.*

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE,[†4] [21 JANUARY 1846]

Envelope only, MS Eastgate House, Rochester. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | 9 Craven Hill | Bayswater. PM 21 Jan 46.

To THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY NEWS,* 21 JANUARY 1846

Text from the *Daily News*, 22 Jan 1846.

21st January, 1846

SIR,

Will you excuse my calling your attention to a variety of typographical errors in your first number? Several letters are standing on their heads, and several others seem to have gone out of town; while others, like people who are drawn for the militia, appear by deputy, and are sometimes very oddly represented. I have an interest in the subject, as I intend to be, | If you will allow me, |

YOUR CONSTANT READER.[†1]

⁂ We can assure our good-humoured correspondent, that we are quite conscious of the errors he does us the favour to point out so leniently. The very many inaccuracies and omissions in our first impression are attributable to the disadvantageous circumstances attending the production of a first number. They will not occur, we trust, in any other.—ED. DAILY NEWS.[†2]

To THE REV. W. J. FOX, 21 JANUARY 1846

MS New York Public Library.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Twenty First January 1846

My Dear Fox

The boy is in waiting. I need not tell you how our Printer failed us,[†3] last

night. I hope for better things tonight; and am bent on a fight for it. If we can get a good paper tomorrow,[†1] I believe we are as safe as such a thing can be.

Your leader, most excellent.[†2] I made bold to take out Bright's[†3] name, for reasons that I hinted at the other day,[†4] and which I think have validity in them. He is unscrupulous and indiscreet. Cobden never so.

It didn't offend you?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

W. J. Fox Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, [22 JANUARY 1846]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* endorsed by Beard "The Daily News just started"; clearly 22 Jan, the day of the second number.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday

My Dear Beard

Tomorrow at 4.

I am delighted to say we have a Capital paper today. I sat at the Stone,[†1] and made it up with my own hands.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE REV. W. J. FOX, [23 JANUARY 1846]

MS Office of the *Daily News* Ltd. *Date:* clearly refers to the leader of 23 Jan: see *fn.*

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Friday Morning | 1 o'clock

My Dear Fox

So well as I can make out, (and you know how difficult it *is* to make anything out at a Newspaper Office) Peel is decidedly playing false, and will creep into small holes, & compensate, and be quite true to himself. Which I need not say is being false to everybody else. I have therefore written in, at the point you mention, what one is pretty safe in writing about such a Customer; at the same time reserving (like the good Vicar of Wakefield)[†2] a means of coming out creditably in any case.[†3]

Ever Yours
CD

To JOHN LEECH, 23 JANUARY 1846

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* PM 23 Jan 46. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Brook Green | Hammersmith.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday

My Dear Leech

I am going (on account of not having enough to do!) to sit to Leslie as Bobadil. Can you send me my legs—my red legs[†4] I mean—in the course of tomorrow?

Ever Yours
CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, [24 JANUARY 1846]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* clearly the Sat before Peel's speech on 27 Jan 46. *Address:* Immediate | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Saturday Afternoon

My Dear Beard

We intend—sub rosâ—having Peel's speech[†1] taken in short turns[†2] on Tuesday night; published in a Second Edition of that Morning's Paper as soon as he is down; and sent by Special Engines, to every town on every line in England.[†3] I suppose it would not be worth your while, as an old-Established Paper,

to join in this? But if there be anything our men and Engines can do for you, apart from sharing, we shall be delighted to have them do it.

I want to express it also, to Paris. Would you feel disposed to do anything on this score?

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, [?25 JANUARY 1846]*

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Date:* almost certainly the Sunday before Peel's speech on 27 Jan 46. *Address:* The | Countess of Blessington | Gore House | Kensington.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS

Sunday Night

My Dear Lady Blessington

Have you heard anything tonight of an intention on the part of Peel to postpone

his statement, or of any split with Graham?[†1] I *cannot* find it. Forgive me for troubling you at so late an hour (I have just come up from Richmond); and if you have not gone to bed, send me one line.

Ever Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

The Countess of Blessington

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 28 JANUARY 1846*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres | Genoa | North Italy.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth January 1846.

My Dear De la Rue. Don't consider this a letter. I am going to bespeak your services in behalf of The Daily News. I will write to you, as the Inimitable Dick, shortly.

The matter is simply this:—in case you should ever receive from our correspondent at Rome,[†3] or in any part of Italy, a parcel addressed thus

Monsr.
Emile
De la
Rue
Messrs.
De la
Rue
freres
Genova.

Y. Z.

Will you, immediately address it Monsr. Mitchell[†4] 18 Boulevard de Musée Marseille (*preserving the Y. Z. in the corner*) and send it to him by the earliest Steamboat? In case it should be a *Red*[†5] parcel, it would be worth paying a handsome Sum of money to get the Steamer from Genoa to start before its proper time, or to go to any expence (which would be immediately repaid of course), to get it on instantly, as in that case the Pope would be dead, or something extraordinary would have happened. The Red cover announcing something of great importance, always. You see I don't mind troubling you. For I know you don't mind it yourself. Ever Yours CD.

P.S. I had a letter from Madame De la Rue this morning.[†6] Give her my love, and tell her it was *most welcome* to me, and that I shall write to her, very soon. I find,

after all this cramping, that I must put this paper into another half sheet. Your Newspapers will begin, tonight, to be dispatched regularly to Marseilles.[†1] The Daily News is doing extremely well.[†2] My regards to Thompson and his wife.[†3] Tell Thompson I will write to him very shortly.

To EYRE EVANS CROWE,[†4] [29 JANUARY 1846]*

MS Private. *Date:* PM 29 Jan 46. *Address:* E. E. Crowe Esquire | 5 Devonshire Place | Haverstock Hill | Hampstead.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS

My Dear Crowe

Welcome back! I hope you will nurse yourself at home, until you are all right and well.

It is easy to say to Lardner (if you desire to say so), that there is no vacancy on the Paper,[†5] and so get rid of him pleasantly. I would not myself, have anything to do with him on any consideration whatever.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD

E. E. Crowe Esquire

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 29 JANUARY 1846

Text from N, I, 734.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty-Ninth January 1846

My Dear Miss Kelly,

I owe you Ten Guineas. Five for my own places—two for Mr. and Mrs. Powell—two for Sir Archer Croft[†6]—and one for Mr. Leslie, who would not

receive his ticket free; owing you, he said, so much already for your splendid acting in old times.

I enclose you a cheque[†1] for the amount, and return your "Jewels" with many thanks.

Always Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To EDWARD MOXON,[†2] 29 JANUARY 1846*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Twenty-ninth January, 1846.

My Dear Sir,

Taking it for granted that you wished me to send the enclosed[†3] to Mr Dilke,[†4] I did so. He returned it with the letter I now send you.

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Moxon Esquire.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, [?30 JANUARY 1846]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* The only Saturday on which her paragraphs did not appear was 31 Jan. *Address:* The | Countess of Blessington | Gore House | Kensington.

Friday Night

My Dear Lady Blessington.

An unexpected botheration at the last moment, has occasioned the postponement of your Paragraphs tonight.

They are *very good indeed*,[†5] I think. I wonder how you make so much of such a dull time.

It seems some man or other projected a paper under the title of The Daily News (an Evening paper) some Nine years ago; and asked Jerrold to write for it, which he agreed to do. The design was never pursued, or known, but he got a few Stamps, and he has a notion, I conceive, that he may use them to advantage now, by getting us to buy him off.[†6] He reckons, however, without his host—as

we shall certainly put him to some small expence instead, & into Chancery besides.

I write with one eye open, and the other quivering. But with all my Eyes and heart, I am ever My Dear Lady Blessington

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have not forgotten your agreement. I will bring it to you myself. It is drawn, & the Counterpart also.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 30 JANUARY 1846

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace
Friday Morning | Thirtieth January 1846.

My Dear Bradbury and Evans.

I cut the main subject of our conversation last night as short as possible, because I always desire to restrain myself from acting on impulse in any such case.

I quite agree with you in the necessity of the Paper being made perfect, if possible, and in the expediency of finding out where it can be improved.[†1] On the other hand, I doubt your counsellors in general, very much indeed. I examine and test anyone who counsels me, very closely; and when it is such a man as Mr. Tooke[†2] (of whom I spoke to you last night), I discard *his* advice altogether. But I have already told Mr. Paxton, and I have already warned you, that very sensible and far-seeing gentlemen well accustomed to newspapers regard the Railway policy of the D.N. as being too one-sided, and as threatening to taint it. And I think if you could get beyond deposit men, and provisional directors, and committee men, and the like, you would find this out. I have very little doubt if you do not, that the Times[†3] will discover it for you.

This, however, is not the point of my letter.

You know that I recommended Mr. Powell to you, as the man, of all others in London, best qualified to act as one of the Sub Editors of an enterprising Paper. You know that I was very anxious to secure him, and considered it a very great point when he was engaged, and have always spoken of him with great confidence.

One week after the starting of the Paper, you come to me, and give me to understand, on certain nameless authority (which you call "gatherings") that he is quite unfit for the place he holds![†1] I wish to know from whom you learn this: and I consider myself justified in putting you upon your honor to withhold from me the name of no person with whom you have taken counsel on this subject.

When I tell you, distinctly, that I shall leave the Paper immediately, if you do not give me this information, I think it but fair to add that it is extremely probable I shall leave it when you have done so. For it would be natural in any man, and is especially so in one in my position, to consider this, disrespectful, and quite unendurable. I am thoroughly disgusted, and shall act accordingly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 JANUARY 1846]

Extract in F, V, i, 387. *Date:* 30 Jan according to Forster. *From* Office of the *Daily News.*

I want a long talk with you. I was obliged to come down here in a hurry to give out a travelling letter[†2] I meant to have given out last night, and could not call upon you. Will you dine with us to-morrow at six sharp?[†3] I have been revolving plans in my mind this morning for quitting the paper and going abroad again to write a new book in shilling numbers. Shall we go to Rochester to-morrow week (my birthday) if the weather be, as it surely must be, better?

To GIUSEPPE MAZZINI,[†4] [?LATE JANUARY 1846]

Mention in *Daily News,* 16 Feb 46. *Date:* some days before Mazzini's account of 3 Feb: see *fn.*

A letter in Italian enclosing two sovereigns.[†5]

February

To THOMAS BEARD, [1 FEBRUARY 1846]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* clearly the Sunday before *To* Walter, 3 Feb. *Address:* Delivery | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

D.N. Office | Sunday Night

My Dear Beard.

I send you back Mr. Walter's letter, and have ordered £100 to be forwarded to him immediately. The Calcutta letters[†1] I have retained for the edification of Crowe and Costello.[†2]

Powell will come over to you, and arrange for the West Riding Election[†3] tomorrow.

He insists on my telling you that the Express[†4] was never once stopped for the D.N.; and that the only stoppages were when they took in water, & changed engines. I may as well say to you and Mr. Baldwin (but I didn't mention the probability to Mr. Walter that night) that by our influence at Birkenhead we detained the Irish Mail *one hour.*

The Express has done us a World of Good. We are going ahead famously.

Ever Faithfully & truly

CD

To [THOMAS HODGSKIN], [2 FEBRUARY 1846]†

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Date:* the day of the leader on Cobden's letter: see *fn. Address:* the subscription "—Hodgkin Esquire"†1 must be an error for Thomas Hodgskin.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am extremely sorry to hear from Mr. Danson that you appeared hurt by his coming to you last night on the subject of the leader you were kind enough to offer me.†2

The manner of his coming is simply this—†aI found he had written a Leader†3 on a main passage in Mr. Cobden's letter to the Tenant Farmers, and that it seemed to run counter to yours.†a†4 As I am not learned in the minute details of such a question, †bI begged him to read your leader—compare it with his own—and talk the matter over with you.†b Surely it is essential before writing on such subjects that you should be fully possessed of this gentleman's views; and as I have suggested some other occupation for him during the whole of this week, I considered it still more desirable that you should have this discussion—knowing that the field would be immediately open to you, if you thought fit to enter on it.

Your experience of me has been very brief, but I have been unfortunate if I have not been able generally to express to you the sincere desire I have to render an occupation which is sufficiently irksome in itself, as pleasant and agreeable as possible to every gentleman concerned; and to shew to each the delicate respect and consideration which I truly feel. I am not without a hope that on a review of this incident, you will feel that you acted—naturally, I have no doubt, but hastily, and without quite understanding what was intended on my part.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Hodgkin Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 FEBRUARY 1846

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | "Morning Herald".

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Monday Afternoon | Second February | 1846

My Dear Beard

We contemplate expressing the whole Corn Law Debate down the Great

Northern Railways—and publishing that Edition at 4 every morning.†1 This is, of course, a Dead Secret. Would you like to join?

Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 3 FEBRUARY [1846]*

MS National Library of Scotland. *Date:* Tues was 3 Feb in 1846; reference to "the Paper" confirms.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Third February

My Dear Lady Blessington

I shall be delighted to dine with you tomorrow, and to wish Count D'Orsay many happy returns of his Birthday.

The Market Prices are always in the Paper, you will find, I think. One day they were omitted by accident; but only once.†2

Ever My Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington.

To J. WALTER,†3 3 FEBRUARY 1846

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1923; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of the Daily News, Whitefriars, 3 Feb 46.

The cash you require was remitted yesterday. £200. The proprietors of the "Daily News" had already contemplated remunerating you in the way you suggest; the amount shall be arranged with Mr. Baldwin, which shall be done as soon as he is well enough to entertain the matter.

To W. H. WILLS, [3 FEBRUARY 1846]

MS New York Public Library. *Date:* Tues 3 Feb 46, since endorsed by Wills "4/2/46".

Tuesday Night

My Dear Mr. Wills.

I dine out tomorrow (Wednesday) and next day (Thursday)†4 and shall not be here, either evening, until rather late. Will you have the goodness to let the Sub Editors know this; and as I shall not wish to be detained here unnecessarily, to ask them to have ready for me anything (*if* anything) requiring my attention.

You may tell them at the same time, if you please, that I shall not be here, generally, on Sunday Nights; and that I shall always wish to let them know of the general arrangements for Sunday Nights, on Fridays before I go away.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 4 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Professor K. J. Fielding.

Devonshire Terrace | February Fourth 1846

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for reminding me of the necessity of attending the next meeting.[†1] I had made a memorandum of it, in pursuance of your former kind reminder.

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To J. B. BUCKSTONE,[†2] [?EARLY FEBRUARY 1846]

Mention in *To* Macready, ?10 Feb 46. *Date:* in time for Buckstone to receive and reply by 10 Feb.

Acknowledging his note.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 5 FEBRUARY 1846

Mention in James Tregaskis catalogue No. 558 (1904); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 5 Feb 46.

Making an appointment to call in Chesham Place.[†3]

To THOMAS BEARD, [5 FEBRUARY 1846]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* clearly 5 Feb: see *fn. Address: Deliver* | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS | WHITEFRIARS
Thursday Night

My Dear Beard

Cheer up the Governor! Who cares!—I don't.

Think of OUR[†1] having a Bombay Times from our Alexandrian agent[†2]—posted at Kennington Cross too! (Something wrong. Black work Sir!) And *we* have lent it to *you* tonight.

Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha!

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, [?12 JANUARY-6 FEBRUARY 1846]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* after the move to Whitefriars, and probably not later than Friday 6 Feb (the last working day before CD resigned). *Address: Wait* | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office.

Whitefriars

My Dear Beard

I am very sorry to find you gone. I had the Leader-Writing Men here, and cod. not get rid of them. Shall I come round to you?

Faithfully Ever

CD

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 6 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS The Proprietors of *Punch.*

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth February 1846

Dear Sirs

Mr. Beard has been with me this morning, to make an appointment for Mr. Baldwin to come here on Monday at One. When I think it most desirable that Mr. Forster should meet him; you taking counsel with Mr. Forster in the meantime.

Mr. Baldwin will desire to be put in communication, with whomsoever manages the accounts (I would certainly suggest Mr. Evans) that they may be examined and settled once a month. He also suggests that the Herald and Daily News should support each other in all possible *retrenchments,*[†3] and in conducting their

papers with less expence and greater chance of profits.[†1] From what he says, there would appear to be no doubt that the Chronicle will go altogether, if the Daily News can wear out this bad time, and improve its mechanism. It is certain that they are playing a fast-losing game—that there will be a great loss (instead of gain) on the year's accounts—and that Easthope neither can nor will support it for six months as a losing paper.[†2]

I am confidentially informed that the Herald is also losing at this time.

I think Mr. Baldwin's idea of the two papers supporting each other in all possible retrenchment, a very sound and sensible one, and fraught with much advantage.

Please to send this letter on to Mr. Forster when you have read it. I shall see him today, but I should like him to know exactly what it contains.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I have looked over your letter a second time, since writing the above. I do not understand what you mean by "when you are to date from", or what it refers to.[†3]

To THE REV. W. J. FOX, [6 FEBRUARY 1846]

Text from typescript, Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly Fri 6 Feb, since the sonnet and Fox's leader appeared in the *Daily News* 7 Feb. Typescript reads "Friday 1850", clearly in error.

Devonshire Terrace, | Friday

My Dear Fox.

I have given out the Sonnet,[†4] for insertion.

If you *can*, in your tonight's leader, introduce any reference to Lord Morpeth's Election, I think it may be desirable.[†5] Don't you?

We will meet on Monday as usual. May I book you beforehand, for Monday night? It falls out that we shall have especial need of you then.

I am saving your postponed Leader for Monday morning.[†6]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS HODGSKIN or J. H. POWELL, [6 FEBRUARY 1846]

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 1423; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Friday—clearly 6 Feb: see *fn. Address:* since catalogue gives as to Hodgskin or Powell, almost certainly belonging with envelope (Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery, 1908): Immediate | Thomas Hodgskin Esquire, or J. H. Powell Esquire, | Daily News.

Enclosing a literary notice and a squib.[†1]

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, [9 FEBRUARY 1846]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly 9 Feb after return from Rochester.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night

My Dear Lady Blessington.

I found the Jar (what a noble Jar it is!) of Ginger, awaiting me tonight on my return to town. I have been breathing fresh air on the top of Rochester Castle.[†2] It is very kind of you to have remembered it. Thank you!

The Paragraph about Prince Albert is very curious and quite new to me—but I am afraid to insert it. You have no idea how many people would take offence at it, if it appeared in a New Paper.

The Paragraph about Prince Napoleon[†3] was objected to (I meant to have told you this, the other day) by Crowe. He quite concurred in the spirit of it, but thought it unwise, with reference to our French Relations, to put it in. The subject of it coming distinctly within his department, I acquiesced.

Ever Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Blessington

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 FEBRUARY 1846]

Extract in F, V, i, 387. *Date:* "in the night of Monday, 9 February" according to Forster.

Written when he was tired to death and quite worn out *to say that he had just resigned his editorial functions.*[†1]

To W. C. MACREADY, [?10 FEBRUARY 1846]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Handwriting points to a date between Oct 45 and Apr 46; the only record of a call by Buckstone in Macready's *Diaries* at this period is Sat 14 Feb 46—therefore probably the previous Tues.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Macready.

I have received the enclosed note from Buckstone—having reference to the note I wrote to him (and described to you)[†2] in acknowledgment of his first communication.[†3] I can't come to Clarence Terrace at the time he mentions—being busy—but I should like to know at your leisure what passed between you.

Always affectionately Yours

CD

W. C. Macready Esquire

To J. T. DANSON, [11 FEBRUARY 1846]

MS Lieut.-Col. J. H. Danson. *Date:* Accompanying envelope is postmarked 12 Feb 46 (Thurs). *Address:* J. T. Danson Esquire | 8 Shaftesbury Crescent | Eccleston Square.

D.N. Office[†1] | Wednesday Night.

My Dear Sir

I should be glad to have your opinion of the "figure" part of the enclosed letter.[†2]

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LORD NUGENT, [12 FEBRUARY 1846]*

MS Miss Elena Klasky. *Date:* the first Thursday after the insertion of the "squib" on 7 Feb: see *To* Hodgskin or Powell, ?6 Feb and *fn.*

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning

My dear Lord Nugent. If you will take potluck with me tomorrow at 6, I shall be delighted to see you. Forgive me for this tardy answer to your note.

I was delighted with the Squib—and let it off, instanter, (as you may have seen) in the Daily News.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Nugent

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 12 FEBRUARY 1846

Mention in S. F. Henkels catalogue No. 1259; dated Devonshire Terrace, 12 Feb 46.[†3]

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 12 FEBRUARY 1846

MS New York Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twelfth February | 1846

My Dear George. I am really ashamed to say, that Wills gave me your letter punctually; but that in the hurry of many engagements I quite forgot it. I now enclose a cheque in Miss White's favor, for Ten Pounds.[†4]

Will you dine here next Tuesday as ever comes, at Half Past Six? Answer this!

Ever Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM GRANET, [?12 FEBRUARY 1846]

Mention in *To* de la Rue, 16 Feb 46. *Date:* perhaps including an invitation to dinner, and so on same date as *To* Cruikshank, 12 Feb.

To CHARLES MANBY,[†1] 12 FEBRUARY 1846

Mention in Sotheran's catalogue, No. 822 (1931); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 12 Feb 46.

Directing that his scientific reports should be forwarded to Mr Forster at the Daily News.

To MR SHUM,[†2] 12 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thursday Twelfth February | 1846.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Shum, and begs to express his regret at having been prevented, by absence from town, from attending the interesting Meeting[†3] of last night.

To G. F. YOUNG,[†4] 12 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Mr Noel C. Peyrouton.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twelfth February 1846.

Dear Sir

I assure you I shall be very happy to confer with you at any time you may appoint, in your own neighbourhood, on the subject of your letter; and to have personal knowledge of the condition of that district. I could devote any Morning next week that may suit you, to this purpose. You write to me so freely, that I desire to respond in the very plainest and readiest spirit.

I may mention that since the publication of my letter in the Daily News,[†1] I have had an opportunity (I do not feel myself at liberty to explain it in detail) of turning the information I possess or can acquire, on the subject of Crime and Ignorance among the Poor, to the very best account; and that I have strong hope of striking a great blow with it within a few months.[†2]

I leave the time of our appointment to you, if you please. And I take it for granted that you are friendly to the abandonment of all sectarian distinctions in Schools,[†3] and the establishment in them of a common ground on which all kinds of christians may meet and be enlightened.[†4]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Frederick Young Esquire

To WILLIAM HAZLITT, [?12 FEBRUARY 1846]

Text from N, I, 734. *Date:* The only extended notice of the French plays was on 12 Feb.

Thursday afternoon

My Dear Sir,

I saw the notice of the French Play this morning[†5] and immediately perceived that the Readers had cut and maimed you. All I know about these gentlemen is, that there are plenty of them, and that they are well paid—unless I add of them that they are the very worst I ever had anything to do with in my life. I have laid in a chaldron or two of coals, and will haul *your* reader over them this evening.

I will communicate with you in reference to the other matter as soon as I have a minute's leisure.

My dear Sir, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 15 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Fifteenth February | 1846

My Dear Macready.

I want to see Jeffrey, and should very much like to run down to Edinburgh with you—remain there a couple of days—and then return solus. I wish you would tell me what your plans for starting, are,[†1]—that I may revolve the feasibilities.

Did you see my Hymn for the Wiltshire Labourers, yesterday?[†2] I dined at Lord John Russell's yesterday, and found it had made some impression.

Affecy. always
CD.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 16 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur | M. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres | Genoa | North Italy.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Sixteenth February 1846.

My Dear De la Rue.

Your business-like letter is perfectly plain and correct in all particulars. In the case of a Red Parcel, send straight to Paris if you think it best. But it is extremely probable that no Parcel at all may ever come to you. In the ordinary case, the correspondent sends his letters by Post; and nothing may happen to render an Express necessary. Still, I thought it best to take the precaution, as the Daily News *might* perhaps, through that means, make a hit. William[†3] mentioned to me about your Subscription. Now, the plain matter of fact, is, that you will just button up that pocket of yours, and pay no Subscription at all. Whenever a Banking House (as is frequently the case in many parts of the World) renders such assistance as I have asked of you, the Newspaper is always sent free, as a compliment of course. The Name of the Agent in Paris is M. A. Fillonneau.[†4] His residence Rue de Chaussée d' Antin—48 *bis*, I think; but I am not quite sure of the No. without previously sending to the office. I will tell Madame, when I write to her. Which will be soon, tell her, with my love.

William dines here tomorrow, with Mr. Petrie,[†1] and your Yorkshire friends.[†2] Tell Madame he was here the other day. He seems (not unnaturally) to avoid the subject of his Love.[†3] Therefore, I do not feel it delicate or right to lead him to it. But I have written to him, earnestly, in the tone she suggests.

I am again a gentleman. I have handed over the Editing of the Paper (very laborious work indeed) to Forster; and am contemplating a New Book—most probably in Numbers. The Daily News is a great success—expences at first, however, most enormous of course. It is very much respected by the good men of both parties who are exceedingly anxious that it should succeed, by reason of its forbearance and sense of responsibility. But I am not quite trustful in, or quite satisfied with, some of the people concerned in its mechanical and business management, which is a very important part of such an undertaking. Therefore, I confine myself to writing, which is much more agreeable. I hope you have had a laugh at the 'Retreat at Albaro'. There is, to day, the first part of a Description of Genoa, which I suppose will not reach you, until after you have received This.[†4]

The general impression here, is, that the Americans are Raving Mad. But it does not seem so probable today (a Packet arrived last night)[†5] that they will force on a War,[†6] as it has done for some weeks past. The Railroads are beginning to recover; and it is said that the really good schemes will come out very well indeed, after all. I hope so.

Maclise is taken with one of his fits of seclusion, and is never beheld by Mortal Eye. I believe he shaved last, on or about the fifteenth of January. We went down to Rochester (Kate, Georgy, Jerrold, and I) to spend my birthday; and when I asked him to come, he observed "that he didn't see the use of it". I believe he is painting very hard at a large Picture for the Academy Exhibition,[†7] which has to be sent in, early in April; and that he works day and night. He has engaged himself to dine here, tomorrow—but I

don't much expect him. He says he wishes he was a Wild Man. Which I tell him is unreasonable and discontented; he being already something so very near it.

What a Beast old Brown is! I am heartily glad I didn't give Thompson[†8] a

letter to him. It is a brilliant thing that unconscious of his knowledge of me, he should have been impudent to Thompson. Which T describes to me very well. I mean, by the way, to write to Thompson as soon as I can find time. I constantly talk of coming back to Genoa for another Year; and I wish to Heaven I could so pluck myself up by the Roots again, as to let the house—pack up—buy another Carriage—and set off. But that, I fear, can't be just yet. When are we to expect you in London? You haven't fixed the day yet. Ever Heartily Yours my Dear De la Rue—

CHARLES DICKENS

To AMÉDÉE PICHOT, 16 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* A Monsieur: | Monsr. Amédée Pichot | Revue Britannique | 1 Rue Grange Batelière | à Paris.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth February 1846.

Dear Sir

My connexion with The Daily News, does not extend to the Editing of that Paper in any of its Departments. But I have a very strong interest in its well-doing, and was active in projecting and establishing it.

The Foreign Staff[†1] is such a very large one, that I believe there remains nothing to be done in that way. But I do not feel the less indebted to you for your kind and disinterested offer.

I shall be delighted to receive your Version of the Cricket,[†2] through the hands of the Agent of the Daily News in Paris—M. Fillonneau, Rue de Chaussée d'Antin.

About the 'Mug of a bell'—In old times, Bells used to be christened, with great solemnity. When children are christened, it is a common custom in England for the Godfathers and Godmothers to give them Silver Mugs. Carrying out the idea of the Bells being christened, like children, I say, in the Chimes, that Henry the Eighth melted down their Mugs, because that king despoiled the churches of their Gold and Silver Wealth, and appropriated it to his own use.[†3] Do you understand?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Amédée Pichot

To W. H. WILLS, 16 FEBRUARY 1846

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth February 1846

My Dear Mr. Wills

I miss you a great deal more than I miss the Paper.

May I ask you to reply to all strange letters, coming to the office addressed personally to me, that my connexion with the D.N. does not extend to the consideration or settlement of such matters, and that I have forwarded the letter to the Editor—dating, in all such cases, from *here*. I have sent this answer to all the enclosed documents that I have marked with a X.[†1]

Among them, is an uncrossed Epistle from one Mrs. Dawson Wetherell,[†2] referring to a first letter which I have *not* received. Do you know what it is about? If she want money, I do not like her style of correspondence at all, and would rather plead (as well I may) the immense number of similar appeals.

Always Believe me[†3]
[CHARLES DICKENS]
W. H. Wills Esquire

To G. F. YOUNG, 16 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* George Frederick Young Esquire | Limehouse.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth February 1846

Dear Sir.

I regret to say that I have dinner Engagements on both the days you mention. But—not to postpone the matter—I will call on you on Wednesday afternoon at about a Quarter before Three. It will be easy for me to return to town, in good time for my engagement.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Frederick Young Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 17 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth February 1846

My Dear Mr. Wills

Many thanks for your kind note! I will not hesitate to trouble you one of these fine afternoons, when I find myself very "hard up" for assistance.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To [?THE REV. W. J. FOX], [18 FEBRUARY 1846]

Mention in *To* Wills, 18 Feb.

To WILLIAM HOWITT,[†1] 18 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Jarndyce Books.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth February 1846

My Dear Sir

As I am not the Editor of the Daily News, and am very rarely at the office, your letter was opened by a Confidential Secretary who attends there. I mention this, to account for my not immediately thanking you for your valuable communication, and expressing the pleasure the Authorities have in availing themselves of it.[†2]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire.

To CHARLES MANBY, 18 FEBRUARY 1846

Summary in N, I, 736 and Sotheran's catalogue No. 822 (1931); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 Feb 46.

As he is not the editor of the Daily News, *he cannot make engagements, but will take care the recommendation is not lost sight of.*

To W. H. WILLS, 18 FEBRUARY 1846

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth February 1846

My Dear Mr. Wills.

I have written to Howitt, and to Mr. Manby, and to Reynard the Fox.[†3] I

think the pamphlet by the latter gentleman had better "be dealt with", favorably, "on the premises".

Do look at the enclosed from Mrs. Whats-her-name.[†1] For a surprising audacity, it is remarkable even to me, who am positively bullied, and all but beaten, by these people. I wish you would do me the favor to write to her (in your own name and from your own address) stating that you answered her letter as

you did, because if I were the wealthiest Nobleman in England I could not keep pace with one twentieth part of the demands upon me—and because you saw no internal evidence in her application to induce you to single it out for any especial notice. That the tone of this letter renders you exceedingly glad you did so; and that you decline, for me, holding any correspondence with her. Something to that effect, after what flourish your nature will.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always

CD

W. H. Wills Esquire

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 19 FEBRUARY 1846

Extract in N, I, 736 from unidentified catalogue; dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 Feb 46. *Address* (envelope, MS Professor Harry Stone): William Cullenford Esq. | Stage Door | Theatre Royal Adelphi. PM 20 Feb 46.

The day and place of the proposed dinner will suit me perfectly well.

I have written a note to the Editor of the Daily News and begged him to mention the subject in a paragraph.[†3]

To AUGUSTUS DICKENS, 20 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Mrs Caroline Trollope.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth February 1846.

My Dear Augustus. I have not the slightest idea of the name of the man from whom that Post Office order for £1, came. He wrote to me, but his letter has been destroyed with a hundred others. All I remember, is, that he is a Catholic Priest at Stradbally[†4] (wherever that may be)—and that he sent it to me for the Ragged Schools. If you will ever say so much to Mr. Lawrence,[†5] Secretary's Office Post office, when you happen to be passing, I think you will find that there is not much difficulty in getting the money.

Affectionately Always

CHARLES DICKENS

Augustus Dickens Esquire

To THOMAS POWELL, 20 FEBRUARY 1846

Text from facsimile in Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, catalogue No. 123 (1961).

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth February 1846

My Dear Powell.

I sent your Epigrams, forthwith, to the working Editor of the D.N.[†1] I fear, however, that they may be considered too personal for that Immacculate[†2] Newspaper.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Powell Esquire

To F. M. EVANS, 24 FEBRUARY 1846

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth February 1846

My Dear Evans.

I have seen Mr. Stanfield on the subject of Illustrations for the Travelling Letters;[†3] and we purpose having about twelve—"drawn on Wood by George Stanfield, from designs by Clarkson Stanfield R.A." The first block to be ready a fortnight hence; the remainder to be furnished, two a week, until they are all done.

Mr. Stanfield wishes to know who are the best engravers on wood, of Landscape and architectural subjects, with small figures. If you will arrange with the best you can have, to have these blocks expected, and put in hand as they are supplied,—and will let me know that you have done so—the book will be fairly in progress.

He also wishes to know (and so do I) the *size* of the page. Upon this, I wish to see you, when you have considered the point. You will find me at home any morning between 11 and 1. That decided, we had best begin to[†4]

To ARTHUR HILL,[†5] 24 FEBRUARY 1846

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth February 1846

My Dear Sir

I am not a party to the Management of the Daily News (otherwise than as one

who has an interest in the paper)—and must therefore refer your letter and its enclosure,[†1] to the Powers that be. But I will take care that it is promptly attended to; and that a communication be made to you on the subject, as soon as possible.

I was very sorry to lose the pleasure of coming to your interesting Party.—I am glad the Suffering Lady recovered—but not surprised; for what is Fame to a Polka!

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Hill Esquire

To [J. H. STOCQUELER], 24 FEBRUARY 1846*

Text from transcript by Professor Edgar Johnson (MS Maurice Inman, Inc.). *Address:* J. H. Stocqueler was editor of the *English Gentleman:* see *To* Stocqueler, ?1-4 Dec 45.

Devonshire Terrace | February 24, 1846

Dear Sir,

I am extremely sorry to hear that you have seceded from the English Gentleman;[†2] because your management of that Paper, rendered the title no misnomer.

It does not surprise me that Young England[†3] should be glad to get hold of anything in which it can exhibit itself. But it does surprise me very much, that anybody should give it the chance.

I have no connexion whatever, with the active management of the Daily News: having subsided (as I always intended) into my old, and much-better-loved pursuits. And I am sure that at this time, the Paper has no vacancy of any sort or kind; being, to say the truth, overcrowded. But I will make known to the authorities there, what you have made known to me; and I think if they should ever have the opportunity of availing themselves of your services, they would be really glad to do so.

Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

][†4] Esquire
P.S. I return your papers, in case you should have occasion for them.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE,[†5] 24 FEBRUARY 1846

Text from MDGH, I, 149.

1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, | February 24th, 1846.

I cannot help telling you, my dear White, for I can think of no formal use of

Mister to such a writer as you, that I have just now read your tragedy, "The Earl of Gowrie,"[†1] with a delight which I should in vain endeavour to express to you. Considered with reference to its story, or its characters, or its noble poetry, I honestly regard it as a work of most remarkable genius. It has impressed me powerfully and enduringly. I am proud to have received it from your hand. And if I have to tell you what complete possession it has taken of me—that is, if I *could* tell you—I do believe you would be glad to know it.

Always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To F. M. EVANS, 26 FEBRUARY 1846

Text from Jesse Quail, "CD and the 'Daily News' ", *The Nineteenth Century and After*, LXXXVIII (1920), 632-42.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twenty Sixth February 1846

My Dear Evans,

As you wish to know why I addressed myself to you in my letter of Tuesday last, I will tell you. You are at liberty, of course, to communicate to your partner as much or as little of my reason as you please.

I addressed you, because I am not in that state of feeling with reference to your partner, which would render a personal negociation with him agreeable to me. I consider that his interposition between me and almost every act of mine at the newspaper office, was as disrespectful to me as injurious to the enterprise. And I entertain so strong a sentiment on this point, that I have already informed my

successor in the Editorship that I would, on no account, attend any meeting of Proprietors at which he was likely to be present.

The two last instances in which he (without the slightest previous communication with me) took the course to which I so much object, may be enough to mention here. Firstly, I ordered a gentleman to be sent down into the country to attend an election of great importance[†1]—in reference to which proceeding he wrote a violent note to *Mr. Powell*(!) incorrect even in its facts. Secondly, a Mr. Rourke[†2]—I think that is his name—having been engaged by me for an essential set of services and at a small salary; and having his engagement duly reported by my father; was by his direction refused his first week's salary by Mr. Joyce, whose courtesy and understanding of the matters over which he presides appear to be upon a par[†3]—and was compelled to apply to me. The position in which I was placed in these cases was so galling and offensive to me, that I am as much irritated by the recollection of them, as I was by their actual occurrence; and I conceive I have a right to claim so much consideration as to hold your partner bound in both these instances to have fulfilled my engagements without the least enquiry, and then to have come to me and said anything in reference to them that he desired to say.

These two examples are a part of a series of similar things—some of less, some of equal importance—which offended me exceedingly and frequently, when I was in the habit of attending the office. And to these I must add, with great pain, that I have not always observed Mr. Bradbury's treatment of my father (than whom there is not a more zealous, disinterested, or useful gentleman attached to the paper)[†4] to be very creditable to himself, or delicate towards me.

Finding greater difficulties and discouragements at first, than he anticipated, but which anyone with a knowledge of newspapers could easily foresee, and would steadily overcome, he seems to me to have become possessed of the idea that everybody receiving a salary in return for his services, is his natural enemy, and should be suspected and mistrusted accordingly. I have reason to believe that this is not my

own idea alone, and that it has its influence in the working of the paper. Certainly if the point were ever referred to me, I should say that in the worst times of Sir John Easthope and Mr. Duncan[†5]—who were loudly complained of among newspaper people, and are so still—I never saw anything approaching Mr. Bradbury.

Of Mr. Bradbury as separated from the newspaper, I entertain my old high

opinion. I hold him, as separated from the newspaper, in my old regard. But I cannot separate him from it sufficiently, at this time, to affect a cordiality which (remembering the whole history of my connection with it) I do not feel.

If, as you intimate in your letter, you are determined to share the merit and assert the propriety of this line of proceeding, I can only say I am very sorry for it. But there must always remain in my mind this distinction between you,—that you come lagging in with your approval afterwards, and are not active in the spirit and the manner of such doings at the moment of their occurrence.

I do not find anything else in your letter which required an answer. I addressed myself to you, because I felt more pleasantly and kindly towards you, as having borne yourself in a kinder and more pleasant way generally, since this newspaper began.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To MISS WALEY,[†1] 27 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Seventh February | 1846.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Waley, and begs to say that he has no doubt Miss Waley's benevolent offer will be very acceptable to the Managers of the Ragged Schools. Mr. Dickens scarcely knows, at this moment, to whom the parcel should be sent; but he is in communication with the teachers, and will be happy to take charge of it himself, if Miss Waley will have the kindness to entrust it to him.

To DR W. P. ALISON,[†2] [27 FEBRUARY 1846]

Mention in *To* Macready, ?27 Feb 46. *Date:* one of the letters of introduction for Macready written 27 Feb 46.

To ANGUS FLETCHER,[†3] [27 FEBRUARY 1846]

Mention in *To* Macready, ?27 Feb 46. *Date:* one of the letters of introduction for Macready written 27 Feb 46.

To LORD JEFFREY, [27 FEBRUARY 1846]

Mention in *To* Macready, ?27 Feb 46. *Date:* one of the letters of introduction for Macready written 27 Feb 46.

To LORD ROBERTSON, 27 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Major A. Seafield Grant.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Friday Twenty Seventh February | 1846

My Dear Lord Robertson

Mr. Macready—one of my dearest and most valued friends—has already an introduction to you from Lady Blessington; but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of adding mine, as it will be the greatest gratification to me to be at all instrumental in your becoming mutually acquainted.

You will be glad to hear that—the newspaper being now afloat—I take no further trouble with it than writing whatever appears there, with my name attached;[†1] and that I am contemplating a new Story, with great ardour. Kate desires to be cordially remembered to you, and to all your house. In which request I earnestly join.

Being ever | In all Sincerity | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lord Robertson P.S. When shall we take some more Gin Punch, and go to see the Puppets again?[†2]

To [JOHN WILSON], 27 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* clearly to John Wilson as CD refers to J. T. Gordon as his son-in-law.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regents Park
Friday Twenty Seventh February | 1846

My Dear Sir

Three years and a half ago,[†3] I had one of the greatest pleasures I have ever experienced, in becoming known to you. I want to communicate that pleasure to one who is in every way deserving of it, as I am sure you will say when you know him; and therefore I present to you in the person of Mr. Macready, one of my dearest and most cherished friends.

Mrs. Dickens sends her love to you, if you have not forgotten her. And though you have, she still sends it.

May I ask you to remember me, earnestly, to Mr Gordon[†4] your Son in Law. I desire to live in his remembrance if he will allow me.[†5]

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, [27 FEBRUARY 1846]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the same date as *To* Robertson, 27 Feb, the Friday before Macready's arrival in Edinburgh on 2 Mar; confirmed by CD's reference to his second Capital Punishment letter. *Address:* W. C. Macready Esquire | Clarence Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night

My Dear Macready

I send you some Edinburgh letters. You would only be bored by an accumulation of them; and I have therefore confined them to the people we spoke of—only adding Dr. Alison—a most excellent and interesting man, who can shew you strange sights in the poor parts of the old Town—and Angus Fletcher of Dunans (not our Fletcher) who, if he be in Edinburgh, you will find a capital fellow to know.[†1]

I have told Jeffrey that I hope to come down, before you leave.[†2] I should like to do so, and return with you, or run with you on your way, whithersoever you go. When you know what your plans are, will you write to me, and let me know all about them?

Ever affectionately
CD.

W. C. Macready Esquire. P.S. I hope to see my second Capital Punishment Letter, in print tomorrow.[†3]

To JAMES WINSTON,[†4] 28 FEBRUARY 1846

Mention in Sotheran's catalogue No. 59; *MS* (3rd pers.) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 28 Feb 46.

Concerning his subscription to the Garrick Club.[†5]

March

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 1 MARCH 1846*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday First March 1846.

My Dear Lady Blessington

Do you or Count D'Orsay happen to have, in any unransacked corner, any letter I wrote you from Italy? I don't think it all[†1] likely; but as drowning men catch at straws, I grasp at scraps of paper, to help myself on, in my travelling Recollections.

I have a vague remembrance of something I wrote to you about Bologna (I think) and Verona—and of something I wrote to Count D'Orsay about the models at Rome—both of which fragments I should like to recall more distinctly, if you could help me to a better remembrance of them.[†2]

Always My Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 2 MARCH 1846

MS Miss Winifred A. Myers.

Devonshire Terrace | Second March 1846.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

Many thanks for the letters! I will take the greatest care of them—though I blush to find how little they deserve it.

It vexes me very much, that I am going out on Friday and cannot help it. I have no strength of mind, I am afraid. I am always making engagements in which there is no prospect of satisfaction.

Vague thoughts of a new book are rife within me just now; and I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such a time—seeking rest, and finding none.[†3] As an addition to my composure, I ran over a little dog in the Regents Park yesterday (killing him on the spot) and gave his little mistress—a girl of thirteen or fourteen—such exquisite distress as I never saw the like of.

I *must* have some talk with you about those American Singers.[†4] They must

never go back to their own country, without your having heard them sing Hood's Bridge of Sighs. My God how sorrowful and pitiful it is!

Best regards to Count D'Orsay and the young ladies.

Always My Dear Lady Blessington | Cordially Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington.

To W. H. WILLS, 2 MARCH 1846

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning Second March | 1846

My Dear Mr. Wills.

I really don't know what to say, about the New Brunswicker. The idea *will* obtrude itself on my mind that he had no business to come here on such an expedition; and that it is a piece of the wild conceit for which his countrymen are so remarkable; and that I can hardly afford to be Steward to such adventurers. On the other hand, your description of him pleases me. Then that Purse which I never could keep shut in my life makes mouths at me: saying "See how empty I am!" Then I fill it; and it looks very rich indeed.

I think the best way is, to say, that if you think you can do him any *permanent* good with Five Pounds (that is, get him home again) I will give you the money. But I should be very much indisposed to give it him, merely to linger on here about town for a little time, and then be hard up again.

As to Employment, I do in my Soul believe that if I were Lord Chancellor of England, I should have been aground long ago, for the Patronage of a Messenger's place.

Say all that is[†1] civil for me to the Proprietor of the Illustrated London News,[†2] who really seems to be very liberal. "Other engagements" &c &c "prevent me from entertaining" &c &c. Faithfully Yours ever

CD Over

W. H. Wills Esquire

Will you tell the Publisher to cause to be sent to Clarkson Stanfield Esquire R.A. 48 Mornington Place Hampstead Road, a complete set of the D.N. to this time —and to be regularly continued. He wishes to be a Subscriber.

To WILLIAM LOCKE,[†1] 2 MARCH 1846*

MS Mr Roger W. Barrett.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening | Second March 1846

Dear Sir.

I have an opportunity (I do not feel, just now, at liberty to explain it in detail) of using any facts I can collect in reference to the Ragged Schools, probably with solid and permanent advantage to those humane Institutions.[†2] I have no intention, I may observe, of printing this information.

Any Statistics you can furnish me with, bearing on the schools in which you are more immediately interested, or on the subject generally,—or any statement you may feel inclined to make to me on these heads—I shall be happy to receive, and to use to the very utmost of my power.

If you should wish to see me when you have had leisure to think the matter over, I shall be glad to make an appointment with you for that purpose.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. William Locke.

To W. H. WILLS, 4 MARCH 1846

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1846.

My Dear Mr. Wills.

I assure you I am very truly and unaffectedly sensible of your earnest friendliness —and in proof of my feeling its worth, I shall unhesitatingly trouble you sometimes, in the fullest reliance on your meaning what you say.

The letter from Nelson Square is a very manly and touching one. But I am more helpless in such a case as that, than in any other: having really fewer means of helping such a gentleman to employment, than I have of firing off the Guns in the Tower. Such appeals come to me here, in scores upon scores.

The letter from Little White Lion Street does not impress me favorably. It is not written in a simple or truthful manner—I am afraid. And Mr. Thomas Cooper is *not* a good reference. Moreover, I think it probable that the Writer may have deserted some pursuit for which he is qualified, for vague and less laborious strivings which he has no pretensions to make. However, I will certainly act on your impression of him, whatever it may be.

And if you could explain to the gentleman in Nelson Square, that I am not evading his request, but that I do not know of anything to which I can recommend him, it would be a great relief to me.

I trust the New Printer *is* a Tartar;[†1] and I hope to God he will so proclaim and assert his Tartar breeding, as to excommunicate Bradbury[†2] from the 'chapel'[†3] over which he presides.[†4]

Tell Powell (with my regards) that he needn't "deal with" the American Notices of the Cricket.[†5] I never read one word of their abuse, and I should think it base to read their Praises. It is something to know that one is righted so soon; and knowing that, I can afford to know no more.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 MARCH 1846*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1846.

Madam—for I take you to be a lady from your hand writing. But if you be of the sterner sex, attribute my mistake to my not being possessed of any instinct that leads me to address those correspondents of whom I have not a personal recollection, by their proper titles or even Sex, unless they give me some clue to those distinctions.

I beg to say, in reply to your favor, that I do not interfere with the current management of the Daily News, or the acceptance or rejection of articles that are offered for insertion in its columns. But as I am pretty sure that it would be quite out of the question with a Newspaper, to reprint an article from a Six Years' old Magazine, I will not (unless you desire it again) send your Manuscript to the Editor. I am not, however, the less obliged to you for your communication, or[†6]

To THOMAS BEARD, 5 MARCH 1846

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | "Morning Herald" Office | Shoe Lane Fleet Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth March 1846 | Thursday

My Dear Beard.

Will you call here in the morning, on your way to the office, either tomorrow

or Saturday as may be most convenient to you? I shall be at home and delighted to see you on either day.

Affecy. Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 5 MARCH 1846*

MS The Proprietors of *Punch.*

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth March 1846.

Dear Sirs.

I will make the calculation as soon as I can; but before I make it, I must have the letters already printed, set up (a specimen sheet at all events) in an average good page.[†1] My casting-off must necessarily

be imperfect, at the best; and before I can cast it off at all I must know what a column of the newspaper makes.

I have never expected the account to Christmas[†2] before this time; and when I asked you for it, I stated my reason and attached no idea of its being late.[†3] But I did expect that you would have paid in some money to Coutts's on account of the Newspaper;[†4] and in that faith (without staying now, to enquire whether I should have known better) I have the satisfaction to find, tonight, that I have overdrawn my account.[†5] Which, situated as I am with regard to Miss Coutts, I would not have willingly done for a Thousand Pounds.

I did expect too that someone on your behalf, you being otherwise engaged, would have taken such moderate pains with Oliver Twist as to have altered the advertisement and not let it stand, for a week, a ridiculous absurdity.[†6] Further, I expected when Mr. Evans wrote to me about Mr. Bourke[†7] that he would not be again refused his Salary. Which I understand he has been.

I am too sick at heart of such petty miseries, to trust myself to say now what kind of course I see beyond them. And the less I say tonight, the better.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 6 MARCH 1846†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth March 1846.

My Dear Stanny. In reference to the Damage of the Candlesticks,[†1] I beg to quote (from the Cricket on the Hearth, by the highly popular and deservedly so, Dick) this reply

"I'll damage you, if you enquire"[†2]—

[†a] In reference to the Sanatorium, Sir, the arrangements are (generally speaking) Southwood Smith's, and therefore, I should think, Bad.[†3] Southwood being born to Confuse Mankind.[†4] But if you be afar off, I engage to Mutiny on the Spot.[†a]

Ever Yours,
My block reeving,
Main-brace splicing,
Lead heaving,
Ship conning,
Stun'-Sail bending,[†5]
Deck swabbing,
Son of a Sea-Cook
Henry Bluff.[†6]

H. M. S. "Timber"

To GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, 7 MARCH 1846

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 4728 (1936); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 7 Mar 46.

Miss Hogarth desires me to say that she would be ready to assist on a much more trying occasion than the trial of our friend Sigr. Scuroni.[†7]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 7 MARCH 1846

Mention in John Anderson catalogue No. 1470; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 7 Mar 46.

To H. G. ADAMS, 11 MARCH 1846

Text from N, I, 741.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regents Park
Eleventh March 1846

Dear Sir,

I have no connexion whatever with the Editorship or current management of the Daily News; and have simply forwarded your verses[†1] to the conductors of the Paper. I have not appended your suggestion in reference to the "Voices from the Crowd,"[†2] because that title is, I conceive, the property of the gentleman who writes those pieces, and could not honorably be appropriated by anybody else.

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 11 MARCH 1846*

MS The Proprietors of *Punch.*

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh March 1846

Dear Sirs

As nearly as I can make the calculation, I should say there would be, in the book, 300 pages of the size you send. I allow five and a half to each column of the Paper, and take the total number of columns in round numbers at 60. My calculation is necessarily imperfect, but I think very close. Allowing for woodcuts, I should say the book would range from 300 to 330 pages as per specimen.[†3]

Mr. Stanfield will want a lot of blocks sent him. He is ready to begin.

I think *you* had better see him about the number of Woodcuts and about the expence. I have told him so. I enclose a card of mine for you to write your names on, or his man may say he is out. His address is 48 Mornington Place Hampstead Road. I would not overdo the Illustration.

It is essential, I take it, that we should publish something in *May*,[†4] and therefore

there should be brisk preparation both with the artist and the Engravers. You will use your own discretion, of course, as to the advertizing[†1] of the book, but I think it would be well to put it out soon.

When you have seen Mr. Stanfield, there will be no difficulty in arranging the price. Would it not be well to have some good subject—Venice for Example —a woodcut on India Paper, in some fanciful way, for a Frontispiece?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans Will you begin to print, and send proofs to Mr. Stanfield and me?

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 11 MARCH 1846

Extract in John Holt Schooling, "The Signatures of Charles Dickens", *Strand Magazine*, VII (1894), p. 85, dated 11 Mar 46.

Asking for accounts up to last Xmas . . . at the mysterious man's convenience.

To T. R. EELES,[†2] 12 MARCH 1846*

MS Lesley College Library, Boston.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth March 1846

Dr. Mr. Eeles.

If you will have the goodness to call on me any morning between II and I, I shall be glad to give you some directions about a little binding I want done.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Eeles.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 12 MARCH 1846*

MS Brown University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth March 1846

My Dear Stanny.

Of your decision (of course) I have not a word to say. You are the best judge whether your Creed recognizes and includes, with men of sense, such things as I

have shocked you by my mention of.[†1] I am sorry to learn that it does—and think far worse of it than I did.

Ever Affectionately

CD

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 13 MARCH 1846*

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth March 1846

My Dear Sir

I have looked over the accounts to Christmas last,[†2] and find them perfectly clear and intelligible.

There must be something of Animal Magnetism, I think, in our being mindful of the same subject at so nearly the same time.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 MARCH 1846

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth March 1846.

My dear Miss Coutts.

The "General Theatrical Fund" at whose dinner I am going to preside, have begged me to give the accompanying letter to you—in some remembrance, I presume, of my having represented you in the matter of your public subscription for the Elton Family.

You will not misunderstand me as having any lawless designs on your purse,

if I discharge my conscience of the statement that this Fund includes the Actors at Country and Minor Theatres, who cannot by any exertions, in the present and altered state of theatrical matters, qualify themselves for either of the other Funds —who are very poor, generally speaking—and have established this one with a patience and long foresight most remarkable to me.[†1]

You will be pleased to hear that the eldest Miss Elton is Mistress of a large National School at Mitcham;[†2] with a pretty house and garden, and everything happy about her, as she well deserves. Miss Wight (White, I think it should be) is quite recovered, and has obtained a situation as Companion to an old lady.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To HENRY BIRT,[†3] 16 MARCH 1846*

MS Miss Winifred A. Myers. *Address:* Henry Birt Esquire | 8 Bird Street | Oxford Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth March 1846

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Birt, and begs to say in reply to Mr. Birt's letter, that he has nothing whatever to do with the Editorship or current Management of the Daily News; and that the card of admission to the entertainment at Crosby Hall[†4] should have been sent, in the ordinary course, to the Office of the Paper. Mr. Dickens has forwarded it to the gentleman who writes the Musical articles, but that gentleman exercises his own discretion on such subjects.

To MR BURKE,[†5] 16 MARCH 1846*

MS Mr David Borowitz.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Sixteenth March 1846.

Private

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Burke, and begs to say, with thanks to Mr. Burke for his obliging letter, that he has always had it in contemplation to follow up the letters on Capital Punishment with a Letter on Secondary Punishments—in which he has taken some interest, and of which he

has had some experience and observation for years past. But as the heading of such a letter, for the purposes of a Newspaper, is a different one, and as he objects on principle to the position that those who shew Capital Punishment to be ineffectual and demoralizing are at all bound to provide a substitute for it, he has not made any reference to this supplementary Article in his remarks on the Penalty of Death.

He is glad to assure Mr. Burke, however, that he has it already in preparation, and that he designs to complete and publish it—most probably within a week or so.[†1]

To THE REV. HENRY COLMAN, 16 MARCH 1846

Mention in C. F. Libbie & Co. catalogue, May 1900; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 16 Mar 46.

To CHARLES GILPIN,[†2] 16 MARCH 1846

Text from N, I, 742.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth March 1846

Respected Friend,

I cannot positively *promise* to attend the meeting on the 29th April;[†3] but I hope to do so, and if I can I certainly will. Make any arrangements that best suit thy friends. I will adapt my engagements to it, if possible.

Thine truly
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 16 MARCH 1846

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixteenth March 1846. | Monday Night

Dear Sirs.

I was on the point of writing to you about Mr. Stanfield when I received your note. I had only known of his scruples[†4] the day before.

I have thought it best to go to Colnaghi's, and ask if they could find me any clever young artist or Student who has been in Italy, and has brought home a Portfolio of such Sketches as I want. I did so on Saturday, and he assures me that he has little doubt of sending some such gentleman to me tomorrow. The book will require to be very carefully looked after, when it is once got under weigh, as it certainly must be published in May. I will leave all arrangements of detail with the artist to you, and will communicate with you again (I hope) tomorrow[†1] or next day.

I want to know, when you have had time to think of it, how soon after June, you think we might, safely, and with real effect, begin a story in Monthly Numbers—so that it should not commence at a dead time of the year.[†2]

Among the strange letters I receive every day, is the enclosed. I know nothing of the writer. If you should think it desirable to see the pamphlet and have some judgment on it, I will refer him to you. I have an idea that if it should prove to be well done, it might be worth so small a venture, and might make a noise just now, when some[†1]

To E. F. SAVILLE,[†2] 18 MARCH 1846

MS Boston Public Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighteenth March 1846

Sir.

I beg to assure you that I am not, in any way, connected with the editorship or current management of the Daily News; and that the letter of Judex,[†3] though I approved of it ever so thoroughly, would have to be sent to the Editor of the Paper, at its office in Whitefriars.

But if you will allow me, as one who is very much interested in the subject,[†4] to state my objections to it, I will do so. They are solely mine, and have no reference whatever to the paper; to which it can still be offered—except thus far. That I am sure it is enormously too long.

There can be no question of the intention with which it is written, and it is very well expressed. But such experience as I have of these matters, teaches me that nothing is got by defying the Public; and that they must be invited and coaxed into supporting such an institution. I do not think it wise to attack the other Funds, and I certainly think that to cast any reflections on those who support them, is to damage this project most decidedly. The writer scarcely seems to remember, too, that it has not, as yet, been plainly stated to the Public, and that they have had little opportunity of understanding its merits. If it had been elaborately explained and tried, and great appeals had been made in its favor, and all this had been unsuccessful, even then little more could be said, than is said in this letter.

Under these circumstances, and in these terms, I think it would prejudice the cause, wherever published. But this is merely my individual opinion, and I am (of course) as liable to be wrong as another.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. F. Saville Esquire.

To EDGAR ALLAN POE,[†1] 19 MARCH 1846

MS Historical Society of Pennsylvania. *Address:* By Mail Steamer | Edgar. A. Poe Esquire | New York | U. S. of America.

1 Devonshire Terrace, London. | Nineteenth March 1846.

Dear Sir.

Although I have not received your Volume,[†2] I avail myself of a leisure moment to thank you for the gift of it.

In reference to your proposal as regards the Daily News, I beg to assure you that I am not in any way connected with the Editorship or current Management of that Paper. I have an interest in it, and write such papers for it as I attach my name to. This is the whole amount of my connexion with the Journal.

Any such proposition as yours, therefore, must be addressed to the Editor. I do not know, for certain, how that gentleman might regard it; but I should say that he probably[†3] has as many correspondents in America and elsewhere, as the Paper can afford space to.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edgar. A. Poe Esquire

To CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MACONOCHIE,[†4] 21 MARCH 1846*

Text from typed copy in Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First March 1846

Dear Sir

I dare say you know Mr. Chesterton (the Governor of the Middlesex House of Correction) by name. He is a very intelligent and humane gentleman, who has

great experience of Criminals, and whom I have frequently consulted in reference to their condition and improvement. It happened the other evening, when I met him somewhere at dinner, that he spoke with great interest of your system (which he had been studying in your explanation of it) and shewed that he quite understood and appreciated the principles on which it is founded. As he expressed, also, a desire to know you and to have an opportunity of conversing with you about it, I said I would endeavour to give him that opportunity.

Can you give me the pleasure of dining here next Saturday, this day week, at 6 o'Clock. In the meantime I shall be always at home between Eleven and One.

I think of publishing my letters, such as they are, on the Punishment of Death, in a Pamphlet,[†1] with an additional chapter on Secondary Punishments. It would command more attention, and would be more important, in that form, I think, than in a Newspaper.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Maconochie

To C. E. COTTERELL, 23 MARCH 1846*

MS Mitchell Library, Sydney.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third March 1846

My Dear Sir

I have not seen any means whatever, as yet, (I regret to say) of doing anything with Le Gros' MSS.[†2] But the opportunity of doing anything with them is as likely, I think, to present itself to me, as to anybody. And I would propose that you should leave them with me a little longer—unless you have any plan in reference to them—and allow me to write to you on the subject at Naples.

I am really shocked to find you still in London. I took it into my head, and was quite satisfied (though I should be puzzled to say why) that you had gone to Italy long ago.

You say 'in a day or two'. I hope that does not mean until after Saturday next, and that you will be able to dine here, that day, at 6. You would be interested, I think. I have two or three people coming, who are learned in Crime and Criminals (one of them the Governor of that Prison we saw, and whom I dare say you remember); and among them a late Governor of Norfolk Island, who is the inventor of a very remarkable system indeed, of Secondary Punishment: which I have no doubt will, in some modified form or other, become as the World grows better and more compassionate, very generally received. I hope you will be able to make this an Engagement between us.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

C. E. Cotterell Esquire

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 23 MARCH 1846

Photograph, Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third March 1846

Dear Sir

The enclosed ⁜ (which is a curiosity) is from the renowned Mr. Toole; the most emphatic, vigorous, attentive, and stentorian toastmaster in the Queen's Dominions—I hope you will have him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Cullenford Esquire

To JAMES TOOLE,[†1] 23 MARCH 1846*

MS Washington University Libraries.[†2]

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Third March 1846.

Dr. Mr. Toole.

If I had my will, I assure you there should never be a public dinner without you. You are the best and greatest of Toastmasters, and can never be too highly appreciated.

I have nothing to do with the arrangements for The General Theatrical Fund Dinner; but I have written to the Secretary, and told him that I hope he will not fail to secure me your assistance.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Toole.

To THOMAS POWELL, 23 MARCH 1846*

MS Mr Thaddeus Crenshaw.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Third March | 1846.

My Dear Powell.

I have thought of those subjects, but am at present taken (in a Newspaper point of view) lazy, and ill-conditioned.

I don't know what the most dangerous letters in the alphabet may be, unless they are U and I.

Faithfully Always
CD.

Thomas Powell Esquire

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 23 MARCH 1846*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Third March | 1846.

My Dear Tracey.

I have asked Captain Maconochie (late Governor of Norfolk Island, of whose system we were speaking at your house the other day) to dine here next Saturday at 6; and have asked Chesterton to meet him. If you tell me you are engaged, I shall attack you savagely in some public Journal, for having poured boiling water over that man's Thigh.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I shall head the article "Inhuman atrocity in Tothill Fields Prison.—Ferocious cruelty of the Governor."

To MISS ROSS,[†1] [28 MARCH 1846]

Envelope only, MS Frederick T. Macartney. *Address:* Miss Ross | 4 Howard Street | Strand.
PM 28 Mar 46.

To FREDERICK SALMON,[†2] 28 MARCH 1846

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1899; dated 28 Mar 46.

Sending inscribed copies of Martin Chuzzlewit, A Christmas Carol, The Chimes *and* The Cricket on the Hearth.[†3]

To DR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH,[†4] 28 MARCH 1846*

MS The Hon. Mrs Charles Leaf.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth March 1846.

My Dear Sir

I regret to say that having some relatives bespoken to dinner tomorrow, I cannot have the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation.

I made a similar foray *last* Sunday, and saw four Schools. I particularly desire to have an opportunity of discussing the subject with you.

There is no doubt that they are (almost of necessity so far) badly managed; and there is no doubt, I think, that the Union "take in" Schools, which are not, properly speaking, Ragged Schools at all.

Have you seen the School on Saffron Hill?—in West Street?[†1] That *is* a Ragged School.

What I want to do, before moving legislatively in the matter, is, to try an experimental Normal Ragged School, on a system. It could be done, without reference to the Union, at a very small expence; and surely you and I could set one going, and ascertain, by facts and figures, and regular entries in books, what could be done in Three Months.[†2] I am sure there would be no difficulty in getting Money by voluntary subscription for the purpose.

Then the boys would not be wearied to death, and driven away, by long Pulpit discourses, which it is out of the question that they can understand, and which it is equally out of the question to expect them to receive with interest and patience if they could. They might be amused, instructed, and in some sort reformed, with much greater hopefulness and visibility of effect. We should have some data to go upon, and something, of our own knowledge and within our own direction, to describe. And having that, and being enabled to describe favorably, I take it to be certain that such schools *must* become an Institution of the Country.

I am very strong upon this, because I fear that without some such step, the end will be greatly retarded.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H.[†3] Kay Shuttleworth Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 28 MARCH 1846*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth March 1846

My Dear Stanny.

Let me congratulate you on Mrs. Stanfield's safety—if not on the new boy.[†4] I suppose you are (like me) past all congratulations on that score.

Although I am coming, anon, to see your pictures,[†1] I write to say that I hope you mean to go to the General Theatrical Fund Dinner on Monday Week, where Mac will also dine. Let me know, that I may touch up the Committee to place you near me.

Being in the chair, I can guarantee you against a Speech, and will make it a point of honor to do so.

Ever Heartily Yours
Dick The Doomed.

To CHARLES COCHRANE,[†2] 30 MARCH 1846

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning | March Thirtieth 1846

My Dear Sir

I lose no time in expressing my regret that I cannot undertake to preside at the proposed Meeting, though I receive the Committee's request as one that does me much honor. Apart from my not knowing but that I may be summoned out of town at almost any hour after Monday next (which would be an insurmountable objection in itself) I have pledged myself to many Institutions to the effect that I have only leisure to occupy the chair at certain places I have named to them, but that *if*[†3] I should increase my list of such engagements, I will certainly recognize their claim upon me. And my taking the chair at the Poor Man's Guardian Society[†4] would involve me, consequently, in more engagements of that nature than I have time or money to discharge.

For these reasons I am obliged to decline. But if I should be in town when the Meeting is held, I shall be happy to move or second any Resolution that may not be bestowed upon a better advocate.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Cochrane Esquire.

April

To [J. G. GENT],[†1] [?APRIL 1846]

Summary in the Ragged School Union Minute Book (MS Shaftesbury Society) of letter read at the Monthly Meeting of the Managing Committee of the Ragged School Union, 1 May 46. *Date:* letter clearly received soon after the previous monthly meeting on 3 Apr. *Address:* presumably addressed to Joseph George Gent: see *fn.*

Stating that he had subscriptions in his possession amounting to £4.2.0 *to be devoted to Ragged Schools, which if not otherwise disposed of he would hand over to the Ragged School Union.*[†2]

To W. C. MACREADY, 4 APRIL 1846*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* William Charles Macready Esq | 5 Clarence Terrace | Regents Park.

Bell Alley Coleman Street.[†3] | 4th: April 1846.

Sir.

Yourself v Dickens.

We are requested by our Client Mr. Charles Dickens, to forward you the sum of half a crown, current money—the amount in wh. he considers himself to stand indebted to you.[†4] We beg to add on our own behalf that we do so under protest, the transon being an illegal one.

We are | Sir | Your obedient Servants
Pitchcock, Swabber, Trillington, and Dawberry.
To | Mr. William Charles Macready.

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 5 APRIL 1846

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1911; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 5 Apr 46.

Concerning the Dinner in connection with the Theatrical Fund. He mentions that Stanfield is too ill to attend.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 8 APRIL 1846*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth April 1846

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

My private Opinion, is, that the Proprietors of the Daily News are Mad.

I have sent after Captain Taylor, and requested him, if he be in town, to

report himself to you immediately.[†1] I am half ashamed to communicate with him; for I shall not be surprised if the Proprietors of the D.N. have been playing shabby tricks with him in his pursuit of his invention, as with most other people with whom they have had anything to do.

The letters I am taking religious care of. I will bring them back to my Lady, myself, as soon as I have done with them—in about a week or so.

Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Count D'Orsay.

To G. E. HERING,[†2] 8 APRIL 1846

Mention in S. F. Henkels catalogue No. 1163; *MS* (3rd pers.); dated Devonshire Terrace, 8 Apr 46.

Apologizing for not being able to inspect his paintings.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 APRIL 1846†

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Night | Ninth April 1846.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I thank you for your kind note, which I received with great pleasure.

I shall be glad to tell you all about Charley and his forthcoming King's College Career, viva voce. And as I owe him a holiday, in consequence of his having conducted himself with brilliancy at School, I shall (unless you tell me you will not be there) bring him down pr. Railway, to make a Morning call on you at Brighton *next Monday Week.* [†a]In the mean time I shall feel it necessary to get up some information about Locomotive Engines, or I shall be brought to a stand-still, and shall lose my position, before we get to Croydon, through not being able to answer questions.[†a]

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THOMAS BEARD, 11 APRIL 1846

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday 11th. April 1846

My Dear Beard

Those dissenters ("may they be damned", as Maclise would say) demanded ten days more to consider, which will bring them to some time next week.

Forster attended the last meeting, which lasted *six hours*. Some of the dissenters, I believe, fell prostrate on the floor, and foamed at the mouth with exhaustion.†1

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To JAMES SHERMAN,†2 11 APRIL 1846

Extract in J. A. Shavgordi Katalog 593; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 11 Apr 46.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Sherman and begs to express his regret that he is prevented by other engagements from accepting the Invitation of the Officers and Stewards of the Asylum for Infant Orphans.†3

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [13 APRIL 1846]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the Monday after 9 Apr: see *To* Miss Coutts, that day.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I write a hurried line—pending my hearing from you again—to say that if you should remain at Brighton this week, I can run down with Charley any morning except Friday and Saturday. I shall do so, if I find your second note propitious.†4

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 14 APRIL 1846*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Fourteenth April | 1846

My Dear Count D'Orsay

Can you dine here, next Tuesday the Twenty First, at half past Six? Lord Robertson is going to dine with us—and Macready.

If you can, we have been thinking it will be as well to Christen the youngster

on that day.[†1] I protest, however, against your being summoned to the church part of the ceremony, because I can find you a Deputy, and save you the bore of coming out in the Morning.[†2]

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

The Count D'Orsay.

To W. C. MACREADY, 14 APRIL 1846*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Easter Sunday fell on 12 Apr in 1846.

Devonshire Terrace | Easter Tuesday Evening 1846.

My Dear Macready.

Lord Robertson stays (his custom always, in these holidays)[†3] with Liston the Surgeon; and is to be found accordingly, at 5 Clifford Street Bond Street.

Wallie[†4] appears to me to be everything that a Parent could desire. I foresee in this next generation the seeds of Seven League Boots—and in his wisdom concerning the two F's, of a prodigious pair.

Your Postscript is mean and drivelling. Was it for this, I settled this morning to christen the Babby on that Tuesday!!![†5]

I am having engraved on a brass plate to be fixed up over the street door, and on another brass plate to be inlaid in the door steps, the following words (with a prospective reference) selected from that surprising combination of wit, wisdom, humour, fancy, and pleasantry, The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby

" 'We want no Babbies here,' said Mr. Kenwigs. 'Take 'em away to the Fondling!' "[†6]

Let me recommend it to you and Mrs. Macready[†7]—to whom my love. Is it true that you are to be examined before the House of Commons Committee on Population?

Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?14 APRIL 1846]

MS Liverpool Public Libraries. *Date:* Handwriting (not completely consistent at that date) suggests Apr 46; there were grounds for expecting "News" that the paper could continue, on Wed 15 Apr: see *fn.*

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night.

My Dear Mitton

I am afraid to make an engagement for tomorrow; for I think I may have in the afternoon, to hear Newspaper News.[†1] But next day (Thursday) is likely, I imagine, to suit me very well. If you should not hear from me tomorrow before you leave business; will you understand that I will be with you on Thursday at ½ past 4?

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 16 APRIL 1846*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth April 1846

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

== == == ==

Alfred D'Orsay Tennyson!

== == == ==

That shall be his name, or nothing. I never thought of Tennyson being Alfred too. Again I say

== == == ==

Alfred D'Orsay Tennyson!

== == == ==

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MADAME DE LA RUE, 17 APRIL 1846

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace.
Friday Seventeenth April 1846.

My Dearest Madame De la Rue.

I received your letter this morning, and immediately sit down to say that your patient was, beyond all question, mistaken, in regard to me. And to make this clearer to you, I will tell you what I have been delaying for, from day to day.

I am exceedingly unsettled in my plans. I think I told you some time ago—or I wrote it to De la Rue; I am not sure which—that I was not satisfied with the business Managers of the Newspaper.[†1] In the course of a little more time, I saw so much reason to believe that they would be the Ruin of what might otherwise have been made a very fine property—and that their proceedings would so commit and involve me, who had no power either of getting rid of them or controulling them—that I straightway stopped my letters, and walked, bodily, out of the concern.[†2] The result of this, has been a daily-widening division among all the halfhundred people connected with the Paper; and I am strongly inclined to believe that it will *stop* abruptly. Pending their disputes and differences among themselves, I cannot very well leave town. But if the Paper should go by the board, then I should be strongly disposed to do so, and to go abroad for another year. For I have engaged to produce a new story in twenty monthly parts, and I think I could write it more comfortably and easily, abroad, than at home. Now, I need not tell you that *I* want to go to Genoa! But Mrs. Dickens, who was never very well there, cannot be got to contemplate the Peschiere—though I have beset her in all kinds of ways.[†3] Therefore, I think I should take a middle course, for the present[†4] and, coming as near you as I could, pitch my tent somewhere on the Lake of Geneva—say at Lausanne, whence I should run over to Genoa immediately. Against my coming away at all, there is the consideration that I am (nominally, God knows) a Law Student, and have a certain number of 'terms to keep" before I can be called to the Bar; and it would be well for me to be called, as there are many little pickings to be got—pretty easily within my reach—which *can* only be bestowed on Barristers.[†5] Again, there is the consideration that the good people of England seem to be fonder of their favorite (your humble servant and physician) now, than ever; and that it might be a pity to run away from them, when they are so very kind. On the other hand if these people *do* ruin the Paper, I shall be very much annoyed, and would rather not have to be questioned, and condoled with, and all sorts of things, in all kinds of society. Now, every day (to the exclusion of almost all other occupation) I have been discussing the pros and cons of all these questions, with Forster. Every day we have expected that the squabbling body of proprietors would decide on their course, and so enable me to decide on mine. Every day has brought with it a postponement to the next day. And all the time I have been in a condition of incessant restlessness, uneasiness, and uncertainty. From this I am not yet delivered. But I think this Week *must*[†6] decide it; and the moment I resolve on my course, I will write to you again. Tell De la Rue, with my best regards, that I should have answered his letter,[†7] but for the same reason, which rendered it impossible to write definitely.

Your magnetic case is a very extraordinary one, though nothing of that kind surprises me. I should like to see the lady very much, and to—no, not to try my hand upon her—to see you mesmerize her. Let us live in hope.

I shall publish, early next month, a little Volume called Pictures from Italy[†1]—astonish the Consul by telling him the title, and give him my regards. An early Copy shall be got to you, by some means or other. You have been in my society these many days, for I have just finished Rome, and am now working back to Genoa.[†2] The greater part of the descriptions were written in letters to Forster, but the putting of them together, and making additions to them, and touching them up, is rather a long job. I like them very

much, and I think the Holy Week will make you laugh, and remind you of the reality.—My Diary of March the 19th. 1845 is lying open on my desk, and looking at it I see this entry "Madame D L R very ill in the night. Up 'till four." Good God how distinctly everything has been present to me as I have gone over all the ground again! And what a miserable Devil I seem, to be cooped up here, bothered by printers and stock jobbers, when there are bright Genoas (with bright patients in them!) and ruined Coliseums in the world.

I talk to all the Italian Boys who go about the streets with Organs and white mice, and give them mints of money per l'amore della bell'Italia.

Maclise has been painting a large picture for the Royal Academy Exhibition which opens in May. The subject is the Superstition of the Ordeal by Touch[†3] —the old belief that if the Murderer touched the dead body of his Victim, it would bleed. It is very fine indeed, and buyers are fighting for it. He can have a Thousand Pounds for it, easily; but he says he "don't know"—and says nothing else. His last invention has been the abolition of straps to his trousers. We went down to Greenwich Fair last Monday, and walked about the[†4]

To EDWARD BALDWIN, 18 APRIL 1846*

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop. *Date:* PM 18 Apr 46. *Address:* Edward Baldwin Esquire | Albion Hotel | Aldersgate Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am truly sorry to be deprived of the gratification of dining with you today.[†5]

For some weeks past, I have been, at intervals, a martyr to an affection of the nerves on one side of my face, originating in a cold. It has prevented me from going to all sorts of places, and makes me quite unfit, today, to join your party.

I regret this the more, because I sincerely wish you to believe that our intercourse hitherto has been most pleasant to me, and that I have an earnest desire to strengthen and improve it.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Baldwin Esquire

To MISS MARION ELY, 19 APRIL 1846

Text from MDGH, I, 153.

Devonshire Terrace, Sunday, April 19th. 1846.

My Dear Miss Ely,

A mysterious emissary brought me a note in your always welcome handwriting at the Athenæum last night. I enquired of the servant in attendance whether the bearer of this letter was of my vast establishment. To which he replied "Yezzir." "Then," said I, "tell him not to wait."

Maclise was with me. It was then half-past seven. We had been walking, and were splashed to the eyes. We debated upon the possibility of getting to Russell Square in reasonable time—decided that it would be in the worst taste to appear when the performance[†1] would be half over—and very reluctantly decided not to come. You may suppose how dirty and dismal we were when we went to the Thames Tunnel, of all places in the world, instead![†2]

When I came home here at midnight I found another letter from you (I left off in this place to press it dutifully to my lips). Then my mind misgave me that *you* must have sent to the Athenæum. At the apparent rudeness of my reply, my face, as Hadji Baba says, was turned upside down[†3] and fifty donkeys sat upon my father's grave[†4]—or would have done so, but for his not being dead yet.

Therefore I send this humble explanation—protesting, however, which I do most solemnly, against being invited under such untoward circumstances; and claiming as your old friend and no less old admirer to be instantly invited to the next performance, if such a thing is ever contemplated.

Ever, my dear Miss Ely, | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MR EVILL,[†1] 20 APRIL 1846*

MS Mitchell Library, Glasgow.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday 20th. April 1846

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Evill, and begs to say that he has not the least knowledge of the arrangements for the proposed Meeting.[†2] He has no doubt that Mr. Gilpin of Bishopsgate Street[†3] (whose exact address is appended to the advertisements) will be happy to entertain Mr. Evill's request.

To THOMAS MITTON, 20 APRIL 1846

MS University Library, Bergen.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth April 1846

My Dear Mitton

As They cannot make up their minds (They have been going to do so, every quarter of an hour since I saw you),[†4] I have made up mine.—Abroad again!

Ever Yours

CD

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17-20 APRIL 1846]

Extract in F, V, i, 388. *Date:* Forster introduces this extract with a reference to CD's connexion with the *Daily News* having ceased "in little more than four months from the day the paper started"; but May is impossible since CD's decision to go abroad was evidently taken between 17 and 20 Apr: see *To* Mme de la Rue, 17 Apr, and *To* Mitton, 20 Apr.

I don't think I *could* shut out the paper sufficiently, here, to write well.[†5] No . . . I will write my book in Lausanne and in Genoa, and forget everything else if I

can; and by living in Switzerland for the summer, and in Italy or France for the winter, I shall be saving money while I write.[†1]

To WILLIAM PHILLIPS, 20 APRIL 1846

MS Dickens House.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth April 1846.

Dear Sir

I think of going abroad again for a twelvemonth, and once more letting my house during my absence. The halls and staircases have been repainted since we returned home, and the drawing-room very prettily decorated. Besides which, I should be quite willing, for a good tenant, to make any alteration that might be desired in the furnishing and arrangement of the top bedrooms.

Will you have the goodness to cause it to be entered in your books? It can be seen any day after Wednesday, between 2 and 4.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Phillips Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 22 APRIL 1846

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday | Twenty Second April | 1846.

My Dear Beard.

I discovered, just in time, that Saturday Week is the day of the Royal Academy Dinner. I must substitute some other day. We will take counsel on Sunday.

Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 APRIL 1846

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Wednesday Twenty Second April | 1846

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I call with Charley this morning to see you. But in case you should be out, or not yet returned, I write this to bring with me.

I saw Dr. Jelf some months ago; and then Dr. Major, into whose department of King's College Charley would fall. He seemed to think Charley rather young for the purpose (though he has some scholars not older) and suggested that it would certainly be better for him not to begin until the May term,[†1] when the mornings would be lighter and finer for his daily Progresses down the Strand. Very much obliged to him for his consideration, I agreed to defer the business until May, and settled that shortly before that time I would see Dr. Major again. He knew Charley's present Master[†2] by the bye—spoke highly of him—and said he couldn't be in better preparation.

Until within a fortnight or three weeks ago, I have retained the intention of entering Charley in May. But since then, I have conceived the idea of going to Switzerland for a year. Firstly, because I am most desirous to separate myself in a marked way from the Daily News (with which I have long since ceased to have any connexion, and in connecting myself with which at all, I have no doubt I made a mistake). Secondly, because I have a long book to write, which I could write better in retirement. Thirdly, because I want to get up some Mountain knowledge in all the four seasons of the year, for purposes of fiction.[†3] Now I think that if I go to Lausanne or some such place, where there are English Clergymen who take pupils, and keep Charley in good training under such auspices, he will enter King's College at greater advantage and with a better prestige about him, than if he began as I originally designed. I have not said anything to Dr. Major or to Charley yet, as I wished to tell you what I had in my mind, first. But I have a very strong belief that I shall be all the better for acting on this resolution, and I should be glad if you thought with me that Charley would be none the worse.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MR PRIESTLEY,[†4] 22 APRIL 1846*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park.

Twenty Second April. 1846.

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Priestley, and begs to decline the proposal with which he is favoured in Mr Priestley's letter of the 20th Instant.

To H. P. SMITH, 22 APRIL 1846*

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second April 1846

My Dear Smith

I have a long book to write—and, having settled my plan, think of going to Switzerland for a twelvemonth to write it peacefully, and get up some Mountain knowledge for another purpose at the same time.

In case any one should fall in your way who wants to hire a house (and take care of it) on reasonable terms—and who wants a house which is, though I say it who "didn't oughtn't"—as the Americans observe, in a very pretty condition—perhaps, in the words of the Poet Bunn,

You'll remember me[†1] | Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

My best remembrances to Mrs. Smith

To MR SYNGE,[†2] 22 APRIL 1846*

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Twenty Second April 1846.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Synge, and begs to say, in reply to Mr. Synge's letter, that he thinks Mrs. Quilp must have had good reasons for bearing witness to the attractive qualities of her husband. Mr. Dickens cannot speak quite confidently of any lady's reasons for anything, but he is inclined to believe that Mr. Quilp could have easily provided himself with another pretty wife, in the event of Mrs. Quilp's decease;[†3] it being generally observable that men who are very hideous and disagreeable are successful in matrimonial ventures.

To W. H. WILLS, 22 APRIL 1846

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second April 1846.

My Dear Wills.

I meant to have written to you long ago, to tell you, in reference to the Theatrical Dinner, that I am sure you wrote the account in a spirit of regard for me: and that I care a great deal more for that, than for any number of columns of any number

of newspapers, and rate it much higher.[†1] Do not think I say so the less heartily, because I say it after some delay.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 24 APRIL 1846*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth April 1846.

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

I send you, for trial, half a dozen of the wine I spoke of. I have plenty more, if you like it. It is called the Zeller Wine,[†2] and is perfectly pure and genuine. I bought it out of an enormous cask under the Town Hall at Offenburg;[†3] on the top of which Town Hall, there is an old, old Stork's nest, where the Storks, with their long legs, sit on a summer night, meditating or fly for a change to the neighbouring chimnies and sit there until it is too dark to see them. I have no doubt they improve the flavor of the wine, but I don't know how.

Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Count D'Orsay.

To SAMUEL PALMER, 27 APRIL 1846

Text from N, I, 748.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty-Seventh April 1846

My Dear Sir,

The book I alluded to in my note, was a little pasteboard memorandum book with the few printed letters[†4] pasted in it. I thought you took it away with you when you took Rogers.

I am afraid I cannot comfortably manage an S. What do you say to the word "on"?[†5] Could you possibly do that?

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 APRIL 1846*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Twenty Eighth April 1846

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will come to you between Twelve and One tomorrow, and shall be truly glad to see you again. Your Porter told me when I called with Charley, that you were unwell, which I was extremely sorry to hear.

The wisdom of what you say, in reference to the ordinary run of English Clergymen abroad, I strongly feel. But I think in a place like Lausanne, I might get Charley a very good year's teaching, and yet keep him under my own eye all the time. He is still such a little fellow that I should be pained to leave him at home.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To CHARLES GILPIN, 28 APRIL 1846

Text from *Daily News*, 30 Apr 46.

April 28, 1846.

Esteemed Friend,

I am sorry that it will not be in my power to attend the meeting to-morrow night.[†1] It is matter of regret to me, but I should regret it still more if I had ever given you an unconditional assurance that I should be there. You remember that I had some doubts of my ability to be present long ago? I need not say that I sympathise most heartily with the object of the meeting, or that the more I reflect upon the subject to which it is directed, the more I am convinced that the punishment of death must be, and will be before long abolished.

Thine faithfully,
CHARLES DICKENS

To Charles Gilpin.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 28 APRIL 1846*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth April 1846

My Dear Sir

I am glad to receive your pleasant note, and am much obliged to you for the Private Box Card.[†2] But I fear somebody must have been taking my name in

vain, as I have not asked that favor. Not that I should have the least reluctance to ask it of *you*, or to avail myself of it now that it is here, but I am unfortunately engaged to dinner.[†1] And fearing you might suppose me indifferent to your courtesy I write you these words of explanation.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

May

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 1 MAY 1846*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday May First 1846

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

I don't know how to thank you for the beautiful Pipe.[†2] There shall come curling out of it, please Heaven, such affectionate thoughts and visions of you, as shall light up all Switzerland, and make my new book the pleasantest and friendliest of Volumes. I will sit down regularly after dinner, and puff away at it, until I see you through the smoke blending with everything that is delightful to my remembrance and soothing to my fancy. Whatever suggests itself to me at such times, I will give You the credit of; and Cornet Lightbody[†3] himself was never so eloquent in anybody's praise as every little spiral thread from its bowl shall be to me in yours.

Ever affectionately | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

The Count D'Orsay.

To LORD DUDLEY COUTTS STUART, [?MAY 1846]

Envelope only, MS Knox College, Illinois. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1846; possibly connected with the meeting of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland on 4 May or the dinner on 16 May: see next. *Address:* The | Lord Dudley Stuart | Polish Literary Association | Sussex Chambers | Duke Street | St. James's.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 1 MAY 1846*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | First May 1846.

My Dear Talfourd.

A gentleman with two thirds of all the English consonants in his name, and none of the Vowels—Secretary to the Polish Association[†4]—called on me this morning, and entreated me to use my influence with you to induce you to become

a Steward for the dinner to be given to Lord Dudley Stuart (see enclosure) on the 16th. Instant, and further to induce you to attend the dinner.[†1]

I told him how you avoided such things. But as he pressed me very hard; and as I have (as I believe you have) a real regard for Lord Dudley Stuart, I relented, and said I would write and tell you how anxious the Committee are to have you, and that I have yielded myself up, very willingly, because of my friendship for the man who is to be honored.[†2]

Don't curse me!

Ever Yours Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

To W. C. MACREADY, [1 MAY 1846]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* endorsed by Macready "May 1"—the day before his visit to the Academy with CD in 1846; handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night

My Dear Macready

I shall be delighted to go to the Academy with you tomorrow.[†3] I don't want to go too early, if I can help it, as I am finishing my little book. But let me know in the Morning at what time you will call for me; and I will be ready punctually. Your own time!—

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready

To T. J. SERLE, 4 MAY 1846

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth May 1846.

My Dear Serle

I never go into the City; for it is long and long since I cut the Daily News, and never came again.

I will come to you, or meet you at your own time here, any day this Week, of which you will give me notice. Mind, I can come to you with perfect ease, for I walk into all sorts of suburbs every day.[†1]

I am going to Switzerland on the 1st. of June, and should like to arrange for leaving all this matter in good train.

Always Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 MAY 1846*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth May 1846.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I need not say that Charley will be delighted to come to you whenever you may find it most convenient.

I am making some enquiries in reference to the points you consulted me upon; and shall have, I hope, very reliable opinions to give you.

Do you think you could make it agreeable to yourself to let me accompany you one morning to Limehouse? I should particularly like you to see that Pauper School. I am sure it would please you, and it would give you a lively and a most encouraging picture of the Good you will do.[†2]

Ever Believe me | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 7 MAY 1846

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh May 1846

My Dear Sir

I regret to say that it will be quite out of my power to attend the Literary Fund Dinner. Otherwise I should have had great pleasure in returning thanks for the Novelists.[†3]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 7 MAY 1846*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh May 1846.

My Dear Stone.

I don't know our good friend Mr. Dillon's[†4] address. Will you, like an Artistical Samaritan as you are, forward the enclosed letter to him? It is an

application for his aid in disposing of the Boy Elton[†1]—I felt as if nothing ought to come after "Boy", but "Jones"; the newspaper used to be so everlastingly coupling those two words.[†2]

I saw Cuttriss the other night. He looked pale and worn. I think affectionate remembrances of the Shakspeare Club[†3] are gnawing at his heart.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I am going to Switzerland. Can I do anything for you among the Milkmaids?[†4]

To T. J. SERLE, 12 MAY 1846

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth May 1846

My Dear Serle

I enclose you Mr. Dillon's letter. He is more than a man of his word, I do not doubt.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire.

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 13 MAY 1846

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1964; dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 May 46.

Thanking him for the resolution of the Directors of the General Theatrical Fund and saying that he will always be glad to assist it.[†5]

To SAMUEL PALMER, 13 MAY 1846

MS Mr Bryan Palmer.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Thirteenth May | 1846

Dear Sir

I beg to assure you that I would, on no account, dream of allowing the book to go to Press, without the insertion of your name in the title page.[†6] I placed it there, myself, two days ago.

I have not seen the designs, but I have no doubt whatever (remembering your sketches) that they are very good.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Palmer Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 17 MAY 1846*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth May 1846

My very dear Macready.

A Thousand thanks for your kindest of letters.[†1] This next week, we are quite hopelessly engaged, but for one day in the week after, Kate shall come and joyfully arrange with Mrs. Macready tomorrow.[†2]

I rely on your coming to Lausanne. We will take poles and guides, and go climbing up into the Mountains—provided that old age of yours, of which you are so intolerably boastful, will admit of your using those most staggering of legs that render you so impressive a spectacle of senility and decay.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 18 MAY 1846

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1975; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 May 46.

Asking them to send 12 copies of Pictures from Italy *in the course of the day.*

To MR JOYCE, 19 MAY 1846

MS Mr Lloyd E. Roscoe.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth May 1846.

Sir

If you will have the goodness to send me half a dozen more of the Pictures, I will send out all my presentation copies,[†3] myself.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Joyce.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 19 MAY 1846†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth May 1846.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

[†a]I will immediately take care that everything is settled in connexion with your engagement with the Daily News people[†1]—and will come to you to report satisfactory progress.

I had not been unmindful of the subject, and would on no account have left Town without arranging it.[†a]

If I had not a good reason for delaying to acknowledge the receipt of the book you so kindly sent me, I should be a most unworthy Dog. But I have been every day expecting to be able to send you the enclosed little Volume, and could get no copies until last night, in consequence of their running very fine against the subscription and demand.

May you like it!

I have been greatly entertained by the Femme de Chambre,[†2] who paints Society from a Woman's eye (I think that the height of praise) and, sometimes, like a female Gil Blas. The Spirit of our two sweet friends Morgan[†3] and Stepney,[†4] shining through their Representative.[†5] I would have identified the former, anywhere.

Count D'Orsay's copy of the "Pictures", with my cordial remembrance and regard.
Ever My Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess of Blessington

To G. W. FULCHER,[†6] 19 MAY 1846*

MS Mr and Mrs Carl Bequist.

1 Devonshire Terrace, London. | Nineteenth May 1846.

Sir

I beg to thank you, very sincerely, for your obliging note and the presentation copy of your Poems. The latter has not yet reached me, but I have no doubt I shall receive it in due course.

I am Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Fulcher Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?19 MAY 1846]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date: Pictures from Italy* was published 18 May: this letter probably the next day, the date inscribed by CD in Mitton's copy.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday

My Dear Mitton

House let to Sir James Duke[†1] from 1st. of June. £300 for the first year. £250 for the Second, if he chooses to stop.

Subscription to the little book, between 4 and 5,000. Considered very large. Copies scarce.[†2]

Faithfully Always
CD.

To WILLIAM PHILLIPS, 19 MAY 1846*

MS New York Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth May 1846

Dear Sir

I forgot to say this morning that I do not take my lad John Thompson, abroad with me. He is an excellent footman who perfectly understands his business, and has been with me, eight years. If Sir James should want him, I can give him the very strongest recommendation. I would not lose him on my return, if I could help it, on any account.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Phillips Esquire

To THOMAS POWELL, 19 MAY 1846*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Thomas Powell Esquire | Messrs. Chapman | 2 Leadenhall Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth May 1846.

My Dear Powell.

I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about my Box. Is there anything I can do for you in Switzerland—any apple or other fruit I can shoot off any friend's or relation's head—in return?

Roche (no 'La') *is* the Brave Courier.

I was sorry not to be able to comply with Mr. W. Chapman's[†1] request. I had no Books[†2] until last night.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Powell Esquire.

To FRANCIS VALCKENBERG,[†3] 19 MAY 1846*

MS P. J. Valckenberg.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth May 1846.

Dear Sir

I am on the eve of going abroad again—to Switzerland—and am not, therefore, laying in Wine just now. But I shall be very happy to see you, either on Thursday or Friday Morning between 11 and 1, if it should suit your convenience to call.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Valckenberg Esquire

To WILLIAM PAGAN,[†4] 20 MAY 1846*

MS Mr C. D. Pagan.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twentieth May 1846.

Sir.

I beg to thank you for your obliging note, and for the honor you have done me, in appending to your title page a quotation from one of my books.[†5] I have not yet received the Volume you have kindly ordered to be sent to me, but I have no doubt it will arrive in due course.

I am Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

William Pagan Esq

To W. C. MACREADY, 21 MAY 1846†

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First May 1846

My Dear Macready

Maclise, Forster, and Stanfield (light jockey weights, the last-named!) have quartered themselves on my Phaeton today. I drive them down.†1

†a I never saw you more gallant and free, than in the gallant and free scenes last night.†2 It was perfectly captivating to behold you. However, it shall not interfere with my determination to address you as Old Parr in all future time.†a

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, [22 MAY 1846]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* PM 22 May 46. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday

My Dear Beard

We are so beset and worried by engagements†3 in this next last week before our departure, that we are most unwillingly obliged to declare off in respect of that Derby engagement.†4

Ever Affectionately Yours

CD.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, [?26 MAY 1846]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* 1846 on handwriting, and near 19 May when the same informal ending first appears; "take leave" suggests 26 May.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Lady Blessington.

I grieve to say that I have not one leisure day between this time and my

departure. I am (for my sins) engaged to dinner every day; and get up every morning with an odious shadowing-forth of the evening that is to follow.

I begged Landor[†1] to say to you, yesterday, that I would come to take leave of you on Friday at Two o'Clock. I shall be true to that purpose, unless you should tell me you are otherwise engaged.

The Burnham Beeches are charming. I know them well. I am ashamed to say of Gray's Church that I know the Elegy better than the place.

Here am I going away, and we have never been to Rosherville! I hope you won't go, now, until I come back—which is a modest aspiration. If I can possibly manage it, I think I shall run over early in December.

Always Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Blessington.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 MAY 1846

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth May 1846.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I find those who are best acquainted with the subject and the class of persons to be addressed, decidedly in favor of the School and the Church[†2] being *Free*. You may remember this to have been my impression at first, but I have not expressed any opinion of my own to those whom I have sounded on the subject.

In reference to the Asylum,[†3] it seems to me very expedient that you should know, if possible, whether the Government would assist you to the extent of informing you from time to time into what distant parts of the World, women could be sent for marriage, with the greatest hope for their future families, and with the greatest service to the existing male population, whether expatriated from England or born there. If these poor women *could* be sent abroad with the distinct recognition and aid of the Government, it would be a service to the

effort. But I have (with reason) a doubt of all Governments in England considering such a question in the light, in which men undertaking that immense responsibility, are bound, before God, to consider it. And therefore I would suggest this appeal to you, merely as something which you owe to yourself and to the experiment; the failure of which, does not at all affect the immeasurable goodness and hopefulness of the project itself.

I do not think it would be necessary, in the first instance at all events, to build a house for the Asylum. There are many houses, either in London or in the immediate neighbourhood, that could be altered for the purpose. It would be necessary to limit the number of inmates, but I would make the

reception of them as easy as possible to themselves. I would put it in the power of any Governor of a London Prison to send an unhappy creature of this kind (by her own choice of course) straight from his prison, when her term expired, to the Asylum. I would put it in the power of any penitent creature to knock at the door, and say For God's sake, take me in. But I would divide the interior into two portions; and into the first portion I would put all new-comers without exception, as a place of probation, whence they should pass, by their own good-conduct and self-denial alone, into what I may call the Society of the house. I do not know of any plan so well conceived, or so firmly grounded in a knowledge of human nature, or so judiciously addressed to it, for observance in this place, as what is called Captain Maconnochie's[†1] Mark System, which I will try, very roughly and generally, to describe to you.

A woman or girl coming to the Asylum, it is explained to her that she has come there for *useful* repentance and reform, and because her past way of life has been dreadful in its nature and consequences, and full of affliction, misery, and despair *to herself.* Never mind Society while she is at that pass. Society has used her ill and turned away from her, and she cannot be expected to take much heed of its rights or wrongs. It is destructive to *herself,* and there is no hope in it, or in her, as long as she pursues it. It is explained to her that she is degraded and fallen, but not lost, having this shelter; and that the means of Return to Happiness are now about to be put into her own hands, and trusted to her own keeping. That with this view, she is, instead of being placed in this probationary class for a month, or two months, or three months, or any specified *time* whatever, required to earn there, a certain number of *Marks* (they are mere scratches in a book) so that she may make her probation a very short one, or a very long one, according to her own conduct. For so much work, she has so many Marks; for a day's good conduct, so many more. For every instance of ill-temper, disrespect, bad language, any outbreak of any sort or kind, so many—a very large number in proportion to her receipts—are deducted. A perfect Debtor and Creditor account is kept between her and the Superintendent, for every day; and the state of that account, it is in her own power and nobody else's, to adjust to her advantage. It is expressly pointed out to her, that before she can be considered qualified to return to any kind of society—even to the Society of the Asylum—she must give proofs of her power of self-restraint and her sincerity, and her determination to try to shew that she deserves the

confidence it is proposed to place in her. Her pride, her emulation, her sense of shame, her heart, her reason, and her interest, are all appealed to at once, and if she pass through this trial, she *must* (I believe it to be in the eternal nature of things) rise somewhat in her own self-respect, and give the managers a power of appeal to her, in future, which nothing else could invest them with. I would carry a modification of this Mark System through the whole establishment; for it is its great philosophy and its chief excellence that it is not a mere form or course of training adapted to the life within the house, but is a preparation—which is a much higher consideration—for the right performance of duty outside, and for the formation of habits of firmness and self-restraint. And the more these unfortunate persons were educated in their duty towards Heaven and Earth, and the more they were tried on this plan, the more they would feel that to dream of returning to Society, or of becoming Virtuous Wives, until they had earned a certain gross number of Marks required of everyone without the least exception, would be to prove that they were not worthy of restoration to the place they had lost. It is a part of this system, even to put at last, some temptation within their reach, as enabling them to go out, putting them in possession of some money, and the like; for it is

clear that unless they are used to some temptation and used to resist it, within the walls, their capacity of resisting it without, cannot be considered as fairly tested.

What they would be taught in the house, would be grounded in religion, most unquestionably. It must be the basis of the whole system. But it is very essential in dealing with this class of persons to have a system of training established, which, while it is steady and firm, is cheerful and hopeful. Order, punctuality, cleanliness, the whole routine of household duties—as washing, mending, cooking—the establishment itself would supply the means of teaching practically, to every one. But then I would have it understood by all—I would have it written up in every room—that they were not going through a monotonous round of occupation and self-denial which began and ended there, but which began, or was resumed, under that roof, and would end, by God's blessing, in happy homes of their own.

I have said that I would put it in the power of Governors of Prisons to recommend Inmates. I think this most important, because such gentlemen as Mr. Chesterton of the Middlesex House of Correction, and Lieutenant Tracey of Cold Bath Fields, Bridewell, (both of whom I know very well) are well acquainted with the good that is in the bottom of the hearts, of many of these poor creatures, and with the whole history of their past lives; and frequently have deplored to me the not having any such place as the proposed establishment, to which to send them—when they are set free from Prison. It is necessary to observe that very many of these unfortunate women are constantly in and out of the Prisons, for no other fault or crime than their original one of having fallen from virtue. Policemen can take them up, almost when they choose, for being of that class, and being in the streets; and the Magistrates commit them to Jail for short terms. When they come out, they can but return to their old occupation, and so come in again. It is well-known that many of them fee the Police to remain unmolested; and being too poor to pay the fee, or dissipating the money in some other way, are taken up again, forthwith. Very many of them are good, excellent, steady

characters when under restraint—even without the advantage of systematic training, which they would have in this Institution—and are tender nurses to the sick, and are as kind and gentle as the best of women.

There is no doubt that many of them would go on well for some time, and would then be seized with a violent fit of the most extraordinary passion, apparently quite motiveless, and insist on going away. There seems to be something inherent in their course of life, which engenders and awakens a sudden restlessness and recklessness which may be long suppressed, but breaks out like Madness; and which all people who have had opportunities of observation in Penitentiaries and elsewhere, must have contemplated with astonishment and pity. I would have some rule to the effect that no request to be allowed to go away would be received for at least four and twenty hours, and that in the interval the person should be kindly reasoned with, if possible, and implored to consider well what she was doing. This sudden dashing down of all the building up of months upon months, is, to my thinking, so distinctly a Disease with the persons under consideration that I would pay particular attention to it, and treat it with particular gentleness and anxiety; *and I would not make one, or two, or three, or four, or six departures from the Establishment a binding reason against the readmission of that person, being again penitent,* but would leave it to the Managers to decide upon the merits of the case: giving very great weight to general good conduct within the house.

I would begin with some comparatively small number—say thirty—and I would have it impressed upon them, from day to day, that the success of the experiment rested with them, and that on their conduct depended the rescue and salvation, of hundreds and thousands of women yet unborn. In what proportion this experiment would be successful, it is very difficult to predict; but I think that if the Establishment were founded on a well-considered system, and were well managed, one half of the Inmates would be reclaimed from the very beginning, and that after a time the proportion would be very much larger. I believe this estimate to be within very reasonable bounds.

The main question that arises, is, if the co-operation of the Government—beginning at that point when they are supposed to be reclaimed—cannot be secured, how are they to be provided for, permanently? Supposing the mark system and the training to be very successful, and gradually to acquire a great share of public confidence and respect, I think it not too sanguine to suppose that many good people would be glad to take them into situations. But the power of beginning life anew, in a world perfectly untried by them, would be so important in many cases, as an effectual detaching of them from old associates, and from the chances of recognition and challenge, that it is most desirable to be, somehow or other, attained.

I do not know whether you would be disposed to entrust me with any share in the supervision and direction of the Institution. But I need not say that I should enter on such a task with my whole heart and soul; and that in this respect, as in all others, I have but one sincere and zealous wish to assist you, by any humble means in my power, in carrying out your benevolent intentions.

And at all events it would be necessary for you to have, in the first instance, on paper, all the results of previous experience in this way, as regards scheme,

plan, management, and expence.[†1] These I think I could procure, and render plain, as quietly and satisfactorily as anyone. And I would suggest to you, this course of action.

That,—the School and Church proceeding—this Design remain in abeyance for the present. That when I go to Paris (whither I shall remove, please God, before Christmas) I examine every Institution of this sort existing there, and gather together all the information I possibly can. I believe more valuable knowledge is to be got there, on such a subject, than anywhere else; and this, combined with the results of our English experience, I would digest into the plainest and clearest form; so that you could see it, as if it were a Map. And in the meantime you would have these advantages.

1. That in the establishment of your school and Dispensary, you might find or make some Instruments that would be very important and useful in the working out of this scheme.

2. That there will then have been matured, and probably tried, certain partial schemes going a very little way on this same road, which are now on foot in the City of London, and the success or failure of which will be alike instructive.

3. That there is a very great probability of the whole Transportation system being shortly brought under the consideration of the Legislature; and it is particularly worthy of consideration that the various preliminary reports on the subject, (which I have lately been reading) recognize the question of sending out women to the different settlements, as one of very great importance.

I have that deep sense, dear Miss Coutts, of the value of your confidence in such a matter, and of the pure, exalted, and generous motives by which you are impelled, that I feel a most earnest anxiety that such an effort as you contemplate in behalf of your Sex, should have every advantage in the outset it can possibly receive, and should, if undertaken at all, be undertaken to the lasting honor of your name and Country. In this feeling, I make the suggestion I think best calculated to promote that end. Trust me, if you agree in it, I will not lose sight of the subject, or grow cold to it, or fail to bestow upon it my best exertions and reflection. But, if there be any other course you would prefer to take; and you will tell me so; I shall be as devoted to you in that as in this, and as much honored by being asked to render you the least assistance.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 26 MAY 1846

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Twenty Sixth May 1846.

My Dear Jerrold.

I send you herewith, some books belonging to you. A thousand thanks for the Hermit.[†1] He took my fancy mightily, when I first saw him in the Illuminated; and I have stowed him away in the left-hand breast pocket of my travelling coat, that we may hold pleasant converse together on the Rhine. You see what confidence I have in him!

I wish you would seriously consider the expediency and feasibility of coming to Lausanne in the Summer or early Autumn. I must be at work myself during a certain part of every day almost, and you could do twice as much there as here. It is a wonderful place to see—and what sort of welcome you would find, I will say nothing about, for I have vanity enough to believe that you would be willing to feel yourself as much at home in my household as in any man's.

Do think it over. I could send you the minutest particular of the journey. It is nearly all Railroad and Steamboat, and the easiest in the world.

At Macready's on Thursday,[†2] we shall meet, please God!

Always My Dear Jerrold | Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Jerrold Esquire

To FRANCIS VALCKENBERG, 26 MAY 1846*

MS P. J. Valckenberg. *Address:* Fr. Valckenberg Esquire | 32 Craven Street | Strand.

Devonshire Terrace, | Tuesday Twenty Sixth May | 1846.

Dear Sir

I am much indebted to you for your obliging letter. Even though I should not have an opportunity of presenting your note of introduction on my way to Switzerland, I shall not be the less mindful of your kind attention, believe me. The next time you come to England, I shall hope to give you a more hospitable welcome.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fr Valckenberg Esquire

To MR HEATH,[†3] 27 MAY 1846*

MS Mrs S. S. Clephan.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Twenty Seventh May 1846.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Heath, and begs to thank him for his letter, and his obliging offer of the accompanying MS. In

declining, with thanks, to accept the latter, Mr. Dickens begs to say that he does so without the least reference to its merits (of which he has no knowledge) but in pursuance of a rule he has always found it expedient to prescribe to himself.

To R. H. HORNE, 29 MAY 1846*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace
Friday Night Twenty Ninth May | 1846

My Dear Horne.

I snatch a moment before going to bed after the busiest of days (I start tomorrow morning)[†1] to say that I have had real pleasure in the receipt of your cordial note,[†2] and that it is very pleasant to me.

With Mrs. Dickens' best regards, I am always My Dear Horne

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire

June

To JOHN FORSTER, [?7 JUNE 1846]

Extracts in F, V, ii, 390-1 and F, 1872-4, II, X, 196*n*. *Date:* clearly written during the journey, and probably from Strasbourg on Sunday 7 June.

Halting only at Ostend, Verviers, Coblenz, and Mannheim, they reached Strasbourg on the seventh of June. We have hardly seen a cloud in the sky since you and I parted at Ramsgate, and the heat has been extraordinary. *At Mayence there had come aboard their boat a German, who soon after accosted Mrs. Dickens on deck in excellent English:* "Your countryman Mr. Dickens is travelling this way just now, our papers say. Do you know him, or have you passed him anywhere?" *Explanations ensuing, it turned out by an odd chance that he had with him a letter of introduction to the brother of this gentleman;*[†3] *who then spoke to him of the popularity of his books in Germany and of the many persons he had seen reading them in the steamboats as he came along. When CD remarked how great his own vexation was not to be able himself to speak a word of German,* "Oh dear! that needn't trouble you," *rejoined the other;* "for even in so small a town as ours, where we are mostly primitive people and have few travellers, I could make a party of at least forty people who understand and speak English as well as I do, and of at least as many more who could manage to read you in the original." *His town was*

Worms,[†1] a fine old place, though greatly shrunken and decayed in respect of its population; with a picturesque old cathedral standing on the brink of the Rhine, and some brave old churches shut up, and so hemmed in and overgrown with vineyards that they look as if they were turning into leaves and grapes.

On the same steamer were two travelling Englishmen who had got an immense barouche on board with them, and had no plan whatever of going anywhere in it. One of them wanted to have this barouche wheeled ashore at every little town and village they came to. The other was bent upon "seeing it out," *as he said—meaning, CD supposed, the river; though neither of them seemed to have the slightest interest in it.* The locomotive one would have gone ashore without the carriage, and would have been delighted to get rid of it; but they had a joint courier, and neither of them would part with *him* for a moment; so they went growling and grumbling on together, and seemed to have no satisfaction but in asking for impossible viands on board the boat, and having a grim delight in the steward's excuses.

To MM. LOMBARD, ODIER & CO., 13 JUNE 1846

Text from N, I, 756.

Rosemont, Lausanne | Juin 13 1846

Messieurs,

Je vous envois enclos, un document relatif à une grande caisse qui vous est consignée pour moi. Si vous me le pouvez envoyer ici, je serais bien obligé si vous le confiderez au porteur de cette lettre, M.

Rodieu. S'il faut que j'envoie mon courier à votre bureau pour l'obtenir, je l'enverrai aussitôt que j'entendrai de vous qu'il est nécessaire.

Je serai bien aisé de payer, sur le champ, toutes les charges du transit &c, si vous aurez la bonté de m'envoyer un billet de la compte.

Recevez, Messieurs, l'assurance de ma considération.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Messieurs,
Votre Serviteur
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13 or 14 JUNE 1846]

Extracts in F, V, ii, 391-2. *Date:* CD arrived at Lausanne 11 June, and wrote as soon as his "two days" of "house-hunting" had been successful.

From Strasburg they went by rail on the 8th to Bâle, from which they started for Lausanne next day, in three coaches, two horses to each, taking three days for the journey. He described an uproar between the landlord of an inn on the road, and one of the voituriers who had libelled Boniface's establishment by complaining of the food.

After various defiances on both sides, the landlord said "Scélérat! Mécréant! Je vous boaxerai!" to which the voiturier replied, "Aha! Comment dites-vous? Voulez-vous boaxer? Eh? Voulez-vous? Ah! Boaxez-moi donc! Boaxez-moi!" —at the same time accompanying these retorts with gestures of violent significance which explained that this new verb-active was founded on the well-known English verb to boax, or box. If they used it once, they used it at least a hundred times, and goaded each other to madness with it always. *The travellers reached the Hotel Gibbon*[†1] *at Lausanne on the evening of Thursday the 11th of June; having been tempted as they came along by a delightful glimpse of Neufchâtel.* On consideration however I thought it best to come on here, in case I should find, when I begin to write, that I want streets sometimes. In which case, Geneva (which I hope would answer the purpose) is only four and twenty miles away.

He at once began house-hunting, and had two days' hard work of it. He found the greater part of those let to the English like small villas in the Regent's Park, with verandahs, glass-doors opening on lawns, and alcoves overlooking the lake and mountains. One he was tempted by, higher up the hill, poised above the town like a ship on a high wave; *but the possible fury of its winter winds deterred him. Greater still was the temptation to him of "L'Elysée,"*[†2] *more a mansion than a villa; with splendid grounds overlooking the lake, and in its corridors and staircases as well as furniture like an old-fashioned country house in England; which he could have got for twelve months for £160.* But when I came to consider its vastness, I was rather dismayed at the prospect of windy nights in the autumn, with nobody staying in the house to make it gay. *And so he again fell back upon the very first place he had seen, Rosemont, quite a doll's house; with two pretty little salons, a dining-room, hall, and kitchen, on the ground floor; and with just enough bedrooms upstairs to leave the family one to spare.* It is beautifully situated on the hill that rises from the lake, within ten minutes' walk of this hotel,[†3] and furnished, though scantily as all here are,

better than others except Elysée, on account of its having been built and fitted up (the little salons in the Parisian way) by the landlady and her husband for themselves. They live now in a smaller house like a porter's lodge, just within the gate. A portion of the grounds is farmed by a farmer, and *he* lives close by; so that, while it is secluded, it is not at all lonely. *The rent was to be ten pounds a month for half a year, with reduction to eight for the second half, if he should stay so long; and the rooms and furniture were to be described as soon as his own ingenious*

re-arrangements and improvements in the chairs and tables should be completed. I shall merely observe at present therefore, that my little study is upstairs, and looks out, from two French windows opening into a balcony, on the lake and mountains; and that there are roses enough to smother the whole establishment of the *Daily News* in. Likewise, there is a pavilion in the garden, which has but two rooms in it; in one of which, I think you shall do your work when you come. As to bowers for reading and smoking, there are as many scattered about the grounds, as there are in Chalk-farm tea-gardens. But the Rosemont bowers are really beautiful. Will you come to the bowers . . .?[†1]

The country is delightful in the extreme—as leafy, green, and shady, as England; full of deep glens, and branchy places (rather a Leigh Huntish expression), and bright with all sorts of flowers in profusion. It abounds in singing birds besides—very pleasant after Italy; and the moonlight on the lake is noble. Prodigious mountains rise up from its opposite shore (it is eight or nine miles across, at this point), and the Simplon, the St. Gothard, Mont Blanc, and all the Alpine wonders are piled there, in tremendous grandeur.[†2] The cultivation is uncommonly rich and profuse. There are all manner of walks, vineyards, green lanes, cornfields, and pastures full of hay. The general neatness is as remarkable as in England. There are no priests or monks in the streets, and the people appear to be industrious and thriving. French (and very intelligible and pleasant French) seems to be the universal language. I never saw so many booksellers' shops crammed within the same space, as in the steep up-and-down streets of Lausanne.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 14 JUNE 1846*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Angleterre | Daniel Maclise Esquire. R.A. | 14 Russell Place | Fitzroy Square | London | England.

Hotel Gibbon, Lausanne Switzerland
Sunday Night Fourteenth June 1846.

My Dear Mac.

Notwithstanding the strange leaves you take of your friends, I think you will be still glad to hear of and from them, when they are such friends as Self and Co. Therefore I sit down to write you a short assurance of our safe arrival here last Thursday in good health, and after a most extraordinarily hot journey—borne, by the whole camp, with surpassing good humour and patience. We had only one wet day, and that was among the Mountains—only one discomfort, and that was the loss of a trifling portmanteau containing all the childrens'[†3] clothes: which has not yet come to hand.

We have taken a house, in all respects the opposite of our Italian Palazzo; being a kind of beautiful bandbox. It stands in a most lovely situation on the brink of the high slope that rises from the Lake, with the Alps piled up in

tremendous majesty before it. It is surrounded by a lawn, a vineyard, a garden, a corn-field, and some other agricultural trifles, of its own—and is, at present overwhelmed in a cluster of Roses. It is called Rosemont. So WHEN you write, address me at Rosemont, Lausanne. I feel like a landed proprietor, and think of writing a Pamphlet on the Free Trade question.

We move, tomorrow. In the meantime we are in this large hotel which is as ugly, I think, as anything can be made, in a situation of such extraordinary beauty. There are no Italian-Catholicity-Symptoms here, and no Monks or Friars in the streets. For which the people are all the more thriving and happy. We rode today some six or eight miles along the lake to see a little fête, in honor of the Republican Independence of this Canton.†1 It consisted of a dinner and ball in the open air; and between the dinner and the ball a good deal of speaking, in the "propogition" of toasts, from a tribune made of flags and flowers, where each Speaker mounted in succession with an immense silver Goblet in his hand. After each toast the artillery fired some Brass field pieces that are on the ground, and the soldier's band played some appropriate air. I wish you could have seen it. It was one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen. The women, in their immense straw hats and gay dresses looked like parti-colored Mushrooms (Brayvo Dick!)

As this letter is merely a trial of your remembrance of the person whose name is subscribed to it, I say no more at present: merely repeating that my address is, as above. All join in kind love to you. And I am ever My Dear Mac Your most affectionate friend CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [16 JUNE 1846]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* PM 16 June 46.†2 *Address:* Angleterre. | Frederick Dickens Esquire | Commissariat | Treasury | London | England.

My Dear Fred. We arrived at Lausanne last Thursday afternoon, safe and sound and in good health. We lived, until yesterday afternoon, at the hotel: not having been able to conclude arrangements for getting into this house (Rosemont) before. It is quite a bandbox, as most of the houses hereabouts, are—I think you might put it all into the great Sala of the Peschiere—but it stands in the midst of beautiful grounds, on the hill above the Lake, with the whole range of the Alps towering before it. Small as it is too, we can boast a couple of small spare rooms, in which we should be delighted to stow you away, with any travelling companion. The situation is lovely in the extreme; and the excessive greenness and shade of the Country give it a great advantage over Italy. Everything is very neatly kept too. There are no Priests or Monks to be seen; and the people seem to be very thriving and industrious. I never saw such a profusion of birds and flowers, in the richest parts of Devonshire.

We pay £10 per month for the house, for the first 6 months, and £8 for the second six, supposing we should remain here. I am not sufficiently experienced yet, to say what market prices are, but I should think they were about the Genoa mark, and not so cheap as English people suppose. Some things are much cheaper than in Genoa, as, for instance, Piano hire. We have really a very good German Piano, for which we pay but ten francs (eight and fourpence) per month. House rent too is much cheaper. I could have got a very splendid house indeed (as large as the Peschiere) for £150 pr. year. But the largest houses are the cheapest, because they involve the necessity of a large establishment of servants. We have two pretty little drawing rooms here, opening into each other—a little dining room—a little study—a great balcony—a colonnade—an immense [ ][†1] family live; and the Proprietress of [it is employed in][†2] another little Villa just within the gate. It is not lonesome therefore, though secluded, and is within ten minutes walk of Lausanne—a mighty dull little [t]own. There are not many English people here; but there is an English Church, and there is an English Library. Geneva, a large city, is within four and twenty miles; and steamers on the Lake are always going there, and coming back.

If you should arrange to come, and are deterred by economical considerations, I dare say I could make all that easy with you, when you were once here; so, take that into your calculations. Agreeably to my promise, I give you, on the other side, full directions in reference to the Journey. As I promised the same to Augustus, shew it to him, or copy it for him.

There is a poor woman named Greenwood, who lodges in Blenheim Street Oxford Street, at a little Cobbler's. I have relieved her once, and know her case to be a good one. I wish you would go to her, and ask her how she is going on, and intimate that I left a Pound or Two with you for her benefit. She is very industrious, and has suffered a great deal. I must leave the details of relief to you, but I give you an order on Mitton (don't say to him what it is for) to the extent of £5, in case you should find, at any period during my absence, that a small sum, now and then, will do her real service. I need not, I know, recommend you to be careful in drawing and applying it.

Kate and Georgy and all the children unite with me in love to you, Anna,[†3] father, mother, Ka[te,][†4] Letitia and Henry, [an]d all. Tell Henry I will write to him before long, *and that we think he and Letitia ought to take advantage of your paper of instructions, and come to see us here.* We had no intelligence of Alfred and his wife at Ostend[†5]—as no doubt you know by this time.

Ever My Dear Fred | Affectionately Yours

CD.

The best Hotel at Ostend, is the Hotel de la Cour Imperiale. From Ostend to Cologne, straight through, by Railway. Fare, 27 francs (extra charge for luggage, which is weighed). Time 15 hours. At Cologne, you sleep. Any hotel will serve your turn. The nearer the River, the better. Next day you pay your fare, and take your ticket, at the office of any of the Steam Packet Companies (the Cologne Company is the best, but they are all good) *through to Mannheim.* Fare, 22 francs. At the office, as well as everywhere else upon the Rhine, there is some one who can speak English. The boat will probably start at about 10 or half past 10 in the morning, and allow you to sleep at Coblentz that night: either going on next morning in the

same boat, or in another boat belonging to the same company. The time from Cologne to Coblentz is about 8 hours. Any hotel at Coblentz, *except the Gia*[*nt.*][†1] They are all close to the River. From Coblentz to Mannheim is about [14] hours. Hotel at Mannheim, [the Hotel de] l'Europe. Very good, and close to the w[har]f. Sleep there. You will have dined on board: paying extra for your dinner. Next day, from Mannheim to Kehl, by Railway. Time about 6 hours. Fare, 1st. class, 14 francs. From Kehl to Strasburg (two or three miles) by Omnibus. The french custom house is on the road, where luggage is examined. (It is also examined on the Railroad between Ostend and Cologne. But all you have to do, is, to go into the room you are shewn; wait until you see your Portmanteau brought in; cry "halloa" at sight of it, open it, and afterwards lock it up again.) Hotel at Strasburg, the Hotel de la Ville de Paris, very good. You can sleep there, or go on to Bâle, also by Railway, by the next Train. Fare, 1st. class, 17 francs. Time, about 4 hours. Hotel at Bâle, the Hotel of the Three Kings, one of the very best on the Continent. At Bâle, there are the Mail, and at least two Diligences, starting, every day and evening, for Lausanne. Fare about 26 francs. Time, about 24 hours. I give the fares, and the times in all cases *about.* They are almost exactly stated. The account (excluding bed and board on the road) stands thus, from Ostend

	TIME Days	MONEY Francs
To Cologne	1	27
To Coblentz To Mannheim	2	22
To Kehl & Strasburg, & then[ce to Bâ]le	1	31
Omnibuses from & to Railw[ay (addi]tional)		1
To Lausanne	1	26
	5	107 francs

I should say the Bed and board would not exceed 10 francs per day. And on the other hand, you must observe that I have charged the Railways as 1st. class, and that the 2nd. class carriages are cheaper, and most excellent. In returning, as the Boats then go *with* the stream, the Water-Journey is done in half the time.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 16 JUNE 1846*

MS Mr Douglas Jerrold. *Address:* Angleterre | Douglas Jerrold Esquire | West Lodge | Putney Heath | *near* London | England.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland
Tuesday Sixteenth June 1846.

My Dear Jerrold.

We are established here, in a perfect doll's house which could be put, bodily, into the Hall of our Italian Palazzo. But it is in the most lovely and delicious situation imaginable, and there is a spare bedroom

wherein we would make you as comfortable as need be. Bowers of roses for cigar-smoking, arbours for cool punch-drinking, mountain and Tyrolean countries close at hand, piled-up Alps before the windows, &c &c &c—

In the hope that you have not thought better (or worse) of your solemn promise and vow, to come here,[†1] I proceed to give you elaborate and business-like directions for the Journey.

First and foremost, you cross to Ostend, either from Ramsgate or Dover. We took the former route, and found it a short passage. From Ostend to Cologne by Railway. Fare 27 francs (extra charge for luggage, which is weighed). Time 15 hours. At Cologne you sleep. Any hotel will serve your turn. The nearer the Rhine, the better. Next day, you pay your fare and take your ticket at the office of any of the Steam Packet Companies (the Cologne is the best, but they are all good) *through to Mannheim.* Fare 22 francs. The boat will probably start at about 10 or half past 10 in the Morning, and allow you to sleep at Coblentz that night: either going on next morning in the same boat, or in another belonging to the same company. The time from Cologne to Coblentz, is about 8 hours. Note, that the Beauties of the Rhine do not begin, until you are 2 hours and half, good, out of Cologne. Any hotel at Coblentz, *except the Giant.* They are all close to the river. From Coblentz to Mannheim is about 14 hours. You would probably start at 6 in the Morning, and arrive at about 8 in the evening: dining on board. Hotel at Mannheim, the Hotel de l'Europe, very good, and close to the wharf. Sleep there. Next day from Mannheim to Kehl by Railway. Time about 6 hours. Fare, 1st. class 14 francs. From Kehl to Strasbourg (two or three miles) by Omnibus. The French Custom House is on the road, where luggage is examined. Hotel at Strasbourg, the Hotel de la Ville de Paris, very good. You can sleep there, or go on to Bâle, also by Railway, by the next train. Fare, first class, 17 francs. Time, about 4 hours. Hotel at Bâle, the Hotel of the Three Kings. One of the very best on the Continent. At Bâle, there is the Mail, and there are at least two Diligences also, starting every day for Lausanne. Fare, about 26 francs. Time, about 24 hours. I give the fares and the times, in all cases,

about. They are almost exactly stated. The account (excluding bed and board on the road) stands thus, from Ostend.

	TIME		MONEY
	Days		Francs
To Cologne	1		27
To Coblentz	1	}	22
To Mannheim	1	}	
To Kehl and Strasburg, & thence to Bâle	1		31
Omnibuses, additional			1
To Lausanne	1		26
	5		107 francs

Returning; the Journey by the Rhine, being *with* the Stream, is performed in half the time. All along the Rhine, English is understood and spoken—French, everywhere.

I look forward to hearing from you that you have fixed a day for the Expedition. You shall work when you please (I am at work myself) and play when you please. And I need not say how truly delighted we should be to see you.

Mrs. Dickens and the little woman send their kind regards.

I am Ever My Dear Jerrold | Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Jerrold Esquire.

To LORD MORPETH, 20 JUNE 1846*

MS Mr George Howard. *Address:* Private | Angleterre. | The | Viscount Morpeth | Grosvenor Place | LONDON.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland
Saturday June Twentieth 1846.

My Dear Lord Morpeth.

Let me premise in the very first line of this letter, that you are to read it at your convenience—and that if you be not at perfect leisure when you receive it, I beg you to fold it up again, until you have a few spare minutes to bestow on its perusal.

I wish to confide to you, a very earnest desire of mine, and to leave it entirely to your discretion and inclination, whether it shall remain a point in confidence between yourself and me, or whether you shall communicate it, at your own time, to anyone else.

I have an ambition for some public employment—some Commissionership, or Inspectorship, or the like, connected with any of those subjects in which I take a deep interest, and in respect of which the Public are generally disposed to treat me with confidence and regard. On any questions connected with the Education of the People, the elevation of their character, the improvement of their dwellings, their greater protection against disease and vice—or with the treatment of Criminals, or the administration of Prison Discipline, which I have long observed closely—I think I could do good service, and I am sure I should enter with my whole heart. I have hoped, for years, that I may become at last a

Police Magistrate,[†1] and turn my social knowledge to good practical account from day to day; and I have the strongest hope that in any such position as I have glanced at, I could prove my fitness for improving the execution of that trust. It is not a very towering ambition perhaps; but never was a man's ambition so peculiarly associated with his constant sympathies—and, as I fancy, with his capabilities—as this of mine.[†2]

Before I left London, political circumstances pointed so directly to a change in the Government, and the restoration, before long, of the Party with which you are proudly and honorably associated, that I more than once had the idea of speaking to some distinguished Member of it on this subject, and begging

leave to mention the fact that I sought employment of this kind—and there an end. Had Lord Holland been living, I think I should have done so to him without hesitation. But, at one time thinking of you, and at another of Lord Lansdowne, and at another of Lord Normanby (from whom I have received great personal kindness)[†3] I grew undecided and uneasy, and came away, at last, without doing anything.

Reverting to the question in this retirement, I have, somehow, accustomed myself to look at it, as it were from a distant time as well as a distant place. Fancying this letter a hundred years old, I cannot discern any reason why a Descendant of mine should come to the knowledge of it, with the least misgiving or reluctance. Therefore I think I may banish those feelings from my own mind, and boldly (though with an unaffected diffidence) state my object.

I feel that in doing so, I am as little open to the suspicion of sordid motives as any man, with such an object, can be. I entertain the wish, common to most Literary Men, of having some permanent dependance besides Literature. But I have no thought of abandoning that pursuit, which is a great happiness to me: and only seek this new avocation as its not unnatural offspring and companion. My writings, such as they are, are my credentials; and they have never been in greater favor at home and abroad, nor has my pen ever been more profitable to me, than at this time.

You may laughingly ask why I select you, after all, as the recipient of this letter? I will tell you the plain truth, without the slightest ornament. Though I have had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance—I had almost written, friendship—for but a short time, I am sure you have, naturally, a strong and kind inclination towards one in my position, which may be most implicitly confided in. In that assurance, I put my trust in you without reserve, and leave the substance of this letter to be remembered or forgotten by you, with a perfect reliance on your generous consideration.

I am ever | Dear Lord Morpeth
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Viscount Morpeth.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 JUNE 1846]

Extracts in F, v, ii, 392-3, 393-4, 392*n*, v, iii, 403*n*, v, ii, 394. *Date:* first, second and fifth extracts 22 June according to Forster; third extract from "another" letter than the first, but suggests early impressions, therefore probably same letter; fourth extract from letter "preceding" ?28 June.

Lausanne had its natural dulness increased by its streets going up and down hill abruptly and steeply, like the streets in a dream; and the consequent difficulty of getting about it. There are some suppressed churches in it, now used as packers' warehouses: with cranes and pulleys growing out of steeple-towers; little doors for lowering goods through, fitted into blocked-up oriel windows; and carthorses stabled in crypts. These also help to give it a deserted and disused appearance. On the other hand, as it is a perfectly free place subject to no prohibitions or restrictions of any kind, there are all sorts of new French books and

publications in it, and all sorts of fresh intelligence from the world beyond the Jura Mountains. It contains only one Roman Catholic church, which is mainly for the use of the Savoyards and Piedmontese who come trading over the Alps. As for the country, it cannot be praised too highly, or reported too beautiful. There are no great waterfalls, or walks through mountain-gorges, *close* at hand, as in some other parts of Switzerland; but there is a charming variety of enchanting scenery. There is the shore of the lake, where you may dip your feet, as you walk, in the deep blue water, if you choose. There are the hills to climb up, leading to the great heights above the town; or to stagger down, leading to the lake. There is every possible variety of deep green lanes, vineyard, cornfield, pasture-land, and wood. There are excellent country roads that might be in Kent or Devonshire: and, closing up every view and vista, is an eternally changing range of prodigious mountains—sometimes red, sometimes grey, sometimes purple, sometimes black; sometimes white with snow; sometimes close at hand; and sometimes very ghosts in the clouds and mist.

The view from each side of Rosemont was different in character, and from one there was visible the liveliest aspect of Lausanne itself, close at hand, and seeming to be always coming down the hill with its steeples and towers, not able to stop itself. From a fine long broad balcony on which the windows of my little study on the first floor (where I am now writing) open, the lake is seen to wonderful advantage,—losing itself by degrees in the solemn gorge of mountains leading to the Simplon pass. Under the balcony is a stone colonnade, on which the six French windows of the drawing-room open; and quantities of plants are clustered about the pillars and seats, very prettily. One of these drawing-rooms is furnished (like a French hotel) with red velvet, and the other with green; in both, plenty of mirrors and nice white muslin curtains; and for the larger one in cold weather there is a carpet, the floors being bare now, but inlaid in squares with different-coloured woods. *He went on to describe every other room, concluding* Walking out into the balcony as I write, I am suddenly reminded, by the sight of the Castle of Chillon[†1]

glittering in the sunlight on the lake, that I omitted to mention that object in my catalogue of the Rosemont beauties. Please to put it in, like George Robins,[†1] in a line by itself.

There were regular evening walks of nine or ten miles, and he was thinking of his books. An odd shadowy undefined idea is at work within me, that I could connect a great battle-field somehow with my little Christmas story. Shapeless visions of the repose and peace pervading it in after-time; with the corn and grass growing over the slain, and people singing at the plough; are so perpetually floating before me, that I cannot but think there may turn out to be something good in them when I see them more plainly. . . . I want to get Four Numbers of the monthly book done here, and the Christmas book. If all goes well, and nothing changes, and I can accomplish this by the end of November, I shall run over to you in England for a few days with a light heart, and leave Roche to move the caravan to Paris in the meanwhile. It will be just the very point in the story when the life and crowd of that extraordinary place will come vividly to my assistance in writing.

The green woods and green shades about here, are more like Cobham in Kent, than anything we dream of at the foot of the Alpine passes.

There was an annual child's fête at the Signal[†2] the other night: given by the town. It was beautiful to see perhaps a hundred couple of children dancing in an immense ring in a green wood. Our three eldest

were among them, presided over by my landlord,[†3] who was 18 years in the English Navy, and is the Sous Préfet of the town—a very good fellow indeed; quite an Englishman. Our landlady, nearly twice his age, used to keep the Inn (a famous one) at Zurich: and having made £50,000 bestowed it on a young husband. She might have done worse.

He ended with a promise to describe in his next letter the small colony of English.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JUNE 1846

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland
Twenty Fifth June 1846.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The enclosed sheets of paper[†4] are dated on the day on which—and at the place where—they were begun. When you have read and considered them, I shall hope to have the pleasure of receiving a letter from you.

This is an odd little house, which I think might be easily put into the great Sala of our old Genoese Palazzo—bodily. It stands in the midst of beautiful grounds, on the slope of the Hill going down to the Lake—and the blue waters thereof, and the whole range of Mountains, lie in front of the windows. Between it, and Ouchy, is a School, very famous in these parts, kept by a German gentleman; and in that School, Charley is imprisoned as a weekly Boarder.[†1] As there are only three other English boys, I hope he will soon be a proficient in the French language. He went, last Monday. It was rather a trial for him, and indeed for all of us, that first departure from home in a strange place. But he went with a gallant heart; and when I saw him sitting at the Garden Gate last night as I walked by, though I had an idea that he was counting the hours until Saturday at noon, yet he looked happy, and very brown. His sisters have a little French Governess at home, who can't speak a word of English.

The heat as we came here, was more intense than any I have ever felt, and so it has been here, until the day before yesterday, when there was a violent thunder storm of some hours' duration, which I hope has cleared the air for good and all, as it is now quite cool and windy. I have a study, something larger than a Plate Warmer, opening into a Balcony and commanding a lovely view. I am contemplating terrific and tremendous industry—am mightily resolved to begin the book in Numbers without delay—and have already begun to look the little Christmas Volume in its small red face; though I hardly know it by sight yet.

As my handwriting always becomes very hideous under such circumstances (as I fear I need hardly mention to you, who have so much of it to read) I will only add that Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial remembrances to you, and that we desire to add our best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Ever Faithfully Yours—CHARLES DICKENS. I am much distressed by having no room for the flourish.

To JOHN FORSTER, 25 JUNE 1846

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Angleterre | John Forster Esquire | 58 Lincolns Inn Fields | London.

Rosemont, Lausanne. Twenty Fifth June 1846.

My Dear Forster.

Will you remember, in about a month or five weeks from the 21st. of this month, to have accounts from Bradbury and Evans and Chapman and Hall, and to adjust and settle them?[†2]

I am very anxious that you should put to Bradbury and Evans a doubt which is strongly present to my mind—and that is, whether it would not be better—whether it is not positively necessary as matters stand—for them to arrange with Chapman and Hall, for Chapman and Hall being the publishers of the new book in monthly numbers.[†1] I have been so unwilling to awaken any new matters of difference between Bradbury and Evans and myself, and have been so sincerely anxious that the old ones should fade away and be forgotten along with the unfortunate, and unsettled, and irritating state of circumstances in which they were engendered—that I have not made any allusion to this desire of mine, before. But I have felt it very earnestly and constantly for some time, and never more so than when—at the very time of the publication of the Pictures from Italy, and when I was forcing myself to leave England, with the view of filling up the Pit in my literary life, made by that unhappy paper—their names were painted out from above the door in Fleet Street, and "Office of The Daily News" written up there, instead. So that when I was seeking, by the most decisive means to detach myself from that undertaking, my book was actually published at its office!

Pray explain to Bradbury and Evans that I do not make this, matter of complaint against them. I am most desirous that they should (as I now hope they will) recover their loss and turn the enterprize to good account. But the question whether it is proper that a book of mine should be published at a Newspaper office, is quite another thing; and that it is not advisable that it should be published at their place in Whitefriars, I take for granted.[†2] Otherwise, they never would have started the house in Fleet Street, at all. Apart from this, I do not disguise from you, or them, that I question their having people about them, competent to the management of such a work; whereas we know that Chapman and Hall are used to it, and that the machinery is as familiar to them, as the ticking of their own watches.

I have a besetting anxiety on this subject, of quite an intense kind. There will be the beginning of the new book, and there will be the Christmas Book, close on each other's heels. There is all the preliminary announcement to be considered and arranged, and the board to be made quite clear and clean for the playing out of a very great stake; and I do not think—not because I will not, but because I cannot—that Bradbury and Evans's arrangements, so thoroughly unsettled, and so sweepingly changed by the Newspaper—are so capable of the undertaking

as Chapman and Hall's. Pray, my dear Forster, take very grave counsel with Bradbury and Evans on this head, as soon as you conveniently can; and that they may not misunderstand the spirit in which I write, or consider me as being anything but good-humoured and friendly, read them as much of this letter, or all of it, as you please.

Ever affectionately Yours my Dear F.
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esquire.

To JOSEPH VALCKENBERG, 25 JUNE 1846

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* A Monsieur | Mons: Joseph Valckenberg | Worms | Sur le Rhine.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland
Twenty Fifth June 1846.

My Dear Sir.

I hasten to return you my best thanks for your very earnest and warm-hearted letter; and I assure you that if I can contrive to devote a day to Worms whenever I come down the Rhine, I shall certainly do so, and shall have great pleasure in becoming known to your family.

My movements depend so much on my industry here, and my industry depends so much on the humour I am in from day to day, that I cannot just now anticipate my movements with certainty. But whenever I strike my Swiss tent, I will write to you again. I think it is pretty sure that we shall remove to Paris before Christmas, and that I shall be running to London, towards the end of November.

It is impossible that I can be otherwise than pleased with the feeling in which your proposed remembrance of me, originates. And therefore all I have to say on the subject of the Liebfraumilch, is, that if it should come here, I will drink in it, the health of everybody, great and small, in that large family-house at Worms.

In the meantime, pray remember me to your home-circle—especially to your brother, and to that fair Wife of yours who did *not* come down to the Pier on the 6th of June. To whom Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their regards.

My small fellow-travellers arrived here in perfect health, and have grown so red in this farmhouse that they look as if they were in one perpetual Sunset.

Believe me, with regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Valckenberg Esquire.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL, [?15-26 JUNE 1846]

Mention in *To* Forster, ?28 June. *Date:* written at Rosemont, and completed before starting *Dombey* on 27 June.

About Ragged Schools.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?28 JUNE 1846]

Extracts in F, v, ii, 400, 394, iii, 402-3. *Date:* first extract 28 June according to Forster; second extract also 28 June, since the day before Haldimand's dinner (see *fn*); third extract probably same letter, since from one of "his first letters", but clearly well after the move to Rosemont.

I have not been idle since I have been here, though at first I was "kept out" of the big box[†1] as you know. I had a good deal to write for Lord John about the Ragged schools. I set to work and did that. A good deal for Miss Coutts, in reference to her charitable projects. I set to work and did *that.* Half of the children's New Testament[†2] to write, or pretty nearly. I set to work and did *that.* Next I cleared off the greater part of such correspondence as I had rashly pledged myself to; and then . . .

BEGAN DOMBEY!

I performed this feat yesterday—only wrote the first slip—but there it is, and it is a plunge straight over head and ears into the story. . . . Besides all this, I have really gone with great vigour at the French, where I find myself greatly assisted by the Italian; and am subject to two descriptions of mental fits in reference to the Christmas book: one, of the suddenest and wildest enthusiasm; one, of solitary and anxious consideration. . . . By the way, as I was unpacking the big box I took hold of a book, and said to "Them,"—"Now, whatever passage my thumb rests on, I shall take as having reference to my work." It was

TRISTRAM SHANDY, and opened at these words, "What a work it is likely to turn out! Let us begin it!"[†1]

He still inclined strongly to the field of battle notion *for his Christmas book, but had not yet begun, wishing to have Forster's opinion.*

He mentioned Haldimand,[†2] *who had a very fine seat just below Rosemont; his character and station had made him quite the little sovereign of the place.* He has founded and endowed all sorts of hospitals and institutions here, and he gives a dinner to-morrow to introduce our neighbours, whoever they are.[†3]

The peasantry all about Lausanne were as pleasant a people as need be. He never passed on any of the roads, man, woman, or child without a salutation; and anything churlish or disagreeable he never noticed in them. It was unjust to call the Swiss the Americans of the Continent. They have not the sweetness and grace of the Italians, or the agreeable manners of the better specimens of French peasantry, but they are

admirably educated (the schools of this canton are extraordinarily good, in every little village), and always prepared to give a civil and pleasant answer. There is no greater mistake. I was talking to my landlord about it the other day, and he said he could not conceive how it had ever arisen, but that when he returned from his eighteen years' service in the English Navy he shunned the people, and had no interest in them until they gradually forced their real

character upon his observation. We have a cook and a coachman here, taken at hazard from the people of the town; and I never saw more obliging servants, or people who did their work so truly *with a will.* And in point of cleanliness, order, and punctuality to the moment, they are unrivalled.

July

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 3 JULY 1846

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Angleterre | Thomas Chapman Esquire | 2 Leadenhall Street | London.

Rosemont, Lausanne. Friday Third July 1846

My Dear Sir

It was a very considerate and friendly act of you to time your communication on the most painful subject of the breach of confidence in your house,[†1] as you did, and to make it to me yourself. Accept my thanks for this proof of your regard among many others: and with them the assurance of my friendship and esteem.

I have been perfectly horrified by the whole Story.[†2] I could hardly name a man in London whom I should have thought less likely to stand so committed, than he. Not that I had any intimate knowledge of his pursuits, or any close acquaintance with himself or his usual mode of thinking and proceeding—but I had an idea of his great steadiness and reliability, and a conviction of his great respect and regard for you. God help him, I believe, even now, that he was sincere in the latter feeling, and was overcome and swept away by the tide of circumstances on which he had madly cast himself. The more I see and hear of such surprises, the more I echo that clause in Christ's prayer in which they are all shadowed forth,—and shrink from the prospect of temptation being presented to anybody dear to me, or to myself.

It has often awakened great wonder within me how all those publishing expences[†3] (of the extent of which, I was able to form a pretty accurate idea) were defrayed. But whenever I have sounded Augustus on the subject; which I have done once or twice; he always hinted at a Rich Uncle, and some unknown share in some unknown business, which of course I could not gainsay. He told the tale as it was told to him, and had every reason to believe it. Indeed, I suppose you and your partners laboured under the like delusion?

I should be very glad if you would tell me, when it is all done, whether you have any intelligence of him, or any knowledge of his destiny.[†1] It is terrible to think of his wife and children.

Like you, I was greatly shocked by the death of Haydon,[†2]—I thought the account of the Inquest one of the most affecting[†3] pieces of fact I had ever read. But I quite agree with you, nevertheless, that all his life he had utterly mistaken his vocation. No amount of sympathy with him and sorrow for him in his manly pursuit of a wrong idea for so many years—until, by dint of his perseverance and courage it almost began to seem a right one—ought to prevent one from saying that he most unquestionably was a very bad painter, and that his pictures could not be expected to sell or to succeed. I went to that very exhibition at the Egyptian Hall of which he writes so touchingly in his Diary; and I assure you that when I saw his account of the Number of Visitors he had had, in one of the papers, my amazement was—not that they were so few, but that they were so many. There was one Picture—Nero entertaining himself with a Musical Performance, while Rome was burning—quite marvellous in its badness. It was difficult to look at it with a composed and decent face. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that in the Theory of his art, he was very clever, and in his general tone of thought a very superior man. And I must say that having written so well on Art,[†4] and having suffered so much in a hopeless attempt to elevate it, I think he was (as his widow is) a very good subject for a Pension.

I little thought, once upon a time, that I should ever live to praise Peel. But

d'Israeli and that Dunghill Lord[†1] have so disgusted me, that I feel disposed to champion him—and should have done so, even if he hadn't shewn a striving artist, such delicate attention and compassion as he shewed to Haydon.[†2] I suppose he is out of office by this time, and Lord John half in; though I don't see how they are to steer between Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston.[†3] It must come in my opinion, as Cobden told them in the House, to a coalition between Peel and Lord John.[†4] The first great question on which the Public become really excited—Education, perhaps,—or Church Reform, or, for anything we know just now, the Game Laws—is very likely to bring it about. There will then be a strong Government, and, as Governments go, a pretty good one.

I hear from Forster that the Daily News is doing wonders,[†5] though he seems to me to be[†6] uneasy there himself, and to feel the confinement and drudgery. It is very well done, I think—but I always suspect them on Railroad matters—and don't think they will ever bruise their foreheads by running, before the Public, against any bold idea. Well! I am very glad I have nothing to do with it, and have so far forgotten it now, that I have ceased to be sorry that I ever had a part in it.

Our house here would go bodily into the great Sala of our Italian House; but it is in a lovely situation, and in the midst of very pretty grounds. I have already settled down to work, and am glad of the repose and quiet. The new book in numbers, is begun; and the Christmas book is simmering over a slow fire. In

such circumstances my handwriting usually becomes a very hideous and unreadable —as I am afraid you will have found out long before this place, if you ever reach it.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to say (with her and Miss Hogarth's love to Mrs. Chapman) that the house is large enough to leave us a spare bed; and that if you should make a summer trip in this direction, we should be delighted to welcome you. There is very little English society here, but what there is (two or three families) is agreeable and intelligent. As to the Swiss, they do me as much honor, and seem to be as interested in me, as if I were Swiss myself. I have a little Study, not unlike a large plate-warmer, which commands the whole Lake and range of mountains. There are beautiful and different views, on all the four sides of the house.

I have hardly left myself room to say that I am—but I want the less room, because it is[†1] unnecessary—always My Dear Mr. Chapman Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Everybody well, and the weather delicious.—Great thunder storms among the mountains.

To LORD ROBERTSON, 3 JULY 1846*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Angleterre | The Honorable | Lord Robertson | Edinburgh | Scotland.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland | Third July 1846.

My Dear Lightbody.

There was a gentleman in the prime of life—not stout, but inclining towards a goodly rotundity of person—who informed me, when you and I had the happiness of meeting at the house of our mutual friend Macready,[†2] that he wished he might be something or othered if he didn't make an Autumnal excursion to this place, to see your humble servant who is most cordially and lovingly his friend. As he said this, "in a manner" which inspired me with confidence in the sincerity of his declaration, I shall feel obliged if you will have the kindness to sound him on the subject, and ask him whether he means to come; and if so, when; and if not, why not.

You can tell him if you please that although this house could easily be put into the large hall of my Italian Palazzo, it is large enough and elastic enough to hold him, and also that other man—whom the vile blows and buffets of the world have so incensed that he is reckless what he does to spite the world[†3]—who swore at the same time that he would come, and sail upon the Lake. The heartiest of welcomes (and very little else) is ready for their reception.

I am hard at work; having already begun the new Story in numbers, and having the Christmas book on the top-bar, simmering gently over a slow fire. Surely there is no such place as London? I seem to have heard of it in my childhood,

but I am pretty sure it was a lie of the Nurse's. Mountains, valleys, lakes, vines, and green lanes, are all I believe in, in the way of locality.

Ramsgate to Ostend—Ostend (by Railroad) to Cologne. Cologne (by steamboat) to Mannheim. Mannheim (by Railroad) to Strasburg. Strasburg (by Railroad) to Bâle. Bâle (by Mail Coach, or any coach you like) to Lausanne. All along the road, through Belgium and Germany, the conversation is one perpetual Gaelic Sermon.[†1] Everybody is nearest choaking, when most eloquent.

All perfectly well. Love from the Ladies. Ever Yours affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 JULY 1846]

Extracts in F, v, iii, 404-5, 402 and *n*, v, ii, 394*n*, v, iii, 403-4, 413 and *n* (four extracts); F, 1872-4, II, xii, 236. *Date:* first three extracts 5 July according to Forster; fourth extract, describing the fête, in "the third week after his arrival"; fifth (about Haydon) at about the same time as *To* Chapman, 3 July; the next three "just at this time" and "the same letter" (as each other); final extract (about Mrs Lemon) probably same letter, since replaced in later edns by the extracts about Haydon and John Hunt (see *fn*).

He was feeling sometimes the want of streets in an extraordinary nervousness it would be hardly possible to describe, *that would come upon him after he had been writing all day.* I am writing slowly at first, of course, but I hope I shall have finished the first number in the course of a fortnight at farthest. I have done the first chapter, and begun another. I say nothing of the merits thus far, or of the idea beyond what is known to you; because I prefer that you should come as fresh as may be upon them. I shall certainly have a great surprise for people at the end of the fourth number;[†2] and I think there is a new and peculiar sort of interest, involving the necessity of a little bit of delicate treatment[†3] whereof I will expound my idea to you by and by. When I have done this number, I may take a run to Chamounix perhaps. . . . My thoughts have necessarily been called away from the Christmas book. The first *Dombey* done, I think I should fly off to that, whenever the idea presented itself vividly before me. I still cherish the Battle fancy, though it is nothing but a fancy as yet.

When it is very hot, it is hotter than in Italy.[†4] The overhanging roofs of the houses, and the quantity of wood employed in their construction (where they use tile and brick in Italy), render them perfect forcing-houses. The walls and floors, hot to the hand all the night through, interfere with sleep; and thunder is almost always booming and rumbling among the mountains. *There was at first a plague of flies.* They cover everything eatable, fall into everything drinkable, stagger into the wet ink of newly-written words and make tracks on the writing paper,

clog their legs in the lather on your chin while you are shaving in the morning, and drive you frantic at any time when there is daylight if you fall asleep.

The heat disabled him at the outset for all exertion until the lightning, thunder and rain arrived. He described the fruit as so abundant in the little farm, that the trees of the orchard in front of his house were

bending beneath it; a field of wheat sloping down to the side window of his dining-room was already cut and carried; and the roses, which the hurricane of rain had swept away, were come back lovelier and in greater numbers than ever.

Setting off last night at six o'clock, in accordance with my usual custom, for a long walk, I was really quite floored when I got to the top of a long steep hill leading out of the town—the same by which we entered it. I believe the great heats, however, seldom last more than a week at a time; there are always very long twilights, and very delicious evenings; and now that there is moonlight, the nights are wonderful. The peacefulness and grandeur of the Mountains and the Lake are indescribable. There comes a rush of sweet smells with the morning air too, which is quite peculiar to the country.

He gave an account of a fête held at The Signal. There were various booths for eating and drinking, and the selling of trinkets and sweetmeats; and in one place there was a great circle cleared, in which the common people waltzed and polka'd, without cessation, to the music of a band. There was a great roundabout for children (oh my stars what a family were proprietors of it! A sunburnt father and mother, a humpbacked boy, a great poodle-dog possessed of all sorts of accomplishments, and a young murderer of seventeen who turned the machinery); and there were some games of chance and skill established under trees. It was very pretty. In some of the drinking booths there were parties of German peasants, twenty together perhaps, singing national drinking-songs, and making a most exhilarating and musical chorus by rattling their cups and glasses on the table and clinking them against each other, to a regular tune. You know it as a stage dodge, but the real thing is splendid. Farther down the hill, other peasants were rifle-shooting for prizes, at targets set on the other side of a deep ravine, from two to three hundred yards off. It was quite fearful to see the astonishing accuracy of their aim, and how, every time a rifle awakened the ten thousand echoes of the green glen, some men crouching behind a little wall immediately in front of the targets, sprung up with large numbers in their hands denoting where the ball had struck the bull's eye—and then in a moment disappeared again. Standing in a ring near these shooters was another party of Germans singing hunting-songs, in parts, most melodiously. And down in the distance was Lausanne, with all sorts of haunted-looking old towers rising up before the smooth water of the lake, and an evening sky all red, and gold, and bright green. When it closed in quite dark, all the booths were lighted up; and the twinkling of the lamps among the forest of trees was beautiful.

I am very sorry to hear of Haydon's death. If any subscription be proposed, put me down for five pounds.[†1] *About John Hunt's death*: I quite shuddered at

John Hunt's[†1] having applied to that generous duke.[†2] It went against the grain with me, sorely, after the story of the two hundred pounds. I don't know what I should have done, if I had been Hunt.

I have been reading poor Hood's *Tylney Hall*:[†3] the most extraordinary jumble of impossible extravagance, and especial cleverness, I ever saw. The man drawn to the life from the pirate-bookseller, is wonderfully good;[†4] and his recommendation to a reduced gentleman from the university, to rise from nothing as he, the pirate, did, and go round to the churches and see whether there's an opening, and begin by being a beadle, is one of the finest things I ever read, in its way.[†5]

I had a letter from Tagart the day before yesterday, with a curious little anecdote of the Duke of Wellington in it. They have had a small cottage at Walmer; and one day—the other day only—the old man met their little daughter Lucy, a child about Mamey's age, near the garden; and having kissed her, and asked her what was her name, and who and what her parents were, tied a small silver medal round her neck with a bit of pink ribbon, and asked the child to keep it in remembrance of him. There is something good, and aged, and odd in it. Is there not?

After turning Mrs. Lemon's portrait over, in my mind, I am convinced that there is not a grain of bad taste in the matter, and that there is a manly composure

and courage in the proceeding deserving of the utmost respect. If Lemon were one of your braggart honest men, he would set a taint of bad taste upon that action as upon everything else he might say or do; but being what he is, I admire him for it greatly, and hold it to be a proof of an exalted nature and a true heart. Your idea of him, is mine. I am sure he is an excellent fellow. We talk about not liking such and such a man because he doesn't look one in the face,—but how much we should esteem a man who looks the world in the face, composedly, and neither shirks it nor bullies it. Between ourselves, I say with shame and self-reproach that I am quite sure if Kate had been a Columbine her portrait would not be hanging, "in character," in Devonshire-terrace.[†1]

To H. P. SMITH, 9 JULY 1846

MS Huntington Library.

Rosemont, Lausanne. | Ninth July 1846.

My Dear Smith.

I am quite ashamed to have forgotten your letter of Introduction to my Italianized Yorkshireman. Here it is, agreeably to your reminder conveyed to my brother Alfred. You will find him a good plain workaday bachelor, whose wine, cigars, brandy and water, and so forth, I punished cruelly when I was in those parts.

Our house here would go bodily into the Peschiere Sala, but it is very pretty, and splendidly situated. Don't you mean to pass this way? We are all well, thank God, and happy; and I am charged with more loves to Mrs. Smith and Co. (including my own) than this half sheet of paper will hold.

I have begun my new book and am up to the eyes in it—I suppose I ought rather to say, as it begins in the head, 'down to the toes'. You wouldn't entertain a proposal for ensuring imaginary lives, would you? If so, I would submit the life of—

[No.][†2] The name shall not pass these lips, until the [Wa]lls of [the City[†3] pro]claim it.

Ever Yours cordially

CD.

H. P. Smith Esquire

To W. WALTON, 9 JULY 1846

MS Huntington Library.

Lausanne. Switzerland | Ninth July 1846.

My Dear Walton.

I beg to introduce to you, Mr. and Mrs. Smith—very particular friends of ours, for whom we have the greatest regard. I need say no more, I am sure, to recommend them to your kind offices. Mr. Smith is stimulated by my accounts of the Marble quarries and the Carrara Studii, to a wish to see those wonders; and I have told him that no one can shew them, half so satisfactorily and pleasantly as you.

Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Walton Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12 JULY 1846]

Extracts in F, v, iii, 405, 404, v, ii, 394-5 and *n*, 397-8, v, iii, 404*n*. *Date:* first extract "a week later" and second and last extracts "of a little later date" than 5 July according to Forster; third and fourth, clearly the next letter after the dinner on 6 July (see *fn*), and fifth, after his visit to the Blind Institution (on 8 July according to Forster).

He hoped to finish the first number by that day week or thereabouts, and should then run and look for his Christmas book in the glaciers at Chamounix. I think *Dombey* very strong—with great capacity in its leading idea; plenty of character that is likely to tell; and some rollicking facetiousness, to say nothing of pathos. I hope you will soon judge of it for yourself, however; and I know you will say what you think. I have been very constantly at work.

One of the farmer's people—a sister, I think—was married from here the other day. It is wonderful to see how naturally the smallest girls are interested in marriages. Katey and Mamey were as excited as if they were eighteen. The fondness of the Swiss for gunpowder on interesting occasions, is one of the drollest things. For three days before, the farmer himself, in the midst of his various agricultural duties, plunged out of a little door near my windows, about once in every hour, and fired off a rifle. I thought he was shooting rats who were spoiling the vines; but he was merely relieving his mind, it seemed, on the subject of the approaching nuptials. All night afterwards, he and a small circle of friends kept perpetually letting off guns under the casement of the bridal chamber. A Bride is always drest here, in black silk;[†1] but this bride wore merino of that colour, observing to her mother when she bought it (the old lady is 82, and works on the farm), "You know, mother, I am sure to want mourning for you, soon; and the same gown will do."

He was invited to dinner by Mr. and Mrs. de Cerjat.[†2] One of her brothers by the bye, now dead, had large property in Ireland—all Nenagh,[†3] and the country

about; and Cerjat told me, as we were talking about one thing and another, that when he went over there for some months to arrange the widow's affairs, he procured a copy of the curse which had been read at the altar by the parish priest of Nenagh, against any of the flock who didn't subscribe to the O'Connell tribute. *A difficulty occurred in his drive to Mr. Cerjat's dinner. He had set up, for use of his wife and children, an odd little one-horse-carriage, made to hold three people sideways, so that they should avoid the wind always blowing up or down the valley.* It can't be easily turned; and as you face to the side, all sorts of evolutions are necessary to bring you "broad-side to" before the door of the house where you are going. The country houses here are very like those upon the Thames between Richmond and Kingston (this, particularly), with grounds all round. At Mr. Cerjat's we were obliged to be carried, like the child's riddle, round the house and round the house, without touching the house; and we were presented in the most alarming manner, three of a row, first to all the people in the kitchen, then to the governess who was dressing in her bedroom, then to the drawing-room where the company were waiting for us, then to the dining-room where they were spreading the table, and finally to the hall where we were got out—scraping the windows of each apartment as we glared slowly into it.

He visited the Blind Institution and was particularly interested by two cases. The first was that of a young man of 18 born deaf and dumb, and stricken blind by an accident when he was about five years old.[†1] The Director of the institution[†2] is a young German, of great ability, and most uncommonly prepossessing appearance. He propounded to the scientific bodies of Geneva, a year ago (when this young man was under education in the asylum), the possibility of teaching him to speak—in other words, to play with his tongue upon his teeth and palate as if on an instrument, and connect particular performances with particular words conveyed to him in the finger-language. They unanimously agreed that it was quite impossible. The German set to work, and the young man now speaks very plainly and distinctly: without the least modulation, of course, but with comparatively little hesitation; expressing the words aloud as they are struck, so to speak, upon his hands; and showing the most intense and wonderful delight in doing it. This is commonly acquired, as you know, by the deaf and dumb who learn by sight; but it has never before been achieved in the case of a deaf, dumb, and blind subject. He is an extremely lively, intelligent, good-humoured fellow;

an excellent carpenter; a first-rate turner; and runs about the building with a certainty and confidence which none of the merely blind pupils acquire. He has a great many ideas, and an instinctive dread of death. He knows of God, as of Thought enthroned somewhere; and once told, on nature's prompting (the devil's of course), a lie. He was sitting at dinner, and the Director asked him whether he had had anything to drink; to which he instantly replied "No," in order that he might get some more, though he had been served in his turn. It was explained to him that this was a wrong thing, and wouldn't do, and that he was to be locked up in a room for it: which was done. Soon after this, he had a dream of being bitten in the shoulder by some strange animal. As it left a great impression on his mind, he told M. the Director that he had told another lie in the night. In proof of it he related his dream, and added, "it must be a lie you know, because there is no strange animal here, and I never was bitten." Being informed that this sort of lie was a

harmless one, and was called a dream, he asked whether dead people ever dreamed while they were lying in the ground. He is one of the most curious and interesting studies possible.

When I was there, there had come in, that morning, a girl of ten years old, born deaf and dumb and blind, and so perfectly untaught that she has not learnt to have the least control even over the performance of the common natural functions. . . . And yet she *laughs sometimes* (good God! conceive what at!)—and is dreadfully sensitive from head to foot, and very much alarmed, for some hours before the coming on of a thunderstorm. Mr. Haldimand has been long trying to induce her parents to send her to the asylum. At last they have consented; and when I saw her, some of the little blind girls were trying to make friends with her, and to lead her gently about. She was dressed in just a loose robe from the necessity of changing her frequently, but had been in a bath, and had had her nails cut (which were previously very long and dirty), and was not at all ill-looking—quite the reverse; with a remarkably good and pretty little mouth, but a low and undeveloped head of course. It was pointed out to me, as very singular, that the moment she is left alone, or freed from anybody's touch (which is the same thing to her), she instantly crouches down with her hands up to her ears, in exactly the position of a child before its birth; and so remains. I thought this such a strange coincidence with the utter want of advancement in her moral being, that it made a great impression on me; and conning it over and over, I began to think that this is surely the invariable action of savages too, and that I have seen it over and over again described in books of voyages and travels. Not having any of these with me, I turned to *Robinson Crusoe*; and I find De Foe says, describing the savages who came on the island after Will Atkins began to change for the better and commanded under the grave Spaniard for the common defence, "their posture was generally sitting upon the ground, with their knees up towards their mouth, and the head put between the two hands, leaning down upon the knees"[†1]—exactly the same attitude!

Kate, Georgy, Mamey, Katey, Charley, Walley, Chickenstalker, and Sampson Brass, commend themselves unto your Honour's loving remembrance.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 JULY 1846]

Extracts in F, v, iii, 405, v, ii, 398, 395. *Date:* first extract 18 July according to Forster, and second extract in his "next week's letter" after 12 July; third extract, describing party of 16 July, is clearly same letter.

He had still eight slips to write to complete the fourth chapter of Dombey, *and for a week had put off Chamounix.* I think the general idea of *Dombey* is interesting and new, and has great material in it. But I don't like to discuss it with you till you have read number one, for fear I should spoil its effect. When done—about Wednesday or Thursday, please God—I will send it in two days' posts, seven letters each day.[†1] If you have it set at once (I am afraid you couldn't read it, otherwise than in print) I know you will impress on B. & E. the necessity of the closest secrecy. The very name getting out, would be ruinous.[†2] The points for illustration, and the enormous care required, make me excessively anxious. The man for Dombey, if Browne could see him, the class man to a T, is Sir A____ E____, of D____'s.[†3] Great pains will be necessary with Miss Tox. The Toodle family should not be too much caricatured, because of

Polly. I should like Browne to think of Susan Nipper, who will not be wanted in the first number. After the second number, they will all be nine or ten years older,[†4] but this will not involve much change in the characters, except in the children and Miss Nipper. What a brilliant thing to be telling you all these names so familiarly, when you know nothing about 'em! I quite enjoy it. By the bye, I hope you may like the introduction of Solomon Gills. I think he lives in a good sort of house. . . . One word more. What do you think, as a name for the Christmas book, of THE BATTLE OF LIFE? It is not a name I have conned at all, but has just occurred to me in connection with that foggy idea. If I can see my way, I think I will take it next, and clear it off. If you knew how it hangs about me, I am sure you would say so too. It would be an immense relief to have it done, and nothing standing in the way of *Dombey.*

I have not been to the Blind asylum again yet, but they tell me that the deaf and dumb and blind child's *face* is improving obviously, and that she takes great delight in the first effort made by the Director to connect himself with an occupation of her time. He gives her, every day, two smooth round pebbles to roll over and over between her two hands. She appears to have an idea that it is to

lead to something; distinctly recognizes the hand that gives them to her, as a friendly and protecting one; and sits for hours quite busy.

Describing a dinner-party of his own:[†1] While we were sitting at dinner, one of the prettiest girls in Lausanne was drowned in the lake—in the most peaceful water, reflecting the steep mountains, and crimson with the setting sun. She was bathing in one of the nooks set apart for women, and seems somehow to have entangled her feet in the skirts of her dress. She was an accomplished swimmer, as many of the girls are here, and drifted, suddenly, out of only five feet water. Three or four friends who were with her, *ran away,* screaming. Our children's governess was on the lake in a boat with M. Verdeil (my prison-doctor)[†2] and his family. They ran inshore immediately; the body was quickly got out; and M. Verdeil, with three or four other doctors, laboured for some hours to restore animation; but she only sighed once. After all that time, she was obliged to be borne, stiff and stark, to her father's house. She was his only child, and but 17 years old. He has been nearly dead since, and all Lausanne has been full of the story. I was down by the lake, near the place, last night; and a boatman *acted* to me the whole scene: depositing himself finally on a heap of stones, to represent the body.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JULY 1846

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Rosemont, Lausanne. Saturday Twenty Fifth July 1846.

My Dear Miss Coutts. I think I recollect to have seen a former appeal of that Pentonville Society,[†3] and to have regarded it in exactly the same light as that in which you view this recent one. I certainly think that if it be well managed, it might form, *in part,* a model for your Institution, but I think it would be inexpedient for you to found yours, until you have a general knowledge of the management of many similar Institutions. Very little has yet been done in this respect; and if you could do no better than has been done already, I really doubt the expediency of founding an entirely new establishment in preference to assisting

in the endowment of an existing one. I fear you would be disappointed in the result, and that you would spend your money to but little purpose.

Have you considered the practical difficulty of confining such an Institution to a single Parish? What would be the qualification (so to speak) for admission? Must the person have been born there, or must she have resided there, a certain

time? If the latter, I fear the opposition of the Parish itself, and its perpetual hunting down of these unhappy objects lest they should be establishing themselves there, with some kind of faint view to the Asylum, would entail upon them a frightful persecution. If the former, I fear that some of the most pitiable, and truly distressing, and hopeful cases (those of young people coming from the Country, and sinking down into the vice of London) would be without any relief from you.

Your two objections to my sketch of a plan, I wish to offer half a dozen words upon.

1st. As to Marriage. I do not propose to put that before them as the immediate end and object to be gained, but assuredly to keep it in view as the possible consequence of a sincere, true, practical repentance, and an altered life. A kind of penitence is bred in our prisons and purgatories just now, which is a very pretty penitence inside the walls, but fades into nothing when it comes into contact with worldly realities. In the generality of cases, it is almost impossible to produce a penitence which shall stand the wear and tear of this rough world, without Hope—worldly hope—the hope of at one time or other recovering something like the lost station. I would make this Hope, however faint and afar off it might be, exactly the one that out of the Asylum and without its aid, seemed (and was) impossible of attainment.

2ndly. With regard to Temptation. I would simply ask you to consider whether we do not, all of us, in our stations, tempt our fellow creatures at every turn. Whether there is a merchant in London who does not hourly expose his servants to strong temptation. Whether a night or morning ever comes, when you do not tempt your butler with a hundred times the worth of his year's wages. Whether there are not, at the Banking House in the Strand, many young men whose lives are one exposure to, and resistance of, temptation. And whether it is not a Christian act to say to such unfortunate creatures as you purpose, by God's blessing, to reclaim "Test for yourselves the reality of your repentance and your power of resisting temptation, while you are *here*, and before you are in the World outside, to fall before it!"

Now about Punch. I have no influence whatever, with that Potentate save such as may lie in its being owned by my printers, and in my having a personal knowledge of some of its principal Contributors. You may guess how powerful my influence is, when I tell you that during my Stage Management, of the Amateur Play, I spoke to the gentleman most prominent among them,[†1] about that very Duke[†2]—more than once—and said that I believed him to be an excellent

creature. That I had myself received the most remarkable courtesy from him, and that I knew that in his treatment of his Governess, and of others about him, he was a bright example to three fourths of the middle

classes. The gentleman to whom I spoke, laughed about it, and said that there was no ill nature in their jokes at his expence, and that they merely jested at peculiarities of speech and manner that were generally notorious. After this conversation, or about the same time, however, the Duke happened to make a very unfortunate and apparently unfeeling, speech, about the diseased potatoes. This, Punch resented and took in great dudgeon. Between ourselves, I really hardly know how they could have done otherwise, for it was especially ill-timed and ill-chosen. But both on the occasions to which I have referred, and since, I have championed him strongly, in the same quarter. And, as I have already said, you may guess from this, how great my influence is. I thoroughly agree with you in all you say about him: but I never wrote, or stayed the writing, of a word in Punch, and am not in the least degree in his confidence or councils.

Mrs. Dickens, Charley, and his sisters, beg, with me, to be earnestly remembered in those two corners.

I am Ever | Dear Miss Coutts
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25-26 JULY 1846]

Extracts in F, VI, ii, 472-3, V, V, 422, V, ii, 398-9, 396, V, iii, 406 (2 extracts), V, ii, 400 and 400-1*n*, 396*n*, V, iii, 406, VI, ii, 473. *Date:* first four extracts 25 July according to Forster, and last three "the same letter" (the last two each described as "the close"); fifth and sixth extracts mention incidents which "preceded the trip to Chamounix" (28 July); seventh extract, about local society, undated, but likely to be same letter.

Sending the manuscript of the first four chapters: I will now go on to give you an outline of my immediate intentions in reference to *Dombey*. I design to show Mr. D with that one idea of the Son taking firmer and firmer possession of him, and swelling and bloating his pride to a prodigious extent. As the boy begins to grow up, I shall show him quite impatient for his getting on, and urging his masters to set him great tasks, and the like. But the natural affection of the boy will turn towards the despised sister; and I purpose showing her learning all sorts of things, of her own application and determination, to assist him in his lessons: and helping him always. When the boy is about ten years old (in the fourth number), he will be taken ill, and will die; and when he is ill, and when he is dying, I mean to make him turn always for refuge to the sister still, and keep the stern affection of the father at a distance. So Mr. Dombey—for all his greatness, and for all his devotion to the child—will find himself at arms' length from him even then; and will see that his love and confidence are all bestowed upon his sister, whom Mr. Dombey has used—and so has the boy himself too, for that matter—as a mere convenience and handle to him. The death of the boy is a death-blow, of course, to all the father's schemes and cherished hopes; and "Dombey and Son," as Miss Tox will say at the end of the

number, "is a Daughter after all."[†1] . . . From that time, I purpose changing his feeling of indifference and uneasiness towards his daughter into a positive hatred. For he will always remember how the boy had his

arm round her neck when he was dying, and whispered to her, and would take things only from her hand, and never thought of him. . . . At the same time I shall change *her* feeling towards *him* for one of a greater desire to love him, and to be loved by him; engendered in her compassion for his loss, and her love for the dead boy whom, in his way, he loved so well too. So I mean to carry the story on, through all the branches and off-shoots and meanderings that come up; and through the decay and downfall of the house, and the bankruptcy of Dombey, and all the rest of it; when his only staff and treasure, and his unknown Good Genius always, will be this rejected daughter, who will come out better than any son at last, and whose love for him, when discovered and understood, will be his bitterest reproach. For the struggle with himself, which goes on in all such obstinate natures, will have ended then; and the sense of his injustice, which you may be sure has never quitted him, will have at last a gentler office than that of only making him more harshly unjust. . . . I rely very much on Susan Nipper grown up, and acting partly as Florence's maid, and partly as a kind of companion to her, for a strong character throughout the book. I also rely on the Toodles, and on Polly, who, like everybody else, will be found by Mr. Dombey to have gone over to his daughter and become attached to her. This is what cooks call "the stock of the soup." All kinds of things will be added to it, of course.

I have been thinking this last day or two that good Christmas characters might be grown out of the idea of a man imprisoned for ten or fifteen years: his imprisonment being the gap between the people and circumstances of the first part and the altered people and circumstances of the second, and his own changed mind. Though I shall probably proceed with the Battle idea, I should like to know what you think of this one?[†2]

Replying to Forster's comments on the blind child:[†3] I do not think that there is reason for supposing that the savage attitude originates in the desire of warmth, because all naked savages inhabit hot climates; and their instinctive attitude, if it had reference to heat or cold, would probably be the coolest possible; like their delight in water, and swimming. I do not think there is any race of savage men, however low in grade, inhabiting cold climates, who do not kill beasts and wear their skins. The girl decidedly improves in face, and, if one can yet use the word as applied to her, in manner too. No communication by the speech of touch has yet been established with her, but the time has not been long enough.

Some years ago, when they set about reforming the prison at Lausanne, they turned their attention, in a correspondence of republican feeling, to America; and taking the Philadelphian system for granted, adopted it. Terrible fits, new phases of mental affection, and horrible madness, among the prisoners, were very soon the result; and attained to such an alarming height, that M. Verdeil, in his public capacity, began to report against the system, and went on reporting and working against it until he formed a party who were determined not to have it, and caused it to be abolished—except in cases where the imprisonment does not exceed ten months in the whole. It is remarkable that in his notes of the different cases, there is *every effect* I mentioned as having observed myself at Philadelphia; even down to those contained in the description of the man who had been there thirteen years, and who *picked his hands* so much as he talked.[†1] He has only recently, he says, read the *American Notes*; but he is so much struck by the perfect coincidence that he intends to republish some extracts from his own notes, side by side with these passages of mine translated into French. I went with him over the prison the other day. It is wonderfully well

arranged for a continental jail, and in perfect order. The sentences however, or some of them, are very terrible. I saw one man sent there for murder under circumstances of mitigation—for 30 years. Upon the silent social system all the time! They weave, and plait straw, and make shoes, small articles of turnery and carpentry, and little common wooden clocks. But the sentences are too long for that monotonous and hopeless life; and, though they are well-fed and cared for, they generally break down utterly after two or three years. One delusion seems to become common to three-fourths of them after a certain time of imprisonment. Under the impression that there is something destructive put into their food "pour les guérir de crime" (says M. Verdeil), they refuse to eat![†2]

Hallam[†3] *was visiting Haldimand.* Heavens! how Hallam did talk yesterday! I don't think I ever saw him so tremendous. Very good-natured and pleasant, in his way, but Good Heavens! how he did talk. That famous day you and I remember was nothing to it. His son was with him, and his daughter (who has an impediment in her speech, as if nature were determined to balance that faculty in the family), and his niece, a pretty woman, the wife of a clergyman and a

friend of Thackeray's. It strikes me that she must be "the little woman" he proposed to take us to drink tea with, once, in Golden-square. Don't you remember? His great favourite? She is quite a charming person anyhow.[†1]

As Haldimand and Mrs. Marcet[†2] and the Cerjats had devised a small mountain expedition for us for to-morrow,[†3] I didn't like to allow Chamounix to stand in the way. So we go with them first, and start on our own account on Tuesday. We are extremely pleasant with these people.

He described his social circle in Lausanne as wonderfully friendly and hospitable. . . . I do not think we could have fallen on better society. It is a small circle certainly, but quite large enough. The Watsons improve very much on acquaintance. Everybody is very well informed; and we are all as social and friendly as people can be, and very merry. We play whist with great dignity and gravity sometimes, interrupted only by the occasional facetiousness of the Inimitable.

I have been queer and had trembling legs for the last week. But it has been almost impossible to sleep at night. There is a breeze to-day and I hope another storm is coming up. . . . There is a theatre here; and whenever a troop of players pass through the town, they halt for a night and act. On the day of our tremendous dinner party of eight, there was an infant phenomenon; whom I should otherwise have seen.[†4] Last night there was a Vaudeville company;[†5] and Charley, Roche, and Anne went. The Brave reports the performances to have resembled Greenwich Fair. . . . There are some Promenade Concerts in the open air[†6] in progress now; but as they are just above one part of our garden we don't go: merely sitting outside the door instead, and hearing it all where we

are. . . . Mont Blanc has been very plain lately. One heap of snow. A Frenchman got to the top, the other day.[†1]

Two pieces of local news: My first news is that a crocodile is said to have escaped from the Zoological Gardens at Geneva, and to be now "zig-zag-zigging" about the lake. But I can't make out whether this is a great fact, or whether it is a pious fraud to prevent too much bathing and liability to accidents. The other piece of news is more serious. An English family whose name I don't know, consisting of a father, mother and daughter, arrived at the Hotel Gibbon here last Monday, and started off on some mountain expedition in one of the carriages of the country. It was a mere track, the road, and ought to have been travelled only by mules, but the Englishman persisted (as Englishmen do) in going on in the carriage; and in answer to all the representations of the driver that no carriage had ever gone up there, said he needn't be afraid he wasn't going to be paid for it, and so forth. Accordingly, the coachman got down and walked by the horses' heads. It was fiery hot; and, after much tugging and rearing, the horses began to back, and went down bodily, carriage and all, into a deep ravine. The mother was killed on the spot; and the father and daughter are lying at some house hard by, not expected to recover.[†2]

He put an important question about Dombey and Son. About the boy,[†3] who appears in the last chapter of the first number, I think it would be a good thing to disappoint all the expectations that chapter seems to raise of his happy connection with the story and the heroine, and to show him gradually and naturally trailing away, from that love of adventure and boyish light-heartedness, into negligence, idleness, dissipation, dishonesty, and ruin. To show, in short, that common, every-day, miserable declension of which we know so much in our ordinary life; to exhibit something of the philosophy of it, in great temptations and an easy nature; and to show how the good turns into bad, by degrees. If I kept some little notion of Florence always at the bottom of it, I think it might be made very powerful and very useful. What do you think? Do you think it may be done, without making people angry? I could bring out Solomon Gills and Captain Cuttle well, through such a history; and I descry, anyway, an opportunity for good scenes between Captain Cuttle and Miss Tox.[†4] This question of the boy is very important. . . . Let me hear all you think about it. Hear! I wish I could.[†5]

August

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 AUGUST 1846]

Extracts in F, V, iii, 406-8, 408-9, VI, ii, 475. *Date:* first two extracts 2 Aug according to Forster; third extract probably same date since concerned with instructions to Browne for cover and plates for No. 1 of *Dombey.*

I begin my letter to-night, but only begin, for we returned from Chamounix in time for dinner just now, and are pretty considerably done up. We went by a mountain pass not often crossed by ladies, called the Col de Balme, where your imagination may picture Kate and Georgy on mules *for ten hours at a stretch,* riding up and down the most frightful precipices.[†1] We returned by the pass of the Tête Noire, which Talfourd knows,[†2] and which is of a different character, but astonishingly fine too. Mont Blanc, and the Valley of Chamounix, and the Mer de Glace, and all the wonders of that most wonderful place, are above and beyond one's wildest expectations. I cannot imagine anything in nature more stupendous or sublime. If I were to write about it now, I should quite rave—such prodigious impressions are rampant

within me. . . You may suppose that the mule-travelling is pretty primitive. Each person takes a carpet-bag strapped on the mule behind himself or herself: and that is all the baggage that can be carried. A guide, a thorough-bred mountaineer, walks all the way, leading the lady's mule; I say the lady's par excellence, in compliment to Kate; and all the rest struggle on as they please. The cavalcade stops at a lone hut for an hour and a half in the middle of the day, and lunches brilliantly on whatever it can get. Going by that Col de Balme pass, you climb up and up and up for five hours and more, and look—from a mere unguarded ledge of path on the side of the precipice—into such awful valleys, that at last you are firm in the belief that you have got above everything in the world, and that there can be nothing earthly overhead. Just as you arrive at this conclusion, a different (and oh Heaven! what a free and wonderful) air comes blowing on your face; you cross a ridge of snow; and lying before you (wholly unseen till then), towering up into the distant sky, is the vast range of Mont Blanc, with attendant mountains diminished by its majestic side into mere dwarfs tapering up into innumerable rude Gothic pinnacles; deserts of ice and snow; forests of firs on mountain sides, of no account at all in the enormous scene; villages down in the hollow, that you can shut out with a finger; waterfalls, avalanches, pyramids and towers of ice, torrents, bridges; mountain upon mountain until the very sky is blocked away, and you must look up, overhead, to see it. Good God, what a country Switzerland is, and what a concentration of it is to be beheld from that one spot! And (think of this in Whitefriars and in Lincoln's-inn!) at noon on the second day from here, the

first day being but half a one by the bye and full of uncommon beauty, you lie down on that ridge and see it all! . . . I think I must go back again (whether you come or not!) and see it again before the bad weather arrives. We have had sunlight, moonlight, a perfectly transparent atmosphere with not a cloud, and the grand plateau on the very summit of Mont Blanc so clear by day and night that it was difficult to believe in intervening chasms and precipices, and almost impossible to resist the idea that one might sally forth and climb up easily. I went into all sorts of places; armed with a great pole with a spike at the end of it, like a leaping-pole, and with pointed irons buckled on to my shoes; and am all but knocked up. I was very anxious to make the expedition to what is called "The Garden:"[†1] a green spot covered with wild flowers, lying across the Mer de Glace, and among the most awful mountains: but I could find no Englishman at the hotels who was similarly disposed, and the Brave *wouldn't go.* No sir! He gave in point blank (having been horribly blown in a climbing excursion the day before), and couldn't stand it. He is too heavy for such work, unquestionably. In all other respects, I think he has exceeded himself on this journey: and if you could have seen him riding a very small mule, up a road exactly like the broken stairs of Rochester-castle; with a brandy bottle slung over his shoulder, a small pie in his hat, a roast fowl looking out of his pocket, and a mountain staff of six feet long carried cross-wise on the saddle before him; you'd have said so. He was (next to me) the admiration of Chamounix, but he utterly quenched me on the road.

On the road as they returned, the day before this letter was written, he was jingling slowly up the Tête Noire pass (*his mule having thirty-seven bells on its head*), *riding at the moment quite alone, when* an Englishman came bolting out of a little châlet in a most inaccessible and extraordinary place, and said with great glee "There has been an accident here sir!" I had been thinking of anything else you please; and, having no reason to suppose him an Englishman except his language, which went for nothing in the confusion, stammered out a reply in French and stared at him, in a very damp shirt and trowsers, as he stared at me in a similar costume. On his repeating the announcement, I began to have a glimmering of

common sense; and so arrived at a knowledge of the fact that a German lady had been thrown from her mule and had broken her leg, at a short distance off, and had found her way in great pain to that cottage, where the Englishman, a Prussian, and a Frenchman, had presently come up; and the Frenchman, by extraordinary good fortune, was a surgeon! They were all from Chamounix, and the three latter were walking in company. It was quite charming to see how attentive they were. The lady was from Lausanne; where she had come from Frankfort to make excursions with her two boys, who are at the college here, during the vacation. She had no other attendants, and the boys were crying and very frightened. The Englishman was in the full glee of having just cut up one white dress, two chemises, and three pocket handkerchiefs, for bandages; the Frenchman had set the leg, skilfully; the Prussian had scoured a neighbouring wood for some men to carry her forward; and they were all at it, behind the hut,

making a sort of hand-barrow on which to bear her. When it was constructed, she was strapped upon it; had her poor head covered over with a handkerchief, and was carried away; and we all went on in company: Kate and Georgy consoling and tending the sufferer, who was very cheerful, but had lost her husband only a year. *It was hoped that by means of relays of men at Martigny the poor lady might have been carried on some twenty miles in the cooler evening, to the head of the lake, and so have been got into the steamer; but she was too exhausted to be borne beyond the inn, and there she had to remain until joined by relatives from Frankfort.*

He expressed his anxiety about Browne's illustrations for Dombey, *with a nervous dread of caricature in the face of Mr. Dombey.* I do wish he could get a glimpse of A, for he is the very Dombey.[†1]

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 5 AUGUST 1846*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland. Fifth August 1846.

My Dear Count D'Orsay.

Your Godson's Mama and Nurses, are, and have been ever since we left home, so desperately importunate to have a Report made to you—a true and ungarnished report of his unparalleled and never-sufficiently-to-be-wondered-at Goodness—that I must, for the sake of peace and quietness, begin my letter with it. So pray take notice that he is never known to cry; that he came through the long journey and great heat without the smallest remonstrance of any sort or kind; that he is perpetually laughing and good tempered; and that I see him at this moment lying in the Garden, in the shade, with two pink legs upreared in the air, and *the* bells and Coral forced into his mouth.

This place is on the hill between Lausanne and Ouchy—about midway between the two places. The house is small, but the grounds are extensive and very pretty; and it is certainly the most cheerful house here. The heat is, and has been, most intense; but I hope the weather will soon change, now that we have got into August. I should have written to you, long ago. But as soon as we were installed in these regions, I set to work on my new book, whereof I have done the first number and begun the second; and this has kept me constantly employed. I hope it will be liked; and I think there is a good idea in it. My leisure hours I devote to thinking of the Christmas Book, and I shall go to work on that, as soon as I have matured the

idea which is afloat in my mind. We purpose leaving here about the end of November, and going to Paris, whence I shall hope to run over to London. I look forward to Paris with great interest and am very glad Lord

Normanby will be there,[†1] as it will make all the difference between what is stately and what is agreeable.

We started off to Chamounix a week ago, and were delighted beyond all expression with the place. If I could have found any adventurous Englishman there, I would have made (I think) a start for the Summit of Mont Blanc, about which there was not one speck of vapour. But I couldn't find anybody disposed to join in such an expedition, so was forced to content myself by ingloriously climbing over the Mer de Glace and tumbling about, with a leaping pole, in one or two inaccessible places. What do you say to coming over and sharing in the enterprize? We have only to swear over the long pipe (I smoke it constantly) that we never will turn back without reaching the top—and the thing is done.

And talking of the long pipe, I am bound to say that the Brave Courier is a perfect Hookahbadahr (I think that's the way to spell it) and prepares it wonderfully. When he was at Cairo, he watched them getting up the Pipes, with a Courier's eye; and he does it quite in the Arabian Night manner.

At the Inn at Chamounix, there was a most splendid couple of travellers. An immense Frenchman and a very little Englishman, who had struck up an acquaintance at Geneva, and had agreed to make some mountain excursions together. The Englishman could speak no French, but the Frenchman could speak a little English; and the Englishman's patronage of him in consequence, was the most ridiculous thing I ever saw in my life. He had not the least idea that it was very good of the Frenchman to bother himself with the language, but seemed to think it was a laudable ambition in any poor fellow to plunge into the attempt (however hopeless) and that it deserved some condescencion;[†2] and the way in which he set the Frenchman right—talking broken English to him, himself, as if the Frenchman were a child—and his look round the table at his countrymen, as much as to say "You hear this poor Devil? Excuse him! He means well"—was perfectly insupportable. I don't think I ever was so much tickled by anything; and being opposite to him, I was in a continual agony, for I could not help laughing. There was a pretty good Englishman on board of one of the Rhine boats, who *would* talk to a Prussian, in English, and persisted in making small jokes at which he expected the Prussian to laugh; and said of the Cutlets at dinner time "Very tough Sir, eh? A good deal of the old shoe in these chops Sir, eh?"—but the Englishman of Chamounix outshone him, very far.

There are only four English families here, but they are very agreeable people indeed, and we find Mr. Haldimand—of whom perhaps you know something—he has a beautiful house upon the lake—everything that is hospitable and friendly; I may say affectionate indeed. The Revolution is supposed to have frightened people and kept them away. However that may be, nearly every Country house is to let, and the Genius of Dulness seems to brood over the town. I find the common-people very polite and agreeable, though they seem to drink rather hard. At all the little fêtes and holidays they get drunk, but they are obliging and good-tempered to me always. As I am getting up my French with a view to Paris, I let it off upon the unfortunate Cottagers and people as I walk about in the

evening, but I have never met with any churlish fellows among them, and I have plenty of such acquaintances on all the walks about here. There is going to be a great fête next Sunday, the anniversary of the declaration of the New Constitution, when the town is to be illuminated, and various illuminated boats are to be rowed about the Lake. My landlord (who is the Sous Prefect of the town) is immensely busy with the preparations and hints darkly at the probable magnificence.

So your friend Lord Auckland[†1] is to be busy again, and Brougham is to be Captain Warner[†2] to the new Government! What do you hear about the Daily News? Does it seem likely to succeed? Forster says the circulation is very great—more than 20,000, I think—but there he stops, and doesn't seem to know what to make of it beyond that. I take it for granted that Lady Blessington has concluded her engagement, without having any new reason of complaint, as Forster assured me, before I left town, that he would take the matter in his own hands, knowing my anxiety about it. Still I shall be very glad to hear that it is all over, and well over. Pray tell me when you write.

I find a burning disgust arising in my mind—a sort of morbid canker of the most frightful description—against Mister Hudson. His position seems to me to be such a monstrous one, and so illustrative of the breeches pocket side of the English character, that I can't bear it. There are some dogs who can't endure one particular note on the Piano. In like manner I feel disposed to throw up my head, and howl, whenever I hear Mr. Hudson mentioned. He is my rock ahead in life. If you can let me know anything bad of him,[†3] pray do. It would be a great comfort. Something intensely mean and odious would be preferred, but anything bad, will be thankfully received.

Lord Morpeth, I find, is to make the Speech at Manchester,[†4] this year. He reminds me of the Poles at Lord Dudley Stuart's dinner, just before I left. Good God! if you could have heard them, making inaudible and unintelligible speeches of the most hideous length, until past midnight! I never inclined so much towards the Emperor of Russia, as on that occasion. And Dudley Stuart himself (for whom I have a very strong regard) talking about celebrated Polish Women, and saying "but when I mention the hallowed name of Titchibowski—or of Lobski—or of Pastocrontiki—or of Sploshock—or of Screweyzlunskifi, that wife and mother"—and everybody professing to roar with enthusiasm at every

name, as if they knew all about it! There was a Lord (I forget his name) sat next me, who was so enthusiastic at one name, that I asked him afterwards, what association was connected with it; upon which he laughed and told me it was such a hard one that he felt sure the owner must have done something uncommon: and had applauded accordingly.

I wish I had anything to tell you worth the trouble of wading through my letter; but as I have not, I fall back on the pleasant conviction that you will be glad to see my hand-writing, even to so little purpose as this. Give my love to Lady Blessington, and best remembrances to her fair nieces, and ever believe me, as I heartily am,

Your Affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

The Count D'Orsay.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 AUGUST 1846]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 473-4. *Date: 7* Aug according to Forster; must have been sent independently of *To* Forster, ?9 Aug, since CD received his reply on 14 Aug.

I have received your letter to-day with the greatest delight, and am overjoyed to find that you think so well of the number.[†1] I thought well of it myself, and that it was a great plunge into a story; but I did not know how far I might be stimulated by my paternal affection. . . . What should you say, for a notion of the illustrations, to "Miss Tox introduces the Party"? and "Mr. Dombey and family"? meaning Polly Toodle, the baby, Mr. Dombey, and little Florence: whom I think it would be well to have.[†2] Walter, his uncle, and Captain Cuttle, might stand over. It is a great question with me, now, whether I had not better take this last chapter bodily out, and make it the last chapter of the second number; writing some other new one to close the first number. I think it would be impossible to take out six pages without great pangs.[†3] Do you think such a proceeding as I suggest would weaken number one very much? I wish you would tell me, as soon as you can after receiving this, what your opinion is on the point. If you thought it would weaken the first number, beyond the counter-balancing advantage of strengthening the second, I would cut down somehow or other, and let it go. I shall be anxious to hear your opinion. In the meanwhile I will go on with the second, which I have just begun. I have not been quite myself since we returned from Chamounix, owing to the great heat.

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 and 10 AUGUST 1846]

Extracts in F, VI, ii, 474; V, iv, 414; V, V, 424*n*, V, iii, 409-10 and *n*, 409; V, iii, 410. *Date:* first extract "two days later" than 7 Aug according to Forster; second extract "opening of the second week" in Aug; third extract "early in August" and probably following second extract; fourth extract 9 Aug according to Forster; fifth extract describes a visit between 2 and 9 Aug (see *fn*); final extract includes P.P.S. dated 10 Aug.

I have begun a little chapter[†1] to end the first number, and certainly think it will be well to keep the ten pages of Wally and Co. entire for number two.[†2] But this is still subject to your opinion, which I am very anxious to know. I have not been in writing cue all the week; but really the weather has rendered it next to impossible to work.

He thought of turning to his Christmas book. It would be such a great relief to me to get that small story out of the way.

What a storm that must have been in London![†3] I wish we could get something like it, here. . . . It is thundering while I write, but I fear it don't look black enough for a clearance. The echoes in the mountains are of such a stupendous sort, that a peal of thunder five or ten minutes long, is here the commonest of circumstances.

There was to be a prodigious fête that day in Lausanne, in honour of the anniversary of the proclamation of the New Constitution[†4] beginning at sunrise with the firing of great guns, and twice two thousand rounds of rifles by two thousand men; proceeding at eleven o'clock with a great service, and some speechifying, in the church; and ending to-night with a great ball in the public promenade, and a general illumination of the town. *The authorities had invited him to a place of honour in the ceremony; and though he did not go,* (having been up till three o'clock in the morning, and being fast asleep at the appointed time), *the reply that sent his thanks expressed also his sympathy. He had discovered in the* old *or* gentlemanly *party of the place* (including of course the sprinkling of English who are always tory, hang 'em!) *so wonderfully sore a feeling about the revolution thus celebrated, that to avoid the fête the majority had gone off by steamer the day before, and those who remained were prophesying assaults on the unilluminated houses, and other excesses.*[†5] *He had no faith in such predictions.* The people are as perfectly

good-tempered and quiet always, as people can be. I don't know what the last Government may have been, but they seem to me to do very well with this, and to be rationally and cheaply provided for. If you believed what the discontented assert, you wouldn't believe in one solitary man or woman with a grain of goodness or civility. I find nothing *but* civility; and I walk about in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, where they live rough lives enough, in solitary cottages.

Fanchette the cook, distracted by the forthcoming fête, madly refused to buy a duck yesterday as ordered by the Brave, and a battle of life ensued between those two powers. The Brave is of opinion that "datter woman have went mad." But she seems calm to-day; and I suppose won't poison the family.

He described a visit to Chillon.[†1] The insupportable solitude and dreariness of the white walls and towers, the sluggish moat and drawbridge, and the lonely ramparts, I never saw the like of.[†2] But there is a courtyard inside; surrounded by prisons, oubliettes, and old chambers of torture; so terrifically sad, that death itself is not more sorrowful. And oh! a wicked old Grand Duke's bedchamber upstairs in the tower, with a secret staircase down into the chapel where the bats were wheeling about; and Bonnivard's dungeon; and a horrible trap whence prisoners were cast out into the lake; and a stake all burnt and crackled up, that still stands in the torture-ante-chamber to the saloon of justice (!)—what tremendous places! Good God, the greatest mystery in all the earth, to me, is how or why the world was tolerated by its Creator through the good old times, and wasn't dashed to fragments.

P.S. 6 o'clock afternoon. The fête going on, in great force. Not one of "the old party" to be seen. I went down with one to the ground before dinner, and nothing would induce him to go within the barrier with me. Yet what they call a revolution was nothing but a change of government. Thirty-six thousand people, in this small canton, petitioned against the Jesuits—God knows with good reason. The Government chose to call them "a mob." So, to prove that they were not, they turned the Government out.[†3] I honour them for it. They are a genuine people, these Swiss. There is better metal in them than in all the stars and stripes of all the fustian banners of the so-called, and falsely called, U-nited States. They are a thorn in the sides of European despots, and a good wholesome people to live near Jesuit-ridden Kings on the brighter side of the mountains.

P.P.S. August 10th. . . . The fête went off as quietly as I supposed it would; and they danced all night.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 and 14 AUGUST 1846]

Extracts in F, VI, ii, 474. *Date:* first extract "four days later" than letter of 9 Aug according to Forster; second extract the next day.

I shall send you with this (on the chance of your being favourable to that view of the subject) a small chapter[†1] to close the first number, in lieu of the Solomon Gills one. I have been hideously idle all the week, and have done nothing but this trifling interloper; but hope to begin again on Monday—ding dong. . . . The ink stand is to be cleaned out to-night, and refilled, preparatory to execution. I trust I may shed a good deal of ink in the next fortnight.

I received yours to-day. A decided facer to me![†2] I had been counting, alas! with a miser's greed, upon the gained ten pages. . . . No matter. I have no doubt you are right, and strength is everything. The addition of two lines to each page, or something less,—coupled with the enclosed cuts,[†3] will bring it all to bear smoothly. In case more cutting is wanted, I must ask you to try your hand. I shall agree to whatever you propose.

To MESSRS WRIGHT, SMITH & SHEPHERD, 15 AUGUST 1846*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Messrs. Wright, Smith, and Shepherd | Solicitors | 15 Golden Square | London.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland.
Saturday Fifteenth August 1846.

Gentlemen.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the Tenth Instant.[†4]

I retained the Editorship of the Daily News during so very short a period, that I had ceased (to the best of my recollection) to be connected with it, when Mr. Barrow wrote his first letter home from India.[†5] Every business letter I received from that gentleman I immediately despatched to the foreign department of the newspaper, as relating to matters with which I had no interest or concern; and I have no such communications in my possession, either here, or in England.

I am Gentlemen | Faithfully Your Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Wright Smith and Shepherd.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 AUGUST 1846*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland
Seventeenth August 1846.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will endeavour, in the course of this week, to comply with your request. I would do so at once, but that I am busy just now on my new book—with the printers behind me.

I would not write to you on so slight an occasion but that I am very anxious you should not suppose me to have intended to convey the least hint to *you* in the case I put, touching your clerks and servants.[†1] I instanced you, as having everything about you on so great a scale, and as representing great wealth and a large establishment—but with no more reference, believe me, to your affairs as differing in the least from those of any other person similarly situated, or from mine as far as they go, than to those of the Great Mogul. As you had objected that we should leave temptation to the Almighty, I merely meant to ask you to consider whether we are not all (under His direction or permission) tempted by and through one another, in our common daily life, and whether that was not a reason for giving these unfortunates the means of testing their own power of resistance and their own practical repentance, within the Asylum.

The thick paper is an unspeakable comfort. The sensation of reading a long letter written on the impracticable paper specially intended for Foreign Service is (I should think) very like having to cut all one's teeth in a given time, without any Soothing Syrup.

Believe me dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 17 AUGUST 1846*

MS Berg Collection.

Rosemont. | Monday August Seventeenth 1846.

My Dear De la Rue

I should have written to you today, though I had not heard from you yesterday. I gave you until now, to return from Chamounix (that glorious place!) where I thought you might make even a longer stay. Your note arrived in Lausanne in due course yesterday, but I did not get it until last night. The Thompsons were here[†2] (they have taken a house hard by), and I did not send to the Post Office until late. Hence this delay in replying to it.

I want to know, before I propose a day for our meeting on board the Steamer, how long you are going to remain at that country house? Tell me. I have heard

from Talfourd that he is coming to dine with me, on his way to Italy, at some uncertain time that hangs over me like a Nightmare.[†1] I have heard from my Illustrator in London, that he can't make out from my

written description what I mean—and I am half afraid I may have to go to Bâle to meet him for a personal conference. I receive, every other day, pressing invitations from Printers to keep them hard at work, and I have divers delicate enquiries (unanswered) from Forster as to the time at which some remote hint of the nature of the Christmas Book may be expected to arrive in London. In short, I am set upon in all directions, and am not working with a very good will either.

So tell me how long you are going to remain in that country house, that I may look my plans in the face with that knowledge to help me.

Tell Madame De la Rue, with my love, that Mrs. Thompson disappoints me very much. She is a mere spoiled child, I think, and doesn't turn out half as well as I expected. Matrimony has improved him, and certainly has not improved her. She is to be confined here. I wish her well through it,—but upon my Soul, I feel as if her husband would have the worst, even of that.

Always My Dear De la Rue,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15-17 AUGUST 1846]

Summary and extracts in F, v, iv, 415, 414, 416-17 (2 extracts), 414*n*, 415-16. *Date:* Forster makes the opening summary and final extract "his next letter" after the letter of 24 Aug, but Watson's Diary (see *fn*) shows that the "day's party" was on Mon 10 Aug; fourth extract refers to this party as "last Monday", and is in "the same letter" as third extract according to Forster; second extract describes a conversation with Watson on 11 Aug (see *fn*); fifth extract probably same letter, as Ainsworth's visit was "ten days before" 24 Aug according to Forster.

Describing a day's party of the Cerjats, Watsons, and Haldimands, among the neighbouring hills, which he had been unable to resist the temptation of joining. They went to a mountain-lake twelve miles off, had dinner at the public-house on the lake, and returned home by Vevay at which they rested for tea.[†2]

He is a very intelligent agreeable fellow, the said Watson[†3] by the bye; he sat for Northamptonshire[†4] in the reform bill time, and is high sheriff of his county and all the rest of it; but has not the least nonsense about him, and is a thorough good liberal. He has a charming wife, who draws well, and is making a sketch of

Rosemont[†1] for us that shall be yours in Paris. He was giving me some good recollections of Lord Grey the other evening when we were playing at battledore[†2] (old Lord Grey I mean), and of the constitutional impossibility he and Lord Lansdowne and the rest laboured under, of ever personally attaching a single young man, in all the excitement of that exciting time, to the leaders of the party. It was quite a delight to me, as I listened, to recall my own dislike of his style of speaking, [†a]his fishy coldness, his uncongenial and unsympathetic politeness, and his insufferable though most gentlemanly artificiality.[†a] The shape of his head (I see it now) was misery to me, and weighed down my youth.[†3]

We have another English family here, one Sir Joseph and his lady, and ten children.[†4] Sir Joseph, a large baronet something in the Graham style, with a little, loquacious, flat-faced, damaged-featured, *old young* wife. They are fond of society, and couldn't well have less. They delight in a view, and live in a close street at Ouchy, down among the drunken boatmen and the drays and omnibuses, where nothing whatever is to be seen but the locked wheels of carts scraping down the uneven, steep, stone pavement. The baronet plays double-dummy all day long, with an unhappy Swiss whom he has entrapped for that purpose; the baronet's lady pays visits; and the baronet's daughters play a Lausanne piano, which must be heard to be appreciated.

Another curious man is backwards and forwards here—a Lord Vernon, who is well-informed, a great Italian scholar deep in Dante,[†5] and a very good-humoured gentleman, but who has fallen into the strange infatuation of attending every rifle-match that takes place in Switzerland, accompanied by two men who load rifles for him, one after another, which he has been frequently known to fire off, two a minute, for fourteen hours at a stretch, without once changing his position or leaving the ground. He wins all kinds of prizes;[†6] gold watches, flags, teaspoons, teaboards, and so forth; and is constantly travelling about with them[†7], from place

to place, in an extraordinary carriage, where you touch a spring and a chair flies out, touch another spring and a bed appears, touch another spring and a closet of pickles opens, touch another spring and disclose a pantry. While Lady Vernon[†1] (said to be handsome and accomplished) is continually cutting across this or that Alpine pass in the night, to meet him on the road, for a minute or two, on one of his excursions; these being the only times at which she can catch him. The last time he saw her, was five or six months ago, when they met and supped together on the St. Gothard! It is a monomania with him, of course. He is a man of some note; seconded one of Lord Melbourne's addresses; and had forty thousand a year, now reduced to ten, but nursing and improving every day. He was with us last Monday, and comes back from some out-of-the-way place to join another small picnic next Friday. As I have said, he is the very soul of good nature and cheerfulness, but one can't help being melancholy to see a man wasting his life in such a singular delusion. Isn't it odd? He knows my books very well,[†2] and seems interested in everything concerning them; being indeed accomplished in books generally, and attached to many elegant tastes.

He described a visit from Ainsworth[†3] *and his daughters on their way to Geneva.* I breakfasted with him at the hotel Gibbon next morning and they dined here afterwards, and we walked about all day, talking of old days at Kensal-lodge.

Cerjat related anecdotes of Marryat.[†4] It would seem, Mr. Cerjat tells me, that he was, when here, infinitely worse in his general style of conversation, than now—sermuchser, as Toodle says,[†5] that Cerjat describes himself as having always been in unspeakable agony when he was at his table, lest he should forget himself (or remember himself, as I suggested) and break out before the ladies. There happened to be living here at that time a stately English baronet[†6] and his

wife, who had two †amilksop†a sons concerning whom they cherished the idea of accomplishing their education into manhood coexistently with such perfect purity and innocence, that they were hardly to know their own sex. Accordingly, they were sent to no school or college, but had masters of all sorts at home, and thus reached eighteen years or so, in what Falstaff calls a kind of male green-sickness.†1 At this crisis of their innocent existence, our ogre friend encountered these lambs at dinner, with their father, at Cerjat's house; and, as if possessed by a devil, launched out into such frightful and appalling impropriety—†aranging over every kind of forbidden topic and every species of forbidden word and every sort of scandalous anecdote†a—that years of education in Newgate would have been as nothing compared with their experience of that one afternoon. After turning paler and paler, and more and more stoney, the baronet, with a half-suppressed cry, rose and fled. But the sons—intent on the ogre—remained behind instead of following †ahim; and are supposed to have been ruined from that hour.†a Isn't that a good story? I can SEE our friend and his pupils now. . . Poorfellow! He seems to have [had]†2 a hard time of it †awith his wife. She had no interest whatever in her children; and was such a fury, that, being dressed to go out to dinner, she would sometimes, on no other provocation than a pin out of its place or some such thing, fall upon a little maid she had, beat her till she couldn't stand, then tumble into hysterics, and be carried to bed. He suffered martyrdom with her;†a and seems to have been himself, in all good-natured easy-going ways, just what we know him now.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [?MID AUGUST 1846]

Mention in *To* Fred Dickens, 9 Sep 46.

Enclosing a letter to John Dickens.

To JOHN DICKENS, [?MID AUGUST 1846]

Mention in *To* Fred Dickens, 9 Sep 46.

About Augustus, and his position in Mrs Smithson's house.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 20 AUGUST 1846*

MS Berg Collection.

Rosemont. | Twentieth August 1846.

My Dear De la Rue.

I am afraid it would be impossible—or the next thing to it—for me to appoint

any day this week. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will meet you *at Vevay, next Wednesday.*†1 As it will be important for me, with a view to my next day's work, to return home that night (I don't care at what hour) I will repair to Vevay in one of the one-sided chars, whereof I have established a specimen on these premises. If I hear from you that you go to Vevay on the Tuesday, I will come over on Wednesday Morning to breakfast between 9 and 10. If I hear that you go on the Wednesday per boat, I will come over,

in the aforesaid char, in time to meet you at the Landing-Place. Do you understand all this? *She* will, if you don't. I think the Vevay idea worthy of a Shakespeare, and look forward to a joyful day.

Tell me what you mean to do.

My troubles are not greater, thank God, than they usually are, when I am plunging neck and heels into a new Book. It is always an anxious and worrying time. Mais il faut manger.

We have said just nothing at all to the Thompsons, which seems to me to be the true way of cutting the Gordian Knot. My brother is under contract of holy matrimony to Mrs. T's sister! As they have nothing particular to live upon, I suppose it won't come off just yet.

To add to my other occupations, I hear with fear and trembling that Tennyson the Poet is at Chamounix and coming this way, in which event, I shall not only be taken from my work, but required to smoke pipes by the Score. Hallam the historian was here the other day—Ainsworth, the unintelligible novelist, a few days afterwards—a friend with the uncommon name of Smith, "looked in" for the whole day, yesterday—and Elliotson writes threats of coming next month! If anybody else threatens, I think I shall come to Genoa—murder Noli—and die in a good cause.

With my best Remembrances

Ever My Dear De la Rue | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I can't satisfacotrily account for my not having been born to a fine property.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 and 25 AUGUST 1846]

Extracts in F, V, ii, 399; V, iv, 412, 412*n*, 414-15; V, V, 424*n*; V, iii, 411. *Date:* first four extracts 24 Aug according to Forster; fifth extract 25 Aug since referring to earthquake "yesterday week"; last extract dated by CD's receipt of Forster's reply to his letter of ?9-10 Aug.

The deaf, dumb, and blind girl is decidedly improved, and very much improved, in this short time. No communication is yet established with her, but that is not to be expected. They have got her out of that strange, crouching position; dressed her neatly; and accustomed her to have a pleasure in society. She laughs frequently, and also claps her hands and jumps; having, God knows how, some inward satisfaction. I never saw a more tremendous thing in its way, in my life, than when they stood her, t'other day, in the centre of a group of blind children who sang a chorus to the piano; and brought her hand, and kept it, in

contact with the instrument. A shudder pervaded her whole being, her breath quickened, her colour deepened,—and I can compare it to nothing but returning animation in a person nearly dead. It was really awful to see how the sensation of the music fluttered and stirred the locked-up soul within her. . . The male subject is well and jolly as possible. He is very fond of smoking. I have arranged to supply him with cigars during our stay here; so he and I are in amazing sympathy. I don't know whether he thinks I grow them, or

make them, or produce them by winking, or what. But it gives him a notion that the world in general belongs to me.

I am perfectly appalled by the hesitation and cowardice of the whigs. To bring in that arms bill, bear the brunt of the attack upon it, take out the obnoxious clauses, still retain the bill, and finally withdraw it[†1], seems to me the meanest and most halting way of going to work that ever was taken. I cannot believe in them. Lord John must be helpless among them. They seem somehow or other never to know what cards they hold in their hands, and to play them out blindfold. The contrast with Peel (as he was last) is, I agree with you, certainly not favourable. I don't believe now they ever would have carried the repeal of the corn law, if they could. *The reluctance of public men of all parties to give the needful help to schemes of emigration,*[†2] *he ascribed to a secret belief in* the gentle politico-economical principle that a surplus population must and ought to starve; *in which for himself he never could see anything but disaster for all who trusted to it.* I am convinced that its philosophers would sink any government, any cause, any doctrine, even the most righteous. There is a sense and humanity in the mass, in the long run, that will not bear them; and they will wreck their friends always, as they wrecked them in the working of the Poor-law bill. Not all the figures that Babbage's calculating machine could turn up in twenty generations, would stand in the long run against the general heart.

I hope you will follow up your idea about the defective state of the law in reference to women,[†3] by some remarks on the inadequate punishment of that

ruffian flippantly called by the liners the Wholesale Matrimonial Speculator. My opinion is, that in any well-ordered state of society, and advanced spirit of social jurisprudence, he would have been flogged more than once (privately), and certainly sentenced to transportation for no less a term than the rest of his life. Surely the man who threw the woman out of window was no worse, if so bad.[†1]

Not having your letter as usual, I sat down to write to you on speculation yesterday, but lapsed in my uncertainty into *Dombey,* and worked at it all day. It was, as it has been since last Tuesday morning, incessantly raining regular mountain rain. After dinner, at a little after seven o'clock, I was walking up and down under the little colonnade in the garden, racking my brain about *Dombeys* and *Battles of Lives,* when two travel-stained-looking men approached, of whom one, in a very limp and melancholy straw hat, ducked perpetually to me as he came up the walk. I couldn't make them out at all; and it wasn't till I got close up to them that I recognised [Tennyson] and (in the straw hat) [Moxon].[†2] They had come from Geneva by the steamer, and taken a scrambling dinner on board. I gave them some fine Rhine wine, and cigars innumerable. [Tennyson] enjoyed himself and was quite at home. [Moxon] (an odd companion for a man of genius) was snobbish, but pleased and good-natured. [Tennyson] had a five pound note in his pocket which he had worn down by careless carrying about, to some two-thirds of its original size, and which was so ragged in its remains that when he took it out bits of it flew about the table. "Oh Lor you know—now really—like Goldsmith you know—or any of these great men!"

said [Moxon], with the very "snatches in his voice and burst of speaking" that reminded Leigh Hunt of Cloten.[†1] . . . The clouds were lying, as they do in such weather here, on the earth, and our friends saw no more of Lake Leman than of Battersea. Nor had they, it might appear, seen more of the Mer de Glace, on their way here; their talk about it bearing much resemblance to that of the man who had been to Niagara and said it was nothing but water.

I forgot to tell you that yesterday week, at half-past 7 in the morning, we had a smart shock of an earthquake,[†2] lasting, perhaps, a quarter of a minute. It awoke me in bed. The sensation was so curious and unlike any other, that I called out at the top of my voice I was sure it was an earthquake.

He commented on Forster's reply to his account of the anti-Jesuit celebration at Lausanne. I don't know whether I have mentioned before, that in the valley of the Simplon hard by here, where (at the bridge of St. Maurice, over the Rhone) this Protestant canton ends and a Catholic canton begins, you might separate two perfectly distinct and different conditions of humanity by drawing a line with your stick in the dust on the ground. On the Protestant side, neatness; cheerfulness; industry; education; continual aspiration, at least, after better things. On the Catholic side, dirt, disease, ignorance, squalor, and misery.[†3] I have so constantly observed the like of this, since I first came abroad, that I have a sad misgiving that the religion of Ireland lies as deep at the root of all its sorrows, even as English misgovernment and Tory villainy.

To SAMUEL ROGERS, [27 AUGUST 1846]

MS Professor E. S. Pearson. *Date:* PM 27 Aug 46.

I can't let this go to you, although the man is waiting to carry it off to the post, without adding, for myself,[†4] that I hope you won't forget us—and that when you are out on these airy walks at Broadstairs, I desire most to live in your memory. Let us promise and vow (God willing) to have tea there together, again, one windy night next Autumn, when you will go home to Ballard's afterwards, all aslant, against the gale, and when that dimmest of lamps at the corner will be winking and winking as if the spray inflamed its eye. The wind is blowing down the Lake now, driving fast shadows before it along the sides of the mountains; but it don't blow half as pleasantly, to my thinking, as over the North Foreland, or about that good old, tarry, salt, little pier. There's a Berne wom[an][†5] in the garden,

with a large stomacher and a gauzy cap, but she's nothing to Miss Crampton of the Terrace Baths. Wherever *I* am, I am always your affectionate friend, and shall always think it the best return in the world if you'll believe me so—though you *do* (in speaking to *her*) always call me

"Him".[†1]

To JOSEPH VALCKENBERG, 27 AUGUST 1846

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 427 (1922); *MS* 1 p.; dated Rosemont, 27 Aug 46.

I hasten to tell you with many thanks that the wine has arrived safely and that its flavour is quite wonderful.

Heaven forgive me, but I feared some wicked German (if there be such a phenomenon) was drinking it on the road!

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 AUGUST 1846]

Extracts in F, V, v, 423; VI, ii, 476; V, iv, 414*n*, 417; V, v, 423, 422-3. *Date:* first two extracts 30 Aug according to Forster; third extract probably the same letter since about the Regatta "the other day" (25 Aug); fourth extract "his first September letter" according to Forster (but see *fn*); fifth extract "at the close" of the same letter as first extract according to Forster, and final extract ("a few weeks later" than 25 July) obviously follows on in same passage.

You can hardly imagine what infinite pains I take, or what extraordinary difficulty I find in getting on FAST. Invention, thank God, seems the easiest thing in the world; and I seem to have such a preposterous sense of the ridiculous, after this long rest, as to be constantly requiring to restrain myself from launching into extravagances in the height of my enjoyment. But the difficulty of going at what I call a rapid pace, is prodigious: it is almost an impossibility. I suppose this is partly the effect of two years' ease, and partly of the absence of streets and numbers of figures. I can't express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain, which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose. For a week or a fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place (as at Broadstairs), and a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and labour of writing, day after day, without that magic lantern, is IMMENSE!! I don't say this, at all in low spirits, for we are perfectly comfortable here, and I like the place very much indeed, and the people are even more friendly and fond of me than they were in Genoa. I only mention it as a curious fact, which I have never had an opportunity of finding out before. *My* figures seem disposed

to stagnate without crowds about them. I wrote very little in Genoa (only the *Chimes*), and fancied myself conscious of some such influence there—but Lord! I had two miles of streets at least, lighted at night, to walk about in; and a great theatre to repair to, every night.

I shall gladly acquiesce in whatever more changes or omissions you propose. Browne seems to be getting on well.[†1] . . . He will have a good subject in Paul's christening.[†2] Mr. Chick is like D, if you'll mention that when you think of it. The little chapter of Miss Tox and the Major, which you alas! (but quite wisely) rejected from the first number, I have altered for the last of the second.[†3] I have not quite finished the middle chapter[†4] yet—having, I should say, three good days' work to do at it; but I hope it will be all a worthy successor to number one. I will send it as soon as finished.

We had a regatta at Ouchy[†5] the other day, mainly supported by the contributions of the English handfull. It concluded with a rowing-match by women, which was very funny. I wish you could have seen Roche appear on the Lake, rowing, in an immense boat, Cook, Anne, two nurses, Katey, Mamey, Walley, Chickenstalker, and Baby; no boatmen or other degrading assistance; and all sorts of Swiss tubs splashing about them. . . . Senior[†6] is coming here to-morrow, I believe, with his wife; and they talk of Brunel[†7] and his wife[†8] as on their way. We dine at Haldimand's to meet Senior—which solitary and most interesting

piece of intelligence is all the news I know of. . . . Take care you don't back out of your Paris engagement; but that we really do have (please God) some happy

hours there. Kate, Georgy, Mamey, Katey, Charley, Walley, Chickenstalker, and Baby, send loves. . . . I am all anxiety and fever to know what we start *Dombey* with.[†1]

There are two nice girls here, the Ladies Taylor,[†2] daughters of Lord Headfort. Their mother was daughter (I think) of Sir John Stevenson, and Moore dedicated one part of the Irish Melodies to her.[†3] They inherit the musical taste, and sing very well. A proposal is on foot for our all bundling off on Tuesday[†4] (16 strong) to the top of the Great St. Bernard. But the weather seems to have broken, and the autumn rains to have set in; which I devoutly hope will break up the party. It would be a most serious hindrance to me, just now; but I have rashly promised. Do you know young Romilly?[†5] He is coming over from Geneva when "the reading" comes off, and is a fine fellow I am told. There is not a bad little theatre here; and by way of an artificial crowd,[†6] I should certainly have got it open with an amateur company, if we were not so few that the only thing we want is the audience.

He had pretty well matured the general idea of the Christmas book, and was burning to get to work on it. He thought it would be all the better, for a change, to have no fairies or spirits in it, but make it a simple domestic tale.

I shall begin the little story straightway,[†7] but I have been dimly conceiving a very ghostly and wild idea, which I suppose I must now reserve for the *next* Christmas book.[†8] *Nous verrons.* It will mature in the streets of Paris by night, as well as in London.

To THOMAS MITTON, 30 AUGUST 1846

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* Angleterre | Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London.

Rosemont. Sunday Thirtieth August 1846.

My Dear Mitton. I received your letter yesterday, and send you a draft on Coutts's, agreeably to a form agreed upon between me and one of the Gentlemen

in the Inner Room there, to whom I spoke on the subject before I left England.

Bradbury and Evans's account for the half year is £1100 and odd, of which £500 was paid on account of the Pictures from Italy, before I left England, and the remainder is just now paid in.[†1] They certainly keep a very active eye upon the expences and profits. You will know by the time you receive this, I dare say, the name of the new book.[†2] I think it is an odd one, and therefore a good one. It struck B and E very much. The first No is considered very good indeed. So much so that Browne, who is generally the most indifferent fellow in the world, couldn't help writing me a long letter about it, and saying how pleased he was. I have taken immense pains, and think it strong. Some of it made me laugh so, that I couldn't see

the paper as I was writing. The second is not behind it. Moses has taken one page of the wrapper, all through.[†3]

Cramer's house never *did* business like any other house. And therefore I am not surprised at their sending in their bill too soon. I purchased the Piano at 12 months credit, because I found the allowance for ready money, so preposterously small. I bought it in *September,* & I am pretty sure towards the end of the month. But the note I have in my diary of the amount is £75. What is the rest of the bill? I know there are some other items, but I should like to know what they are. I will send you a draft for the whole, before the Month (of September) is out.[†4] I do not recollect Brooks's small account,[†5] nor can I call to mind what it can be for. I dare say, however, he is right. It may be paid, I have no doubt.

Unless B and E have taken charge of Kate's five letters (which is not likely, as all the proofs come by post) will you post 'em? Also Smale's,[†6] which would seem to be an oddity. The best way of disposing of Mr. Van de Lieb[†7] (whose MSS would bother me no less than you) would be to write him, if you will, a copy of the letter I have written on the other side—retaining his MSS in that never-opened tin box of mine, until he writes for them—if ever.

The Thompsons have taken a house here, for 8 months. She seems (between ourselves) to have a devil of a whimpering, pouting temper—but she is large in the family way, and that may have something to do with it. Charley is getting quite stout. Everybody else well and happy, and all uniting in kind regards.

I regard your coming to Paris with me, as a solemn bargain, and can answer for your being greatly surprised, benefitted, and entertained. Nothing can be easier; and you never could hope to see it (*I* hope)[†1] more pleasantly than with

Yours Ever

CD.

Address in English | date so and so Septembre 1846.

Monsieur.

Monsr. Charles Dickens, qui n'est pas a présent en Angleterre, ayant laissé á moi sa pleine confiance et l'autorite d'ouvrir ses lettres, je me trouve honoré de la votre.

J'aurai l'honneur, Monsieur de l'envoyer á mon ami qui va se rendre á Paris, Decembre prochain. En attendant, voulez-vous que je garde vos manuscrits? Ou voulez-vous que je les vous retourne?

Reçevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma consideration distinguée

Votre Serviteur trés fidele

Thomas Mitton

addressed outside

á Monsieur | Monsr. So and So

To ROBERT KEELEY, 31 AUGUST 1846†

MS Huntington Library.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland
Thirty First August 1846.

My Dear Sir

†aI gave a promise to Willmott last year, that you should have my Christmas Book of *this* year, in time to dramatize and act, on the night of its publication, for another hundred pounds.†a†2

I have accidentally heard (I hope incorrectly) that you and Willmott have parted company.†3 But lest it should be so, and any confusion should arise on this subject in consequence, I think it well to tell you that I shall be perfectly willing to fulfil my engagement, if you please,—but that I hold you at perfect liberty to abandon it if *you* please, and shall be in no wise offended by your so doing.

I send this through my friend Mr. Forster who has full power from me to proceed in the matter, and is perfectly cognizant of all my arrangements.

I beg to be cordially remembered to Mrs. Keeley, and am

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Keeley Esquire.

To CHARLES LEVER, 31 AUGUST 1846

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. *Address:* A Monsieur: | Monsr. Charles Lever | Schloss Rieden | Breyenz†1 | Lac de Constance.

Lausanne. | Thirty First August 1846.

My Dear Lever.

I may write without the "Sir", though I *can't* come to Zurich. I can get so far, at all events.

Your second hospitable letter should have been answered long ago, but that I have been pondering all sorts of probabilities and possibilities. An excursion to Chamounix, however, and another to the Great St. Bernard—coupled with the invasions, past and to come, of people coming through here—have so encroached upon my time that I have now no choice but to put a grim face on all proposals of pleasure, and sit down, fiercely, at my desk.

Nevertheless, if, after Christmas and towards the Springtime, I should be anything like as free as I hope to be (by comparison with my approaching bondage) I shall still look forward to the pleasure of shaking hands with you bodily.†2

In the meanwhile I must content myself with a more spiritual but not less hearty salutation.

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

—I forgot—New Work—Name, DOMBEY AND SON—Scene, English—Opening, in London.

September

To THE HON. RICHARD WATSON, 4 SEPTEMBER 1846*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Rosemont. | Friday Night September Fourth | 1846.

My Dear Mr. Watson

In the intervals of my tears, I write this, to send you in the Morning with Byron.—I have put a little piece of paper into the whereabout of the Prisoner of Chillon.

Grief and jolting[†3] deprive me of the power of offering any remark, oral or written, on any subject whatever. I have merely strength of mind—and barely

strength of fingers—to offer my dismal regards to Mrs. Watson. Having done which, I return to the gorgeous red sofa, where I have been endeavouring, with my head very low, and my heels very high, to find some temporary consolation in the bosom of the newspapers.

Always believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. | Richard Watson.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?6 SEPTEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, v, iv, 418-20; V, v, 423-4*n*, 424; VI, ii, 476. *Date:* first extract 6 Sep according to Forster; second extract same letter, since No. 11 of *Dombey* reached Forster in second week of Sep; third extract, from the first letter after return from expedition on 4 Sep; fourth extract "a little later" than 30 Aug.

The weather obstinately clearing, we started off last Tuesday for the Great St. Bernard, returning here on Friday afternoon. The party consisted of eleven people and two servants—Haldimand, Mr. and Mrs. Cerjat and one daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, two Ladies Taylor, Kate, Georgy, and I. We were wonderfully unanimous and cheerful; went away from here by the steamer; found at its destination a whole omnibus provided by the Brave (who went on in advance everywhere); rode therein to Bex; found two large carriages ready to take us to Martigny; slept there; and proceeded up the mountain on mules next day. Although the St. Bernard convent is, as I dare say you know, the highest inhabited spot but one in the world, the ascent is extremely gradual and uncommonly easy: really presenting no difficulties at all, until

within the last league, when the ascent, lying through a place called the valley of desolation, is very awful and tremendous, and the road is rendered toilsome by scattered rocks and melting snow. The convent is a most extraordinary place, full of great vaulted passages, divided from each other with iron gratings; and presenting a series of the most astonishing little dormitories, where the windows are so small (on account of the cold and snow), that it is as much as one can do to get one's head out of them. Here we slept: supping, thirty strong, in a rambling room with a great wood-fire in it set apart for that purpose; with a grim monk, in a high black sugar-loaf hat with a great knob at the top of it, carving the dishes. At five o'clock in the morning the chapel bell rang in the dismallest way for matins: and I, lying in bed close to the chapel, and being awakened by the solemn organ and the chaunting, thought for a moment I had died in the night and passed into the unknown world.[†1]

I wish to God you could see that place. A great hollow on the top of a range

of dreadful mountains, fenced in by riven rocks of every shape and colour: and in the midst, a black lake, with phantom clouds perpetually stalking over it. Peaks, and points, and plains of eternal ice and snow, bounding the view, and shutting out the world on every side: the lake reflecting nothing: and no human figure in the scene. The air so fine, that it is difficult to breathe without feeling out of breath; and the cold so exquisitely thin and sharp that it is not to be described. Nothing of life or living interest in the picture, but the grey dull walls of the convent. No vegetation of any sort or kind. Nothing growing, nothing stirring. Everything iron-bound, and frozen up. Beside the convent, in a little outhouse with a grated iron door which you may unbolt for yourself, are the bodies of people found in the snow who have never been claimed and are withering away—not laid down, or stretched out, but standing up, in corners and against walls; some erect and horribly human, with distinct expressions on the faces; some sunk down on their knees; some dropping over on one side; some tumbled down altogether, and presenting a heap of skulls and fibrous dust. There is no other decay in that atmosphere; and there they remain during the short days and the long nights, the only human company out of doors, withering away by grains, and holding ghastly possession of the mountain where they died.[†1]

It is the most distinct and individual place[†2] I have seen, even in this transcendent country. But, for the Saint Bernard holy fathers and convent in themselves, I am sorry to say that they are a piece of as sheer humbug as we ever learnt to believe in, in our young days. Trashy French sentiment and the dogs (of which, by the bye, there are only three remaining) have done it all. They are a lazy set of fellows; not over fond of going out themselves; employing servants to clear the road (which has not been important or much used as a pass these hundred years); rich; and driving a good trade in Innkeeping: the convent being a common tavern in everything but the sign. No charge is made for their hospitality to be sure; but you are shown to a box in the chapel, where everybody puts in more than could, with any show of face, be charged for the entertainment; and from this the establishment derives a right good income. As to the self-sacrifice of living up there, they are obliged to go there young, it is true, to be inured to

the climate:[†1] but it is an infinitely more exciting and various life than any other convent can offer; with constant change and company through the whole summer; with a hospital for invalids down in the valley,

which affords another change; and with an annual begging-journey to Geneva and this place and all the places round for one brother or other, which affords farther change. The brother who carved at our supper could speak some English, and had just had *Pickwick* given him!—what a humbug he will think me when he tries to understand it! If I had had any other book of mine with me, I would have given it him, that I might have had some chance of being intelligible.

I hope to finish the second number to-morrow, and to send it off bodily by Tuesday's post. On Wednesday I purpose, please God, beginning the *Battle of Life*. I shall peg away at that, without turning aside to *Dombey* again; and *if* I can only do it within the month!

They had had wonderful weather, so clear that he could see from the Neuchatel road the outline of Mont Blanc, sixty miles off, as plainly as if he were standing close under it in the courtyard of the little inn at Chamounix; *and, though it was raining again when he wrote, his* nailed shoes *were by him and his* great waterproof cloak *in preparation for a* fourteen-mile walk *before dinner.*

Browne is certainly interesting himself, and taking pains. I think the cover[†2] very good: perhaps with a little too much in it, but that is an ungrateful objection.[†3]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 9 SEPTEMBER 1846

MS Benoliel Collection.

Rosemont, Lausanne. | Wednesday Ninth September 1846.

My Dear Fred.

I want to point out to you what is a very great mistake, and error of judgment on your part.

I was very much surprised by Thompson's coming to me yesterday to ask if I had commissioned you to send him a copy of any part of my letter to Father, about Augustus.[†4] Of course I said no: adding that beyond all question if I had

desired him to see it, I should have shewn it him myself. He replied he was quite sure of that—and expressed himself with some considerable earnestness on your having sent an extract to him, and furthermore shewn the letter to Mrs. Smithson.

Rely upon it this is a very great mistake, and places you in an exceedingly false position. Gentlemen don't do such things. You had no right whatever to transcribe any portion of that letter for Thompson's eye. When you mentioned to me, in a former letter, that you had shewn it to "a mutual friend", I was greatly surprised; but as most people place confidence in somebody or other, I imagined you might have shewn it, as a piece of confidence of your own: and though I was dissatisfied by the proceeding, I did not think myself justified in objecting to it when it was over. No person with any knowledge of becoming and delicate social usages would excuse you for sending the least word of it to Thompson. I hope you don't advise with Mr. Weller on such subjects. It is no disparagement to him to say that he makes enormous mistakes (as I had occasion to observe when he was at variance with Thompson), and is anything but a

good leader. A letter entrusted to you, to deliver to some one else, is a sacred thing, and you have no kind of right over any syllable it contains. If I had empowered you to send any portion of it to Thompson, I should have considered that I adopted toward Thompson, in so doing, a very affronting and unpleasant course.

Therefore I could by no means defend you in it yesterday. About Augustus, and his absurd position in Mrs. Smithson's house, I spoke plainly, and evidently with effect. And I said that I presumed you had made this mistake, in some supposition that Mrs. Smithson had been beforehand with you, and related her version of the story to Thompson. Which he did not deny.

Rely upon this—the less you write in any such case as this quarrel, the better. You cannot be too careful in that. But to interfere with other people's writings, and other people's letters, is to slice at your own Nose with a sharp Razor.

I have been expecting to hear from you about your Lausanne plans, but I suppose these quarrels prevent the adjustment of anything. Will you tell Henry, with my love to him and Letitia that between my Xmas Book and Dombey, I am too much at my desk to be able to write letters, but that when we go to Paris, I shall hope to persuade them to come and stay some time with us.[†1] I suppose it is now too late to expect them here. We think of leaving this, on the last day of November. We are all well, thank God, and happy. Kate and Georgy unite with me in loves to yourself and Anna.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Charley, Mamey, Katey, Walley, Chickenstalker, and Sampson Brass (the baby) desire to be remembered.

To J. H. BARROW, 14 SEPTEMBER 1846

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1929; *MS* 2 ½ pp.; dated Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland, 14 Sep 46.

Concerning a dispute between Barrow and the Daily News *about his remuneration for a trip made to India.*

To MR B——, 16 SEPTEMBER 1846*

MS University of Texas.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Sixteenth Sept 1846.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. B ,[†1] and begs to say that his connexion with the Daily News does not extend to the acceptance or rejection of papers offered for publication in that Journal. He has however referred Mr. B.'s letter to the Editor who will no doubt reply to it without delay; and for himself he begs to thank Mr. B. for his obliging communication.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20 SEPTEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, V, V, 424, 425. *Date:* first extract eight days after the *Dombey* reading on 12 Sep, but wrongly called by Forster "three days" after ?6 Sep; second extract 20 Sep according to Forster.

The absence of any accessible streets continues to worry me, now that I have so much to do, in a most singular manner. It is quite a little mental phenomenon. I should not walk in them in the day time, if they were here, I dare say: but at night I want them beyond description. I don't seem able to get rid of my spectres unless I can lose them in crowds. However, as you say, there are streets in Paris, and good suggestive streets too: and trips to London will be nothing then. WHEN I have finished the Christmas book, I shall fly to Geneva for a day or two, before taking up with *Dombey* again. I like this place better and better; and never saw, I think, more agreeable people than our little circle is made up of. It is so little, that one is not "bothered" in the least; and their interest in the Inimitable seems to strengthen daily. I read them the first number[†2] last night "was a" week, with unrelateable success; and old Mrs. Marcet, who is devilish 'cute, guessed directly (but I didn't tell her she was right) that little Paul would die. They were all so apprehensive that it was a great pleasure to read it;[†3] and

I shall leave here, if all goes well, in a brilliant shower of sparks struck out of them by the promised reading of the Christmas book.

You remember your objection about the two stories. I made over light of it. I ought to have considered that I have never before really tried the opening of two together—having always had one pretty far ahead when I have been driving a pair of them. I know it all now. The apparent impossibility of getting each into its place, coupled with that craving for streets, so thoroughly put me off the track, that, up to Wednesday or Thursday last, I really contemplated, at times, the total abandonment of the Christmas book this year, and the limitation of my labours to *Dombey and Son!* I cancelled the beginning of a first scene[†1]—which I have never done before—and, with a notion in my head, ran wildly about and about it, and could not get the idea into any natural socket. At length, thank Heaven, I nailed it all at once; and after going on comfortably up to yesterday, and working yesterday from half-past nine to six, I was last night in such a state of enthusiasm about it that I think I was an inch or two taller. I am a little cooler to-day, with a headache to boot; but I really begin to hope you will think it a pretty story, with some delicate notions in it agreeably presented, and with a good human Christmas groundwork.[†2] I fancy I see a great domestic effect in the last part.

To THOMAS MITTON, 25 SEPTEMBER 1846*

MS Princeton University Library.

Rosemont, Lausanne. Twenty Fifth September 1846

My Dear Mitton. I enclose you a cheque, crossed, for the amount of Cramer's bill. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that the Piano Item requires explanation. I have got the price in my book £75, and I very seldom make mistakes—of that kind.[†3]

As you may suppose, I am very busy. I never had to *begin* two stories together, before: and it is desperate work. There are no streets and crowds of people here,

to divert the attention. My head suffers. And that is very unusual, as you know, with me.

Everything depends upon my work; but if I can get Dombey No. 3 out of hand soon enough (I can't go to that, until I have done the Christmas Book) I shall leave here for Paris on the 10th. of November: otherwise I shall be on the road when I ought to be at my desk. I shall see my way pretty clearly (I hope) by about the 20th. or 25th. of October: and will let you know, of course, what my plans are finally.

Bradbury and Evans are in no very good odour with me just now, for other reasons,[†1] but you quite mistake my allusion to their charges—being, as usual, on the doubtful side. I think *they keep the expences down*, decidedly, and know where and how to do so. The Pictures from Italy could not return any large sum: the price being so extremely low.[†2] But that I knew before-hand. The Oliver subscription will be all profit.[†3] The expences of the book are paid in the Nos.

We are all well and hearty. Its'[†4] no use telling you any thing about Dombey. You will know all about the beginning of it, almost as soon as you know what is inside of this letter.[†5]

Ever faithfully

CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 25 SEPTEMBER 1846*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* A Monsieur: | Monsr. Serjeant Talfourd. | Hotel de l'Union | Chamounix | En Suisse.

Rosemont, Lausanne. Twenty Fifth September 1846.

My Dear Talfourd.

Having received your letter today, with the greatest pleasure, I write a hasty note by return of Post, to say that I eschew all Scientific doings at Genoa (albeit they take place in my old house)[†6] and remain a fixture here, until November. Therefore, "on Saturday the 3rd. of October, between 4 and 5 in the afternoon", we shall expect you here: and your wants being so moderate, in respect of beds, I am happy to say we shall be able to house you all. We are on the Ouchy Road, a very little way out of Lausanne.

I am horribly hard at work with my Christmas Book, which runs (rather inconveniently) in a Curricle just now, with "Dealings with the Firm of Dombey

and Son"—for that's the name of the other; in the beginning whereof, I have pleased myself, and hope to please you. Your advent will be a most noble holiday for me; and please God we will take a glorious walk on the Sunday.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister join me in kindest regards. In case this letter should not reach you at Chamounix, I have dispatched a duplicate of it to the Poste Restante, Geneva.[†1]

Ever Believe me | Most affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 SEPTEMBER 1846]

Extract in F, V, v, 426-7. *Date:* 26 Sep according to Forster.

I am going to write you a most startling piece of intelligence. I fear there may be NO CHRISTMAS BOOK! I would give the world to be on the spot to tell you this. Indeed I once thought of starting for London to-night. I have written nearly a third of it. It promises to be pretty; quite a new idea in the story, I hope; but to manage it without the supernatural agency[†2] now impossible of introduction, and yet to move it naturally within the required space, or with any shorter limit than a *Vicar of Wakefield,* I find to be a difficulty so perplexing —the past *Dombey* work taken into account—that I am fearful of wearing myself out if I go on, and not being able to come back to the greater undertaking with the necessary freshness and spirit. If I had nothing but the Christmas book to do, I WOULD do it; but I get horrified and distressed beyond conception at the prospect of being jaded when I come back to the other, and making it a mere race against time. I have written the first part;[†3] I know the end and upshot of the second;[†4] and the whole of the third (there are only three in all). I know the purport of each character, and the plain idea that each is to work out; and I have the principal effects sketched on paper. It cannot end *quite* happily, but will end cheerfully and pleasantly. But my soul sinks before the commencement of the second part—the longest—and the introduction of the under-idea. (The main one already developed, with interest). I don't know how it is. I suppose it is the having been almost constantly at work in this quiet place; and the dread for the *Dombey*; and the not being able to get rid of it, in noise and bustle. The beginning two books together is also, no doubt, a fruitful source of the difficulty; for I am now sure I could not have invented the *Carol* at the commencement of the *Chuzzlewit,* or gone to a new book from the *Chimes.* But this is certain. I am sick, giddy, and capriciously despondent. I have bad nights; am full of disquietude

and anxiety; and am constantly haunted by the idea that I am wasting the marrow of the larger book, and ought to be at rest. One letter that I wrote you before this, I have torn up. In that the Christmas book was wholly given up for this year: but I now resolve to make one effort more.[†1] I will go to Geneva to-morrow, and try on Monday and Tuesday whether I can get on at all bravely, in the changed scene. If I cannot, I am convinced that I had best hold my hand at once; and not fritter my spirits and hope away, with that long book before me. You may suppose that the matter is very grave when I can so nearly abandon anything in which I am deeply interested, and fourteen or fifteen close MS pages[†2] of which, that have made me laugh and cry, are lying in my desk. Writing this letter at all, I have a great misgiving that the letter I shall write you on Tuesday night will not make it better. Take it, for Heaven's sake, as an extremely serious thing, and not a fancy of the moment. Last Saturday after a very long day's work, and last Wednesday after finishing

the first part, I was full of eagerness and pleasure. At all other times since I began, I have been brooding and brooding over the idea that it was a wild thing to dream of, ever: and that I ought to be at rest for the *Dombey*.

October

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 SEPTEMBER and 1 OCTOBER 1846]

Extract in F, V, v, 427-8. *Date:* 30 Sep with postscript added 1 Oct according to Forster. *From* Geneva.

He was quite dismayed at first by the sight of gas in Geneva, and trembled at the noise in the streets, which was fully equal to the uproar of Richmond in Surrey. When I came here I had a bloodshot eye; and my head was so bad, with a pain across the brow, that I thought I must have got cupped. I have become a great deal better, however, and feel quite myself again to-day. . . . I still have not made up my mind as to what I CAN do with the Christmas book. I would give any money that it were possible to consult with you. I have begun the second part this morning, and have done a very fair morning's work at it, but I do not feel it *in hand* within the necessary space and divisions: and I have a great uneasiness in the prospect of falling behind hand with the other labour, which is so transcendently important. I feel quite sure that unless I (being in reasonably good state and spirits) like the Christmas book myself, I had better not go on with it; but had best keep my strength for *Dombey*, and keep my number in advance. On the other hand I am dreadfully averse to abandoning it, and am so torn between the two things that I know not what to do. It is impossible to express the wish I have that I could take counsel with you. Having begun the second part I will go on here, to-morrow and Friday (Saturday, the Talfourds come to us at Lausanne,

leaving on Monday morning), unless I see new reason to give it up in the meanwhile. Let it stand thus—that my next Monday's letter shall finally decide the question. But if you have not already told Bradbury and Evans of my last letter I think it will now be best to do so. . . . This non-publication of a Christmas book, if it must be, I try to think light of with the greater story just begun, and with this *Battle of Life* story (of which I really think the leading idea is very pretty) lying by me, for future use. But I would like you to consider, in the event of my not going on, how best, by timely announcement, in November's or December's *Dombey*, I may seem to hold the ground prospectively.[†1] . . . Heaven send me a good deliverance! If I don't do it, it will be the first time I ever abandoned anything I had once taken in hand; and I shall not have abandoned it until after a most desperate fight. I could do it, but for the *Dombey*, as easily as I did last year or the year before.[†2] But I cannot help falling back on that continually: and this, combined with the peculiar difficulties of the story for a Christmas book,[†3] and my being out of sorts, discourages me sadly. . . . Kate is here, and sends her love.

[P.S] Georgy has come over from Lausanne, and joins with Kate, &c. &c. My head remains greatly better. My eye is recovering its old hue of beautiful white, tinged with celestial blue. If I hadn't come here, I think I should have had some bad low fever. The sight of the rushing Rhone seemed to stir my blood again. I don't think I shall want to be cupped, this bout; but it looked, at one time, worse than I have confessed to you. If I have any return, I will have it done immediately.

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 OCTOBER 1846]

Extracts in F, V, v, 429-30; VI, ii, 477. *Date:* 3 Oct according to Forster.

In the breathless interval between our return from Geneva and the arrival of the Talfourds (expected in an hour or two), I cannot do better than write to you. For I think you will be well pleased if I anticipate my promise, and Monday, at the same time. I have been greatly better at Geneva, though I still am made uneasy by occasional giddiness and headache: attributable, I have not the least doubt, to the absence of streets. There is an idea here, too, that people are occasionally made despondent and sluggish in their spirits by this great mass of

still water, Lake Leman. At any rate I have been very uncomfortable: at any rate I am, I hope, greatly better: and (lastly) at any rate I hope and trust, *now*, the Christmas book will come in due course!! I have had three very good days' work at Geneva, and trust I may finish the second part (the third is the shortest) by this day week. Whenever I finish it, I will send you the first two together. I do not think they can begin to illustrate it, until the third arrives; for it is a single-minded story, as it were, and an artist should know the end: which I don't think very likely, unless he reads it.

He described the superhuman effort he was making to lodge his visitors in his doll's house. I didn't like the idea of turning them out at night. It is so dark in these lanes, and groves, when the moon's not bright.

He hoped that he would by great effort finish the Christmas book on the 20th; then he would fly to Geneva for a week to work a little at Dombey, *if he felt* pretty sound; *and in any case finish his third number by the 10th of November, and start for Paris that day* so that, instead of resting unprofitably here, I shall be using my interval of idleness to make the journey and get into a new house, and shall hope so to put a pinch of salt on the tail of the sliding number in advance. . . . I am horrified at the idea of getting the blues (and bloodshots) again.

On Forster's objections to parts of No. II:[†1] Miss Tox's colony I will smash.[†2] Walter's allusion to Carker (would you take it *all* out)? shall be dele'd. Of course, you understand the man? I turned that speech over in my mind; but I thought it natural that a boy should run on, with such a subject, under the circumstances: having the matter so presented to him.[†3] . . . I thought of the possibility of malice on christening points of faith, and put the drag on as I wrote.[†4] Where would you make the insertion, and to what effect? *That* shall be done too. I want you to think the number sufficiently good stoutly to back up the first. It occurs to me—might not your doubt about the christening be a reason for not making the ceremony the subject of an illustration?[†5] Just turn this over. Again: if I could do it (I shall have leisure to consider the possibility before I begin), do you think it would be advisable to make number three a kind of half-way house between Paul's infancy, and his being eight or nine years

old?—In that case I should probably not kill him until the fifth number. Do you think the people so likely to be pleased with Florence, and Walter, as to relish another number of them at their present age?

Otherwise, Walter will be two or three and twenty, straightway. I wish you would think of this.[†1] . . . I am sure you are right about the christening. It shall be artfully and easily amended.[†2] . . . Eh?

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 OCTOBER 1846

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre. | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Rosemont, Lausanne. | Fifth October 1846.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have made one or two attempts, in the midst of my other occupations to note down (as you asked me) the heads of what I had previously written to you. But I found it so difficult to collect them, while my attention was loaded with all sorts of imaginary baggage, and I was so afraid of bewildering you by putting down twenty after-ideas that I have not yet mentioned to you, and leaving out twenty I had mentioned—that I thought it best not to try any more—feeling assured that your kindness and consideration would attribute my silence, just now, to the right cause.

I will take care as soon as I am well set down in Paris (I hope to be there, by the middle of next month) to make some careful enquiries on the essential particular to which you call my attention—which I can also make, I think, without much difficulty, when I come to London. I shall have the greatest satisfaction at the same time in putting you in communication with two or three gentlemen who I am sure will be most valuable, willing, and suggestive advisers. The clergyman of that Westminster Prison[†3] I think a very good man, and I k[now][†4] he has great experience of these objects. [I] have no doubt whatever of the feasib[ility] of finding such inmates of the Asylum in the beginning, as would afford a most interesting and worthy trial of such a work.

The locality you suggest is a central and good one. But you would require to have a place attached, for exercise. Have you thought of that? The cultivation of little gardens, if they be no bigger than graves, is a great resource and a great

reward. It has always been found to be productive of good effects wherever it has been tried; and I earnestly hope you will be able to make it a part of your training.

When I know at what time I can come to London, I will write from Paris, and tell you beforehand. After that visit, I shall never be further away than Paris, and can constantly and frequently return, if I can be of service. I may mention that I saw in the Newspaper some weeks ago, an advertisement to the effect that a pamphlet descriptive of Captain Macconochie's[†1] plan: *some modification* of which, I am so strongly inclined to recommend for adoption: is published, either by Hatchard or Ridgway in Piccadilly. I think the latter. It may be bought for two or three shillings.[†2] It will certainly interest you if you will read it—I am sure of that—and we should then be able to talk it over on equal terms.

I am only half through my Christmas Book, for which I have a little notion that I should have been very glad indeed to have retained for a longer story, as it is necessarily very much contracted in its

development in so small a space. I hear that the Dombey has been launched with great success. and was out of print on the first night.[†3]

Mrs. Dickens sends her kind remembrances. Charley has won a Geneva watch by speaking French in three months. I rashly pledged myself to make that desperate present in the event of his succeeding—and as he *has* succeeded, I mean to go over to Geneva with him in great state, and endow him with his prize in as solemn a manner as I can possibly confer it. I think of enclosing it in a pathetic epistle. He sends his love, and says he means to distinguish himself at King's College.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown are well, I hope. I don't wish Mrs. Brown would be ill again, but I wish she would do something, which would lead to her suggesting another character to me,[†4] as serviceable as Mrs. Gamp.

Ever believe me Dear Miss Coutts, Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 OCTOBER 1846]

Extract in F, V, vi, 431. *Date:* "five days" after 5 Oct according to Forster; because of the urgency of sending MS, probably posted the day before next.

I send you in twelve letters, counting this as one, the first two parts (thirty-five slips)[†5] of the Christmas book. I have two present anxieties respecting it. One to know that you have received it safely; and the second to know how it strikes you. Be sure you read the first and second parts together. . . . There seems to me to be interest in it, and a pretty idea; and it is unlike the others. . . . There will be some minor points for consideration: as, the necessity for some slight

alterations in one or two of the Doctor's speeches in the first part;[†1] and whether it should be called "The Battle of Life. A Love Story"[†2]—to express both a love story in the common acceptation of the phrase, and also a story of love; with one or two other things of that sort. We can moot these by and by. I made a tremendous day's work of it yesterday and was horribly excited—so I am going to rush out, as fast as I can: being a little used up, and sick. . . . But never say die! I have been to the glass to look at my eye. Pretty bright!

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 OCTOBER 1846]

Extracts in F, VI, ii, 477; V, v, 424-5; V, vi, 432-3, 430; V, v, 428-9; V, vi, 440. *Date:* first and third extracts 11 Oct according to Forster; second extract called by Forster "the very next letter" after a letter which he misdates (see *To* Forster, ?20 Sep), but more likely related to the second *Dombey* reading on 10 Oct; fourth extract probably same letter, since describes Talfourd's visit; fifth extract clearly soon after his return from Geneva; sixth, during period when most fully occupied with writing *Battle* and *Dombey*—i.e. before 17 Oct.

The *Dombey* success[†3] is BRILLIANT! I had put before me thirty thousand as the limit of the most extreme success, saying that if we should reach that, I should be more than satisfied and more than happy;

you will judge how happy I am![†4] I read the second number here last night to the most prodigious and uproarious delight of the circle.[†5] I never saw or heard people laugh so. You will allow me to observe that my reading of the Major has merit.

I was thinking the other day that in these days of lecturings and readings, a great deal of money might possibly be made (if it were not infra dig) by one's having Readings of one's own books. It would be an *odd* thing. I think it would take immensely. What do you say? Will you step to Dean-street, and see how Miss Kelly's engagement-book (it must be an immense volume!) stands? Or shall I take the St. James's?

You will know, long before you get this, all about the revolution at Geneva.[†6] There were stories of plots against the Government when I was there, but I

didn't believe them; for all sorts of lies are always afloat against the radicals, and wherever there is a consul from a Catholic Power the most monstrous fictions are in perpetual circulation against them: as in this very place, where the Sardinian consul was gravely whispering the other day that a society called the Homicides had been formed, whereof the president of the council of state, the O'Connell of Switzerland and a clever fellow, was a member; who were sworn on skulls and cross-bones to exterminate men of property, and so forth. There was a great stir here, on the day of the fight in Geneva. We heard the guns (they shook this house) all day; and seven hundred men marched out of this town of Lausanne to go and help the radical party—arriving at Geneva just after it was all over. There is no doubt they had received secret help from here; for a powder barrel, found by some of the Genevese populace with "Canton de Vaud" painted on it, was carried on a pole about the streets as a standard, to show that they were sympathized with by friends outside. It was a poor mean fight enough, I am told by Lord Vernon,[†1] who was present and who was with us last night. The Government was afraid; having no confidence whatever, I dare say, in its own soldiers; and the cannon were fired everywhere except at the opposite party, who (I mean the revolutionists) had barricaded a bridge with an omnibus only, and certainly in the beginning might have been turned with ease. The precision of the common men with the rifle was especially shown by a small party of *five*, who waited on the ramparts near one of the gates of the town, to turn a body of soldiery who were coming in to the Government assistance. They picked out every officer and struck him down instantly, the moment the party appeared; there were three or four of them; upon which the soldiers gravely turned round and walked off. I dare say there are not fifty men in this place who wouldn't click your card off a target a hundred and fifty yards away, at least. I have seen them, time after time, fire across a great ravine as wide as the ornamental ground in St. James's-park, and never miss the bull's-eye.

It is a horribly ungentlemanly thing to say here, though I *do* say it without the least reserve—but my sympathy is all with the radicals. I don't know any subject on which this indomitable people have so good a right to a strong feeling as Catholicity—if not as a religion, clearly as a means of social degradation. They know what it is. They live close to it. They have Italy beyond their mountains. They can compare the effect of the two systems at any time in their

own valleys; and their dread of it, and their horror of the introduction of Catholic priests and emissaries into their towns, seems to me the most rational feeling in the world. Apart from this, you have no conception of the preposterous, insolent little aristocracy of Geneva: the most ridiculous caricature the fancy can suggest of what we know in England. I was talking to two famous gentlemen (very intelligent men) of that place, not long ago, who came over to invite me to a sort of reception there—which I declined.[†1] Really their talk about "the people" and "the masses," and the necessity they would shortly be under of shooting a few of them as an example for the rest, was a kind of monstrosity one might have heard at Genoa. The audacious insolence and contempt of the people by their newspapers, too, is quite absurd. It is difficult to believe that men of sense can be such donkeys politically. It was precisely such a state of things that brought about the change here. There was a most respectful petition presented on the Jesuit question, signed by its tens of thousands of small farmers; the regular peasants of the canton, all splendidly taught in public schools, and intellectually as well as physically a most remarkable body of labouring men. This document is treated by the gentlemanly party with the most sublime contempt, and the signatures are said to be the signatures of "the rabble." Upon which, each man of the rabble shoulders his rifle, and walks in upon a given day agreed upon among them to Lausanne; and the gentlemanly party walk out without striking a blow.

The Talfourds stayed two days, and I think they were very happy. He was in his best aspect; the manner so well known to us, not the less loveable for being laughable; and if you could have seen him going round and round the coach that brought them, as a preliminary to paying the voiturier to whom he couldn't speak, in a currency he didn't understand, you never would have forgotten it.[†2]

And now sir I will describe, modestly, tamely, literally, the visit to the small select circle which I promised[†3] should make your hair stand on end. In our hotel were Lady A, and Lady B, mother and daughter,[†4] who came to the Peschiere

shortly before we left it, and who have a deep admiration for your humble servant the inimitable B. They are both very clever. Lady B, extremely well-informed in languages, living and dead; books, and gossip; very pretty; with two little children, and not yet five and twenty. Lady A, plump, fresh, and rosy; matronly, but full of spirits and good looks. Nothing would serve them but we *must* dine with them; and accordingly, on Friday at six, we went down to their room. I knew them to be rather odd. For instance, I have known Lady A, *full dressed*, walk alone through the streets of Genoa, the squalid Italian bye streets, to the Governor's soirée; and announce herself at the palace of state, by knocking at the door. I have also met Lady B, full dressed, without any cap or bonnet, walking a mile to the opera, with all sorts of jingling jewels about her, beside a sedan chair in which sat enthroned her mama. Consequently, I was not surprised at such little sparkles in the conversation (from the young lady) as "Oh God what a sermon we had here, last Sunday!" "And did you ever read such infernal trash as Mrs. Gore's?"[†1]—and the like. Still, but for Kate and Georgy (who were decidedly in the way, as we agreed afterwards), I should have thought it all very funny; and, as it was, I threw the ball back again, was mighty free and easy, made some rather broad jokes, and was highly applauded. "You smoke, don't you?" said the young lady, in a pause of this kind of conversation. "Yes," I said, "I generally take a cigar after dinner when I am alone." "I'll give you a good 'un," said she, "when we go up-stairs." Well, sir, in due course we went up-stairs, and there we were joined by an American lady residing in the same hotel, who looked like what we call in old England "a reg'lar

Bunter"[†2]—fluffy face (rouged); considerable development of figure; one groggy eye; blue satin dress made low with short sleeves, and shoes of the same. Also a daughter; face likewise fluffy; figure likewise developed; dress likewise low, with short sleeves, and shoes of the same; and one eye not yet actually groggy, but going to be. American lady married at sixteen; daughter sixteen now, often mistaken for sisters, &c. &c. &c. When that was over, Lady B[†3] brought out a cigar box, and gave me a cigar, made of negrohead she said, which would quell an elephant in six whiffs. The box was full of cigarettes—good large ones, made of pretty strong tobacco; I always smoke them here, and used to smoke them at Genoa, and I knew them well. When I lighted my cigar, Lady B lighted hers, at mine; leaned against the mantlepiece, in conversation with me; put out her stomach, folded her arms, and with her pretty face cocked up sideways and her cigarette smoking away like a Manchester cotton mill, laughed, and talked, and smoked, in the most gentlemanly manner I ever beheld. Lady A immediately lighted her cigar; American lady immediately lighted hers; and in five minutes the room was a cloud of smoke, with us four in the centre pulling away bravely, while American lady related stories of her "Hookah" up-stairs, and described different kinds of pipes. But even this was not all. For presently two Frenchmen came in, with whom, and the American lady, Lady B sat down to whist. The Frenchmen

smoked of course (they were really modest gentlemen, and seemed dismayed), and Lady B played for the next hour or two with a cigar continually in her mouth —never out of it. She certainly smoked six or eight. Lady A gave in soon—I think she only did it out of vanity. American lady had been smoking all the morning. I took no more; and Lady B and the Frenchmen had it all to themselves.

Conceive this in a great hotel, with not only their own servants, but half a dozen waiters coming constantly in and out! I showed no atom of surprise; but I never *was* so surprised, so ridiculously taken aback, in my life; for in all my experience of "ladies" of one kind and another, I never saw a woman—not a basket woman or a gipsy—smoke, before!

I will write to Landor as soon as I can possibly make time, but I really am so much at my desk perforce, and so full of work, whether I am there or elsewhere, between the Christmas book and *Dombey*, that it is the most difficult thing in the world for me to make up my mind to write a letter to anyone but you. I ought to have written to Macready.[†1] I wish you would tell him, with my love, how I am situated in respect of pen, ink, and paper. One of the Lausanne papers, treating of free trade, has been very copious lately in its mention of LORD GOBDEN. Fact; and I think it a good name.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 12 OCTOBER 1846

MS Berg Collection.

Rosemont, Lausanne | Monday Twelfth October 1846.

My Dear De la Rue

I have been at Geneva (left there immediately before the Revolution) and then found Serjeant Talfourd waiting for me here, whom I saw away to Bâsle. I am only just now in the receipt of your letter, and hasten to answer it, however briefly.

I think the best and plainest course will be for Madame to say nothing about us in her letter to Mrs. Thompson—taking everything for granted, and mentioning, as it were incidentally, that you are just then writing to me. It seems a course that will suit everything, and serve a whole world of chances.[†2]

Dombey and Son is a most immense success. There is every present reason to suppose that it will beat all the other books. I am just going to sit down to the last part of the Christmas Volume. My work has been very severe of late.

I hope to be in Paris about the middle of next month; and from thence I will somehow send you my aforesaid books, please God. Give my best love to

Madame. I came back rather drearily from Vevay that night.[†1] We had a happy day, and will have many more, please Heaven, somewhere or other.

In great haste | Ever Affectionately Yours

CD

Remember me to Brown.[†2] I dined with Lady Walpole and Lady Pellew at Geneva the other day.

To C. R. LESLIE, 12 OCTOBER 1846

MS Mr Thomas L. Twidell. *Address:* C. R. Leslie Esquire R.A. | 12 Pineapple Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland | Twelfth October 1846.

My Dear Leslie—for call you 'Sir', who are closely related to Fielding, Smollet Sterne, Cervantes, Goldsmith, and others of that blood, I never will!

I am heartily obliged to you for your friendly letter in respect to the American publishers. I was previously aware that such an arrangement could be made. But on reviewing the whole system some three or four years ago, I came to the conclusion that it was so disgraceful and dishonest, that a man should not, for money, make himself a party to it.[[Missing reference]][†3] I therefore resolved that I never would treat with any Pirate whomsoever—would sell them no proof sheets, and so get by an evasion what the public honor of a country does not give me—and would leave my books to the general scramble.[†4] I have never departed from that resolution since, otherwise I should have done so in favor of Mr. Carey's house[†5] at Philadelphia, which is associated in my mind with some experience of their just and gentlemanly dealing.

I do not thank you the less for your kind remembrance.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister join me in cordial regards to Mrs. Leslie[†6] and all your family. And I am ever, believe me,

Faithfully Your friend | And admirer

CHARLES DICKENS

C. R. Leslie Esquire.

To T. J. THOMPSON, [?MID-OCTOBER 1846]*

MS Mrs Sowerby. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1846; and see *fn.*

My Dear Thompson

Behold the document! I have reserved the crick[†7]—Heaven (and the Directors) forgive me for that same!

CD

To T. J. THOMPSON, 16 OCTOBER 1846

Text from *A Dickens Friendship*, ed. W[ilfrid] M[eynell], privately printed, 1931, p. 55.

Rosemont, Sixteenth October, 1846

My dear Thompson,

I do not think—and I fear I have reason for that misgiving—that I shall be able to finish my little book until it is late, or going on for late, tomorrow night. I should be a Beast if, for any social purposes, I left it now until it was done; and I am therefore reluctantly obliged to propose that we dine together here on *Sunday*[†1] instead of tomorrow, when we will broach some of the Rhine Wine to its success, and wreathe the bowl, etc. etc.

But what I particularly want you to do, is to lay violent hands on Mr. Weller,[†2] and keep him until Sunday night at all events. If he goes away by the Mails, then he cannot go under more favourable circumstances. Firstly, because the Rhine Wine will give him an immensely improved taste for the Rhine water; and secondly because it will superinduce a disposition to sleep in the coach. We might further strengthen *that*, by walking in the day, which I should be delighted to do, if you're agreeable.

I make no apologies, for you know my strait.

Ever faithfully,

C.D.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 OCTOBER 1846]

Extract in F, v, vi, 431. *Date:* 18 Oct according to Forster.

Sending the third and final part of The Battle of Life. I really do not know what this story is worth. I am so floored: wanting sleep, and never having had my head free from it for this month past. I think there are some places in this last part which I may bring better together in the proof, and where a touch or two may be of service; particularly in the scene between Craggs[†3] and Michael Warden, where, as it stands, the interest seems anticipated.[†4] But I shall have the benefit of your suggestions, and my own then cooler head,

I hope; and I will be very careful with the proofs, and keep them by me as long as I can. . . . Mr. Britain must have another Christian name, then?[†5] "Aunt Martha" is the Sally

of whom the Doctor speaks in the first part. Martha is a better name.[†1] What do you think of the concluding paragraph? Would you leave it for happiness' sake? It is merely experimental.[†2] . . . I am flying to Geneva to-morrow morning.

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 OCTOBER 1846]

Extracts in F, v, iii, 431-2; 433-4. *Date:* 20 Oct according to Forster. *From* Geneva.

We came here yesterday, and we shall probably remain until Katey's birthday, which is next Thursday week. I shall fall to work on number three of *Dombey* as soon as I can. At present I am the worse for wear, but nothing like as much so as I expected to be on Sunday last. I had not been able to sleep for some time, and had been hammering away, morning, noon, and night. A bottle of hock on Monday,[†3] when Elliotson dined with us (he went away homeward yesterday morning), did me a world of good; the change comes in the very nick of time; and I feel in Dombeian spirits already. . . . But I have still rather a damaged head, aching a good deal occasionally, as it is doing now, though I have not been cupped—yet. . . . I dreamed all last week that the *Battle of Life* was a series of chambers impossible to be got to rights or got out of, through which I wandered drearily all night. On Saturday night I don't think I slept an hour. I was perpetually roaming through the story, and endeavouring to dove-tail the revolution here into the plot. The mental distress, quite horrible.

You never would suppose from the look of this town that there had been anything revolutionary going on. Over the window of my old bedroom there is a great hole made by a cannon-ball in the house-front; and two of the bridges are under repair. But these are small tokens which anything else might have brought about as well. The people are all at work. The little streets are rife with every sight and sound of industry; the place is as quiet by ten o'clock as Lincoln's-inn-fields; and the only outward and visible sign of public interest in political events is a little group at every street corner, reading a public announcement from the new Government of the forthcoming election of state-officers, in which the people are reminded of their importance as a republican institution, and desired to bear in mind their dignity in all their proceedings. Nothing very violent or bad could go on with a community so well educated as this. It is the best antidote to American experiences, conceivable. As to the nonsense "the gentlemanly interest" talk about, their opposition to property and so forth, there never was such mortal absurdity. One of the principal leaders[†4] in the late movement has a stock of watches and jewellery here of immense value—and had, during the disturbance—perfectly unprotected. James Fahzey[†5] has a rich house and a

valuable collection of pictures; and, I will be bound to say, twice as much to lose as half the conservative declaimers put together. This house, the liberal one, is one of the most richly furnished and luxurious hotels on the Continent.[†1] And if I were a Swiss with a hundred thousand pounds, I would be as steady against the Catholic cantons and the propagation of Jesuitism as any radical among 'em: believing the

dissemination of Catholicity to be the most horrible means of political and social degradation left in the world. Which these people, thoroughly well educated, know perfectly. . . . The boys of Geneva were very useful in bringing materials for the construction of the barricades on the bridges; and the enclosed song[†2] may amuse you. They sing it to a tune that dates from the great French revolution—a very good one.

To THOMAS BEARD, 21 OCTOBER 1846

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Angleterre. Affranchie. | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Geneva. October Twenty First 1846.

My Dear Beard. Having run over here for a day or two, to escape from a headache consequent upon the completion of the Christmas Book, I take up my pen (I employ that phrase as a new one) to report myself alive and hearty. Also to report everybody else alive and hearty. Also to report that I mean to strike my encampment at Lausanne about the tenth or fifteenth of next month, and go to Paris, where I shall take a house, and where, if you will make holiday, and come and unbend that bow which is kept strung in Shoe Lane, you shall have your old welcome and everything else you like. *This is a thing that must be done,* so turn it over in your mind before I run over to England in December.

Dombey is a prodigious success. Enthusiastic bulletins reach me daily. I hope you get yours as of old, and like it.

There are two men standing under the balcony of the hotel in which I am writing, who are really good specimens, and have amused me mightily. An immense Frenchman, with a face like a bright velvet pincushion—and a very little Englishman, whose head comes up to about the middle of the Frenchman's waistcoat. They are travelling together. I saw them at Mont Blanc, months ago. The Englishman can't speak a word of French, but the Frenchman can speak a very little English, with which he helps the Englishman out of abysses and ravines of difficulty. The Englishman instead of being obliged by this, condescends, good humouredly, to correct the Frenchman's pronunciation—patronizes him—would pat him on the head, if he could reach so high—and screeches at his mistakes.—There he is now, staggering over the stones in his

little boots, and falling up against a watchmaker's window, in perfect convulsions of joy, because the beaming Giant, without whom he couldn't get a single necessary of life, has made some mistake in the English language! I never saw such a fellow. The last time I met them was at the other end of the Lake by Chillon, disembarking from the steamer. It is done in little boats: the water being shallow, close in shore: and in the confusion, the Giant had got into one boat, and the dwarf in another. A hairy sailor on board the steamer found the Dwarf's great coat on deck, and gave a great roar to him; upon which the Dwarf, standing up in the boat, cried out (in English) "Put it down. Keep it. I shall be back in an hour." The hairy sailor of course not understanding one word of this, roared again and shook the coat in the air. "Oh you damned fool!" said the dwarf (still in English) "Oh you precious jackass! Put it down, will you?" The Giant, perceiving from the other boat what was the matter, cried out to the hairy sailor what it was

necessary for him to know, and then called out to the Dwarf, "I have tell him to cap it." I thought the dwarf would have died with delight. "Oh my God!" he said to himself, "you're a nice man! Tell him to cap it, have you? Yes yes. Ha ha ha!—Cap it, indeed! Oh Lord!"—and never left off chuckling 'till he landed.

I don't know what demon brought them under the window, but I was going to tell you that there are no signs of the late revolution here, except a few excoriated house-fronts, knocked about by cannon-balls—and that everything is as busy and peaceful as before. I was going to be rather luminous too about the Daily News[†1]—whose advertisement list don't seem to me to be brilliant—and to say that I'm afraid Dilke is hardly the man for Baldwin. But as I haven't room, and as my main object after all was only to say how heartily I am your old friend wherever I am, I will spare you the rest. Kate and Georgy (and Toby: who goes to school at a German's at Lausanne) send their best regards to yourself and all your house. And I am Ever My Dear Beard

Most Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Pray remember me, particularly, to Baldwin. I was sorry to see he had had domestic sorrow.[†2]

To T. N. TALFOURD, 21 OCTOBER 1846

Text from N, I, 801-2.

Geneva | Wednesday, October Twenty-First 1846

My Dear Talfourd,

I am very glad to hear that you all arrived at home safely, and that Frank received the great coat which the Brave Courier sent in quest of him.

The appointment of the new Judge I had seen in the newspapers. I dare say I felt very much as you did, on the subject—indignant and disappointed at first, but very soon reconciled to the thing. I had had very little doubt in my own mind, I confess, that if the Solicitor General were not the Judge, you would be,—as everybody knows you had a first claim to that distinction at the hands of the present Government,—and therefore I had an uncomfortable feeling when I saw Vaughan Richards' name.[†1]

But my sources of consolation are these.—In the first place I sincerely believe you are happier at the Bar, in your high position there, than you would be on the Bench. Hoisted up to that small elevation, you would be lifted out of the reach of a vast number of means of daily pleasure and variety in which you have as keen an interest as any man alive, and which, to one of your generous tastes and sympathies, are worth all the ermine that ever grew since the deluge. Secondly (and more selfishly) I feel that the world of letters and fancy cannot afford to lose you: and that, however you might remain with it, and be true to it, as I know you would, even if you were a Judge, you are more its property as you are, and can show your feeling for it in a thousand little ways which would then be closed to you. It is a part of your graceful and enviable position at present that no Government going, gone, or to come, could enlarge its circle of various

usefulness; but it might easily contract it, and I do not like to think that my small corner of it might be cramped—for literature wants such men as you, sorely. That is the way I make the best of the business.

There has been a revolution here, since you were at Lausanne, and a few houses have been knocked about by cannon balls. With that exception everything is as it was, and in perfect peace and order. Snow has fallen on the hills about Lausanne: and their white tops are a great improvement to the beauty of the scene.

Kate and her sister ask me to send all sorts of remembrances and loves to Mrs. Talfourd and Mary (and to Miss Ely too) in which I join as heartily as an honest gentleman may. I am delighted by all the news I hear of Dombey of course, and am resting now, for a few days, after finishing the Christmas Book. Toby is coming over here on Friday, to be presented with a watch for his quick picking-up of French.

Ever believe me | My dear Talfourd | Most affectionately Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,[†1] 21 OCTOBER 1846

Extract in Kurt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912.

Rosemont, Lausanne, October 21st, 1846.

In reference to the conditions on which I should be disposed to sanction your republication of my new book *Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son,* I am quite at a loss how to answer your question, as I really do not know what it would be fair and reasonable to require from you. But I have every reason to rely upon your honourable intentions; and if you will do me the favour to state your own proposal, I have little doubt that I shall be willing to assent to it.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 24 OCTOBER 1846

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Angleterre. Affranchie. | Douglas Jerrold Esquire | West Lodge | Putney Heath | *near* | London.

Geneva. Saturday October Twenty Fourth 1846.

My Dear Jerrold. This day week, I finished my little Christmas Book (writing, towards the close, the exact words of a passage in your affectionate letter, received this morning: to wit "after all, life has something serious in it"),[†2] and ran over here, for a week's rest. I cannot tell you how much true gratification I have had in your most hearty letter.[†3] Forster told me that the same spirit breathed through a notice of Dombey in your paper:[†4] and I have been saying since to Kate and Georgina that there is no such good way of testing the worth of a literary friendship as by comparing its influence on one's mind, with any that literary animosity can produce. Mr. Warren will throw me into a violent fit of anger for the moment, it is true—but his acts and deeds pass into the death of all bad things next day, and rot out of my memory.[†5] Whereas a generous sympathy like yours, is ever present to me, ever fresh and new to me: always stimulating, cheerful, and delightful. The pain of unjust malice is lost in an hour. The pleasure of a generous friendship is the steadiest joy in the world. What a glorious and comfortable thing that is to think of!

— IV - 643 —

No, I *don't* get the paper regularly.[†1] To the best of my recollection I have not had more than three numbers—certainly not more than four. But I knew how busy you must be, and had no expectation of hearing from you, until I wrote from Paris (as I intended doing) and implored you to come and make merry with us there. I am truly pleased to receive your good account of that enterprize.[†2] I feel all you say upon the subject of the literary man in his old age,[†3] and know the incalculable benefit of such a resource. You can hardly fail to realize an independent property from such success; and I congratulate you upon it, with all my heart and soul. Two numbers of the Barber's Chair[†4] have reached me. It is a capital idea, and capable of the best and readiest adaptation to things as they arise. The number that ought to have come with the letter I am acknowledging, is brilliantly replaced by—*The Spectator*!!![†5] There is a printed slip inside, from the Post Office, saying that the envelopes of a great many newspapers, being badly put on, have come off that evening: and they hope the Paper they forward me, may prove to be the right one, but don't much expect it. Of all the papers going, they couldn't have picked me out a more unlikely one.

Anent the Comic History of England and similar comicalities (Snobs in general, included) I feel exactly as you do.[†6] Their effect upon me is very disagreeable. Such joking is like the sorrow of an undertaker's mute, reversed—and is applied to serious things with the like propriety and force. I have not seen A'Beckett's book,[†7] however. Did you see an allusion to "discontented" writers in an advertisement of Mr. Albert Smith's, fashioned like an act of Parliament? There was an impertinence in it that rather stirred my bile.[†8] If it has not met your eye, I wish you'd look at it. It was about Christopher Tadpole—some fortnight ago.

— IV - 644 —

The Manchester Soirée[†1] has not come off, I suppose? I saw, in Galignani, that you were going. I wish I were going with you.—I have often thought, believe me, of your domestic troubles, and more than once asked Forster about your daughter.[†2] It is a sad story my dear Jerrold, God knows, but that which is a part of your regret, makes it lighter to her. As long as she can like him, she will feel it gently. Your boy at Baring's[†3] does well, I hope? And the elder,[†4] how does *he* go on! My father told me he had left the Daily News. How does *that* go on, I wonder! What B and He call the "adds", look shy, I fear. And Dilke is rather weighty, generally speaking.

Paris is good, both in the Spring and in the winter. So come, first, at Christmas, and let us have a few jolly holidays together, at what Mr. Rowland, of Hatton Garden, calls "that festive season of the year", when the human hair is peculiarly liable to come out of curl, unless &c.[†5] I hope to reach there, bag and baggage, by the 20th. of next month. As soon as I am lodged, I will write to you. *Do* arrange to run over at Christmas time, and let us be as English and as merry as we can. Its nothing of a journey, and you shall write "o'mornings", as they say in Modern Elizabethan, as much as you like. Perhaps Forster (having finished with Madame Tussaud)[†6] will come at the same time. I'll stir him up. By the bye, I have stirred up my French, and have come out rather strong.

The Newspapers seem to know as much about Switzerland as about the Esquimaux Country. I should like to shew you the people as they are here, or in the Canton de Vaud—their wonderful education[†7]—splendid schools—comfortable homes—great intelligence—and noble independence of character. It

is the fashion among the English to decry them, because they are not servile. I can only say that if the first quarter of a century of the best general Education would rear such a peasantry in Devonshire as exists about here, or about Lausanne, ('bating their disposition towards drunkenness) it would do what I can hardly hope in my most sanguine moods it will effect in four times that period. The revolution here just now (which has my cordial sympathy) was conducted with the most gallant, true, and Christian spirit. The conquering party, moderate in the first transports of triumph—forbearing—and forgiving. I swear to you that some of the appeals to the Citizens of both parties, posted by the new Government (the people's) on the walls, and sticking there now, almost drew the tears into my eyes as I read them; they are so truly generous, and so exalted in their tone—so far above the miserable strife of politics, and so devoted to the General Happiness and Welfare.

Kate and Georgy send their best regards. The latter small person was making me weak with laughter only last night, by imitating Mrs. Bradbury, in a manner quite inconceivable. We often talk of you, and project Parisian entertainments. There are only a few English (some dozen or so) at Lausanne, but very agreeable and well-informed people. I have had great success again in Magnetism—this time with a male subject.[†1] Elliotson, who has been with us for a week or so, holds my magnetic powers in great veneration; and I really think they are, by some conjunction of chances, strong.

Let them, or something else, hold you to me by the heart. Ever My Dear Jerrold—Affectionately Your friend CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 24 OCTOBER 1846†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre Affranchie. | W. C. Macready Esquire | 5 Clarence Terrace | Regents Park | London.

Geneva. Saturday October Twenty Fourth 1846.

My Dear Macready.

The welcome sight of your handwriting, moves me, (though I have nothing to say) to shew you mine. And if I could recollect the passage in Virginius, I would paraphrase it, and say "Does it seem to tremble boy? Is it a loving autograph? Does it beam with friendship and affection?"—all of which I say, as I write, with—oh Heaven!—such a splendid imitation of you—and finally give you one of those grasps and shakes with which I have seen you make the young Icilius stagger again.[†2]

Here I am, running away from a bad head ache, as Tristram Shandy ran away from Death,[†1] and lodging for a week in the Hotel de l'Ecu de Geneve, wherein there is a large mirror shattered by a Cannon-Ball in the late Revolution. A revolution, whatever its merits, achieved by free spirits, nobly generous and moderate, even in the first transports of victory—elevated by a splendid popular Education—and bent on Freedom from all tyrants, whether their crowns be shaven or golden. The Newspapers may tell you what they please. I believe there is no country on earth but Switzerland, in which a violent change could have been effected in the Christian spirit shewn in this place, or in the same proud, independent, gallant style. Not one halfpennyworth of property was lost, stolen, or strayed. Not one atom of party malice survived the smoke of the last gun. Nothing is expressed in the Government Addresses to the Citizens, but a regard for the general happiness, and injunctions to forget all animosities—which they are practically obeying at every turn, though the late Government (of whose spirit I had some little previous knowledge) *did* load the guns with such material as should occasion gangrene in the wounds, and though the wounded *do* die, consequently, every day, in the hospital, of sores that in themselves were nothing.

You a mountaineer! *You* examine (I have seen you do it) the point of your young son's baton de Montagne before he went up into the snow![†2] And *you* talk of coming to Lausanne in March! Why, Lord love your heart, William Tell, times are changed since you lived at Altorf. There is not a Mountain pass, open, until June. The snow is closing in on all the panorama already. I was at the Great St. Bernard two months ago, and it was bitter cold and frosty then. Do you think I would let you hazard your life by going up any pass worth seeing, in bleak March? Never shall it be said that Dickens sacrificed his friend upon the altar of his hospitality! Onward! To Paris! [Cue for Band. Dickens points off with truncheon 1st Entrance. P.S. Page delivers gauntlets, on one knee. Dickens puts 'em on, and gradually falls into a fit of musing. Mrs. Dickens lays her hand upon his shoulder. Business. Procession. Curtain.][†3]

[†a]I had a letter from Jerrold this morning, in which he tells me that Madame Tussaud[†4] intends to do Forster next, as Kitely (in consequence of the success that has attended you as Coriolanus) and that he is to be put next Burke, in the Chamber of Horrors. Tell Mrs. Macready with my love. I know it will make her laugh.[†a]

It is a great pleasure to me, my Dear Macready, to hear from yourself, as I had previously heard from Forster, that you are so well pleased with Dombey.

Which is evidently a great success, and a great hit, thank God! I felt that Mrs. Brown[†1] was strong, but I was not at all afraid of giving as heavy a blow as I could to a piece of hot iron that lay ready at my hand. For that is my principle always—and I hope to come down with some heavier sledge-hammers than that.

I know the Lady Walpole[†2] of whom you write. Smythe[†3] left here, only yesterday. The story may arise only in her manner, which is extraordinarily free and careless. He was visiting her here, when I was here last—three weeks ago. I knew her in Italy. It is not her fault, if Scandal ever leaves her alone, for such a Braver of all conventionalities never wore petticoats. But I should be sorry to hear there was anything guilty in her conduct. She is very clever—really learned —very pretty—much neglected by her husband—and only four and twenty years of age.

†b You may well be ashamed of your eight children—I don't wonder at your sometimes talking of flight to America. I have been very successful again, in the Animal Magnetic way, at Lausanne. A married English Lady there, was asking me the other night if I thought that influence might be exerted, in time, for lessening the pain which ladies suffer, who love their Lords. I implored her, for Heaven's sake, never to hint at the possibility of that operation being made more easy, or I didn't know what I myself,†4 but mainly some of my friends (I meant you and Mrs. Macready) might come to! And my opinion is—now—at twelve o'Clock—in the grave and sober light of noon—that you'll make that eight, eighteen, before you're done.

Well! Heaven preserve us from evil influences!†b Kate and Georgy send their best loves to Mrs. and Miss Macready, and all your house. †c And as to me, I'll forgive you anything—short of eight and twenty—and remain through all†c your Most affectionate friend CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26-29 OCTOBER 1846]

Extracts in F, v, vi, 434; VI, ii, 478; v, vi, 434-5, 436-7, 437, 435; v, v, 425. *Date:* first two extracts 26 Oct according to Forster; third extract, letter resumed "two days later"; fourth extract 28 Oct, and fifth and sixth extracts 29 Oct according to Forster; last extract probably same letter, as CD comments on Forster's reply to his letter of ?11 Oct, which he would find on return to Lausanne. *From* Geneva (26, 28 Oct) and Lausanne (29 Oct).

In reference to that *Daily News* revolution,†5 I have been walking and wandering

all day through a perfect Miss Burney's Vauxhall†1 of conjectural dark walks. Heaven send you enlighten me fully on Wednesday, or number three will suffer!

A week of perfect idleness has brought me round again—idleness so rusting and devouring, so complete and unbroken, that I am quite glad to write the heading of the first chapter of number three to-day. I shall be slow at first, I fear, in consequence of that change of the plan. But I allow myself nearly three weeks†2 for the number; designing, at present, to start for Paris on the 16th of November. Full particulars in future bills. Just going to bed. I think I can make a good effect, on the after story, of the feeling created by the additional number before Paul's death.

Beginning his journey back to Lausanne: I am in a great state of excitement on account of your intelligence, and desperately anxious to know all about it. I shall be put out to an unspeakable extent if I don't find your letter awaiting me. God knows there has been small comfort for either of us in the *D.N.*'s nine months.

I wonder whether you foresaw the end of the Christmas book! There are two or three places in which I can make it prettier, I think, by slight alterations. . . . I trust to Heaven you may like it. What an affecting story I could have made of it in one octavo volume. Oh to think of the printers transforming my kindly cynical old father into Doctor Taddler!†3

On returning to Rosemont: Do you think it worth while, in the illustrations, to throw the period back at all for the sake of anything good in the costume? The story may have happened at any time within a hundred years. Is it worth having coats and gowns of dear old Goldsmith's day? or thereabouts?[†4] I really don't know what to say. The probability is, if it has not occurred to you or to the artists, that it is hardly worth considering; but I ease myself of it by throwing it out to you. It may be already too late, or you may see reason to think it best to "stick to the *last*" (I feel it necessary to italicize the joke), and abide by the ladies' and gentlemen's spring and winter fashions of this time. Whatever you think best, in this as in all other things, is best, I am sure. . . . I would go, in the illustrations, for "beauty" as much as possible; and I should like each part to have a general illustration to it at the beginning, shadowing out its drift and bearing:[†5]

much as Browne goes at that kind of thing on *Dombey* covers. I don't think I should fetter your discretion in the matter farther. The better it is illustrated, the better I shall be pleased of course.

I certainly am very glad of the result of the *Daily News* business, though my gladness is dashed with melancholy to think that you should have toiled there so long, to so little purpose. I escaped more easily. However, it is all past now. . . . As to the undoubted necessity of the course you took, I have not a grain of question in my mind.[†1] That, being what you are, you had only one course to take and have taken it, I no more doubt than that the Old Bailey is not Westminster Abbey. In the utmost sum at which you value yourself, you were bound to leave; and now you *have* left, you will come to Paris, and there, and at home again, we'll have, please God, the old kind of evenings and the old life again, as it used to be before those daily nooses caught us by the legs and sometimes tripped us up. Make a vow (as I have done) never to go down that court with the little news-shop at the corner, any more,[†2] and let us swear by Jack Straw as in the ancient times. . . . I am beginning to get over my sorrow for your nights up aloft in Whitefriars, and to feel nothing but happiness in the contemplation of your enfranchisement. God bless you!

Continuing his joke about public readings: I don't think you have exercised your usual judgment in taking Covent-garden for me. I doubt it is too large for my purpose. However, I shall stand by whatever you propose to the proprietors.

To JOHN FORSTER, [31 OCTOBER 1846]

Extracts in F, v, vi, 437-8; VI, ii, 478. *Date:* first extract 31 Oct, and second "five . . . days" after 26 Oct according to Forster.

I only write to say that it is of no use my writing at length, until I have heard from you; and that I will wait until I shall have read your promised communication (as my father would call it) to-morrow. I have glanced over the proofs of the last part and really don't wonder, some of the most extravagant mistakes occurring in Clemency's account to Warden,[†1] that the marriage of Grace and Alfred should seem rather unsatisfactory to you. Whatever is done about that must be done with the lightest hand, for the reader MUST take something for granted; but I think it next to impossible, without dreadful injury to the

effect, to introduce a scene between Marion and Michael. The introduction must be in the scene between the sisters, and must be put, mainly, into the mouth of Grace.[†2] Rely upon it there is no other way, in keeping with the spirit of the tale. With this amendment, and a touch here and there in the last part (I know exactly where they will come best), I think it may be pretty and affecting, and comfortable too. . . .

I am at work at *Dombey* with good speed, thank God.[†3] All well here. Country stupendously beautiful. Mountains covered with snow. Rich crisp weather. *But he found the illustrations in No. 11*[†4] *so* dreadfully bad *that they made him* curl his legs up.

November

To JOHN FORSTER, [?OCTOBER-NOVEMBER 1846]

Extract in F, IV, iii, 322. *Date:* "from Switzerland" according to Forster; and probably after publication of *Dombey* No. 1 (see *fn*).

My feeling about the —— is the feeling common, I suppose, to three fourths of the reflecting part of the community in our happiest of all possible countries;

and that is, that it is better to suffer a great wrong than to have recourse to the much greater wrong of the law.[†1] I shall not easily forget the expense, and anxiety, and horrible injustice of the *Carol* case, wherein, in asserting the plainest right on earth, I was really treated as if I were the robber instead of the robbed. Upon the whole, I certainly would much rather NOT proceed. What do you think of sending in a grave protest against what has been done in this case, on account of the immense amount of piracy to which I am daily exposed, and because I have been already met in the Court of Chancery with the legal doctrine that silence under such wrongs barred my remedy: to which Talfourd's written opinion might be appended as proof that we stopped under no discouragement. It is useless to affect that I don't know I have a morbid susceptibility of exasperation, to which the meanness and badness of the law in such a matter would be stinging in the last degree. And I know of nothing that *could* come, even of a successful action, which would be worth the mental trouble and disturbance it would cost.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?OCTOBER-NOVEMBER 1846]

Extract in F, v, iv, 418. *Date:* Reference to snow suggests Oct-Nov.

There are two old ladies (English) living here who may serve me for a few lines of gossip—as I have intended they should, over and over again, but I have always forgotten it. There were originally four old ladies, sisters, but two of them have faded away in the course of eighteen years, and withered by the side of John Kemble[†2] in the cemetery. They are very little, and very skinny; and each of them wears a row of false curls, like little rolling-pins, so low upon her brow, that there is no forehead; nothing above the eyebrows but a deep horizontal wrinkle, and then the curls. They live upon some small annuity. For thirteen years they have wanted very much to move to Italy, as the eldest old lady says the climate of this part of Switzerland doesn't agree with her, and preys upon her spirits; but they have never been able to go, because of the difficulty of moving "the books." This tremendous library belonged once upon a time to the

father of these old ladies, and comprises about fifty volumes.[†3] I have never been able to see what they are, because one of the old ladies always sits before them; but they look, outside

like very old backgammon-boards. The two deceased sisters died in the firm persuasion that this precious property could never be got over the Simplon without some gigantic effort to which the united family was unequal. The two remaining sisters live, and will die also, in the same belief. I met the eldest (evidently drooping) yesterday, and recommended her to try Genoa. She looked shrewdly at the snow that closes up the mountain prospect just now, and said that when the spring was quite set in, and the avalanches were down, and the passes well open, she would certainly try that place, if they could devise any plan, in the course of the winter, for moving "the books." The whole library will be sold by auction here, when they are both dead, for about a napoleon; and some young woman will carry it home in two journeys with a basket.

To T. J. THOMPSON, [3 NOVEMBER 1846]

MS Mrs Sowerby. *Date:* clearly Tues 3 Nov, the day of Elizabeth Thompson's birth.

Rosemont. | Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Thompson.

All kinds of hearty and cordial congratulations on the event.[†1] We are all delighted that it is, at last, well over. There is an uncertainty attendant on Angelic Strangers (as Miss Tox says)[†2] which it is a great relief to have so happily disposed of.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 NOVEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, v, vi, 438; vi, ii, 478; 479. *Date:* first and third extracts 4 Nov according to Forster; second extract "four days" after 31 Oct.

I shall hope to touch upon the Christmas book as soon as I get your opinion. I wouldn't do it without. I am delighted to hear of noble old Stanny.[†3] Give my love to him, and tell him I think of turning Catholic. It strikes me (it may have struck you perhaps) that another good place for introducing a few lines of dialogue, is at the beginning of the scene between Grace and her husband, where he speaks about the messenger at the gate.[†4]

Sending the first chapter[†1] *of No. III:* The best subject for Browne will be at Mrs. Pipchin's; and if he liked to do a quiet odd thing, Paul, Mrs. Pipchin, and the Cat, by the fire, would be very good for the story. I earnestly hope he will think it worth a little extra care. The second subject,[†2] in case he shouldn't take a

second from that same chapter, I will shortly describe as soon as I have it clearly (to-morrow or next day), and send it to *you* by post.

I hope to finish the number by next Tuesday or Wednesday.[†3] It is hard writing under these bird-of-passage circumstances, but I have no reason to complain, God knows, having come to no knot yet. . . . I hope you will like Mrs. Pipchin's establishment. It is from the life, and I was there—I don't suppose I was eight years old; but I remember it all as well, and certainly understood it as well, as I do now.[†4] We should be devilish sharp in what we do to children. I thought of that passage in my small life, at Geneva. [†a]Shall I leave you my life in MS. when I die?[†5] There are some things in it that would touch you very much, and that might go on the same shelf with the first volume of Holcroft's.[†a†6]

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 NOVEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, V, vi, 441; 438-9. *Date:* 7 Nov according to Forster.

He was in the agonies *of the last chapter of* Dombey *No. III.*

On the Battle of Life: Before I reply to your questions I wish to remark generally of the third part that all the passion that can be got into it, through my interpretation at all events, is there. I know that, by what it cost me; and I take it to be, as a question of art and interest, in the very nature of the story that it *should* move at a swift pace after the sisters are in each other's arms again.[†1] Anything after that would drag like lead, and must. . . . Now for your questions. I don't think any little scene with Marion and anybody can prepare the way for the last paragraph of the tale: I don't think anything but a printer's line *can* go between it and Warden's speech.[†2] A less period than ten years? Yes. I see no objection to six.[†3] I have no doubt you are right. Any word from Alfred in his misery? Impossible: you might as well try to speak to somebody in an express train. The preparation for his change is in the first part, and he kneels down beside her in that return scene. He is left alone with her, as it were, in the world. I am quite confident it is wholly impossible for me to alter that.[†4] . . . BUT (keep your eye on me) when Marion went away, she left a letter for Grace in which she charged her to encourage the love that Alfred would conceive for her, and FOREWARNED her that years would pass before they met again, &c. &c. This coming out in the scene between the sisters, and something like it being expressed in the opening of the little scene between Grace and her husband before the messenger at the gate, will make (I hope) a prodigious difference;[†5] and I will try to put in something with Aunt Martha and the Doctor which shall carry the tale back more distincty and unmistakeably to the battle-ground. I hope to make these alterations[†6] next week, and to send the third part back to you before I leave here. If you think it can still be improved after that, say so to me in Paris and I will go at it again. I wouldn't have it limp, if it can fly. I say nothing to you of a great deal of this being already expressed in the sentiment of the beginning, because your delicate

perception knows all that already. Observe for the artists. Grace will now only have *one child*—little Marion.[†1] . . . . (*At night, on same day*) . . . You recollect that I asked you to read it all together, for I knew

that I was working for that? But I have no doubt of *your* doubts, and will do what I have said. . . . I had thought of marking the time[†2] in the little story, and will do so. . . . Think, once more, of the period between the second and third parts. I will do the same.

To WILLIAM HALDIMAND, [8 NOVEMBER 1846]*

MS Bibliothèque Cantonale et Universitaire, Lausanne. *Date:* clearly the Sunday before returning the proofs of *Battle:* see *To* Forster, ?13 Nov.

Rosemont. | Sunday Night

My Dear Haldimand.

Here you have (in an odiously loose and erratic form—"slips", these things which look like tailor's measures, are called technically) the two first parts of the most private and confidential of stories. I am going over the third, with a view to some little emendation. It will be ready for you, I hope, when you are ready for it.

You will recognize a word or two, and a sentiment or two, in the first part (I shouldn't wonder) which have a flavor of Lausanne and a certain dinner party there.

Ever Yours Cordially
CHARLES DICKENS

William Haldimand Esquire.

To M. DOR, 12 NOVEMBER 1846*

MS Bibliothèque Publique et Universitaire, Geneva. *Address:* À Monsieur: | Monsr. D'Or.

Rosemont. Thursday Morning | Twelfth November 1846.

Dear Sir

I am very glad to hear that you are so kind as to purpose going to the prison tomorrow. As I intend taking Mr. Thompson to the Blind Asylum[†3] first, I will appoint half past One, if convenient to you, for meeting—say at the English Library.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

à Monsieur | Monr. D'Or.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 NOVEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, V, vi, 439, 441, 440-1. *Date:* first extract 13 Nov according to Forster; second extract from "his last letter but one"; third extract near the time of his departure, therefore probably same letter.

Returning the proofs of the Battle of Life: I hope you will think the third part (when you read it in type with these amendments) very much improved. I think it so[†1]. If there should still be anything wanting, in your opinion, pray suggest it to me in Paris. I am bent on having it right, if I can. . . . If in going over the proofs you find the tendency to blank verse[†2] (I *cannot* help it, when I am very much in earnest) too strong, knock out a word's brains here and there.

We have had some tremendous hurricanes at Lausanne. It is an extraordinary place now for wind, being peculiarly situated among mountains—between the Jura, and the Simplon, St. Gothard, St. Bernard, and Mont Blanc ranges; and at night you would swear (lying in bed) you were at sea. You cannot imagine wind blowing so, over earth. It is very fine to hear. The weather generally, however, has been excellent. There is snow on the tops of nearly all the hills, but none has fallen in the valley. On a bright day, it is quite hot between eleven and half past two. The nights and mornings are cold. For the last two or three days, it has been thick weather; and I can see no more of Mont Blanc from where I am writing now than if I were in Devonshire-terrace, though last week it bounded all the Lausanne walks. I would give a great deal that you could take a walk with me about Lausanne on a clear cold day. It is impossible to imagine anything more noble and beautiful than the scene; and the autumn colours in the foliage are more brilliant and vivid now than any description could convey to you. I took Elliotson, when he was with us, up to a ravine I had found out in the hills eight hundred or a thousand feet deep! Its steep sides dyed bright yellow, and deep red, by the changing leaves; a sounding torrent roaring down below; the lake of Geneva lying at its foot; one enormous mass and chaos of trees at its upper end; and mountain piled on mountain in the distance, up into the sky! He really was struck silent by its majesty and splendour.

He now, in a less romantic and more homely contemplation of the picture, *began to think of the advantages of Paris.* I have no doubt that constant change, too, is indispensable to me when I am at work: and at times something more than a doubt will force itself upon me whether there is not something in a Swiss valley that disagrees with me. Certainly, whenever I live in Switzerland again, it shall be on the hill-top. Something of the *goître* and *crétin* influence seems to settle on my spirits sometimes, on the lower ground. How sorry, ah yes! how sorry I shall be to leave the little society nevertheless. We have been thoroughly good-humoured and agreeable together, and I'll always give a hurrah for the Swiss and Switzerland.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 13 NOVEMBER 1846*

MS Mrs Sowerby. *Address:* T. J. Thompson Esquire | Clermont.

Rosemont. | Friday Night 13th. Novr. 1846.

My Dear Thompson

I am very sorry to say that we are already engaged (to dine with Haldimand) on Sunday[†1]—but if tomorrow would suit you equally well, we should be delighted.

It is so possible that your domestic arrangements might not be available (under the circumstances) for this substitution, that I shall not consider it "on", unless I hear from you to that effect.[†2]

I can't write to night, I find. My hand will *not* make the letters.

Ever Faithfully | (With all kinds of remembrances)

CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 or 16 NOVEMBER 1846]

Extract in F, V, vi, 441-2. *Date:* after the final dinner at Haldimand's on 15 Nov: either late that night or early morning on day of departure.

He had said goodbye to his deaf, dumb, and blind friends, and was yet more terribly down in the mouth *at taking leave of his hearing, speaking, and seeing friends.* I shall see you soon, please God, and that sets all to rights. But I don't believe there are many dots on the map of the world where we shall have left such affectionate remembrances behind us, as in Lausanne. It was quite miserable this last night, when we left them at Haldimand's.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 NOVEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, V, iii, 439; VI, ii, 479. *Date:* first extract 21 Nov according to Forster; second extract clearly same letter, as Forster says CD "wrote by return". *From* Paris.

Your Christmas book illustration-news makes me jump for joy.[†4] I will write you at length to-morrow. I should like this dedication: This Christmas Book is

cordially inscribed To my English Friends in Switzerland.[†1] Just those two lines, and nothing more. When I get the proofs again I think I may manage another word or two about the battle-field, with advantage. I am glad you like the alterations. I feel that they make it complete, and that it would have been incomplete without your suggestions.

About the proofs of No. III of Dombey: I have taken out about two pages and a half, and the rest I must ask you to take out with the assurance that you will satisfy me in whatever you do.[†2] The sale, prodigious indeed![†3] I am very thankful.

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 and 23 NOVEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, VI, ii, 479; V, i, 384; V, vi, 442; V, vii, 443, 443*n*, 444. *Date:* first extract "Next day" after 21 Nov according to Forster; second extract 22 Nov in marginal note in F, 1872-4, II, ix, 187; third extract clearly in first long letter after arrival in Paris; remaining extracts 22 Nov according to Forster, with postscripts on "Monday" (23 Nov).

About Walter Gay: I see it will be best as you advise, to give that idea up; and indeed I don't feel it would be reasonable to carry it out now. I am far from sure it could be wholesomely done, after the interest he has acquired.[†4] But when I have disposed of Paul (poor boy!) I will consider the subject farther.[†5]

On another matter in Forster's letter he writes: OUR STRAW-HATTED FRIEND from Miss Kelly's![†6] Oh my stars! To think of him, all that time—Macbeth in disguise; Richard the Third grown straight; Hamlet as he appeared on his seavoyage to England. What an artful villain he must be, never to have made any sign of the melodrama that was in him! What a wicked-minded and remorseless Iago to have seen you doing Kitely night after night! raging to murder you and seize the part! Oh fancy Miss Kelly "getting him up" in Macbeth. Good Heaven! what a mass of absurdity must be shut up sometimes within the walls of that small theatre in Dean-street! FIREWORKS[†7] will come out shortly, depend

upon it, in the dumb line; and will relate her history in profoundly unintelligible motions that will be translated into long and complicated descriptions by a grey-headed father, and a red-wigged countryman, his son. You remember the dumb dodge of relating an escape from captivity?[†1] Clasping the left wrist with the right hand, and the right wrist with the left hand—alternately (to express chains) —and then going round and round the stage very fast, and coming hand over hand down an imaginary cord: at the end of which there is one stroke on the drum, and a kneeling to the chandelier? If Fireworks can't do that—and won't somewhere—I'm a Dutchman.

They travelled post to Paris in five days. We got through the journey charmingly, though not quite so quickly as we hoped. The children as good as usual, and even Skittles[†2] jolly to the last. (That name has long superseded Sampson Brass, by the bye. I call him so, from something skittle-playing and public-housey in his countenance.) We have been up at five every morning, and on the road before seven. We were three carriages: a sort of wagon, with a cabriolet attached, for the luggage; a ramshackle villainous old swing upon wheels (hired at Geneva), for the children; and for ourselves, that travelling chariot which I was so kind as to bring here for sale.[†3] It was very cold indeed crossing the Jura—nothing but fog and frost; but when we were out of Switzerland and across the French frontier, it became warmer, and continued so. We stopped at between six and seven each evening; had two rather queer inns, wild French country inns;[†4] but the rest good. They were three hours and a half examining the luggage at the frontier custom-house[†5]—atop of a mountain, in a hard and biting frost; where Anne and Roche had sharp work I assure you, and the latter insisted on volunteering the most astonishing and unnecessary lies about my books, for the mere pleasure of deceiving the officials. When we were out of the mountain country, we came at a good pace, but were a day late in getting to our hotel[†6] here.

Residence in a hotel was not desirable with several tons of luggage, other tons of servants, and other tons of children, *and his first day in Paris did not close before he had offered for an* eligible mansion. *That same Saturday night he took a* colossal *walk about the city, of which the brilliancy and brightness almost frightened him; and*

among other things noticed rather a good book announced in a bookseller's window as *Les Mystères de Londres par Sir Trollopp.*[†1] Do you know him?

The first man who took hold of me in the street, immediately outside this door, was Bruffum[†2] in his check trousers, and without the proper number of buttons on his shirt, who was going away this morning, he told me, but coming back in two months, when we would go and dine—at some place known to him and fame. *On Sunday he took another long walk:* The dirty churches, and the clattering carts and waggons, and the open shops (I don't think I passed fifty shut up, in all my strollings in and out), and the work-a-day dresses and drudgeries, are not comfortable. Open theatres and so forth I am well used to, of course, by this time; but so much toil and sweat on what one would like to see, apart from religious observances, a sensible holiday, is painful.

As to the Review,[†3] I strongly incline to the notion of a kind of *Spectator* (Addison's)—very cheap, and pretty frequent. We must have it thoroughly discussed. It would be a great thing to found something. If the mark between a sort of *Spectator,* and a different sort of *Athenæum,* could be well hit, my belief is that a deal might be done. But it should be something with a marked and distinctive and obvious difference, in its design, from any other existing periodical.

P.S. Monday afternoon. *Saying that a house was taken; that, unless the agreement should break off on any unforeseen fight between Roche and the agent,* a French Mrs. Gamp, *he was to be addressed at No.* 48, *Rue de Courcelles, Faubourg St. Honoré; and that he believed the premises were the* most ridiculous, extraordinary, unparalleled, and preposterous *in the whole world, something between a baby-house, a* shades,[†4] *a haunted castle, and a mad kind of clock.* They belong to a Marquis Castellan, and you will be ready to die of laughing when you go over them.
P.S. *His lips should be sealed till Forster beheld for himself.* By Heaven it is not to be imagined by the mind of man!
P.S. One room is a tent. Another room is a grove. Another room is a scene at the Victoria. The upstairs rooms are like fanlights over street-doors. The nurseries—but no, no, no, no more!

To W. S. LANDOR, 22 NOVEMBER 1846

Text from MDGH, I, 157-9.

Paris, Sunday, November 22nd, 1846.

Young Man,

I will not go there if I can help it. I have not the least confidence in the value

of your introduction to the Devil. I can't help thinking that it would be of better use "the other way, the other way," but I won't try it there either, at present, if I can help it. Your godson[†1] says is that your duty? and he begs me to enclose a blush newly blushed for you.

As to writing, I have written to you twenty times and twenty more to that, if you only knew it. I have been writing a little Christmas book, besides, expressly for you. And if you don't like it, I shall go to the font of Marylebone Church as soon as I conveniently can and renounce you: I am not to be trifled with.

I write from Paris. I am getting up some French steam. I intend to proceed upon the longing-for-a-lap-of-blood-at-last principle, and if you *do* offend me, look to it.

We are all well and happy, and they send loves to you by the bushel. We are in the agonies of house-hunting. The people are frightfully civil, and grotesquely extortionate. One man (with a house to let) told me yesterday that he loved the Duke of Wellington like a brother. The same gentleman wanted to hug me round the neck with one hand, and pick my pocket with the other.

Don't be hard upon the Swiss. They are a thorn in the sides of European despots, and a good wholesome people to live near Jesuit-ridden kings on the brighter side of the mountains. My hat shall ever be ready to be thrown up, and my glove ever ready to be thrown down for Switzerland. If you were the man I took you for, when I took you (as a godfather) for better and for worse, you would come to Paris and amaze the weak walls of the house I haven't found yet with that steady snore of yours, which I once heard piercing the door of your bedroom in Devonshire Terrace, reverberating along the bell-wire in the hall, so getting outside into the street, playing Eolian harps among the area railings, and going down the New Road like the blast of a trumpet.[†2]

I forgive you your reviling of me: there's a shovelful of live coals for your head —does it burn? And am, with true affection—does it burn now?—

Ever yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [WILLIAM CULLENFORD], [?22-23 NOVEMBER 1846]

Extract from Argosy Book Stores catalogue No. 319; *MS* 1 p.; from Paris. *Date:* clearly 1846, since from Paris about General Theatrical Fund dinner, and presumably before deciding to return to London in Mar 47—a decision taken soon after hearing from his father on about 22 Nov: see *To* Forster, ?30 Nov. *Address:* Cullenford was the Fund's secretary.

He regretfully declines the invitation to preside at a dinner of the General Theatrical Fund,[†3] *giving his reasons, and adding that* my interest in their Success and my desire to promote it by any means in my power, continues unabated.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 27 NOVEMBER 1846†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* William Cerjat Esquire | Belle Rive | pres de Lausanne | Canton de Vaud | La Suisse.

Paris. 48 Rue de Courcelles. St. Honoré.
Friday Twenty Seventh November 1846.

My Dear Cerjat. When we turned out of your view on that disconsolate Monday when you so kindly took horse and rode forth to say good by'e, we went on in a very dull and drowsy manner, I assure you. I could have borne a world of Punch in the rumble, and been none the better for it. There was an uncommonly cool

Inn that night,[†1] and quite a monstrous establishment at Auxonne the next night, full of flatulent passages and banging doors. The next night, we passed at Montbard, where there is one of the very best little Inns in all France. The next at Sens.[†2] And so we got here. The roads were bad, but not very—for French roads. There was no deficiency of horses anywhere; and after Pontarlier, the weather was really not too cold for comfort. They weighed our plate at the Frontier custom House, spoon by spoon, and fork by fork, and we lingered about there, in a thick fog and a hard frost, for three long hours and a half, during which the officials committed all manner of absurdities, and got into all sorts of disputes with my Brave Courier. This was the only misery we encountered—except leaving Lausanne, and that was enough to last us, and *did* last us, all the way here. We are living on it now. I feel, myself, much as I should think the Murderer felt on that fair morning, when, with his grey-haired victim (those unconscious grey hairs, soon to be bedabbled with blood)[†3] he went so far towards Heaven as the top of that mountain of St. Bernard, without one touch of remorse.[†4] A weight is on my breast. The only difference between me and the Murderer is, that his weight was guilt, and mine is regret.

I haven't a word of news to send you. I shouldn't write at all, if I were not the vainest man in the world, impelled by a belief that you will be glad to hear from me, even though you hear no more than that I have nothing to say. Dombey is doing wonders. It went up, after the publication of the second number, over the thirty thousand. This is such a very large sale so early in the story, that I begin to think it will beat all the rest.[†5] Keeley and his wife are making great preparations for producing the Christmas story; and I have made them (as an old Stage-manager) carry out one or two expensive notions of mine about Scenery and so forth—in particular, a sudden change from the inside of the Doctor's house in the midst of the ball, to the orchard in the snow—which *ought* to tell very well.

But actors are so bad, in general, and the best are spread over so many theatres, that the "cast" is black despair and moody madness. There is no one to be got for Marion but a certain Miss May,[†1] I am afraid—a pupil of Miss Kelly's who acted in the Private Theatricals I got up a year ago. Macready took her, afterwards, to play Virginia to his Virginius, but she made nothing of it, great as the chance was.[†2] However, I have promised to show her what I mean, as near as I can—and if you will look into the English Opera House on the morning of the 17th 18th or 19th of next month, between the hours of 11 and 4, you will find me, in a very hot and dusty condition, playing all the parts of the piece, to the immense diversion of all the Actors, Actresses, Scene shifters, Carpenters, Musicians, chorus-people, tailors, dress-makers, scene painters, and general ragamuffins of the Theatre.

Moore, the poet, is very ill—I fear, dying. The last time I saw him was immediately before I left London, and I thought him sadly changed and tamed, but not much more so, than such a man might be under the heavy hand of Time. I believe he suffered severe grief, in the death of a son, some time ago.[†3] The first man I met in Paris was Brougham,[†4] who took hold of me as I was getting into a coach at the door of the hotel. He hadn't a button on his shirt (but I don't think he ever had), and you might have sewn[†5] what boys call "mustard and cress" in the dust on his coat. I have not seen Lord Normanby yet, as we have only just got a house (the queerest house in Europe!) to lay our heads in—but there seems reason to fear that the growing dissensions between England and France, and the irritation of the French King, may lead to the withdrawal of the Minister on each side of the Channel.[†6]

Have you cut down any more trees—played many more rubbers—propounded any more teazers to the players at the Game of Yes and No? How is the old horse, how is the grey mare, how is Crab[†1] (to whom my respectful compliments) —Have you tried the Punch[†2] yet—if yes, did it succeed—if no, why not? Is Mrs. Cerjat as happy and as well as I would have her—and all your house ditto ditto? Does Haldimand play Whist with any "science" yet? Ha ha ha! The idea of his saying *I* hadn't[†3] any! And are those damask-cheeked Virgins, the 'Miss Forbes's'[†4] still sleeping on dewey rose-leaves near the English church?

Remember me to all your house, and most of all to its other head, with all the regard and earnestness that a "Numble Individual" (as they always call it in the House of Commons) who once travelled with her in a car over a smooth Country, may charge you with. I have added two lines to the little Christmas Book that I hope both you and she may not dislike. Haldimand will tell you what they are. Kate and Georgy send their kindest loves—and Kate is "going" to write, "next week." Believe me always, my dear Cerjat, full of hearty and cordiall[†5] recollections of this past Summer, and Autumn, and your part in my part of them—

Very faithfully Your Friend.
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]P.S. Will you tell Mr. Goff from me that the Carriage did its duty admirably. It has been cleaned and put in perfect order, and is now at the Coachmakers. It shall be advertized next week. Not being sold in a fortnight or so, had it not better come here, where there is plenty of room for it, instead of standing where it would have rent to pay?[†a]

To WILLIAM HALDIMAND, 27 NOVEMBER 1846†

MS Bibliothèque Cantonale et Universitaire, Lausanne. *Address:* Affranchie. | William Haldimand Esquire | Denantou | pres de Lausanne | Canton de Vaud | La Suisse.

Paris. 48 Rue de Courcelles, St. Honoré.
Friday Twenty Seventh November 1846.

My Dear Haldimand. First, let me bestow upon you, through the Post, an accolade like that in which we indulged in descending from the Great Saint Bernard[†6] on that memorable, bright, fresh morning when the lake behind the Monastery was brighter and crisper than any other party will see it until we go back there, and when I drowned the recollection of having been begrudged and denied more Bishop over-night, in the cold mountain streams that made the

road so pleasant. Secondly, let me report my small caravan safely arrived, and lodged in a most extraordinary house. Thirdly, let me release myself from the importunate messages of Mrs. Dickens and her sister by telling you that I never could write (unless I wrote a book for the purpose) half the remembrances and enquiries they are screaming out to me, every moment,—and therefore relinquish the idea in a mild despair.

I feel as if I had passed my life—or the best of it, in every sense—at Rosemont, and am strange and paralytic without Denantou, Belle Rive, and Elysée. Ages seem to have elapsed since we left Lausanne. I talk of it already, as of a recollection of old time. You are ethereal to my imagination. I play celestial whist with you, yes, and even exhibit "science", though you said (to the wife of my bosom) that I never did. I hear you trying to speak through what now appear to me to be the fogs and hoarsenesses of my infancy. The Brougham which you were perpetually getting in and out of, when we went to see the drunken man (for he *was* drunk; believe me, he was very drunk indeed) at that Lake public house, might have been a pumpkin once, and might now be a pumpkin again, for any air of work-a-day reality *I* can invest it with. A sort of pleasant sorrow seems to have settled over all our quiet Swiss life, and I don't believe a word of it.—Nevertheless ask Piron (is that the way to spell his name, or is there such a man?) to let that bed be sometimes turned, which I am to occupy next Spring. For I wouldn't let go of the belief and hope that I shall come back to see you all again, for more money than I could set forth in figures on this piece of paper.

And I wonder why it is, that I write on half a sheet! I have a wild and shadowy idea that Postage is precious, and ought not to be encouraged, but I have not the slightest conception why. I wish you would regard my Christmas Books, and Dombeys, and so forth, as letters to you: and when you find anything you particularly like, would take it as your own exclusive property. Then I should be entitled to an answer, and should always be an active and punctual correspondent. †aTalking of which, reminds me to say that I have written to my printers, and told them to prefix to the Battle of life, a Dedication that is printed in illuminated capitals on my heart. It is only this

This Christmas Book is cordially inscribed
To my English friends in Switzerland.

I shall trouble you with a little parcel of three or four copies to distribute to those whose names will be found written in them, as soon as they can be made ready: and believe me there is no success or approval in the great world beyond the Jura, that will be more precious and delightful to me, than the hope that I shall be remembered of an evening in this coming winter time at one or two firesides I could mention, near the Lake of Geneva. It runs with a spring-tide that will always flow and never ebb, through my memory; and nothing less than the Waters of Lethe shall confuse the music of its running, until it loses itself in that great Sea for which all the currents of our life are desperately bent.†a†1 There may be good parties to glorified St. Bernards beyond it—who knows!

Paris is just what you know it—as bright, and as wicked, and as wanton, as

ever. There is a great uproar afloat, about the Cracow business, and I hear this evening that the state of affairs with England is very feverish indeed, and that there is really solid foundation for the Newspaper Rumours.†1 If Lord Palmerston be not very careful, I am afraid he may split the Ministry before they meet the Parliament. He is a clever man, but I always doubt him, and feel afraid of his diplomacy.†2 It need be careful just now.

Try, by some friendly effort of imagination, to regard this as a letter—and whether you succeed or no, believe me, my dear Haldimand Affectionately Yours CHARLES DICKENS
William Haldimand Esquire.

To THE HON. RICHARD WATSON, 27 NOVEMBER 1846

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* Affranchie. | The Hon: Richard Watson | Elysée | pres de Lausanne | Canton de Vaud | La Suisse.

Paris. 48 Rue de Courcelles. St. Honoré.
Friday Twenty Seventh November 1846.

My Dear Watson. We were housed, only yesterday. I lose no time in dispatching this memorandum of our whereabout in order that you may not fail to write me a line before you come to Paris on your way towards England, letting me know on what day we are to expect you to dinner.

We arrived here, quite happily and well—I don't mean here, but at the Hotel Brighton in Paris—on Friday Evening between 6 and 7 o'Clock. The agonies of house-hunting were frightfully severe. It was one paroxysm for four mortal days. I am proud to express my belief that we are lodged, at last, in the most preposterous house in the world. The like of it cannot (and so far as my knowledge goes, does not), exist in any other part of the globe. The bedrooms are like opera boxes. The dressing-rooms, staircases, and passages, quite inexplicable. The dining room is a sort of cavern, painted (ceiling and all) to represent a Grove, with unaccountable bits of looking-glass sticking in among the branches of the trees. There is a gleam of reason in the drawing room. But it is approached, through a series of small chambers, like the joints in a telescope, which are hung with inscrutable drapery. The maddest man in Bedlam, having the materials given him, would be likely to devise such a suite, supposing his case to be hopeless and quite incurable.

Pray tell Mrs. Watson, with my best regards, that the dance of the two sisters in the little Christmas Book, is being done as an illustration by Maclise:[†3] and that Stanfield is doing the Battle Ground, and the outside of the Nutmeg Grater

Inn. Maclise is also drawing some smaller subjects[†1] for the little Story, and they write me that they hope it will be very pretty, and that they think I shall like it. I shall have been in London before I see you, probably, and I hope the book itself will then be on its road to Lausanne to speak for itself, and to speak a word for me too. I have never left so many friendly and cheerful recollections[†2] in any place: and to represent me in my absence its tone should be very eloquent and affectionate indeed.

Well! If I don't turn up again next summer, it shall not be my fault. In the meantime I shall often and often look that way with my mind's eye, and hear the sweet, clear, bell-like voice of Cheeseborough[†3] with the ear of my imagination. In the event of there being any change—but it's not likely—in the appearance of his cravat behind—where it goes up into his head, I mean, and frets against his wig—I hope some one of my English friends will apprize me of it, for the love of the Great Saint Bernard.

I have not seen Lord Normanby yet. I have not seen anything, up to this time, but houses and lodgings. There seems to be immense excitement here on the subject of Cracow, however, and a perfectly stupendous sensation getting up. I saw the King,[†4] the other day, coming into Paris. His carriage was surrounded by Guards on horseback; and he sat very far back in it, I thought, and drove at a great pace. It was strange to see the Prefet of Police on horseback, some hundred yards in advance, looking to the right and left as he rode, like a man who suspected every twig in every tree in the long Avenue.

The English relations look anything but promising, though I understand that the Count St. Aulaire is to remain in London, notwithstanding the newspaper alarms to the contrary. If there be anything like the sensation in England, about Cracow[†5] that there is here, there will be a bitter resentment indeed. The democratic society of Paris have announced this morning, their intention of printing and circulating fifty thousand copies of an appeal[†6] in its behalf, in every European language. It is a base business beyond question, and comes at an ill time.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister desire their best regards to be sent to you, and their best loves to Mrs. Watson. In which I join, as nearly as I may. Believe me, with great truth, Very Sincerely Yours.

CHARLES DICKENS

[†a] Mrs. Dickens is going to write to Mrs. Watson, next week, she says.[†a]

To SAXE BANNISTER,[†1] 29 NOVEMBER 1846*

MS Dickens House.

48 Rue de Courcelles, Paris. | Twenty Ninth November 1846.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Saxe Bannister, and begs to thank him for his obliging letter, and for his pamphlet—only just now received, in consequence of Mr. Dickens having been absent from England, and residing in Switzerland for six months. Mr. Dickens hastens to assure Mr. Bannister that his connexion with the Daily News ceased very soon after the establishment of that Journal, and that he has no share whatever in that enterprize or its management.

To JOHN FORSTER [?30 NOVEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, V, vii, 444, 444-5, 445 (two extracts), 446-7, 447*n*, V, vi, 440-1*n*. *Date:* first extract from the letter "following" 23 Nov, according to Forster—the natural time for him to describe the house more fully (but the reference to Henry Bulwer may come from a later letter: see *To* Thompson, 2 Dec); second extract 30 Nov according to Forster; third extract almost certainly same letter (cf. *To* Watson, 27 Nov), and fourth extract probably so; fifth and sixth extracts 30 Nov (or "same letter") according to Forster; final extract "end of November".

Never, till Forster saw it, should the house be described. I will merely observe that it is fifty yards[†2] long, and eighteen feet high, and that the bedrooms are exactly like opera-boxes. It has its little courtyard and

garden, and porter's house, and cordon to open the door, and so forth; and is a Paris mansion in little. There is a gleam of reason in the drawing-room. Being a gentleman's house, and not one furnished to let, it has some very curious things in it; some of the oddest things you ever beheld in your life; and an infinity of easy chairs and sofas. . . . Bad weather. It is snowing hard. There is not a door or window here—but that's nothing! there's not a door or window in all Paris—that shuts; not a chink in all the billions of trillions of chinks in the city that can be stopped to keep the wind out. And the cold!—but you shall judge for yourself; and also of this preposterous dining-room. The invention, sir, of Henry Bulwer,[†3] who when he had executed it (he used to live here), got frightened at what he had done, as well he might, and went away. . . . The Brave called me aside on Saturday night, and showed me an improvement he had effected in the decorative way. "Which," he said, "will very much s'prize Mis'r Fors'er when he come." You are to be deluded into the belief that there is a perspective of chambers twenty miles in length, opening from the drawing-room.

He had not been two days in Paris when a letter from his father made him very anxious for the health of his eldest sister. I was going to the play (a melodrama in

eight acts, five hours long), but hadn't the heart to leave home after my father's letter, and sent Georgy and Kate by themselves. There seems to be no doubt whatever that Fanny is in a consumption.[†1] *She had broken down in an attempt to sing at a party in Manchester; and subsequent examination by Sir Charles Bell's nephew,*[†2] *who was present and took much interest in her, sadly revealed the cause.* He advised that neither she nor Burnett should be told the truth, and my father has not disclosed it. In worldly circumstances they are very comfortable, and they are very much respected.[†3] They seem to be happy together, and Burnett has a great deal of teaching. You remember my fears about her when she was in London the time of Alfred's marriage,[†4] and that I said she looked to me as if she were in a decline? Kate took her to Elliotson, who said that her lungs were certainly not affected then. And she cried for joy. Don't you think it would be better for her to be brought up, if possible, to see Elliotson again? I am deeply, deeply grieved about it. *Charles Sheridan*[†5] *was dying of the same disease; and his chief, Lord Normanby, was* as informal and good-natured as ever, but not so gay as usual, and having an anxious haggard way with him, as if his responsibilities were more than he had bargained for.

A glimpse of the king impressed him unfavourably. There were two carriages. His was surrounded by horseguards. It went at a great pace, and he sat very far back in a corner of it, I promise you. It was strange to an Englishman to see the Prefet of Police riding on horseback some hundreds of yards in advance of the cortège, turning his head incessantly from side to side, like a figure in a Dutch clock, and scrutinizing everybody and everything, as if he suspected all the twigs in all the trees in the long avenue.

He saw almost everywhere signs of canker eating into the heart of the people themselves. It is a wicked and detestable place, though wonderfully attractive; and there can be no better summary of it, after all, than Hogarth's unmentionable phrase.[†6]

He had got his papers into order and hoped to begin that day. But his Paris plans had been unsettled: he must, for family reasons, return to London in four months'

time—three months sooner than he had designed; and as his own house would not be free till July, would have to hire one from the end of March. In these circumstances I think I shall send Charley to King's-college after Christmas. I am sorry he should lose so much French, but don't you think to break another half-year's schooling would be a pity? Of my own will I would not send him to King's-college at all, but to Bruce Castle instead. I suppose, however, Miss Coutts is best. We will talk over all this when I come to London. *This would be in December; he suggested the middle of January for Forster's visit.* It will then be the height of the season, and a good time for testing the unaccountable French vanity which really does suppose there are no fogs here, but that they are all in London.

Mamey and Katey have come out in Parisian dresses, and look very fine. They are not proud,[†1] and send their loves. Skittles is cutting teeth, and gets cross towards evening. Frankey is smaller than ever, and Walter very large. Charley in statu quo. Everything is enormously dear. Fuel, stupendously so. In airing the house, we burnt five pounds' worth of firewood in one week!! We mix it with coal now, as we used to do in Italy, and find the fires much warmer. To warm the house thoroughly, this singular habitation requires fires on the ground floor. We burn three.

I may tell you, now it is all over. I don't know whether it was the hot summer, or the anxiety of the two new books coupled with D.N. remembrances and reminders, but I was in that state in Switzerland, when my spirits sunk so, I felt myself in serious danger.[†2] Yet I had little pain in my side; excepting that time at Genoa[†3] I have hardly had any since poor Mary died,[†4] when it came on so badly; and I walked my fifteen miles a day constantly, at a great pace.

To LORD JEFFREY, 30 NOVEMBER 1846†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Angleterre | The Hon: | Lord Jeffrey | Moray Place | Edinburgh | Scotland.

Paris. 48 Rue de Courcelles. | Thirtieth November 1846.

My very dear Lord Jeffrey. A word before the Post goes out!—[†a]We have come from Switzerland, all well and happy, and purpose remaining here until the end of March. My friend Forster, who does all my business for me in England while I am away, and is my right hand and cool shrewd head too, will send you by post, probably in the course of this week, proofs of the Christmas Book. There is

something in the idea, that I hope will please you. It will not be published until the 18th. of December.[†a†1]

I shall hope, when you have read it, to see your handwriting. Don't worry yourself to write much. Say "I am well and have not forgotten you", and that will be enough. Kate sends her love. [†b]Your godson[†2] thrives, and is a pretty fellow. Dombey is a *great* success. I have forgotten all about the newspaper, and don't believe I ever had anything to do with it,[†b] or ever received a dissuasion from an affectionate friend "i' the North".[†3]

God bless you! Our united regards to Mrs. Jeffrey. When shall I see Scotland again!

Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

December

To JOHN FORSTER, [?NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1846]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 478. *Date:* on receiving *Dombey* No. 111 (probably an advance copy), published 30 Nov.

I am really *distressed* by the illustration of Mrs. Pipchin and Paul. It is so frightfully and wildly wide of the mark. Good Heaven! in the commonest and most literal construction of the text, it is all wrong. She is described as an old lady, and Paul's "miniature arm-chair" is mentioned more than once. He ought to be sitting in a little arm-chair down in a corner of the fireplace, staring up at her. I can't say what pain and vexation it is to be so utterly misrepresented.[†4] I would cheerfully have given a hundred pounds to have kept this illustration out of the book. He never could have got that idea of Mrs. Pipchin if he had attended to the text. Indeed I think he does better without the text; for then the notion is made easy to him in short description, and he can't help taking it in.[†5]

To T. J. THOMPSON, 2 DECEMBER 1846†

MS Mrs Sowerby. *Address:* A Monsieur | Monsr. T. J. Thompson | Clermont | Lausanne | Canton de Vaud | La Suisse.

48 Rue de Courcelles, St. Honoré, Paris.
Second December 1846.

My Dear Thompson. We got to Paris in due course, on the Friday Evening. We had a pleasant and prosperous journey, barring rather cold weather in

Switzerland and on the borders thereof, and a slight detention of three hours and a half, at the frontier Custom House, atop of a mountain, in a hard frost and a dense fog. We came into this house last Thursday. It has a pretty drawing room, approached through four most extraordinary chambers. It is the most ridiculous and preposterous house in the world, I should think. It belongs to a Marquis Castellane, but was fitted up (so Paul-Pry Poole[†1] said, who dined here yesterday) by Henry Bulwer[†2] in a fit of temporary insanity, I have no doubt. The dining-room is mere midsummer madness, and is designed to represent a bosky grove.

At this present writing, snow is falling in the street, and the weather is very cold, but not so cold as it was yesterday. I dined with Lord Normanby on Sunday last. Everything seems to be queer and uncomfortable in the diplomatic way, and he is rather bothered and worried, to my thinking. I found young Sheridan (Mrs. Norton's brother) the attaché. I know him very well, and he is a good man for my sight-seeing purposes. There are to be no theatricals, unless the times should so adjust themselves as to admit of their being French, to which the Markis seems to incline, as a bit of conciliation, and a popular move.

Lumley, of Italian Opera notoriety, also dined here yesterday, and seems hugely afeared of the opposition opera at Covent Garden, who have already spirited away Grisi and Mario—which he pretends to consider a great comfort and relief.[†3] I gave him some uncompromising information on the subject of his Pit, and told him that if [he d]idn't[†4] conciliate the middle classes he might depend on being damaged—very de[cid]edly.[†5] The danger of the Covent Garden enterprize seems to me to be that they are going [for] Ballet too; and I really don't think the house is large enough to repay the double expence.

Forster writes me that Mac has come out with tremendous vigor in the Xmas Book, and took off his coat at it with a burst of such alarming energy that he has done four Subjects! Stanfield has done three. Keeleys are making that "change"[†1] I was so hot upon at Lausanne, and seem ready to spend money with bold hearts, but the cast (so far as I know it at present) would appear to be black despair and moody madness. Mr. Leigh Murray[†2] from the Princess's is to be the Alfred, and Forster says there is a Mrs. Gordon[†3] at Bolton's[†4] [†a](that immeasurable villain!)[†a] who must be got for Grace. Oxberry,[†5] I am horribly afraid, will do one of the lawyers, and there seems to be nobody but Miss May[†6] for Marion. I shall run over and carry consternation into the establishment, as soon as I have done the No. But I have not begun it yet—though I hope to do so tonight—having been quite put out by chopping and changing about, and by a vile touch of biliousness that makes my eyes feel as if they were yellow bullets. Dombey has passed its 30,000 already. Do you remember a mysterious man in a straw hat—low-crowned—and a Petersham coat, who was a sort of manager or amateur man servant at Miss Kelly's? Mr. Bayntun Rolt, Sir—Came out, the other night, as Macbeth, at the Royal Surrey Theatre.[†7]

There's all my news for you! Let me know, in return, whether you have fought a Duel yet, with your milingtary landlord, and whether Lausanne is still that giddy whirl of dissipation it was wont to be. Also full particulars of your fairer and better half, and of the baby; [†b]respecting both of whom, Katherine and Georgy are continually screaming out messages as I write. Commend me,

as lovingly as I may desire to be commended, to both of them, and give our united remembrances and regards to Mrs. Weller.[†b] I will send a Christmas Book to Clermont, as soon as I get any copies. And so no more at present from Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

[†c]P.S. Juvenile remembrances and blushes to Tom.[†c†1]

To CHARLES SHERIDAN, [?4 DECEMBER 1846]*

MS Princeton University Library. *Date:* Dec 46 rather than Jan 47, because of reference to Switzerland: 4 Dec the only possible Friday.

Rue de Courcelles | Friday

My Dear Sheridan

I find my man[†2] must and will dine at the trois frères[†3] today, as he goes away tomorrow. Two Sets of brothers running would be agin the Dombey, I'm afraid—frightful dissipation after Switzerland. Shall our lark stand over until Wednesday or Thursday in next week? Will that do for you? We shall meet, I dare say, in a day or two (why don't you come here?) and arrange.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Charles Sheridan Esquire.

To AUGUSTE-MARSEILLE BARTHÉLEMY,[†4] 5 DECEMBER 1846*

MS Chas J. Sawyer.

48 Rue de Courcelles. | Samedi 5 Decembre 1846.

Monsieur:

Je m'empresse a repondre a votre billet. Croyez-moi, Monsieur, que vous vous tromper en supposant, un moment, que je suis insensible a l'honneur ou aux actes de politesse que vous m'avez rendu. Tout au contraire, Monsieur, je vous assure.

Mais il-y-a, Monsieur, deux semaines (dans tous les mois de l'an) quand je suis bien engagé dans ces poursuites litteraires aux quels vous aussi etes devoué, and avec quels vous pouvez bien sympathier. Ils arrivent, en generale, au commencement du mois, et alors je ne puis jamais rendre visite à personne—Dimanche excepté.

J'avais l'honneur de reçevoir votre carte avant-hier, et j'avais l'intention de me faire l'honneur de vous rendre visite et de vous donner cette explanation, demain.

Permettez-moi d'esperer, Monsieur, que ce que j'ai dit est assez a un collabarateur,[†1] que vous le reçevrez, comme je l'ecris, de bonne foi et de bon coeur.

Reçevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma consideration distingue

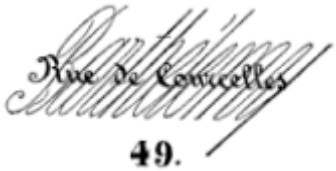
CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur | Monsr. Barthèlemy

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 DECEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, V, vii, 447-8, 446 (2 extracts); VI, ii, 479; V, vii, 445. *Date:* first and fourth extracts 6 Dec according to Forster; second and third extracts suggest that he had been in Paris for a week or more, and third deals with "politico-economical subjects" referred to in dated extract; fifth extract probably same letter since after "rather frequently" visiting the Morgue.

Cold intense. The water in the bedroom-jugs freezes into solid masses from top to bottom, bursts the jugs with reports like small cannon, and rolls out on the tables and wash-stands, hard as granite. I stick to the shower-bath, but have been most hopelessly out of sorts—writing sorts; that's all. Couldn't begin, in the strange place; took a violent dislike to my study, and came down into the drawing-room; couldn't find a corner that would answer my purpose; fell into a black contemplation of the waning month; sat six hours at a stretch, and wrote as many lines, &c. &c. &c. . . . Then, you know what arrangements are necessary with the chairs and tables; and then what correspondence had to be cleared off; and then how I tried to settle to my desk, and went about and about it, and dodged at it, like a bird at a lump of sugar. In short I have just begun; five printed pages[†2] finished, I should say; and hope I shall be blessed with a better condition this next week, or I shall be behind-hand. I shall try to go at it—hard. I can't do more. . . . There is rather a good man lives in this street, and I have had a correspondence with him which is preserved for your inspection. His name is Barthélemy. He wears a prodigious Spanish cloak, a slouched hat, an immense beard, and long black hair. He called the other day, and left his card. Allow me



to enclose his card, which has originality and merit. Roche said I wasn't at home. Yesterday, he wrote me to say that he too was a "Littérateur"—that he had called, in compliment to my distinguished reputation—"qu'il n'avait pas

été reçu—qu'il n'était pas habitué à cette sorte de procédé—et qu'il pria Monsieur Dickens d'oublier son nom, sa mémoire, sa carte, et sa visite, et de considérer qu'elle n'avait pas été rendu!" Of course I wrote him a very polite reply immediately, telling him good-humouredly that he was quite mistaken, and that there were always two weeks in the beginning of every month when M. Dickens ne pouvait rendre visite à personne. He wrote back to say that he was more than satisfied; that it was his case too, at the end of every month; and that when busy himself, he not only can't receive or pay visits, but —"tombe, généralement, aussi, dans des humeurs noires qui approchent de l'anthropophagie!!!" I think that's pretty well.

The quays on the other side of the Seine were not safe after dark; nor were the best quarters of the city. I took Georgy out, the night before last, to show her the Palais Royal lighted up; and on the Boulevard, a street as bright as the brightest part of the Strand or Regent-street, we saw a man fall upon another, close before us, and try to tear the cloak off his back. It was in a little dark corner near the Porte St. Denis, which stands out in the middle of the street.[†1] After a short struggle, the thief fled (there were thousands of people walking about), and was captured just on the other side of the road.

It is extraordinary what nonsense English people talk, write, and believe, about foreign countries. The Swiss (so much decried) will do anything for you, if you are frank and civil; they are attentive and punctual in all their dealings; and may be relied upon as steadily as the English. The Parisian workpeople and smaller shopkeepers are more like (and unlike) Americans than I could have supposed possible. To the American indifference and carelessness, they add a procrastination and want of the least heed about

keeping a promise or being exact, which is certainly not surpassed in Naples. They have the American semi-sentimental independence too, and none of the American vigour or purpose. If they ever get free trade in France (as I suppose they will, one day), these parts of the population must, for years and years, be ruined. They couldn't get the means of existence, in competition with the English workmen. Their inferior manual dexterity, their lazy habits, perfect unreliability, and habitual insubordination, would ruin them in any such contest, instantly. They are fit for nothing but soldiering—and so far, I believe, the successors in the policy of your friend Napoleon have reason on their side. Eh bien, mon ami, quand vous venez à Paris, nous nous mettrons à quatre épingles, et nous verrons toutes les merveilles de la cité, et vous en jugerez. God bless me, I beg your pardon! It comes so natural.

Here am I, writing letters, and delivering opinions, politico-economical and otherwise, as if there were no undone number, and no undone Dick! Well. Così va il mondo (God bless me! Italian! I beg your pardon)—and one must keep one's spirits up, if possible, even under *Dombey* pressure. Paul, I shall slaughter at the end of number five. His school ought to be pretty good, but I

haven't been able to dash at it freely, yet. However, I have avoided unnecessary dialogue so far, to avoid overwriting;[†1] and all I *have* written is point.

He went rather frequently to the Morgue,[†2] *until shocked by something so repulsive that he had not courage for a long time to go back. On that same occasion he had noticed the keeper smoking a short pipe at his little window* and giving a bit of fresh turf to a linnet in a cage.

To H. K. BROWNE, [?6 DECEMBER 1846]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* Almost everything that CD tells Browne is included in the equivalent of "five printed pages" of Ch. 11 already written by 6 Dec.

1st Subject.

Paul (a year older) has left Mrs. Pipchin's, and gone to Dr. Blimber's establishment at Brighton. The Doctor only takes ten young gentlemen. Doctor Blimber's establishment is a great hothouse for the young mind, with a forcing apparatus always at work. Mental green peas are produced there, at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Every description of greek and latin vegetable is got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Mrs. Blimber is proud of the boys not being like boys, and of their wearing collars and neck-kerchiefs. They have all blown before their time. The eldest boy in the school—Young Toots by name—with a swollen nose and an excessively large head—left off blowing suddenly one day, and people *do* say that the Doctor rather overdid it with him, and that when he began to have whiskers, he left off having brains. All the young gentlemen have great weights on their minds. They are haunted by verbs, noun-substantives, roots, and syntactic passages. Some abandoned hope half through the Latin Grammar, and others curse Virgil in the bitterness of their souls. Classical Literature in general is an immense collection of words to them. It's all words and grammar, and don't mean anything else.[†3]

Subject. These young gentlemen out walking—very dismally and formally (observe; its a very expensive school) with this lettering

Doctor Blimber's young gentlemen as they appeared when enjoying themselves.[†4]

I think Doctor Blimber, a little removed from the rest, should bring up the rear, or lead the van, with Paul, who is much the youngest of the party. I extract the description of the Dr.[†1]

"A portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a great bald head that shone tremendously, a deep voice, and a chin so very double that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Insomuch that when the doctor put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and, with his other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation to a nervous stranger, it was like a sentiment from the Sphynx, and settled his business."

Paul, as last described, but a twelvemonth older. No collars or neck-kerchief for him of course. I would make the next youngest boy, about three or four years older than he.[†2]

To THOMAS FRASER, 8 DECEMBER 1846*

MS Yale University Library.

48 Rue de Courcelles | Tuesday December Eighth 1846.

Dear Fraser.

Last Sunday week, I went out to make some calls—taking with me a list of names and addresses. Among other places, I called at No. 9 Boulevart[†3] des Capucines—or my coachman (I don't know him from Adam) stopped at a house which he swore was the veritable No. 9; and a shrill woman said nobody nearer your name than Fish-à lived there. After swearing which, she plunged into a little lodge and was seen no more.

When I got home, I looked high and low for your card, but couldn't find it. I concluded I had made some mistake in copying the address, and waited to tell you all this, until I should see you in the street or at the Theatre. Today I found it,—and with it, this identical address neatly printed in the corner!

As I may be obliged to leave Paris for a few days, on a visit, next week, and as I may not be able: being busy just now: to get out of doors at any Christian hour in the meantime—I write this note to explain an apparent but perfectly innocent delay on my part in returning the visit of an ancient Companion in arms. Though what mistake the Coachman and the woman contrived to make between them, Heaven knows.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Fraser Esquire.

To MM. FERRÈRE LAFFITTE, 10 DECEMBER 1846

Text from unidentified catalogue; *MS* 1 p.; dated Hotel Castellane, 48 Rue de Courcelles, 10 Dec 46.

M. Charles Dickens présente ses compliments à Messrs. Ferrère Laffitte, et sera très obligé s'ils auront la bonté de donner la valeur des billets de change circulaire enclos au porteur Louis Roche, son courier. M. Charles Dickens les a contresigné, et il a donné a Louis Roche sa lettre d'Indication.

M. Charles Dickens prie Messrs. Ferrère Laffitte d'accepter l'assurance de sa considération.

(Enclos cinq billets de change, chacun pour vingt livres sterling).[†1]

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 12 DECEMBER 1846

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1911; *MS* 1 p.; dated Paris, 12 Dec 46.

He hopes to be able to return to London to preside at a dinner of the General Theatrical Fund.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12 DECEMBER 1846]

Extracts in F, V, ii, 439-40; V, vii, 448*n*. *Date:* first extract not later than 12 Dec, for Forster to receive it before CD's arrival on 15 Dec (letters took two days), and hardly earlier, since "too late for remedy"; second extract doubtless in the last letter before the visit.

After seeing Leech's illustration: When I first saw it, it was with a horror and agony not to be expressed. Of course I need not tell *you*, my dear fellow, Warden has no business in the elopement scene. *He* was never there![†2] In the first hot sweat of this surprise and novelty, I was going to implore the printing of that sheet to be stopped, and the figure taken out of the block. But when I thought of the pain this might give to our kind-hearted Leech; and that what is such a monstrous enormity to me, as never having entered my brain, may not so present itself to others,[†3] I became more composed; though the fact is wonderful to me. No doubt a great number of copies will be printed by the time this reaches you, and therefore I shall take it for granted that it stands as it is. Leech otherwise is very good, and the illustrations altogether are by far the best that have been done for any of the Christmas books. You know how I build up temples in my mind that are not made with hands[†4] (or expressed with pen and

ink, I am afraid), and how liable I am to be disappointed in these things. But I really am *not* disappointed in this case. Quietness and beauty are preserved throughout. Say everything to Mac and Stanny, more than everything! It is a delight to look at these little landscapes of the dear old boy. How gentle and elegant, and yet how manly and vigorous, they are! I have a perfect joy in them.

I shall bring the Brave, though I have no use for him. He'd die if I didn't.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 19 DECEMBER 1846

MS British Museum. *Address:* À Madame | Madame Charles Dickens | 48 Rue de Courcelles | St. Honoré | Paris.

58 Lincoln's Inn Fields.[†1] Saturday December Nineteenth 1846.

My dearest Kate. I really am bothered to death by this confounded *dramatization* of the Xmas Book.[†2] They were in a state so horrible at Keeley's yesterday (as perhaps Forster told you when he wrote) that I was obliged to engage to read the book to them this morning. I have just finished. They all cried very much, and seemed honestly moved. It struck me that Mr. Leigh Murray, Miss Daly[†3](!) and Vining[†4] seemed to understand it best. Certainly Miss Daly knew best what she was about, yesterday—to my unbounded amazement. But she is too old for Grace, and not pretty enough. At 8 tonight, we have a Rehearsal with Scenery and band, and everything but dresses. I see no probability of escaping from it before 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. And I was at the Theatre all day yesterday. Unless I had come to London, I do not think there would have been much hope of the Version being more than just tolerated—even that, doubtful. All the actors bad. All the business frightfully behind-hand. The very words of the book confused in the copying into the densest and most insufferable nonsense. I must exempt, however, from the general badness, both the Keeleys.[†5] I hope they will be very good. I have never seen anything of its kind, better, than

the manner in which they played the little supper scene, between Clemency and Britain, yesterday. It was quite perfect, even to me.

The small manager,[†1] Forster, Talfourd, Stanny, and Mac, dine with me at the Piazza to-day, before the Rehearsal. I have already one or two uncommonly good stories of Mac. I reserve them for narration. I have also a dreadful cold, which I would not reserve if I could help it. I can hardly hold up my hand, and fight through from hour to hour, but had serious thoughts just now, of walking off to bed.

Christmas Book published today—23,000 copies already gone!!![†2] Browne's plates for the next Dombey, much better than usual.[†3]

I have seen nobody yet, of course. But I sent Roche up to your mother[†4] this morning, to say I am in town and will come shortly. The reading to the Lyceum people took place here. Forster provided 76 ham sandwiches (purchased in Holborn) of the largest size and newest bread; and when the shapes of the ladies were horribly deformed by the distention of these materials within them, his despatching the 42 uneaten sandwiches to the poor of the neighbourhood: with strict injunctions to Henry to find out very poor women and institute close enquiry into their life, conduct, and behaviour before leaving any sandwiches for them, was sublime.

There is a great thaw here today, and it is raining hard. I hope you have the advantage (if it be one: which I am not sure of) of a similar change in Paris. Of course I start again on Thursday. We are expecting (Roche & I) a letter from the Malle Poste people, to whom we have applied for places. The journey here was long and cold. 24 hours from Paris to Boulogne. Passage not very bad, and made in two hours.

I find I can't write at all, so I had best leave off. I am looking very impatiently for your letter on Monday Morning. I will write again on Monday or Tuesday. Give my best love to Georgy, and kisses to all the dear children. And believe me ever my love. Most affecy. CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 21 and 22 DECEMBER 1846

Text from MDGH, I, 166-7.

Piazza Coffee-House, Covent Garden,
Monday, Dec. 21st, 1846.

My Dearest Kate,

In a quiet interval of half an hour before going to dine at Macready's,[†5] I sit down to write you a few words. But I shall reserve my letter for to-morrow's post, in order that you may hear what *I* hear of the "going" of the play to-night.

Think of my being there on Saturday, with a really frightful cold, and working harder than ever I did at the amateur plays, until two in the morning. There was no supper to be got, either here or anywhere else, after coming out; and I was as hungry and thirsty as need be. The scenery and dresses are very good indeed, and they have spent money on it *liberally.* The great change from the ball-room to the snowy night is most effective, and both the departure and the return will tell, I think, strongly on an audience.[†1] I have made them very quick and excited in the passionate scenes, and so have infused some appearance of life into those parts of the play. But I can't make a Marion, and Miss [May] is awfully bad.[†2] She is a mere nothing all through. I put Mr. Leigh Murray[†3] into such a state, by making him tear about, that the perspiration ran streaming down his face. They have a great let. I believe every place in the house is taken. Roche is going.

Tuesday Morning.—The play went, as well as I can make out—I hoped to have had Stanny's report of it, but he is ill—with great effect. There was immense enthusiasm at its close, and great uproar and shouting for me.[†4] Forster will go on Wednesday, and write you his account of it. I saw the Keeleys on the stage at eleven o'clock or so, and they were in prodigious spirits and delight.[†5]

To MISS MARION ELY, [21 DECEMBER 1846]†

MS Library of Congress. *Date:* two days before CD's departure on 23 Dec; wrongly dated 2 Dec 44 in N, I, 648. *Address:* Miss Ely.

Piazza Coffee House. | Monday Night.

My Dear Miss Ely.

[†a]Coming home late—'home' I say naturally, but it is a ridiculous phrase

here—I found your kind note. For my sins, I am engaged tomorrow!—Hopelessly engaged to dine with Ainsworth.[†a]

For my other sins (how many I must have committed!) I am going away next morning early. The sight of your handwriting is always so pleasant to me, that I have some consolation in putting your letter in my pocketbook, as a reminder of many old happy days—and braving the detestability[†1] of the Packet and the Malle Poste on the strength of that talisman. But my main consolation is, that we are coming back in March, and that March is next to February, February to January, and January to December.

[†b]If you can bear a Rehearsal,—God knows you must have a generous enthusiasm in such things. The first I ever saw, filled me with dismay; the second, with weariness.[†b] But they have never disenchanted the Theatre to me, and when I saw you sitting in the Stalls the other night, I felt its captivation, under otherwise uncomfortable circumstances, more than ever.

The Loves I was to bring to Russell Square from Kate and Georgy!—Suppose them enclosed, with many more of mine, to all the house. And ever believe me

Most Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My writing-desk is packed up already; and I have no envelope, pen, paper, ink, or sealing-wax.[†2]

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 22 DECEMBER 1846*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Piazza Coffee House
Tuesday Twenty Second December 1846.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

I came to you the other day to tell you how, much business, coupled with some family matters of a distressing nature, so beset me in my hurried visit that I could not avail myself of that kind offer you made me when we parted.[†3] You were not at home. I was going to write to you yesterday, when I swore I would repeat my visit tomorrow morning, and Either strangle the man at the Gate, or force a way to your presence. This morning comes my servant to my bedside with an awful list of trains and steamboats, and obstinate tides, from which it seems that to be in time at Boulogne for the Malle Poste of Thursday, I must cross tomorrow (instead of next day as I had intended) and leave town at 8 o'Clock in the Morning. Everything is against me in my hurry and turmoil, and away I go again without having set eyes upon you!

But I am coming home for good, please God, in March: and if in the meantime you will think of me as having written you (in intention) scores of letters, you

will only do me justice. I should love to see your handwriting at No. 48 Rue de Courcelles, St. Honoré, Paris (Henry Bulwer's old house) and if you would give me my credentials to Eugene Sue,[†1] I would rather have them from your hand than any other.

My love to Count D'Orsay, and the next thing to it to Miss Power and her sister.

Ever My Dear Lady Blessington | Most Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Blessington.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [22 DECEMBER 1846]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* PM 23 Dec 46 (Wednesday). *Address:* Frederick Dickens Esquire | Commissiariat | Treasury | Whitehall.

Piazza | Tuesday Night

My Dear Fred.

I had not received your note when I saw you tonight.

Mr. Weller had called here, I found when I returned, and left a memorandum on a card, saying he would call again, late. I was later than he, I have no doubt.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that you may depend he never gets any opinion on so delicate a subject from *me,* and that if he be disposed to play any tricks in this quarter, he will find that there are two parties to any such game.[†2]

In the midst of packing and bustle | Ever affectionately

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, [22 DECEMBER 1846]*

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* clearly same day as last. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings.

Piazza | Tuesday

My Dear Mitton

I find, to my horror, that owing to the state of the tide in Boulogne Harbor, I must *leave town tomorrow morning at 8,* and I am driven to my wits' end to get my business done. I have only time to say, write to me when you have finally arranged with Alfred about coming to Paris. Sir James Duke will send you some money on account of his rent.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To LORD JEFFREY, 27 DECEMBER 1846

Mention in Jeffrey *to* CD, 31 Jan 47, Lord Cockburn, *Life of Lord Jeffrey,* II, 406-8.

Answering Jeffrey's comments on Dombey, *and giving some account of his finances.*

To JOHN FORSTER, 27 DECEMBER 1846

Text from MDGH, I, 167-9, and extract (*aa*) from F, VI, ii, 480-1 (wrongly dated "Christmas Day").

48, Rue de Courcelles, Paris,
Sunday Night, Dec. 27th, 1846

My Very Dear Forster,

Amen, amen. Many merry Christmases, many happy new years, unbroken friendship, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and heaven at last, for all of us.

I enclose you a letter from Jeffrey,[†1] which you may like to read. *Bring it back to me*[†2] *when you come over.* I have told him all he wants to know.[†3] Is it not a strange example of the hazards of writing in numbers that a man like him should form his notion of Dombey and Miss Tox on three months' knowledge? I have asked him the same question, and advised him to keep his eye on both of them as time rolls on. ([a]I do not at heart, however, lay much real stress on his opinion, though one is naturally proud of awakening such sincere interest in the breast of an old man who has so long worn the blue and yellow. . . . He certainly did some service in his old criticisms, especially to Crabbe.[†4] And though I don't think so highly of Crabbe as I once did (feeling a dreary want of fancy in his poems), I think he deserved the painstaking and conscientious tracking with which Jeffrey followed him.([a]

We had a cold journey here from Boulogne, but the roads were not very bad. The malle poste, however, now takes the trains at Amiens. We missed it by ten minutes, and had to wait three hours—from twelve o'clock until three, in which interval I drank brandy and water, and slept like a top. It is delightful travelling for its speed, that malle poste, and really for its comfort too. But on this occasion it was not remarkable for the last-named quality. The director of the post at Boulogne told me a lamentable story of his son at Paris being ill, and implored me to bring him on. The Brave doubted the representations altogether, but I

couldn't find it in my heart to say no; so we brought the director, bodkinwise, and being a large man, in a great number of greatcoats, he crushed us dismally until we got to the railroad. For two passengers (and it never carries more) it is capital. For three, excruciating.

Write to Poole[†1] what you have said to me. You need write no more. He is full of vicious fancies and wrong suspicions, even of Hardwick,[†2] and I would rather he heard it from you than from me, whom he is not likely to love much in his heart. I doubt it may be but a rusty instrument for want of use, the Pooleish[†1] heart.

My most important present news is that I am going to take a jorum of hot rum and egg in bed immediately, and to cover myself up with all the blankets in the house. Love from all. I have a sensation in my head, as if it were "on edge". It is still very cold here, but the snow had disappeared on my return, both here and on the road, except within ten miles or so of Boulogne.

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES SHERIDAN, 29 DECEMBER 1846

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

48 Rue de Courcelles | Tuesday Twenty Ninth December 1846

My Dear Sheridan

If your cold is better (I have had a beastly one, since I came back), I am your man, any afternoon this week except the day after to-morrow,[†3] for stirring up the Parisian Lions. Supposing we sallied forth on some day when you had no dinner-engagement, we might perhaps send Charley home in the Bruffum, and dine tete a tete at the trois freres or the Cafe de Paris, or some such over-praised establishment?

Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

The Wellington Statue seemed to me worse than Punch's wildest exaggeration of it.[†4] I have more news of Wainewright the Murderer.[†5]

To AMÉDÉE PICHOT, 30 DECEMBER 1846*

MS Universiteits-bibliotheek, Amsterdam. *Address:* À Monsieur: | Monsr. Amédée Pichot | Revue Britannique | 1 Rue Grange Bateliere | Paris.

48 Rue de Courcelles. | Wednesday Thirtieth December | 1846.

My Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you, very heartily, for your kind note, and the books with which it was accompanied. I glanced over some pages of the Christmas Stories before going to bed last night, and had great pleasure in seeing them so skilfully and *conscientiously* rendered into French.[†1]

I am going to shut myself up as closely as I can (but I can never seal my doors hermetically) for about a fortnight. When that vigorous fit of writing shall be past and over, I shall hope to have an early opportunity of presenting you to Mrs. Dickens and my six live volumes now in private circulation.

Believe me | Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Amédée Pichot.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?31 DECEMBER 1846]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 481. *Date:* Forster calls this "six days later" than the letter which he dated Christmas Day but which is really 27 Dec. He then quotes a letter of "two days later", and "after three days more" an extract of which the third sentence begins "Friday morning" (i.e. 8 Jan), which would point to 2 Jan for the present letter. But difficult to see why CD should delay beginning No. V; *To* Pichot, 30 Dec suggests an immediate start, and Forster's visit was to begin as soon as the No. was finished, which at one point CD thought might be 13 Jan.

After sitting down to write No. V *of* Dombey, *he found himself* most abominably dull and stupid. I have only written a slip, but I hope to get to work in strong earnest to-morrow. It occurred to me on special reflection, that the first chapter should be[†2] with Paul and Florence, and that it should leave a pleasant impression of the little fellow being happy, before the reader is called upon to see him die.

I mean to have a genteel breaking-up at Doctor Blimber's therefore, for the Midsummer vacation; and to show him in a little quiet light (now dawning through the chinks of my mind), which I hope will create an agreeable impression.[†1]

Addendum

To T. J. SERLE, 12 FEBRUARY 1844

Text from Sotheby's catalogue, June 1976; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 12 Feb. 44.

Not having received the promised exposition of the views of our illustrious friends,[†1] I cannot answer the enclosed note. Which, to a man possessed of what the Americans (especially the Pennsylvanians)[†2] call "a moral sense," is distressing.

Volume V

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1847

January

To THE HON. RICHARD WATSON,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1847

MS Huntington Library.

48 Rue de Courcelles | New Year's Day 1847.

My Dear Watson.

I have had a note from Sheridan[†2] this morning, telling me that he is obliged to go, this afternoon, with Lord Normanby[†3] to the King:[†4] and proposing to change our dinner appointment to *tomorrow.* As I think it not unlikely that you may be glad of a day's rest, I write this to say that if you have no engagement for tomorrow, I will come to Meurice's[†5] at a quarter to three, and tell you at what hour we propose to dine at the trois freres[†6]—instead of coming today. But in case you should have any other plan for tomorrow, pray let me know this morning, as in that case you and I can still dine together today, and go to the Theatre afterwards.[†7]

I shall remain at home, in case you should send for, or fetch me: being wholly at your disposal, and always

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN,[†8] 2 JANUARY 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Paris. | Second January 1847.

My Dear Letitia. Of *course* I shall be delighted to see you here, and to shew you the Lions to the best of my ability, if you will come.[†9] I took that as being so entirely a matter of course, that I never dreamed of adding anything to the letter I knew Kate had written you.

I was surprised, when I heard of your intended visit, that they had said nothing about it to me in Norton Street.[†1] But as my visits were very rapid and hasty (for I had a world of business to attend to), I supposed they had forgotten it.

Unless the weather should change: which does not seem probable just now: you will feel for the first time in your life, what Cold is, when you come here. Everything that is capable of being frozen, freezes, in every room in the house, as hard as Marble.

When Henry[†2] turns up in any quarter of the world, send him my love.

Always Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Henry Austin.

To JOHN FORSTER,[†3] [?4 JANUARY 1847]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 481. *Date:* three days before letter of 7-8 Jan, according to Forster, though his comments are not quite consistent.

I am working very slowly. You will see in the first two or three lines of the enclosed first subject,[†4] with what idea I am ploughing along. It is difficult; but a new way of doing it, it strikes me, and likely to be pretty.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY JANUARY 1847]

Extracts in F, V, vii, 449. *Date: c.* 5 Jan; according to Forster, on CD's return to Paris, he had "frequent reports" of progress with *Dombey* No. V; he gives the extracts in a single paragraph, but it seems unlikely that they were all from one letter.

It would be miserable to have to work while you were here. Still, I make such sudden starts, and am so possessed of what I am going to do, that the fear may prove to be quite groundless, and if any alteration would trouble you, let the 13th stand at all hazards.[†6] *The cold was so intense, and the price of fuel was so*

enormous, that though the house was not half warmed (as you'll say, when you feel it) *it cost him very nearly a pound a day. Begging-letter writers had found out* Monsieur Dickens, le romancier célèbre, *and waylaid him at the door and in the street as numerously as in London: their distinguishing peculiarity being that they were nearly all of them* Chevaliers de la Garde Impériale de sa Majesté Napoléon le Grand, *and that their letters bore immense seals as large as five shilling pieces. On 31 December he had visited the Morgue and seen an old man with a grey head lying there.*[†1] It seemed the strangest thing in the world that it should have been necessary to take any trouble to stop such a feeble, spent, exhausted morsel of life. It was just dusk when I went in; the place was empty; and he lay there, all alone, like an impersonation of the wintry eighteen hundred and forty-six. . . . I find I am getting inimitable, so I'll stop.[†2]

To CHARLES SHERIDAN, 7 JANUARY 1847

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

At the Parisian Phenomenon (Rue de Courcelles)
Thursday Night, Seventh January | 1847.

My Dear Sheridan. I am heartily sorry for the occasion of your postponement,[†3] though glad of the postponement itself. I am slaughtering a young and innocent victim—[†4] and it takes a deal of time.

So much, indeed, that *I* must postpone now, until a week or more is past, and No. 5 is on its way to the shores of Albion—if you ever heard of that uncommon locality. Meantime Charley considers us (I see it plainly) a pair of humbugs, and broods darkly over his wrongs.[†5]

I think of demanding my passport, in consequence of the immense extent to which the French nation makes a water-closet of my wall. If the British Lion were bred for *this*, he had better have been born a jackall[†6] or hyæna, and then he might at least have got an honest livelihood out of it.[†7]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Sheridan Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7-8 JANUARY 1847]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 481. *Date:* three days after letter of 4 Jan, according to Forster; apparently written during Thursday and Friday; Fri was 8 Jan.

I see that the "good old Times" are again at issue with the inimitable B. Another touch of a blunt razor on B.'s nervous system.[†1]—Friday morning. Inimitable very mouldy and dull. Hardly able to work. Dreamed of *Timeses* all night.[†2] Disposed to go to New Zealand[†3] and start a magazine.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10-11 JANUARY 1847]

Extract in F, V, vii, 449-50. *Date:* Forster left home on 15 Jan and, since the date was settled on which he was to come (see *To* Forster, early Jan), this letter can hardly have been written sooner than the 10th or later than the 11th.

I have written[†4] to the Hôtel des Bains at Boulogne to send on to Calais and take your place in the malle-poste.[†5] . . . Of course you know that you'll be assailed with frightful shouts all along the two lines of ropes from all the touters in Boulogne, and of course you'll pass on like the princess who went up the mountain after the talking bird;[†6] but don't forget quietly to single out the

Hôtel des Bains commissionnaire. The following circumstances will then occur. My experience is more recent than yours, and I will throw them into a dramatic form. You are filtered into the little office, where there are some soldiers; and a gentleman with a black beard and a pen and ink sitting behind a counter. *Barbe Noire* (to the lord of L.I.F.).[†1] Monsieur, votre passeport. *Monsieur.* Monsieur, le voici! *Barbe Noire.* Où allez-vous, monsieur? *Monsieur.* Monsieur, je vais à Paris. *Barbe Noire.* Quand allez-vous partir, monsieur? *Monsieur.* Monsieur, je vais partir aujourd'hui. Avec la malle-poste. *Barbe Noire.* C'est bien. (To Gendarme.) Laissez sortir monsieur! *Gendarme.* Par ici, monsieur, s'il vous plait. Le gendarme ouvert une très petite porte. Monsieur se trouve subitement entouré de tous les gamins, agents, commissionnaires, porteurs, et polissons, en général, de Boulogne, qui s'élancent sur lui, en poussant des cris épouvantables. Monsieur est, pour le moment, tout-à-fait effrayé, et bouleversé. Mais monsieur reprend ses forces et dit, de haute voix: "Le Commissionnaire de l'Hôtel des Bains!" *Un petit homme* (s'avançant rapidement, et en souriant doucement). Me voici, monsieur. Monsieur Fors Tair, n'est-ce pas? . . . Alors. . . . Alors monsieur se promène à l'Hôtel des Bains, où monsieur trouvera qu'un petit salon particulier, en haut, est déjà préparé pour sa réception, et que son dîner est déjà commandé, aux soins du brave Courier, *à midi et demi.* . . . Monsieur mangera son dîner près du feu, avec beaucoup de plaisir, et il boirera de vin rouge à la santé de Monsieur de Boze, et sa famille intéressante et aimable. La malle-poste arrivera au bureau de la poste aux lettres à deux heures ou peut-être un peu plus tard. Mais monsieur chargera le commissionnaire d'y l'accompagner de bonne heure, car c'est beaucoup mieux de l'attendre que de la perdre. La malle-poste arrivé, monsieur s'assiéra, aussi confortablement qu'il le peut, et il y restera jusqu'à son arrivé au bureau de la poste aux lettres à Paris. Parceque, le convoi (*train*) n'est pas l'affaire de monsieur, qui continuera s'asseoir dans la malle-poste, sur le chemin de fer,[†2] et après le chemin de fer, jusqu'il se trouve à la basse-cour du bureau de la poste aux lettres à Paris, où il trouvera une voiture qui a été dépêché de la Rue de Courcelles, quarante-huit. Mais monsieur aura la bonté d'observer—Si le convoi arriverait à Amiens après le départ du convoi à minuit, il faudra y rester jusqu'à l'arrivé d'un autre convoi à trois heures moins un quart. En attendant, monsieur peut rester au buffet (*refreshment room*), où l'on peut toujours trouver un bon feu, et du café chaud, et des très bonnes choses à boire et à manger, pendant toute la nuit.—Est-ce que monsieur comprend parfaitement toutes ces règles pour sa guidance?—Vive le Roi des Français! Roi de la nation la plus grande, et la plus noble, et la plus extraordinairement merveilleuse, du monde! A bas des Anglais!

CHARLES DICKENS,
Français naturalisé, et Citoyen de Paris.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS,[†1] 12 JANUARY 1847

MS Morgan Library.

48 Rue de Courcelles, Paris. | Twelfth January 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts. I have been casting about, in reference to the blind machine.[†2] No way of recommending it occurs to me at this moment, or has yet presented itself, but I will not forget it, if I can find one, depend upon me. Do you know there are many inventions for the same purpose already in use?

I am very glad you have seen Mr. Chesterton.[†3] He may be implicitly relied upon. His experience is as great as any man's alive, on such subjects,[†4] and his humanity and good sense are equal to it.[†5] I know nothing of him but what is good.

Do you know, I question the laying down of that rule though, which he recommends, in reference to those who have contracted habits of intoxication?[†6] I more than question it, and shall venture to make a great stand with him and you for no such principle being established. Remind him, or Mr. Tracey,[†7] when you see them both, that it would exclude such a case as "Wilton's".[†8] And I believe that girl was, of all others, exactly the object for such an Institution as yours. It would be very difficult indeed to know what should be called habits of intoxication. No poor creature is likely to be ever in the place, at any time, of whose previous life intoxication has not been a continual incident. From all modes of existence that are precarious, miserable, degrading, and suggestive of self-reproach—but most especially from theirs—drunkenness, to a greater or less extent, is well nigh inseparable.

As to there being no hope of drunkards, we mustn't start from that point. If we can't find hope ready-made (but I believe we can) we must try to make it. I am not friendly to total abstinence societies, nor have I ever promoted one, but I do not doubt that they have set this question at rest, and have demonstrated the possibility.

I would make the decision between trying, or rejecting, dependant[†1] in every case of which Chesterton and Tracey gave us any knowledge, on the woman herself, and her apparent earnestness, and the best judgment that could be formed from what she said. The Saviour laid down no rules that kept the wretched at a distance from Him; and a noble effort like this should be, in that respect I think, as accessible and free.[†2]

The Schools of which I spoke to you are at Limehouse. They were established through the exertions of the Chairman of the Board of Guardians, Mr. G. F. Young[†3] of that place—a shipowner who acquired the character of a prodigious bore, in Parliament, by speaking immediately before every Division, great or small, to the anguish and horror of all parties; but he is a worthy man, and you will think so, if he accompany you over these schools. He lives close to the church, at the corner of Church Row; and I enclose a note of introduction to him in case you should care to use it.

Let me thank you my dear Miss Coutts for Toby's[†4] magnificent cake,[†5] and for that best of wishes (for it includes all other good ones) that you send him in your letter to me. He will present himself in Stratton Street, with a Kings College paper[†6] for you to sign, a day or two before the end of the Month. I have arranged that he shall board at Dr. Major's[†7] in Bloomsbury Square—coming home from Saturday to Monday when we return to England.

I feel it is a kind of common honesty to say, that from some of the public opinions and proceedings of the Bishop of London,[†8] I must strongly dissent—holding them to be ungenerous and inconsiderate towards the multitude who work hard for their bread[†9]—and by no means conceived in the true Spirit of Christianity. But I desire to say this to *you*—not to *him*—and I will willingly

call on him when I come back: trusting in the unlikelihood of such questions arising out of any conversation between us.[†1]

Charley, and his brothers and sisters, and his Mama join with me in cordial remembrances and fervent wishes, seasonable and unseasonable. And I am, as Ever,

Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

NP.[†2] I would make an appointment with Mr. Young, to make sure of his being there.

To GEORGE F. YOUNG, 12 JANUARY 1847

Mention in last.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 JANUARY 1847]

Summary and extract in F, VI, ii, 481. *Date:* 13 Jan according to Forster.

A very brief letter saying that he had worked so hard the day before (Tues 12 Jan)*, and so incessantly, night as well as morning, that he had breakfasted and lain in bed till midday.* I hope I have been very successful.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER,[†3] 17 JANUARY 1847

MS Comédie Française.

48 Rue de Courcelles. | Dimanche 17 Janvier 1847

Mon cher Monsieur

M. Forster et moi, nous viendrons chez vous, demain, apres quatre heures. Quand nous esperons d'avoir le plaisir de vous trouver à la maison.

Je suis très faché que je n'ai pas eu le plaisir de vous voir aujourdhui

Croyez moi, cher Monsieur | Toujours votre tout devoué

CHARLES DICKENS

A Monsieur Regnier

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 JANUARY 1847

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre. Affranchie | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Paris, 48 Rue de Courcelles | Eighteenth January 1847

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I cannot help sending you a hasty note to explain what must appear rather an extraordinary omission on my part.—I should have thanked you for the print of Sir Francis Burdett,[†1] but that it did not get to the Piazza Coffee House[†2] until I had left, and I had not the least idea of your having sent it to me, until I heard so from a friend last Saturday, who had received it from the Hotel, together with some letters and papers. Let me thank you for it now, and assure you sincerely, that I shall value it highly, and shall place it, on my return, in that work-room which I hope you and Mrs. Brown *will* see, one of these days, after all.

I have had a long letter from Mr. Chesterton, full of interest and earnestness in reference to the project. He tells me of having brought Tracey to you on the previous day.

Charley expects to leave here, this day fortnight. His movements depend on the gentleman[†3] who is to bring him over, but they are not likely to be longer delayed.

Between ourselves—Paul is dead.[†4] He died on Friday night about 10 o'Clock; and as I had no hope of getting to sleep afterwards, I went out, and walked about Paris until breakfast-time next morning.

Always most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS FILLONNEAU,[†5] 18 JANUARY 1847

Text from *D*, I (1905), 205-6.

48, Rue de Courcelles. | Eighteenth January, 1847

My Dear Mrs. F.

I send you, on the other side, the tremendous document which will make you for ninety years (I hope) a beautiful Punchmaker in more senses than one.

I shall be delighted to dine with you on Thursday. Mr. Forster says amen. Commend me to your Lord, and believe me (with respectful compliments to Lord Chesterfield)[†1] always

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. F.

TO MAKE THREE PINTS OF PUNCH[†2]

Peel into a very strong common basin (which may be broken, in case of accident, without damage to the owner's peace or pocket) the rinds of three lemons, cut very thin, and with as little as possible of the white coating between the peel and the fruit, attached. Add a double-handfull of lump sugar (good measure), a pint of good old rum, and a large wine-glass full of brandy—if it be not a large claret glass, say two. Set this on fire, by filling a warm silver spoon with the spirit, lighting the contents at a wax taper, and pouring them gently in. Let it burn three or four minutes at least, stirring it from time to time. Then extinguish it by covering the basin with a tray, which will immediately put out the flame. Then squeeze in the juice of the three lemons, and add a quart of *boiling* water. Stir the whole well, cover it up for five minutes, and stir again.

At this crisis (having skimmed off the lemon pips with a spoon) you may taste. If not sweet enough, add sugar to your liking, but observe that it will be a *little* sweeter presently. Pour the whole into a jug, tie a leather or coarse cloth over the top, so as to exclude the air completely, and stand it in a hot oven ten minutes, or on a hot stove one quarter of an hour. Keep it until it comes to table in a warm place near the fire, but not too hot. If it be intended to stand three or four hours, take half the lemon-peel out, or it will acquire a bitter taste.

The same punch allowed to grow cool by degrees, and then iced, is delicious. It requires less sugar when made for this purpose. If you wish to produce it bright, strain it into bottles through [silk].[†3]

These proportions and directions will, of course, apply to any quantity.

To EMILE DE LA RUE,[†1] 22 JANUARY 1847

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Affranchie. Italie | À Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue freres | Genes | Italie.

48 Rue de Courcelles, Paris. | Twenty Second January 1847

My Dear De la Rue

Of course you think I am a forgetful vagabond. But I am not. A hundred occupations and distractions have combined to prevent my writing to anyone—and a parcel designed for Madame De la Rue has entered into the conspiracy, and never come here from England.[†2] But Forster, who is here now, and returns home tomorrow week, will send me another parcel immediately on his arrival,—and before I dispatch it I will write you a long letter, containing all the news I can think of.

You will be glad, I know, to hear in the meanwhile that the Battle of Life has beaten all the other Christmas Books out of the field[†3]: and that Dombey is doing wonders. You run away at Railroad speed (and more than Railroad speed) in estimating its profits;[†4] but I will set you right in that long epistle I am going to perpetrate.

Give my love to Madame De la Rue, and tell her I have become an accomplished Frenchman. And entreat her never to suppose when I am tardy in my correspondence, that I am unmindful of my friends. It would be difficult to do me a greater injustice.

To William[†5] and all remembering friends—Consuls,[†6] Butlers,[†7] Gibbses,[†8] and the rest—give my regards. Expect a letter of such tremendous length as shall make your hair stand on end!

Ever Cordially Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur De la Rue.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON,[†1] 25 JANUARY 1847

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Favored by Mr. Watson. | The Hon. Mrs. Watson.

Paris, 48 Rue de Courcelles | Twenty Fifth January 1847

My Dear Mrs. Watson. I cannot allow your wandering Lord[†2] to return to your—I suppose "arms" is not improper?—arms, then, without thanking you in half a dozen words, for your letter, and assuring you that I had great interest and pleasure in its receipt, and that I say Amen to all *you* say of our happy past and hopeful future. There is a picture of Lausanne—St. Bernard—the tavern by the little Lake between Lausanne and Vevay,[†3] which is kept by that drunken dog whom Haldimand believes to be so sober—and of many other such scenes, within doors and without—that rises up to my mind very often, and in the quiet pleasure of its aspect rather daunts me as compared with the reality of a striving[†4] life; but please God we will have some more pleasant days, and go up some more mountains—somewhere—and [†a]have some more readings—of something—and[†a] laugh together—at somebody—and form the same delightful little circle again—somehow.

I quite agree with you about the Illustrations to the little Christmas Book.[†5] [†b]Except Stanfield's, they all shocked me, more or less.[†b] I was delighted with yours.[†6] Your good Lord before-mentioned will inform you that it hangs up over my chair in the drawing room here; and when you come to England (after I have seen you again in Lausanne) I will shew it you in my little Study at home, quietly thanking you on the bookcase. Then we will go and see some of Turner's[†7] recent pictures, and decide that question, to Haldimand's eternal[†8] confusion.

You will find Watson looking wonderfully well, I think. When he was first here, on his way to England, he took an extraordinary bath, in which he was rubbed all over with chemical compounds, and had everything done to him that could be invented for seven francs. It *may* be the influence of this treatment that I see in his face. But I think it's the prospect of coming back to Elysée.[†9] All I

can say is, that when *I* come that way, and find myself among those friends again, I expect to be perfectly lovely—a kind of Glorious Apollo,[†1] radiant and shining with joy.

Kate and her sister send all kinds of loves in this hasty packet; and I am always, My Dear Mrs. Watson.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON,[†2] 27 JANUARY 1847†

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Angleterre. | The Countess of Blessington | Gore House | Kensington | London.

48 Rue de Courcelles, Paris | Twenty Seventh[†3] January 1847

My Dear Lady Blessington

I feel very wicked in beginning this note, and deeply remorseful for not having begun and ended it, long ago. But *you* know how difficult it is to write letters in the midst of a writing life; and as you know too (I hope) how earnestly and affectionately I always think of you, wherever I am, I take heart, on a little consideration, and feel comparatively good again.

Forster has been cramming into the space of a fortnight, every description of impossible and inconsistent occupation in the way of sight-seeing. He has been now at Versailles, now in the Prisons, now at the Opera, now at the Hospital, now at the Conservatoire, and now at the Morgue, with a dreadful insatiability.[†4] [†a]As[†5] I have been at all these places too, and have been whirled out of one into another with breathless speed[†a] I begin to doubt whether I ever had anything to do with a book called Dombey, or ever sat over it, day after day, until I half began, like the Monk in poor Wilkie's[†6] story, to believe it the only reality in life, and to mistake all the realities for short-lived shadows.[†7]

Among the multitude of sights, we saw our pleasant little bud of a friend, Rose Cheri,[†1] play Clarissa Harlowe the other night. I believe she did it in London just now,[†2] and perhaps you may have seen it? A most charming, intelligent, modest, affecting piece of acting it is: with a Death, superior to anything I ever saw on the Stage, or can imagine, except Macready's in Lear.[†3] The Theatres are admirable just now. We saw Gentil Bernard[†4] at the Varietes the other night, acted in a manner that was absolutely perfect. It was a little picture by Watteau—animated and talking—from beginning to end. At the Cirque, there is a new shew-piece called the French Revolution, in which there is a representation of the National Convention, and a series of battles (fought by some five hundred people who look like fifty thousand) that are wonderful in their extraordinary vigor and truth.[†5] The Explosive Cotton[†6] gives its name to a general review, at the Palais Royal, of the Parisian 1846, which is dull enough, saving for the introduction of Alexander Dumas,[†7] sitting in his study beside a pile of quarto Volumes about five feet high which he says form the first tableau of the first act of the first piece to be played on the first night of his new Theatre. The revival of Moliere's Don Juan[†8] at the Francais, has drawn money. It is excellently played, and it is curious

to observe how different *his* Don Juan and valet, are, from our English ideas of the Master and Man. They are playing

— V - 15 —

Victor Hugo's[†1] Lucreece[†2] Borgia again, at the Porte St. Martin; but it is poorly performed, and hangs fire drearily, though a very remarkable and striking play.[†3] We were at his house last Sunday week. A most extraordinary place, looking like an old curiosity shop, or the Property Room of some gloomy vast old Theatre.[†4] I was much struck by Hugo himself, who looks a Genius, as he certainly is, and is very interesting from head to foot. His wife[†5] is a handsome woman with flashing black eyes, [†a]who looks as if she might poison his breakfast any morning when the humour seized her.[†a] There is also a ditto daughter[†6] of fifteen or sixteen, with ditto eyes, [†a]and hardly any drapery above the waist, whom I should suspect of carrying a sharp poignard in her stays, but for her not appearing to wear any.[†a] Sitting among old armour, and old tapestry, and old coffers, and grim old chairs and tables, and old Canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous old golden balls, they made a most romantic show, and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books.

[†a]Eugene Sue[†7] is not in Paris, and has relinquished his apartment in the Rue de la Pépinière.[†8] But I have sent Count D'Orsay's letter to him in the country.[†9]

— V - 16 —

The end of March will see me, please God, safely housed in London again, and reporting to you more about him. Let me thank you cordially, my dear Lady Blessington, for the Book of Beauty and the Keepsake.[†1] They flourish on the Drawing Room Table of this extraordinary house[†2] (sixty yards long, by fourteen feet high) and have given me—through your graceful but strong-handed share in them—and in the contributions of one or two others—great pleasure. I have heard whispers of negociations with Bradbury and Evans, which I hope may be brought to bear.[†3] They understand their business, and are honest men. That is saying much, in the land of Colburns and Bentley's.[†4]

Remember me, most heartily, to Count D'Orsay,[†5] and most gently to the Miss Powers.[†6] I have been obliged to do something under the green cover,[†7] this month, which I hope they will not consider cruel. It was to be, and I couldn't help it. What sort of day shall we have, I wonder, for our trip to Rosherville![†8] May would be a good time—don't you think so?

Ever My Dear Lady Blessington | Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Blessington.[†a]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 JANUARY 1847*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre. Affranchie. | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Paris, 48 Rue de Courcelles. | Twenty Seventh January 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I trouble you with this very short note, to say that Charley will call on you next Wednesday at One o'Clock.[†9] Perhaps you will have the kindness to give him the enclosed paper to carry to Dr. Major, with your signature attached. The fees I have sent straight to the Doctor.

Charley goes to his house on Wednesday Evening. I will not attempt to tell you how ardently I hope that his career may do honor to your friendship and kindness, or how much I stake on the belief and trust that it will.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to send her cordial regards. Charley is in great spirits at present, and full of great intentions, but I don't know how he may feel when he gets into the Malle Poste that is to take him away from his sisters and all the rest. But it is "only for two months" he says, in allusion to our coming home again; "and they are soon gone".

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To FREDERICK DICKENS,[†1] 28 JANUARY 1847

MS Benoliel Collection.

48 Rue de Courcelles, Paris | Thursday Twenty Eighth January 1847.

My Dear Fred. I am much troubled by the receipt of your letter. Pray read this of mine, attentively, and as dispassionately as you can.

Apart from delicacy of expression, which I do not expect to find in Mr. Weller's letters,[†2] I must say that I have little fault to find with them: and that he has, distinctly, reason on his side. Consider for a moment. You say the letter to you was sent down to you while you were a guest at Mr. Shaw's[†3] house. In the same breath you say that Mr. Shaw has been a worthy seconder of Mr. Weller. Were you not, then, in a very false position when you found yourself in Mr. Shaw's house at all—when you resorted there, week after week, and laid yourself under continual obligations to him—when you presented yourself, uninvited, at the table of a person who had no desire to see you, and was opposing you to your own knowledge? And is not that which Mr. Weller impresses upon you, the plain, uncomfortable, ugly Truth?

Now it seems to me that there is another and a better way of asserting your gentlemanly feeling and self-respect, as against such people, than by rushing into a marriage with which self-respect is almost inconsistent and irreconcileable—for believe me it would be difficult of preservation among the daily and hourly recurring miseries of domestic shabbiness and poverty. Hold no terms with Mr. Shaw, contract no more obligations grudgingly conceded and bragged of by their cost in pounds and shillings afterwards—see Anna by other means, and out of his house, at *reasonable intervals*—wait—above all, wait—and there will be more

true gentlemanly feeling and self respect, two years hence, in saying I *Did*[†1] wait, than you can ever maintain against the just charge that you did not, though you were prepared to exhibit in your married life such an example of endurance and self denial as was never seen before.

What "reasonable intervals" are, is a question we might easily settle. What they are not, Mr. Weller tells you. Again he has reason on his side.[†2] However disagreeable, it is common sense. When I was in London last, your own father and mother were quite as much alive to the want of common sense and reason in these weekly journies, as Mr. Weller is.—How much of the furniture of a small neat house, do you think they would pay for in two years, Fred?

[†a]When I believed you serious and resolved in regard to Anna Weller, I immediately withdrew all such family objections—so to call them—as I had pointed out to you, and felt that to urge them any longer would be indelicate and ungenerous. But the objection of her age, remains. Nothing but time can alter or remove it. In two years time, she will be very young to be married—unusually young, even then. But let it be then. I will do what I can for you,[†a] then, in the way of starting you in life; I will use my utmost influence with Mr. Weller to arrange all matters of dispute between you, happily. Or, on that understanding, I will even step in now—very much against my will—and endeavour to conclude some friendly and reasonable arrangement which shall recognize your claim to some kind of communication with Anna Weller which does not involve a weekly sojourn some hundred and twenty miles away, in the house of a man who does not desire to receive you; or her giving you the meeting at other houses, where she herself goes on sufferance, and at your solicitation.

[†b]Your life is one of perfect misery, you say. I have no doubt of it, in this scrambling, unsettled, disjointed state of things. But it would be greatly changed, and immeasurably improved, if *you* would look the prospect before you, steadily in the face—mark out some definite and sensible course of action for such a period as I have named—and abide by it. It is not very difficult to do. It is done by many people, every day—by men older than you, and women (still girls) far older than Anna—for much longer terms.[†b]

And you must balance your present condition, and the improvement you might so effect in it—not against a honeymoon or a wedding-day, but against a drudging life, with butchers, bakers, landlords, tax-gatherers, doctors, and sickbeds, coming round in their turns as regularly as any star in the sky. If it came to a struggle after all, one of you certainly would bear it better two years hence—and both of you, I think.

You persuade yourself that you have considered all these things, deliberately. I know better. There is the strongest evidence to the contrary in every pothook in your letter, and the whole temper of your mind. Take time to consider, or take time until we can talk.[†3]

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART,[†1] 28 JANUARY 1847

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address* (envelope, MS Dickens House): The Reverend Edward Tagart | Porchester Terrace | Bayswater | London.

Paris. 48 Rue de Courcelles. St. Honore | Twenty Eighth January, 1847.

My Dear Sir.

Before you read any more, I wish you would take those tablets out of your drawer, in which you have put a black mark against my name, and erase it neatly. I don't deserve it. On my word, I don't,—though appearances are against me, I unwillingly confess.

I had gone to Geneva, to recover from an uncommon depression of spirits,[†2] consequent on too much sitting over Dombey and the little Christmas Book, when I received your letter as I was going out walking, one sunshiny, windy day. I read it on the banks of the Rhone, where it runs, very blue and swift, between two high green hills, with ranges of snowy mountains filling up the distance. Its cordial and unaffected tone gave me the greatest pleasure—did me a world of good—set me up for the afternoon—and gave me an evening's subject of discourse. For I talked to "them" (that is, Kate and Georgy) about those bright mornings at the Peschiere,[†3] until bed time, and threatened to write you such a letter next day as would—I don't know exactly what it was to do, but it was to be a great letter, expressive of all kinds of pleasant things, and perhaps the most genial letter that ever was written.

From that hour to this, I have again and again and again said "I'll write tomorrow"; and here I am today full of penitence—really sorry and ashamed—and with no excuse but my writing life, which makes me get up and go out, when my morning's work is done, and look at pen and ink no more until I begin again.

Besides which, I have been seeing Paris—wandering into Hospitals, Prisons, Dead-houses, Operas, Theatres, Concert Rooms, Burial-grounds, Palaces, and Wine shops. In my unoccupied fortnight of each month, every description of gaudy and ghastly sight has been passing before me in a rapid Panorama. Before that, I had to come here from Switzerland, over frosty mountains in dense fogs, and through towns with walls and drawbridges, and without population, or anything else in particular but soldiers and mud. I took a flight to London for four days, and went, and came back, over one sheet of snow—sea excepted; and I wish that had been snow too! Then Forster (who is here now, and begs me to send his kindest regards) came to see Paris for himself, and in shewing it to him, away I was borne again like an enchanted Rider. In short, I have had no rest in my play; and on Monday I am going to work again. A fortnight hence, the Play will begin once more; a fortnight after that, the Work will come round; and so the letters that I care for, go unwritten.

Do you care for French news? I hope not, because I don't know any. There is a melodrama called the French Revolution, now playing at the Cirque, in the first act of which there is the most tremendous representation of *a people* that can

well be imagined. There are wonderful battles and so forth in the piece but, there is a power and massiveness in the Mob, which is positively awful. At another Theatre, Clarissa Harlowe is still the rage. There are some things in it, rather calculated to astonish the Ghost of Richardson, but Clarissa is very admirably played, and dies better than the original to my thinking—but Richardson is no great favorite of mine, and never seems to me to take his top-boots off, whatever he does. Several pieces are in course of

representation, involving rare portraits of the English.[†1] In one, a servant called "Tom Bob", who wears a particularly English waistcoat, trimmed with gold lace and concealing his ankles, does very good things in deed. In another, a Prime Minister of England who has ruined himself by Railway speculations, hits off some of our national characteristics very happily—frequently making incidental mention of "Vishmingster"—"Re Geenstreet", and other places with which you are well acquainted. "Sir Fakson" is one of the characters in another play—English to the core—and I saw a Lord Mayor of London at one of the small Theatres the other night, looking uncommonly well in a Stage coachman's waistcoat, the order of the garter, and a very low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, not unlike a dustman's.

I was at Geneva at the time of the Revolution.[†2] The moderation and mildness of the successful party were beyond all praise. Their appeals to the people of all parties—printed and pasted on the walls—have no parallel that I know of, in history, for their real, good, sterling christianity, and tendency to promote the happiness of mankind. My sympathy is strongly with the Swiss Radicals. They know what Catholicity is; They see, in some of their own vallies, the poverty, ignorance, misery, and bigotry, it always brings in its train wherever it is triumphant; and they would root it out of their children's way, at any price. I fear the end of the struggle will be that some Catholic Power will step in to crush the dangerously well-educated Republics (very dangerous to such neighbours) but there is a spirit in the people, or I very much mistake them, that will trouble the Jesuits these many years, and shake their altar-steps for them.

This is a poor return (I look down and see the end of the paper) for your letter, but in its cordial spirit of reciprocal friendship it is not so bad a one if you could read it as I do—and it eases my mind, and discharges my conscience. We are coming home, please God, at the end of March. Kate and Georgy send their best regards to you, and their loves to Mrs.[†3] and Miss Tagart,[†4] and the children. *Our* children wish to live, too, in *your* children's remembrance. You will be glad, I know, to hear that Dombey is doing wonders, and that the Christmas Book shot far ahead of its predecessors. I hope you will like *the last Chapter of No 5.* If you can spare me a scrap of your handwriting in token of forgiveness—do. If not, I'll come and beg pardon on the 31st. of March.

Ever Believe me | Cordially and Truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Edward Tagart.

February

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO.,[†1] 3 FEBRUARY 1847*

MS Dickens House.

48 Rue de Courcelles, Paris | Third February 1847.

Gentlemen.

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of the Circular Notes.[†2] Uncertain whether business would not render it necessary for me to return to London sooner than I had intended, I have not thought it worth while

to write to you for a letter of credit since I left Switzerland. As it is, I shall return home at the end of March. When I know about what sum of money I am likely to require here, I will write to you for a credit on Messrs. Ferrere Laffitte.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 FEBRUARY 1847]

Summary and extract in F, VI, ii, 481. *Date:* 4 Feb according to Forster, who says he left CD on 2 Feb, "with his writing-table in readiness" for *Dombey*, No. VI.

Enclosing subjects for illustration,[†4] *but saying he was* not under weigh yet. Can't begin.

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD,[†5] 5 FEBRUARY 1847*

MS Private.

Paris, 48 Rue de Courcelles. | Fifth February 1847.

Dear Sir

I have been very glad indeed to hear (through Mr. Macready, before receiving your letter) what Chairman you have secured.[†6] A more appropriate one, or one more likely to do service to the fund, and good service too, in the public recognition of it, could not, I am certain, have been found.

I am delighted to say (and I hope the Committee will not be uninterested to

hear) that I shall be able, please God, to attend the Dinner this year. I have arranged so to leave here, as to be in London and at home again on the 27th. of March, and I beg you not only to insert my name in the list of Vice Presidents, but to keep a seat and a toast for me,—to both of which I will do as much honor as my cordial interest in the Meeting and its objects can muster.

Dear Sir | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Cullenford Esquire

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 5 FEBRUARY 1847

MS Benoliel Collection.

48 Rue de Courcelles | Friday Night Fifth February | 1847.

My Dear Fred.

The kindest thing I can say, in reply to what *you* say about income and so forth, in your letter received today, is that it is all folly. No one knows better than you (except myself, in my own conscience)

that there is not a successful man in the world who attaches less importance to the possession of money, or less disparagement to the want of it, than I do.

I stated to father, Mr. Weller's points and power in this matter. One of them is, that you are not now in a position to incur the hazard of having to support a young family. Not all the fuming in the world can deprive him of that reasonable ground of objection. It is one that might be urged against you, if you were a younger son of the Duke of Bedford[†1] & therefore is not very personal.

I stated this, among other facts, to shew that you cannot defy Mr. Weller, and that you must, if this engagement is to proceed, conciliate him. Moreover, that your Intended must conciliate him too, and not ride high horses.

How do you think I could write to Mr. Weller, when I have no more idea than the Emperor of China has, where he lives or is to be addressed?[†2] How can you wildly and unreasonably suppose that there is the faintest, dimmest, ghostliest, film of an idea expressed in your answer to my long letter, implying that you had the least expectation or desire that I should write to him at all?

Further—how can I take this matter up, like a man, and with any hope of coming to any rational conclusion, unless I know what you want—what part of your own wishes you are prepared to yield to his—what promises you are content to make him—what assurances you have to give him—what the thing is to be brought to—definitely what you want of him, and what is to be wrested from him if possible. I swear as it stands I have no understanding of the facts, at all. The only fact of which I am clear, is that I can't understand your letters.

I would have written, certainly, if I had known where to write, and had known you wished me to write. But I do not regard the delay as at all to be regretted, for I have no doubt it will do him good. I know him to be a perfectly unreasonable

and wrong-headed man,[†1] even in his management of any shade of a reasonable and right-headed idea; and if you would take my advice, you would leave him alone altogether, until I come home next month. He won't mind me at this distance half so much as if I were in Devonshire Terrace.

Your letter to Mr. Shaw was as rambling and wide of the mark, as your letters to me. There was a plain inconsistency in his, on which you might have challenged him, in a calm and gentlemanly manner, and at a great advantage, to tell you what he meant. He said, first of all, that you were not to come to his house, because you had told his sister in law, not to correspond with her parents. On the same side of paper, he said he did not believe you *had* told her. Upon which you should have asked him, whether he decided against you without hearing a word you had to say, because he did believe it, or because he didn't? And in either case whether he thought his proceeding one that would bear to be referred, with his other question, to me—and whether he was content to refer it to me as it stood.

I am not at all clear that it was well to send his other letter back, unopened. Apart from that being the last affront almost, that can be put upon anybody, you don't know what was inside, and the chances are that, coming from such a man, it might (discreetly used) have done you good, and could have done you no

harm. But it is gone back; and now I want to know, supposing I write to Mr. Weller opening the business, and he writes back, what is to be brought about? Not your going to Mr. Shaw's again, is it?

Affectionately always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 FEBRUARY 1847]

Extracts in F, VI, ii, 481-2. *Date:* 7 Feb, his birthday, according to Forster.

Could not begin before Thursday last,[†2] and find it very difficult indeed to fall into the new vein of the story. I see no hope of finishing before the 16th at the earliest, in which case the steam will have to be put on for this short month. But it can't be helped. Perhaps I shall get a rush of inspiration. . . . I will send the chapters as I write them, and you must not wait, of course, for me to read the end in type. To transfer to Florence, instantly, all the previous interest, is what I am aiming at.[†3] For that, all sorts of other points must be thrown aside in this number. . . . We are going to dine again at the Embassy[†4] to-day—with a very ill will on my part. All well. I hope when I write next I shall report

myself in better cue. . . . I have had a tremendous outpouring from Jeffrey about the last part, which he thinks the best thing past, present, or to come.[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 FEBRUARY 1847]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 482. *Date:* three days after letter of 7 Feb, according to Forster.

I have taken the most prodigious pains with it;[†2] the difficulty, immediately after Paul's death, being very great. May you like it! My head aches over it now (I write at one o'clock in the morning), and I am strange to it. . . . I think I shall manage Dombey's second wife (introduced by the Major), and the beginning of that business in his present state of mind, very naturally and well.[†3] . . . Paul's death has amazed Paris. All sorts of people are open-mouthed with admiration. . . . When I have done, I'll write you *such* a letter! Don't cut me short in your letters just now, because I'm working hard. . . . *I*'ll make up. . . . Snow—snow—snow—a foot thick.

To LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM,[†4] 10 FEBRUARY 1847

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Rue de Courcelles | Tenth February 1847.

Dear Lord Albert Conyngham.

At two o'Clock tomorrow morning, I dare not. It would play the very Devil-in-a-masked-ball[†1]

with my tomorrow's occupation; and that, like todays, is Dombey and Son. I am always a prisoner, more or less, at this time of the month; and *this* month—the shortest in the year—is a wicked imposition.

I had not forgotten our engagement, and had put down Saturday, when I could have managed it very well. But I shall now consider it off—releasing you for tonight's ball, which pray see instead—and hoping that we may find some other reason for going somewhere, some-day.

Many thanks for your kind note.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lord Albert Conyngham.

To LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM, 12 FEBRUARY 1847

MS Harvard College Library.

48 Rue de Courcelles. | Twelfth February 1847.

Address: The | Lord Albert Conyngham.

Dear Lord Albert Conyngham

I am afraid I am *not* to see a masked ball, just now. There are a host of printed documents coming to me on Sunday Morning, I learn, connected with a project[†2] in which I have a great and very valuable interest,[†3] which will require to be looked over with as cool a head as may be, and sent back to England by Sunday's post. I expected to have received them yesterday, but they are delayed; and my opportunity of considering them being so abridged, I have no business to be up and out, half the previous night.

On Tuesday, or *Wednesday,* I shall be as free as I could wish. I purpose endeavouring to find you at home then, and substituting some other French Lion, if you will consent, that may secure to me the pleasure of your company.

Have you seen De la Roche's[†1] fresco yet? If not, let me play the Showman. Or have you seen the French Revolution at the Cirque? Or the Blind men in the Palais Royal who act Vaudevilles?[†2] I think we may strike out something—not as good as a masked ball, but odd enough.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lord Albert Conyngham.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 12 FEBRUARY 1847

MS John Rylands Library.

Paris. 48 Rue de Courcelles. | Friday Night, Twelfth February | 1847.

My Dear Fred.

I am desperately busy. In reference to your question concerning Mr. Shaw, I would say that all imperfect reconciliations are bad things,—that a reconciliation in any case, but especially in such a case as this, should be complete, if it take place at all—and that I would not advise you to suffer what has passed, to make any alteration in your acceptances or refusals of his offered courtesies.

I have no doubt that you have been very ill used—but all in wild and dreary-headed giddiness—a sort of intoxication on gruel which is peculiar to the family—and its[†3] past and over.

Loves from all. So arrange your proceedings in future, as to have no secrets from Mr. W. That seems to be the sorest of his itching points.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12 FEBRUARY 1847]

Extract in F, V, vii, 452*n*. *Date:* 12 Feb according to Forster, but it may have been earlier since he also wrongly says that it was CD's "first letter" after Forster's "return" from Paris (see *To* Forster, 4 Feb).

Do you remember my writing a letter to the prefet of police about that coachman? I heard no more about it until this very day, when, at the moment of your letter arriving, Roche[†4] put his head in at the door (I was busy writing in the Baronial drawing-room) and said, "Here is datter 'cocher'!"—Sir, he had been in prison ever since! and being released this morning, was sent by the police to pay back the franc and a half, and to beg pardon, and to get a certificate that he had done so, or he could not go on the stand again! Isn't this admirable?

But the culminating point of the story (it could happen with nobody but me) is that he WAS DRUNK WHEN HE CAME!! Not very, but his eye was fixed, and he swayed in his sabots, and smelt of wine, and told Roche incoherently that he wouldn't have done it (committed the offence, that is) if the people hadn't made him. He seemed to be troubled with a phantasmagorial belief that all Paris had gathered round us that night in the Rue St. Honoré, and urged him on with frantic shouts. . . . Snow, frost, and cold. . . . The Duke of Bordeaux is very well, and dines at the Tuileries[†1] to-morrow. . . . *When* I have done, I will write you a brilliant letter. . . . Loves from all. . . . Your blue and golden bed looks desolate.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD,[†2] 14 FEBRUARY 1847

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

48 Rue de Courcelles | Sunday Night | February Fourteenth 1847.

My Dear Jerrold.

I will only say of the Christmas matter[†3] that never was there a more innocent victim than I—but byegones are ever byegones with me (or I try to make them so) unless they are of a pleasant complexion; and so, as you say, let that pass.

We are delighted with your intention of coming to Paris.[†4] I will give you a programme of our proceedings, with dates and so forth, that you may make your arrangements accordingly, and tell me, when you have quite decided, how they suit you.

The fifteenth of March is on a Monday. Now you can't cross to Boulogne on a Sunday, unless in summer-time; and I would recommend you to come over on the Saturday—the fourteenth.[†5]

That's the first step. Tell me you will resolve to do so, and I will get on with my work, so that I may be in readiness for you here.

The Railroad from Abbeville hither, finished sometime, is announced to open on the 1st. of March.[†1] I think there is no probability of its opening being postponed. This would leave you only sixty miles of Diligence from Boulogne to Abbeville, which you could perform easily (there are plenty of coaches) on the same Saturday, and either come on by railroad that night, or on Sunday. There is really no other direction to give but this. All I want, is, your exact description of what you mean to do, that the Brave and I may be on the look-out for you at the right time. In the event of the railroad not opening, then I ought to take you a place in Saturday's Malle Poste from Boulogne at least a fortnight before. But I don't think, as I have said, there is any fear of failure in that respect.

You understand? Good. Take the time before you by the throat my boy—make arrangements to crush it, *à* la Ainsworth[†2]—hurge the hartists hon—and write to me as soon as you can. We purpose leaving here on the 25th. You ought not to have a shorter stay than from the 14th. to that day. We will take three days for the journey home (arranging together, how we will go, and by what places) and arrange to be in London on Saturday Night the 27th. Voila tout—as *we* say.[†3]

If there is no more soot in the soup, since your last, I shall be glad, as becometh me, to enlist myself among the Museum-ites.[†4] If you will give in my adhesion, I shall be happy to send an order for the necessary mineralogical specimen, on knowing what it should be, and to whom paid.

I am rejoiced to hear of the success of your paper.[†5] I received it on the day of its enlargement, but not for a long time before, and not since. Thereby, Tadpole's[†6] politics (for Heaven's sake bring them in your waistcoat pocket) are "unbeknown" to me. Mr. Boursicault[†7]—I beg his pardon—you know he's a Viscount?[†8]—is one of a school that I utterly detest, abominate, and abjure,[†9] as you do, and as young attornies on their admission do the Pope. Shall I ever

forget Vestris in London Assurance[†1] bursting out into certain praises (they always elicited three rounds) of a—of a country morning I think it was! The atrocity was prepetrated, I remember, on a Lawn before a Villa. It was led up to by flowerpots. The thing was as like any honest sympathy or honest English as the rosepink on a Sweep's face on May Day, is to a beautiful complexion, but Harley generally appeared touched to the soul, and a man in the pit always cried out "Beau-ti-ful!"

I am somehow reminded of a good story I heard the other night from a man who was a witness of it, and an actor in it. At a certain German town, last Autumn, there was a tremendous furore about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad left it, on her travels, early one morning.[†2] The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a party of rampant Students who had escorted it, rushed back to the Inn, demanded to be shewn her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance—an Englishman—who was staying in the hotel—came to breakfast at the table d'hote, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind and to shew great terror whenever a Student came near him. At last he said, in a low voice, to some who were near him at the table, "You are English, Gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people these Germans! Students as a body, raving mad gentlemen!"—"Oh no," said somebody else, "excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible". "By God Sir", returned the old Gentleman, still more disturbed, "then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving, and while I was gone"—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes!" I needn't wind up by adding that they had gone to the wrong chamber.[†3]

The Marchioness[†4]—it is too true—sends her kindest regards. So does Mrs. Dickens. Could you bring Mrs. Rodwell[†5] with you, do you think? or have *you* passion too?

Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Jerrold Esquire.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 15 FEBRUARY 1847

Mention in N, II, 16.

To JOHN FORSTER, 17 FEBRUARY 1847

Extract in F, v, vii, 453*n*.

Paris: Wednesday, 17th February, 1847.

I am horrified to find that the first chapter makes *at least* two pages less than I had supposed,[†1] and I have a terrible apprehension that there will not be copy enough for the number![†2] As it could not possibly come out short, and as there would be no greater possibility of sending to me, in this short month, to supply what may be wanted, I decide—after the first burst of nervousness is gone—*to follow this letter by Diligence to-morrow morning.* The malle poste is full for days and days. I shall hope to be with you some time on Friday.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, [20 FEBRUARY 1847]

MS British Museum. *Address:* France | À Madame | Madame Dickens | 48 Rue de Courcelles | St. Honoré | Paris PM: 20 Feb 47.

Piazza Coffee House, London. | Saturday afternoon

My Dearest Kate.

I crossed from Boulogne yesterday at half-past eleven—a frightful sea running nearly as bad as the Atlantic. Everybody was ill. I, worse than on our American Voyage.[†3] I never knew anything like the sickness and misery of it. And besides that, I really was alarmed; the waves ran so very high, and the fast boat, going at that speed through the water, shipped such enormous volumes of it. It had blown a gale over night. All Boulogne turned out to see "the Princess Clementina" get over the bar; and I dare say it was much prettier from the shore than from the water.

I made some Edinburgh friends[†4] in the Diligence, and we were very pleasant. I had also the good luck to catch the express train at Folkestone, which brought us up in two hours and twenty minutes. I found Forster waiting for me. We dine (with Charley) at Hampstead today. And he (Charley) dines with us (I found him already engaged there) at Gore House[†5] tomorrow. He is here now—looks very well and very happy—sends all sorts of loves—and talks incessantly.

I shall be obliged to leave Folkestone on *Tuesday* at 3. By consequence I have no help for it but to sleep that night at Boulogne. I have engaged with the people at the Inn there, to take me a place in Wednesday's Malle Poste, if it can be got. If not, in the Wednesday's Diligence (Caillard & Co.'s) that leaves Boulogne at 11 in the forenoon.

B and E's accounts had just reached Forster. They are exactly what I supposed, and will leave me, thank God, £2000[†1] clear, to put away.[†2] C and H's have not arrived yet.

Best loves (in which Forster joins) to Georgy and the children. I am horribly bilious and queer, and not at all right in any respect. Two pages of the No. to do, as I supposed. No news. Ever affectionately CD.

March

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH,
[28 FEBRUARY OR 1 MARCH 1847][†3*]

MS Huntington Library. *Address: France* | Miss Hogarth | 48 Rue de Courçelles | St. Honoré | Paris. *Date:* PM 1 Mar 47.

My Dearest Georgy. I have only time to add[†4] a very few words, but I hope to be more interesting next time. Will you remember to ascertain about the clock,[†5] and how much a dashing article would be? Will you also tell Simpson[†6] that I shall be obliged to him if he will buy me a pair of those prints (he knows what I mean) framed, and another pair (the same) not framed.[†7] You will pay the bill. They[†8] had better pack all four, at the shop, in a little case or box for travelling. Ask him to secure the best impressions.

Good bye.[†9] | Loves to all the Darlings
Ever Sincerely affectionately
CD.

I still hope to come over for you when I have done the No.[†10] I hope we shall get into some lodgings tomorrow night.[†11]

To MARY DICKENS,[†1] 4 MARCH 1847

Text from MDGH, I, 176-7.

Victoria Hotel, Euston Square, | Thursday, March 4th, 1847.

My dearest Mamey,

I have not got much to say, and that's the truth; but I cannot let this letter go into the post without wishing you many many happy returns of your birthday,[†2] and sending my love to Auntey and to Katey, and to all of them. We were at Mrs. Macready's last night, where there was a little party in honour of Mr. Macready's[†3] birthday. We had some dancing, and they wished very much that you and Katey had been there; so did I and your mamma. We have not got back to Devonshire Terrace yet, but are living at an hotel until Sir James Duke[†4] returns from Scotland, which will be on Saturday or Monday. I hope when he comes home and finds us here he will go out of Devonshire Terrace, and let us get it ready for you. Roche is coming back to you very soon. He will leave here on Saturday morning. He says he hopes you will have a very happy birthday, and he means to drink your health on the road to Paris.

Always your affectionate
[PAPA][†5]

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 8 MARCH 1847*

MS University of Texas.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Monday Morning March Eighth 1847.

My Dear Tracey.

We have been brought home suddenly (that is to say Mrs. Dickens and I—for Miss Hogarth and the children are still in Paris) by the illness of our dear Charley, who was taken with the Scarlet Fever at King's College, and removed to his grandmother's where he is now, thank God, recovering. His mother being in the way in which &c &c, the Doctors will not allow her to see him, for fear of contagion: and lest I should take contagion to her, they will not allow me to see him either.

As there seems no prospect of our getting our tenant out of Devonshire Terrace before Midsummer at the earliest, we have taken this house. Orders have been despatched to Cramers'[†6] the Music Sellers, to bring a van (not *the* Van)[†7] to Tothill Fields tomorrow, for a prisoner of the name of P. Forte, whose body this is your warrant and authority to release from confinement. I suppose

the aforesaid criminal is not much altered by the endurance of his punishment; hard labor not having been included in his sentence?

I shall hope to see you very soon. Meanwhile with best regards from Mrs. Dickens to yourself and your bright boy,[†1] in which I heartily join—and with respectful compliments from Timber[†2] who is more ridiculous than ever,

Believe me always My Dear Tracey | Very Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [9 MARCH 1847]

Text from MDGH, I, 177.

Chester Place | Tuesday Night

My Dearest Georgy, . . .

So far from having "got through my agonies," as you benevolently hope, I have not yet begun them. No, on this *ninth of the month* I have not yet written a single slip. What could I do; house-hunting at first, and beleaguered all day to-day and yesterday by furniture that must be altered, and things that must be put away? My wretchedness, just now, is inconceivable. Tell Anne,[†3] by-the-bye (not with reference to my wretchedness, but in connection with the arrangements generally), that I can't get on at all without her.

If Kate has not mentioned it, get Katey and Mamey to write and send a letter to Charley; of course not hinting at our being here.[†4] He wants to hear from them.

Poor little Hall[†5] is dead, as you will have seen, I dare say, in the paper. This house is very cheerful on the drawing-room floor and above, looking into the park on one side and Albany Street on the other. Forster is mild. Maclise, exceedingly bald on the crown of his head. Roche has just come in to know if he may "blow datter light." [†a]Love to all the darlings. Regards to everybody else. Love to yourself.[†a]

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To H. K. BROWNE,[†6] 10 MARCH 1847

MS Dickens House.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park. Tenth March 1847.

My Dear Browne. I can't get into my own house, having come home before my time; and am living here, until my Devonshire Terrace tenant performs that

perfectly unintelligible ceremony which is called, in the vulgar, walking his chalks.[†1]

The occasion of my coming home, makes me very late with my number, which I have only begun this morning.[†2] Otherwise you should have been "fed" sooner. My eldest boy's illness will excuse me, I hope.

The first subject[†3] which I am now going to give, is very important to the book. *I should like to see your sketch of it, if possible.*[†4]

I should premise that I want to make the Major, who is the incarnation of selfishness and small revenge, a kind of comic Mephistophelean[†5] power in the book; and the No. begins with the departure of Mr Dombey and the Major on that trip for change of air and scene, which is prepared for in the last Number. They go to Leamington, where you and I were once.[†6] In the Library, the Major introduces Mr. Dombey to a certain lady, whom, as I wish to foreshadow, dimly, said Dombey may come to marry in due season. She is about thirty—not a day more—handsome, though haughty-looking—good figure—well dressed—showy—and desirable. Quite a lady in appearance, with something of a proud indifference about her, suggestive of a spark of the Devil within. Was married young. Husband dead. Goes about with an old mother who rouges, and who lives upon the reputation of a diamond necklace and her family.—Wants a husband. Flies at none but high game, and couldn't marry anybody not rich—Mother affects cordiality and heart, and is the essence of sordid calculation—Mother usually shoved about in a Bath chair by a Page who has rather outgrown and out-shoved his strength, and who butts at it behind, like a Ram, while his mistress steers herself languidly by a handle in front—Nothing the matter with her to prevent her walking, only was once sketched (when a Beauty) reclining in a Barouche, and having outlived the beauty and the barouche too, still holds on to the attitude, as becoming her uncommonly. Mother is in this machine, in the Sketch. Daughter has a parasol.

The Major presents them to Mr. Dombey, gloating within himself over what may come of it, and over the discomfiture of Miss Tox. Mr. Dombey (in deep mourning) bows solemnly. Daughter bends. The Native in attendance, bearing a camp-stool and the Major's great coat. Native evidently afraid of the Major and his thick cane. If you like it better, the scene may be in the street or in a green lane.[†7] But a great deal will come of it: and I want the Major to express

that, as much as possible in his apoplectico-Mephistophelean observation of the scene, and in his share in it.

Lettering.[†1]

Major Bagstock is delighted to have that opportunity.[†2]

To [WILLIAM] PHILLIPS,[†3] 11 MARCH 1847*

MS Private.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Eleventh March 1847

Dear Sir.

I beg to say that I have taken this house until Sir James Duke's term in Devonshire Terrace shall have expired.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phillips Esquire

To H. K. BROWNE, 15 MARCH 1847

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Immediate | Hablot. K. Browne Esquire | 3 Furnivals Inn | Holborn

1 Chester Place | Monday Night Fifteenth March 1847.

My Dear Browne. The sketch is admirable—the women *quite perfect.*[†4] [†a]I cannot tell you how much I like the younger one.[†a] There are one or two points, however, which I must ask you to alter. They are capital in themselves, and I speak solely for the Story.

First—I grieve to write it—that Native—who is so prodigiously good as he is—must be in European Costume.[†5] He may wear ear-rings, and look outlandish, and be dark brown, but his fashion must be of Moses, Mosesy—I don't mean old testament Moses, but him of the Minories.[†6]

Secondly, if you *can* make the Major older, and with a larger face—do.

That's all.[†1] Never mind the Pump Room now, unless you have found the Sketch, as we may have that another time. I shall propoge[†2] to you, a Trip to Leamington together.[†3] We might go one day and return the next.

I wish you *had* been at poor Hall's funeral,—and I am sure they would have been glad. They seem to have had a delicacy in asking anyone not of the family, lest it should be disagreeable. I went myself, only after communicating with Chapman, and telling him that I wished to pay that last mark of respect, if it did not interfere with their arrangements. He lies in the Highgate Cemetery, which is beautiful. He had a good little wife, if ever a man had;[†4] and their accounts of her tending of him at the last, are deeply affecting. Is it not a curious coincidence, remembering our connexion afterwards, that I bought the Magazine in which the first thing I ever wrote was published—from poor Hall's hands?[†5]—I have been thinking all day of that, and of that time when the Queen went into the City,[†6] and we drank Claret (it was in their earlier days) in the Counting-house. You remember?

Charley, thank God, better and better every hour. Don't mind sending me the Second Sketch. It is so late. Ever Faithfully my dear Browne—CD.

To THE SECRETARY, KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL,[†7] LONDON [MID-MARCH 1847]

Summary in MS Minutes of the School Council, King's College, London, for the meeting of 26 Mar. *Date:* Presumably CD wrote within about two weeks before the Council meeting.

Requesting that the fees paid for his son's education in the school for the next term should be returned on the ground of ill-health.[†8]

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 18 MARCH 1847*

Text from transcript by owner of MS, Mr E. J. Collings, *Dickens Collection*, I, Percy Fitzgerald Dickens Library, Eastgate Museum, Rochester.

1 Chester Place | Eighteenth March 1847

My Dear Ainsworth,

I write in the grip of Dombey. I am late through Charley and moving.

Mrs. Hooton[†1] I take it for granted has made her application to the L.F.?[†2] I need not say to you that I will zealously back it, or that I will give my mite cheerfully to your kind subscription.

Though if I were on a Jury [or] a Commission de lunatico, I would find poor Hooton capable of managing his own and Bentley's affairs on your evidence! I have rarely heard of anything more sane & broadly benevolent than his design.[†3]

I have no Parisian wrinkle for *you* unless it be an earnest entreaty to you to go to the School of Painting at the Palais des Beaux Arts across the river—seize the concierge by the throat & demand to see a fresco by Paul de la Roche which I believe to be the greatest work of art in the world.[†4]

Come back soon & let us be jovial

Ever yours heartily
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY BOYD,[†1] 18 MARCH 1847

MS Dickens House.[†2] *Address:* Percy Boyd Esquire | 30 South Frederick Street | Dublin.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Eighteenth March 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Percy Boyd, and begs to thank him, with sincere cordiality, for his most obliging and welcome note, and the flattering tribute sent with it.

Mr. Percy Boyd will acquit Mr. Dickens of any negligence (he hopes) in replying to so esteemed a favor, when he mentions that he has been abroad for nearly a year, and is only just now returned to England, and an immense arrear of correspondence.

Mr. Dickens begs to reciprocate Mr. Boyd's kind wishes, and to assure him of his friendly consideration.

To R. J. LANE,[†3] 18 MARCH 1847*

MS Sir John Nicholson.

1 Chester Place. | Eighteenth March 1847.

My Dear Sir.

I am your near neighbour,[†4] I find, until I can get into my own house.

This is a tardy return of many thanks for your pleasant book,[†5] which is full of good spirits—and water[†6]—and which I have read with very great pleasure.

But I have not had it long (having been in Switzerland these many months and the false Forster having forgotten to tell me of it, until I made a run, like a Mad Dog, from Paris hither months ago); and in that kindness of heart which is engendered in your nature, and promoted by wet sheets,[†7] you will, I hope, give me the benefit of the old proverb.[†8]

How is the man who knows, and enquires after, the other man in the broad walk?[†9] My heart yearns towards him. Though there is yet enough of it left to be always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard J. Lane Esquire.

To VISCOUNT MORPETH,[†1] [?20 MARCH 1847]

Mention in *To* Austin, 26 Apr. *Date:* probably soon after Lord Morpeth introduced his Public Health Bill, 18 Mar 47.

To THOMAS BEARD,[†2] 22 MARCH 1847

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Twenty Second March 1847.

My Dear Beard

John Henry Barrow[†3] (Esquire, of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn Barrister at Law) dines here next Sunday at half past five for a quarter to Six. Will you come and meet the little man?

Here's weather! All the Savage (I am sure in some former state of existence I was a slap-up Chief: a little Buffalo or a Great Bear or something of that sort) stirs within me, and impels me to go and look out for cottages on banks of Thameses. Well, I say nothing; but if you don't get your rights *this* year, I'll never believe in myself any more.[†4]

I understand you have got for a leader writer at the Herald, a Jew of the name of Phillips,[†5] who wrote (but he little thinks I know it) the attacks on me in the Times,[†6]—and volunteered them, I am told, in return for old acts of good nature on my part.[†7] I have a mighty mind to break down the anonymous, resolutely and fiercely, in that kind of stabbing,—and if I *do* nail up the said Phillips by name on the cover of Dombey,[†8] I'll be damned if it shall be easy to take him down again.*

Ever Heartily

CD.

*This between ourselves

To S. BENDIXON,[†1] 22 MARCH 1847*

MS Yale University Library.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Twenty Second March 1847.

Sir.

I beg you to excuse my not having written to you sooner, in reference to the visit you did me the honor to make me some days ago. There is a certain part of every month when I cannot make appointments or prevent an accumulation of correspondence: otherwise I should have acknowledged your politeness without delay.

I am exceedingly unwilling that you should have the trouble of bringing your drawing[†2] here. I will therefore, with your permission, do myself the pleasure of calling on you, to look at it, on Thursday Morning next, at Twelve o'Clock.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

S. Bendixen[†3] Esquire

To HENRY COLE,[†4] 22 MARCH 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Twenty Second March 1847

My Dear Sir

Under ordinary circumstances I should have answered your kind note (as I trust you will believe) immediately on its receipt. But I have been in a state of continual oscillation between London and Paris, and so much pressed besides by various matters requiring close attention and the devotion of much time, that I hope you will excuse this tardy reply to an esteemed favor.†5

If Thursday next, at One o'clock will suit you for that journey of discovery you so pleasantly propose (as I shall take for granted it will, unless I hear from you to the contrary) I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you at that time.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Cole Esquire

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 24 MARCH 1847†

MS Berg Collection. Envelope with final paragraph and ending written on inside, MS Miss Gladys Storey. *Address: Italy. Paid.* | À Monsieur: | Monsr. Emile De La Rue | Messrs. De La Rue Freres | Genes | Italie. PM 25 Mar 47.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park, London. | Twenty Fourth March 1847.

My Dear De la Rue.

You will have been amazed, long ago, to receive five Nos. of Dombey and the Battle of Life in the Virgin's†1 Directing, without a word from me. Behold the explanation, and shed tears for the suspicions you have entertained in the meanwhile.

At the end of February—that is, in the last week—I suddenly discovered in Paris, to my horror, that the current No. was two pages short. I instantly started to England post haste, to supply what was wanted, and remained in London three or four days. On the day before I left, Charley (then at school at King's College) was with me. On the very day I went away, he was seized with Scarlet Fever. On the day after my arrival in Paris, I received the intelligence, and started off again for England, with his mother. For a fortnight afterwards, we didn't know what to do for a house: our own tenant not going out until July. I couldn't begin my No. for April until I was settled somewhere: and the moment we got housed here, I fell into a dream of work, from which I only awoke last night!

Charley, thank God, has got quite well again, and is now going out of town. We have not seen him, for his mother is going to be confined very early in May (I thought it was a false alarm when you asked me at Vevay, but it turned out to be the real original Fire Bell), and the Doctors were afraid of infection. He has been lying all this time at his Grandmother's in the next street. Forster and Elliotson removed him there from School, wrapped up in blankets, when the Fever was crimson on him. The children, servants, and

Virgin, have remained in Paris (which they leave tomorrow) and you may imagine the confusion in which we have been plunged.

It is unquestionably true that at the time when Miss Gaberel[†2] said that, I *was*[†3] thinking more than usual about you,[†4] and had been mentioning her case to Forster, and had been saying how distressed I was, at not having written to you, yet how immensly[†5] difficult I found it, with my work, and the correspondence I *must* get through, to sit down and do so—my natural tendency always being to lie on the sofa and take a book, or get up and go out. It is very extraordinary, but no doubt wholly and entirely true. It is impossible to account for such things. One can do no more than know that *they are.*

You write of one man imitating the Inimitable! By Heaven they all do—to an extent that is perfectly inconceivable! I cannot take up a Magazine or story book of any kind, but I see the most palpable and blundering imitation of

myself over and over and over again—coupled, very likely, with some disparagement of myself by the same hand.[†1] I believe there never was anything like it in Literature. Meantime thank God, Dombey is, out of all question, the most popular book, in the best sense of the word, I have ever written. And I assure you, I take enormous pains with it. Your visual ray, my dear friend, is a visionary ray, I am inclined to believe, on the subject of profits. You don't consider how many profits—of the paper-maker, printer, wholesale bookseller, retail bookseller, binder, and what not—have to be made before the total comes to me at all. I'll tell you how that stands. I have three fourths of the profits. The Sale is now about three and thirty thousand every month. The three fourths of the profits, about £400 per Number.[†2] When the book is finished, and published in one Volume, there may be some £15,00[†3] perhaps to add to that.

Have you seen anything of the enclosed?[†4] I believe it is the greatest venture—indeed I have no doubt of it—ever made in books. If it should succeed (it must be an immense sale, to succeed sweepingly) I hope to get a great deal of money out of the idea.

Well! About Paris! I am charmed with the place, and have a much greater respect for the French people than I had before. The general appreciation of, and respect for, Art,[†5] in its broadest and most universal sense, in Paris, is one of the finest national signs I know. They are 'specially intelligent people: and though there still lingers among them an odd mixture of refinement and coarseness, I believe them to be, in many high and great respects, the first people in the universe. Of all the literary men I saw, I liked Victor Hugo best. Half my time, I worked. Half my time, I played. If you would like to hear the French language spoken in its purity, you'd better come to London and enquire for me.

Tell Madame De la Rue with my hearty love, that the piece called Irene ou le Magnetisme,[†6] in which Rose Cheri is making a great sensation in Paris now, is charmingly written, and wonderfully well played by her. I was quite fascinated by it, and delighted Scribe by bringing it over to Elliotson.[†7] The story is beautiful. The whole idea most touchingly and elegantly worked out.

Tell me also, how I can best send Dombey regularly from here. Tell me also whether you will be glad to see me if I come to Italy en garçon (as I am already swearing I will, with God's permission) next

year, when I shall have finished Dombey.[†8] Tell Madame that the Thompsons[†9] are not happy, and that he screws and pinches her (I don't mean with his fingers) villainously, I am told,

in respect of common comforts. My brother Fred is transported to madness with love of Mrs. Thompson's sister. And from him, and from her mother, I hear odd stories, which I pretend to doubt, but don't very much.

Maclise is painting a great picture of the Sacrifice by Noah,[†1] after the retirement of the Waters. He took the subject because he *couldn't* put in more than eight people[†2] (his tendency always is to cram in, hundreds): there being no more, at that time, in the world. But I believe he has made it up in Beasts. He gives me to understand that he is "faded", and says he is seasick of the world in general.

This is the day which our wise legislators have appointed for a general fast.[†3] There is a very general opinion that Lord John should have stoutly resisted any such absurdity, and that the yielding to it, was weak and timorous. Though they *are* my friends (or supposed to be) I despise them for such [†a]rot.

However, I won't leave off in a bad humour—I still continue to eat but little. But that little I enjoy—Your Examiner I will resume next Monday—Remember me kindly to William,[†4] and all enquiring friends: including poor Brown—[†5] I magnetized a man at Lausanne among unbelievers, and stretched him on the dining room floor—[†6]

Ever My Dear De la Rue | Heartily

The Inimitable

B[†a]

To W. C. BENNETT,[†7] 25 MARCH 1847*

MS Yale University Library.

London Twenty Fifth March 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens (who is newly returned home from abroad) presents his compliments to Mr. Bennett, and begs to thank him for his very obliging note

of the 20th. of last month. Mr. Dickens has read its enclosures[†1] with great interest and pleasure.

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON,[†2] 25 MARCH 1847*

MS Professor Philip McM. Pittman.

1 Chester Place Regents Park | Twenty Fifth March 1847.

My Dear Gordon.

You suppose me—perhaps—an amiable man—oscillating continually between London and Paris—never in the receipt of your kind note until now—writing my regrets with a good grace and face—&c &c &c.

No such thing. I received your letter instantly—put it in my dressing gown pocket—smote my forehead—went on with Dombey—and forgot all about it.[†3]

That's the plain truth. I had been brought home in a great hurry by my eldest boy's illness; had been driven about from post to pillar, in search of a house until my own tenant takes his departure at the end of July; had begun my work unusually late; fell into my month's dream, the day before I got your letter; and only woke yesterday.

Here is Forster saying why didn't I at least tell *him* about it—and using threatening language![†4] I shall come down and make my peace with Lady Gordon[†5] straightway: and in the meantime, to the end that the stones in Queen Square[†6] Westminster may not rise when I *do* come, I send you this.

Being always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon.

To THE REV. F. W. H. LAYTON,[†1] 25 MARCH 1847*

MS Mr George H. E. Layton.

Regents Park | Twenty Fifth March 1847.

Dear Sir

I should have replied to your kind letter long since; but I have been abroad for nearly a year, and am only just now, on my return, in the receipt of it.

As I really do not know what orthodoxy may be, or what it may be supposed to include—a point not exactly settled, I believe, as yet, in the learned or unlearned world—I am not in a condition to say whether I deserve my lax reputation in that wise. But my creed is the creed of Jesus Christ, I believe, and my deepest admiration and respect attend upon his life and teaching, I know.

I am sincerely gratified and affected by your communication. Such things are very welcome to me—are a great reward to me—and will never make me more unworthy, or less desirous in my own heart not to betray such trust as I hold, than I was when they were written.

I thank you truly. And I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Frederick W. H. Layton

To MRS CHARLES WILSON,[†2] 25 MARCH 1847

MS Mrs R. A. Rendall. *Address:* Mrs Wilson. | Wavertree | near | Liverpool.

London Twenty Fifth March 1847.

Respected Madam.

I have read your letter with the pleasure and interest which a communication so frank and agreeable could scarcely fail to awaken in any breast.

Let me assure you, in reply, that I have a great respect for the exertions of Father Matthew[†3] and the advocates of Temperance in general, and that I believe them to have been productive of unspeakable good amongst Drunkards. But I do not—because I cannot, with such perceptions as I have of what is reasonable and what is unreasonable—go along with those excellent persons in

confounding the use of anything with its abuse or in denying any man the cheerful enjoyment of a glass of wine, or beer, or spirits and water, because his neighbour is prone to make a Beast of himself by irrational excess in those things. I know nothing whatever allowed us for use and capable of abuse (as everything without us and within us is) that might not be denied to moderate people, and made a sinful enjoyment, on the same terms.

I have no doubt whatever that the warm stuff in the jug at Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner, had a very pleasant effect on the simple party.[†1] I am certain that if I had been at Mr. Fezziwig's ball,[†2] I should have taken a little Negus—and possibly not a little beer—and been none the worse for it, in heart or head. I am very sure that the working people of this country have not too many household enjoyments; and I could not, in my fancy, or in actual deed, deprive them of this one when it is innocently shared. Neither do I see why I should deny it to myself.

Dear Madam, there are two sides to this question. If I were so disposed, I could shew, I believe, where and how the proscription of the use of these refreshments, leads to their abuse in a very striking manner. But I would endeavour, in my poor way, to teach people to use such goods of life, cheerfully and thankfully, and not to abuse them. I am not sure but that this is the higher lesson, and that the principle will last the longer in the better[†3] ages of the World.

At any rate there will be the record of a certain Marriage Feast in Galilee,[†4] and of a certain supper where a cup was filled with Wine and not with water, to bear it company.[†5]

May you ever be as happy as you are now, and may I never have a less sincere and truthful correspondent![†6]

Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Wilson.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [27 MARCH 1847]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD had been at Chester Place from 8 March; the news of Miss Coutts's donation was recorded by Macready on the 28th as below.

1 Chester Place | Saturday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have this moment come back from fetching my children and sister

in law home[†1]—and find your kind note. I will call tomorrow at halfpast Two.

Many thanks for your donation to the General Theatrical Fund.[†2]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To WILLIAM JERDAN,[†3] 30 MARCH 1847*

Facsimile, *Library of Congress Quarterly Journal*, XXVII (1970), 308.

1 Chester Place. | Thirtieth March 1847.

My Dear Jerdan[†4]

Many thanks for the enclosed. His spirit shines through him in all he does.[†5] It is the most single-hearted, innocent, captivating letter I have ever read in my life.[†6]

Always Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR FORBES WINSLOW,[†7] 30 MARCH 1847*

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter.

London | March 30 1847

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Dr. Forbes Winslow, and begs to thank him for the very singular and curious document he has had the goodness to enclose.[†8]

To DANIEL MACLISE,[†1] [30 MARCH 1847]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* the day after the Theatrical Fund Dinner, of 29 Mar, at which Macready was Chairman.

Chester Place | Tuesday.

My Dear Mac

You know what a queer fellow Macready is, in some things; and as he was again—at that dinner yesterday—expressing himself to me as being hurt that you were not there,[†2] and had taken no notice of the request to support him, let me suggest it would be well if you wrote him a line, saying that you would have gone, but for your picture.[†3] Without enquiring whether he does well to make this kind of thing so personal to himself when it is a public occasion, one may say, perhaps, that it is not very unreasonable in him to expect some interest and attention from his so-very-intimate friends on a theatrical demonstration.[†4]—We stood in unusual relations towards him when he had a Theatre,[†5] you know: and being on such terms it is a pity that any little carelessness should have ever so slight a sore place in such a man's mind.

I hope you are getting on bravely. We shall meet, of course, at our carnival celebration on Friday.[†6]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOSEPH C. KING,[†7] 31 MARCH 1847

Extract in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue No. 1787; *MS* 3 pp.; dated Chester Place, 31 Mar 47.

I removed Charley, as you are aware, to King's College, in compliance with Miss Coutts's wish. She is very much attached to him. . . . When I told Miss Coutts of my intention[†8] the other day, she proposed his going to a certain establishment in Surrey.[†9]

To THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE,[†1] 31 MARCH 1847*

MS University of Texas.

1 Chester Place Regents Park | Thirty First March 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens (just now returned home from abroad, and residing at this temporary address, until his own house is ready for him) presents his compliments to Lady Lovelace, and will feel much obliged if Lady Lovelace will tell him where he had best address a letter to Sir George Crawford,[†2] with whom he desires to communicate in reference to an old Servant[†3] of Sir George's in whom he has an interest.

To MR SEWELL,[†4] 31 MARCH 1847

Mention in N, II, 21.

April

To F. CRICHTON,[†5] 1 APRIL 1847*

MS Stanford University Library.

Regents Park, London. | First April 1847.

Sir.

I am very happy to receive your letter. It is most welcome and pleasant to me, and I am proud to have awakened so strong an interest in your breast.

Accept my thanks for your tribute of praise, and believe that I set great store by it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. F. Crichton.

To MISS THOMASINA ROSS,[†6] 1 APRIL 1847

MS Huntington Library.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park. | First April 1847

My Dear Miss Ross

I beg to thank you—from my temporary residence; we can't get into our own house before July—for your kind and welcome remembrance of me. The book of travel in Peru[†7] has given me great pleasure in the perusal; and I assure you, honestly, that I have been very much struck by the ease and clearness of the

style. It is as if the book were not a translation, but had been written originally in English, and in thorough good English too.

It would be a heavy blow and great discouragement to me to believe (which I never will) that the Portrait in the Volume on Spanish Literature is like Cervantes.[†1] If I be not mistaken, Cervantes in his introduction to Don Quixote, tells a story of a painter who when he painted a Bull for a sign, wrote under it, to prevent mistakes, "This is a Bull."[†2] I can't help thinking that that very painter, in revenge, must have limned this head, and written under it, "This is Cervantes."

Believe me always | Dear Miss Ross | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ross.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 APRIL 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

1 Chester Place | Friday Second April 1847

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The enclosed from Charley's schoolmaster, in reply to a letter I wrote him proposing Charley's return to his care,[†3] is so very disinterested, sensible, and kind, that I think it will please you, and therefore send it. I would propose his going there, as a weekly boarder, at Midsummer or thereabouts, if you think it well.

I saw Charley on Tuesday, and shall see him again today. He is very much thinner; and his face is, for the time, a good deal changed. But his appetite is prodigious, and he is running about in the fresh air all day. So I hope to see a great improvement in him when I go down to Richmond this Afternoon.

May I ask you whether you received a letter last week from Mr. Macready on the subject of that General Theatrical Fund for which you so kindly sent me Ten Pounds?[†4] I observe an uneasy sense in him of not having received an answer, and a vague idea that he must unwittingly have given you some offence.

I have seen Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Tracey twice. The mistake in the mind of the former, I have set right—in reference, I mean, to the time of beginning—and I hope we shall soon have everything in a forward state of preparation.

Mr. Brown[†1] is going on well, I trust. With best regards to him and his good wife,[†2]

I am always Dear Miss Coutts | Your obliged and faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

Chesterton and Tracey are both very strong in their complaints that Mr. Dunn[†3] was not confided to them. The latter had him in his care twice. He would lead a very different kind of life[†4] in either of those Castles, and a well-merited one.

To THE SECRETARY, KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL,[†5] 3 APRIL 1847*

MS King's College, London.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Third April 1847

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Secretary of King's College, and begs to say, that he finds it necessary, in consequence of the state of his son's health, to withdraw him from that Institution. He will not be able, therefore, to avail himself of the advantages of the ensuing term.[†6]

To MISS M.,[†7] 3 APRIL 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Regents Park, London. | Third April 1847

Dear Madam

I am very sorry that I cannot assist you, in the publication of the enclosed

translations.[†1] [†a]My own publishers are not disposed to incur the expence of printing them; and I am not in communication with any others.[†a]

You write English extremely well, and your Manuscript stands in need of very little revision. If you will allow me to point out one little Error into which you frequently fall, it is the use of a wrong tense in the verbs. As thus. Instead of "Who did cut with my knife", we should write, in England, "who *cut* with my knife?"—"The frog that yesterday, in the forest, fetched back my golden ball"—[†2] not has fetched. And so on.

[†a]The tales are charming, to me. I have read Snow Whitey[†3] to my two little girls, with prodigious success. I have six children (four of them boys) and expect to have a seventh child some fine morning in May.[†4] So you see I command a pretty large audience for Fairy Stories.

Unless I am mistaken, some of these tales have been already translated into English. Little Red Cap, under the name of little Red Riding Hood, is a very old English story—a hundred years old, at the least, I should say.[†5] But the cutting open of the Wolf by the Hunter, and the restoration of Little Red Cap to life, which is no part of the English story, seems familiar to me, as if I had read it before.[†a†6] If so, I must have read it in a translation; for I regret to say that I do not understand German.

Let me assure you, in answer to your apologies, that your letter is exceedingly welcome to me, and that I receive it as a very pleasant mark of your frankness and your kind nature. It is so agreeable to me, indeed, that it induces me to break through the rule I generally observe of never replying to a correspondent who writes to me anonymously, as I hold no one justified in adopting that most objectionable and stealthy form of address.

I am Dear Madam | With all good wishes | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss M.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 5 APRIL 1847

MS Comte de Gramont.

Chester Place | 5 April 1847.

Je vous remercie beaucoup, mon cher ami, de m'avoir envoyé la lettre d'Eugene Sue. Je l'ai lu avec le plus vif interet, et je suis charmé de savoir que j'ai l'honneur d'etre estimé d'un si spirituel auteur et si galant homme.

Votre filleul[†1] se porte à merveille, mais il est diablement feroce. Charley alla a Richmond il-y-a une semaine, pour y reprendre ses pleines forces. Sa maladie est tout à fait passée, graces a Dieu!

Je vais ecrire livraison 8 de Dombey. Ah Mon Dieu! Que les mois s'ecoulent avec une terrible rapidité! L'instant que je me trouve libre, je me trouve encore un forçat lié a la rame. N'importe! Courage Inimitable Boz! Vous l'aimez assez-bien mon Brave, après tout!

Apropos de cela.—Le brave Courier cherche encore un protecteur qui va voyager. Il est, en verité un tresor; je suis desolé de laisser partir un si admirable domestique, mais je n'ai point d'occupation pour un brave Courier, chez-moi, en Angleterre.

Adieu mon cher ami. J'espere que je verrai votre grand tableau de la Reine, a l'exposition de l'Academie Royale.[†2] Dix milles amitiés à milady, et les deux Miss Powers.

Toujours | Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

Tandis que je vous ecris je vois par la fenêtre beaucoup de monde que se promènent ce jour de fête dans The Regents Park, avec des pantelons blancs. Oh Ciel, que l'on a froid! Il y a un jeune homme vis à vis de la maison, sur l'instant, qui donne le bras a une petite soubrette de dix huit ans, avec un parasol-repandu (sans un morceau de soleil) dont le nez est rouge, avec le froideur excessif de sa toilette et du printemps de notre climat etincelant.[†3]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?5 APRIL 1847]*

MS Private. *Date:* after 8 Mar when CD went to Chester Place; and before 29 Apr when he was considering a house to be taken off Acton Road; probably at the end of Mar or beginning of Apr when he was free for such excursions. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire | 14 Russell Place.

Chester Place | Monday Morning

My Dear Mac

You were talking of roaming about, today, in quest of bagatelle boards, and the like. If you are in the same mind, still, I am your man. I have nothing to do, but to call on Chesterton about Miss Coutts's Asylum, and afterwards to go to the house we propose to take for it—near Brook Green.[†4] To these two places we can take the carriage, and afterwards dismiss it. I will call on you at 10 minutes past 12.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MRS DANIEL GASKELL,[†1] 6 APRIL 1847*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Mrs Gaskell | Lupset Hall | [†2]Wakefield | Yorkshire.

Regents Park London | Sixth April 1847.

My Dear Madam

I beg to send you a small cheque—I take that form of remittance as the easiest—in aid of the tribute to Mr. Wilderspin.[†3] I wish my contribution to such an object, were larger; but I am so overwhelmed with every description of appeal, that my pocket would hardly keep pace with the public demands upon it, though it were tacked on to a Duke's coronet.

I am happy to have had the pleasure of receiving a note from you, and assure you it required no apology.[†4]

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell

Mrs. Dickens begs me to send her kind regards.

To JOHN FORSTER, 9 APRIL 1847

Text from MDGH, 1893, 169.

Friday, Ninth April, 1847.

My dear Forster,

Your messenger didn't wait, or cook, who took the note in, said I wasn't at home—or summat of that sort.

The dinner-hour is *six* to-morrow. I have only just begun.[†1] I have been trying for three or four days, but really have only just begun. I am particularly anxious not to anticipate in this No. what I design for the next,[†2] and consequently must invent and plan for it.

We got a box from Buckstone[†3] (Stanny, Mac, and I), and went to the Adelphi the night before last. I think that performance of Miss Woolgar's[†4] in "The Flowers of the Forest"[†5] the most remarkable and complete piece of melodrama I have ever seen upon the stage; and indeed I question whether I have ever seen anything better. It perfectly amazed me; it is so admirably considered and made out.

Jeffrey is coming here this afternoon at four. I received a note from him this morning. From what he says, I should infer that they will be off with the sun—or wind—to-morrow,[†6] and that you won't see Empson[†7] therefore if you don't see him to-day.

Deepest of despondency (as usual in commencing Nos.).

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 9 APRIL 1847*

MS University of Texas.

1 Chester Place. | Friday Ninth April 1847

My Dear Tracey

Don't forget that our dinner hour tomorrow, is Six o'Clock.

Always Faithfully Yours
The Inimitable B.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,[†1] 11 APRIL 1847

Extract in Kurt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912.

Regent's Park, London, April 11th, 1847

Will you allow me to ask you . . . whether I am right in my impression that the agreement between yourself and me has been formed under the law referred to[†2] and is a conclusive reason against entertaining the proposal? . . . I really do not understand the subject and have no hesitation in referring it to you, as I have with reason entire confidence in your honour and integrity.

To T. J. SERLE,[†3] 14 APRIL 1847

MS Berg Collection.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park. | Wednesday Fourteenth April | 1847.

My Dear Serle

I am residing here pro tem: until I can get my own respected tenant out of Devonshire Terrace, at the end of July.

Your proposal in reference to the happy pair[†4] (I hope Forster is not a jackass but appearances are against him) meets with my fullest concurrence. Don't you think it would be well to make that Seven pounds—ten? The difference is not great, and the latter sum has a pleasanter aspect to me.

If you should have any commands for Australia after Dombey is finished, I think of making a little excursion there. I shall come round home by way of China (if you want any chopsticks); desiring to ascertain for myself whether the Inhabitants of that country, really dance with their forefingers going up and down close to their ears—and whether twelve of them look all at once P.S, and then O.P[†1]—and whether they get behind one another in a row, the tallest man last, and a boy in front—as I have seen them represented once or twice in the British Draymer.[†2]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire
P.S. You can think about your commissions. Dombey has twelve months to run.

To MAJOR JOSHUA JEBB,[†3] 15 APRIL 1847*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

1 Chester Place | Fifteenth April 1847.

Dear Sir

I am much indebted to you for your kindness, and for the clear and interesting account of the Pentonville Prison[†4] accompanying the order you have been so good as to obtain for me.

At this time of the month I am rather closely engaged. In case it would suit your convenience, I would propose to visit the prison on Monday week the Twenty Sixth, at 2 oClock.[†5] As it would much enhance the interest of the visit, in my regard, to have the advantage of your company there, may I beg the favor, in the event of that day being inconvenient to you, of your telling me what day after that time would suit you best?[†6]

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Major Jebb.
I certainly should like to have the power of speaking to a Prisoner.

To J. W. CUNNINGHAM, 19 APRIL 1847*

MS King's College, London.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Nineteenth April 1847

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Cunningham, and thanking Mr. Cunningham for his obliging letter,[†1] begs to enclose the receipt in question.

To W. C. MACREADY,[†2] 19 APRIL 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Chester Place. | Monday Night Nineteenth April | 1847.

You will have heard I dare say, my very dear Macready, of yesterday[†3]—and you will have imagined what our anxieties were. Dr. Henry Davis,[†4] whom I fetched wildly—getting hold of Locock[†5] at the same time—told me he had seen but one such case in his experience; and of course my dear Kate

suffered terribly. But thank God she is as well today as ever she has been at such a time: as well as anyone *can* be: and sends all sorts of loves to you.

On Saturday I received from Miss Sturch,[†6] her cheque for £500; and from Miss Macready[†7] yours for £100.[†8] To day I went down to Coutts's, who immediately undertook to do the needful without the least trouble to either of us. They advised the three per cents rather than the three and a quarter[†9]—will buy in, immediately, in our joint names—and write me a letter informing me how much the purchase has realized. They say that the Bank will recognize no trust in such a case. That the money must stand in their books in our names. And that if there be any deed of settlement in reference to it, that is a matter of private arrangement among the parties concerned.

What do you think of this—of having any deed of settlement, I mean? It will be time enough, I presume, to speak of it when you return. Also, shall we give

Coutts's a power of attorney to receive the Dividends?[†1] It will cost a Guinea. That, too, can stand over until you come home.

I should have liked few things better than to have come down to you at Birmingham.[†2] Ma, eccomi[†3] Signore, on this Nineteenth night of the month, sitting in my smallest of temporary dens, with *one half of the current Number yet to write*—with my thoughts so shaken by yesterday, that I cannot fall to work—and yet with such an infinite relish for the story I am mining at, that I don't care twopence for being behindhand,[†4] and hope to make a dash, a plunge, and a finish, with what the people who entice you to play, on the race-courses, call, "a firm heart and a bold resolution, them as don't play can't win, and luck attend the Ryal[†5] Sportsman!"

Here are my two little girls just come in from visiting at your house, open-mouthed with stories of all your children. Here is Georgy begging to be remembered. And here am I, with a sore throat which never occurred to me until this moment.—So I'll go to bed, and leave you alone.[†6]

Ever My Dear friend | Heartily and wholly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To LORD ROBERTSON,[†7] [?22 APRIL 1847]

Text from Sotheby's catalogue, 13 Dec 1977. *Date:* 22 Apr was a Thursday; for "convulsions of Dombey", compare *To* Austin, 26 Apr; CD was able to report Catherine well, after the birth of Sydney.

Chester Place | Thursday

My Dear Robertson

Thank God, heartily well. She sends her love. Don't forget Monday at half past one. *I* wotes for dinner at Greenwich.

Ever Yours most Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

(In convulsions of Dombey)
Lord Robertson

To HENRY AUSTIN, 26 APRIL 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Chester Place | Twenty Sixth April 1847.

My Dear Henry.

The moment I came to town—which was very soon after I received your letter—I went off to Lord Morpeth. I couldn't find him, and so wrote him at full length,[†1] setting forth all your qualifications,[†2] and expressing myself in the very strongest terms. I said in conclusion "I don't want you to write, or say, anything to me about this,—but you know what I seek, and I am sure you will do it for me, if you can".

As the Devil would have it, there was a long letter of his to me, gone to Paris, wherein he had besought me at the request of sundry Fashionables, to act with them at the St. James's Theatre tomorrow night.[†3] I had seen the Fashionables in the meanwhile—didn't think the Fashionables at all promising—and had given the Fashionables a cold shoulder. I have not seen him since, and I fancy (otherwise he would have been sure to have been here), that he had told the Fashionables I would certainly do what he had asked me, and that he is, in consequence, what people call "put out". If so, he must put himself in again, as he best can. I only mention the matter to account to you for my not having seen him since my return, and as an assurance to you that I have not been unmindful of your note.

With love to Letitia, believe me always—and at present just recovered from convulsions of Dombey, after which I can never write legibly—

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire.

To MRS MACREADY,[†4] 26 APRIL 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Chester Place | Twenty Sixth April 1847.

My Dear Mrs. Macready.

The amount realized, is £599..2..10.[†5] I enclose you Coutts's letter, to send, if you please, to the Solicitors.

My young 'ooman continues, thank God, to thrive brilliantly, and has come out

with an amount of curl on the temples, that stupefies me. I was horribly alarmed last Sunday!—

Love to all the house, from my dear Mrs. Macready

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Macready.

To WILLIAM SHAEN,[†1] 26 APRIL 1847†

MS Mr L. C. Staples.

Regents Park | Twenty Sixth April 1847.

My Dear Sir

I fear it will not be in my power to attend the Whittington Soirée[†2] on the Twelfth.[†3] The day happens to be particularly inconvenient to me. But if I should descry any change for the better in the probabilities I will tell Jerrold. Though I see little chance of such an alteration.

Pray excuse my not having written an earlier reply to your note. It reached me at a busy time, when I can write no letters, and I have not a moment's leisure except for the open air.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Shaen Esquire.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT,[†1] 27 APRIL 1847*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Chester Place, Regents Park. | Twenty Seventh April 1847.

My Dear Sir

As I shall be prevented from attending the Anniversary Dinner, I think it well to return you the tickets you have been so good as to send me.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To EDWARD CHAPMAN,[†3] 28 APRIL 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Chester Place | Twenty Eighth April 1847.

My Dear Sir

There seems to me to be some mistake in the "American Notes" item of the account to Christmas last.—Advertizing, £7..7..8, against Sales to the amount of £9..15..0. Surely this is not correct? Is it?[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 APRIL 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

1 Chester Place. | Twenty Ninth April 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am going on Saturday Morning, with Mr. Chesterton, to look at a house

near Notting Hill,[†1] that we think likely to suit the Institution.[†2] Unless I should hear from you to the contrary, I will call on you that same day with my report, at about One o'Clock.

Mrs. Dickens, I am happy to say, is wonderfully well: and Charley has come home (with very short hair) to his brothers and sisters.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To C. R. LESLIE,[†3] 29 APRIL 1847*

MS Mr Thomas L. Twidell.

1 Chester Place | Twenty Ninth April 1847.

My Dear Sir

I am much gratified by your kind letter, and have the greatest pleasure in it.

I have no doubt that if we can get the drawing[†4] on the wood, *by the end of May*, we shall do very well.[†5] I will tell you exactly, when I see you at the Academy on Saturday.[†6] The great advantage of having

it in good time, is, that there is then no need to hurry the wood-engraver,[†7] and he has no excuse for doing badly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

C. R. Leslie Esquire.

To PERCIVAL LEIGH,[†8] 30 APRIL 1847*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park. | Thirtieth April, 1847.

My dear Sir,

I cannot resist the desire I feel, to assure you, in reply to your note, of the sympathy and interest with which I heard of your bereavement and of my hope that God will put it in your heart to be comforted.

Mrs Dickens is very anxious that I should say something very kind to you from her. Believe that we both feel for you, earnestly.

My Dear Sir, | Very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percival Leigh Esquire.

May

To [EDWARD CHAPMAN],[†1] 3 MAY 1847

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Chester Place | Monday Third May 1847.

My Dear Sir

Here is a young lady—Miss Power, Lady Blessington's niece—has "gone and been", and translated, a story by Georges Sand the French Writer, which she has printed, and got four woodcuts ready engraved for. She wants to get it published—something in the form of the Christmas books—at 3s./6d. I know the story, and it is a very fine one.[†2]

Will you do it for her? There is no other risk than putting a few covers on a few copies. Half profits is what she expects, and no loss. She has made appeal to me; and if there is to be a hard-hearted Ogre in the business at all, I would rather it should be you than I; so I have told her I would make proposals to Your Mightiness.

Answer this, straightway; for I have no doubt the fair translator thinks I am tearing backwards and forwards in a cab, all day, to bring the momentous affair to a conclusion.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

It would be called So and So. "From the French". I wouldn't say more in the title.

To LORD ROBERTSON, 6 MAY 1847

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Dec 1927; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Regent's Park, 6 May 47.

In case I should not find you at home when I call with this I write to say how grievous[ly][†3] vexed I am that I engaged myself to dinner on Saturday the fifteenth,[†4] just before the receipt of your note. All sorts of bad dispositions have been impelling me to throw that bidder overboard, on some desperately false

pretence, and come to Mr. and Mrs. Pat[†1] (to whom pray present my compliments instead); but Virtue triumphs, and I am sorry for it. Kate is in a brilliant state, and will be delighted to see you before you go away. . . . I should have been to see you before now, but on Monday last I drove down to Chertsey Cottage hunting:[†2] and one of the horses I drove took it into his head (I believe under the impression that I had gone into his stall to steal his corn, which upon my honor I had no intention of doing) to make a sudden attack upon me in the stable, tear my coat sleeve and my shirt sleeve off, and very nearly take the great muscle of my arm with it. As it was, however, he merely struck the arm with his teeth and head, but bruised it so, that I have worn a poultice ever since, and am still invested with that decoration.

To MR & MRS T. N. TALFOURD,[†3] 6 MAY 1847*

MS Berg Collection.

Regents Park | Sixth May 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens will be happy to have the pleasure of dining with Mr. Serjeant and Mrs. Talfourd on Saturday the Twenty Second of May.

(P.S. Private and confidential. Mr. Charles Dickens feels it remarkably odd to be writing to Russell Square in this polite style.)

To THOMAS CHAPMAN,[†4] 10 MAY 1847

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Thomas Chapman Esquire | 14 Montagu Place | Bryanstone Square.

Regents Park | Tenth May 1847.

My Dear Sir

Though I disavow any allegiance to the Railway King—[†5] believing His Majesty to be the Giant Humbug of this time, and not a pleasant illustration of our English Virtues—I shall be delighted to dine with *you*, whenever and wherever

ever you propose. Wherefore I have ticked off Monday the seventh of June, in my Calendar, and hope to appear at Blackwall at Six o'Clock that afternoon.

I have been very unwell these last few days, with a low dull nervousness of a most distressing kind—a rare complaint with me—but I hope I am getting over it, and seem to have a faint consciousness of myself again this morning.[†1]

Mrs. Dickens, who is in a flourishing state, unites with me in best remembrances to Mrs. Chapman, yourself, and the young lady.

Always My Dear Sir | Very Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, [10 MAY 1847]

Mention in next.

To W. C. MACREADY, [10 MAY 1847]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* almost certainly Mon 10 May, when he complained of ill-health (see *To* Chapman, that day); two days before the Soirée of the Whittington Club (see *To* Shaen, 26 Apr).

Monday Morning

My Dear Macready

I am still queer—*was*, on getting up, hideously queer—but hope I am turning the corner. The Whittingtonians, however, I feel I must—sorely against my will—avoid; for my speaking nerves are all unstrung. I have written Jerrold to that effect this morning. I will keep at home that night, and see what comes of it.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To C. L. LORDAN,[†2] 13 MAY 1847*

MS Private.

Regents Park | Thirteenth May 1847.

Sir

I beg to assure you, in reply to your note, that I have no objection whatever to your publishing the few words extracted from mine, and printed in the slip you have had the goodness to enclose to me. I only wish they were more likely to do you any service than I can suppose them to be.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. L. Lordan Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 MAY 1847

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* To be forwarded. | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

1 Chester Place | Sixteenth May 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I cannot help thinking there must have been some mistake in the delivery of a letter I wrote to you more than three weeks ago,[†1] wherein I appointed a certain day for calling on you. I called on that day—heard you were out of town—and that the letter had been forwarded—but have not heard anything more. My object was (and is) to consult you about a house[†2] Mr. Chesterton and I had seen, which is not dear, and we think would suit your project better than almost any other, not built for the purpose. I prevented the owner[†3] from advertizing it, as he had intended to do;[†4] and he has been to me since, but I could say nothing to him.

I have been so very unwell from an accident, that I have not been able to write, and we are going to Brighton tomorrow (148 King's Road)[†5] for change. If you will let me hear from you there, I will send you full particulars of this house. Or maybe you *are* at Brighton, and I can see you there?

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To H. K. BROWNE, [MID-MAY 1847]

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. Fragment *c.* 4" × 2"; salutation cut from middle of sheet for an autograph collector, leaving only a few lines in front and signature on back. *Date:* This must refer to *Dombey,* No. IX (see below), which CD wrote at Brighton 17-23 May (see *To* Miss Coutts, 16 May; *To* Austin, 23 May). Note, therefore, probably written from Brighton, whether CD's original instruction or his comment on Browne's trial sketches.

[ ][†6] Dombey. It is a part of his character that he should be just the same as of yore. And in the second subject, I should like Edith Granger to possess the reader with a more serious notion of her having

a serious part to play in the story.[†7] I really hardly know, however, what [is left][†8] (beyond an expression of utter indifference towards Dombey . . .[†9]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [JOSEPH] ELLIS,[†1] 17 MAY 1847*

MS Bodleian Library.

148 Kings Road | Monday Seventeenth May 1847.

Dear Mr. Ellis

I shall be much obliged to you if you will have the goodness to send me round, between this and five o'Clock, half a dozen of good dry sherry, and half a dozen of dry old port. In case you should have any of the Chichester Punch in the house, I should be glad of two or three bottles. I give you the trouble of asking you to send me these things, because I know they are sure to be good.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Ellis.

To THE REV. H. M. WAGNER,[†2] [20 MAY 1847]†

MS Dr Gregg M. Sinclair. *Date:* Watermark on paper is 1846; CD's next visit to Brighton was 17-29 May 47; his ill-health and Catherine's recovery from giving birth to Sydney account for their not intending to dine out; and, of two possible Thursdays (20 and 27), the earlier agrees better with their hope to call.

Brighton | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir

We find that Mrs. Dickens's maid so exactly observed her instructions as to our having no intention of going out while here, that she has brought no evening dress for either of us! In which unhappy state of circumstances, I deem it right to send this substitute to explain our not having the pleasure of coming to you this evening.

We hope to have another and early opportunity of saying to you in person how much we regret this.

Believe me | Dear Sir | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend H. M. Wagner.

To THOMAS WAGHORN,[†1] [?23 MAY 1847]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day as next.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 23 MAY 1847

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

148 King's Road, Brighton | Sunday Twenty Third May 1847.

My Dear Henry

I have written to our friend the gallant Lieutenant—[†2] whose writing looks as if it had come express, night and day, from the Himalaya Mountains, and hadn't had time to shave or brush its hair on the road—[†3] thanking him for his invitation, and pleading absence.

We come back next Saturday. I shall hope to see you, somehow, soon afterwards. I wish to Heaven you could help me to a cheap Willa, either up or down the river—with a field whither you would come and play trap-bat and ball.

I was very unwell when I left town, and had not the heart to go at my Number![†4] I have gone since, however, and with such good will that the Number is very nearly gone too.

Kate and Georgy unite in loves to Letitia.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 MAY 1847

MS Morgan Library.

148 King's Road, Brighton | Sunday Twenty Third May 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am glad my letter did not miscarry.[†5] That was all I cared about. I thought it possible, because it happens curiously that the letter you wrote to Macready at

Manchester has never, to this hour, reached him: though various letters have gone there for him since he left, and been forwarded to town.[†1]

Some little interval has passed since I received your note here; but I know you will excuse it when I tell you that I was so very unwell before I left town, that I had not the heart to sit down to the current Dombey. Ever since I have been here, I have been hard at work. And I wish you may ever be half as much interested in the story, as I am—or think it half as good as I do!!![†2]

I return to town next Saturday, and will come to you this day week at about 2, unless you say no. In the meantime, these are, in brief, the particulars of the house.

It is on the Acton Road. Less than two miles, I should say, from Hyde Park in Oxford Street.[†3] I have not the particulars here, but it may be got, I think for sixty or sixty five pounds a year, on lease for 7, 14, or 21 years. It is retired, but cheerful. There is a garden, and a little Lawn. The taxes are very low.

A Stable would have to be changed into a wash-house, and I would decidedly fence the garden all round. It seems to me to want only that. I do not know the expence of such a thing, but I should say that an expenditure of fifty pounds or seventy five pounds may-be, in addition to Chesterton's estimate, would amply cover the whole. I have no doubt this is the outside.

Chesterton thinks he has found an unexceptionable Matron.[†4] I am sure the house would please you. I told the owners it was designed for an Institution, and they did not object. I did not say what the objects were, or would be, or had been, because it seems to me a great point of usefulness and merit that this should never be told. I wouldn't label them among the neighbours.

Charley, who came down yesterday for the Whitsun holidays, sends his love. Mr. King reports him rather weak still, but I mean to tumble him in to the Sea, tomorrow, and I hope that will freshen him up.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Yours most Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER,[†5] 23 MAY 1847*

MS Comédie Française.

148 King's Road Brighton | Dimanche Mai 23. 1847.

Mon cher Regnier.

Je suis desolé que j'ai ete[†6] malade et que j'ai perdu le plaisir de vous reçevoir

chez moi. Je m'empresse de vous ecriver aujourd'hui, et voici pourquoi!—Je me porte beaucoup mieux (grace à Dieu) et je vais retourner à Londres aujourdhui en huit. Voulez-vous, vous et Madame, venir avec nous a Greenwich, Mardi en huit, pour y diner? Dites-moi oui, mon cher, et nous arrangerons une petite partie, et nous serons aussi heureux que nous le pourrons.

Ecrivez-moi, ici, en reponse.

Mille amitiés à Madame, de la part de Madame Dickens, Madlle Hogarth, et moi!

Croyez-moi, toujours | Mon cher Regnier | Votre tout devoué

CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur Regnier.

To MARY AND KATE DICKENS,[†1] 24 MAY 1847

MS Mr Harry Secombe.

148 Kings Road, Brighton. | Monday 24th. May 1847.

My Dear Mamey and Katey

I was very glad to receive your nice letters. I am going to tell you something that I hope will please you. It is this. I am coming to London on Thursday;[†2] and I mean to bring you both back here, with me, to stay until we all come home together on the Saturday. I hope you like this.

Tell John[†3] to come with the Carriage to the London Bridge station, on Thursday morning at 10 o'Clock, and to wait there for me. I will then come home and fetch you.

Mama, and Auntey, and Charley, send their loves. I send mine, too, to Walley, and Spim,[†4] and Alfred, and Sydney.

Always my dears | Your Affectionate Papa

[†a]CHARLES DICKENS

To Miss Mary Dickens and Miss Katey Dickens.[†a]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [26 MAY 1847]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* the Wednesday before Macready's dinner party on 30 May (see below). *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Brighton | Wednesday Evening | 8 O'Clock

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I hasten to say how sorry I am that I am engaged to dinner on Sunday. I am

going to Macready's to meet Jenny Lind, who is almost the greatest genius, to my thinking, that the world has ever produced.[†1]

But I shall have plenty of time to come up to you about 3 o'Clock, and will not fail to do so.

Ever Yours most Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 26 MAY 1847

MS Comte de Gramont.

148 King's Road, Brighton. | Mercredi Mai 26 1847.

Mon cher ami

J'ai ete malade et obligé de venir ici. Je me porte beaucoup mieux, Graces a Dieu, et je retournerai à Londres, Dimanche prochain.

Voulez-vous venir diner avec moi et Madame, à Greenwich (the Trafalgar) Mardi, 1 Juin, a six heures? Nous serons charmé de vous voir. Ne croyez-pas qu'une grande reunion va avoir lieu; j'ai invité Regnier (du Theatre Français) qui j'aime beaucoup, sa femme, Forster, Maclise, et le petit docteur Quin.

Mille amities à Milady et the Miss Powers. Le livre de Milady[†2] est un grand succès. Il-y-a beaucoup de choses dans ce livre, tout-a-fait extraordinaire.

Toujours, mon cher, | Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur
Le Comte D'Orsay.

To JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,[†3] 26 MAY 1847

Text from MDGH, III, 92-3.

148 King's Road, Brighton, 26th May, 1847.

My Dear Knowles,

I have learned, I hope, from the art we both profess (if you will forgive this classification of myself with you) to respect a man of genius in his mistakes, no

less than in his triumphs. You have so often read the human heart well that I can readily forgive your reading mine ill, and greatly wronging me by the supposition that any sentiment towards you but honour and respect has ever found a place in it.

You write as few lines which, dying, you would wish to blot,[†1] as most men. But if you ever know me better, as I hope you may (the fault shall not be mine if you do not), I know you will be glad to have received the assurance that some part of your letter has been written on the sand and that wind has already blown over it.[†2]

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE REV. FRANCIS S. MAHONY,[†3] 26 MAY 1847

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

148 Kings Road, Brighton | Twenty Sixth May 1847.

My Dear Mahoney.[†4]

I have considered your letter in every possible way, with the view of discovering some modified means of assisting you in your object.[†5] But I can discover none.

It may seem, at first sight, a strange position, but it is no less true that the Public are singularly indisposed to accept any "Editing", or gentleman-ushering of other people's books, from me. There is a notion that it is a kind of cocking of my hat, which I have no right to found upon my own success—and that I am thrusting something upon them which is not in our bargain.

I have seen this, so clearly, that even when Moxon[†6] wanted me to "edit" a book of poor Hood's after his decease (for whom I had a great regard, and whose genius I most thoroughly admire) I pointed out my reasons for declining—and declined.[†7] They seemed, on explanation, very reasonable, and I really believe

he felt them to be so. The Grimaldi[†1] was many years ago, but it was a mistake nevertheless.

In addition to this general objection, the force of which in my own mind I can hardly exaggerate, there is yet another as regards your letters. I made a false step in ever connecting myself with the Daily News. I retraced it, at some cost of money, mental uneasiness, and personal inconvenience. I succeeded in detaching myself from it, very early in its existence, by a great wrench; and anything, arising now, that would connect me with its columns, would undo all I did with so much pain.[†2] The very thought puts me in a perspiration.

You know how readily I fell in with your project of writing these letters, and *I* know with what interest and pleasure I have always read them in the Paper. My course therefore, I need hardly tell you, is quite apart from their merits. No one can think more highly of them than I do.

I truly wish, my dear Mahoney, I could have seen any way out of this, that without clashing with my objections would have at all advanced your purpose. But, as I have already said, there seems to me, No Thoroughfare.

Believe me, I reciprocate all your cordiality, most sincerely. It would give me real pain if you supposed me in the least indifferent or lukewarm to an aim in which you feel so much interest. But I have a confidence that you will not; and that even if you should be indisposed to admit the full weight of my objections, you will be well assured that I state them with all friendly heartiness.[†3]

I shall be sending to town tomorrow, and will send your book in a parcel to Wilkinsons.[†4]

Always My Dear Mahoney | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend F. Mahoney.

To DR F. H. F. QUIN,[†5] 26 MAY 1847*

MS National Library of Scotland.

148 King's Road, Brighton. | Mercredi 26 Mai 1847

Br-r-r-r-r-ave Docteur!

Voulez-vous venir diner avec moi et Madame, à Greenwich, Mardi prochain,

Juin 1, a six heures? Le diner aura lieu a the Trafalgar. Si vous pourrez venir avant le fromage,—tant mieux.

Il n'y aura pas, beaucoup de monde, Docteur. Je n'ai qu'invité Regnier (du Theatre Francais) et sa femme, Maclise, Forster, et "that go-o-od" D'Orsay.[†1] Venez-donc! Buvons a la santé et au succès de l'homöepathie! Empoisonnons tout le monde, pour l'amour de la science! Allons!—

Apropos de la science de Medecine, j'ai etè malade. Me voici ici, pour reprendre mes pleines forces! Je me porte beaucoup mieux, brave Docteur, et je vais retourner chez-moi, Dimanche prochain

Ah Mon Dieu, quel morceau de papier! Excusez-moi—c'est homöepathique.

Toujours | Mon cher | Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOSEPH SOUL,[†2] 31 MAY 1847

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 6 June 1978; *MS* 1p.; dated Regents Park, 31 May 47.

Regretting that he cannot attend the dinner to be held on behalf of the Orphan Working School on Wednesday, and saying that he must therefore reluctantly consign the toast *with which the committee had proposed to honour him to other hands. Absence from town has prevented his earlier reply, and he encloses a small contribution*[†3] *to the funds.*

June

To THE REV. FRANCIS S. MAHONY, 2 JUNE 1847

MS Watt Monument Library, Greenock.

Regents Park | Second June 1847.

My Dear Mahony.

Fire away![†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 2 JUNE 1847

MS Comédie Française.

Regents Park | Juin 2, 1847.

Mon cher Regnier.

Vous trouverez, ci-enclos, "Nicholas Nickleby" (avec le portrait par Maclise)

et "Pictures from Italy". Je vous prie de les reçevoir, pour l'amour de l'auteur.[†1]

Avec l'esperance de vous revoir à Paris,[†2] avant votre troisieme visite à Londres, je reste, mon ami

Toujours | Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

Mille amities a Madame (qui n'est pas fatiguée, j'espere, aujourd'hui) et a votre belle fille.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 JUNE 1847

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Brent Lodge | Finchley.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park. | June Third 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The terms of the house are to be sixty guineas a year, for seven, fourteen, or twenty one years.[†3] The proprietor's name and address—it is the address of *our* house too, for that is close to it—is "Mrs. Scott,[†4] near the White Horse,[†5] Shepherd's Bush". The Solicitors are Messrs. Hawkins, Bloxam, Stocker, & Co., New Boswell Court. I have appointed to be there (at Boswell Court, I mean) between 2 and 3 on Saturday, to give instructions for the lease. I will then tell them to send the draft to your Solicitors[†6] for revision. Will you (I forgot to make a note of it on Sunday) send me that gentleman's name and address?

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. B. HODGSON,[†7] 4 JUNE 1847

Text from MDGH, III, 93-4.

Regent's Park, London, Friday, 4th June, 1847.

My Dear Sir,

I have rarely, if ever, seen a more remarkable effort of what I may call intellectual memory than the enclosed.[†8] It is evidence, I think, of very uncommon

power. I have read it with the greatest interest and surprise, and I am truly obliged to you for giving me the opportunity. If you should see no objection to telling the young lady herself this much, pray do so, as it is sincere praise.

Your criticism of Coombe's[†1] pamphlet[†2] is as justly felt as it is earnestly and strongly written. I undergo more astonishment and disgust in connection with that question of education almost every day of my life than is awakened in me by any other member of the whole magazine of social monsters that are walking about in these times.

You were in my thoughts when your letter arrived this morning, for we have a half-formed idea of reviving our old amateur theatrical company for a special purpose,[†3] and even of bringing it bodily to Manchester and Liverpool, on which your opinion would be very valuable. If we should decide on Monday, when we meet, to pursue our idea in this warm weather, I will explain it to you in detail, and ask counsel of you in regard of a performance at Liverpool. Meantime it is mentioned to no one.

Your interest in "Dombey" gives me unaffected pleasure. I hope you will find no reason to think worse of it as it proceeds. There is a great deal to do—one or two things among the rest that society will not be the worse, I hope, for thinking about a little.

May I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Hodgson?[†4] You always remember me yourself, I hope, as one who has a hearty interest in all you do and in all you have so admirably done for the advancement of the best objects.

Always believe me very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To PERCIVAL LEIGH, 4 JUNE 1847*

MS Huntington Library.

1 Chester Place, Regent's Park | Friday, June Fourth 1847

My Dear Sir[†1]

One or two of our old amateur company concur with me in a very earnest wish to act again, for the attainment of an object with which, I am sure, you will heartily sympathize.[†2]

It is proposed that we should meet at Forster's chambers (as a central place) *on Monday next at half past two for three exactly*; when I hope to have the pleasure of explaining to you what the object is, and to take your opinion as to the best way of setting about it.[†3] I would merely say that I hope it will occasion you very little trouble and much gratification; and that it is a part of the scheme that no expence whatever, shall be sustained by any one of us.

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Perceval[†4] Leigh Esquire

To BENJAMIN LUMLEY,[†5] 4 JUNE 1847

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (Enthoven Collection).

1 Chester Place, | Regent's Park. | Friday Fourth June 1847.

My Dear Sir

I am sure it would be rendering you a poor service, in return for your great courtesy and kindness, to withhold any just ground of complaint against an officer of your Theatre, and therefore I make no apology for adding this note to your Managerial afflictions; begging you to understand that it requires no answer whatever.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister went to the Opera last night,[†6] some ten minutes

in advance of myself and Doctor Elliotson, and told the box door keeper, in presenting the card, that two gentlemen were coming directly. We presented ourselves accordingly. What number was the box, asked the Doorkeeper. No. 72 or 73, said I, but I really did not remember exactly which, though I was pretty sure it was the latter. He had no such card, he said; there was no such party—no such name—the ladies must have gone in by the pit door. Though I knew very well that it was not so, we went down to the Pit door. There, the answer (politely given—very unlike that above stairs, which was most discourteous) was, that the ladies had undoubtedly gone in, up stairs. Up stairs we returned again; and there the answer (given in the same discourteous manner) was, that a party of four had gone in, and we couldn't pass. I temperately remonstrated with the person who made this reply, and said, "how can you receive in this manner the assurance of a gentleman—of whose name you may already have some knowledge—and how can you keep us here, in this unpleasant position, when you have the means at hand of ascertaining in a moment whether I am correct or no, by sending to No. 73?" I added that I had the pleasure of knowing you, and that I should be constrained to represent such extraordinary conduct to you, and to complain of it. This seemed to produce its effect; for a messenger (there were three or four disengaged people there) was at last sent to the box, who, of course returned with the gratifying intelligence that I had not been lying elaborately for ten minutes—and so we got in. The moment we were in the Lobby, this messenger came running after me, to demand a Fee for his trouble! I told him that it was not *my* mistake he had corrected—that I should certainly not give him money for correcting those of the door-keeper—and that I should report his application along with my complaint.

I have only to add, upon my honor, that there was no hurry at the time—that the house was nearly full, and consequently that very few parties were passing in—that the behaviour of the doorkeeper was more disparaging and uncivil than I have ever had occasion to notice, in any public place I have ever entered—and that I write to you, not even on my own individual impression of the matter; for Doctor Elliotson's is just the same.

I am My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

B. Lumley Esquire

To LEONARD SIMPSON,[†1] 5 JUNE 1847*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* À Monsieur: | Monsieur Leonard Simpson | 31 Rue de l'Arcade | Paris.

Regents Park, London. | Saturday Fifth June 1847.

My Dear Simpson.

I am very sorry indeed, to hear of your dismissal by the potent Doctor.[†2] At

the same time I am perfectly certain that it is attributable to no fault or failure on your part.

There can be no objection to your letter to Mr. Jerrold.[†1] I fear, however, that a weekly paper is not likely, just now, to be in such need of such correspondence, as to pay for it with any sort of regularity. I am engaged to dine with him today; and in case I should see any chance of being useful to you, you may depend on my seizing it.

Unfortunately, this is a bad t[im]e,[†2] and a bad season, for newspaper employm[en]t—as I am told every day.[†3] If any translating [oc]cupation in London could turn up, I think I could then suggest a means of adding just so much to your income as would make enough of what would otherwise not be enough. But that starting point is in the clouds, for anything I see at this moment.

I wish my power were greater than it is. Rely on my not forgetting you, if any chink presents itself that is capable of being widened.

We are all well; and Charley is quite recovered, though a little weak. Mrs. Dickens and her sister, unite in kind regards.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Leonard Simpson Esquire.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,[†4] 8 JUNE 1847†

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

Chester Place. | Eighth June 1847.

My Dear George.

We met yesterday, and everybody was delighted to join in such a purpose.[†5] Ainsworth is not with us—which will please you.[†6]

[†a]The nights of playing in London, will be, Wednesday July 14th., and Monday July 19th. At Manchester Monday 26th. at Liverpool Wednesday 28th. We meet at Forster's on Thursday *at* 3 *o'Clock, to*

the moment, to compare parts in the Merry Wives of Windsor, when everyone will please to bring his own book. All other Rehearsals will be in the evening. First Rehearsal, on Monday Night next.

The country engagements depend, of course, on our being able to get the Theatres on those nights. We shall see about that, immediately.[†a]

There is a small part—but a good bit, as Actors say—in every Man in his

Humour, which I think you would like to do.[†1] [†b]It is only one scene,—a drawling, puritanical blade, in an enormous ruff. Lemon has the dress. I will provide a book of this piece, for you, on Thursday. Your old part[†2] in comfortable Lodgings, you will get up easily, no doubt.

Ever Faithfully

CD.[†b]

To BENJAMIN LUMLEY, [8 JUNE 1847]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* the Tuesday after the meeting of 7 June to revive the Amateur Company.

Chester Place | Tuesday Afternoon

My Dear Sir

The matter on which I had the pleasure of seeing you,[†3] certainly *does* press, because, until we decide on our Theatre, we cannot issue any prospectus; and in the meantime a great deal of time is being lost. Since the receipt of your note of this morning, I have stayed a negociation into which I had entered,[†4] and will on no account proceed in it, until I shall have seen you.[†5] I shall be at my temporary home here, tomorrow, from 10 until 3—and at the Athenaeum from a quarter before four, until four. I would offer to call on you at the Opera, but for the difficulty of obtaining admittance.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

B. Lumley Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, 9 JUNE 1847

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Athenaeum.[†6] | Wednesday Night | Ninth June 1847.[†7]

My Dear Forster.

I saw Gordon[†8] just now (½ p 9) and in handing him your letter,[†9] said what you

wished. He read it, attentively, and said he presumed there was an end of the matter. Did I think Thackeray had anything more to do? I said, No. That I had considered that an end of it, and had said so much to you. He then observed that Thackeray was coming at eleven o'Clock, and he would give it to him, and so close the business.

I said that as far as Thackeray was concerned, and separ[a]ting[†1] my remark from you, or your affair, I should tell him, if he were there, that I thought these things arose in his jesting much too lightly between what was true and what was false, [†a]and what he owed to both,[†a] and not being sufficiently steady to the former. Gordon said he quite assented to this. I added that I was bound to say beyond this, that in reference to his Imitations in Punch[†2] (out of which, as I understand from you, the conversation with Mr. Taylor[†3] had arisen) I had a strong opinion of my own: and that it was, that they did no honor to literature or to literary men, and should be left to very inferior and miserable hands. Which I desired Thackeray to know. Gordon quite assented to this, also, and said that your letter did you, in his opinion, great credit—that it was full of good sense and manly dealing—and that he had read it with great satisfaction. I told him, with reference to that paragraph of retort on Thackeray, that as I had reason to know its force, better than you did even,[†4] I had not objected to it, but had felt it ought

to be there. And I told him (as I never told you, though I had my reason 7 or 8 years ago)[†1] why.

Gordon said, towards the close of our interview, that he hoped this wod. have no unpleasant bearings on Mr. Taylor who, he was sure, had merely spoken in jest.[†2] I said that I understood you had been, during my absence from England, in habits of intimacy and familiarity, and that I denied a man's right to jest, after that fashion. I said, moreover, that I could not oppose your sending a copy of that letter to Mr. Taylor, if you were so inclined,[†3] though I should object to your addressing him on the subject in any other form. Gordon replied that he thought your desire would be a reasonable one, if you *did* desire to send him that copy.

Beyond this, I described your real conversation with Mr. Taylor, as you described it to me. And Gordon said, more than once, that he thought Thackeray altogether wrong in the sort of behaviour he had adopted towards you at Procter's, and that he had better have taken you aside, and told you his offence.

I have omitted nothing of the purport of our conversation—which I detail here, of course, only for you. Nothing could possibly be more frank, sensible, or gentlemanly in the best sense, than Gordon's behaviour through the whole affair. There did not appear to be the smallest difference of opinion between himself and me.

So Good night my dear Forster, and I am heartily glad nothing stood over until tomorrow.[†4]

Always affectionately

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON,[†1] 9 JUNE 1847*

MS Omaha Public Library.

Ninth June 1847.

My Dear Mitton

I find by my book that I am engaged on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Therefore if you *can* hook Smithson[†2] for Thursday—do.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To T. J. THOMPSON, [10 JUNE 1847]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Thursday was 10 June.

1 Chester Place | Thursday Ninth June 1847.

My Dear Thompson

Out of the Merry Wives,[†3] I fear;[†4] the "shares" not yet "allotted" being poor. But certainly *not* out of the provincial trip,[†5] as we should not dream of acting the same play at Manchester and Liverpool, and shall undoubtedly act every Man in his Humour, at one of the two places.[†6]

—To say nothing of the chances of our playing a new Farce, in which I should hope to provide better for you. In Comfortable Lodgings, which we acted for Miss Kelly,[†7] and shall now repeat, there is a mysterious Prefêt of Police—[†8] very well acted by Forster, last time—who has one uncommonly good scene, in the acting, with me.[†9] If you would like to take it, Forster will be happy to relinquish it. The dress and making-up are good; and the one scene is very funny. Understand, that Forster is cast for it again, and ready to play it again—but I suggested that you might not dislike it.[†10]

The only unappropriated parts in the Merry Wives are, Bardolph, Simple, and John Rugby. The fact is, that Stone, as an artist (we are trying hard, to get some more artists, as we think it very important to the scheme) was too valuable to be let go; and in his damnable impracticability, and Bardolphian injury,[†11] had settled within himself that Shakespeare, by unconscious predestination, wrote

Page expressly for him (Stone) to act, in the year eighteen hundred and forty seven. For which, may jackasses browze[†1] upon his father's grave![†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

We can't get the Italian opera until after their season—[†3] though then we could have the whole establishment for nothing. I am now stirring up the subcommittee of Drury Lane Theatre.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 10 JUNE 1847*

MS University of Texas.

Chester Place | Tenth June 1847.

My Dear Tracey.

I am going to bring a gentleman[†4] (rather deaf) to look over your domain, at about one tomorrow, who is the Emperor of Lausanne in Switzerland, whenever you go that way—an Englishman of great fortune—founder of blind Asylums and all sorts of things[†5]—and one of the best creatures in the World. Consequently, he wants to see your management.

I hope you will not be out, as I think you would like to know him. But if you have an Engagement, hand me over, like a good man and true,[†6] to my friend Cree—[†7] though whether he spells his name in anything like that form, I don't know.

I shall bring Timber, on the chance of my young friend[†8] being at liberty.[†9]

To MISS FANNY KELLY,[†10] 11 JUNE 1847

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue, Dec 1922; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 11 June 47, Regents Park.

We, the old company, are going to act, on a large stage, for a good purpose, one of these fine evenings. For our first rehearsal, and getting the books marked by Wilmott,[†11] we want to come to your little theatre. Will you let us do so, next Monday evening?

To W. M. THACKERAY,[†1] [12 JUNE 1847]

MS (shorthand draft)[†2] Dickens House. *Date:* written on back of Thackeray's letter to CD of 11 June 47, clearly on day of receipt.[†3]

My Dear Thackeray,

I received your note at breakfast this morning and will take care to do what I ought with it in the course of the day.[†4] Trust me I have [†5] myself for [†6] carry

out this measure.[†1] It is without doubt a very definite success for sense, and coming[†2] to the root of those 3 mistakes you state so fairly at the end of your letter. I have seen such [†3] on the part of the 3 words unfortunately[†4] concerned in them [†5] and such a spirit[†6] that I have every hour more and more regretted that there should be any division among such men.

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 JUNE 1847]

Mention in Forster *to* CD (see below).[†7] *Date:* CD sent Thackeray's letter to Forster the same day, 12 June, that he received it.

Saying that he could not but respect the spirit of Thackeray's letter.

To W. B. HODGSON, 12 JUNE 1847

Text from MDGH, III, 95-6.

Regent's Park, London, June 12th, 1847.

My Dear Sir,

I write to you in reference to a scheme to which you may, perhaps, already have seen some allusion in the London *Athenæum* of to-day.[†8]

The party of amateurs connected with literature and art, who acted in London two years ago, have resolved to play again at one of the large theatres here for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, and to make a great appeal to all classes of society in behalf of a writer who should have received long ago, but has not yet, some enduring return from his country for all he has undergone and all the good he has done.[†9] It is believed that such a demonstration by literature on behalf of literature, and such a mark of sympathy by authors and artists, for one who has

written so well, would be of more service, present and prospective, to Hunt than almost any other means of help that could be devised.[†1] And we know, from himself, that it would be most gratifying to his own feelings.

The arrangements are, as yet, in an imperfect state; for the date of their being carried out depends on our being able to get one of the large theatres before the close of the present London season. In the event of our succeeding, we purpose acting in London, on Wednesday the 14th of July, and on Monday the 19th. On the first occasion we shall play "Every Man in His Humour", and a farce; on the second, "The Merry Wives of Windsor", and a farce.

But we do not intend to stop here. Believing that Leigh Hunt has done more to instruct the young men of England, and to lend a helping hand to those who educate themselves, than any writer in England, we are resolved to come down, in a body, to Liverpool and Manchester, and to act one night at each place. And the object of my letter is, to ask you, as the representative of the great educational establishment of Liverpool, whether we can count on your active assistance; whether you will form a committee to advance our object; and whether, if we send you our circulars and addresses, you will endeavour to secure us a full theatre, and to enlist the general sympathy and interest in behalf of the cause we have at heart?

I address, by this post, a letter, which is almost the counterpart of the present, to the honorary secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum.[†2] If we find in both towns such a response as we confidently expect, I would propose, on behalf of my friends, that the Liverpool and Manchester Institutions should decide for us, at which town we shall first appear, and which play we shall act in each place.

I forbear entering into any more details, however, until I am favoured with your reply.

Always believe me, my dear Sir, | faithfully your Friend

To THE HON. SECRETARY[†3] OF THE MANCHESTER ATHENAEUM, 12 JUNE 1847

Summary in *Manchester Guardian,* 3 July 47; dated 12 June.

Proposing, on behalf of the company of amateurs, to visit Manchester, and give a theatrical benefit on behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt, requesting the co-operation and assistance of the directors of the Athenaeum in the furtherance of that object, and stating that the amateurs proposed to set apart the evenings of July 26th and 28th,

for performances in Manchester and Liverpool, and requesting to be informed which of those nights would be most convenient for the Manchester performance.[†1]

To EDWIN LANDSEER,[†2] 13 JUNE 1847†

MS Private.

Chester Place | Thirteenth June 1847

My Dear Landseer

I can forgive a short notice much better and easier than a long one, for the latter binds me to an engagement tomorrow.[†3†a] May the man who has tied my hands, never know what it is to have oysters and kidnies[†4] in his beefsteak puddings!

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS
otherwise
Wan Amburg[†5†a]

E. Landseer Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 13 JUNE 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Chester Place | Sunday Thirteenth June | 1847

My Dear Macready.

I am afraid—keeping my eye on the day of the month—to make an appointment for going to the nightingale's[†6] nest.[†7] To day, I am obliged to call, with my other half, on the Godfather[†8] from Switzerland who failed in his truth, and who, if he be better, is going back forthwith. Tomorrow, and in deed every day until I have done my Number[†9] (not yet begun!) I have no business to venture out, until the owls are getting up. I think I had best leave you to make this next call alone, or I might embarrass you by suggesting some preposterous season.

I had a shadowy idea the other evening, of some engagement for Thursday.

We are obliged to go to Miss Coutts's, or I should have been proud to have gone to Mr. Dillon's[†1] dinner; for I respect and honor him very much.

Ever Yours My Dear Macready
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To H. P. SMITH,[†2] 14 JUNE 1847

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Chester Place. | Fourteenth June 1847

My Dear Smith,

Haldimand stayed at No. 7 Connaught *Place,* Hyde Park, where I saw him yesterday. But he was then going to cross to Boulogne today.

The young Paria[†3] seems pretty comfortable. He is of a cosmopolitan spirit, I hope, and stares, with a kind of leaden satisfaction, at his spoons, without afflicting himself much, about the established church.

Affectionately Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]
H. P. Smith Esquire.

To W. M. THACKERAY, [14 or 15 JUNE 1847]

Mention in Thackeray *to* Mrs Macready, 15 June 47,[†5] *Letters and Private Papers of W. M. Thackeray,* ed. G. N. Ray, II, 304. *Date:* see below.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 15 JUNE 1847*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tuesday | June Fifteenth 1847.

Mr. George Cruikshank

Merry Wives.—Rehearsal

at Miss Kelly's Theatre on Friday Evening, at ¼ before 6, for 6 exactly.[†6]

———

My Dear George. Do you think you can ask your friend Mr. Greenwood,[†7]

whether Mr. Phelps had any basketwork made for his making-up of Falstaff,[†1] and if so, whether we can have the loan of it. Affecy. CD.

To G. H. LEWES,[†2] 15 JUNE 1847*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Fifteenth June 1847.

My Dear Lewes.

This is a short note, for between my Dombey and my managerial responsibilities, I am invisible and lost in abysses of work.

But it is to the purpose, and the purpose is this.—You know what we are going to do for Leigh Hunt, and how we purpose acting in London on the 14th. and 19th. of July, and in the country on the 24th. and 28th. or thereabouts. You have a hearty sympathy for Hunt,[†3] and are, I am told, an excellent Actor. The characters to let, are, the Host in the Merry Wives of Windsor (a very good part), and old Knowell in Every Man in his Humour. [The first is played from Charles Knight's sixpenny Edition[†4] with a green cover; the second from Cumberland's Acting Edition.[†5]]

If you will take these characters you will find yourself in excellent good company, and received with open arms. It is a point of honor among us that no expence whatever, is imposed on any one for anything; the plan providing dresses, travelling expences, &c &c. I should be delighted to hear that you are with us, and that you will attend the next Rehearsal of the Merry Wives next Friday Evening. Place, Miss Kelly's little Theatre 73 Dean Street Soho, where we rehearse at present, though we shall act on a very large stage. Time, a quarter before 6, for 6 to the moment.

My Dear Lewes | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire.

To R. B. PEAKE,[†1] 15 JUNE 1847*

MS Chicago University Library.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park. | June Fifteenth 1847.

My Dear Sir

Though I have not finally concluded, I believe we may consider the question of a Theatre, set at rest, without more pursuit of Drury Lane.

Jerrold told me you would not object to go on, in some character that would not cost you much trouble. Will you take John Rugby,[†2] and attend the next Rehearsal, at Miss Kelly's Theatre, on Friday Evening next, at a quarter before 6, for 6 exactly?

Perhaps it would be well, with a view to our getting to work, in earnest, if you could conveniently give me a call here, in the course of tomorrow, between 10 and 3.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. B. Peake Esquire.

To H. P. SMITH, 16 JUNE 1847

MS Huntington Library.

1 Chester Place | Sixteenth June 1847.

My Dear Smith

I am very much obliged to you for your kind note, and have the money ready.[†3] I am obliged to wait at home for three people this morning (to say nothing of Dombey) but if I can get down to Blackfriars[†4] between 3 and 4, I will. Do not wait for me an instant.

Faithfully Yours ever
CD

H. P. Smith Esquire.

To W. B. HODGSON, 17 JUNE 1847*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Regents Park, London | Seventeenth June 1847

My Dear Sir

Your letter, received last night, gives me the most cordial pleasure; for although I was prepared for a quick and cheerful response from you in such a cause, there is a wholesome and earnest air in all your energetic proceedings, that does me even more good than I had expected.

We have, today, concluded for Covent Garden Theatre; and I hope we shall

get our circulars out, on Monday. I presume I had best send you down a packet of them, for the local committee to do as they think best with? The first great point is to ascertain as soon as we can, about the Liverpool and Manchester Theatres; and then, with reference to the former place, we will do nothing but what you recommend.

The Theatre Royal,[†1] beyond all question.

I write a short note, by this post, to Mr. Ireland,[†2] saying how happy we shall be of his co-operation and assistance. In writing shortly to you, I do so,—not because I want matter (as your heartiness is the best theme I could desire) but because my Managerial work is stupendously heavy, and coming on the weight of Dombey, makes me stoop a little.

Always believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. B. Hodgson Esquire.

To ALEXANDER IRELAND, 17 JUNE 1847

Text from MDGH, III, 97.

Regent's Park, London, | June 17th 1847.

Dear Sir,

In the hope that I may consider myself personally introduced to you by Dr. Hodgson, of Liverpool, I take the liberty of addressing you in this form.[†3]

I hear from that friend of ours, that you are greatly interested in all that relates to Mr. Leigh Hunt, and that you will be happy to promote our design in reference to him. Allow me to assure you of the gratification with which I have received this intelligence, and of the importance we shall all attach to your valuable co-operation.[†4]

I have received a letter from Mr. Langley, of the Athenæum, informing me that a committee is in course of formation, composed of directors of that institution (acting as private gentlemen) and others. May I hope to find that you are one of this body, and that I may soon hear of its proceedings, and be in communication with it?

Allow me to thank you beforehand for your interest in the cause, and to look forward to the pleasure of doing so in person, when I come to Manchester.

Dear Sir, very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. B. LANGLEY, [?17 JUNE 1847]

Summary in *Manchester Guardian,* 3 July 47. *Date:* not before 17 June: see last.

Expressing his thanks (*in reply to Langley's*[†1] *letter*) *to the Manchester men who had stirred in the cause of Leigh Hunt, and requesting to be informed to whom he should address himself.*[†2]

To R. B. PEAKE, 17 JUNE 1847*

MS Chicago University Library.

1 Chester Place. | Seventeenth June 1847.

My Dear Sir

We have concluded for Covent Garden Theatre.[†3] I told Mr. Beale today that it was important you should be able to communicate with their man of business—and he mentioned one Mr. Cathcart.[†4] Can you contrive to see, or to send to, him, tomorrow, for a plan of the house—which I gave Beale to understand would be the first thing wanted. It is of the most urgent importance that we should have it at Miss Kelly's tomorrow night, as, without looking it over, we cannot fill up the prices of admission to the different parts of the house, in the Circular.[†5] I have directed the Printer's boy to come to Miss Kelly's for the proof, as I can not send it back, in a complete state for the Press, until I shall have seen you and the plan.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R. B. Peake Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS,[†6] 17 JUNE 1847*

MS Huntington Library.

Regents Park | June Seventeenth 1847.

My Dear Wills.

I will not forget the name of the young woman in question, though the appointment[†7] does really not rest with me, more than with one or two others

who are anxious to carry out, and have bound themselves, to carry out, the design, to the best of their ability. I hope Emily Willshire[†1] understands what is wanted of such a functionary as she desires to become, a little better than the lady does who writes, in her behalf, of a "horrible task". There is very little chance for her in the proposed Institution, if she do not.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To JOHN PARRY,[†2] 19 JUNE 1847

Extract in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, 18 Apr 1944; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Chester Place, 19 June 47.

We are going to play at Covent Garden on the second night, The Merry Wives of Windsor. We were discussing about Sir Hugh [Evans][†3] last night, when Leech, and some others who know you (it is the only part unfilled) suggested how splendidly you would act it. Said some of them, will he play? Said others, Yes! Said others (but these the feeblest) No! Said others (these the cautious men) Who'll ask him? Says I (the bold one, you observe) I don't mind if I do. I was instantly taken at my word, with horrible readiness and accordingly you have this letter. . . . Write me an answer speedily, as I expect to remain out of health until I get it.[†4]

To T. J. THOMPSON, 19 JUNE 1847*

MS Berg Collection.

Saturday Night | Nineteenth June 1847

My Dear Thompson. Between Dombey and Management, I am one half mad and the other half addled.

Here are the Calls.

I have looked carefully at the Covent Garden newly constructed (went down the other day on purpose), and should not think the "speaking up" difficult. The size of the Stage, and its roll into the house—leaving a good-sized audience high and dry behind the actor—are the trying things—the great facts.

Ever Yours

CD.

To DR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH,[†1] 21 JUNE 1847*

MS Mrs Jessie Stewart.

From My Cell. | Monday Morning | Twenty First June 1847.

My Dear Sir

I am taming a spider or two in my solitude,[†2] and weaving a small web of my own—with a very long beard, and talons in place of nails—and shaking my grizzled locks refuse to be comforted or to come out. This very day, the world and I become again acquainted, on a special occasion; and for that very reason, I must go back to my spiders, inexorably, tomorrow morning.

I should have been truly glad to have accepted your invitation—to descend to common life—but I am bidden tomorrow to the marriage of a friend of mine—one Dombey—[†3] and I am afraid if I stayed away, the Ceremony would scarcely come off; so much importance is attached to my presence. In fact, I give away the bride.

Yours gloomily

CHARLES DICKENS

(For Self and Partner)

K.[†4] Kay Shuttleworth Esquire.

To JULIA FORTESCUE, [21 JUNE 1847]

Mention in next.

To MARK LEMON, 21 JUNE 1847

MS Benoliel Collection.

Twenty First June 1847 | Monday.

My Dear Lemon.

Miss Jane Mordaunt[†5] has written to say that it will give her the greatest gratification to act on both nights if we wish it. I have appointed to call on her tomorrow afternoon.

I suppose it is best to send *you* the note to Miss Fortescue[†6] (which pray seal, after reading) in order that it may go, without more delay, if you—coming into possession of Mrs. Stirling's[†7] reply—find it necessary.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MR JONES,[†1] [?21 JUNE 1847]*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.[†2] *Date: To* Kay-Shuttleworth, 21 June, implies that Ch. 30 was finished by 21 June. Presumably CD sent it to Bradbury & Evans, with the instruction, the same day.

Mr. Jones. Please to begin this chapter on Page 298 of the work.[†3]

To H. P. SMITH, 22 JUNE 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Chester Place | Tuesday Twenty Second June 1847

My Dear Smith

I received a note from Mr. Kirby[†4] last evening, apprizing me of the appointment, and instantly wrote back to say that I could not possibly attend at the time mentioned, but that half past 3, or 4, would do. On the faith of its being in the afternoon, as you and I settled, I have an engagement tomorrow morning, that leaves me no choice or free-will (if there be such a thing) whatever. According to my reply from Mr. Kirby, I will be punctual as the Sun.[†5]

Alas! We go to Broadstairs on Monday Morning, and Brighton is beyond our reach!

Faithfully Ever

CD.

I think of bringing an action against you for a new sort of breach of promise, and calling all the Bishops to estimate the damage of having one's christening postponed for a fortnight.[†6] It appears to me that I shall get a great deal of money in this way. If you have any compromise to offer, my Solicitors are Dodson and Fogg.[†7]

To THE FRIENDS OF LEIGH HUNT, *c.* 23 JUNE 1847

Text from lithographed Circular, in CD's hand,[†1] British Museum. *Date:* That sent to Lady Blessington (see below) was dated "June 23rd, 1847".

Office of the Secretary, Mr. Peake.
Piazza Coffee House, Covent Garden. | June 1847

I offer no apology for soliciting your attention to the enclosed document,[†2] feeling assured that it addresses itself to all who are known to sympathize, by taste and education, with what is good in English Literature, or who may be supposed, from their position, happy to avail themselves of any convenient opportunity of acknowledging its claims to compensation.

Allow me to remain, on behalf of those gentlemen associated with Literature and Art, who are embarked in this undertaking, and who have commissioned me to address you,

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To MRS MACREADY, 24 JUNE 1847*

MS New York Public Library.

Regents Park | Twenty Fourth June 1847.

My Dear Mrs. Macready.

I am wretched to the last degree—can't come to dinner[†4]—keep Georgina away, to prevent your being Thirteen at table—[†5] have been obliged to go out today, for no earthly purpose as it turned out, in the middle of my work—come home, sit down at my desk again, and give the finishing dig at Dombey in a vicious despair. If I can get out, by any means, in the Evening, I will come then. Give my love to Macready, and pity me, and tell him to do the same; for I deserve it.

Ever Yours faithfully

CD.

To MR JONES, [24 or 25 JUNE 1847]*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.[†1] *Date: To* Mrs Macready, 24 June, implies that CD hoped to finish *Dombey* No. X that evening. He presumably sent it to Bradbury & Evans, with instructions, the same night or the next day.

Mr. Jones. Don't send any of this out, until you have the chapter completed and please to begin on a fresh page as I will lengthen the thirtieth a little.[†2]

CD

To MARK LEMON, [25 JUNE 1847]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* the Friday after *To* Lemon, 21 June.

Devonshire Terrace, | Friday Evening.

My Dear Lemon. *I* could go to the Theatre tomorrow, but at this late time, it wod. be quite impossible to get anything like a full rehearsal. I think, therefore, it had best stand over until Monday. What time on Monday, would you propose? It is quite frightful postponing Improvement now.[†3] But I think a rehearsal with only half the people, almost useless.

Miss Fortescue wrote to me this morning.

Always Yours faithfully

CD

To FRANCIS ROBINSON, [26 JUNE 1847]

Mention in next.

To ALEXANDER IRELAND, 26 JUNE 1847

Text from MDGH, III, 98-9.

Athenaeum Club, London, | Saturday, June 26th, 1847.

My Dear Sir,

The news of Mr. Hunt's pension is quite true. We do not propose to act in London after this change in his affairs, but we DO still distinctly propose to act in Manchester and Liverpool. I have set forth the plain state of the case in a letter to Mr. Robinson by this post (a counterpart of which I have addressed to Liverpool), and to which, in the midst of a most laborious correspondence on the subject, I beg to refer you.

It will be a great satisfaction to us to believe that we shall still be successful in

Manchester.[†1] There is great and urgent need why we should be so, I assure you.[†2]

If you can help to bring the matter speedily into a practical and plain shape, you will render Hunt the greatest service.[†3]

I fear, in respect to your kind invitation, that neither Jerrold nor I will feel at liberty to accept it. There was a pathetic proposal among us that we should "keep together;" and, as president of the society, I am bound, I fear, to stand by the brotherhood with particular constancy. Nor do I think that we shall have more than one very short evening in Manchester.

I write in great haste. The sooner I can know (at Broadstairs, in Kent) the Manchester and Liverpool nights, and what the managers say, the better (I hope) will be the entertainments.

My dear Sir, very faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S.—I enclose a copy of our London circular, issued before the granting of the pension.

To J. B. LANGLEY, 26 JUNE 1847

Summary in *Manchester Guardian,* 3 July 47; dated 26 June.

Stating that although it was now unnecessary to perform in London, he and his friends still intended to visit Manchester and Liverpool, and that the performances in both these places would consist of Every Man in His Humour, *and a farce; the farce to be different in each place.*

To L. J. NATHAN,[†4] 26 JUNE 1847*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Athenaeum Club | Saturday 26th. June 1847

Mr. Nathan.

In consequence of the Government having granted a pension to Mr. Leigh Hunt, for whose benefit the intended performances at Covent Garden Theatre were to have taken place, they are relinquished for the present. The Merry Wives of Windsor will certainly be postponed for a long time;[†5] but I have every reason to believe that we shall act Every Man in His Humour at Liverpool and

Manchester, towards the end of July; and in that case, all you were to have done for *that* play, will require to be done, still.

As soon as this Liverpool and Manchester business is settled—which I have no doubt it will be, in the course of this next week—*I will write to you positively, on the subject.* In the meantime I shall be glad if you will, either tonight or tomorrow morning, send up to *No. 1 Chester Place Regents Park* (for I have just come home from abroad, and am not in my own house) for my Bobadil's dress, which wants smartening up a little. There is a piece of armour—a gorget—with it, which will need to be well burnished. Please not to send later than tomorrow morning, or the servants will have gone with me into Kent.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES RAWLINS,[†1] 26 JUNE 1847

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Athenæum Club, London | Saturday Twenty Sixth June 1847

Dear Sir

You will perhaps be aware, before receiving this, that the Government, in recognition of Mr. Leigh Hunt's literary services, have just now granted him a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

This most generous and worthy act of a liberal administration relieves the gentlemen associated in the proposed performance for Mr. Hunt's benefit, from the necessity of acting in London: in as much as the large receipts expected at Covent Garden Theatre are no longer necessary to his support in comfort.[†2] But we do *not* propose to relinquish the intended representations at Liverpool and Manchester, as there are reasons which render them still exceedingly desirable, and useful:[†3] and as the gentlemen whom I represent, are most unwilling to deprive the mass of education and intelligence in those two great towns of the opportunity it has shewn itself so ready to embrace of testifying its respect for Literature, and grateful feeling towards an honored English writer.

Allow me to say therefore, that we trust we may still rely on your assistance and sympathy, and that we promise ourselves the pleasure of coming among you.

I now desire to add, *for the private information of the Committee*, that Mr. Hunt's circumstances are really in that condition that he cannot enjoy the gift he has received, without such assistance as you can help us to give him. But, not wishing—for reasons that will be sufficiently plain to you—to put this consideration prominently forward, we would rather make our effort in his behalf, one, as it were, of congratulation.

I should notice perhaps, as a matter of detail, that as the production of The Merry Wives of Windsor, without the expected London receipts, would involve a new and very great expence, it is proposed to act Every Man In his Humour (the dresses for which play are already prepared) both in Manchester and Liverpool; varying the afterpieces in each place.

I shall be happy to hear from you, with a view to our final arrangements, at your earliest convenience;[†1] and shall be much obliged if you will have the goodness to address your letter to me at Broadstairs in Kent.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I beg to enclose the circular we had issued in London, before the granting of the pension.

Charles Rawlins Esquire Junr.

To THOMAS BEARD, 27 JUNE 1847

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street.

Athenaeum. | Sunday Twenty Seventh June 1847.

My Dear Beard

We go to Broadstairs tomorrow. I have taken the house[†2] next Barnes's,[†3] mainly because it is the most cheerful, and partly because (I don't know how many years ago) I started the old man and the child on their Curiosity-Shop wanderings,[†4] from that Mansion.

Kate went down the other day expressly to arrange for your weekly quartering a yard or two off. Which she satisfactorily accomplished, and now we are ready for you.

You'll come down next Saturday of course. [†a]And I hope besides your weekly visitations, you'll take Baldwin[†5] by the throat, and squeeze a month's holiday out of him.[†a]

I have another piece of good news. The Margate Theatre will certainly be opened. But I have not yet heard of Conway Lingham's[†6] engagement.

I don't send the Railroad list with this, because mine is not for July. But the

trains go and come at all sorts of times. You will get the paper in the Regent's Circus.

Having shamed the Government into doing something handsome for Leigh Hunt, we mean to drop our proposed Covent Garden performances, but I think we shall play, towards the end of July, at Manchester and Liverpool. I had arranged to dress the Merry Wives, in the legitimate costume of Henry the Fourth—everybody from a picture. It would have been very curious and complete.

Write me a line at Broadstairs to say you are going to nail yourself to the Mast, and ever believe me

My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 JUNE 1847

MS Morgan Library.

Athenaeum | Sunday Twenty Seventh June, 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Last Thursday week, Mrs. Dickens and I (in great state) repaired to Stratton Street, in accordance with an invitation still producible in any Court in Christendom, and not being able to get in, withdrew in

melancholy splendor.[†1] I should have reported this fact long ago, but I have been so extremely busy, that I have not had an hour by day (and not many by night) to call my own.

Tomorrow morning we are going down to Broadstairs, where we purpose remaining until the end of September—though of course I shall be continually coming backwards and forwards. Our children have all got the whooping cough, and the change is recommended for them. They never cry, but go into corners to be convulsed, and come out cheerful.

May I impress upon you, that it would be an immense thing for the Institution, to begin before it is Winter weather, and while the garden is green and sunny. Your solicitor places Chesterton and myself in the awkward position of seeming to have acted, in the matter of the lease, without authority; he is so very tardy.

A line from you, addressed to Broadstairs, telling me where you will be through July, will be very welcome, as I shall make a point of seeing Chesterton often, as soon as we have the power of proceeding.

With best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown,

I am ever dear Miss Coutts | Yours most faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MORITZ FEIST,[†1] 27 JUNE 1847

Mention in J. A. Stargardt catalogue, 1957.

To JOHN [PEARSON],[†2] 27 JUNE 1847*

Photograph, Longfellow House, Cambridge, Mass.

Athenaeum Club, London | Twenty Seventh June 1847.

Sir

I am flattered by the request contained in your letter of the Twenty-Fourth. But I am already connected with so many similar institutions which I can hardly hope ever to visit, that I would suggest to you whether you may not serve the Institution in question, much better, by placing some gentleman of local influence, at its head.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John [Pearson].

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [JUNE-JULY 1847]

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* not before 21 June (the Monday after the first rehearsal: see *To* Cruikshank, 15 June), nor after Mon 19 July, the last rehearsal.

Monday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank

Rehearsal tonight at the usual hour.

Faithfully Always

CD

To THOMAS CURRY,[†3] 29 JUNE 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Ninth June 1847.

My Dear Curry.

I am very sorry not to have had the pleasure of receiving your friend Captain Lomex.[†4] But when he brought his letter of introduction, I was at Brighton, recovering from the consequences of an accident.[†5] Since then, I have been very little in town, and always hard at work. And now, we have come down here for three months, with all the children ill of the whooping cough. In addition to these small mischances, we have not been able to get into our own house since our return home from Switzerland and France, last March (in consequence of

having let it, before going abroad, for a term not yet expired) but have been living a Tartar kind of life, in a sort of Tent hard by. All this I have explained to the Good Captain by letter, adding that I hope to have the pleasure of welcoming him to my own household Gods when we return to town in the Autumn. I trouble you with an explanation thus long, because I would not, for a great deal, that you supposed me indifferent to any friend in whose behalf you bespeak my interest and hospitality. I do not forget old Genoa, so easily.

Will you tell De la Rue that these are the reasons which have prevented me from sending his books by the last Steamer, but that they shall come by the next? Also, that the same reasons have caused his newspaper to stagger on the road to Italy, but that I hope it will get over the ground, henceforth, in good style. Remember me most heartily to him, and Madame De la Rue.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister are stunning me with so many messages to Mrs. Curry—and the children are shrieking so many reminders and remembrances to *your* children—that I think the shortest plan is to leave them to the imaginations of the parties concerned. Which cannot be too earnest, or too cordial, for the truth.

Fletcher[†1] appeared in London, some two months ago, with a very red face and a very excited eye. He is living quietly down in Somersetshire somewhere, along with a country clergyman and his wife. He has a lively remembrance of your giving him an early dinner one day before he dined at Charles Gibbs's, and very nearly occasioning him to put a knife into the breast of said Charles Gibbs,[†2] and a fork into the

throat of Mr. Driver.[†3] Which I perfectly recollect too, for I am inclined to think that if I had not been there, he would have opened Gibbs like an Oyster.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Curry Esquire.

To [G. H. LEWES], 29 JUNE 1847

MS Mr L. C. Staples.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Ninth June 1847.

Mine host of the Garter.[†4]

Though I be now old, and of the peace,[†5] I will be there, unless prevented by any untoward circumstance. Bodikins mine host, I never asked Bully Beale if

he would discard,[†1] but simply told him *we* would. I have some of the salt of my youth left in me, mine host, and sprinkled it upon him.

They write from Liverpool today, delighted that the performance goes on.

Thine | Shallow
(Custalorum)[†2]

To A. MESS,[†3] 29 JUNE 1847

Extract in N, II, 36 (from catalogue source); dated Broadstairs, 29 June 47.

Edward's[†4] mother and sisters, and nephews and nieces, desire to be kindly remembered to him. I trust he will do credit to your kindness and attention, and become worthy of your regard.

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH,[†5] 29 JUNE 1847*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Ninth June 1847.

My Dear Dr. Smith.

Sitting down last night to write to Lords Lansdowne[†6] and Normanby, such a strong sense came over me, on consideration, that it would be better for you to write in your own person, and that it would be a wiser assertion of your indisputable claim to the office in question[†7] so to do, that I resolved (nothing but the loss of a day's post being involved in the delay) to put that to you, before sending any letter of mine. I am strongly of opinion that the exercise of such poor influence as mine, is a lowering of your position in the matter. It is a kind of assumption that this post may reasonably be the subject of recommendation; which, after your services to, and close association with, the Sanatory question, I altogether deny. It should

be given to you of right, and for what you have done, and for what you have the undoubted capacity of doing better than anybody else; and the more I reflect about it, the more clear it seems to me that,

to serve yourself efficiently, you should set forth your own claims, modestly but manfully, and rest upon them. If that be not enough, I am sure my assistance is of no avail; and I think it might disparage the dignity and justice of your position before these men.

I wish you would ask Forster what he thinks of this.[†1] I need not ask you to believe that I am ready to write immediately (as I undertook to do, when I had not reflected on the subject) if you tell me you still desire it.[†2] I have not the slightest personal indisposition or dislike to do so. But when I came to look, as it were, at my letters in black and white last night, I felt so convinced that they came from the wrong person, and that they ought to be yours, that I could not make up my mind to send them until you had considered the point again.

I wait to do, whatever you tell me. Being always

My Dear Dr. Smith | Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 29 JUNE 1847*

MS Mrs A. M. Stern.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Ninth June 1847.

My Dear Talfourd.

We have thought it delicate, after the granting of the pension, to abandon the intended *London* performances for Leigh Hunt's benefit.[†3] The box and pit stall list was pretty strong in one day, and I have no doubt we should have had great houses.

But, with a view to Poole, we purpose standing by the announced representations at Liverpool and Manchester; being thereunto encouraged by local desires and assurances. We purpose starting Hunt onwards with a certain portion of the receipts (still keeping his name forward, as on a sort of congratulatory occasion) and giving Poole the rest.[†4] The proportions will be regulated by the receipts

themselves. We do *not*, now, play the Merry Wives—which would occasion a very great expence, but repeat Every Man In his humour, with new farces. Bulwer still writes *his* address,[†1] and I hope I may look to you for yours,[†2] and rehearse it on the Sands here. Anything general, about sympathy with Literature, and the sympathy there should be among its professors, with an allusion to Poole, if you like, and anything graceful (if you should like that, either) about the Government's recognition of Hunt, will do the deed. [†a]*The Manchester people would receive any allusion to themselves, from *you*, with a great

shout.[†a†3] I wish I could hope you would come down by Railroad, Saturday or Sunday, and strolling hereabouts with me, make it out to the Music of the Sea.[†4] But my mind misgives me that those Reading men are hunting you up and down.[†5] Otherwise, it would be a good fresh change to you, and nothing is easier than the journey now.

Pray tell me, when you have leisure to write a line, how the Reading business stands, and whether those unreasonable dissenters have capped the Miracles, by any approach to reason and moderation.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 JUNE 1847*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | London.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thirtieth June 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Pray don't think there was the least occasion for writing one grave syllable or semi-syllable of explanation about the party that did *not* take place. I mentioned it, only as a droll occurrence.

Charley is, I hope, recovered from his cough, and begins to look fat and well. His sisters are the worst just now.

I think it would be well if I were to bring the proposed Matron to you, before she is positively engaged, as it might be a satisfaction[†1] to you to see her. As soon as the signing and sealing are over, I will arrange for a meeting between myself and Chesterton, and will propose a time to you, if you please, for this purpose.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 30 JUNE 1847

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1903; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 30 June 47.

Concerning Poems by Harriet and Rose Acton.[†2]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [APRIL-JUNE 1847]

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* after 27 Mar when Kate and Georgy returned from Paris and before the end of June when the house at Chester Place was given up.

Chester Place. | Sunday

My Dear Fred

If you will take a ride with me in the carriage this afternoon, I want to make a few calls, and need not then take anybody else but Kate and Georgy. I shall leave here at a quarter past two. Will you come round by that time, or will you be on the look-out for me in Norton Street?

A word in answer | Affectionately Always

CD.

July

To THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, 1 JULY 1847*

Broadstairs, Kent. | First July 1847

Summary from MS The Marquis of Normanby.

Writing on behalf of Dr Southwood Smith; adding that, as he is writing, he wishes to say that in six or seven months' time he will ask leave of Lady Normanby[†3] to grace a little Dedication page[†4] to Dombey, with her name.

To THE SECRETARY OF THE POST OFFICE, [BROADSTAIRS],[†1] 1 JULY 1847

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1910; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 1 July 47.

About the delivery of his letters.

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 2 JULY 1847

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1911; *MS* 1 p.; with addressed envelope dated Broadstairs, 2 July 47.

To R. B. PEAKE, 2 JULY 1847*

MS Chicago University Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Second July 1847.

My Dear Sir

It was agreed with Leigh Hunt, on the occasion of his knocking you up in the middle of the night,[†2] that the announcement of the postponement in London and the acting in the Country, should be made at one and the same time.[†3] I have heard from Liverpool, but not from Manchester; and until the Committees in the two towns shall have arranged with the Managers and fixed the nights, I with-hold the

advertizement, in pursuance of this understanding. I expect, by every post that comes in, to receive the final settlement. The moment it reaches me, I will send you the advertisement.[†4]

In the meantime, as there is no doubt that the benefit *will not take place in London,* it will be well, I think, if you will have the kindness to signify that fact to those who have taken boxes and stalls for the Covent Garden representation.

I am delighted to hear that your piece[†5] is doing so well, and hope you will have substantial reasons to be pleased by its success.

Always Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. B. Peake Esquire.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, 2 JULY 1847

Text from MDGH, I, 179-80.

Broadstairs, Kent, July 2nd, 1847.

My Dear Miss Power,

Let me thank you, very sincerely, for your kind note and for the little book.[†1] I read the latter on my way down here with the greatest pleasure. It is a charming story gracefully told, and very gracefully and worthily translated. I have not been better pleased with a book for a long time.

I cannot say I take very kindly to the illustrations. They are a long way behind the tale to my thinking. The artist understands it very well, I dare say, but does not express his understanding of it, in the least degree, to any sense of mine.

Ah Rosherville![†2] That fated Rosherville, when shall we see it! Perhaps in one of those intervals when I am up to town from here, and suddenly appear at Gore House, somebody will propose an excursion there, next day. If anybody does, somebody else will be ready to go. So this deponent maketh oath and saith.

I am looking out upon a dark gray sea, with a keen north-east wind blowing it in shore. It is more like late autumn than midsummer, and there is a howling in the air as if the latter were in a very hopeless state indeed. The very Banshee of Midsummer is rattling the windows drearily while I write. There are no visitors in the place but children, and they (my own included) have all got the hooping-cough, and go about the beach choking incessantly. A miserable wanderer lectured in a library last night about astronomy; but being in utter solitude he snuffed out the transparent planets he had brought with him in a box and fled in disgust. A white mouse and a little tinkling box of music that stops at "come," in the melody of the Buffalo Gals, and can't play "out to-night,"[†3] are the only amusements left.

I beg from my solitude to send my love to Lady Blessington, and your sister, and Count D'Orsay. I think of taming spiders, as Baron Trenck did.[†4] There is one in my cell (with a speckled body and twenty-two very decided knees) who seems to know me.

Dear Miss Power, | Faithfully yours ever

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To L. J. NATHAN, 3 JULY 1847†

MS Harvard College Library.

[†a]Broadstairs, Kent. | Third July 1847.

Mr. Nathan.[†a]

You may prepare the dresses that you have to make or alter for Every Man in his Humour, and also the dresses for Comfortable Lodgings.[†1] We shall act in Liverpool on the 28th. and in Manchester most probably on the 26th. or 27th. On, and after, the 17th. you will find us, every night, at Miss Kelly's after halfpast 6.

[†a]Some of the trimming is off my Bobadil coat,[†2] I think. Besides this, and the cleaning of the boots and gauntlets, I want, if you please, a new, and broader, and stiffer, sword-belt of the same red color, with a larger and fiercer buckle to it. I have a great pair of good spurs of my own. The hat wants smartening too. I also want a pair of good red legs.

Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

To FRANCIS ROBINSON, 3 JULY 1847*

MS Mr Frederick Burkhardt.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Third July 1847.

Dear Sir.

I am extremely glad to find that all is going on so well in Manchester, and that we are in such good hands.

As soon as I hear from you that the Theatre is secured and the night fixed, I will send you the bill in MS, as I should wish a printer of the town to be employed upon it. The distribution of this bill, the issuing of tickets, and all such arrangements, I would beg to leave to the sub committee. But perhaps I may remark at once, that I should wish to commence the performances at 7 to the moment (unless there be any good reason to the contrary) and to have no longer pause than five minutes between the conclusion of one piece, and the commencement of the Overture to the next. I mention this, as I purpose making these clauses a part of the Bill.[†3]

I enclose a reply to the letter from Mr. Brooks, and am

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Robinson Esquire.

To [S. L.] BROOKS,[†4] [?3 JULY 1847]

Mention in last.

Replying to a letter.

To FRANK STONE, 4 JULY 1847

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Rehearsal Call.[†1]

———

Every Man In His Humour.

———

Mr. Stone—Downright.

At Miss Kelly's Theatre, on Saturday the 17th. July, at halfpast 6 exactly. Please to understand that there will also be a call (either for this play, or Comfortable Lodgings) at the same time and place for every night in the then ensuing week.

———

Night of performance in Liverpool, the 28th. In Manchester (not yet fixed) most probably the 26th. or 27th.

Broadstairs, Kent | 4th. July 1847.

My Dear Stone. I don't know Egg's[†2] address.[†3] Will you send him the enclosed.

Ever Yours Cordially

CD.

Frank Stone Esquire

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 4 JULY 1847†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire | 23 Amwell

Street | Pentonville | London.

[†a]Rehearsal Call.

Every Man in His Humour.

Mr. George Cruikshank—Formal.

At Miss Kelly's Theatre, on Saturday the 17th. July at halfpast 6 exactly. Please to understand that there will also be a call, at the same time and place, for every night in the then ensuing week—either for this piece or comfortable Lodgings. Night of acting in Liverpool, the 28th. In Manchester (not yet fixed) most probably the 26th. or 27th.

Over[†a]

Broadstairs, Kent.
Sunday Fourth July 1847.

My Dear George

Enclosed is your "call". If I can find any suitable new farce,[†1] with a part for you that I think you will like, you shall hear from me again, very soon.

Ever Yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire

Manchester Monday 26th.[†2]

Every Man in His Humour. Cruikshank as Cob
Good Night's Rest.
Turning the Tables.

Liverpool 28th. Wednesday

Every Man in His Humour. Cruikshank as Formal.
Turning the Tables.
Comfortable Lodgings.

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 JULY 1847]

Mention in *To* Lemon, 4 July.

Asking his advice about the choice of programme for the performances at Manchester and Liverpool, and probably enclosing his rehearsal "Call".

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 4 JULY 1847

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 399 (1920); dated Broadstairs, 4 July 47.

I wish to bespeak your kind assistance for our Rehearsals thus:—

We want the Stage on Saturday the 17th instant at half past 6, and every night in the ensuing week.

Pray do not trouble yourself to write, if you can arrange to let us have the Theatre on these nights. I will take your silence for an assurance that we can.

To MARK LEMON, 4 JULY 1847

Text of letter from F. G. Kitton, *CD by Pen and Pencil*, 1899, pp. 111-2; MS of Rehearsal Call and envelope, Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Prepaid | Mark Lemon Esquire | Brook Green | *near* London. PM 5 July 1847.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Night, 4th July, 1847

My Dear Lemon,

I enclose you a call. It is needless to bespeak *your* punctuality.

THREE points of business—First, will you undertake to secure the needful

ladies? pay if needful. My impression is, that they ought to be paid. As you began a negotiation on this head with Mrs. Romer,[†1] I think you ought to go on; and as I am not on the spot, it will be an immense relief to me, if you will kindly do so.

Secondly, will you call on Wilson,[†2] and secure him and his wigs—particularly impressing on him that my brother Augustus[†3] is to wear in Cash, the light wig he wore the first time, and not the dark Ojibbeway wig the second.[†4] For I fear the sight of the latter peruke might move me to an act of fratricide—as it very nearly did at the St. James's Theatre.

Now, my dear Stranger,[†5] to the grand point of my note—the new farce. I have looked at Old Regimentals,[†6] The Jew and the Doctor,[†7] Charles the Twelfth,[†8] and some others. I can find nothing among them that I think will suit us, except Poole's Turning the Tables.[†9] Now, do you think it would be safe to give Jack Humphries[†10] to Lewes, and Jeremiah Bumps[†11] to Cruikshank, who is good at disguise?[†12] Lewes has nothing but Old Knowell, and certainly has a claim upon us. Cruikshank has hardly anything at all—is a little discontented—[†13] and his name is very important. If you think this could be done, without lunacy, I would make the bill.

FOR MANCHESTER.

Talfourd's Address [spoken by Dickens].
Every Man in his Humour.
A Good Night's Rest[†14] (absolutely promised).
And Turning the Tables.

AT LIVERPOOL

Bulwer's Address.
Every Man in his Humour.
Turning the Tables.
And Comfortable Lodgings.

—Begin in each place at 7 exactly, and five minutes' wait between the conclusion of one piece, and the overture to the next. There would not be too much in the bill by any means, and all the people poorly off would be thus brought in, and, on the other hand, I confess I have a fear of a farce without either you or me in it; and as we know our old farces are a roar, the new one ought certainly to be so too. It is because I feel in this difficulty, and do not know what to decide on for the best, that I seek your hurried advice. I have also written to ask Forster what he thinks. The devil of it is, that the preparations at each town are now tremendous, and they are so pressing me for the Bill in detail, that I am at my wit's end.

You couldn't run down here by rail? Of course not. I *could* give you a bed—but—well—do something to help me out, for the love of Snobbington.

Ever yours heartily,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Mark Lemon, Esquire.

Ladies to act in *Every Man*, and in *Comfortable Lodgings.* Also in new farce, yet a reserved question.

Rehearsal Call.

———

Every Man In His Humour

———

Mr. Mark Lemon—Brainworm

At Miss Kelly's Theatre on Saturday the 17th. July, at halfpast 6 exactly. Please to understand that there will also be a call, at the same time and place, for every night in the then ensuing week. Either for this piece, or another.

Night of acting in Liverpool, the 28th. In Manchester (not yet fixed) most probably the 26th. or 27th.

To G. H. LEWES, 4 JULY 1847*

MS Mr R. W. Hansen.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sunday Fourth July 1847

My Dear Lewes

Enclosed is your formal "call". I am on the look-out for a farce, with a good part for you. If I find one, you shall hear from me again, very soon. Don't forget De what's-his-name[†1] in Comfortable Lodgings.

Ever Yours
CD.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 4 JULY 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Rehearsal Call

———

Every Man in His Humour.

Mr. T. J. Thompson—Wellbred

———

At Miss Kelly's Theatre on Saturday the 17th. July at halfpast 6 exactly. Please to understand that there will also be a call, at the same time and place, for every night in the then ensuing week.

Night of acting in Liverpool, the 28th. In Manchester (not yet fixed) most probably the 26th. or 27th.

Over

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Night, Fourth July 1847

My Dear Thompson

I am on the look-out for a farce, with such a part for you in it, as you indicated to me. If I can find such a one, you shall hear from me again, very soon.

In a whirlwind of managerial correspondence—

Ever Yours
CD.

To H. P. SMITH, 4 JULY 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sunday Fourth July, 1847.

My Dear Smith

As our friend[†1] knows his own mind so little, I think I would rather not have anything more to do with him. Which I say, rather on the popular principle of cutting off one's nose to be revenged on one's face, than because I shouldn't still like to pocket his money.[†2] Seriously, as the transaction is so temporary and different a one, and I have that knowledge of his brother[†3] which will pretty surely bring us together again one day, I think it best to give Bernard Granville Esquire, the wide berth he has given me—possibly for something of the same reason.

Of course, I decide on your assurance that I am at perfect liberty (as between you and me) to do so; for I should ill return your interest and kindness, and

should poorly shew my estimation of the friendship between us, if I hesitated one instant to confide in you most thoroughly and gratefully.

Accept my hearty thanks, and Ever believe me

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire
P.S. Children generally better. But little Mary worst. Young Christian[†1] also coughing. Loves from all to all.

To THOMAS MITTON, 4 JULY 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent | Fourth July 1847.

My Dear Mitton

The investment did not come off, after all![†2] Mr. Granville had never paid at that rate before—has £2,000 stock which he can draw out, on the return of certain trustees to town within two months—resolved to take that, in preference—wouldn't come up to the scratch—and sent his bill for the money, at 3 months, to be discounted instead. I told Smith (who offered it to me) that I didn't think it worth while, for so temporary and small a transaction, to enter into such relations with a man whose brother I knew very well, and whom I am pretty sure to encounter again, when he returns, with the regiment he commands, to England. So, Smith discounted the bill himself, and there is an end of the matter.

If anything safe and good should fall in your way, I should be glad to invest twelve or fifteen hundred pounds, now lying idle.

I suppose there is no chance of your turning up at Liverpool and Manchester—at Fanny's[†3] for instance—during the play time.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 JULY 1847]

Mention in *To* Willmott, 6 July.

Giving information about the rehearsals, emphasizing their importance, and asking him to see to the scenery at Liverpool and Manchester.

To JOHN WILLMOTT,[†1] 6 JULY 1847†

MS Shakespeare Memorial Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixth July 1847.

My Dear Willmott

Not knowing your address, I wrote to Mr. Forster yesterday, begging him to write to you,[†2] and to say that I had sent round the first Rehearsal Call for Every Man in His Humour, for Saturday the 17th., at Miss Kelly's, at half past 6 exactly. Also that I had summoned the whole company to some Rehearsal or other, at the same time and place, all through the then ensuing week. We shall act at Liverpool [†a]on the 28th.[†a] and at Manchester (day not yet fixed) on the 26th. or 27th., I have no doubt. [†a]We must be very particular with the Rehearsals, as we shall lose you a day or two before the performance. For I intend asking you to go down that much before us, to look out the Scenery and Properties.[†a]

We shall have great houses, I have no doubt, and a pleasant expedition.

[†a]Prompt-books I will bring, on Saturday the 17th.[†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Willmott.

To FRANCIS ROBINSON, 7 JULY 1847†

MS Yale University Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seventh July[†3] 1847.

My Dear Sir.

[†b]As it has been proposed that we should act in Liverpool on the 28th. I presume I may consider the *26th.* as the night fixed for Manchester.

We shall be down to rehearse on the stage, on the Morning of performance,[†b] and we will send Mr. Willmott—perhaps you will have the kindness to inform them at the Theatre—who was Mr. Macready's Stage Director in London, a day or so before, to look to the Scenery and properties.

You do not mention whether the Band is included in the charge for the Theatre. We wish it to be good, and efficient, and I shall feel greatly obliged, if some of the Committee will have the kindness to see to this for us—strengthening it, even, at some small additional expence, if need be.

We should wish, if possible, to have at least one private box on the Stage,

retained for the Company—two would be better, but we should be sorry to engross a second, if it could be well let.

I should like to have the Overture to Fra Diavolo, before the Comedy; the Overture to La Gazza Ladra, before the interlude; and the Overture to Massaniello before the Farce.[†1] The Music between the Acts, as cheerful as possible. I mention all these things as they occur to me to save you the trouble of referring to future letters.

[†b]A Memorandum of the Bill, I enclose.[†b†2] Not in any set form, but merely for you to use as you think best. If there be any local objection to the proposed time of beginning (which I hope there may not be) you will, of course, alter it.[†3]

Now, as to the Prices. I have never dared to place before myself, in imagination, the exact Sum to be realized in Manchester; and I have a very imperfect idea of the capacity of the House, in which I have only once been. But I should, I need not say, desire to get as much as possible—still, not to exclude any class of real "sympathizers".

[†b]The proposed Liverpool prices,[†4] are very good, I think

Lower boxes	10/-
Upper boxes	7/6
Do. boxes	5/-
Pit	5/-

Gallery eighteen pence *or* two shillings.

But it is impossible for me to be so good a judge on this head, as the Committee. Whatever the Committee decide on, I shall be certain is the best thing.[†b†5]

Dear Sir Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Robinson Esquire

P.S [†b]I have not, in this bill, mentioned the Ladies. They will all be local Actresses, I believe.[†b†6] In the complete bill, I will insert them.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, 8 JULY 1847

Mention in American Art Association Catalogue, 22 Nov 1922; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Broadstairs, 8 July 47.

Regarding the Benefit performances for Leigh Hunt and John Poole, at Liverpool and Manchester, July 1847.[†7]

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 9 [JULY] 1847*

MS Carl Pforzheimer Library. *Date:* Clearly "June" was written in mistake for July: see next. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire | 4 Clifton Terrace | near the Baths | Gravesend.

Broadstairs Ninth June 1847

My Dear George

Buy Turning the tables—*Duncombe's* Edition of the Acting Drama—No. 101, I think—and look at Old Knibbs.†1 I think you would make it funny. There is not much in it, but there are very few words (which, in the short time, is a great point, as I believe you are busy, and not a "quick study") and if you will do it, and come prepared on the 17th., my troubles are over.

Ever Yours Cordially

CD

To MARK LEMON, 9 JULY 1847

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs. | Friday Ninth July 1847.

My Dear Lemon.

I have decided thus—To write to Jerrold, and ask him if he would like to play Bumps. If not, to play it myself—though I hate it†2—and so try to get the piece through, quickly.

Cruikshank I will ask to play old Knibbs!!!†3

Rehearsal, my dear fellow, I cannot reasonably postpone: having made such an immense point of it with all the people concerned—and the time will be so very short. But can't you come later?†4 I would then try to get on with Turning the Tables, first. I have ousted all sorts of people from Miss Kelly's that night.

I don't understand about your endeavouring to get the ladies to the next Rehearsal. I thought they were to be local—but it is all one, and I know you will do what is unquestionably best. There are now *three* wanted for Turning the tables. Miss Knibbs, Mrs. Humphries, Patty Larkins.

No, no—Good Night's rest, second, at Manchester, because of the Dressing. *We* are safe. *They* an't.†5

Ever Yours heartily

CD

Or couldn't you change your Punch day, at such a pass, and with such a notice, and make it Friday ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?†6 I assure you *my* daily inconveniences and correspondence are overwhelming so that if *I* could draw (like you) I should represent myself thus†7

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, [9 JULY 1847][†1]

Mention in last. Envelope only, MS Dunedin Public Library. *Date:* PM Ramsgate 9 July 47. *Address:* Douglas Jerrold Esquire | West Lodge | Putney Heath | near London.

Asking Jerrold if he would like to take the part of Jeremiah Bumps in Turning the Tables.

To G. H. LEWES, 9 JULY 1847*

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Ninth July 1847.

My Dear Lewes

Invest six pence in the purchase of Poole's Turning the Tables—*Duncombe's* Edition of the Acting Drama—No. 101, I think—get up Jack Humphries (an admirable part) and come prepared on the 17th.

Cordially

CD.

To H. P. SMITH, 9 JULY 1847†

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Broadstairs. Ninth July 1847.

My Dear Smith.

[†a]I don't think I have got the money!!—Don't be alarmed. I haven't spent it; but my solicitor wrote to ask me if I should like a good Mortgage at 5 per cent, and I told him yes, and I presume it will come off.[†2] I shall have no more to "dispoge"[†3] of, in that case, until two or three months hence. I had therefore best say "No. Engaged." to Mr. Kirby.[†a†4]

I am really more obliged to you for your kindness about the Eagle (as I always call your house[†5]) with its tiddle tol toor rul[†6] &c (as your singing doctor calls it) than I can say. But when I come to town, tomorrow week, for the Liverpool and

Manchester plays, I shall have Kate and Georgy with me. Moreover, I shall be continually going out and coming in, at unholy hours. Item, the timid will come at impossible seasons, to "go over" their parts, with the Manager. Item, two Jews with musty sacks of dresses,[†1] will be constantly coming backwards and forwards. Item, sounds as of groans will be heard, while the Inimitable Boz is "getting" his words—which happens all day. Item, Forster will incessantly deliver an address by Bulwer. Item, one hundred letters per diem will arrive from Manchester and Liverpool; and five actresses, in very limp bonnets, with extraordinary veils attached to them, will be always calling, protected by five mothers.

No no, my actuary. Some congenial Tavern is the fitting scene for these things, if I don't get into Devonshire Terrace, whereof I have some spark of hope. Eagles couldn't look the Sun in the face,[†2] and have such enormities going on in their nests.

I am, for the time, that obscene thing, in short, now chronicled in the Marylebone register of births—

A Player[†3]

Though still Yours

CD.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 9 JULY 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Ninth July 1847.

My Dear Thompson

Will you invest sixpence in the purchase of Turning the tables *Duncombe's* Edition of the Acting Drama (No. 101, I think) and get up Thornton;[†4] the part you spoke of. Come prepared on the 17th.

Ever

CD.

I write 100 letters a day, about these plays.

To JOHN FORSTER [10 JULY 1847]*

MS Private. *Date:* A note in another hand below CD's signature records "10/25 | 10 July 47",[†5] perhaps recording time of receipt as well as date.

To[†6] Mr. Forster, 58 Lincolns Inn Fields, London,[†7] Mr. Charles Dickens will come from Broadstairs today on business; arriving at London Bridge at a quarter to three. Mr. Forster, to find Mr. Douglas Jerrold, if possible.

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM JERDAN, [9 or 10 JULY 1847]

Mention in Jerdan *to* Hans Andersen, 11 July: see *To* Jerdan, 14 July 47, *fn.*

To ALEXANDER IRELAND, 11 JULY 1847†

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eleventh July 1847.

My Dear Sir

[†a]Did Mr. Knowles of the Manchester Theatre, ever act Shylock? He seems to me the very man for the part. His conception, in regard of the pound of flesh, I should think would be very fine.[†a]

I am much indebted to you for the present of your notice of Hunt's books.[†1] I cannot praise it better or more appropriately, than by saying it is in Hunt's own spirit, and most charmingly expressed. I had the most sincere and hearty pleasure in reading it.

Your announcement of the Working Man's Life, had attracted my attention, by reason of the title, which had a great interest to me.[†2] I hardly know why there is something wanting, to my fancy, in a certain genuine simple air I had looked for, in the first part. But there is great promise in it, and I shall be earnest to know how it proceeds.[†3]

Now, to leave these pleasant matters, and resume my managerial character, which I shall be heartily glad (between ourselves) to lay down again, though I have none but pleasant correspondents, and the most easily governable company of actors, on earth.

I have written to Mr. Robinson by this post, that I wish these words, from our original London circular, to stand atop of the bills, after "For the Benefit of Mr. Leigh Hunt."—

"It is proposed to devote a portion of the proceeds of this benefit, to the assistance of another celebrated writer—whose literary career is at an end, and who has no provision for the decline of his life."[†4]

I have also told him that there is no objection to its being known that this is Mr. Poole, the author of Paul Pry[†5] and Little Pedlington,[†6] and many comic pieces of great merit; and whose Farce of Turning the Tables we mean to finish

with, at Manchester. Beyond what he will get from these benefits, he has no resource in this wide world, *I know*.[†1] There are reasons which make it desirable to get this fact abroad, and if you see no objection to paragraphing it at your office (sending the paragraph round, if you should please, to the other Manchester papers) I should be much obliged to you.

You may like to know, as a means of engendering a more complete individual interest in our actors, who they are. Jerrold and myself, you have heard of. Mr. George Cruikshank and Mr. Leech (the best caricaturists of any time perhaps) need no introduction. Mr. Frank Stone (a Manchester man)[†2] and Mr. Egg, are artists of high reputation. Mr. Forster is the critic of the Examiner, the author of the Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth, and very distinguished as a writer in the Edinburgh Review. Mr. Lewes is also a man of great attainments in polite literature, and the author of a Novel published not long since, called Ranthorpe.[†3] Mr. Costello[†4] is a periodical writer, and a gentleman renowned as a Tourist.[†5] Mr. Mark Lemon is a dramatic author, and the Editor of Punch—a most excellent actor, as you will find. My brothers play small parts, for love, and have no greater note than the Treasury and the City confer on their disciples. Mr. Thompson is a private gentleman, [†b]who fell in love with Miss Weller, the fair piano forte

player of Liverpool once upon a time, and married her.[†b] You may know all this; but I thought it possible you might like to hold the key to our *full* company. Pray use it, as you will.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 11 JULY 1847

Text from *Letters to Mark Lemon by CD,* ed. T. J. Wise, privately printed, 1917, p. 7.

Broadstairs, | Sunday, Eleventh July, 1847.

My Dear Lemon,

The manner in which they are persecuting me, at Manchester and Liverpool, for the "full bill"! You can form no idea of it.

Can you tell me who plays these parts:—

Comfortable Lodgings {
Dame Kitely—
Bridget—
Madame Pelagie—
Antoinette—

Turning the Tables {
Miss Knibbs—
Mrs. Humphries—
Patty Larkins—[†1]

For the love of mental repose in general, fill up these blanks with all speed, and return me the *dramatis personae.* So will I play up in tip-top style my Stranger and my Rigmarole.[†2]

Ever yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT,[†3] 11 JULY 1847*

MS Miss Phyllis L. Ruddock.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eleventh July 1847.

My Dear Sir

First let me thank you, for myself and for my brothers, for your most kind invitation.[†4] I would readily have accepted it; but as the President of the party, I should not have felt it right, under any circumstances, to desert my post at the head of the table; and I recollect an affecting appeal being made by the weaker vessels, at the outset of this enterprize, that we should "keep together", &c. &c. To this, I

solemnly bound myself, in a patriarchal manner; and to Mr. Radley,[†5] I must render up myself, accordingly. But, I assure you, I thank you none the less.

Will you allow me to beg that *in all future bills*,[†6] after the words "for the Benefit of Mr. Leigh Hunt", which should now be printed after the name of the Theatre, these words, from our original London circular, may be added: viz:

"It is proposed to devote a portion of the proceeds of this benefit, to the assistance of another celebrated writer—whose literary career is at an end, and who has no provision for the decline of his life."[†7]

There is no objection to its being known that this is Mr. Poole, the author of Paul Pry, and little Pedlington, and many other productions of great celebrity and merit, who, without this assistance, has really no resource on earth. So far from its being objectionable to have this known, there are reasons which make it rather desirable. And if you could cause a paragraph to be inserted in any of the Liverpool papers, noticing this second clause, and saying, in effect, it was understood Mr. Poole was aimed at, I should be greatly beholden to you. He is distinctly referred to, in the address.[†1]

You do not mention the Liverpool night. I take it for granted it is the 28th.

I will send you the complete bill, as soon as I receive the names of the ladies from Mr. Lemon, to whom I have confided their engagements. Can you tell me, by return of Post, which Interlude you think would be best liked in Liverpool—"A Good Nights Rest, or Two o'Clock in the Morning"—very effective, and in which there are only two parts—played by Mr. Lemon and myself—or Mr. Poole's Farce of Turning the Tables, in which there are four or five parts, and which is also very droll. By return of post again, I will then send you the full bill, which, I take it, would come out with great effect, about Saturday next.

The Company are particularly anxious that nobody should come behind the scenes, while the performance is in progress—so anxious, that I mention it.

I have given Mr. Ireland of Manchester, a clue to the different performers, in case there be any whose names are not known in Liverpool and Manchester. If you would like to have that key, he will be happy to give it you I am sure—though I dare say he will notice it in his paper.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, [13] JULY 1847

Text from MDGH, I, 181-2. *Date:* misdated by CD; Tuesday was 13 July.

Broadstairs, Kent, Tuesday, July 14th, 1847.

My Dear Miss Power,

Though I am hopeless of Rosherville until after the 28th—for am I not beckoned, by angels of charity and by local committees, to Manchester and Liverpool, and to all sorts of bedevilments (if I may be allowed the expression) in the way of managerial miseries in the meantime—here I find myself falling into parenthesis within parenthesis, like Lord Brougham[†2]—yet will I joyfully

come up to London on Friday, to dine at your house and meet the Dane,[†1] whose Books I honour, and whose—to make the sentiment complete, I want something that would sound like "Bones, I love!" but I can't get anything that unites reason with beauty. You, who have genius and beauty in your own person, will supply the gap in your kindness.

An advertisement in the newspapers mentioning the dinner-time, will be esteemed a favour.

Some wild beasts (in cages) have come down here, and involved us in a whirl of dissipation. A young lady in complete armour[†2]—at least, in something that shines very much, and is exceedingly scaley—goes into the den of ferocious lions, tigers, leopards, etc., and pretends to go to sleep upon the principal lion, upon which a rustic keeper, who speaks through his nose, exclaims, "Behold the abazid power of woobad!" and we all applaud tumultuously.

Seriously, she beats Van Amburgh. And I think the Duke of Wellington must have her painted by Landseer.

My penitential regards to Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, and my own Marchioness.[†3]

Ever, dear Miss Power, | Very faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS BEARD, 14 JULY 1847

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street.

Broadstairs | Fourteenth July 1847.

My Dear Beard

What are you a talking on? An't we coming to London (Victoria Hotel Euston Square) on Friday, to attend Rehearsals of charitable plays at Manchester and Liverpool? Shan't I be absent from here, until the 1st of August? Isn't my life weary along o' these draymers? That you should have been and gone and missed last Saturday! Wild beasts too, at Ramsgate, and a young lady in armour, as goes into the dens, while a rustic keeper who speaks through his nose, exclaims, "Beold the abazid power of woobbud!"

Never mind, never mind. The Margate Theatre's a going to open,[†1]—but there is no Conway Lingham. We will try the other actors. I understand there are some Pashangermarjits among 'em from whom much may be expected. We will discourse of all this, in the great metropolis.

Ever Heartily

CD

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 JULY 1847*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts | Stratton Street.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourteenth July 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I shall be in town next week (Victorial[†2] Hotel, Euston Square) and will come to you, either on Wednesday or Thursday Morning.[†3]

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charley thoroughly recovered—fat—and brown.

To [W. B. HODGSON], 14 JULY 1847*

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourteenth July 1847.

My Dear Sir.

As I take it for granted that the proposed change in your way of life, is for the better,[†4] I congratulate you upon it, and as one who has a very sincere interest in you, am glad it is to take place. But I look upon your loss to that great Institution in Liverpool,[†5] as perfectly irreparable; and that, I cannot but regret.

I feel that we have wanted you, sorely, in reference to the Benefit. Their emendation of the Circular (between ourselves) was not judiciously made. I should like them to have stated plainly, exactly what I stated in my letter: namely, that without help, Hunt could really not enjoy his *late* pension. I send a line to that effect, today, for the top of the bills[†6]—to Dr. Sheridan Muspratt.

The inconsistency of the two scales of prices,[†7] is equally manifest. But I have

the greatest confidence in your management; and when I suppose you to be at Liverpool, shall feel quite easy.

Mr. Ireland's article on Hunt,[†1] most excellent. He told me the Oxford letter was yours;[†2] and I read it with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.[†3]

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM JERDAN, 14 JULY 1847

Text from W. T. Spencer catalogue No. 104 (1901). *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 14 July 47.

My Dear Jerdan,[†4]

I dine at Gore House on Friday, when we will discuss our great question.[†5] Tell Andersen not to let the Nimrods[†6] of London kill him, but to live and write more books. I mean, if I can, to live and read 'em.[†7]

Ever yours, dear Jerdan,
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, [14 JULY 1847]

Mention in *To* Hodgson, 14 July, possibly with the "full bill"[†8] and notes on the performers,[†9] mentioned in *To* Muspratt, 11 July.

To [WILLIAM] PHILLIPS,[†1] 14 JULY 1847*

MS Private.

Broadstairs, Kent | Fourteenth July 1847.

My Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness, whenever you shall receive a request to that effect from Sir James Duke, to send a clerk to Devonshire Terrace, to go over the inventory[†2] at such time as he may appoint? I will take care to have a servant there, at the same time, to occupy the house.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—— Phillips Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER [?9-19 JULY 1847]

Extracts in F, VI, i, 456. *Dates:* from various letters according to Forster, but not necessarily in Forster's order followed below; the last extract *c.* 19 July, "ten days after the casting" which was not before 9 July; all have a note of urgency suggesting that the rehearsals were fairly well advanced. Forster says they were about both farces and comedies, but especially farces.

Good Heaven! I find that A.[†3] hasn't twelve words, and I am in hourly expectation of rebellion!

You were right about the green baize, that it would certainly muffle the voices; and some of our actors, by Jove, haven't too much of that commodity at the best.

B. shocked me so much the other night by a restless, stupid movement of his hands in his first scene with you,[†4] that I took a turn of an hour with him yesterday morning, and I hope quieted his nerves a little.

I made a desperate effort to get C. to give up his part. Yet in spite of all the trouble he gives me I am sorry for him, he is so evidently hurt by his own sense of not doing well. He clutched the part, however, tenaciously; and three weary times we dragged through it last night.

That infernal E. forgets everything.

I plainly see that F. when nervous, which he is sure to be, loses his memory. Moreover his asides are inaudible, even at Miss Kelly's; and as regularly as I stop him to say them again, he exclaims (with a face of agony) that "he'll speak loud on the night", as if anybody ever did without doing it always!

G. not born for it at all, and too innately conceited, I much fear, to do anything well. I thought him better last night, but I would as soon laugh at a kitchen poker.

Fancy H,[†1] ten days after the casting of that farce, wanting F.'s part therein! Having himself an excellent old man in it already, and a quite admirable part in the other farce.

To RICHARD CREED,[†2] 22 JULY 1847*

MS Railway Museum, York.

Victoria Hotel. | Thursday Twenty Second July 1847.

Sir.

I had the honor of calling on you at your office[†3] this morning, and sent a card to you by one of the gentlemen there. But you were busily engaged and could not be found. Hence, I trouble you with this note.

What I desired to say, is, that a large party of gentlemen connected with Literature and Art, purpose going to Manchester, on a public occasion, by the Ten o'Clock train on Sunday Morning next. As they are under my guidance, I shall be much obliged if you will direct four compartments of first class carriages to be marked "Engaged", in my name (there will be four and twenty persons in the party); and that if I *could*, consistently with the official regulations, pay the fares beforehand, it would be an additional convenience, perhaps.[†4]

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

R. Creed Esquire.

To JAMES RADLEY, 22 JULY 1847*

MS Huntington Library.

Victoria Hotel, Euston Square, London | Twenty Second July 1847.

Dear Mr. Radley.

The whole Amateur Company intend making a descent on your house[†5] on Tuesday.[†6] I send you, on the other side, a list of the bedrooms we shall require; and to prevent confusion on the arrival of so large a party, I think it will be a wise arrangement if you will have the name of each bedroom's occupant, put up

outside the door. We shall require a pretty large sitting-room, I need not say—and dinner on Tuesday, if you please, at 5 o'Clock.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bedrooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens	33[†1]	
Miss Hogarth	29	
Mr. and Mrs. Lemon	30	
Mr. and Mrs. Leech	20	
Mr. and Mrs. Thompson[†2]	11	
Mrs. Shaw	19	
Mr. and Mrs. Costello	21	
Mr. and Mrs. Lewes	23	
Mrs. Wigan	55	
Mr. Jerrold	56	
Mr. Forster	58	
Mr. Willmot	59	
Mr. Stone	60	
Mr. Maclise	82	
Mr. George Cruikshank	83	
Mr. Egg	72	
Mr. A. Dickens	9	
Mr. F. Dickens	9	18 *bedrooms in all.*

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [23 or 24 JULY 1847]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Friday was 23 July, but see *fn.*

Finchley | Friday

My Dear Miss Coutts. I came out this morning with Mrs. Dickens, in the hope of seeing you. I am going to Manchester tomorrow,[†3] and purpose returning on Thursday next. I will take my chance of finding you out here, next morning—Friday—unless I should hear (by note addressed to me at the Victoria Hotel Euston Square) that you will be in town instead.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, 30 [JULY] 1847

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen. *Date:* misdated by CD; he returned on 30 July.

Victoria Hotel, Euston Square.
Friday Night Thirtieth August 1847.

My Dear Sir.

Returning to town this evening from Liverpool, four and twenty hours later than I had expected, I am sorry to find that my tenant,[†1] having some opposition to his election in Scotland[†2] (for he is a Member of Parliament) has gone out of town hurriedly, and entreated me to allow him to remain in occupation of my house, a fortnight longer. In addition to this vexatious circumstance, a lady who came back with us has been taken ill here, and there is great confusion and distress in consequence:[†3] the hotel being very full.

I write this hasty note to express my regret that I find myself, thus unexpectedly, without a house and home to receive you in on Sunday Morning,[†4] and am forced—sorely against my will—to postpone the pleasure of seeing you as my guest, until your next visit to London. I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you tomorrow at about 2 o'Clock, to express my regret in person, and to bring you those books which you made me happy by saying would be acceptable to you.[†5]

My Dear Sir I am always, with admiration and regard,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hans Andersen Esquire

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, [30 JULY 1847]

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen. *Date:* confirmed by Andersen's diary (see E. Bredsdorff, *Hans Andersen and CD,* 1956, p. 22).

In Your room | Saturday ½ past 2

My Dear Sir

I call on you, and find you, unfortunately, from home—Accept the little parcel of books[†6] I leave with this—and write me one line addressed to me at "Broadstairs, Kent" telling me when you leave town.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Hans Christian Andersen Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [31 JULY 1847]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD had returned from Liverpool on Fri 30 July.

Stratton Street | Saturday

My Dear Miss Coutts

I seem fated to miss you. Having been detained in Liverpool a day longer than I had expected,[†1] I did not reach Town until 9 o'Clock last night. To day I fear it will be impossible for me to get to Finchley; and I have promised the children that I will be at Broadstairs tomorrow, to dine with them.

I shall see Mr. Chesterton today, and learn from him how the business of the Lease[†2] is progressing. I can easily come to town in a few hours, whenever you wish to see me, and by taking the Express train can easily reach here any day by 12 o'Clock. Supposing nothing arises to produce a summons from you (for which, however, I shall always be in readiness, as I can return on the same day, in case I should be busy at the time) I will write to you some few days before my next visit to town, which I think will be on this day fortnight, and make an appointment for bringing the Matron.[†3] All the initiative proceedings in the way of alteration and adaptation are quite understood between Mr. Chesterton and myself, and ready to be entered upon, as soon as the Lease is settled. I understand from him that the delay is not attributable in any way to your solicitor, but to the determination of *our* side that you are not to be taken advantage of, because of your position. Which is sound sense and justice.

You will be glad to hear that our Nurse writes great news of the disappearance of the whooping cough, and that Charley is every day more robust and hearty.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most faithfully Yours
CD.

August

To THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LOST LUGGAGE DEPARTMENT, 1 AUGUST 1847*

MS The Misses Schön.

Broadstairs Kent. | Sunday First August 1847.

Sir.

I beg to solicit your good offices in reference to a dark green dispatch box, with a brass handle in the lid, but without any name or other mark outside, which was by some means mislaid on the Railway, between Liverpool and London, on Friday last.

I left Liverpool by the eleven o'Clock day train, and put the box myself in the

coupé[†1] of a Mail carriage, which the superintendent of the Station there, had the goodness to set aside for the convenience of myself and my party. I travelled in the coupé as far as Whitmore.[†2] My companion alighting at that part of the line, I took my seat in another compartment of the same Mail carriage—forgetting, however, to remove the box, which was under the seat. When I arrived in London with my companions (who occupied the whole mail carriage, exclusive of the coupé) the box was not to be found; and my impression is, that it must have been taken out, for safety's sake, by some servant of the Company at Birmingham. It is possible however that this may have been done, even in London, as some delay arose before I enquired about it, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of a lady[†3] in the centre compartment of the Mail.

My servant made some enquiries at the London Terminus, both yesterday and this morning, respecting this box. As there was no intelligence of it, and as I left town for this place this morning, I beg to say that I am exceedingly anxious to recover it, and that Mr. Horne of the Victoria Hotel Euston Square, will be happy to take charge of it, if it be found. I have very little fear of its being lost, if you will do me the favor to institute a search for it.[†4]

I have the honor to be | Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Superintendent | of | The Lost Luggage Department

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 AUGUST 1847

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street | London.

Broadstairs | Monday Second August 1847.

My Dear Beard

We are returned after a most brilliant and successful trip;[†5] and are now anchored in this port—as we seafaring men observe—and hoping to see you. If you don't come down on Saturday, my opinion is that you are done for, so far as your character for reliability is concerned.

Every Yours Heartily
CD.
Loves from all
Thomas Beard Esquire

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 2 AUGUST 1847

Extract in N, II, 45 (from catalogue source); dated Broadstairs, 2 Aug 47.

As I am making up the accounts of the late benefit which you will be glad to hear has been brilliantly successful, will you do me the favour to send me a memorandum by post of the amount in which we all are indebted to you.

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 AUGUST 1847]

Extract in F, VI, i, 458. *Date:* 3 Aug according to Forster.

All well. Children immensely improved.[†1] Business arising out of the late blaze of triumph, worse than ever.[†2]

To MARK LEMON, 3 AUGUST 1847

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday August Third 1847.

My Dear Lemon.

Many thanks for the Manchester Notice[†3]—the best I have seen, I think—of course.

What a tremendous chance that Leech's little girl was not born on the Railway! I trust in God, having gone so far, all will go on well and happily.

Mrs. Dickens wants to know—and so do I—why you and Mrs. Lemon can't make a start down here, either by boat or rail (*I* prefer boat) and stay two or three days with us. We can give you everything but a bed, and that we can provide for you, next door. It is the quietest little place in the world—the sea, delicious—nobody to mind, or dress for—a hearty welcome—and an opportunity for you and me to discuss one or two little points about the business matters of the late blaze of triumph, which will be very useful. Come! Say when! Kate sends love to Mrs. Lemon, and calls upon her to say when! All times are alike to us.

I find that charging every gentleman with his own lady, and *not* charging the ladies to the general body (which on this occasion at all events I think the most independent, and the fairest way) a whip of £3..10..0 each will handsomely and generously pay the wine charges on the late trip. Will you receive the various

contributions, and when you have them all, or a good round sum, pay it in to my account at Coutts's? I write to everybody by this post, begging them to remit their money to you, and informing all that as soon

as the accounts are all got in, everybody shall receive a copy of the balance sheet I will make out.[†1] Egg's letter I enclose to you, as I don't know his address.

Do you think it quite consistent that Nathan should charge us £25 for each night, when on one night the dresses for Comfortable Lodgings were not used?[†2]

Wilson's charges[†3] I suppose you have not yet got, as he came down to Herne Bay[†4] in the same boat with me last Sunday, on his way to the bewigment of the Canterbury amateurs.[†5]

Ever My Dear Lemon | Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Will you get from B and E, their charges for printing and paper,[†6] as against the dropped Covent Garden Benefits?
Mark Lemon Esquire

I ought to repay you for your dinner on the day you left Liverpool. And I will, if you will tell me the amount.

To G. H. LEWES, 3 AUGUST 1847*

MS Berg Collection.

(Circular)

Broadstairs, Kent. | Third August 1847.

My Dear Lewes

I send you on the other side, a Statement of your debt to the Fund. Will you remit the amount to Mark Lemon, Punch Office, 85 Fleet Street.

I will send you a copy of the complete balance sheet, as soon as it can be made out.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

G. H. Lewes Esquire.

G. H. Lewes Esquire

G. H. Lewes Esquire

1 lady's Railroad fare	1..	17..	6
Do. Hotel Expences, five days and a half	5..	15..	6
Your Wine subscription	3..	10..	0
	£11..	3.	0

Add Railroad fare to Liverpool—		6.	6
	£11	9.	6

To FRANK STONE, 3 AUGUST 1847*

MS Benoliel Collection.

(*Circular*)

Broadstairs, Kent | Third August 1847.

My Dear Stone.

Going through the accounts, and charging each gentleman with his own lady or ladies, I find that a subscription of £3..10..0 each, for Wine, will be a sufficient and very handsome relief to the benefit fund, on the score of hotel charges.

Will you be so kind as to remit that amount to Mark Lemon 85 Fleet Street? I will send you a copy of the final and complete balance sheet, as soon as it can be made out.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

Frank Stone Esquire.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 3 AUGUST 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday Third August 1847.

My Dear Thompson.

I send you, on the other side, your debit to the Benefit Fund. Will you remit the amount to Mark Lemon 85 Fleet Street, or at Bradbury and Evans's Whitefriars.

As soon as the accounts are all got in and settled, I will send you a copy of the balance sheet.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

T. J. Thompson Esquire

T. J. Thompson Esquire

1 lady's fare by Railway	1..	17..	6
Do. Hotel charges, 5 days and a half at a guinea	5..	15..	6

Do. Mrs. Shaw,[†1] say four days	4..	4..	0
Do. for servant, say	1..	0..	0
Your wine subscription	3..	10..	0
2 lady's railroad fares to Liverpool	—..	13..	0
	£17..	0..	0
Add servants Railway fares	1..	16..	6
	£18.	16.	6[†2]

To MARY DICKENS, 4 AUGUST 1847

Text from MDGH, I, 182-3.

Broadstairs, Wednesday, August 4th, 1847.

My Dearest Mamey,

I am delighted to hear that you are going to improve in your spelling, because nobody can write properly without spelling well. But I know you will learn whatever you are taught, because you are always good, industrious, and attentive. That is what I always say of my Mamey.

The note you sent me this morning is a very nice one, and the spelling is beautiful.

Always, my dear Mamey,

Your affectionate Papa.

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 AUGUST 1847]

Extract in F, VI, i, 458. *Date:* 4 Aug according to Forster.

Saying that he wanted to add a further £100 to the fund[†3] raised by the Amateur players, by writing a little jeu d'esprit in the form of a history of the trip, to be published with illustrations from the artists; and his notion was to write it in the

character of Mrs Gamp.[†1] *The title-page would describe it as an Account of a late Expedition into the North, for an Amateur Theatrical Benefit, written by Mrs. Gamp* (*who was an eye-witness*), *Inscribed to Mrs. Harris, Edited by Charles Dickens, and published, with illustrations on wood by so and so, in aid of the Benefit-fund.*

What do you think of this idea for it? The argument would be, that Mrs. Gamp, being on the eve of an excursion to Margate as a relief from her professional fatigues, comes to the knowledge of the intended excursion of our party; hears that several of the ladies concerned are in an interesting situation;[†2] and decides to accompany the party unbeknown, in a second-class carriage—"in case". There, she finds a gentleman from the Strand in a checked suit, who is going down with the wigs[†3] and to his politeness Mrs. Gamp is indebted for much support and countenance during the excursion. She will describe the whole thing in her own manner: sitting, in each place of performance, in the orchestra, next the gentleman who plays the kettle-drums. She gives her critical opinion of Ben Jonson as a literary character, and refers to the

different members of the party, in the course of her description of the trip: having always an invincible animosity towards Jerrold, for Caudle reasons.[†4] She addresses herself, generally, to Mrs. Harris, to whom the book is dedicated,—but is discursive. Amount of matter, half a sheet of *Dombey:* may be a page or so more, but not less.[†5] Mac will make a little garland of the ladies for the title-page. Egg and Stone will themselves originate something fanciful, and I will settle with Cruikshank and Leech. I have no doubt the little thing will be droll and attractive.

To W. B. HODGSON, [4 AUGUST 1847]

Mention in next.

To ALEXANDER IRELAND, 4 AUGUST 1847*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday Fourth August | 1847.

My Dear Sir,

See what comes of your being so kind as to give me leave to trouble you.

May I ask the favour of your sending round the advertisement written on the other side, to all the respectable Manchester papers, and paying for its insertion, once in each.[†1] If you will send me a note of the cost, I will forward you, by return, a Post Office order for the amount.

I have sent a counterpart to Hodgson at Liverpool,[†2] with a similar request in reference to the Liverpool papers. The counterpart has reference to Liverpool, of course, and goes by this post.

My Dear Sir,
[CHARLES DICKENS][†3]

To A. Ireland Esquire.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 6 AUGUST 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Sixth August 1847.

My Dear Sir

When you have the halfyear's accounts to the end of June, made out, will you post them to me here, as I am anxious to look over them, with a view to the cheap Edition.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 6 AUGUST 1847

Text from *Letters to Mark Lemon by CD,* ed. T. J. Wise, pp. 7-8.

Broadstairs, | Friday, Sixth August, 1847.

My Dear Lemon,

Write about!—Lord love you, I have a million of theatrical things to write

about to you, if I had time and pens. Forster will have told you by this time of my notion of the book.[†1] I hope you'll like it. I think it will be funny.

If you don't go to America with the money (which I wouldn't, if I were you, because, under the late treaty,[†2] the Republic will give you up—when you have spent it) *of course* you must come here with Mrs. Lemon. I have been revolving the Prospectus of the new Association[†3] in my head to such a devil of an extent that I am ready—though I haven't attached your plan to it—and in one fine morning on the sands we could fix it in black and white. All you have got to do is to write and say when you are coming. Please do that, Mister Rigmarole,[†4] and I'll meet you on the shore whenever and wherever it be. I should recommend a Margate boat, with a view to Mrs. Lemon.

Poor Leech! I have a ludicrous idea of him in that smallest of coops.[†5] But the comicality is tempered and chastened in my mind by a fore-knowledge of the bill. It is the very dearest house I know.

I enclose two cheques. One (crossed) of £55 15 0, for Nathan—one, not crossed, of £3, for Miss Romer.[†6]

Here's the African Roscius playing at Margate.[†7] We must go, you know.

Kate and her sister send loves to Mrs. Lemon. I send anything that will be taken in.

Ever yours heartily,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Will you tell Wilson to send me his account *directly*? I am mad to get the balance-sheet disposed of.

To R. B. PEAKE, 6 AUGUST 1847*

MS Chicago University Library.

Broadstairs. | Sixth August 1847.

My Dear Sir

I send you immediately, the balance due on the Covent Garden expenditure.[†1]

The country performances went off with astonishing success. Such brilliant audiences, and such extraordinarily generous responses to the appeal made, one could hardly have imagined possible.

I will not fail to let you know the result, as soon as I am enabled, by having all the documents together, to make out the balance sheet. "I have an idea"[†2] as somebody says in one of those dismal Morton[†3] Comedies, which shall be yours anon.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. B. Peake Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, 8 AUGUST 1847*

MS The Royal Shakespeare Theatre Library.

Broadstairs | Sunday Eighth August 1847.

My Dear Mitton

I should have sent you those newspapers which crossed your letter, sooner; but a Dispatch box of mine containing them, was lost upon the railway coming home,[†4] and not recovered here, until last Friday.

The success was brilliant, and you can imagine nothing like the reception they gave me at both places—standing up as one person, and shouting incessantly for a good ten minutes.[†5] The whole company acted excellently—I do not think any of them could have done better. It was hard work of course, for we were at it all day. But, at night, a very beautiful scene indeed—the Theatres being both large and crammed to the roof with people in full dress, who "took" everything in a manner I never saw equalled.[†6] We received nine hundred pounds, odd! But the expences are large, by reason of the charges incurred for the dropped Covent Garden Benefit.

I intend turning this to account once a year, and trying to shame the English

Government, by giving as much every year to the reduced professors of Art, Literature, and Science, as the whole Civil List gives, on account of Great Britain. I have a scheme[†1] in my head for the purpose.

So I hope you will, one of these days see that Two o'Clock in the Morning, which, though I say it as shouldn't, is the best done thing, from beginning to end, and the drollest, you ever saw. The people laughed so, at it, at Manchester—as the grave Court did at the St. James's[†2]—that it was impossible to keep a grave face, and all but impossible to go on. I never heard or saw such laughing in a theatre. The people were drooping over the fronts of the boxes like fruit. And the carpenters and people behind, who were attending to the machinery of the scene (of which there is a good deal) had the most ridiculous tears rolling down their faces all the time.

I couldn't stand upon my legs on the Thursday after the Liverpool night: having been upon them, in the Theatre, fourteen hours[†3]—and the same at Manchester—and having danced, like a Madman on the Tuesday night.[†4] I was obliged to stay at Liverpool all Thursday, to rest.[†5] Before acting on the Wednesday night, I had a mustard poultice on my throat—being hoarse—and ate a bushel of anchovies, without bread or anything else, in the course of the evening, to keep my voice going! the oldest and best theatrical recipe.

Nothing could have been more complete. It amply repaid all trouble, and was perfectly splendid.

We have quite got over the whooping cough, thank God. I propose staying here, until the end of September. Let me hear where you go, and how you get on. I'll pay Roper.[†6] I may possibly call upon you on Tuesday next, but don't wait in, as it is very uncertain. Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 11 AUGUST 1847*

MS Mrs M. Long-Fox.

Broadstairs | Eleventh August 1847

Gentlemen

I beg to say, in reference to your obliging letter of the 9th. Instant, that the

amount paid in as from Mr. Mark Lemon,[†1] is *not* the sum from Liverpool to which I referred. The latter will amount, according to my calculation, to £352, odd shillings.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Coutts & Co.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 11 AUGUST 1847

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* III (1917-18); *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 11 Aug 47.

Sending her a cheque for £5[†3] *for 10 rehearsals at her theatre.*

To MARK LEMON, 11 AUGUST 1847

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs | Wednesday Eleventh August 1847.

My Dear Lemon

Your note was put into my hands yesterday, as I was rushing off to catch the train.

Thompson is quite right. I return his letter and cheque (crossed).[†4]

Come along!

Ever Yours

CD.

I also enclose a cheque for Wilson, if you will have the kindness to give it to him. I have paid Miss Kelly £5. Whenever you are near there,[†5] will you knock at the door, and give that most miserable of porters—himself, or he'll never get it—one sovereign, which I will repay you?

To MARK LEMON, 11 AUGUST 1847

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire | 11 Bouverie Street.

No. 2.

Broadstairs. | Wednesday Eleventh August 1847

My Dear Lemon

I was beginning Dombey when I dispatched my other and bulkier missive[†1] to you this morning,—and forgot the little book.

I think it will be best to substitute for "The New Piljans Projiss", either—

Mrs. Gamp's Vacation

or

Mrs. Gamp in the Provinces

—retaining the rest of the title.[†2] I have thought of several other titles, but of none that suggests the matter, or that is so easily asked for, as these.

Ever

CD.

To G. H. LEWES, 11 AUGUST 1847

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs. | Eleventh August 1847.

My Dear Lewes

The delay has arisen in my desire to accept Giles Homespun's[†3] invitation (honest Man!) and in my casting about for a way of doing so. But I haven't found it—after more trials than you have any idea of—for I am hard and fast here, until October. Not with work alone (*that* I could do in Staffordshire)[†4] but with family-visitors, and other bedevilments of that nature, which perplex a man who has had the misfortune in infancy to pray for the welfare of a great many relations and friends.

I enclose a note for Giles. I shouldn't wonder if he were to ask me again, at some odd time or another.

I am at a great loss for a means of blowing my superfluous steam off, now the play is over—but that is always my misfortune—and find myself compelled to tear up and down, between this and London, by express trains. The little book descriptive of the Amateur Theatricals is nearly done. It is written by Mrs.

Gamp, and inscribed to Mrs. Harris. It seems that Mrs. Gamp, hearing of the expedition, and being informed that several of the ladies attached to it were in various stages of an interesting state, accompanied it, unbeknown, in a second cladge carriage, on the chance of being called in.

I wonder she wasn't—seeing that Mrs. Leech was taken ill at the London Station—wheeled to the Victoria Hotel in a Bath chair—and there confined triumphantly. She was in my carriage; so I was a witness to the seizure and the wheeling. She is a capital little woman, and I'm glad its over.

From any future personal participation in such achievements, may the humble individual who now addresses you (father of seven young children) be himself delivered!

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I am reading Ranthorpe[†1] with great interest and pleasure. More of that, anon.

To [?SWYNFEN JERVIS],[†2] 11 AUGUST 1847

Mention in last.

To THOMAS BEARD, 12 AUGUST 1847

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | London.

Broadstairs. | Twelfth August 1847.

My Dear Beard

You have been prepared for, and expected, ever since we have been here; and unless you *do* come next Saturday, my opinion is, that it's all up with you in this family. Therefore the Express had better produce you in Ramsgate at halfpast 7 on that evening, or I won't answer for the consequences.

You will find Costello and his wife[†3] here,[†4] I think. We will endeavour to be jolly.

I am happy to say that I have discovered old Lingham (Conway's father) at the Margate Theatre. The son's style, and massive manner, ripened and matured in the father by excessive age, presents a spectacle of the most astonishing and perplexing nature to a contemplative mind.

Ever Heartily
CD.

To J. C. PRINCE,[†1] 12 AUGUST 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twelfth August 1847.

Dear Mr. Prince

I received your two letters together, to day. I entreat you to accept of the enclosed as my subscription to your book,[†2] and with it my best wishes, and the assurance of my regard.

I write hastily, not to lose the post.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John C. Prince

To HENRY WATSON,[†3] 15 AUGUST 1847

MS County Museum, Aylesbury. *Address:* Henry Watson Esquire, Aylesbury.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fifteenth August 1847.

Sir.

I greatly regret to say that I cannot have the great pleasure of accepting the invitation with which I am honored, to the dinner at Aylesbury[†4] to my friend Lord Nugent.

Few public occasions could, I assure you, be more truly interesting to me than one which at once recognizes Lord Nugent's worth, and his devotion to those liberal and enlightened principles of which he has ever been the able and consistent champion.[†5] No slight engagement or occupation[†6] should stand between me and it. But business which admits of no postponement demands this sacrifice from me, and I cannot help myself.[†7]

I am Sir, | With much regret, | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Watson Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 AUGUST 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Seventeenth August 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am very much behind-hand with my month's work, having been delayed by other business. I fear that I shall not be able to call on you in town before the 26th. or 27th. but on one of those days I hope, certainly, to present myself in Stratton Street.

Before I received your last note, I had been again in communication with Mr. Chesterton, from whom I had heard of the conclusion of the Lease. As he and I had previously agreed upon the alterations to be made, and the contractor to be employed, I begged him to have the estimate made and the work begun without loss of time. Which I have no doubt is already done.

In great haste | Always Yours most faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN TAYLOR,†1 [17 AUGUST 1847]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FOWLER,†2 17 AUGUST 1847*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs, Kent | Seventeenth August 1847.

Sir.

I have written by this post to Mr. Taylor, expressing my regret that it is quite impossible for me, in the midst of pressing avocations that cannot be postponed, to accept the Committee's Invitation.

You may suppose that this time of the year is a particularly inconvenient one to me for such a purpose, when I tell you that I have been obliged to decline some half a dozen similar requests within this fortnight, and have not been able to promise to go to Leeds†3 for a like purpose, until December.

I am Sir†4

[CHARLES DICKENS]

John Fowler Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 AUGUST 1847]

Extracts in F, VI, i, 465, *aa* in footnote, *bb* in text. *Date:* 23 Aug according to Forster.

[a]Here we are in the noble old premises; and very nice they look, all things considered.[†1] . . . Trifles happen to me which occur to nobody else. My portmanteau "fell off" a cab last night somewhere between London-bridge and here. It contained on a moderate calculation £70 worth of clothes. I have no shirt to put on, and am obliged to send out to a barber to come and shave me.[a]

[b]Thank God! the MS. of the chapter wasn't in it.[†2] Whenever I travel, and have anything of that valuable article, I always carry it in my pocket.[b†3]

To W. P. FRITH,[†4] 24 AUGUST 1847

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday August Twenty Fourth | 1847.

My Dear Sir

I shall be very much obliged to you if you will make enquiry after Kate Nickleby, and get her sent back to me. I am newly returned to my own house here, and am very anxious to get it thoroughly in order. I am very incomplete without the presence of that young lady, to which I attach great value.[†5]

Believe me | Very truly Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Frith Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 AUGUST 1847

MS Morgan Library.

At your house in town.

Thursday Twenty Sixth August 1847.

Dear Miss Coutts. I have missed you—of course. But before coming here, I went to Mr. Chesterton, and from him heard what you had done this morning. I am going to see the Matron tomorrow, and we are afterwards going to the house. Several of the proposed inmates have passed in review before me this morning, at Mr. Chesterton's prison; and though they necessarily present a most distressing subject for contemplation, it is still a most hopeful and encouraging one.[†1] The Matron of that place,[†2] who is very intelligent and has (as you may suppose) great experience, told me this morning (not knowing my strong conviction on that head) that she was sure it was of great importance to the design, to hold before them, as prominently as possible, their final restoration to society, and their hope of becoming wives, in another country.[†3] Nothing would touch them so much, she said, and nothing else would give them such earnest emotions of gratitude, or inspire them with such a desire to do well. To observe the effect of this upon them, is one of the most touching things you can imagine.

I hope we shall be ready, very early in October, to shew you the Institution in perfect order. If you would not dislike it, I should particularly like you—you can sit in the room perfectly unnoticed and

unknown—to see, at Mr. Chesterton's House of Correction, the young women who are coming from there, as they are, and in their prison dresses.[†4] You will feel so much more, afterwards, the change that with God's leave, will be worked in them.

I am going back to Broadstairs on Saturday morning, and shall remain there, until the end of September, when I return to my own house in Devonshire Terrace, which my tenant has, at last, deserted. I heard that some one on your behalf had been looking at a house at Broadstairs. Some faint hope was lingering within me that you might be coming there after all, until I read in your letter that you were going to Sandgate.

Will you tell Mrs. Brown that I hope she will soon see that mysterious inside

of my house, which has been a Blue Chamber[†1] for so many years. It looks almost strange to me now; it is so long since I have seen it.

Dear Miss Coutts | Yours most faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 26 AUGUST 1847*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Sixth August 1847.

My Dear Stone.

The Ten (10) o'Clock Margate Boat, from London Bridge wharf on Saturday Morning. We will be aboard *in good time*, as Margate boats on Saturday mornings[†2] are raythe crowded.

Always affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To [?CHARLES] HERBERT,[†3] 28 AUGUST 1847

Text from John Waller catalogue No. 97 (1873); *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 28 Aug 47. *Address:* probably Charles Herbert, as on 22 Dec 48.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Herbert, and regrets that his vote for the Orphan Working School election[†4] is already promised.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 29 AUGUST 1847

MS Dickens House.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Ninth August 1847.

Dear Sir.

I cannot resist the impulse I feel to thank you for the very great pleasure I derived from the representation of Cymbeline at your Theatre on Thursday night.[†5] The excellent sense, taste, and feeling, manifested throughout—the great beauty of all the stage arrangements—and the respectful consideration (so to speak) shewn by everyone concerned, for the creation of the poet—gave me extraordinary gratification. Nor could I readily express to you, if I were to try,

how strong a sense I have of the great service such a Theatre renders to all who visit it, and to the general cause of Literature and Art.[†1]

Even at the risk of seeming to intrude this sense upon you, I really cannot help assuring you of my warm interest and admiration. And perhaps you will receive my note with the greater favor, when I confess to having resisted a similar impulse after two or three former visits to Sadlers Wells, in my unwillingness to trouble you.

Let me hope that I may have the pleasure of associating my public knowledge of you, with a more private and personal one when I return to town in October. And believe me

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—— Phelps Esquire.

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, 30 AUGUST 1847

MS Hans Andersen House, Odense.

37 Albion Street, Broadstairs
(next door but one to the Albion Hotel)
Thirtieth August 1847.

My Dear Andersen.

I am delighted to receive your cordial note.[†2] We are crowded together here—wife, children, and all—in a little house on the seashore. Come and look at us at five o'Clock exactly to day, and share our family dinner. We have nobody staying with us, but Mr. Stone, a clever artist; and we shall all be heartily pleased to see you.[†3]

When you come back to England—which you must take an oath today, to do soon—I shall hope to see you often in my own house in London, where I have

a few little pictures and so forth, that I hope may interest you.[†1] But wheresoever you are, believe that I always am

Your friend and admirer

CHARLES DICKENS

Hans Christian Andersen.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 31 AUGUST 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Thirty First August 1847.

My Dear Sir.

My chief interest in the past halfyear's accounts, was in the accounts of the re-issue.[†2] But if they cannot be made out now, there is no help for it, and I must wait until they can be. Meantime my interest will by no means decay, but quite the contrary.[†3]

The balance on the other accounts,[†4] you can pay into Coutts's, if you please, as usual.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To FRANZ DUNCKER,[†6] 31 AUGUST 1847*

MS Mr and Mrs Robert Abrahams.

Broadstairs | Thirty First August 1847.

Dear Sir

I hasten to reply to your letter, in case I should not have the pleasure of seeing you, when you come towards this part of the country.

It is most probable that there *will* be a Christmas book this year, written by me, and published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.[†7] If there be, it will be published

sometime between the first and tenth of December; and it will be illustrated with woodcuts. Late in October I shall be able to give you (through the publishers) more detailed and decisive information on the subject, but I fear not earlier.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Franz Duncker Esquire

September

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Extracts in F, VI, i, 463-4.[†1] *Date:* 2 Sep according to Forster.

At Canterbury yesterday I bought George Cruikshank's *Bottle*.[†2] I think it very powerful indeed: the two last plates most admirable,[†3] except that the boy and girl in the very last are too young, and the girl more like a circus-phenomenon[†4] than that no-phenomenon she is intended to represent. I question, however, whether anybody else living could have done it so well. There is a woman in the last plate but one, garrulous about the murder, with a child in her arms,[†5] that is as good as Hogarth. Also, the man who is stooping down, looking at the body.[†6] The philosophy of the thing, as a great lesson, I think all wrong; because to be striking, and original too, the drinking should have begun in sorrow, or poverty, or ignorance—the three things in which, in its awful aspect, it *does* begin.[†7] The design would then have been a double-handed sword—but too "radical"[†8] for good old George, I suppose. . . .

Mentioning other matters of interest, including the accounts for the first half-year of Dombey, which were much better than expected.

The profits of the half-year are brilliant.[†9] Deducting the hundred pounds a month paid six times, I have still to receive two thousand two hundred and twenty pounds,[†10] which I think is tidy. Don't you? . . . Stone is still here, and I

lamed his foot by walking him seventeen miles the day before yesterday; but otherwise he flourisheth. . . . Why don't you bring down a carpet-bag-full of books, and take possession of the drawing-room all the morning? My opinion is that Goldsmith[†1] would die more easy by the seaside. Charley and Walley have been taken to school this morning in high spirits, and at London Bridge will be folded in the arms of Blimber.[†2] The Government is about to issue a Sanitary commission, and Lord John, I am right well pleased to say, has appointed Henry Austin secretary.[†3]

To THE REV. DAVID LAING,[†4] 2 SEPTEMBER 1847*

MS Governesses' Benevolent Institution.[†5]

Broadstairs, Kent | Second September 1847

My Dear Sir

My objection to the Governesses Institution, is increased every year. I think that canvassing, one of the social vices of this time; and am ashamed of possessing a vote, when I find so many reduced ladies driven to the necessity of seeking it in vain. It appears to me that there is an amount of degradation and humiliating solicitation imposed upon the candidates which is very poorly paid for, even in a successful instance, and which we are not justified in inflicting upon any class of persons, however willing they may be to undergo it. This is an objection, and, as I have said, a continually increasing one, which applies, in my mind, to many of the charities of the day; but it applies particularly to the Governesses Institution, by reason of the education and rightful social position of the objects of its care, which render it especially desirable that such an Institution should be foremost to set a good example in this respect, and to establish some other mode of election.[†6]

When anything of this kind attains a preposterous height, it is sure to stagger and fall; and I am convinced that a very few annual returns of a Governesses Institution contest, must startle a great many supporters of what is in its design so

good and generous, and set them thinking whether they do not seem to be buying for themselves the greatest possible amount of bustle and excitement that can be got for so many guineas, rather than providing, calmly and quietly, for decayed Governesses.

I know how much you have the real object at heart, and I cannot forbear, for the second time,[†1] observing to you where I think it is going astray; being well assured that we both wish for the same end, though we may differ—if we *do* differ—about the means of attaining it.

A pretty intimate acquaintance with our prisons, sharpens my perception of the case you so feelingly and truthfully describe. I have seen hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, like it. Nothing will set such wrongs right, but the beginning to deal with these unhappy creatures before they go to Jail—but the barring of the Jail Door outside, quite as carefully as within. Is it not extraordinary that with Christianity nearly two thousand years old, we, who profess and call ourselves Christians, should be so far from the very beginning of justice and mercy? Indeed you have good reason to write so earnestly (and *not* "tediously") of the wickedness and foolishness of our social arrangements. I have been glad to read your letter.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend David Laing.

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Extracts in F, VI, i, 464-5. *Date:* 5 Sep according to Forster.

Supposing your *Goldsmith* made a general sensation, what should you think of doing a cheap edition of his works? I have an idea that we might do some things of that sort with considerable effect. There is really no edition of the great British novelists in a handy nice form,[†2] and would it not be a likely move to do it with some attractive feature that could not be given to it by the Teggs[†3] and such people? Supposing one wrote an essay on Fielding for instance, and another on Smollett, and another on Sterne, recalling how one read them as a child (no one read them younger than I,[†4] I think), and how one gradually grew up into a different knowledge of them, and so forth—would it not be interesting to many people? I should like to know if you descry anything in this. It is one of the dim notions fluctuating within me.[†5] The profits, brave indeed, are four hundred pounds more than the utmost I expected. . . .[†6] The same yearnings have been

mine, in reference to the Praslin business. It is pretty clear to me, for one thing, that the Duchess was one of the most uncomfortable women in the world, and that it would have been hard work for anybody to have got on with her.[†1] It is strange to see a bloody reflection of our friends Eugène Sue and Dumas in the whole melodrama.[†2] Don't you think so . . . remembering what we often said of the canker at the root of all that Paris life? I dreamed of you, in a wild manner, all last night. . . . A sea fog here, which prevents one's seeing the low-water mark. A circus on the cliff to the right, and of course I have a box to-night! Deep slowness in the inimitable's brain. A shipwreck on the Goodwin sands[†3] last Sunday, which WALLY, with a hawk's eye, SAW GO DOWN: for which assertion, subsequently confirmed and proved, he was horribly maltreated at the time.

To W. P. SNOW,[†4] 6 SEPTEMBER 1847*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday Sixth September 1847.

Sir

Your letter and book of MS[†5] have been forwarded to me here.

You may suppose that it is not easy for me to find time for the perusal of long sheets of writing; and I can assure you that if I read one fiftieth part of what is

sent to me in this way, I should be able to do little, if anything, else. I do not pretend to have read your book through, or to have done more than you ask of me, when you beg that I will "glance" at it. But I have made myself sufficiently acquainted with it, to be very earnest—and to be certain that I have reason to be very earnest—in advising you to abandon all thoughts of literature, as a pursuit; and in expressing to you my firm conviction that if you do not, you will devote yourself to a life of misery, heartache, disappointment, and regret.

Whether the substance of your book be true or fictitious, is nothing to the purpose. If you cannot grace truth in the narration, and have not the faculty of telling it in writing, you should either leave it untold, or leave it to the chance of being told by some one else. If it were a reason for writing, that what is written is true, surely there is nothing to prevent the whole civilized world from becoming authors, in as much as every man, woman, and child, has some truthful experience, and might, on such a plea, rush into print with it.

I do not discern in this piece you have sent me, one element of success. And I see such obvious defects in it, as regards the commonest rules of literary composition, that I honestly believe you would find it as difficult to bring it into any shape or form of merit, as you would—if you were to try—to make a steam-engine of it.

I write this with great reluctance, and with little expectation that you will defer to my judgment. But, discharging the ungracious task you have imposed upon me, at all, I am bound to discharge it honorably. The sad consequences that flow from a mistaken trade, present themselves frequently before

me in terrible shapes. However poor you are now, rely upon it you will never be the richer for this kind of effort, and will only lavish upon it the time, the hope, and energy, that, otherwise directed, might lead to happiness.

If you knew how much it costs me to write this, and how often I endeavour to make the resolution that I will never read what is sent to me as your Manuscript has been, you would at least value it for its sincerity. If you will reflect that there is nothing wrong or disgraceful in such a mistake as I believe you are tending to, and that it is one of every day occurrence, you will at least receive it as kindly as I mean it.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. W. P. Snow.

To ALFRED DICKENS,[†1] 7 SEPTEMBER 1847

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 436 (1923); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Broadstairs, 7 Sep 47.

Offering to stand Godfather to his brother's child.[†2] I call our last young man The Spectre—in consequence of his having unnaturally large eyes, which he stares with in a frightful manner.[†3] *Referring also to a number of friends.*

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 7 SEPTEMBER 1847

Mention in S. F. Henkels catalogue No. 1029 (1911); dated Broadstairs, 7 Sep 47.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, i, 466*n*. *Date:* 7 Sep according to Forster.

Do you see anything to object to in it?[†1] I have never had so much difficulty, I think, in setting about any slight thing; for I really didn't know that I had a word to say, and nothing seems to live 'twixt what *I have* said and silence. The advantage of it is, that the latter part opens an idea for future prefaces all through the series,[†2] and may serve perhaps to make a feature of them.

To THOMAS BEARD, 8 SEPTEMBER 1847

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | London.

Broadstairs | Wednesday Sept. 8th. 1847.

My Dear Beard

We shall be delighted to see you on Friday. The Sea will be noble for Noon bathing, and the Demon Shower Bath is in full force.

May I trouble you with two commissions. One, to bring me from Twinborrows's,[†3] Chemist, 2 Edwards Street, Portman Square, a half crown bottle of his Essence of Wormwood.[†4] The other, to go to my study in Devonshire Terrace; twist round the rewolving table in the middle of the room, open all the drawers—there is alternately a real drawer and a sham, and the key is in one of them—until you find a half bound Diary for 1847, which bring unto me. I left it there t'other day.

Ever heartily

CD.

An authority to the Duenna in charge, may be necessary. I write it on the other side.

Broadstairs
8th. September 1847.

Josephine.

Mr. Beard, the gentleman who shews this to you, is to go into my Study, and

look in my table drawers for a book he is good enough to promise to bring down for me. Let the gentleman into the house as if he were myself.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MR CAMPBELL,[†1] 8 SEPTEMBER 1847*

MS Dickens House.

Broadstairs, Kent | Wednesday Eight September 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Campbell, and begs to decline accepting the invitation with which he is honored, to become connected with the Metropolitan Assistant Drapers Company.[†2] Mr. Dickens greatly doubts the expediency of an association based on the prospectus he has received.

To THOMAS MITTON, 8 SEPTEMBER 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Wedy. 8th. September 1847.

My Dear Mitton

Many thanks for the agreement.[†3] I am sorry to hear you are ailing, but hope it is only these continual and violent changes of weather.

I am sorry to hear that the Devonshire Terrace term is so short—I had thought it two years longer.[†4] I have just put Gas into the hall, staircase, and kitchen. How about my Fixtures? I am paid for them when my time is up; am I not?

We leave here on the 26th. or 27th. and come home. It has been cold, but is fine again. Where shall you be, when we return? In the wilds of Middlesex?[†5]

Ever Yours truly

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8-9 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, i, 465. *Date:* probably between letters of 5 and 10 Sep, according to Forster.

Vagrant music is getting to that height here, and is so impossible to be escaped from, that I fear Broadstairs and I must part company in time to come. Unless it pours of rain, I cannot write half-an-hour without the most excruciating

organs, fiddles, bells, or glee-singers. There is a violin of the most torturing kind under the window now (time, ten in the morning) and an Italian box of music on the steps—both in full blast.

To MR BARNES,[†1] 10 SEPTEMBER 1847*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth September 1847.

Mr Charles Dickens begs to inform Mr Barnes that as the term unexpired of his present lease is a short one, and as the room would cost more than he supposed (though he has no doubt of the estimate being correct) he will prefer to abandon the idea for the present, and not to have it built.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, i, 465-6. *Date:* 10 Sep according to Forster.

Mentioning improvements at the Margate Theatre. We went to the manager's benefit on Wednesday: *As You Like It* really very well done, and a most excellent house.[†2] Mr. Dowton[†3] delivered a sensible and modest kind of speech on the occasion, setting forth his conviction that a means of instruction and entertainment possessing such a literature as the stage in England, could not pass away; and, that what inspired great minds, and delighted great men, two thousand years ago, and did the same in Shakespeare's day, must have within itself a principle of life superior to the whim and fashion of the hour.[†4] And with that, and with cheers, he retired. He really seems a most respectable man, and he has cleared out this dust-hole of a theatre into something like decency.

To W. P. SNOW, 10 SEPTEMBER 1847

MS University of Texas.

Broadstairs | Friday September Tenth 1847.

Sir.

I cannot help telling you how much I admire the manly feeling and excellent sense of your letter dated yesterday.

And allow me to point out to you that there is a great difference between the writing of a plain letter or treatise on a social question, and the writing of a long

work of fiction. I would not discourage you too much; and I beg you to understand that my advice on the latter head, by no means includes an adjuration to you to abandon all hope or effort in reference to the former.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. W. P. Snow

To DUDLEY COSTELLO, [11 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* 14 St Cenn's Villas | Acacia Road | St. John's Wood.
PM 11 Sep 47.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 12 SEPTEMBER 1847*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Broadstairs, Kent. | 12th. September 1847.

My Dear Sir

Can you tell me anything about Mr. Stein Von Skork,[†2] who has written me a letter, complaining of all sorts and conditions of men, from the Bishop of London downwards? I seem to remember that there was something against him at the Literary Fund.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

O. Blewitt Esquire.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., [12 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Envelope only in Sotheby's catalogue, 21 Feb 1978; postmarked 12 Sep 47.

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Summary in F, VI, i, 466. *Date:* 12 Sep according to Forster.

Sending the first few slips of The Haunted Man *proposed for his next Christmas Book,*[†1] *and saying he must finish it in less than a month if it was to be done at all,* Dombey *having become very importunate.*[†2]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 14 SEPTEMBER 1847

Mention and date in N, II, 54.

To JOHN FORSTER, [19 SEPTEMBER 1847]

Extracts in F, VI, i, 466-7. *Date:* a week after CD's letter of 12 Sep, according to Forster.

Have been at work all day, and am seedy in consequence. *Dombey* takes so much time, and requires to be so carefully done, that I really begin to have serious doubts whether it is wise to go on with the Christmas book. Your kind help is invoked. What do you think? Would there be any distinctly bad effect in holding this idea over for another twelvemonth? saying nothing whatever till November; and then announcing in the *Dombey* that its occupation of my entire time prevents the continuance of the Christmas series until next year, when it is proposed to be renewed. There might not be anything in that but a possibility of an extra lift for the little book when it did come—eh? On the other hand, I am very loath to lose the money. And still more so to leave any gap at Christmas firesides which I ought to fill. In short I am (forgive the expression) BLOWED if I know what to do. I am a literary Kitely[†3]—and you ought to sympathize and help. If I had no *Dombey*, I could write and finish the story with the bloom on ____ but there's the rub. . . .[†4] Which unfamiliar quotation reminds me of a Shakspearian (put an e before the s; I like it much better)[†5] speculation of mine. What do you say to "take arms against a sea of troubles"[†6] having been originally written "make arms," which is the action of swimming. It would get rid of a horrible grievance in the figure, and make it plain and apt. I think of setting up a claim to live in The House at Stratford, rent-free,[†7] on the strength of this suggestion. You are not to suppose that I am anything but disconcerted to-day,

in the agitation of my soul concerning Christmas; but I have been brooding, like Dombey himself, over *Dombey* these two days, until I really can't afford to be depressed.[†1]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 SEPTEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Twenty First September 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

In present transports of Dombey, and prospective visitations from two friends in town,[†2] I could not reply to your kind note from Sandgate,[†3] until I knew what portion of my time this week—I am going home on Monday—would be at my own disposal. Pending the receipt of your promised note from Ramsgate, I dispatch this at a venture[†4] to say that although still at work all day, I hope to manage to come that short distance,[†5] as soon as I know where to come to. For if I miss you any more, I shall begin to think myself a sort of amiable Mr. Dunn with the best intentions in the world.

I have appointments with Mr. Chesterton next week.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 21 SEPTEMBER 1847

Text from W. May Phelps and J. Forbes-Robertson, *The Life and Life-Work of Samuel Phelps,* 1886, p. 389.

Broadstairs, Kent | September 21st, 1847.

My Dear Sir,

I have received your letter[†6] with very great pleasure. I had anticipated, in my own mind, the occasion of my not hearing from you—with a misgiving that I had not given you at all clearly to understand my whereabouts[†7]—and therefore was in no surprise, and should have had the satisfaction of calling upon you on my return to town. Which I still promise to myself; not the less agreeably, you may suppose, for the kind and welcome assurance you give me in your note.

My dear Sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

S. Phelps, Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Sunday Twenty Sixth September | 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I confide this to the care of the manager of the Pavilion Hotel[†1] in the event of your being there tomorrow. Firstly, to say how sorry I am that I was not here the other day when you were. Secondly to say how sorry I am that I cannot come to Folkestone myself, being engaged to go to Maidstone.[†2]

Immediately after receiving your note in which you told me that you were coming to Ramsgate, I wrote, addressing to you at that place, and saying how and why I had not answered your kind letter from Sandgate. I fear you will not have received that note, and that it may be still lying at the Ramsgate Post Office.

I purpose being at home on Wednesday Evening, and I have an appointment with Mr. Chesterton for Saturday morning. The house being now very nearly ready for the furniture, I take it for granted that I have your authority to proceed with the fittings in all respects. I should be glad to receive a line from you

in Devonshire Terrace, telling me where I can write to you, if I wish. Or, if there be anything you will better like to say to me, I shall be delighted to make a day by Railroad at the beginning of the week after this now coming week, and visit you anywhere.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MARK LEMON, 26 SEPTEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Sunday Twenty Sixth September | 1847.

My Dear Lemon.

We (Inimitable B and Co)[†3] leave here for Maidstone tomorrow morning. Leech who is drawing from twenty five to forty blocks per diem, follows for the same place at a quarter before Six in the Evening.

We purpose being at the Bull at Rochester[†4] about mid day on Tuesday. Dinner will be ordered at that hostelry at 5 o'Clock on Tuesday; and if you don't come to it, you will in our flowing cups be remembered[†5] with execration.

Jerrold writes that his Magazine has required his attention until now, and that

the Whittingtonians have laid embargo on him, as soon as glimpses of freedom gladdened his eyes. So he don't come.

There is nothing new in Broadstairs. Everybody except Leech is going away I understand next week, and there appears a strong probability, of himself Mrs. Leech Mrs. Eaton[†1] and the babby getting up an involuntary representation of the Family Robinson Crusoe.[†2] I understand that Mrs. Eaton is strong in pantomime, but is seldom easy in her words. She will do the heavy mother, and will go out with a hatchet in the first scene to cut wood, after rubbing her eyes with the backs of her hands several times, and stretching herself, to express that she has got up very early. The babby will hang in a tree, and be watched by the Real Dog. &c &c.

Kate and Georgy unite with me in best regards to Mrs. Lemon.

Always Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [JUNE-SEPTEMBER] 1847

Mention in Goodspeed's catalogue No. 106; *MS* 2 ½ pp.; from Broadstairs, 1847.

About Fielding's monument.[†3]

October

To H. P. SMITH, 1 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Devonshire Terrace | First October 1847.

My Dear Smith

One line—just to say that we are come home, and that I am over my eyebrows in papers and correspondence. That we are resolved, in acceptance of your kind invitation, to have a jovial Sunday with you. And that my Missis will write to your'n, more particularly, early in the ensuing week.

Ever cordially
CHARLES DICKENS

Loves from all to all.

To THE REV. B. T. STANNUS,[†1] 2 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Saturday Evening 2nd. October 1847.

Dear Sir.

I beg to assure you, in reply to your kind letter, that until I received it, I had no knowledge of any announcement having been made in the public papers[†2] to the effect that the theatrical amateurs of whom I am the representative were about to act in Liverpool for the benefit of Sheridan Knowles;[†3] and that I have had no communication with anyone, in Liverpool or elsewhere, on the subject.

It is very possible, nevertheless, that in pursuance of a scheme we are now maturing (into which I cannot, at present, enter more particularly) we may, before long, desire to pay such a visit to Sheffield as we paid to Liverpool a few months since. In that case, I shall be happy to give you early notice of the objects we shall have in view—with which, I have the satisfaction of knowing from your letter, you will cordially sympathize.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend B. F. Stanners[†4]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 4 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth October 1847.

My Dear Sir

Will you send Eeles[†5] two copies of the cheap Pickwick, with instructions to half-bind them in red morocco as he does my own set usually, and to let me have them with all convenient dispatch.[†6]

Will you also get me the volumes of the Annual Register since 1836 (*not* inclusive of that year), and the volumes of Napier's peninsular war since Vol 5 (*not* inclusive of that volume).[†7]

It has occurred to me that it would be satisfactory and convenient to make out the accounts of the Cheap Edition, by the works, and not by the halfyearly periods. Thus—as soon as it can be conveniently done after the Pickwick subscription, to make an account taking in all Pickwick. To make out the next,

at the same period after the close of Nickleby, and so on. If you should descry no practical objection to this, it would give me a clearer view of the matter, certainly.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 OCTOBER 1847

Mention in Bangs & Co. catalogue, May 1885; *MS* (3rd pers.) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 4 Oct 47.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 5 OCTOBER 1847

MS British Theatre Museum. *Address:* S. Phelps Esquire | 8 Canonbury Square, | Islington.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evening | Fifth October 1847.

My Dear Sir.

Mr. and Mrs. White[†2] are coming to dine with us on Sunday at Six o'Clock, to dispose of a Haunch of Venison that has arrived today. If you should have no better engagement, and would take your seat at our family table, both Mrs. Dickens and I would be cordially glad to see you.[†3]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Phelps Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 7 OCTOBER 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh October 1847.

My Dear Lemon.

Good.—I shall be at home. I enter into your feeling about Rodwell,[†4] and told him expressly, this morning, that I should desire to connect myself only with our

own proceedings.[†1] Also I explained to him that I could say nothing more on our accounts until we should have met on Monday, when I would tell him decisively what the answer was, to his application. But in as much as he seems in earnest upon the subject of the *professional* benefit, and nobody else has originated or set about a provision for the family, I cannot, of course, in justice to them, souse his exertions in cold water.[†2] Personally, I don't like him.

Ever Yours

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 7 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh October 1847. | Thursday

My Dear Macready.

You have seen, I dare say, that Peake is dead. I believe he was a very honest upright man, and bore himself in poverty, in a manly and stedfast way.

Mr. Rodwell came to me this morning, to ask me if I would ask you a favor on behalf of Mr. Peake's widow and children. He had a delicacy in asking you himself, though he appears to be exerting himself earnestly, in getting up a benefit for them. You may suppose what the Petition is. That if they get Covent Garden Theatre for the purpose, and all the foremost people play, you will act too, in something that will put you least out of the way.[†3]

I told him (I did not see that I could well do otherwise) that I would undertake to convey the entreaty to you in so many words, and to answer to him that you said Yes, or No.

If I don't hear from you, I will call tomorrow afternoon

Ever affectionately

CD.

W. C. Macready Esquire

To [?THOMAS] RODD,[†4] 7 OCTOBER 1847

Mention in catalogue of *The Collections of Autographs of Ferdinand Julius Dreer,* Philadelphia, 1890; dated 7 Oct 47.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 7 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Seventh October | 1847

My Dear Stanny

I enclose a note from Kate to Mrs. Stanfield[†1]—or rather, I send it along with this—to which I hope Mrs. Stanfield will reply 'Yes'. If you should be inclined to see Phelps's Macbeth tonight, I shall be glad to go; and perhaps we might dine together at the Garrick, first. What do you say? I will either call for you at any time you like in the Afternoon, or will wait at home for you to call on me.

A word in answer | Ever affectionately

CD

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 10 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Tenth October 1847.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

I shall be at home, and happy to see you, on Tuesday at from two o'Clock to half past two.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 12 OCTOBER 1847

MS Mrs Sowerby.

Broadstairs. | Twelfth October 1847.

My Dear Thompson

We are delighted to hear that your wife is happily out of her troubles, and we send hearty congratulations and kindest regards both to her and to yourself.[†2]

A very short time,[†3] quotha! Marry Master Thompson, thou wilt have a patriarchal home, and that right deftly.[†4]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 12 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twelfth October 1847.

My Dear Fred.

I have now reduced the Amateur Plays to a system,[†1] which I explained last night to Lemon, Jerrold, and Forster.[†2] We must have a Secretary at fifty pounds a year, and Jerrold proposed that you should be he, to which the two others very warmly assented. If you like the post, and will come to me, I will give you further explanation.[†3] Something better, even, may come of all this; but this salary is sure, and—for what is to be done—good.

It is very painful for me to express any opinion on another and a very different subject, that is likely to be unwelcome to you. But the more I think of it, the more certain I am that I should do wrong, if I permitted any absurd notion of delicacy to prevent me from saying to you most earnestly that after what I saw at Broadstairs[†4] I am confident your engagement is one of the greatest mistakes that ever was made, even in a matter so liable to mistake as that. I forbear to dwell upon the why and wherefore, because you will give me credit for forming this opinion on what seem to me to be sufficient grounds—and I have a very firm belief, besides, that those grounds cannot have altogether escaped your own observation. But I say this much, in the hope that you will remember it and suffer it to turn the scale, if you ever come to hesitate on this question. If you do not, it is better perhaps that we should take no more notice of it, especially as my opinion could only be shaken by an entire alteration in the whole character, mental constitution, and behaviour, of Anna Weller.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 14 OCTOBER 1847

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourteenth October 1847.

My Dear Fred.

I have no right to object to anything in your letter, except your complaint that I have "unnecessarily" touched upon that very distressing subject. I apprehend that what is done, in such a case, with the purest and best intentions, and with a claim to be attentively heard upon a question of temper and character which is at least as good as any other man's, cannot be properly considered as unnecessarily done. Your letter is only an assurance to me, if I wanted any, that it is very

necessary—however useless and hopeless—that I should not disguise my deliberate opinion from you. All I say is, if you ever, before it is too late, see any occasion to be startled, in the least yourself—to ask yourself the question whether you are as comfortable and easy in your attachment as you think you would be in any other attachment under precisely the same worldly circumstances—to remember what I told you, in the beginning, that I do, in my soul believe there is an "impracticability" in that blood, which cannot be reconciled with happiness[†1]—do give to my opinion just as much weight as you would give to it in any other matter, and no more, and no less. And do consider whether in all you hear me say of people generally, you do or do not find that I am tolerant and forbearing, and much more disposed to find out what is pleasant and agreeable in them, than what is unpromising and disagreeable.

That I have as good means of forming a correct opinion in this case, as you have, no third person of sense would, I think, deny. A bystander usually sees much more of the game than a player; and your impression was a blinded one, before it was reasonably possible to form any impression at all. My feeling is not one of dislike or prejudice. It is a deliberate conviction, forced upon me, that by natural composition, and by artificial aid—such as breeding, education, and the weakest parents on this globe—a character has been made, in this instance, which never can come right. It is impossible for you to be more earnest or honest in your opinion than I am in mine.

With this, I leave it. I shall never, from this time forth, express it in any other way to any one.

About the Society—I am very busy, and hardly know how to make an appointment. But at dinner time to day, or at dinner time tomorrow, or at dinner time on Sunday, or on Sunday Evening, I can tell you what the circulars[†2] are that should not be sent out later than Monday, and would be best sent out before.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 15 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday October fifteenth 1847.

My Dear Macready

I am grieved to say—so late am I, and so forced to creep carefully over the ground I am laying for the No. after this one I am now writing—[†3] that I *cannot*[†4] spare those two hours tomorrow. But you know how interested I am in such a

matter,[†1] and how truly concerned I should be to lose the occasion. Can you appoint any evening, except Sunday Evening? I shut up shop at dinner time, and could manage that, excellently well.

Ever most affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I think of getting up a testimonial to Cooper,[†2] as the most outrageous ass of this time.

To MRS T. COOKE,[†3] 18 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Mrs. Cooke | 92 Great Portland Street.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Monday Eighteenth October | 1847.

My Dear Mrs. Cooke.

I am pretty well thank you. How do *you* find yourself?[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. T. Cooke.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 18 OCTOBER 1847

Extract in Kurt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tachnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912.

London, 1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park,
October 18th 1847.

The occupation of my time with that story[†5] is so great just now, and I devote so much attention to it, that I have resolved *not* to publish a Christmas book this

year, as I could not complete the Christmas story I wish to write, under such circumstances, *in that great labour and fatigue*.[†1] But I purpose resuming the series, with God's leave, next year. I would have given you earlier notice of this,[†2] but I have really been undecided whether I should go on or not.

To MRS MILNER GIBSON,[†3] 26 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Mr Ralph Crawford.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Twenty Sixth October | 1847.

My Dear Mrs. Gibson

I have seen your pretty protegée and like her extremely.—Indeed I have some idea of booking her for the reversion of Mrs. Dickens's place, in case of her leaving it vacant by any accident.

There is a great difficulty, without distressing her—or I fancy so—in exactly stating to her what the object of this Institution is.[†4] For she is so young, and (necessarily) inexperienced, that I hardly know how to come at her with such notions. Now, old Sinners like you and I may approach anything easily, and I think I could make it much plainer to her through you than through myself.

So, seriously, if you can draw up that blind of yours any morning and call on me before one, I will give you the exact history of the place, and the advantages as well as disadvantages to which the young lady would be exposed. I think she would do exceedingly well, *if*[†5] she entered on the duty with a perfect understanding of its nature beforehand. But if she entered on it without this, or without the most thorough consideration, I fear it would be nothing but a disappointment and a failure to all concerned.

My Dear Mrs. Gibson | Faithfully Yours Always

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Milner Gibson.

P.S.

I would propose to come to you, but that I am obliged to wait at home in the morning at this time of the month, to see people.

To M. M. PROVAN,[†1] 26 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Dr Henry von Witzleben.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth October 1847.

Dear Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to say that I hold myself engaged to the Directors[†2] for the 28th. of December.[†3]

I am much obliged to you for your offer of information; and in case I should have occasion to ask for any as the time approaches, I shall take the liberty of troubling you.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

M. M. Provan Esquire

To MISS SARAH BIFFIN,[†4] 27 OCTOBER 1847*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Twenty Seventh October 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Miss Biffin, and regrets to say that he cannot have the pleasure of adding his name to her subscription list—not because he is indifferent to Miss Biffin's case, but because of the enormous number of similar applications, of which he is in the continual receipt.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 OCTOBER 1847

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night
Twenty Eighth October 1847

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am in a state of great anxiety to talk to you about your "Home" (that is the name I propose to give it) with which I have been very busy for some time, and

which will be ready for the reception of its inmates, please God, on Saturday fortnight. I have a perfect confidence in your approving of the details, but it would be most interesting to me to talk them over with you.

You have so long overstayed your time,[†1] that I begin to think you must be keeping out of the way to preserve that spell unbroken. I send this to Stratton Street by the post, on the chance of its finding you somewhere.

I cannot tell you how much cause I have seen, and see daily, during the preparation of this place, to admire the goodness and devotion of Mr. Chesterton, whose time is always at our command, and whose interest in the design cannot be surpassed.

There are two objects[†2] (promising, I hope) recently discharged from his prison, who are giving the best proof of the sincerity of their desire to come to us, by remaining in the prison—prison clothed and fed—until we are enabled to take them. Which I think is an affecting and encouraging circumstance, as they knew on the evening when their time was up, that some of their old companions were waiting at the gate to bear them away. There is another girl—only seventeen—born of drunken parents, ill used from her cradle, plundered of her clothes that they might be sold for liquor, and sent to evil courses for their gain, to whom we are giving a few shillings now and then (her discharge took place some weeks ago, and they could not keep her in the prison too) until we are ready to take her. She comes to Mr. Chesterton at stated times, clean, decent, and quiet, and apparently quite altered. We have now eight,[†3] and I have as much confidence in five of them, as one *can* have in the beginning of anything so new. As we go on, I sincerely trust and believe you will do more good than your most sanguine expectations picture now.

We were at Mr. Tracey's to day to look for some others. There is a young woman there, who has more feeling—who shews more at least—than I have seen in any of them, but some points in her wretched history remain to be examined. I have taken some pains to find out the dispositions and natures of every individual we take; and I think I know them pretty well, and may be able to give the matron some useful foreknowledge of them, and to exercise some personal influence with them in case of need. A most extraordinary and mysterious study it is, but interesting and touching in the extreme.

I think it well to say to you that I have avoided Macconochie's[†4] ideas,[†5] as they hardly seemed (or I fancied so) to meet with your full approval, and as they were perhaps unsuited to so small an establishment. The design is simply, as you and I agreed, to appeal to them by means of affectionate kindness and trustfulness,—but firmly too. To improve them by education and example—establish habits of the most rigid order, punctuality, and neatness—but to make as great a

variety in their daily lives as their daily lives will admit of—and to render them an innocently cheerful Family while they live together there. On the cheerfulness and kindness all our hopes rest.

I am very anxious about Mr. Tracey's chaplain.[†1] But if I go on entering into all my points of anxiety and interest, I shall never leave off. Therefore I will only say that I hope you will write to me as soon as you come home, and give me an opportunity of unburdening my mind.

You must not see the house until it is quite ready. The bedsteads will not be put up for ten days, and there will be some trifling matters to get in after that. The dresses and linen are bought and making. The Superintendant's[†2] rooms are furnished, and she is living there.

I still remain in the hope that you will come with me to Mr. Chesterton's, where there is nothing to shock you but the sight of women in captivity—and where there is very much to gratify you in the humanity with which they are treated—for unless you see them now, you never can sufficiently feel what you will have done for those who turn out well.

We found it necessary that there should be some appeal for Mr. Chesterton to read to them, and then give them to read in their Cells. I wrote the enclosed[†3] for the purpose, and he found it affect them very heavily indeed.

Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

P.S. I forgot to mention in reference to the Bishop of London that I shall be happy to call upon him when he is in town, if you please.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 28 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth October 1847.

My Dear Sir

I shall be much obliged to you if you will send that neat copyist of yours to me, as I can give him a play (not mine—Heaven forbid!) to write out in parts.[†4]

I enclose a card, to save you the trouble of writing the address for him.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Over

Samuel Phelps Esquire.

He will find me at home any morning between 10 and 12.

To GEORGE REYNOLDS,[†1] 28 OCTOBER 1847*

MS Guildhall Library, London. *Address:* George Reynolds Esquire | 12 Great Trinity Lane | City.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth October 1847.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to express my regret that I have not, at present, any spare copies of any of my books. Indeed they are so often asked of me, that I find it difficult to preserve my own set, unbroken.

But if you will have the goodness, when the Post-Letter Carriers' Library[†2] is formed, to let me know where it is, I will make a memorandum of your request, and endeavour to comply with it at some future time.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

George Reynolds Esquire.

To MRS SYDNEY SMITH,[†3] 28 OCTOBER 1847*

MS New College, Oxford.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth October 1847.

My Dear Mrs. Smith

I remember perfectly that my reason for not writing in this book[†4] at the time, was, that it could not be got ready before I left England for Italy, and was sent to Green Street[†5] after I had gone.

You will not be displeased, I hope, to know that in my affectionate remembrance of the name I have now written there, I bestowed it, six months ago, on my youngest boy;[†6] thinking it no mean thing for him to be associated even so with one of the wisest and wittiest of this age.

Believe me Dear Mrs. Smith | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 28 OCTOBER 1847*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night | October Twenty Eighth 1847.

My Dear Tracey.

I send you eight copies of the little address—[†7] no more, because they fill the envelope. But I have plenty by me, and can send you any number you may desire to have.

I omitted, in my interest about the miserable women, one point on which I was very anxious to speak to you to day. You may possibly remember my having told you, when the idea was first in discussion that I mentioned your Chaplain[†1] to Miss Coutts as a gentleman for whom I had great respect, and in whose judicious performance of his duties I had the utmost faith. It would be a great relief to my mind if I could say to her that he could be induced to undertake the charge of this Home, by paying certain stated visits to the inmates,—and I know she would be glad to accept his services without hesitation (remunerating them of course) in preference to those of any other clergyman.

But I do not like to come and speak to him on the subject, without ascertaining whether he has leisure to accept the charge. If you could sound the way for me, I should esteem it a great service, and would follow up your beginning, in any way you might think right. I have confidence in him, and should be made very uneasy by the introduction of a stranger to such people, however zealous and benevolent.

Let me hear a word from you at your convenience, and Believe me always
(though you *were* reported fierce)
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lieutenant Tracey.

November

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Morgan Library. *Address: Free* | Miss Burdett Coutts | Hotel Bristol | Place Vendôme | Paris.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Third November 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will answer the points you mention—if the slight means of a note like this may be dignified with the name of answer—in the order of which you mention them, and without any preparatory matter.

I had no idea of concluding the question of the chaplain, until your return. But I was very anxious, about Mr. Tracey's, as I knew him to possess remarkable qualifications for the post—exercised daily among that class of persons—and was morally certain of your approval when you should come to know him. My anxiety was to ascertain whether he was free to accept the trust. And I am very sorry to find (his own engaging him from morning until night) that he is *not.*

I have great faith in the soundness of your opinions in reference to the religious instruction; knowing you to be full of that enlarged consideration for the special circumstances under which it is to be administered in this case, without which nothing hopeful or useful can be done. I trust that those enlightenments to which you refer, are to be found in the *New* Testament?[†2] I am confident that

harm is done to this class of minds by the injudicious use of the old—and I am hardly less confident that I could shew you how, in talking the subject over.[†1]

The expediency of explaining to them that the rules of the Establishment may alter, I greatly doubt. For this reason.—If we did so, they would immediately conceive that we did not know what we were about, and that we were experimentalizing. Which would desperately shake their trust in us. Such rules as we agree upon in the outset will be known only to the Superintendents and ourselves. They will not be told to the Inmates. There will be a certain daily routine which they will be called upon to observe. If we see fit to alter it, it will be altered as a matter of course, I should say—explaining to them beforehand, the why and wherefore. But, if the establishment worked well, I would strongly counsel you not to try experiments. My belief is, that nothing would unsettle them so much, or render their staying with us so doubtful.—[†a]Recollect that we address a peculiar and strangely-made character.[†a]

There is this objection to the address of the chaplain to each person individually.—It would decidedly involve the risk of their refusing to come to us. The extraordinary monotony of the Refuges and Asylums now existing, and the almost insupportable extent to which they carry the words and forms of religion, is known to no order of people as well as to these women; and they have that exaggerated dread of it, and that preconceived sense of their inability to bear it, which the reports of those who have refused to stay in them, have bred in their minds. I am afraid if they were thus taken to task, and especially by a clergyman, they would be alarmed—would say "its the old story after all, and we have mistaken the sort of place. It's better to say at once that we are not fit for it"—and that so we should lose them. That they are sensible of the sinfulness and degradation of their lives—that nothing else but that, has been impressed upon them by society since they began those lives—is, to say the least, reasonably probable. And he must be a very remarkably discreet and gentle man indeed, who could execute this very difficult task, without rendering them apprehensive of what was to follow.—[I should add here that Mr. Chesterton has addressed them on this head, repeatedly, and very sensibly.]

That their past lives should never be referred to, at the Home, there can be no doubt. I should say that any such reference on the part of the Superintendent would be an instance of blind mistake that in itself would render her dismissal necessary.

The temptation that has occurred to you, in pursuance of Macconnochie's idea, suggests this consideration—that it is one to which in all probability, they will never be exposed abroad, and that it is a very severe one.[†2] If a girl goes out by herself, where is she to go? Every one she knows now is, to a greater or less extent, an infamous associate; and suffering her to go out by herself would be to expose her to the arts and temptations and recognitions of fifty such—Even supposing that her old habits and her new freedom didn't lead her among them,

it is likely some of them would come in her way; and her very decency might give them the advantage, as by inducing her to go away with them in the first instance; rather than be jeered and mocked in the open

streets. I propose that, in the country, about the house, they shall constantly go out in twos or threes[†1] with Mrs. Holdsworth.[†2] I would, as they advanced in their training, and shewed decided improvement, trust them with keys,[†3] and with many little offices within-doors that would test their self-denial. But the streets of London, I confess I view with very great apprehension. We shall have ample leisure to discuss this point, and could easily take the opinion of Macconnochie (who, I am happy to say, is appointed by Government to exercise his system on a number of convicts employed in the construction of a Harbor at Weymouth),[†4] but I mention it in this passing manner, because you mention it.

One great point that I try to bear in mind continually, and which I hope the clergyman will steadily remember, is, that these unfortunate creatures are to be *tempted* to virtue. They cannot be dragged, driven, or frightened. You originate this great work for the salvation of these women who come into that Home; and I hold it to be the sacred duty of every one who assists you in it, *first to consider how best to get them there, and how best to keep them there.* Every other consideration should fade before these two, because every other consideration follows upon them, and is included in them, and is impracticable without them. It is for this vital reason that a knowledge of human nature as it shews itself in these tarnished and battered images of God—and a patient consideration for it—and a determined putting of the question to one's self, not only whether this or that piece of instruction or correction be in itself good and true, but how it can be best adapted to the state in which we find these people, and the necessity we are under of dealing gently with them, lest they should run headlong back on their own destruction—are the great, merciful, Christian thoughts for such an enterprize, and form the only spirit in which it can be successfully undertaken. Do you not feel, with me, that this must be kept steadily in view, and that a chaplain imbued with this feeling in the outset, is the only Minister for this place?[†5]

I forgot to mention in its right place, about the temptation, that I saw, at Mr. Tracey's prison the other day, a girl who was there, some time ago (merely, if I remember right, for being in the streets, or, if for felony for some offence arising

out of that life) whose appearance and behaviour had so interested some lady or other, living hard by, that when her term was over, she took her for a servant. That girl, although she had the reputation of being a drunkard, worked hard and honestly in this employment for seven or eight months, and had wine and spirits constantly in her keeping, which she never touched. But in an evil hour her Mistress gave her a holiday. She fell among her old companions—her removal from whom had been the main cause of her reformation, poor creature—never went back again, fell into her old way of life, and is in prison now. I saw her with Mr. Chesterton, and talked to her, but thought it best to decline her: for besides the danger of her attachment to liquor (though I do not, like Mr. Chesterton: neither does Mr. Tracey attach overwhelming importance to that, in a *young*[†1] woman of that way of life, who drinks because she is utterly miserable—a middle aged woman who drinks, is another thing, and is always hopeless) she had a singularly bad head, and looked discouragingly secret and moody.

I must tell you of one of the two young women who were remaining in Prison voluntarily, until we could take them. When I first went there, about your home, she was produced to me by Mr. Chesterton, before I saw any of the others, as a model.[†2] She was the Matron's model, and the head female turnkey's model, and the peculiar pet and protegée of Mr. Rotch[†3] the Magistrate, who is a very good man, and takes

infinite pains in the prisons—though I doubt his understanding of the company he finds there. She was much better educated than any of the others (some of whom are extremely ignorant), had a very intelligent face, and a remarkably good voice; but she impressed me as being something too grateful, and too voluble in her earnestness, and she seemed, in a vague, indescribable, uneasy way, to be doubtful of me. Which I suppose made me doubtful of her. However this was, I observed her as closely as I could, and when they had all gone, told Chesterton that he would be amazed at what I was going to say, but that I doubted the Model more than any of them, and believed that if we failed with anybody, we should fail with her. This made such a rebellion among the Matrons and turnkeys that I was almost ashamed of myself, and heartily wished I had kept my opinion quiet. But we have always talked about her since, naturally; and when she stayed in prison of her own accord, I gave way altogether, and became quite abject. Last Saturday, Chesterton and I were at the Home together, and the Model was still in great force. Last Sunday, I went to him by appointment on this same theme, and the Model was gone!—

The other girl, remaining in prison voluntarily, who had an affection for her, cried all day, and had cried ever since she went. But she made no effort to go

too, though the parting was very bitter to her—for she really had hoped to reform, with this companion, and had thought they would become like sisters. I sent a dress down to the Prison yesterday, to be made for her to come to Shepherd's Bush in when we are ready, thinking that the knowledge of our actually preparing for her, would keep her in her good resolutions. If she remain, I have no doubt of her, and hope we may count upon her reclamation as almost certain.

This brings me to the day of opening. I hope you do not contemplate our postponing it beyond Saturday Week, if we should be ready then? otherwise we shall be in this difficulty—that more of these unfortunate creatures' terms will have expired, and we shall not know what to do with them. There is a certain Emma Lea,[†1] of whom I am disposed to be hopeful, who is released next Sunday, and there are others who will be released this week and next week. These girls have been continually spoken to, and have had the address in their hands for days upon days together; and it would be a deplorable thing, if they really are in the improved state of mind they profess (and they seem sincerely anxious to come) to let them fall back again. Which they cannot help doing—it is the literal truth—can not help—unless we take them. I shall be very glad to receive a few lines from you on this point. We are at present not certain of the assistant, and that *may* retard us. But I hope not, and shall make every exertion to prevent it

The poor girl out of prison continues to do well. I have sent for her to day. I am afraid of every hour, in her case, because she is constantly exposed to the hazard of going among old companions. But she certainly has done well as yet, and on a very, very little money. And hers is, like some other cases that we have, a case in which it was next to impossible but that she must have gone, in youth, the way she *has* gone. It is dreadful to think how some of these doomed women have no chance or choice. It is impossible to disguise from one's self the horrible truth that it would have been a social marvel and miracle if some of them had been anything else than what they are.

I have laid in all the dresses and linen of every sort for the whole house—purchasing the materials at Shoolbred's in Tottenham Court Road, at the wholesale prices. I have made them as cheerful in

appearance as they reasonably could be—at the same time very neat and modest. Three of them will be dressed alike,[†2] so that there are four colors of dresses in the Home at once; and those who go out together, with Mrs. Holdsworth, will not attract attention, or feel themselves marked out, by being dressed alike. In their living room I have put up two little inscriptions selected from the sermons of Jeremy Taylor and Barrow[†3]—both very simple and beautiful in themselves, and remarkably appropriate

(as I hope you will think) to the purpose. Also a little inscription of my own, referring to the advantages of order, punctuality, and good temper; and another setting forth the Saviour's exposition of our duty towards God, and our duty towards our neighbour. In each bedroom is another Inscription, admonishing them against ever lying down to rest, without being affectionate and reconciled among themselves. And I am now writing a little address which Mrs. Holdsworth shall read to each, alone, when she comes in. The enclosed paper[†1] is for that lady and ourselves. I shall be glad if you will read it, and tell me whether you have any objection to anything it contains. You will see that I speak of the "Governors", for want of any better word. I have provided a form of book, in which we shall keep the history of each case,[†2] and which has certain printed enquiries to be filled up by us, before each comes in, and a final blank headed its "Subsequent History", which will remain to be filled up, by degrees, as we shall hear of them, and from them, abroad. I hope there is nothing whatever, in the business arrangement, which is not in working order.

The arrangements in the printed paper[†3] I send with this, for the domestic duties and their allotment, I have taken from the Normal School for Governesses at Whitelands.[†4] I am also getting their books of instruction, with some other reading of my own selection.[†5] The arrangements (not mentioned in the paper) for washing and dressing, and putting away of clothes, and everything of that kind, I have endeavoured to form with a view to every chance and mischance to which we are exposed—and something that escaped from the Model before she went away—or from a friend of hers—I forget which—shewed, in a remarkable manner, that one of them was right.[†6] In short, I believe that nothing has been done without a reason; and I must again say, that I cannot tell you how efficient and devoted Mr. Chesterton has been.

You will see, in the printed paper I send you, an allusion to Music, as a means

towards our end.[†1] If you will authorize me, I will see Mr. Hullah[†2] (who is an old friend of mine) and consult with him about the times and forms of instruction.[†3] I think it extremely important that the assistant should at least be able to play simple tunes on the Piano; and I am looking about, high and low, for a cheap second-hand one, to stand in Mrs. Holdsworth's room. The fondness for music among these people generally, is most remarkable; and I can imagine nothing more likely to impress or soften a new comer, than finding them with this art among them, and hearing them sing their Evening Hymn before they go to bed. Treating of bed, by the bye, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Tracey, and I, have proposed ten o'Clock as the time for their being in bed, from our common knowledge of the terrible mistake that is sometimes made in this regard, and the danger of shutting them up, with unoccupied minds, at preposterously early hours.[†4]

Mrs. Holdsworth promises very well indeed, I think, and improves greatly on acquaintance. We have already had some Rehearsals of the routine of each day's life, (not set forth in the regulations) and we

shall have some more on Saturday, and next week. I hope the Furniture will be completed on Saturday. It is all promised.

I was vexed to see a stupid account of the Home in the Newspapers some time ago.[†5] If they blunder upon anything else, the design can be easily explained, as you wish, either by my writing a letter on the subject, or an account of the Institution:[†6] selecting any channel of publication that is within reach, and that you may think most desirable. It is possible that there may be nothing more written about it: but if there be, it is easily set right.

We are trying now, whether we can find two or three sufficiently hopeful cases that have not been in Prison at all. I cannot say—yet, with what success. The advantage of selecting from Prisons in the infancy of such a design, is, firstly that we know more about them, and secondly, that there is an important break in old habits and associations.

I most entirely agree with you that it is right they should feel perfectly free before going abroad. If this system hold (and I have a faith in its doing so, simply because it is the system of Christianity, and nothing more or less) I believe they *will* feel perfectly free, when that time comes. But we can examine into this, and devise for it, leisurely. It has occurred to me that it would be an

admirable means of promoting friendly and affectionate feelings among them, to give them to understand that no one should Ever be sent abroad alone.[†1] It would be a beautiful thing, and would give us a wonderful power over them, if they would form strong attachments among themselves. To say nothing of the encouragement and support they would be to one another in a foreign country.[†2]

My Dear Miss Coutts, you will attribute my earnestness to the true cause—the unspeakable interest I have in a design fraught with such great consequences, and the knowledge I have (if I have any knowledge at all) of these sad aspects of humanity, and their workings—when I again refer to that indispensable necessity of remembering the formed character that is to be addressed, and of considering everything that is addressed to it, not with reference to itself alone, but in connexion with its adaptability to the nature, sufferings, and whole experiences of the objects of your benevolence. In proportion as the details of any one of these young lives would be strange and difficult to a good man who had kept away from such knowledge, so the best man in the world could never make his way to the truth of these people, unless he were content to win it very slowly, and with the nicest perception, always present to him, of the results engendered in them by what they have gone through. Wrongly addressed, they are certain to deceive. The greatest anxiety I feel, in connexion with this scheme—it is a greater one than any that arises out of my sense of responsibility to you, though that is not slight—is, that the clergyman with whom I hope I am to act as one confiding in him and perfectly confided in, should be not only a well-intentioned man, as I believe most clergymen would be, but one of the kindest, most considerate, most judicious, and least exacting of his order.

Believe me Always Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Dickens desires the same.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 3 NOVEMBER 1847

Text from W. May Phelps and J. Forbes-Robertson, *The Life and Life-Work of Samuel Phelps*, p. 390.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Evening.

My Dear Sir,

The Reverend James White is coming here to-night to learn the fate of his play;[†3] and I believe two friends of his are coming too. For whose consolation a

lobster and a glass of wine will be awaiting our return. If you should not be too fatigued, and would assist me to make the Reverend J. W. miserable, by describing the progress of the evening, I should be glad to carry you home here, and would wait until you had exchanged the garments of John Savile for your own. In that case, will you send someone round to me, merely to say "Wait?" I need not observe that no dressing is necessary for such a refection, and that we have not the least idea of sitting late. But the smallest congratulation would be so incomplete without you—or the smallest condolence either, in which you decidedly have a just share—that I hope I shall take you prisoner in virtue of this warrant.[†1]

Believe me, very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps, Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 4 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire | Brook Green | Hammersmith.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourth November 1847.

My Dear Lemon.

I have got the prospectus[†2] into shape, and should like to have a talk with you about it. For I think you and I are better men of business than the Society in general. We might walk up to Hampstead, and dine one day—tomorrow, for instance, would suit me very well, if we left here at 3. Can you manage that? If you reply, "yes", I will send up in the morning, and order a bit of fish and a steak. If you say "no", say what day would suit you better.

"Reply, reply, re-ply!"

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To ANDREW PARK,[†3] 5 NOVEMBER 1847

Text from Andrew Park, *Songs*, Glasgow, 1848.

London, | 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park,

5th November, 1847.

Sir,

I cannot but be proud of the honour of your proposed Dedication,[†4] and gratified by the handsome terms in which it is offered.

I accept it with pleasure, and entreat you to believe that I am truly sensible of the spirit in which you have written to me,—not the less so from being previously familiar with some of your sweet verses.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew Park, Esq.

To G. H. LEWES, 7 NOVEMBER 1847†

MS Mrs Robert Nuttall.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Seventh November 1847.

My Dear Lewes.

I do not myself see—having altered the Prospectus, and coupled it with two or three small forms that appear necessary—any impracticability in the Insurance idea. We are *not* pledged to it, certainly. But unless your objections[†1] should be very strong indeed, I should be excessively unwilling to abandon it. [†a]Any new going round with the Hat, I abhor the idea of—whether it be for Winter peaches, Spring lamb,[†2] Midsummer ice, unnatural cucumbers, or gold headed walking sticks.

On Tuesday evening I will come to you with a great deal of pleasure. I wish you would write to Lemon at Brook Green, and ask *him*, and tell him why; for he is a good sound man of business, as I have occasion to know—which is a rare thing in our Society.[†a†3]

I ought to have written to you long ago,[†4] about Ranthorpe;[†5] but I have a most accursed diffidence about writing to men concerning their own books, as though I were setting myself up for a kind of literary special-pleader, and sending out my opinions with grave importance. It has pleased me *very much indeed;* and I would I saw more of such sense and philosophy in that kind of Literature—which would make it more of what it ought to be. It occurred to me here and there, in the perusal, that the characters were, sometimes, not sufficiently distinct from each other, and that instead of your being metaphysical for them, they are a little too metaphysical for themselves. But it is a book that I am certain would have attracted and fixed my attention, though I had had no knowledge of the writer, and that would have inspired me with a wish to know him, and a conviction that he was not a common man. This may not seem much to read, but

I mean a great deal by it in the writing; and I hope I see, and feel, and appreciate, in Ranthorpe, all that you know you have put there. When Literary men shall begin to feel the honor and worth of their pursuit, as you would teach them to, Literature will be a happier calling; and I wish I were as certain it would lose nothing in other hands, as I am certain it will gain in yours.

My Dear Lewes | Very faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire.

To OLIVER GOLDSMITH,[†1] 8 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Mrs Donald F. Hyde.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park.
Eighth November 1847.

Sir.

I am afraid I can give you no advice in reference to your Manuscript,[†2] which will not already have suggested itself to your own mind.

If it be sufficiently short for insertion in a London Magazine, you no doubt know the names of the principal periodicals, and you will find on each, the place at which it is published. If it be too long for that purpose, and you design it for publication as a book, there are Mr. Colburn of Marlborough Street, Messrs. Chapman and Hall of the Strand, and Mr. Bentley of New Burlington Street, all of whom publish novels, and any of whom you can address. I would assist you with pleasure, if I had any means of doing so, but I have none. My own publishers would form their own judgement of your tale, without the least regard for mine if it were favorable (you will understand that I am stating what I *know;* not what I believe might happen) and with them, or any other publishers, the name you bear, would undoubtedly attract attention to your work.

In the love I bear your Ancestor, believe me I give you the best counsel in my power. I have no doubt your tale will be read, by any publisher to whom you send it. The present times are supposed to be disadvantageous to new books, but I know nothing else against your receiving reasonably fair consideration.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Oliver Goldsmith Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Hotel Bristol | Place Vendome | Paris.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday Ninth November 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I write a hasty line to say that I have marked some prayers in the book of Common Prayer, for Mrs. Holdsworth's temporary use,[†1] morning and night. If the Assistant[†2] is engaged by Saturday (I am now in communication with her) I would propose to open on that day. One of the girls, who has remained in prison three weeks voluntarily, is now there, with Mrs. Holdsworth, and is making her own clothes. Her remaining in confinement so long, seemed to dispirit the others rather; and we therefore thought it best (as she seemed oppressed herself, too, by the continuance of the heavy discipline of the jail) to take her out yesterday, and carry her[†3] to the Home. I went out to see her last evening at 9 o'Clock, and she expressed herself as being very happy and grateful.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES CROSSLEY, 9 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* James Crossley Esquire | Manchester.

Devonshire Terrace | November Ninth 1847.

My Dear Crossley.

I am grieved to say than an attack of Dombey (a periodical indisposition) will oblige me to make so flying a visit to Manchester, as to come down by the Train on the day of demonstration,[†4] and return, if possible, that night. I would have anticipated and prevented this dire necessity but for two reasons—firstly, that these attacks hold me much longer than any similar disorder I have ever undergone; and secondly because I am engaged just now, in the promotion of a good design which occupies the whole of my spare time.[†5]

But if you will settle your dinner without reference to the unfortunate who now addresses you, and will give him word of notice thereof, and will permit him to insinuate himself into any odd corner, if he *should* make any unexpected start, and be able to come down earlier or stay later, he will take it as a real and friendly kindness.

I have just heard from Alison,[†1] who seems well pleased with his post,[†2] and who, I have no doubt, will become it excellently well.

Forster is buried in Goldsmith and Examiner. When I last saw him, his eyebrows were scarcely visible above the mass of work in which he was engulfed. He told me you had written to him, and was very pathetic on the subject.

My Dear Crossley | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S.

Under the circumstances of my flight, I had better fly to the Queen's Hotel, than make any man's hospitable house wretched, and myself too, by carrying confusion into the bosom of a family. But take my thanks which are yours none the less heartily.[†3]

James Crossley Esquire.

To JAMES CROSSLEY, 11 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* James Crossley Esquire | Manchester.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh November 1847.

My Dear Crossley

I begin to be seriously afraid—I am so deeply and unpostponably engaged—that I shall not be able to come to Manchester on the 18th.—and I think it well to ask you, as President of the year, if you will have the kindness to make this possibility known to the active officers, in order that I may not suddenly and unexpectedly excuse myself.[†4] *If I can by any means come, I need not say that I hold myself bound to do so*; but so many circumstances have combined to render that period of the month an impracticable time for such a flight, that I tremble by anticipation.

In great haste | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

James Crossley Esquire.

To MRS SYDNEY SMITH, 11 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS New College, Oxford.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh November 1847.

My Dear Mrs. Smith.

Accept my warmest thanks for your present.[†1] I shall ever prize it highly, and can say, honestly, that I believe there is no man in the world who could accept such teaching as his, in a more admiring or grateful spirit than I do.

When I took the book out of the parcel this morning, I opened at the Sermon on Toleration.[†2] I could not lay it down. The wisdom, truth and beauty, of it—the manly denunciation of the wicked social misdoing that is always active among us—and the true Christian spirit shining through every sentence, and illuminating the whole piece as with a celestial light—perfectly enchanted me. As he was one of the wisest of men, so I am sure he was one of the best; and this, which increases your sorrow in his loss, increases your comfort twenty thousand fold, thank God!

There is not a word in the true and vigorous description of that preposterous abuse, Puseyism,[†3] that does not find an echo in my heart. I would that the church could better afford to lose such a servant, and the World such a Teacher, as the writer of this book. I cannot tell you how much I thank you for it.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Sydney Smith.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 12 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday November Twelfth 1847.

My Dear Sir

I confess that another look at Mr. Leslie's Sketch,[†4] and another look at a Bank of England sketch for the same amount, renders me so doubtful of the first work of Art, that if you have said or done nothing with him in reference to it, I will send it back to you. But if he has the least reason to think it is to be purchased, pray do nothing but pay him for it, as I am not *very* particular on the subject in as much as a collection of the Sketches would be incomplete without this one.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To THE REV. HENRY JONES,[†1] 12 NOVEMBER 1847

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, May 1915; dated London, 12 Nov 47.

As the Post Office people here inform me . . . that they cannot find out the name of the Postmaster[†2] at Farnley, I beg to trouble you with the enclosed.[†3]

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 12 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twelfth November 1847

My Dear Miss Kelly.

I expected to have seen you after you had called on Talfourd; and hope you have had no reason to alter your plans.[†4]

We want to read a play at your Theatre on Tuesday next, at 7 o'Clock.[†5] If we can come there, conveniently to you, do not take the trouble to write an answer.

My mind misgives me that ten shillings a night, can hardly cover the expences of such visits as ours. I shall take leave, in future, to make that, a pound. Which everybody will consider little enough, I am very certain.[†6]

Dear Miss Kelly | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly

To MARK LEMON, 15 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening November Fifteenth | 1847.

My Dear Lemon

If I need say anything in reference to the Jerusalem-Pony[†7] part of your note, it shall be briefly this:—

Firstly, that it would require a very different sort of man from Mr. Bunn,[†8] to move me in my regard and esteem for you.

Secondly, that I have resolved to adopt, with reference to any friend of mine, a principle I have never once violated, for ten years, in connexion with myself.[†1] And that is, when I know anything is printed to defame and insult him, never to read one word of it.

We shall meet tomorrow.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire.

To ALEXANDER IRELAND, 18 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS University of Texas.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighteenth November 1847

My Dear Sir

I assure you that if it had depended on my personal choice, or power of coming or staying away, I should not have written to Mr. Crossley a week ago, to express my fear of being unable to attend the Athenaeum Soirée, and should not have hesitated on the receipt of your letter—if it had found me in possession of any reasonable means of compliance—to come down by the Train this morning.[†2] But apart

from a benevolent undertaking (I may fairly call it so, for it is not mine) of the utmost importance, requiring my attendance nearly five miles off, tonight, tomorrow, and Saturday,[†3] I am so situated that it is quite certain, if I had taken this journey, the monthly number of Dombey could not have appeared. This is the plain fact. Circumstances over which I have no power at all, have delayed me, and I could not foresee them when I promised to come.

Two days I could not spare now, even if I had not that Evening engagement to which I have referred. And I need not tell you that that Manchester journey would not be a mere interruption of two days, but would stop me in the heart of a great interest at which I have been working for a long time—which I *could not*[†4] resume at pleasure—and which I cannot postpone.

I am My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS][†5]

Alexander Ireland Esquire

To MRS MACREADY, 18 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Eighteenth November | 1847.

My Dear Mrs. Macready

Tell Macready, with my love, that I shall be delighted to come on Tuesday.[†1]

A beaming and intellectual countenance[†2] will be observable, I understand, in the Stalls of the Princess's Theatre on Monday night,[†3] which is inseparably associated with much that is delightful in the imaginative Literature of this time.

Apropos of which, I hear that some terrible circumstances are taking place in Mr. Dombey's family.[†4]

Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Macready

To JOHN FORSTER, [19 NOVEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 483. *Date:* 19 Nov according to Forster.

Of course she hates Carker in the most deadly degree. I have not elaborated that, now, because (as I was explaining to Browne the other day) I have relied on it very much for the effect of her death.[†5] But I have no question that what you suggest will be an improvement.[†6] The strongest place to put it in, would be the close of the chapter immediately before this last one.[†7] I want to make the first two chapters as light as I can, but I will try to do it, solemnly, in that place.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Poste Restante | Boulogne | France.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth November 1847 | Saturday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I received your letter today. I am going, next Saturday, into Northamptonshire for five or six days.[†1] If you don't come home before then,[†2] I shall think the spell impossible to be broken, until I can find a Hermit sitting on the road to a Mountain, unable to speak in consequence of the length of his white beard; having cut off which, with a pair of scissors, I shall receive his instructions where to find the talisman that will do it. To this talisman I shall be conducted by a bowl (given me by the Hermit) which will roll on of itself before the Horse's feet, until it arrives at the Mountain which I shall ascend on foot, until I descry, amidst the tumult of threatening voices around me—&c &c—&c.[†3]

Mary Anne Stonnell, the little girl in whom you were interested as being allowed a trifle out of doors, goes into the Home *tonight.*[†4] Also another girl of the name of Rosina Gale. There will then be four—[†5] and more are coming next week, and more the week after. All these girls I have seen repeatedly, and know very well, and I believe they have the strongest disposition to be confiding and faithful. The two at present in the Home (both of whom stayed voluntarily in prison three weeks) are wonderfully happy and grateful, and have altered in appearance in a most extraordinary manner. Not with eating, certainly, for they have had no appetite yet—being much troubled (so to speak) by their thankful feelings. I don't know whether I told you that the first girl cried very much when she saw her Bed. There is a vast deal to do, of course, in the making of clothes and so forth, and their industry is beyond all praise. Indeed, I have told Mrs. Holdsworth not to let that be carried too far.

I have had great anxiety in endeavours to obtain an eligible second lady. I thought it (so did Mr. Chesterton) of vital importance to the plan that she should be young—and many ladies were afraid of it, and evidently shrunk from the association. Mrs. Fisher, the lady at last secured and now there, is a widow of six and twenty—very youthful looking—vitally interested in the project—of mild

sweet manners—accustomed to teaching young people—and who has known great sorrow. I have been out there, on alternate evenings, since I wrote to you last. I wish you could have seen them at work, on the first night of this lady's engagement—with a pet canary of hers walking about the table, and the two girls deep in my account of the lesson books, and all the knowledge that was to be got out of them, as we were putting them away on the shelves.

I will not say any more until you come home, or I shall sacrifice a quire of paper. Divers schemes in connexion with the secular education have occurred to me, to be developed (if you approve) as we go on—

including a series of small evening lectures which I should like to deliver to them in April when Dombey is done.[†1]

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Pray let me know as soon as you are in town.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 21 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First November 1847.

My Dear Tracey

I will come down and see you on Thursday about mid-day (unless I hear from you to the contrary) to talk about the girl you introduced to me. In case Miss Coutts, who is now coming home from Paris,[†2] should ask me to go to Shepherd's Bush with her that day, perhaps you'll come too.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 NOVEMBER 1847

Mention in N, II, 61.

Referring to the Home at Shepherd's Bush.

To CHARLES MACKAY,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Twenty Third November | 1847.

My Dear Mackay

I should have written to you sooner, but this is my very busiest time, and I have not been able, until now, to make an appointment.[†2]

I shall be at home tomorrow, at One.[†3] Or I could call upon you at eleven or twelve o'Clock next day, if tomorrow should be inconvenient to you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mackay Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, 23 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning Twenty Third November 1847.

My Dear Macready

I am in the whirlwind of finishing a Number with a Crisis in it,[†4] but I can't fall to work without saying, in so many words, that I feel all words insufficient to tell you what I think of you after a night like last night.[†5] The multitudes of new tokens by which I know you for a great man, the swelling within me of my love for you, the pride I have in you, the majestic reflection I see in you of the passions and affections that make up our mystery, throw me into a strange kind of transport

that has no expression but in a mute sense of an attachment which in truth and fervency is worthy of its subject.

What is this to say! Nothing, God knows,—and yet I cannot leave it unsaid.[†1]

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Thursday Evening Twenty Fifth November | 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I called on you this afternoon, on my way from Shepherd's Bush. It was a kind of consolation to find the Spell in such perfect vigor.

I left word that I would call at one tomorrow, unless I heard from you to the contrary. But I think it better to write this evening, and ask you whether I shall take you out to Shepherd's Bush tomorrow? If yes, will you name your own hour (all hours are alike to me) and I will be punctual in Stratton Street. If no, will you tell me still, at what time you would be likely to be found at home, supposing there were no spell in existence.

I am going away, as I told you, on Saturday Morning for a week. But I shall be at my post again, at the expiration of that time.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 26 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Sixth November | 1847.

My Dear Sir

I shall be glad if you will get the enclosed books,[†3] and send them out to Urania Cottage[†4] by Parcels' Delivery.[†5] I don't know who published "Little Henry and his Bearer",[†6] but I am told it is well known.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 26 NOVEMBER 1847

MS Mr Bernard A. M. Lazarus.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Sixth November | 1847.

My Dear George,

An unexpected engagement arising out of this Home of Miss Coutts's obliges me to postpone the pleasure of a chat with you until after I return from the country.[†1] I shall not be gone more than a week.

I send you, enclosed, your part in the Alchemist.[†2]

Always Faithfully,
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 NOVEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, i, 467*n. Date:* 26 Nov according to Forster.

The Leeds appears to be a very important institution,[†3] and I am glad to see that George Stephenson[†4] will be there, besides the local lights, inclusive of all the Baineses.[†5] They talk at Glasgow of 6,000 people.

To THOMAS WEBSTER,[†1] 26 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Sixth November 1847.

My Dear Sir

You are possibly aware that a Cheap Edition of my books—as far, at least, as Martin Chuzzlewit—is in course of publication, and that I purpose having a Frontispiece to each, engraved on wood from a

design by some eminent artist. There is only one of these yet published, and that is from a Sketch by Leslie.[†2]

I need not say to you that I should feel any attempt thus slightly to connect what is best in English Art, with these stories, as most incomplete if it did not include your name. And I am particularly desirous to have for Nicholas Nickleby, which is now in course of publication, a sketch of the Yorkshire School from your hand.

It would be necessary to have it in February next. If you would make a colored sketch (I venture to make that request, in order that I may possess it, afterwards)[†3] which could be transferred to the wood block, subject to your approval, it should be engraved by Thompson[†4] with the greatest care. Allow me to add that the Publisher will be happy to accede to your own terms, or I should on no account trouble you with this note.

I will not attempt to tell you how much pleasure I should have in your assent to this proposal, for that would involve a bootless endeavour to express the delight I always have in the contemplation of your exquisite pictures.

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Webster Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty Seventh November 1847. | Saturday

Dear Miss Coutts.

You will perhaps have inferred from my not going out of town this morning,

and from my calling on you, that I have disappointment Number One.[†1] to communicate, which I was summoned out, as I was going to bed last night, to see to, and have been busy with all night and ever since. I am now obliged to follow Mrs. Dickens who was obliged to go away without me this morning, and am half dead with cold on the chest and loss of voice, but not in the least disheartened as to the Home.

Mr. Chesterton will call on you *at One on Monday*; for you should know the particulars of this matter. My address until next Friday (with the exception of one day at Leeds) will be The Hon. Richard Watson's, Rockingham Castle Northamptonshire—unless this subject should require my return, when Mr. Chesterton will immediately summon me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

December

To JOHN W. BOWDEN,[†2] 2 DECEMBER 1847

Summary in *Daily News,* 21 Dec 71.[†3] Dated 2 Dec 47.

Replying to a request for his autograph from Bowden and assuring him, in answer to his question, that he was Bowden's old schoolfellow.

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 DECEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, i, 467*n. Date:* The meeting of the Leeds Mechanics' Institute was on 1 Dec (F, 1872-4 misdates the letter 29 Dec; F, 1876, changes to 4 Dec).

A most brilliant demonstration last night, and I think I never did better.[†4] Newspaper reports bad.[†5]

To THOMAS MITTON, 5 DECEMBER 1847

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Night | Fifth December 1847.

My Dear Mitton

I shall be at home tomorrow morning, until a quarter before one, when I am

obliged to go to Miss Coutts. If this should be too limited an appointment, write me a line, and I will make another forthwith. I have been "going" to write to you ever since I came from Broadstairs, but have been extraordinarily engaged, and besides not having the faintest idea of the name of your place,[†1] have been expecting, constantly, to see or hear from you.[†2]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 DECEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth December 1847. | Wednesday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will be with you as soon after five to day, as I possibly can. I have an appointment in the afternoon with Mr. Chesterton, and, after that, I must attend a Committee of the Literary Fund; but I will make short work of the latter.

All is going on, in a most orderly and quiet manner, at Shepherd's Bush. I was there, after I left you on Monday. Nothing could be better. Number five went out there yesterday, and number six will be received tomorrow. Both such cases as you would desire to have.

Always most faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, [DECEMBER 1847]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* probably when writing a chapter in which advice was needed on the nautical terms used by Cuttle and Bunsby: e.g. Ch. 49 (Jan 48), the first that could have been written in Devonshire Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday.

My Dear Tracey. This comes to inform you that I am going to invade your fortress this Evening (if you are not engaged) to ask you a question on one or two little nautical points, in order that I may be quite right in Dombey. If you don't say no, by Bearer, I'll come.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 DECEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning | Ninth December 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you the Case Book,[†4] which you will perhaps return to me after you have seen Mrs. Holdsworth on Saturday—or rather, after you have seen Mrs. Fisher on Monday—in order that I may fill up Emma Sea's history. Neither of

those ladies are acquainted with the circumstances of each case, otherwise than very generally indeed. If I feel it necessary to give them any particular caution or piece of advice in reference to any Individual, I give them the immediate reason I have for so doing—but nothing more.

The sequel of Sarah Wood's history is stated in the book.[†1] I mention this, to prevent your accidentally putting any one in possession of it, to whom you have not mentioned the circumstance.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 9 DECEMBER 1847

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth December 1847.

My Dear Sir

If you will tell me when the Nickleby illustration *must* be had, at latest, I will communicate with Mr. Webster immediately. If Mr. Leslie's sketch has not gone back, I should like to buy it, as it would be pleasant to me to have them all.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To WILLIAM HAZLITT,[†2] 10 DECEMBER 1847

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, March 1903; *MS* 1 p.; dated 10 Dec 47.

To THE HON. SPENCER LYTTELTON,[†3] 10 DECEMBER 1847†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* The Hon: Spencer Lyttleton | Post Office | Yarmouth.[†4] Envelope marked "Victoria Hotel", in another hand.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Tenth December 1847.

My Dear Lyttleton

[†a]I fell into a swoon on receipt of the Captain's[†5] joke,[†a] and have been very weak, ever since. [†b]He dined here yesterday, with the Watsons[†b]—appeared quite

hardened—and shewed no glimpse of contrition. [†c]They had been marrying Lord George[†1] in the morning. That gay youth[†2] and his lovely bride went down to Rockingham last night; and I have no doubt that any number of Cupids (a little weak of wing, and wearing flannel drawers as a precaution against rheumatism) have been fluttering about the grounds this morning.

London is in a very hideous state of mud and darkness. Everybody is laid up with the Influenza, except all the disagreeable people,[†c] and they are very punctual in coming and talking about it.[†3] [†d]I was at the Theatre (the Shakespeare House benefit)[†4] on Tuesday, and a most extraordinary effect was produced by the whole audience being in a paroxysm of sniffing,[†d] during the whole of the entertainments.

They say that the "late gales"[†5] will do severe damage to the bloater trade.[†6] No doubt you are master of the subject by this time. I suppose you eat nothing but herrings and ship biscuit, and that you drink out of a small wooden keg, like a theatrical smuggler.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth send their regards to you. They don't cough incessantly now. I have known them silent, half a minute at a time. [†e]I am in a frightful state of mental imbecility myself, and am pursuing Dombey under difficulties. With a presentiment that nothing but Orange Brandy will bring me round,[†e] I have sent into the City to try if I can buy some. Meantime, I am on a low regimen of Chichester Punch, which, if you never tasted, I hope you will come and taste here.

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,[†7] 10 DECEMBER 1847

Text from R. Shelton Mackenzie, *Life of CD,* Philadelphia, [1870], p. 174.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth December, 1847

My Dear Sir,

My engagements are so very numerous just now, that I cannot have the

pleasure of immediately seeing Mr. Tovey's drawings.[†1] But I have made a note of that gentleman's address, and propose calling at his studio one day towards the end of the month.[†2]

Yours Faithfully,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

R. Shelton Mackenzie, Esquire.

To JOHN HULLAH,[†3] 12 DECEMBER 1847

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twelfth December 1847.

My Dear Hullah

I am actively engaged, for Miss Coutts, in the Management of a private establishment (called her Home) for the reclamation of certain young women, and for the training of them for Colonization.

We want them to learn to sing in parts, on your system. The class is now six or seven strong, and will never be more than thirteen. The place is at Shepherd's Bush, accessible by Acton Omnibus from Oxford Street. If you will empower any one of your masters[†4] whom you may think best adapted to such a purpose, to communicate with me, and will beg him to call upon me any morning between half past ten and two—armed with your card, which will be his passport—I will settle with him such questions as whether one attendance in a week will be often enough, and will conclude the engagement on the spot. I am very anxious for the instruction beginning without delay, as I attach immense importance to its refining influences.

Ever Yours Cordially
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esquire.

To WILLIAM HAZLITT, 13 DECEMBER 1847†

MS Mr Joseph P. Hennessy.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening
Thirteenth December 1847

My Dear Sir

I know Charles Buller,[†1] but I have a strong and special reason (not personally relating to him) for desiring to avoid any such direct application just now, to any official person,[†2] as you think would serve you. But [†a]if you would like me to write you a letter expressive of my opinion of your capacities and deserts, believe me it will be a pleasure to me to do so.[†a] I very much regret my inability to be of more efficient use to you, for my good wishes are with you;[†3] but, so far, I entreat you to command me, if you think fit.

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hazlitt, Esquire

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 13 DECEMBER 1847*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Thirteenth December 1847.

My Dear Tracey

As I think you said Monday would suit you as well for our little Committee[†4] over yonder, as any other day, I will name, if you please, every Monday at halfpast 3 exactly, then and there, for that purpose—when the Tax Collector's book[†5] shall be produced, and all other due formalities observed.[†6]

To MR WILSON,[†1] 15 DECEMBER 1847

MS University of Michigan.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Fifteenth December 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Wilson, and begs to inform Mr. Wilson, in reply to his enquiry, that his first book was The "Sketches, by Boz"—published, as the title would imply, under the signature of Boz.

To SIR WILLIAM ALLAN,[†2] 18 DECEMBER 1847

Summary in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 4217 (1936); extract in Mitchell's catalogue No. 7; *MS* 2 pp.; dated London, 18 Dec 47.

Expressing his regret that he and Mrs Dickens cannot accept a dinner engagement while in Edinburgh.

How is our friend Doctor Henry—and the pig—and the three leggit stool—.[†3]

To WILLIAM HAZLITT, 18 DECEMBER 1847*

MS Benoliel Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighteenth December 1847.

My Dear Sir.

I really have some difficulty in bearing testimony to your qualifications;[†4] for I feel it a kind of presumption to do so, when you have given such good evidence of them to all the world as is to be found in your edition of your father's works.[†5] But as many years have passed since I first knew you, and as I have had business-opportunities of a more recent date, of becoming acquainted with your industry, punctuality, and faithful and prompt discharge of very responsible and difficult duties,[†6] I have, perhaps, some slight individual title to recommend you in these respects.

I do so, conscientiously, and with a full knowledge of your deserts. I know you to be perfectly qualified for any employment to which a thoroughly well informed gentleman of talent and honor can render justice. It would be a hearty satisfaction to me if I could ever believe that I had helped you to any such, by this poor testimony.

I am My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hazlitt Esquire.

To LORD JEFFREY, 18 DECEMBER 1847

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, March 1903; *MS* 1 p.; dated 18 Dec 47.

If you will take Kate and me in, or take us in at intervals on the 30th of this month, and keep us until early morning on the second of January, write the word.[†1] I am in a gloomy state of wrath at not having heard from you, and will write no more on this sheet.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 DECEMBER 1847]

Extracts in F, VI, ii, 483-4. *Date:* both extracts 21 Dec according to Forster.

I am thoroughly delighted that you like what I sent. I enclose designs. Shadow-plate, poor. But I think Mr. Dombey admirable.[†2] One of the prettiest things in the book ought to be at the end of the chapter I am writing now.[†3] But in Florence's marriage, and in her subsequent return to her father, I see a brilliant opportunity.[†4]

. . . Note from Jeffrey this morning,[†5] who won't believe (positively refuses) that Edith is Carker's mistress.[†6] What do you think of a kind of inverted Maid's Tragedy,[†7] and a tremendous scene of her undeceiving Carker, and giving him to know that she never meant that?

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 DECEMBER 1847*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Second December 1847.
Wednesday Evening

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I received this enclosed note at about 4 o'Clock this afternoon. I cannot but think there is some mistake in the case; still I think it indispensable that your solicitor (if he be a sharp one) should see this Mrs. White immediately, and, if it be not a mistake, give her in custody. I am quite clear that this should be done, by a Solicitor, and done promptly.

I am obliged to dine in that neighbourhood today, and will see Mrs. Holdsworth this Evening. Tomorrow I shall be forced to imprison myself the whole day long, finishing Dombey; but of course I will see any one you may send to me. In any case I shall be glad to receive a line from you. I would favor Mrs. White[†1] with a call tonight, but I am sure that to do the thing effectually, she should be waited on by two people, and one of those a solicitor who might presently dispose of her.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Don't be alarmed. No more Sarah Wood![†2]

To A. H. ENGELBACH,[†3] [22 DECEMBER 1847]

Envelope only, MS Mr William Miller. *Date:* PM 22 Dec 47. *Address:* A. H. Engelbach Esquire | Coll. Land & Emigration Office | 9 Park Street | Westminster.

To DR J. W. HUDSON,[†4] 24 DECEMBER 1847

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, 24 and 25 Nov 1924; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 24 Dec 47.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th, and the document[†5] accompanying it. . . . I have been too busy to look at them at all, yet, but I purpose giving them my best attention tomorrow and I will by no means forget the ladies.[†6]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 DECEMBER 1847*

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty fourth December 1847

My Dear Miss Coutts,

A thousand thanks for the noble turkey. I thought it was an infant, sent here by mistake, when it was brought in. It looked so like a fine baby.

I shall see you to-day, as I proposed yesterday. On Monday morning I go to Glasgow, but I shall be in Shepherd's Bush again, please God, on that day week. I was there last night.

Very faithfully yours,

C.D.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 DECEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, i, 467 *n. Date:* 24 Dec according to Forster.

You have got Southey's *Holly Tree*.[†1] I have not. Put it in your pocket to-day. It occurs to me (up to the eyes in a mass of Glasgow Athenaeum papers) that I could quote it with good effect in the North.[†2]

To H. M. GIBB,[†3] 24 DECEMBER 1847

Summary in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", IV, 13 (in Dickens House), where the name is given as "Gibbs"; *MS* 1 ¼ p. (third person); dated Devonshire Terrace, 24 Dec 47.

Asking to have a bed-room, sitting-room, &c., prepared for his wife and himself.

To JOHN POOLE, [?24 DECEMBER 1847]

Mention in John Poole *to* Talfourd, 27 Dec 47, photocopy Dickens House. *Date:* received "a few days" before Poole's letter.[†4]

To THOMAS RODEN,[†1] 24 DECEMBER 1847*

MS University of Texas.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Twenty Fourth December 1847.

Sir.

I beg to say, in reply to your letter, that I settled with the late Mr. Peake, immediately after the design in question[†2] was abandoned, for (as I understood him) every kind of expense that had been

incurred in its prosecution. But, perfectly convinced by your letter, that the advertizing charges of the Morning Herald were omitted from his list,[†3] I enclose you a cheque for the amount,[†4] with many thanks to you for your courteous intimation to me of this oversight.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Roden Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 DECEMBER 1847

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Glasgow | Twenty Ninth December 1847.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am very much obliged to you for writing to me so soon, on the subject of Mrs. Fisher. I cannot but say that I greatly regret her departure, and that the cause of it, is extremely painful to me, as it involves a point, on which, though I have no sympathy whatever with her private opinions, I have a very strong feeling indeed—which is not yours.[†5] At the same time I have no doubt whatever, that she ought to have stated the fact of her being a Dissenter to me, before she was engaged; and I should then, before engaging her, have most certainly stated it to you. With these few words, and with the fullest sense of your very kind and considerate manner of making this change, I leave it.

After leaving Jeffrey (to whom I go tomorrow) I shall have to pay a visit of a few hours at Malton in Yorkshire.[†6] It being doubtful, therefore, whether I shall be able to get home before Tuesday Morning, I will write to Mr. Chesterton and Lieutenant Tracey, and appoint that day for our meeting, instead of Monday.

My presidency went off with great success last night, and was a very grand scene indeed, attended by nearly four thousand people.[†7] I would send you a

newspaper of this morning with an account of the proceedings, but my speech is so dismally done in the report,[†1] that I can't make up my mind to send it.

I have been over the prison,[†2] this morning, and see exactly the same things here, that we are dealing with at Shepherd's Bush.

Mrs. Dickens (who was taken ill on the Railroad,[†3] and couldn't go last night, after coming all this way) sends her kindest regards.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To GEORGE HODDER,[†4] 29 DECEMBER 1847*

MS Newberry Library, Chicago.

Glasgow. | Twenty Ninth December 1847.

My Dear Sir

I am most reluctantly obliged to say that I cannot comply with your request. I have a very special and particular reason for not addressing any minister on such a subject, at this time.[†5] And I hope I need not say that it has no reference to yourself, whom I would gladly serve if it were in my power.

I am very sorry to hear that you and the Daily News have parted company, but I am quite sure there is no fault in you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Hodder Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 DECEMBER 1847]

Extracts in F, VI, i, 467-8 and 467*n*. *Date:* 30 Dec according to Forster.

We came over this afternoon, leaving Glasgow at one o'clock. Alison lives in style in a handsome country house out of Glasgow,[†6] and is a capital fellow, with an agreeable wife, nice little daughter, cheerful niece, all things pleasant in his household. I went over the prison and lunatic asylum[†7] with him yesterday.[†8]

Tremendous distress[†1] at Glasgow, and a truly damnable jail,[†2] exhibiting the separate system[†3] in a most absurd and hideous form. Governor[†4] practical and intelligent; very anxious for the associated silent system; and much comforted by my fault-finding. At the Lord Provost's[†5] had gorgeous state-lunch with the Town Council; and was entertained at a great dinner-party at night. Unbounded hospitality and enthoozymoozy the order of the day, and I have never been more heartily received anywhere, or enjoyed myself more completely.[†6] The great chemist, Gregory,[†7] who spoke at the meeting, returned with us to Edinburgh to-day, and gave me many new lights on the road regarding the extraordinary pains Macaulay seems for years to have taken to make himself disagreeable and disliked here.[†8] No one else, on that side, would have had the remotest chance of being unseated at the last election; and, though Gregory voted for him, I thought he seemed quite as well pleased as anybody else that he didn't come in. . . . I am sorry to report the Scott Monument[†9] a failure. It is like the spire of a Gothic church taken off and stuck in the ground.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [30] DECEMBER 1847

Text from MDGH, I, 183-4, where wrongly dated 13 Dec.

Edinburgh, Thursday, December 13th, 1847.

My Dear Georgy,

I "take up my pen," as the young ladies write, to let you know how we are

getting on; and as I shall be obliged to put it down again very soon, here goes. We lived with very hospitable people in a very splendid house near Glasgow, and were perfectly comfortable. The meeting was the most stupendous thing as to numbers, and the most beautiful as to colours and decorations I ever saw. The inimitable did wonders. His grace, elegance, and eloquence, enchanted all beholders. *Kate didn't go!* having been taken ill[†1] on the railroad between here and Glasgow.

It has been snowing, sleeting, thawing, and freezing, sometimes by turns and sometimes all together, since the night before last. Lord Jeffrey's household are in town here,[†2] not at Craigcrook, and jogging on in a cosy, old-fashioned, comfortable sort of way.[†3] [†a]We have some idea of going to York on Sunday, passing that night at Alfred's, and coming home on Monday; but of this, Kate will advise you when she writes, which she will do to-morrow, after I shall have seen the list of railway trains.[†a]

She sends her best love. She is a little poorly still, but nothing to speak of. She is frightfully anxious that her not having been to the great demonstration should be kept a secret. But I say that, like murder, it will out, and that to hope to veil such a tremendous disgrace from the general intelligence is out of the question. In one of the Glasgow papers[†4] she is elaborately described. I rather think Miss Alison, who is seventeen, was taken for her, and sat for the portrait.

Best love from both of us, to Charley, Mamey, Katey, Wally, Chickenstalker, Skittles, and the Hoshen Peck;[†5] last, and not least, to you. We talked of you at the Macreadys' party on Monday night.[†6] I hope —— came out lively, also that —— was truly amiable. Finally, that —— took everybody to their carriages, and that —— wept a good deal during the festivities?[†7] God bless you. Take care of yourself, for the sake of mankind in general.

Ever affectionately, dear Georgy
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 31 DECEMBER 1847*

MS University of Texas.

Edinburgh | Thirty First December 1847.

My Dear Tracey.

Many happy new years to you! says an amiable and mellifluous voice, from among the frost and snow in the North.

It also says that as it can't be home before Monday night, it proposes *Tuesday* for Shepherd's Bush, instead of Monday.

After which it subscribes itself

Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?DECEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 521. *Date:* "at the close" of 1847, according to Forster.

Mentioning his regret[†1] *on discovering that he would have to give up the house at Devonshire Terrace* "next lady-day three years. I had thought the lease two years more".[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [DECEMBER 1847]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 551. *Date:* Dec 47 according to Forster.

If you should have an opportunity *pendente lite*,[†3] as my father would observe—indeed did on some memorable ancient occasions when he informed me that the ban-dogs[†4] would shortly have him at bay.[†5]

To CHARLES GILPIN,[†6] [1847]

Extract in C. F. Libbie catalogue, Feb 1892; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1847.

But I will consider this and talk with George Cruikshank about it.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?1847]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1847.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evg.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am always for the promptest measures—and I suppose made you laugh by my ferocity.

I could call on you tomorrow afternoon at a quarter past four. If I don't hear from you, I will come then.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. W. MARRIOTT,[†1] [?1847]*

MS Mr William Marriott. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1847.

[†2]It may be possible, but I am at present unable to speak with certainty on the subject, to couple a private remembrance of this gentleman with a scheme I am just now maturing.[†3] If I should ever see my

way to the useful advocacy of his claims, without exposing them to the hazard of the objection I have hinted to you, rely upon my not being unmindful of them.

I beg to be remembered to the fair circle among whom I found myself one pleasant night, so many—I am almost afraid to think how many—years ago.[†4] And I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Marriott Esquire.

To MR STACEY,[†5] [?1847]

Extract in Jolly & Sons catalogue, 7 March 1969; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p. *Date:* CD would not have been asked for Sue's autograph before 1847.

Saying that he has not an autograph of M. Sue's in his possession.

To JOHN DALY,[†6] [?LATE 1847]*

MS Mrs S. S. White, III. *Date:* Signature suggests Winter 1847-8.

. . . [†7]guilty to any remembrance of the old promise you set forth in your note, I perfectly remember you and your humourous acting. Often since those ancient times of Braham's Theatre,[†8] when I have been in country towns, I have looked in the play-bills for your name, among others of the St. James's Company of that day, but I have never stumbled on any[†9] . . .

If I ever find myself within your circuit, I shall be glad to give you a personal assurance that I have not forgotten you, and will not fail to do so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Daly Esquire.

To DR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH,[†1] [WINTER 1847-8]†

MS Private. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Winter 1847-8; letter suggests an early visit to the Home, after its Monday committee meetings were established, the first of which was 20 Dec (see *To* Tracey, 13 Dec).

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening

My Dear Sir

It's a long way, and we must allow half an hour at least.

I am in my monthly harness, and dare not dine out on Monday—Mrs. Dickens and I would both be delighted to accept your and Mrs. Shuttleworth's kind invitation, but for this reason which breaks down all inclination.

—Especially when I attend Committees in the middle of the day!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

H[†2] Kay Shuttleworth Esquire

To [EDWARD YOUL],[†3] [?LATE 1847]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 22 Apr 48, where the correspondent referred to was almost certainly Youl. *Date:* "some months" before 22 Apr 48.

Refusing to give his opinion on a dispute between William Howitt and "a publisher" [*John Saunders*], *about terms which he considered unfair.*[†4]

1848

January

To ALFRED DICKENS, 1 JANUARY 1848

Text from N, II, 69.

Edinburgh | Saturday Night, New Year's Day 1848

My Dear Alfred,

I am vexed beyond measure to think that you will have been to York[†1] unavailingly, and that you will all have thought us faithless, before I can hope to set you right by this note.

Kate was taken very ill on the way from this place to Glasgow, on Tuesday—a miscarriage, in short, coming on, suddenly, in the railway carriage. When we got to the House where we were engaged to stay, she was immediately undressed and put to bed—couldn't go to the Demonstration—and remained in bed 'till late next night. Moreover I was obliged to call in a famous Doctor. She seemed quite well until this morning, when she was again taken violently ill—another famous Doctor[†2] called in—and again got into bed with all speed. I must be in town on Tuesday morning. The famous Doctor No. 2 says she cannot possibly travel tomorrow, but may come by the Express Train on Monday (that by which I purposed going from you)[†3] as he thinks by that time she will be quite right.

I don't know what to give my Godson[†4] that will be useful to him, until he gets a little older. Pending that decision, I went out this morning as it was New Year's Day (Kate was with me, and was taken ill in the street) and bought Helen[†5] a little bracelet, which, if I see you at York on Monday, I will beg you

to take to her. If I don't, I will send it back from Town. Kate joins in loves to you and Helen and the boy, and Fanny and Burnett[†6], and is full of regret and grief that we can't come. But I tell her we will come, Please God, another time,

In great haste ever affecy.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 JANUARY 1848]

Extract in F, VI, i, 468. *Date:* 1 Jan 48 according to Forster.

Jeffrey, who is obliged to hold a kind of morning court in his own study during the holidays, came up yesterday in great consternation, to tell me that a person had just been to make and sign a declaration of bankruptcy; and that on looking

at the signature he saw it was James Sheridan Knowles.[†1] He immediately sent after, and spoke with him; and of what passed I am eager to talk with you.[†2]

To FRANK STONE, 4 JANUARY [1848]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* misdated 1847 (on 4 Jan 47 CD was in Paris); clearly 1848 when newly returned from Scotland.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourth January 1847.

My Dear Stone.

I returned from Scotland late last night, and hasten to say (though we shall meet this evening) that I can have nothing but pleasure in the proposed design,[†3] and the prospect of your executing it.

There will be some children of both small and large growth, here on Thursday (Twelfth Night) and some dancing of Sir Roger de Coverley. Kate hopes you'll come, and so so I.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?4 JANUARY 1848]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* no doubt the Tuesday before 10 Jan, when he told Miss Coutts that Catherine was downstairs again. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Your note was answered by Mrs. Dickens this morning; but I find, on enquiry, that it was posted instead of sent. Which I hope will explain your not having received an earlier reply.

Mrs. Dickens, I am sorry to say, is in her own room, and likely to be there for two or three days. I am not without some idea that the indisposition of my intended host of tomorrow,[†1] may release me. In that case, I shall present myself in Stratton Street, however informal the circumstances of my coming there.

I was at the Home today, where all appears to be progressing with perfect comfort and promise. Archdeacon Sinclair[†2] was there, and seemed much pleased, I thought, with what he saw and heard.

Our friend Mrs. Graves[†3] is rather of a delicate gentility, I fear; as her aspect is sombre. She will enter on her duties on Saturday week. Mrs. Fisher will retire on the same day.

I will endeavour to make out the accounts tomorrow morning. Whatever has occurred to me to say to you on any little point, I will say when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

I hope you liked the little loves of Florence and Walter?[†4] If you had seen Jeffrey crying over them the other night,[†5] you would have been charmed with *him* at all events.

To DR W. P. ALISON,[†1] 5 JANUARY 1848

Extract in Alwin J. Scheuer catalogue No. 6 (1931); *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 5 Jan 48; addressed Dr. William Pulteney Alison, York Gate, Regents Park.[†2]

Thanking him for a pamphlet.[†3] . . . the subject is deeply important and I know with what tenderness and truth you handle it. Mrs. Dickens (still very unwell) [unites][†4] with me in cordial regards to Mrs. Alison[†5]—with whose paper knife I broke ground yesterday.

To H. K. BROWNE, 5 JANUARY [1848]

MS Mrs A. M. Stern. *Date:* misdated 1847 (on 5 Jan 47 CD was in Paris); for Browne's four *Dombey* portraits, see *fn.*

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Fifth January | 1847.

My Dear Browne.

I think Paul *very good indeed*[†6]—a beautiful little composition altogether. The face of Florence strikes me as being too old, particularly about the mouth. Edith, not so handsome as in the little drawings,

and something too long and flat in the face.[†7] The better Alice of the two, decidedly that which is opposite Edith.

I write hastily, as your messenger is waiting.[†8]

Always Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 JANUARY 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventh January 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose you a list of all the expences of Shepherd's Bush, from the date of the

lease to the present time. The amount is greatly swelled by the builder's account for necessary repairs, fence-making, and so forth; but you will find that everything that has been bought, has been bought at the lowest ready-money prices for good things, and at the most respectable wholesale warehouses.

I have numbered every bill, for the greater convenience of your reference. You will see that receipts are not attached to some of them. In those cases, they have been paid by Mr. Chesterton, and the receipts have not yet come in to me. But I have paid everything.[†1]

I shall be glad if you will tell me when you can see me. I wish to explain to you how the case stands about the gas. I have been much dismayed by what I have heard about the books (I mean the reading books) at the Home, and imagine there is some mistake, but it makes me very unquiet, and extremely anxious to speak with you on the subject.[†2] There is also a point in reference to the acceptance or rejection of one new Inmate that I deem it necessary to submit to you for your decision. The straw-plaiting,[†3] and one or two other questions, also occur to me as requiring mention.

Charley has just brought me in a document which looks so like a begging-letter[†4] that I am afraid to send it by itself lest it should not be taken in[†5]—and therefore enclose it.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 JANUARY 1848]

Extract in F, VI, i, 465*n*. *Date:* 7 Jan 48 according to Forster.

Mac and I think of going to Ireland for six weeks in the spring, and seeing whether anything is to be done there, in the way of a book?[†6] I fancy it might turn out well.

To PERCY B. ST JOHN,[†1] 7 JANUARY [1848]*

MS Mr and Mrs Melville N. Rothschild, Jr. *Date:* misdated 1847 (on 7 Jan 47 CD was in Paris). Handwriting supports Jan 48.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh January 1847.

Dr. Sir.

I regret to say that I have no personal acquaintance with any of the distinguished gentlemen, mentioned in your letter. When I was in Paris, I mingled very little with society; being anxious to have my time entirely at my own disposal, and to see what I wished to see out of doors, with my own eyes.

Otherwise I should have had pleasure in complying with your request.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy B. St. John Esquire

To GEORGE HODDER, 9 JANUARY [1848]*

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Date:* misdated 1847 (on 9 Jan 47 CD was in Paris); Sunday was 9 Jan in 1848.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Ninth January 1847

Dear Sir

I was absent from home all day yesterday, or I would have answered your note sooner. I very much regret to say that I cannot comply with your request. I have no kind of right to trouble Dr. Southwood Smith in reference to Mr. Rowland Hill, whom I have never seen in his company, and whom he may have no acquaintance with, so far as I know. The reason which I have already informed you I have, for not addressing any member of the Government immediately, applies with particular force to the Sanitary Commission, where I have already exerted the strongest influence I could urge, in behalf of some one else.[†2]

I have no kind of doubt that Dr Southwood Smith will recollect you perfectly well, as having been engaged at the Sanatorium,[†3] and that you need no other introduction to him than your own statement of the fact.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Hodder Esquire

To W. M. THACKERAY, 9 JANUARY 1848

Text from *The Letters and Private Papers of W. M. Thackeray,* ed. G. N. Ray, II, 336.

Devonshire Terrace, | Sunday Ninth January 1848.

My Dear Thackeray,

I need not tell you that I have been delighted—and cut tender, as it were to the very heart—by your generous letter.[†1] You would never have written it if you had not known how truly and heartily I should feel it. I will only say the spirit in which I read it, was worthy of the spirit in which you wrote it, and that I think there is nothing in the world or out of it to which I am so sensitive as the least mark of such a manly and gallant regard.

I *do* sometimes please myself with thinking that my success has opened the way for good writers. And of this, I am quite sure now, and hope I shall be when I die—that in all my social doings I am mindful of this honour and dignity and always try to do something towards the quiet assertion of their right place. I am always possessed with the hope of leaving the position of literary men in England, something better and more independent than I found it.

There's a wild and egotistical fancy for you! See what it is to get into my confidence so thoroughly!

It is curious, about Punch, that I was so strongly impressed by the absurdity and injustice of my being left out of those imitations,[†2] that I several times said at home here I would write to you and urge the merits of the case. But I never made up my mind to do so, for I feared you might misunderstand me.

I will tell you now, candidly, that I did not admire the design—but I think it is a great pity to take advantage of the means our calling gives us with such

accursed readiness, of at all depreciating or vulgarizing each other—but this seems to me to be one of the main reasons why we are generally more divided among ourselves than artists who have not those means at their command—and that I thought your power thrown away on that series, however happily executed. So now I have made a clean breast too, and have nothing more to confess but that I am saving up the perusal of Vanity Fair[†1] until I shall have done Dombey[†2] and that I cried most bitterly over your affecting picture of that cock-boat manned by babies,[†3] and shall never forget it.[†4]

Kate says that whomsoever you bring on the 26th. will be warmly welcomed. We don't go in for grandeur on the occasion, and I am bent on a prodigious country dance at about the small hours.

Believe me my dear fellow I am very proud of your letter and very happy in its receipt. If I were to pursue the subject, I should come out in a style that would be full of all sorts of faults not insincerity. You have given me a new reason (if I wanted any) for interest in all you do, and for gratification in your progress afterwards: and though I did not write about Harness[†5] with the least grain of ill humour, I think of him now as if he had done me a great service in occasioning me to write at all.

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 JANUARY 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night | Tenth January 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am concerned to hear there is anything wrong at Shepherd's Bush. I should have been there yesterday or today, but am perfectly overpowered with

a cold that seems like a second Edition of my former one, and is most ridiculously intense. But I shall be at my post tomorrow, and will not fail to let you know through Mr. Brown all that has been done.

Julia Mozley's letter was immediately forwarded to its destination. It will happen no doubt, in many of these cases, that the friends are not disposed to renew the broken intercourse. It is a most extraordinary circumstance that the girls themselves seem to have no idea of this. She can write again, I will tell her tomorrow, if she likes.

Mrs. Dickens is down stairs again, and wishes me to thank you for your kind remembrance of her.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS MARION ELY,[†1] 10 JANUARY 1848*

MS Mitchell Library, Sydney.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night | Tenth January 1848.

My Dear Miss Ely.

Next Saturday at half past Seven precisely, D.V. we shall besiege the doors of the Theatre. I am delighted to be beckoned thither by your own fair hand[†2]—writing.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ely.

To MARK LEMON, 10 JANUARY [1848]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* misdated 1847; *Dombey* No. XVII was published on 1 Feb 48. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday, Tenth January 1847.

My Dear Lemon. I shall be at home all day and evening. I have sitch a cold!—Sniffing, and wheezing, and hating myself, and trying to begin Dombey No. XVII,[†3] and not able to see the paper.

There is cold roast beef, I *know*—and some soup (soup not soap) I *think*—on the premises here, at half past five. Come at that hour if you can, and dine with us. We are quite alone, and Kate recovered.[†4]

To ANDREW PARK, [10] JANUARY 1848

Text from George D. Smith catalogue, 1901. *Date:* misdated by CD; Monday was 10 Jan in 1848. Clearly 1848, since the Preface to Park's *Songs* is dated Dec 47.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | Monday Eighth January 1848

Dear Sir.

I beg you to accept my cordial thanks for the volume you have kindly sent me;[†1] and my assurance that I esteem the dedication of it to myself, as a great and flattering compliment. Absence from home [has][†2] prevented my acknowledging your favor until now.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

Andrew Park Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 10 JANUARY 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth January 1848.

My Dear Stone.

I am obliged to make some changes in the Rent Day,[†3] with the view of getting in George Cruikshank who at present has nothing to do in either piece.

This gives me an opportunity of asking you whether you would prefer Toby[†4] (my old part) to Hyssop.[†5] If yes, it is at your disposal. If no, keep Hyssop. But let me know in the course of tomorrow what you decide upon, that I may settle George.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To MISS JULIA FORTESCUE, [?EARLY JANUARY 1848]

Mention in Julia Fortescue *to* CD, ?Jan 48 (see *To* Miss Fortescue, 26 Jan, *fn*). *Date:* CD's apology to Miss Fortescue on 26 Jan for delay in answering her letter of thanks suggests he had written originally early in the month.

Inviting her to act in the Amateur Theatricals and enclosing a present of books.[†6]

To [WILLIAM BROWN], 11 JANUARY [1848]

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* clearly to Brown, like other letters on Urania Cottage business. *Date:* misdated 1847 (on 11 Jan 47 CD was in Paris); Tuesday was 11 Jan in 1848.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Night | Eleventh January 1847.

My Dear Sir

Miss Coutts begged me to let you know what was done at Shepherd's Bush today.

Only Archdeacon Sinclair and Mr. Tennant[†1] were there, besides myself; Lieutenant Tracey being ill, and Mr. Chesterton suddenly called away on business.[†2]

It appears that Mrs. Holdsworth was led to suspect that Julia Mozley might be secretly holding communication with some person, over or through the garden fence, in consequence of her regularly absenting herself from the long room, for the last ten evenings or so, immediately after tea, and remaining absent, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes—sometimes alone, and sometimes (that might naturally happen) with one or other of the other girls. That in consequence of this, she begged the gardener to watch, last Sunday night, outside the fence, on the side near the wash-house. That the gardener did watch accordingly, and a man soon came by him, going along the fence towards that corner. That the gardener "happening", as he says "to have the influenza" (as if it were a strange event!) coughed prematurely, and the man came back. That the gardener caught him by the coat, to detain and question him, and tore his coat, and so he ran away. But not before the gardener recognized him for a young man of 17 or 18, who is a brickmaker out of work[†3]. This morning or yesterday (I forget which) the gardener encountered this person again, elsewhere, and by chance: who seemed ill at ease at having been caught there—told him he needn't have been so sharp upon him, as he was about no harm—and gave a reason for being there, which might possibly be true. On that Sunday night, Julia Mozley's manner was observed to change, and she has been low-spirited, silent, and churlish ever since. It should be observed, however, that she is not well. On being told today that we had reason to believe some communication had been

held with some person outside, she most strenuously denied any such proceeding on her part, and asseverated over and over again that nothing was farther from her thoughts. She also said that she knew of no such communication on the part of anybody else, and was very staunch indeed in her defence, though I did not think she shewed the least surprise on the subject being mentioned to her; and on my saying

beforehand, "you seem changed in your manner. Is there anything the matter with you?" she replied "Not as I knows on."

You will understand that the gardener did not see her, and that the man did not communicate, or try to communicate, with anybody inside, while he was there. We agreed that if we could, beyond all doubt, connect her with the man, that would be a sufficient reason for immediately dismissing her; but there is no such proof at all. The suspicious circumstances against her, are 1stly. the coincidence between Mrs. Holdsworth's suspicion and the man's appearance and 2ndly. the alteration in her manner from the time of his encountering the gardener, as if she divined that he had been caught and prevented from coming any more. That her manner is greatly altered, there seems no doubt. But, as I said before, she is not well; and that, and the consciousness of being suspected, *may* sufficiently account for the change.

The main circumstance against the man, is his running away. But he is a brickmaker; and all brickmakers are supposed to be prowling vagabonds with more or less reason to run away, arising in petty-larceny recollections.

We admonished her about her temper, and said if she resumed her old manner, we hoped we should have no reason to revert to this topic. In the present unsatisfactory state of the matter, we did not feel justified in doing any more. But I gave the gardener a charge to resume his watch, and a sovereign (by way of Christmas Box) to sharpen it; and I begged Mrs. Holdsworth, in the event of her noting the least demonstration in the girl of increased sullenness, or determination to resort to that place or any other, to let me know immediately.

My own impression is, that she is in the restless state which precedes the determination to go away. I think it possible that she may have got this man to go to some other man with whom she was formerly acquainted, and that this other man has returned some message importing that he has no desire to renew the acquaintance. Which would depress and irritate her. But supposing she resumes her old demeanour, I shall think this is not the case, and that there really has been no communication at all. My reason for desiring to know accurlately what she is about, is, that we may be beforehand with her, and, if we have any new reason to believe she is going, that we may—for the general example—discharge her. I will go out on Thursday night, and see her again. And if I should be summoned in the meantime, will go there immediately.

I should have called to tell you all this in a few words, but did not leave the Home until after five o'Clock. All the rest appear to be doing very well, and are looking very well, and everything is in perfect order.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

She is to have some medicine, and some application to her throat tonight. Mrs. Holdsworth thinks nothing of her indisposition.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,[†1] 12 JANUARY [1848]

MS Lytton Papers. *Date:* misdated 1847; Bulwer Lytton presided at the General Theatrical Fund annual dinner on 17 Apr 48.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twelfth January 1847.

My Dear Sir Edward.

The committee of the General Theatrical Fund (who are all actors) are anxious to prefer a petition to you to preside at their next annual dinner at the London Tavern; and having no personal knowledge of you have requested me as one of their Trustees,[†2] through their Secretary Mr. Cullenford,[†3] to give them some kind of presentation to you.

I will only say that I have felt great interest in this design which embraces all sorts and conditions of actors, from the first,[†4] and that it has been maintained by themselves with extraordinary perseverance and determination. It has been in existence some years, but it is only two years since they began to dine. At their first festival I presided[†5]—at their second, Macready.[†6] They very naturally hold that if they could prevail on you to reign over them now, they would secure a most powerful and excellent advocate whose aid would serve and grace their cause immensely. I sympathise with this feeling so cordially, and know so well that it would certainly be mine if I were in their case (as indeed it is, being their friend), that I comply with their request for an introduction. And I will not ask you to excuse my troubling you, feeling sure that I may use this liberty with you.[†7]

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 JANUARY 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth January 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Wardley[†1] (in a most amusing letter, which I must save to shew you) writes to inform me that he has discovered one Mrs. Leslie,[†2] aged thirty six, whom he recommends for the vacant post of Instructress. Would you like to see her, first, or shall I?

I was at Shepherd's Bush last night, and spoke very kindly to Julia Mozley. Her manner of replying, in the presence of the rest, was so very sullen and insolent that I fear some strong notice of it must be taken on Tuesday. In observance of the principle laid down for the other governing powers, I did not take the least notice of it to anybody, at the time, but it will not do to let it pass.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I have sent out the Carpenter to make the alteration of the upper bedroom door, this morning.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [14 JANUARY 1848]

Mention in next.

To WILLIAM BROWN, [14 JANUARY 1848]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* endorsed 14 Jan 48 (a Friday).

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Night

My Dear Sir

I had some one with me, reading a play to night (in which I was *not* interested) and my servant brought me a note from you, saying it was from Miss Coutts. I read it hastily, and thought it applied to the moral Julia—not the physical. The answer I hurriedly returned to her,[†3] is for you of course—as I have no doubt you will be this time have discovered.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To WILLIAM BROWN, 16 JANUARY 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Sunday Sixteenth January 1848.

My Dear Sir.

Of the cases I saw yesterday, I would greatly desire, with Miss Coutts's sanction, to take in one—Adelaide Thomas, aged 17—ignorant—poor in the last degree—her history most awful—and her fall, in its beginning, impossible to be attributed to herself. Mr. Chesterton, his matron, and I, saw the girl's mother (her father went mad, in his grief for this child) and are acquainted with her whole story from her cradle. We strongly believe she may be saved without much difficulty. If we reject her, nothing on earth can stop her in her course to destruction.[†1]

Her appearance is pleasant, and her disposition, we are assured, patient and good humoured. She is very anxious to go abroad. She has never been in any Institution.

Among the other applicants (who, for various sufficient reasons, I cannot recommend) is one whose case Miss Coutts may perhaps like to reconsider.—Martha Goldsmith,[†2] aged 21; the girl who was a year in the Magdalen,[†3] and discharged yesterday. It appears that they are only kept in the Magdalen one year, and are then discharged.[†4] Supposing that situations are not to be got (as at this time) they are discharged at

the twelvemonths'[†5] end, to make room for new inmates. This girl was sent away yesterday, with an excellent testimonial from the matron,[†6] a change of clothing, and three shillings. She has no relatives but sisters who are in service, or poor, and cannot take her in. It appears to me that the Magdalen is an absurdity (the public statement of such a case as this, would do it grievous damage)[†7] and that this girl is positively worse off, than if she had never been there. She is terribly depressed at finding herself again in the world, with a horror of her old life, and no means of taking to a better. One of her sisters was with her, crying bitterly, and implored me so earnestly to make another appeal to Miss Coutts (though I explained the general objection to her, which she very reasonably received) that I feel obliged to state these facts. She

is a good plain needlewoman—having worked at her needle, through her year—ordinary looking, though not ugly, and with a discreet quiet manner.

I shall be glad to have your answer relative to these two cases, without loss of time, to avoid keeping the people in a state of painful anxiety.

I may also repeat that Mr. Chesterton, Mrs. Meriton (his matron) and Lieutenant Tracey, all most decidedly recommend that we should now take in some girls who have not been tried and imprisoned. It would be next to impossible to have stronger authorities in such a case, and they all consider this infusion necessary to the welfare of the Home.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To [?THOMAS RODD], 17 JANUARY 1848*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* CD's Account-book entry (see below) suggests correspondent was "Mr Rodd"—perhaps Thomas Rodd, bookseller.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening | Seventeenth January 1848.

Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for the little book,[†1] which is a very curious compilation—to say nothing of the reverend author's inventive powers, which seem to have been pretty strong.

Let me take this opportunity of enclosing you a cheque for the amount in which I am indebted to you.[†2]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?20 JANUARY 1848]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* PM 21 [month illegible] 1848; since dated Thursday night, presumably written on the 20th. In 1848, 20 Jan, Apr and July were Thursdays. Not 20 July,

since CD in Glasgow then; 20 Apr unlikely, since CD wrote to Miss Coutts the following Sat evening; 20 Jan the most probable.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I grieve to say, I am engaged on Saturday. My anxiety to know that secret reason of Sarah's,[†3] is so intense that I will call on Monday between one and two, on the chance of finding you at home, and becoming a party to her mystery.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To J. MACGREGOR,[†1] [?24] JANUARY 1848†

MS Auckland Public Library. *Date:* Misdated by CD; Monday was 24 Jan in 1848. Next letter supports the year.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Twenty Eighth January 1848.

My Dear Sir

I write a hurried line to say that my better half and her sister will be with you today, but that I fear I shall be wanting.

I never accept an engagement for about this day in the month; being always liable, if my proofs are late, to have to revise them at the printers, and if there is too much matter (as is the case this month)[†2] to take it out, and put them all to rights, and leave them on the Press. I cannot begin to do this, before five or six or seven o'Clock this evening (though I tried very hard to accomplish it this morning) and I hardly descry a possibility of keeping my engagement with you.

I would not have made it, but for being really anxious to come, and not to swell our black list of refusals and mutual impossibilities of accepting invitations, with another one. I am sure I need not say to you that the matter which keeps me away, will admit of no postponement, and is one over which I have no power of arrangement.

Mrs. Dickens will tell you about Wednesday, when I hope we shall see you.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. MacGregor Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, [24 JANUARY 1848]*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* almost certainly the same day as last, when he declined MacGregor's invitation; handwriting supports.

At Your house | Monday

My Dear Mac

I am going (under the rose, for I ought to dine with MacGregor) to Jack Straws, where I have to see Forster about my proofs. We dine there alone at 5, if you are dispoged to come.

Ever CD.

To MISS JULIA FORTESCUE, 26 JANUARY 1848*

Text from transcript by Mr A. Mortelli from MS in the possession of Lady Iveagh.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty sixth January 1848

Dear Miss Fortescue

I should have acknowledged the receipt of your kind note[†1] sooner, but for having been very busily occupied.

Allow me to enclose you a copy of the Rent Day, and to add that we have changed our rehearsal nights to *Wednesday* in each week, at 7—beginning this day week, when we purpose rehearsing the first two acts of Money and the Rent Day.[†2]

I am going out of my "Line" to enact Martin[†3] therein.

Always believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Fortescue.

To R. H. HORNE,[†4] 26 JANUARY 1848

MS University of North Carolina.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth January 1848.

My Dear Horne.

Dombey alone—relentless savage that he is!—has prevented my writing sooner, to tell you that I was greatly interested and entertained by your lecture.[†5] Pray let me pay the debt now, with all the interest that is due upon it, in right of my subsequent reflexion thereanent.

No cold taken—not much felt, indeed—by me. Maclise who was with me,

observed once that he *thought* there was a door open somewhere in the neighbourhood—and mildly whispered at another time that he felt as if a Baker were rasping him up the back. But he seemed to think it a part of the Institution, and was quite satisfied.

Always My Dear Horne | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire

To MISS OPPENHEIM,[†1] 26 JANUARY 1848

Extract in Francis Edwards catalogue No. 477 (1926); *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 26 Jan 48.

The signature of your note carried me back—I wont say how far—rambling among all sorts of old days and once familiar faces. But as I have quite made up my mind never to grow old myself (within, at all events) and never to believe that anybody else has done so, except upon the strongest evidence, it was a very pleasant reminder to me which I am delighted to acknowledge.

To JOSEPH BOULT,[†2] 28 JANUARY 1848

Extract in John Heise catalogue No. 9745 (1925); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, York Gate Regents Park, 28 Jan 48.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the letter with which you have honored me on behalf of the Council of the Roscoe Club,[†3] and also to express my regret that I cannot possibly accept the Society's invitation. I am . . .

To MESSRS WILLIAMS & CLAPHAM[†4], 28 JANUARY 1848

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth January 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Messrs. Williams & Clapham, and will thank them, when they send home the seal ring, to send him, once more, the diamond ring he was inclined to choose the other day, but thought too dear. He would like to reconsider it.

To THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION, [28 JANUARY 1848]

Mention in next.

To THOMAS MITTON, 29 JANUARY 1848

Text in N, II, 70, checked from MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twenty Ninth January 1848.

My Dear Mitton.

I cannot reply with absolute certainty touching Monday, as I signified, only yesterday, to the Life Insurance Company with whom I am in communication in reference to my proposed scheme for authors and artists,[†1] that I would attend any appointment that might be proposed for that day. But it is not at all likely that I shall be out before one—and on Tuesday I shall be home until two.

All well, thank God. I am heartily glad of the cold weather (though the morning shower bath, encrusted with ice, is startling) and the Doctors say it will do wonders for the general health.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To G. W. YAPP,[†2] 29 JANUARY 1848

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth January 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Yapp, and regrets that his engagements prevent his having the pleasure of accepting the invitation with which he is honored by the council of the Whittington Club.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 31 JANUARY 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Night | Thirty First January 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am very glad indeed to hear that there is a prospect of our soon filling up that gap at the Home. It is very important that it should not remain vacant, longer than is absolutely necessary.

Mrs. Brown's report is also extremely cheering. I am quite confident that she is right. I never go there, but the same feeling impresses me, strongly.

I was there on Friday afternoon, and wrote Martha Goldsmith's history into the book. Her manner pleased me greatly. She answered all I asked her, very well indeed, and (I have no doubt) truly.

Mr. Hullah is going out with me this week, to begin his course.

My own impression is,—No Shutters! I will explain why, to Mr. Brown tomorrow. Of course if you should still think them necessary, I will take care that they are immediately made.

I was in the Prisons today. One girl of the Rubina Waller[†1] class—that is, who has never committed any theft—may possibly turn out sufficiently promising to be enquired about,—but there are other cases also, out of doors.

I hope Dr. Skey[†2] will find himself better of that disorder he thought I had given him, this month. Tortures should not have elicited a word from me when I was reproached in Stratton Street.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN HULLAH, 31 JANUARY 1848*

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Night | Thirty First January 1848.

My Dear Hullah.

I have an appointment in the City (concerning a plan I have for getting the general mass of authors and artists to ensure their lives; and to which I am going to devote the Amateur-Theatrical means of raising the wind)[†3] on Wednesday afternoon at 3. I fear, with a view to getting back in good time, and also with a view to the dinner-hour of our protegées, that that afternoon won't do for our visit.[†4] But Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, at 2, or 3, or any time thereabouts that will suit you, I will undertake to transport you to Shepherd's Bush and bring you back.[†5] Therefore, if you will only write and tell me on what day and hour you will be *here*, I will undertake for all the rest.

It is astonishing how your little girl reminds me of your wife[†6] when *she* was a little girl. No less astonishing how you remind me of old times.[†7] I do hope we shall manage to see each other oftener than we have done in these latter years,

and dance more country dances with the dew of our youth (mere boys as yet) upon us.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esquire.

To G. H. LEWES, 31 JANUARY 1848*

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirty First January 1848.

My Dear Lewes.

It now becomes necessary to "Back! Back!"[†1] In other words (as I have settled for the St. James's Theatre, and all is fairly moving on)[†2] to arrange the Insurance scheme, with energy. Wherefore, this comes to express a hope that you can meet Lemon and me at the National Provident Office in Gracechurch

Street City, on Wednesday *at* 3 *to the moment,* when said Lemon and I may sit with our chins resting thoughtfully on our hands, in the character of umpires, while you and Mr.—Marsh,[†3] I think his name is—discuss the one moot point.[†4]

Ever faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire.

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, [?LATE JANUARY 1848]

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen. *Date:* CD returned from Edinburgh on 3 Jan; "a few weeks ago" suggests not before end of the month.

A Thousand thanks, my dear Andersen, for your kind and dearly-prized remembrance of me in your Christmas book.[†5] I am very proud of it, and feel deeply

honored by it, and I cannot tell you how much I esteem so generous a mark of recollection from a man of such genius as you possess.

Your book made my Christmas fireside, happier.[†1] We were all charmed with it. The little boy, and the old man, and the pewter soldier, are my particular favorites. I read that story[†2] over and over again, with the most unspeakable delight.

I was in Edinburgh a few weeks ago, where I saw some of your friends,[†3] who talked much about you. Come over to England again, soon! But whatever you do, don't leave off writing, for we cannot afford to lose any of your thoughts. They are too purely and simply beautiful to be kept in your own head.

We have long since come back from that sea-shore where I said Adieu to you,[†4] and are in our own house again. Mrs. Dickens says I am to give you her love. So says her sister. So say all my children. And as we are all in the same mind, I beg you to receive mine into the bargain, as the love of your true and admiring friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Hans Christian Andersen.

February

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace. | Third February 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was not at home until late last night, but I sent off to Charter House[†5] this

morning (where I knew Mr. Hullah was) and stopped the dragon[†1] in Mr. Illingworth's[†2] path.

There was no intention of doing anything. I imagine he would not have been ten minutes there.

He came to me afterwards, and is so very earnest about the twice a week, and in his representations of trials of once a week having always failed, that I trust you will, at all events, let the thing be tried as it was originally settled. Two hours in the week is not much—each lesson is only an hour long—and there is nothing necessary to be prepared between lesson and lesson.

I have arranged to take him out, for a few minutes, at Mid-day on Tuesday.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MR INGRAM,[†3] 3 FEBRUARY 1848*

Text from transcript by owner of MS, Mr E. E. Bissell.

Devonshire Terrace | Third February 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ingram, and begs to say, in reply to Mr. Ingram's letter, that from twelve to fourteen years ago, and while his Sketches were in course of publication in the Morning Chronicle,[†4] he was connected with that newspaper as a parliamentary reporter.[†5]

To WILLIAM LOCKE,[†6] 3 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace. | Third February 1848.

Dear Sir.

You may remember that some time ago, I received certain small sums in trust for the Ragged Schools.[†7]

They amounted, in all, to Four pounds, ten shillings. Yielding to a representation that was made to me, I entrusted the greater part of this money to a certain person who informed me that he could employ it immediately, in opening a very effective Ragged school. I had reason (as I thought) to believe this statement,

but as I have never seen or heard of its author since, I still hold myself accountable to the Ragged School union for the whole amount; in discharge of which debt, with good interest, I beg to enclose you a cheque for *Six* pounds, ten.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Locke.

To JOSEPH C. KING, 7 FEBRUARY 1848

Extract in N, II, 71 (from catalogue source); dated Devonshire Terrace, 7 Feb 48.

I beg to enclose you a cheque for the amount in which I am indebted to you.[†1] I have no suggestion to make in reference to any of the items, being quite sure that you have made them what they ought to be.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Morning | Eighth February 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts. I am now going out to Chelsea Hospital to fetch Mr. Hullah, and take him to the Home. Perhaps I shall see you there.

I am very sorry to hear you have not been well—and very sorry too, that we are so unfortunate as to be again engaged tonight.

May the Dragon turn out as well as I expect! I have really very great hopes of the beneficial influence of the singing, in combination with all the other things. For it seems to me, to be so much the kind of ingredient we want.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Howard has entered on her "place" here.

To MRS BUTLER,[†2] 10 FEBRUARY 1848

Extract in Kingston Galleries catalogue No. 35; *MS* 1 p.; dated 10 Feb 48.

I do not easily forget any meeting with one for whose genius I have so great and sincere an esteem as I entertain for yours.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning | Tenth February 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

No. He[†1] does not begin, until next Wednesday. I am not sure whether he begins himself—I think not—but I will ascertain from him when he proposes to come in person, and will let you know. On the same day, please God, I shall attend also, as I am much interested in understanding the system.[†2]

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To J. DURANCÉ GEORGE,[†3] 10 FEBRUARY 1848*

Text from transcript by Mr N. C. Peyrouton.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth February 1848.

My Dear Sir.

I was very sorry to be unable to come to your house the other night, and I regret to say too, with a view to the next meeting, that I am engaged every Wednesday evening.[†4]

You are at perfect liberty to put me on the Committee.[†5]

I should have had the pleasure of answering your note before, but I have been from home for a couple of days.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Durancé George Esquire.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 15 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth February 1848. | Tuesday Night.

My Dear Sir.

When I saw Mr. Webster on the subject of the Nickleby illustration,[†6] I begged him to make his sketch in colors and presentable, in order that I might purchase it afterwards[†7]—thinking we had not quite succeeded in the other instance.[†8]

It is now ready (I have seen it today), and *most admirable.* You will be greatly pleased with it. If you will beg whomsoever is to copy it,[†1] to fetch it from his house (his address is, The Mall, Kensington, and he will be at home any Morning this week), he will think the sooner it is taken into hand, the better, as he is very desirous to have it back, if possible, for exhibition at the Academy.[†2]

It is clear to me that we must go on, in the cheap Edition, with the Stories, and not take in the Sketches yet.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 15 FEBRUARY 1848

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire | 48 Mornington Place | Hampstead Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth February 1848.

My Dear George.

I particularly wish to know whether there is anything that you object to, in the enclosed letter. They oblige me to state my opinion on the subject, and I wish (I need not say) to state it in the manner most agreeable to you. I think those Temperance Societies (always remarkable for their indiscretion) are doing a very indiscreet thing in reference to you[†4]—and that they will keep many of your friends, away from your side when they would most desire to stand there.

I will do anything you like. If you would rather have nothing written, I will

go down to these Committee men myself, on one of their evenings of meeting, and *tell* them my impression in six words.[†1]

Ever Yours affecy.
CD.

To G. H. LEWES, 15 FEBRUARY 1848

Mention in N, II, 71.

To FRANK STONE, 15 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address* (envelope, Mr J. D. Fielding): F. Stone Esquire | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth February 1848.

My Dear Stone.

I am much obliged to you for your letter, and have withdrawn from the Club.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Stone Esquire.

To G. H. LEWES, 17 FEBRUARY 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Night February Seventeenth | 1848.

My Dear Lewes.

If you keep in the same mind after the receipt of this note, and tell me so, I will speak to Bradbury and Evans with the utmost readiness and pleasure. But before I hazard a refusal, I think you ought to know this—which *I* know, perfectly and certainly, having seen Bradbury here, this morning. They do not desire to come into the field as publishers. They think it is likely to hurt their printing business. They have now got their old bookselling connexion about them again, and there seems to be a general understanding that, with the exception of what they publish in connexion with Punch,[†3] and in virtue of their arrangement with me[†4] (which is generally recognised in Paternosterian circles[†5]

as a special one) they have no intention of clashing with that interest. They are so particular on this head, that in the case of Forster's advertized book on Goldsmith, they got Chapman to connect himself with the publishing of it[†1]—as I verily believe for no other reason in the world.

My impression therefore is, that they would not accept your proposal.[†2] But if you still wish it to be made, I will make it, and impress upon them that I do so, confidentially.[†3]

The twenty eighth is an open day with us.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 17 FEBRUARY 1848

Text from N, II, 71.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth February, 1848

My Dear Sir,

I *am* deep in No. 18.[†4] I did not show on that Friday morning, because the snow was on the ground, and walking difficult. I can avouch it, as I walked half our distance, alone.

There are two or three words I should like to say to you, before deciding in the matter of the College.[†5] If you will walk to Harrow next Friday, and will have your hat on at a quarter before eleven A.M.—and will tell me so—I will call for you, D.V.

Faithfully Yours always

[CHARLES DICKENS]

Dombey flourishes exceedingly. I know of some of those discussions, and hugged myself in private.[†6] At this present writing, I am in a state of dense stupidity, and have hardly done anything all day.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 18 FEBRUARY 1848

Extract in Alwin J. Scheuer catalogue No. 3 (1927); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 Feb 48.

I speak for myself, and not for Serjeant Talfourd in reply to your note. I think your circular[†7] very becoming, and cannot possibly object to the use of my name.

But Talfourd's, as a matter of propriety, must be mentioned first.[†1] Tomorrow evening I hope to give you some intelligence of a new Lady Franklin.[†2] I have none yet.

To MISS FRANCES HOOD,[†3] 19 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth February 1848.

My Dear Miss Hood.

I am afraid I have but very few and unimportant letters of your lamented father's writing, as we generally communicated personally. But I will see if I can find any; and if my search should be successful, I will not fail to send them to you.[†4]

Indeed I fear that sorrow has been too familiar to you since I saw you last.[†5] If I can ever render you the least service of advice or friendship, pray think of me as one who will be truly glad to do so.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth send their kindest regards.

Always Dear Miss Hood | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 24 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Shepherd's Bush. | Thursday Twenty Fourth February | 1848.

My Dear Lemon. I am anxious that we should have some few hours together, on the subject of the Play. I shall be very busy finishing Dombey,[†6] in a few days, and would greatly desire to have all the forms of advertisement, ticket-vouching, and so forth, arranged before I begin, as the Rehearsals will be quite sufficient occupation for the slight leisure I shall have. Will you think of this, so that we may arrange for an appointment when we meet on Saturday?

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 25 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fifth February 1848.

My Dear Henry.

Many thanks for the report.[†1] And as to that preposterous and idiotic bond[†2] of humbugs called the Corporation, allow me to say, in the words of a friend of mine (Captain Edward Cuttle) "Hooroar my lad, Hooroar, Hooroar[†3]!"[†4]

To CHARLES BABBAGE,[†5] 26 FEBRUARY 1848

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth February 1848.

My Dear Sir.

Pray let me thank you for your pamphlet.[†6]

I confess that I am one of the unconvinced grumblers,[†7] and that I doubt the present or future existence of any Government in England, strong enough to convert the people to your Income tax principles.[†8] But I do not the less appreciate the ability with which you advocate them, nor am I the less gratified by any mark of your remembrance.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Babbage Esquire.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 28 FEBRUARY 1848

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Twenty Eighth February | 1848.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

I have decided to relinquish the Amateur Performances—not having the least hope, as you know, of some of the parties concerned.[†1]

I beg to enclose you a cheque for the Rehearsal nights,[†2] and with much regret that I shall not see you on the Stage again, as I had hoped, am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To G. H. LEWES, 28 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Night | Twenty Eighth February 1848.

My Dear Lewes. I am very sorry to say, that being engaged on and after tomorrow, I have a great deal that I *must* to do[†3] tonight, in endeavouring to disengage myself from the St. James's Theatre people—the dressers—and the other arrangements into which I have ventured on the faith of our punctual friends. If I can come to you, I will. If not, you will forgive me, for the sake of the botherations I have to manage.

Ever Yours
CD.

To G. H. LEWES, 28 FEBRUARY 1848

MS Dr James Hasson.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Twenty Eighth February 1848.

My Dear Lewes.

The experience of every new Rehearsal-night, gives me such strong assurance that I was mistaken in supposing there to be an universal feeling of common consideration among us, one for another, which would prevent any of us from inconveniencing and utterly disregarding the rest, (to say nothing of the purpose to which we stood pledged, or the expences incurred in promoting it) that I must though very reluctantly, abandon my share in the design.[†4]

I therefore address this note to every member of the Company, as an intimation that I have, henceforth, nothing more to do with it.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire.

To L. J. NATHAN, 28 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS L. & H. Nathan Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth February 1848.

Mr. Nathan.

Circumstances have arisen which have led to the abandonment of the contemplated Amateur performances. You will therefore please to proceed no further with the dresses at present.

I hope that Five Pounds will be a sufficient compensation to you for your trouble and charge. Mr. Frederick[†2] will call on you, probably tomorrow.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 29 FEBRUARY 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty Ninth February 1848.

My Dear De la Rue

Looking at the date of your last letter, I should feel a little qualmy in the region of my conscience, but for the steadiness and constancy with which I have been at work at Dombey, ever since its receipt. I am going down to Brighton today, to finish that immortal story (the success of which, is most triumphant and glorious, and has been throughout) but before I go, I must write a few lines to say how are you, and Madame—and does she ever think of her old doctor[†3]—and do you ever think of his visual ray[†4]—and stands Genoa where it did[†5] in these exciting times?[†6]

I have never known anything at all like the sensation that is made here, by the French Revolution. There was hardly room to stand in the Athenaeum last night among the bishops priests and deacons, lords, artists, authors, members of Parliament, and genteel tag rag and bobtail, who were busily discussing it. The aristocratic feeling of England is against it, of course.[†1] All the intelligence and liberality, I should say, are with it, tooth and nail.[†2] If the Queen should be marked in her attentions to old Papa Philippe, I think there will be great discontent and dissatisfaction expressed, throughout the country.[†3] Meantime, we are in a queer position ourselves, with great distress in the manufacturing towns, and all sorts of public bedevilments.[†4]

Maclise and I have been talking about coming to Italy together, and starting on the first of May.[†5] If Anybody were concerned, but that man, I should say I was pretty certain to come. What change his indecision, and impossibility of forming any resolution, may bring upon me, I don't know; but at present I have strong hopes of seeing you in Genoa before the Autumn. He has made a great

hit, with his frescoe[†1] in the House of Commons,[†2] and has been besought by the Commissioners of Fine Arts, to paint another.[†3] So much the more ought he to go to Italy, which naturally makes me think that so much the more he won't do anything of the sort.

In the Examiner I sent you yesterday, there is a Paper about Ghosts,[†4] in which you will recognize an allusion to our patient.[†5] I wrote the article for Forster, who is now the Editor in place of Fonblanque,[†6] who has got a Government appointment.[†7]

The Shakespeare House Committee are imploring and beseeching me to call my Amateur Company together, and act for the benefit of the Fund, and the endowment of a Curatorship for the House, in favor of Sheridan Knowles. I am not particularly anxious to take the needful trouble, and am holding off at present;[†8] but it is very possible that the thing may be done, because of the difficulty of getting out of it.

All well, and thriving. Give my kind love to Madame, and believe me always, My Dear De la Rue

Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Remembrances to William,[†1] and to all friends.

P.S. For Madame. I saw (at Edinburgh, the other day) Callandar[†2] and his new wife[†3]—I have not spelt his name right, I think, but never mind. You know whom I mean. She is very handsome—has a noble head—and looked, in a wreath she wore, like a younger daughter of Juno, who took surprisingly after her mother.

To JOHN FORSTER, 29 FEBRUARY 1848

Text from F, VI, iii, 486.

Mardi, Février 29, 1848. MON CHER. Vous êtes homme de la plus grande pénétration! Ah, mon Dieu, que vous êtes absolument magnifique! Vous prévoyez presque toutes les choses qui vont arriver; et aux choses qui viennent d'arriver vous êtes merveilleusement au-fait. Ah, cher enfant, quelle idée sublime vous vous aviez à la tête quand vous prévîtes si clairement que M. le Comte Alfred d'Orsay se rendrait au pays de sa naissance![†4] Quel magicien! Mais—c'est tout égal, mais—il n'est pas parti. Il reste à Gore-house, où, avant-hier, il y avait un grand diner à tout le monde. Mais quel homme, quel ange, néanmoins! MON AMI, je trouve que j'aime tant la République,[†5] qu'il me faut renoncer ma langue et écrire seulement le langage de la République de France—langage des Dieux et des Anges—langage, et un mot, des Français! Hier au soir je rencontrai à l'Athenæum Monsieur Mack Leese, qui me dit que MM. les Commissionnaires des Beaux Arts lui avaient écrit, par leur secrétaire, un billet de remerciements à propos de son tableau dans la Chambre des Députés, et qu'ils lui avaient prié de faire l'autre tableau en fresque, dont on y a besoin.[†6] Ce qu'il a promis. Voici des nouvelles pour les champs de Lincoln's Inn! Vive la gloire de France! Vive la République! Vive le Peuple! Plus de Royauté! Plus des Bourbons! Plus de Guizot![†7] Mort aux traîtres! Faisons couler le sang

pour la liberté, la justice, la cause populaire! Jusqu'à cinq heures et demi, adieu, mon brave! Recevez l'assurance de ma considération distinguée, et croyez-moi, CON CITOYEN! votre tout dévoué, CITOYEN CHARLES DICKENS.

To MAJOR JOSHUA JEBB, 29 FEBRUARY 1848

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate. | Twenty Ninth February 1848.

Dear Sir

I write this note, to leave when I have the pleasure of calling on you this morning, in case I should not be so fortunate as to find you at home.

Archdeacon Sinclair has mentioned to me, as an eligible person for admission into Miss Coutts's Home, a young woman who is now in the Pentonville Prison, in whose case, he informs me, Sir George Grey[†1] is interested. And he has referred me to you for the particulars of her history.

I am going down to Brighton today, to finish the story on which I am at present engaged, and am not likely to return to town for more than a few hours at a time, until the twentieth or twenty fifth of March. But any note sent to me here, will be immediately forwarded, and if it should suit your convenience I should be extremely glad, on my return, to make my long-deferred visit to Pentonville, in your company.[†2]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

General Jebb.[†3]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 29 FEBRUARY 1848

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1917; *MS* ½ p.; dated 29 Feb 48.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?FEBRUARY 1848]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* between 31 Jan 48, when it was hoped to fill the vacancy at the Home (*To* Miss Coutts, that day), and 1 Apr 48, when Miss Coombs had been appointed (*To* Brown, that day). Initials suggest Feb.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have seen Miss Coomes[†4] this morning—she could hardly be called interesting, certainly, even in Newspaper reports, but she seems to understand her business.

She is to come out to Shepherds Bush today, to see the place; and I impressed upon her, among other things, that she must try to come before next Monday week (the day she suggested) if possible.

I think we want a little more conciliation of manner and feeling, among our ladies. I doubt Mrs. Holdsworth in that respect, but not Mrs. Graves. Mrs. Holdsworth always seems to me to have a secret idea that her charges are her natural enemies.

I think Ann Cattle (whom I have seen this morning) the best case we have yet taken. I should not have had the faintest idea from her appearance or manner that she was an applicant for admission.

Faithfully Yours always

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1846—FEBRUARY 1848]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 837. *Date:* between 1846, when CD and Forster first visited Mazzini's La Scuola Italiana in Holborn (F, VI, vi, 530: Vol. IV, pp. 418-19*n*), and 29 Feb 48, when the school closed on Mazzini's return (*via* Paris) to Italy.

I was among the Italian Boys from 12 to 2 this morning.

March

To G. H. LEWES, 2 MARCH 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Brighton | Second March 1848.

My Dear Lewes.

I will tell you (in answer to your kind note) what alarmed me in the late remissness, and caused me to regard it as something more serious than an inconvenience and annoyance to all us punctual and earnest men.

I thought, if there be such defaulters in the very beginning of the scheme, how shall we get at these same men as it waxes older? And what a frightful thing it would be to tempt a number of poor men into an expenditure they can but indifferently afford, on the strength of the steadfastness of a body that I know not to be stedfast, and not to be relied on! When I see, in the outset of such a design, an imperfect sense, anywhere, of the responsibility incurred, and the positive moral duty undertaken, I believe that I am true to all the true men concerned it it, when I do my best to prevent their doing an unintentional wrong where they mean to do a great kindness.

This is, of course, between ourselves. But don't you see reason in this?

Ever Yours

CD.

G. H. Lewes Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 MARCH 1848

MS Morgan Library.

5 Junction House, Brighton | Second March 1848.

My Dear Macready.

We have migrated from the Bedford, and come here, where we are very comfortably (not to say gorgeously) accommodated. Mrs. Macready is certainly better,[†1] already, and I really have very great hopes that she will come back in a condition so blooming as to necessitate the presentation of a piece of plate to the undersigned Trainer.

You mean to come down on Sunday? And on Sunday week? If you don't, I shall immediately take the Victoria,[†2] and start Mr. Gough[†3] of the Theatre Royal Haymarket as a smashing Tragedian. Pray don't impose upon me, this cruel necessity.

I think Lamartine,[†4] so far, one of the best fellows in the world;[†5] and I have lively hopes of that great people establishing a Noble Republic.[†6] Our Court had best be careful not to overdo it in respect of sympathy with ex Royalty[†7] and ex Nobility. These are not times for such displays—as, it strikes me, the people in some of our great towns would be apt to express, pretty plainly.[†7]

However, we'll talk of all this, on those Sundays—and Mr. Gough shall *not* be raised to the Pinnacle of Fame.

Ever affectionately Yours | My Dear Macready
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To FREDERICK MARRYAT,[†8] 6 MARCH 1848

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Brighton | Monday Sixth March 1848.

My Dear Marryat

I was coming round to see you this morning, but find myself obliged to go to London by the 2 o'Clock train, with no time for preparation. As I shall not be

back until tomorrow night, and as I fear you will have left in the interval, I write this to say that Kate and I were delighted to find you had been here, and were so happily recovered from your illness.[†1] I assure you my dear fellow I was heartily rejoiced, and drank your health at dinner with[†2] all the honors.

Do write me a word in Devonshire Terrace, some fortnight hence, where you are, and how you are,—and if you be within reach let us foregather, and bring old Stanfield from his Saints and Missals[†3] to join us.

In great haste | Most Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. H. M. WAGNER, [6 MARCH 1848]

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* clearly same day as last, written before leaving for London.

Brighton | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

I was on the point of writing to you, when your note came.

I am obliged to go to London *today*. In anticipation of being so obliged to alter my arrangements, I delayed answering your note—being doubtful, and far from certain.

But I shall be at the Institution tomorrow, at half past three exactly. This is the address—

Urania Cottage
near The White Horse
Shepherd's Bush

It is accessible by Acton Omnibuses from Oxford Street, which go past the corner of the lane in which the House stands.[†4] There are not so many of these, however, and they are rather uncertain. But it is also accessible by Hammersmith Omnibuses from Piccadilly, which leave a walk of about half a mile. These are very numerous, and to be relied on. In case you should not come tomorrow, I will bring you back a couple of printed papers, descriptive of the place, its regulations, and objects. If you should come tomorrow (as I hope you will) I shall be happy to give them to you there, and to shew you all about it.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend H. M. Wagner.

To W. C. MACREADY, [7 MARCH 1848]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* endorsed by Macready "March 7"; clearly 1848, referring to the visit to the Home mentioned in last.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Macready.

I was just going to write to you when your Messenger came.

I think we had better postpone our visit,[†1] until I come back, for it would otherwise be a hurried and bad one. There are two young women whom I have to see today, before going out there, and as soon as I shall have done there, I shall have to run away on other business—not returning home. Therefore, with the showman's pride, I would rather, if you don't object, that you see the place under more favorable circumstances.

Affectionately Ever
CD.

To JOSEPH ELLIS,[†2] 10 MARCH 1848*

MS Mrs K. M. Jonas.

Brighton. | Friday Tenth March 1848.

Dear Mr. Ellis.

I thank you, cordially, for the most excellent paté, and am very much obliged to you for your kind remembrance.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [?WILLIAM BRADBURY], 12 MARCH 1848

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1902; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Brighton, 12 Mar 48. *Address:* clearly either to Bradbury & Evans or to one of the partners; Bradbury more likely in light of letter to him of 1 Dec.

Mr. Browne has come down here today with his frontispiece.[†3] He wants to know whether, instead of his etching the lettering on the title-page[†4] (which never looks well) you will have time to get the title engraved after receiving the plate from him.[†5]

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 15 MARCH 1848†

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho | London.

Brighton. | Fifteenth March 1848.

My Dear Miss Kelly

I have come down here to finish my book, and have been working so hard that I have scarcely written any letters this fortnight past. Pray accept this as my true excuse for not having answered yours. *After the 25th.*[†1] I shall be in Devonshire Terrace, and visible any morning at 11 o'Clock.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 17 MARCH 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Seventeenth March 1848.

My Dear Macready

When the sun shines again and the flowers are in bloom, I am your man. One feels, on a day like this (another of my incapable days, by the bye!) as if such things would never be, again.

Here is Frederick Douglass.[†2]

We were truly sorry to leave Mrs. Macready yesterday; and nothing but the necessity of being near the printer now, should have brought me away. I was thinking of coming and having some talk with you about her, but may as well write what I would say. I doubt whether Brighton is exactly the kind of place for her state of health. A Brighton Doctor is not the best judge of that, perhaps. It strikes me, strongly, that a more exhilarating and bracing air would do more good. And if I were you, I would most certainly impress upon her the necessity of riding out into the highest and best air *constantly*, and getting out to walk, as often and as much [as][†3] she can, without fatigue. Nothing is so easy as to rally her by cheerfulness; and I really believe it would be very difficult to give her too much change or chirping sociality with people whom she likes. For this reason, I would not leave her at Brighton with only Katey.[†4] If we made up little jaunts now and then, from home here, I think—for example—it would be much better. This has impressed itself upon me so very plainly, that I cannot think it right not to say it, though, very likely, it has all occurred to you.

Quite apart from any uneasiness of mind about poor Susan,[†1] (which I do *not* think affects her much), it is quite clear that she is extremely feeble, and that her general vitality is, for the time, become languid and dull. I should not be the least doubtful of her speedy restoration, if I were you, by such means as I have hinted at. But I doubt all others. And it seems to me that these are likely to be a thousand times more serviceable at this time tha[n][†2] at any other.[†3]

You know why I say all this, and therefore I should feel it quite monstrous to make any excuse for it. What may be the worth of it all, except for its sincerity, is another thing, and that I leave to your judgment.

—To return to Frederick Douglass. There was such a hideous and abominable portrait of him in the book, that I have torn it out, fearing it might set you, by anticipation, against the narrative.[†4]

Ever My Dear Macready, | Most affectionately Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 MARCH 1848†

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday Evening | Twenty First March 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I failed to ask Mr. Brown today, whether you still wished to see me tomorrow morning. But, in any case,[†a] I must resign myself to Dombey (not yet finished, but whom I am lingering over, with a great desire to carry my care of him and his to the last)[†5] until,—I think,—Thursday Night.[†a†6] Mrs. Dickens and I would like to dine with you that day, very much indeed, but, even if I have finished by dinner-time I shall be in a foolish kind of condition where I am better left to walk about by myself. Therefore, unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will come to you (having a few things I should like to say in reference to Shepherd's Bush) on *Friday* at 11. I am going out of town on Sunday night, for two days.

Mr. Brown will have told you that all was right to day.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE MARCH 1848]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 484. *Date:* CD was "lingering over" the end of *Dombey* on Tues 21 Mar (see last); he had perhaps just sent Forster Ch. 61, the penultimate chapter, and received it back almost at once.

I need not say, I can't, how delighted and overjoyed I am by what you say and feel of it. I propose to show Dombey *twice* more; and in the end, leave him exactly as you describe.[†1]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 MARCH 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth March 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

It occurred to me in walking home from Stratton Street today, that you might have some interest in hearing all about Dombey before everybody knows about him; and if we could manage it, I should be delighted to read it to you and Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The only evening that would seem to answer the purpose—with reference to my Salisbury trip,[†2] and the time of publication—would be next Wednesday.[†3] Mrs. Dickens would be greatly pleased if you and Mr. and Mrs. Brown could dine with us

on that day at half past six. We would not ask anybody else, except perhaps the Kaye[†4] Shuttleworths. And we would see the end of our (of course immortal) acquaintances, after dinner.

Always faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 MARCH 1848]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 484. *Date:* Sat 25 Mar 48 according to Forster.

I suddenly remember that I have forgotten Diogenes.[†5] Will you put him in the last little chapter? After the word "favourite" in reference to Miss Tox, you can add, "except with Diogenes, who is growing old and wilful." Or, on the last page of all, after "and with them two children: boy and girl" (I quote from memory), you might say "and an old dog is generally in their company," or to that effect. Just what you think best.[†6]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 MARCH 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Morning Twenty Sixth March | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Miss Brass[†1] mentioned to me yesterday, with a stoney[†2] pathos which touched me, that she never slept—on account of their[†3] being no bedstead for little Thomas. I dare say she may have mentioned the matter to you, but in case she should not have done so, I write you a line before going out of town to hint that Mrs. Holdsworth does not appear to have any particular chair[†4] in her eye. And really, the state of grimness into which our friend must for ever fall if those eyes of hers (already very blunt and obdurate) are kept open much longer, is dreadful to contemplate.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, [27] MARCH 1848

MS British Museum. *Date:* Monday was 27 Mar in 1848; postmark 28 Mar 48. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park | London.

White Hart, Salisbury | Monday Twenty Sixth March 1848.

My Dearest Kate.

I have just time to say that we have been out on the Plain on horseback, all day—the greater part of it at full gallop. We were excellently mounted; and though we got wet through at starting, the weather

cleared after the first two or three hours, and it became a most glorious expedition. We have come back (to a very fair Inn), and changed, and are now waiting for dinner. There is a sofa in the room, on which Forster is, of course, lying stretched at full length.

We talk of getting some conveyance to Marlborough tomorrow (30 miles from here) to see some more Druidical remains,[†5] and then coming home by the Great Western Railway. But none of our arrangements will interfere with my return sometime tomorrow evening or night.

Best love to the darlings and Georgy. I hope to find your throat quite well.
Here's the dinner!

Ever affectionately

CD.

Forster sends kind loves.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [?29 MARCH 1848]*

MS Private. *Date:* Handwriting and signature suggest Spring 48. Chapman had sent the first Cheap Edition accounts (see below) on 23 Mar (CD received the second in Broadstairs in July).

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I wish to speak to you on the subject of the Cheap Edition accounts[†1]—and will call on you today at 2, or a little before.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 30 MARCH 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth March 1848.

My Dear Beard.

I purpose holding a solemn "Dombey dinner", here, on Tuesday the Eleventh of April at half past six. Book yourself for that day and hour, and for a half a pint or so of the rosy.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, 30 MARCH 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth March 1848.

My Dear Macready.

I must ask you, à la Captain Cuttle, to "make a note of" Tuesday the Eleventh of April. On which occasion, I purpose holding a solemn dinner here, to celebrate the conclusion of a certain immortal work. Which dinner can't take place without you.[†2]

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To W. M. THACKERAY, 30 MARCH 1848

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth March 1848.

My Dear Thackeray.

I purpose holding a solemn dinner here, on Tuesday the 11th. of April, to celebrate the conclusion of a certain immortal book.[†1] Hour, half past six. It couldn't be done without you. Therefore, book it cher citoyen!—

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. M. Thackeray Esquire.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 31 MARCH 1848

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First March 1848.

My Dear Ainsworth.

Pray come and dine with me at a little "Dombey dinner" here, on Tuesday the 11th. of April at half past six. I think I can promise that we shall steep the finished book in some undeniably good wine.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 31 MARCH 1848*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Jeudi 31 Mars 1848.

Mon cher ami.

Me voici libre!—Dombey est fini, mon travail est accompli, et je respire!—

Je vais donner, Mardi 11 Avril, un petit diner à la Dombey, en celebration

de la conclusion de cet ouvrage (sans doubte) immortel. Voulez-vous venir diner chez moi, ce jour là? Je serai charmè de vous voir. Tous les convives sont deja connues a vous; et vous etes (malheureusement) une apparition extraordinaire à ma table et ma maison.—Venez donc!—[†1]

C'est possible que la revolution anglaise ait lieu, le meme jour. Dans ce cas là, nous dinerons le lendemain. Ou, si M. le duc de Wellington serait tuè d'un grand coup de fusil en Trafalgar Square lui donnè par un de nous concitoyens, alors nous ne dinerons pas, jusqu'a le 15—comme une epreuve de notre respect à sa memoire.

J'envoye mille amitiès a Milady et les deux Miss Powers. J'espere que la petite se porte beaucoup mieux—qu'elle est parfaitement retabliè[†2]—et qu'elle nous accompagnera a Rosherville quand les beaux jours du printemps seront arrivés.

Je n'ai pas vu le petit docteur avec la visage courte[†3]—ah mon dieu!—depuis cinq ou six ans! Est-ce qu'il existe encore, ou est-ce qu'il a temerairement avalè de sa medicine, et qu'il est mort?

Mon cher | Votre tout devouè
CHARLES DICKENS

Six heures et demie—le diner.

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 31 MARCH 1848*

MS Bodleian Library. *Address:* Mr. Joseph Ellis | The Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirty First March 1848.

Dear Mr. Ellis.

My small debt to you having been forgotten when we left Brighton, I beg to enclose you a post office order for the amount.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Joseph Ellis

To MRS PRICE,[†1] 31 MARCH 1848

Text from N, II, 77.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park
Thirty First March 1848

Madam,

I regret to say that I am quite powerless to assist you in the publication of your poems.

However strange it may appear to you, it is nevertheless true, that I have no influence with publishers, save such as may attach to my own writings. I do not think I ever recommended a manuscript, even to my own booksellers, successfully. For years past I have refrained from any such useless interference, not only as a point of feeling, but as a matter of necessity; for I receive so many letters similar to yours, that I should keep my booksellers' house in perpetual occupation, if I took charge of half the Manuscripts that are offered to me in the course of the year. Hence I receive none, convinced that it is the only kind and honest proceeding I can adopt towards their authors.

I do not think you will find any bookseller prepared to publish a collection of your verses.[†2] I question whether it is within the bounds of probability that you could ever get them published otherwise than by subscription, or at your own cost. They are very agreeable and womanly, but I do not discern in the specimens you have sent me, any novelty, either of thought or expression, that is likely to attract attention. I fear the pursuit of this idea of publication in collected form, will only cause you bitter disappointment and regret. I feel convinced that it can never advance your worldly circumstances and therefore I would counsel you to abandon it.

This is merely my individual opinion, and I know it involves advice that it is very difficult to take. But I entreat you to believe that it is offered with feelings of sincere kindness and consideration.

I am Madam, | Your faithful servant
[CHARLES DICKENS]

April

To WILLIAM BROWN, 1 APRIL 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. Brown Esquire | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | First April 1848.

My Dear Sir

I was at Shepherd's Bush yesterday, (where Rubina Waller was laid up in bed with gout, by the bye), and there Julia Mozley told me that she wished to have a private conference with you, as she had not told you that she believed her illness to be "along of her past misconduct." I told her that it was of no use her seeing you unless she told you what she *did* complain of, and she intimated that she hadn't been able to do so, privately. It appearing from the testimony of the grim

Coombes, that her medicine regularly made her sick, I advised said Coombes, under these circumstances, not to administer it any more until she had seen you, and you had heard the patient's story. Which I hope you approve of?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 1 APRIL 1848

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 13 (1929); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1 Apr 48.

I have been thinking of your project,[†1] and am quite certain that you can do nothing before Easter, and that you would severely damage it by attempting to carry it into execution until after the holidays. I therefore advise you on no account to announce your first evening for any earlier period than when both houses of Parliament shall have re-assembled, and people shall have come back to town.

To SAMUEL NEWTON,[†2] 1 APRIL 1848*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park, | First April 1848.

Sir,

I beg to assure you that you are mistaken in supposing that I have any power of facilitating the publication of your book. In respect of publishers, as in respect of the community of readers, it must depend entirely on its own intrinsic means of attracting attention. Any influence that I possess with any of those gentlemen is so entirely personal and limited to my own books, that I do not remember to have ever successfully recommended a Manuscript, even to my own booksellers. But I have long since been obliged to desist from recommending any; because every week of my life, I receive so many letters exactly similar to yours, that my introductions must otherwise utterly swamp and overcome any publishing-house in London. Believe me, I am quite serious in this, and mention it as one of the main reasons which render me powerless to assist you. For I am anxious that you should understand that my refusal does not arise in indifference to the struggles and aspirations of a young writer, but in sheer necessity.

The mere glance that my avocations have enabled me to bestow upon your verses, (for if I sat down, deliberately, to the perusal of such books of manuscript, I should read scarcely anything else, and

should write nothing) induces me to believe that you have a facility of versification, and that you can sometimes express your thoughts in a spirited and rapid manner. Whether there is sufficient originality in the thoughts themselves, or in the form of their expression, to constitute you a Poet, or to invest you with any reasonable chance of improving your worldly circumstances by encouraging your poetical inclinations, is a

question I will not take upon myself to decide, but which I very earnestly entreat you to consider. Think of the vast crowd of young men who can write verse, and of the handful who can write poetry; and rely upon it that the worst you may have ever heard or read of the misery inseparable from a mistaken ambition, in Letters, is nothing to the dread reality.[†1]

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Samuel Newton.

To GEORGE HOGARTH,[†2] 2 APRIL 1848

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Second April 1848

My Dear Hogarth

I assure you I am quite as sensitive to applause which I know to be sincere, as I was a dozen years ago—more so, I think. Therefore your note has given me real pleasure, and I thank you for it heartily.

I must acknowledge that I have great faith in Dombey, and a strong belief that it will be remembered and read years hence. Its success in these days is quite prodigious.[†3] All through, I have bestowed all the pains and time at my command upon it—and I feel in the strangest of states, now that it has gone from me.

I am going to have a "Dombey dinner" here, on Tuesday the eleventh, at half past six, to celebrate the completion of the story. Will you come?

Always Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

George Hogarth Esquire.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 4 APRIL 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourth April 1848.

My Dear Lady Blessington

I should have come to you this[†4] morning, to answer your note myself, but for having just now received a note from Jeffrey (who has been very unwell and confined to his bed) saying he is coming in the course of the day, if I can make it convenient to stay at home. So I write this.

I greatly fear that I cannot be of service to you, in the matter of your book.[†5] And you will see how this is, when I explain the occasion of my misgiving.

Bradbury and Evans found their starting as publishers, so damaging to their business as printers, that they drew in their horns almost as soon as they had put them out, and made every effort to have it understood in the trade that their connexion with me was a special affair, and that they would, in future, extend their publishing business no further. This was so well received, and so immediately useful to them, that they have confined themselves rigidly to Dombey, and those things arising out of Punch, previously publishing at the Punch office. In the case of Forster's Goldsmith even (which they purchased, years ago) they distrusted the idea of being the publishers when the Manuscript was, the other day, completed; and accordingly Chapman and Hall's name was added to theirs, as an expression to the booksellers that Bradbury and Evans hadn't failed in their truth.[†1]

Under these circumstances, I am so certain of their not taking your book, that I feel it would be wrong towards you to offer it, as placing you, knowingly, in a position of some disadvantage. I am quite sure of the result.

Chapman and Hall publish nothing at Novel price—their knowledge of books, is pretty much on a par with yours and mine of dragons—and they have never once, in all these years, entered into any enterprize I recommended to them, though I have very often tried my utmost.

I will come and see you one morning this week, and talk the subject over. I wish I could see any way of being of any use.

I am heartily pleased by all that you say, so kindly, of Dombey.[†2] In the strangeness of my separation from all those people, I am quite forlorn; and such a cordial and genial remembrance of them, as yours, is delightful.

Dear Lady Blessington | Ever truly Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Blessington.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,[†3] 4 APRIL 1848*

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | Fourth April 1848.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens present their compliments to the Duke of Devonshire, and greatly regret that an old engagement out of town, will prevent

their having the honor of coming to Devonshire House tomorrow evening. But they beg to assure the Duke of Devonshire that they are very sensible of his kindness, and are much gratified by it,—and they hope to have an early occasion of personally making their acknowledgements.

To THE REV. DAVID LAING, 8 APRIL 1848

Mention in N, II, 78.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 8 APRIL 1848

Text from N, II, 78.

H.M.S. Devonshire | Eighth April 1848

My Dear Admiral,

Keep your weather eye on that there Lion figure-head o' yourn, o' Monday, for in case I hoist my pennant aboard o' the Chartist Flagship,[†1] I'm damned if I don't pour in a broadside on you (in answer to your'n) and rake you fore and aft, you swab![†2]

So no more at present from—CHARLES DICKENS
his ✕ mark

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [10 APRIL 1848]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* The invitation was clearly for the *Dombey* dinner on Tues 11 Apr—to which Bradbury was unable to come (see next). Handwriting supports. Dated July 1843 in N, I, 529.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night

My Dear Fred

I write this to let you know that Bradbury is laid up with pleurisy, and that

consequently I have a spare place at the table tomorrow, which I hope you will fill.[†1] We dine at half past 6.

I take it for granted you were not killed today.[†2]

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 10 APRIL 1848

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tenth April 1848. | Monday Evening.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I confess to small faith in any American projects, having international copyright for their aim. But I will carefully consider Blackwood's letter[†3] (when I get it) and will call upon you and tell you what occurs to me in reference to it, before I communicate with that Northern Light.[†4]

I have been "going" to write to you for many a day past, to thank you for your kindness to the General Theatrical Fund people,[†5] and for your note to me. But I have waited until I should hear of your being stationary somewhere. What you said of the Battle of Life, gave me great pleasure.[†6] I was thoroughly wretched at having to use the idea for so short a story.[†7] I did not see its full capacity until it was too late to think of another Subject—and I have always felt that I might have done a great deal with it, if I had taken it for the groundwork of a more extended book.

I have not been special constable-ing, myself, today. Thinking there was rather an epidemic in that wise abroad,[†8] I walked out and looked at the preparations,[†9] without any luggage of staff, warrant, or affidavit.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton

To FRANK STONE, 11 APRIL 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Eleventh April 1848.

My Dear Stone

I have (at half past six today) a little "Dombey dinner" here, to celebrate the close of the book. Necessity (and the size of a table) has no law, and I have been fain to leave out many I would have asked. Bradbury, one of my printers, is ill. Will you take his place, like a Trump?[†1] Write a word in answer, for the bearer is a frenchman.[†2]

Ever Faithfully
CD

To R. W. EMERSON,[†3] APRIL 1848

MS[†4] Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* presumably written, whether sent or not, before Emerson's letter to Ireland of 13 Apr (see below).

LONDON April, 1848

Dear Sir,

We, the undersigned, being desirous of the gratification of hearing from you a course of Lectures in London, hereby unite in respectfully requesting you to comply with our wishes, (which we feel confident are participated in by a large number of persons), by appointing a time for the purpose, in order that the required arrangements may be made.[†5]

THOMAS CARLYLE[†7]
E. B. LYTTON[†6] B. W. PROCTER[†8]
CHARLES DICKENS[†9]
JOHN FORSTER[†10]

To Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esqr.[†11]

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To G. H. LEWES, 12 APRIL 1848*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twelfth April 1848.

My Dear Lewes.

Many thanks for your book,[†1] which I am going to read, and whereof more anon.[†2] I can't call a second farce[†3] for Saturday; having just got the Review,[†4] and fearing that I descry impracticabilities therein.

Ever Yours
CD.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE,[†5] 14 APRIL 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Craven Hill Cottage | Bayswater.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourteenth April 1848.

Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke

I did not understand, when I had the pleasure of conversing with you the other evening,[†6] that you had really considered the subject, and desired to play.[†7] But

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I am very glad to undertand it now; and I am sure there will be an universal sense among us of the grace and appropriateness of such a proceeding.[†1]

Falstaff[†2] (who depends very much on Mrs. Quickly) may have, in his modesty, some timidity about acting with an amateur actress.[†3] But I have no question, as you have studied the part and long wished to play it, that you will put him completely at his ease on the first night of your rehearsal.[†4] Will you, towards that end, receive this as a solemn "call" to Rehearsal of the Merry Wives, at Miss Kelly's Theatre, tomorrow, Saturday, *week*, at 7 in the evening?[†5]

And will you let me suggest another point for your consideration. On the night when the Merry Wives will *not* be played, and when Every Man in His Humour *will* be, Kenney's[†6] farce of Love, Law and Physic[†7] will be acted.[†8] In that farce, there is a very good character (one Mrs. Hilary,[†9] which I have seen Mrs. Orger,[†10] I think, act to admiration) That would have been played by Mrs. C Jones,[†11] if she had acted Dame Quickly, as we at first intended. If you find yourself quite comfortable and at ease among us, in Mrs. Quickly, would you like to take this other part too?[†12] It is an excellent farce, and is safe, I hope, to be very well done.[†13]

We do not play to purchase the house (which may be positively considered as paid for)[†14] but towards endowing a perpetual curatorship of it, for some

eminent literary veteran.[†1] And I think you will recognise in this, even a higher and more generous object than the securing, even, of the debt incurred for the house itself.

Believe me | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 APRIL 1848]

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* The *Daily News* editorial to which CD refers appeared on Fri 14 Apr, and CD's "Ignorance and Crime" the following week.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday

My Dear Forster.

I think the Goldsmith[†2] very great indeed—exceedingly large—and congratulate you with all my heart and soul.[†3]

Your note finds me at work upon the article[†4]; which is not done, but would have been at 4; which I am not much in the way of doing well; which was anticipated to some extent in the Daily News this morning;[†5] and which I am glad enough to lay aside.

Qy. Whether I oughtn't to go to Lord Northampton's tomorrow? But I doubt myself. Let us dine here, on Sunday.

Ever affectionately
CD.

Hill,[†1] bringing everything round to Corfu[†2] last night,[†3] and [- - - -][†4] delight therein, were good. I don't think the latter gets well out of that hair cutting. Eh?

To THE EDITOR OF THE *SUN,*[†5] 14 APRIL 1848

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* The Editor of | "The Sun" | "Sun" Office | Strand.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Friday Fourteenth April 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Editor of the Sun, and begs that gentleman will have the goodness to convey to the writer of the notice of "Dombey and Son", in last evening's paper,[†6] Mr. Dickens' warmest ackknowledgements and thanks. The sympathy expressed in it, is so very earnestly and unaffectedly stated, that it is particularly welcome and gratifying to Mr. Dickens; and he feels very desirous indeed, to convey that assurance to the writer of that frank and genial farewell.[†7]

To MISS ANNE ROMER, 14 APRIL 1848*

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regents Park | Fourteenth April 1848.

Dear Miss Romer.

We are going to play—at the request of the Shakspeare House Committee, and for a very good purpose closely connected with their design—twice in London, and twice in the country.[†1] The London performances will probably take place between the middle and the end of May.

Your good nature induces me to hope that we may count upon you for Anne Page in the Merry Wives (enclosed) and for Constance in Animal Magnetism (also enclosed). Whatever song you may wish to introduce in the latter character, I shall be happy to see to. I fear so short a notice may not find you disengaged, but we rehearse Animal Magnetism tomorrow (Saturday) evening at 7 at Miss Kelly's Theatre.

There is another farce for the second night, in which I should be delighted to offer you a part, if you would like to play it.[†2]

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Anne Romer.

To MARK LEMON, 16 APRIL 1848

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixteenth April 1848. | Sunday.

My Dear Lemon

A word in answer. Will you come and dine with me, solus, on Tuesday? We will have Nathan here, and discuss other play points.

I shall be at Shepherd's Bush from 2 to 3 on that day. Will you call there for me, or shall we meet here?

Ever Yours

CD.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 16 APRIL 1848

Text in N, II, 80, checked from MS Sotheby's, Nov 1952.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Morning | Sixteenth April 1848.

Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

As I am the stage Manager,[†3] you could not have addressed your enquiry[†4] to a more fit and proper person. The *mode* of address would be unobjectionable,

but for the knowledge you give me of that family usage[†1]—which I think preferable, and indeed quite perfect.

Enclosed is Knight's Cabinet Edition[†2] of the Merry Wives; from which the Company study. I also send you a copy of Love, Law, and Physic.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

To W. P. FRITH, 16 APRIL 1848

Text from W. P. Frith, *My Autobiography and Reminiscences*, 1888, III, 380.

Devonshire Terrace | April 16, 1848

My Dear Sir,

Pray don't think me indifferent to your kind invitation to see your pictures before they went to the Academy.[†3] Mrs. Dickens and I, having an old engagement for the afternoon of *the* day,[†4] were obliged to cut short a pictorial pilgrimage we were elaborately performing—to leave a very interesting part of it undone—and to fly, as for our lives, to an early dinner-party.

Believe me, | Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. H. LEWES, 16 APRIL 1848

Extract in N, II, 80, checked from MS Sotheby's, 4 Mar 1980; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 16 Apr 48.

I can't find a suitable farce with an Irishman in it. I have no doubt you are a good countryman, however; and in the enclosed farce[†5] (excellent for our purpose) there is [a] very excellent and telling part of Emery's-Andrew.[†6] Will you take it?[†7] In case you should like Flexible[†8] better, I should be very glad to give him up to you, and to take Andrew instead, myself.

To [J. P. KNIGHT],[†9] 16 APRIL 1848

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 4278 (1936); *MS* (3rd pers.) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 16 Apr 48.

Accepting an invitation to the Royal Academy.[†10]

To JOHN FORSTER, 18 APRIL 1848

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC).

Devonshire T. | Eighteenth April 1848.
Birth Day of the Ocean Spectre.[†1]

My Dear Forster.

The naval captain[†2] who alluded to Captain Cuttle, made the best speech of the kind, I ever heard in my life.[†3] The dinner went off capitally. Hirsute[†4] very good, but with that strange unfortunate manner[†5] in full force, and a dodge in the way of action[†6] that I will describe to you vivâ voce. Dick[†7] was very good—but that of course—both in reply to the Capting, and the Sheriff[†8]—who had said a very odd thing.[†9] Also to be described.

Upon my soul I think the Goldsmith *admirable.*[†1] I had intended to be dumb until I had turned the last page and shut up the book; but can't help saying that much now.

John has crossed this. Never mind.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 18 APRIL 1848

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* W. Charles M. Kent Esquire | "Sun" Office | Strand.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park
Eighteenth April 1848.

Dear Sir

Pray let me repeat to you personally, what I expressed in my former note.[†2] And allow me to assure you, as an illustration of my sincerity, that I have never addressed a similar communication to anybody except on one occasion.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Charles. M. Kent Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, 20 APRIL 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth April 1848.

My Dear Macready

His[†4] address is, 22 Rue de Londres.

When the weather shall be propititious, I am your man. I always am!—

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 21 APRIL 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* The | Countess of Blessington | Gore House | Kensington.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night, Twenty First April | 1848.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

Mr. Leech (whose pencil in Punch has made him so famous)[†5] has told me that he is very desirous to have the gratification of being presented to you. And as I

very well understand and appreciate that desire, and feel pretty sure that you will readily respond to it, in behalf of a very modest and agreeable gentleman, I write you this note (requiring no answer) as a threat that I will descend upon Gore House on Sunday at about two, taking the chance of finding you at home and so being able to effect this introduction.

With best regards to Count D'Orsay, and the Miss Powers

Believe me | Dear Lady Blessington | Ever Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER CUNNINGHAM,[†1] 21 APRIL 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night | Twenty First April 1848.

My Dear Sir

I am very anxious—with a view to our making a great success[†2]—to receive news of Lumley[†3] from you;[†4] and, in the event of his seeming to diplomatize, that another iron should be got into the managerial fire, without delay. It appears to me very important that your Committee[†5] should be in a condition to get out *some announcement* of the plays, immediately. There is nothing like taking the field in such a case—especially when its being taken later, will effect a jostling between the plays and the ball.

It would be expensive to hire the Haymarket, but I have reason to believe

that an arrangement might probably be effected with Mr. Webster, for his shutting up that Theatre and letting it to us. The Opera House[†1] would be decidedly preferable, but I mention this probability, thinking it well that you should know of it, in case of Lumley being indisposed to acquiesce. One of our company is a friend of Mr. Webster's,[†2] and could reduce the matter to a certainty (if need were) in a very few hours.[†3]

The Stratford Theatre will hold I take it, at high prices, about £200.[†4] The Company being at Birmingham, it would certainly be desirable to act there to so much money—if it could be filled—as the additional expences would be very small indeed.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 21 APRIL 1848†

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night. | Twenty First April 1848.

My Dear Lemon

On all my pleasantest expeditions, of all sorts and kinds, I'll tak', please God, my *new* coat aboot me, in remembrance of you.[†6] I got into it instantly, when I found it here on Wednesday evening—remained in it, to the great terror of my family, until I went to bed—wore it, out to dinner, yesterday—glory in it, love it, and will assert it against all comers to be *the* coat of the world. [†a]It's the pleasantest coat I ever had to my back.[†a]

—Touching theatricals. Lumley, delaying with the Shakespeare Committee as to his answer to their letter, seems to me to be diplomatizing. I have sent (through the Post) a small red hot poker for the stirring up of those gentlemen (meaning the Committee) and thrown out the Webster matter.[†7] [†a]I have little doubt that the said poker will attract them here tomorrow,—and[†a] in case I should have anything to speak to you about, before Rehearsal time, I'll come down to Whitefriars, [†a]on the chance of finding you there.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

Mark Lemon Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 APRIL 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Twenty Second April 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have not the slightest knowledge of the writer of the enclosed,[†1] beyond such as he himself states that I possess. A letter signed with the same name, was written to me some months ago, and the writer requested me—as a friend of Mr. Howitt's,[†2] though not, as he said with the knowledge of that friend of his—to examine certain correspondence relating to a dispute between Mr. Howitt and a publisher,[†3] and write an opinion upon it which was to be published, if *it were favorable to Mr. Howitt.* I immediately wrote back that I would give no opinion on such terms, which I conceived to be unfair; and that I would not assume the position of an arbitrator in the matter, unless my decision were equally public, whomsoever it affected, and unless I acted by the desire of both parties to the dispute. I heard no more of it.

I could easily ascertain in the course of Monday, whether the story told you is a true one. Which I will do, unless you should desire me not.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To [PETER CUNNINGHAM], 22 APRIL 1848*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* clearly to Cunnigham, referring to previous day's letter.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Second April 1848.

My Dear Sir

Forgetting Stratford (where I shall *not* be on Monday) I wrote to you last night, suggesting an immediate application to Mr. Webster, who, I have reason to believe, would let the Haymarket for the purpose. I will endeavour to clear the ground for you, before you return, when I shall hope to see you at your earliest convenience.

—For I think *immediate proceedings* in reference to public announcement, most important to the success of the scheme.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Will you look at the Stratford Theatre while you are there, and see what condition it appears to be in.

To JOHN FORSTER, 22 APRIL 1848

MS Victoria and Albert Museum (FC).

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twenty Second April 1848.

My Dear Forster.

I finished Goldsmith yesterday, after dinner; having read it from the first page to the last with the greatest care and attention.

As a picture of the time, I really think it impossible to give it too much praise. It seems to me to be the very essence of all about the time that I have ever seen in biography or fiction, presented in most wise and humane lights, and in a thousand new and just aspects. I have never liked Johnson half so well. Nobody's contempt for Boswell ought to be capable of increase, but I have never seen him in my mind's eye half so plainly. The introduction of him is quite a masterpiece[†2]—I should point to that, if I didn't know the author, as being done by somebody with a remarkably vivid conception of what he narrated, and a most admirable and fanciful power of communicating it to another. All about Reynolds, is charming; and the first account of the Literary Club,[†3] and of Beauclerc,[†4] as excellent a piece of description as ever I read in my life.[†5] But to read the book, is to be in the time. It lives again in as fresh and lively a manner, as if it were presented on an impossibly good stage by the very best actors that ever lived, or by the real actors come out of their graves on purpose.[†6]

And as to Goldsmith himself, and *his* life, and the tracing of it out in his own writings, and the manful and dignified assertion of him without any sobs, whines, or convulsions of any sort, it is throughout a noble achievement, of

which, apart from any private and personal affection for you, I think (and really believe) I should feel proud as one who had no indifferent perception of these books of his—to the best of my remembrance—when little more than a child. I was a little afraid in the beginning, when he committed those very discouraging imprudences that you were going to champion him somewhat indiscriminately; but I very soon got over that fear, and found reason in every page to admire the sense, calmness, and moderation, with which you make the love and admiration of the reader, cluster about him: grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength—and weakness too, which is better still.[†1]

I don't quite agree with you in two small respects. 1st. I question very much whether it would have been a good thing for every great man to have had his Boswell, inasmuch as I think that two Boswells, or three at most, would have made great men extraordinarily false, and would have set them on always playing a part, and would have made distinguished people about them, for ever restless and distrustful. I can imagine a succession of Boswells bringing about a tremendous state of falsehood in society, and playing the very devil with confidence and friendship. 2ndly. I cannot help objecting to that practice (begun I think, or greatly enlarged, by Hunt) of italicizing lines and words and whole passages in extracts, without some very special reason indeed.[†2] It does appear to be a kind of assertion of the editor over the reader—almost over the author himself—which grates upon me.[†3] The author might almost as well do it himself, to my thinking, as a disagreeable thing; and it is such a strange contrast to the modest, quiet, tranquil beauty of the Deserted Village for instance, that I would almost as soon hear the town crier speak the lines.[†4] The practice always reminds me of a man seeing a beautiful view, and not thinking how beautiful it is, half so much as what he shall say about it.

In that picture at the close of the third book (a most beautiful one) of Goldsmith sitting looking out of window at the Temple Trees, you speak of the "grey-eyed" rooks. Are you sure they are grey-eyed? The Raven's eye is a deep lustrous black; and so, I suspect, is the rook's, except when the light shines full into it.

I have reserved for a closing word—though I don't mean to be eloquent about it: being far too much in earnest—the admirable manner in which the case of the Literary Man is stated throughout this book. It is splendid. I don't believe that any book was ever written, or anything ever done or said, half so conducive to the dignity and honor of literature, as the life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith by J.F. of the Inner Temple. The gratitude of every man who is content to rest his station and claims quietly on Literature, and to make no feint of living by anything else, is your due for evermore. I have often said, here and there, when you have been at work upon the book, that I was sure it would be.

And I shall insist on that debt being due to you (though there will be no need for insisting about it) as long as I have any tediousness and obstinacy to bestow on anybody. Lastly, I never will hear the biography compared with Boswell's, except under vigorous protest.[†1] For I do say that it is mere folly to put into opposite scales, a book, however amusing and curious, written by an unconscious coxcomb like that, and one which surveys and grandly understands the characters of all the illustrious company that move in it.

My Dear Forster I cannot sufficiently say how proud I am of what you have done, or how sensible I am of being so tenderly connected with it.[†2] When I look over this note, I feel as if I had said no part of what I think—and yet if I were to write another, I should say no more, for I can't get it out. [†a]I desire no better for my fame when my personal dustyness shall be past the controul of my love of order, than such a biographer and such a Critic.[†a†3] And again I say, most solemnly, that Literature in England has never had, and probably never will have, such a Champion as you are, in right of this book.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

John Forster Esquire

To MOWBRAY MORRIS,[†1] 25 APRIL 1848*

MS New York University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth April 1848.

My Dear Sir

I am extremely sorry to say that I am engaged on Friday, otherwise I should have had the greatest pleasure in dining with you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mowbray Morris Esquire.

To MESSRS REEVES,[†2] 25 APRIL 1848*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Twenty Fifth April | 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs. Reeves, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of their prompt and polite communication.

DR [J]. G. FLÜGEL,[†3] 27 APRIL 1848*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
27th. April 1848.

Respected Sir

I feel honored by the confidence you have bestowed on me in your letter of the 30th. of last month. And I assure you that your statement is not made to an uninterested or inattentive listener.

It is not in my power, I fear, to render you any substantial service in the matter. Being a writer of fiction, and not being the conductor of any newspaper

or literary journal, I have but scanty means of directing general attention to such a wrong as you have suffered.[†1] But I have never lost, nor shall I ever lose, any occasion of calling the attention of literary men

to the defective and shameful state of the law of copyright as between different countries. Of which your case would seem to be a very striking instance.

I am Sir, with every sentiment of consideration and esteem,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. T.[†2] G. Flügel

To MISS LEONARD,[†3] 28 APRIL 1848

Extract in Ritter Hopson Gallery Inc. catalogue No. 40; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 28 Apr 48.

Mr. Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Leonard and begs to apologize for having mistaken the sex of his unknown correspondent—

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 29 APRIL 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Twenty Ninth April 1848.

My Dear Sir

The delay which has been occasioned in our proceedings, by Mr. Kean's[†4] being in the country, and Mr. Webster's not knowing where, is at length removed. He willingly consents to change his nights of performance[†5]—and *our* nights are, accordingly, the 15th. and 17th.

I send to you immediately, thinking it possible that you may be able to get your preliminary announcement into some of tomorrow's papers. It is of great importance to fire away.

I have thought of an easy plan by which the vouchers may be made to extend to the transfer of tickets, without any increase of trouble to the applicants.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, [?29 APRIL 1848]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* endorsed "Dickens | April 29". Signature on envelope and ending "Yours affecy" point to 1846-8; on 29 Apr 48 Macready went with CD to the Royal Academy dinner (*Diaries,* II, 389). *Address:* W. C. Macready Esquire.

My Dear Macready

I write with the lather on my face, which I hope will excuse the mendicity-society character of this.[†1] At 10 *before* 4 I am your man, and will call for you in a fly.[†2]

Very sorry to hear that you have had illness in the house so recently.[†3]

Ever Yours affecy.

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 30 APRIL 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Thirtieth April 1848.

My Dear Macready

I am afraid I must not engage myself for Wednesday, but must keep myself free for some part or other of this play. Therefore I must be *in*flexible as well as flexible,[†4] and savagely deny myself the pleasures of social existence.

Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 30 APRIL 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday 30th. April 1848.

My Dear Lemon.

You will receive with this, a Circular[†5] that I have sent round to everyone

today,[†1] and will post all over the Stage on Tuesday. I am bent on going at it in earnest.

Do you think you could find out by Tuesday's Rehearsal, what the Haymarket day arrangements for Rehearsal are, just now?

Ever affecy.

CD.

May

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 2 MAY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday May Second 1848.

My Dear Sir

I shall be at Miss Kellys Theatre 73 Dean Street, all day, from 11 to 4, which will materially abridge your journey. I have an amendment to suggest in the announcement—making it more general.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To MRS HENRY BURNETT, 3 MAY 1848

Extract and date in Henry Burnett *to* F. G. Kitton, 23 Dec 1888[†2] (MS Mr. H. W. Watkins).

Are you in any debt?[†3]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, [3] MAY 1848

MS Princeton University Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Wednesday was 3 May in 1848.

Devonshire Terrace. | Second May 1848. | Wednesday

My Dear Sir

I have arranged to have tickets, bills, and everything that is to be in print, ready in proof for you *tomorrow*. I shall be at Miss Kelly's from 3 until 9, but if you could conveniently meet me there, at from 3 until ten minutes past—I mean tomorrow, Thursday, of course—it would be best; as we should be able then to go through that business quietly, before the commencement of the Rehearsal.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 3 MAY 1848

MS Benoliel Collection.

Shepherd's Bush. | Wednesday Third May 1848.

My Dear Lemon. Do you think you could manage before we meet tomorrow to get from the Musical Director of the Haymarket[†1] (whom I don't know) a note of the Overtures he purposes playing on our two nights.[†2] I am obliged to correct and send back the Bill-proofs tomorrow (they are to be brought to Miss Kelly's), and should like, for completeness' sake, to put the Music in.—Before the Merry Wives, it must be something Shakespearian. Before Animal Magnetism, something very telling and light—like Fra Diavolo.[†3] Wednesday night's music "in a concatenation accordingly", and jolly little Polkas and Quadrilles between the pieces: always beginning the moment the Act Drop is down. If any little additional strength should be really required in the Orchestra, so be it.

Can you come to Miss Kelly's by *three*? I should like to show you bills, tickets, and so forth, before they are worked. In order that they may not interfere with or confuse the Rehearsal, I have appointed Peter Cunningham to meet me there, at 3, instead of halfpast.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

If you shod, be disposed to chop together, early, send me a line to the Athenæum. I have engaged to be with Barry[†4] at 10, to go over the Houses of Parliament.

When I have done so, I will go to the club, on the chance of a note from you—and would meet you where you chose.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 4 MAY 1848

Text from MDGH, I, 193.

Athenæum | Thursday, May 4th, 1848

My Dear White,

I have not been able to write to you until now. I have lived in hope that Kate and I might be able to run down to see you and yours for a day, before our design for enforcing the Government to make Knowles the first custodian of the Shakespeare house should come off.[†1] But I am so perpetually engaged in drilling the forces, that I see no hope of making a pleasant expedition to the Isle of Wight until about the twentieth. Then I shall hope to do so for one day. But of this I will advise you further, in due course.

My doubts about the house you speak of[†2] are twofold. First, I could not leave town so soon as May, having affairs to arrange for a sick sister. And secondly, I fear Bonchurch is not sufficiently bracing for my chickens, who thrive best in breezy and cool places.[†3] This has set me thinking, sometimes of the Yorkshire coast, sometimes of Dover. I would not have the house at Bonchurch reserved for me, therefore. But if it should be empty, we will go and look at it in a body. I reserve the more serious part of my letter until the last, my dear White, because it comes from the bottom of my heart. None of your friends have thought and spoke oftener of you and Mrs. White than we have these many weeks past. I should have written to you, but was timid of intruding on your sorrow. What you say, and the manner in which you tell me I am connected with it in your recollection of your dear child, now among the angels of God, gives me courage to approach your grief—to say what sympathy we have felt with it, and how we have not been unimaginative of those deep sources of consolation to which you

have had recourse. The traveller who journeyed in fancy from this world to the next was struck to the heart to find the child he had lost, many years before, building him a [bower][†1] in heaven.[†2] Our blessed Christian hopes do not shut out the belief of love and remembrance still enduring there, but irradiate it and make it sacred. Who should know that better than you, or who more deeply feel the touching truths and

comfort of that story in the older book, where, when the bereaved mother is asked, "Is it well with the child?" she answers, "It *is* well."[†3]

God be with you. Kate and her sister desire their kindest love to yourself and Mrs. White, in which I heartily join.

Being ever, my dear White, | Your affectionate Friend
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 4 MAY 1848

Text from N, II, 85.

Miss Kelly's | Thursday Fourth May 1848.

My Dear Sir,

Will you amend the advertisement in all the Papers, by inserting after my name these two words—And Brothers.[†4]

I forgot it just now. | Ever Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S. In the draft of the advertisement, I put that line which refers to the tickets *admitting to both nights of performances,* in italics. Please see to this (which it is important not to have misunderstood) and keep the line either in italics or capitals.[†5]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 5 MAY 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifth May 1848. Friday

My Dear Sir

I shall hope to see you tomorrow evening at Miss Kelly's between 7 and 9. As no note from you accompanies the two applications for parts, I don't know whether you have answered them. But the pieces are all full, and of course no strangers could be taken in.

Faithfully Always
CD.

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 5 MAY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night—Late | Fifth May 1848.

My Dear Sir

I am afraid I must ask you if you can come up to me in the morning—*the earlier, the better.* I would come to you, but that I have something I must do, in connexion with my cheap Edition.[†1] The point is, a clear understanding about the taking of places, to prevent your Committee from getting into difficulties and responsibilities. I have the house plans here. Faithfully Yours

CD.

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To MARK LEMON, [5 MAY 1848]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* no doubt the Friday before 7 May, when the advertisements did not appear (see *To* Cunningham, 7 May).

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Night

My Dear Lemon.

I'm afraid we shall lose the Sunday papers, but I'll seize Peter Cunningham by the hair of his head immediately.

Supper?

Well—	Dickens	3
	Lemon	2
	Leech	2
	Forster (I suppose)	1
	Total	8

If we should be one more—as Egg or so—it'll be elastic enough for that, I dare say.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 6 MAY 1848

Text from N, II, 86.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth May 1848

My Dear Sir,

I have taken five places for you, in the fourth row of the pit, counting from the Stage—about the best position in the house. Your tickets will admit to both nights of performance, and the damage thereof is five guineas. I have had some reason this morning to believe that the places will go very fast.

When I receive the tickets from the Shakespeare people, I will forward them to you.

Meantime I am living, like Falstaff, "in a state of continual dissolution and thaw",[†1] with the protracted agonies of management.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MAY 1848]

Extract in F, I, i, 9 (marginally noted as a letter in F [1872], p. 15). *Date:* perhaps one of the "personal revelations" which, according to Forster (F, VI, vi, 521), CD refers to in next; and therefore of the same period.

On the night before we came away, my good master came flitting in among the packing-cases to give me Goldsmith's *Bee* as a keepsake. Which I kept for his sake, and its own, a long time afterwards.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 MAY 1848]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 521. *Date:* 7 May, the eleventh anniversary of Mary Hogarth's death.

I hardly know why I write this,[†2] but the more than friendship which has grown between us seems to force it on me in my present mood. We shall speak of it all, you and I, Heaven grant, wisely and wonderingly many and many a time in after years. In the meantime I am more at rest for having opened all my heart and mind to you. . . . This day eleven years, poor dear Mary died.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 7 MAY 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Seventh May 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

I am quite horror-stricken to find no advertisement, either in the Examiner[†3] or the Observer.[†4] It is a terrible omission, I think. I trust in all that is good, that you have made your arrangements at the Haymarket box office?[†5]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To C. A. COLE,[†1] 7 MAY 1848

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 28 Nov 1913; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 7 May 48.

I enclose you a pass for the Haymarket stage door[†2] adopted to keep strangers out. We shall hope to see you at 2 tomorrow (Monday) the more especially as Nathan the tailor is in agonies to measure you.[†3] I think you made some mistake about the rehearsal last night.

To JOHN LEECH, 7 MAY 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday May Seventh 1848.

My Dear Leech.

I am so uneasy about "Animal Magnetism", that I cannot help writing you a note on the subject of your part.[†4]

It is of the greatest importance to the Piece.[†5] That the words should be correctly spoken, is essential:—because so much of the business depends upon them and takes its cue from them, that the farce and everybody in it go staggering and wandering about, at a dead stoppage and loss, unless they are spoken at the right time. Thus, last night, although all the rest are nearly if not quite perfect, all were perplexed and put out by the gallant Marquis.[†6] And this at the two most critical points of the piece, especially.

If you could get the words you would play it capitally, and look it too infinitely better than any other among us. But, I am quite sure that if you cannot get the words by the next Rehearsal, you will be placed in a most uncomfortable and awkward position on the night, in a fast piece of that kind, and will maim the piece dreadfully, besides. What I would urge upon you is,—if you feel you can safely and certainly get them, *do get them at once* (and this I should like much

better than anything else) but if you have a doubt about it, or feel that you cannot get them, will it not be better to try and get some one else into the part, before it is too late? At a week's notice there would be little difficulty in filling it; but to let the time run out, without being perfect yourself or enabling us to become so either, would not only be injurious to the play but most mortifying to you, I am certain. Believe me, if you are not in a condition to rehearse such a character *perfectly*, at least three times, it is sure to be distressing on the night of performance. The rapidity of the farce, the interruptions of the audience, and the exaggeration of the whole thing are enough to drive words out of any head that does not hold entire command of them; and such a situation is very ridiculous.

Do think of this, and tell me when we meet tomorrow what you feel safest and surest in deciding on.[†1]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

[†a]P.S. I am not sure whether you have a Pass for the Haymarket Stage-Door. I enclose you one.[†a]

To FRANK STONE, 7 MAY 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Seventh May 1848.

My Dear Stone.

I enclose you a pass for the Haymarket Stage Door—adopted to keep strangers out.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Frank Stone Esquire

To MRS HENRY BURNETT, 9 MAY 1848

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May 1848. | Tuesday.

My Dear Fanny.

I have been very glad to receive your letter this morning. I think you have acted most wisely in all respects, and that you could not possibly have done better. I fully understand the difficulty of going away[†2] in the middle of a quarter. In having made up your mind, and thoroughly resolved, I am sure you will find comfort.

In regard to the cough, you must recollect that a quick change into an atmosphere, like this, is trying to all complaints, and that the preparation of morphine

is but a very imperfect artificial rest, which is constantly disturbed by your teaching. I do not think you can hope to have it greatly better, until the advantage of actual bodily and mental rest, begins to tell upon you.

I shall *certainly*, please God, come on to see you, when I go to Birmingham.[†1] And I will not fail to give you full notice of the day.

Kate sends her best love to you and Burnett, in which I unite. Georgy and all the children also desire messages of remembrance. I am very busy with these Shakespeare House Theatricals, having extracted a promise from the Government that Knowles (who is very poor indeed) shall be made the keeper of the House.[†2] When I find myself at the Haymarket all day, and at Miss Kelly's half the night, I begin to wonder why one does such things for nothing.

The weather in London is most delightful. Love to Harry.

Ever My Dear Fanny | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 10 MAY 1848

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Square | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Tenth May 1848.

My Dear Beard

Will you come and dine with us (alone) at 5 on Sunday? We can then crack a peaceful bottle of *the* Port, and arrange about next night.[†3]

———

Would you like to have a young unicorn, a little griffin, or a small dragon? Timber is at length giving such frightful and horribly unnatural tokens of virility, in connexion with an insignificant, drivelling, blear-eyed little tame rabbit of the female sex, that I am in constant expectation of a litter of monsters.—Excuse my concluding abruptly, but he has just sneaked past the window, sniffing after this deplorable animal and making stupid attempts to mount—and I *must* go and whop him.

Ever affectionately

CD.

P.S. Having whopped him, I may mention that the Company are all nearly worked to death. Stone is affected with congestion of the kidneys, which he attributes to being forced to do the same thing twenty times over, when he forgets it once. Beads break out all over Forster's head, and *boil* there, visibly and audibly. Fred says upon his soul he never saw anything like it in all his life. And Leech is limp with being bullied.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 10 MAY 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning Tenth May | 1848.

My Dear Sir

Here is a note that came to me yesterday Evening, from the managing gentleman at Mitchell's[†1] in Bond Street. Lord Gardner[†2] is a friend of Miss Fortescue, and to Miss Fortescue we are really under very great obligations.[†3] I hope you will be able to seat him. Will you have it seen to, at once?

In case you have not got the booksellers perfectly in hand and don't know what is let and what is unlet, I would strongly recommend the engagement of this very Mr. Chapman who is an excellent man in all such business. We must not throw a chance away.

The Duke of Devonshire. Have you sent to him?

Don't you think the poster, copied out (I dare say you will see it on the walls today) will make a better and shorter advertisement for the papers, than the present one?[†4]

I was to have mentioned to you that Mr. Forster wants to take two places in the Dress Circle and bend of the house (front row, he says) for *Mr. Maclise.*[†5] Will you see to this too?

I shall hope to hear from you tonight at Miss Kelly's, that the Theatre is filling fast.

Ever Yours

CD.

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 MAY 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Tenth May 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have a letter from Mr. Hullah this morning, asking me to meet him at

Shepherd's Bush on Friday, when he purposes trying Mr. Bannister's[†1] pupils, himself. Thinking you might ike to be there too, and would find it interesting, I send you this notice.

I shall probably be out there, today.

Maconnochie[†2] has sent me a kind of protocol concerning such Institutions,[†3] which seems to me to be wrong from beginning to end. I will make my notes upon it, and shew it to you. His head seems to be so full of the Mark System, that he has not room to turn another idea in it.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. C. MACREADY, 10 MAY 1848

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Tenth May 1848.

My Dear Macready.

We are rehearsing at the Haymarket now,—and Lemon mentioned to me yesterday that Webster had asked him if he would sound Forster or me, as to your intention of having a Farewell Benefit[†5] before going to America[†6]—and

whether you would like to have it at the Haymarket—and also as to its being preceded by any short engagement there. I don't know what your feelings may be on this latter head, but thinking it well that you may know how the land lies in those seas, send you this; the rather (excuse Elizabethian phrase—but you know how indispensable it is to me under existing circumstances)[†1]—the rather that I am thereto encouraged by thy consort, who has just come a visiting here, with thy fair daughters Mistress Nina and the little Kate.[†2] Wherefore, most selected friend, perpend at thy leisure, and so God speed thee!

And no more at present from,

Thine Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

From My Tent
In my Garden.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 11 MAY 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Haymarket | Thursday 11th May 1848.

My Dear Sir

I hurriedly add my word to Lemon's, to say, earnestly, that I think your letter to the Shakespeare Committee, of great importance and quite indispensable.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 12 MAY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth May 1848.

My Dear Sir

I shall look to hear from you at Miss Kelly's tonight, how the House closes at the shutting of the box office at 4 o'Clock.

Something was suggested by Lemon last night, which certainly renders it desirable—unless you have already issued the newspaper tickets—that none of them should be in the second tier of boxes. I will explain why, when we meet.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 MAY 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth May 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have received the money safely. I fear I shall have left the Home before you get there, but I will remain as long as I possibly can.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 13 MAY 1848

Mention in Reginald Atkinson catalogue No. 36 (1919); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 May 48.

Regarding some letters and making an appointment to see her about them.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 13 MAY 1848

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Thirteenth May | 1848.

My Dear George

I will make the enquiry this morning,—but I fear a bill of this sort will not do. A publisher in Woburn Place, is something so out of the way,[†1] that I have hardly a hope of success.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 13 MAY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth May 1848.

My Dear Sir

There is one thing very important to be seen about, at once—*the printed numbers* that are to be sewn on the seats. I apprehend they can be bought; but if so, they must be bought today (if you have not done this, already) for the Haymarket people must be at work with them, the very first thing on Monday Morning, if not tomorrow.

This necessitates the putting in of the cushions, as soon as possible, after the performances are over, tonight. For in the amphitheatre the Nos will have to be put, on the covering of the seats; and it will be a very long job.

It will also be desirable for you to see Mr. Webster at the Theatre this morning,

and arrange with him for the supply of these numbers, and the prompt arrangement of them all over the house.—Otherwise you will get into inextricable difficulty and confusion.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To THE HON. RICHARD WATSON, 15 MAY 1848

MS Huntington Library.

Haymarket Theatre | Monday afternoon | Fifteenth May 1848.

My Dear Watson.

I enclose you the best place, left. You will observe that one of the cards is for tonight; the other, for Wednesday. I am delighted that you are coming, and hope you may like it all.[†1]

With best regards. | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

The Hon. Richard Watson.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, [17 MAY 1848]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* endorsed in pencil "May 17, 1848"—the night of the Amateur Company's second farce, *Love, Law, and Physic.*

Haymarket | Wednesday afternoon

Dear Mrs. Watson

I write in a ferocious state of business and botheration—Glad you are coming to see the farce, but sorry it is not Animal Magnetism—I have spoken with the box book keeper who has suggested your bringing the enclosed, instead of a Card. There is some confusion about the private boxes, and they don't exactly know which are Let. Ever Cordially Yours

The wretched Manager.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 18 MAY 1848

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth May 1848.

My Dear Cruikshank.

It has been proposed, as a social reunion of our little company, that we should dine together at Greenwich on Tuesday next, at a cost not exceeding five and

twenty shillings each. Will you be one of the party?[†1] I hope on that day to be able to announce the country arrangements.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]
George Cruikshank Esq.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 18 MAY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eighteenth May 1848.

My Dear Sir

I have taken all the preliminary proceedings this morning, in reference to Liverpool. I hope to move in the Birmingham business, tomorrow.[†3] No time must be lost.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To [R. V.] YATES,[†4] 18 MAY 1848*

MS Mr Keith Valentine.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate Regents Park
Eighteenth May 1848

My Dear Sir

I am anxious to have your opinion as to the hopefulness of a performance at Liverpool by our amateur Company, of The Merry Wives of Windsor (with which we have just now made some noise in London) and a merry farce,[†5]—for the benefit of the Shakespeare House Curatorship Fund. You are perhaps aware that it is our object to secure the appointment for Sheridan Knowles—we have already a Minute from the Shakespeare House Committee, recognizing his undoubted claims to it—and there would be no objection to connecting his name distinctly with the announcement.

I would propose to act in Liverpool, on Monday the 5th. of June. We should probably play at Birmingham on the previous Saturday.[†6] Do you think our Liverpool friends would take the matter up warmly, and fill the house as before? If so, I should be very glad to be a Member of any committee that might be formed, and to come down, for a week or so beforehand, to assist them.

I write this morning to Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, asking these same questions. It is desirable and essential that in our country arrangements we should take advantage of the freshness of the sensation here. No time consequently is to be lost. We have all the pleasantest recollection of our Liverpool audience, and would all be delighted to face it again, if it would be glad to welcome us.

Any assistance you can render us in this matter, will be a real and great service to one of the most distinguished Literary men of this day—unhappily in very adverse circumstances—and will be very sincerely esteemed by all my Company.†1

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best compliments to yourself and Mrs. Yates. And I am My Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—†2 Yates Esquire

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, [18 MAY 1848]

Mention in last.

To BERNARD BARTON,†3 19 MAY 1848*

MS Dr M. Ray Adams.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth May 1848.

Esteemed friend.†4

I am greatly obliged to you for your verses†5 and your letter—both very pleasant and agreeable to me, for their earnestness and cordiality.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bernard Barton.†4

To CHARLES EVANS,†6 19 MAY 1848*

MS Mitchell Library, Sydney.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Nineteenth May 1848.

Dear Sir

It occurs to me that you may possibly be able to help me in an object I have very much at heart, and I take it for granted that in any case you will be willing.

You are perhaps aware that in compliance with a very urgent solicitation from the Shakespeare House Committee, the Amateurs whom I have the pleasure of heading and representing, have recently been acting in London in aid of the fund for the Curatorship of that property. Certain provincial representations form part of the scheme; and the object of the scheme is, to endow the office with as much money as we can raise—to hand it over to the Government—and to secure the appointment of Sheridan Knowles as the first curator at such annual Salary as the Government, so assisted, will attach, in perpetuity to the office. We have not announced Knowles' name in London, but are quite ready to do so, in the country.[†1]

Now the Shakespeare House Committee not being good men of business, I have resolved to take the country arrangements into my own hands. I think we ought to act in Birmingham; and touching Birmingham, I wish to ask you these questions—

1.—Whether you think that we can fill the Theatre, through the means of tickets sold beforehand, at half a guinea each, for the pit and dress boxes, seven shillings for the upper boxes, and some proportionate price for the Gallery.[†2] Whether, through your connexion with the Polytechnic Institution, or other knowledge of the influential people there, you can get up a good committee for the issue and sale of these tickets and general recognition of the thing as a matter of interest[†3] (we have had such committees with the greatest success, both in Liverpool and Manchester) and whether you could *immediately* set the thing a going, and feel the Birmingham pulse, with reference to a performance that should be a great success—on Saturday the 3rd. of June; when we would play The Merry Wives of Windsor, and Love Law and Physic.[†4] If you could get together some of the best people for such a purpose, with the certainty of a general response in the town, I would send you down all particulars immediately, and would gladly come myself, to meet the committee, say this day week.[†5] But the great point is, to have the design broached publicly, straightway; and to be assured that there would be the excitement about it in Birmingham, that we have found elsewhere.

2. Whether the play-going part of the town is large enough, and the feeling strong enough, to justify a second performance (Every Man in his Humour, and Animal Magnetism) on Tuesday the 6th. of June.[†6] In that case, we should play

nowhere else but at Liverpool. If this second performance, however, were not a safe and certain success, it could not take place. We can only act three times, and should then have to look to some other town for that night.

I think I have put you in possession of all it is at this time necessary to know. If the Birmingham people will be glad to have such a visit, and will take it up gallantly, out of hand, the details will be easy of adjustment. I know you are an excellent man of business, and a very energetic one—and I believe I am not deficient in those qualities.

The greatest point of all, is, to take the field, if it is to be taken at all, with a rush, and without the loss of a day.

So that I leave to you—and presuming that by this time your hair is standing on end, add no more at present.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Evans Esquire.

To [CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MACONOCHIE], 19 MAY 1848*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library. *Address:* Reference to "your paper" and CD's disagreement with it (see *To* Miss Coutts, 10 May) strongly suggest Maconochie.

Devonshire Terrace, | Nineteenth May 1848.

My Dear Sir,

I have been so constantly occupied, that I have not had leisure to make any notes on your paper,[†1] though I have read it attentively. I hope to be able to do so, tomorrow. I do not agree with you, generally, and take your remarks to apply to a much larger Institution.

In reference to the case of the poor girl in whom you are interested, I am sorry to say there is no hope of her admission into the Home. For the only vacancy, there are already several unhappy candidates, one of whom I saw, months ago. Another very strong case has recently presented itself; and it is quite out of the question to extend, at present, the limits of the establishment.[†2]

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I am grieved to hear you have been so unwell. Our doctor says (which is no great consolation) that the hot sun and the East Wind, have made colds and rheumatism flourish.

To MISS CUNLIFFE,[†3] [20 MAY 1848]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 MAY 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twentieth May 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Every enquiry that Mr. Tracey's matron has made, personally, about the girl Godfrey, substantiates her statement in the minutest particular. While I was at the Prison today, the Schoolmistress was gone to Mile End, to make one additional enquiry. Assuming that to be equally satisfactory, all the evidence is clearly and distinctly in the girl's favor; and with that reservation, I have made arrangements for her admission on Wednesday Evening.

I afterwards proceeded to call on Miss Cunliffe; but she had gone out, to call on you. I therefore enclosed a card in your note, informing her that I should be at home here, on Monday, between 11 and 1 o'Clock.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. H. LEWES, 20 MAY 1848

MS Dr James Hasson.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth May 1848.

My Dear Lewes.

I am sorry you can't join the gay and festive Scene, the halls the halls of dazzling white[†1]—bait;[†2] but virtue is, and should be, triumphant.

I think (but am not yet certain) that the third of June will be "our opening day" in the country.

These rehearsals and botherations have obliged me to put almost as great a gap between your second and third Volumes,[†3] as is supposed to occur sometimes, between the second and third act of an Adelphi Melo Drama. But I read the third yesterday. And I must say to you that it affected me extremely, and manifests, I think, very great power.[†4] It has left the strongest impression on me. The whole history of Chamberlayne and his wife,[†5] is admirably done. I had

noted a great many other striking things as I went along, but this swallowed them all up, and left me, last night, in a damned black brooding state—not at all like Flexible—which I have not quite come out of, this morning. Indeed, I didn't mean to write about it—I take these things so much to heart—but what I *have* written, has leaped out of the inkstand, and its[†1] of no use crying "Back! Back!"[†2] to it.

Ever Heartily
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 MAY 1848*

MS New York University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth May 1848.

My Dear Sir

The cheque safely received, with many thanks. I am glad you were so well pleased with the performances. They seem to have given universal satisfaction.

Heaven speed you with St. Augustine![†3]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 MAY 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second May 1848.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I brought away the references by mistake. Here they are.

In case you should, by any evil chance, in visiting Stonnell,[†4] encounter a magistrate of the name of Rotch, let me advise you to say nothing to him, either about her, or the Home.[†5] For whatever is said to him, he is as certain to pervert, if it should suit his purpose, as the Sun is to rise tomorrow morning.[†6]

I am expecting Miss Cunliffe. Godfrey's references turned out quite satisfactory. The materials for her clothes, have gone down to Mr. Tracey's this morning. I had a note from Mrs. Holdsworth last night, reporting Rubina Waller gouty, Martha Goldsmith ricketty, and the rest of the family "charming".

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 22 MAY 1848

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Second May 1848.

My Dear Lemon

I am up to the eyes in L'pool and Birmingham correspondence.

The Saturday Night won't do for Birmingham. We must play there, on the Tuesday. *They* want Every Man in preference to the Merry Wives.[†1] On the Monday, we play at Liverpool—Monday the 5th. Where the Devil to go on the Saturday, I can't decide; but we *must* go somewhere. I think I will try it on with the Manchester people, by this post.[†2] Then, we could take Stratford and Leamington together, in another trip.[†3]

We shall be a very small party tomorrow, but I suppose it had better come off.[†4] House, Crown and Sceptre. Hour, 6. Egg is coming here at 2, to the end that we may have a stroll in the Park. Shall we call for you, anywhere, about 3 or so?

The Liverpool people respond like trumps. I mean to bear a flaming beacon, both into that town and into Birmingham, in my own hand, about Friday next. I am bent on setting right the doleful Peter's[†5] mistakes.

I hear that Lord John and the whole ministry, are going to resign in Jerrold's favor, and that the House of Lords and Church Establishment intend abolishing themselves in deference to him.[†6] Is it true?

Ever Affectionately

CD.

Oh Heaven! the agitation into which I have plunged the unfortunate Mr. Yates[†7] of the Dingle near Liverpool!!!

To FRANCIS ROBINSON, [22 MAY 1848]

Mention in next.

To ALEXANDER IRELAND, 22 MAY 1848

Text from MDGH, III, 104-5

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty-second May, 1848

My Dear Sir,

You very likely know that my company of amateurs have lately been playing, with a great reputation, in London here. The object is, "The endowment of a perpetual curatorship of Shakespeare's house, to be always held by some one distinguished in literature, and more especially in dramatic literature,"[†1] and we have already a pledge from the Shakespeare House Committee that Sheridan Knowles shall be recommended to the Government as the first curator. This pledge, which is in the form of a minute,[†2] we intend to advertise in our country bills.

Now, on Monday, the Fifth of June, we are going to play at Liverpool, where we are assured of a warm reception, and where an active committee for the issuing of tickets is already formed.[†3] Do you think the Manchester people would be equally glad to see us again, and that the house could be filled, as before, at our old prices? *If yes, would you and our other friends go, at once, to work in the cause*?[†4] The only night on which we could play in Manchester would be Saturday, the 3rd of June. It is possible that the depression of the times may render a performance in Manchester unwise.[†5] In that case I would immediately abandon the idea. But what I want to know, *by return of post*, is, is it safe or unsafe?[†6] If the former, here is the bill as it stood in London,[†7] with the addition, on the back, of a paragraph I would insert in Manchester,[†8] of which

immediate use can be made. If the latter, my reason for wishing to settle the point immediately is that we may make another use of that Saturday night.

Assured of your generous feeling I make no apology for troubling you. A sum of money, got together by these means, will insure to literature (I will take good care of that) a proper expression of itself in the bestowal of an essentially literary appointment, not only now but henceforth. Much is to be done, time presses, and the least added the better.

I have addressed a counterpart of this letter to Mr. Francis Robinson, to whom perhaps you will communicate the bill.

Faithfully yours always,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 MAY 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Twenty Third May | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Nothing can be better, I think, than the letter to Sally.[†1] I am sorry for her,—but I must say I think she is less adapted to the situation than anything else in the human form of which I have any idea.

It strikes me that Mrs. Graves must walk without knowing why, and that everybody else must walk after her.

Miss Cunliffe was here yesterday. I like her very much. There is something in her face, exceedingly agreeable and promising, and she improves greatly on being talked to. She seems to have a little conscientious timidity, in reference to the task before her, for which I like her none the worse. Whether she has any susceptible gentility, I don't quite know, but I think she promises very well indeed, and I feel an interest in her.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS JULIA FORTESCUE, [?23 or 24 MAY 1848]

Mention in Julia Fortescue *to* Lord Gardner, ?25 May 48 (MS Lady Iveagh). (See *To* Francis Robinson, 24 May, *fn*).

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 MAY 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Twenty Fourth May | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I thought there was something in my way.—Talfourd and I are under a

compact to Miss Kelly to shed the refulgence of our presence upon a private reading she is going to hold tomorrow night, as a feeler for getting a livelihood through the provincial Literary Societies and Mechanics' Institutions.[†1] It is really a question of existence to her, and we have both endeavoured, for some time past, to keep her creditors away from her.[†2] Consequently, I *must* go; and Mrs. Dickens (who don't want to go) is pledged, through me, any time these two months, to make a similar bright example of herself.

On Friday Morning, I am going to Birmingham; and I think I shall be away, ten or twelve days. I have set my heart on seeing Sheridan Knowles installed at Stratford on Avon, as the Curator of Shakespeare's House—the only and the best resource I know for him—and am going, in advance of my troupe, to interest the sympathies of his friends in that town, and in Liverpool, and Manchester—at the same time pursuing those other observations I have in my mind, and mentioned to you yesterday.[†3] If you should have anything to write to me about the Home, and will send it here, it will be immediately forwarded to me.

The blind-Maker and I, held a great council yesterday. And the blind-maker shewed me such good reasons for the common outside Venetian blinds, drawing up into cases, being at once the most enduring, the neatest, and cheapest, for our purpose, that I unhesitatingly concluded to order that kind. They will be done in about nine days.

I send you back the little pamphlet. Apropòs[†4] of which—I have a tempting offer just now, to be returned, free of expence, for one of the largest Metropolitan boroughs,[†5] and I believe I could be brought in, very triumphantly. But considerations of the greater peace and happiness of my own pursuits—to say nothing of the butcher and baker—hold me back, gently, as they have done twice before.[†6] To which I add the reflection,—if I *did* come out in that way, what a frightful Radical you would think me!

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 24 MAY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | May Twenty Fourth 1848. | Wednesday

My Dear Sir

I am going to Birmingham early on Friday Morning, and shall be glad if you can call here between 1 and 3 tomorrow.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 24 MAY 1848*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Night
Twenty Fourth May 1848.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

Don't worry yourself about this note, until you have got your reading[†1] over. Then peruse it, and write me your reply, at the Royal Hotel Birmingham. It relates to Miss Kenworthy.

I have considered that matter, and discussed it in council since I saw you today. I do not like the responsibility of objecting to the young lady's father accompanying her. Indeed, I would rather that he did. What I would propose, therefore, is this.—That Miss Kenworthy and her escort hold themselves in readiness to attend Rehearsal at the Theatre we may open at (probably Manchester) on the Morning of Saturday the 3rd. of June. The like at Liverpool, on the morning of Monday the 5th. of June. The like at Birmingham on Tuesday the 6th. On those three nights, and at those three places, we shall act, I believe. I would propose to pay all the Railroad Fares for Miss Kenworthy and her father, and to offer them besides, for their expenses of board and lodging during this time, Ten Pounds. This would enable them to consult their own tastes and make their own arrangements.

It would be necessary for them to leave London, on Friday the second. All particulars of trains &c, my brother[†2] shall duly communicate, if these terms be agreeable to them. We shall probably have a second short trip for two nights, on the 12th. and 13th. of June. But this we can arrange afterwards. What I wish to know, is, whether this offer be quite agreeable and satisfactory to the young lady and her father. If not, there is no harm done—we shall part in mutual good humour, I hope—and I will look for another, but less pretty, Mistress Page.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE,[†1] 24 MAY 1848

Text from N, II, 92.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth May 1848

Dear Sir,

I am much indebted to you for your obliging invitation to dinner on Friday, and have great pleasure in accepting it.

Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S. I shall have the pleasure of meeting the committee at the Town Hall on Friday at 2.

To FRANCIS ROBINSON, 24 MAY 1848†

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fourth May 1848. | Wednesday.

My Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter. I have not the least doubt that whatever you decide, in reference to prices, will be wisest and best.

On Friday Morning, I am going to Birmingham. Will you have the kindness to address to me at the Royal Hotel there? If the proceedings go on in Manchester, I shall come on to see you, probably on Tuesday next.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Robinson Esquire

The following alterations for the bill

———

In the caste[†2] of the Merry Wives.

For "Miss Fortescue of The Theatre Royal Haymarket"[†3]

—substitute

Miss Emmeline Montague.[†4]

After that lady's name, insert

Mrs. Page —— Miss Kenworthy.

In the caste[†1] of Animal Magnetism
again Substitute for Miss Fortescue,

Miss Emmeline Montague.[†2]

To LORD HOLLAND,[†3] 25 MAY 1848*

MS The Earl of Ilchester.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty Fifth May 1848.

My Dear Lord.

Many distinguished men in all phases of public life, have empowered Mr. Macready's friends to attach their names to a document of which I enclose a copy,[†4] and in reference to which Lord Lansdowne[†5] especially has been very kind and earnest. Your name is so connected in my mind with many conversations I have held about him in Holland House,[†6] and would be so valuable and acceptable to him, that I take the liberty of enquiring whether you will authorize me to place it among these requisitionists?[†7] I should esteem it as a very great kindness, and the compliment would be bestowed upon a gentleman and a scholar who has done good public service.

Your faithful and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Holland

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 25 MAY 1848*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twenty Fifth May | 1848.

My Dear Tracey. It occurs to me that you may be able to assist me in an idea I have. And if you can, I know you will.

My amateur Company are going to play at Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, in aid of the fund for the endowment of the Curatorship of Shakespeare's House, and the bestowal of that office in the first instance on Sheridan Knowles. We may afterwards play in Bristol, and Macready tells me we could not go to a better place than Plymouth. Now, to Plymouth we would certainly come in a body, and play the Merry Wives of Windsor and Animal Magnetism, if the gentry and influential people there, were so alive upon the subject that they would form a Committee (which is done in all the other towns), [†a]engage the Theatre,[†a] fix the prices, sell the tickets, and advertize and [†b]do such business needful to be done on the spot,[†b] and fill the Theatre for us. But as I know nobody there, I have not known how to open the business, until I suddenly thought of a sweet little cherub sitting up aloft,[†1] with one swab on his shoulder. To whom I instantly dispatch this broadside.

We would play in Plymouth, on *Monday the 12th. of June.* They could choose either the pieces I have mentioned, or Every Man in his Humour, and Love Law and Physic. The prices in the country are sometimes ten and sixpence best places, seven and sixpence second best; sometimes, seven and sixpence best places, five shillings second best. All particulars for bills and so forth, could be sent down, of course, immediately. The admission in these cases is always by tickets purchased beforehand, except to the

Gallery; for which money is usually taken. It is possible there may not be the curiosity and interest about such a performance, in Plymouth, which exists elsewhere. In that case, no harm is done. But if there be any influential people who would like to have us, and could move the town, and they, on your representation, would go to work, I should be happy to receive any communication from them, and to respond immediately.[†2]

I write in haste to save the post, and shall look for your answer. I shall be at the Royal Hotel Birmingham, until Sunday afternoon. At Seaforth Hall,[†3] near Liverpool, until Wednesday Morning.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Lieutenant Tracey.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 26 MAY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Royal Hotel Birmingham | Friday May Twenty Sixth 1848.

My Dear Sir

They think it very important here, that the Leamington and Stratford people should know, from authority, that we are *not* going to play in either of those towns[†4]—as, they say, it will bring people here. Will you write by tomorrow's

post to your Stratford friend, and to—Elliston[†1] Esqre Leamington, and make the announcement officially; laying the blame on the small size of the Theatres.

I have attended an excellent committee here today, and all looks very flourishing indeed.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 MAY 1848*

MS Huntington Library.

Royal Hotel, Birmingham | Friday Twenty Sixth May 1848.

My Dear Georgy. Kate (I being dressed for dinner, and she not), asks me to write you a line, to say that we got down here safe and sound, and that we send our loves to you and the darlings.

I have been to the Committee Meeting, and to the Theatre. All looks brilliant. The Theatre is a little more dingy than I thought it was—"but that's not much".[†2]

Tell Topping,[†3] in the most particular and emphatic manner, that I rely upon the little Mare being thoroughly well exercised, every day.

Always affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

To [FRANCIS ROBINSON], [?26 or 27 MAY 1848]

Mention in *To* Lemon, 28 May 48. *Address:* CD probably wrote to Robinson as Hon. Secretary, as on 24 May and 1 June, rather than to him and Ireland. *Date: To* Robinson, 24 May, makes it clear that CD would have written from Birmingham.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 27 MAY 1848*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho | London.

Birmingham, Twenty Seventh May 1848. | Saturday.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

I send you, enclosed, a list of Miss Kenworthy's calls—having received your note, here, this morning. My brother Fred will see about her Railroad passes, and will communicate with you thereupon.

In haste | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

MISS KENWORTHY[†1]

Calls for Rehearsal.

At the Theatre, MANCHESTER,[†1] on Saturday Morning the 3rd. of June, at ten exactly. *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Performed that night.

At the amphitheatre, LIVERPOOL,[†1] on Monday Morning, the 5th. of June, at ten exactly. *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Performed that night.

At the Theatre, BIRMINGHAM,[†1] on Tuesday the 6th. of June, at One o'Clock exactly (necessary to leave Liverpool, not later than halfpast nine that morning). *Every Man in his Humour.* Performed that night.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 27 MAY 1848*

MS Dickens House.

Birmingham | Twenty Seventh May 1848.

I would write some passage out of Dombey, if I could, but I can't recollect one. So here is my name, and no more.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 28 MAY 1848*

MS Miss M. D. Whinney.

Royal Hotel, Birmingham | Sunday Twenty Eighth May 1848.

My Dear Lemon. I look out of the sea of business which is overwhelming me, and shaking the spray thereof from my bothered hair, hail you, lustily.

All is going on, *well.*[†2] Excellent committee here, of all parties and persuasions. High prices, big posters, and great confidence. Theatre a little more dingy than I had expected, but a good one. Town very much excited on the subject.

At Manchester, I think they have made the prices *too low.* They ought to know best, however, and they say it is in a worse state than it ever has been. Both Robinson and Ireland write, "There will be, on these terms, a Bumper House." 5/- lower boxes, 5/- pit stalls—3/6 upper boxes—2/6 pit—Galleries 2/- and 1/-. I wrote in reply that I thought this was very little, and I hoped they were ready to make the whole pit into stalls, if the demand arose.[†3] I laid great stress on that.

I have given Willmott[†4] a tremendous letter of instructions, and I hope, notwithstanding the quickness of the work, all will be smooth and straight-forward. I hope you may be able to come down with us on Friday, or at all events that you will not be later than the Night Mail. For Emmeline Montague, remember, has not rehearsed, and is in both pieces.

—Said Emmeline I suppose, will go down under my wing, and Georgy's. Kate, I shall leave at Liverpool, to meet us at Manchester. Does Mrs. Romer[†1] go with her son and daughter. If so, will you let Fred know, with a view to the number of Railroad passes we shall require.

Nathan—Will you see him about the buck basket,[†2] and the lantern head-dresses from the Haymarket, for the Fairies, which he must bring down. I am almost ashamed to ask you to get and give him the old Bobadil sword,[†3] but to what will not necessity impel a destitute man!

Wilson—[†4] I take it for granted you have seen, and duly terrified.

Parts for Miss Romer's songs.[†5] *Has she got 'em*?

I don't think there is anything else,—but in case there should be, I will write you again. Will you arrange to come and dine with me in Devonshire Terrace, *on Thursday at half past* 5? I shall be at home, please God, on Wednesday Evening. Meanwhile, at Seaforth Hall near Liverpool.

I am in great hopes of arranging both for Bristol and Plymouth, before I see you.

Ever My Dear Lemon | Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, [29] MAY 1848

MS Dickens House. *Date:* misdated by CD; Monday was 29 May in 1848.

Liverpool | Monday May 30th. 1848.

My Dear Lemon.

I *have* remembered something else, and accordingly take a shy at you.

—Miss Montague's dress!

—Also dresses must be bought for the bearers of the buck basket, and for the servants in Every Man.

—Miss M. has her three books,[†6] I suppoge?

Look to it, brother business-man, and fail not!

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 30 MAY 1848

Mention in N, II, 93.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 30 MAY 1848*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Lieutenant Tracey. R.N. | &c &c &c Darley House | Plymouth.

Manchester, Tuesday 30th. May 1848.

My Dear Tracey

I am truly indebted to you for your explicit and business-like letter, which I received at Liverpool this morning, before expressing over here. It tells me all I desired to know, and couldn't have known otherwise. It is quite clear that the lieges of Plymouth, are not the boys (or girls) for us, and accordingly they will not be illuminated with the light of genius.

Cordially Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS CHAPMAN,[†1] 31 MAY 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Evening
May Thirty First 1848.

My Dear Sir

I have been, many times, intending to write to you about Augustus's part in these theatricals, and the two or three days it will expose him to the loss of, in the country; but I have been so exceedingly closely engaged with them, in my anxiety to see the only feasible provision made for Knowles—who has literally no other—that I have always put off doing so, to some other time.

I did not like to propose to Augustus to have no share in this undertaking, for I know Knowles well enough to believe that he would feel the default of any member of the old company[†2]—most of all, of anyone bearing my name—as a something almost personal to his recognition and assertion. But I have always felt that it would be better for Augustus, and more "business-like" altogether, to do without him on future occasions if any should arise.[†3]

He and I have been talking about it tonight, and I fancy from what he tells me that you may perhaps have felt this too. I am really unwilling, however, even now, to trouble you with a word upon the subject; for I know your consideration so well, and am so unaffectedly impressed by it, that I am chary of seeming to make the least demand upon it by bringing myself to your recollection in connexion with him.

I have been travelling for three or four days, and am almost blinded by a cold. I hope you will see to read this, better than I see to write it.

Always My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire.

June

To CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MACONOCHIE, 1 JUNE 1848*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | First June 1848.

My Dear Sir

Being at home, between two country visits, for only a few hours, I find your letter. I hope you have not been inconvenienced by my unavoidable delay in sending the enclosed,[†1] which I have read with great attention and interest.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Maconnochie.[†2]

To FRANCIS ROBINSON, 1 JUNE 1848*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace. | First June 1848.

My Dear Sir

I think we had best have the enclosed Notice printed as a little handbill, and plentifully distributed among the people as they come into the Theatre. If you think so too, will you kindly direct it to be done?[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Robinson Esquire.

over[†4]

Will you tell them at the Queen's[†5] that Mrs. Cruikshank will come with Mr. Cruikshank, and that Mr. Compton's name is to be substituted for Leech's in the bed room list.

NOTICE[†6]

It is respectfully announced that MR. LEECH[†6] is prevented, by the severe illness of his only child,[†7] from having the honor of appearing this evening. MR. COMPTON[†8] of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane &c, will therefore perform the part of Master Slender in the comedy; and the Marquis de Lancy in the farce will be undertaken by MR. G. H. LEWES.[†8]
Manchester, Saturday 3rd June 1848.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [9 JUNE 1848]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* endorsed 9 June 48 in unknown hand.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am indeed pleased to find that you had formed so liberal an idea of the expences. I know that they have been incurred most carefully, and that I should resent the least abuse of your generous nature, in any one with whom I had any dealing on your behalf, as fiercely as I should resent anything—even the supposed swindling of our friend the carving and gilding lady—but I know, too, how these things *will* mount up, and the increasing row of items rather took my breath away, when I was writing it out.

I will come to the bank tomorrow, at twelve o'Clock.

Always Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To H. T. ELLISTON, 9 JUNE 1848

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 27 June 1923; dated 9 June 48.

. . . in case the arrangements for Leamington of which we spoke on the Stage at Birmingham the other night . . . it would be a great convenience to our Company . . . if the night appointed . . . could be the 24th or 27th of June.[†1]

To [CHARLES EVANS], 9 JUNE 1848†

MS Folger Shakespeare Library. *Address:* clearly to Evans, Hon. Secretary of the Birmingham Theatricals Committee, like the letters of 15 and 17 June.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth June 1848.

My Dear Sir

Monday the 26th. would suit us excellently well.[†2] [†a]I am quite sure that Mr. Simpson[†3] is right in preferring to have the performance *before* Mr. Macready's appearance.[†4] Nor do I doubt that it will be of service to the Theatre in the long run. Webster of the Haymarket, who is no bad authority, has always proceeded on that assumption since we first began to play in London,[†a] and has never seen reason to change his opinion.

Pray tell Mr. Simpson from me, with my compliments, that he need not be

under the least concern about Two o'Clock in the Morning.[†1] The Dramatic Authors' Society (which we never pay on such occasions) will perfectly understand that he has nothing to do with the representation of the piece, and will not gain one farthing by it.

[†b]I have a little difficulty in sending you the exact caste of the Merry Wives, because if Leech should still be unable to come,[†2] I shall play Slender, and somebody else will act my present part of Shallow.[†b] I would therefore put the bill out, *in the first instance*, according to the enclosed form. The heading of the last bill to be retained, with such other announcement of the second performance, as the committee may think best. I would begin the Overture that evening, at a quarter before 7—say ten minutes before 7; and then we should have the Curtain up at 7 o'Clock.

I cannot tell you how much indebted we all feel to you for your excellent business arrangements, or how pleased we all are with our Birmingham Audience.[†3]

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 10 JUNE 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday June Tenth 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

Enclosed I send you a cheque for the tickets Mrs. Cowden Clarke had.

I want to get the accounts made out to the present time. Will you tell me what you paid for Railway fares? And as I have several charges against the Haymarket performances, will it not be best for you to pay me whatever balance there is in favor of that account? Otherwise, I shall be irrationally saddling the country representations, with expences that don't belong to them.

I think there will be another performance in Birmingham, on Tuesday fortnight. I am in communication with Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To ANGUS FLETCHER,[†1] 10 JUNE 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Tenth June 1848.

My Dear Sir

Sitting down today, to cast about in my mind for somebody who had leisure to consider the subject I am about to open to you, and good nature and good sympathies to bestow upon it, I immediately thought of *you.* Therefore, I beg you will charge those qualities in yourself with the trouble I am going to give you, and not me—an innocent man.

I don't know whether the fame of my amateur Company of performers may have travelled into Scotland. But it has made some noise in England, and we have just been acting in London, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, to the unbounded satisfaction of the lieges. Object, the endowment of a Curatorship of Shakespeare's House at Stratford; to be always bestowed on some one distinguished in Literature and more especially in Dramatic Literature, and to be conferred in the first instance, on Sheridan Knowles.

Now, Knowles has many friends in Glasgow, and we are strongly urged and entreated to go to Glasgow and act one night. Whereupon, it comes into my head, but why not act one night in Edinburgh too?

Whenever we act out of London, a Committee is formed of the most eminent men in the place whose names are printed in the advertisements as a Committee of general direction, and one of them is a Secretary, who superintends the taking of the Theatre for us, the advertizing, issuing of the tickets and so

forth, and who employs such local assistance (paid for) as he thinks proper. To him I transmit the form of the bill, ticket,[†2] and his advice I particularly ask in the first instance as to the probability of a great success, and as to the prices that might safely be charged on such an occasion.

The questions I would ask you, are—Do you think such a performance would be very attractive in Edinburgh? Could you, and would you, take the trouble to get together, in that case, a good committee? Could you advise me about prices? Would you ascertain what Murray[†3] would want for the Theatre Royal, and what it would hold at the proposed prices? Would you act as Secretary?[†4] And would you advise me what time in July would be best for the purpose? The night *must*[†5] *be a Monday,*[†6] as we should play on the Tuesday in Glasgow, and should then be obliged to return home, for the convenience of those among us, who are connected with weekly periodical literature or Art.

If you tell me there is not likely to be that curiosity and interest on the subject in Edinburgh which prevails elsewhere, you will settle the point I want to decide, and will greatly oblige me. If you tell me that there appears to be that

feeling in existence, then your help on these other points would be invaluable. I cannot think of any one so likely to find out safely and promptly, and to do so willingly, as you yourself.

We could either play as the first piece, Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, or Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, with (in either case) a good, merry farce. I would rather leave the choice between the two comedies, to the local powers.[†1]

Having poured out this amazing flood of botheration (at which I imagine your hair standing on end) I will give you breathing-space, merely adding that I am very earnest in the matter, because Knowles has no earthly provision—well deserves one—and will have an honorable, dignified, appropriate and independent one through these means.

Mrs. Dickens (who unites with me in compliments to Mrs. Fletcher) is at variance with me, touching your address. I therefore enclose this letter to Jeffrey, and beg him to send it on to you.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 10 JUNE 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tenth June 1848.

My Dear Macready

On Tuesday, we shall be delighted to dine with you[†2]—I write, with a man boring me horribly about certain private affairs of his own, which he calls "the cause of Literature."

I am going to take Drury Lane—the Strand—the Olympic—the Victoria[†3]—Sadlers Wells—and the Marylebone. I don't mention the Haymarket, because (though I am going to take that too) it's a mere fleabite.

Are you open to an engagement?

Ever affectionately

CD.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 10 JUNE 1848*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Devonshire Terrace | Juin 10. 1848.

Mon Cher Ami,

J'ai ete[†4] a la Campagne, depuis deux semaines. Quand je revins chez moi, hier au soir, j'y trouvai nos deux amis, que je reçus avec le plus grand plaisir

et qui j'ai mis dans deux positions d'honneur,[†1] à la fois a cause de mon admiration d'eux memes, et de mon amour de l'artiste.

Mille amitiès à Milady, Miss Power, et ma chere petite Marquise![†2]—

Votre affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur | Le Comte D'Orsay.

To DAVID SCOTT,[†3] 10 JUNE 1848

MS Dickens House.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Tenth June 1848.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation with which you have favored me, on behalf of the Committee of the Pudsey[†4] Mechanics Institution. I regret to state, in reply, that I cannot extend the list of public engagements to which I am already pledged.

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

David Scott Esquire

To W. SMITH JR,[†5] 10 JUNE 1848*

MS Dickens House.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Tenth June 1848.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation with which you have honored me on behalf of the Directors of the Sheffield Athenaeum,[†6] to preside at their forthcoming soirée.

I do some violence to my own inclinations, I assure you, in excusing myself from compliance with a requisition so agreeable and interesting to me; but I cannot, remembering my own leisure and occupations, extend the list of public engagements to which I am already pledged.

I remain Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Smith Esquire Junior.

To MR SCOTT,[†7] ?EARLY JUNE 1848

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 20 June 48. *Date:* Scott's reply to CD's letter reached the Home by 20 June—"after much pondering", according to CD.

Asking Scott's permission to heighten the fence at the Home.

To ANDREW S. DALGLISH,[†1] 12 JUNE 1848*

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Monday Twelfth June 1848.

Dear Sir

Dr. Muspratt and other friends of Sheridan Knowles, assure me with such complete confidence, that I may address myself to you without any preface or introduction, and that I may certainly count on your assistance,—that I do not hesitate in acting on their advice. If I trouble you by doing so, I beg you to forgive me, and to blame them.

You are aware, I dare say, that the company of Amateurs connected with Literature and Art, whom I have the pleasure to represent, have been acting at Liverpool and elsewhere in behalf of the Fund "for the endowment of a perpetual Curatorship of Shakespeare's House, to be always held by some one distinguished in Literature and more especially in Dramatic Literature, and to be bestowed in the first instance on Mr. Sheridan Knowles". I should observe that before moving in this matter at all, I obtained from the Shakespeare House Committee, a Minute (which we print at the top of our playbills) distinctly

recognizing Knowles's claims to the appointment; and furthermore that I will take excellent care that this money goes to nobody else, by never handing it over (it is in my own possession) for the endowment of any first Curator but Knowles.[†2]

We now propose to play in Edinburgh and in Glasgow.

It would be necessary, with a view to the occupations of some of our company, to play in Glasgow on a Tuesday night, in July—on what particular Tuesday night, I can inform you in my next.[†3] My present object is, to ask you if you would kindly form a committee of the most influential people in the place, under whose auspices our announcement shall be put forth, and whether (as Dr. Muspratt assures me we may) we may count upon you as the Secretary or Treasurer of that Committee?[†4]

Assuming this to be done, I would beg to ask you, and such other gentlemen as you may take counsel with:

1st. What prices may be safely charged to the different parts of the Theatre on such an occasion. What it will be necessary to pay for the hire of the Theatre, completely lighted and worked in all respects, and how much, at the proposed prices, the Theatre will hold.

2ndly. Whether you would recommend Ben Jonson's Comedy of Every Man in his Humour being played, with a Merry farce. Or whether you would give the preference to Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, and a farce?[†5] On

this point, as on the points of prices, announcement, and so forth, I consider your local knowledge quite decisive.

Immediately on receiving your answer, I could send you the form of playbill, with all details—the form of ticket we generally use—and all other means of setting a Glasgow printer to work, and taking the town by storm. This kind assistance of the local Committee has in no case failed to accomplish the object, but without such assistance it would be impossible for me, at so great a distance, to bring the thing to bear with that decisive success, anything short of which, in such a case, is failure.

I shall be very anxious to receive your reply, and shall—on behalf of Knowles—be greatly encouraged, and made sure of a brilliant crowning result to our endeavours in his behalf, if I have the pleasure to learn from you that the project is taken up warmly and with interest by those who are most influential in Glasgow.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Stephenson Daglish[†1] Esquire

To ANDREW S. DALGLISH, 12 JUNE 1848*

MS Professor K. J. Fielding.

London. | Twelfth June 1848.

Dear Sir

Since I addressed you this morning (with the omission, for which I apologize, of a letter in your name) I have seen Mr. Clow[†2] of Liverpool who brought me the enclosed,[†3] which I beg to present to you through the post.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. S. Dalglish Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 12 JUNE 1848

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth June 1848.

My Dear Lemon.

I would have come to you at Whitefriars to day, but between the Scotch correspondence, the Birmingham (where Tuesday the 27th. will be the day) the Leamington (where, it strikes me, our friend Elliston is fooling us) and Shepherd's Bush, I am like an over-driven Bull.

Miss Montague and Ann Romer [†a]and her brother.[†a†4]—Will you write and book them for the Birmingham night, with a *possibility* of Leamington on the previous Saturday or Monday?

And now we cannot drivel about Leech, but must either have him in, or leave him out. The Birmingham bill is incomplete—the Scotch bills will have to be got ready directly—and it is utterly impossible to go on with the caste,[†1] or to put anything, or arrange anything, or begin anything, or finish anything, in a preposterous state of uncertainty which unhinges each play.[†2] Will you cut this Gordian Knot?

Affectionately Ever
CD.

To H. K. BROWNE, 13 JUNE 1848

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth June 1848.

My Dear Browne.

A thousand thanks for the Dombey Sketches,[†3] which I shall preserve and transmit as heirlooms.[†4]

This afternoon, or Thursday, I shall be near the whereabout of the boy in the flannel gown,[†5] and will pay him an affectionate visit. But I warn you, now and beforehand (and this is final you'll observe)

that you are not a going to back out of the pigmental finishing of said boy, for if ever I had a boy of my own, that boy is

MINE![†6]

And, as the Demon says at the Surrey[†7]

[†a]I claim my Victim.
Ha! Ha! Ha![†a]

At which you will imagine me going down a sulphurous trap, with the boy in my grasp—and you will please not to imagine him merely, in my grasp, but to hand him over.

For which this is your warrant and requirement.

(Signed)
CHARLES DICKENS

Witness
William 卐 Topping
his
Groom

To E. [D]. DAVIS,[†1] 13 JUNE 1848

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 451 (1924); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 June 48; addressed E. B. Davis according to catalogue—a mistake for E. D. Davis.

Your letter bears no date, but I fear that by reason of its having been directed to the Punch office[†2] (with which I have no connexion) and re-posted and re-delivered at my proper address, it may have grown rather old.

I beg . . . to express my regret that I fear it will not be possible for the Amateur Company to visit Newcastle.

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 13 JUNE 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* John T. Lawrence Esquire | Balsall Heath | near Birmingham.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thirteenth June 1848.

My Dear Sir

Mrs. Dickens and I are both unfeignedly obliged to you and all in your hospitable house for your kind invitation.[†3] I greatly regret, however, that we cannot have the pleasure of accepting it. I never, on these occasions, leave my post of President at the general table; and the habit of on no account departing

from any regulation that has been observed among us, alone ensures that unanimity, punctuality, and attention, without which we should be all astray.

No less consideration, I assure you, should deprive me of the pleasure you so kindly propose.

I am delighted to find that we have left so agreeable an impression in Birmingham. I am very confident indeed that our second night's performance (which is certainly a better one) will not disappoint our good friends there.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in warmest remembrances.

And I am My Dear Sir, with true regard,

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John T. Lawrence Esquire.

To JOHN LEECH, 13 JUNE 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace. | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth June 1848.

My Dear Leech.

I need not, I am sure, tell you how sorry I have been, both for your absence

from the late most pleasant excursion, or for the occasion of it.[†1] Or how very much we all missed you.

I do not write, therefore, on that head, but with a view to the next. And what I am *obliged* to do, is, to ask you at once to decide whether you will undertake to go, or not. I will shew you the point cannot be left open.—On Tuesday week, there will be another performance at Birmingham. I must send down the complete bill directly. In July there will be performances in Edinburgh and Glasgow. I must send down complete bills there, and have been already asked for them. If you don't go, it will be necessary for me to play Slender, and for Topham[†2] to play Shallow.[†3] I cannot ask him to study Shallow on the chance, nor can the dresses be altered on the chance. So the whole proceedings are really at a stand-still, and they must be wound up and set going. The interval is short—Topham has never been in the play—the bills must be sent off—and if changes are to be made, it is indispensable that they should be made at once. If made, they cannot be changed again.

Nobody but you, can decide. If you feel the least uneasiness or doubt about your little child, however, then I would urge you to abandon the thought of going, for the sake of the play itself—with which we really could do nothing if you came in again, and failed us at last. If you feel it, according to all human calculation and your own resolution, safe to undertake to go, then rush into the arms of the Company as its long-lost offspring. But the essential thing, is, that one way or other the matter be

made *certain,* and nothing left in peril. Therefore I ask you to decide it finally, and so as to leave us no reasonable likelihood or chance of discomfiture.

Always My Dear Leech | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

To CHARLES STEWART,[†4] 13 JUNE 1848*

MS Private.

London, Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thirteenth June 1848.

Sir.

I beg to assure you very sincerely (though in few words) that I respect the motive which has induced you to write to me—that I esteem your confidence—and that I would help you to a publisher if I could. But when I assure you that

I receive similar communications *by hundreds,* you will be at no loss to understand why I have long since forborne to ask any favor of booksellers in this regard, or to take charge of any Manuscript.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Stewart Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 13 JUNE 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth June 1848

My Dear Stone

Andrew[†1] is now at Mr. Topham's service. Will you undertake to tell him so, with my regards, adding that I hope to let him know, within two days, whether Shallow will be also at liberty.

I will alter Love Law and Physic immediately. Will you ask Mr. Topham if he will come *here* to compare parts (the alterations, as they concern him, are slight, but will exclude one short scene) on Thursday evening at ½ past 7. We can then arrange a rehearsal of the piece, for next week.

Faithfully Always
CD.

Frank Stone Esquire

To MRS TAGART, 13 JUNE 1848

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth June 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Tagart.

I am very much occupied myself, with this matter for Sheridan Knowles, and must write briefly.

I cannot, of course, speak decisively as to the feeling that may exist among Hunt's literary friends in reference to this new application,[†2] nor have I had an opportunity of interchanging a word with any one on the subject, since I saw you on Sunday. My impression is, however, that it will be extremely difficult if not absolutely impossible to call forth any general answer among them to the present appeal. My own conviction of the hopelessness of the five hundred pounds required, doing any real service to any one on earth, even if the sum were raised tomorrow, is so strong that I do not feel justified in drawing on any literary man who can ill afford the money, by putting down my own name for £5. Nor could I conscientiously do anything in such a case, but bring up the rear of the subscription if it approached the desired amount—and then in spite

of my persuasion—my certainty—that it is an absurdity, and that, for any good it will do Hunt, it might as well be left alone. This letter is, of course, between yourself and Mr. Tagart and me. As to what the Northampton gentleman writes of "debts unavoidably contracted *before* the recent grants", I can only say that I was one of some five or six who, not quite a year ago, when we were about to act those plays in the country, did, again and again, ask Hunt what money would set him clear of the world. Advancing on what we could get out of him, considerably, we put that sum at £250. Those £250 were got, and paid to him. We went into debt £50 to make up the money. For that sum we are responsible, and it is not paid yet, out of our acting proceeds.

Mrs. Dickens and Georgy unite with me in best regards. We very much regret that on Wednesday the 21st. we are hopelessly engaged.

Dear Mrs. Tagart | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN GREEN,[†1] 14 JUNE 1848*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth June 1848.

Sir

I beg to thank you for the little book,[†2] and to add, in reply to your letter, that I shall attend the Committee of the Literary Fund today, and should in any case have considered it my duty to state what I know of your misfortunes[†3] and deserts.

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

John Green Esquire

To [CHARLES] HERBERT, 14 JUNE 1848*

MS New York Public Library. *Address:* probably Charles Herbert, as on 22 Dec 48.

Devonshire Terrace, London. | Fourteenth June 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Herbert, and begs to say that his vote at the next election of the Orphan Working School,[†4] is already promised in behalf of a very deserving case.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 14 JUNE 1848

Extract in J. F. Drake catalogue No. 189 (1927); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, London, 14 June 48.

Submitting his vote in behalf of an applicant to the Orphan Working School.

To CHARLES EVANS, 15 JUNE 1848

Extract in N, II, 101 (from catalogue source); dated Devonshire Terrace, 15 June 48.

I presume that all you want for the bills, in addition to what I have already sent you, is the cast of the Merry Wives, which you will find on the other side. Will you drop the following into their proper places in the bill—first appearing the leader of the orchestra [*here follows the list of music to be played*].[†1] . . . Leech, as you will observe, proposes to play. I will enter the Prompter's guinea, agreeably to your directions.

To JOHN LEECH, 15 JUNE 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth June 1848. | Thursday.

My Dear Leech.

I have sent down the Birmingham bill (*Tuesday week*[†2] not Tuesday) with your name for Slender. In the Scotch bills, I have put myself down for Slender, and omitted you.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

John Leech Esquire.

To [CHARLES EVANS], 15 JUNE 1848*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* clearly to Evans (see *To* Evans, 17 June, final sentence).

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night Fifteenth June | 1848.

My Dear Sir

We have made an important addition to our company, which necessitates an alteration in the bill. In Love, Law, and Physic, Andrew, instead of being played by Mr. Lewes, is played by

MR. F. W. TOPHAM

Will you kindly see to this alteration being made?

In haste Faithfully Yours

CD.

To ANDREW S. DALGLISH, 16 JUNE 1848

MS Mr Robert K. Black.

1 Devonshire Terrace, London | Sixteenth June 1848.

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your ready and kind letter. I saw Mr. Donald[†1] yesterday, and we had a long conversation together.

We have never paid more than £50 for a provincial Theatre for one night—and for Theatres much larger than that of Glasgow. This sum has always included Carpenters, door keepers, gas, and band—except such additions as we have thought fit to make to the regular Orchestra, at our own expence.

It is quite clear, I take it, that we are at the mercy of this Mr. Alexander,[†2] and must make (through you) the best terms that we can. But I strongly recommend *that the Sum paid him should have no reference whatever to the amount received, but should be agreed upon beforehand, and positively determined.*[†3] Also I would recommend that he be as far as possible disconnected from the proceedings of the night. The less we have to do with him, the better; and for the Stage preparations and arrangements, Mr. Willmott (Mr. Macready's Stage Director at Drury Lane and Covent Garden) will come down a day, or two, beforehand.

I cannot positively name the day of performance I would propose, in this letter; but I think, and am almost sure, it will be Tuesday July 17th.[†4] Tomorrow, or at latest on Monday, I will let you know decisively.

Now, if we acted a second night, it must be (with a complete change of performance) on the following Thursday. But I would advise, if I may, that no hint whatever, be thrown out, anywhere, of this second night, or it will certainly injure the first. The having a second night at all, will rest entirely with you and the Committee. If you should find the feeling, and demand for tickets for the first night, so strong as to

induce you to think a second night would be certainly successful, I will take measures for being ready for it, on any hint of such a probability from you.[†5]

I feel almost confident that at the Liverpool prices the Glasgow house will *not*[†6] hold £600, or anything near that sum.[†7] An immense Theatre at Liverpool, crammed to the roof, did not hold £500. I believe this statement to be a part of Mr. Alexander's smartness.

In my next, I will send you the bill and ticket. I shall be very curious to know what you settle with the Manager.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew S. Dalglish Esquire

To D. M. MOIR,[†1] 17 JUNE 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* D. M. Moir Esquire | Musselburgh | N.B.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Seventeenth June 1848.

My Dear Moir.

When I look at your letter, and see "18 Feb" for the date, I become so red in the face that if you were by, I think you would treat me for apoplexy. And yet I have been, ever since its receipt, so occupied in one way or other that although I have been thinking of it almost every day, I have never laid violent hands upon a pen, to answer it.

—Because I have always had the intention of writing at such tremendous length! But I never will cherish such an idea again, for nothing leads so surely to interminable delay. And therefore I write at anything but tremendous length now.

Your pleasant account of yourself and your family and your life, has interested me extremely. And though I grudge any occupation of your time that prevents the devotion of your genius to Literature, even I cannot regret its being so well employed.

My oldest daughter is little more than half as old as yours, and she has one sister and five brothers representing a little flight of stairs of which the bottom step is one year old. They are all well, all good, and all happy. I am not rich, for the great expences of my position have been mine alone from the first, and the Lion's share of its great profits has been gorged by the booksellers. But I have changed all that, within these three years or so,—have worked back half of all my copyrights which had gone from me before I knew their worth[†2]—and have got, by some few thousand pounds (I could count the thousands on one hand) ahead of the world. Dombey has been the greatest success I have ever achieved. Although Literature as a profession has no distinct status in England, I am bound to say that what I experience of its recognition, all through Society, in my own person, is honorable, ample, and independent. I find that to

make no exacting assertion of its claims, on the one hand—and steadily to take my stand by it, on the other, as a worthy calling, and my sole fortune—is to do right, and to take sufficient rank. Go where I will, in out of the way places and odd corners of the country, I always find something of personal affection in people whom I have never seen, mixed up with my public reputation. This is the best part of it, and it makes me very happy.

One phase of this I have seen so often, and felt so much, that I can't help giving *you* a little illustration of it. I was down at Leeds some months ago, on an errand similar to that which took me to Glasgow; and when the Meeting was over, the people cheered very much. One gentleman on the platform, in particular, when they had all done and I was going out, cried very earnestly for

"another cheer for the Author of Little Nell". When I got home to the house I was staying at, I asked the lady of it if that gentleman had lost a child, ever. She said yes, a little daughter—lately—and that he had held to that story as a sort of comfort, ever since. Poor Basil Hall lost a little boy for whom he had a great love—I think his insanity began about that time—and he wrote out all the secret grief and trial of his heart to me, wherever he went afterwards.[†1] [†a]Always referring to the same book.[†a]

—There! After so much about myself, I begin to be afraid that you will repent of having been so confidential to me. And yet it comes so naturally, after another reading of your letter, that I don't find my apoplectic symptom return, now that I have looked it over, again.

I think, about the middle of July, of paying a hasty visit to Glasgow and Edinburgh. The Amateur Company whereof I am Manager are coming down to perform there, in furtherance of a scheme for the benefit of Sheridan Knowles, who greatly needs it. I shall have little time at my own disposal, but I hope I shall see you—and I hope you will see us too.

There is nothing new in London. Chartist fears and rumours shake us,[†2] now and then, but I suspect the Government make the most of such things for their own purpose, and know better than anybody else how little vitality there is in them.[†3] Have you read Forster's Goldsmith, and, if so, don't you think it very good? When will there be no patients in Musselburgh and thereabouts? And then we will smoke a Cigar together, on the top of Saint Pauls. If in Autumn, all the better, just when she

> —passes, bright at first
> In eye, and firm of step, her cincture rich,
> Of wheat-ear and of vine-wreath intertwined.

—as an obscure poet writes.[†4]

Mrs. Dickens begs to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Moir[†5] and to you. I am always, with affectionate sincerity,

My Dear Moir | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

D. M. Moir Esquire

To CHARLES EVANS, 17 JUNE 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Seventeenth June | 1848.

My Dear Sir

I think—I am not sure, but I *think*—that if you look at my rough draught again, you will find that Mr. Cole is down for Nym, and nobody for Bardolph. My brother Augustus does not come this second time, and the truth is, I really

don't know at this moment who *will* play Bardolph. Mr. Cole has done so, as yet, but I think he will prefer Nym, as he once expostulated with me, very plaintively, on the subject of wearing Bardolph's red nose.[†1]

The Company dine here to-day, in a body; and I will then settle these points, and write to you by Monday Morning's post.

The Page and John Rugby, we have never "billed" in the Country, as they are generally done by local satellites.[†2]

You have received my correction, touching Mr. F. W. Topham?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles M. Evans Esquire

To F. W. TOPHAM, 18 JUNE 1848†

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* F. W. Topham Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Eighteenth June 1848.

My Dear Sir

[†a]In consequence of one of my brothers not being able to go to Birmingham, the part of Nym in the Merry Wives, is vacant.[†3] I hope you will consent to play it.[†4] What there is of it, is (as you know) good; and there is not a great quantity of words to learn, as he disappears early in the play.[†a]

This bears reference to Birmingham. The great Shallow question still remains unsettled as to Scotland.

I am obliged to fill up the Birmingham bill *immediately*, and shall feel it a very great relief and assistance, if I may set you down for Nym as well as Andrew.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. W. Topham Esquire

To MR CLARIDGE,[†5] 20 JUNE 1848

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth June 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens is much obliged to Mr. Claridge for the offer of Lord Byron's flute.[†6] But as Mr. Dickens cannot play that instrument himself, and has nobody in his house who can, he begs to decline the purchase, with thanks.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 JUNE 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evening | Twentieth June 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was out at Shepherd's Bush to day, and there found a communication from Mr. Scott, who, after much pondering, has arrived at the conclusion that he can just bear the addition of a lattice-work, *two feet high*, to the present fence. How, or by what process, he got to that express measurement, I don't know. But he intimates that one additional inch would be the death of him.

I suppose you will think it best to accept this condition? It would be a great convenience and improvement, and would effect much that we desire, though not all. I said, in my letter, three or four feet, but that seems hopeless.

Will you tell me what you decide on? I shall be there again, on Thursday between 12 and 2, and will see to the change being made, if you desire it.

Always most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 20 JUNE 1848*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Night | Twentieth June 1848.

Dear Miss Kelly.

We act again at Birmingham (the Merry Wives) on Tuesday the 27th. and if Miss Kenworthy will arrange to leave town on Monday the 26th. in the afternoon, I shall be happy to pay her expences for herself and her father.

Our trip to Glasgow and Edinburgh will take place next month. We shall probably leave London on the 15th. of July.

We shall want to rehearse a condensation of Love Law and Physic, at your Theatre next Friday Evening at 7. But Mr. Lemon and I will be there for our 2 o'Clock in the Morning,[†1] at 6.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS ANNE ROMER, 20 JUNE 1848

MS Bernard Halliday.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth June 1848.

My Dear Miss Romer.

Will you and your brother appear at Dee's Royal Hotel, Birmingham, on Monday Evening the 26th. preparatory to rehearsing at the Theatre next morning and playing at night?

I have every reason to believe that we shall start for Scotland, on Saturday the 15th. of July, and be absent about five days.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Anne Romer.

Will you provide the parts for your own and your brother's songs in the Merry Wives,[†1] for the Birmingham orchestra.

To ANDREW S. DALGLISH, 21 JUNE 1848

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty First June 1848.

My Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 19th. informing me of the terms on which you have engaged the Theatre. I subscribe to them very readily—having no choice—but am bound to say, as the representative of the body concerned and the object to be obtained, that they are much higher than the charges for larger theatres at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and London itself. That they are, in short, higher than I have ever paid.[†2]

———

I write thus far, for you to read to the implacable Alexander the Little, if you think right; but I must break off here, to say that I laughed heartily on receipt of your letter this morning, and that the picture of the Manager and his greatest chum nearly coming to single combat, has been really too much for my gravity (which is far from imperturbable) ever since.

I hardly know whether I ought, in strictness, to trouble you, or Mr. Lamond,[†3] with what follows. But to make it as plain as possible, I will put each matter under its separate head.

THE SECOND NIGHT.[†4]

depends entirely on the discretion of the Committee. If they decide in favor of a second performance, on the Thursday, I would propose to play "USED UP,"[†5] LOVE LAW AND PHYSIC,[†5] or TURNING THE TABLES[†5]—I am not quite sure which[†6]—and TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.[†5†7] The bill for that night, I could send down by return of post, at any time.

BILLS AND TICKETS FOR THE FIRST NIGHT,[†4]

I enclose a draught of the Bill (with one blank for Nym, which must remain in

the first impression) and also the form of ticket we generally use, which is printed on Card, and cut as this form is. The ticket-taker at the door, tears off the smaller part, and gives it back to the person admitted. It is then the place-keeper's authority and reference, for giving him his seat. The same form of ticket, with the substitution of the word "Pit" for "Box", admits to the Pit, and so on to all parts of the house. It is a great convenience to have each description of Ticket, printed on a different colored card. As, red for boxes, Yellow for Pit, Green for Upper Boxes, &c. You will observe that there is printing on the back.

BAND[†1]

I felt a cold chill when I found they were amateurs, as the tendency of Amateur Bands is to be so extensively musical—which you have evidently experienced. But I have left blanks in the bill for the stipulation of their two Overtures; and it may keep them down a little to be forewarned that we are always very quick between the acts, and generally "ring up", within five minutes.

POSTING BILLS &C.[†1]

The Committee will of course do what they think best, and what they consider needful, in this regard. But I shall feel personally obliged to them if they will have the kindness to give no greater prominence to my name, than to the names of all the other gentlemen concerned.

I think this is all I have occasion to trouble you with at present—and I am afraid you will say it is enough too.

I am My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew Stephenson Dalglish Esquire.

To H. P. SMITH, 21 JUNE 1848

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First June 1848.

My Dear Smith

I am your man—and Kate is your woman—for the first of July.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 22 JUNE 1848

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Second June 1848.
Thursday Morning

My Dear Cunningham

I shall be at Miss Kelly's tomorrow Evening, from 7 to 8, and shall hope to see you there, for a little conversation touching the Railroad arrangements.

All preparations completed in Edinburgh and Glasgow. There will be a great deal of money taken—especially at the latter place.[†1]

I wish I could persuade you—seriously—to come into training for Nym in the Merry Wives.[†2] He is never on by himself, and all he has to do, is good, without being difficult. If you could screw yourself up to the doing of that part in Scotland, it would prevent our taking some new man, and would cover you (all over) with glory.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I am fully persuaded that an amateur manager has more correspondence than the Home Secretary.

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 22 JUNE 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Second June 1848.

My Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for your letter, received last night. The cordial response we have received both from Edinburgh and Glasgow (where they are making great preparations) assures me of a glorious conclusion to our exertions for Knowles. He needs them sorely, poor fellow!

To make my letter the clearer and easier for reference, I will write what I have to write, under separate heads; premising that we are *obliged* to make the night, Monday the 17th.

PLAYBILLS[†3]

I send you the draught of the bill.[†4] You will observe that one part (Nym) is left blank. It must remain so, in the first impression, as I am not quite certain who will play it, in the Northern Expedition.[†5] As soon as I know, you shall know. Anything the Committee may wish to add, about the distribution of tickets, had best be added where I have left the blank for the prices. You will order such posting bills to be printed for the Walls and so forth, as your local knowledge suggests the necessity of. I would merely ask that no greater prominence is given to my name, than to those of the other gentlemen concerned—unless it should be deemed indispensably necessary.[†6] We usually put at the bottom of the bills and tickets EVENING DRESS[†3] but that you will insert or omit as you think right.

TICKETS.[†1]

I send you the form of ticket, I have always hitherto adopted. It is printed on a card, which is cut as this rough draught is. The ticket-taker tears off the smaller portion, and returns it (the bit torn off) to the person entering; it then becomes the authority and reference to the place-keeper to give him or her, that particular seat. The same form, with the substitution of "Pit" for "Box", or whatever it may be, answers for all parts of the House. You will observe that there is some printing, on the back of the card.[†2]

It is a great convenience and avoidance of confusion to use a different colored card for each description of places. As, red for the pit, green for the lower boxes, yellow for the upper boxes, &c. Every seat, except in the galleries, should be numbered.

BAND.[†3]

It will require to be a larger and better one, I imagine, than the usual Orchestra of the Theatre. But the Leader will undertake to augment and make it an efficient one, if he be spoken to, and authorized to do so. That will not be very expensive. I have selected the Overtures (subject to his assent) and put them in the bill.[†4]

STAGE.[†3]

Mr. Willmot (Mr. Macready's Stage Director at Drury Lane and Covent Garden) will make an appointment to meet the Master Carpenter, Property Man &c, a day or two beforehand, at the Theatre, and will bring his Scene and Property Plots with him. Also a list of the required Supers &c. This is a babylonic kind of jargon to read, but Murray will understand it, and it will set his mind at rest, as to that part of the proceedings. I shall ask him, [†a]through you,[†a] as an especial favor, to take care for us that the Stage is kept perfectly clear, and that nobody (himself excepted, of course) comes behind, who is not engaged on the night.

Looking over your kind letter, and thanking you very earnestly for the trouble you are taking with so much cordiality, I see nothing else that I need mention, except the Committee. I will tell you candidly

how this point stands on our side—Wherever we have been, on a similar occasion, the first men in the place have always connected themselves *with* the occasion. And this, my band, I know, feel a kind of attention and recognition,[†5] which is of a different sort of importance from any amount of attraction that the names of such a Committee would present to the local satellites. Therefore, I do not hesitate to say, that they would greatly esteem an Edinburgh Committee-ship, and missing a general public knowledge that there *was* an influential Committee, would beset me with enquiries why

Edinburgh was different in this regard from all other places. If it be practicable therefore to make it notorious in the place that the influential and worthy take an interest in the arrangements, and are not aloof from their general direction, I would ask that much of my friends, as urgently as I may.[†1]

Gordon[†2] I shall be truly delighted to see. I have remembered him well, ever since—and his speech too.[†3] I called at his house when I was last in Edinburgh. But he was—as a wonderfully stalwart and handsome little boy who came running into the entry, informed me—"joost at Doomfries".—I think it was Dumfries at least.

The prices are capital;[†4] and everything else seems, like the general arrangements of Goldsmith's Bear-Leader, "in a concatenation accordingly".[†5] I really am very much indebted to you for your promptitude and kindness. And I shall make your old Master[†6] happy, by telling him how you end your letter.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire

To ANGUS FLETCHER, 22 JUNE 1848*

MS Dr A. G. M. Severn.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twenty Second June | 1848.

My Dear Sir

Since despatching my gigantic envelope, I have received yours of yesterday. I think the "Merry Wives" will "go" best. It is prettier to look at, and a lighter play. Therefore, as you leave so much of the choice to me, I do not make any change in that wise.

I have only time to add that nothing shall induce me to blow you up, and that Murray behaves like a gentleman, and unlike the genus Manager.

In haste to save the post | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire

To JOHN LEECH, 22 JUNE [1848]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* 22 June was Thursday in 1848; year supported by handwriting. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Twenty Second June

My Dear Leech.

My mind misgives me that I *said* Saturday today, for our appointment. I meant Monday of course, in any case.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To C. D. DONALD, 23 JUNE 1848*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third June 1848.

My Dear Sir

Will you give Mrs. Dickens and myself the pleasure of seeing you at dinner next Thursday at half past Six? We shall be merely a family circle.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

C. D. Donald Esquire Junr.

To W. C. MACREADY, 23 JUNE 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Third June 1848.

My Dear Macready

I am afraid the Sadlers Wells performance cannot be brought to bear. When "the Company" dined here last Saturday, I did not read your letter, nor did I say to anyone but Lemon what was in the wind. I sounded others, however, and found them so plainly of his mind that there should not be another performance in London this year, and that it would be objectionable to fly immediately from this Knowles idea to another, however meritorious, that I feel sure it is no go.[†1]

I would rather you decided whether I shall still propose the thing, plainly.

Ever Yours affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 24 JUNE 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth June 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

I don't think any amount of Champagne will produce a generous glow behind the white waistcoat of the Giant Humbug of England.[†2] But he must be tried; and if you will try him, it will be a great service.[†3] Saturday the 15th.—by the Express Train—to Edinburgh—will be the day and time.

Brooks,[†4] I will see to, forthwith.

I have no doubt whatever, of a great success in Scotland.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON, [?JUNE 1848]

Mention in *To* Mitton, 1 July. *Date:* Mitton had presumably replied to it during the last week of June.

A letter unintentionally upsetting Mitton—partly through a mention of Forster.[†1]

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 JUNE 1848*

MS Victoria Art Gallery, Bath.

Theatre Birmingham | Tuesday Twenty Seventh June 1848.

My Dear Macready

Lemon tells me that Compton is *not* at Liverpool.[†2] He is in London, and will be best addressed (Lemon says) under cover to him (Lemon) Punch Office Fleet Street.[†3]

Affectionately always | (in great haste)
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 JUNE 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Birmingham | Tuesday Twenty Seventh June 1848

My Dear Macready

This is letter No. 2. Since No. 1, little Miss Anne Romer has asked me if you would like her to come to London to sing Angels Ever bright and fair,[†4] on the 18th.[†5] If you say yea, I will conclude.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 29 JUNE 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twenty Ninth June | 1848.

My Dear Macready.

I remembered, immediately after writing to you, that 'Angels ever bright and fair', would not be sung.

Coming home last night, I found the enclosed from Miss Cushman,[†1] which I ought to answer immediately. I suppose I may say "yes", to the question of expences?[†2]

Ever Yours affectionately

CD.

W. C. Macready Esquire.
Return me Miss Cushman's note.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 JUNE 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Ninth June 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I should like to know whether your genius can make out Mr. Scott's meaning. Mine can't. He is one of the most abstruse letter writers I ever had to deal with.

I enclose his note,[†3] which, in its general style, is not unlike that which was sent to Lord Monteagle about the gunpowder plot.[†4]

I also send you another letter, written by a Middlesex Magistrate, and (strange as it is to say so, in that connexion)[†5] a very learned and good gentleman, formerly a tutor at Oxford.[†6] He knows something of one or two of our protegées, and

the letter is so clearly designed to reach you, that I send it. I have not the least interest in, or knowledge of, the case; but I know he is to be relied upon.

This is sad sickness at Shepherd's Bush, whither I am now bound. If I do not find you there, shall you be at home at 2 or 3 tomorrow?

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 JUNE 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Thirtieth June 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Tomorrow at 4, I will be at the Home.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN HULLAH, 30 JUNE 1848*

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirtieth June 1848.

My Dear Hullah

You know perhaps that the Queen has commanded a complimentary benefit to Macready, which will take place on Monday July the 10th. at Drury Lane, when she will go in State.[†1]

It has occurred to me, in assisting to make the arrangements, that it might possibly suit your views to form a chorus of your people[†2] for God save the Queen, if the fact of its being yours were put in the bill. Benedict,[†3] who is the Conductor on the occasion, thinks it would be very grand, and jumps at the idea.

Braham[†4] and others[†5] sing the solo parts.

What do you say? I may be altogether mistaken as far as the practicability of the thing, and your liking it, are concerned. If so, there is no harm done,

I know. If not, and you approve of setting that "dainty dish before the Queen",[†1] the powers that be, for the occasion, will be delighted to have it.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 30 JUNE 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirtieth June 1848.

My Dear Lemon

If you will repay Webster the £2..0..0, I will repay you when I see you.

I enclose your part in Used Up.[†3] When will it suit you to rehearse? Could you come up and dine with us [alone][†4] at half past 5 today? We would fix Rehearsals then.

Mr. Ray[†5] may possibly be wanted as an Actor, but in Prompterian capacities we must of course use Murray's people. I send you back his letter, and have made a note of his address.

Sir James Clark[†6] tells me that my sister cannot possibly live many weeks. I have seen him this morning.

Affectionately always
CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, JUNE 1848

Mention in Ernest Dawson catalogue, March 1933; *MS* 1 p.; dated June 1848.

Mentioning his daughter Katey.

To W. WILLIAMS,[†7] [?JUNE 1848]

Mention in *To* Williams, 25 July 48.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?SUMMER 1848]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Signature suggests Summer 1848.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Until *twenty minutes before Four tomorrow* (when I am going to see some young women proposed to us from the Magdalen) I shall be here, and delighted to see you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MARK LEMON, [?SUMMER 1848]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Initials suggest Summer 1848.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday.

My Dear Lemon.

O'Wednesday Morning—I'm your man and will be at home—and as you've often called my voice a bird's, I hope you'll like the sound of it then.

Ever Yours
CD.

July

To MRS HENRY BURNETT, 1 JULY 1848*

MS Mr Edward S. Moore III.

Devonshire Terrace. | First July 1848. | Saturday.

My Dear Fanny.

I send this out, by father, who I understand is coming to see you today.[†1]

There is a certain Dr. Hastings[†2] whom I know, who has been so extraordinarily successful in affections of the mucous membrane, and has done such wonderful things so easily, that I am bent upon his seeing you. He is a quiet kind creature, and you will like him the moment you see him. I have arranged for his coming out to you tomorrow afternoon at 3—which he has promised to do very readily. I shall be greatly disappointed, if he does not almost immediately relieve your cough.

I called upon my acquaintance Mr. Kesteven[†3]—the medical man in your neighbourhood—yesterday. Pray give him an encouraging reception when he

comes. He will not trouble you in the least, and will not obtrude his visits I *know*.

I shall come over tomorrow, before Dr. Hastings arrives. Mind. I have perfect faith in his doing you good. He has succeeded to Sir James Clark over and over again, to my certain and absolute knowledge, and has done wonders where Clark really did nothing. If I were not sure of this, I shouldn't care about him at all.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Burnett.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 1 JULY 1848.

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Craven Hill Cottage | Bayswater.

Devonshire Terrace. | First July 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Clarke.

I enclose the part I spoke of, in Used Up.[†1]

Will you meet the rest of the Dramatis Personae here, to read the play and compare the parts on *Monday Evening at 7*.

Faithfully Yours always
The implacable Manager.
Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1 JULY 1848

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday First July 1848.

My Dear George.

Whichever of these two enclosed parts in Used up, you *don't* undertake, Lemon *will.* Choose for yourself. The blacksmith John Ironbrace, is a rough bare-armed strong fellow, always in a passion. Sir Adonis Leech is a middle-aged dandy, with no heart and a mighty appetite. You will observe that there are a good many words in Ironbrace, and that there is not a very long time to study them in.[†2]

Will you come here, on *Monday evening at 7*, to read the play and compare the parts—bringing both these MSS with you.

Ever Yours
CD.

To ROBERT LAMOND,[†1] 1 JULY 1848

Extract in N, II, 107 (from catalogue source); dated Devonshire Terrace, First July 1848

I think your [prices][†2] excellent,[†3] and hope the Glasgow public will think so too. . . . I shall be interested in hearing how the tickets go off.[†4] Mrs. Dickens and I both regretted when we came to town on Wednesday night, to find your second night annihilating your first.

To OSSIAN[†5] MACPHERSON,[†6] 1 JULY 1848

Mention in Rosenbach Co., *Catalogue of Rare Books of Six Centuries*, 1935; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1 July 48.

Saying that he will be very happy to become a subscriber for a copy of Macpherson's book.[†7]

To THOMAS MITTON, 1 JULY 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday First July 1848.

My Dear Mitton.

I have been out of town, and am only just now in receipt of your letter.

Thompson's cheque for £25,[†8] safely received.

It grieves me truly, to find that you have taken my letter so much to heart.[†9] I had not the least idea or intention of giving you a moment's pain. I wrote what was on my mind, simply because it *was* there, and, once discharged of it, thought no more about it. I meant to write most kindly, and really believed, I had done

so. Pray think no more of it. This is not a world in which there is time enough for any real coldness or indifference between such old friends. Nothing was more remote from my intention than to engender any. And when you speak of estrangement between us, do not, I entreat you, suppose that in this house there is a grain of ill-will felt towards you. The truth is quite the contrary. And in regard to Forster I can solemnly assure you that in all these years your name has never been mentioned between us, except when he has asked me how and where you were, or what you were doing. That is the utmost and the plainest truth. If you came here oftener, or proposed to come here oftener, there is not the substance of a straw in your way.

I never wrote anything more unreservedly in my life, than I write these words.

There has been an oven erected at Shepherd's Bush, for baking bread. It is not in the house, but in a coach-house adjoining. Miss Coutts has an idea that it ought to be mentioned in the policy of Fire Insurance. If she be right, will you cause it to be done?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

I fear that poor Fanny is certainly dying, and not by very slow degrees.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 3 JULY 1848

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Third July 1848

My Dear George.

Your part—Your part! Send me your part, that I may compare it tonight. There may be ten thousand mistakes in it, for anything I know.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 3 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Third July 1848.

My Dear Macready.

As soon as you can let us have the complete cast,[†1] do so. We want to get out a full bill on Wednesday, if possible.

And I wish you would tell Willmott to send me a list of Rehearsals, in order that I may know your (and his) whereabout, if I have anything to communicate.

Further.—Will you give me a list of any names on your or Mrs. Macready's list, for the Stage.[†1]

Since I intimated to you the other day that I had doubts of my being glad to receive the Queen, even if she were content to be so received, I have considered the matter, and am quite clear that as I have never been to Court, or presented myself before her either in my public capacity or as a private gentleman, it would not be becoming or agreeable to me to claim her recognition on such an occasion. Forster has undertaken to find Bulwer, and ascertain whether *he* will receive her—and, if he will, whether D'Eyncourt[†2] will join him. But I confess to you, I very much doubt Bulwer's assenting, and do not think it at all probable.

I shall probably know that, tomorrow. In the event of his declining—I suppose there is no alternative but Mitchell,[†3] and somebody belonging to the Theatre?[†4]

What do you say?

Affectionately always

CHARLES DICKENS

I have begged them at the Chamberlains Office, to give Chapman their final instructions about the Suite[†5].

To JOSEPH WATSON,[†6] 3 JULY 1848*

MS Mrs S. S. Clephan. *Address:* Joseph Watson Esquire | Newcastle on Tyne.

Third July 1848.[†7]

Dear Sir.

I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot have the gratification of accepting the invitation with which you honor me, in terms so obliging and agreeable.

The occasion, and the great objects it cannot fail to advance, suggest to me many reasons for feeling the greatest reluctance in declining your proposal.[†8]

But my intended journey to Scotland involves already, quite as much occupation as I can, in any reason, bind myself to; and on my return home I am going into the country with my family, and shall not, for some months, make any public engagement.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 4 JULY 1848

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Fourth July 1848.

My Dear Lemon

I will write to McGregor today, and give him such recommendation of Mr. Dives[†1] as your testimony warrants.

George holds on by the blacksmith. Consequently, I send you the beau.[†2] We compared parts last night, and the first rehearsal is called for Friday at 7, at Miss Kelly's.

Dr. Hastings went out to my poor sister, by appointment, on Sunday last. She was greatly pleased with him, and impressed with a great liking for his manner and a strong belief in him. He said immediately on coming out, that Sir James Clark was quite right. That it would be monstrous in himself if he held out the least hope. That the disease must be fatal, and was too far gone to admit of any chance of recovery. He prescribed for her, some rare combination of things (which could only be got at Bell's in Oxford Street) and said it would probably diminish the cough, promote rest at night, and stimulate the appetite. It was quite impossible, he said, that she could live through the summer, unless this medicine worked some very complete and extraordinary effect,—of which he was not at all sanguine. He made no appointment to see her again (evidently considering it altogether useless) but I have thought it so important to her hope and peace that she should not think he too had given her up, that I have since arranged for his seeing her again, next Sunday.

So runs the World away!—[†3]

Compton wouldn't play for Macready under Ten Pounds—and he gets it.[†4] I can't make out whether Webster is a knave or a fool; but certainly his proceedings about that benefit of his, savor very much of the latter quality. Macready is all aghast at me, because I won't put on a court dress, and receive the Queen!—I

hear that Mister Chorley[†5] flashes his little pen in a sentence about Amateurs in Frazer[†6]—and I have some idea of enshrining him in the Christmas Book, as a feeble tribute to his deserts.

Kate and Georgy unite in loves to Mrs. Lemon—Ever affectionately CD.

To THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE, 4 JULY 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* The | Countess of Lovelace.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Fourth July 1848.

My Dear Lady Lovelace.

I am going to look at a house at Folkestone tomorrow morning, and may, possibly, go to Hythe and Sandgate, and not get back before Thursday forenoon. Therefore, as I have the pleasure to be engaged to you for that evening, I think I had best make half past six on Thursday, my next time of appearance.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Countess of Lovelace.

To W. C. MACREADY, 4 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourth July 1848.

My Dear Macready.

Bulwer declines; not for any reason that the thing is, in itself, objectionable; but for private considerations of convenience, no court dress, &c.

He is distinctly and decidedly of opinion that my doing it, would be in the worst taste and all wrong.

He thinks D'Eyncourt would do it—and Milnes.[†1] Will you ask them? You mentioned Lord Nugent and Milner Gibson,[†2] yesterday. I feel morally certain that the latter would as soon replace the statue of Shakespeare over the Porch. And I think Lady Nugent's[†3] death[†4] would prevent the former's compliance, if nothing else did. But this is for your consideration.

I enclose Miss Cushman's answer, received today.[†5]

I have not heard from Willmott, but will go down to a rehearsal when I shall have received a note from him, and will give those stage tickets to Mrs. Nisbett[†6] and Phelps.

Forster did not find Bulwer till this morning, or I should have written to you last night.

Ever Affecy.

To MISS ANNE ROMER, 4 JULY 1848

Extract (facsimile) in T. F. Madigan catalogue, 1935; dated Devonshire Terrace, 4 July 48.

Mary used to be dressed like a (theatrical) farmer's daughter, in a pink muslin frock with short sleeves, apron with pockets and ribbons, a little mob cap and so forth. She is a simple, warm-hearted, earnest girl, and loves ME very much.†1

I don't know yet, for certain, that we shall act a second night at Glasgow; and am obliged to keep it perfectly quiet at present, lest we should spoil the first. But the moment I know, Friday, I should say, you shall know too, and, if yes, be summoned to town. In the meantime, we are all getting the words and working away as if we were dead sure of doing it.†2 For we must be prepared, or we should have nothing to put up.

Some nice melody with a plain sentiment in it, about love, or bowers, or showers, or flowers, or bygone hours, or something of that sort, would be best.†3

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 JULY 1848]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 521-2. *Date:* 5 July according to Forster.

A change took place in poor Fanny about the middle of the day yesterday, which took me out there last night. Her cough suddenly ceased almost, and, strange to say, she immediately became aware of her hopeless state; to which she resigned herself, after an hour's unrest and struggle, with extraordinary sweetness and constancy. The irritability passed, and all hope faded away; though only two nights before, she had been planning for "after Christmas." She is greatly changed. I had a long interview with her to-day, alone; and when she had expressed some wishes about the funeral, and her being buried in unconsecrated ground,†4 I asked her whether she had any care or anxiety in the world. She said No, none. It was hard to die at such a time of life, but she had no alarm whatever in the prospect of the change; felt sure we should meet again in a better world; and although they had said she might rally for a time, did not really wish it. She said she was quite calm and happy, relied upon the mediation of Christ, and had no terror at all. She had worked very hard, even when ill; but believed that was in her nature, and neither regretted nor complained of it. Burnett had been always very good to her; they had never quarrelled; she was sorry to think of his going back to such a lonely home; and was distressed about

her children, but not painfully so. She showed me how thin and worn she was; spoke about an invention she had heard of that she would like to have tried, for the deformed child's†1 back; called to my remembrance all our sister Letitia's patience and steadiness; and, though she shed tears sometimes, clearly impressed upon me that her mind was made up, and at rest. I asked her very often, if she could ever recall

anything that she could leave to my doing, to put it down, or mention it to somebody if I was not there; and she said she would, but she firmly believed that there was nothing—nothing. Her husband being young, she said, and her children infants, she could not help thinking sometimes, that it would be very long in the course of nature before they were reunited; but she knew that was a mere human fancy, and could have no reality after she was dead. Such an affecting exhibition of strength and tenderness, in all that early decay, is quite indescribable. I need not tell you how it moved me. I cannot look round upon the dear children here, without some misgiving that this sad disease will not perish out of our blood with her; but I am sure I have no selfishness in the thought, and God knows how small the world looks to one who comes out of such a sick-room on a bright summer day. I don't know why I write this before going to bed. I only know that in the very pity and grief of my heart, I feel as if it were doing something.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 5 JULY 1848*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* clearly to the printer of the play-bill for Macready's Royal Command performance at the Haymarket on 11 July.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Night | Fifth July 1848.

Dear Sir

Since I sent you the bill, I have had a letter from *Mr. Whitworth*[†2]—then doubtful—who will sing in God Save the Queen. Will you insert his name, next after Brahams.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 6 JULY 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixth July 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

On Saturday the 15th. for Edinburgh by the Express Train in the Morning. [Nathan and his luggage by Mail train that night].[†3] On Tuesday Morning the 17th from Edinburgh to Glasgow. Return from Glasgow—some on Wednesday,

and the remainder either on Thursday or Friday. All return within that week at all events.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

Party from 20 to 25
Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To ROBERT LAMOND, 6 JULY 1848*

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Sixth July 1848.

My Dear Sir.

I shall be glad to hear, when it shall be in your power to advise me, touching another performance on the Thursday.[†1] In any case, some of our company will be obliged to leave on the Wednesday, and I am consequently preparing a piece called "Used up", for the first piece, on the chance of our acting a second time.

In reference to the hospitable intentions of Mr. Dalglish, Mr. Tennant, and others, I have no alternative but at once to decline them with my hearty thanks. The heat, hurry, and fatigue, of these excursions and performances is very great indeed—fully as much as those who have a great deal to do in the plays, can bear—and we make it a rule never to go out on such occasions, or to eat and drink away from our own table.

I do not quite understand whether you mean that the author of the play you speak of,[†2] wishes to have it acted. But if that is his object, I should say that I believe it to be, in these times, perfectly hopeless and unattainable.

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Lamond Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 6 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixth July 1848.

My Dear Macready.

I will write to Milnes, appointing the Stage-Door at ½ past 6.[†3] I will come down to the Theatre on Monday Morning—there will be directions to be given to the Hall-Porter, which perhaps you will prepare him to receive from me and to attend to—and we can settle then what room these gentlemen shall be shewn to, at night. I have not the requisition[†4] here, but I cannot remember any one else whom I think likely to attend—except such as would not do for the purpose. I think you, all along, made the natural mistake of supposing that all the requisitionists are at our disposal. Whereas very many of them have no idea, I dare swear, of coming near us, but signed the requisition because they were asked—and there an end.

Two, I should suppose, would be enough for the Queen? Three abundance?

I have told Willmott that I think you ought to have forty in the Chorus. I cannot help thinking that any smaller number of voices would be very feeble—remembering that there is no miscellaneous company in the Theatre who will be there to swell the noise. He always does too little, if he can. You know him.

I have got the rheumatism in my back, one arm, and shoulder. Very badly. Georgina tells me you were winking last Evening with an abominable cold. I hope it's better? But that is a bad stage at Birmingham[†1]

—full of cold airs

That give one pain and hurt one.[†2]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, [?6] JULY 1848*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* PM 7 July 48. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Craven Hill Cottage | Bayswater.

The Implacable's Reply.[†3]

At Miss Kelly's Temple of Mirth, 73 Dean Street, Soho, at 7 o'Clock on Friday Evening, July the Seventh, eighteen hundred and forty eight.[†4]

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 8 JULY 1848

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eighth July 1848.

My Dear George

On coming home last night, I found the enclosed from Alison.[†5] He tells me it is an invitation to you to go to his house.[†6] I have answered—for myself—that we never visit under those hurried and busy circumstances: having no time, and being greatly fatigued. Answer for *your*self—but don't hint at any possibility of your not going down. *I* don't, although Mrs. Burnett is certainly dying.

I hope Mrs. Cruikshank is no worse, or, if she be, that she will soon be better.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

George Cruikshank Esquire.

To MRS HOGARTH, 8 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Eighth July 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Hogarth.

In an interview I had with poor Fanny the other day, alone—when she first knew that her recovery was hopeless—in speaking about her husband and children, she introduced the subject of her wishes in reference to her funeral. She said that she desired to be buried in the Highgate cemetery, and in that portion of it which is not consecrated ground. I received this, of course, as an injunction to be religiously respected and carried out. And I feel—though nothing passed on that head—that the grave must be her husband's; either for her remains to rest in it alone, or for the reception of his, or their children's[†1] ashes, too, as he may think best, and God may order.[†2]

I am sensible of the feeling in which your kind note has originated. There is no change in my mind. Nothing can disturb the associations connected, in my memory, with that small spot of ground at Kensal Green.[†3]

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To SAMUEL JOSEPH,[†4] 8 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth July 1848.

Dear Sir.

I have not the least idea, I assure you, of the probability or improbability of your finding a purchaser for my bust. I need scarcely say that I am not a very likely person to be informed on the subject, as I could scarcely set that price on my own head which would seem to justify me in recommending my friends to possess a copy of it.

Although I confess to a breach of the Tenth Commandment in coveting so beautiful a work of Art, I am not rich enough, just now, to secure it to myself.[†5] Nor should I like to set up more graven images of myself among my household Gods, than they already comprize.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Joseph Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Eighth July 1848.

My Dear Macready

As you will be tired, I will come up to you tomorrow at 2 o'Clock, in case there should be anything to say, on either side. Perhaps you will take me up, next morning, on your way to the Theatre.[†1]

I signified to Willmott three or four days ago, that I felt certain there ought to be forty people in the Chorus. Remembering that there is no miscellaneous company to join in it (as there usually is) I am confident that any less number would be absurdly weak and poor.

I have heard the Prince Albert story,[†2] but I don't believe it—can't, I should have written.

There was a large poster, without a printer's name, put out yesterday afternoon, with these words

Who plays for Macready?[†3]

It occurred to me, after hearing of it, to be just possible that some small man or other might have engaged himself to act, with the intention of staying away at night. I thought it possible—just barely possible—that somebody might have been put up to this. I have therefore sent a dispatch to Willmott this morning, enjoining him to review his lesser names, carefully, and if he have the least reason in the world to doubt the owner of any one among them, quietly to double that man.

Have you thought about the Money—I mean whom it is to be handed over to, that night? I have arranged with Willmott to meet him at the Treasury next morning, and have everything paid, then and there.[†4]

I hope there will be a very good show of Ladies, in the God save the Queen.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To MISS LOUISA [WANSEY],[†1] 8 JULY 1848*

MS Mr T. Brown.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighth July 1848.

Dear Madam.

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of your post office order for Two Pounds Ten Shillings, in aid of the Fund for the purchase of Shakespeare's House. For which I beg, in the name of the Treasurer (to whom I have handed it) to thank you very cordially.

If I wrong one gentleman by the superscription of this note, I trust he and you will excuse me, in consideration of my willingness to believe that there is a possibility of some humble disciple of Shakespeare, aspiring to the hands of my generous correspondent.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Louisa Wanley

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 8 JULY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth July 1848.

My Dear Cunningham

The enclosed has been sent me, for the House Fund, by Miss Louisa Wan[s]ey (at least I suppose she's a Miss—God knows) of Sambourne, Warminster, Wilts. With a happy mixture of fact, fancy, and facetiousness, I have briefly acknowledged its receipt.

So no more at present from

The Manager.

To JOHN BRAHAM, 9 JULY 1848*

MS Lord Strachie. *Address:* John Braham Esquire | 5 Gloucester Road | Hyde Park Gardens.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Ninth July 1848.

My Dear Sir

I beg to inform you that God Save the Queen is called for Rehearsal with the band, at Drury Lane Theatre, tomorrow (Monday) at 2 o'Clock.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Braham Esquire.

To G. H. LEWES, 9 JULY 1848

MS Dr James Hasson.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Ninth July 1848.

My Dear Lewes

Mrs. Cruikshank (whom the Saints confound!) is suddenly well again, and George wants his blacksmith back. Will you give me Adonis Leech for Lemon, and take back Tom Saville?†1

O questa faemina maladetta! †aO questa signora ubriaca!†a O Impressario sfortunato!—Ma, sempre dolce, tranquillissimo, cristianissimo—Esempio di pazienza!—Impressario admirabile! Uomo di buona pasta! In una parola—

Carlo†2

To J. W. RAY, 9 JULY 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Ninth July 1848.

Sir.

I have informed Mr. Willmott that you will be so good as to do Nym.

I infer from your recommendation of Mr. Howard,[†3] that that gentleman is sufficiently youthful in appearance, for Fenton. But, lest you should have overlooked this consideration (which is not probable), I write to you, instead of directly answering a note I received from him last night, along with yours, I beg you will have the kindness to take this necessity into account, and in the event of your feeling confident on the point, to inform him that I shall be very happy to accept his services. I mention the point, as Anne Page is very youthful-looking, and too old a lover would be absurd.

Both in your case, and in Fenton's, I would desire to have the favor of this assistance, both in Edinburgh and in Glasgow.[†4] The dresses will be brought down, and altered if need be.

Mr. Willmott will be at the Theatre Royal, on Thursday morning at 11 o'Clock; when he will be glad to see you, if you can make it convenient to meet him.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. W. Ray Esquire

To ROBERT MORRISSON,[†1] 10 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Robert Morrisson Esquire.

T. R. Drury Lane | Monday Tenth July 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Morrisson, and begs—on behalf of Mr. Macready and as one of the Committee engaged in making the arrangements for tonight—to answer Mr. Morrisson's note.

Mr. Dickens exceedingly regrets that compliance with Mr. Morrisson's request, is not feasible. Though personally desirous to afford the required facility under the circumstances stated, he feels—and so do Mr. Macready and the other gentlemen concerned—that this application cannot reasonably be separated from many others of the like nature, which cannot, in good faith towards the public, be acceded to.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 11 JULY 1848*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night. | Eleventh July 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

It is time I wrote round to the Company, telling them what train we go by, and all particulars thereof.[†2]

Likewise, I must, *on Thursday,* write (per agreement) to Emmeline Montague at Manchester, telling her by what train we come northward, *and what is the nearest place to Manchester at which it calls, and at what time.* Will you, before post-hour on that day, get me these particulars.

Nineteen (19) first-class places, including yours,[†3] and two (2) second, without Nathan.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 11 JULY 1848*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh July 1848.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

Rehearsals of Used Up, on Thursday and Friday Evenings at 7 o'Clock.—

Miss Kenworthy and her father to be ready for going to Scotland, at ½ past 9 on Saturday Morning.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To MARK LEMON, 11 JULY 1848

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night Eleventh July, 1848 | (Late)

My Dear Lemon.

I am tired out, with last night and many less agreeable matters, but I can't go to bed without sending you the enclosed, and entreating you not to think of James.[†1] The parts are distributed—I went to Lewes's myself today—and I am fully convinced that your not playing Leech *or* the Blacksmith would sacrifice the piece. Pray remember that Leech was your own idea originally, and don't make a Jackass of yourself by coming out with such preposterous suggestions. I think of playing James myself, and giving Sir Charles to Stone—or I soon shall, if you go on with such monstrous imaginings.

Rehearsals on Thursday and Friday Evenings, at 7.[†2]

Ever Yours amiably | (though indignantly)
In-Flexible.

To W. C. MACREADY, 11 JULY 1848*

MS New York Public Library.

½ past 5 | 11th. July 1848.

My Dear Macready

We have been paying the people,[†3] this morning—and since then, I have been obliged to go to Hornsey[†4] and to Shepherd's Bush,—so have only just come home.

The address is, Buckingham Palace. And *I* address him, The Honorable C. B. Phipps.[†5]
Affectionately Ever
CD.[†6]

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 12 JULY 1848

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 441 (1923); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 12 July 48.

If you will appoint your own day next week (Tuesday excepted) for being at Serjeant Talfourd's chambers in Serjeants Inn Chancery Lane, at a quarter past four, he and I will meet you there.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 13 [JULY] 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* misdated April by CD; PM 14 July 48. *Address:* Peter Cunningham Esquire | Audit Office | Somerset House | Strand.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night | Thirteenth April[†1] 1848.

My Dear Cunningham

Will you, in arranging finally with Brooks, provide for *Nathan and the luggage.* Those articles of lumber are to come down to Edinburgh by the train which leaves London on *Saturday night.*[†2]
Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. HORNE, 13 JULY 1848*

MS (copy made by Horne) Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Fallow Lodge | Finchley.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth July 1848

My Dear Horne.

I think your prospectus[†3] an excellent one, and pregnant with strong matter—with so much matter, that it seems to me an unavoidable necessity that the Voyages and Travels should not be in that series. Think of Columbus! A traveller and voyager cannot be said to be of any country, I think.

Bunyan—I don't see old John in your list and among the authors of children's books, I don't see Mr. Day—the Sandford & Merton man.[†4] I should say that

story had had great influence on many boy's[†1] (and consequently mens')[†1] minds.[†2]

It seems to me that the intention of leaving the literature of travel and discovery out of the question for the time being, might be gracefully and appositely stated in the introduction to the first lecture.[†3] But I must throw this out for your better judgment.

Mrs. Dickens would have come out[†4] to see Mrs. Horne before now, but I have a sister lying at Hornsey very ill indeed—and our suburban pilgrimages are at present restricted to that quarter.

My dear Horne | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esq.

To MRS HENRY BURNETT, 15 JULY 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning | Fifteenth July 1848.

Dearest Fanny

A blunder on the part of the Shakspeare people between two lines, and two hours A.M. and P.M, occasion our going away, in an indescribable state of confusion, this morning.[†5]

I have arranged with father to write me the fullest particulars about you, and shall lose no time in coming home again. I have given Topping instructions to bring out some more claret on Wednesday. God bless you a thousand times!

Your ever affectionate brother

CHARLES DICKENS

Fred sends his best love. I am afraid you had but a poor night; last night. We hardly closed our eyes, here. Kate is better, and charges me with all dear remembrances.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 22 JULY 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Second July 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Clarke.

I have no energy whatever—I am very miserable. I loathe domestic hearths. I yearn to be a Vagabond.[†1]

Why can't I marry Mary![†2] Why have I seven children—not engaged at sixpence a night apiece, and dismissible for ever, if they tumble down, but taken on for an indefinite time at a vast expence, and never—no, never, never—wearing lighted candles round their heads![†3]

I am deeply miserable.

A real house like this, is insupportable after that canvass[†4] farm wherein I was so happy.[†5] What is a humdrum dinner at half past five, with nobody (but John) to see me eat it, compared with *that* soup,[†6] and the hundreds of pairs of eyes that watched its disappearance!

[ ][†7]

Forgive this tear.—It is weak and foolish, I know.—

Pray let me divide the little excursional excesses of the journey, among the gentlemen, as I have always done before. And pray believe that I have had the sincerest pleasure and gratification in your co-operation and society. Valuable and interesting on all public accounts, and personally of no mean worth nor held in slight regard.

You had a sister once—when we were young and happy—I think they called her Emma.[†8] If she remember a bright being who once flitted like a vision before her, entreat her to bestow a thought upon the "Gas" of departed joys.

I can write no more. | Y.G. | The (darkened) G.L.B.[†9]

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 23 JULY 1848*

MS Bodleian Library. *Address:* Private | Mr. Joseph Ellis | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third July 1848.

Dear Mr. Ellis

I am going to ask an odd sort of favor of you, but I dare say you will grant it very willingly.

Among the out of the way letters I receive every day, I have just got one from a Mr. "Lambert Marshall, No. 24 Western Road Hove, Brighton"—who it seems is a guard in the Post office on a small salary, and a kind of Amateur Painter too; and he writes to me for £5 to enable him to finish a picture on

which he is now engaged. He entreats that I will depute somebody to call at his house, and prove his statement by ascertaining that he really has a picture in progress.

I cannot think of anyone now in Brighton whom I would so soon ask to do thus much for me as you. If you will send somebody to look at the picture from me, and will tell me if there really be one going on, and that it is not absolutely ridiculous, and that he seems a decent man, I shall be very sincerely obliged to you.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Ellis Esquire

To T. N. TALFOURD, 23 JULY 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third July 1848.

My Dear Talfourd

I can't imagine what you mean by "a card from me". But I suppose it is some precious proceeding of Miss Kelly's, of which I have no more knowledge than the Emperor of China. And apropòs of that lady, I am sorry to say that my observation of her assures me she is not to be trusted. There is a moral sinuosity about her—a kind of corkscrewism—that leads her, as in the case of Durrant's[†2] nephew,[†3] to make, for her own purpose, mountains of molehills.

Exactly and precisely what you understand to be our promise to her, I understand too. There can be no doubt about it. I should have written it down, if asked, without communication with you, in just those words. I distrust her so much—between ourselves—that when you come back, I think we had best meet these creditors and wash our hands of the affair. If you will write to me at Broadstairs, I will [†a]make an appointment to[†a] meet you in town at your convenience. And we might perhaps dine together, in the old style.

She told me that the greater part of that thousand pounds—within a hundred, if I remember right—was paid away, immediately, for arrears of rent and taxes. This may be true. God knows. She fumbles about, in a basket full of what is apparently theatrical snow, but which she calls "documents", and pretends that they are vouchers for all she says. The inside of them, however, is a mystery to me.

I have been in Scotland, and am only now come home, or I should have written sooner. Hearty thanks for the Memorials of Lamb,[†1] which arrived last night, and which I am now going to read luxuriously, in the garden.

Affectionately always
CD.

To CHARLES CUSHMAN,[†2] 24 JULY 1848*

MS Duke University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth July 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Cushman, and begs to forward him the enclosed,[†3] agreeably to Miss Cushman's wish.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JULY 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Twenty Fifth July | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am afraid I cannot come to Shepherd's Bush today, as I want to go to Broadstairs to see my children, and have been unable to do so, on account of certain sad daily visits to a sister at Hornsey, who is dying. In case of your going yourself, and entering on any accounts, I enclose you some outstanding bills. Also Mr. Walesby's acknowledgement for the £5.[†4]

Will you let me know on what days and at what hours you will probably be at home this week, after tomorrow?

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES EVANS, 25 JULY 1848

Mention in Myers catalogue, July 1908; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 25 July 48; addressed Charles M. Evans (Birmingham).

Referring to accounts of a dramatic performance.[†5]

To W. WILLIAMS, 25 JULY 1848*

MS Cornell University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fifth July 1848.

Sir

I have been in Scotland since I last wrote to you, or I should have had the pleasure of requesting your acceptance of the enclosed,[†1] before.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Over[†2]

Mr. W. Williams.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 27 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh July 1848.

My Dear Sir

When my half yearly account[†3] is ready, will you have the goodness to forward it to me at Broadstairs?

Also, will you pay twelve guineas to my account at Coutts's, and charge it against the Nickleby as paid to Mr. Webster.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 27 JULY 1848†

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Seventh July 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I thought to have been at Rockingham, long ago! It seems a century since I, standing in big boots on the Haymarket stage, saw you come into a box upstairs and look down on the humbled Bobadil. Since then, I have had the kindest of notes from you. Since then, the finest of venison, and yet I have not seen the Rockingham flowers, and they are withering, I daresay.

But we have acted at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; and the business of all this—and graver and heavier daily occupation in going to see a dying sister at Hornsey—has so worried me, that I have hardly had an hour—far less a week. I shall never be quite happy, in a theatrical point of view, until you have seen me play in an English version of the French piece, l'homme blasé,[†5] which fairly turned the head of Glasgow, last Thursday night

as ever was; neither shall I be quite happy in a social point of view, until I have been to Rockingham again. When the first event will come about, Heaven knows.[†1] The latter will happen, please God, about the end of the November fogs and wet weather. For am I not going to Broadstairs now, to walk about on the sea-shore (why don't you bring your rosy children there?) and think what is to be done for Christmas!—The idea occurs to me all at once. I must come down and read you that book before its[†2] published.[†3] Shall it be a bargain?

Were you all in Switzerland? I don't believe *I* ever was. It is such a dream now. I wonder sometimes whether I ever disputed with a Haldimand—†aor found it impossible to dispute with a Cerjat, because everybody's opinion was his opinion exactly.†a Whether I ever drank mulled wine on the top of the great St. Bernard, or was jovial at the bottom, with company that have stolen into my affection. Whether I ever was merry and happy in that Valley on the Lake of Geneva, or saw you one evening (when I didn't know you) walking down among the green trees outside Elysée, arm in arm with a gentleman in a white hat, †bwho was afterwards shampoo'd at Paris.†b I am quite clear that there is no foundation for these visions. But I should like to go somewhere, too, and try it all over again. I don't know how it is, but the ideal world in which my lot is cast, has an odd effect on the real one, and makes it chiefly precious for such remembrances. I get quite melancholy over them sometimes—especially when, as now, those great piled up semicircles of bright faces at which I have lately been looking—all laughing, earnest, and intent—have faded away like dead people. They seem a ghostly moral of everything in life to me.

†cThe other day—two or three weeks back—I saw Spencer Lyttelton on the Birmingham Railway. He told me, with a perspicuous and lucid manner, which you will easily recal,†4 that you "were getting too fat, and the doctors were giving you things to make you thin." I left him standing in the middle of the road at Birmingham, with his hat more off than on, one hand in his pocket, and his great coat hanging over his shoulder like a Red Man's blanket. On the way home again, we encountered once more; and I left him in exactly the same attitude in the midst of enormous Druidical altars of other peoples' luggage, at Euston Square.†c

Kate sends her best love, in which Georgy would as heartily unite, I know,

but that she is already gone to Broadstairs with the children. We think of following on Saturday morning—but that depends on my poor sister. Pray give my most cordial remembrances to Watson, and tell him they include a great deal.

I meant to have written you a letter. I don't know what this is, there is no word for it. So, if you will let me still owe you one, I will pay my debt—on the smallest encouragement—from the seaside. Here, there, and elsewhere, I am with perfect truth, believe me,

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 28 JULY 1848

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth July 1848. | Friday

My Dear Mus'r Beard.

We have, for a novelty, fixed, as our autumnal abiding-place, on

———

(I must go over leaf to write it)

—where, in a larger house than usual, is a bed (and bedstead) perpetiwally at your service, and where you are expected every Saturday for the next eight or ten weeks.

N.B. A boat for Margate every Saturday afternoon, at half past three. On Sunday next, ribs of venison. On Sunday week, a haunch of ditto, just sent up from Northamptonshire.

Poor Fanny still lingers on, to the amazement of the doctors and all who see how worn and wasted she is. I am going down to Broadstairs tomorrow, but shall probably run up again on Monday to see her.

Do make arrangements to benefit by the air and water, regularly.

Loves from all | Ever Heartily

CD.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 28 JULY 1848

MS Princeton University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth July 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

I shall be glad to know, at your convenience, all particulars of that Haymarket balance, and of your Railroad expenditure on account of the Shakespeare Curatorship. After the receipt of which information I will go to work to square the accounts with all the speed I may.

It would facilitate the matter perhaps, and not render it less agreeable, if you could bring that "green-a-bok"[†1] of yours, down to Broadstairs one Saturday—tomorrow week, for example. There is a Margate boat leaves London Bridge Wharf at half past 3 on a Saturday afternoon. I would meet you at that pearl of the ocean—entertain you at Broadstairs (where we have a house) with my accustomed geniality until Monday Morning—and return you by Express train which arrives in London at half past 10 a.m. There is a haunch of Venison in the larder, just come up from Northamptonshire, which won't be ready sooner. But if you are making holiday and can come sooner—tant mieux.

How are the archaeological dummies?[†2]

An infatuated wretch of the name of John Clow Tennant,[†3] of Liverpool, wishes to become a member of the Shakespeare Society.[†4] I will propoge the poor creature, if you like, and perhaps you'll second him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth July 1848. | Friday.

My Dear Macready.

I send you in a dispatch box (key inclosed) the balance, balance-sheet, accounts, vouchers, and all other papers connected with your benefit. When you have emptied the box, will you send it me, home? We hope that everything will be plain to you.

You are mistaken in regard of Mr. Ryder,[†5] who took his five pounds. He was down on the list for four guineas, but Forster and I, by reason of that very position of his in reference to yourself which seems to present itself to your mind in quite another aspect,[†6] decided to pay him well, and give him five pounds. We thought

it right in the abstract, and did not consider, from his appearance and standing altogether, that he could very well afford to be generous, even if he would. It was a relief to both of us, I think, that he didn't, Mrs. Chick-like, "make the effort".[†1]

It is possible that of the accompanying treasure, you may be called upon to refund a few shillings. One or two stray tickets are yet dropping in.[†2] Mr. Chapman resisted payment in one case, and was summonsed yesterday. He intended to object on principle merely, by reason of the lapse of time, but expected (though I have not yet heard the result) to have to pay. I mention this, that you may understand the point, if it should ever be mentioned again. The amount is nothing.

Affectionately always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, [28 JULY 1848]

Mention in *To* Macready, 4 Aug. *Date:* the night before CD left for Broadstairs.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 JULY 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Morning | Twenty Ninth July 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Not hearing from you until last night, I imagined you were out of town for a time, and arranged to take Mrs. Dickens (who is not very well) down to Broadstairs to join the children, today. I shall be in town, either on Monday or Tuesday, and will call for you in the forenoon. If I have sufficient fore-knowledge of

my movements, I will write to you on the previous day. If not, I will trust to my better fortune to find you at home at about eleven o'Clock.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To LAMBERT MARSHALL, [?30 JULY 1848]

Mention in next.

Enclosing £5 to help him finish a painting.

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 30 JULY 1848*

MS Bodleian Library. *Address:* Private | Mr. Joseph Ellis | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thirtieth July 1848.

Dear Mr. Ellis

I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in reference to Mr. Marshall. As I have not his letter here, and cannot remember his address, may I ask you to have the kindness to send him the enclosed letter?

What you say of the mention of the Bedford in Dombey,[†1] gives me great pleasure, I assure you.
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Ellis Esquire.

To JOHN L. HATTON,[†2] JULY 1848

Summary by owner of MS, Mr J. H. Foley. *Date:* July 48 according to owner; Hatton visited America that summer (see below).

Saying that he has no knowledge of any musical person in America to whom he could give Hatton an introduction on his forthcoming visit to the United States,[†3] but that he is glad to give his testimony to Hatton's merits as an accomplished musician and composer.

August

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 AUGUST 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Thursday, Third August 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Brown will have told you that we purpose meeting at Shepherd's Bush, at the usual hour next Tuesday. I hope you will have no objection to that circumstance of their having had in spirits, through the assistance of some workmen, being then very closely enquired into, with a view to the immediate dismissal of the actual go-between in that business. It also does seem to me, after maturely considering the subject, that they can not have been as well looked after as they ought to be, considering the amount and cost of the superintendence provided. I think this is a point, also demanding very careful investigation. The lapse of a week will prevent our acting in any momentary irritation or surprise—as I would tell them, all together, if the rest of the Committee were of my mind—but I would take this time for making an example, and whoever had been active in that business, I would certainly discharge. I am quite clear that it

is of no use taking any middle course, and that this is the proper kind of occasion for being sternly just with them.

Other points have occurred to me, in connexion with the general arrangements, but I mention this, now, because I feel it so very important that we should not let the matter drop.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 AUGUST 1848

MS Lytton Papers.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourth August 1848.

My Dear Sir Edward.

I called upon you when you were staying near the opera, but you were not then in town. I have not written sooner—as I should otherwise have done—knowing that considerations and remembrances very different from my projected visit, have unhappily occupied your mind since we met last.[†1]

But, in the hope that I may now live in your recollection again without disturbance of your deeper thoughts, I write to say that I have been obliged to relinquish the pleasant hope your hospitable invitation awakened, and to come down here. Mrs. Dickens is at present in that *un*interesting condition which makes visiting irksome to her,[†2] and she has entreated me to bring her away from town, and let her grumble "unbeknown" to all, but our hoarse old monster-friend the sea here.

—Though she is very anxious for all that, that I should make it understood that she does not relinquish the prospect of coming to see you under more auspicious circumstances. Which indeed I am not indisposed to insist upon, for my own sake.

I was much gratified by what you wrote me, touching the Battle of Life.[†3] I was wretched when I sat down to the little book, to feel the great capacity there was in the idea, and the waste of it that the limits

of the story hopelessly involved. But for an insuperable aversion I have to trying back in such a case, I should certainly forge that bit of metal again, as you suggest. One of these days perhaps—

I have been so bewildered by the Shakspeare Curatorship business, that I have read nothing for weeks and weeks past. But I have brought Harold[†4] down

here, and am going away now (it is very sunny and cheerful, strange to say) to lie down on the sand with him.

The best reason in the world for finishing this note!

Ever Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 4 AUGUST 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Friday August Fourth 1848.

My Dear Macready.

I took it into my head, from your writing sometime since to ask me how Phipps should be addressed, that the money for the Queen's Box had been sent to you. I forgot, afterwards, to ascertain from you whether I was right.

By this post, I will write to Chapman and tell him to apply at the Chamberlain's Office for the needful.[†1] Also to pay it in, when he gets it, to your account at Ransom's.[†2]

Knowing you were out of town, I wrote direct to White,[†3] in answer, as it were, to the letter I got from you touching his living, on the night before I left. I pointed out to him that it was extremely probable that Lord Denman,[†4] as Chief Justice, would be particularly sensitive in respect of incurring, or seeming to incur, any obligation in the slightest matter of patronage. White writes me in reply that exactly the same idea had presented itself forcibly to him, and that he feels assured it is a reasonable one.

Therefore he writes to the Chancellor himself—a very plain and manly letter, of which he has sent me a copy—and Heaven speed him as a man of whom I would there were more, among the parsonic creation.

I should like to have seen the rush of four. But I am afraid you strive to conceal the fact that two of them were babies.—Talking of babies, my love to Mrs. Macready, in which Kate, Georgy, and all the small fry very heartily join.

I shall come up to see you, of course, before you start for dear, modest, honest, gentlemanly-minded and thoroughly independent Uncle Sam's.

There is no news from Hornsey—I almost wish there were, she lies so wasted and worn.

Ever affecy. CD.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 5 AUGUST 1848†

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Craven Hill Cottage | Bayswater | London.

Broadstairs, Kent | Saturday Fifth August 1848

My Dear Mrs. Clarke.

Although I really do not believe that there are two people in the world who would better take care of Shakespeare's house than yourself and your husband—and although I should greatly like, for your own sakes and for the sake of the relic itself, to see you installed as joint custodians thereof—and although I feel, both publicly and personally, a great deal more that is favorable to yourselves than I will trouble you by expressing—I fear there are two rocks ahead that there is no steering clear of.

The first is—Knowles. The appeal has been made, in places where he has powerful friends, so distinctly *for* Knowles, that I apprehend he *must* be made the first custodian. If any question should arise in the Shakespeare House Committee on this head, I should not feel justified in handing over the money (this is strictly between ourselves) until I had the authority and sanction of the Liverpool and Glasgow play-committees to do so. I have a misgiving that any proposal to have another curator in his stead, would throw the whole question into what is expressively called "the Devil's own state" of embroilment, and that there would be very great difficulty in bringing it to any reasonable adjustment.

The second rock in the course of your bark, is this. In the stipulation I myself made with the Shakespeare House Committee, it is set forth that the Curatorship "shall always be bestowed on some one distinguished in Literature, *and more especially in Dramatic Literature*". If Knowles should not have it, there are two strong claims that rise upon my mind directly. One is, Poole's. The other, Kenney's.[†1] Both have been dramatic writers of great merit, and I think it would be impossible to put them aside.

Of all these men, it is not likely that one will live many years.[†2] What changes no great flight of time may make, God knows. But at present, I do not see any means of clearing your prospect, without an abandonment of the ground so recently taken up.

If you should desire it, after thinking of the matter and talking it over with your other half, I will myself propose to the Shakespeare House Committee, to record your desire to hold this appointment. It might, with a view to the future, be useful. There is no hurry. The accounts of the plays are not yet completed, and I will give you ample notice of the time when I shall meet the committee. You need not decide until then. Many unexpected lights may shine in upon us, meanwhile.

[†a]"I am completely blasé—literally used up. I am dying for excitement. Is it possible that nobody can suggest anything to make my heart beat violently, my blood boil, my hair stand on end—but no."[†1]

Where did I hear those words (so truly applicable to my folorn condition) pronounced by some delightful creature—In a previous state of existence, I believe. Oh Memory, Memory!—

Ever Yours faithfully

Y—no C. G—no D.[†2] C.D. I think it is—but I don't know—there's nothing in it.[†a]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 AUGUST 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Sunday Sixth August 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The Express train, by which I shall come to town on Tuesday, arrives at London Bridge at half past 10 in the Morning. I will come direct to Stratton Street.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 7 AUGUST 1848*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Broadstairs | Aout 7. 1848.

Mon cher ami.

Je suis excessivement faché que je ne pourrai avoir le grand plaisir de diner a Gore House, demain. C'est vraiment longtemps que je n'y ai pas eté. Mais, quoique je viendrai à Londres demain j'aurai tant d'affaires, que je ne serai pas libre, un moment. Il me faudra, aussi, à la soirée, rendre visite a ma pauvre sœur (femme de Burnett qui chanta si doucement à la petite Dombey fête) qui reste a present a Hornsey, et qui est très malade—c'est impossible, malheureusement, qu'elle reprendra jamais ses forces.

Mille amities a Milady. Il me parait que je ne l'ai pas vu, depuis cinq cent ans. Alfred D'Orsay[†3] vous envoit ses devoirs. Il est brave garçon—très fort et très fiers.[†4]

Croyez moi, toujours, | Mon cher ami | Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS
Le Triton

À Monsieur | Le Comte D'Orsay.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 AUGUST 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Broadstairs, Kent | Thursday Tenth August | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose the two accounts of Mr. King, relative to Charley. I will have a long talk with him, as to the expediency of Charley's removal at Christmas,[†1] and will let you know what his opinion is, in good time. I am going to bring him back to town to school, tomorrow.

Before receiving this, I dare say you will have seen Mrs. Holdsworth. I told her, in the course of the committee proceedings the other day, that you wished her to get up on every alternate washing-day; Mrs. Graves taking the other. She did not object then, but afterwards—when I was going, and the rest were gone—informed me, with a face of most portentous woe and intensity, that "she couldn't do it". I informed her, in reply, that that was an answer which I could by no means give to you, in so easy a matter, and that she must make that communication to you herself.[†2]

We had an accident here yesterday, which might have been a very bad one. I have a pretty little poney,[†3] nearly thorough-bred, who is not vicious, but requires great care in the driving. Mrs. Dickens, in a little phaeton which this animal draws, set off for Margate to meet me, under the coachmanship of our footman. At the top of a hill the poney made a sudden start, and the man instantly jumped out (he says he was thrown out, but it could not have been so) leaving her galloping[†4] down a steep hill, with the reins wound round the wheel, and his mistress astounding the whole Isle of Thanet with her screams. However, she kept her seat and the poney plunging over a steep bank, broke the shafts and tumbled down on her side, without upsetting the carriage! A lady and gentleman living near, who were driving by in their carriage, got Mrs. Dickens out, and sent for some Wine and so forth, and took her home to their house, where the man was carried too, and where (to my unspeakable astonishment) I was borne off to see them, when I landed from the boat. She is none the worse, I hope, for the fright, but the man is greatly cut and bruised from head to heel, and the Surgeon is afraid he may be lamed, from the injury done to some leading sinews of his legs. I am going to take the poney to the scene of the disaster this morning, where I shall try to cure her of such freaks for the future.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To ELIZABETH COLLINGS & SONS,[†1] 10 AUGUST 1848

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 22 July 1975; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, 10 Aug 48.

Sending a cheque for wine supplied by them. The Wine can be binned on *Saturday Morning.*[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 AUGUST 1848]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 494-5. *Date:* The accident took place on 9 Aug (*To* Miss Coutts, 10 Aug)—not, as Forster says (F, *ibid.*), "after bringing up his boys to school"; CD no doubt wrote to Forster the following day.

Coming to meet Catherine at Margate, he had found her, not in a small chaise, as he expected, but in a large carriage and pair followed by an excited crowd, the chaise's driver bruised and bandaged on the box. You may faintly imagine my amazement at encountering this carriage, and the strange people, and Kate, and the crowd, and the bandaged one, and all the rest of it. *Then came the story.* At the top of a steep hill on the road, with a ditch on each side, the pony bolted, upon which what does John[†3] do but jump out! He says he was thrown out, but it cannot be. The reins immediately became entangled in the wheels, and away went the pony down the hill madly, with Kate inside rending the Isle of Thanet with her screams. The accident might have been a fearful one, if the pony had not, thank Heaven, on getting to the bottom, pitched over the side; breaking the shaft and cutting her hind legs, but in the most extraordinary manner smashing her own way apart. She tumbled down, a bundle of legs with her head tucked underneath, and left the chaise standing on the bank! A Captain Devaynes[†4] and his wife were passing in their carriage at the moment, saw the accident with no power of preventing it, got Kate out, laid her on the grass, and behaved with infinite kindness. All's well that ends well, and I think she's really none the worse for the fright. John is in bed a good deal bruised, but without any broken bone, and likely soon to come right; though for the present plastered all over, and, like Squeers, a brown-paper parcel chock-full of nothing but groans.[†5] The women generally have no sympathy for him whatever; and the nurse says, with indignation, how could he go and leave a unprotected female in the shay!

To R. H. HORNE, 10 AUGUST 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address* (envelope MS Mr Richard Russell): R. H. Horne Esquire | Fallow Lodge | Finchley | near | London.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth August 1848.

My Dear Horne. Look at the name of the place whence I date this letter. Mrs. Dickens being in an *un*interesting condition, has besought me to bring her out

of that stagnant air of London for two months—and here we are accordingly. And yesterday she was all but frightened to death by that poney running away with her, head long, down hill—our footman, who had been trusted to drive her, "losing his head" as they call it, and jumping out directly the said poney set off—in return for which the wheels went over his legs; and here he lies plastered all over—like Mr. Squeers—"a brown-paper parcel chock full of nothing but groans."

My other half kept her seat, and happily is none the worse, though the horse fell over a steep bank, a mere bundle of legs, with a head tucked up somewhere inside. She begs to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Horne,[†1] and very sincerely hopes that when we come back to town, they will become acquainted, preparatory to sundry fireside evenings.

Always My Dear Horne | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire

To JOSEPH C. KING, 10 AUGUST 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs. | Tenth August 1848.

My Dear Sir

We have kept Charley and Walter here, until now, that they might have the benefit of some sea-bathing. They are coming back to school tomorrow. I hope to bring them myself, about five or six o'Clock in the afternoon.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph C. King Esquire

To ROBERT LAMOND, 10 AUGUST 1848

MS Yale University Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth August 1848.

My Dear Sir

As I am anxious to make up the Shakspeare Curatorship accounts as soon as

possible, may I ask you, at your convenience, to let me have the Glasgow balance-sheet, and to remit the balance to my account at Coutts's.[†1]

With best remembrances to all friends, believe me,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Lamond Esquire

To MR LEVESON,[†2] 10 AUGUST 1848

MS Harvard College Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth August 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Leveson, and begs to answer his enquiries:

Mr. Dickens was the Editor of certain memoirs of Grimaldi.[†3] It is not his intention to include "Dombey and Son" in the cheap Edition,[†4] which will close with Martin Chuzzlewit.[†5] And Mr. George Cruikshank never adopted the name "Phiz", which was assumed by another gentleman.[†6]

THE REV. HENRY PIPER,[†7] 10 AUGUST 1848†

MS Yale University Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth August 1848.

Dear Sir.

Your letter (I mean your first letter) was duly forwarded to me here. But I had gone to London for a day or two, and missed it. Yesterday morning I received, in London, your second letter. And when I returned here in the evening, I found your first.

I regret to say that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the invitation with which you honor me. I have come down here for retirement and exercise, long walks and cold plunges, and have "registered a vow"[†8] against all public engagements, however interesting to me, for the next three months at least. I am not the less sensible of the importance of the object to which your letter refers, or the proffered hospitality incidental to it. In both of which regards, I beg you to report me as having a very cordial feeling.

The case of the young woman is *not* one that I should feel justified in recommending to Miss Coutts. A violent temper would be an immense objection to an applicant for admission into any such asylum, but in the case of this one, which is very small, and where one violent person must of necessity disturb the whole body, I regard it as fatal and conclusive. Experience shews us that of all things it is the most difficult to combat. It is certain to break out, like a madness, in the restraint and enforced self-denial inseparable, under the best circumstances, from such a retreat. No faith whatever, is to be placed in its temporary subjection, under the discipline of a prison, or the correction of a sentence. We have no such means of keeping it down. I think I know the poor girl perfectly, from your description; and I have hardly a doubt that she would be a failure. Two of our Committee are very intelligent governors of large prisons,[†1] and they are hopeless of that kind of subject.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Henry Piper

To T. J. SERLE, 10 AUGUST 1848

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth August 1848.

My Dear Serle

Unless you should think it absolutely necessary for us to meet on Esther Elton's[†2] return, I would propose to defer it until October, as I am curing and pickling here, for winter preservation. But a second summons from you, will produce me at any time.

The account[†3] shall be got from the banker's, and sent to you.

I am sorry the coffee has gone to the dogs, instead of the men and women for whom it was intended. What a surprising time the dogs must have had of it, this year or two past! All sorts of commerce and enterprize, trades and professions, seem to have gone to *them*. They must have been greatly disconcerted, one would think, by the enormous number of unexpected visitors that have "dropped in", and never taken leave again.

I understand that the British Drayma is kenneled somewhere near the Haymarket, where the dogs are very busy with it indeed.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To THE REV. W. VALENTINE,[†1] 10 AUGUST 1848*

Text from transcript by Mr W. J. Carlton from MS in the possession of Mr J. Stevens Cox.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth August 1848.

Sir.

I beg to enclose you a few scraps of my hand-writing.[†2] Allow me to add that I feel obliged to you for your letter, and that my best wishes attend your Christian enterprise.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend W. Valentine.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 AUGUST 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Thirteenth August 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I brought Charley to town on Friday Evening; but coming against tide, and having a long detention in the river, we did not arrive until 6 o'Clock. As I knew that would be a very inconvenient time for our calling on you, I carried him direct to school, and came back here myself early next morning.

I found, at home, your kind present, and its accompanying note. Believe me, I accept the picture with feelings of the truest gratification, and shall ever attach a value to it which can only belong to a gift from such a friend.

Mrs. Holdsworth's balance of duties, I enclose. Miss Cunliffe's sketch I gave back to her, last Tuesday, requesting her to have the goodness to give it to you.

Captain Macconnochie's paper,[†3] I will forward to you in a day or two.

I hope you will keep Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Holdsworth to their tether. It is intolerable to be met with such mincing nonsense from those toiling and all-enduring dowagers. I wish I could draw Mrs. Holdsworth's face for you, as she appeared when she opened her objection to me.

Mrs. Dickens is very much obliged by your kind solicitude. I hope she is none the worse, but have cautioned her to keep quiet for some days. It was a very great alarm; and I assure you, on looking at the place, I cannot imagine how she escaped. The man is still disabled, but I don't think myself that he has received any permanent injury. The poney made two or three similar

attempts with me, but we are pretty well acquainted, and in the course of five and twenty miles' trot, she seemed to begin to think a quiet life the best.

Whenever you will like to have a conference on the proposed arrangements, I will come to Stratton Street or elsewhere at 11 o'Clock, if you will give me a day or two's notice.

With regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Believe me dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 13 AUGUST 1848

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs | Sunday Thirteenth August | 1848.

My Dear Fred.

Devonshire Terrace is so inundated with begging letters, that I have given Topping written instructions not to take in anything that he suspects to be one. But as he cannot be certain, I have told him if he does take in any that he afterwards doubts about, not to forward it, but to keep it for you. Will you call there now and then in the morning—open such communications—and write in answer merely that I am out of town until the winter, and have begged you not to forward to me, in the country, anything of the kind, as my experience of such communications has decided me not to heed them, and to endeavour to do good in some more hopeful form?[†1]

I have about three shillings worth of postage to pay today for Imposter's[†2] documents.

You will have heard about the poney and Kate! All well, thank God.

When do you mean to come down again?

Affectionately Ever

CD.

Loves from all.
P.S. I wish you would do what I have asked with a damned packet I send with this. The address is Mr. Frederick De Krüger,[†3] 5 Boundary Place, Blackfriars Road. Pay the postage.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 13 AUGUST 1848

Extract in John Heise catalogue No. 58; *MS* (signed initials) 1 p.; dated 13 Aug 48.

We shall expect you with pleasure.

To JOHN FORSTER, 17 AUGUST 1848

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 4289 (1937); *MS* (signed initials) on inner flap of envelope; dated Broadstairs, 17 Aug 48.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 18 AUGUST 1848†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eighteenth August 1848. | Friday

My Dear Miss Kelly.

I am staying here, and do not expect to be very soon in town. If you will write to me as you propose, I shall be happy to advise you to the best of my ability.

I should like your letter to the Honorary Secretary of the Manchester Athenæum, better, if it were more direct. I don't think going, like the old riddle, "round and round the house without ever touching the house",[†1] is a good course to adopt towards any one, but with a plain man of business, of all people, it is a very bad one, and quite certain not to succeed. Surely you could write, plainly, and say that you consider yourself entitled to the first scale of remuneration for such things, whatever it be, and that you would feel much obliged if he would tell you what it is.[†2]

If you write to these gentlemen about the favor of the public and so forth, they will get an impression—be sure of it!—that you are a difficult person to deal with, or to hold to a point. And that will be fatal to your design, in the outset. Business, plain straight-forward business, is the only quality that will serve you in correspondence of this kind. Anything else is a rock ahead, and you'll go to pieces on it.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 19 AUGUST 1848*

MS Mrs M. Long-Fox.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Saturday, Nineteenth August | 1848

Gentlemen

I beg to enclose a Bank Post Bill for £167..9..0. and to request the favor of your placing that amount to my account.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Coutts & Co.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 AUGUST 1848

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Sunday August Twentieth | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will come up on *Wednesday* Morning, as that is one of the two convenient days you mention, and shall hope to be in Stratton Street by eleven o'Clock. I will bring Captain Macconnochie's paper with me, and your rules also. Generally, I quite concur in them all—I mean your rules. There are one or two little points on which we can say a word or two when we meet. They are merely slight matters which occur to me as being practically difficult of incorporation with the Mark system.

I should have written sooner, but I have been considering the subject and thinking about something for Christmas[†1] besides.

I am happy to say that Mrs. Dickens seems quite well, and has been out with me behind the identical poney—whom I drove to Dover and back yesterday. The servant is getting on very well, and will certainly not be lame, though he is still invalided.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To JOHN RYDER, 20 AUGUST 1848

Extract in C. F. Libbie catalogue, May 1898; dated Broadstairs, 20 Aug 48.

It would have given me great pleasure to have come over to your benefit,[†2] if it were not unfortunately fixed for an evening when I have an engagement with some friends at Canterbury. . . . Accept my good wishes for your health and prosperity in America, and for your prosperous return.[†3]

To THOMAS BEARD, [?20 AUGUST 1848]

Envelope only in Sotheby's catalogue, 21 Feb 1978; addressed Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane; postmarked ?20 Aug 48.

To W. C. MACREADY, 26 AUGUST 1848†

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Sixth August 1848. | Saturday.

My Dear Macready.

I was about to write to you when I received your welcome letter.

You know I would come from a somewhat longer distance than this, to give you a hearty God speed and farewell on the eve of your journey.[†1] What do you say to Monday the fourth? Or Saturday the Second? Fix either day—let me know which suits you best—at what hour you expect the Inimitable—and the Inimitable will come up to the scratch like a man and a brother.

[†a]Kate and Georgy send their best loves to you and Mrs. Macready and all the house. Katey is thrown into a tremendous state of mind by your mention of a communication for her, and has been very red in the face ever since I told her of it at breakfast this morning.

I enclose a letter from Mitchell, which you may as well see.[†a]

Permit me in conclusion to nail my Colors to the Mast. Stars and Stripes are so-so—showy perhaps—but my colors is

THE UNION JACK[†2]

which I am told has the remarkable property of having braved a thousand years the battle AND[†2] the breeze.[†3] Likewise it is the flag of Albion—the Standard of Britain—and Britons, as I am informed, never never never—will—be—Slaves!

[†b]There is not a throat in Britain, where its lies and glozings and shortcomings, stick more intolerably than in mine. And, as a general principle, I have no such thing as patriotism about me. But[†b] my sentiment is:—[†c] Success to the United States as a golden campaigning ground, but blow the United States to 'tarnal smash,[†4] as an Englishman's place of residence.[†5] Gentlemen, air you all charged?—[†c]

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, ?27 AUGUST 1848

Mention in next.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 27 AUGUST 1848

MS Dickens House.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Seventh August | 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

Not remembering who are the bankers of the Shakespeare House Committee,[†1] I have written to confess my ignorance in that wise to the writer of the enclosed: adding that I have forwarded his letter to you who are the Honorary Treasurer of the renowned Body, and who (I have said) will have the pleasure of communicating with him.

What a jolly summer!

Ever Yours

CD.

To MRS BROWN, 28 AUGUST 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | 81 Piccadilly | London.

Broadstairs. | Monday Twenty Eighth August | 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

Will you tell Miss Coutts that I have read her suggestions several times, and think I quite understand them. I will immediately set about drawing up the different papers she refers to, for her revision. The Mark tables I believe are perfectly clear and simple as I have sketched them, but I will keep them a day or so to look at again with a fresh eye, before I send a copy to Miss Coutts. I do not propose to encumber them with any explanations, but to make all explanatory matter a part of the other printed papers.

I will write to Miss Coutts either tomorrow or Wednesday, proposing a day either at the end of this week, or the very beginning of next, for our talk,—and for that day I shall hold myself entirely at her disposal. I am waiting for a note from Macready to whom I have given a choice of days for a farewell confabulation before he goes to America—and one journey to town will thus answer both purposes. I am greatly obliged by your kind offer of a bed, but I can sleep at home quite comfortably. I will bring all the papers Miss Coutts suggests, with me. The Mark Table itself, I will send her, when I write to propose our day of meeting.

Mrs. Dickens is not very well, but I don't think the poney is to blame. She sends her kindest regards.

I am beginning to think about Christmas, when I hope we may have another little reading in Devonshire Terrace.

Dear Mrs. Brown | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown.

To W. C. BENNETT, 29 AUGUST 1848

Text from *Testimonials of Intellectual Ability* [compiled by W. C. Bennett], privately printed, 1871, p. 19.

Broadstairs, Kent, | Twenty ninth August, 1848

Dear Sir,

I beg to assure you, in reply to your obliging note, that I have felt from the first the liveliest interest in those verses which you have kindly sent me from time to time,[†1] and that I have very highly esteemed those marks of your remembrance. Believe me I feel indebted to you for giving me this opportunity of saying, that I have been deeply moved and affected by some of your writings, and that I thank you with all my heart.

Dear Sir, | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Bennett, Esq.

To G. L. CHESTERTON, [29 AUGUST 1848]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 AUGUST 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Broadstairs. | Twenty Ninth August 1848. | Tuesday.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

If Friday next will suit you, I and the large box will appear, with drafts of all the documents you have suggested.[†2]

I infer from Mrs. Brown's note, that if you should be disengaged on that day, you mean to ask me to dinner. Would you not wish to see me in the morning also? I intended yesterday, to have sent you the Mark Table with this, but I think it will be better for me to reserve it, until I am by, to give all needful explanation.

Will you write me a word to say at what time I shall come? All times between eleven in the morning and ten at night (when I will make another engagement) will be alike to me.

I have heard from Mr. Chesterton this morning, and he is evidently a little hurt and mortified by the impression that the "Committee"[†3] are rather summarily discharged of their duties, and have no very powerful existence but in name. I have written to give him another aspect of the case; but as he has always been greatly interested in the design, and is a very sincere and zealous man, perhaps, if you should see him again, you would not object to set him right

yourself. I merely mention this, because I think you ought to know it, and because no one else can so gracefully reassure him. Looking at the matter from his point of view too, I don't think he sees it in an unreasonable light.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 31 AUGUST 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Thursday Evening | Thirty First August 1848.

Dear Miss Coutts.

Your letter has just now arrived—having been posted, I suppose, too late for this morning's delivery. I think the best way of proceeding, with a view to our *progress*, is, to send you the enclosed papers[†1] to look over—to meet you at Mrs. Brown's at 7 tomorrow—and, after talking the matter over, with you there—to come to Stratton Street on Saturday (when I shall remain in town) at your own time in the morning. Not being sure at what hour I should want to leave here tomorrow, I have so mismanaged things, as that it will be a great convenience to me to remain here until the post is in—and then come up by the boat. I hope (as I have said) that my doing so, will rather facilitate our advancement, than otherwise.

I write in haste, to save the post.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I can't help opening the note to say that I haven't lost a scrap of heart—no, not even on account of wretched little Adelaide Thomas!

September

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 1 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | Broadstairs | Kent.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday afternoon ½ past 5.
First September 1848

My Dearest Kate.

Finding there is time to write, by sending this to Vere Street, I dispatch it to say that I am this moment returned from Hornsey—where I found poor Fanny in one of those paroxysms described by my father (the worst one she has had), and could have conceived nothing more terrific. No words can express the terrible aspect of suffering and suffocation—the appalling noise in her throat—and the agonized look around, which lasted, I should think a quarter of an hour. From that, she sunk into a kind of lethargy. Sleep seems quite gone, until the time arrives for waking no more.[†2]

I do not think it possible that such a condition can endure long. If anything should occur, I will send you down a message by the telegraph.

Love to Georgy, and to the darlings.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Second September 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

My poor sister died this morning. I am going back to make some family arrangements[†1] and fetch Mrs. Dickens. I will come to you on Tuesday at half past two, unless you advise me otherwise.

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Second September | 1848.

My Dear Macready.

You know that no common occurrence would prevent my coming to you today. My poor sister died this morning. I am going back to fetch Kate, and will come to see you on Tuesday forenoon.

Loves to all. Ever Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 3 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Third September 1848.

My Dear Fred.

I will not express an opinion in reference to the enclosed letter,[†2] as I could say nothing of it that would be gratifying to you.

Neither will I put it to your reasoning consideration how far a young lady who cannot make a stand against[†3] the postponement of her marriage on the

most unanswerable ground,[†1] is likely to make a stand against the struggles and sacrifices it is certain to demand of her.

Neither will I ask you whether you see nothing in all this, so opposed to the commonest social delicacies and restraints, as to be very new and startling.

But, once again, and for the last time, I must do my duty by protesting against this connexion as fatal and hopeless. I regard the hour in which I encountered this family, as the most unfortunate of my life.[†2] And I do in my soul believe that the step you are about to take, is as disastrous and ill-advised a one as ever was taken in the like direction by mortal man.

Less than this, I can not say. More I will not—for it would be fruitless—and with this, I leave the subject for ever.

Your letter, received last night, gives me, for the first time, a piece of information which sets your position in an entirely new light before me. I learn from it that you are in debt. I never supposed it possible that you would contemplate marriage, on your income, with such fetters on your limbs. Whenever I have thought that you owed money, I have supposed that you were gradually paying it, and that you could, very reasonably and easily, do so—taking time. When I wrote from Paris, this was my belief. And I thought that if I could assist you to furnish your house or lodgings,—your income being clear before you—I should be justified in such an outlay. But, whether I can reconcile it with any remembrance of my children and the heavy claims upon me, to fling any sum of money into the unfathomable sea of such a marriage with debt upon its breast, is a grave question on the deliberation of which I enter for the first time. And I can not possibly enter on it now, unless I have the means before me, in writing, of ascertaining what your liabilities are, and what your exact position is. And I must ask to know that, apart from the intangible and baseless visions with which you delude yourself of extraordinary[†3]

To HENRY BURNETT, 5 SEPTEMBER 1848

Summary and date in Burnett *to* F. G. Kitton, n.d. (MS Mr H. W. Watkins).

Referring to expenses he had "insisted on undertaking" from the time of Fanny's "coming to die in London" until Burnett's return with the children to Manchester, and mentioning a sum he was adding for the boys.

To THOMAS BEARD, 6 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.
On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth September 1848.

My Dear Beard

Many thanks for your kind note, which is quite a relief to me, as I feared you must be ill. We shall certainly remain at Broadstairs until the end of the month, and shall be delighted to see you whenever you come. But I hope you will defy the Baldwinians,[†1] and stay at least a fortnight.

Poor Fanny is to be buried on Friday. I begin to think, like the Monk who spoke to Wilkie, that we are the Shadows, and Pictures the more robust realities.[†2]

Affectionately Always

CD.

To THE EARL OF MULGRAVE,[†3] 6 SEPTEMBER 1848

Envelope only,[†4] MS Victoria & Albert Museum (Enthoven Collection). *Address:* The Earl of Mulgrave | Mulgrave Castle | Yorkshire. PM 6 Sep 48.

To JOHN LEECH, 6 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Albion Hotel | Broadstairs | Kent.
On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Sixth September | 1848.

My Dear Leech.

I hoist this signal in token of our return to Broadstairs, soon.

My poor sister is to be buried on Friday, and we purpose coming back by the Little Western on Saturday Morning.

Kate and Georgy send their loves to Mrs. Leech. To which I add something as near my ditto, as is lawful and right.

It is a sad thing to see the little deformed boy whom my sister has left half unconscious of his bereavement.—It is sad and melancholy, altogether.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night | Eighth September 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

As I understand, on coming home, that your servant has only just now been here, I write you this hasty note.

Stonnell, *in prison*, will always, I think, be tolerably good. Out of it, until—perhaps—after great suffering, I have no hope of her. I have no doubt she feels (as God knows she should) what she writes to you.[†1] If she were free, she might feel it still, at odd times, but I firmly believe would feel it to no good end.

Miss Cunliffe misses one of my intentions, and an important one. I will write to her from Broadstairs, and explain. I will send you a proof of the proposed Mark Table, in three or four days, and convey the same explanation to you.

The best Hotel at Liverpool is one of the very best in England—the Adelphi. The Landlord, Mr Radley, is an excellent fellow, and much respected. I have quite a regard for him. I will answer for your being well pleased by his manner and face, and by everything he does for you.

If you will give me, when you write, the name and address of your solicitor (with whom I have never communicated directly) I will explain Mrs. Scott's case[†2] to him, as her son explained it to me the other day. It involves a little point of Property Tax-law (the right is quite plain) which I think it would be best for a practical lawyer to decide.

I am afraid I write illegibly[†3]—but I have been at my Sister's funeral today, and my hand is not as steady as usual.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MARY DICKENS, 8 SEPTEMBER 1848

Text from MDGH, I, 199.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday, Sept. 8th, 1848

My Dearest Mamey,

We shall be very glad to see you all again, and we hope you will be very glad to see us. Give my best love to dear Katey, also to Frankey, Alley, and the Peck.[†1]

I have had a nice note from Charley just now. He says it is expected at school that when Walter puts on his jacket, all the Miss Kings[†2] will fall in love with him to desperation and faint away.

Ever, my dear Mamey, | Most affectionately yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FRANK STONE, 8 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth September 1848.

My Dear Stone.

I have received the enclosed from my friend Regnier who (you will see) labors under a groundless apprehension of your historical inaccuracy.

If there is anything you would wish me to write to him in reply, I will do so very gladly. Address me at Broadstairs, whither I return tomorrow morning.

I will not forget to give you timely notice of the Homeward Bound Voyage pr. Maidstone and Rochester.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 10 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth September 1848.

My Dear Sir

I have looked over the half year's accounts to last Midsummer, received this morning. The times are no doubt very much against us; and I am the more glad

to see the preposterous mistake of overprinting, that was made in the commencement, set right.[†1]

Will you tell me how it is, that in the *general account* there is no mention made of Nickleby? Oliver Twist is quoted there, although there is no Sale; but Nickleby is not mentioned at all.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 11 SEPTEMBER 1848†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eleventh September 1848.

Dear Miss Kelly.

The death of my eldest sister, and many distractions consequent upon it, have prevented my answering your letter sooner.

I am very glad indeed, to hear of your Manchester engagement; and I do not think the Whittington people[†3] of the least importance to you, now. If I were you, I would direct my attention rather to working on from Manchester, and after it, than to any engagement of minor importance before that one comes off. If you could effect any decidedly good one, it would be another thing; but I don't see in what place that can be done. Sea-side company make desperately bad (or, technically speaking, "shy") audiences, and I would advise you to be very careful not to lower the position which Manchester will give you. If you can, availing yourself of the Manchester offer of introduction, make *prospective* engagements from that place, it seems to me the safest and least hazardous course.

[†a]Mind!—Once more!—Wherever you go, or write, go straight to the point instead of round it, and you will thank me, one of these days, for perpetually flourishing that piece of counsel before your reproachful eyes.[†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. H. LEWES, 11 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Dr James Hasson. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eleventh September 1848.

My Dear Lewes.

You are right in both your positions—Nos. 1 and 2. I *am* somewhat riddled

by stray shots of divers kinds, but your address to me, in propria, is delicate and considerate, and I feel much obliged to you.

I am very sorry to hear about Heraud.[†1] Put me on the Committee[†2] by all means, and against my name write down five pounds—unless that should be more than others give, and then please rate me according to the standard. When I know what I owe you in this wise, I will pay it pr. post.

Best regards, from both sisters and the undersigned, to yourself and Mrs. Lewes.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 13 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday Thirteenth Septr. | 1848.

Dear Sir

I knew, of course, that the Nickleby had not made its appearance in the past accounts; but as that involved no very logical reason why it should never appear in the present or future accounts, I stood in need of the explanation you have given me.

If you will pay the amount of the two balances (£500..3..11) to my account at Coutts's, at your convenience, I shall be obliged.[†4]

I thank you for not sending "tar and pipe-clay". I will write, by this post, to the author of that great performance unknown, and explain to him why I never read MSS.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 13 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS W. A. Foyle. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thirteenth September | 1848.

Sir

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have forwarded your letter to me, but not your Manuscript—acting on a general request from me not to forward any documents, except at my desire.

I regret that I cannot serve you in reference to your book. I never read Manuscripts; for I am asked to do so, by so many correspondents, that compliance would be impossible, and would leave me no leisure for any other kind of occupation. And even if I were to read yours, and to think it good, my opinion would not serve you in the least, as a publisher would prefer his own, and act upon it. I state what I know of my own experience, in this regard, and not what I believe.

In begging, therefore, to be excused from complying with your request, I do what is at once imperative upon myself, and plainest and fairest towards you.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I must add, that in answering an anonymous letter, I deviate from my usual course; as I hold no person justified in adopting that most objectionable form of address, or entitled to expect a reply.

To EDGAR GOLDSMITH,[†1] 13 SEPTEMBER 1848

Mention in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, Jan 1947; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 Sep 48.

Referring to Goldsmith's proposed trip to America.

To MISS EMMELINE MONTAGUE, 14 SEPTEMBER 1848

Text from T. E. Pemberton, *CD and the Stage,* 1888, p. 134.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourteenth September, 1848.

My Dear Miss Montague,

Allow me to forward you, by favour of our friend, Mark Lemon, the enclosed

cheque,[†1] which is the mere business part of a crowd of pleasant remembrances I shall always associate with you, that are not to be coined into any sort of money I know of.

Believe in my sincere interest in all that concerns your prosperity and happiness, and in the real satisfaction I shall have if I can ever testify it by any means of usefulness to you.

Always faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emmeline Montague.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Seventeenth September | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you a proof (only received this morning) of the Mark Table. It shall not be finally printed, until I have heard from you.

I have received no tidings from Mrs. Holdsworth, and therefore have no doubt that all is going on well. I dare say I shall hear from her, in the course of tomorrow.

There is the finest weather here, I ever saw. It don't seem to agree with Rogers,[†2] who is horribly cross.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE AND MISS NOVELLO,[†3] 19 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs. | Nineteenth September 1848.

Dear Mrs. Clarke and Miss Novello.

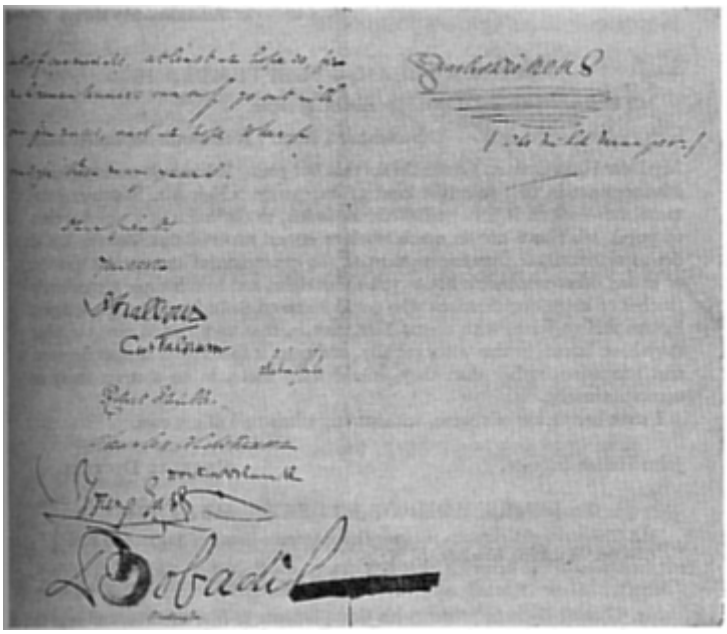
We, the undersigned, truly mindful in our hearts, of your kind remembrance of us in your beautiful and ever-carefully-to-be preserved gift,[†4] and of the happy hours we have passed together, entreat you to accept our hearty thanks, proffered in all love and friendship. They have been (like Royal Charlie in the Jacobite

song) "lang o comin' ";[†1] but they will be longer still o'going—out of our minds. At least we hope so, for such remembrances can only go out with our five senses, and we hope to keep ours for these many years.

Dear friends | Yours ever

Shallow | Custalorum[†2] | Abraham Slender | Robert Flexible
Charles Coldstream | Doctor Blank | Young Gas | Bobadil |
P. Snobbington[†3]

CHARLES DICKENS
(The Mild Manager)



To FREDERICK DICKENS, 19 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Nineteenth September 1848.

My Dear Fred.

With however dry a pertinacity I strive to hold to the mere letter of your note, avoiding all those troubles inseparable from its spirit which are at issue between us, I cannot understand it, sufficiently to decide on my reply.

Do you owe £200 now?

If you do not, what do you owe?

If you do owe £200 now, and contemplate paying that sum of debt, supposing you could get the money (of the hopefulness of which I design to say nothing here) how do you propose to establish a home? By getting into new debt? Or by what means?

If you put it to me to answer your letter without having an answer to these enquiries,[†1] I will do so. But I must answer it, then, on my own idea of the case, and that may be a wrong one, or an incomplete one.

Affectionately always

CD.

To JOHN HULLAH, 19 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Nineteenth September 1848.

My Dear Hullah. Miss Coutts thinks that our young ladies have made sufficient advancement in that scientific kind of instruction which Mr. Bannister communicates—which is better adapted, she holds, to the wants of a superior class of pupils who have not so much work to attend to—and therefore she would desire to terminate that engagement at the expiration of the current quarter, or at any other reasonable notice you think right, and to substitute some female teacher of lower qualifications who could come on Saturday Evenings, and sing hymns and so forth, with them. Her wish is, that they should now use what they have learnt, in this wise, socially, and turn it to account in their devotion and relaxation, rather than they should learn more, as an abstract study or accomplishment.

I state her views, of course, without any admixture of my own.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esquire.

To JAMES MONROE,[†2] 19 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS University of Kentucky. *Address:* James Monroe Esquire | 122 Jermyn Street | London. Mourning envelope.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Nineteenth September 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Monroe, and begs to

say, in reply to Mr. Monroe's note of enquiry, that Mr. Fletcher[†1] is at present staying (he believes) in Somersetshire, but that he does not know, exactly, how a letter to that gentleman should be addressed. If he should come to London and call upon Mr. Dickens, Mr. Dickens will communicate Mr. Monroe's note to him.

To JOHN LEECH, 21 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address: Private. Favored by J. T. Gordon Esqre.*[†2] | John Leech Esquire. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Twenty First September 1848.

My Dear Leech.

Mr. Pitt, being asked to dinner by the Duchess of Gordon, at eight o'Clock, replied that he was engaged to sup with the Bishop of Lincoln at seven.[†3]

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 24 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS John Rylands Library.

Broadstairs | Sunday Twenty Fourth September | 1848.

Dear Frederick.

Do not deceive yourself, and discover it too late. I shall never justify the mean opinion you have of me, when you suppose it possible that such a Thing as your letter of Friday, can move me in the least.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ELIZABETH SCOTT, 24 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent | Twenty Fourth September | 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his Compliments to Mrs. Scott, and begs to inform her that he has (at Miss Coutts's request) finally referred the question of the payment of the Income Tax assessment on Urania Cottage, to Miss Coutts's Solicitors. It is the opinion of those gentlemen that Miss Coutts is bound

to pay the assessment and to deduct it from the rent; and that she has no choice in the matter, or power, of doing otherwise. But they add that "Mrs. Scott might probably be relieved from the trouble of obtaining a return of the Tax, were she to apply to the Stamp office for an order to discharge the property from the assessment."

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 26 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS University of Texas. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Sixth September 1848.

My Dear Tracey.

You may perhaps have no intention of attending the next Shepherd's Bush Committee Meeting. But as I am proposing to all concerned, to have it on *Wednesday* the 4th. of October at the usual hour (instead of Tuesday the 3rd. when I may not have returned to town) I trouble you with this.

All well. A gale of wind blowing just now, and thick squalls coming up from the South East.— Rather nautical this.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Timber's respectful compliments to his young friend.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Sixth September | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The printing of the Mark Tables is delayed until I hear from you. I mention this, as it is possible you may not have received a proof which I sent by post to Stratton Street.

I would propose to have the next Committee Meeting on *Wednesday* the 4th. at the usual hour, instead of Tuesday the 3rd. when I hardly think I shall be home in time. Will you communicate this to Mr. Tennant (whose address I don't know) and to Mr. Shuttleworth if he should be in town? I have taken care to give notice to all the rest.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 26 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Sixth September | 1848.

My Dear Stone.

We intend leaving here on *Saturday Morning*—getting home, either on Monday or Tuesday: most probably the latter. What do you say? Maidstone—Rochester—&c.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS KIRKLAND,[†1] 27 SEPTEMBER 1848

MS Seattle Public Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Seventh September | 1848.

Dear Madam.

I fear I shall not be in town before the end of next week; but if, after that delay, you should still wish me to make an appointment with you, I shall be very happy, I assure you, to have that gratification.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Kirkland.

To JOHN KENYON,[†2] 29 SEPTEMBER 1848*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Twenty Ninth September | 1848.

My Dear Mr. Kenyon.

I very much regret to say that only a day or two before I received your note, I had promised my Orphan School votes. Otherwise, I need not add I should have wished them no better or more useful fortune than to have been made yours.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg me to send you their kind regards.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Kenyon Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1848]

Summary and extract in F, VI, iii, 495. *Date:* during his 1848 stay at Broadstairs, according to Forster.

Reporting himself thrice wet through on a single day, dressed four times, *and finding all sorts of great things, brought out by the rains, among the rocks on the sea-beach.*

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE SEPTEMBER 1848]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 495. *Date:* during CD's 1848 stay at Broadstairs, according to Forster; if, as seems almost certain, "Emmeline" is Miss Montague, letter written after 14 Sep, when she was still unmarried (*To* Miss Montague, that day).

Sketching morsels of character, including this. F†3 is philosophical, from sunrise to bedtime: chiefly in the French line, about French women going mad, and in

that state coming to their husbands, and saying, "Mon ami, je vois ai trompé. Voici les lettres de mon amant!" Whereupon the husbands take the letters and think them waste paper, and become extra-philosophical at finding that they really *were* the lover's effusions: though what there is of philosophy in it all, or anything but unwholesomeness, it is not easy to see. . . . Likewise about dark shades coming over our wedded Emmeline's†1 face at parties; and about F, handing her to her carriage, and saying, "May I come in, for a lift homeward?" and she bending over him out of window, and saying in a low voice, I DARE NOT! And then of the carriage driving away like lightning leaving F more philosophical than ever on the pavement.

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE SEPTEMBER 1848]

Extracts in F, VI, iii, 495-6[aa] written at "the close of September"; and F, VI, iv, 507[bb] written at the end of "his 1848 Broadstairs holiday", according to Forster.

He twits Forster for a broken promise in not joining him. [a]We are reasonably jolly, but rurally so; going to bed o'nights at ten, and bathing o'mornings at half-past seven; and not drugging ourselves with those dirty and spoiled waters of Lethe that flow round the base of the great pyramid.[a] *Mentions the friends who had left him—Gordon,*†2 *the Leeches, Lemon, Egg and Stone.* [a]Reflection and pensiveness are coming. I have NOT

"—seen Fancy write
With a pencil of light
On the blotter so solid, commanding the sea!"†3

but I shouldn't wonder if she were to do it, one of these days. Dim visions of divers things are floating around me; and I must go to work, head foremost, when I get home. I am glad, after all, that I have not been at it here; for I am all the better for my idleness, no doubt. . . . Roche was very ill last night, and looks like one with his face turned to the other world, this morning.†4 When *are* you coming? Oh what days and nights there have been here, this week past![a]

[b]At last I am a mentally matooring of the Christmas book—or, as poor Macrone†5 used to write, "booke," "boke," "buke,"†6 &c.[b]

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE SEPTEMBER 1848]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 496. *Date:* shortly before Sat 30 Sep, when CD left Broadstairs.

Suggesting that Forster should meet him on his way back and join him in a walking-excursion home. You will come down booked for Maidstone (I will meet you at Paddock-wood),[†1] and we will go thither in company over a most beautiful little line of railroad. The eight miles walk from Maidstone to Rochester, and a visit to the Druidical altar[†2] on the wayside, are charming. This could be accomplished on the Tuesday; and Wednesday we might look about us at Chatham, coming home by Cobham on Thursday.[†3]

To RICHARD QUIN,[†4] [?SEPTEMBER 1848]

Mention in *To* Mrs Watson, 5 Oct 48.

October

To THE REV. WILLIAM DRAGE,[†5] 1 OCTOBER 1848†

MS University of California, Los Angeles. On mourning paper.

Bull Hotel, Rochester | Sunday First October 1848.

Dear Sir.

I understand here, that you desire to speak to me in reference to Miss Coutts's Home. Pray allow me to assure you that I recollect you perfectly well,[†6] and that I shall have much interest and pleasure in seeing you again. I will call upon you tomorrow morning at halfpast ten,[†7] and I hope the case that has awakened your sympathy, may prove admissible into my excellent friend's Institution.[†8]

[†a]I trust to my childish remembrance for your christian name.[†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Drage.

To MRS CHISHOLM,[†1] 5 OCTOBER 1848

Extract in Swann Galleries catalogue No. 116; *MS* (3rd pers.) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 5 Oct 48.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Chisholm,[†2] and begs to become a subscriber to her undertaking[†3]—and to enclose the amount of his subscription.[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 OCTOBER 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Birthwaite Hotel | Windermere | Westmoreland. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday October Fifth | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

On coming home the night before last, I found your two notes, and your MSS. I *think* I read the latter correctly, and that you will find the proof sheets pretty accurate. The explanation shall go to the printer's tomorrow (I am just now having the copy made from dictation) and I shall hope to send you the proofs by next day's post—including the amended Mark Table. Will you lose no time in returning them to me? They are all very anxious at the Home to begin.

I was there, yesterday. Everything seemed comfortable and quiet. There were no complaints of any kind.

Mrs. Holdsworth had, about a fortnight ago, fifteen pounds for petty cash. The bills paid yesterday were £32. 12. 6.

I received from you	£50..	0..	0
I have paid	47..	12..	6
Consequently, I have in hand	£2..	7..	6

The blind-Maker's bill, in accordance with his estimate, has come in. It amounts to £19.. 6.. 0. There is also a bill for books of £19.. 7.. 6. But of this, I have some part (I think) in hand, out of a little balance you left with me when we first settled accounts, for printer and bookseller.

The field at the side, and the field at the bottom of the garden—in all about 2 ½ acres—can now be rented, if you wish, on reasonable terms. As you were thinking of a removal, one of these days,[†1] I suppose you will not take them? *But an answer must be given at once.* Therefore, will you empower me to decline, if that be your wish? Or to come to some decision?[†2]

I hope I have the name of your hotel, right? I have been hammering again and again in the most ridiculous manner, at a *rather* illegible passage in one of your notes. I read it "____ could simplify it more". Who could, was the great question I had to solve. Proglyns? It looked like Proglyns. I began to think whether I had ever met any clear-headed gentleman of that name, at your house. Not remembering him, I looked at it again. "Judy's son" it was then, plainly. But I rejected that, as a manifest impossibility. Tennyson—July sawyer—Wednesday night—p.n.d.y.s.G. N. (which looked like a Welsh name) until all at once I found it was "perhaps you"—and was very much relieved and complimented.

I think the explanation admirably calculated to supply what is otherwise wanting in the spirit of the system, and am really sanguine on the subject.

Best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS MACREADY, 5 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Fifth October | 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Macready

All heartfelt and fervent congratulations on his safe arrival—which I regard as the first of a series of triumphant congratulations on his safe return!—

We had been watching the papers, down at Broadstairs, for news of the Ship; and, seeing her reported to have arrived at Halifax,[†1] drank her health, and his, and yours, with acclamations.

Ever Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, 5 OCTOBER 1848†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth October 1848.

My Dear Sir

Coming home from Broadstairs, I find your kind letter, to which I immediately indite this reply.

I wish it were a ready acceptance of your hospitality!—[†a]But I am going to write a little Christmas book[†2]—and have not begun it—and should do nothing in your old hall,[†3] I know—and must hermetically seal myself up, in my own room, here, in the mornings—and wander about the streets full of faces, at night.

I feel a sort of Roman dignity—a lofty constancy—in writing this, and feeling how very much it goes against the grain to do it.[†a]

Perhaps we may have another little reading, before Christmas?[†4] And perhaps Mrs. Shuttleworth will come? So says Mrs. Dickens in a tone of sober enquiry, as she sits here begging to be remembered. [†b]*I* say nothing, but, frowning very much, proceed at once to the flourish belonging to my signature,[†b] lest I should give way yet, before finishing.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

H. Kaye[†5] Shuttleworth Esquire

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 5 OCTOBER 1848

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth October 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I write this hasty note to tell you that I *can't* tell you what pleasure it gave me, on coming home from Broadstairs the night before last, to find that welcome mark of your remembrance awaiting me—and to hang it forthwith on the staircase

—where I esteem it, believe me, as a very precious possession, and look at it when I go up and down, with the double gratification that attaches to it as a thing of delightful association, and as a most beautiful and faithful little work of art.[†1] I am quite charmed with it, and could be sentimental here (and would) but in a tender regard and consideration for you.

I wonder what will come of the Christmas book! I have entered on the first stage of its composition this morning, which is, sitting frowning horribly at a quire of paper, and falling into a state of inaccessibility and irascibility which utterly confounds and scares the House. The young family peep at me through the bannisters[†2] as I go along the hall; and Kate and Georgina quail (almost) when I stalk by them.

What if I were to go to the Great St. Bernard, and get snowed up from mankind! I shall carry the picture with me, if I am driven to that extremity, and, standing on the shore of that Lake comparing it with the original, will recal[†3] that bright morning when we were all laughing there, together.[†4]

I had a very cordial letter from your brother[†5] the other day—which looked hot and thirsty in the very paper.[†6] I lost no time in writing him an answer, in which I propounded various enquiries to him about the Blacks as a species.[†7] When I receive his reply, I shall enter on a few other speculations.

Accept our affectionate remembrances, and convey them to your good husband, whose very sincere friend, and yours, believe me I am always.

CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES PHIPPEN,[†8] 6 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixth October 1848.

Sir.

Pray allow me to acknowledge the receipt of the two books[†9] you were so kind

as to send me at Maidstone. For which, and for the obliging note that accompanied them, I beg you to accept my best thanks.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Phippen Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Seventh October 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I receive the enclosed, only just in time to send them by this post. Therefore my communication must be very brief.

I propose to amend the placard for the bedrooms, by inserting *all* the heads mentioned in the Mark Table.[†1] The card also.

The explanation wants a more defined and plain division between the three *sets* of columns. If you think it plain in other respects, I will take care to arrange this with the Printer.

I have *not* put many words, or the particularly appropriate words, into Italics; firstly, because I doubt whether it would not direct attention rather to bits and scraps of the explanation than to the whole of it; and secondly, because Italics are always considered objectionable in printed text, with a view to clearness and general plainness. But if you will underline any words that you wish to be so printed, I will make the necessary cabalistic signs upon the proof for the edification of the Printer.

Do I understand that your letter to Miss Cunliffe is to be printed too?

It will be best, I think, to defer Mrs.-I-don't-know-her-Name's instructions, until we shall have ascertained, by a few weeks' experience, exactly what duties are required from her. It is so very desirable to avoid any departure from what we gravely lay down.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CD.

To EARL GREY,[†1] [7 OCTOBER 1848]

Summary and date in Benjamin Hawes[†2] *to* CD, 14 Oct 48 (MS Public Record Office).

Asking whether Dr Lang[†3] *held authority from the Government to offer a free passage to emigrants to New South Wales or South Australia, or a grant of land in either Colony.*[†4]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 9 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth October 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

In reply to your letter, I may observe that I have completed the accounts (which I am sorry to say do not shew so large a balance as I could have desired and had hoped),[†5] and that I have called the company together, here, on Saturday

next to consider them and a suggestion I shall have to offer thereupon. If *Monday* would suit the Sub Committee for communicating with me on the general subject, and if it would not be inconvenient to them to meet here, that afternoon at 4 exactly, I should be ready to receive them, and to hand over to them a statement of our position and report of our proceedings.

Will you advise me whether I may consider this, a settled appointment?[†1]

Mrs. Dickens and her sister desire their kind remembrances.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To JOHN LEECH, 9 OCTOBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 32 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday 9th. Oct. 1848.

My Dear Leech.

I would rather, if I may beg leave, change the curry-eating engagement to *Wednesday Week* at the same hour. Remember the Meeting here, at 2 on Saturday afternoon.

Ever Yours
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 9 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Ninth October 1848.

My Dear Stone.

I have a business reason for begging leave to change the curry-eating engagement to *Wednesday Week*, at the same hour. Remember the Meeting here, at 2 on Saturday afternoon.

Ever Yours

CD.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [10] OCTOBER 1848

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Date:* misdated by CD; Tuesday was 10 Oct in 48. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday, Ninth October 1848

My Dear Cruikshank,

I propose a Special Meeting here, *at 2 o'clock exactly, next Saturday afternoon,* to consider the result of the Accounts, and the report that shall be made to the Shakespeare committee.

Faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

George Cruikshank Esq.

To W. P. FRITH, 10 OCTOBER 1848

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. On mourning paper.

Advertisement.

———

To K——e N——y

The Young lady in black.

K.N. If you will return to your disconsolate friends in Devonshire Terrace, your absence in Ireland will be forgotten and forgiven, and you will be received with open arms.[†1] Think of your dear sister, Dolly,[†2] and how altered her appearance and character are, without you. She is not the same girl. Think, too, of the author of your being, and what he must feel when he sees your place empty, every day!
Tenth October 1848.

To FRANK STONE, 11 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday October Eleventh | 1848.

My Dear Stone.

Will you let me know, by Bearer, what the fare from Preston was? I can't send the Accounts to the Copyist without knowing.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 13 OCTOBER 1848

MS Princeton University Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth October 1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

I shall expect you on Monday, as you propose. The accounts, after all payments, do not shew a greater balance than between five and six hundred pounds.[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 13 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Thirteenth October | 1848.

My Dear Frederick.

I shall say nothing of the aspect in which this business of yours has presented itself to me in the past.

Treating of the present, I shall say no more than that there are, here, a good many claimants on my affectionate remembrance; and that I do not think you, with your income, justified in looking upon me as a pecuniary resource, or myself justified in consenting to be so regarded.

Eighty pounds is a large sum to be taken out of my pocket and flung away. If I were asked to pay it to do you some good, or to procure you some advance in life, that would be another thing. But it is quite unworthy of an independent spirit, to want it for the payment of debts; and that appeal is not one that enlists my sympathy, or that ought to enlist it—as I believe. [†a]Because self-extrication is in your own power.[†a]

I cannot make the least approach to a promise that I will produce this money, in the absence of a perfect knowledge of your position and intentions. If you think proper to tell me to whom, and for what, you would pay it if you had it—what you would then leave unpaid, and how you would propose to clear off that—and exactly what effect these arrangements would have on your intentions as to marriage[†1]—[ ][†2]—

I will then consider your request and decide. But I must repeat that I cannot and do not, in my present absence of enlightenment on these heads, make the least approach to a promise that I will advance the money.[†3]

I shall be at home on Sunday after church. But as all this must be written down, at last, before I could clearly understand it, I think it would be better

and speedier, if you wrote it down at first, and gave me an opportunity of reading it, before speaking to you on the subject.

Affectionately always
CHARLES DICKENS

To A. H. ENGELBACH, [OCTOBER 1848]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 14 Oct 48. *Date:* probably shortly before writing that letter.

To THE REV. WILLIAM TENNANT, [OCTOBER 1848]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably shortly before that letter.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 OCTOBER 1848

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night. | Fourteenth October 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have made the alterations and additions you suggested in those papers, and they are now finally printing.

Mr. Tennant was so kind as to write to me on the subject of the enclosed, and give me the same explanation. I replied that of course we could do nothing, until we knew your own view of the matter. Mine, I will state now.

On the first head, I have very strong doubts indeed, of the policy of accepting Mrs. Wharton's[†1] offer. I cannot forget the strong emphatic exception that was made by the Matron of the Magdalen as to the hopefulness of any disposal of Martha Goldsmith, *at home*.[†2] She knows her, much better than we do; and I do not think it fair to the girl, or to the Home, to put her into this association in London.

The second point, as to the Cambridge Heath Laundry, is also a very difficult one. I certainly don't know anybody, in the Home *now*, whom I could comfortably trust there. I can imagine its being a very desirable place for a comparatively trustworthy girl, and a very wholesome change; but I think that those who are in the Home now, are better *in* the Home than anywhere else in this country.

Even supposing the head of this Laundry to be a very wise and discreet person—which women of that class very commonly are not, and which ought to be very distinctly shewn to be the case.

The third offer[†1] seems to me the most valuable of all. In reference to the Emigration Committee,[†2] I have received a letter from Mr. Engelbach, begging me to address an official kind of statement of your views and wants to them. But I cannot well do this (as I have told him, in answer) until you shall have returned, and I shall have been able to speak with you on the subject.[†3] It would be an excellent thing to have a steady young woman as Jane Westaway's (and, I suppose, Martha Goldsmith's?) companion on the Voyage.[†4] But we don't yet know—which seems to be the difficulty at this moment, of settling the matter—where they are to go or how they are to go, or that they are going at all in this young woman's direction.

You know Miss Newton,[†5] I presume? *I* don't.

With best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, dear Miss Coutts

Faithfully Ys. alwys.

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 15 OCTOBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sunday October Fifteenth | 1848.

My Dear Lemon.

I was quite sure of your authority, and reported it accordingly. I apprehended you had seen Leech before you saw me. I consider it quite impossible for any man to hold, on a consideration of all the figures and circumstances, that that deduction could be made with any spirit and manliness.[†6]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?16 OCTOBER 1848]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* after 26 Sep 48, when CD told Miss Coutts that he did not have Tennant's address; he was presumably writing on Mon 16 Oct, when the Sub-Committee of the Shakespeare Society called on him (*To* Cunningham, 9 and 13 Oct).

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am unfortunately obliged to wait at home this morning to receive some gentlemen from the Shakespeare Committee, whose intended visit I had forgotten, and with whom I have an appointment. I will call on you, if you please, tomorrow, at 12. In the meantime can you send me Mr. Tennant's address,[†1] in order that I may let him know there is no Committee tomorrow.

I was at the Home yesterday. The volatile little Fairy was at church.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 18 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eighteenth October 1848. | Wednesday

My Dear Henry.

I want a Copy (to send to someone in the Country) of your Second Report.[†2] If you have one at hand, will you let John have it? If not, will you do what is as good, and tell him where to buy it?

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Eighteenth October | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have addressed and sent the letter to Lord Grey, this morning. It contains everything that requires to be said, I think. And I cannot but imagine that the Government may be a better assistant (if it will) than the Emigration Companies.[†3]

I was at the Home the evening before last. All quiet and well.

The Dairy, I should say, would certainly be practicable now.

I asked about Miss Newton, because she was somehow associated in my mind with Lord Ashley,[†1] who makes such mistakes (he seems to be a kind of amiable Bull, in a China-Shop of good intentions), that I am afraid of his agents.[†2]

I shall hope to hear from you when you come home. If you wish to make an appointment with me, afterwards, will you make it in the *afternoon.* I am trying to be industrious in the mornings.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 18 OCTOBER 1848

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1908; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 Oct 48.

To HENRY GLASSFORD BELL,[†3] 20 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park
Twentieth October 1848.

Dear Sir.

I wish to thank you, very particularly, for the mark of remembrance I have lately received from you.

Not alone for the pleasure I have had in the perusal of that book,[†4] and in tracing the delicate, gentle, graceful spirit that pervades it—

But also for the privilege of being admitted to this participation in what I know to be sacred in your remembrance, and in that of your dearest ties on earth.[†5]

Believe me, I feel no ordinary emotion, and use no common courtesy, in thanking you, and entreating you to receive the assurance of my sympathy and regard.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Glassford Bell Esquire

To JOHN LEECH, 23 OCTOBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address*: John Leech Esquire | 38 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Twenty Third October | 1848.

My Dear Leech.

There is rather a good Britannia Saloon Bill, out, announcing a gentleman with a wooden leg to dance the Highland Fling. There is a portrait of him in the bill, with his wooden leg highly ornamented with rosettes.[†1]

It appears to me that this demands our attention. Egg says he would like to go with us, and that if you will send him round a note, propoging an evening and a time for calling on him, he will, with yearnings, respond. Therefore if you'll send me one line, mentioning what evening this week you'll both call here—say at 7—I will be (as you know I always am)[†2] to the fore at the appointed time.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CHARLES MANBY, 24 OCTOBER 1848

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, Feb 1929; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 24 Oct 48.

Making an arrangement for Manby to visit him.

To JOHN LEECH, 25 OCTOBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 38 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Twenty Fifth October | 1848.

My Dear Leech.

On Friday Evening I shall expect you, and shall be (D.V.) ready for you.[†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twenty Sixth October 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am afraid Furze[†1] is rather thorny and irritating.

I send you so much of a note from Mr. Chesterton to me as relates to her.[†2] I had been there on the previous night, when I thought Furze looking grimmer and more gratuitously vinegary than she need. I think she has an idea that she is to serve as a sort of human rasp, or file, or nutmeg-grater, in respect of the general establishment.

I had, before, heard from Mrs. Holdsworth, that the said Furze had greatly over-rated her powers of "cutting out" in the millinery way. And Mrs. Holdsworth reports her, since, as certainly having a provoking way of dealing with the girls.

We are now all ready for the Mark System, and I hope to begin on Monday.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN LEECH, 29 OCTOBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Night | October Twenty Ninth 1848.

My Dear Leech.

Lemon (whose devotion to Webster, you know)[†3] suggested to me afar off, the

other day, that the characters of the book[†1] might, for stage purposes, be made to approach unto the resemblance of certain actors!—I "repudiated" such an idea, immediately, but in case he should have mentioned it to you, I write to say that I "utterly detest, abominate and abjure"[†2] it.

I know he would say nothing about it, except in perfect good faith and honor. But as he may, by some remote possibility, have thrown it out, I put you in possession of my sentiments thereanent.

Ever Yours faithfully

CD.

I hope Morgan[†3] came soon, and that Baby's better.

To JOHN LEECH, 30 OCTOBER 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Leech Esquire. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night | Thirtieth October 1848.

My Dear Leech.

I am quite delighted to find that you like what is done of the book, so well. I was pleased myself when I read it, and thought it a pretty idea. May Heaven speed it!—[†a]And make everybody as much interested as[†4] I am!—[†a]

Mr. Tenniel[†5] has been here today and will go to work on the frontispiece.[†6] We must arrange for a dinner here, very shortly, when you and he may meet. He seems to be a very agreeable fellow, and modest.

Kate will still hope to see Mrs. Leech, if she can come out. I am really distressed by what you say about your baby. But babies *do* fight through most wonderful adversities, and there is always as much hope as life with them.

Perhaps you will look in tonight? Nobody here but Egg.

Ever Heartily

CD.

To THE SECRETARY, CHESTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, [?SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1848]

Mention in next.

To THE REV. WILLIAM GILES,†1 31 OCTOBER 1848

Facsimile in Arthur Humphreys, *CD and his First Schoolmaster*, Manchester, 1926, p. 16.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Thirty First October 1848.

My Dear Sir

I had answered the letter of the Chester Mechanics' Institution, before I received your kind communication. If anything could have induced me to recall my reply, it would have been your appeal to me. But the reasons for declining the invitation which I stated briefly to the Secretary, are so very pressing and urgent, when I remember my projects and engagements that I fear I must be firm in spite of myself.

It is not, in these cases, a question of the time actually occupied by the journey and the occasion—which would be no great consideration—but the unsettled state into which I fall when I have such a promise impending, is unfavorable to my own pursuits, and troubles me when I ought to be yielded up to them.

I am grieved to hear that so many who have been dear to you have gone before, to that world of rest, of which some solemn glimpses open to the happiest and most fortunate among us. Heavy and insupportable indeed, such sorrows would be, but for our blessed hopes through the Redeemer of Mankind.

When I read your handwriting, I half believe I am a very small boy again; and you magnify, in my bewildered sight, into something awful, though not at all severe. I call to mind how you gave me Goldsmith's Bee†2 when I left Chatham†3 (that was my first knowledge of it) and can't believe that I have been fledging any little Bees myself, whose buzzing has been heard abroad.

I am half inclined to say, now, "if you please Sir, may I leave off?"—And if I could make a bow in writing, I certainly should do it.

—As to Mrs. Charles Dickens, there is manifestly no such person.—It is my mother, of course, who desires to be cordially remembered to yourself and Mrs. Giles.[†1] It can't be anybody else.

Ever My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Giles.

November

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | First November 1848.
Wednesday Afternoon

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I want to ask your kind assistance in getting a highly esteemed and valued old servant of mine, who went abroad with us—the Brave Courier of my little Italian book[†2]—into St. George's Hospital.

His case, the surgeon says, is distinctly admissible there. It would be also admissible at the Brompton Hospital for diseases of the chest. That institution is under an old obligation to me,[†3] and they are very ready and willing to take him in; but the bed he is to occupy (if he should live to go there) is not likely to be vacant for the next two or three months.

I enclose the medical description of his case, on which I have it much at heart to get him into St. George's Hospital forthwith.[†4] I don't know how to set about it. It has occurred to me that perhaps you may have some direct power of nominating him as a patient, and that if you have not, Mr. Brown (on whose good-feeling I know I may rely) will help me with his advice.

Pray forgive my troubling you. I have the deepest interest in the matter. He is a most faithful, affectionate, and devoted man. He is dreadfully changed from a fine handsome fellow, in a very short time. His doctor urgently recommends his being got into a hospital where he will never be left alone (he is in a poor little lodging now), and I must accomplish it if it can be done.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Second November 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your prompt kindness, and I thank you

heartily. Pray tell Mr. Brown, with my best regards and acknowledgements, that I will not trouble him to endeavour to get the poor man in, before the next reception day. His case does not appear to be so very urgent, as to justify it. He shall go on Wednesday at the appointed time.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 2 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS New York University Library. *Address:* Frederick Dickens Esquire | Norton Street. Mourning envelope[†1].

Devonshire Terrace | Second November 1848.

My Dear Frederick. I wish you would enquire into this for me, *without delay*.[†2] Beard would ask the Morning Herald clerk if you could call upon him. See the man himself, and his room. *Don't be imposed upon, whatever you do.* If the story were true, I would give him a couple of pounds—nothing, if he be in the habit of writing such letters.

Affy. always

CD.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 4 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Rosenbach Foundation. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth November 1848. | Saturday

My Dear Sir

Mrs. Milner Gibson (the Wife of the late Vice President of the Board of Trade)[†3] has entreated me, very particularly, to hand you the enclosed letter. The lady being a friend of mine, I cannot refuse, but I have consented to do so, under this protest.—That I do not make myself a party to any proposal she may make on behalf of an Institution, and that I will not consent, so far as I am concerned, to entail upon you even the trouble of replying to this present note of mine.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

S. Phelps Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 NOVEMBER 1848†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday November Sixth | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The signature is not that of either of *my* Mr. Chapmans,[†4] but it may possibly

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be the signature of some other partner in the house. My own personal friend Mr. Chapman, is the Chairman of the shipping Committee of Lloyds; and the House are merchants, and large ship-owners.

I can easily ascertain the point, because he took my youngest brother into the house, whom I will send for, and ask the question. I will retain the address, until I have done so.

It never occurred to me before, to speak to him about the Emigration; but he is an excellent gentleman whom I am sure you would like (I first knew him in connexion with the Sanatorium,[†1] of which we were both Directors) and an admirable man of business, with an interest in all good things. And I know they send ships to that part of the world, constantly.

There is a Mr. Grainger's[†2] name to the address. I think he was also a director of the Sanatorium.

I sent the Agreement[†3] to Miss Steinberg,[†4] on the day you signed it. But I can easily make another copy for your new signature, and send Mrs. Holdsworth to exchange it.

[†a]I am in the act of grinding at my Christmas book. I hope we shall have another little reading here, if your remembrance of the last one[†5] has no deterring influence. I have hit upon a little notion for the book, which I hope is a pretty one, with a good Christmas tendency.[†6†a]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventh November 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Having occasion to call at the Bank yesterday afternoon on my own business, I saw *that* Mr. Engelbach,[†7] who told me what his brother was enabled to tell

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you; which seems very important and satisfactory, and before which our greatest difficulties seem to clear away, very hopefully. He represented to me that it was necessary for me, as a matter of form, to write on your behalf to the Committee who would then officially direct his brother to assist you. As you say nothing of this in your note, I shall not do it without further instructions.

Neither will I communicate, at present, with Mr. Chapman—whose assistance may not be required.

It is a prodigious comfort to me that Mrs. Furze is going. Your arrangement about the Mark Paper, is indeed a master-stroke. I think you would, after that, make a brilliant figure as a Diplomatist.

I must say, however, that that feeling of which you say some symptoms are still latent, does not encourage me, because it appears to me a stubborn and unreasonable one, and to bespeak anything rather than the right state of mind. No woman at the Home who is not quite satisfied that her past life was vicious and miserable, will ever keep out of it when she is free again. The delicacy which can't bear such a homoepathic[†1] dose of truth as that, won't bear work I fear.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE GOVERNORS OF ST GEORGE'S HOSPITAL,[†2] 7 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Mrs Humphry House. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Seventh November 1848.

Gentlemen.

In sending as a claimant for admission into your hospital, with a letter of recommendation from Miss Burdett Coutts, Louis Roche, formerly a servant of mine, for whom I have the highest esteem and regard, I beg to enclose a description of his case from Mr. David Davies[†3] of Lower Belgrave Street, who has attended him.

I trouble you with it, thinking you may require such a document for your satisfaction. I have *not* made its contents known to the poor fellow himself.[†4]

I am Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Governors of St. George's Hospital.

To EFFINGHAM WILSON,[†1] 7 NOVEMBER 1848

Text from MDGH, I, 199.[†2]

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park
Nov. 7th, 1848

Sir,

I beg you to accept my best thanks for your pamphlet[†3] and your obliging note. That such a theatre as you describe would be but worthy of this nation, and would not stand low upon the list of its instructors, I have no kind of doubt. I wish I could cherish a stronger faith than I have in the probability of its establishment on a national footing within fifty years.[†4]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Ninth November 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose the paper you ask for.

When I think of the moral indignation of Mary Anne Hoy! (of all others!) I want somebody to attack; I become so desperately vicious.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 9 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Ninth November | 1848.

My Dear Lemon.

If tomorrow (Friday) at 5 will do, I shall be delighted to expect you. As we dine at ½ past, perhaps you'll stay and take pot luck?

Affy. Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WILLIAM GILES, 11 NOVEMBER 1848

MS New York University Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh November 1848.

Dear Madam.

I am so closely occupied at present, that I answer your kind note briefly, with a strong misgiving that if I entertained any idea of doing otherwise I might not answer it at all.

In spite of the conditional denunciation of the Oracle (which is not delivered in a fit of absolute inspiration, for on such occasions as that proposed to me, I never accept any pecuniary consideration, or entertain such an offer for a moment) I must respond to that nearer claim which my own pen makes on me, and abandon Chester[†1] and be true to London.

So pray remember me to the awful creature on the tripod, and tell him this with my rebellious duty.

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Giles.

To LOUIS ROCHE, 11 NOVEMBER 1848

Text from N, II, 127. *Address* (envelope, MS Private): Mr. Louis Roche | King's Ward | St. George's Hospital.

Devonshire Terrace, | 11th November 1848

Mon Cher Roche,

Je suis charmé de recevoir si bonnes nouvelles de vous et j'espère, après tout ce que j'ai entendu, de Dr. Wilson et d'autres, que vous bientôt reprendrez vos forces, pour faire le voyage à un climat plus doux, dans l'hiver, que le climat de l'Angleterre.

Avant deux ans s'écouleront, il nous faudra (le Brave et moi) voyager à l'Espagne. A le bonne heure!

Madame et Mlle Hogarth et toutes les enfants vous envoient mille amitiés. Ici, tout le monde demande continuellement: "Et Roche, le Brave, comment se porte-t-il maintenant?"

En attendant cette petite voyage à l'Espagne dont j'ai parlé, il vous faudra devenir excessivement robuste et rouge. Courage donc, mon ami! C'est à vous à proclamer le grand success de l'Hôpital de St. George, et l'addresse merveilleuse de messieurs les docteurs!

Toujours—Votre fidèle.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To P. JOHNSON TRIARY,[†1] 11 NOVEMBER 1848

Extract in Kingston Galleries catalogue No. 32; dated 11 Nov 48.

I am much indebted to you for sending me a copy of your daughter's verses. They are very remarkable as the production of so young a miss; they have interested me very much; and I feel it a great honor to have been the source of their inspiration . . . give my love to the poetess.

To DR JAMES A. WILSON,[†2] 11 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Mrs Humphry House. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eleventh November 1848.

My Dear Sir

I could not thank you enough for your kind letter, though I tried never so hard. Pray believe me when I say, in few words, that I set the highest value on it; and that nothing in the world is more acceptable to me, or touches me more nearly, than such an assurance of interest and regard.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. J. A. Wilson.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 NOVEMBER 1848]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 523. *Date:* 13 Nov according to Forster.

Proposing to repeat the Salisbury Plain idea[†3] in a new direction in mid-winter, to wit, Blackgang Chine[†4] in the Isle of Wight, with dark winter cliffs and roaring oceans.[†5]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Fifteenth November 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I kept the paper until I had an opportunity of ascertaining whether the Chapman signature was *my* Chapman. This house is cousin to *my* house.[†1] Having discovered so much, I return the document as you request.

I was at Shepherd's Bush yesterday Evening, and went carefully over the Mark Papers already filled up, with Miss Cunliffe. She seems to understand the system very well indeed, and I hope it will be productive of excellent results.

The great thing to avoid, and the danger towards which I certainly think we rather tend at present, is the being too grim and gloomy.

Miss Cunliffe thinks it would be well for her to select some little things from Wordsworth,[†2] and some from Crabbe,[†3] to read to them. Have you any objection to the introduction of these books, subject to her selection? I think the library might be extended, in this direction, with great advantage. All people who have led hazardous and forbidden lives are, in a certain sense, imaginative; and if their imaginations are not filled with good things, they will choke them, for themselves, with bad ones.

Mr. Wardley came to me yesterday to say that Mr. Duffy[†4] (whom he represents as the impersonation of glowing disinterestedness) is anxious to "finish off" those young women who are likely to go soon; and that he would gladly, without any additional charge, extend *their* evening lessons by two or three hours a week. Will you let me know what I shall reply? I incline to the impression that it would

interfere with other pursuits, without being attended with a counterbalancing advantage; but of course you only can decide.

The Haunted Man says he thinks he will want a little fresh air shortly. I think of taking him down to Brighton next week for ten days or so, and putting an end to him.[†5]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 15 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Mr C. V. Bliss.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Fifteenth November | 1848.

My Dear Stanny

I heard you were in Wales, but thought you were at Cwymllrwyndeniswymllestevodd

ap mweddyslwynn—for the scenery in that little village is very fine.

A thousand thanks for your kindest of notes.

I am afraid of the leg of mutton, as I am working all day at my second part,[†1] which bothers me rather. But on Saturday *evening,* at from 7 to 8, I'll come up, and look at you on that sofa, where my fancy pictures you as a kind of old commodore, a gouty old commodore, a tough old commodore, a jolly old commodore, he—&c!

In the meantime I send you my proof of the first part of the extraordinary tale in question.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Eighteenth November 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I return you the enclosed letter, which seems very promising and satisfactory. Between the Government and the Company,[†2] I hope we shall soon get this knot untied.

The poor Courier is as comfortable and contented as it is possible for man to be. He recovered very considerably during the first two or three days, but, after that, began to go back a little. These changes of

weather, I imagine, are very much against that kind of complaint. But better attention or greater kindness, he could not (thanks to you) by any possibility receive.

I had a very kind letter from Dr. Wilson who admitted him, and expressed warm interest in him—and I have no doubt I shall be told if he seem to grow much worse.

The haunted man won't do something I want him to do—or at least nothing would induce him to do it until this morning, when he suddenly seemed to become more tractable.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN LEECH, 18 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Eighteenth November | 1848.

My Dear Leech.

Do it[†1] *by all means.*

I am going up to Stanfield tonight, and will communicate with you again, when I know what he intends to take for his subjects.[†2]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 19 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address: Wait.* | John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Morning | November Nineteenth | 1848.

My Dear Leech.

All work and no play makes Jack (Leech) a dull boy.—

I have a propogician.

I want to go to Brighton tomorrow. Will you come—returning at night? Fast Mail leaves at 10. We could breakfast here at twenty minutes before 9, and have a delicious day's walk on the margin of the briny. The impulse to exertion next day would be absolutely terrific—I have no doubt you would smash the haunted man, out of hand.

"Reply, reply, RE-[†3]ply!"

[Old Tone[†4] dines here today, by the bye, at 5—in case there should be any indispensable necessity for conference between us, in regard of the H.M.]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 19 NOVEMBER [1848]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Mention of the trip to Brighton, supported by handwriting and form of "CD", makes it clear that this was a second letter written on 19 Nov 48. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth November

My Dear Leech.

I am finishing part 2 (very strikingly I hope—ahem!) and will wait at home 'till you come, when I am going up to Topham's (will you?) to look at a picture

he is making for me.[†1] I dispatch this, express, *to ask you to entreat Lemon to go to Brighton with us.*

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 NOVEMBER 1848]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 508-9. *Date:* 21 Nov according to Forster.

You must suppose that the Ghost's saving clause[†2] gives him those glimpses without which it would be impossible to carry out the idea. Of course my point is that bad and good are inextricably linked in remembrance, and that you could not choose the enjoyment of recollecting only the good. To have all the best of it you must remember the worst also. My intention in the other point you mention is, that he should not know himself how he communicates the gift, whether by look or touch; and that it should diffuse itself in its own way in each case. I can make this clearer by a very few lines in the second part.[†3] It is not only necessary to be so, for the variety of the story, but I think it makes the thing wilder and stranger.

To FRANK STONE, 21 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Twenty First November | 1848.

My Dear Stone

I send you, herewith, the second part[†4] of the book, which I hope may interest you. If you should prefer to have it read to you by the Inimitable, rather than to read it, I shall be at home this evening (loin of mutton at ½ past 5) and happy to do it.

The proofs are full of printers' errors, but with the few corrections I have scrawled upon it, you will be able to make out what they mean.

I send you, on the opposite side, a list of the subjects already in hand for this second part. If you should see no other in it that you like[†5] (I think it important

that you should keep Milly, as you have begun with her) I will, in a day or two, describe you an unwritten subject from the third part of the book.[†1]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Subjects in hand, for the second part.

1. Illuminated page.[†2] Tenniel. Representing Redlaw going upstairs, and the Tetterby family below.
2. The Tetterby supper.[†3] Leech.
3. The boy, in Redlaw's room, munching his food, and staring at the fire.[†4]

To JOHN LEECH, 22 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* With a Stick. | John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second November 1848.

My Dear Leech.

I send the stick with this.

Your illustrations in the second part will be, I suppose, the Tetterby family and the boy at the fire. Unless anything else should strike you particularly, these would "do", I think. But speed is now of *transcendant importance.*[†5]

I am going to the Bedford at Brighton, today. Early next week, I will describe the large illustration of the dinner to you.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To ROBERT SCANLAN,[†6] 22 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second November 1848.

My Dear Sir

I beg to enclose you a formal recommendation[†7] which, if you desire it to be amended in any respect, I shall be most happy to alter.

With the best wishes for your success, Believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Scanlan Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 22 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second November 1848.

My Dear Stone.

I am off today to the Bedford Hotel, Brighton.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 22 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address* (envelope, MS Mr N. C. Peyrouton): Thomas Chapman Esquire | 14 Montague Place | Bryanston Square | London. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton | Wednesday Night
Twenty Second November 1848.

My Dear Sir

Mrs. Dickens and I have been often talking of late about one theme. You will be amused when I mention it, I dare say, and will think this an odd sort of beginning. The question has been whether we should ask you to come to breakfast with us in Devonshire Terrace, on the day of Augustus' Marriage.[†1]

At last, coming down here to finish my little Christmas book, I have resolved to write, and using that privilege of friendship which I am sure I *may* use with you, ask you whether I *shall* ask you, or not?

I need not say that I know it would be, in the highest degree, gratifying to Augustus if you were present on an occasion so important to him, and it is as needless for me to add that your coming would give Mrs. Dickens and me a new interest in a little party in which we are almost strangers, as it is mainly composed of his young wife's relations.[†2] But I feel it so probable that it might be inconvenient or tiresome to you, or that there may be very rational and necessary considerations to render it "unbusiness-like" (I use the phrase for want of a better) in reference to so young a man engaged in your house, that I feel the plain course as between you and me is to do just what I do now.

Your coming would please me *extremely*, but I should wish it to please you too, and I feel confident that you will use no reserve with me, if I use none on my part.[†1]

I cannot let this opportunity pass, without assuring you that I am deeply sensible of your extraordinary kindness to Augustus, and that your interest and your friendly consideration are warmly appreciated by me, and have, from the time of our first communication in reference to him, impressed me in the strongest manner.

Ever My Dear Sir | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 23 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Brighton | Thursday Night | November Twenty Third 1848.

My Dear Stone

We are unanimous.

The drawing of Milly on the chair, is *charming*.[†2] I cannot tell you how much the little composition and expression please me. Do that, by all means.

—I fear she must have a little cap on.[†3] There is something coming in the last part, about her having had a dead child, which makes it yet more desirable than the existing text does, that she should have that little matronly sign about her.—Unless the artist is obdurate indeed, and then he'll do as he likes.

I am delighted to hear that you have your eye on her in the Student's room.[†4] You will really, pictorially, make the little woman whom I love.[†5]

Kate and Georgy send their kindest remembrances. I write hastily to save the Post.

Ever My Dear Stone | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire.

To LEIGH HUNT, 26 NOVEMBER 1848

MS British Museum. On mourning paper.

[†a]If I could think of the "KINDEST" WORD[†1] in the language, I'd put it here, to begin with[†a]

Bedford Hotel, Brighton | Sunday 26th. November 1848.

My Dear Hunt.

I grieve to say that such a performance[†2] is impracticable.

Firstly, because if I played at all, to get money, I am bound and pledged to play for another purpose.

Secondly, because such a proceeding would not be well judged in reference to yourself, and would not—I believe most confidently—succeed.

On the first point, I write by the card, and with no sort of honorable escape. On the second, I have such a strong opinion (not lightly taken up) that I think Forster—for example—would form the same instantly, on the same premises, and hold it to be fatal.[†3]

I write this as openly as you ask me, as to the letter, and, believe me, as heartily and cordially as you can possibly imagine, in the spirit.

Ever My Dear Hunt | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 27 NOVEMBER 1848

MS Dr A. Wilhelm. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton | Twenty Seventh November 1848.
Monday Night

My Dear Stone

You are a

TRUMP;[†4]
emphatically,
a
TRUMP![†5]

—And such are my feeling[†6] towards you at this moment, that I think (but I am

not sure) that if I saw you about to place a card on a wrong pack at—Bibeck (?)[†1]—I wouldn't breathe a word of objection.[†2]

Sir, there is a subject I have written today for the third part, that I think and hope will just suit you. Scene Tetterbys. Time, morning. The power of bringing back people's memories of sorrow, wrong, and trouble, has been given by the Ghost to Milly—though she don't know it herself. As she comes along the street, Mr. and Mrs. Tetterby recover themselves, and,[†3] are mutually affectionate again, and embrace—closing *rather* a good scene of quarrel and discontent. The moment they do so, Johnny (who has seen her in the distance and announced her before; from which moment they have begun to recover) cries "Here she is!"—and she comes in, surrounded by the little Tetterbys, the very spirit of morning, gladness, innocence, hope, love, domesticity, &c &c &c &c

I would limit the illustration to her and the children, which will make a fitness between it and your other illustrations, and give them all a character of their own. The exact words of the passage, I inclose on another slip of paper. Note. There are six boy Tetterbys present (young 'Dolphus is not there) including Johnny; and in Johnny's arms is Moloch the baby, who is a girl.

I hope to be back in town, next Monday, and will lose no time in reporting myself to you. Don't wait to send me the drawing of this. I know how pretty she will be with the children, in your hands, and should be a stupendous Jackass if I had any distrust of it.[†4]

The Duke of Cambridge[†5] (do you know the man?) is staying in this house, and its his daughter's[†6] birthday, and they are driving me mad by having Life Guards' Bands under the windows, playing *our* overtures!!![†7]—I have been at work all day, and am going to wander into the Theatre,[†8] where (for the Comic Man's[†9] benefit) "two gentlemen of Brighton" are performing two Counts in a Melo Drama.[†10] I am quite addle-headed for the time being, and think an Amateur[†11] or so would revive me.

—No, Tone! I don't in the abstract approve of Brighton—I couldn't pass an Autumn here—but its a gay place for a week or so—and when one laughs, and cries, and suffers the agitation that some men experience over their books, it's a bright change to look out of window and see the gilt little toys on horseback going up and down before the mighty sea and thinking nothing of it.

Kate's love—and Georgy's. They say you'll contradict every word of this letter!—

Faithfully Ever

CD.

[†a]"Hurray! Here's Mrs. William!" cried Johnny.

So she was, and all the Tetterby children with her; and, as she came in, they kissed her, and kissed one another, and kissed the baby, and kissed their father and mother, and then ran back and flocked and danced about her, trooping on with her in triumph.[†a]

———

(After which she is going to say, "What! Are *you* all glad to see me too. Oh! How happy it makes me to find every one so glad to see me this bright morning")[†1]

To MARK LEMON, 28 NOVEMBER 1848

Text from MDGH, I, 203-4.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton, Nov. 28th, 1848.

My Dear Mark,

I assure you, most unaffectedly and cordially, that the dedication of that book[†2] to Mary and *Kate* (not Catherine) will be a real delight to me, and to all of us. I know well that you propose it in "affectionate regard,"[†3] and value and esteem it, therefore, in a way not easy of expression.

You were talking of "coming" down, and now, in a mean and dodging way, you write about "sending" the second act![†4] I have a propogician to make. Come down on Friday. There is a train leaves London Bridge at two—gets here at four. By that time I shall be ready to strike work. We can take a little walk, dine, discuss, and you can go back in good time next morning. I really think this ought to be done, and indeed MUST be done. Write and say it shall be done.

A little management will be required in dramatising the third part, where there are some things I *describe* (for effect's sake, and as a matter of art) which must be *said* on the stage.[†5] Redlaw is in a new condition of mind, which fact

must be shot point-blank at the audience, I suppose, "as from the deadly level of a gun."[†1] By anybody who knew how to play Milly,[†2] I think it might be made very good. Its effect is very pleasant upon me. I have also given Mr. and Mrs. Tetterby another innings.

I went to the play last night—fifth act of Richard the Third.[†3] Richmond by a stout *lady*,[†4] with a particularly well-developed bust, who finished all the speeches with the soubrette simper. Also, at the end of the tragedy she came forward (still being Richmond) and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, on Wednesday next the entertainments will be for *My* benefit, when I hope to meet your approbation and support."[†5] Then, having bowed herself into the stage-door, she looked out of it, and said, winningly, "Won't you come?" which was enormously applauded.

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 29 NOVEMBER 1848

Text from typescript, Huntington Library. *Address:* clearly to one of the staff of Bradbury & Evans: probably the head printer or the accountant Mr Joyce.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton. | Twenty Ninth November 1848.

Dear Sir,

Allow me to acknowledge the safe receipt of your note of hand,[†6] and to thank you for it.

Also to return your little document, with my signature attached.[†7]

I have kept back the earlier proofs of the book, as it is possible that I may desire to insert a few lines which are not there now, or to render them a little plainer; and I should wish you to have it in its completest state.

You shall certainly not publish before the 18th *at the earliest*,[†8] and I hope by next Wednesday's post[†9] to send you all the little book.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?AUTUMN 1848]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Initials suggest late Autumn 1848.

Devonshire T. | Thursday

Dear Mac.

Forster dines here today at ½ past 5. Will you dine with us? I mean to leave off, and go out for a ride—*now*. Will you come with us? Kate waits, and will bring you to me.

In haste | Always
CD

December

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 1 DECEMBER 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel Brighton | Friday First December 1848.

My Dear Bradbury.

I finished last night, having been crying my eyes out over it—not painfully but pleasantly as I hope the readers will—these last three days.

On getting your letter this morning at breakfast, I should have run up, straightaway, if the trains had been convenient. As they were not, however, and as I shall be all the better, I dare say, for a country walk, I send you this parcel.

Enclosed in it, is a note for Leech—explaining that not knowing how his time may serve, I have given the dinner subject to Stanfield. Enclosed also, is a note for Stanfield himself, which if you can put yourself in a Cab and give him (he is sure to be at home, for he has a bad leg) will do the business. You will then hear from him, at once, when he will have it ready for the engraver.

Stone's third subject,[†1] is in the third part.

I keep the Copy back, to read to Lemon (for theatrical purposes) when he comes tonight. But I will send it to you, either by tonight's post, or by an early parcel. My proofs of the two first parts, you shall have by Lemon tomorrow. My corrections had better be made, and then the fresh proof go to Mr. Forster for the usual corrections. I will arrange with him for their being immediately done, as I have promised Tauchnitz of Leipzig[†2] proofs by Tuesday or Wednesday next.[†3]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, [1 DECEMBER 1848]

Mention in next.

To JOHN LEECH, 1 DECEMBER 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel Brighton | First December 1848.

My Dear Leech.

I send this letter up, in a parcel to Whitefriars, to be immediately sent on to you.

You will have a rough proof of the third part, I have no doubt, tomorrow night. The time being so very pressing, and you so pressed, I have thought it best (acting, I hope, as you would have me) to write to Stanfield and ask him if *he* will do that dinner in the old hall, to conclude with.[†1] If done at all, it will necessarily be a very full subject, for which I fear you would not have leisure. Anything else in the third part is free from illustration, except Milly surrounded by the children, which Stone has done. Bradbury told me that you wished to do some comedy. You will find plenty of bits, I trust, in connexion with the Tetterby family.[†2]

I write so hurriedly that I have hardly time to send Kate's and Georgy's love to Mrs. Leech, and add all cordial remembrances from myself.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To WILLIAM SAWYER,[†3] 1 DECEMBER 1848*

MS University of Texas. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton | First December 1848.

Sir

I should reproach myself very much, for not having answered your cordial and acceptable letter, sooner, but that I believe and hope my excuse will present itself to you in a sufficient and not unwelcome form, about Christmas time. I have been closely occupied, since I have been in Brighton, with the completion of my forthcoming little book: the last portion of which, I came here to write. And I have written nothing else, or I should have written to you.

I thank you, very earnestly indeed, for your unaffected assurance of interest and regard—which I so far deserve, that I can never feel indifferent to such a communication, and never fail to regard it as among the best honors that a writer can win. I have found such correspondents as you (I thank God) in every part of the world in which I have been; but the happiness of finding them is as new to me as ever.

Accept my thanks and good wishes, and believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. William Sawyer.

To FRANK STONE, [5 DECEMBER 1848]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Augustus Dickens was married on 5 Dec 48. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Stone

I paid immediate attention to your letter.

Augustus is married, this morning. If I come round to you about 4, will you walk up to Jack Straw's castle at Hampstead, with me, and have a chop. I will then read you the third part. I propose Hampstead instead of this place, as I think it probable that some of my very affectionate relations may hold on here, as long as there is anything to drink—and my only chance of certain escape is to rush madly out.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 6 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixth December 1848.

Dear Sir

I shall be glad to receive the balance due on the last halfyear's account, at your convenience.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To A. R. DE MONTARCIS,[†1] 7 DECEMBER 1848

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
7 December 1848.

Monsieur.

J'ai ete à la campagne depuis quelques semaines, et je n'ai que sur l'instant reçu votre billet.

Le plan que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me proposer, m'a eté dejà suggeré deux ou trois fois— mais, comme je n'ai pas assez de loisir pour entreprendre la revision d'une traduction de mes livres, et comme il y auraient (j'ai peur) plusiers difficultés mechaniques, à propos de leur publication a Londres et a Paris en meme temps, je les ai toujours decliné, avec ma reconnaissance et mes remerçiements.[†2]

Reçevez Monsieur, l'assurance de ma consideration distinguée

CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur de Montarcis

To MARK LEMON, 7 DECEMBER 1848

Text from *Letters to Mark Lemon by CD,* ed. T. J. Wise, p. 9.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday, Seventh December, 1848.

My Dear Lemon

I shall hope to see you at half past Six. I have just done a short notice for Forster,[†1] and will go through the account immediately.

Ever affectionately

To TOM TAYLOR, 7 DECEMBER 1848

Mention in Sotheran catalogue, Mar 1907; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 7 Dec 48.

To FRANK STONE, [?10 DECEMBER 1848]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Mourning paper, "Ever affecy" and stroke—not flourish—under "CD", suggest late 1848 or early 1849. The reference is probably to the dramatized *Haunted Man*; perhaps written the Sunday after 5 Dec, when he invited Stone to walk to Hampstead with him. On mourning paper.

Sunday Morning

My Dear Stone

You intimated the other night at Hampstead, that you would like to see the meeting of the actors and actresses,[†2] who I believe will all be here tonight, except the Keans[†3] and Miss Woolgar[†4] who dine with Horace Twiss.[†5] I didn't pursue the subject, really having a selfish apprehension that you would grow tired of the book.[†6] But as you called last night, possibly with some idea of asking when the assemblage was to come off, I write to say at *¼ before 7 tonight.* If you come, I shall be delighted.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 12 DECEMBER 1848

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Twelfth December | 1848.

My Dear Beard

I want to ask you a question. Will you give me a call as you go by, tomorrow morning, on your way to Shoe Lane[†1] and the great Propagater?[†2]

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To CHARLES MANBY, 12 DECEMBER 1848

Text from *The Outlook,* XXXII (1913), 467.

Devonshire Terrace Twelfth December 1848 | Tuesday.

My Dear Sir

I am much indebted to you for your note. I do not regard the Mosaic Arab[†3] in question,[†4] as an important person, but any breach of faith is most important, and into that, I must enquire narrowly.

I have already instituted a searching investigation at the theatres where my suspicion mainly lies, notwithstanding that we enforce the greatest caution throughout the establishment. May I ask you (for this is very necessary for me to know) to ascertain from Mr. Webster whether the Mosaic Arab implied to him that he knew the story[†5] from having read it, or from having heard about it—and whether he appeared to know what its conclusion was.

You may rely on my not compromising you or Mr. Webster in the least degree, without your own authority. I do not consider that it will be at all needful for me to ask it.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire.

To ALEXANDER MAXWELL,[†6] 13 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Private. *Address:* Alexander Maxwell Esquire | Watt Institution | Dundee. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thirteenth December | 1848.

Sir

I regret that my engagements render it quite impossible for me to have the

honor and gratification of accepting the invitation of the Directors of the Dundee Watt Institution.[†1]

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Alex: Maxwell Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 13 DECEMBER 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire | 11 Bouverie Street. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Thirteenth Decr. | 1848.

My Dear Lemon.

I have cut out the Phantom scene, and now return it.

I see no objection to the Stage darkening whenever the change takes place, but I don't think it would do to shew the Phantom. I think it would involve an absurdity in reference to the prevailing idea of the book, and, †atheatrically,†a would destroy the effect of Redlaw's appeal for supernatural help at †bthe end of†b the second act, and of the Phantom's reappearance at the beginning of the third. I think it would be better to darken the stage for the moment, and let them speak through some very short and low fragment of the strain that runs through the piece. We might try this on Saturday?

—By what fatality is it, that you still use the uncorrected proofs? The sheet I return, has not got in it those breaks which I inserted expressly to make the scene clearer on the Stage.

I shall be at Bouverie Street at 2 today, and when I leave there, will walk home by the Strand, on the Bouverie Street side of the way—so that, if there should be anything you want to see me upon, we may be provided with a locus in quo.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MARK LEMON, [?13 DECEMBER 1848]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* probably written same evening as last, referring to Manby's note acknowledged the previous day. Signature supports. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Lemon

Here is another letter from Manby (in which Webster's account is obviously absurd) whereof you can tell B and E as much or as little as you like. I send it to you, mainly because of what he says about Phillips,†2 whom (if I don't like the caste there) I shall certainly *not* look after, nor any body else of that unholy brotherhood.†3

Ever affecy.

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 13 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth December | 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I enclose you the little book.†1 It will not be published until next Tuesday.

And I hope you will not like it less, when you come to read it quietly.†2

Ever Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR JAMES A. WILSON, 13 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Mrs Humphry House. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth December 1848. | Wednesday

My Dear Sir

Roche is very anxious that I should ask you "whether you think him well enough to undertake the journey to his own country, and whether you think the climate would be favorable to his disorder". I turn his own words into English. He says he knows he is very ill, but that he makes bold to solicit me to ask you what you really think on this head, as a friend of his is going to set out for Nice this week, and it would be a great protection and comfort to him if he could take advantage of such company.[†3]

I will not ask you to forgive my troubling you, for that would be to distrust your kindness.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Wilson.

To GEORGE HOGARTH, 15 DECEMBER 1848

MS John Rylands Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Fifteenth December | 1848.

My Dear Hogarth.

I am delighted to find that you like the little book (which comes to you with this)[†4] so well. I confess that I have been much impressed by the notion myself, and that it has affected me uncommonly in the working out. I have no doubt of its doing me good with thoughtful readers.[†5]

We have subscriptions and orders already, for 16,000 copies.

I quite concur with you about the dramatizing. But in the accursed state of the law on this subject, I have no power to prevent it; and therefore I think it best to have at least one Theatre where it is done in a less Beastly manner than at others, and where I can impress *something* (however little) on the actors. This I can only do, by giving one the start of the rest of the base pack,—and so it comes to pass.[†1]

Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN BANVARD,[†2] 16 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Minnesota Historical Society. *Address:* Private | John Banvard Esquire | Mississippi Panorama Exhibition | Egyptian Hall | Piccadilly. On mourning paper.

Private

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixteenth December 1848.

Sir.

You were so good as to send me a card of admission to the private view of †athe result of† your extraordinary perseverance and energy. I could not avail myself of it, being out of town at the time; but I have since visited the Exhibition,†3 and in thanking you for your remembrance of me, cannot refrain from saying that I was in the highest degree interested and pleased by your picture—by its truthfulness—by your account of it—by its remarkable characteristics—by the striking and original manner in which the scenes it represents, are plainly presented to the spectator. Accept my best wishes for your success in England.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—— Banvard Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 18 DECEMBER 1848

Extracts in Walter M. Hill catalogue No. 16 (Dec 1905); *MS* 3 pp.; dated Adelphi Theatre, 18 Dec 48.

Monday, Eighteenth December, 1848

Dear Sir,

I have attended the rehearsal of the Haunted Man this morning and am quite persuaded and convinced that if you bring the piece out tomorrow night, it will not succeed . . . slovenly and imperfect state in which this version is . . . will disappoint the public and you too . . . I think it right to send you this opinion and to urge you to reconsider the matter.†1

To THOMAS BEARD, 19 DECEMBER 1848

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night | Nineteenth December 1848.

My Dear Beard

A thousand thanks for your kind letter—a proof to me (if I needed any; which I don't) of your hearty and affectionate interest in the inimitable B.†2 I feel such things more than most men, I am sure—and am, so far, worthy of them. This is the best thing I *can* say, in the way of thanks to *you.*

The Haunted Man has sold at this minute (being published this morning)

18,000[†3]

! ! !

I am gravely devising a small dinner of those concerned with him.[†4] Further particulars anon. I shall call upon you to occupy your Dombey place on the occasion, my buck. So, as Captain Cuttle says, Stand by!

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 DECEMBER 1848†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Nineteenth December | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am only able to answer your letter this afternoon, for [†a]I discovered yesterday that barbarous murder was being done upon me at the Adelphi, and was fain to go down there and pass the day in bettering their interpretation of my haunted friend.[†a] I was down there at 10 this morning with the same view, and have been there all day. And as [†b]every word the actors say, is a rack to me,[†b] I am sure you will forgive my being so occupied.

After another day's torture, I will call on you tomorrow, at from 3 o'Clock to ½ past 3, and take my chance of finding you at home.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, [?20 DECEMBER 1848]*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library. *Date:* Mention of the "Dombeys" strongly suggests 1848; probably the Wednesday after 13 Dec, when he sent Mrs Watson a copy of *The Haunted Man* for herself.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday

My Dear Mrs. Watson

In a violent hurry, I send you the parcel. I am afraid it looks large. It contains a Xmas Book for Cerjat—another for Haldimand; a Dombey for Mrs. Cerjat;[†1] a ditto for Haldimand.

How I wish I could contradict him.

I enclose a tremendous Document that I know interests you.[†2]

My love to your lord | Ever Dear Mrs. Watson
Yours very faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second December 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness, but I remembered, walking home last night (I always forget such things at the time—especially in the mortification of defeat) that I am obliged to go out to dinner tomorrow.

Otherwise nothing would have pleased me better, than to have gone to Exeter Hall with your party.[†1]

I will call on Monday—no; that's Christmas Day—on Tuesday—about your lunch-time. Eton is an assumption of Mr. King's, founded on my entreaty to him about a peculiar mode he has, of teaching the Latin Grammar.[†2] I have no doubt whatever, that Harrow is a better school for a boy who has to live, in after-years, by his own exertions.[†3]

I shall take another look at Nautical presently. I begin to think there *must* be an o in it—and I am quite sure there's an e. A very little would induce me to believe in a z.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night, Twenty Second Decr. | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts

As I am going to Holloway on Sunday, and as Tuesday (which I forgot this morning) is our Committee Day at Shepherd's Bush, I will take my chance of finding you at home tomorrow, at 3.

I am amazed that none of us (especially you) thought of Zodiacal.[†5] It only shews how many words *may* be found out!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES HERBERT, 22 DECEMBER 1848

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, 30 Nov 1931; dated 22 Dec 48.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third December 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Not to hurry you home today, I will come on Tuesday at 2.—I don't know

why, but I took it for granted that it was an absolute impossibility that Stratton Street and the Committee could by any means be united.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 27 DECEMBER 1848

MS Private; seen before destruction in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace
Wednesday December Twenty Seventh | 1848.

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your considerate note. An occasion has arisen to prevent my coming into the City this morning, but I will take my chance of finding you between 1 and 2 tomorrow.

It has occurred to me that you can give me some advice and direction, in reference to a point connected with "Miss Coutts's Home" at Shepherd's Bush.[†1] Which is the reason of my troubling you.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Morning
December Twenty Seventh | 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you the Australian Documents,[†2] of which I have made a sufficient Memorandum for our other purpose.[†3]

Faithfully Yours ever

To JOHN LEECH, 29 DECEMBER 1848

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Ninth Decr. | 1848.

My Dear Leech.

I should like to have a walk. Also a talk, about going out of town. Don't you think we might improve upon the Isle of Wight,[†1] and find out some other place where there is something to see, and where Men resort?[†2] I am going to take down the beauties of England and Wales presently (in 30 Vols thick 8^{0})[†3] and look over them.

Let me know tomorrow, what you say to Monday. Anywhere, or any hour—all one to Yours ever

CD.

To W. P. FRITH, [30 DECEMBER 1848]

Mention in next.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 30 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Thirtieth December | 1848.

My Dear Sir

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your note and the payment of the balance of the Midsummer Account into Coutts's.[†4] For both of which, I am much obliged.

Don't take the trouble of getting the engraving you speak of. I have written to Mr. Frith this morning, to ask him how the case stands. I will send you his reply.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To MRS GAWTHROP,[†5] 30 DECEMBER 1848*

MS The Subunso-Book Store, Japan. *Address* (envelope, MS private): Mrs. Gawthrop | Hawkshead | near | Ambleside. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park

Thirtieth December 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Gawthrop, and regrets

that he cannot comply with her request, as he has already set aside his vote for another deserving and melancholy case.[†1]

To MR TAYLOR,[†2] 30 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Mr. H. E. Quick. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Thirtieth December 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Taylor, and begs to thank him for his very obliging letter and apt quotation.

To JOHN FORSTER, [31 DECEMBER 1848]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 523. *Date:* "on the last day of the year" according to Forster.

It would be better[†3] to make an outburst to some old cathedral city we don't know, and what do you say to Norwich and Stanfield-hall?[†4]

To FRANK STONE, 31 DECEMBER 1848*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First December 1848.

My Dear "Tone".

I send you the works of an obscure Writer, of our acquaintance, with all cordial wishes for your happiness through many succeeding years.

By some ingenious mistake in the region of Whitefriars, I find that the set does not comprize the Christmas Books. I will instruct the Binder to remedy this mistake, and send them straight to you, when ready in their new coats.

Ever Affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire.

To [THOMASINA ROSS], [DECEMBER 1848]

Extract in S. J. Davey's catalogue, 1889. *Address:* clearly to Thomasina Ross, translator of *El Buscapié* (see below). *Date:* Thomasina Ross had no doubt sent CD her translation in book-form, published Dec 48 (see below).

I thank you very cordially for your kind recollection of me. I look forward to putting my feet on the fender to-night and thoroughly enjoying a prodigious cold in the head, and El Buscapie[†1] together.

It is comfortable to see this portrait of Cervantes.[†2] It strikes me that the former one[†3] must be a true likeness of the rash and miserable man who produced a second part of Don Quixote,[†4] and that his unworthy visage has come to be confounded in the mind of some collector with that of our immortal friend.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?LATE 1848]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Signature suggests late 1848.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evg.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am always for the promptest measures—and I suppose made you laugh by my ferocity.

I could call on you tomorrow afternoon at a quarter past four. If I don't hear from you, I will come then.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC TOLFREY,[†5] [?LATE 1848]

Mention in *To* Blewitt, 5 Feb 49. *Date:* On 5 Feb 49 CD told Blewitt that Tolfrey had written him two "very defiant epistles", and that he had replied to the first. Late 1848 is perhaps likelier than early 1849.

Concerning Tolfrey's application for help from the Royal Literary Fund.

To THE REV. CHARLES B. DALTON,[†1] [?LATE 1848]*

MS (fragment) Mr James M. Osborn. *Date:* Possible reference to Miss Coutts's gift in July 48 (see below) suggests later in same year. Handwriting supports.

reference to Southwark generally, that I have already forwarded a similar sum to the Magistrate at the Southwark Police Office.[†2]

With many thanks for your attention

I remain Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Charles B Dalton.

1849

January

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE,[†3] 2 JANUARY 1849*

MS Mr George Howard. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Second January 1849.

My Dear Lord Carlisle.

I *must* tell you what pleasure I have had in the receipt of your pleasantest of letters, and how highly I esteem your affectionate frankness.

[†a]Here follows my defence.[†a]

William Swidger's catchword,[†4] I give up. The temptation to intemperance in that wise, in a little book, where it is very difficult to mark the individuality of the characters, is great. We were merry about it here, too, because it is taken from a servant of ours, who invariably gives me that reply—and the more profoundly ignorant he is of what I speak of, the more earnest he makes it.

As the inventor of this sort of story, I may be allowed to plead that I think a little dreaminess and vagueness essential to its effect. I am greatly mistaken if the points that *do* tell, as they stand, would not be weakened without it. But the introduction of such a quality into any of my longer books, is what I never thought of in the remotest manner, and is something that I contemplate with a perfect shock. If it be there, it can only be because of my having taken great pains and thought about the subject in all its lights and shades. I shall set a close watch upon myself in future.

The process of my mind in the construction of such a picture as the opening one of twilight, is one incessant process of *rejection*. I bring it down to that, by working at it very slowly, and with infinite pains—rejecting things, day after day, as they come into my thoughts, and whipping the cream of them. But the heaping up of that quantity of shadows, I hold to be absolutely necessary, as a preparation to the appearance of the dark shadow of the Chemist.[†5] People will

take anything for granted, in the Arabian Nights or the Persian Tales, but they won't walk out of Oxford Street, or the Market place of a county town, directly into the presence of a Phantom, albeit an allegorical one. And I believe it to be as essential that they come at that spectre through such a preparation of gathering gloom and darkness, as it would be for them to go through some such ordeal, in reality, before they could get up a private Ghost of their own.

—As the Counsel for the Prisoner says—"That is my case my Lud."

Mrs. Dickens can't understand why you should expect to be treated as Johnny was by Mr. Tetterby,[†1] except on the principle of Mr. Tetterby's having boxed the ears of the wrong boy.[†2] It is a very just view of the case, I think.

I know you will be glad to hear that the little book has been a wonderful success. And I know you will believe me when I add that your earnestness and cordiality are stored away in my breast, among the most cherished associations connected with it.

Dear Lord Carlisle | Yours ever faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

The Earl of Carlisle.

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 2 JANUARY 1849*

MS Bodleian Library. *Address:* Private | Mr. Ellis | Bedford Hotel | Brighton. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Second January 1849.

Dear Mr. Ellis

Many thanks to you for the paté,—which arrived quite safely and in admirable condition, last night, and is most acceptable, both for your sake and its own.

I have been much amused by your description of your unsatisfactory state of mind and its causes and cure. You will be glad to hear that the little book is an immense success, and that we have not been able to print it fast enough.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 2 JANUARY 1849

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Second January | 1849.

My Dear Tom Moore[†4]—(I mean Lemon—but the verses have confused me—)

I fear I shall not be able to come to Drury Lane[†5] in any reasonable time, for I have an appointment this evening, to which I must attend. But I will go to

Offleys[†1]—at about half past 10 or from that to 11—and, in the dining room, either find or expect you.

Ever Heartily
CD.

To L. C. MARTIN,[†2] 3 JANUARY 1849

Text in N, II, 141, checked from MS Sotheby's, July 1972. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Third January 1849.

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for the proofs you had the kindness to send me, yesterday.[†3] The drawings of course appear to greater advantage in such a form, but I think—all things considered—that they have been *very well* rendered in the book, and especially the frontispiece.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

L. C. Martin Esquire

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 4 JANUARY 1849*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourth January 1849.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to learn from your obliging note, that I have only attended the General Committee[†4] once, since the March Election.[†5] On Wednesday next, I shall be out of town, and I fear I cannot by any means get back in time to attend the Committee on that day, and save my seat.[†6]

I was under the impression that my requisite number of attendances within

the year, was not only completed, but exceeded. I presume, however, that I have been erroneously calculating from last January instead of from March.

My ceasing to be a Member of the Committee is so far from being intentional on my part, that I shall hope to be re-elected at some future time, and shall feel obliged to you if you will find some means of expressing my regret to the Committee, and assuring them of my humble interest in the Society.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To CHARLES MANBY, 4 JANUARY 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth January 1849.

My Dear Sir

You can, if you please, at your perfect convenience, pay the £100 for the Christmas Book permission,[†1] to my account at Coutts's.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 5 JANUARY [1849]

Extract in Kingston Galleries catalogue No. 32; dated 5 Jan 48 according to catalogue; presumably misdated by CD by a year, like letters of early 1848; on obtaining the Family Bible (now in Dickens House), CD entered in it (clearly all at the same time, since ink and writing are identical) the births of his first eight children, ending with Henry Fielding Dickens, born 16 Jan 49. Addressee's name erased in salutation and subscription cut away, according to catalogue.

Can you get me . . . [any][†2] account of the Cenci family[†3] in connexion with the history of the unfortunate and beautiful[†4] . . .? I have promised to lend the history and I find that I haven't got it. I also want, according to your judgment and . . . convenience, the best Family Bible, large, plain in type, and bound.

To CHARLES MANBY, 6 JANUARY 1849

MS Harvard College Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth January 1849.

My Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge, with thanks to you, the receipt of £100—the sum agreed to be paid by the Managers of the Adelphi Theatre for permission to play the dramatized version of the Haunted Man, by Mr. Lemon, as by my sanction, and in advance of any other Theatre.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire

To THE POSTMASTER OF NORWICH, [8 JANUARY 1849]

Mention in next.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 8 JANUARY 1849

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park | London. On mourning paper.

Norwich | January Eighth 1849.

My Dearest Kate. I have had a miserably bad night's rest, and am rather seedy in consequence this morning, but hope to be improved by a ride to Stanfield Hall[†1] (9 miles off) and afterwards to Yarmouth, whither we are going this afternoon. I have written to the Post Master here, directing him to send your letter on to me.

We had a very tedious and cold journey down, only improved by the Sparkler's conversational powers. Wright[†2] and Bedford[†3] were in the train, going down to see a young man at Bishop Storford,[†4] newly come into property and portwine, bequeathed him by an uncle. Mr. Mellon[†5] the Musical Director of the Adelphi was with them, and one Mr. Bellingham[†6] of the Lyceum. The host himself, who came down to the station to receive them, made up a picture that I never saw surpassed. It was so evident that his late uncle's gifts wouldn't last long—

and that he would be imbecile with his own port in five minutes, and leave his distinguished guests to enjoy themselves in their own way, after he was carried off to bed.

We are going out to see the Cathedral and the other lions, before starting for Stanfield Hall. It seems a dull place.—I am told that the manufacture of Norwich scarfs, is quite at an end, and that they are only to be got in London.

We shall be home, please God, some time on Wednesday Evening; but I will write again tomorrow to say when. I hope the darlings will enjoy themselves tonight, and I look forward to receiving some stupendous anecdotes of the Captain.[†1]

I dreamed of Morgan[†2] last night. Not ominous, I suppose?[†3]

My best love to Georgy, and to all the children.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 9 JANUARY 1849

MS British Museum. On mourning paper.

Royal Hotel, Yarmouth.
Tuesday Night Ninth January 1849

My Dearest Kate.

I received your letter here this morning, and was very glad (and a good deal relieved) to find that you were quite well when you wrote. We have had a two or three and twenty mile walk to day—to Lowestoft[†4] in Suffolk (Mrs. Gibson's country)[†5] and back, and are sitting round the fire, giving encouragement to Lemon, who did his walking admirably, but is somewhat disposed to snore. He breaks into a snore in a most wonderful manner, instantly after he has been broad awake.

I bought you a shawl at Norwich—I don't think much of it. It's Norwich manufacture. That's all I can say. But it's bright and cheery besides—I forgot that.

Tell Georgy with my love that I should have bought her one, but I thought she would prefer a muff. She shall have which she likes, in town.

We purpose leaving here tomorrow morning for Home, but staying a couple of hours at Cambridge on our way. As this will bring us to the London station, dinnerless and famished, we shall go to dine somewhere in the neighbourhood. But I shall hope to be home in good time in the evening, beyond question.

I want Topping to come to meet us, to take the luggage, which would otherwise be a great inconvenience. These are his instructions. *To be at the Terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, in Shoreditch, at a quarter past* 6, *with the carriage. He must be no later, or we may be there before him.*

Best love to all the darlings. I write hastily, for the post's sake.

Ever affectionately, my dear

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 JANUARY 1849

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh January 1849. | Thursday

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have been out of town since Sunday, or I would have answered your letter sooner.

I shall go to the Home on Saturday at 3. As that is often your day for going there, perhaps I shall see you before I come away. I am very glad that Jane Westaway and Martha Goldsmith are provided for, in the Emigration regard.[†1] But I fear Julia Mozley will become restless, if she be left behind.[†2]

I have thought, much and often, of that point in the little address,[†3] which encourages them with the *possibility* of Marriage.[†4] I am quite satisfied and convinced that it is a powerful, and a justly powerful, incentive to patience and good conduct; and I can not, of my own deed, take it out of the paper. If they, or any of them, labor under any mistake on this point, I suppose it to be a part of Miss Cunliffe's business to set them right. You will not think me claiming much, if I claim to know much better than she does, or by any possibility can, what the force of that suggestion secretly is. I even think it—to say the truth—a little presumptuous in her, coming to the consideration of such things so freshly, to suggest the alteration. Of its being an alteration enormously for the worse, I have no more doubt than I have of my writing this note with my right hand.

Charley had a very merry birthday[†1]—I had the honor of conjuring for the party, in a chinese dress and a very large mask—and his noble cake was the admiration and wonder of all beholders. We are at present engaged in getting up a play in a toy theatre. I am steeped to the very eyebrows in glue and paste.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 JANUARY 1849

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twelfth January 1849

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Monday or Tuesday will do perfectly well—so far as I am concerned—for a special committee. I will ask you tomorrow, which you decide on.

I thought you told me Miss Cunliffe had suggested the disputed alteration.[†2] I understood you—or misunderstood you, rather—to say so, when we spoke about it.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 JANUARY 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, vi, 523. *Date:* 12 Jan according to Forster: almost certainly date written, not received, since, says Forster, four days before letter of 16 Jan announcing the birth of Henry Fielding Dickens.

Saying that Stanfield Hall had nothing attractive about it[†3] *unless the term might be applied to* a murderous look that seemed to invite such a crime.[†4] We arrived

between the Hall and Potass farm,[†1] as the search was going on for the pistol[†2] in a manner so consummately stupid, that there was nothing on earth to prevent any of Rush's labourers from accepting five pounds from Rush junior[†3] to find the weapon and give it to him. Norwich, a disappointment; all save its place of execution,[†4] which we found fit for a gigantic scoundrel's exit. But the success of the trip, for me, was to come. Yarmouth, sir, where we went afterwards, is the strangest place in the wide world: one hundred and forty-six miles of hill-less marsh between it and London. More when we meet. I shall certainly try my hand at it.

To THE COMMITTEE FOR MR GILES'S TESTIMONIAL,[†5] 12 JANUARY 1849

Text from Arthur Humphreys, *CD and his First Schoolmaster*, p. 18.

Devonshire Terrace | 12th January, 1849.

Gentlemen,

I exceedingly regret that I feel obliged to decline your invitation to present the testimonial to our old schoolmaster.[†6] I am honoured and gratified by your selection of me as President on so interesting an occasion, but I am forced, by many engagements and considerations, to remain in London now, and to relinquish the pleasure you propose to me, in favour of some other gentleman who had the advantage of Mr. Giles's tuition.[†7]

Although I lost that advantage myself, when I was very young indeed, I am not the less sensible of its value. Nothing that can be said in grateful recognition of it on the evening in question will exceed my appreciation of its worth.

I am, Gentlemen, | Your faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

To the Committee of Mr. Giles's Testimonial.

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To A. KEILY,[†1] 12 JANUARY 1849*

MS Mr Jim Walsh. *Address:* A. Keily Esquire | 14 Hunter Street | Brunswick Square. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth January 1849

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Keily, and regrets that he cannot give him the information and advice he seeks. Whenever Mr. Dickens has had occasion for the assistance of gentlemen who engrave on wood, they have been selected, either by the artists or by the publishers. For such a purpose as Mr. Keily describes, Mr. Dickens thinks any wood-engraver, almost, would be available.[†2]

To CHARLES SABINE,[†3] 12 JANUARY 1849*

MS Oswestry Public Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth January 1849.

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your little book for poor little people[†4]—a kind remembrance of the children of those whom "we have always with us",[†5] and a worthy Christmas thought.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Sabine Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 12 JANUARY 1849

Extract in Stewart Kidd catalogue, Oct 1929; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire [Terrace], 12 Jan 49.

[I] received your letter & will not forget it. I should be really happy to assist you to any suitable employment if it were in my power; but I know of none and I fear I am not likely to know of any.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 13 JANUARY 1849

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds, *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth January 1849.

My Dear Mrs. Clarke.

I am afraid that Young Gas[†1] is forever dimmed, and that the breath of calumny will blow henceforth on his stage management, by reason of his enormous delay in returning you the two pounds non forwarded by Mrs. G.[†2] The proposed deduction on account of which you sent it, was never made.

—But had you seen him in "Used up",
His eye so beaming and so clear,
When on his stool he sat to sup
The oxtail—little Romer near[†3]
&c &c
—you would have forgotten and forgiven all.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cowden Clarke

To JOHN WESTLAND MARSTON,[†4] 15 JANUARY 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Fifteenth January | 1849.

My Dear Sir.

In reference to the resolution[†5] you were so kind as to send me some time since, concerning Mr. Heraud, I regret to say that I cannot make use of the circulars, for I am obliged always to observe the Total Abstinence principle in that wise, or I should very soon become a terror to all my friends. But, if the other Members of the Committee collect their ten pounds each, I shall be most happy to increase my subscription to £10. And if they do not, I shall still be very happy to increase it to £5.[†6] Will you do me the favor to bear this in mind, and make use of me accordingly.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Westland Marston Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 JANUARY 1849

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 808; *MS* ½p.; dated London, 15 Jan 49.

Declining an invitation.

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 JANUARY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 523. *Date:* Henry Fielding Dickens was born on 16 Jan 49.

All over happily, thank God, by four o'clock this morning.

To T. WOOLNOTH,†1 16 JANUARY 1849†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixteenth January 1849

Sir.

In reply to your obliging note, †a I must beg to decline giving you my name in form and not in substance. But I shall be very happy to enrol myself as a subscriber for a best copy of your book.†a†2

If you will have the goodness to direct it to be delivered, when published, to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans 11 Bouverie Street, they will receive it and pay the subscription on my account.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Woolnoth Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 20 JANUARY 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twentieth Jany. | 1849.

My Dear Stone

Here are the rest of the books. I don't forget that I have to come and write in them.

We expect you tomorrow at 5. Kate is, thank God, wonderfully well.
Ditto No. 8†3 (! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !)

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 20 JANUARY 1849

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth January 1849.

My Dear Sir

This is a hasty note to say that I propose to be duly forthcoming on the day

and at the hour you so agreeably set forth.[†1] Ditto the gentle Georgina. But I fear there is not much chance of Kate's responding to Mrs. Tagart's kind note, in as much as she was confined last Monday night, and although brilliantly well (thank God) is, according to the precedents, hardly presentable yet.

Ever very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Edward Tagart.

To WILLIAM EMPSON, 21 JANUARY 1849*

MS Liverpool Public Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty First January | 1849.

My Dear Empson.

I write this, in case I should not see you when I call this morning.

I am happy to report that Kate is as well as it is possible to be. Her confinement was almost as bad a one as its predecessor, but Chloroform did wonders,[†2] and she knew nothing of it. She begs to be most kindly remembered to you and Mrs. Empson.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Empson Esquire.

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 22 JANUARY 1849

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, 1 June 1957; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 22 Jan 49.

Saying that he cannot dine with Mrs Chapman[†4] *as he had hoped to do and adding that his wife is well.*

To T. H. MAGUIRE,[†1] 24 JANUARY 1849

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* T. H. Maguire Esquire | 98 Great Russell Street | Bedford Square. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth January 1849.

Sir.

I beg to assure you that I have only been prevented from acknowledging, and thanking you for, your beautiful and most acceptable present,[†2] by not knowing (until I heard from you, yesterday) how to address my letter. If I had known the name of the publisher of the lithograph, I should have consigned it to his care; but, having sent the impression to be framed, I was not even possessed of this information.

It is a most beautiful and admirable specimen of your art, carried to a pitch of excellence that I really should have thought it impossible to attain. I shall hang it in a post of honor near the Bobadil,[†3] and I beg you to believe that whenever I look at it, it will be a source of pleasure and interest to me.

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

T. H. Maguire Esquire.

To DUDLEY COSTELLO, 26 JANUARY 1849

Text from MDGH, I, 205.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night, Jan. 26th, | 1849.

My Dear Costello,

I am desperate! Engaged in links of adamant to a "monster in human form"—a remarkable expression I think I remember to have once met with in a newspaper[†4]—whom I encountered at Franconi's,[†5] whence I have just returned, otherwise I would have done all three things right heartily and with my accustomed sweetness. Think of me another time when chops are on the carpet (figuratively speaking), and see if I won't come and eat 'em!

Ever faithfully yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S. I find myself too despondent for the flourish.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 JANUARY 1849

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh Janry. 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I hope it was all well, yesterday. Nothing could have been better, more kindly, or more carefully arranged, I think.

Mr. Illingworth and I are to see the new girl No. 2, to day.

I am sorry to say that I have been brooding very gloomily over our Shepherd's Bush prospects. All possible deductions and allowances made, it is quite clear to me that Miss Cunliffe is a woman of an atrocious temper, and that she violently mistakes her office and its functions. I do not descry any prospect of our keeping the young women in the house, when she has the sole charge of them. The idea of hectoring and driving them, is the most ignorant and the most fatal that could be possibly entertained. I am quite confident she will bring about such an outbreak as we have not had there.[†1]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 27 JANUARY 1849*

MS Mrs K. M. Jonas. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh January 1849

Dear Mr. Ellis

I have been so busy this day or two, that I have not been able to write any letters.

I shall be really happy to subscribe my guinea and my name towards the portrait of Mr. Robertson.[†2] Pray put me down, and do not think it necessary to send me the prospectus.[†3] I cannot answer for Mr. Lemon, but I *think* it would be a little out of his way.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Ellis Esquire

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 29 JANUARY 1849*

MS Comte de Gramont. *Address:* A Monsieur: | Monsr. Le Comte D'Orsay | Gore House | Kensington. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | 29 Janvier 1849.

Mon cher Comte.

Tracey, et mon ami Chesterton (aussi governeur d'une prison immense, et tres brave homme) vont diner chez moi Lundi prochain a 6 ½ precisement, pour causer de prisons, des criminels, et des choses, en

generale, les plus agreeables du monde!—Le bon Forster (ah mon Dieu qu'il est excessivement gras!) se rendra ici, le meme[†1] jour, et la meme heure. Pouvez-vous, et voulez-vous, venir? Nous ne serons que six. Je serai heureux et charmè de vous voir, en garçon et sans ceremonie.

Madame et son fils vous envoient mille amities. Votre filleul[†2] est serieusement affligè de la maladie de Forster.[†3]

Je vais, demain, à Bath, pour-y-rester le jour seulement. J'y vais diner avec Landor. C'est son jour de fete. Il aura demain, je crois, 75 ans.[†4]

Votre tout devouè
CHARLES DICKENS

Dites a Milady que je l'aime toujours, et que je l'aimerai toujours.

To H. G. ADAMS,[†5] 30 JANUARY 1849*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth January 1849

Dear Sir

In reply to your note, I beg to assure you that I know nothing whatever, of

the paper you suppose to have been written by me.[†1] I infer that the attaching of my name to it, was an act of "smartness" on the part of the American Editor, which will greatly endear him to his admirers.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire.

To HENRY BURNETT, 31 JANUARY 1849

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First January 1849.

My Dear Burnett.

As I am setting out to Lewisham to see my father who, my mother writes me, is *exceedingly* unwell there, I receive your sad letter. I cannot go out without sending you a few words of most affectionate condolence and sympathy.

My Dear fellow, I cannot but believe that the mercy of God has removed your poor dear boy.[†2] I cannot but think, though his death reopens that wound within you which has been so recently and imperfectly closed,[†3] that a few hours will reconcile you to his loss. A child so afflicted, even with the inestimable blessing of a mother's care to support him, must, if he lived, be inevitably doomed to great mental anguish,

to a weary struggle with the difficulties of life, to many years of secret comparison in his own breast between himself and more healthy and more fortunate children. I hope that if I were you, I could—when the first burst of my love and grief was past—thankfully confide him to that better Father to whom he has passed, and to that enduring world, where, we may believe, he has rejoined his mother, and for ever cast away his early sorrows and infirmities[†4] [†a][ ][†a]

Do what will console you most, and what you think she would have liked.

You have a brave fine boy[†5] to rear [u]p still, and God send that he may be a source of happiness to you!

Kate and Georgina unite in [be]st remembrances.[†6]

To CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE,[†1] [31 JANUARY 1849]

Mention in *To* Mrs Austin, 1 Feb 49.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE JANUARY 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, vi, 524. *Date:* presumably not long after Henry Fielding Dickens's birth.

Telling Forster that he had decided to call his newly-born son Henry Fielding instead of Oliver Goldsmith, as a kind of homage to the style of the novel he was about to write. What should you think of this for a notion of a character? "Yes, that is very true: but now, *What's his motive?*"[†2] I fancy I could make something like it into a kind of amusing and more innocent Pecksniff. "Well now, yes—no doubt that was a fine thing to do! But now, stop a moment, let us see—*What's his motive?*"

February

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 1 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | First February 1849.

My Dear Letitia.

I am very sorry to hear that Henry (my love to him) has been so unwell.[†3] His doctor seems, from his prescriptions, to be a very sensible fellow; and if to that good living and fresh air, he added another article of my belief—plenty of cold water—I should consider him an Oracle.

I had a letter from poor Burnett the night before last, to which I replied, yesterday morning, gently pointing out to him why I thought it good and merciful for the poor dear child's sake, that he should be seen of men no more. But I do not *wonder* at his fatherly affliction, God knows.

Hearing from mother that father was exceedingly unwell, I went out to Lewisham yesterday to see him. They said he was better than he had been. He was in bed, and seemed low and weak. But I did not, on the whole, find him so ill as I had expected. I shall go out there again, today. As he was worrying himself about that eternal Daily News, I quieted his mind by saying I should write to Dilke, and tell that potentate how he was going on.[†4] Which I did last night.

If Henry is pedestrian, and if you should be at Brighton either next Tuesday or next Thursday (which may suit him best) and if you would ask me to accept of a mutton chop, I think I shouldn't be averse to coming down by a morning train, and coming back by an evening one. But maybe you will yourselves be running home before then.

Kate and the baby are in high feather, and unite with Georgy (at least I have no doubt the baby would if he could) in loves.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THE REV. CHARLES DE LA PRYME,[†1] 2 FEBRUARY 1849†

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Second February 1849.

Dear Sir

[†a]I hasten to thank you for your "Curiosity of Literature",[†a†2] for your very obliging note, and for your flattering remembrance of me. For all of which, I am much beholden to you.

[†b]As I am not[†3] favorable to Censorships generally,[†b] or to Papal Censorships in particular, I hope your pamphlet[†4] will always remain the Curiosity it has become. The only Censor I can call to mind whom I should care to see revived, is Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff of Shoe Lane London.[†5]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles De la Pryme Esquire

&c &c &c

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 FEBRUARY 1849†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* By Post Office Steamer. | W. C. Macready Esquire | Care of David Colden Esquire | Laight Street | Hudson Square | New York. Signed bottom left "Bully and Meek."

Devonshire Terrace | Friday February Second, 1849.

My Dear Macready.[†6] Is it true that you gave "our illustrious Countryman"[†7]

— V - 485 —

Mister Forrest,[†1] five thousand pounds to perpetrate his published Card?[†2] I think it was very little, do you know? It certainly was worth ten to *you*, and I question whether twenty would have compensated *him* for eating such a waggonload of dirt.—And so you begin to think there is something a leetle rotten in the State of Denmark?[†3] Ha!—I say no more.

I dined the other day with Ainsworth[†4] at the Garrick, where I was talking, before dinner, with Fladgate,[†5] Dance,[†6] Wallack[†7] &c. It really was wholesome and good to hear the genuine disgust and indignation that prevailed in respect of our distinguished feller cit'zen. There was nothing feigned or got up, in it. It was a comfortable, palatable, plain outpouring of divers full vessels of wrath, that quite refreshed my ears.

I have been reading the Queen's Speech,[†8] this morning, and the Debate thereupon; and as a similar refreshment to myself after that awful and most

— V - 486 —

frightful humbug, sit down to write to you. Oh that I had the wings of a dove,[†1] and could flee (with a select circle) to some pleasant climate, where there are no Royal Speeches, and no professed Politicians! Heavens and Earth, to read the circumcised Dog[†2] D'Israeli[†3] apropòs[†4] of War[†5] and Cobden![†6]

You have heard, perhaps, how that I now stand seised and possessed of six sons and two daughters. YOU,[†7] old Parr![†8] YOU!!![†9] Sir, *I* am the original. There never was such an old man as I consider myself to be. You will find me very grey. My hat a world too wide for my shrunk locks.[†10] I am quite a heavy father, and think of going in, in future, for the blessing business—not the "Damme-you-dog-, you-*shall*-marry-her" line—that's too light—but the "Bless thee my child!" to slow music, [†a]and then going into the Garden Water closet, which has a very low door, and will represent the Cottage set on second grooves.[†11] O.P.[†12][†a]

Kate is wonderfully well—eating mutton chops in the drawing room—and sends you her dear love. The boy is what the Persian Princes might have called a "moon-faced" monster. [†b]He did not, however, come into the world as he ought to have done (I don't know in what we have offended Nature, but she seems to have taken something in us amiss) and we had to call in extra counsel and assistance. Foreseeing the possibility of such a repetition of last time, I had made myself thoroughly acquainted in Edinburgh with the *facts* of chloroform[†13]

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—in contradistinction to the talk about it—and had insisted on the attendance of a gentleman from Bartholomew's Hospital,[†1] who administers it in the operations there, and has given it four or five thousand times. I had also promised her that she should have it. The doctors were dead against it,[†2] but I stood my

ground, and (thank God) triumphantly. It spared her all pain (she had no sensation, but of a great display of sky-rockets) and saved the child all mutilation. It enabled the doctors to do, as they afterwards very readily said, in ten minutes, what might otherwise have taken them an hour and a half; the shock to her nervous system was reduced to nothing; and she was, to all intents and purposes, *well*, next day. Administered by some one who has nothing else to do, who knows its symptoms thoroughly, who keeps his hand upon the pulse, and his eyes upon the face, and uses nothing but a hand kerchief,[†3] and that lightly, I am convinced that it is as safe in its administration, as it is miraculous and merciful in its effects. This the Edinburgh Professors[†4] assured me, and certainly our experience thoroughly confirms them.[†b]

A very curious pamphlet[†5] has been published by Barber[†6]—the solicitor who was transported for life, in the famous Miss Slack case.[†7] You remember a whole party of men and women being elaborately got up, to represent an Executrix and her friends at the Bank of England, and drawing out three or four thousand

pounds of unclaimed Stock? There has since arisen a strong presumption—one may almost say, certain proof—of Barber's innocence, and after two years of Norfolk Island[†1] he has been pardoned. He now republishes his case, with all the documents that have since come into existence. It is a tremendous illustration of the inefficiency of Lords and Gentlemen as Home Secretaries[†2]—of the manner in which they may receive Memorials from innocent men in the agony of supposed guilt, and endurance of frightful punishment—put them away in drawers, and never so much as read them—and of the indispensable necessity there is, for a public and solemn Court of Appeal in all criminal cases.[†3]

I was going to tell you, but I should want a sheet for it, how Mrs. Macready and I *did* dance on Twelfth Night. We had no party here, but we had a cosey[†4] little knot of us old Patriarchs to look at the children, and then we supped together (we old ones) and talked of the days of our youth, and the fashions and customs of that remote period. We also drank your health. I propoged it; and though every furrow in my grief-worn cheek, had been the channel to a flood of—years, I mumbled what their dimmed ears understood. We then dashed into Sir Roger de Coverley—then into a reel[†5]—for two mortal hours, false Parr, your great original, and your wife, danced without ceasing—breatheing[†6] Willie,[†7] prostrating Nina,[†8] reducing to 'tarnal smash[†9] (as we say in our country) all the other couples one by one. With shame and grief I own that at last I—*I*[†10]—gave in, when She[†11] was fresh and active still.

The little deformed child of my poor sister is (happily) just dead, and Burnett brings the little coffin up today, to lay it in her grave at Highgate. God knows that it is good and kind it should be so, but it is difficult to fill him with that knowledge yet, poor fellow.

I meant to have written you such a letter—so amusing—so pathetic—so full of news. I must try again. Better luck next time. You will like to know how our friends are. Forster, whiggish of necessity,[†12] but writhing under the Writers Radical onslaughts. Rogers, sour.[†13] H. P. Smith, quite white all over, for want of a little wine. Kenyon,[†14] smooth, oily, beaming, and slippery (He is my

particular friend, and I dine with him today). Mrs. Brockedon,[†1] dining out in immense black velvet hats, which servants crush in putting dishes on, and blind themselves behind. Bancroft[†2] ditto, as to dining—with his head like a blacking-brush, outside, but good stuff within. Lord Lansdowne, gouty and solemn. D'Orsay, looking, as I take it, towards France.[†3] Maclise, invisible. Stanfield, rubicund and jovial, but extremely Papal. Mrs. Stanfield, cold and fishey.[†4] Dickens, revolving new books in his mind, and walking perpetually. Georgy and all the children, sending loves innumerable. All wishing you back, and getting ready to greet you with open arms.[†5] None more so, my dearest Macready than your ever affectionate CD.

To HENRY [AUSTIN], 3 FEBRUARY 1849

Extracts in Rosenbach Co. catalogue No. 16 (1913), (*aa*) and American Art Association catalogue April 1929, (*bb*); *MS* 2 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 3 Feb 49. *Address:* to "his brother Henry", according to Rosenbach Co. catalogue; but clearly to his brother-in-law, Henry Austin.

[a]My dear Henry

[b]I am revolving a new work;[†6] and I fear that on this account, and with an eye to Kate, who is coming down tomorrow, I can't make more than a day of it at Brighton.[a] But on Thursday, please God, I will appear early, and at the worst, come back late. . . . Poor Burnett has been here this morning. He buries the child on Monday. Father is better. I saw Elliotson last night (tell Tish)[†7] and he says there is nothing at all to apprehend, if he be taken care of.[b] . . .

[a]CHARLES DICKENS[a]

[a]the genuine orthography is—tate o' peelins.[a†8]

To CHARLES ELLIS,[†1] 3 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Third February 1849.

Dear Mr Ellis

If it will *quite* suit your convenience, I shall be glad to accept your draft at three months.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Charles Ellis

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 5 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Royal Literary Fund. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth February 1849.

My Dear Sir

Can you tell me anything about Mr. Tolfrey, who has been relieved twice by the Literary Fund?[†3]

He is the author of a book called the Sportsman in Canada[†4] and has written me a couple of very defiant epistles, because I have felt it necessary to decline to "lend" him ten pounds. He says in one of them that an interval of two, if not three, months, *must* elapse between the date of a distressed author's application to the Fund, and his receipt of any assistance. I have told him, in reply that I distinctly know the fact to be otherwise.[†5] Whereupon he writes again, persisting in his assertion.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 FEBRUARY 1849

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth February 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was at the Home on Saturday, when I found Miss Cunliffe looking like a Stage Maniac in a domestic drama, or an illustration of "The Bottle"[†6] on very

bad paper. All that Mrs. Holdsworth related of the three emigrants,[†1] interested and pleased me very much.

Will you not receive the new girl on Saturday?

What day in the week would you prefer for the single weekly lesson of Mr. Hullah? I have promised to inform him.

Am I to pay the Mark Money into the Savings' Bank? If so, how much?

I think this is all I have to ask, touching Shepherd's Bush. I enclose Charley's Memorandum to Christmas. Sometime ago, you gave me a begging letter to make enquiry about, from one Mr. Tolfrey, who represented himself as the author of a book, called The Sportsman in Canada.[†2] I am afraid it is not likely, in such an enormous correspondence as you have of that nature, that you can remember any more of it, or refer to it. But if you can, by any possible chance, do either, may I entreat you to do so, for a particular reason that I have.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To LEONARD SIMPSON, 5 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifth February 1849.

My Dear Sir

I am extremely glad to receive your translation[†3] and your note after having, for so long a time, seen nothing of you in this Giant City. I shall hope to remedy that, when Mrs. Dickens is about again.

I have (as you may suppose) done little more than cut the leaves of your book this morning; but I have loitered here and there, upon the way, to read; and I assure you I have been very much pleased by the ease and smoothness of the English. The absence of all affectation in the translator, and the presence of good sense, is everywhere manifested most agreeably.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Leonard Simpson Esquire.

To JOHN W. CALCRAFT,[†1] 7 FEBRUARY 1849

Text from N, II, 144-5.

London, Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate, Regents Park
Seventh February, 1849

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter.

The Amateur Company, however, being for the present dispersed and their performance in behalf of the Shakespeare Curatorship having been brought to a close in Scotland last Summer, I am unable to entertain your proposal.

I am, Sir, | Your faithful servant
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FRANK STONE, 7 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Seventh February | 1849.

Halloa Tone!

This is my birthday, and Kate being (thank God) well enough to take her usual place at table, Mus'r Beard and Forster are coming to dinner at ½ past 5. Will *You* come? No one else. Affectionately Ever

CD.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 9 FEBRUARY 1849†

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Ninth February 1849.

My Dear Fred.

I thank you for your remembrance of me on my birthday. I should have done so yesterday, but that I went down to Brighton to see Henry.

[†a]Blackmore[†2] has (at your request) your copy of the Haunted Man. I don't know how I made the mistake, but I thought I had certainly sent you one.[†a] I have told him when he has read the little book, to restore it to you.

The Minute[†3] is "a long time coming",[†4]—but I hope it will prove to be a good one, when it does come.

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To G. LAVAN,[†1] 9 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS J. N. Bartfield Books Inc. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Ninth February 1849.

Sir.

Allow me to thank you very cordially for your poem. I can, without putting any strain whatever on my conscience, echo the assurance which your friends give you that it is both "interesting and instructive". I have read it with real pleasure, and with a strong impression of its merits as a picture of the rugged, fierce, old time.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Lavan Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Tenth February 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I beg to report all quiet and comfortable at Shepherd's Bush this afternoon. Miss Cunliffe rigidly secluded in her own chamber—making a perfect Brougham of herself in point of Oratory, I have no doubt.

In entering Isabella Gordon's case, by the bye, I incidentally found that the aforesaid Miss Cunliffe (but that is no matter, as she is going) had been already questioning her about her past life.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 12 FEBRUARY 1849†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth February 1849.

My Dear Sir

[†a]The boys at Charley's School[†3] have established a library among themselves. Will you have the goodness to send with the enclosed note, and to that address, all the cheap Editions of my books yet published,[†4] in boards, and Barnaby in Numbers?[†5†a] Also, henceforth the weekly number every week—*or the monthly part perhaps will be much better*—sending me only one copy, as that is quite

enough. With the cheap Editions, have the kindness to send the cheapest edition of Macaulay's lays of Ancient Rome.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 12 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Bodleian Library. *Address*(envelope MS Mrs K. M. Jonas): Mr. Joseph Ellis | The Bedford Hotel | Brighton. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twelfth February 1849.

Dear Mr. Ellis

Mrs. Dickens and I are going to stay, with some friends, at Junction House for a week. Will you have the kindness to send there, on *Wednesday Morning*, what I have noted on the other side, addressed to Charles Dickens and John Leech Esquires.

I hope the Portrait[†2] matter is going on well.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Ellis Esquire.
1 Doz: Sherry

½ doz: light old port.
Bottle brandy, Bottle Rum, Bottle Hollands.

———

(Mrs. Wilkinson's Junction House Brighton)

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY FEBRUARY 1849]

Extract and summary in F, VI, vi, 524. *Date:* probably early Feb, since his mind was still "running . . . on names" for *Copperfield* on 18 Feb (*To* Forster, that day).

Deepest despondency, as usual, in commencing, besets me. *Telling Forster of his anxiety in selecting a name for the novel.*

To JOHN THOMPSON, 14 FEBRUARY 1849

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, 25 July 1972; dated Athenæum Club, 14 Feb 49; to "John".

Asking him to put the key to his envelope case, from the round table in his study, into the pocket of his great coat which Topping will bring him that afternoon, when he fetches him with the carriage.

To MRS FISHER, 15 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Junction House, Brighton | Fifteenth February 1849.

Dear Mrs. Fisher.

I beg to enclose you (agreeably to your request) a formal testimonial of my good opinion. My sister in law forgets for what purpose you require it. If it should not be adapted to your purpose, I shall be happy to alter it, as I shall always be, let me assure you, to render you any assistance in my power.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE, 16 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Lovelace Papers. *Address:* 37 Marine Parade [Brighton]. On mourning paper.

Junction House | Friday February Sixteenth 1849

My Dear Lady Lovelace.

When the attendant at the Bath gave me your note this morning, I felt as Aladdin might have done if the Princess Baralbadour[†1] had entrusted a similar communication to the attendant at *her* Bath. The shock of a "cold shower" was nothing to my amazement. It made no impression on me, by comparison.

We are staying here, for five days, with some friends.[†2] And I am under a solemn vow and covenant not to go out to breakfast, dinner, tea, lunch, supper, or other refection, during that period. But as I recollect 4 o'Clock to be (in the distant regions about Hyde Park), a likely time for finding you at home, I promise myself the pleasure of calling to see you at that hour tomorrow, unless you tell me that you won't be visible.

I find, on further consideration, that I don't like Manzanilla! People who dine with me won't hear of it. I have been horribly reproached for offering it. I find that weak cammomile[†3] tea is a wonderful imitation of this wine. It's very hard—but everything that is wholesome seems to be nasty—why should the grape that Mr. Ford commends[†4] have such a direful quality of bitterness!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, [?FEBRUARY 1849]

Facsimile in *Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell*, privately printed, Bibliophile Society, Boston, 1908. *Date:* almost certainly between 14 and 21 Feb 49, when CD, Catherine, their children, Georgina and the Leeches were all at Brighton; handwriting supports.

NEW SONG.[†1]

TUNE[†1]—"*Lesbia hath a. beaming eye*".[†2]

1.

Lemon is a little hipped,
And this is Lemon's true position—
He is not pale, he's not white-lipped,
Yet wants a little fresh condition.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
Old Ocean's rising, falling, billers
Than on the Houses every one
That form the Street call'd Saint Anne's Willers![†3]

Oh my Lemon round and fat
Oh my bright, my right, my tight 'un,
Think a little what you're at—
Don't stay at home, but come to
Brighton!—

(Please turn over)

2.[†1]

Lemon has a coat of frieze,
But all so seldom Lemon wears it,
That it is a prey to Fleas,
And ev'ry Moth that's hungry, tears it.

Oh! That coat's the coat for me,
That braves the Railway sparks and breezes,
Leaving ev'ry Engine free
To smoke it, 'till its owner sneezes!

Then my Lemon round and fat
L, my bright, my right, my tight 'un.
Think a little what you're at—
On Tuesday first,[†4] come down to
Brighton!

CATHARINE DICKENS
ANNIE LEACH
GEORGINA HOGARTH
MARY DICKENS
KATIE DICKENS
JOHN LEECH.[†5]

T. S

To THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE, 18 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Lovelace Papers. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton | Eighteenth February 1849

My Dear Lady Lovelace

You will not wonder at our silence and invisibility on Friday[†1] Evening, when I tell you that we were troubled, immediately after dinner, with a little episode of a poor girl in the house who had been raving mad before, becoming much more mad, and her father going horribly mad too, for company. Whereupon such shrieks arose, such cursings, strugglings, and appalling strife and uproar, that we were obliged to decamp with all speed and come here. The whole deplorable business occupied the evening; and when we had got here, and were quit of it, and had restored two little girls to *their* senses, which were scattered to the four winds, in the tumult—it was nigh eleven o'Clock and you were hating me.

I hope you won't do so any more.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SAMUEL ROGERS, 18 FEBRUARY 1849

Text from P. W. Clayden, *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, 1889, II, 337.

Brighton. Eighteenth February, 1849.

My Dear Mr. Rogers,

I was detained on Monday—I mean Wednesday, last—first by business with Bradbury and Evans, and afterwards at the Literary Fund, until I was more than due at the railway. My servant stands charged to bring you "Mary Barton"[†2] to-morrow.[†3] If I had had a spare moment before I came away, I should have brought it myself.

Kate and her sister send you their loves. Brighton is just as you left it. The people, in carriages, on horseback, and afoot, jingling up and down the esplanade under the windows like gay little toys; and the great hoarse ocean roaring unheeded beyond them, and now and then breaking with a deep boom upon the beach, as if it said sullenly, "Won't anybody listen?" But nobody does; and away they all go, jingling up and down again, until the sun sets, and then go home to dinner.

Ever faithfully yours,

CARLO.[†1]

To JOHN THOMPSON, 18 FEBRUARY 1849†

MS (fragment) Suzanne Haney. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton | Eighteenth February 1849.

John.

Direct the letters until Wednesday, when we shall return home, to this address, instead of Junction House.

On my round table in the study, are two books, called "Mary Barton", Vols 1 and 2. Take them down, as soon as you receive this, to Mr. Rogers, and[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?18 FEBRUARY 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, iii, 496. *Date:* The incident at Junction House apparently took place on 17 Feb (*To* Lady Lovelace, 18 Feb: "Friday Evening" seems a slip for Saturday); CD was probably writing the following day.

Telling Forster that both the landlord of his lodging and the landlord's daughter had gone raving mad and that he had been forced to move to the Bedford Hotel. If you could have heard the cursing and crying of the two; could have seen the physician and nurse quoited out into the passage by the madman at the hazard of their lives; could have seen Leech and me flying to the doctor's rescue; could have seen our wives pulling us back; could have seen the M.D. faint with fear; could have seen three other M.D.'s come to his aid; with an atmosphere of Mrs. Gamps, strait-waistcoats, struggling friends and servants, surrounding the whole; you would have said it was quite worthy of me, and quite in keeping with my usual proceedings.

A sea-fog to-day, but yesterday inexpressibly delicious. My mind running, like a high sea, on names—not satisfied yet, though.

To JAMES DONALDSON,[†1] 20 FEBRUARY 1849

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Strip cut off bottom of letter, removing correspondent's name; "J. Donaldson Esq." written on cover to letter, in another hand. On mourning paper.

Brighton | Tuesday Evening | Twentieth February 1849

Sir.

I beg to assure you that I am very sensible of the feeling which has induced you to propose me as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of your College;[†2] and that I feel much beholden to you for that mark of your regard and consideration.

But in reply to your note in which you do me the favor to ask my consent to this nomination,[†3] I am constrained to say, without any reservation whatever, that I do not aspire to the high honor in question, and that I must entreat you to withdraw my name at my express desire.

I take the earliest opportunity in my power of making this communication to you; but my absence from town for a week past, and my absence from this place during this day, have combined to prevent my answering your letter sooner. It was forwarded here, this morning.

I am Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 22 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Twenty Second February | 1849.

My Dear Henry

We came home yesterday. I send this down to say that I am at your service for Notting Hill,[†4] either today, tomorrow, or next day.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 FEBRUARY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 524. *Date:* 23 Feb according to Forster.

I should like to know how the enclosed (one of those I have been thinking of)[†1] strikes you, on a first acquaintance with it. It is odd, I think, and new; but it may have A.'s difficulty of being "too comic, my boy".[†2] I suppose I should have to add, though, by way of motto, "And in short it led to the very Mag's

Diversions. *Old Saying*"[†3] Or would it be better, there being equal authority for either, "And in short they all played Mag's Diversions. *Old Saying"?*

"*Mag's Diversions.*

Being the personal history of

MR. THOMAS MAG THE YOUNGER,

Of Blunderstone House."[†4]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 23 FEBRUARY 1849

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third February 1849

My Dear Sir Edward.

I have not written sooner to thank you for King Arthur,[†5] because I felt sure you would prefer my reading it before I should do so, and because I wished to have an opportunity of reading it with the sincerity and attention which such a composition demands.[†6]

This I have done. I do not write to express to you the full measure of my gratification and pleasure (for I should find that very difficult to be accomplished to my own satisfaction) but simply to say that I have read the Poem, and dwelt upon it, with the deepest interest, admiration, and delight; and that I feel proud of it as a very noble instance of the genius of a great writer of my own time.

I should feel it as a kind of treason to what has been awakened in me by the book, if I were to try to set off my thanks to you, or if I were tempted into being diffuse in its praise. I am too earnest on the subject, to have any misgiving but that I shall convey something of my earnestness to you, in the briefest and most unaffected form of expression.

Accept it for what a genuine word of homage is worth, and believe me

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 FEBRUARY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 524. *Date:* the first of three alternative forms of *Mag's Diversions* sent to Forster within three days of 23 Feb.

"*Mag's Diversions,* being the Personal History, Adventures, Experience and Observation of Mr. David Mag the Younger, of Blunderstone House."

To JOHN LABOUCHERE,[†1] 24 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Dickens House.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fourth February 1849

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Labouchere, and regrets that his engagements will not admit of his accepting the office of Steward at the next Anniversary Dinner[†2] of the Society of Friends of foreigners in distress.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [24-25 FEBRUARY 1849]

Summary in F, VI, vi, 524. *Date:* the second alternative form of *Mag's Diversions* sent to Forster between 23 and 26 Feb.

Omitting "Adventures" and calling his hero Mr David Mag the Younger, of Copperfield House.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25-26 FEBRUARY 1849]

Summary in F, VI, vi, 524. *Date:* the third alternative form of *Mag's Diversions* sent to Forster between 23 and 26 Feb.

Transforming Mr David Mag into Mr David Copperfield the Younger and his great-aunt Margaret.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 FEBRUARY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 525. *Date:* 26 Feb according to Forster.

I wish you would look over carefully the titles now enclosed, and tell me to which you most incline. You will see that they give up *Mag* altogether, and refer exclusively to one name—that which I last sent you. I doubt whether I could, on the whole, get a better name.

1. *The Copperfield Disclosures.* Being the personal history, experience, and observation, of Mr. David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone House.
2. *The Copperfield Records.* Being the personal history, experience, and observation, of Mr. David Copperfield the Younger, of Copperfield Cottage.
3. *The Last Living Speech and Confession of David Copperfield Junior,* of Blunderstone Lodge, who was never executed at the Old Bailey. Being his personal history found among his papers.
4. *The Copperfield Survey of the World as it Rolled.* Being the personal history, experience, and observation of David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery.
7. *The Last Will and Testament of Mr. David Copperfield.* Being his personal history left as a legacy.

6. *Copperfield, Complete.* Being the whole personal history and experience of Mr. David Copperfield of Blunderstone House, which he never meant to be published on any account.

Or, the opening words of No. 6 might be *Copperfield's Entire;*[†1] and *The Copperfield Confessions* might open Nos. 1 and 2. NOW, WHAT SAY YOU?[†2]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh February 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am very sorry we were engaged last night, until it was too late to come to you. But I must add, in self defence, that I had no idea you were going to have a party, and had no forewarning of it, until I came home at nearly six o'Clock yesterday and found your note.

I shall be very glad to hear what you have done about the Home, and will come to you at any time you like, before 5, either tomorrow or next day, to hear the particulars.

If your box at Franconi's is not engaged for Friday next, may I beg it?

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

In the first agonies of a new book.

To MARY DICKENS, 27 FEBRUARY 1849

Text from MDGH, I, 205.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night, Feb. 27th, 1849.

My Dearest Mamey,

I am not engaged on the evening of your birthday.[†1] But even if I had an engagement of the most particular kind, I should excuse myself from keeping it, so that I might have the pleasure of celebrating at home, and among my children, the day that gave me such a dear and good daughter as you.

Ever affectionately yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 28 FEBRUARY 1849

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth February 1849.

My Dear Cunningham.

I shall have great pleasure in dining with you this day week, at half past six.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 FEBRUARY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 525. *Date:* 28 Feb according to Forster.

The *Survey*[†2] has been my favourite from the first. Kate picked it out from the rest, without my saying anything about it. Georgy too. You hit upon it, on the first glance. Therefore I have no doubt that it is indisputably the best title; and I will stick to it.

March

To FRANK STANFELL,[†3] 2 MARCH 1849*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Frank Stanfell Esquire | Royal Naval Hospital | Haslar | Gosport. On mourning paper.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | Second March 1849.

Dr. Sir.

I beg to inform you in reply to your letter of enquiry, that the passage in question refers to a joke between myself and my friend Mr. Stanfield, the

celebrated Marine Painter—whose name, in Captain Cuttle's mouth, changes accidentally to yours.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stanfell Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 MARCH [1849]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Clearly should be 1849, when 3 Mar was Saturday; reference to "the Coombses and the Cunliffes" supports. CD and Catherine were in Brighton on 3 Mar 48. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Third March 1848.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I had gone to the Home when you called, and when I was very sorry to miss you—as was Mrs. Dickens too, who was out walking.

Everything was orderly and comfortable; not the less so, by reason of Miss Cunliffe's taking herself off, very solemnly, in a fly while I was there.

I have a reasonably good little anecdote in reserve, of Rachael Bradley,[†2] whom I "booked"[†3] today. There was a simplicity in the circumstance that I thought a good omen.

In reference to Sir George Grey's case,[†4] I have not the least doubt of the expediency of immediately taking it. His interest in it is very agreeable to observe. I know the Recorder of Birmingham (Mr. Hill)[†5] and know him to be a man of good experience and discernment, and much kind feeling, in all these matters. I have no doubt he has well investigated the case.

The name of Mrs. Tripp[†6] is naturally a severe shock[†7] to me, but I try to bear it as I ought. I would suggest to you, seriously, that it would be most advisable for Mrs. Holdsworth to remain in power for a fortnight after Mrs. T—p's arrival in London, and for Mrs. T—p to go out there, three or four times a

week, during that interval, to become acquainted with the place, and the young women. She and Mrs. Holdsworth could not possibly clash then, and it would no doubt (from her own letter) meet Mrs. T—p's convenience too. I think it scarcely probable that Mrs. T—p could go into the place at once, suddenly deposing Mrs. Holdsworth, and get on well. And this has now become such an important subject, after our experience of the Coombses and the Cunliffes, that I really should not be in any strength of hope, under less precautionary arrangements.

Will you think of this?

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?5 MARCH 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 526*n*. *Date:* according to Forster, "of nearly the same date" as letter of 19 Apr 49 (F, VI, vi, 526*n*); but the only bad Indian news of this period was the loss suffered at the Battle of Chillianwallah, reported in English newspapers on 5 Mar (see below).

Pen and ink before me! Am I not at work on *Copperfield!* Nothing else would have kept me here until half-past two on such a day. . . . Indian news bad indeed.[†1] Sad things come of bloody war. If it were not for Elihu,[†2] I should be a peace and arbitration man.[†3]

To JOHN LEECH, 9 MARCH 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Ninth March 1849.

My Dear Leech.

I am deeply distressed (as we all [are] here) to receive your melancholy letter.

All consolation is poor and feeble in the first weight of such an affliction, I know, but I cannot help sending you this word of affectionate sympathy and friendship.

Try to think it better that the dear little child is spared from greater uneasiness and pain, and is at peace now, than it could or would have been if she had lived a few years longer[†1]—to take a stronger hold upon you and her mother every day—and to leave a mightier blank in your hearts. Above all, try to remember that she has certainly gone to the inestimable happiness of God, and that she is among his angels evermore.

Our loves to Mrs. Leech, with whom our thoughts are this morning. It is a great relief to know that the end of your darling was so calm. It must be so to her and you—or will be, when you have thought a little more about it, I feel sure.

I do not write as I would, for I really cannot say what I would. Believe me that all that is cordial, true, and earnest—and full of sympathy and interest and affection—is what we feel here, and what I am quite unable to express, because [I] feel it so sincerely.

Ever My Dear Leech | Affectionately Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 10 MARCH 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night | Tenth March 1849.

My Dear Tone.

There is a small alteration in the order of the Day for tomorrow, to wit,

6 exactly

instead of ½ past 5 ditto.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 MARCH 1849

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday March Thirteenth | 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Tracey has sent me the enclosed. Will you be kind enough to return it to me, as he wishes to have it back?

Mr. Hullah begs to know (as it is important to his other arrangements) what is proposed to be done about the singing in future—whether it is to take place once a week—and if so, on what day. The agreed payment for one year on the old principle of two lessons a week (£50) is also due.

Is Mrs. T[†2] on regular probation?

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 MARCH 1849*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night | Thirteenth March 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I think Mr. Engelbach's idea of an Emigrant Ship in the Steerage[†1] Department, must be received with that amount of deduction which his connexion with an Emigration Company[†2] and his having become like the Dyer's hand, "subdued to what it works in",[†3] may properly warrant. I have no doubt myself that it is very bad, that Miss Morris[†4] had no idea what it was, when she shipped herself with that order of passengers. I never was so much astonished in my life as when I saw the Steerage of an American Liner—*on the passage*[†5]—and I remember Mr. Tracey's face assuming a most extraordinary appearance when I told him the young women were going in the Steerage of the Posthumous. I mention this, as he is a naval officer of considerable experience, and universally respected.

At the same time I certainly am not at all agreeably impressed by the letter the girls[†6] have written you. I doubt their delicacy very much indeed, and I think they should have undergone anything short of actual offence, before they dreamed of taking such a step.[†7] That about the washing is sheer nonsense. The best-provided passenger on board a passenger-ship, endures all kinds of inconveniences in that respect—and I question whether they will find themselves much better off at first, after they land.

No doubt the best course is that which you have taken.[†8]

The Bishop of London[†9] is a mystery I can't penetrate—unless they have got somebody else's books.[†10]

When I look at the style and orthography of these two letters, and call to mind Jane Westaway's too, I am emboldened to state to you an opinion I have been gradually forming of late, and which the abrupt

disappearance of the estimable Trip has confirmed, that it would be sound and wise to *try*[†1] Mrs. Holdsworth and a servant woman. I feel confident that under any more settled sort of administration there, she could teach the girls better than they have yet been taught, and enable them to do you and your great generosity and charity more credit than these results do. We are sure of her temper, sure of her good intentions, and sure of their (I mean the inmates) being prepared to like her. Moreover, she has a positive, practical, experience of the place. And I believe this combination to be more important, than any sort of flourish of trumpets with which anybody else could enter on the duty. For the plain, limited education that is required, I think she is competent; and in those other qualities without which the instruction of the best successor would be a dismal failure, I really consider her quite a remarkable person. Whatever my opinion is worth, it is worth so much the more for this—that I had no leaning towards her, at first, and have really come to like her without the least inclination to do so. Such restrictions upon the comings and goings of her children as you might think right, could be easily placed upon her, but I do not think it likely that—for the money—or for anything near the money—we shall ever find so unobjectionable a person again. And nobody would be more resolute against counselling you to spend more on this head, than I am; because I sincerely feel that it would be unjust and wrong.

I think with you that the habit of asking is a bad one, but I confess I would increase the quantity of writing paper. Some of them may have nobody to write to; but the separation even from so much Earth that they have been used to, is a tremendous one, and the feeling that they *can* connect themselves with England by a few pothooks, twenty times or thirty times instead of six or eight, is not an unwholesome one.[†2] Indeed I am inclined to believe it has its root in a sentiment that it is desirable, with a view to our future hopes of them, to encourage.

I am just going to bed with an abominable cold, and hope I may have written more intelligibly than I am able to speak.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 16 MARCH 1849*

MS Professor A. A. Adrian. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire. On mourning paper.

Sixteenth March, 1849 | Friday

My Dear Lemon.

I have been at work all day, and should greatly like a small—very trifling—"out" in the streets or elsewhere, tonight. As you say you are "wanted" until 7, I will come down to that attic in Whitefriars,[†1] *not later than 8*—maybe sooner—on the chance of your being available. But it is very likely you may have gone away on some previous engagement. If so, it's all one. I must come out.

Ever Affectionately
Sparkler

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 MARCH 1849*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Seventeenth March | 1849.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I am not in a fit state of mind yet, to give an opinion on those two girls' going away. I was so unspeakably relieved to find they had come back again, that my reasoning powers in connexion with that subject, have deserted me.

After what you say of Mrs. Holdsworth, I shall only hope the best of

Morson[†2]

When do you propose to have another Meeting, for the bills and so forth?

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MARK LEMON, 17 MARCH 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Seventeenth March | 1849.

My Dear Lemon

Thinking over the theatricals while dressing this morning, a question arises in my mind whether any objection connected with that Ass in Manchester, would not be best and most completely avoided by postponing the idea—say 'till Christmas time—an excellent Season for it, and when the Theatre will perhaps be more at our disposal. For I confess that this weighs with me, and that the notion of a new difficult piece—a melodrama of all things—unrehearsed *upon the*

stage, gives me fears of the ridiculous.[†1] The Bridge, the door latch, the carrying off of the body, the dance, the last Scene, &c &c.

Think of this, till Monday.[†2]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 17 MARCH 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Seventeenth March | 1849.

My Dear Leech.

I like the Uxbridge notion very much, and will call for you *punctually at eleven* on Monday forenoon.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 17 MARCH 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Seventeenth March | 1849.

My Dear Stone.

—Sorry you were engaged yesterday. Many thanks for the enclosed, which I also received. It is written by Miss Jewsbury,[†3] who sent it to Forster,[†4] begging

him to put it in the Examiner—which he don't mean to do. I am afraid our friend the Jew[†1] is an idiot.[†2]

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 21 MARCH 1849

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Evening
Twenty First March 1849.

My Dear B and E.

Thus let it stand.[†3] And may Heaven speed us!

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 21 MARCH 1849

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Night
Twenty First March 1849.

My Dear Sir.

I feel it rather early to take Chuzzlewit,[†4] but I feel convinced that—in poor times especially—the Sketches would make a dangerous break in the continuity of the sale,[†5] and perhaps damage what followed. Under these circumstances I think it would be best to take 1[†6] Chuzzlewit next, then 2 Oliver, then 3 the American Notes, and lastly 4 the Sketches[†7] and so to alter the order in the announcement on the cover.[*†8]

* putting this line after the Sketches
WITH WHICH THE CHEAP EDITION WILL TERMINATE.[†9]

But if you should have any other suggestion to make, *I should like very much to have the benefit of it before we finally decide.*

The accounts will be welcome when they come, as I am anxious to know how they stand.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 MARCH 1849*

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty first March 1849

My Dear Miss Coutts,

Frances Barclay arrived at Mr. Chesterton's yesterday afternoon for a month—committed for an assault on a Policeman in this neighbourhood.

I hope your cold is better.

Faithfully yours ever,
CHARLES DICKENS

To CORNELIUS MATHEWS,[†1] 22 MARCH 1849*

MS Auckland Public Library. *Address:* Cornelius Mathews Esquire | New York | U.S. of America.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace, | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Second March 1849.

My Dear Sir

I assure you I have not forgotten, either our correspondence or our acquaintance.[†2] And I should have been very glad if I could have complied with your request.[†3]

But my publishers are at this moment engaged in a negociation (to which I do not feel myself at liberty to refer more particularly)[†4] which places it out of my power to do so.

This being the case, I lose no time, as you request, in writing a brief reply to your letter.

With all good wishes for your success

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Cornelius Mathews Esquire.

To THE REV. JOHN KENNEDY,[†1] 23 MARCH 1849†

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Third March 1849.

Sir.

In reply to your letter of enquiry, I beg to say that I believe my opportunities of observing Mrs. Fisher to have been very good, and that I can most conscientiously recommend her as a person of tact, energy, self-controul, and ability to exercise a wholesome controul and influence over those whom she instructs. I saw her under difficult circumstances, and thought her capable of being very quickly formed by what was about her, and by her own intelligence, for almost any situation in which these qualities are required. I consider her nature particularly calculated to impress children.

I had not the pleasure of knowing her late husband, though I believe I corresponded with him on some occasions. I mention this, merely to suggest my impartiality in respect of her.

I do not gather from your note that there are any other points on which you require my opinion in detail. I therefore content myself with generally recommending this lady, very earnestly, and in the full confidence that she thoroughly deserves it.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend John Kennedy.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 MARCH 1849†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twenty Fourth March | 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I regret to say that I cannot meet you at Shepherd's Bush today. In pursuance of virtuous resolutions to be beforehand, I am hard at work finishing the first Number of my new book.[†2]

But any day next week, except Monday, I shall be happy to attend any

appointment that may suit you, between 2 and 5. Will you let me know, as soon as you conveniently can, what day and time will suit you best.

I will then tell you what occurs to my mind on your two Mark-Table suggestions.

With best regards to Mrs. and Mr. Brown

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To [MARK LEMON], 25 MARCH 1849*

MS Mr Philip Whinney. *Address:* clearly to Lemon, Leech or Stone, the other members of the "Walking Club"; almost certainly Lemon, since one of three letters endorsed "Mrs. D. Blaker", the other two being to Lemon. On mourning paper.

Board of Sparkler Controul | Twenty Fifth March 1849.

[†a]WHEREAS[†a] I am informed on the authority of one Bradshaw, that a Train for Slough leaves the Great Western Railway Station at Paddington tomorrow, Monday, Morning at eleven o'Clock, [†a]NOW I DO HEREBY CONVOKE AND APPOINT[†a] the Walking Club[†1] to be and assemble at the Booking Office of the said Station tomorrow, Monday, Morning, at a quarter before eleven o'Clock.

(Signed)

CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES WYATT,[†2] 26 MARCH 1849

Summary from Weatherhead & Son catalogue, July 1975; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 26 Mar 49.

Explaining why he must decline the invitation of the Committee of the Bedford Library and Scientific Institution.[†3]

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 27 MARCH 1849*

MS Indiana University Libraries. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 30 Moscow Road | Bayswater.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Seventh March 1849.

Dear Miss Kelly.

I am afraid I have not sufficient faith in the Oxford Amateurs,[†1] to venture on the acceptance of your kind offer.[†2]

Either on Saturday or Monday Morning between 11 and 12, I shall be at home and glad to see you, if you wish to see me.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 27 MARCH 1849*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park
Twenty Seventh March 1849.

I knew Mr. Thomas Holcroft[†3] some years ago,[†4] and can very earnestly add my recommendation of him to that which I have read in the words of my friend Mr. Carlyle.[†5] I am well assured of his industry, ability, and integrity; I perfectly concur in that testimony to his merits; and I am glad to have the opportunity of corroborating it.

CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 28 MARCH 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth March 1849.

My Dear Henry.

I am very glad to find that you have moved into your present part of the world[†1]—the advantage of which change, in a thousand [†a][ ][†a] health, and [†b][ ][†b] than of yore.

I am going to Lord Carlisle's[†2] on Saturday. Very glad to find you are.

I have been wallowing in my new book for the last month—very comfortably, and (I hope) successfully.

Kate and Georgy unite with me in love to Letitia.

[†c][ ][†c]

I suppose you have been washing in a cheese-plate this morning, and breakfasting out of a clothes-basket. Those agonies of moving, though two years off, afflict me already.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 MARCH 1849*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth March 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Referring to Mr. Hullah's letter, I find his expression is this:—"Mr. Bannister *has been* at work *once* a week, since February"—This in reply to my telling him that Mr. Bannister was to come back for one weekly lesson, in about a month.

Thank you for the papers in reference to the balance. I will look them over, and make out how the case stands.

I think in reference to Mrs. Morson's knowing about the girls, that her information ought to be strictly confined to such general ideas of their several characters as I can give her for her guidance, founded on some broad explanation of their several histories. Firstly, because of the promise of confidence under which they have yielded up their secrets. And secondly because Mr. Tracey and Mr. Chesterton were strongly of opinion when the Home was first established that this was a very essential point. They find some illustration of its being so, in the Prisons, every day.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

On *Saturday* between 11 & 12, I will call on you.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 MARCH 1849†

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth March 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

As I believe you will give me credit for being very slow to intrude upon your generosity, I will say nothing[†1] in defence of this application.

There has come to my knowledge a case, in which if you should feel disposed to render any assistance, I can answer for its being well bestowed. The object is, to help the family of the grandson of that Henry Goldsmith[†2] to whom Oliver dedicated the Traveller,[†3] and who is supposed to have been the original of some parts of Mr. Primrose's character in the Vicar of Wakefield—a book of which I think it is

not too much to say that it has perhaps done more good in the world, and instructed more kinds of people in virtue, than any other fiction ever written.

This grandson[†4] has six sons and a daughter. On an income never exceeding two hundred a year, and for a great part of his life never exceeding a hundred and sixty, he has contrived to bring them up well (those that are grown) and to get two of them abroad as Sailors, and another into the Naval School.[†5] He is a Lieutenant in the Navy himself, and now in command of a Revenue Cruizer;[†6] but the expences of his family, and in particular the having borrowed £50 for the outfit of one of his sons, have involved him in temporary distress; and unless he can clear himself, it is probable that he will be seriously damaged at the Admiralty.

I have a letter by me from his wife,[†7] which is very plainly and pathetically written, and which convinces me that lasting good may be done to a very deserving man, by a little money. A private subscription among some literary men is the only thing that occurs to me, as a way of raising the whole sum borrowed (the least amount, I take it, that would do him real service) and if you feel yourself justified in aiding it, I shall be very heartily sensible of your assistance.

Don't take the trouble to write, as I am to see you on Saturday. I think Mrs. Morson *very promising.*

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 31 MARCH 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Thirty First March 1849.

Dear Sir.

I have gone over the accounts.[†1] The result is certainly not what I had wished, or even expected, but the times have no doubt been sorely against us.[†2]

If you are prepared to pay the balance into Coutts's, I shall be glad if you will do so.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MARCH 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, vi, 525. *Date:* probably not long after he had decided on the title *David Copperfield.*

Replying to Forster, who had pointed out that the initials of David Copperfield were his own reversed, saying that he was much startled, but that it was in keeping with the fates and chances which were always befalling him. Why else should I so obstinately have kept to that name when once it turned up?

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [?SEPTEMBER 1848-MARCH 1849]

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper. *Date:* Sep 48-Mar 49 on form of initials and mourning paper (for Fanny Burnett's death).

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday

My Dear Frederick

I think it will be best to tell this man that I am informed he is addicted to drink, and that therefore I must decline to assist him—not because I claim any right to judge his failings, or to punish them, but because I know it is useless and hopeless to give money to a drunkard.

But as they seem to be in real distress, I would give *the wife,* the enclosed, and, if the baby is still lying unburied, I would pay Chesterton's proposed agent, to perform that office.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To P. O. BRIEN,[†1] [LATE JANUARY-MARCH 1849]*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper. *Date:* late Jan-Mar 49 on handwriting and mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday.

Dear Sir

Allow me to say 6 (exactly) tomorrow, instead of half past five.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P. O. Brien Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, [?JANUARY-MARCH 1849]*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper. *Date:* not before 1849 on ending "Affecy"; stroke, not flourish, under "CD", points to Jan-Mar 49.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday

My Dear Stone

—Hopelessly engaged (wus luck!) and just going out.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

April

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 APRIL 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Second April 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I know Serjeant Shee,[†2] who is referred to in the letter you sent me, but I am afraid he is on circuit. I will write (of course without using your name) and make private enquiry of him about the writer. I don't think that allusion to your late father[†3] is in his favor. I always regard that kind of thing as possibly comprehending a sort of threat.

I am almost sorry we sent that letter to Mr. Chesterton, he is in such extraordinary concern about it. It seems that some scoundrel, as yet undiscovered, has been writing anonymous letters, to him and about him, for some few weeks past. He writes to me immediately, in reference to this, (which he says is in the same handwriting) as follows:

"Pray do not let Miss Coutts imagine for a moment, that I am this *unsafe* man. Wednesday last, is distinctly written in the letter to Miss Coutts. If any proof were necessary (I hope none is) of its detestable falsehood, my family could very easily avouch that last Wednesday I was at home all the evening, and that for weeks and weeks past we have had little reunions at home on Wednesdays, and

I have not been out from home, once, upon any of those nights. As for an Omnibus at night, Heaven knows when I have been in one!

"As a positive name is given, and a locality, I shall send to see if such a place and such a person really have existence. I shall be surprised to find either the case".

He retains the letter with this view. I think that with his police-facilities he ought to, and I hope he will, find out the writer.[†1]

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Coutts.

To CHARLES MASON,[†2] 2 APRIL 1849*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Second April 1849.

Sir.

I do not understand from your note, whether Mr. Foot would be disposed to take my little mare in part exchange for his gelding. Unless he should be so disposed, or unless you can particularly recommend the gelding as *a very good* and serviceable horse in harness, I should hardly like to trouble you to drive him up here, as I would prefer to get the little mare off my hands, either *in* purchasing another horse, or before purchasing another horse. I shall be at home tomorrow (Tuesday) at 2 o'Clock, however.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Mason.

To WILLIAM SHEE, [?3 APRIL 1849]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 2 Apr. *Date:* CD must have written at once, since he refers to Shee's reply on 7 Apr.

To CHARLES SABINE, 4 APRIL 1849

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, May 1922; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 4 Apr 49.

Thanking him for a book[†3] *and note received.*

To MARK LEMON, [6 APRIL 1849]

Text in N, II, 149 checked from MS Sotheby's, Oct 1967. *Date:* Good Friday was 6 Apr in 1849.

Good Friday 1849.

My Dear Lemon.

Will you come up today (as it is our usual foregathering day of the week) and eat some salt fish and cold beef and salad, at ½ past 5?

Affectionately Always
CD

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [9] APRIL [1849]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; from references to Shee and Mrs Goldsmith clearly 1849, when Monday was 9 Apr (Easter Monday).

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Seventh April

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I do not think it will be necessary for me to see you until you come back from Brighton.—I will go out to Shepherd's Bush, and pay the rent for the field.—I think with you about the applicant to whom Serjeant Shee's letter refers. From Mrs. Goldsmith there has come a second letter (a most honorable one) hoping to do with half the money—at all events just now, pending the expected return of the eldest son from sea. The rest was raised, but I have sent her your gift (saying it is from a lady whose name I am not at liberty to mention) and now hold the rest.

In haste | Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LORD NUGENT, 9 APRIL 1849

Extract in Hodgson's catalogue, 9 Mar 1904; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 9 Apr 49.

I deeply feel your letter and heartily desire to convey to you in reply all that a very sincere friend would say, if he could, on such a subject.[†1]

To FRANK STONE, [9] APRIL 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* misdated by CD; Monday was 9 Apr in 1849.

Monday Seventh April 1849.

My Dear Stone

Hogarth's reply is, that the proposed title *Adagio con moto* would be "quite ridiculous and preposterous, and would involve a most extravagant musical mistake", but that *Andante con moto* would be perfectly correct.[†2]

Affy. Ever
CD

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 10 APRIL 1849

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth April 1849.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

I am heartily obliged to you for your most kind note, and appreciate your friendship and your enduring remembrance of me on all occasions, with inexpressible earnestness.

I shall not fail to see you this week.[†1] Those blessed Railroads unite Paris and London so closely now, that I shall try never to think of you as gone at all out of my reach.[†2] Moreover, I shall hope to see you in Paris, pretty often, and to begin doing so pretty soon—for I have some idea of running over for a few days, very early in May.[†3]

If you should be writing to Count d'Orsay, pray give him my love. And ever believe me, Dear Lady Blessington,

Your attached and faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. K. BROWNE, [10 APRIL 1849]

Envelope only in Spencer catalogue No. 144; addressed H. K. Browne; PM 10 Apr 49.

To DAVID ROBERTS,[†4] 10 APRIL 1849*

MS Berg Collection.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tenth April 1849.

My Dear Roberts.

I am very sorry that being out of town all day yesterday, I could not avail

myself of your kind remembrance of me, and have the pleasure of coming to see your pictures.[†1]

Mrs. Dickens and I will be very happy if you will come and dine here on Saturday the 21st. at half past six, on which day and date we are going to christen a "babby" (No. 8).

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire.

To CHARLES [?I]. WARD,[†2] 10 APRIL 1849*

MS Mr Bernard A. M. Lazarus.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth April 1849.

My Dear Sir

I beg to return you the Chimes, with my sign-manual affixed,[†3] and to thank you for your obliging note.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles I.[†4] Ward Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 APRIL 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Eleventh April | 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am exceedingly pleased with the letter from the first party of girls. It is very encouraging and hopeful indeed, I think. I have observed your instructions in reference to it.

I will talk to Mr. Hill[†5] about Jones, before I see you again. It is most likely that he will have by him his notes of her trial, and that he will be able to say whether there is any reasonable possibility that her denial may be true. I will see her myself about our register[†6] (in which she is not put down yet) and perhaps she will make the denial to me, and give me some means of judging whether it seems to have any likely foundation in fact.

Mrs. Morson *certainly* begins well, and I hope will prove to be the person we want.

It must be some comfort to Mrs. Brown, to have such an unheard-of cold. While one *is* about it, to beat all competitors and predecessors is a triumph. Vanity apart, I thought I had made an approach to perfection in this way, myself, three or four months ago; but I am now content to hide my diminished head,[†1] and the diminished cold in it. I scarcely feel it right to suggest a hope that she is better, and that she has come down from that height of pre-eminence—but if I may, modestly, do so, I will.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have done as you so kindly authorize me in reference to Mrs. Goldsmith.

To THOMAS CROFTON CROKER,[†2] 13 APRIL 1849

Text from N, II, 150.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth April 1849

My Dear Sir,

I assure you I should have been delighted to accept your kind invitation for Wednesday, but that Mrs. Dickens has long laid an embargo[†3] on me to be at home that day to receive some friends at dinner. I hope the Lord High President of the Council with the tremendous name[†4] will bear me in his gracious remembrance some other Wednesday, when I shall be truly happy to attend his summons.

Believe me, my dear Sir, | Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 14 APRIL 1849*

MS Comte de Gramont.

Athenaeum. | Saturday Afternoon | Fourteenth April 1849.

My Dear Lady Blessington.

I came here in despair from Gore House, whither I went this afternoon

(surely you said *any* afternoon this week),[†1] to say good by'e to you,—and found you gone.[†2]

I cannot tell you what a blank it was to me to look at your empty house, or how grieved I am not to have taken your kind hand before you went away. But I write, to pray you not to think I have been unmindful of you, now, or ever, and to send after you my most affectionate and earnest wishes.

Ever believe me | Dear Lady Blessington | Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

My love to Count D'Orsay.

To THE REV. CHARLES SPEAR,[†3] 14 APRIL 1849*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace. | Fourteenth April 1849.

Sir.

I beg to say, in reply to your circular letter, that my engagements will not admit of my sending you any contribution for your Journal.[†4] I am too much occupied.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Charles Spear

To MESSRS ROBERTSON & SCHRODER,[†5] 18 APRIL 1849*

MS Yale University Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Mrs J. R. Cohen): Aux Messieurs: | MM. Robertson & Schroder | 23 Rue Coppens | Bruxelles.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighteenth April 1849.

Gentlemen.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to thank you for the courteous terms in which it is expressed. I cannot, however, have the pleasure of giving you the permission you seek, as I hold myself bound in that

regard to Mr. Tauchnitz of Leipzig, from whom I have invariably received the most honorable treatment.[†1]

I am Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Robertson and Schroder

To JOHN FORSTER, [?19 APRIL 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, vi, 525-6. *Date:* 19 Apr according to Forster;[†2] but see below.

Telling Forster that the novel was to begin on 1 May, with the title: "The Personal History, Adventures, Experience, and Observation of David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery, which he never meant to be published on any account."[†3]

My hand is out in the matter of *Copperfield.*[†4] To-day and yesterday I have done nothing. Though I know what I want to do, I am lumbering on like a stage-waggon. I can't even dine at the Temple to-day, I feel it so important to stick at it this evening, and make some head. I am quite aground; quite a literary Benedict, as he appeared when his heels wouldn't stay upon the carpet;[†5] and the long Copperfieldian perspective looks snowy and thick, this fine morning.

To MARK LEMON, 19 APRIL 1849*

MS Bodleian Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Benoliel Collection): Mark Lemon Esquire | 3 St. Ann's Villas | Royal Crescent | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Nineteenth April | 1849.

My Dear Lemon.

I am afraid I cannot be forthcoming on Monday, as I am obliged (by an unexpected change in our arrangements) to be at Shepherds Bush at ½ past 3. Do you think it would suit you and Leech to make the day, generally, Wednesday instead?—Or to make it Wednesday for *next* week?—Think it over. I hope to see you here on Saturday night, and then we can decide.

Affectionately Ever
CD.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 21 APRIL 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twenty First April | 1849.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the £394..13..4.[†1] I do not think we have any other reason to complain of the Sale of the cheap Edition, than that it would probably have been much better, if the times had been more propititious.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To JOHN LEECH, 24 APRIL 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth April 1849. | Tuesday.

My Dear Leech.

As Lemon is not producible tomorrow, I take it for granted the Walking Club does not issue forth?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To DUDLEY COSTELLO, 25 APRIL 1849

Facsimile in *D,* XXXII (1936), 125.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth April 1849.

My Dear Costello

Many thanks for your note. I hope David Copperfield will "do", for your good correspondent. The world would not take another Pickwick from me, now; but we can be cheerful and merry I hope, notwithstanding, and with a little more purpose in us.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Dudley Costello Esquire.

To JOHN LEECH, [?26 APRIL 1849]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Mar-May 49 on form of initials and "T" of "Terrace"; the only Thursday on which both Catherine Hayes and Jenny Lind were performing in London between these dates was 26 Apr. *Address:* Wait answer. | John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday

My Dear Leech

Will you come to Covent Garden tonight,[†1] to hear Miss Hayes?[†2] I have just got two Orchestra Stalls. We have also a box at the other house, and can run over and hear Jenny[†3] if we be in the mind.

A verbal answer will do. If Yes—come here.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, [?29 APRIL 1849]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Form of initials points to 1849; "un-Spring-like" to before May. Probably written on 29 Apr, the Sunday after he had heard Catherine Hayes (see last).

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday

My Dear Lemon.

The weather is so very bad and un-Spring-like, that I really think it is a question whether we had not better postpone the walking for a week (when there surely *must* come fine weather) and dine together. But as I will on no account make a change in what I regard as a binding engagement, without the general consent (I *may* be outvoted perhaps) I will come straight down to your house *today* starting from Oxford Street at 3. Perhaps I shall meet you on the road. We will then decide.

Affectionately Ever

CD

P.S. I think Miss Hayes the freshest and most delicious thing I have ever heard.

To [?T.F.] ELLIS,[†1] [?30 APRIL 1849]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 APRIL 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Evening | April Thirtieth 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have written to Mr. Ellis, and proposed to call upon him on Wednesday at 12, after which I will come to you. My impression of the case, is, that it is not one which is well adapted to the Home, and that the friends themselves do not even seem to have any clear idea what the home is for. If the unfortunate child have confirmed habits of pilfering, I fear it would be best for her to go into a different kind of training altogether, with companions of a different age. And I have a great dread, now that we seem at last to be doing thoroughly well, of introducing a *Stonnellian*[†2] element into our formation.

I say this, however, in ignorance of your own view of the case, and shall merely mention it to Mr. Ellis, of course, as *my* impression—unless anything he should tell me, should go towards altering it.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN LEECH, 30 APRIL 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth April 1849.

My Dear Leech.

I was heartily pleased, just now at dinner, by the receipt of your note. There are very few things indeed that could be more delightful to me, than such a cordial and genial outburst of praise.[†3] You do me good, and make me hold my pen with a sturdier hand, afterwards. I thank you with all my heart.

I suppose Lemon will not come on Wednesday. My other half is a little nervous about it; and I imagined within myself that this was the reason why he didn't come last Wednesday:[†4] though I don't attach the remotest importance

to any such idea of bringing home infection, myself. In any case, I shall expect you towards two o'Clock.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

P.S. I passed Gore House to day, and saw the bills up for a Sale[†1] (in the East Wind) with a very doleful eye.

May

To F. M. EVANS, 1 MAY 1849*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace. | First May 1849.

My Dear Evans

I hope and trust we have made a good start, and that we shall fetch up Dombey.[†2]

I send you the second chapter.[†3] The Third is to come, yet. The first, I will send to Browne tomorrow. As the second subject[†4] is in this now sent, *proofs are important.*

I am glad to hear your children are doing well. Let me know about them whenever you write, as Mrs. Dickens is much interested.

Ever Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.
P.S. You mustn't get into the habit of asking for Copy.—It's a bad one.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 3 MAY 1849*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace. | Third May 1849.

My Dear Sir

As I shall not attend the Dinner,[†1] I beg to return you the tickets.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK,[†2] 3 MAY 1849*

MS John F. Fleming, Inc.

Devonshire Terrace | Third May 1849.

My Dear Clark

Many thanks for the Knickerbocker,[†3] which is as good as ever—and that is saying a good deal.

Certain emotions of shame and confusion arise within me, when I think of a previous letter of yours, unanswered. But I am a bad correspondent, having an enormous correspondence with an infinity of people (chiefly about nothing) which I *must* dispatch from day to day—and it was, and is, so hopeless to attempt to comply with the request you preferred in that letter, that I held my peace.

We are all heartily well and thriving, thank God. Mrs. Dickens sends her love to Mrs. Clark,[†4] and I send something as near it as a gentleman may. Also my love to Washington Irving when you see him, who I hope has not forgotten the flower-garnished julep we drank together at Baltimore.[†5] *I* never have.

Eight children, at this present writing. It begins to look serious, I am afraid.

Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. K. BROWNE, 4 MAY 1849

Text from N, II, 151.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth May 1849, Friday

My Dear Browne,

I send you the second chapter.[†6] The proofs have been delayed, I find, by Bradbury's illness, and Hivins's[†7] absence.

— V - 532 —

Will you come and dine here tomorrow week, at ¼ before 7? We shall have two or three people to dinner, and perhaps a little good music in the evening.[†1]

Ever faithfully

[CD]

To CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE,[†2] 5 MAY 1849

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth May 1849.

My Dear Sir

I am very sorry to say that my Orphan Working School vote, is promised in behalf of an unfortunate young orphan who after being canvassed for, subscribed

— V - 533 —

for, polled for, written for, quarreled[†1] for, fought for, called for, and done all kinds of things for, by ladies who wouldn't go away and wouldn't be satisfied with anything anybody said or did for them, was floored at the last election, and comes up to the scratch next morning, for the *next* election, fresher than ever.

I devoutly hope he may get in, and be lost sight of for evermore.

Pray give my kindest regards to my quondam Quickly,[†2] and believe me

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Cowden Clarke Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, 5 MAY 1849

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday afternoon, Fifth May | 1849.

My Dear Evans.

I send you herewith, the end of the Number.[†3] If it should make a little too much (as I think it may[†4]) let them begin chapter 5 on page 46, where there is now a great blank.[†5] As soon as you have

proofs, send me the whole, made up, and send me Mr. Forster's proofs too. I will correct and give them to him.

I am very sorry that we cannot get on, without calling forth such letters as the enclosed. What does it mean? Is it not ill-advised, and very ill-advised, to give any semblance of color to such complaints?[†6] They used never to be made, and how is it that they begin now? Pray see into this without delay, and let me know what the case is, and what you have done, before I answer the letter.[†7]

I think it excessively injudicious if there be any departure on your parts from the old course of my books.[†1]

I am very glad to hear that your children are so much better.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 MAY 1849

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Seventh May 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Pending some further enquiries of Mr. Tracey's, I have arranged to be at his prison on Wednesday at 12, to see a young girl of 16, whose case he hopes is a good one. The worst of it, is, that she is committed for six months, and has only been there three; but possibly we might get her sentence commuted, if the circumstances seem favorable. I will report to you after seeing her.

I want to ask you to give me your permission to put you down as a Subscriber to a certain book of poetry price ten Shillings.[†2] I have a horror of Subscription-books in general, but the Writer of this is Mr. Charles Whitehead[†3] (the author, some years ago, of a very clever novel indeed, called Richard Savage).[†4] He has been struggling with poverty all his life,[†5] and resorts to this form of publication as a means of keeping his brother (a lunatic) another year in an asylum. I am much interested in helping him to good names.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 7 MAY 1849*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh May 1849.

My Dear Carlyle.

I shall take it as a personal favor if you will give me your permission to put you down as a subscriber to a certain book of poems, price (when published) ten shillings. I have an invincible objection to subscription-books in general: but the Author in this case is Mr. Charles Whitehead (who wrote a very clever novel, some years ago, called Richard Savage) and the object he seeks to obtain by this means is such a very melancholy and unusual one[†1] that I am much interested in getting him the best names in Literature. He has never been a successful man, but he is a man of unquestionable ability.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Carlyle Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, [7 MAY 1849]

Mention in postscript to Evans's draft letter to CD of 7 May: "your second note came and really almost knocked me over" (MS Bodleian).

Complaining that Jerdan had not received copies of Copperfield *for the* Literary Gazette.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 7 MAY 1849*

MS Mr Robert B. Riss.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh May 1849.

My Dear Milnes.

You escaped me in the crowd last night,[†2] but I had a design upon you. I wanted to ask you a favor—don't be frightened—in behalf of a literary man who I think has a claim upon us all.

It is, that you will give me your permission to put you down as a subscriber to a certain book of poetry, price (when published) Ten Shillings. I have the strongest objection to Subscription-books in general, but the author in this case is Mr. Charles Whitehead (who wrote, a few years ago, a very clever novel called Richard Savage); and the family calamity he seeks to soften by this means is such a very melancholy one, that I am much interested in aiding him to obtain the highest names in Literature.

He has not been a successful man, but he is a man of unquestionable ability, and no utterer of base coin in rhyme.[†1]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire

To H. K. BROWNE, 9 MAY 1849

Text from D. C. Thomson, *Life and Labours of Hablot K. Browne*, 1884, p. 68.

Devonshire Terrace, | Wednesday, ninth May, 1849

My Dear Browne,

I think the enclosed[†2] capital. Will you put Davy on a little jacket instead of this coat, without altering him in any other respect?[†3]

Faithfully ever

C.D.

To F. M. EVANS, 10 MAY 1849

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth May 1849.

My Dear Evans.

I am sorry you took the complaints[†4] (which, of course, are not mine, and I can know nothing about, until you tell me) so much to heart. It is necessary, I need not say, that I should enquire into them.

I am very glad indeed, that we have so decisive and final an answer to Jerdan's.[†5]

In reference to that of Mr. Gilbert[†6] (whom I have referred to you) I must say that I think it would have been infinitely better, not to have departed in the least from Chapman and Hall's usual course of proceeding. The saving is a great and tempting one, but that is no proof of the wisdom of the alteration.[†7] We might save as much again, I dare say, by doing something that would nevertheless be very impolitic and ill-advised.

When my copies go out at the end of this month, please to place on the Free list, Mr. Costello 54 Acacia Road St. John's Wood—sending him, then, both

No. 1 and No. 2. And if you send a copy to *any* Newspaper at Liverpool, please to add the Liverpool Mercury[†1] to the list.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWIN LANDSEER, 10 MAY 1849

Summary and extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1972; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 10 May 49.

Giving him permission to look at his pony at Tattersall's after the owner of a horse farm at Acton, Mr Mason, had moved her there. If you think it worth while to go and look at her, she will be found in his name—Mr. Mason's Pony.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 10 MAY 1849

Extract in Walter M. Hill catalogue No. 50; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 10 May 49.

Many thanks. Mr. George Stephens[†2] was . . . an independent gentleman. He sold £1200 out of the funds to get up a tragedy of his own called MARTINUZZI, when certain madmen called the Syncretics had the Lyceum Theatre.[†3] He must have spent a good deal more, in publishing his own books.[†4] Family differences, besides, have impoverished him and he has been for some time ill, and in the deepest and most distressful indigence.[†5] We granted him £45 yesterday, at the Literary Fund[†6]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 11 MAY 1849

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh May 1849.

My Dear Bulwer.

I have delayed writing to you until I should have seen Whitehead, who had made an appointment to come here yesterday. When he came, I shewed him

your letter, the true generosity and sympathy of which affected him so much, that he did not know how to write his thanks to you himself, and earnestly begged that I would undertake to do so for him.

The strait in which he is, is this:—He has a brother who is a lunatic, and who, by hard scraping and gathering together of money, has been kept in an asylum for some time—I don't know how long. The day will soon arrive when he must either come out, or be paid for, for another year; and Whitehead seeks, by republishing his poem "The Solitary", and publishing another new poem with it,[†1] by subscription, to raise fifty or sixty pounds and defray that expense.

I have got him several good names, as Hallam,[†2] Macaulay, Rogers, Lady Lovelace, and so forth. But whether these will bring the requisite number (200) remains to be seen.

You are spending your Christmas in the Country, I suppose? Let me wish you a merry one. It is fine, severe, seasonable weather.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have taken it for granted, I suddenly find, that you know Whitehead to be poor. He has never been a successful man.

To LEIGH HUNT, 13 MAY 1849

Envelope only in Percy Dobell & Son's catalogue No. 24 (1923); addressed Leigh Hunt, 4 Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea; dated 13 May 49.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 14 MAY 1849*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd. *Address:* Mr. Serjeant Talfourd | &c &c &c | Serjeants Inn | Chancery Lane.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Fourteenth May 1849 | 11 o'Clock

My Dear Talfourd

I write in great haste to say that I have only just now got your letter, and that I am in a state of the utmost vexation at not being able to come today. I feel that we ought to dine somewhere together, afterwards; and I am engaged (for

my sins) to go with Mary Barton[†1] to the German opera[†2], and to dine with her, first.[†3]

But do let us make a day, for one of our old-time walks. Can you give me any notion of what days there are in perspective, when you can be idle? I will compare them with mine, then, and we can fix one with which nothing foreseen, shall interfere.[†4]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 15 MAY 1849*

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (envelope MS Messrs George Baynton): Henry Austin Esquire | Gwydyr House | Whitehall.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Fifteenth May 1849.

My Dear Henry.

Both day and hour will suit me perfectly well. I have booked myself accordingly.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire.

To MRS JOLL,[†1] 15 MAY 1849*

MS G. F. Sims. *Address:* Mrs. Joll. | Regent Street | Plymouth.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth May 1849.

Madam

I regret that I cannot add my name to your subscription list.

It would have given me real satisfaction to comply with your request, after reading your letter, if I felt it consistent with a principle of right which I have always maintained, to do so. But I cannot understand that you are justified in republishing portions of the works of living writers, without their consent.[†2] I think there is a confusion of ideas abroad, on this subject, which it is the duty of all who are devoted to literature, to discourage. And therefore I must very reluctantly decline doing what you ask me.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Joll.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 MAY 1849

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Sixteenth May | 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you, enclosed, a document relating to Mary Jones, which Mr. Hill the Recorder of Birmingham has sent me. I stated Mary Jones's case (as she puts it) in writing for him, that there might be no mistake, and at his request.

I am afraid her story is quite untrue. There is still a *possibility* of its being true, because there is a possibility of the neighbour represented to have seen her take money out of the till, being false. But the probabilities are very strong indeed against her.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I have been at Shepherds Bush three times lately, and have seen a good deal of Mrs. Morson and taken counsel with her in reference to a dispute between Isabella Gordon and Rachael Bradley. I have a very strong hope that she is exactly the person we have always wanted.

To MRS MORSON, 16 MAY 1849

Summary in N, II, 153; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 16 May 49. *Address* (envelope, MS Miss Grace Hughes): Mrs Morson. | Urania Cottage | Near The White Horse | Shepherds Bush.

Respecting Isabella Gordon.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 MAY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth May 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have read both the pamphlet[†1] and your letter.

It seems to me (I may be wrong, knowing nothing of the hand from which it comes), that the pamphlet is written by somebody who has conceived Puseyite ideas,[†2] and who has got one foot and the best part of one leg into the Romish Church. The suggested place is but a kind of Nunnery.[†3] If it be meant to be anything else, it is a mere vision, which, reduced to practice, would come to that. I think such places very promising offshoots from the root of all mischief, and believe this sprig would blow, in time, like the rest.

Your letter is perfectly plain and clear, and does not omit any strong point of objection. It seems to me to state all the points of objection very strongly and extremely well.[†4] The proposed Sisterhood, in particular, is most wisely

handled. It would be difficult, to my thinking, to devise any—not wicked—scheme, of a more pernicious and unnatural nature. As if every home in all this land, were not a World, in which a woman's course of influence and action is marked out by Heaven![†1]

Upon the nature of their repentance and the inculcation of Christianity as an essential part of every phase of life, I think you take the only true, sensible, and practical ground. "All others", as they say in the advertisements of patent things "are counterfeits", I am perfectly convinced.

In short, I really do not think that you have left any part of the question untouched, except that one into which you are not called upon to enter, even if you think with me—and that is, that the model of this scheme is in the practice of a perverted form of religion which all experience shews us to be irreconcileable[†2] with the peace, welfare, and improvement of mankind.

Of course I do not doubt the good intentions of the writer, but I must confess that every day I live, I grow more and more afraid of these amiable ships without any rudders that drift about the crowded ocean called Life, and get into the best-intentioned entanglements with all sorts of things.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MARK LEMON, 17 MAY 1849

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth May 1849.

My Dear Lemon

Just as I was going to send to Newman's[†3] this morning, I find the project[†4] in a new difficulty. Egg, you know, is not here. Who is to fill *his* place? Don't let us have a barouche, before we know who is to go in it.—Affecy. Ever

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 19 MAY 1849

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth May 1849.

My Dear Lemon.

The name of Mr. Gray[†5] of Earl Street Blackfriars, makes me, as they say in the melo Dramas, "a boy again".[†6] In the palmy newspaper days, he was the

Chronicle Horseman; and many a "four" of his have I urged on to fourteen mile an hour, in my time.[†1]

When we go to the London Tavern[†2] (observe! *Not* the Freemasons') we will look at the Carriages. The discomfort of a Indiwidial alone in his glory behind, has presented itself to me in lively colors, I confess, in connexion with the cane body.

Am I to lay in the provender? Is it so far arranged, that I am safe in laying in the Provender and the

Champagne (6 bottles)

I pause for a reply

?

Affectionately Ever

CD.

[†a]P.S. Damn it, lets'[†3] us have four horses, and do you enagage[†4] the best Carriage at once.[†a]

To MARK LEMON, 19 MAY 1849

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth May 1849. | Saturday.

My Dear Lemon.

Forster would rather not go.[†5] [†a]He has written this morning.[†a] Therefore, the carriage you sketch—for 3 of us—would be better still I suppose? I have not the least wish to take John,[†6] otherwise than that I thought it would be a great convenience to have somebody to look after things. Topping is such an infernal ass—or he might ride down on the Bay—

I think, as you are arranging for the carriage, it will be best for you to engage the Horses. You can do so in my name and address, if you think there is any advantage in that. I enclose a card. *Whatever we do, let us look up to the mark if we go at all.* Go, or not go, I shall be quite content with anything you arrange, and leave it in your hands. Will you give me a call at 2 tomorrow, or write to me tonight, or Monday, telling me what is done? †bThat I may see to Fortnum and Mason†7 without loss of time, if we go?—†bAnd will you tell Leech that I shall expect him on Monday at 5—here—

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 MAY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Nineteenth May 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have seen Mr. Illingworth, and would like to say a word to you about this letter†1—though it really is almost too pitiful and contemptible a thing, addressed to a lady of your position and character, to talk seriously about.

Shall you be at home from 2 to half past, tomorrow? Or on Monday at 4? If you will let me know which time will suit you best, I will come to Stratton Street.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 MAY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth May 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was received at home when I came back just now, with a yell of derision. We had promised Lord Nugent to go down to Lilies,†2 on Whit Monday and Tuesday. And I didn't know that Whit Monday was *your* Monday!

Friday or Saturday in this next week, or Thursday, Friday, or Saturday in the Whitsun Week following will, I hope, suit you. Will you tell me what day I shall consider myself engaged to you for?

I had a good savage talk with Mr. Chesterton, and shewed him that the course for him to take was to keep himself quiet, and *tell* his solicitors (not ask them) to get a written apology from Mr. Onion,†3 stop

the action, and so make an end of it.[†4] This, I left him resolute to do; and if it be done, I don't think we shall hear any more of this fellow until he comes to be hanged.—I have no doubt he's an Irishman.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To I. K. BRUNEL,[†1] 21 MAY 1849

Extract in N, II, 155 (from catalogue source); dated Devonshire Terrace, 21 May 49.

Expressing his regret at having to decline an invitation. A kind of presentiment I have on the subject inspires me with the hope that the extraordinary spell there seems to have been against our meeting is *almost* broken. In fact I think it's virtually gone, Elliotson notwithstanding.[†2]

To CHARLES ELLIS, 21 MAY 1849

Facsimile from unidentified source.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First May 1849.

Dear Mr. Ellis.

I am much obliged to you for your letter. The claret is *excellent,*[†3] but I have drunk so little of it that I do not want more at present. I shall be glad to have 3 dozen of the chablis, at your convenience.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Charles Ellis

To MARK LEMON, [21 MAY 1849]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* The references to John Thompson, the carriage and Fortnum & Mason's all point to the Monday after *To* Lemon, 19 May.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday.

My Dear Lemon.

Gordon[†4] goes.[†5] He breakfasts here at ½ past 9, so say your own time.

Is there room for John? *And can he see the Carriage*? I want him to look at the Stowage. We have got a japanned footbath, which would be a most brilliant thing for the ice, if it will go in.

Fortnum and Mason have undertaken the Hamper—a very neat little collation.

I am in deep depression, at the prospect of the dinner[†6] today. Leech must hold me up.[†7]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 24 MAY 1849

Text from R. S. Mackenzie, *Life of CD*, Philadelphia, [1870], p. 220.

Devonshire Terrace, | Twenty-fourth May, 1849.

My Dear Stone,

I "took" a good deal yesterday[†1]—but not in the way of odds.[†2] I understand from my ladies that not much was taken at Arethu[s]a's[†3] last night.

It is most annoying that on Tuesday I shall be at Aylesbury, down at old Nugent's. I come back, however, that evening, and am your man when ever you like afterward.

Yours affectionately,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

Frank Stone, Esquire.

To ICHABOD C. WRIGHT,[†4] 29 MAY 1849*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evening | Twenty Ninth May 1849

My Dear Sir

I regret exceedingly that we are engaged on Thursday. We have but this moment (½ past 9) returned from Buckinghamshire where we have been staying two days, or I should have answered your note sooner.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in kind remembrances to Mrs. Wright.[†5]

Believe me My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I. C. Wright Esquire.

To WILLIAM BROWN, 30 MAY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Evening | Thirtieth May 1849.

My Dear Sir

I am quite vexed to hear that you have called upon me twice to no purpose. But I was at Lilies until last night; and this morning I went out to see Mrs. Macready (about this horrible uproar at New York) directly after breakfast.

I hope and trust there is nothing amiss at Shepherd's Bush?

Tomorrow, I shall be at home all day. Or I dine, at ½ past 7, with Edmund Phipps[†1]—near you[†2]—and could easily call on you on my way there, if that would do as well.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

William Brown Esquire.

To ELIHU BURRITT, 30 MAY 1849

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1929; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 30 May 49.

Concerning an engagement.

To MRS MACREADY, [?30 MAY 1849]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* First reports of the Astor Place riot of 10 May 49 were published in English papers on the 29th; the report Macready sent presumably reached CD the same day. CD must have taken this letter with him when he went to see Mrs Macready on Wed. morning (*To* Brown, 30 May), in case she was out—or written it later, "on cooler reflection".

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Mrs. Macready.

When I came home to dinner yesterday afternoon, I found an American Paper[†3] from Macready. In the first transports of my unbounded indignation, I was coming up to you; but I thought, on cooler reflection, that there was no reason why I should worry you in the joyful prospect of his immediate return,[†4] with my feelings anent the New Yorkers.

But this I must say.—That the scene astounds even me.[†1] I know perfectly well that many things may take place in the first City of the United States which could not possibly occur in a remote nook of any other country in the World,—but the bestiality of this business, and the incredible business of that public opinion to which Mr. Clarke[†2] (whoever he is) deferred when he apologized for his engagement,[†3] I regard as a positive calamity to the rational freedom of men.

To Macready it signifies nothing, except that it takes him out of that damnable jumble (you'll excuse me) of false pretensions and humbugs, a week or so sooner. And that's a good thing for all of us.

It strikes me that we ought to have a dinner to him here—just large enough for the proceedings to be made public—and no larger—in which this thing should be properly noticed, and a reasonable expression of gentlemanly disgust given vent to. I will talk the matter over with Forster. My own opinion is, that it should certainly be done. I don't think it ought to be passed over.†4

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Macready.

June

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, 4 JUNE 1849

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Fourth June 1849

My Dear and admired Andersen.

I send this hasty note across the water to you, to thank you for the delight

your kind letter†1 has given me, and to assure you that you live, always fresh, in my remembrance. My wife and children entreat me to give their loves to you, and we all want to know when you are going to make us happier and better by writing a new book.†2 We feel jealous of Stockholm, and jealous of Finland, and we say to one another that you ought to be at home, and nowhere else (unless indeed in England where we should receive you most heartily) with a pen in your hand and a goodly pile of paper before you.

The two Baronesses†3 arrived here safely. Charming Baronesses they were; and I took them to my bosom with all honor, love, and gallantry.

I am quite charmed to have heard from you again, and to send this small messenger back, though only to take you by the hand and assure you of the cordial sympathy, friendship, and esteem of

Your friend | And faithful reader
CHARLES DICKENS†4
Hans Christian Andersen.

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 4 JUNE 1849†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Dr. Sheridan Muspratt | College of Chemistry | Liverpool.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Fourth June 1849.

My Dear Dr. Muspratt.

One line to acknowledge the receipt of yours, and to say that we shall hope to see you when you come to town.

I received the papers,[†5] and saw that they came from you. Your account does

not surprise me. I have managerial experience in that wise, you know, and know what it must have been.[†1]

[†a]Delighted to hear such good intelligence of Knowles. Forrest I take to be a roaring madman. I would shave his head, blister his legs, and apprentice him for seven years at Astleys[†2] to ride dray-horses.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite with me in best remembrances[†a] to your other and better half.[†3] And pray commend us heartily to all at Seaforth.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I understand the Noble Heart[†4] says that "nothing has been seen like it, since the days of Kean". I should think not.

To FRANK STONE, 4 JUNE 1849

MS Benoliel Collection.[†5]

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Fourth June 1849.

My Dear Stone

Leech and Sparkler having promised their ladies to take them to Ascot, and having failed in their truth, propoge to take them to Greenwich instead, next Wednesday. Will that alteration in the usual W. C.[†6] arrangements be agreeable to Gaffin S? If so, the place of Meeting is the Sparkler's Bower, and the hour

one[†7]

exactly.

Ever Yours
CD.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 6 JUNE [1849]

Extract in John Waller catalogue No. 117 (1878); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Wednesday, Sixth of June. *Date:* 1849 was the only year during CD's tenancy of Devonshire Terrace, in which 6 June was a Wednesday.

I am going to Greenwich to day.[†8] Shall be home tomorrow (before going out to dinner) from 6 to ½ past 7.

Affecy. etc.
C.D.

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 JUNE 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 536. *Date:* 6 June according to Forster; clearly 1849.

Copperfield[†1] half done. I feel, thank God, quite confident in the story. I have a move in it ready for this month;[†2] another for next; and another for the next.[†3]

To C. H. BRACEBRIDGE,[†4] 8 JUNE 1849

Text from American Autograph Shop catalogue, Aug 1937.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth June 1849

My Dear Sir,

Mrs. Dickens begs me to thank you and Mrs. Bracebridge for the honey, and I beg to thank you, firstly for your kind note, secondly for the Equitable Boors' late advocate[†5] (which I shall immediately study) and thirdly for your invitation to that interesting and pleasant festivity. It would have been most agreeable to have accepted it, but for an unlucky engagement of a public nature, for the same day, from which I cannot escape.

Beg[†1] present my remembrances, and those of Mrs. Dickens, to Mrs. Bracebridge,[†2] and believe me
Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 JUNE 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth June 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The letter of Job Joynes[†3] (as he calls himself) is so very affecting that I am angry with myself for having laughed until I cried, at it. The most comical circumstance about it seems to be that poor Joynes plumes himself immensely on his composition—and there is something, I am ashamed to say, quite irresistible in that idea, and in his extraordinary use of the "unworthy" adjective, and the wonderful means he resorts to for spelling some of his words. But really it is very touching for all that; and I think his book-marker (I could not make out what on earth it was, or why it was pinned there, until I came to the

explanation) a piece of genuine pathos—though it *did* come out of that girl's new hat, five and thirty years ago.

When I spoke to my brother in law,[†4] the Board of Health Secretary, about Mr. Scott's ponds, he had no doubt that we could present them.[†5] But I had a very strong doubt, in return, whether Mr. Scott, if he were well advised, could not present us, as a counter-move, for emptying our drain on his property. Which I decidedly think he could. But I will ascertain before this next week is out, whether there is any other way of making him drain the ground. And if we seem to have any reasonable security for his not turning round upon us to your annoyance, I will write to him and make a formal demand to have those ponds cleared, and see what he says to it.

I return Mr. Onion's letter, with Joynes's.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To FRANK STONE, 12 JUNE 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Twelfth June | 1849.

My Dear Stone.

There is nothing for tomorrow. But next day (Thursday) Leech and I propose

to go to Cobham, which I have a reason for revisiting.[†1] If you like to go, be at New St. Pancras Church at exactly a quarter past 9, and I will take you up as we go by to London Bridge Wharf in the little carriage.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 12 JUNE 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Twelfth June | 1849.

My Dear Leech.

I will breakfast on Thursday at halfpast 8, and expect you if you can come. But remember that we must leave here by 9. We will go to London Bridge Wharf in my little carriage.

I have told Stone there is nothing for tomorrow, but that if he likes to go with us on Thursday, he can. Ever affecy.

CD.

Will Lemon go? I suppoge not. Let us arrange (you and I) for one of our preliminary seaside surveys.

To FRANK STONE, 13 JUNE 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Thirteenth June | 1849.

My Dear Stone

The Cobham expedition is postponed to *Saturday*, at the instance of Leech.[†2]

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To JOHN LEECH, [13 JUNE 1849]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* no doubt the day before the Hampton Races (14 June), Leech having postponed the expedition to Cobham.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday

My Dear Leech.

Let it be Hampton tomorrow! I suppose I had better come to you. Will you tell me (by post or otherwise, so that I may be *sure* to get your note this evening) at what time I shall present myself at Notting Hill. Don't fail in this.

Saturday, Cobham.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 JUNE 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night | Fifteenth June 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I called on you this afternoon, but hardly expected to find you at home.

I have heard nothing of Jemima Hiscock, but what your note tells me.

I was at Shepherd's Bush today. (I took with me a friend from Edinburgh who is the Sheriff of Mid Lothian,[†1] with considerable daily experience of such matters, and who was greatly pleased with the whole system). All was going on perfectly well. I referred to the Book, for little Hearn's case, and find that the

impression I had on my mind when I saw Mr. Brown, is correct. She certainly has *not* been guilty of deceit, on any material point of her case—most unquestionably practised no deception in reference to the main passages of her life. Which are fully admitted.

Bagster the Gardener being there, I examined, with him, the course of our drain in reference to Mr. Scott's land. It is quite clear that we cannot possibly present his stagnant water as a nuisance, *when our Drain runs into it.* It is a terrible thing to think of its running into the open air and undoubtedly poisoning the atmosphere about the house—but it does. Whether there is any other possible remedy, I will learn before I see you at the Home on Tuesday. Bagster spoke to me (by your directions he said) about the having cows into the field to graze. I told him after he had mowed it, he had certainly better make a bargain with our Milkman for his cows being turned out there.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 15 JUNE 1849*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night | Fifteenth June 1849.

My Dear Tracey

Our Committee Day at the Bush, is *next Tuesday* at the usual hour. I saw Isabella today—looking very well again—and heard a good account of her. She was a little envious of the people going by to Hampton Races, and said 'how she would like to be going with em'![†2]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 18 JUNE 1849*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Eighteenth June 1849.

My Dear Cunningham.

Let me thank you, very heartily, for the present of your book.[†1] And let me congratulate you, no less warmly, on the admirable manner in which you have executed a task of very great difficulty[†2] and ministered to a want that I, for one, have very often felt, when no such book was to be got.

I have gone over several parts of both volumes which I knew to be difficult ground, and I cannot tell you how well I think they are done. The poetical illustrations[†3] give a charm to the whole which sets up the old Theatres again, and fills them with the old company, and delights the fancy; while the dustiest authority is stated with a precision and conciseness, worthy of all imitation. In both respects you have taken such extraordinary pains and read so much, that (but for the juvenility of your appearance in the flesh) I should rather have believed you had been Seventy years, than seven, over your work.

All prospering and friendly wishes for it and you!

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To THE SECRETARY OF THE UNITED LAW CLERKS SOCIETY,[†4] 19 JUNE 1849*

MS Mr Michael Meredith. *Address:* The Secretary | (or acting Stewards) | of the United Law Clerks Society | Freemasons' Tavern.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth June 1849.

Dear Sir

I beg to inform you that I shall bring with me to the dinner today[†5] (if you

will have the kindness to provide him with a seat beside me) Mr. John Gordon, a distinguished member of the Scottish Bar, who is Sheriff[†1] of Edinburgh, and Lord Rector of Marechal College[†2] Aberdeen.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Secretary | &c &c

To THOMAS BEARD, 21 JUNE 1849

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | "Morning Herald" Office | Shoe Lane.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First June 1849

My Dear Ould Mus'r Beard.

No! The Villain Bentley has been true to himself and false to Corkram[†3] and the inimitable. The book has never come. I imagine it must have reached Forster, for he noticed it (or I am greatly mistaken) in the Examiner.[†4] But the inimitable B has it not.

Come and dine with us at 5 on Sunday week—next Sunday we are going out. We will have out the Battledores, leaping-poles, and other athletic instruments—including a glass of rare port, and a bottle of iced gin punch.

You are right Sir. June *is* a fine month for the country. On the 1st. of August we shall disappear, and if you dont come and Stop a long time and keep on coming and stopping a long time until the end of September, you'll find yourself in the wrong box, ever after. I have not decided on the place yet, but it will be down a railroad and where there is good sea bathing. You may rely upon *that,* my buck.

I should have written to you yesterday but I went to see certain Highlanders go mad in Holland Park,[†5] and didn't get home until Midnight. M'Ian[†6] was in a frightful state of perspirational excitement.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 JUNE 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday June Twenty First | 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am much obliged to you for your note. I shall be glad of the British Institution tickets,[†7] as I have never been there in the evening.

It was clear to me on Tuesday,—not only that Isabella Gordon had been in the habit of talking in a disorderly manner, but that she had certainly said (and believed) she could do what she liked with us. I therefore thought it right to assume a severity towards her which should have an effect upon her, and through her upon the rest of them. I had not an opportunity of saying to you that I hoped you approved of it. I believe it will be beneficial, as it certainly was in Emma Lea's case—though I am not sanguine of her remaining with us.

I have some idea that I have found out a very good case. It is not a prison one. If my further enquiries should turn out to be satisfactory, I will come to you.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 JUNE 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 496. *Date:* 21 June according to Forster.

Fourteen miles to-day in the country, revolving number four![†1]

To W. C. MACREADY, 21 JUNE 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First June 1849.

My Dear Macready

I forgot to tell you the other night that I want you to give me permission to put you down as a subscriber to a ten shilling book of poetry. It is not a common affair. It is by Mr. Whitehead, and published

for a very melancholy purpose. I have got him all the best names in literature, Macaulay, Hallam, & so forth, and he is particularly anxious to have yours.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 22 JUNE 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Second June 1849.

My Dear Macready

Many thanks for the two bottle[†2]—of a glorious form—and as full of Promise as Maraschino.

Georgina is very proud of your kind remembrance of her, and will be (of course) happy to come on Sunday.[†1]

Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 23 JUNE 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Twenty Third June | 1849

My Dear Stone

Would you like to go up to Hampstead today—Finchley—Highgate—Hendon—anywhere? I am mortal lazy, and if you *were* to come round, think I might be tempted out to play.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 JUNE 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 496-7. *Date:* 24 June according to Forster.

On leaving you last night, I found myself summoned on a special jury in the Queen's Bench to-day. I have taken no notice of the document, and hourly expect to be dragged forth to a dungeon for contempt of court. I think I should rather like it. It might help me with a new notion or two in my difficulties.[†2] Meanwhile I shall take a stroll to-night in the green fields from 7 to 10, if you feel inclined to join.

To R. H. HORNE, 25 JUNE 1849*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fifth June 1849.

My Dear Horne.

Will the afternoon do?[†3] At half past 4? Either Wednesday—or Thursday—or tomorrow?—

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 25 JUNE 1849

Text from MDGH, I, 207.

Devonshire Terrace, Monday, June 25th, 1849.

My Dear Lemon,

I am very unwilling to deny Charley the pleasure you so kindly offer him. But as it is just the close of the half-year when they are getting together all the half-year's work—and as that day's pleasure would weaken the next day's duty, I think I must be "more like an ancient Roman than a—"[†1] Sparkler, and that it will be wisest in me to say nothing about it.

Get a clean pocket-handkerchief ready for the close of "Copperfield" No. 3;[†2] "simple and quiet, but very natural and touching."—*Evening Bore.*

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To G. J. HOLYOAKE,[†3] 27 JUNE 1849

Mention in Hodgson's catalogue, June 1928; dated 27 June 49.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [28 JUNE 1849]

Mention in *To* Horne, 1 July 49. *Date:* CD says that he had written "on Thursday", i.e. 28 June.

To J. D. COLERIDGE,[†4] 29 JUNE 1849*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Ninth June 1849. | Friday Evening

Dear Sir

I beg to enclose my subscription of Two Guineas towards the object in which

you kindly interest yourself,[†1] and to express my regret that I cannot aid it in connexion with any of the names you mention to me.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. D. Coleridge Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 JUNE 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth June 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

In the case I mentioned to you, I find that the girl has some friends (attracted to her by her good conduct of late) who are willing to send her out to Australia as a Government Emigrant. Under these circumstances I have thought it right to leave her to them, and not so to fill up a Vacancy at the Home.

After I shall have finished my next number[†2]—which desirable event will take place, I hope, in about a fortnight—I will ask you to have the kindness to give me half an hour one morning and let me devote it to the subject of Charley.[†3]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN LEECH, 29 JUNE 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth June 1849.

My Dear Leech.

Will you look into that almanack which I know you always keep, in one of those tidy drawers of yours, and set apart a couple of days *in the week beginning on Monday the 16th.* for our quest of a sea-side retreat? We had better keep two, or even three, days, open, in case of our going to the Isle of Wight.[†4] But I will enquire in the meantime, and have some other places ready to suggest.

Make a note of the days that will suit you best, and then let me know what they are—to the end that I may check them off in *my* calendar too, and so provide for this grave piece of business, beforehand.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To MR MARSHALL, [?JUNE 1849]

Mention in *To* Fowler, 27 July 49. *Date:* Probably the original invitation had been sent a month in advance.

Declining an invitation from the Sheffield Athenæum and Mechanics' Institute.

July

To R. H. HORNE, 1 JULY 1849

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday First July 1849.

My Dear Horne.

On Wednesday Evening and Thursday Morning, I read your manuscript.[†1] I am *delighted* with the story. I think it quite novel in the idea, and admirably executed. A bookseller *might* suggest that the introduction and the conclusion are scarcely so thoroughly allied to the main notion as they might be, but we will leave the animal in question to find it out if he can.

On Thursday I wrote to Chapman, telling him I had a Manuscript—author known in Literature—of which I thought highly—which was very new—very good—and might, I thought, with a very little management, succeed well. That I was not disposed to make any hard bargain with it, but I must make a quick one, must have Fifty Pounds down, subject to no after deductions or accountings, and must prevent the copyright from passing from the author—who, in short, supposing the Publisher properly paid for his venture, must then come in. [†a]I added that if he thought there was a probability of his acceding to such terms, he should see the MS. Otherwise, I would rather with-hold it.[†a]

He was out of town. Last night he wrote me the enclosed.[†2] I have this day left the MS for him—*first carefully erasing your name and initials, wherever they appeared.* The moment I receive his answer, you shall know it. I have known him go as far as this, before, and do nothing after all.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 2 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Second July 1849.

My Dear Henry.

I shall be at home all day, until halfpast seven, when I am obliged (for my sins) to go out to dinner. If you can make it convenient to come at about 6, I will have gone through all your papers[†3] before then, and will be ready with

the best advice it is in my power to offer. It is necessary to explain, no doubt; but, beyond this, I do not see any cause for uneasiness in the matter.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Second July 1849. | Monday.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was at Shepherds Bush, both on Saturday Evening and yesterday.

On consideration, I thought it better not to send anybody to the man Browne,[†1] as—being a brute and a dull fellow I dare say—it might suggest to his wrong-headedness that we were disposed to treat or temporize with him. Therefore I abandoned that idea; which I had mentioned to *our* Mr. Brown.

I went to the Police Station at Brook Green,[†2] and saw the Acting Inspector, and clearly explained the whole case to him, in case the man should at any time be given into custody for making a disturbance at the Home. It is all perfectly understood there, and they would have nothing to do at Urania Cottage but to give him into custody, and send here. I do not think it could be better provided for. My own opinion is, that he will not shew himself at all.

The Magistrate of that district is a Mr. Painter,[†3] who I am told is an obliging and sensible man.

Everything was quiet and comfortable at the Home. I spoke to little Browne[†4] and told her she need not be at all uneasy. I also spoke to my poor friend Isabella Gordon, who was very white when she saw me come in; but whether with vengeance or contrition, I don't know.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To [JAMES] HUNT,[†5] 3 JULY 1849*

MS Dr S. Lehming. Addressed to James Hunt according to Sotheby's catalogue, 24 Jan 1950.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Third July 1849.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of dining with you

today. I had a slight fall on Sunday which I disregarded yesterday, but which is attended with some uncomfortable local consequences that oblige me to be cupped, and laid up in ordinary on a sofa for the next four and twenty hours. I assure you I should have postponed it until tomorrow, but for being hurt and in pain.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Hunt Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, [3 JULY 1849]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Half-flourish under "CD" points to July 49, before CD left for Bonchurch; *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tues 3 July.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday

My Dear Stone.

Here, tomorrow, at 2 o'Clock exactly.

We have a loin of mutton at ½ past 5 today, and are going to see Lucrezia Borgia,[†1] afterwards. Will you come to the Mutton *and* the Opera?

I am very much pleased with *your* pleasure in the Number.[†2] Kept up? It must be, please God. I should hope so. Hooray!

Ever affectionately
CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 4 JULY 1849

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Fourth July | 1849.

My Dear Evans.

The enclosed is only a portion of the first chapter;[†3] but as Browne's first subject[†4] is in it, it had better be set up.

I got an awkward fall on Sunday on my weak side (the only "weak side" I have, is the left, where there is an inflamed kidney sometimes) and yesterday I was obliged to be cupped and lose a good deal of blood, and today—for a change—I am being blistered. A touch of caustic tomorrow, will make it quite a merry-go-rounder (as Mr. Peggotty says).[†5]

Ever Yours
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth July 1849.

My Dear Henry

I saw Forster this afternoon, who told me he had anticipated your wish, and written to you. He said the subject[†1] was too late for this week,[†2] and also mentioned to me that your letter was in the Times today.[†3]

Beard will do all he can,[†4] having Baldwin behind him.

I have been cupped and blistered on the side, and have been very unwell since I saw you. I think of going, on Sunday, to the Hotel at Broadstairs for a few days. I hope I need not say that any sort of help I can render you, I *claim* to be asked to give.

Love to Letitia.
Ever affectionately[†5]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

Henry Austin Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth July 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I received, yesterday, the enclosed letter[†6] from Miss White,[†7] whom you most

generously assisted some time ago. I should not send it to you, were it not so clearly intended for your perusal—for when she addresses me, she means, of course, to address the anonymous lady on whose behalf I gave her that former donation—that I should feel in a moral difficulty on the subject, if I were to with-hold it.

When she writes of her father[†1] in connexion with "the Court", she means, with the Court Newsmen, under whom he either held, or hoped to have held, some small employment.[†2] I have no doubt that her narrative is true—indeed the leading facts came to my knowledge as a member of the Literary Fund not long ago[†3]—but whether there is any possibility of doing her real good, is for you, only, to consider.

I have been very unwell this week, from the effects of a fall, and have been cupped and blistered in the side pretty smartly. I think of going to the Albion Hotel at Broadstairs for three or four days, but I shall be back next week—on Friday or Saturday.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. G. PRESCOTT,[†4] 6 JULY 1849*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Sixth July 1849.

My Dear Sir

I enclose you a letter of introduction to Mr. Haldimand at Lausanne, who *is* Lausanne in himself, and one of the noblest-hearted gentlemen in the world.

(N.B. He is a little deaf)

Hoping to see you on your return, and assuring you that it will give us real pleasure to do so,
I remain always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William G. Prescott Esquire.

To R. H. HORNE, [?6 JULY 1849]

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1516; *MS* (signed initials) 1 p.; dated 1849. *Date:* CD no doubt sent Horne Chapman's letter of 6 July (see below) on its arrival.

Chapman declines! Here is his letter.[†1] I send it to you, because he sets quite as little account by my opinion as by your M.S.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, [EARLY JULY 1849]

Quoted in *To* Mrs Hall, 18 July. *Date:* no doubt shortly before 7 July, when Chapman replied to it.

Enclosing a letter from the widow of Robert Seymour.[†2] Be good enough to inform me whether you are as much surprized as I have been, by the enclosed communication,[†3] and whether there is any truth in it.[†4]

To JOHN LEECH, [?MARCH-EARLY JULY 1849]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* 1849 on handwriting; probably not before March, since not on mourning paper; but before he left for Broadstairs on 8 July. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morng

My Dear Leech.

As I have not (which is a remarkable fact) sat to Egg today,[†5] will you come here, not a moment later than ½ past 3, instead of my coming to you?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 JULY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 496; summary in F, VI, vi, 532. *Date:* CD told Austin on 6 July that he planned to leave for Broadstairs on Sun 8th.[†1]

Saying that he was rushing to Broadstairs *to finish the fourth number of* Copperfield *and describing the Mansion House dinner the previous night* (*see* To *Editor of* Daily News, *11 July*, fn).

To HENRY AUSTIN, 9 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Albion Hotel, Broadstairs | Monday Ninth July 1849.

My Dear Henry.

Mr. Robert Leigh the brother of a friend of mine (which friend is no less a personage than the celebrated Mr. Pips)[†2] is anxious to have an introduction to you, which I very readily give him.[†3] He is by profession a surveyor. I do not know his immediate object in seeking this, or I would state it to you, but I know perfectly well that I need not commend him to your kind attention.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire

To JOHN LEECH, 9 JULY 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill | London.

Albion Hotel, Broadstairs | Monday Ninth July 1849.

My Dear Leech.

This has occurred to me.—

Supposing I write back to say "done", could you do this—Could you meet me at Folkestone on *Saturday Afternoon*? All you would have to do, would be to come there by Dover Railway, and Lemon would tell you about the Trains. I myself should be there, any time after 12 at noon.

The advantage of such an arrangement would be, that on Saturday we could make ourselves masters of Folkestone and Hythe—on Sunday, if need were, master Herne Bay—and on Monday Morning be in a condition for any fresh start that might be necessary—though I really hope we could establish ourselves, prospectively, somewhere on this coast.

Consider of your arrangements, and tell me, as aforesaid, suppoging I write back by return to say "done", could you meet me at Folkestone on Saturday?

I have not the least idea of the domiciliary advantages of the place (there may be none) but I know the place itself to be a good one, and most accessible. And we ought to look at it.

Answer, as like a man of business as may be. Ahem!

There never was such a day as this is, here. I am still of opinion that Broadstairs beats all watering places into what the Americans call "sky-blue fits". Ballards[†1] contradictory habit has settled itself down into incurable madness. I can advance no proposition whatever, that he will assent to. He lays traps for me. He says things that seem invitations and lures to certain replies—and when I make those replies, contradicts me dead. I praised his little girls today, and he shook his head and said "You should see the boy Sir"—

There is no Shower Bath like the Demon.[†2] That is *my* creed. There is but one sea, and the Demon is its showerer.[†3] Barnes[†4] is several degrees more offensive than ever. Miss Collin,[†5] having drunk more Vinegar in the recess, is tighter in the waist, and her gowns have washed out a little more, and look like the things that are put on when you have your hair cut. No other news.

Kate and Georgy (who will leave me to go en garçon on our voyage of discovery) unite in love to Mrs. Leech. I send something as near mine as you may think proper.

Ever My Dear Leech | Faithfully Yrs.

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 10 JULY 1849

MS Dickens House.

Albion Hotel Broadstairs | Tuesday Tenth July 1849.

My Dear Evans

I send you, by this Post, 9 Slips of copy, containing Mr. Browne's second subject.[†6] Get it up *with all speed*, and send a proof to him (to whom I now write) and another to me, that I may know exactly where I am, which is important to the construction of the No.

In great haste | Ever Yours

CD.

To H. K. BROWNE, [10 JULY 1849]

Mention in last.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 JULY 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, iii, 497. *Date:* 10 July according to Forster.

Telling Forster that in accordance with the plan they had discussed he had introduced a great part of his MS[†1] *into the fourth number of* Copperfield. I really think I have done it ingeniously, and with a very complicated interweaving of truth and fiction.[†2] Vous verrez. I am getting on like a house afire in point of health, and ditto ditto in point of number.

To C. R. LESLIE, 10 JULY 1849

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue (n.d. but *c.* 1930); *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 10 July 49; addressed Charles R. Leslie.

I came down here on Sunday, not being very well, and remain a week. Otherwise I should have had the greatest pleasure in coming to you tomorrow. So would Kate and her sister, if they were not with me and sending kind remembrance to all your house at this instant.

To THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY NEWS,* [11 JULY 1849]

Text in F, VI, vi, 532-3. *Date:* 11 July 49 according to Forster.

I have no other interest in, or concern with, a most facetious article on last Saturday's dinner at the Mansion-house,[†3] which appeared in your paper of

yesterday, and found its way here to-day, than that it misrepresents me in what I said on the occasion.[†1] If you should not think it at all damaging to the wit of that satire to state what I did say,[†2] I shall be much obliged to you. It was this . . . That I considered the compliment of a recognition of Literature by the citizens of London the more acceptable to us because it was unusual in that hall, and likely to be an advantage and benefit to them in proportion as it became in future less unusual. That, on behalf of the novelists, I accepted the tribute as an appropriate one; inasmuch as we had sometimes reason to hope that

our imaginary worlds afforded an occasional refuge to men busily engaged in the toils of life, from which they came forth none the worse to a renewal of its strivings; and certainly that the chief magistrate of the greatest city in the world might be fitly regarded as the representative of that class of our readers.†3

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 JULY 1849]

Summary in F, VI, vi, 532. *Date:* no doubt written same day as last.

Asking Forster to forward last letter to the Editor of the Daily News.

To [?MISS BERTHA WIGHT], 11 JULY 1849

Mention in next. *Address:* Bertha Wight seems the most likely recipient of the donation; see *To* Miss Coutts, 6 July.

Sending a donation of £5 on behalf of Miss Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Albion Hotel, Broadstairs. | Wednesday Eleventh July 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I received your kind gift of £5 safely, this morning. In remitting it to that most unfortunate lady,†4 I have hinted afar off at the hopelessness of her doing anything lasting, here.†5

I am happy to say I am quite well, and hope to report myself personally in Stratton Street, early next week.

A variety of adventures are in preparation†1 for you and Mrs. Brown this month, which I hope will only make you moderately poorly.†2

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12 JULY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 497-8 *n. Date:* 13 July according to Forster; but almost certainly written on the 12th, the same day as next, before he had changed his plans.

About Saturday sir?†3—Why sir, I'm a-going to *Folkestone* a Saturday sir!—not on accounts of the manifacktring of Bengal cheroots as there is there but for the survayin' o' the coast sir. 'Cos, you see sir, bein' here sir, and not a finishin' my work sir till to-morrow sir, I couldn't go afore! And if I wos to come

home, and not go, and come back agin sir, wy it would be nat'rally a hulloxing of myself sir. Yes sir. Wy sir, I b'lieve that the gent as is a goin' to 'stablish hisself sir, in the autumn, along with me round the corner sir (by Drummins's-s-s-s-s-s bank) is a comin' down to Folkestone Saturday arternoon—Leech by name sir—yes sir—another Jack sir—and if you wos to come down along with him sir by the train as gits to Folkestone twenty minutes arter five, you'd find me a smoking a Bengal cheroot (made of clover-chaff and horse-beans sir) on the platform. You couldn't spend your arternoon better sir. Dover, Sandgate, Herne Bay—they're all to be wisited sir, most probable, till sich times as a 'ouse is found sir. Yes sir. Then decide to come sir, and say you will, and do it. I shall be here till arter post time Saturday mornin' sir. Come on then! Sloppy

His X mark.

To JOHN LEECH, 12 JULY 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill | London.

Albion Hotel, Broadstairs | Thursday Twelfth July 1849.

My Dear Leech.

Done, to the Train that arrives at Folkestone, at 20 minutes past 5, on Saturday. I will be (please God) on the platform to receive you, and will have ordered

dinner for 6—but not beds—in case we should take it into our heads to go elsewhere.

Best loves and regards | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 JULY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 498. *Date:* 15 July according to Forster, but clearly written on the 13th, as next.

I propose returning to town to-morrow by the boat from Ramsgate, and going off to Weymouth or the Isle of Wight, or both, early the next morning.

To JOHN LEECH, 13 JULY 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address: Immediate*[†1] | John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill | London.

Broadstairs | Friday Evening | Thirteenth July 1849

My Dear Leech

No no no—*dont come to Folkestone tomorrow*—strike, but hear me.[†2]

I have only this moment heard, from some people here who have been there, that Folkestone wont *do*; that there is neither house room nor bathing. And the objections to the other little places near it we already know from Miss Coutts.

What I propose, therefore, is, that we start together from London at 9 on Sunday Morning, either for Weymouth in Dorsetshire, which I understand is a noble place—or for the Isle of Wight (which is on the same line)[†3] or for both—if need be. I will come up tomorrow by the Duchess of Kent boat, which leaves Ramsgate at 10. If I should find you waiting at London Bridge Wharf, we will go and dine somewhere together. If I should not find you there, I shall expect you at Devonshire Terrace in the evening, to arrange for our next morning's flight.

This will save a waste, both of time and money.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN VAN VOORST,[†4] [JULY 1849]

Mention in *To* Horne, 28 July. *Date:* probably not long after 6 July, when Chapman declined Horne's *The Poor Artist.*

Offering him Horne's The Poor Artist *for publication.*[†5]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 16 [JULY] 1849

MS British Museum. *Date:* misdated June by CD; PM 16 July 49. *Address:* Prepaid | Mrs. Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London.

Shanklin, Isle of Wight
Monday Night Sixteenth June 1849

My Dear Kate.

I have but a moment—Just got back, and post going out. I have taken a most delightful and beautiful house belonging to White, at Bonchurch[†1]—cool, airy, private bathing, everything delicious—I think it is the prettiest place I ever saw in my life, at home or abroad.[†2] Anne may begin to dismantle Devonshire Terrace. I have arranged for carriages, luggage, and everything.[†3] We shall be home, most probably tomorrow night. If I don't get back before John goes to bed, tell him to leave the Iron gate open, that I may be able to ring him up. If anything should occur to detain us until Wednesday, you will not be alarmed. Best loves to Georgy and the children.

The man with the postbag is swearing in the passage.

Ever affecy.
CD.

A waterfall on the grounds, which I have arranged with a carpenter to convert into a perpetual shower bath.

To THOMAS BEARD, 18 JULY 1849

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Eighteenth July 1849

My Dear Mus'r Beard.

I came to town last night, and immediately dispatch my report.

Behold my address from Monday next, until the end of September

Inimitable B.
Winterbourne Villa
Bonchurch
Isle of Wight
! ! ! ! ! !

There is a Waterfall in the grounds which I have driven a carpenter almost mad by changing into a—

SHOWER BATH[†1]

—with a fall of 150 feet! It is really an exquisite place altogether. As to getting at it, you leave Waterloo Station at ½ past 10—get to Portsmouth at ½ past 2—cross in a steamboat, in half an hour, to Ryde, and come on, either in a stage coach or a Fly. No such scenery in England, certainly. I say no more until you come. All you have got to do, now, is to name your own time, and stay ours—which is, at the lowest, a fortnight, on a penalty of leaping, with a pole, over a bathing machine (full of children) and three horses. But you must arrange for more visits than one—and look alive.

We were dreadfully shocked, at Broadstairs, by seeing the Baldwinian Twins,[†2] whom I have taken the liberty of calling

The Measeliese Twins

—as opposed to the Siamese.[†3] Oh the apparent age of those young Codgers! They were on the sands, in the blue stage of rickets, with their small noses very red, and pinched up sharp at the ends. They slobbered as they dangled over the nurse's shoulder, and, feebly crooning, looked out to sea, as if they were expecting the Marine Goblins who had changed them at their birth, to come and fetch them away to bowers of slime and seaweed. It was a dreadful spectacle—with a vague smell of cheese about it—and one I never can forget.

Ever Heartily
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS S. C. HALL,[†4] 18 JULY 1849

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Eighteenth July 1849.

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

I have been out of town until last night, or I should have written to you sooner, to tell you that your present made me laugh heartily (you cannot conceive the ridiculous gravity with which I opened the box before I knew its contents) and that I am very much obliged to Hall[†5] for his good natured and exact remembrance of my wishes. I think I should have come down[†6] to say so, but that we are going to Bonchurch on Monday, for ten weeks, and I am over head and

ears, clearing off a few hundred letters in reply to a few hundred people who have written to me on various subjects, taking a wide range between nothing at all, and proposals from elderly ladies in Wales that I will set their sons up in business in various parts of the world.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Seymour,[†1] the widow of Seymour the artist, of a perfectly mad character—extraordinarily insulting[†2]—and containing various statements about the origin of Pickwick, which are utterly false from beginning to end.[†3] Among a number of people she names, of whom I know nothing,[†4] and a rambling account she gives of circumstances I am supposed to know, of which I never heard, she mentions, as friends who have been kind to her, yourself and Hall.[†5] Now, although I believe very confidently that neither of you would suppose me to be guilty of a meanness or injustice, I am sufficiently impressed by the audacious character of this woman's assertions to desire, that if you really have been in communication with her, you should know what kind of person she is, in reference to that little essential of life which we call Truth. And if it will not bore you to read two letters, I should be glad to send you what she has written to me, and what Mr. Chapman the bookseller has also written to me,[†6] on my sending him her letter with these words "Be good enough to

inform me whether you are as much surprized as I have been, by the enclosed communication, and whether there is any truth in it"?

Shall I send you the two letters?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. S. C. Hall.

To MRS SEYMOUR, [?JULY 1849]

Mention in Mrs Seymour's *Account of the* "*Pickwick Papers*", privately printed, *c.* 1854 (reprinted in W. Miller and E. H. Strange, *A Centenary Bibliography of the Pickwick Papers*, p. 198). *Date:* in reply to Mrs Seymour's letter, referred to in last.

Saying that Mrs Seymour's account of his connexion with her husband was untrue, and declining to have any further connexion with her.[†1]

To F. M. EVANS, 19 JULY 1849*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth July 1849.

My Dear Evans.

I want a hundred pounds to be paid into Coutts's, if you can achieve that performance. If convenient, I shall be much obliged to you to do this at once.

I enclose a few heads for Mr. Joyce,[†2] concerning a weekly visit he will receive, during my absence from town, from Topping.

My address, from Monday until the end of September, will be

Winterbourne Villa
Bonchurch
Isle of Wight.

If you should ever feel inclined (as I think you will) to run away on a holiday, and will come to the aforesaid address, you shall receive a very hearty welcome, and see a very beautiful place. "A favorable opportunity now offers", as Mr. Pecksniff used to say in his advertisements,[†1] and I hope you'll not neglect it.

I don't know what the Devil is the matter with your people, in connexion with my Manuscript, but nothing between folio 10 and folio 24 of the last No. is returned. Will you get the missing portion for me, and relieve my mind by blowing up somebody?

I think this is all I have to say at present.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Have you heard from Bradbury?

To J. A. WIDGER, 19 JULY 1849

Envelope only, MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Mr. J. A. Widger | Upholsterer | Kennington Common | Surrey. PM JY 19 1849.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth July 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you a copy of the prescription for Dr. Southwood Smith's pill, which I know to be an excellent medicine to keep in the house.[†2] It is to be taken on the occurrence of any symptoms that appear, as Shakespeare says, "new-hatch'd to the woeful time".[†3]

He gave it to me himself, and my private opinion is, in the usual language of the advertisements, that "no family should be without it"—especially a family under those mephitic[†4] Shepherd's Bush circumstances.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 JULY 1849

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First July 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

When Mrs. Goldsmith wrote that honorable letter about the money which you so generously sent her,[†5] I told her that if anything could ever be done for

any of her children by speaking to any one on her behalf, and she would tell me so, I would try my best to help to do it. Yesterday she wrote, emboldened by this, as follows:

"I most cordially desire to get our son William Burgess (who is now in the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich) into the Royal Naval School, New Cross,[†1] on the reduced or gratuitous list, as the instruction in this school is much superior to Greenwich. I inclose an abstract of the relative services of my husband's and my own family, to prove that we have some claim on the privileges of this excellent Institution."

That abstract, I send you with this.

"Or", she adds, "if we could succeed in securing a presentation to Christ's Hospital, for either of our younger boys—Hugh Colville, who was nine last February, or Edward, who will be seven next July, I

believe the Travers foundation in Christ's Hospital is expressly for the sons of Lieutenants in the Royal Navy."[†2]

The last, I am afraid, is out of the question.[†3] But I have such an exalted opinion of this lady, founded upon the character her letters disclose, and the high sense of truth and honor she exhibited in that last transaction, that I venture to ask you whether, among the Powers that be, there is any one with whom you are on sufficiently friendly terms to ask the first favor from? I should conceive that it is a very slight one, and that the great name this lady bears, and her whole case altogether, would present a strong claim to any man of worth.

Will you write to me at Bonchurch?

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE HON. RICHARD WATSON, 21 JULY 1849

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* The Hon. Richard Watson | Rockingham Castle | Northamptonshire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First July 1849.

My Dear Watson.

Kate tells me that in my absence she has written to Rockingham on the Swiss question, and also on another to which I shall presently refer.

I really believe there is nothing I should like better than to go with you to Switzerland, over the pleasant old ground, and have a good obstinate contradiction of Haldimand on all possible questions. But after considering the feasibility of this delightful journey (only postponed, I sincerely hope) I became afraid, in this stage of my story, of so entirely departing from my inventive habits for a

fortnight or more. If it be only half an hour's sitting alone in a morning, in my leisure part of the month, and half an hour's look at pen ink and paper, it seems to keep me in the train. And with so much before me, and the necessity always present to me of doing my best and sustaining my reputation at its highest point, I feel it better and wiser to keep near my oar. This is the exact state of the case.

But I wish to Heaven you and Mrs. Watson would come and see us at your own time, in the Isle of Wight. If you have not been there lately, I can assure you it is more beautiful than ever; and our Cottage (I believe it is the identical "humble shed" that Young Love lived in, in the song)[†1] is in a charming situation that would afford more opportunities to Mrs. Watson for sketching, than could be summed up within the limits of this sheet of paper. We have no friends we should be more heartily pleased to see; and a good laugh or two, and a pleasant jaunt or two (both in the Swiss manner) would freshen us all up, marvellously. Now, *do* consider of this, and we will have a return-match at Rockingham in the winter. By way of

Portsmouth and Ryde, it is a journey of not more than eight hours. And I should bring you, from Shanklin, by a path across the fields (sending those boxes on by the road) that is more like the shore of the Mediterranean than anything under these dull skies.

I shall look for your answer, with a mixture of confidence and defiance, until I find it is the right one.[†2]

Disgust with that detestable nation the French,[†3] and admiration of Mazzini[†4] and his friends, have divided my thoughts for the last three months. I am very anxious Mazzini should come home and not get into danger,[†5] for the world cannot well afford to lose such men. Our friends the Whigs have not improved much, since we last talked about them—have they?[†6] Talfourd is in a state of

deep anxiety about the vacant judgeship,[†1] and I fear won't get it.[†2] Everybody else wants everything and gets nothing—which seems to me to be an expressive summary of the House of Commons. There has been a kind of grim imbecility and gouty Chesterfieldianity about Ld. Lansdowne this year, remarkable to behold.[†3] It delights me that D'Israeli has done such justice to his conscience-less self, in regard of the Jews.[†4] Kate and Georgina send their loves to Mrs. Watson. I, mine, if I may. Ever my Dear Watson

Faithfully Yours—

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE JULY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 498. *Date:* in "his first Bonchurch letter", according to Forster; he began his stay there on 21 July, and wrote again to Forster on the 28th.

He is excellent, but she is better.[†5]

To MR MARSHALL,[†1] [?JULY 1849]

Mention in *To* Fowler, 27 July 49.

To G. LINNÆUS BANKS,[†2] 27 JULY 1849*

MS Manchester Central Library.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight | Twenty Seventh July 1849.

My Dear Sir

I shall be very happy to become a Subscriber for a copy of your book,[†3] which Messrs. Bradbury and Evans 11 Bouverie Street, will receive, when published, and pay for. As I believe it will be a book I shall desire to read often, be so kind as to set me down for one of the bound copies.

With all good wishes, | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

G. Linnæus Banks Esquire.

To MISS BROWNE,[†4] 27 JULY 1849*

MS New York University Library.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight | Twenty Seventh July 1849.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Browne, and begs to thank her sincerely for her extremely pretty gift. He is very proud of that mark of her remembrance, and assures her that he accepts it with the utmost pleasure.

To JOHN FOWLER, 27 JULY 1849*

MS Mrs Reggiori. *Address:* John Fowler Esquire | Athenæum and Mechanics Institute | Sheffield.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight | Twenty Seventh July 1849

Dear Sir

Your note has been forwarded to me here, where I am passing the summer.

I very much regret that I cannot accept the invitation to which you refer. But, for reasons I have assigned in my note to Mr. Marshall, I cannot have that satisfaction and pleasure.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Fowler Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN, 28 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.
Sunday Twenty Eighth July 1849.

My Dear Henry

Between work, and walks, and answering all sorts of letters from all sorts of unknown people about every variety of Nothing, I am not a first-rate correspondent. But I write to say that I shall be glad to hear when there is any change in the aspect of the "Tunnel scheme".[†1] Also to report that we have a very pretty cottage here in a perfectly lovely place, and that if you and Letitia intend to make holiday at any time between this and the end of September, we shall be *delighted* to receive you. Every morning until 2 or so,

you could do any work you had—Invisibility being the Inimitable's law of necessity, from breakfast until that stage of the day.

Kate and Georgy unite in loves.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire.

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 28 JULY 1849

MS Dickens House.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.
Twenty Eighth July 1849.

My Dear Bradbury.

I received your letter here, this morning, and cannot forbear writing by return of post to congratulate you on your "jolly good health". I am perfectly delighted to find you in such good spirits, and getting into such tiptop condition. We will get into such harness one of these days, please God, in connexion with that long-deferred-but-never-sufficiently-to-be-considered-and-never-to-be-approached-though-not-yet-planned-or-named Periodical[†2] as shall carry us to Chambers-like[†1]

profits at a hand gallop. I won't say how long I intend to give you to grow into full business feather, but it's clear to me you are fledging fast.

We have taken a very pretty cottage here until the end of September. Leech and his wife live close by. A friend of mine is the Lord of the Manor,[†2] and we have made all visitors in search of the Picturesque, mad, by putting up an immense wooden caravan on the Beach, to shut in a noble waterfall and convert it into

A Shower Bath!

with some five hundred[†3] feet of Fall. Which we take, every morning, to the unbounded astonishment of the aboriginal inhabitants.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth unite in best regards to you and Mrs. Bradbury. I shall drink confusion to all the complaints you are coming out of, this day at dinner.

Once again let me heartily congratulate you.

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

William Bradbury Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [LATE JULY 1849]

Mention in next.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 JULY 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 499. *Date:* 28 July according to Forster.

From the top of the highest downs, there are views which are only to be equalled on the Genoese shore of the Mediterranean; the variety of walks is extraordinary; the things are cheap, and everybody is civil. The waterfall acts wonderfully, and the sea bathing is delicious. Best of all, the place is certainly cold rather than hot, in the summer time. The evenings have been even chilly. White very jovial,[†4] and emulous of the inimitable in respect of gin-punch. He had made some for our arrival. Ha! ha! not bad for a beginner. . . . I have been, and am, trying to work this morning; but I can't make anything of it, and am going out to think. I am invited by a distinguished friend[†5] to dine with you on the 1st of August, but I have pleaded distance and the being resident in a cave

on the sea shore; my food, beans; my drink, the water from the rock.[†1] . . . I must pluck up heart of grace to write to Jeffrey,[†2] of whom I had but poor accounts from Gordon just before leaving.[†3] Talfourd delightful, and amuses me mightily.[†4] I am really quite enraptured at his success, and think of his happiness[†5] with uncommon pleasure.

To R. H. HORNE, 28 JULY 1849*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Fallow Lodge | Finchley | near London.
Endorsed by Horne: "With a copy of note from me for Van Voorst to see".

Winterbourne, Bonchurch, I of Wight
Sunday Twenty Eighth July 1849.

My Dear Horne.

Mr. Van Voorst writes—"I will venture on the publication of the Manuscript by Mr. Horne"—he had previously asked, after reading it, if I objected to confide to him the author's name—"provided he will make the alteration suggested"—which I have already hinted to you—"and accept fifty pounds *for the copyright* and for seeing it through the press".

Or, he proposes half profits.

Will you accept the first proposal? Write to me here at once, and I will close the business.

I got at him through Forster, who had been able, I remembered, to call attention to some good books of his.[†6] I thought it best, in asking Forster for an introduction to him, to shew him (Forster) the Manuscript. And when I

wrote my opinion of it to Mr. Van Voorst, Forster wrote his, also.[†1] Which was in effect mine—and yours.

This is all right, I hope? I need not say that you do not stand committed to any acceptance of Mr. Van Voorst's offer, in the event of your wishing to decline it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To JOHN LEECH, 31 JULY 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Winterbourne | Tuesday Thirty First July 1849.

My Dear Leech.

I feel incapable this morning, and if you are for a walk to Black Gang[†2] before dinner, will be ready at 12. What do you say?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

I send you Copperfield.[†3]

To T. N. TALFOURD, 31 JULY 1849

Extract in Maggs catalogue No. 258 (1910); *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Bonchurch, 31 July 49.

Inviting Talfourd to visit him and continuing: This morning's post brought me a letter from Jeffrey,[†4] who, I fear is very ill, and certainly thinks himself dying. But I hope he may not be so bad as he thinks himself to be.

August

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 AUGUST 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 499. *Date:* 1 Aug according to Forster.

I have just begun to get into work. We are expecting the Queen to come by very soon, in grand array,[†1] and are going to let off ever so many guns. I had a letter from Jeffrey yesterday morning, just as I was going to write to him. He has evidently been very ill, and I begin to have fears for his recovery. It is a very pathetic letter, as to his state of mind; but only in a tranquil contemplation of death, which I think very noble.[†2]

To MRS MILNER GIBSON, 3 AUGUST 1849*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch. | Friday Third August 1849.

My Dear Mrs. Gibson.

I am happy to send you, enclosed, my mite[†3] towards the relief of those brave men[†4] who have resisted a despicable nation in one of the most detestable and damnable (you'll excuse the word) attempts, that ever were recorded.[†5]

If I were richer, it should be more.

Kate and Georgy send you their best loves. Do you bathe at Hampstead? Or sail at all?

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 4 AUGUST 1849

MS Comédie Française.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. | Aoüt 4, 1849.

Mon cher Regnier

Je suis desolé d'avoir reçu de Poole, les nouvelles affligeantes de votre triste calamité.[†1] Je ne vous ecris[†2] pas, pour vous consoler, parceque je suis sensible qu'il faut laisser votre consolation a la main de Temps et a la bonté de Dieu. Mais, reçevez je vous prie, mon ami, l'assurance de ma sympathie la plus profonde, et de mon amitie la plus sincère; et croyez que vous[†3] amis en Angleterre partagent avec vous (autant que c'est possible) votre affliction et vos regrets.

Que le temps ne soit pas eloigné quand les souvenirs de votre fille, si jeune, si belle, si chere, dechargeé pour jamais des troubles et des tristesses de la terre, et heureuse pour jamais dans la societé des Anges de Dieu, deviendront votre soulagement ici, et votre esperance dans l'avenir!

Ma femme et sa soeur, envoient mille amities à vous, et à Madame Regnier. Et je reste toujours

Mon cher Regnier | Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [4-5 AUGUST 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, iii, 499. *Date:* 5 Aug according to Forster; but begun on the 4th, before receiving Poole's letter about Regnier's loss.

Describing himself as still at work; but also as taking part in dinners at Blackgang, and picnics of tremendous success *on Shanklin Down.*

Two charity sermons for the school are preached to-day,[†4] and I go to the afternoon one. The examination of said school t'other day was very funny. All the boys made Buckstone's bow in the *Rough Diamond*,[†5] and some in a very wonderful manner recited pieces of poetry, about a clock, and may we be like the clock, which is always a going and a doing of its duty, and always tells the truth (supposing it to be a slap-up chronometer I presume, for the American clock in the school was lying frightfully at that moment); and after being bothered to death by the multiplication table, they were refreshed with a public

tea in Lady Jane Swinburne's[†1] garden.[†2] The rain came in with the first tea-pot, and has been active ever since. On Friday we had a grand, and what is better, a very good dinner at "parson" Fielden's,[†3] with some choice port. On Tuesday we are going on another picnic; with the materials for a fire, at my express stipulation; and a great iron pot to boil potatoes in. These things, and the eatables, go to the ground in a cart.[†4] Last night we had some very good merriment at White's, where pleasant Julian Young[†5] and his wife[†6] (who are staying about five miles off) showed some droll new games[†7]—*rousing his ambition to give a* mighty conjuring performance for all the children in Bonchurch.[†8]

A letter from Poole has reached me since I began this letter, with tidings in it that you will be very sorry to hear. Poor Regnier has lost his only child; the pretty daughter who dined with us that nice day at your house, when we all pleased the poor mother by admiring her so much. She died of a sudden attack of malignant typhus. Poole was at the funeral, and writes that he never saw, or could have imagined, such intensity of grief as Regnier's at the grave. How one loves him for it. But is it not always true, in comedy and in tragedy, that the more real the man the more genuine the actor?

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 AUGUST 1849

MS Morgan Library.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch | Sunday Fifth August 1849

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I sent up to town for the enclosed list (your note reaching me here, and not in Devonshire Terrace), and only received it this morning. I allude to the list of Vice Presidents &c of the Naval School.[†1]

Along with it, I send Mr. King's opinion of Charley for the half year, and his usual Memorandum. Charley is with us, of course. He did not seem to me to look at all well when we came down, and had a sort of faded air about him that made me think of taking him back again, for medical advice. But I think the place, and the being constantly in the open air, have done him a great deal of good. We have also discovered a small poney in the neighbourhood, which carries him about the Downs, very much to the improvement of his looks.

As I am at work on Copperfield, and the going and coming between this and London is a work of time, I shall not come up to the next Committee; supposing (as I hear nothing from Shepherds Bush) that everything is going on well. Have you had any conversation with Mrs. Morson about that unlucky Drain, which has resulted in her not writing to me, after seeing a workman on the subject, as I arranged with her that she should? I have been expecting, every day, to receive a letter from her, and cannot understand (except on this supposition) why she has not done as we distinctly arranged. I am very uneasy about its remaining in its present state (it is so extremely dangerous to health) if anything reasonable can be done with it.

I hope the troublesome affairs which keep you in town, may be progressing as favorably as such affairs ever can or do. I hope too that Mrs. Brown's "temper" is better, in respect of that monthly trial to which it is unhappily subjected.[†2]

It is delightful here, though rather cold. You will be sorry to learn, for I think you know and like him, that I had a letter from Jeffrey the day before yesterday, in which his description of his present state of health is such that I fear he will live but a short time longer. I have the greatest affection for him; and if I should receive any confirmation or aggravation of this account, should go away to Edinburgh, if it were only for an hour, to see him once more.

Is there any intelligence of any of our emigrants?[†3]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I find that Charley's documents have a most unaccountable smell of Medicine about them, which I hope will evaporate in the Post office.

To THE REV. F. B. DANBY,[†1] 5 AUGUST 1849

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1709 (1923); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Winterbourne, 5 Aug 49.

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY AUGUST 1849]

Extract and summary in F, VI, iii, 500. *Date:* "a few days" after letter of 5 Aug according to Forster.

I have made it a rule that the inimitable is invisible, until two every day. I shall have half the number done, please God, to-morrow. I have not worked quickly here yet, but I don't know what I *may* do. Divers cogitations have occupied my mind at intervals, respecting the dim design.[†2]

Telling Forster of discomfort in his health; of an obstinate cough; and of his determination to mount daily to the top of the downs.

It makes a great difference in the climate to get a blow there and come down again.

To THE REV. G. F. HILL,[†3] 9 AUGUST 1849*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* The Reverend George Frederick Hill | Norwich.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. | Ninth August 1849.

Dear Sir

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind letter,[†4] which has been forwarded to me here, this morning, and which I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of, and to thank you for.

The information you give me as to the provincialisms, I have no doubt I shall find useful. The term "flats", is not used, I think, as any part of the local

vernacular,[†1] but to explain to those who do not belong to that part of England, a general aspect of country which would hardly be understood if described by any other term. What we call "sands", here, for example, or in Kent, or Sussex, is something very unlike the great wild level at Yarmouth.[†2]

I am Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend George Frederick Hill.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 AUGUST 1849

MS Morgan Library.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight | Twelfth August 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Very many thanks on Charley's behalf. He has quite recovered his good looks, I am happy to say, and is climbing about the whole neighbourhood all day long.

I am not guilty of the cherries. But I am so fond of that place,[†3] that I almost wish I were. It will be quite an event in my life to see it from the inside after knowing it, outside, so long. Let me congratulate you on getting at last into your present Selkirkian[†4] position in reference to it.

I think with you about the Cape,[†5] and hold that nothing could be better or more to the purpose than the Bishop's letter[†6] (enclosed).[†7] The letter from the girls[†1] (also enclosed) looks very well indeed.

I am sorry, but not surprised, to hear of Isabella Gordon. I should have come to town on Tuesday, but for my friend David, who has a tight hold upon me at this distance, but will release it for the month (I hope) next day. Will you ask Mrs. Morson, if she be expelled, to write and tell me exactly *how she goes away*. I have a particular reason, as a point of experience, for asking this, and for hoping that she will observe her behaviour particularly.

By a letter I have received from Mr. Tracey this morning, I learn that he has a case of which he thinks very well, and which he is anxious we should take.[†2] I have written back to inform him that we shall be glad to receive the girl on his recommendation. Her term of imprisonment has expired, and she is now "staying back", with a view to the Home. I have also begged him, as Isabella Gordon came from his Prison, to attend on Tuesday if he possibly can.

I cannot recollect the exact pedigree of Mrs. Goldsmith's family, in connexion with our dear friend.[†3] My impression, is, however, that her husband is the Grandson of the brother[†4] to whom he dedicated the deserted Village.[†5] But I have written home for a letter, in which the fact is stated—shall receive it here on Tuesday Morning—and will write to you again, on Tuesday Night.

The only point I should be particularly careful about, if I were at the Committee on Tuesday, would be to ascertain beyond all question that the charge against Isabella Gordon is an undoubted matter of fact, and does not originate in any league against her.[†6]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. HORNE, 12 AUGUST 1849

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Bonchurch, Sunday 12th August 1849.

My Dear Horne.[†7]

I do not think the reappearance of the Seven Seers,[†8] is the thing wanted—though I am not sure that what *is* wanted in the way of working it round, might not be accomplished by the agency of the Bee.[†9] But my idea, is, that instead of his exhibiting those Sketches taken from the insects' descriptions,[†10] certain

human experiences should be brought to bear upon some other work or works of his, which would present the same idea, in analogy, and in its reference to men, strongly to the reader. I would have it beaten into them that there are vast differences in the eyesights of men—that different grades of men view the same thing from different points, and that there is a moral for our consideration in the very truths of science out of which your romance comes.[†1] The lawyer, the physician, the butcher,[†2] &c &c couldn't they all come and look at some picture of his, and all differ about it for different reasons—and yet with a plain likeness to the bee, the cat, the fish, and so forth?[†3] And couldn't the painting of something that man never saw (according to the old Uncle)[†4] be the painting of something that no number of men had ever seen in the same point of view.

I am writing in a hurry to save the post, and am not sure that I express myself clearly to you, though I do so to myself. Do you understand me?

Then, the love part *must be* more pleasantly and rapturously disposed of—for all sorts and conditions of people would object to *your* slighting it, after that pretty introduction, whatever they thought about it themselves. I have no doubt of that.[†5]

And that note about the Cat and the Mouse, I would certainly omit, as being founded on no better evidence than the gigantic gooseberries that roll, every fruit-season, through the newspapers.[†6]

Let me hear from you on the main point.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 12 AUGUST 1849

Extract in N, II, 168 (from catalogue source); dated Bonchurch, 12 Aug 49.

John,

Ask Anne to make up Miss Hogarth's bed, on the chance of my coming to Town tomorrow (Saturday) night.

If I come at all, of which I am not quite sure, I shall send my carpet bag home before me. In case you receive it, you will know I am coming, and will then sit up until I arrive.

To JOHN FORSTER, [AUGUST 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, iii, 500. *Date:* probably soon after he first told Forster of his cough in early Aug.

Telling Forster of the doctor stethoscoping *him,*[†1] *of his hope that all was right in that quarter, and of rubbings* à la St. John Long[†2] *being ordered for his chest.*

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, [?AUGUST 1849]

Mention in *To* Evans, 13 Sep 49. *Date:* probably shortly before beginning the number.

Promising to send him the proofs of Copperfield *No. VI as soon as they were ready.*[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 AUGUST 1849

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch | Fifteenth August 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Many thanks for your note. I answer it hastily, with the postman in waiting.

If I come to town at all before I return for good, I shall hope to be initiated into the beauties of Holly Lodge. But ever since I have been here, I have been quite unwell with a monstrous cold, which has now resolved itself (for a change) into a cough like "the faithful watch-dog's honest bark".†4

Mrs. Goldsmith's husband *is* the Grandson of the brother to whom he dedicated the Traveller. My mind misgives me that I said "deserted Village"

the other day. He is the Grandson of the identical clergyman "passing rich with forty pounds a year",†1 whom Oliver admired and loved.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I am all in suspense about the wretched Isabella Gordon.

To JOHN FORSTER, [AUGUST 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 500-1. *Date:* probably the week following the treatment for his cough.

There has been a Doctor Lankester†2 at Sandown, a very good merry fellow, who has made one at the picnics, and whom I went over and dined with, along with Danby (I remember your liking for Danby, and don't wonder at it), Leech, and White.

To EDMUND FRY, 16 AUGUST 1849†3

Mention in Libbie & Co. catalogue, May 1894; *MS* 1 p.; dated Bonchurch, 16 Aug 49.

Declining to join the "Peace Congress".†4

To T. N. TALFOURD, [17] AUGUST 1849

Mention in J. W. Jarvis & Son "Dickens Catalogue", 1884; *MS* 1 p. *Date:* misdated 16 Aug 49 by CD; correct date 17th (*To* Talfourd, 19 Aug).

To JOHN FORSTER, [AUGUST 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 501. *Date:* "towards the close of August", according to Forster; Talfourd came on Tues 21st (*To* Talfourd, 19 Aug); CD was probably writing on the 17th or 18th.

We had games and forfeits last night at White's. Davy Roberts's pretty little daughter[†1] is there for a week, with her husband,[†2] Bicknell's[†3] son. There was a dinner first to say goodbye to Danby, who goes to other clergyman's[†4]—duty, and we were very merry. Mrs. White unchanging; White comically various in his moods. Talfourd comes down next Tuesday, and we think of going over to Ryde on Monday, visiting the play,[†5] sleeping there (I don't mean at the play), and bringing the Judge back. Browne is coming down when he has done his month's work. Should you like to go to Alum Bay[†6] while you are here? It would involve a night out, but I think would be very pleasant; and if you think so too, I will arrange it sub rosâ, so that we may not be, like Bobadil, "oppressed by numbers."[†7] I mean to take a fly over from Shanklin to meet you at Ryde; so that we can walk back from Shanklin over the landslip, where the scenery is wonderfully beautiful. Stone and Egg are coming next month, and we hope to see Jerrold before we go.

To T. N. TALFOURD, 19 AUGUST 1849*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Bonchurch | Sunday Nineteenth August | 1849.

My Dear Talfourd

Many thanks for your kind letter. I feel penitent for having given you the trouble to write it.

I was perfectly sure that there was such a rule among the Judges[†8]—and sometime ago, when White asked me, through Forster,[†9] if I would speak to Lord Denman about the matter, I positively declined. You know how these

things are forced upon one. He came in red hot on the day of my note (which ought to have been dated the 17th.) and was sitting by, when I wrote. I made that allusion to Lord Denman, really to be spared—if I could manage it—the pain of another refusal [†a]on my part.[†a] I was perfectly certain that you could do nothing in the matter.

At Ryde on Tuesday![†1]—I am afraid you will have to return to town on Thursday Evening.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 20 AUGUST 1849

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Office of "The Morning Herald" | Shoe Lane | London.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. | Twentieth August 1849.

To the Editor of The Morning Herald

Sir.

Knowing the extent of your acquaintance with sporting subjects, I make no apology for asking you the following question.

Can you (or any of your numerous correspondents) inform me of the date of birth of the lively young colt, Holiday, got by Beard out of Baldwin?

Your obedient Servant
Flaster Floby.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 AUGUST 1849]

Extract in F, VI, ii, 503. *Date:* 22 Aug according to Forster.

Your suggestion is perfectly wise and sound. I have acted on it.[†1] I have also, instead of the bull and china-shop delusion,[†2] given Dick the idea, that, when the head of king Charles the First was cut off, some of the trouble was taken out of it, and put into his (Dick's).[†3]

To FRANK STONE, 22 AUGUST 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Bonchurch. | Wednesday Twenty Second August | 1849.

My Dear Stone

I will certainly do my best with the Refugee Statement.[†4] I cannot absolutely promise to write it tomorrow, for Talfourd is here, and (besides) I must have leisure to lash myself into a state of indignation. But I will do it *at once*, and send it to you; and you may rely upon its being, at least, earnest, and having a drop of heart's blood in it.

We shall be delighted to see you and Egg. Will you let us know beforehand, when you both conveniently can, *on what day* you purpose coming? For in this outlandish place, Beds need to be arranged for. I am sure you will like it, and I think you will be surprised by the scenery. N.B. Nobody is allowed to come for a shorter term than a fortnight.

The Chuzzlewit notion,[†5] I think *excellent.*

Affectionately Ever
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 26 AUGUST 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch | Twenty Sixth August 1849.

My Dear Henry.

We shall be delighted to receive you and Tish, as you propose. It will be perfectly convenient to us, and you could not come at a better time.

The proper train to come by, leaves Waterloo Station at ½ past 10 in the Morning. You take your ticket for Gosport. There, a Steamer will be waiting to bring you (in half an hour) to Ryde. There, a good coach will be waiting to bring you here, where you will arrive at about 6. It is usual for ladies and gentlemen to come outside; the views, as you approach this place, being beautiful.

Kate begs *me* to beg *you* to tell Tish with her love that she wishes to encumber you with a Ham (which you shall afterwards eat, for your trouble) and that our butterman has orders to send the same to your house.

Let me know on what day we are to expect you,—as we will fix our dinner hour accordingly, and I will be on the look-out for the coach.

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS][†1]
Henry Aus[tin Esquire].[†1]

To JAMES STANSFELD,[†2] 26 AUGUST 1849

Text from N, II, 168 (from catalogue source); dated Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, 26 Aug 49.

My Dear Sir,

I can have no objection to the alterations you propose to make in the address.[†3]

There are two more, equally slight, which *I* should like to make. For the phrase "almost as new in Rome as Rome is old," I would substitute "new in

Rome,"[†1] and for the phrase "let us remember" in reference to More [O']Ferrall,[†2] I would substitute the words "it must not be forgotten."[†3]

Will you do me the favor to see that in the printing it is carefully corrected?

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FRANK STONE, 27 AUGUST 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch. | Monday Twenty Seventh August | 1849.

My Dear Stone.

It occurs to me to propose, unless you and Egg shall have finally settled your arrangements, that you defer your visit, so as to arrive here on *Saturday the 15th. of September.* The advantage of this arrangement would be, that it would enable us to clear off some stragglers by whom we are, and are to be, unexpectedly invaded, and would find me with my work done and wholly disengaged; which, in a place like this where there are many little trips to be made, would be a great consideration.

Not being sure that you are in town, I address a counterpart of this note to Egg, care of Frith, at Hastings—in the hope of catching one of you, that you

may take counsel together. But if your plans for coming at once are concluded, pray understand most expressly and explicitly that we shall be delighted to see you now, and that I only suggest this change as the better of two good things.

Ever Affectionately

CD

Frank Stone Esquire.

To AUGUSTUS EGG, [27 AUGUST 1849]

Mention in last.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 AUGUST 1849

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | London.

Bonchurch Thirtieth August 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The sense of the question is so clearly stated in your letter received yesterday, that I have no doubt it will be best for Charley to go first to Eton, and then (for the professional conclusion of his education) to King's College.[†1] I know Dr. Hawtrey,[†2] who is head master at Eton. I also know (and so does Mr. King) Mr. Evans the water-color painter,[†3] who is drawing Master at Eton; who is in great repute among the other masters, and very popular with the boys.[†4] He has, for some years, been one of the Masters who receive boys in their houses; and I have no doubt that Charley will be happier and better watched in his house, than he could be at any Dame's.[†5] I should be quite at ease about him, if he

could be placed there.[†1] Mr. Chitty,[†2] the special pleader, has had two sons[†3] with him, both much distinguished at Eton, and found him (I know from himself) everything that could be desired. Therefore, if you please, when I come to town, I will go down and see Dr. Hawtrey, and Mr. Evans, and ascertain every particular that we should desire to know. In the meantime I will write to Mr. King, and beg him to prepare

Charley specifically for Eton at Christmas. Mr. King has a plan of his own, about the Latin Grammar, which will have to be departed from with a view to that school.[†4]

I hope you will tell Mrs. Brown (as some claim upon her charitable consideration) that I have never forgiven my father and mother, and that my possession of those names is a secret which I had thought Tortures would never extract from me.[†5] The superscription of your letter (though delicate and kind, as all you do is—being limited to the initials) greatly shocked me, and is supposed to have affected the Postman; who looked haggard this morning.

In the matter of that unfortunate young chartist, I have done what you kindly empower me to do.[†6] I quite agree with you as to the principle of such a subscription, and must add that while I feel for many working men who are Chartists[†7] and mean no ill by it, I have no sympathy for the Amateur Members of that body.[†8] But I have no doubt that in this instance the money will do good.

I hope Isabella Gordon is justifying the clemency that has been shewn her.

With many thanks for your excellent advice, believe me Dear Miss Coutts

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. C. MACREADY, 30 AUGUST 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Bonchurch | Thirtieth August 1849.

My Dear Macready

I have deferred answering your note, until I should have heard from Miss Coutts. She doubts (as I must say I do too) the expediency of the *example* of this assistance, however distressing and pitiable the facts of the case.[†1] Therefore she cannot appear as a Subscriber, or give much. But she begs me to put down "A lady—£2..2..0." I will give you the two guineas when I see you—or I will give them to Mrs. Macready if I see her first. Between ourselves I must observe that I feel strongly for the genuine working men who are Chartists, but have no sympathy whatever with the amateurs. Let me, in confidence, call your attention and that of Mrs. Schwabe[†2] and Mrs. Cobden[†3] to the reason of my having separated the statement (in sending it to Miss Coutts) from the list of subscriptions. If "Mr. G. W. Reynolds" be the Mr. Reynolds[†4] who is the Author of the Mysteries of London,[†5] and who took the chair for a mob in Trafalgar Square

before they set forth on a window-breaking expedition,[†1] I hold his to be a name with which no lady's, and no gentleman's, should be associated. And if anything could deprive this unfortunate young man of his liberty ticket, I am pretty confident that it would be a knowledge on the part of the Government at home that he had such a champion. It may not be the same person, but the initials are the same.

—Yes, my venerable Parr,[†2] we have pic-nic'd, and leap frog'd, and country-danced, and so forth, here, but there have been hard Copperfieldian mornings before these entertainments. Galley slavery has preceded merry making, and, the brief holiday consequent on the completion of No. 5, being over, the time is therefore come when I to Number 6 must render up myself.[†3] In the meantime I hear of you like a meteor—now here, now there—pervading space—and blazing away prodigiously.[†4] When you approach your Family again, in the fulfilment of that eccentric orbit which your Magnificence revolves in, give them a packet of loves from here that will be old by that time, perhaps, but not worn threadbare or a bit the worse.

Ever affectionately | My Dear Macready
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE AUGUST 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 501-2. *Date:* "a few days earlier" than his visit to CD at the beginning of Sep, according to Forster. CD was about to begin *Copperfield* No. VI on 30 Aug, he told Macready (see last).

Before I think of beginning my next number, I perhaps cannot do better than give you an imperfect description of the results of the climate of Bonchurch after a few weeks' residence. The first salubrious effect of which the Patient becomes conscious is an almost continual feeling of sickness, accompanied with great prostration of strength, so that his legs tremble under him, and his arms quiver when he wants to take hold of any object. An extraordinary disposition to sleep (except at night, when his rest, in the event of his having any, is broken by incessant dreams) is always present at the same time; and, if he have anything to do requiring thought and attention, this overpowers him to such a degree that he can only do it in snatches: lying down on beds in the fitful intervals. Extreme depression of mind, and a disposition to shed tears from morning to night,

developes itself at the same period. If the Patient happen to have been a good walker, he finds ten miles an insupportable distance; in the achievement of which his legs are so unsteady, that he goes from side to side of the road, like a drunken man. If he happen to have ever possessed any energy of any kind, he finds it quenched in a dull, stupid languor. He has no purpose, power, or object in existence whatever. When he brushes his hair in the morning, he is so weak that he is obliged to sit upon a chair to do it. He is incapable of reading, at all times. And his bilious system is so utterly overthrown, that a ball of boiling fat appears to be always behind the top of the bridge of his nose, simmering between his haggard eyes. If he should have caught a cold, he will find it impossible to get rid of it, as his system is wholly incapable of making any effort. His cough will be deep, monotonous, and constant. "The faithful watch-dog's honest bark"[†1] will be

nothing to it. He will abandon all present idea of overcoming it, and will content himself with keeping an eye upon his blood-vessels to preserve them whole and sound. *Patient's name, Inimitable B.* . . . It's a mortal mistake!—That's the plain fact. Of all the places I ever have been in, I have never been in one so difficult to exist in, pleasantly. Naples is hot and dirty, New York feverish, Washington bilious, Genoa exciting, Paris rainy—but Bonchurch, smashing. I am quite convinced that I should die here, in a year. It's not hot, it's not close, I don't know what it is, but the prostration of it is *awful.* Nobody here has the least idea what I think of it; but I find, from all sorts of hints from Kate, Georgina, and the Leeches, that they are all affected more or less in the same way, and find it very difficult to make head against. I make no sign, and pretend not to know what is going on. But they are right. I believe the Leeches will go soon, and small blame to 'em!—For me, when I leave here at the end of this September, I must go down to some cold place; as Ramsgate for example, for a week or two; or I seriously believe I shall feel the effects of it for a long time. . . . What do you think of *that*? . . . The longer I live, the more I doubt the doctors. I am perfectly convinced, that, for people suffering under a wasting disease, this Undercliff is madness altogether. The doctors, with the old miserable folly of looking at one bit of a subject, take the patient's lungs and the Undercliff's air, and settle solemnly that they are fit for each other.[†2] But the whole influence of the place, never taken into consideration, is to reduce and overpower vitality. I am quite confident that I should go down under it, as if it were so much lead, slowly crushing me. An American resident in Paris many

years, who brought me a letter from Olliffe,[†1] said, the day before yesterday, that he had always had a passion for the sea never to be gratified enough, but that after living here a month, he could not bear to look at it; he couldn't endure the sound of it; he didn't know how it was, but it seemed associated with the decay of his whole powers.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?AUGUST 1849]

Summary in F, VI, iii, 500. *Date:* perhaps Aug (following the only reference to Swinburne's mother, in *To* Forster, 4-5 Aug).

Referring to a golden-haired son of the Swinburnes[†2] *with whom his own boys used to play.*[†3]

September

To LORD FITZROY SOMERSET,[†1] [?SEPTEMBER 1849]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written after his previous letter to Miss Coutts, 30 Aug, in which Somerset's name was not mentioned.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 SEPTEMBER 1849

MS Morgan Library.

Bonchurch Seventh September 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am greatly mortified to hear from Mrs. Morson of what has happened at Shepherd's Bush. Though it is a great comfort to me that the girl is a new girl[†2] and not one in whom we have trusted and been long deceived. I have told Mrs. Morson that I hope she will lay stress, in speaking of it to the others, on her not having had the benefit of the Home's instruction and advice for any length of time.

I do not make out, from Mrs. Morson's letter, whether the wardrobe from which the girl took the bonnet and shawl, was locked *and the key taken away*—in short whether she forced it open. If she did anything *but* force it open, I think there was, so far, a little remissness on Mrs. Morson's part. I have repeatedly cautioned her on that subject, and warned her to leave nothing open, or about. The always having some one or two of whom we know very little, is the best reason in the world to the general body, for this.

I hope we have, generally, gone on so well since Sarah Wood,[†3] that you will not be much discouraged by this circumstance. I can hardly imagine how any one can be so wantonly and ungratefully wicked, but such things are, outside the Home, and will be, I am afraid, for many a long year.

I acknowledged the receipt of Lord Fitzroy Somerset's letter,[†4] immediately.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

What does Mrs. Brown say? I must go (I think) and ask the Lime Burner[†5] what *he* says to it.

To THOMAS BEARD, 9 SEPTEMBER 1849

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | London.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. | Sunday Ninth September 1849.

My Dear Beard.

We shall be truly and cordially delighted to see you on the 17th. You could

not come at a better time, for I hope (please God) to finish my month's work on that day, or, at latest, on the next.

There is a coach leaves the Pier at Ryde, at about a quarter before 4 every day. If you time your coming from Portsmouth so as to come by that coach (which meets the boat) you will find it the best and cheapest conveyance, and you will find us waiting dinner for you. You will be hailed by a deputation from the Inimitable, as soon as you arrive in Bonchurch.

I am much concerned by your Baldwinian intelligence.[†1] But I hope and trust something better can be done before long.

Affectionately Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

I have got a special curiosity in the vinous way, here.

To WILLIAM BROWN, 9 SEPTEMBER 1849*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. Brown Esquire | Holly Lodge | Highgate | London.

Bonchurch, Sunday Ninth September 1894.

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your letter. I had heard (as Miss Coutts will probably have told you) of the robbery and flight; but not of what you had done afterwards; which I think perfectly discreet and wise. I am happy to say that I have never seen the young lady. Mr. Chesterton wrote to me about her, since I have been here.[†2]

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in kindest regards to Mrs. Brown and Miss Coutts. I hope Mrs. Brown is better than she used to be, on the first of each month.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, 13 SEPTEMBER 1849

MS Dickens House.

Bonchurch | Thirteenth September 1849.

My Dear Evans.

I hope to finish on Tuesday next. Any day, after that, that will suit you best, I shall be delighted to see you. Write to me a day before, that I may not be roaming anywhere, when you come.

I promised Mr. Bernhard Taüchnitz of Leipzig that he should have the proofs of No. 6 as soon as ever they should be ready—with a view to his first volume

of Copperfield, which he proposes to bring out at the end of this month, and which he wants to get the end of, translated into German for that purpose, with all dispatch.[†1] As I told him somewhere about the 15th. would be the probable time, and as I am a little late this month, it has struck me that it would be a convenience to him to have the first sheet[†2] at once. Therefore, will you get the corrections I have marked on it (inclosed) very carefully made—the half page that is wanting,[†3] carefully made up from the inclosed folio of MS—and send it to him by post directly, with an intimation that you will forward the concluding sheet as soon as it is ready?

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To J. H. NODAL,[†4] 15 SEPTEMBER 1849*

Text from transcript by Mr Walter Dexter.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight | Saturday Fifteenth September 1849

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging note which has been forwarded to me here. I think any such local help to the Italian Exiles[†5] as you ably advocate, must be left to local influence, and could hardly be set agoing by a stranger. Even if I were in town, and able to attend closely to the subject (which is not the case) I should feel it my part to leave Manchester to speak for herself, without prompting.[†6] I am not the less indebted to you for your communication.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

J. H. Nodal Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [SEPTEMBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, i, 455*n*. *Date:* Sep 49 according to Forster; after the 15th, when Stone was invited to Bonchurch (*To* Stone, 27 Aug).

Stone has painted the Ocean Spectre, and made a very pretty little picture of him.[†7]

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, 20 SEPTEMBER 1849*

MS University of North Carolina.

Bonchurch. Isle of Wight. | Twentieth September 1849.

My Dear Landor

I am never so occupied, but that the sight of your handwriting is a delight to me. It greeted me when I came, in a glow, out of the sea this morning, in the heartiest manner. And I gave it a cordial welcome.

My theatrical influence I fear is very very small. But if I can ever serve Miss Dickenson[†1] by my good word, or by any effort I can make in her behalf, I hope I need not assure you that I shall do my utmost. If there be anything that Kate can do, in the way of friendly encouragement or useful introduction, she says I am to tell you it shall be done too. Perhaps you can let her know, when we come back to town in November, where Miss Dickenson is to be found.

She sends you her love. So does her sister. So does your godson.[†2] So do all his brothers and sisters. So do I. Being ever My Dear Landor

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Walter Savage Landor

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 SEPTEMBER 1849]

Extract and summary in F, VI, iii, 503. *Date:* two days before letter of 23 Sep, according to Forster; presumably his first letter after Forster's return to London ("when he next wrote", says Forster: F, VI, iii, 502).

Browne has sketched an uncommonly characteristic and capital Mr. Micawber[†3] for the next number. I hope the present number is a good one.[†4] I hear nothing but pleasant accounts of the general satisfaction.

Going on to tell Forster of his intention to go to Broadstairs, put aside by doubtful reports of its sanitary condition.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 SEPTEMBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 509. *Date:* Evans visited Bonchurch between 19 and 24 Sep, and was clearly there on the 22nd, the day of Leech's accident, since he asked for reports on him (*To* Evans, 25 Sep). Letter written after last, if Forster is correct; "Evans says" suggests during his visit or shortly afterwards.

The accounts are rather shy, after *Dombey,* and what you said comes true after all. I am not sorry I cannot bring myself to care much for what opinions

people may form; and I have a strong belief, that, if any of my books are read years hence, *Dombey* will be remembered as among the best of them: but passing influences are important for the time, and as *Chuzzlewit* with its small sale sent me up, *Dombey's* large sale has tumbled me down. Not very much, however, in real truth. These accounts only include the first three numbers, have of course been burdened with all the heavy expenses of number one, and ought not in reason to be complained of.[†1] But it is clear to me that the Periodical must be set agoing in the spring; and I have already been busy, at odd half-hours, in shadowing forth a name and an idea. Evans says they have but one opinion repeated to them of *Copperfield,* and they feel very confident about it. A steady twenty-five thousand, which it is now on the verge of, will do very well. The back numbers are always going off. Read the enclosed.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 SEPTEMBER 1849]

Extract and summary in F, VI, iii, 503-4. *Date:* 23 Sep according to Forster.

Yes, we have been sufficiently rollicking since I finished the number[†3]; and have had great games at rounders every afternoon, with all Bonchurch looking on; but I begin to long for a little peace and

solitude. And now for my less pleasing piece of news. The sea has been running very high, and Leech, while

bathing, was knocked over by a bad blow from a great wave on the forehead. He is in bed, and had twenty of his namesakes on his temples this morning. When I heard of him just now, he was asleep—which he had not been all night.

He closed his letter hopefully.

To MRS JOHN LEECH, [23] SEPTEMBER 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* misdated by CD; Sunday (on which CD and Beard sat up with Leech all night: *To* Forster, 24 Sep) was 23 Sep in 1849. *Address:* Mrs. Leech.

Winterbourne, Sunday Night | Twenty Seventh September 1849.

My Dear Mrs. Leech.

I cannot help thinking that it would be better—and that it would be more comfortable for you—if Beard and I came and sat upon the little sofa in the sitting room[†1] until Morning. I wish you would think with me, and say Yes. The probability is that Leech will fall into a sleep, and get infinitely better, but I don't like to think of you alone there,—and it would be an immense relief to me to be your friend at hand, as I ever am at heart. Let me beg you to think of this again—not for any need's sake (thank God) but for your own greater ease, and ours.

Ever Affectionately Yours

CD.

John waits for a word.

To THE REV. T. PROTHERO,[†2] 23 SEPTEMBER 1849

Summary in I. Kyrle Fletcher catalogue No. 227; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Winterbourne, [Bonchurch],[†3] 23 Sep 49.

Saying that it would give him much pleasure to accept Prothero's kind invitation, but he was engaged all the week, as he had friends staying with him, and he would be leaving on Saturday. Sends compliments to Mrs Prothero[†4] from himself and Mrs Dickens.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 23 SEPTEMBER 1849

Text from MDGH, I, 208-9.

Winterbourne | Sunday Evening, Sept. 23rd, | 1849.

My Dear White,

I have a hundred times at least wanted to say to you how good I thought those papers in "Blackwood"[†1]—how excellent their purpose, and how delicately and charmingly worked out. Their subtle and delightful humour, and their grasp of the whole question, were something more pleasant to me than I can possibly express.

"How comes this lumbering Inimitable to say this, on this Sunday night of all nights in the year?" you naturally ask. Now hear the Inimitable's honest avowal! I make so bold because I heard that Morning Service better read this morning than ever I have heard it read in my life.[†2] And because—for the soul of me—I cannot separate the two things, or help identifying the wise and genial man out of church with the earnest and unaffected man in it. Midsummer madness, perhaps, but a madness I hope that will hold us true friends for many and many a year to come. The madness is over as soon as you have burned this letter (see the history of the Gunpowder Plot),[†3] but let us be friends much longer for these reasons and many included in them not herein expressed.

Affectionately always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 SEPTEMBER 1849]

Extracts in F, VI, iii, 504 and iv, 510. *Date:* both 24 Sep according to Forster.

Leech has been very ill with congestion of the brain ever since I wrote, and being still in excessive pain has had ice to his head continuously, and been bled in the arm besides. Beard and I sat up there, all night.

The old notion of the Periodical, which has been agitating itself in my mind for so long, I really think is at last gradually growing into form.

To F. M. EVANS, 25 SEPTEMBER 1849†

MS Huntington Library.

Bonchurch, Tuesday Twenty Fifth September | 1849.

My Dear Evans.

This letter is really addressed both to you and Lemon—to whom Leech is anxious I should write. As I promised yesterday to repeat my report to you, I write as *to* you to day, and will write to Lemon (at Whitefriars) tomorrow.

Leech continued pretty much the same until early yesterday evening, when he became worse; and, complaining afresh of the pain in his head, had leeches on again—mustard poultices to the back of his neck—[†a]a mustard bath to his feet[†a]—[†b]and bread-poultices on the leech-bites.[†b] I was there from 8 until ½

past 10, and observing the terrible restlessness of his condition, and knowing the utter impossibility of his getting better, and the moral certainty of his becoming worse, unless he could fall asleep, suggested that it might be well to mesmerize him. As neither he nor Mrs. Leech were anything but anxious that it should be done, on my assurance that it could not possibly do him any harm, †bwe arranged that he should give some slight composing medicine of the Doctor's, a fair trial, and, if it did not succeed send to me. That they might do so, easily, I left John there, and came home to bed.†b At ½ past 2 this morning he knocked me up, and I went there. His restlessness had become most distressing, and it was quite impossible to get him to maintain any one position for five minutes. He was more like a ship in distress, in a sea of bedclothes,†1 than anything else. In the difficulty of getting at him, and of doing the thing with any reasonable effect, at first, in a dark room, it was more than half an hour before I could so far tranquillize him (by the magnetism I mean) as to keep him composed, awake for five minutes together. Then, that effect began, and he said he felt comfortable and happy. As the clock struck four, he asked me (in the odd way, common to all people under that influence) what it meant by striking *twice*—and in a few minutes fell fast asleep, breathing deeply and regularly, and neither snoring nor starting. †bWith one short interval of waking (less than a quarter of an hour) he slept an hour and thirty five minutes, during which a gentle perspiration came out upon his skin, and his face lost a very unpromising anxiety it had worn, and became quiet and perfectly peaceful. At the end of the sleep (the first he has had since he has been ill) as he expressed himself much refreshed, and took some breakfast in good spirits and with a relish, and as it was broad day, and there was no reason for his sleeping again, unless naturally, until tonight, I did not repeat the use of the agency, and came home at 7 o'Clock. I have seen him for two hours since. The doctor pronounces him greatly better (the said doctor was despondent and uneasy †ato me,†a last evening), and is much pleased with the improvement.†b To prevent talk about it, we have agreed not to tell him, †athe Doctor,†a of the thing—at all events for the present—though I understand he is favorable to Magnetism. †bI shall sleep there tonight, and I have little doubt, please God, that restlessness, which is the only thing to dread, can be kept off.

He is to have a whiting for his dinner.†b

Mrs. Leech†c has been out for a little to day—it is a most beautiful day—and has bathed in the sea, and so got freshened. She†c is in great spirits at the improvement, and was much astonished in the night when we talked across him †cas if he had been a Woolpack. His Eyes are not intolerant of light, he is not in pain, and he is quite cheerful. I am in great hopes that the improvement will continue. I have no doubt it will, if he can get rest tonight.†c

I am rather stupid, and write drowsily. Best remembrances from all.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 SEPTEMBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 504. *Date:* 26 Sep according to Forster.

My plans are all unsettled by Leech's illness; as of course I do not like to leave this place while I can be of any service to him and his good little wife. But all visitors are gone to-day, and Winterbourne once more left to the engaging family of the inimitable B. Ever since I wrote to you Leech has been seriously worse, and again very heavily bled. The night before last he was in such an alarming state of restlessness, which nothing could relieve, that I proposed to Mrs. Leech to try magnetism. Accordingly, in the middle of the night I fell to; and, after a very fatiguing bout of it, put him to sleep for an hour and thirty-five minutes. A change came on in the sleep, and he is decidedly better. I talked to the astounded little Mrs. Leech across him, when he was asleep, as if he had been a truss of hay. . . . What do you think of my setting up in the magnetic line with a large brass plate? "Terms, twenty-five guineas per nap."

To MARK LEMON, 26 SEPTEMBER 1849

MS Benoliel Collection.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch
Twenty Sixth September 1849. Wednesday

My Dear Lemon.

I am happy to tell you that Leech is, beyond all doubt, a great deal better this morning. I found him so quiet and disposed to sleep last night, that it was not necessary to repeat the Magnetism; and I went to bed in the next room, to be called if he were restless. I was *not* called, however, all night; he slept very well indeed; is down in the sitting room today; and is to have a boiled fowl for his dinner. He looks a good deal the worse, of course, and still complains a little of his head—but there can be no doubt at all of his having made an immense advance. I should hope that the chances of his falling back again, are exceedingly slight.

I hardly know how to answer your question about your coming to take care of him. *Leigh,*[†1] *I am quite satisfied, is not to be thought of.* He had much better

have nobody. Tact and cheerfulness are the only qualities that can render him the least service. I had intended to leave here on Saturday, and to go, for a fortnight, to Broadstairs. My reason for designing to leave on Saturday, was, that I might get to work on the 1st. of the month. But I should not think of going away, whoever might be here, unless he were to all intents and purposes quite well. Therefore I am not to be considered—as far as his having somebody to look after him, goes—on the wing at all.

Do you think you could come down on Saturday? We could then talk the matter over. By that time we may know from the Doctor when it would be well to remove him—perhaps from himself what change he would like, and where he would wish to go. I will also have taken an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Leech on these points. It seems to me that if this be practicable, it is on all accounts the best course. I hope you will think so too, and will be able to adopt it. Let me know. All future arrangements could[†1] be quite easy if we could hold such a small council, on the spot.

The good little woman has had some rest, and looks a great deal the better for it, and is going out for a walk with Kate, while the humble individual who now addresses you looks after the invalid.

I am very sorry to hear of Thackeray.[†2] Cordial remembrances (in which all unite) to Evans. Kate and Georgy send their loves to Mrs. Lemon and all the babbies.[†3]

Ever My Dear Lemon Affectionately Yrs.

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 27 SEPTEMBER 1849*

MS Private.

Winterbourne Twenty Seventh September | 1849. Thursday

My Dear Evans.

Leech was down in the sitting room, dressed, all day yesterday—and had a boiled fowl for his dinner, of which he ate the two wings with great satisfaction. Going up there, at a little after 8 last night, I found he had gone to bed, and was restless again and tossing about. I soon began to magnetize him. He became composed immediately, and lay in a perfect calm, though without sleeping more than two or three minutes at a time (and then very soundly) until 12 o'Clock, during the whole of which time I continued the magnetism. As he was then cheerful and quiet, though not—as he said—drowsy any more, I thought it best to come home, and leave John there to call me in case I should be wanted. He

slept very well, however, (though he woke often) and there was not the least necessity to send.

(I observed exactly this effect several times, in a lady whom I magnetized every day for Six months, in Italy.[†1] Her disorder was tic Doloreux in a most horrible form.[†2] In some states of nervous excitement she never went to sleep for more than a minute or two at a time, but was invariably tranquillized and made easy by the process.)

I am going up there at 12 o'Clock, and will finish this letter after I have sat with him for an hour or two, and seen how he is.

———

2 oClock. afternoon

He is greatly better, and has very much surprised the Doctor. He had a haddock and a bit of boiled mutton for his dinner, and dispatched them in a twinkling. He made divers overtures to me (in Mrs. Leech's absence) concerning a glass of port wine and water—which I didn't understand; so he went on swallowing toast and water, and barley water. Appearance greatly improved, and spirits better altogether. We intend to have another operation tonight, if there should seem to be the least occasion. I think he is at least 100 per cent better than he was yesterday.

As you are interested in the Magnetism, I will tell you, when I have an opportunity, a very curious piece of observation in reference to it, of Mrs. Leech's, which she mentioned last night. The most remarkable incident of it, is, that a great German chemist of the name of Rheimbacher[†3] whose investigations changed him from a disbeliever into a believer mentions exactly the same observation as having been made by some female patients of his,[†4] and lays great stress on it [in] a pamphlet he wrote.[†5] I need not say that she never heard of him or his book.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES BLACK,[†6] 28 SEPTEMBER 1849*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. *Address:* Charles Black Esquire | Marlborough Road | St. John's Wood | London.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. | Twenty Eighth September 1849.

My Dear Black.

I am extremely sorry to say that we are on the very eve of leaving Bonchurch.

The exact when, depends on the recovery of a friend who has been taken ill here, and the exact where *may* possibly be contingent on his being ordered to some other sea-side place; in which case we should go to the same place if it were feasible. But my present belief is, that we shall leave here on Monday for the Albion Hotel at Broadstairs—which little hostelry would make a good day's halting place for you, if you were to return abroad by way of Folkestone.[†1] We are, all three, extremely anxious to see you before you go back, and we hope you will be able to contrive for our passing an evening together.

On Sunday or Monday, when I certainly know our plans, I will write to you again. In the meantime Mrs. Dickens and her sister send you their loves, and I am, as always,

Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Black Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 30 SEPTEMBER 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch | Sunday Thirtieth September 1849.

My Dear Henry.

I think you quite right in resigning from that preposterous jumble of imbecility and rottenness,[†2] but I hold beyond all question that the grounds of your resignation ought to be plainly and explicitly stated in some letter from yourself, which shall be, henceforth, a part of the records of the Commission. I am quite

sure that this is the true course, and hope you will not be persuaded one inch out of it, though all the harmful good nature in the County of Carlisle[†3] were enlisted to move you.

Leech is, I am glad to say, a great deal better—getting quite well. Kate Georgy, Mamey and Katey and I, are going to Broadstairs tomorrow, where I purpose writing my next number before coming to town. The children will go straight home from here, on Wednesday.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire.

To MR BALLARD, 30 SEPTEMBER 1849†

MS Dickens House.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight | Sunday September Thirtieth 1849.

Dr. Mr. Ballard.

I am not quite sure that the Post office arrangements will enable you to get

this letter before you see me. But, on the chance of its preceding me, I write to say that [†a]Mrs. Dickens, Miss Hogarth, myself, and the two little girls, are coming tomorrow evening to stay a week or two at your house, if you can find room for us.[†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Ballard.

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 SEPTEMBER 1849]

Summary and extract in F, VI, iii, 504. *Date:* 30 Sep according to Forster, the day before he left Broadstairs.

Saying that Leech was so clearly on the way to recovery that he was himself next day to leave for Broadstairs with Catherine, Georgina, Mamey and Katie.

I will merely add that I entreat to be kindly remembered to Thackeray;[†1] that I think I have, without a doubt, *got* the Periodical notion; and that I am writing under the depressing and discomforting influence of paying off the tribe of bills that pour in upon an unfortunate family-young-man on the eve of a residence like this. So no more at present from the disgusted, though still inimitable, and always affectionate B.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, [? SEPTEMBER 1849]*

MS (fragment) Pennsylvania Historical Society. *Date:* Signature suggests 1848-49; just possibly refers to their move from Bonchurch to Broadstairs on 1 Oct 49.

. . . going away again tomorrow. I am very sorry indeed that you are not going too, along with me.

Always Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Jerrold Esquire

October

To JOHN LEECH, 5 OCTOBER 1849

MS Dickens House, Broadstairs. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill | London.

Broadstairs | Friday Fifth October 1849.

My Dear Leech.

We are delighted to receive your good report of yourself, and Mrs. Leech's kind letter this morning.

Being unexpectedly mowed down by a fit of laziness, I went over to Canterbury yesterday—alone—and refreshed myself with a day's rain there. I returned at night, not wholly free from Snases[†2] Bloomfieldian.[†3]

Kate has seen Walter,[†1] who says he quite understands what is the matter with her, and that it is nothing but what will very easily yield to very simple medicines, now in course of administration.

There has been a trifle of rain here—a spot or two. But to day is one of the most wonderful and charming days I ever saw—the air so brisk and bracing as it is nowhere but at Broadstairs—the Channel so busy and alive with shipping as it is nowhere but off Broadstairs—the hotel so cosey[†2] and like a private house as it is nowhere but in Broadstairs—everything as nothing is out of Broadstairs. Veeve la Broadstairs!

I write, as my friend Mr. Micawber says, "with a sickly mask of mirth",[†3] but I am rather behind time, and have been hammering away all day, until I don't know whether this is my head that is oppressing my shoulders, or a pumpkin stuffed with lead.—I am off to the North Foreland to enquire.

With loves from all to Mrs. Leech.

Ever My Dear Leech | Faithfully Yours

CD.

John Leech Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY OCTOBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 504-5. *Date:* his first letter, according to Forster, from Broadstairs, where he had arrived on 1 Oct.

Such a night and day of rain, I should think the oldest inhabitant never saw! and yet, in the ould formiliar Broadstairs, I somehow or other don't mind it much. The change has done Mamey a world of good, and I have begun to sleep again. As for news, you might as well ask me for dolphins. Nobody in Broadstairs—to speak of. Certainly nobody in Ballard's. We are in the part, which is the house next door to the hotel itself, that we once had for three years running, and just as quiet and snug now as it was then. I don't think I shall return before the 20th or so, when the number is done; but I *may*, in some inconstant freak, run up to you before. Preliminary despatches and advices shall be forwarded in any case to the fragrant neighbourhood of Clare-market and the Portugal-street burying-ground.[†4] On the Portsmouth railway, coming here, encountered Kenyon. On the ditto ditto at Reigate, encountered young

Dilke,[†1] and took him in tow to Canterbury. On the ditto ditto at ditto (meaning Reigate), encountered Fox,[†2] M.P. for Oldham, and his daughter.[†3] All within an hour. Young Dilke great about the proposed Exposition under the direction of H.R.H. Prince Albert, and evincing, very pleasantly to me, unbounded faith in our old friend his father.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 6 OCTOBER 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixth October 1849.

Dear Sir.

I have looked over the accounts to Midsummer last. I could wish the profit larger,[†4] but the times have not been such as to justify any sanguine expectations in that regard.[†5] It seems to me, however, that the stock on hand is too large. Would it not be advisable to reduce the Numbers printed?[†6]

I shall be glad if you will pay the balance in my favor, into Coutts's.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 OCTOBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 510-11. *Date:* 7 Oct 49 according to Forster.

I do great injustice to my floating ideas (pretty speedily and comfortably settling down into orderly arrangement) by saying anything about the Periodical now: but my notion is a weekly journal, price either three-halfpence or two-pence,[†7] matter in part original and in part selected, and always having, if

possible, a little good poetry. . . .[†1] Upon the selected matter, I have particular notions. One is, that it should always be *a subject.* For example, a history of Piracy; in connexion with which there is a vast deal of extraordinary, romantic, and almost unknown matter. A history of Knight-errantry, and the wild old notion of the Sangreal. A history of Savages,[†2] showing the singular respects in which all savages are like each other; and those in which civilised men, under circumstances of difficulty, soonest become like savages. A history of remarkable characters, good and bad, *in* history; to assist the reader's judgment in his observation of men, and in his estimates of the truth of many characters in fiction. All these things, and fifty others that I have already thought of, would be compilations; through the whole of which the general intellect and purpose of the paper should run,[†3] and in which there would be scarcely less interest than in the original matter.[†4] The original matter to be essays, reviews, letters, theatrical criticisms, &c, &c, as amusing as possible, but all distinctly and boldly going to what in one's own view ought to be the spirit of the people and the time. . . . Now to bind all this together, and to get a character established as it were which any of the writers may maintain without difficulty, I want to suppose a certain SHADOW, which may go into any place, by sunlight, moonlight, starlight, firelight, candlelight, and be in all homes, and all nooks and corners, and be supposed to be cognisant of everything, and go everywhere, without the least difficulty.[†5] Which may be in the Theatre, the Palace, the House of Commons, the Prisons, the Unions, the Churches, on the Railroad, on the Sea, abroad and at home: a kind of semi-omniscient, omnipresent, intangible creature. I don't think it would do to call the paper THE SHADOW:[†6] but I want something tacked to that title, to express the notion of its being a cheerful, useful, and always welcome Shadow. I want to open the first number with this Shadow's account of himself and his family. I want to have all the correspondence addressed to him. I want him to issue his warnings from time to time, that he is going to fall on such and such a subject; or to expose such and such a piece of humbug; or that he may be expected shortly in such and such a place. I want the compiled

part of the paper to express the idea of this Shadow's having been in libraries, and among the books referred to. I want him to loom as a fanciful thing all over London; and to get up a general notion of "What will the Shadow say about this, I wonder? What will the Shadow say about that? Is the Shadow here?" and so forth. Do you understand? . . . I have an enormous difficulty in expressing what I mean, in this stage of the business; but I think the importance of the idea is, that once stated on paper, there is no difficulty in keeping it up. That it presents an odd, unsubstantial, whimsical, new thing: a sort of previously unthought-of Power going about. That it will concentrate into one focus all that is done in the paper.[†1] That it sets up a creature which isn't the Spectator, and isn't Isaac Bickerstaff, and isn't anything of that kind: but in which people will be perfectly willing to believe, and which is just mysterious and quaint enough to have a sort of charm for their imagination, while it will represent common-sense and humanity. I want to express in the title, and in the grasp of the idea to express also, that it is the Thing at everybody's elbow, and in everybody's footsteps. At the window, by the fire, in the street, in the house, from infancy to old age, everyone's inseparable companion. . . . Now do you make anything out of this? which I let off as if I were a bladder full of it, and you had punctured me. I have not breathed the idea to any one; but I have a lively hope that it *is* an idea, and that out of it the whole scheme may be hammered.

To JOHN FORSTER, [OCTOBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 512. *Date:* replying to Forster's objections to the plan he had outlined on 7 Oct.

I do not lay much stress on your grave doubts about Periodical, but more anon.

To JOHN LEECH, 9 OCTOBER 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill | London.

Hotel Ballard, Broadstairs sur Mer
Tuesday Night Ninth October 1849.

My Dear Leech.

I am quite delighted to receive such brilliant accounts of you, under your own hand and seal. I am well pleased too to learn that you have some idea of coming down here. You cannot think how delightful and fresh the place is (when it's fine) and how good the walks are. Room there is plenty, and to spare. I don't think there is any one in the hotel but ourselves, and I am sure we could not be more comfortable. So I hope you really will come, and give Ballard a turn.

As to him, he is a more decided and hopeless Maniac in point of contradiction, than he ever was. The last summer seems to have ripened him thoroughly. He won't let me have an opinion of my own, and bruises me (as Maclise would say) and dances on my body every day at dinner. Here is a specimen.

Scene, Our room. Time, halfpast 5.P. M. Kate, Georgina, and Inimitable, seated at dinner. In attendance—Ballard, and the amiable Waiter (the latter, decidedly the most affectionate and soft hearted man in the world.)
Inimitable (taking Punch) And how's Miss Collin going on, Ballard?
Ballard. Oh, well Sir, she ain't going on at all—not what can be called going on Sir, you know.
Inimitable (after being a little put down, and slightly recovering). Is she going off at all? Is she going to be married?
Ballard. No Sir, not much of that.
Inimitable. No, I suppose not? (*Smiles*)
Ballard (quickly) Not but what she's been very near it Sir once or twice—and is now, in deed—but I never believe a thing you know Sir till its done Sir.
(*The ladies laugh.*)
Georgina (here you must suppose the imitation) But she drinks, don't she Mr. Ballard.
Ballard. Oh dear no Miss!

Inimitable (to Georgina fiercely). What the Devil are you so fond of disparaging people for? Drinks! Who ever heard of her drinking! What a damned extraordinary thing it is, that you can't hold your tongue!—
I never heard of her drinking (*to Ballard*) nor anybody else.
Ballard (with a smile of pity) Oh everybody *here,* has heard of it Sir—and knows it well—but we don't see these things in Broadstairs Sir, and make it a rule among ourselves never to mention 'em you know Sir. It's best not.
Inimitable (much affected by this Christian axiom) You're quite right Ballard. Nobody need know anything about it.
Ballard. Oh! They can't help[†1] knowing all about it Sir.
Inimitable (disconcerted). Why?
Ballard. Why, you see Sir when you come to be picked up in the street, four times in one winter, it gets talked about, you know. It gets to be the talk of the whole place, and who can wonder at it!

(Exit Ballard with dish-cover. Waiter takes round punch, and Scene closes).

I *think* I shall remain here until I have done the No., which will probably be about the 19th. or 20th. I am glad to find that you miss me, for I miss you too, and look forward to all sorts of snug evenings and other interchanges of friendship, in London, this next winter.

Kate and Georgy, Mamey and Katey, unite with me in loves, to you and Mrs. Leech. We all hope that if you come, she will come too, and maybe we might all return together?

Ever My Dear Leech | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To LORD ROBERTSON, 9 OCTOBER 1849*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Ninth October 1849 | Tuesday Night.

My Dear Lord Robertson.

I have been in the Isle of Wight all the Summer, and have received your letter here on my way homeward. I purpose proceeding to my Ancestral Halls (No 1 Devonshire Terrace) in a week or ten days.

I infer from your welcome note that a book[†1] is awaiting me in the aforementioned halls. Wherefore, I content myself with saying, now, that I feel sincerely pleased to live in your remembrance as a "selected victim"; and that as soon as I get home, and have read it, I shall send you a sort of sacrificial chaunt, in that capacity.

In the meanwhile accept all cordial greetings from me and mine—not without a hope from me that I may run down to Edinburgh before long.

I am told that Willie Allan[†2] is perpetually relating those same stories without any voice; but that at a certain blink of his eye, people know he is telling about "Dochter Henry"—and that at a certain other blink of his eye, they know he is on the subject of that Pig who was found upon a water closet in Belgium—and laugh accordingly, and don't miss anything.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lord Robertson.

To HENRY AUSTIN, [18] OCTOBER 1849*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Thursday was 18 Oct in 1849.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night | Nineteenth October 1849.

My Dear Henry

Though I am very sorry that you should be out of a charge that *ought* to be so interesting and beneficial to all sorts and conditions of men, I am quite clear you had no other course to adopt.[†3] As to the Commission that has superseded the first,[†4] I believe with you that the principle is preposterous,[†5] and as rotten at bottom as the worst Sewer in London.

I wish you would arrange to come and dine here, Friday or Saturday next

week—and Letitia too—at your own hour. I should like to talk over things Sanitary and insanitary—of which latter there seems to be a ripe harvest just at present.

—Come and dine with me towards the end of next month, in the City, when I preside for the "News Wenders".[†1] I think it'll be a good occasion for making 'em a sanitary speech, and banging at the wooden headed, porpoised[†2] souled old Idols of aldermen, whom—I was going to say may God confound[†3]—but He has done it.[†4]

To GEORGE BEADNELL,[†5] 19 OCTOBER 1849

MS Winifred M. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night Nineteenth October | 1849

My Dear Sir

Absence from town prevented my receiving your sad intelligence[†6] in due course. I am but now in possession of it.

Believe me that I feel the sympathy of an old friend, with you in your affliction; and that the memory of many old kindnesses, bestowed upon me when I was a mere boy, rises before me vividly, in

connexion with your melancholy tidings. I hardly dare to say to you, whose grief is of a sacred kind, how much I felt your letter, and how many affecting and regretful thoughts it awakened within me.

I am sure few better creatures ever lived. Hard as the separation is to bear,—harder in some sense because of that,—it is in the mercy of God, I know, to make that conviction a comfort to you.

And when the first shock of such a heavy trial is lightened by Time, the attachment of the children she bore you, and of their children too, will not be the less deep or the less consoling because one of the springs of its life, is, for a little while, dried and seen no more.

In their love, and in everything, may you find some comfort! My wife and I have talked about you very much, and are full of heartfelt wishes for your peace.

Ever faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Beadnell Esquire.

To JAMES GILBERT, 19 OCTOBER 1849*

Text from transcript by owner of MS, Professor Edward Ford.

1 Devonshire Terrace, | Friday night, Nineteenth October, | 1849.

Sir,

Absence from town has prevented my receiving your letter until now. I beg you to accept this as a sufficient excuse for my having delayed to answer it.

I have excused myself, by reason of many engagements, from compliance of late, with several requests similar to that with which you honor me on behalf of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution. But I cannot resist the claim of that establishment, and shall be happy to preside at its first public dinner.

If the last day you name in November should be convenient to all parties, and quite as well calculated as any other to advance the interests of the Institution, I should prefer it.[†1]—But I am quite sincere in requesting that the welfare of the association may be the first and greatest consideration.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. James Gilbert.

To W. C. BENNETT, 20 OCTOBER 1849*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth October 1849

Dear Sir

I have been absent from London during the last three months, and have had no parcels forwarded to me during that time. It is only on my return home now, that I find your obliging remembrance.[†2] I hasten to say that I receive it with many thanks, and promise myself much satisfaction from its perusal.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Bennett Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 OCTOBER 1849*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening October Twentieth | 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

We returned to town, for good, the night before last. Calling at your house this afternoon to learn what your movements were and when you were expected

home, I heard, from the Porter, of the unfortunate accident to your carriage and its contents, on the French Railway—a story which he told me with such extraordinary unction and excitement that he came out in quite a new light: having always appeared to me, before, a very calm person—a man not easily moved, and when moved not moved far out of himself. I esteem him much more than I did, finding a capacity of emotion in him for which I was wholly unprepared.

What a blessed thing you were not in the carriage! For in the difficulty of communication with the guard, one is horrified by the mere thought of what might have happened. I hope you are none the worse, except in respect of the loss—in itself sufficiently annoying, I fear.

I was at the Home today, and had a long talk with Mrs Morson. All was going on very well. I shall be there again on Monday, for some hours, making up the book. It has occurred to me that in connexion with the Mark system, we may make a little change in the routine which will be calculated to improve their business habits. I will tell you what I mean, when you come home.

We left the Isle of Wight on the first, and came to Broadstairs for a fortnight, for the advantage of one of my little girls.[†1] Hearing you were at Ramsgate I went over there to report myself, and called at the Albion on the very day you left.

London looks very dull, and is dark and dreary enough after the bright sea side.—I mean to take a walk up my Highgate lane[†2] tomorrow, and satisfy myself that you have not been making any encroachments on my property.

Charley is very anxious that I should send "his love". Mr. King is keeping him very hard at it, with a view to Eton, but is doing it (I think) most sensibly and satisfactorily. Both he and Charley are highly excited on the subject, and I have little doubt that the latter will take as good a position there as any boy of his age would be likely to take.†3

The only additional piece of news I have (after being out of the world so long) is that Mrs. Dickens dreamed all last night that Rogers was learning to dance.†4 From which we are full of dismal auguries that he *must* be dead†5—though I don't know by what process we get at that conclusion rather than at any other.

She unites with me in sincere remembrances to yourself, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown. And I am ever, Dear Miss Coutts

Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown.†6

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 20 OCTOBER 1849*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth October 1849.

Dear Sir

Will you send me one of my portraits.†1

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 20 OCTOBER 1849

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Thomas Chapman Esquire | 14 Montagu Place | Montagu Square.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth October 1849.

My Dear Sir

I believe Augustus will have shewn you (in an American Newspaper) a new proof of the villainy and unblushing falsehood of that execrable rascal Powell.†2

A reprint of my American Notes will be the next issue in my Cheap Edition, and will not occupy, in completing, more than a couple of months, I think. I hope you will see no objection to my instancing (in a new Preface) this fellow's easy connexion with an American Newspaper, as a striking proof of the justice

of the estimation in which I hold that Press, and to my setting forth his history in the plainest possible terms.[†3] I think such an unmitigated villain should be denounced,[†4] and I know that it would go all over the States instantly.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire.

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, 22 OCTOBER 1849†

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace, London.
Monday Twenty Second October 1849.

My Dear Clark.

I have not been in London for between three and four months, having had a cottage in the Isle of Wight during that time. As no parcels were forwarded to me (only letters) I did not receive your Knickerbocker and its accompanying note, until my return home on Friday last. I immediately got a portrait (it is an impression of one that was originally published in Nickleby) and sent it by

Railroad addressed as you direct. And I hope it will reach you safely one day or other.[†1]

The cholera has been, as no doubt you know, very bad in London—chiefly among the poor and badly lodged.[†2] I am happy to say we are all well, and have not lost any friends by the dire disease. It is supposed to be quite past now, and I trust in God it is.[†3]

Macready is playing with enormous success at the Haymarket Theatre.[†4] Copperfield takes a great hold, and goes on bravely. I think that is all the news I have, after my long sojourn on the seashore, except that my girls (like yours) are growing taller, though they are not tall yet—that my eldest boy is going to Eton at Christmas—and that Mrs. Dickens sends her love, in which I join as far as I lawfully may, to Mrs. Clark. I am very glad to see your portrait,[†5] and very glad to see Knickerbocker. I think the former, however, might be more like. It looks to me like the likeness of a testy, contradictory fellow—which I am sure you are not. It is still like the original, too, which is an aggravating kind of merit.[†6]

[†a]But I *have* another piece of news. I am going to give you a serious caution respecting a man who has been, and may possibly yet be, in New York, and who I think very likely to have fallen in your way. You know my opinion of American newspapers generally. Therefore you will believe, when you come to the end of what I am going to tell you, that I am not surprised to learn from a brother of mine, that one of them (I think it is called the New York Evening

Post) has been puffing a Mr. Thomas Powell, an English Literary Gentleman, and publishing a life of me by that eminent Individual, purporting to be a part of some forthcoming book, which is, from beginning to end, one intact and complete Lie.[†1] I think Mr. Powell a very likely kind of man indeed, to form a ready connexion with a pretty large portion of the American Press.

He is a Forger and a Thief. He was Managing Clerk to an eminent Merchant's House in the City of London, and during a series of years forged and altered cheques until he had defrauded them to the extent of Thousands upon Thousands of pounds.[†2] His robberies being discovered one day, he took up his hat, went to a chemist's, bought some laudanum, walked off to a warm bath, and was found in it insensible. I don't know whether he took Laudanum enough to kill himself, but I should say he was careful to keep on the safe side. He was recovered, and forgiven by the gentlemen he had robbed—dismissed, of course, but not prosecuted. They were tender of his wife and family. After some months endurance of the misery and shame of his position, he was taken up at Croydon (ten miles from London) for passing several forged cheques to divers tradespeople in that neighbourhood—was stated to the Magistrate to be mad—and was actually confined for some time in a Lunatic Asylum, that the prosecutions against him might not go on.[†3] From the Lunatic Asylum, he found his way to New York. He arrived there, with a forged letter of recommendation to credit, *purporting to come from a partner in the very house he robbed*, and drew two bills upon that gentleman (in New York) which, of course, have been

protested and returned.[†1] The very same House, to whose moderation he is indebted for his not working in chains in Norfolk Island at this instant, is, of course, the object of his blackest ingratitude, and is libelled in all sorts of ways—in his aforsesaid life of me.[†2]

Before his character was discovered, he wrote some plays[†3]—one dedicated to me[†4]—by pushing which he got into the houses of certain Literary men, and among others into mine, where he once dined,[†5] I am sorry to say. I know his late employers well, and tell you this story with a full and complete personal knowledge of its truth in every particular. It is under-stated.

I shall certainly relate these facts myself in a Preface to the Cheap Edition of my American Notes,[†6] which will appear in [†b]a Serial Re-Issue of my books, in some two or three months. You are at liberty to make any use of this communication that you like.[†7] I am responsible for its truth, and think your American Readers will do well to consider whom they trust to, sometimes.

Ever My Dear Clark Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†a†b]

To T. N. TALFOURD, 22 OCTOBER 1849

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second October 1849.

My Dear Talfourd.

You will observe that these bills[†8] are very red. They turned that color this morning, when I took them out of my desk on returning home, and remembered that I engaged to send them to Russell Square almost two months ago.

Ever affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWARD COLE,[†1] 24 OCTOBER 1849*

MS Mr D. Farringdon.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth October 1849.

Sir.

I beg to say in reply to your letter that the 21st. of November will suit me perfectly well.[†2]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Edward Cole.

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 29 OCTOBER 1849*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth October 1849.

My Dear Bradbury

I am delighted to get your letter this morning, and to find you in such brave health and spirits.

In all you say about the size and form of The Shadow,[†3] and the reasons for the size and form, I thoroughly concur. I have no doubt of the reasons being good.

Wait 'till you see my Model number!!! Between this and Christmas, please God, we'll have him in type, and then—*Wont*[†4] we have a Council!—Oh no (as one of the characters observes, in an obscure book called Oliver Twist)—by no manner of means—certainly not![†5]

Mrs. Dickens sends you her best regards, and Miss Hogarth says she thinks you are shamming.

Last Wednesday night, at the performance of King Lear at the Haymarket,[†6] there was that gay young Man, Evans[†7]—rosy, and full dressed—escorting your wife to a front row in the best box, with a sprightliness worthy of Don Giovanni!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. They are, still, always hard at it, whenever I go to Bouverie Street—eating and drinking in the most extraordinary manner.[†8]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 OCTOBER 1849

Mention in unidentified catalogue (n.d.); dated 30 Oct 49.

To MISS BLANCHE PAXTON[†1], 30 OCTOBER 1849

Mention in James Borg's *A Dickens Miscellany*, Christmas 1978; *MS* 1 p.; dated 30 Oct 49.

A page signed by CD, Forster, Jerrold, Stone, Egg, Leech[†2] *and Lemon—giving her their autographs.*

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, [?OCTOBER 1849]*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* Tracey was married on 17 Nov 49; letter clearly before 3 Nov, when CD sent him wishes for the wedding.

[†3]You can't imagine the state of excitement in which my ladies are, about your marriage.[†4] They send their loves, and say you ought to be ashamed of yourself for having put it off so long.

Timber also wheezes forth a congratulatory bark.

Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 31 OCTOBER 1849

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning Thirty First October | 1849.

My Dear Lemon.

I can't conceive what I have done with the Memorandum I made.[†5] I can't find it anywhere. In the course of the day, I will write it again from memory, and Topping shall leave it at your house this evening.

Ever affecy.
CD.

November

To JOHN LEECH, 1 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning, First November | 1849.

My Dear Leech.

I forgot last night (of course) an engagement I had for next Sunday. Will you let our Ragged School appointment stand for Sunday *Week*, when I shall expect you to dinner at 5 ?[†1]—I have written to à Beckett.[†2]

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

To W. P. SNOW, 1 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
First November 1849.

Sir.

I have read your letter with much interest and pleasure, and I have also read (at your request) your published sketch of my life.[†3] The latter is incorrect in several particulars, beginning with the place of my birth; but the spirit in which it is written, demands, and has, my cordial and grateful recognition. If I do not now set you right as to the respects in which you are wrong, it is because if I ever corrected my volunteer biographers, I should begin a labor which would only end, in all probability, with my life itself.

Your allusion to an imposition practised on the New York public by one Mr. Thomas Powell, in the form of another life of me, renders it necessary for me to say that I have been made acquainted with its contents, and that it is, from first to last, an invention and a lie. But you will be the less surprised at this, perhaps, when I inform you that the life of this same Mr. Powell has been, for many years past, a course of forgery and theft. His history is perfectly well known to me, and to many other gentlemen now in London. He was a trusted clerk in a merchant's house for many years, and, for years, robbed his employers by innumerable acts of forgery and fraud. Being forgiven by them, when detected, he has (very naturally for such a man, as I think) libelled them ever since—even in the very composition to which I have just now referred. After being dismissed from their service, he was carried before the Magistrates at Croydon, charged with passing forged cheques to a variety of tradespeople in that neighbourhood; and only escaped the punishment due to this offence by getting some friends who had known him in the days when he was supposed to

be honest, to confine him in a lunatic asylum, where he actually remained for some time as a Madman, and whence he emigrated to New York to delight and enlighten the American Public as a distinguished literary character from England.

As he has obtained money in New York, on the strength of certain bills, drawn (and cashed, I believe) on the faith of a forged letter of credit from England; and as those bills have been returned protested, with a formal declaration that he is a swindler; I presume his literary and truthful course in America is already run,—the more especially as I have myself written these particulars to a friend in that City. But in case he should be still administering to the intellectual gratification of the New York public, you are at perfect liberty to make any use of this communication that you please.[†1]

I shall always be interested to hear of your proceedings, I assure you; and the circumstances you bring to my recollection, I had not forgotten.[†2]

With all good wishes for your prosperity and success, Believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Snow Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?NOVEMBER 1849]

Mention in *To* Miss Kelly, 6 Nov 49; addressed to the secretary of a Glasgow Society or Institution. *Date:* presumably Nov, since on 6 Nov CD reported receiving an answer "by return of post".

A letter to Glasgow on Fanny Kelly's behalf.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 3 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Third November 1849.

My Dear Tracey.

I am vexed—really in no ordinary degree—to say that we have some friends come out of Northamptonshire,[†3] who can only dine here on Monday, and to meet whom I have been obliged to bespeak two or three correspondent friends. Otherwise, throwing all ceremony to the four winds (for I wouldn't put anything so uncongenial to me, in my pocket) I would have come to you with real delight.

I wish you all joy and happiness herein, instead. And I hope to do the like on Wednesday.[†4] When, if the Colonel[†5] bores us with any of that damned

nonsensical sort of arrangement to which he is so much attached, I vow to go over to the Rotch[†1] faction![†2]

[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S. Committee at Shepherd's Bush on *Tuesday*.
P.P.S. I have a good (and very short) story about Miss Sesini.[†3] Whom I consider a rum 'un.

To WILLIAM BROWN, 6 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night, Sixth November 1849.

My Dear Sir

We had a Committee at the Home today, when we transacted the usual business, and I paid all the bills. Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Illingworth, and Mr. Tennant were there with me.

I made them acquainted with the contents of the Bishop's[†4] letter from Adelaide, which made upon all of them, as it had previously done upon me, an impression of heavy disappointment and great vexation.[†5] God send we may do

better with some of the others! (I must claim, once more, to have been never a believer in Goldsmith.[†1] And I think the Bishop's emphasizing marriage as their only chance of reclamation, most important. That idea I have steadily had in view, always.)

We found that Isabella Gordon was endeavouring to make a party in the house against Mrs. Morson and Mrs. Macartney[†2]—was disturbing the general peace again—and intended coming to us with complaints. We investigated them with the utmost care, confronted her with Mrs. Morson, and were convinced that her whole story was utterly false and malicious. We ordered her to her room while we considered the subject, and she danced upstairs before Mrs. Morson, holding her skirts like a lady at a ball.

We were all of opinion that the authority of the place *must* be upheld—especially after the receipt of such news from abroad as the bishop's letter put us in possession of—and that however repugnant to our own feelings it might be, our duty to Miss Coutts and her beneficent undertaking *must* be discharged, and could only be discharged in one way. We therefore had her down again some time afterwards, and, to her utter bewilderment and amazement and that of the whole house, dismissed her.

Hannah Myers,[†3] who was unquestionably in concert with her, we spoke to in like manner, and confronted with both ladies. Her whole statement was evidently false, and her malignity against them (for the time) very intense and passionate. We informed her that after such conduct she could have no marks whatever for a week, and that she would, on the first repetition of such behaviour, be inexorably dismissed. She was not in the least prepared for this, and was quite as much amazed as the other.

A girl of the name of Sesina, lately come from Mr. Tracey's, and who I am persuaded is the pertest, vainest, (preposterous as the word seems in such a connexion) and most deceitful little Minx in this town—I never saw such a draggled piece of fringe upon the skirts of all that is bad—was the third party. I gave this young lady to understand, in the plainest and most emphatic words, that she appeared to us to misunderstand the place—and its object. That she must thoroughly change her whole feelings and

demeanour, and put on a very different character, and conduct herself towards both the superintendents as a new creature altogether, if she had the least hope of remaining. My impression is that she will *not* remain; and I have no doubt, after taking her history and observing her closely while she tried to gloze it, that it will be much better for us if she goes away.

It was five o'Clock, and dark, when we had got to this. As it was quite impossible to say what Isabella Gordon might or might not do if she were left alone with them, Mr. Chesterton and I remained there, until she went away. As she had no clothes she departed, of necessity, in those she had on, and in one of the rough shawls. We gave her half a crown to get a night's lodging, and directed her to a certain charity where she is *sure* to be taken in if she chooses, and if she means to work. Her going away, was a most pitiable sight. They all cried bitterly (Mrs. Morson and Mrs. Macartney included) and Rachael Bradley held to her skirts as she went out at the door, and implored us to let her stay and to give her one more trial—sobbing and weeping terribly. The girl herself, now that it had really come to this, cried, and hung down her head, and when she got out at the door, stopped and leaned against the house for a minute or two before she went to the gate—in a most miserable and wretched state. As it was impossible to relent, with any hope of doing good, we could not do so. We passed her in the lane, afterwards, going slowly away, and wiping her face with her shawl. A more forlorn and hopeless thing altogether, I never saw.

It has made a great impression on the rest, unquestionably. How long it may last, Heaven knows. As I know you will report this, all, to Miss Coutts I do not write to her about it,—the rather as I am in a dull state myself, just before going to bed, with the whole of the sad picture in my mind. Pray convey my best remembrances to Miss Coutts, and to Mrs. Brown.

I am glad to receive your hopeful and interesting account of Paris. I have heard here that the Legitimist party are plotting darkly in the desperate hope of setting on the Throne another of that ill-fated and incapable House.[†1] You see no signs of that, I suppose?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 6 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 30 Moscow Road | Bayswater.

Devonshire Terrace. Sixth November 1849.

Dear Miss Kelly

I remembered a reason, after you left me, for delaying my letter to Glasgow a few days. I received, by return of post, the enclosed answer. Will you write me such a business letter on it, as I can send to the Secretary in reply; returning me his note at the same time?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To MISS M. E. TAYLER,[†1] 6 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Mr Kenneth Tayler. *Address:* M. E. Tayler | 1 Park Place | Loughborough Road | Brixton.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Sixth November 1849.

I am uncertain whether the correspondent to whom I address these few words be a gentleman or lady—and, if the latter, whether she be married or single.[†2] As the fault is not mine, I trust I need not apologize for the superscription of this letter.

In my opinion the Street Punch is one of those extravagant reliefs from the realities of life which would lose its hold upon the people if it were made moral and instructive. I regard it as quite harmless in its influence, and as an outrageous joke which no one in existence would think of regarding as an incentive to any course of action, or a model for any kind of conduct. It is possible, I think, that one secret source of the pleasure very generally derived from this performance, as from the more boisterous parts of a Christmas Pantomime, is the satisfaction the spectator feels in the circumstance that likenesses of men and women can be so knocked about, without any pain or suffering.

In countries where Punch is still a censor of the follies of the day, his influence is not beneficial. In the most popular Theatre in Naples, that is still his character every day and night; and Naples is perhaps the wickedest City upon earth.

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM BROWN, 7 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. Brown Esquire | Hotel Bristol | Paris.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Seventh November 1849.

My Dear Sir

As a sequel to my letter of last night, I write to let you know that at halfpast eight this morning Mrs. Morson came here in a fly to tell me that little Sesina had been very insolent last night, and had been ordered to her own room; and that this morning she positively refused to get up, or to return any answer whatever, to any of the remonstrances that were made to her. In consequence of her behaviour they had kept the gardener in the house all night—a precaution at which I could not help laughing, when I thought of its object being a little dumpy atom of a girl whose head may be somewhere on a level with Mrs. Macartney's waist.

I directed Mrs. Morson to go back, give her her own clothes, and tell her she was to dress herself, and leave the place directly; or that when I came, in half an hour, if I found her still in bed, or found her there at all, I should send for a policeman and give her in custody for being there without our consent and making a disturbance. On receipt of this message she parleyed a little, and, after making a slight pretence of being ill, th[r]ew her nightcap to one end of the room and her nightgown to the other, and proceeded, very leisurely, to dress herself. On coming down stairs, she objected that she couldn't go away in the rain, on which she was told that she had better sit in the long room then, 'till I came. Declining this offer, she walked off. I met her in the lane, taking her departure. Before she went, she told Mrs. Morson "that she know'd Miss Coutts's address, and would write her a good long letter, telling her what treatment was had there." I passed her afterwards, walking in a jaunty way up Notting Hill, and refreshing herself with an occasional contemplation of the shop windows.

All the rest were very quiet, and Hannah Myers was very much subdued. My belief is that this Sesina will join Isabella Gordon somewhere, today. I think she would corrupt a Nunnery in a fortnight.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, 7 NOVEMBER 1849

Extract in N, II, 183 (from catalogue source); *MS* 1 p.; dated 7 Nov 49.

Devonshire Terrace | 7th November 1849

I have great doubts . . . whether it is expedient for you to renew the subject with Jerrold.[†1]

To JOHN LEECH, 7 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh November 1849.

My Dear Leech.

Of course you never brought away a Cigar case of mine from Hivins's,[†1] under a pledge to restore the same to me?

I give in, about the Mannings.[†2] The doleful weather, the beastly nature of the scene, the having no excuse for going (after seeing Courvoisier),[†3] and the constantly-recurring desire to avoid another such horrible and odious impression, decide me to cry off.[†4]

If we don't meet before, don't forget 5 on Sunday.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 9 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Favored by the Ladies. | John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace. *Date:* 9 Nov, Lord Mayor's Day.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Lord Mayor's Day | 1849

My Dear Leech.

It's Antony and Cleopatra at Sadlers Wells tonight.[†5] If you should be disposed to go, I am your man.

Faithfully Always
CD

To CHARLES MANBY, 10 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Tenth November 1849.

My Dear Sir

I write (in great haste) to say that I am engaged today to an annual party—a birthday—at Talfourd's[†1] which admits of no "divided duty".[†2] I should have written to the gentleman you introduce, and left a card on my way, but *there is no address to his note*! Whether he is East, West, North, or South, I have no idea.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire

To JOHN LEECH, 12 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Wait. | John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twelfth November | 1849.

My Dear Leech.

We have taken the whole of the roof[†3] (and the back kitchen) for the extremely moderate sum of Ten Guineas, or two guineas each.[†4] The passage would clearly

have been a dismal failure, and I am not sure but that even this arrangement may turn out a Do.

It is proposed that we meet to supper, at the Piazza Coffee House Covent Garden, *at 11 exactly*. But if you should like to wile away the evening anywhere, and will come here at any time you like, I will be ready for you.

Tell me what you say to this last propogicion, by Bearer.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* 13 NOVEMBER 1849

Text from *The Times,* 14 Nov 49.

Devonshire-terrace, Tuesday, Nov. 13.

Sir,

I was a witness of the execution at Horsemonger-lane this morning. I went there with the intention of observing the crowd gathered to behold it, and I had excellent opportunities of doing so, at intervals all through the night, and continuously from daybreak until after the spectacle was over.

I do not address you on the subject with any intention of discussing the abstract question of capital punishment, or any of the arguments of its opponents or advocates. I simply wish to turn this dreadful experience to some account for the general good, by taking the readiest and most public means of adverting to an intimation given by Sir G. Grey in the last session of Parliament, that the Government might be induced to give its support to a measure making the infliction of capital punishment a private solemnity within the prison walls (with such guarantees for the last sentence of the law being inexorably and surely administered as should be satisfactory to the public at large),[†1] and of most earnestly beseeching Sir G. Grey, as a solemn duty which he owes to society, and a responsibility which he cannot for ever put away, to originate such a legislative change himself.

I believe that a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at that execution this morning could be imagined by no man, and could be presented in no heathen land under the sun.[†2] The horrors of the gibbet and of the crime which brought the wretched murderers to it, faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, looks and language, of the assembled spectators. When I came upon the scene at midnight, the *shrillness* of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places,

made my blood run cold. As the night went on, screeching, and laughing, and yelling in strong chorus of parodies on Negro melodies, with substitutions of "Mrs. Manning" for "Susannah," and the like, were added to these. When the day dawned, thieves, low prostitutes, ruffians and vagabonds of every kind, flocked on to the ground, with every variety of offensive and foul behaviour. Fightings, faintings, whistlings, imitations of Punch, brutal jokes, tumultuous demonstrations of indecent delight when swooning women were dragged out of the crowd by the police with their dresses disordered, gave a new

zest to the general entertainment. When the sun rose brightly—as it did—it gilded thousands upon thousands of upturned faces, so inexpressibly odious in their brutal mirth or callousness, that a man had cause to feel ashamed of the shape he wore, and to shrink from himself, as fashioned in the image of the Devil. When the two miserable creatures who attracted all this ghastly sight about them were turned quivering into the air, there was no more emotion, no more pity, no more thought that two immortal souls had gone to judgment, no more restraint in any of the previous obscenities, than if the name of Christ had never been heard in this world, and there were no belief among men but that they perished like the beasts.[†1]

I have seen, habitually, some of the worst sources of general contamination and corruption in this country, and I think there are not many phases of London life that could surprise me. I am solemnly convinced that nothing that ingenuity could devise to be done in this city, in the same compass of time, could work such ruin as one public execution, and I stand astounded and appalled by the wickedness it exhibits. I do not believe that any community can prosper where such a scene of horror and demoralization as was enacted this morning outside Horsemonger-lane Gaol is presented at the very doors of good citizens, and is passed by, unknown or forgotten. And when, in our prayers and thanksgivings for the season, we are humbly expressing before God our desire to remove the moral evils of the land, I would ask your readers to consider whether it is not a time to think of this one, and to root it out.[†2]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To THOMAS MITTON, 13 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evening | Thirteenth November 1849.

My Dear Mitton

I dont understand from your note (which I am sorry my absence rendered necessary) on what terms the thousand pounds are required. For how long a term is it to be lent, and when is he or I to have the privilege of calling it in?

I have the money quite ready, and should be very glad to get 5 per cent instead of 3 & a quarter for it. But I cannot decide whether to lend it or no, without having considered these particulars.

I shall be at home tomorrow,—and on Thursday from 1 until 2—and on Friday pretty well all day. Or if you will write to me again, explaining what I want to know, I will reply *immediately*.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, [14] NOVEMBER 1849

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* incorrectly dated by CD; Wednesday was 14 Nov 49.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Night | Thirteenth November 1849

My Dear Mrs Watson.

Many thanks for the enclosed. I have "made a note" (Captain Cuttle like) of the Eton particulars, and beg you to thank Mr. James,[†1] cordially, in my name, for them.

I am glad "the other and the worser half" of your estimable self was interested on Sunday. I have seen stranger things since, whereat my hair is even now standing on end.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY CHRISTY,[†2] 15 NOVEMBER 1849

Text from *D,* XII (1916), 328.

Fifteenth November, 1849.

My Dear Sir,

I am extremely gratified by the receipt of your letter—the more so as it is

one of many on the same subject which inspire me with great hope of success in abolishing the dreadful evil of public executions.[†1]

The only publication in which my influence could assist you in carrying out your proposed plan,[†2] is my own *Copperfield*.[†3] But for that, about considerably more than double the number you propose to print would be required.

I doubt, myself, whether by stitching the letter into the Magazines, you would address any considerable audience at present not secured. *The Times* has carried it to enormous numbers of readers—I believe it was in some of the evening papers too; and I daresay it will be reproduced in some of the weekly papers.[†4]

It is heartily at your service for the philanthropic purpose you contemplate, but I beg you to consider the doubt I have suggested.

Dear Sir, Your faithful Servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Christy, Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 NOVEMBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 536. *Date:* 15 Nov according to Forster.

I think it is necessary to decide against the special pleader.[†5] Your reasons quite suffice. I am not sure but that the banking house might do. I will consider it in a walk.

To CHARLES GILPIN, 15 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Evening | Fifteenth November 1849.

Dear Mr. Gilpin.

In reply to your letter of yesterday (which other engagements have prevented my sooner answering) I regret that I cannot attend the Meeting on Monday

next,[†1] because I think, and have thought for some time past, that the general mind is not in that state in which the total abolition of Capital Punishment can be advantageously advocated by Public Meetings.

I believe that the enormous crimes which have been committed within the last year or two, and are fresh, unhappily, in the public memory, have indisposed many good people to share in the responsibility of abandoning the last punishment of the Law. And I know that there are many such who would lend their utmost aid to an effort for the suppression of *public* executions for evermore, though they cannot conscientiously abrogate capital punishment in extreme cases.

Now, it seems to me, when we know what a painful and brutalizing sight a public Execution is, and when we know that we must do a great national service by bringing it to pass that such a sight shall never take place again, that the right course is to enlist this help (otherwise rejected) in behalf of the great reform of causing capital punishment to be privately and solemnly inflicted. I have not the least faith in the power of any amount of public meetings that can be held, to advance the abolition of Capital Punishment one jot, for a long time to come. But I feel convinced that the other vast improvement could be compassed in a very short time, and that it would save a prodigious amount of harm, indecency, and horror.

Therefore I have resolved to limit my endeavours to the bringing about of that improvement as one greatly to be desired, certain to be supported by a very general concurrence, and irresistible (as I think) if temperately urged, by any Government. I wish I could learn that such a Meeting as that which you propose to hold on Monday night, had resolved to do so too.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Gilpin.

To CHARLES F. ELLERMAN,[†3] 16 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth November 1849.

Sir.

In reply to your letter I feel it right distinctly to assure you that you are

mistaken in supposing that I have the power of essentially serving you, or of serving you at all, in reference to your Drama.[†1] I never communicate with any Manager on such subjects, or with any one, as a Mediator for any purpose. Nor do I ever give an opinion on any such production for the purpose of its being published or used. You have no idea of the enormous number of applications I receive, every week of my life, to break through this rule, or you would at once understand why I am forced to observe it.

If you should still wish me, after this assurance, to make an appointment with you, I shall be happy to do so for the end of next week. But I beg you to receive this assurance as final in all respects, and one which no circumstances could affect.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles F Ellerman Esquire.

To H. W. PICKERSGILL,[†2] 16 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Harvard College Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth November 1849.

My Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your cordial sympathy and encouragement, and to assure you in a kindred spirit that it is not thrown away.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. W. Pickersgill Esquire

To MRS SYDNEY SMITH, 16 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS New College, Oxford.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth November 1849.

My Dear Mrs. Smith.

Your handwriting is always a most welcome sight to me for many reasons. Believe me, I am cheered and encouraged by your support, and that every word of your letter (in which I thoroughly agree) gives me new heart.

I hope to do something with this "great enormity", before long. Such proofs of a general concurrence in the necessity of the change we advocate, have poured in upon me since Wednesday Morning that I begin to hope it may be brought about at no distant day. I am considering what to do next, towards that righteous end.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Mrs. Smith.

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 NOVEMBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 536. *Date:* 17 Nov according to Forster.

Banking business impracticable on account of the confinement: which would stop the story, I foresee. I have taken, for the present at all events, the proctor.[†1] I am wonderfully in harness, and nothing galls or frets.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 17 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Mr Douglas Jerrold.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Seventeenth November | 1849.

My Dear Jerrold

In a letter I have received from Gilpin this morning, he quotes a recent letter from you, in which you deprecate the "mystery" of private hanging.[†2]

Will you consider what punishment there is, except Death, to which "mystery" does not attach? Will you consider whether all the improvements in prisons and punishments that have been made within the last twenty years, have, or have not, been all productive of "mystery"? I can remember very well, when the silent system was objected to as mysterious, and opposed to the genius of English Society. Yet there is no question that it has been a great benefit. The Prison Vans are mysterious vehicles, but surely they are better than the old system of marching prisoners through the streets chained to a long chain, like the galley slaves in Don Quixote.[†3] Is there no mystery about transportation, and our manner of sending men away to Norfolk Island or elsewhere? None in abandoning the use of a man's name, and knowing him only by a number? Is not the whole improved and altered system from beginning to end a mystery? I wish I could induce you to feel justified in leaving that word to the Platform-people, on the strength of your knowledge of what crime was, and what its punishments were, in the days when there was no mystery connected with these things, and all was as open as Bridewell when Ned Ward[†4] went to see the women whipped.[†5]

[CHARLES DICKENS][†6]

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* 17 NOVEMBER 1849

Text from *The Times,* 19 Nov 49.

Devonshire-terrace, Saturday, Nov. 17.

Sir,

When I wrote to you on Tuesday last I had no intention of troubling you again; but as one of your correspondents has to-day expressed a reasonable desire that I would explain myself more clearly,[†1] and as I hope I may do no injury to the cause I would serve by stating my views upon it a little more in detail, I shall be glad to do so, if you will allow me the opportunity.

My positions in reference to the demoralizing nature of public executions are—

First, that they chiefly attract as spectators the lowest, the most depraved, the most abandoned of mankind; in whom they inspire no wholesome emotions whatever.

Secondly, that the public infliction of a violent death is not a salutary spectacle for any class of people; but that it is in the nature of things that on the class by whom it is generally witnessed it should have a debasing and hardening influence.

On the first head I must appeal again to my own experience of the execution of last Tuesday morning; to all the evidence that has ever been taken on the subject, showing that executions have been the favourite sight of convicts of all descriptions; to the knowledge possessed by the magistracy and police of the general character of such crowds; to the police reports that are sure to follow their assemblage; to the unvarying description of them given in the newspapers; to the indisputable fact that no decent father is willing that his son, and no decent master is willing that his apprentices or servants, should mingle in them; to the indisputable fact that all society, its dregs excepted, recoil from them as masses of abomination and brutality. (That there were not more robberies committed at this last execution was not the fault of the assembled thieves, whose

numbers on the occasion the Home Secretary may easily learn from the Commissioners in Scotland-yard, but the merit of the police, whose vigilance was beyond all praise.)

On the second head, after a passing allusion to the hardening influence which familiarity even with natural death produces on coarse minds, I must again refer to my own experience. Nothing would have been a greater comfort to me—nothing would have so much relieved in my mind the unspeakable terrors of the scene, as to have been enabled to believe that any portion of the immense crowd—that any grains of sand in the vast moral desert stretching away on every side—were moved to any sentiments of fear, repentance, pity, or natural horror by what they saw upon the drop. It was impossible to look around and rest in any such belief. With every consideration and respect for your suggestion that the concourse may have been belying their mental struggles by frantic exaggerations, I am confident that if you had been there beside me, seeing what I saw, and hearing what I heard, you could never have admitted the thought. Such a state of mind has its signs and tokens equally with any other, and no such signs and tokens were there. The mirth was not hysterical, the shoutings and fightings were not the efforts of a strained excitement seeking to vent itself in any relief. The whole was unmistakeably[†1] callous and bad. As the ferocious woman who was charged on the same day with threatening to murder another in the midst of the multitude, proclaiming that she had a knife about her, and would have her heart's blood, and be hanged on the same gibbet with

her namesake, Mrs. Manning, whose death she had come to see—as she had her evil passions excited to the utmost by the scene, so had all the crowd. I believe this was the whole and sole effect of what they had come to see, and I hold that no human being, not being the better for such a sight, could go away without being the worse for it.

To prevent such frightful spectacles in a Christian country, and all the incalculable evils they engender, I would have the last sentence of the law executed with comparative privacy within the prison walls. Before I state how, let me strengthen this proposal with some words of Fielding on this subject, to whose profound knowledge of human nature you, I know, will render full justice:—

"The execution should be in some degree private. And here the poets will again assist us. Foreigners have found fault with the cruelty of the English drama, in representing frequent murders upon the stage. In fact, this is not only cruel, but highly injudicious: a murder behind the scenes, if the poet knows how to manage it, will affect the audience with greater terror than if it was acted before their eyes. Of this we have an instance in the murder of the King in *Macbeth.* Terror hath, I believe, been carried higher by this single instance than by all the blood which hath been spilt upon the stage. To the poets I may add the priests, whose politics have never been doubted. Those of Egypt in particular, where the sacred mysteries were first devised, well knew the use of hiding from the eyes of the vulgar what they intended should inspire them with the greatest awe and dread. The mind of man is so much more capable of magnifying than his eye, that I question whether every object is not lessened by being looked upon, and this more especially when the passions are concerned; for those are

ever apt to fancy much more satisfaction in those objects which they affect, and much more of mischief in those which they abhor, than are really to be found in either. If executions, therefore, were so contrived that few could be present at them, they would be much more shocking and terrible to the crowd without doors than at present, as well as much more dreadful to the criminals themselves."[†1]

From the moment of a murderer's being sentenced to death, I would dismiss him to the dread obscurity to which the wisest judge upon the bench consigned the murderer Rush.[†2] I would allow no curious visitors to hold any communication with him; I would place every obstacle in the way of his sayings and doings being served up in print on Sunday mornings for the perusal of families. His execution within the walls of the prison should be conducted with every terrible solemnity that careful consideration could devise. Mr. Calcraft,[†3] the hangman (of whom I have some information in reference to this last occasion), should be restrained in his unseemly briskness, in his jokes, his oaths, and his brandy. To attend the execution I would summon a jury of 24, to be called the Witness Jury, eight to be summoned on a low qualification, eight on a higher, eight on a higher still; so that it might fairly represent all classes of society. There should be present, likewise, the governor of the gaol, the chaplain, the surgeon, and other officers, the sheriffs of the county or city, and two inspectors of prisons. All these should sign a grave and solemn form of certificate (the same in every case) that on such a day, at such an hour, in such a gaol, for such a crime, such a murderer was hanged in their sight. There should be another certificate from the officers of the prison that the person hanged was that person, and no other; a third, that that person was buried. These should be posted on the prison-gate for 21 days, printed in the *Gazette,* and exhibited in other public

places; and during the hour of the body's hanging I would have the bells of all the churches in that town or city tolled, and all the shops shut up, that all might be reminded of what was being done.

I submit to you that, with the law so changed, the public would (as is right) know much more of the infliction of this tremendous punishment than they know of the infliction of any other. There are not many common subjects, I think, of which they know less than transportation; and yet they never doubt that when a man is ordered to be sent abroad he goes abroad. The details of the

commonest prison in London are unknown to the public at large, but they are quite satisfied that prisoners said to be in this or that gaol are really there and really undergo its discipline. The "mystery" of private executions is objected to; but has not mystery been the character of every improvement in convict treatment and prison discipline effected within the last 20 years? From the police van to Norfolk Island, are not all the changes changes that make the treatment of the prisoner mysterious. His seclusion in his conveyance hither and thither from the public sight, instead of his being walked through the streets, strung with 20 more to a chain, like the galley-slaves in *Don Quixotte*[†1] (as I remember to have seen in my school-days),[†2] makes a mystery of him. His being known by a number instead of by a name, and his being under the rigorous discipline of the associated silent system—to say nothing of the solitary, which I regard as a mistake—is all mysterious. I cannot understand that the mystery of such an execution as I propose would be other than a fitting climax to all these wise regulations, or why, if there be anything in this objection, we should not return to the days when ladies paid visits to highwaymen, drinking their punch in the condemned cells of Newgate, or Ned Ward, the London spy, went upon a certain regular day of the week to Bridewell to see the women whipped.

Another class of objector I know there are, who, desiring the total abolition of capital punishment, will have nothing less; and who, not doubting the fearful influence of public executions, would have it protracted for an indefinite term, rather than spare the demoralization they do not dispute, at the risk of losing sight for a while of their final end. But of these I say nothing, considering them, however good and pure in intention, unreasonable, and not to be argued with.

With many thanks to you for your courtesy, and begging most earnestly to assure you that I write in a deep conviction that I incurred a duty when I became a witness of the execution on Tuesday last, from which nothing ought to move me, and which every hour's reflection strengthens,[†3]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 NOVEMBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 536. *Date:* 20 Nov according to Forster.

Copperfield done after two days' very hard work indeed; and I think a smashing number.[†4] His first dissipation[†5] I hope will be found worthy of attention, as a piece of grotesque truth.

To R.P. GILLIES,[†1] [?NOVEMBER 1849]

Mention in *To* Roscoe, 23 Nov 49. *Date:* probably shortly before that letter.

To MRS OLLIFFE,[†2] 20 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Mrs David H. Clarke.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth November 1849.

My Dear Mrs. Olliffe

You did not mean to give me a reproachful shock in the sight of your pretty handwriting, but you did. My conscience, so awakened, is very hard with me for that I have not written to you before. If you knew what an enormous number of letters, chiefly about nothing, I am obliged to write to all sorts and conditions of men (and women), and how regularly I correspond with you in intention, you would quite forgive me, and regard me as the best of correspondents.

I hope you like the second letter no worse than the first.[†3] It is a great pleasure to me to think of you, so far off,[†4] watching me so nearly. Accept the earnest assurance of my regard and friendship (in which the other and the worser half of you is included) and always believe me

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Olliffe.

To MR SHUCKARD,[†5] 20 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth November 1849.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Shuckard, and begs to inform him that the passage in question,[†6] is to be found in "An enquiry into the causes of the late increase of robbers &c" to be found in the last Volume of Murphy's Edition of Fielding's works.[†7]

To DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 20 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth Novr. 1849.

My Dear Dr. Smith

I am sincerely obliged both to you and to Lord Ashley[†1] for the trouble you have taken. The latter interprets my wish quite accurately.

I will take a share in the permanent Society.[†2] If you will kindly give the Treasurer (whenever you may happen to see him) the cheque you hold on account, I will pay him the balance if he will communicate with me.[†3]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 20 NOVEMBER 1849

Text from N, II, 186.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth November 1849

My Dear Sir,

I write in the midst of such a roaring sea of correspondence, brought upon me by those two letters in The Times, that I seem to have no hope of land.

I am very sorry to say that I am engaged this afternoon; otherwise I should have had real gratification in coming to see you.

I quite understood about the enclosed. I am glad we think so nearly alike.

I assure you that your warm and earnest expressions of friendship give me the truest pleasure, and that I cordially reciprocate them.
Best regards to all.

In great haste, | Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 NOVEMBER 1849

Extract in P. J. Dobell catalogue No. 281 (1919); *MS* 3rd. person; dated Devonshire Terrace, 20 Nov 49.

Thanking his correspondent for his gratifying and welcome letter.

To CHARLES BRAITHWAITE,[†4] 21 NOVEMBER 1849

Mention in N, II, 186.

To THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, [?NOVEMBER 1849]

Summary in Hodgson's catalogue, Jan 1920. *Date:* perhaps shortly after 21 Nov.

Referring to the Newsvendors' Dinner on 21 Nov 49.

To THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1849

Extract in N, II, 186 (from catalogue source); dated Devonshire Terrace, 23 Nov 49.

Dear Sir,

I am happy to hear from you again and thank you very much for your letter. . . . I have not yet had leisure to read your little book[†2] through but I have read the passage to which you call my attention,[†3] and some others; and have been greatly pleased with their good sense, good purpose, and earnestness.

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS ROSCOE,[†4] 23 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Mr Leonard Bloom.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night Twenty Third Novr. 1849.

Sir

Before receiving your letter, I had written [Mr. R. Gillies].[†5]

Communications like his, come to me—not by twos or threes, but by scores upon scores. If I were a rich nobleman or banker, instead of what I am, I could not nearly keep pace with them. When [Mr. Gillies][†5] first wrote to me, I made careful enquiries concerning him, of a gentleman whom you and I know and respect. The information that he gave me, assured me that in the pressure of such demands which is continually upon me, I could hope to do him no real

good whatever.[†1] Therefore, I must include this among many constrained refusals, even after your communication, to which I attach no slight weight.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Roscoe Esquire.

To R. J. WATTS,[†3] 23 NOVEMBER 1849

Extract in Newark Galleries catalogue, Oct 1932; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 23 Nov 49; addressed to R. J. Watts, according to Sotheby's catalogue, 13 Dec 1911.

I know of no place of resort in London where bad characters can find any sight half so bad in its influence upon them as a public execution—half so indecent and bad itself—or at all like it in any respect.

To HENRY CHRISTY, 24 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace. |
Saturday Night | Twenty Fourth November 1849.

Dear Sir

I regret to say that I fear you are too late for Copperfield, and that the No. will be working before you can get your bills to the Publishers. I am leaving town for a few days,[†4] but have written to Mr. Evans (Messrs. Bradbury and Evans 11 Bouverie Street Fleet Street) that, in case you should communicate with him on the subject and there should be yet time, your republication of my letter is to be stitched into the No. without any charge. He will inform you how many they can undertake positively.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Christy Esquire.

To LOUIS D'ELBOUX,[†5] 24 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Louis D'Elboux Esquire | Regents Park | Millbrook | Southampton.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fourth November 1849.

My Dear Louis.

I have had great pleasure in the receipt of your letter. I am sure you wrote it

in the spirit you explain to me;—and that, in its earnestness and sincerity, is above all price.

Your account of your happiness in life,[†1] is quite delightful to me. It cannot be very far short of a quarter of a century, since I saw or heard of you;[†2] but it is so difficult to realize that passage of time, in a heap, that when I came to your mention of ten children[†3] I was quite as much amazed as if, instead of having eight of my own, I hadn't one.

My father and mother are alive, and very well. They shall see your letter, and I daresay one of them will answer for both of them that they are generally steady in London, the whole year round. Fanny my eldest sister, died (poor girl!) last September twelvemonth. All the rest are living and married, and doing well.

In the fine time of the year, I make flying expeditions about the country, pretty often. It is not at all improbable that one of these may bring me, some summer day, to Southampton for half an hour. If that should ever come to pass, I shall present myself before you (but not, as of yore, in a Prussian jacket, and a soldierly young cap),[†4] and try if you know me.

All happiness, and my good wishes, be with you and all yours!

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Louis D'Elboux Esquire

As I write your name, I wonder whether this will find you still sitting over an immense copper-plate! Your hair will have recovered from that fever you had—and fallen off again, perhaps—by this time!

To F. M. EVANS, [?24 NOVEMBER 1849]

Mention in *To* Christy, 24 Nov 49. *Date:* presumably written the same day.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 26 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Sixth November | 1849.

Dear Sir.

I observe that you advertize for republication in this country, a book recently published in America by one Mr. Thomas Powell, called The living Authors of England.

I feel quite sure that you don't know Mr. Thomas Powell, and that you must be wholly unacquainted with his history—of which I have felt it necessary to send to America, some particulars. I think that after the receipt of this, you will not republish his book without further and careful enquiry. But I beg to say that if it be republished here by any one, I shall immediately publish my knowledge of Mr. Thomas Powell, which is of a rather startling and quite conclusive character.[†1]

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To MR DANIELL,[†2] 27 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Private.

Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire
Twenty Seventh November 1849.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Daniell, and in reply to his letter (which has been forwarded to him from London, whence he is absent for a short time) begs to acknowledge the receipt of that obliging communication, and to return his cordial thanks for it.

To MISS JOLL, 27 NOVEMBER 1849

MS Berg Collection.

Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire
Twenty Seventh November 1849.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Joll. He is on principle opposed to Capital Punishment, but believing that many earnest and sincere people who are favorable to its retention[†3] in extreme cases, would unite in any temperate effort to abolish the evils of Public Executions, and that the consequences of Public Executions are disgraceful and horrible, he has taken the course with which Miss Joll is acquainted, as the most hopeful, and as one undoubtedly calculated to benefit society at large.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†4] 29 NOVEMBER 1849

Extract in T. F. Madigan's Autograph Bulletin (n.d.); *MS* 1 p.; dated Rockingham [Castle], 29 Nov 49.

I will look over the book, and consult with you when we meet presently. The "Rivals" is more droll, as a mere piece of drollery, but the "School for Scandal" is a more delightful piece of comedy. Will you kindly send me "Nickleby"?

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 30 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS Berg Collection.

Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire. | Thirtieth November 1849.

Dear Sir

I should have acknowledged the receipt of your very obliging letter before now, but that I have been staying here all the week, and did not receive it in due course. I address this to New Burlington Street, in the hope that it may reach you sooner than it would if I sent it to Brighton.

I have several reasons for begging you to get some other chairman in the matter of Dr. Cooke Taylor.[†1] But I shall be happy to attend the meeting,[†2] and will make a point of doing so. I will move or second anything that you may think expedient—and indeed you may command and rely upon me in any respect, with the single exception I have mentioned.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, 30 NOVEMBER 1849

Text from F, VI, vi, 534-5.

Rockingham Castle: Friday, thirtieth of November, 1849.

Picture to yourself, my dear F, a large old castle, approached by an ancient keep, portcullis, &c, &c, filled with company, waited on by six-and-twenty servants;[†3] the slops (and wine-glasses) continually being emptied; and my clothes (with myself in them) always being carried off to all sorts of places,[†4] and you will have a faint idea of the mansion in which I am at present staying. I should have

written to you yesterday, but for having had a very busy day. Among the guests is a Miss B,[†1] sister of the Honourable Miss B[†2] (of Salem, Mass.), whom we once met at the house of our distinguished literary countryman Colonel Landor.[†3] This lady is renowned as an amateur actress, so last night we got up in the great hall some scenes from the *School for Scandal*; the scene with the lunatic on the wall, from the *Nicholas Nickleby*[†4] of Major-General the Hon. C. Dickens (Richmond, Va.); some conjuring; and then finished off with country-dances; of which we had two admirably good ones, quite new to me, though really old. Getting the words, and making the preparations, occupied (as you may believe) the whole day; and it was three o'clock before I got to bed. It was an excellent entertainment, and we were all uncommonly merry. . . . I had a very polite letter from our enterprising countryman Major Bentley[†5] (of Lexington, Ky.), which I shall show you when I come home. We leave here this afternoon, and I shall expect you according to appointment, at a quarter past ten A.M. tomorrow. Of all the country-houses and estates I have yet seen in England, I think this is by far the best. Everything undertaken eventuates[†6] in a most magnificent hospitality; and you will be pleased to hear that our celebrated fellow citizen General Boxall[†7] (Pittsburg, Penn.) is engaged in handing down to posterity the face of the owner of the mansion and of his youthful son and daughter.[†8] At a future time it will be my duty to report on the turnips, mangel-wurzel, ploughs, and live stock;[†9] and for the present I will only say that I regard it as a fortunate circumstance for the neighbouring community that this patrimony

should have fallen to my spirited and enlightened host. Every one has profited by it, and the labouring people in especial are thoroughly well cared-for and looked after. To see all the household, headed by an enormously fat housekeeper, occupying the back benches last night, laughing and applauding without any restraint; and to see a blushing sleek-headed footman produce, for the watchtrick, a silver watch of the most portentous dimensions, amidst the rapturous delight of his brethren and sisterhood; was a very pleasant spectacle, even to a conscientious republican like yourself or me, who cannot but contemplate the parent country with feelings of pride in our own land, which (as was well observed by the Honourable Elias Deeze,[†1] of Hartford, Conn.) is truly the land of the free. Best remembrances from Columbia's daughters. Ever thine, my dear F.,—C.H.[†2]

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 30 NOVEMBER 1849

Text from MDGH, I, 209-210.

Devonshire Terrace
Friday Night, Nov. 30th 1849. | A Quarter-past Ten

My Dear Mrs. Watson,

Plunged in the deepest gloom, I write these few words to let you know that, just now, when the bell was striking ten, I drank to

H.E.R.![†3]

and to all the rest of Rockingham; as the wine went down my throat, I felt distinctly that it was "changing those thoughts to madness."[†4]

On the way here I was a terror to my companions, and I am at present a blight and mildew on my home.

Think of me sometimes, as I shall long think of our glorious dance last night. Give my most affectionate regards to Watson, and my kind remembrances to all who remember me, and believe me,

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S.—I am in such an incapable state, that after executing the foregoing usual flourish I swooned, and remained for some time insensible. Ha, ha, ha! Why was I ever restored to consciousness!!!

P.P.S.—"Changing" those thoughts ought to be "driving." But my recollection is incoherent and my mind wanders.

December

To JOSEPH C. KING, 1 DECEMBER 1849

Text from MDGH, III, 109-111.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday, December 1st, 1849.

My Dear Sir,

I hasten to let you know what took place at Eton today. I found that I *did* stand in some sort committed to Mr. Evans,[†1] though not so much so but that I could with perfect ease have declined to place Charley in his house if I had desired to do so. I must say, however, that after seeing Mr. Cookesley[†2] (a most excellent man in his way) and seeing Mr. Evans, and Mr. Evans's house, I think I should, under any circumstances, have given the latter the preference as to the domestic part of Charley's life. I would certainly prefer to try it. I therefore thought it best to propose to have Mr. Cookesley for his tutor, and to place him as a boarder with Mr. Evans. Both gentlemen seemed satisfied with this arrangement, and Dr. Hawtrey expressed his approval of it also.

Mr. Cookesley, wishing to know what Charley could do, asked me if I would object to leaving him there for half-an-hour or so. As Charley appeared not at all afraid of this proposal, I left him then and there.

On my return, Mr. Cookesley said, in high and unqualified terms, that he had been thoroughly well grounded and well taught—that he had examined him in Virgil and Herodotus, and that he not only knew what he was about perfectly well, but showed an intelligence in reference to those authors which did his tutor great credit.†3 He really appeared most interested and pleased, and filled me with a grateful feeling towards you, to whom Charley owes so much.

He said there were certain verses in imitation of Horace (I really forget what sort of verses) to which Charley was unaccustomed, and which were a little matter enough in themselves, but were made a great point of at Eton, and could be got up well in a month "*from an Old Etonian.*"†4 For this purpose he would desire Charley to be sent every day to a certain Mr. Hardisty,†5 in Store Street, Bedford Square, to whom he had already (in my absence) prepared a note. Between ourselves, I must not hesitate to tell you plainly that this appeared to

me to be a conventional way of bestowing a little patronage. But, of course, I had nothing for it but to say it should be done; upon which, Mr. Cookesley added that he was then certain that Charley, on coming after the Christmas holidays, would be placed at once in "the remove," which seemed to surprise Mr. Evans when I afterwards told him of it as a high station.†1

I will take him to this gentleman on Monday, and arrange for his going there every day; but, if you will not object, I should still like him to remain with you, and to have the advantage of preparing these [amazing]†2 verses under your eye until the holidays. That Mr. Cookesley may have his own way thoroughly, I will send Charley to Mr. Hardisty daily until the school at Eton recommences.†3

Let me impress upon you in the strongest manner, not only that I was inexpressibly delighted myself by the readiness with which Charley went through this ordeal with a stranger, but that I also saw you would have been well pleased and much gratified if you could have seen Mr. Cookesley afterwards. He had evidently not expected such a result, and took it as not at all an ordinary one.

My dear Sir, yours faithfully and obliged
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 3 DECEMBER 1849

Envelope and enclosure†4 only, MS Harvard College Library. *Address: Immediate* | Miss Mary Louisa Boyle. | Hon. Richard Watson's | Rockingham Castle | Northamptonshire. On bottom left of envelope: "P. Teazle".†5

To CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE, 3 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Third December 1849.

My Dear Sir

I should have answered your note sooner, but that I have been out of town.

I am very sorry. My vote[†6] is gone again. Whenever a breach is made in the Orphan Working Walls, the besiegers rush in, boy in hand, in such a tumultuous manner, that I invariably find myself carried away and overthrown before I know what is the matter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Cowden Clarke Esquire.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 5 DECEMBER 1849

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* Miss Kelly | Moscow Road | Bayswater.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth December 1849.

My Dear Miss Kelly

My busy time of the month is now, and for a fortnight to come. But in case you should call at any time when I am unable to see you, my other half will be glad to receive you, and to make an appointment on my behalf.

I think you would have done better to have closed with the Glasgow people[†1] at once. But "a wilful man must have his way"[†2]—and of course a wilful woman must.

Do not suppose that I am ever unwilling to listen to anything on any subject in which you are deeply interested. If I sometimes affect a sternness foreign to my nature, it is because I feel it a duty when I see you wandering up and down all sorts of No Thoroughfares, to say plainly, "My Dear Miss Kelly, that *is* no thoroughfare, and I should be false to you and myself if I affected to believe that it's an open street."

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

To WILLIAM BROWN, 6 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night Sixth December | 1849.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for the enclosed. I have read Mignet's[†3] address,[†4] this evening, with a good deal of interest, and think it, in many places, very admirable. But I must say that some of the statements in the latter part of it, are *rather* strong and staggering—even in a Frenchman.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [7] DECEMBER 1849

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street. *Date:* incorrectly dated by CD; Friday was 7 Dec in 1849.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night, Sixth December | 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I trouble you with this note, to put you in possession of what I had not a suitable opportunity of saying today.

I have given the best consideration (as you may suppose) that I could possibly give, to the alternative you so kindly mentioned to me on Sunday, for Charley.[†1] I hope my anxiety may not have obscured my judgment, but I think his first destination, better than the Cadetship. I need not explain to you that my position is too public and prominent a one, to leave me much hope of ever being rich. I cannot but consider, mainly, in what position Charley would be most likely to be of service to his sisters if I were dead. I think he would be far more likely to have a beneficial influence on them, and on all who might have to look up to him to sustain their name in honor and respect, if he took the chances of being within reach which a regiment of the line would give him, than if he went for so many years to India.

Again, I think your friendship and his own name would be of far greater service to him in our Army, than they could be in the Indian Army—where he must be, to some extent, lost to the great English World. If he should be a clever man, I think his ability would be likely to stand him in better stead here, than in India. His education and companions would be of more use to him, too, here, than there. Lastly, I think his life would be (under God) infinitely safer and more to be hoped for,—as he, and all our children, have shewn, so far, a peculiar sensitiveness to heat when the English summer has come round.

I am so sure of your generous interest understanding, on a mere hint, all I would say, that I say not a tithe of what I think. If I had any reason to believe that you have the least inclination towards the Cadetship in preference to the other idea, I should feel an uneasiness in coming to this conclusion, though I must still think it the right one. But I do not understand that to be the case.

I shall be very, very, glad, if you, on consideration, think with me.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

In reference to Mrs. Morson and the Mark Papers.—I think if I took the latter home every week and looked into them at my leisure, I could form a pretty certain judgment—knowing their construction and intention—whether she was doing right, and, if not, where she was wrong. Do you see any objection to this? If not, perhaps when you speak to her you will suggest it.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [8] DECEMBER 1849

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* incorrectly dated by CD, like last; assuming "Friday Night" correct there, this must have been written on Sat 8 Dec.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh December 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I will not attempt to thank you for your most kind note; for no words I could use, would do it. I am sure it is because you know in some degree how much I feel the value of your inestimable friendship, and of what a load it lightens me, and what an accession it is to the happiness of my life, that you give me such extraordinary proofs of your goodness and regard.

For Charley's next brother, Walter Landor, now nine years old,[†1] I never could desire to do a better thing than you propose.[†2] He is a tougher subject than Charley, not so quick or sensitive, a hard-working, patient, capable child, better fitted in all respects for such a life, and much more safely to be left to himself. I feel certain he would strive on and do well in India; and that Charley nearer home, as the eldest of so many children (to say nothing of his mother, who might live long after me) would have a good influence upon him, and upon himself, and upon all the rest.

He is at Mr. King's, doing very well indeed.[†3] For a child of his age, he already knows a good deal. And I don't think I can do better than leave him there, until the Haileybury[†4] time comes on?

I shall be very glad to have the talk that you propose about the Marks. I thought about them a good deal, coming home yesterday, and I feel that they may be very much improved. Would this evening do? If I *don't* hear from you, I will come at 8. If I *do* hear from you that you are engaged, will you choose between next Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday?

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To FRANK STONE, 8 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eighth December 1849.

My Dear Stone

The domestic Adelphi Party[†5] which was to have come off last night, stands

postponed until tonight. Whereby I am not available for the Haymarket,[†1] though I shall be happy to go next week. Will you communicate with Charley Landseer?[†2]

And will you come and dine here tomorrow, at ½ past 5, to meet old King,[†3] and Sloppy?[†4]

Ever affectionately

CD

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace |
Monday Morning | Tenth December 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose you the letter from Mrs. Manning's guardian.[†5]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 10 DECEMBER 1849

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Monday Tenth December 1849.

My Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for your kind invitation,[†6] and I sincerely wish it were in my power to accept it; as I should have great pleasure in seeing you and your amiable family again. But at this time of the month, and for about ten days onward, every month, I am the Slave of the Lamp called Copperfield. It would hardly light you on the 1st. of January, if I were to make the holiday you propose; and I am assured by what you say of it, that you would rather miss me than it.

Mrs. Dickens says she certainly would have come, if I could have come—which I thoroughly believe. We unite in cordial regards to yourself and all your house, and we intend to live in the hope of seeing you at some more propitious time.

Believe me My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John T Lawrence Esquire.

To [LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK], [?13 DECEMBER 1849]

Mention in next. *Address:* CD clearly sent his pamphlet, justifying the charges he had made against Powell, to Clark to whom he had sent the original charges on 22 Oct. *Date:* sent as urgently as possible, to catch the steamer, after receipt of Chapman & Co's. letter (see *To* Ireland, 24 Dec 49).

To MESSRS JOHN CHAPMAN & CO., 13 DECEMBER 1849

Text from CD's privately printed pamphlet, *Proof*, copy in Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace, | Thursday, 13th. December, 1849.

Dear Sirs,

I beg to call your attention to the accompanying extract,[†1] cut from an American newspaper called the "New York Tribune", in which, in a letter to Mr. Clark of New York, I describe MR. THOMAS POWELL as "a Forger and a Thief";[†2] and I entreat the favour of your informing me whether he was employed in your house many years, and whether you detected him, at last, in any proceedings which justify that description.

I also beg you to state to me, if you can, when certain criminal charges were preferred against him before the Magistrates at Croydon.[†3]

Dear Sir, | Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]
Messrs. John Chapman & Co.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 14 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth December 1849.

My Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of £50, in trust for Mr. Poole; being the amount of the Literary Fund's last handsome grant to him.[†5]

And I am very sorry I was not at home when you did me the favor to call with it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 14 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth December 1849.

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for the enclosed,[†1] which has interested and pleased me. I have dispatched matter,[†2] by the steamer, enough (in any country but America) to beat this unutterable scoundrel into dust.[†3]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire.

To THE EDITOR OF THE *SUN,* 14 DECEMBER 1849

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Private and Confidential.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Fourteenth December | 1849.

Sir.

I depart from the usual course in addressing you thus, and in forwarding to you a Proof I have had privately printed for this purpose only, under special circumstances.

Being advised from America that "Mr. Thomas Powell, a literary gentleman from England", was about to enter on a course of scurrility and libel there, which he had already begun by publishing a "Life" of myself, in all respects utterly false; and knowing Mr. Powell's history and the certainty of his proceeding in this course to any extent, unless summarily stopped; I deemed it necessary to expose him. I therefore wrote to a friend in New York that the Mr. Powell in question was "a Forger and a Thief", and had been confined as a Lunatic besides—and requested him to publish that piece of intelligence.

It appeared, I learn from my friend, in a great many American Newspapers, being copied from one into another; and the Mail which arrived yesterday informs me that there is now much virtuous discussion and threatening of actions for libel, among them, on the subject. *With no view whatever to the publication of the facts in this country* (which, indeed, I wish to avoid if possible)[†1] but simply that, in case any of these numerous references to the matter should meet your eye, you should be possessed of the facts, I take the liberty as between two gentlemen to forward them to you, as I have collected them within a few hours.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Editor of | The Sun.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 14 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Evening | Fourteenth December 1849.

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your manly and plain letter in reference to one of the most audacious scoundrels in the world. I send you, in return, a little light I devoted yesterday to the letting in of, upon him.[†2] You will see that it is at present *Private and Confidential.* I may have to use it in an expensive action for Libel brought by this immaculate gentleman;[†3] and in that case it is very desirable it should be quite fresh and new.

Very faithfully Yours[†4]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

Samuel Phelps Esquire.

To JAMES GILBERT, 17 DECEMBER 1849

Text in N, II, 192, checked from MS Sotheby's, July 1972.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth December 1849.

Dr. Sir

I am very much obliged to you for your letter, and shall be exceedingly glad to believe that I have been enabled to render any effectual service to the Newsvendors' Institution.[†5]

In reference to your suggestion, I will simply observe that I have no reason

whatever to be dissatisfied with my Cheap Edition, and could not think of reducing it still further in price.[†1] Also, that there is one small item of consideration which seems to have escaped you; namely, that in every one of my books published in twenty numbers, there is about three times the amount of matter comprised in an ordinary Novel.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. James Gilbert.

To JAMES WALLACK,[†3] 17 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth December 1849

My Dear Wallack

I write to congratulate you on your Twenty Fifth birthday—which, it is quite clear to me, was on Saturday[†4] last. As to your sons,[†5] "they are altogether a mockery a delusion and a snare[†6]". They are somebody else's property. You may come to such an inheritance as a grown up son[†7] in time but I am not to be deluded into the belief that you have anything of that sort belonging to you yet awhile.

It was a most delightful performance full of the best kind of good spirit and good spirits[†8]—and we enjoyed it exceedingly.

I know it is hopeless to ask you come[†9] and dine here, on any day but Sunday. Will you join our family party *next* Sunday at halfpast five? Say yes, and I'll ask Stanfield and Davy Roberts (and no one else)[†10] to meet you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 18 DECEMBER 1849

Text from F. G. Kitton, *CD by Pen and Pencil*, 1890-2, II, 114.

Devonshire Terrace, | Tuesday, 18th Dec., 1849.

My Dear Lemon,

Many thanks for the Box and best congratulations on the play.[†1] It went A D M I R A B L Y — rose as it went on—mounted immensely in the third act—and closed in triumph. Howe[†2] was not good, but the rest were. Wallack *beyond all praise*.[†3] I have never seen such a fine, picturesque, splendid piece of melodrama. He really bore the whole play on his shoulders, and did gallant service. I believe he dines here next Sunday at ½ past 5. If so will you come? No party. I begin to think you live in Australia.

Affecy. ever,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon, Esquire.

To MRS JANE SEYMOUR HILL,[†4] 18 DECEMBER 1849

MS (copy in clerk's hand) Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morng. eighteenth Decr. 1849

Madam.

I am most exceedingly and unfeignedly sorry to receive your Letter[†5] and to

have been the unfortunate occasion of giving you a moment's distress. I am bound to admit that in the character to which I take it for granted you refer, I have yielded to several little recollections of your general manner but I assure you that the original of a great portion of that character is well known to me and to several friends of mine and is wholly removed from you and a very different person. Indeed I never represent an individual but always a combination of individuals in one. To avoid giving offence, when I was conscious of remembering you—as where the person is represented as using a chair for a table & so forth—I was most careful (as I considered) to keep the calling,[†1] domestic circumstances &c of the character quite clear of yours and I assure you that I had no idea of mixing you up with it further than by a whimsical shadowy possibility of association that I thought might be even amusing and serviceable to you rather than the reverse.

As to personal appearances, I have been for years in the habit of meeting in the streets some one unknown to me by name or pursuit, whom it resembles almost if not quite as much as it resembles you. If I had the least thought of presenting you personally in my book I could have had your portrait drawn any morning in the week and put there. Pray consider all these things and do not make yourself unhappy.

I should be most truly pained if you were to remain under the impression that you have any cause of complaint against me or that I have done you any injury however innocently. I am so sincere in this believe me that rather than you should pass another of those sleepless nights of which you write to me or go another morning tearfully to your daily work, I would alter the whole design of the character and remove it, in its progress, from the possibility of that bad construction at which you hint.[†2]

I am quite serious in this. I do not mean it to be a very good character now, but I will make it so, and oblige the Reader to hold it in a pleasant remembrance[†3]—if that will give you any relief from this—by me quite unexpected and unforeseen distress.

Faithfully yr
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Seymour Hill

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 DECEMBER 1849]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 548. *Date:* 28 Dec 49 according to Forster; but clearly the 18th, the day CD received Mrs Seymour Hill's letter (see last).

I have had the queerest adventure this morning, the receipt of the enclosed from Miss Mo[w]cher![†1] It is serio-comic, but there is no doubt one is wrong in being tempted to such a use of power.

To W. BLANCHARD JERROLD,[†2] 20 DECEMBER 1849

MS Mr. A. G. Schaw Miller.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth December 1849.

Dear Sir

I should have answered your letter sooner, but that I have been too busy for some days to answer any letters.[†3]

I do not like to be oracular, and therefore have a difficulty in replying to your questions,[†4] agreeably to myself. But if you can call here, any morning this week, at Eleven o'Clock, I shall be happy to speak with you—or on Sunday at half past one.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Blanchard Jerrold Esquire.

To ROBERT ROGERS,[†5] 21 DECEMBER 1849

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Robert Rogers Esquire | 3 Union Court | Old Broad Street.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First December 1849.

Sir.

I received your letter,[†6] late last night.

Now that I learn from you that Mrs. Hill and her friends consider that the

alteration I offered (in my letter to her) to make in the character in question, will tend to repair the uneasiness I have unintentionally caused her, I have not the least hesitation in pledging myself to make it.

But, I must beg you to understand that it can only be made, in the natural progress and current of the story. Even if the next number were not already in the Press, it would be impossible to be made there, because the character is not introduced, and the course of the tale is not at all in that direction.

I am Sir | Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Rogers Esquire.

To CARL VON HOLTEI,[†1] 22 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Mr Walter Krieg.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Twenty Second December 1849.

Dear Sir.

It is a great happiness in my life, that I have many unknown friends and readers in Germany, and that many letters come to me from among that great and good people, full of earnest regard.

But not one of these has ever been more pleasant to me than yours, for not one has ever been more cordially and unaffectedly written. I am sincerely obliged to you, and I beg you to believe that if I have had the happiness to give *you* pleasure, you have returned it to me, well.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Herr Carl Von Holter.[†2]

To R. W. MAJOR,[†3] 22 DECEMBER 1849

Mention in N, II, 193.

To T. J. PETTIGREW,[†1] 22 DECEMBER 1849

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, 26 Feb 1906; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 22 Dec 49.

Thanking him for a book.[†2]

To MARK LEMON, [?23 DECEMBER 1849]

Envelope only, MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire | St. Anne's Villas | Royal Crescent | Notting Hill. *Date:* PM looks most like 23 DE 1849, but could be 28 DE 1849.

To JOHN HULLAH, [LATE DECEMBER 1849]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 27 Dec. *Date:* "a few days before that letter".

To ALEXANDER IRELAND, 24 DECEMBER 1849

MS Mr Charles Hamilton.

Private
Devonshire Terrace, London. | Twenty Fourth December 1849.

My Dear Sir

You will not be offended by my saying that (in common with many other men) I think "our London Correspondent" one of the great nuisances of this time, in as much as our London Correspondent, seldom knowing anything, feels bound to know everything, and becomes in consequence a very reckless gentleman in respect of the truthfulness of his intelligence.

In your paper[†3] sent to me this morning, I see the Correspondent mentions one Thomas Powell, and records how I was wont to feast in the house of the said Thomas Powell.[†4] As I never was in the man's

house in my life, or within five miles of it that I know of,[†5] I beg you will do me the favor to contradict this.[†6]

You will be the less surprised by my begging you to set this right, when I tell you that hearing of his book, and knowing his history, I wrote to New York denouncing him as "a Forger and a Thief". That he thereupon put the gentleman who published my letter into Prison.[†7] And that having but one day before

the sailing of the last steamer to collect the proofs printed in the accompanying sheet (which are but a small part of the Villain's life) I got them together in that time, and sent them out, to justify the character I gave him. It is not agreeable to me, to be supposed to have sat at this amiable person's feasts.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Alexander Ireland[†1] Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 DECEMBER 1849

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The best and truest wishes of the time, to you and all who are dear to you!

I should have mentioned Hullah's account[†2] to you before, but was unwilling to trouble you. It is five and twenty pounds (I think). I will pay it tomorrow.

As I have engaged to go to Eton with Charley, to spend the day, on Tuesday the first, I propose (if you have no objection) to hold our Committee Meeting on Monday, the last day of the old year.

I was at the Home on Saturday for some time, making up the book[†3]—and shall be there again tomorrow. Everything was going on well. Mrs. Morson has such a small son in blue-coat boy's clothes,[†4] that he looks like a toy. He ought to have a little wire handle just below his shoes, to make dismal music when turned round.

Mr. Cooksley,[†5] Charley's tutor at Eton, has written a very handsome letter about him to Mr. King. And Mr. Hardisty the Clergyman, under whom he is learning to make those Verses every day, has written to Mr. Evans, praising Charley highly.

I hope your accounts of poor Mrs. Otway Cave[†6] may improve. When I see you, I will give you the latest Mowcher intelligence. It has been of a threatening character,[†7] but I hope has become pacific.

With best regards and wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Brown,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. The man who alone executed the whole of the nefarious Howitt imposition,

is, I have ascertained, one Mr. Youls.[†1] He wrote a begging-letter to you once, in his own name, and I made some enquiries about him for you. I am afraid you gave him some money then.[†2] He is a most abandoned and wicked thief, but he had not begun this career at that time.

To WILLIAM JERDAN, 25 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Mr David Borowitz.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day 1849.

My Dear Jerdan

Merry Christmas and happy new Year!

As you reprint the extraordinary lies of the New York Herald,[†3] perhaps you may like to know something more of their authority. I therefore send you for your own perusal (for I must not anticipate the defence to the ingenious Mr. Powell's American actions for libel) a few small passages in the life of the distinguished "literary gentleman from England", who is in question.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

W. Jerdan Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 25 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Private. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire | St Anne's Villas | Royal Crescent | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day 1849.

My Dear Lemon.

Merry Christmas and happy new year, to you and all yours!

Are you for a pankelmime[†5] on Thursday?[†6] If so, name your hour of dinner—anywhere—and I think I can bring Stanny with me.

Ever Yours

CD

To CHARLES ROSS,[†1] 25 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Mr Norman Holland.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day 1849.

My Dear Ross.

As I found your card when I came home yesterday from a walk, I write to say that if you wish to see me, I shall be at home, either tomorrow or next day between 11 and 1, and happy to receive you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Ross Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace, Twenty Seventh December 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will have Mr. Hullah's receipt, on Monday at Shepherd's Bush. I wrote to him a few days since, begging him to send here for what was due to him, either yesterday or today. He has not yet done so.

Mr. Chesterton writes to me that he hopes to get Maria Cridge[†2] into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and that I shall hear finally from him on that subject in the course of the day.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.
£25 safely received by your messenger's hand.

To THE SECRETARY OF THE GARRICK CLUB, 27 DECEMBER 1849

MS The Garrick Club.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Seventh December 1849.

Sir.

Will you have the goodness to inform the committee, with the assurance of my respectful consideration, that I beg to retire from the Garrick Club, and to have my name withdrawn from the list of Members.[†3]

Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Secretary | of | The Garrick Club.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth December 1849.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I find that Mr. Hullah's £25 Account, did not extend to Christmas. His whole bill I enclose.[†1] I have paid it, and the teaching is at an end.

Will you tell Mr. Brown from me, that we got Maria Cridge into Bartholomew's yesterday?

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT,[†2] 29 DECEMBER 1849

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* Affranchie. | William Cerjat Esqre. | Lausanne | Switzerland.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Twenty Ninth December 1849.

My Dear Cerjat.

I received your letter at breakfast-time this morning, with a pleasure my eloquence is unable to express, and your modesty unable to conceive. It is so delightful to be remembered at this time of the year, in your house[†3] where we have been so happy, and in dear old Lausanne that we always hope to see again, that I can't help pushing away the first page of Copperfield No. 10[†4]—now staring at me with what I may literally call a *blank* aspect—and plunging energetically into this reply.

What a strange coincidence that is, about Blunderstone House! Of all the odd things of that kind, I have ever known (and their name is Legion) I think it is the oddest.[†5] I went down into that part of the country on the 7th. of January last year,[†6] when I was meditating the story; and chose Blunderstone for the sound of its name. I had previously observed much of what you say about the poor girls. In all you suggest with so much feeling of their return to virtue being cruelly cut off, I concur with a sore heart. I have been turning it over in my mind for some time, and hope, in the history of Little Em'ly (who *must* fall—there is no hope for her)[†7] to put it before the thoughts of people, in a new and pathetic way, and perhaps to do some good. You will be glad to hear, I know,

that Copperfield is a great success.[†1] I think it is better liked than any of my other books.[†2]

We had a most delightful time at Watson's (for both of them we have preserved and strengthened a real affection) and were the gayest of the gay. There was a Miss Boyle staying in the house who is an excellent Amateur Actress, and she and I got up some scenes from the School for Scandal, and from Nickleby, with immense success. We played in the old hall, with the Audience filled up and running over with servants. The entertainments concluded with feats of legerdemain (for the performance of which I

have a pretty good apparatus, collected at divers times and in divers places) and we then fell to country dances of a most frantic description, and danced all night. We often spoke of you and Mrs. Cerjat, and of Haldimand, and wished you were all there. Watson and I have some fifty times "registered a vow" (like O'Connell)[†3] to come to Lausanne together, and have even settled in what month and week. Something or other has always interposed to prevent us; but I hope, please God, most certainly to see it again, when my labors-Copperfieldian shall have terminated.[†4]

You have no idea what that hanging of the Mannings really was. The conduct of the people was so indescribably frightful, that I felt, for some time afterwards, almost as if I were living in a city of Devils. I feel, at this hour, as if I never could go near the place again.[†5] My letters[†6] have made a great to-do, and led to a great agitation of the subject; but I have not a confident belief in any change being made, mainly because the total abolitionists are utterly reckless and dishonest (generally speaking) and would play the deuce with any such proposition in Parliament, unless it were strongly supported by the Government—which it certainly would not be: the Whig motto (*in* office) being "*laissez aller*". I think Peel[†7] might do it, if he came in. Two points have occurred to me, as being a good commentary on the objections to my idea. The first is, that a most terrific uproar was made, when the hanging-processions were abolished, and the ceremony shrunk from Tyburn to the Prison Door. The second is, that at this very time, under the British Govt.—in New South Wales—executions take place *within the prison Walls,* with decidedly improved results. [I am waiting to explode this fact, on the first man of mark who gives me the opportunity.][†8]

Unlike you, we have had no marriages or givings in marriage, here. We might have had, but a certain young lady whom you know, is hard to please.[†9] The

children are all well, thank God! Charley is going to Eton, the week after next, and has passed a first rate examination. Kate is quite well, and unites with me and Georgina, in loves to you and Mrs. Cerjat, and Haldimand—whom I would give a good deal (tell him) to have several hours contradiction of, at his own table. Good Heaven, how obstinate we would both be! I see him leaning back in his chair, with his right forefinger out, and saying "Good God!" in reply to some position of mine—and then laughing.

All in a minute, a feeling comes over me, as if you and I were still walking, smoking cigars, outside the Inn at Martigny[†1]—the piano sounding inside, and Lady Mary Taylour[†2] singing. I look into my garden (which is covered with snow) rather dolefully, but take heart again, and look brightly forward to another expedition to the Great St. Bernard,[†3] when Mrs. Cerjat and I shall laugh as [†a]I fancy I have never laughed since, in one of those one-sided Cars[†b]—when somebody's bed at the Convent (was it yours or Watsons?) shall break down again—[†b] and when we shall again learn from Haldimand, in a little dingy Cabaret,[†4] at lunch-time, how to secure a door in travelling (do you remember?) by balancing a chair against it, on its two hind legs!

I do hope that we may all come together again, once more, while there is a head of hair left among us, and in that hope remain my Dear Cerjat Your faithful friend

C.D.[†a]

To ALEXANDER IRELAND, 29 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Buffalo & Erie County Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth December 1849

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your note. I do *not* wish the papers[†5] to be published at present (and therefore have prevented their appearance here), because I wish to explode them on this most consummate Villain, in America.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Alexander Ireland Esquire.

To JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, 29 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Messrs Goodspeed's Book Shop. *Address:* James Sheridan Knowles Esquire | John Driver's Esquire | Egremont | Liverpool.

Devonshire Terrace |
Saturday Evening | Twenty Ninth December 1849.

My Dear Knowles.

Immediately after receiving your letter this morning, I set myself to think about poor Mr. Haydn.[†1] It appeared to me that the Queen's Bounty idea was not a very hopeful one, in asmuch[†2] as his wants are pressing, and Rogers is a slow coach, and the Ministers are slower coaches still, and this is a difficult time of the year for finding them.[†3] So I went down to Mr. Haydn (calling on Di[†4] by the way) designing to induce him to make application to the Literary Fund who I am *sure* would grant him five and twenty pounds or so, and where I (being a member of the Committee) could urge his claims effectually. As they don't meet until the second Wednesday in January, I also designed to offer myself to lend him ten pounds in the meanwhile. He was unfortunately not at home, but I left my card for him, and word that I should be happy to see him if he could call on me at halfpast one tomorrow—adding that I called, after receiving a letter from you. On my way home I went to the Literary Fund—ascertained that he had never applied—and prepared the Secretary to shew him every attention. There are no booksellers on the Committee,[†5] and his application (if he will make it) is certain to be kindly considered.[†6]

I write in haste to save the post. I hope you will think I have done right.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Over

James Sheridan Knowles Esquire.

It is clear he will be none the worse for having two irons in the fire. If Rogers heats his, well and good. I will (Mr. Haydn consenting) heat mine all the same.

To JOSEPH HAYDN, [?29 DECEMBER 1849]*

MS (end of letter only) Mr David Anderson. *Date:* perhaps end of note referred to in last. Form of signature supports.

I wish to God you may be able to let me know that something good comes of this.

Dear Sir Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Haydn Esquire

To WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON,[†1] 31 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First December 1849

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for the book[†2] you have kindly sent me, and to assure you that I am gratified by that mark of your remembrance.

Several of its chapters had previously attracted my attention in the Columns of the Daily News.[†3] Being well acquainted with some of the Prisons described,[†4] I was able to test and confirm the general accuracy of your descriptions and observation. I have not had leisure, since the receipt of your obliging present, to improve my acquaintance with it to any great extent, though I hope to do so almost immediately. But I turned at once to the head of Pentonville,[†5] and cannot help saying that it gives me great pleasure to find the scheme of that prison so well understood in such a work, and its glaring absurdities so plainly exposed.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To MRS SYDNEY SMITH, 31 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Mr D. C. L. Holland.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First December 1849.

My Dear Mrs. Smith.

I am honored and gratified by your remembering me as one of those to whom you entrust this mark[†1] of your love for the great genius and good man whose labors are at an end.[†2]

It is before me now, and I have already read several chapters of it. I think you have exercised a sound discretion in not permitting such a book to perish—I am sure of it. You describe it just as I could have desired to describe it myself. Everywhere, it bears the mark of his hand and heart; and the earnest purity of its intention is no less manifest in every page.

I see that the last of these beautiful lectures was delivered six years before I was born.[†3] Years after I am dead, I hope they may have some influence on the character of *my* little Sydney Smith, now just able to talk![†4]

Accept my warmest thanks, and best wishes. And ever believe me

Dear Mrs. Smith | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FOWLER, DECEMBER 1849

Mention in N, II, 196; dated Dec 49.

Declining an invitation to visit Sheffield.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?JUNE-DECEMBER 1849]*

MS Private. *Date:* June-Dec 49 on form of initials. *Address:* Daniel Maclise Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday.

My Dear Maclise

What is Bankes's[†5] address? I promised to let him know what time we dine next Sunday—and don't know where he lives.

Do you feel vagabondishly disposed for this evening?—I have a confused idea of Astley's or some such place, and in case you were in the same plight would call upon you, or be glad to see you here, about 7 o'Clock or so.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

[†a]Or, I am now going out Willesden-wards to ride and walk. How do you say about that? We might be public house-ish.[†a]

Addendum

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 26 APRIL 1847

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1899; *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Edward Chapman Esq.; dated 26 Apr 47.

I think it will be a great thing to advance the parts[†1] as you propose. I am sanguine for our getting up to the hundred thousand, including the first issue of the complete work. You shall hear from me about the Frontispiece[†2] very shortly. I will take care of it without loss of time. But I shall be glad to have a couple myself, always regularly and promptly. Will you mention to your book-keeper that in case he should meet a Fair copy of our accounts to last Christmas,[†3] walking about anywhere, I shall be glad if he will give her my compliments, and say she may rely upon a welcome whenever she is disposed to come towards this end of the town.

Volume VI

1850 – 1852

1850

January

To MISS ELIZA METEYARD,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1850*

MS Iowa University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | First January 1850.

Madam.

I feel much obliged to you for your note, and beg to assure you that I am no stranger to some of your writings.[†2]

It is not in my power, at present, distinctly to pledge myself to the acceptance of contributions to the proposed miscellany,[†3] with the exact contents of which I am unacquainted. There is a peculiarity in its design,[†4] which places me in an awkward position, when I have to reply, so long beforehand, to a favor like yours. But if you should think it worth while, either now or at any other time; to impart to me the general idea of any essay you may have in contemplation, I should be able to tell you if it were already anticipated, and (I think) if it would be likely to adapt itself to the general scheme I have before me.[†5]

I am Madam | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Meteyard.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE,[†6] 1 JANUARY 1850*

MS Mrs Isabel Painter, Mrs Holme Taylor, Mrs Margaret Cleminson.

Devonshire Terrace | First January 1850.

My Dear White

This is to wish you, and all near and dear to you, many many happy years, and to reciprocate most heartily all that you say in your kind letter.

Lauder[†7] shakes me—for he *is* a painter!—but I have long resolved to sit no more, and I will try to keep my resolution, even now. I confess that my organ of firmness, however, feels rather flabby.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend James White

To W. C. BENNETT,[†1] 3 JANUARY 1850*

MS The Times Bookshop.

Devonshire Terrace | Third January 1850.

Dear Sir

I hope to have the pleasure and advantage of being able to accept some contributions from your pen (which you so obligingly offer), when the weekly Journal in question shall come into existence.[†2] You may rely on receiving every attention and consideration from those who will assist me in its more active editorial duties.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Bennett Esquire.

To GEORGE HOGARTH,[†3] 3 JANUARY 1850*

MS Bergen University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Third January 1850.

My Dear Hogarth.

I think the Paper capital in all respects—very interesting, full of curious matter, and written (which is essential) in a popular and interesting manner.[†4] I shall be glad if you will do something else. In the mean time I will give you—when I see you on Monday—Ten pounds on account of what is, and is to be, between us.[†5]

If you could turn up a good Scotch Trial, next, or anything that would make (for variety's sake) a narrative—tant mieux. But I don't wish to bind you to this.

Affectionately Always
CD.

To JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,[†6] 3 JANUARY 1850

Text from MDGH, I, 215-16.

Devonshire Terrace, January 3rd, 1850.

My dear good Knowles

Many happy New Years to you, and to all who are near and dear to you. Your generous heart unconsciously exaggerates, I am sure, my merit in respect of that

most honourable gentleman who has been the occasion of our recent correspondence.[†1] I cannot sufficiently admire the dignity of his conduct, and I really feel indebted to you for giving me the gratification of observing it.

As to that "cross note," which, rightly considered, was nothing of the sort, if ever you refer to it again, I'll do—I don't exactly know what, but something perfectly desperate and ferocious. If I have ever thought of it, it has only been to remember with delight how soon we came to a better understanding, and how heartily we confirmed it with a most expressive shake of the hand, one evening down in that mouldy little den of Miss Kelly's.[†2]

Heartily and faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]
"Paddy"[†3] Knowles.

To DAVID ROBERTS,[†4] 3 JANUARY 1850

Text from MDGH, I, 215.

Devonshire Terrace, January 3rd, 1850.

My dear Roberts,

I am more obliged to you than I can tell you for the beautiful mark of your friendly remembrance which you have sent me this morning.[†5] I shall set it up among my household gods with pride. It gives me the highest gratification, and I beg you to accept my most cordial and sincere thanks. A little bit of the tissue paper was sticking to the surface of the picture, and has slightly marked it. It requires but a touch, as one would dot an "i" or cross a "t," to remove the blemish; but as I cannot think of a recollection so full of poetry being touched by any hand but yours, I have told Green[†6] the framer, whenever he shall be on his way with it, to call on you by the road. I enclose a note from Mrs. Dickens, which I hope will impress you into a country dance, with which we hope to dismiss Christmas merrily.[†7]

Ever, my dear Roberts, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To RICHARD WARHAM JNR,[†1] 3 JANUARY 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Third January 1850.

Sir.

I have an imperfect recollection of the receipt of the letter to which yours of yesterday, refers. I receive so many letters, on so many subjects, from so many unknown correspondents, that I am occasionally obliged to leave some of them unanswered.

I cannot take upon myself to give you an answer, from my own personal observation, to the question you put to me. I can only leave it to your common sense to consider the possibility of slavery existing without "oppression and tyranny".

Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Warham Esquire Junr.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS,[†2] 5 JANUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth January 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am extremely sorry for the anxiety and distress you have undergone,[†3] and have been anxious to hear of you for some days, but have thought it best not to worry you by making enquiries.

Charley[†4] goes to Eton this day week, and has a party on Monday.

Your letter enclosed £16. 13. 6. I cannot remember what it is for, unless you tell me. All the payments I have made for Shepherd's Bush,[†5] are entered and cast up in Mrs. Morson's[†6] book, and include all the halfyearly and other general bills. Mr.

Hullah's,[†1] as I recollect, was even money. And I cannot divine what this sum is for. I can think of nothing that approaches to it.

(A £10 note, a £5 note, a sovereign, a half sovereign, three shillings, and six pence.)

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [5 JANUARY 1850]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly same day as last, Sat 5 Jan, from reference to Hullah's account. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts.

You are *perfectly right*, and I very much regret having given you the trouble to convince me of it. I had a fixed idea that Mr. Hullah's account was £50; and being just dull from a day's work, when your kind enclosure came, could not get it out of my head. I have now referred to my memorandum, and find (as I might have known) not only what it was intended for, but what it accurately tallies with.

Charley's cake[†2]—a most splendid one—arrived an hour ago. He and his two sisters instantly celebrated the event by putting it on a table and dancing a polka round it.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Maria Cridge will be back in a week. I begged Mrs. Morson to make some particular enquiries about her at the Hospital,[†3] and the answers were *most satisfactory*.

To THE KENTISH TOWN LITERARY INSTITUTION,[†4] [?EARLY JANUARY 1850]

Mention in the *Daily News*, 9 Jan 50. *Date:* a few days before the meeting of 8 Jan.

Regretting that he cannot attend their first meeting.

To PROFESSOR MUNCH,[†5] 6 JANUARY 1850

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue, Apr 1930; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 6 Jan 50.

Mrs. Dickens has a party tomorrow evening, in celebration of our eldest boy's birthday, and will be happy to see you if you should be disengaged.

To WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON,[†1] 9 JANUARY 1850*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth January 1850.

Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for your letter, and beg to assure you that I shall have much pleasure in accepting the book you so kindly offer me.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire.

To MRS GASKELL,[†3] 9 JANUARY 1850*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Ninth January 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I am very much afraid I cannot help you in the distressing case you describe.[†4] I assist Miss Coutts in the management of her "Home", and have at all times a great deal to do with it. But the Voyage out, has been, and still is, our great difficulty. The ships are for the most part disgracefully managed; and the temptations to a renewal of the old life on board, we find a most serious and disheartening circumstance.

I therefore fear that Miss Coutts would not like to take the responsibility of sending out this girl, or allowing her to accompany any of our people; nor could I urge it upon her if I saw her inclined to object, because we have, within our knowledge, some very strange and sad experiences. But I will communicate with her *today*, and write to you again, tomorrow.

We have no matron to send out with them, because of the distance and the long duration of the Voyage. We have a very reliable correspondent in Australia—a lady emigrant, with whom four of our girls went out[†5]—and we are not without some similar help at the Cape.[†6] But I feel certain that Miss Coutts would not think it expedient to consign your protegée to either place, unless she first came into the

Home, and enabled us to form a personal knowledge of her from our own observation. And I doubt Miss Coutts's inclination to admit her, as she is not altogether a helpless outcast, but may get abroad without her help. However, as I have said, I will see, in the course of the day, whether we can do anything in the matter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their best love to you.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN,[†1] 10 JANUARY 1850

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* IV (1918-19); dated 10 Jan 50.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 JANUARY 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth January 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

What you suggest to me to say to Mrs. Gaskell about the girls and the passage, I wrote to her yesterday. All the rest that you so kindly write, I will make known to her tonight.

Addiscombe is the Military College—Haileybury, the Civil. Walter Landor, as a Cadet, will have to go, I take it, to the former.[†2]

Mr. Hardisty[†3] is *not* Charley's Tutor at Eton. He is a clergyman here—one of the Curates of St. Giles's in the Fields—to whom, as an old Etonian, his Eton tutor wished him to go, in the holidays.

I will be very particular to ascertain exactly how he goes on, and what he is doing, during the first three months. I will go down pretty often for the purpose. I do not think there is much fear of their *over*-working him, as it is not a very ferocious school.

If you should remain at Brighton after the twenty second or twenty third, and should encourage me to do so, (by a silence on the subject) I hope to call one morning.

Charley sends his love. And I, a thousand thanks

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, [10 JANUARY 1850]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 10 and 14 Jan; envelope only, MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mrs Gaskell | 121 Upper Rumford Street | Manchester. PM 10 Jan 50.

Sending her the first page of Miss Coutts's letter to him about arrangements for Pasley's emigration.

To JOSEPH HAYDN,[†1] 12 JANUARY 1850*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth January 1850.

My Dear Sir.

I should blush to accept your beautiful present, endeared to you by so honorable and gratifying an association, (for I know how little I have done to deserve it),[†2] if I did not feel a sincere pride in your good opinion, and an exalted respect for your character, and its unaffected modest independence. As a reminder of what it is good for me to have become acquainted with, and what it would be very bad for me to forget, and as something that I never can look upon without pleasure, I accept the seal[†3] with many thanks, and shall wear it from this time forth, religiously.

Your former letter,[†4] my dear Sir, I thought it hardly respectful to answer. I was silent for this reason only.

After the 21st. I am pretty sure to be at home any morning between eleven and one. I shall be truly glad to see you at your convenience, and to commence a personal knowledge of you that I hope will last for many years.

My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Haydn Esquire.

To EDMUND OLLIER,[†5] 12 JANUARY 1850

Text from N, II, 199.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth January 1850

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ollier, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging note.

It is proposed to admit good occasional contributions into the projected Miscellany, and to have all that are offered carefully read. But it is not within the power of Mr. Dickens to pledge himself, beforehand, to the acceptance of any article, or to have the pleasure of offering any regular engagement to Mr. Ollier.[†6]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 JANUARY 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth January 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you a letter I have received from Mrs. Gaskell this morning (to whom, with your permission, I sent the first sheet of your letter) by which you will see what she has done.[†1] She is perfectly discreet and modest, and I knew would take no advantage of your kindness.

I left Charley at Eton, on Saturday Evening. I dined with his tutor.[†2] Evans's[†3] boys had not come back, and he looked dull enough, in a big hall with an immense fireplace, by himself. But he made no sign of shrinking, and left here, amidst a prodigious wailing from his brothers and sisters, like a man.

I hope this note may be intelligible. But I am in such a state of imbecility from a bad cold, and am so little able to see the paper on account of the enormous size of my own head, that I am not at all clear about it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS HURNALL,[†4] 14 JANUARY 1850*

MS Mrs Stuart Chevalier.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Fourteenth January 1850.

Dear Madam

I regret that it is quite out of my power to assist the friend in whom you are interested, in the object he has in view. My knowledge of London Managers is limited, and my intercourse with them in the way of

their profession, more limited still. I should think there are few things more improbable than that any one of them would bring out a Tragedian utterly unused to the Stage. A wearisome life in the

country, and repeated trials in Edinburgh, or Dublin, or both, usually precede an appearance in London. Real talent, in this case, as in most other instances, must find and force its own way—and if it be real and thoroughly in earnest it will do so.

I am much interested by your letter, and have read it with great pleasure. I wish I could send you a more agreeable reply, but it would be very unworthy in me to amuse[†1] either you or your friend with false hopes of my being able to serve this aspirant.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Hurnall.

To JOSEPH HAYDN, [?14 JANUARY 1850]

Text from N, I, 363. *Date:* probably the Monday following *To* Haydn, 12 Jan, on receipt of a reply suggesting 21 or 22 Jan for their meeting.[†2]

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night

My Dear Sir,

Will you allow me to appoint *next Wednesday Morning* at the hour you name? I shall not be disengaged in the morning until then.

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN KITTO,[†3] 16 JANUARY 1850*

MS Mr F. E. N. Surridge.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth January 1850.

Sir.

I regret my inability to assist your correspondent. Similar letters pour in upon me always, in such an overwhelming and unbroken stream, that the barest acknowledgement of their receipt is not a light part of my daily occupation. Latterly, they have increased in number so far beyond all my previous experience, that I could hardly keep pace with them if I were one of the richest noblemen in England, instead of Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. John Kitto

To JOHN FORSTER,[†1] [?MID-JANUARY 1850]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 512. *Date:* probably first half of Jan since Forster says that the title "took some time and occupied many letters" and that this was "one of the first thought of".

Suggesting as a title for the periodical The Robin. With this motto from Goldsmith. *The redbreast, celebrated for its affection to mankind, continues with us, the year round.*[†2]

To MRS MILNER GIBSON,[†3] 21 JANUARY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First January 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gibson

I suppose the enclosed is the best form of bearing solemn testimony to Mrs. Lega Fletcher's[†4] merits?

Many thanks for your list of words, which is particularly well-timed, and will be extremely useful to me.[†5] I have laughed over the letter (I think it is the finest I ever read) until my eyes are dim.

I am not imprisoned yet, nor fined, nor put in the stocks. So I am content to pocket my dignity, and begin to hope they haven't missed me.[†6]

Kate and Georgy send their best loves.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Milner Gibson.

To GEORGE HODDER,[†7] 21 JANUARY 1850*

MS Arnold Zeigler.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First January 1850.

Dear Sir

I am afraid my arrangements will not enable me to avail myself of your obliging offer. So far as I can see into the preparation of the broth at present, there seems to

me, to be rather a redundancy of cooks; and the first thing to be done, is to diminish their number so that they may take close working order. I *fear* that the kind of employment you seek, will not present itself, except in connexion with other duties already provided for.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Hodder Esquire.

To ALEXANDER IRELAND,[†2] 21 JANUARY 1850

Text from N, II, 200.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First January 1850

My Dear Sir

I am obliged to you for your letter, and beg to assure you that I quite understand and appreciate the frankness of its spirit.

But my working time is fully occupied, and I am wholly unable to entertain your proposal.[†3]

Very faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DANIEL MACLISE,[†4] 21 JANUARY 1850

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First January 1850.

My Dear Mac

I shall be delighted. I will present myself, please God, at the Athenaeum, at about half past four.[†5]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire.

To MISS THOMASINA ROSS,[†1] 21 JANUARY 1850

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty First January 1850.

My Dear Miss Ross.

I owe you many thanks for your kind note.

I think I may often avail myself of your offer, to our mutual advantage. If you can suggest to me (either at once, or in the course of the next few weeks) any particular book or subject, Spanish or German, of which you could write a popular account, I will immediately tell you whether it would hit what I have in

my mind.[†2] It should be interesting, of course; if somewhat romantic, so much the better; we can't be too wise, but we must be very agreeable.

The plan of the paper (as you will see, directly you know what it is) will render it impossible to attach contributors' names to their productions. But I don't anticipate any practical objection to their appearing in the Index to the Volume.[†3] I merely mention this, as a feature of necessity belonging to the idea.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ross. *PS.* Mrs. Dickens begs me to send her kind regards.

To W. H. WILLS,[†4] 21 JANUARY 1850*

MS Huntington Library.

Monday Evening | Twenty First January 1850.

My Dear Wills.

At One tomorrow, I am pretty certain to be at home.[†5] It is *possible* (though not probable) that I may be taken out for half an hour or so in the morning, but I hope to be quite punctual.

Faithfuly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 22 JANUARY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second January 1850.

My Dear Wills.

I have fully discussed the matter with Bradbury and Evans,[†6] on which we spoke

today. We have concluded to make you the offer (which I hope may be satisfactory) of Eight Pounds a week absolutely, and one eighth share in all the profits of the Work, as well as of any other works that we may publish in connexion with it.[†1]

If you can let me know your decision on this proposal before we meet on Thursday, it may facilitate our business.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 JANUARY 1850]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 536-7. *Date:* 23 Jan according to Forster.

I feel a great hope that I shall be remembered by little Em'ly, a good many years to come.[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, 24 JANUARY 1850*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning | Twenty Fourth January 1850.

My Dear Wills.

As your letter requires a good deal of consideration, I will, if you please, propose to defer our appointment for this morning. I will write to you by next Monday at latest.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 24 JANUARY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth January 1850. | Thursday.

My Dear Mac.

Let us meet, *at the Rainbow in Fleet Street,*[†1] on Saturday at 5. Forster and I are obliged to go into the City in the afternoon, and that will be a perfect arrangement.

Affecy. always
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JANUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth January 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I mean to take the chance of calling upon you on Monday, at about twelve o'Clock. If you should have any engagement, don't mind me, as I shall have the fresh air in any case.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUGUSTUS DICKENS,[†2] 25 JANUARY 1850

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth January 1850.

My Dear Augustus.

I wish you would shew the enclosed letter to "the House".[†3] It is from one of the first Lawyers in New York, and points out what I *must* do, in defending this Scoundrel's action.[†4] He lays his damages at 10,000 dollars!

If you will endeavour to get the information provided for me, I will call tomorrow (Saturday) in Leadenhall Street, at from three to half past.

Affecy. always

CD.

Augustus Dickens Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 JANUARY 1850*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Fifth January 1850.

My Dear Wills

I will immediately see my partners[†1] in this matter, and I shall expect you tomorrow at One o'Clock.

In haste | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 JANUARY 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth January | 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I return you the two letters from the Cape[†2] (with which I have been greatly pleased), and also M. Soyer's[†3] plan. I send too, the Diary for Mrs. Brown's[†4] eventful chronology, (which cannot now be got *unruled*), Sydney Smith's book,[†5] the two Emigrant books,[†6] the Shepherd's Bush red book, and a Memorandum of what I have paid on the Home account.[†7] Likewise (what an enormous catalogue!) Charley's Memoranda in a separate envelope. You will see that Mr. King[†8] proposes to make a deduction for the time (during the cholera) when I kept Charley in the Isle of Wight. I did not think it just to allow of

this generosity in Walter's case; and perhaps you will think that the deduction ought not to be allowed in Charley's either.[†9]

Soyer's scheme,[†1] like everything he does, has a certain amount of good sense and good purpose in it, with a considerable infusion of puffing and quackery. I think the scheme of teaching young ladies domestic economy, *admirable*, but to exclude the system of daily classes to which they could go, and from which they could come home, seems to me absurd. "The Mansion", and the musical instruments, and all that, is very well for the dignity and renown of the name of Soyer, but would make the thing ridiculous— and a failure besides. I conceive that the model of the thing should be, Mr. Hullah's classes. Young ladies at such an hour, and on such terms. Working men's wives and daughters at such an hour, on such terms. Servants, or improvers, or whatever he likes to call them, at such another hour on such other terms. For a couple of hours together, or whatever period he might choose to make it, they could be practically shewn, in a sort of hall-kitchen made for the purpose, every useful household duty, in a regular course of exposition. There could be no harm in connecting with this, a residence for those young people who should come from the country, but the two branches (to make the scheme thoroughly useful) should be distinct. This learning could be very easily imparted to numbers at once. And I am sure I should send my own daughters to acquire it, if they were old enough.

All is well at the Home. I write in haste, having been there until nearly dinner-time.

With best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To F. M. EVANS, 28 JANUARY 1850*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Eighth January | 1850.

My Dear Evans

I have conversed at length, with Mr. Forster, on the subject of the Periodical; and I have proposed to him to render us all possible assistance, and to take an

eighth share, and not to receive other payment for his writings in its pages.[†1] With this he is quite satisfied, and I have a strong conviction that he will do us good service.[†2] It is a great relief to me to put that point at rest.

In reference to our own matters, I wish you would call upon him this morning and discuss them with him. If it should be convenient to you, having done so, to come to me tomorrow (Tuesday) I shall be glad to conclude that part of the business.[†3] If another morning—as little delayed as possible—should suit you better, please let me know.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN,[†4] 29 JANUARY 1850*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth January 1850.

My Dear Henry

Many thanks for the Report.[†5] I hope to be able to do the Sanatory cause good

service, in my new periodical[†1]—by pressing *facts* upon the many-headed.

Can you and Letitia come and dine on Sunday? Say yes, and I'll tell you at what early hour.

Affectionately always
CD.

Henry Austin Esquire

To MR FLIGHT,[†2] 29 JANUARY 1850

Extract in John Wilson catalogue (1981); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 29 Jan 50.

Dickens has not the least knowledge of Mr. J. H. Barron's[†3] address, or of any of his proceedings.

To J. G. LOCKHART,[†4] 29 JANUARY 1850

MS National Library of Scotland.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth January 1850.

My Dear Sir

A brother in law of mine—Mr. Burnett[†5] of Manchester—who is a Musician of considerable accomplishments, made one or two very pretty songs, some time ago, from your Spanish Ballads.[†6] He wishes to publish them, and I have promised him that I would ask you for your permission.

I can answer for his music being appropriate to the words, and full of melody. Also, for his modesty and merit.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. G. Lockhart Esquire

To MISS THOMASINA ROSS, 29 JANUARY 1850*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth January 1850.

My Dear Miss Ross

Last night (before the receipt of your note) I spoke to Mr. Wills, to whom I have confided the general business management of the periodical, and begged him to communicate with you.

He is a gentleman of great experience in such matters; and being perfectly possessed of all my plans, will be able, I hope, to arrange some subject with you without difficulty.[†1]

Dear Miss Ross | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 JANUARY 1850]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 535. *Date:* 29 Jan according to Forster.

Poor dear Jeffrey![†2] I bought a *Times* at the station yesterday morning, and was so stunned by the announcement, that I felt it in that wounded part of me, almost directly; and the bad symptoms (modified) returned within a few hours. I had a letter[†3] from him in extraordinary good spirits within this week or two—he was better, he said, than he had been for a long time—and I sent him proof-sheets of the

number only last Wednesday. I say nothing of his wonderful abilities and great career, but he was a most affectionate and devoted friend to me; and though no man could wish to live and die more happily, so old in years and yet so young in faculties and sympathies, I am very very deeply grieved for his loss.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?29 JANUARY 1850]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Jan-Mar 50, from reference to "articles" (see *fn*), and almost certainly referring to the Victoria where he saw *May Morning*; 29 Jan was the only Tuesday during the run of *May Morning* when it was followed by the afterpiece named in CD's article—*Red Riven, the Bandit.*

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday.

My Dear Mac. I am alone (Kate and Georgina having gone to see Charley), and want to go to the Victoria[†1] tonight, with a view to some articles I am writing,[†2] to see a Melo Drama.[†3] It begins so confoundedly early, that one must be there by a little after halfpast 6. Are you disposed to go, and to eat (literally) a chop with me here, at ½ past 4?

Ever affecy.

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [?24-30 JANUARY 1850]

Text from F, VI, iv, 512. *Date:* after rejection of "The Robin" (*To* Forster, ?mid-Jan) and before sending another suggestion to Forster on ?31 Jan.

Suggesting as a title for the periodical Mankind. This I think very good.

To MRS GASKELL, 31 JANUARY 1850

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mrs. Gaskell | Manchester.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First January 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

You may perhaps have seen an announcement in the papers, of my intention to start a new cheap weekly journal of general literature?[†4]

I do not know what your literary vows of temperance or abstinence may be, but as I *do* honestly know that there is no living English writer whose aid I would desire to enlist, in preference to the authoress of Mary Barton (a book that most profoundly affected and impressed me)[†1] I venture to ask you whether you can give me any hope that you will write a *short* tale, or any number of tales, for the projected pages.[†2]

No writer's name will be used—neither my own, nor any others—every paper will be published without any signature; and all will seem to express the general mind and purpose of the Journal, which is, the raising up of those that are down, and the general improvement of our social condition. I should set a value on your help, which your modesty can hardly imagine; and I am perfectly sure that the least result of your reflection or observation in respect of the life around you, would attract attention and do good.

Of course I regard your time as valuable, and consider it so, when I ask you if you could devote any of it to this purpose.

If you could, and would prefer to speak to me on the subject, I should be very glad indeed to come to Manchester for a few hours, and explain anything you might wish to know. My unaffected and great admiration of your book, makes me very earnest in all relating to you.

Forgive my troubling you, for this reason, and believe me ever

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their love.[†a] I should like to know what you have done with your protegée.[†a]

To G. P. R. JAMES,[†3] 31 JANUARY 1850*

MS Williams College, Mass.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First January 1850.

My Dear James.

One Dr. Spiers,[†4] now in Paris, and the author of a Dictionary represented to me as very meritorious, addresses the enclosed letters to his friend Mr. Chamerovzow[†5] in London. The owner of the short and euphonious name last mentioned, brings

them to me, and (having always interested himself in International copyright) proposes that you and I and some others should hold a council on the subject, and represent to the French Government what we want—all in the way of reciprocity—as to republication, translation, &c &c.[†1]

Now, the question I want you to consider, is, shall we stir in the matter at all? And if so, shall we take to our business and our bosoms, Chamerovzow, who is secretary to the Society for the protection of aborigines[†2], and seems to be a perfectly respectable man?

You were speaking of coming here, concerning our (rather dishonest) brother Jonathan. Could we kill the French and American birds with one stone? I am at your service any day next week at any hour—except Monday, when I go out at One. If you would tell me at what hour it would suit you best to dine, and would dine with me (any hour that would best suit your return home would suit me) you would give me unaffected pleasure.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. P. R. James Esquire.

To MESSRS MIRFIELD AND FRASER,[†3] 31 JANUARY 1850*

MS Mr Philip McCormick. *Address:* Messrs. Mirfield and Fraser, | St. Martin's Hall | Long Acre.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First January 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Mirfield and Mr. Fraser, and very much regrets that he cannot have the pleasure of joining the party on the

7th. of February,[†1] as it happens unfortunately to be the evening of his birthday, which he always passes at home. Otherwise he would have been most happy to be present.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 31 JANUARY 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | Thirty First January 1850.

Sir.

I regret that it is not in my power to render you any service in reference to the Manuscript you mention in your letter. I am so constantly asked to peruse Manuscripts, that I have no refuge but in a rule of total abstinence in this regard, from which I never depart. Otherwise, I sincerely believe I should have very little leisure for any other occupation.

You know, by the public papers, what periodicals there are, and what publishers there are. There is no course that I know of, in such a case as yours, but to try either the one, or the other, or both. If I could give you any better advice, I would, but I cannot honestly encourage you to believe that there is any short cut or smooth road to the honors and perils of print.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To ALFRED DICKENS,[†2] 31 JANUARY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening Thirty First Jany. | 1850.

My Dear Alfred

I have been so very much engaged, that I have not had one evening at home since you called. Will you dine with us on Sunday at 5. Or I dine at home tomorrow and next day, at halfpast.

Affectionately Ever
CD.

Alfred Dickens Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 31 JANUARY 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Thirty First January 1850.

My Dear Mac.

The train by which we must meet the boat, leaves Blackwall Railway Station, Fenchurch Street, at ½ past 1. Consequently, we should assemble at your house, at ¼ past 12 for not a moment later than ½ past 12.

For how many, dinner?

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?31 JANUARY 1850]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 512-13. *Date:* the first of three letters written, according to Forster, on successive days, possibly after 28 Jan when CD thought of consulting Miss Coutts about titles and certainly before 4 Feb when he confided his final choice to her: see *To* Miss Coutts, that day.

And here a strange idea, but with decided advantages. "CHARLES DICKENS. A weekly journal designed for the instruction and entertainment of all classes of readers. CONDUCTED BY HIMSELF."

February

To MISS EMMELY GOTSCHALK,[†1] 1 FEBRUARY 1850

Text from N, II, 203.

Devonshire Terrace, London | First February, 1850

My Dear Young Friend

You know that my replies to your letters will as usual be brief—not because I ever fail to take a real and strong interest in yours, but because I generally have so many to write every day.

The state of mind which you describe to me is not a wholesome one, I am afraid, and not a natural one. The remedy for it, however, is easy, and we all have it at hand—action, usefulness—and the determination to be of service, even in little things, to those about you, and to be doing something.

In every human existence, however quiet or monotonous, there is range enough for active sympathy and cheerful usefulness. It is through such means I humbly believe that God must be approached, and hope and peace of mind be won. The world is not a dream, but a reality, of which we are the chief part, and in which we must be up and doing something. A morbid occupation, as your mind with books—even with good books—and sad meditation is not its purpose. There should be its beliefs and rewards. Come out into the world about you, be it either wide or limited. Sympathize, not in thought only, but in action, with all about you.

Make yourself known and felt for something that would be loved and missed, in twenty thousand little ways, if you were to die, then your life will be a happy one, believe me.

Be resolute in this, I ask you. Let me have the great gratification of believing, one day, that the correspondence you have opened with me has done some good, and made a lighter and more cheerful heart than it found in you when it started.

Be earnest—earnest—in life's reality and do not let your life, which has a purpose in it—every life upon the earth has—fly by while you are brooding over mysteries.

The mystery is not here, but far beyond the sky. The preparation for it, is in doing duty. Our Saviour did not sit down in this world and muse, but labored and did good. In your small domestic sphere, you may do as much good as an Emperor can do in his.

Always Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 FEBRUARY 1850]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 513. *Date:* the day after *To* Forster, ?31 Jan according to Forster.

I really think if there *be* anything wanting in the other name, that this is very pretty, and just supplies it. THE HOUSEHOLD VOICE. I have thought of many others,[†1] as—THE HOUSEHOLD GUEST. THE HOUSEHOLD FACE. THE COMRADE. THE MICROSCOPE. THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE. THE LEVER. THE ROLLING YEARS. THE HOLLY TREE (with two lines from Southey for a motto).[†2] EVERYTHING. But I rather think the VOICE is it.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2 FEBRUARY 1850]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 513. *Date:* the day following *To* Forster, ?1 Feb according to Forster.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.[†3] This is a very pretty name.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Fourth February 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will immediately apply myself to getting all the information you want. It fortunately happens that I have already directed the gentleman of whom I spoke the other day (as the person to whom I had entrusted the active business management of the new design) to see the writers of those pamphlets, and confer with them on the practicability of our doing something useful, in the Periodical, on the subject of emigration. In sending me those books, they wrote me a very earnest letter, expressive of their desire to become contributors on that subject. I will ascertain exactly what kind of man the brother now here is (for I fancy the Bushman brother[†1] has gone back again), and will take care if there should seem to be the least

doubt about him, to keep you in the background while the information is obtained. Everything connected with the expences of a vessel, I will have ascertained as if for the purposes of the Work; and as this gentleman of mine is an extremely careful, methodical man, and a great part of his office is to get facts together, I have no doubt the result will be perfectly reliable.

The perusal of those books, and the knowledge they give me of a state of society of which one could have no previous understanding, and which would seem to be quite misunderstood, or very little known, even in the cities of New South Wales itself, leads me to much the same conclusion as it leads you.[†2] I am not quite sure that perfect penitence in these women—in the best of them I mean—would lead them in all cases not to Marry; for I can certainly (I think) descry a kind of active repentance in their being faithful wives and the mothers of virtuous children; but in all other respects I most certainly concur with you.

To prevent your being committed in any way to new prison cases (of which Mr. Tracey[†3] had one, the other day, while Mr. Illingworth[†4] had, I believe, one or two in

contemplation) I announced at our last meeting that you had decided to change the character and object of the Home.[†1]

I shall be very glad indeed to talk with you on the sad subject to which you have—with a moral bravery which you must forgive my saying I cannot enough respect—directed your thoughts. It is difficult to approach, in pages that are intended for readers of all classes and all ages of life; but I have not the least misgiving about being able to bring people gently to its consideration.[†2] You will observe that I am endeavouring to turn their thoughts a little that way, in Copperfield. And I hope before I finish the story, to do something strongly suggestive, in that kind of preparation.

Will you tell "the General Objector",[†3] with my best regards that I sent her that ruled Diary, because, in consequence of the men of business (so inferior to the women of business!) objecting to plain Diaries, the Manufacturer now makes none of the last mentioned description? I knew she had a ruled one already, but I thought she wanted two volumes—one as a kind of daybook, for that eventful existence of hers, and the other as a Ledger, into which the entries were to be "posted". I wonder whether she would listen to any liberal proposal for a series of extracts from her journal, for my new Miscellany! We might call them "Passages in the life of a General Objector"—or "Scraps of my daily observation. By a shrewd Woman." If you think this literary Adventure might be accomplished, perhaps you would use your influence!

I was going to consult you about names for the thing, the other day—but forgot it. What do you think of the proposed one,[†4] which I write underneath? It is the profoundest secret and most mighty mystery, except to you and Mrs. and Mr. Brown.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

"Household Words"

A Weekly Journal

To SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD,[†1] [4 FEBRUARY 1850]

Envelope in Christie's sale, Feb 1983; addressed T. N. Talfourd; postmarked 4 Feb 50.

To MRS GASKELL, 5 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifth February 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

I cannot tell you with what true delight and gratification I have received your letter. I am perfectly confident of your power in regard to short tales, because I am morally certain that nothing so true and earnest as your writing, *can* go wrong under your guidance. After you shall have tried your hand once, and told me, in sending me the result, how you feel about it, I will engage to exchange opinions as freely with you as if you had placed me under a vow of fidelity in that wise. In the meanwhile I should really think it presumptuous to say more than the few words I am now going to write, in answer to your two objections.

These are, first that I am not at all afraid of the interruptions necessary to your domestic life, and that I think you will be far less sensible of them in writing short stories than in writing a long one. Secondly, that the tendency to detail, where detail is an indispensable part of the art and the reality of what is written (as it decidedly is, in your case) cannot be an objection or impediment to any kind of fiction.

I shall look forward, with great anxiety, to the receipt of a small packet from you—but with patience too, and in implicit faith. If you should really find your hand painfully cramped, or should entertain any idea that you think would be done injustice to, in too small a space, I should say it might be spread into four portions—though more would be objectionable, as I conceive, to the fair reading of the story. But this is a premature discussion now. When you send me anything which I can shew you, in our own pages as they will actually be, we shall have some resting-place for our feet.[†2]

I am very glad to hear that your poor girl is safe, so far.[†3] Let me caution you about the Cape. She *must be*[†4] profoundly silent there, as to her past history, and so must those who take her out. Miss Coutts and I, are just now in the receipt of reliable intelligence from that quarter[†5] (we have sent three girls there)[†6] which assures me that this caution is imperative, or she will either be miserable or flung back into the gulf whence you have raised her.[†7]

To MR SHAND,[†1] 5 FEBRUARY 1850

Photograph, Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace, London. | Fifth February 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Shand. The Sketches were first published.[†2] Part of them appeared in the Morning Chronicle newspaper; part in the Monthly Magazine.[†3]

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 5 FEBRUARY 1850

Text from MDGH, I, 217-18.

Devonshire Terrace, Tuesday, Feb. 5th, 1850.

My dear White,

I have been going to write to you for a long time, but have always had in my mind that you might come here with Lotty[†4] any day. As Lotty has come without you, however (witness a tremendous rampaging and ravaging now going on upstairs!), I despatch this note to say that I suppose you have seen the announcement of "the" new weekly thing, and that if you would ever write anything for it, you would please me better than I can tell you. We hope to do some solid good, and we mean to be as cheery and pleasant as we can. (And, putting our hands in our breeches pockets, we say complacently, that our money is as good as Blackwood's any day in the week.)[†5]

Now the murder's out!

Are you never coming to town any more? Must I come to Bonchurch?[†6] Am I born (for the eight-and-thirtieth time) next Thursday, at half-past five, and do you mean to say you are *not* coming to dinner? Well, well, I can always go over to Puseyism[†7] to spite my friends, and that's some comfort.

Poor dear Jeffrey! I had heard from him but a few days, and the unopened proof of No. 10 was lying on his table when he died. I believe I have lost as affectionate a friend as I ever had, or ever shall have, in this world.

Ever heartily yours, my dear White
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FREDERICK DICKENS,[†1] 7 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh February 1850.

My Dear Fred.

Many many thanks for your affectionate letter.[†2]

I am safe to be at home to dinner tomorrow, and in the evening.

Love to Anna,[†3] whom Kate is coming to see.

In haste | Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Dickens Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN, 8 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth February 1850.

My Dear Henry.

The enclosed is a part of a letter from Lever the Novelist,[†4] to Chapman the bookseller.[†5] That side which I have enclosed in pencil brackets, refers, as you will see, to your brother Robert, and is referred to me. What shall I say? That he *is* your brother, and has been a tutor,[†6] but I have had no knowledge of him since his boyhood? I want, if I can, to do what you think best.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To THE REV. JOHN HAYES,[†1] 8 FEBRUARY 1850

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1870 (Nov 1924); *MS* 1 p.; dated 8 Feb 50; addressed The Rev. John Hayes.

But the style of expression and manner of thought, of which you make such generous mention, come naturally to me, and are (as it were) a part of myself.

To CHARLES KNIGHT,[†2] 8 FEBRUARY 1850

Text in MDGH, I, 218, checked from MS Sotheby's 2½2 July 1983.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth February 1850.

My Dear Knight.

Let me thank you in the heartiest manner for your most kind and gratifying mention of me in your able pamphlet.[†3] It gives me great pleasure, and I sincerely feel it.

I quite agree with you in all you say so well, of the injustice and impolicy of this excessive taxation.[†4] But when I think of the condition of the great mass of the people, I fear that I could hardly find

the heart to press for justice in this respect,[†5] before the Window duty is removed.[†6] They cannot read without light—they cannot have an average chance of life and health without it—much as we feel our wrong, I fear that they feel their wrong more, and that the things first done in this wise must bear on mere physical existence.

I never see you, and begin to think we must have another Play—say in Cornwall—expressly to bring us together.[†1]

Very faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire.

To HENRY RICHARDS,[†2] 8 FEBRUARY 1850

Extract in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue, Nov 1967; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 8 Feb 50; addressed Henry Richards.

having been informed by my brother that you were so kind as to arrange with him for letting me have office copies of the depositions taken . . . in the case of Thomas Powell[†3] . . . it is most important that I should be in possession of them today to send to America.[†4]

To GRAHAM WILLMORE,[†5] 8 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth February 1850.

Sir.

I beg to thank you for your very courteous and gratifying note, and to acknowledge the receipt of your pamphlet.[†6]

I have read the latter, carefully, and though I quite agree with you in the abstract as to the importance of trial by jury, I cannot say that I participate in your alarms.[†7] I

think it very wholesome that there should be this power of summarily convicting small offenders; vast numbers of whom have constantly escaped, under the old law, by reason of the natural disinclination of prosecutors to bear the great trouble and delay to which they were exposed. I regard it as very salutary, in the towns, against the worst classes of petty offenders; and I think it less dangerous, in the country, than the lying in prison for a small offence from assize to assize, and learning all the wrong that a prison can teach.

I have been much interested by your views, nevertheless, and your temperate manner of stating them.[†1]

I am Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Graham Willmore Esquire.

To MRS GASKELL, 9 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Mr Maurice F. Neville.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth February 1850

Dear Mrs. Gaskell

I hasten to tell you before the post goes out, that three pages and a half of Mary Barton (third Edition) make one page of my journal. I would rather that you occupy just as many pages as you think your design wants, than that I should put any constraint upon you.

In great haste | Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MR SIMPSON,[†2] 9 FEBRUARY 1850

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1720 (1923); *MS* 1 p.; dated 9 Feb 50.

To W. H. WILLS, 11 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Eleventh February 1850.

My Dear Wills

I send the book. I observe (in reference to something you said on Saturday night) that Chambers' use the single inverted comma for quotations. And I think its

adoption by us, decidedly objectionable on that account. There is nothing I am more desirous to avoid, than imitation.[†1]

Faithfully Always
CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Twelfth February 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I couldn't answer your note until I heard from the Watsons,[†2] who are in town, and to whom I was conditionally engaged. That engagement, however, has gone off, and I shall be happy to come to you at half past six.

A good deal of the colonial information you want, I am already fully possessed of. The ship-estimates are in course of being ascertained, but are not yet to be depended on.

I am at present repairing Miss Mowcher's injury—with a very bad grace, and in a very ill humour.[†3]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. A little news of the Home, which I will give you this evening.

To THOMAS MILNER GIBSON,[†4] 12 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Address:* The Rt. Hon. T. Milner Gibson MP | &c &c.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth February 1850.

My Dear Gibson.

I cannot sign the petition, because I am not at all clear of the effect of the removal of the stamp-duty from newspapers.[†5] I have not maturely considered the subject,

but I am disposed to think that the tax increases their respectability—that they have a fair return for it in the postage arrangements—and that if it were taken off, we might be deluged with a flood of piratical, ignorant, and blackguard papers, something like that black deluge of Printer's Ink which blights America.[†1]

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Milner Gibson Esquire
&c &c &c

To R. H. HORNE,[†2] 12 FEBRUARY 1850

MS (copy made by Horne) Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esq. | Beaumont Cottage | College Road | Chalk Farm Lane | Hampstead Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twelfth February 1850.

Dear Horne.

I cannot say anything about the shipwreck matter[†3] without knowing what it is; and I fear it is not at all likely that I shall be a free man in the "coming" (out) way, until the 22nd. or 23rd.[†4] Will you wait? or see Wills? He is always to be laid hold of.

How goes on the coal rig?[†5] That execution account, intensely horrible.[†6]

Ever faithfully yours

C.D.

R. H. Horne Esq.

To W. BLANCHARD JERROLD,[†1] 12 FEBRUARY 1850

Mention in Sotheby catalogue, June 1891; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 12 Feb 50.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 13 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth February 1850.

Dear Sir

George Cruikshank,[†2] by all means. Please to conclude with him for the frontispiece for Oliver.[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 FEBRUARY 1850†

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth February 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I send you enclosed, all the letters from the Shepherd's Bush box.

I also venture to send you, the original Manuscript of a little book[†4] you heard read, and in which you took a kind interest.[†5] Such things are sometimes interesting to the real friends of the writer—not for their own worth, but as a memorial of some of his pains-taking hours, and a sort of personal intimacy with them.

With best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown,

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To F. M. EVANS, 15 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Fifteenth February | 1850.

My Dear Evans.

We are extremely sorry to hear of Mrs. Evans, what you tell me in your note of last night. My wife is very much concerned indeed.

I will look over the agreement[†1] very shortly, and return it to you.

If you have not yet begun to print the name, *don't do so, without first communicating with me.* I am still trying to hammer out a better one;[†2] and though it does not seem likely to present itself, I want to have a chance to the last.

I shall be glad to have the Copperfield accounts as soon as they are ready,—for I am poor.[†3]

You are getting on, I hope, in Wellington Street. Let us have gas in the room upstairs.

Ever Yours

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire

To FRANK STONE,[†4] 18 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Eighteenth February 1850.

My Dear Stone.

I forgot.—I am engaged to dinner to day. The Noble Heart will have to beat without me.[†5]

Ever Affecy.

CD

To MASTER GEORGE WATSON,[†1] 18 FEBRUARY [1850]

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Mar 1916; *MS* 2 pp.; dated London, 18 Feb; 1850 on reference to *Copperfield.*

I beg to send you, as a small mark of my remembrance,[†2] a small printing press, which I hope you will find an amusing thing. . . . as I have been detained by a gentleman by the name of Copperfield, since ten this morning, and it is now almost six, I hope you will excuse my writing so short a letter.

To MRS HOWITT,[†3] 19 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evening | Nineteenth February 1850

Dear Mrs. Howitt.

I address this note to Mr. Howitt, no less than to you. You will easily divine its purpose I dare say—or at all events you would, if you knew what companions of mine you have both been.

You may have seen the first dim announcements of the new cheap literary weekly Journal I am about to start.[†4] Frankly, I want to say to you that if you would ever write for it you would delight me, and I should consider myself very fortunate indeed in enlisting your assistance.

I propose to print no names of contributors, either in my own case or any other, and to give established writers the power of reclaiming their papers after a certain time. I hope any connexion with the enterprise would be satisfactory and agreeable to you in all respects—as I should most earnestly endeavour to make it—and I should be proud to give you, personally, any explanation you might like to have.

If I wrote a book, I could say no more than I mean to suggest to you in these few lines. All that I leave unsaid, I leave to your generous understanding.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Howitt

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 FEBRUARY 1850]

Text from F, VI, vi, 537. *Date:* 20 Feb according to Forster.

I begin to have my doubts of being able to join you, for *Copperfield* runs high, and must be done to-morrow. But I'll do it if possible, and strain every nerve. Some beautiful comic love, I hope, in the number.[†1]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First February 1850.

My Dear Henry

I *ought* to know the kind of man.[†2] Give me another day to try to remember him in.

Affecy. always

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Twenty First February 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The only letters I find in the box, I send you. One of them is from Miss Morriss.[†3] I think you must have the letter from the Emigrants at the Cape.

I believe I am now in possession of the leading Emigration information you require.[†4] When shall I come to explain it to you? The afternoon of Saturday, Monday, or Tuesday, would suit me perfectly; but if Saturday, after 4.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second February 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Is the enclosed case (of which I only know what you will know, when you shall have read the letter) one in which you would feel disposed to give anything, if I should find out that it is strictly true? I have just now read it, and I refer it to you with this question, feeling sure that you will answer it without the least reserve.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS HOWITT, 22 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Fitzwilliam Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Second February 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Howitt.

I am very much gratified by the terms of your kind and generous note; and I beg you and Mr. Howitt to accept my hearty thanks.[†1]

The kind of papers of which I stand most in need, are *short stories*, with such a general purpose in them as we all three have in all we do. But I only mention this, as a direct answer to your direct question. Whatever you may write earnestly and to your own pleasure, will be most welcome to me.

All social evils, and all home affections and associations, I am particularly anxious to deal with, well.

As to time, all that my modesty will permit me to say on this head, is, no time can be too soon. I am now getting a great mass of matter together, from a variety of sources; I purpose beginning on the 30th. of March; and it will be necessary to be always three weeks in advance. Some foreign arrangements render this obligatory on us.[†2]

With many thanks | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Howitt

To DANIEL MACLISE, 22 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Second February | 1850.

My Dear Mac

You may remember that I spoke of coming round today, to see Macready's picture?[†1] If you are disengaged, and would like to go out in the afternoon, *I* should like it very much. I want to see the panorama of the Nile[†2] (I believe it begins at 3); and if you have not seen it, perhaps you will go. If you *have* seen it, I will come later. Send me a word by Bearer.

Affecy. always
CD.

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To MARK LEMON,[†3] 22 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

The Shop | Friday 22nd. Feb/50

My Dear Lemon

Maclise and I are going to the Panorama of the Nile, today at 3. We are going to dine at the Rainbow at ½ past 5. After that, we are going anywhere. If you are disengaged, and a Man, join us at one or other of these places!

Affy. Ever

CD

To MRS MARSH,[†1] 22 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Pickering & Chatto Ltd.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park. |
Twenty Second February 1850.

Dear Madam.

You have interested my leisure hours so often and so long, and have given me so much heartfelt pleasure by your writings, and by your generous approval of mine,[†2] that I cannot address you as a stranger.

Nor can I divest myself of the feeling that I may state the object I have in writing to you, rather with the frankness of an old friend, than with the reserve and ceremony of one who is corresponding with you for the first time.

I don't know whether you are aware that I purpose starting at the end of next month, a new cheap weekly journal of general literature, "designed for the instruction and entertainment of all classes of readers", and intended to crush, if possible, some of the weekly atrocities now issued to the town? I purpose publishing in this Miscellany, none of the names of the Writers in it (neither my own, nor any others), and to reserve to the foremost of them the right of reclaiming their children, should they be disposed to do so, after the lapse of a certain time.

If I could hope that you would assist me in this design, and that I could prevail upon you to write me some short stories for this Paper,[†3] I should most sincerely consider that I had, then, the aid of one of the most original, earnest, and delightful writers that have ever graced our language; and that among all who have responded to my appeal for co-operation, not a name could be more dear to me than that of the authoress of Emilia Wyndham.

I hope I need not say that I should strive to make the business arrangements satisfactory to you in all respects, and to conduct them in no unworthy spirit.

This, in plain words, is my case. If I were to endeavour to tell you how much I have been moved and affected by your books, I should almost feel as if I were parading the secrets of my heart. And yet I cannot help saying that they alone are the occasion of my writing to you, and that if I write in the perfect confidence that

you will forgive me for the trouble to which I put you, the blame must lie on their heads.

Believe me Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Marsh.

To MISS GERALDINE JEWSBURY,[†1] FEBRUARY 1850

Text from *Selections from the Letters of Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle,* ed. Mrs Alexander Ireland, 1892, p. xi. *Date:* verbally close to *To* Mrs Howitt, 19 Feb, but perhaps a little later in view of her letter to Mrs Carlyle: see *fn.*

Devonshire Terrace, London | Feb. 1850.

Dear Miss Jewsbury,

I make no apology for addressing you thus, for I am a reader of yours, and I hope I have that knowledge of you which may justify a frank approach.[†2]

I don't know whether you know that I am about to commence, at the end of next month, a new, cheap, weekly literary journal, intended to displace some of the offensive matter in that form now afloat. Be this as it may, I am steadily and actively engaged in such a design, and if I could induce you to write any papers or short stories for it I should, I sincerely assure you, set great store by your help, and be much gratified in having it.[†3]

I purpose publishing none of the writers' names—neither my own nor any others—in the periodical itself, but to give to these parents, in such a case as yours, the power of reclaiming their own children, after a certain time, if they should desire to do so. The payment, of course, is prompt and good. In no respect, I trust, would you have to regret forming the connection, and in all respects I should be truly earnest in my desire to make it most agreeable to you.

If I were to write a whole book on the subject I hardly know that I could do more than impress you with a sense of my being in want of your aid, because I estimate its value highly. I have a kind of confidence that I cannot mean to do that so steadfastly without doing it *somehow,* even in this short note. Therefore I leave it here.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Jewsbury.

To MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU,[†1] [?JANUARY-22 FEBRUARY 1850]

Mention in Harriet Martineau, *Autobiography*, 1877, II, 329. *Date:* not later than invitations to the Howitts (19 Feb) and Mrs Marsh (22 Feb), and perhaps as early as Jan: see *fn.*

Inviting her to write for Household Words.†2

To PERCIVAL LEIGH,†3 23 FEBRUARY 1850*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third February 1850.

My Dear Leigh.

I do not send you the enclosed†4 because I have the least thought—but that I am sure you know—of interfering with any of your subsisting engagements,†5 in the

slightest degree. It is merely to give me the opportunity of saying that if ever you should have inclination and leisure to write anything in these pages, I should be sincerely pleased to number you among the contributors to them.†1

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percival Leigh Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?23 FEBRUARY 1850]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* early 1850 on handwriting; perhaps 23 Feb, after seeing the letter from the Cape referred to in *To* Miss Coutts, 21 Feb.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am really quite overjoyed in the first glimpse I have of this letter while your servant is waiting. Let me keep it, to read attentively, until tomorrow, when I will return it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?25 FEBRUARY 1850]*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street. *Date:* dated by reference to the death of Nina Macready on Sunday 24 Feb (see *fn*).

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts. I send you the jottings that we have spoken of. I should have done[†2] so this morning, but that I was called out.

Poor Macready's[†3] eldest child is dead.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 27 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh February 1850.

My Dear Henry

Thornton Hunt[†1] has been very anxious to accept, but some good friends of his, who have assisted him in the matter of the proposed Paper, think otherwise, and he unwillingly declines.[†2]

For the life of me I can't think of anybody else who would do.

Many thanks for the Report, which is extraordinarily interesting. I began to read it last night, in bed—and dreamed of putefraction[†3] generally.[†4]

I am your man for Erith,[†5] any Sunday you like—or any day you like!

Ever affecy.

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire.

To W. S. BROWN,[†1] 27 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Miss Janet Phillips.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh February | 1850

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Brown, and regrets that his occupations render it quite out of his power to comply with the request of the Committee of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.[†2]

To MRS GASKELL, 27 FEBRUARY 1850

Extract and facsimile (*aa*) in Sotheby catalogue, June 1976; *MS* 2 ½ pp.; dated Office of Household Words, 27 Feb 50.

Discussing the publication of "Lizzie Leigh" in the first number of Household Words.[†3] I think it *excellent.*[†4] I have no doubt that in your anxiety you have quite deceived youself; being unable to get far enough away from it to see it as I do. It interested me greatly, as I read it. And it made me cry—which I mention because I take that to be indisputable proof of its effect. *Suggesting how the story might be brought a* little closer in the first part *by the* omission of a line or two here and there in the Proof, *and how it might be divided into weekly parts; then discussing the conclusion of the story.* Do not let me interfere with any idea you may have in your mind when I ask if you propose to make Lizzie dead, at this time? I seem to see through that means, a forcible lesson on the postponement of forgiveness, and the way we have of only leaving that legacy when we are obliged to leave all legacies—at the point of Death. To leave the story with a notion of *her* child attaching herself to Susan's child (when, in good time she had one) and devoting herself to it would be very pretty, I fancy. But again I earnestly conjure you not to let me interfere with any idea you may have formed.[†5] *Asking if he should* christen *the story.*[†6] *Saying that he has sent all he has to the printer and* [a]be assured that you do yourself mere justice. Mind! I have not the least reservation or doubt, of any sort.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS[a]

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twenty Eighth February | 1850.

My Dearest Macready.

I write these words to you, as I should silently press your hand if I were by;—not to mourn for the dear girl who is gone; not audaciously to touch those springs of certain consolation which have long raised your thoughts to a serener air, far above the dust of this shadowy world; but as a mark of love and sympathy which, however useless, still relieves my heart of something.

God be with you, and her mother, and all else!

Ever My Dearest Macready

Your most affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 28 FEBRUARY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Office of Household Words | Twenty Eighth February 1850.

My Dear Wills. I think the addresses I enclose in this, the best. I would certainly give all these, in the article.[†1] If you have a *fac-simile* of any, I recommend Valparaiso.[†2]

There are several letters and proffered articles, waiting your attention here. I have put them in the right hand drawer of your table.

We must have a great reform in the Printing arrangements, without which it will be quite impossible to go on. *I have not yet seen one line in proof.* The consequence will be that I shall be worried and fretted to death by being overwhelmed with proofs, when I am turning to Copperfield—that I shall not have leisure to look at them as carefully as I would—that the public is not more at sea than I am, as to what we are doing—and that I *cannot,* with my occupations, do work in this way. I get into a state of irritation quite incompatible with it.

Mrs. Crowe's[†1] story I have read. It is horribly dismal; but with an alteration in that part about the sister's madness (which must not on any account remain)[†2] I should not be afraid of it. I could alter it myself, in ten minutes. This, too, is in your drawer here.

A great part of Mrs. Gaskell's story has come in. It is very good, but long. It will require to be printed, either in three or in four numbers.[†3]

I have written two articles—the opening one, and another[†4]—and sent them to Mr. Stacey.[†5] I suppose I might almost as profitably have put them on the top of the Theatre opposite.[†6]

At 3 on Saturday.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, [LATE FEBRUARY 1850]

Extract in Charles Knight, *Passages of a Working Life,* III, 112. *Date:* probably late Feb 50, in view of *To* Knight, 4 Mar, rather than "a week or two" before *HW,* No. 1 was published, as Knight says.

If you will write in my paper you will give me the utmost gratification, and be more welcome than the flowers in May.

March

To SAMUEL LAURENCE,[†7] 1 MARCH 1850

Mention in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, Aug 1928; dated 1 Mar 50.

Concerning an introduction.

To MARK LEMON, 1 MARCH 1850

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | First March 1850.

My Dear Lemon.

I think you asked me for this. Behold it!

How's Corn?—You are a protectionist, of course.[†8]

—Pigs looking up at all?

—Sheep lively?

—Anything new concerning Calves?[†1]

—Mangel Wurzel now. How's *that*?

Affecy. Ever

CD

To W. H. MURRAY,[†2] 1 MARCH 1850

Text from N, II, 207.

Devonshire Terrace | First March 1850

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge your kindness in giving me intelligence of the death of our late friend Sir William Allan;[†3] for whom I had a high esteem, and whose death was a source of great surprise and regret to me.

Faithfully Yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS SOUTHWOOD SMITH,[†4] 1 MARCH 1850*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Devonshire Terrace | First March 1850.

My Dear Dr. Smith

Many thanks for your letter and its accompanying book. I think the report[†5] an honor to the country in which it is produced; and a monument of good sense, moderate reasoning to[†6] demonstration, and noble feeling.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Southwood Smith

To DANIEL MACLISE, 2 MARCH 1850*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning | Second March 1850.

My Dear Mac. Send me a "Yes" or a "No" by the Early Bird who brings this.

Will you come and dine with me at the office in Wellington Street, today at *½ p 5, sharp.* Stone is coming, and I want to go to a Saloon, to write about it.[†1]

Ever Affecy.
CD

To PERCIVAL LEIGH, 3 MARCH 1850*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday, Third March 1850.

My Dear Leigh,

I find, on looking to my appointment-Book (the contents of which, I can never carry in my head one yard) that I shall be at home here, all day tomorrow, until 4. If it should not suit you to call, I shall be happy to meet you at the office in Wellington Street (corner of Exeter Street) on Tuesday at ½ past 4.

Faithfully Yours
C.D.
Percival Leigh Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 MARCH 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The Colonial letters[†2] are certainly discouraging; but less so, having the girls here, than if we had sent them out.

I return Sir W Napier's[†3] letter. It is a very good and characteristic one, and has interested me very much.

I dream of Mrs. Chisholm,[†1] and her housekeeping. The dirty faces of her children are my continual companions.[†2] I forgot to tell you that she asked me if it were true that the girls at Shepherd's Bush *"had Pianos"*. I shall always regret that I didn't answer yes—each girl a grand, down stairs—and a cottage in her bedroom—besides a small guitar in the wash-house.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 4 MARCH 1850

Extract in Sotheby catalogue July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated 4 Mar 50; addressed Charles Knight.

CD has gone over the enclosed for Household Words and it is most capital. *Suggests reversing the order of the articles as it is better to begin with a subject unconnected with* our own immediate interest as engaged in a publication.[†3]

To TOM TAYLOR,[†4] 4 MARCH 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1850.

My Dear Taylor

If you *should* find it within your inclination and convenience to write anything in my Household Words,[†5] I am sure I need not say (though I *do* say, nevertheless,) that I should be very sincerely gratified.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Tom Taylor Esquire.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER,[†1] 4 MARCH 1850*

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1850.

My Dear Sir

You may rely, I hope, on me. I stedfastly purpose to attend the dinner; and I shall be truly happy to do all in my power (little enough, I am sure!) to support you, manfully.[†2]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 MARCH 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth March 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have been working away so hard, at these Household Words, that I am going to Brighton tomorrow for a fortnight, to pursue Copperfield[†3] in peace. My address is, 148 King's Road.[†4] I shall be at 16 Wellington Street North, on Saturday at 3.

I mention these interesting particulars, in case you should want me for anything.

You will be pleased to hear, I know, that Mr. Cooksley[†5] gave us, yesterday, a most brilliant account of Charley.[†6] He says he is a frank ingenuous boy, "who wears his heart upon his sleeve"—that work is no trouble to him, and he always does it admirably—that he has never had any pupil in whom he has been so warmly interested—and that he is fast becoming one of the most popular boys at Eton.

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown,

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOSEPH KING, [?6 MARCH 1850]

Mention in Henry Bristow of Ringwood catalogue No. 281 (1983); *MS* fragment with signature. *Date:* no doubt the same day that he gave Miss Coutts Cookesley's report on Charley: see last.

Describing the good impression Charley is making on Mr Cookesley.

To MRS GASKELL, 6 MARCH 1850*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth March 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

I send you, enclosed, an uncorrected proof of your story, as far as it has yet gone. Don't you think Lizzie Leigh a pretty name for it?

You will observe that I purpose to state in the beginning how many chapters it contains, in order that the readers may prepare themselves for so much continuation of interest. *Let me particularly beg you not to put the least constraint upon yourself, as to space.* Allow the story to take its own length, and work itself out. I will engage to get it in, very easily, whatsoever the extent to which it may go.

Your design as to its progress and conclusion are undoubtedly the best. The inventor's, I consider, *must be.*

I am sorry you positively refuse to be comforted. I may mention in spite of that, however, that I am not at all singular in my opinion of Lizzie. Forster (who has a share in the publication) came to me in a state of the highest admiration after reading the proof; and the printers were very much impressed by it too.

Pray address me here, as usual. I merely dated my note from the office, because I happened to be writing there, and had no other note paper.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg me to send their love.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell.

P.S. I ought to apologize for omitting to address my last as you directed. Not being certain where I ought to send this, I send it to Manchester.

To W. H. WILLS, 6 MARCH 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth March 1850.

My Dear Wills

I should wish Hogarth to see that article before it is used.[†1] Will you see him, and set him to work on something else? He has nothing in hand now. And will you

name to me, certain days and hours when you can *always* be found in Wellington Street? So that I may know, for my own guidance, and that of any one whom I may want to send to you.

I have given Greening[†1] a little article of my own, called "A Bundle of Emigrants' Letters"—introducing some five or six originals, which are extremely good.[†2]

I don't feel your objection to Lizzie Leigh so much, for this reason.—She had seen and watched Susan, before she deserted the child; and she has yet to give her own account of that transaction.[†3]

Tomorrow I am going to Brighton (148 King's Road) whence I shall come up, of course, for Saturday. I should like to have a proof of the Funeral article[†4] sent down to me. I understood it to be quite arranged that we were only to make up *one* Number, at this next Meeting. Will you tell them to have the fire lighted at the Office, at 10 on Saturday?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

I understand my father went on like the Steam Leg (oratorically speaking) at your dinner.

To W. H. WILLS, 6 MARCH 1850*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Evening | Sixth March 1850.

My Dear Wills

I left your enquiry as to the newspaper, unanswered. Don't you think Lemon would answer the requirements, and that the occupation might be useful to him?[†5]

Ever Yours

CD.

To THE BISHOP OF [OXFORD],[†1] 7 MARCH 1850

Extract in Maggs catalogue, Spring 1933; *MS* 1 p.; dated Brighton, 7 Mar 50; addressed Bishop of [Oxford].

I shall be very happy to become a member of the Committee to which that letter refers, and to do all in my power to advance its objects.

To HENRY COLE,[†2] 7 MARCH 1850

Text from N, II, 209.

Brighton, 148 Kings Road | Thursday Evening, Seventh March 1850

My Dear Sir

I have done the needful by the Bishop, and told him I shall be happy to serve on the committee.[†3]

Will you kindly take charge of the enclosed cheque for £5, as my subscription towards the Leviathan fund?[†4]

Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To EFFINGHAM WILSON,[†1] 7 MARCH 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Brighton, 148 Kings Road | Seventh March 1850. | Thursday Night

Dear Sir

I beg you will accept my very cordial thanks for the letter you have had the goodness to write to me, in reference to the case of Thomas Powell.[†2] I have no serious apprehension of the success of that Rascal; but a manful communication like yours is very important assistance towards that entire demolition of him which I hope to effect—only because I know him to be so irreclaimable and dangerous a criminal, that society cannot bear him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Effingham Wilson Esquire

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 9 MARCH 1850*

MS Berg Collection.

Brighton, 148 King's Road | Ninth March 1850.

Dear Sir

I shall be glad in the accounts for the half year ending last Xmas, and in all future accounts, to have a *separate abstract* of the results of Oliver Twist, as I have sharers in my interest in that book.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To MRS GASKELL, 9 MARCH 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Ninth March 1850

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

I write in the greatest haste to save the post.

I intend putting the beginning of Lizzie—the two first chapters—ending "when Tom had left the room, he prepared to speak"—into the 1st. No.[†4] And the 1st. No will have to go to Press on *Tuesday Morning.* If there be anything you wish to alter

(we will have the proof carefully corrected), in this part of the story, or if you object to the name, will you let me know without fail by Monday's post. Otherwise Heaven knows how many copies will be worked off.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 9 MARCH 1850

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; dated 9 Mar 50.

Thinks Miss Martineau's proposal for a series most useful and timely.[†1] I read the Lucifer match[†2] as I was coming up from Brighton, and am greatly delighted with it.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 MARCH 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Brighton, 148 Kings Road | Tenth March 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I really think it an extraordinary good thing to be rid of Myers.[†3] I don't know where she could have been sent, or what could have been hoped of her.

It is remarkable that on the day when Walsh was discharged, I shewed the Committee two entries I had made in her case. The first was, that she gave me the idea of having come into the Home at all, with the design of urging a certain young man to take her away from it; the second, that immediately on coming in, she had attached herself to *Myers*, which looked bad. I don't think she wanted much instigation; and I believe, after what we saw of her that day, that she is a very false, worthless, vicious person. It is infinitely better (heavy discouragements as these things are) that she should come out in her true colors here, than aboardship.

It is comfortable to think that the class of inmates is to be changed.[†4] And I still hope that you will have saved a dozen women when we have got rid of these.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To AUGUSTUS DICKENS, 10 MARCH 1850

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Brighton, Tenth March 1850.

My Dear Augustus.

I should have been quite delighted to do all in my power for Mr. Chapman, but that I have retired from the Parthenon[†1] some years—five, I should think.

Pray tell John Barrow[†2] that I am much obliged to him for his kind and valuable assistance in the matter of the slandered Powell.

Affecy. always
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCIVAL LEIGH, 10 MARCH 1850*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Brighton, 148 King's Road. | Sunday, Tenth March 1850.

My Dear Leigh,

I am greatly pleased with your notion[†3]—except that I wouldn't make the churchwarden to have been asleep. We have another story now in hand, which is a dream;[†4] and I think it would be better to imply that it was said he had been thinking for himself a little, and had cleaned his spectacles and looked about him, and so forth; though there were a few Aldermen and other luminaries who never could be brought to believe it, because they said, why do that? They never had had their spectacles cleaned: they saw better through the dirt; and they could see further into millstones, too, than most men—&c &c.

Some such change as this, and the intimation that we must always go on improving the times, would adapt it perfectly to my purpose.[†5] Your moral that the

real old times are the oldest times, is charming,[†1] and I shall be *delighted* to have the whole story as soon as it is finished.

To conclude with a bran new phrase, "I am on the tip toe of expectation"![†2]

Ever Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percival Leigh Esquire.

To JOHN THOMPSON,[†3] 10 MARCH 1850*

MS Miss L. E. Godden.

Brighton, Sunday | Tenth March 1850.

I forgot to tell you John, if Mr. Wills calls, to shew him any letters there may be, and to admit him into the study, and allow him to take any books or papers he requires.

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 12 MARCH 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Brighton, 148 Kings Road | Tuesday Night Twelfth March | 1850

My Dear Wills.

My objection to entering into the Sunday business[†4] is, that whatever we state, is *sure* to be contradicted; and I observed Rowland Hill[†5] to be a very cautious and reserved man, whom I should strongly doubt as to his backing qualities in such a case. If the passage stand at all, I should wish it to stand as I have altered it.[†6] But I

should be glad if you would shew it to Forster, as a casting opinion. We will abide by his black or white ball.[†1]

I have made a correction or two, in my part of the Post office article. I still observe the top heavy household Words in the Title. The title of the amusements of the People, has to be altered as I have marked it. I would as soon have my hair cut off, as an intolerable Scotch shortness put into my titles by the elision of little words.[†2] "The Seasons"[†3] wants a little punctuation. Will the Incident in the Life of Madlle Clairon go into those two pages? I fear not, but one article would be *infinitely better*, I am quite certain, than two or three short ones. If it will go in,—in with it.[†4]

I shall be back, please God, by dinner time tomorrow Week. I will be ready for Smithfield,[†5] either on the following Monday Morning at 4, or on any other morning you may arrange for.

Would it do, to make up No. 2.[†6] on Wednesday the 20th. instead of Saturday? If so, it would be an immense convenience to me. But if it be distinctly necessary to make it up on Saturday, say so by return, and I am to be relied on. Don't fail in this.

Supposing you had a plan for the Household Narrative, and we would [and][†7] could come distinctly to the understanding of it, I should incline to Forster's opinion. But I apprehended, last Saturday, that neither was your plan sufficiently matured, nor were the materials for its execution sufficiently considered (as to assistance and so forth) to admit of our beginning now, otherwise than short-sightedly—say with a blindness of one eye.

Thanks for the prison facts.[†8]

Faithfully Always

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 13 MARCH 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Brighton, 148 Kings Road | Wednesday Evening | Thirteenth March 1850.

My Dear Henry. I don't know anything about Tom Taylor's "antecedents", but I am quite sure that he is in all respects a capital man for your purpose[†1]—though I should have thought the Man in the Moon a more likely one. He may be a little inconstant[†2] (though I don't know that he is); but he achieved a great distinction at the university,[†3] has genius besides, of a certain kind; and can work soundly, if he pleases. I should think him a great catch.

Such weather here! So bright and beautiful! And here I sit, glowering over Copperfield all day—though God forbid I should represent there being any hardship in *that.*

In haste, to write by return | Ever affecy.

CD.

To T. E. WELLER,[†4] 13 MARCH 1850

Extract in John Wilson catalogue 8; *MS* 1 p.; dated Brighton, 13 Mar 50.

Thanking him for having sent a list of names, and expressing regret that my vote for the orphan working school[†5] is long since promised.

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 14 MARCH 1850

MS Dickens House.

148 Kings Road, Brighton | Fourteenth March 1850.

My Dear Bradbury

"Positively for this occasion only", I think the proposed change in the Preliminary Word, *good.* The title now looks excellent.[†1]

I really think it is an extraordinary production; and if the Public be not satisfied, I don't know what they would have.[†2] *I* never read such a Number of anything else.

And here's a man for you!—They sent me today the proposed No. 2, in a list of articles. The amazing undersigned feels a little uncomfortable at a want of Household tenderness in it. So he puts away Copperfield, at which he has been working like a Steam Engine—writes (he thinks) exactly the kind of thing to supply the deficiency—and sends if off, by this post, to Forster!

What an amazing man!

Ever Yours

CD.

My love to Evans. P.S. All pieces of plate to be addressed, 1 Devonshire Terrace.

To MRS GASKELL, 14 MARCH 1850

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mrs Gaskell | Upper Rumford Street | Manchester.

Brighton, 148 Kings Road | Fourteenth March 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

Will you address your answer to this, to Devonshire Terrace, and write *by return*?[†3]

I am strongly of opinion that as Lizzie is not to die, she ought to put that child in Susan's own arms, and not to lay it down at the door. Observe!—The more forcibly and strongly and affectingly, you exhibit her mother's love for her, the more cruel you will make this crime of desertion in her. The sentiment which animates the mother, will have been done violence to by the daughter; and you cannot set up the one, without pulling down the other.

The slightest alteration will suffice to set this right.[†1] If you will make it, in your answer, I should prefer it to *our* doing it; but rely upon it, it will do Lizzie an immense service,—and I am sure you would do anything to serve her! I am quite confident of its removing an objection otherwise certain to suggest itself—and the better you write, the stronger it is.[†2] I can't tell you how earnestly I feel it.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 MARCH 1850]

Extract in F, VI, iv, 513. *Date:* Brighton, 14 Mar 50, according to Forster.

Looking over the suggested contents of number two at breakfast this morning I felt an uneasy sense of there being a want of something tender,[†3] which would apply to some universal household knowledge. Coming down in the railroad the other night (always a wonderfully suggestive place to me when I am alone) I was looking at the stars, and revolving a little idea about them. Putting now these two things together, I wrote the enclosed little paper,[†4] straightway; and should like you to read it before you send it to the printers (it will not take you five minutes), and let me have a proof by return.

To T. E. WELLER, 15 MARCH 1850*

MS Watt Monument Library, Greenock.

Brighton, 148 King's Road | Fifteenth March 1850.

My Dear Sir

I am sorry to say my vote is gone.[†1] The moment a periodical breach is made in the Orphan Working Walls, there is a rush of besiegers always, who carry me (and the greater portion of the subscribers, I believe) off, at the point of the bayonet.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. E. Weller Esquire

To CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN,[†2] 17 MARCH 1850*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Captain Morgan | Packet Ship 'Southampton' | East India Docks | London.

Brighton, 17 March 1850.

My Dear Sir

I thank you warmly, for your kind remembrance of me. It gratifies me very much.

Mrs. Dickens desires her kind regards. We shall be back in town on Wednesday. Have you any better engagement for this day week, than to join our family dinner at ½ past 5? If not, I shall be delighted to find a note at home, saying we may expect you.[†3]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Morgan.

To MR CLARKSON,[†4] 18 MARCH 1850*

MS Private.

Brighton | Eighteenth March 1850

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Clarkson, and is happy to add his name to Mr. Clarkson's List.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 MARCH 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Brighton, 148 Kings Road | Nineteenth March 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I know you will be hardly less pleased than we are, to read the enclosed note and list from Mr. Cooksley. The novelty and all things considered, I think my dear boy has done all that we could wish, thank God!

I am coming home tomorrow. I don't know where my head is; but I have been working it off, and it is *not* here.

With best remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER,[†1] 19 MARCH 1850

MS Berg Collection.

Brighton, Nineteenth March 1850.

My Dear Sir

I am extremely gratified by the terms in which you address me. Your letter is most welcome to me, and has given me the utmost pleasure. I too, as a reader of yours, (though I could wish you had given me more to do) have all kinds of pleasant and interesting associations with *you.* And hence the uncommon satisfaction I have in your genial consideration of me.

I shall not remain here many days longer, and shall be delighted to see you in town if you will propose a time that will suit your convenience. My engagements (of business) are so very numerous just now, that I fear I am not at all likely to make a burst into your part of the country,[†2] yet awhile.

When I went to America,[†3] I did *not* take my children, though I took my wife. We had not such an amazing Caravan then, as we have now, but I left them at home.

I am perfectly acquainted, however, as you may suppose, with every kind of accommodation and want of accommodation in travelling, all over the States, as well as on the Voyage. I will take the last, first.

Most decidedly, no steamer will take you for anything like the money you name. And I have not the shadow of a shade of a doubt—as Brougham says[†1]—that you ought to go in a Liner: i e a packet ship. There is infinitely more room; you can make room, by knocking two "state rooms" into one (as I did, coming home); you can contract for your whole family without difficulty, for about half a steamer's charges; the motion is incomparably easier; the interest of the passage much greater; you might even take the whole of the Ladies Cabin, and be in a perfect house of your own. Against all these advantages, you have merely to set a longer passage. But I apprehend time to be less important to you than comfort; and the sea-sickness once over (mind! You would not be half so sick in an airy, skimming ship, as in a mad,

plunging Sea-Bull of a steamer, bent on rushing head first at every demoniacal obstacle that is to be found in the Atlantic, and going through the water instead of over it) another week or two is a mere luxurious idleness.[†2] I expect to see the Captain[†3] of the finest Packet Ship in this trade, on Sunday next. I will sound him closely about all the ships; knowing him to be one of the most honest and skilful mariners in the World. The result of our discourse shall be yours when you please.

If you have *two* servants accustomed to children, on whom you can thoroughly depend, I would recommend you to take them. An American Help is a tremendous misnomer, even in an American case. But in an English case!—I should say Mrs. Tupper would go mad in a month.

There would be a Cow (I mean that for C.O.W.)[†4] aboard-ship. The steward would tell you, in consultation, whether you would require, with that milk-consuming band, any tins besides.

The children would be as hearty aboard ship as under any circumstances in the World. Few packet ships carry Surgeons. Take a Medicine chest. Surgeons in the steamers.

I cannot think of any place in America where I would like to leave my children, they being strangers to the air and soil, so well as at Boston or in the neighbourhood of Boston; or at, or near, Hartford in Connecticut. In the latter place, they would be more in your way (I don't mean as incumbrances) when you were travelling about, than in the former. But if I contemplated such a Move, I should almost be inclined to leave mine in Canada—at Kingston or Montreal—surrounded by English. There are delightful people among the Americans—more simple-hearted and good natured than almost any I know—but it would be an extraordinarily strange thing to a lady, to find herself alone for months together, in a little American town. *Boston always excepted.* And supposing you sailed to New York, you would very easily take them there. New York would not do—much too feverish.

I shall be very happy to give you any amount of details you may ask me for. Generally, this is what now occurs to me in answer to your questions. I believe I am

quite "up" in the subject in all its branches. Either to Boston, or to Canada, I could give you letters[†1] that would help to make Mrs. Tupper happy, and at home.

Believe me, | My Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Martin Farquhar Tupper Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 20 MARCH 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Household Words Office | Wednesday 20th. March 1850

My Dear Henry

Will you come and dine with me on *Friday*—name your own hour, writing to Devonshire Terrace—to meet my Sub, who wants to ask you about some things sanitary? We shall be quite by ourselves.

And will you kindly look at the enclosed rough Proof, and tell me whether there is anything challengeable in it. It is by the Sub, aforesaid.[†2]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 MARCH 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night | Twenty First March 1850.

My Dear Henry

At 6 tomorrow, I shall expect you. I have asked Horne who has been working out some suggestions of mine, admirably.[†3] Let me explain to you about Wills, that he has not the ghost of an idea in the imaginative way; but that I have chosen him for a union of qualities very necessary to the business-part of such a design as the great one in hand. Whatever you know to be wrong in his Water article,[†4] I shall oblige to be amended. Don't shirk the fact, as it is within your knowledge, from any delicacy.

I will shew you tomorrow a few lines of Sanitary Preface I have done, to the cheap Oliver. I have gone to the expence of printing it to "sew up" with

Copperfield at the end of this month[†1]—with the patriotic view of "sewing up" at the same time, Sir Peter Laurie[†2]—

—That incarnation of a Vulgar Soul and a thoroughly mean and sordid spirit. Eh bien! Attendons!—

Ever affecy.

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 21 MARCH 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First March 1850.

My Dear Evans.

As the work, in Household Words, will be always in advance, and must be when it ceases to be done (though I hope that's a long way off), a month's Salary must be paid to me, and to Wills, on the publication of the first number. I should like mine to be paid in monthly, as the Copperfield hundred pound is.[†3]

I wish to mention now, that *in case we ever should* find it expedient to put anybody into the house in Wellington Street, I want to reserve that post for my man John. He has been with me ten years, and is an excellent servant and a most ingenious fellow, and I should be very sorry indeed to lose him. But he has spoken to me on the subject (with a view, I suppose, to getting married), and I feel that I have no right to stand in his way, but am bound to reward him with what he likes best, if I can.

Will you send me two or three pulls of the preface to Oliver Twist. Where would you put it in Copperfield? Facing the last page? We ought to keep the place between the Illustrations and the first page, for Household Words.[†4]

Ever Yours
CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To MRS SYDNEY SMITH,[†1] 21 MARCH 1850*

MS Mr D. C. L. Holland.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First March 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Smith

I cannot forbear writing to say, that I greatly rejoice in your determination;[†2] and that I have read the letter of my late dear friend Jeffrey,[†3] with the warmest interest and sympathy.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Sydney Smith

To THOMAS BEARD,[†4] 22 MARCH 1850

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Favored by Charley. | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second March 1850.

My Dear Beard

Charley, the Bearer, who has already distinguished himself like a Brick, at Eton—got a prize—been declared at the head of his division, and floored all the boys therein—wants, in these Easter Holidays to learn to swim at the Holborn Baths,[†5] as he can't otherwise "get into the boats"—and that's not to be thought of. I am not sure, but I think I have heard you say that you know the Proprietor of these baths. At all events you are amphibious, and would introduce him with the best effect. Might I ask you, my ould boy, if you would call for him as you come by, tomorrow morning, and take him to the place and arrange for his being taught the noble art? I should take it very kindly.

Are you engaged on Sunday? If not, will you come and dine at half past 5, and drink success to Household Words.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, 22 MARCH 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Twenty Second March | 1850.

My Dear Evans

I will meet you tomorrow, under the gateway of Somerset House (western side) at 5 minutes before 12.

It strikes me that the Oliver preface ought decidedly to be a Bill at the end. These proofs have not got the heading I wrote for that purpose.[†1] Have *you* got it?

My object is, not to make a place for John, but to reserve this one for him, in case we should think it advisable or necessary, at any time, to put anyone in the house.[†2]

Ever Yours

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 MARCH 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty Fourth March | 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Thinking you may like to see this cheap venture,[†3] before my friend with the many heads sees it, I send it you.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MOWBRAY MORRIS,[†4] 24 MARCH 1850

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty Fourth March | 1850.

My Dear Morris

Will you tell your friend Mrs. Elliot,[†5] that I am not the vagabond I know she thinks me? That I have not forgotten my promise. That I enquired into that case of Elliotson's,[†6] and deemed it not a good one for a novice to see. But that when I hear of a better, I shall prove myself the most faithful of men?

Do you mean to try the spell? I am your man for the experiment[†1]—next Sunday for instance—if you have really a mind to test your susceptibility.

With regards to Mrs. Morris | Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mowbray Morris Esquire

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 26 MARCH 1850

Extract in N, II, 212, from catalogue source; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 26 Mar 50.

The Illustrations of Cheapness[†2] are *most admirable.* We have opened number 3 with the Lucifer Match,[†3] and I assure you it comes out gloriously. Odd enough, I was in that Parker[†4] Street the other day, and looking through the little window at that identical globe-maker![†5] I was conning in my mind, as I came away, some faint idea of describing him as a traveller who was for ever going round the world, without stirring out of that small street,[†6] but I never thought of him in his far better capacity as an Illustrator of cheapness. I have a story, in three parts, from Miss Martineau,[†7] and am going to read it to-day.

To MR LEE,[†8] 26 MARCH 1850

Text from N, II, 213.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth March 1850

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Lee, and begs with many thanks to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Lee's book, and very courteous and obliging note.

To MISS MARTINEAU, [?27 MARCH 1850]

Mention in *To* Stone, 2 Apr 50. *Date:* soon after reading her story on 26 Mar (see *To* Knight, that day).

To FRANK STONE, [?27 MARCH 1850]

Mention in *To* Stone, 2 Apr 50. *Date:* posted at same time as last: see *To* Stone, 2 Apr 50.

Approving of the course Stone had taken and promising that they would do all they could to make his wife and children happy;[†1] *concluding with an invitation to dine at Wellington Street on 30 March.*

To W. H. WILLS, 29 MARCH 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Ninth March 1850.

My Dear Wills.

I have sent a note to you just now, in Wellington Street. I suppose you'll get it before you get this?

[†a]I really can't *promise* to be comic. Indeed your note puts me out a little, for I had just sat down to begin "It will last my time".—I will shake my head a little, and see if I can shake a more comic substitute out of it.[†2†a]

The first part of Miss Martineau's Story is in Greening's hands. It is heavy.[†3]

[†a]As to *two* comic articles, or two any sort of articles, out of me, that's the intensest extreme of nogoism.[†4†a]

Faithfully CD.

To JOHN LEECH,[†1] 30 MARCH 1850

MS Benoliel Collection.

Office of Household Words | Thirtieth March 1850.

My Dear Leech.

I find (on account of the Railway Trains not running in church-time)[†2] that we must meet tomorrow morning, at a *quarter before 10.* We are here, this evening,[†3] if you should be leaving your Punch early.[†4] Tell Lemon so, from me.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To DANIEL MACLISE, 30 MARCH 1850*

MS Mr Walter Leuba.

Office of Household Words | Thirtieth March 1850.

My Dear Mac.

We must each leave our home tomorrow morning, at *a quarter before 10*, as the Blackwall Trains[†5] don't run in church-time. Don't fail.

Forster begs me to say that he "propoges" to see you on Monday, instead of Sunday, in re Hogarth.[†6]

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 30 MARCH 1850*

MS Howes Bookshop Ltd.

Office of Household Words | Thirtieth March 1850.

My Dear Mac.

I have discovered a means of avoiding the early starting, proposed in my letter of this evening No. 1. If you leave home exactly at *a quarter before eleven,*[†7] it will do.

Affecy. always

CD.

April

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 APRIL 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | First April 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

We held the Committee, last Tuesday. There were no complaints, and all was going on well.

The Monthly book (including fire insurance, gardeners salary &c) was £44.1.11 ½, in addition to which I have given Mrs. Morson, she having no money, £5 for petty cash. Her salary and Miss Macartney's[†1] being due, I should have paid them also, but that I was not sure whether you would prefer to pay them yourself. Shall I do so, now?

I enclose Mr. Evans's account of Charley's expences at Eton, with the vouchers belonging to them. Some of the charges, you will see, belong to the commencement of his career there. I have a sort of half doubt whether I ought to send them all to you, but as they are all included in the one statement I decide to do so.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. W. GREEN,[†2] 1 APRIL 1850

Text from Barnet J. Bayer Inc. catalogue (?1929); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1 Apr 50; addressed Mr Green.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Green, and has to inform him, in reply to his letter, that all the business arrangements connected with the new publication to which it refers, have been for some time completed.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 1 APRIL 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday First April 1850.

My Dear Mac. I don't know where you got to, last night. The young lady was *not* interesting, and I was after you in three or four minutes.

I have written to Forster that you will meet him at the Rainbow today, *at halfpast five*. I don't think I shall come, having my eye on tomorrow.

Affecy. always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 APRIL 1850]

Mention in last. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To F. O. WARD,[†1] 1 APRIL 1850*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

Devonshire Terrace | First April 1850.

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the interesting and affecting memorial of poor Hood,[†2] which you have had the kindness to send me. I shall set great store by it, and I beg to tender you my cordial thanks.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

F. O. Ward Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 2 APRIL 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Second April 1850.

My Dear Stone.

I can't conceive what has become of that letter. Another, posted at the same time and by the same hand, for Miss Martineau in Westmoreland, reached her in due course.

It was to tell you how convinced I was of the rectitude and truthfulness of the course you had taken, and to say that we claimed the privilege, whenever your arrangements should come to that, of doing all we could to make your wife and children happy. It finished by asking you to dine in Wellington Street last Saturday with Henry Austin, Wills, and me. Your empty chair first suggested to me that it might have miscarried.

In haste (going to Richmond)[†3]

Ever affecy.

CD

To RICHARD DOYLE,[†1] 3 APRIL 1850

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1950; dated Devonshire Terrace, 3 Apr 50.

Welcoming him home from a tour abroad,[†2] *facetiously informing him that since he has been away there have been several expeditions to the North Pole, that Franklin has not been discovered,*[†3] *and that Dr. Wiseman*[†4] *has died and* made a good end.

To THOMAS TODD,[†5] 3 APRIL 1850*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Mr. Thomas Todd | 35 Garden Street | Wakefield.

Devonshire Terrace | Third April 1850.

Sir.

I beg to thank you for your letter, and to assure you that as a genuine and unaffected expression of good will,[†6] it is most pleasant and welcome to me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Thomas Todd

To W. H. WILLS, 3 APRIL 1850*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Night | Third April 1850.

My Dear Wills

I think I have got a notion for that column and a half,[†1] which is capable of resumption at divers times and in all such emergencies. I will do it, either tonight (I have been working all day) or the first thing tomorrow morning.

Ever Yours

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY,[†2] [?4 APRIL 1850]

Mention in H. S. Solly, *The Life of Henry Morley*, p. 149. *Date:* enclosed in a letter from Forster received by Morley 5 Apr.

Requesting him to write on sanitary matters in Household Words.[†3]

To PERCIVAL LEIGH, 5 APRIL 1850*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Fifth April 1850.

My Dear Leigh,

I like your story[†1] very much—have gone carefully over it—and sent it to the Printer. You will probably receive a proof, at the Punch dinner tomorrow.

Faithfully Yours

C.D.

Percival Leigh Esquire.

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 6 APRIL 1850

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Apr 1891; *MS* 1 p.; dated 6 Apr 50.

Saying that he has read Howitt's story[†2] *with great interest.*

To [PERCY][†3] B. ST JOHN,[†4] 6 APRIL 1850

Extract in Lowe Bros catalogue No. 1200; *MS* 3 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 6 Apr 50.

I do not feel justified in giving any decided opinion on the suitability of such a series of tales as you propose to . . . Household Words[†5] . . . The subject is very interesting and important, but it would require the most delicate handling and the utmost tact; for there is a general repulsion in England from what is considered the wild inconstancy and restlessness of the French people . . .

The dangerous classes of France are not, I take it, altogether so unknown to English readers as you suppose.

To EDWARD HERFORD,[†6] 8 APRIL 1850*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Eighth April 1850.

Dear Sir

I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting your invitation to become a member of the Committee for promoting the important design in which you are

interested. But I have resolved that I will not, in future, connect myself, *by name only*, with any public object; and my present engagements are so very arduous that I could not hope to bestow any attention or time upon this.

Let me assure you that I perfectly remember our communication on the subject of the Lyceums.[†1]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Herford Esquire

To PERCIVAL LEIGH, 8 APRIL 1850*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Eighth April 1850.

My Dear Leigh,

An excellent subject, fraught with a good plain purpose. I think if it were written in the first person as a recollection (supposing that should come easy and natural to you) it would be best presented to the reader.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percival Leigh Esquire.

To MR GREENING, 9 APRIL 1850*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd. *Address:* Mr. Greening | Messrs. Bradbury and Evans | Printers | Whitefriars | Fleet Street.

Sigs C & D of the American Notes,[†3] being carefully read, may go to Press.[†4]

To F. M. EVANS, 10 APRIL 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth April 1850.

My Dear Evans.

You will see by the enclosed and the letter accompanying it (which please return) that there will be no profits on Oliver Twist until next half year.[†1] I suppose it is all correct. I never understand his accounts. The other books are all paying very well.[†2]

Faithfully Yours

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire

To MR GREENING, [?10 APRIL 1850]*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd. *Date:* probably 10 Apr 50 since about proofs of "Pet Prisoners", *HW*, 27 Apr 50 (I, 97).

Devonshire Terrace, Wednesday Night

Dr. Mr. Greening. The queries in Pet Prisoners, are all nonsense. Please to put the article to press as I sent it back to you, if you have not already done so.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 APRIL 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth April 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I return the Bishop's letter.[†3] It really puts one in heart again. I do not think *upon the whole,* after all, that we have been very unfortunate or have much reason to be discouraged.

Myers was tried the other day at the Middlesex Sessions for a felony, and found guilty.[†1] She begged very hard to be transported, and probably would have been gratified, but that Mr. Chesterton,[†2] not thinking her gratification advisable under the circumstances, exerted himself against it with the Judge. She is at Mr. Tracey's for twelve months.

I cannot think of any better plan for finding inmates for the Home, than getting a room near the Magdalen[†3] on their Receiving-Days, and seeing the girls whom they cannot take in. Will you think of this? In the course of my nightly wanderings into strange places, I have spoken to several women and girls, who are very thankful, but make a fatal and decisive confusion between emigration and transportation. In this, as in everything else, this country suffers frightfully, and will suffer more, from ignorance. It is astonishing and horrible to find how little education (worthy of the name in any respect) there has been among the common people.

The Household Words I hope (and have every reason to hope) will become a *good property.* It is exceedingly well liked, and "goes", in the trade phrase, admirably. I dare say I shall be able to tell you, by the end of the month, what the steady sale is.[†4] It is quite as high now, as I ever anticipated; and although the expences of such a venture are necessarily very great, the circulation much more than pays them, so far. The labor, in conjunction with Copperfield, is something rather ponderous; but to establish it firmly would be to gain such an immense point for the future (I mean *my* future) that I think nothing of that. It is playing havoc with the villainous literature.

What a stock of objections Mrs. Brown must have got up against it by this time!

There *is* a Mr. Forster on the Morning Post,[†5] but he is a very different man from my Forster. My Forster distinguished himself a good deal in the Edinburgh Review, and wrote, for many years, the Literary and Dramatic criticisms in the Examiner. Since Mr. Fonblanque has held a place in the Board of Trade, Mr. Forster has been the Editor of that paper.[†6] He has no other connexion with that very uncomfortable Engine which is popularly called "The Press".

The Bush Salaries were £15.4.6.[†7]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To CHARLES MACKAY,[†1] [?MID-APRIL 1850]

Extract in Waller catalogue No. 118 (1878); *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1850. *Date:* probably soon after publication of *Egeria,* 13 Apr 50.

Many thanks for your Book which I have read with the utmost pleasure—I should have been sorry to come to the end of Egeria,[†2] if I had not come to the Fancy under the Trees[†3]—It seems to be your fancy. I know it so well—I have been hoping to have something from you for Household Words.[†4]

To JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT,[†5] 16 APRIL 1850

Summary from Christie's catalogue, Mar 1978; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 16 Apr 50.

Presenting compliments to Mr. Cartwright and enquiring price of tickets for concert[†6] *to which Mr. Cartwright's letter referred.*

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 APRIL 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth April 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Last night, Mrs. Morson being out and Mrs. Macartney at home, that very bad and false subject, Jemima Hiscock,[†7] forced open[†8] the door of the little beer cellar with knives, and drank until she was dead drunk; when she used the most horrible language and made a very repulsive exhibition of herself. She induced *Mary Joynes* (!)[†9] to drink the beer with her; and that young lady was also drunk, but stupidly and

drowsily. Mrs. Morson, with the gardener's assistance, wisely abstained from calling in the Police, got them both to bed, locked them up, and came to me this morning.

Being obliged to write all day, I told her to go back straight, and immediately discharge Jemima Hiscock—to put her on her own clothes, however bad—and on no account to give her any money. As to Mary Joynes, to keep her in disgrace, until I should get out there this afternoon, and enquire further into the matter. They had both confessed to these particulars.

I have no doubt myself, that they had spirits from outside. I am perfectly sure that no woman of that Jemima Hiscock's habits, could get so madly intoxicated with that weak beer. I am inclined to think, from the difference in the states of the two, that she had spirits and Mary Joynes had not. A woman was seen looking over the palings where Hannah Myers and Ellen Walsh broke out; and from certain circumstances and artifices recently observed in Jemima, I am strongly impressed with the belief that she was in communication with people outside, and wanted to lay hands upon the linen on the first convenient opportunity, after it was washed and ironed.

This same woman made the most pious pretences of any in the place, and wrote the most hypocritical letters. I am afraid Mr. Illingworth makes grave mistakes, in attaching undue importance to this prostitution of Religion. He believed her when she made a pretence of having seen somebody she had known, in Church, and wishing to stay away. I thought it (knowing the girl's antecedents) a piece of unmitigated falsehood. I have no doubt of her having had a design to make off, after robbing you. There are strong reasons to bear out this notion.

And now, what on earth is to be done with Mary Joynes? I really think Sir George Grey[†1] ought to know this. And I would most strongly suggest to you that nothing ought to induce us, ever to retain a woman whom we have seen reason to discharge. In every case in which we have shewn this vacillation (Ellen Walsh and this Jemima Hiscock being the two last) the end has been failure. And God knows how they infect the rest. In haste Dear Miss Coutts, Ever Faithfully Yrs.

CD.

To JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT, 18 APRIL 1850

Summary from Christie's catalogue, Mar 1978; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 Apr 50.

Sends compliments and will be glad to receive (*whenever they may be ready*) *four double tickets for the body of the hall.*

To SAMUEL ROGERS,[†1] 18 APRIL 1850

MS Professor E. S. Pearson.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Eighteenth April, 1850.

My Dear Mr. Rogers.

I am poor in words—but not in heart—to thank you for the beautiful mark of your remembrance which you left for me to day.[†2] Believe me, I shall prize it all my life, and set no common store by it for your sake.

Any thing I could write, would read coldly to me, with such a token of your friendship and regard, lying on my table. I could thank you better in a few lines of your own immortal verse, but somehow I am better satisfied to give no expression to all that I affectionately feel towards you. *Your* kind and generous imagination may be trusted with it safely.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 18 APRIL 1850*

MS Colonel Hugh Ballantyne.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Night | Eighteenth April 1850.

My Dear Knight.

I send you a proof of the excellent Illustration, Eggs.[†3] I have read it with great pleasure and interest.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?18 APRIL 1850]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* perhaps Thurs 18 Apr 50, and referring to the way he dealt with two of the girls on 16 Apr: see *To* Miss Coutts, 17 Apr.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evg.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am always for the promptest measures—and I suppose made you laugh by my ferocity.

I could call on you tomorrow afternoon at a quarter past four. If I don't hear from you, I will come then.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. MASON,[†1] 20 APRIL 1850*

MS Private; seen before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954; fragment (*aa*) MS Yale University Library.

Office of Household Words | Twentieth April 1850.

Dear Sir

I must ask you to forgive me for having, in the pressure of occupations that carry me into quite another region, forgotten your papers (though I remembered you) until I blushed to receive your reminder.

I have read them carefully. They seem to me to want purpose, and to stop short of any decided point of interest. They are not violent or unnatural—the Virginian family for example, might have existed just as you describe them; which is not in itself any reason for putting them into print—but they come to nothing. The mere circumstance of a Slave Dealer wanting to buy a slave, and his master refusing to sell him, is not enough. To make that dramatic (I don't mean in the Theatrical sense, but as a piece of art) the slave should be in doubt about his destiny, and the master should draw the Slave-Dealer out, by asking questions, as if he were undecided. Then, the landlord should have something about him, in his way of thinking and expressing himself, *like* a landlord, and a collector of curiosities. And the good-natured gambler ought to have something about *him*, expressive of *his* character and pursuits. It is not enough to say that they were this, or that. They must shew it for themselves, and have it in their grain. Then, they

would act on one another, and would act for themselves whether the author liked it or no. As it is, there is not enough reason for your writing about them, because they do nothing and work out nothing.

[a]I promised to tell you the truth. And this is the truth, as I feel it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]
R. H. Mason Esquire

To PAUL NINNIS,[†2] 20 APRIL 1850*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night | Twentieth April, 1850.

Sir.

I should be most happy to receive the Deputation on whose behalf you have done me the honor to write to me, if I felt justified in occupying their time. But, as my present engagements render it quite impossible for me to attend on the occasion to which their proposed visit would refer, I think it best to express my regret, without

troubling them, and to assure you of my inability to accept the Invitation of the Walworth Institution,[†1] though I should be sincerely glad to so do if I could.

I am Sir Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Paul Ninnis Esquire.

To MRS HERBERT,[†2] 21 APRIL 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday[†3] Twenty First April | 1850.

Dear Mrs. Herbert.

I am exceedingly sorry (and so is Mrs. Dickens) that I am engaged for the day you mention. I have delayed writing until I was quite sure of there being no escape; but it is a business matter, and what must be—must be.

In haste | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DANIEL MACLISE, 21 APRIL 1850*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty First April, 1850.

My Dear Mac. Blossommy,[†4] Forster, Ainsworth,[†5] I, (and I hope Stanny)[†6] propose to dine at the Trafalgar, Greenwich, on Wednesday at 6, to talk over a projected small club, to dine together now and then. Can you leave your[†7] executional duties[†8]—say at 4 (when Forster and I would be waiting in Wellington Street for you), and come? Say yes. Its a poor heart which *never* rejoices![†9]

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 23 APRIL 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Office of Household Words. | Twenty Third April 1850.

My Dear Stone.

A new club of about a dozen—literary men, artists, and maybe a Doctor or so—is talked of, to dine together now and then. Robert Bell,[†1] Forster, Ainsworth, Costello,[†2] I, Goaden,[†3] (!) and Frazer[†4] (the man who sang Mary Morrison[†5] that night in Edinburgh) are going to dine at the Trafalgar at Greenwich, *tomorrow* at 6,—ostensibly to talk it over, but I suppose to enjoy ourselves. Can you come, and will you. If so, be *here,* by ½ past 4 exactly, and several of us will go together.

I am half dead with work,[†6] and my head is swimming on a wild sea—out in the Pacific at least.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

Frank Stone Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 APRIL 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Twenty Fifth April, 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am sincerely concerned to find from your note that you have been so much troubled and annoyed[†7] of late. And I confess I feel a selfish kind of dissatisfaction, that you should be in a difficulty, and one of your most attached and zealous friends unable to be of any use to you in it. I hope it is past and gone. In that case, I shall be interested in the story, whenever you will tell it me.

Mr. Brown will have told you what we did today. I am more indignant with that Mary Joynes, than I have ever been with any of them. For I now believe Matthew Hill,[†8] and utterly discredit her story about her case. I had already made the enquiries you suggest, into the Beer question, and asked the girl if she supposed we were such Idiots as to deem it possible—I could not say probable, but possible—that they

could have taken beer enough to produce that effect. I have not the least doubt that spirits were handed over the Wall.

What do you think of a very big dog in a barrel, at that part of the garden? Mrs. Morson would always know, then, of a stranger on the other side.

I have let the field for five months, for cows and a poney to graze in, to a very respectable neighbour—at least he appears so. He is a married gentleman of steady aspect, and has what he calls "a Milk Walk", in the Vicinity.

My best regards to Mrs. Brown, whose better health I was very glad to hear of, from her (of course) worser half, today.

Household Words I shall report of, when I see you in peace and quiet again.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I administered a mild dose of dissatisfaction to Miss Templin[†1] today. I am afraid she is deceitful.

To PHILIP PHILLIPS,[†2] 25 APRIL 1850

Mention in Winifred A. Myers catalogue No. 334 (1941); dated 25 Apr 50.

To MRS HOWITT, 26 APRIL 1850*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth April 1850.

Dear Mrs. Howitt

I am very happy indeed, to receive your paper. When you shall have finished what remains to be added, will you kindly send it to me, as I want to see (with a view to its division) what the story makes, and how it ends.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Howitt

To DIGBY P. STARKEY,[†4] 26 APRIL 1850

Extract in Papantino Bookshop, Nov 1942; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 26 Apr 50.

I shall not fail to point out the coincidence you mention, to the author of the story . . . which is not mine (as I think you suppose) except in the suggestion of the general idea.

To JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT, 30 APRIL 1850

Extract in Christie's catalogue, Mar 1978; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 30 Apr 50; addressed Joseph Cartwright.

Thanking him for the tickets, but saying he did not understand that Cartwright wished for permission to use his name or he would have objected. I have a great objection to being supposed to "patronize" anything or anybody; and I think the term exceedingly unpleasant in connexion with an effort so laudable and self-reliant as that in question.

May

To W. H. G. KINGSTON,[†1] [?1 MAY 1850]

Mention in *To* H. P. Smith, 1 May 50. *Date:* probably written same day as *To* Smith.

Rejecting a verse contribution to Household Words[†2] *because he had already made two engagements on the subject of emigration.*[†3]

To H. P. SMITH,[†4] 1 MAY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Office of Household Words, | First May 1850.

My Dear Smith

I have written to Mr. Kingston, for whom I can do nothing, as we have already made two engagements on the subject of Emigration. I thought his request to have those verses inserted immediately, *because* he was going to publish them elsewhere, approaching in temperature to the weather; but that I have not told him.

Best regards at home. | In haste | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To P. MEADOWS TAYLOR,[†1] 1 MAY 1850†

MS Mr Graham Storey.

Office of Household Words, | First May 1850.

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your obliging note, and am happy to retain the Mischief-Maker[†2] for insertion.

On its publication, a remittance for the amount due to you on the usual terms of the Journal, will be made by Post.[†3]

Thanking you once again for your very welcome letter, I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. Meadows Taylor Esquire.

To THE SECRETARY, ROYAL ACADEMY, [?MAY 1850]

Mention in W. C. Macready, *Diaries,* II, 466.

Declining an invitation to that year's Royal Academy Dinner.

To JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT, 3 MAY 1850

Extract in Christie's catalogue, Mar 1978; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 3 May 50, addressed Mr. Joseph Cartwright.

Asking him not to alter any arrangements as a result of CD's previous letter to him. The thing that I object to, is done. I am quite sure you had done it with the most upright intentions.

To JOHN KENYON,[†4] 3 MAY 1850*

MS McGill University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Third May, 1850.

My Dear Kenyon.

I am very sorry and most unwilling to say that I cannot dine with you today. A scout has brought me long-expected word of an unaccountable sort of thing being to be seen tonight in an unaccountable sort of place—which I want for Household Words. I want to come to you, and I don't want to wander to the theatrical den in

the far East[†1] whither these tidings summon me; and I feel a Roman heroism upon me when I decide to sacrifice myself.

You know how much I have to do just now,—and I have a misty sensation of entitling myself to your admiration by not coming to enjoy myself.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Kenyon Esquire.

To [WILLIAM] NICOL,[†2] 3 MAY 1850*

MS Charles W. Traylen.

Devonshire Terrace | Third May, 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Nicol, and regrets that his engagements prevent his having the honor of accepting the invitation of the President and Council of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.[†3]

To DR SPENCER THOMSON,[†4] 3 MAY 1850

MS Mr F. H. Marchbank.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Third May, 1850

Sir.

I have not had the pleasure of receiving your book.[†5] I shall be happy to do so, in acknowledgment of your obliging letter; but I ought to add, perhaps, that notices of new books form no part of the design of Household Words.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Spencer Thomson.

To FRANK STONE, 4 MAY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Office of Household Words | Saturday Fourth May 1850.

Ould un!

Are you disengaged this afternoon? If so, will you come here about ½ past 4, and go out with Fred and me? There is something at "the Bower Saloon",[†1] likely to suit Mr. Whelks,[†2] I think. I *was* going to the Haymarket, but Jerrold's play is put off 'till Thursday.[†3]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 MAY 1850]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 537*n. Date:* 7 May according to Forster.

I am extremely sorry to hear about Fox.[†4] Shall call to enquire, as I come by to the Temple.[†5] And will call on you (taking the chance of finding you) on my way to that Seat of Boredom. I wrote my paper for *H.W.*[†6] yesterday, and have begun *Copperfield* this morning.[†7] Still undecided about Dora, but MUST decide to-day.[†8] La difficulté d'écrire l'Anglais m'est extrêmement ennuyeuse. Ah, mon Dieu! si

l'on pourrait toujours écrire cette belle langue de France![†1] Monsieur Rogere![†2] Ah! qu'il est homme d'esprit, homme de génie, homme des lettres! Monsieur Landore![†3] Ah qu'il parle Français—pas parfaitement comme un ange—un peu (peutêtre) comme un diable! Mais il est bon garçon—sérieusement, il est un de la vraie noblesse de la nature. Votre tout dévoué, CHARLES. À Monsieur Monsieur Fos-tere.

To UNKNOWN LADY, 7 MAY 1850*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventh May 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Lady who addressed him in reference to the performance of last Evening, and begs to express his regret that he was prevented by a business engagement from availing himself of the box;—which he had fully intended to occupy.

To DR MAYO,[†4] 8 MAY 1850*

MS Mr Frederick Koch.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth May 1850.

My Dear Sir

I regret exceedingly, that I am engaged for Saturday. Otherwise, I should have had the greatest pleasure in dining with you; and I beg to assure you that I am truly

sensible of the cordiality of your kind note, and much gratified by it; and that I respond to the feeling with which it is written, most heartily.

Trusting that I may have the good fortune to meet Mr. Buckle[†1] on some other occasion,
I am always My | Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Mayo

To T. J. SERLE,[†2] 8 MAY 1850

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth May 1850.

My Dear Serle.

I want to see you about the wood-cutting Miss Elton,[†3] of whom Mrs. McIan[†4] has spoken to me. Shall you *be* in town on Saturday? If so, could you call on me (appointing your own time) at the Household Words Office, 16 Wellington Street North?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To JOHN BRITTON,[†5] 9 MAY 1850

MS H. Le Roy Edgar.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May, 1850.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your kind note; and for the interesting documents accompanying it. May you live 'till I am rich; and I promise you, you will live for a long time!

As I am *not* very proud of the enclosed book* (which was written some dozen years ago, chiefly to please Cruikshank), I make a kind of merit in circulating this copy.[†1]

His name reminds me of your wanting his address.[†2] It is Mornington [Place,][†3] Hampstead Road—I forget the number[†4]—Stanfield's old house—one door from the Crescent.

Ever Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Britton Esquire

To R. H. HORNE, 9 MAY 1850*

MS State Library of Victoria.

Devonshire Terrace. | Ninth May, 1850.

My Dear Horne.

It is extraordinarily difficult for me to get out in the morning, at this time of the month. But look for me, outside the Stage Door of Sadlers Wells, on Saturday at 11 to the moment.[†5]

You[†6] surprised by any shortcomings on the part of English Actors, except in Snobbery!—Well!!

Ever Yours
CD.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 11 MAY 1850*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eleventh May 1850.

Dear Sir

Mr. Stanfield will draw the packet ship, for the frontispiece to the American Notes. He says "lithography is better than wood for that kind of subject". Please to let me know immediately, whether it will suit us to lithograph it.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR JOHN FORBES,[†2] 11 MAY 1850

Text from N, II, 215.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh May 1850

My Dear Sir

I am sincerely gratified by your kind remembrance of me and by your friendly note. Accept my cordial thanks.[†3] I shall accompany you on your holiday excursion in a country where I have been very happy, with great interest, I know.

Faithfully Yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 12 MAY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twelfth May, 1850.

My Dear Henry

The Sanitary fellows are such terrible people, and give such short notice! The Meeting was originally to have been on Monday Week; then they change it to Monday.[†4] Now, on Monday I really *can't* go. My work (as you may suppose) is very hard just now; and at this time of the Month, I *must* get air and exercise in the evening—and think. It is not the time it would take that is of importance, but the

putting of myself out. If I get fierce and antagonistic about burials, I can't go back to Copperfield for hours and hours. This is really the sort of condition on which I hold my inventive powers; and I can't get rid of it.

I am sincerely anxious to serve the cause, and am doing it all the good I can, by side-blows in the Household Words—in the compilation, the "Narrative" too. You will see next week, that I have turned a paper called "The Begging Letter Writer", to sanitary purposes.[†1] I will. [ ][†2] gaps and trapdoors of advocacy, that open unexpectedly when I have my hands (and head) full of other work.

I shall be very glad to have the High-Pressure notes.[†3] Will you dine in Wellington Street on Saturday.[†4]
Henry Austin Esquire.

To JACOB BELL,[†5] [12] MAY 1850

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly written on Sunday, which was 12 May.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh May, 1850. Sunday

My Dear Sir

I have thought a great deal about that woman, the Wardswoman in the Itch Ward, who was crying about the dead child. If anything useful can be done for her, I should like to do it. Will you bear this in mind, in confidence, and if you can put me in the way of helping her, do me the kindness of telling me how it can be best done? I am not afraid to ask you, because I have an inward assurance that you will understand me?

Without identifying the Workhouse, I have written a fanciful kind of description of our Walk,[†6] which you will find at page 204 of the enclosed proof. Will you return it to me, whenever you may have had leisure to read it? I hope it will not remind you, disagreeably, of this day Week.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Jacob Bell Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM,[†1] 12 MAY 1850

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth May, 1850.

My Dear Cunningham

Many thanks for your valuable book in its new form,[†2] and for your enshrinement of those words about the horrible scene at Horsemonger Lane.[†3]

—Also, for your suggestions in reference to the Narrative. Wills is a capital fellow for his work, but decidedly of the Nutmeg-Grater, or Fancy-Bread-Rasper-School you mention. The promotions and preferments shall be preserved hence-forth, like flies in amber,[†4] but I am afraid we shall not have room for

the documents.[†5] You can't put Lincolns Inn Fields into a hand basin,—though *you* can put it, wonderfully well, into a hand book.[†6]

I am delighted with the Christ's Hospital subject. And I think I see my way to a long perspective of good papers on divers subjects, if you should be inclined to walk along it.[†7]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To JACOB BELL, 13 MAY 1850

MS St Lawrence University, New York.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Thirteenth May | 1850.

My Dear Sir

I am sorry I cannot make the alteration you suggest, because (in consequence of the obligation our arrangements impose [on][†8] us, of being a good deal in advance of the Public) the Number has been printed for some days. I purposely forebore sending you the Proof until the Number was at Press, because I thought it delicate and right to abstain from making you in any way a party to the article.

And I omitted Miss Bridges (though I was strongly tempted to describe her), and the two blind men, because they would necessarily identify the description with that Workhouse, in the minds of many people.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Jacob Bell Esquire.

To SPENCER HALL,[†1] 14 MAY 1850*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth May 1850.

Dear Sir

It would be of little use *my* seeing Mr. Barnard,[†2] as I did not write the paper, and have not attended to the subject, otherwise than in suggesting it and reading it. But Mr. Wills, the Sub Editor of Household Words, will immediately communicate with Mr. Barnard.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Spencer Hall Esquire.

To SIR HENRY ELLIS,[†3] 16 MAY 1850*

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sixteenth May, 1850.

My Dear Sir Henry

Allow me to offer you my very best thanks for your kind note. I cannot imagine why my letter of recommendation[†4] has been wandering about the world so long.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Henry Ellis

To R. H. HORNE, 17 MAY 1850*

MS State Library of Victoria.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth May, 1850.

My Dear Horne.

All I will say of your next appearance,[†5] is, that I hope it may be under my (I mean that word for MY) stage-management,—when it is made a matter of stern business, for weeks, that everything intended to be done at night, down to the square inch on

which you stand, shall be done in the day; and when, if you don't do it, you keep on beginning again, 'till you do—which soon happens, under those circumstances.[†1]

In the matter of the excellent good sense you speak of, I felt it, believe me, far more strongly than you. And if I had not been very certain of the real original article being in your possession, I should not have come to Sadlers Wells that morning.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 MAY 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth May 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am sorry that I shall be obliged to leave at a quarter before nine, but I shall come to dinner with great pleasure—for ages seem to have rolled away, and I to have grown very grey, since I saw you.[†3]

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN LEECH, 18 MAY 1850

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Office of Household Words | Saturday 18th. May 1850

My Dear Leech.

Book me for the Derby[†4]—but *don't* you think we ought to have four on 'em? As to a hamper from Fortnum & Mason's,[†5] *that* I consider indispensable.

I shall be here this evening.

Ever Faithfully
CD

To DANIEL MACLISE, 19 MAY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth May, 1850.

My Dear Mac.

I was very sorry not to see you last night (we were very merry), but supposed you had not come back.

Many thanks in the Bank matter.[†1] Supposing I were to go there, next Friday, would you be inclined to go with me?

I am not safe, I think, for a whole day until tomorrow, Monday week. Shall we decide to set that aside for our day on town.

Reply in a word.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 22 MAY 1850

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second May, 1850.

Dear Sir

Mr. Stanfield wonders you didn't send him a paving-stone to draw upon, as soon as a block in this unprepared state.

I send you his drawing, to do the best you can with.[†2] It costs nothing; and I wish it to be kept very clean, and returned to me.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To EDWARD W. COLE,[†4] 22 MAY 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second May, 1850.

Sir.

I beg you to assure the Members of the Newsvendors' benevolent and Provident Institution, that I am very much gratified by their generous remembrance of me on the occasion of their last Annual Meeting;[†5] and that any services I can render them, at any time, are freely and cordially at their command.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Edward W. Cole.

To CHARLES F. ELLERMAN,[†1] 22 MAY 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second May, 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ellerman, and begs to acknowledge the safe receipt of Mr. Ellerman's drama,[†2] and of his obliging note.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 22 MAY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second May, 1850.

My Dear Mac.

I called on you yesterday, but you were out. *They would prefer another day in town.*[†3] If you will let me know at what hour we shall meet for Ditton,[†4] I shall be (of course) punctual. Whereabouts in that Wilderness, the Bank, am I to ask for Mr. Hankey?[†5]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JAMES G. WINN,[†6] 22 MAY 1850*

MS Fitzwilliam Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second May, 1850.

Sir.

In reply to your courteous letter, I beg to say, that my avocations would not admit of my responding to such a requisition as you describe,[†7] though I should be very sensible of the honor of its presentation to me.

I am Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

James G. Winn Esquire.

To SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, 24 MAY 1850*

MS British Museum. *Address:* The Hon. Mr. Justice Talfourd | Russell Square.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth May, 1850.

My Dear Talfourd

I am deeply sensible of the kindness of your note. I never meant to express anything, seriously, that should give you the trouble of writing it; but I am too glad of such encouragement and friendship, to feel anything but pleasure in its receipt.[†1]

Ever Yours affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Justice Talfourd

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 24 MAY 1850

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Jan 1883; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 24 May 50.

In favour of Mr Scharf.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, 25 [MAY] 1850

Mention in Chas. J. Sawyer catalogue No. 128 (1936); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Saturday 25th 1850; signed initials. *Date:* May was the only month in 1850 when Saturday fell on 25th.

To MICHAEL FARADAY,[†3] 28 MAY 1850

MS Institution of Electrical Engineers.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth May, 1850.

Dear Sir

I take the liberty of addressing you as if I knew you personally; trusting that I may venture to assume that you will excuse that freedom.

It has occurred to me that it would be extremely beneficial to a large class of the public, to have some account of your late lectures on the breakfast-table,[†1] and of those you addressed, last year, to children.[†2] I should be exceedingly glad to have some papers in reference to them, published in my new enterprize "Household Words". May I ask you whether it would be agreeable to you,—and, if so, whether you would favor me with the loan of your notes of those Lectures for perusal?[†3]

I am sensible that you may have reasons of your own, for reserving the subject to yourself. In that case, I beg to assure you that I would on no account approach it.

With great respect and esteem, I remain Dear Sir

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Michael Faraday Esquire.

To MR HORTON,[†4] 30 MAY 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace, Thirtieth May | 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Horton, and begs to say that his avocations do not admit of his making appointments with gentlemen whom he has not the pleasure of knowing, unless he is informed of the object with which they are sought, and believes he can advance it. If Mr. Horton will have the goodness to address a note to Mr. Dickens, it shall receive his immediate attention.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 30 MAY 1850*

MS New York Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth May, 1850.

My Dear Mac.

I enclose you my article,[†5] which will be published next Wednesday Week, in the Number now printing. I feel perfectly sure that you will see nothing in it but what

is fair public satire on a point that opens very serious social considerations.[†1] If such things were allowed to sweep on, without some vigorous protest, three fourths of this Nation would be under the feet of Priests, in ten years.[†2]

Now, I have a serious proposal to make, about Paris. Should you like to go there, for a fortnight? If yes, I am your man! In that case, I would arrange to write the next No. of Copperfield there—working all day, while you worked with your eye in your own way—and devoting the evenings to a reg'lar course of Theatres guingettes[†3] &c &c. But, as it is important to me to begin work, with as little delay as possible, I should be obliged to stipulate for your cutting Macready[†4] short, and coming back to start at once.

There! What do you say to it? We shall meet tonight, and then we can arrange for a decided yes, or no.

Ever affecy

CD

They swear by the Overland Mail[†5] tomorrow, and I have taken places.

To WILLIAM J. THOMS,[†1] 30 MAY 1850

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* William. J. Thoms Esquire | 25 Holy-well Street | Millbank.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth May, 1850.

My Dear Sir

I am much indebted to you for your kind letter, and beg to enclose you what I presume to be the maximum of an individual subscription towards the repair of brave old Chaucer's Tomb.[†2]

It has given me, I assure you, great pleasure to see my good friend Captain Cuttle's name (and sentiment) appended to your very curious and interesting publication.[†3]

I am Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William. J. Thoms Esquire

To MICHAEL FARADAY, 31 MAY 1850

MS Institution of Electrical Engineers.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First May, 1850.

My Dear Sir

I really cannot tell you how very sensible I am of your great kindness, or what an honor I feel it to be to have interested you in my books.

I think I may be able to do something with the Candle; but I will not touch it, or have it touched, unless it can be re-lighted with something of the beautiful simplicity and clearness of which I see the traces in your notes.

Since you are so generous as to offer me the notes of the lectures on the breakfast table, I will borrow them when you have done with them, if it be only for my own interest and gratification. I deeply regret now, not having heard the lectures to children, as it would have been a perfect delight to me to have described them, however generally.

I should take it as a great favor if you could allow me (in the event of my being unfortunately unable to come myself) to introduce my Sub Editor to your next

lecture;[†1] for a subsequent comparison of his recollection of it, with your notes, might enlighten us very much.

Pray let me add, as one who has long respected you, and strongly felt the obligations Society owes to you, that the day on which I took the liberty of writing to you will always be a memorable day in my calendar, if I date from it—as I now hope I shall—the beginning of a personal knowledge of you.

My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Michael Faraday Esquire.

June

To F. M. EVANS, 1 JUNE 1850*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

Office of Household Words | Saturday First June 1850

My Dear Evans.

I give you my honor that I have never heard, directly or indirectly, one syllable of the matter to which Thackeray's[†2] letter refers. Forster never mentioned it to me[†3]—did quite right in abstaining from doing so—and knew me perfectly well in taking that course.

I will write to Thackeray[†4] tomorrow[†5]

To MICHAEL FARADAY, 6 JUNE 1850*

MS A great-niece of Michael Faraday. *Address* (envelope MS Private): Michael Faraday | Royal Institution | Albemarle Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth June, 1850.

My Dear Sir

Very many thanks for your second precious book of notes. I hope, with the assistance of a friend and contributor who has a practical knowledge of chemistry, to be able to convey some very small installment[†1] of the pleasure and interest I have in them, to others.[†2]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Michael Faraday Esquire.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER,[†3] 6 JUNE 1850

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Devonshire Terrace | Juin 6, 1850.

Mon cher Regnier.

Je n'ai pas invité M. Scribe[†4] venir diner ici, Dimanche prochain, parceque Ma Femme, a eté[†5] un peu faible et fatiguée, mais vous nous trouverez chez nous a 5 ½, neanmoins,[†5] et nous serons charmé de vous revoir sans ceremonie.[†5]

Ma femme et ma belle soeur vous envoient mille amitiés

Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS GEORGE SMITH,[†6] 6 JUNE 1850*

MS University of North Carolina.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth June, 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens very much regrets that he is prevented by other and less agreeable engagements[†7] for tomorrow evening, from accepting Mrs. George Smith's very kind invitation.[†8]

To EDWARD BAINES,[†1] 7 JUNE 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh June, 1850.

My Dear Sir

I have read the letter you have done me the honor to address to me in the Leeds Mercury,[†2] with the interest and attention it could not fail to command.

I differ from you, on the question of State Education. I think it right that the State should educate the people; and I think it wrong that it should punish Ignorance, without enlightening or preventing it.

But I would limit its power, and watch it very carefully. I suppose the sense and virtue of the people to have expression in the State; and I do not contemplate the possibility of the Government in England, at this time of day, presuming to tread the minds of the people under its feet.

I apprehend that there are certain sound rudiments of a good education, and certain moral and religious truths, on which we might all agree. I would have those taught in State Schools, to the children of parents of all Christian denominations; favoring no one Church more than another.

This may not be exactly expressed in the quotation from Wordsworth to which you call my attention, but I take it to be in accordance with the general spirit of the passage. I am not the writer of the paper, nor have I ever had the least sympathy with the political views of the Lake Poets.

In all my hopes and convictions as to Education by the State, I look forward—not backward. What Governments have done to pervert good things, Governments (at all events in England) can do no more.

We are both earnest, I am sure, in the cause of education, and of general advancement. We can agree to differ, and to pursue our great object by different roads. But you must not carry me thousands of leagues on mine without my own consent, or suppose that I would not set impassable barriers to the Government's power.

With much respect and all good will

I am My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Baines Esquire.

To THE REV. R. BARING CLAIBORNE,[†1] 7 JUNE 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh June, 1850.

Dear Sir

In compliance with your Earnest wish, I have opened your Poem.[†2] Lack of time has prevented me from reading it quite through, but I have read much of it, and (I think) fully possessed myself of its spirit.

It's purpose, earnestness, and honesty, I greatly admire. And I have met with many passages of powerful and beautiful verse. But I cannot conscientiously say that I believe it would attract a large audience if it were published, or that it would produce a great impression on the minds of men. There are far too many words, I fear, from which the thoughts are to be culled.

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend R Baring Claiborne

To W. C. MACREADY, 11 JUNE 1850†

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evening, Eleventh June | 1850.

My Dear Macready.

In next week, either Monday, Thursday, or Friday, will suit us perfectly[†3]—and we shall be most heartily happy to talk over those trips that we mean to take down into Dorsetshire.[†4] We don't at all take to the idea of your going away, and can't, as our American friends say, "realize" it. I shall forswear that side of the Park, ever after your departure.

[†a]Scribe and Halévy are going to dine here next Tuesday at 7.[†1] Kate and I have been discussing whether it would be well to tell you so, and to ask you whether you feel so far restored to your public position and character, as to be able to pay them the compliment of meeting them. I have told her that I have not the least doubt of the propriety of asking you, feeling very well assured that in our case you will consult nothing but your own heart.[†a]

They return home, I believe, immediately afterwards.

Between Copperfield and Household Words, I am as busy as a bee. I hope to go down to that old image of Eternity[†2] that I love so much, and finish the former [†a](when we shall have got over our little troubles here)[†a] to its hoarse music. May it be as good a book as I hope it will be, for your children's children's children to read!

With most affectionate loves | Ever My Dear friend | Yours most Sincerely
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To [FREDERICK] SANG,[†3] 14 JUNE 1850*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth June 1850 | Friday Evening

Sir.

In acknowledging the receipt of your good-humoured letter, and in informing you that I have referred it to the writer of the article of which it complains,[†4] I beg to

assure you that I believe that gentleman had no intention of giving you the least offence, or of seriously disparaging[†1] your elegant art.[†2]

And for myself I really feel bound to tell you that whatever I have seen of yours has pleased me, and that I think the fancy you have been instrumental in introducing into this country, was much needed here.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

B. Sang Esquire.

To THE REV. J. R. BEARD,[†3] 15 JUNE 1850*

MS (in Wills's hand) Unitarian College, Manchester.

Office of Household Words, | 15 June 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Dr. Beard and with thanks for the offer of the biographies mentioned in his letter of the 7th. begs to state that subjects of *present* interest are only specially treated in the new Miscellany.

Such memoirs as he suggests would not, therefore, be acceptable. J. R. Beard, Esqe. D.D.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 18 [JUNE] 1850*

Text from transcript by owner, Mrs M. Long-Fox. *Date:* Month said to be illegible; perhaps June, as the mislaid power of attorney which CD destroyed might have been the "portentous document" sent from Rockingham before CD left for Paris (see *To* Mrs Watson, 3 July).

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth [June] 1850

Gentlemen

I beg to send you the power of attorney,[†4] duly executed and attested. The mislaid one to which you refer in your obliging letter, I destroyed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Coutts & Co.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 20 JUNE 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Night | Twentieth June 1850.

My Dear Mac

I shall be ready, please God, for Saturday evening. Perhaps you will dine here that day at 5, and we will call for your portmanteau afterwards, on our way to the Railroad.

Tomorrow (Friday) as soon as I shall have done Copperfield, I will come round to Russell Place, to go and get the passports with you.[†1] I cannot say at what time, without knowing how the inventive powers may be, but I will come as early in the day as I can—and will not in any case be too late for the office hours.

Affecy. always

CD.

Daniel Maclise Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 JUNE 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second June, 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose you the book of the Shepherd's Bush bills—which I have paid.

I am off to Paris this evening, having again broken my head with hard labor.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 23 JUNE 1850

MS British Museum. *Address:* À Madame | Madame Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London.

In a Café, Paris | Sunday Twenty Third June, 1850.

My Dearest Kate. Being out with Regnier[†2] (and frightfully bored by sights I don't care for) I plunge into a café to save the Post.

The Hotel Brighton was full—ditto Meurice's[†3]—Paris being crammed (strange to say) with foreigners. But Regnier had taken us a very nice apartment at the Hotel Windsor, and there we are, and there you must write.—It is in the Rue de Rivoli, close to the Brighton.

We were in Paris at a quarter before 9 this morning. The passage across was wonderfully fine, and we were quite well, and drank brandy and water on deck. My best love to Georgy and to all the children. I shall expect to hear from you, directly you have received this.

I coughed abominably, all the way to Dover, but got better in the sea air. Today, I am at it again.

In great haste, Ever affecy.

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 24 JUNE 1850

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London.

Hotel Windsor, Paris | Monday Twenty Fourth June, 1850.

My Dearest Kate.

As we are going to Fontainbleau with Regnier tomorrow (to dine in the Forest out of a basket) I write this before going out to dine at the trois freres[†1]—not to come by todays post, for it is too late, but by tomorrows.

We purpose leaving here on Saturday, and going to Rouen. So, whenever you write until Thursday *inclusive*, address here. If you should write after Thursday, I think it will be best to address Poste Restante Rouen. We shall probably go from Rouen, either to Havre or Dieppe; and I intend so to fashion the arrangements, if possible, as to be home on Tuesday Evening, or night.

I saw Poole[†2] today—very shakey. De Fresne[†3] proposes great dinners, but I am so indescribably tired, and the heat is so extraordinary, that I have resolved I won't stand it, or (unless I am captured by ill luck) even see him. We are going to dine with Olliffe[†4] on Friday. I have not even called on Ld. and Lady Normanby,[†5] nor, as yet, on D'Orsay,[†6] who is in Paris. I suppose when you compare notes with Forster he will tell you that he knows all this—but he don't—except as to De Fresne.

We dined at home here, yesterday, in the usual way. Maclise gallantly proposed you and Georgina, after dinner. Sleeping last night was quite out of the question. I have discovered a shower bath in a sort of distempered coach-house—rough and barbarous in all respects, except that it enables one to take as much water as one pleases. Which is the grand point.

We are going to some of the little Theatres tonight after dinner, and to see Rachel[†1] on Wednesday. On Thursday, I hope to renew my acquaintance with the Franconi troupe.[†2]

I don't observe that the place is very much changed. There are not so many carriages in the streets perhaps, but the shops are just as they used to be. The landlady of the Brighton really seemed delighted to

see me, and enquired after my wife, and sister in law, and my charming family, with quite an honest interest.

It is much hotter than in Genoa in July. I can do nothing but drink, and go to sleep in the daytime.

My love to Georgy and all the children. Maclise writes. I don't know what he may have, in a portmanteau like a Bible; but he certainly don't put it on, whatever it is. His shirt in front is very like a pillow-case; and I expect him, at the trois freres presently, to be the terror and consternation of the assembled guests.

Ever Most affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Charles Dickens.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 JUNE 1850]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 536. *Date:* 24 June 50, Hôtel Windsor, Rue de Rivoli according to Forster.

There being no room in the Hôtel Brighton, we are lodged (in a very good apartment) here. The heat is absolutely frightful. I never felt anything like it in Italy. Sleep is next to impossible, except in the day, when the room is dark, and the patient exhausted. We purpose leaving here on Saturday morning and going to Rouen, whence we shall proceed either to Havre or Dieppe, and so arrange our proceedings as to be home, please God, on Tuesday evening. We are going to some of the little theatres to-night, and on Wednesday to the Français, for Rachel's last performance[†3] before she goes to London. There does not seem to be anything

remarkable in progress, in the theatrical way. Nor do I observe that out of doors the place is much changed, except in respect of the carriages which are certainly less numerous. I also think the Sunday is even much more a day of business than it used to be. As we are going into the country with Regnier to-morrow, I write this after letter time, and before going out to dine at the Trois Frères, that it may come to you by tomorrow's post. The twelve hours' journey here is astounding[†1]—marvellously done, except in respect of the means of refreshment, which are absolutely none. Mac is very well (extremely loose as to his waistcoat, and otherwise careless in regard of buttons) and sends his love. De Fresne proposes a dinner with all the notabilities of Paris present, but I WON'T stand it! I really have undergone so much fatigue from work, that I am resolved not even to see him, but to please myself. I find, my child (as Horace Walpole would say),[†2] that I have written you nothing here, but you will take the will for the deed.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 [JUNE] 1850

MS New York Public Library.

Hotel Windsor, Paris | Thursday July[†3] Twenty Seventh, 1850. |
after Post-time[†4]

My Dear Wills.

†aI send you the Model paper, with a good title. It's place in the No. we can discuss when I come home.†a†5 I have had much ado to get to work; the heat here being so intense that I can do nothing but lie on the bare floor all day. I never felt it anything like so hot, in Italy.

†aI am afraid this will floor the Whelks idea, as far as Paris is concerned.†a There is nothing doing at the Theatres, and the atmosphere is so horribly oppressive there, that one can hardly endure it. I came out of the Français last night, half dead. I am writing at this moment with nothing on but a shirt and a pair of white trousers, and have been sitting four hours at this paper,—but am as faint with heat as if I had been at some tremendous gymnastics. And yet we had a thunderstorm last night!

I hope we are doing pretty well in Wellington Street? My anxiety makes me feel as if I had been away a year. I hope to be home on Tuesday Evening or night at latest. I have picked up a very curious book of french statistics, that will suit us†6—and an odd proposal for a Company connected with the gambling in California—of which you will also be able to make something.†7

†aI can correct the proof of this paper when I come home. You will see in the Proof that I speak of forty associates belonging to the Royal Academy. I am not sure that their constitution includes so many—and I don't like to ask Maclise, lest we should stumble on any point of difference.†a†1

I saw a certain "Lord Spleen"†2 mentioned in a playbill yesterday, and will look after that distinguished English Nobleman tonight, if possible. Rachel played last night for the last time before going to London, and has not so much in her as some of our friends suppose.

†aPoole is staggering about like a bad automaton, and†a the English people are perpetually squeezing themselves into courtyards, doorways, blind alleys, closed edifices, and other places where they have no sort of business. The French people, as usual, are making as much noise as possible about everything that is of no importance, but seem (as far as one can judge) pretty quiet and good-humoured. They made a mighty hallaballoo at the Theatre last night, when Brutus (the play was Lucretia) declaimed about Liberty.†3

Ever faithfully

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 28 [JUNE] 1850

MS British Museum.

Hotel Windsor, Paris | Friday Twenty Eighth July,†4 1850.

My Dearest Kate.

This is probably my last note before returning home. Tomorrow (as I told you) we go to Rouen; on Sunday evening we purpose going on to Dieppe; and we shall come by the boat from that place, either on Monday or Tuesday, but most probably the former. The boat *may* be, very possibly, a night one on Monday, but I don't know.

I have been a good deal vexed by something Poole has told me about Madlle Denain.[†5] It seems that she made a small faux pas, some indefinite time ago, and had

a child. Poole did not think it necessary to mention this to Rogers, thinking that only Hardwick[†1] and I were going to dine there; and he says he was amazed to see you—and then was afraid to say anything. At this point of the story I stopped him, and said it was no matter. I had said at the time that virgins were not usually to be found in French Theatres; that it was no business of ours after Rogers had presented her; and that we knew nothing, and wanted to know nothing. But then it came out that she is now Lord Normanby's mistress (Poole is monstrously chivalrous and absurd concerning Lord Normanby) and that this is very well known in Paris. Now I cannot remember what ladies dined with us that day, but I am satisfied you ought to call upon them, and, without making too much of it, just say "that her history is not quite correct, you find, and that Rogers was mistaken in presenting her, but you never mean to tell him so—though you feel you owe this explanation to them, whom you asked to meet her."[†2] *This you must do at once.* Of course I said nothing angry to Poole, in our relative situations, and would on no account make it known to Rogers—who is so revengeful, that I think if he did know it, he would instantly bowl Poole out of any chance of a pension. And we must not do anything to starve *him*, whatever we do.

There has been thunder and rain; and the heat is a little abated. We dine at Olliffe's today, to meet D'Orsay. I have not called at the Embassy (Maclise objecting to go) but intend doing so, presently, when I shall go on to the Rue de Courcelles,[†3] and see how it looks. We have been to the Français where the acting was odious (including Rachel's, who was very like Celeste)[†4] and to Franconi's, which was delightful. Also to my old blackguard theatre, the Funambules,[†5] and divers guingettes. Mac has been a little heavy since yesterday morning, and rather disposed to be cross,—but don't say so, to Forster. We looked in at the Morgue just now, where there was a body horribly mutilated with a musket ball in the head, and afterwards drowned. It made him so sick, that to my infinite disconcertment, he sat down on a doorstep in the street, for about ten minutes, resting his cheek (like Juliet) on his hand.[†6] He is now at the Swimming Bath on the Seine.

I have written a paper for Household Words, and sent it to Wills by this Post. Which, I think, all things considered, is pretty sharp work. We had a very merry day with Regnier at Fontainebleau, and he persisted in paying for everything—saying it was but a poor acknowledgement of the kindness we had shewn him in London. I really believe him to be a very good little fellow, in spite of Poole.

My best love to Georgy, and to the darling children. I hope my cold is quite gone, except out of my head. I suppose you have been eternally at the opera, and whirling in a round of dissipation—Paris, and my letters, are tame in the comparison. Mac met the Bicknells[†1] yesterday, and the day before. They are spending a few days here, on their way home.

Ever most affectionately CD.

Mac sends best regards. He has come back, looking much cleaner.

July

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE,[†2] [?2 JULY 1850]

Mention in *To* Cullenford, 3 July 50. *Date:* after CD's return from Paris on 1 July.

Inviting him to take the chair at the 1851 dinner of the General Theatrical Fund.[†3]

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD,[†4] 3 JULY 1850

Extract in Maggs catalogue No. 291 (1912); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 3 July 50.

Referring to the Theatrical Fund Dinner. . . . I have communicated with Lord Carlisle, on the subject of the next dinner. I am sorry to say that there are reasons which positively prevent his accepting the office of chairman.[†5]

To MRS GASKELL, 3 JULY 1850

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Third July, 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

This is a brief letter, but—if you only knew it!—a very touching one in its earnestness.

Can't you—won't you—don't you ever mean to—write me another story? I should be better pleased[†6]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 3 JULY 1850

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Third July, 1850. I have been in Paris for the last ten days, and have but just come home.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU, [3 JULY 1850]*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Martineau | Ambleside. PM 3 July 50.

†1 I am very very sorry to see Peel's death in the paper this morning.†2 He was a man of great importance to the country just now, and could ill be spared from among the great dust-heap of imbeciles and dandies that there is no machinery for sifting, down in Westminster.†3

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Martineau

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 3 JULY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Third July 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson

I have been endeavouring to tighten the screws of my head, in Paris. They become a little loosened about the twenty second of each month, by hard work; and change I find to be the best oil and most efficient restoration.

This is the reason of my not having written sooner, to thank you for the transmission of that portentous document. By what earthly means it ever got into

that table drawer, I cannot conceive. The wonder of the matter is, that Coutts's were certain they had sent it to me at Rockingham,†1 and I was certain they had not; so, after a little amicable discussion of the matter, they decided that the fault was theirs. I must now assure them that it was mine,—though I have not, and never had, the faintest remembrance of having ever opened the paper. I must have been laughing or doing something ridiculous, I suppose, instead of minding what I was about.

The Gunnings†2 were here one evening, a few weeks ago, accompanied by a young gentleman whom I rather suspected of being desperate on the pretty daughter. (I am sorry to observe, by the bye, that her nose will soon be too sharp.)

Tell Watson with my love that I am in a very despondent state of mind about Peel's death. He was a man of mark, who could be ill-spared from that great Dust Heap down at Westminster. When I think of the joy of the D'Israelis, Richmonds, and other Impostors and Humbugs,†3 I think of flying to Australia and taking to the Bush.—What do you think of entering into the scheme, asking Haldimand†4 to join us, and founding a settlement to be called the Paradox?†5

Every one is cheering David on, and I hope to make *your book*[†6] a good one. I like it very much myself—thoroughly believe it all—and go to work every month with an energy of the fieriest description. I hope you like Miss Martineau's story, The health and sickness of Blaeburn,[†7] in Household Words.

We have taken a house at Broadstairs, whither we shall transport the children early in August, and ourselves when our troubles are over. We intend remaining there until the end of October, for I want to finish David quietly, on the great seashore.

After that, if I were asked to come to Rockingham, there is no knowing how long I should stay!—

Kate and Georgy unite with me in best remembrances and loves to all And I am ever with great truth

My Dear Mrs. Watson | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [EDMUND] A. MENCH,[†1] [?3 JULY 1850]

Extract in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 530; dated Office of Household Words. *Date:* probably refers to Paris visit of June 50, and may be 3 July (cf. *To* Unknown Correspondent, that day).

With the compliments of Mr. Charles Dickens, who is only recently returned from France.

To LADY KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH,[†2] 4 JULY 1850*

MS The Hon. Mrs Charles Leaf.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Fourth July | 1850.

Dear Mrs. Shuttleworth.

I should have been truly happy, I assure you, to comply with your request, if compliance were at all feasible. But my work (which is particularly hard just now) obliges me to avoid all public meetings,[†3] and almost all other interruptions of my attention, except long country walks and fresh air. If I were to permit anything to interfere with these relaxations just now, I fear the old spelling-book would "come true", and Jack would be but a dull boy.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Kay Shuttleworth.

To WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,[†4] 5 JULY 1850*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth July, 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. William Allingham, and has much pleasure in assuring Mr. Allingham that he is at perfect liberty to republish the Verses inserted in Household Words.[†5]

To R. H. HORNE, 6 JULY 1850

MS Dr Robert Fellman. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Beaumont Cottage | College Road | Chalk Farm Lane | Hampstead Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth July, 1850.

My Dear Horne.

A thousand thanks for the Wine! Delicious in itself (I have tried it already), and doubly generous and palatable, for your remembrance of me.

I hope you and Mrs. Horne[†1] will come down and see us at Broadstairs this year, where I have a good bold house on the top of a cliff,[†2] with the sea Winds blowing through it, and the gulls occasionally falling down the chimnies by mistake.

I shall not fail to let you know, at the H. W. Office, when we have migrated to that wild region, there to remain (please God) until the end of October.

Ever My Dear Horne | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To THOMAS MITTON,[†3] 6 JULY 1850*

MS Mr Lewis P. Kinsey, Jr.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth July, 1850.

My Dear Mitton

All right as to the money.[†4] I had a dim idea about the Dividend Day, but thought it best to know how it was.

I think it will be advisable to decide to call in the money at Christmas. If I can find any purchase to suit me, I shall certainly not *rent* another house.[†5] Laying out a good sum, it will be necessary to have this amount. Therefore, I have no doubt of the expediency of your giving Thompson notice accordingly.[†6]

It is a long time since we dined together. When you come with that cheque, can't you come—say at four or five—and we will go and dine at Verey's[†7] in Regent Street, or some such place. If you will write, when you know when the cheque will

come to you, and give me choice of two days, I will immediately reply. You can go back afterwards, you know, by Omnibus.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To T. J. SERLE, 6 JULY 1850

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth July, 1850.

My Dear Serle.

I was not at home when Mr. Scott[†2] called; but, even if I had been, I could not have complied with his request. For my work (pretty brisk just now) obliges me to forego all public, and many private, appearances.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 8 JULY 1850

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eighth July, 1850.

My Dear Beard.

Fort House, Broadstairs, *until the end of October*!!!—which I believe is a fine month. You can't (but that you know) come down often enough, or stay long enough. I understand the Baldwinian powers[†3] will abandon these shores in September—anyway, the Fort House is furthest from his, in all that village. And he will be still further circumvented by that tremendous fortification that used, in the ferocious old days, to keep the Pirates out.

A haunch of Wen'son will be roasted here, next Sunday at 5. Will you come?

Ever Heartily

CD.

I have just come back from Paris, where I saw Fraser,[†4] who begged to be remembered to you cordially, and told me that whenever anybody asked him for a letter of introduction to the London newspapers he "just gav' him one for Bird."

To MRS M'IAN, 8 JULY 1850*

MS Miss Elena Klasky.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth July, 1850

My Dear Mrs. McIan

I have read the gardener's book,[†1]—which I enclose. Some of his descriptions are very pretty, and the whole of his book is very good to have *thought.* Whether it is quite as good to have written, may be another question.

It seems to me to be no better and no worse, than a vast cloud of verse, that is always rising from all sorts of quarters. I see something every day, of the misery and bitterness consequent on mistaken rushings into print. I would on no account encourage a tendency to authorship in this writer. It would be to do him no kindness. He cannot too clearly understand that the difficulties under which he writes, are no reason for his writing; and that the men who have laid down the spade or hammer for the pen, and become famous, have been among the most extraordinary men the world has ever produced.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. McIan

To DANIEL MACLISE, 8 JULY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Eighth July, 1850.

My Dear Mac.

I send you, on the other side, a Memorandum of our French account. I don't trouble you with the items, thinking you likely to be bored thereby. I have made them out carefully, of course.

Ever affecy.

CD.

MEMORANDUM:[†2]

The Sum Total of our expences, from home back again, is £20..12..6 each. You gave me, on account, £10 in English money, and 10/- in french money. This leaves the balance that you have to give me, £10..2..6

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 JULY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Eighth July 1850.

My Dear Macready

I was amazed to hear from Forster yesterday, that you were in town. And we think of hiring one hundred and fifty free and independent republicans from the City of New York, to wait upon your reappearances at the Haymarket,[†3] because you didn't tell us so, and dine here yesterday.

Here is something I brought over for you from Poole, who is staggering about Paris like a bad Automaton. He said (galvanically) something about "T-a-a-a-Alma",[†1] when he gave it me. That's all I know.

Ever My Dear Macready | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 JULY 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Evening | Ninth July, 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I received a note from you at ten minutes to seven this evening, asking me to dine at Holly Lodge—I suppose, today, it being dated today, and no other day mentioned—at half past Six! This being clearly an impossibility, I folded my hands in a calm despair, and send this to explain why and how I fell into that condition of mind.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MARK LEMON, 12 JULY 1850

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth July, 1850.

My Dear Lemon.

You recollect Attwood[†2] of the Strand Theatre in Hammond's time? Do you know anything of him, or anything against him?[†3] Should you think he was deserving of a little aid? I should be very glad of your opinion.

Do you know anything of one De Lara,[†4] an artist, who represents himself as having been a[†5]

To THE REV. CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND,[†1] 12 JULY 1850*

MS Mr D. V. Arnold. *Address:* The Reverend C Hare Townsend[†2] | Post Office | Wisbeach[†2] | Cambridgeshire.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth July, 1850.

My Dear Townshend.

"Yes verily, and by God's help so I will!" (see catechism).[†3]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Chauncey Hare Townshend.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 JULY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth July, 1850. | Friday

My Dear Wills. I observe a Report in the Times this morning of a most intolerably asinine Speech about Smithfield, made in the Common Council by one Taylor.[†4] It would be a good beginning of our Playing at Parliament.[†5] If you will look to the other papers, and send me the best Report, or a collation of the greatest absurdities enunciated by this wiseacre, I will try to make something of it—in any case, to enshrine it in a Chip, but perhaps to do something better.[†6]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 JULY 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth July, 1850.

My Dear Wills.

You remember, I suppose, that the statement in question is NOT OURS?[†7] It is in the records of that Establishment which is described, and is—I am quite certain—unmitigated gammon. I must consider whether it is worth while to alter the making

up by putting it in again; but in future don't touch my articles without first consulting me.[†1]

I wonder you think "a Night with the Detective Police" would do for a title![†2] After all those nights with Burns,[†3] and the Industrious Fleas,[†4] and Heaven knows what else!! I don't think there could be a worse one within the range of the human understanding.[†5]

We'll have another night, certainly. I suppose Forster has corrected my Detective Proof? I think the Bank Note *very good indeed.* Do. the Hippopotamus. Do. Swinging the Ship.[†6]

Faithfully Always

CD. [†7]Yes, to Mason.[†8] I have learned to be suspicious, in spite of myself, of all such things.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 13 JULY 1850

Text from MDGH, I, 220-1.

Devonshire Terrace, July 13th, 1850.

My dear White,

Being obliged (sorely against my will) to leave my work this morning and go out, and having a few spare minutes before I go, I write a hasty note, to hint how glad I am to have received yours, and how happy and tranquil we feel it to be for you all, that the end of that long illness has come.[†1] Kate and Georgy send best loves to Mrs. White, and we hope she will take all needful rest and relief after those arduous, sad, and weary weeks. I have taken a house at Broadstairs, from early in August until the end of October, as I don't want to come back to London until I shall have finished "Copperfield." I am rejoiced at the idea of your going there. You will find it the healthiest and freshest of places; and there are Canterbury, and all varieties of what Leigh Hunt calls "greenery,"[†2] within a few minutes' railroad ride. It is not very picturesque ashore, but extremely so seaward; all manner of ships continually passing close inshore. So come,[†3] and we'll have no end of sports, please God.

I am glad to say, as I know you will be to hear, that there seems a bright unanimity about "Copperfield."[†4] I am very much interested in it and pleased with it myself. I have carefully planned out the story, for some time past, to the end, and am making out my purposes with great care.[†5] I should like to know what you see from that tower of yours. I have little doubt you see the real objects in the prospect.

"Household Words" goes on *thoroughly well.* It is expensive, of course, and demands a large circulation; but it is taking a great and steady stand, and I have no doubt already yields a good round profit.

To-morrow week I shall expect you. You shall have a bottle of the "Twenty."[†6] I have kept a few last lingering caskets with the gem enshrined therein, expressly for you.

Ever, my dear White, | Cordially yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS MORSON, [14 JULY 1850]

Mention in next.

Sending her Caroline Canlon's address.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 JULY 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday, Fourteenth July | 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I dined at Greenwich yesterday, and did not find your notes until I came home at night. I have the letters, carefully bundled and labelled, here. I have sent to Mrs. Morson today, Caroline Canlon's address—her name is Hunt[†1]—exactly copied from her letter.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 15 JULY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fifteenth July 1850. | Monday Evening

My Dear Henry

Any day next week, except Monday or Saturday, I shall be delighted to place myself at your disposal. Kate, being rather unwieldy for going out at present, I think will do better at home,—where Georgina will take care of her.

I should be very glad indeed, if you could find leisure to write or suggest anything (the former, the better) tending to promote the Sanitary cause, for the H.W.[†2] Shall we have another small dinner there, after yours, and talk it over? Or a walk one day?

Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD VEEVERS AND JOHN CROFT,[†3] 15 JULY 1850*

MS Manchester Central Library.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Fifteenth July, 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Neevers[†3a] and Mr. Croft, and regrets that his engagements render it out of his power to accept the invitation of the Council of the Preston Institution.[†4]

To DANIEL MACLISE, 16 JULY 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth July, 1850.

My Dear Mac.

Forster proposes to dine "and go somewhere" tomorrow. If disengaged, will you join us in Wellington Street at the office, not later than 5?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CHARLES MANBY,[†1] 20 JULY 1850

Text from *Outlook,* XXXII (1913), 496.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twentieth July 1850

My Dear Manby,

If you should happen to stand possessed of an Adelphi box[†2] for tonight,[†3] and should have no other suppliant to bestow it upon than the undersigned mendicant, will you show your charity towards him.

Faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?20 JULY 1850]*

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests spring or summer 1850; probably 20 July since about a box at the theatre: see last.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday

My Dear Mac.

The Box is all right. As I shall dine in the Temple, and dress in Wellington Street, I think it will be the shortest plan if you will join me at the latter place, at from 7 to 10 minutes past 7. Or, if you prefer my calling at the Athenaeum at 20 minutes past 7, I will do that.

Which shall it be?

Affecy. Ever CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 JULY 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second July, 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mrs. Dickens is out. I can answer for myself, and I think for her, for *tomorrow.*

I don't know accurately what "half past and"—which is your time—stands for. Maybe half past six? Unless you correct my reading of the clock, I shall take that for granted.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 JULY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth July, 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am truly sorry that I have an old engagement to dine with Chauncey Townshend on Saturday. But I will come up before dinner on Sunday.

I will take care that no one comes in, at Shepherd's Bush.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 24 JULY 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth July, 1850. | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Mac.

Your friend Oldham[†1] of the Bank, is coming to dine at the H.W. Office (to talk about forgeries)[†2] on Friday at *halfpast 5.* Will you meet him?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

P.S. How a man of your energy (in laziness and avoidance of Boredom) could ever have got himself into that Nugentian scrape, I cannot imagine! If it had been

—"Billy Robinson, Maclise"—

I shouldn't so much have wondered. But Nugent![†1]

!!
!!!
!!!!
!!!!!

To WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, 25 JULY 1850*

MS Mr P. H. L. Allingham.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth July, 1850. | Thursday

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. William Allingham, and begs to say that he will be at home, and happy to see Mr. Allingham,[†2] this afternoon at 5, if that hour will suit his convenience.

To G. A. A'BECKETT,[†3] 26 JULY 1850

Mention in A'Beckett *to* CD, 29 July 50 (MS Morgan Library).

Asking if he can recommend any one for admission to the Home for Homeless Women.[†4]

To HENRY ASHWORTH,[†5] 26 JULY 1850*

MS Indiana University Libraries.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Twenty Sixth July, 1850.

Respected Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and its accompanying pamphlet[†6] referring to a subject full of interest and importance.

Allow me to thank you, and to remain

Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Ashworth Esquire.

To W. J. BRODERIP,[†1] 26 JULY 1850*

MS Mr J. Orde Poynton.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park | Twenty Sixth July, 1850.

My Dear Sir.

I am sure that I need not apologize for troubling you with this note, when I state its object.

I assist my friend Miss Coutts in the management of a small private Institution she maintains, for reclaiming young women, instructing them in all sound domestic knowledge, and sending them out to Australia or elsewhere.

We don't consider a Magdalen qualification indispensable, but we don't object to it, and we are glad (when we are not full) to receive any reasonably hopeful case of distress or offence. We would prefer not to have them beyond twenty years of age, and we impress upon them that Emigration is an essential part of our compact.

We have sent out several, who have done well, and married happily. As I am in the habit of observing (at a distance) the humanity and wisdom with which you administer justice, it has occurred to me that you might, at some time or other, have some miserable girl before you, for whom you would be happy to make such good provision. If this should ever be, and you would write to me, I should be very happy to come to you and understand the case.[†2]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. J. Broderip Esquire.

To J. BERNARD BURKE,[†3] 26 JULY 1850*

MS National Library of Wales.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July, 1850.

Dear Sir

Pray allow me to thank you for your very obliging note, and for your curious and interesting book.[†4] I feel much gratified by your kind expressions.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Bernard Burke Esquire

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 26 JULY 1850

Extract in Maggs catalogue No. 916 (1969); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 26 July 50.

Asking them to pay two guineas to the Arundel Society,[†1] *and also* on the first of May in each year . . . to pay to the account of the Same Society my annual Subscription of One Guinea.[†2]

To H. C. LLOYD,[†3] 26 JULY 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July, 1850.

Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for your kind note, and the interesting papers accompanying it. I am most thoroughly of your opinion as to the teaching of pauper boys—and all boys. In "Dombey and Son", I tried to suggest the absurdity of the favorite method of instruction, by describing an unhappy charity-boy as being subjected to "a perpetual bruising of his intellectual shins, against all the hard proper names of all the tribes of Judah".[†4] He turned out but indifferently, though he was a tremendous Hohen genealogist.[†5]

I shall not lose sight of the subject.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Clements Lloyd Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,[†6] 26 JULY 1850

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth July, 1850.

My Dear Sir Edward

I have delayed answering your kind and welcome note until now, in the hope that through some chink or cranny I might in the interval descry a gleam of probability that I might be able to come to you with Macready[†7] and Forster.[†8] But

home affairs, and my work (the latter heavy, just now) admonish me, after all, that I must remain here. I regret it very much, but that old adage about necessity is my comfort.

In the matter of the Play—which stirs my blood like a trumpet[†1]—I have not yet had conference with Forster, who has been sitting, since his return from you, with a touzled head, a dirty blouse, and extraordinarily dishevelled pantaloons, anathematizing Henry,[†2] in an equable state of distraction. The last time I saw him, his eyebrows were just visible above a dirty sea of proofs.[†3] I should suppose that he may be expected to emerge, tomorrow,—and, after conference holden, I shall report myself to you touching Bobadil.[†4]

[†a]You gratify me more than I can tell you by what you say about Copperfield[†5]—the more so, as I hope myself that some heretofore deficient qualities are there.[†6] *You* are not likely to misunderstand me when I say that I like it very much, and am deeply interested in it—and that I have kept, and am keeping, my mind very steadily upon it.[†a] Which is my main reason for keeping very quiet until it shall be finished, please God, in October.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

When I come to see you, I must compare notes with you about an idea that has occurred to me, generally, for a Comedy[†7]—which I am *NOT*[†8] going to write.

To MRS BRUNEL,[†9] 27 JULY 1850*

MS Bodleian Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh July, 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Brunel.

I return you, herewith, the little book[†10] you so kindly remembered in my behalf.

I have written my name in it at your request, though it seems an act of uncommon audacity to take that formal possession of somebody else's property.

Pray thank the owner in my name too. I have read the story with the greatest pleasure. Much of my delight may be owing to my childish recollections of it, which are very strong and accurate indeed, I find—except—I must have been very young!—that I had not the faintest idea of there being any Love in the case.

With best regards to Mr. Brunel,[†1] | Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brunel.

To FRANK STONE, 27 JULY 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twenty Seventh July | 1850.

My Dear Stone.

We must dine at 5 tomorrow, because I have—which I dare say will interest you—to go two Ragged Schools in the evening, to select some girls for Miss Coutts's place.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 JULY 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth July, 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I saw a number of most miserable and appalling cases, on Sunday night, but could not make up my mind to hazard more than one. I can only say of that one, that the girl was trembling on the verge of destruction, and that I think it just promising enough to be tried. The rest were too miserable and low for our purpose. I do not think you *could* dispose of such unfortunate creatures.

Tomorrow afternoon I am to go to the Westminster Ragged School. In the meantime I send you the answers of the three Magistrates[†2] to whom I wrote. They are so very earnest, that it seems to me that the best direction in which we can turn for objects, is probably that one; and that it will be well to have space to be so filled up.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN LEECH, 30 JULY 1850

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 33 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth July, 1850.

My Dear Leech

Alas! I have consulted the H. W. Oracle, and it says "No! The Inimitable B must write!"[†1] So no Thames at present, for that remarkable man.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOHN KENYON, 31 JULY 1850*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* John Kenyon Esquire | York Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Thirty First July | 1850.

My Dear Kenyon.

Many thanks for your kind note. I think I had better find my own way to Forster's, however, as I have some business to attend to out of doors, and hardly know whither it will take me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Kenyon Esquire.

To H. P. SMITH, 31 JULY 1850*

MS Miss Mabel Hodge.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First July, 1850.

My Dear Smith.

London is such a strange place, that one never does see anybody in it—and I have seen less than nothing of most of my friends, this year, on account of my heavy work. But after October (when I hope to finish Copperfield) I shall be more at liberty, I trust.

In spite of the rarity of our meetings, your going away again seems in a manner wonderful to me, and to make a blank somewhere. A general cry of "Lor!" pervaded the house this morning, when I announced your departure, and we haven't got used to it yet.

I have been ransacking my memory for some such person as you describe, in any Italian city you are going to,—but all in vain. Most of the people I knew, have left that country, or are now staying in London—in the latter category are even included our consul at Genoa and his family.[†2]

So, being resolved not to introduce you to bores, I send you no letters at all. Only our loves and best remembrances (including Charley's to Mrs. Smith)[†1] and all sincere and cordial wishes for your great enjoyment abroad, and happy return home.

My Dear Smith | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire.

August

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 AUGUST 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace. | First August 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

It is extraordinary to me,—but I cannot find any one who knows Mr. De Lara.[†2] I have enquired among artists, great and small—among theatrical people—among the gentlemen engaged at Household Words, who I should have thought almost certain to have some trace of such a man—but quite unsuccessfully.

Of course I have been careful to give no clue to my reason for asking about him.

I cannot say that I think his second letter very good, yet there is something in his first that looks real. I need not say, of course, that I will see him with pleasure if you wish it. But I have not thought it right to do so, without your instructions—or to ask Ackermans,[†3] or Moon,[†4] to whom he refers, and both of whom I know. I have abstained, because of the reference being in his letter. Shall I make enquiry in one of those two quarters? If you say yes, I can to do so in a morning. Will you let me know?

Yesterday, I went to the Westminster Ragged School, but, though I went by appointment, the Master was not there. It is an awful place, in a maze of filth and squalor,[†5] so dense and deserted by all decency, that my apparition in those streets in whose heart it lies, brought out the people in a crowd. We were on a very good understanding, however, and some people to whom I talked, took occasion to admire my diamond ring. I left word for the master to come to me, but I greatly doubt our finding any cases there, that will do. They are so very low and wretched.

I went to look at the Church,[†1] and I cannot tell you how pleased I was, with the little garden. I am confident of the humanizing influence of a few leaves and flowers in that place. It will suggest to the commonest mind that you wish to please the poor, and will make a thousand people think about you, who might not be addressed otherwise.

I return Mr. De Lara's letters, but have made a note—like Captain Cuttle—of his address.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FRANCIS,[†2] 2 AUGUST 1850

Extract in N, II, 224 from catalogue. *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 2 Aug 50.

I beg to thank you for the book you have so kindly lent me. . . . I think I know the pamphlet about Patch[†3] to which you refer.

To JOHN A. HERAUD,[†4] 2 AUGUST 1850*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Second August 1850.

My Dear Sir,

I quite agree, in that regard, with Coleridge and Wordsworth.[†5] But that is not what I desire to do. I want to tempt and entice people to think, instead of taking them by the throat.

I have great pleasure, I assure you, in adding my name to your list.[†6] As I am presently going out of town, perhaps you will excuse my troubling you, as the shortest course, with a post office order (made payable to "John Heraud") for the amount of my debt.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John A. Heraud Esquire.

To MRS GASKELL, 7 AUGUST 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh August, 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I have been extraordinarily amused by this Sermon, which is the best (of its kind) I ever saw or heard in my life, and infinitely better than any theological discourse whatever.

The fact of its having been reprinted ten years ago, makes me doubt the propriety of putting it in Household Words, or I should have been delighted to do so.

It would be ungrateful to say that anything in your pleasant handwriting could disappoint me. I only thought when I saw it, outside the letter, that there might be a tale by you, within. *That*, I couldn't help, you know.

Kate and her sister send their kind loves.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell.

To F. G. MOON, 7 AUGUST 1850

Mention in Moon *to* CD, 12 Aug 50. (MS Morgan Library).

Enquiring about a Mr. De Lara.[†1]

To JOHN SMITH,[†2] 9 AUGUST 1850

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 4422 (1938); *MS* 1 p.; dated 9 Aug 50; addressed to John Smith, Liverpool.

My dear Sir, I am much satisfied, I assure you, by the receipt of your kind note, and beg to thank you for it cordially.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 AUGUST 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth August, 1850.

My Dear Wills

I shall be obliged to you if you will write to this man, and tell him that what he asks, I never do—firstly, because I have no kind of connexion with any Manager or Theatre; secondly, because I am asked to

read so many Manuscripts, that compliance is impossible, or I should have no other occupation or relaxation in the world.

†1—A foreign gentleman—with a Beard—name unknown, but signing himself "a Fellow Man", and dating from nowhere—declined, twice yesterday, to leave this house for any less consideration than the insignificant one of "Twenty Pounds". I have had a Policeman waiting for him all day.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To W. C. BENNETT, 10 AUGUST 1850*

MS Mr James L. Clifford.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth August, 1850.

Dear Sir

I have pleasure in assuring you that you are at perfect liberty to reprint the two poems of yours that have been published in Household Words.†2

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Bennett Esquire.

To R. H. HORNE, [?10 AUGUST 1850]

Mention in next.

Approving Horne's proposal for an article on travel for HW.

To W. H. WILLS, 10 AUGUST 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth August, 1850.

My Dear Wills.

I have written to Horne. The idea is a good one.†3 The execution, the main thing.

My travels are chiefly old,†4 and I have none of those books. But I have told him you will get them.

I will consider about Port Natal.†5 I think I *do* know somebody—but he might lie, or favor lies.

The New Zealand sketch[†1] is exactly the kind of thing that weighs upon my mind, frightfully. I don't know where to put it. I haven't the courage to destroy it—and it reappears awfully, every now and then, like an evidence of Crime.

I send you a communication from one of our innumerable Starvers.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 AUGUST 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening | Twelfth August 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you Moon's answer about De Lara, just received.—And very satisfactory!![†2]

I will enquire immediately about Mr. Elliott.[†3] I know his hand, but cannot recall how. And I have a disagreeable impression in connexion with it, though I can't remember what.

Which is also extremely satisfactory.

I purpose attending the Shepherd's Bush Committee tomorrow, at half past 3. There are no other cases yet ready, unless you like to have "the raggedest". There is a kind of Ashley glaze[†4] upon those girls, unless in dire extremity. She whom I picked out, declines—or her father for her.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To J. H. JEWELL,[†5] 13 AUGUST 1850

Extract in N, II, 226.

Devonshire Terrace | 13th August, 1850

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Jewell, and begs to thank Mr. Jewell for his obliging note, and very pretty songs,[†6] with which he is much pleased.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13 AUGUST 1850]

Extracts in F, VI, vi, 537. *Date:* first extract 13 Aug according to Forster; second extract (*aa*) probably from same letter as CD visited Shepherd's Bush 13 Aug (see *To* Miss Coutts, 12 Aug) but was in Broadstairs on 20 Aug, the date given by Forster.

Work in a very decent state of advancement domesticity notwithstanding. I hope I shall have a splendid number.[†1] I feel the story to its minutest point.

[a]Obliged to go to Shepherd's Bush to-day, and can consequently do little this morning. Am eschewing all sorts of things that present themselves to my fancy—coming in such crowds![a]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?13 AUGUST 1850]

Text from unidentified newspaper cutting in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", II, 32. *Date:* just possibly 13 Aug 50 when CD had unexpectedly to read "doubtful articles" for *HW* (see next); if so, Wills had recovered from his illness by 14 Aug (see *To* Wills, that day).

I am sorry to say that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting them. They possess no kind of characteristic to render them available. Between ourselves—and not for the information of *their authoress*—they are of that intensely dreary & commonplace description to which not even the experience of this place reconciles my wondering mind. Everybody could write such things I imagine, but how anybody can contentedly sit down to do it is inscrutable. Don't you feel the same astonishment? People don't plunge into churches and play the organs without knowing the notes or having a ghost of an ear. Yet fifty people a day will rush into manuscript for these leaves only, who have no earthly qualification but the actual physical art of writing. Wills is ill, and I am at this moment sitting (up to the neck) in a quagmire of these productions.

To T. YEATS BROWN,[†2] 14 AUGUST 1850*

MS Mrs R. E. Yeats-Brown.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth August, 1850. | Wednesday

My Dear Brown.

Georgina tells me you are going to the Opera, next Tuesday. Now (as our servants are out of town, and we are in an Anti-Malthusian state[†3] here) I want you and Mrs. Brown to come and dine with me, at the Star and Garter at Richmond, on the following Friday.[†4] I will drive you down, and we will dine early; so that if we feel disposed for Vauxhall, we may go there, very easily, afterwards.

Is it a bargain? I name that day, because I am not likely to be free before, being now hard at work.

My good friend Mr. Ellis[†1] of the Star and Garter is used to me, and knows how to make us comfortable.

Say yes, and I elevate my pen in the air, after the Roman manner, and swear by it to call for you next Friday week, at 3!

With best regards to Mrs. Brown,[†2] and all the pets (including, when you write, the child with the name which I am not sufficiently Biblical to be able to spell).[†3]

Believe me | Very Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

T. Yeats-Brown Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 AUGUST 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth August, 1850. | Wednesday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was about to come down last night, agreeably to your kind remembrance of me, to be delighted by the genius of that matchless actress whom you so much admire,[†4] when I was waylaid by a parcel, in dimensions like a spare bed, containing "doubtful articles" for Household Words, on which decision was necessary to the peace of mind of the writers.[†5] As my days are taken possession of by Copperfield, I had no alternative but to sit down and have them read to me. And extremely dreary they were—all with a drone of imitation of myself in them, which pervaded the whole parcel, as the Anabaptist strain does the Opera.[†6]

I believe Mr. Elliot is not known by name to Bentley's Miscellany.[†7] That would not invalidate his story, of itself, as he might have written something in an assumed name. But I am quite confident that I know his handwriting; and I have a strong impression, either that it is the writing of a man who wrote begging letters for years under the name of Collins, or that it is the writing of another man, and a great Impostor, against whom I once appeared at a Police Office.[†8] I feel certain that I know the character, well; and the contents are quite in the regular style. I would not answer the letter if I were you.

I retain it for a day or so, that I may ask my printers (whom I shall probably see to day) about the two references. Even supposing them to have authorized that use of their names, I believe they are of doubtful weight.

I enclose Charley's accounts.

There are two suggestions I wish you would consider, relative to Shepherd's Bush. If they cannot, with that small number, do the washing of themselves, then, I think a woman should be hired to come and help—which would teach the girls. To put the washing out, seems to me a great mistake of Mrs. Morson's. If they cannot bake, somebody should come and help (and teach) in that work too, I think. But I would not let them buy bread, with that oven there.

Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 AUGUST 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Fourteenth August | 1850

My Dear Wills.

I have gone down to Maidenhead[†1] this afternoon. Will you come, to make up, AT 10 TOMORROW MORNING,[†2] before I begin a good day's work.

You will find, on this paper, two proofs, in which I have made some alterations. "Evil is wrought",[†3] I have touched at the end. It left off with a disagreeable impression as to the feeling between the sisters. Mr. McKaye[†4] I have shorn of his humour in the emetical line, and also of his account of a Calm—which is less correct than I hope his other facts are. I have seen a calm on the Atlantic, three or four days long,[†5] when the ship had no more motion than this table.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 AUGUST 1850]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 537. *Date:* 15 Aug according to Forster.

Mrs. Micawber is still, I regret to say, in *statu quo.*[†6] Ever yours, WILKINS MICAWBER.

To W. H. WILLS, 16 AUGUST 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth August, 1850.

My Dear Wills.

I will not enter on that question of comparison which you raise in your note, because I do not think my doing so would at all facilitate or soften our business.

I have not the least intention, at present, of making any change in Horne's engagement. I think (as you know) highly of his abilities, and I have always seen him most willing and anxious to work. If, on its being distinctly shewn to him what he is required to do, it should appear, either that he dislikes doing it, or cannot do it, the case would be different. But I do not feel that it would become me to assume any such thing from your premises.

If you will write me such a letter as I can put before him, distinctly stating what assistance you require from him, which you have not, I will write to him immediately, and enclose that communication. And I have no doubt, the matter will be easily arranged.[†1]

But you must excuse my saying that I think you are hardly so disposed to accommodate matters with Horne (and never have been) as it would be pleasant and advantageous for all of us that you should be.

I send you an Illustration of cheapness, and some papers you left here yesterday.

Mrs. Dickens being happily confined,[†2] I go to Broadstairs this afternoon. My address there, is Fort House.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To J. G. GENT,[†3] [MID-AUGUST 1850]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 23 Aug 50. *Date:* probably just before or shortly after CD's leaving London for Broadstairs.

Pointing out to him the importance of the Union's finding a suitable girl for Miss Coutts's Home.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 17 AUGUST 1850

Text from a copy made by the Comte de Suzannet.[†1]

Broadstairs | Saturday Night | 17th. August 1850

My Dearest Kate,

Although I am writing at one table and Georgy at another in the same room, I have no idea what she is writing to you, so, if there should be any repetition between us, it is not my fault or hers. Upon the whole, I think the baby rather a failure down here. Charley was the most struck last night as connecting it with you. Sydney I think has been the most reflective on the subject to-day. He was playing the piano after dinner while I was reading and suddenly left off with, "I say Pa, can Dora talk?" On my replying No, he seemed to think that weak on her part and put the question, "Is she tall?" In answer to this I measured off about a quarter of a yard on the table and said she was about that size. He gave her up after that and except suggesting that Mrs. Gobson's[†2] little girl's name must be Dora too, said no more on the subject. He is in great force. Frank is so handsome that he is quite a sight to behold; they all look wonderfully well.

The house is excellent. We were in mighty confusion last night and this morning getting it to rights, but it is now quite orderly and is full of sweet air, sea views and comfort. I was not successful in getting to work to-day but I hope to resume tomorrow. Without you we shall be quite incomplete and a great blank everywhere.

I suppose Georgy will have told you the Broadstairs news—how the place is full[†3]—how little Miss Baldwin[†4] is the sworn friend of Mamey & Katey—how Miss Collin[†5] still wears the pink gown a little more washed—how Barnes[†6] had a paralytic stroke (which came on without notice when he was going up in the steamer the other day and now lies speechless in London). I see by bills on the walls hereabouts that a maniac by the name of Gill (Fanny Vining's husband very possibly) has the Margate Theatre[†7] and there are two new houses in Broadstairs.

I will not attempt to tell you, my love, how delighted I have been to receive such good tidings of you, and what relief and happiness we felt last night in coming down to think that it was over, and that we had left you so well. I thank God most heartily. Of course I shall see you next week as soon as I can possibly finish the No. concerning which I am rather low and penitent to-night, but shall brush up, I have no doubt, to-morrow. I have arranged to write in the Drawing Room. I tried Georgina's room, but the Preventive men looked at me, and you know what a settler that would be to the most retiring of writers. Take every care of yourself and don't let them coddle you or weaken you by too much conventionality. I think of you all day. You will not be able to write before I see you I suppose, but when you can write I know you will. God bless you my darling,

Ever most affly yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MR WALKER,[†1] 19 AUGUST 1850

MS Boston Public Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Nineteenth August, 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Walker, and begs to say that he cannot comply with Mr. Walker's suggestion, by reason of the Cheap Edition arrangements being quite concluded.

To W. H. WILLS, 19 AUGUST 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Nineteenth August, 1850.

My Dear Wills.

Yes—very gently—as to Miss Martineau.[†2] And say I want to cut the end of Woodruffe.[†3] (I have no proof.)

What shall we do about the making up? What Mrs. Micawber calls "the unconscious stranger"[†4] has so put me out, that I can't leave here before Friday, clearly.

In great haste | Faithfully Always
CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 20 AUGUST 1850

MS British Museum.

Broadstairs | Tuesday Twentieth August, 1850.

My Dearest Kate.

This is a very short note, for I have been working nine hours at a stretch today, and did the same yesterday (being at a different point), and have only just laid down my pen, and you see the date!

I am not sure whether I shall be able to get to town on Thursday, or whether I shall not finish until that evening, and be prevented from coming until Friday. It depends upon Dora—I mean *my* Dora.[†1] You shall know by the Post on Thursday morning.

I am quite delighted, and can stick to my work bravely, hearing such excellent accounts of you. I got your mother's letter (tell her with my love) yesterday in good time, and her second this morning. I am happy to think that you have named your day for coming down, please God. We all want you very much, and I think you will be thoroughly pleased with the house and garden.

Ever Most affectionately

CD.

P.S. I never heard such a thing as that about Henry's wife![†2] I can't make out how that visitation of Fire has fallen on him.

P.P.S. The Spectre[†3] in great glory. A fresh wind blowing, and nearly blowing him off his legs in the garden—His hair all over his face—his hat nowhere in particular—and he lugging a seat about—equal in weight, I should think, to six legs of mutton.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 20 AUGUST 1850*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twentieth August, 1850.

My Dear Stanny

—A short note, in the midst of my work.

There are two Ramsgate boats—a good 'un and a bad 'un—and the bad 'un comes down next Monday. Therefore, come by a *Margate* boat, which is sure to be good. It will leave London Bridge Wharf exactly at 10, and I will be at Margate to receive you and bring you over here.

Write me a line to say yes to this arrangement, and to say whether Mrs. Stanfield[†4] is coming with you—as Georgy hopes she is. Also to say that you mean to stay a Week, at the least.

Kate sends brilliant accounts of herself thank God.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 AUGUST 1850]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 537. *Date:* 20 Aug 50 according to Forster.

I have been very hard at work these three days, and have still Dora to kill.[†1] But with good luck, I may do it to-morrow.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 21 AUGUST 1850

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London.

Broadstairs | Wednesday Night | Twenty First August, 1850.

My Dearest Kate.

I received your letter with the utmost delight this morning, and never thought your handwriting so good.

Even now, I am uncertain of my movements, for, after another splitting day, I have still Dora to kill—I mean the Copperfield Dora—and cannot make certain how long it will take to do. But if I could manage it before dinner tomorrow, I should come up by the Express train tomorrow night, arriving at home between 11 and 12. This is not for your information (as you will have shut up shop then), but for Annes,[†2] that she may make my bed in the night-nursery where I can have air. If I can't come tomorrow, I shall come on Friday, when I have a good deal before me at the H.W. office. I shall not come back until Saturday morning in any case. And of course come when I may, I shall come straight home.

Ever my Dearest | Most affectionately
(John waiting for the Post, with his mouth open, like a Post office in itself)
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 21 AUGUST 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Wednesday Night, | Twenty First August 1850.

My Dear Wills

I have cut Woodruffe as scientifically as I can, and I dont think Miss Martineau would exactly know where.

The Illustrations of Cheapness having become known to our readers, I think I would put the Steel Pen first.[†3] It has an Educational reference—is very good—and I think upon the whole might exchange places with the Forgery chapters to advantage, as we have already had the Bank first, in a former No.

Of course they have NOT[†4] sent me the Forgery Proofs.

The contents otherwise, are very fair, I think. Of course I proceed on the idea that you have not found any new first article.

If I have a favorable days work to-morrow (it may be a wayward one, as I am particularly ready to do it, and have considered it a long time) I shall be at the office all day on Friday. Also, I shall be happy to have Downing Bruce[†1] to dinner on Friday at 6.[†2] That subject[†3] should be *nailed.* Have a roast loin of mutton for one thing. We had nothing to cut and come again at, last time.

I received both the letters you mention. Ask Forster to dine on Friday.

What do you and Mrs. Wills say to coming down about tomorrow week—as soon as you have got that weeks number off your hands?

I enclose a note, which I dont understand. What on earth does the man mean, by returning an incivility?

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 AUGUST 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Office of Household Words | Friday Twenty Third August 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am at Broadstairs with my various children—real and imaginary—and only got your kind note there, yesterday. To day I am here on business—and shall go back tomorrow.

Reverting in my mind to the Ragged Schools before I left town, and reviewing the mental portrait I brought away with me of the only girl I saw at all likely to suit us, I *could not* make up my mind to take her, as the matter stands. I feel sure you would agree with me, if you saw the case and all its accompaniments. I have

thought it best to write to the Secretary (who is out of town) and gravely point out to him the immense importance of what you propose to do, and of their trying to take advantage of it in a proper manner. The

teachers at those schools, though devoted to their uninviting work, are so narrow-minded and odd—and the whole thing (which might be so good) is such a scramble—that unless they exert themselves and interest themselves zealously in a case, I really think we ought not to take it, even if we could find it. They seem to have no idea of the value of such help as your taking one or two would be.

Do you recollect promising me a note to the Librarian at the India House?[†1] And will you send it to me at Broadstairs?

I am happy to say that Mrs. Dickens is in a noble condition, and that Household Words is taking its ground vigorously.

With regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, believe me ever

Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

There are several cases (which I have gone into) preparing, from Mr. Chestertons;[†2] and I dare say Mr. Tracey will be heard from soon.

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 23 AUGUST 1850

Mention in N, II, 229. Dated Office of Household Words, 23 Aug 50.

To FRANK STONE, 23 AUGUST 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Office of Household Words. | Friday Twenty Third August 1850.

My Dear ould Pump.

What do you say to going back with me tomorrow—just for a taste of a holiday, until Monday or so? You can't think what a fresh state the place is in. And they say that for a gent who has anything the matter with his K's—or his I's[†3]—it's miraculous.

Then, we'll settle for the longer wisit. Come!

I think of going down per Ramsgate boat. If you'll come and breakfast with me in Devonshire Terrace, at ¼ past 8, you shall anoint your K's with eggs and ham.

Reply, by the young Mercury who bears this. I shall be here this evening until 9 or so, and afterwards at home.

Kate, brilliant! Ditto, little Dora!

Ever My Pump | Affectionately

Sparkler[†4]

To R. H. HORNE, [LATE AUGUST 1850]

Mention in *To* Wills, 27 Aug 50. *Date:* based on Wills *to* CD, 17 Aug (see *To* Wills, 16 Aug, *fn*) and not later than 24 Aug to allow for Horne's reply.

Giving him the heads of Wills's complaints.[†1]

To UNKNOWN LADY, 24 AUGUST 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Broadstairs, Kent | Saturday Evening | Twenty Fourth August 1850.

Madam.

My absence from town in the first instance, and from this place afterwards, when your letter was forwarded, will be my excuse, I trust, for this delay in replying to you.

I can strongly recommend Roche to you. He is the brother of a deceased travelling servant of mine,[†2] for whom I had a great regard and affection. He and his family are most respectable and trustworthy. He has been about my house for some months—is shrewd and clever—knows France, Italy, &c well—and is thoroughly honest, zealous, and good tempered. I believe you will find him everything you can desire; and if I were going abroad tomorrow, I would take him with me in the capacity in which he is to serve you.

I am Madam | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 26 AUGUST 1850

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London.

Broadstairs | Monday Evening | Twenty Sixth August, 1850.

My Dearest Kate.

I have regularly been making holiday today. Cricket, with Stone, Charles Knight, Charley, Wally, and Franky, all the morning—plunge in the sea (over and above early shower bath) before lunch—over to Margate and back, afterwards—then, garden with children. Whence I come in, to write these hasty lines.

Stanny has not appeared. Perhaps he may be coming by the Express Train tonight. Stone is just gone, and we are by ourselves again. It has been a most lovely afternoon, and I have really been basking in the sun, and in idleness, after some very hard work.

I read the No.[†3] to Stone and Georgy, yesterday afternoon, and threw them (especially the former) into a dreadful state. I hope you were affected by it? Georgy sends her love, and begs me to say that she will write to you tomorrow. She does not write tonight, on account of my doing so. She is still in the garden with the

children. Ally[†1] is with them (for the first time since he was ill), and is quite himself as to his face, and looks a great deal better. They all send their loves, and desire me to say that they are looking forward to Friday week.

I hope I shall know, tomorrow, when I shall be in town. I think it will be Friday, and I don't forget that I am engaged to dine with you.

Ever my Dearest Kate | Most affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Charles Dickens. Love to your Mama.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 AUGUST 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | London.

Broadstairs | Monday Evening | Twenty Sixth August, 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I write hastily, to let you know (the post just going out) that I hope we have two girls from the Field Lane Ragged School. The most active female teacher[†2] there, has written a very proper letter of *entreaty* (which I think it proper that you should have, in such a case), and I have received it this evening. I have appointed to see her, and the girls, on Friday.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 AUGUST 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Seventh August, 1850.

My Dear Wills. I enclose you some papers I have received, in connexion with the H.W. Among them, a letter from Horne, in answer to one from me, pointing out to him the heads of your statement. You will see that he is willing and anxious to do anything, and to render you assistance in any way in which you will allow yourself to be assisted.

I have been in a kind of prostrated condition, as to any power of thinking about anything, since I finished my last Copperfield. Consequently, what I am to do for H.W. is still a sheet of blank paper. I suppose (like Mr. Micawber) that Something will turn up.

When I know, for certain, on what day I shall be in town, I will write to you again—probably by tomorrow's Post. You remain in the same mind about Saturday?

Always Faithfully Yours

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 28 AUGUST 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs | Wednesday Twenty Eighth August | 1850.

Dear Mr. Cullenford

I return you the form, duly signed and attested.[†1]

In reference to your question, I can only say that *I* would recommend you to endeavour to get a chairman,[†2] distinguished for some association with some Art. I doubt the policy of your rushing to the young Duke of Cambridge,[†3] very much.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Cullenford.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 AUGUST 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Thursday Twenty Ninth August | 1850.

My Dear Wills.

I send you the best resumé my used-up-ed-ness will yield, of the three best Police Stories.[†4] Will you please look carefully at the Proof, and be particular with the turned comma in the Dialogue.

Stanfield being here, I shall come to town on Saturday Morning, and be at the H.W. at 11 o'Clock, to dispatch all needful business. I purpose returning by the Boat on *Sunday Morning.* Is there anything in the Presbyterian way, to prevent you and Mrs. Wills[†5] coming back with me? If so, and you would prefer preceding me by a train on Saturday Afternoon, write to that effect [†a](to my little housekeeper Miss Hogarth)[†a] by return, and she will expect you.

In haste

Always Faithfully
CD.

To R. R. BROWN,[†1] 31 AUGUST 1850*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First August, 1850.

Sir.

I beg to thank you for your very obliging communication, and for the pleasure I have had in the inspection of the drawings I now return agreeably to your request.

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard R. Brown Esquire.

To MRS MORSON, [31 AUGUST 1850]

Mention in next.

Sending her instructions about two new inmates for the Home.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 31 AUGUST 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Thirty First August, 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I this afternoon saw four girls—attendant at the Field Lane Ragged School—whom I think we may try. I am not sanguine about them all (if I am, in any strong sense of the word, about any of them) but I think they represent a class, fairly, and are worth the experiment. They all appear pretty strong and healthy. The youngest is 15; the eldest "going on", as she says, "for 19".

I promised to take two, Ellen Glyn and Emma Spencer; and have sent the necessary instructions to Mrs. Morson about the clothes &c., with the tidings that she may expect them on Wednesday afternoon. They have both been in Clerkenwell Workhouse. Both are terribly destitute and wretched. Each assured me, separately, that she in no sense belonged to the class from whom the greater part of our inmates have been taken. I cannot say that I quite believe this, but I have no other reason to doubt it, than the suspicion which their faces awaken within me. One is 17; the other 15. I don't know, from their stories, how they very well could have been less wretched than they are. Neither has been in prison.

I thought it best—that they might attach due value to the Home—not to *promise* the two of whom I am now going to write, that they would be taken. I said I would represent their cases to you, and I hoped you might think it well to try them, but could not answer for it. One of these, is Charlotte Glyn, the sister of Ellen, long in attendance on a dying mother (the teacher has constantly seen her there) and now

occupied in waiting for this mother's release by Death from a most forlorn and abject state. I did not think it well to ask this girl the question I usually put. It is probable that what I doubt in the other cases, may be true in hers.

The last of these unpromised two, is Mary Anne Wilson: a desolate creature without father or mother. This is she who is "going on for 19". She answered me plainly, and said she had been about the streets for a year. I believe she told me the whole truth. I should like to give her a trial, in consequence. She would be a robust strong girl, after a little regular food and shelter.

I arranged with the teacher that in taking the two accepted ones to the Home on Wednesday, she should ask Mrs. Morson if the other two were to be received; and, if Mrs. Morson said "Yes", she should bring back their clothes. Therefore, if you object to them for any reason, perhaps you will tell Mrs. Morson so, *before Wednesday.* If you try these two, as well as the two first, I think you will give the Ragged-School class of objects, a very reasonable trial indeed.

As I am going back to Broadstairs tomorrow morning, I write all this long rigmarole in order that the business may be all arranged as if I were here.

The Raven sends you his duty. He says (with a respectful croak) that if all the people who were attentive to the Nepaulese were like you, he should have nothing to remark upon.[†1] But he must take the liberty (he adds) of considering you as a very different person indeed, in all things, from the crowd of their admirers. He hopes you may have read an article called The Paper Mill.[†2]

My regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Ever dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts. I trust I shall be able to get to Shepherd's Bush next Thursday, about mid-day.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 31 AUGUST 1850

MS Dickens House.

Office of Household Words | Saturday Thirty First August 1850.

My Dearest Georgy

I write these hasty—&c &c—to say that Forster is not coming. Consequently if Fred *is* (which I suppose you know) he may have the Pump Room.

Affectionately Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 31 AUGUST 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs | Saturday Thirty First August | 1850.

My Dear Mac. I am going down again tomorrow morning (having come[†1] up today), and should be delighted if you would go down with me. Forster will be there, and you could, if so dispoged, return with him on Tuesday Evening.[†2]

What do you say?

If you are not at home when I send this, you can either meet me tomorrow morning, on board the Margate boat which leaves London Bridge Wharf at 8 (breakfast aboard), or if you will send me a word round here, any time this evening, I will call for you in a cab about ¼ past 7.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Kate's love.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 31 AUGUST 1850

Mention in Ernest Dawson catalogue No. 101; dated Devonshire Terrace, 31 Aug 50.

September

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 3 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London.

Broadstairs | Tuesday Third September | 1850.

My Dearest Kate.

I enclose a few lines from Georgy, and write these to say that I purpose being home at some time on Thursday, but I cannot say precisely when, as it depends on what work I do tomorrow. Yesterday, Charles Knight, White, Forster, Charley, and I, walked to Richborough Castle and back. Knight dined with us afterwards, and the Whites, the Bicknells, and Mrs. Gibson came in, in the evening and played Vingt et un. [†a]Forster was in a tip top state of amiability, but I think I never heard him *half so loud.* (!) He really, after the heat of the walk, so disordered me that by no process I could possibly try, could I get to sleep afterwards. At last, I gave it up as a bad job, and walked about the house 'till 5—paying Georgina a visit, and getting her up for company. I was just as I was that night at Geneva. But I tumbled out again at half past 7 this morning, and tumbled into the sea.[†a]

Having no news, I must tell you a story of Sydney. The children, Georgy, and I, were out in the garden on Sunday evening (by the bye, I made a beautiful passage

down, and got to Margate a few minutes after one) when I asked Sydney if he would go to the Railroad and see if Forster was coming. As he answered very boldly, Yes, I opened the garden gate. Upon which he set off, alone, as fast as his legs would carry him; and being pursued, was not overtaken until he was through the Lawn House Archway, when he was still going on at full speed—I can't conceive where. Being brought back in triumph, he made a number of fictitious starts, for the sake of being overtaken again, and we made a regular game of it. At last when he and Ally had run away,—instead of running after them, we came into the garden, shut the gate, and crouched down on the ground. Presently, we heard them come back and say to each other with some alarm, "Why, the gate's shut, and they are all gone!" Ally began in a dismayed way to cry out, but the Phenomonon, shouting "Open the gate!" sent an enormous stone flying into the garden (among our heads) by way of alarming the establishment. I thought it a wonderful piece of character, shewing great readiness of resource. He would have fired a perfect battery of stones—or very likely have broken the pantry window, I think—if we hadn't let him in.

They are all in great force, and send their loves. They are all much excited with the expectation of receiving you on Friday—and would start me off to fetch you, now, if I would go.

Our train on Friday will be halfpast 12. I have spoken to Georgy about the partridges, and hope we may find some.

Ever my Dearest Kate | Most affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 3 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Lytton Papers.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday Third September 1850.

My Dear Sir Edward.

I have had the long contemplated talk with Forster about the Play,[†1] and write to assure you that I shall be delighted to come down to Knebworth, and do Bobadil or anything else, provided it would suit your convenience to hold the great Dramatic Festival in the last week of October. The concluding number of Copperfield will prevent me from leaving here, until Saturday the 26th. of that month. If I were at my own disposal, I hope I need not say I should be at yours.

Forster will tell you with what men we could do the Play, and what laurels we would propose to leave for the gathering of new aspirants, of whom I hope you have a reasonable stock in your part of the country.

Do you know Mary Boyle—the Hon. Mary—daughter of the old admiral?[†2] Because she is the very best actress I ever saw, off the stage—and immeasurably better than a great many I have seen on it. I have acted with her[†3] in a country house in Northamptonshire, and am going to do so again, next November. If you know,[†4] I think she would be more than pleased to play; and by giving her something good

in a farce, we could get her to do Mrs. Kitely. In that case, my little sister in law would "go on" for the second lady, and you could do without actresses—besides giving the thing a particular grace and interest.

But may be you know nothing about the said Mary? And in that case, I should like to know what you would think of doing.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

If we could get Mary Boyle, we would do Used Up[†1]—which is a delightful piece—as the farce.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 4 SEPTEMBER 1850

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; dated Broadstairs Wednesday Night, 4 Sep 50.

As [*he is*] going up by *an early express next day CD hopes to meet Knight over a cigar on Saturday or Sunday evening.*[†2] *About Mr. Devlin*[†3] I cannot say that I derive a comfortable impression of him from his note or that I think him easy to be hopefully assisted. But I am almost ashamed of building up any opinion on such slight premises. He writes about his books,[†4] rather as if he saw his letter in it. Is it so,—or am I a Beast whom Begging Letter Writers have made, out of a Beautiful Prince?

Let us say Saturday, unless you object.

Ever My Dear Knight | Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [?5 SEPTEMBER 1850]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* between 1848 and 1851 on handwriting; during those years the only period when Catherine remained at Devonshire Terrace without CD, Georgina and the children was after the birth of Dora, 16 Aug 50; 5 Sep the only Thursday when CD was in London (see *To* Miss Coutts, 6 Sep) between 16 Aug and 6 Sep, when he brought Catherine to Broadstairs.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Afternoon

My Dearest Georgy. I have run up here before dinner, and find Kate looking greatly fatter, rosier, and better. The Leeches want to come into a Lodging for a month. Will you look round about, tomorrow, and see what there is? I can't make out from him, neither can Kate from her, whether he is coming down in advance *tomorrow*. If he be (not very likely, I think) we must give him some dinner. Therefore have steak enough, in case, and an extra morsel of Fish.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

To SIR ROBERT CAMPBELL,[†1] [?6 SEPTEMBER 1850]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 6 Sep 50 and perhaps written the same day.

Thanking him for his kindness[†2] *and saying that he would call on him in a fortnight.*

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Friday Evening, Sixth September | 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was in town yesterday, or I should have written to you.

Anticipating the possibility of your being away from home, I had told Mrs. Morson that if she did *not* hear from you to the contrary, she should inform the Ragged School teacher when she brought the two promised girls, that the two unpromised were accepted. Therefore there was no hitch in the matter, in any case.

I shall now be obliged to remain here without going to town, until I shall have got through the next Copperfield. I have written to Sir Robert Campbell to thank him for his kindness, and to say that I shall have the honor of calling on him in a fortnight. I have thanked him, of course, for his courtesy expressed through you;—I never thank *you,* for all your recollections of me; they are so many.

It would be a great thing for all of us, if more who are powerfully concerned with Education, thought, as you do, of the imaginative faculty. Precisely what you say

in your note, is always in my mind, in that connexion. The three best houses for childrens' books, are Arthur Hall, Paternoster Row—Grant and Griffiths Saint Paul's Churchyard—Darton & Co. Holborn Hill.[†1] Tegg of Cheapside,[†2] also published a charming collection of stories, called The Child's Fairy Library[†3]—in which I had great delight on the Voyage to America. I have begged my printers to see whether the Houses I have mentioned, publish Catalogues. They doubt whether the usages of "The Trade" apply to these little books; but if there be such things, they will get them for me, and I will immediately send them on to you.

Charley has grown two inches since the receipt of your message relative to his commander in chief. He is as brown as any boatman here, and goes back to Eton tomorrow week.

Will you tell me, at your leisure, whether I shall try to get a number of little books for you to select from—and when?

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Yours Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Sunday Eighth September | 1850.

My Dear Wills.

I send you the beginning of our joint article on Cumming[†4] Bruce's theme.[†5] I have endeavoured to make it picturesque, and to leave the ground open for you. I return your notes. You are wrong about the £45 in a day.[†6] I have stated it as I understand the fact to have been.

I don't like the name I have given the subject. What do you think of "The Fate of Wills, in England" instead? Or something of that sort? If you will send the proof to me when you have done, I will try to put a few lines at the end, so as to wind up with an effect.[†7] I think we shall make a great hit with the subject.

The diplomacy,[†1] splendid. I should like to begin that, with a Sketch of an aristocratic attaché and so forth. I know the reality very well, having seen a good deal of it abroad.

Horne spoke to me—wrote to me, I mean—about the Steam Plough,[†2] and I meant to have called your attention to it, but forgot it. You have done quite right.

The parcel is a clean set of curtains for the office windows, when wanted, and the glass-cloths we bought.

Will you tell Nall[†3] to receive and pay for, two dozen champagne and two dozen claret? They will come in cases, and had better be put in the top room.

The 14th. of October, *impossible*.[†4] I am afraid I shall not be available for the 26th. either, having made a pledge to Bulwer.[†5] But the event *may* not come off. I can't say, yet.

—Looking back to your letter, I observe that you speak of my letting you have "the first article". You understand, I suppose, that we agreed I should send you the opening of the first article for you to go on with?[†6]

I am very glad to hear of the Edinburgh man again.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Even Paxton[†7] must be second-fiddle to the Ecclesiastical subject, in case you do perceive there, a divided duty.[†8] Remember me to him, with congratulations.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Thursday Twelfth September | 1850.

My Dear Wills. I sent back the parcel as you desired—I, 25,[†9] train—addressed to you in Wellington Street—to be called for, at the London Bridge Station.

I now enclose three letters. Two refer (as I take it) to the H.W. If you could enquire about the third for me, and should think it a really good case, I am good for three pounds if you like—that is myself one, and from two funds I hold, two.[†10]

I have small faith in young Jerrold, but, if it be necessary to engage anyone—I mean if Hogarth does not do it himself, which he unquestionably must have the alternative of undertaking or declining—I don't object to his being tried.[†1] But don't speak to him until you have communicated with me once more.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Thirteenth September 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts. Not being able (on account of my work) to go to town when the last Committee Day came round, and knowing you to be away too, I told Mrs. Morson not to call the usual meeting, but to write to me, and send me the papers. I enclose the book. I have added (at her request) £5 for petty cash, to the total, and paid it.[†2] I am sorry to say that the Ragged School girls seem (on her report) desperately unpromising. If they fail, we shall have tried 'em—and made an end of 'em!

Miss Payne, their teacher, addresses the enclosed to you, and sends it to me to forward. I am afraid you will not find it agreeably expressed—she seems to me to be always blowing a shrill set of spiritual Pan's pipes—but she is earnest, though bitterly in want of sound teaching for the office of teacher.

I have requested Bradbury and Evans, if they can get a quantity of those little books from "the Trade", to send them, for your inspection, to Stratton Street.

In about a week or so, when I hope to have finished the current Copperfield, I shall come to town for a day, and carry a severe countenance into the Bush.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS GORE,[†3] 13 SEPTEMBER 1850

Extract in N, II, 232, from catalogue source; dated Broadstairs, 13 Sep 50. ([aa]Facsimile in Rev. Dr Scott and Samuel Davey, *A Guide to the Collector of Historical Documents, Literary Manuscripts and Autograph Letters*, 1891, p. 46.

In these inaccessible fastnesses (where we live chiefly on sea weed and turtles' eggs), your letter arrived yesterday; being cast into the valley of certain diamond-merchants

who frequent the heights above, and snow our letters on us in the diamond-season.[†1] I see no prospect of emerging from this solitude (where I am finishing my book) until the end of October, but your kind remembrance is pleasant to me and to all of us, and I thank you very much—[a]Though I am not at all clear about the soundness of your inference concerning my children; for if this sort of thing (I mean the unconscious-stranger[†2] sort of thing) goes on much longer, I think I shall run away, and bestow my society on my friends.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Broadstairs | Sunday Fifteenth September 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The consternation into which I was thrown by the arrival of that Registered Letter—not imagining you would take that trouble for such a purpose—defies description.

I would suggest the admission of Miss Payne on regular visiting days—perhaps a little oftener—*but not to teach in any way.* Miss P to be pledged to abstinence.

Mary Anne Wilson, the girl you mean, told me (which none of the others did) The Truth; I mean the whole Truth. Therefore, notwithstanding her Visage, I have hopes of her. I was struck by her manner of doing so, which was

GOOD.[†3]

(I put that in a line by itself, for emphasis)

You have received, I hope, a quantity of childrens'[†4] books for examination.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, [15 SEPTEMBER 1850]

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald office | Shoe Lane | London. PM Ramsgate Sep 15 1850.

T.B. Your continued absence from the Stairs, occasions great surprise and consternation. Come, and all will be forgiven. September is a fine month. October also. Why do you try the feelings of your friends by prolonged absence?

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 SEPTEMBER 1850]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 555. *Date:* 15 Sep 50 according to Forster.

I have been tremendously at work these two days; eight hours at a stretch yesterday, and six hours and a half to-day, with the Ham and Steerforth chapter,[†1] which has completely knocked me over—utterly defeated me!

To MISS MARY BOYLE,[†2] 16 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Berg Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday Night Sixteenth September | 1850.

My Dear Miss Boyle.

Your letter having arrived in time for me to write a line by the evening post, I come out of a paroxysm of Copperfield, to say that I am *perfectly delighted* to read it, and to know that we are going to act together, in that merry party.[†3]

We dress "Every Man" in Queen Elizabeth's time. The acting copy is much altered from the old play, but we still smooth down phrases when needful.[†4] I don't remember any one that is changed. Georgina says she can't describe the dress Mrs. Kitely has worn before. I shall be in town on Saturday, and will then get Maclise to make me a little sketch of it, carefully explained, which I will post to you. At the same time, I will send you the book. After consideration of Farces, it has occurred to me (old Ben being, I dare say, rare;[†5] but, I do know, rather heavy here and there) that Mrs. Inchbald's Animal Magnetism, which we have often played,[†6] will "go" with a greater laugh than anything else. That book I will send you on Saturday too. You will find your part (Constance, I think its called,[†7] but it's a waiting maid) a most admirable one; and I have seen people laugh at the piece, until they hung over the front of the boxes, like ripe fruit. It's a costume-piece. You may dress the part, to please yourself, after reading it. We[†8] wear powder. I will take care (bringing a theatrical hairdresser down, for the company) of your Wig.—!!!

We will rehearse the two pieces, when we go down—or at least everything with which you have to do—over and over again. You will find "my company" so well

used to it, and so accustomed to consider it a grave matter of business, as to make it easy. I am now awaiting the French-books,[†1] with an eye to Rockingham—and hope to report of that too, when I write you on Saturday.

My Dear Miss Boyle | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Mary Boyle.

To AUGUSTUS EGG,[†2] 16 SEPTEMBER 1850

Mention in *To* Frank Stone, 16 Sep 50.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 16 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace.—Lord, look here! | I mean Broadstairs! | Monday Night, Sixteenth September | 1850.

My Dear Mac.

Will you do me a favor—for Bulwer's theatricals? I want to send Miss Boyle—Amateur, who plays one part—Georgina t'other(!)—a little sketch of Mrs. Kitely's dress; with colors indicated, and something of that Bobadil-red, carried through it here and there. I hope to be in town on Friday, and will come to you. Will you have it for me—such a thing as *you* can do in a minute—and I will send it her, by that day's post, in a letter. She is anxious to be picturesque. Perhaps you will indicate Georgy for me too? With a little notion in it of she being maid, and Mrs. Kitely wife.

Will you dine somewhere, on Friday, if I shall have done my number and come as I expect?

Best remembrances | Ever Faithfully

CD

To FRANK STONE, 16 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs | Monday Night | Sixteenth September 1850.

My Dear P.[†3]

From a paroxysm of Copperfield, I emerge to let you know that I write to Egg by this post, and propose Monday the 7th. of October, for the Establishment of this here High-Art Studio. Come on!

And perhaps you haven't heard—but you will—of your being wanted for Downright,[†1] towards the end of that month, at a country house, under your old Manager! If we are not Jolly, it shall not be our fault. That's all *I* have to say.

Ever Cordially

CD.

Lady Actresses!

Bridget—Miss Hogarth![†2]

Young Lady (in Animal Mag:)—Miss Hogarth!!

To W. H. BROUGHAM,[†3] 17 SEPTEMBER 1850

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Nov 1890; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 17 Sep 50. Summary in Ellis & Elvery General Catalogue, 1894; addressed W. H. Brougham; dated 17 Sep 50.

Putting off an engagement. I have scarcely leisure at present, for ordinary correspondence.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Tuesday September Seventeenth | 1850

My Dear Wills. I am extremely sorry to hear about your brain—but if you suppose that our Number went down, because the Illustration was first, and wouldn't have gone down if the Forgery had been first,[†4] I think the disease must be, the gigantic strength of your imagination.

Youll[[sic]] find Broadstairs do you more good, than anything could.

I am in that tremendous paroxysm of Copperfield—having my most powerful effect in all the Story, on the Anvil—that you might as well ask me to manufacture a Cannon seventy four pounder, as to finish the Turtle,[†5] or do the Junk,[†6] or do anything NOW.[†7] But I will be at the Office, please God, at eleven on *Friday Morning*; and if we have, as I fear we must have, in default of anything else, the

second Will article in the No. I will write the introduction then and there.[†1] I have arranged to go over the asylum for Idiots,[†2] that day, which ought to afford a fine description.

I will look over Hints on Emergencies,[†3] with the view you suggest, *if* it comes.

You may tell Mr. Field that the only word in that passage which he did *not* use, is "slow" as applied to "Justices". I put that in, to express what his manner expressed. But, that if he means to say he didn't mention about "while they were looking over the Acts of Parliament", he means to say the thing which is not.[†4] Lemon's recollection, and Leech's, be my judge! There would be no objection to a facetious Chip about the "slow", but what Mr. Field did say, shall not be unsaid—can't be.[†5]

I enclose you, from a correspondent, a Post Office order for a Sovereign in favor of that Westminster Reclamatory Institution whereof we have treated.[†6] Also a communication from Mr. Parry[†7]—another name for Blight, and Locust.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To JOHN LEECH, 18 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs | Eighteenth September 1850.

Recreant!

Here are three soundly-useful letters.[†1] I could write letters ad infinitum, but they would be merely social introductions to expensive people who could render no real service in such a case.

Brush up the Marquess!!! Tell Lemon when you see him, Animal Mag[†2] is the order of the day.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN, 18 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Mr and Mrs Anthony C. Clarkson.

Broadstairs, Kent | Eighteenth September 1850.

My Dear Morgan.

The bearer of this letter, Mr. Leigh,[†3] the brother of a literary friend of mine, proceeds to America with his family, with the idea of settling on land in Illinois. He knows nobody in the States, and *has* heard that he *might*—just by remote possibility—be taken in, if he acted without knowing what he was about.[†4] If you can direct him (and I believe nobody can better) I shall feel very heartily obliged to you.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite with me in kindest remembrances to yourself and Mrs. Morgan.

Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Morgan.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 19 SEPTEMBER 1850

Extract in Stan V. Henkels catalogue, Mar 1925; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 19 Sep 50; salutation "My dear Mac"; signed initials.

I don't know whether as a Painter, you would care to see what I am going to see at Highgate tomorrow, an asylum of Idiots.

To MR THORPE,[†1] 19 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Nineteenth September 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Thorpe. He begs to thank Mr. Thorpe for his communication, but has no interest in the matter.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 20 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twentieth September 1850.

My Dear Miss Boyle.

I enclose you the book of Animal Magnetism, and the book of Every Man in his Humour. Also a sketch by Mr. Maclise of a correct and picturesque Mrs. Kitely. Mr. Forster is Kitely—Mr. Lemon, Brainworm—Mr. Leech, Master Matthew—Mr. Jerrold, Master Stephen—Mr. Stone, Downright. Kitely's dress is a very plain purple gown like a blue-coat boy's.[†2] Downright's dress is also very sober; chiefly brown and grey. All the rest of us are very bright. I am flaming red.

Georgina will write you about your colors and hers, in Animal Magnetism. The gayer, the better. I am the Doctor—in black with red stockings. Mr. Lemon (an excellent Actor) the Valet—as well as I remember in blue and yellow, and a chintz waistcoat. Mr. Leech is the Marquess—and Mr. Egg the one-eyed servant.

What do you think of doing Animal Magnetism as the last piece (we may play three in all, I think) *at Rockingham*? Is your brother[†3] equal to the Valet, and would he do it? If so, we might make Quin[†4] do the one-eyed servant—and beat up, with Mrs. Watson, for a Marquess. Will you tell me what you think of this, addressed to Broadstairs.

I have not heard from Bulwer again—I dare say I have crossed a letter from him by coming up today—but I have every reason to believe that the last week in October is the time.

Ever Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

This is quite a Managerial letter,—but I write with all manner of appointments and business-discussions going on about me—having my pen on the paper, and my eye

on "Household Words"—my head on Copperfield—and my ear nowhere particularly.
P.S. I will let you know about A Day after the Wedding[†1]—I have sent for the book—on Monday.

To SPENCER T. HALL,[†2] 21 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Mr F. Atkinson.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty First September 1850

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for the book you have so kindly sent me,[†3] and to add that I shall have great pleasure in becoming a subscriber to your proposed volume.[†4]

Your faithful servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Spencer T. Hall Esquire.

To WILLIAM BROWN, 22 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. Brown Esquire | Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | near | London.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Second September 1850.

My Dear Sir.

Unfortunately I did not receive your note—having been away from here, and in town—until last night. But even if I had received it in due course, I should have been unable, I am sorry to say, to avail myself of the pleasure it proposed to me, as I was rigid with Copperfield, on Thursday, from head to foot.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | near London.

Broadstairs. | Twenty Second September 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have told Mr. Brown how I came not to answer his kind note on your behalf, in due course.

I went to Shepherd's Bush yesterday, where I found Mrs. Morson very hopeful—the Ragged School Girls apparently improving—and decidedly much changed for the better, in their appearance. Before going out there, I went to the Office of the Commissioners of Sewers in Greek Street, and delivered a most pathetic and moving address on the subject of the Drains—at which the Surveyor was so much touched, that he engaged to go out there, immediately, and then "communicate with" me, here. Notwithstanding the vague nature of this repentant promise, I have hopes that we shall shortly (though not, I am afraid, without incurring some expence) remove that nuisance. At any rate, as the affected Surveyor said, "The premises must be relieved". And what kind of relief is proposed, I will let you know, after I have been "communicated with".

As I shall soon be sitting down to my final wrestle with Copperfield,[†1] and as it takes some time, I am afraid I shall not be able to attend at Shepherd's Bush, on the next regular Committee Day. Would you wish the Committee to be holden on that day? Perhaps you will let me know. Mrs. Morson asked me, yesterday, and I told her I would ask you.

Mr. Charles Knight considered it expedient to withhold the greater part of your gift to that Mr. Develin[†2] (after consulting with me) until he was sure of its doing him some good: otherwise, he had made up his mind to return it to me. But Mr. Develin is now going to America; and (although I find it difficult to understand how *that* can do anybody good) we have descried hopefulness in giving him the rest. I mention this, in case he should write to thank you, and you should wonder why he does so, now, instead of long since.

Ever dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To WILLIAM NICHOLAS,[†3] 22 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Second September 1850.

Sir.

I regret to say that I had too much to do, and too many appointments to keep, in London yesterday morning, to be able to get out to Highgate by 12 o'Clock. I therefore very reluctantly abandoned the attempt. My visit must now stand over until my return to London in November; but I will not fail to communicate with you, then.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Nicholas Esquire.

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART,[†1] 22 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Twenty Second September | 1850.

My Dear Tagart.

I have read the story, carefully, and am sorry to say it will not do for Household Words. I need not say to *you*,[†2] that something more is wanted in such a Narrative, than its literal truth—that it is in the very nature of such Truths as are treated of here, to require to be told, artistically, and with great discretion. Now, the young man's illness appears to me to be very common-place—ditto, the proposal of the married gentleman to the heroine—ditto, Helen Winslow's narrative, in the last degree. In the last-named young lady, I discern a diluted remembrance of a little book called (if I remember right) the Chimes; and the heroine's dread about her own child, was shadowed out, I think, in the same little Volume. On the whole, our readers would decidedly think that there is nothing in it to excuse its length. All this, I say to *you*,[†2] leaving you to deliver it, "after what flourish your nature will",[†3] to the Author;—to whom I entreat you to report me kindly, though quite decidedly.

I looked at that house at North End,[†4] and was much pleased with it. The grounds, delightful.

Mrs. Dickens and Georgy unite with me in best remembrances to Mrs. Tagart and all your house.[†5]

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Edward Tagart.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 24 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Tuesday Twenty Fourth September | 1850.

My Dear Miss Boyle.

All is going on, briskly, at Knebworth. I receive constant reports of the preparations. Mrs. Kitely's dress, extremely good (I will get one of the "County Men" who are to do the small parts, into Canary Color) but won't Lisette's color (lemon) be too like Mrs. Kitely's (canary)??? I ask this, in mild and timid ignorance.

—As to Rockingham. The Marquess[†6] is very important, and moreover his words (to a Novice) are not easy to learn (having no coherence in them) and his "business" (like the business of the whole piece) is enormous. We must consider what to do.

Your brother we will book. And I will send Mrs. Watson Quin's part.[†1] With a patch over his eye, and a lame leg, he ought to be brilliant!

I know the two pieces your brother mentions—both very good—but I have a piece in my mind that I once saw done at the Haymarket; of which I don't remember the plot—or the story—or the situations—or anything whatever—except that I have a general impression of Webster and Celeste at a table, in some easy thing that had a Melodramatic interest in it, (I don't think more than 3 parts) and was very picturesque. It may have been some anecdote of the French Revolution—I don't know—I think a pistol was fired in it—perhaps it was only a bell rung—I can't say. They send me word from the Theatre, on these lively recollections of mine, that the piece was called Louison,[†2] and was only played once. Madame Celeste has the Manuscript, and will be in town next week. I have written to her,[†3] to give it to me then.

Animal Magnetism will utterly kill anything else in the Laughing Way; and it requires, besides, fresh spirits in the Audience. Therefore I think if we could get something with an interest, between A day after the Wedding, and that—say in this order

Day after the Wedding
Louison
Animal Magnetism

—we should present each piece at an advantage. Don't you think so?

I have a wild dream that in this mysterious piece (one scene, one act) somebody was hid somewhere on account of something. But I can't say who, or why, or when, or on what occasion—and very likely I shall find that nothing of the sort is in it!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Boyle.

To MARK LEMON, 24 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Broadstairs, Twenty Fourth September | 1850.

My Dear Lemon.

I have no doubt that must be the Piece. If you would kindly take so much trouble for me, I should like to have it, if I can. For, although I remember nothing about it, I have an otherwise incorrigible idea that it would suit my purpose. Pray express all that is polite from me to Madame.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 24 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Fourth September 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

Coming out of a paroxysm of Copperfield, into a condition of temporary and partial consciousness, I plunge into histrionic duties, and hold enormous correspondence with Miss Boyle—between whom and myself, the most portentous packets are continually passing.

I send you a piece we purpose playing last, at Rockingham, which "My Company" played in London, Scotland, Manchester, Liverpool, and I don't know where else. It is one of the most ridiculous things ever done, and I have seen the people hang over the boxes with laughter, like over-ripe fruit. We purpose, as I have said, playing it last. Why do I send it to you?

Because there is an excellent part (played in my troupe by George Cruikshank) for your brother in it—Jeffrey. With a black patch over his eye, and a lame leg, he would be charming—noble! If he is come home, give him my love and tell him so. If he is not come home, do me that favor when he does come.

And add that I have a Wig for him, belonging to the part, which I have an idea of sending to the Exposition of '51, as a triumph of human ingenuity!

I am The Doctor—Miss Boyle, Lisette—Georgy, the other little woman.

We have nearly arranged our "Bill" for Rockingham. We shall want one more reasonably good actor, besides your brother and Miss Boyle's—to play the Marquess in this piece. Do you know a Being, endowed by Nature, with the requisite qualities?

There are some things in the next Copperfield that I think better than any that have gone before.[†1] After I have been believing such things with all my heart and soul—two results always ensue. First, I can't write plainly to the eye. Second, I can't write sensibly to the mind.

So, Copperfield is to blame, and I am not, for this wandering note. And if you like it, you'll forgive me?

With my affectionate remembrances to Watson.

Ever Dear Miss[†2] Watson | Very faithfully Yours

CD.

(I find I am not equal to the flourish)

To HENRY COLE, 25 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs | Twenty Fifth September 1850.

My Dear Sir

I am truly sorry that I didn't see you when you called here. On the first day, I was in London; on the second, at Ramsgate.

Your proof[†1] has greatly interested me. I shall be happy to "join the Union",[†2] and I am now at work on a paper for Household Words,[†3] which I hope may help the question in a taking manner.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Cole Esquire.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs | Twenty Sixth September 1850.

My Dear Frederick

It gives me extraordinary pain to refuse you anything, but I cannot make up my mind to be security for the performance of so extensive a contract.[†4] I am uneasy in the lightest thought of bequeathing such an obligation to those of these nine children who may outlive me, if I bequeath anything. The responsibility would be most oppressive to me, always impending over my head. I cannot undertake it.

I have an invitation from Bulwer to you, to come down to Knebworth on the 26th. of October, and act there on the 28th. and 30th. in his Hall. It is only an hour and a half from London. Your charges, of course, are my concern.

Affectionately Ever

CD

To JOHN LEECH, 26 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Crescent | Notting Hill | near | London.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Sixth September 1850.

My Dear Leech.

I enclose you a note from Bulwer. Please answer it, addressed

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Bart.
Knebworth
Hertfordshire.

It is proposed to play twice—Monday night the 28th. and Wednesday night the 30th. of October; going down on Saturday the 26th. (it is only an hour and a half by Railway) and rehearsing that night.

Faithfully Ever

CD

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., [26 SEPTEMBER 1850]

Mention in next.

To T. J. SERLE, 26 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Sixth September 1850.

My Dear Serle.

I am very busy here, and not likely (I think) to be in London before November. But I write to Coutts's by this post, requesting them to send you the Elton account.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 26 SEPTEMBER 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Sixth September 1850.

My Dear Stone.

I enclose you a note from Bulwer. Please answer it, addressed
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Bart.
Knebworth
Hertfordshire.

It is proposed to play twice—Monday night the 28th. Octr. and Wednesday night the 30th.—going down on Saturday the 26th. (it is only an hour and a half by Railway) and rehearsing that night.

Faithfully Ever
CD

To THE MAYOR OF DERBY,[†1] 28 SEPTEMBER 1850

MS County Borough of Derby. *Address:* His Honor The Mayor of Derby.

Broadstairs, Kent | Twenty Eighth September 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Mayor of Derby, and regrets that his avocations render it quite impossible for him to accept the invitation of the Derby Mechanics' Institution,[†2] which the Mayor has done him the honor to forward.

To JOHN MOSS,[†3] 28 SEPTEMBER 1850

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1975; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 28 Sept 50; addressed John Moss

Regretting that avocations render it quite impossible for him to accept the invitation of the Derby Mechanics' Institution.

To THOMAS A'BECKETT,[†4] [?SEPTEMBER 1850]*

MS (fragment) Mrs à Beckett Opffer. *Date:* A'Beckett landed in Australia in Jan 51 so the ship (unidentified) probably left about Sep 50.

But I have no doubt you will either hear, at such a place as Silvers[†5] the outfitters, of some passenger in want of such employment, or will find her on board.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas A'Beckett Esquire.

October

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 OCTOBER 1850

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street | London.

Broadstairs | Tuesday First October 1850.

My Dear Beard

I hope the repentant (and inscrutable) Governor[†1] will keep his word and release you. We shall be delighted to see you, and we hope you mean to book yourself for a long holiday.

You will probably find a few "Household Words" here; to wit, Wills and his wife, and Horne and his wife; but we have laid on a Supplementary cottage, and have plenty of room. Egg and Stone will be down on Monday, to keep you company o' Mornings, when I am at work.

Ever My Dear Beard | Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To W. F. DE CERJAT,[†2] 1 OCTOBER 1850*

MS University of Kentucky Libraries. *Address:* Favored by the Reverend Chauncey Townshend | William Cerjat Esquire | Lausanne.

Broadstairs, Kent | First October 1850.

My Dear Cerjat.

I am very desirous to make a particular friend of mine, known to you. I give this note to the Reverend Mr. Townshend, the friend in question, who is staying in Lausanne; in the assurance that both he and you will like me the better for doing so. He has heard me speak of you (and yours) with the regard that is an inseparable part of dear old Switzerland to me, and does not like to be near to you, and strange to you, after that.

He is a gentleman of great attainments, highly distinguished in many ways, and to whom I am much attached. I wish I were at Rosemont, to come down the Hill with him, and ring your bell with my own hand!

Watson and I have threatened, twice, to make a descent on Lausanne. I really begin to think we shall do it, please God, next year. We have been dreadfully in earnest.

Kate and her sister send their loves to Mrs. Cerjat[†3] and all your house. I send mine too, if I may. I am finishing Copperfield here—writing to the Music of the sea—and here are all the nine children, and the rest of the Caravan. We are going to

have some Private Theatricals at Watson's early next month,[†1] and the note of preparation[†2] already reaches these quiet regions.[†3]

When I write your name, I have always an association with that night at Martigny[†4] when we walked up and down before the Inn, smoking Cigars, and our party were singing inside.—You remember? Why my memory should select that particular time, I don't know—but it always does.

To COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY, 1 OCTOBER 1850

MS Comte de Gramont.

Broadstairs, Kent. | 1 Octobre, 1850.

Mon cher Comte D'Orsay.

Je vous envoi ci-enclos, le livre[†5] dont je parlai quand j'eus le grand plaisir de vous revoir, mon cher, a Paris. Il a eté "out of print" ou je vous aurais ecrit il-y-a quelques semaines.

Ah! Que nous avons, souvent, parlé Maclise et moi de vous, et de ce jour la quand nous dinames, chez Oliffe,[†6] avec une societé—tres agreeable sans doubte[†7]—mais qui nous avons donné mille fois au Diable. Il nous parait que nous n'avons dit rien a vous—que nous n'avons exprimé presque rien de notre amitie, de notre amour. Quand je pense à cet homme avec le riban bleu—cet Irlandais maudit!—je le deteste comme un Brigand. Aussi le veillard avec sa maniere courte et sa peruque qui disait des riens toute la soirée. Aussi, meme l'innocent docteur. Mais le bon temps viendra. Jurons diner—aux trois freres par exemple—nous trois seuls (viendrons à Paris, exprès, Maclise et moi) pour causer des jours qui s'ont ecoulés, et, pour soulager nos regrets!—

Je suis fort occupé, en ecrivant le dernier livraison de Copperfield—meilleur (j'espere et je crois) de mes livres, *à present.* Je vais rester ici, avec madame et toute la famille, jusqua la fin d'Octobre quand nous irons a Knebworth, chez Bulwer. Forster fut ici, hier. Il est extremement gros—extremement fort—extremement bon. Maclise a eté, depuis environ six mois, horriblement oisif; mais tout-a-coup il a commencé travailler toute la journée, depuis 7 heures au Matin, jusqua 5 heures a la Soirée. Il fait un grand tableau (commandé par Colburn,[†8] libraire) de Caxton

l'inventeur de l'art d'imprimer.[†1] Il va l'envoyer a l'exposition de 1851 Marotte du Prince, et mort de Brougham.[†2]

Il n'y a point de nouvelles dans cette Ile desolée de Thanet. Je l'aime, neanmois parcequ'elle est tranquille et je puis penser et rever ici, comme un geant. Avant je laissai Londres en Aout, je dinai, un jour, avec Lanny.[†3] Nous parlames beaucoup de vous et nous buvames a votre santé avec dix milles souvenirs. Quand nous nous rencontrons—Maclise, Forster, Lanny, moi—nous parlons toujours de vous. Vous etes toujours dans nos coeurs.

Votre filleul[†4] vous envoit ses devoirs. Il est sauvage et feroce—pas encore civilisé. Sa mere et ma belle soeur, vous envoient milles amities. Elles disent qu'il n'y a presque personne dans le monde qui elles aimaraient tant, revoir. Elles ont raison. Je sens, et je sentirai toujours la meme chose.

Toujours | Mon Ami | Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN LEECH, 1 OCTOBER 1850

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill | London.

Broadstairs | First October 1850.

My Dear Leech.

Yes. Kate and Georgina are both going—the latter plays, you know. They hope Mrs. Leech[†5] will go too. I understand no strangers will be staying in the house, and that the Dukes, Duchesses, and the like, who come to see the Play will do what the Americans call "clear", after the representation.

Nathan[†6] dresses us. Hadn't you better leave your Master Mathew[†7] dress out for him? I will tell him to send for it within a week and furbish it up a little, as we must be very smart. As the time approaches, will you call there, and look after the Marquess's dress?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 1 OCTOBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | First October 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson

I have made minute enquiries into the construction and dimensions of Mr. Hewitt's[†1] Theatre, and I think I now understand it—for the first time. It cannot be used in part, it seems, but must be set up,

altogether,—I mean the scenic part—and that is, unhappily, too large for your rooms, being, at the smallest, *twenty feet high.* In depth and width it would exactly do,—precisely do,—but its height appears to be altogether fatal to any idea of using it at Rockingham. It must be set up as it is made, because what we stage Managers professionally call the "rollers of the cloths"—that is, the piece of wood on which each scene that drops, winds and unwinds itself, requires its own particular support and place. In short it is a perfect little mechanical structure, of which one part cannot be used without another. The different pieces screw and fit like Cabinet-work, and fill a waggon!

In right of my trusteeship for all the strolling actors in England,[†2] I know a good many strange people in the vagabond way, who would do anything in an honest direction to please me. If the worst came to the worst, I think I know three scenes (we should hardly want more) that I last heard of in the Market place at Uxbridge, and which are perpetually travelling about to Fairs and small Theatres—which I could lay hold of, and bring down, to be erected by our own ingenuity. But I think I have a better idea still. One Nathan, in Titchbourne Street Haymarket, a "Costume-Maker" has dressed all my Company's plays—dresses Every Man in His Humour, and Animal Magnetism—and goes to Knebworth with us. He is a Jew, but *for* a Jew a very respectable man indeed. He has scenery, expressly for rooms and country houses, I *know*; and it strikes me, all at once, that he would fit you up a little boudoir stage and take it away again, with great ease, very neatly, and at small cost. If you would like to know further about him (which I don't at all assume without hearing from you) I would send him down to you bodily by Railroad, and *you* could judge for *your*self, and *he* could judge for *him*self directly. He stands in great awe of my managerial ferocity (of which he has had great experience) and would be as quiet and tractable as any Lamb.

Understand,—when I use the word "Stage", I merely mean a Curtain, scene-lights, and Scenes. Nothing else.

I am turning over all sorts of things in my mind, to see whether Miss Boyle and I couldn't do something particularly applicable to the farmers, on the second night—something in the agricultural line, with a country boy and girl in it.

Ever Dear Miss[†3] Watson | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I expect Bulwer to emigrate, before *his* play takes place. He is building a Stage, and taking appalling steps.

To J. W. BLOCKLEY,[†1] 3 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* J. W. Blockley Esquire | 35 Gloucester Street | Gloucester Gate | Regents Park | London.

Broadstairs, Kent | Third October 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Blockley and begs, with many thanks, to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Blockley's obliging note and very pretty song.

Mr. Dickens has also to thank Mr. Blockley for his polite offer of the words of the song. Mr. Dickens cannot have the pleasure of accepting it, as he thinks the title of the work sufficiently referred to, in the opening paper of the first number.[†2]

To MARK LEMON, 5 OCTOBER 1850

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Saturday Fifth October 1850.

My Dear Lemon.

This is to enclose the sketch of Georgina's dress, and to say that I propose to rehearse in London, on Friday the 1st. and Saturday the 2nd. of November. As soon as you let me know where the Rehearsals are to take place, I will send round calls to everybody. Get up Jack Humphreys.[†3]

This is also to trouble you with two Commissions, respecting my Northamptonshire Theatricals. First, if you have Louison will you send it me at once, either by post or Railway parcel, according to its size. Secondly, will you take the following trouble on yourself, for the love of your Manager.

Finding our Knebworth Theatre too large for my Northamptonshire friend's rooms—which are ancient and low—it occurred to me the other day that Nathan advertizes Scenery for Amateur plays; and I wrote to Mrs. Watson (my friend's wife) to say that I thought it probable he could fit them up a sufficiently neat little stage. She takes mightily to the notion, and wants Nathan to go down there, next Tuesday if possible—see the place—and consult, and propoge. Said Nathan being ill, perhaps his wife can send his brother or some competent *respectable*[†4] person. Will you see if it can be done? I write on the enclosed card, how he is to go.

Ever affecy.

CD.

I don't think Leech is coming here at all.

To MRS GASKELL, 6 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sunday Sixth October 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

By some unaccountable omission of mine, I never found out what was written in the envelope of your tale![†1] I never dreamed of its coming from you, and, being extremely occupied on Copperfield, laid it aside until I should have a few days with the Sub Editor of Household Words, for going over Manuscripts.

I need not say that I read it with avidity as soon as I knew it was yours, and that I shall be delighted to have it.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister are much concerned to hear of your indisposition.[†2] They beg me to send you their kindest remembrances.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To E. J. SAGE,[†3] 6 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Central Library, Stoke Newington.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixth October 1850.

Sir,

I have read your letter with gratification and am happy to comply with your request for an autograph.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. E. J. Sage.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 7 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs, Kent | Monday Seventh October 1850.

My Dear Miss Boyle.

I send you now,

LOUISON!!![†4]

I have only received it an hour or so. Consequently, I send it with all the Prompter's absurd mistakes and shortcomings in the copying way. It is not much to read, *but I see great capacity in it.* The gun, I consider a sure thing. The eating and drinking should go off, even better than the gun. I see you, (in my mind's eye) unable to eat,

looking nervously at the place where the Marquis (another Marquis!)[†1] is concealed; and I see myself, as Michel, watching you; and I see a vast amount of Business, over the half fowl and bottle of wine, only to be appreciated, and discerned afar off, by practised actors like ourselves. Also, I behold you with a bright handkerchief on your head, and large ear-rings in your ears—and when I think of myself, in a red cap and with a gunpowdery face (to say nothing of the row outside, which I have a wonderful project for making

impressive) I am transported beyond the ignorant Copperfieldian present,[†2] and soar into the Rockinghamian future!

The Prompter is copying the parts. If you will send me back the piece (by return of post, if you can read it so soon) I will send you your part, as soon as I get it. Very likely, the two documents will cross. We can have brilliant rehearsals of Louison in Devonshire Terrace.

Now, about My Grandmother.[†3] I have not the least objection to substitute it for Animal Magnetism, but I am quite confident—have not what Brougham calls the shadow of a shade of a doubt—of its being, in every respect, stupendously inferior, and failing to "go" one twenty thousandth part as well. Besides the excruciating nature of the Dialogue—which makes me feel as if I were being rubbed down with a gigantic Baker's-Rasp—and the hoary-headed jokes, of which the greater part must have been uttered before Old Parr[†4] when he was carried in arms to a dramatic performance in a barn—and must have been then the oldest inhabitants of the worst jest-books—it is not a piece in which Animal spirits can tell *at all.* Briskness and animal spirits would carry Animal Magnetism anywhere. I am quite sure your brother would feel the part, after rehearsing it. It can be all made so delightfully rapid, and the situations are so wonderfully good! As to my making what Mrs. Malaprop calls "Caparisons",[†5] that wild apprehension can only originate in his modesty; and he *cannot*[†6] be modest and an actor—so I dismiss it.

Pray let him know what I think about it. I will willingly do the old gentleman (the phrase has quite a diabolical appearance, I find as I write it!) if he be bent, on fresh consideration, on that piece of my Grandmother. But I am certain it will never tell, and can never tell, and never might, could, would, or should, ever tell, like Mrs. Inchbald's farce. I think I can see exactly what can be done with my Grandmother—and I *know* what can be done with Animal Magnetism—wherefore I stand by the latter, and vote for it with three obstinate cheers.

On the second night at Knebworth, we play Turning the Tables. I send you the book and cast.

You will please—I now become strictly Managerial—to consider yourself "called" for two Rehearsals in London, to wit on the 1st. and 2nd. of November. You are further requested to be "easy in the words" of Mrs. Kitely, Lisette, and Patty Larkins.[†7]

(Signed)
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Mary Boyle.

To G. L. CHESTERTON, [?7 OCTOBER 1850]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Albion Hotel | Ramsgate.

Broadstairs | Monday Seventh October 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have received a letter from Mr. Chesterton, expressing his very strong and earnest interest in the case of Julia Dye a girl of 18, in prison for the first time, whose sentence will expire this day fortnight. It seems to be a very good case, and well adapted to the Home. I have informed him, in reply, that I have no doubt I may answer for your taking it.

I have been in a state of dense idleness and incapacity since I saw you. This morning I am looking very hard at a blank quire of paper, and trying to persuade myself that I am going to begin Nos. 19 and 20 in earnest. Otherwise I should have come over, instead of sending this note.

With kind remembrances

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To CAPTAIN DAVIES,[†1] 7 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Broadstairs | Monday Seventh October 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Captain Davies, and takes the liberty of asking if he may be favored with an order empowering himself and two or three friends who are staying with him, to see the North Foreland Light House in the evening.

On applying at the Light House two or three nights ago, Mr. Dickens was informed that he could not be admitted after sunset, without an order from Captain Davies.[†2] He trusts Captain Davies will excuse him therefore, for making this application.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 8 OCTOBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Tuesday Night | Eighth October 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I have a moment, after the receipt of yours and before the going out of the night's post, to say how grieved I feel by what you tell me.

Don't think of our project until you can do so pleasantly, except to remember that I shall make no sort of engagement for the turn of the year, after Christmas, until I know at what time I shall come to you.

At your full convenience and comfort, tell me. I have not the least necessity to know it until you have dismissed this sad care from your mind.[†1]

Believe me, nothing is indifferent to me that moves you. I should be a worse friend, and a more easily made one than I hope I am, else.

Kind regards, | In great haste | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 15 OCTOBER 1850

Text from *Unpublished Letters of CD to Mark Lemon,* ed. Walter Dexter, 1927, p. 84.

Broadstairs, | Tuesday, Fifteenth October 1850.

My dear Lemon,

Don't unintentionally wrong the Industrious Artist.[†2] He never for a moment represented you as being put out. It was the mistake (which I explained to him) that he thought a joke.

Will you write to Forster for those men's addresses?[†3] I think he knows them.

I am afraid, I must say, of an amateur prompter. I think an actor would be greatly preferable. Besides which, he positively *must* go on for Formal.[†4] There's no one else.

Ever affectionately yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 15 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs, Kent | Tuesday Night | Fifteenth October 1850.

My Dear Miss Boyle.

I am obliged—I fear, possibly at the risk of giving you some inconvenience—*to entreat that you will endeavour to be in London for the Rehearsals of the 31st. of this month, and the 1st. of next.*[†1] I would not, for a moment, press this request upon you, if only my old own company of well-used people were concerned; but the introduction into small parts, of some of Bulwer's "County people", renders the grouping &c so extremely difficult, that I tremble at the thought of your absence. I know what the Rehearsals at Knebworth must inevitably be—how imperfect in the midst of his preparations—and forgive me if I make it a personal request to you to be at these Rehearsals in town. I have appointed them at that time, in order that the places on the stage may be thoroughly understood, and marked in each person's book as the Rehearsals go on, and studied afterwards. And although I have unbounded confidence in your perfect readiness and perception of what is required in such cases (remembering what I saw of you in that way at Rockingham) I cannot forget how many other people would be inevitably compromised by your absence, and what a serious responsibility—for it really is a serious responsibility to undertake, as I do, to

save these untried people from mortification and failure—rests on me. I don't think it possible to carry the new recruits through (the male recruits I am speaking of, observe!) with honor to all of us, without having you at these Rehearsals. I sincerely believe that your absence would damp the spirits of every one concerned—with the unlucky manager fearfully wet-blanketed, to begin with.

Do come! Pray come! I turn from heaps of Copperfieldian blots to beseech you to come. We had it in our minds to ask you, if, coming to our house for this purpose, you could not remain with us until we go to Knebworth. But, having poured out, from the fulness of my Managerial anxiety, this earnest request to you, I content myself with limiting this new encroachment to the following small note of interrogation

?[†2]

My servant (who has been sneezing, to attract my attention, ever since I began) now observes, like an uneducated Ghost in a new Hamlet—so solemn is his warning—

"The Post is a closen of itself Sir!"

—and shuts me up.

Ever dear Miss Boyle

(He's lighting the sealing-wax, and won't allow time for a signature in full)

CD.

To GEORGE LINLEY,[†1] 17 OCTOBER 1850

MS Mr Brian Lake.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seventeenth October 1850.

Dear Sir

Mrs. Dickens has the greatest pleasure in accepting the Dedication with which you propose to honor her.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Linley Esquire

To EDWARD BALDWIN, [18 OCTOBER 1850]

Mention in next.

To THOMAS BEARD, 18 OCTOBER 1850

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | William Beard Esquire | Lewes | Sussex.

Broadstairs, Kent | Friday Night | October Eighteenth 1850.

My Dear Beard

The enclosed hideous and infernal-looking document arrived under cover to me this morning, with the enclosed request. I have written back, to the father of those prematurely ripe little Stiltons (the twins)[†3] "that I have sent it after you, but fear it may not reach you, as I know you were going to several places in quick succession.[†4]

Everybody sends best love. Stone addressed me for two hours (in the course of a walk this afternoon after a stunning day's work) on the subject of his "conception of Knibbs."[†5] The only changes in Broadstairs, are, that we had fried oysters (and claret) to start on, at dinner today—and that four herrings were taken last night in seventy five million, six hundred and eighty four thousand, nine hundred and fifty three, yards of net.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THE REV. JOSEPH MOULD,[†1] 18 OCTOBER 1850*

MS University of Texas.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Friday Evening | Eighteenth October 1850.

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to send you a cheque for Three Guineas towards your benovolent object,[†2]—one guinea from myself, one from a charitable trust I have to administer on the part of some subscribers in India,[†3] and one from the Reverend C.H.T.[†4]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend J. Mould.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 18 OCTOBER 1850

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Friday Night | Eighteenth October 1850.

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your suggestions in reference to the Cheap-Edition-accounts of Oliver Twist. I will not trouble you to make out any other statement, but will arrange the matter with my partners,[†5] according to those just and reasonable considerations which you explain.

Have the kindness to pay the balance in my favor, to my account at Coutts's.[†6]

Faithfully Yours

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 21 OCTOBER 1850

MS John Rylands Library.

Broadstairs | Monday Night | Twenty First October 1850.

My Dear Fred. It is proposed to act at Sir Bulwer Lytton's on Monday Tuesday & Wednesday, the 18th. 19th. & 20th. November, and to meet there on Saturday the 16th. for Rehearsal in his house—whereunto he begs me to invite you cordially. If you should have occasion to come back in the day time, the station is Stevenage, and the time very short.

On the 31st. Octr. and the 1st. of Novr., we Rehearse at Miss Kelly's[†1] at ¼ before 7. I want you, if you don't object, to do Cash instead of Young Knowell. Four "County Men"[†2] have come in, and have taken the uphill parts of Old Knowell, Justice, and Wellbred. I was obliged to throw them in Young Knowell, because there is no one among them sufficiently used to us to do Cash.

You will also have your old part of Tom Thornton in Turning the Tables. Nathan dresses. Wilson[†3] should make you light-looking (as to hair) and youthful, for Cash.

I shall be at Household Words all day on Thursday, from 11 to 5.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To SYDNEY WILLIAMS,[†4] 21 OCTOBER 1850

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue No. 54 (1929); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Broadstairs, 21 Oct 50; addressed Sydney Williams.

On Thursday, I hope to send you (I purpose being in town and at the Household Words office all day) proofs of the concluding numbers of Copperfield,[†5] in good time for the evening post. I cannot engage to do so sooner, because although I have very nearly finished the book—within a page or so—the sheets can not well be ready before that time. But you will be quite safe in preparing Mr. Bernard Tauchnitz[†6] to receive them agreeable to this arrangement.

And pray tell him, with my compliments, that I shall be very happy to see him when he comes to town.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 OCTOBER 1850]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 547. *Date:* 21 Oct 50, according to Forster.

I am within three pages of the shore; and am strangely divided, as usual in such cases, between sorrow and joy. Oh, my dear Forster, if I were to say half of what *Copperfield* makes me feel to-night, how strangely, even to you, I should be turned inside-out! I seem to be sending some part of myself into the Shadowy World.[†7]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 OCTOBER 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Broadstairs. | Wednesday Twenty Third October | 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have just finished Copperfield, and dont know whether to laugh or cry.

Will you look at these two letters (No. 2, in answer to an enquiry of mine, after the receipt of No. 1) and tell me whether it shall be done? If you will write to me, at home in town, I shall probably get your letter the sooner. I have an idea of wandering somewhere for a day or two—to Rochester, I think, where I was a small boy—to get all this fortnight's work out of my head, but I shall be at home soon.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I beg my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown. I hope "She" will like the close of the story—to say nothing of *You*!

To F. M. EVANS, 23 OCTOBER 1850

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Broadstairs | Wednesday Night | Twenty Third October 1850.

My Dear Evans.

I enclose you the last chapter of Copperfield, the Preface, and the errata. If any of your people should have observed any misprint, let it be added. I have removed Mr. Rackham's unhappiness—as he's a friend of yours.[†1]

If you should not have sent the two sets of proofs to Wellington Street before you receive this, don't send them. Send (as soon as ready) only proofs of the MS sent now, title, &c. Because I have had time to go through the sheets, and if you will get my corrections, enclosed, made *immediately* (so that I may send complete proofs to Williams and Norgate before Post time) it will be easier for the German Translators,[†2] and will save me a great deal of trouble.

I purpose being in Wellington Street at 11 in the Morning. Let me know if I may rely on the corrections in good time.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To LORD NUGENT,[†1] 24 OCTOBER 1850*

MS University of North Carolina.

Office of Household Words | Twenty Fourth October 1850.

My Dear Lord Nugent.

I should have written to you sooner, but for having been so closely occupied with Copperfield, as to have had no leisure for any kind of correspondence.

Coming to town today, I have read Humpty Dumpty. I am extremely sorry to say that I do not think it at all suitable to Household Words. If I had had the least doubt on the subject, I need not assure you (I hope) that I should have instantly given the full benefit of it to any friend of yours—to a lady most of all. But I am quite sure it would not do. It wants more of the breath of life, and is altogether wide of our mark.

I send it to you, enclosed, begging you to thank the fair authoress on my behalf, and to assure her of my respectful consideration.

My movements for the next week or so are not quite certain, but I think I am pretty sure to be in town next Saturday and Sunday—I mean, this very next Saturday and Sunday Week. Shall you be away in foreign parts before then—or will you engage to dine with us in Devonshire Terrace en famille[†2]—and not to come by mistake after supper?

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Nugent.

To W. B. HODGE,[†3] [25] OCTOBER 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* misdated by CD; Friday was 25 Oct in 1850.

Office of Household Words. | Friday Evening Twenty Fourth October 1850.

Dear Sir.

I take the liberty of troubling you with this note to introduce my brother Frederick, whom I wish to place in the hands of some respectable Life Insurance Office. He is in the Treasury—and in debt. If *I* were to lend him the money to pay his debts, *I* should not be likely to recover it; and I bear a long train of similar experiences in other cases.

But the sum he requires not exceeding £600, on the highest calculation, I would go so far as to become Security for him, if he could borrow that sum, to be repaid out of his income, on such terms as I thought reasonably hopeful. I am not aware whether such proceedings form any part of the business of your office;[†1] but, even if they do not, I have thought it possible that you might be able, and not unwilling to advise him where to go.

If you can, I shall feel very sincerely obliged to you, as I am anxious (for his own respectability) that he should arrange his affairs at once. He has been heedless enough, but there is not the least harm in him.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Hodge Esquire

To E. V. HARCOURT,[†2] 26 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Office of Household Words, | Saturday Twenty Sixth October 1850.

Sir.

Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated on Tuesday last.[†3]

I shall be happy to make the statement you desire me to make, on your authority, in reference to the amount of your professional income. It shall appear in the next Number printed. But I may observe, in case you should suppose me to be delaying the statement, that the business arrangements of the journal require certain numbers to be always prepared in advance; and that the next number to be printed is No. 34 which will be dated on the 16th. of November.[†4]

I feel it right to add that I shall consider it just towards the writers of the original article, to explain, in making that statement, that the late Archbishop of York divided the office between his two sons (of whom [one][†5] was a Minor) and who are now the Registrar Chancellor,[†6] and Registrar Scribe.

The fact of the improvements of 1837, shall also be distinctly set forth.

I conceive that you must be misinformed when you suppose the Clerk to have "never actually received any money for furnishing information on these printed forms" in reference to the Weddings by Licence.[†1] Because I assure you that I have before me, at this moment, a receipt of that gentleman's for such a fee. On this point, I would also beg to call your attention to a letter published in the York Herald of this day and signed "A County Magistrate",[†2] which has been shewn to me this morning.

In conclusion, I hope it is not necessary for me to assure you, that I have had no object in giving publicity to these articles, but the establishment of a just principle—that I cannot entertain the slightest personal animosity towards any gentleman connected with any Registry—and that your manner of addressing me commands my utmost respect and consideration.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Egerton V. Harcourt Esquire.

P.S. A proof of the explanation to be published as I have mentioned, shall be sent to you when ready.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 26 OCTOBER 1850

MS University of Texas.

Office of Household Words, | Saturday Twenty Sixth October 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

As Copperfield is *your book,*[†3] you know, it has occurred to me that you might possibly like to see the end of it before the rest of the World does. Being in town today, I send you the sheets of the conclusion.[†4] Will you and Watson (to whom my love) kindly keep them to yourselves until publication-time?

They are not finally corrected, and have several verbal errors in them, I dare say.

We return to town on Monday Evening for good. I am going to meet Kate and Georgina at Tunbridge Wells this afternoon, on their way home.

Believe me | Dear Mrs. Watson | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 30 OCTOBER 1850

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth October 1850. | Wednesday

My Dear Miss Boyle.

We are all extremely concerned and distressed to lose you. But we feel that it cannot be otherwise, and we do not, in our own expectation of amusement, forget the sad cause of your absence.[†1]

Bulwer was here, yesterday; and if I were to tell you how earnestly he, and all the other friends whom you don't know, have looked forward to the projected association with you, and in what a friendly spirit they all express their disappointment, you would be quite moved by it, I think.

Pray don't give yourself the least uneasiness on account of the blank in our arrangements. I did not write to you, yesterday, in the hope that I might be able to tell you, today, that I had replaced you, in however poor a way. I cannot do that yet, but I am busily seeking out some means of filling the parts before we rehearse tomorrow night. And I trust to be able to do so, in some out of the way manner.[†2]

Mrs. Dickens and Bridget[†3] send you their kindest remembrances. They are bitterly disappointed in not seeing you today, but we all hope for a better time.

Dear Miss Boyle | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. B. HODGE, 30 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth October 1850.

My Dear Sir

I am very sincerely obliged to you for your kindness in reference to my brother. Let me thank you.

I envy Mr. and Mrs. Smith at Rome. All my Tartar propensities are stirred, when I read of them, there, in your note.

With regards to Mrs. Hodge

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. B. Hodge Esquire.

To LORD NUGENT, 30 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Miss Elena Klasky.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning Thirtieth October | 1850

My Dear Lord Nugent

I write you this, in the greatest haste, to say that I have come home and have found your letter, but am unhappily engaged this evening, tomorrow, and next night, in preparations and drillings for Bulwer's play. But when shall you be back in town? Jerrold tells me you are *not* going abroad so I shall hope to test that boasted-on-your-part, and-on-my-part-resolutely-denied Punctuality, sooner than in your roving fit you thought for.

Ever Yours cordially
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 31 OCTOBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First October 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I return the letters. If you will let me know where you are, and when visible, I should like to come and have a little talk with you about them and about the Great Drainage question.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

November

To THE METROPOLITAN COMMISSION OF SEWERS,[†1] [1 NOVEMBER 1850]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Westfield Lodge | Brighton.

Devonshire Terrace | First November 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Our letters crossed. Exactly what you have written to me, on the Great Drainage Question, I was going to say to you.

I have been to the Commissioners' office today, and seen my sympathetic friend. It is necessary, as a matter of form, that a letter should be written to "the Board", stating your desire to have the work done, and that the money estimated as its cost, should be enclosed. This I have just done. I am assured that "the premises shall be relieved immediately".

With kind regards | Ever dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To F. P. DELMÉ RADCLIFFE,[†1] 2 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Boston Public Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | Second November 1850.

My Dear Sir

I lose no time in letting you know that I purpose engaging the Theatre for the Rehearsal (twice or thrice, carefully) of Turning the Tables,[†2] at one o'Clock in the day, on Thursday the 14th. if it should be convenient and agreeable to you. This would leave you the evening unbroken. Will you kindly tell me if this hour will suit you?

I know you will be glad to hear that Mrs. Dickens had a very good night, and is doing exceedingly well, and has no pain.[†3]

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Delmé Radcliffe Esquire.

To MRS LEMON,[†4] [3 NOVEMBER 1850]

Mention in next.

Urging her to play Tib and Mrs Humphries in the Knebworth theatricals, in place of Catherine, who had injured her foot.[†5]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 3 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Night | Third November 1850.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I should have waited at home today, on the chance of your calling, but that I went out to look after Lemon.

And I went, for this reason.—The surgeon assures me that there is no probability of Mrs. Dickens' being able to play. She is going on "as well as possible" (which I sincerely believe), [†a]but the swelling is so great that it is impossible to say to what extent the tendons of the foot are injured; and he thinks the chance of their being able to support the weight of her form, so soon, infinitessimal.[†1] I will call in Quain[†2] tomorrow, and have it carefully examined, but I have no reason at all to distrust the skill of the gentleman who was hastily called in, when the accident happened, and whom I have since retained.[†a]

Now, *when* it happened, Mrs. Lemon told my little sister in law, that she would gladly undertake the parts, if it should become necessary. Going after her today, I found that she and Lemon had gone out of town, but would be back at the Hotel where they are staying (the Bedford, in Covent Garden) tonight. I have written to her, earnestly urging her to the redemption of her offer. I have no doubt of being able to get her well up in the characters; and I hope you approve of this remedy? If she once screws her courage to the sticking place,[†3] I have no fear of her, whatever.

—This is what I wanted to say to you. †bI shall have her answer tomorrow morning, no doubt. I shall be at home until a quarter past 2.†b If I don't see you here, I will write to you at Forster's, reporting progress. Don't be discouraged, for I am full of confidence, and resolved to do the utmost that is in me—and I well know they all will—to make the nights at Knebworth *triumphant.* Once in a thing like this—once in anything, to my thinking—it must be carried out like a mighty enterprise, heart and soul.

†cOn Wednesday, please God, I shall be with you. And when the Theatre arrives too.†c Pray regard me as wholly at the disposal of the Theatricals until they shall be gloriously achieved.

My unfortunate other half (lying in bed) is very anxious that I should let you know that she means to break her heart, if she should be prevented from coming as one of the audience—and that she has been devising means, all day, of being brought down in the Brougham, with her foot upon a T.†4

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton

P.S. I enclose a note which Forster left with me an hour or two ago.

To L. A. CHAMEROVZOW, 4 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourth November 1850.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Volumes you have done me the favor to forward to me on behalf of the Aborigines Protection Society;†1 and also to thank you for your own book on New Zealand,†2 for which I am very much obliged.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Louis Alexis Chamerovzow Esquire.

To T. WESTWOOD,†3 4 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Mr Frank Bradburn.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park London | Fourth November 1850.

My Dear Sir

My absence from town has prevented my receiving your book,[†4] and the very courteous and gratifying letter which accompanied it, until today. I beg to assure you that I am deeply sensible of such consideration, and that I should vainly endeavour to express the pleasure it affords me.

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Westwood Esquire.

To WILLIAM JERDAN,[†5] 4 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Liverpool Public Libraries.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night | Fourth November 1850.

My Dear Jerdan

My hearty thanks for your kind note.[†6] It gives me the greatest pleasure.

With kind regards, | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esquire

To LEWIS NATHAN, 4 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS L. & H. Nathan Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night | Fourth November 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform Mr. Nathan, that he and Mr. Lemon will call on Mr. Nathan on Wednesday Morning punctually at 12, to see all the gentlemen's dresses, and satisfy themselves that everything is complete.

The polished leather shoes with red heels, which were sent to Mr. Nathan with Mr. Dickens' Bobadil dress, are for Mr. Dickens' Animal Magnetism dress, and will require paste buckles.

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY NOVEMBER 1850]

Extract in F, VI, iii, 505. *Date:* clearly after publication of Wiseman's Pastoral on 29 Oct and probably not later than 4 Nov when Russell's "Durham Letter" appeared.

Taking a gloomy view of public affairs in connexion with Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral given out of the Flaminian Gate,[†1] *and speaking unhappily of some family matters.*[†2]

Yours | Despondently, | And | Disgustedly,
WILKINS MICAWBER

To [? W. C. BENNETT], 6 NOVEMBER 1850

Text from Maggs Bros catalogue No. 977 (1976); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 6 Nov 50. *Address* (envelope only MS Mr Philip Cornwell)*:* W. C. Bennett Esquire | 11 Croom's Hill Grove | Greenwich. PM 6 Nov 50.

I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your book,[†3] and the very gratifying terms in

which you have the kindness to present it to me. I assure you that I feel them strongly, and that you can have no more interested or approving reader than I have been for a long time.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 7 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Afternoon | Seventh November 1850.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

[†a]On the principle of postponing nothing connected with the great scheme, I have been to Ollivier's,[†1] where I found our friend the Choremusicon[†2] in a very shattered state—under repair—his mouth wide open—the greater part of his teeth out—his bowels disclosed to the public eye—and his whole system frightfully disordered. In this condition he was speechless. I cannot therefore report, touching his eloquence, but I find he is a Piano as well as a Choremusicon—that he requires to pass through no intermediate stage between Choremusicon and Piano—and therefore that he can easily and certainly accompany songs.[†a] I have enquired into the Window Seat matter, and they (Ollivier and Moss) are decidedly of opinion that he can be hoisted into the window: a temporary scaffolding or stooling being made for Lewis Moss[†3] to sit upon. If the Great Northern[†4] take carriages—which I suppose they do—they will take the Choremusicon. It would come in a Van, which would be put on a Truck. It would come by the first train on Monday Morning—would only require to be met at Stevenage by one horse in harness—and would be adjusted, set up, &c &c by Lewis Moss, assisted by our carpenters. The Choremusicon will recover its usual health and spirits within a week.

[†a]Now, will you have it?[†a] I have promised to let them know, on Saturday Morning. [†a]I am inclined to believe that on the whole it is the best thing,[†a] and I think we could so arrange it as not to obstruct the view. But I haven't heard it, and can't hear it. They are extremely confident of its being better than three Musicians.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS MARY HOWITT,[†1] 8 NOVEMBER 1850

Mention in Knight, Frank & Rutley catalogue, Oct 1968; dated Devonshire Terrace, 8 Nov 50.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Office of Household Words | Friday Evening Eighth Novr. 1850

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have come here from Shepherds Bush, just in time for Post.

Mrs. Morson tells me that she has written you an account of the disaster—very unexpected; for I was there on Tuesday, when all seemed prosperous and thriving. I found, in addition to what she had told me, a purse of Mrs. Macartney's gone, containing half a crown. It seems that it may have been taken out of her drawer at any time since Sunday (when she saw it last) but how, remains a mystery; for she declares it has been always locked, and that the key has been always, as it is now, attached to the key of the gate. I have directed all the beds to be narrowly and secretly examined this evening while the girls are in the long room—in case it should have been taken and secreted by any one but the runaways.

I find this curious circumstance in the case, which makes me a little suspicion[†2] of some one—I don't know whom—still in the house. Davies slept by herself; Humphreys[†3] in the room on the first floor. It is remarkable that the key which happened to fit Mrs. Morson's Wardrobe, was not taken out of that little press in that bedroom, but out of the other Press in the upstairs bedroom—and yet, when I bethought myself of trying if the key in Humphries first floor room, would open the same Wardrobe too, I found it would!—From which I rather conclude that some one sleeping in the top-room must have found out that use for the key there, and told Humphries. Because, if Humphries had been prowling about, to make that discovery for herself, it is reasonable to suppose that she would have begun with the key most ready to her hand and eye.

I will write to you on Monday, in reply to your kind note received yesterday. At present I am in a mighty state of indignation—and the Post presses. I have instructed the Police to take the girls up, if they can find them,[†4] as I am confident that the example would be better than any precept. I ought to tell you that I have narrowly investigated everything, and that I cannot conclude that any blame attaches, either to Mrs. Morson or Mrs. Macartney.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To [MISS] J. A. HEAVISIDES,[†1] [?7-8 NOVEMBER 1850]

Mention in *D*, XXVI (1929/30), 47. *Date:* since CD had left London on the morning of the Saturday in Nov when the letter asked her to call, but was able to call on her next day, the appointment must have been for 2 or 9 Nov (16 and 23 Nov impossible because of

Knebworth, 30 Nov unlikely because CD was at Devonshire Terrace) and the letter not later than 7 or 8 Nov.

Acknowledging receipt of her father's book Poetical and Prose Remains of Edward Marsh Heavisides[†2] *and asking Mr Heavisides to call at Devonshire Terrace on a Saturday in November.*[†3]

To THOMAS COE,[†4] 9 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park | Ninth November 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Coe, and will feel obliged if

Mr. Coe can call upon him on Monday at any time between eleven and one, bringing a copy of the Scene plot in each of the three pieces, with him. Mr. Dickens will then give Mr. Coe the necessary information as to his coming down to Knebworth on Saturday next.[†1]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 9 NOVEMBER 1850

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* V (1919-21); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 9 Nov 50; addressed "My dear Frederick"; signed initials.

Mentions going to Knebworth for rehearsal with Kate and Georgy.

To JOHN HEWETT, 9 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS The Rev. Noel Boston.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth November 1850.

Dear Sir

Mr. Forster writes to you today, I understand, touching the arrangements for the arrival of the Theatre at Knebworth on *Tuesday* Evening.

Do I understand that *all* the lamps required for the stage and float, will be of the same size and pattern? If so, I shall be obliged to you if you will send me one of those you have hired, in order that I may take down *my* two dozen to Knebworth with me. I presume they fit to something, or screw upon something? If you will make a small railway parcel of your "Model Lamp" and forward it to me here, it may save me a great deal of confusion and trouble, and sending up to London from Hertfordshire at the last moment.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hewett Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 9 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Ninth November 1850.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

The Choremusicon has surprisingly recovered. I saw him today, looking remarkably well, with an immense crimson silk waistcoat on.

Ollivier has ascertained that the Great Northern (or Direct Northern, or whatever it is—I mean your Railway) *will* bring him. Tidings of the precise train by which that service will be performed, I will bring with me on Thursday Evening.

The Theatre will (as I expected) take "full" two days putting up—which I suppose means three. It will be at Knebworth on *Tuesday* Evening, and your carpenter and two assistants who were to have been ready for it on Thursday

Morning, must now be ready for it on *Wednesday Morning*. Will you let Gilbert[†1] know this?

[†a]I have not heard of anything more having happened to anybody.[†a]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To FRANK STONE, 9 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth November 1850.

My Dear Stone

As Georgina has "called" you for the Rehearsal on Thursday at I exactly, I need only tell you that the train by which you had better come [†b]to Knebworth,[†b] will leave the King's Cross Station on Saturday at exactly 2. You will take a ticket for Stevenage (an hour and five minutes) where I am informed that two carriages and a cart for the luggage will be in waiting. The dinner hour will be 4, with a view to the night's Rehearsal.

Ever affecy.
CD.

Frank Stone Esquire.

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 11 NOVEMBER 1850

Text from N, II, 244.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening, Eleventh November, 1850

My Dear Sir

I am extremely sorry, on reading your story, to find that we have anticipated it, and have a paper on the same subject (by Horne) in a number which has been at Press some days.[†2] I like yours very much, and know the Captain perfectly. Nothing but what I have mentioned, could have stood in its way.

I am *not* a Freemason and should very much like to read the book[†3] you so kindly offer me.

With regards to Mrs. Howitt.

Believe me always, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 12 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Mr Theodore Hewitson.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth November 1850.

My Dear Sir

I will read your paper (an admirable title) immediately, and also let you know about the space in the Xmas Number.[†1]

Pray let me assure you that there *is nothing at all like the Captain* in Horne's paper; and that he wrote his, in compliance with a suggestion from Wills who mentioned the subject to me as being down on his list, in consequence of its having attracted so much attention lately.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 13 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Lytton Papers.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Evening Novr. 13th. 1850.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

[†a]I come in here, to write a line or two to you. Not that I have anything very important to say, but that I may as well report Progress.

First. We purpose coming down tomorrow; leaving town, post, at 5. We shall send our man and woman by the 6 o'Clock train. I shall have the farce-people in hand, from 1 o'Clock at noon.

Secondly, I got a little uneasy in my mind, the other day, about the stage lights; rather suspecting, either that there was some confusion, in consequence of the Theatre being made for gas, or that Mr. Hewett was not quite reliable in that particular. I wrote to him, assuming that it was all right. He wrote back, declaring that it was all wrong—that he had mentioned to Forster *that he was only prepared for gas*—that, after receiving my letter, he had hired two dozen lamps, but we should want two dozen more from London—*I* say, more probably three dozen. Further, I discovered that it was absolutely impossible that his man *could* attend to the working of the stage, and to so many lights also. But that, as you know we were prepared for.

The upshot of it all, is, that I have been pervading London all the afternoon and seen nothing better than to allow my lamp-man, Tucker of the Strand†2 (a very respectable merchant with whom I have dealt for the last fourteen years) to send down anything extra, required, including a steady well-conducted man. I cannot get him to a positive contract, because so much must necessarily depend (he says) upon the usage of the lamps, the amount of heat and so forth, but he pledges his

long-tried reputation with me, to do the thing thoroughly and well, and brilliantly, and without smell (providing his own oil) and on as reasonable terms as it could be so done. I have been to Forster, and to Lemon, but we find the difficulty and uncertainty of attempting any other arrangement so great, and the necessity of being thoroughly provided, so strong, that we think there is nothing for it but to complete this. I should say that it would occasion an extra expence (including the man) of about five or six pounds. Of course I will look closely into it—I take the responsibility on my devoted head—and that's all.

Except this—Will you let Mr. Webb†1 know that a public-house bed will be wanted for "the Lamp-man". He will appear by the first train on Saturday Morning, as the trimming and arranging will be an entire day's work.†a

If I should not find you gone to Australia or elsewhere, and should not have occasion to advertize you in the third column of the Times,†2 I shall hope not to add to your misfortunes—I dare not say, to afford you consolation—by shaking hands with you tomorrow night, and afterwards keeping every man connected with the Theatrical Department, to his duty.†3

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To [THOMAS TUCKER],†4 [13 NOVEMBER 1850]*

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Date:* 13 Nov: see *To* Lytton, that day.

Train on
Saturday Morning, at [ ]†5 o Clock
From the King's Cross Station, Battlebridge
Take a ticket for Stevenage

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's
Knebworth Park
is about 2 miles from Stevenage, but there will be a Musical Instrument going on, for which a cart will be sent, and the lamps[†6] can be put into that conveyance. They (and two dozen other lamps, already at Knebworth) will all have to be lighted on Saturday Evening.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 13 NOVEMBER 1850

Extract in Swann Gallery catalogue No. 248; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 Nov 50.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments . . .[†1] and begs to remind (merely to prevent the occurrence of any mistake) that the AMATEUR PARTY WILL BE AT THE THEATRE FOR REHEARSALS, tomorrow, at one exactly.

To GEORGE CHAMBERS,[†2] 23 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park | Twenty Third November 1850.

Sir.

I shall be at home on Tuesday between 11 and 2, and happy to see you if such an appointment should suit your convenience. But I deem it right to add (that I may not unnecessarily occupy your time) that if your visit should refer to any public invitation with which your Institution proposes to honor me, I cannot possibly accept it; being too much engaged, and too completely overwhelmed by such invitations from various parts of England, to render acceptance within the bounds of any reasonable possibility.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Chambers Esquire.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 23 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Third November 1850.

Dear Sir

Mr. Townshend writes me that you are going to send him a parcel of books "at Christmas" by which *I* can send him one. Will you have the kindness to let me know of the intended departure of that same parcel, two or three days before it goes?

Faithfully Yours

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1850

Extracts in Goodspeeds catalogue No. 106, and in Parke-Bernet catalogue, Nov 1944 where dated Devonshire Terrace, Saturday Evening, 23 Nov 50 (*MS* 2 pp.).

Will you do me the new kindness to see what is the matter with the bearer of this note, Mr. Wilson [*hairdresser*] to all the chief theatres in London, of whom I had much knowledge in our amateur plays, and who is a very worthy and zealous man—not gaining much, by great exertion—quite an artist in his way—most attentive, punctual, steady, and reliable in all things. He is certainly in want of sound medical advice, and I can recommend him (but that's little to say) to none so sound and kind as yours.

To E. S. JACKSON,[†2] 23 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Private. *Address:* Mr. E. S. Jackson | Harbour Hill | Queenstown | Ireland.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Third November 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. E. S. Jackson. No such boy as Michael Harvey has ever been in his service nor has he any knowledge of the name.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 23 NOVEMBER 1850

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912, p. 52.

London, 1, Devonshire Terrace, Novbr. 23rd, 1850.

I much regret not having the pleasure of seeing you this year. . . . I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of your draft for £. . .,[†3] and to assure you that I shall not fail to give you timely notice of any new work I may undertake.

To LORD ASHLEY,[†4] 23 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace. | Saturday Evening | Twenty Third November 1850.

Dear Lord Ashley

I have read the passage you so kindly marked for me, with horror, but (I am sorry to add) without surprise. I have strolled about the place myself, and only

wondered (as who can help doing, in such scenes!) how the world, and we in it, went on for a year.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I say nothing of my determination on all occasions to render this great cause[†1] all the help I can. That, I believe you will take for granted.

To WILLIAM BROWN, 23 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Twenty Third November 1850.

My Dear Sir

On coming back from Knebworth, I find your note. I am very glad we have a case so well recommended, and hope to see the girl on Monday. A clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Burrows,[†2] has written to me (on the suggestion of Mr. Ellis)[†3] concerning another case; and I have appointed to see him and the subject of it, with her nearest relations, on Monday.

If anything could surprise me in such a direction, I should be surprised to hear of the conduct of Little Cummins, who always behaved so well at the Home. But it is a great comfort to find the other two so promising. Two to one, are consolotory[†4] odds.

I don't return their letter now, because I have another to give Miss Coutts back, and hope to run down to Brighton with both, after a week or so, when I shall have got together a Christmas Number of Household Words.

Mrs. Dickens is greatly better, but cannot walk yet.

With my best regards to Miss Coutts, and to Mrs. Brown,
Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 23 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Evening | Twenty Third November 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

Being well home from Knebworth—where everything has gone off in a whirl of triumph, and fired the whole length and breadth of the County of Hertfordshire[†1]—I write a short note to say that we are yours, any time after Twelfth Day, and that we look forward to seeing you with the greatest pleasure.[†2] I

should have made this reply to your last note, sooner, but that I have been waiting to send you Copperfield in a new waistcoat. His tailor is so slow, that it has not yet appeared, but when the resplendent garment comes home, it shall be forwarded.

I have not your note at hand, but I think you said "any time after Christmas." At all events, and whatever you said, we will conclude a treaty on any terms you may propose.

And if it should include any of Charley's holidays, perhaps you would allow us to put a brass collar round his neck, and chain him up in the Stable?

Kate, and Georgina (who has covered herself with glory) join me in best remembrances and regard to Watson and you, and all the house.—I have stupendous proposals to make, concerning Switzerland in the Spring!

I promised Bulwer to make enquiry of you about "Miss Watson" whom he once knew, and greatly wished to hear of. He associated her (but was not clear how) with Lady Palmer.[†3]

My Dear Mrs. Watson | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon: Mrs. Watson.

To WILLIAM BROWN, 24 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. Brown Esquire | Westfield Lodge | Brighton.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Afternoon | Twenty Fourth November 1850.

My Dear Sir

No time must be lost in getting the unfortunate Brighton girl into some Hospital. Her condition is so horrible, that she is obliged to be kept apart; the very odor from her sores, being unendurable as they say. What shall we do?

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Westfield Lodge | Brighton.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Afternoon | Twenty Fourth November 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Those wretched girls who robbed the Home, *gave themselves up, last night,* at a Police Station in the City. Going to Shepherds Bush just now, I found that the Police had just been there, requiring Mrs. Morson to be at the Mansion House at 12 tomorrow.[†1]

After thinking about it, I have adopted the following course, which I hope you will deem the best that such circumstances will admit of. I think you may desire, if possible, to give the case no additional notoriety, by the introduction into it of my very notorious name. I have therefore possessed my Solicitor[†2] (who is a very shrewd, intelligent person) with the facts of the case, and requested him to send some one from his office with Mrs. Morson tomorrow, to ensure its being properly and concisely stated. I have made him acquainted with my part in the business, and explained to him why it may be best not to refer to me unless there should be some positive necessity—which I consider most unlikely; *all the property stolen being Mrs. Morson's.* No unnecessary sensation will be made, and I have made him perfectly understand the bearings of the circumstances all through.

I write hastily, and will write again by tomorrow night's post. I enclose a short note for Mr. Brown.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. HENRY W. BURROWS, 25 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth November 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Burrows, and begs to say, in acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Burrows' note of Saturday,[†1] that he will be happy at any time to enter on the consideration of any case for Miss Burdett Coutts's Home, in which Mr. Burrows may be kindly interested.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Westfield Lodge | Brighton.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth November 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Mr. Loaden[†2] (the solicitor I mentioned) went himself with Mrs. Morson today, and stated everything as quietly as possible. The girls neither spoke nor looked up, and were committed for trial. Mrs. Morson will be taken before the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey, next Wednesday.[†3] I have just time to write this.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To GEORGE CHAMBERS, 26 NOVEMBER 1850

Mention in Anderson catalogue No. 4221; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 26 Nov 50.

Referring to an appointment.[†4]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 28 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Eighth November 1850.

My Dear Henry

I am sorry to say that I cannot go on Saturday, for I must work all day at the Christmas No.[†1] of Household Words. But, any other day, after Wednesday, I shall have great interest and pleasure in seeing the place.[†2]

Kate and Georgina unite in love to Letitia. Kate's foot is much better, but she can only, as yet, walk a very little.

You will see that I have done something Sanitary this week.[†3] Also in the next No. but one, I have kept the subject alive.[†4]

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To HENRY BICKNELL, 28 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth November 1850.

My Dear Mr. Bicknell.

If I ever did such a thing, believe me I would do it at your request.[†5]

But I don't. And if you could see the ramparts of letters from similar Institutions, with which my desk bristles every now and then, you would feel that nothing lies between Total abstinence (in this regard) and utter bewilderment and *Lecturation.*[†6]

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite with me in kind regards to you and Mrs. Bicknell. The consequences of the accident are fast fading, I am happy to say. We all hope to hear, shortly, that Mrs. Bicknell has recovered that other little accident, which (as you and I know) *will* occasionally happen in well-regulated families.[†7]

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Bicknell Esquire.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 28 NOVEMBER 1850

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; dated Devonshire Terrace, 28 Nov 50; addressed Charles Knight.

Looking out from a sea of letters *to say he is delighted with Pudding*[†1] *but Knight has forgotten* The Salt![†2] *Asks him to put in that spoonful and CD will read the proof anywhere and would like to meet at Wellington Street on Thursday when the No. is made up.*

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 28 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth November 1850. | Thursday Night

My Dear Fred.

What is the nature of the security that I should be required to give to Mr. Manning[†3] (a very unpromising name)?[†4] What the instrument, and what its provisions?

Affecy. always

CD.

To JAMES MONCREIFF,[†5] 28 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace, London. | Thursday Night | Twenty Eighth November 1850.

Dear Sir.

I have been out of town for some days, or I should not have delayed answering your kind letter.

Pray let me thank you for it, and for that most touching and eloquent remembrance of our dear friend, by which it was accompanied.[†6] I read that tribute to his memory, with an interest and admiration which I will not endeavour to express to you. Your fervent words found an echo in my heart, and filled it with the liveliest emotions.

Allow me to assure you that I cannot regard you as a stranger, when we feel so strongly in common—and to express the hope that we may have an opportunity before long (and may not lose it) of being personally acquainted.

Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

J. Moncreiff Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 28 NOVEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night. | Twenty Eighth November 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

We joyfully book ourselves for the 8th. of January in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight hundred and fifty one.

In reference to your kind invitation of "some person or persons unknown", I should be very glad to do any feasible thing to assist our project. If I were to ask anybody, *for such a purpose*, Mr. Lemon would be, by many degrees, and out of all comparison, the best. But, besides that he is much engaged and has just come back from Knebworth, and besides a little awkwardness that I should feel in exactly knowing how to set about it (though he is a most agreeable and good humoured creature, and perfectly devoted to his Manager) I don't know that you have anything for him to do. He always plays La Fleur in Animal Magnetism, and you know we already have Miss Boyle's brother for that. He is much too good an Actor, and too used to act with me in that sort of relation, to be put into a smaller or less difficult part—and Mr. Forster has no comedy in him—and Mr. Leech would be (in a room, which they are not used to), hardly more valuable in the Marquess than the Mysterious Stranger whom Miss Boyle used darkly to hint at, in various quires of note paper that passed between us last October—[†a]and concerning whom, I believe you and she had some correspondence?[†a†1] But I should not have the least objection to trying to impress Mr. Lemon, *if*[†2] we could use him (theatrically speaking) according to his wont. And whether he could come or no, I would discover straightway, if our plans led us to that.

Now, I don't want to frighten you, but I am pretty well used to these things, and as I know you will give me credit for understanding them from experience, I think it right to say—

—That, if we are to have a creditable Play, on the 13th. of January, it will be necessary at once to complete all the arrangements for it—to know what is to be acted—and to cast all the parts—and to send them out to the people who are to play—and to leave nothing to chance.

—That such arrangements as the construction of the little Theatre, and *especially the lighting of it,*[†3] would require my looking into, in the closest manner, now, or they would never be done at last. You have no idea what a perfect little machine anything remotely approaching to a Theatre must be, in all respects of careful and provident arrangement, or how monstrously absurd it becomes, and what a ridiculous failure. If I were to tell you what I did at Knebworth, you would hardly believe that so much care for minute things could be necessary; and though we do it, comparatively, as a mere Christmas game at Rockingham, the same care is necessary (or more necessary) to make the lesser means tell for their utmost worth. And if all this were arranged within the next fortnight, the drill at Rockingham, between the

8th. and the 13th. in the Rehearsal way, would be something utterly astounding and bewildering to all unused beholders!

Into all this, I am ready to plunge with the utmost rapture and vehemence, and with a more than British constancy of purpose—and I have no doubt of the ultimate astonishment of the dazzled and delighted neighbourhood—*but*, there is no time to lose in settling all the preliminaries; and, before they are settled, I say thus much about them to shew you what a serious piece of business they involve. If Miss Boyle be certain to come to you, the first best thing would be for she and I to take counsel about the parts—the three little pieces I think we are clear of. Georgina you are certain of,—and Kate, if there be anything for her to do. When we had got so far, I should like to see *you* for an hour or so, and would run down by the Railroad with the greatest pleasure, and summon the Jew[†1] to meet us. If we were in any serious difficulty for a good Actor, I would try to find him, and in case I could get Mr. Lemon, there is a piece we do (which has only he and I in it)[†2] which is one of the most ludicrous things possible, and which, in that event, we might play. But, as we originally proposed, I don't think (as I have already said) we could very well use such aid.

With best regards | My Dear Mrs. Watson | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I have been in Spitalfields all day, among the Weavers.[†3] Their looms are rattling in my mind, and I hope have not woven this letter into an unintelligible pattern.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Evening | Twenty Ninth November 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The Post which brought me your letter just now (half past eight) brought me the enclosed from Mr. Loaden, which I think it right to send to you, by reason of the terms in which it mentions Mrs. Morson.[†4] I will tell Mr. Loaden of your satisfaction and I know it will gratify him.

Your enquiry in reference to the children's books (which I will immediately inform myself upon, and then write to you at Brighton) reminds me of what I told my publishers I would ask you some days ago—but have forgotten. Are those books sent to you to look at to be returned; and if so, may they be sent for to Stratton Street?

Will you let me have one word as to this?

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

December

To S. C. HALL,[†1] 1 DECEMBER 1850

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday First December 1850.

My Dear Hall.

You so exactly anticipate my forlorn situation as to Sittings in general, that you leave me nothing to say, in reply to your kind note, except that I have explained my helplessness, and Total Abstinence principles (in that regard) with all possible consideration and courtesy, to Mr. Wivell.[†2]

Our united regards and remembrances to Mrs. Hall.[†3] You have grown into such a complete Country Gentleman[†4] that I suppose you are always going about in top boots and a shirt frill, asking everybody for Protection?

Faithfully Yours whether or no
CHARLES DICKENS

S. C. Hall Esquire

To JOHN HARDWICK, 1 DECEMBER 1850

Mention in N, II, 248. Dated Devonshire Terrace, 1 Dec 50.

Accepting an invitation.

To FELIX JOYCE,[†5] 2 DECEMBER 1850

Mention in Maggs catalogue No. 436 (1923); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 2 Dec 50.

Referring to his 'Christmas Carol'.

To C. E. COTTERELL,[†6] [?EARLY DECEMBER 1850]

Mention in *To* Auldjo, 9 Dec 50 ("our common friend the Banker in the Chiaja", Naples); *Date:* "a few days" before 9 Dec.

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, 4 DECEMBER 1850

Text from MDGH, I, 230.

Office of "Household Words", | Wednesday, Dec. 4th, 1850.

My dear Landor,

I have been (a strange thing for me) so very unwell since Sunday, that I have hardly been able to hold up my head[†a]—a bilious attack, I believe, and a very miserable sort of business.[†a] This, my dear friend, is the reason why I have not sooner written to you in reference to your noble letter, which I read in *The Examiner*, and for which—as it exalts me—I cannot, cannot thank you in words.[†1]

We had been following up the blow in Kinkel's favour,[†2] and I was growing sanguine, in the hope of getting him out (having enlisted strong and active sympathy in his behalf), when the news came of his escape. Since then we have heard nothing of him. I rather incline to the opinion that the damnable powers that be connived at his escape, but know nothing. Whether he be retaken or whether he appear (as I am not without hope he may) in the streets of London,[†3] I shall be a party to no step whatever without consulting you; and if any scrap of intelligence concerning him shall reach me, it shall be yours immediately.

Horne wrote the article. I shall see him here to-night, and know how he will feel your sympathy and support. But I do not wait to see him before writing, lest you should think me slow to feel your generosity. We said at home when we read your letter, that it was like the opening of your whole munificent and bare heart.

Ever most affectionately yours, | My dear Landor
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 4 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Mr Leonard Bloom. *Address:* Henry Austin Esquire | Gwydyr House | Whitehall.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Evg. Fourth Decr. 1850

My Dear Henry.

Saturday at 2[†1]—at the Exposition[†2]—on the ground—punctuality guaranteed. Shall you be coming from Gwydyr House?[†3] Unless you say no, I shall conclude Yes, and will be waiting for you at the Athenaeum at half past One.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 5 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Fifth December 1850.

My Dear Miss Boyle.

Mrs. Watson is here,[†4] and we have been going into the Play with all possible elaboration. As I find Mr. Lemon by no means safe to come, I absolutely reject him, and propose to keep your brother (with his good leave and kindness) in La Fleur. Which *I am certain* of his liking, after we have rehearsed. Louison, I

propose to abandon, in favor of "Used Up",[†5] if we can possibly manage, for it is a splendid piece in which You and Your Ever Devoted (meaning the undersigned) should do a great deal. The Bill would stand

USED UP.[†6] You, Mary. Your brother, Farmer Wurzel, a very good part indeed. after which
A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.[†6] You, Lady Elizabeth. Your brother, James. to conclude with
ANIMAL MAGNETISM.[†6] You, Lisette. Your brother, La Fleur.[†7]

Mr. Stafford O Brien[†8] is proposed for your Marquess, and Mr. Stopford[†9] for

Jeffrey. If they come in, I hope (with three days severe rehearsing) we shall be all right. And as soon as I hear Mrs. Watson's report of their acceptance, I will send you and your brother The[†1] "Used Up" parts. Your brother will be your uncle!

Mrs. Watson is going to write to you today.

Dear Miss Boyle | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Boyle.

To MARK LEMON, [5 DECEMBER 1850]

Mention in *To* Mrs Watson, 7 Dec 50; written "before I saw you on Thursday" (5 Dec).

To W. H. WILLS, 5 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Fifth December 1850.

My Dear Wills

Have the goodness to look at the end of the First Article in the enclosed 2 Nos. sent me from the office yesterday.[†2]

I particularly mentioned to you that any copies printed with that mistake,[†3] must be cancelled. If the mistake has not been corrected at all, I shall at once call the Proprietors together, and positively refuse to proceed with the work, under the subsisting printing arrangements.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To MISS ANNE ROMER,[†4] 6 DECEMBER 1850

Extract from N, II, 248; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 6 Dec 50.

I am heartily glad to hear of the success of "*our*" efforts, and heartily wish you all success at the Haymarket and everywhere else.[†5]

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 7 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Seventh December 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

This will be quite a diplomatic document, I suppose,—but we shall fill the Post Office before we have got the Plays up.

My brother is exceedingly sorry that he can't come. He has already exceeded his leave, and the New Year is a busy time in his department of the Treasury.

But, if you find the "Young Man" you were to look after, I don't think this will matter. My Brother's part in "Used Up" was a Tiger. And it strikes me that if Charley's holidays be long enough, I can have him dressed as a first rate Tiger, and can teach him the part. "The young man" will be in Used Up, in the part originally proposed for him.

Now, in case Mr. Stafford O Brien should decline, I am happy to say (as per inclosed) we can get Mr. Lemon after all.[†1] Let me tell you how the enclosed comes to be written, before you read it. Before I saw you on Thursday, I had written to him, proposing the visit. He wrote back, telling me exactly what business he should have to do in connexion with Punch (he is the Editor) and also in bringing out a new Play of his at the Haymarket,[†2] and begging me to make every acknowledgement to you, in connexion with his excusing himself on these grounds. I replied I was sorry, but there was no help for it—and last night I received the enclosed.

Now, if Stafford O Brien's refusal should throw us back on Mr. Lemon, I feel it right to say to *you*, with whom I may observe entire confidence, that while he (Mr. Lemon) is one of the plainest and most modest of good creatures, he is a man of a particularly sensitive nature, who visits very little, and never, within my knowledge, except where his wife goes. And I don't think it possible that you could ask him to Rockingham without asking her. I believe it would be a mere compliment, and that she would not be at all likely to come (they live out of town, near Uxbridge, and have a family of children who would be all at home then), but I feel the necessity. If he had accepted at once, I should have felt it an act of delicacy in me to have mentioned this to you. On the mere chance of our using him, I feel it equally. I know him so well, and all these gentlemen are so much in the habit of relying on me in anything connected with our theatrical doings, that I seem to have no choice in the case—and I should consider myself in exactly the same position, if I knew you less.

If Mr. Stafford O Brien comes up to the mark—there's an end. Ever Faithfully

Yrs.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 9 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

This is No. 2.[†1]

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth December 1850. | Monday Morning

My Dear Mrs. Watson

Your note to me, of Saturday, has crossed mine to you, I find. If you open both mine together, please to observe *this is No. 2.*[†2]

You may rely on Mr. Tucker's doing his work thoroughly well, and charging a fair price. It is not possible for him to say beforehand, in such a case, what it will cost, I imagine—as he will have to adapt his work to the place. Nathan's stage-knowledge may be stated in the following figures 00000000000. Therefore I think you had best refer Mr. Tucker to *me,* and I will apply all needful screws and tortures to him.

I have thought of one or two very ingenious (hem!) little contrivances for adapting the difficulties of "Used Up" to the small stage. They will require to be so exactly explained to your carpenter (though very easy little things in themselves) that I think I had better, before Christmas, send my Servant down for an hour—he is quite an old stager now—to shew him precisely what I mean. It is not a day's work, but it would be extremely difficult to explain in writing. I developed these wonderful ideas to the Master Carpenter at one of the Theatres, and he shook his head with an intensely mournful air, and said "Ah Sir, it's a universal observation in the profession Sir, that it was a great loss to the public wen you took to writing books!"—which I thought complimentary to Copperfield.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN AULDJO,[†3] 9 DECEMBER 1850*

MS New York Public Library. *Address:* John Auldjo Esquire | Noel House | Kensington.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Ninth December | 1850.

My Dear Sir

I am sincerely sorry to hear of the death of poor Le Gros,[†4] who interested me greatly when I was at Naples, and whom I had hoped to walk and talk with again, one day. I was not aware that he had left Italy; and had written to our common friend the Banker on the Chiaja, only a few days since, charging him with many friendly messages and reminders to him.

I feel extremely sensible of your kindness in giving me the intelligence. Pray let me thank you cordially for that mark of your remembrance, and assure you that I am much gratified by it, and that I highly esteem it.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Auldjo Esquire.

His faithful, loving, little Dog—that he was so very fond of. I wonder what has become of the Dog—whether it was alive and with him.

To THOMAS COE, 9 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Ninth December 1850.

Dr. Mr. Coe.

I have been remiss in not sooner acknowledging the receipt of your note, and its accompanying prompt-books,[†1] so very neatly and carefully returned.

Allow me to assure you, on the part of all the gentlemen concerned, that you gave the fullest and completest satisfaction at Knebworth, and that I shall be most happy to avail myself of your services on any future occasion of that kind.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 9 DECEMBER 1850

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Ninth December 1850.

My Dear Bulwer

I have gone over your notes again, and am, if possible, even better pleased with them than I was last night. I feel quite confident that you have struck out the right path, and that we may follow it to a noble end.

What I write, now, to suggest to you, is, that I think in the present state of the law a charter[†2] (advisable perhaps in any case) will be *positively necessary* before we can begin. Will you consider whether it may not be advisable to get one early in the proceedings, and to apply ourselves to the getting of it with the least possible expence?

Forster once told me that you knew Le Gros (who interested me a good deal) at Naples. He is dead. I have just received a letter informing me of his death from fever, in a boat on the Nile, near Alexandria. He was Private Secretary to Murray[†3]—had been in Syria, all the summer—had received a slight stroke of the Sun and got better—and suddenly lay down, in a bilious fever, and died.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 9 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Ninth December 1850.

My Dear Mac

On Wednesday at 4, I am your man. As I have to go to Westminster first, I will meet you at that hour (unless you say no) in the Athenaeum Hall. Then, any adventures you please! I find London growing smaller, every day. I don't see how I am to get on, at all.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MICHAEL FARADAY, 11 DECEMBER 1850

MS Institution of Electrical Engineers.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh December 1850.

My Dear Sir

Will you do me the favor to accept the accompanying book—a poor mark of my respect for your public character and services, and my remembrance of your private kindness in so generously lending me your valuable notes.

Concerning which, let me say that I have them in safe keeping, and will shortly return them. The gentleman who has them to refer to, still tells me when I ask if he has done with them, "that they are not so easily exhausted, and that they suggest something else."[†1]

My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Faraday.

To JOHN HEWETT, 11 DECEMBER 1850*

MS The Rev. Noel Boston.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh December 1850.

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your note. The price of the Theatre is much too high, with reference to the alterations and additions it would require for a purpose I have in contemplation; but I do not at all disparage its real merits or value, in abandoning the idea of buying it.

It was perfectly successful in all respects (the lamps excepted; which failure I had anticipated and provided against), and gave the utmost possible satisfaction. I ought to add that Bentley's attention and diligence deserve the highest commendation, and that I never had to do with a better man.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hewett Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 11 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh December 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

Don't write, either to Mr. Stafford or Mr. Stopford!!! Captain Boyle has just been here, and *wants* to play La Fleur. So its all settled, and there's no change. It is just as it was.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twelfth December | 1850.

My Dear Wills. This proof of Morleys, when corrected, will require to be very carefully looked to. I had better go over it myself. I can't make out whether he means Mr. Buster to be actually a prize-fighter, or a person in the position of a gentleman with prize-fighting tastes.[†1] I have adopted the latter hypothesis, as involving less inconsistency and incongruity.

Mrs. Gaskell's story, I enclose—with two or three slight corrections. The name[†2] I have given it, expresses it better than any other I can think of. Withal, it is not a common name. The story is very clever—I think the best thing of hers I have seen, not excepting Mary Barton—and if it had ended happily (which is the whole meaning of it) would have been a great success.[†3] As it is, it had better go into the next

No., but will not do much, and will link itself painfully, with the girl who fell down at the well, and the child who tumbled down stairs.[†4] I wish to Heaven, her people would keep a little firmer on their legs!

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, [?12 DECEMBER 1850]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly written later on same day as last.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday afternoon

My Dear Wills. I have sent Morley's paper (altered) to your house, with a note: thinking you would soon be turning homeward to dinner.

I will think about Hunt's gratifying note, and also send you (I think) a short Chip concerning the Good Hippopotamus.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?13 DECEMBER 1850]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* late 1850 or early 1851 on handwriting; 13 Dec the latest possible Friday in 1850.

Athenaeum | Friday afternoon

My Dear Mac. I send this up to let you know that Leech and I are on the tiles, and going to dine at Verey's in Regent Street at *½ past 4*, previous to theatrical and other entertainments. Will you come?—If not at our time, at any time before ½ past 6—? But we purpose achieving a snug little dinner.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 14 DECEMBER 1850

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current,* II, 72; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 14 Dec 50; addressed to "My dear Knight".

This day week, I am happy to say, I am still yours. I have read the pamphlet[†2] once attentively. I will read it again to-night, and soundly master it.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL,[†3] 14 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Public Record Office, London.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Fourteenth December 1850.

My Dear Lord.

In troubling you with this note, pray allow me, in perfect sincerity, to assure you that it requires no answer and that I expect none.

I merely wish to recall to your recollection the name of Mr. Poole, who has already experienced your generous kindness, and Her Majesty's considerate munificence.[†1] I feel that I hold it in trust to present his name to you, as one on whom a Literary Pension (when any such may be available) would be well bestowed; and I am encouraged to execute this duty, by your former ready acceptance of him.

I am | My Dear Lord | Your faithful and obliged servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord John Russell.

To FRANK STONE, 14 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth December 1850.

My Dear Stone.

I enclose you Nathan's account against you. It was originally more, but I have heavily taxed his bill.

The amount of certain stage-charges which I purpose with your consent to divide equally among the Amateur Company, twelve in number (such as Nathan's expences, Wilson's charges and expences, Prompter's, Miss Anne Romer's, Carriage hire and cart hire, Rehearsal rent and light, &c &c) is £38.8.0 in all; being £3..4.0 each.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 14 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Fourteenth December | 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I shall be delighted to come on the 7th. instead of the 8th. We consider it an engagement. Over and above the pleasure of a quiet day with you, I think I can greatly facilitate the preparations (That's the way, you see, in which we cheat ourselves into making duties or pleasures!) by being at Rockingham a day earlier. So, *that's* settled.

I was quite certain when that Child of Israel mentioned those dimensions, that he *must be* wrong. For which woodenheadedness the Child shall be taken to task on Monday morning; when I am going to look at his preparations, by appointment. About the door—don't you observe that the Scenery not being made expressly for the room, it may be impossible to use it, as you propose? *There is a scene before that wall, you know.* And unless the door in the Scene (supposing there to be one, which I am not sure of) should come exactly into the place of the door of the room, the

door of the room might as well be in Africa. If it could be used, it would still required to be "backed" (excuse professional technicality) by another scene in the passage. And if it be rather in the side of the bottom of the room (as I seem to remember it) it would be shut out of sight—or partially—by the side scenes. Do you comprehend these stage-managerial sagacities?

That piece of additional room, in so small a stage, would be of immense service, if we could avail ourselves of it. If we can't, I have another means (I think) of discovering Leech, Saville, and Coldstream at table.†1 I am constantly turning over in my mind the capacities of the place, and hope, by one means or other, to make something more than the best of it. †aBut I think I must contrive to run down for an hour or so (this next week, if I can)†2 [ ] comes two feet nearer to the Audience.†a As to the fire-place, you will never be able to use *that.* The heat of the lamps will be very great; and ventilation will be the thing wanted.

Thirteen feet and a half of depth, diminished by stage fittings and furniture, is a small space.—I think the doorway could be used in the last Scene with the little steps and platform for a staircase,†3 running straight through it towards the hall! Nous verrons. I will write again, about my visit of inspection, probably on Monday.

†bI don't know that it matters, but I am afraid you are wrong about Mr. Stopford and Mr. Stafford. It ought to stand thus†2 [ ]. They are all good parts, but the man with the best address, the best face, the best figure, and the most to be relied upon as knowing what he is about, should certainly play the Marquis.†b†4

Will you let them know that Messrs. Nathan of *Titchbourne Street, Haymarket,* will dress them, if they please, and that I will engage for their doing it thoroughly well. Also that Mr. Wilson, Theatrical Hair Dresser, Strand, near St. Clement's Churchyard, will come down with Wigs, and to "make up" everybody—that he has a list of the pieces from me—and that he will be glad to measure the heads, and consult the tastes, of all concerned, if they will give him the opportunity beforehand? I should like to see Sir Adonis Leech and the Hon. T. Saville,†5 if I can! For they ought to be wonderfully made up—and to be as unlike themselves as possible—and to contrast well with each other, and with me.

I rather grudge your Caro Sposo coming into the Company. I should like him so much to see the Play! If we do it at all well, together, it ought to be so very pleasant. I never saw a great mass of people so charmed with a little Story, as when we acted it at the Glasgow Theatre.†6 But I have no other reason for faltering when I take him to my arms—I feel that he is the man for the part—I see him with a blue bag, a flaxen Wig, and green spectacles†7—I know what it will be—I foresee how all that

Sessional experience will come out—I reconcile myself to it, in spite of the selfish consideration of wanting him elsewhere—and while I have a heavy sense of a light being snuffed out in the audience, perceive a new luminary shining on the stage!

Your brother would make a capital tiger[†1] too! Very short tight surtout—doeskins—bright top boots—white cravat—bouquet in buttonhole—close Wig—Very good—Ve-ry good. It clearly must be so. The thing is done.

I told you we were opening a tremendous correspondence when we first began to write on such a busy subject. But *do* let me tell you, once and for all, that I am in the business, heart and soul—and that you cannot trouble me respecting it—and that I wouldn't willingly or knowingly leave the minutest detail unprovided for. It cannot possibly be a success, if the smallest pepper-corn of arrangement be omitted. And a success it *must* be! I wouldn't go into such a thing—or anything—halfway, or help to bring you poorly out of it, for any earthly consideration.

Talking of forgetting, isn't this odd?—I doubt if I *could* forget words I had learned; so long as I wanted them. But, the moment the necessity goes, *they* go. I know my place and everybody's place, in this identical piece of Used Up, perfectly, and could put every little object on its own square inches of room, exactly where it ought to be. But I have no more recollection of my words now, (I took the book up, yesterday) than if I had only seen the play as one of the audience at a Theatre. Perhaps not so much.

With cordial remembrances | Ever dear Mrs. Watson | Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Fourteenth December | 1850.

My Dear Wills.

I heard something last night, which makes me averse to reviving the Good Hippopotamus. I must therefore trouble you to take out that article after all, and put in another Chip.[†2]

I could not think of making so important an alteration in Mrs. Gaskell's story, without her consent. It must therefore stand as it is.

I forgot to tell you yesterday that Egg proposes to meet us at the Blackwall Railway *at 3 on Monday* to go down (by appointment with the Proprietors) to those Plate Glass Works.[†3] He says the visit will occupy some three hours. Therefore our friend H.W. must improvise a City dinner, afterwards. I shall be at the office on Monday, between 12 and 1.

I have taken out the Cripple in the Railway paper,[†1] because he has hobbled bodily out of Head's book.[†2]

There are a few alterations elsewhere.

Ever Yours

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 15 DECEMBER 1850

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; dated Devonshire Terrace, 15 Dec 50; addressed Charles Knight.

Returning Knight's pamphlet and explaining that he has marked a few places where he disagrees with the examples Knight has used to illustrate an argument, but emphasising that I . . . greatly admire the point and condensation with which the case is stated.

To LORD DENMAN,[†3] 16 DECEMBER 1850*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Sixteenth December | 1850.

My Dear Lord Denman.

I need not say to you that I have an inexpressible horror of slavery[†4] and all its atrocities; but I have avoided (as yet) any more distinct expression of opinion on the subject than is suggested by the article to which you refer, because I am *not* satisfied that the African Blockade advances the great end it is designed to promote.[†5] I cannot reconcile its efficacy with such accounts of its effects as I have been able to find in the Parliamentary Reports.[†6] But, being sincerely anxious to arrive at a right

conclusion, I will carefully read the papers I have received from Captain Denman,[†1] and, in particular, the document to which you call my attention.[†2]

I have no doubt that the comparative indifference in the public mind, has been mainly occasioned by the better knowledge the public has acquired in these latter days, and is constantly improving, of the many wrongs nearer home, that have to be set right.[†3]

I cannot tell you, my dear Lord Denman, what pleasure it has given me to hear from you, and with what gratification I find that in the retirement[†4] whither the love and respect of all who have ever had the privilege of knowing you, have followed you, I have borne you company. I deeply feel it. To be, month after month, so near to one who has led such a noble life, and who is the object of the grateful admiration of the whole Empire,—and to have "cheered his hours of affliction",—is a distinction that moves me very much, and for which I heartily thank God.

I beg to be cordially remembered to My Lady[†5] (as does Mrs. Dickens) and to all your house. And I am ever with the truest regard and esteem,

My Dear Lord Denman | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Denman.

To WILLIAM PHILLIPS,[†6] 16 DECEMBER 1850

Text from Spencer catalogue, n.d.; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 16 Dec 50; addressed William Phillips.

Dear Sir,

I find that I shall be so delayed and utterly swamped and cast away by letters of introduction, during the time of the Great Exhibition, if I remain in town, that I must fly to save myself. Therefore I shall be glad to let my house for six months—if I can get a good price for it. I should say that I ought to have £300, or it would be better shut up.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 16 DECEMBER 1850

Extract in Sarah Bersohn catalogue (1952/3); *MS* 2 pp.; dated 16 Dec 50; addressed Hon. Mrs. Watson.

CD hopes to come down on Friday . . . I have taken an airing in Bradshaw this morning . . . over to Dublin and back . . . find myself at Watford in Hertfordshire, without having encountered allusion[†1] to Rockingham.

To MRS GASKELL, 17 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Seventeenth December 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

You have made me laugh so heartily about the mysterious card, that I find great difficulty in getting my business-face back; and feel that I am achieving this note with a preposterous composite expression of countenance, infinitely ridiculous.

This is the way (I have no doubt) in which that portentous bit of card board came to bewilder you. I think The Heart of John Middleton—that's the name I have given it—a story of extraordinary power, worked out with a vigor and truthfulness that very very few people could reach. Reading it at the office, in print (for it is in the next number but one) I sat thinking about it for sometime, and then said to Wills that I wished you had not killed the Wife—that I thought it an unnecessary infliction of pain upon the reader, not justified by the necessities of the story—and that it seemed to me that the alteration of the last twenty lines

or so, to the effect that she recovered, and saw her daughter grow into a woman, and still exercised her influence for all good over her husband, would be a wiser termination, though possibly a less striking one.[†2] Whereupon, says Wills, "Mrs. Gaskell is in town. Shall I go to her?" "Well", said I, "if you will shew her this proof, and tell her exactly what I say, and that I would not dream of altering it myself, or of asking her to do it unless she felt on reflection exactly as I do, you can't do better." Forthwith, he puts on a very uncomfortable looking hat with a very narrow brim, and disappears. Bye and bye, he comes back, with his nose extremely red (I am not certain whether from cold or disappointment) and says "Oh! Mrs. Gaskell's not in town, and won't be here 'till next Tuesday."[†3] "Very good", said I, "Then we will print the story as it stands, and not trouble her." Which was accordingly done.

My solution of the mystery is, that when he enquired for you, he left that mind-disturbing card—never dreaming that it would be sent after you.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister, beg me to send their love. If Captain Holland[†1] should be still near you, pray remember us all to him, very kindly.

Ever dear Mrs. Gaskell | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell.

To H. P. SMITH, 17 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Miss Mabel A. Hodge.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth December 1850.

My Dear Smith.

Welcome home again! We have got up a fog or two, in order to do our best in the way of a triumphal entry for you.

Will you let me introduce my brother Frederick to you, in reference to whom I am very anxious to have the benefit of your friendly counsel and assistance, if you will excuse my asking so much. He will explain under what circumstances and in what manner I want to help him out of a difficulty.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 18 DECEMBER 1850

MS Berg Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Eighteenth December | 1850.

My Dear Lord.

Allow me to thank you for your ready and kind reply to my note, and to put you in possession of the exact state of Mr. John Poole's case.

He is 64 years of age. He is in a prematurely shattered state, and perfectly unable to write. He is very anxious to do so, and has (to my certain knowledge) tried hard; but the achievement of the most ordinary sentence in a letter, is a work of infinite labor to him. If he could even have compiled skilfully, I could have put the means of living without present anxiety, in his way, through employment on "Household Words", but no sort of capacity for any description of Literature is left in him. He has proved this, over and over again, in a very agony of fruitless endeavour to do Something. He is the author of a great number of Dramatic Pieces—many of them, such as Paul Pry, and Turning the Tables, of high repute—but wrote for the Theatres under bad managers, and was always poorly paid. His Magazine Writings are very numerous too, and his "Little Pedlington"[†2] is a famous piece of observation of English Life and Character; but these compositions were spread over a great many years—were always produced slowly and with difficulty—and never afforded him more than the means of living on from month to month. For some few years past, he has been living on a fifth story in a house in the Rue Neuve Luxembourg in Paris (on the proceeds of an Amateur Theatrical Performance for

his benefit, of which I undertook the management and stewardship and which I have dispensed to him half yearly);[†1] and such is the nervous affection, of his hands particularly, that, when I have seen him there, trembling and staggering over a small wood fire, it has been a marvel to me, knowing him to live quite alone, how he ever got into, or out of, his clothes. To the best of my belief, he has no relative whomsoever. He must either have starved, or gone to the workhouse (and I have little doubt that he would have done the former) but for the funds I have doled out to him,—which were exhausted before you generously assisted him from the Queen's Bounty. He has no resource of any kind. Of that, I am perfectly sure. In the sunny time of the day, he puts a melancholy little hat on one side of his head, and, with a little stick under his arm, goes hitching himself about the Boulevards; but for any power he has of earning a livelihood he might as well be dead. For three years, I have been in the constant expectation of receiving a letter from the Portress of the house, to say that his ashes, and those of his wood fire—both of a very shrunken description—had been found lying together on the hearth. But he has lived on; and, for a few hours every day, has so concealed his real condition, out of doors, that many French Authors and Actors (who treat him with deference as an English man of letters) would stand amazed to know what I now tell you. I have endeavoured to put him before you precisely as he is, and neither to exaggerate his claims, nor to invest him with any interest that does not attach to him. He has lived in Paris, to make the least of his poverty, and the most of his means. Mr. Justice Talfourd, Mr. Hardwick the Police Magistrate, Mr. Forster the Editor of the Examiner, and I, are (I think) his only English friends. We all know him, just as I have described him.

I do not think he would hold a small pension very long[†2]—I need not add that he sorely needs it—and I do not doubt that the Public are well-acquainted with his name and works.

With every apology I can offer for troubling you at this length,

I am My Dear Lord | Your very faithful and obliged Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord John Russell

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [?18 DECEMBER 1850]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* late 1850 or 1851 on handwriting; possibly 18 Dec 50, referring to the letter of introduction to Smith of Fri 17 Dec.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning

My Dear Fred

The boy brought the letter back yesterday, in consequence of the extraordinary and unaccountable impertinence of your messenger,[†3] who said That he knew nothing about you—that if the boy couldn't find you, he had better take the letter away—that that wasn't the place for private affairs—and the like. I think you might mildly mention that I have a very strong belief that if I made a representation of his behaviour in the proper quarter, *his* private affairs would be likely to become embarrassed rather.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To F. O. WARD, 19 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth December 1850.

My Dear Sir

I write in haste to tell you that I find I shall be obliged to go out of town on Monday Morning at ½ past 6, and that I cannot return until late at night. It is a matter of business, which I had hoped to be able to do tomorrow, but cannot. I am going to a place, difficult to get at, on the Rugby and Stamford line, and there is no help for it. I am extremely sorry, but hope this timely notice may prevent your being inconvenienced. I made so certain, when I wrote to you last, of going tomorrow, that I did not think it necessary to hint at the possibility of this engagement interfering. I sincerely hope you will excuse what I cannot possibly help.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. O. Ward Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 19 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth December 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I am sorry to say that business (Household Words business) will keep me in town tomorrow. But on Monday, I purpose coming down; returning the same day. The train for my money, appears to be the half past six. AM[†1] (horrible initials!) and to that invention for promoting early rising, I design to commit myself.

I am shocked, if I also made the mistake of confounding those two (and too) similar names.[†2] But I think Mr. S-T-A-F-F-O-R-D[†3] had better do Ironbrace.[†4] I am glad to find that we agree—but we always do!

I have closely overhauled the little Theatre, and the Carpenter and Painter. The whole has been entirely repainted (I mean the Proscenium and Scenery) for this especial purpose, and is extremely pretty. I don't think, the scale considered, that anything better *could* be done. It is very elegant. I have brought the Child[†5] to this.

For the hire of the Theatre—£15..0..0 The carriage to be extra. The Child's fares and expences (which will be very moderate) to be extra. The stage carpenter's wages to be extra. Seven shillings a day. I have just been taxing the Child's Knebworth bills to a frightful extent, and he perfectly understands that he can play no tricks. I don't think, when you see the thing, that you will consider this, too much. It is as good as the Queen's little theatre at Windsor; raised stage excepted. I have had an alteration made, which will enable us to use the door. I am at present breaking my man's heart, by teaching him how to imitate the sounds of the

smashing of the window, and the breaking of the balcony, in Used Up.[†1] In the event of his Death from grief, I have promised to do something for his Mother.

Thinking it possible that you might not see the enclosed until next month, and hoping that it is seasonable for Christmas,[†2] I send it. Being, with cordial regards and all seasonable loves and good wishes

Ever Dear Mrs. Watson | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

This [[†2a]] is a tear over the devotion of Captain Boyle, who (as I learned from the Child of Israel this morning) would not decide upon Farmer Wurzel's coat,[†3] without referring the question of the buttons to Managerial approval.

To MISS DOLBY,[†4] 20 DECEMBER 1850

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth December 1850.

Dear Miss Dolby

I have seen Mr. Lemon, and I think he has a novel and good idea, free from the difficulties we descried on Sunday, and likely to be very successful. It would necessitate your having some assistance—but not much—and seems to me extremely agreeable, and promising. He is quite willing to work it out for you if you like it, and it would certainly bear no resemblance to anything yet done.[†5]

He dines with me today, on his way out of town (he lives in the country) and you would find him here I have no doubt, if you wished to see him, at 7. Or, if you address him at the Punch Office Fleet Street, you can easily arrange an appointment between you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Dolby.

To MRS GASKELL, 20 DECEMBER 1850

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mrs. Gaskell | 42 Chester Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday December Twentieth | 1850

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

On the receipt of your note yesterday morning, I immediately bestirred myself to investigate the possibility of altering the end of the story. But (as I feared) I found it at Press, and 20,000 copies already printed. Consequently, it was too late. Never mind. It is a very fine story, nobly written,—and you can put a pleasanter end to the next one.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their love.

In haste | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell

To DANIEL MACLISE, 21 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Twenty First December | 1850.

My Dear Mac

Fred and I propose to leave here tomorrow morning about 10, taking an Omnibus in the New Road, & leaving the London Bridge Terminus, for Strood, at *5 minutes before 11*. I hope it will be a delightful day for a walk by the Medway. What do you say? If you go, we will expect to meet you in the New Road, between this house and the corner of Southampton Street.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 21 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First December 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

Another letter!!—But I am not going to change the day of coming—it is only the hour. I forgot an engagement with Miss Coutts, to look after a Provident Society of Poor (of hers) down in Westminster, early on Monday Morning. I will come by the 12 o'Clock Train on Monday, and return next morning.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

Will you put me into a small room—such as my old dressing room? When I am a bachelor-traveller, I have a weakness in favor of condensed comfort. Vastness overpowers me.

To MISS EMMELY GOTSCHALK, 23 DECEMBER 1850

MS Private. *Address:* Miss Emmely Gotschalk, 122 Amaliegade | Copenhagen.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | 23rd. December 1850.

My Dear Miss Gotschalk

I should have written to you long ago, but that I had mislaid your former letter (in the midst of a great mass of correspondence) and could not remember your address. When you wrote again, on the third of this month, and did not mention it, I began to despair of ever being able to write. But I made another search, and found what I wanted.

As I believe that you are happier than when you first wrote to me, *because you are better*, I shall not say much as to those darker shadows of your mind. If we all sat down to brood on Death, this scene of Duty would become a dismal place—no Duty would be done—mankind would soon sink into ignorance and misery—and Death would find us with a poor account to render, of our work. I apprehend it is because we are placed here to work (all of us in our spheres of action *can* work, whatever those spheres be) that it is so natural to us to dismiss the contemplation of that end that must come in the fulness of God's time. Our business is to use Life well. If we do that, we may let Death alone.

Action, in an earnest spirit, is the refuge from Gloomy thoughts. My fair young correspondent, trust me no one can be more useful in the World's byeways (from which its highways are made) or can act to better purpose, than an affectionate, true-hearted woman. I believe you to be full of the qualities that make one; and I have no fear of your happiness, and usefulness, and peace.

And so, may God bless you, and the true spirit of this Christmas season influence your heart!

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emmy Gotschalk

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE, 24 DECEMBER 1850†

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Eve, 1850

My Dear Lord Carlisle.

I was going—in virtue of some mesmeric influence I take it—to write to you, when your note came to me. And I should have expressed in my note, if I had written it, my fear that my only available time in January was not likely to be yours. I shall hope that we may meet soon, in London. It does me good to have a quiet evening with you!

All seasonable wishes and congratulations come to you from this house. And I am ever with sincere regard

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Earl of Carlisle.

To JOHN POOLE, 24 DECEMBER 1850

Text from MDGH, I, 236.

Devonshire Terrace, Tuesday Night, Christmas Eve, 1850.

My dear Poole,

On the Sunday when I last saw you, I went straight to Lord John's with the letter you read. He was out of town, and I left it with my card.

On the following Wednesday I received a note from him, saying that he did not bear in mind exactly what I had told him of you before, and asking me to tell it again. I immediately replied, of course, and gave him an exact description of you and your condition, and your way of life in Paris and everything else; a perfect diorama in little, with you pervading it.[†1] To-day I got a letter from him, announcing that you have a pension of *a hundred a year!* of which I heartily wish you joy.[†2]

He says: "I am happy to say that the Queen has approved of a pension of one hundred pounds a year to Mr. Poole.

"The Queen, in her gracious answer, informs me that she meant to have mentioned Mr. Poole to me, and that she had wished to place him in the Charter House, but found the society there was not such as he could associate with.†3

"Be so good as to inform Mr. Poole that directions are given for his pension, which will date from the end of June last."†4

I have lost no time in answering this, but you must brace up your energies to write him a short note too, and another for the Queen.

If you are in Paris, shall I ascertain what authority I shall need from you to receive the half-year, which I suppose will be shortly due? I can receive it as usual.

With all good wishes and congratulations, seasonable and unseasonable,

Always faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 24 DECEMBER 1850†

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth December 1850.

My Dear Lord.

I have conveyed to Mr. Poole by tonight's post, the joyful intelligence of Her Majesty's gracious approval of your generous suggestion in his favor; and I do not doubt that he will endeavour to express to you (over that brighter fire) something of the happiness he owes to you.

You will excuse my saying, for myself, that I am truly sensible of your noble readiness of attention to this case, and that I must always remember it with the highest admiration and respect.

I knew Mr. Kenney,†1 and can thoroughly appreciate his state of mind under the ink-bottle affliction.†2 I must make it my apology for describing Mr. Poole's condition to you, when I first saw him in Paris. It was a very cold dark day, and after ringing the bell at the outer door of his apartment for some time, I turned the handle of the lock, and walked in. There was a glass door across the little hall (which had only the remains of his breakfast in it, on a small white plate), and after looking, close to the glass for a minute or two, I gradually became aware that Mr. Poole (in his shirt) was close to it on the other side, looking at me. I called to him by name, and he instantly sprung into his bed, which was in a little recess, and invited me to open the glass door and enter the inner room where the recess and the bed both were. I complied, and held a conversation with him,—he in bed, nervously quivering under the bedclothes, and I sitting by the fire—which was repeatedly interrupted by violent and unaccountable blows on the ceiling. I tried to conceal the discomposure which these mysterious shocks occasioned me, but I suppose he noticed the effort, for he said, with the entire nervousness of his whole frame concentrated in his face as it looked

over the counterpane "The people—Professor Keller—and his wife—and several strong men—who do the Poses Plastiques—at the Theatre—have taken—a sort of attic-loft—overhead—to rehearse in. Classical groupings—all day! They—they—they begin—with Ajax defying the lightning—at daybreak. They—they—defy—the lightning—all day. I—I know I shall die here. They are my murderers!" I endeavoured to comfort him, but at the next crash he disappeared altogether under the bedclothes—where I left him—and but for the Professor and his Company providentially being in debt and flying from Paris, I really believe he never would have lived to be put on the Pension List.

I am My Dear Lord | Your faithful and obliged Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord John Russell.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 24 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Eve, 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

Pondering as I came homeward to day, I came to the conclusion that the "Float" ought only to be *fifteen feet* long. Will you alter the Carpenter's instructions accordingly?

And will you let me know—say, by Monday next—what the gentlemen are to be called in the bill—whether they have Christian names which their godfathers and godfathers gave them in their Baptism wherein they were made—&c.[†1]—as Higham Stafford, or Wellington Gardner Rodney Stopford, or Jubilee Vernon?[†2]

I saw a brown box, apparently full of clothes, lying unowned at the Euston Square Station today. I wonder whether Captain Quin's wardrobe was in a brown box!—With several brass nails wanting?—

My regards to him, if he be yet with you, and to all your house. I hope the Christmas tree took root in the hearts of your rosy and good children.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DANIEL MACLISE, 25 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Christmas Day, 1850.

My Dear Mac

Forster wrote me that, yesterday. I was both sorry and surprised to hear it—though, mind!—There can be no kind of question that you had a perfect right to apply, and that it is the Prince alone who is in the false position.[†3] It is as certain as the existence of the Sun.

Many happy years my dear old fellow! I wish you would pluck up spirit to come

and dine here today at *6.* You would only find the families—hot punch—and a jovial welcome. Now, *don't* you think you can make up your mind—for once—and come?[†1]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To DR ELISHA BARTLETT,[†2] 26 DECEMBER 1850

Text from facsimile, New York Public Library.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Twenty Sixth December, 1850

My Dear Sir,

Accept my brief, but cordial Christmas greetings, in return for yours. I will not wait for time to write a longer note, but write on the receipt of your welcome communication.

I suppose I may congratulate you on your appointment to a chair in the New York University?[†3] It has a pleasant sound in my ears, and I like to think of you as a Teacher—for I am sure you are a good one.

I have not yet received your account of Dr. Wells,[†4] but I have no doubt it will come to hand.

When I look back upon those Western Waters and thundering Niagara, it is delightful to me to think of you as reading the Child's Dream of a Star.[†5] Have you read David Copperfield, by the same author? They tell me he bestowed a great deal of time upon it, and took an unspeakable interest and pleasure in its composition.

Mrs. Dickens joins me in best regards to yourself and Mrs. Bartlett.[†6] We are gradually getting mad, here, on the subject of the Great Exhibition. I wonder whether you have begun to recover, in New York, from the Jenny Lind[†7] paroxysm—or whether Mr. Barnum[†8] will ever be President!

My Dear Sir | Very Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Bartlett

To T. B. BRINDLEY,[†1] 26 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Sixth December 1850.

Dear Sir

I am very glad to receive your note, and such a good account of your Poems.[†2] Accept my sincere thanks for the assurances you give me of your having found good company in David Copperfield, and believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. B. Brindley Esquire.

To WILLIAM PHILLIPS, 26 DECEMBER 1850*

MS Phillips, Son & Neale Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth December, 1850.

Dear Sir.

I am very much obliged to you for your sound advice, and will leave the business of my house in your hands. If you could find a good tenant who would give £300 for six months, I would arrange to decamp as might best suit that tenant's convenience. Pray consider yourself authorised to act accordingly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Phillips Esquire.

To WILLIAM BOXALL,[†3] [27 DECEMBER 1850]

Mention in *To* Mrs Watson, 27 Dec 50.

Saying that he would see him on Monday.[†4]

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 27 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh December 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I had had Charley measured for his tiger's suit, yesterday, and his top boots were building. But I have revoked these extensive preparations, and the field is now clear for the Captain[†1] (to whom my love, and congratulations not only on his safe return but on his clothes) and also for Mr. James's brother.[†2] Will

you ask Captain Quin what he will do about his Tiger's dress? I presume Nathan is to make it—and precisely the same livery (as to color and form) that I had ordered for Charley, will be the thing. But will he go to Nathan, or send him his measure from his tailor? One of the two things must be done. (His card enclosed.) Also his Boots ought to be beautiful. Their tops of the purest.

I think he ought to play Lord Rivers too, certainly. When you have settled this, and Mr. Vernon,[†3] let me know. Also the hour to be decidedly put in the bill. I think your time too late[†4]—but you know best.

I have written to Boxall, and told him I will be with him on Monday. Tomorrow, I am sorry to say, I can't—as it is my day for being, all day, at Household Words office.

Did you tell Tucker to come to me, or am I to tell him?

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [28] DECEMBER 1850

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1924; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Saturday 29 Dec 50. Saturday was 28 Dec in 1850

I had a purblind idea, last night, that there was some shadow of a Wednesday's engagement. . . . On coming home and shouting my difficulty, I was received with a shriek of "New Year's Day". On which high occasion, I am always engaged. As I have no disengaged day . . . I must perforce abandon my part in the proposed expedition. . . . I hope the rest of the company will eat venison—and like it.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 30 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

(No. 148, 279, 643, 122, 544.)[†1]

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning 30th. Decr. 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

As your letter is *decided*, the scaffolding shall be re-erected round Charley's boots (it had been taken down, and the workmen had retired to their respective homes in various parts of England and Wales); and his dress proceeded with. I have been very much pleased with him in the matter, as he has never made the least demonstration of disappointment or mortification, and was perfectly contented to give in.

(*Here I break off to go to Boxall*)
(Here I return, much exhausted)
Your time shall be stated in the bills for both nights.

I propose to rehearse in the day on Thursday and Friday, and in the evening on Saturday, that we may try our lights. Therefore

Nathan and Stage Carpenter	Will come on Tuesday 7th. January, as there must be a responsible person to anathematize, and as the company seem so slow about their dresses, that I foresee the strong probability of Nathan having a good deal to do at Rockingham in that respect.
Wilson	Will come on Saturday 11th. Jany
Tucker	Will come on Saturday 11th. Jany

I shall be delighted to see your brother, and so no more at present from

Yours Ever

Coldstream Freelove Doctor Dickens[†2]

P.S. As Boxall (with his head very much on one side, and his spectacles on) danced backward from the canvass incessantly, with great nimbleness—and returned, and made little digs at it with his pencil, with a horrible grin on his countenance—I augur that he pleased himself this morning

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 31 DECEMBER 1850

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Thirty First December | 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

—Just a word. On cross examination of the Stage Carpenter, I have decided that it will not be necessary for *Nathan* to come down so soon. The Carpenter will come by the first train on Tuesday Morning. Will you send a Cart or something, to meet

him at the Station? He will want the assistance of your Carpenter; and the first thing they will jointly have to do, will be to select some wood from your stores, for the supports &c. I shall be down, before they come to any serious work. I have seen Mr. Tucker, and he thinks it will be necessary for *his* man to come down on Friday night, instead of Saturday. We purpose coming by the 12 o'Clock train on Tuesday.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

I have had a long letter from Cerjat, this morning.

To HENRY BURNETT, [?1849—50]

Mention in Burnett *to* Kitton, 7 Jan 89 (MS Mr H. W. Watkins). *Date:* after Burnett's sister's illness.

Saying I am sorry to hear [*that Burnett is anxious about the money CD had given him,*[†1] *and urging him not to try to repay it*][†2] or to think that I think of it.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1850]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 548. *Date:* context and marginal note, "1850" (F, [1872-4], III, i, 4), suggest end of that year.

Alluding to a common friend, a dreadful thought occurs to me! how brilliant in a book![†3]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†4] [?1849-50]

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Date:* probably during publication of *Copperfield.*

been delighted to come to you to meet our friends. And believe me, I am unaffectedly pleased and moved by your earnest words concerning Copperfield.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

1851

January

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 JANUARY [1851]

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts. *Date:* misdated by CD; clearly Jan 1851, before the visit to Rockingham Castle on 9 Jan.

Devonshire Terrace. | First January 1850.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Many many happy Years to you and all who are dear to you!

The enclosed note is indeed a delightful one to begin a new Year with.[†1] Looking back on the history of your noble effort—especially with this added light—I sincerely think it has prospered as well as our most hopeful anticipations could have reasonably encouraged us to believe.—Don't you?

I was there; yesterday, alone in my glory. I enclose the bill book. I paid all the accounts set down in it, and there is a sum of twelve shillings to add to the total, for a Diary for the New Year for Mrs. Morson.[†2] I saw all the girls as usual, and looked over the Mark Tables. In one or two instances where I thought them not perfectly correct, I told Mrs. Morson so, and explained why. There were no complaints,

and everything was quiet. The drains in progress at last. Mrs. Morson brisk. Mrs. Macartney useful. Mrs. Morson's hair in the old places, with reference to her eyebrows.

I went into the bonnet question with her—only with *her*, for I think she exercised a sound discretion at the time of the mysterious business, in affecting not to suspect. I have little doubt but that two among them contemplated a move—not that day, but before the following Sunday. I mistrust the smaller Glyn[†3] as having been one of the two. I have no reason for it, but her supernatural mildness—and a certain queer look that was trying to get back into her eyes before it came out.

I enclose Charley's "documents". His tutor writes me very highly of him, and he is first in his department. He is going to Rockingham with us on Tuesday,[†4] for a country run of ten days or so. After which, his Mama will avail herself of your kindness, and write to ask for the box at Drury Lane.[†5]

I have sent your Copperfield to Stratton Street.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS FANNY M. LOMAX,[†6] 1 JANUARY 1851

MS Huntington Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regents Park | First January 1851.

My young friend

I beg to thank you for your book, and to assure you that I have read it with pleasure, as the reflection of a young, earnest, and truthful heart.

But—these terrible buts!—I am bound in honesty to advise you, not to dream of venturing (except for pleasure-voyages) on the great sea of literature. The public have no concern with anything connected with your aspirations, save their results. What is very good to be "written" between the ages of twelve and fifteen, may not be so good to be published. My advice to you, is—dont venture on that aforesaid sea, out of sight of home. I fear you may be shipwrecked.[†1]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Fanny M. Lomax.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 1 JANUARY 1851

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Devonshire Terrace. | First January 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

Many happy years to you and yours!

The order of the pieces which has suggested itself to you, is the order I have always contemplated and in which the bill (of which I hope to send you a proof tomorrow; is in an ordinary playbill, with no jokes in it) is already made out.[†2] You could take twenty minutes for tea, after Used Up, very well.

I have put in the bill,—open at a quarter before 8, begin at 8. Of course we shall *not* begin, until you tell me you are ready.

I was in hopes your brother would have appeared here, yesterday, for we had a country dance last night (of nearly all my Amateur Company) which was of the wildest description, and the most appalling duration. He would have been amused to see them all together, I think, and would not have had a leg to stand upon this morning. [I write this on my back on the floor.]

But he has not appeared yet. I hope he may come tomorrow, when Miss Boyle dines here.

I hope the actors will come out pretty well??? Sometimes I am shaken with frightful apprehensions of their not minding what they are about.

Bulwer has done his comedy,—and raised a sea of business for me, in the achievement of that triumph, which I contemplate with some discomposure. He is going to read it here, on Saturday or Monday, and we shall immediately dash into the great scheme. I am rather afraid I am a lover, who comes out in a stupendously generous way at last.[†3] I think I'd rather *not* love, unless I could do it in an original manner. I seem to have been always doing it in the regular way, ever since I ran alone.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. W. G. COOKESLEY, [?1 JANUARY 1851]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* "Monday" is CD's error for Wednesday. Inscription of *Copperfield* makes Jan most likely.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening | First January 1851.

My Dear Cooksley.[†1]

I owe you many thanks for your kind and generous interest in Charley. And I devoutly hope he may become, by God's blessing, an honor to you and me!

Accept this book, with my cordial regard, for its author's sake.[†2]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend W. G. Cooksley.

To JOHN FORSTER [?EARLY JANUARY 1851]

Extract in F, VI, 535. *Date:* presumably shortly after CD had seen the first rehearsals for 15 Jan 51.

Describing Captain Quin, Mrs Watson's brother, as a very good comic actor, but loose in words;[†3] *and Augustus Stafford as* more than passable, *and* a son of Vernon Smith's,[†4] really a capital low comedian.

To WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL,[†5] 3 JANUARY 1851

MS Lt Col. R. A. Crouch, deceased: summary by solicitors of his estate.

Enclosing £5 from trust money confided to him for charitable purposes.[†6]

To J. A. WIDGER,[†7] 3 JANUARY 1851*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Third January 1851.

Sir

In reply to your note, enquiring whether Mr. Frederick Dickens were correct in directing you to supply him with articles of certain descriptions therein set forth (beyond the value of £150 for which I made myself responsible to you, on his behalf

and the receipt of which you acknowledge),[†1] and to look to me for payment of the same, I have to say that he certainly was *not* correct if he ever did any such thing, as he never had any shadow of authority from me for doing it.

And I am surprised that you can ask the question, remembering (as I presume you do) that I expressly limited my responsibility to the sum of £150, which I paid (of course) on its being demanded.

I am Sir | Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Widger.

To MRS HOWITT, [4 JANUARY 1851]

Envelope only, MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted. *Address:* Mrs. Howitt | 28 Upper Avenue Road | Regents Park. *Date:* PM 4 Jan 51.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 5 JANUARY 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Night | Fifth January 1851.

My Dear Bulwer

I am so sorry to have missed you!—I had gone down to Forster, Comedy in hand.

I think it *most admirable.*[†2] Full of character, strong in interest, rich in capital situations, and *certain to go nobly.*[†3] You know how highly I thought of Money,[†4] but I sincerely think these three acts[†5] finer. I did not think of the slight suggestions you

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make, but I said, en passant, that perhaps the drunken scene[†1] might do better, on the stage, a little concentrated.[†2] I don't believe it would require even that, with the leading-up which you propose. I cannot say too much of the Comedy, to express what I think and feel concerning it. And I look at it too, remember, with the yellow eye of an actor!! I should have taken to it (need I say so!) con amore in any case, but I should have been jealous of your reputation, exactly as I appreciate your generosity. If I had a misgiving of ten lines, I should have scrupulously mentioned it.

Stone will look[†3] the Duke capitally; and I will answer for his being got into doing it, *very well.* Looking down the perspective of a few winter evenings here, I am confident about him. Forster will be thoroughly sound and real. Lemon is so surpassingly sensible and trustworthy on the stage that I don't think any actor could touch his part as he will. And I hope you will have opportunities of testing the accuracy of this prediction. Egg ought to do the author, to absolute perfection.[†4] As to Jerrold—there he stands, in the play![†5] I would propose Leech (well made up) for Easy. He is a good name; and I see nothing else for him.[†6]

This brings me to my own part. If we had any one, or could get any one, for Wilmot,[†7] I could do (I think) something so near your meaning, in Sir Gilbert,[†8] that I let him go with a pang. [†a]Assumption has charms for me—I hardly know for how many wild reasons—so delightful, that I feel a loss of O I can't say what exquisite foolery, when I lose a chance of being some one, in voice &c not at all like myself.[†a] But—I speak quite freely, knowing you will not mistake me—I know, from experience, that we could find nobody to hold the play together, in Wilmot, if I

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didn't do it. I think I could touch the gallant, generous, careless, pretence—with the real man at the bottom of it—so as to take the audience with him from the first scene. I am quite sure I understand your meaning. And I am absolutely certain that as Jerrold, Forster, and Stone, come in,[†1] I could, as a mere little bit of mechanics, present them better, by doing that part, and paying as much attention to their points as my own, than another Amateur Actor could. Therefore I throw up my cap for Wilmot, and do hereby devote myself to him, heart and head![†2]

I ought to tell you that in a play we once rehearsed and never played (but rehearsed several times and very carefully) I saw Lemon do a piece of reality, with a rugged pathos in it, which I felt, as I stood on the stage with him, to be extraordinarily good.[†3] In the serious part of Sir Gilbert, he will surprise you.[†4] And he has an intuitive discrimination in such things, which will just keep the suspicious part from being too droll [†b]in the outset[†b]—which will just shew a glimpse of something in the depths of it.

The moment I come back to town (within a fortnight, please God) I will ascertain from Forster where you are. Then I will propose to you that we call our Company together—agree upon our general plan of action—and that you and I immediately begin to see, and book, our Vice Presidents &c. Further, I think we ought to see about the Queen. I would suggest our playing first, about three weeks before the opening of the Exhibition,[†5] in order that it may be the town-talk, before the Country people and Foreigners come. Macready thinks with me that a very large sum of money may be got in London.

I propose (for cheapness, and many other considerations) to make a Theatre expressly for the purpose, which we can put up and take down, say in the Hanover Square Rooms, and move into the country. As Watson wanted something of a Theatre made for his forthcoming Little Go,[†6] I have made it a sort of Model of what I mean, and shall be able to test its working powers before I see you. Many things that, for portability, were to be avoided in Mr. Hewitt's[†7] theatre, I have replaced with less expensive and weighty contrivances.

[†c]In Re Tucker.[†1]

I have looked carefully over the bill. It appears very large, but I had not come far short of that amount in my mind. An immensity was done to every lamp of any consequence, in your house, with the best workmanship, in the shortest time. They were all wrong, and Mr. Payne did not spare the opportunity—nor could it really have been spared. Mind! *I saw* the men at work. It is not pretended, observe, that 32 chimnies were broken; but that certain of that number were supplied to your lamps, and certain others to the Theatre's. Now, as to the former, I assuredly did see the men (having my eye upon them) fitting such glasses to your lamps; and as to the latter, I know there were a good many broken. It always happens in a Theatre—even with gas, which is more handy and manageable—and the rollers of the scenes, and the heat, broke a good many to my knowledge. I don't think the man would exaggerate the quantity of oil consumed (which could be so very easily estimated to a certainty) and the quality was made, with my sanction, very good, in order that there might be no smell. If it were my case—considering that the work was undeniably well done, and very cheerfully done under difficulties, and that it extended by degrees all over your house—I should not dispute the bill, as one applying to a special occasion. But I want to impress two considerations upon you in saying this. First, that it is not a part of what you once called my "large way", because I oblige my other half to be very careful in all such matters, concerning which we hold solemn weekly councils when I consider it my bounden duty to break a chair or so, as a frugal demonstration. Secondly, that I should not have the least shadow of uncomfortable feeling as regards Mr. Tucker, if you *did* dispute the bill.[†c]

Now my dear Bulwer I have come to the small hours, and am writing alone here, as if *I* were writing something to do what your Comedy will. At such a time, the temptation is strong upon me to say a great deal more, but I will only say this—in mercy to you—that †dI do devoutly believe that this plan, carried, will entirely change the status of the Literary Man in England, and make a revolution in his position which no Government, no Power on earth but his own, could ever effect. I have implicit confidence in the scheme—so splendidly begun—if we carry it out with a stedfast energy. I have a strong conviction that we hold in our hands the peace and honor of men of letters for centuries to come, and that you are destined to be their best and most enduring benefactor.

Oh what a procession of new years might walk out of all this, after we are very dusty!†d

Ever Yours faithfully

CD

I have forgotten something. I suggest this title.

Knowing the World.

Or

Not so bad as we seem.†2

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 7 JANUARY 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh January 1851.

My Dear Bulwer

Having had a laugh with myself (and at myself) about the mysterious Sovereign,†1 I scratch this note before flying to the Railroad, to beg and entreat that you will not give yourself the least uneasiness about bringing out Wilmot in the last Act. Let him do exactly what the story requires, and no more. I assure you I have not the least desire to be strong in that Act.†2 It would be quite enough to give him the tag†3 to speak. I am extremely anxious that you should be perfectly free from any sordid stage consideration in the matter.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 9 JANUARY 1851

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1891; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Rockingham Castle, 9 Jan 51.

Accepting an invitation to dinner.†4

To THE SECRETARY OF UNKNOWN FUND, [JANUARY 1851]

Mention in *To* Talfourd, 12 Jan. *Date:* probably shortly before that letter.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 12 JANUARY 1851*

MS Huntington Library.

Rockingham Castle | Sunday Twelfth January 1851.

My Dear Fred.

I am very glad that Lemon has kindly undertaken to see the people, and hope that something may be done at last. I think delay ruinous to you—extremely likely to prejudice you at the Treasury—and that whatever the end is, it had better come than be deferred.†5

On the other side, I send you a draft of the note which you will send with the proof†1 to each of our own people.

I have contrived a beautiful and complete little Theatre here,†2 and there are some good actors in the Company—one or two whom I should certainly [wish] to recruit,†3 if we had any Parts to offer.†4

Ever affecy.

CD.

My Dear†5

I send you with this, at my brother Charles's request, a *private proof* of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's scheme. My brother begs me to explain that the Provident Fund will form the subject of a distinct and separate statement.

I have also to inform you that the comedy is nearly finished, and that my brother purposes to call a meeting of our company, to discuss the scheme and all future proceedings, soon after he comes back from the country—where he is now, and will remain until next Thursday.

To SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, 12 JANUARY 1851

MS Yale University Library.

Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire. | Twelfth January 1851

My Dear Talfourd.

Your letter has been forwarded to me here, where I am staying for a week or so. I purpose returning home *next Thursday*, and will come to you immediately afterwards. In the meantime I have written to the Fund people, and told them what you so kindly suggest, in reference to the Memorial.

If Sloane goes off upon his Bail, I strongly suspect that the law will be altered, in reference to that class of cases.[†6]

It is a beautiful day here, but more like Spring than Winter. It is no great news to report that the farmers grumble—but they really *do* grumble, extra, about the

moderate weather, and say, with Mr. Primrose "The Lord send we may be all the better for it this time twelvemonth!"[†1]

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 15 JANUARY 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Loft over Stable | Wednesday January 15th. 1851.

My Dearest Mary.

I am like the man in the play[†2]—do you know the drama?—In five acts—sentimental comedy—virtue in distress—lovely woman—and all that—well!—Like that man, the call of honor stands between me and my rest—baulks my inclination—beckons me from happiness—to the regions (do you understand, my Angel?) of state formality &c &c. The figure of the wretched Premier haunts me.[†3] I hear a noise—look round—see an unoccupied chair in Chesham Place[†4]—put down my head to shut out the terrible vision—and rush towards the Spectre—which is not a dream—for I knock my head—against Poole's pension[†5]—and many other acts—of personal attention and respect. To stay here, tomorrow, would be most delightful to me, but would be too much pepper[†6]—I mean happiness. I have learnt a good lesson. A man's happiness, after all, don't depend upon himself. With employment for the mind—exercise for the body—a domestic hearth—and a cheerful spirit—there may be many things wanting to complete his happiness[†7]—and he may be confoundedly miserable—

As I am—| Ever Affectionately my darling
Joe.

P.S. I think of taking advice. Unce[†8]—I have resolved to call in a Ffizz-ishin.[†9]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 15 JANUARY 1851

Mention in Thomas Birch catalogue, 1895; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 15 Jan 51.

To MARK LEMON, 16 JANUARY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Night | Sixteenth January 1851.

My Dear Lemon

I will meet you at the H.W. at 2 tomorrow.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 JANUARY 1851

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth January 1851.

Dear Miss Coutts.

I receive (you will readily believe) a good many letters intended for your eye, which I put in the fire.

But the enclosed commendation of *its* enclosure to me, is so extraordinarily French and out of the way, that I have thought it might afford you a laugh. Hence, I send it.[†1]

Your note about Charley gave his Mama and me the greatest delight. It came most opportunely, for I am not so happy with some of my other relations, who are mill stones round my neck. One of my brothers is rasping my very heart just now, by trading on my name.[†2] However, when I think of you and all your attendant phaenomona,[†3] I have the consolation of good company!

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown,

Believe me Ever | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. Are you ever coming home any more?

To MISS ELY,[†4] 18 JANUARY 1851*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Eighteenth January 1851.

My Dear Miss Ely,

I will joyfully come over Wednesday Evening.

It is never too late to receive a good wish from an old friend so familiar and dear as you are. Let me reciprocate it, heartily.

Faithfully yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ely.

To GEORGE HARTLAND,[†1] 18 JANUARY 1851*

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth January 1851.

Dr. Mr. Hartland

A great accumulation of correspondence, consequent on my having been visiting in the country, has prevented my returning an earlier reply to your note.

I am afraid I am not likely to find any means of assisting you to such employment as you seek. What interest I have, I have already exerted in behalf of others. But if you can ever use my recommendation with effect for any particular object that may present itself, I shall be happy to give it you to the fullest extent, and you may freely command it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. George Hartland.

To THE REV. JOHN CLAY,[†2] 20 JANUARY 1851

Text from Frank Hammond catalogue, No. 33; *MS* 2 pp.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace, | Twentieth January 1851.

Dear Sir,

I have been visiting in the Country, or I should have returned an earlier reply to your obliging and interesting letter. Allow me to thank you for the Prison reports,[†3] and to assure you that I shall read them with the greatest interest and attention: Also to assure you very sincerely that they required no other commendation more

(though I have a high regard for our two friends whom you mention)[†1] than your own character, experience and earnestness. I hope to lose no time in profiting by your kindness, and I am Dear Sir,

Very faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, [23] JANUARY 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Thursday was 23 Jan 51.

Office of Household Words | Thursday Evening 22nd. January 1851

My Dear Henry

I have seen a place at Highgate which, if all the circumstances attending it were favorable—rather an extensive proviso—I should "make an effort" (Mrs. Chick like)[†2] to possess myself of. I should like to have your opinion of it in a sanitary and soft watery pint[†3] of view &c &c &c. When could you go up there with me? If you have not time to walk, in the daylight, I would take you up in the little carriage and bring you back, all within an hour and a half or so. Would Monday or Tuesday suit you. Your hour shall be mine of course, and I'll call for you at Gwydyr House.[†4]

Ever affecy.

CD.

P.S. Have you any printed particulars in any Reports, concerning the more obvious absurdities & evils of the Window Tax? If you have, and can send them up to me (in Devonshire Terrace) *in the course of tomorrow forenoon*, I think I can do great service to the Repale[†5] cause.[†6]

To THE REV. W. L. HARDISTY, 24 JANUARY 1851*

MS Eton College.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth January 1851.

My Dear Sir

Allow me to forward the enclosed,[†7] with many thanks for your kindness and interest.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend W. L. Hardisty

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS'S TENANT AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH, [LATE JANUARY 1851]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 28 Jan 51. *Date:* clearly several days before the 28th, as the tenant had paid his rent by then.

Requesting payment of two quarters' rent.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 24 JANUARY 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth January 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

[†a]What shall I do, about the enclosed?[†1] My course, in the case of my own people, is to divide it among the gentlemen concerned. I did so, at Knebworth, and always do. But as I can't very well get at

them in this case, I think it best to consult you first. I can consign a little billet-doux for each of them, to your care, if you like?[†a]

Kate will have told you, I dare say, that my despondency on coming to town was relieved by a talk with Lady John[†2] of which you were the subject, and in which she spoke of you with an earnestness of old affection and regard that did me good. I date my recovery (which has been slow) from that hour. I am still feeble, and liable to sudden outbursts of causeless rage, and demoniacal gloom—but I shall be better presently. What a thing it is, that we can't be always innocently merry, and happy with those we like best, without looking out at the back windows of life! Well—one day perhaps—after a long night—the blinds on that side of the house will be down for ever, and nothing left but the bright prospect in front.

[†a]I am grieved to see in the paper this morning, the melancholy death of a cousin of yours.[†3] Georgina has just shewn it to me.[†a]

Concerning Supper-Toast (of which I feel bound to make some mention) you did, as you always do, right, and exactly what was most agreeable to me.

My love to your excellent husband (I wonder whether he and the Dining room have got to rights yet!) and to the jolly boys, and the calm little girl.[†4] Somehow, I shall always think of Lord Spencer[†5] as eternally walking up and down the platform at Rugby, in a high chill wind, with no apparent hope of a train—as I left him. And somehow I always think of Rockingham, after coming away, as if I belonged to it and had left a bit of my heart behind—which it is so very odd to find wanting, twenty times a day.

Ever Dear Mrs. Watson | Faithfully Yours—and his—

CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 25 JANUARY 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words | Saturday Twenty Fifth January 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I am much concerned to hear that you have not been well. But everybody seems to be ill, more or less, all along of the late unseasonable weather.[†1]

Tuesday morning will be brilliant for me, but I am afraid that the time you propose, may be a trifle too early for the inmates of the Willa[†2]—for it *has* inmates—as I found to my horror the other day, when a lady, with curls like tight sausages, rushed out of the dining room, card in hand, and enquired of the humble individual who has now the honor to address you, if he were the real original inimitable to whom she was indebted for so many hours of—&c &c. Would you say a quarter past eleven, instead of half past ten, in Devonshire Terrace? I shall construe silence into assent.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Love to Letitia.

To JOHN LEECH, 25 JANUARY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night | January Twenty Fifth 1851.

My Dear Leech

This is to let you know that I am *not* in Wellington Street, but have come home.

Also to say, for your consideration, that I think of going to Paris, for a purpose,[†3] within the next fortnight or so—I could make the time, yours—and that if you really would like two days there, I am really disposed to bind the bargain.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 27 JANUARY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning | Twenty Seventh January 1851.

My Dear Leech.

I find that Macready's last Haymarket Night, is,—not Tuesday, as I had supposed, but Monday.[†4] This would so hurry and inconvenience us, that it seems

to put the present week out of the question. If next week would be inconvenient for the reasons you mentioned yesterday, let us think of some other time. I think I can make your time, mine.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

John Leech Esquire.

To CHARLES MANBY, 27 JANUARY 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Night | Twenty Seventh January 1851

My Dear Mr. Manby.

I will endeavour to ascertain in the course of the morning whether anything can be done in the matter of your and Mr Webster's kind suggestion.[†1] I know that Mr Macready has a strong desire to make his last appearance on the stage, in a large Theatre[†2]—and I think he is right—but I feel the force of what

you say in your plain, straight-forward note. I will either come down to the Haymarket in the evening, and see you—or send a line or two to you there.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire.

I write this, late at night, finding your letter on my return home from a dinner, and understanding that your messenger will call early in the morning.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 JANUARY 1851*

MS Victoria Library, London. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night | Twenty Eighth January 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Brown will have told you that all was orderly and right, at Shepherds Bush today.

Mrs. Morson informed me the other day, that the man who rents the field, owed two quarters; and that the Gardener (the most mysterious man on earth, with the most portentous suspicions occupying his whole frame from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head) gloomily whispered that he owed all manner of debts to all manner of people. Upon this, I wrote him a serenely and severely civil epistle, requesting him to be so good as pay the money. He has dreadfully disappointed the gardener by doing so. And I have therefore informed Mrs. Morson that the tenant aforesaid may continue his tenancy if he desire to do so.

May I ask you if Mr. Illingworth has ever had any remuneration for his Services and Omnibuses? I have a reason for doing so, which I will readily tell you, of course. (I find I have written "doing so", three times in a dozen lines. I attribute it to a dismal cold.)

I am going to "make an effort", (like my friend Mrs. Chick) to buy a little place to live in, close to Holly Lodge! It is up the private road[†1] at the back of those obtrusive cottages, and is so well adapted to my young people, that I have warily broken ground with the agents. I took the Board of Health[†2] to look at it this morning—and the Board urging me on, with unqualified approval of its sanitary advantages, I am screwing myself up to the steady contemplation of the tremendous compact. Whether we shall come to terms or no, is yet in the clouds—or somewhere else.

It has occurred to me that I might,—afar off and keeping clear of all personal approach or identification,—write a little account of the Home, in Household Words,[†3] that *might* lead to our finding strange cases, hardly to be got at otherwise. The most extraordinary things turned up (excuse Mr. Micawber's phrase), consequent on the account, some time ago, of "what might be done by a London Curate, if he tried".[†4] Should you see any objection to my discreetly touching the subject? Perhaps you'll think of it. It only came into my head, today.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 28 JANUARY 1851

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 4 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 28 Jan 51.

Thanking him for his more than kind note. *Has taken* the Board of Health *to the House; Austin says situation and house* unobjectionable. *Has opened* [his] fire on the agents.

The cottages had not escaped me. *Miss Coutts and he had talked about them. But the* Willa *looks away from them.* Holly Lodge[†5] would be (for my children's recreation and so forth) as good as my own.

About the Paper duties.[†6] *He has* some mysterious men (*un*connected therewith)

coming to HW Office tomorrow, in whom I fancy I descry two or three good papers. But I write tonight to Mr Huggett the Secretary,[†1] saying that you will represent me;[†2] and whatever you do, I will gladly do. *Should Knight see fit to bind him to attend the Deputation on Thursday, he will do it.*[†3] *He places himself entirely in Knight's hands.* Tell Chambers[†4] he has full power to answer *for CD at his own discretion.*[†5]

To GEORGE HUGGETT,[†1] [28 JANUARY 1851]

Mention in last.

To JOHN LEECH, 28 JANUARY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night | Twenty Eighth January 1851.

My Dear Leech.

No—hem!—I had not forgotten my birthday[†6]—but—a—a—the—a—modesty of the man—a—did not admit of—a—so humble an individual as himself—a—positively!

What I should propose (as Jack Humphries[†1] might observe) would be this. That we go on *Monday* the 10th. of February.[†2] Pr. Mail. We could then be back, please God, safe and sound for the following Saturday—and all right. What do you say? Shall that be a final bargain?

I shall be at the Household Words office all day tomorrow (Wednesday) and, except dining at the Temple from ½ past 5 to ½ past 6, available for any honest purpose.

Ever Yours
CD.

To CHARLES MANBY, 28 JANUARY 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night | Twenty Eighth January 1851.

My Dear Mr. Manby

Our friend Mr. Macready is extremely sensible of your interest and friendliness, and is anxious that I should say so.

But, besides the objection he entertains to the thought of raising the prices of admission to the great body of the Theatre—the pit and galleries—in which I strongly and entirely agree with him, his arrangements, though not settled, are yet in such a state of approach to completion that he could not at this moment entertain a new offer, even if it were free from the great obstacle I have mentioned. Therefore I can do no more tonight than assure you (and, through you, Mr. Webster) of our perfectly understanding, and cordially responding to, your good feeling.

I am half blind with a cold.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 28 JANUARY 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night | Twenty Eighth January 1851.

My Dear[†3] Mrs. Watson.

I presume you mean Mr. Stafford[†4] and Mr. Stopford, to pay Wilson[†5] (as I have instructed him) a guinea each?—Am I right? In that just case, *I* still owe you a guinea for *my* part. I was going to send you a Post Office Order for that amount, when a faint sense of absurdity mantled my ingenuous visage with a blush, and I thought it better to owe you the money until we meet. I hope it may be soon!

I believe I may lay claim to the mysterious inkstand. Also to a Volume lettered on

the back "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, II"[†1] which I left, when I came down at Christmas. Will you take care of them as Hostages, until we effect an exchange?

Charley went back in great spirits, threatening to write to George. It was a very wet night, and John took him to the Railroad. He said on his return, "Mas'r Charles went off very gay Sir. He found some

young gen'lmen as was his friends, in the train Sir." "Come," said I, "I am glad of that. How many were there? Two or three?" "Oh dear Sir, there was a matter of forty Sir! All with their heads out o' the coach winders Sir, a hallooing 'Dickens!' all over the Station!"

Her Ladyship, and the Ward of the Fiz-ZISH-un,[†2] send their best loves in which I heartily join. If you and your dear husband come to town before we bring out Bulwer's Comedy, I think we must have a snug reading of it.

Ever dear Mrs. Watson | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To B. WOODCROFT,[†3] 28 JANUARY 1851

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue Oct 1980; *MS* (3rd person)*:* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 28 Jan 51 (misdated 1857 in catalogue); addressed B. Woodcroft.

Mr. Dickens cannot (in the midst of many engagements) *inspect his proof*[†4] . . . but he is much interested by the table of contents of the Volume,[†5] and will be happy to receive it when published.

To [HENRY] SUTTON,[†6] [LATE JANUARY 1851]

Mention in *To* Lytton, 30 Jan 51. *Date:* presumably a day or two before the 30th.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 30 JANUARY 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Private)*:* Henry Austin Esquire | Gwydyr House | Whitehall. PM 30 Jan 51.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth January 1851.

My Dear Henry

I have offered—with fear and trembling—for the House. The Agent mysteriously hints at the offer of another "party", being also on the stocks. And that's all at present.

—Paris departure settled for *Monday Evening February 10th.* Now Sir, what do you say to that? Back, at latest, by the following Saturday forenoon. (Note. I am mysterious to the unknown Sanitarian,[†1] as to precise movements, in order that we may not be bothered en route). If he turns up in Paris for the Abattoirs, by appointment, that will do.[†2]

I hope to join the Deputation tomorrow[†3]—but (like Sir Giles Overreach)[†4] an undone Article sits upon my sleeve. Not the same sort of article as sat upon his—*his* was a widow[†5]—but a tempting subject too. I call it "Red Tape".[†6]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 30 JANUARY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirtieth January 1851.

My Dear Leech.

Fixed (*D.V.*) *for the 10th.!!* Austin (a capital fellow as you know, without his wife) had some idea of going at the same time, on a Cemetery Commission[†7]—but I don't think he will.[†8]

—I have another idea! I observe that on Monday Evening the 3rd.—next Monday—there is a great Sparring Demonstration over in the Westminster Bridge Road.[†9] I want to see it. Could we go together? If so, you might call in the afternoon (say at 5) at the H.W.—we might chop—and take pugilistic diversion afterwards. We might then arrange when we would go together for the laissez-passer.[†10] A friend of mine (not you of course) is hardly to be trusted, I think, to get one, alone.

—I have another idea! If you were to answer this by post now?—Eh?—

Ever Yours

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 30 JANUARY 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth January 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I have heard from Mr. Sutton—a kind of Ghoule or Harpy, I have little doubt—and he says in his note that our scheme is one "which by an unfortunate coincidence appears very similar to that of my own".[†1] He asks for an interview. I have replied (serenely—with compliments) that I don't consider myself at liberty to discuss our scheme, until the gentlemen concerned shall have agreed upon its public announcement—and that I must beg to excuse myself from making an appointment.

Lemon's knowledge of him is just what yours is. He begs me to tell you so. I *think* he sent me an introductory letter from Buckstone[†2] the Actor sometime ago, stating that he wanted to develop his Insurance Scheme, with a view to getting me to be a Director. I know that I civilly declined to see him.

I had not thought of the Royal Society of Literature.[†3] Except for my knowledge of the existence of a brass doorplate, bearing that inscription, in St. Martin's Lane, I really don't know what it is![†4]

Hurrah for the conclusion of the Play! We are all agog here, standing like greyhounds (especially Lemon, who is very like a greyhound[†5] in the slips).[†6]

Kate and Georgina beg to be kindly remembered

Ever Faithfully,

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 31 JANUARY 1851*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First January 1851.

My Dear Evans.

I am not sure—but I may very possibly—require to anticipate the accounts of the last half year, by drawing five or six hundred pounds from you. IF[†7] I should require

about such a sum, in a week or ten days, can you, on this notice, conveniently do it?[†1]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN LEECH, 31 JANUARY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First January 1851.

My Dear Leech.

I have another idea!!! Monday being Macready's last appearance at the Haymarket[†2]—which I hope you have not forgotten—perhaps you would like to come into our box?[†3]

Ever Yours

CD

To MARK LEMON, 31 JANUARY 1851

Text from MDGH, I, 243.

Devonshire Terrace, Friday, Jan. 31st, 1851.

My dear Lemon,[†4]

We are deeply sorry to receive the mournful intelligence of your calamity.[†5] But we know you will both have found comfort in that blessed belief, from which the sacred figure with the child upon His knee is, in all stages of our lives, inseparable, for of such is the kingdom of God!

We join in affectionate loves to you and your dear wife. She well deserves your praise, I am sure.

Ever affectionately yours

[CD]

February

To DR THOMAS STONE,[†1] 2 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sunday Second February 1851.

Dear Sir

I take the liberty of offering a few remarks to you in reference to your paper[†2] on Dreams. If I venture to say that I think it may be made a little more original, and a little less recapitulative of the usual stories in the books,[†3] it is because I have read something on the subject, and have long observed it with the greatest attention and interest.

In the first place I would suggest that the influence of the day's occurrences, and of recent events, is by no means so great (generally speaking) as is usually supposed. I rather think there is a kind of conventional philosophy and belief, on this head. My own dreams are usually of twenty years ago. I often blend my present position with them; but very confusedly; whereas my life of twenty years ago is very distinctly represented.[†4] I have been married fourteen years, and have nine children, but I do not remember that I ever, on any occasion, dreamed of myself as being invested with those responsibilities, or surrounded by those relations. This would be so remarkable if it were an idiosyncrasy that I have asked many intelligent and observant men, whether they found their dreams usually of the same retrospective character. Many have thought not, at first; but on consideration have strongly confirmed my own experience. Ladies, affectionately and happily married, have often recalled, when I have made the same remark in conversation, that while they were engaged—though their thoughts were naturally much set on their engagement—they never dreamed of their lovers.[†5] I should say the chances were a thousand to one against anybody's dreaming of the subject closely occupying the waking mind—except—and this I wish particularly to suggest to you—in a sort of allegorical manner. For example. If I have been perplexed during the day, in bringing out the incidents of a story as I wish, I find that I dream at night—never by any chance, of the story itself—but perhaps of trying to shut a door that *will* fly open—or to screw something tight that *will* be loose—or to drive a horse on some

very important journey, who unaccountably becomes a dog, and can't be urged along—or to find my way out of a series of chambers that appears to have no end. I sometimes think that the origin of all fable and Allegory—the very first conception of such fictions—may be referable to this class of dreams.

Did you ever hear of any person who, by trying and resolving to fix the mind on any subject, could dream of it—or who did not, under such circumstances, dream preposterously wide of the mark? When dreams *can* be directly traced to any incidents of recent occurrence, it appears to me that the incidents are

usually of the most insignificant character—such as made no impression, of which we were conscious, at the time—such as present themselves again, in the wildest eccentricity.—Like Macnish's[†1] friend, with the stone, and the wooden leg, and the building.[†2] The obvious convenience and effect of making the dreams of heroes and heroines bear on the great themes of a story as illustrated by their late experiences, seem to me to have led the Poets away from the truth, on this head—and to have established the conventional belief from which I differ.

Recurring dreams which come back almost as certainly as the night—an unhealthy and morbid species of these visions—should be particularly noticed. Secrecy on the part of the dreamer, as to these illusions, has a remarkable tendency to perpetuate them. I once underwent great affliction in the loss of a very dear young friend. For a year, I dreamed of her, every night—sometimes as living, sometimes as dead, never in any terrible or shocking aspect. As she had been my wife's sister, and had died suddenly in our house, I forbore to allude to these dreams—kept them wholly to myself. At the end of the year, I lay down to sleep, in an Inn on a wild Yorkshire Moor, covered with snow. As I looked out of the window on the bleak winter prospect before I undressed, I wondered within myself whether the subject would follow me here. It did. Writing home next morning, I mentioned the circumstance, cheerfully, as being curious.[†3] The subject immediately departed out of my dreams, and years passed before it returned.[†4] Then, I was living in Italy, and it was All Souls' Night, and people were going about with Bells, calling on the Inhabitants to pray for the dead.—Which I have no doubt I had some sense of, in my sleep; and so flew back to the Dead.[†5]

The assistance supposed to be sometimes furnished, in sleep, towards the solution of Problems, or invention of things that had baffled the waking mind, I take to be the result of a sudden vigorous effect of the refreshed intellect in waking.[†a] But language has a great part in dreams. I think, on waking, the head is usually full of words.[†a]

—The sudden picture of a whole life, in a certain stage of drowning, I cannot but consider an indisputable phenomonon. In Captain Beaufort's[†1] case, it has been most remarkably and minutely stated by himself.[†2] I think I remember a similar description, in the autobiographical part of the life of Mathews the comedian.[†3] I have also received it from the lips of persons who have been saved. That others have been saved, who have not experienced the same sensations, is a fact that does not disprove these stories. Without enquiring whether these latter people may have been drowned enough, or drowned too much, I think we have sufficient evidence on which to found the conclusion that this remarkable mental feature *has* presented itself in drowning accidents, and in no other class of accidents.[†4]

Are dreams so very various and different, as you suppose? Or is there, taking into consideration our vast differences in point of mental and physical constitution, a remarkable sameness in them? Surely, it is an extremely unusual circumstance to hear any narration of a dream that does violence to our dreaming experience or enlarges it very much.[†5] And how many dreams are common to us all, from the

Queen to the Costermonger! We all fall off that Tower—we all skim above the ground at a great pace and can't keep on it—we all say "this *must be* a dream, because I was in this strange, low-roofed, beam-obstructed place, once before, and it turned out to be a dream"—we all take unheard-of trouble to go to the Theatre and never get in—or to go to a Feast, which can't be eaten or drunk—or to read letters, placards, or books, that no study will render legible—or to break some Thraldom or other, from which we can't escape—or we all confound the living with the dead, and all frequently have a knowledge or suspicion that we are doing it—we all astonish ourselves by telling ourselves, in a dialogue with ourselves, the most astonishing and terrific secrets—we all go to public places in our night dresses, and are horribly disconcerted, lest the company should observe it.

—And this appears to me, to suggest another very curious point—the occasional endeavour to correct our delusions, made by some waking and reasoning faculty of the brain. For, it is to be observed that we *are*,[†1] actually, in our night dress at the time. I suspect that a man who lay down in his clothes under a hedge, or on a ship's deck, would not have, and could not have, this very common kind of dream. It has no connexion with our being cold, for it constantly presents itself to people warm in bed. I cannot help thinking that this observant and corrective speck of the brain suggests to you, "my good fellow how *can* you be in this crowd, when you *know* you are in your shirt?" It is not strong enough to dispel the vision, but is just strong enough to present this inconsistency.

If you think any of these random remarks worth your consideration, I should be happy to appoint a time for discussing the subject still further with you. I shall be happy to insert the paper, as it stands, if you prefer it—but in that case I should desire to pursue it with my own hints of experience and opinion—and if we could agree, we might dispatch the subject in one paper.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Stone.

To ELIOT WARBURTON,[†3] 2 FEBRUARY 1851*

MSS Professor Harry Stone (*aa*) and Professor Angus Easson (*bb*).

[a]Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Second February | 1851.

My Dear Sir

I was obliged to dine at Hampstead on Friday, and got home too late to present myself at Mrs. Warburton's[†4] party—which I should otherwise have done with the

greatest pleasure. Since then I have been grasped in the throat by a most dismal cold; and I am wrestling violently with the enemy at this present writing.[a] [b]I am not clear which of us will throw the other, but I am afraid he has the best of it.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Eliot Warburton Esquire.[b]

To MRS JOHN LEECH, 3 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Mrs John Leech | 31 Notting Hill Terrace.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Morning February Third | 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Leech.

Our poor little Dora is very ill—with something like congestion of the Brain. She was taken with it on Saturday at midnight, and, though better this morning, is not out of danger. Kate therefore will not go to the Theatre[†1] tonight, neither will Georgina. So I would recommend your coming straight to the Household Words office, and there taking up Leech and me. If your fly presents itself at that vast establishment at *twenty five minutes before 7*, that will be the right time. My engagement with Leech,[†2] I consider undisturbed. Kate and Georgina send their loves. The little thing was so ill yesterday, that we thought it right to have her baptized by White,[†3] who was dining here.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. John Leech

To EDWARD BREWSTER,[†5] 5 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Mr J. Carville.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | Fifth February 1851.

Dear Sir

You will see, from the enclosed draft,[†6] in what matter I want your printing aid.

Will you have the kindness to make a good poster of it, and send it without delay to the London Tavern, to be displayed outside. They expect it.

With as little delay as possible, you shall receive the List of Stewards (from Mr. Forster, if I should be out of town for a few days) and then you will be able to set out a more detailed bill, and to print the tickets.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Brewster Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 6 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night | Sixth February 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I think "Our order" an admirable name—regarding it as one of our Order. But, endeavouring to look at it from another point of view, as an outsider and one of the Public, I doubt it. I think we want a name suggestive of a grave and well considered Institution that is to last a long time. I hesitate about this, uncertain whether there is not a kind of Fancy in it that would bewilder Mr. Bounce[†1] of the Royal Exchange. I think it should be a plain name expressive of an Institution of Literature and Art.[†2]

Poor little Anne Romer! I am *very* sorry she is going to be married so soon.[†3] Not that I am otherwise than glad, in the abstract, when young ladies are married—but I fear her husband will have to refer the baker to the Haymarket Treasury, oftener than is hopeful. Then, she may have children out of number—and that interferes with professional avocations—and—altogether, I wish she had waited twelve months.[†4]

I saw her the other night—in a bad part, of her husband's writing[†5]—and there was a freshness about her (she sang as if her voice were a sort of bird's, all in bloom) that pleased the audience amazingly, and was, as Mr. Pepys says, mighty pretty to see.[†6]

Ever Cordially Yours

CD

P.S. Georgina is deeply impressed by the profundity of your occult knowledge. She thinks that man (we can't remember who he was) who took you for a Wizard,[†7] knew better than we thought he did.

To THOMAS MITTON, 6 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixth February 1851.

My Dear Mitton

I should be very glad if I could help you to obtain an appointment under the Registration Act,[†1] but I am bound to assure you that you (most unconsciously I have no doubt) exaggerate my power of doing service in such a case. If any offices were known to be immediately in the gift or nomination of any one whom I know (and so know, as that I could independently ask a favor of) it would be a pleasure to me to go into the enquiry "are they such as I honestly know you would be fitted for, and is it reasonable to ask for one?" But, that in the present state of the subject—with no knowledge of the measure itself—of the nature of the patronage—of the authorities with whom it will rest—of any thing about it—that in such a state of the matter, I could hope to take any useful step, or should do right in encouraging you to believe that I could—our old friendship forbids me to imagine for a moment. It would be a weak and miserable assumption of a power I don't possess.

As to Martin,[†2] no judge ever asks for an appointment, for any one, from any authority whomsoever. The moment he accepts that post, he lays down all use of such influence. I believe there is no Judge in this kingdom who would ask the Postmaster General, to make his Servant a Letter Carrier. There is no point of honor, in any station, more rigidly observed.

As to urging your request, as a matter of compensation,[†3] it would be absolute Lunacy. Any approach to such a presentation of such a claim, would be *certain* to receive the most signal discouragement and rejection. I can present nothing to my imagination, more injudicious.

And I think the difficulty altogether, will be immensely greater than you imagine. For all the legal offices, there will be young Barristers striving hard. For all the others, there will be every kind of offshoot from the existing Registration in Somerset House (where a system of extraordinary care and accuracy has been established) and from the other Government Offices. The Staff will be (I take it) much less numerous than you suppose. I see, wherever I go, numbers of men, educating themselves, in mind and manner and appearance, with extraordinary pains, for any such chance.

Until we know what offices are to be made, what qualifications are necessary, what duties are to be done, and what examination is to be insisted on—rely upon it, the appointments will be hedged round, in these ticklish times, by many such conditions—it is impossible even to discuss the subject with the least advantage. If, when we get this knowledge, I can personally befriend you, *of course I will.* But I do assure you most sincerely that there are not three men in power from whom I would ask anything. And I do not conceive that such a measure as this, would come in the way of any one of them.

Let us wait and see. I know that kind of life pretty well, and I know that what I write is the truth and sense of the case. If I blinked it in the least, to swell my own importance or your hopes, I should be very unworthy of your confidence.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MESSRS HOLLAND AND SONS,[†1] 7 FEBRUARY 1851*

Facsimile in John Wilson catalogue, 1984.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh February 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs. Holland and Sons, and begs to say that he has seen the house No. 1 Cambridge Terrace,[†2] and likes it exceedingly. But the heavy ground-rent is an insurmountable objection to his making an offer for the purchase.

To CHARLES BABBAGE,[†3] 8 FEBRUARY 1851

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth February 1851.

My Dear Babbage.

Many thanks for your kind letter. Can you tell me how many tickets you want?[†4] Otherwise, in the great press for them, I shall not know how to reserve your places. A word in reply.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Babbage Esquire

To WILLIAM JERDAN, 8 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth February 1851.

My Dear Jerdan

I have put you down for the benefit, and also for the dinner. In the benefit-case, I am sorry to say I cannot undertake for Mr. Durham and Mr. Hunt.[†1] In the dinner-case, I have put their names on the ticket list; and (in those names) their tickets can be purchased at the London Tavern on the afternoon of the 15th. or afterwards.

I will gladly and heartily serve on the Testimonial Committee.[†2] I strongly advise this,—that there be no public notification of, or allusion to, the design, until that committee shall have been formed—and shall have met—and decided on their course. It seems to me exceedingly important, for many reasons, to be strict in observing this rule.

I am going to Paris, but purpose being at home again this day week.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY FEBRUARY 1851]

Text from F, VI, vi, 537. *Date:* early Feb, according to Forster; Georgina's letter (see below) suggests near 8 Feb.

Little Dora is getting on bravely, thank God![†3]

To JOHN LEECH, 8 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Household Words Office | Eighth February 1851

My Dear Leech

I never was more astounded than I have been by a proposal from Spencer Lyttelton,[†4] to go with us to Paris! As he is the jolliest of the jolly I have said Yes—

hoping you will like the addition of a man with high spirits, who is up to anything.

Ever Yours

CD

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 8 FEBRUARY 1851

Mention in Ogden Goelet sale, January 1935; dated 8 Feb 51.

Telling him that he had been chosen as a steward for the Farewell Dinner to Macready.

To HENRY BICKNELL, 10 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Address:* Henry Bicknell Esquire | Effra Road | Brixton.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Tenth February 1851.

My Dear Sir

I have put you and Roberts down at 16 box places (the Stalls will be a guinea). I think your friends had better "fight it out at the box office", in future, for I really don't know how [†a]on earth[†a] many of the people already striving for seats will be got into the house. Anyone in whom you are really interested, of course I shall be sincerely glad to help still if I can. I begin to think that the whole party, audience and actors, had better be got over to Rome (I mean the City—not the Church), so that the play may come off in the Ruins of the Coliseum. Though they would be rather small for the purpose.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Bicknell Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth February 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was very sorry to miss you the other day. I should have been at your house before now, but for constant occupation that has held me all day, every day—and a cold that has made me a snivelling phaenomonon.[†1]

By way of curing it, I am running off to Paris, for a Household Words purpose,[†2] by the Mail Train tonight. I purpose being at home again in a week, and shall hope to present myself immediately afterwards. I think Mr. Tracey has a fair case for us.

Excellent reports of Charley.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have lost the house at Highgate—outbidden, by what the Agent calls "another party".

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 10 FEBRUARY 1851

MS British Museum.

London Tavern | Monday Night | Tenth February 1851.

My Dear Kate.

I forgot to say that letters are to be sent (if you will send them by John) to Wills, every day. He will select those belonging to Macready's Dinner for Forster.

Ever affectionately
CD

P.S. Lyttelton is extremely jovial, and sends regards. Love to Georgina and the children.

To J. A. EVANS,[†1] 10 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS (fire fragment) Yale University Library. Envelope and heading transcribed before partial destruction in Prestwick air crash, Dec 1954. *Address:* Mr J. A. Evans | 17 Maddox Street.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth February 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Evans and is obliged to him for his note (which absence has prevented Mr. Dickens from answering sooner) but is not disposed to purchase the dressing case.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 10 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth February 1851.

My Dear Bulwer

I am tearing over to Paris for five days, but I hurry over this note to say:

Firstly, and irrepressibly, That I think Gleig[†2] is an ass.[†3]

Secondly, That Endowment is *a very good name.* I doubt whether we could ever get a better.

Thirdly, That Forster has written to you with a note of a little suggestion of mine as to [the] situation[†4] between the Duke and Softhead. I think it may be made much

more droll, by putting Softhead into a sedan chair to wait for "Marston Moor"—and that Irish Porter would be one of the chairmen.[†1]

Fourthly, That the cuts will suggest themselves, as the men get perfect on the stage. I will observe most carefully, and communicate with you.[†2]

Fifthly, that we are putting in motion all kinds of strange plots and devices, as to the place where we shall play in London.

Sixthly, that it's quite clear little Anne Romer ought to put off her Nuptials,—but that perhaps if the gentleman has quite made up his mind to expect it (I only mean the Nuptial benediction) he may be unwilling to postpone it.—Marriage and chairmanship, totally irreconcileable, no doubt.

London is a vile place, I sincerely believe. I have never taken kindly to it since I lived abroad. Whenever I come back from the Country, now, and see that great heavy canopy lowering over the housetops, I wonder what on earth I do there, except on obligation.

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

You come up for the Reading?[†3]

To ALEXANDER ROBERTSON,[†4] 10 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Irvine Burns Club.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Tenth February 1851.

Sir.

I beg to assure you that I have the greatest pleasure in becoming an honorary member of the Irvine Burns Club,[†5] originated in memory of that immortal genius. Oblige me by having the kindness to convey my cordial good wishes and thanks to my unknown friends who have held me in such gratifying recollection.

With many thanks for your obliging favor, I am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Alexander Robertson Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 10 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth February 1851.

My Dear Stone.

The Comedy, being finished, will be read (by Mr. Macready) at Forster's rooms on Wednesday the 19th. at 3 o'Clock; when your attendance, with the rest of the company, is particularly requested.

In the meantime, you will receive Sir E.B.L.'s draft of the proposed scheme, and judge for yourself of its vast importance to all associated with Literature and Art.

Ever Faithfully

CD

over

I have put you down, my Pump, for 3 box places.[†1]—I too have had a horrible cold.—As a cure for which, I am off to Paris tonight by Mail Train, on a Household Wordian Expedition. I purpose being back on Saturday. I suppose you are very grey? It was in 1834, I believe, that we last met.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 10 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS University of Nebraska, Lincoln.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Tenth February | 1851.

My Dear Tracey.

I am obliged to run over to Paris tonight.—On Monday (this day week) at 2, I will come and see the girl. I should say that she is just the case for us.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 10 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Tenth February 1851.

My Dear Wills

There is a small part in Bulwer's Comedy—but very good, what there is—not much—my servant, who opens the play—which I should be very glad if you would like to do.[†2]

Pray understand that there is no end of men who would do it, and that if you have the least objection to the trouble, I don't make this the expression of a wish even.

Otherwise, I should like you to be in the scheme, which is a very great and important one, and which cannot have too many men who are steadily—not flightily, like some of our friends[†1]—in earnest, and who are not to be lightly discouraged.

If you do the part, I should like to have a talk with you about the Secretarial duties. They must be performed by some one, I clearly see, and will require good business direction. I should like to put some young fellow to whom such work, and its remuneration, would be an object, under your eye, if we could find one entire and perfect chrysolite[†2] anywhere.

Let me know whether I am to rate you on the Ship's books, or not.[†3] If yes, consider yourself "called" to the Reading (by Macready) at Forster's rooms on Wednesday the 19th. at 3.[†4]

And in the meantime you shall have a proof of the plan.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, [13] FEBRUARY 1851

MS British Museum. *Date:* misdated by CD: Thursday was 13 Feb 51.

Hotel Wagram, Paris | Thursday Twelfth February | 1851.

My Dearest Kate

I received your letter this morning (on returning from an expedition to a market 13 miles away, which involved the necessity of getting up at 5),[†5] and am delighted to have such good accounts of all at home.

We had D'Orsay to dinner yesterday, and I am hurried to dress now, in order to pay a promised visit to his "atelier."[†6] He was very happy with us, and is much

improved both in spirits and looks.[†1] Lord and Lady Castlereagh[†2] live downstairs here, and we went to them in the evening, and afterwards brought him upstairs to smoke. Tonight we are going to see Lemaitre[†3] in the renowned Belphegor piece.[†4] Tomorrow at noon, we leave Paris for *Calais* (the Boulogne boat does not serve our turn), and, unless the weather for crossing should be absurd, I shall be at home, please God, early on the evening of Saturday. It continues to be delightful weather here—frosty, but very clear and fine. Leech and I had a charming country walk before breakfast this morning—at Poissy—and enjoyed it very much. The rime was on the grass and trees, and the country most delicious.

Spencer Lyttelton is a capital companion on a trip, and a great addition to the party. We have got on famously, and been very facetious.

With best love to Georgina and the darlings

Ever most affectionately

To W. H. WILLS, 13 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel Wagram, Paris | Thursday Thirteenth February | 1851.

My Dear Wills

I write a hasty line to report progress. I hope to be home on Saturday Evening, but I doubt whether I shall be in time to call at the Office on the way.

I have seen the abattoirs and the Market. They will make a decent description, I think, and Mr. Grantham[†5] is very agreeable. But I could have seen everything quite as well without him.

I did not contemplate any provincial business in your case.[†1] I doubt the possibility of any coming off, before next Christmas time. I shall be very glad indeed to have your services in the business department.[†2]

To JOHN COLEMAN,[†3] [?MID-FEBRUARY 1851]

Mention in John Coleman, *Players and Playwrights I Have Known,* 1888, I, 56. *Date:* probably mid-Feb, when he was sending out tickets for the dinner: see next.

Replying to his appeal for a seat at Macready's farewell banquet and enclosing a ticket.

To MR JOSEPH,[†4] 17 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS (in unknown hand) Wellcome Historical Medical Library.

London Tavern | 17 February 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Joseph and begs to say that his name is placed on the list for six tickets & that they can now be purchased at the bar of the London tavern in that name.

The ladies' tickets can be purchased, at seven and sixpence each, on and after Friday next.

Mr. Dickens begs to add that the list of stewards is complete.

To [?W. C. BENNETT], 18 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Yale University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth February 1851.

My Dear Sir

I have put Mr. John Bennett's[†5] name on the list, for the full number of tickets required. Supposing this number to include yours, I have not put down your name too; but, if you still desire any, they can be purchased at the bar of the London Tavern.

I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the accompanying lines.[†1] It is perhaps best that I should avoid the subject. I have been in Paris, or I would have returned them immediately.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. K. HERVEY,[†2] 18 FEBRUARY 1851

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1879; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 Feb 51.

On the subject of a benefit.[†3]

To R. J. LANE,[†4] 18 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Sir John Nicholson.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth February 1851.

My Dear Lane.

One word, in certain cases, is not only "as good as a thousand"[†5]—but much better. Thank you!—Coming back from a short trip to Paris, I find your cheery little book,[†6] and am truly gratified and affected by your cordial dedication.[†7] It is most acceptable and welcome to me, and I am sincerely proud to know how well you like me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard J Lane Esquire.

To JAMES ROGERS,[†1] 18 FEBRUARY 1851

Text from Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1980; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 Feb 51.

Regretting that he cannot attend the Anniversary Dinner of the London Orphan Asylum.

To FRANK STONE, 18 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Eighteenth February | 1851.

My Dear Stone

I have written 60 letters (about the dinner) since 8 last night[†2]—have an awful arrear of my own correspondence—and think of flying the country.

I have secured tickets for yourself and Mr. Dillon.[†3] They shall both be sent to you in a day or two.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To AUGUSTUS [DICKENS],[†4] 19 FEBRUARY 1851

Extract in Christie's catalogue, Nov 1981; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 Feb 51; catalogue wrongly assumed addressed to Augustus Egg.

The whole extent of the Hall of Commerce[†5] was filled almost instantly.[†6] Even the accommodation designed for ladies must, I fear, be sacrificed. I dare not occupy another inch of space, and fifty times a day am obliged to say so, to people of great consideration in such a matter.

To E. CHAPMAN,[†7] 19 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* E. Chapman Esquire | 15 Burton Street | Burton Crescent.

London Tavern | Nineteenth February | 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Chapman and regrets to be obliged to inform him that every ticket that can possibly be issued for the dinner to Mr. Macready, is sold.

To JOHN HULLAH, 19 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Mrs G. C. E. Rosser.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth February | 1851.

My Dear Hullah.

I was charmed with the Hall[†1] today, which—for proportion, construction, convenience, and sound—is the best I was ever in. But, unhappily, regard being had to tables, waiters, and other nightmares, we can *dine* a greater number of guests at the Hall of Commerce. Consequently, I am obliged, in a delirious condition, to take the Macready dinner "bock again",[†2] and to write letters to the seven or eight hundred people who can't be got in.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWARD LAND,[†3] 19 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. *Address:* Edward Land Esquire | 5 Foley Place | Langham Place.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Nineteenth February | 1851.

Dear Sir

I am called out to the London Tavern, where we are in a great difficulty by the rapid sale of the whole re-issue of tickets—which is entirely gone—and the impossibility of accommodating hundreds of applicants. Would it suit you to call at 5 this afternoon, instead of at 12? Or, if not, may I hope to see you tomorrow morning?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Land Esquire

To [?E.L.] NUGENT,[†4] [19 FEBRUARY 1851]

Mention in *To* Manby, 20 Feb 51.

Explaining that there is not a ticket of any sort, for the dinner to Macready.

To CHARLES BABBAGE, 20 FEBRUARY 1851

MS British Museum.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth February 1851.

My Dear Babbage

All your tickets are in reserve, and will be sent to you on Monday Morning, except Mr. William Byron's.[†1] He is not upon the list, and I fear is a new name. I say, fear, because the rush for tickets has been so extraordinary and the London Tavern people have made such an unfortunate mistake in hastily exaggerating the capacity of the new room, that every inch of space is appropriated, and to issue another ticket is an utter impossibility.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Babbage Esquire

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT,[†3] 20 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth February 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to have vacated my seat at the General Committee of the Literary Fund, but it has happened on the last few days of meeting, that some other engagement has interfered with my attendance.[†4]

I shall be very happy to be nominated as a Member of the Council. I beg you to assure the General Committee with my respectful acknowledgements that I accept their obliging offer most readily.[†5]

When Mr. Poole was placed on the Pension List, I was still his banker to the extent of some portion of the last generous grant most considerately and delicately made to him by the Literary Fund.[†6] He now begs me to remit the enclosed to you, with a request that it may be entered in the books as a Subscription "from a friend to the Institution" by my hands.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To S. C. HALL, 20 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace. | Twentieth February 1851.

My Dear Hall.

They object to dinners in Exeter Hall.

I am grieved to say I cannot manage the ticket.[†1] It is physically impossible. We are even obliged to with-hold the Ladies' tickets.[†2]

Ever Yours
CD.

To CHARLES MANBY, 20 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Twentieth February 1851

My Dear Mr. Manby.

I wrote to Mr. Nugent yesterday morning, elaborately explaining to him that there is not a ticket of any sort, for the dinner to W. C. Macready, to be had. Every inch of space is so closely occupied, that it is absolutely impossible to issue another.

I have been to Paris on business, and was obliged to leave the Patent Laws in the hands of the Civil Engineers.[†3] I am beginning to think by the way, that if the Crystal Palace don't begin to fall down very soon, one or two of the C Es will look a little dim in the sight of the public before long.[†4]

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

PS.—I could not issue a ticket yesterday either to Mr. Barry[†5] or to James Wallack.[†6] We could sell a thousand easily, if we could find a sufficiently large room to hold a dinner for so many in.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 20 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth February 1851.

My Dear Tracey

Supposing you have discovered nothing adverse to her story, we will take the little girl I saw.[†1] I have instructed Mrs. Morson to send her clothes to you.

Sir Edwin Landseer remembered the Model very well,—and so did Maclise,—but neither knew more of her.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. O. WARD, 20 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS John Rylands Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth February 1851

My Dear Sir

I fear I shall be frying other fish on Sunday. But if my cookery be at my own choice and disposal, I shall bear your note in mind.

You are not quite right, I suspect, about the Rats.[†2] Without going to the full extent of the Rat author (whom the article did not profess wholly to confide in)[†3] I have prodigious faith in their power of eating grain, or almost any vegetable substance—bearing a lively remembrance of a certain Garden I once had at Genoa.[†4] And I doubt your position about weight. I know some lean men with shining eyes, who have most portentous twists,[†5] and who would give the fattest alderman a turkey or two, and beat him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. O. Ward Esquire.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 21 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night. Late. | Twenty First February 1851.

My Dear Miss Boyle.

I have devoted a couple of hours this evening to going very carefully over your paper (which I had read before), and to endeavouring to bring it closer, and to lighten it, and to give it that sort of compactness which a habit of composition, and of disciplining one's thoughts like a regiment, and of studying the art of putting each soldier into his right place, may have gradually taught me to think necessary. I

hope, when you see it in print, you will not be alarmed by my use of the pruning-knife. I have tried to exercise it with the utmost delicacy and discretion, and to suggest to you, especially towards the end, how this sort of writing (regard being had to the size of the journal in which it appears) requires to be compressed, and is made pleasanter by compression. This all reads very solemnly, but only because I want you to read it (I mean the article) with as loving an eye, as I have truly tried to touch it with a loving and gentle hand.

I propose to call it *My Mahogany Friend*.[†1] The other name is too long, and I think not attractive. Until I go to the office tomorrow, and see what is actually in hand, I am not certain of the No. in which it will appear, but Georgy shall write on Monday and tell you. We are always a fortnight in advance of the public, or the mechanical work could not be done.

I think there are many things in it that are *very pretty*. The Katie part,[†2] is particularly well done. If I don't say more, it is because I have a heavy sense, in all cases, of the responsibility of encouraging any one to enter on that thorny track where the prizes are so few, and the blanks so many—where[†3]—

But I won't write you a sermon. With the fire going out, and the first shadows of a new story hovering in a ghostly way about me[†4] (as they usually begin to do, when I have finished an old one) I am in danger of doing the heavy business, and becoming a heavy guardian or something of that sort instead of the light and airy Joe.[†5]

So good night, and believe that you may always trust me, and never find a grim expression (towards you) in any hat I wear.

Ever Yours CD.[†6]

To DAVID ROBERTS, 21 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Berg Collection. *Address* (envelope, MS Cornell University Library)*:* David Roberts Esquire R.A. | 7 Fitzroy Street | Fitzroy Square, PM 21 Feb 51.

Twenty First February 1851.

Oh my dear Roberts[†7] if you knew the trouble we have had—and the money we pay—for Drury Lane for one night, for the benefit, you would never dream of it for the Dinner. *There is no possibility of getting a Theatre.* I will do all I can for your charming little daughter,[†8] and hope to squeeze in half a dozen ladies at the last—but we must not breathe the idea, or we shall not dare to execute it, there will be such an outcry.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES TENNYSON D'EYNCOURT,[†1] 21 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Lincolnshire Archives Committee.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First February 1851.

My Dear Sir

I will take care to represent you aright to Mr. Macready. We shall all regret your absence; but I quite understand its being unavoidable.

I am extremely sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of sending Mr. Williams[†2] a ticket. But the pressure is so extraordinary that I have at least twenty special names enrolled as claimants for any tickets that may lapse as yours has done. The first is that of Mr. Wallack,[†3] who has been on the stage so many years, and to whom I am in honor bound to transfer it. I have not the least doubt that we could dine five hundred more, if we could find space.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Hon. | C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt.

To THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN,[†4] 25 FEBRUARY 1851†

MS Dunedin Public Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth February 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Chevalier Bunsen, and in acknowledging the receipt of his obliging note begs to say that the Committee will esteem it a great favor if he will kindly propose the toast "The Artists", in connexion with the President of the Royal Academy,[†5] at Mr. Macready's dinner.[†6]

Mr. Dickens will be happy to forward a list of the artists who will be present, including the most distinguished in England, if the Chevalier Bunsen would desire to glance at it.[†7]

To COMMANDER T. PICKERING CLARKE,[†8] 25 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Indiana University Libraries.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth February 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Captain Pickering Clarke, and

begs to thank him for his very obliging note. But Mr. Dickens believes that Captain Sir George Back[†1] is already on the list, as returning thanks for the Navy at Mr. Macready's Dinner.[†2]

To D. WHITTLE HARVEY,[†3] 25 FEBRUARY 1851

Mention in Myers & Co. catalogue No. 128 (1908); *MS* 4 pp.; dated London Tavern, 25 Feb 51.

Asking for police aid at the Macready Dinner.

To W. C. MACREADY, [26 FEBRUARY 1851]

Mention in Macready, *Diaries*, II, 495.

Enclosing a note from Miss Coutts.[†4]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?26 FEBRUARY 1851]

Mention in Quaritch catalogue No. 286 (1910).

Instructions concerning tickets.[†5]

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh February | 1851.

My Dear Macready

Forster told me today, that you wish Tennyson's Sonnet to be read, after your health is given on Saturday.

I am perfectly certain that *it would not do,* at that time. I am quite convinced that the audience would not receive it, under those exciting circumstances, as it ought to be received. If *I* had to read it, I would on no account undertake to do so, at that period, in a great room crowded with a dense company. I have an instinctive assurance that it would fail. Being with Bulwer this morning, I communicated your

wish to him; and he immediately felt as I do. I could enter into many reasons which induce me to form this opinion. But I believe you have that confidence in me, that I may spare you the statement of them.[†1]

I want to know one thing from you. As I shall be obliged to be at the London Tavern in the afternoon of tomorrow, Friday (I write, observe, on Thursday Night) I shall be much helped in the arrangements if you will send me your answer by a messenger (addressed *here*) on the receipt of this. Which would you prefer? That Auld Lang Syne should be sung *after* your health is given and *before* you return thanks—or, after you have spoken?[†2]

I cannot forbear a word about last night.[†3] I think I have told you sometimes, my much-loved friend, how, when I was a mere boy, I was one of your faithful and devoted adherents in the Pit—I believe as true a member of that true host of followers as it has ever boasted. As I improved myself and was improved by favoring circumstances in mind and fortune, I only became the more earnest (if it were possible) in my study of you. No light portion of my life arose before me when the great vision to which I am beholden, in I don't know how great a degree, or for how much,—who does?—faded so nobly from my bodily eyes last night.[†4] And if I

were to try to tell you what I felt—of regret for its being past for ever—and of joy in the thought that you could never take your leave of *me* but in God's own time—I should only blot this paper with some drops that would certainly not be of ink, and give very faint expression to very strong emotions.

What is all this in writing! It is only some sort of relief to my full heart, and shews very very little of it to you—but that's something, so I let it go.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate friend

CD.

My very flourish departs from me for the moment.

To MRS YONGE,[†1] 28 FEBRUARY 1851

MS Miss Elizabeth Joyce.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Eighth February | 1851.

Dear Madam

I regret that it is quite impossible for me to have the pleasure of complying with your request. The room is absolutely *full*[†2]—every inch of it is assigned—and I cannot add one person to the dense crowd for which provision is made.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Yonge.

March

To SIR JAMES [?MURRAY],[†3] 3 MARCH 1851

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue No. 2, 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 3 Mar 51; addressed Sir James.

If I can get to the Athenaeum tonight, I shall be very happy to vote for your son[†4] . . . but I am engaged at dinner and I fear I may not be able to attend before the ballot closes.

To MR RUSSELL,[†1] 3 MARCH 1851*

Text transcribed by Professor Sylvère Monod from MS then in possession of Michel Castaine.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | Third March 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Russell, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his favor. Mr. Dickens regrets that the engagements to which he is already pledged, render it impossible for him to pursue the subject.

To ELIOT WARBURTON, 3 MARCH 1851*

MS Miss C. I. Warburton.

Devonshire Terrace. | Third March 1851.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your kind note, and many apologies for not having sooner answered your note of Friday.[†2] But the business and correspondence connected with that dinner, have been something overwhelming and almost incredible.—I had hoped to shake hands with you there, but it was such a wide world that I spoke to no one half a dozen chairs off.[†3]

In respect of tomorrow morning, you try my constancy very much; but I have kept one rule, for years, unbroken—never to go out to breakfast. Except on one occasion when I was going abroad next day and breakfasted with Rogers,[†4] I believe I have never departed from this principle. Busy or idle, I have found it such a comfort always to have the first few hours of the morning to myself, that I cannot bear to un-nail my colors from the Mast. It would destroy my character—render a new epitaph necessary for my tomb (He never went out to breakfast, is the inscription I contemplate), and shake my confidence in my own resolution. After which last evil, I don't know what would become of me.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Eliot Warburton Esquire.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,[†1] 4 MARCH 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1851.

My Lord Duke.

May I take the liberty of entreating your attention to the enclosed private proof?[†2] It is but the preface to a much greater liberty, as you will presently see; but I can most unaffectedly say (if this be any excuse) that there is no other gentleman in England whom I would so trouble. Simply because there is no other on whose generous attachment to Letters and Art, I so implicitly rely.

The design to which I venture to direct your notice is intended to supply a great want in England, and to remove a great reproach from her. If it should prosper, I believe it would do incalculable good. It originated with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, when I and a party of friends not wholly unknown to you acted a Play at his house a few months ago. He proposed to write us a new Comedy, with the profits of the Amateur-representation of which, the Association should be endowed; and he gave us a valuable portion of land on which to erect the college.[†3] Following up the project with extraordinary ardor, he immediately went to work with his pen; and I have now the completed comedy in my hands—a work of great merit and singular power, surpassing anything he has yet produced on the stage, I am quite certain.

By means of this comedy alone (without reference to public subscriptions) I hope to endow the Institution, before the year is out, with three or four thousand pounds. And if we could present it to the public from that vantage ground, I am confident of their making a very liberal response to the appeal the Institution prefers to them. I have projected a moveable Theatre, Scenery, Mechanism &c capable of being erected and removed, in any suitable room, in a very few hours; and we purpose presenting this comedy at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the stage so to be constructed, and with all possible appliances. We conceive that the changing current of people probably setting into London during the time of the Exhibition, might afford us an Audience at high prices, about once every three weeks.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and I, considering the matter in every possible light—with a view to the success of what our daily experience shews us to be so necessary—are agreed that the first representation of this comedy ought to be before Her Majesty and the Court; as the circumstance of its having been produced under such auspices, would have great weight with those who would form the staple of our after-audiences. We have seen reason to conclude that if it could be played on that occasion in a private house, it would be another great advantage. And the end of our deliberations, is, that I have resolved to take upon myself to ask your Grace if the comedy could be played for the first time at Devonshire House.

I am perfectly aware that this is a very bold idea, but I am so certain of your interest in the cause that I have not the least apprehension of its offending you. I

doubt whether you, who make so light of your own generosity, can adequately understand the value and importance of such a beginning; and therefore I beg to assure you that, on this head, all of us who are concerned, are most strongly agreed. For my own part, I believe it would render success certain.

And therefore, being thoroughly devoted to the object and having resolved for its sake to forego a visit I had hoped to make to Italy in a season of comparative leisure—and being supported by my little company who sacrifice something of their private projects and relaxations for the same object—I venture to lay the case before you, confident that if there should be any insuperable objections in the way of your rendering us the immense and invaluable aid I have the hardihood to suggest, our object is certain to have your sympathy and your kindest consideration.

I will only add that it will be necessary to produce the comedy, either at the end of April or the commencement of May; and that the draft I enclose, is just as it was roughly drawn by Sir Edward Lytton, and consequently has not that especial reference, either to the comedy or to his other gift of land, which I must insert in it before it is made public.

With every apology for the trouble I give your Grace, and every sincere assurance of the respect which seems to justify me to myself in doing so,

I have the honor to remain | Your Grace's Very faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

The Duke of Devonshire.

To EDWARD LAND, 4 MARCH 1851*.

MS Mr N. C. Peyrouton.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1851.

My Dear Sir

I was (as I believe everybody was) delighted with the musical arrangements, which were most admirable in all respects.[†1]

The project to which you refer,[†2] is not likely to include any such necessities;[†3] but I assure you I shall be most happy to hold you in any remembrance that may be useful to you, on any feasible occasion.

May I beg you to have the kindness to favor me with a note of your expences, as I wish to settle the accounts with all convenient dispatch.[†4]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Land Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 MARCH 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night | Fourth March 1851.

My Dear Bulwer

I know you will be glad to hear what I have to tell you.

I wrote to the Duke of Devonshire this morning, enclosing him the rough proof of the scheme, and plainly telling him what we wanted—i:e: to play for the first time at his house, to the Queen and Court. Within a couple of hours, he wrote me as follows

Dear Sir

I have read with very great interest the Prospectus of the new endowment which you have confided to my perusal.

Your manner of doing so, is a proof that I am honored by your good will and approbation.

I am truly happy to offer you my earnest and sincere co-operation. My services, my house, and my subscription, will be at your orders. And I beg you to let me see you before long, not merely to converse upon the subject, but because I have long had the greatest wish to improve our acquaintance, which has as yet been only one of crowded rooms.[†1]

&c &c

———

—

This is quite princely, I think, and will push along as brilliantly as heart could desire. Don't you think so too?

Yesterday, Lemon and I saw the Secretary of the National Provident Institution[†2] (the best office for our purpose, I am inclined to think) and stated all our requirements. We appointed to meet the Chairman and Directors[†3] next Tuesday, so on the day of our reading and dining I hope we shall have that matter in good train.

The theatre is also under consultation;[†4] and directly after the reading, we shall go briskly to work in all departments.

I hear nothing but praises of your Macready speech—of its eloquence, delicacy,

and perfect taste.[†1] All of which it is good to hear, though I knew it all beforehand as well as most men can tell it me.

Ever Cordially

CD.

To EDWARD BREWSTER, 6 MARCH 1851

Mention in N, II, 277. *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 6 Mar 51.

Accompanying a remittance.[†2]

To JOHN FOWLER,[†3] 6 MARCH 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* John Fowler Esquire | 50 Occupation Road | Sheffield.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Sixth March 1851.

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your obliging letter.[†4] There is no present intention of visiting Sheffield, but, if it should ever be considered desirable to do so, I shall remember your communication, and be happy to avail myself of your assistance.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Fowler Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [APRIL 1850-7 MARCH 1851]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* probably after Apr 50, when he took a room near the Magdalen for their receiving days and perhaps 7 Mar 51, the last Friday he spent at Devonshire Terrace before the death of his father; handwriting supports.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Until *twenty minutes before Four tomorrow* (when I am going to see some young women proposed to us from the Magdalen) I shall be here, and delighted to see you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 7 MARCH 1851

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night | Seventh March 1851.

My Dear Knight.

I am charmed with your idea, which is a most delightful one, and full of all good suggestions. I shall be more than pleased to have the papers,[†1] and am eager to begin.

There is a train leaves town on Monday at *halfpast one,* and stops at Edenbridge. There is an earlier train—leaves at ½ past 11—*don't* stop at Edenbridge—*does* stop at Reigate, eleven miles from it. Which shall we take? If it should be a fine day, we might make out the distance (eh?) pleasantly. But either will suit me equally well, and I await your choice.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE STEWARDS OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY FOR ASTHMA & CONSUMPTION,[†2] 8 MARCH 1851*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth March 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Stewards of the dinner for the Royal Infirmary for Asthma and Consumption, and regrets that his engagements will not admit of his accepting their obliging invitation.

To DR JAMES WILSON,[†1] 8 MARCH 1851

MS Boston Public Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | Saturday Eighth March 1851.

Dear Sir

I take the liberty of addressing you without any preamble, relying on your knowledge of Sir Edward Lytton,[†2] and other friends of mine.[†3]

I am anxious to place Mrs. Dickens under your care. As her case is a nervous one and of a peculiar kind,[†4] I forbear to describe it, or to state what Dr. Southwood Smith has particularly requested me to mention to you, as rendering great caution necessary, until I have the pleasure of seeing you.

As I think it may be advisable for Mrs. Dickens to remain at Malvern some time, and as I shall come with her, and her sister also, (several of our children probably following) I do not contemplate her living in your house.[†5] Indeed, under any circumstances, I should have my reasons (founded on my knowledge of her) for desiring to settle her in some temporary home of her own. With this view, I purpose sending down a trusty female servant, who has been with her many years and accompanied her in all our travels,[†6] on *Wednesday,* to take some cheerful cottage or house for us in your neighbourhood; and if you will kindly allow me to

send her to you, and to hope that some one in your service will give her a little assistance and direction, I shall be very truly indebted to you.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Wilson.

To AUGUSTUS EGG, 8 MARCH 1851

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night | Eighth March 1851.

My Dear Egg.

I think *you* told *me* that Mr. Wilkie Collins[†1] would be glad to play any part in Bulwer's Comedy; and I think *I* told *you* that I considered him a very desirable recruit. There is a Valet, called (as I remember) Smart—a small part—but, what there is of it, decidedly good—he opens the play—which I should be delighted to assign to him, and in which he would have an opportunity of dressing your humble servant—frothing some chocolate with an obsolete milling-machine that must be revived for the purpose—arranging the room—and dispatching other similar "business", dear to Actors. Will you undertake to ask him if I shall cast him this part? If yes, I will call him to the reading on Wednesday—have the pleasure of leaving my card for him (say where)—and beg him to favor us with his company at dinner on Wednesday Evening. I knew his father[†2] very well, and should be very glad to know him.

Write me a word in answer, and Believe me ever

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]A secret among us, as yet—but all triumphantly settled at Devonshire House![†a]

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 9 MARCH 1851*

MS University of Texas.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Ninth March | 1851.

My Dear Tracey.

I shall feel very much obliged to you if you will allow my friend the Bearer Mr. Horne, to see *your boys.* His visit is with reference to a paper for Household Words in which that hopeful family will be referred to as a part of a general sad picture, but not in any direct connexion with their residence with you as an Individual "Governor".[†1] Mr. Horne is a gentleman of great ability and attainments, for whom I have a high regard.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lieut: Tracey.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 9 MARCH 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Ninth March 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the beautiful mark of remembrance which you and Watson have sent me.[†2] I shall keep it on my desk from this time forth, and make it my inseparable companion. I wanted nothing to keep you both in my most loving thoughts—nothing to enshrine you in my dearest remembrance—and yet I am so glad to have this token before me, that I cannot prize it sufficiently, or tell you with what feelings I regard it.

You don't know me as I thought you did, though, if you suppose that those quiet chambers of my heart in which I keep my real friends, are ever disturbed—or ever can be—by the noisier and busier part of my life. The longer I live and the longer I work, the better I perceive that the most precious parts of Fame are stored up in those garners. In the voices of the Many, I hear chiefly the echoes of the voices of the Few, and come home to them, as it were, every day of my life.

—I have said enough about myself.

Don't appear to know it, but I am rather uneasy about Kate, who has an alarming disposition of blood to the head, attended with giddiness and dimness of sight. I am inclined to believe that it is not at all a new disorder with her. After taking the most sensible advice I could get (including my own) I have resolved to carry her down to Malvern, and put her under rigorous discipline of exercise, air, and cold water. We go on Thursday Morning—to come back for good, I don't know when. But *I* shall be backwards and forwards once or twice a week:

sometimes, oftener. For, not to mention Household Words, this Play sits heavy on my shoulders.

They have told you why I can't come to see Used Up—which I should have liked of all things?[†1] Do you think you would be interested in hearing Macready read the comedy,[†2] and would have time to spare? It is read at Mr. Forster's at 3 on Wednesday. If you would like to hear it, I would call for you and take you. I could certainly so far infringe my own Spartan Rules, as to introduce two ladies (you and Mrs. Boyle)[†3] into that dread Masonic Assembly.

With my love and thanks to Watson, and kind regards to all at Rockingham, I am ever my Dear Mrs. Watson

Faithfully Your Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Have you read Mary Boyle's paper in the aforesaid Household Words?[†4]

To W. H. WILLS, 9 MARCH 1851*

MS Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Ninth March 1851. | Midnight.

My Dear Wills. I think the Clergyman in difficulties,[†5] very good. I have made a slight alteration here and there, to make it lighter, compacter, and pleasanter. I hope you wont think it the worse therefor.

Along with it, I enclose the Bill-Sticking Proof.[†6] I have left two blanks for the sizes of two bills, as the names express nothing to the general reader.[†7] Will you get those dimensions at Whitefriars, and insert them?

I am off to Edenbridge early in the morning.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

If you think my last sentence in the Clergyman not to the purpose, take it out. I am not sure about it.[†8]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 MARCH 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Night | Eleventh March 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

One of the cases at Mr. Tracey's of which I spoke to you—that of Mary Anne Church[†1]—being (I find) now due, I have instructed Mrs. Morson to receive her.

If I should receive the necessary information on either of the points we spoke about on Sunday, before I come to town from Malvern, I will write to you—if not, I will bring my report myself.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To DR JAMES WILSON, 11 MARCH 1851†

MS Duke University Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday March Eleventh | 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am truly indebted to you for your kind letter, and beg to thank you cordially.

The maid will come down tomorrow, and I shall be very happy on her behalf to avail myself of your most obliging proffer. But I am so anxious that Mrs. Dickens should begin with a favorable impression of Malvern, and I am so certain of the impossibility of engendering that impression if she be on any visit, or in any house but our own, (from what I have lately observed when we have been staying in the country houses even of intimate friends) that I am obliged, however reluctantly, to decline your hospitable proposal in relation to ourselves.

The maid will perfectly understand her errand, and will be sure (with your kind help) to make the wisest arrangement that the circumstances will admit of. She is well used to such arrangements, and knows from me what we want.

I am Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Wilson.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 12 MARCH 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth March 1851.

My Dear Henry

I was very sorry to miss *you* the other day, and to hear—then from Chadwick[†2] and last night from yourself—that you are not well. I hope you will resolve to take regular air and exercise, come what come may, and plenty of both. Nothing else will do.

I lost the Highgate house—Thus. I offered the money, on condition that they conveyed to me, at their own charge, the freehold of the doubtful little bit of ground. This, they engaged to negociate for, straightway, when the other "party" who had been looking at the house, said, "If Mr. Dickens stands out on that point, I will buy the house at the same price without that stipulation". Which he accordingly did. He was right. Nothing so good will ever turn up again, I believe, for the money. I am going to look at another house close by it, this morning, but am not sanguine.

Kate is so exceedingly unwell (and has been at intervals these 3 or 4 years) with a tendency of blood to the head, and alarming confusion and nervousness at times, that I am advised to take her to Malvern, and put her under a rigorous discipline of air, exercise, and cold water. We go tomorrow—when to come back, I don't know—though, of course, I shall be backwards and forwards constantly.

In former cases, I have merely booked the house with an agent, and put a board up. In the sum I have asked, I have always been guided *by* the Agent. I have never asked much. I should say some man near Hyde Park would be a good man for your purpose. There is one Mr. Deeks—I think in Albion Street near

the Edgware Road[†1]—who does a good deal of business, and whom I should consider the best for your object. When we came home from Switzerland, I took a house from him.

They all say that there are innumerable furnished houses to let wildly, on account of the Exhibition, for which there never *can be* a demand. I think with you that it will be a bad season than otherwise, for getting rid of one.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To W. BOOTH,[†2] 13 MARCH 1851

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth March 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Booth, and begs to say that he is disposed to make an offer for the purchase of Balmoral House:[†3] but that before he does so, he wishes to go over it again, with an architect, to consider how a study of good size could best be built out from the existing villa.

Mr. Dickens is obliged to leave town for Malvern this morning, as it is necessary to take Mrs. Dickens to that place for her health. But he will be in town, either on Tuesday or Wednesday Morning and will then make another visit to Balmoral House, if it should be convenient to the inmates. He will trouble Mr. Booth with another note in the meantime, mentioning the day and hour on which he proposes to call there. He cannot make a definite appointment until he gets to Malvern.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 15 MARCH 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern[†1] | Friday Fifteenth March 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I have seen a house in the Avenue Road that is a decidedly good "Family Residence". I should very much like you to see it, and to give me your advice about the building of a Study. Could you go there with me (from Devonshire Terrace) on *Tuesday Morning*? If yes, and you will tell me *by return* at what hour, I will prepare the Inmates to receive our visit.

Ever affecy.

CD.

Loves to Laetitia.

To W. BOOTH, 15 MARCH 1851*

MS Auckland Public Library.

Knotsford Lodge | Great Malvern | Fifteenth March 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Booth, and begs to say that he purposes calling at Balmoral House, at from eleven to half past, on Tuesday Morning. He will be in Town on Monday night.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 15 MARCH 1851

MS (copy in unknown hand) Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

†a(Copy)†a

Knotsford Lodge Great Malvern | Fifteenth March 1851

My Dear Lord Duke

As Mrs. †aDickens'†a health has brought me here, and for some weeks I am not likely to be in town except on particular days, I hope you will excuse my troubling you with this note.

But I think it right to report to you:—

That we read the Comedy last Wednesday. That we put it in rehearsal next Tuesday. That we shall then rehearse it at least twice a week until it is ready. That the Theatre, dresses, &c are all being made. And that we can engage ourselves to produce it at Devonshire House, either in the last week of April or the first week of May—as you may think best.

Might I take the liberty of asking you to consider what course should be taken in reference to Her Majesty and the remainder of the Company? I think I need not add that our project is entirely in your hands, and that we have no desire, now, to impose any conditions of secresy upon you. I am exceedingly unwilling to trouble

your kindness, but I think you will see that I cannot stir in this important part of the matter, without your instructions.

The Rehearsal nights being (at all events for the present) Mondays and Tuesdays, I shall be in Devonshire Terrace as a matter of course every Tuesday Morning, and should be happy to have the honor of coming to you if you should desire to see me. Or, I would come from here, at any other time that might better suit your convenience.

I hope you will find that the presentation of the piece does no discredit to your great generosity. We are endeavouring to make it a very accurate and brief picture of the time of George the first.

With high respect and esteem | Your Grace's Faithfully obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The Duke of Devonshire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 MARCH 1851]

Text from F, VI, vi, 537. *Date:* 15 Mar according to Forster.

It is a most beautiful place. O Heaven, to meet the Cold Waterers (as I did this morning when I went out for a shower-bath) dashing down the hills, with severe expressions on their countenances, like men doing matches and not exactly winning! Then, a young lady in a grey polka going *up* the hills, regardless of legs; and meeting a young gentleman (a bad case, I should say) with a light black silk cap on under his hat, and the pimples of I don't know how many douches under that. Likewise an old man who ran over a milk-child, rather than stop!—with no neckcloth, on principle; and with his mouth wide open, to catch the morning air.

To JOHN HODGSON,[†1] 15 MARCH 1851*

MS Brigadier W. G. Shacklock.

Great Malvern | Fifteenth March 1851.

Sir.

I write from this place where the indisposition of my wife has brought me, to express my regret that I cannot, in your case, depart from my established rule of never reading pieces offered to me for my opinion. If you could form any adequate idea of the number of my unknown correspondents, you would readily understand how serious I am in saying that unless I observed this rule I could do nothing in life that I want to do.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hodgson Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 18 MARCH 1851

MS University of Kentucky. *Address:* Peter Cunningham Esquire | Audit Office | Somerset House.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth March 1851

My Dear Cunningham

I observe, with the terror which a Public Office naturally awakens in a well-regulated mind, that the enclosed Power of Attorney from Poole,[†1] appears to require (see Margin) Registration at that awful establishment where you (and the Ordnance Maps?) keep the Nation's Clock[†2] perpetually right to a second. Once more, will you shield me from the Eye of Office![†3]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. HORNE, 18 MARCH 1851

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Beaumont Cottage | College Road | Chalk Farm Lane | Hampstead Road.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth March 1851.

My Dear Horne.

I did not anticipate the contents of your letter,—but I have no right to gainsay them.[†4]

You know my opinion of your powers. I would merely say, therefore, in reference to Mr. Hunt[†5] and Mr. Morley that what they have done for us (especially Mr. Hunt) has unquestionably done us *very good service indeed*.[†6]

Let me suggest to you that it would be better, and fairer towards yourself, if you would continue on the old terms, for at least another month.[†7] And let me assure you, with real affection, that it would give me inexpressible pain, if, after that time, you were to cease or slacken your connexion with Household Words as a Contributor.[†8] The rate of remuneration shall be higher in your case, I pledge myself, than in any other,[†9] and I shall ever have a peculiar delight in your friendly aid.

Being, really, | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 18 MARCH 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth March 1851. | Wednesday

My Dear Pump.

I suppose you will want to go over your part,[†1] according to ancient usage, with your despised and unrequited[†2] Manager. If so, this comes to say that I am your man for any engagement of that kind, before Rehearsals on Tuesdays—not Mondays, as I only get to town just in time.

Ever affecy.

CD

My address, Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern

To F. W. TOPHAM,[†3] 18 MARCH 1851*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth March 1851, | Wednesday

My dear Topham

I can't help saying before I go back to Malvern, that I think you have got a very rich and capital notion of Easy,[†4] and will do it admirably.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. BOOTH, 20 MARCH 1851

Extract in N, II, 283. *MS* 2 pp.; dated Great Malvern, 20 Mar 51.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Booth, and begs to make the offer of £2,700 for Balmoral House. As the alterations necessary for his purpose would be expensive, he thinks it right to add that this is an offer on which he cannot advance.[†5]

In making it Mr. Dickens supposes the stables, etc., and the stable road to be completed. Also the ground-lease to be in its provisions satisfactory to his solicitor.

To DR J. S. BUSHNAN,[†1] 20 MARCH 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern | Twentieth March 1851.

Dear Sir

I have received the pamphlets[†2] for which I am indebted to your kind remembrance, this morning, and hasten to thank you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Bushnan.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 MARCH 1851

MS Morgan Library.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern | Twentieth March 1851. | Thursday.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I can find no reprints in English, or in any language but German, of Strauss's Life of Christ[†3] (that are known in this country at least)[†4] but a 2 Vol. 8° English Edition, printed in America,[†5] price 36/- and one published by John Chapman of the Strand[†6]—and one published by "Taylor Birmingham, and Hetherington London".[†7] The prices of the two latter, which it is important to know—especially the last—I have not got yet, but I will have them by Tuesday, when I hope to be at Shepherd's Bush at 3—*not ½ past.*[†8]

I have no reliable Clerkenwell information[†9] either, but hope to have that too, at the same time, and have little doubt I shall.

I send you enclosed, the first proof of the design which Bulwer and I have projected, and for which he has written the Comedy. It is still susceptible of many little improvements and explanations which we are gradually getting into it. The Duke of Devonshire has taken it up (on my shewing it to him) in a most generous and noble manner, and we are going to play the Comedy for the first time, at his House, in the last week in April. On which occasion the Queen is to be invited, and I don't know how much money made.

The maze of bewilderment into which I have got myself with carpenters,

painters, tailors, machinists, and others, in consequence—to say nothing of two nights every week when the whole company are drilled for five hours, the undersigned presiding—or of this trifling addition to my usual occupations—is of the most entangled description; but, if I could help to set right what is wrong here and what I see every day to be so unhappily wrong, I should be munificently recompensed.

Mrs. Dickens has derived great advantage, I am glad to say, from this place. Charley has been "out of school", laid up with Influenza, but is much better.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 20 MARCH 1851

Text from N, II, 283.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern | Thursday Twentieth March 1851

My Dear Cunningham

You are the likeliest man I can think of, to help me in a theatrical difficulty.

Do you know any correct print of Will's Coffee House that can be begged, borrowed, stolen, bought, sketched, or looked at? I want such a scene for Bulwer's comedy,[†1] and want to have it correct.

I have looked in the Ordnance maps, but can't find it.[†2]

Ever Faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 20 MARCH 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern | Thursday Twentieth March 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

I am very sorry to find that you are afflicted with that most disagreeable and oppressive disorder;[†3] but if it be any comfort—I am never quite sure in my own case whether it is or is not, but I *think* it is—to know that everybody else is, has been, or will be, similarly visited, you are in full possession of that solace.[†4] It is more general now, I believe, than it ever has been—both in England and in France.

It would concern me more than my own influenza did, if I thought you could suppose I had intended to tax your kindness by throwing the difficult responsibility I can so well understand, on you. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts. I did not think it right to advance a step, without knowing whether you

had any wishes to express. I *did* desire to have your most valuable help and advice in opening the matter at court; and in that particular, your kindness has done all I could possibly require. On my having the honor to hear from you again, I shall of course proceed without a moment's loss of time, as Colonel Phipps[†1] may suggest. I presume it would be well to state in the Prospectus that the first performance is to take place at Devonshire House?

I cannot, I take it for granted, fix a day, without knowing that it would be convenient to Her Majesty. I would propose, if you should think it right, Monday the 28th.—Tuesday the 29th.—or Wednesday the 30th.—of April. Leaving Her Majesty the choice.[†2]

There would be no difficulty in removing Her Majesty from the rest of the audience, as in the ordinary case that occurs to you.

If you would not think it very unreasonable, I should ask your permission to have the room at my disposal for a week before. My reason is, that the machinery and scenery being new would require to be elaborately tried, a great many times, in that place and no other—and the Comedy and Farce, being new too, would be greatly benefited by being rehearsed there. But as the word difficulty is not in my Theatrical Vocabulary, we will manage—within any shorter space of time you can allow us more conveniently—to get everything right.

I have never known Bulwer so anxious about anything he has written, or so intensely interested in it. He hovers around the Comedy, whatever we are doing with it, as if he could not possibly detach himself from even the—to an author—most disheartening preliminaries.

I will see Mr. Ridgway myself,[†3] when I go to town for the next Rehearsal. If Colonel Phipps should suggest anything rendering it necessary for me to be there, sooner than Monday evening, I shall instantly decamp.

I am Ever My Dear Lord Duke | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

His Grace | The Duke of Devonshire.

To J. L. GRUNDY,[†4] 20 MARCH 1851*

MS Private.

Great Malvern | Twentieth March 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Grundy, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Grundy's very obliging letter. He fears however that his absence from town just now, will prevent his having the pleasure of availing himself of the pleasure it proposes to him.[†5]

To DAVID ROBERTS, 20 MARCH 1851†

MS Huntington Library.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern. | Twentieth March 51. | Thursday.

My Dear Roberts.

Mrs. Dickens has been unwell (but is much better), and I am here with her; [†a]except when the duties I have undertaken to discharge in connexion with the project of which you will receive a "Proof" with this, take me (pretty frequently) to town.[†a]

I want you to give a quarter of an hour to the perusal of that Prospectus—to consider the immense value of the design, if it be successful, to Artists young and old—and then to bestow your favorable consideration on the assistance I am going to ask of you, for the sake and in the name of the cause.

For the representation of the new Comedy Bulwer has written for us, to start this scheme, I am having an ingenious Theatre made by Webster's people, for erection on certain nights in the Hanover Square Rooms. But, it will first be put up in the Duke of Devonshire's House, where the first representation will take place before a brilliant company, including (I believe) the Queen.

Now, will you paint us a scene—the scene of which I enclose Bulwer's description from the Prompt-Book?[†1] It will be a cloth, with a set-piece.[†2] It should be sent to your studio, or put up in a Theatre Painting Room as you would prefer. I have asked Stanny to do another scene[†3]—Edwin Landseer[†4]—and Louis Haghe.[†5]

The Devonshire House performance will probably be on Monday the 28th. of April.[†6] I should want to have the scenery complete by the 20th. as it would require to be elaborately worked and rehearsed. *You* could do it in no time after sending in your pictures—and will you?

What the value of such aid would be, I need not say. I say no more of the reasons that induce me to ask it, because if they are not in the Prospectus they are nowhere.

On Monday and Tuesday nights I shall be in town for Rehearsal, but, until then, I shall be here. Will you let me have a line from you in reply?

My Dear Roberts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 MARCH 1851

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1973; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern, 20 Mar 51.

Referring to himself as at Malvern with Mrs. Dickens who has been very unwell; *apologizes for unusual unpunctuality in correspondence; says that he would as soon have thought of being in Egypt* just now, *as at Malvern; explains that he cannot come to London for the proposed* early dinner *on Saturday* . . . I shall have to work that day

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 MARCH 1851

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 157; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Malvern 20 Mar 51.

If you want a laugh fit the enclosed pieces together . . . and consider the astonishing impudence of this rascal . . . I think it is the kind of epistle that could be sent to nobody on earth but me.[†1]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 MARCH 1851†

MS Morgan Library.

Great Malvern | Twenty First March 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Cummins's[†2] letter is indeed surprising!—that is, if one could allow anything to be so; but I have resolved not to have the weakness of a capacity of being surprised, any more.

It is most encouraging and delightful! Imagining backward to what these women were and might have been, and forward to what their children may be, it is impossible to estimate the amount of the good you are doing.

I shall be very glad to make the selections from Household Words, as presentable as possible, if you will give me a list of them—or to try how we can best do so. The difficulty is this. We don't keep sheets; the great point in such a work being only to print close to the number wanted—otherwise, the profit would be all in stock—and one prefers money!! Consequently, as the numbers fall out of print, they are reprinted from stereotype plates. These plates, being exact copies in metal *of the types as they stood in*

every page, cannot print one article and omit another, and yet have the appearance of going on consecutively. In leaping over intermediate

matter, they will necessarily leave gaps—but I think we might manage to make your Elegant Extracts presentable in a sort of Scrap Book.[†1] At all events, if you will give me the list, I'll try.

I don't know whether I make myself understood? I have a misgiving that all this looks horribly complicated.

They are very careful with the cold water here, and don't commit excesses.[†2]

Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 21 MARCH 1851

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1877; according to catalogue dated Household Words Office, 8 and 21 Mar 51; but 21 Mar much more likely on probable reference to *To* Cunningham, 20 Mar: see below.

Thanking him for the Sign Manual;[†3] *referring to Charles Knight, Mark Lemon at the Bedford hotel*[†4] *and the scene painter at the National Gallery.*[†5]

To LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS, [21] MARCH 1851

Text from MS copy in Georgina Hogarth's hand, Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. *Date: To* The Duke of Devonshire, 21 Mar, makes it clear that CD wrote to Phipps the same day.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park.[†6] | Twenty Second March 1851.

Sir.

In the name of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton no less than in my own, and also on the part of all the other gentlemen associated in the project of which I have the honour to forward you a proof of the first early prospectus, I beg the favour of your bringing that prospectus under the notice of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

I am induced to ask this act of consideration at your hands, on the part of a body of Her Majesty's dutiful subjects who, in the pursuit of Art and Literature do no discredit to Her Majesty's reign, because I have a lively hope that Her Majesty and His Royal Highness will be interested in the object we have at heart, and will generously entertain the petition I have it in charge to prefer.

Leaving the prospectus (which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and I are both sensible is yet susceptible of a more complete explanation in some of it's details) to speak for itself, I will only observe of the design, that we have originated it, because we have daily and sad experience of it's necessity, in our daily observation. Few who are unconnected with our pursuits, can guess how much.

The original comedy which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has so generously written

for the benefit of this scheme, will be acted, for the first time, by the Amateur Company I represent, at Devonshire House; His Grace the Duke of Devonshire having in his own noble way, most readily placed it at our disposal for that purpose. And the favour I am desired to solicit of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness, through your means, is, that they will deign to honour that performance with their presence.

It is unnecessary for me to say, that Her Majesty's countenance in the outset of such an undertaking, would have a prodigious influence on its hopes of success; and would strengthen us, to an extent which nothing else could do, in our hold upon the general public during the time of the Exhibition. On former occasions we have turned what was at first, the amusement of a Winter's Night, to good account, in releasing from distress and difficulty, three distinguished literary men whom Her Majesty has since placed on the Pension List;[†1] and in now exerting ourselves in a similar manner for a much larger and broader kindred purpose, we should receive an inexpressible impulse and encouragement from Her Majesty's personal support.

I venture to hope that Her Majesty and His Royal Highness will view the project with favour; because I share the general knowledge of their consideration for Letters and Art, and because, as the more fortunate advocate of some of my brethren, I have been made acquainted with some of their more private acts of delicate munificence.

The Comedy (with which it's Author has taken extraordinary pains, and which is a very striking picture of the time of George the First) will be ready for representation at Devonshire House in the last week of April. On Monday the 28th., Tuesday the 29th. or Wednesday the 30th. of April, it would be presentable at Her Majesty's command. In the name of it's author, and of all the authors and artists united in this endeavour to render a lasting service to their order, and therefore to England, I beg to entrust you with our loyal appeal to Her Majesty.

I have the honour to be
&c &c &c
The Honourable | Colonel Phipps

To LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS, [21 MARCH 1851]

Mention in next.

Saying that he would be in London on Monday.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 21 MARCH 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Great Malvern | Friday Twenty First March 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

I received your kind note this morning, and immediately wrote a letter to Colonel Phipps, of which I enclose you a copy. I accompanied it with a private

note, saying that I should be in town on Monday evening, to receive any communication or wait upon him at any time if he should desire to see me.

I beg to enclose his note to you, and to express my very sincere hope that you are as well as any one with the Influenza can be.

Remaining, with many thanks and acknowledgments

Yours Grace's | Faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To F. M. EVANS, 22 MARCH 1851

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton.

Great Malvern | Saturday Twenty Second March 1851.

My Dear Evans.

The accounts are perfectly satisfactory in all respects. The times you mention for the payment of the balance will suit me, with this exception—that if you *can* manage say two hundred pounds of the first five hundred before Thursday, it will prevent my having to sell as much funded money.[†1] If you cannot do this conveniently, don't mind. But I have overdrawn my account, and don't like to leave it so, when I go to the Bank—as I must on Tuesday.

The question I now ask, is for my own edification; not at all as implying any obscurity or remissness in the accounts. Do they include the subscription-sale of Copperfield or any part of it? And what have you sold of the completed book since Christmas?[†2]

I shall be in town tomorrow evening, and at the Household Words office at Noon on Tuesday.

Our settling days in future, I note as duly understood.

Mrs. Dickens (still getting on famously) unites her regards with her sister's. It has now rained here, almost without stopping, one week.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire

To JONATHAN JONES,[†3] 22 MARCH 1851

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Jonathan Jones Esquire | 39 Brunswick Square | London.

Great Malvern | Twenty Second March 1851.

Dear Sir

My being here with Mrs. Dickens for her health, has prevented my answering your note sooner.

I fear I can give you no information on the topics to which you refer, which I have

not already given, or suggested, in my books. There is nothing in London that is *not* curious. But the aspect of it, within my knowledge, which is most curious, is also the most sad and the most shocking. These shadows of the great moving picture, you propose (very judiciously I think) to exclude from your treatise,[†1] and I really cannot suggest to you any new lights.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Jonathan Jones Esquire.

To MRS MARSH, 22 MARCH 1851*

MS Messrs Pickering & Chatto. *Address:* Mrs Marsh | Eastbury | near | Watford | Herts.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern. | Twenty Second March 1851.

My Dear Madam.

My being here, on account of the indisposition of Mrs. Dickens (who is much better) has delayed my receiving your welcome letter.

I now hasten to answer it.

Generally, I rather think that people who have to do with land, are undergoing what people who have to do with almost any other kind of property are either suffering or have suffered—excessive competition, heavy taxes, the stern necessity of shaking off the drowsiness of prejudice and usage, and exerting their wits. Therefore, though I hope and believe I have a tender heart, I do not find it—as yet—particularly moved by their distresses.

Stories are certainly not indispensable for Household Words. I suggested them when I last wrote to you, mainly because I had been so much moved and so deeply interested by your books. I have little doubt that your quick perception will instinctively adapt whatever you touch, to the general tone and object of the paper. But I will pay immediate attention to the "specimen" you so kindly propose to send,[†2] and communicate with you again, as shortly after its receipt as possible. Will you kindly address me at the office 16 Wellington Street North, Strand, London? I constantly receive communications thence.

I am always Dear Madam | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Marsh.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 MARCH 1851†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Great Malvern | Sunday Twenty Third March 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

We always intended to have the controul over the subjects and treatment of those Lectures.†3 But I think your suggestion so sound, that I have written to Bulwer to

say I shall add a provision in the Prospectus to that effect, and elucidatory of their wholesome purpose.

We know among ourselves, of course, whether a man would really want one of those places or not.†1 But all such assistance hitherto, has been so much in the way of alms-giving that we purposely make the *merit*, rather than the *means* of the applicant, our test.†2 In addition to our own professional knowledge, we assume that no man would ask for such a thing, unless he wanted it. But we consider it so important that a man of character and ability should set the example of accepting that aid, that we would rather at first get a man who did *not* actually want it, to take it, than bestow it on any man who has held out his hat in any way, before.

I have perceived a dim shadow of your mysterious objection to my acting, before now. Yet I hope you will go to this Play, consoling your mind with the belief that we have on former occasions done a great deal of good by it, and that no such thing would ever be done but for me, and that there is no one else whom these men would allow to hold them together, or to whose direction they would good-humouredly and with perfect confidence yield themselves. It was in the circumstance of Bulwer's being so much struck and surprised by this union when we played at his house a few months ago, that this scheme originated. For he said, "this is a great power that has grown up about you, out of a winter-night's amusement, and do let us try to use it for the lasting service of our order."

You will not find it like any other Amateur Plays, I think. You will be impressed by the general intelligence and good sense. And you will find a certain neatness in it which I should compare with the French stage, if you were not so profoundly English!

As to the mournful spectacle of your friend upon the boards, I can only ask you to do your best to forget him. If I thought that deeply-anchored objection were capable of being argued down, I should press you, darkly to reveal it. But I have no such belief, for I think you are in your way as obstinate as—Mrs. Brown—I can't say more.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charley is better. The influenza there, is beyond precedent. Five and twenty boys laid up, in Evans's house alone.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 23 MARCH 1851

MS Princeton University Library.

Great Malvern | Sunday Twenty Third March 1851.

My Dear Cunningham.

A thousand thanks for your kind letter. I am truly obliged to you.

It is a notion of the *Interior* of Will's that I want. It was on the first floor, I believe,

over a Hosier's?[†1] I take it, it ought to be a wainscoated[†2] room in pannels?[†2] And that the boxes should have curtains? If you should have, or could buy me, any little print or drawing of such a room, I should greatly like to have it as an instruction to the Scene Painter.

I shall be on the Stage at Covent Garden tomorrow night and Tuesday between 7 and 10. I will leave your name with the porter, in case you would like to see me there.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 MARCH 1851]

Text from F, VI, v, 515-16. *Date:* 23 March according to Forster.

I have written the first scene,[†3] and it has droll points in it, "more farcical points than you commonly find in farces,"[†4] really better. Yet I am constantly striving, for my reputation's sake, to get into it a meaning that is impossible in a farce; constantly thinking of it, therefore, against the grain; and constantly impressed with a conviction that I could never act in it myself with that wild abandonment which can alone carry a farce off. Wherefore I have confessed to Bulwer Lytton and asked for absolution.

You have no idea of the immensity of the work as the time advances, for the Duke even throws the whole of the audience on us, or he would get (he says) into all manner of scrapes.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 23 MARCH 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern | Sunday Twenty Third March 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I have resolved to forego the idea of my Farce,[†5] and play an old one![†6] Pray understand my reasons, for I am very anxious to present them to you. I have no doubt you will agree with them.

The amount of business and correspondence that I have to attend to in connexion with the Play, is about (I should imagine) equal to the business of the Home Office. As the time approaches, it will enormously increase, for the Duke

throws the whole collection and arrangement of the audience upon us, to prevent himself (which I can conceive to be very necessary) from giving offence to two or three hundred very particular and very sensitive friends. Carpenters, scene painters, tailors, bootmakers, musicians, all kinds of people, require my constant attention. Stone, in himself, is a Millstone—I shall have to go over that part with him (out of Rehearsal) at least fifty times—round my neck. To crown all, deducting Rehearsals and journies, I have but three days in the week to myself, and, in those, I have the Household Words to write for and think about. Over and above all this, I go the Farce doubtfully. I have written the first scene, which is very rapid and droll; but I don't feel the writing of a farce to be quite suited to me. I am continually trying to get a meaning into it, of which a farce is not susceptible. I have an uneasy sense of the impossibility of expressing anything, through such a vehicle, that people would expect from me. I *know* they must be disappointed, by the very nature of the thing. And I feel the incongruity so much, that I am certain I could not abandon myself to my own farce as I could to another writer's—And we have a sort of reputation for farce-acting (Lemon and I) which induces people to make up their minds beforehand, to be made to roar.

For all these reasons, I am happier in dismissing it, and morally sure that the Plays will be the better for it. I don't doubt that you will feel as I do.

Miss Coutts has suggested to me that it would be well to provide in the Prospectus, for the subjects and objects of those Lectures being under the controul of the Committee. Don't you think it would be well to insert a Paragraph to that effect?†1 And shall I do it, or will you? It may give a graver and more educational aspect to them. If you write to me before Thursday, address me in town.

†aI hope you saw, in Lemon the other day, the germ of a very fine presentation of Sir Geoffrey? I think Topham, too, will do Easy, admirably.†a We rehearse tomorrow night and Tuesday, at Covent Garden. I shall begin to know, then, what we are doing.

Ever Faithfully Yours My Dear Bulwer
CHARLES DICKENS

Ladies send best regards.
I have written to the Queen, through Phipps.

To FRANK STONE, 23 MARCH 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Great Malvern | Sunday Twenty Third March 1851.

My Dear Stone.

Next Tuesday is my Shepherd's Bush day, and I fear I should have no time between 3 and the Rehearsal. On future Tuesdays, I am your man!

After you have sent in your pictures,[†2] what do you think of coming down here

with me, one Wednesday, and returning for Rehearsal next Monday? From these breezy hills, we would produce the Duke of Middlesex complete.

You have no idea of the extent of business in which this Play involves me. Entre nous, I shall abandon the Farce, and play an old one. Plans, letters, parts, painters, carpenters, tailors, Queens, Dukes of Devonshire—I am constantly at my desk. And all the while, I am working at Household Words, more than ever.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 25 MARCH 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning | Twenty Fifth March 1851.

My Dear Bulwer

Coming home at midnight last night from our first Rehearsal I find your letter.[†a] I have not seen Forster since,[†a] but I write to entreat you, if you make any change in the first three acts, to let it be only of the slightest kind. Because we are now fairly under way—everybody is already drilled into his place—and [in][†1] two or three Rehearsals those acts will be in a tolerably presentable state.

It is of vital importance that we should get the last two acts *soon.* The Queen and Prince are coming—Phipps wrote to me yesterday the most earnest letter possible—the time is fearfully short—and we *must* have the Comedy in such a state as that it will go like a Machine. Whatever you do, for Heaven's sake don't be persuaded to endanger that.

[†b]I don't see the possibility of your making the change you propose, for Softhead, Flint,[†2] and those men.[†3] In the first place, *how is it to be got in*? We have at least 30 or 40 minutes to cut out of the play now.[†4] In the second—it is so difficult to fill these small parts, that I strongly believe we shall be thrown on small actors for them[†5]—with the exception of Horne, who is, between ourselves (I speak seriously) the very worst actor that the world ever saw, and who must not, on any account, be entrusted with more words than he has already.[†6]

I am disquieted by your note, and I particularly want to speak to you—about Forster—who seems to me to be going a little wrong[†1]—and about Lemon—who makes the character too farcical.[†b†2] Even at

the risk of your falling into the Pit with despair, at beholding anything of the Comedy in its present state, if you can by any possibility come down to Covent Garden Theatre tonight—do.[†b] I will leave your name with the Stage Door-Keeper.[†b]

We really did wonders last night, in the way of arrangement. I see the ground-plan of the first three acts, distinctly. The dressing and furnishing and so forth, will be a perfect picture.[†3] And I will answer for the men, in three weeks' time.

In great haste My Dear Bulwer

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MR HAYNES,[†4] 25 MARCH 1851*

MS (in Wills's hand) Dickens House.

Household Words Office | 25 March 1851

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Haynes and much regrets that the number of applications[†5] similar to that of Mr Haynes which is daily pressed on his notice prevents him from affording any aid in the way Mr Haynes proposes.

Mr Dickens hopes that Mr Haynes will by his own exertions preserve that home to which he seems so creditably attached.
Mr Haynes

To MRS MORSON, 25 MARCH 1851*

MS Dr A. A. Silverman.

Tuesday afternoon | Twenty Fifth March 1851
Dear Mrs. Morson

News was suddenly brought to me this morning, of the alarming illness of my father (who lies in London) and the necessity of his instantly undergoing a terrible operation.[†6] I need not say that this has engaged me, all day, and absorbed my whole attention. He is as well now, as anyone having undergone so severe a trial can be.

I shall be glad to hear from you by my messenger that all went on well to day, and also who was there, in order that I may make the usual entry in the Minute Book. I can scarcely write plainly, I have been so shaken.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 25 MARCH 1851

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | Knotsford Lodge | Great Malvern.

Office | Tuesday Night Twenty Fifth March | 1851.

My Dearest Kate. I have been greatly hurried and shocked today. Mr. Davy[†1] came here this morning, to say that he thought it impossible my father could live many hours.[†2] He was in that state from active disease (of the bladder) which he had mentioned to nobody, that mortification and delirium, terminating in speedy death, seemed unavoidable. Mr. Wade[†3] was called in, who instantly performed (without chloroform) the most terrible operation known in surgery,[†4] as the only chance of saving him. He bore it with astonishing fortitude, and I saw him directly afterwards—his room, a slaughter house of blood. He was wonderfully cheerful and strong-hearted. The danger is that the wounds will slough and he will fall into a low fever—but the strength of his constitution may save him. I have been about, to get what is necessary for him, and write with such a shaking hand that I cannot write plainly.

You shall hear more at length by tomorrow's post. I hope to get down on Thursday. All this goes to my side directly, and I feel as if I had been struck there by a leaden bludgeon.

Children all blooming. Love to Georgy.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 26 MARCH 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday Twenty Sixth March | 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

I have just time, before the Post goes out, to send you the two enclosed letters from Colonel Phipps—No. 2 received to day.

I hope to be at Great Malvern again tomorrow.

My Dear Lord Duke | Ever Faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 26 MARCH 1851

MS British Museum.

H.W. Office | Wednesday Twenty Sixth March | 1851.

My Dearest Kate.

I reserve all news of the play, until I come down. The Queen appoints the 30th. of April. There is no end of trouble.

My father slept well last night, and is as well this morning (they send word) as anyone in such a state, so cut and slashed, can be. I have been waiting at home for Bulwer all the morning (it is now 2) and am now waiting on Lemon before I go up there. I will not close this note until I have been,[†a] and also until I know whether I can come back tomorrow—as I most earnestly hope to do.[†a]

It is raining here incessantly. The streets are in a most miserable state. A van containing the goods of some unfortunate family, moving, has broken down outside—and the whole scene is a picture of dreariness.

The children are quite well and very happy. I had Dora down this morning, who was quite charmed to see me. That Miss Ketteridge[†1] appointed 2 today for seeing the house[†2]—and probably she is at this moment disparaging it.

My father is very weak and low, but not worse, I hope, than might be expected. I am going home to dine with the children. By working here late tonight (coming back after dinner) I can finish what I have to do for the Play. Therefore I hope to be with you tomorrow, in good time for dinner.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Love to Georgy

To LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS, 26 MARCH 1851

MS Bodleian Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth March 1851.

My Dear Sir

I cannot forward the enclosed,[†3] without thanking you most cordially for your former kind note. I feel most sincerely indebted to you for your courtesy, and can assure you that those for whom I act esteem it, one and all, in no ordinary manner.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Colonel Phipps.

To MRS TAGART, 26 MARCH 1851

Text from N, II, 288.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Sixth March 1851

My Dear Mrs. Tagart

I am very much obliged to you for your kind note. I have a particular liking for that house,[†1] but I have resolved to "rent" no more, and have just enough doubt of my own iron virtue, to forbear rushing into temptation. Therefore I adjust my dressing gown like a toga, and put the card in the fire.

I am glad Mr. Tagart is going to the Fund Dinner.[†2] I observe by the Newspapers that they propose *selling* the ladies' tickets. I would recommend you to write to secure such as you want, to Mr. Cullenford, Adelphi. He is the Secretary.

Mrs Dickens has been very unwell, and we are down at Malvern.

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [27 MARCH 1851]

Text from F, VI, vi, 538. *Date:* 27 Mar according to Forster.

I saw my poor father twice yesterday, the second time between ten and eleven at night. In the morning I thought him not so well. At night, as well as any one in such a situation could be. *He hoped he might join Forster and Lytton at Knebworth to discuss the play.*

To W. H. WILLS, [27 MARCH 1851]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly 27 Mar, on the reference to his father's illness.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Morning

My Dear Wills

I think it not unlikely that Horne may unintentionally commit us to some mistake on the Sewer[†3] question,[†4] without careful revision.[†5]

Will you show Henry Austin the proof, and read it with him? We shall then be quite safe.

The Cabmen[†6] I shall expect tomorrow.

Mr. Sloman,[†1] and also Pitt the Scene Painter,[†2] are instructed that you will fork out from time to time as they require money for their work—You will receive a certain List of Properties today, which please put in your letter to me tonight. I think Pitt had better have Rehearsal-notices, in order that he may know where to find us.

In case my poor father should take any bad turn, and they should want me hurriedly, I have given my mother a paper, which in that case she would send to you. It contains a memorandum of the best way of sending a messenger down to Malvern. I saw him last night, and he was then doing quite well.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 28 MARCH 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Great Malvern | Twenty Eighth March 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

I am delighted to hear that you are vanquishing the enemy[†3] with great spirit and in so genial a manner. And I hope this glorious morning will be the death of him.

May I ask your opinion—as you said I might—on two points connected with the admissions to Devonshire House. Of course I do so, merely for my own guidance.

Do you think it would be well to endeavour to get a sort of Committee of distinguished ladies, to give vouchers for the purchase of tickets; or do you think it would be enough for the Secretary to address a Circular to a certain List of the Nobility and gentry (it might be made out from your visiting List if there were no objection to his using it as a convenient reference) asking them if they wish to secure cards of admission?[†4]

And I should greatly like to know what you think we should charge. Do you conceive that Three Guineas a ticket would be too much?[†5]

I feel sure that you will not misunderstand my troubling you with a solicitation for your advice on these points. I am naturally anxious to act for the best and to have the benefit of your kind suggestions.

My idea of the best way of disposing of Her Majesty, I will shew you on the spot (if you will allow me) when the twelfth of April is past.[†6]

We have been busy in London three nights this week, until far into the early morning. Everybody is working hard, and Bulwer flies to and fro continually, in energetic restlessness.

My Dear Lord Duke | Ever Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 28 MARCH 1851

Extract in *Passages of a Working Life,* III, 114, checked from MS Sotheby's, July 1983; dated Great Malvern | Friday Night | Twenty Eighth March 1851.

Jerrold tells me that you will do Hodge, the Country Servant, in Bulwer's Comedy.[†1] Is that so, my noble trump? If yea, *he is to present himself at Miss Kelly's theatre for rehearsals on Tuesday and Wednesday Evening.*

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 28 MARCH 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Great Malvern. | Twenty Eighth March 1851. | Friday

My Dear Bulwer. I think the enclosed *a very great and a most decided improvement.* I have copied it for myself, but I send it back, in case you should not have it in duplicate by any chance. The alteration you contemplate in the fifth act is also most important.[†2] And if you will keep them short and close, they will be immensely aided by this new trouble of yours. I shall find a note from you in Devonshire Terrace on Tuesday, saying whether you come to Tuesday night's or Wednesday night's Rehearsal, shall I?

The scenery and machinery are all in hand. Grieve paints the Mall as a present. Telbin the street, do.[†3] Louis Haghe the tapestry chamber in the fifth act, do. Egg, and Ward the Painter,[†4] direct the wardrobe people[†5] and look to

the furniture—of which I have made out a long list. I hope we shall be very complete.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To THOMAS MITTON, 28 MARCH 1851

Extract in N, II, 290. *MS* 1 ¼ pp.; dated Great Malvern, 28 Mar 51.

Referring to a begging letter he had received;[†1] *also* I am here with Kate for her health—cold water cure! My father, I am afraid, is very dangerously ill.

To F. O. WARD, 28 MARCH 1851†

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Great Malvern | Twenty Eighth March 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am here at present with Mrs. Dickens who has not been well; and I received your note today.

I enclose the two "cases" duly crossed.[†2] I am not sure whether I do right in adding my own version as a third, but you will forgive me if I be wrong.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

F.O. Ward Esquire

CD.

Case 1.

But I think it would be infinitely better, thus—"or a hand to straighten their cramp-gnarled limbs, or decently to close their staring eyes when they were dead."

Case 2.

And I think it would be better "*these* were thus crushingly" &c.—not "*they*"—which seems to make a confusion in the sentence with "their", preceding.

/over[†3]

To W. H. WILLS, 28 MARCH 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Great Malvern | Twenty Eighth March 1851. | Friday

My Dear Wills

I will read the Execution Paper[†4] by young Dumas,[†5] this evening. I am not able to do so before post-time (early here) having an arrear of letters to get through, but I

will return it by the *Morning* Post tomorrow, in case you should desire to know what I think about it at the office tomorrow Afternoon. Generally, I don't like, for such a purpose, descriptions of Executions—and that kind of Frenchman is not likely to enlighten one's mind about them. But we shall see.

I find in the letter of yours which I missed when I came up,[†1] a begging letter (about the twentieth from the same hand) signed Thomas Lewis.[†2] I can't make out whether the man's mad or only an unusual vagabond—I merely mention him, as a caution to you, not to give him anything.

The Cabs[†3] I will do what I can for, tomorrow.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To W. H. WILLS, 28 MARCH 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Great Malvern | Friday Night | Twenty Eighth March 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I don't like young Dumas' paper at all. Nothing can justify such a subject, but some exceedingly vigorous treatment of it—and this is in the last degree flat and poor. Add to the nature of the thing itself that it is a translation from a French Newspaper, and it is yet more objectionable. I am quite clear against it.

I send a paper by Chesterton which has not much in it, but which, called

Coolness among Thieves

—and altered by the softening of some of his hardest words and finest writing, will—do.[†4] I can't say more for it.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE,[†5] 29 MARCH 1851

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Craven Hill Cottage | Bayswater.

Great Malvern | Twenty Ninth March 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

Ah those were days indeed—when we were so fatigued at dinner that we couldn't speak, and so revived at supper that we couldn't go to bed—when wild in Inns the noble savage ran[†6]—and all the world was a stage gas-lighted in a double sense—by the Young Gas[†7] and the old one![†8]

When Emmeline Montague[†1] (now Compton[†2] and the mother of two children)[†3] came to rehearse in our new comedy the other night, I nearly fainted. The gush of recollection was so overpowering that I couldn't bear it.

I use *the* portfolio[†4] for managerial papers still. That's something.

But all this does not thank you for your book.[†5] I have not got it yet (being here with Mrs. Dickens who has been very unwell) but I shall be in town early in the week, and shall bring it down to read quietly on these hills, where the wind blows as freshly as if there were no Popes and no Cardinals whatsoever—nothing the matter anywhere. I thank you a thousand times, beforehand, for the pleasure you are going to give me. I am full of faith.

Your sister Emma.[†6] She is doing work of some sort on the P.S.[†7] side of the boxes, in some dark Theatre, I *know*—but where I wonder.[†8] Wilmott[†9] has not proposed to her yet, has he? I understood he was going to offer his hand and heart, and lay his leg at her feet.[†10]

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 MARCH 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Great Malvern | Saturday Twenty Ninth March 1851.

My Dear Wills

I find there is no day-post *from* here, so you will only get the rejected Guillotine paper[†11] with this.

Enclosed, the Cab paper.[†12] I have done what I can with it,[†13] but it is a poor opportunity. I hope the information generally, is more correct than that appertaining to Paris, as I found it.

I think I shall come to town on Monday, and be at the office in good time on Tuesday Morning.

I keep this note open, until the arrival of tomorrow's Post. But I must not forget to say that you exercised the soundest possible discretion in the matter of Chambers, and that I think very well of him indeed, for his wholesome view of the subject.[†1]

Sunday

I am coming up this afternoon, with the view of dashing over to Bulwer's somehow or other, to confer with him upon some points in reference to which he is in sudden agonies.[†2] In good time on Tuesday, I shall see you at the office.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 30 MARCH 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Great Malvern | Sunday Thirtieth March 1851

My Dear Lord Duke

I cannot forbear replying in a word or two to your kindest of letters—though I do so very hastily, having to get across country by some means or other to Bulwer's house in Hertfordshire, to settle some alterations in the comedy suddenly suggested by Mr. Macready and communicated to me by Bulwer (in agonies)[†3] by this morning's post.[†4]

Your acceptance of the trust I have been so anxious about, clears away all difficulties as if by enchantment. I see nothing but radiance in the prospect. Nor do I *now* think five guineas too much.[†5] But I would *seat everybody*, with the exception

of such gentlemen loungers as could stand in the entrances from the staircase. Nothing is so bad, both for actors and audience, as the presence of people who can neither see nor hear.

Ever My Dear Lord Duke | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To DR WILLIAM SMITH,[†1] [LATE MARCH 1851]

Mention in Thomas Thorp catalogue No. 342 (1921); *MS* 2 ½ pp.; dated Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern. *Date:* since from Malvern, probably between 20 and 30 Mar.

To THOMAS BEARD, 31 MARCH 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | "Morning Herald" Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Thirty First March 1851.

You will be sorry, in the remembrance of a good many years my Dear old fellow, to learn that my poor father died this morning at five and twenty minutes before six. I had taken Kate to Malvern for her health (she has a nervous illness about her) and came to town last night, almost by chance. He didn't know me, or any one, and quietly declined until he died.

I had left him, last Wednesday Evening, composed and pretty cheerful—but I had very very little hope of his recovery. He had kept his real malady so profoundly secret, that when he did disclose it his state was most alarmingly advanced towards this sad end. He suddenly drooped about noon yesterday, and never rallied afterwards.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY NEWS,* [31 MARCH 1851]

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* The notice was clearly sent to the papers on 31 Mar, since it appeared in the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle,* as well as the *Daily News,* on 1 Apr.

DEATH.[†2]
On Monday the 31st. March, in Keppel Street Russell Square, Mr. John Dickens in his 66th. year.
CHARLES DICKENS

Daily News[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, 31 MARCH 1851

Extract in F, 1872-4, II, XX, 457-8.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday, thirty first of March 1851.

My poor father died this morning at five and twenty minutes to six.[†1] They had sent for me to Malvern, but I passed John on the railway; for I came up with the intention of hurrying down to Bulwer Lytton's to-day before you should have left.[†2] I arrived at eleven last night, and was in Keppel-street at a quarter past eleven. But he did not know me, nor any one. He began to sink at about noon yesterday, and never rallied afterwards. I remained there until he died—O so quietly . . . I hardly know what to do. I am going up to Highgate to get the ground.[†3] Perhaps you may like to go, and I should like it if you do. I will not leave here before two o'clock. I think I must go down to Malvern again, at night, to know what it is to be done about the children's mourning; and as you are returning to Bulwer's I should like to have gone that way, if *Bradshaw* gave me any hope of doing it. I wish most particularly to see you, I needn't say. I must not let myself be distracted by anything—and God knows I have left a sad sight!—from the scheme on which so much depends. Most part of the alterations proposed I think good.

To GEORGE HOGARTH, 31 MARCH 1851

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Thirty First March 1851.

My Dear Hogarth

Will you attend my poor father's funeral? It will be necessary to meet at 34 Keppel Street, at ½ past 10. I have arranged for Saturday, but if it should be necessary to have it on an even earlier day, Wills will kindly let you know.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

George Hogarth Esquire.

To C. A. BARRY,[†1] [? MARCH 1851]

Extract[†2] in Walpole Galleries catalogue, No. 132. *Date:* If, as seems possible, the drawing was for CD's costume as Lord Wilmot, then Mar 51 would be the likely date for these instructions.[†3]

Mr. Dickens has seen this sketch and is pleased with its appearance. The figure should be slighter [with] Dress-coat, white cravat, gold double chain.

April

To G. S. RIDGWAY, [1 APRIL 1851]

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper. *Date:* clearly the same day as the Duke agreed to have vouchers sent out for the first performance of the play (see *To* the Duke of Devonshire, 30 Mar, *fn*).

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Night

Dear Sir

As The Duke approves of my plan of our Secretary sending round the circulars, I shall be much obliged to you if you can spare me the visiting-book.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Ridgway Esquire.

To [JAMES][†5] BLACKWOOD, 3 APRIL 1851*

MS Bodleian Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Third April 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Blackwood,[†6] and begs to say that no portrait is prefixed to the cheap Edition of his books.

To WILLIAM HAZLITT,[†1] 3 APRIL 1851

MS Queens' College, Cambridge. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Third April 1851

My Dear Hazlitt

Mr. Macready will be proud of your dedication, and honored by it.[†2] I am remiss in not having told you so before, but I really meant to accept the compliment with the earnestness I know he would feel, when you spoke to me at the London Tavern.

Faithfully Yours Always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hazlitt Esquire.

To CHARLES MANBY, 3 APRIL 1851

Text from *Outlook*, 11 Oct 1913.

Devonshire Terrace | Third April 1851

My dear Manby,

All I know of the matter on which you wrote me is this. Jerdan wrote me, mentioning certain names, and asking me would I be one of such a committee, and what was my advice? I replied that I *would* be one, and that my advice was that the thing should on no account be made public, my opinion being (this I say to you and did not say to him, but reserved for the committee) that it is not a public case.[†3]

Faithfully your's
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 APRIL 1851

Text from MDGH, I, 250-1.

Devonshire Terrace, Thursday Morning, April 3rd, 1851.

My Dear Wills,

I took my threatened walk last night, but it yielded little but generalities.

However, I thought of something for *to-night*, that I think will make a splendid paper. I have an idea that it might be connected with the gas paper[†4] (making gas a great agent in an effective police), and made one of the articles. This is it: "A Night in a Station-House."[†5] If you would go down to our friend Mr. Yardley,[†6] at Scotland Yard, and get a letter or order to the acting chief authority at that station-house in

Bow Street, to enable us to hear the charges, observe the internal economy of the station-house all night, go round to the cells with the visiting policeman, etc., I would stay there, say from twelve to-night to four or five in the morning.[†1] We might have a "night-cap," a fire, and some tea at the office hard by. If you could conveniently borrow an hour or two from the night we could both go. If not, I would go alone. It would make a wonderful good paper at a most appropriate time, when the back slums of London are going to be invaded by all sorts of strangers.[†2]

You needn't exactly say that *I* was going *in propriâ* (unless it were necessary), and, of course, you wouldn't say that I propose to-night, because I am so worn by the sad arrangements in which I am engaged, and by what led to them,[†3] that I cannot take my natural rest. But to-morrow night we go to the gas-works. I might not be so disposed for this station-house observation as I shall be to-night for a long time, and I see a most singular and admirable chance for us in the descriptive way, not to be lost.

Therefore, if you will arrange the thing before I come down at four this afternoon, any of the Scotland Yard people will do it, I should think; if our friend by any accident should not be there, I will go into it.

If they should recommend any other station-house as better for the purpose, or would think it better for us to go to more than one under the guidance of some trustworthy man, of course we will pay any man and do as they recommend. But I think one topping station-house would be best.

Faithfully ever

[CD.] †aP.S.—I write from my bed.†a

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 4 APRIL 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth April 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

A family bereavement—the death of my poor dear father—has necessarily directed my thoughts, for a few days, away from our scheme. But it is too great a one to be long dismissed, and the interests involved and the number of willing heads and hearts that cannot act without me, bring me back to it with the steady cheerfulness belonging to a good employment.

I enclose you—not to trouble you, but wishing you to see them as proofs before they are finally printed—the proposed letter which *we* shall send—the proposed Voucher, which *you* will sign—and the proposed ticket which Mr. Mitchell†4 will sign, and issue in exchange.†5 If you would advise any alteration in any one of these,

or in all, I trust to your kindness to instruct me what it is. Had I not better ask Colonel Phipps at what hour Her Majesty would wish the play to begin?

I shall be at Malvern tomorrow night, and happy to receive a few words from you. I suddenly remember that I have forgotten one thing. In sending round the circular letter, would there be any objection to our sealing it with your seal, or putting a fac-simile of your signature in the corner of the envelope?—Merely to ensure its not being confounded with a common circular? I make the enquiry, not as asking the favor, but in the perfectly confiding spirit you infuse onto me. I am sure you will say no, if you think no.

I have been the innocent occasion of the Rehearsals being stopped for a week; but we resume next Tuesday, and they are all so ardent that they will make up for the lost time, I am sure, in a single day.†1 Mr. Maclise the academician, a dear friend of mine, has proposed to me (I think you will be interested to hear) to paint a picture for the Guild, representing the Green Room at your house,†2 with portraits of the actors and author†3—and to ask your leave bye and bye to dedicate it to you—and to have it engraved and published for the benefit of the design.†4 I think it a very graceful and generous suggestion—in all things worthy of a man of his genius.

My Dear Lord Duke | Most Faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 4 APRIL 1851

MS British Museum. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Fourth April | 1851.

My Dearest Kate.

I have been so worried and worn since I have been here that I have not even had the power of taking rest—having been up, now, three whole nights—and out and walking about, two. I hope to leave it all behind me tomorrow afternoon.—I need.

We shall come down please God by the afternoon Express tomorrow, which will enable us to reach Malvern by a little after 11 at night. Will you have the wine, hot and cold water &c ready. Forster will be with us. He returns on Monday.[†5] Tell Anne that for so short a time he must have my dressing room for a bedchamber, and that if she will remove my supplementary jug and basin into Georgina's room, I must make out as well as I can to dress there.

I am afraid you have had but a dull time of it this week—with no amusement but

baths—and little to look at but bad weather. I have sometimes felt, myself, as if I could have given up, and let the whole battle ride on over me. But that has not lasted long, for God knows I have plenty to cheer me in the long run.

I have sent Mamey and Katey with Georgina to Blackheath today, with power to ride donkeys &c. I don't expect they will do much house hunting, but I thought it would be a treat for the girls.

The children are all well and as happy as possible. Your health was drunk at Forster's on the second, with loud acclamations.[†1]

Ever most affectionately

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 5 APRIL 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Afternoon | Fifth April 1851.

My Dear Wills.

The poor Governesses'[†2] circumstances remain the same, whatever little claims of an unexpected nature have come upon me. I can't reconcile it to myself to disappoint her.[†3] Will you do what you think necessary?[†4]

I send the Memorandum of my Guild payments[†5]—the Prospectus[†6] with an alteration or two—and the Voucher with the alteration I pointed out to you. I hope, by Forster on Monday, to be able to send you final instructions for getting to Press with these. I feel, now, so worried out that I can scarcely write.[†7]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JAMES BALLARD,[†8] 7 APRIL 1851*

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Knotsford Lodge | Great Malvern, Worcestershire | Monday Seventh April, 1851.

Dr. Mr. Ballard.

On what terms could I have the Fort House, furnished as usual, from the middle of May until the end of October? If you will tell me for what sum of money the owner will be willing to let it to me for that period, I will inform you without loss of time whether I will take it.[†9]

You know that it is not my habit to bargain in such cases, and therefore I rely on

your naming the lowest sum at once. You need not cast it off, to me, by weeks or months, but mention the price for the whole term.

As my days for being in town are uncertain at present, have the goodness to address your reply to me, here.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Ballard.

To FRANK STONE, 7 APRIL 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Great Malvern | Monday Seventh April | 1851.

My Dear Stone

Although I shall see you tomorrow evening, I think it well to let you know that we return by the Express Train on Wednesday afternoon at 5—having barely time (I suppose) after Wednesday's Day Rehearsal, to swallow a chop before taking to the Rail.

In haste | Ever Affectionately

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 APRIL 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Great Malvern | Monday Seventh April 1851.

My Dear Wills.

Don't you think it will be best for us to breakfast together—with a general view to H.W.—on Wednesday Morning? Will you breakfast with me in Devonshire Terrace at 10? I shall see you tomorrow night of course, but I send this note in case I should otherwise interfere with your arrangements.

I shall also want to take counsel with you about my prospective occupation of the two back rooms in Wellington Street,[†1] with iron bedsteads, during the Expositional absence of myself and family.[†2] I have an idea (if the Broadstairs people be not made, Expositionally, more than usually sharkish) of taking the Fort House from May to October. And in that case I shall want occasionally to make my tent comfortable at the office.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To [?ISIDOR] GERSTENBERG,[†3] 9 APRIL 1851*

MS (in Wills's hand) Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Office of Household Words, | 9 April 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Gerstenberg and

although it would give him great pleasure to find that Mr. Gerstenberg had succeeded in his objects as respects Professor Kinkel,[†1] regrets that his time is so fully occupied as to be quite unable to give even the small assistance asked by Mr. Gerstenberg & his friends.[†2]
J Gerstenberg Esqr.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 10 APRIL 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Great Malvern | Tenth April 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

Your note reached me yesterday, as I was leaving the Theatre[†3] after a hard day's work, and flying to the Train.

I hope all the circulars will be got out by Saturday at latest. The Voucher-forms will be sent to you. May you easily get rid of them![†4]

We rehearse on Tuesday, all the morning and all the evening. In the interval between the two periods (as nearly as I can calculate at about four) I will come to Devonshire House unless you tell me not to come, with the hope of seeing you.

The lady-characters are slight. The heroine is Mrs. Compton—late Miss Emmeline Montague[†5]—quite a lady, and of the purest character. She has acted with us often before. Miss Anne Romer was to have played the other part[†6] (who has also often acted with us, both in London and in the country)[†7] but I am obliged suddenly to find someone in her place,[†8] by reason of her being in the Easter piece at the Haymarket.[†9] This is no difficulty.

I hope to form a Band,[†10] of the students of the Royal Academy of Music, and to get an overture steadily played.[†11]

The company are beginning to get quite pale with the slow agonies of incessant drill.

With many thanks for your kind note

My Dear Lord Duke | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, [11 APRIL 1851]

Envelope only, MS Dr Robert Newsom. *Address:* Mr Cullenford | Royal Adelphi Theatre | London. PM Malvern 11 Apr 51.

To MRS GASKELL, 13 APRIL 1851

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, May 1925; *MS* 1 p.; dated Great Malvern, 13 April 51.

CD says he is staying at Great Malvern with Mrs Dickens who is not well, though now greatly improved in health.[†1]

To W. H. WILLS, 13 APRIL 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace |—I write it naturally—meaning | Great Malvern |
Sunday Thirteenth April 1851

My Dear Wills

I enclose you the Police Article.[†2] I have cut down the number of cases, to save tediousness. Two drunken men, for example, could scarcely have been done well.[†3] It occurs to me that I have not described

the Cells. But I had better "put in that", and any other line or so that occurs to me, when I get the proof.[†4] For the present slips are horribly mauled. I have done all I could—sat at it 9 hours without stirring—and hope it will come out well.

I preside at the Fund Dinner tomorrow.[†5] I suppose you don't go. Will you breakfast with me again, on Tuesday Morning, to talk over things in general?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To ROBERT DAVEY, [?MID-APRIL 1851]

Mention in "The Parents of Charles Dickens" (*undated letter from Mrs Davey*),[†1] *Lippincott's Magazine*, XIII [June 1874], 773). *Date:* presumably not long after John Dickens's death.

To J. C. HORSLEY,[†2] APRIL 1851

Mention in Goodspeed's catalogue, March 1908; *MS* 1 p.; dated Great Malvern, Apr 51. *Date:* since from Malvern, between 6 and 14 April.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 15 APRIL 1851

Text from N, II, 297.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth April 1851

My Dear Henry

Word was brought to me last night, as I rose out of the chair at the Fund Dinner, that our poor little Dora had died in a moment—I had been nursing her, before I went out.

I want your advice. I wish to buy a piece of ground where we may lay the child, and be laid ourselves one day. What shall I do? Would it be expedient to buy it in a cemetery,[†3] or to wait to purchase under better auspices—such as the Bill[†4] opens out?[†5] In the latter case would you advise me to lay the little coffin in a catacomb?—

could I do it?[†1]—for the meantime? I will do what you would do yourself in such a case.

Ever affectionately

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 15 APRIL 1851

MS British Museum. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning | Fifteenth April 1851.

My dearest Kate.

Now observe. You must read this letter, very slowly and carefully. If you have hurried on thus far without quite understanding (apprehending some bad news), I rely on your turning back, and reading again.

Little Dora,[†2] without being in the least pain, is suddenly stricken ill.[†3] She awoke out of a sleep, and was seen, in one moment, to be very ill. Mind! I will not deceive you. I think her *very* ill.

There is nothing in her appearance but perfect rest. You would suppose her quietly asleep. But I am sure she is very ill, and I cannot encourage myself with much hope of her recovery. I do not—why should I say I do, to you my dear!—I do not think her recovery at all likely.

I do not like to leave home,[†4] I can do nothing here, but I think it right to stay here. You will not like to be away, I know, and I cannot reconcile it to myself to keep you away. Forster with his usual affection for us comes down to bring you this letter and to bring you home. But I cannot close it without putting the strongest entreaty and injunction upon you to come home with perfect composure—to remember what I have often told you, that we never can expect to be exempt, as to our many children, from the afflictions of other parents—and that if—*if*—when you come, I should even have to say to you "our little baby is dead", you are to do your duty to the rest, and to shew yourself worthy of the great trust you hold in them.

If you will only read this, steadily, I have a perfect confidence in your doing what is right.

Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS xml:id="dk06.1730tm"/>[†1]

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 15 [APRIL] 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. *Date:* misdated May by CD; the day after Dora's death. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Fifteenth May 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

At Four to day, as we agreed, my card was presented at your house, but you were unfortunately out. The servants said you had gone down to the House of Lords.

It was presented by Mr. Lemon and not by myself, for a sad reason. I presided at a Public Dinner in the City yesterday; and on leaving the Chair was informed of the instantaneous death of my infant child. She had died in a moment, during the dinner, and my servant deferred telling me until I had finished my duty.[†2] We had called her Dora, in remembrance of my last story—it was an ill omened name—I had had

her in my arms just before I went out—and I have now to tell her mother that though she was quite gay then, she is now only a remembrance.

I do not dwell on this to weary you or because I cannot resign an innocent little child to God. But a few days' rest from the toils of the Play, I feel to be necessary after a sudden blow which falls so soon upon a previous trial. This I begged my friend Mr. Lemon to explain to you. I begged him to ask you if you would kindly write to Colonel Phipps briefly saying how it is—and asking Her Majesty to change the day to any day between the 13th. and 20th. of May, both inclusive.

May I ask you this favor, as he could not?

I feel it to be of great importance that we should advertize the new day with the *least possible delay*; and if Her Majesty's kindness and consideration would enable me to do so, I should be much relieved.[†3]

One other favor, my dear Lord Duke, I have to ask. Would it inconvenience you if the Stage were erected next Tuesday, and if we rehearsed on it next day and pretty regularly afterwards? We should not be in the house more than a few hours at a time, and could be very quiet.

Your kind reply will set my mind at ease. I have told all the company that I shall be ready again for Rehearsal, tomorrow week; and in the meanwhile I will direct the Honorary Secretary in all the announcement business.

My Dear Lord Duke | Ever Faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To MARK LEMON, 15 APRIL 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifteenth April, 1851.

My Dear Mark

I am quite sure that in my confusion I have proposed to put the play off, too long. Say to the Duke instead, to propose to the Queen to fix *any day between the 13th. and the 20th. of May.* And say so to all the Company besides.

Ever and Ever affectionately
CD.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 17 APRIL 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth April 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

I am deeply sensible of your sympathy. From my heart I thank you for it, and return your friendship. I am going to take my poor little pet to Highgate this morning, and could never feel your tenderness more acutely than now.

Ever believe me | Your faithful and attached
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To F. M. EVANS, 17 APRIL 1851

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Seventeenth April | 1851.

My Dear Evans.

I am very sensible of your sympathy. I feel your kind note very much.

We bury our poor little pet this morning. And it is a blessed thing to know, as I do thoroughly in my heart, that if, with a wish, I could cancel what has happened and bring the little creature back to life, I would not do it. God be thanked!

Mrs. Dickens is as well as I could hope. I am not without some impression that this shock may even do her good.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 APRIL 1851†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night | Seventeenth April 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Our poor little Dora!—I had just been playing with her, and went to preside at a Public Dinner to which I was pledged. Before it was over—even before they sang

the Grace—she was dead. I had left her well and gay. My servant came down with the sad news, but they kept it from me until the meeting was over.

Mrs. Dickens was at Malvern. By bringing her to town on a pretence of the poor little pet's being hopelessly ill, we made the shock as gradual as we could. She is as well as I could hope, and begs me to say so to you and to thank you earnestly.

We laid the child in her grave today. And it is a part of the goodness and mercy of God that if we could call her back to life, now, with a wish, we would not do it.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Our kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

To R. H. HORNE, 17 APRIL 1851*

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth April, 1851.

My Dear Horne.

I strewed your flowers over our poor little pet, last night. They will be buried with her today.

You know how we felt that precious sympathy and tenderness in you and your dear wife, O far better than I can tell you now.

Faithfully Yours ever
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 18 APRIL 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth April, 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

It was a happiness to me last night, to be remembered by you so kindly.

Kate is as well as I could hope. I do not yet know what the effect of such a shock may be on her nervous condition, but she is quite resigned to what has happened and can speak of it tranquilly. She is so good and amiable that I hope it may not hurt her.

She and Georgina send their kind regards.

I shall be at my post, please God, on Wednesday, and have neglected nothing. Your dedication (which Forster shewed me last night) is most beautiful.[†1] Mitchell says we are certain of a thousand pounds on the Queen's night.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS MORSON, 18 APRIL 1851*

MS Dr A. A. Silverman.

Devonshire Terrace | Good Friday 1851

Dear Mrs. Morson

You had better summon the committee for Tuesday. I hope to be certainly with you.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 18 APRIL 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Good Friday, 1851.

My Dear Stone

I am anxious to direct Kate's attention to our removal, and to keep it engaged.

Would it suit Mrs. Stone and you, if we called to look at your house,[†1] either on Monday or Tuesday? If so, will you say which day and at what hour.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 19 APRIL 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth April 1851.

My Dear Laetitia.

I write hastily to acknowledge the receipt of your note, and to tell you that Kate has borne her shock as well as I could hope, but that she is very far from well. We have buried our poor little pet, and can quite quietly (I hope) entrust her to God.

With loves to Henry, if he be with you,

Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 19 APRIL 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.
On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Nineteenth April | 1851

My Dear Beard.

You have heard of our domestic sorrow. This note is not to refer to it, but to a public matter for which I have long been working.

The advertisement[†1] I append to the other side of this note will appear (I send it now, only to enlighten you) in the Herald on Monday.[†2] If you will give some notice of the enclosed prospectus, and call attention to it, you will serve a cause of the highest importance—to which we are all zealously bound—and will gratify the owners of all the names you will find associated together;—the owner of *my* name not the least.

Kate is very low. We have let our own house, and taken the dear old Fort at Broadstairs from the middle of May until the end of October. So I hope this will prove a refreshing year for you, and often find you cooling yourself out of hot London in the sea breeze.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, 19 APRIL 1851

Mention in N, II, 300. Dated 19 Apr 51.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 19 APRIL 1851

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1628 (1922); *MS* 2 pp.; dated 19 Apr 51.

On the death of his daughter Dora.

To THOMAS MITTON, 19 APRIL 1851

MS University of Texas. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Nineteenth April 1851.

My Dear Mitton

I have been in trouble, or I should have written to you sooner. My wife has been, and is, far from well. [†a]Frederick caused me great vexation and expence.[†a] My poor father's death caused me much distress[†b]—and more expence[†1]—but of that, in such a case, I say nothing.[†b] I came to London last Monday to preside at a public dinner—played with little Dora my youngest child before I went—and was told,

when I left the chair, that she had died in a moment. I am quite myself[†2] again, but I have undergone a good deal.

[†c]I send you all the papers I have, relating to Thompson's[†3] affair.[†4] I am in town again now, and shall be at home on Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, Mornings. [†c] I am not going back to Malvern, but have let this house until September, and taken The Fort at Broadstairs.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 20 APRIL 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twentieth April 1851.

My Dear Stone.

Thanks for your kind note. We will come tomorrow at 4.[†5]

Ever Affectionately

CD.

Frank Stone Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 APRIL 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twentieth April 1851.

My Dear Wills.

Charles Knight left the enclosed here, today.

I am taking Mrs. Dickens out, under a variety of pretences. I make one now, that I am not decided whether to go to Wellington Street for our barrack quarters,[†1] or to Lancaster Place.[†2] Will you instruct Johnson[†3] to be at the latter chambers tomorrow (Monday) at a quarter past 4, and wait till I come? I will shew them to her. We are going to look at Stone's house just before.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To T. O. BARLOW,[†4] [?23 APRIL 1851]

Mention in *To* Maclise, 25 Apr 51. *Date:* a few days before that letter.

Acknowledging his offer to engrave Maclise's proposed picture of the Company.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?24 APRIL 1851]

Mention in *To* Lytton, 28 Apr 51. *Date:* "a few days" before that letter.

An earnest note, warning him against being too loud and violent[†5] *in the play.*

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 24 APRIL 1851*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evening | Twenty Fourth April, 1851.

My Dear Sir

Pray don't estimate the regard in which I hold a letter from you, by the length of this reply. I am constantly occupied just now, to the utmost limits of my spare time, in working at Bulwer's play for the establishment of the new scheme.

I must own that I have not sufficient confidence in American publishers, editors, and otherwise, to go with the least spirit into the sort of conference that has occurred to you.[†1] Nor can I believe that it would lead to any but evasive results.

I thoroughly agree with you concerning the forest, every leaf of which is precious to its rightful and loving possessor the people. Pray write me a paper in the Forest's behalf.[†2] We have missed you sadly of late, and you belong to the Forests[†3]—should be at the head of the Woods and Forests if I could place you there. I shall hope to hear from you very soon.

With kind regards to Mrs. Howitt, and that charming little "bit of Life" in Munich,[†4] Believe me

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 25 APRIL 1851*

MS Royal Literary Fund. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth April, 1851.

Dear Sir

As I shall not be able to attend the dinner,[†5] I beg to return the enclosed tickets.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To MESSRS BROOKES & SONS,[†1] 25 APRIL 1851

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Friday Night | Twenty Fifth April 1851.

My Dear Sirs.

I am most truly obliged to you for your elegant present[†2] and its accompanying letter. The beautiful production of your Manufactory is enhanced in value to an extent which your modesty can scarcely imagine by your manner of sending it to me. I accept it with the greatest gratification, and, I hope, in no uncongenial spirit.

The introduction of your name in the story,[†3] is one of those remarkable coincidences that defy all calculation. I had no idea that I was taking a liberty with any existing firm; and why I added Sheffield to Brookes (of all the towns in England) I have no kind of knowledge. It came into my head as I wrote, just as any other name and address might have done if I had been diverting the attention of a real child.

As I wish to continue on such pleasant terms with you, and as I remember an old superstition concerning the severance of friendship with knives, and the absolute necessity of offering some trifle in exchange, I shall beg you to do me the favor of accepting my own copy of Copperfield, which, as coming from the shelves in my study will perhaps have an interest for you that another copy might not possess.[†4]

I will send it tomorrow, and I remain with many thanks and all good wishes,

Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Brookes and Sons.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 25 APRIL 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth April 1851.

Dear Sir

I have gone over the accounts, and find them quite satisfactory. I cannot object to the charge for Warehouse room, which appears quite fair and moderate.

Have the goodness to pay the balance due to me, to my account at Coutts's.[†5]

—And, at your convenience to let me have the half year's sale of Oliver Twist in the cheap Edition, in a separate account. You did not perhaps understand that I wish it always to be separate as I have a partner in that book,[†6] and cannot arrange satisfactorily respecting it, unless it is so stated.

If you will do this for me at your leisure, therefore, I shall be much obliged. Also if you will, like my friend Captain Cuttle, "make a note of it"[†1] for the future.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 25 APRIL 1851

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth April, 1851.

My Dear George.

I assure you that I have never felt the slightest coolness towards you, or regarded you with any other than my old unvarying feeling of affectionate friendship. A host of those small circumstances that sometimes seem to fly together in busy lives, by a strange attraction, have interposed between us, [†a]and prevented our meeting;[†a] but I have never had in my heart the slightest unkindness or alienation.[†2] If I could find it there, I should be grieved by your letter, besides being touched (as I unaffectedly am) by its tenderness. But it is not there, and it has never been there.

My wife, I am sorry to say, is far from well. She wants quiet, and we are going to Broadstairs very soon, to remain until the end of October. She sends her kind regards to Mrs. Cruikshank. So does Georgina.

I shall come to see you very soon, when I hope with one shake of the hand to dispel any lingering remainder—if any there be—of your distrust. I am quite willing to admit that I have seemed to justify it (though I don't know how) and that I am to blame (though I have never consciously erred in this regard), but pray believe that I write in the utmost sincerity and without a grain of reservation.

Being ever | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire.

To EMILE DE LA RUE,[†3] 25 APRIL 1851

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* À Monsieur | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De la Rue frères | Genoa | North Italy | Affranchie. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Twenty Fifth April, 1851.

My Dear De la Rue.

I should have written to you long ago; but many distractions (among them the sickness and death of my father, and the sudden death of our baby-daughter—Dora, in remembrance of Copperfield) have shaken me from my desk for a little while.

A thousand thanks for your kindness to our old Cook, who brought with her a most earnest and pathetic remembrance of it, I assure you. She is now happily married and staying with her sister. We lost no time in getting it done as lawfully as priests, Protestant and Roman, could do it. They have been married in both churches, and are (I suppose) doubly blessed.[†1] We are exceedingly thankful to you and Madame De la Rue[†2] for your care of her. I cannot tell you how much so.

London is filling to that preposterous extent already, that we are going down to the seaside, to remain there all the season. *Of course* you and Madam De la Rue mean to come to the Exhibition, and of course you'll let me know of your whereabout. (My address will be Broadstairs, Kent). I am at present up to the throat in work. You may have seen in the papers that Bulwer, I, and some others, have a design for the establishment of a certain "Guild of Literature and Art". To set it going, he has written a new Comedy, which is to be played at The Duke of Devonshire's, under my management, before The Queen. All day long, and half the night sometimes, we are roaring away at this (the undersigned amidst a mob of carpenters, gasmen, decorators, scene-painters, upholsterers, theatrical supernumeraries, tailors, wig-makers, and Heaven knows what else) until we can hardly stagger home. It comes out on the 16th. and I shall have no peace until that night is over.

My love to my dear old Patient.[†3] But for this design, I should have seen you both this Spring; for I had made up my mind to run over to Genoa and Venice. I live in hope. The Examiner, I fear, is getting fearfully irregular! It goes to Charley at Eton, and never comes back—and he ought to post it, and never does. I enclose a piece of my heart in this hasty note, and beg you to be careful of it as you take it in your pocket up those stairs, and across those landings, and past all those busts, and up that upper staircase, and so come to the bell-pull, which Michele (or some one else) answers, and so lets you into the room where the tea used to be on hot nights. My God, how well I remember it all! I seem to look down out of the high windows, out of breath, now I have got up there![†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours My Dear De la Rue
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK GYE,[†5] 25 APRIL 1851*

MS Private. *Address:* Frederick Gye Esquire | Royal Italian Opera | Covent Garden.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty First April 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Gye, and begs Mr. Gye to accept his very cordial thanks, on behalf of the gentlemen whom he represents, for

so obligingly placing Covent Garden Theatre at their disposal on the two nights when they wished to rehearse there. Mr. Dickens has been prevented by family circumstances from sooner acknowledging Mr. Gye's obliging courtesy, but he assures Mr. Gye that he is very sensible of it.

To ASHLEY LA TOUCHE,[†1] 25 APRIL 1851

Extract in Arthur Pforzheimer catalogue No. 5; *MS* (mourning paper) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 25 Apr 51.

Your judgment was perfectly correct. The paper is not mine and was written by a lady.[†2]

To D. M. MOIR,[†3] 25 APRIL 1851*

MS National Library of Scotland. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Twenty Fifth April, 1851.

My Dear Moir

I have read your lectures[†4] with the greatest pleasure, and should have been much interested in hearing you deliver them, if that had been my good fortune. I am not at all surprised at your surprising yourself. Such a modest nature has extraordinary means of being astonished by its possessor. And I shouldn't wonder if you amazed yourself unspeakably, one of these fine days.

I bestow more time than you suppose on Household Words, and do not contemplate any immediate resumption of my green leaves. But I hope (reversing the order of vegetable things) to come out again, about the dead of winter.[†5]

At present I am working hard at a scheme which Bulwer, I, and some others, are very anxious to establish for the benefit of literary men and Artists. You may have seen some advertisements about it in the newspapers, and I hope will see many more.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to send you her kindest regards. Believe me, we always hold you in the tenderest remembrance, and often speak of you. We have had

reason lately, to revert to your child-poems,[†1] and it has been comfortable to have your letter near the book.[†2]

I hope we may meet sooner than seems likely now, and am[†3]

[CHARLES DICKENS][†4]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 25 APRIL 1851

Mention in J. W. Jarvis & Son catalogue, 1884; *MS* 1 p.; dated 25 Apr 51.[†5]

To THOMAS COE, 25 APRIL 1851*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Evening | Twenty Fifth April 1851.

Dear Mr. Coe.

Have the goodness to have a new copy of the part of Barbara[†6] made immediately from your prompt book. I hope to be able to let you know tomorrow where to send it.[†7]

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DANIEL MACLISE, 25 APRIL 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night | Twenty Fifth April 1851.

My Dear Mac.

One Mr. Barlow, dating from Camden Square,[†8] after making an ineffectual attempt to get at me here, a day or two since, wrote me a note, accompanying the "specimens" I now forward—saying that he was an Engraver—and proposing, for love of the design, to engrave your proposed picture of the Amateurs,[†9] free of cost. I know nothing of him. I wrote back civilly, that I would refer his specimens to you, but thought it right to add that I presumed all the details connected with the print would be confided to a publisher and that we should have no—&c—&c.

I trouble you with this and his aforesaid specimens, in order that in the not improbable event of his ever addressing you, you may be up in the subject. Otherwise you might be astonished.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, [?26 APRIL 1851]

Summary in Bloomsbury Book Auctions catalogue, June 1986; *MS* 1 p. *Date:* presumably the note mentioned in next.

Asking Evans to send him a specially bound copy of Copperfield.

To F. M. EVANS, 27 APRIL 1851

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Twenty Seventh April | 1851.

My Dear Evans

I think I forgot to mention in my note yesterday afternoon, that I shall be glad to have that prettily bound Copperfield[†1] as soon as possible.

Chapman has now sent me the enclosed separate account of Oliver Twist.[†2] I don't understand it. Perhaps you will. At any rate, if you will make it all square to this time, either with his assistance or without, I shall be glad to know (on our Household Words Audit Day will be a good opportunity) what I have to pay you, and to have your demonstration of the labyrinth.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire

To MEMBERS OF THE AMATEUR COMPANY,[†3] 28 APRIL 1851*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Devonshire House | 28th. April, 1851.

Memorandum.—Special

It is proposed that the Company shall dine together at the Bedford Hotel Covent Garden, *on Wednesday next at half past 5,*[†4] in order that the whole of the dresses may be tried on there, after dinner, while there is yet ample time before the Dress Rehearsal for making any needful alterations.

Those gentlemen who assent to this arrangement will have the kindness, this morning, to attach their names to this paper.[†1]

CHARLES DICKENS

To [?S. C. HALL],[†2] 28 APRIL 1851*

MS (ending and signature in CD's hand, the rest in hand unknown) University of California, Los Angeles.

London Tavern | 28th. April 1851

Dear Sir,

I beg to inform you on behalf of the Committee for the dinner to Mr. Macready, that your portion as Steward of the surplus of expenses over receipts, amounts to £3.10.0. which I shall feel greatly obliged by your paying to my account at Coutt's as soon as may suit your convenience.[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS xml:id="dk06.1791tm"/>[†4]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 28 APRIL 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Twenty Eighth April | 1851.

My Dear Bulwer

I see you are so anxious, that I shall endeavour to send you this letter by a special Messenger. I think I can relieve your mind completely.

The Duke *has read*[†5] the play. He asked for it a week ago, and had it. He has been at Brighton since. He called here before 11 on Saturday Morning, but I was out on the play business. So I went to him at Devonshire House yesterday. He almost knows the play by heart.[†6] He is supremely delighted with it, and critically understands it. In proof of the latter part of this sentence, I may mention that he had made two or three memoranda of trivial doubtful points, *every one of which had attracted our attention in Rehearsal* as I found when he shewed them to me. He thoroughly understands and appreciates the comedy of the Duke—threw himself

back in his chair and laughed—as I say of Walpole, "till I thought he'd have choaked"[†1]—about his first Duchess who was a Percy.[†2] He suggested that he shouldn't say "you know how to speak to the heart of a Noble", because it was not likely he would call himself a Noble.[†3] He thought we might close up the Porter and Softhead a little more (already done)[†4] and was so charmed and delighted to recall the comedy that he was more pleased than any boy you ever saw, when I repeated two or three of the speeches in my part for him. He is coming to the Rehearsal today[†5] (we rehearse now at Devonshire House three days a week, all day long) and, *since he read the play*,[†6] has conceived a most munificent and noble improvement on the Devonshire House plan by which I dare say we shall get another thousand or fifteen hundred pounds.[†7] There is not a grain of distrust or doubt in him. I am perfectly certain that he would confide to me, and does confide to me, his whole mind on the subject. [†a]Your lady[†8] is altogether wrong, if ever lady were wrong since Eve was made.[†a]

More than this—the Duke comes out the best man in the Play. I am happy to report to you that Stone does the honorable manly side of that pride, inexpressibly better than I could have supposed possible in him. The scene where he makes that reparation to the slandered woman is *certain* to be an effect.[†9] He is *not* a jest upon the order of Dukes,[†10] but a great tribute to them. I have sat looking at the Play (as

you may suppose) pretty often, and carefully weighing every syllable of it. I see in the Duke, the most estimable character in the piece. I am as sure that I represent the Audience in this, as I am that I hear the words when they are spoken before me. The first time that scene [†b]with Hardman[†b] was seriously done, it made an effect on the Company that quite surprised [†b]and delighted[†b] me. And whenever and wherever it is done (but most of all at Devonshire House) the result will be the same.

Every one is greatly improved. I wrote an earnest note to Forster a few days ago, on the subject of his being too loud and violent.[†1] He has since subdued himself with the most admirable pains, and improved the part a thousand per cent. All the points are gradually being worked and smoothed out with

the utmost neatness, all through the play. They are all most heartily anxious and earnest, and upon the least hitch, will do the same thing twenty times over. The scenery, furniture &c are rapidly advancing towards completion and will be beautiful. The dresses are a perfect blaze of color, and there is not a pocket-flap or a scrap of lace that has not been made according to Egg's drawings, to the quarter of an inch. Every wig has been made from an old print or picture. From the Duke's snuffbox to Will's Coffee House, you will find everything in perfect truth and keeping. I have resolved that whenever we come to a weak place in the acting, it must, somehow or other, be made a strong one. The places that I used to be most afraid of, are among the best points now.

Will you come to the Dress Rehearsal, on the Tuesday Evening before the Queen's night? There will be no one present but the Duke.

I write in the greatest haste,—for the Rehearsal time is close at hand, and I have the Master Carpenter and Gasman to see before we begin. Miss Coutts is one of the most sensible of women, and if I had not seen the Duke yesterday I would have shewn her the play directly. But there can't be room for any doubt or anxiety on the head that has troubled you so much. You may clear it from your mind as completely as the Gunpowder plot.

In great haste | Ever Cordially

CD.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 28 APRIL 1851

Extract in Sotheran's Price Current of Literature No. 822 (1931); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire House, 28 Apr 51; addressed Mr. Benjamin Webster.

I hope the ladies[†2] *will* be agreeable and will instruct Mr. Coe to ask you this morning whether he shall call Miss Chaplin[†3] for to-morrow.

To G. W. CURTIS,[†1] [?APRIL 1851]

Extract in N, II, 305. *MS* 2 pp. *Date:* Devonshire Terrace, London: May 51, according to N; Apr 51, according to Goodspeed's catalogue No. V (1936) which gives same extract. Probably Apr, before the opening of the Great Exhibition on 1 May.

As you do not say that you are coming to see the great exhibition I conclude that you intend to be *the* man, memorable through future ages, who didn't see it.

May

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 1 MAY 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | First May, 1851

My Dear Lord Duke.

When Paxton is got safely out of his court-dress,[†2] and his sword no longer sticks crosswise in your mind, you may perhaps have a moment's leisure to read the short article I have written about the Guild for next week's Household Words.[†3] I make no apology to your kind interest in the subject, for enclosing it. I have endeavoured to say the little that needs to be said, with forbearance and good humour; and I hope the article will not contrast disadvantageously, with any aggression deficient in those qualities.[†4]

My Dear Lord Duke | Ever wholly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 1 MAY 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | First May 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

We had rather a severe day yesterday with the Play, and I was at Devonshire House when you called. I should have come up to you this morning, but I am now

obliged to fall to work on the Farce, in which I am assisting Lemon and which must be finished this week. I think it will be very good. It is called

Mr. Nightingale's Diary

I have not made the alterations in the Duke's part; being perfectly convinced that they are unnecessary, and feeling that any change now (when the cast has been published in some of the papers) would point the very thing you wish to blunt. Your altered copy is locked up in a Dispatch-box of mine at Devonshire House. I will send for it in the course of the morning and let you have it.

You may suppose that I have seen the Play pretty often, by this time. I have immense confidence in it. I observe that all the loungers who somehow or other cluster about Rehearsal—band, barbers, supers, &c—are strongly interested in it, and it does not seem to me, now, to hang at all. We have got it down most materially in point of time—without any new cuts[†1]—by acting it up closely. We played the first act yesterday within half an hour. By giving Lucy a work basket and so forth, I have made that part of the second act (which I was most afraid of) very pretty to look at. In the little love-bit, she sits faltering at her needlework, while Wilmot toys with the ribbons and trifles before her.[†2] She is very good indeed—and Barbara too will be charmingly done by Miss Ellen Chaplin from the Adelphi.

Now, I hope I shall not shock you for more than five minutes by what I am going to say. *I would on no account do the Epilogue.*[†3] All of us who have any stage knowledge are so strongly of that opinion, that we have never yet rehearsed it. We act no farce on the first night, as the Queen gets very restless towards

12 o'Clock.[†4] If we get the Curtain down with a good impression (as I strongly hope) and with a real sense of its being a hit, the pause of even a minute or two, and the raising of the curtain again on the same people in the same dresses, with something new to say, would engender a kind of hopelessness—and a sense of incompleteness—and would damp the audience. I need not add that if you should still positively wish it to be done, it *shall* be done, but I am clear that we shall do better without it. So are Jerrold, Lemon, and Forster.

I have written the enclosed article for the next Number of Household Words, in which I shall put it first. It will be published next Wednesday. I hope you may think its calmness and forbearance calculated to make a favorable impression on the public, and to make our Times-friend[†5] a little ashamed.

I have noble things to tell you of the Duke. Where shall you be tonight? If at the Athenaeum, I am going to Miss Coutts's[†a] at home,[†a] and would meet you there at 9 or 10. I shall be here until 2 this morning. Or I will come to you tomorrow at any time you like to name.

The Dress Rehearsal is appointed for *Monday* Evening the 12th. at ¼ before 7. I should like you not to come before that night (unless you wish to come sooner) in order that you may see the Comedy in a certain state of completeness.

Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

To WILLIAM PHILLIPS, 1 MAY 1851*

MS Private. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | First May 1851

Dear Mr. Phillips

I looked at Bloomfield Lodge,[†1] long ago—and it is one of the most transcendent little humbugs that are to be found in brick and mortar.

Kingsbury[†2] would be too far off. I will let you know next week, when this house will be ready for an Inventory to be made.[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William Phillips Esquire

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, [?2 MAY 1851]

MS Private. On mourning paper. *Date:* 1 Apr-Fri 9 May 51 on mourning paper and leaving Devonshire Terrace for the *HW* Office on 14 May; 2 May seems the most likely Friday.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning

My Dear Bulwer.

I shall be at home today until 4, and delighted to see you.

Every Yours
CD.

To DR JOHN FORBES,[†1] 3 MAY 1851*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library. *Address:* Dr. Forbes | 12 Old Burlington Street. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Third May 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am most truly obliged to you for your kind note and its accompanying papers. Deferred Annuities *are* already a part of our plan; but I have no doubt that we shall find great service in your documents, and I shall take the liberty of asking your advice bye and bye (I dare say) if I may take leave to profit by your experience still further.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Forbes.

To MRS SYDNEY SMITH, 3 MAY 1851*

MS New College, Oxford.

Office of Household Words | Third May, 1851.

My Dear Mrs Smith

I am more pleased than I can tell you with your anecdote, which is as well told as anything I ever read in my life. Many many thanks!

I would on no account alter what is so good. I have changed the names, and will send you a proof almost immediately. If you would like to alter it in any way—[†a]I mean, to alter my little setting forth—[†a]pray do so, and return it to me.[†2]

Ever most cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS SYDNEY SMITH, 5 MAY 1851*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Devonshire Terrace, | Monday Fifth May 1851.

My Dear Mrs Smith,

If there be any thing in the enclosed that you don't like, will you kindly strike it out? I will send for the Proof tomorrow morning.

Ever Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Sydney Smith.

To W. S. JOHNSON,[†1] 6 MAY 1851*

MS Mr Brian Lake. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Sixth May 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Johnson, and begs to enclose a corrected proof of the bill,[†2]—of which (with the various alterations) he will be glad to see a revise tomorrow at Devonshire House. He will certainly be there, from 11 until 3 or 4.

Mr. Dickens begs also to return three selected specimens of fringe for Her Majesty's white satin bills. He begs to have one of the gold—one of the silver—two of the red—and two of the blue—making half a dozen white satin bills in all.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 7 MAY 1851

Text from N, II, 305. Mention in Ernest Dawson catalogue No. 116 with envelope. On mourning paper.

Devonshire House | Wednesday, 7 May 1851

My dear Mrs. Clarke,

Will you come and look at your old friends next Monday?[†3] I do not know how far we shall be advanced towards completion, but I do know that we shall all be truly pleased to see you.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN,[†4] 7 MAY 1851*

MS University of Texas. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh May 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am most heartily obliged to you for your kind note of the other day, which I should have sooner acknowledged but for constant occupation.

Both your proposals are most delightful to me, especially the Zoological one.[†1] A perfect storm of letters of introduction rising in all quarters of the earth and bursting on my devoted head, obliges me to take a house at the seaside, and let this until the Exhibition is over. But we shall pitch a gipsey tent at the Household Words office next week, and I shall then come round to you and bring Mrs. Dickens along with me.

Believe me with true regard | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Owen.

To E. M. WARD, 7 MAY 1851

MS New York Public Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh May 1851. | Wednesday

My Dear Sir

It fortunately happens that I have occasion for my purse in the very first scene.[†2] I have no doubt the purse you kindly offer, will do admirably. Can you send it me by bearer?

I enclose a Card you will merely shew when you come to Devonshire House.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 9 MAY 1851

Text in N, II, 307, checked from MS Sotheby, 6 July 1953. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May 1851.

My Dear Cunningham

I hope Mrs. Cunningham[†3] will come to the Dress Rehearsal. I write the needful document on the other side.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

[†a]DEVONSHIRE HOUSE[†a]

¼ before 7.

Monday May 12th. 1851.

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cunningham.

To MISS FANNY KELLY,[†1] 9 MAY 1851*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May 1851.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

The Duke of Devonshire has requested me to ask you to come to our dress Rehearsal of the new Comedy at Devonshire House, next Monday Evening at 7. He thinks you would be interested, and you know his kind feeling towards you.[†2] On the other side I write the necessary passport[†3] as a matter of form; but you are to understand, if you please, that the invitation is the Duke's.

There will be no strangers present—only our wives and sisters.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 9 MAY 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Morning Ninth May | 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

Thinking you may like to know exactly who are coming to the Rehearsal[†4] (as you asked yesterday) I send you a complete list of the names. Will you kindly let me know which of your people will have charge, on both nights, of the admissions? It is important that Mr. Wills and I should have a little talk with him. I have spoken to Inspector Field of the Detective Police (one of my Night-Guides, and wholly devoted), and have requested him to attend Mr. Wills on both nights in plain clothes. He is discretion itself, and accustomed to the most delicate missions. Upon the least hint from Mr. Wills, he would shew our fair correspondent[†5] the wrong way to the Theatre, and not say a word until he had her out of hearing—when he would be most polite and considerate.

Everybody who is coming, even to the Rehearsal, has an admission-paper signed by me.[†6] This extreme precaution may be unnecessary, but we cannot be too careful of everything, with a view to complete success.[†7]

I have written, as you requested, to Miss Kelly and to Leigh Hunt.[†1]

Ever My Dear Lord Duke | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

Rehearsal.

Mrs. Charles Dickens and her sister	2	
Mrs. Stone and her daughter	2	
Mrs. Costello	1	
Mrs. Jerrold and her daughter	2	
Mrs. Lemon and her sister	2	
Mrs. Topham and her nephew	2	
Mrs. Cunningham	1	
Mrs. Marston	1	
Mrs. Horne	1	
Mrs. Charles Knight and 3 daughters	4	
Mrs. Collins and her son[†2]	2	
Mrs. Bell	1	
Mr. Frith (of the Royal Academy) & his wife	2	
Mr. Pitt, Mr. Absolon, Mr. Louis Haghe	3	[†a]all these have 2 painted scenes[†a]
Mr. Stanfield R.A & Mr. Roberts R.A	2	
Mr. Grieve and Mr. Telbin	2	
Mrs. Cowden Clarke (the authoress of the Shakespeare Concordance, who once acted with us) and her sister	2	
Mr. Mulready R.A	1	
	33	

To F. M. EVANS, 9 MAY 1851*

MS Rosenbach Museum & Library, Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May 1851. | Friday

My Dear Evans.

Do you know, or can you discover, what has become of the bound copy of Copperfield?[†1]

And will you send me by Bearer a pull of the Farce for the Duke, who wants to read it?

Faithfully Ever

CD

To MRS ADOLPHUS GILLET,[†2] 9 MAY 1851

Facsimile in John Wilson catalogue, 1983. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Adolphus Gillet, and begs to express his regret that he cannot have the pleasure of availing himself of her obliging offer of professional assistance. The comedy has been for some time in Rehearsal and is quite full, or it would have been a gratification to Mr. Dickens to respond to any recommendation from Miss Woolgar.[†3]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 9 MAY 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Ninth May 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

After some few days' reflection, I decide on troubling you with this note, because we ought to leave nothing undone that can ensure our success at Devonshire House, so far as success *can* be ensured.

I think you may not be unprepared for it.—That misfortune of your life whom I need not name, has addressed a letter to the Duke.[†4] It would be perfectly

unimportant of course, but that she expresses some intention of attending as an Orange girl,[†1] and distributing some effusions[†2] among the company. Now this, of course, is simply preposterous, but the *possibility*[†3] crosses my mind of a ticket being transferred (after being obtained either in some other real name or in a feigned one) and so of her being present among the Company. This is preventible to an absolute certainty, if I can have some one at my disposal who knows her. I do not know how to get such a person without communicating with you, and therefore I make known to you what I should otherwise have utterly dismissed. For I feel that I ought [†a]not[†a] to set the delicacy I naturally feel on such a point, against the remotest chance of anything happening before the Queen that would pain you. I should be merely sparing myself, at the price of all friendship and duty.

Mr. Wills, who is exceedingly discreet and entirely in my confidence, would place such a person in the hall, and carefully instruct him. [†a]He would be there himself, besides.[†a] I have already sent for Inspector Field of the Detective Police (who is used in all sorts of delicate matters, and is quite devoted to me)[†4] and have told him that I shall wish him to come with Wills, in plain clothes, and remain in the Hall all night. Upon the least hint that this person coming in was not to go up, he would very respectfully shew the way in a wrong direction, and say not a word until he had conducted the lady out of all hearing. Any of the Detective men will do anything for me, and, with your approval, I would have one or two more outside, to see that the people in the carriages were not interfered with. But nothing can, by possibility, go wrong, with the precaution I have already taken, if you can give me such a person as I have described. I am half inclined to smile at the[†5] [†a]remoteness of the chance against which I propose this guard[†a] but, on consideration, I think it so expedient, though a most extreme one, that I write.

And pray do not connect me involuntarily with the subject, or hold it in your

thoughts a moment after you have empowered me (if you think it right to do so), to take these steps.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton

To DAVID MASSON,[†1] 9 MAY 1851*

MS Mr M. Tyson. *Address:* David Masson Esquire | 8 Huntley Street | Bedford Square. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May 1851.

Dear Sir

I beg to assure you that I have read with the utmost pleasure the paper in the North British Review,[†2] to which you have done me the kindness to call my attention. I am truly gratified by the praise which is so eloquently and thoughtfully bestowed, and tender you my cordial thanks for the great satisfaction you have given me.[†3]

David Masson Esquire

To MISS WOOLGAR, 9 MAY 1851

Text from N, II, 308.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May 1851

My Dear Miss Woolgar

I should have been truly glad if I could have responded to a recommendation of yours, and would have instantly done so, had it been in my power. But the Comedy has been for some time in Rehearsal, and is quite full.

I have written to Mrs. Gillet explaining this.

Always Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE REV. W. G. COOKESLEY, EARLY MAY 1851

Mention in CD Jnr *to* Mrs CD, 11 May 51, MS Lytton Papers.[†1]

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 10 MAY 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Afternoon | Tenth May 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

I have postponed the Rehearsal until *Wednesday* at the same hour. Can you have the kindness to make an appointment with me for settling (among a few other points) about the printing for the second night, which should now be put in hand? I shall be happy to come to you at any time that may suit you best, either tomorrow afternoon or on Monday[†2]

To W. S. JOHNSON, [10 MAY 1851]*

MS Henry Bristow Ltd. *Date:* clearly 10 May, the Saturday after he had sent Johnson the corrected proof of the playbill (*To* Johnson, 6 May). On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his Compliments to Mr. Johnson and begs to call his attention to a correction in the enclosed revise which was made in the previous proof but not attended to.

Under the superintendence of Mr. Augustus Egg A.R.A.

is to be in a line by itself—and Mr. Dickens would prefer to have that line in a rather different type.[†1]

With this correction the bills may be immediately worked, and sent to the office of the Guild, 10 Lancaster Place.

To J. WESTLAND MARSTON,[†2] 10 MAY 1851*

MS Mr Richard Garnett. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth May 1851.

My Dear Marston

Most certainly. A relative in that degree,[†3] is strictly within the understanding. I write the order, with pleasure, on the other side.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Westland Marston Esquire.

To DR JAMES WILSON, [?10 MAY 1851]

Mention in Brentano's catalogue No. 53. *Date:* Catherine left Malvern on 15 Apr, but the gift was apparently not ready by 9 May (*To* Evans, that day).

Presenting copies of David Copperfield *and* Dombey and Son *as an expression of thanks for his kindness and attention to Mrs Dickens when she was ill.*[†5]

To E. M. WARD, 11 MAY 1851

Text from N, II, 308.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Eleventh May 1851

My Dear Sir

You will have received an intimation (I hope) that the Dress Rehearsal is postponed until Wednesday. I send another order on the other side.

And I return the purse[†1] with many thanks. I have a property purse which will make more glitter I think, and do in other respects as well.

Very Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS] *On the back is:*]

Devonshire House.

¼ before 7.

Wednesday 14th May 1851.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. & Mrs. Ward.

To FRANK STONE, [11 MAY 1851]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly 11 May, the Sunday before the dress rehearsal of the play, postponed from 12 to 14 May. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday

My Dear Stone

You have no doubt received notice of the postponement of the Rehearsal, rendered necessary by Carpenters. I only write to say that I have got you a beautiful Snuff box[†2] from Storr & Mortimer's.[†3]

Ever Affecy.

CD

To MRS BROWN, 12 MAY 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Devonshire House | Monday Morning | Twelfth May 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Brown

If you will have the kindness to send me in by my servant the bearer, that beautiful basket, I will take the greatest care of it. It is for the heroine's work table in Bulwer's comedy, and exactly makes out the combination of color I want.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 MAY 1851

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words | Monday Twelfth May 1851.

My Dear Collins.

My only hesitation in the matter is this—I apprehend that the Duke in his great generosity intends to give a sort of supper to the whole party.[†1] I infer this, from his so particularly desiring to know their number. *Now, I have already given him the list;*[†2] and he is so delicate that he would not even ask Landseer without first asking me. Under these circumstances, I feel the introduction of a stranger like Mr. Ward's brother[†3]—Mr. Ward and his wife being already on the list—a kind of difficulty; but I do not like to refuse compliance with any wish of my faithful and attached valet, whom I greatly esteem. I therefore merely mention this and send him the order.

I have been there all day, and am covered with Sawdust.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire.

To LEIGH HUNT, 12 MAY 1851

Extract in W. T. Spencer, *40 Years in my Bookshop*, 1923, p. 119.

Devonshire House, | Monday, May 12th, 1851.

My Dear Hunt

The Duke is anxious that you should be asked to the Dress Rehearsal of Bulwer's Comedy, *here*, on Wednesday evening at a quarter before seven o'clock. I therefore write you this note. Please understand that I do so at the Duke's request and that it is his invitation.[†4]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 12 MAY 1851*

MS British Museum. *Address:* Favored by Mark Lemon | Benjamin Webster Esquire. On mourning paper.

Devonshire House | Monday Twelfth May 1851.

My Dear Sir

I begged Mr. Wills to write to you on Saturday, the moment I knew that it would be necessary to alter the night of our Dress Rehearsal here. I hope you will be able to let us have Miss Chaplin.

Our second night here (still a profound and tremendous mystery)[†1] instead of being Friday the 23rd. is the following *Tuesday the 27th.* This is the last change I shall have to trouble you with, I hope and believe.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 13 MAY 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Thirteenth May 1851.

My Dear Beard.

Wills will take care that Mr. Hastings[†2] has a book,[†3] *before he leaves Devonshire House on Friday night;* but the Comedy cannot be given out sooner. Even the Queen will not have it until the fifth Act is on.[†4]

I was at first sorry (on reading your note) that you are not going yourself; but, on second thoughts, I am glad. For I shall be able to give you a snug seat at the Hanover Square Rooms, and we shall have a New Farce there which I think will be a "Screamer".

I am sorry for that brisk young Blade,[†1] and have observed his gradual decay. But I can't help it. What he undertakes to do, he *must* do—even to the plucking out of his whiskers; an embellishment which I can by no means allow in connexion with that time.[†2] You have no idea of the work I have had. My legs swell so, with standing on the stage for hours together, that my stockings won't come off. I get so covered with sawdust among the carpenters, that my Infants don't know me. I am so astonishingly familiar with everybody else's part, that I forget my own. I roar to the Troupe in general, to that extent that the excellent Duke (who is deaf) thinks in the remoteness of his own little library that the wind is blowing hard. Tailors, painters, gasmen, property ditto, supernumeraries, all sorts of strange beings, cluster round me all day long.

Actresses entreat to be allowed to wear pearls (in the City—early in the morning) and I won't hear of it. I steel my heart against all the fascinations of life.

But I have set it on getting Ten thousand pounds in 2 years for the establishment of this project—and if I don't, it shall not be my fault—nor that young fellow's either.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOSEPH J. JENKINS,[†3] 13 MAY 1851*

MS Carl Pforzheimer Library. *Address:* Joseph J Jenkins Esquire | 5 Newman Street | Oxford Street. On mourning paper.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth May 1851.

Dear Sir

Allow me to offer you my cordial thanks for your beautiful design[†4] and most valuable assistance. Mr. E M Ward is also designing a Card. I propose to use yours and his, alternately.

I would propose that the Writing be what I now set forth on the other side of this

sheet. I can offer no suggestion as to the design, which appears to me to be simple, appropriate, and beautiful.

Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph J Jenkins Esquire

Admit

_____

To The Performance

at _____

On _____ day, the _____185____

The Curtain rises at ____o'Clock precisely

(Signed) _____

Paid _____

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 13 MAY 1851

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue, undated but circa 1930; *MS* 1 p.; dated 13 May 51.

I have read your letter to the Duke at your request, and think it (as I could hardly fail to do) full of natural grace and propriety, and marked by real feeling. I will give it to him today.

To LADY BULWER LYTTON, [?12-13 MAY 1851]

MS (fragment) Benoliel Collection.[†1] *Date:* if CD's reply to Lady Lytton's letter about the play (see below), then presumably a few days before the first performance on 16 May; the year is confirmed by the signature.

CHARLES DICKENS xml:id="dk06.1883tm"/>[†2]

Lady Bulwer Lytton

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†1] [MAY 1851]

Extract in Goodspeed's catalogue No. 117 (1916); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 1851. *Date:* clearly shortly before first performance of the play.

I am not quite sure you have 404. It IS a number. The ladies who come as visitors will present passes addressed to you and signed by me, the Artist of the Illustrated London News do.[†2]

To MISS GERALDINE JEWSBURY, [?12-13 MAY 1851]*

MS (fragment) Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* 1851 on handwriting; closeness of wording to *To* Beard, 13 May, strongly suggests written during final rehearsals of *Not so Bad as we Seem.*

am on those blessed boards, swallowing gas by the hundred cubic feet, and surrounded by an army of carpenters, tailors, barbers, property men, musicians, and other nameless but numerous theatrical Camp-followers, who would do nothing at all unless they were incessantly roared at with a brisk politeness, and always beheld the visage of the undersigned looking at everything.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Geraldine Jewsbury.

To SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, [?JULY 1850-14 MAY 1851]

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Feb 1924; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Tuesday Morning; addressed Sir Edwin Landseer. *Date:* after July 50 if catalogue is correct in describing the letter as addressed to "Sir Edwin Landseer"; before 14 May 51 as from Devonshire Terrace.

My announcement at breakfast this morning that I was going to eat suet Pudding with you, was received with . . . shrill yells of consternation and despair. In consequence of our being engaged to dinner—which I forgot—which I always do forget when anybody else asks me anywhere that's much more agreeable, as in this case.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 MAY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

H.W. Wednesday Evening 14th. May | 1851.

My Dear Wills

Thornton[†1] asked for you here, at 5. I sent word through Mr. Holdsworth that you would be at Devonshire House after 7, and could be seen on demand. You had best instruct the Devonshire House servants, accordingly, on receipt of this.

I have had it in my mind to say to you—and may as well do it now, as at another time—that if your removal[†2] really should have put you out for a hundred pounds or so, and you would prefer to borrow where you can certainly incur no obligation rather than where you possibly might incur one without meaning it—I shall be truly pleased to become your banker.[†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THOMSON HANKEY, 17 MAY 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

16 Wellington Street North | Seventeenth May 1851.

My Dear Sir

I think I can quite relieve your mind, and sustain the dignity of the Bank of England too.

Messrs. Nathan of Titchbourne[†4] Street Haymarket, will make you any sort of dress after any design you please, on hire. They will do it as well as it can be done; and I should say you could hardly go beyond Twenty Guineas or so—I can't imagine that you would have the least occasion to spend very much more.

They have dressed me repeatedly, and all my Company. They would take particular care of any recommendation of mine and if you like I will send one of them to you.

I shall be in town, and here, on Monday Morning at Eleven and shall be most happy to be of the least service to you in anything.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hankey Esquire Junr.[†5]

To COUNT ARRIVABENE,[†6] [?18 MAY 1851]

Mention in *To* D'Orsay, 18 May 51. *Date:* on or shortly before 18 May.

Explaining that he had not been able to see the Count, since he was in the country.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 18 MAY 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Eighteenth May 1851.

My Dear Henry

I have availed myself of a quiet morning here to write the speech—which is, I believe, word for word, *exactly as it was delivered.*[†1] I have not put in any hears or cheers; but you heard it, and, if you want them, can shake them out.[†2]

I shall be in Wellington Street all next week. I go up by the Express tomorrow morning.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To COUNT D'ORSAY, 18 MAY 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address: Affranchie* | À Monsieur: Monsr. Le Comte A. D'Orsay | Rue de la Ville d'Eveque | Paris.

Broadstairs, Kent | Dimanche Mai 18, 1851.

Helas, mon cher ami, je comprends trop bien que j'ai l'apparence d'etre profondement insensible, et bien faux; mais j'espere et je crois que vous me connaissez *au fond*, et que vous ne me jugez pas autrement.

La mort de mon pauvre père m'a donné beaucoup de chagrin,[†3] et m'a occupé de beaucoup d'affaires. Ma femme ne se portait pas bien, et nous allames a Malvern—the cold water cure. En attendant, quand elle commença reprendre ses forces j'allai à Londres, un jour pour presider à "un diner publique". J'avais laissé a Devonshire Terrace, sur l'instant, notre petite Dora. Quand je quittai la table Forster me dit "La petite est morte".[†4] Alors arriva la triste difficulté d'en faire savoir sa mere,

les nouvelles. Depuis trois mois j'ai ete incessament occupé d'un projet pour les hommes de lettres et les artistes que j'originai avec Bulwer, et pour lequel il a ecrit une nouvelle comedie, qui nous representâmes (moi et mon ancienne Societé) à Devonshire House avant-hier, en presence de la Reine et de la cour—un succès immense![†1] Ainsi, mon cher, j'ai ete continuellement agité et bouleversé depuis ma derniere visite a Paris.[†2]

Je ne puis soutenir le bruit, et la foule, de Londres—òu tout le monde est meme plus fou que l'ordinairement, apropos de l'Exposition. J'ai quitté ma maison, et nous voici à Broadstairs encore une fois! Nous allons rester ici jusqu'a la fin d'Octobre. Ah que nous serions charmés si vous viendriez nous voir! Il-y-a une petite chambre-a-coucher donnant sur la mer—si tranquille, si agreeable—il-y-a ma femme qui vous avez appelé "si sympathetique that good wife"—il-y-a la cathedrale, et les anciennes eglises de Canterbury—il-y-a Domes[†3] presque vis a vis (nous le voyons, souvent)—et vous seriez si bien venu! N'est pas possible mon cher?

Je suis bien faché que je n'ai pas encore vu M. Le Comte Arrivabene, mais je lui ai rendu visite, et je lui ai ecrit lui expliquant que je suis à la campagne. J'ai grand peur qu'il la trouvera une bien mauvaise saison à Londres. Il n-y-a rien—rien—partout—excepté l'Exposition.

Les tableaux de Maclise et de Lanny[†4] sont les deux succes de l'exposition de l'Academie Royale.[†5] Maclise n'a jamais fait si bien, tout le monde est d'accord. Forster est bien gros.

Votre filleul[†1] aussi. Il parle beaucoup de son crayon, mais sa mere lui montre, seulement, à present. Elle le conserve—comme l'on dit—"in lavender".

Macready existe comme un prisonnier d'Etat, doloureux et majestique, à Sherborne, Dorsetshire. Il vint à Londres, l'autre jour, au diner de l'Academie. Il me parait qu'il commence trouver sa retraite un peu triste, et qu'il s'ouvert la bouche continuellement, pour avaler les applaudissements qui ne viennent pas. Apropòs de celà il me faut vous dire une tres bonne chose d'un petit garçon fils de Mrs. Pollock,[†2] belle-fille de The Chief Baron.[†3] "Maman" dit-il, quand Macready alla se retirer de sa vie publique, "pourquoi va M. Macready se retirer—eh?" "Parceque, mon fils il est gené du Theatre; il est fatigué des applaudissements. Il cherche la societé de sa femme et de ses enfants."—"Oh! Mais, Maman, est-ce qu'il ne deviendra pas (croyez-vous) aussi fatigué et gené de sa femme et ses enfants? Eh?" La philosophie de telles petites, est, après tout, la seule vraie philosophie que je connais, je crois!

Adieu mon cher. Ecrivez-moi bientôt. Ma femme et ma belle soeur vous envoient mille amities. Je suis toujours

Votre devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. SPENCER LYTTELTON, 20 MAY 1851

Extract in Henkels catalogue No. 873. *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of Household Words, 20 May 51; addressed The Hon. Spencer Lyttelton.

An epistle from you which has something of the appearance of a sheet of note paper over which a very long-legged spider, dead drunk with ink, has wildly staggered after tumbling into a bottle of that useful article, gives me the agreeable invitation (as I take it) to dine with you at the Trafalgar,[†4] Tuesday

the 3rd. Alas mon ami we *act* on Tuesday the 3rd at the Hanover Square Rooms; and dinner that day is out of the managerial list of possibilities.

If it had been another day!—Well che Sara, Sara (somebody's motto[†5], I believe) must be mine.

I am living in a gipsy tent here,[†6] until Tuesday next, or so. You will find me—usually before 2—boiling a kettle suspended by a cord from three sticks, and living chiefly on stolen fowls and broken victuals.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 20 MAY 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Office of Household Words | Tuesday Twentieth May 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I have called the Comedy for Monday at 12, to make those little changes you propose[†1]—all of which I think most essential.

We rehearse the farce today at Devonshire House at ½ past 2. Lemon and I will be there *at 2* to meet you.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 MAY 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Twenty First May 1851

My Dear Henry

I remember that I have omitted a little point about a chronometer.[†2] It lies in two sentences.[†3] If you will send me back the speech at any time, I will put them in.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To JOSEPH J. JENKINS, 21 MAY 1851*

MS Carl Pforzheimer Library.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Twenty First May 1851.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your kind note. The writing will certainly be best with Guild of Literature and Art as you suggest.[†4]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph J Jenkins Esquire

To E. M. WARD, 21 MAY 1851

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Twenty First May 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am going to Epsom today,[†1] but will call on you tomorrow at a little before 2. Mr. Jenkins of the Water Colors has done another ticket, which I believe will come to me engraved. I propose to use the two alternately, after yours is finished.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I have a house on the Kentish coast where my children are, and have let my own.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 MAY 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Evening Twenty First May 1851

My Dear Henry

I send you the Speech with the little Insertion made.

Thanks for your congratulations on the Play. It is undoubtedly a great success, and we begin by making a great deal of money. I hope to have an order or two, soon after we get to the Hanover Square Rooms—maybe on the first night there, but I am not certain yet. We play there, first, upon the third of June.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 21 MAY 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Night 21st. May 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I have thrown up my (best) hat, and given three cheers for Tomline![†3]

I send you a pull of the corrections. I took out the last aside in my concluding bit, in the exercise of the prerogative with which you invest me, because I feel I could

not say it without impairing the earnestness of the passage.[†1] And I think earnestness exactly what is wanted after the drunken scene.

I hope the farce will "go" charmingly. I have a few words as an old sexton, near the end, which I particularly hope to make something of, as a natural picture. The changes[†2] are fearfully quick, but I trust they will go right. I noted what you hint about Costello, yesterday, but upon my life I have not the heart to take a word away from him, after the cheerfulness with which he has done Lord Loftus.

I am pleased with Macaulay's letter.[†3] It shews an interest in the subject, and may be (as I have no doubt it has been by you) very satisfactorily answered. It is an uncommon satisfaction to me to find him so hearty about the play.

Hazlitt's notion—in this stage of the business, or, I should say, within a dozen years—would simply ruin us.[†4]

In addition to the corrections enclosed, I have charged Egg in the garret scene—in adoption of Dickey Milnes's suggestion, though upon my soul I don't understand it—to stop at "people". "Dine with my people. His people Sir!"[†5]

I have just come home from the Derby.[†6] I never saw such a crowd as on the road coming home.[†7]

The scene of the farce (I meant to say this just now, when I was on that branch of the present tree) is merely a room in a country inn. It is painted for the purpose, and will be duly presented like the performance of Goldsmith's Bear Leader, "in a concatenation accordingly".

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To JOHN BRUCE,[†1] [?23 MAY 1851]

Mention in List of Correspondents inserted in bound volume of MS letters to John Bruce, "Admissions of Literary Inquirers to Records" (MS Dr A. N. L. Munby), but letter removed. *Date:* between letters of Henry Hallam and Macaulay to John Bruce, 22 and 24 May 51.

Acknowledging a copy of Bruce's proposed letter[†2] *to Sir John Romilly,*[†3] *and agreeing to sign it.*[†4]

To JOHN HARDWICK, 23 MAY 1851

Extract in W. V. Daniell catalogue, Dec 1894; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of Household Words, 23 May 51; address from identical, undated extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1593 (1921).

Wishing him to meet Mr Boulnois,[†5] the proprietor of the Duke Street Bazaar, [who] has developed to me a project he has for controlling cabs and making them subservient to some very good police regulations.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 23 MAY 1851

Facsimile in *Lettres autographes composant la collection de M. Alfred Bovet,* Paris, 1887.

Guild of Literature and Art | Twenty-third May 1851

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your note. Pray do not suppose that I wish to trespass on your good nature by pressing for Miss Chaplin,[†6] after Monday's rehearsal and Tuesday's

second night's performance. I only referred to the subject for this reason—that if we have Miss Honey[†1] for the Hanover Square rooms, she will have two parts to get up in a few days.[†2]

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS ELLEN CHAPLIN, 23 MAY 1851*

MS Charles W. Traylen.

Guild of Literature and Art, | Friday Evening 23rd May 1851

My Dear Miss Chaplin

I have a note from Mr. Webster this evening, in which he says that he "can and will spare you after the first piece on Monday." We may therefore conclude, I presume, that our Dress Rehearsal will come off, as originally proposed, at 10.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ellen Chaplin

To W. C. MACREADY, 24 MAY 1851†

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words | Saturday Twenty Fourth May 1851.

My Dear Macready.

†aThe name and address of the "London Agent for the sale of Stafford's Flour and Farina", is, Mr. Joseph Stansbury 5 St. Matthew's Place Hackney Road.†3 I should have told you so, by return of post, but for being overwhelmed with business.†a

We are getting in a good heap of money for the Guild. The comedy has been very much improved in many respects since you read it. The scene to which you refer is certainly one of the most telling in the play. And there *is* a farce, to be produced on Tuesday next, wherein a distinguished Amateur will sustain a variety of Assumption-parts, and in particular Samuel Weller and Mrs. Gamp—of which I say no more.†4

I am pining for Broadstairs where the children are. At present I lurk from the sun, during the best part of the day, in a villainous compound of darkness, canvass, saw-dust, general-dust, stale gas (involving a vague smell of pepper) and disenchanted properties. But I hope to get down, on Wednesday or Thursday.

Ah! You country gentlemen who live at home at ease, how little do you think of us among the London fleas!†1 But they tell me you are coming in for Dorsetshire. You must be very careful when you come to town to attend to your Parliamentary duties never to ask your way of people in the streets. They will misdirect you, for what the vulgar call "a lark"—meaning, in this connexion, a jest at your expence. Always go into some respectable shop or apply to a Policeman. You will know him by his being dressed in blue, with very dull silver buttons, and by the top of his hat being made of sticking-plaister. You may perhaps see in some odd place an intelligent-looking man with a curious little wooden table before him and three thimbles on it. He will want you to bet, but don't do it. He really desires to cheat you. And don't buy at Auctions, where the finest plated goods are being knocked down for next to nothing. These too are delusions. If you wish to go to the play to see real good acting (though a little more subdued than perfect Tragedy should be) I would recommend you to see †aMr. James Anderson†a†2 at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. Anybody will shew it to you. It is near the Strand, and you may know it by seeing no Company whatever, at any of the doors. Cab fares are eightpence a mile. A mile, London measure, is half a Dorsetshire mile, recollect. Porter is twopence per pint;—what is called Stout, is fourpence. The Zoological Gardens are in the Regents Park, and the price of admission is One Shilling. Of the streets, I would recommend you to see Regent Street and the Quadrant, Bond Street, Piccadilly, Oxford Street, and Cheapside. I think these will please you after a time, though the tumult and bustle will at first bewilder you. If I can serve you in any way, pray command me. And with my best regards to your happy family so remote from this Babel,

Believe me My Dear friend | Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I forgot to mention just now, that the black equestrian figure you will see at Charing Cross as you go down to the house, is a statue of *King Charles The First.*

To MRS SIGOURNEY,†1 24 MAY 1851*

MS Berg Collection. *Address* (envelope, MS Connecticut Historical Society): By Mail Steamer. | Mrs. Sigourney | Hartford | Connecticut | U.S. of America. PM 25 May 51. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent.[†2] | Twenty Fourth May 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Sigourney.

Pray let me assure you that I have had uncommon gratification in the perusal of your kindest of letters, and that a tribute so earnest and fervent is more delightful to me than I can possibly express.

Your book[†3] is blooming on my table here, by the great hoarse sea. I am reading it with the truest pleasure, and could not easily tell you—if I were to try—how much I am impressed by its tenderness and beauty. The thoughtful voice upon the beach sets music to your verses. I could scarcely read them in a better place.

If I had it in my heart to quarrel with you, I could almost do so, for not having written your name in the title page. But I have put your letter there instead, and can well forgive you.

Mrs. Dickens begs me to give you her best regards, and to tell you that she has not forgotten our meeting in America. She has not been well of late, but is better. Our infant daughter—called Dora, in remembrance of Copperfield—died in a moment; and it was a shock to her.

We have eight children—six boys and two girls. Here follows the list you ask me for.

	about
Charley	aged 14 —at school at Eton
Mary	—13 —
Kate	—11
Walter Landor	—10 (going to India bye and bye)
Francis Jeffrey	— 7
Alfred Tennyson	— 5
Sydney Smith	— 4
Henry Fielding	— 2

All the boys have good godfathers[†4] you see, and will try hard, I hope, to do justice to their names.

Let me again thank you for the heartfelt pleasure you have given me and let me charge you with something as near my love as I may send to your fellow-reader of my last-finished story.[†5]

Ever dear Mrs. Sigourney | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Sigourney.

You dedicate your book to Rogers.[†1] Do you know that he was disabled, nearly a year ago, by an accident, and cannot stand or walk? But he is very cheerful, and still receives small breakfast-parties.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, [27 MAY 1851]

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. *Date:* Tuesday 27 May 51, the day of the second performance of *Not so Bad as we Seem* at Devonshire House, followed by the Duke's Ball. On mourning paper.

Devonshire House | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Lord Duke.

The enclosed note to you from Mary Boyle,[†2] has been wandering about the world in some unaccountable manner, so that it did not reach Mrs. Dickens (to whom she entrusted it) until I came home from Rehearsal this afternoon. I have given directions—I hope with your kind approval—that she is to be admitted without a ticket, if she should eagerly arrive tonight. But Cavendish, her brother, informs us that she did not arrive in town by the Train just now, by which he expected her to come. Therefore it is likely she will not appear.

Mrs. Compton is—as who is not!—so deeply sensible of your kindness that she has earnestly begged me to explain to you that she is very far from well, and cannot stand long, and fears she may be obliged to deny herself the pleasure and honor of remaining for the ball.[†3] I know her to have been very ill since her confinement, and fear this is but too probable.

Ever My Dear Lord Duke | Yours most Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To MRS GASKELL, 27 MAY 1851

Extract from typescript, Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address* (envelope, MS John Rylands Library)*:* Mrs Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester. PM 27 May 51.

Office of Household Words | 27th May 1851.

I have just received *"Disappearances"*[†4] from the printer's. It is very curious and interesting, and I can't help writing to thank you for it at once. It is exactly suited to us.[†5]

To MARK LEMON, 27 MAY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection.

Office of Household Words | Tuesday Night 27th. May 1851 | (After we parted at D.H)

My Dear Mark

I think we had best settle for the H.S.[†1] Rooms tomorrow. I have to meet Chadwick[†2] at the Laborers Model cottages[†3] by the Exposition at 11—shall leave here, at ½ past 10. Can we, by that time, effect an appointment? Will you come round here, about breakfast time?

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 28 MAY 1851*

MS Boston Public Library.

London Twenty Eighth May 1851

Please to deliver my bankers' book to my servant the bearer.

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Coutts & Co.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 [MAY] 1851

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated 29 Mar by CD, when he was at Malvern. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Thursday Twenty Ninth March | 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I think we shall now have a very good article.[†4] I have two requests to make in connexion with the enclosed copy. First, that you will severely reprove the

Whitefriars people[†1] in my name, for having the negligence to send me yesterday the uncorrected proof after all. Secondly that you will very carefully correct the proof of the new matter, and, if you have any doubt, refer to the Manuscript.

The cheques I enclose, signed.

This is all I have to say about Household Words.

GUILD.[†2]

I enclose a Memorandum for Foster the Property man.

Will you ask at Simpson's what they will put on a plain cold supper *upstairs in their own place,* for, on the next Play-night at about 12, running the chance of the number who may come, and of what each man may order to drink for himself? I would merely have cold joints, lobsters, salad, and plenty of clean

ice. Perhaps there might be one hot dish, as broiled bones. But I would have only one, and I would have it cheap.

Then I think Johnson might send round this to the company.

NOTICE[†2]

There will be a plain cold supper ready at Mr. Simpson's, the Albion, by Drury Lane Theatre, after the Farce on Tuesday, at per head; not including wine, spirits, or beer, which each gentleman will order for himself.

I hope to begin the Police Article[†3] tomorrow. I have gone to Epsom[†4] very freshly. Weather beautiful. Wife not so well.

Faithfully Ever

CD

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 30 MAY 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Friday Thirtieth May 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I will endeavour to get all those little changes faithfully made. It is extremely difficult now, the Rehearsals being over and the men fixed in their old ways, but I will speak to every one concerned in them before the curtain goes up on Tuesday night.

When I say to Lucy "this is my answer", I say what Forster elaborately wrote into my part, and what I have always said against my will. That was my enforced reason for saying it. I much prefer what you give me now. The embrace also, is not my doing.[†5] I understood you to wish it. I never did it before.

The seats at Hanover Square, unhappily we cannot raise.[†6] We have no means of

doing it in the time, and cannot touch them. But the stage will be higher there. I hope this may suffice. We are quite powerless as to the House-part of the affair.

I am delighted by your opinion of the Farce, and will certainly insert a few words on your suggestion, explanatory of the first disguise.[†1]

Don't be afraid of my going wrong in the Coffee Room again.[†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 MAY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Thirtieth May 1851. | Friday

My Dear Wills

Since you feel that objection, *perhaps* it will be best to alter the heading of the advertisement. But it did not occur to me when I saw it in the Times yesterday. I thought it well placed, and very good.[†3]

Of course I shall not answer the begging letter enclosed. If you should receive another from the same man, I should like the Mendicity Society[†4] to have them.

Have you heard from Land?

Don't you think some one should supply refreshments—as tea, coffee, soda water, and ices—at Hanover Square, for the [†a]Audience if they choose, as at other places of entertainment.[†a]

If the house should be *bad* on Monday Morning, I would immediately issue, per Johnson, four tickets to every member of the Company. I would also send four to Stanfield The Green Hill Hampstead—four to Roberts 7 Fitzroy Street Fitzroy Square—four to Austin Board of Health—four to Beard (Private) Herald Office. It is most important that we should be full, whatever we do, and these would be all safe. Perhaps you will confer with Mark, according to circumstances.[†5]

I have begun the Night article,[†6] and hope to bring it up with me, finished.

Ever Faithfully

CD[†7]

June

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 1 JUNE 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday First June 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

It is quite delightful to me to have something to say to you, and a real solid reason for writing. Not that I can ever want one while I remember (as I always must) your extraordinary kindness and generosity, and while I feel (as I ever shall) faithfully devoted to you with a strong attachment; but that I know you are too noble in your favors to bear with a hundredth part of the use I *could* make of that pretext for inflicting my tediousness upon you.[†1]

I have decided to postpone the first night at the Hanover Square Rooms, until the originally contemplated second night—Wednesday the 18th. of June! The booksellers who have the tickets in charge[†2] unanimously declare that for next Tuesday the notice is too short—that it is impossible to expect a good house—that they can do nothing in the time, after the two Devonshire House Performances. And the

Honorary Secretary coming down to me express last night, to tell me so, I immediately changed the evening.

I hope you will think I did right, and that you will have leisure to look in upon us on the 18th.—I really believe the actors will go all wrong and want all heart, if they don't see you in your box.

I am in a favorite house of mine here, perched by itself on the top of a cliff, with the green corn growing all about it and the larks singing invisible all day long. The freshness of the sea, and the associations of the place (I finished Copperfield in this same airy nest)[†3] have set me to work with great vigor—and I can hardly believe that I am ever a Manager, and ever go about with a painted face, in gaslight.

When I first had the happiness of seeing you in the room where we have since held so many Councils, you gratified me very much by your affectionate remembrance of Copperfield. I am having him put into a decent suit of morocco, and, when he comes home in his new dress, shall entreat you to give him a place on your shelves for my sake.—You see how dangerous it is to give me encouragement!

When I saw you last, I was quite full of the melancholy of having turned a leaf in my life. It was so sad to see the curtain dropped on what you had made so bright and interesting and triumphant, that something of the shadow of the great curtain which falls on everything seemed for a little while to be upon my spirits. I have an indescribable dread of leave-takings; and the taking leave of such a gracious scene, made me almost miserable.

—Which I acknowledge here, because it was certainly and undoubtedly your fault.

With the utmost earnestness of my heart, I am Ever My Dear Lord Duke

Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 JUNE 1851]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 541. *Date:* 1 June according to Forster.

It is more delightful here than I can express. Corn growing, larks singing, garden full of flowers, fresh air on the sea.—O it is wonderful! Why can't you come down next Saturday (bringing work) and go back with me on Wednesday for the *Copperfield* banquet? Concerning which, of course, I say yes to Talfourd's kind proposal. Lemon by all means. And—don't you think Browne?[†1] Whosoever, besides, pleases Talfourd will please me.[†2]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 1 JUNE 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday First June 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I write to you hastily, to say that the First Hanover Square night, is *postponed*.[†3] Coming home last evening from a walk, I was surprised to find Wills here. He had come down by the Express Train to say that the booksellers could do nothing with the tickets in the time—that they all protested against it—had sold very few indeed—and had from Thursday morning (when they got the bills) declared that it would not do, but that for Hanover Square there must be (and in all cases is) much more time. I immediately postponed the play until the proposed second night, Wednesday the 18th. and he returned this morning, to dispatch all the business consequent on this decision. If it had been safe, in so short an interval, to run the chance of filling the house with orders, I would have done it. But it was not. When I came to look closely into the matter, I was convinced that it wouldn't do to take that risk.

The announcement will merely say that it is "unavoidably postponed". And I have informed the Company that the [†a]public[†a] reason is, that changes were necessary in the adaptation of the Theatre to the place, for which there was not time.

We must go at it with double vigor!

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 JUNE 1851†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street. On mourning paper.

Household Words Office | Fourth June 1851. Wednesday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am quite concerned that Mrs. Brown's basket[†1] should not have been returned before now. The "Property-Man" put it away by mistake among the other "Properties", instead of giving it to my servant to return immediately, as I desired. Pray excuse me to my obstinate friend. Your note (not being dated) does not explain where "here" is. Is it Stratton Street I wonder! I send the basket to Stratton Street, in the hope that it is.

I came up from Broadstairs yesterday for the Committee, and duly presided at that great Tribunal. Our charges were one and all the most innocent and deferential of girls. The first one (Rupkin) spoke very low, with her arms hooked behind her, and her eyes on the ground—and all the others, one after another, did exactly the same.

As Mrs. Morson said she wanted money, I paid the bills.

Broadstairs is charming. The green corn growing, and the larks singing, and the sea sparkling, all in their best manner. When I was in town about ten days ago, I went down to Eton and saw Charley, who was

very well indeed, and very anxious to be reported to you. He was much commended, by his tutor, but had previously been reported rather lazy for the time being. I had therefore stopped his boat, and threatened other horrible penalties.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 JUNE 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Office of Household Words | Wedneday Fourth June 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I have required (by solemn circular) all the Guild Company to meet for dispatch of business at the Guild office 10 Lancaster Place near here, on Monday the 16th. at halfpast 3. I hope you will be able to come. You *will* come if you can?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To ROBERT BAKER,[†1] 6 JUNE 1851

Mention in Spencer catalogue No. 128; dated 6 June 51.

Thanking him cordially for the loan of a book.[†2]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 6 JUNE 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Friday Sixth June 1851.

My Dear Bulwer

I write you a few words hastily, endeavouring to catch the morning post—not the newspaper.

I missed both your letters. Found one, on returning here yesterday afternoon—Received the other this morning.

I have called the Company together, merely to go through the accounts, and receive a general statement of the condition of the Guild. I think as a matter of business it ought to be done, and ought to continue to be done at regular intervals. Another advantage of having them in a body on the Monday before playing, will be, that we can then ascertain—supposing it necessary to put many people into the

house—what each can quietly and certainly do. I have issued two orders to each of the Company, already, and two to each of the gratuitous Scene Painters.[†3] This, with the Newspapers, makes a free list of about a hundred and twenty or so. The Booksellers seem earnest, *now*, and pretty sanguine. As the price has been five pounds and then two, I see no objection to reducing the charge at the Hanover Square Rooms after the first performance there,[†4] to seven shillings, or (after that) even to five.

If you can come and preside on Monday week, I wish you would. I am obliged to close suddenly, or I shall lose the Post.

Ever Faithfully

CD

I forgot to tell you—Your friend of the Sun[†5] had the good taste to return his ticket for the second night at Devonshire House.

To DR [JAMES] WILSON, 6 JUNE 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixth June 1851.

My Dear Sir

Through some mistake, I am only just now in receipt of your letter.[†1]

I shall be at the Household Words Office on Tuesday Morning at halfpast Ten, or I would call on you with great pleasure at a quarter before eleven. I fear, from the terms of your note, that you may leave town before that day, however. If you can find time to inform me in one line addressed here, whether you go or stay—do. If not, I shall conclude you gone, and busy until you went.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Wilson.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 8 JUNE 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Eighth June 1851.

My Dear Lord Duke.

I am charmed by the enclosed letter,[†2] and owe you many thanks—let me pay them—for the perusal of it. The patience and cheerfulness of the writer, are as touching as her perception is quick and playful. It would be hard to say more in praise of her delightful writing—as natural as her own flowers.

I used to see her, last year, lying in an invalid chair on the breezy cliff behind this house, attended by a little white dog. But I never "took on" even to see her as I passed; knowing that she was ill, and thinking that I could not do better than leave the whole clover-field to her.[†3]

You told me you were pleased with the Metropolitan Protective Police paper.[†4] I

have written, for next Wednesday's Household Words, another of a similar kind, descriptive of a Night Walk with the Police,[†1] which I told you one morning (in those happy times at Devonshire House, which seem to have fled these four or five years) I had just taken. I hope it may amuse you. It is very true.

And I hope you will soon recover from that strange disorder. I wonder you don't establish an unparalleled Yacht—such a Yacht as you *would* have, if you had any—and sail away out of the knowledge of Hay![†2] But perhaps you would be sea-sick—and nothing can be worse than *that* most ignoble affliction.

Bulwer writes me a letter every other day with a suggestion of something new that somebody is to say in the comedy, or something old that somebody is not to say. The consequence is, a confusion in my mind of the most distracting nature. I begin hardly to know who I am in the piece, or where I come from, or what I have to do, or why I do it.

It has been blowing hard here for three days—harder, I dare say, at Brighton.

Ever My Dear Lord Duke | Yours truly attached
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To H. P. SMITH, 8 JUNE 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Eighth June 1851.

My Dear Smith

I am very sorry your Household Words letter should have miscarried. By what accident it has done so, I don't know, but I suppose it has been shuffled into some wrong nook of the immense correspondence that flows into that devoted office.

Kate is going to write to Mrs. Smith, to say how much we regret that we cannot accept either of your invitations. In the meantime I say so, thus informally, delighted to know that you are all alive and well at that enormous distance[†3]—for Heaven knows you might be in Australia and we in Africa, for anything that either side sees to the contrary.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, [10 JUNE 1851]

Mention in Mrs CD *to* Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 11 June 51 (MS Lytton Papers).

Telling her that he had seen Bulwer Lytton on 10 June and that Lytton had invited them both to pay another visit to Knebworth.[†4]

To H. P. SMITH, 13 JUNE 1851*

MS Miss Mabel Lodge. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Friday Thirteenth June | 1851.

My Dear Smith

On coming back here last night from a few days' business in town, I found your note.

I am sorry to say that on that day—otherwise my only disengaged one in my next trip Eastward[†1]—I am engaged to dine with Brunel. Otherwise, I should have been glad to have eaten and drunk with you—just for the sake of novelty!
Loves from all.

Truly Yours
CD.

To MRS BROWN, 14 JUNE 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs Brown | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Saturday Fourteenth June 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I received your kind note, here, this morning. I should have been very much interested in seeing that ancient Lady if I had known of it sooner. I am coming to town on Monday for two or three days, and hope to have the melancholy satisfaction of looking on her ashes[†2]—that is, if I can baffle iron fate, and the spell that binds me to the stoney door step.

Ever truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 14 JUNE 1851*

MS Private. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Saturday Fourteenth June | 1851.

My Dear Cunningham

Thank you for sending me the enclosed note, which is certainly one of the most singular I ever read in my life.

Quite apart from my confidence in Paxton and my respect for his veracity, my knowledge of the subject is the knowledge that has been conveyed during the last half year to the whole civilized world in all the languages of Europe, and of which (so far as I know) no man has ever beheld one printed word of contradiction.[†3] I

should as soon think of communicating the contents of Mr. Tomolin's[†1] letter to Paxton, if I encountered him (which is not at all likely) as I should of informing him that Sir Christopher Wren never built Saint Pauls.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 17 JUNE 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

Guild of Literature and Art, | Tuesday 17th. June 1851

My Dear Beard

In my "official capacity" I have three tickets to give away for our performance at the Hanover Square Rooms tomorrow night. Would you like to use them? If so, say the word, and I will send them round straightway.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 17 JUNE 1851

MS Lytton Papers.

Office of Household Words | Tuesday Seventeenth June 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

All is right at the Lord Chamberlain's office. I have explained that the Comedy and Farce *are already licensed.*[†2] Upon this we receive a licence to act at the Hanover Square Rooms according to Law.

You will be pleased to hear that the sale of tickets has taken such a great start today, that it becomes necessary to send round to all the booksellers warning them to sell no more, or we cannot get the people in—and this, after recalling as many as could be got hold of, of those that were issued to the Company yesterday. We shall see whether many people want to pay at the doors besides; and we shall then know

what to do another time. I do not think it in the least disadvantageous to be obliged on this occasion to refuse money.[†3]

I assure you I am most sincerely gratified by your kind little note, and so cordially rely on the truth of its contents, that if any dinner had been given to me in the ordinary acceptation of that term, I should have said to the promoters that I confidently believed you would be glad to do me the kindness of taking a part in it. But the small affair at Richmond (there were only nine people I think) was Talfourd's.[†1] It arose out of a postponed proposal of his that I should dine with him somewhere in the Country, on the completion of Copperfield. He was the host. And that was all.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 17 JUNE 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Office of Household Words. | Tuesday Seventeenth June 1851.

My Dear Stone.

The sale of tickets has taken such a start today, that we are obliged to stop the booksellers from proceeding with it, or it would be impossible to get the people in. We have also tried to reduce the issue on the part of the Company. I send you five instead of ten. Will that do?

Ever Affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 20 JUNE 1851*

MS Berg Collection.

Guild of Literature and Art, | Friday Twentieth June 1851.

My Dear De la Rue

I have this morning received your note. I send immediately, to entreat you to come and dine with me at Richmond to day, and to meet me here at ½ past 4. Thompson[†2] is in town, and I will endeavour to lay hold of him too.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

To F. W. TOPHAM, 20 JUNE 1851*

MS Mr T. A. G. Pocock.

Office of Household Words | Friday Twentieth June 1851.

My Dear Topham

I forget Mr Barlow's address.[†1] Will you have the kindness to ask him how Ward's ticket is progressing? I wanted to use it for our next performance. But, as *the tickets must be printed and delivered to the booksellers next Wednesday,* it will be impossible to use it unless it be now finished.

Can you ascertain at once?

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W.F.[†2] Topham Esquire.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 21 JUNE 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Office of Household Words | Saturday Twenty First June 1851.

My Dear Mac.

We meet here tomorrow, at ½ past 1. If the day be as fine as this, the boat will be delightful.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 21 JUNE 1851*

MS University of Texas.

Guild of Literature and Art, | Saturday June 21st. 1851

My Dear Thompson

In case you should go to the Golden Cross[†3] before coming round here again, I dispatch this missive to say how sorry I am that I am engaged to dine with Miss Coutts and go with her to the Prophete.[†4] Otherwise I should have been really delighted to dine with you.

De la Rue is at the British Hotel, Jermyn Street.

Faithfully Yours ever
CD.

To G. S. HERBERT,[†1] 23 JUNE 1851

Text from *D,* VII (Sep 1911), 232.

Office of Household Words | Monday Morning, June 23rd, 1851

Dear Sir

As I am going into Dorsetshire this morning on a short visit[†2] (I purpose returning here on Thursday evening), I think it right to send you the particulars of a transaction on the North Kent line in reference to which I left my card with the Station Master at the Terminus last night.

I was in the corner of one of the large first-class Strood carriages, and there was a good deal of confusion along the line up, in consequence of there not being enough room for the second and third class passengers who were waiting at the Stations. I got in at Gravesend at 20 minutes past 8. Three or four second or third class passengers were put into my carriage (for want of room elsewhere) at various stations. Among them was a young woman who was alone. When we came to the terminus, and she presented a second class ticket, the ticket collector demanded 4d. extra from her. Although I knew this was wrong, I did not consider myself called upon to interfere—*but no other passenger who had been put into the carriage for want of room in the class to which he or she belonged would pay anything extra.* She (being the first who was required to do so) gave the collector a shilling, and twice or thrice before he left the carriage asked him for the change, which he said he would "bring." I was so strongly impressed (from his manner) with the belief that he had not the least intention of bringing it that I mentioned the circumstance to a friend who was with me and said I should watch the result. He did *not* bring it—nobody, of course, knew anything about it—all the passengers went away—the carriages were removed—and the young woman was left alone vainly endeavouring to get some redress for this very gross misconduct. I then exerted myself to find out the station-master, who was busy with the arrival of the Paris train, and mentioned to him that I was a friend of Mr. MacGregor's[†3] and felt it due to him to see that the matter did not escape notice. He behaved with the utmost civility and propriety, and paid every attention to it.

I should add for your information that I do not believe the ticket collector was called suddenly away. We waited a long time before we could get into the station, and my impression is that he passed the carriage twice or thrice before he was wanted for the Paris train after he took this shilling. As I have already said, I was attracted to the proceeding by his manner, and I felt perfectly sure that he would not come back.

Dear Sir, faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. S. Herbert, Esq.[†4]

To THE REV. DR HAWTREY,[†1] 24 JUNE 1851

Text from N, II, 320.

Sherborne House | Tuesday Twenty-Fourth June 1851

My Dear Sir

I trouble you with this out of Dorsetshire where I am staying on a short visit, to beg the[†2] favor of your allowing my boy and three of his friends—Messrs. Mitford,[†3] Willes[†4] and Congreve[†5]—to accompany me on a little excursion up the river, on Tuesday next, July the first. I propose to come down to Windsor early and give them a gipsy-dinner in our boat. I need not add, I hope, that I will take every care of them, and will return them in good condition at night. I am, Dear Sir, With much respect

Very Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS BEARD, 25 JUNE 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London.

Sherborne, Dorsetshire | Wednesday Evening 25th. June | 1851.

My Dear Beard

I write to you from Macready's where we have been staying a few days, to enquire if you can make next *Tuesday the 1st. July* a holiday?—For this reason. I have promised Charley that I will appear at 11 that morning at Slough, armed with a hamper from Fortnum and Mason's, and take him and three other young Etonian Shavers up the river. He "knows a bank"[†6] where we can dine; and if you can come, you and I will console ourselves for our antiquity, after dinner, with a trifle of tobacco and champagne* in the starn of the wessel.

I shall be at my gipsey tent at the Household Words office 16 Wellington Street North, tomorrow evening, and probably until after Wednesday. If you will send

me a line there, I hope it will be to say that you can come—and we'll try to make out jovially.

Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire [†a]*N.B. Ice in the Hamper[†a]

To MISS GERALDINE JEWSBURY, 25 JUNE 1851*

MS Alexander Turnbull Library, New Zealand.

Sherborne House. Dorsetshire | Twenty Fifth June 1851.

Dear Miss Jewsbury

Being here on a short visit, and receiving your note immediately before I left town, I brought the papers down with me to read. I am very sorry to say they are not adapted to the purposes of Household Words. It would have given me real pleasure to have accepted them on your recommendation if I could have thought them suited to our requirements. But they are quite wide of the mark. I may say this, without any disparagement of the pieces themselves.

The invaders from all nations have terrified me out of London by their letters of introduction—the most tremendous engines that have ever been levelled against my peace. We have taken refuge on the Kentish Coast, where there is a Crystal Palace not made with hands,[†2] in which are many wonderful inventions that I never tire of.

I fear I may not have the pleasure, consequently, of seeing you. But it would give me great pleasure to improve our personal acquaintance, and to tell you how very glad I should be, if you *could* find time to write something for Household Words.[†1] I must confess to a little disappointment when I found that your packet was not all your own.

Believe me | With much esteem | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Jewsbury I shall be in town on Saturday, and will return the papers to your address.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 27 JUNE 1851

Extract in Maggs Bros. catalogue No. 436 (1923); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of Household Words, 27 June 51.

As to giving Evans a handsome dinner *at the* Star and Garter, *Richmond.*[†3]

To THE REV, W. G. QUEKETT,[†1] 27 JUNE 1851*

MS Mr David Niven Jr.

Office of Household Words, | Friday Twenty Seventh June 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry that I could not attend your dinner,[†2] where I would gladly have spoken, had my presence been feasible. But an old engagement (which I overlooked when I became a steward) took me into Dorsetshire, whence I returned only last night, to find your note.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend W. G. Quekett.

To DR THEOPHILUS THOMPSON,[†3] 27 JUNE 1851*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Dr. Theophilus Thompson | 3 Bedford Square.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Seventh June 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Dr. Theophilus Thompson, and begs (on his return from a short absence in Dorsetshire) to thank Dr. Thompson for the Australasian,[†4] which is in all

respects a most creditable production of that distant Press. Mr. Dickens would think it a more encouraging sign of the progress of the Colony, if its literature were original, or honestly purchased, rather than pirated[†5]—but he hopes in all good humour that it will be, in the good time that is coming—at some indefinite period. The American example in this particular, is not a good one.

To STEPHEN TUCKER,[†6] [?27 JUNE 1851]

Envelope only, in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1969; addressed Stephen [?J]. Tucker Esquire | Erith | Kent; postmarked 27 June 51.

To THOMAS BEARD, 30 JUNE 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

H.W. Office | Monday 30th. June | 1851.

My Dear Beard.

Contemplating the possibility of our being otherwise marooned by those young pirates, I have told Charley to turn-out a big galley with an awning—the latter precaution ineffectual already, as far as I am concerned. I am so burnt, that I cannot calculate the amount of cold cream and powder that will have to be applied to my visage on Wednesday night, before I can "go on" as a youthful Lord.[†1] I don't see my way through the process.

The Mail train starts from Paddington at a quarter past 10. Let us meet on the Platform about 10.

I went down to Broadstairs yesterday, and came back this morning.—O the sea!—

Ever Heartily

CD.

To VISCOUNT INGESTRE,[†2] [?JUNE 1851]

Mention in Dobell catalogue No. 1 (1911); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 1851. *Date:* Ingestre founded the General Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes[†3] in June 51; invitations to join its Committee were probably issued the same month.

Regretting his inability to join a proposed committee[†4] *as requested by Lord Ingestre.*

July

To JOHN BRUCE, 4 JULY 1851*

MS Mr R. Slifer. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Fourth July 1851.

Dear Sir

Your card and I have missed each other until today. Pray do me the favor to add my name to the Memorial.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Bruce Esquire

To A. F. GORE,[†2] 4 JULY 1851

Extract in Dawson's Book Shop catalogue No. 323 (1961), misdated 1857; *MS* (mourning paper) 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, Friday, 4 July 51.

I am happy to retain your sporting adventure for insertion in Household Words.[†3] It is very graphic and agreeable and I have read it with pleasure.

To MRS GORE, 4 JULY 1851*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourth July 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

Your kind note and I have been performing the most extraordinary evolutions. First, I was in Dorsetshire. It came after me too late. Then I was in London. Meanwhile it came here. I returned to the present Hermitage[†4] last night, and found it referring with a placid countenance to remote periods for ever disposed of among the yesterdays that have lighted the public in general to dusty death.[†5]

I *was* in town, and *was* disengaged.

Pity me!—as Rogers used to write when he couldn't come.—

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gore.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 JULY 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourth July 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

I am exceedingly sorry that you were not better supported at the Copyright meeting.[†1] I have seen no one who has failed to render justice to your own exertions and intentions, though there is (and I think with reason) a strong prejudice against the putting forward of Bohn[†2] in such a matter.[†3] I am quite sure your brother[†4] would do more than any fifty other Ministers—but I doubt the Americans being honest for years and years to come, mainly because the interest at stake is not the interest of authors or publishers in America, but the interest of the Newspapers—than which the earth knows nothing more profoundly blackguard, or before which the free and independent more submissively crouch.

I am very, very, sorry—and so we all were—that you were not with us on Wednesday.[†5] The play was never so well acted, and it was a noble audience. They took every point—gave rounds of applause after the Acts—broke into perfect enthusiasm at the end, and had the Curtain up again in a whirlwind of applause. It really was delightful—and, through the raising of the stage, everybody saw well, and the thing looked beautiful. I quite lament your absence.

The enclosed letter has just reached me.

Kate and Georgina send their kindest regards.

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Wilson is here, and begs to be remembered.[†6]

To W. H. WILLS, 4 JULY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Fourth July 1851.

My Dear Wills.

The enclosed[†1] will do. I have written to the Author, accepting it. It wants a few new paragraphs, and the omission of a familiar slang phrase here and there.

Paxton suggested to me, through Evans, a good subject. Ice, and why should its use be confined to great towns. How useful to the Farmer, for his butter and so forth—how easily an ice-house constructed—and why *dont* he construct one, and have it filled on odd winter's days when his men are lounging about the stable door.[†2]

Baines. Don't forget Baines.[†3]

I am astonished to find that I had put the letter about my poor father's bill, into my dispatch box. I must have taken it out of the drawer, specially, but I have not the least remembrance of having done so. I

enclose it, but suppose the bill will probably have been paid from the Memorandum left at the D.N.[†4] office.

Will you kindly read the enclosed and see the man?[†5] I have communicated with him before, and (if I remember right) given him money. The books he speaks of are bad, but it seems an affecting history, and I should be glad to give him £5 or so, if you thought it would do him real service.

Will you, further, send Callaghan to Reeves the Stationers[†6] in Cheapside for two red solid blotters, *folio size*, which Mark will bring me down if Callaghan will leave them addressed to me, to his care, in the course of the day at the Bedford.[†7]

Will you, further, ask Charles Knight if he remembers the address of the agent to be communicated with about the two new houses on Hampstead Heath—he gave me an advertisement during the Play, which I mislaid for want of a pocket—and, if he does, will you write a note to the man in my name, asking extent of accommodation, and purchase-particulars.[†8]

I think this is trouble enough, for one note!

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FRANK STONE, [4 JULY 1851]

Envelope only, MS Mr J. Fielding. *Address:* F. Stone Esquire | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square. PM Broadstairs 4 July 51. On mourning paper.

To M. N. JUDD,[†1] 5 JULY 1851*

MS (in Wills's hand) Mrs R Clasby.

Office of Household Words | 5 July 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Judd, & begs to thank him for his Communication; the substance of which shall be published in an early number of Household Words.[†2] M. N. Judd Esq

To W. H. WILLS, 7 JULY 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Monday Seventh July 1851.

My Dear Wills

I think Horne is right in that introductory Paragraph.[†3] It is impossible to interest the Reader in anything purporting to be a real story, of which *the* incident is the stealing of a thing which the Reader knows perfectly well, from the beginning, never was stolen. Therefore I think the paragraph judicious and necessary.[†4]

I did not write to Boulogne, having no commission.
Many thanks for your timely arrangements in reference to the Bill and the D.N.[†5] I am very sincerely grateful to you.

I return the No.[†6] with the notes you ask for.

I am at work on the Child's History.[†7]—Began this morning.

What shall you have for a first article for the No.?[†8]

Is the Narrative Judgment never never never going to be given, I wonder![†9]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE, 8 JULY 1851

MS Lord Howard of Henderskelfe. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, | Eighth July 1851.

My Dear Lord Carlisle

We shall be delighted to see you, if you will come down on Saturday. Mr. Lemon may perhaps be here, with his wife, but no one else. And we can give you a bed that may be surpassed,—with a welcome that certainly can *not* be.

The general character of Broadstairs, as to size and accommodation, was happily expressed by Miss Eden when she wrote to the Duke of Devonshire (as he told me) saying how grateful she felt to a certain sailor who asked leave to see her garden, for not plucking it bodily up, and sticking it in his button hole. As we think of putting mignonette-boxes outside the windows, for the younger children to sleep in bye and bye, I am afraid we should give your servant the cramp if we hardily undertook to lodge him. But in case you should decide to bring one, he is easily disposable hard by.

Don't come by the boat. It is rather tedious, and both departs and arrives at inconvenient hours. There is a Railway train, from the Dover Terminus to *Ramsgate*, at ½ past 12 in the day, which will bring you in three hours. Another at half past 4 in the afternoon. If you will tell me by which you come (I hope the former) I will await you at the Terminus with my little Brougham.

You will have for a night light, in the room we shall give you, the North Foreland Lighthouse. That, and the sea and air, are our only Lions.[†1] It is a very rough little place, but a very pleasant one, and you will make it pleasanter than ever to me.

Faithfully Yours Always

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl of Carlisle.

To F. M. EVANS, 10 JULY 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Tenth July, 1851.

My Dear Evans.

I want a neat Copperfield, such as Mr. Joyce sent me the other day,[†2] to be forwarded for me to the H.W. Office on receipt of this. I purpose being there, tomorrow morning.

Do you think you can get me, from your brother, the christian name and address of his and my friend Mr. Lawrence of Birmingham?[†3] I cannot, for the life of me, remember either, and I want to write to him.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 10 JULY 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Tenth July 1851. Thursday

My Dear Bulwer.

I omitted in my last note to you, to refer to the Sheridan offer.[†1] I think it will be best declined, on the ground that our pieces are got up, and our bill finally arranged.

As I hear you have one or two of the Company with you on Saturday, I think it will be well for you to know from me how our matters-Theatrical stand at present. *They* don't know, yet. *I* want you to be informed about it, because both Jerrold and Forster require keeping to their purpose, and not to be humoured in any loosening from it, by so much as a stray word—Jerrold, because he is constitutionally inconstant and unsettled[†2]—Forster, because he thinks he is not appreciated in Hardman. This is in the strictest confidence, of course, but both of them (and especially Forster) have been lately wet-blanketing the proceedings, more than I should have thought likely in men so pledged.[†3]

I am making enquiries of the best authorities at Bath, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Newcastle, Hull, and York, as to the best times of playing at those towns. I hope within ten days or a fortnight, to be able to propound the plan of this Campaign. And I purpose, on or before the 21st. when we play again in town, issuing a circular to the Company to meet at about the end of this month to

have it proposed to them. I hope you will be able to attend that meeting, as it devolves on you and me to keep the stragglers in their ranks.

I have not got the accounts of the Hanover Square Room performances, but I should say the net profit has been about £60 per night. This is most certain—*that their effect is exceedingly valuable, and that the Play has steadily risen.* The unmistakeable effect upon the audience, and the greatly increased talk and interest out of doors, I should have considered not dearly purchased at that amount of loss instead of gain. I therefore consider them (and so does Lemon) decidedly successful. I even doubt whether we ought to leave off, while we can make that money so easily. The second house was much better than the first, both in money and interest. And Mitchell's people confidently say that the third will certainly bring us more money than either.

In any reference you may make to the subject on Saturday or Sunday, I want you to speak of it (as I always make a point of doing) steadily and gravely, as a very serious matter to which we are all committed and in which we have voluntarily incurred a great responsibility—and if any other kind of reference is made to it (which is not probable, before you) to bring it back to this complexion. It seems ridiculous that one should need this caution in dealing with grown men, but you know men too well to despise it. And I know it will be very useful.

No great thing ever was done (I suppose) without being hammered at with a sledge hammer. At any rate, I have taken mine in hand for this piece of work, and mean to keep it going.

Kate and her sister send their best regards.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 10 JULY 1851*

MS University of Texas. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth July, 1851.

My Dear Tracey.

Miss Coutts tells me there was a young woman under your care—of the name of Jessup,[†1] I think, or something like that—who was spoken of for the Home, some time ago, when she could not be taken. Is she forthcoming now? If so, Miss Coutts is willing.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 11 JULY 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper. *Address:* (envelope MS Mr J. Fielding) F. Stone Esquire | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square. PM Broadstairs 11 July 51.

Broadstairs. | Friday Eleventh July 1851.

My Dear Stone.

Many thanks for your kind trouble, and for your note and its enclosure received this morning. I purpose coming up on Monday to pursue the subject, and, if possible decide. Two other houses have been lately offered to me—one at Hampstead—one at Highgate. I have both to look at, but strongly incline towards Tavistock[†2] as the most prudent venture.

Talking of my coming up, suggests to me that you might perhaps be able to come down, and return with me—just to get a summer taste of your old autumnal air. You will find nobody here but Lord Carlisle, whom I think you like. There is a cheap Express 3 hour train (first class 10/- second 7/-) tomorrow, Saturday, at ½ past 12—a boat (5/-) at 9 on Sunday Morning. We should be delighted to see you, and you would get freshened up.

Kate and Georgina unite in kind regards to you and Mrs. Stone and all the house. The Spectre[†3] is great—running races on the sands. The place is beginning to fill, and Miss Crampton[†4] blooms.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 11 JULY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eleventh July 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I am so desperately indignant with you for writing me that short apology for a note, and pretending to suppose that under any circumstances I could fail to read with interest anything *you* wrote to me, that I have more than half a mind to inflict a regular letter upon you.—If I were not the gentlest of men, I should do it!

Poor dear Haldimand. I have thought of him so often. That kind of decay is so inexpressibly affecting and piteous to me that I have no words to express my compassion and sorrow. When I was at Abbotsford,[†1] I saw in a vile glass case the last clothes Scott wore. Among them an old white hat, which seemed to be tumbled and bent and broken by the uneasy, purposeless wandering hither and thither of his heavy head. It so embodied Lockhart's pathetic description of him when he tried to write, and laid down his pen and cried,[†2] that it associated itself in my mind with broken powers and mental weakness from that hour. I fancy Haldimand in such another,[†3] going listlessly about that beautiful place;[†4] and remembering

the happy hours we have passed with him, and his goodness and truth, I think what a dream we live in until it seems for the moment the saddest dream that ever was dreamed.

Pray tell us if you hear more of him. We really loved him.[†5]

To go to the opposite side of life for a relief, let me tell you that a week or so ago, I took Charley and three of his schoolfellows down the river, gipseying. I secured the services of Charley's godfather[†6] (an old friend of mine and a noble fellow with boys), and we went down to Slough accompanied by two immense hampers from Fortnum and Mason's, on (I believe) the wettest morning ever seen out of the tropics. It cleared before we got to Slough, but the boys (who had got up at 4: we being due at 11) had horrible misgivings that we might not come. In consequence of which, we saw them looking into the carriages before us, all face. They seemed to have no bodies whatever, but to be all face; their countenances lengthened to that surprising extent. When they saw us, their faces shut up, as if they were put on strong springs, and their waistcoats developed themselves in the usual places. When the first hamper came out of the luggage-van, I was conscious of their dancing behind the Guard. And when the second came out—with bottles in it—they all stood wildly on one leg. We then got a couple of flies to drive to the boathouse. I put them in the first, but they couldn't sit still a moment, and were perpetually flying up and down, like the toy-figures in the sham snuff boxes. In this order we went to "Tom Brown's the tailor's" where they all dressed in aquatic

costume—and then to the boathouse where they all cried in shrill chorus for "Mahogany"—a gentleman so called by reason of his sunburnt complexion, and a waterman by profession. [†a][He was likewise called, during the day, "Hog", and "Hogany", and seemed to be conscious of no proper-name whatever][†a]. We embarked—the sun shining now—in a galley with a striped awning, which I had ordered for the purpose, and all rowing hard went down the river. We dined in a field. What I suffered for fear those boys should get drunk—the struggles I underwent in a contest of feeling between hospitality and prudence—must ever remain untold. I feel, even now, old with the anxiety of that tremendous hour. They were very good, however. The speech of one became thick, and his eyes too like the lobster's to be comfortable, but only temporarily. He recovered, and I suppose outlived the Salad he took. I have heard nothing to the contrary, and I imagine I should have been implicated on the Inquest if there had been one. We had tea and rashers of bacon at a public house, and came home, the last five or six miles, in a prodigious thunderstorm. This was the great success of the day, which they certainly enjoyed more than anything else. The dinner had been great, and Mahogany had informed them, after a bottle of light champagne, that he never would come up the river "with ginger-beer company", any more. But the getting so completely wet through was the culminating point of the entertainments. You never in your life beheld such objects as they were—and their perfect unconsciousness that it was at all advisable to go home and change, or that there was anything to prevent their standing at the Station two mortal hours to see me off, was wonderful. As to getting them to their Dames' with any sort of sense that they were damp, I abandoned the idea. I thought it a success when they went down the street as airily as if they were just up and newly dressed—though they really looked as if you could have rubbed them to rags with a touch, like saturated curlpaper.[†1]

I am sorry you have not been able to see our Play, which I suppose you won't see now, for I take it you are not going on Monday the 21st.—our last night in town? It is worth seeing—not for the getting up

(which modesty forbids me to approve) but for the little bijou it is, in the scenery, dresses, and appointments. They are such as never can be got together again, because such men as Stanfield, Roberts, Grieve, Haghe, Egg, and others, never can be again combined in such a work. Everything has been done at its best, from all sorts of authorities, and it is really very beautiful to look at.

I find I am "used up"[†2] by the Exhibition. I don't say "there's nothing in it"—there's too much. I have only been twice. So many things bewildered me. I have a natural horror of sights, and the fusion of so many sights in one has not decreased it. I am not sure that I have seen anything but the Fountain[†3]—and perhaps the

Amazon.[†1] It is a dreadful thing to be obliged to be false, but when anybody says "have you seen—?" I say "Yes," because if I don't, I know he'll explain it—and I can't bear that. Miss Coutts took all her Schools one day.[†2] One School was composed of a hundred "Infants"—who got among the horses' legs, in crossing to the main entrance from the Kensington Gate, and came walking out from between the wheels of coaches, undisturbed in mind. They were clinging to horses, I am told, all over the Park. When they were collected and added up by the frantic monitors, they were all right. They were then regaled with cake &c. and went tottering and staring all over the place—the greater part wetting their forefingers, and drawing a wavy pattern over every accessible object. One Infant strayed. He was not missed. Ninety and nine were taken home, supposed to be the whole collection, but this particular Infant went to Hammersmith. He was found by the Police at night, going round and round the Turnpike—which he still supposed to be a part of the Exhibition. He had the same opinion of the police. Also of Hammersmith Workhouse, where he passed the night. When his mother came for him in the morning he asked when it would be over? It was a Great Exhibition, he said, but he thought it long.

As I begin to have a foreboding that you will think the same of this act of vengeance of mine, this present letter, I shall make an end of it, with my heartiest and most loving remembrances to Watson. I should have liked him of all things to have been in the Eton Expedition tell him, and to have heard a song (by the bye I have forgotten that) sung in the thunderstorm, solos by Charley, chorus by the friends, describing the career of a Booby who was plucked[†3] at College; every verse ending—

I don't care a fig what the people may think,

But what WILL[†4] the Governor say![†5]

—which was shouted with a deferential jollity towards myself, as a Governor who had that day done a creditable action, and proved himself worthy of all confidence.

With love to the boys and girls | Ever Dear Mrs. Watson |

Most Sincerely | Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, [11 JULY 1851]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Both Ch. 6 of *A Child's History of England* and "In the Name of the Prophet—Smith!" appeared in *HW* on 19 July; the reference to the proof of *A Child's History* shows that CD must have been writing on the Friday of the previous week. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Friday Morning | In bed

My Dear Wills. I am laid up with a most severe cold, and pains all over me. I received yesterday, only the enclosed bit of proof, instead of the whole.[†1] The morning's post is not come in when I send this. I suppose it will bring the rest.

I wish Hannay[†2] would not imitate Carlyle.[†3] Pray take some of the innumerable dashes out of his article—and for God's sake don't leave in anything about such a man believing in himself—which he has no right to do & which would by inference justify almost anything.[†4] Yankee does not mean American but New England merely—I think.[†5]

In the name of the prophet—Smith! would be a better title.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?JULY 1851]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Similar travel instructions in *To* Lord Carlisle, 8 July 51, suggest that CD was writing, perhaps also in July, to one of the many friends who visited him in Broadstairs that summer.

Office of Household Words

There is an Express Train to RAMSGATE[†6] from London Bridge Terminus, at ½ past 12. There is another at ½ past 4; but the first is the better of the two. If you let me know when you are coming, I will come over to Ramsgate for you.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 14 JULY 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words | Monday Fourteenth July 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I have a great idea of buying (for five and forty years) Stone's house.—Tavistock House, Tavistock Square.[†1] It is in the dirtiest of all possible conditions, but I want a Surveyor's opinion as to its substantial repair—I mean as to the likelihood of the roof tumbling into the kitchen, or the walls becoming a sort of brick and mortar minced veal, on any early occasion. Can you recommend me to such a man? If yes, can you make any appointment to come with him and me tomorrow morning to see the house? I should very

much like to have your opinion. It is decidedly cheap—most commodious—and might be made very handsome. I am in town for the purpose, and will be ready for you, here, at any hour you may name.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. SPENCER LYTTELTON, 15 JULY 1851

Extracts in Maggs Bros catalogue, 1900 (*aa*), and Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1774 (1923) (*bb*); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of Household Words, 15 July 51.

[a]Yesterday brought me to town, and to-day takes me back (I hope) to the breezy sea, which is most delightful to me ever—from the beach.[a]

[b]The establishment seems to me to transact its business in rather a sneaking manner.[b†2]

To MISS EMMELY GOTSCHALK, 16 JULY 1851

Text from N, II, 328.

Broadstairs, Kent | Wednesday 16th July 1851

Dear Miss Gotschalk,

Being in London for a few hours yesterday—for I am passing the summer on the sea beach here—I sent you a copy of David Copperfield, dated on the eighth of last month. I wrote your name in the book; I hope you will receive it safely and that it may express to you, though it has no voice, some of the good wishes for you and interest in you with which I give it.

My fair young friend, I do not know how to answer your inquiry, what I may think on a subject so difficult, which has baffled and divided the wisest men of all times. I may want to be enlightened thereupon, as much as you. If I took upon

myself presumptuously to settle it for you, I could not settle it in my own breast, and could not rid myself of the consciousness that I am but a rash poor leader who do not see myself, the way I profess to others.

My advice to you, for your own peace and happiness, is to dismiss such speculations as you have and do right. It matters little what we call evil things, if we know them. Why should it concern you to embody or disembody evil? The great commandments of our Saviour are distinct and plain, and comprise as he said all the laws and rules. Your way in life is sufficiently clear and straight when you admit of your trying with a cheerful heart and with no discouragement to regulate your life's conduct by them. I think this is enough for your youth and innocence to do. And in so doing, it will make you more merciful and gentle to consider and forgive those who in the midst of a wilderness of adverse circumstances, lose their way and claim your pity.

The day will come to all of us when the meaning of life will be plain. Meanwhile the only certain light that shines upon us, shines along our path of duty. That is not hidden from you, I am sure. Whoever

treads that path, my dear, induces someone else to tread it. It offers you, I think, not a hard journey—but I hope—a long and bright one. You sit down too soon to brood on all these matters by the way. Perhaps they will be clearer farther down the road. Take courage and try.

Your faithful friend
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE COUNTESS GREY,[†1] 16 JULY 1851*

MS University of Durham. *Address:* The | Countess Grey | 13 Carlton Terrace | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday Sixteenth July, 1851.

Dear Lady Grey.

Your note has been forwarded to me here. I assure you I am very happy to find that the little notice of that very excellent effort was so well-timed.[†2] It is an endeavour in the best direction, and worthy of all encouragement and support.

I will cause the error in the name of the place to be duly corrected.[†3]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess Grey.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 16 JULY 1851

MS (fragment) Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixteenth July, 1851.

My Dear Bulwer.

Your account of the rising Member of Parliament[†1] has made me laugh heartily. His condition is evidently improved.[†2] He *was* very decidedly endeavouring to achieve the performance Lord Castlereagh made famous, of turning his back upon himself.[†3] And he *did*, I am certain, proselytise Jerrold.[†4]

I hope you will come next Monday. I have called the[†5]

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 16 JULY 1851

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixteenth July, 1851.

My Dear Sir

Earnestly remembering your kind interest on a former occasion, I am sure I need offer no apology to you for asking your advice and assistance in reference to our proposed Guild of Literature and Art.

In arranging our Country expedition with Sir Edward Bulwer's new Comedy and the Farce by Mr. Lemon and myself, prospectively, I naturally think of Birmingham. Now, you are perhaps aware that we have an ingenious stage of our own completely appointed, with Scenery by the first artists, and every possible decoration and appliance of the best, which can be erected in two or three hours in any large place, without touching the walls or roof. The first question I would ask you, is, If we came to Birmingham, could we have the Town Hall for the purpose?[†6]

Secondly, would it be free, or would it cost us any thing?

Thirdly, what would be the best time before Christmas? What would be the best time after Christmas?

Fourthly, do you think we might be certain of a great many people, if we took a wide range of prices, so as to comprehend all classes?

These queries look so troublesome and awful on paper, that I am afraid to inflict a longer letter upon you. If you can kindly give me the benefit of your opinion by the end of next week, we shall then hold a solemn council, and decide what towns to visit and when to visit them.

Mrs. Dickens begs to unite with me in cordial regards and remembrances to all your house.

I am Ever My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John T. Lawrence Esquire

To J. R. ROBINSON,[†1] 16 JULY 1851†

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixteenth July, 1851.

Dear Sir.

In reply to your note, I beg to say that I do not understand Mr. Charles Hugo[†2] to have been prosecuted and imprisoned, solely because he published a paper in opposition to Capital Punishment.[†3] I surely remember that it was expressly shown and enforced, upon his trial, that in the article proceeded against, he represented a not very amiable criminal as a Victim of Society, and represented his prosecutors as tyrants and oppressors.[†4] It was argued that this was [†a]very dangerous social ground to take,[†a] and that it was unjustly taken.[†5]

I think it was. And therefore, however much I may question the policy of such a prosecution or its consistency under a Republican Government, I cannot sign the Memorial to which you have invited my attention.†6

I am not deficient in interest in M. Charles Hugo.†a I have the honor of knowing his father, whose genius I hold in the profoundest admiration, and for whom I entertain great personal respect.†a†1

I am Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. R. Robinson Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 16 JULY 1851*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday Sixteenth July, 1851.

My Dear Middlesex.

I this day send by post the following letter to Robins.†2

Ever yours
Wilmot.

Dear Sir.

Mr. Stone had the kindness to hand me your favor to him of the 11th. respecting the house No. 1 Tavistock Villas. I think it more convenient that I should now address myself directly to you, on the subject of the purchase of the house, as saving both time and trouble.

I am ready to give £1300 (thirteen hundred pounds) for it, for the term you mention, free, as I understand it to be, from any ground rent. But I beg you to observe that I make this offer for the house *in its present state*, leaving you to receive from Mr. Stone and his co-tenant,†3 in addition, whatever may be the estimated cost of such repairs as they are bound by their lease to make. I have mentioned this to Mr. Stone, who quite approves.

My proposal is subject, of course, to my Solicitor's†4 approval of the title and its conditions. After having the house carefully examined, I am advised that the price I offer for it is a perfectly fair one. It is very well suited to my purpose, but would require considerable decoration and improvement.

If you should be disposed to accept my offer—which I make, I assure you, without any idea of bargaining for the property, or affecting to depreciate it—I

would instruct my Solicitor to communicate with you at once, with a view to the conclusion of the business.

Dear Sir
&c &c

To MR ROBINS, [16 JULY 1851]

Text given in last.

To W. H. WILLS, 16 JULY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixteenth July 1851

My Dear Wills. [†a]The cheque you have to pay to my act. for the Greenwich dinner,[†1] is £12..10..6.[†a] The enclosed note and *its* enclosed papers are from Lady Grey (Lord Grey's[†2] Wife). I have written to her. Can you make a Chip out of them,[†3] and correct our orthography of the place?[†4]

You know that I have no faith in advertizing[†5] beyond a certain reasonable extent. I think it a popular delusion altogether. But I do not desire to stand in the way of what you and Evans may concur in deeming a business idea. And if the expence would be advisable, the Household Narrative decision given, I think it is little less advisable, the decision not given.[†6] Therefore you had better summon the Lincolnian Mammoth[†7] to a meeting at 3 on Saturday, and Evans too, if he be come back. We will then decide what shall be done, and have it done immediately.

GUILD.[†8]

Miss Boyle changes her mind, and wants a family ticket.[†9] I have therefore directed her to burn the one you have sent her. Will you tell Johnson to send her a family ticket, for 3 places together near the Stage, to 3 *Hamilton Place, Piccadilly,*[†10] instead?

In writing to Ireland,[†11] I would propound two questions—what is the best time (if any) before Christmas? what is the best time after Christmas?[†12]

I have a letter from Bulwer this morning, in which he expresses a great solicitude that in case of the house being very good on Monday, there should be (with a view to the effect upon the Provinces) another last night—but only if the house should decidedly seem to justify it. Will you take counsel and confidence with Mitchell

upon this? If it were decided to be done, I would give it out at the end of the Comedy.[†1] Or can Mitchell suggest any other place in London where we could make *one dash?*

Have Lady Bulwer looked after. A last chance might stimulate her Ladyship to desperate action.[†2]

Faithfully Always
CD

The Meeting with a view to the Country,[†3] Monday the 28th. at 4 EXACTLY.[†4] Of course they are to be called to Rehearsal on the stage, next Monday at 12.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 JULY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seventeenth July 1851.

My Dear Wills.

You cannot have remarked it—but I spoke to you, before leaving, about those parcels. It is all right. They were to go to their respective addresses.

I am glad of Brockedon's[†5] note.[†6] He knows a good deal about some curious places[†7]—is very ingenious—and may be very useful.[†8]

A Name for the Custom-House article?[†9] Hum!—Let me see—

What do you say to

The Great House of Detention[†10]
The Castle of Giant Despair.
The Dull End of the Broad Arrow.
Her Majesty's only Disagreeable Customs.
The Great Bar in the Harbor of London[†11]

They are all pretty good.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To SIR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH,[†1] 18 JULY 1851*

MS The Hon. Mrs Charles Leaf. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs. | Friday Night Eighteenth July 1851.

My Dear Sir James.

I should have written to you this morning, but for having been at work the whole day until dinner time—since which event, I have dashed out for my postponed walk. Having now dashed in again, let me hurriedly say that I shall be delighted to have your two proffered papers (if you will kindly write them), on the subject on which none have a better right to speak than you, and to which none can have devoted themselves more entirely.[†2]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Kay Shuttleworth.

To FRANK STONE, 20 JULY 1851

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Household Words | Sunday Twentieth July 1851.

My Dear Stone.

I have been considering the great House Question since you kindly called yesterday Evening, and come to the conclusion that I had better not let it go. I am convinced it is the prudent thing for me to do, and that I am very unlikely to find the same comforts for the rising generation, elsewhere, for the same money.

Therefore, as Robins no doubt understands that you would come to me yesterday—passing his life as he does amidst every possible phase of such negociations—I think it hardly worth while to wait for the receipt of his coming letter. If you will take the trouble to call on him in the morning and offer the £1,450 I shall be very much obliged to you. If you will receive from me full power to conclude the purchase (subject of course to my solicitor's approval of the lease) pray do. I give you carte blanche to £1,500;—but I think the £1,450 ought to win the day.

I don't make any apologies for thrusting this honor upon you, knowing what a thorough-going old Pump you are.

Lemon and his wife are coming here, after the Rehearsal, to a gipsey sort of cool dinner. Time halfpast 3. Viands, pickled salmon and cold pigeon pie. Occupation afterwards, lying on the carpet as a preparation for histrionic strength. Will you come with us, from the Hanover Square Rooms?

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To MRS MARSH, 23 JULY 1851*

MS Pickering & Chatto Ltd. *Address:* Mrs Marsh | Eastbury | near Watford | Hertfordshire.
On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday Twenty Third July | 1851.

My Dear Madam.

Your note has been forwarded to me here, and I assure you I have much pleasure in replying to it.

The Pine Cultivation was declined, on a principle from which I instruct the gentlemen who assist me, never to depart if they know it. If it were only partly observed, it would occasion so much

inconvenience and so many difficulties—and such an indefinable and incomprehensible kind of responsibility would be incurred—that I think it best to prohibit any sort of exception.

We never extend a story beyond four weekly numbers—forming one monthly part—and we do not wish it to contain more than about six pages in each of the four instalments. We even prefer stories to be shorter—regulating our proceedings in this respect, by what we can understand of the requirements of our Subscribers. But a tale of the length I have mentioned, we have no reason to suppose in any way objectionable. The rate of payment is a guinea a page. A story could not be accepted, I think, on this scale of remuneration with a permission to the author to republish it within a shorter interval than a year.

I confine myself to a mere business answer to your enquiries, because I understand you to require one. I write it myself, in the hope that it may be more agreeable to you to communicate directly with me. If you should decide to send me any Manuscript, and if in that case you will have the kindness to address it to me here, I will lose no time in writing to you.

I hope I understand your note, and that in this ledger-and-ruler kind of reply, I give you in the shortest form the information you desire. Having disposed of the business part of my communication let me have the pleasure of renewing the assurance of the admiration and esteem with which I am always My Dear Madam

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Marsh.

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT,[†1] 23 JULY 1851*

MS Liverpool Public Libraries. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Third July, 1851.

Dear Dr. Muspratt.

I think our time for Liverpool will certainly *not* be until after Christmas. We meet on the 4th. of August to decide. The meeting over, I will write to you again.

I do not know whether you are aware that our whole Theatre (Stage and all) is

made, and that the Scenery is by Stanfield, Roberts, Grieve, Telbin, Louis Haghe, Pitt, &c—presenting a very beautiful little whole that nothing else could get together, and which can be ingeniously, and without touching a wall or ceiling, erected in any large room in a few hours. Now, although it *could* be put up in a Theatre, certainly, it would be better out of one. And we have paid so enormously and preposterously for Theatres on previous occasions, that we all object to them for that reason if for no other.

This will put me in a difficulty respecting Liverpool, when I come to state my reports and projects to the Company. Is there no other place of large size in the whole town?

I have not seen Lover[†1] these many years[†2]—I have heard of him, much as you describe him.

With Compliments to Mrs. Muspratt,[†3] in which my ladies join,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt.

To MR ROBINS, [23 JULY 1851]

Mention in next.

Offering £1,500 for Tavistock House.[†4]

To FRANK STONE, 23 JULY 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday Twenty Third July 1851.

My Dear Stone.

Many thanks for your trouble.

This morning's post which brought me your note, brought me one from Robins also, to the same effect. I have replied that I will give the fifteen hundred pounds for the house and fixtures, and that I instruct Loaden of Bedford Place, my solicitor, to proceed in the business with him forthwith.

So I hope we shall be neighbours, and have many a jolly evening in the Willers[†5] my Pump!

I will report progress, as the men of Law proceed.

Affectionately Ever
CD.

The hōshen[†6] sends his duty.

To W. H. WILLS, 23 JULY 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs. | Twenty Third July 1851.

My Dear Wills. I return the proof of No. 70[†1] which I received from you this morning. As nothing came in the envelope with it, except a note to me from Mr. Forster of Munich[†2]—and as you were to have sent the making-up of the next No.—I conclude that you left out some other enclosures by mistake.

I must call your attention to the South American Scraps,[†3] the slovenliness of which, is quite disgraceful to the publication. I have marked at p 425, an instance of most intolerable English.[†4] I have marked at p 426, a nominative case in the plural with the verb in the singular[†5]—at p 427 a piece of nonsense[†6]—but at pp 429 and 430, the thing becomes such a heap of involved, inextricable, damnable whirlwind of words that it puts all patience to flight.[†7] I never saw anything so utterly detestable. Every fault of composition that can possibly be amassed, is in the paper. You really should have taken care to correct it, and not to let such a bestial piece of bewilderment find admission.

I return the Watering-place[†8] corrected.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 JULY 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Twenty Fourth July | 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The Book-keeper having been so remiss as to send those books[†9]—even on approval and for inspection as he supposed—without making out a list of them, I really don't see how *we* can help him, even if the dismal apprehension that has seized upon your mind should be well-founded. But I should think, his memory

would be gently refreshed by some of the other wholesale houses that supplied the books, if he were to make any great mistake in the matter.

It is raining here, in the most forlorn manner!

With best regards to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To [J. T. GORDON],[†1] 24 JULY 1851

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1924; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, 24 July 51; addressed "My dear Goaden", probably cataloguer's misreading of "Gordon". On mourning paper.

Are you coming here this year? . . . I suppose you never got a certain letter from me when you were last in town, proposing a dinner at the Household Words Office? . . . if you didn't, that literary treasure is

now falling to pieces at the Reform Club. Kate is not very well. Georgina & the children are. . . . No more at present.

To GEORGE W. PUTNAM,[†2] 24 JULY 1851

MS Alfred Goddard Kay Collection, Princeton.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Twenty Fourth July, 1851.

My Dear Mr. Putnam.

I have received your letter with very great pleasure, as it is quite delightful to me to have a new assurance of your attachment, and a reminder (though I need none) of your old fidelity and zeal. I have often travelled, in fancy, over the old ground and water in America, and have over and over again beheld you coming at dusk into the storm-gallery of a Western steamer, with a little jug of some warm mixture intended for my very little Cabin. Sometimes (this present year for instance) I have had an impression that you would come to England, and should not have been in the least surprised to behold you bodily entering my study.

Whether we look as we used to look, I can't quite determine. I am much redder and browner, I believe, than I was in those times—more robust—less interesting—shorter haired—a more solid-looking personage—and not younger. But I take great exercise, and am very strong. Mrs. Dickens is stouter, though not quite so well in health as she used to be then. Anne,[†3] who has been with us in Italy and in Switzerland, is with us still, and looks (in my eyes) much the same. They both desire to be kindly remembered to you—and an immense sensation has been

created in their minds by your allusion to your daughter.—Which has given unbounded satisfaction.

I write from the sea side—from a fishing village and small watering-place to which we generally come at this time of the year. We still reside, however, in London—our headquarters being always there. We have eight children, and have had nine—a little girl died suddenly, not long ago. The picture of the four we had when we were in America, hangs in our dining room at home.[†1] It is in a gay round frame now, and has these many years forgotten the sliding lid of the box you used to take off, before you set it up on a side table at each of the four and twenty thousand Inns we stayed at. I wonder whether you recollect the Inn at Hartford where the "Levee" wouldn't go away[†2]—or at Newhaven where they kicked the staircase, to express impatience[†3]—or at Columbus where they came in, arm in arm, at about midnight[†4]—or at St. Louis where we had (I think) a ball[†5]—or at Pittsburgh, where I recollect one man with very large buttons on his waistcoat, who got behind the door and couldn't be got out[†6]—or at Philadelphia, where a little hatter with black whiskers did the honors![†7] I feel as if I should like to see all those places again, so much—and to have another ride on a corduroy road, and to sit at another very long table with nothing particular to eat upon it, aboard the Messenger.[†8]

I see many Americans in London, and find them the old good-humoured kind-hearted people.[†9] We never quarrel, but "get along" (as you would say) quite merrily and pleasantly. If I ever find one, in travelling about, I try to make him more at home, in remembrance of my old welcome. Sometimes he

seems disposed to consider me a sort of Monster, at first, but he soon gets over it. I want to save the next leaf for the Autographs you ask for. Therefore I will only ask you to give my cordial regards to your wife[†10] (quite a Matron, I suppose, since I saw her at the Tremont House) and a kiss to the little girl, and to believe me

Always Faithfully Your friend

CD.

Twenty Fourth July, 1851.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS [†11]

To LORD ROBERTSON,[†1] 24 JULY 1851*

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Fourth July, 1851.

My Dear Lord Robertson.

This is not (as you will soon see) a letter. It is merely an abortion of a note, to say two things.

Firstly, how sorry we were, not to see you when you were last in town—by reason of our having let our house, and being here, and never being in town more than a few hours together; it being too noisy and crowded for Catherine, far from well:

Secondly, that I received your kind and welcome congratulation on the close of my last book,[†2] with the sincerest pleasure. You can hardly think how sensible I am of such encouragement, or how earnestly I feel it.

I did think of being in Edinburgh for a day this year, to say thus much and more for myself. The probability rather fading, I cannot longer delay sending you my signature, fearing you might otherwise think of me, some rainy day, as a graceless wretch.

Kate, and Georgina* send their loves.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

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* Not married yet—nor going to be

To HENRY AUSTIN, 25 JULY 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Fifth July, 1851. | Friday.

My Dear Henry. I am afraid it is quite out of my power to do the cause[†3] any good service within the short time. I am now doing the Child's History for the number that will be published next Wednesday Week.[†4] I cannot myself do anything else for

that Number,—and even that, you see, will not be in anybody's hands until the prorogation of Parliament,[†1] supposing it could be taken to pieces for another's handling of the subject. Which would then be quite useless.

To write to the Times on such a subject, would involve an amount of correspondence that I really *could not* (with the least hope of keeping my thoughts in order) encounter. The enormous mass of business I brought upon myself by the letter on the execution of the Mannings,[†2] is almost incredible. Besides which I do not like—having really so little excuse, with a widely-circulated journal of my own—to step out of my niche and occupy that ground, unless for some very extraordinary reason—as my having especially been somewhere or especially seen something, to which individual testimony should be borne. Which reason I have not, in this case by any means.

I will do anything, in my own way and in Household Words, to advance the cause—to keep public attention fixed upon it—to shew the dangers and absurdities by which it is environed. But to do anything in time to avert this present peril, seems to me beyond me.

Don't you consider it so, on this shewing?

I have agreed to give fifteen hundred pounds for Tavistock House, including the fixtures. The lawyers are now (or ought to be) bringing the arrangements and agreements to bear.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MRS MORSON, 25 JULY 1851*

MS Miss Grace Hughes. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Friday July Twenty Fifth 1851.

Dear Mrs. Morson.

Please to make the Committee *Tuesday* WEEK[†3] at the usual hour.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 27 JULY 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Twenty Seventh July 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I hope the Board will wholly reject the measure.[†4] I have a great idea that we can

really serve the question in the recess. I have already projected a series of Tormentors for Vestrylization[†1] that will sting it smartly, and prepare the way.

I can't go to the Paris fetes[†2] if I would, because of the Guild Play, tomorrow Week. But if you are for four and twenty hours out, I think I can suggest a pleasant little trip for one day in that Play Week. I will tell you when I come to town, what I think of strolling away to see.

By the bye, would you like to go to the Play? Any time between this and next Saturday, would do for saying Yes.

I am afraid you will be tired of me, when I once get hold of that house lawfully, before I have done holding Consultations with you. But I shall lean upon you as a very staff, in the invention and execution of the proposed tremendous renovations.

I have heard nothing of the Deeds[†3] yet.—I suppose somebody is fighting somebody else to death, about Nothing of the least importance to anybody—as usual in such cases.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 27 JULY 1851

Text from MDGH, I, 259-60, checked from MS Sotheby 2½2 July 1983. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Twenty Seventh July 1851.

My Dear Knight.

A most excellent Shadow![†4] I have sent it up to the Printer, and Wills is to send you a Proof. Will you look carefully at all the earlier part, where the use of the past tense instead of the present, a little hurts the picturesque effect? I understand each phase of the thing to be *always a thing present, before the mind's eye*—a shadow passing before it. Whatever is done, must be *doing.* Is it not so? For example. If I did the Shadow of Robinson Crusoe, I should not say he *was* a boy at Hull, where his father lectured him against going to sea[†5] and so forth—but he *is* a boy at Hull—there he is, in that particular Shadow, eternally a boy at Hull—his life to me is a series of Shadows, but there is no "was" in the case. If I choose to go to his

manhood, I can. If I choose to go to his boyhood, I can. These shadows dont change as realities do. No phase of his existence passes away, if I choose to bring it to this unsubstantial and delightful life, the only death of which, to me, is *my* death—and then he is immortal to unnumbered thousands. If I am right, will

you look at the proof (through the first third or half of the Paper,) and see whether the Factor comes before us in that way?[†1] If not, it is merely the alteration of the verb here and there that is required.[†2]

You say you are coming down to look for a place, next week. Now Jerrold *says* he is coming on Thursday by the cheap Express at ½ past 12, to return with me for the Play, early on Monday Morning. Can't you make that a holiday too? I have promised him our only spare bed, but we'll find you a bed hard by, and shall be delighted "to eat and drink you"—as an American once wrote to me. We will make expeditions to Herne Bay—Canterbury—where not?—and drink deep draughts of fresh air. Come! They are beginning to cut the corn. You will never see the Country so pretty. If you stay in Town these days, you'll do nothing—I feel convinced you won't buy the Memoirs of a Man of Quality![†3]—Say you'll come?

Ever affecy

CD

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?27 JULY 1851]

Mention in next.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 JULY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Twenty Seventh July | 1851.

My Dear Wills

H.W.[†4]

I am sorry the Brockedon business (though almost unavoidable) should have arisen.[†5] I have written to the wrathful being,[†6] with a view to mollification.

Bamford[†7] (returned herewith) won't do.[†a] "The Right One", poor—but I think just passable.[†a†8]

I enclose you another Shadow from Charles Knight.[†1] Have it put in type at once, and send him a proof. I have suggested to him some slight alterations in the beginning—of a tense here and there—which will make it more fanciful.[†2] He can easily make them in the proof. They are a mere nothing.

I send the History of England[†3]—with a very pretty bit in it, describing the drowning of the Son of Henry the First.[†4] Proof to me for correction.

Also a proof of that whole No.[†5] *I have had none whatever, of next Wednesday's No.*[†6]

I am glad you like the Watering Place[†7] so much. It pleased me exceedingly.

How about Hannay and the Dreadnought?[†8]—I am in correspondence with Horne, about some articles that I think he will do very well indeed.[†9]—Have you told Morley about the Phantom Ship?[†10]

I should like a day or so to consider about the advertizing. In the meantime go on as at present, and don't alter the arrangement. †b*Why is it not (as agreed) across the page in the Examiner*†b†11 It is not unwise, I suppose, to speak of those matters in the Row???†12 I don't wonder at Punch falling;†13 for anything so bad, I suppose, never was done. But H.W. really is so good, that it is hardly a parallel case. Never mind. We must stand to our Guns in the most indomitable manner, and make it better yet. I have always had an instinctive feeling against the Exhibition, of a faint, inexplicable sort.†14 I have a great confidence in its being a correct one somehow or

other—perhaps it was a foreshadowing of its bewilderment of the public. My apprehension—and prediction—is, that they will come out of it at last, with that feeling of boredom and lassitude (to say nothing of having spent their money) that the reaction will not be as wholesome and vigorous and quick, as folks expect.

When do you go to Paris? I can't remember. And by what Train? And when do you come back?

Grammar-school paper returned herewith.†1

GUILD.†2

Of course Costello's idea about postponing the next night,†3 is simply frenzy.

What I want to be able to do at the Meeting,†4 is to be able to say, at such a time I propose such a trip—at such another time such another trip—at such another time, such another. Derby? Have you made any enquiries about Derby—say, for April?†5 Paxton is the man.

Keep in view the making of the house on Monday night by the Company, if needful.†6

GENERAL BOTHERATION†2

It is impossible to go on with that unfortunate Mr. Keys.†7 I met him in the street the last time I was in town, and told him that if I could ever give him anything to do, I would. But that I saw no means or opening.†8

Pray explain to him that his condition can have nothing to do with him in the character of a Contributor as between us and the public—that whatever goes into the Journal goes in for its own sake, and not through any interest of any sort—otherwise I should make contributors of a Legion of clients, including all my poor relations.

I think this is all at present.

Ever Faithfully

CD

P.S. TO MY LARGE LETTER.†2

Don't lose sight of the Playing at Parliament.†9 I don't see why you took out that allusion to the Hotel de Londres (in the Chamouny paper)†10 as it is a most

respectable house; and the non-gaming house certainly deserves a Lift against the gaming house. It was not quite judicious. What about *Ice*?[†1] It won't do so well bye and bye.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 29 JULY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Ninth July 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Watson. I am quite delighted to think that you are coming to the Play, before it gets any older.[†2] You will find the first three acts of the Comedy rather heavy, I am afraid, but it picks up afterwards. I have always a vicious desire to electrify Mr. Forster (when he is acting) violently, in some sensitive part of his anatomy. I shall be interested in knowing whether you are afflicted with the same cruel aspiration.

There are no Boxes, properly so called; because, as they are very large and would be very expensive, we number the chairs in them as seats. Do you know the Room? There is a certain Royal box, at the end opposite the stage, in the very centre, greatly raised. I have reserved you two seats in the front row *there*. I have also reserved you two seats on the ground, next to the stage—that is to say, where the stage rises immediately before you, with the Orchestra interposed, as in the front row of Stalls at a Theatre. You can choose between these, and let me know (*here*) which you prefer. Or, if you like to ask for me at the Rooms, during the Rehearsal-time on Monday (between 12 and ½ past 2) I will shew you the actual places and you shall decide then. I think, myself, the front of the Royal box on the whole the better place; but it is at the end of the room, and you might like to be nearer. If you like to be close, the other is the better situation.

I am indeed rejoiced to hear of Haldimand.[†3]

I write in haste to save the post, after a hard day's work.

With love to Watson | Ever Dear Mrs. Watson | Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 JULY 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs Wednesday Night, | Thirtieth July, 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I went over to Dover—having no other trip on hand—to see you. Was at the Railway this morning. But could hear nothing of the train you mention in your

note. It is no matter. I had nothing of any moment to say—merely wished to pat you on the back.

I have gone through the No. since returning home. †aAgain†a I observe one or two of the articles in a very slovenly state, both as to the Queen's English and pointing. I have not had time to set them quite right. I wish you would look to the Proof I have sent Greening, to understand what I mean.

The notion I think of trying with Horne, is a kind of adaptation of an old idea I once had (when I was making my name) of a fanciful and picturesque "beauties of England and Wales". For I never look at the grimgriffinhoof†1 "Beauties"†2 without thinking what might be done. I have not told Horne what my general idea is—I have a notion that it might be made a tremendous card for us—but I have proposed to him to come down with me to Chatham after the next play (on my way back) and take certain bits of the Dockyard & fortifications.†3 Don't you think a series of Places, *well* chosen, and described *well*, †awith their peculiarities and popularities thoroughly seized, †awould be a very promising series?—And one that people would be particularly likely to identify with me?—†4

In haste to save the Post

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Over

If I found the Chatham paper come out well, I would cast about for a way of making a splash with it, as a new branch of the H.W. Tree.†5

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE JULY 1851]

Text from F, 1872-4, II, xviii, 409. *Date:* "end of July" according to Forster; but in time for reply and second letter (see next) before CD left for London.

Vague mention of a next book *escaped in a letter at the end of July.*†1

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE JULY-EARLY AUGUST 1851]

Text from F, 1872-4, II, xviii, 409. *Date:* replying probably at once to Forster's reply to last. If Aug, before 4 Aug when CD in London.

Good advice, but difficult: I wish you'd come to us and preach another kind of abstinence. Fancy the Preventive men finding a lot of brandy in barrels on the rocks here, the day before yesterday! Nobody knows anything about the barrels, of course. They were intended to have been landed with the next tide, and to have been just covered at low water. But the water being unusually low, the tops of the barrels became revealed to Preventive telescopes, and descent was made upon the brandy.†2 They are always at it, hereabouts, I have no doubt. And of course B.†3 would not have had any of it. O dear no! certainly not.

To JOHN FORSTER, [SUMMER 1851]

Text from F, VI, iii, 505-6. *Date:* "in this particular summer" (1851), according to Forster, introducing his account of CD's reading (see below).[†4]

By the bye, I observe, reading that wonderful book the *French Revolution*[†5] again, for the 500th time, that Carlyle, who knows everything, don't know what Mumbo Jumbo[†6] is. It is not an Idol. It is a secret preserved among the men of certain

African tribes, and never revealed by any of them, for the punishment of their women. Mumbo Jumbo comes in hideous form out of the forest, or the mud, or the river, or where not, and flogs some woman who had been backbiting, or scolding, or with some other domestic mischief disturbing the general peace. Carlyle seems to confound him with the common Fetish; but he is quite another thing. He is a disguised man; and all about him is a freemasons' secret *among the men.*

I finished the *Scarlet Letter*[†1] yesterday. It falls off sadly after that fine opening scene.[†2] The psychological part of the story is very much overdone, and not truly done I think. Their suddenness of meeting and agreeing to go away together, after all those years,[†3] is very poor, Mr. Chillingworth[†4] ditto. The child out of nature altogether.[†5] And Mr. Dimmisdale certainly never could have begotten her.[†6]

Of the clever story of another popular writer, he wrote The story extremely good indeed; but all the strongest things of which it is capable, missed. It shows just how far that kind of power can go. It is more like a note of the idea than anything else. It seems to me as if it were written by somebody who lived next door to the people, rather than inside of 'em.

To THE HON. SPENCER LYTTELTON, [SUMMER 1851]

Mention in *To* Lyttelton, 9 Oct 51. *Date:* CD implies he had written a month or two before.

August

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 2 AUGUST 1851

Extract in Stan V. Henkels catalogue No. 1249 (1920); *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, Sat 2 Aug 51 (Catalogue mistakenly reads 1857, when CD was at Gad's Hill).

I send you this document, signed, as I see no form of attestation upon it. I suppose no attestation of my signature to be necessary. I am very happy to become one of the Honorary Directors,[†7] and to accept the office you do me the honor of propose to me.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 AUGUST 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Household Words. | Tuesday Fifth August | 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Many thanks for telling me the dinner-hour.

I am sending you Charley's usual papers, I send you also a note from his tutor,[†1]—as I am anxious that you should know as much about him as I do.

Ever dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LORD COCKBURN,[†2] 7 AUGUST 1851

Mention in S. T. Freeman & Co. catalogue No. 960; *MS* 3 pp.; dated London, 7 Aug 51.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 8 AUGUST 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Friday Eighth August 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I spoke to Knight, who seems to take kindly to the idea, and to be prepared to carry it out.[†3] He is now here with his family (I found him in the boat this morning, as I came down)[†4] but purposes being in town for business early next week, and will call on you at your office.

Affectionately Ever
CD.

To JOHN HILLS,[†5] 9 AUGUST 1851

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Ninth August, 1851.

Dear Sir

I have read the Paper on the treatment of Lunatics.[†6]

It is a little too dry and didactic for Household Words, and a little too long besides.[†1] Nor am I quite sure that it would be well to give such a Government as ours, a Monopoly in a question of such magnitude, or that I could make that proposal mine.[†2] But it suggests, and very well puts, considerations of importance, and I am unwilling to reject it if the Author[†3] will give me leave to take some Editorial liberties with it. As I think you told Miss Hogarth that he had some idea of making a Pamphlet of the Article,[†4] and as he might therefore object to its being altered,[†5] I shall not consider it as subject to my discretion unless you should be empowered to give me the assurance that it is so. If it be offered for

publication in Household Words, intact, exactly as it stands, I cannot have the pleasure of accepting it, and will then return it to you with my thanks to the Writer.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hills Esquire.

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 9 AUGUST 1851*

MS Newbery Library, Chicago. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Saturday Ninth August 1851.

My Dear Sir

We have decided on coming to Birmingham with our Play, in February—early in a week, and after the middle of the month. I think it will now be best that I should leave the matter in your hands, and decide to run down to Birmingham, when you may think it expedient with a view to the settlement of the details of our arrangements. I suppose about Christmas would be time enough? But I will regulate my course by your advice, and come to ask for the Town Hall in such season as you recommend.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John T. Lawrence Esquire.

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 9 AUGUST 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Ninth August, 1851.

My Dear Dr. Muspratt.

I have delayed writing to you until after we should have met, and settled our prospective arrangements.

We propose to take Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, in February next, as we find it impracticable to do so before Christmas. At Manchester they will give us the Free Trade Hall free of charge; at Birmingham (I have no doubt) the Town Hall. Our coming to Liverpool at all, must depend on the cost of the room and on its capacity—for if the terms were great, and the room small, it would be necessary for us to go elsewhere; the cost of moving our Theatre, its great value, and our whole object, rendering Rent and space for spectators all-important considerations.

I should not much assist you by giving you the dimensions of our Machinery, as they would be (at a distance) almost inexplicable. The best way would be to send down the Master-Carpenter to look at any proposed place (if the terms could be borne) when you should think it necessary to conclude an

arrangement. The main thing to know, now, is whether we could have the Philharmonic Hall, and what it would cost us. Where Gas is not already introduced, we bring it in from the street: all the fittings for lighting the scenery being a part of the stage and travelling with it. You may suppose that we do not damage floor, wall, or ceiling, when I tell you that the Theatre stood for weeks in the most splendid room in Devonshire House, fitted in the costliest manner—gilded—brocaded—panneled[†1]—pictured—and decorated in the richest way in all possible respects.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt.

To MISS RYLAND,[†2] 9 AUGUST 1851*

MS Mrs Quinney. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Ninth August, 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Miss Ryland, and begs to thank her for her interesting note, and for the graceful translation which his children are now enjoying.[†3] He is not quite sure that the father of English poetry needs any Monument, or that—as Monuments and statues go—a new one would be very much to his honor. But he will consider the subject.[†4]

To W. H. WILLS, 10 AUGUST 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Tenth August 1851.

My Dear Wills. I send you two slight notes for corrections in proofs I have been reading.

In Hannay's Dreadnought,[†1] for Yankees read Americans.[†2]

In the May Festival[†3] of Miss Howitt[†4] (very good) for the Lord's love don't let us have any allusion to the Great Exhibition. Make the first sentence the first paragraph, and then go on with the second paragraph as it stands. Also, substitute Names for those initial letters, Mr. G—and the like.[†5]

I don't know what to write about, in the absence of your Paris-trip notes, but I think of a paper on "Whole Hogs"—Peace Society, Temperance Do., and Vegetarians[†6]—all of whom have lately been making stupendous fools of themselves.[†7]

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 11 AUGUST 1851*

MS Private; seen before destruction in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Monday Eleventh August | 1851.

My Dearest Mamey.

I address my answer to you, as you are the first on the list of signatures to the petition I have received by the faithful hands of the Ocean Spectre.[†8]

You and Katey are always so good, that I am delighted to do anything to please you. You shall both make holiday, if you like, until Rosa[†1] goes away. I am sorry she is going so soon, but I hope she will come again next year.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Yours Miss Dickens.

To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,[†2] [?13 AUGUST 1851]

Extract in George Augustus Sala, *Things I have Seen and People I have Known*, 1894, I, 68. *Date:* mention in *To* Wills, 13 Aug 51.

Saying he had read Sala's "Key of the Street"[†3] *and that he had retained it for early publication. As some of Sala's experiences had been of a nature approaching the horrible, CD had made a few alterations to the manuscript so as not to shock young and lady readers.*[†4]

To W. H. WILLS, 13 AUGUST 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thirteenth August 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I have written to the Author[†5] of the Key of the Street,[†6] accepting his paper.[†7] It is a very remarkable piece of description, and (although there is little fancy in it)

exceedingly superior to the usual run of such writing. I have delicately altered it myself, so as to leave no offence in it whatever. If the young man can write, generally, as well as that, he will be an acquisition to us. I think it quite good enough for a first article—but we will not put it first, for fear we should spoil him in the beginning. *It's sure to tell.* [†a]Will you send him a Proof? George A. Sala, 17 Upper Wellington Street.[†a]

I expect the proof of Whole Hogs tomorrow morning, and will send it back by return.

I am now going at once to do the "Flight to France". I think I shall call it merely "A Flight"[†1]—which will be a good name for a fanciful paper. Let me have your notes by return. Don't fail.

Can you give me any facts about Waste of money at Chatham?[†2] If so—do.

Miss Martineau[†3] all right. Send Howitt his proof to correct.[†4]

You will find (I think) that my other half's invitation refers to next month—when I hope you will be better able to accept it.

[†b]GUILD.[†b]

Lemon will look into all those matters.

[†b]MYSELF.[†b]

I wish, when you can, you would take an opportunity of seeing our friend the Registrar of Merchant Seamen,[†5] and ask him from me whether he is ever acquainted with the individual characters of Australian Emigrant Ships and their Discipline, and could say to me (this is with a view to Miss Coutts's Home) Such a Ship going to sail at such a time, is a good one—Captain may be trusted. If he has such means of knowledge, and would favor me by communicating them (of course in confidence) he could render me just the help we want and do a great deal of good.

Will you send Callaghan twice a week to Devonshire Terrace, to see whether there are [any][†6] letters in the hall or in the garden letter box.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 14 AUGUST 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Fourteenth August | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I don't know whether you may be disposed for another out—of two days?

But I have a desire to go down (by Great Western) to the valley of Stroud in Gloucestershire,[†1] where there is a natural picture I wish to look into.[†2] I am coming to town next Wednesday, and if you should be inclined for so much refreshment and relief, would go by Express on Thursday Morning. Otherwise, not.

Write me a line here.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 14 AUGUST 1851

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourteenth August, 1851. | Thursday

My Dear Bulwer.

I have received the enclosed this morning, from Thomas Miller.[†3] I am afraid it is a case in which no permanent good can be done—I have several times sat upon it when at the Literary Fund,[†4] and I fear he has mistaken his vocation, and is a little impracticable besides—but he seems in great affliction now.[†5] You will see in the letter itself, why I send it to you.[†6]

I hope you are better. The last night was a great night, and the Play went *most gallantly.* We all wished you had been there. I opened the proceedings in the Morning by saying that we must have £3,000, whatever trouble it cost to get it. We then settled to go to Bath and Bristol in November—to Manchester Liverpool and Birmingham in February—to take another expedition (probably Sheffield, Derby, & Newcastle)—in April. Perfect unanimity prevailed and Nobody said Nay to anything.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To AUGUSTUS EGG, [?14 AUGUST 1851]

Mention in next.

Inviting him to Broadstairs.

To FRANK STONE, 14 AUGUST 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourteenth August 1851. | Thursday Evening.

My Dear Stone.

I take it for granted that you are by this time aware that your annual visit here is a thing without which Broadstairs (in sheer astonishment) would be wrecked.

I have written to Augustus Egg (A.R.A.)[†1] and said the same. I have a kind of prejudice in favor of October, because of its wild cool days, and its bright warm evenings, and because you were here last year (not uninterested) when I finished Copperfield. But all times are alike to us, and whatever suits you two, will suit and please

Yours Ever | (and Co.)

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Crampton sends her respectful duty.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 17 AUGUST 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (envelope MS Berg Collection): Henry Austin Esquire | Board of Health | Whitehall | London. PM Aug 17 51. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday August Seventeenth | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I am very sorry to hear that Laetitia is so unwell, but I hope she will get on now, like a house on fire.

Thursday Week will suit me for Stroud Valley, just as well. Will you let me know, in the fulness of time, whether we shall enter into a bond for that day?

Ever affecy.

CD.

To J. M. LANGFORD,[†2] [?17 AUGUST 1851]

Mention in next.

To JOHN BLACKWOOD,[†1] 17 AUGUST 1851*

MS National Library of Scotland.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seveneenth August, 1851.

Dear Sir

I received your letter here, this morning. I shall be in town for a few hours on Wednesday, and have written to Mr. Langford of your London house (who forwarded yours to me) that I will most gladly sign the Memorial that morning. I had a warm regard for Moir,[†2] and am more ready to comply with your request than I can very well express to you.

It is exceedingly kind in you to be so active in the good cause.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Blackwood Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 AUGUST 1851

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seventeenth August, 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I don't see anything to distrust *much,* in Rachel Bradley's[†3] letter—which I retain for the present, to note it in our book.[†4] How she got the "ladies' old clothes" is inscrutable to us, but the state of society is strange and unsettled where she is, and there may be ways and means of proceeding there, that look unlikely to old-world eyes.

After I left Highgate the other day, intending to write to the Australian Merchant I spoke of, it suddenly occurred to me (I cannot conceive how it comes to pass that I never thought of it before) that I knew a certain Commodore Brown[†5] who is officially "The Registrar of Merchant Seamen", and who I thought *must*

know all about the Emigrant Ships: I accordingly wrote to him,[†1] and he sends me this reply.

"I am able and most willing to give exactly the sort of information you want. Whenever you will let me know where you wish to send—when—and how many—I will ascertain at any time which is the best ship, and who is the best Captain, and all other particulars."

I really hope this will relieve you of one of the most troublesome and anxious of the details. He is (as you may suppose from his office) a thoroughly practical man, well acquainted with the whole mercantile service.

Perhaps you will have the kindness, in the matter of Charley, to do just what is most convenient to you.

I begin to be pondering afar off, a new book.[†2] Violent restlessness, and vague ideas of going I don't know where, I don't know why, are the present symptoms of the disorder.

I understand Lord Granville[†3] is to be made the next President of the French Republic.[†4] Have you heard it? Also that Lady Granville[†5] is to go into the French Chamber of Peers, as the first representative of the Rights of Women—and that the Lord Mayor[†6] wants to be naturalized as a French Subject.[†7] This looks bad for England.

I have not heard again from Mr. Dunn.[†8]

Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To A. W. MUNRO,[†9] 18 AUGUST 1851

MS National Library of Scotland. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eighteenth August, 1851.

Sir.

I very much regret that in my absence from London your letter has only just now reached me.

I feel truly flattered and obliged by the compliment you propose to pay me. If I plainly reply that I would rather not accept it, I do so (believe me)—not because I am insensible to it in any way, but because I am always reluctant to occupy that honored place too often, and because I receive so many letters similar to yours.

With sincere thanks, I am Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. W. Munro Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON, 19 AUGUST 1851*

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday Ninteenth August | 1851.

My Dear Thompson

I received your letter here, this morning.

I know Charley Gibbs's[†1] House at Quarto—[†a]I mean Quinto[†a†2]—almost as well as I know the Peschiere itself.[†3] Your better half[†4] I have no doubt saw a Sunset there.[†5] It can be seen to greater advantage nowhere in Italy. The situation is delightful—the garden just large enough, with a beautiful way out to the hills—and your recollection of the iron rails, and the orange trees, and the teagarden dining-room, and the bare camere di letto, is quite accurate. There is a very good Sala, and a little Snuggery inside it, painted as a Landscape—something like a Suburban Dairy—or another tea garden. The bedrooms are very reasonably good. *But*, the furniture (when I was there last) was of the scantiest nature conceivable by the English intellect. I don't think anything was perfect, except a little pair of bellows in one particular chimney—and that is not much, for a family. If the house be in such repair as to keep out the weather, and if you contemplate the hiring of a few things to make the place comfortable, (unless more furniture should have been put into it: which is quite possible) I think you may safely take it on good terms. I should not at all object to it myself, if I were going there, to live out of the City. It is decidedly cheerful. It is not at all a "rambling" house. I would rather have it—as a house—without reference to the bellows—than almost any house I know in that region. It is (for an Italian house) exceedingly compact and well in hand.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I have been in constant communication with Lemon, but he has never spoken

or written to me on, or made any kind of allusion to, the subject to which your Postscript refers. It is entirely new to me, I assure you.[†1]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 22 AUGUST 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Friday Twenty Second August | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I write this note, with a brain addled by severe study of Bradshaw.

It appears indispensable (with a view to the Guild performances) that Lemon and I should go to Bath on Wednesday, and see a man there.[†2] We propose to leave the Paddington Terminus at ¼ past 10 in the morning.

Now, if you can spare three days for our Trip (for I suppose we shall be in town again on Friday afternoon) and will come to Bath with us, as aforesaid, then, we shall only have to come back to Swindon (you and I) on Thursday morning, and thence go on to Stroud. Therefore, if you can accomplish this additional bit of excursion, I propose that we meet at the Paddington Terminus, at *10 on Wednesday*.

But, if you cannot manage that, then I propose that you leave town *for Stroud, on Thursday morning by the Express at 10 minutes before 10.*[†3] On the Platform at Swindon you will in due season behold the intelligent countenance of the undersigned, waiting with a carpet bag to proceed with you to Stroud.

You understand? But try to manage Bath, for it is a pretty place, and Lemon the best of all possible fellows to go out with. Decide, and write me a line here as soon as you can.

I hope Laetitia is quite well again? Best loves.

Ever affecy.

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 AUGUST 1851

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.
On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Second August 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The gentleman to whom the enclosed letter is addressed (I mention this to explain its being addressed to a name you don't know) is my Secretary and Sub Editor at The Household Words, whom the Commodore (who is the writer)

supposes to represent all my affairs in my absence. Will you read it? The Ship mentioned sails, I fear, too soon, and leaves too short an interval for your preparations? I will write to the Commodore again, on the other points of his note, after hearing from you.

Many thanks for the Hieroglyphic Suggestion. It is an excellent subject, but the difficulty in treating it for so large an audience is to find any one well acquainted with it, who has the power of sufficiently popularizing it: I hope, however, that I can discover the man.[†1]

The Government will do with those Irish Ruffians,[†2] exactly what it did with Puseyism—interfere, feebly, when the mischief is done.[†3] I feel quite certain that but for the laisser-aller dealing with the Candlestick and Confessional matters, we never should have got to this pass—for the Pope was made, through that medium, to believe that there was a tendency towards him in England which does not exist—and presumed upon it—and went too far to retract.[†4] *Now*, a War between the Roman Catholic Religion—that curse upon the world—and Freedom, is inevitable.[†5] And numbers of people of the better order of sense and spirit are so indignant with the Protestant Church for its indolent temporizing and its miserable internal squabbles, that they have lost their natural interest in the struggle. I cannot tell you how strongly I am confirmed, when I reflect upon all this, in my unvarying faith that Reform is the only true Preservation. If we had had a bold Government, boldly setting right the abuses in the Church, twenty years ago, its strength at this moment would have been Sampson's[†6] to General Tom Thumb's[†7]—and if the

Universities had been forced to adjust themselves to the character of the times, we never should have had to bless Oxford for the intolerable enormity it has dug out of the mire.[†1]

Terrible things will be done and suffered, before we get out of *this* trouble. I believe it will produce the last, great, long, direful War of the world.

Charley is down at Watson's in Northamptonshire, for a fortnight.[†2] If you should not have gone abroad when he comes back, I will present him. He is very much grown—an excellent boy at home, and as good to his brothers and sisters as if he had never been away. All he wants, is a habit of perseverance. With that, he could do any thing. He wants it as a fixed purpose and habit of his nature. He gets on at Eton, with credit, so easily that he merely takes short rides on his Pegasus and jumps off again, when he ought to be putting him at great leaps.

I am going to send Walter[†3] (the Cadet) at Christmas, to a Mr. Trimmer[†4] at Putney who educates expressly for Addiscombe and India. I don't think he is so clever as Charley, but he is a very steady amiable boy, of a good reliable capacity, and brings exalted certificates from Mr. King.

You will write to me about the ship? I presume you will prefer the next good one after this mentioned in the note?

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 22 AUGUST 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Second August 1851. | Friday

My Dear Wills. I want the enclosed change made, in the work of the World.[†5]

The introduction to Soldiers' Wives[†6] must be entirely re-written, and should be a plain and earnest representation of an obvious impropriety.[†7] Pray take out of the Correspondent's part the passage about "quivering at the smell of gin"—which makes *me* shudder from head to foot, in its unspeakable badness.[†8]

The Whitsuntide Festival is so horribly maudlin and washy, that nothing can be done with it.[†9]

I want a great paper done, on the distribution of Titles in England. It would be a very remarkable thing to take the list of the House of Peers, the list of Baronets and

Knights, and (without personality) divide the more recent titles into classes and ascertain what they were given *for*. How many chemists, how many men of science, how many writers, how many aldermen

How much intellect represented.

How much imagination.

How much learning.

How much expression of the great progress of the country—How much of Railway construction, of Electric Telegraph discovery, of improvements in Machinery, of any sort of contribution to the happiness of mankind. How much soldiering. How much Law.

I think this well done, would make a prodigious impression. And if you can get a powerful array of the facts together, plainly stated for my use, *I* will do the Paper, and (I feel confident) with great advantage to us, and to the question.[†1]

What is Brown's address? Is he Commodore or what? Tell me and I will write to him.[†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To M. D. HILL, 23 AUGUST 1851*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Third August 1851.

My Dear Sir

I think the subject you kindly mention, a very interesting one, and highly desirable to be explained to the public. I shall be very glad indeed to have a paper on it from your hand.[†3]

I have had a long letter from Ld. Brougham, and have confided the subject, with special instructions, to a safe hand.[†4]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

M. D. Hill Esquire

(Over)

I was very glad indeed, to see your just and gallant letter in behalf of Macconnochie.[†5] Between ourselves, I wish to Heaven he would do more himself

with a continuous and steady energy, and keep his wife[†1] quiet. It strikes me she is a rock ahead—means well, I have no doubt—but is so accursedly strong minded.[†2]

To WILLIAM LOADEN, [23 AUGUST 1851]

Mention in next.

To FRANK STONE, 23 AUGUST 1851

MS Benoliel Collection.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Saturday Twenty Third August | 1851.

My Dear Stone.

A "dim wision" occurs to me, arising out of your note—also presents itself to the brain of my other half.

Supposing you should find, on looking onward, a possibility of your being houseless at Michaelmas, what do you say to using Devonshire Terrace as a temporary encampment? It will not be in its usual order, but we would take care that there should be so much useful furniture of all sorts there, as to render it unnecessary for you to move a stick. If you should think this is a convenience, then I should propose to you to pile your furniture in the middle of the rooms at Tavistock House, and go out to Devonshire Terrace two or three weeks *before* Michaelmas, to enable my workmen to commence their operations. This might be to our mutual convenience and therefore I suggest it. Certainly the sooner I can begin on Tavistock House the better. And possibly your going into Devonshire Terrace, would relieve you from a difficulty that might otherwise be perplexing.[†3]

I make the suggestion (I need not say to *you*) solely on the chance of its being useful to both of us. If it were merely convenient to me, you know I shouldn't dream of it. Such an arrangement, while it would

cost you nothing, would perhaps enable you to get your new house into order comfortably—and do exactly the same thing for me.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

PS. I anticipated your suggestion, some weeks ago. When I found I couldn't build a stable, I said I ought to have permission to take the piece of ground into my garden—which was conceded. Loaden writes me this morning, that he thinks he can get permission to build a Stable one story high, without a chimney. I reply that on the whole I would rather enlarge the garden than build a stable with those restrictions.

To E. M. WARD, 23 AUGUST 1851

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Twenty Third August, 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am very sincerely obliged to you for your kind note, and for the beautiful mark of your remembrance accompanying it.[†1] Pray accept my earnest thanks, and confide in my assurance that I shall prize it highly, always.

We hope to see you and Mrs. Ward,[†2] frequently, when we come back to town. It will give us great pleasure to improve the opportunity the "Guild" has given us.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 AUGUST 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Twenty Fourth August | 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

You put me in despair. I cannot possibly write the particulars of the Ship,[†1] to Mrs. Morson, because I don't know them. You have not returned me the letter in which they are stated!

If there were any means of sending this to you by Railway (to facilitate your communicating with Mrs. Morson) I would send it so; but there is no train until late in the afternoon. You would not receive my letter so certainly as by the Post, and it could reach you very little (if any) sooner.

I am going to Bath on Tuesday, but purpose being here again by Saturday, and shall be delighted to bid you good bye at Folkestone,[†2] if you will give me a day or two's notice of your coming there.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts, | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 24 AUGUST 1851

Extract in *Lettres Autographes composant La Collection de M. Alfred Bovet, Paris*, 1887; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 24 Aug 51; addressed Dr. Sheridan Muspratt à Liverpool. On mourning paper.

I wish I could be there to meet Baron Liebig,[†3] one of the greatest men in Europe, and in whom I am (as who is not?) most strongly interested.[†4] But I can only feel proud at a distance, to know that I have the honour to number him among my readers.

To HENRY CAREY,[†5] [26 AUGUST 1851]

Mention (envelope only) in Anderson Auction Co. catalogue No. 1012 (1913); addressed Henry Carey Esq. | Burlington, | U.S. of America; postmarked 26 Aug 51.

To MADAME CELESTE, [26 AUGUST 1851]

Mention in *To* Stone, 26 Aug 51.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 AUGUST 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday Twenty Sixth August 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

If your former letter reduced me to despair, your registered letter, enclosing £40 and received this morning, drives me to my wits' end. The Ship sailed to Gravesend yesterday, and leaves Gravesend tomorrow morning. I don't know what to do—*can*[†1] do nothing! If I were not going to Bath tomorrow morning (as I am) I should still be quite incapable of arranging the matter in the time. Nor have I the least idea (as you don't tell me anything about it) whether Mrs. Morson knows they are going. In a word, I never was so bewildered, mystified, stupified, and stunned. It appears to me that my only course is to put the £40 in my desk, and conclude that the girls will go by the next available ship, until I hear from you.

My condition is truly deplorable.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To FRANK STONE, 26 AUGUST 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Office of Household Words. | Tuesday Twenty Sixth August 1851.

My Dear Stone

I received your note this morning, before I came away. Tomorrow morning I am going to Bath—but, about the middle of next week (when my tenant will have gone out and Devonshire Terrace will be mine again) I shall be in town.

I am now going to dine with Charles Knight, at the Rainbow in Fleet.[†2] I have written a note to Celeste for a box at the Adelphi[†3] after dinner. I suppose there is pretty safe to be one vacant. But in the hope of seeing you, I will leave word here, where I am for the evening, in case you don't appear at the Rainbow.

Ever Affecy.

CD

To W. H. WILLS, [?28-29 AUGUST 1851]

Mention in *To* Wills, 31 Aug. *Date:* written from Stroud, which CD visited on 28 Aug, probably staying until the 29th (*To* Austin, 22 Aug).

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 30 AUGUST 1851*

Text from private owner's typescript.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thirtieth August, 1851.

My dear Dr. Muspratt.

Baron Liebig makes me proud. I read your reply on his behalf and thought it complete.

We must pay the fifty guineas.[†1] I hope in about a month to be able to fix a night in February, and communicate it.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Is there any night desirable to be avoided?

To FRANK STONE, 30 AUGUST 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Frank Stone Esquire | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Saturday Thirtieth August | 1851.

My Dear Stone.

I don't think (judging from your note) that you or Mrs. Hawkes[†2] understand that I propose to keep a trustworthy person in the house myself—always—who would be as careful of any furniture left there, as anyone in the world could be. It would be infinitely more convenient to us, to have our own servant there than to have Mrs. Hawkes's, because upholsterers and other people will be perpetually coming backwards and forwards, who will have to be instructed about measurements and so forth, and who could only take their instructions from someone quite possessed of our plans. As you know the regularity and precision with which the domestic affairs of a certain "Inimitable" creature are usually conducted, you will be able to assure Mrs. Hawkes that my servant would be in all things quite as reliable as her own, and that I should make an especial trust of such of her possessions as she might leave in the house. Whereas it would be, both an inconvenience and an unnecessary expence to me, to employ her people.

If Mrs. Hawkes could have her movables arranged in the middle of any room or rooms, so that we could get at the walls if we desired it, while they were still there[†3]—and would trust the keys of that room or of those rooms to me—I would take care

that no one had access to those places but in the presence of my servant. She may rely that if they were caskets of jewels that she left, they should be carefully preserved, and rendered up to her exactly as she left them.

Do you know how long she may probably desire shelter for these chattels? I only ask, to know what grace I may extend to the Carpet Makers.

I will come to you *on*[†1] *Thursday next, at 5 o'clock.* Kate will come to town with me, and will be happy to do anything to satisfy Mrs. Hawkes, and to accommodate and please us all. She[†2] hopes to see Mrs. Stone when I see you, and to tell her that Devonshire Terrace is perfectly at your service on Saturday.

Affectionately always

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 31 AUGUST 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Thirty First August | 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I postpone the History of England.[†3] I have not received your answer to my enquiry from Stroud, but decide to do so.

It was injudicious to make the paper on Seals,[†4] a Chip. It was quite important enough to stand alone, and ought to have stood alone.[†5]

Animal Magnetism, still quite out of the question.[†6]

Morley's paper[†7] to begin with what I return of his MS, and to have the little word "can", inserted where I have put it in the enclosed slip. I do not understand why he has taken no notice of that Red Republicanism manifested among the papers sent to him.[†8] But it is no matter.

The Witness[†9] is so extremely personal, that it will not do without considerable alteration. Besides which the Writer seems incapable of attaching importance to anything. How can a man be such an Ass,[†10] as to put the Roman Catholic attempt against the progress of the World[†11]—the public health—and Mr. Jacob Bell[†12]—all on the same footing!

I had no proof of the Flying Artist,[†1] until it was in the No. It is objectionable, I think, for reasons I will point out to you when I come to town[†2]—either on Wednesday or Thursday.

The Gallop for Life is so surprisingly good that (in the absence of any social paper of decided merit) it must go first in the No.[†3] I do not think I shall do anything for this No. If I should change my mind tomorrow, I will write tomorrow.[†4]

What has become of the Alice-and-the-Angel man, whose name I always forget?[†5]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

September

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 1 SEPTEMBER 1851

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, 1 Sep 51.

CD had put the book away so carefully that he lost it . . . was obliged for the offer of the house[†6] *but* our part in Devonshire Terrace is sufficient *from September onwards.* | *Pills are a wonderful medicine* "no family should be without" them.[†7] *Will bring a box for Knight and a copy of the prescription.*

To W. H. WILLS, 2 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday Second September 1851.

My Dear Wills. I am pledged to go to Dover tomorrow, to meet Miss Coutts on her way abroad,[†8] but I hope to be at the office before Eleven on Thursday morning.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MRS MARSH, 3 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Private. *Address:* Mrs Marsh | Eastbury | near | Watford | Herts. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday Third September 1851.

My Dear Madam

I have read your tale[†1] with considerable interest, and have been honestly affected by it. The suggestions I shall venture to make, will not (I hope) offend you, or induce you in the least to doubt the estimation in which I hold it.

It is indispensable that the threads of a story *so published,* should be brought closely together. The introduction is too long,[†2] and in many places the dialogue needs abbreviation. I would shorten it more especially in the first scene between Matty and the two sisters[†3]—in the scene between Ella and her father[†4]—and in the scene between Ella and the narrator at last.[†5] What might not be long in a book, is very long in a more detached form.

In reference to the religious character of the tale[†6] (and in what you say in your note, on that subject, I entirely concur) I would merely observe that it requires to be managed with great circumspection—not, as I think, because of an audacious indifference on the part of readers in general to religion, but because it most unfortunately happens that the profession of it is so often substituted for the practice, that people shrink from *talk about it.* They do unfortunately see, on occasions when great religious professors make public appearances, such a substitution of the letter for the Spirit, that they become suspicious and antagonistic; and it becomes more than ever important to enquire—not whether the religious advice we may wish to give, be good and true (of which we are already satisfied) but whether it be given with the least danger of awakening a not unnatural or unsubstantial prejudice, and consequently with the greatest hope of being useful.

In this point of view, I rather doubt your management of Matty,[†7] and would most decidedly omit her enthusiasm about the charity school.[†8] I feel satisfied that it is not likely to do good.

I have a confidence that you will not so far misunderstand me as to suppose that in these remarks I am laying down the law as an authority therein. I am merely hinting at my own individual opinions.

It is very possible that you may by no means agree with me, and may not like to alter the story by such omissions as I generally suggest. I would make them myself with the greatest anxiety to make them with the utmost care, if you would like me

to do so.[†1] But I will do nothing until you favor me with your reply. And pray let me add that while I should be sorry to lose so affecting and powerful a story, I do not for a moment question your right to withdraw it in all good humour and courtesy, if you cannot, on consideration, allow any weight to my objections.

My Dear Madam | With great regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Marsh.

To [?GEORGE] BARCLAY,[†2] 5 SEPTEMBER 1851

Text from N, II, 340.

5th. September 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens's compliments to Mr. Barclay, and begs to say that the enclosed article[†3] may now go to press as he has no more corrections to make in it.

To T. A. FAIRS,[†4] 5 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS (Wills's hand)[†5] Mr J. C. Reid.

Office of Household Words | 5 Septr 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Fairs and begs to thank him for the suggestion contained in his letter of the 30th. Ult.; & which shall not be lost sight of.[†6]
T. A. Fairs Esq

To FRANK STONE, 5 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Fifth September 1851.

My Dear Stone.

It was so late when I saw Loaden, that I was obliged to run away to Shepherd's Bush, and my Virgin charges there.

He says I may safely pay the money on a mere agreement for a Lease[†7] (to be solemnly concluded at leisure, when Dukes'[†8] Lawyers and other great Lights shall

be in town), and that he will endeavour to get that done immediately, that I may go to work with a steady mind.

You will be here on Monday, of course.

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 7 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Seventh September 1851.

My Dear Laetitia.

Will you forward the enclosed by the next post to Henry, if (as I suppose you do) you know where he is? I can't send any body into my new house to do any work until I hear from him—and, not hearing from him, am rapidly going distracted.

Kate, Georgina, and the children, unite in kindest loves to you and mother.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Henry Austin

To HENRY AUSTIN, 7 SEPTEMBER 1851

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Seventh September | 1851.

My Dear Henry. I am in that state of mind which you may (once) have seen described in the newspapers, as "bordering on distraction"—the house given up to me, the fine weather going on (soon to break, I dare say), the Painting season oozing away, my new book waiting to be born, and

NO WORKMEN ON THE PREMISES[†1]

along of my not hearing from you!! I have torn all my hair off, and constantly beat my unoffending family.

Wild notions have occurred to me of sending in my own Plumber to do the Drains. Then I remember that you have probably written to prepare *your* man, and restrain my audacious hand. Then Stone presents himself, with a most exasperatingly mysterious visage, and says that a Rat has appeared in the Kitchen, and it's his opinion (Stone's—not the Rat's) that the Drains "want compo-ing."[†2]—for the use of which explicit language, I could fell him without remorse. In my horrible desire to "compo" everything, the very postman becomes my enemy because he brings no letter from you, and, in short, I don't see what's to become of me unless I hear from you tomorrow. Which I have not the least expectation of doing.

Going over the house again, I have materially altered the plans—abandoned conservatory and front balcony—decided to make Stone's Painting Room the drawing room (it is nearly six inches higher than the room below) to carry the entrance passage right through the house to a back door leading to the garden, and

so reduce the once-intended drawing room, now school-room, to a manageable size—making a door of communication between the new drawing room and the study. Curtains and Carpets, on a scale of awful splendor and magnitude are already in preparation, and still—still—

NO WORKMEN ON THE PREMISES.†1

To pursue this theme is madness. Where are you? When are you coming home? Where is *the* man who is to do the work? Does he know that an army of artificers must be turned in at once, and the whole thing finished out of hand? O rescue me from my present condition. Come up to the scratch, I entreat and implore you!

I send this to Laetitia, to forward.
Being, as you well know why,
Completely floored by N.W.I.

Sleep

I hope you may be able to read this. My state of mind does not admit of coherence.

Ever affectionately

CD.

P.S. NO WORKMEN ON THE PREMISES!†1

Ha! Ha! ha! (I am laughing demoniacally)

To HENRY AUSTIN, 8 SEPTEMBER 1851†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, | Monday | Eighth September 1851.

My Dear Henry.

Your letter, received this morning, has considerably allayed the anguish of my soul. Our letters crossed, of course. Letters under such circumstances always do.

I quite agree in the William Cubitt†2 suggestion—assuming it to be worth his while to undertake a business which involves so little in the brick and mortar way, and so much in the painting and papering departments.

Thursday will suit me admirably, and I hope would lead to the men being actively at work on the following Monday Morning. Your time will of course be mine. If you propose earlier than half past eleven, I will come up on the Wednesday night. If not earlier, I can come up on the Thursday Morning. *You will arrange for our being met there, by the builder?* There will be papers to chose, and colors. Perhaps he should know that.

Kate, who was in a state of despair, has greatly recovered since the receipt of your note this morning, and begins to think that we *shall* have a house after all.

A great to do here. A steamer lost on the Goodwin yesterday, and our men

bringing in no end of dead cattle and sheep.[†1] I stood a supper for them last night, to the unbounded gratification of Broadstairs. They came in from the Wreck, very wet and tired, and very much disconcerted by the nature of their prize—which I suppose after all will have to be re-committed to the Sea, when the hides and tallow are secured.[†2] One lean-faced boatman murmured, when they were all ruminative over the bodies as they lay on the Pier, "Couldn't Sassages be made on it?"—but retired in confusion shortly afterwards, overwhelmed by the execrations of the bystanders.

You will write me one line more, informing me positively of our time of meeting at Tavistock House?

Ever affectionately

CD.[†3]

P.S. If you should not receive this in time to reply, or if I should not hear from you to the contrary, or receive any other appointment from you, I will be at Tavistock House at half past eleven on Thursday.
Henry Austin Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 9 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

No. 2.[†4]

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday Ninth September 1851.

My Dear Wills

Since I closed my other letter,[†5] I have remembered to ask you if you will ask that gardener you mentioned,[†6] to send some competent person to meet me at Tavistock House at 2 on Thursday (with a view to seeing the ground and making an estimate of expence), and first to go to Devonshire Terrace, and see whether the greater part of the shrubs &c in the garden, can be transplanted. I put them all there, and don't want to leave them there.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To F. W. TOPHAM, 10 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Mr T. A. G. Pocock. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth September 1851.

My Dear Topham.

You will probably receive an official note soon after this if not before it, but (for fear you should act on a wrong impression) I scratch these words to let you know that I believe the Bath and Bristol days will be the 10th. and 12th. of November.[†1]

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 11 SEPTEMBER 1851

MS British Museum.

Office of Household Words | Thursday Eleventh September 1851.

My Dearest Kate. I have had a perfectly tremendous day with Henry Austin. He thought it best to go over the whole place in detail with only me, and to make plans and statements of all the alterations (which he did with infinite trouble) and to make his own estimate, and see Cubitt himself tomorrow. He proposes to offer him a month to do it in, and says it should be well done within a week of that time. We shall get a broad notion of the expence (I hope) before I leave for Broadstairs tomorrow.—I quake, I must say.

You can hardly imagine, even in the midst of the dirt and desolation, the effect upon the house of the windows being open and the dirty blinds gone![†2] Of the bow in the drawing room, and of the general air of the room, I cannot speak in terms of sufficient praise. I almost begin to doubt whether the back room on the second floor which we once intended for Mamey and Katey, will not be the best room for us. It is half as large again as the front one,—with an outside place on the top of the drawing room bow, just like that outside the Devonshire Terrace nursery, to which I have ordered the wirework to be fitted. You shall decide.

I think it will be best for you in a week or so, to come up with me for a few hours and choose the paperings.

Think of the Stones not having gone to Devonshire Terrace until today,—and of course of Josephine's[†1] not having come in to Tavistock House!! Think of all the broken birdcages in the world, sticking in all the broken chairs, with their legs uppermost—and you will have a faint idea of their "moving"—not including the dust.

Talfourd comes down with me. See that Georgina's room is made as comfortable as possible, with any little garniture that can be ingeniously got into it—a larger washing stand—table with ample writing materials—the books upon it, the Scarlet letter,[†2] and Sydney Smith's lectures on Moral Philosophy.[†3]

You will bring the little carriage to meet the cheap Express. Dinner at ½ past 5.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To [MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS], [?MID-SEPTEMBER 1851]

Mention in Pickering & Chatto, *The Book Lovers Leaflet* No. 13 (1888); *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs; on mourning paper. *Date:* possibly ordering the set of his books he promised to Austin on 21 Sep 51; if so, then probably a week or so before then.

Ordering a set of his works.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 14 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Huntington Library.

Broadstairs | Sunday Fourteenth September 1851.

My Dear Henry. Kate and I will meet you at Tavistock House, at ½ *past 11 on Tuesday,* and we will then go round to Cubitts, all three together, at any hour you may appoint with that Potentate.

I am afraid that the enclosed letter from Mr. Cardale[†4] shews him to entertain views concerning the right of way, which will disable me from taking the lane into my garden[†5]—though no doubt I could polish it up, and exchange the wall for iron rails. The best thing will be for us to see him on Tuesday (I write him to that effect) and to get the best concession we can. In the meantime, in case the Workmen

should begin taking the wall down, I send a Messenger to town *this day,* with instructions that it is not to be touched until your further orders.

Many thanks

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. B. CARDALE, [14 SEPTEMBER 1851]

Mention in last.

To F. M. EVANS, [?16 SEPTEMBER 1851]

Text from N, II, 350. *Date:* CD's books were packed up by 26 Sep (*To* Smith, that day); the only Tues in Sep when he was in London was the 16th.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday

My Dear Evans,

Will you have the kindness to let me have eight pulls of this,[†1] with the corrections, by 9 *tomorrow morning.*

Eeles's[†2] people are now here, putting my books into a perfect fortification or barricade of tea chests.

Faithfully always

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [?JAMES BALLARD],[†3] 17 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Miss Dora L. Tattam and Miss Gladys Waterer.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday 17th. September 1851.

Mr. Dickens begs to have dinner prepared on *Thursday the 18th. for 15 persons at 5 o'Clock.* The party will bring some fish with them.[†4]

To WILLIAM J. CLEMENT,[†1] 18 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eighteenth September 1851.

Dear Sir

Our friend Mr. Justice Talfourd has written me the enclosed note, which I hope will be my sufficient excuse for addressing you.

I have a misgiving that your audience would be scarcely large enough to justify the expences of so long an excursion for our numerous body and our bulky machinery. But I may be wrong, and should be very happy to find that I am so.

Can you do me the favor to let me know where we should play in Shrewsbury if we played there at all—what the dimensions of the place are—what its capacity of accommodation is—what prices you think might be charged on such an occasion—and whether the local feeling would be likely to be very strongly interested.

I should explain to you that our own Theatre has been made at a great expence, with Scenery and so forth made expressly for the purpose by the first artists of the time, and that we shall usually erect it in a large public room—as in the Town Hall at Birmingham, the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, the Philarmonic Hall at Liverpool—and not in a Theatre. Where there is no very large room, it *could* be erected as a Theatre within a Theatre. In that case, it would be desirable to know what charge would be made for rent.

If you can enlighten me at your leisure on these particulars, I will communicate with the Honorary Secretary, and return you an official reply.[†2]

Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

W. J. Clement Esquire

To MRS MORSON, 18 SEPTEMBER 1851

Text transcribed by Prof. Edgar Johnson from MS then in possession of Maurice Inman Inc.

Broadstairs, Kent | Eighteenth September 1851

Dear Mrs. Morson,

There are some things in the enclosed notice, which I must get you to insert, with Mrs. Scott's[†3] assistance.

The name of the Parish in which the house is situated, I don't know.[†4] The amount of the rent, I am not sure of—I think it is £60.[†5] The annual value I know

nothing about. Nor the amount at which it is rated to the Poor.[†1] Each of these heads has a column for itself, you will see. Fill them up, with Mrs. Scott's aid, and then return the paper to the proper officer.

If I had any control over the Australian ships, you would not be troubled with our young friends an hour. Not having the least, I can't help you. It is arranged that I am to be informed when the first recommendable one sails.[†2] And the moment I receive such intelligence I will write to you.

Its coming is so uncertain, and is so likely (I think) to take us by surprise, that I would recommend you on the whole *not* to go to your little boy until we have got rid of these girls. If it should by any remote possibility happen that you were wanted for such a purpose when you were not on the spot, I think it might damage you with Miss Coutts.

I am investigating a Ragged School case that I think may turn out well. If it should appear advisable to be taken, I will write the necessary instructions to you of course.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Morson.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 19 SEPTEMBER 1851†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Friday Nineteenth September | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

Mr. Cardale is particularly anxious, with a view to the prevention of otherwise-possible nuisances, that the wall enclosing the lane, should be made "flush" with the front of my house.[†3] I believe that is already your intention, and that it is hardly necessary for me to write this.

[†a]I am perpetually wandering (in fancy) up and down the house, and tumbling over the workmen. When I feel that they are gone to dinner, I become low. When I look forward to their total abstinence on Sunday, I am wretched. The gravy at dinner has a taste of glue in it. I smell paint in the Sea. Phantom lime

attends me all day long. I dream that I am a carpenter, and can't partition off the hall. I frequently dance (with a distinguished company) in the drawing room, and fall into the Kitchen for want of a pillar.[†a]

Ever affectionately

CD.

P.S. I have asked Cardale whether Cubitts people had not better level and enclose

all the three new gardens at once. The expence is to be afterwards divided between him, Stone, and me.[†1]

To J. B. CARDALE, [19 SEPTEMBER 1851]

Mention in next.

To FRANK STONE, 19 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Nineteenth September 1851.

My Dear Stone. I have had a conference with Mr. Cardale—quite satisfactory and neighbourly in all respects—in which he proposed our entering into the enclosed agreement.[†2] If you should not have contemplated the extension of your own garden, I shall be quite ready to pay the expense of lengthening your wall. If you should think the advantage you gain, sufficient to compensate for your paying the cost of that alteration yourself, well and good. There is no fear of our falling out about it.[†3] In either case (as this is matter private to ourselves) will you sign the agreement and return it to Mr. Cardale? I shall suggest to him that Cubitts men, now working for me, had better do the garden-lengthening work for all the three houses at once.

I enclose a note from Mr. Cardale, also, for you to read. I have replied to it that I quite consent to the front court alteration and to his retaining the direction as to its being kept in order[†4]—and that I am sure I may answer for you too.

Ever affectionately

CD

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 SEPTEMBER 1851

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Twenty First September | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

It is quite clear we could do nothing else with the Drains than what you have done. Will it be at all a heavy item in the Estimate?

If there be the *least* chance of a necessity for the pillar, let us have it. Let us dance in peace, whatever we do, and only go into the kitchen by the staircase.

Have they cut the door between the drawing room and study yet? The foreman will let Shoolbreds[†1] know when that feat is accomplished.

O!—And did you tell him of another brass ventilator in the dining room, opening into the dining room flue?

I don't think I shall come to town until you want to shew me progress. Whenever that may be, I shall look forward to another dinner. And I think we must encourage the Oriental,[†2] for the goodness of its wine.

Will you post the Hop Report[†3] to the office? Wills has my instructions about it.

I am getting a complete set of a certain distinguished Author's works prepared for a certain distinguished Architect[†4]—which I hope he will accept, as a slight though very inadequate—&c &c—affectionate—&c—so heartily and kindly taking so much interest—&c &c.

Loves to Laetitia

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 21 SEPTEMBER 1851†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Wait answer. | Frank Stone Esquire | Tavistock House. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, | Sunday Twenty First September | 1851.

My Dear Stone.

My "tate o' peel"[†5] on the subject of the garden walls, is this. Mr. Cardale seems a very good sort of man, but is evidently "fussy"—and on the whole I did not anticipate getting his consent to the lane retraction (though an obvious improvement to his property) so easily. I was therefore very glad to take it on his terms—the rather as I apprehend the expence of the walls will be very slight; there being so many bricks on the spot, available on the pulling down of the old wall. Now, having arranged with him and ventured to say that I was sure I could answer for you, I should fail a little in his confidence if the question were re-opened. Therefore I wish you would sign the agreement. But, I anticipated what you say about your short term, and therefore proposed, and still propose, to leave your third an open question between yourself and me, which we can arrange—either when you see your way more clearly to the purchase of the house, or at any other convenient

time. I do not propose (for that would be presuming on our friendship) to pay anything that you ought to pay, but I am truly desirous that you should not pay a shilling unreasonably, for my convenience. Sign the

agreement—leave me to pay the two thirds now—and we will examine the nicer merits of the question whenever you like. I am quite aware that I sacrifice a little to Mr. Cardale, but I think the improvement amply worth it.[†1]

The last clause of your letter in reference to the conservation of the front court is perfectly right, and so distinctly agreed among us.[†2]

Would it not be worth your while to make some agreement with Robins for being allowed something of your three years rent in the purchase money, if you should buy the house? For I think you could buy it pretty easily, by joining a Building Society.[†3]

I am quite distressed that Mrs. Hawkes should be in tribulation, and I cannot conceive why Josephine didn't accept the key—unless she declined with some superstitious remembrance of Blue Beard. Kate writes to her by this post with the following directions—That when the workmen are not in that little room, she is to keep it locked. And that when they *are* there, she or her husband is to be there too. She now understands that there are valuables there, and that she is to guard them quietly, with the utmost care.

I have not found anything to speak of, requiring to be done in the house beyond our first calculation—except the drains. They are very big and very dirty; and we have decided to lay down the tubular drainage instead. Your friend the Rat[†4] (assisted by his family and several friends) had eaten a few bricks from under the sink, and made his entrance that way.

[†a]You never saw such a sight as the Sands between this and Margate presented yesterday. This day fortnight a steamer laden with cattle going from Rotterdam to the London Market, was wrecked on the Goodwin—on which occasion by the bye, the coming in at night of our Salvage Luggers laden with dead cattle which were hoisted up upon the pier, where they lay in heaps, was a most picturesque and striking sight. The sea since Wednesday has been very rough, blowing in straight upon the land. Yesterday, the shore was strewn with hundreds of oxen, sheep, and pigs (and with bushels upon bushels of apples) in every state and stage of decay—burst open, rent asunder, lying with their stiff hoofs in the air, or with their great ribs yawning like the wrecks of ships—tumbled and beaten out of shape, and yet with a horrible sort of goblin humanity about them. Hovering among these carcases was every kind of water-side plunderer, pulling the horns out, getting the hides off, chopping the hoofs with pole axes &c &c attended by no end of donkey carts, and spectral horses with scraggy necks, galloping wildly up and down as if

there were something maddening in the stench. I never beheld such a demoniacal business![†a†1] And if you had seen Horne facetiously flying from one carcass, tumble over another, you would have laughed yourself as faint as his wife, Georgina, and I, did.

Best remembrances from all, to all in Devonshire Terrace

Ever Affectionately My dear Stone

CD

Over

I don't trouble you with a note when I want anything taken away—as the bookshelves for example, which I suppose the Pantechnicon people have fetched. You will take it for granted that its all right.

To FRANK STONE, 23 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday Twenty Third September | 1851.

My Dear Stone.

Mr. Cardale (I take it) couldn't very well make duplicates of that document,[†2] without knowing, first, that we would sign it. I assume it to be quite sure that he will make one now for each of us with his signature attached. If he should not do so in a day or two, I shall have no hesitation whatever in asking him for that exchange. But I think it would have been sharp practice to assume that he was going to take any but the plain and usual business-course.

Ever affectionately

CD

O Heaven, such a morning!—The brightness of it!—

To HENRY AUSTIN, 24 SEPTEMBER 1851

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs. | Wednesday Twenty Fourth September | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

Calm in my great confidence in you—sedate—even cheerful—I shall remain here, until summoned to behold the Works.

I perfectly understand the enclosed plan, and consider the idea of the second recess, an inspiration. It had better be a cupboard, as it will then contain a useful article of crockery. [†a]Unless that would be an expence. If so, only a recess in the bookcase for uniformity's sake.[†a]

The bookcase not yet being begun, I have directed the maker to come to you at

Whitehall, to have the alteration explained to him. Thinking it may save you trouble to have the plan, I enclose it. Will you tell him:

1st. To make the top of the bookcase flat, to stand casts on.

2nd. Whether the two sliding doors—one to the cupboard, and one to the drawing room—(supposing two—but you decide that) are to be faced with real shelves, or with imitation backs of books. If

the latter, he is to apply to me for instructions as to the binding and lettering of the said fictitious volumes.[†1]

I have arranged with Mr. Cardale and Stone, that Cubitt's people at work for us, shall level the additional ground for all three gardens, and make the walls and gates—using, as far as practicable, our old bricks. Will you give this direction, and let that little job be the subject of a separate bill, for the convenience of our afterwards dividing it among us?

I give the Pantechnicon man a card of mine addressed to you, as an introduction of himself.

Ever affectionately

CD.

P.S. Mrs.

HAWKES'S[†2]

property I have told Josephine to keep her eye on. I hope it will be taken away this week, but am bound to make the best of it, as she pitched her goods into confusion, to accommodate me.

P.P.S. The name of that forgotten pass over the Alps, Sir, is the

S.P.L.U.E.G.A.N.[†3]

(I ought to have put the e before the u, but never mind)

[†b]Is the Rat dead?[†b]

To WILLIAM J. CLEMENT, 24 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Private.

Broadstairs, Kent | Twenty Fourth September | 1851.

My Dear Sir.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your very hospitable letter, and beg (both on my own behalf and on that of Mrs. Dickens) to thank you and Mrs. Clement, warmly.

I hope we may be able to arrange for a performance at Shrewsbury. Early in November, we go to Bath and Bristol. We then do nothing until February, when we purpose playing at Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. The *exact nights* for that trip, I cannot arrange until the Bath and Bristol expedition shall be over; but I shall then, without loss of time, settle the post-Christmas Campaign, and then, with your permission, I will renew our correspondence. It will give me great

pleasure to come to Shrewsbury, if it can be contrived, and there will be more than ample time for all needful note of preparation.[†1]

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William J. Clement Esquire.

P.S. I ought to observe perhaps, that we are bound to the towns I have mentioned, in the order I have set forth—but Shrewsbury might possibly be squeezed in, before Birmingham.

To CHARLES ELLIS,[†2] 24 SEPTEMBER 1851

Mention in Bertram Rota catalogue, Spring 1971; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 24 Sep 51.

Requesting him to submit an account for a dinner.[†3]

To F. M. EVANS, 24 SEPTEMBER 1851

Text from N, II, 344 with date and signature from Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1639 (May 1922).

Broadstairs | Twenty Fourth September 1851.

My Dear Evans,

A remarkable circumstance has occurred here, in which I think you will be interested. A voice, apparently proceeding from the Ocean, continually utters these words, in a voice indescribably forlorn—"No accounts yet." What is your opinion of this prodigy?[†4]

Faithfully yours

CD.

To JAMES MACGREGOR,[†5] [24 SEPTEMBER 1851]

Mention, envelope only, in Maggs Bros. catalogue No. 283 (1912); addressed James MacGregor; postmarked Ramsgate 24 Sep 51.

To J. WESTLAND MARSTON, 24 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Century Association, New York. *Address:* Westland Marston Esquire | 22 Rochester Road | Camden Road Villas | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Fourth September 1851.

My Dear Marston.

I am truly sorry, while here, to receive your letter. I deeply regret to lose you,[†1] and sincerely condole with you on the causes of your withdrawal.[†2]

But I defer to them without a word, though I hope you will come back when you are happier and better.

If you will kindly leave your dress out, it shall be sent for and treated with all possible care.

Mrs. Dickens desires to unite with me in kind regards to Mrs. Marston[†3] and yourself, and to assure you both that we did not observe your affliction without concern and sympathy.

My Dear Marston | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Westland Marston Esquire

To MRS MORSON, 24 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Dr A. A. Silverman.

Broadstairs, Kent | Twenty Fourth September 1851

Dear Mrs. Morson

Unless you have made some mistake in sending me the enclosed, I cannot conceive how it came to be addressed to me, as I know nothing whatever about it, or about anything or anybody mentioned in it.[†4]

It will be best, I think, to defer the Committee for this month. I shall return to town, I hope, by next month, and shall then see you much oftener.

I am constantly expecting to have a ship recommended,[†5] but, as yet, have heard nothing more.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 24 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Twenty Fourth September 1851.

My Dear Pump.

I am glad to find (from certain document received) that the Sparkler[†1] was right.[†2] What a remarkable creature that Sparkler is!

Ever Affecy.
CD.

Topping[†3] is a greater Ass[†4] than ever. He has just thrown the horse down, and cut his head open, and both legs.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 25 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Twenty Fifth September | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I send this up by Forster who is leaving here, in the hope that you may receive it before you leave the office, and be able to write me an answer BY RETURN.[†5]

I am a good deal bothered about ordering a looking glass for the drawing room, to fit that recess opposite the fireplace. It is very tempting, but very costly. It occurs to me, in considering the question, that *the glass-door* may be saved. Don't you think—the new door matching now, as to position, with the drawing room entrance door (except in being in a recess)—that it would do, on the drawing room side, merely painted like the entrance door? If you should think so, I think I could find it in my heart to order the large mirror. If you should not think so, I should hesitate.

How does the thing look in the eye of your fancy?

Ever affectionately

CD.

To CHARLES COOTE,[†6] 25 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Fifth September 1851.

My Dear Sir

We are going to act at Bath on Monday the 10th. of November, and at Bristol on Wednesday the 12th. The band will be composed, on each occasion, of local

musicians engaged for the purpose by the Proprietor of the Assembly rooms at Bath[†1]—and I have no doubt your conducting them would change them, from a sow's ear to a silk purse.[†2]

You recollect our conversing on this subject at the Hanover Square Rooms, and your thinking it just possible that you might be able to go with us? And what will it cost the Guild?

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

C. Coote Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 25 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs. | Twenty Fifth September 1851. | Thursday

My Dear Pump.

Will you take a yard measure (or a bit of string in the absence of one), and give me *by to night's post* if you get this in time, as I hope you will, the width and height of the glass in the drawing room, which is opposite the fireplace?

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 26 SEPTEMBER 1851†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs. | Twenty Sixth September 1851.

My Dear Henry.

Noble—noble!—*But,* being an open door on the drawing room side when the two rooms were put *en rapport,* would it not then have an air of incompleteness? Suppose it were on that kind of hinge, on the drawing room side, that it could be lifted off bodily when required—and suppose it could then be put in the wall somewhere—I merely suggest—bashfully—humbly—meekly—with implicit reliance. I am in your hands. You know far better than I do what is practicable, and what will look neat and complete.

I think I have now estimated every new thing in the way of furniture and fitting that will be wanted,—and furthermore arranged for its being forthwith provided. The figures are rather stunning,—but it is a life business (I hope) and ought to be complete.

It[†3] will be a door like the other door, in appearance, and not looking glass. *That,* I

have decided (ordering the other glass for the recess) but all the rest I leave to you with an undisturbed soul.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

[†a]P.S. I dream of the workmen every night. They make faces at me, and won't do anything.[†a]

To F. M. EVANS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1851

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Twenty Sixth September 1851. | Friday.

My Dear Evans.

Clearly a magnetic fact! The voice is now silent.

I guessed the balance within £6. Please to pay it into Coutts's.[†1] It won't be there long; for I find my new house so remarkable for nothing as for its Drainage—which is of a most powerful description.

I am very glad to hear good accounts of our Third Volume.[†2] Wait, till I get rid of my workmen and get to my work, and see if we don't raise the (East) wind!—[†3]

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To BASIL W. SMITH,[†4] 26 SEPTEMBER 1851

Text from N, II, 344.

Broadstairs, Kent | Friday Twenty-Sixth September 1851

Sir,

I have decided as follows:

To abandon the chairs altogether. To have the centre recess in the drawing room fitted with one plate of the best glass (according to your estimate) "with a space of nine inches left on each side to correspond with the two side recesses, and a little additional ornament at the top." Also to have the plate under Console table, and the two glasses from Devonshire Terrace fixed in the side recesses regilt where necessary, and additional ornaments at the top. All this agreeably to your estimate. I do not require any such pendant from these, as you mention.

The large chimney-glass in Devonshire Terrace will require a little regilding here and there. Please take it down, and have it done.

At the same time, you may fetch away if you please the large dining table (substituting some other, on loan, in its place) and the rosewood Card tables from the best bedroom. These to have such repair, as they need.

I also wish the Console glass from Devonshire Terrace, to be taken away, for the following purpose:

The maker of the Bookcase will have learnt from Mr. Austin that that side of it *which will be opposite to the windows of the study*, is to have two recesses in it, instead of one, on account of our having altered the position of the proposed doorway. Now, midway between these two recesses, I wish this looking-glass to be let into the bookcase—of course without its gilt frame. The bookshelves all round it being finished off in mahogany, it will be in a mahogany frame, and built in on all four sides with the books; the bookshelves below it (two rows, probably for rather large books) being finished off at the top with a mahogany slab, so that there will be a shelf before the looking-glass, as in the case of a chimney piece; and the centre and higher part of the Bookcase being over it, on account of the glass being itself in the middle of that side of the room.

I shall be glad to know that you quite understand this.

As dispatch is very important to me with a view to my avocations, I have to request that no time may be lost in executing this work and I rest on your assurance that it shall be promptly done. The ornamental papering of the drawing room, of course cannot be executed until the glasses are fixed: nor can I get at my books (at present packed in a number of boxes) until they can be arranged on their shelves.

Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS W. S. BURTON,[†1] [27 SEPTEMBER 1851]

Mention in *To* Austin, 28 Sep 51.

Complaining about their not delivering picture-rods to Tavistock House.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 SEPTEMBER 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Twenty Seventh September 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I send this by Topping who comes to town, partly for H.W. and partly for me, and whose costs and charges I shall divide between the two concerns.

I have gone through Mr. Sala's paper,[†1] and have cut a great deal out, and made it compact and telling. I wish you would see him and tell him that I have kept it as close as I could to his title—not because the omitted parts were bad (indeed they are very good) but because they refer to used-up aspects of the subject. It had better go into the next No.

There is nobody about us whom we can use, in his way, more advantageously than this young man. It will be exceedingly desirable to set him on some subjects. I will endeavour to think of a few, suited to him. Suggest to him Saturday night in London, or London Markets—Newport Market, Tottenham Court Road, Whitechapel Road (where there are the most extraordinary men holding forth on Saturday night about Corn Plaister—the most extraordinary things sold, near Whitechapel Workhouse—the strangest Shows—and the wildest cheap Johns)—the New Cut &c &c &c. I think he would make a capital paper out of it.[†2]

I enclose a curious chip from Peter Cunningham.[†3]

Also a note and cutting[†4] from Jerrold. You might get hold of the man. Mr. Sala would do *him,* capitally.[†5] Scott of the Advertizer[†6] will give you any information that he possesses, if you ask in my name.

I want Miss Jewsbury's paper.[†7] I must read it myself, and write to her.

Topping returns early tomorrow morning. If he should not find you when he brings this, he shall arrange with Callaghan that he will call at the office for anything you have to send, *tomorrow Morning at 8.*

I have not thought of anything yet. But I hope to cudgel something out of myself yet.[†8].

Faithfully Always

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN, 28 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Twenty Eighth September | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I perfectly understood your note in reply to mine.

The defaulter in the matter of the Picture Rods (ordered both for the dining room and the landing) is Burton of Oxford Street; to whom I yesterday indited and sent by special messenger, a fulminating epistle that I have no doubt will instantly produce them.

Kate thinks two shelves will be best, in the Pantry.

I have told the Pantechnicon people[†1] to submit a pattern or two for the tops of the glasses in the drawing room, to your inspection—just to make sure that they do nothing objectionable.

I am going to run down to Chatsworth to see the best of Dukes, on Wednesday next; returning on Saturday. If I MAY[†2] come to the house on that day, I will consult Bradshaw, and appoint to meet you there. After which we might perhaps dine Orientally?[†3] But if you desire me to keep my distance, I am profoundly submissive.

Will you tell me (either by return, or by Tuesday's post) whether or no we shall foregather on Saturday.

Affectionately Ever | And meekly now,

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 28 SEPTEMBER 1851

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, May 1925; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, Sunday, Twenty Eighth September 1851.

My dear Cunningham. I am very much obliged to you for the interesting and curious "chip" you have so kindly sent me. I have called it Superstitious Murder.[†4]

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 28 SEPTEMBER 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Twenty Eighth September | 1851.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

Your kindest of letters was forwarded to me here, this morning. I am in the first throes of a new book, and am spasmodically altering and arranging a new house besides,—and am walking by the sea every day, endeavouring to think of both sets

of distraction to some practical end,—but the prospect of renewing, even for a day, an intercourse which is perfectly delightful to me, makes everything else fade out of my view. I shall look forward to the happiness of coming down to Chatsworth by the train that leaves London at a quarter past ten on Thursday Morning—returning in good time on Saturday, when I am obliged to be in town.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg me to say how much honored and gratified they are by your kind remembrance, and how hard they find it to resist your flattering invitation. But Mrs. Dickens being not quite hardy enough at present to travel so fast, they are obliged (with a very bad grace) to deny themselves the enjoyment of the great pleasure you offer.

I heard from Lord Carlisle that you had been very unwell,[†1] and should have made bold to write to you but that I was really fearful of troubling you. Meanwhile I have thought and talked of you, so often, that I have insensibly seemed to be doing something (without exactly knowing what) to keep myself in your remembrance.

This, I can safely affirm—that I continually come, in the spirit, into your room at Devonshire House, and add to that stock of noble and winning remembrances with which it will always be inseparably associated in my mind, and which is always enlarging.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire | Yours ever faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To THE HON. MISS EMILY EDEN, 28 SEPTEMBER 1851

Text from MDGH, III, 128-9 with additional extract in Autograph Prices Current, VI, 52(*aa*).

[a]Broadstairs, | Sunday, Twenty Eighth September 1851.[a]

My Dear Miss Eden,

Many thanks for the grapes; which must have come from the identical vine a man ought to sit under.[†2] They were a prodigy of excellence.

I have been concerned to hear of your indisposition, but thought the best thing I could do, was to make no formal calls when you were really ill.[†3] I have been suffering myself from another kind of malady—a severe, spasmodic, house-buying-and-repairing attack[a] (I have made three attempts to write the word plainly)[a]—which has left me extremely weak and all but exhausted. The seat of the disorder has been the pocket.

I had the kindest of notes from the kindest of men this morning, and am going to

see him on Wednesday. Of course I mean the Duke of Devonshire. Can I take anything to Chatsworth for you?[†1]

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To F. M. EVANS, [?29 SEPTEMBER 1851]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 SEPTEMBER 1851†

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday Twenty Ninth September 1851.

My Dear Wills.

The "sparkling" Muse[†2] has not been at all propitious. I didn't like Rising with the Subject—put it away. Began another paper called a Steam Soliloquy—didn't like that either, and put it away too.[†3] Today I have begun another, called Our School—like that better, but don't know when I may be able to finish it—doubt doing so, tomorrow, for next No.—can't say—may be—may not.

I have had such an affectionate note of invitation from the Duke, that I can't help running down to Chatsworth, howsoever short the time I can spare for the purpose. I shall go down on Thursday, and return on Saturday. If you have no engagement in the way, let us dine at the office *at ½ past 5 on Wednesday next,*—the day after tomorrow. We can dine, arrange the No., and break up the meeting, in two or three hours. I shall want the evening after 9 o'Clock, and cannot make any other appointment.

[†a]I have written to Evans, on both the points.[†a]

The Guild matters we will dispose of on Wednesday.

The paper you mention, is (as I told you, but you have forgotten) in the left hand drawer of my writing table at the office. The case has been examined, but no such note can be found here.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MADAME CELESTE, [?JULY-SEPTEMBER 1851]

Mention in American Book Prices Current, No. 80 (1975). *Date:* probably during her reappearance at the Adelphi in *The Green Bushes* and other melodramas, 17 July-22 Sep 51 (see *To* Stone, 26 Aug 51).

Requesting a box for some friends.

To JOHN FORSTER [?LATE SEPTEMBER 1851]

Text from F, VI, vi, 541. *Date:* "not . . . many days" after close of Forster's Broadstairs visit,[†1] according to him, hence late Sep.

I very nearly packed up a portmanteau and went away, the day before yesterday, into the mountains of Switzerland, alone![†2] Still the victim of an intolerable restlessness, I shouldn't be at all surprised if I wrote to you one of these mornings from under Mont Blanc. I sit down between whiles to think of a new story, and, as it begins to grow, such a torment of a desire to be anywhere but where I am; and to be going I don't know where, I don't know why; takes hold of me, that it is like being *driven away.* If I had had a passport, I sincerely believe I should have gone to Switzerland the night before last. I should have remembered our engagement—say, at Paris, and have come back for it; but should probably have left by the next express train.

October

To HENRY AUSTIN, 1 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | First October 1851. | Wednesday

My Dear Henry.

NO. 1.—BELLS[†3]

In the best bedroom, I think I would have the bell ringing downstairs, by the bedside. The bed will be where you have marked it. In all other bedroom cases, I would either have it by the door, or by the fireplace, as may be most convenient in the hanging. A bell from the best bedroom to the Nursery (front)—and a bell from

outside the dining room door to the Nursery (front) and also from outside the drawing room door to the Nursery (front).

NO. 2. KITCHEN RANGE.[†1]

The infamous Burton shall receive instructions to send you the dimensions instantly.

NO. 3. WIREWORK.[†1]

By no means necessary. But I think I would have one bar, by way of Rail.

NO. 4. BATHROOM[†1]

I would decidedly partition off the W.C. I am quite aware that the two conveniences of B and W.C. could never be in use together—nor need they be—as any person in extremity could fly to the Hall for shelter. But I think (as a matter of sentiment) the Bather would be happier and easier in mind, if the W.C. did not demonstrate itself obtrusively. I feel that I could hardly bear the box in the corner—speaking as the taker of the Shower Bath every morning. I have not sufficient confidence in my strength of mind, to think that I could begin the business of every day, with the enforced contemplation of the outside of that box. I believe it would affect my bowels. It might relax, it might confine, but I mistrust its having some influence on the happy mediocrity it is my ambition to preserve. And therefore I would mask the W.C.

[Will you let the whole of the little Window you make, open, for the sake of fresh air always pouring in?]

NO. 5. COALS.[†1]

Coals shall be sent in, tomorrow.

NO. 6. BOOKCASES.[†1]

By all means, make the second recess on the drawing room side, a dummy. A closet is really not of the least importance, nor worth the least expence, as anything it would hold can be furtively disposed in an article of furniture. Therefore, undoubtedly dummy. *I don't mean* the looking glass opposite and fireplace to be flush with the books. I mean it to be against the wall, and entirely built in and about with bookshelves—so that it will be in a recess formed by the bookshelves, and (of course) the depth of the bookshelves. We have a glass, so enclosed, at the Athenaeum; and it looks very pretty.

Therefore there will be no closet whatever, in the Study.

NO. 7. STAIRCASE.[†1]

The undersigned adopts the proposed unknown suggestion, with a mild and smiling confidence.

NO. 8. APPOINTMENT FOR SATURDAY.[†1]

The intense folly of the unmeaning Bradshaw, has rendered this a work of much discomfiture. My opinion is, that I can leave Chesterfield at three minutes past

seven on Saturday Morning, and be due at Euston Square at a quarter to three in the afternoon, which (making allowance for being behind time) would justify me in hoping to be at Tavistock House at ½ past 3, there to wait for you. Will you consider this our appointment, unless I write from Chatsworth to make any change—which I shall not do, unless I find, when I get down there, that the perjured Bradshaw has deceived me. Any note from you, addressed to me there in the meanwhile (if you should have any occasion to write) will find me.

We dine together on Saturday, of course.

The delay of these lawyers! I am not in legal possession of the house—haven't paid the Money[†1]—haven't signed anything—never hear of anybody—dont expect to, at all.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire.

Over

I send this, by John. *I have come up with him* (in case you want to see me) and dine at the Household Words Office, with Wills, at ½ past 5 today. Will you come? I put this in a Postscript, in case of your being gone when John arrives.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 1 OCTOBER 1851

MS Private.

London, First October 1851.

Messrs. Coutts and Co.

Please to deliver my banking book to the Bearer,

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Coutts and Co.

To MRS S. C. HALL, 1 OCTOBER 1851

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | October First, 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

I am only just now in possession of your note and books.[†2]

The article[†3] was not written by me. I am very sorry that your name was not mentioned in that evidently hasty list;[†4] nor do I now see how I can remedy the

omission, as the subject is (for the present at all events) closed. If I had seen that part of the Article in proof, I think it would have struck me that the words "and some others" included some distinguished others who had better have been mentioned if any names were[†1]—but as Fate would have it, that last page was not written when I read it.

I will not fail to read the book you commend to me,[†2] which I shall approach with the liveliest faith in your healthy and cordial spirit, and which my children are now devouring with great delight. My little girls had read it before.

It is but right that I should say that I am sure the writer of the paper would have desired to do *you* all manner of justice, and would be much concerned if he knew of your note. As you have marked it Private, however, I do not feel myself justified in shewing it to him without your permission.

Mrs. Dickens and Georgina unite in kind remembrances to yourself and Hall. Believe me always

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I will not lose an opportunity of repairing the fault.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 2 OCTOBER 1851

MS British Museum.

Chatsworth. | Thursday Night Second October 1851. | Twelve o'Clock.

My Dearest Kate. As I see little chance of being able to write tomorrow (if the Duke executes but half his intentions in respect of shewing me the place) I take the precaution, before going to bed, of scratching off the present report of myself as in a high state of preservation—now in a state bedchamber of enormous dimensions, with a bedstead like a brocaded and golden Temple—without the slightest idea of anything beyond me but corridors and staircases innumerable. Two old ladies staying in the house, and two gentlemen—one, the Doctor in ordinary.[†3] Delayed at Chesterfield by its being race time and no horses to be got—and not here until nearly 8. Purpose leaving at 7 on Saturday morning, and leaving town on Sunday by a train at half past 10, which gets to Ramsgate at 10 minutes past 3. Perhaps you will come over for me.

So with best love to Georgina and the darlings, I am now going to bed, intending to add a line to this, tomorrow.

Friday 3 o'Clock

Just leisure to say that the place is the most wonderful thing in the world, and

that the principal Fountain is just twice the height of the Great Horse Shoe Fall at Niagara[†1]—which gives a general notion of the scale on which matters are managed.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To SYDNEY WILLIAMS, 4 OCTOBER 1851

Mention in Samuel T. Freeman & Co. catalogue, Sep 1933; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 4 Oct 51.

Regarding payment made by Tauchnitz.[†2]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 5 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Fifth October 1851.

My Dear Henry.

As I have not ordered a stove for the Study, of the infamous Burton, I think (apprehensive of another Meeting of the Partners) that Cubitts had better fix one there—not a very expensive one—a good sensible study-stove—grate, low—fire, good and bright.

We understand that we decide to *abandon* the little slab-tables to the side-glasses.

Also, not to countermand anything in the bookcase, for the sake of the position of the glass, if it be already in hand. If otherwise, we will certainly have it between the two recesses.

Will you kindly impress upon the slow perceptions of the Pantechnicon, the VITALITY OF EXPEDITION?[†3] It really becomes of the most serious importance to me, to get into my Study.

Supposing I came up on Saturday for a Morning Inspection of the Premises, would you run back with me—do you think—and stay 'till Monday or so.

I have driven them wild here (in five minutes,—being only just returned) with my prodigious accounts of the triumphant progress of the works!

In haste | Ever affecy.

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sixth October 1851.

My Dear Henry

As you will very likely see the bewildered Pantechnicon soon, I send you a facetious list of letterings for the backs of the dummy books. I suppose these will be sufficient (being some hundred and thirteen in No.), but if they want more,[†1] they can have more. If they want less, they had better omit some of the sets—such as Cats' lives in 9 volumes.[†2] They are all supposed to be single Volumes, except when otherwise specified.

—A letter box with a glass back, in the street door. Is it ordered? I cannot quite remember.

Ever affecy.

CD.

If the Pantechnicon is not perfectly confident of doing the book-backs properly, my Binder would do them in no time.

To THOMAS BEARD, 6 OCTOBER 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sixth October 1851. Monday

My Dear Beard.

I am getting quite uneasy about you. I have a misgiving that I may be obliged to leave here on the 20th. to look after our new house in town—for I am wild to begin a new book—and can't, until I am settled—and have all manner of workmen, scooping, grooving, chiseling, sawing, planing, dabbing, puttying, clinking, hammering, and going up ladders apparently with no earthly object but that of staying there until dinner time, every day. Here has Horne been[†3] (with a guitar) bathing at "Dumblegap",[†4] the flesh-colored Horror of maiden ladies. Here has Forster been and gone, after patronizing with suavity the whole population of Broadstairs, and impressing Tom Collin[†5] with a profound conviction that he (F) did the Ocean a favor when he bathed. Here likewise has Mrs. Horne been, full of beauty. Also Wills, with a frosty nose and a dribbling pretence of Shower-Bath.

Likewise—but never mind who has been—you have *not* been—and Catherine begins to think you must have been at Somebody's wedding, and got a chill.[†1]

When ARE you coming?[†2]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOSEPH C. KING, 6 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Mr Robert D. Fellman. *Address:* Favored by Harry Ingersoll Esquire | Joseph C. King Esquire | 9 Northwick Terrace | St. Johns Wood | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sixth October 1851.

My Dear Sir

This will introduce to you, Mr. Ingersoll,[†3] the American gentleman in reference to whom I have already communicated with you. I have expressed to Mr. Ingersoll something of my trust in you, and of my gratitude to you for your unwearied and discriminating interest in your pupils. I have told him how much I am your debtor for your training of Charley, and I have recommended his son to your care on the best of grounds.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph C. King Esquire.

To THE SECRETARY OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY,[†4] [EARLY OCTOBER 1851]

Mention in *To* Wills, 6 Oct 51.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?6 OCTOBER 1851]

Mention in *To* Wills, 6 Oct.

To RICHARD WOOD,[†5] 6 OCTOBER 1851

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sixth October 1851. Monday

Sir.

By this post, I send Mr. Wills a ground-plan of the garden of Tavistock House, as I wish it done. If you will see him without loss of time, he will give it to you, and

explain it beyond any possibility of misconception. I do not bear in my mind the Poplar-Trees you mention in your letter to me (which I should have answered sooner, but for having been in Derbyshire) but if you will send me, *here,* your estimate by Wednesday night's post, I will write to you appointing to meet you at Tavistock House on Saturday, and we can then decide that point on the spot. I wish the paths drained, but I must refer your manner of doing so, to my brother in law Mr. Austin of the Board of Health who is directing the repairs of the house for me, and has just put the House-Drainage into a perfect condition. He will be there with me, on Saturday. I wish your Estimate, if you please, to state what cost would be saved by transplanting such things as you have considered fit to be transplanted, from Devonshire Terrace. I also wish it to mention the utmost length of the time you would require for the work,—as *punctuality and dispatch* are conditions on which I invariably rest in all transactions, and for which I always stipulate. I would on no account have anything done, near me or for me, that failed in these particulars. I attach such paramount importance to them that I think it indispensable to impress this upon you, as the first feature of any contract[†1] I make.

If you will have the goodness to forward me your Estimate (as nearly as you can make it) on this understanding, I will conclude the matter with you on Saturday, one way or other.

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Richard Wood.

To W. H. WILLS, 6 [OCTOBER] 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper. *Date:* CD's error for 6 Oct: see last, *To* Wood.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday September Sixth, 1851.

My Dear Wills.

Let me have a note of what you propose for the next No.[†2]—reserving the History of England for the No. afterwards.[†3] Let us have the best Nos., now, that we possibly can have. [†a]Also let[†4] me see a made-up Proof.[†a]

Morley's Gold[†5] requires looking over, for a little carelessness here and there—the repetition of buts and howevers &c.

In Horne's ballooning,[†6] always insert "Mr." before "Green".[†7] [†b]Also insert "Mr." before "Poole", and call him the well-known Author.[†b†8] At the end of the third paragraph from the commencement, instead of "fanatical sentence[†b] was

carried into execution",—[†b]read "Sentence of the Holy Catholic Church was carried into Christian execution."[†1]

I think of deciding to return to town on the 20th.—perhaps remaining a week or so at the office, before I remove my furniture, and restore the second floor room. Therefore, any time after that, (you are getting up in the meanwhile all the preliminary part of the subject) you may appoint with the Pawnbroker.[†2] On Saturday the 25th. we had better dine at the office—with Morley, Horne, and (I suppose) Forster—to decide upon the form and idea of the Christmas No. I think it would be well to let Morley and Horne know beforehand what we are going to meet for; as they might then have some suggestion to make. On second thoughts Monday the 27th. might be better. The Saturday might be required for the Pawnbroker.

[†c]In The London Tavern,[†3] *dele* "the Actor", after "Mr. Macready".[†c†4]

I wish Forster to try the marking of the Extracts. I write to him to that effect, and inform him that you will let him know *when* it must always be done.

GUILD.[†5]

I return Proofs of the bills,[†6] now to be referred to Mr. Chute.

Will you write Webster a note, asking for Miss Young and Mr. and Mrs. Coe,[†7] on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday?

I have not yet got Coe's Property List, and consequently cannot instruct Mr. Chute, as to the Furniture we shall want hired.

I have written to the Secretary of the Great Western.

Nathan's bill, I will look over and refer to Mark.

PERSONAL.[†5]

I have told the Gardener to see you, and you will explain to him exactly what I want done at Tavistock House. He will then make an estimate of the probable cost, and send it to me. On a separate piece of paper, I make a rough plan, which I hope you may comprehend [†d]without difficulty.[†d]

Faithfully Always

CD.

W. H. Wills, Esquire.

I have told the Gardener, in writing to him for his estimate, that *punctuality and dispatch* are conditions on which I always insist. Will you bear testimony to him that I usually am in earnest on these heads?

To HENRY AUSTIN, 7 OCTOBER 1851

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seventh October 1851.

My dear Henry.

O! O! O! Damn[†1] the Pantechnicon. O!—

I will be at Tavistock House at 12 on Saturday, and there will wait for you until I see you. If we return together—as I hope we shall—our Express will start at ½ past 4, and we ought to dine (somewhere about Temple Bar) at 3.

The infamous Burton[†1] says the Stoves[†2] shall be fixed tomorrow.

O! If this were to last long—the distraction of the new book—the whirling of the story through one's mind, escorted by workmen—the Pantechnicon's[†1] imbecility, the wild necessity of beginning to write, the not being able to do so—the—O!—I should go—O!—

Ever affecy.

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire. P.S. None. I have torn it off.[†3]

To ROBERT LATTIMER,[†4] 7 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Carlisle Public Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seventh October 1851.

Sir.

I am only just now in the receipt of your letter, addressed to me on behalf of your Soirée Committee.[†5] I have been absent elsewhere—I hope not seriously to your inconvenience.

It is with real regret that I am obliged to reply that the many demands upon my time, render compliance with your request absolutely impossible. Cordially interested as I am in your prosperity, I am obliged to decline the gratification you propose to me.

Rely upon it, I am not likely ever to be in the neighbourhood of your Institution

without coming to see it and its staunch promoters[†1]—to whom I beg you to convey my friendly remembrances and regards.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Robert Lattimer

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 8 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eighth October 1851.

My Dear De la Rue.

I have some friends staying here,[†2] and greatly fear I may not be able to get to town within a week. But, as it is quite clear to me that you will be perpetually and constantly coming backwards and forwards in future,[†3] I shall hope, on the occasion of your next visit, to welcome you to my own house, and instal[†4] you in my own Den.

Give my best regards to Madame De la Rue.—If I should get away from here before you leave the regions of Jermyn Street,[†5] of course I shall look after you—but, our friends only arriving to day, I fear it is not likely.

I suppose you came over this last time, in four and twenty hours or so?

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 8 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday Eighth October | 1851.

My Dear Wills. I write in the greatest haste, to save a train.

I undertook in a solemn manner, so to correct this story[†6] as to endeavour to shew Mrs. Marsh what I considered its faults of detail to be. I have not got *the beginning of the second part,*[†7] most unfortunately, but I will go over it in the Proof. You must be extraordinarily particular that all my corrections in the part going into the next No. are made with scrupulous accuracy. Of the rest, send me a revise, and I will go over it with care.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Wednesday Night | Eighth October 1851.

My Dear Wills

I have but a moment, before the Post leaves, to impress upon you that *I implicitly rely* on your going over my corrections in Mrs. Marsh—revise and proof[†1]—with the utmost care. I can think of no better name for the London Tavern than that plain one.[†2]

You feel quite sure that it is safe to mention Hertz in that way? *I* am anything but sure. I think it would be best to have no Chip,[†3] and put in the Garden by the River[†4] instead. My mind misgives me that Botheration would come of this.[†5]

I will write tomorrow. | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 9 OCTOBER 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs. | Thursday Ninth October 1851.

My Dear Beard.

We shall be delighted to see you on Monday. But we only receive you on the condition that you don't think of leaving us until that day week. Our return to town involves no preparation whatever, as only Catherine and I are going—none of the rest, yet awhile.

You will find Pump (Stone) mooning about here, and also Egg. They are at present in a fearful state of idleness in the Drawing Room—lying on their faces, on their backs, on their sides, on their heads—flushed, tousled, and crumpled with intensest laziness—on a regular straight-down, misty, steady, lead-colored wet day.

Ever affecy

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 OCTOBER 1851

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* To be forwarded | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Ninth October 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Until within these few days, I have heard nothing in the way of Ship-recommendation from my friend the Registrar of Merchant Seamen.[†1] But at last I am happy to say I have his strongest possible recommendation of a ship that sails on the 25th. As she was beset by gold-seekers, mad to get a passage on any terms, he caused three berths to be reserved, as soon as he knew of her certainly going. I have now paid for them—£ 45—and I hope we shall export these lingering Three in safety.

There has been some small commotion—but not much—at Shepherds Bush; Mr. Tracey's last girl demanding to go; and the Irish girl shewing a very national incapability of getting on with anybody on any subject—accompanied with expressions of a violent desire to "do for" the establishment in general. The Irish girl is accordingly discharged as incurable; but Mr. Tracey's girl being extremely penitent, and most earnestly imploring (when it came to the point) not to be sent away, remains on her good behaviour. I have taken a new case from the Field Lane Ragged School,[†2] and have rejected another, in which it was quite clear to me that the girl would never go abroad. I have also (I hope) paved the way for the supply of more cases from that source, when we want them. Mrs. Morson and Mrs. Macartney go on zealously, and in a business-like way.

I have no news—except that I am three parts distracted and the fourth part wretched, in the agonies of getting into a new house—Tavistock House, Tavistock Square. Pending which desirable consummation of my troubles, I *can not* work at my new book—having all my notions of order turned completely topsy-turvy. I hope when you come back you will find us settled, and me hard at work—and will approve, both the tangible house and the less substantial Edifice.

I have excellent accounts of Charley at Eton, who was the best of boys at home here all the holidays through. I think of leaving here for town about the 20th of this month, and shall then go down and see him.

As for you, I suppose you are full of the change, novelty, and delight of travelling,[†3] and feel an elevated pity for the captives on a poor Cliff like this. Mrs. Brown, I take it for granted, agrees with Dr.

Skey,[†4] in reference to all the Institutions you examine. I wish I were with you, to help the general unanimity! Pray remember me kindly to both of them and to Mr. Brown, and believe me Dear Miss Coutts

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE HON. SPENCER LYTTELTON, 9 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* The Hon. Spencer Lyttelton | 2 Rue de la Ville l'Eveque | Paris. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Ninth October | 1851.

My Dear Lyttelton.

All sorts of congratulations on the wadded condition of that important part of your dress![†1] When I received the former welcome intelligence from you, I immediately wrote to you at Dover. You didn't say where you were going at that port of Albion, but I concluded to the Ship.[†2] So I wrote to the Ship. A few weeks ago, happening to go to the Ship myself, says the Landlady to me, "Dear me Sir, why there's a letter with your name outside, been lying in the Bar this length of time!" Says I to the Landlady, "As it is clear to me that the gentleman will not be here to receive it, now, will you do me the favor to return it to me?" She assenting, I opened and perused it—and it read surprisingly flat, under the circumstances.

I am afraid that there is no chance of a country-holiday for me in November of this year. I am just beginning a new book, and am horribly put out by the anguish of moving—(to Tavistock House, Tavistock Square). Our new abode is at present in the possession of an army of workmen, who terrify me to that degree that when I go to town, I peep at the house round a corner and run away. They are continually going up ladders, and never appear to me to come down again. They roll barrels of lime into the garden, and tap them by the dozen, like a sort of dusty beer. They pick at walls with iron instruments (for no reason that I can discover), and the walls fall down. They talk of "compoing" everything. They stand on scaffolds, whistling, in the most sacred chambers. There is no privacy anywhere. Yesterday week, I saw a hairy Irishman cultivating mortar with spade-husbandry in the room I am to write in!

You may faintly picture to yourself how low this makes the undersigned, who is accustomed to keep everything belonging to him in a place of its own, and to sit in the midst of a system of Order. He is at present unable to compass the idea of enjoyment at Rockingham—of peaceable invention in his own room—of anything but idiotic bewilderment with his hands in his pockets—from which the wadding flies by the whole fleece. This is his present condition. Summoning his utmost strength of mind, for begging to be remembered to Mrs. Spencer Lyttelton[†3] very cordially, and for adding that his wife and her sister unite in their regards, he lapses into an imbecility too complete to admit of his signing his name at full length—being unequal (from prostration) to the performance of the necessary flourish.

C.D.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 OCTOBER 1851

MS Huntington. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Ninth October 1851.

My Dear Wills. Perhaps you will answer the enclosed letters. To Miss Bunbury,[†1] I should be inclined to say that we don't want her papers, and that I cannot undertake the responsibility of mediating in such a matter with any other Editor. Mr. Keith[†2] you will perhaps appoint to see yourself. If his proposal involves my sitting to anybody, acceptance is quite out of the question.

Market Gardens near London, is a fine subject. Chadwick can open the way to a first-rate Market Gardener, if you will consult him in my name. This is another subject you might get ready by the time of my return.[†3]

I purpose being at the office between 1 & 2 on Saturday. If Erasmus Wilson[†4] should call, will you see him? I understand he has something to communicate.[†5]

Mrs. Marsh's[†6] story will be very good now, I think. It would be as easy (almost) to write one, as I found it to get point and terseness out of such an infernal hash.

I think I have no more to say, today—except that the Gardener[†7] has sent a very business-like, prompt, plain, and not unreasonable estimate.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 10 OCTOBER 1851

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth October 1851.

My Dear Miss Boyle.

Your remembrance at such a time—not thrown away upon me, trust me—is a sufficient assurance that you know how truly I feel towards you, and with what an earnest sympathy I must think of you now.[†8]

God be with you! There is indeed nothing terrible in such a death—nothing that we would undo—nothing that we may remember otherwise than with deeply thankful, though with softened, hearts.

Kate sends you her affectionate love. I enclose a note from Georgina. Pray give my kindest remembrances to your brother Cavendish, and believe me now and ever.

Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Mary Boyle.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 10 OCTOBER 1851

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Tenth October 1851.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

As I travelled from Chesterfield in the Railway Carriage, I read the little book[†1] I now return, with a pleasure I can scarcely express to you. It was so like going over the house again with you, and hearing you talk about it, that it had a perfect charm for me. And besides this, I found it in itself so natural and unaffected, so gracefully sensible, and altogether so winning and so good, that I read it through, from the first page to the last, without once laying it aside.

I could mention some things in it which it would require a very nice art to do as well in fiction. The little suggestive indications of some of the old servants,[†2] and old rooms[†3]—and the childish associations—are perfect little pieces of truth. I know that lingering old smell of the spirit lamp, for instance, so well![†4]

The American Hobbs[†5] could do nothing so agreeable or a thousandth part so agreeable with any Lock in the world, as you have done with that lock wherein the man's hat must be pulled over his eyes. It is quite a spring-description. Touched in the right place and done with.[†6]

I meant to have told you how much I was moved by the tribute to Paxton—rendered with such a generous and noble earnestness.[†7] But I am afraid you would

begin to think me a victim to the habit of authorship, and remorselessly inflicting on you a regular Review of the book.

I must, however, thank you from my heart for all your kindness and hospitality, and assure you that among your "Troops of friends",[†1] there cannot be one more obliged to you and attached to you than I am. I feel as if there were a sort of boastfulness in writing as much, even for your eye, but I cannot help it.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 10 OCTOBER 1851*

MS University of Texas. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Friday Tenth October 1851.

My Dear Tracey.

Many thanks for your Report. I had heard of the matter from Mrs. Morson, and had thoroughly agreed with you in all particulars, beforehand.

I purpose returning to town in about a fortnight, and—after convulsions of moving: which may be expected to last for about another fortnight—to settle down in our new abode, Tavistock House Tavistock Square. I have made it mine for fifty years, and have turned in an army of Cubitt's workmen this month or so.

Then, I hope we shall see more of you and of Mrs. Tracey.[†2] We have been laid up in ordinary[†3] here, these six months. All the Nations of the Earth brought letters of introduction to me in London—and there was nothing for it but Flight.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To SYDNEY WILLIAMS, 10 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Friday Tenth October 1851.

Dear Sir

As I am not quite certain when I may be in town, and as I do not like to defer any business in which my good friend Mr. Tauchnitz is interested, perhaps you will have the kindness to write to me here. I will give immediate attention to your explanation on his behalf.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sydney Williams Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, 12 OCTOBER 1851

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | Sunday Twelfth October 1851.

My Dear Evans.

I send on the other side a sketch of a Bill-Advertisement for all the Magazines.[†1] Will you consider whether it is best left so, or whether it would be well to add, at the close, "the first Number will appear, early in the new year"?[†2]

As I never get a moment's respite from the convulsions incident to my present severe attack of Tavistock House, but am perpetually falling out of one fit into another, I can by no means get to work. But I hope by vigorous exertions to get settled in three weeks or so, and then go at it Ding-Dong.

Consider the advertisement well.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Sunday Twelfth October 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I enclose the Guild Cheques, signed. Tomorrow, I will get to work at the Child's History.[†3]

When you have pursued that five hundred "drop"[†4] to its source, I shall be glad to know what you make of it. I think our "Temperance" subscribers may perhaps have had something to do with it.[†5]

Faithfully Always

CD.

To [WILLIAM JACKES][†6], [?13 OCTOBER 1851]

Mention in next.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 13 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday Thirteenth October | 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I enclose a Legend to be inscribed (in characters of Fire) on a conspicuous part of the side gate. There is a desolate sternness in it that makes me cold.[†1]

I have written to Nineteen and a half.—Will communicate his reply, as soon as received.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To SYDNEY WILLIAMS, 13 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Monday Thirteenth October | 1851.

Dear Sir

I enclose you a sketch of a memorandum of agreement, embodying the terms set forth in your letter to me of last Saturday's date on behalf of Mr. Tauchnitz.[†2] I have signed it. If Mr. Tauchnitz would prefer to have it concluded in any other terms embodying the same arrangement, I shall be happy to adopt his views.

I beg you, if you please, on receiving the remittance from Mr. Tauchnitz of the £ 100 already due, to be so good as to pay it to my account at Coutts's.

Also to assure Mr. Tauchnitz of my regard and friendship, and to beg him never to come to London without affording me the opportunity of improving my very agreeable knowledge of him.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sydney Williams Esquire. P.S. Your letter supposes that the *Volumes* of Household Words are published yearly. As they are published half-yearly, I so describe them in the Memorandum.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 14 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

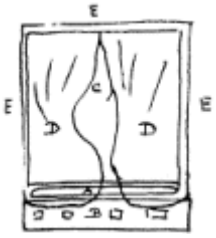
Broadstairs, Kent. | Tuesday Evening | Fourteenth October 1851.

My Dear Henry

So far from my being tired of your handwriting, my anguish is the apprehension that you will be found (by trusty messengers) lying on your back on the office-floor, exhausted by the contemplation of mine.

I have not the least objection to curtains (water-proof) in lieu of partition, on the following conditions—always entirely subject to your approval.

I append an elegant drawing



REFERENCE TO ELEGANT DRAWING[†1]

A. The Warm Bath
B. Wooden front, masking warm bath
C. Wooden back against Wall

D D. Light, cheerful-colored water proof curtains, extending the whole width of Warm Bath, and capable of being drawn close for shower

Same being hung on rings and rod appended to

Centre E. E, E, E, supposed to be a wooden frame (as narrow as you please) enclosing bath and bath-space altogether.—Shower supposed to fall behind Curtains, from between the intersecting point E, and the point C.

You understand???

I don't care for the possibility of a Tepid Shower. But what I want is, *a Cold Shower of the best quality, always charged to an unlimited extent,* so that I have but to pull the string, and take any shower of cold water I choose. If the Redoubtable thinks this more certainly attainable by means of his separate tank I dont object to it in the least. But this is what has become a positive necessary of life to me. And without any disparagement to the Warm Bath, this, in perfection, it is my first object to secure.

I now leave it, with the most entire confidence, to you.

DRAWING ROOM.[†1]

Let us have (in the papering) panneled[†2] patterns in the wider spaces of the bow. You recollect its being left doubtful whether they should be plain or no? But I am now clear that they had better be ornamented, *in case* of the Curtains revealing those spaces at any time.

STUDY[†1]

I suppose the Bewildered Pantechnicon will sketch out the bookcases on the Wall, to facilitate the paper-hanging in the two designs—larger pattern (you recollect?) in the shewn Wall; smaller behind the books.

ORNAMENTS ROUND LAMPS—ON CEILING[†1]

Yes, in the Hall. No, in the Schoolroom.

19 & ½[†1],[†2]

I enclose his consent. I suppose it will cost very little—not merely to "whiten" the side of his[†3].

To THE REV. GEORGE M. MUSGRAVE,[†4] 15 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs. | Fifteenth October 1851.

My Dear Sir.

I assure you my friend Edgar[†5] has not been out of my mind. But whenever I have set myself to the consideration of that list of books we spoke of, I have been positively unable to think of *one* which it was not more than probable that he already knew.

We have some friends staying here this week, and I fear it is probable I may be required in town next Monday, and may not have leisure to return this year. But, if I remain, I will not fail to see my friend next week. I hope he will understand, if I do not appear, that the usual occupation of my time is greatly augmented just now by my removal, and by my very great desire to get settled in my new Home-Study that I may work the more steadily at a new book with which I hope he will soon become acquainted. The distractions consequent on this object—the employment of an army of Mr. Cubitt's workmen—the country arrangements in connexion with our Guild and Sir Edward Bulwer's comedy—and the rolling of a sea of correspondence which always flows and never ebbs—leave me less leisure than usual, though I be never so orderly. Always excepting leisure for long walks, which I consider a part of my daily life.

My Dear Sir Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend George M Musgrave.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 OCTOBER 1851†

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Wednesday October Fifteenth | 1851.

Dear Madam.

I regret to say in reply to your letter that I have not seen the statue of Oliver Twist,[†6] and have not been in London to do so since the receipt of your favor. Nor

do I know any one whom I could with any delicacy ask to give the Artist a Commission for such a work. As to possessing it myself, you may easily imagine that I have very frequent and urgent occasion to exercise my self-denial in similar instances.

Ever Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. M. EVANS, 16 OCTOBER 1851

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thursday Sixteenth October | 1851.

My Dear Evans.

I think you are right as to the mention of the time. It must be fixed in the next advertisement however.

Do you think it would look simpler and plainer to *dele* The Pickwick Papers and Nicholas Nickleby, and leave only Copperfield as I have done in the enclosed? *If you think it best to leave the whole—do so.*[†1]

Faithfully Ever

CD.

[†a]Diffuse the bill as widely as possible.[†a]

To W. H. WILLS, 16 OCTOBER 1851

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Thursday Sixteenth October | 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I sent the proof of The Child's History[†2] by the cheap Train.

I have been looking over the back Numbers. Wherever they fail, it is in wanting elegance of fancy. They lapse too much into a dreary, arithmetical, Cocker-cum-Walkingame[†3] dustyness that is powerfully depressing.[†4]

Faithfully Always

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 17 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Seventeenth October 1851.

My Dear Henry

Certainly as to nineteen and a half.[†5] I had not the least idea of giving any direction

about it. In saying "stucco", I thought I was merely repeating your intention. There is no doubt of your notion being the best.

Ditto as to Bath curtains.

O the perjured, beastly, odious, and incompetent Burton! The Imbecile pretender!! I expect to receive a vote of scornful censure from the united Partners. I cannot hope for their forgiveness.

I doubt whether we shall get on in the Nuisance Department, without a Notice.[†1] Coming after such a vast amount of dirt and neglect, I doubt it very much. But I am content to try Sir—quite content.

Catherine is gradually falling into a state of feverish imbecility as Monday draws on.[†2] The official dinners admit but of fish and joint; but Wenham Lake Ice[†3] is accessible, and we'll drink a glass of champagne to the new House, and the Illustrious Architect.[†4]

To FREDERICK POLLOCK,[†5] 17 OCTOBER 1851

MS Mr David Niven Jr. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Friday Seventeenth October | 1851.

My Dear Pollock

There is a project afoot for walking to Minster and back (15 miles) this morning, and chartering a Fly for the recreant portion of the company who may be basely disposed to ride one way. Will you come? If you walk there, we start at 12. If you ride there, the degrading machine will creep through the sunny air at halfpast 12.[†6]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Pollock Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 17 OCTOBER 1851

Text from N, II, 353.

Broadstairs | Friday Seventeenth October 1851.

My Dear Sir,

Since you were so kind as to ask me (through my other half) to fix my own evening for smoking a cigar with you, I have had friends here,[†1] and have had no will of my own as to going out. They remain until Monday, when I go to town with them. It is doubtful whether I shall return this season. Under these circumstances, will you come in tomorrow evening at half past six and smoke your cigar with *me*?—so that I may not altogether lose you.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To T. R. EELES, 21 OCTOBER 1851

Text from facsimile in Charles Ruben and J. Christian Bay, *The Dummy Library of Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill Place* (privately printed), 1934, pp. 13-14. On mourning paper.

Household Words Office | Tuesday Evening | Twenty First October 1851.

Dear Mr. Eeles.

There are two spaces in my new study, which I want filled with imitation backs of books. It occurs to me (especially as I wish them to be well done and with dispatch) that it might not be out of your way to do this for me;—and that you would be sure to do it infinitely better than the Cabinet Maker who makes the bookcases, I am very certain. Could you make it convenient to meet me at my new house (Tavistock House, Tavistock Square) tomorrow (Wednesday) Morning at ¼ past 10?[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Eeles.

To T. R. EELES, 22 OCTOBER 1851

Text from facsimile in Charles Ruben and J. Christian Bay, *The Dummy Library of Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill Place* (privately printed), 1934, p. 15. On mourning paper.

Household Words Office | Wednesday Evening | Twenty Second October 1851.

Dear Mr. Eeles.

I send you the List†3 I have made for the book-backs.†4 I should like the History of

a short Chancery Suit to come at the bottom of one recess, and the Catalogue of Statues of the Duke of Wellington at the bottom of the other.†1 If you should want more titles, and will let me know how many, I will send them to you.

Faithfully Yours

CD

To ELIOT WARBURTON, 23 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Miss C. I. Warburton.

Office of Household Words | Thursday Twenty Third October 1851.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your kind suggestion. But the subject has grown to be—may I venture to say it!—such a horrible nuisance, that I never could do anything with it, if I were to try my utmost.†2 It has become my rock ahead in life. It seems to me a very Fortunatus's†3 purse of Boredom. When we get rid of the Exhibition, we begin to grind a new edge to the question of the Building. I have been furtively lingering on the sea-shore for six months, sequestering myself from the letters of introduction of all Nations; and now the whole American Republic seems to be coming over, to talk about "Your government, in opposition to the wishes of your people, removing your Exhibition building from your public park."†4 I have not the

courage to go that way in any light. It is a humiliating confession, but this is my true state.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Eliot Warburton Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 25 OCTOBER 1851

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (envelope, MS George Baynton)*:* Henry Austin Esquire | Post Office | Sherborne | Dorsetshire. PM 25 Oct 51.

Office of Household Words, | Saturday Twenty Fifth October 1851.

My Dear Henry.

On the day of your departure, I thought we were going—backward—at a most triumphant pace. But yesterday we rather recovered. The painters still mislaid their brushes every five minutes, and chiefly whistled in the intervals—and the Carpenters (especially the Pantechnicon) continued to look sideways, with one eye, down pieces of wood, as if they were absorbed in the contemplation of the Perspective of the Thames Tunnel,[†1] and had entirely relinquished the vanities of this transitory world—but still there was an improvement; and it is confirmed to day. White lime is to be seen in the kitchens—faint streaks of civilization dawn in the Water Closet—the Bath Room is gradually resolving itself from an abstract idea into a fact—youthful—extremely youthful—but a fact. The drawing-room encourages no hope whatever. Nor the Study. Staircase, painted. Irish Laborers howling in the schoolroom, but I don't know why: I see nothing. Gardener vigorously lopping the trees, and really letting in the light and air. Foreman, sweet tempered but uneasy. Inimitable hovering gloomily through the premises all day, with an idea that a little more work is done when he flits, bat-like, through the rooms, than when there is no one looking on. Catherine all over paint. Mister McCann,[†2] encountering. Inimitable in doorways fades obsequiously into areas, and there encounters him again, and swoons with confusion. Several reams of blank paper constantly spread on the drawing-room walls, and sliced off again—which looks like insanity. Two men still clinking at the new stair rails. I think they must be learning a tune; I cannot make out any other object in their proceedings.

Since writing the above, I have been up there again, and found the young paperhanger putting on his slippers, and looking hard at the walls of the servants' room at the top of the house, as if he meant to paper it one of these days. May Heaven prosper his intentions!

When do you come back? I hope soon?

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THOMAS COE, 25 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Office of Household Words | Saturday Twenty Fifth October 1851.

Dear Mr. Coe.

We must get John or Johnson into the Drawer at Bath and Bristol, for Mr. Marston cannot play, and I shall have to beg the favor of your doing his part.[†1]

Will you let me know how many Supers you will want?

And will you bear in mind that it will be necessary for you to go down on the Sunday (as I must also) in order that we may have a careful Rehearsal of the Scenery, Properties, and Supers, at 10 on Monday Morning? The employment of new people renders this indispensable.

You will receive due notice of our Day of Rehearsal in town, in the week after next.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Coe.

To THE MAYOR OF READING,[†2] 25 OCTOBER 1851

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London.[†3] | Saturday Twenty Fifth October | 1851.

Sir.

Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to thank you for it cordially on behalf of the gentlemen whom I represent.

I cannot decidedly say whether I could, in the execution of my trust, propose to them a performance at Reading, without begging you to give me some information on the following points.

First, the measurement of the largest room in the town, the number of seated persons it will accommodate; whether it belongs to the town or otherwise (I mean to the Corporation of Reading) and would be lent to us gratuitously or on hire. If the latter, on what terms.

Secondly, what prices you think could be safely charged on such an occasion, and what sum of money we might hope (not deducting expences) to receive.

Thirdly, whether you suggest any particular time for the purpose, or any particular night of the week?

If you will do me the favor to address your reply to me at the Office of The Guild

of Literature and Art, 10 Lancaster Place, Strand, I will, immediately on its receipt, pursue the consideration of your kind proposal.[†1]

I have to apologize to you for a ridiculous difficulty in which I find myself placed. I cannot satisfy myself, on looking closely at your signature, that I read your name correctly. I therefore append an official address merely, to the present note.

I have the honor to be | Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Mayor of Reading

To WILLIAM FARREN,[†2] [25] OCTOBER 1851*

MS University of Texas. *Date:* misdated by CD: Saturday was 25 Oct 51.

Athenaeum Club | Saturday Evening Twenty Fourth Octr. | 1851.

Sir

I have sustained a very disagreeable inconvenience at your Theatre this evening, which I wish to represent to you. Allow me to add that I do not by any means desire to do so, as one whose public position gives him any peculiar claim upon your courtesy, but as any private gentleman might.

I went in, at a little before ten o'Clock,[†3] to see the Burlesque[†4] and paid Four Shillings for a stall. I received a ticket "No. 59"—gave it to the Stall Keeper, who was perfectly quiet and untroubled at the time—entered the Stalls, and took possession of Seat No. 59. I found myself presently, the subject of a rather closer scrutiny from my neighbours than is usual, and could not account for it, until a friend of theirs came in [†a](the Drop Curtain was down the whole time)[†a] and claimed his seat, which he had occupied the whole evening. I represented that I had bought No. 59. "O!" said he—"They don't go by the numbers here!" I moved into the next seat. That was another friend's who was coming back directly. I now began to think that they ought to go by the numbers here and were not going very well, and accordingly represented my case to the money taker. After being bandied about a little between him, and somebody else, and the Stall Keeper—a kind of proceeding to which, I may remark in all good humour, I am not accustomed—I mentioned my name and requested to have my money returned to me. This was a thing not to be heard of, but I could have another stall. I replied that I did not choose to have another stall, after my unpleasant experience of two, and must request the return of my money, as the very least compensation for an annoyance I did not choose to run the risk of again. It was still among the Impossibilities of the Earth, and I therefore write to you, taking leave to represent to you (with great personal respect and admiration) that if the Stall Keeper (not "going" by his numbers) turned me loose into the stalls because I did not give him an additional shilling, he committed

what would be a gross impropriety at any time, but what, at that time of night, was a monstrous imposition.

I am Sir Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

William Farren Esquire

To MRS BAKER,[†1] 28 OCTOBER 1851*

MS (in Wills's hand)[†2] Auckland Public Library.

Office of Household Words | 28 October 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Baker, and begs to assure her that the demands upon his time and attention are so pressing that he is unable to peruse manuscripts with the object of merely expressing an opinion on them.

He can only therefore return the poems which Mrs. Baker was so good as to forward, with the hope that her kindly efforts on behalf of Mr. Brucks[†3] may eventually be of service to him.

To GEORGE MEREDITH,[†4] [?29 OCTOBER 1851]

Mention in next.

To T. CROFTON CROKER,[†5] 29 OCTOBER 1851

MS University of California, Los Angeles. On mourning paper.

Household Words Office | Wednesday Night | Twenty Ninth October 1851.[†6]

My Dear Sir.

I don't quite understand the Postscript to Lord Londesborough's[†7] letter—unless he refers to the Monthly Part (which possibility occurs to me as I write this), because you already have the words in the Weekly Number. I should be most happy to give either him or you any facility whatever, and am only sorry that I don't

see how anything short of magic would enable me to have that pleasure, the words being already in legible type as you know.

In compliance with a rule I always observe, I do not consider myself at liberty to communicate the name of the Writer of those excellent lines without first asking his consent. I have written to him with that view, and entertain no doubt that he will immediately, and with much gratification, empower me to give you his authority for the Cannon.[†1] As soon as his reply reaches me, I will send you the shortest of notes—probably tomorrow.[†2]

I have not seen your anecdote of Belzoni,[†3] which seems to have stopped short with the gentleman who first opens the Manuscripts sent here. I have asked for it, and do not doubt that I shall have it before I write again.[†4]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Crofton Croker Esquire.

To MRS MARSH, 29 OCTOBER 1851*

MS Pickering & Chatto Ltd. *Address:* Mrs Marsh | Eastbury | near | Watford | Herts. On mourning paper.

Household Words Office | Wednesday Evening | Twenty Ninth October 1851.

Dear Mrs. Marsh.

I send you enclosed, in a Registered Letter, Twenty Pounds in payment for your excellent and affecting story. I shall be very glad if you can find it in your conscience, in acknowledging the safe receipt of the money, to relieve my mind by the assurance that however roughly I may have seemed to deal occasionally with the letter of the tale,[†5] I have not impaired its beautiful spirit.

The Manuscript is preserved, and shall be sent to you by any mode of conveyance you may point out.

Ever Dear Madam | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Marsh.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 31 OCTOBER 1851

MS Dickens House.

Guild of Literature and Art, | Friday Thirty First October 1851

My Dear Cunningham.

I have received a letter from Mr. Chute[†1] our business-man at Bath & Bristol, in which he informs me that the room at Bath is already filled, and that *all the Bristol tickets were sold* immediately on their being issued—though the room where we perform at that city is of immense size. In this letter he so strongly urges a second performance at Bristol *on the Thursday Night* (Nov. 13th.)—and that the second night's receipts, as involving very slight additional expenses, will be so exceedingly important to the Guild—that I have taken on myself (being obliged to decide without delay) to pledge the company to such second representation.

I hope that this will put you to no inconvenience, as you can return to London in two or three hours on Friday Morning, or even by the Mail Train on Thursday Night if necessary.[†2]

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS xml:id="dk06.2628tm"/>[†3]

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To [THE MAYOR OF READING],[†4] 31 OCTOBER 1851

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Guild of Literature and Art, | Friday Thirty First October 1851.

Dear Sir

I have gone carefully over the figures which your letter and its accompanying plan present to me.

Our stage is 23 feet long. Allowing for the blank space required (for effects' sake) to be left between the footlights and the first row of seats (in which blank space I usually place the Orchestra) our stage-Carpenter will take off from the room, as available for an Audience, thirty feet. I apprehend this will leave sitting-room for 720 persons, from whom—taking half of them at 7/6 each, and half at 5/—£ 225 would be received for tickets.

If any plan could be devised by yourself and other local gentlemen to ensure the Guild, positively, £200 as the receipts for the sale of tickets, I should be happy to undertake that a Performance should take place at Reading. And in that case I would suggest Tuesday December the Ninth[†5]—the Moon being at the full, on the previous evening.

I will explain to you plainly, why I find it necessary to stipulate for this guarantee. It is not only because the expences of moving the Theatre and company, are very large (the machinery being exceedingly ingenious, and the scenes rare works of Art requiring great care) but because we have already agreed upon a certain list of excursions always combining two or three towns in one trip: which greatly lessens the charges. And I should find it difficult to induce the gentlemen associated to enter upon this separate and additional performance, on any less decisive terms.

You know far better than I can suggest, what the probabilities are, of the room being entirely full. I will merely mention that the Assembly Rooms at Bath where we act in the week after next are already pre-engaged throughout; and that [†a]all the tickets for[†a] the Victoria Rooms at Bristol (an exceedingly large place) were sold immediately on their being issued. Similar results have invariably attended our announcements in the North of England.

Allow me to add that if the plan I suggest be found impracticable, I shall still feel truly obliged to you for your kind proposal though unable to accept it.

I am Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Of course The Guild would bear all charges and expences, out of the sum I have named.

To THE HON. RICHARD WATSON, 31 OCTOBER 1851

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (envelope MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton)*:* The Hon. Richard Watson | Rockingham Castle | Northamptonshire. PM 1 Nov 51.

Office of Household Words | Friday Thirty First October 1851.

My Dear Watson.

I am MOST[†1] unwilling to decline an invitation so originated and so seconded as that which you have sent me. But I fear I have no possible alternative. Besides being hard at work, I am at present in such convulsions of repairing and moving, that it takes Thirty (of Cubitt's) men to hold me. I am perfectly wild to get into my new Study (having a new book on my mind); and all the Trades of the civilised earth seem to be whistling in it, and intending to grow grey in it. In addition to these trifles, and the ordinary demands upon my attention made here, I have the Guild Army to drill and put in motion for three nights at Bath and Bristol in the week after next. Besides all this, I am asked to attend Soirées of Mechanics' Institutions (of which as you know I am a warm advocate) continually, and have, for many months past, excused myself on the ground of my many engagements. Hence, if I could even make an exception in this case (which I really do not see the possibility of doing, with the slightest reference to what I have around me and before me) I should get into no end of contradictions and inconsistencies, and a hail of additional correspondence would pour down on my devoted head immediately.

I hope you may be able to read this, but I can't see it as I write it for a tremendous cold, which has shut up my right eye—made a mere steel button of my left—

communicated the lively expression of a codfish to my mouth—muffled my voice—rasped the inside of my chest with a rough file—and reduced my mental condition (as you may perceive) to one of mere drivel and imbecility.

(Each of the foregoing marks represents a sneeze which seized me at this point) Pray make my best remembrances to Mrs. Watson, and tell her that it seems so strange to me not to be coming to see you at about this time of year! Georgina and the children are still at Broadstairs, until we shall have prepared a pigeon-hole or two into which they may creep. Catherine is here with me and sends her kind love. She is all over paint, and seems to think that it is somehow being immensely useful to get into that condition. We sit in our new house all day, trying to touch the hearts of the workmen by our melancholy looks, and are patched with oil and lime and haggard with white lead. We sit upon a ladder. All the doors are always open; and there is no repose or privacy, as Irish Labourers stare in through the very slates.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

November

To ALEXANDRE DUMAS,[†1] 3 NOVEMBER 1851

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Lundi 3 November 1851.

Mon chèr et honoré collaborateur.

J'ai eté ailleurs, à la campagne, (je vous ecris à la distance de trente-trois lieues de Londres ou je reste à present) et je n'ai pas reçu jusqu'aujourdhui, votre lettre si bienvenue, si flattante, et si charmante. Je m'empresse de repondre, et de vous assurer de tout mon coeur, que je serai enchanté de vous embrasser.

Malheureusement, je ne crois pas que je reviendrai à Londres, pour y rester, jusqu'au commencement de Decembre. Dans ce moment-ci je change mon domicile, et je me trouve parfaitement bouleversé—tous mes livres et mes meubles—tout ce que m'appartient—dispersés ici et la. Mais apres le Ier. Decembre, j'espere que je serai certainment et comfortablement etabli chez moi.

Voici ma nouvelle addresse à Londres—Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, bien proche des Hotels *Victoria,* et *Euston,* les deux hotels du chemin de fer The North Western.[†2] Je suis generalement libre, après 2 heures après midi, et je serai

charmé de vous servir comme "Guide à Londres" (faute de mieux) et aussi si vous prendrez le diner chez moi (sans trouble et sans ceremonie) tous les jours de votre sejour, quand vous pourrez me donner ce plaisir-la.

Maddle. Faucit[†1] est de mes amies. Elle vient de se marier,[†2] et elle ne joue pas.[†3] Les bonnes actrices sont tres rares à Londres—plus rares qu'a Paris; et j'ai grand peur mon ami qu'à present votre protegée ne pourrait apprendre presque rien ici, excepté tout-ce qu'elle ne doit pas imiter—comme votre ami Regnier vous dira.

Dites-moi quand j'aurai la felicité de vous recevoir à Londres, et croyez-moi, mon confrere, toujours votre admirant et devoué

CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur | Monsr. Alexander Dumas.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 4 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS University of Texas.

Shepherds Bush. | Tuesday Fourth November 1851.

My Dear Tracey.

I am very sorry to let you know that a bonnet and gown were found taken [†a]from the Wardrobe,[†a] and concealed among the dirty clothes, last Sunday. Some previous circumstances suggested to Mrs. Morson that Martha Williamson had taken them with a view of decamping. On being plainly taxed to this effect, she confessed, and professed great contrition. Observe she has *some* clothes of her own—wretched things, but still *some* rags here. And further observe that she was going to take *a spare dress* with her; having one on.

I heard of it this morning, and immediately came here—had her in—and discharged her. I told Mrs. Morson (before her) to keep her tonight, but to send her away at 12 tomorrow.

But I added to Mrs. Morson (of course not in presence of the girl) that if you came or sent out in the meantime personally requesting that she should have another trial, and making it known to her that it *was* your personal request, she was to remain beyond all question. You may have that interest in her, or that knowledge of her, or that kind-heartedness about her, that you would like to give the destitute wretch another trial. *I* would like to do so, but I am afraid the circumstances are very bad.[†4]

If you do wish her to remain, don't fail to communicate with Mrs. Morson before 12 tomorrow. If you should wish to see me, I shall be at the Household Words Office 16 Wellington Street North, Strand all *this* Evening.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

To SIDNEY HERBERT,[†1] [EARLY NOVEMBER 1851]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 17 Nov. *Date:* CD no doubt wrote shortly after seeing the two sisters on 5 Nov.

Asking Herbert whether his Colonization Committee would accept two sisters for emigration under their scheme.

To ROBERT TUCKER,[†2] 8 NOVEMBER 1851

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Guild of Literature and Art, | 10, Lancaster Place, Strand, | Saturday
November 8th 1851.

Dear Sir,

I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your obliging letter, and in begging you to convey my cordial thanks to the professional Members of the Bristol Academy for the Promotion of the Fine Arts[†3] for the gratifying recognition with which they have honored my friends and myself.

It may save you some trouble if I undertake to convey to the gentlemen whom I represent, the terms of the Resolution with which you have favored me. I cannot answer for them, as to their ability to pay a visit to the Institution, but I fear I *can* answer for myself; my time being so constantly occupied with a variety of business-details on these occasions, that I have rarely half an hour for any recreative purpose but rest.

I am Dear Sir, | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Tucker Esquire.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 10 NOVEMBER 1851

MS British Museum.

Bath. | Monday Tenth November 1851.

My Dearest Kate.

I have just time to let you know that we are all safely here, and that everything is ready and in good order—except the Wigs which, in consequence of some infernal mistake of Wilsons,[†1] have not yet come.[†2] Our address at Bristol is *The Bath Hotel Clifton*,[†3] where I shall hope to hear from you of the Progress of things at home. If any letter should come from me with the Reading postmark, or should come to the office (concerning which you can ask Mr. Holdsworth) send it on to me, as it will be important to the Guild.

With best love to Georgina and Mamey and Katey,

Ever affectionately

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 13 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Clifton, Thursday Thirteenth November | 1851.

My Dear Henry. The sight of your hand writing this morning, threw me into a cold perspiration—expecting the statement of the balance.[†4] I recovered, but wish it were over.

That Copperfield is *mine*. I thought it must be there, when I found it not sent home with my books. If you can conveniently bring it on Sunday, perhaps you will.

We had a great room at Bath but they are a horribly dull audience.[†5] Last night here, was wonderful.[†6] That great room crammed to excess, presented a most magnificent sight—the enthusiasm was prodigious—and we went wildly all through. We expect another great house tomorrow.[†7]

We are in a very good hotel, close to Brunel's unfinished Suspension Bridge[†1] and out of the smoke and filth of Bristol. My eyes are so redolent of Gas, that I can hardly see to write this. As to voice, I am a Raven. And my hair has got into that state from wigs, glue, and exhaustion, that it is more like a Ratcatcher's cage for his game—than what Mr. Rowland would call the greatest ornament of the human form.[†2], [†3]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 13 NOVEMBER 1851

MS British Museum.

Clifton Thirteenth November 1851.

My Dearest Kate. I have just received your second letter, and am quite delighted to find that all is going on so vigorously, and that you are in such a methodical, business-like, and energetic state. I shall come home by the Express on Saturday morning, and shall hope to be at home between 11 and 12.

We had a noble night, last night. The room (which is the largest but one in England) was crammed in every part. The effect of from thirteen to fourteen hundred people, all well dressed, and all seated in one unbroken chamber, except that the floor rose high towards the end of the hall, was most splendid; and we never played to a better audience. The enthusiasm was prodigious; the place delightful for speaking in; no end of gas; another hall for a dressing room; an immense stage; and every possible convenience. We were all thoroughly pleased, I think, with the whole thing, and it was a very great and striking success. Tomorrow night, having the new Hardman,[†4] I am going to try the Play with all kinds of cuts, taking out, among other things, some half dozen printed pages of Wills Coffee House.[†5]

We are very pleasant and cheerful [†a](I was obliged to pitch into Stone last night, but that's nothing).[†6] Not having champagne is a great improvement. There is very little drunk, all things considered, and moderation is universal.[†a] They are all going to Matthew Davenport Hill's to lunch, this morning and to see some woods about six or seven miles off. I prefer being quiet, and shall go out at my leisure and call on

Elliot[†1]. [†a]I find the Barrow[†2] who lives here (to my great astonishment)[†3] a gentleman of condition and a very agreeable man. [†a]We are very well lodged and boarded, and, living high up on the Downs, are quite out of the filth of Bristol.

I saw old Landor at Bath, who has bronchitis, [†a]and I don't think will last long.[†a†4] When he was last in town, Kenyon drove him about, by God, half the morning, under a most damnable pretence of taking him to where Walter[†5] was at school, and they never found the confounded house![†6] He had in his pocket on that occasion a Souvenir for Walter, in the form of a rather seedy Union[†7] shirt pin: which is now in my possession, and shall be duly brought home.

I am tired enough, and shall be glad when tomorrow night is over. We expect a very good house. [†a]Have you seen an advertisement of Nathan's in the Times, announcing as to be let on hire, "the Theatre that was used at Rockingham Castle by Charles Dickens Esquire and friends"?[†8] I shall wait until this trip is over, and then discard him for his pains.[†a]

Forster went up to town after the performance last night (O Heaven how hot he was!!)[†9] and promised to report to you that all was well. Jerrold is in extraordinary

force. I don't think I ever knew him so humorous.[†1] And this is the whole of my news—which is [†b]little enough.[†b] I am continually thinking of the House in the midst of all the bustle, but I trust it with such confidence to you that I am quite at my ease about it.

With best love to Georgy and the girls, ever my Dearest Kate, Most affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I forgot to say that Topham has suddenly come out as a Juggler, and swallows candles, and does wonderful things with the Poker—very well indeed, but with a bashfulness and embarrassment extraordinarily ludicrous.[†2]

To THE SECRETARY, NEW RIVER WATERWORKS,[†3] [17 NOVEMBER 1851]

Mention in *To* Austin, 17 Nov 51.

To WILLIAM CUBITT & CO., [17 NOVEMBER 1851]

Mention in *To* Austin, 17 Nov 51.

To DR WILLIAM BROWN, 17 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

London, Tavistock House Tavistock Square | Seventeenth November 1851.

My Dear Sir

As I hope it has by this time left off raining—and that Mrs. Brown has no cold—and that you are all sight-seeing all day long[†4]—I will not inflict more than half a minute's reading on you. For, as I write by this same opportunity to Miss Coutts, I need only thank you for your kind letter and the pleasure I derived from its intelligence—and wish you well home again—and beg you to give my best regards to my perpetual contradicter,[†5] who I suppose is laying up a stock of illustration and argument that will utterly defeat me for the rest of my life.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To MISS BUCKLEY,[†1] 17 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Seventeenth November 1851.

My Dear Miss Buckley.

I do not at present see my way to any fresh mention of the Potteries, in Household Words,[†2] because I could only do so, serviceably, apròpos of something and as the subject arose naturally. But I will bear your letter in mind and not lose any chance of helping your good work.[†3]

Mrs. Dickens and her sister join me in best regards to your good mother and your sister.[†4] Believe me always

Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Buckley.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 NOVEMBER 1851

MS Morgan Library.

London, Tavistock House Tavistock Square | Seventeenth November 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

As I was sitting down this morning to write to you, I received a letter from Mr. Brown dated Berlin, in which he gives me an account of the missing Trio that fills me with pleasure on your account.

You may perhaps have seen in the Times how one of our girls has given us a little trouble.[†5] She came from Mr. Tracey's. On a certain morning not long ago, Mrs. Morson appeared here with a report that the said girl had contrived (behind Mrs. Macartney's back) to secrete a bonnet and some clothes out of the Wardrobe room, with which she had intended to decamp—that being singled out by Mrs. Morson, and taxed as the delinquent (and I think her penetration does her great credit) she admitted her guilt, but implored not to be turned away as she was utterly destitute—&c &c. I immediately went out, and decided in my own mind, on the road, that I would act, as to this last punishment of expulsion, according to the girl's appearance and manner; and that if they inspired the least belief in her repentance, I would give her one more trial. I had her into the parlor the instant I arrived at the Home, in order that she might have no time for preparation; and, finding no extenuating circumstance in the case, but all sorts of aggravating circumstances instead—and being perfectly convinced that she was altogether imposing upon me, or trying to do it—told Mrs. Morson in her presence, that she

must put her old clothes upon her and discharge her at 12 next day. But I privately added instructions to Mrs. Morson not to discharge her in rags. At six next morning, she robbed the place and made off, but was taken in the lane by a policeman, brought back, and locked up in a bedroom while Mrs. Morson once more came to me. I felt an example so indispensable that I immediately transferred her to Mr. Loaden,[†1] with instructions to Mr. L to give the girl into custody directly, take her before the Magistrate, and beg the Magistrate, quietly, to convict her summarily and so prevent trouble and noise at the Old Bailey. All this was done, and she is now undergoing two months of Mr. Tracey's severest discipline.[†2]

I hope you approve of these proceedings?

Mr. A Beckett the Magistrate[†3] wrote to me on the very same day, about a girl who had been brought before him for trying to get admission into the workhouse at an unseasonable hour. I went over to his Court, immediately, and found her to be a little country girl of 17—rather pretty—who had been deserted by her father, and had been tramping and hop-picking and vagabondizing generally, all her life. She told me the truth about herself, and I took her. She is profoundly ignorant, but very quiet, and much gentler (so far) than we could have supposed. If she can be brought to learn, I think it may turn out a strong case. At any rate, it is decidedly worth the trial.

I saw, on the same day at the same Court, as applicants for relief from the Poor box two sisters—daughters of a deceased harbor master at Ramsgate—one 30, the other 40—both young for their years, strong, stout-hearted, full of courage though unable to live by slop needle-work, and horribly reduced—of great natural cheerfulness in the midst of their misery—of excellent manners and unblemished character. All they desired was to be got abroad, and to live by their own hard work. I was so very much impressed by these women, and so deeply sensible of the pathetic contrast between their ardent desire to have such charitable aid as the other pestilent wretch had thanklessly flung away, that I was strongly impelled to take them into the Home, and try the influence of two such inmates on the rest. I did not, however, feel myself justified in making that departure from your usual plan, in your absence and without your concurrence. As I could not bear to leave them in that state without an effort, I wrote to Sidney Herbert about them, and have great hopes from the reply I have received, that his Committee[†4] will accept them, though they are not strictly within their rules.[†5] But in case they should not, would you wish me to do anything with them?

If I were not profoundly confident in your English sympathies, I should be tempted to believe that you were by this time forgetting this small Island, and

debating whether it would be worth while ever to come back to it. It has fallen into a pleasant dulness since the closing of the Great Exhibition[†1]—an event for which I am fervently thankful.

I saw Charley a little while ago, who was very well and strongly praised by his tutor. He wrote home this morning for—a pound of tea (!)—and dwelt, with some enthusiasm, on the circumstance that the holidays will commence in three weeks. We are beginning to be settled in our new house (which I hope you will think a pretty one, when you *do* come back) and I am beginning to find my papers, and to know where the pen and ink are. For the last month, I have been drearily watching Cubitt's workmen, in strong draughts, all day. They have fled at last (thank God) from the miserable expression of my face, and Order is re-established.

I will not inflict a longer letter upon you; being already very doubtful whether you will ever get to this point. For of course you carry that Secretarial table, covered all over with correspondence and other documents, wherever you go. I always picture you as having it set up, the instant you arrive in a town, and falling to work on the spot.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg me to send their kind regards to you and your fellow travellers; and I am ever Dear Miss Coutts

Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To T. R. EELES, 17 NOVEMBER 1851

Text from MDGH, I, 269.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, Nov. 17th, 1851.

Dear Mr. Eeles,

I must thank you for the admirable manner in which you have done the book-backs in my room. I feel personally obliged to you, I assure you, for the interest you have taken in my whim, and the promptitude with which you have completely carried it out.

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, 17 NOVEMBER 1851

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Seventeenth November 1851.

My Dear Talfourd

I want to ask your kind advice in reference to a re-publishing offer I have received from America;[†2] my acceptance of which would endanger (as I apprehend)

my copyright here. Will you let me know at what hour I can come round to you at home with the least inconvenience to yourself.

Affectionately Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 17 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Night | Seventeenth November 1851.

My Dear Henry.

Here is the Devil to pay, about the bath, and upper service of water. It has twice failed altogether. Finding not so much as a tear in the shower bath, cistern, "hot", "cold", "waste" or anywhere else in the regions towards the sky, this morning, I dispatched indignant missive to Water Works. Secretary promptly writes polite note, and sends Inspector. Inspector says Cistern is too small, and it is absolutely impossible to maintain the service with such Cistern, and with pipe of such small diameter as is now employed, unless another Cistern capable of holding from 300 to 400 gallons of water is erected downstairs by the Kitchen,

and kept in perpetual communication with the "Biler". Helpless and affrighted undersigned immediately writes menacing letter to Cubitts to make such cistern, and furthermore, indites present epistle.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 18 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth November 1851.

My Dear Henry.

I will look up the Tulip Noir.[†1] It is not here. Must be at the office I think.

You will have seen the foreman, I dare say, before you receive this, as he settled to call on you. There is no doubt whatever that the Inspector saw the right Cistern (and not the water closet one) because he measured it with his rule and told me what it held—speaking of 300 gallons or so—and positively saying that another Cistern of at least equal capacity was wanted below. He said so, confidently, and without the least doubt, and after a second close examination by two men of the whole apparatus. I have no kind of question that we never can get on—with the apparatus and the Company together—without this second supply.

If you are coming up this afternoon, pray come to dinner. Half past five is the hour, and we are alone.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 21 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Indiana University Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty First November | 1851.

My Dear Evans.

I think—all things considered, and with a reference to Household Words, and the Christmas Number, and the getting on beforehand—that we had best decide to begin on the 1st. of March. Or rather, it will be best to make the advertisement run that "on the 28th. of February will be published" &c—it does not look so far off. Would it be desirable to keep the announcement at the foot of each weekly Number of Household Words?[†1]

Would you announce the name sooner than in the February Magazines?[†2]

It has occurred to me that it might not be a bad project to publish the first volume of the Child's History of England, for Christmas time and the New Year. You and I, going over the matter, would know

when the second volume could be published, and could decide in how many volumes it would be—all of which could be duly advertized.[†3] What do you think? You will find me at home every morning, if you would like to discuss all these points viva voce.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 22 NOVEMBER 1851

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Saturday Night Twenty Second Novr | 1851.

Mr Dear Bradbury

I am more vexed than I can possibly tell you, that you did not come up to my room this morning. I only heard on going down to dinner (after being a prisoner all

day) that you had been here,—and the bare idea of a general order of mine being so literally interpreted as to exclude YOU,[†1] of all men, on such a pretence as MY[†1] beginning a new book, fills me with remorse! We have been so long and closely associated in all such efforts of my life, that I really grieve for the accident more than I can express.

Do, like a good christian, come round tomorrow before 2 and let me make you free of my sanctum and all belonging to it for the next hundred years. For I am indeed

Always your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Bradbury Esquire.

To MRS GASKELL, 25 NOVEMBER 1851

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth November 1851.

My Dear Scheherazade[†2]—for I am sure your powers of narrative can never be exhausted in a single night, but must be good for at least a thousand nights and one.

When I received your letter yesterday morning, my first impulses being of a remorseful nature[†3] I immediately repaired to my Solicitor and made over to you, for ever, all the plate glass and Californian bullion-fringe on these premises, which you will receive (carriage free) as soon as the men employed in their removal can find them. They are now searching in every direction, and have got to the kitchen—an apartment painted in an Arabesque manner, with perfumes burning night and day on tripods of silver—crimson hangings of silk damask concealing the saucepans—and melodious singing-birds of every country, pendant in gilded cages from the fretted roof.

When I found I didn't know the right end of the Ghost Story,[†4] I was so much relieved in my mind that I had some thought of cancelling the settlement I had made upon you; but did not do so. And I hereby, in addition, offer to tell you another, which shall be the comfort and solace of Mr. Gaskell's[†5] life when faithless cabs again leave him with a stony host, in otherwise-helpless despair.[†6] [†a][If it will

afford either him or you the least satisfaction in the bereavement for which I am responsible, I will see the Ghost myself.][†a]

But I never yet met anybody who read the Keepsake;[†1] and I am not without hopes that you will soon take courage and try the face again—beginning, say, on some mild bore, and gradually working up to lofty intellects—say Mrs. Tagart.[†2]

Seriously, I hope I have not damaged the incident of the Face?[†3] It came into my mind (you remember that it struck me very much when you told it) as a very remarkable instance of a class of mental phenomena at which I have glanced in the little sketch[†4]—certainly the best known, and the best certified, and among the most singular class out of many. It also led up, by natural degrees, to another story (Ghost-story) which I have told in the same place,[†5] and which I believe to be, in the slightest incident, perfectly true. I told it, some time ago, to Elliotson, who printed it in a note to his Physiology.[†6]

Yet I[†7] never complained!

More than that, Crows have plucked at the fleeces[†8] of other Ghosts of mine before now—but I have borne it meekly. Ghost-stories, illustrating particular states of mind and processes of the imagination, are common-property, I always think—except in the manner of relating them, and O who can rob some people of *that*!

Mrs. Dickens and her sister (who now dress entirely in brocade of gold, with each a tag to her stay lace composed of one inestimable diamond) beg me to send their loves, and to say that they are not proud.[†9]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell

To THOMAS BEARD, 26 NOVEMBER 1851

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Wednesday Twenty Sixth November | 1851.

C. Dickens presents his respects to Thomas Beard Esquire, and takes the liberty of mentioning that the above premises will be on View on Sunday next at 5 o'Clock exactly, when refreshments (modestly assuming the form of dinner) will be provided free of charge.

To PETER TERRY,[†1] [27] NOVEMBER 1851

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1985; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Peter Terry; dated Tavistock House, Thursday, 28 Nov 51. *Date:* Thursday was 27 Nov, not 28 Nov; CD made the same mistake in *To* Stone (below).

Agreeing to attend his Anniversary Dinner[†2] *and become a steward.*

To FRANK STONE, [27] NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* misdated by CD.

Tavistock House | Thursday Night | Twenty Eighth November 1851.

My Dear Stone.

This is the Right-of-Way key through my garden—a Blue Beard sort of enclosure, but perfectly harmless.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

December

To F. M. EVANS, 2 DECEMBER 1851

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House. | Second December 1851.

My Dear Evans. Topham (who was here yesterday) has an idea of subjecting the Frontispiece to two printings, in differently-tinted inks.[†3] I told him that I

presumed there was no objection. He seemed rather confident of getting some new and good effect out of it.

He will want a gentle reminder as to time, from you.

We shall come out briskly now, of course, with our H.W. advertisements, after yesterday's decision?[†1]

Faithfully Always

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 2 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Second December 1851.

My Dear Sir

If you should have nothing better to do on Thursday evening next, than to give Mrs. Dickens the pleasure of knowing you, she will be very happy indeed to see you if you will take what the Essayists[†2] used to call "a dish of tea" here.[†3]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire.

To MRS GASKELL, [4] DECEMBER 1851

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Thursday was 4 Dec.

Tavistock House | Thursday Afternoon Fifth Decr. | 1851.

My Dear Mrs Gaskell

I write in great haste to tell you that Mr. Wills in the utmost consternation has brought me your letter just received (4 o'Clock) and that it is *too late* to recall your

tale.[†1] I was so delighted with it that I put it first in the No. (not hearing of any objection to my proposed alteration[†2] by return of Post) and the No. is now made up and in the Printer's hands. I cannot possibly take the Tale out—it has departed from me.

I am truly concerned for this, but I hope you will not blame me for what I have done in perfect good faith. Any recollection of me from your pen, cannot (as I think you know) be otherwise than truly gratifying to me; but with my name on every page of Household Words there would be—or at least I should feel—an impropriety in so mentioning myself. I was particular, in changing the author, to make it Hoods *Poems* in the most important place—I mean where the Captain is killed—and I hope and trust that the substitution will not be any serious drawback to the paper, in any eyes but yours.[†3] I would do anything rather than cause you a minute's vexation arising out of what has given me so much pleasure, and I sincerely beseech you to think better of it, and not to fancy that any shade has been thrown on your charming writing, by the unfortunate but innocent

CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]I write at a Gallop, not to lose another Post.[†a]

To THOMAS COX,[†4] [EARLY DECEMBER 1851]

Mention in H. S. Solly, *The Life of Henry Morley*, p. 198. *Date:* presumably shortly before or after the publication of CD's Chip "A Free (and Easy) School" on 6 Dec 51 (*HW*, IV, 260).†5

Enclosing a copy of his Chip.

To F. M. EVANS, 7 DECEMBER 1851

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Sunday Seventh December 1851.

My Dear Evans.

Child's History†1

I have gone over the Proofs, and taken them to Mr. Forster. I don't think he will delay them at all; but, in case he should, send a boy to him.

I have to leave off what I am at present working at, for the Xmas No. of H.W. I hope to knock off King John in no time, while I am doing my Xmas paper. You shall have him as soon as he is out of hand. Is Topham looked up?†2 *We cannot be out too soon.*

H.W.

The words "Extra Number", seem to me to want throwing up, as I see the advertisement in today's Examiner.†3

Bleak House

You will be glad to hear that I have only the last short chapter to do, to complete No. 1.†4

Faithfully Always

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To JOHN BINKS,†5 8 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Old Curiosity Shop, Portsmouth Street, Kingsway. *Address:* John Binks Esquire | Mechanics Institution | Wakefield.

London, Tavistock House Tavistock Square | Eighth December 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Binks, and regrets that his occupations render it quite out of his power to have the pleasure of accepting the invitation of the Committee of the Wakefield Mechanics' Institution.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 DECEMBER 1851†

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Eighth December 1851.

My Dear Wills.

I can't begin the Xmas article[†6]—and am going out to walk, after vain trials.

I send you some papers that I have, and the book from Willis's[†7] (did you pay for

it?) out of which I think Morley can make a good article as to the Science of our ancestors.[†1] I don't agree with you about Lever's[†2] article. Reading it this morning before going to return it, I thought it sensible and useful and quite in our way. I send it to you with a new name, to be set up.[†3]

It seems to me that what the Xmas No. wants, is something with no detail in it, but a tender fancy that shall hit a great many people. This is what I am trying for. If I can get it, it will not be lengthy.[†4]

I am much obliged to you for the Chancery information. I had got to that Number of Solicitors—by a sort of instinct I suppose—but had modestly limited my costs to from forty to fifty thousand pounds.[†5]

I have not received a proof of Sydney's[†6] article[†7] intact and uncut. Let me have it.

Faithfully Always

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

P.S. I enclose a bill from Seager & Evans,[†8] of which the last two items belong to me. If you will settle my proportion of the discount, I will give you a cheque for my share when you come here.[†9]

To W. H. WILLS, [?11] DECEMBER 1851

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Thursday was 11 Dec.

Thursday Night | Tenth Decr. 1851.

"You are quite right My Dear Wills" (as a friend of ours[†10] would say) about Saint Michael's Mount. I had associated with the place in Cornwall, for which I have a romantic tenderness, another little historical passage—and so firmly settled in my own mind that this passage occurred there, that I take it very ill it didn't.[†11] Your

suggestion fired (in half an hour) a train of damp gunpowder, which blew my belief to shivers.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, [?8-11 DECEMBER 1851]

Extract in Bloomsbury Book Auctions catalogue, June 1986; MS 1 p. *Date:* clearly written between *To* Evans, 7 Dec and 12 Dec 51.

You now want King John. *When* do you want him?

To F. M. EVANS, 12 DECEMBER 1851

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Friday Twelfth December 1851.

My Dear Evans.

You shall have King John the first thing on Monday morning (will you direct a boy to be sent for it before breakfast?) and it can be easily printed and corrected in the course of the day. I let you know this, in case you should want to announce the day of publication.

It will be best to set it up, first, for the book—and I can afterwards give it out for Household Words. Will you let me know what the last Chapter—King Richard—is in the book? I am not sure whether it is X or XI.[†1]

Faithfully Yours

CD.

I have taken great pains with the Xmas No. and think it is a very good one.

To CHARLES MACKAY, [?6-13 DECEMBER 1851]

Mention in C. F. Libbie & Co. catalogue, May 1880; n.d. *Date:* perhaps shortly after the first of Mackay's series of "English Songs & Melodies", *Illustrated London News*, 6 Dec 51.

On Mackay's national songs.[†2]

To THOMAS CHAPMAN,[†1] 13 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thirteenth December 1851.

My Dear Sir

Will you allow me to present to you, Mr. Wills—who is my confidential friend and assistant in the management of Household Words, and on whom I have the fullest reliance—to explain to you a scheme he has originated in connexion with mercantile and shipping matters, and in which he has already much interested some high authorities?[†2] I cannot do him a better service, I am sure, than by giving him an

occasion of stating his views to you; and I hope you will find them practical, clear, and worthy of attention. Indeed I am sure you will, or I would not trouble you with this note.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, [14] DECEMBER 1851

MS Dickens House. *Date:* misdated 13 Dec in error; Sunday was 14 Dec 51.

Tavistock House | Sunday Evening | Thirteenth December 1851.

My Dear Evans.

I send you King John, to finish the Volume.

Also, the introductory sheet.[†3] Take care that the Readers have carefully checked all the figures in it, or that they do so—as I can't remember them in detail, and have no copy of my draught.

The sooner we can publish, the better. I think Forster is out of town. Therefore (if you have all the previous sheets from him) you had best send King John to me for correction. He will be back on Tuesday, I have no doubt—I don't mean King John (God forbid!) but Mr. Forster—in case there is still any part of the little book in his hands.

Ever Yours
CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 15 DECEMBER 1851*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Monday Fifteenth December 1851.

My Dear Mac.

I didn't reply to your note about the Indian Dress[†4]—which you have now safely got, I hope—because it immediately precipitated me, head foremost, into an Abyss

of enquiries. The confiscation of Tons of indescribable objects, consequent on the removal to this commodious Family Mansion, extended to that very greasy tunic, which was bestowed upon John with injunctions never to let it reappear above the surface of the domestic earth. He gave it to the Carpenter—the Carpenter gave (or sold) it to somebody else—somebody else parted with it to somebody else—and in short it went on, like the Starling in the Sentimental Journey, through all the letters of the Alphabet,[†1] and had got to Z when your note came. Pending its recovery or total loss, I waited on from day to day to write about it, and thus, even the Punctual Inimitable B may have appeared oblivious, even when most mindful!

Ever affecy.
CD.

To CHARLES ELLIS, 16 DECEMBER 1851

MS Charles Ellis & Co.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Tuesday Sixteenth December | 1851.

Dear Mr. Ellis

Have you any Port Wine of a rather high character—old and perfectly free from sweetness, yet of a good body and color—which you could so send me as that it should be in good condition for drinking on the last day of this month? If you have, and are quite sure of its possessing these qualities and answering this description, I should be glad to know the cost of five or six Dozen. As I know I can quite rely on your recommendation,—if you have no doubt yourself of the particular wine you would wish to send me I think I need not take the trouble of coming down to taste it. But I will do so, if you wold prefer it.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. M. EVANS, 16 DECEMBER 1851

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Sixteenth December 1851.

My Dear Evans

I declare before God that your men are enough to drive me mad! After all the trouble and care I have taken with that Xmas No. I open it now, and find in the second page—in my own article—"therefore we commit his body to the *Dark*"—for Deep[†2]—which was never wrong until now. I don't believe there is a beastly unstamped newspaper in London in which such a flagrant and unpardonable

mistake would be made. I am so disgusted by it, that I throw down my pen in an absolute despair, and could as soon paint an historical picture as go on writing.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To A. H. LAYARD,[†1] 16 DECEMBER 1851

MS British Museum.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Sixteenth December 1851.

My Dear Layard.

I want to renew your recollection of "the last time we parted"—not at Wapping Old Stairs,[†2] but at Miss Coutts's—when we vowed to be more intimate after All Nations should have departed from Hyde Park, and I should be able to emerge from my cave on the sea-shore.[†3]

Can you, and will you, be in town on Wednesday the last day of this present Old Year? If yes, will you dine with us at a quarter after six, and see the New Year in with such extemporaneous follies of an exploded sort (in genteel society) as may occur to us. Both Mrs. Dickens and I would be really delighted if this should find you free to give us the pleasure of your society.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Austen Henry Layard Esquire.

To MRS MORSON, 17 DECEMBER 1851*

Text transcribed by Prof. Edgar Johnson from MS then in the possession of James F. Drake Inc., and misdated 1857.

Tavistock House, December 17, 1851

Dear Mrs. Morson

You will receive from Mr. Chesterton, *tomorrow*, a young woman named Eliza Clayton, who will come in her own clothes, which you will please change (as usual) for those of the Home, as soon as possible. Very likely you have under-clothing ready, that will do for her.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Morson

To CHARLES ELLIS, 18 DECEMBER 1851†[1]

MS Charles Ellis & Co.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eighteenth December | 1851

Dear Mr. Ellis.

I shall be glad to receive on your recommendation, 3 dozen of the old Port at 90/- and 2 dozen of that at 105/-. The cellar will be ready for it, whenever you send.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 20 DECEMBER 1851†

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twentieth December 1851.

My Dear Henry.

My mind misgives me at the notion of the Walk. There is something so fortuitous in it, that I cannot look my defenceless position in the face. He would have me by the arm, probably,—it is dreadful to contemplate.

But I'll (the first word of this paragraph is meant for B.U.T.) but I'll engage to meet him, for purposes of light and vigorous conversation, on Saturday next, or on Monday week next, at any hour between 11 and 4, either here or at the Board of Health—the latter perhaps would be preferable, because I could run away.[†2] If you will make the appointment, and, as Mitton would write "notify same to me", I will make it my business to keep it.

Ever affectionately

CD.

[†a]Sometimes I think Cubitts' bill is too long to be added up, until Babbage's Calculating Machine[†3] shall be improved and finished. Sometimes, that there is not Paper enough ready made, to carry it over and bring it forward upon.[†a]

To MRS BROWN, 20 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twentieth December 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I cannot tell you how pleased I am with your elegant little present—most acceptable for its own beauty, and more than most acceptable as a remembrance from you.[†4]

It has taken up its position this morning on the centre table in my room; where I hope you will see it, hundreds of times; and where I assure you it looks charming.

With many cordial thanks, and all good wishes seasonable and unseasonable, if any good wishes be ever unseasonable

Believe me Ever | (In spite of Louis Napoleon)[†1] | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I am going out to Shepherds Bush this morning, to enquire after the health (and cap) of the Widow Lady.[†2]

To JOHN DICKER,[†3] 20 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Mr R. N. Walker.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Twentieth December 1851.

Sir.

I assure you that I have received your letter with much pleasure,[†4] and that it is a great satisfaction to me to have helped to render justice to a deserving body of men.[†5]

You owe me no thanks. On the contrary, I feel indebted to you for your valuable assistance, and for the great intelligence and moderation with which it was rendered.

The case you mention, occurred to me, as a supposititious one, when I was looking at your customers. I have no doubt whatever that Mrs. Flathers would be infinitely worse off with an obliging neighbour than with any Pawnbroker whomsoever.[†6]

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Decker.[†7]

To MRS GASKELL, 21 DECEMBER 1851

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty First December 1851

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

If you were not the most suspicious of women, always looking for soft sawder in the purest metal of praise, I should call your paper delightful, and touched in the tenderest and most delicate manner. Being what you are, I confine myself to the observation that I have called it "A Love-Affair at Cranford", and sent it off to the Printer.[†1]

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

We have just bought a neat little dinner service of pure gold for common use. It is very neat & quiet.[†2]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 DECEMBER 1851

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* To be forwarded. | Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Second December | 1851.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I found Mrs. Morson on Saturday, full of sympathy for the Widow. Whose curtsey is certainly low, but is meant to be very respectful, and who is exceedingly humble and grateful.

Finding her very different from the rest of our people—able to work and embroider, and a much better "Scholar" than we are ever able to make—I thought it right to give her some encouragement. I told

her that as she already knew what we usually taught, I had no doubt you would be disposed to send her abroad much sooner than usual, *if* you were satisfied with her general conduct and behaviour. That of course she must understand that whatever she was required to do in the Home, she was to do with the rest on all occasions. And that she could not too thoroughly understand that everything done there would be necessary to be done; and useful to be known, in a new country. I said I would represent to you what I had mentioned to her, and that we should rely on her setting a good example, and going hopefully and cheerfully to work. She expressed a most earnest desire to do so, but had been in much distress of mind. Mrs. Morson had discreetly told Matilda Thompson (as the most civilized of our young friends) to give her any little help and support that she could.

I notice a most singular lie in Charlotte Glyn, who persists in representing herself as 13 years old, and whose mother (whether originating or imitating the absurdity I don't know) makes the same representation. It is needless to say that it's ridiculous

impossibility is self evident. And referring to the memorandum I made of her case when I first saw her at the Ragged School Teacher's in Newgate Street, I find that she stated herself to be *then* 15. I have no doubt it was her real age.

I considered it necessary to caution Mrs. Morson respecting Mary Anne Church, whose pilfering propensities (I find on her own shewing) to have been very strong, and exercised under no pressure of necessity; and whom I greatly doubt.[†1] Little Elizabeth Hogg is quite a phaenomonon of slyness, I think. I was there some hours making up the Case Book which I want to leave in no arrear at the close of the year—and made these remarks in the course of that operation which is still unfinished.

I enclose Charley's papers, and a testimonial that Mr. Evans[†2] sent me from one of the Masters.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 25 DECEMBER [1851]

Extract in G.H. Last catalogue No. 245 (1939); *MS* 1 p. *Date:* misdated Christmas Day 1857 in catalogue; but 1851, since referring to Liverpool performance of 13 Feb 52.[†3]

All seasonable and good wishes to you and yours from me and mine; *asking him to book the Philharmonic Hall for Feb 13th,* that is the proposed Liverpool night at last.

To W. BRIDGES ADAMS,[†4] 26 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Twenty Sixth December 1851.

My Dear Sir

Your kind note assures me that I need not say how interested I feel in such a gallant effort as that to which it calls my attention, or how readily I would do what

our manly friends require of me, if I could do it with the least regard to the pressure of many other engagements.[†1]

But I am sorry to say this is not the case. I have as much before me just now, as I can possibly accomplish; and scarcely a day passes on which I am not obliged to decline some similar proposal. I hope you will explain for me that I do not excuse myself lightly in this case, but from absolute and unavoidable necessity.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Bridges Adams Esquire.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 26 DECEMBER 1851

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth December 1851.

My Dear Cunningham.

About the three papers.

1st. With Mr. Plowman of Oxford,[†2] Wills will communicate.

2nd. (now returned) I have seen, in nearly the same form, before. The list of names is overwhelming.[†3]

3rd. I am not at all earnest in the Savage matter, firstly because I think so tremendous a Vagabond never could have obtained an honest living in any station of existence or at any period of time; and secondly because I think it of the highest importance that such an Association as our Guild should not appear to resent upon society[†4] the faults of individuals who were flagrantly impracticable.[†5] At its best, it is liable to that suspicion, as all such efforts have been, on the part of many jealous persons to whom it *must* look for aid. And any step that in the least encourages it, is one of a fatal kind.

I do *not* think, myself—but this is merely an individual opinion—that Savage *was* a man of Genius,[†6] or that anything of his writing would have attracted much notice, but for the Bastard's reference to his mother.[†7] For these reasons combined,

I should not be inclined to add my subscription of two Guineas to yours unless the Inscription were altered as I have altered it in pencil.[†1] But in that case I should be very glad to respond to your suggestion, and to snuff out all my smaller disinclinations.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 26 DECEMBER 1851†

MS Mrs K. F. MacClaren.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, | London Twenty Sixth December 1851.

My Dear Sir

I have duly received both your kind notes. I have delayed thus long, answering the first one because I have been in daily expectation of being able to see my way clearly to our Northern arrangements; and because the difficulty of adjusting the convenience of one town with the convenience of another, and adjusting the convenience of several, with the convenience of our numerous body; has been perfectly distracting.

†aI would now propose to act in Birmingham on Monday the 9th. of February, if we could have the Town Hall for that Evening.†a In the event of its being engaged then, I must of course devise some other night;†2 but this night would suit us best, and would save us a good deal of expence.

In reference to your kind invitation, Mrs. Dickens begs me to say for herself that she is not just now in travelling condition, and stays at home perforce.†3 For *my*self, I am most unwillingly obliged to add that my time is so precious that I must even make my application for the Town Hall by letter (if you should think it feasible), or, if that cannot be done, must come down and return on the same day.

And this is the point I wish to consult you upon. To whom should I make the application? I will proceed exactly as you advise, if you will have the kindness to advise me. And in case you think it very desirable that I should make the application personally, I will do so of course.

†aWe have been very successful indeed at the few places to which we have yet been, and we look forward to our old Birmingham audience with great hope and pleasure.†a

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial regards to all your house, and I am My Dear Sir with great truth

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have spoken in the Town Hall†1—perfectly remember it—and have no doubt of its answering our purpose well. We should take off 30 feet in depth (and of course the whole width of that space) for our stage. John. T. Lawrence Esquire.

To RUSSELL STURGIS,†2 26 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Russell Sturgis Esquire | 5 Upper Portland Place.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth December 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Russell Sturgis, and begs to acknowledge the safe receipt of a brace of canvas-back ducks,[†3] for which he is indebted to Mr. Charles Norton[†4] through the kindness of Mr. Russell Sturgis.

They arrived in admirable condition,[†5] and flourished exceedingly at Yesterday's dinner.

To WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, 29 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

London, Tavistock House Tavistock Square | Twenty Ninth December 1851.

My Dear Sir

I am happy to receive your paper,[†6] which is very curious and good, and which I retain for speedy insertion with great pleasure.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Allingham Esquire Junr.

To W. BRIDGES ADAMS, 31 DECEMBER 1851*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Thirty First December 1851.

Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for the offer of the accompanying article, but I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of availing myself of it, by reason of its wanting the peculiar tone and form of address that are necessary for Household Words. It is extremely sensible, but it is far too long; and its points (often very striking in themselves) are not so pleasantly or familiarly put as they should be for that publication. I should have offered to alter it myself to the best of my power; but, on second thoughts, I have feared that my mode of treating it would be too alarmingly surgical to be borne by any mortal parent of a pen-ink-and-paper Child.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Bridges Adams Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 31 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thirty First December 1851.

My Dear Henry

I want to give you—or at least I don't want, but I am going to do it—some more trouble.

Here is a certain man[†1] wants to get into Devonshire Terrace head foremost like a Harlequin. The said man wants me to get the repairs I am bound to make estimated by a Surveyor, and so to make terms with him and let him make them himself, and pay me for taking immediate possession. Will you estimate them for me, or produce "a man as will" (I use the Mittonian grammar),[†2] and can you do either in the course of tomorrow—New Year's Day? Name your hour, and I will meet you in Devonshire Terrace.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire

P.S. The man is mad for dispatch.

To THE REV. EDWARD TRIMMER, 31 DECEMBER 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Thirty First December 1851.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to the Reverend Mr. Trimmer, and begs to say that he wishes his second son (for whom he has a Cadetship) to have

the advantage of being educated by Mr. Trimmer with a view to Addiscombe, if it should be convenient and agreeable to that gentleman to take charge of him. He has nearly attained his eleventh year.

Mr. Dickens will be happy to wait on Mr. Trimmer, either on Saturday next, or on Monday, or on Tuesday, at 3 o'Clock, if Mr. Trimmer will have the kindness to let Mr. Dickens know which day will be most convenient to him.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE [?LATE 1851]*

MS (fragment) The Hon. Mrs Charles Leaf. *Date:* late 1851 on signature; probably after Oct, since not on mourning paper.

in the position in which I stand myself. I cannot but think that I ought to have no reservation from you, and I decide to have none.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire | Ever most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To A. H. LAYARD, [?LATE 1851]

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted. *Date:* Signature and same ending as on 16 Dec 51 suggest late 1851.

Athenaeum | Sunday

My Dear Layard.

Mary Barton and Susan Hopley[†1]—two ladies whom you may have met in print—are going to dine with us on Tuesday at ½ past 6. Can you come? We have no other party.

Finding your card, almost as soon as you had left it, on returning from a visit to a sick friend, I came out to make this desperate plunge at you.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. H. Layard Esquire.

To C. K. SALA,[†2] [?LATE 1851]

Mention in [G. L. M. Strauss], *Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian,* 1882, II, 69. *Date:* possibly late 1851, when the two Sala brothers collaborated in a pantomime: see below.

Thanking him for "The Fish"[†3] *and saying that seldom had a skit amused him so much.*

To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, [?DECEMBER 1851]

Mention in George Augustus Sala, *Things I have Seen and People I have Known,* 1894, I, 73. *Date:* 1851, after he had written "perhaps half a dozen papers" for *HW,* according to Sala (above); if taken literally, CD's note would have been in Dec 51.[†1]

Saying he would like to see Sala on a given forenoon at the office in Wellington Street.[†2]

To F. P. DELMÉ RADCLIFFE, 1851

Mention in J. F. Drake catalogue No. 225; envelope only postmarked 1851

To ALDERMAN SALOMONS,[†3] 1851

Mention (envelope only) in Sotheby catalogue, July 1972; dated 1851; addressed Alderman Salomons.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1851

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 347; *MS* 3 pp.; dated 1851.

There are few things in this world more improbable than that you could get the tragedy produced upon the stage. You would earn nothing but hope deferred, great bitterness of heart, and continual unhappiness. . . . I have no kind of influence or connection with any theatre, and I am quite powerless to serve you.

To S. L. BLANCHARD,[†4] [?1851]

Text from Frederick Locker-Lampson, *My Confidences,* ed. Augustine Birrell, 1896, p. 327. *Date:* no clue given by Locker-Lampson; possibly 1851, the year in which Blanchard had most contributions published in *HW.*

Dear Blanchard, too much string.[†5]

Yours,
C.D.

To FREDERICK LOCKER,[†1] [?1851]

Mention in Frederick Locker-Lampson, *My Confidences,* ed. Augustine Birrell, 1896, p. 327. *Date:* written "at or about the same time" as last, according to Locker.

Politely declining his verses, "Beggars",[†2] *which he had offered to* Household Words.

To [?FREDERICK DICKENS],[†3] [?1851]

MS (fragment) Private. *Date:* probably 1851 on initials.

to the gentleman who sent me the pamphlet, and assure him that I will not fail to read it (most likely this evening) attentively.

Best loves from all. | affectionately ever
CD

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, [?1851]

Fragment in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1957. *MS* 1 p. [p. 3 of a folded sheet making 4 pp., of which pp. 1 & 2 have been torn off]. *Date:* Signature supports 1850-1.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt.

1852

January

To MISS MARIA GOODLUCK,[†4] [EARLY] JANUARY 1852

Extract in Hodgson's catalogue, 30 Oct 1947; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, Jan 52.

Referring to a proposed dedication which he would rather not accept but if you still wish to dedicate your little Poems to my younger children . . . I readily accept the compliment for them.[†5]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 2 JANUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words | Friday Second January 1852

My Dear Henry.

I called at the Board of Health Office[†1] this morning, with the enclosed, which I have abstracted from the original lease.[†2] It seems (as well as my memory of yesterday's proceedings serves me) to reduce *my* fixtures to something infinitessimal.[†3]

I left word with the Messenger that I would call in Parliament Street again, today. On reconsideration, as your coming was reported to be very uncertain, I send this. Are you engaged at home this afternoon, or can you come and dine at Tavistock? Our hour is halfpast five. If you *could* come, we might finish the business perhaps, and enable Wills to see the Enemy[†4] tomorrow. If you can't come, will you send me a note. I am available tomorrow at all times and seasons, until a quarter before 8 at night.

I shall remain here until the boy comes back—then go for a walk.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 2 JANUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* the day, not the date, is mistaken. Clearly CD was answering the note which "the boy" of preceding letter had brought back, and wrote "Saturday" with their meeting on that day in his mind. Reference to visit to schoolmaster confirms, Saturday being much more likely than Sunday.

Tavistock House | Saturday Second January | 1852

My Dear Henry

I can call on you tomorrow with the greatest ease[†5]—for I am going to Putney to see a schoolmaster for Walter.[†6] I will be with you about 2.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To MRS HERING,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1852*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Second January 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Hering, and regrets that he does not consider the accompanying MS suited to Household Words, though it is far from being devoid of merit.

As Mrs. Hering cannot be expected to know what a very great number of Manuscripts are forwarded every week for insertion in that publication, Mr. Dickens cannot feel surprised at the tenor of her second note. But he begs to say that they can only be classified and read, systematically—that, for this purpose, they must go to the office to be placed in order as they are received—and that the business is not at all facilitated, but quite the contrary, by their being sent to his private house.

To J. P. HARLEY,[†2] 5 JANUARY 1852*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Fifth January 1852

My Dear Harley.

And many many happy New Years to you and yours likewise! And "this comes hoping"—I have not the courage to brazen out the old story by putting two p's[†3] to the word—that we shall see more of you in the year present than in the year past.

The arrears[†4] shall be duly posted up. I am obliged to wait a little, in consequence of some of the books not being immediately come-at-able; but they shall be yours "anon anon Sir".[†5]

When I think of Douglas's[†6] red face and starting eyes!—

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire.

To JAMES BOWER HARRISON,[†1] 5 JANUARY 1852

MS Private; seen before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954; fragments (*aa*)
MS Yale University Library. *Address:* James Bower Harrison Esquire | Higher Broughton | Manchester.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Fifth January 1852.

Dear Sir

I have just received the book[†2] you have had the kindness to send me; and beg to thank you for it, and for your obliging note, cordially. It is a very curious little volume—deeply interesting[†3]—and written (if I may be allowed to say so) with as much power of knowledge and plainness of purpose as modesty.

[a]Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Bower Harrison Esquire.[a]

To FRANK STONE, 7 JANUARY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Seventh January 1852

My Dear Stone.

All good wishes, seasonable and unseasonable, from all in this house to all in yours.

I received the books[†4] (I wondered what on earth had become of them, and had no idea they were in your keeping) as I might have received so many bad debts. Pray don't be so ridiculous as to complete The Crimes Celebres.[†5] The missing Volume is

not of the least importance, and I no more want it than I want to be made Lord Mayor.

Affectionately Ever
CD.

Frank Stone Esquire.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 7 JANUARY 1852

Text from typescript at Dickens House.[†1]

Tavistock House | Seventh January 1852

My Dear Sir

I was just going to write to you when your note arrived. I am sorry to say I must deny myself—or rather I am denied—the pleasure of dining with you: to my great mortification—Our friends Mr. Forster and Lemon will tell you that they left me here last night with a most deplorable bilious cold and it really is so bad today that I can hardly hold up my head. I have tried bed, occupation, medicine, compressing,[†2] every sort of remedy, but am thoroughly imbecile. I can hardly see out of my eyes to write these few lines.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN, 7 JANUARY [1852]*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Night. | Seventh January 1851.[†3]

My Dear Henry

Mr. Indermaur[†4] (the would-be tenant of Devonshire Terrace)[†5] proposes to Wills that his Solicitor Mr. Friend[†6] of Bedford Row—I have written Solicitor, but I mean *Surveyor*—should have a conference with you. I have therefore empowered Wills to give Indermaur aforesaid, your address at the Board of Health for Friend aforesaid. Friend will write to you accordingly.

How are you? Better, I hope? For the first time these I dont know how many years, *I* am floored today; having, besides my cold, a Bilious attack which has robbed me of my appetite—set the dull knobs of two rusty pokers in my head instead of eyes—and generally enfeebled discomfited and perplexed me. As Witness my—unintelligible—hand.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 8 JANUARY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eighth January 1852

My Dear Stone

The torn Volume[†1] will do perfectly well for my purpose. I therefore return the copy from Jeffs'.[†2]

I am paying some arrears of taxes here. When I am pretty sure that there are no more to come, I will send you in the Vouchers. Then, at your convenience, you can excogitate the business with the Hawkes[†3] party.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 JANUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Friday Ninth January 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts

I received the money yesterday, quite safely. Many thanks!

I enclose the letters you wish to have returned to you.

A sloppy education is a kind of bringing up, that I think I can thoroughly understand—though I don't remember to have ever heard it so expressively described. In case Mrs. Clayton[†4] should turn out sloppy in other respects, don't you think it would be well to put her working abilities to the test, and to give her something difficult to do with her needle, and see how she does it?

I am very glad you had that reason to be pleased with little Hudson.[†5] She certainly told me the truth in the same way, when I saw her in the magistrate's private room.

These last two days I have been ridiculously ill, with a bilious attack added to the ponderous cold; and have been able to do nothing but doze and stagger. Although much better to day, I have been obliged to put off the proposed visit to little Hudson at Shepherds Bush, and fear I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you tonight.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 9 JANUARY 1852†

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* John T. Lawrence Esquire | Balsall Heath | near | Birmingham.

Tavistock House | Ninth January 1852

My Dear Sir

I enclose a note to the Mayor,[†1] asking for the Town Hall on Wednesday the Twelfth of May. The Corporation being favorable to one night's entertainment, and it being clear that it is a special one which cannot by any sane person be construed into a rivalry of Mr. Simpson,[†2] or tortured into the magic circle of his talent, I hold his opinion on the subject to be a matter of perfect indifference. I dare say he is not without a belief that we might be foolish enough to pay him for the privilege!—He will be grievously disappointed in that case.[†3]

It would have pleased us all, to have begun in Birmingham, so far as our expeditions of eighteen hundred and fifty two are concerned. But as that cannot be, we must make the best of what can be, and come there with the gayest spirit that is in us.

Always My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John T. Lawrence Esquire.

To HENRY SMITH,[†4] 9 JANUARY 1852

MS Yale University Library.

London, Tavistock House | Tavistock Square, Ninth January 1852

Sir.

I take the liberty to ask you to accord to the Guild of Literature and Art, the use of the Town Hall at Birmingham on Wednesday the 12th. of May next, for an Amateur dramatic performance in aid of the funds of that Institution.

As I believe its objects are already known to you as being of a kind that can hardly fail to interest so generous and spirited a people as the people of Birmingham; and as I have had experience of their sympathy and support on former occasions of a kindred but less comprehensive nature; I will not occupy your time with any statement of the grounds on which the Guild would appeal to your consideration.

Allow me respectfully to prefer my solicitation through my friend Mr. Lawrence who has the kindness to take charge of this letter; and to assure you on behalf of the body of gentlemen whom I represent, that your compliance will be highly and gratefully esteemed.

The theatre erected on such occasions, and especially designed for them, is (I may mention) most ingeniously constructed for being fitted up in any large building without the least defacement of the walls, floor, or ceiling; and, together

with the gas fittings necessary for the purpose, is commonly fixed and removed in the course of a few hours.

I have the honor to be | Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Smith Esquire | The Mayor of Birmingham

To S. R. STAREY,[†1] 9 JANUARY 1852*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Ninth January 1852

Dear Sir

I regret that my engagements render it impossible for me to have the pleasure of accepting the interesting invitation[†2] you have had the kindness to convey to me. But I am constantly under the necessity of refusing similar invitations, and have no alternative, unfortunately, in this instance.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Robert Starey Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 JANUARY 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth January 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I think the heads you have sent me, and which I have read with the greatest interest, *admirable.* In general, I do not think their wisdom to be questioned. Some minor points occur to me from time to time, which I jot down and will mention when we talk the subject over. But I believe it to be *certain* that a scheme like yours is the only hopeful way of doing lasting good, and raising up the wretched.[†3]

I saw Inspector Field last night. I could only approach the subject afar off, in consequence of his horrible sharpness,[†4] but I am disposed to doubt the efficacy of his peculiar sort of knowledge and sagacity in this stage of the matter. A locality chosen, I have no doubt that, at a small expence, his assistance in the beginning would be of immense service; or, a locality suggested, that his observations upon it would also be very important—for, if there were a serious objection, he would be certain to know it. But the habits of his mind hardly lead him (I think I observe) to the present point before us.

I have been thinking a good deal about it, and it seems to me that Dr. Southwood Smith is the man of all others, to consult first. His fever-practice has made him, for

many years, well acquainted with all the poor parts of London; he is in possession of all the reports made to the Board of Health in the late Survey; and he knows what work there is in this or that place; and how the people live; and how their tenements are held; and all about them. I am well acquainted with him—have both advised him and advised with him in many delicate matters—and can implicitly trust him. Not that I should think it necessary to mention you, or to proceed beyond generalities, but I mean, I can trust his interest in such a subject and his giving an opinion on sound knowledge and careful consideration and well regulated humanity. I do not go to him straightway, because I would rather get your concurrence first, but if you will write me "Yes", I will see him without delay, and afterwards see Field again. I have no doubt of our opening the way as clearly as it can be opened, by such means.[†1]

In reference to the Shower Bath (by the bye, I suppose the baths for the Infants are not to be Showery?) I am really and truly affected by your solicitude. But I do sincerely believe that it does me unspeakable service. I take but a very small part of the shock, on the head; and I have quite a remarkable power of enduring fatigue for which I believe I am very much indebted to this treatment, as the power has certainly increased since I have pursued it. It is because my cut-out way in life obliges me to be so much upon the strain, that I think it is of service to me as a Refresher—not as a taker out, but as a putter in of energy. However, I shall certainly not observe its influence from day to day, the less narrowly, because of your kind caution. For which, and for much more, my heartiest thanks.

You have not seen the dreadful instrument yet, as it is set up here! And have not returned to see the whole house in the daylight!

I shall be delighted to dine with you on Friday—when I hope Wheatstone[†2] in the exposition of those marvels will not be too shrill.

Sydney, my peculiar protegé among the smaller fry, is in a dreadful state of anticipation at this moment; the eventful occasion (of which I am going to be a spectator) of his first appearance in your box or any Theatre being so near at hand. Of the many wonderful contrasts that one sees, I can hardly imagine a greater one than being with little children at the play tonight,[†3] and sitting last night, for hours, with that grim Inspector in a world of villainy and punishment.

It is dreadfully difficult to work at the new book on these dull days.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To F. O. WARD, 14 JANUARY 1852*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Tavistock House. | Fourteenth January 1852

My Dear Ward. I am very doubtful in reference to the proposed Committee,[†4] and cannot by any means make up my mind, as yet, to have any hand in it.

In hesitating, I oppose all my personal sympathies and inclinations, and do a violence to my detestation of the cold-blooded scoundrel at the head of France—or on it.[†1] But we are all solemnly bound to consider, before we take the least step on such volcanic ground, whether we may impulsively do anything tending to involve our own countrymen in the tremendous social evils of War. And I have a great doubt whether a public move of this kind, industriously misrepresented in France, might not be twisted into a new pretence for quarrelling.[†2]

This is hard, you'll say, upon the banished men.[†3] I know it is, and it is a part of the strength of the Usurper's case; but the position of France and England is so perilous and so peculiar, that I cannot make up my mind to act in this instance as I would act in any other.[†4]

Since his preposterous conduct on the Sanitary questions, I have seen so little of Lord Dudley Stuart,[†5] that I have no idea what he might do on this point. I cannot but think, however, that if you address many men you will find some not undeserving of consideration to whom my misgivings must have occurred.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

F. O. Ward Esquire

To GEORGE CATTERMOLE,[†6] 15 JANUARY 1852

MS Kyoto University of Foreign Studies.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth January 1852

My Dear Cattermole

I was going to set off a tremendous joke about the new Number coming out bye and bye resplendently "in parts" (you perceive the subtle point?) when my spirits were dashed and my intention balked, by your not having told me the sex[†7]—which

was absolutely necessary to the elaboration of the idea. But for this mortification, I should have had nothing but pleasure in the receipt of your note—on account of the baby, on account of the mother, on account of the father, on account of the welcome I give your handwriting and any sort of communication with you, however shadowy—on all accounts, and for all sorts of loving reasons.

Kate and Georgina, who are delighted with the news, bring this and make their personal enquiries at the same time. Now, *don't* you think (if I may be allowed to make an enquiry of another sort) *don't*[†1] you think you *could* manage to dine here, at the fam'ly board, either next Sunday, or next Sunday after that,[†2] at 5 exactly? Couldn't we, if only as a novelty, meet as we used to do in byegone ages? Do let us try—How can it be that Claphim Rise[†3] gets so far off!

If you will come I'll ask Sloppy[†4] to meet you, and we'll have a leg of mutton from Tucker'sesesesesesesesesesesesesses[†5] in the Strand, where I understand they are perpetually a hulloxinin of Devonshire Sassageses round the corner.

Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 16 JANUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixteenth January 1852

My Dear Henry.

The Enemy don't seem to be much in a hurry at any rate.

In reference to a certain benevolent project[†6] with which I am entrusted and which may be the means of doing immense social service, I want confidentially to take Southwood Smith's opinion on a question I will propose to him. I shall be very glad to have yours too, at the same time. Will you let me know when I can see you both at Richmond Terrace? Would tomorrow afternoon at 4, or Monday afternoon (Monday, I mean that word for) at 4, suit you? If so, say which. If otherwise, say when.

As soon as we shall have penetrated through the Mists of time and got at Cubitts'

little bill,[†1] there is a Job to be done here, in steadying the floor of the School Room (which we have danced pretty nearly down)[†2] the necessity of which I will explain when I see you. I think myself it will be advisable to have a pillar or two in the Kitchen. They would be no inconvenience there, and would make the whole house firmer—wouldn't they?

Ever affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 17 JANUARY 1852

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 17 Jan 52; addressed Charles Knight.

Thanking him for a very singular pamphlet.[†3] *He has no doubt it is a fraud.*

"O Sing Sweet bird[†4]—a few Household notes! *Asks if he is never going to chirp in Wellington Street any more.*[†5]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 17 JANUARY 1852

MS Lytton Papers.

Tavistock House | Saturday Seventeenth January | 1852.

My Dear Bulwer.

The enclosed papers refer to a scheme, in reference to which a certain Mr. Tomlins,[†6] its originator, has several times addressed me. Recently, he begged me

to appoint an interview; which I did. I could clearly discern then, without any extraordinary sagacity, what his object was, and I said to him (after stating some of my objections to his scheme) "I am but an individual in the Guild; nothing definite, as to that body, can come of what you say to me or of what I say to you; and if you have any proposition to make to it, you had better make it formally, and I will call the gentlemen together to consider it". The enclosed alarming-looking packet is the result.

I have no doubt of your concurrence in the expediency of formally dealing with such a proposal. Firstly, because it is really our duty to consider all shades and grades of literary men. Secondly, because it is most important that we should give no reason to any of them to regard us as exclusive or as a clique; and thirdly because I mistrust at least one of our own men[†1] quite enough to suspect the likelihood of his otherwise turning upon us, one of these days, and saying "If you hadn't rejected this offer, or if I had known of it, then, instead of being &c &c &c, we should now be &c &c &c."

I think it particularly important that you should attend the Meeting at which Mr. Tomlins shall be received and informed of our decision. I therefore write (before sending any circular to our men) to ask you if you can appoint any day between this and the end of the first week in February, when *we* (the Guild) may meet at ½ past 2, and appoint Mr. Tomlins at 4. I have no doubt myself of the inexpediency of any such junction,[†2] but I have no doubt either, that we ought to assemble in Council on the subject.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. P.S. Return me the MS letter of the Tomlins when you write, as I shall want it copied for a general circular.

To W. M. TARTT,[†3] 19 JANUARY 1852†

MS Private; seen before destruction in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954.

Guild of Literature and Art, | 10, Lancaster Place, Strand, | Nineteenth January 1852

Sir.

I feel much indebted to you for your courteous and obliging letter, and beg to thank you for it cordially.

I find with much regret on referring to a former communication[†1] describing the size and capacity of the two largest rooms in Cheltenham, that there does not appear to be any public Hall in that town sufficiently large for our purpose. To justify the expences contingent on one of our performances, the transmission and erection of the Theatre, the employment of many people accustomed to work it, &c &c, a very numerous audience is necessary. And in selecting the places we can contrive (at no slight personal inconvenience) to visit, it is indispensable, for this substantial reason, to give the preference to large towns.

I am not the less obliged to you for your interest and politeness, and beg to remain

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. M. Tartt Esquire.

To [?W.J.] COLLINS,[†2] 20 JANUARY 1852

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* I, 50 (1914-16); *MS* 4 pp.; dated 20 Jan 52.

Respecting a plan for the protection of infant life.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 JANUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night | Twentieth January 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will take care to see the girl whom you have promised to admit, and to reduce her story to as plain a one as I can make it.

In Sir George Grey's case,[†4] I would certainly enquire, before giving any positive reply, *on what ground* she is recommended by the Quarter Sessions for admission into an Institution. For it is exceedingly possible that the ground—if any—may be some mental or physical disqualification that would hamper you very much. Or the recommendation may have no basis at all; and in that case is worthless.

I have seen Dr. Southwood Smith, and considered all your points myself. If I

don't hear from you to the contrary, I will call tomorrow (on my way to dine at Bayswater) between 4 and ½ past 4.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To F. O. WARD, 20 JANUARY 1852*

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | January Twentieth 1852

My Dear Ward.

As to the Exiles,[†1] I don't think you will get any committee worth having, who will consent to be announced. I therefore don't think you can make an appeal from house to house—and I don't think it would pay the expence of being made, if you could.

As to the Engineers,[†2] I agree with you in the main. But I believe the difficulty in the way of compromise, from the very beginning, is not so much with the masters as with the men. Honorable, generous, and spirited, themselves, they have fallen into an unlucky way of trusting their affairs to contentious men,[†3] who work them up into a state of conglomeration and irritation, and are the greatest Pests their own employers can encounter on earth. I am much mistaken if this be not the case.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 JANUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty First January | 1852

My Dear Henry.

Many thanks for your kindness in the Devonshire Terrace matter, which gets me out (as I consider) on easy and splendid terms.

I cannot tell you how much I am concerned to see Chadwick and Southwood Smith both harping so much on the past, in reference to the Interment Bill.[†4] It is

quite useless. Nothing can recover the bill, and usefulness lies in the future alone.[†1] No great thing was ever done by looking back. Nor have I the least doubt that they will associate with the Board, an unjust notion of impracticability if they go on in this way. What *can* be the use of seeking a man to tell the House of Commons how and why the Interment Bill is not to be carried out. It is *not* to be carried out; and the wise thing is to take less, and make it the best that it can be made.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 21 JANUARY 1852

MS Lytton Papers.

Tavistock House | Twenty First January 1852

My Dear Bulwer. I would *not* speak to Disraeli[†2] if I were you. I have not the least idea of amalgamation, or Tomlinsation,[†3] or any ation but Repudiation of *that* creation. All I want is, to decline in a formal manner, and to give Mr. T a fair hearing. The objections to alliance seem to me decided and insurmountable—unless we should hear some extraordinary news from him![†4]

Let us say Saturday the 21st. of February at ½ past 2. I will appoint Mr. Tomlins at ½ past 3, and we can arrange the order of proceeding before he comes. The place, The Guild office.[†5]

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD S. COX,[†6] 22 JANUARY 1852*

MS University of Kentucky.

Tavistock House | Twenty Second January 1852

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Cox and regrets that he cannot at present have the pleasure of subscribing to the Dispensary in which Mr. Cox is so kindly interested.

To MR MILLS,[†1] 22 JANUARY 1852*

MS Boston Public Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Second January 1852

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Mills and regrets to assure him that he has no means whatever of recommending Mr. Mills to the employment he seeks.

To EDWARD BLAKELY,[†2] 23 JANUARY 1852*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library. *Address:* Edward Blakely Esquire | Thorpe Hamlet | near | Norwich.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London | Twenty Third January 1852

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Blakely, and begs to thank Mr. Blakely for his obliging note, and the very interesting and curious memoir[†3] by which it was accompanied.

To [R.] H. MASON, 23 JANUARY 1852*

MS Arthur Rogers. *Address:* K. H. Mason[†4] Esquire | Albert Villa | Harrow.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third January 1852

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your book[†5] (which I shall esteem as a mark of your kind remembrance), and to congratulate you on the improved circumstances[†6] of its publication. I do so, very truly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

K. H. Mason Esquire

To MRS GASKELL, 24 JANUARY 1852

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth January 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

I send you the enclosed, myself, from Mr. Wills's book[†7] (£9..10..0 Love affair at Cranford; 10/- "balance from last") in order that I may tell you how glad I am that

his mistake is rectified,[†1] and how anxiously I am looking for your next communication.[†2]

If I say any more, you'll call it soft sawdor.[†3] I enforce myself therefore to discreet silence. I suppose I may say, without suspicion, that I am Faithfully Yours

C.D.??

To DANIEL MACLISE, 24 JANUARY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Fourth January | 1852

My Dear Mac

If you are not engaged tomorrow, will you come and dine here at 5, and see George Cattermole.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 27 JANUARY 1852

MS New York Public Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh January 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I am very busy, and write shortly—not from choice but because needs must when *You*-don't-know-who[†4] drives.

It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation[†5]—real pleasure and interest—if I were ever able to accept any invitation on these occasions. But I am obliged to be in the Theatre the whole day; and at dinner and supper I am never absent from my post at the head of the table. I can't imagine what the Company would think, if the Manager were away. As to their ever producing themselves in due costume at the proper time, under such circumstances—or as to any of the many unseen workmen doing what they ought to do—*that*, I am quite clear about.

Besides these small encroachments on my leisure, I am dressed in the course of the evening (as I hope you mean to see with your own eyes) fourteen times.[†6] And I am usually taken to bed speechless.

Pray give my regards to Mr. Gaskell,[†1] whom I am quite satisfied I know very well by this time—

And Believe me | always Faithfully | (and never sawdoringly.) | Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 30 JANUARY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Thirtieth Jan 1852

My Dear Stone

I will come in to you as soon as I have done my day's work—sometime before dinner.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To JOSEPH JANION,[†2] 31 JANUARY 1852

MS Dr and Mrs Gordon F. Madding.

Guild of Literature and Art, | 10, Lancaster Place, Strand. | Saturday Thirty First Jany. 1852.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date.[†3]

I can very sincerely assure you that nothing can be more remote from my mind or from the minds of those gentlemen with whom I am associated, than any idea of doing an injustice to Mr. Knowles, or an injury to the property his spirit and enterprise have created for the people of Manchester, or disparaging[†4] his Theatre in any way.[†5] If it had been reasonably possible for the Amateur Company to act Sir

Edward Bulwer Lytton's comedy in a Theatre, there is none in England where it could have been presented to greater advantage than in the Theatre belonging to Mr. Knowles, or with greater satisfaction and pleasure to those concerned. But it is *necessary* to act elsewhere, because, for the display of the scenery painted in support of the objects of the Guild by artists of the first eminence, a stage on a reduced scale, which would be ridiculously dwarfed on an ordinary stage, has been made expressly; with every requisite belonging to it.[†1] The comedy has never been represented in a Theatre, anywhere. And we first conceived the scheme of representing it with our own means and appliances, partly to the end that we might not interfere with Theatres, or seem to make unreasonable demands on Managers. If you saw the appliances of which I speak, you would know, at a glance, that they are impossible of adaptation to a place like the Manchester Theatre, and would understand that they have no more to do with Theatres than with Churches.

For the rest, I cannot suppose that the rights of the proprietors of licensed and patent Theatres, are for an instant endangered or invaded in any place by one such performance as we contemplate, or that an occasion which is an exception, in the course of years can be converted into a dangerous precedent as to other occasions with which it has not the least analogy.[†2]

I therefore hope to survive in the good humour of my friend Mr. Knowles and of yourself, even if I so far differ from you in opinion as to think it very desirable indeed "that the performances advertized to take place at the Free Trade Hall should be there represented".[†3]

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Janion Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 31 JANUARY 1852

Text from MDGH, I, 273-5.

Tavistock House, January 31st, 1852.

My dear Macready,

If the "taxes on knowledge" mean the stamp duty, the paper duty, and the advertisement duty, they seem to me to be unnecessarily confounded, and unfairly too.[†1]

I have already declined to sign a petition[†2] for the removal of the stamp duty on newspapers. I think the reduced duty is some protection to the public against the rash and hasty launching of blackguard newspapers. I think the newspapers are made extremely accessible to the poor man at present, and that he would not derive the least benefit from the abolition of the stamp. It is not at all clear to me, supposing he wants *The Times* a penny cheaper, that he would get it a penny cheaper if the tax were taken off. If he supposes he would get in competition two or three new journals as good to choose from, he is mistaken; not knowing the immense resources and the gradually perfective machinery necessary to the production of such a journal.[†3] It appears to me to be a fair tax enough, very little in the way of individuals, not embarrassing to the public in its mode of being levied, and requiring some small consideration and pauses from the American kind of newspaper projectors. Further, a committee has reported in favour of the repeal,[†4] and the subject may be held to need no present launching.

The repeal of the paper duty would benefit the producers of periodicals immensely. It would make a very large difference to me, in the case of such a journal as "Household Words." But the gain to the public would be very small. It would not make the difference of enabling me, for example, to reduce the price of "Household Words," by its fractional effect upon a copy, or to increase the quantity of matter. I might, in putting the difference into my pocket, improve the quality of the paper a little, but not one man in a thousand would notice it. It *might* (though I am not sure even of this) remove the difficulties in the way of a deserving periodical with a small sale. Charles Knight holds that it would. But the case, on the whole, appeared to me so slight, when I went to Downing Street with a deputation on the subject,[†5] that I said (in addressing the Chancellor of the

Exchequer) I could not honestly maintain it for a moment as against the soap duty,[†1] or any other pressing on the mass of the poor.[†2]

The advertisement duty has this preposterous anomaly, that a footman in want of a place pays as much in the way of tax for the expression of his want, as Professor Holloway pays for the whole list of his miraculous cures.[†3]

But I think, at this time especially, there is so much to be considered in the necessity the country will be under of having money, and the necessity of justice it is always under, to consider the physical and

moral wants of the poor man's home, as to justify a man in saying: "I must wait a little, all taxes are more or less objectionable, and so no doubt are these, but we must have some; and I have not made up my mind that all these things that are mixed up together *are* taxes on knowledge in reality."[†4]

Kate and Georgy unite with me in kindest and heartiest love to dear Mrs. Macready. We are always with you in spirit, and always talking about you. I am obliged to conclude very hastily, being beset to-day with business engagements. Saw the lecture[†5] and was delighted; thought the idea admirable. Again, loves upon loves to dear Mrs. Macready and to Miss Macready also, and Kate and all the house. I saw [Anderson][†6] play (O Heaven!) "Macbeth,"[†7] the other night, in three hours and fifty minutes, which is quick, I think.

Ever and always affectionately.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

February

To THOMAS COE, 1 FEBRUARY 1852

Extract from N, II, 374. *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Tavistock House, 1 Feb 52.

A change that has been rendered necessary[†1] in the cast of the comedy obliges me to ask you to be so good as to double Smart with Lord Loftus.[†2]

To THOMAS CONNOLLY,[†3] 3 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Yale University Library.

Private | Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Third February 1852

Sir.

I have read the little Volume[†4] you sent me some six or seven weeks ago, and, in replying to your note, will first beg you to have the kindness to add the enclosed trifle to the amount your generous friendship has got together for its Author.

I cannot honestly say that I recommend him to continue the pursuit of authorship. For, I do not honestly believe that he would or could succeed in it. However remarkable this book is, considering the circumstances of its production, it (or any other work from the same hand) can only be read or left unread, and can only be judged, according to its intrinsic claims. With all beyond, the public have nothing to do. I hold myself bound to read it, remembering the responsibility you impose upon me, as if I knew nothing whatever about its Author. So reading it, I think it well enough and put it by—among ten thousand other books possessing the same sort of claims.

I see something of the misery of engaging in literature on insufficient grounds, and may, for anything I know, be a little too much influenced by it in such a case as this. But it is better to be a qualified soldier than an unqualified poet—a good worker in iron, than a bad worker in gold—and I have a grave

doubt whether Literature (as a Calling) would make this young man any the happier, any the richer, any the better in any way.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Thomas Connolly.

To A. H. FORRESTER,[†1] 3 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Third February 1852

My Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your note, through which your spirit shines in the pleasantest of characters. Also to transmit to you (through the Post) an autographical shake of the hand.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Alfred Henry Forrester Esquire.

To H. C. LLOYD,[†2] 3 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Dickens House.

Third February 1852

My Dear Sir

I have not heard the issue of your case,—but the objection seems to me perfectly absurd, and the whole proceeding on the part of the Benchers as nearly incomprehensible as anything proceeding from so august a Body may be.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. C. Lloyd Esquire

To JOHN WESTWOOD,[†4] 3 FEBRUARY 1852

Facsimile *Birmingham Weekly Post*, 4 Mar 1949.

Tavistock House, London | Third February 1852.

Dear Sir

I feel exceedingly obliged to you for your interesting and elegant little present,[†5] to which the kind terms of your note communicate a great additional value. Pray accept my cordial thanks, and the assurance that I am sincerely gratified by your remembrance.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Westwood.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Lytton Papers.

Tavistock House. | Fourth February 1852. Wednesday

My Dear Bulwer. From the general tenor of your note, I have little doubt that Moncrieff's[†1] representation is correct—and most correct—in the main. Poole's[†2] account to me when he came with a wild weeping shock upon him after seeing the poor brothers "fed" (as he called it) was very bad. I have no doubt the place is very bad; and have felt (since the Guild originated) so much as you feel, as to the power of such an instance to point the necessity for it, that I have again and again endeavoured to get a good description of the Charter House for Household Words, but have had it driven off by the indisposition and the engagements of a very trustworthy and good describer[†3] to whom I confided it.

If you will send Moncrieff's letter to me, and with it any little sum you may be disposed to give him, I can promise you that the letter shall be carefully tested (without his knowledge) and the money applied to his greatest needs, in the most prudent way. *Mr. Wills knows him, and has been several times to him lately.* He will undertake the task most readily, and may be implicitly relied upon.

I have driven my letter off until nearly post time (having been hard at work on my new book all day) and must touch Guild matters shortly, until we meet. But here they are.

Jerrold—who never in his life was true to Anything—has deserted us! When the walls of Manchester and Liverpool had been for days covered with bills announcing him for next week in his part! How deserted us, you will hear on our Meeting Day. I immediately called the Company together, and they unanimously passed a severe censure upon him, discarding all private considerations (as men must in such a matter if they have any good faith in them) and heavily reflecting on his conduct.[†4] But before then I had sent for Wilkie Collins (Smart) and proposed the part to him. He fell upon it with great alacrity and heartiness—has gone over it here, with great pains and care—and I hope will do it very well.

Meanwhile nothing can be better than the prospects at Manchester and Liverpool, (Wednesday & Friday in next week) where there are the two largest

rooms in England. At Manchester, we have a Committee headed by the Mayor and Corporation; at Liverpool, ditto, and the Mayor proposes a dinner to the Guild at the Town Hall on the day before the play. At Birmingham (May) the Corporation present the Town Hall for the purpose. And at Shrewsbury (where the room is of more moderate dimensions) the chief Inhabitants are endeavouring to guarantee us £300, free of all local expenses—without which I don't like to go there, knowing that we could easily add a larger town to the Birmingham expedition. There is nothing in the country but earnestness and enthusiasm. The Managers of the Country Theatres try to stop us, certainly, (because we don't pay them) but I flatter myself I am a match for those gentry, and that they have vague suspicions of it.

Ever My Dear Bulwer | Cordially Yours

CD

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, [?EARLY FEBRUARY 1852]*

MS (fragment) Yale University Library. *Date:* early Feb on handwriting, and evidently before Muspratt *to* CD, 5 Feb (see *To* Wills, 6 Feb) but replying to some earlier letter.

Mint[†1] to boot.

We are heartily obliged to you for all the trouble you are taking.[†2] "I begin to be aweary of the"[†3]—Amateur Coulisses, but it would be a great thing to set this scheme up firmly, and that I keep before me.

My hair stands on end at the bare notion of those suits at law you tell me of.[†4]

Mrs. Dickens is "as well as"[†5]—you know what follows—and sends her kindest regards to Mrs. Muspratt. I begin to count the children incorrectly, they are so many; and to find fresh ones coming down to dinner in a perfect procession, when I thought there were no more.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt

To THOMAS BEARD, 5 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fifth February | 1852

My Dear Beard

Next Saturday as ever is, is the Inimitable's Birthday. Will you come and dine with us, and drink that noble creature's health, at *6*.[†6]

Ever Yours

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THOMAS CONNOLLY, 5 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Fifth February 1852

Sir

In reply to your very sensible and candid letter received this morning, I beg to say to you that I do not at all desire the young Soldier to be possessed of my opinion. I lay no injunction of secresy upon you; but I have written for your eye, less tenderly than I should have written for his.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Thomas Connolly.

To JOSEPH ELLIS,[†2] 5 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Bedford Hotel, Brighton.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Fifth February 1852.

Dear Mr. Ellis

Mr. Leech and I are coming down tomorrow, to get a walk upon the Downs. We shall want to have a nice little dinner at the Bedford at 5 o'Clock. Will you order it for us in some snug corner.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 5 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fifth February 1852

My Dear Stone.

I am very sorry to say I can't to day—the disposition I have strongly though. I am obliged to go to the office in an hour, and after that have engaged to dine with Forster, and take my people to the Puppets.[†3]

You are duly booked at the Athenaeum.[†1] Edwin[†2] has seconded.

Affecy. always
CD.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 5 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Fifth February 1852

My Dear Tracey.

Mary Ann Church[†3] is giving a great deal of trouble, and I fear may have to be turned out. Miss Coutts is beset by the possibility of having to eject her into the bare streets, and wishes to know whether any of her relations would receive her. She speaks of an Aunt "in Turks' Head Court"[†4]—which I rather believe to be a non-existent place. It is clear to me that her relations are sick of her. But can you manage to send some trustworthy person to see Mrs. Morson and to hunt out anybody concerned who really seems to have a local habitation and a name?[†5]

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To THE REV. EDWARD TRIMMER, [?6 FEBRUARY 1852]

MS (fragment) Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* The Reverend Edward Trimmer | Putney Heath. *Date:* postmark looks like 6 Feb 52.

remembered to Mrs. Trimmer. And I am My Dear Sir

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Edward Trimmer

To W. H. WILLS, [6 FEBRUARY 1852]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly written immediately on receipt of Muspratt's letter (see below) postmarked London, 6 Feb.

Friday Mg.

My Dear Wills. I get the enclosed[†6] just before going to Brighton. I shall be at home at 10 tonight.

The success is so brilliant,[†7] & the extra expenses would be small, that I propose (if you agree) that Johnson[†8] *immediately* send round this Circular to all the company

Sir. I am directed by Mr. Charles Dickens to call your attention to the following copy of a letter received from our local Secretary in Liverpool this morning.

(Here copy the parts of the letter which I have underlined)[†1]

For these reasons, it is proposed *to act a second time in Liverpool on the Saturday night,* and to return to London on the Sunday.

You will be glad to hear that the success at Manchester[†2] is also quite unprecedented.

I am &c[†3]

Will you see Forster directly. He can cut on the Saturday,[†4] and can come down by the Morning Train. Will you write to Muspratt tonight (as I can't) and let him have the necessary announcements—remembering the change in Hardman for Saturday. I shall rely on seeing you or hearing a word from you tonight.

To F. M. EVANS, 7 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

Tavistock House | Saturday Seventh February 1852 | (My Birthday)

My Dear Evans.

You may send a boy for No. 2[†5] as early as you like on Monday. Is Young[†6] looking up Browne?[†7] In any case, he had better do it.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [9] FEBRUARY 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Monday was 9 Feb.

Tavistock House | Monday Eighth February 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The indisposition of my fellow-counsellor in the matter of the Bethnal Green Survey,[†1] has obliged me to postpone our appointment and take it out of this last week. I am further obliged to put it into next week now, instead of this present one, as I am going to Manchester and Liverpool tomorrow, and shall be absent five or six days.[†2]

I have communicated with Mr. Tracey about Mary Anne Church, and I am sorry to say he gives no encouragement at all. He says, as to communicating with that Aunt, "its all moonshine"—and he has exactly that opinion of her which I mentioned to you I had formed myself—I ought to add that I have expressed none to him. He says that he could not press his own opinion of the girl against the united opinions of his two chaplains[†3] that she was a proper subject for the Home; but that her conduct in the Home, and her previous history, deprive him of any faith in her. He has evidently my apprehension that she will get the better of us at last; and he has been looking freshly into her story. She seems not to have had a second "place" (as she told me, and, as I entered in the book, I believed falsely) but to have been taken in, out of charity, by a poor woman whom she basely robbed. She had a great capacity for taking in the chaplains, and would take in most people who had any thing to do with teaching her. It is hopeless to expect the least assistance from her relations,—and, if she do not most thoroughly and entirely amend, she is not a girl with whom it will be possible to hold any lenient terms. I make this report without in the least

thinking that it ought to prejudice her if she should do well in future—but, if she do not, it becomes a case of self-defence, and there will be nothing for it but to turn her out.

I purpose being back in town, at latest, this day week. In the meantime any letter addressed to me at Liverpool would find me.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Would you care to hear my first Number before it comes out?[†4] If you would (though it is reading at a disadvantage to read an incomplete thing) I should be delighted to read it to you—though I needn't say *that*!

To JOHN INDERMAUR, [?10] FEBRUARY 1852

Mention in next.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 10 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Tenth February 1852

My Dear Henry.

As the Guild business takes me (and Wills too) to Manchester and Liverpool today, and as I suppose the Devonshire Terrace half quarter will fall out in my absence, I have written to Mr. Indermaur, the tenant, that you will be happy to conclude the arrangement with him when he pleases. Will you kindly do so. I enclose a cheque[†1] for a whole quarter's rent from Christmas to Lady Day, less Eight Pounds—which will settle the money-part of the business. All he has to give you is an undertaking from Captain Johnson[†2] the Lessor, that he receives him henceforth as a Tenant in my stead.

I suppose you won't be coming to Liverpool on Friday or Saturday? The room in which we act, will be an extraordinary sight. Any letter addressed to me at the Adelphi Hotel will find me from Thursday to Sunday inclusive.

Ever affectionately
CD.

Henry Austin Esquire.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 12 FEBRUARY 1852

MS British Museum.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool | Thursday Afternoon Twelfth February | 1852

My Dearest Kate.

I found your note here when I arrived at half past twelve today, and was very glad indeed to get it and to know that you and all are well.

I sent you a Manchester Guardian yesterday, in which I suppose you saw a letter from Knowles the manager, printing his solicitor's to me, and my reply, and ending the matter by saying that he never had any intention of interrupting us.[†3] As to the Play, we never attained anything near the success of last night. It was so prodigious that I stepped forward to the front when we were called after the Comedy, and made them a little speech. There were nearly 3000 people present, and (I believe) £600 was taken in money.[†4] It was the most prodigious scene from the Stage, I ever saw. Everything went to perfection. Collins was *admirable*—got up excellently, played thoroughly well, and missed nothing. Miss Mitchell ditto.[†5] As to the Farce, they cannot have heard half of it, they laughed to that amazing extent. I really had doubts whether we should ever get beyond the Scene with the fowl and bottle, after the combat.[†6] There was a call after the Farce too,—and in short I never saw such people.

Burnett was there, and lingered about the Rehearsal in the morning, and supped with us. He is doing well, and looks well, and the boy is a capital boy with a healthy face.[†1]

Of Mr. Copeland,[†2] the manager here, I (as yet) know nothing. It is now a quarter past 4, and we are going to dine at the Town Hall at 6, and I have been keeping myself quiet by my bedroom fire, with a book. Radley[†3] looks just the same, and asked after you with a good deal of interest. We have the same rooms as when we were here last—had the same at Manchester too. Mrs. Muspratt called this morning, looking extraordinarily older. If the second night be a decided bumper, I cannot make out a less result *of profit* altogether, from this trip, than a Thousand Pounds!

John has just come in (looking very seedy) with my dress boots. A violent telegraphing is going on between this and Manchester, about Lemon's portmanteau, which has been left behind. Dudley is writing a long letter to Mary. Wills has fallen asleep, with a rasped red nose, in the act of writing "to the little woman". Horne is discovered to be sweet in secret, both on little Miss Young[†4] *and* on Miss Mitchell—Bell, damnably jealous. Topham lost Charles Knight's luggage this morning (nobody can imagine what he had to do with it) and made me laugh so by his ridiculous confusion that I feel as if I had been crying.

God bless you. Loves to Georgina, Mamey, Katey, Keeryleemoo,[†5] Alfred, Sydney, and the Jolly Post Boy.[†6]

Ever affectionately

CD.

Mrs. Charles Dickens.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 13 FEBRUARY 1852

MS British Museum.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool | Friday Thirteenth February 1852

My Dearest Kate. Instead of taking my pleasure today as I expected to do, I found something frightfully wrong at the Philharmonic Hall,[†1] and had to find (in a moment) half a dozen upholsterers, 200 yards of calico, and no end of invention in the way of contrivance.[†2] I was detained there until nearly 4 (instead of 3—our dinner hour) and scribble this before going down to dress.

It is a most beautiful hall—fitted with numbers of private boxes, and very like an Italian Theatre. It will look very fine, when full.

A requisition has come from Manchester, signed by everybody, to the effect that if we will give another performance there in May, when we go to Birmingham,—they will fill the Free Trade Hall once more.[†3] The success seems to have been quite astounding.[†4]

Our dinner with the Mayor[†5] yesterday, was far handsomer than a dinner at Windsor Castle.[†6] He is a fine young fellow (extraordinarily unlike a Mayor), is a great Yachter, and is the man who took the people out of the Ocean Monarch when she was lost. Perhaps you remember the case.[†7] A brilliant snuff box presented to him afterwards, was handed round at dinner; and, having to propose his health, I turned it on the snuffbox, to the boundless fervor of the guests—who persisted in

drinking my health three times, to get three speeches.[†1] Our men were in such a state of enthusiastic delight with their Representative that they were embracing me all round, when we came home. And indeed the earnest admiration and love of the people towards one, is something quite bewildering—or would be, if one were not steady in such matters.

Lemon appears, ready for the Theatre (desiring all manner of kind remembrances) so I close abruptly. I shall be home, please God, in good time on Sunday Evening.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 15 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night | February Fifteenth 1852

My Dear Knight

John brought the enclosed from Liverpool this evening. Don't forget that you dine with me on Monday the first of March at a quarter past Six.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

Charles Knight Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 15 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Lytton Papers.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night | Fifteenth February 1852

My Dear Bulwer. I left Liverpool at 4 o'Clock this morning, and am so blinded by excitement, gas, and waving hats and handkerchiefs, that I can scarcely see to write—but I cannot go to bed without telling you what a triumph we have had. Allowing for the necessarily heavy expences of all kinds, I believe we can scarcely fund less than a Thousand Pounds out of this trip alone. And more than that—the extraordinary interest taken in the idea of the Guild by "this grand people of England" down in those vast hives, and the enthusiastic welcome they give it, assure me that we may do what we will, if we will only be true and faithful to our design. There is a social recognition of it, which I cannot give you the least idea of. I sincerely believe that we have the ball at our feet, and may throw it up to the very Heaven of Heavens. And I don't speak for myself alone, but for all our people—and not least of all for Forster, who has been absolutely stunned by the tremendous earnestness of these great places.

To tell you (especially after your affectionate letter) what I would have given to have had you there, would be idle. But I can most seriously say that all the sights of the earth turn pale in my eyes, before the sight of three thousand people with one heart among them, and no capacity in them, in spite of all their efforts, of sufficiently testifying to you how they believe you to be right and feel that they cannot do enough to cheer you on. They understood the play (*far better acted by this time than ever you have seen it*) as well as you do. They allowed nothing to escape

them. They rose up, when it was over, with a perfect fury of delight—and the Manchester people sent a requisition after us to Liverpool, to say that if we will go back there in May when we act at Birmingham (as of course we shall) they will joyfully undertake to fill the Free Trade Hall again. Among the tories of Liverpool,[†1] the reception was equally enthusiastic.[†2] We played, two nights running, to a Hall crowded to the Roof[†3]—more like the opera at Genoa or Milan, than anything else I can compare it to. We dined at the Town Hall, magnificently, and it made no difference in the response. I said what we were quietly determined to do (when the Guild was given as the Toast of the night) and really they were so noble and generous in their encouragement that I should have been more ashamed of myself than I hope I ever shall be, if I could have felt conscious of having ever, for a moment, faltered in the work.

I will answer for Birmingham—for any great working town to which we choose to go. We have won a position for the idea which years upon years of labor could not have given it. I believe its worldly fortunes to have been advanced in this last week, fifty years at least. I fully express to you what Forster (who couldn't be at Liverpool,[†4] and has not those shouts ringing in his ears) has felt from the moment we set foot in Manchester. Believe me, we may carry a perfect fiery cross through the North of England and over the Border, in this cause, if need be—not only to the enrichment of the cause, but to the lasting enlistment of the people's sympathy.

I have been so happy in all this, that I could have cried on the shortest notice any time since Tuesday. And I do believe that our whole body would have gone to the North Pole with me, if I had shewn them good reason for it.

I strongly question now, whether it is expedient to contemplate, as yet, any specific time for discontinuing these exertions. I will think of it, between this and Saturday when we meet, but I am very much disposed to put it to the rest that we *must* go on while great towns remain open to us.

I hope I am not so tired but that you may be able to read this. I have been at it, almost incessantly, day and night, for a week, and I am afraid my hand-writing suffers. But in all other respects I am only a Giant refreshed.[†5]

The Company are going to dine with me on Monday the 1st. of March at a quarter past 6. I will not ask you to come, fearing you may not be well enough.

We meet next Saturday, you recollect? Until then, and ever afterwards, believe me

Heartily Yours

CD.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To ROBERT ADDISON,[†1] 16 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Mr Leonard Bloom. *Address:* R. Addison Esquire | 210 Regent Street.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth February 1852

Dear Sir

You are at perfect liberty to assure Mr. Brandard[†2] that I have great pleasure in giving him the permission he asks for.[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

R. Addison Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 16 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth February 1852.

My Dear Henry

If you will return me the cheque, Wills shall settle with the enemy.

We have made such a prodigious success at Manchester and Liverpool, that we shall bank (after payment of all the heavy expences) a Thousand Pounds from that short trip alone.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To FREDERICK ESSE,[†4] 16 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Signore Francesco Pertile.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth February 1852

Dear Sir

I have been out of town for a week, and received your kind note and its accompanying pamphlet[†5] only yesterday.

Allow me to thank you cordially for your remembrance, and to remain

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Esse Esquire

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 17 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Tuesday Seventeenth February 1852

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

I know you will share my delight when I tell you that we have just returned from our first real earnest Guild trip, *with triumphant success.* We have played one night in Manchester, and two in Liverpool. The enthusiasm of the people, and their appreciation of our object, have known no bounds. Mayors and Corporations have given us splendid entertainments; the halls where we have played, have been crammed to the roof with rapturous auditors of all degrees; requisitions have come after us, entreating us to go back and play again (as you may be sure we shall!), and, although we have been away only five days, I believe we shall bank at once, after payment of all the necessarily heavy expences, more than a good round one thousand pounds. Besides which, the general interest is so extraordinarily fervent that I believe we may turn it to almost any honest account we will. I can hardly tell you how encouraged we all are.

Jerrold, you will be sorry to hear, has deserted us under circumstances that do not at all improve the act. I have said "deserted *us*", but I ought rather to say has deserted himself. It is no new infirmity of his, however, never to be true to himself. I am mistaken if he do not bitterly repent this false step, long after it is too late.

The whole company, and the Artists who painted the Scenes, are going to dine with me here, on Monday the 1st of March at a quarter past six. We all feel so naturally and gratefully that you are our Head, that I am emboldened to add what now follows.—If you feel in your kindness that it would not be disagreeable to you to join such a party, and if your health should admit of your doing so without inconvenience, you would delight a number of devoted gentlemen and would honor my house. I will not say more. I have (with reason) that profound confidence in you which assures me that I cannot seem to presume upon your generosity when I give expression to what I most earnestly feel and desire; and I will only add that your presence would be a precious addition to our reasons for being very seriously in earnest.[†1]

Believe me | My Dear Lord Duke | Ever Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To JOHN LEECH, 17 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night | Seventeenth February 1852

My Dear Leech.

We talked of having a day at Eton. Will you go down with me on Tuesday next—Shrove Tuesday? If you reply "yes", I will let you know at what time I propose that we shall meet at the Great Western Paddington Terminus.

Ever Yours Cordially
CD.

John Leech Esquire.

To CHARLES MANBY, 17 FEBRUARY 1852

Text from *Outlook,* XXXII (1913), 524.

Tavistock House | Tuesday, Seventeenth February 1852.

My dear Manby.

I find that in my absence from town, my wife has been adding to the number of our obligations to you. Nevertheless, I am so hardened as to say, in spite of this knowledge, that I shall be very glad to have an Adelphi[†1] box for Saturday, if you should have one to spare. I want it for some country people[†2] about me who I know right well would never pay, or I wouldn't have the request on my conscience. *That* I always consider a point of honor.

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire.

To JOHN MITCHELL, 17 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Shakespeare Memorial Library, Stratford.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Tuesday Seventeenth February 1852

My Dear Sir

Will you have the kindness to let me know—of course I ask this, privately—when you expect our good friend Regnier?[†3] I want to make an arrangement to be in town then.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Mitchell Esquire

To DAVID ROBERTS, 17 FEBRUARY 1852

Summary in Sotheby catalogue, Nov 1887; dated Tavistock House, 17 Feb 52; addressed David Roberts.

Asking him to dine with him to meet the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art.

To MARK LEMON, 18 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS University of Kentucky.

Red Lion Court[†1] | Wednesday 18th. February | 1852

My Dear Mark. I called to report Progress,[†2] and have a word about things in general. I am now going to stroll up (on the St. Bride's side of the way,[†3] except in St. Pauls Churchyard) as far as Cornhill, and back. If I don't meet you, I will repeat my call here, on my return.

Affectionately Ever
CD.

Mark Lemon Esquire

To JOHN T. SINNETT,[†4] 18 FEBRUARY 1852

Extracts in T. F. Madigan catalogue, Christmas 1937 and Sotheby catalogue, Aug 1934 (*aa*); *MS* 3 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 18 Feb 52; addressed John T. Sinnett.

I only feel myself at liberty to assure you that whatever is offered to me for insertion in Household Words is honestly read, and is considered as offered in confidence.[a] I may observe that I am an advocate of Temperance, but think Total Abstinence an unreasonable thing to be forced upon temperate people.[a†5]

To MISS WELCH,[†6] 18 FEBRUARY 1852

Extract in John Heise catalogue, No. 2455; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 18 Feb 52.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Welch and begs to acknowledge receipt of her obliging note. He regrets, however, that other engagements deprive him of the pleasure of accepting Miss Welch's invitation.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Nineteenth February | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have appointed to go to the House of Detention[†1] today at 2 o'Clock to see the girl recommended by Mr. Hardwick the Magistrate[†2] (brother to the Architect); whom I shall take, in accordance with your wish, if her case seem a good one.

I return the Dens of London.[†3] It is perfectly true in the main, though the accounts which such people give of themselves are perhaps as little to be trusted as anything that can be put into human speech.[†4] Moreover, it is done (to my thinking) with such an excruciating flatness and insipidity that it is hard labor to read it.[†5]

Mr. Austin having only just gone on his Board of Health expedition, and Mr. Hardwick having found that piece of ground[†6] (which promises capitally) what do you think of Mr. Brown and I making an expedition to the spot in the first instance? Such questions as suggest themselves to us, we can then refer to Dr. Southwood Smith and Mr. Austin, with whom I will then make another expedition. I think we shall get at everything desirable to be known, in this way, without losing time. Or I will ask Dr. Southwood Smith to go with Mr. Brown and me on the first voyage of discovery, if he can.

I am going down to have a holiday with Charley next Tuesday;[†7] and on Wednesday evening I must present myself at Lady John's.[†8] I have no other engagement (except Work) next week, and should be happy to dine with you any day. If you will arrange with Mr. Brown, I will be at his disposal, for exploring purposes, any afternoon he likes to name in next week, subject to these two engagements.

The idea of the wooden building[†9] is an excellent one,—but I fear the Building Act, which (like most other Acts) is full of preposterous stipulations.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [19] FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; clearly follows the preceding letter.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eighteenth February | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts. I send this as a Postscript to my former letter of this morning, for two reasons. Firstly, because in that letter I forgot that I am engaged on Monday Evening, to visit the Ragged School Dormitory.[†1] Secondly, to add that I have been to the House of Detention, and seen three cases—neither of which will do, in consequence of the girls not wanting to go abroad.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 20 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace.

Tavistock House | Friday Night | Twentieth February 1852

My Dear John Leech (see Tupper).[†2]

On Tuesday next, *the* train for Slough, starts at a quarter before eleven A. M. Faithful to his rule of being at Railways a quarter of an hour before the starting-time, a youth of noble form[†3] and stately (but not severe) presence, will be descried on the steps of the first-class booking office Door at the Paddington Terminus, as

the bells of this great city chime half past ten. In the features of that noble youth, an observer will descry the lineaments of

The Inimitable

CHARLES DICKENS

To [FRANK] TOOLE,[†1] 21 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Princeton University Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty First February 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform Mr. Toole that he is engaged on Monday, and cannot avail himself of the enclosed tickets. Nor could he, in any case, give Mr. Toole any information as to the probabilities of a Dramatic author's writing an entertainment for his brother.[†2]

To FRANK STONE, 22 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Second February | 1852.

My Dear Stone.

I put my name on Mr. Wyatt's balloting paper[†2] last night, with great pleasure. Forster also appended his.[†3] It is very numerously and well signed.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 22 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Second February | 1852.

My Dear Wills

Perhaps you may like to read the enclosed,[†1] in advance of the Public.

When you have done with it will you let me have it back, as I have promised it to Talfourd, and don't like to multiply Proofs, lest I should multiply the chances of their getting about.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 23 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Clifton College. *Address:* John T Lawrence Esquire | Balsall Heath | near | Birmingham.

Guild of Literature and Art, | 10, Lancaster Place, Strand. | Monday
Afternoon 23rd. Feby. 1852

My Dear Sir

Before coming out just now, I found your note. I write a few words in reply on arriving here.

Nothing can be better than two nights in succession at Birmingham, as a great deal of expence will thus be saved. Therefore, I book Wednesday the 12th. May and Thursday the 13th. as our two Town Hall nights.

I quite agree with you that Mr. Simpson would venture to do nothing; the like sound and fury in Manchester and Liverpool having come (against the popular sentiment contrariwise) to nothing. Still I

think it well to be within the law, and quite concur with you as to getting the License. All doubt on that point therefore, I consider disposed of.

Mr. Wills and I will arrange to come down before March is out.

Mrs. Dickens appreciates your encouragement to revolt, in the highest manner, and is now quite beyond controul. She joins me in kindest remembrances, and I am My Dear Sir

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John T. Lawrence Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth February 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts

At the Ragged School last night, I saw a case (among several impracticable cases) which I hope may turn out a good one. The girl is 17. I accepted her, and have sent instructions to Mrs. Morson respecting her clothes.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To MRS GASKELL, 25 FEBRUARY 1852

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | (Silver Street, Golden Square, California)[†1] | Twenty Fifth February 1852

My Dear Mrs Gaskell. A hasty note, after writing my head nearly off. Thomas Wright[†2] shall be heartily championed, and with all possible speed.[†3] By a curious coincidence I had sent, the day before I received your letter, my small help to his subscription.[†4] O what a lazy woman you are, and where IS[†5] that article![†6]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

To [?THOMAS CHAPMAN], [?27 FEBRUARY 1852]

Mention in *To* Wills, 28 Feb 52.

Reply to letter suggesting article about Light Buoys.

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 28 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth February 1852

My Dear Fonblanque

I have thought that a very brisk and pleasant paper for Household Words might be made out of yachting. As Mr. Horne, to whom I should entrust it, would require to be crammed, I have been casting about in my mind for somebody who might know some other enthusiastic somebody who would stand a cross-examination on the subject. All at once you have come into my mind as an Aquatic Sporter with whom I once breakfasted on board a certain Craft, and on every delicacy of the season![†1] Can you think of any Amateur Sailor who would like to be the source of inspiration? There must be some such people in the R.T.Y.C.[†2] surely![†3]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Albany Fonblanque Esquire.

To JOHN HILLS, 28 FEBRUARY 1852

Text from N, II, 380-1.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth February 1852

Dear Sir

I have delayed reading the paper on the treatment of the insane, until a great accumulation of matter in type for Household Words, which it was absolutely necessary to release, should be cleared away and I should be enabled to read it to some purpose.

I have now gone through it carefully. The remarks I am about to make in reference to it, do not apply to its abstract merits or demerits, but simply to its suitability to the pages of my Journal.

It is, for the matter that is in it, far too long. If we were to treat every subject in the same way we could do nothing. It is too didactic and in several places, wanders about when it should go straight to the point. If it were printed in its present form it would obtain but few readers out of a very large audience and would be positively injurious to the number in which it appeared. I think it might be reduced by at least one third, and serve the cause much more than it could ever do uncondensed.

I should be happy to accept it and to reduce it without compromising any principle maintained in it, if I were sure of the author's sanction.[†4] But as I am not, and as I remember that he was not perfectly satisfied on a former occasion I prefer not to touch it, and to leave him to withdraw it intact if he should desire so to do. To

hold discussions on such details, is absolutely impossible—it would consume my whole life, if I did nothing else. I can only accept his confidence with a wish to do it perfect justice, if he will give it unreservedly. If not I would rather, in all good humour, decline it: though I am much interested in the subject he treats, and highly esteem his claim of a hearing.[†1]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LOVELL A. REEVE,[†2] 28 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth February 1852

My Dear Sir

I owe you many thanks for the Literary Gazette.[†3] I have read the paper on Shelley[†4] with the greatest satisfaction, as a manly, generous, and gallant championship.[†5]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Lovell Reeve Esquire.[†6]

To W. H. WILLS, 28 FEBRUARY 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth February 1852

My Dear Wills

These people[†7] have really managed the expences most admirably, and deserve our best consideration.

I immediately replied to the enclosed[†1] about the Light Buoys.[†2] I wish you would go down, see the nature of the thing, and make an appointment for Horne, unless it seems to you something that you and I could decidedly do better together. If Horne does it, tell him that the question of the Trinity House, or the Corporation, has no need to be touched at all—that we want a piece of good description.[†3]

Miss Zornlevin, or whatever her name is[†4]—have you asked about her? Miss Coutts is coming here this evening, and I should like to be able to give her some information, or Miss Z's address, or something.

In the Parliamentary matter,[†5]—it is impossible that I could go into it with the new book in hand. If I had only H.W. I might possibly make the dash, but I should be worried to death if I did it now. And I

don't know but I am far more useful (and certainly far more happy) in my own sphere of service than among the bellowers and prosers of St. Stephens.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Ninth February | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts. I opened the enclosed (from the chaplain of the House of Detention)[†6] after you left last night. I don't like to reply to it without first writing to you, but I fear there is no possibility of our taking the case, on account of our being full?—Is there?

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 29 FEBRUARY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Ninth February | 1852.

My Dear Stone. Are you disposed for a long walk this morning?[†1] I am going out at *12*, by Hampstead, Hendon, and round home by the Edgeware Road,[†2] where the little Carriage will come to meet me.[†3]

Affecy. always

CD.

Frank Stone Esquire

March

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?1 MARCH 1852]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD's "Monday Twenty Sixth February 1852" may be error for Mon 1 Mar; Mon 23 Feb impossible, as CD at Eton next day, and Thurs 26 Feb very unlikely in view of reference to being at the Home "tomorrow".

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Sixth February | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Although the facts stated in Sir George Grey's letter, may afford no reason for hope in us, they certainly give a reason for the recommendation of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and relieve the case from any suspicion of extra-stupidity or misrepresentation. I think upon the whole I would try the case[†4] at the Home.

Tomorrow is our day there.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 MARCH 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening | Second March 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

This was the Committee Day at Shepherds Bush. Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Tracey attended. The girls were all looking very well, and everything was satisfactory. As Mary Anne Church is, in a manner, out of our hands, I thought it best not to have her in. There being a complaint of Watts in Mrs. Morson's Diary, Mr. Tracey (from whose place she came) spoke very gravely to her.

I send you the book, for 5 weeks. As Mrs. Morson had no money for petty cash, I gave her, in all, a cheque for fifty Pounds.

Mr. Hardwick and I paid a visit to the ground[†5] yesterday, and went minutely over it, and the immediate neighbourhood. I mentioned something to him in reference to the position of such houses as you may build which I will mention to

you, and which I think you will quite agree with. We afterwards went to "The Model Buildings"[†1]—a collection of small houses which I visited when they were first erected by a Society, and which I should greatly like you to see one day.[†2]

I enclose the plan.

The chip shall be duly presented.[†3] We were obliged to go to Press again with Bleak House No. 1, last night.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mamey and Katey are in ecstacies, as I write, with Mrs. Brown's kind notes and presents.

To DAVID ROBERTS, 2 MARCH 1852*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Second March 1852

My Dear Roberts. As we were interrupted in speaking of our G. friends[†4] last night,[†5] I write you this short note to beg you not to be at the trouble of doing more than denying (if you do so much) such ridiculous

stories.[†6] I should begin to feel ashamed of myself if I thought any friend of mine had need to notice them if he knew me.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire.

To DAVID ROBERTS, 2 MARCH 1852*

MS Cornell University Library.

Tavistock House | Second March 1852.

Pray do not suppose, my dear Roberts, that I misunderstood you in the least, or had anything but a hearty pleasure in your cordiality—as I always have. I was only afraid, this morning, that you might treat a trifle not worth consideration, more earnestly than it deserved, and therefore wrote you a line. I would on no consideration lay out so good a quality to such ill advantage. Let the thing go by! Whatever is true, will assert itself.

Ever faithfully Yours
CD.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 3 MARCH 1852.

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Third March 1852

My Dear Mrs. Clarke.

It is almost an impertinence to tell you how delightful your flowers were to me; for you who thought of that beautiful and delicately-timed token of sympathy and remembrance,[†1] must know it very well already.

I do assure you that I have hardly ever received anything with so much pleasure in all my life. They are not faded yet—are on my table here—but never can fade out of my remembrance.

I should be less than a Young Gas, and more than an old Manager—that commemorative portfolio[†2] is here too—if I could relieve my heart of half that it would say to you. All my house are my witnesses that you have quite filled it, and this note is my witness that I can *not* empty it!

Ever Faithfully | And Gratefully | Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 MARCH 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Third March 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have received the money, safely.[†3]

The "Model Buildings" are close to Bagnigge Wells.[†4] They lie between it and

Calthorpe Street Gray's Inn Road.[†1] Drive to either place, and any one will shew you where they are, close at hand. Don't be alarmed by the apparent size of the little houses, because every house is in reality two complete houses.[†2] Knock at any door, and ask the people to let you see their rooms. There are houses of two sizes. Pray see both. The people are very civil and obliging, and will explain anything to you.

One house (I think No. 17)[†3] is a large one, let in single rooms to widows and old women. It is capital. For eighteen pence a week, an old creature lives healthily, peacefully, and in perfect comfort—as far as her lodging and washing go.[†4]

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To CHARLES F. ELLERMAN, 3 MARCH 1852*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Third March 1852

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ellerman, and begs to assure Mr. Ellerman that he will accept the proposed compliment[†5] with pleasure, and that he is very sensible of the feeling with which it is proffered.

To THOMAS COE, 4 MARCH 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Night | Fourth March 1852

Dear Mr. Coe. Will you have the goodness to get me a correct copy from the Prompt Book of the part of Hardman. I can do better with it than we have yet done, in getting it under-studied.[†6] Let all the business and places be in it.

I think we shall want another Prompt-Book for the Orchestra. I will tell you what I want to do with it,[†1] if you will call on me any morning at your convenience.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. M. EVANS, 4 MARCH 1852*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

Tavistock House | Fourth March 1852

My Dear Evans.

Will you send the first No. of Bleak House "From the Author", to Charles Manby Esquire 25 Great George Street Westminster, and place his name on the Free List regularly.[†2]

—Accounts to last Christmas?[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire

To GEORGE HOGARTH, 4 MARCH 1852

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Fourth March 1852

My Dear Hogarth

I was very much pleased to get your kind note yesterday, and to find that you think so highly of No. 1.[†4] It has been a very great success, and is blazing away merrily.[†5]

Affectionately Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 MARCH 1852

MS Lytton Papers.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fourth March 1852

My Dear Bulwer

I am heartily obliged to you, and the General Theatrical Fund are quite out of their wits, for you relieve them from an immense difficulty.[†6] They will send you

their report and so forth very soon. They beg me to return their most grateful thanks, and to say that they will proceed to announce you, relying on electioneering *im*probabilities.[†1]

With reference to the Guild it is a particularly graceful and well-timed thing to render them this help. For it will suggest, both to the profession and the public, that the Curmudgeon Managers who grumble about us are unconscionable and thankless fools.[†2]

I shall be delighted to have that talk about Bleak House.

Ever Heartily Yours

CD.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 4 MARCH 1852

Mention in next.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 4 MARCH 1852*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Fourth March 1852

My Dear Tracey. Since I wrote to you just now, I have heard from Forster that he has received news of his mother's death[†3] (she has been decaying a long time), and is obliged to go to Newcastle.

He says will Saturday the 13th. suit you, instead of the previous proposal?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 MARCH 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Friday Fifth March 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Will you read the enclosed letter from Mr. Hardwick's brother, the Magistrate, and tell me what you think of the case. It perplexes me, because it seems at first so strange that the woman should leave her child—unless she has a vague idea of having it bye and bye restored to her abroad, when she can support it, and be free from her present misery. I do not like to go and see her, without knowing your opinion.[†4]

I have made enquiries into the case of the working Men, whose letter I return. There is no doubt of their being in great distress, but I fear there is no doubt too of their being quite wrong in supposing it possible, to proceed without the assistance of Capital. Their masters may be to blame in some things; but their general charge

against them about the reduction of wages is a blind mistake of suffering men. These workmen have fallen behind the time; they are in many respects extraordinarily difficult men to deal with; and what they propose to do, I believe to be impossible. I am assured that they are quite astray in their business, and that this manufacturing warehouse of theirs presents a very hopeless spectacle. There is no doubt (let me say again) of their being very poor and distressed.[†1]

I enclose Mr. Claxton's[†2] letters. I have made, for next week's No., what I hope you may think an interesting little chip. I have called it, The Fine Arts in Australia.[†3]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN HARDWICK, 5 MARCH 1852*

MS University of California, Berkeley.

Tavistock House | Fifth March 1852

My Dear Hardwick

The child is the difficulty. It might be ill, she might be unhappy about it, it might die away from her, we might assume the position of seeming to encourage the relinquishment of the strongest of the natural affections.

If you think *very well* of the case, Miss Coutts (who feels these objections conclusive as to its admission into the Home, where we have not, and never had, any such instance) would "willingly help her to go out".[†4] Shall I come and see her? Name a time, in any afternoon, that will suit you (the later in the afternoon, the better for me), and I will present myself to hold counsel with you.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

John Hardwick Esquire.

To T. CROFTON CROKER, 6 MARCH 1852

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* T. Crofton Croker Esquire | 3 Gloucester Road | Old Brompton.

Tavistock House | Sixth March 1852

My Dear Sir

I have the greatest interest in those gallant men,[†5] and should have been delighted to dine in their company. I feel truly obliged to you for your kind remembrance on such an occasion.

But I am engaged to Lord Lansdowne[†1] on Wednesday, and can only drink to them in the spirit—which I have often done when they have been farther off.[†2]

I hope you will find occasion to put on your cocked hat,[†3] that they may see how terrific and imposing "a fore and after"[†4] can be made on shore.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Crofton Croker Esquire.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 6 MARCH 1852*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Sixth March 1852

My Dear Tracey.

On Saturday the 13th. at 6 (six) we will drop alongside your steak, and grapple, yard arm to yard arm. Excuse my being so nautical—but as an old Salt you know Messmate I can't help it.

Ever Yours
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 MARCH 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Sunday Evening | Seventh March 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I went to Mr. Hardwick's Court, yesterday, by appointment, and saw the girl. Her name is Almina (!) Holgate,[†5] and she is twenty seven years of age, but looks younger. She is of exceedingly respectable appearance, and is a good Milliner and Dress Maker. You would have no suspicion of her history from seeing her.

It appears that she has no idea of abandoning her child. The poor people who take care of it for her are so persuaded of that, that they have not the least objection to retain it if she goes to Australia; knowing very well (she says) that she will surely remit money for its support from her earnings. Mr. Hardwick has seen it (it is a little boy aged nine months) and says it is very clean and healthy, and evidently well cared for. She looks forward to having it sent out to her in good time. There was an idea on Mr. Hardwick's part before he wrote to me of sending her down to Lincoln where she knows some poor people. But she said it was of no use; she had better try to begin afresh, and get over all this, and go abroad. It was her only chance of recovering herself.

She is to present herself to him again, on Tuesday Afternoon. How would you wish me to proceed? It seems to be a good case; and if you should think it well to

send her out, without passing her through the Home, it occurs to me that it would not be a bad experience for Mrs. Morson if she were to see the girl (as she might do here) and manage the details along with her—throwing the girl upon herself to help herself, but taking care that all you might desire to be done, was thoroughly and faithfully done. Shall I come round to you at a quarter past three on Tuesday, before I go to Mr. Hardwick's Court again? Bleak House will probably hold me until the afternoon.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To F. M. EVANS, [?7 MARCH 1852]

Mention in next.

A note of remonstrance.

To THOMAS BEARD, 8 MARCH 1852

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | Eighth March 1852

My Dear Beard

Evans—strong in conscious probity—returns me the enclosed answer[†1] to my note of remonstrance. I had an idea of trampling on his body, but he seems to dance a mild hornpipe on mine.

Ever Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To THE REV. W. G. COOKESLEY, MARCH 1852

Mention in *To* Regnier, 9 Mar 52.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 9 MARCH 1852

MS Comédie Française.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Londres, Mardi 9 Mars, 1852

Mon cher Regnier

Mitchell me dit que vous allez venir a Londres, a la fin du mois courant.[†2] J'espere mon ami que nous aurons, encore une fois, le plaisir de vous recevoir bien souvent, et de vous assurer de notre amitié.

En attendant, je vous ecris sur la part de mon ami The Reverend Mr. Cookesley, homme de lettres très distingué, qui est un des plus erudits professeurs et savants d'Eton College, et qui y demeure. Son fils[†1] va reciter, Juin prochain, quelques morceaux de Moliere devant de la Reine, lors de la visite de Sa Majesté au College.[†2] Son fils etant le premier pupil de l'Ecole, M Cookesley est fort soliciteux qu'il declamerait avec toute la proprieté et toute la grace possible, et il m'ecrit "Do you know any distinguished gentleman attached to the French Theatre, who would hear my boy recite this part, and set him right where he is wrong? I would send him any morning or every morning at any hour, for so desirable a purpose."[†3] Je lui ai repliquai, "Je connais M. Regnier. Personne ne pourrait faire si parfaitement ce que vous voulez, et je lui ecrirai." Mr. Cookesley devient, tout de suite, plein de joie!

Voici tout! M. Cookesley n'est pas riche, mais il est un des hommes les plus distingués en Angleterre, pour sa connaissance des Auteurs Grecs et Latins, et des belles lettres generalement; et je crois que vous—comme artiste, comme bon enfant, en un mot comme Regnier—l'aimerez beaucoup.

Ma femme et ma belle soeur, vous envoient mille amities. Aussi mille amities à Madame Regnier. Est-ce que vous allez amener Madame Regnier a revoir Old England?

Mon cher Regnier | Toujours | votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

Vous regretterez que Madame Macready ne se porte pas bien. Elle est très malade, et elle l'a eté depuis plusieurs mois. J'ai grande peur qu'elle mourra.[†4]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 MARCH 1852]

Text from F, VII, ii, 568. *Date:* Forster gives 7 Mar, but also says the birth referred to took place on 13 Mar "four days later"; and the dinner with Lord Lansdowne "tomorrow" was 10 Mar.

My Highgate[†5] journey yesterday was a sad one. Sad to think how all journeys tend that way. I went up to the cemetery to look for a piece of ground. In no hope of a Government bill, and in a foolish dislike to leaving the little child shut up in a

vault there, I think of pitching a tent under the sky.[†1] . . . Nothing has taken place here: but I believe, every hour, that it must next hour.[†2] Wild ideas are upon me of going to Paris—Rouen—Switzerland—somewhere—and writing the remaining two-thirds of the next No.[†3] aloft in some queer inn room. I have been hanging over it, and have got restless. Want a change I think. Stupid. We were at 30,000 when I last heard.[†4] . . . I am sorry to say that after all kinds of evasions, I am obliged to dine at Lansdowne House to-morrow. But maybe the affair will come off to-night and give me an excuse! I enclose proofs of No. 2. Browne has done Skimpole,[†5] and helped to make him singularly unlike the great original.[†6] Look it over, and say what occurs to you.[†7] . . . Don't you think Mrs. Gaskell charming?[†8] With one ill-considered thing[†9] that looks like a want of natural perception, I think it masterly.

To JOSEPH C. KING, 10 MARCH 1852

Extract in Henry Bristow of Ringwood catalogue No. 281 (1983); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 10 Mar 52; addressed Joseph King.

Explaining that it has constantly been his intention to call on him with the enclosure[†10] *but* my occupations have so constantly enforced me with the substitution of the will for the deed *that he has not been able to do so, and therefore sends it.*

To WILLIAM CHALLINOR,[†11] 11 MARCH 1852

Text from William Challinor, *Lectures, Verses, Speeches, Reminiscences,* &c (1891), p. 243.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, | London | Eleventh March 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Challinor, and begs with many thanks to acknowledge the receipt of his pamphlet[†12] and obliging note.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 11 MARCH 1852*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Thursday Evening | Eleventh March 1852

My Dear Knight.

We shall both be delighted to come and wish you many happy returns of the day, next Monday.[†1] You have not, and never had, and never will have, a friend who could do so more heartily than

Yours ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 13 MARCH 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Thirteenth March | 1852

My Dear Wills. I am happy to say that Mrs. Dickens is just confined with a brilliant boy[†2] of unheard-of dimensions, and is wonderfully well.

Will you send Callaghan round with the enclosed, and give him the money to pay for their insertion.[†3]

And don't you think Horne and Morley had best dine with us on Thursday,[†4] with a view to the possible collision of ideas.[†5]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To MRS GASKELL, [?13-14 MARCH] 1852

Extract[†1] in Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 150 (1923); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of [Household Words], 1852; addressed Mrs Gaskell.

A golden baby has just arrived at Tavistock House—a perfect Californian[†2] little Duncan—his silver skin laced (internally) with his golden blood.[†3] We think of calling him, appropriately remembering the enchanting home of his infancy, Tom Tiddler.[†4]

To HENRY COMPTON[†5], 15 MARCH 1852*

MS Free Libray of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House Tavistock Square | Monday Fifteenth March 1852

My Dear Sir

It is with great unwillingness that I resist the appeal[†6] you make to me. But similar invitations are proposed to me by scores and by hundreds—so that it is really no small part of the business of my life to answer them. Acceptance being impossible, with any reasonable regard to my pursuits or relaxations, I am obliged to single out two public dinners (very rarely more) in the beginning of a season, to which I will go. And those two settled, I am obliged to be as inflexible to all others as the statue near your windows.[†7] I stand committed to preside for the Gardeners,[†8] and to appear, like a dutiful Trustee, at the General Theatrical Fund.[†9] This shuts me up, double locks, bars, bolts, and chains me. I am not to be broken open by any kind of implement known.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. Compton Esquire

To THE REV. W. G. COOKESLEY, 15 MARCH 1852

Text from Spencer catalogue, n.d.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth March 1852.

My dear Cookesley,

I send you Regnier's letter, from which you will see how readily and heartily he enters into the cause.

Faithfully yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend W. Cookesley, Eton.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 MARCH 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts. | Wait.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Sixteenth March 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I shall be delighted to dine with you, this day week.[†1]

The enclosed Nova Scotian proposals[†2] seem to me to be fair enough. I had previously gone over the plan carefully, with Mr. Hardwick,[†3] on the ground. Before you sanction any plan of building, decidedly, I hope you will take Dr. Southwood Smith and Mr. Austin into consultation. I think you would save a great deal of money by doing so, and would get good sanitary arrangements on the most efficient and simple terms. The knowledge that the Board of Health has acquired of all these things, founded upon their personal inspection of the abodes of the poor in all parts of the country, is very important in such a work. I should not like to say this to Mr. Hardwick (knowing what tender corns architects usually have) but I have no doubt that your noble design would benefit by such a course. They know

little (but most important) things, beforehand, which an architect would only find out, probably, by your experiencing the want of them when the building was done.

I am happy to say that Mrs. Dickens and the seventh son—whom I cannot afford to receive with perfect cordiality, as on the whole I could have dispensed with him—are as well as possible, and in a most blooming state. I had been in an unsettled and anxious condition for a week or so, but may now shut myself up in Bleak House again.

The Wonderful Lamp does its duty in the most splendid manner.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10-16 MARCH 1852]

Text from F, VII, ii, 569. *Date:* probably soon after Forster answered the letter of 9 Mar and before *To* Forster, 17 Mar.

Refers to the inability to grind sparks out of this dull blade, *and strikes out a scheme for Paris.* I could not get to Switzerland very well at this time of year. The Jura would be covered with snow. And if I went to Geneva I don't know where I might *not* go to.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 MARCH 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Seventeenth March | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I hope the usually methodical condition of this room, and the state of the envelope-case, will be my sufficient excuse to you for a most ridiculous mistake I have made in accepting your kind invitation for Tuesday. I have been engaged for that day this fortnight past,[†1] and had entirely forgotten it until my sister in law seeing me to day record my pledge to you with all becoming gravity on my slate, arrested me with a sudden reminder that appalled me.

I hope to be able to present myself in the evening at Stratton Street, but I am doubly bound to my unfortunate dinner because my engager is my Household Words Sub-Editor—and if he, or that staff, could suppose their punctual and orderly chief, capable of such a mistake, I tremble to think of the consequences!

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 MARCH 1852]

Extract in F, 1872-4, III, i, 7. *Date:* 17 Mar according to Forster.

You will see from the enclosed, that Procter[†1] is much of my mind.[†2] I will nevertheless go through the character again in the course of the afternoon, and soften down words here and there.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 MARCH 1852]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 550. *Date:* 18 Mar according to Forster.

But before the day closed, Procter had written to him again, and this was the result. I have again gone over every part of it very carefully, and I think I have made it much less like. I have also changed Leonard to Harold.[†4] I have no right to give Hunt pain, and I am so bent upon not doing it that I wish you would look at all the proof once more, and indicate any particular place in which you feel it particularly like. Whereupon I will alter that place.[†5]

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 19 MARCH 1852†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* William Howitt Esquire | Avenue Road | Regents Park.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth March 1852

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your note and for your paper[†6] also—which I was delighted to open at the office yesterday morning, and to send off straightway to the Printer. A proof shall be sent to you for correction.

I am happy to say that Mrs. Dickens and her boy are in a most blooming condition. I am not quite clear that I particularly wanted the latter, but I have no doubt that he is good for me in some point of view or other.

With kind regards to Mrs. Howitt

Believe me | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire.

To JOHN LEECH, 19 MARCH 1852

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace.

Tavistock House | Friday Nineteenth March | 1852

My Dear Leech. I should be delighted to dine with you on Tuesday were I not unfortunately engaged to Wills (for the first time). So is Forster, I know, for Wills told me yesterday he had "booked him".

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I am afraid White will have a new and sad trial in Lotty.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 22 MARCH 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Night | Twenty Second March 1852

Mr Dear Mrs. Watson.

If you are in a state of sparebedativeness and repose at Rockingham, and will allow me to bring with me my confidential sub Editor &c. &c. and our Guild Honorary Secretary, all summed up in the person of Mr. Wills, who is a very intelligent gentleman (though I could wish him not quite so thin and sharp-nosed) I shall be on my way to Birmingham and one or two other places with my aforesaid Trusty, next week, and propose to myself the undermentioned pleasure:

Namely—to bring Charley to Rockingham on *Wednesday Week*—to come down by a fast Morning train (I have visions of vague Expresses at 9 or 10) so that we may have a day there—to stay with you that night, and go on to Birmingham next morning. If you should have any kind of engagements or visitors that stand in the way, I believe you will tell me so, and therefore I dont hesitate to "propose" (as a friend of ours[†1] might say) in this business-like manner.

Talking of which friend, I can't help adding that I was so delighted with him the other day! I do think that noble freshness and enthusiasm that can confidently afford to be itself and shew itself, is one of the finest qualities (including no end of others) in the World! The manner in which my uncountable children disappeared when he talked to me, and I stood again upon the enchanted Island of those brilliant old proposals of my own (accepted in the most fervent manner, and never coming to anything) which graced the thousands of years (as they seem to me now) when I was yet an infant in the eye of the law[†1]—is a proof to me, in itself, of the goodness of such a character.

I have been writing all day,[†2] and, if I were to write more here, should go on for I can't foresee how many pages. I had better go out, instead, and have a long walk—for both our sakes.

My loving remembrances to the Member for Peterboro'.[†3] I think I shall make you and him laugh by telling you about a little dinner I had with Brougham at Rogers's last Friday, which for a spectral and ghastly Boredom surpasses all my experience.

Ever Dear Mrs. Watson | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 MARCH 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Fifth March | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts. I was at the Household Words Office all day yesterday, and did not receive your note until night.

Will Tuesday do? If it will, I shall be delighted (with Miss Hogarth's full permission) to come and meet Layard. On Wednesday I am going down to Rockingham for the night, and then on to Shrewsbury, for a five day's[†4] absence altogether—and Monday afternoon will be a Household Words job. But Tuesday will be the very thing, if it will suit you. I shall be back by the Sunday following, and available for any day in *that* week, if the said Tuesday should not do.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JAMES BOWER HARRISON, 26 MARCH 1852

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954). *Address:* James Bower Harrison Esquire | Higher Broughton | Manchester.

London, Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth March 1852

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your interesting pamphlet,[†1] and to add that I shall be very happy to accept an article from you on the subject, for Household Words.[†2] I should already have suggested to you that I should have great pleasure in receiving contributions from one so well and peculiarly qualified to treat of many interesting subjects, but that I felt a delicacy in encroaching on your other occupations.

Will you excuse my remarking that, to make an article on this particular subject, useful, it is essential to address the employed, as well as the employers. In the case of the Sheffield grinders, the difficulty was, for many years, not with the masters, but the men. Painters who use white lead are, with the greatest difficulty, persuaded to be particular in washing their hands. And I dare say I need not remind you that one could not generally induce domestic servants to attend to the commonest sanitary principles,[†3] in their work, without absolutely forcing them to experience their comfort and convenience.

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Bower Harrison Esquire.

To MRS MORSON, 26 MARCH 1852

MS Miss Alice West.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth March | 1852

Dear Mrs. Morson

Yes.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 29 MARCH 1852

Summary from N, II, 384. Dated Tavistock House, 29 Mar 52; addressed John T. Lawrence.

Saying Mr. Wills and he purpose visiting Birmingham on Thursday; he hopes to see Mr. Lawrence at the station, and intends going on to Shrewsbury in the evening.

To CHARLES COOTE, 30 MARCH 1852*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke. *Address:* C. Coote Esquire.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thirtieth March 1852

My Dear Sir

I am going to ask you to do the Guild a service which no man can better render it, or be (I am inclined to think) more willing to render it, than you.

You remember the dark lady of Deadman's lane in our Comedy? I have observed, in acting to great audiences, that the effect of her appearance would be immensely increased, if there were a very low mysterious strain of music just breathed by the Orchestra whenever she appears.†1 I would have it always the same strain, and I would connect it with her all through the play, to where I am waiting behind the chair in the last Scene, and where Mr. Lemon†2 goes out to be reunited to her. It should be "spoken through", as on the French stage, and played Pianissimo.

Now will you compose such a strain for us—a few bars merely, to be repeated as long as necessary—a something expressive of the memory of old joys and a broken home? &c &c It needn't be longer than a Theatrical "Hurry"†3—but it will tell wonderfully; I saw at Manchester, clearly, what the effect would be. If you will do me such a thing within the next fortnight or so, and let me have it in parts for such instruments as you would like to play it, you will really oblige me inexpressibly.

We act at Shrewsbury on the 10th. of May, and at Birmingham on the 12th. and 13th. Is there any chance of your being able to go?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Coote Esquire.

To THE HON. SPENCER LYTTELTON, 30 MARCH 1852*†4

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thirtieth March 1852

My Dear Lyttelton

This is not a note. It is merely a kind of posted wink of explanation.

I have delayed answering your letter thus long, because I really did believe, and have really gone on believing until the last Sunday that ever was, that I *should* be able to come to Paris for this week. But it was mere lunacy, and tomorrow I am going down (for one afternoon, and half a morning) to Rockingham; taking up

Mary Boyle on my way, at a Station[†1] which, as I read it in her note (you know her hand—twisted like the rustic work of which they make garden chairs), does not exist on the face of the earth.

I don't see, Mon ami, that D'Orsay has a place yet.[†2] If you see him, commend me to him heartily.—Also make my compliments at No. 5.[†3]

We are all blooming, and unite in kind regards to Mrs. Lyttelton.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Spencer Lyttelton

To MRS WAYLEN,[†4] 30 MARCH 1852*

MS Bodleian Library.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth March 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Waylen, and regrets to say that the case of the Protestants of Louisendorf,[†5] is one of the multitude constantly presented to him, in reference to which he can offer no advice or assistance.

April

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 1 APRIL 1852

MS British Museum.

Rockingham, | First April 1852

My Dearest Kate.

Thinking you will like to have a word from me, I write a hasty one before leaving here for Birmingham, to report that I am quite well, and to hope (as the children say) that you are the same. We were very pleasant here yesterday. No one at dinner, but Mary Boyle and Mr. Bigg.[†6] All are in a blooming condition, and send their kindest regards.

We think of going on tonight from Birmingham to Stoke upon Trent.[†1] I don't quite know (the Honorary Secretary's[†2] study of Bradshaw being confused) whether we shall turn up at the times and places of which I gave Georgina a list—but I will write again tomorrow, as you can only hear again on Saturday, before I return.[†3]

With best love to Charley, Mamey, Katey, Frankey, Rightfollarollidedee rightfollarollora, and the Jolly Post Boy—and also to Georgina,—

Ever affectionately
CD.

To FELIX JOYCE, 5 APRIL 1852*

MS Doheny Memorial Library, California.

Tavistock House | Monday Fifth April 1852

Dear Mr. Joyce.

I am much vexed to hear from Mr. Carlyle (who is on my list) that he has not received No. 2 of Bleak House.[†4] Pray do me the favor to have this omission rectified immediately.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Joyce.

To THOMAS CARLYLE, [?5-6 APRIL 1852]

Mention in Carlyle *to* his mother, 10 Apr (*New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, ed. A. Carlyle, II, 126-7).

A friendly note[†5] *apologizing for the publishers' failure to send Carlyle No.* 11 *of* Bleak House.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 6 APRIL 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth April 1852

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

My lost "Character"[†1] was one of those awful documents occasionally to be met with, which *will*[†2] be everywhere. It glared upon me from every drawer I had—fell out of books—lurked under keys—hid in empty inkstands—got into portfolios—frightened me by inscrutably passing into locked Dispatch boxes—and was not one character, but a thousand. This was when I didn't want it. I look for it this morning, and it is nowhere!—Probably will never be beheld again.

But it was very unlike this one,—and I have no doubt that when these ventures come out good, it is only by lucky chance and coincidence. She never mentioned my love of order, before. And it is so remarkable (being almost a *dis*order) that she ought to have fainted with surprise when my handwriting was first revealed to her.

I was very sorry to leave Rockingham the other day, and came away in quite a melancholy state. The Birmingham people were very active; and the Shrewsbury gentry quite transcendant.[†3] I hope we shall have a very successful and dazzling trip. It is delightful to me to think of your coming to Birmingham. And

by the bye, if you will tell me in the previous week, what Hotel accommodation you want, Mr. Wills will look to it with the greatest pleasure.[†4]

Your bookseller ought to be cashiered. I suppose "he" (as Rogers calls everybody's husband)[†5] went out hunting with the idea of diverting his mind from dwelling on its loss. Abortive effort!—

Charley brings this, with himself.

With kindest regards and remembrances | Ever Dear Mrs. Watson | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Mrs. Watson

To R. H. HORNE, 6 APRIL 1852

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | 9 Lower Sackville Street | Dublin.

Tavistock House | Sixth April 1852

My Dear Horne. Wills had faithfully reported to me concerning the Poor Artist.[†1] I am only delighted to have an opportunity of referring[†2] to so excellent a book.

Snails, admirable![†3] I shall be very curious to be enlightened on that singular subject. I know nothing whatever about a Snail, except that I could wish him dryer, and don't like the trail he leaves—a sort of dirty-nosed remembrance of the way he went. Besides which, I may not want to receive this slimy information of the direction of his walks. In fact, I dont.

Mrs. Horne will have told you that I propose Friday. But I hope you won't dine on my account?

I have read the Preface[†4] very carefully. I fully subscribe to your principle, and believe it to be sound—indispensable in this age. But I more than doubt the expediency of the preface. I would reduce it by five sixths of its present amount. It is a strong impression, even with the discerning portion of the public, that a man makes a weak case when he writes to explain his writing.[†5] His writing should explain itself; rest manfully and calmly on its knowledge of itself; and express whatever intention and purpose are in him. If it cannot do this, it is held (I think not unreasonably) to be a shortcoming. I would *on no consideration whatever* make those references, either to Orion,[†6] or the Dreamer and the Worker.[†7] I am absolutely certain that they will be misunderstood, if they be made, and will make you antagonists where you would otherwise find none, and will do you infinite damage.

I would state my principle—retain that interesting and gallant passage descriptive of your having burnt your way on—but nothing less than the Rack should induce me (speaking as if I were you) to print the rest. I do not expect you to act on my advice, but I give it with the most unbounded and unhesitating confidence. I am quite certain—absolutely sure—that your Preface would take your book by the throat and strangle it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire

To E. R. CUTLER,[†1] 7 APRIL 1852*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Seventh April 1852

Dear Sir

I beg to say in reply to your letter that Monday the 14th. of June[†2] will suit me perfectly, and that I am rejoiced to learn that you have so good a prospect.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. R. Cutler Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 7 APRIL 1852

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Seventh April 1852

My Dear Mark.

The scene of action is the Walworth Literary & Scientific Institution—"Lecture Hall Carter Street," wherever that may be.[†3] The time of commencing is a quarter past 7. So I will call for you at a quarter before 7.[†4]

Mr. Wood, Bedford Nursery, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead Road, is the gardener's address.[†5]

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To SIR EDWIN PEARSON,[†6] 7 APRIL 1852

MS Winifred A Myers (Autographs) Ltd. *Address:* Edwin Pearson Esquire | 7 Chester Terrace | Regents Park.

Tavistock House | Seventh April, 1852

Sir.

Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your interesting letter, the justice of which I fully acknowledge.

It would give me great satisfaction to belong to your society,[†7] if I could hope to connect myself with it, at present, in anything but name. But as I can not, being fully occupied; and as I have a great objection to connecting myself in name alone

with any undertaking; I think it right to decline, and to confine myself to advancing its general objects by the exercise of such means as are already within my power.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Pearson Esquire

To E. M. WARD, 7 APRIL 1852

Text from *Mrs E. M. Ward's Reminiscences,* ed. Elliott O'Donnell, 1911, p. 193; dated Tavistock House, 7 Apr 52.

My dear Ward,

I am much obliged to you for your kind invitation to see your pictures—not the less so because, having been in Staffordshire[†1] for a few days, I was so overwhelmed with business yesterday that I could enjoy the pleasure of no such visit. But I may congratulate you though I have not yet seen them, for I hear you have outdone yourself![†2]

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EDITORS OF THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW,[†3] 7 APRIL 1852*

MS McGill University Library.

Tavistock House | Seventh April 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Editors of The Westminster Review, and begs with thanks to acknowledge the receipt of the April No.[†4] which they have had the kindness to send him. He would have done this sooner, but for his absence from town for a few days.

He will not fail to give his best attention to the article[†5] which the Editors

recommend to his consideration. He has little doubt of its advocating the sensible and just view of the case.[†1]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 10 APRIL 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Night Tenth April | 1852.

My Dear Henry.

The enclosed is a cheque for the balance of my "small account"[†2] with Cubitts' in respect of this house. For that part of the garden work which is to be paid by Stone and Cardale, we must have a new bill. I return the garden account to you, with a note of Cardale's thereon. Will you let Cubitts people know that the gates and the pulling down of the old lane-wall are to be charged to me—the lengthening of his own wall, and the making of the door therein, and the levelling of his own additional piece of garden, to Cardale—the do. do. and do. as to Stone's garden, to Stone? I shall be glad to have the receipt for my bill if you will kindly send it to me, as I can then put it away in a drawer and out of my mind.

On Thursday at rather before ½ past 4, I will come to you to fetch you and the worthy Doctor.[†3]

Affecy. Ever

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, 10 APRIL 1852

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Tenth April 1852

My Dear Evans.

On the other side I send you the lettering for the plates.[†1]

I was yesterday asked by Mr. Horne to propose to you a venture of Poems (the most remarkable of them connected with progress and the real spirit of the time) in five Nos. at a shilling each: each No. to contain three small 8° sheets. I told him that B & E were not general publishers, and I did not consider it at all likely that they would be disposed to engage in such an enterprize. But as he still desired to have it offered to you, I could no longer resist his wish.

You know perhaps that he has written some remarkable Poems in H.W.—as the Electric Telegraph, the Christmas Carols, the Camera Obscura, and so forth.[†2] If you would like to know more of the contents of his book, I will tell you more. He has read the greater part of it to me.

If you have no such inclination but would prefer to decline at once, without any reference to its contents, will you write me such a note on the subject as I can put before him.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To G. L. CHESTERTON, 12 APRIL 1852

Text from N, II, 387.

Tavistock House | Twelfth April 1852

My Dear Chesterton

Haven't I heard you mention some place where they take all sorts and conditions of impracticable girls in, if they will work? If so, will you tell me what it is called and where it is? We shall have (I think) to send Church away after all, and Miss Coutts wants her to have some sort of a possibility of a chance, in leaving the place where she has been such a consistent botheration.

Mr Illingsworth[†4] will shew you a good letter to Miss Coutts from Mary Ann Browne.

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 APRIL 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twelfth April 1852 | Monday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am glad you have come to the conclusion that a paper in Household Words on the Home, would not be objectionable. I think it would do a great deal of good—especially in impressing on people the sensible point you state in your note—which I sincerely believe to be the whole truth and wisdom of the case.[†1] You shall see the Proof before the article is published.[†2]

I am ashamed to say that I am in some measure responsible for Mr. Forster. He spoke to me on the subject of your last series of evenings and his invitations thereunto, and, after shewing me (which indeed I knew beforehand) that they fell at times when he was much engaged with his own occupations and was obliged to be regular and to get up early, asked me if I would tell you that he was very sensible of your kind remembrance, though unable to avail himself of it at that time? I utterly discouraged any such proceeding, as seeming to be self-important; and told him that he had much better leave it alone, and not seem to suppose that his absence was of any moment to anybody. I am bound to add that he appeared by no means clear that I was right, but submitted.

Therefore it is really my fault. And my modesty—or my innoculation[†3] of him with that disorder—is alone to blame.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have not yet got Mr. Chesterton's answer, about the Refuge real or supposed, but expect it every moment.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,[†4] 12 APRIL 1852*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Twelfth April 1852

My Dear Milnes

I am glad you did me the justice of believing that the formal and solemn invitation was by no means necessary.

We should have been truly glad to dine with Mrs. Milnes[†5] and you on the 19th. but that we are unfortunately engaged for that day—formally and solemnly too, which makes it worse.[†6]

We shall hope, however, to have the pleasure of improving the opportunity you

so agreeably propose to us, at another time. (I find I use the "we", as if I were writing a mercantile letter for self and partner).

Believe me | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire.

To MRS [ ], [?5-13 APRIL 1852]

Mention in diary of William Howard Russell (John Black Atkins, *Life of Sir William Howard Russell,* 1911, I, 113-14). *Date:* April 1852 according to Russell; before 14 Apr when Thackeray (see below) left for Scotland and after CD's return to London on 4-5 Apr.

Excusing himself from visit to Watford.[†1]

To THOMAS COE, 14 APRIL 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth April 1852 | Wednesday

Dear Mr. Coe.

If it will suit your convenience, I shall be glad if you will come here for an hour on Wednesday afternoon the 21st. at ½ past 4. Mr. Lemon and I, want to add "the rounds" to the Combat;[†2] and we shall be glad of your help.

I am sorry to hear you have been ill, and hope you are quite recovered.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS [PITT],[†1] 14 APRIL 1852

Extract in Dobell catalogue No. 68, 1941. *MS* 1 p.; dated 14 Apr 52.

CD wishes to meet Pitt to settle about the borders, . . . at the Grecian Saloon[†2] there is a Proscenium Border which seems to me exactly what we want all our borders[†3] to be.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 15 APRIL 1852*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Afternoon | Fifteenth April 1852

Dear Sir

I am sorry not to have been at home when you and Mr. Chapman did me the favor to call today—the rather, as I similarly missed Mr. Chapman a few days since. If half past four tomorrow afternoon will suit you both, I shall be happy to receive you here at that hour; or (in the event of this appointment not being convenient) I would await you at the Athenaeum on Saturday, at any time after three that might suit you better.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 15 APRIL 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth April 1852

My Dear Stone

Will you come in next Wednesday Evening at ½ past 7, to take a turn at Not so bad as we seem with Tenniel the new Volunteer in Hardman?[†5]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MEMBERS OF THE AMATEUR COMPANY, [?MID-APRIL 1852]*

MS (draft) Morgan Library. *Date:* before 24 Apr, when train time was fixed; about three weeks' notice of dates would be appropriate.

Guild of Literature and Art

I am directed to inform you that the Amateur Company will act at Shrewsbury on Monday the 10th. of May (rehearsing there, that morning) and at Birmingham on Wednesday and Thursday the 12th. and 13th. It is proposed to leave London on Sunday the 9th. and to return on Friday Morning the 14th. The hour of departure shall be duly notified to you.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 APRIL 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eighteenth April | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Two points occur to me in reference to this paper. In the first place, it is indispensable to the Specification of the plans required, that the size and shape of the piece of ground should be accurately stated. In the second place, it seems to me very important that the request for plans should be kept altogether separate from the request for suggestions. I would therefore have two papers instead of one, and I would *print* both of them; it being very difficult to get people to read writing, or to read it without confusion if they read it at all.

Should you think with me, I will measure the ground (Mr. Austin could do it by walking over it), and go through these notes to render them as plain as possible, and then have them printed. I enclose them now, in case you should think of anything to add.[†1]

It is a very good thing to try several descriptions of houses, but I have no doubt myself (after long consideration[†2] of the subject) that the large houses are best. You never can, for the same money, offer anything like the same advantages in small houses. It is *not* desirable to encourage any small carpenter or builder who has a few pounds to invest, to run up small dwelling houses. If they had been discouraged long ago, London would be an immeasurably healthier place than it can be made in scores of years to come. If you go into any common outskirts of the town, now, and see the advancing army of brick and mortar[†3] laying waste the country fields and shutting out the air, you cannot fail to be struck by the consideration that if large buildings had been erected for the working people, instead of the absurd and expensive separate walnut shells in which they live, London would have been about a third of its present size, and every family would have had a country walk, miles nearer to their own door. Besides this, men would have been nearer to their work—would not have had to dine at public houses—there would have been

thicker walls of separation and better means of separation than you can ever give (except at a preposterous cost) in small tenements—and they would have had gas, water, drainage, and a variety of other humanizing things which you *can't* give them so well in little houses. Further, in little houses, you must keep them near the ground, and you cannot by any possibility afford such sound and wholesome foundations (remedying this objection) in little houses as in large ones. The example of large houses appears to me, in all respects, (always supposing their locality to be a great place like London) far better than any example you can set by

small houses; and the compensation you give for any overgrown shadow they may cast upon a street at certain hours of the day, is out of all proportion to that drawback.[†1]

I know everybody at Manchester,[†2] and in most of those places. But I think the people for the suggestion-paper are people connected with Railways passing through remote Yorkshire Moors, where they have had to frame schools and churches, and establish an orderly system of society out of the strangest disorder—as in one case in Yorkshire, now, where a Tunnel has been making for some years.[†3] Also large iron-masters—of whom there are some notable cases—who have proceeded on the self-supporting principle, and have done wonders with their workpeople.[†4] Also other manufacturers in isolated places[†5] who have awakened to find themselves in the midst of a mass of workpeople going headlong to destruction, and have stopped the current and quite turned it by establishing decent houses, paying schools, savings banks, little libraries, &c. Several of these instances come into my mind as I write this, and I have no doubt we could get the results of such experience by merely asking for them.

I enclose Charley's papers. I am having some grave councils with him in reference to the future, and I will report the result to you very soon. On second

thoughts I have considered it best *not* to advise with Mr. Cookesley. He is very fond of Charley, and has a high opinion of his abilities, and would like nothing better than to keep him making Latin verses for the next five years. Quite natural to a man of his pursuits, but not quite rational in such a case.

Many thanks for the Polling Paper.

I hope you have recovered Doctor Smith's extreme rapidity and rush of words? He reminds me in that respect of Charles Matthews. He is a very sound man indeed, notwithstanding—but he is too voluble and dashing.[†1]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To T. CROFTON CROKER, 18 APRIL 1852

MS The Folio Society Ltd.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eighteenth April, 1852

My Dear Sir

I am most unfortunate in respect of the Noviomagians.[†2] I am engaged on Wednesday;—to no Lord or Lady (don't do me the wrong of supposing so!),[†3] but to the proposed Guild of Literature and Art; which I hope to make the means of doing great good one of these days, and to which I stand pledged on that evening for the transaction of indispensable business.

A thousand thanks!

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

T. Crofton Croker Esquire.

To R. H. HORNE, 18 APRIL 1852

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth April 1852

My Dear Horne.

I think the subject a very good one (I am speaking of the subject proposed by Dr. Stone),[†4] but have no ambition to take it from you; having already several on my list. Will you therefore pursue it?

Evans, after much consideration, has written me in reference to your poems the enclosed note. I wish it were of a different nature, but it embodies in the main the deterring reasons that I foresaw.

I am sorry that I cannot myself propose the book to any one else, not having that knowledge of any bookseller which would enable me to do so, with the least additional effect—and having just that knowledge of some booksellers which

renders me averse to propounding to them any matter of business. But I will with the greatest pleasure be referred to by you, in any such proposal you may make for yourself (if you should think that desirable in any stage of your proceedings) and will be bottle-holder, second, umpire, referee,[†1] &c &c &c.

I still think Mr. John Chapman[†2] the best man to try.

I have read the two poems I now return, with the greatest satisfaction and the highest admiration. "Body and Soul", and Timbuctoo (say, for example) are the two pieces I would rest my case upon, if I were you, if the contents of your proposed book should come in question in any treaty. In Timbuctoo, I remarked, when you were reading it, the expression "pitcher or pan". Are you quite certain that water would be carried in such vessels in Timbuctoo? In "China", I observed the expression "Perennial infancy". I doubt that,—because it is the main marvel of China that it should *not* be in a state of infancy (which would be mere savage life), but should have grown to a certain age, and there stopped. In the Dwarf on the Wall, I remarked the word "talented"—which *cannot* be a word, I think, because you cannot make a participle in English out of a substantive.[†3]

Excuse these slight objections, and believe me ever

Faithfully Yours

CD.

R. H. Horne Esquire

To MARK LEMON, [19] APRIL 1852

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Monday was the 19th.

Tavistock House | Monday Eighteenth April | 1852

My Dear Mark. I find our Spring water comes from Woburn Place, near Russell Square. Don't forget that you are due here, at ½ past 4 on Wednesday.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 19 APRIL 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Nineteenth April | 1852

My Dear Stone. If you should be disposed for a walk tonight, I shall be ready for one at ½ past 7.

Affecy. always

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 APRIL 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twentieth April 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts

After some trouble (in consequence of her being too late for her appointments) I have at last seen the Sidney Herbert[†1] girl. I cannot say I am at all confident of success in the case, but I think it one it is quite right to try. The two best things I observed in her were, her trembling very much while I was talking to her, and her being extremely grateful when I gave her hope. In manner, dress, &c she is above the general run of our girls, but she can't write. I doubted one expression in her letter to you as not being what the girl herself would be likely to use; and, on pressing her, I found that the letter had been written for her by some one. I am not at all clear of the innocent nature of her knowledge of the Mr. Vernon[†2] whose letter you gave me.

Nevertheless, she seems quite earnest in her application; and if you can save her, you will save a very good average representative of a large class. *I would most certainly try her*. If you will reply "yes", I will send Mrs. Morson for her, tomorrow.

Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts P.S. She says she wants to be sent to Port Philip[†3] if possible "because she has been told she has an uncle there, who is rich."

To [?NATHANIEL] GOULD,[†4] 20 APRIL 1852*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twentieth April | 1852

My Dear Sir

I have been prevented from writing to you before, by an unsettled engagement. I purpose having the pleasure of calling on you on Thursday at ½ past 2.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

[ ][†5] Gould Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 20 APRIL 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twentieth April 1852

My Dear Mark

If you are at home and alone (which I don't expect) and further, if you are disposed for a Street-Lounge this evening, I'll call for you at 20 minutes before 8.—But if I don't hear from you in reply to this—I won't.

Affecy. always
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 APRIL 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty First April 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Yesterday afternoon, I received the enclosed from Mr. Austin. After reading it over two or three times, I think it best to send it, just as it stands, to you. I need scarcely observe that I have held no kind of communication with him on the subject. Of his sound practical knowledge in such a matter, there can be no doubt.[†1]

As that girl is in suspense, will you bear her case in mind, and let me know what to do as soon as you decide.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 22 APRIL 1852*

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thursday Evening | Twenty Second April | 1852.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

I am afraid you have long since become accustomed to associate my handwriting with every sort of unreasonable and troublesome petition. I want to lay violent hands upon Mr. Coote now; and I feel as if you must be contemplating (while you read these words) the strong probability of my asking for the loan of the Emperor[†2] from Chatsworth, next!

We are going to act at Shrewsbury on the 10th. of May, and at Birmingham on the 12th. and 13th.—for which purpose, we shall leave town on the 9th. and come back on the 14th. Having seen reason to believe that a strain of low music running through Bulwer's Comedy, and always played in association with that silhouette of a Mysterious Lady, would greatly enhance the effect, I got Mr. Coote to write it. And now he *has* written it, I am afraid to launch it for the first time on the very

uncertain ripple of a local orchestra without having the security of his conductorship as he knows the play so well. I have horrible apprehensions of their playing it, otherwise, in insane places—perhaps in the Farce—or as an accompaniment to my panegyric on the Queen, in David Fallen's garret.

If your kindness could spare Mr. Coote, without real inconvenience, for the space of time I have mentioned, it would be a great service to the Guild, and he should be kept in excellent preservation and returned undamaged. But nothing would induce me to write you this note—as I hope you will readily believe—if I thought it possible that even your generosity would receive it as a sort of constraint to do an inconvenient thing. I am not so bad as I seem, and can most easily foresee the probability of your decidedly wanting him. In the faith of your keeping him in that case, and not being angry with me—and really rather anticipating the novel sensation of your saying No to me—I am Ever my Dear Duke of Devonshire,

Yours most Faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To THE REV. REES LEWIS LLOYD,[†1] 22 APRIL 1852

Text from D, XVIII (1922), 8.

Tavistock House | 22 April 1852

My Dear Sir.

Your letter, and the resolution of your Reading Party, have afforded me unspeakable gratification. To be so remembered is among the greatest honours and happinesses of my life.

Pray assure your friends of the Reading Party that the affectionate terms in which they thank me, touch my heart. That I receive their thanks and good wishes with no ordinary pleasure. And that they never can be more interested in me than I am interested in them.

With all good wishes, believe me, my dear Sir,

Faithfully yours (and theirs),
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES COOTE, 24 APRIL 1852*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke. *Address:* Charles Coote Esquire | Messrs. Coote & Tinney | Duke Street | Manchester Square.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Fourth April | 1852

Dear Sir

On the receipt of your last note I wrote to the Duke, who immediately replied—as I have no doubt you know by this time—in the kindest manner.

If you should wish to see me before we assemble at the Terminus of the North

Western Railway at Euston Square, on Sunday morning the 9th, at a quarter before ten (the train starting at ten) I am almost always at home and at work from 10 until 2. In regard to the "Accomplices"[†1] I may mention to you that they are already engaged in each place by the local committee of gentlemen of the town, and will be "called" for Rehearsal, both at Shrewsbury and Birmingham, at 12 o'Clock. I have had an Orchestra-Book[†2] of the Comedy made, to render the introduction of the Mysterious Lady's Music, easier. Of course all that must be carefully rehearsed on the morning, in the right places.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Coote Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 APRIL 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Fifth April | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

It appears to me that Mr. Hardwick does not understand your arrangement as *you* understand it. On my meeting him accidentally, yesterday afternoon at the Athenaeum, he told me that he had settled with you that we were to meet forthwith—he, Mr. Manby, Mr. Austin, Dr. Smith, and I, and discuss the subject—no word of any plans being made first, or of anybody making plans at all—or anything of the kind. Of course I could only say that whatever you had arranged, I was ready to act upon, and it was agreed that we should meet the week after next.

Now, besides that such a Meeting could do no good, with no deliberate preparation in black and white to discuss, and on which to compare ideas, I doubt whether any professional man would like to attend it. I therefore think it best to mention my doubt to you. Foreseeing the probability of some such difficulty I have not communicated with Mr. Austin since I sent you his letter. Therefore, I have not proposed to him to make any plan, and no harm is done.

Always Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 25 APRIL 1852

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth April 1852

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

It would be quite ridiculous in me to begin to thank you,—for when could I leave off! So I *won't* begin, and I send this note to say so.

Ever Yours most Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To MARK LEMON, 25 APRIL 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Morning Twenty Fifth April | 1852

My Dear Mark.

I congratulate you heartily on last night's success[†1]—thoroughly deserved by an excellent piece, and most heartily, spontaneously, and gallantly rendered by a delighted Audience.[†2]

They all played well.[†3] I never saw Webster play half so well.[†4]

I would take out the baby—or take it straight into the house as it comes on from the Christening.[†5] And the window of the coffee house which is the last Scene of the second act, should then have a long curtain before it, the time being then night. The Scene has been shewn before—and it obviously is *not* night, though supposed to be.[†6]

The third act (in which they were imperfect) requires *a very little* bringing together. It would be immensely improved if you could get Miss Reynolds—generally very good—in her scene in that act with

Webster, to shew more feeling.[†7] She lost it in the endeavour to be frank. It is quite right that she should be frank, but it is altogether out of nature not to be more touched and more touching.

It went admirably throughout, and was never in the least distress. The act-Waits[†8] were something quite terrific—

Ever affectionately

CD.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 26 APRIL 1852

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth April, 1852

My Dear Cunningham

A thousand thanks for your curious and interesting book,[†9] which is exceedingly acceptable to me—both for its own sake, and as a mark of your friendly remembrance. I have had the greatest pleasure both in receiving and in reading it.

I may take this occasion of mentioning that my wife and sister in law (accompanied, I believe, by Mrs. Lemon and Mrs. Wills) mean to join us at Birmingham on Tuesday the 11th. coming down under their own escort by the express Train. If you should have any idea, under these circumstances, of giving Mrs. Cunningham what a friend of ours[†1] would call "a hout", they would be delighted.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I hope you intend to give that new reading of your part, which I took the liberty to suggest? The more I think of it, the more I see the power of that view of the character.[†2]

To MARK LEMON, 26 APRIL 1852

Mention as being in Cullum Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge; present whereabouts unknown.

Making an appointment for 27 April.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 28 APRIL 1852

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth April, 1852.

Dear Sir

As I shall be out of town on the 12th. and am unable to attend the dinner,[†3] I beg to return you the tickets sent to me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

O. Blewitt Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 28 APRIL 1852

MS Private; seen before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954; fragment (*aa*)
MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Eighth April | 1852

My Dear Mark

I waited for you last afternoon and evening, I think—ahem!—I *think*—by appointment!—

[a]I have received a note from Pitt,[†1] asking me to go and look at the Borders this evening. You will find me at the Household Words office (if so dispoged)[†2] at 8

Affecy. Ever
CD.[a]

To MRS GASKELL, [?28 APRIL 1852]

Mention in *To* Solger, 5 May 1852, *fn.*

Promising to help Dr Reinhold Solger.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 APRIL 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth April, 1852

My Dear Wills.

We forgot to speak, yesterday, about the begging letters. I send with this a black surtout. That and £2 will be sufficient I think for the Rathbone Place man.

£2 for Macpherson, the Orphan

£1 for the Needlewoman.

And after this, I really must pull up. For I have no funds but my own, in hand or in reversion; and I get these letters by hundreds—not counting those that *you* get.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILLIAM J. CLEMENT, 30 APRIL 1852*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Tavistock House, | Thirtieth April, 1852.

My Dear Sir,

I have never applied for a Licence in any provincial town but Birmingham—where the thick-headedness of a ridiculous Manager[†3] was considered to make it necessary. In all other places, the Magistrates (being on the Guild Committee) have laughed at the idea of any interference. But I am always for being on the right side, if possible, and am therefore very glad you have had the kindness to send me the form of application—for which many thanks! I now return it, duly filled up and signed.

I have given the Company, due Managerial notice of your invitation, and have no doubt that they will be happy to render all honor to it.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William J. Clement Esquire.

May

To FRANK STONE, 1 MAY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | First May 1852

My Dear Stone. The Bootmaker's name is Hall. His address, the quadrant. I forget the No. It is about a third of the way down, going from Regent Street, on the right hand side.[†1]

I hope to be in full twig for walking tomorrow, at one o'Clock. I am trying to finish No. IV (rather a stunner)[†2] before going to the Academy Dinner[†3] today.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 1 MAY 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday First May 1852

My Dear Wills.

H.W.[†4]

I will be at the Office all the morning (with a view to the two Nos. we have to make up),[†5] on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. I will endeavour to be primed by Monday Morning, with a view to the dictating experiment in the matter of the Child's History.[†6]

GUILD.[†4]

Is the Manchester Day fixed? That is the first thing I want information on, before I tackle Knowles. Will you write to our Secretary there,[†7] explaining that Knowles is again a-field, and that I wish to apply for a license[†8] for the second night. It is important to get all possible influence and information about it, and I *should like to get the licence at once.* Mention that for certainty's sake we have got one at Birmingham and also at Shrewsbury. (For Clement sent me the form of application yesterday morning, & I returned it, duly filled up, by last night's post.)

Faithfully Always

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To L. GAYLORD CLARK, 2 MAY 1852†

MS Mr Archibald Barrow.

Tavistock House, London | Second May 1852

My Dear Clark

I write this hastily, to present to you a cousin of mine—Mr. Barrow[†1]—who is proceeding to New York on a responsible Mission connected with the Great Exhibition, and who will probably remain there for some time.[†2]

I have told him that in the event of his wanting a little honest advice (which is possible) on matters touching print and paper, you will give it him and save him from those roaring Lions who go about (even in America, I am told) seeking whom they may devour.

I have received your letter concerning the Powellian Vagabond,[†3] and will take care that the money is paid. When I find that I am made to smart to that extent for saving your fellow citizens from a Swindler, I begin to think your law must be as bad as ours—I can't think worse of it. I can't advise you as to the publication of the evidence. You must judge for yourself. I have no wish or care, either way.

We are all well, and Mrs. Dickens unites with me in kind remembrances to you and yours. "We are seven"[†4]—and two over. Have been three over, but a real little Dora closely followed her imaginary namesake to the Land of Shadows.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

L. Gaylord Clark Esquire.

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 2 MAY 1852

Mention in Myers catalogue No. 351, Spring 1948. Dated 2 May 52.[†5]

To DR REINHOLD SOLGER, 2 MAY 1852

Mention in *To* Solger, 5 May 1852.

Offering an appointment on 3, 4, or 5 May.

To MRS GASKELL, 2 MAY 1852

Mention in *To* Solger, 5 May 1852.

Telling her he couldn't find *Dr Solger.*

To THE AMATEUR COMPANY, AND CHARLES COOTE, [?MAY 1852]*

MS (draft) Morgan Library. *Address:* To the Company, & to Charles Coote Esquire | Messrs Coote & Tinney | Duke Street | Manchester Square. *Date:* the word "next" implies a date of 2 May or later though train was fixed by 24 Apr (see *To* Coote, that day).

Sir.

I beg to inform you that the Train by which the company will travel to Shrewsbury, will leave the North Western Terminus at Euston Square, *at ten o'Clock on Sunday Morning next.* It is important, with reference to the Safe bestowal of the luggage, that you should have the kindness to be on the platform, a full quarter of an hour before that time.

I am also to mention that Mr. Charles Dickens has undertaken to convey to you, and every gentleman of the company individually, an invitation from Mr. Clement of the Council House Shrewsbury, to a late breakfast on the Tuesday Morning (the eleventh) before the departure for Birmingham. Mr. Clement is one of the principal inhabitants and magistrates, and has exerted himself unremittingly in behalf of the Guild.

I am &c

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 3 MAY 1852

MS Private.

Guild of Literature and Art | 10, Lancaster Place, Strand | Third May 1852

My Dear Sir.

I have not written sooner, in reply to your kind note, because I have been so very uncertain whether I shall be able to have the pleasure of availing myself of your kind invitation for the forenoon of Thursday the 13th. I write, even now and after all, without having it in my power to pledge myself to its acceptance.

Besides being very much fatigued (I dress fourteen times each night), I shall have, on the Thursday, a new gentleman in the place of Mr. Forster who will be obliged to return to town. The character is a very long one, and, though I have devoted some time to this gentleman here, I think it exceedingly likely that he alone may occupy my Thursday morning; for our hour of beginning, obliges us to dine about 3 o'Clock, and the morning is thus materially shortened. I think the best thing I can do is to answer for Mrs. Dickens and her sister, and to leave my own pleasure an open question. I need not assure you (I think) how happy I shall be to come if I can.

In begging to be kindly remembered to you and to all your house, Mrs. Dickens

begs me also to say that she will have the pleasure of calling on your family after she comes down on the Tuesday.

Our prospects with you seem to be glorious. At Shrewsbury also, we are doing wonders.

I hope Mr. Simpson is recovering?

My Dear Sir | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John T. Lawrence Esquire.

To MRS SYDNEY SMITH, 3 MAY 1852

MS Lord Knutsford.

Tavistock House | Monday Third May 1852

My Dear Mrs. Smith.

The letters are most freely and entirely at your service, to deal with as you think right.[†1]

I have been unfortunate in my endeavours to see you; but I shall make another when we come to finer weather, and bring my young Sydney Smith in my hand.[†2]

Always most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Sydney Smith

To JOHN W. PARKER,[†3] [?3] MAY 1852

MS Company of Stationers. *Date:* other letters in the collection bear dates of 1-14 May; but 3 May is the commonest date and found on Wills's equally brief reply ("I do not").

No. Most certainly not.

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE BEADNELL,[†1] 4 MAY 1852

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Office of Household Words | Tuesday Fourth May 1852

My Dear Sir

Receiving your note as I was coming out at my door this morning, I brought it with me down here to answer. Your handwriting is like a breath of my hobbydehoyhood[†2] and is delightful to encounter.

I am sorry to say that I cannot enjoy the pleasure you propose to me. I should like it very much, but I can never take any private enjoyment on these occasions. For what Sir James Graham calls "the reason why",[†3] I sketch the following short list of my avocations.

I am on the stage all day, rehearsing with everybody, from breakfast until dinner. I preside at all the meals of the Amateur Company, and carve all the large joints. We carry into the country a perfect army of carpenters, gasmen, tailors, barbers, property-men, dressers, and servants; all of whom have become accustomed to do everything with the utmost precision, and accuracy under the Managerial eye, but none of whom would do anything right, if that luminary were withdrawn from any of them for five minutes at a stretch. So I am perpetually hovering among and fluttering these smaller birds. At the last minute when the Hall has been filled for weeks, all sorts of impossible people want all sorts of impossible places, and have to be given the most urbane explanations. I then settle down for an hour or so before the rising of the curtain, to dress—enter upon two parts, something longer (I should say) than the whole play of Hamlet—am dressed fourteen times[†4] in the course of the night—and go to bed a little tired.

Add to this, that we start for Birmingham on the Tuesday Morning to do all this over again, and act in the Town Hall two nights running—and I leave you to guess what hope of Wales is in me!

I should like to shake hands with you nevertheless—I hope I may find time for that!—and if you should ask for me at the Music Hall on Monday between 11 and 2, you are sure to find me in full-career of botheration.

Pray give my love to Margaret,[†1] and ask her to give the same to Maria if she should see her. (I am exactly 19, when I write their names.)

Also remember me kindly to Mr. David Lloyd,[†2] and believe me ever, with ten thousand old recollections

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Beadnell Esquire

To THE REV. H. J. BIGGE, 5 MAY 1852

Text from copy made by Walter Dexter, Dickens House.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Fifth May 1852

My dear Sir,

I have reserved a ticket for you, according to Mrs. Watson's foresight. But the tickets are not bodily here, for they are issued by the Local committee at Birmingham.

Presuming that you will come to Birmingham in the course of the Wednesday of the performance, I will cause your ticket to be enclosed in an envelope addressed to you, and to be left (for your calling for it) at the office of the Local Secretary, Mr. Arthur Ryland, 40 Cherry Street, Birmingham. It shall be there, all day.

My dear Sir,
Always faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend H. J. Bigge.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 MAY 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words, | Wednesday Fifth May 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Austin called here yesterday, and was very anxious that I should explain to you his reasons for declining to make any plan in the manner proposed. I will not trouble you with them in detail. They are, generally, that, with Mr. Hardwick's first position in the matter as having been consulted by you, it would be a mere waste of time—hopeless representation of necessities that he would never recognize, and stipulation for common requirements of which he has no knowledge—uphill contention for principles of cheap usefulness and healthfulness, which the nature of his general works has not required him to observe,—wild endeavours to adapt poor men to Grosvenor Square—&c &c &c.[†1] It is sufficient to say that he has certainly convinced himself, and that he almost convinced me.

So the matter now stands with Mr. Hardwick and Mr. Manby. I doubt, myself, the probability of Mr. Manby's making plans (I know him very well) but we shall see. It seems to me that having Mr. Hardwick in the business, we had better make the best of him! I so far agree with Mr. Austin, that I don't think any other professional man will improve him.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To R. H. HORNE, 5 MAY 1852*

MS Charles W. Traylen. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Beaumont Cottage | College Road | Chalk Farm Lane | Hampstead Road.

Office of Household Words, | Wednesday Fifth May, 1852

My Dear Horne. I have a letter from Paxton this morning. He is at Chatsworth. He says:

"I shall be very happy to see Mr. Horne when I come again to town, which may not be for a fortnight or more, as our Rent Day takes place next week.

"Or, Mr. Horne can either write to me, or come down to Chatsworth, where I hope to be found all this week and next, and shall be happy to see him."

You *could* get there, without much trouble or expence, from Birmingham.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 5 MAY 1852

MS Lytton Papers.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Fifth May 1852

My Dear Bulwer. I am happy in the thought of seeing you at dinner tomorrow.[†1] We have no set party, and no botheration.[†2]

I have conferred with Forster on the subject of the American letters[†3]—went out to him for that purpose this morning, immediately on their receipt. We are both so decidedly of opinion that Longmans and Murray would put down no money on the strength of such documents, and would certainly feel that there is not the least security for the treaty (supposing it made), lasting six months, that we think it best

to represent our conviction to you, before entrusting them with the secret correspondence.[†1] It is so profoundly unsatisfactory, that I feel perfectly sure the money is not to be got.[†2]

Therefore we do not take them into council until after tomorrow. I have little doubt of getting them here at a few hour's notice (say on Friday or Saturday) if you should still desire it.[†3]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton

To DR REINHOLD SOLGER,[†4] 5 MAY 1852*

MS Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Office of Household Words, | Wednesday Fifth May 1852

Dear Sir.

I fear that without the explanation I am about to give you, you must have thought me but a churlish and careless person.[†5]

Having been so unfortunate as to miss you twice (at my busiest period of the month), and having to go into the country last Sunday Morning, I entrusted Mrs. Dickens with my card and with a note to you, saying that I should be *here*, today, yesterday, and Monday, and happy to see you. Mrs. Dickens in accordance with my wish called, thus armed, at your address 78 York Road,[†6] and *was positively assured by a woman-servant that no such person lived there.* She had your card in her

hand, but, still receiving this assurance, was fain to bring back my card and letter; and I have the latter by me now.

I immediately told Mrs. Gaskell that I couldn't find you.

If this letter, more fortunate than my messenger, should reach you, I beg to say that I shall be here on Friday Morning[†1] at halfpast 12, and very happy to see you. On Sunday Morning I am going out of town for at least a week.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Reinhold Solger.

To JOHN BLACKWOOD, 6 MAY 1852

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; dated Tavistock House, 6 May 52; addressed John Blackwood.

Thanking him for the memoir.[†2] I think its spirit irreproachable[†3] *and saying that he is rejoiced to hear* such good accounts of the testimonial to poor Moir.[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 MAY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Sixth May 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

We have been christening the baby today, and I *dare not* go out. It would be considered heresy.

Perhaps I shall find you at home tomorrow, about 2, or from that to half past? At all events I will call. If I can find Mr. Austin at the Board of Health, I will see him first.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To PATRICK FRASER,[†1] 6 MAY 1852

MS National Library of Scotland.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thursday Sixth May 1852

My Dear Sir

The whiskey[†2] (of a wonderful quality!) has arrived in safety, and I thank you for it with the greatest cordiality. Your kind note gives me great pleasure, and I am happy to live in your remembrance. All this, and a great deal more, I hope to tell you at our next merry meeting.[†3] If it be as agreeable as our last I shall be well satisfied.

I suppose Gordon occasionally dines—on solemn holidays even sups, and sits a little, maybe, after supper—here and there in Edinburgh? He is never heard of in these parts now. We have quite given him up. Well! He was a jolly dog, and had a pleasant way with him once.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P. Fraser Esquire

To JOHN KNOWLES, 6 MAY 1852†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thursday Sixth May 1852

My Dear Sir

I beg to say in reply to your letter that your information is correct, and that the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art having been honored by a requisition in writing from many of the principal inhabitants of Manchester, to give another performance there, most certainly intend to do so.

But I cannot agree with you that this at all impairs[†4] the exceptional nature of such a visit, or detracts from the unusual character of such a representation. Quite the contrary.

I believe the Amateur Company will close their career on the occasion of their next visit to Manchester, and I hope (notwithstanding the vigor of your protest) to close it in good humour with you and everybody else.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Knowles Esquire

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 6 MAY 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Sixth May 1852

My Dear Mrs Watson.

I am quite delighted that you are going to Birmingham. If you had left a blank in your places, I should have been quite a dispirited comedian. Will you let me know—when *you* know—whether Mary Boyle and Mrs. Cavendish[†1] use two places? Because, if we *should* have any to spare (not probable I hope) out of our small reserved number, sundry Mayors and other eminent personages are waiting for them.

Mr. Wills will be at Birmingham on Saturday, on his way to Shrewsbury. He will then see to our hotel accommodation and to yours. From what I remember of the Birmingham hotels, I fear you would not get good rooms in any house lodging our very large party. But if they are to be got in the same house, he will get them. If not, he will make comfort his main consideration, and take them elsewhere. He will arrange for them to be ready for you on the Wednesday Morning, and will write you a line before he leaves Birmingham telling you what he has done, and the name of the Hotel.[†2] I have also begged him to look up some of the most interesting "Works" for Thursday Morning.

Mr. Boythorn is (between ourselves) a most exact portrait of Walter Savage Landor.[†3] Five and thirty thousand, every publishing day, is the present mark of Bleak House, thank God!

I had a most extraordinary dream about Watson last night, who I thought had gone mad, and was perpetually pursueing me, with a Revolver. I suffered the greatest agonies of mind, both on his account and my own.

With my love, and much anticipation of the pleasure of meeting you both,

Ever Dear Mrs. Watson Most Faithfully Yrs.
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 7 MAY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Office of Household Words | Friday Seventh May 1852

My Dear Henry.

Will you read the enclosed, & tell me what I shall say? I am going to call there, at about 2 o'Clock.

Affecy. Ever
CD.

To JOHN CHAPMAN,[†1] 7 MAY 1852*

MS Yale University Library.

Office of Household Words, | Friday Seventh May 1852

My Dear Sir

Is it not necessary that I should have those Resolutions[†2] from you, and see you concerning their transmission to Lord Campbell? I shall be here at 5 o'Clock exactly, if it should suit your convenience to call. On Sunday morning, I am going out of town for a week.

Will you have the goodness to send me by the Messenger, a MS of Madame Dubary's,[†3] which Professor Newman[†4] left for me in your Office the other Evening?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Chapman Esquire

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 7 MAY 1852*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Office of Household Words, | Friday Seventh May 1852

My Dear Milnes.

I trouble you with a note of introduction, in your capacity of President of the Whittington Club.[†1]

Dr. Reinhold Solger is the gentleman to whom I give it, and who will deliver it to you. He is most strongly recommended to me from high quarters in Manchester, and is, I believe, a gentleman of great accomplishments and desert. He has delivered in various parts of the country, a series of Lectures on European governments, and wishes (on certain easy conditions, involving no impossible expectations) to lecture in the Theatre of the Whittington club. If you would kindly put him in communication with the Secretary[†2] or other Powers that be, there, you will serve a very deserving gentleman and much oblige

Yours Very faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire M.P.

To J. W. BOURKE,[†3] 8 MAY 1852

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Tavistock House, London. | Saturday Eighth May 1852

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter dated on the fifteenth of last month, and to thank you, on behalf of The Guild of Literature and Art, for the obliging proposal set forth in it.[†4]

I regret to add, after considering the subject well, that the distance it would be necessary for the large body concerned, to traverse; and the very great difficulties in the way of an absence from London prolonged beyond four or five days consecutively; combine to impose upon me the disagreeable task of declining the visit you suggest. I discharge the duty, I assure you, with great reluctance.[†1]

I have the honor to be | Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. W. Bourke Esquire.

To W. F. DE CERJAT, 8 MAY 1852

MS Dickens House. *Address:* William F. De Cerjat Esquire | Beau Regard | Lausanne | Switzerland.

London, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Saturday Eighth May 1852

My Dear Cerjat. Your second kind letter would have been a real reproach to me, if I had not so often tried to answer your first—one of my most acceptable and pleasant Christmas remembrances—and so often failed in the midst of my much writing, that I felt as if you *must* have some mesmeric knowledge that I was writing to you (in the Spirit—with invisible ink—on impalpable paper) almost every day of my life.

I cannot tell you how delighted I have been by your account of our excellent friend.[†2] The Watsons and I had been talking of him, and of you all, a few days before; and it came upon me with indescribable

pleasure. God grant that he may continue to be himself! He has only to be that, to be one of the most loveable men upon earth. There are few things I should like better than to contradict him for half an hour, once more!

We had a plot (we and the Watsons) to make a dash over to Lausanne at Midsummer, and to leave the ladies there for a week, and carry you off into the Mountains, and have the grandest expeditions! I am afraid the plot is in danger, in consequence of Watson's electioneering projects,[†3] and some other distractions[†4] of which she wrote to me vaguely the day before yesterday. But I have still dim shadows of Hope—and I won't let them go, as long as I can hold one by the least film. I am, as you may suppose, very busy; but I think I could manage it, by some cutting and contriving. We are to hold a solemn council at Birmingham next Wednesday. My Amateur Company perform there, at the Town Hall, and the Watsons are coming over to see the Play. I wish to Heaven you and Mrs. Cerjat could come too! It is one of the prettiest things to look at, you can imagine—the Scenery so exquisitely painted—the dresses so rich and beautiful—the light so brilliant—and the whole such a perfect picture of the time of George the Second. But I am wandering away from the Council—which is to decide (as I understand

Mrs. Watson) whether our design is to take its place among the accomplished or the unaccomplished ideas of this devising world.[†1]

My wife is quite well again, after favoring me (I think I could have dispensed with the compliment) with No. 10. Our last baby, we called Dora, in remembrance of Copperfield. It was an ill-omened name, and she followed her predecessor to the land of Shadows. I hope you will like Bleak House better and better as you go on. It is a most enormous success; all the prestige of Copperfield (which was very great) telling upon it, and raising its circulation above all my other books. I am very much interested, having just written No. IV[†2]—and look forward to good things whereof the foundations are built.

There is nothing new here. Politically, everybody is unsettled by the prospect of a General Election between the Hay and Corn Harvests. Musically, we have a wonderfully fine Italian Opera at Covent Garden,[†3] and a quarrel (as I dare say you know as well as I do, if not better), between rival managers, for a German songstress.[†4] Pictorially, we have the Exhibition open, and some (but not many) good pictures in it.[†5] I saw the Duke of Wellington last, at the preliminary dinner a week ago. You cannot imagine how old he looks (it was his 83rd. birthday) or how long he was in jerking a short speech out of himself[†6] (like a series of words of command!) Rogers (five years older) is lamed by an accident, and passes his life in one arm chair which is lifted in and out of his carriage—wheeled to his table—carried upstairs, with him in it, if he goes anywhere (which he very rarely does) and put to bed with him I suppose.[†7] In all other respects he is the same as ever. Vivacious enough—and vicious enough—tells the same stories, to the same people, in the same words, twenty times in a day—and has his little dinner parties of four, where he goes mad with rage if anybody talks to anyone but himself. Tom Moore has left a very curious Diary for publication, to be edited by Lord John, who shewed it me the other day.[†8] It is extraordinarily good as a little gossiping picture

of his time—I think the best Diary since Pepys. Mrs. Austin is writing Sydney Smith's life,[†1] which I dare say will be very good, he had such a noble wit, and she is such a clever woman.

There's a dull catalogue for you My Dear Cerjat, but I can't amend it. As I write, I see myself walking with you outside the Hotel at Martigny in the dusk, smoking, while our ladies are playing and singing within—You remember?[†2] Apropos of which, I saw Lady Virginia Taylor[†3] the other night—looking positively old, if you can believe in such an unearthly[†4] transformation. I fear (I don't know the fact, but suspect it) that Lady Mary has lost her reason. Georgina is not yet married (talking of ladies) and not in the least likely to be. She seems unaccountably hard to please.

She sends her kindest love to Mrs. Cerjat and all your house, and you. Mrs. Dickens most heartily joins. So do I. Pray say all that is affectionate and attached, to Haldimand, from all of us.

And ever believe me My Dear Cerjat, with great regard

Very faithfully Your friend

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 MAY 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eighth May 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I received the enclosed (from the Sidney Herbert girl) most opportunely, this morning. I have received her, and instructed Mrs. Morson to fetch her on Monday afternoon. I have not yet seen Mr. Austin, who I think must be about some Health Works in the country.[†5]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To LORD CAMPBELL,[†6] [?8 MAY 1852]

Mention in *The Times,* 18 May, in report of deputations to Lord Campbell at Stratheden House on 17 May; "Lord Campbell said that he had received a letter from Mr Dickens". *Date:* after *To* John Chapman, 7 May but before CD left London on 9 May.

Accompanying an account of the proceedings at a meeting of authors, publishers, and booksellers.[†7]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 17 MAY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Seventeenth May 1852

My Dear Henry.

I came home on Saturday night.

I have forwarded your note concerning the new scheme, to Miss Coutts who is out of town. I know it will give her great satisfaction.

You have done perfectly right in effecting that change in your position.[†1] I have not the least doubt of it. The more I have considered the subject since we first spoke of it, the more certain I have been of this. I am heartily glad you have made the change.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 17 MAY 1852*

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth. *Address:* His Grace | The Duke of Devonshire | Chiswick.

Tavistock House | Monday Morning, May Seventeenth | 1852.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

I have seen Mr. Coote retiring to his room every night with such constancy, to write to you, that I know he has left me nothing to report concerning our late trip[†2]—except that we were all delighted with his good sense, good taste, and modesty; and that we all parted from him with great regret.[†3] Apart from this, his usefulness has been greater than I can express. Instead of a band of hiccupping fiddles, maudlin flutes, and staggering instruments of brass, blaring on their own account into the air, his tact has given us a charming orchestra drilled to their work in a couple of hours.[†4] What he has saved *me*, in point of ears and temper, will never be known. To crown all, he is associated with Devonshire House—and anything in that connexion comes like a Cordial to every one of us!

Two more trips—one in July, and one in September[†1]—will close our Theatrical Campaign, I believe. At present I am a little tired, having no particular voice to speak of—or with—and feeling in every joint like a stiff Dutch doll.[†2] But I am more than ever bent on success, and am resolved, like my friend Mr. Gabblewig, to "come up smiling, and at it again!"[†3]

I promised the Company before we parted, that I would bear our united testimony to Mr. Coote's merits and would thank you with all my heart. I will say no more, or I feel you will have a misgiving that I want to borrow him again prospectively, and that I *must* come at last to the Emperor[†4] or the Liber Veritatis.[†5]

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

Ever Yours Most Faithfully | And truly obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To THE REV. DR BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY,[†6] 17 MAY 1852*

MS Mrs P. M. C. Hayman. *Address:* The Reverend Dr. Kennedy | &c &c &c | Shrewsbury.

Tavistock House, London. | Seventeenth May 1852

My Dear Sir

I am very sincerely obliged to you for your kind note, and for the plan of the Exeter Rooms. In the event of my deciding to move the Amateur Company westward, I shall not hesitate to avail myself of your excellent introduction,[†7] and to trouble you again upon the subject. But I am inclined to think that the North still beckons us, with a Bumper in each of its many hands.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Kennedy[†1] and the young ladies,[†2] and am my Dear Sir

With much regard | Very faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Dr. Kennedy.

To SIR JOHN POTTER,[†3] 17 MAY 1852

MS Manchester Central Library. *Address:* John Potter Esquire | Manchester.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Monday Seventeenth May 1852

Sir.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to assure you that I have great pleasure in accepting the invitation of the Committee of the Manchester Free Library. My engagements are very numerous; but the occasion is too important and the example too noble, to admit of hesitation.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Potter Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 MAY 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Seventeenth May 1852

My Dear Wills. Get Howitt's paper[†4] cast off (allowing, say two of his written pages to be cut out) and send me the money for it in the course of the day. I must positively write to him at once.[†5]

Miss Coutts wants (I don't know why) to find out the character of the paper[†6] to which the enclosed announcement refers. Do you know anything about it?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

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To RICHARD BENTLEY, 18 MAY 1852*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Eighteenth May 1852

My Dear Sir

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is in possession of some very curious papers having reference to the passing of an International Copyright law with America.[†1] He has communicated them to me, and we agree that they ought to be *privately*[†2] imparted to you and one or two others interested in like manner in the question; and that we ought to hold immediate Council on the subject. Will you meet Sir Edward here on Saturday next, at 3 o'Clock in the afternoon?[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

— VI - 676 —

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 18 MAY 1852*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Tavistock House. | Tuesday Eighteenth May 1852

My Dear Sir

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is in possession of some very curious papers having reference to the passing of an International Copyright Law with America. He has communicated them to me, and we agree that they ought to be *privately* imparted to you and one or two others interested in like manner in the question; and that we ought to hold immediate Council on the subject. Will you meet Sir Edward here on Saturday next at 3 o'Clock in the afternoon? The matter presses.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To JOHN MURRAY, 18 MAY 1852*

MS Sir John Murray.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Tuesday Eighteenth May 1852

My Dear Murray.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is in possession of some very curious papers having reference to the passing of an International Copyright law with America. He has communicated them to me, and we agree that they ought to be *privately* imparted to you and one or two others interested in like manner in the question; and that we ought to hold immediate Council on the subject. Will you meet Sir Edward here on Saturday next at 3 o'Clock in the afternoon? The matter presses.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 18 MAY 1852*

MS Royal Literary Fund.[†1]

Tavistock House | Tuesday Eighteenth May 1852

Dear Sir

I am desirous very earnestly to recommend the case of Mr. Chatto,[†2] to the favorable consideration of the Committee of the Literary Fund. It is one of great distress and affliction, and Mr. Chatto is a most industrious man of upright character and steady habits, whose misfortunes have not been of his own seeking.[†3]

His application is one of that class which I always supported when I had the honor of a seat at the Committee Board, and in reference to which I frequently ventured to suggest that the noblest usefulness of the Literary Fund can be most beneficially exercised. I beg to support it with whatever strength of recommendation I can urge.[†1]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

O. Blewitt Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 18 MAY 1852*

MS Mr Edward J. Quinn.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Eighteenth May 1852

My Dear Mark.

We start from London Bridge at 12 tomorrow. If you like to begin the day by strolling down there, and will leave here with me at 11, (or a little before will be better) Catherine will take Mrs. Lemon in the little carriage.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 18 MAY 1852*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* William Howitt Esquire | Upper Avenue Road | Regents Park.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evg. Eighteenth May | 1852

My Dear Sir

My absence from town on the Guild business, has prevented me from answering your note until now.

I have reserved the Religious Credulity paper,[†2] in the hope (having very great faith in the perpetual appearance of that class of mania before the public), that some thing might occur to render its publication particularly seasonable. But I ought not also to have deferred fresh recognition of it as between you and me. For this, pray excuse me in the pressure of much business.

It is in type beside me, but not cast into pages. I think (with a slight condensation towards the end) it will make, as nearly as possible, six pages.[†3] We are in Miss Howitt's debt,[†4] two guineas. I enclose a cheque for eight—"errors excepted".

I am much concerned to find that you are not quite in good humour with Wills's critical powers. If you have any greater faith in mine, and will in future send your papers to me, I have a lively hope in our getting on without much difficulty.

Frankly and earnestly, let me assure you that it would give me real pain to displease you, or to find that any thing in the least disagreeable to you arose out of our intercourse.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire

I have not had an opportunity of looking at the Bone of contention.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 18 MAY 1852

Extract from Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 147 (1922); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 18 May 52.

I write briefly, being surrounded at this moment (in spirit) by no end of babies, and grown up—all calling out of the gloom—"Take me next"—"Look at me!"—&c &c.

To ANTONIO GALLENGA,[†1] 20 MAY 1852

Extract in American Art Association catalogue,[†2] Feb 1924; mention in Samuel T. Freeman & Co. catalogue, 12 Nov 1935; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 20 May 1852.

Allow me to assure you in reply to your letter, that I have no influence whatever in the affairs of the London Library.[†3] I have never taken any part in its administration, and am not now, even in name, a member of the committee.

To R. H. HORNE, 20 MAY 1852*

MS (copy made by Horne) Free Library of Philadelphia, checked from MS Sotheby, July 1983. *Address:* R. H. Horne, Esq. | Beaumont Cottage | College Road | Chalk Farm Lane | Hampstead Road.

Tavistock House. | Thursday Evening Twentieth May 1852

My Dear Horne.

I am very much affected by your letter.[†4] The unwritten part[†5] of it is fully expressed to me. She could not have friends more truly and deeply interested in

her; and I would earnestly entreat with her and you to have no reserve with us, and to rely upon us, and to let us prove our warmth of heart.

For your expedition itself, I will do nothing but hope, now. I will most faithfully right you if I ever know you to be wronged in the matter while you are absent, and I hereby confidingly salute the colors you have nailed to the mast so manfully!

One thing troubles me. I am not sure but that as a mere matter of policy, with a view to the golden proceedings, the better sort of passage[†1] might be a good investment. If you think so, borrow the difference of me. This is one branch of the one thing. It has two branches. The passage part of the question may have nothing in it, and, in the general shake and jumble of being vomited up by the Kent on the Australian shores, all shades and distinctions of passengers may be very easily confounded. But a small sum of money over and above your estimate, even as a means of retreat if necessary, *might* be of the last importance. Take Fifty Pounds from me. I can give it you in some safe form—payable to your order in some accessible place in Australia—impossible to be lost or stolen—always available if need be. By ever having it in your power to repay me easily, you will gladden me beyond expression. My dear friend if you should never be so fortunate, what can that matter between you and me, and where, in *our* Books, (if we have any claim to keep them on the face of this earth) will such an entry ever be found!—

You are going away, and I write, (as I would speak to you if I were bidding you good bye), without one roundabout word. I hope I would at no time set up forms and fashions between us—at this time, least of all. If it were in my nature, it would be a poor acknowledgement of our intimacy within the last two years and the light in which it has presented you.

Ever Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 MAY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House. | Twenty First May 1852 | Friday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Broderip the Magistrate, enclosed the accompanying note to me (No. 1) with a strong recommendation of the writer for admission into the Home. He had caused the most particular enquiries to be made—believed her character to be without any stain—and had ascertained her statement to be perfectly correct.

I went to the Police Court yesterday, and saw the girl[†2] in his presence, and in that of the Police constable who had made the enquiries. It appears to be a very good case, and I think the girl will do well.

Have you any idea when a ship will sail for the Cape, and give us room to receive her? In the meantime (if you sanction her admission) she has help out of the Poor's box, and lives with an old widow woman who has been truly charitable to her.

The accompanying note from Mr. Austin (No. 2) I received last week at Birmingham. I hope you will approve of it.

Where you are—at what distance—in what climate—on what coast—with what intentions of remaining or returning—are mysteries of the profoundest nature to me.

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. HORNE, 21 MAY 1852

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Beaumont Cottage | College Road | Chalk Farm Lane | Hampstead Road.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty First May 1852

My Dear Horne.

I cannot very well judge of the proposed story. It depends so very much upon the execution. But you know as well as any man what is wanted for Household Words; and I have no doubt that a thousand things will occur to you on board ship (either in this form or in others) that will be most acceptable. The

voyage out, and the journey to the Diggings, are full of promise. Perhaps those idle sunny days aboard, will suggest papers of their own and insist on having them written.

I at once agree with pleasure, on behalf of the proprietorship, to continue our arrangement for four months. You will let me know how you wish the money to be paid. When you get "out there", you will let me know (all in due time, as things naturally fall out) what you see to be feasible as to Household Words, for the future.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To J. C. [?HANKIE].[†1] 22 MAY 1852

MS McGill University Library.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Second May 1852

Sir.

Your letter dated the day before yesterday, is almost unintelligible to me by reason of its referring to a supposititious enclosure which is not enclosed in it. I fear it proposes an occupation of my time which my previous engagements render impossible; but I am unwilling to reply to it in my present benighted condition. If

you will have the goodness to forward me the Circular you intended to have sent, I shall be happy to answer you.

I have the honor to be Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. Hankie Esquire

To MRS GASKELL, 23 MAY 1852*

MS Dr C. Holland Child. *Address:* Mrs Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Third May 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

The Report is a very remarkable document indeed;[†1] and I feel, in reference to it, just as you do. If you will do a paper on it for Household Words,[†2] I shall be delighted to have it; and I think a writer of your tact and feeling (this is hard fact, not soft sawder) can very impressively and sufficiently point Mr. Wilson's letter, in reference to its being made a show-place.[†3] Which it certainly ought not to be. I would suggest treating of the place generally without a name—mentioning the name at last, and then in this connexion and with earnest agreement in Mr. Wilson's[†4] perception of what it ought not to become.

Very small is the kindness—to use the popular inverted sentence of this year of grace—that I have been able to shew Dr. Solger. I am woefully afraid that the object with which he comes to London is a most unpromising one just now, and will lead to the mere Shipwreck of any Cargo of hopes he may have brought here. I have tried to put this gently before him. The very best thing he could do, would be not to lecture in the Metropolis,[†1] I fully believe. I don't think there is an opening, and we all know how the season is forestalled and cut up by the electioneering perspective.

Forster is very ill with Rheumatic gout. He has been in bed this fortnight, and is brought very low. I think him getting better now, but he is extremely weak. He was obliged to leave the Amateur Company at Shrewsbury[†2] in the beginning of a trip, and became so bad, even on the journey home, that he had to be lifted out of the carriage. (I don't know who did it, but I suppose it was a Crane.)

I shall look forward with real pleasure to knowing Mr. Gaskell—whom I ought to have known so long ago, that I think I *do* know him if he only knew it.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 23 MAY 1852*

MS (fragment) Major M. F. Hobbs.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Twenty Third May 1852

obliging note, and very interesting and useful essays on a most important subject.[†3]

To FRANK STONE, 24 MAY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | Twenty Fourth May 1852

My Dear Stone.

I have a letter from Costello, shewing (as I feared) the great difficulty of his contriving the projected ten days trip. If I could manage it otherwise, would you object to do old Nightingale in the Knibbsian manner?[†4] There is not much to learn

in the way of words, and you know it is a good part.[†1] If you would take the part, you would keep it of course. As to the Business, two evenings with Mark and me would make that complete.

Affectionately Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire.

To W. J. BRODERIP, 25 MAY 1852

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening | Twenty Fifth May 1852

My Dear Broderip.

Miss Coutts will be glad to receive Sarah Youngman, and I am happy to add that we can receive her now. If you will let one of your people arrange for her being producible at the Magistrate's door in Vincent Square, *on Saturday afternoon at 5 o'Clock,* Mrs. Morson the Superintendent of the Home will call to take her there, at that hour.

I earnestly hope you are getting better, and gradually going into training for that same dinner.[†2]

Believe me with much regard | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. J. Broderip Esquire

To MRS MORSON, 25 MAY 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Morson | Urania Cottage | Near The White Horse | Shepherd's Bush.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth May 1852

Dear Mrs. Morson—

If you will call on Saturday afternoon at 5 o'Clock at the Magistrates door of the Westminster Police Court, in Vincent Square just beyond Miss Coutts's church, Sarah Youngman, the new Inmate, will be waiting for you. As you are going to a Police Court, I ought to mention that she is merely recommended by the Magistrate as a distressed dress Maker. She has never committed any offence, and her character is considered irreproachable. I tell you so much, in justice to the girl.

Please to summon the Committee.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To J. B. CARDALE, 27 MAY 1852

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Seventh May | 1852

My Dear Sir.

I perfectly agree with you touching the gate,[†1] and am very much obliged to you for your note. I had not the least idea that it was so used, or that my man (to whom I had entrusted the key) ever suffered the key to be out of his possession. I have lost no time in taking it into my own keeping again, and I can answer for no tradesman of mine, or anybody belonging to me, saving himself trouble by means of that short cut in future.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John B Cardale Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 27 MAY 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh May 1852

My Dear Mark. I am horrified to find that we are engaged—and have been for I don't know how long—to dine with Pollock[†2] on Monday. As you spoke to Simpson last night, will you write him one line deferring the dinner[†3] until the following week—day to be settled in conference between you and me, and afterwards communicated to said Simpson?[†4]

In haste | Ever Affecy.
CD

To R. H. HORNE, 28 MAY 1852

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth May 1852

My Dear Horne.

Lemon has suggested to me that a few of our Guild brothers would like to give you a little parting dinner before you go away.

Would it be agreeable to you to meet them, quietly and privately. If so, would Monday the 7th. of June suit you for that purpose?

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

In writing your reply, enclose me your signature on a separate piece of paper. I want it for the Bank at Port Philip.

To W. H. WILLS, 28 MAY 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth May 1852

My Dear Wills.

I don't know that its worth while sending the enclosed to that eminent Journal, except as a check on those very cool statements.[†1] If you think it *is* worth while, let Callaghan take it. Otherwise, put it in the fire. I have no wish on the subject, though I rather incline to the sending of it.[†2]

I have made up my mind to Charley[†3] tomorrow, and shall expect him (and you, of course) here, say at 6 exactly, to give him more time; unless I hear from you to the contrary.

Guild

I enclose the letter from Newcastle. Touching Derby[†4] I receive a preliminary flourish in a newspaper from Chesterfield[†5] this morning.

I think, as our men (with a view to their Autumn arrangements) are at present on a wrong scent, it would be well to send them round a short note, announcing our hope of being able to make the two trips, one.[†6] I will endeavour to come round to Wellington Street today, before you leave.

Your getting out of town so soon, will be a great point gained and a great move made.

Will Horne be at the Office today? If so, will you give him the enclosed note? If not, will you send it on. It refers to the proposed little dinner.

Ever Faithfully CD.

To J. B. CARDALE, 29 MAY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth May 1852

My Dear Sir

I think it indispensable to close the Gate for a time. I have already kept my own little Carriage outside, since the gravel began to be prepared for.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John B Cardale Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 29 MAY 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Household Words | Saturday Twenty Ninth May | 1852

My Dear Mark.

Read the enclosed letter from Horne, and say whether, under these circumstances, the Dinner cannot be proposed for *Saturday.* Send me a word by Bearer to my house, as I am anxious to get the notes out if it is to come off at all.

Affecy Ever

CD

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 31 MAY 1852*

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* Thomas Chapman Esquire | 2 Leadenhall Street.

Tavistock House | Monday Thirty First May, 1852

My Dear Sir

I am precluded from having an article in Household Words on the subject to which the enclosed note refers, because such Institutions have been already especially noticed in that Journal.[†1] Many months have elapsed since they were strongly advocated, and their principal features of merit described.

Otherwise I should have been truly happy in this case, as in any other, to respond to a wish of yours.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in kind regards to Mrs. Chapman. I suppose your Daughter[†2] is not married yet? Time flies so fast, and it seems so long since we met, that I have a dim and general impression of her being almost *twenty*!!

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire.

June

To MRS GASKELL, LATE MAY-EARLY JUNE 1852

Mention in *To* Sir James Emerson Tennent, 29 June 52.

Telling her that J. P. Wilson did not wish for an article on his school in Household Words.

To J. P. WILSON, LATE MAY-EARLY JUNE 1852

Mention in *To* Sir James Emerson Tennent, 29 June 52.

About his factory school.

To CHARLES COOTE, 1 JUNE 1852*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke. *Address:* Charles Coote Esquire | Messrs. Coote and Tinney | 17A Duke Street | Manchester Square.

Tavistock House | Tuesday First June 1852

My Dear Sir

Mr. Horne has made a sudden resolution to go to Australia, and will leave this country—probably for ever—in a few days. A few of his friends in the Guild (a small party of eight or so) are going to entertain him at a parting dinner next Saturday—time, 6 for ½ past precisely—place, the Albion by Drury Lane Theatre.[†1] They beg me to say that if you can contrive to become their Guest also, it will give them very great pleasure. And having written this on their behalf, I beg to add a similar and equally strong assurance from myself.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Coote Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 JUNE 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening | First June 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am delighted to welcome you home again.

Mr. Sidney (referred to in the letter you have sent me) is, I presume, a gentleman connected with the Government Emigration Office who has written various stories arising out of Australian life which have appeared in Household Words.[†2] Before seeing the girl[†3] referred to (which I will gladly do) I will write him one line of enquiry respecting this Mr. Crookenden[†4]—to make sure that he is what he represents himself.

I think the case described, a very possible one as to its present history—*not* as to its past history. I very much doubt that part of the statement. However, to arrest such a course in the beginning, would be to do immense good. Whether the girl's character be what it is represented, or any thing near it, can only be found out (I think) by seeing her.

Pursuing the enquiry I had begun when I last wrote to you, about the Australian Newspaper, I did *not* find that it seemed a promising affair.

The most bewildering doubts beset me concerning "Trip"—or "Flip"—I can't

make out which it is. I hardly think you would propose Flip to me (which is a strong drink) at Noon; and unless the word is "Trip", and means Mrs. Brown, I am on a wide Ocean of conjecture. (Since writing the

above, I have looked at your note again, in a sudden burst of hope that it might be "Tripe"—but there is no e). It *must* be Mrs. Brown!

I am afraid I cannot get out in the middle of the day on Thursday, for I am hard at work with No. 5,[†1] and anxious to get it done. And if I let myself out of my room under such circumstances, I have lost my power over myself for the day. But I will try. If I don't succeed, and you will ask me to come and see you any day next week at 5 or 6 o'Clock, I shall be truly glad. Not that I quite give up Thursday yet.

I thought you were coming back to Highgate, instead of Stratton Street?

With my kindest regards to

T.R.I.P | Ever dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CARLYLE, 2 JUNE 1852*

MS British Museum.

Tavistock House | Second June 1852

My Dear Mrs. Carlyle.

I have received the MS[†2] safely—and have been a great deal more amused by your note, than I am likely to be by the other contribution.

With my cordial regards to Carlyle

Believe me | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK,[†3] 2 JUNE 1852*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Second June, 1852.

My Dear Craik.

I was much interested by your note last night, and read the story before going to bed.

I retain it for insertion, with great pleasure.[†4] But if I may venture to add a word of

advice to the fair young authoress,[†1] I would found it on my own blotted and corrected sheets, and guard her against supposing that successful Fiction is to be written easily. Patience, attention, seclusion, consideration, courage to reject what comes uppermost, and to try for something better below it—these are the stones *I* have found in the road, and have learnt to pave the road with.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Forster is very ill—laid up with rheumatic gout—with no present prospect of getting up, I fear.

To INSPECTOR C. F. FIELD,[†2] 2 JUNE 1852

Summary from Sotheby catalogue, July 1982; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 2 June 52; addressed Mr Field.

Saying that he is obliged to postpone their expedition that night. Since other occupations require his attention, he proposes the following Wednesday instead. Unless he hears to the contrary he will expect Field at the Household Words Office at 8 o'Clock next Wednesday.

To R. H. HORNE, 2 JUNE 1852*

MS (copy made by Horne) Free Library of Philadelphia, checked from MS at Sotheby's 2½2 July 1983. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Beaumont Cottage | College Road | Chalk Farm Lane | Hampstead Road.

Tavistock House | Second June 1852

My Dear Horne.

Our little party on Saturday will be at the Albion by Drury Lane Theatre. The hour, six for half past punctually.

I have remitted the fifty pounds to the Bank of Australasia at Melbourne. Your signature is sent out, and you are described as Mr. Richard Henry Horne, in Coutts's letter of advice. I think it will be advisable to call at the Bank of Australasia,[†3] and mention en passant that you are the gentleman credited with that amount.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 3 JUNE 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (MS Fales Collection, New York University Library): Henry Austin Esquire | General Board of Health | Whitehall. PM 4 Jun 52.

Tavistock House | Third June 1852 | Thursday

My Dear Henry. I am truly sorry to say I cannot manage to go tomorrow. I have done a very, very poor week's work as yet, and must keep my mind on it. It is not the time consumed. It is the interruption.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 JUNE 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Third June 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I couldn't manage it today—a disappointment, because I never yet saw you the least in the world like a fine lady!

My only consolation is, that I did a good day's work.

The enclosed note, I think puts an end to that case—if you think so too.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 JUNE 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Third June 1852

My Dear Wills.

A hasty note, for I have been at work the whole day, and am (for my sins) engaged to dine with Longman.[†1]

H.W.[†2]

I went over the proof. I could not conceive what "Hope, An Epigram"[†3] meant, and I declare to you I have not the least idea now! Having nothing to put in its place, I could not disturb the Make-up by taking it out.

GUILD.[†2]

You are doing nobly!!! The York idea[†4] is a most admirable one, and will keep us quite right in any case. We must get at least another Thousand Pounds clear.

HORNE'S DINNER.[†1]

We shall be 10, I think. Coote is coming as a guest—and a piano. I would on no account introduce strangers—such as Mr. Hunt[†2]—into so small a party. I know it would never do: most especially with Horne under the circumstances. I have made a tardy exception in favor of Evans as one of the Proprietors of H.W.

Place the Albion—*our* Albion[†3]—time 6 for ½ past.

Again let me sound the loud timbrel[†4] in your Guild praises.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

I am not quite sure of your Cork[†5] calculations. We will discuss before I answer the letter. Field[†6] I postponed until next Wednesday. It was of little use after all, my going alone—and horribly boreing.[†7]

To [MARK LEMON],[†8] [?2 OR 3 JUNE 1852]

Extract in Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue, June 1929. *Date:* clearly about the dinner to Horne; CD would write immediately on hearing from Coote.

Coote accepts, which makes nine at present. I have not heard from Stone. On consideration, I think we may stretch a point in [his][†9] favor. Will you order a piano? A grand, I suppose? But don't let us go beyond a guinea. The No. of guests we shall know tomorrow. I am so sorry to read that about Mac. It seems to me to contain an unnecessary amount of offense, all things considered—and I foresee that it will destroy all pleasant feeling in that direction for a long long time.[†10]

To F. M. EVANS, 9 JUNE 1852*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

Tavistock House | Ninth June 1852

My Dear Evans.

I wish you would write a business-note to this man, saying that you have reported his suggestion to me, and that I feel obliged, but have already taken up the

subject and have no intention of pursuing it beyond the limits of the Story now in course of publication &c &c.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To JOHN GLADDING,[†1] 9 JUNE 1852*

MS Mr G. B. Gladding. *Address:* Mr. John Gladding | 20 City Road.

Tavistock House | Ninth June 1852

Sir.

I owe you many thanks for your obliging letter, and sincerely thank you for the confidence you repose in me.

But, being at present, fully occupied, I have no intention whatever of offering myself as a Candidate at the next election.[†2] I have already rejected three proposals,[†3] and prefer to be as useful as I can in my own way.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Gladding

To FRANK STONE, 9 JUNE 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Ninth June 1852

My Dear Stone

Costello (with no intention of aggravating the managerial spasms, but doing it) has written to Wills to say that he *can* go, he finds, on the next trip.[†4] I have immediately done what you would wish me to do, and have told him that his part shall revert to him if he do go. *But don't unlearn it!* For I have a strong doubt, even now, of his being able to do the next trip, and a still stronger one of his being available for a supplementary night or so.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

Frank Stone Esquire.

To J. W. BOURKE, 11 JUNE 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House, London | Eleventh June 1852

Dear Sir

I have delayed answering your letter[†1] until the return of the Honorary Secretary to the Guild, Mr. Wills, who has been absent making some arrangements for representations in the North of England. I have now gone over your proposal with him,[†2] and have very carefully considered all the details.

You greatly misconceive the cost of such an expedition, and the number of unseen people necessary to the state of completeness to which our little Theatre has been brought. The expences would be more than twice your estimate.

I am very anxious indeed to visit Ireland in connexion with the Guild, because your assurances only confirm my confidence in the warm-hearted reception we should have; and because it seems but right that Ireland, which sends so many young men into the struggles of literary aspiration here—to say nothing of

the Fine Arts[†3]—should be especially addressed in such a cause. For this reason I would have made a great exertion to have effected a trip to Cork with the whole Amateur Company, and to have proceeded thence to Dublin. By going to the two places we might have made the expedition sufficiently remunerative, if the receipts at Cork could have been raised to a larger amount. But, as it is, and on the scale of returns you set before me, I do not feel justified in proposing the hazard to the gentlemen associated. The result in figures, on the creditor side of the account, would scarcely warrant the trouble, wear and tear, and inconvenience.

Allow me to thank you for all the trouble you have taken, and, through you, to acknowledge all the valuable co-operation so readily and cordially proffered.

I have the honor to be | Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. W. Bourke Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 JUNE 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Eleventh June 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will come to dinner on Sunday with the greatest pleasure. So would Charley—but that he is at Eton.

With my most enthusiastic remembrances to Trip; to whom I feel I am devotedly attached, somehow or other,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JAMES THOMSON,[†1] 11 JUNE 1852

MS Mr William H. Scheide.

Tavistock House | Friday Eleventh June 1852

My Dear Sir

I have heard nothing whatever from Mr. Cutler,[†2] but I suppose he is going to send me the papers.[†3]

I have my doubts on the merits of the Bornean proceedings,[†4] and can by no means consent to make the least allusion to them.[†5] Not to mention, that I think the introduction of such a topic in a mixed company, would be extremely impolite and dangerous.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

James Thomson Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 12 JUNE 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Saturday Evening | Twelfth June 1852

My Dear Mark

The Gardeners entreat me—though I *know* they won't be ready with dinner!—to be there by a quarter before 6. I will leave here at ½ past 5, and come round to you, straight.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN WOOD,[†1] 12 JUNE 1852

MS Princeton University Library.

Tavistock House | Twelfth June 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Wood, and regrets that his engagements will not admit of his having the pleasure of complying with the request of the Committee of the Society for improving the condition of the labouring classes.[†2]

To MR GREENING, 15 JUNE 1852*

MS Yale University Library.

Office of Household Words | Fifteenth June 1852

Dr. Mr. Greening

You may go to Press with this No. of Bleak House, as soon as you have made the corrections I have marked on the Proof now returned.[†3] Don't send to Mr. Forster.[†4]

I enclose an article for Household Words, to be got into type at once as it is for the next No.[†5]

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 JUNE 1852

Mention in John Anderson catalogue No. 786. Dated Tavistock House, Tuesday, 15 June 52.

To THE GOVERNOR OF ST ALBAN'S PRISON,[†6] 16 JUNE 1852

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Queens Hotel, St. Albans | Wednesday Evening | Sixteenth June 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Governor of the Prison, and begs to say that being in St. Albans for a few hours[†7] he will be glad to take the opportunity of seeing the Jail,[†8] if it should not be inconsistent with any of its

regulations, and if it would suit the Governor's convenience to admit him at a little before ten in the morning.

To MRS BROWN, 17 JUNE 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Thursday Afternoon | June Seventeenth 1852

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

Coming back just now from St. Albans (where I have been looking about me for Bleak House purposes)[†1] I found your pleasant note on my table—with the sincerest pleasure, I assure you.

I have not read the speech—I hope it is well done—but I have strong apprehensions that it may be sadly mangled. I can't help saying that I wish you (*and the new Subscriber*)[†2] could have heard it; for it was a pretty subject—and that, and the sunburnt faces, worked me up to my best pitch. It made quite a remarkable impression on the audience.[†3]

The possibility of that Mr. Dunn bringing such an action, at any time or under any circumstances, I hold to be another of the Scandals of the law. It is really monstrous.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown.

To FRANK STONE, 18 JUNE 1852*

MS Mr C. D. B. Hawksley.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth June 1852

My Dear Stone.

I have been at St. Albans, and unable to answer your note and acknowledge my young friend's sketch,[†4] until now.

I sincerely think it *very good indeed*; and I particularly observe in it the introduction of that gloomy Cone[†1] in the background. It seems to me, to shew a feeling for the subject, and an instinctive knowledge of what is in keeping with it, which are among the very best imaginative qualities in Art. Pray thank him from me (and encourage him too, in all judiciousness) and tell him that when he becomes a great painter I shall threaten to exhibit this Early Marcus unless he paints me a picture for nothing—which he will be accordingly obliged to do—and which I shall leave, at my death, to the descendants in a direct line of Samuel Carter Hall.[†2]

I thought he might like to see Browne on the same theme.[†3] I therefore send you the rough proof.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 22 JUNE 1852

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Second June | 1852

My Dear Beard. Thursday the first of July, is a holiday at Eton. Are you game for a water party on that day?[†4] Say yes, and Lemon (who is a jolly fellow) shall be our coadjutor and comrade in league against the boys—Fortnum and Mason shall come to the rescue—and Mahogany[†5] shall be impressed.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 23 JUNE 1852*

MS Berg Collection.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Twenty Third June 1852

My Dear George.

This is a very sensible pamphlet, containing some sound advice.[†6] But it is so obviously written *as* a pamphlet, and is so wide of the Household Words manner

(necessarily), that it would be almost as much out of place in these pages, as a live Salmon in the Long walk at Windsor.

Pray thank the writer from me for his obliging offer, and take the trouble to explain to him why I cannot accept it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cruikshank Esquire.

To JOHN LAURIE,[†1] 26 JUNE 1852*

MS Major J. E. C. Laurie.

Tavistock House | Saturday Evening | Twenty Sixth June 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Laurie, and begs to thank him for the book[†2] which records his praiseworthy exertions to remedy one of the most monstrous evils of this country, and one of the most grim absurdities ever presented in any country. The neglect of its wretched youth until they become criminals, and cost God only knows how much—in money, waste, and ruin—will begin to sound loudly in many ears that are rather deaf at present, when a new flag shall be floating in Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. Laurie scarcely does Mr. Dickens justice, if he suppose that Mr. Dickens does *not* use his pen in this matter. He has tried, in most of his writing to present it in some striking light; and it is not excluded from the book he is now publishing.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 JUNE 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night | Twenty Seventh June 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am anxious to say to you that when I had exactly Mrs. Brown's illness—the sufferings of which were dreadful, and which I can most truly sympathize with in her—I derived extraordinary relief from a remedy suggested after many failures, by our ordinary medical man. It was, *a large pinch of snuff* whenever I felt the oppressive and fearful sensation.[†4] Not being a snufftaker, I got some "High Dried

Welch",[†1] which is perfectly clean and free from stain. This, and a teaspoonful of sal volatile in a wine glass of water when I awoke with that horror upon me in the night, did wonders. The snuff has certainly an immediate effect on the disordered nerves—or a real effect on their imaginary affection, which counteracts it.

I wish you would tell her this. I recommend it, from an experience so oppressive and shocking to the spirits that I shudder to think of it.[†2] An accidental momentary recurrence of it, now, I should instantly meet with a pinch! Think how easy it is to try, and how very ready the proof.

I write hastily before going to bed.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 28 JUNE 1852

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth June 1852. | Monday

My Dear Evans.

When we effected our arrangements before I went to Italy, was any Policy of Life Insurance of mine placed in your hands, which I have never had back? I remember no such transaction, but I cannot find anywhere my Eagle policy for £5,000; and it has occurred to my despairing mind as just within the limits of possibility that it may have been deposited with you at that time, without my remembering it.[†3] I effected two Britannia Policies for you, I remember, which I have now discontinued; but I have not the least recollection of placing the Eagle policy in your hands in the meanwhile. Pray enlighten me, for I am utterly confounded.

Ever Faithfully Yours.
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 29 JUNE 1852

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Private | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening | Twenty Ninth June 1852

My Dear Beard.

The Mail train leaves Paddington at ¼ past 10. AM. At 10 precisely, the only real Inimitable will appear with a cheerful countenance in the Booking Office, to take his place for Windsor (N.B. Not Slough).

I have ordered a box of cold mutton sandwiches, some Captains' biscuits, and a

pint and a half of Mild Porter in a bottle. These we shall take with us. And I think—with sich a basket—we shall be as nearly as possible all right?

Ever Affectionately
CD.

Timber's compliments. He has given up all idea of handing down his name and race. He usually sits, with his forelegs (a little bowed) very wide apart, and his head apparently nailed by the left ear to the kitchen door.

To MRS GASKELL, 29 JUNE 1852

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Ninth June | 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I have read these papers[†1] with a mixed feeling. There is much in them that is very good—much that I think excessively injudicious and much too likely to make hypocrites. I cannot say that the impression they leave on me is quite satisfactory. I doubt if Mr. Gaskell would teach children in that way.

You have made such an impression on me as to the repetition of Bulwer's Comedy at Manchester, that I have resolved *not* to play it. We shall act Used Up, Charles The Twelfth,[†2] and Mr. Nightingale's Diary. The two former are excellent little pieces—especially the first, which is by far the best thing we have ever done. It is a French story, and the idea of it is quite delightful.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 29 JUNE 1852

Text from MDGH, I, 277, checked from MS Sotheby 2½2 July 1983.

Tavistock House, Twenty Ninth June 1852

My Dear Knight.

A thousand thanks for the Shadow, which is charming.[†3] May you often go (out of town) and do likewise!

I dined with Charles Kemble[†4] yesterday, to meet Emil Devrient the German

actor.[†1] He said (Devrient is my antecedent), that Ophelia *spoke* the snatches of ballads in their German version of Hamlet, because they didn't know the airs. Tom Taylor said that you had published the airs in your Shakespeare.[†2] *I* said that if that were so, I know you would be happy to place them at the Germans' service. If you have got them and will send them to me, I will write to Devrient (who knows no English) a French explanation and reminder of the circumstance, and will tell him how I thus wrote to you, and how you responded like a man and a—I was going to say, Publisher, but you are nothing of the sort except as Tonson.[†3] Then indeed you are every Inch a Pub!

Ever affectionately
CD.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT,[†4] 29 JUNE 1852*

MS Sir John Langham.

Tavistock House | Tuesday, Twenty Ninth June 1852

My Dear Sir James.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind note.

I am in a position of some little difficulty in reference to that meritorious Institution,[†5] and scarcely see my way at present to a description of it. It was undertaken (first proposed to me indeed) by a lady, a distinguished writer,[†6] who went to work con amore. Mr. Wilson, however, notwithstanding my suggestion that the name of the place need not be mentioned, made such an urgent entreaty to me not to pursue the subject, that I immediately abandoned it as a matter of

course.[†1] Having brought that earnest volunteer to a dead stop, by blowing cold, I cannot make up my mind to trying to get her into action again, by blowing hot.[†2] And I am still more averse to undertaking the description myself or entrusting it to anybody else, because that would seem but thankless and evasive towards her.

On the whole, I fear I must trust to the chapter of accidents, to give me a good occasion of approaching the theme again.[†3] If Mr. Wilson could have known his own mind at first, I should have been most happy to have rendered justice to it.[†4]

Many thanks. | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 JUNE 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth June 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Many thanks for your note, received last night. I send to know how Mrs. Brown is this morning.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister will come tonight, with the greatest pleasure.
I have arranged to confer with Mr. Stone[†5] on Saturday evening. He enters into the matter—as well he may—with the greatest interest, and begs to call into the Council "an eminently practical neighbour Mr. [Quekett][†6] the Incumbent of Christchurch St. George's in the East."

If it will suit you to see me earlier on Sunday—about your lunch time—I shall be glad. We generally dine early on Sunday, because of our two girls dining with us.

I enclose the Shepherd's Bush book, and Silver's account.[†1] Shall I pay them? Mrs. Morson also wants money for petty cash. Shall I give it to her?

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 30 JUNE 1852

Text from MDGH, I, 277.

Tavistock House, Wednesday, June 30th, 1852.

My dear Lord,

I am most truly obliged to you for your kind note,[†2] and for your so generously thinking of me in the midst of your many occupations.[†3] I do assure you that your ever ready consideration had already attached me to you in the warmest manner,[†4] and made me very much your debtor. I thank you unaffectedly and very earnestly, and am proud to be held in your remembrance.

Believe me always, yours faithfully and obliged.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

July

To MARK LEMON, 2 JULY 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening Second July | 1852

My Dear Mark. I send you the books in which you are interested,[†5] and the table of the Circuit.[†6]

But I don't find that Ducket[†7] in Charles the XII has anything to do! There seem to be no words in the part!! *I* can't find them!!![†8]

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 JULY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Third July 1852 | Saturday Afternoon

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am very sorry to hear this about Mrs. Morson.[†1] It is extremely unfortunate.

I am going to dine with Mr. Stone this afternoon. But instead of coming to you tomorrow, I will write *from Folkestone*![†2] For my Muse *has* hung fire so much this last week, and I am so persecuted by people with letters of introduction of all kinds, that I really have worried myself (and been worried) into the belief that I cannot write without a change, and am going down there tomorrow morning, to remain until about Wednesday. I hope in that time to explore the neighbourhood (after working hours) and to come back provided with a house.[†3] I feel as if I had been thinking my brain into a sort of cabbage net.

I hope Mrs. Brown is better. I cannot quite satisfy myself whether this warm day will be trying to her or comfortable to her.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 3 JULY 1852

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Saturday Third July 1852.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

The last Guild trip, comes off next month. We start on Sunday the 22nd of August, and shall be absent either eleven days or a fortnight. It is yet uncertain which; but most decidedly, in no case, beyond a fortnight.[†4]

Pray don't answer this! If Mr. Coote should be, and could be—&c &c &c &c.[†5] I really have not the hardihood to do more than let this hint loose upon the summer air. Even as I do that, the paper seems to take a rosy tint. As well it may!

A smell of hay comes in at my open windows, and makes me still more penitent for writing to you at this season of the year.

Ever Yours most Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To JOHN KNOWLES, 7 JULY 1852*

MS (draft) Morgan Library.

Tavistock House, London | Seventh July 1852

My Dear Sir

I have just come back from Folkestone, and find your note of the day before yesterday awaiting me.

The 1st. of September next, is the day on which the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art purpose acting again, in pursuance of the requisition they have had the pleasure to receive in Manchester.

[†a]I beg to thank[†a] you for your obliging offer of the gratuitous use of your handsome Theatre for the purpose; but as [†b]we have arranged to act on our own Stage and with our own scenery &c, and as these are

not adaptable to a regular Theatre (which I explained on a previous occasion to a gentleman who wrote to me on your behalf) I have already accepted the gratuitous offer of the Free Trade hall.[†b]

The last paragraph of your letter is expressed, rather as if I had left some former communication of yours unanswered. I beg to remind you that I replied to your former favor on this subject as explicitly as possible[†1]

To THE HON. RICHARD WATSON, 7 JULY 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Evening, Seventh July | 1852

My Dear Watson

I have just come home from Folkestone, and am truly concerned to find your note here. The subject was so far from escaping my recollection that, several times lately, I have had it in my mind to ask you whether you recollected my volunteering and whether you would like me to come. But I settled within myself, as you said nothing about it that there might easily exist some little local reasons or arrangements that rendered it undesirable. I am now more vexed than I can tell you, to find that you would have liked me to be there, for I can most honestly and heartily say that no one in the world could feel a livelier interest in your success than I, as no one can feel more sincerely attached to you. And whether I ought to knock my own head against the chimney piece for not having been at the Nomination, or whether I ought (in the spirit) to give yours a gentle tap against the same object for being so horribly considerate as not to ask me before, I am not clear. I really take it to heart that I did not know of this sooner, and have had more than half a mind to quarrel with Catherine or Georgina—as if *they* were to blame!

I hope you are safely in, and that a new MP of the right sort will dine with me on

Sunday. The conduct of the Derby people about Maynooth[†1] is worthy of them—and I don't know how one could better express political baseness of the worst kind.

If I were to tell you half of my annoyance at not having been with you to day,[†2] you would think the heat had made me fretful. But I am quite sore about it, and I think it *must*[†3] be your fault!

Ever Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Honorable Richard Watson.

To THE REV. H. CHRISTOPHERSON,[†4] 9 JULY 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Ninth July 1852

Sir.

I have received your letter of yesterday's date,[†5] and shall content myself with a brief reply.

— VI - 707 —

There was a long time during which benevolent societies were spending immense sums on missions abroad, when there was no such thing as a Ragged School in England, or any kind of associated endeavour to penetrate to those horrible domestic depths in which such schools are now to be found; and where they were, to my most certain knowledge, neither placed nor discovered by the Society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts.

If you think the balance between the home mission and the foreign mission justly held in the present time—I do not. I abstain from drawing the strange comparison that might be drawn, between the sums even now expended on foreign missions, and the sums expended in endeavours to remove the darkest ignorance and degradation from our very doors, because I have some respect for mistakes that may be founded in a sincere wish to do good. But, I present a general suggestion of the still-existing anomaly (in such a paragraph as that which offends you) in the hope of inducing some people to reflect on this matter, and to adjust the balance more correctly. I am decidedly of opinion that the two works, the home and the foreign, are *not* conducted with an equal hand; and that the home claim is by far the stronger and the more pressing of the two.

Indeed, I have very grave doubts whether a great commercial country holding communication with all parts of the world, can better christianise the benighted portions of it than by the bestowal of its wealth and energy on the making of good Christians at home [†a]and on the utter removal of neglected and untaught childhood from its streets, before it wanders elsewhere.[†a] For, if it steadily persist in this work, working downward to the lowest, the travellers of all grades whom it sends abroad, will be good, exemplary, practical missionaries, instead of undoers of what the best professed missionaries can do.[†1]

These are my opinions, founded, I believe, on some knowledge of facts and some observation. If I could be scared out of them, let me add in all good humour, by such easily-impressed words as "Anti-christian" or "irreligious",[†2] I should think that I deserved them in their real signification.

— VI - 708 —

I have referred in vain to page 312 of Household Words for the sneer to which you call my attention.[†1] Nor have I, I assure you, the least idea where else it is to be found.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Henry Christopherson

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* 9 JULY 1852

Text from *The Times,* 10 July 52.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, | Friday, July 9.

Sir,

I observe in *The Times* of this day a letter signed "One of your most Constant Readers," complaining (I have no doubt with the best reason) of a certain printed slip—an advertisement—which he found artfully enclosed between the leaves of a number of *Household Words.*[†2]

It is unnecessary for me to assure you that nobody connected with the publication of Household Words has the least knowledge of this disgraceful effusion,[†3] or has had the least part in placing it where your correspondent found it.

This mode of advertisement is frequently resorted to by newsmen. Nor have I, or any other editor, any remedy or protection against the practice that I know of, except the exposure of the offender. If your correspondent will oblige me with his name and address, and will induce his newsman to inform him from what wholesale dealer in London he receives his supply of *Household Words,* I will use my utmost endeavours to give the public, through your journal, the name and address in full of the person, whom they should by no means employ.[†1]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN KNOWLES, 10 JULY 1852†

MS Dr and Mrs Gordon F. Madding.

Tavistock House | Saturday Tenth July, 1852

My Dear Sir

You will find that your letter of yesterday's date is quite unnecessary—except for publication perhaps—if you will call to your remembrance the question you have already asked me, and the answer I have already given you to it.

You wished to know if the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art intended to act in Manchester on the 1st of September, for the benefit of that Institution. To which craving for information on your part, I very plainly replied Yes, with all needful particulars as to the how, when, and where.

I cannot accept your assistance, as you surely know by this time (if you ever will consent to know it on any terms whatever), and I am going to bear your opposition with as much fortitude as I can exercise.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Knowles Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?11 JULY 1852]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* between 3 July, when he first heard of Mrs Morson's candidature for the Foundling Hospital, and 25 July, when he referred to her not being elected. On 4 July he was in Folkestone; of the two intervening Sundays, the earlier, 11 July, seems the more likely, following a discussion with Stone on the 10th.

Tavistock House | Sunday Morning

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I hope and trust Mrs. Brown will now do better. We are all very much concerned at her being so ill, but I have no doubt it is better for her disorder to have its full way than to linger about her as it has been doing.

I had a full discussion last night with Mr. Stone and the neighbour whom he called in.[†1] I think everything appears promising and comparatively easy for the great experiment.[†2] I will send you a note round on Wednesday, to ascertain how Mrs. Brown is, and whether I shall call on the Thursday afternoon.

I understand Mrs. Morson's endeavour to better her condition, to resolve itself into her being a Candidate—taking the chances of success or failure—for the Office of Matron to the Foundling;[†3] the salary of which is £100 a year.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. THE HON. S. G. OSBORNE,[†4] 13 JULY 1852*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Tuesday Thirteenth July 1852.

Dear Sir

I write to you hastily to save the post, after having been occupied all day.

The exposure of the offender will be ample punishment, and (I have little doubt) will stop the practice.

It is pretty clear to me that I have now got at the man. Whittaker's house is a very respectable one, and has given me full particulars. But, there are two booksellers at Blandford—one is Mr. Shipp,[†5] and the other (if I remember the name correctly) Mr. Heyling.[†6] Will you let me know the name of the bookseller who supplies Household Words to you? Not that he is in the least inculpated, but because Whittaker's house receives its supply from *two* other dealers; and to have positive evidence through which dealer's hand your number passed, we must know which of the local booksellers supplied you.

I have scarcely a doubt that the man who inserted the slip (which I have) is Strange,[†7] of Amen Corner, the publisher of the offensive book itself.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend S. G. Osborne

To FRANK STONE, 15 JULY 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fifteenth July | 1852.

My Dear Stone

If you are disposed for a stroll this evening, I shall be at home after dinner.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS CLARKE,[†1] 17 JULY 1852

Text transcribed by Prof. Edgar Johnson from *New York Tribune.*

Tavistock House | July 17, 1852

My Dear Miss Clarke

I am afraid you will have set me down in that diary of yours—for I have no doubt you are an angel of the recording species[†2]—as the falsest of mankind. If so, pray drop a tear upon the page and blot the entry out[†3]—for I don't deserve it.

I have not been able to send you sooner the promised list of our theatrical engagements. But I can do so now, and here it is:
Monday, 23rd. August, Nottingham
Wednesday, 25th August, Derby
Friday, 27th. August, Newcastle
Monday, 30th August, Sheffield
Wednesday, 1st. September, Manchester

I think you would find the last-named place the best.[†4]

I enclose the letter to the Prison Governor I spoke of.[†5]

Our address until the Winter will be 10, Camden Crescent, Dover.[†1]

Believe me always | Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 17 JULY 1852*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth July 1852

My Dear Tracey.

I give this letter of introduction to Miss Clarke, a distinguished American Authoress, who is seeing all the sights in London that are to be beheld by mortal vision,[†2] and whom I particularly wish to initiate into the best-kept of prisons. So, of course, I beg her to come to yours![†3] I am concerned for the national honor, as she has seen Newgate.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lieutenant Tracey.

To CHARLES COOTE, 17 JULY 1852*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth July 1852

My Dear Sir

I wrote to the Duke (as you and I arranged) on the subject of your accompanying us in the concluding trip. He wrote a reply that is like himself and like no other man in the world.

We shall be away, perhaps eleven days, perhaps a fortnight. We shall leave town on Sunday the 22nd. of August. The time and place will be duly made known to you. On the previous Monday the 16th., Tuesday the 17th., and Wednesday the 18th., we shall be rehearsing at the Lyceum from 3 until 8. I have made several

changes in the bill; one of which is, the reduction of the Comedy[†1] into 3 acts,[†2] and the putting up of two farces each night.[†3]

I shall be at 10 Camden Crescent, Dover, until the Rehearsals begin.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Coote Esquire

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 17 JULY 1852*

MS Bodleian Library.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth July 1852

Dear Mr. Ellis.

I quite agree with you in the matter of the Charivari, and will not lose sight of the subject in Household Words.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. M. EVANS, 17 JULY 1852*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

Whitefriars | Saturday Seventeenth July 1852

My Dear Evans.

I came down here to see you about the letter to the Times, which requires caution.[†5]

The state of the American case, is, that the money is made up, and that you had better pay yours to Murray.[†6] I have sent him my first £100 today.[†7] Crampton[†8]

writes that there is no doubt whatever, of the Treaty being passed, & that he is even willing to give £500 himself.[†1]

My address is 10 Camden Crescent, Dover.

Faithfully Yours
CD

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 17 JULY 1852*

MS Mr Edward S. Moore III.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth July 1852

My Dear Knight.

I am very much pleased with the Shadow,[†2] which I dare say you have in proof by this time. The enclosed[†3] is very curious, and quite true enough for *us* at any rate.

Ever affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire.

To CHRISTOPHER LONSDALE,[†4] 17 JULY 1852*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth July 1852.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Lonsdale, and begs to thank him for his obliging note and its accompanying music.[†5]

To SIR JOHN POTTER, 17 JULY 1852*

MS Manchester Central Library. *Address:* Sir John Potter | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth July, 1852

My Dear Sir John.

I have been out of town these last few days, and take the earliest opportunity of replying to your letter.

By the Second of September I shall have gone through so much heat and exertion in the course of ten days acting and travelling, that I hope you will not want me to *speak* on the occasion of the opening of the Library.[†1] It would really be, under the circumstances, a serious penalty.

But I will attend the interesting ceremony with the greatest pleasure, and I shall be happy to convey any similar invitation to the gentlemen associated with me.

If you decide upon Thursday the second of September and should wish to write to me to that effect, may I beg you to have the kindness to address me at 10 Camden Crescent, Dover.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir John Potter.

To MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,[†2] 17 JULY 1852

Text from Mrs H. B. Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly,* with Bibliography by George Bullen, Boston, 1882, Introduction, p. xvii.

Tavistock House, London, | July 17, 1852.

Dear Madam,

I have read your book[†3] with the deepest interest and sympathy, and admire, more than I can express to you, both the generous feeling which inspired it, and the admirable power with which it is executed.

If I might suggest a fault in what has so charmed me, it would be that you go too far and seek to prove too much. The wrongs and atrocities of slavery are, God knows! case enough. I doubt there being any warrant for making out the African race to be a great race,[†1] or for supposing the future destinies of the world to lie in that direction; and I think this extreme championship likely to repel some useful sympathy and support.

Your book is worthy of any head and any heart that ever inspired a book. I am much your debtor, and I thank you most fervently and sincerely.[†2]

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 17 JULY 1852

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue (*c.* 1930-1); *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Tavistock House, 17 July 52.

Although the poor boy's[†3] writing is admirable, considering the circumstances in which he has been placed, I am strongly inclined to think that the less he is encouraged to do in that way for the future, the happier he will be. I would most decidedly gratify his own inclination which appears to me to be a proof of his own good sense, and send him to Australia.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 18 JULY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eighteenth July 1852

My Dear Henry

I can't make out from your letter whether you propose to do that subject yourself. Will you? I think it a very good one, if pointedly and lightly put. If you would rather not, I will endeavour to innocculate[†1] Morley.[†2] But I think it would be best in your hands.

I am going to Dover tomorrow morning (10 Camden Crescent) for three months. But I shall be at the office every Wednesday. Will you come and dine there next Wednesday at half past five, and discuss the matter?

Ever affecy.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 JULY 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eighteenth July 1852

My Dear Wills.

I suppose there is no doubt that the application at Birmingham *was* duly made in my name?[†3] I say thus much, because I did not appear there before the bench, or enter into any bond, or behold in the flesh any sureties. All of which I did at Shrewsbury.

I am a little dashed by their making any point at Manchester of such nonsense.

At halfpast 8 tomorrow morning—

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES*, 19 JULY 1852

Text from *The Times*, 20 July 52.

Tavistock House | July 19.

Sir,

Reverting to the subject of the discovery, by one of your correspondents, of an indecent handbill surreptitiously inserted between the leaves of a number of *Household Words*[†4] (as I understand it has been inserted in several other publications), and to my promise to endeavour to discover to whom the public are

indebted for such obscene favours, I beg to state that your correspondent has privately communicated with me, and that I have carefully followed the clue he has given me. I find the following are the facts of the case:—

The number of *Household Words* in question was forwarded to the country dealer from whom your correspondent received it through the highly respectable wholesale house of Messrs. Whittaker and Co.[†1] It left the *Household Words* office, of course, without the indecent handbill, and the indecent handbill was not inserted by Messrs. Whittaker and Co., and it was not inserted by the country dealer.

But Messrs. Whittaker and Co., in their ordinary course of business, received that number of *Household Words* from Mr. Strange, jun., of Amen-corner, Paternoster-row,[†2] and the name of Mr. Strange, jun., of Amen-corner, Paternoster-row, appears at the foot of that indecent handbill as the publisher of the book which it recommends to the public.[†3]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 21 JULY 1852

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Household Words Office, 21 July 52; addressed Charles Knight.

Expostulating over an editorial error in which the title for the article Night and Day *had been replaced by that of Knight's contribution* Shadows.[†4] I cannot imagine how a thing so preposterous came about, but pray believe that some demoniacal and asinine combination of accidents alone is to blame.

I am at 10 Camden Crescent Dover, where I shd be delighted to see you.

Ever affecy

CD.

To C. M. YOUNG,[†1] 21 JULY 1852

Text from J. C. Young,[†2] *A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young*, 1871, II, 158-9; (*aa*) corrected from facsimile in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 522 (Summer 1929).

Office of Household Words | [a]Wednesday Evening Twenty First July 1852

My Dear Young.

I have gone carefully over the enclosed papers, and am very sorry to say that I can make no use of them here. They have none of the qualities that are essential for Household Words. The writing is very agreeable and lady-like; but there is no novelty of observation or charm of expression, or plain force of purpose, or compactness of treatment, to separate it from hundreds upon hundreds of similar contributions that are for ever coming here. The lion and the spaniel is not, as the writer supposes, a new story—and could be better related in two pages than in ten. (Besides which, the concluding reflections[a] take it for granted that the lion really is a very brave animal, which some wise naturalists of later times have seen reason to doubt.) "The Bittern" is an essay on the ordinary essayical model, which tells the reader nothing previously unknown, and which could only be made acceptable for the sake of what it does tell, by that information being communicated in a picturesque and special way. Exactly the same objection applies with at least equal force to the essay called "The Victories of Love." "The Village Home," and "The Brother and Sister," are children's stories, and quite out of the road of a publication addressing so large an audience as this of ours does—in which the constant endeavour is, to adapt every paper to the reception of a number of classes and various orders of mind at once.

I enter into these prosing details because *you* take the papers out of the ordinary category, by being interested in them, and because you have really interested me, too, by what you have told me of the writer. I have considered the probabilities of their being accepted elsewhere, and really cannot suggest a periodical (able and willing to pay for them) that I think likely to receive them. Whether such publishers for young people as Messrs. Darton & Co., of Holborn Hill,[†3] or Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard,[†4] would think them adapted to their purpose, I doubt—but I cannot, honestly, awaken a better hope. In this I may be mistaken, and I should be very glad to know it.

If you could see the sub-editor's basket of proffered contributions for one week, you would not wonder—if you do now—at my having a heavy sense of the responsibility of encouraging a writer to proceed on insufficient grounds.

My dear Young, | Ever your faithful and true Friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. If the lady[†5] should wish to send me anything else through you, I will read it

most readily, and with a hearty desire (as I have had in the case of the present papers) to accept it if I possibly can.

To THOMAS BEARD, 22 JULY 1852

MS Dickens House.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Twenty Second July 1852

My Dear Beard.

This is to certify that the undersigned has taken this pleasant and commodious Family Residence for eleven or twelve weeks.[†1] Also, that there is a capital spare room; and that if you don't make a longer stay than you did last year,[†2] you'll find yourself rather falling into disrepute. The Theatrical campaign will occupy a fortnight, beginning on the 22nd. of August. I mention this, as a guide to your arrangements, as I an't a going to stand your walking into the Cyder Cup and cold punch in my absence. No no my boy. You must be looked arter.

I hear of two small green objects with an ancient and fish-like smell[†3] proceeding from their surfaces—which are not piles—or water marks—having been seen on the beach at Broadstairs. I am inclined to think they must be the Baldwinian twins.[†4] The oldest Hoveller[†5] says that he has never seen any thing like 'em.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 22 JULY 1852

MS Morgan Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Twenty Second July, 1852.

My Dear Mary

This is indeed a noble letter. The description of the family is quite amazing. I *must* return it myself to say that I HAVE[†6] appreciated it.

I am going to do Used Up at Manchester, on the 2nd. of September. O think of that! With another Mary!!![†7] How can I ever tell her that I love her. How can I ever

say "DEAR[†1] Joe, if you like"! The voice may feebly frame the falsehood but the heart—the heart, M Wurzel—will have no part in it.[†2]

My dear Mary, you do scant justice to Dover. It is not quite a place to my taste, being too Bandy[†3] (I mean musical—no reference to its legs) and infinitely too genteel.[†4] But the sea is very fine, and the walks are quite remarkable. There are two ways of going to Folkestone, both lovely and striking in the highest degree; and there are heights, and Downs, and country roads, and I don't know what, everywhere.

To let you into a secret I am not quite sure that I ever did like, or ever shall like, anything *quite* so well as Copperfield. But I foresee (I think) some very good things in Bleak House.[†5] I shouldn't wonder if they were the identical things that D'Israeli sees looming in the distance.[†6] I behold them in the months ahead, and weep.

Watson seemed, when I saw him last, to be holding on as by a sheet-anchor to Theatricals at Christmas. Then—O Rapture!—but be still my fluttering heart.

This is one of what I call my Wandering days, before I fall to work. I seem to be always looking at such times for something I have not found in life, but may possibly come to, a few thousands of years hence, in some other part of some other system. God knows.

At all events I won't put your pastoral little pipe out of tune by talking about it. I'll go and look for it on the Canterbury road among the hop-gardens and orchards.

Ever Faithfully Your friend,

JOE

To MRS MORSON, 22 JULY 1852*

MS Dr A. A. Silverman.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover. | Twenty Second July 1852

Dear Mrs. Morson

Have the goodness to send a parcel containing materials to be made up into clothes for a young woman whom I have accepted, addressed to the care of G.A. à Beckett Esquire, Police Court Southwark; and to write that gentleman a note, by post, stating that such a parcel is coming by parcels delivery, and that you will let him know when our Australian ship shall have sailed and we can take the young woman in.

Do not fail to let me know the result of the Foundling Election,[†1] by post on Saturday.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 23 JULY 1852

Summary in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated 10 Camden Crescent, Dover, 23 July 52; addressed Charles Knight.

CD will be delighted to see him and it will not interfere with his work. He has corresponded with Potter about the opening of the Free Library, Manchester. He hopes to act there for the second time during the next trip, since will make an immense difference to receipts. He also wants to have a night at Liverpool. Will Knight please let him know when to expect him on these crags. *Mentioning the paper on Richard Cromwell, originally part of another paper, entitled* Our Doubles; *he had separated them, as the Richard Cromwell paper was misplaced.*[†2]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JULY 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Sunday Twenty Fifth July 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

We hope Mrs. Brown is better? Any bulletin will be thankfully received.

I hear from Mrs. Morson that she is not elected, and that you have given her great joy by consenting to retain her. You have given me scarcely less, for I feel how kind and how right it is, and am sure she will prove worthy of it.

The Bishop of Cape Town[†3] has written me a note, proposing to call on me at Tavistock House at 2 on Wednesday next.

I *must* send you the enclosed (received yesterday evening) from Charley. Not only because he has done so well, but because it is such a brilliant boy's-letter. The immense and overweening importance of the boatrace, and the necessity of returning to it with that tabular statement, amused me very much.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that Mr. Stone[†1] (who is one of the Examiners at the East India College, and volunteers an examination periodically, at Mr. Trimmer's at Putney) writes me that he had occasion just now, to mention Walter with special commendation. I am much pleased to hear it, as I have always thought him a little slow—though I have never made the mistake of attempting to quicken him, I must add in self defence.

We are very pleasantly situated here in a very cool house. I suppose there is no Chance of your coming this way?

With kindest regards

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I have two girls ready, and am to see another on Wednesday.

To THOMAS LITTLEDALE,[†2] [?24-25 JULY 1852]

Mention in next.

To MARK LEMON, 25 JULY 1852

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Dover, 10 Camden Crescent | Twenty Fifth July 1852

My Dear Mark. A word. I have taken up the correspondence on your suggestion—written to Littledale, noting all things needful—proposed Saturday night the 4th. September for the performance[†3]—and begged him to put the Secretary in communication with Wills.

I shall look out for a portly form on Wednesday.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 JULY 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Afternoon | Twenty Eighth July 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I write a hasty line before going back—sincerely hoping that Mrs. Brown is better, and that you have got to Highgate.

I received the enclosed at Dover this morning. It seems very touching. Would you like to do any thing in such a case.[†1] If you would, and will tell me so, I can get the strictest and most complete enquiry made into it immediately. If, for a thousand reasons, you cannot consider it (which is very possible indeed) do not trouble yourself to write.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 JULY 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Dover | Thursday Twenty Ninth July 1852

My Dear Wills.

Miss Coutts writes me this morning, that she will willingly assist this case if it should turn out to be perfectly genuine. Will you, on receipt of this, write a letter to the applicant, stating that you are in my confidence, and making an appointment with him—not delaying it, as the matter seems to press. The thing is, to have such proofs and references and documents or something, from him, as shall render deception perfectly *impossible*.[†2] The thing to be said to him, is, that the case is beyond my means, but that I have an affluent and generous friend to whom I think I can recommend it usefully, *if*[†3] it be thoroughly proved. Bear in mind that he may be a begging letter writer of the worst suit.[†4]

If you will send me your account of him by any convenient means you like, I will lose no time in communicating with Miss Coutts again. But we must be thoroughly sure of the facts before I can take any money from her.

The Sunderland bill (if we play there) and likewise the Liverpool bill, I must see a proof of before they are issued. Two parts will have to be changed in each.[†5]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To RICHARD QUIN, 30 JULY 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Thirtieth July 1852. Friday

My Dear Quin.

I received your kind letter only this morning.[†1] I never in my life received one that so amazed and shocked me.

I cannot bear to think that our dear Watson whom I truly loved in my heart, is dead, so long as there is the least chance of hope.[†2] I know I need not ask you—but I can't help asking you—to let me know what you hear, and to give us any account you can of your afflicted sister. Pray direct straight here.

He dined with us on the very day before he went away, and I never saw him—we all said so, afterwards—in such good spirits and so happy. And O so many plans we had, that day, for the future!—

Don't fail to write again my dear fellow. Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

August

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 1 AUGUST 1852

Mention only in N, II, 405.[†3]

To DR WILLIAM BROWN, 1 AUGUST 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Sunday First August 1852

My Dear Mr. Brown

I am truly obliged to you for your friendly note, which I have received as a most acceptable mark of your interest and kind remembrance.

It grieves me to say that it is indeed my dear friend Watson who is dead. This day three weeks he dined with us before going abroad, in unusually good spirits and full of plans for future enjoyment down at Rockingham. He went to Homburg to join Mrs. Watson (who had not been well), and go on with her and the children to Lausanne for a month; where we have all passed many happy days together. He was taken suddenly ill with violent inflammation of the bowels, and died (quite

easily) in four days. I was warmly attached to him, and believe he was as true a friend as I have ever had. He was a thoroughly good man, of a most amiable and affectionate nature, and as simple hearted as a child. My respect for him was equal to my love for him, I really held him in my heart.

We had hoped before now to receive better accounts of Mrs. Brown, and to hear that she was herself again. But I have no doubt that she finds this unusual summer very trying. We get sea breezes here; but when I was in town last Wednesday I thought London almost intolerable. About Drury Lane and in such parts of the unsavoury neighbourhood of the Household Words office, there was such a hot combination of odours as an Italian town might have produced. I look forward with something like horror to the final Guild expedition on the 21st. of this month, when we go to Nottingham, Derby, Newcastle, Sunderland, Sheffield, Manchester, and Liverpool; at each of which places I have to be dressed fourteen times every night! But I hope great good will come of it in the end.

With our kindest regards to Mrs. Brown and yourself.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 AUGUST 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Sunday First August 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have instituted—through my sub Editor Mr. Wills, who is a most conscientious gentleman, and well accustomed to every sort of enquiry—the most searching examination into the case of the Clergyman Mr. Richards.[†1] He has produced a number of letters (a very affecting one from his wife among the number) and a quantity of references, principally to clergymen. One of them being a clergyman at Ham, of

whom we had some knowledge Mr. Wills went down and saw him, among several others. The representations made in Mr. Richards's letter, he fully and entirely corroborated; adding that he had the highest opinion of him and confidence in him. He also said that he was a sensible and moderate clergyman—*not* tractarian—and that he was a man of ability, and that his preaching was far above the average. So much so, that this Ham gentleman had great hopes for him of some good to himself finally resulting from his having a license to preach in London.

I do not think there is any room whatever to doubt that he has faithfully described his case. I need not observe that we have made all these enquiries with as much delicacy as care, and that no one has any idea of your being in any way connected with them.

Will you let me know by return of post what you will do for him, and whether I

shall come to you for the money on Wednesday forenoon when I come to town? I am sorry that I cannot be at the Committee tomorrow, but I am steeped in work.—

I write a few lines to Mr. Brown by this post, in answer to a kind note of his, referring to the death of my dear friend Watson. Poor dear fellow he was with us this day three weeks, so happy, and so full of Christmas plans for Rockingham!

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 AUGUST] 1852

Extract in F, VII, ii, 569. *Date:* He had clearly received the news of Watson's death on 31 July; and, according to Forster, he wrote his next letter to him (8 Aug) "after only 7 days" (F, VII, ii, 569).

Poor dear Watson! It was this day two weeks[†1] when you rode with us and he dined with us. We all remarked after he had gone how happy he seemed to have got over his election troubles, and how cheerful he was. He was full of Christmas plans for Rockingham, and was very anxious that we should get up a little French piece[†2] I had been telling him the plot of. He went abroad next day to join Mrs. Watson and the children at Homburg, and then go to Lausanne, where they had taken a house for a month. He was seized at Homburg with violent internal inflammation, and died—without much pain—in four days. . . . I was so fond of him that I am sorry you didn't know him better. I believe he was as thoroughly good and true a man as ever lived;[†3] and I am sure I can have felt no greater affection for him than he felt for me. When I think of that bright house, and his fine simple honest heart, both so open to me, the blank and loss are like a dream.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 1 AUGUST 1852

MS Yale University Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Sunday First August 1852

My Dear Knight.

I don't see why you should go to the Ship,[†4] and I won't stand it. *The* State Apartment will be occupied by the Duke of Middlesex[†5] (whom I think you know)

but we can easily get a bed for you hard by. Therefore you will please to drive *here* next Saturday evening. Our regular dinner-hour is ½ past 5. If you are later, you will find something ready for you.

If you go on in that way about your part, I shall think you want to play Mr. Gabblewig.[†1] Your *role*, though a small one on the stage,[†2] is a large one off it, and no man is more important to the Guild, both on and off.

My dear friend Watson! Dead after an illness of four days! He dined with us this day three weeks. I loved him in my heart, and cannot think of him without tears.

Ever Affectionately

CD

Charles Knight, Esquire

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 1 AUGUST 1852

MS British Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Sunday First August 1852

My Dear Layard.

I am only just now in receipt of your letter, owing to my being here on a three months loitering by the sea.

I can most sincerely assure you that there are very few men whom I would sooner welcome into Parliament than you—as you should have found, if I had been an elector for the place of your representation.[†3] But what you ask me,[†4] I cannot possibly do, by reason of my being very hard at work preparatory to the last Guild trip on the 21st. which will take a fortnight, and a very great amount of exertion and trouble. This, in the perspective, has obliged me to parcel out my time more closely than usual; and I could not make a new engagement in the meanwhile, with the least regard to my labors of love.

But I hope you—or somebody—will tell the Aylesbury people how sincerely glad I should have been to have told them what I think of you. Perhaps I shall have some more hopeful opportunity of doing so, under your escort, one of these days.

My dear friend Watson—as I dare say you have heard—is dead. I had a great love for him and am deeply grieved. He dined with us this day three weeks, and was so happy—I cannot bear to think of it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 1 AUGUST 1852

MS Huntington Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Sunday First August 1852

My Dear Wills.

You have anticipated how deeply grieved I have been by the loss of my dear friend. I had heard from Mrs. Watson's brother of his lying at the point of death,

before it was mentioned in the paper. He dined with us this day three weeks, full of projects for future happiness in the house where we have been so merry, and which is now so desolate. I loved him in my heart, as one of the truest and most affectionate of men.

I am very much obliged to you for taking so much trouble about that afflicted clergyman. I have now reported favorably of his case, and have no doubt that you may make a final appointment with him at the office, for Wednesday afternoon.

H.W.[†1]

I thought our Honourable Friend[†2] would be a success. It seems to be making a great noise.[†3]

I don't agree with you as to the Angel sketch,[†4] which is very curious and good. I have accepted it by itself, but *not* as one of a series.

The Liverpool bill I have altered. As to Sunderland (supposing that performance to come off)[†5] Costello will write to you directly (at my request) to say if he can play there. If yes, the bill will require no alteration. If no, then Coe for Lord Loftus in that bill (Smart,[†6] Mr. Miller) and Stone for Mr. Nightingale.[†7]

I shall be glad to know as soon as possible about Sunderland, with a view to Lord Carlisle.[†8]

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 AUGUST 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Dover, 10 Camden Crescent | Tuesday Third August 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The sum named in the Clergyman's letter as the extent of the embarrassments which have placed him in a condition of so much suffering is a hundred pounds. Your recollection is quite accurate.

Since I wrote to you, I have made some further enquiries (at his request), and they fully establish the results of the former examination.

Perhaps you will send to me at the Household Words office tomorrow forenoon, instead of Tavistock House, as I am likely to be kept at the office some hours.

We sincerely hope that Mrs. Brown will begin to move in good sound earnest

now. I should think nothing so likely to do her good as change. The country about Streatham is very pretty.

Our kindest regards to her

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS *P.S.*[†1] In giving the Clergyman the money, may I tell him from whom it comes?

To THE AMATEUR COMPANY [EARLY AUGUST 1852]*

MS (draft)[†2] Morgan Library. *Date:* CD had cut the comedy by 11 July (*To* Coote, 17 July, *fn*); to allow time for five rehearsals before starting the tour on 22 Aug suggests that CD probably wrote this draft in early Aug.

Guild of Literature and Art, | July or August 1852

Sir.

I beg [†a]in calling your attention to the table of the final arrangements[†3] on the other side[†a] to inform you that with the object of lightening the Comedy, Mr. Dickens (with Sir Edward Lytton's concurrence) has reduced it into *three acts.*[†4] To prevent confusion the parts will all be newly copied, and yours[†5] shall be forwarded to you in the course of a few days.

As the calls will necessarily be quite new, and the intervals between them much shortened, it will be essential to rehearse the Comedy in its altered state, once in London. The two new pieces[†6] which it is proposed to play at Manchester[†7] will also require to be carefully rehearsed, about three times. It is proposed that these 5 Rehearsals shall take place within the week or ten days immediately preceding, the time of starting. You shall have timely information of them.

I am requested to add that Mr. Dickens . . . hopes you will have the [†b]kindness to undertake the little part of Colonel Reichel.[†8] And after "book", add, "See page 36".[†b†9]

in ——— and ————, in ————. "——beg to inclose you the book".

†1[Add here, to the ladies, to Mr. Egg, Mr. Bell, & Mr. Cunningham.] But I believe there is no change in the words of your part.†2

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CONCLUDING EXPEDITION.

SUNDAY, 22nd	August	Leave Euston Square by the 10 A.M. train for Nottingham.	H T
MONDAY, 23rd	"	Act at Nottingham.	
TUESDAY, 24th	"	Leave Nottingham for Derby.	
WEDNESDAY, 25th	"	Act at Derby.	H
THURSDAY, 26th	"	Leave Derby for Newcastle.	
FRIDAY, 27th	"	Act at Newcastle.	H Q
SATURDAY, 28th	"	Leave Newcastle for Sunderland, and Act at Sunderland.	H
SUNDAY, 29th	"	Leave Sunderland for Sheffield.	
MONDAY, 30th	"	Act at Sheffield.	H R b
TUESDAY, 31st	"	Leave Sheffield for Manchester. Public Dinner to the Guild at Manchester.	
WEDNESDAY, 1st	Sept.	Act at Manchester	H
THURSDAY, 2nd	"	Opening of the great Free Library at Manchester. —Guild invited. Then to Liverpool.	

FRIDAY, 3rd	"	Act at Liverpool.	HOTE ADEI

the Hote
Perform

SATURDAY, 4th " Return home.

N.B.—For hours of starting from each town, and time of arrival and departure of the London post, see Bed-room Lists in the sitting-room of each Hotel.[†1]

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE, 5 AUGUST 1852

MS Lord Howard of Henderskelfe.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Thursday Fifth August 1852

My dear Lord Carlisle.

'Peared to me (as Uncle Tom would say) until within these last few days, that I should be able to write to you joyfully accepting your Saturday's invitation after Newcastle, in behalf of all whom it concerned. But the Sunderland people have rushed into the field, to propose our acting there on that Saturday—the only possible night. And as it is the concluding Guild expedition, and the Guild has a paramount claim on us, I have been obliged to knock my own inclinations on the head—cut the throats of my own wishes—and bind the company, hand and foot, to the Sunderland Lieges. I don't mean to tell them, now, of your invitation, until we shall have got out of that country. There might be rebellion.

We are staying here for the Autumn. Is there any hope of your repeating your visit to these coasts?[†2]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl of Carlisle.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 AUGUST 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* To be forwarded | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

10 Camden Crescent | (N.B. Not 32 Camden Terrace) | Dover. Fifth August 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have safely received the one hundred pounds—your noble gift to Mr. Richards—and have myself placed it in his hands. As he assumed that the friend whom I did not mention was a gentleman, and spoke of the friend as "him", I acted on that suggestion and did the same. He hopes that he has obtained a curacy in

Regent Street.[†1] This will bring him to London; and he seems sincerely anxious that I should know all about his proceedings after he comes here. I shall hear of him again, I have no doubt.

You remember Mrs. Goldsmith of Oliver's family, to whom you were very kind sometime ago,[†2] and who behaved so exceedingly well in foregoing half the sum she might have had, when she found it was not actually wanted for the purpose she had supposed it would be necessary for?[†3] Enclosed is a letter from her, which I think I ought to shew you, though I am very much indisposed to do so. I can give her half the money she wants, from a little sum I have in hand for such purposes.

Poor Watson was buried yesterday, in his own Church.[†4] She is a woman of great courage and understanding, and of a well disciplined though very affectionate nature. I hope she will find comfort and resignation in sources that she has not been accustomed to neglect while happy. She has four children (the eldest eleven years old) and expects to be confined sometime hence—which is very sad. She has come home, her brother writes me, far more tranquilly than they could have hoped, and has her children about her, and means, from the first, to live with them at Rockingham—whither she went, straight. I am so glad to think that she can associate her home with his grave.

Our best regards to Mrs. Brown, of whom we are extremely glad to hear such hopeful tidings.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 5 AUGUST 1852

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Dover | Fifth August 1852

My Dear Mark

I cannot send you the cut comedy,[†5] because I destroyed the draught alterations, and Coe has the only Prompt book. He is out of town. I have told Forster to tell Bulwer from me that I don't think it possible to alter the play successfully, without the making of some addition to the plot that will necessitate new incidents.

Poor dear Watson was dead, when the paragraph in the paper appeared. He was

buried in his own church, yesterday. Last Sunday three weeks (the day before he went abroad) he dined with us, and was quite well and happy. She has come home—is at Rockingham with the children—and does not weakly desert his grave, but sets up her rest by it from the first. He had been wandering in his mind a little before his death but recovered consciousness, and fell asleep (she says) quite gently and peacefully, in her arms. She is in the family way.

I loved him very much, and God knows he deserved it.

Ever affectionately

CD

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 5 AUGUST 1852

MS Huntington Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Fifth August 1852

My dear, dear Mrs. Watson.

I cannot bear to be silent longer, though I know full well—no one better I think—how your love for him, and your trust in God, and your love for your children, will have come to the help of such a nature as yours and whispered better things than any friendship can, however faithful and affectionate.

We held him so close in our hearts—all of us here—and have been so happy with him, and so used to say how good he was, and what a gentle, generous, noble spirit he had, and how he shone out among commoner men as something so real and genuine and full of every kind of worthiness that it has often brought the tears into my eyes to talk of him—we have been so accustomed to do this, when we looked forward to years of unchanged intercourse, that now, when everything but Truth goes down into the dust, those recollections which make the sword so sharp pour balm into the wound. And if it be a consolation to us to know the virtues of his character, and the reasons that we had for loving him, O how much greater is your comfort who were so devoted to him and were the happiness of his life!

We have thought of you every day and every hour. We think of you now, in the dear old house, and know how right it is, for his dear children's sake, that you should have bravely set up your rest in the place consecrated by their father's memory, and within the same summer-shadows that fall upon his grave. We try to look on, through a few years, and to see the children brightening it, and George a comfort and a pride and an honor to you; and although it *is* hard to think of what we have lost, we know how something of it will be restored by your example and endeavours, and the blessing that will descend upon them. We know how the time will come when some reflection of that cordial, unaffected, most affectionate Presence which we never can forget, and never would forget if we could—such is God's great mercy—will shine out of your boy's eyes upon you, his best friend and his last consoler, and fill the void there is now.

May God who has received into his rest through this affliction as good a man as ever I can know and love and mourn for on this earth, be good to you, dear friend, through these coming years! May all those compassionate and hopeful lessons of the great teacher who shed Divine tears for the dead bring their full comfort to you! I have no fear of that. My confidence is certainty.

I cannot write what I wish—I had so many things to say—I seem to have said none. It is so with the remembrances we send. I cannot put them into words.

If you should ever set up a record in the little church, I would try to word it †asimply†a, and God knows out of the fullness of my heart, if you should think it well.†1

My Dear friend,
Yours with the truest affection and sympathy
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN THOMPSON, 5 AUGUST 1852

Extracts from MS Bernard Halliday, and from John Wilson catalogue No. 15 (1974).

10 Camden Crescent, Dover. | Fifth August 1852

John.

I enclose the letter for Mr. Laffin. In it, you will find a grey pattern, with a pin in it. That is the color that I want the boots to be.
He asks Thompson to show it to the bootmaker[†2] and see if he can get the stuff.

To MR LAFFIN,[†3] [?5 AUGUST 1852]

Mention in *To* Thompson, 5 Aug 52.

To HENRY AUSTIN, [?8] AUGUST 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Misdated by CD; he was probably writing on Sun 8 August.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Sunday Sixth August 1852

My Dear Henry.

The only objection to Wednesday is, that on Monday the 16th. Tuesday the 17th. and Wednesday the 18th. I shall have to be in town for Rehearsals; and on Saturday the 21st. I leave here for the final Guild trip. This will limit your visit, and will cut me out of three days of your company. But if you and Laetitia will balance against this disadvantage (to me), the present convenience of your being able to get away, we shall be delighted to receive you.[†4] On the three Rehearsal days, Catherine and Georgina will be here, of course.

I am so hard at work, with a view to this confounded trip, that I couldn't manage Folkestone on Wednesday, nor do I go up to town. But what I would recommend Letitia to do, is, to come down (in the Ladies Carriage) by the morning express at ½

past 11 from London Bridge. There is no change in the carriage for Dover—she will be here at 2—and they will meet her at the Railway. Then *you* can come on from Folkestone, as you purpose, by the evening express.

Will you let me know, *by return,* whether we shall expect you on Wednesday—Pump (I mean Stone) being here, and requiring to be billeted if you do.

Best loves | Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 AUGUST 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Sunday Eighth August 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have safely received the £10 note, your kind donation to Mrs. Goldsmith, and have remitted it to her. I am glad you think so well of the case. It certainly *is* helping those who help themselves.

There must be some odd electrical disturbance in the air, I think. Everybody is complaining of being more or less nervously affected. Mr. Forster (who has gone, for a change, to Tavistock House)[†1] fluctuates like Mrs. Brown, and makes slow progress.[†2]

Our united regards to her and Mr. Brown. I am glad Brighton did him so much good.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 AUGUST 1852]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 569. *Date:* 8 Aug according to Forster.

Poor d'Orsay![†3] It is a tremendous consideration that friends should fall around us in such awful numbers as we attain middle life. What a field of battle it is!

To W. H. WILLS, 9 AUGUST 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Dover, Monday Evening | Ninth August, 1852

My Dear Wills.

There is that kind of mutiny here (respectfully conducted, but still in a revolutionary spirit) on the subject of this last trip, that I suppose I must take them.[†1] And, taking them, I suppose I must take Anne second class.[†2] Therefore in your arrangements if you will book the whole trio for the whole round, I don't think you will be far out.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CHARLES COOTE, 12 AUGUST 1852*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Twelfth August 1852

My Dear Sir

I have had the pleasure of receiving your note here to day, and send by this post to London to order the Music you mention.[†3] It shall come down with us.

Looking forward to the gratification of seeing *Mr. Charles's*[†4] countenance shining in the orchestra and elsewhere,

I am Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Coote Esquire

(Over)

(continued)

To W. H. WILLS, 12 AUGUST 1852†

MS Huntington Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Twelfth August, 1852 | Thursday

My Dear Wills.

H.W.[†5]

I am sorry, but Brutus sacrifices unborn children of his own as well as those of other people[†6]—the Sorrows of Childhood, long in type and long a mere mysterious name, must come out. The paper really is, like the celebrated ambassadorial appointment,[†7] "too bad".

Sitting down this morning to Morley's "boys to mend", I couldn't take to it on the short notice,[†1] and thought of the enclosed instead.[†2] You shall have the rest (about three slips) by tomorrow's post.

I will also go over the No.[†3] and send it at the same time.

—That Hop subject of last year.[†4] Is Sala in town? He might do it very well, if he be. The time is coming on again. If he be not in town, could Thomas[†5] be got up to it?[†6]

GUILD.[†7]

I am delighted to hear such cheering accounts.

After reading the enclosed letter from Coote, will you instruct Johnson to get the Music mentioned in it, and take it down when we all go.

You are "*quite*[†8] right my dear Wills",[†9] about Sloman and his extra man.

[†a]GENERAL GAMMON[†7]

Madame Steinberg[†10] is an impudent bitch.[†11] If you should not have written her yet—though I dare say you will have done so—return her book,[†12] and say I will take care of her letter.[†a]

ASPECTS OF NATURE.[†7]

We have had a tremendous sea here—steam packets in the harbor, frantic, and dashing their brains out against the stone Walls.

— VI - 739 —

ART.[†1]

Stone boring my life out[†2] with doubts whether he shall have Mrs. Stone to Manchester—also with Charles XII.

EMINENT AUTHOR.[†1]

Women in blue veils, turning out at 6 A M and waylaying him as he goes to the Shower Bath.

CHARLES KNIGHT.[†1]

[†b]Recently here, and now gone down to see White (Reverend James). Georgina complains that he "philanders"—I don't know what that involves, or where it ends—and also that he is "an old Donkey". He didn't present himself in that light to me.[†b†3]

DOVER THEATRE[†1]

open.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To SIR RODERICK MURCHISON,[†4] 13 AUGUST 1852

MS Private; seen before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954; fragments (*aa*, *bb*) MS Yale University Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Friday Thirteenth August 1852

My Dear Sir Roderic

Many thanks for your kind note, which has been forwarded to me here. The Presidential address[†5] has not come with it; but I shall be in town for a few hours on Monday, and shall bring it back to read—with pleasure and interest, I am very sure.

[a]Our curlpaper correspondent is a Maniac, I suppose? There seems to be an attraction in me for all the mad people. They *will* take me into their confidence. One woman in[a] Scotland has left me such an immense amount of imaginary property that I think of retiring on it.

The people at the Australian Diggings ought to send you a few waggonloads of gold as a testimonial.

Very faithfully [†b]Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[b]
Sir Roderic Murchison

To GEORGE SCOTT,[†1] 13 AUGUST 1852†

MS Huntington Library.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Thirteenth August 1852

My Dear Sir

I am sorry I don't know Dr. Vaughan,[†2] but I have not the least acquaintance with him—never even saw him. Otherwise, I should have been truly glad to have had the pleasure of complying with your request.

Your amusing account of the Ancients of Staple Inn,[†3] brings to my mind some old knowledge I once had of the Ancients of New Inn.[†4] Perhaps I may be able to make something of them one of these days.[†5]

Mrs. Dickens and her sister are very sorry to hear that Mrs. Scott has been ill. They unite with me in kind remembrances to her and to you. (I suppose she has not been eating any Wild Boar lately).

As to the Blacks,[†6] I expect to hear of his being Dictator of the Italian Republic—when its founded.[†7] We have received no intelligence of them for I don't know how long.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Scott Esquire.

To F. M. EVANS, 18 AUGUST 1852*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Eighteenth August 1852

My Dear Evans

Mr. Joyce conducted himself here, yesterday, in a manner which I can on no kind of consideration endure.[†8] I have taken the night to think about it, and have had some talk with Mr. Forster on the subject this morning. I am not much given, I hope, to undue self-assertion; but in such a case as this, my endurance of such astonishing impertinence would be a roundabout way of making myself ridiculous.

If you enquire into the matter of some new blinds ordered by Mr. Wills, you will find that Mr. Joyce returned—to the publisher—the young man in the office downstairs, who I suppose allowed me to come up on sufferance this morning—Mr. Wills's authority[†1] for the payment of the money, and positively refused his gracious sanction to the purchase. I am very glad I did not happen to come in at the time. My remonstrance might have taken rather a strong character. The milder representation I now make to you, is, that in allowing a person of such gross conduct any such power of interference with any gentleman representing me, you treat me in a very scurvy manner, and neglectfully expose me, when I am all-unconscious of it, to behaviour which no other house in London, or between it and China, would think of permitting.

Your manner of conducting your own business, or of offending booksellers by boorish treatment and incivility, is of no great moment to me, further than insomuch as it may damage my books as much as such things can. But my coming into, and going out of, a place where Mr. Joyce is to the people employed the sovereign Chesterfield[†2] of the establishment, is another thing. And therefore I must beg you, in the plainest and most positive manner, to keep Mr. Joyce away from here, or I will have no business done here. Upon this I have thoroughly made up my mind. And not upon my own view of the case alone, for, when I mentioned it to Mr. Forster this morning, he was naturally in amazement.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To DR SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 19 AUGUST 1852

Text from N, II, 410.

Dover | Nineteenth August 1852

My Dear Dr. Muspratt,

I am sorry to say that on my next visit to Liverpool, I shall be as little of a free agent as on my last,[†4] and for the same reason. I shall have no end of business to attend to (at the close of a fortnight's hard work) and cannot hope to make any visit, anywhere. Moreover, I must return to them, immediately after the performance.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. ROCKCLIFFE,[†1] 19 AUGUST 1852*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Dovor. Nineteenth August 1852

Sir.

I can only say, in reference to your letters to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, that I forwarded to him those which you sent to me for that purpose. I think it very likely that letters from unknown correspondents may go to him, as they come to me, by hundreds; and that attention to them may often be impossible, consistently with the least regard to any other pursuit in life.

For myself I have but to add that if I had any kind of post or patronage to confer (which I have not), I should be at no loss to find well known and well tried persons to confer it upon. If you offer any composition for insertion in Household Words, it will be readily accepted if it be suitable to that Journal, and will not be accepted if unsuitable.[†2] Private circumstances and personal considerations can have no place in such business.

Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Rockcliffe Esquire.

To WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, [19] AUGUST 1852

Mention in *To* W. H. Wills, 19 Aug 52.

To W. H. WILLS, 19 AUGUST 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Dover, Nineteenth August 1852

My Dear Wills.

H.W.[†3]

No. 1 is from Allingham. I have answered it, and (I suppose) explained satisfactorily.[†4]

No. 2 is from Hunt, *concerning an alteration to be made in Kilspindie.*[†5]

No. 3 is for that huge fishing-roll of papers. Will you send them back with a polite line.

GUILD.[†3]

Manager's legs useless, and feet swollen.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Over

H.W. AGAIN[†1]

In the boys to mend,[†2] there is a passage (about the second paragraph from the beginning I think) to the effect that we have seen something of Ragged Schools from their first establishment, and have

never seen one[†3]

in which the teaching was not very injudicious. This is perfectly true, but it might damage them. Alter it to

rarely seen one

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 AUGUST 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Dover, Friday Twentieth August 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts

I call with this letter, *the morning after date;* in case I should not find you in Stratton Street, where I shall enquire about you and Mrs. Brown. Enclosed, are Charley's papers.

After calling on you, I shall go on to Shepherds Bush. At night, I start on the last Guild pilgrimage of a fortnight's duration.[†4]

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 AUGUST 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty First August | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Charley's money safely received. A thousand thanks.

I would refer the case of the Duchess of Richmond's[†5] protegée to the Chaplain and Governor of the Prison.[†6] If they report encouragingly, I would take the girl. If you approve of this, *and will merely return me the Duchess's letter,* I will write to the Chaplain at once. I observe, however, that she writes of her being discharged on the *9th.* of this month.

There is no doubt of Mrs. Chisholm's plan.[†7] It does a great deal of service, and deserves support.[†8]

Mr. Stone[†1] I apprehend will be ready for any Wednesday afternoon you may suggest, on notice of a week or so.

I have just come from Shepherds Bush where all was well and in perfect order. I told Mrs. Morson that I thought she had best not call the next Committee—there being no one in town—but send the bills to

me here. I should very much like, before the winter comes on, to pave that back yard with flagstones, if you don't object.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

We are all so interested about Mrs. Brown—and so disappointed to hear that she has not got on faster. I was not without a hope that I might find her in town with you and looking brisk and happy again.

To F. M. EVANS, 21 AUGUST 1852†

MS Yale University Library.

Athenaeum | Saturday Morning August Twenty First | 1852

My Dear Evans.

I think it right, Mr. Joyce coming to the Household Words office no longer, that you should distinctly inform the publisher[†2] why he is removed. Firstly, because of the unbecoming position I have been made to occupy, within the knowledge of a young man employed in that subordinate capacity; and secondly, because I can easily foresee, otherwise, the probability of a damaging impression getting abroad that I have a very small part in the affairs of the journal.[†3] Much more unlikely rumours get into existence, on slighter grounds.

In regard to Mr. Joyce's connexion with you, as I have no doubt that he possesses many excellent qualities which have gained him your confidence, I should exceedingly regret being the cause of a separation between you; and I have therefore to express *my earnest hope and entreaty that it may not take place.* At the same time I must represent to you that if his temper induce him, on no provocation, to behave so coarsely towards me whom he may be supposed to have some impulse to treat with consideration, generally, it is reasonable to suppose that under business vexations he is not very delicate in his treatment of the dealers in my books. I would ask you to caution him on this head, and moreover to exercise some vigilance over him.

Of yourself and Bradbury I will only say that your letter is, in every particular, most honorable, manly, and satisfactory.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 AUGUST 1852†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Derby, Wednesday Twenty Fifth August | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I received your letter here this morning, and write by this post to the chaplain of the Petworth House of Correction, making all needful enquiries into the girl's case. I enclose the Duchess's letter.

I am extremely concerned to hear so poor an account of Mrs. Brown, whose condition must be almost as distressing to you, I fear, as to herself. But the glimpse of hope in your postscript, gives me some encouragement.

The night before I left town (last Saturday) I had a note from Lord Lovelace[†1] to tell me that Lady Lovelace[†2] was dying,[†3] and that the death of the child in Dombey had been so much in her thoughts and had soothed her so, that she wished to see me once more if I could be found.[†4] I went, and sat with her alone for some time. It was very solemn and sad, but her fortitude was quite surprising; and her Conviction that all the agony she has suffered (which has been very great) had some good design in the goodness of God, impressed me very much.[†5] She wished to live till next Saturday, to see one of her boys who is absent.[†6] I fear she may not have that natural hope realized.[†7]

The comedy you *don't* approve of, goes very well now. I have reduced it into three acts. I wish you could see my farce. It is very droll and pleasant, and puts all the people into such good humour that they cannot express it sufficiently.[†8]

In case you should have any occasion to write to me while I am away, I send you the official travelling list.[†1]

With kindest regards

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To THE CHAPLAIN, PETWORTH HOUSE OF CORRECTION, [25 AUGUST 1852]

Mention in last.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24-27 AUGUST 1852]

Mention in *To* Forster, 29 Aug 52. *Date:* presumably shortly after the beginning of the Guild's tour on 22 Aug.

Intending [but forgetting] *to enclose a printed notice taking* Two o'Clock in the Morning *out of the playbills.*

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 27 AUGUST 1852

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Newcastle | Friday August Twenty Seventh | 1852

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

I was exceedingly sorry to miss you yesterday, when you did me the honor to call at the Hotel. I had been to see the Arboretum,[†2] and passed you on your way out of the town, but could not attract your attention as you went by.

We were all so happy to see you the other night, and it was so natural to us to have you there in your old place at the Rehearsals, that the Company made me promise to tell you of the pleasure you gave us by your kind attendance. They were anxious to join in some mark of their grateful and cordial recognition of your presence, when you came in; but I believed that I best consulted your wishes by avoiding it.

We are doing wonderfully well, and I believe all our houses will be crammed. The receipts of one night at Manchester will probably be from six to seven hundred pounds. We could have had two great nights here (they tell me) with the greatest ease, but we cannot possibly alter the arrangements now. Your band quite spoilt us the other night for all local bands,[†3] though Coote does wonders with them through

the aid of a persistent politeness which keeps them grinding away, the whole afternoon, in a manner wonderful to behold.

I met Lord Carlisle at the Railway Station here, yesterday. He is coming to the play to night, after joining an antiquarian botheration at Alnwick this morning.[†1] The archaeological gentry departed from our hotel magnificently got up for the purpose at 9 o'Clock. There were some portentous white cravats among them, and an awful looming of spectacles that appeared to me to threaten a tremendous day.

We thought the Derby people very quick and intelligent—though I doubt if we should not have showered golden opinions on any Audience which had you in the foreground. They put us in high spirits, and I hear they were most thoroughly pleased.[†2]

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg me to present their compliments. And all the company unite in a perfect shout of loyalty towards their first and best friend. All the working-men who travel with the Theatre were at Devonshire House, and I wish you could have seen how even they were making surreptitious chinks in the Proscenium to look at you at Derby.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire | Ever Yours | Most Faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To F. M. EVANS, 29 AUGUST 1852*

MS Mrs G. Bowes.

Sunderland | Sunday Twenty Ninth August 1852

My Dear Evans.

As I should probably have had the half year's accounts by this time if I had been in town (perhaps you will let me find them at Tavistock House when I return) I write to say that I shall be glad if you can pay half the balance into Coutts's next Saturday.[†3] The purchase of my house, delayed by the Duke of Bedford's people for a twelvemonth,[†4] is to be then completed, and I want the money if you can conveniently manage this arrangement.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 AUGUST 1852]

Extract in F, 1872-4, II, xvii, 368-72. *Date:* written from Sunderland on 29 Aug, according to Forster.

[†a]The enclosure forgotten in my last was a little printed announcement which I have had distributed at the doors wherever we go, knocking *Two o'Clock in the Morning* bang out of the bills. Funny as it used to be,[†1] it is become impossible to get anything out of it after the scream of *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*.[†a] The comedy is so far improved by the reductions which your absence and other causes have imposed on us, that it acts now only two hours and twenty-five minutes, all waits included, and goes "like wildfire", as Mr. Tonson says.[†2] We have had prodigious houses, though smaller rooms (as to their actual size) than I had hoped for. The Duke was at Derby, and no end of minor radiances.[†3] Into the room at Newcastle (where Lord Carlisle was by the bye) they squeezed six hundred people, at twelve and sixpence, into a space reasonably capable of holding three hundred.[†4] Last night, in a hall built like a theatre, with pit, boxes, and gallery, we had about twelve hundred—I dare say more.[†5] They began with a round of applause when Coote's white waistcoat appeared in the orchestra, and wound up the farce with three deafening cheers.[†6] I never saw such good fellows. Stanny is their fellow-townsman; was born here; and they applauded his scene as if it were himself.[†7] But what I suffered from a dreadful anxiety that hung over me all the time, I can never describe. When we got here at noon, it appeared that the hall was a perfectly new one, and had only had the slates put upon the roof by torchlight over night. Farther, that the proprietors of some opposition rooms had declared the building to be unsafe, and that there was a panic in the town about it; people having had their money back, and being undecided whether to come or not, and all kinds of such horrors. I didn't know what to do. The horrible responsibility of risking an accident of that awful nature seemed to rest wholly upon me; for I had only to say we wouldn't act, and there would be no chance of danger. I was afraid to take Sloman into council lest the panic should infect our men. I asked W.[†8] what *he* thought, and he consolingly observed that his digestion was so bad that death had no terrors for him! I went and looked at the place; at the rafters, walls, pillars, and so forth; and fretted myself into a belief that they really were slight! To crown all, there was an arched iron roof without any brackets or pillars, on a new principle! The only comfort I had was in stumbling at length on the builder, and finding

him a plain practical north-country man with a foot rule in his pocket. I took him aside, and asked him should we, or could we,

prop up any weak part of the place: especially the dressing-rooms, which were under our stage, the weight of which must be heavy on a new floor, and dripping wet walls. He told me there wasn't a stronger building in the world; and that, to allay the apprehension, they had opened it, on Thursday night, to thousands of the working people, and induced them to sing, and beat with their feet, and make every possible trial of the vibration. Accordingly there was nothing for it but to go on. I was in such dread, however, lest a false alarm should spring up among the audience and occasion a rush, that I kept Catherine and Georgina out of the front. When the curtain went up and I saw the great sea of faces rolling up to the roof, I looked here and looked there, and thought I saw the gallery out of the perpendicular, and fancied the lights in the ceiling were not straight. Rounds of applause were perfect agony to me, I was so afraid of their effect upon the building. I was ready all night to rush on in case of an alarm—a false alarm was my main dread—and implore the people for God's sake to sit still. I had our great farce-bell rung to startle Sir Geoffrey instead of throwing down a piece of wood,[†1] which might have raised a sudden apprehension. I had a palpitation of the heart, if any of our people stumbled up or down a stair. I am sure I never acted better, but the anxiety of my mind was so intense, and the relief at last so great, that I am half-dead to-day, and have not yet been able to eat or drink anything or to stir out of my room. I shall never forget it.[†2] As to the short time we had for getting the theatre up; as to the upsetting, by a runaway pair of horses, of one of the vans at the Newcastle railway station *with all the scenery in it, every atom of which was turned over;* as to the fatigue of our carpenters, who have now been up four nights, and who were lying dead asleep in the entrances last night; I say nothing, after the other gigantic nightmare, except that Sloman's splendid knowledge of his business, and the good temper and cheerfulness of all the workmen, are capital. I mean to give them a supper at Liverpool, and address them in a neat and appropriate speech. We dine at two today (it is now one) and go to Sheffield at four, arriving there at about ten. I had been as fresh as a daisy; walked from Nottingham to Derby, and from Newcastle here;[†3] but seem to have had my nerves crumpled up last night, and have an excruciating headache. That's all at present. I shall never be able to bear the smell of new deal and fresh mortar again as long as I live.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 30 AUGUST 1852

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Sheffield | Monday Afternoon | August Thirtieth 1852.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

We were all going on in a state of great contentment here, when your announcement to me that you would have been with us tonight but for the Queen,[†1] put us all into an ill-humour—made us as disloyal as the Guild *can* be—and turned our milk into gall.

I cannot tell you how much I feel your kindest of notes, and what a strong, inhuman sort of constraint I put upon myself when—thanking you with all my heart—I virtuously resolve to take my unwilling (and rather rebellious) wife and sister in law, home, on Saturday. But I have, in arranging this trip, stretched my spare time to its utmost limits; and unless I got back to Dover and its quiet walks with all possible speed, there could assuredly be no Bleak House for October.[†2] Two days delay at such a time would make a week's difference to me in my settling to work. I have no choice in the matter and am dragged away.

My dear Duke I think I need not assure you that there is no one in the world whom I should be better pleased to visit before going home—as there is no one whom I respect and esteem more than you, or to whom I am half so well content to be a debtor. But you can have, at the best, a very imperfect idea of my virtue in not instantly yielding to your delightful proposal.

I wish you could have been at Manchester or Liverpool to see Used Up, in which I have a part that I thoroughly enjoy.[†3] But I shall store up a vague hope that I may act in that pleasant piece, with you foremost in the audience,—"one of these days".

Here has Coote been ill all day, and taking all manner of strange mixtures from the chemist's,—but still bland with the local band, and throwing them into the most tremendous perspirations.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth beg me to send their best compliments and thanks; and I am My Dear Duke of Devonshire

With the utmost truth | Your faithful and devoted
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To ALFRED DICKENS, [30] AUGUST 1852

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* misdated by CD; Monday was 30 Aug.

Sheffield Monday | Twenty Ninth August 1852

My Dear Alfred

On arriving here last night, I found your letter. I will do all that is possible for you, but you have no idea, when you write at this time of day, what our audiences are. You may form some conception when I tell you that in the last places[†4] at

Manchester—one part of the house alone—eleven hundred people are booked. I will get you and Helen[†1] in, somehow and somewhere;[†2] but it will be very difficult, and not a single free admission is given. You will find me at the Free Trade Hall until 3. After that, at the Royal Hotel.

I am sorry Helen will not see the comedy, which, as a picture, is something quite unprecedented. We play it here tonight for the last time. But she will see more amusing pieces, though not so dazzling to the eye.[†3]

Kate and Georgina are with me, & send their loves.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, [30] AUGUST 1852

MS Lytton Papers. *Date:* clearly Monday 30 Aug.

Sheffield, Monday Morning | Twenty Ninth August 1852

My Dear Bulwer.

Your letter reached me here, only last night. I have been very anxious to speak with you about what is to be said at the dinner. It appears to me extremely important to be *general* about the Guild, and to set store by the practical and plain arrangements [†a]into which it will enter[†a] for provident purposes—implying that all these are now to be settled, on careful discussion and consideration. All our people think with me, and all understand that they are not to commit us to points of detail.[†4] I write in great haste, having a Rehearsal of our Manchester pieces to attend to.

Our address at Manchester will be the Royal Hotel. You and I will no doubt have sufficient opportunity at the Athenaeum before dinner, to arrange our scheme of operations. It mainly rests with you, as you will necessarily anticipate anything that can be said on the subject.

We have been received with prodigious enthusiasm everywhere.

Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

September

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 SEPTEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool. | Thursday Evening Second September | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Your account of Mrs. Brown makes me very anxious. Surely it is a singular illness, requiring investigation from a great many points of view. Don't you think it might be well to take Southwood Smith's opinion? Mr. Brown knows best,—but Southwood Smith's experience and observation of all the eccentricities of fever, are so great that I should think him extremely likely to have seen cases like it.

My sanitary Institution has this particular feature that you CAN'T[†1] subscribe to it.[†2] You must be a shareholder. You are only responsible to the extent of your shares. The object in this, is, to assist the poor to help themselves, and not to pauperize them. I will cause the papers descriptive of the Society, to be sent to you. I have no doubt of its being worthy of support.[†3]

I sent you a paper from Manchester this afternoon, with a report in it of a dinner to the Guild.[†4] With that gallant people at my back—as they always are—I have a more fervent hope than ever, of setting right at last what is very wrong in my calling. I have the object so deeply at heart, and so strongly feel the advantage I have in my present power in such matters (which involves a great duty) that I am in a desperate earnestness that I think must produce something. I am afraid you hardly think with me now—but you will.

I wish you could have seen the opening of the Free Library for the people, at Manchester today.[†5] Such a noble effort, so wisely and modestly made; so

wonderfully calculated to keep one part of that awful machine, a great working town, in harmony with the other![†1]

We acted—not the dismal Comedy, but Used Up and the Farce—to some 4000 people last night,[†2] and finish here tomorrow night.[†3] I shall be in town at 12 on Monday—going to Dover—and shall call to ask after Mrs. Brown.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?4 SEPTEMBER 1852]

Extract from F, VI, V, 519-20. *Date:* written as CD "was setting foot in the train that was to bring him to London", according to Forster; i.e. on 4 Sep.

Bulwer spoke brilliantly at the Manchester dinner, and his earnestness and determination about the Guild was most impressive.[†4] It carried everything before it. They are now getting up annual subscriptions, and will give us a revenue to begin with. I swear I believe that people to be the greatest in the world.[†5] At Liverpool I had a Round Robin on the stage after the play was over,[†6] a place being left for your signature, and as I am going to have it framed, I'll tell Green to send it to Lincoln's-inn-fields.[†7] You have no idea how good Tenniel, Topham, and Collins have been in what they had to do.[†8]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 5 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fifth September | 1852

My Dear Henry.

Will you be so kind as now to instruct Cubitt's foreman to proceed immediately to the strengthening of the Schoolroom floor? I don't care how many pillars they put in the Kitchen, so that the floor be made soundly and undeniably dance-proof. (I suspect they will find one of the great beams cracked.)

2ndly. They had best set a good serviceable modern dining-room stove in the dining room. The present old one won't hold out.

And 3rdly. As you go out at the back door in the hall, the water, in wet weather, collects at the bottom of the steps. I think they had better pave with flag-stone that little bit, so that it may come flush with the top of the slope and throw the water off into the drain.

I am half dead.—Going back to Dover tomorrow.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 SEPTEMBER 1852

Mention in next.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Dover, Monday Evening | Sixth September 1852.

My Dear Henry.

After writing a note to you this morning which will probably be forwarded to you from the Board Office by to-night's post, I called at the said office on another matter. Miss Coutts is very anxious to take preventive measure, against the cholera down in her part of Westminster,[†1] and would take it as a great favor if you and Dr. Smith could meet the clergyman of her church, any day of the week but Wednesday—see what he has to shew—and then see her in Stratton Street and advise her. I think this may tend to good on all hands if you can manage to do it. If you make an appointment, address the Reverend Mr. Tennant, Residence, St. Stephen's Church Westminster.[†2] He wears a sanctified waistcoat,[†3] but is a practical little man and means as well as a man in such a waistcoat can.

I never can for the life of me remember what the name of the Poor Dwelling

Improvement Society whereof Gatliffe is the Secretary, is,[†1] or where it is[†2]—though I am a shareholder.[†3] If you can enlighten me, I think I may get them a good shareholder in the person of Miss Coutts.

I write in great haste, having just come down, and the post being on the move.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To MRS J. S. CUMMING,[†4] 7 SEPTEMBER 1852

Extract in Barnet J. Beyer "One Hundred Collectors' Items" n.d. (*c.* 1928); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Mrs. J. S. Cumming; dated 7 Sep 52.

You will, I hope, consider it a sufficient reply to your enquiry if I answer that I presume most writers of fiction write, partly from their imagination; and partly from their experience; and that in the work to which you refer, I have had recourse to both sources.

To MRS GORE, 7 SEPTEMBER 1852†

MS Berg Collection.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Tuesday Seventh[†5] September 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

I came back here—with your letter I suppose. We both arrived at about the same time.

I heard of the excellent little Dutchman[†6] when I went home for a few hours last Saturday fortnight—divined what he really was—and tried to find him out. But he had left no address on his card, and I was in London for only a day. Imagine the hopelessness of finding such a needle in such a haystack! If you ever write to him or his, tell him how truly gratified I should have been to have received such a visitor, and his noble homage. I sincerely regret to have missed him.

As to *our* meeting—you and I—at shorter intervals than a twelvemonth and a day, I wear a green willow wound several times round my hat, in hopelessness.[†7]

Seriously I have long learnt the lesson that when I have a book to write I must give it the first place in my life, and an undivided mind. I have become content to set the pains and care it requires, against the pleasures of society (otherwise than in a sparing degree) and to put my fictitious companions in the upper place at feasts. I am rather less of an Anchorite than Robin Hood was—if he ever were at all, which the wise deny—but when I have work to do, I must be as free. So may you come to like Bleak House as well as its predecessors! And I shouldn't wonder! For I see a something "looming in the future"[†1] that looks pretty.—Which word reminds me to beg you to give my love to Miss Gore.[†2]

So you want a godchild. May I never have the opportunity of giving you one! But *if* I have—if my cup (I mean my quiver) be not yet full—then shall you hear again from the undersigned Camel that his back is broken by the addition of the last overbalancing straw.

What strange Kings those were in the Fairy times, who, with three thousand wives and four thousand seven hundred and fifty Concubines, found it necessary to put up prayers in all the Temples for a prince as beautiful as the day! I have some idea—with only one wife and nothing particular in any other

direction—of interceding with the Bishop of London to have a little service in Saint Pauls beseeching that I may be considered to have done enough towards my country's population.

The Sketches of English Character[†3] shall be mine among the Kentish hops, the next time I go up to town. Thank you for the recommendation and your welcome letter.

Dear Mrs. Gore | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gore.

To J. G. GRANT,[†4] 7 SEPTEMBER 1852

Mention in Henry Hellssen catalogue, Copenhagen, Jan 1958. *MS* 1 p.; dated Dover, 7 Sep 52.

Thanking him heartily for an article he had written.[†5]

To DAVID LEITCH,[†1] 7 SEPTEMBER 1852

MS Dickens House. *Address:* David Leitch Esquire | Derwent Bank | Derwent Water | Cumberland.

Dover, Seventh September 1852

Sir.

The contents of your parcel shall have my early attention.

And your generous offer of service shall be duly made known to the Members of the Guild when they assemble in London in November next.[†2] In the meantime allow me, *un*officially to thank you for it, and to assure you that I am truly sensible of the spirit in which it is made.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David Leitch Esquire.

To [G. H. STRUTT],[†3] 7 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS University of Kentucky.

Dovor, Seventh September 1852

My Dear Sir

I answer your kind note on the first morning after my return to the seaside from the whirl and bustle of the late expedition.

Your Saturday meal shall *not* be damaged; though I am bound to say that I fully believe Mr. Wilkinson[†4] to have been guilty of a gross injustice and illiberality; and I must add that there is scarcely anything I am disposed to treat with less forbearance than a personal injustice from the pulpit, where the declaimer has all the talk to himself.[†5]

However, I forgive Mr. Wilkinson as he has been the means (I hope) of making you and me better known to each other, and of causing me to receive (I know) a very pleasant letter. I leave Mrs. Dickens to explain to Mrs. Strutt how her husband is transformed into a starling who "can't get out"[†6] again, yet awhile, on

any terms. And believe me I look forward to your redeeming your promise of coming to see us in town.[†1]

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* W. Bradbury Esquire | Bouverie Street | Fleet Street | London.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Thursday Evening Ninth September | 1852

My Dear Bradbury.

I am very much obliged to you for your considerate note, and heartily glad to see your familiar old handwriting.[†2]

I sent, the day before yesterday, addressed to Evans, a very short preface[†3] to the Cheap Edition of the Christmas books—short, because I really have nothing to say! This is all I have to add to the last Number;[†4] and I leave your experience and taste (for when did they ever fail to help me in such matters!) to render the making-up a triumph of art.

With all friendly feelings and good wishes,

Believe me Ever | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Bradbury Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Thursday Ninth September | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts

On leaving you the other day, I went straight to the Board of Health, but found Dr. Southwood Smith out, and Mr. Austin at Hastings.[†5] I immediately wrote to the latter, and to day receive his reply—in which he says

'I have written to Dr. Smith and to Mr. Tennant, to fix One o'Clock on Friday for the visit to Westminster, and hope that time will suit them, and that we may be able to effect the desired preventive measures.'

As I told him you would wish to see him and Dr. Smith, afterwards, I presume they will come on to you.

Earnestly hoping that Mrs. Brown is at any rate not going backward, and with kindest regards,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 11 SEPTEMBER 1852

MS Comédie Française.

Dover, Eleventh September 1852

My Dear Regnier.

As we arranged that I should write to you in English instead of French as heretofore, and as you are such a capital Englishman, voici my first English billet!

Mr. Gordon who is the bearer of it, is a *most particular* friend of mine, and a gentleman greatly distinguished in Edinburgh. He comes with his charming wife[†1] to Paris, for only three or four days. If you will render them your good offices at the Français[†2] and shew them the Coulisses[†3] some morning, I shall be deeply obliged to you.

I have received your kind present my dear friend. It is most welcome to me as a mark of your remembrance, for there are very few people whom I love so well, and whose genius I esteem so much. I write in haste. My wife and Miss Hogarth send you and Madame Regnier a thousand regards.

Ever Faithfully Yours | My Dear Regnier

CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur Regnier

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 12 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover | Twelfth September 1852 | Sunday

My Dear Sir

I have not the least objection to this gentleman being allowed to do what he wants to do.[†4] I think we cannot do better than give him the permission.

When the last half year's accounts are ready, will you have the goodness to post them to me here?[†5]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

10 Camden Crescent Dover | Sunday Twelfth September 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you the Prospectus of the sensible and really useful Society.[†1] I hope you saw Dr. Southwood Smith and Mr. Austin yesterday, and that there are things to be done in Westminster which can be easily done.

We should be very glad to hear of Mrs. Brown if you had a moment to spare, one of these days, in the midst of your many occupations.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 13 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

10 Camden Crescent Dover | Thirteenth September 1852

My Dear Henry.

Your letter gives me great pleasure, because I have a strong hope of enlisting that best of creatures[†2] in the good cause;[†3] and of doing no end of service to it, sooner or later, through her invaluable aid.

I quite agree with you about the two pillars, and do not question the advisability of having them. In the W.C matter, and all other such matters, I would rather you ordered what you think best. I am sure to be pleased with your decision. The ceilings of course to be done.

That slate has never been quite right since Cubitt's people left the roof.

We are perpetually expecting you here. I have continual visions of meeting you in the street with the Mayor and Town Council—Scavengers—Beadles—and other local plenipotentaries.[†4] I have a small

suggestion to make when you come, relative to their suffering a very capital part of the Beach to be converted into a dusthole—which seems a weakness in the Corporation.

Ever affectionately

CD.

P.S. I had with me in the late expedition, a box of Southwood Smith's premonitory-symptom pills. I believe Coote the Director of the Orchestra was in an advanced stage—a very advanced stage indeed, and desperately ill—when they acted on him like a charm.

To JOHN FOWLER, 13 SEPTEMBER 1852†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Mr. John Fowler | 50 Occupation Road | Sheffield.

10 Camden Crescent Dover | Thirteenth September 1852

My Dear Sir

Let me assure you—briefly, but most cordially—in acknowledging the receipt of your kind note, that I am abundantly satisfied with the result[†1] of the Sheffield performance,[†2] and that no one can have received more pleasure from our visit than I derived from it.

And for your invaluable help, rendered doubly delightful by the manly and modest manner in which it was given from your heart, I am most truly indebted to you.[†3]

With all friendly wishes | Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Fowler.

To JAMES C. SHAW,[†4] 13 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Mr H. E. Quick.

10 Camden Crescent Dover | Thirteenth September 1852

Sir.

I am exceedingly sorry to say—not only that I am prevented by many occupations from meeting the mechanics employed in your Company[†5] at Ashford, on Saturday next, but from suggesting any early time at which I can hope to have that pleasure.[†6] I am, however, so interested in their design, and feel so much that I am

naturally associated with them in some degree from connecting my annual sea-side enjoyments with the South Eastern Line, that if I can serve them by spending an evening with them in the Christmas holidays, I will gladly do it.

Or, if they would prefer to defer their project until the Summer or Autumn of next year, I am theirs then. Or, if they can begin without me and will trust to the chances of our meeting in the fulness of time, I shall be equally well pleased. I would not absolutely refuse their request, if I can possibly help it.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

James C Shaw Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 SEPTEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Dover, Tuesday Night | Fourteenth September 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have just heard of what you will have been long prepared for, but what I fear will cause you, notwithstanding, some natural distress.[†1] I was walking at Walmer this afternoon, and little thought that the great old man was dying or dead.[†2] He had been a steady friend to an uncle of Mrs. Dickens who was Colonel of Engineers here;[†3] and his son[†4] left word, a little while ago, while we were at dinner, that the Duke was dead.

I believe that what you write about Westminster is the whole truth and force of that subject, and that there is no better way of doing good, or of preparing the great mass of mankind to think of the great doctrines of our Saviour. If I were to try to tell you what I foresee from your lending your aid to what is so practically and plainly christian with no fear of mistake, your modest way of looking at what you do would scarcely believe me. But you will live to see what comes of it, and that will be—here—your great reward.[†5]

I felt, when I came back, that I had so much to do with Bleak House that it was not safe for me to contemplate doing nothing next Wednesday. So I proposed to Mr. Stone[†6] for that day week. As soon as I receive his answer I will write again.

I am glad Southwood Smith will have an opportunity of considering Mrs.

Brown's case. The results of a great man of that peculiar experience, *must* be useful in so delicate a matter—if only as confirming your faith in what is being done.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 SEPTEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

10 Camden Crescent Dover | Monday Evening September Twentieth | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

When I received your note this afternoon, I intended to write to you tomorrow (after waiting for the morning's post, and getting nothing to the contrary by it) to tell you that although I wrote to Mr. Stone as we agreed, I have received no answer from him and suppose he is still out of town.

I will now propose Wednesday week, which will quite suit me. In the Shepherd's Bush matter, a great deal seems to me to depend upon the possibility of getting the two houses under one roof as it were, and managing them with the same staff and at no increased expence for supervision. If that could be done, I should think it might be very desirable to increase the capacity of the Home. But this of necessity so depends upon the nature of the premises that I should like to see them before further considering the subject. If you would like to see them too, perhaps we could go out there on the same Wednesday?

I am quite delighted with your letter, for the double intelligence of your sister[†1] and Mrs. Brown, makes me feel as if you were throwing down your late troubles altogether, like Christian and his different bundle in the Pilgrims' Progress. Heaven grant that it may be so, and that we may soon have Mrs. Brown in a good contradictory humour again! I long to have a disagreement with her.

With kindest loves

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I had a long talk with Charley before he went back, in which he behaved in such a manly manner and shewed himself to be such a fine fellow, that he rather disturbed my judicial equanimity. He told me that he would certainly like the Army. I told him, in return, that he must consider the practical difficulties and drawbacks of the life, as well as the bright side. I set both fairly before him, and he then said he would like time to consider, as he would wish to understand himself and do right. So I settled to go and take a walk with him next month, & decide the question in a perfectly open and unreserved confidence.[†2] He is the best of boys now, and I hope will not be among anything but the best of men.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

10 Camden Crescent Dover | Tuesday Twenty First September | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have received the enclosed from Mr. Stone this morning. I do not answer it as to tomorrow week, without first hearing from you. But it appears to me that our making the appointment would be useless, and that I had better look out in some other direction. I am going to walk to Sandgate[†1] this morning with Mr.

Austin—who is down here, assisting the town authorities to devise some sanitary measures of which the place stands much in need[†2]—and will have a talk with him.

I hope you are well at Brighton—or will be, by the time when this shall reach you—and that it will agree with Mrs. Brown. As it is often an uncertain place with invalids and makes them restless, I hope you will not be dispirited if she don't seem quite so well there.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?19-21 SEPTEMBER 1852]

Text from F, VII, ii, 569. *Date:* on hearing of Mrs Macready's death (18 Sep), according to Forster; therefore not later than 21 Sep when the announcement was in *The Times.*

Ah me! ah me! This tremendous sickle certainly does cut deep into the surrounding corn, when one's own small blade has ripened.[†3] But *this* is all a Dream, may be, and death will wake us.[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 SEPTEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Dover, Thursday Twenty Third September | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The whole Public seems to me to have gone mad about the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.[†5] I think it a grievous thing—a relapse into semi-barbarous practices—an almost ludicrous contrast to the calm good sense and example of responsibility

set by the Queen Dowager[†1]—a pernicious corruption of the popular mind, just beginning to awaken from the long dream of inconsistencies, monstrosities, horrors and ruinous expences, that has beset all classes of society in connexion with Death—and a folly sure to miss its object and to be soon attended by a strong reaction on the memory of the illustrious man so *mis*respected.

But to say anything about it now, or to hope to leaven with any grain of sense such a mass of wrong-doing, would be utterly useless. Afterwards, I shall try to present the sense of the case in Household Words.[†2] At present, I think I might as well whistle to the sea.

I quite concur with you as to Mr. Stone and the Westminster project.[†3] The survey is actively going on. Do you think you can let me know, by Tuesday, whether you will go to Shepherd's Bush on Wednesday? If not, a note to the Household Words Office on Wednesday forenoon will do as well. I shall be there, at 11.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS GRETTON,[†4] 23 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Mrs Stuart Chevalier.

Dover, Thursday Twenty Third September 1852

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Gretton, and regrets that he cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed paper; mainly, because the general subject of which it treats has been for some months confided to another and an old contributor to Household Words, who is now in Australia.[†5]

In case Mrs. Gretton should at any time desire to offer any other contribution to Mr. Dickens, it shall receive his readiest attention. He begs to impress on Mrs. Gretton that for the purpose of Household Words if facts or experiences be the theme, the attractive manner of their presentation is of great importance.[†6] Like a good appearance, it is a letter of recommendation, and may fairly be required by so large an audience.

Mr. Dickens begs Mrs. Gretton to do him the favor to present his kindest regards and cordial remembrances to Mrs. Trollope.[†1]

To MRS MORSON, 23 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Miss Grace Hughes. *Address:* Mrs. Morson | Urania Cottage | Near The White Horse | Shepherds Bush | London.

10 Camden Crescent Dover | Twenty Third September 1852

Dear Mrs. Morson

I shall probably see you next Wednesday. Will you get prepared, in the meantime, an estimate of the cost of paving the back yard with flag-stones.

Ever Yours

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 25 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Dover, Twenty Fifth September 1852

My Dear Henry.

Don't you think that before Cubitt's men take their departure they may as well paint—not merely wash, but paint, stone-color—the side of the little house by the dining room windows. I fear it will look

shabby and patchworky as the winter comes on. If you decide to give them the instructions to do it, please tell them they must do it so as not to spoil that bed.

Ever Affecy. Henry Austin Esquire.CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday Twenty Ninth September 1852 | Quarter to one

My Dear Miss Coutts. I leave this note before going away from here, in case any note should be brought here from you.

Not having heard from you as to any appointment for our going to Shepherds Bush to day, I am induced to believe that you are prevented (not, I hope, by Mrs. Brown's being worse) from going. And as I find among my letters one from Mr. A Beckett proposing two new girls, I think it better to occupy what remains of my

day's time in going to his Police Court to see them, than in going to Shepherd's Bush without you.

I shall leave town by train at half past 4—returning here for a few minutes first. On Monday I am going to Boulogne for ten days or a fortnight, and then I am coming home.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [SEPTEMBER 1852]

Extract from F, VI, iv, 513. *Date:* Sep 52 according to Forster.

That was very good indeed of Sala's.[†1] He was twenty guineas in advance, by the bye, and I told Wills delicately to make him a present of it. I find him a very conscientious fellow. When he gets money ahead, he is not like the imbecile youth who so often do the like in Wellington-street and walk off, but only works more industriously. I think he improves with everything he does. He looks sharply at the alterations in his articles, I observe; and takes the hint next time.[†2]

October

To RICHARD FRIEND,[†3] 1 OCTOBER 1852

MS John Rylands Library.

Camden Crescent Dover | First October 1852

Sir.

I can only assure you, in reply to your letter, that I will respect your confidence, and that I receive it as a mark of your trust in me.

But I do not think the request you prefer, by any means a reasonable one; and I must, for many sufficient reasons, decline to entertain it.

You show great good sense (if I may be allowed to say so) in turning your

thoughts to your profession[†1] rather than to authorship, and I cordially wish you well.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Richard Friend.

To FREDERICK H. JOHNSON,[†2] 1 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Public Museum and Art Gallery, Sunderland.

Dover | Friday First October 1852

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you and the other gentlemen to whom I am so much indebted for their kind assistance at Sunderland, for the very gratifying letter I have had the pleasure of receiving from you.

I can most cordially and honestly assure you that the Amateur Company have quite an enthusiastic remembrance of their Sunderland audience; and that its members, one and all, derived quite as much gratification from their memorable evening in that town, as they can possibly have given to the most generous of their assembled friends.

I am Dear Sir, with many thanks to you and the gentlemen then associated with you,

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick H Johnson Esquire

To ALFRED TENNYSON,[†3] 1 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Yale University Library.

Dover, First October 1852.

My Dear Tennyson.

I have received your note here, only to day. It would have given me the heartiest pleasure to have welcomed a young Tennyson[†4] to this breathing world[†5] wherein he is much wanted—on so good an occasion as his christening[†6]—but that I have

engaged to go to Boulogne on Sunday for a fortnight. I shall drink his health on the fifth!

As your letter bears no address, and as I cannot call your residence to mind, I send this to Moxon's[†1] care.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Alfred Tennyson.

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 OCTOBER 1852

MS Dickens House.

10 Camden Crescent Dover | 2nd October 1852

My dear Beard

We have been expecting you day after day, these six weeks. The usual familiars have been in despair, and I have wondered incoherently—though not without speculations on the total impracticability of the Baldwinian Navy.[†2]

This is to instruct as to our new whereabout.

Our time of three months being up here, the children[†3] return home, and we go tomorrow morning, for a fortnight, to Boulogne. There, at the Hotel des Bains, we have made all arrangements for our guest the gallant Englishman; and there (with a cribbage-board) we shall expect you. Write and say when you are coming. The tidal train from Folkestone (see list for hour, which varies each day) will only lengthen your journey two hours in all.[†4] It is not a bad place by any means, and I hope you will like the novelty.

In haste | Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 4 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre | H. Austin Esquire | Board of Health | Whitehall | London.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne. | Monday Fourth October 1852.

My Dear Henry.

As I had occasion to go from Dover to town on Saturday afternoon, and came from town straight here yesterday morning by way of Folkestone, I did not receive

your letter and the Report accompanying it,[†1] until I got here. I do not expect to return home for a fortnight; but, as I should be very glad to help the Sanitary cause, if possible, will you see Wills—shew him this letter—explain to him what you think possible to be done, *popularly*, with the subject—and ask him to deliver it over immediately to Morley if he and you together see the way to a paper on it.[†2] This will save my writing him a long letter, and will save time.

In haste | Ever affectionately Henry Austin EsquireCD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre | Miss Burdett Coutts | White Hart Hotel | Reigate | Surrey.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne. Monday October Fourth 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts. It was not Mr. Stone[†3] we were to have visited last Wednesday (according to the understanding I had), but Shepherd's Bush. Not having heard from you by mid-day on Saturday when your last letter was on its way to me, I was uneasy lest you should be in some new trouble, and so started from Dover to Stratton Street. There, I saw Webb,[†4] and heard where you were and how you were, and then went out to Shepherd's Bush. They were all going on quietly and comfortably. The girl from the Hospital had been brought back by Mrs. Morson that Afternoon. Finding the bills in arrear, and that she wanted a little money too, I went over the accounts and paid them all. Including a Draper's bill for three months and a Carpenter's bill for the same period, and four pounds odd for petty cash to Mrs. Morson, they amounted, as you will see when you next look at the book, to some Seventy Pounds. I also saw all the girls who go away next, and booked two of them among our cases, who were not yet duly entered. My impression—*formed, however, without actually going over the adjoining premises*—is, that it would be difficult to make one establishment of the two houses, and that if you should at any time think of enlarging the Home, it might be easier and much cheaper, to enlarge our present house. I should amazingly like (you know my infirmity in the arrangement way) to carry out some notions that have come into my head with that view, including the small improvement of more than doubling the height of the long room!

I am going to work tomorrow morning, and purpose remaining here while I write the next No. of Bleak House.[†5] It will probably take me until this day

fortnight. As soon as I have done I shall return home—the children have already gone home—and then perhaps you will be able to look at the house that is to let.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Brown—and to Mr. Brown, who has got rid of his Neuralgia I hope,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

P.S. I know the country in which you are staying, and the house too. We had a very bad passage over, and I feel as if I had exchanged my eyes for two brass bullets.

To W. C. MACREADY, 5 OCTOBER 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne. | Tuesday Night Fifth October 1852

My Dearest Macready.

I received your melancholy letter[†1] while we were staying at Dover, a few days after it was written. But I thought it best not to write to you until you were at home again, among your dear children.

Its tidings were not unexpected by us—had been anticipated in many conversations—often thought of, under many circumstances. But the shock was scarcely lessened by this preparation. The many happy days we have passed together came crowding back; all the old cheerful times arose before us; and the remembrance of what we had loved so dearly and seen under so many aspects—all natural and delightful and affectionate and ever to be cherished—was—how pathetic and touching you know best!

But my dear dear Macready this is not the first time you have felt that the recollection of great love and happiness associated with the dead, soothes while it wounds. And while I can imagine that the blank beside you may grow wider every day, for many days to come, I *know*—I think—that from its depths such comfort will arise as only comes to great hearts like yours when they can think upon their trials with a steady trust in God.[†2]

My dear friend, I have known her so well—have been so happy in her regard—have been so light-hearted with her—have interchanged so many tender remembrances of you with her when you were far away, and have seen her ever so simply and truly anxious to be worthy of you—that I cannot write as I would, and as I know I ought. As I would press your hand in your distress, I let this note go from

me. I understand your grief, I deeply feel the reason that there is for it, yet in that very feeling find a softening consolation that must spring up a hundred thousand fold for you. May Heaven prosper it in your breast, and the spirits that have gone before; from the regions of Mercy to which they have been called, smooth the path you have to tread alone! Children are left you, your good sister[†1] (God bless her) is by your side, you have devoted friends, and more reasons than most men to be self-reliant and stedfast. Something is gone, that never in this world can be replaced, but much is left and it is a part of her life, her death, her immortality.

Catherine and Georgina who are with me here, send you their overflowing love and sympathy. We hope that in a little while, and for a little while at least, you will come among us who have known the happiness of being in this bond with you, and will not exclude us from participation in your past and future.

Ever My Dearest Macready with unchangeable affection,

Yours in all love and truth

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 5 OCTOBER 1852†

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne | Tuesday Fifth October 1852

My Dear Wills.

H.W.

I don't intend to come to town as long as I remain here. I thought you understood this, from our conversations at Dover. I am curious to see Horne's MS,[†2] and hope it will come out well.

I observe that Tauchnitz's bill[†3] appears to be due *to day.* I enclose it. Will *you* pay it to my account at Coutts's, enquiring whether its non-presentation to day affects it, and explaining how it is.

GUILD.

I would certainly proceed according to Phillips's[†4] advice.

If you got Forster's[†5] account[†6] from Henry's[†7] statement or in Henry's writing, don't pay it. I will write to him myself in that case, assuming that it is an unauthorized proceeding. I think it monstrous, and doubt whether in any case we ought to pay it without protest, out of money that is not ours. Upon my word I do not think it would be an endurable item to place on record in the accounts. Conceive twelve men doing the like "To one hundred and forty four lace cravats, and 72 pair of lace ruffles, £74..8..0. Washing £12.12..0"

!!!

[†a]D.N.

I recollect Morton[†1] well. Met him in Fleet Street, some 12 months ago. Have not seen a paper since Saturday, and want to know the details. I infer them from your general reference, and am quite amazed and shocked.[†a†2]

WEATHER.

Very stormy, and a prodigious sea running.

BLEAK HOUSE.

Just begun.

Remembrances to Mrs. Wills and you from my two ladies.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 OCTOBER 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne | Thursday Seventh October 1852

My Dear Wills. I send you the proof of the No.[†3]

Taboo'd (for the present, certainly) the Poem.[†4] I think it very bad.

See to the dashes in the article on Epitaphs.[†5] They are at present innumerable. *Graves and Epitaphs* would be a better name.

I have been very carefully considering the question of Horne's Diary. It is clear to me that nobody might could would or should understand what it means, if we

were to print this portion by itself,[†1] quite ignorant of what is to follow or when it is to come. It would never do without something—at least, *something*—of the Voyage, either in the same Number or in the following one. Therefore, at any risk of Howitts MS[†2] making its appearance in print somewhere,[†3] hold this portion back,[†4] and insert Penny Wisdom[†5] (which is very interesting and good) in its stead.

I shall be glad to hear whether my general objection has already presented itself to you?

Morley's (I suppose) resumé of the Prairie book,[†6] is as well done as a paper of that kind can be. Quite a model.[†7]

The Babbleton Book Club,[†8] very weak. A kind of imbecile thing that seems to want crutches.

I never heard of such a business altogether, as you unfold in that Morton case.[†9] When I met him in Fleet Street, he told me the whole story of the Duel:[†10] I know the Murderer[†11] too.

Ever Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 OCTOBER 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel des Bains Boulogne | Thursday Night Seventh October | 1852

My Dear Wills.

I think it best, in case of any miscarriage, to advise you that I returned the proof of the next No.[†12] in a packet by Steamboat from here to Folkestone this afternoon.

I don't quite understand from your letter what Taüchnitz wants to know. Will you answer him, in English, and give him the explanation he requires—for me, in my absence?

The Shot Tower by Waterloo Bridge ought to make a good article. The Bridge itself—bridges of London in general—would be a fine subject for Sala—[†a]in another article.[†a] If the Waterloo Bridge people would give us a little information about the change in their affairs since the Railroad—and would let us lay hold of one of their *Night Toll-takers*, a very fine thing might perhaps be made of it. I wish you would look into the subject, and see whether it will do for me, before you lay Sala on.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY OCTOBER 1852]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 569-70. *Date:* no doubt about a week after his crossing to Boulogne on 3 Oct.

I never saw a better instance of our countrymen than this place. Because it is accessible it is genteel to say it is of no character, quite English, nothing continental about it, and so forth. It is as quaint, picturesque, good a place as I know; the boatmen and fishing-people quite a race apart,[†2] and some of their villages as good as the fishing-villages on the Mediterranean.[†3] The Haute Ville, with a walk all round it on the ramparts, charming. The country walks, delightful. It is the best mixture of town and country (with sea air into the bargain) I ever saw; everything cheap, everything good; and please God I shall be writing on those said ramparts next July![†4]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 11 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne | Monday Night, Eleventh October | 1852

My Dear B and E.

I send you the first 16 slips of the No.[†5] Please advise me with all dispatch of its safe receipt, as I shall be anxious to know that it has come safely.

You can send me the proof here, by parcel direct. As I expect to be home next Monday, I shall probably bring the remainder with me instead of sending it.[†1]

Take care of my MS for me. You have some in hand—at least I have not seen it at the H.W. Office, though you may have sent it there.[†2]

Ever Yours faithfully

CD

To W. H. WILLS, 12 OCTOBER 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne | Tuesday Twelfth October 1852

My Dear Wills.

H.W.

The No.[†3] to which you refer in your letter of yesterday's date received this morning, has not yet reached me. I will go over it when it comes.

I have thought of the Christmas No., but not very successfully, because I have been (and still am) constantly occupied with Bleak House. I purpose returning home either on Sunday or Monday, as my work permits, and we will, immediately thereafter, dine at the office and talk it over—so that you may get all the men to their work.

The fault of Prince's[†4] poem, besides its intrinsic meanness as a composition, is, that it goes too glibly with the comfortable idea (of which we have had a great deal too much in England since the Continental commotions)[†5] that a man is to sit down and make himself domestic and meek, no matter what is done to him. It wants a stronger appeal to rulers in general to let men do this, fairly, by governing them thoroughly well. As it stands, it is at about the Tract Mark (Dairyman's daughter &c) of political morality.[†6] And dont think that it is necessary to write *down* to any part of our audience. I always hold that to be as great a mistake as can be made.

I wish you would mention to Thomas, that I think the paper on Hops[†7] *extremely well done.* He has quite caught the tone we want, and caught it in the best way.[†8]

In pursuing the Bridge subject,[†9] I think it would be advisable to look up the *Thames Police.* I have a misty notion of some capital papers coming out of it.[†10] Will you see to this branch of the tree, among the other branches.

GUILD.

I hope Gye didn't let you have Covent Garden; for the effect of our Proscenium within that one would be so vehemently ludicrous that I think Peek[†1] would be grinned out of the field by our own carpenters.[†2]

—Talking of whom, I am quite delighted with the idea of Sloman's house.

MYSELF.

To Chapman I will write. My impression is that I shall not subscribe to the projected Hood monument, as I am not at all favorable to such posthumous honors.[†3]

Ever Faithfully W. H. Wills Esquire.CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 13 OCTOBER 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne | Wednesday Night October Thirteenth | 1852

My Dear Wills

The No.[†4] coming in after dinner, since my letter was written and posted, I have gone over it.

I am grievously depressed by it; it is so exceedingly bad. If you have anything else to put first, don't put Sala's[†5] paper[†6] first. (There is nothing better for a beginning in the No. as it stands, but this is very bad.) It is a mistake to think of it as a first article. The article itself is [†a]in the main[†a] a mistake. Firstly, the subject requires the greatest discretion and nicety of touch. And secondly it is all wrong and self contradictory. Nobody can for a moment suppose that "sporting" amusements are the sports of the PEOPLE[†7]—the whole gist of the best part of the description is to shew that they are the amusements of a peculiar and limited class. The greater part of them are at a miserable discount (horse-racing excepted which has been already sufficiently done in HW) and there is no reason for running amuck at them at all. I have endeavoured to remove much of my objection [†a](and I think have done so)[†a] but, both in purpose and in any general address, it is as wide of a first article as anything can well be.[†8] [†b]It would do best in the opening of the No.[†b†9]

About Sunday in Paris there is no kind of doubt.[†1] Take it out. Such a thing as that Crucifixion, unless it were done in a masterly manner, we have no business to stagger families with. Besides, the name is a comprehensive one, and should include a quantity of fine matter. Lord bless me, what I could write under that head!—

Strengthen the Number, pray, by anything good you may have. It is a very dreary business as it stands.

The proofs want a thorough revision.

In haste, going to bed, | Ever Faithfully

CD.

I return the wretched man's letter—evidently mad—I know nothing about him.[†2]

Over

I want a name for Miss Martineau's paper.

TRIUMPHANT CARRIAGES[†3] (Or triumphal)
DUBLIN STOUTHEARTEDNESS
PATIENCE AND PREJUDICE.

Take which you like best.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 18 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Signore Francesco Pertile.

Office of Household Words, | Monday Eighteenth October | 1852

Messrs. Coutts and Co.
Gentlemen.

Be so good as to deliver my banking-book to the Bearer,

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN WATKINS,[†4] 18 OCTOBER 1852

MS Yale University Library.

Office of Household Words, | Monday Eighteenth October 1852

Sir.

On my return to town I find the letter awaiting me, which you did me the favor to address to me, I believe—for it has no date—some days ago.

I have the greatest tenderness for the memory of Hood, as I had for himself. But I am not very favorable to posthumous memorials in the Monument way,[†1] and I should exceedingly regret to see any such appeal as you contemplate, made public;[†2] remembering another public appeal that was made (and responded to) after Hood's death.[†3]

I think that I best discharge my duty to my deceased friend, and best consult the respect and love with which I remember him, by declining to join in any such public endeavour as that which you (in all generosity and singleness of purpose, I am sure) advance. I should have a melancholy gratification in privately assisting to place a simple and plain record over the remains of a great writer, that should be as modest as he was himself;[†4] but I regard any other movement in connexion with his mortal resting-place as a mistake.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

John Watkins Esquire.

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, 19 OCTOBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Office of Household Words | Tuesday Nineteenth October 1852

My Dear Owen.

I am just home again for the winter, and saw Forster last night. He perfectly overwhelmed me with delight by telling me you had intimated to him that you

might sometimes find leisure to write some familiar papers on Natural History, yourself, for this Journal.[†1]

It would be in vain for me to attempt to tell you with what pride and pleasure I should receive such assistance, or what high store I should set by it. If you will give me such gratification, and render the work such a service, you can't (I must honestly say) enhance the regard and respect in which I hold you already,[†2] but you can and will afford me inexpressible satisfaction.[†3]

—And in all business particulars, I think I may confidently count on your finding no fault with such an association.

Believe me Ever | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Owen.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 19 OCTOBER 1852

Text from MDGH, I, 288-9.

Office of "Household Words", Tuesday, Oct. 19th, 1852.

My dear White,

We are now getting our Christmas extra number together, and I think you are the boy to do, if you will, one of the stories.

I propose to give the number some fireside name,[†4] and to make it consist entirely of short stories supposed to be told by a family sitting round the fire. *I don't care about their referring to Christmas at all*; nor do I design to connect them together, otherwise than by their names, as:

THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY.
THE FATHER'S STORY.
THE DAUGHTER'S STORY.
THE SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.
THE CHILD'S STORY.
THE GUEST'S STORY.
THE OLD NURSE'S STORY.[†5]

The grandfather might very well be old enough to have lived in the days of the highwaymen. Do you feel disposed, from fact, fancy, or both, to do a good winter-hearth story of a highwayman?[†1] If you do, I embrace you (per post), and throw up a cap I have purchased for the purpose into mid-air.

Think of it and write me a line in reply. We are all well and blooming.

Are you never coming to town any more?[†2] Never going to drink port again, metropolitaneously, but *always* with Fielden?[†3]

[†a]Love to Mrs. White and the children, if Lotty be not out of the list long ago.[†a]

Ever faithfully, my dear White.

CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, [?19 OCTOBER 1852]

Envelope only, MS Dickens House. *Address:* Henry Austin Esquire | General Board of Health | Whitehall. PM OC 19 1852.

To [PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN],[†4] 21 OCTOBER 1852

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 68. *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 21 Oct 52.

We shall be very happy indeed (Mrs. Dickens, her sister, and I) to come to you that afternoon.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?22] OCTOBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Friday was 22 Oct in 1852.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Third October 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

As soon as I came home this week (and consequently, before I received your kind note) I set off to see Mr. Austin, on the Westminster Question.[†5] But I found him gone to Wales on a Visit of sanitary inspection, though soon expected back. He is

not yet returned. When he "turns up"—as my friend Mr. Micawber might observe—I will have some talk with him, and should like to see you with him whenever you can appoint a time. I understand the merits of the great encounter of the Windmills,[†1] as Mr. Austin stated them to me at Dover. If you were successful in the Quixotic attack, you would be saved a very large, and (I am quite convinced) an unnecessary expence. But the scheme must not be paralyzed by the encounter, whether or no.

Your description of the placid Doctor[†2] makes me laugh in a most ridiculous manner whenever I think of it. I always feel inclined to take him by the throat and squeeze the words he *won't* say and *won't* be helped to (for if you suggest them he positively refuses to take them but goes floundering on in the profoundest contentment), out of him by force. He is an excellent creature, however, and knows what he is about far better than he seems to—which is not saying much for him, but I mean a great deal more.

We are greatly relieved, and very glad, to hear that Mrs. Brown continues to mend. I have effected, and am effecting, several small improvements in the internal arrangements here, which I shall hope to hear

both your and her commendation of, by the glow of a winter fire. I bought at Boulogne, a little figure for my study chimney-piece *which was the sign of a tobacconist's shop*, and which, for the most grotesque absurdity, I consider unrivalled.[†3]

Tomorrow I am going to Shepherd's Bush. Charley and I hold our council at Eton on Wednesday.

With kindest and truest regards

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I am glad you liked the paper on Graves and Epitaphs. Since I came back I have been busily projecting a great variety of subjects for Household Words.

To CHARLES EDMONDS,[†4] 22 OCTOBER 1852

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1980; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 22 Oct 52; addressed Charles Edmonds.

Saying that of the little list of books sent to Edmonds the day before I do *not* want the Latin Dictionary and Gradus. I thought my boy at Eton had mine, but I find them safe upon my shelves.

To THOMAS BEARD, 23 OCTOBER 1852

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Third October | 1852

My Dear Beard

We have now come home for good, and I hope shall see you soon and often.

In proof of the steadiness of the Inimitable, I enclose you a letter I sent by John to the Morning Herald Office three weeks ago. He heard you were in Ireland and brought it back again.[†1]

Ever Heartily Yours Thomas Beard EsquireCD

To E. W. LANE,[†2] 23 OCTOBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House, London | Saturday Twenty Third October 1852

Dear Sir

Cordially concurring in the views you so well express in the interesting letter you have done me the favor to address to me, I have had great pleasure in instructing the Agent in Edinburgh to send you every week two copies of Household Words.[†3]

I cannot help remarking that I doubt the expediency of your choice of books in one particular. I question the propriety of putting the Pilgrim's Progress in the hands of mad people unless upon the homoeopathic principle of alleviating a disease with a medicine that very often causes it.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward W. Lane Esquire

To MRS MICKELSON,[†1] 23 OCTOBER 1852

Text from N, II, 424.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Third October 1852

Mr. Charles Dickens is sorry to inform Mrs. Mickelson in reply to her letter of application, that his vote for the Orphan Working School[†2] has long been promised.

To LOVELL A. REEVE, 23 OCTOBER 1852*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Third October | 1852.

My Dear Sir,

I had not seen the book to which you so kindly call my attention.[†3] Pray accept my cordial thanks for your remembrance, and for the gratification it has given me.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lovell Reeve Esquire.

To JOHN CHAPMAN, 25 OCTOBER 1852

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Fifth October 1852

My Dear Sir

My friend Mr. Justice Talfourd has asked me what is his best mode of sending a couple of books[†4] to Professor Felton[†5] at Cambridge Massachusetts. Can you help me to advise him?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Chapman Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 27 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Seventh October | 1852

My Dear Henry.

Can you meet me, on the Westminster matter,[†1] at Miss Coutts's in Stratton Street, tomorrow (Thursday) at a quarter past two. If you don't answer, I shall expect you.

Affectionately Always

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Seventh October | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will be with you tomorrow, at 2 o'Clock. Mr. Austin has returned, and I will ask him if he can meet me at your house at a quarter past 2—which will leave us a quarter of an hour for other matters.

I send you, numbered in their order, three letters from a certain poor lady. I know nothing of her, but I thought the first one genuine, and sent a discreet messenger to see her and her house—of which he reported most favorably. I thought it just possible that you might approve of the case; but of course I have made no kind of reference to you, and have encouraged no hopes whatever.[†2]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE REV. W. ADDINGTON NORTON,[†3] 27 OCTOBER 1852

Text from N, II, 424.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Twenty Seventh October 1852

Sir.

I feel much indebted to you for your obliging note, and beg to thank you for it very sincerely.

Allow me, also, to acknowledge receipt of the pamphlet[†1] you have been so good as to send me; which I have read.

I feel bound to say to you, plainly, that I have not the least doubt of the girl's being an impostor,[†2] and I would beg to offer two remarks to you on your introduction to her narrative.[†3] The first is, that there are innumerable cases on record, clearly showing that the mere pleasure of deceiving has been sufficient "motive" for a vast number of impostures, and that it is quite unnecessary to seek for any other—particularly in the cases of sick girls and young women.[†4] Secondly, that Dr. Samuel Johnson is by no means "the greatest of human authorities" on such a point as that to which your quotation from Boswell refers,[†5] but was, on the contrary, singularly easy of belief in almost anything out of the common way, so that it purported to be connected with the invisible world. Mr. Macaulay very truly writes of him that he was in the habit of sifting with extreme severity the evidence for[†6] all stories which were merely odd; but that when they were not only odd but miraculous, his severity relaxed,[†7] and he began to be [credulous][†8] precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be sceptical.

I am Sir, | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 29 OCTOBER 1852

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Ninth October 1852

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

Being now at home again, I cannot forbear writing to thank you for that most wonderful portrait you have done me the kindness to send me—the only perfect likeness, I think, I ever saw in my life![†9] It is quite astonishing.

After trying you with the greatest severity in every kind of aspect and position, I have suspended you at last in the hall; where a beaming little gas lamp something higher than yourself shines on you after dark, and makes you radiant. If I were to tell you how much good it does me, to see you every time I go up or down stairs, you would never believe me. But, for such a welcome and delightful reminder of one whom I hold in the highest esteem and gratitude, pray accept my warmest thanks.

We are making up the Guild accounts, and I hope they will come out very well. We have not yet succeeded in selling the Theatre and scenery, though we are endeavouring to captivate a man from Australia, who looks at them with a longing eye, but seems afraid of the price.[†1]

Of course you have been reading Uncle Tom's Cabin? I don't know whether Uncle Tom is a little too celestial, or whether I am a little in the opposite direction; but, 'bating such things, it is an uncommonly fine book, and full of the highest power.[†2]

As I am writing with a cold, too ridiculous to be more particularly referred to in its weeping and gasping intensity, I had best leave off while I have not yet wept over the present sheet of paper. My whole room looks swollen and giddy, and it seems to be incessantly raining between me and the books.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire | Ever Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To CHARLES MANBY, 29 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Friday Twenty Ninth October | 1852

My Dear Mr. Manby

Stanfield and I are coming to the Adelphi next Tuesday.[†3] If you should have a box to spare that night, we shall be glad to occupy it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire.

To THE MARQUESS OF DOURO,[†1] 30 OCTOBER 1852

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 OCTOBER 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth October 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

On coming home from the Household Words office last night, I found Lord Douro's note, asking me to call there yesterday or to day. I was about writing this morning to say I was quite laid up with my cold and would come on Monday, when I received your letter relative to your being there on Monday.[†2] I have written Ld. Douro to that effect, and said I will call between 12 and 1 on Monday, while you *are* there.

I went out yesterday to Fulham, and occasioned the most frightful consternation in Auckland Cottage by unexpectedly appearing in the rain. A large young family fled from the back parlor, on a visitor being announced, and took refuge (with their mother) at the top of the stairs—where they stood, as I saw from the passage, like so many Ostriches—with their heads hidden, but their legs plainly visible; and I think I never saw so many legs listening at once, as while I enquired for Mrs. Brayne.[†3] Being shewn into the vacated back parlor, I was there presently confronted by the wrong Mrs. Brayne, a muscular lady with very large bones, to whom I timidly intimated my profound conviction that she was not the ancient Artist you had described to me. She replied, "no doubt it was her mother in law I wanted", and withdrawing, sent

in a little bright-eyed old lady in a grey and mulbery-colored knitted polka, whom I perceived to be the right Mrs. Brayne. She shewed me the copy. I apprehend there is not much choice of a frame, for it must be fitted in a case to shut up, or it would fade in no time; being a kind of work that will not bear much exposure to the light. I therefore advised her to make the gilt flat frame within the case something wider than usual, and pointed out to her another slight alteration in the usual measurement of such things, which increases the effect. The whole to be fitted in a morocco case. This, I settled she might proceed to do, after Tuesday, if in the meantime she heard nothing to the contrary.[†4]

I send you Mr. A. Beckett's last letter in reference to the girl of whom I spoke to

you. There is something in it (that about her telling the children stories) that I connect so strangely with her bruised face when I saw her, that I fancy it will interest you too. She was here with her father (a very decent man indeed, and very sorrowful about her) this morning, and I will give Mrs. Morson all needful instructions today.

This brings me to another point about the Home, which I have had in my mind a good deal since I was last there. Talking with Mrs. Morson about Susan Matcham's illness, I found (what I have found before) that they are strangely indifferent to one another in sickness, and hardly seem to have the least natural tenderness for the sufferer. Now in their own lives outside, they are so very different in this respect—being generally extremely compassionate—that I take this to be somehow or other, our fault in a great measure; and considering the subject further, I am inclined to think that this indifference springs out of our doing too much. What I would propose to try, is, that while Mrs. Morson neglects nothing of her kindness and vigilance to a sick young woman, the very circumstance of there being somebody sick in the house, shall be made to change (as it would in any ordinary house) the regular domestic occupations, and that she shall make Nurses of the whole party, one after another, and let them in regular turns sit by the bedside and tend the girl who is ill. I should greatly wish to try this plan, for there is something shocking (and in any other point of view that I can think of, unaccountable) in their being so remiss in one of the most natural feelings of humanity. I shall be going out to the Home on Monday after I see you, and will explain all this to Mrs. Morson in its full force, if you approve. It is very desirable to get this right if we by any means can; not only because it is so wrong in itself, but because so many occurrences are constantly taking place among girls of Anne Johnson's stamp for instance, shewing tenderness in sickness and death which is an uncomfortable thing to set against their being quite hard-hearted to one another in the Home.

I saw the writer of the letters I sent you,[†4] yesterday evening—a lady in manners—well educated and sensible, and evidently trying very hard. I found that five and twenty pounds would pay her rent, and enable her to compound for some of her more pressing little debts; but I could not satisfy myself that a smaller sum was likely to be of real service to her. So I gave her £25. We settled how it was to be applied, and she is to write me a letter setting forth in detail what she has done with it, presently.

Lastly, and to conclude this long epistle, I cannot tell you how much I thank you for writing to Charley. It is what I could have most wished, and what I know will be of service and encouragement to him above all things. In sending him the letter, I have consulted his inclinations about the time of leaving Eton, and have told him to write to me on that head.

Mr. Trimmer's prospectus I enclose.

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown (and three cheers for Boulogne) ever

Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I think of doing something about the Thames Police,[†5] and had some of the Toll

takers at Waterloo Bridge at the office yesterday to put some questions to them about their experience of suicide.[†1] Their answers were rather curious. Almost all the attempts are by women—a man, quite a rarity.

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, [?19-30 OCTOBER 1852]

Mention in the Rev. Richard S. Owen, *Life of Richard Owen*, 1894, I, 391. *Date:* sent by Owen to his sister Catherine on 30 Oct 52 ("I enclose an autograph of Charles Dickens").

Referring to a paper written by Professor Owen on Poisonous Serpents *for* Household Words.

To HENRY MORLEY, 31 OCTOBER 1852*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Sunday Thirty First October 1852

My Dear Sir

I feel exceedingly obliged to you for your earnest note, which is most acceptable and gratifying to me, and for your labor of love. I am prepared by the extracts I have seen from its pages, to read it with the warmest sympathy and interest.[†2]

It is very disagreeable to me to connect a subject which has nothing but pleasure in it, with a faint shadow of dissatisfaction. But as I was about to write to you, and as it would be ridiculous to succeed this note by another, tomorrow or next day, I must do that violence to my inclination.

I am afraid you do not give sufficient consideration to some of your papers in Household Words. They are not to be done without trouble; and the main trouble necessary to them, is, the devising of some pleasant means of telling what is to be told. The indispensable necessity of varying the manner of narration as much as possible, and investing it with some little grace or other, would be very evident to you if you knew as well as I do how severe the struggle is, to get the publication down into the masses of readers, and to displace the prodigious heaps of nonsense and worse than nonsense, which suffocate their better sense. I know of such "perilous stuff"[†3] at present, produced at a cost about equal to the intrinsic worth of its literature, and circulating six times the amount of Household Words.[†4]

My confidence in the ability of such people to receive and relish a good thing, is

so far from being in the least shaken by this knowledge that I only feel the more strongly that the good thing must be done at its best. And what I particularly want to impress upon you is, that it is not enough to see a thing and go home and describe it, but that the necessity is, for ever upon us of patiently considering *how* to describe it, so as to give it some fanciful attraction or some new air. I have kept back the gold-refining paper,[†1] because it is exactly like a hundred other papers we might shake into a drawer together; merely shewing the reader what is to be seen as the Peep-Show man does. And encumbered with that monotony, I am perfectly clear that the information contained in Household Words would fall short of its mark for ever.

I was particularly pleased with the Pic Nics in the Prairies, which I thought very spiritedly and admirably done.[†2] But frequently it appears to me that you do not render justice to your many high powers, by thinking too slightingly of what you have in hand, instead of doing it, for the time being, as if there were nothing else to be done in the world—the only likely way I know of, of doing anything.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

November

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts | White Hart Hotel | Reigate | *Surrey.*

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | First November 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I waited for you at Lord Douro's today, until a quarter before two. I pointed out those peculiarities[†3] we spoke of, to Mr. Adams,[†4] and he made some alterations in that part of the face—*I* think (and I hope you will think) greatly to its improvement. I also found, according to my eye, the mouth much too tight, and a general want thereabout of a suggestion of flexibility.[†5] This the sculptor also worked upon.

It seems to me that the best and most hopeful thing that can possibly be done now, is to let the sculptor alone. The bust is far more like than any I have seen, and strikes me as possessing very great merit.[†1]

I went to the Home afterwards, and made the enclosed memorandum, on a calculation, about the Marks.[†2] I told Mrs. Morson that we would not announce the value, until after the departure of the next party. I thought it would prevent—or might prevent—any little inconsistencies. There had been some indications of a small assault by Stallion[†3] upon the brownish-yellow girl, Youngman.[†4] Both had behaved with perfect submission, except in the heat of a moment—both were in fault—and I had both in, and pointed out to them how wrong they were and told them to be friends.

On then coming home to dinner, I found the enclosed from Charley. He hits exactly my apprehension—that retaining him there[†5] in that unsettled state, might be a mere loss of time. Shall I write to his "Dame"[†6] and Tutor,[†7] saying it is *probable* he will leave at Christmas?[†8] I shall wait for your answer before doing so.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Second November 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I knew nothing of the accident until I received your note just now, or I should have put myself into another train and come down as soon as I could have got down to assure myself that you were safe. I am much obliged to you for writing,

otherwise I should have been thrown into all manner of uneasiness and anxiety on taking up the paper this morning.[†1]

Is it not an extraordinary instance of Railway negligence, that Mr. Peto the Railway Contractor[†2] wrote a letter to the Times (as long ago as last spring, if I remember right), wherein he said that unless the People in this company's employment changed their system *this identical accident* MUST[†3] *happen at this very place?*[†4] I recollect his letter the more perfectly, because I myself standing at the Canterbury Station one day, saw a similar accident saved by a hair's breadth; two trains being endangered by the very same proceeding.

I believe there are no people on the face of the earth but the English, who would have walked up the platform with their carpet bags and parcels as you describe. It is most extraordinary. Our soldiers or sailors would walk up to a battery in exactly the same way.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 2 NOVEMBER 1852

Mention in Dobell catalogue No. 273. *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 2 Nov 52.

To MRS BROWN, 3 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Third November 1852

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I cannot receive your kindest of notes without thanking you for it most heartily, and assuring you that it is really precious to me as a mark of your earnest interest and friendship. Mrs. Dickens is anxious that I should say as much—or more, if I could—from her.

I do not doubt that Charley has chosen well, and I know that he has sincerely tried to do right. I trust in God that he will be a fine fellow and a good man; and that I may have the happiness of living to see him fulfil the hopes of his best friends.

Mr. Forster is out again, but I doubt his being in a very healthy condition. He has gone down for a day or two to see Macready, who bears himself manfully, as he

always does, but has turned old and grey. I fear his eldest boy will soon follow the mother, and I am afraid Macready does not see how ill he is.[†1]

The children are all blooming, and in high spirits. Mr. Stone was with us for a week or two at Dover, and painted a very pretty little picture of Mary and Katey,[†2] which I hope I shall shew you soon.

They send their loves, and so do Mrs. Dickens and Georgina. So do I with all my heart.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown.

To THE REV. W. G. COOKESLEY, [?3 NOVEMBER 1852]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 3 Nov.

To WILLIAM EVANS, [?3 NOVEMBER 1852]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Third November 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have written to Mr. Cookesley and Mr. Evans, telling them that Charley will leave at Christmas for the purpose of going to Germany.[†3]

I shall be very much obliged to you if you will enquire about the German Master. I think the French will be comparatively easy, for his ear was well used to it when he was young, and he could speak quite fluently when we were in Switzerland and in Paris. Mamey and Katey have a french Governess[†4] every

day, and we could easily make a conversation class of the whole four (Charley being the fourth) in the holiday time.

I am quite vexed about the State Funeral.[†5] I think it is altogether wrong as regards the memory of the Duke, and at least equally wrong in the Court estimate it implies of the People. The nonsense of the Herald's College and Lord Chamberlain absurdities,[†6] keep his own soldiers away; the only real links of sympathy the public

could have found in it are carefully filed off; and a vulgar holiday, with a good deal of business for the thieves and the public houses, will be the chief result.

You will see an account of an Irish Workhouse in the current No. of Household Words,[†1] which seems to me rather a good commentary on the rampant Irish nonsense (and worse) about the Saxon.[†2]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

If you can spare me your box at Drury Lane once or twice during Jullien's Concert season,[†3] I shall be very glad to use it.

To CHARLES MANBY, 3 NOVEMBER 1852

Extract in N, II, 426; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Tavistock House, 3 Nov 52.

I know a bassoon by sight pretty well and have some reason to, having had a part of my childhood haunted by musical instruments of every description.[†4] "Brass bound"[†5] applies to the man, not the instrument.[†6]

To HENRY MORLEY, 3 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Third November 1852

My Dear Sir

Your frank letter is exactly what I expected from you, and is very agreeable to me.

Let me by all means confirm you in your desire to avoid the alteration of papers by other hands, in which you have no interest. I quite agree with you that it is a great waste of time—a very irksome task—and altogether a most unprofitable proceeding. I would at all times infinitely rather that you originated a subject than that you so employed yourself for Household Words.[†1] Nor will it ever give me the least surprise or annoyance if, finding that one of these second hand topics is not to your taste, you plainly say so.[†2] Henry Morley Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 3 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Third November 1852

My Dear Wills

Forster wants the book Ecclesia, in which the ballad is, sent to his chambers for him.[†3] Of course he makes out that there is a positive merit in having made the blunder, and that if it really had been the old ballad, his intention would have rather failed upon the whole. I have taken the liberty of assaulting this conclusion between the eyes, and knocking it over heads and heels.

I send with this, the sheet of Bleak House paper.[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE VERY REV. H. H. MILMAN,[†5] 4 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thursday Fourth November 1852

My Dear Sir

I feel extremely obliged to you for your kind note, and receive your offer as a compliment rendered doubly welcome and acceptable by coming from you. Not

the less so, because, wishing to observe the ceremonial of the Duke's public funeral in another phase, I have made engagements which do not leave me at liberty to avail myself of your esteemed remembrance.[†1]

Allow me to thank you with great cordiality, and to remain with much respect and regard

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend | The Dean of St. Pauls.

To W. C. BENNETT, 5 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Friday Fifth November 1852

My Dear Sir

I am happy to accept your verses, and will so time their publication in Household Words as to bring it as close as possible to the day of the funeral.[†2]

I have ordered them to be printed, and will send you a proof, with a word or two marked here and there where I think you might possibly strengthen the line.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Bennett Esquire.

To RICHARD THOMSON,[†3] 5 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Bishopsgate Foundation.

Tavistock House | Fifth November 1852

Dear Sir

I have read The London Tavern past and present,[†4] and think your antiquarian notices of it very agreeable and pleasant.[†5] If our friend Mr. Bathe[†6] gets such a business as I wish him (and as he deserves) he will presently pull down all the

houses on his side of the way between Leadenhall Street and the old South-sea House,[†1] and make that trifling addition to his present establishment.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Thomson[†2] Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, [?4-5 NOVEMBER 1852]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* He was "fresh from reading" Mrs Gaskell's ghost story on 6 Nov (*To* Mrs Gaskell, that day); he must have received it on the 4th or the 5th.

My Dear Wills.

I don't think there's enough in Thomas's story.[†3]

Miss Craik's (an improvement)[†4] will do perfectly for one of our ordinary Nos. We won't put it in the Xmas No. if we can get a better.[†5] Her imitation of me is too glaring—I never saw anything so curious. She takes the very words in which Esther speaks, without seeming to know it.[†6]

I have not a shadow of a doubt about Miss Martineau's story.[†7] It is certain to tell. I think it very affecting—admirably done—a fine plain purpose in it—quite a singular novelty.[†8] For the last story in the Xmas No. it will be great.[†9] I couldn't wish for a better.

Mrs. Gaskell's ghost story, I have got this morning—have not yet read.[†10] It is long.[†11]

To W. H. WILLS, 5 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Fifth November 1852

My Dear Wills.

Do you think it would be worth while to publish the enclosed,[†1] with an alteration here and there, in next Wednesday Week's Number—so as just to catch the Funeral? I hate the thing myself, but it might go down with a good many.[†2] I can't quite decide. What do *you* think? Let me know, and let me have the MS back, in the course of this morning. The sooner, the better.

Further, let me see the proof of the No.[†3] we did last night, before it goes to press. I have a misgiving that I altered a word in Morley's paper,[†4] which I intended to realter, but did not.

In the matter of the Rappings, I think a good name for the paper would be *The Ghost of the Cock Lane Ghost.*[†5] If Morley looks to that precious business, in the Annual Register, he will find (if I understand your account) that the two spirits are greatly alike.[†6] I was thinking that

Spirits far above proof

would be a good title. But it is a great thing in such a case to shew that the imposition is an old and exploded one.[†7]

Ever Faithfully W. H. Wills Esquire.CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 6 NOVEMBER 1852

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth November 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

A very fine ghost-story indeed. Nobly told, and wonderfully managed.[†8]

But it strikes me (fresh from the reading) that it would be very new and very

awful, if, when the narrator goes down into the parlor on that last occasion, she took up her sleeping charge in her arms, and carried it down—if the child awoke when the noises began—if they all heard the noises—but *only the child* saw the spectral figures, except that they all see the phantom child.*[†1] I think the real child crying out what it is she sees, and describing the phantom child as shewing it all to her as it were, and Miss Furnivall then falling palsy-stricken, would be a very terrific end.[†2]

What do you say to this? If you don't quite and entirely approve, it shall stand as it does. If you do quite and entirely approve, shall I make the necessary alteration in the last two MS pages, or will you?

It is a grand story, and the very thing for the Xmas No.

In great haste Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

(* The real child in a kind of wildness to get at it all the time, and held by the nurse.)

To W. H. WILLS, 6 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth November 1852 | Saturday

My Dear Wills.

Forster has invited himself to dinner—for the more effectual drawing-out of the superintendant,[†3] and for his greater ease and happiness.

King of Siam—related to the elephant, I suppose—a great fellow.[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 9 NOVEMBER 1852

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Ninth November 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I see your meaning; but I think a striking change may yet be made—generally to the effect of my first suggestion—and all you want, preserved nevertheless. I have considered it well, and still feel (subject of course to your agreeing with me) that the turn is greatly weakened by their all seeing those figures.

What I would propose to do, is, to leave the story just as it stands for a week or ten days—then to come to it afresh—alter it myself—and send you the proof of the

whole, and the manuscript (your original manuscript) of the altered part; so that if you should prefer the original to the alteration, or any part of the original to any part of the alteration, you may slash accordingly.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Arnold.[†1] P.S. I make this proposal, as knowing what I mean, better than I can describe it.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 11 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Thursday Evening | Eleventh November 1852

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

As I never write to you without having to acknowledge some new kindness on your part, and as I cannot bear the idea of voluntarily assisting you to be weary of me, I will give an air of novelty to this note by not thanking you at all.

I am in the happy condition of accepting your offer, for myself and mine, with the greatest pleasure. (The Dean and Chapter did me the kindness to invite me to the Funeral, but I *could not* contemplate the waiting in St Pauls, with any sort of philosophy, and pleaded other engagements.)

I send on the other side—emboldened only by your free license—a fearful list of twelve! It is reducible to any smaller number. Those who are not of my name, are of the Guild as you will see.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire | Ever Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens
Mrs. C.D.
Her Sister.
Mary Dickens
Kate Dickens.
Charles Dickens Junr.
Augustus Egg
Mr. Wills
Mrs. Wills
Frank Stone
Mrs. Stone
Miss Stone.[†2]

(On summing up the above, I feel—after Sterne—as if the Recording Angel—a fallen one—ought to drop a tear on the entry and blot it out for ever.[†3] It seems so horribly long.)

To THE REV. DR HAWTREY, [?12] NOVEMBER 1852

Text from N, II, 429. *Date:* misdated by CD; Friday was the 12th in 1852.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Friday Thirteenth November 1852

My Dear Dr. Hawtrey.

If it is not against the rules, may I ask for leave for my boy to see the Funeral Procession on Thursday, as I have an opportunity of putting him into an excellent place for the purpose?

If you will allow him to come home on Wednesday Evening, he shall be duly returned on Thursday Evening.

I was concerned to hear the other day that you had met with some inconvenience from an accident. I sincerely hope you are quite recovered.

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To T. F. DILLON CROKER,[†1] 13 NOVEMBER 1852

MS University of Michigan.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thirteenth November 1852

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your little book.[†2] Complying with your request with pleasure, I send you the enclosed note.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. F. Dillon Croker Esquire. I beg my kind regards to your father.

To W. H. WILLS, [?13 NOVEMBER 1852]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 13 Nov seems the last date on which CD could have gone through *HW*, No. 139, published 17 Nov.

My Dear Wills

You were to have sent me the Rapping advertisement,[†4] and have forgotten it. Therefore you must go over the enclosed slip carefully, before you return it to the

Printers, and fill in such blanks as I have indicated in my alterations on the margin. I will go through the No.[†1] tonight at 7, either here or at the office as you prefer—or if you will dine here at ½ past 5, better still, and we will do it after dinner. Let me know.

Faithfully Ever
CD

(*Over*)
I have just got the enclosed from Lord Normanby's brother at Florence.[†2] There is not much in it, but the subject—the Bible prisoners, man and wife—attracts so much attention just now, that I think it worth a push to get it into this Number.[†3] [†a]/Will you send the enclosed slip of the Deeds of Wellington to Mr. Bennett 65 Cheapside, saying that I have not time to write to suggest any slight alterations, but will he correct and return it, and if he should observe a line halting anywhere, make it bolder if he can./[†a]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Royal York Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Friday Ninteenth November | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

First, about the Home.

Shall I write to the woman at Boxley near Maidstone whose letter you enclosed to me in your last?[†4]

It has been necessary to discharge Stallion who turned out to be[†1] a ferocious temper, and probably would have done some serious damage to somebody if she had remained. Little Willis from the Ragged School having tried her hand at the Key and Bible business[†2] (in bed and in the dark, knowing it to be wrong) I told Mrs. Morson that unless she behaved very well, she should have no Marks for a month. After a day or two I went out, and she requested to see me, and said—I wish you could have seen her come in diplomatically to make terms with the establishment—"O! Without her marks, she found she couldn't do her work agreeable to herself"—"If you do it agreeable to us", said I, "that'll do".—"O! But" she said "I could wish not to have my marks took away".—"Exactly so," said I. "That's quite right; and the only way to get them back again, is to do as well as you can".—"Ho! But if she didn't have 'em giv' up at once, she could wish fur to go".—"Very well", said I. "You shall go tomorrow morning."

Both these dismissals had a very good effect in the house, particularly on the new girl from Mr. A Beckett: who was a little dubious, and to whom I speak very seriously, telling her that if she once got outside the gate we knew, better than she might think for now, what she would give, if she could, to come back. Mr. Tracey, having sent Stallion, discharged her. She had no clothes of her own, and, it being a very wet day, they gave her an old but decent bonnet and shawl—which she immediately threw away in the Lane. To provide for such a case again, I told Mrs. Morson to buy at a slopseller's, the commonest and ugliest and coarsest (but still clean and whole) woman's dress that she could possibly purchase, and invariably to keep such a thing by her. It occurs to me that they will be very beneficially astonished when we have occasion to bring it out.

All the rest doing very well, and no complaints.

I cannot by any means find out the truth about Kelly's soup-kitchen, because it is not in action. But it was certainly found that the Soup Kitchen and Hospice in Leicester Square[†3] had an effect directly the reverse of that which he predicts, and assembled the sturdy vagrants from all quarters. His convictions on the subject are so extraordinary, that I would strongly advise you to do nothing yet, but to let me keep my eye a little while upon the place. With that view, I retain the letter.[†4] I can hardly compass the possibility of its having the anticipated result, but we will fairly see.

In the matter of Household Narrative, I think, on looking back to the previous numbers, that there is nothing to be done, as to the Duke's Memory, beyond a general account of the Funeral Ceremony—unless there be anything that you

would *like* to add about his character. If you will send me anything, of course I will take care to append it in the right place.[†1] I came home yesterday in time to write an article for the next No. of Household *Words*[†2]—which I had kept open for the purpose, and which is now at press, of necessity—objecting to the whole State Funeral,[†3] and shewing why.[†4] I will send you a proof—tomorrow night, I hope—thinking you may like to read it.

The Military part of the show, was very fine.[†5] If it had been an ordinary Funeral of a great commander, it might have been impressive. I suppose for forms of ugliness, horrible combinations of color, hideous motion, and general failure, there never was such a work achieved as the Car.[†6]

It will be a great satisfaction to us, to know that Mrs. Brown keeps well. I have been so busy, leading up to the great turning idea[†7] of the Bleak House story, that I have lived this last week or ten days in a perpetual scald and boil.

With kindest regards

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, 19 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Nineteenth November | 1852.

My Dear Lord Shaftesbury.

I send you the enclosed documents from the lady you are so kind as to nominate.[†1] She conceives them to be necessary to the purpose.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl of Shaftesbury.

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, 20 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twentieth November | 1852.

My Dear Owen.

What do you think, as a general subject for a series of papers, of some articles describing the peculiarities and points of interest of many of the animals in the Zoological Gardens, under some such title as

Private lives of public friends

I think they would be very good in such hands as yours.[†2]

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Owen.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty First November 1852

My Dear Henry.

The enclosed occurred to me as a useful thing to leave on record about the State Funeral.[†3] I think it may have a good effect hereafter.

I don't want it returned. As it will not be published 'till Wednesday, don't, until then, shew it out of your office. But Chadwick, Southwood Smith, and Lord Shaftesbury can see it (if you would like to shew it to them) as soon as you like.[†4]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE, 22 NOVEMBER 1852†

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Second November 1852

My Dear Sir

[†a]I enclose the five little books for my five friends.[†1] If you will kindly undertake to distribute them, you will give them a new worth.[†a]

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite with me in kindest regards and remembrances to your sisters and all your family. And I am always My Dear Sir with much regard

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John T Lawrence Esquire.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 22 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Athenaeum | Monday Twenty Second November | 1852.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

Having just now finished my work for the time being, I turn in here in the course of a rainy walk, to have the gratification of writing a few lines to you. If my occupations with this same right hand were less numerous, you would soon be tired of me: I should write to you so often.

You asked Catherine a question about Bleak House. It's[†2] circulation is half as large again as Copperfield![†3] I have just now come to the point I have been patiently working up to in the writing, and I hope it will suggest to you a pretty and affecting thing.[†4] In the matter of Uncle Tom's Cabin, I partly though not entirely agree with Mr. James.[†5] No doubt a much lower Art will serve for the handling of such a subject in Fiction, than for a launch on the sea of imagination without such a powerful Bark; but there are many points in the book, very admirably done. There is a certain St. Clair,[†6] a New Orleans gentleman, who seems to me to be conceived with great power and originality. If he had not "a Grecian outline of face"[†7]—which I began to be a little tired of in my earliest infancy—I should think him unexceptionable. He has a sister too, a maiden lady from New England,[†8] in whose

person the besetting weaknesses and prejudices of the abolitionists themselves, on the subject of the Blacks, are set forth in the liveliest and truest colors and with the greatest boldness.[†1] She (I mean Mrs. Stowe) is a leetle unscrupulous in the appropriation way. I seem to see a writer with whom I am very intimate (and whom nobody can possibly admire more than myself) peeping very often through the thinness of the paper.[†2] Further I descry the Ghost of Mary Barton, and the very palpable mirage of a scene in the Children of the Mist;[†3] but in spite of this, I consider the book a fine one with a great and gallant purpose in it, and worthy of its reputation.[†4]

I have written for Household Words of this next publication-day, an article on the State Funeral, shewing why I consider it altogether a mistake to be temperately but firmly objected to; which I daresay will make a good many of the admirers of such things highly indignant. It may have right and reason on its side however, none the less.

Charley and I had a great talk at Dover about his going into the Army, when I thought it right to set before him fairly and faithfully the objections to that career, no less than its advantages. The result was, that he asked in a very manly way, for time to consider. So I appointed to go down to Eton on a certain day at the beginning of this month, and resume the subject. We resumed it accordingly at the White Hart at Windsor, and he came to the conclusion that he would rather be a merchant, and try to establish some good house of business, where he might find a path perhaps for his younger brothers, and stay at home, and make himself the head of that long, small procession. I was very much pleased with him indeed; he shewed

a fine sense and a fine feeling in the whole matter. We have arranged therefore, that he shall leave Eton at Christmas, and go to Germany after the holidays to become well acquainted with that language—now most essential in such a walk of life as he will probably tread.

And I think this is the whole of my news. We are always talking of you at home. Mary Boyle dined with us a little while ago, and Spencer Lyttelton came shortly before her, one Sunday. He seemed to be all wrong with Lord Spencer,[†5] and his wasted existence altogether, filled me with a dismal sort of uneasiness.[†6] You look out, I imagine, on a waste of water.[†7] When I came from Windsor, I thought I must

have made a mistake and got into a boat (in the dark) instead of a Railway Carriage. Catherine and Georgina send their kindest loves. I am ever with the best and truest wishes of my heart, My Dear Mrs. Watson, Your most affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 22 NOVEMBER 1852

Text from MDGH, I, 291.

Office of Household Words, Monday, Nov. 22nd, 1852.

My dear White,

First and foremost, there is no doubt whatever of your story[†1] suiting "Household Words." It is a very good story indeed, and would be serviceable at any time. I am not quite so clear of its suiting the Christmas number, for this reason. You know what the spirit of the Christmas number is. When I suggested the stories being about a highwayman, I got hold of that idea as being an adventurous one, including various kinds of wrong, expressing a state of society no longer existing among us, and pleasant to hear (therefore) from an old man. Now, your highwayman not being a real highwayman after all, the kind of suitable Christmas interest I meant to awaken in the story is not in it.[†2] Do you understand? For an ordinary number it is quite unobjectionable. If you should think of any other idea, narratable by an old man, which you think would strike the chord of the season; and if you should find time to work it out during the short remainder of this month, I should be greatly pleased to have it.[†3] In any case, this story goes straightway into type.

[†a]What tremendous weather it is! Our best loves to all at home. (I have just bought thirty bottles of the most stunning port on earth, which Ellis of the Star and Garter, Richmond, wrote to me of.)[†a]

I think you will find some good going[†4] in the next "Bleak House."[†5] I write shortly, having been working my head off.

Ever affectionately yours.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN LEECH, 23 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third November 1852

My Dear Leech.

If you should be disposed for a "Hout" next week—a day at Brighton or anywhere else where we could find change, a good walk, and fresh air—I am the

boy for such an admirable purpose! And if, in such a case, you will let me know what days next week are likely to be your best for the purpose, I will forthwith "propoge" an excursion and fix all needful time and place.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

John Leech Esquire.

To JOHN LEECH, 24 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Evening | Twenty Fourth November 1852

My Dear Leech.

I have no doubt whatever that a day out on Thursday in next week, will serve the almanack beyond measure. And, joking apart, if you can think of any place more likely to produce a Wrinkle[†1] than Brighton—though its the *Man* you will be out[†2] Sir, in which the suggestion lies as I take it—we will go to such place in preference. On Sunday at two I shall expect you. I will then be armed with a Bradshaw, and we will concert our diabolical purpose in detail.

We must not allow this extra mile[†3] to be any barrier to our old meetings. Life is not long enough to admit of any more Turnpike Gates in it than are there of necessity.

Master Beard will dine with us on Sunday,—and I trust in the Lord will not mention the Hounds.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 26 NOVEMBER 1852*

MS Douglas Library, Queen's University, Ontario.

Friday Twenty Sixth November 1852

My Dear Mark

In case you should have the will and power to fly to human refuge from this weather, I write to say that I am at the Athenaeum the whole afternoon, and open to any kind of engagement, festive or dramatic or both.

Ever affecy.

CD

I send a Duplicate of this to Gordon Street.[†5]

To MARK LEMON, 26 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Friday Twenty Sixth November 1852

My Dear Mark

In case you should have the will and power to fly to human refuge from this weather, I write to say that I am at the Athenaeum the whole afternoon, and open to any kind of engagement, festive or dramatic or both.

Ever affecy.

CD

I send a duplicate of this to Whitefriars.

To MRS DONOVAN,[†1] [?LATE NOVEMBER 1852]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 3 Dec. *Date:* probably written during the week before the letter to Miss Coutts.

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 30 NOVEMBER 1852

MS Bedford Hotel, Brighton. *Address:* Mr. Joseph Ellis | The Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Tuesday Evening Thirtieth November | 1852.

Dear Mr. Ellis.

I shall be obliged to you if you will order one of your excellent little dinners to be prepared for Mr. Leech and me, on Thursday afternoon next, at half past four. We contemplate a walk on the Downs that morning, and shall arrive at the Bedford in due time.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 30 NOVEMBER 1852

MS (fragment) Dickens House. "Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening | Thirtieth November 1852."

To [?F.K.] HUNT,[†2] NOVEMBER 1852

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current*, I, 50 (1914-16); MS 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, Nov 52.

In reference to a letter he has received that contains a mention of Mr. Hunt.

December

To MRS GASKELL, 1 DECEMBER 1852

MS John Rylands Library.

Office of Household Words | Wednesday First December 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I send you the proof of the Old Nurse's Story, with my proposed alteration. I shall be glad to know whether you approve of it. To assist you in your decision, I send you, also enclosed, the last slip but one, where the alteration begins. Of course if you wish to enlarge, explain, or re-alter, you will do it. Do not keep the proof longer than you can help, as I want to get to press with all despatch.

I hope I address this letter correctly. I am far from sure. In haste,

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Cranford???[†1]

To THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND, 1 DECEMBER 1852

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | First December 1852

I beg to certify to the Committee of the Literary Fund, that I know Miss Maria Goodluck as the authoress of a little book of poems for children (dedicated to myself),[†2] which I consider to possess a good deal of merit, though its pretensions are very small and modest. I can also strongly recommend her to the committee's favorable notice, as struggling hard to maintain a sick and afflicted sister, and as really striving to avoid such applications as that which she is now compelled to prefer to their excellent Institution.[†3]

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 DECEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening Third December | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have held a Council today with Mr. Austin and our rapid light-comedy friend the Doctor,[†4] on the subject of the Westminster Improvements.

The matter is now in this state. The survey and plans are completed, and the detailed estimates made out, for "the block" of houses lying between Willow Street and Cobourg Row, which stand in great need of efficient drainage, connected with good water supply. This district includes rather less than a third (at a rough calculation) of the whole district; and the estimates for the necessary improvements make the total cost (for 150 houses) £420.

These houses belong to about eighteen proprietors, of whom the greater part are reasonably well off; and the largest of these proprietors, one Mr. Bennet,[†1] appears to be a decent man. Now on going into the question carefully, it appears to us unreasonable that you should pay (if it can possibly be avoided) for the permanent improvement of their property. Our course we therefore propose to take thus:—Mr. Austin will see this Mr. Bennet, and the next large proprietor or two, and point out to them that for the sake of their poor tenants you have gone to the trouble and expence of having these surveys and estimates made, and of shewing them for how little money they can greatly improve the dwellings. If he find them reasonable, we then propose to put it to them that with such help and encouragement they ought to pay for the alterations on their property, and to use their influence with the smaller proprietors to do the like. (If they seem reasonable, we think it may be well to hold a little private meeting of them all, and talk to them). As it is a regular ingredient in that helpless state of ignorance, to suppose that sanitary improvement is very dear instead of very cheap; and as it is most likely that they will therefore plead a doubt of the estimates; we then propose to say "you may set your minds at rest on that score, for we guarantee to you, on the part of Miss Coutts, that they shall not be exceeded—in other words that if there be any excess, she will pay it." If it should turn out to be absolutely necessary to the good work that you should do more in the first instance, we can consult with you further on that point. But it seems so right that this should be our first attitude, and I feel so confident of your thinking so, that I have set this scheme in motion.

Our light-comedy friend Young Rapid, and Mr. Austin, are now inclined to think that if we could ask the sanction of the Commissioners of Sewers to this portion of the improvements, *with the proprietors' consent and co-operation,* they would not throw many obstacles in the way. And we could go to them with this portion of the plans and estimates only, and (their authority obtained) could go to work, while the remainder of the plans and estimates were yet being made out.[†2]

No more at present on that point. I now come to the Home.

Everything is quiet and comfortable there. I paid the bills for last month, which (with £5 petty cash to Mrs. Morson) amounted to £43..16..0.[†3] I wrote to the woman near Maidstone and she came up here with her daugher—a girl of only 16. She is a very decent woman, whose name is Donovan. Her sister's name is Wallis, and her sister wrote the letter to you, in consequence of Mrs. Donovan's "not being a

scholar". The girl comes from a bad school (where I dreamed my first dreams of authorship when I was six years old or so), namely Chatham, and I think she may

be of rather a shrewish temper; but it is undoubtedly a case to make trial of, and I have given Mrs. Morson instructions to fetch the girl.[†1]

—No more about that, and now I come to Charley. Dr. Hawtrey has broken up the school a few days before the time, in consequence of the vast quantity of outlying water in the neighbourhood;[†2] and the said Charley appeared with his boxes to day. The Doctor was very sorry to part with him, and, in proof of his popularity, he brought home nineteen presents of new books from boys. I enclose you his tutor's letter concerning him. The fee to which he refers, is one of three sets of fees amounting to Thirty Pounds[†3] which are paid by boys on going away. I quite agree with him on the gross and disagreeable nature of such transactions in such a place, and feel quite uncomfortable in complying with the custom. The companion fee of fifteen pounds to the Tutor, is one of ten pounds to the Doctor. I asked Charley when he gave me notice a week or two ago that these would have to be paid, whether he paid the Doctor's fee himself? He said "Yes. The way it was, was this. The boy called on the Doctor to say Good bye, and the Doctor went and stirred the fire, and the boy put ten pounds on the table"!

We hope Mrs. Brown continues to do well, and that you get brighter weather where you are (and where I dined yesterday!) than we get here. I look forward to sending you next week, a week or more before its publication, the extra Christmas No. of Household Words. It has cost me some pains, and I think is very pretty.

With kindest regards | Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours Miss
Burdett Coutts. CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS MORSON, 3 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Miss Grace Hughes.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening Third December | 1852.

Dear Mrs. Morson.

Will you send clothes as usual to
Mrs. Donovan
at Mr. Ball's[†4]
24 Browne Street, Queen Street
Edgeware Road

—for her daughter (a small girl of 16) whom I have accepted for admission? And will you also make an early appointment to fetch her. The mother seems to be a very decent woman who comes from near Maidstone; and as she may not have many opportunities of seeing the girl, and as it may do the girl some good, I have

told her you will let her come out and see her in the Home before she (the mother) goes back into the country, if she speaks to you on the subject.

I think the girl may have a temper; but it is decidedly a case to try.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 4 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fourth December 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I have received yours and its enclosures, safely, this morning.

I have no doubt, according to every principle of art that is known to me from Shakspeare downwards, that you weaken the terror of the story by making them all see the phantoms at the end. And I feel a perfect conviction that the best readers will be the most certain to make this discovery. Nous verrons. But it is greatly improved, and in making up the Xmas No. finally to day, I shall of course be careful to preserve the New Ending, exactly as you have written it. (I had considered that point about the child's describing what she saw, but had regarded the child as under a supernatural impulse to do so.)

You will find it, I think, a very pretty No. As soon as some copies are "worked" and pressed, I will send you one, a week or so in advance of its publication.

Your introduced reference on the child's part to the Lady of the Fells,[†1] strikes me as particularly good and picturesque.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND, 4 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Royal Literary Fund.[†2]

Tavistock House | Saturday Fourth December 1852

Gentlemen.

I did not anticipate when I had the honor of addressing a few words to you the other day, in recommendation of a poor Authoress,[†3] that I should so soon have occasion to trouble you again; and still less, that I should have the painful task of bearing my poor testimony to the appeal of a gentleman who has written so well as Mr. Charles Whitehead.[†4]

On a former occasion when I had a seat at your board, I believe I stated to you my

knowledge of Mr. Whitehead's position, and the admiration with which I had read his writings long before.[†1] Not to trouble you with a recapitulation of his case, I beg most earnestly to commend him once again to your favorable consideration, as a follower of literature by profession, who has done much and suffered more, and for whose misfortunes I entertain the liveliest sympathy.[†2]

I have the honor to be | Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

The Committee of The Literary Fund

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth December 1852

My Dear Henry

Miss Coutts is delighted with our move and all its details, and is so far from objecting to having Tennant's finger in the Sanitary pie in this stage of its baking, that she wishes it. Will you act accordingly.

Ever affectionately Henry Austin Esquire.CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 DECEMBER 1852†

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth December 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

A few words in answer to your note received this morning.

We arranged (though I omitted to say so) to take Mr. Tennant into council. The work would be done under the direction of the Board of Health, and the proprietors forewarned that they could not possibly interfere—their doing so, would be detrimental both to its efficiency and its cheapness, and could not on any consideration be allowed.

I will come to you, on your coming to town, whenever you appoint. (The afternoon would be best for me if equally convenient to you, as I am now again shut up in Bleak House). Charley and his two sisters will be delighted (and more) to come to Brighton for a day, whenever you appoint. I thought it best not to see Mr. Engelbach[†3] until I could take Charley with me. We will see him together, before I see you.

I *was* in Brighton last Thursday, but only dined and departed.

Of course I have nothing to say, about what don't concern me!—

I wish you could have seen a piece called Masks and Faces, which they are now playing at the Haymarket.[†1] It is delightful, and worthy of the best days of the stage.[†2]

With kindest regards

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS GASKELL, 6 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Manchester Central Library. *Address:* Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Monday Sixth December 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

Pray don't, in any corner cupboard of your mind, put away the least doubt or disparagement of the story. I read it carefully on Saturday (when I made up the Number finally) and did so with the greatest interest and admiration. My "nous verrons"[†3] was quite an honest one, leaving the question open—and I quite perceive the difficulties you suggest.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 DECEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Thursday Ninth December 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I know a certain Chevalier Bernhard Taüchnitz, at Leipzig, whom I think an extremely likely man to suggest a good place for Charley. He is a publisher by profession (the largest, I believe, in Germany), but is a gentleman of great honor and integrity too, and well acquainted with all the most celebrated men of letters in Europe. I have had many transactions with him, referring to all my books, and am well acquainted with him personally, and with his thoroughly good reputation besides.

I thought of him before, when Mr. Engelbach occurred to you. If you approve, I will write to him now. But I shall do nothing until I know that you think well of it.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 9 DECEMBER 1852

Text from MDGH, I, 292-3.

Tavistock House, Thursday Evening, Dec. 9th, 1852.

My dear White,

I hear you are not going to poor Macready's. Now, don't you think it would do you good to come here instead? *I* say it would, and I ought to know! We can give you everything but a bed (all ours are occupied in consequence of the boys being at home), and shall all be delighted to see you. Leave the bed to us, and we'll find one hard by. I say nothing of the last day of the old year, and the dancing out of that good old worthy that will take place here (for you might like to hear the bells at home); but after the twentieth, I shall be comparatively at leisure, and good for anything or nothing. Don't you consider it your duty to your family to come? *I* do, and I again say that I ought to know.

Our best love to Mrs. White and Lotty—happily so much better, we rejoice to hear—and all.

So no more at present from

THE INIMITABLE B.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 DECEMBER [1852]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 9 Dec was Thursday in 1852.

Tavistock House | Thursday Ninth December

My Dear Wills.

I am driven Mad by Dogs, who have taken it into their accursed heads to assemble every morning in the piece of ground opposite, and who have barked this morning *for five hours without intermission*—positively rendering it impossible for me to work—and making what is really so ridiculous, quite serious to me. I wish, between this and dinner, you would send John to see if he can hire a gun, with a few caps—some powder—and a few charges of small shot. If you duly commission him with a card, he can easily do it. And if I get those implements up here tonight, I'll be the death of some of them tomorrow morning.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eleventh December | 1852.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have forwarded your note to Mrs. Morson, and will see the girl shortly after her arrival.

Yesterday, I received the enclosed note from Mr. Austin, in answer to one of mine designed to freshen up Young Rapid.[†1] Would you wish to pursue the subject he opens? I know the Court very well, and it is one of the most intensely miserable in London, at present.[†2]

Ever Most Faithfully Yours Miss Burdett Coutts.CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 11 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eleventh December | 1852.

My Dear Henry.

Miss Coutts is at Brighton. I have written to ask her whether she would like to pursue the subject you open. Her reply I will communicate to you, as soon as I get it.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 11 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Eleventh December 1852 | Saturday Night

My Dear Henry.

Will you read the enclosed and let me know whether you will undertake to get the commission executed, and (if so) when I may expect to receive the—chest—or box—or whatever it will be?[†3] The money "may be heard of, at the Tavistock Arms", when wanted.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Fourteenth December | 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The enclosed is from Mr. Austin about the instruments.[†4] I presume you will like to have the complete equipment he describes, but I have delayed giving the final order until I hear from you. Will you therefore let me have one line by return of post?

Ever Most Faithfully | Yours Miss Burdett Coutts.CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 14 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth December 1852 | Tuesday

My Dear Henry.

I have little or no doubt that the order you describe,[†1] is what Miss Coutts means. But as I would like to be sure, I have written to her at Brighton to ask the question. If you will tell me to whom I shall write to say Yes—I suppose tomorrow—I will do so.

She says she would certainly like to know about the Fever houses.[†2] I think if the matter could be brought to bear *quickly,* it might be done—but not otherwise.

Ever affecy. Henry Austin Esquire.CD.

To J. H. NIGHTINGALE,[†3] 14 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Private. *Address:* J. H. Nightingale Esquire | Mail Newspaper Office | Liverpool.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Fourteenth December | 1852

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your pleasant little farce,[†4] which is very good and well-timed, and exceedingly compact.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS MACMILLAN,[†1] [10-15 DECEMBER 1852]*

MS Mr W. S. G Macmillan. *Date:* other letters before CD's in same album, thanking Macmillans for copies of Evans's sonnets, are dated from 10 Dec on; the sonnets were published before 15 Dec.

Gentlemen

I am much obliged to you for your note, and for the Sonnets.[†2] I have read them with very great pleasure, and they seem to me to give strong evidence of no common merit in a new writer.[†3] I wish he had chosen any other subject—for it strikes me that no topic ever considered since the earth was without form and void, has been so exhausted as the Death of the Duke of Wellington. This, however, may be some grievous peculiarity in my judgment.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

To MRS BROWN, 16 DECEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | Miss Burdett Coutts | Royal York Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Thursday Sixteenth December | 1852.

My Dear Mrs. Brown

You may faintly imagine my astonishment on receiving your packet last night. The enormous number of letters that come here from all parts of the earth, render general instructions necessary that nothing is to be taken in, on which postage requires to be paid. But of course there are exceptions perpetually,—as in the present inscrutable instance.

A servant whom I have had for twelve years, and who had attained to an almost preternatural sagacity in these things, having left me to be married (and to keep the Household Words office), has been replaced by a pastoral youth under whose administration I feel my brain reeling. Pray tell Miss Coutts of his horrible incapability. What *can* she have thought of my not answering such a letter at once! The idea of having lived for a fortnight with such a cool appearance upon me, makes me almost desperate, and impels me to shake the innocent cause of my degradation in the eyes I most care for.

Between 4 and 5 tomorrow, I will appear in Stratton Street. When I hope I may not be "REFUSED"[†1] too.

Ever Dear Mrs. Brown | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN LEECH, 16 DECEMBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 31 Notting Hill Terrace | Notting Hill.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth December 1852 | Thursday

My Dear Leech.

Oddly apropos of our vague intentions, I have received a note from White informing me of a "Testimonial" that is going to be given to him down there, on Thursday the 23rd.[†2] Could you manage to go down on Wednesday the 22nd.—walking from Ryde as we proposed—and return on Christmas Eve? The Evening of the 23rd. we might, if so dispoged, pass at Ryde or Portsmouth.

If you can contrive this, I am good for the enterprise, and will arrange the times and place of meeting. Reply as soon as you can.

Ever Faithfully John Leech EsquireCD.

To MRS GASKELL, 17 DECEMBER 1852

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Friday Seventeenth December | 1852

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I received your kind note yesterday morning with the truest gratification, for I *am* the writer of the Child's Story[†3] as well as of the Poor Relation's.[†4] I assure you, you have given me the liveliest and heartiest pleasure by what you say of it.

I don't claim for my ending of the Nurse's Story that it would have made it a bit better. All I can urge in its behalf, is, that it is what I should have done myself. But there is no doubt of the story being admirable as it stands, and there *is* some doubt (I think) whether Forster would have found anything wrong in it, if he had not known of my hammering over the proofs in making up the No., with all the three endings before me.

With kind regards to Mr. Gaskell[†1]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth December 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you Charley's papers, and the list of instruments.[†2] I observe in the latter that that terrific Theodolite of which I spoke, and the instruments for taking levels, are the giants of the groupe.[†3]

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 20 DECEMBER 1852

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Twentieth December | 1852

My dear Collins.

If I did not know that you are likely to have a forbearing remembrance of my occupations, I should be full of remorse for not having sooner thanked you for Basil.[†4]

Not to play the Sage or the critic (neither of which parts, I hope, is at all in my line) but to say what is the friendly truth, I may assure you that I have read the book with very great interest, and with a very thorough conviction that you have a call to this same art of fiction. I think the probabilities here and there require a little more respect than you are disposed to shew them,[†5] and I have no doubt that the Prefatory

letter[†1] would have been better away;[†2] on the ground that a book (of all things) should speak for, and explain, itself. But the story contains admirable writing, and many clear evidences of a very delicate discrimination of character.[†3] It is delightful to find throughout that you have taken great pains with it besides, and have "gone at it" with a perfect knowledge of the jolter-headedness of the conceited idiots who suppose that volumes are to be tossed off like pancakes, and that any writing can be done without the utmost application, the greatest patience, and the steadiest energy, of which the writer is capable.[†4]

For all these reasons, I have made Basil's acquaintance with great gratification, and entertain a high respect for him. And I hope that I shall become intimate with many worthy descendants of his, who are yet in the limbo of creatures waiting to be born.

Always faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire.

P.S.
I am open to any proposal to go anywhere any day or days this week. Fresh air and change, in any amount, I am ready for. If I could only find an idle man (this is a general observation) he would find the warmest recognition in this direction.

To THE HON. MRS EDWARD CROPPER,[†5] 20 DECEMBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Twentieth December 1852

My Dear Madam

I am much concerned to hear of Lord Denman's illness.[†6] He is one of the noblest spirits in the world, and I have ever held him in great honor and regard.

I should not return your confidence in the spirit in which I most sincerely receive it, if, after reading your last letter,[†1] I forbore to explain a few facts referring to the unfortunate subject of our correspondence, which may be interesting to you. Pray understand—I am sure you will—that I make no complaint whatever. I utterly remove Lord Denman from my mind as connected with any unconscious misrepresentations affecting myself, and, when I allude to them, only think of him as I have always known him.

Mrs. Jellyby gives offence merely because the word "Africa", is unfortunately associated with her wild Hobby.[†2] No kind of reference to Slavery is made or intended, in that connexion. It must be obvious to anyone who reads about her. I have such strong reason to consider, as the best exercise of my faculties of observation can give me, that it is one of the main vices of this time to ride objects to Death through mud and mire, and to have a great deal of talking about them and *not* a great deal of doing—to neglect private duties associated with no particular excitement, for lifeless and soulless public hullabaloo with a great deal of excitement, and thus seriously to damage the objects taken up (often very good in themselves) and not least by associating them with Cant and Humbug in the minds of those reflecting people whose sympathies it is most essential to enlist, before any good thing can be advanced.[†3] I *know* this to be doing great harm. But, lest I should unintentionally damage any existing cause, I invent the cause of emigration to Africa.[†4] Which no one in reality is advocating. Which no one ever did, that ever I

heard of. Which has as much to do, in any conceivable way, with the unhappy Negro Slave as with the Stars.

In the article on Slavery in Household Words,[†1] there is this emphatic conclusion. "Americans might so abolish Slavery as to produce with little or no cost—probably with profit to themselves—results incomparably greater than have been attained by England with a vast expenditure of money. Our cousins are capable of great works, and a great work lies at their door. Heartily glad shall we be when they shall begin to leave off whipping their Negroes, and shall set steadily to work to whip the Britishers in the results to be obtained out of enlightened efforts to give the Slave freedom both of mind and body. This Victory over ourselves America may win, and England shall be foremost in the celebration of her triumph."[†2]—Will you look to the pamphlet republished from the Standard, and see if you discover the least recognition of such words as these?[†3]

Why does the article (of which I wrote no part, but the high and genuine praise of Mrs. Stowe's book)[†4] argue the question so temperately and mildly?[†5] I have been in America, and know the Americans very well. I may have been plainer and bolder among them on this question—at all times steadily refusing, even in the Slave districts, to compromise it or gloss it in the least—than most English travellers *while there*.[†6] Of that, I say nothing. But the American Slave Owners are an extremely proud and obstinate race—I suppose the most obstinate race on the face of the Earth. If I wanted to exhibit myself on this subject, I know perfectly well that a few pages of fiery declamation in Household Words would make their way (wafted by the Anti Slavery Societies) all over the civilized earth. But I want to help the wretched Slave. Now I am morally certain that when public attention has been called to him by pathetic pictures of his sufferings and by the representation in deservedly black colors of his oppressors, the way to save him, is, *then* to step in with persuasion and argument and endeavour to reason with the holders, and shew them that it is best, even for themselves, to consider their duty of abolishing the system. I can imagine nothing more hopeless than the idea, while they are smarting under attack, of bullying or shaming them.[†7] You might as well fire pistols at the

Alps. Further than this, I apprehend there will soon be a War in Europe. The only natural alliance for England then, is with America. If the Slavery issue should then be so full of green wounds as to hold America aloof, I think I plainly see that the great mass of our people will say, "we have thrown this great and powerful friend away for the sake of the Blacks"—and that the Blacks will for a long time afterwards have a very small share of popular sympathy. All these points I take into consideration to the best of my ability, wrong or right.

The pamphlet complains of my calling Mrs. Stowe's book, a work of fiction.[†1] I believe I have done my part in presenting truths under that guise, but I never heard my books called by any other name, and I never wrote that I was mortally aggrieved or injured by their bearing that designation. To say of Mrs. Stowe's book that it has "Occasional overstrained conclusions and violent extremes",[†2] is a great offence. But I call it a very overstrained conclusion and a very violent extreme, and a damaging absurdity to the Slave himself, to set up the Colored race as capable even of subduing the White. I pointed this out to Mrs. Stowe herself, who replied to me that she had not that intention.[†3] In her execution, however, I still think it to be there. But greatly admiring the book, and highly sympathizing with its purpose, I entered into no details of objection but enthusiastically commended it. I have been assured on reasonably good authority—Mrs. Stowe's—that she was animated to that task by being a Reader of mine. It is not very reasonable—do you think it is?—to turn it as an angry weapon against me.

The pamphlet, being angry with me on these wholly mistaken grounds, objects that I come in at the Death of chancery and might have attacked it before.[†4]—The most serious and pathetic point I tried with all indignation and intensity to make, *in my first book,* (Pickwick) was the slow torture and death of a chancery prisoner.[†5] From that hour to this, if I have been set on anything, it has been on exhibiting the abuses of the Law.[†6]

I have no right to say exactly four words of objection to Uncle Tom's Cabin (amidst the most ardent praise of it) because I converted Mr. Scrooge by a Christmas Dinner.[†1] It is as much a fact as the Docks at Liverpool—for there is the printed book which cannot be unprinted—that I converted Mr. Scrooge by teaching him that a Christian heart can not be shut up in itself, but must live in the Past, The Present, and the Future, and must be a link of this great human chain, and must have sympathy with everything. Suppose I were to take it into my head to claim to have converted Mr. Scrooge by a street doorkey, or a patent Mangle, or an Elephant, or a Monkey. Could I possibly, while the print and paper lasted, alter the fact in the least?

Pray do not, therefore, be induced to suppose that I ever write merely to amuse, or without an object. I wish I were as clear of every offence before Heaven, as I am of that. I may try to insinuate it into people's hearts sometimes, in preference to knocking them down and breaking their heads with it (which I have observed them apt to resent,—and then they fall upon the object and do it an injury) but I always have it. Without it, my pursuit—and the steadiness, patience, seclusion, regularity, hard work, and self-concentration, it demands—would be utterly worthless to me. I should die at the oar, and could die a more contemptible and worthless death in no man's eyes than in my own.

My Dear Madam | Very faithfully Yours

Mrs. Cropper.

To W. F. DE CERJAT, 20 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* W. F. De Cerjat Esqre. | Lausanne | Switzerland.

Tavistock House, London | Monday Evening Twentieth December 1852.

My Dear Cerjat.

I am much concerned to hear that you have not been well this winter, and most sincerely hope you are well again—well enough to keep a merry Christmas and come gaily into a happy New Year, with the heartiest and friendliest loves of me and mine towards all your house.

Looking to the date of your last letter, I feel as if I were a perfect ruffian of a correspondent; but I really think so often of my friends in writing my books, and have the happiness of knowing they think so much of me in reading them, that I have a sort of stupid sense as if they served for letters, and accounted for my having little time for that kind of writing—though I cannot bear to be thought neglectful by those whom I warmly esteem, and am perpetually writing to them direct too,—in my good intentions.

If you have had half as much Wet in Switzerland as we have had in England, you must have been washed by this time something nearer to the Lake than when I left

Lausanne. For two months it has been incessantly raining.[†1] At last, however, we have had a noble afternoon; and now the stars are shining brightly out of a clear blue sky. So I for one, am willing to let byegones be byegones, if they will only conduct themselves as their name implies.

I feel as if I ought to ask *you* about the question of a new Ministry that everybody is fussing about here,[†2] for I know how much you lookers-on at the game, see of the hands, and how closely you follow them. Apart from any political feeling, I think the evasion, shifting, and juggling, with which Ld. Derby's government took office has, for many years if not for ever, materially damaged the character and honor of public men in England, and alienated the great mass of people from any lingering disposition to believe in them. I am therefore glad of their downfall, as the only scrap of moral to a very sorry fable.[†3]

So much for public matters, about which you and I in my happy Lausanne days generally used to contrive to agree in the main. Of private affairs, I dare say poor dear Mrs. Watson will interest you and Mrs. Cerjat most. She is living, quiet and secluded, at Rockingham, of which the greater part is mournfully shut up, and will be until the eldest boy shall come of age in the fulness of time.[†4] She has become very tranquil and resigned, and in everything conducts herself like the admirable creature she is. We write to one another pretty often, but I have not seen her since dear Watson's death, and am not likely to, now, until after her confinement—which she expects in February.[†5] I heard from her last, some fortnight ago; and I was happy to find her interested again in many outward matters. She has been sketching a stained-glass window, to be put up in their little church near his Tomb. I cannot quite remember whether I have written

to you since his death. He dined here on the day before he left town, and I never saw him in such good spirits, or so full of plans of hospitality and enjoyment for the future.

I have taken Charley from Eton, and am going to send him to Germany, as I want him to be Master of the language.—I am very closely occupied, but am already looking forward to the completion of Bleak House in August, and to bachelor wanderings afterwards, into Switzerland and Italy.[†6]—We are all well, thank God—thriving, and happy. I hope you will see the Xmas No. of Household Words, which has some very pretty stories in it—the first two, mine.[†7]—I was much struck by

what you wrote me of the treatment of the Brute Creation.—My Dear Cerjat these are the mere heads of a note, but if they serve to suggest to you that you and yours are much in *my* head—and heart too—they will have done what I most want them. With heartily affectionate regards, Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

(No room for the flourish!)

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | Twentieth December 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have written to order the instruments as you request. My whole moral Being is now absorbed in intense curiosity to know what shape and what size the chest will be. I represent it to myself as like a Grand Piano without the legs.

I cannot make the sum total of Charley's bills (memorandum enclosed)[†1] and the Shepherds Bush bills, your total.[†2]

Fearing that my not saying so might involve some other account in confusion, I think it right to mention the total incapability of my arithmetic to get at your result.

With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 20 DECEMBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* With a bottle | John Leech Esquire | Notting Hill Terrace.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | Twentieth December 1852

My Dear Leech.

Firstly. I suppose that but for your profound confidence in the brilliant undersigned, you might by this time have imagined that he was oblivious of promises made at Cocks in Fleet Streets,[†3] after expeditions to Brightons. Not so, however, as you will be fully prepared to hear. Tennyson's poems are out of print, and reprinting in a new Edition in one Volume.[†4] When that Edition emerges from the Press, it will bloom on Notting Hill. The strong water distilled from the cherry of the Black Forest, is, I am astounded to discover, *all gone.* But I send in its stead, a bottle of a sweet wine of rare perfection, made from the Muscatelle Grape. Drunk with ice, or ice pudding, you will find it most delicious—with a generous and fragrant smack of the bright sun in it, that I have very seldom tasted. It was

presented to me some years ago by a Merchant (this sounds, I find as I write it, like the Arabian Nights), and is really an uncommon—shall I say, Article.

Secondly. I don't think White is to be managed at the end of the month, because I have to be producible on the 29th.[†1] and also on the 31st.[†2] (when I hope to dance a Sir Roger or so, with Mrs. Leech). But on the 30th. or at any other time with these reservations, I am more than ready for a "Hout"—being in a state at present, of blackguard reckless idleness (I left off work yesterday) more easily to be con[†3] &c &c &c &c

Ever Heartily Yours John Leech Esquire.CD.

To WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD,[†4] 20 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Twentieth December 1852 | Monday Evening

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your kind note, and wish it were in my power to avail myself of either or both of your agreeable proposals.

But it is so essential to me, at that period of the month, to have my time entirely at my own disposal and to keep my own company uninterrupted, that I shall only be able to go to Birmingham an hour or two before the dinner,[†5] and shall have no choice but to return in the course of that same night.

I am not mistaken, I think, in my remembrance of our last meeting when I believe that you knew and had a regard for Macready. He is much afflicted. Almost as soon as he was established in his beautiful retirement at Sherborne, his wife fell very ill, and, after lingering some time, followed their eldest daughter to the grave. His eldest son, for the same dread complaint, is now sent to Madeira. On the very day he sailed, his third son was sent home from school unexpectedly—as I fear, to die.[†6]

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William Scholefield Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 20 DECEMBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twentieth December 1852 | Monday Evening

My Dear Stone.

Every appearance of brightness! Shall I expect you tomorrow morning? If so, at what hour?

I think of taking Train afterwards, and going down for a walk on Chatham Lines. If you can spare the day for fresh air and an impromptu bit of fish and chop, I can recommend you one of the most delightful of men for a companion. O he is indeed refreshing!!!

Ever Affecy. Yours

CD.

To CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN, 22 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Mrs M. C. Armstrong.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Second December 1852

My Dear Captain Morgan.

I was delighted the other day to see your hand writing again, and immediately smoked a Cigar in your honor.[†1] The children fell to work upon the biscuits with exceeding vigor, and you were (and usually are) almost as often in our mouths as either of those commodities.

All your friends here, have been quite amazed at your not sailing over the salt sea, backward and forward, perpetually. For when you began to talk about retiring from the watery plough, we all said "Lord bless you, he is going to begin to be *always* aboard ship now"; but our wisdom was at fault.[†2] If you don't reappear soon, we think of building a joint stock clipper to be called the Defiance, and for evermore cutting you out.

All sorts and conditions of men[†3] send you their regards. My wife and her sister send their loves, Mrs. Morgan permitting. They are particularly anxious to know how the young lady is who took the dry one.[†4] You see her frequently, I have no doubt.

Very Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 22 DECEMBER 1852

Extract from Kurt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, p. 52.

Tavistock House, London, December 22nd, 1852.

Perhaps you may be able to advise me on a subject that now occupies my mind. If you can, I feel sure you will, in your kindness.

My eldest boy, who is now sixteen, I have just taken from Eton (I daresay you know the great public school there, by name) with the intention of sending him to Germany, where I wish him to acquire the language perfectly. He is a clever, well-educated boy of sixteen years of age, and was at first designed for the army; but he has a preference for mercantile pursuits.

Now, I wish to place him with some German gentleman, in whose family he would live happily; would obtain a scholarly knowledge of German and French (of the latter he knows a good deal already); would be overlooked and taken care of, as every boy requires to be; and would not lose what he has already learned. I think this would be greatly preferable to sending him to a German University; but I do not know of any such Tutor for him, or how, or where, I am likely to find one [on][†1] whom I could thoroughly rely. Is it in your power to help me with your advice and recommendation?[†2] Pray forgive my troubling you.

To [MR COLLINS],[†3] [?23 DECEMBER 1852]

Mention in next.

To W. WILKIE COLLINS, 23 DECEMBER 1852†

MS [aa]Morgan Library; [bb]Yale University Library.

[a]Tavistock House | Twenty Third December 1852

My Dear Collins

I am suddenly laid by the heels in consequence of Wills having gone blind without any notice—I hope and believe from mere temporary inflammation. This obliges me to be at the office all day to-day, and to resume my attendance there tomorrow. But if you will come there tomorrow afternoon—say, at about 3 o'Clock—I think we may forage pleasantly for a dinner in the city, and then go and look at Christmas Eve in Whitechapel—which is always a curious thing.[a]

[b]I enclose you an odd note received Yesterday Evening from a namesake of yours. I have answered it, by giving my correspondent the piece of information[†4] required.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire[b]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third December 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I received the enclosed this morning. It is one of those letters that I think I ought to send to you, though always recognizing the great probability of your really being unable to pursue the subject.

I am happy to say that the little piece of business between the Sun and myself, came off with the greatest success.[†1] I took Mr. Stone with me, thinking Mr. Maclise might be hardly patient enough. The Artist who operated,[†2] is quite a Genius in that way, and has acquired a large stock of a very singular knowledge of all the little eccentricities of the light and the instrument. The consequence of which, is, that his results are very different from those of other men. I am disposed to think the portrait, *by far the best specimen* of anything in that way, I have ever seen. Some of the peculiarities inseparable from the process—as a slight rigidity and desperate grimness—are in it, but very greatly modified. I sat five times. It is not come home yet, as it is waiting for a case; but I hope you will be pleased with it. I shall have a request to make to you when you come back to town again, if you think well of the picture, which I hope and trust you will not refuse.

Your mysterious letter would have driven me to Shepherd's Bush instantly, but that the Sub Editor of Household Words has suddenly and without the least notice gone blind (from temporary cold, I hope) and involved me in such a heap of confusion as you may faintly imagine when such a Mill is stopped in full whirl.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 24 DECEMBER 1852

MS Benoliel Collection.

In the Forlornest Mess I ever saw. | Christmas Eve 1852.

My Dear Mark. *We* have been punctual to our tryst. You may hear of [us][†3] at Simpson's[†4]—where we go for a Rabbit.

Ever Yrs.

CD

To W. H. WILLS, 24 DECEMBER 1852

MS Huntington Library.

Office of Household Words, | Christmas Eve 1852

My Dear Wills.

I have gone carefully through the Number[†5]—an awful one for the amount of correction required—and have made everything right. If my mind could have been

materialised, and drawn along the tops of all the spikes on the outside of the Queen's Bench prison, it could not have been more agonized than by the Golden Vale;[†1] which for imbecility, carelessness,[†2] slovenly composition, relatives without antecedents, universal chaos, and one absorbing whirlpool of jolterheadedness, beats anything in print and paper I have ever "gone at" in my life.[†3]

I shall come and see how you are, tomorrow. Meantime everything is in perfect trim in these parts, and I have sent down to Stacey to come here and top up with a final interview before I go.

Just after I had sent the Messenger off to you yesterday concerning the toll-taker memoranda,[†4] the other[†5] idea came into my head—and, in the most obliging manner, came out of it.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

Here is Mark perpetually flitting about Brydges Street[†6] and hovering in the neighbourhood—with a veil of secresy drawn down over his chin, so ludicrously transparent, that I can't help laughing while he looks at me.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 25 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Mr Robert K. Black.

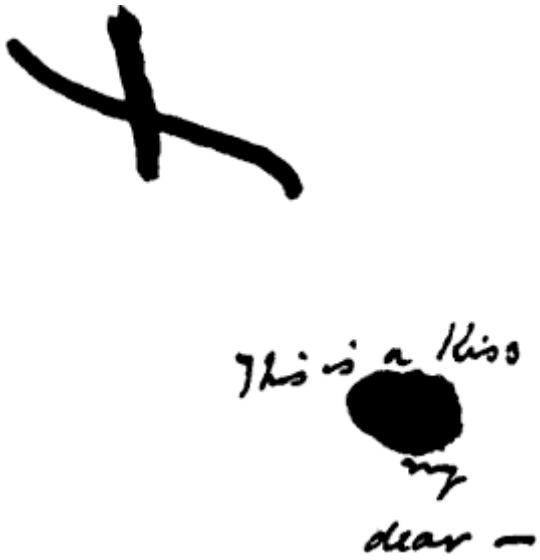
Tavistock Farm | Christmas Day 1852

My own darling Mary.

No end of merry Christmases and Happy New Years to you my gal!

Missis being out I don't wait for her to write respecting of the young woman as you proposes for to make me acquainted with[†7] but my dear Mary I doe assure you

that there an't a many young women as I should so much like fur to know as *her* which You will I hope my own tell her that much from him as is still yourn and knowing as you ant no cause to be jealous for all that I am certain beforehand as I shall a Door her O Mary wen you come to read the last chapter of the next number of Bleak House I think my ever dear as you will say as him what we knows on as done a pretty womanly thing as the sex will like and as will make a sweet pint for to turn the story on my heart alive for such you are[†1] and so no more at present but yourn in Sir Rodger dee Coverley and reels as long as we can bear it and say to that young woman my always Imbraceable Mary as I hopes To dance with her much for I do A preciate on her and likeways my Rosy Posy for such it is well known you ever must be and let me see the man as says no to it and it will be the worse for is Ed and so I tell him candid i have had cast I on pillers put undersneath the dancing room which will prevent you and her from falling intoe the Kitching my ever blue ming Mary



To THE REV. THEODORE BUCKLEY,[†1] 25 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Mr P. J. Radford.

Tavistock House | Christmas Day 1852

My Dear Sir

Pray accept my thanks for the book[†2] you have had the kindness to send me.

And allow me to remind you that Mrs. Dickens hopes to see you on Friday evening the 31st. at 9 o'Clock.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Theodore Buckley

To WILLIAM J. CLEMENT, 25 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* W. J. Clement Esquire | The Council House | Shrewsbury.

Tavistock House | Christmas Day 1852

My Dear Clement

First and foremost, Mrs. Dickens and her sister send you and yours their heartiest wishes—with mine united to them—for many many Merry Christmases and Happy New Years to you all.

Secondly, I cannot sufficiently thank you for your splendid present, which is the wonder and admiration of all beholders, and occupies at this moment a proud position on the Dining Room

sideboard.[†4] I am more sensible than I could readily tell you, of the genial and cordial feeling with which I know it comes to me, and which will ever make our first meeting at Shrewsbury a most delightful recollection to me.[†5]

As I shall have tomorrow, to write to the Birmingham Dinner Committee, I will take care that you have a ticket, come what come may.[†6] I will write to you again as soon as it is to be got; and I shall look forward to the happiness of shaking hands with you there, and being within speaking distance all the time if possible.

My Dear Clement | With true regard | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William J Clement Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 DECEMBER 1852†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Christmas Day, 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts.

May God bless you, and send you and all who are dear to you a long bright store of Merry Christmases and happy years!

I cannot resist the temptation I feel to send you the result of the interview between myself and the Sun.[†1] I am so anxious that you should like it if you can. It came home last night, and Mr. Stone has been prowling about it and hovering round it this morning with such intense satisfaction, that I suppose it *must have* something good in it. I don't pretend to such a knowledge of my own face, as I claim to have of other peoples' faces.

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To G. LINNAEUS BANKS,[†2] 26 DECEMBER 1852

Text from *Aris's Birmingham Gazette,* 23 Oct 1869, p. 4.; ([aa]from MDGH, I, 296.

Tavistock House | Sunday, Twenty-Sixth December, 1852.

My dear Sir,

I will not attempt to tell you how affected and gratified I am by the intelligence your kind letter conveys to me.[†3] Nothing could be more welcome to me than such a mark of confidence and approval from such a source, nothing more precious, or that I could set a higher worth upon.

I hasten to return the gauges, of which I have marked one as the size of the finger, from which this token will never more be absent as long as I live.[†4]

With feelings of the liveliest gratitude and cordiality towards the many friends who so honour me, and with many thanks to you for the genial earnestness with which you represent them,

I am, my dear Sir, | Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

G. Linnaeus Banks, Esq.

[a]P.S.—Will you do me the favour to inform the dinner committee that a friend of mine, Mr. Clement, of Shrewsbury, is very anxious to purchase a ticket for the

dinner, and that if they will be so good as to forward one for him to me I shall feel much obliged.[a]

To FRANK STONE, 27 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Seventh December | 1852.

My Dear Stone.

Even the Inimitable can make a mistake. Amazing fact!

But I have been engaged these six weeks, to Lemon for tonight!!! Confused by the Christmas and Sunday coming together, I had not the least remembrance of its being Boxing night, and should probably not have thought of it but for his reminder this moment received. I am irrevocably pledged to a Dinner and a Pantomime.[†1] Stanfield is of the party, and I hope may remember it better than I did. I am really sorry to have made such a ridiculous blunder.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 28 DECEMBER 1852

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | 27 Porchester Terrace | Bayswater.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening | Twenty Eighth December 1852

My Dear Mrs. Clarke.

This comes from your ancient (and venerable) manager,[†2] in solemn state, to decide the Wager.[†3]

The Host's Story[†4] is by Edmund Ollier—an excellent and true young poet, as I think.[†5]

You will see a turning-point in the two green leaves this next month, which I hope will not cause you to think less pleasantly and kindly of them.[†1]

And so no more at present, from Yours always

Very faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening | Twenty Eighth December 1852

My Dear Miss Coutts

You will see by the enclosed, that the Instruments—not waiting for the new instructions—have already gone to your house.

I am extremely pleased that you think so well of the miniature.[†2] And in fact, I am altogether pleased and contented, having been to a dinner of poor people today[†3] (no business of yours, as you say to me) which has sent me home in a good humour with the world in general, and where I am only sorry you were not.

I hope Mrs. Brown is by this time better again, and with kindest regards to her and Mr. Brown, am ever dear Miss Coutts

Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To THE REV. SEPTIMUS HANSARD,[†4] 28 DECEMBER 1852

Extract in John Wilson catalogue No. 33 (1978); *MS* (3rd person): 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 28 Dec 52; addressed The Rev. Septimus Hansard.

Sending a contribution towards the emigration expenses of Mr William Grant[†5] . . . in consequence of having heard from Grant that Mr Hansard is so kind as to receive such help for him.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 DECEMBER 1852

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Ninth December | 1852.

My Dear Wills.

It is evident that Horne (notwithstanding his outfit of Tent, Cart and what not) has abandoned the Digging idea,[†1] and already begun to live upon the reserved Fund sent out to insure his capability of return.[†2] I am afraid this looks unpromising.

One of his poems (Sir Hawkwise) very indifferent. The other (a Christmas piece) must of course stand over now.[†3]

I am concerned to see that he supposes the arrangement with Mrs. Horne never to have been discontinued.[†4] I think it would be best if you would send for her and see her on the subject; seriously representing to her that her secrecy and reserve[†5] have rendered it impossible for either you or I[†6] to approach the question, or at all to divine what has been in her mind respecting it.[†7] I have not the least objection to your saying this as strongly as you like, and representing to her that you know you express my opinion. The arrangement I suppose must be resumed. She is staying with Miss Gillies[†8] at Highgate and was here the day before yesterday. If it will give you no inconvenience to see her,—don't delay. She may otherwise write to Horne with the matter in abeyance, and involve us in the Devil's own confusion—(Here I fall upon my knees, and ask your fair Secretary's[†9] pardon for my intemperate language.)

I was obliged to go yesterday, to an Annual One o'Clock dinner to poor people, given by Miss Coutts,[†1] which detained me later than I expected and prevented my calling on you. To day I have to get to work on the Child's History,[†2] and afterwards to go to Shepherd's Bush, and after that to preside at the dinner which you ought to assist at.[†3] The whole of the performances to conclude with a whitlow on my right forefinger, which makes it difficult for me to write, to dress my self, to brush my hair, take my bath, shake hands with anybody, or do anything.

I number all the papers I send, to prevent your falling into pits of confusion.

No. 1 is from one Caudle[†4]—to whom I have a dim idea that we gave some money for Emigration purposes.[†5] The two papers (newspapers) along with it, are, I suppose, the papers to which he refers. There is nothing to be done on that head, as I take it.[†6]

No. 2 are Murray's[†7] hints.[†8] I see no objection to using chapter 5 as final Hints, and not using chapter 4 at all.[†9] Please to observe that these chapter numerals belong to his MSS, and have nothing to do with my present indexing for your clearer understanding.

No. 3 is a letter, referring (I suppose) to the nine hundred and ninety nine thousandth Colonial Ass who wanted us to print in H.W. some saw-dusty Literature out of the Port-Something Journal. You may recollect the case. It is needless for me to see the man who writes. So I hand him over to you.

I don't think I can finish the Child's History in one morning, for I have got my favorite ruffian Henry the Eighth to deal with.[†1] Will you let me know, by John, your proposed Make-Up for the next No.[†2] I don't see, among my proofs, any good first article.[†3] Child's Play is the smallest beer I ever saw brewed from such strong materials.[†4] Don't leave out the Dirty old man.[†5] He is capital.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, 30 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Dickens House.

Office of Household Words, | Thursday Thirtieth Decr. 1852

My Dear Clark.

I write to you in haste—and with a hurt hand—as I shall be away tomorrow, and might otherwise lose the Steamer.

It not being easy to remit the £40[†6]—or 200[†7] Dollars—exactly as you suggest, my bankers Messrs. Coutts & Co. have credited you with that sum at Messrs. Barclay and Livingstone's[†8] in New York. You will merely have to apply for it, and pay it (if you will be so kind) to Mr. Carpentier.[†9]

I am much pleased with "the little tome",[†10] and particularly with that part of it to which you call my attention.[†11] But we never *re*publish anything in these pages (if I know it), and to make this exception would be against the whole design of the Journal. Nor do I think that any London publisher would be likely to venture on a

reprint of a book that is not a continuous story. I have spoken to mine, and they say certainly not.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in kind regards to Mrs. Clark.[†1] I hope you may be able to read this, but my hand is poulticed and bandaged.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

Fifty thousand loving remembrances to my dear Irving.[†2]

To JOHN JAFFRAY,[†3] 31 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Thirty First December 1852

My Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for your kind note received this morning, and for the ticket in behalf of Mr. Clement, who is one of the most hearty, hospitable, and generous of men.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Jaffray Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?LATE 1852]*

MS Mrs Margaret B. Marshall. *Date:* second half of 1852 on signature; content implies that CD is in London, hence probably after 18 Oct.

I am sorry to say that I am already engaged for the day you so kindly name to me, and that I cannot escape. I write a very short note, in order not to lose the Monday Morning post.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS CHAPMAN, 1852

Envelope only. Mention in Stanley Gibbons Auctions catalogue, 16-17 June 1977. Addressed Thomas Chapman; dated 1852.

To CHARLES ROSS,[†1] [1852]

Mention in *American Prices Current,* v, 1919-21. Dated 1852.

To MARK S. O'SHAUGHNESSY,[†2] [?1850-2]

Mention in O'Shaughnessy *to* Forster, 12 June 72. *Date:* most likely in the early years of *HW,* but after Nov 50 (see below).

Replying to his remonstrance about CD's insertion in Household Words *of articles calculated to be offensive to Roman Catholics*[†3] *and to deprive them of the pleasure and advantage otherwise derivable from such a publication.*

[For Addenda, see p. 860.]

Addendum

To EDMUND FRY,[†1] 25 APRIL 1850*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fifth April 1850.

My Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of enclosing you half a dozen autographs.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Fry Esquire

P.S.
I feel bound to add that although I yield to no one in a horror of war, and all its miseries and wrongs, I do not think the proceedings of the Peace Societies calculated to advance the end they have in view.[†2]

Corrigenda

To F. M. EVANS, [?25 APRIL 1851]*

MS Mr A. Surtees. Full text of *To* Evans, ?25 Apr 51 (see p. 367) now available. *Date:* clearly the note mentioned in *To* Evans, 27 Apr 51, written on Friday night, but delivered on Saturday. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Night.

My Dear Evans

Do you know of anyone who keeps prettily bound copies of Copperfield? Does Chapman for instance? I want one (not in the common binding if possible) at the office in the course of the day to send away by Railroad.

Ever Yours | CD.

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To F. M. EVANS, 30 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Mr A. Surtees. Full text of *To* Evans, 30 Nov 51 (see p. 552, where dated ?8-11 Dec 51) now available.

Tavistock House | Sunday Thirtieth November | 1851.

My Dear Evans. I send you the Child's History, revised, with all needful papers thereunto appertaining. I have read it with a good deal of pleasure!

You now want King John. *When* do you want him?

Faithfully Ever | CD.

Volume VII

1853 – 1855

1853

January

To CLARKSON STANFIELD,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1853

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

H. M. S. Tavistock | 2nd. January 1853

Yoho old Salt!—Neptun' ahoy!—You don't forget, messmet, as you was to meet Dick Sparkler[†2] and Mark Porpuss[†3] on the fok'sle of the good ship Owsell Words[†4] Wednesday next ½ past 4? Not you, for when did Stanfell ever pass his word to go anywheers and not come! Well. Belay my heart of oak, belay. Come alongside the Tavistock same day and hour, 'stead of Owsell Words. Hail your shipmets, and they'll drop over the side and jine you, like two new shillings a droppin into the Purser's pocket. Damn all loblolly boys[†5] and swabs,[†6] and give *me* the lad with the tarry trousers which shines to me like di'mings bright![†7]

To J. V. STAPLES,[†8] 5 JANUARY 1853

Text from N, II, 443.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square. | Fifth January 1853

My Dear Sir,

I beg to explain to you in reply to your sensible letter that I have purposely disencumbered the Child's History[†9] of dates (though I think it mentions more dates than you suppose) in order to increase its romantic and attractive air. It is my hope, by presenting the truth in an agreeable and winning form, to lead young people to take an interest in the dates belonging to it, and to pursue it further.

I could not therefore embody more figures in the text of the little History without a departure from my original intention.[†10] If any striking way should occur to me of

adding a reference to the periods of the principal events, to the last volume, I will consider it.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 6 JANUARY 1853

Mention in catalogue of Library of Jonas Skougaard, Oslo, 9 Sep 1969; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 6 Jan 53; addressed Clarkson Stanfield.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS,[†2] 7 JANUARY 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Mivart's Hotel[†3] | Brook Street.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Friday Seventh January 1853

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have been down to this Saint Mark's District[†4] today, as a reasonably bad day on which to see it at its worst, and have looked well over it. It is intensely poor in some parts; and chiefly supported by river, wharf, and dock, employment; and by some lead mills. In one corner is a spot called Hickman's Folly[†5] (a Folly it is much to be regretted Hickman ever committed), which looks like the last hopeless climax of everything poor and filthy. There is a public house in it, with the odd sign of the Ship Aground,[†6] but it is wonderfully appropriate, for everything seems to have got aground there—never to be got off any more until the whole globe is stopped in its rolling and shivered. No more road than in an American swamp[†7]—odious sheds for horses, and donkeys, and vagrants, and rubbish, in front of the parlor windows—wooden houses like horrible old packing cases full of fever for a countless number of years. In a broken down gallery at the back of a row of these, there was a wan child looking over at a starved old white horse who was making a meal of oyster shells. The sun was going down and flaring out like an angry fire at the child—and the child, and I, and the pale horse, stared at one another in silence for some five minutes as if we were so many figures in a dismal allegory. I went round to look at the front of the house, but the windows were all broken and the door was shut up as tight as anything so dismantled could be. God knows when anybody will go in to the child, but I suppose it's looking over still—with a little wiry head of hair, as pale as the horse, all sticking up on its head—and an old weazen face—and two bony hands holding on to the rail of the gallery, with little fingers like convulsed skewers.

I have no doubt that there would be innumerable claimants upon any little fund sent to the Incumbents,[†1] but that may be said with equal truth of twenty places in a breath. There are no better sort of residents whatever—and never have been as I take it; which would account for the smallness of the sum in hand for purposes of charity. I am afraid it is not a promising place in which to try such an experiment as we have so much discussed.[†2] There is no lack of little houses to let, but there is no large space of ground; and I think the place too bad to attempt to make an Oasis in. It would be of no use to touch a limb of Hickman—his whole body is infected, and would spoil the mended part. An act of parliament would be necessary to clear the place. (There *may* be some such power in existence, for I observed the "Bermondsey

Improvement"[†3] announced like an official thing on a church wall). Jacob's Island[†4] adjoins Hickman's Folly, and I see that the ditch I described in Oliver Twist has since been filled up. If you would like to see the place, I shall be glad to shew it to you any afternoon. Or I will see the Incumbent[†5] if you desire it.

———

I cannot make out the money account in detail, because you have Charley's bill,[†6] and I forget the precise amount. I however enclose the sum in compound addition duly drawn up, and it only wants that Item and its results to be complete.

I would have given any thing that you had seen my Birmingham people yesterday, for I don't think it possible to imagine such a scene quite accurately![†7] I have promised at the end of the year, if all go well, to read the Christmas Carol to the Town Hall full of working people[†8] (the Salver[†9] and diamond ring were not confined to that class); and if there were any hope of your seeing them then, I think I could assure you of one of the most remarkable sights that this country could produce.

— VII - 4 —

I asked the Mayor[†1] about the church experiment[†2] you mentioned. He said it had failed—had not been required or warranted, as he considered, by the local circumstances—and was being gradually abandoned. I had not the opportunity of asking the same question of Archdeacon Sandford;[†3] for he sat at some distance from me at the public dinner there was—and he made such a speech about a certain Writer's books[†4] by the bye, that I think you must have heard the cheering at Mivart's—but the Mayor was quite confident, and spoke of the thing as a matter of fact.

With best regards to Mrs. Brown[†5] | Ever Dear Miss Coutts

Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To ARTHUR RYLAND,[†6] 7 JANUARY 1853

Text from A. Langford, *Modern Birmingham and its Institutions*, 1873, I, 252-3.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, | Friday, 7th January, 1853.

My dear Sir,

Mr. Banks[†7] being so good as to come down to the railroad last night with the keys of the salver case, which had been forgotten, I mentioned to him something that had occurred to me, and which I meant to have communicated to you.

As I begged him to do so for me, I need only say that I would read the Christmas Carol next Christmas, (we being, please God, all alive and well,) to the Town Hall folk, either on one or two nights.[†8] I should particularly desire, in any case, to have large numbers of the working people in the audience. I should like to do it in some way for the benefit and to the advantage of the new Institution, and yet I should like the working people to be admitted free.[†9] If you approve, and can in the mean time devise some means of doing this, to the advancement of the great object, I am entirely in your hands.

It would take about two hours, with a pause of ten minutes about half way through. There would be some novelty in the thing, as I have never done it in public, though I have in private, and (if I may say so) with a great effect on the hearers.[†10]

— VII - 5 —

I was so inexpressibly satisfied last night by the warmth and enthusiasm of my Birmingham friends, that I feel half ashamed this morning of so poor an offer. But as I had decided on making it to you, before I came down yesterday, I propose it nevertheless.

Believe me, always, | Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland, Esq.

To WILKIE COLLINS,[†1] 8 JANUARY 1853

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eighth January 1853.

My Dear Collins.

While Pickwick was yet in course of publication, Oliver Twist was begun in monthly portions in Bentley's Miscellany. The first chapter of Oliver Twist appeared concurrently either with the tenth or eleventh Number of Pickwick.[†2] They then went on together until Pickwick was finished.[†3]

Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 8 JANUARY 1853*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham.

Tavistock House | Eighth January 1853.

My Dear Sir

I have received your telegraphic message this morning. You may make any use you please of my letter.[†4] I am wholly at your disposal in the matter of the proposed readings, and only want to make them useful and agreeable to the town.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To HENRY AUSTIN,[†1] 10 JANUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Tenth January | 1853.

My Dear Henry

Can you ascertain for me, through any of your medical Inspectors or other authorities, whether Leipzig[†2] is a pretty healthy place? I am thinking of sending Charley there, but first wish to know something on this important point.[†3]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To LEIGH HUNT,[†4] 12 JANUARY 1853

Extract from Anderson Galleries, No. SN 1624; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 12 Jan 53.

Referring to Hunt's proposal to "open up" Kensington. The papers, to be effective in Household Words, should not be longer than about five pages or five and a half.[†5]

To G. LINNÆUS BANKS, 13 JANUARY 1853*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Thirteenth January | 1853.

My Dear Sir

The best answer I can send to your note, is the plainest. The plainest is an exact statement of what I said to you on the platform last Thursday night.

It was this:—That I wished to help the proposed new Institution[†6] by reading one of my Christmas books, next Christmas, in the Town Hall; and that as I particularly desired also, to have a large Audience of working people, I would, to ensure both objects, read two evenings or even three if it should be necessary, as a mark of my great interest in, and respect for, the town. That I had intended to communicate this proposal to Mr. Arthur Ryland but had not had an opportunity. Therefore, you being so kind as to come down there with the keys of the Salver-case, I made it to you, and would you be so kind as to inform him of what had passed between us? This I twice asked you to do, and this I distinctly understood you twice to promise. Therefore, in writing to Mr. Ryland on the next day but one, I assumed that he would have

seen you, and that you would have communicated to him what I had said.

I had (I may observe) told Mr. Forster[†1] and Mr. Wills,[†2] on our way down to Birmingham, of my intention of making this offer to Mr. Ryland if I found an opportunity in the course of the day. I proposed to make it to him, not because he was connected or unconnected in this or that way with the dinner of that day, but because I knew him to be much interested in the projected Institution, and because I had received the greatest help and attention from him when I was in Birmingham with the Guild.[†3] The opportunity did not present itself; and I was saying as much to them on our way to the Railroad, a very few minutes before I met you.

In reference to the announcement in the newspaper.[†4] I thought it injudicious and premature; not calculated to serve the object, so long in advance; and certainly calculated to overwhelm me with communications, impossible to be complied with, from other places.

I hope that no shade of difference or discord may be cast on any one, by a little project from which I trusted that we should all derive some pleasure; and that any misconception between you and Mr. Ryland will be easily smoothed away—if for no other reason, in consideration for

Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

George Linnæus Banks Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 JANUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth January 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I found the enclosed printed extract,[†5] yesterday, in a prospectus of the Society for improving poor dwellings, to which I do *not* belong.[†6] Lord Ingestre[†7] appears to be the great light of this one, and I rather doubt him after his determined championship[†8] of

Capt. Warner's[†1] long range.[†2] You will see, now, what the Bermondsey Improvement business I mentioned in my note about Hickman's Folly, means.[†3]

I also enclose a note from Mr. Austin, received last night, about Leipzig. Dr. Sutherland[†4] is one of the Board's most trustworthy advisers, and I think his opinion a very sound one.[†5]

I was unfortunate in not being able to get to the Ragged School[†6] last night; but I was shut up in Bleak House from 10 to 5, and then had to go to the Household Words office until 9.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 JANUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Mivart's Hotel | Brook Street.

Tavistock House | Thursday Thirteenth January | 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The gentleman for whom I want to get the best introductions I can obtain, in Melbourne, is Mr. Richard Henry Horne,[†7]—who some years since wrote an epic poem of great merit called Orion[†8]—who is the Author of a very pretty book which I know you read, called The Poor Artist[†9]—and who has written many things in Household Words.[†10] I am far from sure that he took a wise step in emigrating;[†11] but there he is in Melbourne, and I very earnestly desire to aid him there if I can.[†12]

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. BRIDGES ADAMS,[†1] 14 JANUARY 1853

MS Private; seen before destruction in Prestwick air-crash Dec 1954.

Tavistock House. | Friday Evening Fourteenth January | 1853.

My Dear Sir.

Christmas merry-makings, combined with the business of most seasons, I hope will excuse my delay in answering your note.

It would be impossible, I think, reasonably to champion the idea you set forth, without having an accurate knowledge of the precision of all the estimates, and the fidelity of the calculations on which the commercial results of the scheme are based; and this would be more within the province of The Builder[†2] than of Household Words. For obvious reasons also, I am particularly careful of joint-stock schemes—of which I am daily asked to expound some scores.

Lightly and plainly stated, I should be very glad and willing to make known the leading features of your friend's design,[†3] if it would suit you so to describe them. But I do not think I could well do more in its present stage. The analogy between it and the Model Lodging Houses—or Dwellings—for families of smaller means,[†4] might be very efficiently pointed out.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Bridges Adams Esquire.

To MISS CAROLINE FEARON,[†5] 14 JANUARY 1853*

MS Dr J. H. Austin, Birmingham.

Tavistock House, London | Fourteenth January 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Fearon, and begs to inform her that Gable College[†6] really exists—but is not described in the paper to which she refers, under its own name—and is limited, under certain peculiar conditions, to the reception of the sons of clergymen.[†7]

He will endeavour to enlighten Miss Fearon on the topics on which she very reasonably looks for information from Household Words.

He cannot undertake to answer her remaining (and first) enquiry; not because he receives her confidence and kind feeling of personal interest with anything but pleasure, but because it is often impossible for him even to acknowledge the receipt of the letters of his incredibly numerous correspondents, and always impossible to address dissertations to them.

To W. C. MACREADY,[†1] 14 JANUARY 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Night | Fourteenth January 1853.

My Dearest Macready.

I have been much affected by the receipt of your kindest and best of letters; for I know out of the midst of what anxieties[†2] it comes to me, and I appreciate such remembrance from my heart.

You and yours are always with us however. It is no new thing for you to have a part in any scene of my life. It very rarely happens that a day passes without our thoughts and conversation travelling to Sherborne.[†3] We are so much there, that I cannot tell you how plainly I see you as I write.

I know you would have been full of sympathy and approval, if you had been present at Birmingham,[†4] and that you would have concurred in the tone I tried to take about the eternal duties of the Arts to the People.[†5] I took the liberty of putting the Court and that kind of thing out of the question, and recognizing nothing but the Arts and the People. The more we see of Life and its brevity, and the World and its Vanities, the more we know that no exercise of our abilities in any Art, but the addressing of it to the great ocean of humanity in which we are drops, and not to bye-ponds (very stagnant) here and there, ever can or ever will lay the foundation of an endurable retrospect. Is it not so? *You* should have as much practical information on this subject now, my dear friend, as any man.

My dearest Macready I cannot forbear this closing word—I still look forward to our meeting as we used to do in the happy times we have known together, so far as your old hopefulness and energy are concerned. And I think I never in my life have been more glad to receive a sign, than I have been to hail that which I find in your hand-writing.

Some of your old friends at Birmingham were full of interest and enquiry.[†6] Kate and Georgina send their dearest loves to you and to Miss Macready,[†7] and to all the children. I am ever and no matter where I am—and quite as much in a crowd as alone—my dearest Macready

Your affectionate and most attached friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,[†1] 14 JANUARY 1853

Extract from Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, Leipzig, 1912, pp. 52-3.

Tavistock House, London, January 14th, 1853.

While he[†2] is well looked after (as all boys require to be) I wish him to be not too obviously restrained, and to have the advantages of cheerful and good society.... I want him to have an interest in, and to acquire a knowledge of the life around him, and to be treated like a gentleman *though pampered in nothing.* By punctuality in all things great or small, I set great store.

To H. T. TUCKERMAN,[†3] 14 JANUARY 1853†

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening | Fourteenth January 1853.

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of remembering you very well,[†4] and am happy to reply to your note.

I cannot undertake to answer for any other periodical than Household Words, as I have not the least connexion with any other such miscellany. But I can assure you, in reference to that journal, that it is always open to good contributions, and always happy to receive and pay for them. Of course their acceptance depends on their suitability to its pages, and their being in unison with its general tone, spirit, and objects.[†5]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry T. Tuckerman Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 JANUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Sixteenth January | 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I will make an appointment with Mr. Galasher[†6] for one day in this week now coming, and will endeavour to get out of him all that you want to know.[†7]

I have not yet received Mrs. Matthews'[†1] references, but have told her to get one direct from Professor Sedgwick.[†2]

To Tauchnitz at Leipzig, I have written, asking him now to enquire, and let me know whom he can most highly recommend for Charley. I have given him a minute detail of what is wanted.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS,[†3] 17 JANUARY 1853

MS Mr H. Le Roy Edgar.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth January 1853.

My Dear B & E.

I find that Mr. Stone,[†4] next door but one here,[†5] did not receive his Bleak House this month; and that a similar omission has once before occurred in his case. You remember that some time ago,[†6] I had to call your attention to the same complaint made by Mr. Carlyle.[†7] I think this new matter requires looking into, as a porter, judiciously ringing the changes on his Delivery-list, and pocketing twenty numbers or so a month, may perhaps be making himself comfortable at our expense and casting an appearance of carelessness on our business too.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans

To WILKIE COLLINS, 18 JANUARY 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday January Eighteenth 1853.

My Dear Collins.

If you should be disposed to revel in the glories of the eccentric British Drayma, on Saturday evening, I am the man to join in so great a movement. My money is to be heard of at the Bar of the Household Words, at five o'Clock on that afternoon.

Gin Punch is also to be heard of at the Family Arms Tavistock, on Sunday next at five, when the National Sparkler will be prepared to give Lithers[†8] a bellyfull, if he means anything but Bounce.

I have been thinking of the Italian project; and reducing the time to two months—

from the 20th. October to the 20th. December—see the way to a trip that shall really not exclude any foremost place, and be reasonable too.[†1] Details when we meet.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To [THE REV. G. F. GALAHER], [17-19 JANUARY 1853]

Extract in S. J. Davey's catalogue (1888); dated Tavistock House. *Address:* clearly to the Rev. G. F. Galaher: see *To* Miss Coutts, 16 Jan. *Date:* CD was probably writing early in the week before Sun 23 Jan, by when he had seen Galaher (*To* Miss Coutts, that day).

I offer no apology for writing to you. My name may possibly be not unknown to you, and I am sure that my object will be in any case a sufficient excuse.

A lady, a friend of mine, who has the means of benefiting her fellow creatures, unites the best practical inclinations so to employ them, has some idea that she might do a great deal of good by erecting at her own cost some sanitary dwelling houses for the poor in several miserable parts of London. I have been looking lately at Hickman's Folly (which I believe is in your parish), and the neighbourhood thereabouts; and should be glad to have a little conversation with you on the subject, if you will allow me that pleasure.

May I beg to inquire whether my calling on you on Saturday next at Two o'clock, or on Monday next at half-past Three would suit your convenience? And will you have the goodness to let me know which day will be more agreeable to you? If both should be unsuitable, I shall be happy to keep any appointment you may propose for any other day or hour next week.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,[†2] [?20 JANUARY 1853]

Mention in *To* Coote, 24 Jan 53. *Date:* since Lytton was in Paris, CD had probably written four or five days earlier.

To THE HON. MRS EDWARD CROPPER,[†3] 21 JANUARY 1853

Text from *D*, xxx (1934), 120.

Tavistock House, | January 21, 1853.

Dear Mrs. Cropper

I think it better on full consideration to send you the enclosed letter[†4] back without reading it. I have set forth to you the truth of the subject, and have utterly dismissed Lord Denman's[†5] part in it from my mind. What he has written and what I have

done, nothing can change. The only one thing in abeyance is the question whether injudicious partizanship will awaken reaction against the slave.[†1] That we shall all see for ourselves—too soon I think—and the perusal of your brother's[†2] letter could assist none of us. I say again, I have cleared my mind of Lord Denham's last opinion of me. I know I deserve his former and wiser judgment, and I cancel the rest for ever.

My dear Mrs. Cropper, | Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. B. CARDALE,[†3] 22 JANUARY 1853

Text from N, II, 445-6.

Tavistock House | Twenty Second January 1853

My Dear Sir,

I saw your baker's man this morning using the corner just outside our gates into the Square, for his private purposes—very objectionable under my windows, and not agreeable to any of us. I spoke to him on the subject, and told him that I knew you would sanction no such conduct. He was *very impertinent,* and I gave him the information that I should let you know it; also that I should, on all our behalfs, give him into custody under the Police Act[†4] if I saw him do it again. He was rather urgent to know what I should do "if I was him,"—which involved a flight of imagination into which I didn't follow him.

Faithfully yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [MARK LEMON],[†5] [22 JANUARY 1853]

Extract in Dodd Mead catalogue No. 90; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, Saturday night. *Date:* no doubt the Sat week before Mon 31 Jan, when CD, Lemon and A'Beckett went to the Britannia.

On the last night of the old year, A'Beckett[†6] spoke to me about our promise to go to the Britannia Saloon.[†7] I think Monday is the best night. As you will probably see A'Beckett today, will you arrange with him? This next Monday week would suit me perfectly if convenient to him and you. We must dine at ½ past 4—that French house[†8] you spoke of might be a good place?

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 JANUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House. | Sunday Twenty Third January 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have seen Mr. Gallaher (an Irishman I am sorry to say[†1]) and have gone over his Parish with him. The result I shall be happy to tell you whenever you may appoint. I am going to the House of Detention tomorrow at 2, to see a girl for Shepherds Bush—and Tuesday is the Committee day.[†2] I have no other appointment just now.

I have not the least idea who the writer of the enclosed letter[†3] is—or who the Mr. Stevenson[†4] referred to, is—or of anything about it.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To CHARLES COOTE,[†5] 24 JANUARY 1853*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke. *Address:* Charles Coote Esquire | Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth January 1853.

My Dear Sir

Before I could reply to your letter, I had to write to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. He was in Paris, and I have but now received his answer.

I am sorry to say he thinks the Song too slight for publication detached from the play;[†6] and therefore, very unwillingly (but in justice to himself, he says) with-holds his consent to its being set to Music. He has evidently made up his mind against the publication of the words, and is quite decided on the subject.

I have looked over several books; but have not found in any, the sort of words you want. I have inclined towards two or three pieces, but, on looking at them again, have seen reason to alter my opinion. It is an extremely difficult search; and I am disposed to think that you will be reduced to the necessity of getting what you want, written for you by some accustomed hand, used to writing for Music.

Suppose you were to get from the Duke's Librarian[†7] one or two collections of "Specimens" or "Beauties" of the older poets, first,—and were to look through them. If you were to turn over such a book of extracts, you might light on things that would suit you. Nobody's consent would be wanted, and they would cost nothing.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their kind regards.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Coote Esquire.

To MESSRS DUNCAN, FLOCKHART & CO.,[†2] 24 JANUARY 1853*

MS Macfarlan Smith & Co.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Fourth January 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Messrs. Duncan, Flockhart & Co., and begs to say that as he cannot send them a Post Office order for the amount in which he is indebted to them (being obliged to make it payable to a christian name) he begs to enclose a half sovereign, and to beg the favor of their giving the little surplus to any distressed person.

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE 1852-LATE JANUARY 1853]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 837. *Date:* between first reference to such a plan (*To* Wills, 12 Oct 52) and the writing of "Down with the Tide" (*HW*, 5 Feb 53, VI, 481).

I am going out to-night in their boat with the Thames Police.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [?25 JANUARY 1853]*

MS (fragment) Morgan Library. *Date:* between 30 Oct 52, when Susan Matcham's illness first referred to, and 18 July 53, the story of her discharge; probably 25 Jan, after Committee (*To* Miss Coutts, 23 Jan 53).

that it was necessary to discharge Susan Matcham—a girl who has always interested me as much as any girl we have ever had, and for whom I am still very sorry. There was, however, no kind of alternative open. As she was ill, we sent her to St. Thomas's Hospital. I am afraid her course will be a short one, and she will die miserably.[†3] I accepted the House of Detention girl (a workhouse case, but they think very well of her there), and she is to come early next month. All the rest doing well. Some good letters received from abroad, which I will bring you.

With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 26 JANUARY 1853*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Sixth January | 1853.

My Dear Stanny.

I am truly concerned to receive your mournful intelligence, for although I know that your poor son's death[†1] releases him from a hopeless state, most distressing to you to have contemplated and to him to have

endured, I am sensible that it cannot but be, for the time, a shock to an affectionate heart like yours. I heartily sympathize with you my dear friend in resigning him to the mercy of God and that blessed Saviour in whom we all trust humbly, according to our several ways.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire.

To MRS GORE,[†2] 27 JANUARY 1853*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House. | Twenty Seventh January 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

I really cannot tell you how much you have gratified me, both by your unexpected compliment,[†3] and by your unaffected manner of rendering it. Your kind note gave me one of the most agreeable surprises I have ever received, and I can honestly and heartily assure you that you could have distinguished no one by this mark of remembrance who could have been more sensible of it than I am, or who could have set a higher value upon it than I do.

I should have written to you immediately on the receipt of yours. But I wished to acknowledge the safe arrival of the book at the same time, and it only reached me last night.

It is a trite thing to say how proud I am at heart, to be so esteemed by a writer of such power and humour who knows humanity so well, and dissects it so wittily—so I won't say it, and you will consider the present paragraph blotted out.

My Dear Mrs. Gore | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 28 JANUARY 1853

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Friday Twenty Eighth January 1853.

My Dear Collins.

Many thanks for the enclosed letter. I do not, however, on reading it, find

anything in it that I have not already got in those "set up" masses of Australian matter[†1]—except the story of the bonnet. Said story, alone, would scarcely do. Therefore I think it better (and fairer to the writer too) not to take it out.

Your Free Trade solution of that Enigma, I feel at once to be an inspiration. It was no doubt Free Trade going somewhere by Railway—clearly to some manufacturing town in the North—to a meeting I should think.[†2]

That damage was just ten shillings—[†a]Scusa!—dieci Roberti. E miracolosa, la vostra Italiana, amico mio. Per Baccho! Bisogna ricordarmi della mia! L'ho quasi dimenticato. Sette anni fa—credo—era stabilito in Genova?—Nove—nove!—O Dio.[†a]

Lemon à Beckett, et moi, nous allons, Lundi prochain a la Salle Britannique (Britannia Saloon). Voulez-vous nous accompagner, mon cher? Oui? Ecrivez donc à Lemon, et dites-lui "*Je serai charmé et flatté de faire un des convives a cette reunion spirituelle! Commandez* (*mon cher Citron*) *le diner pour 4 personness*[†3] *au lieu de 3*." Le petit diner aura lieu a l'Albion[†4] (perfide) a 5 ¼ heurs—en haut—en particulier. [†b]Vive Napoleon et sa femme![†b†5]

To JAMES STANSFELD,[†6] 28 JANUARY 1853†

MS Auckland Public Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening | Twenty Eighth January 1853.

My Dear Sir

I am sorry that I cannot comply with the request you do me the honor to prefer.[†7]

Into the reasons (not quite unknown to M. Mazzini)[†8] which I might still have for declining, even if my time were not, as it is, completely occupied, it is unnecessary for me to enter.[†9] I am so unable to encroach upon my present limited leisure for rest

and relaxation, by attending public meetings, that I have but one such engagement between this and Christmas.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Stansfeld Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN, 31 JANUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Private): Henry Austin Esquire | General Board of Health | Whitehall. PMJA 31 1853.

Athenaeum | Monday 31st. January 1853.

My Dear Henry

Can you contrive to come with me to Bermondsey on Wednesday afternoon (Thursday if more convenient to you) to look at a site for a Model House? I will call on you at any time you may appoint, and take you there. Will you come home afterwards, and dine. A word in reply, to Tavistock House.

In haste Ever affecy.

CD.

February

To HENRY AUSTIN, 1 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | First February 1853.

My Dear Henry

At 3 on Thursday, I will be with you.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 FEBRUARY 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening February First 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I found the foregoing scrap[†1] in the Times of to day, as I was reading it just now after dinner. Perhaps you may have seen it, but I send it. I had written a most savage and Zoological roaring on the subject, for Household Words,[†2] this very morning (in

pursuance of our parting talk yesterday)—and suppose it must now go among the lost treasures of mankind.

The Board of Health being engaged in some pressing enquiries at Croydon, Mr. Austin proposes Thursday instead of Wednesday, for the Bermondsey expedition. As that evening is usually my revising evening at Household Words, I will come in at Stratton Street on *Friday Evening* if that will suit you. I shall conclude that it does, unless you tell me that it does not.

Your note of last night suggests that we might adopt this, as a very good, practical, safe, and sound plan.[†1] First build the house. Then, before it is inhabited, make it known through a sensible handbill, plain to the commonest capacity (and well circulated in the neighbourhood) that it will be shewn [†a]and explained,[†a] to all decently behaved people, on certain days. And then, to all who come, and to all the little tradesmen and so forth in the neighbourhood, give another little bill which shall be the history of the objects of the house—which shall state that they are easily attainable, in a considerable degree, by the

humblest landlords; to †a the improvement of †a their own property, the greater happiness and health of their tenants, and their own peace of mind when they come to think about it—and which shall inform them in conclusion, that on a certain day and hour in every month †a any small proprietor †a will find in that Model House two or three gentlemen assembled, for the purpose of shewing him at how small an expence he can improve the houses he now lets—of giving him friendly advice—and even of assisting him to do what is right, if he will only do it. I think this, done from the 'Vantage ground of the house itself which they can see and touch like so many Thomases, would be a discreet means of using your generosity to the best account. Perhaps you will think of it too.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I am sorry to say that Susan Matcham is neither at St. Thomas's Hospital, nor at Guy's. Mr. A Beckett sent this morning, and she had not been received at the one or the other.†2

To SARAH, LADY LYTTELTON,†3 5 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Mr Richard Moore.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fifth February 1853.

Dear Lady Lyttelton

We most heartily rejoice in the intelligence you have so kindly sent me, and unite in loving remembrances to our dear friend.†4 That the child should be a daughter†5

seems so comforting and good, that your letter gives us a new delight in that announcement. We had been wishing that it might be so, very often.

May God bless them both, and make them so happy in each other in the years to come that this late affliction,†1 though so heavy, may be lightened from this hour—as I hope and believe it will. That seems to be but consistent with the noble spirit and religious trust the sufferer has shewn under its shadow.†2

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg me to present to you their best regards and thanks, in which I cordially join.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lady Lyttelton.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Seventh February 1853. | (And my Birthday)

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I think I would recommend leaving Mrs. Matthews[†3] alone, for the present. It seems a case like Mrs. Goldsmith's[†4]—quite genuine and not at all liable to abuse. We shall probably hear more from her respecting the remaining boy, bye and bye.[†5]

Many thanks for your offer of the votes.[†6] I shall be very glad indeed to have them. I return the card, in case you should forget the child's name.

I must send round tomorrow evening, to enquire how you are. I should be relieved by knowing in one line from you or Mrs. Brown, that Lord Campbell[†7] has made short work of Mr. Dunn[†8]—as I very confidently expect he will.[†9] The more I have thought of the circumstances under which the action is brought, the more flagrant and shameful the thing becomes. A more striking illustration of what I deliberately believe to be the only intelligible and consistent principle of the English law—the principle of making business for itself—could scarcely be conceived.[†10]

Poor Mr. Forster is laid up again. Rheumatism in his eyes and both feet. He has been in bed since Tuesday, and I see small present chance of his getting up again.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON,[†1] 7 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Seventh February 1853.

My Dear Elliotson

I am very truly obliged to you for the loan of your remarkable and learned lecture on Spontaneous Combustion;[†2] and I am not a little pleased to find myself fortified by such high authority.[†3] Before writing that chapter of Bleak House,[†4] I had looked up all the more famous cases you quote (as I dare say you divined in reading the description);[†5] but three or four of those you incidentally mention—two of them in 1820[†6]—are new to me.[†7] And your explanation is so beautifully clear, that I could particularly desire to refer to it several times before I come to the last No. and the Preface.[†8]

May I keep it carefully by me until the Summer?[†9] I can warrant myself most reliable in all matters connected with the preservation of papers, and should have it

under my hand at any time. Or shall I return it to you, first copying it?—which I do not like to do without your permission.

It is inconceivable to me how people can reject such evidence, supported by so much familiar knowledge, and such reasonable analogy. But I suppose the long and short of it, is, that they don't know, and don't want to know, any thing about the matter.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 8 FEBRUARY 1853

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Tuesday Eighth February 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I think the best way will be for you to make an appointment with Collins, and talk to him on the subject of the enclosed. I don't quite understand from his letter that you explained to him that I doubt the subject of hereditary insanity—not with an eye to the feelings of the public in general, but with a consideration for those numerous families in which there is such a taint. The force of my objection lies in that range of the subject only.

On the whole I am disposed to think that it will be best to accept his offer of a new story instead.[†1] And it is desirable to explain to him that a story within a story—as this is—is complicated and difficult for our peculiar purpose.[†2]

I think there are many things, both in the inventive and descriptive way, that he could do for us if he would like to work in our direction. And I particularly wish him to understand this, and to have every possible assurance conveyed to him that I think so, and that I should particularly like to have his aid.[†3] See if he cannot strike out one or two subjects while with you, to begin upon.

Will you give Mr. Brownlow[†4] a call one day when you are near there? Seeing in the enclosed card that he was interested in a child's election for the St. Ann's Schools,[†5] I got Miss Coutts's votes—also enclosed. But I can't find the child's name in the List, and consequently can't set a No. against his name.

Ever Faithfully
CD

To THOMAS COE,[†1] 9 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library. *Address:* Mr. Coe.

Tavistock House | Ninth February 1853.

Dear Mr. Coe.

If you will be so good as to send me one ticket for the Dress Circle[†2] in return for the enclosed, we shall be quits.

I blame myself for not having answered your former letter. Let me assure you that in the Guild campaign, I had the greatest pleasure in your assistance[†3] and that of Mrs. Coe,[†4] and that the cheerful good-humour with which it was always rendered, greatly enhanced its value and made it particularly agreeable. I shall always be interested in your welfare, and should hope by all means to enlist your services if I were ever to engage in such a design again.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Ninth February 1853. | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I think of turning the tables on Mr. Dunn and bringing an action for damages against him. It must have been he who prevented my doing anything yesterday, and not over-much (in spite of determined efforts) today.

Pray give Mrs. Brown my best thanks for bringing her most welcome news[†5] this morning. I am so sorry not to have seen her. But I was in such a Bearish condition when I withdrew from human ken this morning, that they were afraid to come to me!—

I hope to be able to get to Mr. MacGregor[†6] tomorrow or Friday. I have seen Archdeacon Sinclair,[†7] and have a small budget to communicate from him.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SPENCER T. HALL,[†1] 9 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Ninth February 1853.

Dear Sir

I received your book[†2] safely, this day. If (as I believe) I have the pleasure of being a subscriber to it,[†3] Mr. W. H. Wills Household Words office will be happy to forward my subscription on receiving a business-line from you to that effect.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Spencer T. Hall Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Tuesday Fifteenth Feby. 1853.

My Dear Wills.

Enclosed is a Poem which I suppose slipped out of the other papers I sent you this morning.[†4]

Forster's corrected Proof of the Seventy Eight Years ago, I shall have tomorrow. Put that article down therefore for this next No.[†5]

White[†6] will dine here with us on Thursday.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To DR F. H. F. QUIN,[†7] 17 FEBRUARY 1853

Text from Edward Hamilton, *A Memoir of Frederick Hervey Foster Quin, M.D.*, privately printed, 1879, p. 50.

Tavistock House | 17th Feb., 1853.

My dear Quin,

I am truly sorry that I am engaged to a christening dinner at Chiswick on

Saturday,[†1] where I shall appropriately appear after your invitation (in accordance with the catechism) as an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grief.[†2]

Ever faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 17 FEBRUARY 1853

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Thursday Night Seventeenth Feby. 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I have gone over the proofs and made the best of the names. I don't like Forster's paper[†3] to lead off with, but don't think Sala's[†4] better. Also I am restless about Hobson[†5] and doubt the expediency of going back to so poor a thing—as, if I had a weak leg, or a game eye, I don't think I would call attention to it. But I leave Hobson, not to confuse the Proof. There are awful haltings in the Poem,[†6] but I have made the best of it.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth February 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I think the enclosed from Germany (as I hope you will think it) very satisfactory.[†7] I hope to send Charley off, rather before than after the end of this month.

What shall I do, in reference to this other enclosed from Mrs. Matthews?—Send her how much?[†8]

I have seen Mr. MacGregor and will write to you again as soon as I am out of Bleak House for the month.[1[[sic]]†9]—I am very near the door.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS GASKELL,[†1] 21 FEBRUARY 1853

Text from N, II, 448.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Monday Twenty-First February 1853

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell,

I take the earliest opportunity of answering your letter—for I have been so closely occupied since its receipt, that this is the first disengaged morning on which I have found time to read the enclosed papers.

I am sorry to say that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting them. They possess no kind of characteristic to render them available. Between ourselves—and not for the information of their authoress[†2]—they are of that intensely dreary and commonplace description to which, not even the experience of *this* place reconciles my wondering mind. Everybody could write such things, I imagine; but how anybody can contentedly sit down to do it, is inscrutable. Don't you feel the same astonishment? People don't plunge into Churches and play the Organs, without knowing the notes or having the ghost of

an ear. Yet fifty people a day will rush into manuscript for these leaves only who have no earthly qualification but the actual physical art of writing.

Wills is ill,[†3] and I am at this moment sitting (up to neck) in a quagmire of these productions.

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT,[†4] 24 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House. | Twenty Fourth February 1853.

My Dear Cartwright.

With the greatest pleasure. I book myself for the 22nd. of March at 7.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Cartwright Esquire.

To MRS MORSON,[†1] 24 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Dr A. A. Silverman.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth February 1853

Dear Mrs. Morson

I enclose you £5 petty cash. I will leave the bills for a day or two, until I shall have seen Miss Coutts.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To G. H. LEWES,[†2] 25 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Mrs Carrington Ouvry.

Private

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth February 1853.

My Dear Lewes.

Liebig[†3] is a great man, deserving of all possible respect, and receiving no greater deference from any one than from me. But I cannot set his opinion—his mere opinion and argument—against full scientific evidence of a fact.[†4] That evidence appears to me to exist, on the subject of what is called (rightly or wrongly) spontaneous combustion. If I take anything on evidence, I must take that. I have the greatest

regard for, and admiration of, Owen.[†5] But if I had such evidence of the existence of a Sea Serpent as I have of cases similar to Krook's, I could not for a moment set even his ingenious argument against such human experience.

In the beginning you rather hastily (and not quite, I think in all good humour, with that consideration which your knowledge of me might have justified) assumed that I knew nothing at all about the question—had no kind of sense of my responsibility—and had taken no trouble to discriminate between truth and falsehood.[†6] Now the object of my note is simply to assure you that when I thought of the incident—which came into my mind, as having that analogy in it which is suggested at the end

of the chapter[†1]—I looked into a number of books with great care, expressly to learn what the truth was.[†2] I examined the subject as a Judge might have done. And without laying down any law upon the case, I placed the evidence impartially before myself, the Jury, as I will place it before you.

Into the argument it appears to me quite unnecessary, with such evidence, to enter. No one can suppose that such a death comes of any normal or natural condition of the body. No one can know what astonishing change has taken place *in* the body when it arrives at that pass; because the body is in the main destroyed. The difficulty of consuming a human body by ordinary fire (which is enormous) exaggerates beyond all bounds the impossibility of accounting for the deaths of this catalogue of people[†3] by any ordinary means. I know very well that phosphuretted hydrogen gas will burn when it is almost surrounded by water.[†4] I also know that this gas is not usually formed in human beings, and I likewise know that of every human being so many pounds of water form a component part.[†5] But I know that before such a death can take place, there must be a stupendous disturbance of the usual functions of the body; and to tell me that if the gas were not there, and the water were all there, or other usual proportions and balances were preserved, the body could not be consumed, is merely to tell me in other words that if I be always quite well, I shall never die; or that if I retain the sight of both eyes, I cannot possibly be blind.

The question is a question of evidence. Have people been found almost consumed, when there were no external agencies by which they could have been reduced to that state? If so, have there usually (not without exception, but usually) been pervading circumstances of age, sex, or previous habits, or all three,[†6] suggesting the presence of pretty uniform conditions, essential to the extraordinary law (extraordinary, that is to say, within our small experience) governing such cases?

Refer to an article by Pierre Aime Lair[†7] in the Journal de Physique,[†8] or to the sixth Volume of the Philosophical Transactions[†9] where it is presented in another article by Alexander Tilloch.[†10] You will there find a number of cases—all of women

in the decline of life.[†1] Refer to the Annual Register for 1773[†2] for the case of Mary Clues[†3]—a woman of fifty, and a drunkard. To the transactions of the Royal Society of London for the case of Grace Pitt[†4]—a woman of sixty: not stated to be a drunkard, but not likely to have been a lady of very temperate habits, as she got out of bed every night to smoke a pipe, and had drunk an immense quantity of spirits within a few

hours of her death. Refer to Le Cat[†5] for the case of Madame Millet who got drunk every day.[†6] He lived in the house, and minutely states the case. And besides his being a man of very high scientific and medical reputation, there was a certain M. Chretien, a surgeon, *who examined what remained of the body on the spot where it was consumed*,[†7] and gave his evidence in detail before the Tribunal of Justice that found the woman's husband guilty of her murder; though a High Court of Appeal, expressly on the ground that it was a case of spontaneous combustion and on the irresistible strength of the evidence, acquitted him.[†8] Refer to the Life of Bianchini prebendary of Verona[†9] to observe that the overpowering evidence of the death by these means of the Contessa Baudi[†10] (a most exact and minute account of the smallest particulars of which case he drew up with judicial precision and formality) quite devoted him to the theme afterwards: so important did it appear to him in Medical Jurisprudence, and so strong was his apprehension that its not being credited might lead to the conviction of innocent persons. This old lady was not a drunkard, but had been in the habit of bathing in great quantities of Camphor.[†11] Refer to the Journal de Medicine Vol LIX, for the case of a woman at Aix (a little drunke[n][†12] old woman),[†13] also minutely reported by M. Rocas, a surgeon who saw

the cindery body and the room before they were disturbed. Dr. McCormac[†1] of Belfast (formerly a student at the Hotel Dieu in Paris) wrote to me, a few days since, "Dupuytren[†2] whose experience in burns was immense, was wont indeed, to consider the burns from human combustion, by some termed spontaneous, as a sixth form of burns".[†3] I could refer you to more cases, but these are enough. And throughout them there is apparent, not only the same general set of circumstances before death, but the same general appearances afterwards. Opinions on the subject, supporting me, and opinions of great practical men, I could give you by the score. But I lay them all aside, even those of the best lecturers and writers on Medical Jurisprudence[†4] (though those I might fairly impress, as being founded on the evidence); but the evidence is enough for me; and so far from making any qualifying statement in the Preface to Bleak House[†5] I can only say that I have read your ingenious letters with much pleasure—that I champion no hypothetical explanation of the fact—but that I take the fact upon the testimony, which I considered quite impartially and with no preconceived opinion.

Ever My Dear Lewes | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 25 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth February 1853.

My Dear Stone.

I received a note from Cardale the other day, reminding me that the garden-lengthening accounts had not been paid. I then requested Cubitts[†6] to make the three

out separately, which they had not originally done. They have complied this morning, and I send you yours.[†1]

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 26 FEBRUARY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House. | Twenty Sixth February 1853. | Saturday

My Dear Henry

I enclose a Cheque for Forty Pounds on account of the St. Stephen's matter.[†2] Pray don't scruple to let me know when there is anything to be paid.

I have seen MacGregor (the Chairman of the South Eastern) on the subject of that piece of ground, the Mud Field.[†3] The clergyman's[†4] information[†5]

To G. H. LEWES, 27 FEBRUARY 1853

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Sunday Morning | Twenty Seventh February 1853

My dear Lewes.

I cannot help laughing—though I am really vexed—at a preposterous mistake which my hand-writing must have occasioned. When I have been long at work on my own manuscript, I write so illegibly and strike out so remorselessly, that at such times my hand (as I well know) is anything but a plain one. Look back to my note, and I think you will certainly find that there is no such word as "not", before "in all good humour." There most positively and unquestionably was no such word in my mind, and I cannot believe that it has got into the note without my observation. There may be a "but", or there may be an erasure; I cannot sufficiently remember the context, to suggest what the marvellous sign may be—but this Deponent maketh oath and saith it is *not*[†6] "Not".[†7] The meaning is, that *I* (the undersigned) *in all good humour* make that observation. I am as thoroughly persuaded of your good humour in the matter as I am of my own, and I am at once amazed and concerned to find how easily a meaning becomes changed.

I am very unwilling to request that you will not publish my note; because my old regard for you, and our old association, take it out of the category of ordinary communications.

But my objection originates in my own knowledge of the amazing correspondence of which I am the daily victim, and of the attempts that would certainly be made (if I departed in this instance from my invariable rule) by the smaller fry, to draw me into other explanations and statements—and if I wouldn't be drawn, to

assume that I allowed judgment to go by default, because when Mr. Lewes &c. &c. Mr. Dickens not only &c. &c. but actually &c. &c. &c.

If you would like, in any article of your own, to set forth this objection and the reasonable necessity of it; and to refer to a private note you had received from me under the exceptional circumstances of our being old friends; and in that manner to quote its contents; I don't know that I should have the resolution still to ask you not to do so.[†1] But although no one save myself can imagine the full extent of the grounds I have for never stepping out of my picture-frame to address the spectators, I know your sense and candor will give me credit for their being very strong indeed when I assure you that I would infinitely rather be unheard in this regard.

Set me right about that Not, with yourself, whatever you do.

Ever My Dear Lewes | Faithfully Yours

CD

G. H. Lewes Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 28 FEBRUARY 1853†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Monday, Twenty-eighth February, 1853.

My Dear ———,[†2]

It is my misfortune that I can only consider papers offered for insertion here, with one plain and direct reference to their suitability to these pages. If I could take any other circumstances into account, I should have a prodigious staff of contributors, of great merit in various other capacities but unfortunately possessing such slender pretensions to appear in print, that they would speedily settle this benevolent journal.

The lady who has written the paper I unwillingly return, appears to me to have some talent for description; but I am afraid she does not quite distinguish between what is easily written and what is easy writing. A world of patience, labor, and care, separates the two. The paper contains a quantity of words and a mustard seed of matter. The constant address to the reader is a tiresome avoidance of any Art in saying what is to be said, of which we have the most wearisome experience here at least a hundred times a week. But the boy and his mother are very well observed and very well described; and if the sketch had in it any other phase of peasant-life, of equal merit in the setting forth, I should be glad to accept it. I don't know what the lady may be able to tell in this regard, nor would I by any means urge her to try once more, for she might still be wide of the mark. But I feel it right to say thus much.

I would advise her further, for ever and a day to dismiss the Gentle Reader as a monster of the Great Mud Period, who has no kind of business on the face of the literary Earth; to remember if she sit

down to write for a journal like this, that she is just an English woman writing the English language for a large English audience, and to consider whether she cannot get on in such an aim without German lines and French words; to forget herself as utterly as the Gentle Reader, and only to remember what she is describing.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?FEBRUARY 1853]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 571. *Date:* apparently written shortly before leaving for Brighton on 2 Mar.

What with *Bleak House* and *Household Words* and *Child's History* and Miss Coutts's Home, and the invitations to feasts and festivals, I really feel as if my head would split like a fired shell if I remained here.

To PROFESSOR O. C. MÜLLER,[†1] [?FEBRUARY 1853]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 1 Apr 53. *Date:* written when Charley Dickens left for Leipzig, to learn German, at the end of Feb.

Giving him a description of Charley's character.

March

To R. H. HORNE, 2 MARCH 1853*

MS University of Texas. *Address* (in Wills's hand): *By Overland Mail via Singapore* | R. H. Horne Esquire | Captain Chisholm | Swanston Street | Melbourne | S. Australia.

Household Words Office, Wednesday Second March 1853.

My Dear Horne. We (that is, Wills and I) intend to dispatch this letter by the Overland Route, and have clearly settled in our own minds that it is to reach you with most triumphant speed. All well. I met Mrs. Horne[†2] the other day at Highgate,[†3] looking in excellent health. She saw the old year out with us,[†4] and is as well and happy as Julia[†5] has any right to be in the absence of her Falkland.[†5] Bulwer's

Comedy[†1] is acting at the Haymarket.[†2] I attended two Rehearsals, to give them the business, but have not had the heart to see it from the front. Kate and Georgina went on the first night, and returned with greatly increased admiration of the distinguished amateurs. A miserable being of no note, enacts Colonel Flint.[†3] Nothing is changed for the better[†4] but the drunken scene of Topham's[†5] part,[†6] which I am told is very humourously done by Buckstone.[†7] If you had seen the dense conventionality of some of them at the Rehearsal! Mr. Stuart, who does the Duke,[†8] actually steamed with conventionality—I saw it passing off from the pores of his skin. Nor could I by any means persuade them that when the Duke was saying to Wilmot[†9] what would infallibly cost him his ducal head if it were overheard, he would not be likely to keep two servants with their ears at the Keyhole. As Mr. F. Webster the Prompter convincingly remarked to me,

"we never have two servants appear at a door in flat when there is an entrance, without reappearing when there is an exit". So the Duke endangered his head according to theatrical precedent, and spoke his concluding speech before the servants and in the doorway (to get under some gas) wherein, as you remember, he remarks, by way of small talk, that he has trusted Ld. Wilmot with his life. The houses are very bad, but all the Theatres are doing wretchedly. Buckstone succeeds to the Lesseeship of the Haymarket at Easter.[†10] He has engaged Miss Cushman[†11] and Helen Faucit,[†12] and there are rumours of Tragedy.[†13] We have not yet sold our Guild Theatre.[†14] Are now going to put it up by Auction. Forster has had another Rheumatic attack of great violence—has been in bed a month—and still lies there.

I have been placed in a situation of great perplexity and difficulty by the Digger's

Diary[†1]—of which we had in type, at one time, 84 Columns[†2]—and the man not aboard ship at the London Docks until within the three last. It was quite out of the question to print it in that state, for it would have been a violation of all our understanding with the public and must have most seriously damaged Household Words. Therefore I was under the necessity of cutting it to shreds and getting it all into two portions, both of which are published.[†3] Even in this reduced state people complain that it is too long, considering that it has not yet begun with Australia.[†4] I am waiting with anxiety for another Ship. If we do not receive some more MS soon, we must close it up with such matter of fact and fancy as we can get together. But I hope for better luck in the speedy receipt of dispatches from you, and when they actually refer to Australia I shall not be so afraid of their length.[†5] The Digger's Wedding we made a separate Chip of.[†6] As it did not occur to you while writing, that these objections would infallibly arise, I am afraid they will be unexpected now. But I had no alternative in the matter, and was obliged to act decidedly, with only one reference—to the interests of the Journal.

Wills is going to add some specimen of his penmanship to this sheet.[†7] He too has been twice ill with bad eyes, and now wears a pair of huge dark spectacles in which he looks something between a Stone-breaker on the highway, and an intensely profound Professor of Boredom generally. I picture you in my mind like a Frontispiece to an adventurous book—in your uniform—on your charger (he rearing, of course)—with your escort in the background, and you encouraging them with drawn sword.[†8] I am

glad to find you so cheerful and hopeful,[†1] which is the right thing and will bring its fulfilment. A postcript[†2] in one of your letters has played the very Devil with my intellects and kept them frying ever since. "Plans all changed. Gone to the Manillas."[†3] What *can* it mean! So I read it, but I have kept it to myself. *Must*[†4] you write on curlpaper? If not, for the love of Heaven write on something else. You have no idea what bewildering inscrutability we become scared and dazed with—Mad to read, and not able to do it. Your letters are like a particular dream I have sometimes, where I am in a strange country and want to read important notices on the walls and buildings, but they are all in an unknown character.

I am going to Brighton today for a fortnight. Kate and Georgina are already gone. Hearing I was about to write to you they begged me to send their loves and kindest remembrances. I particularly plume myself on the cherry brandy. Ahem! *My* idea! Have you foregathered with Bumptious[†5] again, and did the

Intermediates[†6] really throw his dog[†7] overboard after all? Because if they did, I am ready to subscribe to a Testimonial to the whole body.

Charley is on his way to Leipzig, to live in a Professor's house and get a perfect knowledge of the language. The Jollypostboy[†8] and the others are all thriving. Everything else is as it used to be. All our Guild men enquire after you on all occasions. I met Bulwer this morning in Piccadilly, who did the like. He has been very ill indeed with a violent abscess in his hand, and was crawling about with his hand in a sling, for the first time since his attack three weeks ago. We have had tremendously cold weather and a great deal of snow—ice on the Serpentine—North Easterly gales—broken legged old gentlemen on pavement slides.[†9] To day there is a great thaw, and London looks as if it had a gigantic dirty nose.

Wills cuts in here. Ever My Dear Horne Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To R. R. MADDEN,[†1] 2 MARCH 1853*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* R. R. Madden Esquire | 7 Panton Square | Haymarket.

Tavistock House. | Second March 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Madden, and begs to say that he has no letters of the late Countess of Blessington[†2] in his possession, which he feels justified in making public.[†3]

To THOMAS SANSOM,[†4] 2 MARCH 1853

Mention in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 433 (Christmas 1922); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 2 Mar 53; addressed Thomas Sansom.

Declining the invitation of the Roscoe celebration committee.[†5]

To MISS COLTHURST,[†6] 3 MARCH 1853†

MS Colonel Richard Gimbel.

Brighton | Third March 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Miss Colthurst and begs cordially to thank her for her very obliging note. He is exceedingly sensible of her considerate remembrance and her kind offer; but as there are now several pairs of small legs in the habit of running about his garden in town—a temptation which no raven[†7] could possibly withstand—and as it also contains a tame seagull—whose eyes it would be a point of duty with any raven to pick out—he thinks it best, with an eye to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, to decline the pleasure Miss Colthurst proposes to him. He does so reluctantly, and is not the less indebted to her.

To T. M. GREENHOW,[†1] [?3 MARCH 1853]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 4 Mar. *Date:* Greenhow had received CD's note on 4 Mar (Greenhow *to* CD, MS Morgan).

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 4 MARCH 1853

MS National Library of Scotland.

1 Junction Parade, Brighton | Friday Evening March Fourth 1853.

My Dear Carlyle.

Your letter has been forwarded to me here—I am at work on the seashore for a fortnight by way of change—this evening. To my great vexation, for there are very few men I can so ill afford to miss on any occasion as you.

The Secretary of the Literary Fund is Mr. Octavian Blewitt,[†2] and the office is in Great Russell Street Bloomsbury, at the corner of Bloomsbury Square. In support of the applicant's[†3] appeal, a letter from himself will be necessary setting forth his case, and one of recommendation from you.[†4] If he be in such health that he can go out of doors, he will receive from Mr. Blewitt, every possible attention and guidance. If he be not forthcoming, a word from you to the same gentleman would be all powerful. If you feel the least difficulty in moving in the matter or the least desire to avoid it, send the case to me, and I will do so, gladly. Lastly, if three guineas will be of any help to our unfortunate brother, I will place them at your disposal for him on your telling me that you will receive them.

In his application, he must mention his literary claims; that is, he must state what books he has written, or what other literary work he has done.[†5] It is also expedient—

if his claims be strong—that he should mention the nature of his present difficulties, and that such a sum would give him hope of conquering them.[†1] I particularly recommend him to see Mr. Blewitt if possible. He may make any use of my name. I am not now one of the relieving board,[†2] but I belong to an amazing body called the Council[†3]—whose functions I have never been able to discover[†4]—and I believe my name would quicken a dull Ear if his claim were addressed to any such.

I shall be here until next Tuesday Week, when I return straight home. Believe me heartily sincere in saying that I am wholly at your service in such a case, and that the word "trouble" is not in my vocabulary.

I send this off in a hurry, to save the post.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Carlyle Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 [MARCH] 1853†

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* misdated 4 Oct by CD.

1 Junction Parade, Brighton | Friday Fourth October 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

†a1st. Case:—Mr. Burgess†5 is a common begging-letter writer—Fourpost bedstead in his room—admirable steak on the fire—handsome wife—two extraordinarily jovial children—shelves, full of glasses crockery ware, children's toys &c &c—cupboard full of provender—coals in stock—everything particularly cheerful and cosey. It was such a clear case (he was not at home himself; I think must have stepped out to fetch the beer) that I caused enquiry to be made of the Mendicity Society. They knew him well, and will send me down a report of his life and career, tomorrow.†5

2nd. case:- The lady at Holloway was with her sick husband. Everything scrupulously clean—except the husband. They were in a back parlor, very barely furnished. She has two additional pupils in her little school, and one other private pupil. They have got on up to the present time, but are again so pressed by those small creditors, that certain friends of hers have determined in their small way, to assist her husbands†6 with the few pounds necessary to pay the expenses of taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act. They deplored this with much apparent sincerity, saying that all the creditors, except the baker, were very little tradesmen who would suffer by the loss. They estimate their debts at £50. They were very hopeful and

quiet—complained of nothing—asked for nothing—and said that on the whole their creditors had been very patient and considerate.

3rd. case. I have written a note of enquiry to Mr. Greenhow at Newcastle, and shall probably receive his answer tomorrow.†a

It is beautifully fine and bright here, though very cold out of the sun. The weather, wonderfully propitious†1 for walking, but hardly so for authorship as I have not yet made what can be called a beginning.†2

It is quite clear to me that you are all to be pitied for being in London.

With kindest remembrances, in which Mrs. Dickens and her sister join,
Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 MARCH 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London

1 Junction Parade, Brighton | Saturday Fifth March 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose you the report (much too lenient) concerning Mr. Burgess.[†3]

In the Soldier dwelling house matter,[†4] I have caused enquiry to be made on the points we arranged, and I am very glad to find that the nearest school is *your own St. Stephen's School*,[†5] which is within five minutes walk of the piece of ground that has been purchased. Francis Street (the place in question) is a little way behind the school.[†6] On considering the matter, I rather think that the Duke[†7] would not have persevered in his objection, on further reflection. It is probable that he had in his mind Colonels' tailoring emoluments[†8] and other perquisites, to which (as being very

profitable) the objection really would apply. But the profit by way of interest on any share that an ordinary Officer would be likely to take, would be so exceedingly small, that I cannot regard it as likely to influence any soldier's mind. For example, my interest on a £25 share in the Society for improving the dwellings of the Poor,[†1] is about fifteen shillings a year.[†2] However, the example of devoting the interest to Educational purposes is a fine one;[†3] and your school being the nearest, seems to make it particularly appropriate.

By way of consolation to those who are absent from Brighton, I may remark here that it is pouring of rain—is very misty—and is blowing. That I have the rheumatism in my back, and was seized in the night (for Mrs. Brown's particular companionship) with my old horrid nervous choaking; to grapple with which fiend, I am going out to buy some of that snuff.[†4]

Dear Miss Coutts. | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS GEORGE HOGGE,[†5] 5 MARCH 1853*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Junction Parade, Brighton | Saturday Fifth March 1853

My Dear Mrs Hogg.

Your letter has been forwarded to me here, where I am staying for a few days.

Apart from the pleasure I should have in hearing from you under any circumstances, I have a melancholy satisfaction in letting you know that I never *can* let you know how sorry I was to lose the happiness of seeing you at Tavistock House. The sight of your handwriting is a poor substitute for the sight of your fair self, but I receive it as an unexpected gratification and give it the warmest welcome.

I send four specimens of my sign-manual. If you should ever want more, pray let me know.

Mrs Dickens and Miss Hogarth send their kindest regards.

Ever Dear Mrs Hogg | Very Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 MARCH 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Brighton | Sixth March 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am afraid that "green" is not very verdant, and is near (if I have it in my mind

correctly) to a most horrible smell of rotten skins.[†1] But I will look at it as soon as I come back, and then report further.

The case you extracted from the paper, is one of the most pitiable class of offences, and one to which the benevolence of the Home would be thoroughly well extended. But the concealment of the birth of a child being a misdemeanour, the poor creature *must* be tried and sentenced.[†2] As she will not be committed for trial (so I see by the report you enclosed)[†3] until after the lapse of a week, it would be premature to move now. On my return, I will communicate with the Magistrate,[†4] and with the Chaplain of the Prison in which she is, and try—supposing the case be a good one—if we cannot get her after a short imprisonment.[†5] I think we may contrive to do it.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.[†6]

P.S. Charley has written from Cologne. He could not go on by the Rhine, as it was full of ice. Was to go to Hanover next day, and to Leipzig *next* day. He was very happy, he said, "except being from home".

To W. H. WILLS, 6 MARCH 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

1 Junction Parade, Brighton | Sunday Sixth March 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I think, all things considered, that we have got out of the Theatre difficulty to admiration.[†7] I am heartily pleased, and congratulate you with all my heart on the near approach of the accountant.

The only remaining piece of intelligence I have, is that I have not been well since I have been here!!! But a vigorous application to Cockle's antibilious Pills[†8] has ensued, and I hope I am all right again.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 MARCH 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Brighton, Monday Evening | Seventh March 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I find that Mr. Greenhow[†1] of Newcastle is *not* the gentleman I supposed.[†2] But I enclose his letter[†3] in reply to my note of enquiry.

I have not got that Holloway Lady's[†4] letter here. If you wish to do anything with her before I come back, however, and will let me know what,—I will take care to have it carefully done. Ever Faithfully Yrs.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 MARCH 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Brighton | Tuesday Evening, Eighth March | 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Thinking you may derive a moment's amusement from the enclosed letter (by no means a state document) from Charley to Mary, I send it. I am curious for the next, which will contain the first impressions of the Doctor[†5] he is to live with. Mary and Katey came down here today, to stay until we return, and brought it with them.

The weather is softened—even these desolate regions—and shews its softened state by raining perpetually.

With kind regards from all, to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MR MINCHEN,[†6] 8 MARCH 1853

Extract in Rains Galleries catalogue, Mar 1936; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Brighton, 8 Mar 53; addressed Mr. Minchen.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Minchen, and begs to say that he is only acquainted with one published system of shorthand (Gurney's),[†7] and is therefore quite unable to decide upon the relative merits of different systems.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 MARCH 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Brighton, Wednesday Ninth March | 1853.

My Dear Wills.

GUILD.[†1]

I don't at all like the look of Webster's[†2] letter.[†3] I think it would be best to see him at once. I never heard of any letter of agreement whatever, but I swear to the understood and expressed terms.

H. W.[†1]

My brother Alfred[†4] is here, and I will send up any odds and ends I have, by him this evening.

PERSONAL.[†1]

We have had a long and full letter from Charley. I don't therefore think it worth while for Johnson[†5] to come down. He can post his account of the expences to me. Pray let him know that Charley highly praises his attention and usefulness.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To J. B. CARDALE, 10 MARCH 1853*

MS Dickens House.

Junction Parade, Brighton | Thursday Evening Tenth March 1853.

My Dear Sir

My recollection of the agreement certainly was not what *you* describe, and was what *I* have described. But the agreement itself of course over-rides all other considerations; and I write to Messrs. Cubitt by this post, to say that I understand they have received it from you, and to request them to divide the expense strictly in accordance with it.

I assure you I would far rather pay the whole cost, than have the least question about it.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John B Cardale Esquire.

To MESSRS W. CUBITT & CO., [10 MARCH 1853]

Mention in last.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 MARCH 1853]

Text from F, VII, ii, 571*n*. *Date:* clearly the day after the adjourned inquest (see below), held on 9 Mar.

Great excitement here about a wretched woman who has murdered her child.[†1] Apropos of which I observed a curious thing last night. The newspaper offices (local journals) had placards like this outside:

CHILD MURDER IN BRIGHTON
INQUEST
COMMITTAL OF THE MURDERESS[†2]

I saw so many common people stand profoundly staring at these lines for half an hour together—and even go back to stare again—that I feel quite certain they had not the power of thinking at all connectedly or continuously, without having something about it before their sense of sight. Having got that, they were considering the case, wondering how the devil they had come into that power. I saw one man in a smock frock lose the said power the moment he turned away and bring his hob-nails back again.

To W. H. WILLS, 10 MARCH 1853

MS Huntington Library.

1 Junction Parade, Brighton. | Thursday Night Tenth March 1853.

My Dear Wills.

[†a]I have gone through this No.[†3] carefully (as you will see, on looking through my marks—I have been obliged to query twice or thrice, really not understanding what is meant) and am quite out of heart with it.

Sala, very poor. One of the noblest subjects that can be written on, with really nothing in its treatment. Quite above him.[†a†4]

A Doctor of Morals,[†5] *impossible of insertion as it stands.*[†6] A mere puff for Hill,[†7] with all the difficult parts of the question blinked, and many statements utterly at variance with what I am known to have written.[†8] It is exactly because the great bulk

of offences in a great number of places are committed by professed thieves, that it will not do to have Pet Prisoning[†1] advocated,[†b] without grave remonstrance and great care.[†b] That class of prisoner is not to be reformed. We must begin at the beginning and prevent, by stringent education and supervision of wicked parents, that class of prisoner from being regularly supplied as if he were a human necessity.

Do they teach trades in Workhouses,[†2] and try to fit *their* people (the worst part of them) for Society? Come with me to Tothill Fields Bridewell,[†3] or to Shepherd's Bush, and I will shew you what a workhouse girl is. Or look to my walk in a workhouse (in H. W.)[†4] and to the glance at the youths I saw in one place, positively kept like wolves.[†5]

Mr. Hill thinks prisons could be made nearly self-supporting.[†6] Have you any idea of the difficulty that is found in disposing of Prison-Work? Or does *he* know that the Treadmills didn't grind the air because the State or the Magistracy objected to the competition of prison labor with free labor, but because the work *could not be got*?

I never can have any kind of prison discipline disquisition in H. W. that does not start with the first great principle I have laid down, and that does not protest against Prisons being considered per se. Whatever chance is given to a man in a prison, must be given to a man in a refuge for distress.[†7]

The article in itself is very good, but it must have these points in it; otherwise I am not only compromising opinions I am known to hold, but the journal itself is blowing hot and cold and playing fast and loose, in a ridiculous way.

That heap of chips is quite out of the question. Vegetable Miracles had better be made a separate article, and called *Receipt of Fern Seed*[†8]—which is a phrase of Falstaff's.[†9]

The Australian Article had better be called, I think, *Lost and Found at the Gold Diggings.*[†10] It, too, is very poor.

As to La Galite,[†11] it looks like a wretched translation from a wretched original, and I can say no more of it. But observe the horrible injudiciousness of leaving in it, at page 89, that reference to the Slave Dealer,[†12] after all the howling there has been

about that infernal African who could wear his chains in peace—and be damned to him.[†1]

Starting a paper in India[†2] is very droll—to us. But it is full of references that the public don't understand, and don't in the least care for. Bourgeois, brevier, minion, and nonpareil, long primer, turn-ups, dummy advertisements and reprints, back form, imposing stone, and locking up, are all quite out of their way and a sort of slang that they have no interest in.[†3]

Let me see a revise when you have got it together, and if you can strengthen it—do.[†4] I mention all the objections that occur to me as I go on—not because you can obviate them (except in the case of the Prison paper) but because if I make a point of doing so always, you will feel and judge the more readily both for yourself and me too,[†b] at the same time, "one and indivisible",[†5b] when I take an Italian flight.

YOU[†6]
How are the eyes getting on?
ME.[†6]

I have been at work all day.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 11 MARCH 1853

Facsimile([aa]), extract and summary in Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis catalogue, n.d.

[a]1, Junction Parade, Brighton, | Eleventh March 1853.

My dear Evans,

I have gone through the accounts[†7] and find them in all respects intelligible, explicit, and plain. It is indeed a noble and glorious balance,[†8] and expanded my chest considerably (I don't mean any pun) at breakfast time this morning. Fifteen hundred pounds to-day, and the rest on the 10th. of April (in remembrance of the Chartists,[†9] I suppose?) will suit me perfectly.[a]

Expressing his wish to entertain Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Evans in his regular French country house at Boulogne.[†10]

I suppose we are to consider our agreement terminated at the conclusion of Bleak

House.[†1] [a]I would like you and Bradbury in the meantime to consider how you would propose to arrange our future relations. I am ready at any time to meet you in anything you may suggest, and to conclude any agreement we may think reasonable.[†2] I can most heartily say, that all our intercourse has been one of pleasure and satisfaction to me and that I have been very happy in it. I hope we shall never terminate our business engagements until that printer in stone who will have to be employed at last, shall set up

F. I. N. I. S

over our last binding in boards.[†3]

I have been writing my head off all day and have got to that state in which my pen won't be plain.

With kindest regards to Bradbury and remembrances from all here,

Ever my dear Evans, | Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS[a]

To W. H. WILLS, 12 MARCH 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Brighton | Twelfth March 1853. | Saturday Morning

My Dear Wills.

Sala's angler's public house[†4] is so excellent, that you certainly had best put that first in this present No.[†5] You can leave off, if it will make a better No., before the waterside public house.[†6]

Don't dictate business letters to Johnson, as I heard you doing the other day. The orthography of the letter I have received this morning, is a very sufficient reason for this caution.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 MARCH 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London

Brighton, Sunday March Thirteenth 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have not the original letter "obliviated" by the "human" to whom it was

addressed,[†1] here. But since I wrote to Mr. Greenhow, I have received a second note (enclosed) from the same lady, which may answer the purpose.

I shall be in town tomorrow night or Tuesday, and will present myself in Stratton Street as soon as Bleak House is shut up for the month—which I hope will be before the week.[†2]

Most beautiful weather here!—We have no doubt that it is raining hard through a thick fog in London.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MR WEST,[†3] 16 MARCH 1853*

MS St Pancras Public Libraries.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth March 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. West, and begs to assure Mr. West that he knows no such person as James Allen, and never employed any one of that name.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 17 MARCH 1853*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Tavistock House. | Seventeenth March 1853.

My Dear Sir.

Since my return from Brighton where I have been staying this last fortnight, Mr. Wills has mentioned to me what has passed between yourself and him in reference to Not so bad as we seem.[†4]

First, as to the question of the terms agreed upon,—I have consulted Mr. Forster's recollection of what passed at your house on the evening when they were arranged, and I find that it exactly tallies with mine. The price being fixed,[†5] it was suggested that the Amateur Company should retain the Play a year. I objected that the many engagements of the gentlemen concerned, and their inability to go out of London with it without previous extra exertion in their own pursuits, rendered that time (in my mind) insufficient. Two years were then suggested, and you fully and entirely concurred in that term being fixed.

Secondly, as to any reduction of the price agreed upon. I am sure I need only suggest to you that *I* cannot alter the terms agreed upon for a play of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's. But if you wish to make any representation to him on this head, I would beg you to write to himself at Knebworth.

When you shall have clearly settled in your mind what the honorable and plain course in this case is, I shall be glad to hear from you. And then, allow me to say, the Guild has not the least wish to press you for the money you will have to pay. If you will merely admit of the accounts being made up by giving your note for it at such a date as may suit your perfect convenience, it will be quite satisfactory.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 MARCH 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Eighteenth March 1853.

My Dear Wills

When I came home last night, I found the enclosed from Brockedon[†1] on the India Rubber article.[†2]

It must be closely enquired into, and I should wish to have, separately, whatever Mr. Dodd[†3] may have to say on each head in which the fact is stated to be distinctly against him. Because if it should turn out—which it may not—that he has again committed and misled us, immediately after the Gold and Silver diets,[†4] it is quite clear it won't do. Nothing can be so damaging to Household Words as carelessness about facts. It is as hideous as dulness.

Ever Yours
CD

To JAMES M'GREGOR, 21 MARCH 1853†

MS Auckland Public Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty First March | 1853.

My Dear Sir

I have forborne to trouble you on the subject of the piece of ground by the Bricklayer's Arms,[†5] at the corner of Swan Street and Willow Walk,[†6] because Miss Coutts was out of town and I wished her to see it before I proceeded further.[†7] She has now seen it and thinks well of it; and my object, briefly, is to know how we can get it?

I shall be happy to come to you at any time you may appoint.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

James MacGregor Esquire.

To MRS HENRY BICKNELL,[†1] 28 MARCH 1853

Text from N, II, 455.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Monday Twenty Eighth March 1853

My Dear Mrs. Bicknell,

That very agreeable friend of yours whom I met at your good father's[†2] (and whose name to my everlasting confusion I forget) laid me under a willing promise to obtain for her some information respecting a cheap Lending Library on a small scale. Will you let her have it, as enclosed, with my remembrance and regard?

The same to your inferior half[†3] and to the smaller portions of yourself, never forgetting my little pet.

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 MARCH 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Eighth March | 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Caroline Canlon once wrote you a very pretty letter describing her home in the Forest, with an odd passage in it about the Cat at her elbow.

It is not among the letters in the box or in my keeping, and I should very much like to conclude the Household Words article with it.[†4] Have you got it? If you have, I write in the profound conviction that your surprising development of the organ of Order, will enable you to find it in a moment!

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 28 MARCH 1853

Extract in T. F. Madigan Monograph No. 1; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 28 Mar 53; addressed Benjamin Webster.

I thought it right to forward your letter addressed to myself[†5] to Sir E. B. Lytton, thinking that course would be satisfactory to you and might save you trouble. I now enclose you his reply, which I hope may assist you in coming to a decision.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 MARCH 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Thirtieth March 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you the Home article,[†1] which perhaps you will look over before I come tomorrow—when I will bring the Society of Arts[†2] paper,[†3] and also consult you in reference to a communication I have had from Mr. MacGregor.

There is nothing very difficult to understand, in the corrections in the home Proof, except the following alarming hieroglyphic.

—which simply means, that what it refers to, is to be struck out. I mention this, because you will see the mystic sign dancing all down the side of Caroline Canlon's letter, which the printers have taken it into their wise heads to punctuate elaborately—thereby destroying its simplicity.[†4]

Dear Miss Coutts. | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To DR J. J. GUGGENBÜHL,[†5] 30 MARCH 1853*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Morning | Thirtieth March 1853.

My Dear Sir

Since my return to town I have been so constantly occupied that I have not been able to enjoy the gratification I had promised myself in seeing you. And I am sorry to add that I have an engagement this morning which obliges me to go out.

But if you should, by good fortune, be disengaged *to day,* and if you would kindly excuse so short an invitation, it would give Mrs. Dickens and myself unusual pleasure to see you at dinner at a quarter

before 7. Dr. Elliotson dines with us, and another English friend (lately from Switzerland)[†6] who takes a strong interest in all such objects as you have at heart.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Guggenbuhl.

To MARK LEMON, 30 MARCH 1853

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth March 1853.

My Dear Mark.

I shall be glad to go into that subject[†1] with you again and give you the best advice in my power, at your convenience. Here, at any time before 6 to-morrow afternoon, or at any time on Friday, or at any time before 6 on Saturday or at any time after One on Sunday.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 30 MARCH 1853*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth March 1853.

My Dear Stone.

If you should be disengaged and disposed to look in here this evening, you will find the Leeches[†2] and Townshend[†3] and Elliotson and the German Doctor[†4] who established the famous Hospital for Cretins.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 31 MARCH 1853*

MS Morgan Library. Address: Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Thursday Thirty First March 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I should be very sorry to lose the Article[†5] now, and wish you would read it again (before I come tonight at half past six) with a view to the removal of that apprehension of yours. It might be taken away from all connexion with you immediately, by substituting "founder" for "foundress", and speaking of the originator, always, as a man. Or, such an artifice might be used, as "two maiden sisters", or "an old lady",

or anything that would remove it from you.[†6] What correspondence it may occasion Household Words is a matter of indifference for there is a perpetual spring-tide of letters setting in in that direction. Any allusion to the locality is needless and can be taken out.[†7] I will answer for so changing all the references to you, as that nobody shall have the least clue. Having written the paper, and finding it so interesting, and having made a place for it in the Number now in hand, I should be glad to keep it, if

you feel your apprehension quite overcome—otherwise, of course not. But I think you may be certainly and safely put out of the prospect altogether.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 31 MARCH 1853*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Benjamin Webster Esquire | Theatre Royal | Adelphi.

Tavistock House | Thirty First March 1853.

My Dear Sir.

I accept your suggestion[†1] in so far as it relates to Mr. Manby,[†2] with the greatest satisfaction and readiness; having perfect confidence in him and an old regard for him.

But I would rather not act in this matter[†3] myself. I would prefer to entrust it to Mr. Wills. I have spoken to that gentleman on the subject, and he will be happy to arrange for meeting Mr. Manby at any time and place that may suit his convenience.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MARCH 1853]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 570. *Date:* at a time when he was overstrained, "not unfrequently", according to Forster, complaining of overwork; probably at the end of March.

Hypochondriacal whisperings tell me that I am rather overworked. The spring does not seem to fly back again directly, as it always did when I put my own work aside, and had nothing else to do. Yet I have everything to keep me going with a brave heart, Heaven knows!

To THOMAS DIXON,[†4] [?MARCH 1853]

Mention in *To* Dixon, 4 Apr. *Date:* clearly shortly before that letter.

To MR ROBERTS,[†1] [?FEBRUARY-MARCH 1853]

Mention in a letter from the Rev. John Clay *to* CD, Preston, March 1853, given in W. L. Clay, *The Prison Chaplain: a Memoir of the Reverend John Clay*, 1861, p. 325.

Giving his observations on some papers sent to him.[†2]

April

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 APRIL 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | First April, 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Broderip[†3] is the man. He is rather a distinguished Naturalist besides having long been a very good magistrate. I know him intimately. He is getting a little old now, but will do anything and everything in his power. He has often begged me to give you the assurance; but I have not troubled you with it—reserving it for any occasion when you might want his aid.

I concur in all your suggestions as to the Home article, and will devote this evening to it. Everything shall be stated as you wish and I will take care to relieve it of all the little points in doubt. I clearly see the way to smoothing them down. Though it will not be published for a fortnight, it must be got to Press now. But it shall not leave my hands until it is perfectly discreet.

Charley certainly seems, I hope and believe, to be admirably placed. I am quite certain they will take as much care of him as could be taken of him here. When he left me I wrote to Professor Müller[†4] a description of his character and his little weak points; and I read it to Charley himself, in order that he might know the confidence that was established between them. They seem to have come together in the most natural manner possible.

I am so dreadfully jaded this morning by the supernatural dreariness of Kaye[†5] Shuttleworth[†6], that I feel as if I had just come out of the Great Desert of Sahara where my Camel died a fortnight ago.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 1 APRIL 1853

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House, Friday Night, First April 1853.

My dear Mark. Consider this rough draft.[†1] I would not make it longer, were I you—or at all events much longer—unless on indispensable and absolute necessity. Ever affect CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 1 APRIL 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | First April 1853.

My Dear Wills. You can't make up this No.[†2] in hand with any certainty—so dont try—until I shall have gone over the Home article this evening. Miss C is a little afraid of it—shrinks from being so personally connected with it—and suggests many alterations. They will not improve the paper by any means; but on such a question of feeling, nothing is to be said.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN JAFFRAY,[†1] 2 APRIL 1853

Extract in Winifred A. Myers Ltd catalogue No. 8 (1972); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 2 Apr 53; with envelope addressed to John Jaffray, Journal Office, Birmingham.

[I have read your] agreeable letter with much interest, and accept with gratification the honour conferred upon me.[†2] *CD is glad the Banquet was* attended with good results.[†3]

To MR TIDBURY,[†4] 2 APRIL 1853*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Second April 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Tidbury, and begs to say that his engagements prevent his accepting the dinner-invitation with which he is honored through Mr. Tidbury's letter.

Nor can he have the pleasure of accepting the office proposed to him,[†5] as his leisure does not admit of his undertaking any new public functions, and as he has resolved never to connect himself, in name alone, with any Institution.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,[†6] 3 APRIL 1853

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Sunday Third April 1853.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

I am very sensible of your kindness, and shall indeed be delighted to dine with you on the twentieth and renew my personal acquaintance with the well-remembered rooms, evermore associated in my mind with your noble readiness to serve the arts,[†7] and your innumerable determined ways of making me happy.

Bulwer has been very ill, but I hope he may be better by that time. Mr. Forster has been confined to his chamber too, for many weeks.[†8] Mr. Topham is sketching in Spain.[†9] With these exceptions, I think the whole of the old party are in a vigorous condition. I am rejoiced to hear such excellent accounts of yourself. Mr. Coote was

so eloquent on the subject that I almost suspected him of an intention to make your health the subject of a triumphal march.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire
Ever Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To THOMAS DIXON, 4 APRIL 1853

MS Kyoto University of Foreign Studies.

Tavistock House London | Fourth April, 1853.

Dear Sir

I am quite distressed, I assure you, that my note should have given you a moment's uneasiness. I do not recollect its terms, but it was one of many, and my correspondence is so very large that my business notes are necessarily brief. You may be perfectly certain that nothing in your communication to me required the least apology, or was received in any other spirit than one of friendliness and interest. Trust me I must be greatly changed, before I can resent the remembrance of "a tired mechanic after his day's labor", or his confidence in me. I cannot remember how I led you to a conclusion so painful to me, but I think the fault must somehow have been mine, and I am very sorry for it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Thomas Dixon Junr.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 APRIL 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Ninth April, 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Being hard at work again, I had quite forgotten the enclosed until I received your reminder.

It is still doubtful, I think, whether there has been reasonable time for a letter to be received in Anne Johnson's[†1] case. But there can be no harm in making the enquiry. She is quite ready to go out, I should say.

I hope Mr. and Mrs. Brown are both better. I have been endeavouring to impress upon the mind of Mr. Sydney Smith[†2] that he knocked up Mrs. Brown, but he is so proud of the card[†3] that he merely grins—with a rather unfeeling expression on the whole.

Perhaps you will let Mr. Brown know that I don't expect him to be quite well until he has had some more of my iced gin punch. I have known it to be very efficacious in innumerable similar cases.

I heard from Charley the day before yesterday. He is now in the Professor's

house, and much dismayed, both by the German language, and by my giving him "two or three months" to learn it in.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THE REV. WILLIAM GASKELL,[†1] 10 APRIL 1853

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* The Reverend William Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Tenth April, 1853.

My Dear Sir

I should be very happy, I assure you, to take up that I.O.U. and render the least help to your sanitary movement[†2] (for I have, from the first, taken a warm interest in that vital subject), if it were reasonably within my power. But since I got rid of the heavy demands upon my leisure, made by the Guild, I have accepted *no public engagement whatever*; being entirely and completely occupied with Household Words and Bleak House; and being so anxious to devote myself to the latter without interruption, that as soon as the weather settles I shall leave London for some months expressly for that purpose. I enter into these particulars as an assurance to you that I am in earnest, and that if I were available for any kind of public assemblages just now, I would respond to your invocation most cheerfully.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in kind remembrances to Mrs. Gaskell and yourself, and I am—overleaf, for the purposes of the indispensable flourish—

Always Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Gaskell.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 APRIL 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* If at Richmond, to be forwarded | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Monday Night | Eleventh April, 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. A Beckett the magistrate, having received the enclosed letter, took pains to verify it—saw the girl[†3]—and applied to me today with a view to the Home. I had an interview with the girl at his Police office, and certainly think it a case we should do well to receive. I should have taken her at once, under more ordinary circumstances; but thought it best to make it known to you. They kept her long over their usual time at the Magdalen[†4]—a year and ten months.[†5]

She was very neatly dressed, and has evidently made a tremendous struggle to preserve a decent appearance. I do not think her particularly delicate, naturally, and have no doubt that we should make a great change in her robustness, in a very little while. How she could be *so* neat, was a marvel to me. She made little of her own case, and merely said, in reference to her being pale, that she had had "a very hard winter".

She describes herself as not by any means a common needle-worker. Will you let me know, without delay, whether I shall take her in?

Another case became known to me at the same Police Office, of honest and affecting distress. Two sisters, one over fifty, the other over forty,[†1] the daughters of an old naval Lieutenant, fifty six years in the service. They are afflicted with failing eyesight, are not skilful, and have earned some five shillings a week between them at the commonest needlework. They made no application to Mr. A Beckett themselves; but some kind neighbour, aware of their terrific distress, did so for them. After examining[†2] their case, he gave them what he could from the Poor box. Although they are in debt for rent, their present poor landlady will not turn them out. Neither would a former land lady (whom they left of their own accord, to come nearer to their wretched work) to whom they owed Three Pounds. But it is an extraordinarily good circumstance in their case that they have since, even in their dire need, paid thirty shillings of it. I cannot imagine that it would be of any use to send these unhappy women abroad,—but if you should think it advisable to give them anything, I can answer for Mr. A Beckett being very conscientious in seeing it thoroughly well applied. It is one of those cases in which the goodness of the poor towards the poor,[†3] stands out so beautifully that you would suppose the men about the Police Court had never seen distress or known imposture; they appear to feel the facts so much.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 APRIL 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twelfth April, 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will take in the case with all speed, and place the Five Pounds in Mr. A Beckett's hands. And I will think of your truly kind and good suggestions in reference to those poor sisters.

I can come down on Sunday, if you will tell me your dinner hour. I would come before, but I am too hard at work to be able to stir.—And indeed—on second thoughts—I think upon the whole *I had better wait* till you come home. I am so very closely occupied. I hope to finish on Monday or at latest next day.[†4]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS MORSON, 12 APRIL 1853*

MS Dr A. A. Silverman.

Tavistock House | Twelfth April 1853

My Dear Mrs. Morson

Without delay, please send clothes for "Louisa Cooper, care of G. A. à Beckett Esquire, Police Court Southwark", and at the same time write and make an early appointment for calling there, and fetching the girl. I may mention to you that it is a peculiar case—closely enquired into—and strongly recommended. She was a year and 10 months in the Magdalen and gave the greatest satisfaction. She was seduced, but has never done anything else wrong—has tried very hard to subsist by needlework, and can not do it, though she is a very good worker—she has suffered much from want, and will need good food and nourishment.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 13 APRIL 1853

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth April, 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I have joyfully sent the Cranford last received,[†1] to the Printer's, as I shall joyfully send its successors yet to come.[†2] As to future work, I do assure you that you cannot write too much for Household Words, and have never yet written half enough. I receive you, ever, (if Mr. Gaskell will allow me to say so) with open arms. In your Ghostly visions, don't forget—though it seems a long while beforehand to say so—the next Christmas Round of Stories, on the plan of the last![†3]

You shall collect Cranford when you please, and publish where you please.[†4] My dear friends Ruth[†5] and Mary Barton,[†6] I can put no limitations on.[†7] Their visits are too like those of angels.

Ever Yours faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN HARDWICK,[†8] 13 APRIL 1853*

MS Mr L. C. Staples.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth April, 1853

My Dear Hardwick

Unless you let me know that you have any conflicting engagement, I will bring

my mother to your *house* to make that declaration,[†1] on Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Very faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

John Hardwick Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 APRIL 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fourteenth April | 1853.

My Dear Wills.

GUILD[†2]

I said *4*[†3] on Saturday with a view to my work. I doubt if I can get to Wellington Street by 3, but I must try as you have sent out the summonses. (I almost think it might be better to meet, instead, on Wednesday at ½ past 5 before going to Devonshire House.)[†4]

H. W.[†2]

I shall be engaged this afternoon, as Macready is coming here. Nor can I positively fix any time tomorrow but the evening. You had better send me the proof, and call on me tomorrow evening (if you can) after your dinner. Or I will be at the office on Saturday at ½ past 4. As you prefer.

I could not manage Colchester[†5] next Tuesday, but could do so on Tuesday week, if that be another of the regular days. In the meantime we might see Highgate[†6] as already proposed. I think the best way will be for you to write to Conolly,[†7] saying

that I shall be able to decide on the 21st. after seeing Highgate, whether a visit to the other place too, be necessary.[†1] *If so*, and the following Tuesday be a regular day, I would make that visit then.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Have you asked Morley[†2] whether he feels his way to the assize subject? The Circuits are nearly over, and the article should be got up.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 APRIL 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Star and Garter | Richmond | Surrey.

Tavistock House | Friday Fifteenth April 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I think you may like to see these few further particulars of the two sisters, and also to know how reliable Mr. A Beckett is, in thoroughly looking into such a case.

I hope Mrs. Brown's parti-colored World is turning satisfactorily on its axis.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 17 APRIL 1853

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Sunday Seventeenth April | 1853.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire.

I should try in vain to tell you how happy I am to be so assured as you have assured me, that I did right in the matter I revolved so much.

I am going to ask a favor—which, with you, is so exactly like bestowing one that I feel almost magnanimous! We have, staying here (arrived a little before his expected time) an old friend of mine who is the Sheriff of Edinburgh,[†4] and a nephew of Rutherford the late Lord Advocate.[†5] He is a distinguished man in Edinburgh (as you may suppose from his post) and married one of Professor Wilson's[†6] daughters,[†7] but has always been true to the Liberal side; to which he has done good service. Moreover he is well known to the Guild, having once been honorary Secretary for us when we played in Edinburgh.[†8] If you would allow Mrs. Dickens to bring him on

Wednesday evening, he would be very proud of the honor—and would not be left here.

Forgive me!

My Dear Duke of Devonshire
Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To MARK LEMON, [17 APRIL 1853]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly same day as next.

Tavistock House | Sunday.

My Dear Mark,

Are you alone today? Because Gordon has arrived, and we should be delighted to see you. What do you say? I have rather a notion that I should like a little G. P.[†1]

Affecy. Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 17 APRIL 1853

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night | Seventeenth April 1853[†2]

My Dear Mark.

Gordon is all aGog[†3]—and Magog[†3]—for an out tomorrow night. Let us meet at H. W. at from 5 to ¼ past, and find something queer to see.

R.S.V.P. being lined through, I should say no necessity for an answer.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 18 APRIL 1853

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth April, 1853.

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

As you are so kind as to mention the vacant place at dinner, and as Mr. Gordon is well known to all the Guild party, I have given him the great benefit of the doubt, and have had *that* invitation artfully filled up. What an Idiot I must have been yesterday not to have mentioned his name in my note!—But in a frenzied state of interest in Bleak House,[†4] I had got up at 5, and gone furiously to work,

so that at about noon I was comparatively insensible. So I hope you will excuse me.

Ever Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire.

To J. C. D'ARNAUD GERKENS,[†1] 19 APRIL 1853

MS Herr Godfried J. A. Bomans. *Address:* À Monsieur: | Monsr. J. C. d'Arnaud Gerkens | The Hague.

Tavistock House, London | Tuesday Nineteenth April 1853

Dear Sir

Your Consul General has had the kindness to forward to me, your most interesting and gratifying letter, and its accompanying representation, by your pencil, of some of the chief characters in David Copperfield.[†2]

I can honestly express to you my great admiration of the delicacy and tenderness with which you have illustrated my book. I have examined your drawings with great pleasure and shall preserve these proofs of your sympathy with the creatures of my imagination, with great pride. Their conception is so quiet and gentle, and their execution so free, that they unite two qualities which I very rarely find in similar designs.

Accept my heart felt thanks, and the assurance of my high estimation and regard.

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur J. C. d'Arnaud Gerkens.

To CHARLES MANBY, 19 APRIL 1853*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth April, 1853.

My Dear Mr. Manby

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging note of yesterday's date with its enclosure.[†3] In reference to which, I may observe that Mr. Wills is perfectly correct in his reference to the "strong opinion" I entertain; and that if he had added that I have been utterly amazed by his account of the tone in which this matter has been negociated on behalf of Mr. Webster, he would have written what may not be much to the purpose, but what is undoubtedly true.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire.

To MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT,[†1] 19 APRIL 1853*

MS Mr C. V. Bliss.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth April 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Florence Marryatt and begs to say that he will be happy to subscribe for five copies of her song.[†2] If they be delivered to Mr. Wills at the Household Words office, he will pay the subscription.

To MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU,[†3] 19 APRIL 1853*

MS University of Birmingham.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth April, 1853.

My Dear Miss Martineau.

I *must* write a few words in reply to your note; first, for the pleasure of corresponding with you, however briefly;[†4] and secondly to say how very starry and stripy our little Bleaburn experience[†5] appears to me to be.

I am anxious to see the result of your Comte labors.[†6] I require a good deal to counterbalance your total abstinence from Household Words for so long a time,[†7] and have a selfish disposition to be mighty critical.

I still hope you may be able to lend your powerful and useful aid to Shuttleworth's scheme.[†1] Between ourselves, I do not think it will be carried out with the expedition we could fondly hope for. And so much depends upon the manner in which the money (when raised) is laid out,[†2] and on the ability with which the topics are handled, that I would rather, for one, have it delayed than indifferently achieved.

In this next No. of Household Words you will find a little paper called "Home for homeless Women", which I think will interest you. It contains the results of my own experience in the active management of the Institution to which it refers.

Macready dined here a few days ago. He is much changed, and still liable to be greatly affected by incidental reminders of his late misfortunes.[†3] Still, on the whole, he is better and happier than I had feared he would be.[†4]

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 22 APRIL 1853*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Twenty Second April, 1853

My Dear Sir

As I do not require any tickets for the Dinner,[†5] I return the enclosed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To CHARLES KNIGHT,[†6] 22 APRIL 1853

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 22 Apr 53; addressed Charles Knight.

Never heard of a party. Coote expressly said the Duke only intended to invite in the evening the ladies of his own family. *Stone's mysterious manner conferring with Grieve who knew nothing of it nor had any lady of his been asked. Nor had Telbin, Haghe or Pitt. Would have as soon expected to have found* the stake at Charing Cross, or the Lion from the top of Northumberland House in the drawing room, as Jerrold.[†7]

To MRS MORSON, 23 APRIL 1853*

MS Dr A. A. Silverman.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Saturday Twenty Third April 1853

Dear Mrs. Morson

I am coming out on Monday probably in the morning—to shew the Home to a gentleman.[†1] We will confer then.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To MR MACKENZIE,[†2] 24 APRIL 1853

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth April, 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Mackenzie, and has the pleasure of replying to his enquiry.[†3] Mr. Dickens is the writer of the paper in question.

To FRANK STONE, 25 APRIL 1853*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth April 1853.

My Dear Stone

Townshend is coming here this evening, and I am going to read him the next No. of Bleak House.[†4] If that vortex of dissipation in which you live, should have a gap in it at 8 O'Clock, we shall be the gainers. And if your ladies[†5] would care to be of the small audience—ditto.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS BLAKE,[†1] 27 APRIL 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Seventh April 1853.

Madam

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your earnest note, and a volume of very interesting poems.[†2] Allow me to thank you cordially, for both.

I became a subscriber to the large edition of M De Lamartine's[†3] works,[†4] but I regret that I cannot (in the midst of innumerable claims) take any shares in the project to which you so generously invite my attention.[†5] I am every day under the necessity of writing some reply (often very many replies) of this nature to esteemed correspondents, and I trust you will find in this circumstance a sufficient explanation.

I am Madam | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Blake.

To CHARLES BONER,[†6] 27 APRIL 1853

Text from N, II, 458.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Seventh April 1853

My Dear Sir,

I beg you to accept my cordial thanks for your most acceptable and gratifying letter, and your picturesque book.[†7] I have read both with unusual pleasure and I can honestly assure you that I am proud of the privilege of having beguiled some of your leisure hours. It is a great happiness to be held in the remembrance of so generous a reader and so good a writer; and believe me, I esteem it highly.

My Dear Sir, | Yours faithfully and obliged,

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 APRIL 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh April, 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am heartily rejoiced to read the enclosed[†1]—the more so, as I *do*[†2] understand it!!!!!!! If he had had any goods, they would have been taken in execution under another absurd machine called a Fi Fa;[†3] but having nothing but himself, *he* is taken in execution under our friend Ca Sa[†4]—which is no relation to our dear little Casa Wappy.[†5]

I heard of the proceedings at the Confirmation[†6] from Mr. Tracey, whom I saw on Monday.

I will call for Mr. Brown in good time on Saturday tell him.

And I shall sustain myself through the Academy Dinner afterwards, by the comfortable hope that this fellow Dunn will never get out again.

Ever Faithfully Yours Dear Miss Coutts

CD.

To JOHN ANGUS,[†7] 29 APRIL 1853*

MS Audrey Barnes, Ohio.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Friday Twenty Ninth April 1853.

Dear Sir.

Our friend Gordon has given me hopes of your being disengaged on Sunday next, and joining our family dinner at half past 5 (punctually). Allow me to assure you that if you will give Mrs. Dickens and myself the pleasure of your company, we shall be delighted to see you.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Angus Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 APRIL 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Night | Twenty Ninth April, 1853

My Dear Miss Coutts

I think it best to send the letter on to Young Rapid,[†8] and have therefore instructed your servant where to take it.

If you will tell me (when you know it) the exact time for the Home flight,[†1] I will then arrange with Dr. Hodgson[†2] for the temporary house. It cannot be got in that neighbourhood without a distinct agreement as to time. Cubitt's foreman has been out there, and is making an estimate of the cost of the Improvements. When he brings it to me, I will bind him as to the length of time they would occupy.

I find this is only half a sheet of paper. Pray excuse it.

I think the Giant who said Fie fi fo fum, must have been an impersonation of the Law.[†3] Grinding Jack's bones to make his bread, looks so like it!—[†4]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS GEORGE HOGGE, APRIL 1853

Envelope only, MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* Mrs Hogg | Bilney | Lynn | Norfolk. PM AP 53.

To JAMES PAYN,[†5] [APRIL 1853]

Mention in James Payn, *Some Literary Recollections,* 1884, p. 43. *Date:* presumably soon after the appearance of Payn's "Gentleman Cadet" in *HW* on 9 Apr.

Asking Payn's permission to give his name to the Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich as author of "Gentleman Cadet".

To THE GOVERNOR[†1] OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, [APRIL 1853]

Mention in James Payn, *Some Literary Recollections,* 1884, p. 42 *Date:* presumably soon after the appearance of Payn's "Gentleman Cadet"[†2] in *HW* on 9 Apr.

Informing the Governor, in answer to his letter, that the author of "Gentleman Cadet" *had been a cadet at the Military Academy.*

May

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE,[†3] 2 MAY 1853*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | 27 Dorchester Terrace | Bayswater.

Tavistock House. | Second May 1853

My Dear Mrs. Clarke.

Many thanks for your kind note and its enclosure. I fear we shall have but few leisure evenings in this month—intend to save any next month for a quieter life—but if we get a chance, the London Institution[†4] shall hear of it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cowden Clarke

To MISS EMMELY GOTSCHALK,[†5] 2 MAY 1853

Text from N, II, 458-9.

Tavistock House, London. | 2nd May 1853

My Dear Miss Gotschalk,

I should have written you long ago, it was not because I have exhausted my stock of advice for one situated as you are, and having said all I can say to soothe and strengthen you. The chances and changes of the world deprive all of us of friends, rob all of us of many hopes and loves we have cherished, make breaks and gaps in all our lives, and strip away many leaves and boughs from every tree under which we have delighted to sit.

But the journey is ever onward and we must pursue it or we are worthy of no

place here. Whether yours shall be happy or unhappy rests (as it seems to me) mainly with yourself.

I shall never forget you and will always be interested in you. But this is a world of action, where everyone has a duty to fulfill, a part to play. And, my dear girl, if you sit down by the wayside to think and grieve, those who are dearest to you will be swept on in their better course, until they are lost and gone. It will be a poor comfort to you when you grow old, to think how you might have borne them company and done them good. Many a child grows into a giant and acorns into oaks.

With the little figure of Hebe,[†1] which you sent me, standing on the table near me, I shall never forget you and will always be interested in you.

Always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To C. P. RONEY,[†2] 2 MAY 1853†

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House, London, | Second May 1853.

My Dear Roney.

A journey to Ireland, occupied as I am at present, would not be much more easy to me than a journey to the Moon.[†3] The enclosed answer to the card[†4] you have been so kind as to forward, is the only one within my power.

I am glad to hear such good accounts of your doings and prospects. Give my enduring regard and remembrance to James[†5] when you meet, and tell him that I have often felt curious to know whether any remembrances of old times were revived in him by any parts of David Copperfield.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. P. Roney Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 MAY 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Star and Garter | Richmond | Surrey.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Third May 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Besides having my Edinburgh man[†7] here, I had dim foreshadowings of some

impending engagement yesterday which I could not make a substantial thing until Mrs. Dickens came up with a paralyzing reminder of the awful Lord Mayor. With whom I dined accordingly.[†1]

I cannot set about the house at St. Peter's or Broadstairs,[†2] without having from Mrs. Morson on paper, a statement of the least No. of beds she can do with. It may be necessary to take two small houses, side by side, to secure the requisite amount of beds. Further, I must know the exact time at which the house will be wanted, or we cannot, in that country, hire it. For these reasons, will it not be better to wait another week or ten days? I am in daily expectation of Cubitt's estimate, and, when we get that, they must state what time they will require, and must be restricted to it. There will be no difficulty at all in choosing among such houses as are to be let every season, for there is nobody there before July. But I must be able to give the Vicar,[†3] a business-like note of all our requirements.

Anne Johnson will do better in the end, I think, without that young man.[†4] It would never do, clearly, to apply to his brothers for any information under such circumstances.

Mr. Brown will have told you of the Westminster proceedings.[†5] They are so entirely out of Mr. Tennant's[†6] way, and he uses such a very little hammer instead of a mallet, that he must never be left to himself in it. It is like a pigeon taking the chair at a meeting of Bulldogs.[†7]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 3 MAY 1853

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Third May 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell,

The subject is certainly *not*[†1] too serious, so sensibly treated.[†2] I have no doubt that you may do a great deal of good by pursuing it in Household Words. I thoroughly agree in all you say in your note; have similar reasons for giving it some anxious consideration; and shall be greatly interested in it. Pray decide to do it. Send the papers as you write them to me. Meanwhile I will think of a name for them, and bring it to bear upon yours,[†3] if you think yours improvable. I am sure you may rely on being widely understood and sympathized with.

Forget that I called those two women,[†4] my dear friends! Why if I told you a fiftieth part of what I have thought about them, you would write me the most suspicious of notes refusing to receive the fiftieth part of that. So I don't write—particularly as you laid your injunctions on me concerning Ruth. In revenge I will now mention one word that I wish you would take out, whenever you reprint that book. She would never—I am ready to make affidavit before any authority in the land—have called her seducer "Sir," when they were living at that hotel in Wales.[†5] A girl pretending to be what she really was, would have done it, but she—never![†6]

Ever Most truthfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell.

To FRANK STONE, 3 MAY 1853*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening, Third May 1853.

My Dear Stone.

I think Houdin[†7] the conjurer is at Sadlers Wells. If you should happen by any chance not to be in the Vortex, and would like to wind up this glorious day in a suitable manner, I am to be heard of as above.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To PROFESSOR and MRS BEECHER STOWE,[†1] 3 MAY 1853*

MS[†2] Yale University Library.

Tavistock House. | May 3rd. 1853.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens request the pleasure of Professor & Mrs. Beecher Stowe's company at dinner on Saturday, May 14th. at ¼ *before* 7 o'clock.

To C. C. FELTON,[†3] 4 MAY 1853*

MS Robert Taylor Collection, Princeton.

Tavistock House | Fourth May 1853.

My Dear Felton

Welcome a thousand times to your mother's arms!—

I am seized with a horrible desire to present you to Forster (who is going to dine here today, by a capital coincidence)[†4] as Professor Stowe!!! We have all been so bored by that amiable personage[†5] that I feel it is my "mission" to do this[†6]—and *not*

my mission to be disappointed in the joke. I hope you may receive these presents in time to be prepared.

We have a box for a good french Conjuror in the evening.[†1] Tomorrow afternoon I am on town—a sort of roving Oyster[†2]—with Mr. Lemon the Editor of Punch. Pray have no engagement but to come with us.[†3]

Ever Most affectionately Yours

CD.

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF ESSEX,[†4] [?EARLY MAY 1853]

Mention in Lady Essex *to* CD, 15 May 53.[†5] *Date:* presumably a week or two before that letter.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 5 MAY 1853

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, Dec 1981; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 5 May 53; addressed Edward Chapman; ending and signature reproduced in facsimile in catalogue.

The balance certainly seems rather small for the large sale, but I observe the cost you mention and see nothing to object to in the account.

Asking him to pay the balance into Coutts's bank,[†6] settling the Oliver Twist account with Bradbury and Evans as usual.

Referring to the disagreeable serial books,[†7] and the accounts of Household Words; they are invariably so rendered, examined, and paid. And there is never any confusion or complaint.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FULLARTON,[†1] 5 MAY 1853*

MS Mr R. J. Blackmore.

Tavistock House, London | Fifth May 1853.

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your interesting letter and its accompanying book.[†2] I shall enter on the perusal of the latter with a strong predisposition to be pleased, and with a lively faith in its possessing some genuine merit. For the tone of your communication is at once so frank and modest, so independent and unpretending, that I cannot receive it as a part of my every-day correspondence. I am proud of your good opinion and remembrance, I assure you, and derive a real gratification from what you say of my writings.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Fullarton Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 5 MAY 1853

Facsimile in John Wilson catalogue, 1984.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fifth May 1853

My Dear Mark

My jolly American has arrived, and will be with us this afternoon at 5. You will find him one of the easiest and most natural of fellows.

Ever affecy
CD

To D. MITCHELL,[†3] 5 MAY 1853*

MS Mills College, California.

Tavistock House, London | Fifth May 1853.

Dear Sir.

Your letter has given me very great pleasure in its earnest and genuine nature. I thank you for it with all my heart.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

D. Mitchell Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 5 MAY 1853*

MS University of Kentucky.

Tavistock House | Fifth May, 1853.

My Dear Stanny

A certain Greek professor from America, whom I greatly liked when I was there

and whom I wish to please now he is here,—he being one of the jolliest and simplest of men, and not at all starry, *or* stripey,—is going to dine with me at the Trafalgar, Greenwich next Thursday. Will you and Mrs. Stanfield[†1] join our little party? As I want to shew him the Hospital,[†2] I would propose to meet at the Household Words, at ¼ before 3 for 3. Say "yes, for self and partner" like a genuine A. B.[†3] as you are.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 5 MAY 1853*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Fifth May 1853

My Dear Stone.

The Muse

W i l l N o t [†4]

be propitiated this morning. What are you going to do?

Ever

CD

To E. M. WARD,[†5] 5 MAY 1853*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Fifth May 1853.

My Dear Ward.

As an Early hour will suit your convenience,[†6] let me say at from half past nine to ten, on Saturday morning.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 6 MAY 1853

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixth May 1853

My Dear Mark

Can you manage to come in on Sunday at ½ past 1, to see Miss Kelly[†1] about this infernal benefit.[†2]

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 MAY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Seventh May 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Shall I enquire into this case? We are full; but some girls will soon be going away, and we could take it in: having the little room at our disposal. Will you return me the letter with your reply.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To J. P. HARLEY,[†3] 8 MAY 1853†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eighth May, 1853

My Dear Harley

[†a]Mr Lemon and I are interested in getting up a little benefit early next month[†a] for Miss Kelly—most probably at the St. James's Theatre. We have for a committee The Duke of Devonshire, Duke of Leinster,[†4] Duke of Beaufort,[†5] Stanfield, Young,[†6] &c. The bill is a very easy one (she playing herself) and we think it will do the design great service if you will *nominally* (we have a man ready to do all the writing work),[†7]

act as Secretary. Send me a line round to say Yes, and we will meet about it soon.[†1]

Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

To JOHN DE GEX,[†2] 9 MAY 1853*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House. | Ninth May 1853.

My Dear De Gex.

I am sorry that I cannot possibly do it.[†3] I have declined every sort of public engagement this year, with the single exception of the Academy Dinner[†4] and my own Theatrical Trusteeship.[†5] My attention is so fully occupied just now, that I am going to retreat for some months, early in June, to work in peace and quiet—an absolute impossibility in London at this time of the year when all the nations of the earth bring letters of introduction and Britannia is for ever asking her children out to all manner of social endurances.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John De Gex Esquire

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER,[†6] 9 MAY 1853

MS Comédie Française.

Tavistock House | Monday Ninth May 1853.

My Dear Regnier.

I meant to have spoken to you last night about a matter in which I hope you can assist me—but I forgot it. I think I must have been quite bouleversé by your supposing (as you pretended to do, when you went away) that it was not a great pleasure and delight to me to see you act!

There is a certain Miss Kelly, now 62 years old, who was once one of the very best English actresses, in the greater and better days of the English Theatre. She has much need of a Benefit,[†7] and I am exerting myself to arrange one for her on about the 9th. of June—if possible at the St. James's Theatre. The first piece will be an Entertainment of her own, and she will act in the last. Between these two (and at the best time of the night) it would be a great attraction to the public, and a great proof

of friendship to me, if you would act. If we could manage, through your influence and with your assistance, to present a little French Vaudeville—such as Le bon homme Jadis[†1]—it would make the Night a grand success.

Mitchell's[†2] permission I suppose would be required. That I will undertake to apply for, if you will tell me that you are willing to help us, and that you could answer for the other necessary actors in the little French piece—whatever the piece might be, that you would choose for the purpose. Pray write me a short note in answer, on this point.

I ought to tell you that the Benefit will be "under distinguished patronage". The Duke of Devonshire, The Duke of Leinster, The Duke of Beaufort, &c &c are members of the Committee with me, and I have no doubt that the audience will be of the Elite.

I have asked Mr. Chapman[†3] to come to me tomorrow, to arrange for the hiring of the Theatre. Mr. Harley (a favorite English Comedian whom you may know) is our Secretary. And if I could assure the Committee tomorrow afternoon of your cooperation, I am sure they would be overjoyed.

Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 MAY 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Tenth May 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Your account of Anne Johnson has interested me very much indeed. I fancy that her disappointment in respect of that young man, may have more to do with her state of mind than she supposes; but it is a great thing to have that voluntary confession from her, and I shall hear Mrs. Morson's account of her interview with her mother, with great curiosity and compassion—I suppose it will not break the mother's heart to take the younger daughter away from her?[†4]

A considerable correspondence about the Home has poured in upon Household Words.[†5] I have kept the best part of it for you to read. The object has generally been, either to see the place or to subscribe towards its support. I have invariably answered on the first point that to give any further information would be to interfere with the discipline of the establishment and impose useless trouble on the Superintendents. On the second point, I have of course replied that subscriptions are not accepted.

The post that brought me your note this morning, brought me the enclosed. Shall I do any thing more?

Mr. Lemon the Editor of Punch, came to me privately on Sunday, to say that he

had received a bitter letter from some man in Westminster—a lawyer of some sort, as he thought—complaining of the proposed improvements,[†1] and of "being put by Miss Coutts under the parsons".[†2] Mr. Lemon had destroyed the letter as an impertinence, before he thought that I should probably know something about the subject, and might have liked to see it. He could not remember the writer's name, but I think from what he did recollect of the man's statement of his own case, I could pick the gentleman out if he should come to one of the Meetings. I mention this, as an additional reason for your giving Mr. Tennant a hint (if you think well of it) to be practical and business-like above all things, *and not on any account to talk to them as if they were children.*[†3]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 10 MAY 1853*

MS Doheny Memorial Library, California.

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART
Tuesday 10th May 1853.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

I think it will be best for you to meet us here, if you can, on Saturday at ¼ before 4. Harley acts as nominal Secretary with pleasure. I have taken the St. James's for the 9th. of June.[†4] Bring as many large names with you for the Committee, as you can.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER CUNNINGHAM,[†6] 11 MAY 1853

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Eleventh May 1853.

My Dear Cunningham.

I have a little domestic party at Greenwich tomorrow, to shew the place to one Mr. Felton—a Greek Professor from America—for whom I had a great regard when I was across the Water, and who is a noble fellow.

Will you join us. Pray do. We dine at the Trafalgar. Punctually at 6.

But we assemble (if you can manage that too) at the Household Words office at a quarter to 3, to go down and see the Hospital. Which Stanfield undertakes to shew.

A word in answer, and let it be—Yes.

Ever Cordially
CD.

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To C. C. FELTON, 11 MAY 1853

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* C. Felton Esquire | Morley's Hotel | Trafalgar Square.

Tavistock House | Eleventh May 1853.

My Dear Felton.

I can give you perfect consolation. There is not the least hurry to night.[†1] We should not in any case have gone before ten or past, and we shall wait for you with the greatest repose. Therefore you have no occasion to be brief in that achievement of eloquence which will be long remembered.[†2] *Do not on any account give them less than an hour and a half.* Mention the Mississippi. They will be rejoiced to hear of

Niagara. Take them out on the Prairies. Don't forget the red man. I foresee that you will wind up with the star-spangled banner—but let me entreat and adjure you, first to tell them something of a few of the most remarkable men in the Country.

Seven reporters (I am told) will attend from The Times; relieving each other every five minutes. Arrangements have also been made for telegraphing to Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, the moment you are on your legs. You will forgive their not firing the Tower guns—but this is such an infernally aristocratic country.

Ever affectionately

CD.

P.S. I shall be in the Gallery.

To MRS MORSON, 11 MAY 1853*

MS Miss Grace Hughes.

Tavistock House | Eleventh May 1853.

Dear Mrs. Morson.

Yes.[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 12 MAY 1853

Mention in N, II, 461.

To GEORGE HODDER,[†1] 15 MAY 1853

MS Indiana University Libraries.

Tavistock House | Sunday May Fifteenth 1853.

My Dear Sir

Will you write (as in the other cases) to Wright,[†2] asking him to act for Miss Kelly's benefit? Observe—*If* you have heard from Mr. Arnold[†3] that Charles Matthews[†4] will not undertake to get up Jenkins in Gretna Green,[†5] ask Wright if he will do it. If you have not heard from Arnold, don't tell Wright yet, positively what we want him to do—but send him the letter.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

George Hodder Esquire.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY,[†6] 15 MAY 1853*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fifteenth May 1853.

My Dear Tracey.

Will you have the kindness to send one of your intelligent officers round your domain with Professor Felton from America—a friend of mine for whom I have a great regard—and Mr. Shimmin[†7] who accompanies him.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS M. & N. HANHART, 16 MAY 1853

Text from N, II, 462. *Address:* M. & N. Hanhart | Lithographers | 64 Charlotte Street | Rathbone Place.

Tavistock House | Monday Sixteenth May 1853

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs. Hanhart, and begs to assure them that he accepts with great pleasure the elegant specimens of their art

which they have had the kindness to send him. The tenor of their note is extremely gratifying to him, and gives the works[†1] a new interest in his eyes, beyond their own great beauty and ingenuity.

To MRS MATTHEWS, [17 MAY 1853]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 19 May 53. *Date:* On 18 May Mrs Matthews thanked CD for his "letter of yesterday" (MS Morgan).

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 MAY 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Star and Garter | Richmond | Surrey.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth May 1853. Thursday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I think that must be all a mistake about that Suffolk baby your nephew,[†2] because (it is a remarkable fact) we have in this house the only baby[†3] worth mentioning; and there cannot possibly be another baby anywhere, to come into competition with him. I happen to know this, and would like it to be generally understood.

I return Mrs. Morson's letter. It is a very nice child (not being a baby) and will be very pretty and very like the sister.[†4] All was quiet on Tuesday. I paid the bills, and administered encouragement to the vicious Cranstone who seems to have been trying to do better. Also to Campbell who has her head shaved

(in consequence of her hair falling off) and is low spirited in consequence. As well she may be, looking something between the knob on the top of a pair of tongs—a Chinese—and a scraped dutch cheese.

I have Cubitt's plan for the new bedroom, *and* a small sitting room (which Mrs. Morson says would be necessary, at cleaning times, with the increased number). It is sensible and practicable, and the estimated expence is £275. The whole could be erected (but of course not dried for occupation) in six weeks. Will you "seriously incline"[†5] your mind to the subject, and decide when it shall be done? I am anxious to arrange it all, as I shall be flying to Boulogne, and more peaceable work than London admits of at this time of year even to a paragon of seclusion like myself, early in June. And further. Cubitt's foreman is much distressed that we have no regular supply of water at Shepherd's Bush. He has craved leave to "look into it" and see what it would cost. Which I have ventured to give him.

Now, will you read the enclosed from Mrs. Matthews (in answer to questions of

mine)[†1] and tell me what I shall do.[†2] Your view of the Scandinavian book[†3] is mine, and therefore(?) I thought it very humourous. Why a man who is for ever fainting away, should be making himself limper with Scandinavian poetry, is one of those extraordinary mysteries that the mind cannot fathom.

Being rather limp myself with working since ½ past 5 this morning, I will leave off.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 19 MAY 1853

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 497 (1927); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock [House], 19 May 53.

I have never heard anything about the Deserter[†4] being played in four pieces,[†5] nor do I conceive it possible to adjust such a point in that high-handed way, without knowing what else is going to be done, and who is going to do it.

To JOHN BRITTON,[†6] 20 MAY 1853*

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Tavistock House | Twentieth May 1853

Dear Sir

On the day to which your kind note referred, I was hard and fast at work. I have only just now emerged, to make preparations for a flitting to the French coast, for the quieter and more peaceable conclusion of the book I have in hand.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Britton Esquire.

To W. J. CLEMENT,[†7] 20 MAY 1853*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Twentieth May 1853.

My Dear Clement,

I have received your letter with very great pleasure. It is delightful to read such cordial words, and to be so heartily and kindly understood. I hope you will find

Woodcourt's part in the end of the story, in keeping with what has pleased you so much. I think it will be pretty, and not ungraceful towards his profession.[†1] As to the opposing parsons[†2]—God help them. The world seems to me, to be on its way to leaving their ignorance a little behind.

I don't think I could have resisted your invitation on any feebler grounds *than Bleak House. But I wish to finish the story with great care,*[†3] *and it is almost impossible to be as secluded as one could desire* (*though I am very rigid in that respect*), *in London at this time of the year.* The letters of introduction alone that are brought to me, would constitute a reasonable amount of business for one man. Hence we are going off in the beginning of June to Boulogne, where I purpose to remain until October; and both Mrs Dickens and I hope that you and Mrs Clement may be coming that way in the course of the Autumn. It is in a country, and is in itself a place, the beauties of which are scarcely known to English people. Odd bits about it that I know of, are as picturesque as Naples—and it is thriving and industrious, and not like that horribly degraded place otherwise.

I shall send you our address as soon as we are fixed there. In the meantime and always, I do assure you that one of the happiest incidents for which I am grateful to the Guild is its having brought you and me into personal friendship.[†4]

With kindest regards to Mrs Clement, in which Mrs Dickens joins,

I am ever My Dear Clement, | Very faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Talfourd[†5] a little disjointed and incoherent just at present.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 20 MAY 1853

MS Comédie Française.

Tavistock House | Friday Twentieth May 1853.

My Dear Regnier

I am heartily obliged to you for your kind letter respecting Miss Kelly's benefit. It is to take place *on Thursday the 16th. June*—Thursday the 9th. (the day originally proposed) being the day of Ascot Races, and therefore a bad one for the purpose.

Mitchell, like a brave garçon as he is, most willingly consents to your acting for

us. Will you think what little French piece it will be best to do, in order that I may have it ready for the bills?

Ever Faithfully Yours | My Dear Regnier
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Regnier.

To DR WILLIAM BROWN,[†1] 21 MAY 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. Brown Esquire | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty First May 1853.

My Dear Sir

I would not bring forward the proposition of advancing a third of the money,[†2] unless on the extremest necessity. For I am inclined to doubt whether the disadvantages of a principle so objectionable, would not counterbalance the advantages of the improvements.

I will call for you in Stratton Street at 3 on Monday, and in the meantime will consider the matter carefully. I think it very important to consider these two points, in reference to Mr. Arnold's[†3] suggestion.

1. Whether, if we offer a third, the class of persons who would accept it will not immediately get it into their heads that they have only to stand out and get half, or more—in short, to be bribed into consenting? (Which I greatly fear.)

2. Whether the better class of opposing persons who are not so base, would be in the least shaken in their objections by such an offer? (Which I rather doubt).[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Brown Esquire.

To JOHN KENYON,[†5] 21 MAY 1853*

MS Boston Public Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Evg. Twenty First May | 1853.

My Dear Kenyon.

I am extremely sorry to be prevented from dining with you, and entirely (I blush to add) through my own fault.

This afternoon's post has brought me a letter from an Edinburgh friend of ours[†6] who was staying with us three weeks ago, and left with a serio-comic engagement to return this very day, and bring another friend with him to dinner. We had so entirely dismissed it from our minds that my ladies are out; and yet there is no kind of question

that it *was* a bargain. So here I am waiting for them! And I shall never breathe a word of my narrow escape from committing myself, unless you compromise me at some odd time or other.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Kenyon Esquire.

To E. M. WARD, 21 MAY 1853*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House | Twenty First May 1853.

My Dear Ward

To my unspeakable terror I received the enclosed yesterday morning. What can I have done in the oval way, I wonder![†1]

Yours Distractedly
CD.

E. M. Ward Esquire

To E. M. WARD, 22 MAY 1853

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Second May 1853

My Dear Ward.

Will Thursday suit you? As early as you please. Say at 10.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

E. M. Ward Esquire

To JOHN LEECH, 23 MAY 1853

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 32 Brunswick Square.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Third May | 1853

My Dear Leech.

On looking at my book, I am inclined to propose next week for our jaunt, if convenient to you. Name any day but Tuesday. Might it not be better to go down to Gravesend by Steamboat, if the fine weather should continue?

I shall dine at the Household Words office on Thursday at ½ p 5, and afterwards go to see the Savages at Hyde Park Corner.[†2] Will you come and dine then and there—and not forget it? In that case we might solemnly arrange the proceedings of the Lady-Day.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

We spun a table in the most extraordinary manner last night.[†1] Mamey, Katey, their governess, I, Catherine, Georgina, "Mon cher Regnier", et Madame Regnier. The Pembroke table in my study gamboled like an insane elephant (with a prodigious creaking) all round the room!!![†2]

To MR GRIMES,[†3] 24 MAY 1853

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Fourth May 1853.[†4]

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Grimes, and begs to thank him for his curious and interesting communication; the spirit of which, Mr. Dickens very cordially appreciates. Two kindred characters are already represented in Bleak House,[†5] which makes the letter more agreeable.

To THE REV. W. MALKIN,[†6] 24 MAY 1853*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

Tavistock House London | Twenty Fourth May 1853

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to the Reverend W. Malkin, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging communication. It will give Mr. Dickens great pleasure to subscribe to so curious and interesting a work.[†7]

To MRS MORSON, 25 MAY 1853

Extract from Robert K. Black catalogue No. 13 [Feb 1947 or 1949]; *MS* 2 pp.; dated

Tavistock House, 25 May 53.

Requesting Mrs Morson to call at the magistrates court to rescue a young girl accepted as a new inmate of the Home. Please to summon the committee.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 27 MAY 1853*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh May 1853.

My Dear Tracey.

Are you fortunately disengaged at Six tomorrow, Military time?[†1]

If so, will you come and dine here, to meet the gallant Colonel.[†2] We have no party whatever.

In haste | Always Heartily Yours

CD

To MISS FANNY KELLY, 28 MAY 1853

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 30 Moscow Road | Bayswater.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Eighth May 1853.

Dear Miss Kelly.

On the question of your own acting, as you make it a matter of feeling I can say nothing.[†3] On the question of now abandoning Free and Easy,[†4] I can only say that if—knowing it to be Charles Matthews's[†5] suggestion; having seen how Harley was gradually got to play a particular part in it;[†6] and having the other day sat by, and seen actors and managers written to, concerning other particular parts in it—you don't think it unreasonable, nothing I can say could make it appear so.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

Miss Kelly.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 MAY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Ninth May | 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you the enclosed from Mrs. Matthews, acknowledging the last letter I wrote to her on your behalf.

Always Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 MAY 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Thirtieth May 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I find, to my great vexation and distress, this morning, that they have kept from me[†1] that Frank[†2] (the cleverest of all the children) stammers so horribly as to be quite an afflicted object.[†3] You were saying last night that you would see Dr. Arnott[†4] today. I should particularly like to ask him whether he can recommend any one to cure the child. I did know a Mr. Hunt[†5] whose system is admirable,—but he is dead. Will you ask Dr. Arnott what would be the most convenient time for Catherine to bring the boy to him for his advice, tomorrow morning?

I am unfortunately engaged to go to Maidenhead today, but I shall be back tonight.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THE SOCIETY FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES,[†6] MAY 1853

Mention in *The Builder*, May 1853.

June

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 JUNE 1853]

Mention in Forster *to* Miss Kelly, 7 June 53[†7] (Anderson catalogue No. 1628, 1 Feb 1922).

To LADY EASTLAKE,[†1] 11 JUNE 1853†

MS University of Texas.

Pavilion, Folkestone | Saturday Eleventh June 1853.

My Dear Lady Eastlake.

I have been ill and in great pain—six days in bed, for the first time in my life—or I should have answered your note before now. But I take the earliest opportunity of assuring you, from this breezy place on my way to Boulogne, that it will give me great pleasure to send you my proxy paper for young Brown:[†2] Whom success attend!

Since Monday last, I have been shaving a man every morning—a stranger to me—with big gaunt eyes and a hollow cheek—whose appearance was rather irksome and oppressive. I am happy to say he has at last retired from the looking-glass, and is replaced by the familiar personage whom I have lathered and

scraped these twenty years. He (the last-named) sends you his best regards, and begs to say that he lives in the hope of another talk with you on subjects ghostly and dreamy, and that he respectfully denies unto the death the assumption that mad people won't drown.

Dear Lady Eastlake | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My regards to Sir Charles.[†3]

To E. M. WARD, 11 JUNE 1853

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Pavilion, Folkestone | Saturday Eleventh June 1853.

My Dear Ward.

The day on which I was unfortunately disabled from sitting to you was the first of six I passed in bed, where I underwent great pain and became extremely weak. I am happy to report that I am now growing vigorous again, and am on my way to Boulogne. But I fear there is no chance of our getting on with the picture until my return in the winter. My study is dismantled, the carpet taken up, the curtains taken

down, and the bloom (for the time being) as much gone off that flower as this one which indites these presents.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 11 AND 12 JUNE 1853

MS Dickens House.

Pavilion, Folkestone | Saturday Eleventh June 1853.

My Dear B & E.

I send you, above, the lettering for the plates;[†1] and am grateful and happy to report myself immensely better.[†2] I had a little walk yesterday afternoon—ate and drank well, and slept well—am much stronger, and am fast getting back my old face. I feel aches and pains when I sit up to write, but they are rapidly diminishing.

As there is no post-delivery in town tomorrow, I mean to keep this open, to send you another bulletin before I go across.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.
Sunday Morning

Still better and stronger, I am happy to say, and bracing myself up for the great attempt of Tuesday morning.[†3] If I can only manage to sit at it long enough at a time, I have great hopes of doing the No. yet, please God. A fine quiet morning—wind gone round from the East to the West—and all looking well for the passage across.

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 12 JUNE 1853*

MS Mr H. C. D. Whinney.

Pavilion Folkestone | Sunday Twelfth June 1853.

My Dear Mark.

I have laughed over your letter[†4] this morning until I became quite an impersonation of Falstaff's wonderful simile, and my face was "like a wet cloak ill laid up".[†5] My sober and serious advice in the matter is the plainest possible. Dissolve the Committee,[†6] let the thing go off, leave her to form another Committee, and never have anything more to do with her.[†7]

I do not think the popular excitement is so great as to render our implied pledge to the public, of much importance. I *do* think—and indeed thoroughly know—that nothing of a satisfactory nature can ever be done with Miss Kelly, and that she is not to be trusted.[†1] Therefore I would *decidedly* let her go. The only points I take to be of importance, are, that she should know what money-charges there are against her, and that she should understand that it is hopeless to think of enlisting you and me for example, for any future occasion. I have not the least objection to your mentioning my opinion in full to such of the Committee as may assemble on Monday, if you think it at all desirable to do so. She volunteers an opportunity for our getting out of the business, and I have not a shadow of doubt that it is best got out of.

I am happy to report myself as looking like myself, and as being very much better and stronger. We are going across at ¼ to 2. My address will be the Hotel des Bains until I get a house, when I will send you the address. Kate unites with me in love to yourself and Mrs. Lemon and all the pets.

Ever My Dear Mark | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 JUNE 1853]

Extracts in F, VII, ii, 571 and IV, 590-1. *Date:* first extract 13 June according to Forster; second extract evidently same letter. *From* Boulogne.

Thanking Heaven for escape from a breakdown. If I had substituted anybody's knowledge of myself for my own, and lingered in London, I never could have got through.

He had taken a house on the high ground near the Calais road; an odd French place with the strangest little rooms and halls, but standing in the midst of a large garden, with wood and waterfall, a conservatory opening on a great bank of roses, and paths and gates on one side to the ramparts,[†2] *on the other to the sea. There was a capital proprietor and landlord,*[†3] *by whom the cost of keeping up gardens and wood* (*which he called a forest*) *was defrayed, while he gave his tenant the whole range of both and all the flowers for nothing, sold him the garden produce as it was wanted, and kept a cow on the estate to supply the family milk.* If this were but 300 miles farther off, how the English would rave about it! I do assure you that there are picturesque people, and town, and country, about this place, that quite fill up the eye and fancy. As to the fishing people (whose dress can have changed neither in colour nor in form for many many years), and their quarter of the town cobweb-hung with great brown nets across the narrow up-hill streets, they are as good as Naples, every bit.

To W. H. WILLS, 13 JUNE 1853

MS New York Public Library.

Boulogne. | Monday Thirteenth June 1853.

My Dear Wills.

You will be glad, I know, to hear that we had a delightful passage yesterday, and that I made a perfect phænomonon of a dinner. It is raining hard today, and my back feels the damp; but I am otherwise still mending.

I have signed, sealed, and delivered a contract for a house (once occupied for two years by a man I knew in Switzerland)[†1] which is not a large one, but stands in the midst of a great garden, with what the landlord calls a "forest" at the back; and is now surrounded by flowers, vegetables, and all manner of growth. A queer, odd, French place—but extremely well supplied with all table and other conveniences, and strongly recommended. The address is

Chateau des Molineaux[†2]

Rue Beurepaire

Boulogne[†3]

There is a coach-house, stabling for half a dozen horses, and I don't know what.

We take possession this afternoon, and are now laying in a good stock of creature-comforts. So no more at present from

Yours Ever faithfully

CD

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite in kindest regards.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?14][†4] JUNE 1853

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Apr 1876; *MS* 4 pp.; dated 4 June 53.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 JUNE 1853

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Chateau des Molineaux Boulogne
Saturday Night, Eighteenth June 1853

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†5]

I have gone over the No.[†6] and now return it. Thomas,[†7] *very well*—but might have

been a little more picturesque. Costello[†1] good enough as far as it goes, but it don't go to the Camp, and therefore is at present a coup manqué. If you put Forster in his place, call it The Power-Loom.[†2] If you have a tolerably lively process article, it would be better than Country News.[†3] Look well to that portion yet to come of Sala,[†4] which I have not got.[†5]

BLEAK HOUSE.[†6]

Thank God I have done half the No.[†7] with great ease, and hope to finish on Thursday or Friday next.[†8] O how thankful I feel to be able to have done it, and what a relief to get the No. out!

MONEY.[†6]

I enclose a cheque for £20.

GENERAL MOVEMENTS OF INIMITABLE.[†6]

I *don't think* (I am not sure) I shall come to London until after the completion of Bleak House No. 18[†9]—the No. after this now in hand—for it strikes me that I am better here at present. I have picked up in the most extraordinary manner, and I believe you would never suppose to look at me that I had had that week or half an hour of it. If there should be any occasion for our meeting in the meantime, a run over here would do you no harm, and we should be delighted to see you at any time. If you suppose this place to be in a street, you are hugely mistaken. It is in the country, though not more than ten minutes walk from the Post office, and is the best doll's house of many rooms in the prettiest French grounds and the most charming situation I have ever seen—the best place I have ever lived in, abroad, except at Genoa.[†10] You can scarcely imagine the beauty of the air on this richly wooded hill side. As to comforts in the house, there are all sorts of things, beginning with no end of the coldest water and running through the most beautiful flowers down to English footbaths and a Parisian Liqueur-stand. Your parcel (frantic enclosures and all) arrived quite safely last night. This will leave by steamer tomorrow, Sunday, evening. There is a boat in the morning, but having no one to send tonight I can't reach it; and tomorrow being Sunday it will come to much the same thing.

I think that's all at present,

Ever My Dear Wills | Faithfully Yours

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 23 JUNE 1853

MS Benoliel Collection.

Chateau des Molineaux | Rue Beaurepaire, Boulogne
Thursday Twenty Third June 1853.

My Dear Pumpion.[†1]

I take the earliest opportunity after finishing my Number—ahem!—to write you a line, and to report myself (thank God) brown, well, robust, vigorous, open to fight any man in England of my weight, and growing a moustache. Any person of undoubted pluck in want of a customer, may hear of me at the bar of Bleak House, where my money is down.

I think there is an abundance of places here that would suit you well enough, and Georgina is ready to launch on voyages of discovery and observation with you. But it is necessary that you should consider for how long a time you want it, as the folks here let much more advantageously for the tenant, when they know the term—don't like to let, without. It seems to me that the best thing you can do, is to get a paper of the South Eastern Tidal Trains—fix your day for coming over in five hours (when you will pay through to Boulogne at London Bridge)—let me know the day—and come, and see how you like the place.[†2] *I* like it better than ever. We can give you a bed (two to spare—at a pinch three—) and shew you a garden and a view or so. The town is not so cheap as places further off, but you get a great deal for your money, and by far the best wine at tenpence a bottle that I have ever drunk anywhere. I really desire no better.

I may mention for your guidance (for I count upon your coming, to overhaul the general aspect of things) that you have nothing on earth to do with your luggage when it is once in the boat, *until after you have walked ashore.* That you will be filtered, with the rest of the passengers, through a hideous, whitewashed, Quarantine-looking Custom House, where a stern man of a military aspect will demand your passport. That you will have nothing of the sort, but will produce your card with this addition—"Restant à Boulogne, Chez M. Charles Dickens, Chateau des Molineaux." That you will then be passed out at a little door, like one of the ill-starred prisoners on the bloody September night,[†3] into a yelling and shrieking crowd, cleaving the air with the names of the different hotels—exactly seven thousand, six hundred, and fiftyfour, in number. And that your heart will be on the point of sinking with dread, when you will find yourself in the arms of the Sparkler of Albion.

All unite in kindest regards.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

(I thought you might like to see the flourish again).

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 JUNE 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Chateau des Molineaux | Rue Beaurepaire, Boulogne
Friday Twenty Fourth June 1853.

My Dear Collins

I hope you are as well as I am, and have as completely shaken off all your ailings. And I hope too that you are disposed for a long visit here. We are established in a doll's country house of many rooms, in a delightful garden. If you have anything to do, this is the place to do it in. And if you have nothing to do—this is also the place to do it in to perfection.†1

You shall have a Pavilion room in the garden, with a delicious view, where you may write no end of Basils.†2 You shall get up your Italian as I raise the fallen fortunes (at present sorely depressed) of mine. You shall live, with a delicate English graft upon the best French manner, and learn to get up early in the morning again. In short, you shall be thoroughly prepared, during the whole summer season, for those great travels that are to come off anon.†3

Do turn your thoughts this way. Coming by South Eastern *Tidal Train* (there is a separate list for that train; the time changing every day as the tide varies) you come in five hours. No passport wanted. Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their kind regards, and beg me to say how glad they will be to see you.

†a[

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire.

Our united remembrances to your mother†4 and brother.†5

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 24 JUNE 1853

MS Benoliel Collection.

Chateau des Molineaux | Rue Beaurepaire, Boulogne
Friday Twenty Fourth June 1853.

My Dear Cunningham.

A note—Cerberus like—of three heads.

First, I know you will be glad to hear that the Manager is himself again.†6 Vigorous, brown, energetic, muscular. The pride of Albion and the admiration of Gaul.

Secondly, I told Wills when I left home, that I was quite pained to see the end of your excellent bowl of Punch[†7] altered. I was unaffectedly touched and gratified by the heartiness of the original; and saw no earthly, celestial, or subterranean, objection

to its remaining—as it did not so unmistakeably apply to me as to necessitate the observance of my usual precaution in the case of such references, by any means.[†1]

Thirdly, if you ever have a holiday that you don't know what to do with, *Do* come and pass a little time here. We live in a charming garden in a very pleasant country, and should be delighted to receive you. Excellent light wines on the premises, French cookery, millions of roses, two cows (for Milk Punch), vegetables cut for the pot and handed in at the kitchen window, five summer houses, fifteen fountains (with no water in 'em) and thirty seven clocks (keeping, as I conceive, Australian time; having no reference whatever to the hours on this side of the globe).

I know my dear Cunningham that the British Nation can ill afford to lose you; and that when the Audit office mice are away, the cats of that great public establishment will play.[†2] But pray consider that the bow may be sometimes bent too long, and that over-arduous application, even in patriotic service, is to be avoided. No one can more highly estimate your devotion to the best interests of Britain than I. But I wish to see it tempered with a wise consideration for your own amusement, recreation, pastime. All work and no play may make Peter a dull boy as well as Jack. And (if I may claim the privilege of friendship to remonstrate) I would say that you do not take enough time for your meals. Dinner for instance you habitually neglect. Believe me this rustic repose will do you good.[†3] Winkles also, are to be obtained in these parts, and it is well remarked by Poor Richard[†4] that a bird in the Handbook[†5] is worth two in the bush.

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To J. B. CARDALE, 26 JUNE 1853

Extract in N, II, 469.

Pray return the five shillings to the poor man, as you so [considerately][†6] suggest.[†7] I should be pained indeed to take it from him, and so, I am sure would Mr. Stone be.[†8]

To JOHN FORSTER, 26 JUNE [1853]

Extracts in F, VII, iv, 591-3 and *n. Date:* second and third extracts probably same letter as first, dated 26 June; clearly 1853. *From* Boulogne.

26th of June.

O the rain here yesterday! A great sea-fog rolling in, a strong wind blowing, and the rain coming down in torrents all day long.... This house is on a great hill-side, backed up by woods of young trees. It faces the Haute Ville with the ramparts and the unfinished cathedral—which capital object is exactly opposite the windows. On the slope in front, going steep down to the right, all Boulogne is piled and jumbled about in a very picturesque manner. The view is charming—closed in at last by the tops of swelling hills; and the door is within ten minutes of the post office, and within quarter of an hour of the sea. The garden is made in terraces up the hillside, like an Italian garden; the top walks being in the before-mentioned woods. The best part of it begins at the level of the house, and goes up at the back, a couple of hundred feet perhaps. There are at present thousands of roses all about the house, and no end of other flowers. There are five great summer-houses, and (I think) fifteen fountains—not one of which (according to the invariable French custom) ever plays. The house is a doll's house of many rooms. It is one story high, with eight and thirty steps up and down—tribune wise[†1]—to the front door: the noblest French demonstration I have ever seen I think. It is a double house; and as there are only four windows and a pigeon-hole to be beheld in front, you would suppose it to contain about four rooms. Being built on the hillside, the top story of the house at the back—there are two stories there—opens on the level of another garden. On the ground floor there is a very pretty hall, almost all glass; a little dining-room opening on a beautiful conservatory, which is also looked into through a great transparent glass in a mirror-frame over the chimney-piece, just as in Paxton's[†2] room at Chatsworth;[†3] a spare bed-room, two little drawing-rooms opening into one another, the family bed-rooms, a bath-room, a glass corridor, an open yard, and a kind of kitchen with a machinery of stoves and boilers. Above, there are eight tiny bed-rooms all opening on one great room in the roof, originally intended for a billiard-room. In the basement there is an admirable kitchen with every conceivable requisite in it, a noble cellar, first-rate man's room and pantry; coach-house, stable, coal-store and wood-store; and in the garden is a pavilion,[†4] containing an excellent spare bed-room on the ground floor. The getting-up of these places, the looking-glasses, clocks, little stoves, all manner of fittings, must be seen to be appreciated. The conservatory is full of choice flowers and perfectly beautiful.

But the landlord—M. Beaucourt—is wonderful. Everybody here has two surnames (I cannot conceive why),[†5] and M. Beaucourt, as he is always called, is by

rights M. Beaucourt-Mutuel.[†1] He is a portly jolly fellow with a fine open face; lives on the hill behind, just outside the top of the garden; and was a linen draper in the town, where he still has a shop, but is supposed to have mortgaged his business and to be in difficulties—all along of this place, which he has planted with his own hands; which he cultivates all day; and which he never on any consideration speaks of but as "the Property." He is extraordinarily popular in Boulogne (the people in the shops invariably brightening up at the mention of his name, and congratulating us on being his tenants), and really seems to deserve it. He is such a liberal fellow that I can't bear to ask him for anything, since he instantly supplies it whatever it is. The things he has done in respect of unreasonable bed-steads and washing-stands, I blush to think of. I observed the other day in one of the side gardens—there are gardens at each side of the house too—a place where I thought the Comic Countryman[†2] must infallibly trip over, and make a little descent of a dozen feet. So I said "M. Beaucourt"—who instantly pulled off his cap and stood bareheaded—"there

are some spare pieces of wood lying by the cow-house, if you would have the kindness to have one laid across here I think it would be safer." "Ah, mon Dieu sir," said M. Beaucourt, "it must be iron. This is not a portion of the property where you would like to see wood." "But iron is so expensive," said I, "and it really is not worth while—" "Sir, pardon me a thousand times," said M. Beaucourt, "it shall be iron. Assuredly and perfectly it shall be iron." "Then M. Beaucourt," said I, "I shall be glad to pay a moiety of the cost." "Sir," said M. Beaucourt, "Never!" Then to change the subject, he slided from his firmness and gravity into a graceful conversational tone, and said, "In the moonlight last night, the flowers on the property appeared, O heaven, to be *bathing themselves in the sky.* You like the property?" "M. Beaucourt," said I, "I am enchanted with it; I am more than satisfied with everything." "And I sir," said M. Beaucourt, laying his cap upon his breast, and kissing his hand—"I equally!" Yesterday two blacksmiths came for a day's work, and put up a good solid handsome bit of iron-railing, mortised into the stone parapet.... If the extraordinary things in the house defy description, the amazing phenomena in the gardens never could have been dreamed of by anybody but a Frenchman bent upon one idea. Besides a portrait of the house in the dining-room, there is a plan of the property in the hall. It looks about the size of Ireland; and to every one of the extraordinary objects there is a reference with some portentous name. There are fifty-one such references, including the Cottage of Tom Thumb, the Bridge of Austerlitz, the Bridge of Jena, the Hermitage, the Bower of the Old Guard, the Labyrinth (I have no idea which is which); and there is guidance to every room in the house, as if it were a place on that stupendous scale that without such a clue you must infallibly lose your way, and perhaps perish of starvation between bedroom and bedroom.

Provisions are scarcely as cheap as I expected, though very different from London: besides which, a pound weight here, is a pound and a quarter English. So that meat at 7*d.* a pound, is actually a fourth less. A capital dish of asparagus costs us about fivepence; a fowl, one and threepence; a duck a few halfpence more; a dish of fish, about a shilling. The very best wine at tenpence that I ever drank—I used to get it very good for the same money in Genoa, but not so good. The common people very engaging and obliging.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 JUNE 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Monday Twenty Seventh June | 1853.

My Dear Wills.

There was no letter from you in the parcel that came last night with the enclosed. That was all right, I suppose?

I have made various marks here. The Poem is so very poor, that it had better come out bodily,[†1] until we have a very strong number. The metre is so wretchedly made out.

Pull at the Pagoda Tree,[†2] very good. Provisionally Registered,[†3] very good. It is rather unfortunate that we have so many foreign subjects[†4] but it can't be helped I suppose. If we have never had *Cause* and *effect*,[†5] I think it a better title for the Carlsruhe story. St. Vorax's singing birds[†6] will stand over.[†7] With a Chip, you won't want it.[†8]

I am sorry to see that a corrected proof I once gave you of young Jerrold's[†9] two gentlemen[†10] has been mislaid. I recollect it, and my corrections, perfectly, by one stupendous absurdity that stands in the paper as it is.[†11] I wish you would tell me in what part of the town or country you know gentlemen of the present day to live under "Golden Domes".[†12] Because it is new to me, and I think a description of these Mansions might make a good paper.

I will send you the History of England in good time for the next No.[†13] and will afterwards write another paper if I can think of a subject.[†14] I will then refer to the

letters you sent me yesterday, which I have not time to do this morning. Will you post the enclosed.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

It has been blowing so hard here, that I am going down to look at the Sea—with the intention of stopping the children at Folkestone by telegraphic message[†1] if feasible.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 28 JUNE 1853

Text from N, II, 471

Boulogne | Tuesday, Twenty Eighth June 1853

My Dear Cunningham,

We are delighted to hear of your good intentions. As you can come any day after Sunday, *I* should say, Monday. Only let me know when, and we will be at the Custom House. You will want no passport; "restant à Boulogne chez M. C. D., Château des Moulineaux" is a sufficient response when you are asked for one. Bring some work. I shall go at it every day until lunch, and after that period shall become a sybarite with surprising constancy. Will you ask B & E to give you my Bleak Houses No 17 to bring with you.

Ever Cordially,

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LEIGH HUNT [?28 JUNE 1853]

Mention in next.

To W. H. WILLS, 28 JUNE 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne. | Tuesday Twenty Eighth June 1853.

My Dear Wills.

H. W.

I send you Hunt's article which will do very well, made into such lengths as will suit us.[†2] Get it into type. And read my letter to him, enclosed, before you post it.

I send also, the Child's History.

Self.

One or two letters to post, enclosed. One or two of those you sent me, returned, with a note of request to W. H. W. written in pencil on each.

I sent a telegraphic message to Folkestone yesterday, to stop the children from

coming on; the weather was so boisterous and the sea so high. It did not reach them until they were embarked with all the luggage, and there was not time to get them out. They came on therefore, and had a very bad passage and were horribly sick; but we were glad they came, after all.

I can't remember that I have any news, so I suppose I have none.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Thomas's Covent Garden Market?[†1]

To H. K. BROWNE,[†2] 29 JUNE 1853

MS Dickens House.

Chateau des Moulineaux, Rue Beaurepaire,
Boulogne Twenty Ninth June 1853.

My Dear Browne.

First, I beg to report myself, thank God, thoroughly well again. I was truly sensible of your hearty note, and of the right good will with which you fell to work at the plates under those discouraging circumstances.

Secondly, I send the subjects for the next No.[†3] Will you let me see the sketches[†4] here, by post.

Thirdly, I am now ready with four subjects for the concluding double No.[†5] and will post them to you tomorrow or next day!!!!!!!!!!!

Fourthly, I wish you would so contrive your arrangements—if so dispoged—as to come and pay us a visit here. I don't know whether you know Boulogne well; but, well known, it is a very capital place, with quite as much that is quaint and picturesque among the fishing-people and their quarter of the Town, as is to be found (if you'll believe me in a whisper) at Naples. We purpose remaining here until the middle of October—have a queer Doll's house of many rooms—and really beautiful gardens. I think you would like it, and be amused, and would find much worthy of note and afterwards useful in these parts. Now I have in

contemplation, on Monday the 22nd. of August to do the best French dinner that can be done in these regions, to celebrate the conclusion of Bleak House.[†6] Unto which festival, Bradbury, and Evans, and Lemon, stand pledged to come over. Can you not, on such good notice, arrange to come with them, and to remain after them—taking a good week or

fortnight of fresh air and change. We shall be truly delighted to receive you. Consider O man of business, and at your leisure reply.

Address as above.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hablot K. Browne Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 30 JUNE 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Boulogne | Thirtieth June 1853. | Thursday

My Dear Collins.

I am very sorry indeed to hear so bad an account of your illness, and had no idea it had been so severe. I can't help writing (though most unnecessarily I hope), to say that you can't get well too soon; and that I warrant the pure air, regular hours, and perfect repose, of this place, to bring you round triumphantly. You have only, when you are sufficiently restored to defy the D—octor and all his works, to write me a line, naming your day and hour. My friend Lord Wilmot[†1] will then be found at the Custom House.[†2]

Ward's[†3] account of me was the true one. I was thoroughly disabled—in a week—and doubt if you would have known me. But I recovered with surprising quickness—positively insisting on coming here, against all advice but Elliotson's—and got to work next day but one as if nothing had happened.

And what was the matter with me? Sir—I find this reads like Dr. Johnson directly—Sir, it was an old, afflicted

K I D N E Y [†4]

—once the torment of my childhood, in which I took cold.—[†5]

July

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 JULY 1853]

Extract in F, VII, iv, 593. *Date:* 3 July according to Forster. *From* Boulogne.

Fancy what Beaucourt told me last night. When he "conceived the inspiration" of planting the property ten years ago, he went over to England to buy the trees, took a small cottage in the market-

gardens at Putney, lived there three months, held a symposium every night attended by the principal gardeners of Fulham, Putney, Kew, and Hammersmith (which he calls Hamsterdam), and wound up with a supper at which the market-gardeners rose, clinked their glasses, and exclaimed with one

accord (I quote him exactly) VIVE BEAUCOURT! He was a captain in the National Guard, and Cavaignac[†1] his general. Brave Capitaine Beaucourt! said Cavaignac, you must receive a decoration. My General, said Beaucourt, No! It is enough for me that I have done my duty. I go to lay the first stone of a house upon a Property I have—that house shall be my decoration. (Regard that house!)

To MARK LEMON, 3 JULY 1853

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address* (envelope, MS Benoliel Collection): Angleterre. | Mark Lemon Esquire | 11 Gordon Street | Tavistock Square | London. PM 3 JUILL 53.

Chateau des Moulineaux | Rue Beaurepaire, Boulogne.
Third July 1853.

My dear Mark

I think you may like to know under my own hand that I am Myself again, and in a highly vigorous condition; working, walking, eating, and drinking—my bottle of wine a day—at tenpence.

Also that I propose to hold the great dinner for which you have accepted a general invitation—here—in these premises, on Monday the 22nd. of August. I hope you will be able to stay a few days, and that B and E at that dull business-time of the year will be able to do likewise. If Mrs. Lemon[†2] could manage to accompany you, Kate begs me to say with her love (to which add Georgina's and mine) that it would give us the greatest pleasure to see her. But we have our misgivings touching the strong grasp of the baby[†3] on the shores of Albion.

Such miserable objects as the children arrived, you never beheld! They had a very bad passage, and were all manner of toad-like colors. I was unspeakably ashamed of the whole race. The luggage I had not the heart to look upon—but I am told it overflowed the customhouse and lay in a sluggish pool upon the wharf. The horse and little carriage came by boat from London. Dimly, in the long perspective of a windy street, I saw the horse swinging in the air, in course of disembarkation—with thirty or forty Natives screeching at him and Cooper[†4] forlornly exposed to the fury of the populace. I immediately turned, fled into the country, and did not venture home until night, when the animal was—somehow—stabled.

I cannot say too much of our little country house, which, for my purpose, is perfectly delightful. It stands in gardens of its own on a broad hillside, and has its own millions of flowers, shady little woods, bowers for smoking, kitchen gardens, gasping gold fish in fountains that *will not*[†5] on any consideration play, and other rustic delights. There is a clock in every room, and I am inclined to think that we keep correct Australian time—which I believe is about ten or twelve hours different from French or English calculation.

When I take a flight to London, I shall not fail to give you a day or two's notice, in the hope that we may dine together. Meanwhile "make a note of" the twenty

second of August. Peter[†1] is coming here to-morrow, on a visit. I have ordered toast and water to be prepared for him. My landlord M. Beaucourt Mutuel—whose whole soul is in this place and has really done wonders with it, besides ruining himself to begin with—observed me this morning, putting writing materials in a bedroom in a pavilion in the garden, destined for Peter. "For a friend M. Beaucourt", said I, "who is coming to see us to-morrow." M. Beaucourt immediately pulled off his grey cap with one hand, laid his other hand upon his breast, and replied "I am glad of it. Eh my God! He will see the Property." (He never mentions the place by any other name on any account.)

Mamey and Katey are in a state of dreadful anxiety that it should be explained to Lally and Betty,[†2] with no end of loves, that they will write to them per Peter. Will you say as much? And will you receive this—not as a letter, for that would be such a prodigious flight of imagination, but [†a]as a hearty shake of the hand, From Yours my dear old boy, always affecy. CD. Kind loves and regards from all.[†a]

To W. H. WILLS, 4 JULY 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne. Monday Fourth July 1853.

My Dear Wills.

This No.[†3] will require a good deal of alteration.

In the first place, Morley[†4] must go first, beyond all question. In the second place, Morley and Sala[†5] should by no manner of means go together.[†6] In the third place, the Roving Englishman[†7] must come out bodily; since, apart from the slovenliness of the article, some of the statements are much too strong for me to commit myself to, without a positive knowledge of the facts.[†8] Lastly, I think you have too much History of England at one time, and would do better to print one chapter in this No. and one after a week's interval.[†9]

[†a]Be very careful what you fill up with. And also, if you please, to revise the revise of the Child's History—taking care that it is pointed *for sense*.[†a]

[†b]How two men can have gone, one after the other, to the Camp, and have written nothing about it,[†10] passes my comprehension. I have been in great doubt about the end of Sala. I wish you would suggest to him from me, when you see him, how

wrong it is. Surely he cannot be insensible to the fact that military preparation in England at this time means Defence.[†1] Woman, says Sala, means Home, love, children, mother. Does he not find any protection

of these things in a wise and moderate means of Defence; and is not the union between these things and those means one of the most natural, significant, and plain, in the world.[†b†2]

Mrs. Dickens and her sister have gone to look after Peter, while I prepare my parcel.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Pray get something done in notice of the enclosed.[†3] I have forgotten it this long time.

To H. K. BROWNE, 6 JULY 1853

MS Private.

Boulogne, Mercreday[†4] Juil-ly 6, 1853.

Mon cher Brune.

If I express myself, not altogether in the perfect English of your country, pardon me for tout-ce que je fais. J'ai si longtemps demeuré—on the Continent—que j'ais presqu'oublié my native tongue.

My friend, il me parait—that the esquisses seront—admirable—when they shall be finished according to your so wondrous power of art.[†5] I them return—ci-enclos. Yet I am enchanted of the hope you give me—de vous reçevoir chez moi à Boulogne!

There is great deal of wind here, almost all the days. Madame et Mademoiselle themselves remember of that Englishman, Brune the immortal, and to him send a thousand friendships.

Receive | My aimiable Brune | The assurance
Of my distinguished consideration. | Votre tout devoué

DICKENS[†6]

À Monsieur | Monsr. H. K. Brune

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 JULY 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | London.

Boulogne Sunday Tenth July, 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have not been in London since I left it, ill, or I should have endeavoured to see you there. Nor do I think at present, that I shall journey in that direction until about the twentieth of next month. I am getting my book done in peace, and am (thank God) very vigorous and very brown.

I can't quite make out—*my* fault no doubt!—the name of the applicant, of Cambridge Terrace, Liverpool Road. If it be Perry, I never heard of her husband. If it be Herry, I never heard of him. If it be

Sherry, I *have* heard of him—but only in connexion with the Spanish Wine trade. If it be Flerry, I never heard of him. If it be Jerry, I have never heard of him. And if it be Henry, Benry, Stenry—Werry or Merry—I never heard of him.

We are all very well indeed, I am happy to say, and hear constantly from Charley who is beginning to make head with his German. The Baby who defies competition, almost disappeared to the naked eye, under the effects of a very bad passage across; but he has since recovered, and is—as he was—unapproachable by any baby whomsoever. The laudable vanity of parents and Aunts,[†1] in some weak-minded instances induces a belief that there are Babies worthy to hold a candle to him; but this is an innocent delusion and engenders feelings gratifying to the individuals, of which one would be sorry to deprive them.

I am always hoping and expecting to hear of you at the Hotel des Bains[†2]—scarcely the less, I think, because you speak of your party as fixed. For there is an occasional eccentricity (I have observed) in some people's movements.

We all unite in kindest regards, in which Mr. and Mrs. Brown (broad faced I hope?)[†3] are well remembered. I look forward to shewing you, here, the most ridiculous suite of children's rooms ever imagined—an absurdity of which I am quite proud to be the temporary owner—and a very good one in practice too.

There are rumours here, that the English Hay Market has been surprisingly affected by a sudden glut in the article of New hay. It is thought to have been thrown in from Highgate, and I have no doubt is the Holly Lodge contribution.

They speak of 715,428,673,904000 tons. But I suppose this to be a little exaggerated?

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I have seen a very good occasion for giving the poor schoolmistress that Ten Pounds which we agreed to hold in abeyance.

To W. H. WILLS, 10 JULY 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Sunday Tenth July 1853.

My Dear Wills. Cunningham is coming home tomorrow—will be in town at night—and will bring the No. with my corrections on it, with him.

A haunted house,[†4] *very carelessly* revised by the Printer. Sir John Barleycorn[†5] I have *not* altered in one respect in which I wish you would look to it. *Do not mention Allsopp by name on any account.* There has been far too much puffery by that firm.

Let people find out who is referred to, if they choose. But it won't do to puff their names.[†1]

In presence of the Sword,[†2] I think Good. Literary Ladies' Maid,[†3] passable. Honorable John[†4] it is quite clear must not go into the same No. with a haunted house.[†5]

Look to the printing of the No.

There is a gleam of Puseyism about St. Vorax[†6] that I don't like.

All well. I am at work again on B. H.[†7] and getting capital materials together for the Autumnal article, our French Watering-place.[†8]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 11 JULY 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Monday Eleventh July 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I send you among these papers Hunt's proof duly cut—with a line across slip 6 where I would stop the first article.[†9] I will think whether it is desirable to change the name of this first paper of the series.[†10] But I rather think not.

This is the only proof you sent me.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, [?EARLY OR MID JULY 1853]

Summary from Minutes, 18 July 53, MS Birmingham and Midland Institute. *Date:* presumably shortly before the Institute's meeting.

Repeating his offer of reading one of his Christmas Books for the benefit of the Birmingham Institute and enquiring what arrangements the Committee of the Institute proposed to make.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 JULY 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Sunday Seventeenth July | 1853

My Dear Wills.

You will find a great many corrections of mine in the enclosed proof.[†1]

Nothing can improve the design of Miss Lynn's[†2] story[†3] (which I think very bad) but I have altered the wording of it, to avoid its looking, as it did, exactly like an indifferent translation. Unless you have promised anyone to put in that letter of Charles The First, leave it out.[†4]

See that my corrections are all attended to.

You say you have a stronger Poem. If so, and you can get it into this No. instead of the Sonnet,[†5] it will be a decided improvement. Marie's Fever is so twaddly that I should like to see something stronger in the place of a Literary Lady's Maid.[†6] The No. becomes horribly weak in that place.

Will you be so kind as to hand the enclosed yourself to the little bright red round man in the inner room at Coutts's. I generally hand them the paymaster General's Draft for Poole's quarterly pension,[†7] but, as it is payable to *me,* I cannot receive it until I come to town. Therefore I had best advance the money.

I will probably write you on one or two other small matters, tomorrow.

Look at the enclosed from Hunt. I declare I don't know what to say, and have not answered it! Can you devise any means of getting out of the matter "privately and confidentally"?[†1]

The 22nd. of August will suit us perfectly; but you had better come on the Saturday or Sunday previous, *in case* the passage should be queer. And we hope you will both be able to stay longer than a week.

Leech and Mrs. Leech arrived here yesterday Evening in a Devil of a gale. Everybody ill—Doctors called in upon the boat (but not for them, I am glad to say)—and a most miserable scene altogether.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Lounging through Kensington.[†2] | is the best name, I think, for that paper.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17 JULY 1853]

Extract in F, VII, iv, 595. *Date:* no doubt shortly after Leech's arrival on 16 July. *From* Boulogne.

Leech says that when he stepped from the boat after their stormy passage, he was received by the congregated spectators with a distinct round of applause as by far the most intensely and unutterably miserable looking object that had yet appeared. The laughter was tumultuous, and he wishes his friends to know that altogether he made an immense hit.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 JULY 1853

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Chateau des Moulineaux, Boulogne | Eighteenth July, 1853. Monday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am glad to hear those girls are well away at last.

Susan Matcham is the handsome girl whom it was necessary, under very flagrant circumstances indeed, to discharge; but who, being ill at the time of her discharge, had five shillings given her for coach-hire, together with a letter of recommendation to the House Surgeon—either of St. Thomas's or Guy's Hospital: I forget which.[†4] She went away with the greatest gratitude, protesting that she would immediately repair to the hospital, and that she was deeply sensible of the kindness with which she was treated. She never went near the place, and has not been heard of, since. My own impression is, that she went to some male acquaintance with whom, by some means unknown to us, she had communicated while in the Home. She came

originally from a London hospital—had had a long illness while with us—and had been most tenderly nursed and restored. *I* believe the acquaintance before-mentioned, to have hung about the house, and to have seen her more than once.[†1]

If those other cases referred to, should appear to be of a good kind, I think it would be well to take them. But it is desirable to know their circumstances. I have just received an application, apropos of the article in Household Words, respecting two girls—sisters. The circumstances stated, are of a terrible kind; but I doubt the expediency (from what I observe in the letter) of pursuing the matter, at all events until I can see the writer.

It has been blowing great guns here—raining great water-spouts—hailing sugar loaves, and going all up and down the glass in four and twenty hours. We are at present expecting snow.

The baby sends his pity (for the pretended baby), his forgiveness, and respects.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 JULY 1853†

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | near London.

Boulogne, Chateau des Moulineaux | Wednesday Twentieth July 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I dare say you can easily call to mind Mrs. Warner the actress.[†2] Will you read the enclosed portion of a note I received (in a parcel from London) from Mr. Macready, only this morning. It is just within the bounds of possibility that you may have some power of nomination somewhere, that might be well bestowed on such a case.[†3] But *I* need not say (of all people) that I know what a slender chance there is of such a thing.

When you have read the note, will you write me one word, as I do not like to answer it, leaving any ray of hope open in my direction, which I should probably have to blot out by the next post or so.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 JULY 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Twentieth July 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I can't understand how it is that I received from you *at noon to day*, a parcel with your note in it *dated on the 18th.* and saying that you had not yet heard from me. I sent my parcel[†1] up by the boat of Sunday evening. A parcel that went by the same conveyance, and was directed straight to B & E, was received in due course. How my parcel comes to have [been][†2] behind hand with you, and how yours come to be so grievously behind hand with me, I cannot understand. Can you make out, or find out, where the fault lies?

Further, can you give Fonblanque[†3] the bit of information he wants as per inclosed. I have not the reference here.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire.

Same day ½ past 4. Your telegraph message just received, and another since sent in answer. I made great changes in the Proof—especially in Miss Lynn's story[†4]—and returned it in the usual way.[†5] I have now sent down to Barnard[†6] to know whether he has the least idea how it can have failed.

Same day ½ p 5. Barnard explains that Captain Barlow[†7] is away from the London Bridge Terminus, and that the parcel is (no doubt) lying there, unforwarded, in his absence. He knows the Captain for certain to be away. Your last parcel to me was delayed by an accident which occasioned the sending of all dispatches round by Calais, and kept them back, one day.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 JULY 1853]

Extract in F, VII, iv, 593-4. *Date:* 24 July according to Forster. *From* Boulogne.

I may mention that the great Beaucourt daily changes the orthography of this place. He has now fixed it, by having painted up outside the garden gate, "Entrée particulière de la Villa des Moulineaux." On another gate a little higher up, he has had painted "Entrée des Ecuries de la Villa des Moulineaux." On

another gate a little lower down (applicable to one of the innumerable buildings in the garden), "Entrée du Tom Pouce." On the highest gate of the lot, leading to his own house,

"Entrée du Château Napoléonienne." All of which inscriptions you will behold in black and white when you come. I see little of him now, as, all things being "bien arrangées," he is delicate of appearing. His wife[†1] has been making a trip in the country during the last three weeks, but (as he mentioned to me with his hat in his hand) it was necessary that he should remain here, to be continually at the disposition of the tenant of the Property. (The better to do this, he has had roaring dinner parties of fifteen daily; and the old woman who milks the cows has been fainting up the hill under vast burdens of champagne.)

We went to the theatre[†2] last night, to see the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—of the Opéra Comique. It is a beautiful little theatre now, with a very good company; and the nonsense of the piece was done with a sense quite confounding in that connection. Willy Am Shay Kes Peer; Sirzhon Foll Stayffe; Lor Lattimeer; and that celebrated Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth, Meees Oleeveeir—were the principal characters.

Outside the old town, an army of workmen are (and have been for a week or so, already) employed upon an immense building which I supposed might be a Fort, or a Monastery, or a Barrack, or other something designed to last for ages. I find it is for the annual fair, which begins on the 5th of August and lasts a fortnight. Almost every Sunday we have a fête,[†3] where there is dancing in the open air, and where immense men with prodigious beards revolve on little wooden horses like Italian irons, in what we islanders call a roundabout, by the hour together. But really the good humour and cheerfulness are very delightful. Among the other sights of the place, there is a pig-market every Saturday, perfectly insupportable in its absurdity. An excited French peasant, male or female, with a determined young pig, is the most amazing spectacle. I saw a little Drama enacted yesterday week, the drollery of which was perfect. *Dram. Pers.* 1. A pretty young woman with short petticoats and trim blue stockings, riding a donkey with two baskets and a pig in each. 2. An ancient farmer in a blouse, driving four pigs, his four in hand, with an enormous whip—and being drawn against walls and into smoking shops by any one of the four. 3. A cart, with an old pig (manacled) looking out of it, and terrifying six hundred and fifty young pigs in the market by his terrific grunts. 4. Collector of Octroi[†4] in an immense cocked hat, with a stream of young pigs running, night and day, between his military boots and rendering accounts impossible. 5. Inimitable, confronted by a radiation of elderly pigs, fastened each by one leg to a bunch of stakes in the ground. 6. John Edmund Reade,[†5]

poet,[†1] expressing eternal devotion to and admiration of Landor,[†2] unconscious of approaching pig recently escaped from barrow. 7. Priests, peasants, soldiers, &c. &c.

To W. C. MACREADY, 24 [JULY] 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD's Aug clearly an error for July: see *To* Miss Coutts, 20 July.

Chateau des Moulineaux, Boulogne | Sunday Twenty Fourth August 1853.

My Dearest Macready.

Some unaccountable delay in the transmission here of the parcel which contained your letter, caused me to come into the receipt of it, a whole week after its date. I immediately wrote to Miss Coutts, who has written to you, and I hope some good may come of it.[†3] I know it will not be her fault if none does. I was very much concerned to read your account of poor Mrs. Warner, and to read her own plain and unaffected account of herself. Pray assure her of my cordial sympathy and remembrance, and of my earnest desire to do anything in my power to help to put her mind at ease.

We are living in a beautiful little country place here, where I have been hard at work ever since I came, and am now (after an interval of a week's rest) going to work again, to finish Bleak House. Kate and Georgina send their kindest love to you and Miss Macready and all the rest. They look forward, I assure you, to their Sherborne visit,[†4] when I—a mere forlorn wanderer—shall be roaming over the Alps into Italy.

I saw the Midsummer Night's Dream of the Opéra Comique, done here (very well) last night. The way in which a poet named Willyim Shay Kes Peer, gets drunk in company with Sir John Foll Stayffe—fights with a noble hight Lor Lattimeer (who is in love with a maid of honor you may have read of in history, called Meees Oleevia), and promises not to do so any more, on observing symptoms of love for him in the Queen of England—is very remarkable. Queen Elizabeth too, in the profound and impenetrable disguise of a black velvet mask, two inches deep by three broad, following him into taverns and worse places, and enquiring of persons of doubtful reputation for "the sublime Williams", was inexpressibly ridiculous. And yet the nonsense was done with a sense quite admirable.

I have been very much struck by the book you sent me. It is one of the wisest, the manliest, and most serviceable, I ever read. I am reading it again with the greatest pleasure and admiration.[†5]

Ever Most affectionately Yours | My Dear Macready,

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 JULY 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Monday July Twenty Fifth 1853.

My Dear Wills.

H. W.

I received your parcel last night, and return the proof by this afternoon's boat, with a good many corrections in it. Sala's article[†1] is so badly printed, that I have been obliged to put a query here and there, really not understanding what is meant.

If I *can*[†2] write an article this week, I will.[†3] But I am so full of the close of Bleak House that I can't, for the life of me, get at a good subject for H. W. as yet.

Dixon's paper[†4] admirably told, though nothing new in it.

GUILD.[†5]

I think the reduction of Johnson necessary—but I would do it on not less than a month's notice.

THINGS IN GENERAL.[†5]

I hope to begin my double No.[†6] next Monday. If I can get it done in good time, that is to say by the 18th. or 19th. I shall come over with it myself. Of this I will advise you, however, in due course.

Dr. Storrar's[†7] opinion of Forster gives me great concern, though it has (as I think you know) certainly been mine for some time. I do not myself believe that Elliotson, pre-occupied with other things, has the least idea of the serious nature of his position. And I am strongly inclined to think that the best course I can take is to write privately to Elliotson, and represent to him my impression of the necessity of his positively ordering Forster away.[†8] What do you think of that?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Haydn is the Dictionary of Dates man. This is (I think) the third time he has acted towards me in that honorable, and, within my experience, unprecedented manner.[†9]

[†10]A Literary Ladies Maid[†11] and Corporation Dreams,[†12] coming together, make me thrill and shudder with indescribable anguish.[†13]

To W. H. WILLS, 27 JULY 1853

MS Berg Collection.

Boulogne, Wednesday Twenty Seventh July 1853.

My Dear Wills.

There will be either three or four more—as nearly as I can judge, four more—of these slips, to complete this article.[†1] I will send you the rest, please God, tomorrow, by the post at night.

I have also thought of another, to be called *Frauds upon The Fairies*[†2]—apropòs of George Cruikshank's[†3] editing.[†4] Half playfully and half seriously, I mean to protest most strongly against alteration—for any purpose—of the beautiful little stories which are so tenderly and humanly useful to us in these times[†5] when the world is too much with us early and late;[†6] and then to re-write Cinderella according to Total-Abstinence, Peace-Society, and Bloomer[†7] principles, and expressly for their propagation.[†8]

I shall want his book of Hop o'my thumb[†9] (Forster noticed it in the last Examiner)[†10] and the most simple and popular version of Cinderella you can get me. I shall not be able to do it until after finishing Bleak House, but I shall do it the more easily for having the books by me. So send them, if convenient, in your next parcel.

Acknowledge the safe receipt of this MS.[†11]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 JULY 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Boulogne, Twenty Eighth July 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

But one word. I cannot tell you what I think and feel about your noble kindness to Mrs. Warner[†1]—I would hardly do so if I could—but it seems a relief to my mind to say how it urges me on to do what I can't and don't do.

I saw in the Times that that Rascal's[†2] case before the Insolvent Court was adjourned until yesterday.[†3] Pray do let me know when it is all over.

I have heard of our new Home cases.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

August

To DR WILLIAM BROWN, 1 AUGUST 1853*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre. Affranchie. | William Brown Esquire | Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | near London.

Boulogne, | First August 1853.

My Dear Mr. Brown

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, as I was most anxious to hear about Miss Coutts, after the intolerable impressment of her into the Insolvent Court by that detestable ruffian.[†4] He cannot be too vile for my belief in him. A fellow so unmanly and audacious must be a scoundrel in the grain, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot. And apart from the insolence of that examination

(which I believe to be utterly illegal from beginning to end)[†5] I hold the Commissioners to be Paragons of Asses for not dismissing his petition in the outset as impertinent and irrelevant. Nobody shall tell me that they need have entertained it, with that glaringly false and ridiculous declaration of the cause of his Insolvency staring them in the face.[†6]

We are delighted to hear that there is hope of your passing through Boulogne so soon,[†7] and I am glad to think that it will be in the Fair time. I am told it is a pretty

sight, and great preparations are now being made for it outside the Haute Ville. It begins on the Fifth, and lasts a fortnight.

I took a trip to Amiens the other day,[†1] where there is a great deal done for the health and comfort of the working people which we might copy to advantage.[†2] The more I look about me the more convinced I become, that if we would only condescend to amuse our people a little more, they would drink and do worse a good deal less.[†3]

Being hard at work finishing my book, I write short letters; otherwise I should explode at this point, like a shell, on the subject of the English law in general, and the instance this Dunn affords of its leaving grievous delinquents alone.[†4] Therefore I may congratulate you on the necessity I am under of going out to refresh myself with a walk, and shattering the peace of my sister in law instead.

With our united kindest remembrances to Miss Coutts and to Mrs. Brown,

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William Brown Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 1 AUGUST 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, First August, 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I return the No.[†5] which is a very good one indeed. Look to the general printing and punctuation of the second article, and also of Sick Grapes.[†6]

Enclosed is a chapter of Child's History.[†7]

In your next parcel will you send me

Vergani's Italian Grammar[†8]

A Pocket Italian and English, and English and Italian, Dictionary.
An Italian Dialogue Book.

You will get them all at De Porquet's in Tavistock Street[†1] by the office. *Don't* send Punch in my parcels.

I am now going, tooth and nail, at Bleak House. If I get done in time, I shall certainly come over. But it entirely depends upon my work.

I have just come back from Amiens, after a two days' trip. Your parcel was delivered here, last night, just as I came home.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To W. H. WILLS, 4 AUGUST 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Fourth August 1853. | Thursday Evening

My Dear Wills

I send a hasty line to say that your parcel arrived safely today, but had no letter from you in it. It does not appear, from the contents of the parcel, that any such letter was necessary, or supposed to be there. But I send this, in case of any omission.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 5 AUGUST 1853

Text from R. C. Lehmann, *CD as Editor*, 1912, pp. 112-4.

Boulogne | Friday Evening, Fifth August, 1853

My Dear Wills,

I am too much occupied with the conclusion of "Bleak House"—just getting fairly into it—to go, with a pen, over the No.[†2] without delaying it. I therefore send the corrections of the "Child's History" chapter enclosed, and, without returning the proof in a parcel, will herein note my objections.

In the first place the No. is an awfully and solemnly heavy one—and, if you have any kind of means to that end by you, must really be lightened.[†3] I read it last night, and had a Nightmare. I doubt if anything so heavy (except stewed lead) could possibly be taken, before going to bed.

1st. "Justice to Bears".[†4] The name won't do. We have already had "Justice to the

Hyaena".[†1] "BROTHER BRUIN" would be a capital name, I think[†2]—thus introduced:

"The bear symbolises savage and primitive equality, and is therefore the aversion of the aristocracy." Such is the clue to ursine facts, according to Passional Zoology, which subject, and M. Toussenel's treatment of it, we now resume. It would appear that Mr. Sneak, in "The Mayor of Garratt",[†3] had much reason in him when he addressed the rough personage of the piece as Brother Bruin.[†4] Was he not a Bear and a Brother?

"Here again"—M. Toussenel exclaims—"is another"—[†5]

Then read the proof—you, W. H. W.—with an eye to this fact—that it wants to be made clearer all the way through, that it is M. Toussenel who is speaking, and not *H. W.* conducted by C. D.[†6]

Secondly, the first stage to Australia.[†7] There is a forlorn attempt at humour about the Deputy Inspector General (page 584) that cannot be too ferociously decapitated. Pray have nothing about a detective in that connection; it looks like weakly and palely hanging on Mr. Bucket. Damn "here they are" at page 585—and dele it too. "And the onus of the idea task strangles every newly born smile that struggles for existence"—at page 584 again—strike out with a pen of iron.[†8] Look at the whole paper.

If the "Glimpse of Dublin" be not by Allingham, strike it out.[†9] If it be, hold it over.

"Gore House"[†10] is very poor. Page 591, first column. Stop at the Graces, and dele the rest of that paragraph.[†11] It is Skimpole, you know—the whole passage.[†12] I couldn't write it more like him.

I have forgotten "Licensed to Juggle".[†13] Look to the slang talk of it, and don't let "Ya" stand for "You."[†14]

The "Stereoscope"[†15] is dreadfully literal. Some fancy must be got into the No. if

John writes an article for it himself (I mean our John:[†1] not Forster). I should have thought the greater part of it written by McCulloch,[†2] edited by Rintoul.[†3]

I am going out for a walk, after a punishing day's work.

Ever faithfully,

C. D.

P.S.—Brighten it, brighten it, brighten it!

To MRS BROWN, 7 AUGUST 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre. | Mrs. Brown | Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | near | London.

Chateau des Moulineaux, Boulogne | Sunday Seventh August 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

Thinking (as you may suppose) a good deal about that ruffian[†4] lately, I had considered your question before I received it from you. I say, without hesitation, that I would *not* prosecute him for the Perjury he has committed in swearing to the Schedule.[†5] I would have him before a Magistrate on his recommencing any annoyance, but I would not run the hazard of making a Martyr of him (even with the ill-conditioned, addle-headed, or malevolent Idiots who could alone have any consideration for such a scoundrel), coupled with all the annoyance and uncertainty of our monstrous Law.

I am very sorry that I did not see the Daily News,[†6] and cannot see it here. But I have written to town for it. I saw, with a thrill of pleasure (in the Times report of the Judgment) that a generous movement of irrepressible indignation pervaded the crowded court when his conduct was—feebly—described.[†7]

As to the Asinine Commissioner's[†1] compliments, they are of a piece with so much unreason and sheer rottenness of the same kind, that I feel as if I could strike my head against the wall, in the insupportability of bearing it. That kind of gingerly balancing of black against white, has become one of the Judicial and Parliamentary common-places. And we shall perish of common-places at last, if we don't mind what we are about—or if Prince Albert and his relations, interposing in Foreign affairs, leave us any good name or any good thing, long, to perish out of.[†2]

I should very much like (and I have often thought so) to state this Dunn's case, as from a public knowledge of it, in Household Words.[†3] I think I could cast a little more reproach and disgrace about the gentleman than the Judges do.[†4] I wish you would ask Miss Coutts to think at her leisure whether she sees any objection to it.

And pray tell her that if I were called upon to describe her hand-writing I should say—Round, full, clear, intelligible, always distinctly made out, very upright, and generally resembling a school-copy in copper plate.[†5]

I am confident, and I will die in the confidence, that the Insolvent Commissioners had no right to entertain that man's petition, when they had it in legal evidence before them that it was stated on a false oath.

With kindest regards from all, | Dear Mrs. Brown | Most Indignantly

And Ferociously | Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I hope you will not be shocked when you come here, to see an eminent Englishman of our acquaintance with a Moustache.[†6]

To W. H. WILLS, 7 AUGUST 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Sunday Seventh August 1853. | Boulogne.

My Dear Wills

On the night of the day I wrote to you about there being no letter in the parcel—no, the next night—I received the letter from Barnards office, by itself, "without note or comment".

I like the notion of the Snow Giant[†1] (which would be a good name) though the end is out of the question. It begins to trail off, at the smallpox part. Ask Miss Costello what it is translated from, and whether it is literally translated. If otherwise (of which there is very little hope) I think it might be well altered for the Xmas No.

Ollier's ballad[†2] will do.

I would hold Kensington[†3] over,—certainly for a No. O Heaven, Hunt's not lounging,[†4] and being in earnest!!!

[†a]Can't possibly write autographs,[†5] until I have written Bleak House. My work has been very hard since I have been here; and when I throw down my pen of a day, I throw down myself and can take up neither article.[†a]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

[†b]P.S. My head is so pre-occupied, that I have forgotten two leading points of my note.

First. Will you send me, in a post letter, a £20 note for the enclosed.[†6]

Secondly. Will you [at][†7] once make an enquiry into the Day Chancery Cause,[†8] As—when was it instituted?

How much nearer is it now to its completion.

What has been spent in costs?

How many Counsel appear—about—whenever the Court is moved.[†9]

You did ask this for me before, but I made no note of it. I should like to glance at it in

the Preface. Of course I will in no degree whatever, commit your informant; nor shall I even mention the cause by name.[†1] But I wish to be *within the facts.*[†b]

To W. H. WILLS, 9 AUGUST 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Ninth August 1853. | Tuesday

My Dear Wills

I have received the £20 note, safely.

One important point in the Day case, missed in your answers, though I hope not in my queries. *Amount of costs incurred?*

Ever Faithfully

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To H. K. BROWNE, [?EARLY AUGUST 1853][†2]

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. *Date:* Initials point to 1853-5, therefore *Bleak House*; wording suggests not long before completion of final double No., at press by 19 Aug.

I hope the Frontispiece and Vignette[†3] will come out thoroughly well from the plate, and make a handsome opening to the book.

Ever Faithfully

CD.[†4]

To ARTHUR RYLAND, [?EARLY AUGUST 1853]

Summary from Minutes of the CD Readings Sub-Committee, 15 Aug 53, MS Birmingham and Midland Institute. *Date:* presumably shortly before the Sub-Committee's meeting.

Offering to read on two or three nights and leaving the selection of books to the Committee, his one condition being that on one night he should read to a great body of the Working People.

To W. H. WILLS, 11 AUGUST 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Thursday Evening | Eleventh August 1853.

My Dear Wills.

In your last letter, you said there was a parcel coming, by the Train which would bring the said letter. I therefore think it necessary to let you know that I have received no such parcel yet. I waited until bed time last night, under the impression that it would come. But it did not come; and whether it ever left Wellington Street North, or whether the Mermaids are reading H. W. and combing their hair with the seals of the brown paper, I am undecided.

In haste | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 AUGUST 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Friday Twelfth August 1853.

My Dear Wills. At the cost of a heavy postage—tomorrow being Saturday with a late boat, your parcel so long delayed (have you any idea how?) and your visit coming on—I think it best to return the Proofs[†1] thus.

Sala's First article,[†2] very good. The same fault in Equine analogies[†3] as in Brother Bruin. *Make it clear whose doctrines those are.*[†4] Take out Penny News[†5] (excruciating; it must be reserved for a first rate No.) and get in the Coombe with this brilliant name

An Irish Stew.[†6]

I will write again after hearing from you. Will you tell Forster that I only got his letter in your parcel, towards bed time last night?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 AUGUST 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Fifteenth August 1853 | Monday

My Dear Wills

No. 179.[†7] "Want Places" *not* in inverted commas as a title.[†8] Pray substitute

something for Houses of business.[†1] Which is wretched, and contradictory. (I fear I am writing—it just strikes me—about a No. that is worked.)

No. 180 I will try to return tomorrow.

I see no objection whatever to Sala's pursuing that subject,[†2] as long as his matter is good.

I hope to dine at H. W. on *Thursday at ½ past 6.* I shall be due at London Bridge at 6—purposing to write the last little three-page chapter[†3] of Bleak House, in town[†4]—and will come straight on in a constitutional Cab.[†5] Perhaps Forster will like to dine with us.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 22 AUGUST 1853†

Text from Minutes, 29 Aug 53, MS Birmingham and Midland Institute.

Chateau des Moulineaux Boulogne | Monday Twenty Second August 1853.

My dear Sir.

I have had the pleasure of considering your letter, and beg to mention two points that I desire to suggest to the Committee.

The exertion of reading in so large a place being very great, I would wish to have a night's interval between the first & second reading. I would not disturb the third on any account, but I should like to begin on the Tuesday and rest on the Wednesday. Can this be managed?

The nights would then be, the 27th the 29th and 30th

In reference to the choice of the book for the second night, I have to make my second suggestion. "The Cricket on the Hearth"[†6] would answer exceedingly well for the purpose in a smaller place; but the Town Hall at Birmingham requires a more dramatic, and forcible subject.

I have not the least doubt of this. The best book would be "The Chimes"[†7] or "The Haunted Man".[†8] I could make the greatest effect with "The Chimes" which I read privately on several occasions at the time it was written and know the power of, with an audience.

When the Committee shall have had leisure to discuss these details again, I shall be happy to hear from you.

Always my dear Sir | Very faithfully yours

CD.

Arthur Ryland Esqe

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 AUGUST 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bains de Vichy | Auvergne.

Boulogne, Saturday Twenty Seventh August | 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

A thousand thanks for the powders, which I received (to my unbounded amazement) as I was sitting at breakfast in the solitary desert of Tavistock House.[†1] I took two, in strict observance of the directions, and came back triumphantly. There was hardly a ripple on the sea, but I have half a mind to believe that the powders had some hand in that.

I found time to get to Shepherds Bush, where all was going on quietly; one of the delinquents having been just apprehended and being then under remand.[†2] The little girl from Petworth is an

extraordinary case of restless imposture and seeking after notoriety; but there are chances (not desperate chances, I think) of something better being made of it.

Your packet I sent safely to Stratton Street as soon as I arrived in town.

I have just finished my book (very prettily indeed, I hope)[†3] and am in the first drowsy lassitude of having done so. I should be lying in the sunshine by the hour together, if there were such a thing. In its absence I prowl about in the wind and rain. Last night was the most tremendous I ever heard for a storm of both;—I fear there will be sad shipwrecks in the newspapers a few days hence.[†4]

The article in the Daily News[†5] was written by my Sub Editor Mr. Wills (who makes those enquiries sometimes, and finds the cupboards of begging letter writers full of provender) in conjunction with the Editor of the paper.[†6] He has nothing to do with it (I mean the Daily News) himself, but rushed into the subject con amore.

Not having an atom of news to tell, I am troubled with doubts of the justification I have for sending this sheet of paper so far. My publishers have had their festivity here and are gone;[†7] I am looking up my Italian again preparatory to my Autumn

trip; Christmas numbers of Household Words already importune me to make them all right before I go; and that is all I know—except that I have misty visions of meeting you somewhere by the Alps, and a kind of absolute certainty of dining with you at Townshend's! I hold to my purpose of leaving here on the tenth of October, and going straight to Lausanne by Paris and Geneva.

You have seen, I dare say, that disagreeable account of Mr. and Mrs. Norton[†1] at the County Court.[†2] It is very odd that they should have become a public topic so soon after our speaking of them as we did. (This reminds me that I send by the same post a letter for Kaye[†3] Shuttleworth, on which I place your name conspicuously for greater certainty's sake.)

I shall look forward to hearing how you like Vichy—how large Mrs. Brown's face gets in that air—and how those airy plans of yours seem to be shaping themselves out in the far perspective. Mrs. Dickens and her sister, and all the children, send immense packets of messages and loves.—The baby defies competition I need not observe.

The Birmingham people are arranging those readings I promised to give them.[†4] They expect to get five hundred pounds for their new Institution (a splendid idea of a Mechanics Athenaeum) therefrom. I am going to read three nights in the Christmas week—to two thousand working people only, on the Friday—the Christmas Carol. You heard the beginning of Bleak House.[†5] I wish (and did wish very heartily) you had been here the night before last, to hear the end.

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To SIR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, [27 AUGUST 1853]

Mention in last. *Date:* sent by same post as that letter.

To INSPECTOR C. F. FIELD,[†1] 27 AUGUST 1853

Extract in John Wilson catalogue, No. 53 (1984); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Mr. Field; dated Boulogne 27 Aug 53.

Telling Field that he is staying in Boulogne for the summer and Wills has just brought him his letter. As I have no kind of connexion with any miscellaneous paper or periodical except Household Words, *he cannot serve him in any other direction. But he hopes to call attention to Fields's* new sphere of action[†2] *in* Household Words.

To do this, he wants to see Field in London in about a fortnight. Wills will ask him to call and make an appointment. Heartily wishing him success.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 27 AUGUST 1853

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* Angleterre. | The Hon: Mrs. Watson | Rockingham Castle | Northamptonshire.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne.
Saturday Twenty Seventh August 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I received your letter—most welcome and full of interest to me—when I was hard at work, finishing Bleak House. We are always talking of you; and I had said, but the day before, that one of the first things I would do on my release, would be to write to you. To finish the topic of Bleak House at once, I will only add that I like the conclusion very much and think it *very pretty indeed.* The story has taken extraordinarily—especially during the last five or six months when its purpose has been gradually working itself out. It has retained its immense circulation from the first; beating dear old Copperfield by a round ten thousand and more.[†3] I have never had so many readers. (We had a little reading of the final double No. here the night before last, and it made a great impression, I assure you.)

We are all extremely well, and like Boulogne very much indeed. I laid down the rule before we came, that we would know nobody here, and we *do* know nobody here. We evaded callers as politely as we could, and gradually came to be understood and left to ourselves. It is a fine bracing air, a beautiful open country, and an admirable mixture of town and country. We live on a green hill-side out of the town, but are in the town (on foot) in ten minutes. Things are tolerably cheap, and exceedingly good; the people very cheerful, good-looking, and obliging; the houses very clean; the distance to London, short, and quickly traversed. I think if you came to know the place (which I never did myself until last October, often as I have been through it) you could be but in one mind about it.

Charley is still at Leipzig.[†4] I shall take him up, somewhere on the Rhine, to bring him home for Christmas, as I come back on my own little tour. He has been in the Hartz Mountains on a walking tour, and has written a Journal thereof which he has

sent home in portions. It has cost about as much in postage as would have bought a pair of ponies.

I contemplate starting from here on Monday the 10th. of October; Catherine, Georgina, and the rest of them, will then go home. I shall go first, by Paris and Geneva, to Lausanne—for it has a separate place in my memory. If the Autumn should be very fine (just possible after such a summer) I shall then go by Chamounix to Martigny,[†1] over the Simplon, to Milan. Thence to Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and Naples. Thence, I hope, to Sicily. Back by Bologna, Florence, Rome, Verona, Mantua, &c to Venice, and home by Germany; arriving in good time for Christmas Day. Three nights in Christmas week, I have promised to read in the Town Hall at Birmingham, for the benefit of a new and admirable Institution for working men, projected there. The Friday will be the last night, and I shall read the Carol to two thousand working people—stipulating that they shall have that night entirely to themselves.

It just occurs to me that I mean to engage for the two months odd, a travelling servant. I have not yet got one. If you should happen to be interested in any good foreigner well acquainted with the countries and the languages, who would like such a Master, how delighted I should be to like *him*!

Ever since I have been here, I have been very hard at work: often getting up at day break to write through many hours. I have never had the least return of illness, thank God, though I was so altered (in a week) when I came here, that I doubt if you would have known me. I am redder and browner than ever at the present writing, with the addition of a rather formidable and fierce moustache.—[†a]Miss Coutts dined here a week or two ago, on her way to the baths of Vichy. She asked very earnestly after you.[†a]—Lowestoft I know by walking over there from Yarmouth, when I went down on an exploring expedition previous to Copperfield.[†2] It is a fine place. I saw the name "Blunderstone" on a direction-post between it and Yarmouth, and took it from the said direction-post for the book.—We imagined the Captain's[†3] ecstacies when we saw the birth of his child[†4] in the papers.—In some of the descriptions of Chesney Wold, I have taken many bits, chiefly about trees and shadows, from observations made at Rockingham.[†5] I wonder whether you have ever thought so! I shall hope to hear from you again soon, and shall not fail to write again before I go away. There seems to be nothing but "I" in this letter; but "I" know my dear friend that you will be more interested in that letter in the present connexion, than in any other I could take from the Alphabet.

Catherine and Georgina send their kindest loves, and more messages than this little sheet would hold. If I were to give you any hint of what we feel at the sight of your handwriting, and at the receipt of any word from yourself about yourself and the dear boys and the [†b]precious little girls,[†6] I should begin to be sorrowful—which is

rather †cthe tendency†c of my mind at the close of another †clong book.†c I heard from Cerjat†1 two or three days since. He †d[ ]†d †edefection of that Pump†2 of a Mr. Baird†3†e †f[Goff†4]†f by the bye, lived in this house, two years.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Watson | Yours with true affection | and regard

CD.†b

To THOMAS BEARD,†5 28 AUGUST 1853

MS Dickens House.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne.
Sunday Twenty Eighth August 1853.

My Dear Beard

Having finished my book, I lose no time in reporting progress, and expressing the hope we all have that you will not be so unmindful of the precedents as to let another season go by, without coming to see us.

We have a charming doll's country-house here, of many rooms, with large and extremely pretty gardens—all fluttering and frisking in the shadows of no end of trees, but within ten minutes walk (regular advertisement distance) of the Post Office. French cookery. Excellent light wines. Conservatory to smoke in &c &c &c.

I purpose going on into Italy on Monday the 10th. of October. Any time between this day and that, which will suit you, will suit us perfectly. Your bed is always aired and ready, and you can't come too soon or go too late.

The Baldwinian sea Powers†6 were observed (I hear) at Spithead in great force. May their profoundly unreasonable Majesty be propitious for escapement from Shoe Lane!†7

I think you know what a fine month September usually is? But it really ought to be a finer month than usual this year, seeing how it has rained and blown in these parts since June.

All unite in loves. Wills and his wife are here. Wills took a warm bath yesterday—which, in his own words, "prostrated" him. He crawled home at the rate of half a mile an hour, and then madly and with a horrible imbecility on which comment would be superfluous, tried to set himself up with—†aSeltzer Water!†a

There is no home news beyond this, except that the baby's name is The Plornishghenter, and that the Inimitable wears a Satanic and gloomy moustache.

Ever Heartily Yours | My Dear Beard

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To THOMAS WEDDLE,[†1] 29 AUGUST 1853*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Weddle Esquire | Inland Revenue Office | Coventry.

Boulogne | Twenty Ninth August 1853

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Weddle, and begs to say that his engagements do not leave him leisure to comply with the request which Mr. Weddle does him the honor to prefer.[†2]

September

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY SEPTEMBER 1853]

Mention in *To* Landor, 8 Sep 53. *Date:* CD presumably wrote shortly before 8 Sep, when he thanked Landor.

Asking Forster's advice as to when he should thank Landor for dedicating Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans *to him.*

To SIR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, [?1-5 SEPTEMBER 1853]*

MS (fragment) The Hon. Mrs Charles Leaf. *Date:* probably soon after the publication of the final No. of *Bleak House* on 31 Aug and before he left for London on 6 Sep.

it may be best to send them[†3] direct to the Household Words office 16 Wellington Street North, Strand. But I shall be here until the 10th. of October, if you see any reason for still preferring to forward them to this address.

I hope the concluding double No. of Bleak House may fall in your way. It has interested and affected me very much, and I have an idea that it is worth reading!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Kay Shuttleworth

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 7 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Seventh September 1853.

My Dearest Catherine.

We had a most miserable passage yesterday; the sea (very high) washing over us the whole way: nearly everybody ill (I among the number); and the boat so intolerably crowded that nobody had room to be ill in—but very few could get near the side—and the condition of things that resulted was most distressing. Collins, who was not ill and was raised aloft on a high pile of luggage, said that the after deck where the ladies were lying wet through, in all directions, looked like an immense

picnic party with everybody intent upon a pigeon pie of her own—from the immense number of white basins. When these were all in use, the steward produced a sloppail and two buckets, round each of which a prodigious family party assembled. I had a man, roaring like a lion with sickness, on each of my shoulders, and, as my place was a little corner by the leeward paddle box, every basin, pail, and bucket in the boat was emptied (at least twelve times each) over my head. We got to town at a quarter past 7.

The nursery is done at home. The draining of the little house[†1] looks as if it would not be done for a month, and all that portion of the courtyard is, for the time being, destroyed.

As I forewarned you, Forster's day for Macready's *must be* a Saturday.[†2] I have therefore added a postscript to your letter[†3] (so written and in such ink that it is no great matter what you say therein, as I defy Macready to read it), importing that on F's account the day is changed to Saturday the 22nd. of October.[†4]

The West End of London is entirely deserted, and no business whatever is being carried on. I went to three shops this morning, for some things I want to wear. Blackmore the tailor[†5] was at Brighton. Butler the tailor[†6] was playing the piano among some mignionette boxes, in the bosom of his family. Only two subordinates were in attendance at Beale's the hosier's,[†7] and they were playing at draughts.[†8]

I am not yet clear as to my day of return, but I think it will be Saturday or Sunday. That mainly depends however, on my ability to work here, which at present is altogether non-existent. I will write again by Friday's Post.

With love to Georgina and all the darlings

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Wills's box was discovered (at London Bridge) to have been left behind at Folkestone.

To W. C. MACREADY, 7 [SEPTEMBER 1853]*

MS Yale University Library (written inside flap of envelope of Mrs CD *to* Macready: see last). *Date:* clearly 7 Sep 53: see last. *Address:* W. C. Macready Esq. | Sherborne House | Sherborne | Dorsetshire.

London, Wednesday 7th.

My Dearest Macready. I add a postscript to thank you for your delightful note on

the completion of B.H—not the least of the joys of completing it—and to say that I have seen Forster, who suggests as an improvement on Catherine's suggested day, *Saturday the 22nd. of October.* As I had full

power to change the day according to his necessities, will you now understand Saturday the 22nd. to be the day appointed for Catherine and Georgina coming to you, instead of the following Monday.

Ever affectionately Yrs

CD

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, 8 SEPTEMBER 1853

Text from MDGH, I, 313-14.

Tavistock House, London, Sept. 8th, 1853.

My dear Landor,

I am in town for a day or two, and Forster tells me I may now write to thank you for the happiness you have given me by honouring my name with such generous mention, on such a noble place, in your great book.[†1] I believe he has told you already that I wrote to him from Boulogne, not knowing what to do, as I had not received the precious volume, and feared you might have some plan of sending it to me, with which my premature writing would interfere.

You know how heartily and inexpressibly I prize what you have written to me, or you never would have selected me for such a distinction. I could never thank you enough, my dear Landor, and I will not thank you in words any more. Believe me, I receive the dedication like a great dignity, the worth of which I hope I thoroughly know. The Queen could give me none in exchange that I wouldn't laughingly snap my fingers at.

We are staying at Boulogne until the 10th of October, when I go into Italy until Christmas, and the rest come home.

Kate and Georgina would send you their best loves if they were here, and would never leave off talking about it if I went back and told them I had written to you without such mention of them. Walter[†2] is a very good boy, and comes home from school[†3] with honourable commendation.[†4] He passed last Sunday in solitary confinement (in a bathroom) on bread and water, for terminating a dispute with the nurse by throwing a chair in her direction. It is the very first occasion of his ever having

got into trouble, for he is a great favourite with the whole house, and one of the most amiable boys in the boy world. (He comes out on birthdays in a blaze of shirt-pin).[†1]

If I go and look at your old house,[†2] as I shall if I go to Florence, I shall bring you back another leaf from the same tree as I plucked the last from.[†3]

Ever, my dear Landor, | Heartily and affectionately yours.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL,[†4] 8 SEPTEMBER 1853

Extract in *American Book Prices Current* (1939); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 8 Sep 53; addressed Lord John Russell.

Coming home from Boulogne for a couple of days before going to Italy until Christmas, I went down to Pembroke Lodge.[†5]

To WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,[†6] [9] SEPTEMBER 1853

Text from N, II, 486. *Date:* Friday was 9 Sep in 1853.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
Friday Eighth September 1853

My Dear Sir,

I should be glad indeed to have your help in the next Christmas Number, which will be on exactly the same plan as the last. If you will give it a place in your thoughts, and give *them* a place upon paper, I am sure you will do something to enrich it.[†7]

I seem, I daresay, to take old Time by his forelock.[†8] But it will be necessary for us to have the copy for that Number in the office not later than the first of December.

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [9] SEPTEMBER 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Friday was 9 Sep in 1853. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bains de Vichy | Auvergne.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Friday Eighth September 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Your account of Vichy gave me a chill from which I have not yet quite recovered. A dim oppressive sense of windy discomfort[†1] has been upon me ever since, and I feel inclined to try to warm myself at a bright hard hearted little fireplace which produces nothing but smoke. Concerning Mr. and Mrs. Hall[†2]—S. C. I presume to be the Christian Initials—I in confidence renounce that amiable couple as the most terrific Humbugs known on earth at any period of its history.[†3] And as to their being in my confidence, or knowing my affairs, I can only say that it must be in a magnetic, Table moving, or Spirit rapping, way[†4]—wholly without any participation of mine—and altogether unaccountable and supernatural.

I have written to Mrs. Morson this morning, to say I will come to Shepherds Bush tomorrow. I passed your house yesterday, and it looked tremendously dull—if that is any comfort to you. Painters were at work in Mr. Brown's,[†5] and a man on a tall thin pair of steps much spotted with whitewash was at work in the middle window of the dining room, according to the usual manner of that class of operative—scraping a little, looking about him a great deal, and singing the dreariest song I ever heard. I suppose that

part of London never was so empty. In search of two or three little things I wanted for my trip, I went to one of my tailor's who lives in Piccadilly. He couldn't bear the silence and had gone to Brighton. I went to another of my tailors who lives in Clifford Street Bond Street. He had given up business altogether, for the time, and was playing the piano upstairs, surrounded by his family and mignionette boxes. I then went to my hosier's in New Bond Street, and found the establishment reduced to two of the least illustrious of the "young men", who were playing at draughts in the back counting house. This is really the experience of a solitary traveller in those regions at eleven o'Clock yesterday forenoon.

I *didn't* take the powders this last passage, and it was a most forlorn one; the sea

washing over us the whole way, the boat rolling violently, and so filled—with appointed sight-seers whom the renown of your Presidential friend[†1] had brought over, in a vain hope of seeing the original head-dress that sets the fashion just now[†2] and pulls up the feminine eyelid into the temples—that there was no room to be ill in. It was the most disastrous scene of that kind in which I ever acted a prominent part. The after-deck was covered (in several places two or three deep) with wet ladies; and so prodigious was the number of white basins, and so intent were the drooping heads upon them, that once when I caught a general view of the scene as the vessel made a dive to the bottom of the Channel, it looked like an immense Pic Nic to which everybody had brought an exclusive pigeon pie. As usual, the moment I set foot upon the pier at Folkestone (where I was received with an encouraging cry of "O, *ain't*[†3] he green!") I felt as if I were no relation whatever to the drooping and draggled idiot who had come over in my name.

It is dark now, and raining hard—good suitable circumstances in which to devise a Christmas number, which is my present employment.[†4] If you should be in Paris on the 10th. of October, I shall hope to know it beforehand, that I may have the happiness of seeing you (and confounding you by naming T H E [†5] baby) on my way through. With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 9 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS British Library. *Address:* France. | Mrs. Charles Dickens | Villa des Moulineaux | Boulogne Sur Mer.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Ninth September 1853.

My Dearest Catherine.

I received your letter this morning, when I had just done breakfast in company with—whom do you suppose?—

Gordon![†6]

He turned up here yesterday, and told Wills that unless he heard to the contrary he should go with his portmanteau to Tavistock House at ½ past 10 at night. Our people here being otherwise employed, I was prevented from communicating with him; and when I went home at 12, I found him lying in Georgina's bed! But this is not the worst of it. He had asked Wills when I was going back to Boulogne, and, on Wills's saying "On Sunday", said he should go back with me. But this is not the worst of it yet. For this morning he made some confidences to me respecting Mrs. Gordon's being in a nervous and excited state of mind sometimes, and unfolded an arrangement

they had made together for coming (very kindly) to us at Boulogne for a week!! I answered of course that we should be very glad to receive them, though we should have to turn them out while the Whites[†1] were with us. And the matter stands thus. He is to come back with me on Sunday—to return here on Tuesday to meet his wife—and to bring her to Boulogne for a week, on Wednesday or Thursday!!! I certainly could have dispensed with this company.

Beau B[†2] has been in a fearful state respecting the non appearance of Bleak House at Boulogne. The responsibility is his, but the real fault is Joyce's.[†3] B. B. was extremely anxious yesterday that I should exonerate him "to the ladies". Which I hereby do.

The half year's accounts[†4] have appeared, and are two hundred pounds behind Evans's estimate; the sum I have to receive, being £2,300.[†5] I have made up my mind, for this reason and considering the cost of my trip, not to have any party at Christmas but the children's—the rather as the house will just have been got into good order again. We will have some musical evenings instead, and distribute them over a few months.

I have bought a Portmanteau at which I expect and shall require Anne[†6] to fall into fits of admiration. It is a very ingenious thing, and by far the best I have ever seen.

The Guild are going to give their manager a swell dinner at the London Tavern.[†7] It is to come off on Tuesday the 4th. of October, so I shall return from that expedition with Egg[†8] and Collins. I am going to advertize in the Times for a travelling servant.

I have given your letter to Wills, and will bring back whatever may be handed to me in the course of tomorrow. Will you ask Georgina to prepare, on Sunday, our friend Commissionaire Van Loo[†9] of the Hotel Bruxelles. I shall bring over the prodigious portmanteau; though the things from the hosier's, and some travelling shoes, and a little case from Mechi's,[†10] will not have arrived.

This is all the news. But I rely on the great Gordon intelligence being sufficiently astounding to supply the place of a good deal of gossip.

With love to Georgina and the darlings, and a request to the Plornishghenter to keep up his spirits until Sunday,

Ever affectionately

CD.

I have not felt the least inconvenience since Tuesday. From which I infer that it is much the best plan to be sick at once and make an end of it.

To MRS MORSON, 9 SEPTEMBER 1853*

MS Professor D. S. Hopkirk.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Friday Ninth September 1853.

Dear Mrs. Morson

Being in town for a couple of days I will come out to see the Home to-morrow morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Morson.

To F. M. EVANS, 10 SEPTEMBER 1853*

MS University of Texas.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Saturday Tenth September 1853.

My Dear Evans,

I sincerely regret to say that many circumstances seem to have conspired to prevent my coming to London on the great family occasion you have before you. I am afraid it is quite impracticable. But I shall not forget most heartily to drink to your son[†1] and to you, and to wish you a long range of years of health and happiness. I am sure he is a good fellow, and I am sure you are another. And none of your attached friends can hope more ardently than I do, that in the honorable conduct of your children in life, and in their love and affection at home, you may find at once your highest compensation for the loss of their excellent mother,[†2] and your gentlest and dearest remembrance of her.

I should have felt all this—without saying it perhaps—if I could have been with you. I shall not feel it the less cordially at my Boulogne distance, believe me.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To EDEN WARWICK,[†3] 10 SEPTEMBER 1853*

MS Mr Michael Silberstein.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London.
Saturday Tenth September 1853.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Eden Warwick, and begs to thank him cordially, for his obliging and interesting communication in reference to the Court of Chancery.[†4]

To ARTHUR RYLAND, [?EARLY-MID SEPTEMBER 1853]

Summary in Minutes, 19 Sep 53, MS Birmingham and Midland Institute. *Date:* CD was written to after the Committee meeting on 29 Aug and his reply reported to the meeting on 19 Sep 53.

Agreeing to read the Cricket on the Hearth *on the second night of his Readings at Birmingham.*

To J. T. DELANE,[†1] 12 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS *The Times Newspapers Ltd.*

Villa des Moulineaux Boulogne | Monday Twelfth September 1853

My Dear Delane

I am very much obliged to you, I assure you, for your frank and full reply to my note. Nothing could be more satisfactory, and I have today seen Mr. Gibson[†2] and placed my two small representatives[†3] under his charge. His manner is exactly what you describe him. I was greatly pleased with his genuineness altogether.[†4]

We remain here until the tenth of next month when I am going to desert my wife and family and run about Italy until Christmas. If I can execute any little commission for you or Mrs. Delane[†5]—in the Genoa street of Silverworkers[†6] or anywhere else—I shall be delighted to do so.

I have been in the receipt of several letters from Macready lately, and rejoice to find him quite himself again—though I have great misgivings that he will lose his eldest boy yet, before he can be got to India.[†7]

[†a]Mrs. Dickens and her sister are proud of your message, and beg their kind regards to be forwarded in return; my other half being particularly comforted and encouraged by your account of Mr. Gibson. In this charge I am to include Mrs. Delane, who I hope will make an exchange of remembrance and give me hers for mine.[†a]

I never saw anything so ridiculous as this place at present. They expected the Emperor ten or twelve days ago, and put up all manner of triumphal arches made of evergreens—which look like tea leaves now,

and will take a withered and weird appearance hardly to be foreseen, long before the twenty fifth, when the visit is vaguely expected to come off.[†1] In addition to these faded garlands over all the leading streets, there are painted Eagles[†2] hoisted over gateways and sprawling across a hundred ways, which have been washed out by the rain and are now being blistered by the sun, until they look horribly ludicrous. And a number of our benighted compatriots who came over to see a perfect blaze of fetes, go wandering among these shrivelled preparations and staring at ten thousand flag-poles without any flags upon them, with a kind of indignant curiosity and personal injury quite irresistible.

With many thanks | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To F. M. EVANS, 13 SEPTEMBER 1853

Mention in Chas. B. Sawyer's catalogue, June 1925; *MS* 2 pp., dated Boulogne. *Date:* 13 Sep 58, according to catalogue; impossible since from Boulogne; of his three residences, 1856 ended before 13 Sep; Evans was with him in 1854; therefore 1853.[†3]

To W. H. WILLS, 14 SEPTEMBER 1853

Text from N, II, 487.

Boulogne | Fourteenth September, 1853

My Dear Wills.

H. W.

I send you Frauds on the Fairies[†4]—which I think (between ourselves) ADMIRABLE. Both merry and wise. When you send proofs, send two.

You shall have some more Child's History[†1] in the next parcel.

COURIER.

I have been greatly diverted by your account of the Impracticable applicants. I await Kaub[†2] with interest. Mrs. Watson has written to me of another strongly recommended (by her father Lord George Quin[†3] with whom he travelled) and now at Paris: but Kaub shall have his fair chance, and if I fully like him, I will take him, supposing the other not to precede him.

FAMILY.

Send kindest regards.

Ever faithfully

[CD]

To THOMAS BEARD, 18 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS Dickens House.

Boulogne, Sunday Eighteenth September | 1853.

My Dear Beard

We shall indeed be delighted to see you on Thursday, and I hope you will so arrange your stay as that we may return together on the 1st. or 2nd. of October, when I shall have to go to town. Of this when we meet.

You must be passed through the custom house, like something to drink through a Strainer, on your arrival, without human help. But you will have no need to say anything whatever, if you be forearmed with one of your cards, whereon is legibly written

Restant chez M. Charles Dickens

Villa des Moulineaux

Boulogne

If you deliver that to a warlike functionary of Saracenic aspect, to whom you will be presented in an inner chamber and who will be engaged in marking cabalistic signs on the passports of your fellow Voyagers who are provided therewith (you want none) he will pass you on as a matter of course. At a few inches' distance you will be waylaid by three implacable Gauls who will lay hold of your great coat, and ask "Est-ce que Monsieur ait quelque chose a declarer?" Hereupon you will blandly smile, and reply "Rien"—(therein not imitating Forster, who, the other day, not at all understanding the enquiry, said after a moment's reflection with the sweetness of some choice wind instrument "Bon jour!"—and was immediately seized).

These Gauls, relenting, will then pass you through a little door into the outer air, where you will be received with yells from an infuriated populace, exactly like the unfortunate prisoners of September.[†4] A manly arm will then dash the multitude aside—you will be saved—and find yourself on the bosom of the Sparkler of Albion.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. The Plornishghenter's compliments. The boat leaves Folkestone that day at a quarter past one. You will reach Boulogne between 3 and 4. Have your luggage labelled Boulogne at London Bridge, and you have—and can have—nothing more to do with it.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Hôtel Bristol | Paris.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne. | Eighteenth September 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Collins will be very sensible, I know, of your kind recollection and invitation. (You remember his father,[†1] by the bye? I think I recollect to have seen him at your parties.)

But "we are"—not seven, like Wordsworth's children[†2]—"three". Mr. Egg the painter is the last of the party. Therefore I think the best thing I can do, will be to leave them quietly at our hotel after dinner, and then come round to yours. I do not think we shall remain a day in Paris. Firstly, because I have not the smallest interest in your amiable friend,[†3] or in the flowers that grow on the graves of the murdered; and secondly because we have made the staunchest and most inviolable of compacts to dine with Townshend on a certain day.[†4] Furthermore I particularly want Mr. Egg, who is so fine and picturesque an artist and has never been farther than Holland, to see some good Swiss interiors and backgrounds. And with this view, if the season should be tolerably open, we shall make a push for Chamounix[†5] and try to get the short way through the snow thence to the Simplon.—Not to mention my having vague Swiss notions in my mind myself,[†6] and therefore wanting to look about me!

I will bring the box, with the greatest pleasure. It would be best for your housekeeper to send it—*with the key*—to Tavistock House on Wednesday the fifth of October. Will you charge her to send the letters separately, in order that I may put them in my pocket? The book I will not forget. If you should think of anything else you want, pray let me know.

I got out of the Deserted Village[†7] (leaving the other man who was there, behind me) as safely as could be expected, and had a really delightful passage back! I had not previously believed in such a thing, but—I—enjoyed—it.

Until the first or second of October any commission will find me here. Between that and the sixth, in town. Do you see Household Words in Paris? If not, I will send you two papers I should like you to read. The first, called *Frauds on the Fairies*, I think would amuse you, and enlist you on my side—which is for a little more fancy among children and a little less fact. The Second, called *Things that cannot be done*,[†8] relates to the efficiency of the Law in the impossible case of a man taking up the

trade of deliberately persecuting a Lady until she will buy him off with money—shews in short how such a thing could not by any possibility be, in this age and country.

With kindest regards to Mr. Brown and our dear Obstinacy,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

This place was decorated, three weeks ago, for the Emperor. All the triumphal arches (made of green boughs) have faded, and look exactly as if they were made of tea leaves.

To THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES, 18 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Boulogne | Eighteenth September 1853.

To The Editor of The Times

Sir.

I observe two statements from a country paper, copied into your columns of Saturday last, and therefore made important. They represent me as having availed myself of the experiences of that excellent Police Officer, Mr. Inspector Field, in *Bleak House*,[†1] and also as having undertaken to write the said excellent officer's biography.[†2] Allow me to assure you that amidst all the news in the Times, I found nothing more entirely and completely new to me than these two pieces of intelligence.

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To W. H. WILLS, 18 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Sunday Eighteenth Septr. 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I return you the No.[†4] with a good many corrections in pencil on it—some queries, where it is so badly printed that I cannot understand what is meant.

I have put two crosses against an expression in Ollier's poem[†1]

——— and yet it is not night

—which you may remember in an older line, preceded by the words "The moon is up".[†2] If he be accessible, ask him to alter it.[†3]

The titles will stand

Frauds on the Fairies[†4]
Tribunals of Commerce[†5]

(here again I have queried the concluding paragraph, which should be rather a suggestion, I think, than such an absolute statement)[†6]

Bucharest[†7]
Starlight in the Garden[†8]
The Great Saddleworth Exhibition[†9]
Dead Reckoning at the Morgue.[†10]
A Child's History of England.
The whole requires to be carefully gone over.

I send you another short article for the next No., chiefly apropos of Mr. Dunn's case.[†11]

The enclosed letter to Mr. Henry Morley came in yesterday's parcel—I suppose clearly by mistake. I send it back again.

COURIER.

Edward Kaub will bring this. He turned up yesterday, accounting for his delay by waiting for a written recommendation, and having at the last moment (as a foreigner not being an Englishman) a passport to get. I quite agree with you as to his appearance and manner, and have engaged him. It strikes me that it would be an excellent beginning if you would deliver him a neat and appropriate address, telling him what in your conscience you can find to tell of me favorably as a master, and particularly impressing upon him *readiness and punctuality* on his part as the great things to be observed. I think it would have a much better effect than anything I could say in this stage, of and from myself. And I shall be much obliged to you if you will act upon this hint forthwith.

W. H. WILLS.

No letter having arrived from the popular author of the Larboard Fin,[†12] by this morning's post, I rather think one must be on the way in the pocket of Gordon's son—whom, between ourselves, I don't at all want. If Kaub calls for this before

Young Scotland[†1] arrives, you will understand if I do not refer to an unreceived letter. But I shall leave this open, until Kaub comes for it.

CHARLEY FIELD[†2]

is of course an evasive humbug.[†3] Accept that story—but Lord to see how he has spoilt it!!! I will re-write it, and send it you back.[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 19 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS John Rylands Library.

Household Words | Nineteenth September 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

No. I won't give any outline. Because anything that you like to write in the way of story-telling, when you come out of that tea-leaf condition will please me.[†5] All I say, is, it is supposed to be told by somebody at the Xmas Fireside, as before.[†6] And it need *not* be about Xmas and winter, and it need *not* have a moral, and it only needs to be done by you to be well done, and if you don't believe that—I can't help it.

With regards to Mr. Gaskell | always Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 SEPTEMBER 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Tuesday Evening (just before dinner)
Twentieth September 1853.

My Dear Wills.

I am extremely sorry to hear about Forster's sister,[†7]—at the same time I thoroughly understand all you relate about him, and *dont*[†8] think it at all unfeeling in you to observe it.[†9] For Who on earth could help doing so!

I have just received your letter, and think Kaub appears so completely to mistake his position and functions in that ridiculous charge for expences, that I wish you would be so kind as to send for him at once and tell him that *I shall not take him* unless it is distinctly understood between you and him that I shall hereafter reduce them, and deduct as much of this bill from his wages as I know to be right. Otherwise I know this bill to be ample ground for declaring off, and I most positively do

so. I am thoroughly well acquainted with the practice and the expectations of the best Couriers, and on all grounds of common sense and justice I reject such extortion. Therefore unless you find that he perfectly understands, and that he unconditionally submits, please see one of the other applicants of whom you thought favorably. His address is 4 King Street, Grosvenor Square.

I write hastily for this express purpose, and will write again tomorrow.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 21 SEPTEMBER 1853*

MS Mr Philo Calhoun.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne | Twenty First September 1853. Wednesday

My Dear Cerjat.

A short note of two heads—as it is soon to be followed by a third head supposed to be a rather long one.

First, I received your letter in due course. And as you were so very thoughtful of me beforehand, and gave me my choice in the matter, I made *no sign* to the lady at the Hotel. Not only because I was intensely occupied at that time, rising very early and working late, but also because I know no one here. It would be impossible for one so notorious as I am to live in this place and not know everybody—except on the cast iron condition of knowing nobody. That refuge I have taken from the first, and consequently have been able to live in peace here. If the lady and spouse had been friends of yours whom you had commended to me, of course I should have sought them out straightway. But I understood your letter (I hope) and acted accordingly.

Secondly. Townshend tells me that you have been libelling me by doubting my intention of coming to Lausanne next month on my way into Italy. To overwhelm you with confusion and repentance, I hereby give you to understand that I start on the 10th.—Monday the 10th. of October, one thousand eight hundred and fifty three—and come straight to the dear old place; where I shall have a delight in shaking hands with you again, not easily to be expressed. I am looking forward to the happiness of a reunion for a few hours, with great impatience and expectation.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their kindest affectionate remembrances to you and Mrs. Cerjat,[†1] and bind me to say "that they envy me, and that they think it's a shame!" I heard from Mrs. Watson a week ago. Very much improved, thank God, and very cheerful.

It was necessary to kill Lady Dedlock, and to kill her so. I had intended it from the first, and everything worked to that end.[†2]

I shall not take the effect off my appearance in person, by saying anything more.

Ever My Dear Cerjat affectionately Yours

CD.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 21 SEPTEMBER 1853

Text from MDGH, I, 316-17.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne, | Wednesday, Sept. 21st, 1853.

My dear Lord

Your note having been forwarded to me here, I cannot forbear thanking you with all my heart for your great kindness. Mr. Forster had previously sent me a copy of your letter to him, together with the expression of the high and lasting gratification he had in your handsome response.[†1] I know he feels it most sincerely.

I became the prey of a perfect spasm of sensitive twinges, when I found that the close of "Bleak House" had not penetrated to "the wilds of the North" when your letter left those parts.[†2] I was so very much interested in it myself when I wrote it here last month, that I have a fond sort of faith in its interesting its readers. But for the hope that you may have got it by this time, I should refuse comfort. That supports me.

The book has been a wonderful success. Its audience enormous.

I fear there is not much chance of my being able to execute any little commission for Lady John[†3] anywhere in Italy. But I am going across the Alps, leaving here on the tenth of next month, and returning home to London for Christmas Day, and should indeed be happy if I could do her any dwarf service.

You will be interested, I think, to hear that Poole lives happily on his pension,[†4] and lives within it. He is quite incapable of any mental exertion,[†5] and what he would have done without it I cannot imagine. I send it to him at Paris every quarter. It is something, even amid the estimation in which you are held, which is but a foreshadowing of what shall be by-and-by as the people advance, to be so gratefully remembered as he, with the best reason, remembers you. Forgive my saying this. But the manner of that transaction, no less than the matter, is always fresh in my memory in association with your name,[†6] and I cannot help it.

My dear Lord, | Yours very faithfully and obliged

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?21] SEPTEMBER 1853

Extract in F, XI, iii, 828*n*. *Date:* Sep 53, according to Forster; probably written the same day as, or soon after, last.

Lord John's note confirms me in an old impression that he is worth a score of official men; and has more generosity in his little finger than a Government usually has in its whole corporation.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 21 SEPTEMBER 1853†

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne Wednesday Twenty First September 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

The Courier was unfortunately engaged. He offered to recommend another, but I had several applicants and begged Mr. Wills to hold a grand review at the Household Words office, and select the man who is to bring me down as his victim. I am extremely sorry the man you recommend was not to be had. I should have been delighted to take him.

[†a]—Skimpole. I must not forget Skimpole—Of whom I will now proceed to speak as if I had only read him, and had not written him. I suppose he is the most exact portrait that ever was painted in words! I have very seldom, if ever, done such a thing. But the likeness is astonishing. I don't think he could possibly be more like himself. It is so awfully true, that I make a bargain with myself "never to do so, any more". There is not an atom of exaggeration or suppression. It is an absolute reproduction of a real man. Of course I have been careful to keep the outward figure away from the fact; but in all else it is the Life itself.[†1] This in confidential reply to your enquiry.[†a]

I am finishing the Child's History and clearing the way through Household Words in general before I go upon my trip. I forget whether I told you that Mr. Egg the painter, and Mr. Collins, are going with me.

The other day I was in town. In case you should not have heard of the condition of that Deserted Village,[†2] I think it worth mentioning. All the streets of any note were unpaved, mountains high, and all the

Omnibuses were sliding down alleys and looking into the upper windows of small houses. At eleven o'Clock one morning, I was positively *alone* in Bond Street. I went to one of my tailors, and he was at Brighton. A smutty faced woman among some gorgeous regimentals half finished, had not the least idea when he would be back. I went to another of my tailor's,[†3] and he was in an upper room, with open windows and surrounded by mignionette boxes, playing the piano in the bosom of his family. I went to my hosier's, and two of the least presentable of the "young men" of that elegant establishment, were playing at draughts in the back shop. (Likewise I beheld a porter pot hastily concealed under a Turkish dressing gown of a golden[†4] pattern). I then went wandering about to look for some ingenious portmanteau; and near the corner of St. James's street, saw a solitary Being sitting in a trunk shop, absorbed in a book which on closer inspection I found to be Bleak House. I thought this looked well, and went in. And he really was more interested in seeing me when he knew who I was, than any face I had seen in any house—every house I knew, being occupied by painters—including my own. I went to the Athenæum that same night, to get my dinner, and it was shut up for repairs. I went home late, and had forgotten the Key, and was locked out.

Preparations were made here, about 6 weeks ago, to receive the Emperor who is not come yet. As they chiefly consisted of triumphal arches made in green boughs

which have utterly withered, the town seems to be expressing its loyalty through the extraordinary medium of tea leaves. Meanwhile our countrymen (deluded over in the first excitement) go about staring at these arrangements, with a personal injury upon them which is most ridiculous. And they *will* persist in speaking an unknown tongue to the French people, who *will* speak English to them.

Kate and Georgina send their kindest loves. We are all quite well. Going to drop two small boys here, at school with a former Eton Tutor highly recommended to me.[†1] Charley was heard of, a day or two ago. He says his professor[†2] "is very shortsighted, always in green spectacles, always drinking weak beer, always smoking a pipe, and always at work". The last qualification seems to appear to Charley the most astonishing one.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Watson Most affectionately Yours

CD.

To MR WATSON,[†3] 24 SEPTEMBER 1853

Extract in Stewart Kidd catalogue, Oct 1929; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Office of Household Words, 24 Sep 53.[†4]

Mr. Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Watson & begs to thank him for his letter of the 22nd inst in which he points attention to the malachite found in certain Cornish & Irish mines, in reference to an article on the subject which appeared in the current number of the Household Words.[†5]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 25 SEPTEMBER 1853*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne | Sunday Twenty Fifth September 1853.

My Dear Frederick.

It has come into my head several times lately, that I omitted to answer a letter of yours received some time back, in the midst of very hard work and constant occupation.

I am not unacquainted with the invention to which it referred. But I think it is rather an ingenious toy, applicable only to very slight purposes of printing, than a means of producing books and voluminous masses of composed type. For this reason, I thought it best to avoid going to see it; as the gentleman now interested might have been disappointed by my doing so—or sending anyone on my behalf—and doing no more.

I fully intended to have written you this, for your own satisfaction, at the time.

But I put off, in the pressure I have mentioned—and then was ill—and then came here, and have been here and at work ever since.

Always Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 25 SEPTEMBER 1853*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Sunday Twenty Fifth September | 1853.

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†1]

I return the No.[†2] (much in want of press-corrections), and have done what I could to it. Morley's story[†3] is horribly confused, but will be made a little plainer by the new setting-out I have marked occasionally. I cannot possibly suggest any way of making it better, after he has got it into his head in that strange manner.[†4] I thought of The Dutch Witch for a name—but was thrown off it again by the Amber Witch.[†5] Then I thought of Dutch Spirits. But on the whole I think it will be best to leave it as it is.

I send herein the whole remainder of the History of England.[†6] You had better let B and E know that you have it all—and also have it all got into type presently, that I may find it ready for correction when I come up, about this day week.

THINGS IN GENERAL.[†1]

I hope Kaub will not go wrong again,—though I am discouraged about him, I must say. I quite understood your reason for paying him, and that there was nothing else to be done.

Gordon[†7] is so extraordinarily cool in his arrangements, that I was quite delighted at your not being able to receive him to supper. It inspired me with a particular satisfaction.

It is blowing and raining here today, astoundingly. If I can think of anything to please myself, I hope to do something for the Xmas No. this next week, now that I am free of the Child's History. I have deferred our French Watering Place, as an easy thing to write while I am away.[†8]

We have only Beard here.

With kindest regards from all | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?SEPTEMBER 1853]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 571. *Date:* between finishing *Bleak House* in the third week of Aug and leaving for Italy on 10 Oct. Perhaps same letter as next.

Describing the weeks between finishing Bleak House *and leaving for Italy as a fearful* reaction and prostration of laziness, *only broken by the* Child's History.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23-25 SEPTEMBER 1853]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 571. *Date:* CD sent the last sections of *A Child's History* to Wills on 25 Sep.

I finished the little *History* yesterday, and am trying to think of something for the Christmas number. [†a]After which I shall knock off; having had quite enough to do, small as it would have seemed to me at any other time, since I finished *Bleak House*.[†a]

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 30 SEPTEMBER 1853

Text from MDGH, III, 141-2.

Boulogne, September 30th, 1853.

My dear White,

As you wickedly failed in your truth to the writer of books you adore,[†1] I write something that I hoped to have said, and meant to have said, in the confidence of the Pavilion among the trees.[†2]

Will you write another story for the Christmas No.? It will be exactly (I mean the Xmas No.) on the same plan as the last.[†3]

I shall be at the office from Monday to Thursday, and shall hope to receive a cheery "Yes," in reply.

Loves from all to all, and my particular love to Mrs. White.

Ever cordially yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

October

To HENRY AUSTIN, 2 OCTOBER 1853*

MS Morgan Library.

Household Words Office | Sunday Second October 1853.

My Dear Henry.

I shall be in town until Thursday morning. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will call upon you at your office tomorrow (Monday) at 2 o'Clock.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

Henry Austin Esquire.

To MR WINCKWORTH,[†1] 3 OCTOBER 1853

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1978; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 3 Oct 53.

Ordering medicines to fill the accompanying case of bottles ... one with Laudanum, one with sal volatile, and one with the best powdered ginger ... *also a large box, as it is to travel with us it should be strong,* of the pills according to Dr. Southwood [*Smith*]'s prescription which is in Mr. Winckworth's possession.[†2]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 5 OCTOBER 1853

MS British Library. *Address* (envelope, MS William Miller): Mrs. Charles Dickens. | Villa des Moulineaux | Boulogne Sur Mer.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Fifth October 1853

My Dearest Catherine

I write just before post-time to say that Stanny positively swore last night that he must and would come back with me to Boulogne! I have waited all day, in the expectation of receiving a penitent letter from him to say that he has no such serious intention, but none has arrived. From which I conclude (though I still hardly believe it) that he is serious.

If he comes, he had better have the room in the House—Egg the lower floor of the Pavilion—and Collins the Upper—with such touching up thereof as the disposable means of the Chateau will admit of.

The dinner[†3] was a most amazingly gorgeous and brilliant affair—four immense red scaffolds covered with gold plate—turtle cooked in six ways—astonishing wines—venison—pines—all manner of

luxuries. Forster is a very uncomfortable and restless Chairman, or it would have been perfect. Imagine our being 13 after all;[†4] Topham not having returned[†5] and Charles Knight being ill!

I hope we may have a better passage than I expect, tomorrow. Loves to Georgina and the darlings.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To F. L. SEILER,[†1] 5 OCTOBER 1853

MS Dr Hans Seiler. *Address* (in unknown hand)*: Prusse* | Herr Seiler (Pfarrer) | Polknitz | bei | Arneburg.

Tavistock House, London | Fifth October 1853.

My Dear Sir

Having been in France for some months, I have only just now received your kind and interesting letter. I hasten to thank you for it with all my heart, and to assure you that it has given me the highest and truest gratification. To be so esteemed in your quiet parsonage, and to be so honored there as a friend, is a great happiness to me. I thank God for such fame, and set a higher value on it than on any other kind of distinction.

I believe I have few English prejudices which prevent me from respecting all that is to be respected in other countries. I have a particular regard for Germany, and interest in the noble German people. My eldest boy is now in a Professor's house at Leipzig; one of my great desires being that he should perfectly understand the rich language in which you write to me so pleasantly.

I send my love, dear Sir, to all the inmates of your house, and beg to assure them that in so remembering me, they have handsomely repaid the pleasure it has been my high privilege to give them.[†2]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?6 OR 7 OCTOBER 1853]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 571. *Date:* "a week before his departure" on 10 Oct, according to Forster; but more likely after his return to Boulogne on the 6th, since he had been seeing Forster until then.

I get letters from Genoa and Lausanne as if I were going to stay in each place at least a month. If I were to measure my deserts by people's remembrance of me, I should be a prodigy of intolerability. Have recovered my Italian, which I had all but forgotten, and am one entire and perfect chrysolite[†3] of idleness.

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, [8] OCTOBER 1853

Envelope in Sotheran's catalogue, July 1953. *Address:* W. Bradbury Esquire | 11 Bouverie Street | Fleet Street | London. PM Boulogne 8 Oct 53.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 OCTOBER 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Hôtel Bristol | Paris.

Boulogne, Saturday Eighth October | 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

No seeds arrived before I left town. A parcel is coming over tomorrow. They may be in that.

I hope to bring some first rate Cider, and some ditto Perry. Also some reliable information of the kind you want.

I was at the Home on Tuesday. All was going on quietly.

As you kindly contemplate the invasion of your table by the whole Italian Triumvirate, and as I know you will find Mr. Egg very modest and agreeable, I think I ought to give "Co" the great pleasure you so considerately offer that part of the Firm, as well as "Self".[†1] But as we shall not be presentable by your dinner hour on Monday, and as we shall not go on to Strasburgh[†2] until Wednesday morning, I would propose, if you approve, that we dine with you on *Tuesday.*

I expect to be at the Hotel Brighton[†3]—if there be any room there—which there never is.

A letter from Charley this morning. He seems to be doing thoroughly well with the German language. In proof of which, he sends me all manner of compositions, translations, journals, and other performances, of which I can't read a word!

I have a game to shew you, which will interest you if you never saw it. We have been playing it here of an evening, [†a]with the greatest success. I think it will put our friend O[†4] (if you will say as much to her from me) on the alert.

All unite in kindest regards. You will be sorry to hear that the

Beauty,
Size,
and
Vigour,

of the

Baby

are the admiration of the entire population of Boulogne, without any distinction of race or country.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts Most Faithfully Yours

CD.[†a]

To F. M. EVANS, 8 OCTOBER 1853*

MS University of Texas.

Boulogne, Saturday Eighth October | 1853.

My Dear Evans.

Many thanks for your letter. I knew you were only prevented by business from coming my way, and I should have called in Whitefriars but for being incessantly occupied during my short stay in town.

I do not think I can further abridge the Child's History, without doing it damage. I would decidedly give the public the benefit of the larger quantity, but I would print the third Volume closer, so as to increase its apparent size (as well as its real consumption of paper) as little as possible.[†1]

I have corrected all the proofs from Household Words. For press, I think you had best send them for revision *both to Wills and Forster*.

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 OCTOBER 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Sunday Ninth October 1853.

My Dear Wills.

Many thanks for your kind letter, both on my own behalf, and on that of the unprotected females. They are sincerely sensible of your offer, and Mrs. Dickens begs me to say that she will not hesitate to give you all the trouble in her power!

I write before the arrival of Mark, but leave this open in the meanwhile in case I should then have anything to add. On the second half of this sheet,[†2] I send my line of March as far as Lausanne, whence I will write again. I shall not expect (unless in some extraordinary case) to hear from you before I get there.

When the sheets of the 3rd. Volume of the Child's History come to you (as they will) will you put a few words into His Sowship's life,[†3] where his writings are referred to, to the effect that he wrote, [†a]among other things,[†a] about Witches, in whom he was (as such a wrong-headed Dolt ought to have been) a strong[†4] believer.[†5] I somehow forgot to put this in to the MS. Likewise, you will find it stated that after the Gunpowder Plot some Catholics were for safety in the fens of *Lincolnshire.* It ought to be, the fens of *Ely.*[†6]

I don't remember that I have anything more to add—except that the Moustaches don't look a bit better than they did. The failures[†1] desire their kindest regards. I shall come back, I hope, with no end of good things in my mind for H. W. Meanwhile and always, believe me Very heartily Yours. CD

To W. H. WILLS, [?10 OCTOBER 1853]*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* 1851-5 on initials; the only major journey on which CD started on a Monday in this period was to Italy on 10 Oct 53.

My Dear Wills. You know all about this man, no doubt. Will you send him back the enclosed,[†2] in the usual way.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

In haste—starting—Monday Morning.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 OCTOBER 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Hotel Bristol.

Hotel de Londres[†3] | Tuesday Eleventh October | 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send a basket containing half a dozen pints of the best cider, and half a dozen pints of the best Sherry.

I also send with this, the French Bible—no such thing as a limp one was to be got—the two last Nos. of Household Words, and two articles on Cider.[†4] That in the bound "Domestic Economy" book is written, I am assured on careful enquiry, by one of the very best practical authorities on the subject. Cassell's account of the Dublin Exhibition[†5] will reach you at the same time.

I received your kind note last night, but we arrived late. I will take the chance of finding you at home in the course of this forenoon.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 13 OCTOBER 1853

MS British Library. *Address:* Angleterre. Mrs. Charles Dickens | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London.

Hotel de Paris,[†1] Strasbourg | Thursday afternoon, Thirteenth October | 1853.

My Dearest Catherine. I think you will like to hear from me in this early stage of the proceedings, and therefore write; having just seen and heard the clock in the Cathedral achieve its usual noon performance.

We got here at 7 last night. We left Paris at a quarter past 8 in the morning, and travelled all day (the distance is nearly 300 miles) by the very best Railroad I have ever seen. We dine today at half past 2, and go on at half past 4 by the Railroad to Basle. We are due there before 10, and go on tomorrow morning early.

Paris is very full, extraordinarily gay, and wonderfully improving. Thousands of houses must have been pulled down for the construction of an immense street now making from the dirty old end of the Rue de Tivoli, past the Palais Royal, away beyond the Hotel de Ville.[†2] It will be the finest thing in Europe. The quays by the riverside are Macadamized and as clean as Regent Street. Indeed the general improvement in the essential articles of what is to be seen and what is to be smelt, is highly remarkable.

There was a Prince[†3] dined at Miss Coutts's (where we had a very pleasant evening) who told me that Austria will not allow travellers to come straight into the Austrian dominions in Italy, from Switzerland;[†4] and that, in consequence, one must enter Italy by Sardinia.[†5] If this be true, as I suppose it must be, we shall either have to try the Great St. Bernard and the Val d'Aosta, or to go all round by Lucerne, from Lausanne, to cross the Great St. Gothard. The aforesaid Prince was so good as to undertake to try to get an exemption in our favor. We shall hear the result at Lausanne, but I by no means expect him to succeed.

We had not time for the Theatre at Paris, but we went all over the town. Smale[†6] presented himself at the Hotel of course!—with an article for Household Words which is now in my portmanteau!![†7] We were at the Hotel de Londres in the Rue Castiglione—a second rate affair and a poor dinner, but very good beds.

It is a most delightful day here—bright and fine and fresh. I hope to hear you had as good a day for the passage and got home triumphantly. I shall be anxious to know how you managed it, when I come to Lausanne. Tell Georgina by the bye with my love, that I shall expect to hear from her too, pretty often.

So far, Edward has done very well indeed.[†8] He seems to understand his work—puts my things out in a scientific manner—and is attentive, quiet, and willing. I

think we shall get on very well together as a Triumvirate, though I rather incline to the belief that Collins is the better traveller of my two associates.[†1] He takes things easily and is not put out by small matters—two capital requisites. We have begun to dine in the public rooms (which is amusing enough) and we make a drawing room of my bed chamber. Last night we had a game at Whist, with Dummy, enlivened by Kirschwasser and the old Rhine wine I used to call for—Forster. Egg continues his Italian lessons. He has

a bitter bad memory, but is so anxious to get on that I think he will, after some fashion. Our great joke is, at all times and on all occasions, to ask him what is Italian for slippery[†2]—a word which he never can by any means get out.

I shall write to Charley, if I can, this morning. My best love to Georgina, Mamey, Katey, Sidney, Harry, and the Plornishghenter. Also to Forster and to Lemon, both of whom I suppose you will soon see,

Ever My Dearest Catherine | Most affectionately Yours

CD.

I forgot to say in its right place that I saw Poole at Paris. He looks quite fresh and well—and is, if possible, more disagreeable than ever.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 16 AND 17 OCTOBER 1853

MS British Library. *Address:* Angleterre. | Mrs. Charles Dickens | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London.

Lausanne, Sunday Sixteenth October 1853.

My Dearest Catherine. We arrived here last night at about 9, and took up our quarters at the Falcon—a most admirable house. I went down by Rosemont,[†3] to Ouchy,[†4] soon afterwards, and was amazed to find how strangely I have forgotten my way about this place. I had no idea (but a wrong one) where Cerjat's was,[†5] or where Haldimand's[†6] was—was quite at a loss in the town itself—and have at this moment no remembrance whatever where the banker's is!

To day, I found that Townshend had made such preparations to receive us as really rendered it impossible to avoid staying with him. So we struck our tent at the Falcon[†7] by one o'Clock, and came to Mon Loisir[†8]—just below Rosemont—where I write this. We then went off to Cerjat's,[†9] and found all the family in the old drawing room of the Watson's time.[†10] Mrs. Cerjat just the same as ever, but very deaf. Cerjat,

thin and very grey. The daughters,[†1] blooming and pretty. One a good deal like Katey. All enthusiastically delighted to see me.[†2] Then I went on with Cerjat to Haldimand's. Haldimand in the meantime had set off in his char a banc after me, and on the way I met Goff and his wife[†3]—living at Champitet and looking just the same. I came back here to find Haldimand, and we have been sitting over a lunch table ever since; roaring with laughter, disputing, discussing, and contradicting, in exactly the old way. I was both surprised and delighted to find him exactly the old Haldimand—excited and enraptured beyond all description by our meeting again. Cerjat says he will be like this for a few weeks—then will be taken with a black humour, seclude himself for a time, and be seen by no one. He has a strange idea that he is too poor to lay out money on Elysée,[†4] and the house is all but falling down in consequence.

An English gentleman, a Colonel Sanderson,[†5] is living at Rosemont. He spends his winters at Nice and is just going away. Madame D'Or[†6] is dead, and the property has fallen into other hands. We are going tomorrow in Haldimand's carriage to Chillon. After which a grand dinner and evening party come off here. On Tuesday at 11 we go by the steamer to Geneva, and next day to Chamouni.[†7]

A Prince who dined at Miss Coutts's told us that in consequence of a dispute with Switzerland concerning refugees from Austria, Austria would not admit English travellers coming from Switzerland, and that our first appearance in Italy must be made in Sardinia. This would prevent our crossing the Simplon. Last night, I found here a note from Miss Coutts, enclosing another from the Prince, stating that he had endeavoured to get me excepted but it could not be done, and if we went that way the "consequences would be disagreeable". Here, they deny any such thing.[†8] I cannot decide what to do; the Great St. Gothard being far out of the way, and the St. Bernard very doubtful of being clear enough from Snow to cross. When you write, make no allusion to this, or to any political occurrences whatever, as I think my letters may be opened. I shall take what may seem the wisest course, and not listen to unreason either way. As soon as you receive this, write to me, Poste Restante, Genoa. We must turn up there, somehow or other, to get on Southward in Italy.

We came here by Berne, which is a very picturesque place indeed—clean—comfortable—and the very spot for a Swiss summer residence. A hired carriage, and a very comfortable one, brought us post from Basle in two days. Edward goes on

excellently. I am afraid to praise new brooms, but he is most attentive and cheerful in everything—a capital Valet—always as smart as he was at Boulogne—and unpacks and packs with a perfect Gift of silence and swiftness. The triumvirate preserve an excellent understanding. Egg works away hard at the Italian, taking a lesson yesterday which lasted from 10 to 4.[†1] He *cannot* remember what he learns—which is a little against him. Collins eats and drinks everything, gets on very well everywhere, and is always in good spirits. We have as yet, marvellous to say, met no English people whom we have known.

As I must accompany them to Chillon tomorrow, and as we shall have enough to do to get back by the banquet hour, I shall post this in the morning; adding one line (I hope) to say that I have heard from you. I did not send to the Poste Restante today, as I calculated that your letter could hardly have reached here so soon, and I did not want to be disappointed.

With a thunderstorm and five hours' rain the night before last, the weather has been generally in our favor until today. To day it has been grey and black, and raining from time to time, and the Fond du Lac has not shewn to the advantage I could have wished. It is singular that both Egg and Collins complained this morning, as I used to do, of the depressing influence of the air.

Will you tell Wills with my best regards, that I shall write to him, after I get to Genoa. To Forster that I will write to *him* on the first opportunity. Give both the same caution that I give you, in reference to any allusion to foreign politics. Wills will be pleased to hear, in addition to what I have already reported of Edward, that I balanced his book for the first time this morning, and it might have been kept by a Book-keeper. Also that after we left Strasbourg, I looked at the Paris and Strasbourg bills—thought them rather large—and pointed out to him in what respect. I was quite satisfied from his manner that *he* had got nothing out of it, and he has exactly attended to those items since. His German has been very useful in German Switzerland. He speaks french as well as he speaks English. His Italian remains to be proved.

I long to hear of the dear children; and of your safe arrival at home. Give my love to Georgy, and to Mamey, Katey, Sydney (whom Haldimand particularly enquired for) Henry, and the Plornishghenter. I don't think I have mentioned that Mrs. Goff looked very young and really pretty, this morning. Townshend reports Lausanne society rent into two terrific factions on the subject of Baird's[†2] marriage.[†3] Cerjat spoke to me of it this morning as a blow to him, but sensibly abstained from blaming anybody or lamenting further. He and the Goffs seem on perfect good terms. Cerjat was with me when I met them.

I think I have now exhausted my small budget of news. Rosemont looks just the same, and very pretty. Between this and Berne is a high hill called the Jorat.[†4] It

froze on the top of it as we crossed last night, but was warm here. This evening it is damp (raining now) and chilly.

Ever Most affectionately

CD.

A general sentiment expressed this morning, that Georgina ought to be married. Perhaps you'll mention it to her!—

Vevey. Monday Morning. Delighted to receive your letter before starting, and to receive such good accounts of all. You will have heard from me from Strasbourg. I will write again soon. God bless you all.

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 OCTOBER 1853]

Extracts in F, VII, iii, 578-9. *Date:* 20 Oct according to Forster. *From* Chamounix.

Describing the enjoyment of their Swiss travel. Great attention and cleanliness at the inns, very small windows and bleak passages, doors opening to wintry blasts, overhanging eaves and external galleries, plenty of milk, honey, cows, and goats, much singing towards sunset on the mountain sides, mountains almost too solemn to look at; the country everywhere in one of its finest aspects, as winter began to close in. They had started from Geneva the previous morning at four, and he had again noticed the ill-favoured look of the people in the valleys owing to their hard and stern climate. All the women were like used-up men, and all the men like a sort of fagged dogs. But the good, genuine, grateful Swiss recognition of the commonest kind word—not too often thrown to them by our countrymen—made them quite radiant. I walked the greater part of the way, which was like going up the Monument. *That day they had been up to the Mer de Glace, finding it not so beautiful in colour as in summer, but grander in its desolation; the green ice, like the greater part of the ascent, being covered with snow.* We were alarmingly near to a very dismal accident. We were a train of four mules and two guides, going along an immense height like a chimney-piece, with sheer precipice below, when there came rolling from above, with fearful velocity, a block of stone about the size of one of the fountains in Trafalgar-square, which Egg, the last of the party, had preceded by not a yard, when it swept over the ledge, breaking away a tree, and rolled and tumbled down into the valley. It had been loosened by the heavy rains, or by some woodcutters afterwards reported to be above.

The only place new to him was Berne: a surprisingly picturesque old Swiss town, with a view of the Alps from the outside of it singularly beautiful in the morning light. *Everything else was familiar: though at that winter season, when the inns were shutting up, and all who could afford it were off to Geneva, most things in the valley had a new aspect. At Lausanne where they took a day or two's rest, he had the gladdest of greetings from old friends*; and the wonderful manner in which they turned out in the wettest morning ever beheld for a Godspeed down the Lake was really quite pathetic.

He had found time to see again the deaf, dumb, and blind youth[†1] *at Mr. Haldimand's Institution;*[†2] *but, in his brief present visit, the old associations would not reawaken.* Tremendous efforts were made by Hertzel[†3] to impress him with an idea of me, and the associations belonging to me; but it seemed in my eyes quite a failure, and I much doubt if he had the least perception of his old acquaintance. According to his custom, he went on muttering strange eager sounds like Town and Down and Mown, but nothing more. I left ten francs to be spent in cigars for my old friend. If I had taken one with me, I think I could, more successfully than his master, have established my identity.[†4] *The similarly afflicted little girl, whom he had also seen before, had been after some trial discharged as an idiot.*[†5]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 20 AND 21 OCTOBER 1853

MS British Library.

Hotel de Londres, | Thursday Night Twentieth October 1853.

My Dearest Kate. We came here[†6] last night after a very long journey over very bad roads, from Geneva, and leave here (for Martigny, by the Tete[†7] Noire)[†8] at 6 tomorrow morning. Next morning early we mean to try the Simplon.

After breakfast today we ascended to the Mer de Glace—wonderfully different at this time of the year from when we saw it[†9]—a great portion of the ascent being deeply covered with Snow, and the climbing very difficult. Regardless of my mule I walked up and walked down again, to the great admiration of the guides who pronounced me "an Intrepid." The little house at the top being closed for the winter, and Edward having forgotten to carry any brandy, we had nothing to drink at the top—which was a considerable disappointment to the Inimitable, who was steaming with perspiration from head to foot. But we made a fire in the snow with some sticks, and after a not too comfortable rest came down again. It took a long time—from 10 to 3.

The appearance of Chamounix at this time of the year, is very remarkable. The travellers are over for the season, the Inns are generally shut up, all the people who can afford it are moving off to Geneva, the snow is low on the mountains, and the general desolation and grandeur extraordinarily fine. I wanted to pass by the Col de Balme,[†10] but the snow lies too deep upon it.

You would have been quite delighted if you could have seen the warmth of our

old Lausanne friends, and the heartiness with which they crowded down on a fearfully bad morning to see us off. We passed the night at the Ecu de Geneve,[†1] in the rooms over our old rooms—at that time (the day before yesterday) occupied by the Queen of the French (ex I mean)[†2] and Prince Joinville[†3] and his family.[†4] I think I did not tell you, apropos of Lausanne, that Dor is married again, and is Prefet of the town and one of its greatest nobs.[†5]

Tell Sydney that all the way here from Geneva and up to the Sea of Ice this morning, I wore his knitting: which was very comfortable indeed. I mean to wear it on the long mule journey to Martigny tomorrow.

We get on extremely well.[†6] [†a]Egg sometimes wants trifles of accommodation—in a place like this, for instance—which could hardly be got in Paris, and Collins sometimes wants to give people too little for their trouble.[†7] But a word puts it all right in a moment.[†a] Edward continues as before. He had never been here, and I took him up to the Mer de Glace this morning and had a Mule for him.

I shall leave this open, as usual, to add a word or two on our arrival at Martigny, as I should gain nothing by posting it here. We have had an amusingly absurd incident this afternoon. When we came home, I saw added to the hotel—our old hotel,[†8] and I am now writing in the room where we once dined at the table d'hote[†1]—some baths, cold and hot, down on the margin of the torrent below. This induced us to order three hot baths. Thereupon, the keys of the bath rooms were found with immense difficulty, women ran backwards and forwards across the bridge, men bore in great quantities of wood, a horrible furnace was lighted, and a smoke was raised which filled the whole Valley. This began at half past three, and we congratulated each other on the distinction we should probably acquire by being the cause of the conflagration of the whole village. We sat by the fire until half past five (dinner time) and still no baths. Then Edward came up to say that the water was as yet only "tippit"—which we suppose to be tepid—but that by half past 8 it would be in a noble state. Ever since, the smoke has poured forth in enormous volume, and the furnace has blazed, and the women have gone and come over the bridge, and piles of wood have been carried in, but we observe a general avoidance of us by the establishment which still looks like failure. We have had a capital dinner, the dessert whereof is now on the table. Soup, beefsteak admirably cooked, boiled fowl and rice, roast leg of Chamois, roast leg of mutton, and a pudding served in a blaze of rum. When we arrived, at nearly seven last night, all the linen in the house, newly washed, was piled in the sitting room—all the curtains were taken down—and all the chairs piled bottom upwards. They cleared away as much as they could, directly, and had even got the curtains up again at breakfast this morning.

I am looking forward to letters at Genoa, though I doubt if we shall get there (supposing all things right at the Simplon) before Monday night or Tuesday morning. I found here last night what Forster would call "Mr. Smith's"[†1] Story of Mont Blanc,[†2] and took it to bed to read. It is extremely well and unaffectedly done. You would be interested in it. [†a]I am obliged to leave off to go to the fire and warm myself, for where I am sitting it is very cold. Collins (with his short legs stretched out as far as they will go) is reading, and Egg writing in a marvellous Diary of an aggravatingly small size and unearthly shape, concerning the materials of which he remembers nothing, but is perpetually asking Collins as I write, about the names of

places where we have been, signs of hotels we have put up at, and so forth—which Collins with his face all awry, blowing old snuff down one nostril and taking new snuff up the other, delivers oracularly.[†a]

Martigny Friday afternoon Twenty First October. Safely arrived here after a most delightful day, without a cloud. I walked the whole way. The Scenery most beautifully presented. We are in the Hotel where our old St. Bernard party assembled.[†3] Love to Georgina, and to Mamey and Katey, and Sydney and Harry, and the Plornishghenter of the many merits. I should like to see you all, very much indeed. Ever affecy. CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 OCTOBER 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Francia | Miss Burdett Coutts | Hôtel Bristol | Paris.

Hotel de la Villa,[†4] Milan | Tuesday Twenty Fifth October 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

When I came to reflect at leisure on what the Prince had said at dinner, I felt convinced that he must labor under some complicated (and I had almost added here, peculiarly Parisian) mistake. Firstly, because travellers crossing the Simplon enter Italy by the Sardinian State, and secondly because travellers crossing the St. Gothard not only come direct from the obnoxious Swiss Canton—which in the other case they do not—but enter Italy at once by an Austrian portal. When I got to Lausanne I made enquiries whether Austria interposed any difficulties in the way of English travellers entering Italy by the Simplon. Nobody knew, or had ever heard, of any such thing. The Courier of the Mail, who had just come across, utterly rejected the idea; saying that they took passengers, and passed and met travelling carriages, every day. Thus confirmed, I resolved to come by the Simplon—and did. We crossed it on Sunday, when there was not a cloud in the sky, and when the most sublime Sunday service the mind can well imagine pervaded the tremendous silence and grandeur of the whole distance. That night we lay at Domo D'Ossola, and yesterday we came on here. Both at the Austrian frontier and at the gate of Milan

we were received with the greatest politeness and consideration. I am bound to say that I never knew the usual Passport and Custom-House regulations more obligingly enforced. So here we are.

We stayed two days with Townshend very pleasantly indeed, and I had the gratification of receiving your note with the Prince's kind enclosure—for which pray thank him in my name—and also of further hearing of you from our host himself, who beamed "like one entire and perfect"[†1] soft smile when he produced your hand writing. My old Lausanne friends were all so cordially happy to see me that I felt half ashamed of myself for being liked so much beyond my deserts. Our stay there disposed of, we went on to Geneva and so to Chamounix, which, at this time of the year—no visitors, the hotels shutting up, and all the people who can afford it going away—is far more primitive and interesting than as one usually sees it. We went up to the Mer de Glace through pretty deep snow, warmed ourselves at a wood fire on the ice, came down again and stayed a day in the valley, left Mont Blanc at 7 in the morning just reddened on its utmost height by the sun and without a cloud upon it, and crossed to Martigny. These achievements (with a variety of gymnastic exercises with a pole, superadded) I performed on foot, to the infinite satisfaction of the Guides, who pronounced me "A strong Intrepid", and were of opinion that I ought to ascend Mont

Blanc next summer. I told them in return that it had become such a nuisance in my country[†2] that there was some idea of authorizing Paxton to take it down and re-erect it at Sydenham.[†3]

We go on to Genoa by the Mail tomorrow, where some more of my old friends expect me and are going to hold a small festival on the great occasion. I find my companions so unused to the notion of never going to bed, except in large towns, that Sicily is already erased from the trip, and Naples substituted for its utmost limit. We shall return too, for shortness, by the way of Paris—where I shall probably take up Charley about the 8th. or 9th. of December. If you should have leisure to write me a few lines within ten days or so—[†a]or say a week[†a]—after the receipt of this, Poste Restante Rome will find me. After that, Florence. After that, Venice. After that, Genoa again, as we shall return by way of Marseilles.

It is so strange and like a dream to me, to hear the delicate Italian once again, and to recover the knowledge of it (such as it is) which I almost thought I had lost! So beautiful too to see the delightful sky again, and all the picturesque wonders of the country. And yet I am so restless to be doing—and always shall be, I think, so long as I have any portion in Time—that if I were to stay more than a week in any one City here, I believe I should be half desperate to begin some new story!!!

My two companions have gone out to see the Cathedral and to kill off some other Lions. Mr. Egg's face fell prodigiously when we passed the Cathedral last night, and he said with a pathetic access of despondency "that he should never be able to do it under a month". I wait for his report on that subject before I close this note. In the meanwhile I can't help saying, for want of more interesting news, that he was very solicitous some year or two ago, to marry Georgina. It would have been a good thing for her, as he is an excellent fellow, and is well off, over and above his professional

reputation which stands high. But she said No, though they are very good friends.[†1] I took no other part in the matter than urging her to be quite sure that she knew her own mind. He is very far her inferior intellectually; but five men would be out of six, for she has one of the most remarkable capacities I have ever known. Not to mention her being one of the most amiable and affectionate of girls. Whether it is, or is not a pity that she is all she is to me and mine instead of brightening up a good little man's house where she would still have the Artist kind of life she is used to, about her, is a knotty point I never can settle to my satisfaction. And I have been trying to untwist it in my mind on the road here, until it will persist in ravelling itself[†2] out on this paper.

———————

They have come back from the Lions, and Mr. Egg is very anxious I should explain to you that the Cathedral is so "tremendously elaborate" as to render it impossible that he could make any such sketch of it as he would like you to have, in the time available. He hopes you will go to see his pictures on our return, and that he may be able to do something else and something into which he can "throw himself" with greater heartiness of satisfaction, as a reminder of the country we have passed through.[†3] They both beg me to send their compliments and acknowledgements of your great kindness.

Dinner time and post time being now at hand together, I break off with my love to O, and friendly regards to Mr. Brown. I will write again, probably from Rome.

Ever dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 25 OCTOBER 1853

MS British Library.

Hotel de la Villa, Milan. | Tuesday Twenty Fifth October 1853.

My Dearest Catherine.

The road from Chamounix here takes so much more time than I supposed (for I travelled it day and night, and my companions don't at all understand the idea of never going to bed) that we only reached Milan last night, though we have been travelling twelve and fifteen hours a day.[†4] We crossed the Simplon on Sunday, when there was not (as there is now) a particle of cloud in the whole sky, and when the Pass was as nobly grand and beautiful as it possibly can be.[†5] There was a good deal of Snow upon the top, but not across the road, which had been cleared. We crossed the Austrian Frontier yesterday, and, both there and at the gate of Milan, received all possible consideration and politeness.

I have not seen Bairr[†1] yet. He has removed from the old hotel to a larger one at a few houses' distance. The head waiter remembered me very well last night after I had talked to him a little while, and was greatly interested in hearing about all the family and about poor Roche.[†2] The boy we used to have at Lausanne, is now seventeen and a half—very tall, he says. The eldest girl, fifteen—very like her mother, but taller and more beautiful. He described poor Mrs. Bairr's death (I am speaking of the head waiter before mentioned) in most vivacious Italian. It was all over in ten minutes, he said. She put her hands to her head one day, down in the Courtyard, and cried out that she heard little bells ringing violently in her ears. They sent off for Bairr who was close by. When she saw him, she stretched out her arms, said in English "Adieu my dear!" and fell dead. He has not married again—no, and he never will. She was a good woman (my friend went on) excellent woman, full of charity, loved the poor, but "un poco furiosa"—that was nothing!

The new hotel is just like the old one. Admirably kept, excellently furnished, and a model of comfort. I hope to be at Genoa on Thursday morning, and to find your letter waiting for me. I will write you again from there, as soon as I shall have accurately sketched our route, and know exactly how you can address without fear of my missing the letters. We have agreed to drop Sicily, and to return home by way of Marseilles. Our projected time for reaching London is the 10th. of December.

As this house is full, I dare say we shall meet some one we know at the table d'hote today. It is extraordinary that the only travellers we have encountered since we left Paris, have been, one horribly vapid Englishman and wife whom we dropped at Basle, one boring Englishman [†a]like Hayward[†a†3] whom we found (and thank God left) at Geneva, and two English maiden ladies whom we found sitting on a rock (with parasols) the day before yesterday, in the most magnificent part of the Gorge of Gondo, the most

awful portion of the Simplon—there awaiting their travelling chariot, in which, with their Murray, their parasols, and a perfect Shop of Baskets, they were carefully *locked up* by an English servant in sky blue and silver buttons. We have been in the most extraordinary vehicles—like Swings, like boats, like Noah's arks, like barges and enormous bedsteads. After dark last night, a Landlord where we changed horses, discovered that the baggage would certainly be stolen from questo porco d'uno carro—this pig of a cart—his complimentary description of our carriage—unless cords were attached to each of the trunks, which cords were to hang down so that we might hold them in our hands all the way, and feel any tug that might be made at our treasures. You will imagine the absurdity of our jolting along some twenty miles in this way, exactly as if we were in three shower baths and were afraid to pull the string.[†4]

We are going to the Scala tonight, having got the old box belonging to the hotel, the old key of which is lying beside me on the table. There seem to be no singers of

note there now, and it appears for the time to have fallen off considerably.[†1] As I write to Georgina by this same post, and want to vary the contents of the two letters—so distributing my scanty news over each as to avoid repetition—I shall bring this to a close; hoping that I may have more interesting jottings to send you about the old scenes and people, from Genoa, where we shall stay two days. You are now, I take it, at Macreadys.[†2] I shall be greatly interested in your account of your visit there. My love as usual to Mamey, Katey, Sydney, Harry, and the darling Plornishghenter. We often talk of you all.

Edward's Italian is (I fear) very weak. When we began to get really into the language, he reminded me of poor Roche in Germany. But he seems to have picked up, a little, this morning. He has been unfortunate with the unlucky Egg; leaving a pair of shoes (his favourite shoes) behind in Paris, and his flannel dressing gown yesterday morning at Domo D'Ossola. In all other respects he is just as he was.

Egg and Collins have gone out to kill the Lions here,[†3] and I take advantage of their absence to write to you, Georgina, and Miss Coutts. Wills will have told you I dare say, that Cerjat accompanied us, on a miserable morning, in a heavy rain, down the Lake. By the bye, the wife of one of his cousins,[†4] born in France of German parents, and now living in the next house to Haldimand's, is one of the most charming, natural, open-faced, and delightful women I ever saw. Mrs. Watson's cousin, Madame de Something or other,[†5] who lives at Mount Vernon, which we once went over,[†6] is set up as the great attraction of Lausanne; but this capital creature shuts her up altogether. We have called the real belle, ever since, the early closing movement.

I am impatient to get letters from home. Confused ideas are upon me that you are going to White's, but I have no notion when.[†7] Smale's paper[†8] was impracticable, but (strange to say) not at all bad; some things in it being really well done. Take care of yourself, and God bless you.

Ever most affectionately CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 OCTOBER 1853

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Miss Hogarth | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London.[†1]

Hotel de la Villa, Milan | Tuesday Twenty Fifth October 1853.

My Dear Georgy.

[†a]First of all, the main thing I have to tell you, is, that the word describing a sparkling wine—the word synonymous with Mousseux[†2]—which I vaguely remembered at Boulogne but could not recal,[†3] turned up at Domo D'Ossala, the very first Italian place we stayed at. As follows:
INIMITABLE[†4] (To Waiter). [†b]C'e un vino che vido scritto sulla carta, "Vino d'Asti". C'e il vecchio vino che ho spesse volte[†5] bevuto—un vino come champagne—non e vero?
WAITER[†4] (To Inimitable) Si Signore. Un vino bianco, Italiano—un vino *spumante.*
INIMITABLE[†4] (apart)—Ecco la parola! L'ho trovato![†b]

The next thing you will be interested in hearing of, is the progress of the emulative moustaches of the two other members of the Triumvirate. They are more distressing, more comic, more sparse and meagre, more straggling, wandering, wiry, stubbly, formless—more given to wandering into strange places and sprouting up noses and dribbling under chins—than anything in that nature ever produced, as I believe, since the Flood. Collins has taken to wiping his (which are like the Plornishghenter's eyebrows) at dinner; and Egg's are not near his nose, but begin at the corners of his mouth, like those of the Witches in Macbeth. I have suffered so much from the contemplation of these terrific objects from grey dawn to night in little carriages, that this morning, finding myself with a good looking glass, and a good light, I seized my best razor, and, as a great example, shaved off the whole of the Newgate fringe from under my chin! The moustache remains, and now looks enormous; but the beard I have sacrificed as a dread warning to competitors—which I am bound to add does not produce the least effect; they merely observing with complacency that "it looks much better so".[†a]

I have walked to that extent in Switzerland (walked over the Simplon on Sunday, as an addition to the other feats) that one pair of the new strong shoes has gone to be mended this morning, and the other is in but a poor way; the snow having played the Mischief with them. [†a]I saw the deaf dumb and blind youth at Lausanne on the morning of my departure. Tremendous efforts were made by Hertzel,[†6] to impress him with an idea of me and the associations belonging to me. It seemed in my eyes quite a failure, and I very much doubt if he had the least perception of his old acquaintance. Meanwhile he was always (according to his old custom) muttering strange eager sounds like "Town" and "Down" and "Mown"—which Townshend, in a most ludicrous manner, wrested into an irrepressible desire on the poor fellow's part to articulate his name. As he evidently had no more idea of Townshend than of any

lamp post in London it was so extraordinarily absurd that I laughed disgracefully and could not be stopped. The interview terminated by Townshend's buying every object down in that dismal little place where we used to see the boy at work—he perpetually coming back again for that purpose (when we were wild to get away, lest we should lose the boat) and saying, in the oddest french "Combien cette choselà?—Oh!—Voulez-vous donc avoir la bonté d'envoyer cet objet chez-moi?—Et cet autre objet—combien?—Oh!—

Vrai-ment!—Voulez-vous donc envoyez—cet objet—aussi—chez moi—Mon loisir"—We forced him out at last, and I left ten francs to be spent in cigars for my old friend. If I had taken one with me, I think I would have established the association more successfully than his master. The similarly afflicted child, the little girl, whom we saw there, was discharged after some trial as an Idiot, and was hardly remembered when I asked after her.[†a]

On the Swiss side of the Simplon, we slept at the beastliest little town,[†1] in the wildest kind of house, where some fifty cats tumbled into the corridor outside our bedrooms all at once in the middle of the night—whether through the roof or not, I don't know; for it was dark when we got up—and made such a horrible and terrific noise that we started out of our beds in a panic. I strongly objected to opening the door lest they should get into the room and tear at us; but Edward opened his, and laid about him until he dispersed them. At Domo d'Ossola we had three immense bedrooms (Egg's bed twelve feet wide!) and a Sala of imperceptible extent in the dim light of two candles and a wood fire; but were very well and very cheaply entertained. Here, we are, as you know, housed in the greatest comfort.

We continue to get on very well indeed together, [†a]though I am rather confirmed in general suspicions I have long entertained that other men in general (and Collins in particular) spit and snort rather more than I have ever found it necessary to do—particularly in the early part of the day.[†a] We really do admirably. I lose no opportunity of inculcating the lesson that it is of no use to be out of temper in travelling, and it is very seldom wanted for any of us. Egg is an excellent fellow and full of good qualities—I am sure a generous and staunch man at heart. He is not above the average, intellectually; but I believe he is, in a good and honorable nature.

I shall send Catherine from Genoa a list of the places where letters will find me. I shall hope to hear from you too, and shall be very glad indeed to do so. No more at present. Ever most affectionately CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 28 AND 29 OCTOBER 1853

MS British Library. *Address:* Inghilterra | Mrs. Charles Dickens | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London.

Croce di Malta,[†2] Genoa | Friday Night, Twenty Eighth October 1853.

My Dearest Catherine. As we arrived here later than I had expected (in consequence of the journey from Milan being most wearily slow) I received your welcome letter only this morning. I write this before going to bed, that I may be sure of not being taken by any engagement off the post time tomorrow.

We came in last night between 7 and 8. The Railroad to Turin is finished and opened to within twenty miles of Genoa. Its effect upon the whole town, and especially upon that part of it lying down beyond the lighthouse and away by San Pietro d'Arena is quite wonderful. I only knew the place by the lighthouse; so numerous are the new buildings, so wide the streets, so busy the people, and so thriving and busy the many signs of commerce. Today I have seen the De La Rues,[†1] the Gibbs's,[†2] the Browns,[†3] and the Thompsons[†4]—the latter of whom live at Nervi,[†5] fourteen or fifteen miles off, towards Porto Fino. First of the Browns. They are just the same, except that Mrs. Brown's face is larger and fuller, and her hair

rather grey. As I rang at their bell she came out walking, and stared at me. "What! You don't know me!" said I. Upon which she recognized me very warmly, and then said, in her old quiet way "I expected to find a ruin, we heard you had been so ill. And I find you younger and better looking than ever. But its so strange to see you without a bright waistcoat. Why haven't you got a bright waistcoat on?" I apologized for my black one, and we went upstairs, when "Yeatsey" presently appeared in a hideous and demoniacal night dress; having turned out of bed to greet his distinguished countryman. After a long talk, in the course of which I arranged to dine there on Sunday early, before starting by the Steamer for Naples, and in which they told me every possible and impossible particular about their minutest affairs, and especially about Gibbs's marriage,[†6] I set off for Gibbs's at Quarto. I had found letters from him here, and he had been here over and over again, and had driven out no end of times to the Gate to leave messages for me, and really was (in his strange uncouth way) crying glad to see me. I found him and his wife in a little uncomfortable country house overlooking the sea, sitting in a small summer house on wheels, exactly like a bathing machine. I found her rather pretty, extraordinarily cold and composed, a mere piece of furniture *talking broken English.* Through eight months in the year, they live in this country place. She never reads, never works, never talks, never gives an order or directs anything, has only a taste for going to the Theatre (where she never speaks either) and buying clothes. They sit in the garden all day, dine at four, *smoke their cigars,* go in at 8, sit silent till 10, and then go to bed. The greater part of this I had from Gibbs himself in a frantically unintelligible confidence in the garden; the only portions of which that I could clearly understand were the words "and one thing and another", repeated one hundred thousand times, [†a]and a repeated damning of the eyes of his mother in law[†7] as a Bitch.[†a] He described himself as

being perfectly happy, and seemed very fond of his wife. "But that," said Brown to me this morning, looking like the figure-head of a ship with a nutmeg-grater for a face; "that he ought to be and must be, and is bound to be—he can't help it."

Then I went on to the Thompsons, and found them living in a beautiful situation, in a ruinous Albaro-like[†1] Palace.[†2] Coming upon them unawares, I found Thompson with a pointed beard,[†3] smoking a great German pipe, in a pair of slippers—the two little girls,[†4] very pale and faint from the climate, in a singular untidy state—one (Heaven knows why) without stockings—and both with their little short hair cropped in a manner never before beheld, and a little bright bow stuck on the top of it. Christiana said she had invented this head gear as a picturesque thing[†5]—adding that perhaps it was—and perhaps it wasn't. She was greatly flushed and agitated,[†6] but looked very well and seems to be much liked here.[†7] We had disturbed her at her painting in Oils;[†8] and I rather received an impression that what with that, and what with Music,[†9] the household affairs went a little to the wall. Thompson was teaching the two little girls the multiplication table,[†10] in a disorderly old billiard room with all manner of messes[†11] in it. [†a]Going over the house I found in a back room out of the Sala, in the arms of a regular Genoese old witch, a hideous weazen little infant, like the Mummy of a Monkey, who, Christiana said, was Fanny's.[†12] And wouldn't I like to see Fanny? I said Yes, and she sent after Fanny, but poor Fanny never appeared.

She is sadly at a discount—lives in a little place in Genoa, on a hundred a year allowed by her father, and is seen by nobody. Even her marriage itself is so illegal, that her husband can dissolve it at any time if he should take the desire into his head.[†a]

SATURDAY.[†1]

Having obtained a gracious permission from the lady of the School, I am going to shew my companions the Sala of the Peschiere[†2] this Morning. We dine at Gibbs's in the Strada Serra to day. Mrs. Curry[†3] too I will manage to call upon, and I will leave a card for Butler.[†4] It is raining intensely hard in the regular Genoa manner, so that I can hardly hope for Genoa's making as fine an impression as I would desire. Our boat for Naples is a large French Mail Boat, and we hope to get there on Tuesday or Wednesday. If, the day after you receive this, you write to me Post Restante Rome, it will be the safest course. Five days later, write Poste Restante Florence. You refer to a letter you supposed me to have received from Forster—to whom my love. No letter from him has come to hand.

I will resume my report of this place in my next. In the meantime I will not fail to drink dear Katey's health today.[†5] Edward has just come in, with mention of an English boat on Monday Morning, superior to French boat tomorrow, and faster. I shall enquire at Gibbs's and take the best. When I next write, I will give you our route in exact detail. [†a]Georgy's message from you concerning the Gordons, hardly surprises me though it does make me very indignant. I think I never heard of anything so gross.[†a†6]—I am pleased to hear of Mr. Robson's[†7] success in a serious part,[†8] as I hope he will now be a fine actor.—I hope you will enjoy yourself at Macready's, though I fear it must be sometimes but a melancholy visit.

[†a]The people here seem, of course, to quarrel a good deal among themselves, and so far as I can make out—Thompson seems to be the great dull obstacle in everybody's way, somehow or other. His son,[†9] now in England again, is[†10] universally described as having been a fearful youth—delivering opinions on all kinds of subjects as if he were sixty, reducing Gibbs's spirits, depriving him of his appetite, and wasting him away. This is his own account. He lived for the month together in the house of his mother in law[†11] without speaking to her; and one of his choicest amusements was to hold her baby out of a top window as if he were going to drop it into

the garden, while she stood screaming below.[†a†1] Good bye my dear, and believe me ever most affectionately CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 OCTOBER 1853

Composite text, from MDGH, I, 320-2 and Forster, VII, iii, 579; ([aa]and summaries only in F. *Address* (envelope MS Yale University Library): Inghilterra. | Miss Hogarth | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London. PM 29 OTT 53.

Croce di Malta, Genoa, Saturday, Oct. 29th, | 1853.

My dearest Georgy,

We had thirty-one hours consecutively on the road between this and Milan, and arrived here in a rather damaged condition. We live at the top of this immense house, overlooking the port and sea, pleasantly and airily enough, though it is[†2] no joke to get so high, and though the apartment is rather vast and faded. *His reappearance created a sensation. He and his companions were warmly greeted and jovial hours were passed among his old associates.*

The old walks are pretty much the same as ever, except that they have built behind the Peschiere on[†3] the San Bartolomeo hill, and changed the whole town towards San Pietro d'Arena,[†4] where we seldom went. The Bisagno[†5] looks just the same, stony[†6] just now, and with very little water in it. The[†7] Vicoli[†8] stink exactly as they used to, and are fragrant with the same old flavour of very rotten cheese kept in very hot blankets. The Mezzaro[†9] pervades them as of yore.[†10] The old Jesuit college[†11] in the Strada Nuova is under the present government the Hotel de Ville, and a very splendid caffé with a terrace garden has arisen between it and Palavicini's[†12] old palace. [a]Pal himself has gone to the dogs.[a†13] Another new and handsome caffé has been built in the Piazza Carlo Felice, between the old caffé of the Bei Arti[†14] (where Fletcher[†15] stopped for the bouquets in the green times,[†16] when we went to the 's[†17] party), and the Strada Carlo Felice; *and the Teatro Diurno had new stone galleries and seats like an ancient amphitheatre.* The old beastly gate and guardhouse on the Albaro road are still in their dear old beastly state; and the whole of that road is just as it was. The man without the legs is still in the Strada Nuova; but the beggars in general are all cleared off, and our old one-armed Belisario[†18] made a

sudden evaporation a year or two ago. I am going to the Peschiere to-day. The puppets[†1] are here, and the opera is open, but only with a buffo company, and without a buffet. We went to the Scala, where they did an opera of Verdi's, called "Il Trovatore,"[†2] and a poor enough ballet. The whole performance miserable indeed.[†3] I wish you were here to take some of the old walks. It is quite strange to walk about alone. Good-bye, my dear Georgy. Pray tell me how Kate is. I rather fancy from her letter, though I scarcely know why, that she is not quite as well as she was at Boulogne. I was charmed with your account of the Plornishghenter and everything and everybody else. Kiss them all for me.

Ever most affectionately yours

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29-30 OCTOBER 1853]

Extracts in F, VII, iii, 580. *Date:* probably the same day as last or day after.

Describing the Palazzo Peschiere as converted into a girls' college; all the paintings of gods and goddesses canvassed over, and the gardens gone to ruin; but, O! what a wonderful place! *He observed an extraordinary increase everywhere else, since he was last in the splendid city, of* life, growth, and enterprise; *and he confirmed his first conviction that for picturesque beauty and character there was nothing in Italy, Venice excepted,* near brilliant old Genoa.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 30 OCTOBER 1853

MS British Library. *Address:* Inghilterra | Mrs. Charles Dickens | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London.

Genoa, Sunday Thirtieth October 1853.

My Dearest Catherine.

This is merely a business letter, containing the sketch of our movements that I have at last been able to make. I send them from here, as we leave for Naples tomorrow morning by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's English Steamer the Valletta; and to go on before doing so, would occasion a week's delay. It is not very important, but you may naturally like to know where we are.

Leave Genoa, Monday 31st. October
Arrive at Naples, Wednesday 2nd. November
Leave Naples, Tuesday 8th. November
Journey to Rome, three days.
Arrive at Rome, Thursday 10th. November
Leave Rome, Wednesday 16th. November

Journey to Florence, four days
Arrive at Florence, Saturday 19th. November
Leave Florence (including Railroad trip to Pisa and back) Tuesday 22nd. Novr.
Journey to Venice, three days.
Arrive at Venice, Thursday 24th. November.
Leave Venice, Monday 28th. November.
Reach Turin (by Parma and Verona) about the 1st. of Decr.
Then straight home, over the Mont Cenis, to Lyons. On by Railway to Paris and Boulogne.

If on the fourth day after you write to Florence, you write to Venice, and if after about the same interval you write to Turin, and if after about the same interval again you write to Paris, I THINK[†1] the letters will all fall as pat as possible. Will you let Georgy understand these arrangements too.

If you should have any wish or necessity to write at any other times, Wills can always ascertain for you how many days post it is to any of these places. It might, indeed, be always desirable for you to know when your letters will reach them.

Mrs. Gibbs quite came out yesterday. So did Mrs. Brown (in a different manner) by violently attacking Mrs. Thompson after dinner, for painting ill in oils when she might be playing well on the piano. We dine with the Browns today. It rained hard all yesterday, but is finer this morning. We went over the Peschiere in the wet afternoon. The garden is sorely neglected now, and the rooms are all full of boarding school beds, and most of the fireplaces are closed up; but the old beauty and grandeur of the place were in it still. Lady Walpole[†2] by the bye is living alone (or with some Austrian lover) at Florence. Mrs. Brown told me yesterday it was officially sworn before Brown that Lord Walpole[†3] used to drag her downstairs by her long hair, and throw burning logs of wood at her as she lay at the bottom!

This will find you, I suppose at Sherborne. My heartiest love to dear Macready, and to Miss Macready, and to all the house. I hope my Godson[†4] has not forgotten me. With love to Georgy, ever most affectionately yours CD.

Send Wills a copy of the moves and dates, with my kindest regards. I will think of Charley (from whom I have heard here) and soon write to him definitely. At present I think he had better join me at Boulogne. I shall not bring the little boys over, as, if we keep our time, it would be too long before Christmas Day.

November

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 4 NOVEMBER 1853

MS British Library. *Address:* Inghilterra | Mrs. Charles Dickens | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London.

Hotel des Etrangers,[†1] Naples | Friday Night November Fourth 1853.

My Dearest Catherine. We arrived here at midday—two days after our intended time, under circumstances which I reserve for Georgina's letter, by way of variety—in what Forster used to call good health and sp-p-pirits. We have a charming apartment opposite the sea, a little lower down than the Victoria[†2]—in the direction of the San Carlo Theatre[†3]—and the windows are now wide open on an English-summer night. The first persons we found on board, at Genoa, were Emerson Tennent,[†4] Lady Tennent,[†5] their son[†6] and daughter.[†7] They are all here too, in an apartment over ours, and we have been constantly together in a very friendly way, ever since our meeting. We dine at the table d'hôte—made a league together on board—and have been mutually agreeable. They have no servant with them (which is odd for people of their condition) and have profited by Edward. He goes on perfectly well—is always cheerful and ready—has been sleeping on board, upside-down I believe in a corner, with his head in the wet and his heels against the side of the paddle box—but has been perpetually gay and fresh.

Cottrel is no longer here, and is out of the partnership in the bank with Iggulden.[†8] Said Iggulden called before we had been here two hours, but we were out.[†9] As soon as we got our luggage from the Custom House, we packed complete changes in a bag, set off in a carriage for some warm baths, and had a most refreshing cleansing after our long journey. There was an odd Neapolitan attendant—a steady old man—who, bringing the linen into my bath, proposed to "soap me." Upon which I called out to the other two that I intended to have everything done to me that could be done, and gave him directions accordingly. I was frothed all over with Naples soap, rubbed all down, scrubbed with a brush, had my nails cut, my corns cut, and all manner of extraordinary operations performed. He was as much disappointed (apparently) as surprised, not to find me dirty, and kept frequently ejaculating under his breath "O Heaven how clean this Englishman is!" He also remarked that the Englishman was as fair as a beautiful woman—but there, he added, the resemblance ended.

Some relations of Lord John's,[†1] going to Malta, were aboard ship, and we were very pleasant. Likewise there was a Mr. Young aboard—an agreeable fellow, not very unlike Forster in person—who introduced himself as the brother of the Miss Youngs[†2] whom we knew at Boulogne. He was musical and had much good fellowship in him, and we were very agreeable together also. On the whole I became decidedly popular, and was embraced on all hands when I came over the side this morning. We are going up Vesuvius, of course, and to Herculanaeum and Pompeii,[†3] and the usual places.[†4] The Tennents will be our companions in most of our excursions, but we shall leave them here behind us. Ridgway[†5] is not here, and Mr. Temple[†6] our Minister is away on leave, so we shall have (which I am heartily glad of) no dining out, I hope. Naples looks just the same as when we left it, except that the weather is much better and brighter.

[†a]Gibbs's wife made a much more agreeable impression on me, on the whole, than she seems to have made on the Genoa people, who are however (like most small communities) scandalous and quarrelsome, and not much given to exaltation of small merit. I called on Mrs. Curry on Sunday. They live in an apartment in a very clean new large house on the Acqua Sola. I smelt dinner on table, and did not go on. Curry has a chance again, in being agent for the Peninsular and Oriental Company's boats on this station. He came alongside when we left Genoa but did not see me. He looked much the same as ever, except in being (as I thought in the hasty glimpse I had of him) more red and bloated. He seems to do the business in a "smart" American sort of way, not likely to keep him firm in it, I fear.[†a] On the day before we left Genoa, we had another dinner with Gibbs at his country place at Quarto. He was the soul of hospitality, and really seems to love me. You would have been quite touched if you could have seen the honest warmth of his affection. On the occasion of this second banquet, Egg made a brilliant mistake that perfectly convulsed us all. I had introduced all the games with great success, and we were playing at the "What advice would you have given that person?" game. The advice was, "Not to bully his fellow creatures". Upon which Egg triumphantly and with the greatest glee screamed out "Mr. Brown!"—utterly forgetting Stuarta's[†7] relationship which I had elaborately impressed upon him. The effect was perfectly irresistible and uncontroulable; and the little woman's way of humouring the joke was in the best taste and the best sense. While I am upon Genoa I may add, that when we left the Croce the landlord in hoping I was satisfied, told me that, as I was an old inhabitant, he had charged the prices "as to a Genoese." They certainly were very reasonable.

Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris[†1] have lately been staying in this house, but are just gone. It is kept by an English Waiting Maid who married an Italian Courier, and is extremely comfortable and clean.

You will be amazed by the form of this letter. After I had begun it I found I had not separated two sheets—this thin paper being difficult to separate—and I tore them asunder and made the present botch. As the sides, however, are paged atop, I hope you will read it easily. Our being behind our projected time here, will make us two days later than the programme I sent you (probably) at all the other places in our route, but the places will be the same; and the letters I shall find at them will only be a little older. I am

getting impatient to hear from you with all home news, and shall be heartily glad to get to Rome, and find my best welcome and interest at the Post office there.

That ridiculous Miss Cunningham and her mother were at the hotel at Leghorn the day before yesterday, where the mother (an old lady) lies so ill from the fright and anxiety consequent on her daughter's efforts at martyrdom,[†2] that it is even doubtful whether she will recover. I learnt from a lady friend of Miss Cunningham's on board the Valetta, that all this nonsense originated at Nice, where she was stirred up by Free Kirk parsons-itinerant, any one of whom I take her to be ready to make a semi-celestial marriage with. The dear being who told me all about her was a noble specimen—single, forty, in a clinging flowered black silk dress which wouldn't drape, or bustle, or fall, or do anything of that sort—and with a leghorn hat on her head, at least (I am serious) *six feet round.* The consequence of its immense size, was, that whereas it had an insinuating blue decoration in the form of a bow in front, it was so out of her knowledge behind, that it was all battered and bent in that direction—and viewed from that quarter, she looked dead drunk. [†a]She had designs on an ancient Lieutenant in the Navy, in charge of the Mails. The Lieutenant responded. They have gone on to Malta together, and I think *must* be married there.[†a]

[†b]I w[ill write agai]n soon, and I hope I prove a pe[rsisten]t correspondent. My best love to Mamey and Katey, and Sydney the King of the Nursery, and Harry, and the dear little Plornishghenter. I kiss almost all the children I encounter, in remembrance of their sweet faces, and talk to all the mothers who carry them. I hope to hear nothing but good news from you, and to find nothing but good spirits in your expected letter, when I come to Rome. I already begin to look homeward, being now at the remotest point of the journey, and to anticipate the pleasure of return. Ever most affecy CD.[†b]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 4 NOVEMBER 1853

Text from MDGH, I, 322-5, but with some revision from F, VII, iii, 580; ([aa]only in F;([bb] only in MDGH.

Hôtel des Étrangers, Naples, | Friday Night, Nov. 4th, 1853.

My dearest Georgy,

Instead of embarking on Monday at Genoa, we were delayed (in consequence of the boat's being a day later when there are thirty-one days in the month) until Tuesday. Going aboard that morning at half-past nine, we found the steamer more than full of passengers from Marseilles, and in a state of confusion not to be described. We could get no places at the captain's table, got our dinners how we could on deck, had no berths or sleeping accommodation of any kind, and had paid heavy first-class fares! To add to this, we got to Leghorn too late to steam away again that night, getting the ship's papers examined first—as the authorities said so, not being favourable to the new express English ship, English officered—and we lay off the lighthouse all night long. The scene on board beggars description.[†1] Ladies on the tables, gentlemen under the tables; [a]bed-room appliances not usually beheld in public airing themselves in positions where soup-tureens had been lately developing themselves;[a] and ladies and gentlemen lying indiscriminately on the open deck, arrayed[†2] like spoons on a sideboard. No mattresses, no blankets, nothing. Towards midnight, attempts were made by means of an awning and flags to make this latter scene remotely

approach an Australian encampment; and we three lay together on the bare planks covered with our coats. We were all gradually dozing off when a perfectly tropical rain fell, and in a moment drowned the whole ship. The rest of the night was passed upon the stairs, with an immense jumble of men and women. When anybody came up for any purpose we all fell down; and when anybody came down we all fell up again. Still, the good-humour in the English part of the passengers was quite extraordinary. There were excellent officers aboard, and the first mate lent me his cabin to wash in in the morning, which I afterwards lent to Egg and Collins. Then we and the Emerson Tennents (who were aboard) and the captain,[†3] the doctor, and the second officer went off on a jaunt together to Pisa, as the ship was to lie at Leghorn all day.

The captain was a capital fellow, but I led him, facetiously, such a life all day, that I got almost everything[†4] altered at night. Emerson Tennent, with the greatest kindness, turned his son out of his state room (who, indeed, volunteered to go in the most amiable manner), and I got a good bed there.[†5] The store-room down by the hold was opened for Egg and Collins, and they slept with the moist sugar, the cheese in cut, the spices, the cruets, the apples and pears—in a perfect chandler's shop; in company with what the—'s[†6] would call a "hold gent"—who had been so horribly wet through overnight that his condition frightened the authorities; a cat; and the

steward—who dozed in an armchair, and all night long fell headforemost, once in every five minutes, on Egg, who slept on the counter or dresser. Last night I had the steward's own cabin, opening on deck, all to myself. It had been previously occupied by some desolate lady, who went ashore at Civita Vecchia. There was little or no sea, thank Heaven, all the trip; but the rain was heavier than any I have ever seen, and the lightning very constant and vivid. We were, with the crew, some two hundred people; with boats, at the utmost stretch, for one hundred, perhaps. I could not help thinking what would happen if we met with any accident; the crew being chiefly Maltese, and evidently fellows who would cut off alone in the largest boat on the least alarm. The speed (it being the crack express ship for the India mail) very high; also the running through all the narrow rocky channels. Thank God, however, here we are. [b]Though the more sensible and experienced part of the passengers agreed with me this morning that it was not a thing to try often. We had an excellent table after the first day, the best wines and so forth, and the captain and I swore eternal friendship. Ditto the first officer and the majority of the passengers. We got into the bay about seven this morning, but could not land until noon.[b] We towed from Civita Vecchia the entire Greek navy, I believe, consisting of a little brig-of-war, with great guns, fitted as a steamer, but disabled by having burnt the bottoms of her boilers out in her first run. She was just big enough to carry the captain and a crew of six or so, but the captain was so covered with buttons and gold that there never would have been room for him on board to put these valuables away if he hadn't worn them, which he consequently did, all night.

Whenever anything was wanted to be done, as slackening the tow-rope or anything of that sort, our officers roared at this miserable potentate, in violent English, through a speaking-trumpet; of which he couldn't have understood a word under the most favourable circumstances. So he did all the wrong things first, and the right things always last. The absence of any knowledge of anything not English on the part of the officers and stewards was most ridiculous. I met an Italian gentleman on the cabin steps, yesterday morning, vainly endeavouring to explain that he wanted a cup of tea for his sick wife. And when we were coming out of the harbour at Genoa, and it was necessary to order away that boat of music you remember, the chief officer (called aft for the purpose, as "knowing something of Italian,") delivered himself in this

explicit and clear manner to the principal performer: "Now, signora, if you don't sheer off, you'll be run down: so you had better trice up that guitar of yours, and put about."†1

[b]We get on as well as possible, and it is extremely pleasant and interesting, and I feel that the change is doing me great and real service, after a long continuous strain upon the mind; but I am pleased to think that we are at our farthest point, and I look forward with joy to coming home again, to my old room, and the old walks, and all the old pleasant things.

I wish I had arranged, or could have done so—for it would not have been easy—to find some letters here. It is a blank to stay for five days in a place without any.

I don't think Edward knows fifty Italian words; but much more French is spoken in Italy now than when we were here, and he stumbles along somehow.

I am afraid this is a dull letter, for I am very tired. You must take the will for the deed, my dear, and good night.

Ever most affectionately[b]

[CD.]

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, [4-7 NOVEMBER 1853]

Mention in *To* Mrs CD, 14 Nov. *Date:* written from Naples.

Giving him the choice of where to meet them in France.†1

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 NOVEMBER 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Rome, Sunday Night Thirteenth November 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

On sending to the Post Office here this morning—we arrived last night—I was delighted to find your letter awaiting me. I read it with the greatest pleasure, in spite of the heavy drawback of counsel's advice; and cannot deny myself the further pleasure of writing to thank you for it.

We came from Genoa to Naples—I ought rather to say, went—in the Valetta Steamer, an English ship placed upon this route chiefly to convey the Overland India Mail from Malta to Marseilles, when it becomes due. Our countrymen and women, and the men and women of all other European regions, are so much attracted by the fame of this ship, that we found it when we went aboard perfectly crammed. There were about forty passengers, without any berths, blankets, seats at dinner, or other accommodation in the way of eating, drinking, or sleeping—the whole having paid heavy first class fares. The first night, we lay on the planks of the deck, with thirty seven unfortunates—of whom thirty two declared all night, that they would write to the Times in the morning. You never saw so ridiculous a scene. Insane attempts to make

pillows of carpet bags, hat boxes, and life buoys—wild endeavours to screen ladies off with flags, which invariably fell down as soon as they had tied their heads up in extraordinary dimity machines taken out of reticules elaborately worked in worsted—and in the middle of the night a perfectly tropical rain which swept the whole ship clear in a minute and crowded us all together on the Cabin stairs, where we remained all night; whenever any desperate creature came below, all tumbling down; and whenever any other desperate creature ascended to the deck, all tumbling up again. As a distinguished Englishman in my way, I became the brother of all the Officers in half an hour, and set off with them next day (we being detained at Leghorn four and twenty hours) to see Pisa. Which expedition I made with the comfortable assurance that the Valetta could never go without us, while the Captain was in our Company. He was so much affected by our sufferings that next night he put Mr. Collins and Mr. Egg in the store room (opened for the occasion) where they slept on little dressers, with the pickles, spices, tea, fruits, and a very large double Glo'ster cheese in cut—the whole forming a combination of

smells of which they were profoundly innocent after they had been there (it was under water too) five minutes, but which, to my senses, has left a general flavour of Chandlery and Grocery about them ever since. I was superbly lodged in the Steward's Cabin; that potentate sitting in an arm-chair all night, and resigning his bed (four feet and a half by one and a quarter) to me. It was very comfortable though the Engine was under the pillow, and the wall extremely nervous, and the whole in a profuse perspiration of warm oil. At Naples, I found Layard[†1]—with whom we ascended Vesuvius in the Sunlight, and came down in the Moonlight, very merrily. Talking of Italian, I *must* mention that Emerson Tennent and his family were of the party—they had been in the Valetta—and that he stopped the Expedition indignantly, a little way up the Cone, to demand "a church" for his daughter. He meant a chair; but he persisted in, and insisted on, having "Una chiesa"[†2]—to the unspeakable amazement and consternation of the forty screeching Vagabonds who formed our escort. My heart misgives me in relating this story even to you, for he wanted to turn his son out of his bed (and stranger still the son wanted to turn out too) when he heard of my lying on the deck. But we laughed about it so ridiculously afterwards, with Layard, that I can't help this little bit of treason.

There has been a wretched business with young Brinsley Norton[†3] (the youngest living son of that unhappy marriage) at Naples. He has recently turned Catholic, and married a Peasant girl at Capri,[†4] who knows nothing about anything—shoes and hairbrushes included—and whom he literally picked up off the beach. They told me about it at the Embassy. He had not been married a fortnight when I was there.[†5] One of the attachés had just seen him in his "Island home", translating Longfellow's poems which he is supposed not to understand in the least, into Neapolitan—of which he knows nothing—for the entertainment of his wife—who couldn't possibly comprehend a line under the most favorable circumstances. His brother[†6] is supposed to be going to marry a sister of the young lady's, and altogether it seems to be a most deplorable affair.

It was very hot at Naples, and I bear some highly ornamental marks of mosquito bites. The same men, with the same instruments, were singing the same songs, to the same tunes, all along the Seashore in the morning, as when I was there Nine years ago. Affairs with France looked queer, and the French Ambassador left while I was there, in high dudgeon.[†7] It made considerable talk. Verdi is still the rage. In a poor

enough Opera of his[†1]—very well done indeed, at San Carlo—there was a Prima Donna[†2] who I think will soon make a great success in England. Pompeii has greatly increased in interest of late years; several fine houses having been excavated, and one being left imperfectly dug out, with the ruined and broken roof still upon it—which gives a perfect and admirable idea of the process of destruction.[†3] Meanwhile Vesuvius looks on very peaceably—for the present.[†4]

I hope to be at Turin on the fifth of December, and to leave it on the sixth, and then to come on very rapidly indeed. I shall hear from Charley there, and learn whether I shall find him waiting at Paris or at Boulogne—or even at Lyons, though I don't think the last place likely. I was amazed by the life and enterprise in Genoa, and the increase in the place since I lived there. If it goes on in the same way, long, its old commercial greatness will be renewed again.

I admit that they do not speak very clearly or sweetly, about Milan and in that country; but they can if they choose, and they do choose when a stranger speaks to them. The language has a pleasant sound in my ears, however spoken almost, which no other has except my own. That preposterous Miss Cunningham was at the hotel at Leghorn when I was there—in attendance on her mother, who seems likely to be the only British Martyr of that hollow, ill considered, vain, wrong-headed proceeding.[†5] I understand that she always objected to her daughter's taking such propagandism upon herself, and that her alarm and anxiety have made her very seriously ill.

With my kindest regards to O[†6] and to Mr. Brown, now and ever My Dear Miss Coutts Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 13 NOVEMBER 1853

Text from MDGH, I, 325-9, (ªªquoted in F, VII, iii, 582-3.

Rome, Sunday Night, Nov. 13th, 1853.

My dearest Georgy,

We arrived here yesterday afternoon, at between three and four. On sending to the post-office this morning, I received your pleasant little letter, and one from Miss Coutts, who is still at Paris. But to my amazement there was none from Catherine! You mention her writing, and I cannot but suppose that your two letters must have been posted together. However, I received none from her, and I have all manner of doubts respecting the plainness of its direction. They will not produce the letters here as at Genoa, but persist in looking them out at the post-office for you. I shall send again to-morrow, and every day until Friday, when we leave here. If I find no

letter from her *to-morrow*, I shall write to her nevertheless by that post which brings this, so that you may both hear from me together.

One night, at Naples, Edward came in, open-mouthed, to the table d'hôte where we were dining with the Tennents, to announce "The Marchese Garofalo."[†1] I at first thought it must be the little parrot-marquess who was once your escort from Genoa; but I found him to be a man (married to an Englishwoman) whom we used to meet at Ridgway's. He was very glad to see me, and I afterwards met him at dinner at Mr. Lowther's,[†2] our chargé d'affaires. Mr. Lowther was at the Rockingham play,[†3] and is a very agreeable fellow. [a]We had an exceedingly pleasant dinner of eight, preparatory to which I was near having the ridiculous adventure of not being able to find the house and coming back dinnerless. I went in an open carriage from the hotel in all state, and the coachman, to my surprise, pulled up at the end of the Chiaja. "Behold the house," says he, "of Il Signor Larthoor!"—at the same time pointing with his whip into the seventh heaven, where the early stars were shining. "But the Signor Larthoor," returns the Inimitable darling,[†4] "lives at Pausilippo."[†5] "It is true," says the coachman (still pointing to the evening star), "but he lives high up the Salita Sant' Antonio, where no carriage ever yet ascended, and that is the house" (evening star as aforesaid), "and one must go on foot. Behold the Salita Sant' Antonio!" I went up it, a mile and a half I should think. I got into the strangest places, among the wildest Neapolitans—kitchens, washing-places, archways, stables, vineyards—was baited by dogs, answered in profoundly unintelligible Neapolitan, from behind lonely locked doors, in cracked female voices, quaking with fear; could hear of no such Englishman or any Englishman. By-and-by I came upon a Polenta-shop in the clouds, where an old Frenchman, with an umbrella like a faded tropical leaf (it had not rained for six weeks) was staring at nothing at all, with a snuff-box in his hand. To him I appealed concerning the Signor Larthoor. "Sir," said he, with the sweetest politeness, "can you speak French?" "Sir," said I, "a little." "Sir," said he, "I presume the Signor Loothere"—you will observe that he changed the name according to the custom of his country—"is an Englishman." I admitted that he was the victim of circumstances and had that misfortune. "Sir," said he, "one word more. *Has* he a servant with a wooden leg?" "Great Heaven, sir," said I, "how do I know! I should think not, but it is possible." "It is always," said the Frenchman, "possible. Almost all the things of the world are always possible." "Sir," said I—you may imagine my condition and dismal sense of my own absurdity, by this time—"that is true." He then took an immense pinch of snuff, wiped the dust off his umbrella, led me to an arch commanding a wonderful view of

the bay of Naples, and pointed deep into the earth from which I had mounted. "Below there, near the lamp, one finds an Englishman, with a servant with a wooden leg. It is always possible that he is the Signor Loothere." I had been asked at six, and it was now getting on for seven. I went down again in a state of perspiration and misery not to be described, and without the faintest hope of finding the place. But as I was going down to the lamp, I saw the strangest staircase up a dark corner, with a man in a white-waistcoat (evidently hired) standing on the top of it, fuming. I dashed in at a venture, found it was the place, made the most of the whole story, and was indescribably popular.[†1] The best of it was, that as nobody ever did find the place, he had put a servant at the bottom of the Salita, to "wait for an English gentleman." The servant (as he presently pleaded), deceived by the moustache, had allowed the English gentleman to pass unchallenged.[a]

The night before we left Naples we were at the San Carlo, where, with the Verdi rage of our old Genoa time,[†2] they were again doing the "Trovatore." It seemed rubbish on the whole to me, but was very fairly done. I think "La [Penco],"[†3] the prima donna, will soon be a great hit in London.[†4] She is a very

remarkable singer and a fine actress, to the best of my judgment on such premises. There seems to be no opera here, at present. There was a Festa in St. Peter's to-day,[†5] and the Pope[†6] passed to the Cathedral in state. We were all there.

We leave here, please God, on Friday morning, and post to Florence in three days and a half. We came here by Vetturino. Upon the whole, the roadside inns are greatly improved since our time. Half-past three and half-past four have been, however, our usual times of rising on the road.

I was in my old place at the Coliseum this morning, and it was as grand as ever.[†7] With that exception the ruined part of Rome—the real original Rome—looks smaller than my remembrance made it. It is the only place on which I have yet found that effect. We are in the old hotel.[†8]

You are going to Bonchurch I suppose? will be there, perhaps, when this letter reaches you? I shall be pleased to think of you as at home again, and making the commodious family mansion look natural and home-like. I don't like to think of my room without anybody to peep into it now and then. Here is a world of travelling arrangements for me to settle, and here are Collins and Egg looking sideways at me with an occasional imploring glance as beseeching me to settle it. So I leave off. Good-night.

Ever, my dearest Georgy, | Most affectionately yours

[CD]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 14 NOVEMBER 1853*

MS Berg Collection.

Rome. Hotel des Iles Britanniques | Monday Fourteenth November 1853.

My Dear De la Rue.

After making all calculations in the most vigorous detail, and checking them off, and ticking them off, and correcting them, and re-correcting them, and blotting them horribly (which somehow seems to make them more imposing and authentic), I am in a condition to tax your kindness to engage our places with the Courier from Turin into France, on *Tuesday the 6th. of December.* We are four in all, you know. If there be a Coupé which holds three, the said Coupé for us, and a place anywhere for my man, will be the thing. But if the Courier himself rides in the Coupé and leaves only two places there (which I hope is not the case, but which *is* the case on the Milan road) then I think it will be best to take all the four places together in the other compartment. Will you secure the four seats as in your better knowledge you best know how; and may I hope at the Poste Restante Parma, on Thursday the 1st. of December, to find a note from you telling me all about it, and whom I shall pay at Turin for the outlay incurred. With so long a notice I hope there is no reasonable chance of our being anticipated for the day I have mentioned—Tuesday the 6th. But if we should be, by any unlikely chance, then we must take the day next after that—the Wednesday—rather than the day before it, the Monday.

We are in the old hotel (no longer kept by Meloni) in a very comfortable apartment looking down on the Piazza del Popolo. The Electric Telegraph[†1] shoots through the Coliseum like a sun-beam—in at

one ruined arch, and out at another. It looks, otherwise, as it grandly looked when your Visual Ray last beamed upon it. I find the other ruins of old Rome something smaller than I left them. At Naples, the same Vagabonds with the same hats, crushed in the same manner, were singing to the same instruments, the same songs with the same conventional jocularity, all along the seashore, as when I was last there.[†2] I became in five days quite exhausted with "Ma sposa Carolina", and its eternal Refrain "Quant'e bella, quant'e buona!"—but there was a wonderfully fine Prima Donna at the San Carlo—La [Penco][†3]—who I think will soon make a great success in Paris and London. They told me at the Embassy where I dined one day, the strangest story of Brinsley Norton, the youngest living son of that ill-fated marriage. He had just turned Catholic, and married a common bare-footed girl off the beach at Capri, with whom I believe he had previously achieved all matrimonial conditions, the Ceremony excepted. She was said to possess a maritime, large-eyed, gentlemanly, piratical style of beauty, but to be intensely dirty and to have no sort of idea concerning a hairbrush. For this young bride he was translating Longfellow's poems—which he is supposed not to understand at all—into Neapolitan—which he don't know a word of—intensely to the boredom and disconcertment of the Lady who had no desire to hear anything about them. He was described as sitting on a Rock somewhere, doing this, while an Aunt of the bride's was perpetually staring up at him from a sort of

kennel (which is the family mansion) under the impression that he would suddenly endeavour to escape. His property consists of Two Pounds a week, allowed him by his brother. I am afraid the knowledge of all this will not comfort his unhappy mother.

Give my love to Madame De la Rue and tell her that it was a great happiness to me to see her again even for so short a time, and to see her looking so well and to find her in her old brave spirits. I have had a letter from Georgy here, making all kinds of enquiries after her. And in remembering me to all our friends, pray do not forget to do so *very heartily* to Gibbs, whose earnest and affectionate hospitality I shall always remember with the liveliest pleasure. We couldn't make out his flag, tell him, though we all three looked out hard for it. In all such messages Mr. Egg and Mr. Collins desire to bear their parts. Pray tell Mrs. Gibbs with my kindest regards that I don't think Egg has ever recovered that triumphant success of his at the "What Advice" game. It has languished on his mind, more or less, ever since.

Looking forward to a sight of your handwriting at Parma,

Always My Dear De la Rue | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 14 NOVEMBER 1853

MS British Library.

Rome. Monday Fourteenth November 1853.

My Dearest Catherine. As I have mentioned in my letter to Georgy (written last night, but posted with this) I received her letter without yours—to my unbounded astonishment! This morning on sending again to the Post office, I at last got yours. [†a]I am rather surprised that I got it at all, for I do assure you that the illegibility of my name on the address would endanger it at any Foreign post office. How any frenchman or

Italian could ever make out the first necessary condition—that my name begins with a D—I cannot imagine. I apprehend that it had been laid aside in positive despair. However, here it is,[†a] and most welcome it is with all its contents.

[†a]I forget whether I told you that Ridgway was not in Naples, though he was expected every day. I left a card for him at his old quarters. He is said to have grown very old; to have no teeth, and to be afflicted with a perpetual trembling and shaking of the head. He gives dinners as of old, and has his old cook.[†a] I found Layard at Naples, who went up Vesuvius with us and was very merry and agreeable. He is travelling with Lord and Lady Somers;[†1] and Lord Somers being laid up with an attack of Malaria Fever, Layard had a day to spare. [†a]Now for a story which will not comfort Mrs. Norton in her distress.

You remember Capri, an Island near Sorrento out in the Sea of the bay? In this Island lives one Mr. Reeford[†2] who has written some Italian papers in Household

Words;[†1] and to this Island, and this gentleman, the young men about the Embassy, and other young Englishmen with nothing particular to do, have been accustomed to resort, in admiration of the Capri girls. Young Brinsley Norton, two and twenty years old and living on two pounds a week allowed him by his brother, had married not a fortnight before I arrived, a bare-footed girl off the Beach, with whom he had previously fulfilled all matrimonial conditions except the ceremony. The better to do this, he had first turned Catholic; his brother Fletcher having become one long ago, and entertaining (it is supposed) considerable ideas of himself marrying a sister of the bride—with whom he too has been on intimate terms. They told me all about it at the Embassy, where I dined. Mrs. Brinsley has no idea of a hair brush and is said to be extremely dirty—which her young husband particularly admires, observing that it is "not conventional." He was described to me as usually sitting on a rock, translating Longfellow's poems—which he is supposed not to understand in the least—into Neapolitan—of which he don't know a word—for the entertainment of his wife, who has not the least desire to hear anything about them. He appears to be a Young Ass, with certain incoherent inherited ideas concerning the Mantle of Sheridan.[†2] Another Booby of the name of Cayley[†3] (you remember his father, and his mother who was pretty and is dead)[†4] lately disguised himself[†5], without the least necessity, as a Sicilian Mariner with legs operatically naked, and rowed away in the dead of night with another young Capri Virgin[†6]—who would have gone, with the greatest cheerfulness and without any opposition from her relations and friends, in the blaze of noon. Mrs. Brinsley has an aunt with a distaff, and a touzled old knot of dirty grey hair, on the usual model. She forms one of the family party, and I suppose will appear in Chesterfield Street May Fair[†7] one of these days.

I met at the Embassy, a brother of Mrs. Medhurst's:[†8] an agreeable fellow. I saw

Dr Roskilly too, whom perhaps you remember.[†a†1] Craven,[†2] who was Lord Normanby's[†3] Secretary of Legation in Paris, now lives at Naples and is married to a French lady.[†4] He was very hospitable and hearty, and seemed to have vague ideas that something might be done in a pretty little private Theatre he has in his house. [†b]He is the man of whom Fanny Kemble used to be fond.[†b†5] He told me that she and the

Sartoris's were here, on odd terms of half avoidance and half association.[†6] I have also heard of Thackeray's being here[†7]—I don't know how truly. I shall keep myself as close as I can. Lockhart is here, and I fear very ill. I mean to go and see him.

We are living in the old hotel, which is not now kept by Meloni, who has retired. I don't know whether you recollect an apartment at the top of the house, to which we once ran up with poor Roche to see the horses start in the race at the Carnival time?[†8] That is ours, in which I at present write. We have a large back dining room, a handsome front drawing room looking into the Piazza del Popolo, and three front bedrooms—all on a floor. The whole costs us about four shillings a day each. The hotel is better kept than ever. There is a little kitchen to each apartment, where the dinner is kept hot. There is no house comparable to it in Paris, and it is better than Mivarts. We start for Florence, post, on Friday morning. And I am now bargaining for a Carriage to take on to Venice.

Edward is an excellent servant, and always cheerful and ready for his work. He knows no Italian, except the names of a few things, but French is far more widely known here, now, than in our time. Neither is he an experienced Courier as to roads

and so forth; but he picks up all that I want to know, here and there, somehow or other. I am perfectly pleased with him, and would rather have him than an older hand. Poor dear Roche comes back to my mind though, often.

I have written to engage the Courier from Turin into France, for *Tuesday the 6th. of December*. This will bring us home some two days after the 10th. probably; but some of the intermediate distances are heavy, and it would not be safe to take the places for an earlier day. I wrote to Charley from Naples, giving him his choice of meeting me at Lyons, at Paris, or at Boulogne. I gave him full instructions what to do if he arrived before me, and he will write to me at Turin saying where I shall find him. I shall be a day or so later than I supposed on the nearest calculation I could make when I wrote to him; but his waiting for me at an hotel will not matter.

From Forster I have not heard a word since I have been away, and (stranger still) I have heard nothing from Wills. Perhaps I shall, before I leave here.

We have had delightful weather, with one day's exception, until today, when it rains very heavily and sullenly. Egg and Collins have gone to the Vatican,[†1] and I am "going" to try whether I can hit out anything for the Xmas No. Give my love to Forster and tell him I dont write to him until I hear from him.

I saw an account of Abraham's acquittal[†2] in Galignani.[†3] Though I was very glad of it as far as he was concerned, I was very sorry that nobody bore the penalty of so heavy a piece of negligence as Somebody did most indubitably commit.[†4]

I never walk about the streets of any of these places, without an idea that I shall stumble upon Black.[†5] I have not done so yet. Neither have I come upon any English whom I know, except Layard and the Emerson Tennents—who will be here on Thursday from Civita Vecchia, and are to dine with us. The losses up to this point have been two pair of Shoes (one mine, and one Egg's) Collins's Snuffbox,[†6] and

Egg's dressing gown. We have some profound discourses on Art, Color, Tone, and so forth. But I keep out of the way when pictures are in question, and go my own path.

The mosquitoes, and fleas, and I don't know what other monsters, have bitten me in a most remorseless manner. At Naples, my forehead was rather like Bell's;[†7] and I have now got an arm in a wonderful condition. We observe the Managerial punctuality in all our arrangements, and have not had any difference whatever. I observe that the expences occasionally make the Neophytes wink a little, and that the shirts do a good deal of duty.

Mrs. Reid's[†8] apartment over the way, brings Susan[†9] to my mind, and she brings

poor Mrs. Macready, and she brings Sherborne. I cannot wonder at what you tell me of your visit, but it is very melancholy. I am glad you asked Katey in the spring. I will write to Macready if I get a chance; but it is very difficult indeed to do more than write home, flying about in this way and usually getting up in the middle of the night. Moreover I am particularly anxious to overcome the difficulties of so unsettled a life, and do something for the Xmas No.[†1]

I have been reserving this side, all through my letter, in the conviction that I had something else to tell you. If I had, I cannot remember what it is. I introduced myself to Salvatore[†2] at Vesuvius and reminded him of the night when poor Le Gros[†3] fell down the mountain. He was full of interest directly, remembered me very well, put on his gold banded cap and went up with us himself. He did not know that Le Gros was dead, and was very sorry to hear it. He asked after the ladies, and hoped they were very happy. To which I answered, Very. The cone is completely changed since our visit—is not at all recognizable as the same place—and there is no fire from the mountain though there is a great deal of smoke. Its last demonstration was in eighteen hundred and fifty.

I shall be glad to think of your all being at home again, as I suppose you will be soon after the receipt of this. Will you see to the invitations for Xmas Day, and write to Laetitia.[†4] I shall be very happy to be at home again myself and to embrace you—for of course I miss you *very much*: though I feel that I could not have done a better thing to clear my mind and freshen it up again, than make this expedition. If I find Charley much ahead of me, I shall start on through a night or so, to meet him, and leave the others to catch us up. I look upon the journey as almost closed at Turin. My best love to Mamey and Katey, and Sydney, and Harry, and the darling Plornishghenter. We often talk about them, and both my companions do so with interest. They always send all sorts of messages to you, which I never deliver.—Did you know that both Mr. and Mrs. Irving[†5] of Genoa are dead?—Miss Coutts writes me that it is Counsel's opinion that she had better not prosecute that Scoundrel[†6] again "unless she is attacked"—an almost incredible piece of coolness even in the Law.

God bless you. Take care of yourself. | Ever most affectionately CD.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 14 NOVEMBER 1853

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Sir James Emerson Tennent | &c &c &c | Aux soins de | Monsr. R. Lowe, Consul Britannique | Civita Vecchia.

Hotel des Iles Britanniques | Piazza del Popolo, Rome

Monday Fourteenth November 1853.

My Dear Tennent.

As I never made a good bargain in my life—except once when, on going abroad, I let my house on excellent terms to an admirable tenant who never paid anything[†7]—I

sent Edward in to the Casa Dies yesterday morning, while I invested the premises from the outside and carefully surveyed them. It is a very clean large bright-looking house at the corner of the Via Gregoriana; not exactly in a part of Rome I should pick out for living in, and on what I should be disposed to call the wrong side of the street. However, this is not to the purpose. Signor Dies has no idea of letting an apartment for a short time—scouted the idea of a month—signified that he could not be brought to the contemplation of two months—was by no means clear that he could come down to the consideration of three. This of course settled the business speedily.

This hotel is no longer kept by the Meloni I spoke of, but is even better kept than in his time, and is a very admirable house. I have engaged a small apartment for you, to be ready on Thursday afternoon.[†1] At two piastres and a half—2 ½ per day—sitting room and three bedrooms; one double-bedded and two not. If you should like to change to ours, which is a very good one, on Friday Morning, you can of course do so. As our Dining room is large, and there is no table d'hote here, I will order dinner in it for our united parties at 6 on Thursday. You will be able to decide how to arrange for the remainder of your stay, after being here and looking about you—two *really* necessary conditions in Rome.

Pray make my kind regards to Lady Tennent and Miss Tennent, and your good son who became houseless for my sake. Mr. Egg and Mr. Collins desire to be also remembered.

It has been beautiful weather since we left Naples, until today when it rains in a very dogged, sullen, downcast, and determined manner. We have been speculating at breakfast on the possibility of its raining in a similar manner at Naples, and of your wandering about the Hotel refusing consolation.

I grieve to report the Orvieto considerably damaged by the general Vine failure, but still far from despicable. Montefiascone (the Est wine you know) is to be had here; and we have had one bottle in the very finest condition, and one in a second rate state. The Coliseum in its magnificent old decay is as grand as ever—and, with the Electric Telegraph darting through one of its ruined arches like a sunbeam and piercing direct through its cruel old heart, is even grander.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To JOHN TAYLOR SINNETT,[†2] 16 NOVEMBER 1853

Mention in Meridian Bookshop Inc., catalogue No. 48; *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 Nov 53; addressed John Taylor Sinnett.

Declining an offer for a series of papers.[†3]

To W. H. WILLS, 17 NOVEMBER 1853

Text from MDGH, I, 333-4.

Rome, Thursday Afternoon, Nov. 17th, 1853.

My dear Wills,

Just as I wrote the last words of the enclosed little story for the Christmas number just now, Edward brought in your letter. Also one from Forster (tell him) which I have not yet opened. I will write again—and write to him—from Florence. I am delighted to have news of you.

The enclosed little paper for the Christmas number[†1] is in a character that nobody else is likely to hit, and which is pretty sure to be considered pleasant.[†2] Let Forster have the MS. with the proof, and I know he will correct it to the minutest point. I have a notion of another little story, also for the Christmas number.[†3] If I can do it at Venice, I will, and send it straight on. But it is not easy to work under these circumstances. In travelling we generally get up about three; and in resting we are perpetually roaming about in all manner of places. Not to mention my being laid hold of by all manner of people.

KEEP "HOUSEHOLD WORDS" IMAGINATIVE! is the solemn and continual Conductorial Injunction. Delighted to hear of Mrs. Gaskell's contributions.[†4]

[†a]Yes by all manner of means to Lady Holland.[†5] Will you ask her whether she has Sydney Smith's[†6] letters to me, which I placed (at Mrs. Smith's[†7] request) either in Mrs. Smith's own hands or in Mrs. Austin's?[†8] I cannot remember which, but I think the latter.[†a]

In making up the Christmas number, don't consider my paper or papers, with any reference saving to where they will fall best. I have no liking, in the case, for any particular place.

All perfectly well. Companion moustaches (particularly Egg's) dismal in the extreme. [†a]Kindest regards to Mrs. Wills.[†a]

Ever faithfully.

[CD]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17-20 NOVEMBER 1853]

Extracts in F, VII, iii, 583-5. *Date:* probably a two-part letter, sent as one: the main part from Rome, which they left in the early hours of 18 Nov; the last part between Bolsena, where they spent the night of the 18th, and Florence, reached on Sun 20th.

At Rome they found Lockhart,[†1] fearfully weak and broken, yet hopeful of himself too; *smoked and drank punch with David Roberts, then painting every day with Louis Haghe*[†2] *in St. Peter's;*[†3] *and took the old walks. The Coliseum,*[†4] *Appian Way, and Streets of Tombs, seemed desolate and grand as ever; but generally* I discovered the Roman antiquities to be *smaller* than my imagination in nine years had made them. The Electric Telegraph now goes like a sunbeam through the cruel old heart of the Coliseum—a suggestive thing to think about, I fancied. The Pantheon I thought even nobler than of yore. *At the Opera they were amused by a party of four Americans who sat behind them in the pit.* All the seats are numbered arm-chairs, and you buy your number at the pay-place, and go to it with the easiest direction on the ticket itself. We were early, and the four places of the Americans were on the next row behind us—all together. After looking about them for some time, and seeing the greater part of the seats empty (because the audience generally wait in a caffè which is part of the theatre), one of them said "Waal I dunno—I expect we aint no call to set so nigh to one another neither—will you scatter Kernel,[†5] will you scatter sir?"—Upon this the Kernel "scattered" some twenty benches off; and they distributed themselves (for no earthly reason apparently but to get rid of one another) all over the pit. As soon as the overture began, in came the audience in a mass. Then the people who had got the numbers into which they had "scattered," had to get them out; and as they understood nothing that was said to them, and could make no reply but "A-mericani," you may imagine the number of cocked hats it took to dislodge them. At last they were all got back into their right places, except one. About an hour afterwards when Moses (*Moses in Egypt*[†6] was the opera) was invoking the darkness, and there was a dead silence all over the house, unwonted sounds of disturbance broke out from a distant corner of the pit, and here and there a beard got up to look. "What is it neow sir?" said one of the Americans to another;—"some person seems to be getting along, again streeem." "Waal sir" he replied "I dunno. But I xpect 'tis the Kernel sir, a holdin on." So it was. The Kernel was ignominiously escorted back to his right place, not in the least disconcerted, and in perfectly good

spirits and temper. *The opera was excellently done, and the price of the stalls one and threepence English. At Milan, on the other hand, the Scala was fallen from its old estate, dirty, gloomy, dull, and the performance execrable. He had heard when first in Genoa that the finest Marionetti were in Rome; and now, after great difficulty, he discovered the company in a sort of stable attached to a decayed palace.*[†1] It was a wet night, and there was no audience but a party of French officers and ourselves. We all sat together. I never saw anything more amazing than the performance—altogether only an hour long, but managed by as many as ten people, for we saw them all go behind, at the ringing of a bell. The saving of a young lady by a good fairy from the machinations of an enchanter, coupled with the comic business of her servant Pulcinella (the Roman Punch) formed the plot of the first piece.[†2] A scolding old peasant woman, who always leaned forward to scold and put her hands in the pockets of her apron, was incredibly natural. Pulcinella, so airy, so merry, so lifelike, so graceful, he was irresistible. To see him carrying an umbrella over his mistress's head in a storm, talking to a prodigious giant whom he met in the forest, and going to bed with a pony, were things never to be forgotten. And so delicate are the hands of the people who move them, that every puppet was an Italian, and did exactly what an Italian does. If he pointed at any object, if he saluted anybody, if he laughed, if he cried, he did it as never Englishman did it since Britain first at Heaven's command arose—arose—arose, &c.[†3] There was a ballet afterwards, on the same scale, and we really came away quite enchanted with the delicate drollery of the thing. French officers more than ditto.

I have been led into some curious speculations by the existence and progress of the Malaria about Rome.[†4] Isn't it very extraordinary to think of its encroaching and encroaching on the Eternal City as if it were commissioned to swallow it up? This year it has been extremely bad, and has long outstayed its usual time. Rome has been very unhealthy, and is not free now. Few people care to be out at the bad times of sunset and sunrise, and the streets are like a desert at night. There is a church, a very little way outside the walls, destroyed by fire some 16 or 18 years ago, and now restored and re-created at an enormous expense.[†5] It stands in a wilderness. For any human creature who goes near it, or can sleep near it, after nightfall, it might as well be at the bottom of the uppermost cataract of the Nile.[†6] Along the whole extent of the Pontine Marshes[†7] (which we came across the other day), no creature in Adam's likeness lives, except the sallow people at the lonely posting-stations. I walk out

from the Coliseum through the Street of Tombs to the ruins of the old Appian Way—pass no human being, and see no human habitation but ruined houses from which the people have fled, and where it is Death to sleep:[†1] these houses being three miles outside a gate of Rome at its farthest extent. Leaving Rome by the opposite side, we travel for many many hours over the dreary Campagna, shunned and avoided by all but the wretched shepherds. Thirteen hours' good posting brings us to Bolsena (I slept there once before),[†2] on the margin of a stagnant lake whence the workpeople fly as the sun goes down—where it is a risk to go; where from a distance we saw a mist hang on the place; where, in the inconceivably wretched inn,[†3] no window can be opened; where our dinner was a pale ghost of a fish with an oily omelette, and we slept in great mouldering rooms tainted with ruined arches and heaps of dung—and coming from which we saw no colour in the cheek of man, woman, or child for another twenty miles. Imagine this phantom knocking at the gates of Rome; passing them; creeping along the streets; haunting the aisles and pillars of the churches; year by year more encroaching, and more impossible of avoidance.

To CHARLES COOTE, 21 NOVEMBER 1853*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Charles Coote Esquire | Devonshire House | Piccadilly | London.

Florence, Monday Twenty First November 1853.

My Dear Sir

I hasten to say that I found your letter here this morning, awaiting me; and that I accept the compliment you so kindly propose to confer upon me,[†4] with the greatest readiness and the liveliest pleasure. I will add no more, in order that this may not be delayed.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Coote Esquire.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 21 [NOVEMBER] 1853

MS British Library. *Date:* misdated by CD, clearly Nov. *Address:* Inghilterra | Mrs. Charles Dickens | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London. PM 21 Nov Firenze.

Florence, Monday Twenty First December 1853.

My Dearest Catherine. I find no letter from you here, though I find one from Forster dated on the fifteenth. Neither is there any from Georgina. If they don't come to hand by tomorrow, I shall miss them; for, early next morning, we start for Venice. We came here from Siena, last night, after a heavy two days journey post to that place from Rome. We have had three wet days now, in six weeks!

On Friday night we slept at Bolsena—in the house on the shore of a dismal lake, in a densely afflicted Malaria country, where you and I and poor Roche once passed a night.[†1] I never saw such dirt, neglect, and wretchedness, even in Italy. There was nothing to eat in the house but some sour bread, a pale fish, two or three pears, and an Omelette; nothing to drink, but some sour country wine. However, we made a great fire, and strengthened the country wine with some brandy (we always carry brandy) and mulled it with cloves (we always carry cloves), and went to bed, and got up before 5 and breakfasted on our own tea (we always carry tea), and came away in the dark. At Radicofani[†2] where we bought some cold meat for lunch, the same beggars as of old came swooping down the same hill; and the same man who I formerly said was like Samuel Carter Hall, told the same story in the same manner and wouldn't go away. The wind blew in the waste country, as it did—but not quite so hard—on the day when Roche and I hung on to the carriage, to prevent its being blown over. And altogether it was very much like the same day.[†3]

Collins's moustache is gradually developing. You remember how the corners of his mouth go down, and how he looks through his spectacles and manages his legs. I don't know how it is, but the moustache is a horrible aggravation of all this. He smooths it down over his mouth, in imitation of the present great Original, and in all kinds of carriages is continually doing it. Likewise he tells Egg he must "cut it for it gets into his mouth"—and he and Egg compliment each other on that appendage. To make the thing still more ridiculous, Edward, either incited by example or stimulated by failure, is growing a moustache too! The Fine Arts afford a subject which I never approach; always appearing to fall into a profound Reverie when it is discussed. Neither do I ever go into any Gallery with them. To hear Collins learnedly holding forth to Egg (who has as little of that gammon as an artist *can* have) about reds, and greens, and things "coming well" with other things, and lines being wrong, and lines being right, is far beyond the bounds of all caricature. I shall never forget it. On music too, he is very learned, and sometimes almost drives me into a frenzy by humming and whistling whole Overtures—with not one movement correctly remembered from the beginning to the end. I was obliged to ask him, the day before yesterday, to leave off whistling the Overture to William Tell. "For by Heaven," said I, "there's something the matter with your Ear—I think it must be the cotton—which plays the Devil with the commonest tune." He occasionally expounds a code of morals, taken from modern French Novels, which I instantly and with becoming gravity Smash. But the best of it is, that he tells us about the enormous quantities of Monte Pulciano and what not, that he used to drink when he was last here, and what distinguished people said to him in the way of taking his opinion, and what advice he gave them and so forth—being then exactly Thirteen years of age.[†4] On this head, Egg is always very good, and makes me laugh heartily.

All these absurdities are innocent enough. I tell them in default of having anything else to tell. We are all the best friends, and have never had the least difference.

I saw Lockhart in Rome, who was extremely glad to see me. He is fearfully changed, even from the depths of his changed state—is hollow and yellow—decrepid and scant of breath. They say he is low about himself, but he was cheerful to me, and said he was "beginning to get better." I doubt his ever rallying. Davy Roberts was painting in St. Peters with Louis Haghe. He had not been very well internally, and was anxious that Mrs. Bicknell should know I had seen him, thoroughly set up. I wish you would drive out there one day,[†1] and tell her that he smoked his cigar and drank his punch with us, last Thursday evening. He was the very picture of robustness and joviality, and never left off talking from the moment of his coming in to his going away again. Here we are at the Gran Bretagna—almost opposite to the house we stayed at—on the other side of the Arno. It is a very fine and large hotel. Extremely clean and comfortable. We have an elegant apartment on the second floor. The only drawback is, that an aspiring young lady with a voice, begins to practise her scales at the foot of my bed, at a quarter before 8. All the time I was washing and dressing this morning, she made my very tooth brushes vibrate.

Having had a request to that effect from Lady John,[†2] I am going to call on Lord Minto.[†3] I suppose I must also do the attentive to Mrs. Trollope.[†4] And at Landor's[†5] I *must* call, on the old man's account.[†6] I forget whether I told you that I found time at Rome to do a little story for the Xmas No. and that I have another in my mind, which I hope to do at Venice. Further, I forget whether I told you that we don't return by Genoa, but by Turin, as on the whole the shortest way. It is getting cold now, which is a great comfort. It was far too hot at Naples.

The Tennents were to have dined with us at Rome on Thursday, and we waited half an hour for them—but they were detained (I suppose) at Civita Vecchia, for they did not appear before we left. Give my best love to Georgy, and tell her that if letters from you should come tomorrow, I will then write to *her.* From which you will both know that I received them. I have now heard twice from Forster. He complains of Wills as not consulting him enough, and is evidently very sore in that connexion. Wills seems to be blundering, so far as his correspondence is concerned; for he tells me nothing of Household Words, its contents, the state of the accounts on the Audit Day, or anything else that I naturally want to know.

My love to Mamey, Katey, Sydney, Harry, and the Plornishghenter—all of them, with you, I hope to see now within three weeks. At Turin I shall hear from Charley where he joins me. I will write on to him before I come up with him, wherever that is.

I have a long business letter to write to Wills, and must therefore leave off. Ever most affectionately CD.

You are at Bonchurch now, I suppose. But I can't understand why your letters should be late, for all that. A capital opera at Rome, and the finest of Marionetti. French officers and soldiers all over Rome of course. And very strange they look there.—

To W. H. WILLS, 21 NOVEMBER 1853

Text from MDGH, I, 334-7.

Florence, Monday, Nov. 21st, 1853.

My dear Wills,

H. W.

I sent you by post from Rome, on Wednesday last, a little story for the Christmas number, called "The Schoolboy's Story." I have an idea of another short one, to be called "Nobody's Story," which I hope to be able to do at Venice, and to send you straight home before this month is out. I trust you have received the first safely.

Edward continues to do extremely well. He is always, early and late, what you have seen him. He is a very steady fellow, a little too bashful for a courier even; settles prices of everything now, as soon as we come into an hotel; and improves fast. His knowledge of Italian is painfully defective, and, in the midst of a howling crowd at a post-house or railway station, this deficiency perfectly stuns him. I was obliged last night to get out of the carriage, and pluck him from a crowd of porters who were putting our baggage into wrong conveyances—by cursing and ordering about in all directions. I should think about ten substantives, the names of ten common objects, form his whole Italian stock. It matters very little at the hotels, where a great deal of French is spoken now; but, on the road, if none of his party knew Italian, it would be a very serious inconvenience indeed.

Will you write to Ryland if you have not heard from him, and ask him what the Birmingham reading-nights are really to be?[†1] For it is ridiculous enough that I positively don't know. Can't a Saturday Night in a Truck District, or a Sunday Morning among the Ironworkers (a fine subject) be knocked out in the course of the same visit?[†2]

If you should see any managing man you know in the Oriental and Peninsular Company, I wish you would very gravely mention to him from me that if they are not careful what they are about with their steamship *Valetta,* between Marseilles and Naples, they will suddenly find that they will receive a blow one fine day in *The Times,* which it will be a very hard matter for them ever to recover. When I sailed in her from Genoa, there had been taken on board, *with no caution in most cases from the agent, or hint of discomfort,* at least forty people of both sexes for whom there was no room whatever. I am a pretty old traveller as you know, but I never saw anything like the manner in which pretty women were compelled to lie among the men in the great cabin and on the bare decks. The good humour was beyond all praise, but the natural indignation very great; and I was repeatedly urged to stand up for the public

in "Household Words," and to write a plain description of the facts to *The Times*.[†1] If I had done either, and merely mentioned that all these people paid heavy first-class fares, I will answer for it that they would have been beaten off the station in a couple of months. I did neither, because I was the best of friends with the captain and all the officers, and never saw such a fine set of men; so admirable in the discharge of their duty, and so zealous to do their best by everybody. It is impossible to praise them too highly. But there is a strong desire at all the ports along the coast to throw impediments in the way of the English service, and to favour the French and Italian boats. In those boats (which I know very well) great care is taken of the passengers, and the accommodation is very good. If the Peninsula and Oriental add to all this the risk of such an exposure as they are *certain* to get (if they go on so) in *The Times*, they are dead sure to get a blow from the public which will make them stagger again. I say nothing of the number of the passengers and the room in the ship's boats, though the frightful consideration the contrast presented must have been in more minds than mine. I speak only of the taking people for whom there is no sort of accommodation as the most decided swindle, and the coolest, I ever did with my eyes behold.

Kindest regards from fellow-travellers.

Ever, my dear Wills, faithfully yours

[CD]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 25 NOVEMBER 1853*

MS Berg Collection.

Venice, Friday Twenty Fifth November 1853.

My Dear De la Rue.

I had no idea of writing to you again until I reached Parma; but I want to draw on my bankers, Coutts's, at Turin for a hundred pounds; and it occurs to me that as I may have to wait on your business-correspondent there to pay the Courier's charges for places, I had best draw through them—if you will inform them previously that they will not be ruined by the transaction.

I have no letter of credit with me, for I brought only circular notes[†2]—which have run out faster than I expected, as I have made a few purchases. Nor could I get a letter of credit forwarded to Turin, according to my calculations of time and distance, sufficiently soon to be of use. Therefore I want your banking-recommendation. Will you kindly tell me, in a line addressed Poste Restante Turin, how I shall proceed, to get the sum I have mentioned there?

All this I ask you, as we have the other mighty transaction concerning the places, or of course I should have written to Gibbs for the money,—he being Coutts's regular correspondent. Pray tell him so when you see him, with my heartiest regards to him and kindest remembrances to Mrs. Gibbs. Mr. Egg and Mr. Collins join in both.

I am giving you so much trouble that I am afraid your optic nerve—or shall I call

it Visual Ray?[†1]—will begin to be fatigued by the sight of my handwriting. But you cannot give me a greater pleasure than by "troubling" me in return, if I can ever be useful to you in the little town in which I reside.

We have got on admirably in our tour, and have had but two wet days since we left dear old Genoa. On the other side, I send a small packet of trouble for Madame De la Rue.[†2] How I wish I were coming back by Genoa, to see you both again! But perhaps we may meet in England before long.

My companions entertain the liveliest and pleasantest recollections of the happy hours they passed in your society, and unite in the warmest remembrance[s] to you and Madame De la Rue, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs.

My Dear De la Rue | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, 25 NOVEMBER 1853*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Charles Dickens Esqre. Junior | Bei Professor Dr. O. C. Müller | 6 Tauchaer Strasse. | Leipzig. | (2. Treppen Hoch).[†3]

Venice, Friday Twenty Fifth November, 1853.

My Dear Charley.

I write shortly and hastily, not to lose a post. I found your letter here, this morning.

I think you decide quite right, in naming Paris as our meeting place. I apprehend (being now more able to calculate times and distances as I get nearer the places) that I shall not reach Paris before the 9th. or 10th. of December. But I shall come *straight through from Lyons* (probably waiting only a few hours in Paris) and will not lose an available hour, between Turin and that place.

It appears to me that the best thing you can do will be, not to go to the Hotel Brighton at all, but to sleep at some decent Hotel—or take your bedroom therein—where there is a good table d'hôte, and then go and see Miss Coutts at the Hotel Bristol in the Place Vendômme.[†4] *She* will take care of you for the rest of your time, I have no doubt.

I will write to you, from Chambertin or Lyons, addressed to her care as soon as I know by what Train I shall come; so that if it arrive in the daytime you may meet me. Supposing (which is not at all likely; for she writes me I shall be sure to find her there) Miss Coutts should have left Paris, explain about your letter to the Manager of the Hotel Bristol, and you will be sure to get it and to meet with all help and attention. If—observe this—if I dont find you at the Railway Terminus on my arrival, I will drive to the Hotel *Bristol* and ask where you are to be found.

I have not seen a paper for ages, and know none of the news you tell me about. Frank and Alfred will come home on the 23rd. We shall be too soon for them.

Ever Most affecy

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 NOVEMBER 1853

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Inghilterra. | Miss Hogarth | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London.

Venice, Friday Twenty Fifth November 1853.

My Dearest Georgy.[†a] I received your capital letter just now on sending to the Post Office, and read it with the greatest pleasure. I think you will not find that I shall neglect anything you "leave" for me to do and see when I come home!

Kate's letter, written and posted at Bonchurch at the same time, I received with yours. But the missing letter addressed to Florence has not yet come to hand. Tell her with my best love that I therefore defer writing to *her*, until tomorrow, *in the hope that I may then be able to say I have received it.* I left instructions at the Hotel that it should be applied for again after the next post came in, and forwarded here. It could hardly have been here this morning, as we left before the Courier and travelled as fast.[†a]

We found an English carriage from Padua at Florence, and hired it to bring it back again. We travelled post with four horses all the way (from Padua to this place there is a Railroad) and travelled all night. We left Florence at half past 6 in the morning, and got to Padua at eleven next day—yesterday. The cold at night was most intense. I don't think I have ever felt it colder. But our carriage was very comfortable, and we had some wine and some rum to keep us warm. We came by Bologna (where we had tea) and Ferrara.[†1] You may imagine the delays in the night when I tell you that each of our passports, after receiving 6 *Visés* at Florence, received, in the course of the one night, *Nine More*, every one of which was written and sealed; somebody being slowly knocked out of bed to do it every time! It really was excruciating.

Landor had sent me a letter to his son, and on the day before we left Florence I thought I would go out to Fiesoli[†2] and leave it, so I got a little onehorse open carriage and drove off alone. We were within half a mile of the Villa Landora and were driving down a very narrow lane, like one of those at Albaro, when I saw an elderly lady coming towards us, very well dressed in Silk of the Queen's blue, and walking freshly and briskly against the wind at a good round pace. It was a bright, cloudless, very cold day; and I thought she walked with great spirit, as if she enjoyed it. I also thought (perhaps that was having him in my mind) that her ruddy face was shaped like Landor's. All of a sudden the coachman pulls up, and looks enquiringly at me. "What's the matter?" says I. "Ecco la Signora Landora!"[†3] says he. "For the

love of Heaven, don't stop!" says I. "*I* don't know her—I am only going to the house to leave a letter—Go on!" Meanwhile she (still coming on) looked at me, and I looked at her, and we were both a good deal confused, and so went our several ways. Altogether, I think it was as disconcerting a meeting as I ever took part in, and as odd a one.[†1] Under any other circumstances I should have introduced myself, but the Separation made the circumstances so peculiar that I "didn't like".

The Plornishghenter is evidently the greatest, noblest, finest, cleverest, brightest, and most brilliant of boys. Your account of him is most delightful, and I hope to find another letter from you somewhere on the road, making me informed of his demeanour on your return. On which occasion, as on every other, I have no doubt he will have distinguished himself as an irresistibly attracting, captivating, May-Roon-Ti-Goon-Ter. Give him a good many kisses for me. I quite agree with Syd[†2] as to his ideas of paying attention to the old gentleman.[†3] H.[†4] not bad, but deficient in originality. The usual deficiency of an inferior intellect with so great a model before him. I am very curious to see whether the Plorn remembers me on my reappearance.

[†a]A very good thing in two letters received from Wills and Forster at Rome. Forster tells me on the one hand how he has an account to give me of Wills and Miss Martineau together which will entertain me for evermore; and Wills writes that Forster with Miss Martineau was grand beyond description.[†5] Each so gloriously innocent of what the other writes.[†a]

I meant to have gone to work this morning and to have tried a second little story for the Xmas No. of Household Words, but my letters have (most pleasantly) put me out, and I defer all such wise efforts until tomorrow. Egg and Collins are out in a Gondola with a Servitore di Piazza; [†a]where, I have no doubt, Collins, unchecked by inattention and reveries on the part of the Inimitable, will deliver an entire course of Lectures on Art. He gave us by the bye, in a Carriage one day, a full account of his first love adventure. It was at Rome it seemed, and proceeded, if I may be allowed the expression, to the utmost extremities—he came out quite a pagan Jupiter in the business. Egg and I made a calculation afterwards, and found that at this precocious passage in his history, he was twelve years and some odd months old.[†a]

You will find this but a stupid letter, but I really have no news. We go to the Opera wherever there is one,[†6] see sights, eat and drink, sleep in a natural manner two or three nights, and move on again. Edward was a little crushed at Padua yesterday. He had been extraordinarily cold all night in the Rumble, and had got out our clothes to dress, and I think must have been projecting a five or six hours sleep, when I announced that he was to come on here in an hour and a half to get the rooms and order dinner. He fell into a sudden despondency of the profoundest kind, but was quite restored when we arrived here between 8 and 9. We found him waiting at the Custom House with a gondola, in his usual brisk condition.

It is extraordinary how few English we see. With the exception of a gentlemanly young fellow (in a consumption I am afraid) married to the tiniest little girl in a brown straw hat, and travelling with his sister and her sister—and a consumptive single lady travelling with a maid and a Scotch Terrier christened Trotty Veck—we have scarcely seen any, and have certainly spoken to none, since we left Switzerland. These were aboard the Valetta, where the Captain and I indulged in all manner of insane suppositions concerning the straw hat—The Little Matron we called her; by which name she soon became known all over the ship. The day we entered Rome, and the moment we entered it, there was the Little Matron, alone with Antiquity—and Murray—on the wall. The very first church I entered, there was the Little Matron. On the last afternoon, when I went alone to St. Peters, there was the Little Matron and her party. The best of it,

is, that I was extremely intimate with them, invited them to Tavistock House when they come home in the Spring, and have not the faintest idea of their name.

There was no table d'hote at Rome, or at Florence; but there is one here and we dine at it to day, so perhaps we may stumble upon somebody. I have heard from Charley this morning who appoints (wisely) Paris as our place of meeting. I had a letter from Coote at Florence, informing me that his Volume of "Household Songs" was ready, and requesting permission to dedicate it to me. Which of course I gave.

I am beginning to think of the Birmingham readings. I suppose you won't object to be taken to hear them? This is the last place at which we shall make a stay of more than one day. We shall stay at Parma one, and at Turin one [†b](supposing De la Rue to have been successful in taking places with the Courier into France for the day on which we want them; [†c]he was to write to bankers at Turin to do it)[†b†c] and then we shall come hard and fast home. I feel almost there already, and shall be delighted to close the pleasant trip and get back to my own Piccola Camera—if, being English, you understand what *that* is!

[†a]I am afraid you must have been fishing for a compliment when you talk about the postage of your letters; so I shall punish you by saying that indeed it does come heavy and that I would propose, if you see no objection, to make your mind easy on that score by stopping it out of your quarter.—Due I suppose—by the bye?

I cannot remember what Egg (to whom I will give your message when he comes back presently) called a Bird yesterday, in his second or third endeavour to explode a Substantive on a waiter. But it was something compounded of English and French with an Italian termination—something like Birdoisella. I never in my life saw any one naturally so slow to learn. He speaks of it himself as being something quite remarkable. He understands much more than you would suppose of what is said, but it is such a painful effort to him to acquire anything, although I have really taken pains to explain it with the greatest clearness and patience, that I doubt if he understands now, in the least, about the Verb "To be" being conjugated with itself instead of with the Verb "To have". Collins perpetually breaks into French (though sagacious in the last degree about Italy, Italian, and the Italians), and takes that tongue under his particular protection. He is much troubled with a "tightness" in his inside, and is always reporting on its condition to us.[†a]

[†b]My best loves and kisses to Mamey, Katey, Sydney, Harry, and the noble Plorn.

Last, not least, to yourself—and many of them.[†b] I will not wait over tomorrow, tell Kate, for her letter; but will write then, whether or no. Ever My Dearest Georgy

Most affectionately Yours

CD.

[†a]P.S. I have thought a good deal about Christiana, whom you mention. Her excitability and restlessness are a positive disease.—In defending her painting to me against the charges of Mrs. Brown,[†1] she said—so fast, that she seemed to leave out all small words—"Assure you Mr. Dickens—shall see my pictures yet—in Exhibition in London Royal Academy.—Play great deal better since painted than ever did—positively great deal better. Painting's poetry and Music's poetry, and poetry breaking out of a person in one, breaks out in the other—naturally—must be so!" Gibbs shewed me a letter he had received a few weeks before

from Thompson; introducing it in a speech half an hour long, of which I understood nothing but that the desire of his life—and one thing and another, you understand—(there he put his finger against the side of his nose) was to live in peace; and that if you took him as you found him, well and good; and that if you didn't—bene—siamo due![†2] The said letter referred to some "misunderstanding", arising out of Thompson's son in law[†3] having made observations to Madame Somebody, on the subject of his nose: implying in a general way that it was long enough for Mrs. Thompson to lead him by it—which she did. It was a prodigious letter, of four close sides of paper. Gibbs had endorsed it outside, in a neat round business hand.

"Twaddle! Twaddle!! Twaddle!!!"

This had evidently relieved his mind, immensely.[†a]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 NOVEMBER 1853

MS Mr Roger W. Barrett.

Venice. Sunday Twenty Seventh November, 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts. I had a letter from Charley yesterday, in which he wisely elected to meet me at Paris. As I think he may be there, one or two days before me—my day will be, as well as I can calculate, either the 9th. or the 10th. of December—I have told him where you are, and as soon as he has housed himself he will call on you. I have also told him that I will try and write him a letter from Lyons, letting him know by what train I shall come into Paris, in order that he may meet me at the Railroad, if I do not arrive in the night. The said letter I will address to him with your permission—I mean without it—to your care. And if I should by any means miss him at the Railway, I will come to the Hotel Bristol to ask where he is. I suppose we may stay one night in Paris, but that will depend on our not having been previously detained on the road. For they will be anxiously expecting me at home, and I shall want to get quietly into my own room for a few days, with a view to my

Birmingham Readings. Seeing that I have, for such a purpose, left the little books some years behind.

We have now had three days rain in two months. It is very cold, but very fine. We posted from Florence to Padua, to take the Railroad for this place, and travelled all night, to get an extra day here. It was most severely cold. Our passports had had, each, six bran new Visés at Florence. In the course of that one night they had, each, *Nine more*[†1]—written, and stamped, and sanded, and blotted, and blurred, with every conceivable description of utterly illegible formality. Every time, some drawbridge had to be let down, and somebody had to be knocked up. So that I really did at last begin (though the sweetest of travellers) to think it was a little overdone. Again I must say of the Austrian Frontier, and of the arrangements here, that we experienced greater politeness than in any other part of Italy; the duty strictly done, but the doers of it, being treated like gentlemen, invariably responsive, explanatory, and courteous.

For our prodigious sojourn of four days we have established a highly imposing Gondola, rowed by two men in a modestly alarming livery, who are very strict in observing all the old stately forms. Last night we proceeded to the Opera[†2] in our gallant bark, with an enormous—Christmas Pantomimic—lantern in

the prow. When we landed, the chief of our two Gondolieri went before, with this terrible machine, and lighted us—not only up to the Theatre door, but up the Staircase, through[†3] the brilliantly lighted passages (where the lantern became a mere twinkle) and into the box. I don't know that I ever in my life felt more absurd, and I certainly was never so anxious to shave anybody as I was to shave my two companions: whose moustaches, being in their feeble infancy, did not at all accord with the magnificence of this triumphal entry. What I suffered all night, from the fell misgiving that the lantern would reappear, or what temptations were upon me to drop into the pit, I will not wring your heart by describing. But at the end of the ballet, when there was still another act of the Opera to come, I opened the box door a very little way, and peeped out—with the intention of sneaking away if the coast were clear. The instant I looked into the passage, the lantern—beaming and radiant—burst out of a corner and blazed into the box again! There was nothing for it but to go back in the same State. I saw nobody laugh; which was my only comfort.

Everything here and elsewhere, of the beautiful kind, looks as I left it nine years ago. Except that I found the old ruins of Rome (the Coliseum excepted) smaller than my imagination had made them in that space of time. I went to see Lockhart at Rome, where, as perhaps you know, he is passing the winter. He is dreadfully changed, even in his changed state, and I should think his recovery very very doubtful. Yet he was cheerful about himself too, after we had walked to and fro in the sunlight a little while, and spoke of himself as "going to be better."

I am sorry to see that there have been some disturbances in Lancashire, arising out of the unhappy strikes. I read in an Italian paper last night, that there had been symptoms of rioting at Blackburn. The account stated that the workers of that place, supposing some of the obnoxious manufacturers of Preston to be secreted "nel palazzo Bull" assembled before that Palazzo, and demanded to have them produced; and that thereupon, "La Signora Lawson,[†4] padrona del palazzo Bull",

appeared at a window and assured the crowd that they were not within. I suppose the Palazzo Bull to be the Bull Hotel, but the paragraph gave no hint of such a thing.[†1]

(I wish you would come to Birmingham and see *those* working people on the night when I have so many of them together.[†2] I have never seen them collected in any number in that place, without extraordinary pleasure—even when they have been agitated by political events).

Among the vast multitude of beggars we have seen, there came up one, at nightfall—at a poor little place on the Roman side of Siena—carrying another, a disabled youth—and very heavy—on his back. After begging in the usual manner, and with great volubility for some time, and getting nothing (nobody having any small money of the country) he suddenly jerked his burden into a dirty little doorway, and walked off. The burden tumbled down like a sack of flour, and lay there, apparently quite used to it. I suppose he is picked up whenever a carriage is seen coming, and thrown away when there is nothing going on. Another beggar at the same place persisted so long (we were Waiting for horses) that I remonstrated, and said "My good man I have told you twenty times that I have no little money. Why do you take so much trouble in vain? Why don't you go home and get to bed?"—"Sir", said he, "I'll give you change"—"Well, but if you can give me change, you can't be very poor."—"O yes I am. I have not eaten for five

days"—"And still got change in your pocket?"—"Truly yes, what is a man to do? I must keep change, for English travellers. English travellers are *my only property*, and they never have change."

Although the Grand Canal is undeniably romantic, and the window at which I am writing (close to the Piazza of St. Mark) has a noble view of it, my feet are so intensely cold that I must take them to the fire. The unromantic wind is blowing from the East, and, there being a crack in the wooden part of the balcony casement (prodigiously picturesque from the outside) through which I can see the whole of the Trieste Steamboat with a very dirty Turk on board, I am, fortunately for my "gentle reader", prevented from going on into another sheet. Which I had had serious intentions of doing.

My kind regards to Mr. Brown, and to O. Pray mention to the latter that I am collecting some materials for a pitched battle with her on my return. I expect to be dreadfully puzzled by some of your specimens of the curious game[†3] when I am so happy as to see you all again.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 27 NOVEMBER 1853

MS British Library.

Venice. Sunday Twenty Seventh November 1853.

My Dearest Catherine. Again no news whatever of your missing letter, though this day's post brings me one from Forster. I thought, on reconsideration I would wait over yesterday, on the chance of its arriving today. But nothing can be heard of it, and I suppose I may now give it up for lost.

I have no news to tell, in addition to what I have already told Georgina. We are rather grand here—our sitting room is the room I had, nine years ago;[†1] and looking at its spacious proportions now, I can hardly imagine how I ever occupied it alone—and are very tidy and comfortable. We tried the table d'hote (with one young English ass, and a french lady and gentleman) but found it so poor that we now dine in our own apartment. We keep a Gondola of our own, and a very swell turn out it is, with two Gondolieri in very neat livery.[†2] Among the other old customs that belong to private Gondolas, is the usage that when you go to the play, the chief of your two Gondolieri lights you up to your box with an enormous lantern. Last night we were at the Opera, and this ceremony was observed with great state, through brilliantly lighted passages, where the lantern, big as it was, became a mere twinkle. Imagine the procession—led by Collins with incipient moustache, spectacles, slender legs, and extremely dirty dress gloves—Egg second, in a white hat, and a straggly mean little black beard—Inimitable bringing up the rear, in full dress and big sleeved great coat, rather considerably ashamed. There was a very fair opera and a capital ballet. We had taken beforehand the best box on the first tier in the centre of the house. The whole damage was about seven and sixpence English. This was at the second Theatre. Tonight, we are going to the first and largest—though it *is* Sunday.

We still see no English, and in short no anybody except the people of the place—which denomination comprises, here, all the seagoing peoples of the earth. They told us to day in the Doge's

Palace that there was an English Artist copying one of the Pictures—Il Signor Artink. After much consideration we think it must be the Signor Harding,[†3] a water-color painter.

We resort of a night to the Caffé Florien[†4] on the Piazza of St. Mark, which is said to have been open all night for I don't know how many years. There, we temperately drink punch before coming home to bed. I have done (finished yesterday) the second little paper for the Christmas No., which I immediately posted to Wills. I hope he will receive them both, safely. Imagine this:—I have now been two months away, and I have not received the least account of one single paper that has been put into Household Words, except a vague allusion to a story of Mrs. Gaskell's. Nor have I

the least idea of anything that was developed at the Audit Meeting—of the state of the accounts—of the reported condition of H. W.—of the sum placed to my credit—or anything else. I know just as little on all these heads, as Egg or Collins.

From what Georgina says, and from what Forster indicates that he supposes you to have told me, I infer that your stay at Bonchurch was sufficiently disagreeable. But you know my old principle; that there are very few people indeed, in whose house it will ever do to stay. Such social confidence requires in the hosts, ease, tact, good humour, liveliness, and above all hospitality and generosity.—I am afraid the last is hardly as general a quality as I once hoped and believed it to be. I am quite certain it is not to be found under White's waistcoat, and I wonder you ever went there.

It is the drollest thing in the world to see Egg and Collins burst out into economy—always on some wretched little point, and always on a point they had previously settled the other way. For example. This morning at breakfast, they settled that there was no need for them to have the Servitore di Piazza today. I waited until the discussion was over, and then said "But when we met at dinner yesterday, you told me you had engaged him."—"O yes, so we did—almost—but we don't want him and it will be all the same." It is then eleven o'Clock. Downstairs we all go. In the hall, is the Servitore. To whom Collins—in Italian, of which Georgy will give you an adequate idea—expounds that they don't want him. Thereupon he respectfully explains that he was told to come, has lost his day, and has been waiting an hour. Upon that, they are of course obliged to take him; and the only result of the great effort is (as it always is) that it has been a profoundly mean, and utterly fruitless, attempt at evasion. We brought some good tea with us from Genoa, and if you could have seen them, when it was first going to be used, devising how a teapot and boiling water were to be got from the Hotel for nothing, you would never have forgotten it. Of course I clinched the matter very speedily by ordering tea for one (tenpence in price) which we didn't use. Egg is always reasonable on all such points if he is spoken to, seriously. And he is a good little fellow. But there is a ridiculous contrast sometimes between their determination to have good things and their tremendous readiness to complain—and their slight reluctance in paying afterwards.

I saw by an Italian paper last night that there had recently been some threatening demonstrations in connexion with the Strikes, at Blackburn in Lancashire. The paragraph mentioned that the operatives of Blackburn supposed some of the obnoxious Preston manufacturers to be housed "in the Palazzo Bull," and that it became necessary for "La Signora Lawson, padrona of the Palazzo Bull" to appear at a window, and

assure them it was not the case. I suppose the Palazzo Bull to be the Bull Hotel, but there was no hint of such a thing in the newspaper.

You were "quite right" in your reply to the Lawrences[†1] at Birmingham. This mention of whom, reminds me that I don't even know what the nights are on which I am to read! I have been turning over in my mind for some time, an improvement in the Study, which I wish you would have completed *at once.*

A covering for the mantelpiece—covered shelf you know, like that in the drawing room, and a trifle broader than the mantelpiece now is—of green velvet, about the

color of the green leather to the bookcase, or a trifle darker if necessary—with a green fringe intermingled with red. The form of the fringe to be, in little, something of the shape of the cornice-fringe of the curtains—so as to carry that idea, through. The green should be of a tint that will carry through both the bookcase green and the carpet green—generally—so that the greens will all tone in. Get an estimate from Shoolbreds,[†1] and then have it made and put up. The glass will have to be raised, you know, and put upon the shelf—as in the drawing room.

I will write again (shortly probably) from Turin, before we start for France and England. And if our quick rate of travel home will enable me to write from Lyons or from Paris, I will try to tell you, after seeing Bradshaw, on what day and hour to send the little carriage for Charley and me to the Dover Railway.—You don't say by the bye that you have bought the Plornishghenter's donkey and pannier.

To which glorious and noble youth, my love and a kiss. Also to Georgy, and to Mamey and Katey. Further to Sydney and Henry. Last but not least to yourself. Whom I hope so soon to see in a blooming state. Ever most affectionately CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 NOVEMBER 1853]

Extract in F, VII, iii, 585-7. *Date:* 28 Nov, according to Forster.

The fine weather has accompanied us here, the place of all others where it is necessary, and the city has been a blaze of sunlight and blue sky (with an extremely clear cold air) ever since we have been in it. If you could see it at this moment you would never forget it. We live in the same house that I lived in nine years ago, and have the same sitting-room—close to the Bridge of Sighs and the Palace of the Doges. The room is at the corner of the house, and there is a narrow street of water running round the side: so that we have the Grand Canal before the two front windows, and this wild little street at the corner window; into which, too, our three bedrooms look. We established a gondola as soon as we arrived, and we slide out of the hall on to the water twenty times a day. The gondoliers have queer old customs that belong to their class, and some are sufficiently disconcerting.... It is a point of honour with them, while they are engaged, to be always at your disposal. Hence it is no use telling them they may go home for an hour or two—for they won't go. They roll themselves in shaggy capuccins, great coats with hoods, and lie down on the stone or marble pavement until they are wanted again. So that when I come in or go out, on foot—which can be done from this house for some miles, over little bridges and by narrow ways—I usually walk over the principal of my vassals, whose custom it is to snore immediately across the doorway. Conceive the oddity

of the most familiar things in this place, from one instance: Last night we go downstairs at half-past eight, step into the gondola, slide away on the black water, ripple and plash swiftly along for a mile or two, land at a broad flight of steps, and instantly walk into the most brilliant and beautiful theatre conceivable—all silver and blue, and precious little fringes made of glittering prisms of glass. There we sit until half-past eleven, come out again (gondolier asleep outside the box-door), and in a moment are on the black silent water, floating away as if there were no dry building in the world.

It stops, and in a moment we are out again, upon the broad solid Piazza of St. Mark, brilliantly lighted with gas, very like the Palais Royal at Paris, only far more handsome, and shining with no end of caffès. The two old pillars and the enormous bell-tower are as gruff and solid against the exquisite starlight as if they were a thousand miles from the sea or any undermining water; and the front of the cathedral, overlaid with golden mosaics and beautiful colours, is like a thousand rainbows even in the night.

I am more than ever confirmed in my conviction that one of the great uses of travelling is to encourage a man to think for himself, to be bold enough always to declare without offence that he *does* think for himself, and to overcome the villainous meanness of professing what other people have professed when he knows (if he has capacity to originate an opinion) that his profession is untrue. The intolerable nonsense against which genteel taste and subserviency are afraid to rise, in connection with art, is astounding. Egg's honest amazement and consternation when he saw some of the most trumpeted things was what the Americans call a "caution." In the very same hour and minute there were scores of people falling into conventional raptures with that very poor Apollo,[†1] and passing over the most beautiful little figures and heads in the whole Vatican because they were not expressly set up to be worshipped. So in this place. There are pictures by Tintoretto in Venice, more delightful and masterly than it is possible sufficiently to express. His Assembly of the Blest[†2] I do believe to be, take it all in all, the most wonderful and charming picture ever painted. Your guide-book writer, representing the general swarming of humbugs, rather patronises Tintoretto as a man of some sort of merit; and (bound to follow Eustace,[†3] Forsyth,[†4] and all the rest of them) directs you, on pain of being broke for want of gentility in appreciation, to go into ecstacies with things that have neither imagination, nature, proportion, possibility, nor anything else in them. You immediately obey, and tell your son to obey. He tells his son, and he tells his, and so the world gets at three-fourths of its frauds and miseries.

December

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 1 DECEMBER 1853*

MS Berg Collection.

Parma, Thursday First December 1853.

My Dear De la Rue

I found a capital letter from Gibbs on sending to the post office here this morning

(I will write to him from home), but, in lieu of your familiar characters, received a portentous looking document in print, informing me that a letter from Genoa was stopped on the frontier in consequence of not being prepaid, and that on my paying certain Centimes I could have it where I chose. I chose Turin, and wrote an instruction for it to be forwarded to the Poste Restante there. I hope to be at the Hotel de l'Europe, Turin, about mid day on Sunday.

Consequently, I know nothing yet about the places taken with the Courier, and am rapidly getting grey from anxiety! As you would expect to hear from me here, I write these hasty lines to let you know what has come to pass, and to say that I am going on, expectant (and grey) to Turin. My V. R.[†1] has been fearfully disappointed in not seeing that elegantly small caligraphy which I know so well.

I forgot to tell you that a few hands have imitated our pious example, and cast stones on the grave of the poor Pilgrim Countess.[†2] But it is forlorn and wild and weedy, and the transverse part of the little black cross is broken away.

My love to Madame De la Rue.

Ever Faithfully Yours My Dear De la Rue
CHARLES DICKENS

PS I find I shall be at Turin, most probably on Saturday about mid-day. I supposed Sunday, but since writing the above, think we shall be four and twenty hours earlier.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 DECEMBER 1853

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Hotel Bristol | Paris.

Hotel de l'Europe,[†3] Turin | Sunday Fourth December 1853.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I found your kind letter awaiting me at the Post Office here; on my arrival yesterday evening. Through the kindness of a Genoese friend, I had beforehand engaged the Courier over the Mont Cenis to Lyons,[†4] for Tuesday the 6th. and I hope this will so bring us to Paris as now to enable me to propose to dine with you *on Saturday next.* My fellow travellers beg me to thank you for your remembrance of them, and to assure you of the gratification with which they respond to it.

I have another favor to ask of you. It is, that you will allow one of your servants to engage an apartment at an hotel, to be ready for us on our arrival. We want an apartment of four bedrooms (Charley's included) and sitting room. As we shall probably leave Paris on Sunday morning, and as I suppose it to be still very full, it will be a great comfort not to have to drive here and there, seeking a shelter. The difficulty is, that, there being no information here concerning the boats up the Saone,[†5] or the Railway from Chalons[†5] to Paris, I do not know whether we shall arrive in Paris on the Friday, or on the Saturday morning; but it would be best,

perhaps, to take it for granted that Friday will be the day. I was once at the Hotel Bristol, en garçon,[†1] and remember some very good bachelor-apartments looking on the Rue St. Honoré. Perhaps one of them might be vacant for our purpose. Any way, we will drive to the Hotel Bristol, and I will send my servant in, to ask for yours. From whom we shall know our destiny.

I write in haste, for I understand that the Post goes out rather early. My love to O, and kindest regards to Mr. Brown. Mr. Egg and Mr. Collins desire their best compliments.

I find little letters here from Mamey and Katie, in which they describe *The* Baby as being now—but I, of all people, should not rend your feelings, so I say no more.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

P.S. If, in our fast travelling, I have time to anticipate myself by the post, I will still write to Charley, naming the train by which we come; and will address the letter to your care.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 4 DECEMBER 1853*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* À Monsieur: | Monsr. Emile De la Rue | Messrs. De La Rue Freres | Genova.

Hotel de l'Europe, Turin | Sunday Fourth December 1853.

My Dear De la Rue.

This morning before I was up, I received your welcome letter dated yesterday at 2 o'Clock. And while I was at breakfast, there were brought to me from the Post Office your other welcome letter dated "Genoa 2 X"—(Good Heaven how I wonder what that means![†2]) and the cruising letter which ought to have come to Parma and never did. The consequence of which combination of pleasure, is, that my hair is already beginning to recover its usual tone, and that I beam like the morning.

A thousand hanks for all the trouble you have so kindly taken. Everything is exactly as I could have wished it to be if I had been the possessor of Fortunatus's wishing-cap.[†3] Everything homeward is made perfectly easy to me, and I have the gratification (at second hand though) of this parting gossip with you into the bargain.

I diffuse myself with infinite pains through Household Words, and leave very few papers indeed, untouched. But Kensington Church is not mine, neither have I ever seen it. It is some paper that came to hand (unless I make some extraordinary mistake) after I left England. I conclude from the title that it is by Leigh Hunt, who has done some other papers on Kensington in the same transcendant journal.[†4] The only things I have written since I have been away, are two little stories for the

Christmas Number; whereof I wrote one at Rome, and one at Venice.[†1] My sub Editor writes me of an admirable little poem done for that same number (which will be published in about a fortnight from this

date)[†2] by a Lady,[†3] and also of a fine story for the same Number, done by Mrs. Gaskell who wrote the novels "Mary Barton" and "Ruth". I mention these little things as they may interest you and Madame De la Rue when you come to see them.

I am going to send you, please God, from England, a Bleak House in its real original form.[†4] I don't know whether you have read my Child's History—which contains the Truth respecting certain English Kings, whom it has been thought a kind of religious gentility to lie about. I will send that too, though I have my doubts whether it may not have earned the honor of being taboo'd by the Infallible Church.

After sleeping with much strange company (chiefly Mules and Chickens) and being bitten all over by every species of flea (of which I count, up to this time, seven thousand four hundred and thirty two distinct kinds) it is agreeable to have a quiet two days in this house. I find it hard though to be so near to dear old Genoa without coming back; and, if the Railroad had been finished,[†5] I think I certainly should have done so, if you had not come here.

It has been intensely cold from Venice to this place, and is freezing hard here. There is a good deal of Snow upon the mountains too. On the whole, I expect to blow my nose several times between Turin and Lyons.

I found a lot of letters from England here, with very little news in them. The main piece of intelligence is, that bread was "going to be" eighteenpence the four pound loaf,[†6] and every other eatable thing in proportion; but that extraordinarily fine weather in November had enabled the farmers to sow a quantity of Spring wheat, and had encouraged brighter hopes.

Ever My Dear De la Rue | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I left our old enemy St. Francis,[†7] feebly sprawling over all manner of galleries in his old maudlin way.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?4 DECEMBER 1853]

Extracts in F, VII, iii, 587-8. *Date:* probably soon after reaching Turin on 3 Dec (wrongly given by Forster as 5 Dec).

Turin they found, with a brightly shining sun, intensely cold and freezing hard. There are double windows to all the rooms, but the Alpine air comes down and numbs my feet as I write (in a cap and shawl) within six feet of the fire. This is a remarkably agreeable place. A beautiful town, prosperous, thriving, growing prodigiously, as

Genoa is; crowded with busy inhabitants; full of noble streets and squares. The Alps, now covered deep with snow, are close upon it, and here and there seem almost ready to tumble into the houses. The contrast this part of Italy presents to the rest, is amazing. Beautifully made railroads, admirably managed; cheerful, active people; spirit, energy, life, progress. In Milan, in every street, the noble palace of some exile is a barrack, and dirty soldiers are lolling out of the magnificent windows—it seems as if the whole place were

being gradually absorbed into soldiers. In Naples, something like a hundred thousand troops. "I knew," I said to a certain Neapolitan Marchese there whom I had known before, and who came to see me the night after I arrived,[†1] "I knew a very remarkable gentleman when I was last here; who had never been out of his own country, but was perfectly acquainted with English literature, and had taught himself to speak English in that wonderful manner that no one could have known him for a foreigner; I am very anxious to see him again, but I forget his name."—He named him, and his face fell directly. "Dead?" said I.—"In exile."—"O dear me!" said I, "I had looked forward to seeing him again, more than anyone I was acquainted with in the country!"—"What would you have!" says the Marchese in a low voice. "He was a remarkable man—full of knowledge, full of spirit, full of generosity. Where should he be but in exile! Where could he be!" We said not another word about it, but I shall always remember the short dialogue.[†2]

I am strongly inclined to think that our countrymen are to blame in the matter of the Austrian vexations to travellers that have been complained of. Their manner is so very bad, they are so extraordinarily suspicious, so determined to be done by everybody, and give so much offence. Now, the Austrian police are very strict, but they really know how to do business, and they do it. And if you treat them like gentlemen, they will always respond. When we first crossed the Austrian frontier, and were ushered into the police office, I took off my hat. The officer immediately took off his, and was as polite—still doing his duty, without any compromise—as it was possible to be. When we came to Venice, the arrangements were very strict, but were so business-like that the smallest possible amount of inconvenience consistent with strictness ensued. Here is the scene. A soldier has come into the railway carriage (a saloon on the American plan) some miles off, has touched his hat, and

asked for my passport. I have given it. Soldier has touched his hat again, and retired as from the presence of a superior officer. Alighted from carriage, we pass into a place like a banking-house, lighted up with gas. Nobody bullies us or drives us there, but we must go, because the road ends there. Several soldierly clerks. One very sharp chief. My passport is brought out of an inner room, certified to be en règle. Very sharp chief takes it, looks at it (it is rather longer, now, than *Hamlet*), calls out—"Signor Carlo Dickens!" "Here I am sir." "Do you intend remaining long in Venice sir?" "Probably four days sir!" "Italian is known to you sir. You have been in Venice before?" "Once before sir." "Perhaps you remained longer then sir?" "No indeed; I merely came to see, and went as I came." "Truly sir? Do I infer that you are going by Trieste?" "No. I am going to Parma, and Turin, and by Paris home." "A cold journey sir, I hope it may be a pleasant one." "Thank you."—He gives me one very sharp look all over, and wishes me a very happy night. I wish *him* a very happy night and it's done. The thing being done at all, could not be better done, or more politely—though I dare say if I had been sucking a gentish cane all the time, or talking in English to my compatriots, it might not unnaturally have been different. At Turin and at Genoa there are no such stoppages at all; but in any other part of Italy, give me an Austrian in preference to a native functionary. At Naples it is done in a beggarly, shambling, bungling, tardy, vulgar way; but I am strengthened in my old impression that Naples is one of the most odious places on the face of the earth. The general degradation oppresses me like foul air.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 5 DECEMBER 1853

MS British Library. *Address:* Inghilterra | Mrs. Charles Dickens | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London

Turin, Monday Fifth December 1853.

My Dearest Catherine. We arrived here on Saturday afternoon, having made capital progress from Parma (it being hard frosty weather) and having also had the good fortune of just catching a train for this place, at Alessandria.[†1] De la Rue, through his agents the bankers here, had (as he promised in Genoa) taken every possible precaution for our getting on to Lyons. I arranged long ago, to leave here tomorrow; and I found the whole Courier's carriage which carries the Mail, and which is very difficult to be got, punctually secured for us. So we start from here over the Mont Cenis, tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'Clock and go straight through to Lyons. I cannot ascertain here about the boat up the Saone, or about the times of the trains from Chalons to Paris; but we are engaged to dine with Miss Coutts on Saturday, and, unless you hear to the contrary, I shall come home by *the Tidal Train from Paris on Sunday Morning.* Wills will tell you at what hour it comes in at London Bridge on that day, and when the carriage should be there to meet me.
I *may* write to say that I shall come on Monday instead; but I do not think this at all likely, to the best of my present means of judging.

It is extremely cold, but Turin is a charming place—gay, bright, busy, and

crowded with Inhabitants. There is a large and most beautiful Theatre,[†1] where we saw the Prophete[†2] last night—not well sung (except Viardot's[†3] part,[†4] by Madame Stoltz)[†5] but admirably put upon the stage, and done by an immense number of people. The handsomest streets and squares I ever saw, are in this place. And the great range of Alps, now covered with snow, overhanging it, are most splendid to behold.

I have many arrangements to manage, and the Abercombys[†6] to call upon, and many letters to write; and therefore—being happily so near home as to time—must make this but a short epistle. I am anxious to close it with putting something to you, very seriously and affectionately, which I think deserves your particular attention.

Nine years have gone away since we were in Genoa. Whatever looked large in that little place may be supposed in such a time to have shrunk to its reasonable and natural proportions. You know my life too, and my character, and what has had its part in making them successful; and the more you see of me, the better perhaps you may understand that the intense pursuit of any idea that takes complete possession of me, is one of the qualities that makes me different—sometimes for good; sometimes I dare say for evil—from other men. Whatever made you unhappy in the Genoa time had no other root, beginning, middle, or end, than whatever has made you proud and honored in your married life, and given you station better than rank, and surrounded you with many enviable things. This is the plain truth, and here I leave it.

But since the time[†7] when you constrained me to make that painful declaration of your state of mind to the De la Rue's,[†8] I have been, in all the correspondence I have ever had with him, deeply impressed by the delicacy and gratitude which has invariably restrained him from the least allusion to it, and has always led him to references to you and the children which none but a generous and affectionate man could possibly have been so natural and so instinctively manly in. I come back to Genoa after that long time, and

find her, with all the change upon her of those many years of suffering[†9]—and all the weariness of attendance, night and day, upon her

foolish sick mother who wears out everybody near her body and soul—alluding in the same manner to you—easily, gratefully, and full of interest—from the first moment of my setting eyes upon her, to her sending some brooches Egg and Collins had commissioned her to buy, yesterday, and begging to be recalled to Mamey's and Katey's remembrance, and to send her love to you and Georgina. Now I am perfectly clear that your position beside these people is not a good one, is not an amiable one, a generous one—is not worthy of you at all. And I see that you have it in your power to set it right at once by writing her a note to say that you have heard from me, with interest, of her sufferings and her cheerfulness—that you couldn't receive her messages of remembrance without a desire to respond to them—and that if you should ever be thrown together again by any circumstances, you hope it will be for a friendly association without any sort of shadow upon it. Understand above all things, that I do not ask you to do this, or want you to do this.[†1] I shall never ask whether you have done it or not, and shall never approach the subject from this hour. My part in it was settled when we were in Switzerland, and there an end. But I am confident that if you could do this without any secret reservation in your own mind, you would do an unquestionably upright thing, and would place yourself on a far better station in your own eyes, at one time or other. And I am absolutely confident that they both deserve it, and would both be very sensitive to it. But I most earnestly repeat, for all that, that it would be utterly valueless and contemptible if it were done through a grain of any other influence than that of your own heart, reflecting on what I have written here.

I wonder whether you will have done the study mantelpiece by Sunday morning!—I hope so. Understand that if I come on Sunday, I will not write again. My best love to the darlings. I take Charley to be now on his way from Leipzig—and if I may judge of his weather by ours, he will have a mighty cold journey of it. Looking forward to *meeting* you so soon, Ever My Dearest Catherine Most affectionately Yours

CD.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, [10 DECEMBER 1853]*

MS Comedie Française. *Date:* 10 Dec was Saturday; either date or day must be CD's error; probably the latter, since he told Catherine he would cross on the Sunday morning[†2] (*To* Mrs CD, 5 Dec) unless she heard otherwise, and there is no later letter.

Paris, Sunday Evening | Tenth December 1853.

My Dear Regnier.

You will be surprised by my being in Paris and not seeing you,—but I am merely

passing through it on my way from Italy towards home, or I should have seen you of course.

This will present to you my friend Mr. Brown who is staying in Paris with my most esteemed friend Miss Burdett Coutts. I particularly wish him to see the Foyer and other mysteries of the Français.[†1] If you will have the kindness to shew them to him, I shall be very much indebted to you. You remember when I last saw them, one intensely hot summer day, with our good friend Maclise, under your guidance?[†2]

A thousand kind remembrances to Madame Regnier and the two brave little boys.[†3]

I suppose Poole deposits his nightly pinch of snuff on the marble nose[†4] still?

Ever My Dear Regnier | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 14 [DECEMBER] 1853

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address: With a book.* | Mrs. Cowden Clarke. *Date:* misdated by CD; clearly Dec.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Fourteenth November 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

You remember the flowers you sent me on the day of the publication of the first of these pages?[†5] *I* shall never forget them. Pray give the book a place on your shelves, and (if you can) in your heart. Where you may always believe me, Very Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 14 DECEMBER 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth December 1853. | Wednesday

My Dear Collins.

In making out our accounts, I find these items in my pocket-book.

"At Venice, I lend Collins in money £5.

"At Turin, I lend Collins in money—Blank.

Will you enlighten me at once on this latter head, and in reference to some mysterious unformed remembrance I have, concerning Napoleons and Petty[†6] Cash?[†7]

To [EDWARD MOXON],[†1] 14 DECEMBER 1853*

MS Lincoln Public Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Fourteenth December | 1853.

My Dear Sir

The translator who has achieved the accompanying little book,[†2] has sent it to me to send to Tennyson. Which I take it into my head I can best do, by sending it to you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS W. H. WILLS, 14 DECEMBER 1853

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth December 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Wills.

I have brought you home a trifling brooch in the silver filigree-work, which has no value of itself but which I hope may find some in your honest eyes, as a little sign of remembrance from your excellent husband's attached friend and fellow-workman.

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Wills.

To ALFRED DICKENS, [?MID-DECEMBER 1853]

Mention in John Waller catalogue, No. 95; addressed Alfred Dickens, dated 1853; with envelope. *Date:* probably mid-December.

Inviting him for Christmas Day.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 15 DECEMBER 1853

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 15 Dec 53; addressed Charles Knight.

Has received the books[†3] *and note with pleasure. As to Knight's being an old friend CD denies it altogether; he is in all good things* by at least fifty years the youngest man I know.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 16 DECEMBER 1853

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixteenth December 1853.

My Dear Collins. I have gone carefully over the accounts, and send you your result on the other side. I do not confuse it with details, nor have I put it in the form of a balance sheet; but have made it as general and clear as I can.

All the bills (if you should ever want them) are preserved, together with Edward's book.[†1]

I began to arrange as soon as I got home, and fell on the Xmas No. tooth and nail. I am pleased to hear that you are coming to Birmingham,[†2] and will send you a one fare pass in due time. Come by the Morning Express at half past 9, and I believe you will find our mysterious friend The Last Appeal,[†3] in company with Beard, at the Euston Station.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire

MEMORANDUM.[†4]
The Total expences (deducting, of course, all charges incurred for Edward and Charley) have been, in French Money 9,510 francs. That is, in English money £380.8.4—or, say in round numbers £380.10.0.

One third share of this sum, is—	£126.16.8
You have actually contributed—	90. 0.0
Leaving a balance for you to pay, of	£ 36.16.8
To which is to be added, Money lent	£ 6.15.0
Making a Total for you to pay, of	£43.11.8

To CHARLES ELLIS,[†5] 16 DECEMBER 1853

MS Chas Ellis & Co.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Friday Sixteenth December 1853.

Dear Mr. Ellis

I shall be glad to have, at your convenience, 3 dozen of the fine light dry Port I had last from you—2 Dozen of the Metternich Hock, cheapest seal—2 Dozen of a sparkling champagne of a dry quality—and 2 Dozen genuine old Claret *in Magnums* if you have such a rarity by you.

I had some chablis from you some time ago, which I did not like at first, but which turned out extraordinarily good after being kept—I think a year or two. If you have any such Wine now, or any light Moselle that you can surely recommend as good-drinking

by next May or June, I shall be glad to take some. But as I should want it only for ordinary use, I could not go to a high price for it.

I have been in Italy and am only just come home, or I should have made my wants known to you sooner.

Faithfully Yrs
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Ellis.

To W. J. CLEMENT, 18 DECEMBER 1853†

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eighteenth December | 1853.

My Dear Clement.

I am delighted to receive your cordial letter—though I cannot get to Shrewsbury; for our children are all at home, and my eldest boy will return to Germany in a few weeks, and I like to observe them in their merriment (without interfering with it) and see that they get on well.

But I should be much pleased to know that you heard me read the Carol, and I do hope therefore that you will come to Birmingham. The nights of reading are:

Tuesday 27th.—Carol
Thursday 29th.—Cricket
Friday 30th.—Carol

The Friday is for the working people, and I should *think* will be by far the most interesting evening. I shall be, with Mrs. Dickens and her sister, at the Hen and Chickens. If you intend to go, I would advise you to write to Arthur Ryland of Birmingham (mentioning me as your friend) concerning your seat or seats.

In haste | Very heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William J Clement Esquire

To MARCUS STONE,[†1] 19 DECEMBER 1853

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth December 1853.

My Dear Marcus

You made an excellent sketch from a book of mine,[†2] which I received (and have preserved) with great pleasure. Will you accept from me, in remembrance of it, *this* little book.[†3] I believe it to be true, though it may be sometimes not as genteel as History has a habit of being.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR FITZROY KELLY,[†1] 20 DECEMBER 1853

Extract from Christie's catalogue, 8 Mar 1978; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 20 Dec 53, addressed "My Dear Sir Fitzroy".

Tavistock House, | Twentieth December 1853

Saying that he is obliged for the friendly invitation but regrets he is already engaged. He had experienced much attention and kindness *from Sir William Temple* when at Naples nine years ago *and was disappointed not to see him again when at Naples* the other day.

To DR LYON PLAYFAIR,[†2] 20 DECEMBER 1853*

MS Royal Institution.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Tuesday Twentieth December | 1853.

My Dear Sir

I have read your speech[†3] with very great pleasure. And as I thoroughly agree with you in your views of Mechanics' Institutions,[†4] I shall most certainly urge them by all means in my power on the Birmingham people in their present important enterprise.[†5]

But there is another view of the subject which has been strongly impressed on my notice in my experience of the shortcomings of these establishments—which is not small. They have fallen into an accursed habit of looking round for external patronage—of abandoning the self reliance which should be a main part of their existence—and lashing themselves into frothy speech-makings under the presidency of Lords. One of the natural results of this perversion of their duty, is, that the Working Man has never had his proper share in their management—has been

required to give a great deal of confidence where he received very little—and so has been missed and lost. Now I want the Birmingham people, from the first, to appeal to the working man's sense and spirit; to give him his rightful share in the management of this place; to associate him therein with his Employer, to the enduring advantage and improvement of both.[†1]

But we are to remember that he is to be won, and that his family are to be won too—or again the thing fails. His amusement therefore, as well as his instruction, I take to be an object of vital importance.

I shall be much interested in talking with you on the subject—and I hope in acting with you too.[†2] If you will name any time on Friday before three, or on Saturday either in the day or evening, when I could have the pleasure of receiving you here, I will arrange accordingly.

My Dear Sir Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Lyon Playfair

To CHARLES ELLIS, 23 DECEMBER 1853

MS Chas Ellis & Co.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Third December | 1853.

Dear Mr. Ellis

I enclose you a crossed cheque for the Metternich Wine.[†3] I have not yet tried the sample of port, but will communicate with you after doing so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 24 DECEMBER 1853

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Christmas Eve 1853.

My Dear Mark

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you and yours!

Will you give me a call on Monday Morning, to arrange with me (for Ireland,[†4] whom I dare say you will be kind enough to see when I am at Birmingham) about

the little Theatre?[†1] We had a Rehearsal to day[†2]—I have got in some capital old Stager dodges and scraps of music—and I think it will be very pretty and droll.[†3] Really very good.[†4]

Betty,[†5] my dear Sir, is—I say it emphatically—an Actress!!!

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To THE REV. G. H. HINE,[†6] 26 DECEMBER 1853

Mention in *American Book Prices Current*, 1977; *MS* 1 p.; dated 26 Dec 53; addressed Mr Hine.

Agreeing with his correspondent's remarks.

To MESSRS LETTS, SON & STEER,[†7] 26 DECEMBER 1853*

MS New York University Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth December 1853.

Dear Sirs

Accept my annual thanks for your pleasant annual remembrance.[†8]

I finished the Child's History in accordance with its original plan; desiring to close it when its romantic character could not be easily preserved.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Letts Son and Steer.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 28 DECEMBER 1853*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham.

Hen and Chickens[†2] | Wednesday December Twenty Eighth | 1853.

My Dear Sir

We are extremely obliged to you for your kind invitation, and should have sincere pleasure in accepting it, if we had not already declined invitations from Mr. Lawrence[†3] and Mr. Mason,[†4] on the ground that with a view to tomorrow and Friday, I must keep myself quiet to day.[†5] I assure you that I do a great violence to my own inclinations in not coming to you; but I have a strong misgiving that if I were "to let myself go", and be as genial as I feel disposed to be, my voice would not hold out for two consecutive nights of that very large place.[†6]

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire
Mrs. Dickens, Miss Hogarth, and Mr. Wills desire their kind regards.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?31 DECEMBER 1853]

Extract in F. VII, ii, 572. *Date:* presumably the day after the final reading on 30 Dec. *From* Birmingham.

Telling Forster that his three public readings in Birmingham had been to nearly six thousand people.[†7]

To [?CHARLES KNIGHT],[†1] [?LATE DECEMBER 1853]

Extract in *Manchester Notes and Queries*, 22 Mar 1890, VIII, 205. *Date:* This clearly refers to the incorporation of the Guild of Literature and Art, for which a Bill had been prepared by 6 Feb 54 (*To* Layard, that day); the first approach must have been made several months before.

I must allow that my faith in the House of Commons, as to most subjects, is of a most limited nature, and that I regard it with a feeling that keeps me on all occasions as far from it as I can put myself. As to literature I suppose that assembly to care as much for it as a shovel full of mud out of the Thames. You will gather from these premises that I should approach it in the name of our Art with the greatest unwillingness, and with the absolute certainty beforehand of being shocked and evaded. But I would not leave you to go there alone and will take service with you in the cause.

1854

January

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 JANUARY 1854

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Monday Second January 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

We have just come home from Birmingham—where I would have given no small sum if you had been. If you could have seen the two thousand five hundred work-people on Friday night, I think you would have been delighted.

Mrs. Morson came here early this morning, to announce the disappearance of one of the girls over the garden wall, immediately after church yesterday. She had just come home from service, and bodily vanished in her cloak and bonnet and best gown. This is not the worst disappearance she came to announce in great trepidation. She is going to be married![†2]

I will tell you the circumstances under which she is to change her condition, when I see you. I think them very reasonable and sensible, and creditable both to herself and her husband that is to be. He proposes the end of February for the event. Of course she has no idea of leaving until she can be replaced, but of course "she would rather not put him off, if she can help it."

I have no idea where you are, and am going down to Stratton Street with this, to get enlightenment from Webb.[†3] Will you tell Mr. Brown with my regards that I have been wondering whether he means to renew his acquaintance with the only Gin-Punch known to Mankind, next Friday?[†4] I found the children getting up a dull Charade for the occasion, and have altered Tom Thumb for them instead.[†5] Tom is to be represented by one of our tiniest babies—the smallest size but one—who has a most remarkable ear for Music. It will be very droll, and they will all look like little pieces of China. They have derived considerable notions of punctuality and attention

from the parental drilling. The under-signed is to enact the Ghost, and Mr. Lemon (as great a child as himself) the queen of the Giants.

I leave it to the last my dear Miss Coutts to wish you many happy years, chiefly because, as I cannot do it heartily and affectionately enough, it seems mere nonsense to try. Will you include O†1 in this abortive demonstration and complete failure?

If you are at Paris, how cold you must be. If you are at Brighton, how cold you must be. If you are anywhere, how cold you must be! I persevered in the cold bath at Birmingham, notwithstanding its being frozen; and not only escaped the least hoarseness or sense of fatigue from three nights of three hours each in that enormous hall (which requires a great effort) but felt as if I could have gone on for three weeks.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS GASKELL, 2 JANUARY 1854†

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Second January 1854.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

In wishing you many happy and prosperous years, I want to thank you, cordially, simply, and affectionately, for your valuable aid to Household Words during my absence abroad.†2 I have read what you have written there with true interest and emotion; but I have felt the spirit which induced you to write it, even more.

You will soon receive (or perhaps you have already done so?) a business letter from Wills, involving a proposal which I earnestly hope you will consider favorably and accept.†3

Mrs. Dickens and Georgina (who have been with me to Birmingham) send their loves. I beg my kind regards to Mr. Gaskell, and with good wishes to the children am in all truth

Your faithful friend and admirer

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell.

To JAMES GRANT,†4 3 JANUARY 1854

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 790 (1949); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 3 Jan 54.

States that he had not read any of Grant's books.†5 Even if I had done so, I should have been under the necessity of begging to excuse myself from complying with your

request. I am shy of obtruding my opinions on bodies with which I have no connexion;[†1] and could only do so in such an instance as this, on personal knowledge and intimacy.

To ARTHUR HELPS,[†2] 3 JANUARY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Third January 1854

My Dear Sir

I too have a very pleasant remembrance of the evening to which you refer. And your name is so much a part of it, that I required no other reminder.

I shall take counsel with our "Friends",[†3] with the greatest interest in the subject that occupies their thoughts. Sanitary improvements are the one thing needful to begin with;—and until they are thoroughly, efficiently, uncompromisingly made (and every bestial little prejudice and supposed interest contrariwise, crushed under foot) even Education itself will fall short of its uses.[†4]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Helps Esquire

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT,[†5] 3 JANUARY 1854

Facsimile ([aa]) and extract in Christie's catalogue, Dec 1988; *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Sir James Emerson Tennent.

[a]Tavistock House | Tuesday Third January 1854

My Dear Sir

I have read the draught of the article on the proposed treaty of Copyright with America,[†6] designed to be substituted for the Sixth article of the Convention;[†7] and I

consider it decidedly advantageous to English Authors, and can have no doubt of their generally receiving it in that light. I may be supposed to have a considerable interest in the question, and I am satisfied with it myself. On principle I object to any limitation whatever of an Author's right in his own works; but, as the law of England confiscates his property when his successors most need it,[a] I have no right to quarrel with America for requiring him to establish his title to it within three months.

The provision as to the stereotyping or printing a book being done where it is republished, being reciprocated, does not seem unreasonable.[†1] *He had mentioned this to his printers, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, and they concurred with him. Thanking Tennent for his courtesy.*

To MRS MORSON, [4 JANUARY 1854]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 JANUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Fourth January | 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I was the Committee yesterday, and, it being the close of the year, send you the book.

Rhena Pollard, that girl from Petworth jail, had been (as is supposed) the companion of the girl who ran away last Sunday,[†2] and had, in a most inveterately audacious manner, threatened Mrs. Morson that she would leave—had pretended indeed, that she waited for the Committee day, as a kind of obliging favor on her part. Accordingly I summoned Mrs. Morson when the girl appeared in her turn, and said "Mrs. Morson this is the girl who wants to go, I believe"—"Yes."—"Take her at her word. It is getting dark now, but, immediately after breakfast tomorrow morning, shut the gate upon her for ever." I think the girl was more taken by surprise, and more seized with consternation, than anybody I have ever seen in that place. She begged and prayed—was obliged to be taken out of the room—went into the long room, and, *before all the rest,* entreated and besought Mrs. Morson to intercede for her—and broke into the most forlorn and dismal lamentations. I told Mrs. Morson to give her no hope or relief all night—to have the rough dress down and air it in the long room—and this morning, if the girl again besought her in the same way *before all the others,* to pause and send to me. This she did. I wrote back a letter, which I arranged with her yesterday that she should read to them all. I put the case in the strongest and plainest manner possible, and said that you supported that Home, to save young women who desired to be saved and who knew the misery and degradation out of which they were taken—that it was *not* the place for those who audaciously slighted the shelter of the only roof interposed between them and the

great black world of Crime and Shame—and that I *would not,* nor would any of the gentlemen who assisted you in its management allow its blessings to be thus grossly trifled with. As it was the great forgiving Christmas time, she was to give this girl one more trial; but only on the condition that if she ever repeated her threat in any way, she was to be instantly discharged. Also that all the rest were to understand that your consent had been obtained to this principle being in all cases severely and firmly carried out. We pitied such deluded creatures, and knew the remorse that always came upon them as soon as they were outside the gate; but the greatest object of our pity was the miserable girl in the streets who really would try hard to do well if she could get into the Home, and whose place was unjustly occupied by such a girl as this.

Both in words yesterday and in the letter to day, I was as emphatic as I could possibly be. I think you will approve of the wretched young creature's having one more chance in this bitter weather—but in a

just remembrance of what is due to the Home and its Supporter, I could not have given it to her, if she had been other than a stranger in London, and an utterly friendless speck in the world.

Snow two feet deep in the streets today!

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 5 JANUARY 1854

Extract in Meredith Janvier catalogue No. 10; *MS* 2 pp.; dated *HW* Office, 5 Jan 54.

Your seasonable letter and book[†1] has already given me the greatest pleasure and will give me more ... hope we may live to pipe the inquiries to one another (as old men and old friends) whether we remember when the first volume came out![†2] and whether we recollect one night at Liverpool[†3] when Sir Thomas Lawrence—no, Sir David Wilkie—no Wilkie Collins and young Cunningham[†4] who had so much work to go through to qualify himself as a guide to London, sat up all night with Mrs. Sloman the actress[†5] and Mr. Coe[†6] the master carpenter, and went to Berkhampton,[†7] no to Bonningham,[†7] no, to Birkenhead[†7] before breakfast to bathe.

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, 7 JANUARY 1854

Text from MDGH, I, 343.

Tavistock House, January 7th, 1854.

My dear Landor,

I heartily assure you that to have your name coupled with anything I have done is an honour and a pleasure to me.[†1] I cannot say that I am sorry that you should have thought it necessary to write to me, for it is always delightful to me to see your hand, and to know (though I want no outward and visible sign as an assurance of the fact) that you are ever the same generous, earnest, gallant man.

Catherine and Georgina send their kind loves. So does Walter Landor, who came home from school with high judicial commendation and a prize into the bargain.

Ever, my dear Landor, affectionately yours.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,[†2] 7 JANUARY 1854

Extract in John Heise catalogue No. 2452; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House 7 Jan 54.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Duchess of Sutherland and hopes she will have the kindness to excuse the present note, as its object is to recommend to the Duchess of Sutherland a

very good servant who seeks the recommendation of Mr. Dickens, and so well deserves it that he does not feel himself satisfied in refusing it. The young man who believes there is a vacancy ... is a German who has been abroad with Mr. Dickens as a travelling servant for the last three months.†3

To MRS COLDEN,†4 8 JANUARY 1854

MS Columbia University Libraries.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night, | Eighth January 1854

My Dear Mrs. Colden.

Life is not long enough for any little misunderstanding among friends who are really friends at heart; and where there is true regard and an affectionate remembrance of past times, it is a Shame that any should subsist.

Pray do not judge me by the omission of a form. I saw today that you thought I might have been to see you, sooner. You have no idea what the pressure upon me has been since my return home from abroad, or how accustomed I am, through the consideration of those who know me best, to disregard little forms for realities.

I came to see you as soon as I had cleared away a number of demands upon my time, and was free to say—as I should have said if you had not been so frosty with me at first—"where shall I go with you, what companionship can we project together, how will you use me in this great place that I know something about." I

might have merely shewn myself, a fortnight ago. It is perfectly true, though I had not thought so before today. Pray forgive me and forget it.

You may have heard from Jeffrey†1 how earnestly and habitually I have always spoken since I was in America, of my love for you and yours. If the good Doctor†2 had not come in like Summer today and set me up again, I should have felt under the necessity of speaking on that head for myself.

Now do dismiss all but that, and let us be as cordial as when I left you a dozen years ago. If there be any blame, I take it all; if there be any slight, you shall have it all. Let it be past in any case.

My Dear Mrs. Colden | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR HENRY BENNET,†3 9 JANUARY 1854*

MS Mr A. Reuter.

Tavistock House | Ninth January 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Dr. Henry Bennet, and begs to say that he will be at home on Friday at half past one.

To MRS COLDEN, 9 JANUARY 1854

MS Columbia University Libraries.

Tavistock House | Monday Ninth January 1854

My Dear Mrs. Colden.

I cannot tell you how glad I am I wrote to you, and that my unfortunate (and most unintentional) omission has been set right. But before you forget it, pray do me the mere justice of diminishing the time one half. My first impulse when I came home that Sunday night, was exactly what you suppose. "Good God!" said I, "I must go and see them directly."—"You can't," said Catherine and Georgina both together, "for they are going to Brighton tomorrow for a few days." My own Birmingham expedition consumed another week. Take a fortnight off the month on these two accounts, and you really will not do too much.

With kindest regards to your sister and the Doctor, and with most sincere pleasure in the restored warmth of the weather,

Believe me My Dear Mrs. Colden | Not a neglectful | And Callous |
Ruffian, | But your old friend | Quite unchanged
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 JANUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Tenth January 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you, by this post, the Examiner you wanted.[†1]

I omitted to tell you the other day, that I happened to dine at Talfourd's with Fitzroy Kelly,[†2] a day or two after I came home; and that I asked Kelly about your trees—of course without mentioning you. The Highway authorities have the power to lop them, as yours are lopped, provided you have received ten days notice to lop them yourself and have not done it. The power is exercised under an Act intended to preserve public roads and paths in a good state; and the remedy against said authorities, if they proceed illegally, is "an action of trespass"!

I apprehend that some previous warning to your gardener, or to some one at Holly Lodge, must have been considered by the Highway authorities in this case, a sufficient legal notice, to justify their proceeding.

Have you thought of the Shepherds Bush money and salaries?

With kindest regards, | Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MRS MATTHEWS, [?11 JANUARY 1854]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 13 Jan.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 JANUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Thirteenth January 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I wrote to Mrs. Matthews as we agreed, merely saying that I had seen my friend and begged to enquire what she wanted towards the outfit and passage of her Son? I have received in reply, the enclosed letter.[†3] It is not quite satisfactory to me, though I hardly know why. What would you wish me to do?

Tomorrow I will send you all the particulars concerning Charley.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK GREW,[†1] 13 JANUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House, London | Thirteenth January 1854.

My Dear Sir

I beg, through you, to assure the Artizans' Committee in aid of the Birmingham Midland Institute, that I have received the Resolution they have done me the honor to agree upon for themselves and their fellow workmen,[†2] with the highest gratification. I awakened no pleasure or interest among them at Birmingham, which they did not repay to me with abundant interest. I have their welfare and happiness sincerely at heart, and shall ever be their faithful friend.

Your obedient Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Frederic Grew.

To EDWARD KAUB, 13 JANUARY 1854*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth January 1854

Edward.

I have received a note from the Duchess of Sutherland to day, in which she says "she will not fail to see the person I have so advantageously mentioned, as soon as she comes to town." She is already negociating with another (she adds) but even if engaged will see you, as it may be of some use to you. And she begs me to tell you to leave your direction with the housekeeper at Stafford House. This you had better do, immediately. You had better write upon the same paper "Left by the direction of Mr. Charles Dickens." It will be well for you to see the housekeeper if you can, and give it to her.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON,[13] JANUARY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Friday was 13 Jan in 1854.

Tavistock House | Twelfth January 1854 | Friday.

My Dear Mark.

As you know the man, will you be kind enough to pay this bill for me? I have added a Guinea to it, for Mr. Ireland[†1] himself. It is not clear to me but that the horse's head, or the umbrella, or both, were sent back to the Adelphi. Being charged as mine will you ask the question, and, in case they *were* sent back, direct them to be restored?

The baked Irish Stew-time next Monday, is 5. Perhaps we shall meet in the meanwhile. If you happen to be disengaged this evening, I am ready for anything dramatic.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To GEORGE STRUTT,[†2] 13 JANUARY 1854*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, London | Thirteenth January 1854.

My Dear Sir

I have more than once considered the Diabolical Agency nonsense,[†3] and have always come to the conclusion that it was best left alone. Notoriety is what its sponters[†4] and professors most want; and I am strongly indisposed to help them to it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George H Strutt Esquire

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 13 JANUARY 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House. | Thirteenth January 1854. | Friday.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

On the very day after I sent the Christmas No. to Rockingham, I heard of your being at Brighton. I should have sent another there, but that I had a misgiving I might seem to be making too much of it. For, when I thought of the probability of the Rockingham copy going on to Brighton, and pictured to myself the advent of two of those very large envelopes at once at Junction House at breakfast time, a sort of comic modesty overcame me.

I was heartily pleased with the Birmingham Audience, which was a very fine one. I never saw, nor do I suppose anybody ever did, such an interesting scene as the

Working-people's night. There were two thousand five hundred of them there; and a more delicately observant audience it is impossible to imagine. They lost nothing, misinterpreted nothing, followed everything closely, laughed and cried with most delightful earnestness, and animated me to that extent that I felt as if we were all bodily going up into the clouds together. It is an enormous place for the purpose; but I had considered all that, carefully, and †a—I believe—†a made the most distant person hear, as well as if I had been reading in my own room. I was a little doubtful before I began on the first night whether it was quite practicable to conceal the requisite effort; but I soon had the satisfaction of finding that it was, and that we were all going on together, in the first page, as easily, to all appearance, as if we had been sitting round the fire.†1

I am obliged to go out on Monday at 5, and to dine out;†2 but I will be at home at any time before that hour that you may appoint. You say you are only going to stay one night in Town; but if you could stay two, and would dine with us alone on Tuesday, *that* is the plan that we should all like best. Let me have one word from you by post on Monday Morning.

Few things that I saw when I was away, took my fancy so much as the Electric Telegraph piercing like a Sunbeam right through the cruel old heart of the Coliseum at Rome. And on the summit of the Alps among the eternal ice and snow, there it was still, with its posts sustained against the sweeping mountain winds by clusters of great beams—to say nothing of its being at the bottom of the Sea as we crossed the Channel.†3

With kindest loves | Ever My Dear Mrs. Watson | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 JANUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fourteenth January 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have had a long talk with Charley this morning. Before I proceed in that matter, I will first shew you what I have paid for him at Leipzig during the past year, and then I will give you an abstract of the Professor's[†4] letter concerning him.

Payments	£	s	D
Three quarter's board &c	63.	15.	0
Lessons in German, Music and drawing	11.	0.	0
Pocket Money, bath and literary subscriptions, Hartz[†5]-Mountain-Walk, and general miscellaneous item	21.	5.	0
Total.	£96	0.	0

The Professor in his letter says that Charley has attained to a good knowledge of German (M. Taüchnitz in *his* letter, says he speaks "a very good German indeed"), but that if he were to leave Germany now, he thinks he would soon forget what he has acquired. That he and Taüchnitz have both decided that it is not advisable to send him to the Commercial School; firstly, because he must be a perfect German before entering it; secondly, because "I do not think that the extraordinarily great and formal severity and very rigorous discipline which is enforced in that establishment would suit the character and individuality of your dear son". That he loves him heartily, and finds him much improved in many little things that displeased him at first; but that he does not find in him a desire to study, and that he (the Professor) "is not quite certain that to be a merchant, is his earnest and fast determination." That he begs me, in sending Charley back, to send with him my opinion on this subject, clearly; as, if that be his real desire, "he must next employ himself in the necessary studies, Arithmetic, Writing, Mercantile knowledge, &c". And that the usual way in which young men attain this aim, is by entering a counting-house, learning business practically, and forming business habits.

I will add next, without the least reservation or embellishment, the result of my own observation of Charley. He is very gentle and affectionate, particularly fond of his sisters, very happy in their society, and very desirous to win the love of those who are dear to him. His inclinations are all good; but I think he has less fixed purpose and energy than I could have supposed possible in my son. He is not aspiring, or imaginative in his own behalf. With all the tenderer and better qualities which he inherits from his mother, he inherits an indescribable lassitude of character—a very serious thing in a man—which seems to me to express the want of a strong, compelling hand always beside him. Nothing but the conviction formed in his infancy that it *must be done*, renders him attentive to the little points of punctuality and order required of him at home. I believe him to have fewer active faults than ninety nine boys out of a hundred at his age; but his virtues and merits all want activity too. (When I told him this morning that when I was a year older than he, I was in the gallery of the House of Commons;[†1] and that when I was his age, I was teaching

myself a very difficult art,[†2] and walking miles every day to practise it all day long in the Courts of Law;[†3] he seemed to think I must have been one of the most unaccountable of youths.)

We sat down gravely this morning, to discuss the Professor's letter, and the future. Nothing could be more frank, amiable, and expressive of a sincere anxiety to do right, than his manner. But when I pressed him closely as to the Professor's doubt of his "earnest and fast determination", it was perfectly plain that he was doubtful of it himself. Not so much because he inclined to any other, as because he knew that he wanted determination altogether. I put before him the impossibility of his making any way whatever in mercantile pursuits, without the knowledge necessary to the calling; I shewed him that the same truth held good with reference to the bar, or with reference to anything; and that such knowledge was only to be got by a stedfast[†4] devotion to its acquisition, and by continuous persevering

patience and pains from day to day. I told him (as I told him at Eton when he asked me) that I thought the Army a poor pursuit for a young man of no property,[†1] and that I doubted if it would bring him to much self respect, contentment, or happiness, in middle life; but I said that for those who were incapable of steady application, it was a better thing by far than failure in any of the many better callings. He still repeated what he had said to me at Eton, and did so in the most modest and affectionate manner; but I deemed it advisable to close our talk thus:—"I don't think Charley that you have really and sincerely made up your mind with the earnestness necessary to a point on which your whole future life depends; and you had better think of it very seriously, and come to me again on Wednesday morning".

I am afraid my dear Miss Coutts this is a long and tedious story, and I know it is one that I would tell to no one else; but your interest in my dear boy, and my desire that you should know all about him just as I know it, will be—I hope and believe—its sufficient excuse. Ardor in anything that anybody's right hand finds to do, is so important in my sight and includes so much, that I may, with some unconscious impatience, exaggerate Charley's one great want. But if I do, your better judgment will restore the balance.

I remember too, that the Eton system is a particularly bad one for such a character,[†2] and that a year is not a long time in which to improve upon it. But before you and I speak upon the subject or come to any decision on it, I want you to know the fact as I see it. I should be very undeserving of the friendship which I value as one of my dearest and best possessions, and which I never can reflect upon without a quickened heart, if I could charge myself with the slightest shortcoming on this head.

Always My dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Walter is 13 next month. I will advise, on the direct appointment question,[†3] both with Mr. Stone[†4] and Mr. Trimmer.[†5] I hope he will do his duty steadily, anywhere.

To LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS,[†1] 14 JANUARY 1854*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Fourteenth January 1854

My Dear Sir

When the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert had the kindness to express their interest in the general scheme of the Guild of Literature and Art, I had the honor of writing to you to beg that whenever it should come to be matured, I might venture to submit its details to your notice.[†2]

Their arrangement has been a matter of great difficulty, involving the consideration of many interests and needs, the pursuit of the higher object through a patient course of present usefulness (to which principle I have myself attached the highest importance), and the consideration of a vast number of contingencies, in which the advice of a skilful actuary has been frequently indispensable.

Even now, in taking the liberty of enclosing to you the plan which is the result of all these deliberations,[†3] I have to add that its publication and operation are for the present suspended by the Law's rendering it necessary that a scheme so comprehensive should be established under a special Act of Parliament. This we hope to obtain in the course of the next ensuing session;[†4] and in the meantime, as a proof that we have not been idle, and therefore undeserving of the Queen's and His Royal Highness's condescension, I trouble you with the present communication.

I have the honor to be | My Dear Sir | Your faithful and obliged Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Colonel The Hon. C. B. Phipps.

To DR GEORGE WILKES, 14 JANUARY 1854

Extracts in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Dec 1933 (*aa*) and Charles Hamilton Galleries catalogue No. 92 (1975) (*bb*); *MS* I p.; dated Tavistock House, 14 Jan 54; addressed Dr. Wilkes.

[a]If Wednesday next will suit you for our projected entertainment with Mr. Lemon, I will call for you that afternoon (at an hour which you shall be apprised of in good season)[a] ... [b]we will walk over to the great Theatre in the daytime, dine *en garcon* at the *Household Words* office which is close by, and wind up before and behind the curtain at the Adelphi.[b†5]

To MISS MARY BOYLE,[†1] 16 JANUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Sixteenth January 1854

My Dear Mary.

It is all very well to pretend to love me as you do—Ah! If you loved as *I*[†2] love, Mary!—but when my breast is tortured by the perusal of such a letter as yours,[†3] Falkland,[†4] Falkland Madam, becomes *my* part in the Rivals, and I play it with a desperate earnestness.

As thus:

FALKLAND[†5] (*to Acres*).[†6] Then you see her Sir, sometimes?

ACRES.[†5] See her! Odds beams and sparkles,[†7] yes. See her acting, night after night.

FALKLAND (*aside and furiously*). Death and the Devil! Acting, and I not there? Pray Sir (*with constrained calmness*) what does she act?

ACRES. Odds monthly nurses and babbies! Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig. 'Which wotever it is my dear' (*mimikin*) 'I likes it brought reg'lar and draw'd mild'.—That's very like her.

FALKLAND. Confusion! Laceration!—Perhaps Sir, perhaps she sometimes acts—ha ha!—perhaps she sometimes acts, I say—eh Sir?—a—ha ha ha!—a Fairy? (*with great bitterness*)

ACRES. Odds gauzy pinions and spangles, yes! You should hear her sing as a Fairy. you should see her dance as a Fairy. Tol de rol lol—li—tol—liddle diddle (*Sings and dances*) That's very like her.

FALKLAND. Misery! While I, devoted to her image, can merely write a little now and then, or pensively read aloud to the people of Birmingham! (*To him*). And they applaud her, no doubt they applaud her Sir. And she—I see her!—curtsies and smiles! And they—curses on them!—they laugh, and—ha ha ha!—and clap their hands—and say its very good. Do they not say its very good Sir? Tell me. Do they not?

ACRES. Odds thunderings and pealings, of course they do! And the third fiddler, little Tweaks of the County town goes into fits. 'Ho ho ho, I can't bear it' (*mimicking*) 'take me out! Ha ha ha! O what a one she is! She'll be the death of me. Ha ha ha ha!'—That's very like him!

FALKLAND. Damnation! Heartless Mary! (*Rushes out.*)

Scene opens, and discloses coals of Fire, heaped up into form of letters, representing the following inscription

When the praise
thou meetest
To thine ear is
sweetest
O then

[†a]REMEMBER
JOE![†a†8]

(Curtain falls)

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 16 JANUARY 1854

Text from MDGH, I, 346-8

Tavistock House, Monday, Jan. 16th, 1854.

My dear Cerjat,

Guilty. The accused pleads guilty, but throws himself upon the mercy of the court. He humbly represents that his usual hour for getting up, in the course of his travels, was three o'clock in the morning, and his usual hour for going to bed, nine or ten the next night. That the places in which he chiefly deviated from these rules of hardship, were Rome and Venice; and that at those cities of fame he shut himself up in solitude, and wrote Christmas papers for the incomparable publication known as "Household Words." That his correspondence at all times, arising out of the business of the said "Household Words" alone, was very heavy. That his offence, though undoubtedly committed, was unavoidable, and that a nominal punishment will meet the justice of the case.

We had only three bad days out of the whole time. After Naples, which was very hot, we had very cold, clear, bright weather. When we got to Chamounix, we found the greater part of the inns shut up and the people gone. No visitors whatsoever, and plenty of snow. These were the very best circumstances under which to see the place, and we stayed a couple of days at the Hôtel de Londres (hastily re-furbished for our entertainment), and climbed through the snow to the Mer de Glace, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Then we went, in mule procession (I walking) to the old hotel at Martigny, where Collins was ill, and I suppose I bored Egg to death by talking all the evening about the time when you and I were there together. Naples (a place always painful to me, in the intense degradation of the people) seems to have only three classes of inhabitants left in it—priests, soldiers (standing army one hundred thousand strong), and spies. Of macaroni we ate very considerable quantities everywhere; also, for the benefit of Italy, we took our share of every description of wine. At Naples I found Layard, the Nineveh traveller, who is a friend of mine and an admirable fellow; so we fraternised and went up Vesuvius together, and ate more macaroni and drank more wine. At Rome, the day after our arrival, they were making a saint at St. Peter's; on which occasion I was surprised to find what an immense number of pounds of wax candles it takes to make the regular, genuine article. From Turin to Paris, over the Mont Cenis, we made only one journey. The Rhone,[†1] being frozen and foggy, was not to be navigated, so we posted from Lyons to Chalons, and everybody else was doing the like, and there were no horses to be got, and we were stranded at midnight in amazing little cabarets, with nothing worth mentioning to eat in them, except the iron stove, which was rusty, and the billiard-table, which was musty. We left Turin on a Tuesday evening, and arrived in Paris on a Friday evening; where I found my son Charley, hot—or I should rather say cold—from Germany, with his arms and legs so grown out of his coat and trousers, that I was ashamed of him, and was reduced to the necessity of taking him, under cover of night, to a ready-made establishment in the Palais Royal, where they put him into balloon-waisted pantaloons, and increased my confusion. Leaving Calais on the evening of Sunday, the 10th of December;[†2] fact of distinguished

author's being aboard, was telegraphed to Dover; thereupon authorities of Dover Railway detained train to London for distinguished author's arrival, rather to the exasperation of British public. D. A. arrived at home between ten and eleven that night, thank God, and found all well and happy.

I think you see *The Times*, and if so, you will have seen a very graceful and good account of the Birmingham readings.[†1] It was the most remarkable thing that England could produce, I think, in the way of a vast intelligent assemblage; and the success was most wonderful and prodigious—perfectly overwhelming and astounding altogether. They wound up by giving my wife a piece of plate, having given

me one before; and when you come to dine here (may it be soon!) it shall be duly displayed in the centre of the table.[†2]

Tell Mrs. Cerjat, to whom my love, and all our loves, that I have highly excited them at home here by giving them an account in detail of all your daughters; further, that the way in which Catherine and Georgina have questioned me and cross-questioned me about you all, notwithstanding, is maddening. Mrs. Watson has been obliged to pass her Christmas at Brighton alone with her younger children, in consequence of her two eldest boys coming home to Rockingham from school with the whooping-cough. The quarantine expires to-day, however; and she drives here, on her way back into Northamptonshire, to-morrow.

The sad affair of the Preston strike remains unsettled;[†3] and I hear, on strong authority, that if that were settled, the Manchester people are prepared to strike next.[†4] Provisions very dear, but the people very temperate and quiet in general. So ends this jumble, which looks like the index to a chapter in a book, I find, when I read it over.

Ever, my dear Cerjat, heartily your Friend

[CD]

To T. N. TALFOURD, 16 JANUARY 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Sixteenth January 1854

My Dear Talfourd.

Receiving your book[†5] this morning as I was taking my usual seat in my own room,

I could not forbear cutting the leaves immediately, and stopping every now and then to dip into it luxuriously.

The spirit and truthfulness of the descriptions have an uncommon interest for me, knowing (as I do) both the places[†1] and you so well. But such pleasant remembrances are refreshed in me by the close of the book, that I cannot help writing off this note to tell you what pleasure the two last pages have given me.[†2]

Let me add to this, that I have been particularly impressed by the Preface, which I think in the happiest feeling and the happiest taste. It is an example to all of us, at once of modesty, and of that genial disposition to be pleased which is one of the finest qualities to be found in the heart of Man.[†3] If I had been in a bad humour before reading it, it would have restored me directly. As it is, it has cleared away the fog of the morning and brightened the day.

Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 16 JANUARY 1854*

MS Sir John and Lady Langham.

Tavistock House | Monday Sixteenth January 1854

My Dear Tennent.

You may rely upon me most implicitly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 16 JANUARY 1854

Mention in Anderson Auction catalogue No. 1006 (Oct 1913); dated 16 Jan 54.[†4]

To J. P. HARLEY, 17 JANUARY 1854*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* J. P. Harley Esquire | 14 Upper Gower Street.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Seventeenth January 1854

My Dear Harley.

Are you disengaged next Sunday?
If so be
As you are free,

Will you dine with us at 6? We have not a party, but Webster and Stanfield are coming.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire.

To MRS MATTHEWS, [?18 JANUARY 1854]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 JANUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth January 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Your letter is as wise as it is kind, and I am sure it is impossible to say more of it than that. I quite agree with you in every particular. I must be but an unreasonable and insensible creature indeed, if I did not.

Charley re-appeared in my room this morning, and told me that he had thought of it all very much, and that he was quite resolved and determined in his wish to devote himself to mercantile pursuits. We had a little talk together, in which (profiting by your observations) I encouraged him as much as possible, and he left me as if he were far more comfortable in his mind on the subject. He is a very good boy indeed, but I feel sure that I do not mistake his character.

Your speaking to him will have great weight with him, I do not doubt. Don't you think it will be advisable to send him back now, within a fortnight or so? On what terms to send him back—that is, how I am to answer the Professor's queries about finding a counting house for him—I am anxious to consult with you. But I am disposed to think that it will be best to send him back to the Professor's house, to study German and Arithmetic, until Midsummer. I am not clear that he is likely to do much good in Germany after that. Whether he might then go, into some place of business in France for a little while, to furbish up his French, may be worth considering. I rather think his practical initiation into business had better be in some busy town *here.* The inducement to application on his return to Germany, might be the prospect of his coming home to begin life.

I rather think the Professor is a regular stolid German grub, and that he and Charley have got to the best understanding of which they are capable together. His books, his piano, and his pipe, seem to shut out the prospect of their ever coming any closer.

It has occurred to me that in the short remainder of his holidays, the best thing I can do for Charley will be to send him down to the Household Words office for some three hours every day. There is a great deal of correspondence there, and I will get Mr. Wills to dictate some letters to him, and make him abstract some of the

innumerable letters and papers that are to be read, and find occupation for him that will require his attention. When you shall have seen Charley, and I shall have seen you, I think it will then be best, for the present, to send him back—always supposing that you are of the same opinion.

I was at Shepherds Bush yesterday, and found everything quiet and favorable. In Tracey's prison last week, I found Hannah Myers (who is there again) sitting next the last girl who robbed the Home. I send £35 to Mrs. Matthews, with an intimation that this closes the correspondence.

I will not attempt to tell you how much I felt your letter and how highly I prize it. It would be hopeless to begin on such a theme after all these years.

With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 18 JANUARY 1854

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 18 Jan 54; addressed Charles Knight.

CD is delighted to double the sum already collected.[†1] *Is there* no better way of helping the old man? *Cannot think of any for that kind of poverty unless there is a way of enabling the women to earn more by a* slight extension of their little means.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 18 JANUARY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | 18 New Steine | Brighton.

Tavistock House, London | Eighteenth January 1854

My Dear Sir

I am quite delighted to find that you are so well satisfied, and that the enterprise has such a light upon it. I think I never was better pleased in my life than I was with my Birmingham friends.

That principle of fair representation of all orders, carefully carried out, I believe will do more good than any of us can yet foresee. Does it not seem a strange thing to consider, that I have never yet seen with these eyes of mine, a mechanic in any recognized position on the platform of a Mechanics' Institution?[†2]

Mr. Wills may be expected to sink, shortly, under the ravages of letters from all parts of England Ireland and Scotland, proposing Readings. He keeps up his spirits, but I don't see how they are to carry him through.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth beg their kindest regards, and I am My Dear Sir with much regard too,

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To D. F. MACCARTHY,[†1] 19 JANUARY 1854*

MS (in Wills's hand) Mr J. Stevens Cox. *Address:* D. F. MacCarthy Esqre | 29 Blessington St. | Dublin.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
19 January 1854

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr MacCarthy, and begs to thank him for the volume of Ballads, Poems and Lyrics[†2] which he was so good as to send, and which Mr Dickens accepts with much pleasure.

D. F. MacCarthy Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 JANUARY 1854]

Extracts in F, VII, i, 564-5. *Date:* 20 Jan 54 according to Forster and confirmed by heading in CD's hand "Friday January 20th. 1854" (MS V & A).

I wish you would look at the enclosed titles for the *H. W.* story,[†3] between this and two o'clock or so, when I will call. It is my usual day, you observe, on which I have jotted them down—Friday! It seems to me that there are three very good ones among them. I should like to know whether you hit upon the same.[†4]

1. According to Cocker. 2. Prove it. 3. Stubborn Things. 4. Mr. Gradgrind's Facts. 5. The Grindstone. 6. Hard Times. 7. Two and Two are Four. 8. Something Tangible. 9. Our Hard-headed Friend. 10. Rust and Dust. 11. Simple Arithmetic. 12. A Matter of Calculation. 13. A Mere Question of Figures. 14. The Gradgrind Philosophy.[†5]

To CHARLES COOTE, 21 JANUARY 1854*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke. *Address:* Charles Coote Esquire.[†1]

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty First January | 1854.

My Dear Sir

I have this morning received the Household Songs,[†2] and hasten to thank you for them. I am happy to see my name in that association,[†3] and intend to sit down this evening and hear them all, one after another, from beginning to end.

With all good wishes | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Coote Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 JANUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third January 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

Here is the letter of acknowledgement from Mrs. Matthews.[†4]

I am delighted to hear that you are ascending in the scale of constructed animals!—and I shall expect half a dozen words when you come to town, telling me when I may have the satisfaction of

contemplating your re-establishment in the cook and butler, housemaid, kitchen maid, scullery maid &c &c &c forces.

You will be glad I am sure to hear that Mr. Wills gives me the best account of Charley at Household Words. He says he is very quick and extremely attentive—"knocks off" writing from dictation, with great vigor—copies with all possible exactness—makes abstracts of Manuscripts cleverly—and is as willing and punctual as it is possible to be. He is proud of being so employed, and I think it does him great good.

As you leave it to me to proceed, I will prepare him to go back, *next Wednesday Week*; and I will tell him that on condition of his working hard at his German and at Arithmetic, he is not likely to be at Leipzig more than 6 months. I will also write to the Professor at once—and to Taüchnitz—to the same effect. We shall have time to

discuss the next step (by we, I mean you and I) before he leaves Leipzig; but I am strongly of opinion that he will get as much good out of the Professor, with this impulse, in six months as he would otherwise get in twelve. You will be able to see him, I hope, before he goes? Of course he is not tied to a day or two, if it should not suit you to see him within the time I have mentioned.

I have fallen to work again. My purpose is among the mighty secrets of the world at present; but there is such a fixed idea on the part of my printers and copartners in Household Words, that a story by me, continued from week to week, would make some unheard-of effect with it, that I am going to write one.[†1] It will be as long as five Nos. of Bleak House, and will be five months in progress.[†2] The first written page now stares at me from under this sheet of note paper. The main idea of it, is one on which you and I and Mrs. Brown have often spoken; and I know it will interest you as a purpose.

Here is your Bleak House too, modestly waiting to be presented.[†3] But what would be the use of my sending it to Stratton Street when there was no butler or other male or female administrator in the house!

With kindest regards | My Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To PROFESSOR O. C. MÜLLER, [23 JANUARY 1854]

Mention in last. *Date:* no doubt same date as next.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 23 JANUARY 1854

Extract from Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, Leipzig, 1912, p. 53.

Tavistock House, Monday night, January 23rd, 1854.

It was a matter of real regret to me that I was abroad when you were in London. For it would have given me true pleasure to have taken your hand and thanked you with all heartiness for your friendship. I hope to do so on the occasion of your next visit, and also that it will not be long before you return here.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite with me in best regards to yourself and family.[†4]

To SHIRLEY BROOKS,[†1] 25 JANUARY 1854

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth January 1854 | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Sir

I have read your little book concerning our friend the Autograph,[†2] with very great pleasure. I have not travelled in more agreeable company this many a long day. It is full of good writing, good observation, good humour, and good sense.[†3]

I almost begin to believe that I really *am*, in the common acceptation of the term, a religious character as to the Austrian Police. I do damn them and everything and everybody belonging to them, with such extraordinary heartiness—and am so Brimstonian and devoid of charity towards them—and have such complacency and satisfaction in this frame of mind—that I think I must be a popular preacher, and the book you rescued[†4] a volume of my sermons (published by subscription, with a portrait of me in my robes, as I appeared going up the pulpit-stairs with my little black book under my arm and my hair curled.)

While I am thanking you, I must take the liberty of saying that a poem of yours I saw in Punch a little while ago, is as delicate and well-turned a piece of satire of that kind as I know.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire.

Are you getting ancient? *My* friend is"drawing" immense sums I believe.[†6]

To MISS EMMA HARDING,[†1] [?25 JANUARY 1854]

Mention in *To* Wills, 25 Jan 54.

To ROBERT RAWLINSON,[†2] 25 JANUARY 1854

Text from *The Times*, 6 Feb 80.

Tavistock House, | January 25, 1854.

My dear Sir,

I assure you that we are all extremely sensible of your kind remembrance, and much indebted to you for your invitation.[†3] But, though reasonably loyal, we do not much care for such sights, and consequently feel that you ought to bestow the places you so obligingly offer us on some more deserving objects. The last ceremony of that kind I ever saw was the Queen's coronation, and I thought it looked poor in comparison with my usual country walk. As to Parliament, it does so little and talks so much that the most interesting ceremony I know of in connexion with it was performed (with very little state indeed) by one man, who just cleared it out, locked up the place, and put the keys in his pocket.[†4]

My dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Rawlinson, Esq.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 JANUARY 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth January 1854

My Dear Wills

Will you look at the enclosed note from Miss Emma Harding, and my reply? I spoke to you about her papers at Boulogne, and thought they had been returned ages ago. Please pack them off, together with my note, to her address at once.

I want (for the story I am trying to hammer out) the Educational Board's series of questions[†5] for the examination of *teachers* in schools.[†6] Will you get it.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†1] [?JANUARY 1854]

Mention in *To* Forster, 16 May 54. *Date:* probably one of the refusals to give a reading mentioned to Forster on 27 Jan 54, in answer to requests following the Birmingham readings of Dec 53.

Declining to give a public Christmas reading in Colchester.

To JOHN FORSTER, [27 JANUARY 1854]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 572. *Date:* 27 Jan 54 according to Forster.

After correspondence with all parts of England, and every kind of refusal and evasion on my part, I am now obliged to decide this question—whether I shall read two nights at Bradford for a hundred pounds.[†2] If I do, I may take as many hundred pounds[†3] as I choose.[†4]

To HERBERT INGRAM,[†5] 27 JANUARY 1854*

MS Mrs H. H. C. Ingram.

Tavistock House | Friday Night Twenty Seventh Jany | 1854

Dear Sir

With great reluctance I am obliged to throw myself on your forgiveness, and to beg to postpone my visit to you. I am obliged to go into the North tomorrow morning,[†6] and I do not see the possibility of my returning before Monday night at the earliest. Our two friends[†7] who were to have accompanied me to your house, will testify that I am one of the most punctual of men. But this is an engagement of business which only arose in this definite shape today, and which comes between me and pleasure most unexpectedly.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Ingram Esquire

To JOHN LEECH, 27 JANUARY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Night Twenty Seventh Jany. | 1854.

My Dear Leech.

Read the enclosed!![†1] Having read the fatal missive, will you wet the adhesive on the envelope and give it back to French[†2]—I suppose to take to the place where it is addressed. You will answer for me that you never knew me break an engagement before, except when Mr. Pitt was invited by the Duchess of Gordon to dine in the Indian manner.[†3] The excuse is no excuse, but a literal truth. I am off two hundred miles in the morning, and do not see how I can possibly get back before Monday night. It is no excursion of pleasure, but real Household Words business[†4]—nor had I any idea of going, until today.

With kind regards to Mrs. Leech, who I am glad to hear is herself again,

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 27 JANUARY 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Night Twenty Seventh Jany. | 1854

My Dear Mark

I am obliged to write and put Mr. Ingram off. Wills and I are away a couple of hundred miles in the morning—as you may suppose on business and nothing but business—and I do not see how we can be back before Monday night. You know I would not break an engagement on light grounds.

In haste | Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 JANUARY 1854]

Extract in F, VII, i, 567. *Date:* the day after his going to Preston on 28 Jan.

I am afraid I shall not be able to get much here.[†5] Except the crowds at the street-corners reading the placards pro and con; and the cold absence of smoke from the mill-chimneys; there is very little in the streets to make the town remarkable.[†6] I am

told that the people "sit at home and mope."[†1] The delegates with the money from the neighbouring places come in to-day to report the amounts they bring; and tomorrow the people are paid. When I have seen both these ceremonies,[†2] I shall return. It is a nasty place (I thought it was a model town); and I am in the Bull Hotel,[†3] before which some time ago the people assembled supposing the masters to be here, and on demanding to have them out were remonstrated with by the landlady in person. I saw the account in an Italian paper, in which it was stated that "the populace then environed the Palazzo Bull, until the padrona of the Palazzo heroically appeared at one of the upper windows and addressed them!" One can hardly conceive anything less likely to be represented to an Italian mind by this description, than the old, grubby, smoky, mean, intensely formal red brick house with a narrow gateway and a dingy yard, to which it applies.[†4] At the theatre last night I saw *Hamlet,*[†5] and should have done better to "sit at home and mope" like the idle workmen. In the last scene, Laertes on being asked how it was with him replied (verbatim) "Why, like a woodcock—on account of my treachery."[†6]

To UNIDENTIFIED SANITARY ASSOCIATION, [LATE JANUARY 1854]

Mention in *To* Gaskell, 5 Feb 54. *Date:* "a week" before that letter.

Declining to address the Association, because of work.

February

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 1 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Night | First February 1854

My Dear Tracey

I have seen Miss Coutts, and I will come down to you tomorrow (Thursday)

afternoon at from ½ past 3 to 4. I suppose our fair friend[†1] could go to Holly Lodge next morning per omnibus, if I should think it desirable?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Tavistock House | Thursday Second February 1854

My Dear Beard

Next Tuesday is my birthday. We purpose on that great National occasion going down to Waite's[†2] at Gravesend, and there dining at 5 O'Clock. Will you join us? Or do you think you could manage a whole holiday? In that case we would go freshly down by Steamer early in the morning, walk to Rochester, and return through Cobham Woods—taking a clean pair of boots, for comfort's sake, in a carpet bag.

If the Griffin[†3] does not put his hoof in the business, I think this would be pleasant.

Ever Faithfully
CD

P.S. The other day I heard the nurse say to the Baby, "Master Plornish Maroon, there's your pa a callin for you."

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Night | Second February 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

You will be disappointed in the appearance of Mrs. Marchmont the Shepherd's Bush Candidate.[†4] She has none of the brightness of Mrs. Morson, is common looking, and lumpish. But she is quietly confident herself, and Tracey is so certain of her that he staggers me. His domain is so extremely well kept, and he is such an admirable administrator, that I have no right to think him wrong when he expresses such absolute confidence. But I must add (with the risk of contradiction by

experience, before me) that I never should have derived that confidence myself, from any feature in this "good lady's" face.

She could be put under Mrs. Morson's direction immediately, and could form herself during the rest of Mrs. Morson's stay.

I have received the enclosed letter and accounts as you see them, from Mr. Austin.[†1]

My Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Third February 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will see Elliotson, and ascertain the name. From his description, I think it must be a poor lady with the singularly inappropriate name of Goodluck.[†2]

I would certainly see Mrs. White,[†3] and make a comparison between her appearance and that of Mrs. Marchmont. I cannot say, however, that Mrs. White's testimonial seems to have much bearing on what we want in her. And I am a little afraid of that intensely respectable family!

I have paid, besides Charley's accounts which you have:

Mrs. Matthews	£35.	0.	0
The poor schoolmistress[†4]	10.	0.	0

In reference to the £40 paid on account of the Westminster business,[†5] I find in my banking book that a cheque for £40 drawn for you (I use the cabalistic sign in such a case "Trust, B.C.") was *paid* on the 7th. March. That, I have no doubt, was the cheque for Mr. Austin, which, by his note, would seem to have been *drawn* on the 27th. February. Now on the 4th. of March, I find by the same banking book, that you repaid me £132. 5. 5.[†6] As I have not the least recollection of your owing me this £40, I think it must have been included in that amount. How does this seem to you—when you have got over the head ache occasioned by these terrific figures?

My Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To COVENTRY PATMORE,[†1] 4 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Tavistock House | Fourth February 1854

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly reluctant to send you back the enclosed Verses,[†2] for there is matter in them that I think very good indeed, and your own opinion of them naturally has weight with me. But I cannot satisfy myself that the case is so fairly stated, as to justify me in presenting it in that strong contrast—the rather as any little injustice in such a regard, invariably damages the cause intended to be served.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Coventry Patmore Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 5 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night | Fifth February 1854

My Dear Beard.

Unless the day on Tuesday should be what the Americans call "a reglar Down Easter", I purpose taking the Blackwall Train which leaves Fenchurch Street at 12—and you know (I believe) that a little thing won't put me off. In case of your being by any accident (which Fate and its attendant Griffins forbid!) detained, there is a train from London Bridge Terminus at 2, and another at 3..40. Hostelry, Waite's Hotel Gravesend. Dinner hour, 5.

Ever Cordially Yours
CD

Thomas Beard Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fifth February 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

Here is Dr. Elliotson's reply, in reference to the poor ladies.[†1] I was not wrong in my supposition that the name must be Goodluck.

Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To THE REV. WILLIAM GASKELL, 5 FEBRUARY 1854

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* The Reverend William Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Fifth February 1854

My Dear Mr. Gaskell.

I assure you with great reluctance that I am really unable to do what you ask me.[†2] I have so much to do, and add so many items of business in the sanitary way (both physical and moral) to the regular occupations of my life, that I am positively afraid to encroach by a hair's breadth on my rest and recreation. I know that my compliance with your request would only occupy me a couple of days or so, after I should have decided what to do; but the consciousness of having departed from my enforced principle and pledged myself to anything new, would worry and beset me from that moment, and not only put me off from that task but hamper me in every other. I hold my ability to do my work as a pleasure, on this tenure; and I never have been able, and never shall be able, to lighten its conditions. I was obliged to give this same explanation to another sanitary body seeking my assistance, only a week ago. I believe I repeat it, in one form or other, at least a thousand times a year.

I hope you understand me, and that you feel that I do not merely excuse myself.

You do not say that Mrs. Gaskell was delighted with the external aspect of Paris,[†3] but I suppose I may take that for granted. I am sorry, however, that her first impressions were not formed on a fine evening in the early summer,[†4] with the whole City turned inside out, and all its inhabitants sitting out of doors. Will you tell her on her return (if you see her before I do) that I have had all the calculations she wanted,[†5] exactly made; and that I will send them if she waves her pen as a token that she will like to have them.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth send their kindest regards.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Gaskell.

To MRS GRETTON,[†1] 5 FEBRUARY 1854

Extract in David J. Holmes catalogue No. 27 (1990); *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Tavistock House, 5 Feb 54; addressed Mrs Gretton.

The arrears of business consequent on my foreign trip, coupled with Christmas holidays and home-expeditions to Birmingham and Preston, have prevented my reading the Blind Man's Wreath until very lately.... I retain it for early insertion in Household Words.[†2]

To DR LYON PLAYFAIR, 5 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Imperial College of Science and Technology.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fifth February | 1854

My Dear Dr. Playfair.

I am very much obliged to you for your thoughtful remembrance in reference to the enclosed leaf from our good friend's Log.[†3]

I cannot say that any amount of usage reconciles me to the publication of small platitudes about myself personally, which have nothing in them, which from their very nature *can* have nothing in them, and which cannot (I conceive) have the faintest earthly interest for any human being. There is something, to me, so intensely ludicrous in being the helpless hero of these blanks in the gossip-lottery, that I always feel as if I were being shaved against my will with a street door scraper, and having my hair combed the wrong way with a garden rake, when I read them. I liked the Captain very much however, and I know he means well, and I really have not the moral courage to ask him to blot me out.[†4]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Lyon Playfair.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD,[†1] 5 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night Fifth February | 1854.

My Dear Stanny.

Unless it should rain cats, dogs, pitchforks, and Cochin China poultry,—the Train which leaves Fenchurch Street at 12 on Tuesday and arrives at Blackwall (to meet a Gravesend boat) at ¼ past 12, is my means of going down. In case of very bad weather, or our not meeting through any other cause, observe that there is a Gravesend train from London Bridge Terminus at 2, and another at 3..40. The Rendezvous is Waite's Hotel, Gravesend, and the dinner hour 5.

Ever Affectionately
CD.

Clarkson Stanfield Esqre.

To JAMES WATES,[†2] 5 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Boston Athenaeum.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fifth February 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his Compliments to Mr. Waite, and begs to say, that he wishes to have prepared in a convenient private room on Tuesday next the 7th. a good dinner for eight persons[†3] at five o'Clock punctually—some champagne ready in Ice—&c &c. As the party will probably come down early in the day, for a walk, he begs that there may be a good fire in the room by noon. He will be glad to receive one line in answer by return, to assure him that this note has not miscarried.

To R. J. LANE,[†4] [?6 FEBRUARY 1854]

Mention in *To* Lane, 9 Feb 54.

To A. H. LAYARD, 6 FEBRUARY 1854

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Sixth February 1854

My Dear Layard.

An Act of Parliament is necessary for the Incorporation of our Guild of Literature and Art,[†1] and Mr. Coates[†2] has prepared a short bill for the purpose.[†3] It will want a second name on its back besides Bulwer's; and he and I (Bulwer is my antecedent here) agree that it could not have a better or more appropriate one than yours. I have told Mr. Coates the Parliamentary Agent, that I thought I could answer for you. If the Committee on the Standing Orders decide to suspend them in its favor, the bill will be printed I believe in the course of this week.

Always Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Austen H. Layard Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 7 FEBRUARY 1854

Text from N, II, 541.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Morning Seventh February 1854

My Dear Cunningham.

I know you *must* be going out to dinner somewhere today, but be false to somebody and dine with me at 5, at a hurried little spread of half a dozen, at Waite's Hotel, Gravesend. It's my birthday. I am going down by Blackwall train at 12, then by boat—for a walk's sake. There is a North Kent line train at 2, and another at 3.40.

Ever affecy. Yrs.
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Seventh February 1854 | (My birthday)

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Will you read the enclosed letter, and give me your opinion on the expediency of my seeing the girl to whom it refers. I am inclined to do so, as a great deal must depend on the *degree* of her weakness. But if you should have any objection to the sort of case, then I had best leave her alone.

I cannot tell you how concerned I am that you should have the least cause of vexation, at this late hour, with Mrs. Morson. Or how curious I am to know what the cause is.

It is very perverse of you to have your Westminster party on Thursday, for it is my Household Words day, and my Sub Editor is ill, and I fear I shall not be able to get away before the evening. If I should be agreeably disappointed however, I will not fail to present myself.

May Marchmont prosper! I quite agree with you that so strong a recommendation from Tracey ought reasonably to turn the scale in her favor. I should attach hardly any importance to such a recommendation from our other Governor:[†1] but coming from him, I think it must have something in it. She *is* large—and also flabbier than I could wish.

Always Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MESSRS L. & H. NATHAN,[†2] 7 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS L. & H. Nathan Ltd.

Tavistock House, London | Seventh February 1854.

This is to certify that Messrs. Nathan of Titchbourne Street Haymarket London, were employed to make dresses for the performances of the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art, which were under my direction; and also that they have been similarly employed by me on many other occasions, public and private. They have always given me the utmost satisfaction. I can highly recommend them as excellent makers of costumes and fancy dresses—as being in all respects obliging, punctual, and reliable, and reasonable in their charges.

CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 7 FEBRUARY 1854

Mention in catalogue of Library of late Jonas Skougaard, Oslo, Sep 1969; *MS* 1 p.; dated 7 Feb 54.

To MRS WILLS, 8 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Mrs Edmond Kapp.

Tavistock House | Eighth February 1854

My Dear Mrs Wills.

Pray let me know how the Invalid is, this morning. I was very sorry indeed to miss him yesterday.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 9 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Ninth February 1854

My Dear B and E.

I wish you would consider whether there is any thing wanting in this advertisement.[†1] It looks plain, to me.

Always Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY BURNETT,[†2] 9 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Mr Edward S. Moore, III. *Address:* Henry Burnett Esquire | 98 Upper Brook Street | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Ninth February 1854

My Dear Burnett.

You must not damage yourself by your delicacy towards me. When you feel that you have no escape (if the case should ever strongly arise again) leave it to me to get out of the botheration as well as I can.

I have received the Captain's letter of introduction, and the lady is coming tomorrow.[†3] Of course the acceptance of her papers must entirely depend on their own merits and suitability to Household Words, and therefore she has as much real reason for coming as for going to the top of St. Pauls. However, she is one of ten thousand.

I am sorry to hear that you have had so much trouble;—but I should entreat you under any circumstances on no account to think of the repayment of that trifle[†4] until you grow rich—or to think that I think of it.

Catherine and Georgina send their loves. We were all very much pleased to find Charley[†5] such a rosy, well mannered, good frank boy.

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Burnett Esquire.

To LOUIS D'ELBOUX,[†1] 9 FEBRUARY 1854†

MS Princeton University Library. *Address:* Louis Delboux Esquire | Park Road | Freemantle | Southampton.

Tavistock House | Ninth February 1854

Dear Louis

I have never heard of my intention to visit the Ordnance Map Office,[†2] nor do I hear of many of my intentions until they come to me for my astonishment. But if that subject ever should be treated in Household Words, I will take care that you suffer no injustice in its pages.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK GYE,[†4] 9 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Ninth February 1854.

Dear Sir

You may perhaps have a general knowledge of the sad case of Mrs. Warner,[†5] formerly of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, who is dying of cancer in one of its most terrible forms, but who may yet linger for months in a state of hopeless suffering.[†6]

The Queen has been extremely kind to her, and a small committee of gentlemen have endeavoured to do something to put her mind at ease with reference to the wants of her own dire illness and of her family.[†7] It is in contemplation to have a Benefit for her which the Queen would patronize—I ought rather to say, the idea is under consideration. One of the first questions that have arisen, is, whether it would be practicable to get Covent Garden Theatre for one night—say the first off-night after its being opened for the next opera season. Before proceeding further, I have undertaken to ask you whether you could make it consistent with your arrangements to render this unfortunate lady so great a service.[†8]

Allow me to assure you that I am quite sensible of the magnitude of this petition, as well as of the very many reasons that may render it impossible for you to entertain it. I cannot refuse to accept the trust of writing to you, but I beg you to

understand that I discharge it with every consideration for the many demands on a gentleman in your position.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Gye Esquire.

To R. J. LANE, 9 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House | Ninth February 1854

My Dear Lane

Your note of Monday's date crossed the note from the Lord Chamberlain's office[†1] which (with all befitting ceremonies) answered the note from the Board of Green Cloth.[†2] I assure you that we should have been very happy to come, if we had not been hampered with an unlucky engagement. I said, when the invitation (here, I mean yours) was produced, "We will go!" upon which they set up a shrill cry of "Go! How *can*[†3] we go! Don't you *know*[†4] we're engaged?" I had previously told them all about Percy Street,[†5] so I said we had no business to be engaged—though I had made the engagement myself.

But we will all hope for a more auspicious horoscope before long.

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard J Lane Esquire.

To THE REV. WILLIAM VALENTINE,[†6] 9 FEBRUARY 1854

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 200; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 9 Feb 54.

Mr. Dickens has a great objection to associating himself, merely in name, with anything and would feel such a proceeding particularly discourteous in the case of so justly eminent a man.[†7]

To MRS GASKELL, 10 FEBRUARY 1854

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1925; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, Friday Evening, 10 Feb 54.

To FREDERIC OUVRY,[†1] 10 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Ivor L. Poole Ltd.

Tavistock House | Friday Night Tenth February | 1854

My Dear Sir

I wrote to Mr. Layard as a matter of course, as soon as it was settled that his name would be an appropriate and good one for the bill.[†2] He immediately assented and is quite prepared. I write to Mr. Coates by this post, to tell him so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To THOMAS COATES, [10 FEBRUARY 1854]

Mention in last.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 13 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS The Earl of Harrowby.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth February 1854

Messrs. Coutts and Co.

Please to deliver my banking-book to the Bearer,—

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth February 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

My faculties have not been greatly taxed to discover that in the De Foe case, as in all others, you are always like yourself and nobody else.

Mr. Charles Knight found the old man out, and came to confer with me on the matter. It is a perfectly genuine unaffected business. He has a wife and daughter who take in washing—he has had many children—they are poor—very clean and very industrious—and make no wry faces. The old fellow does not even pretend to have any particular literary interest in his illustrious Ancestor. He said he had read Robinson Crusoe once (!) but confinements and funerals came very expensive, and his had been a working life, and he had never had much time for anything else. Of his relationship there is no kind of doubt. Mr. Knight went into the case very carefully, and satisfied himself on that head by the plainest evidence.

A few of us are allowing them now £12 a year.[†1]—I say "a year"—but I ought rather to say we have some £20 in hand altogether, and are dealing out at that rate. Your ten will be a most noble Godsend, and will be most gratefully regarded by all.

I was out at Shepherds Bush on Saturday all day, making up the book. I want to confer with you about that little Rhena Pollard who has got the better of the establishment as yet by persisting in telling me the most audacious lie; but who must be brought to book somehow.

This leaves me in the act of cracking my head over my new story.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

I will enquire about Mrs. Goldsmith, directly.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 14 FEBRUARY 1854

Summary in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983; dated Tavistock House, 14 Feb 54; addressed Charles Knight.

Miss Coutts will give the Defoe family ten pounds a year and CD will be the banker.

To FREDERICK GYE, 15 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth February 1854

Dear Sir

I am sorry that I was not at home when you did me the honor to call here.

If you will oblige me by letting me know when I can see you at the Theatre, I will arrange to call upon you there at any time most convenient to yourself. I am very anxious to discharge myself of this responsibility as soon as possible, for the accounts I receive from day to day of the poor lady[†2] are most affecting.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Gye Esquire.

To C. J. WHITMORE,[†1] [?MID-FEBRUARY 1854]

Mention in Whitmore's address to the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union, 7 May 1877 (*Ragged School Union Quarterly Record*, July 1877, II, 98). *Date:* Whitmore stated that some years before, a week after "Nobody's Child" appeared in *HW*, he wrote to CD. There is no such article, but he almost certainly referred to W. B. Jerrold's "Anybody's Child" (4 Feb 54, VIII, 551), on the uncared-for waifs on the London streets, confusing the title with "Nobody's Story" in the Christmas No. of 1853.

Replying to Whitmore's suggestion that he could show him "Nobody's Child"; a kind letter, saying he could not take up all "Nobody's" children, but would see this particular specimen.[†2]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [MID-FEBRUARY 1854]

Mention in last, *fn. Date:* no doubt the same day or a day later.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth February 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

The enclosed is from Mrs. Goldsmith. Poor lady, I had no idea that she had suffered this heavy loss.[†3]

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Thursday Sixteenth February | 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

The £15 I have safely received enclosed in your note, and will duly apply as you

desire. Of course I shall be delighted to discharge my trust in reference to Dr. Elliotson.[†1]

I have sent you a note this morning from Mrs. Goldsmith. You will receive it after this, I suppose.

I take this opportunity of sending Bleak House. I have been taken away from my work this morning in endeavouring to reconcile managerial jealousies and bring about a serviceable benefit for Mrs. Warner. Her husband brings me accounts of her illness, so exquisitely painful that I *ache* afterwards from head to foot.

Ever My Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I think it a pity Mrs. Morson took that step—but under all the circumstances it seems to me nothing graver than a hasty error of judgment.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 16 FEBRUARY 1854

Summary in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983: *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 16 Feb 54; addressed Charles Knight.

CD will come to hold proposed council[†2] *with pleasure. But cannot dine out before Saturday 25th.*[†3]

To R. R. MADDEN, 16 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House London | Thursday Sixteenth February 1854

My Dear Sir

I hope I can shew you at once why it was necessary to take out those passages in the letters which you desire to restore.[†4]

When I came home from Italy, the first time, I wrote a little book called Pictures from Italy. The greater part of its contents I had written home in letters while I was there. Getting these sketches together, I remembered among others which had amused me in the writing, those passages which have attracted your attention; and I said to Lady Blessington "I remember having written such and such things to you. Do you think you have the letters by you?"[†5] She had, and lent them to me, and those extracts were published verbatim in the volume. They are extremely well known to a large number of readers (the Volume has been since republished in my cheap edition), and it would unquestionably do your book no good to present them at second hand.[†6]

I assure you that I have no letters of Lady Blessington's by me which possess the

kind of interest you describe.[†1] They all refer to occasions when we have been together, and to people we have been unreserved about, or to other affairs of a confidential nature. I should be most happy to render you the least assistance if it were within my power.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Madden.

To DR F. H. F. QUIN, 16 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Mr Brian Lake.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth February 1854

My Dear Homo.[†2]

Can you (and will you) dine here on Sunday week the 26th. at 6 o'Clock? No party—not more than half a dozen whom you know.

Faithfully Yours

Dr. Quin.

To MRS YOUNG,[†3] 16 FEBRUARY 1854†

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth February 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Young, and begs to express his regret that the accompanying paper is not adapted to Household Words. It is like any ordinary essay—using the word ordinary in the sense of its being designed for publication anywhere—and has nothing in common with the pervading spirit he tries to preserve in that journal. It is so removed from it that he finds himself unable to suggest what would bring it nearer. The indifferent administration of justice in India, and the heavy exactions to which the native population is exposed, have been already touched upon in Household Words in a dramatic account of a court of law,[†4] and in another article called a Pull at the Pagoda tree[†5]—or The Great Indian Bean Stalk[†6]—he does not accurately remember which, at the moment.[†7] The Indian Furlough regulations have also been treated of.[†8] It is necessary for such a purpose, to present some special evil in an animated life-like manner—as a thing seen by the writer, or going on before the reader. It is not enough to tell that India is misgoverned in this respect or in that (which everybody knows), but the aim of such

pages is to shew a striking instance as a play might shew it. Thus in the case of Soldiers' Wives, of which Mrs. Young spoke, as a subject of which she had personal knowledge. It would be comparatively useless and hopeless to tell in a general didactic way, in Household Words, that soldiers' wives suffer such and such great inconveniences. But an account of them, written like a soldier's wife, and presented as by a woman who had actually undergone them, would be quite another thing.[†1]

To MARK LEMON, 17 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Salisbury House Library, Iowa.

Tavistock House | Friday Seventeenth February 1854

My Dear Mark

I meant to have asked you last night for Tom Taylor's[†2] address[†3]—but the one absorbing interest drove it out of my head.

Ever affecy

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 18 FEBRUARY 1854

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth February 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I am sorry to say that I am not one of the Zoologicals,[†4] or I should have been delighted to have had a hand in the introduction of a child to the lions and tigers. But Wills shall send up to the gardens[†5] this morning and see if Mr. Mitchell the Secretary[†6] can be found. If he be producible, I have no doubt that I can send you what you want, in the course of today.

Such has been the distraction of *my* mind in *my* story that I have twice forgotten to tell you how much I liked the Modern Greek Songs.[†7] The article is printed and at press for the very next Number as ever is.

Don't you put yourself out at all, as to the division of the story[†8] into parts. I think you had far better write it in your own way. When we come to get a little of it into

type, I have no doubt of being able to make such little suggestions as to breaks of chapters, as will carry us over all that, easily.[†1]

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 20 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Twentieth February 1854

My Dear Mark

Will you note down and send me any slang terms among tumblers and Circuspeople, that you can call to mind?[†2] I have noted down some—I want them in my new story—but it is very probable that you will recall several which I have not got.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MESSRS W. CUBITT & CO., 22 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Second February | 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs W Cubitt & Co. and begs to say that he will pay to their account at Smith Payne's a cheque for the amount of his account, on the third of March.[†3]

To JOSEPH ELLIS,[†4] 23 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Mrs K. M. Jonas. *Address:* Mr. Joseph Ellis | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House. | Twenty Third February 1854

Dear Mr. Ellis

I would assist you (as I hope I have no need to say) in reference to the subject of your letter, if it were at all in my way or within my power. But I have not had the least connexion with the Daily News for years and years—since it was a few months old, in short—and have never once addressed anybody belonging to it, on any subject connected with it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 FEBRUARY 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Night | Twenty Fourth February 1854

My Dear Collins

Sitting reading tonight, it comes into my head to say, that if you look into Montaigne's journey into Italy (not much known now, I think, except to readers), you will find some passages that would be curious for extract.[†1] They are very well translated into a sounding kind of old English, in Hazlitt's translation of Montaigne.[†2]

If you are disengaged next Saturday, March the 4th. and it should be a fine day, what do you say to making it the occasion for our Rochester trip?

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire

To [?GEORGE G. CASS],[†3] 25 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Mr Brian Lake.

Tavistock House London | Twenty Fifth February 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Cass, and begs to say that his engagements render it impossible that he can entertain Mr. Cass's request. He has to add, in all good humour, that it is not his custom to go out upon hire.

To SAMUEL PHELPS,[†1] 25 FEBRUARY 1854†

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth February 1854

My Dear Sir

You will not have to pull down that wall.[†2] I am sorry to inform you that the difficulties in the way of the Queen's coming to Sadlers Wells, are insurmountable.[†3] But a very just reference is made to you and the Theatre, in Colonel Phipps's letter.[†4]

Will you come here tomorrow an hour before dinner—that is to say, at 5—and let us again review the circumstances and see if we can hit out any hopeful plan of paying these good people.[†5] I feel almost terrified at the idea of their losing their money.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 FEBRUARY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Seventh February | 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Is your Drury Lane box disengaged for tonight? If it be, will you let me have it. I have a morbid curiosity to see a new phase that is to be presented there,[†6] in the decline of a place that I once had a great interest in, and have had my hand in through many a long hour.[†7]

Tomorrow is the Committee day at Shepherd's Bush. If you could manage to be there under these circumstances of change, I think it would be serviceable. I begin to hope that Wallace[†1] may stop.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?FEBRUARY 1854]

Extract in F, VII, i, 565. *Date:* written, according to Forster, "in the course of [*Hard Times*] and after a few weeks' trial" at producing weekly Nos. *To* Lemon, 26 Feb, shows that he was already writing the third.

The difficulty of the space is C R U S H I N G . Nobody can have an idea of it who has not had an experience of patient fiction-writing with some elbow-room always, and open places in perspective. In this form, with any kind of regard to the current number, there is absolutely no such thing.[†2]

March

To JOHN KENYON, 1 MARCH 1854*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House | First March 1854

My Dear Mr. Kenyon

I am sorry to say that I am engaged on the seventh. I had dim misgivings on the subject when your note arrived while I was dressing this morning, and so did not answer it until my two flappers[†3] were up. They received my enquiry with shrill reproaches, and the present missive is the forlorn result.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Kenyon Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 1 MARCH 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | First March 1854

My Dear Mark

If I were not unfortunately engaged, I should have had the greatest pleasure in

dining with Madame Celeste[†1] today. For you know what a high opinion I always have of her good sense and thorough knowledge of her art. But the short notice floors me—though I have half a mind to back out of my previous "bespeak".

Ever affecy.
CD.

Over[†2]

I think Webster mad in that speculation[†3]—just stark mad.

To CHARLES EDMONDS,[†4] 2 MARCH 1854*

MS Mr Laurence H. Eldredge.

Tavistock House | Second March 1854

My Dear Sir

I have gone through your second edition[†5] with great pleasure, and am surprised to find how much you had done to add to the interest of the book. I admire the genuine spirit in which you have done it, and wish some other editors I know of were as hearty and as honest.

Accept my thanks for your note and the book, and Believe me

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Edmonds Esquire.

P.S.

Mr. Willis[†6] is not ruined yet, I observe, though he seemed rather bent on being destroyed by some unknown person or persons when there was a meeting in the Strand on the great Bickers and Bush[†7] question.[†8]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 3 MARCH 1854

Mention in N, II, 543 (from catalogue source); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 3 Mar 54.

Making an appointment.

To ALFRED WALLIS,[†1] 5 MARCH 1854

Mention in catalogue of Library of late Jonas Skougaard, Oslo, Sep 1969; *MS* 1 p.; dated 5 Mar 54.

To C. H. BLACKWOOD,[†2] 6 MARCH 1854*

Text from transcript by Walter Dexter, checked from MS Christie's, July 1971.

Tavistock House, London | Sixth March 1854

Dear Sir

Allow me, in acknowledging the receipt of your very obliging letter, to assure you that I am truly sensible of the worth of the confidence and esteem which are implied in its proposal.

I regret however, that I cannot consent to be put in nomination for the honorable post to which your communication refers.[†3] I never seek any distinction; nor can I, on any private intimation, consider the possibility of accepting this one.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles H Blackwood Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 6 MARCH 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening Sixth March 1854

My Dear Mark

Would you like a day down to the sea—Dover for instance—any day this week? A stroll and a breeze? Any day but Thursday (when I dine[†4] with old Charley Kemble)[†5] would suit me. I am, all the week, on a regimen of fresh air.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 7 MARCH 1854

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Seventh March 1854

My Dear B and E.

Throughout Hard Times, will you arrange when you get the corrected revises back from me (I now send those of the two first parts)[†6] to have *then* pulled, for my reference copy at work, a proof folded in any easy form for reference that may not give much trouble to your people. I want to avoid the botheration, both

of the long slips, and of having to cut my working copy out of the Nos. week by week.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 7 MARCH 1854*

MS Yale University Library.

Fok'sle | H. M. S. Tavistock | Tuesday 7th. March. Noon.

We're a goin', Old Salt—Mark and me, mind you—*this prsent night*, aboard o' that 'ere piratical craft the Britannia,[†1] as we were aspeaking on the last time we hailed one another on a theatrical cruise, the wind being then N. W. by W. and we going through the water at the rate of 7 knots. Will you come alongside the Albion lying in Little Russell Roads,[†2] at 5 punctual? Say yes. Don't be a sodger, but hoist your Blue Peter like a geniwine A B, and don't skulk under hatches like a damned sea-lawyering, cuttle-fishing, loblollyboying, Swab.[†3]

Dick

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 7 MARCH 1854

Text from MDGH, I, 350-1.

Tavistock House, Tuesday, March 7th, 1854.

My dear White,

I am tardy in answering your letter; but "Hard Times," and an immense amount of enforced correspondence, are my excuse. To you a sufficient one, I know.

As I should judge from outward and visible appearances, I have exactly as much chance of seeing the Russian fleet reviewed by the Czar as I have of seeing the English fleet reviewed by the Queen.[†4]

"Club Law" made me laugh very much when I went over it in the proof yesterday. It is most capitally done, and not (as I feared it might be) too directly. It is in the next number but one.[†5]

Mrs. [Crowe][†6] has gone stark mad—and stark naked—on the spirit-rapping imposition. She was found t'other day in the street, clothed only in her chastity, a pocket-handkerchief and a visiting card. She had been informed, it appeared, by the

spirits, that if she went out in that trim she would be invisible. She is now in a madhouse, and, I fear, hopelessly insane.[†1] One of the curious manifestations of her disorder is that she can bear nothing black. There is a terrific business to be done, even when they are obliged to put coals on her fire.

[Bulwer][†2] has a thing called a Psycho-grapher, which writes at the dictation of spirits. It delivered itself, a few nights ago, of this extraordinarily lucid message:

X. Y. Z!

upon which it was gravely explained by the true believers that "the spirits were out of temper about something." Said [Bulwer][†2] had a great party on Sunday, when it was rumoured "a count was going to raise the dead." I stayed till the ghostly hour, but the rumour was unfounded, for neither count nor plebeian came up to the spiritual scratch. It is really inexplicable to me that a man of his calibre can be run away with by such small deer.

À propos of spiritual messages comes in Georgina, and, hearing that I am writing to you, delivers the following enigma to be conveyed to Mrs. White:

"Wyon of the Mint[†3] lives *at* the Mint."

Feeling my brain going after this, I only trust it with loves from all to all.

Ever faithfully

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 MARCH 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Night Eighth March | 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you a note I have received, from Mrs. Goldsmith. I do not understand it as requiring any answer, and have written none. Perhaps you know as little about the cottages the poor lady mentions, as I do.

With kind regards, Ever dear Miss Coutts

Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

We heard from Charley yesterday. Quite well, and working with his emancipation before him.[†1] Very indignant with his Professor for "always blowing-up England."

To MRS CARLYLE,[†2] 9 MARCH 1854*

MS New Brunswick University Library.

Tavistock House | Ninth March 1854

My Dear Mrs. Carlyle.

Your experiment was not a fair one. If you will be so kind as to instruct your maid, one night when you have gone to bed and don't expect it, to set your own house carefully on fire in several places, and then to light up Carlyle from head to foot and get him to rush to your be[d]side with the intelligence, I have reason to hope (from enquiries I have made into the subject) that you will be satisfactorily grey in the morning.

Although Miss Anderson's[†3] tale, however carefully I might have condensed it, would have been at any time very seriously too long for Household Words, and especially now when I am about to write a long story therein which will last five months, I would nevertheless have accepted it with great pleasure, for the good there is in it, if the fair-haired child had not been that lady's, stolen away. This commonplace incident is fatal to the story. An elephant could not have stopped up the way to the Printer's, more obstinately.

But I sincerely think that Miss Anderson has qualities which should make her a good writer, if she add to them patience and a determination to work steadily. If she should try again, I shall be very glad indeed to read the result.[†4] I would counsel her not to try at too much—not to think of getting a book into a few pages—and above all things to make her people *express themselves* as people do in the real world. The more she can forget herself and remember them, the better for all parties. I would strongly advise her not to have too much to do—by name—with the real, the ideal, the beautiful, the infinite, and so forth. She has real tenderness and a very quick perception. If she will give these fair play, if she will concentrate them with all her heart and soul (seven eighths won't do) on any one incident or purpose, if she will hammer that incident or purpose out with a hand that never wanders to anything else while it has that thing to do, I think she may find her account in her work. But she must discard a half-dreamy state between sleeping and waking, and be content to take infinite pains, with her eyes wide open. Whatever she writes about must be going on before her, and must make her laugh or cry immeasurably more than any body else. She must (as far as I know) thoroughly convince herself of its reality before she can hope to convince any one else of it.

I send Carlyle herewith, my love, a large Newfoundland dog, a blood-hound whose bay is very fine, three Cochin China cocks and thirteen hens, and a Cockatoo. When you want the Cockatoo to scream louder than he always does, please

aggravate him with a red handkerchief; but I hope you will find his natural noise sufficient—particularly as he is always pleased when the dogs fight, and they generally fight all day. They only howl at night.[†1]

Dear Mrs. Carlyle | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 9 MARCH 1854

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Tavistock House, London | Ninth March 1854.

My Dear De la Rue.

A letter which under the insane direction of the Postmaster General went in some wild manner after William Granet[†2] and never found him, having come back again in the coolest manner, I rise to explain—as they say in our English House of Commons.

The main purport of that letter was to assure you in the strongest manner that I believe Elliotson never attended an insane patient in his life. I never heard of his having such a case, and I know that it would be as much out of the usual course of his practice as out of yours or mine. I hope you will tell Madame De la Rue. I understand, and should really myself sympathize with, her instinctive objection if it had any foundation in fact. But it has none. She is entirely mistaken.[†3]

It was considered, when I came home, such a great thing that I should write a story for Household Words, that I am at present up to the eyes in one. It is to be published in Household Words, weekly, through five months, and will be altogether as long as five Nos. of Copperfield or Bleak House. I did intend to be as lazy as I *could* be all through the summer, but here I am with my armour on again.

The spirit rapping rottenness is fading away, after having done a world of harm, and driven divers and sundry out of their five wits. There is a certain Mrs. Crowe, usually resident in Edinburgh, who wrote a book called the Nightside of Nature, and rather a clever story called Susan Hopley.[†4] *She* was a medium, and an Ass, and I don't know what else. The other day she was discovered walking down her own street in Edinburgh, not only stark mad but stark naked too. She said the Spirits had informed her that if she walked out with a card in her right hand and her pocket-hand kerchief in her left—and nothing else—she would be invisible. But she was not surprised (she added) to find herself visible, because she remembered that in opening the street door, she had changed the card into the left hand and the pocket hand kerchief into the right! She is now under restraint of course.[†5] Bulwer is one of the true believers. He had a great party last Sunday, whereat we assisted; and it was rumoured towards the ghostly hour "that a Count was going to raise the dead". However, the Count didn't appear, and we came home. Bulwer has a machine called a Psycho-grapher, said to write at the dictation of Spirits. A fair blue-stocking then

present informed the Inimitable undersigned that she had been there a few nights before, when the spirits wrote the following highly sensible communication

"X. Y. Z"

Upon which the true believers said, "the Spirits were out of temper about something"!

War is the one word here.[†1] I suspect it will be a little less popular this time next year, when the cost of War is practically understood. Everything is very dear, and the doubling of the Income Tax already occasions a growl.[†2] I saw Collins the other day who was anxious to be remembered to Madame De la Rue and you, whenever I should write. Egg has been shut up for some time, working at his picture for the next Exhibition[†3]—and living on the reputation of his never to be forgotten Sally at Gibbs's.[†4] Mrs. Dickens and Georgy send their loves, and the former wants to know whether Madame De la Rue ever received her letter about the Italian dishes"?[†5]

We have still some idea that you may both be coming over this year. It has been extremely cold here, and Charley writes from Leipzig that there has been nothing but ice and snow. The Spring flowers are coming out now, however, and this morning it is sunny and warm.

A Beast of a letter, My Dear De la Rue, but take the will for the deed.

Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WARNER, [9 MARCH 1854]

Mention in next.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 9 MARCH 1854

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current,* I (1914-16); dated 9 Mar 54.

I have communicated what I fear will be a very grievous disappointment to Mrs. Warner only this morning.[†6]

To WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, 11 MARCH 1854*

MS J. & S. Graphics, Inc.

Tavistock House | Eleventh March 1854

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for the "small book of Verses".[†1] I hope its success will be a good encouragement to you, and a happy beginning of the enterprise that brings you to London.[†2]

With all good wishes, | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Allingham Esquire.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 11 MARCH 1854

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eleventh March 1854

My Dear Cunningham

Being down at Dover yesterday, I happened to see the Illustrated London News lying on the table, and there read a reference to my new book[†3] which I believe I am not mistaken in supposing to have [been][†4] written by you.

I don't know where you may have found your information, but I can assure you that it is altogether wrong. The title was many weeks old, and chapters of the story were written, before I went to Preston or thought about the present Strike.[†5] The mischief of such a statement is twofold. First, it encourages the public to believe in the impossibility that books are produced in that very sudden and Cavalier manner (as poor Newton[†6] used to feign that he produced the elaborate drawings he made in his madness, by winking at his table);[†7] and Secondly in this instance it has this pernicious

bearing: It localizes (so far as your readers are concerned) a story which has a direct purpose in reference to the working people all over England, and it will cause, as I know by former experience, characters to be fitted on to individuals whom I never saw or heard of in my life.

I do not suppose that you can do anything to set this mis-statement right, being made; nor do I wish you to set it right. But if you will, at any future time, ask me what the fact is before you state it, I will tell you, as frankly and readily as it is possible for one friend to tell another, what the truth is and what it is not.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES ELLIS, 13 MARCH 1854

MS Private.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Monday Thirteenth March 1854

Dear Mr. Ellis

I don't care so particularly for the Port as to lay any of it down; having a good deal as it is, in a small cellar.

I want for this place, some good light champagne not exceeding about 50/- per dozen cash price.[†1] If you have such a wine that you can really recommend me, I shall be glad to take 6 dozen as soon

as you can send it. We have been in the habit of having it here, from a house in the City; but I dare say you can do it much better.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To MISS EMMELY GOTSCHALK, 13 MARCH 1854*

MS Private. *Address:* Miss Emmy Gotschalk | 13 Alfred Place | West Thurloe Square | Brompton.

Tavistock House | Monday Thirteenth March 1854.

My Dear Miss Gotschalk.

Either on Saturday next at 3, or on Sunday at half past 1, I shall be very happy to see you. Your last note interested and pleased me, greatly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emmy Gotschalk.

To MARK LEMON, 15 MARCH [1854]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* 15 Mar was Wednesday in 1854.

Tavistock House | (Price only Five Thousand Guineas)
Fifteenth March, Wednesday

My Dear Mark

I think of going down to Ramsgate tomorrow, by quick train at ½ past 12, and returning so as to be back in town by 10 at night—dining near the Pier in the meantime.

How are you engaged? Can you come?

Ever affectionately Yours | The Floorer of Opposition | and
Smasher of Chairmen.[†1]

To MR WARD,[†2] 16 MARCH 1854*

MS (in Wills's hand) Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
16 March 1854

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Ward and begs to thank him for his letter of the 4th. Instant respecting the burial of Henry the Fourth.[†3]

Mr Dickens will take the earliest opportunity of taking the subject into consideration.[†4]

To W. J. CLEMENT, 17 MARCH 1854*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth March 1854

My Dear Clement. He[†5] had bought his own tomb sometime before. He had a particular fondness for the spot, which is in the Norwood Cemetery. I was to have appointed a day to walk with him and see it, but thought—God help us all!—that there was time enough.

You know what an extraordinary house it is—not less so under these circumstances than under any other—but more so. I only know accidentally, that he is to be buried on Monday. The hour has not come to my knowledge, but if you decide to make the journey here, I can of course ascertain it.

If you come, pray stay with us. Send me a telegraph message, mentioning, in that case, by what Train you come. You will find us quite alone.

Very faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

W. J. Clement Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 MARCH 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth March 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

I warmly feel your kind note. The suddenness of the intelligence[†1] was quite overwhelming. I was walking in Covent Garden on Monday Afternoon when the evening papers were just out, and Mr. Lemon met me and told me what had happened. I got into a Cab directly and drove to the house; and they only knew there, even then, that he had been reported through the Electric Telegraph to have been suddenly taken ill.

We had two engagements to keep together. One was, to go and see a little farm he had purchased in the Isle of Sheppey. The other—to walk to his grave! He was very fond of it, he said, and accustomed himself to associate it with a day of rest. It is in the Norwood Cemetery, where he will be buried of course.

I send you a few lines I have written in remembrance of him, for next week's Household Words.[†2]

It is a mercy O[†3] did not seriously hurt herself. A lady-friend of ours broke her leg at about the same time in very much the same manner. Do you think it would be good for her to hear half an hour of

my new story? It contains the dawn of the idea and is not at all distressing—yet. If you would like it, as the publication begins tomorrow fortnight, I would come up any evening in the meantime, except Wednesdays.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

I have received an account of a case for the Home, from the Curate of Hammersmith.[†4] The girl is to come here tomorrow morning.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 17 MARCH 1854

Text from MDGH, I, 351-2 ([aa]corrected from Sotheby catalogue facsimile, July 1983).

[a]Tavistock House | Seventeenth March 1854[a]

My Dear Knight.

I have read the article with much interest. It is most conscientiously done, and

presents a great mass of curious information condensed into a surprisingly small space.[†1]

I have made a slight note or two here and there, with a soft pencil, so that a touch of indiarubber will make all blank again.

[a]And I earnestly entreat your attention to the point (I have been working upon it, weeks past, in Hard Times) which I have jocosely suggested on the last page but one. The English are, so far as I know, the hardest worked people on whom the sun shines. Be content if in their wretched intervals of leisure they read for amusement and do no worse. They are born at the oar, and they live and die at it. Good God, what would we have of them![†2]

Affectionately Yours always

CD.[a]

To JOHN POOLE, 17 MARCH 1854*

MS New York Public Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Seventeenth March 1854

My Dear Poole.[†3] He is to be buried—poor fellow—on Monday. In the Norwood Cemetery. He had chosen the place himself, and had the Grave made.[†4]

I heard it as suddenly as you. I went instantly to Russell Square. An electric message had been sent up, and she[†5] had gone to Stafford. He died instantly. He had risen a few moments before, and, while he spoke standing, was observed to speak indistinctly. It is supposed that he felt some strange sensation, and rose to shake it off. He slid slowly down, and died.

His son Tom[†6] had breakfasted with him that morning, and he had been out walking before breakfast. He had been in his usual health and his usual spirits. Dining with Wightman[†7] and his son on the previous day, he had talked of some of his old friends after dinner. I was one of them.

It is impossible as yet to say how she feels it. She *shows* very little emotion. She took her youngest daughter, Kate, with her to Stafford. They were afraid to ask if he were dead, and they paid a man to shew them the way from the station to the town. As he went before them, he turned and said "This is a sad thing, this death of

Judge Talfourd!" Seeing her change, he said "What? Did you know him then?" She replied, very distinctly, "A little."

You shall have the Examiner[†1] without fail. The little remembrance on the other side, is, of course, mine.[†2]

We are all well, and they send you their loves. I am very busy and write in a few moments before post time.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To LADY TALFOURD, 17 MARCH 1854

Extract in N, II, 547-8 (from catalogue source); dated Tavistock House, 17 Mar 54.

When I heard, on Monday afternoon, of the bereavement we both in our far different places so heavily deplore.... I have not obtruded myself upon you, for I well knew (or have hoped so) that if I could be of the smallest service or comfort to you, or anybody dear to you, you would instinctively trust my love to my dear departed Friend.

I have written a brief remembrance of him for the Household Words of next week.... It consists of only a few plain words out of my heart, but they may speak to yours.[†3] God comfort you.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [18 MARCH 1854]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* the Saturday before Talfourd's funeral on 20 Mar. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge.

Tavistock House | Saturday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts.

A very old friend of poor Talfourd's at Shrewsbury, has sent me an electric telegraph message saying he is coming here tomorrow, as he wishes to see his grave before it is closed. He is to be buried on Monday.—I don't feel sure that this friend will be gone that evening, and I should prefer another if it will suit you as well. Shall we say Tuesday? Or if that will not do, Friday? I will call tomorrow to arrange this.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 18 MARCH 1854

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eighteenth March | 1854

My Dear Cunningham

Here it is.[†1] I should have asked you to take one with you when you were here yesterday, but I had not then got them from the printer.

Cordially Yours always

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 MARCH 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twentieth March 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The enclosed letter looks to me as if it might refer to a good case. I should be disposed to help the writer with a pound or two, if it should turn out to be so. Would you? I have not sent to enquire yet, but Mr. Wills is ready to descend upon the family suddenly.

You can tell me tomorrow.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY HEARN,[†2] 20 MARCH 1854*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Henry Hearn Esquire | Buckingham.

Tavistock House, London | Monday Twentieth March 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Henry Hearn, and begs to express his regret that his engagements render it impossible for him to have the pleasure of accepting the invitation of the Buckingham Literary and Scientific Institution. He assures Mr. Hearn that he declines it solely for this reason, and not for any want of interest in the Association, or because of the modesty of its pretensions.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [?MARCH 1854]

Mention in T. E. Weller *to* CD, 23 Mar 54 (Appx C). *Date:* no doubt shortly before Weller's letter written after Frederick had shown him CD's.

In reply to Frederick's request for advice, discouraging his wife Anna (née *Weller*) *from entering the musical profession.* †aAllowing *Anna* to be 20 times a better player than

Christiana†1 she would still be far behind the leading Pianists of the time.†a *Adding criticism of Christiana as a player and Mrs Weller as her teacher.*†2

To T. E. WELLER, 24 MARCH 1854*

MS (copy in Weller's hand, enclosed in Weller *to* Christiana Thompson, [?26 Mar 54]) Mrs Sowerby.

Tavistock House 24 Mar | 54

Sir

I should be sorry to write an ungracious word to you. This note closing our correspondence need be very short; I am glad to have so small a chance of stumbling upon one by accident.†3

It is necessary to set you right—for my own satisfaction—on one point.

I have exactly the same feeling towards your daughter Christiana now as when I first saw her.†4 I never admired her more, or had greater pleasure in her abilities than when I saw her in Italy a little while ago.†5 But there is a wide gulf of difference, recognized by most of the sane persons I have known, between the graces and talents that justly captivate in private, and their power of competition in public performances with the picked artists of Europe.

This difference applicable both to learning & teaching I pointed out to my brother in a perfectly unreserved letter, which he was quite free to shew to you or to publish at Charing Cross, if he considered it the act of a gentleman to do so. The opinions to which I referred for the first & last time as strengthening my advice to be extremely cautious in the avoidance of rash assumptions were not mine and would have been valueless if they had been mine. I have not the least knowledge of music I only love it.

Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

T. E. Weller Esq.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 MARCH 1854*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Tavistock House | Friday Night Twenty Fourth March | 1854

My Dear Wills.

I particularly wish to have the subject to which the accompanying papers (just received)†6 refer, done *at once*. Will you let Morley know that I shall feel greatly obliged to him if he will write a little paper

on it for our immediate publication.[†7] He will be perfectly fair and just, of course; but I hope he will not turn the equitable

balance, one hair's weight in favor of the Mill Owners.[†1] I spoke to you once before on this question. I have the strongest feeling of indignation and horror on the subject. I would rather not be on the jury, or I would have sat down and written about it myself, tonight.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 MARCH 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Fifth March 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Will you read the accompanying note which Mr. Wills sent me up last [night],[†2] as his usual day's report. The Mrs. Dannan[†3] of whom he writes, is the Governess lady, whom you have twice or thrice befriended, and whom I saw some two years ago and described to you.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To [JAMES BOORNE],[†4] 27 MARCH 1854

Text from *Reading Mercury*, 1 Apr 54.

Tavistock House, 27th March, 1854.

Dear Sir.

I am very sensible of the feelings with which the directors of the Reading Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institution[†5] do me the honour of offering me the office of which I know my deceased friend[†6] to have been very proud.

Proposed to me in remembrance of his affectionate regard, I cannot do otherwise than accept it, with a melancholy gratification.

I beg to forward my subscription as a life member, and to assure the directors of my cordial interest in the establishment, and my heartfelt gratification in their association of me with the ornament they have lost.[†7]

I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.[†8]

To MRS GASKELL, 27 MARCH 1854*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton. *Address* (envelope, MS John Rylands Library):
P.S. | Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester. PM MR 27 1854.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Seventh March 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I too have been in a state of dismay and wonder on the subject of your paper,[†1] until a few words in your note received this morning suggest to me what I apprehend *must*[†2] have become of it.

"Postpaid", you say. "In one tenpenny and one twopenny stamp. (I should have thought it was heavier.)"

Hereupon a horrible idea seizes me that it must have been insufficiently prepaid, and therefore

REFUSED!!!

at the door of this establishment. I suppose more letters come here than to the Home Office. All letters not paid (and they are very numerous) are returned into the Postman's hands as a matter of course. My servant cannot recollect that on Saturday week, that particular day, any such case occurred; but he remembers there having been several lately, and on one morning three or four. I therefore compass in my mind this horrible possibility.

—Horrible, only on account of its absurd character. Because, in such a case, the paper is beyond doubt recoverable. We will send to Rowland Hill[†3] immediately, to enquire, but it may perhaps be sent back to you in the meantime. If so, pray let me know and let me have it again, without delay.

Edwin Landseer[†4] brought that game here some nights ago, and we played it with immense success. Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their kindest regards.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND, 27 MARCH 1854*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Seventh March 1854

I beg to state to the Committee of the Literary Fund, that I am acquainted with the merits of the two sisters Miss Maria Goodluck and Miss Louisa Goodluck, and that I know them to be worthy of all assistance and relief. They are the authoresses of several little books, and some of their verses for children are of unusual merit.[†5] Further, I can add from my knowledge of Dr. Elliotson who has been a most generous and earnest friend to them, that any grant the Committee may be pleased

to make in their behalf will be thoroughly well used, and devoted to their permanent advantage.[†1]

CHARLES DICKENS

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 27 MARCH 1854

Extract from Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, Leipzig, 1912, p. 53.

Tavistock House, March 27th, 1854.

You have seen the announcements, no doubt, of my new story in *Household Words*. Would you wish to anticipate it or to have any particular and separate arrangement made respecting it? I shall be very happy to do any thing you may wish.[†2]

To MRS HARRISON,[†3] [?LATE MARCH 1854]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 31 Mar 54. *Date:* probably shortly before *To* Miss Coutts, 29 Mar.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 MARCH 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Afternoon | Twenty Ninth March 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have just received the enclosed from Mrs. Harrison.

Always Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To [RICHARD] ROGERS,[†4] 30 MARCH 1854*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth March 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Rogers, and begs to say that his engagements prevent his complying with the request of the President and Committee of the London Coffee and Eating House Keepers' Association.[†5] His time is fully occupied, and the very limited number of public invitations he can accept, out of the very large number proposed to him, is already completed for this season.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 30 MARCH 1854*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth March 1854

My Dear Tracey.

Thanks! Indiscretion itself,[†1] in capital letters forty feet high.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 31 MARCH 1854†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Thirty First March 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

Unluckily, I am engaged to go down to Maidstone early on Monday Morning, to walk from that place to Gravesend through Cobham woods.

I cannot, I confess, believe that Mrs. Harrison said nothing to Wallace about taking her into her service. It will be best, I think, to answer her letter, and I will do so with all possible plainness. I was careful in acknowledging her first communication on the subject, to observe those points which have presented themselves to your mind. She quite understands from me, that she is doing no sort of service to you or to any one interested in the Home.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Always Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, [?MARCH 1854]

Mention in *To* Wills, 30 July 54. *Date:* CD says he wrote to Bradbury on the "placard's" appearance: probably during the month before *Hard Times* began (1 Apr).

Objecting to a hideous placard all askew, invented in Whitefriars for Hard Times.

April

To MARK LEMON, 4 APRIL 1854

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Tuesday Fourth April 1854

My Dear Mark.

We want (Wills and I) to ask you a question or two about Frederic.[†2] If this should find you, can you come round here any time before the Guild Meeting at 4?

Ever affecy.

CD.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 4 APRIL 1854*

MS Rosenbach Museum & Library. *Address:* Private | Samuel Phelps Esquire | Sadlers Wells Theatre.

Private

Tavistock House | Fourth April, 1854

My Dear Sir

Mr. Forster and I have considered the truly painful subject[†1] on which you spoke to me this morning—as far as it is possible to consider anything so surprising and out of reason—and I am sorry to say that the only conclusion we can come to, is but a poor and lame one.

Mr. Forster thought, at once, of one of the gentlemen whose names came into my head this morning. (The other I understand to be at a discount just now, with the enthroned majesty[†2] of the seventh Dramatic Heaven.) But this insurmountable difficulty then presented itself, that even if he were willing to accept the office of Mediator, he would certainly be prevented from doing so, by having no credentials. In whose name is he to act? Who, under such circumstances, would allow his name to be used as authorizing a pathetic representation to Mr. Kean?[†3] I would not do so, myself, on any consideration[†4]—I should as soon think of going down on my forehead to the King of Borrioboola[†5]—and I find I am not peculiar in this feeling. If the dreadful necessity of the case, and its most affecting circumstances, will not of themselves do the wretched little service, what gentleman can sue in formâ pauperis for such a thing? And without being directly commissioned by some one he knows, how can we expect any friend of Mr. Kean's,[†6] to speak to him on the subject?

We think that there is nothing to be done but for Mr. Warner[†7] to write Mr. Kean a letter distinctly telling him that the rent is demanded, and that an execution is impending, and plainly putting before *him* the responsibility of such an outrage being inflicted on this unfortunate lady while there are funds in hand, contributed for her relief and support.[†8] I write this note for your eye only; but I take my part in this advice—simply because, in circumstances so incomprehensible on the one hand and so distressful on the other, there seem to be no other human means of moving a step further.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire.

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 5 APRIL 1854

Text from N, II, 548.

Tavistock House | 5th April 1854

A capital sign indeed;[†1] and I am very much obliged to you for so promptly sending it up to me.

Faithfully Yours always

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN,[†2] 5 APRIL 1854*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Fifth April, 1854

My Dear Sir

I have gone over the accounts,[†3] and find them plain and clear.

Have the goodness to pay the balance due to me,[†4] to my account at Coutts's, and to pay half the profits of Oliver Twist Cheap Edition,[†5] to Bradbury and Evans as usual.

I share your apprehensions as to the probable effects of the War, on books.[†6] However, we will hope for the best, and not begin to croak until we are positively nipped in some fleshy place.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To ALEXANDER DOLAND,[†7] 5 APRIL 1854

MS Garrick Club.

Tavistock House | Fifth April, 1854

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter of Saturday last, and to enclose a cheque for £22:1:0 the amount of my entrance fee and subscription for the current year as a member of the Garrick Club.[†8]

Do me the favor to assure the committee that I am very sensible of their cordial

welcome, and that I shall be very happy to take the chair at the anniversary Dinner[†1] on the 22nd in compliance with the request they do me the honour to prefer.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Alexander Doland Esquire.

To HENRY MORLEY, 5 APRIL 1854*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Fifth April, 1854

My Dear Sir

I receive the eminent Doctor[†2] with open arms, as a thoroughly good old fellow most genially and cordially presented; with everything about him "in a concatenation accordingly."[†3]

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in kind regards to Mrs. Morley,[†4] the radiant daughter,[†5] and the father who (of course) will never spoil her.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 5 APRIL 1854*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Fifth April 1854 | Wednesday Evening

Dear Sir

As I do not attend the Dinner,[†6] I return the tickets.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To A. H. LAYARD, 6 APRIL 1854*

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth April, 1854

My Dear Layard

Poor Wilson's death[†7] leaves a vacancy in the Guild Trustees, which I am sure

cannot be better filled than by you, as I know all the rest of us will think.[†1] Don't trouble yourself to answer this. I shall put your name in at a venture, on your general permission to make you serviceable. You will find yourself in the best company, in letters, science, and art.[†2]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Austen H. Layard Esquire M. P.

To DR W. P. ALISON,[†3] 7 APRIL 1854*

MS Rosenbach Museum & Library. *Address:* Favored by Samuel Phelps Esquire. | Dr. Alison | Edinburgh.

Tavistock House, London
Friday Evening Seventh April | 1854.

My Dear Dr. Alison.

My friend Mr. Phelps who is coming to Edinburgh to fulfil an engagement at the Theatre,[†4] is an accomplished gentleman deserving of all recognition as a thoroughly good public instructor.[†5] I really know no one in Edinburgh to whom I could so heartily desire to present him as yourself. I am sure you will be interested in him, and I know that such public services as yours enlist his warmest sympathy.[†6]

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Alison.

To J. G. M. BURT,[†1] 7 APRIL 1854

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 4 Oct 1977; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 7 Apr 54; addressed Dr Burt, Edinburgh.

Introducing his friend Mr Phelps. In his public capacity I dare say you already know and like him, but I am sure you will like him at least as well in his character of a private gentleman. I am really anxious that he should make friends in Edinburgh, and I should be heartily glad if he enrolled you among the number.

To ROBERT CHAMBERS,[†2] 7 APRIL 1854*

MS Rosenbach Museum & Library. *Address:* Favored by Samuel Phelps Esquire. | Robert Chambers Esquire | Edinburgh.

Tavistock House, London | Friday Evening, Seventh April | 1854.

My Dear Mr. Chambers.

I wish to present Mr. Phelps to you. He comes to Edinburgh to fulfil a theatrical engagement, and probably is already known to you as an ornament of the stage. But, as a thoroughly good public Instructor and an accomplished gentleman who tries hard to devote his art to its best and highest purposes, he is particularly worthy of your consideration. Claiming it on such grounds I know he will have it, and I therefore write this note to you in his behalf with a kind of freemasonry.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite with me in kindest regards to Mrs. Chambers[†3] and all your family.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Chambers Esquire.

To J. T. GORDON, 7 APRIL 1854

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1980; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, Friday Evening, 7 Apr 54.

Sending a letter of introduction to the actor Samuel Phelps. Mr Phelps (of whom we have often spoken together) has been regretting to me that he missed seeing you ... in Edinburgh.

To LADY MURRAY,[†1] 7 APRIL 1854*

Text from transcript by Walter Dexter.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening | Seventh April 1854

My Dear Lady Murray,

Mr. Phelps will not be unknown to you by name and reputation, for I believe he is already well known in Edinburgh as an excellent actor.

But as a friend of mine and as an accomplished gentleman, pray let me introduce him to you and commend him to your consideration.

With kind regards from all here | My dear Lady Murray
Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. WILLIAM SEWELL,[†2] 7 APRIL 1854*

MS Bodleian Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Seventh April, 1854

My Dear Sir

It is certain that we differ in many respects, and that I find them stated in the book of Sermons to Boys[†3] for which I am indebted to your kindness. But it is equally certain, I hope, that we agree in many more, and therefore can agree to differ too.

I am gratified by your remembrance and hope we may both long try to do our best towards the improvement of the education of all classes. I observe in your sermons, many protests that are greatly needed against the foremost of the evils now prevalent in most of our public schools.[†4] They are, if you will permit me to say so, sound, humane, and wise.

If I ever find myself in your neighbourhood, I shall not fail to thank you in person for your book and its accompanying very welcome note.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Sewell.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,[†1] 8 APRIL 1854*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Tavistock House | Saturday Night Eighth April 1854

My Dear Milnes

I am extremely sorry to say that I find myself *obliged* to be out of town on Monday, and unable to attend the Theatrical Fund dinner. It is the first I have missed since the Institution began,[†2] for I have always had a great interest in it. I do not write to you in the vain belief that you will sorely miss me, but because when Mr Cullenford[†3] the Secretary was here this morning, I did not know I should be prevented from coming. And as I remember him to have said that he had an appointment with you tomorrow morning, I send this hasty note, fearing that some pleasant task (in the toast way) might otherwise be reserved for me, and that my absence might thus confuse the arrangements.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire.

To MRS GORE, 10 APRIL 1854*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Tenth April, 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

I think it right (unless you should still wish it, after reading this note) *not* to communicate your secret to Bradbury and Evans.[†4]

Because they are not publishers, except to a very few people with whom they are already closely associated, and because I perfectly know that they have not the least idea of ever travelling beyond that margin.[†5] It would interfere with their business as Printers—would necessitate a trade they have decided not to engage in—and would be opposed to the plans on which I know they proceed, because they have consulted me respecting them. It is quite an understood thing that their publishing for me—for Paxton[†6]—and within certain confined limits for the gentlemen associated with Punch (out of which their connexion with Thackeray arose)[†7] is the utmost extent of that part of their undertakings.

It is ten years since I resolved to confine myself to them, and I therefore have not

the least influence with any other publisher—so to speak, with *any* publisher. I will make your proposal to them if you should wish it after this explanation, and can guarantee their fidelity and trust-worthiness. But with this knowledge aforehand, in my mind, I don't think I ought to proceed so far without your renewed authority.[†1]

I write hastily, before going into Kent for a pedestrian day.

My Dear Mrs. Gore | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 12 APRIL 1854

Mention in N, II, 549.

Requesting the first payment in advance of £500, then overdue, for Hard Times.[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, 12 APRIL 1854†

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Wednesday Twelfth April 1854

[†a]My Dear Wills.

H. W.

I have given Miss Berwick's[†3] Knight errant,[†4] the benefit of the doubt and sent it to the Printer's. The Spring lines I re-enclose. I would decline them, on the ground that after the Spring Sonnet[†5] we have settled Spring for this year.

Look at this letter from Mrs. Gaskell. Did *you* send it this morning—omit all mention of it by mistake—and send it in consequence of having received it with the missing paper?[†6] It has no date, but it *must* be old, I infer, because the Mr. Fairbairn[†7] matter[†8] is all arranged with her. I had a number of letters by this morning's post, and did not look at this until I had destroyed the envelope. I can't answer it, without first communicating thus with you, for I can't in the least understand it.

C. W.[†9]

Between ourselves if you had gone to the other establishment[†10] you would not have

got out of the Quack line,[†1] but in all other respects it is as different a house as you can easily imagine—bright, cheerful, roomy, airy, and gay. Mrs. Wilson a very agreeable woman, and everything else in a

concatenation accordingly. Moreover, Wilson does not begin with that violence, but brings you by easy stages, even to the sheet.[a†2]

I know all the walks for many and many miles round you, and delightful walks they are. I suppose you are already getting very stout, very red, very jovial (in a physical point of view) altogether.

Mark and I walked to Dartford from Greenwich, last Monday, and found Mrs. [a]Honner[a†3] acting the Stranger[†4] (with a strolling company from the Standard Theatre)[†5] in "Mr. Munns's Schoolroom".[†6] The stage was a little wider than your table here, and its surface was composed of loose boards laid on the school forms. Dogs sniffed about it during the performances, and *the* carpenter's highlows[†7] were ostentatiously taken off and displayed in the Proscenium. We stayed until a quarter to ten when we were obliged to fly to the Railroad, but we sent the landlord of the hotel down with the following articles:

1	Bottle	superior	old port
1	Do.	Do.	Golden Sherry
1	Do.	Do.	best french brandy
1	Do.	Do.	1st. quality Old Tom Gin
1	Do.	Do.	Prime Jamaica Rum
1	Do.	Do.	Small still Isla Whiskey

1 kettle boiling water, Two pounds finest white lump sugar
Our cards
1 Lemon
and
Our Compliments.

The effect we had previously made upon the Theatrical company by being beheld in the first two chairs—there was nearly a pound in the house—was altogether electrical.

My ladies send their kindest regards, and are disappointed at your not saying that you drink two and twenty tumblers of the limpid element, every day. The children also unite in "loves", and the Plornishghenter on being asked if he would send his, replies "Yes—Man". Which we understand to signify cordial acquiescence.

Forster just come back from lecturing at Sherborne.[†1] Describes said lecture as "Blaze of Triumph".[†2]

H. W. AGAIN

Miss—I mean Mrs.—Bell's[†3] story very nice. I have sent it to the Printer, and entitled it The Green ring and the Gold Ring.[†4]

This apartment looks desolate in your absence—but O Heavens how tidy!

J. W.[†5]

Mrs. Wills supposed to have gone into a convent at Somers Town.[†6]

[a]B AND E

Never paid the £500![†7] Consequently I had notice yesterday that I have overdrawn my account at Coutts's. Whereof I have given *them* notice today, in strong terms.[a]

My Dear Wills | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To E. W. COLE,[†8] 13 APRIL 1854

Text from the Minute Book of the Newsvendors Benevolent and Provident Institution.

Tavistock House | 13th. April 1854

Sir,

I most willingly and readily give the Committee of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution the authority they do me the honor to solicit through your letter. They are at perfect liberty to announce my willingness to become the President of the Institution[†9] and my unaffected desire to help by any slight services within my power the useful and industrious class for whose advantage it is

established. I cannot be indifferent to their claims, and I thank them for their confidence.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Edwd. Wm. Cole

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 14 APRIL 1854*

MS Mr William Brodsky.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth April 1854

My Dear Knight

I assure you from my heart that those kind words gratify me beyond expression. I shall always be proud of them and thoroughly sensible of their worth. They give me true pleasure—as you knew they would, I am sure, when you wrote them.[†1]

Ever affectionately yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire

To JOHN G. BALL,[†2] 15 APRIL 1854*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Saturday Evening | Fifteenth April 1854.

Sir.

Like the previous correspondent to whom you refer in your letter, I think your kind idea would fail in practice. Let us all do what we can in that way as quiet individuals; let us always advocate such principles to the best of our opportunities and abilities; and I believe and hope we shall do better than by taking any amount of pledges or forming a whole army of societies.[†3] Sow the seed. It will come up in the spot where it is sown—it will be carried on wings we know nothing of, into chance places—not a grain of it will ever die out.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

John G. Ball Esquire.

To THE REV. DAVID LAING,[†4] 15 APRIL 1854*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Evening | Fifteenth April 1854

My Dear Sir

First, of the Governesses Dinner.[†5] I fear I cannot undertake to attend it, even

with a regard to the circumstances personal to yourself, which render it interesting to me.[†1] I am so much occupied, and find my regular rest and exercise so essential to my pursuits, that I make hardly any public engagements of that character, and have of late years greatly narrowed my private dinings out. There is no medium for me. I must either do scarcely anything in this way, or I must do more than is reasonable.

Secondly, as to that most urgent and terrible question of our neglected youth in connexion with our penal system. I hope I have never left it alone since I first began to be known. I have never (that I know of) lost an opportunity of presenting it in some striking aspect and in strong colors. And with God's leave I never will.

Thirdly as to Parliament. I have often been invited to go there,[†2] but have always been restrained by two considerations. Firstly, I cannot afford it. And secondly, I believe I am more useful in my present place than I could ever be there.

You write so earnestly and plainly that I reply in the same tone. After your dinner is over, I shall be happy to make an appointment for our having some talk together, if you should still be that way disposed. It is my custom to retire from London every year when it becomes the centre of the general invasion—that is to say, in June—and to stay away all the Autumn. But I purpose remaining until about the middle of that month.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend David Laing.

To HENRY MORLEY, 15 APRIL 1854*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Saturday Evening | Fifteenth April, 1854

My Dear Sir

The enclosed is from a sensible and serviceable man.[†3] If you think there is really any little item in our account with the Society in question[†4] (of which I am a member) to be carried to its credit, I know you will not forget it in the next paper you write for Household Words in which said item can be handsomely figured.[†5]

You affected me deeply by the paper itself.[†1] I think it absolutely impossible that it could have been better done.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire.

To B. W. PROCTER,[†2] 15 APRIL 1854

Text from MDGH, I, 354.

Tavistock House, Saturday Night, April 15th, 1854.

My dear Procter,

I have read the "Fatal Revenge."[†3] Don't do what the minor theatrical people call "despi-ser" me, but I think it's very bad. The concluding narrative is by far the most meritorious part of the business. Still, the people are so very convulsive and tumble down so many places, and are always knocking other people's bones about in such a very irrational way, that I object. The way in which earthquakes won't swallow the monsters, and volcanoes in eruption won't boil them, is extremely aggravating. Also their habit of bolting when they are going to explain anything.

You have sent me a very different and a much better book; and for that I am truly grateful. With the dust of "Maturin"[†4] in my eyes, I sat down and read "The Death of Friends,"[†5] and the dust melted away in some of those tears it is good to shed. I remember to have read "The Backroom Window"[†6] some years ago, and I have associated it with you ever since. It is a most delightful paper. But the two volumes[†7] are all delightful, and I have put them on a shelf where you sit down with Charles Lamb again,[†8] with Talfourd's vindication of him hard by.[†9]

We never meet. I hope it is not irreligious, but in this strange London I have an inclination to adapt a portion of the Church Service to our common experience. Thus:

"We have left unmet the people whom we ought to have met, and we have met the people whom we ought not to have met, and there seems to be no help in us."[†1]

But I am always, my dear Procter,

(At a distance), | Very cordially yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 APRIL 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Sunday Morning Sixteenth April | 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I went out to Shepherds Bush yesterday, and found them all in a very unsettled and unsatisfactory state, mainly owing to Frances Cranstone.[†2] Louisa Cooper and Ellen Venns complained of her that she was so constantly irritating and mischief-making, that it was impossible for "the quiet ones" to get on at all—that they had been made perfectly miserable (as indeed they looked)—that Cranstone was making a party in the house, against all who were disposed to do well—and that whenever Mrs. Marchmont's or Mrs. Macartney's[†3] back was turned, there was no disguise about it. Louisa Cooper in particular said that the last new-comer already felt this disturbing influence, and that the last but one (Ellen Stanley) seemed to be going in Cranstone's way as a mere matter of necessity. That the house was perfectly changed and made unlike anything it had ever been within her knowledge of it, and that she felt that whoever should have the misfortune to be sent out in the same ship with this girl never could hope for peace and quiet. Upon receiving this complaint from the two best conducted girls in the house, I referred both to Mrs. Macartney and Mrs. Marchmont, who said they had no doubt of its truth, but that the girl was so extraordinarily sly in getting others into trouble and keeping herself out of it—just an inch outside—that they could never catch her. I then had Cranstone in, and told her, positively once for all, that such conduct could not be allowed—that it would be monstrous to advise you to send out a girl so suspicious and full of mischief—and that unless she altered altogether in the next ten days my recommendation to the Committee would be to discharge her; which I was perfectly sure, they would do: such complaint against her, still existing. Hereupon she went back, into the long room protesting and lamenting; and that moment (you may see what her influence is) up gets Eliza Wilkin, that girl with the unhappy Father, and boldly says before them all "If you please Mrs. Marchmont, if Frances Cranstone is to go *I* wish to go." I immediately had her in, and said "You want to go?"—"Yes Sir".—"Then Mrs. Marchmont please to write to her father and tell him she is to be discharged on Monday." And I went into the long room and said before the others "If that unhappy father of yours does not come here by Monday afternoon, you will be discharged alone."

Soon after I left, Cranstone broke out against Louisa Cooper with that violence, that Louisa Cooper (half frightened to death) intreated to be locked up for safety.

Which was done. Cranstone then demanding to go straightway, and Mrs. Marchmont not knowing whether she ought to let her, Cranstone made proclamation to the establishment that she intended in the meanwhile "to be a Devil". Upon which Mrs. Marchmont locked *her* up in another room.

Early this morning comes Mrs. Marchmont to me, to know what to do. I told her, immediately to discharge Cranstone, and to do with Wilkin exactly as I had announced before the girls. I think this will crush the bad spirit summarily, for Mrs. Marchmont said that Wilkin's being taken at her word, evidently struck the rest with amazement and consternation.

This is a new instance to us, not only of the necessity, but the true kindness of firmness. If we had discharged Cranstone on that old occasion we should have saved Wilkin. Now, that wretched creature says that she and Cranstone have "always kep' together, and that they mean to go together, and that she has been tired of the place this long time". It would have been better to lose a wilderness of Cranstones.†1

The gates being rotten and falling away, I got an estimate from Border the Carpenter†2 for a new pair. They will be within £10, and I told him to get on with them.

Mrs. Marchmont is naturally a little disturbed by these proceedings; but her way will be made much easier, she hopes, after this example.

Quite an official report this!

My Dear Miss Coutts always most faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 APRIL 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth April 1854 | Tuesday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I fear that Wilkin *won't go out.*†3 She said she had it distinctly in her intention to bear Frances Cranstone company.†4 But I will repair to Shepherds Bush, and take care to have the father produced here, where I can speak to him quietly.

Friday with the greatest pleasure. Only say where, and when. Macready's second daughter†5 (his eldest now, poor fellow) will be staying here; but I suppose we may bring her?

I think nothing that has ever occurred at Shepherd's Bush has disappointed me so much as Wilkin's defection at last.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To LADY TALFOURD, 18 APRIL 1854

Mention in N, II, 553.[†1]

To W. H. WILLS, 18 APRIL 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Eighteenth April 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.

I will go over the No.[†2] when it comes, and write to you again after doing so. There is a capital paper by Sala in proof, called Tatterboy's Rents.[†3] I wish you would write to him from me, and tell him by all means to pursue the subject, as he intimates an idea of doing at the close of the article.[†4]

C. D.

I am in a dreary state, planning and planning the story of Hard Times (out of materials for I don't know how long a story), and consequently writing little.[†5] Mark and I had it in contemplation to come down to Worcester next Monday and ask you to meet us there instead of our coming to Malvern: which would have given us from five to six hours together at the Inn. But I am afraid I shall not be able to spare the day. Macready is coming to town today, and I have unavoidable engagements all the week which will greatly hamper me. Moreover I am greatly anxious to keep ahead. But—

W. H. W.

—It appears to me that you must most decidedly stay at Malvern a full month. I don't think you can put the cure to any rational and fair test in a shorter time. If you decide to do that, Mark and I will overhaul our respective logs (excuse nauticality, but I have been reading a soul-stirring Drama called the Larboard Fin, which *looks* to me like an undiscovered play by Shakespeare, surreptitiously modernized), and will make another appointment for next week. You are now in the Black and Blue stage. I don't apprehend that you are likely to come to a Flesh colored complexion in less than four weeks. You are not Green yet—
and *that* takes time.

W. H. W. (brought up)

You refer in a maddening manner, to something you *don't* enclose in your letter. What do you mean by it.

T. R. Haymarket.

I went there to see the Easter piece[†1] last night, and I never beheld anything so dreary.[†2] The agonies of Mrs. Fitzwilliam[†3] and Buckstone were positively most distressing to see. Everything went wrong, and was bad if it had gone right. Once, before a pair of flats (clouds), Mrs. F waved a golden patent hearthbroom, about five and twenty minutes, without anything happening. Then she and Miss Featherstone[†4] and Young Farren[†5] came down to the Float, and sang and pattered *all the rest of the piece*—got it off at once—and after another long interval a Carpenter was disclosed in a celestial place (but swearing awfully) and a man in black, supposed to be unseen, seized some red fire and wildly lighted it up. Buckstone meantime[†6] perfectly idiotic and imbecile with grief, laid his head on Mrs. Fitzwilliam's bosom.[†7]

J. F.

was there, and perpetually said "My dear Dickens, Good God what does this mean?" To which that eminent man replied, after the manner of Commodore Trunnion[†8] "Hold your tongue and be damned!" For we were sitting over the stage.

B and E.

Have paid the £500.

All the Family

Send kindest regards.

Ever My Dear Wills | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS HANNAH LAWRANCE,[†9] 19 APRIL 1854*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth April, 1854.

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Lawrence, and begs to say he will be happy to read the papers Miss Lawrence has by her, if she will have the kindness to forward them for his perusal.[†10] He thinks the idea Miss Lawrence

describes, a very suitable one for Household Words;[†1] but of course the manner of its execution is important.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 APRIL 1854†

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Thursday Twentieth April 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†2]

I have gone very carefully over the whole No.[†3] and sent it down to Arry. It is a very good one, I think, and I see no occasion to alter the course of the making-up, or to change any paper. The titles are improved. I think I must have taken out almost as much as is required. If you have to take out more, take it from Dr. Pablo after his marriage and the loss of his wife's fortune.[†4]

Mrs. Gaskell's missing paper has turned up at last, and is in the printer's hands.[†5]

W. H. W.[†2]

It is quite clear that you must stay at Malvern a month, and come back a miracle of health [†a]and (comparative) virginity.[†a] There is not the least difficulty in the way, nor have I, really, more to do than at another time, though I need not say to you that I should be more than willing to do it if I had. It appears to me from the materials on hand that we are quite safe for good numbers.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE[†2]

You know my man Cooper?[†6] Steady stupid sort of highly respectable creature? Seven children. Eldest boy 13 years old, "working" (I can't conceive how) at a mathematical Instrument Maker's "down at Westminster." On Tuesday night, the boy did not come home. Mother half distracted, and getting up at 5 in the morning to go and look for him. Father went out after breakfast, to do likewise. Boy had been sent on an errand, had punctually performed the errand, and been heard of no more. Father conferring with Policeman on disappearance, up comes strange boy saying that how he as eerd tell, as a boy is a lyin in the "Bonus",[†7] as was run over. Wretched father goes to the Bonus (attached to the Workhouse, I suppose) and finds his child with his head smashed to pieces! He was walking on some planks by the roadside, a plank tilted, he fell under a coal waggon as it was advancing, and was picked up as Dead as Adam. I cannot get it out of my mind—as Forster would say.

My neighbour's, Mr. Cardale's, daughter[†1] married this morning, and I obliged to leave home at what the newspapers always call "an early hour of the morning" to avoid distraction. All the women and girls in my house, stark mad on the subject. Despotic conjugal influence exerted to keep Mrs. Dickens out of the church. Caught putting bonnet on for that purpose, and sternly commanded to renounce idiotic intentions. Bride reported by our Confectioner (envious and a Roman Catholic) to have the gift of Tongues.[†2] It probably will disappear now; [†a]being, as I take it, a manifestation of what may be called uterine[†3] religious sentiments.[†a]

—Mark has just come in, and sends all manner of regards. Time of our visit still uncertain, in consequence of Hard Times, and great pressure of Wooden-Headedness on gifted author.

Kindest remembrances from all at home.

Ever My Dear Wills | Most Faithfully

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 21 APRIL 1854

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty First April 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

I safely received the paper[†4] from Mr. Shaen[†5]—welcomed it with three cheers—and instantly dispatched it to the printer, who has it in hand now.

I have no intention of striking.[†6] The monstrous claims at domination made by a certain class of manufacturers, and the extent to which the way is made easy for working men to slide down into discontent under such hands, are within my scheme; but I am not going to strike. So don't be afraid of me. But I wish you would look at the story yourself, and judge where and how near I seem to be approaching what you have in your mind.[†7] The first two months of it will shew that.

I will "make my will" on the first favorable occasion. We were playing games last night, and were fearfully clever.

With kind regards to Mr. Gaskell

Always My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 21 APRIL 1854

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* 21 Apr 54 was a Friday, not Saturday; letter makes it clear he was writing that day.

Tavistock House | Twenty First April, 1854 | Saturday

My Dear Mark,

You needn't answer this note until we meet tomorrow.

Are you engaged on Sunday? If yes, there an end. If no, will you come down to Folkestone? I want to meet Georgina and Anne there, who will be returning from Boulogne. There is a train at halfpast 10 in the morning. We could have several hours there, and so return with them as to be in town again at ¼ before 12 at night.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To MARK LEMON, [22 APRIL 1854]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* clearly the day after last.

Tavistock House | Saturday.

My Dear Mark

It *must be* tomorrow, because Georgina and Anne go to Boulogne today and return tomorrow; the tide serving admirably for the purpose, and it being but fair to Beaucourt to see his upper house on the top of the hill,[†1] at once. I am wery sorry you have been and gone and asked those two men.[†2]

I should think that room at the G. would be rather warm today with that amount of people in it.[†1]

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 APRIL 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Fourth April, 1854

My Dear Collins. I met the Colonel[†2] at the Water Colors[†3] on Saturday, and asked him if he would assist in scattering the family dinner next Sunday at ½ past 5 as usual. Will you jine us Sir?

Beaucourt's house above the Molyneaux, on the top of the hill—free and windy—not so bijou-ish, but larger rooms, and possessing a back gate and a field—secured by the undersigned contracting party, from the middle of June to the middle of October. I hope you will write the third Volume of "that" book,[†4] there.

Townshend coming to Town on the 12th. of May. Pray Heaven he may not have another choral birthday,[†5] and another frolicultural* cauliflower.[†6]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

* I think this word a bold one. It is intended for floricultural.

To HENRY MORLEY, 24 APRIL 1854*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth April, 1854

My Dear Sir

Here is another letter on the last subject.[†1] It seems to be a Devil of a Society at correspondence, and I hope it may be equally energetic in all its other provinces.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To MISS HANNAH LAWRANCE, [?LATE APRIL 1854]

Composite text ([aa]from Chicago Book & Art Auction Inc. catalogue No. 29; ([bb]from Chaucer Head Book Shop Inc. catalogue No. 12; *MS* (3rd Person) 1 p. *Date:* presumably following up his letter to Miss Lawrance of 19 Apr, after reading her papers.

Saying [a]that he will be very happy to accept the London Bookseller[†2] for Household Words, but that he does not think the court lady[†2] so desirable an acquaintance,[a] [b]as that kind of memoir is already widely known, and has been popularised on more than one occasion within the past few years.[b]

To B. W. PROCTER, 29 APRIL 1854*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth April, 1854 | Saturday

My Dear Procter

I highly value your kind note, and have derived the purest gratification from it. The charming verses[†3] I have dispatched to the printer; and I shall look forward to the dropping in of your "mites", with no common interest,[†4] believe me.

Always Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. [J.] CLEMENT, 30 APRIL 1854

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, May 1925; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 30 Apr 54; addressed W. I. Clement.

We have abandoned the design.[†5] The Oxford Circuit resolving to have their own testimonial and to unite with no friends outside,[†6] we considered that we were not

justified in incurring the risk of small success ... convinced me that dear Talfourd's memory was best honored, and his fine nature best remembered, in the leaving alone of his fair name.

To LOVELL REEVE,[†1] 30 APRIL 1854*

MS Mr Lauriat Lane Jr.

Tavistock House | Sunday Thirtieth April 1854

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you, and to Mrs. Lovell Reeve,[†2] for your kind invitation. I have so strong an *intention* of coming to see the flowers, that I think it probable I may not come—for I generally find, at this time of the year, that I go nowhere whither I mean to go, and go everywhere whither I don't mean to go. For which reason, I fly to the seaside in June, and there work in peace until the winter.

But I have preserved the ground-plan; and if I don't use it, it will not be my fault.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lovell Reeve Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [SPRING 1854]

Extract in Goodspeed's catalogue, Mar 1921; *MS* 1 p., with envelope; dated 1854. *Date:* 1854 in catalogue; "spring" in letter.

I assure you that I am happy to enclose the autograph for the amiable lady. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this present spring morning on the day and date first above written.

May

To [?THOMAS] BOND,[†3] 3 MAY 1854

Extract in N, II, 556 (from catalogue source); dated Tavistock House, 3 May 54.

My Dear Bond.

It will be necessary to take immediate measures of the most energetic sort, for stopping that Irish Newspaper piracy[†4] that Lemon will have told you of. When I got injunctions in the Carol case,[†5] I almost lost them because I had quietly submitted to be robbed in like manner before.

Let our Tuesday meeting be at ½ past 4,[†1] and we will dine at ½ past 5.

Faithfully Yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DR WILLIAM BROWN, 3 MAY 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* W. Brown Esqre. | Hotel Bristol | Paris.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Third May 1854

My Dear Mr. Brown.

That idiotic St. George[†2] must have eaten of the insane root,[†3] before he could possibly have been at a loss to decypher my signature—well known to be a miracle of legibility. If it had been Miss Coutts's indeed, I should not have wondered!

I will write to him, and ascertain whether there are any circumstances which may serve as a set-off against the age.[†4]

I heard from Regnier only a couple of days ago. He writes that he is coming to London (to act, I suppose) for only eight days. He does not say when, but I have no doubt you will find him before he leaves Paris.[†5]

If you see Poole in the street, I shall be glad to know when you come back, whether he looks *very* drunk, or only in his chronic state of brandy.

Everybody is going about, asking everybody else for War News. Nobody has any.[†6] There is a story that the Government with infinite wisdom selected Napier's pilots for the North Sea, from among the Deal men who never saw it; and that now it has been necessary to ship off a lot of Pilots from Newcastle who know the North sea thoroughly. Same report describes Napier[†7] as not venturing to trust himself to Danish Pilots (the only practical men available out there), fearing they might betray the ships to wreck and ruin.[†8] Neither report warranted genuine by your present correspondent.

Charles Mathews has been to me this morning to tell me that his bankruptcy will make him a new man, and that he "only" wants capital, to set the Lyceum going.[†9] I asked him about six weeks ago what sum would clear him, and he said Six Thousand

Pounds. This morning I observed him airily mounting up to somewhere about five and twenty. He asked me if I would confer an everlasting service on him by "looking into" the receipts and profits of the Theatre, and its means of repaying a Lessee. And he went away shaking hands with me with his right hand and respectfully poking me in the waistcoat with his left, exactly as he goes off the stage.[†1]

Will you mention to Miss Coutts that in boasting of having left this country in my debt, she is too secure. I think under the last National treaty I can sue her in Paris. The subject is in the hands of my solicitor.

With kindest remembrances to her nevertheless, and also to Mrs. Brown,

My Dear Mr. Brown | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]Which is not in the least like Wickell,[†2] I am confident.[†a]

To WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, 3 MAY 1854[†3]

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Wednesday Third May 1854

My Dear Sir

Your card having been brought down here to me this morning, I am induced to believe (and not for the first time) that you have been the subject of a ridiculous mistake in my house.

When you did me the favor to call with Mrs. Gaskell's note, you left no address on your card. Mrs. Dickens heard me regretting this, and saying that I did not know where to call upon you. On the same day (last Saturday) she went to an Exhibition of French pictures,—and there found an Artist-friend talking "with Mr. Fairbairn from Manchester".[†4] Instantly, she made an amiable dash at that gentleman, and said I had been in a desolate state because he had not left his address. Upon which he said "My address is the Reform Club", and she came home triumphant.

As soon as I was told of this, straightway I wrote to "—Fairbairn Esquire, Reform Club"—entreating him (in other words, you) to dine with us at 6 on Thursday, *tomorrow*. To which—Fairbairn Esquire replied that he could not possibly have that pleasure, as he was going away immediately. I fell into a reverie on receipt of this note, and could not make out why Mr. Fairbairn who had come to town officially for the Literary Fund dinner,[†5] should be going away in such a matter-of-course manner before it took place.

Now, your card making its appearance from Tavistock House this afternoon, strengthens me in a suspicion that you are not the Mr. Fairbairn whom Mrs. Dickens overwhelmed with affection, but that the subject of her interest was Mr. Fairbairn from Manchester whom I have the pleasure of knowing. Therefore I send this note to Mr. Blewitt's care, repeating my unceremonious invitation for tomorrow, and begging you to re-arrange my overthrown mind by having the kindness to write me a few words in the morning, addressed to Tavistock House.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Fairbairn Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 3 MAY 1854*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire | Gordon Street.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Evening Third May 1854

My Dear Mark.

I am sorry to have missed you today, and very much obliged to you for the information of the Irish piracy[†1]—which must be summarily stopped.

Pray come and dance a Sir Roger, or a reel, or other madness, tomorrow night. And then let us fix another day in the Country.

And dine with us at the office—on the occasion of our half yearly audit, and (I hope) Wills's return without the lump in his stomach,—on Tuesday at ½ past 5. Gorgeous new paint and paper &c &c &c.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 4 MAY 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fourth May 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†2]

I have gone over No. 217,[†3] and returned it to Whitefriars. But the latter part of it requires improvement in the matter if possible—not the less, because Mrs. Gaskell is conceited and heavy.[†4] The Navy of Naples is really not worth putting into even the best of Nos.[†5] English spoken (which I have called Broken Language)[†6] is very poor. And those two papers together, are an awfully impotent conclusion.[†7]

YOU[†1]

I am delighted to hear such gallant accounts, and have had the street door widened to admit you on Monday.

I[†1]

Growling in a general way.

In haste | Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S.

MARK[†1]

Invited for Tuesday at ½ p 5.

B AND E[†1]

Informed that the Meeting is at ½ p 4.

To MARK LEMON, 10 MAY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Tenth May 1854

My Dear Mark,

Tomorrow, I would propose.[†2] We can arrange plans in the morning, if you will come round about 10. *Or* I am free this evening, and going for a saunter, and would meet you anywhere at any reasonable hour. In which case, send me word up here before ½ p 7.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To CHARLES DE LA PRYME,[†3] 12 MAY 1854

Text from N, II, 556-7.

Tavistock House | Twelfth May 1854

My Dear Sir

The case particularly attracted my attention at the time of its occurrence, and I remember the circumstances very well.

I fear I cannot, as representing the private Institution to which the young woman does *not* seek admission, promote the views of the gentlemen who are so worthily interested in her. Our next emigrants are going—not to Australia, but to the Cape of Good Hope. Even if they were bound for Australia, I hardly know how we could be useful there, to a passenger whom we could not confide to our friends out there, with the usual assurance that she had undergone the usual probation for such a time. I am strongly inclined to think that without it, she would do better alone than

in company with any of our young women, even if the means of associating her with any of them presented themselves.

I would recommend you to select her destination, and then take her passage through some very respectable London agents. Silver and Company in Bishopsgate Street (I think, but the firm is well known) are the House with whom our shipping transactions are arranged. What is called an "Intermediate Passage"[†1] is of the safest and best kind for her. When you know whither she was bound, I think I might be able to obtain for her a letter to the Bishop of that place,[†2] or some other influential person, relating her history in confidence—with a view to her obtaining a suitable situation.

Supposing she applied for admission to the Institution with which I am associated, she could remain there perhaps a year, before going abroad. In the meantime she could be taught such useful things as it might appear desirable for her to know in the way of household work, needlework, and so forth. She could then be sent out without testimonials—would no doubt get a situation—and would probably marry and be happy. I understand her *not* to seek admission into an Institution. If she did, she would certainly be eligible for the one in question, and I would see her and consider her case if she applied to me.

Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS][†3]

To CHARLES DE LA PRYME, 12 MAY 1854

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Twelfth May, 1854

Dear Sir

Although the Institution in question is a very different one indeed from any you have seen, I agree with you that it would be best for this young woman not to enter on that kind of probation.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. De la Pryme Esquire.

To A. A. WATTS,[†1] 13 MAY 1854*

MS (copy) Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth May/54

Dear Sir

I know Mr H—[†2] well and have a great respect for him.

But I am sorry to assure you that his case would not come within the province of the Guild of Literature and Art, even if it could stretch out its hand, without incurring legal penalties, which it cannot until the private Bill necessary to its legal incorporation shall have passed both Houses of Parliament and become law. It is a Provident institution whose benefits are only attainable by its own members, and although any professional follower of literature can become a member on the easiest terms, still it would not (I apprehend) be able to grant him a sum of money as a gift. If this were its object I cannot imagine that it would have a chance of success, with an *enormously* rich Institution like the Literary Fund already in existence.[†3] But as I have said it is impossible for it even to publish a prospectus, or admit a member until the act is obtained without incurring Penalties enough to ruin it. The late alterations in the laws of benefit Societies[†4] put it back a twelvemonth or so in the act of its birth. The Bill is now before the Lords and I hope may be obtained by midsummer.[†5]

Dear Sir yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [14] MAY 1854*

MS (copy in Mrs Forster's hand) Huntington Library. *Date:* Sunday was 14 May in 1854.

Tavistock House | Sunday Thirteenth May 1854

My Dear Forster,

I write a hasty line before going to Church, to say that I thought the lecture exceedingly good, last night[†6]—full of interest and admirably sustained—I think you exaggerate the praise of Strafford,[†7] because I cannot doubt that besides being a man of great abilities he was a proud, ill-tempered arrogant man who would rather have

one nominal superior in the King, than several competitors in the persons of the men he elevated. Moreover, I don't believe his administration in Ireland[†1] to have been even a financial marvel, when its violently overbearing nature is taken into account. But these are points of opinion; and I know the old rule that when you write Mr. Smith's biography you are to conceive a violent affection for Mr. Smith and invest him with all the old cardinal virtues and several new ones.

I don't know whether it is worth while observing that the fevers of those times were not only occasioned by "the undrained London of that day" but by the quantity of woods about it in all directions. A popular audience, however would be interested in knowing that from the same cause, exactly the same fever and ague obtain in America now.

In several slight places, I observed a tone a little like a schoolmaster teaching very young children, which I think a London audience would undoubtedly be resentful of. "You will perhaps understand"—"To tell you what the condition of Ireland was at this time, would in this place of course be impossible"—"Wentworth's administration in Ireland lasted so many years, and I will tell you" &c "I have told you how fond of field sports he was in his youth"—"For I have told you that he had one friend in that English court"—"I wish you to place yourselves in imagination outside the old Hall of Westminster"—Such things I would unquestionably take out.[†2] Nor would I so emphasize the fact (for the same reason) of my having set History right about him, at four and twenty.[†3]

It is extremely difficult to suggest where it could be reduced, though—again, for a London audience—I suppose it must be unlike our friend Lemon.[†4] I should be inclined to cut it, however, [in] the first half-hour.

These small particulars are the only points I would reconsider, and I only mention them because I make myself one of the London audience to whom they are offered. In all other respects—as a striking picture of the man and the time—as comprising a vast quantity of authority into a small space—and as very eloquently dis-coursing about a history full of interest and vital consequences—it seemed to me to be most excellent.

Ever affecy.

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, 15 MAY 1854*

MS (copy in Mrs Forster's hand) Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Morning | Fifteenth May 1854

My Dear Forster

I really am *particularly* sorry that Mr. Smith[†5] should grate upon your ear. I merely cited him as the first thing that came into my head as serving to put the hint lightly and to avoid any appearance of seeming to lay down the law.

Although I think I could have written a pretty accurate account of the Lecture when I came away on Saturday night I should have made up my mind last night (on reading your note carefully), that my impression of it was not truly balanced, but for your allusion to Carlyle. Now do let me (and you know that it is impossible for any one to admire him as a great original genius and a most admirable writer, more than I do) remind you that the extraordinary peculiarity of his mind always is a respect for power when it is exercised by a determined man.[†1] Some years ago when I was not familiarly acquainted with his writings, I said to you, after meeting him one night in your rooms with Emerson,[†2] that it was an anomaly I could not get out of my mind, to hear him immensely lauding even the present Emperor of Russia.[†3] You know how the same curious distortion, if I may call it so, in one I so much respect—pervades everything he does, and your mention of him strengthens me in my impression that I came away on Saturday with the general deduction from your lecture correctly in my mind. I feel strongly on the subject, because, apart from your having done the other men so nobly, I hold that in these things Death and Time should make no manner of difference. A Tyrant is always a detestable creature, publicly, however virtuous privately, and is always a creature to give no quarter to. Spare him two hundred years after he is dead, and you don't know what you do towards the birth of his successor next year.

I never supposed for a moment that you meant the other little points to be dictatorial. But they sounded so in my ears and where would be the use or manliness of my sitting there if I didn't say so?

The audience were constrained, not knowing what to do—and truly half-a-dozen such people are in a difficulty in such a case when they are dealing with truth and not fiction—but you are greatly mistaken—I say this most seriously and plainly—if you doubt their having been very much struck by what they heard. I can answer for my people, whom I don't take to be particularly patient in such matters; and I walked home with Wills and his wife, and we talked of it in a very grave manner all the way. I am sure that they were all sincerely interested. For myself I can honestly say that if I had not been set thinking about it all and deliberating about it afresh, I should not have made even the shadow of a suggestion I have started. As to Smith, he was merely a stupid illustration and may be put into the limbo of all bad jokes.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 MAY 1854]

Text from F, VII, ii, 572. *Date:* 16 May 54, according to Forster.

The objection you suggest to paid public lecturing does not strike me at all. It is worth consideration, but I do not think there is anything in it.[†4] On the contrary, if

the lecturing would have any motive power at all (like my poor father this, in the sound!) I believe it would tend the other way. In the Colchester matter I had already received a letter from a Colchester magnate; to whom I had honestly replied that I stood pledged to Christmas readings at Bradford[†1] and at Reading,[†2] and could in no kind of reason do more in the public way.[†3]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 17 MAY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Seventeenth May | 1854.

My Dear Henry

I have done the needful this very evening, and only write this note as an assurance to you that there has not been a moment's delay on my part.

Affecy. Yours always

CD.

To THE MASTER & WARDENS OF THE VINTNERS COMPANY,[†4] 17 MAY 1854*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth May, 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to express his regret that a prior engagement prevents his having the pleasure of accepting the invitation with which he is honored by the Master and Wardens of the Vintners Company.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 19 MAY 1854*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Friday Nineteenth May 1854 | 10 O Clock A. M.

My Dear Henry.

I have just received the enclosed, and lose no time in sending it down to you.[†5]

It seems to me that your best course will be, immediately to address a short memorial to Lord Palmerston[†6]—though I fear the thing you want,[†7] will not be done. I don't know him well enough to address him privately on the subject.

I may mention, between ourselves, that I *know* this Government do nothing for one another; and that what one man has to settle or give, another does not interfere with. Lord John[†8] himself shewed me this, not long ago, in a curious manner.[†9]

If you want to see me, I shall be at the Household Words office until ½ p 12—here, after ½ p 5.

Ever affecy

CD.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,[†1] 19 MAY 1854

Text from MDGH, III, 159-60.

Tavistock House, Friday Evening, May 19th, 1854.

My dear Harness,

On Thursday, the first of June, we shall be delighted to come. (Might I ask for the mildest whisper of the dinner-hour?) I am more than ever devoted to your niece,[†2] if possible, for giving me the choice of two days, as on the second of June I am a fettered mortal.

I heard a manly, Christian sermon last Sunday at the Foundling[†3]—with *great satisfaction*. If you should happen to know the preacher of it,[†4] pray thank him from me.

Ever cordially yours,

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 19 MAY 1854*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Friday Nineteenth May, 1854

My Dear Paxton

I am particularly anxious to get three admissions to the Crystal Palace for Monday next, for some friends of mine just going away to America. I hate to ask for any such thing; but this is a special case to me, and I shall be very much obliged to you indeed, if you can manage such a service.

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton.

To MRS COLDEN, 22 MAY 1854*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Monday 10 Minutes past 12 | Twenty Second May, 1854

My Dear Mrs. Colden

The undersigned Prodigal and Wretch is in a state bordering on distraction.

The tickets[†1] have not yet arrived. I wrote to Paxton for them on Saturday—sent down to Sydenham yesterday, not receiving them—messenger saw him, and brought back word that they were Posted.

Still they do not appear. Prodigal's despair and madness ensues. In his aberration, he sends his own ticket for one—in case that should be of any kind of use. It is not to be given up, but brought back.

Enclosed you will find a handfull of hair, torn out wildly by the roots.

Ever Frantically

CD.

To R. A. ESSERY,[†2] 22 MAY 1854*

MS Mr John Greaves. *Address:* R. Aubrey Essery Esqre. | Swansea.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Second May, 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Essery, and begs to say that he cannot entertain Mr. Essery's request.[†3]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 23 MAY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Third May, 1854.

My Dear Collins

I shall be delighted to see my name in that good company, and am very heartily sensible of the feeling in which I know you "propose" to put it there.[†4]

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 MAY 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Hotel Bristol | Place Vendôme | Paris.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening Twenty Third May | 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I was at Shepherds Bush to day (Committee Day), and paid the bills, and transacted all the usual business.

Mr. Tennent[†5] and I were the Committee.

Mr. Tennent had previously spoken to Goldsborough and Campbell, in reference

to their refusal of the places proposed by Mrs. Boyle.[†1] As he wished, however, that we should again go into the subject, we did so. For Goldsborough, there appeared not the least justification. In Campbell's case it did appear that the young woman had a real dread that she was not fit for the work which seemed to be required from her. We took pains to get at the truth; and taking into consideration the kind of illness that she sometimes has upon her, coupled with her old mental suffering, the great efforts she has undoubtedly made to controul herself in the Home, and the affliction she was really in, lest she should not be understood to wish to do all she believes she can; we saw great reason for distinguishing between her case and Goldsborough's. We therefore, after consulting both with Mrs. Marchmont and Mrs. Macartney separately, as to her usual conduct, called her back, and told her that we felt justified in reporting kindly and considerately of *her* refusal, to you. I think well of her, sincerely; but I do not believe her to be equal, either mentally or bodily, to the general run of our girls.

I asked Goldsborough what work she supposed she *was* to do, when she went abroad? To which majestic enquiry she replied with a very limited sense of Committee dignity, "that she didn't suppose, Mr. Dickerson, as she were a goin to set with her ands erfore her". Louisa Cooper when her turn came for appearing, expressed herself very properly and discreetly about the Home and the benefits she had received in it (under the impression that she would have sailed before our next meeting), praised Mrs. Marchmont's kind conduct highly, and said that, being new, she had more to bear than she ought to bear, or than Mrs. Morson ever would have borne, from "some of 'em". This vague description gradually settling itself down into Goldsborough and Stanley, we enquired into the conduct of the former again, and finding that it was undoubtedly provoking, and that she took advantage of her being first on the list and at the top of the table to incite the rest, I particularly told both ladies to bear no misconduct whatever from her, but on her disregarding their authority in any marked way, immediately to let me know. And upon that I will discharge her.

Stanley,[†2] on being remonstrated with for general defiance, told Mrs. Marchmont last night that she meant to go and that she (Mrs. Marchmont) was to say so, to day. Upon that we had them in together; and Stanley beginning a long story about "Which blessed will be the day when justice is a-done in this ouse." I said that the only thing we had to do with, was whether she had said she meant to go. To which she rejoined that she had, and that she could turn her hand to anything, she thanked the Heavenly Powers! I remarked that the only thing she had to turn her hand to, at present, was to going; and that she would understand she was to withdraw before tomorrow evening.

The rest were all well and well behaved. Stanley will be an excellent riddance, and I think Goldsborough will earn her discharge. Of course she will not have it otherwise. But she seems to me pretty sure to do us no credit under any circumstances.

"Hall General Dealer" proposes to take the field. Bagster[†3] has insane ideas about the value of the grass that is to grow between this and Midsummer. Not to despise

his efforts to get something out of that piece of land, we arranged that Hall should have the field from Midsummer, at the rent paid (or not paid) by the last tenant.

Rhena Pollard had been troublesome, but was recommended to mercy. General neatness of establishment, greatly improved.

I must make an end of this long story, or you will dread my hand writing. Kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and best remembrances from all here.

Holly Lodge, from the outside, looking beautiful. (I have just been arranging a very small freehold not far from it, where my little child Dora, of the ill-omened name,[†1] is to lie under the sun instead of remaining in a Vault;[†2] and whither my many walks in that neighbourhood will take me, I suppose, at last.)

From "my" lane[†3] the other day, your hawthorns were a sight to see. The heath in bloom, delightful too. And the lopped trees—even the lopped trees[†4]—really look very little the worse, now the leaves are out.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 24 MAY 1854

Extract in Hodgson's catalogue, May 1919; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 24 May 54.

Refusing a request to sign a memorial of which he knew nothing.[†5] Your name would have removed the latter objection, but your illustrious sign-manual was not there.

To AMÉDÉE PICHOT,[†6] [?24 MAY 1854]

Mention in next.

Thanking him for his book.[†7]

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 24 MAY 1854*

MS Comédie Française.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Fourth May | 1854.

My Dear Regnier.

I have been very much amused by your speculations on the subject of Pichot's book. I have written to thank him for it, and look forward to reading it next month,

lying on my back among the corn-fields on the sea-shore. For, in the blessed rest and early hours of my annual country summer-life, that pen of which you write such kind things is laid down early in the day, and I feel magnificently idle for hours together—sometimes for days—sometimes, even for weeks.

We are hoping that you may be able to dine with us tomorrow. But I know that with "repetitions" and representations, you are busy enough when you come to London.[†1]

Pray commend us all, with many kind regards, to Madame Regnier when you write to "that good wife".

Le Vieux Poole sends me a letter now and then, that looks very drunk, and sprawls and tumbles all over the paper. I suppose he still puts his pinch of snuff on the nose of that bust in the Foyer?[†2]

Forster is quite well again. Macready is coming here in three weeks or less, to stay a few days with us. I fear his eldest son will die before long.

My Dear Regnier | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 24 MAY 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Fourth May | 1854.

My Dear Stone

Will you come in and dine on Friday at ½ past 5? There will be nobody here but poor Willy Macready,[†3] who I fear is in a bad, bad way.[†4]

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 26 MAY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 32 Brunswick Square.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Sixth May, 1854

My Dear Leech.

The colder morning light makes my work loom larger, than in the mellower evening tints (rather pretty that!). I therefore write to say, you know my punctuality—don't wait for me a moment at the Athenaeum tomorrow—if I am not there at four consider me here at sixes and sevens—if I can be there, I will.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 26 MAY 1854

Text from MDGH, III, 160.

Tavistock House, May 26th, 1854.

My dear White,

Here is Conolly in a dreadful state of mind because you won't dine with him on the 7th of June next to meet Stratford-on-Avon people,[†1] writing to me, to ask me to write to you and ask you what you mean by it.

What *do* you mean by it?

It appears to Conolly that your supposing you *can* have anything to do is a clear case of monomania, one of the slight instances of perverted intellect, wherein a visit to him[†2] cannot fail to be beneficial. After conference with my learned friend I am of the same opinion.

Loves from all in Tavistock to all in Bonchurch.

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. P. FRITH,[†3] 27 MAY 1854

Text from W. P. Frith, *My Autobiography and Reminiscences*, 1888, III, 379.

Tavistock House | May 27, 1854.

My Dear Frith,

Most unfortunately I am engaged on both days. The reason is, as we leave town on the seventeenth, that Mrs. Dickens is in the meantime picking up all manner of conditional engagements, and firing me off like a sort of revolver.

Ever faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS COZENS-HARDY,[†4] 29 MAY 1854*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Ninth May, 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Miss Cozens Hardy. In reply to her enquiry he begs to say that he gave the lines in question to the deceased Lady Blessington (for whom he wrote them), and that he believes she published them, either in the Keepsake or the Book of Beauty, for 1845.[†5] He has not the means of reference at hand, and has not an exact remembrance on the subject.

To MESSRS FAUDEL & PHILLIPS,[†1] 29 MAY 1854*

MS (in Wills's hand) Kent County Archives. *Address:* Messrs Faudel & Phillips | 38/40 Newgate Street.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
29 May 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs. Faudel & Phillips, and begs to thank them for the Boston Schools Report[†2] they were so good as to forward at the request of Mr. Norton.[†3]
Messrs Faudel & Phillips

To MRS MATTHEWS, [LATE MAY 1854]

Mention in next.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 MAY 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Hotel Bristol | Place Vendôme | Paris.

Tavistock House, London | Thirtieth May 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The enclosed is from that terribly benighted Clergyman who couldn't make out my signature.[†4] In order that I may answer it, will you let me know what you think of the case—as soon as you conveniently can?

I am very much moved by your offer of the Tree.[†5] Perhaps you will let me say a word to the Gardener about it, when you come back. I had been considering what green thing to put there, but it must be something that can thrive, planted in a tub or box. I have chosen a great flat stone, as the least pretending and the most enduring exterior of a grave, and it must be stood upon the stone within the railing. There is a wonderful view of the giant city from the spot. They never allow the birds to be frightened there, and they sing delightfully.

Did you see a paper called the Quiet Poor,[†6] in the Household Words some few weeks ago?

—Another enquiry. You remember that Mrs. Mathews,[†7] the curate's wife, to whom you were so kind? She has written twice within this last fortnight, for more money—with a pertinacity that does not give me a high opinion of her. I have

replied that I can undertake to make no further statements to "my friend", and that she must consider the correspondence finally closed.

I hope to decamp for Boulogne on the 17th. Macready is coming to stay here for a few days, before we go. His eldest son (about two and twenty now, I think) is just home from Madeira for the summer. A fine, handsome, gentle, good fellow—but I very much doubt if he will see another summer.[†1] Elliotson told

me last night—at Townshend's by the bye—that he believed the whole family to be more or less affected by the same disease.[†2]

His name brings me to enquiry No. 3. Is the money for the two poor ladies[†3] to be paid for June, or did it stop in May? I cannot exactly remember.

Will you mention to O,[†4] that I perceive every Engine of puffery in motion for the Sydenham Palace, and that I expect to be more disgusted by the new botheration than I was with the old one.[†5] Mr. Brown's friend Regnier is acting here, and the French Theatre under Lafont[†6] is an immense success.[†7]

I know that Market well. And as to our accounts—if you will give me your word and honor to come home and take no advantage of me—I will stretch a point and trust you till you return.

Kindest remembrances.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Always Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MARK LEMON, 30 MAY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth May 1854

My Dear Mark.

Collins wants to make a day in the country with us, next week. What do you say to Thursday in next week?

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 30 MAY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth May 1854 | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Macready.

This is a brief impassioned reminder that you are looked for in these parts, with managerial punctuality, on the 12th. of June. I have asked Elliotson and Townshend (an accomplished man, who has written better of Mesmerism than any one else),[†1] to dine here next day. For I have a strong belief that if you try that remedy, under good superintendence, on Henry[†2] it will do him an amount of good that nothing else will, humanly speaking; and you may be moving in this direction when you come to town.

I cannot tell you how pleased we have been with Willy, or how much I like him. I think he is the most engaging and the best balanced compound of modesty and manliness, I ever saw. And it was very cheering to observe, as to his health, that although he was here in excessively bad weather and when the change from Madeira must have been severe, he stood it well, and looked bright.

Kate and Georgy unite with me in kindest love to Miss Macready, and to the four darlings at home.

Ever my Dearest Macready Most affectionately Yours

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 30 MAY 1854†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth May 1854

My Dear Stone.

I can*not* stand a total absence of ventilation, and I should have liked (in an amiable and persuasive manner) to have punched Townshend's head, and opened the Register stoves.[†3] I saw the supper tables Sir, in an empty state, and was charmed with them. Likewise I recovered myself from a swoon, occasioned by long contact with an unventilated man of a strong flavor from Copenhagen, by drinking an unknown species of celestial lemonade in that enchanted apartment.[†4]

[†a]I will read Mr. Rippingille's[†5] paper[†6] without delay, and communicate with him thereupon.[†a]

I am grieved to say that on Saturday I stand engaged to dine—at three weeks'

notice—with one Buckle.[†1] Not the jockey,[†2] but a man who has read every book that ever was written (and written one, I believe, that never was read) and is a perfect Gulf of information.[†3] Before exploding a mine of knowledge he has a habit of closing one eye and wrinkling up his nose, so that he seems to be perpetually taking aim at you and knocking you over with a terrific charge. Then he loads again, and takes another aim. So you are always on your back, with your legs in the air.

How can a man be conversed with, or walked with, in the County of Middlesex when he is reviewing the Kentish Militia on the shores of Dover, or sailing, every day for three weeks, between Dover and Calais?

Ever affecy.

CD.[†4]

To W. H. WILLS, 30 MAY 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Thirtieth May, 1854

My Dear Wills.

I think Thomas's story,[†5] very good indeed. Close, original, vigorous, and graphic. It strikes me that I see better things in it than he has done yet.

An alteration occurs to me—easily made—which I think would[†6] greatly improve it, in respect of interest and quiet pathos, and a closing sentiment of pleasure to the Reader. It should be delicately expressed that the man (admirably described) who comes a courting Miss Furbey is the old lover who has always been faithful. I think Miss Furbey might have always had a miniature of him, [†a]hanging up, or in a pet drawer and sometimes brought out[†a]—taken when he was a young man; and that when the narrator begins to observe him and his visits, she should still see in the grey hair and the worn face something of that portrait.[†7]

I wish you would make the suggestion, in my words. Beg him not to delay the story, for I don't like to keep anything of so much merit, out of print.

The young poet[†8] is not quite to any purpose at present, but I would certainly encourage him.

Ever Faithfully

CD

[†b]Death's Doors[†1]
Will be a better name for Morley's paper than the one I gave it yesterday.[†b]

To J. L. RICKARDS,[†2] 31 MAY 1854*

MS John F. Fleming Inc.

Tavistock House | Thirty First May 1854

Dear Sir

I wish to preserve between us, some little outward and visible remembrance of your generous Mexican adventure—the adventure for which I was unconsciously responsible![†3] Will you do me the favor to accept my own copy of a book for which I have a particular affection?[†4] In the assurance that you will like it none the worse for coming from my study shelves, I beg you to accept it with my thanks and good wishes.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. L. Rickards Esquire

To E. M. WARD, 31 MAY 1854*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House | Thirty First May 1854 | 5 'O Clock afternoon

My Dear Ward.

Although your note is dated Monday Evening, it is only just now delivered here. I am sorry that the day you name, will not suit me; but I hope that either Monday the 12th. or the following Tuesday Wednesday or Thursday, may be convenient to you.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire

June

To FRANK STONE, [1 JUNE 1854]

Mention in next.

To FRANK STONE, 1 JUNE 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday First June 1854

My Dear Stone

As Mr. Rippingille addressed his note to you, I think it best to address my official reply to you. You will find it in the large envelope sent herewith, along with his proffered contribution and the paper aforesaid.

In the paper itself, there is no merit whatever. Even its orthography is loose.

Affecy. always
CD.

To MARK LEMON, 2 JUNE 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Second June 1854

My Dear Mark

If you are at home on this Blue-Devilous[†1] afternoon and inclined to go anywhere to see anything, I am your man from 7 o'Clock.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 3 JUNE 1854

MS Princeton University Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Saturday Third June 1854

My Dear Sir

Will you notice the remarkable circumstance mentioned in the accompanying report and Lord Shaftesbury's note? Do not trouble yourself to do more with the subject than you feel it will bear. A chip if nothing else.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 5 JUNE 1854*

MS[†1] Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Fifth June 1854

My Dear Sir

Will you have the goodness officially to record that I tender my resignation as a Member of the Council of the Literary Fund.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To W. H. HARRISON,[†2] 5 JUNE 1854*

MS Percy Dobell & Son.

Tavistock House | Fifth June 1854

My Dear Sir

I owe you many thanks for your considerate note—pray let me pay them—and I am rejoiced to hear such excellent accounts of the children of our good friend.[†3] It is delightful to know that their mother is so comforted.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Harrison Esquire.

To JOHN ABSOLON,[†4] [?5 JUNE 1854]

MS Morgan Library (ending, signature and subscription only). *Date:* presumably not long after the Act received the Royal Assent on 2 June 54.

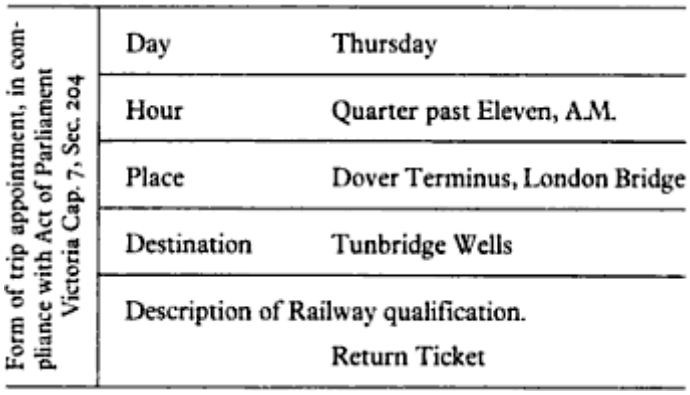
Presumably sending him a copy of the Act incorporating the Guild of Literature and Art.[†5]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 6 JUNE 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth June 1854

My Dear Collins



Form of trip appointment, in compliance with Act of Parliament Victoria Cap. 7, Sec. 204		
	Day	Thursday
	Hour	Quarter past Eleven, A.M.
	Place	Dover Terminus, London Bridge
	Destination	Tunbridge Wells
	Description of Railway qualification.	Return Ticket

(Signed) CHARLES DICKENS

Entd.

To JOHN HILLS,[†1] 6 JUNE 1854

Mention in *American Book Prices Current,* 1939, p. 294; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 6 June 54.

Sending him a cheque.[†2]

To J. T. SINNETT, 6 JUNE 1854*

MS Miss H. R. Jackson.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening | Sixth June 1854

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your note, which is particularly welcome and acceptable to me. I will look to the paper to which you invite my attention.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Taylor Sinnett Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†1] 6 JUNE 1854*

MS Winifred A Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Sixth June 1854

Dear Sir

I suppose the mistake to which your note refers, to have occurred in Mr. Wills's parcel. My proofs are correct, except that I have two of them.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 7 JUNE 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Seventh June 1854

My Dear Collins

Mark has got something in his foot—which is not Gout of course, though it has a family likeness to that disorder—which he thinks will disable him tomorrow. Under these circumstances, and as this inclement season of summer has set in with so much severity,[†2] I think it may be best to postpone our expedition. Will you take a stroll on Hampstead Heath and dine here, on Sunday instead? And if yes, will you be here at 2?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 7 JUNE 1854

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Seventh June 1854

My Dear Cunningham.

I cannot become one of the Committee for Wilson's statue,[†3] after entertaining so strong an opinion against the expediency of such a memorial in poor dear Talfourd's case.[†4] But I will subscribe my Three Guineas, and will pay that sum to the account at Coutts's when I go there next week, before leaving town.

The Goldsmith,[†5] admirably done throughout. It is a book I have long desired

to see done, and never expected to see half so well done. Many thanks to you for it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Please to observe the address

at Boulogne.

Villa du Camp de Droite.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 JUNE 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Ninth June 1854

My Dear Wills.

GUILD[†1]

Proof of Address returned corrected, herein.

Letter from unknown man, also enclosed.

Phipps's letter also returned. I will not fail to write to him as soon as I can have one of the little books[†2] to send him.

H. W.[†1]

I think your idea about Procter (his letter also enclosed) the best possible.

I send a little Poem[†3] that will do. If we have used the name I have bestowed upon it, I will give it another.

W. H. W.[†1]

Very sorry to hear that you have been so ill. But the weather has been of that astounding character that I wonder any one is well.

We should meet twice next week, before I go to Boulogne. I am not likely to come over until I have finished Hard Times.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 JUNE 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Tenth June 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

We have asked Townshend, and Dr. Elliotson, and the Crystal Palace,[†4] and two or three friends of Macready's whom you know more or less, to dine here on Tuesday at half past six. I don't know whether you are going out just now, but it will give us very great pleasure if you will come here on that day. I need

not go through the form (I hope) of writing separately to Mrs. Brown, for of course we assume herself and Mr. Brown to be included in the plural "You". This need not at all interfere with our seeing the room.

Commending this humble petition to your favorable notice, and recovering from the clatter of the general skurrying away of this house to Sydenham,[†1] I return to imbrue my hands in the life of Mrs. Gradgrind.[†2]

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To MISS EMILY LANE,[†3] 10 JUNE 1854*

MS Sir John Nicholson. *Address:* Miss Emily Lane | 29 Queen's Road | Regents Park.

Tavistock House | Sunday Evening Tenth June 1854

My Dear Miss Emily.

I have not been able to answer your nice note sooner, because I have been very busy, writing to you in another way.[†4] And I hope you will read what I have been writing.

I went to see the Pony, but I only saw what the Americans call a Human (with a black eye, and vexed) knocking down the pony's establishment savagely, with a hammer. In a cart near him, full of flat boards with yellow Lyres painted on them, was an Animal with a promising eye, who I think must have been The Sagacious. I hope it was, because the flies were worrying him, and he deserved that for his impropriety about the baby. All the learned Ponies I have been acquainted with, have been fond of low jokes. The Horses know better.

The real learned quadrupeds familiar with all sorts of knowledge, are the Pigs. But they have ventured into a combination to keep it quiet, on account of their great dislike to employment. The Learned Pig[†5] (I think you must have heard of him, but at all events he was a beloved and honored friend of your papa's) let the secret out, and they held a Meeting to consider whether they should murder him. But when they remembered that he was kept all day long, shewing Fortunes on the cards, spelling, and telling what o'Clock it was, they thought it Punishment enough.[†6] He soon overdid himself and died.

I know the man who took care of your papa's arm,[†7] well. And I call him a far better gentleman than ever George The Fourth was.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I should like to see the learned
Pony who could sign his name
like that

Miss Emily Lane.

To MARK LEMON, 11 JUNE 1854*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eleventh June 1854

My Dear Mark

Upon the whole I would recommend you, *not* to try this Play. The story is extremely well disposed through the five acts, and there are many points of strong dramatic interest that would be sure to tell. On the other hand, though I think I see in many places that you have been bringing your knowledge of the stage to bear upon it lately, the evidences of its being written by a young and unpractised hand are numerous. Young Lemon[†1] halted in the great speeches; his men were hardly up to their positions in the story, in what they said; he told the same thing twice, and in dangerous places; he did, in a word, much that his distant relation sixteen stone four, would not have done by any means. Now it is not Young Lemon who would come to judgment for these things, but Sixteen stone four; and S. S. F. being in a prominent editorial position, I think would not strengthen it by reversing the classic model of piety and taking Young Lemon on his shoulders.[†2]

I scarcely doubt that Phelps would do the Play. Macready will look it over, I am sure, if you like. What do you say to trying while he is here, if his opinion accord with mine?[†3]

Affecy. always

CD.

To J. SCOTT RUSSELL,[†4] 12 JUNE 1854*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Twelfth June 1854

My Dear Scott Russell.

It has come into my head that by presenting my brother Alfred to you, I may possibly help him to some engineering employment (which he is very anxious to obtain), and at the same time make you acquainted with a practical and persevering fellow who may be of use to you.[†5]

He has been bred to engineering from his boyhood, and has been, for some years back, engaged in the construction of some lines in Yorkshire, now finished. He has high testimonials and sound recommendations, and only wants—his old duties

being satisfactorily discharged—to enter upon new duties in an earnest way. I have it very much at heart to help him to attain this object if I can.[†1]

Anything about himself that you may want to know, he will tell you with no waste of words.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J Scott Russell Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, 13 JUNE 1854

Extract in Charles Retz Inc. catalogue No. 14; *MS* on inner flap of envelope; dated 13 June 54.

Here's another Number.[†2]

To MARK LEMON, 14 JUNE 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth June 1854

My Dear Mark

I hope you keep in the same mind as to going to Folkestone with us on Saturday. I purpose going by the 4.50 Express,—and we might meet at 3, and chop at the Cock[†3] as in the ancient dramatic times.

Will you come in on Friday, and dine at 6. I know Macready will be pleased to see you, and we shall be otherwise alone.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To THE DIRECTORS OF THE ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND, [?MID-JUNE 1854]

Summary in Minutes of the Special Meeting of Directors, 20 June 54, MS Royal General Theatrical Fund. *Date:* a few days before 17 June, since the Special Meeting of 20 June had been called on 17 June, presumably prompted by this letter.

Stating that he had been to the City to receive the Half Yearly Dividend due and invest the amount, but was unable to do so, because no Trustee had been appointed instead of the late Mr. Justice Talfourd;[†4] *advising that the Directors should at once proceed to the selection and election of some gentleman to that office; and also suggesting the names of*

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, William Macready and Clarkson Stanfield as the most eligible persons.[†1]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 16 JUNE 1854*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Thursday Sixteenth June 1854

My Dear Sir

Wills has shewn me your letter dated the day before yesterday,[†2] and I wish to say to you—privately and individually of course—that in the event of Mr. Dilke[†3] joining the Guild, I consider it will become a question for the consideration of the Council whether they shall hear whatever he has to propose, or not. That any of us can possibly settle beforehand that he is *not* to be heard, and that we can have nothing to [do] with the appropriation of the wealth of the Literary Fund, seems to me to be assuming the whole case.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To HENRY COLE,[†1] 17 JUNE 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth June 1854

Dear Mr. Cole.

Although I date from here, I have in fact retreated to Boulogne to pass the summer in the society of your friend Mr. Gradgrind and others, free from the disturbances of London. Otherwise, very readily responding to your good humour,[†2] I should have lost no time in calling on Mr. Redgrave.[†3]

I often say to Mr. Gradgrind that there is reason and good intention in much that he does—in fact, in all that he does—but that he over-does it. Perhaps by dint of his going his way and my going mine, we shall meet at last at some halfway house where there are flowers on the carpets,[†4] and a little standing-room for Queen Mab's Chariot[†5] among the Steam Engines.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Cole Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?JANUARY-17 JUNE 1854]

Extract in F, VIII, ii, 638. *Date:* 1854, according to Forster; before 18 June, as he implies that it was not written from Boulogne.

Alluding to one kind of experience described in Copperfield *and identifying it, through the drawbacks of his present life, with his own:* the so happy and yet so unhappy existence which seeks its realities in unrealities, and finds its dangerous comfort in a perpetual escape from the disappointment of heart around it.

To MRS GASKELL, [15] AND 17 JUNE 1854

MS John Rylands Library. *Date:* Misdated by CD; Thursday was 15 June.

Tavistock House | Thursday Evening Sixteenth June | 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I have read the MS[†1] you have had the kindness to send me, with all possible attention and care. I have shut myself up for the purpose, and allowed nothing to divide my thoughts. It opens an admirable story, is full of character and power, has a strong suspended interest in it (the end of which, I don't in the least foresee), and has the very best marks of your hand upon it. If I had had more to read, I certainly could not have stopped, but must have read on.

Now, addressing myself to the consideration of its being published in weekly portions, let me endeavour to shew you as distinctly as I can, the divisions into which it must fall. According to the best of my judgment and experience, if it were divided in any other way—reference being always had to the weekly space available for the purpose in Household Words—it would be mortally injured.

I would end No. 1—With the announcement of Mr. Lennox at the parsonage

I would end No. 2—with Mr. Hale's announcement to Margaret, that Milton-Northern is the place they are going to. This No. therefore would contain Lennox's proposal, and the father's communication to his daughter of his leaving the church.

I would end No. 3—With their fixing on the watering-place as their temporary sojourn.[†2]

I would end No. 4—With Margaret's sitting down at night in their new house, to read Edith's letter.[†3] This No. therefore, would contain the account of Milton, and the new house, and the Mill Owner's first visit.

I would end No. 5—With the Mill-Owner's leaving the house after the tea-visit.[†4] This No. therefore would contain the introduction of his mother, and also of the working father and daughter—the Higgins family.

I would end No. 6—With Margaret leaving their dwelling, after the interview with Bessy when she is lying down.[†5]

These Nos. would sometimes require to be again divided into two chapters, and would sometimes want a word or two of conclusion. If you could be content to leave this to me, I could make those arrangements of the text without much difficulty. The only place where I do not see my way, and where the story—always with a special eye to this form of publication—seems to me to flag unmanageably, without an amount of excision that I dare scarcely hint at, is between Nos. 2 and 3, where the

Dialogue is long—is on a difficult and dangerous subject[†1]—and where, to bring the murder out at once,[†2] I think there is a necessity for fusing two Nos. into one.[†3] This is the only difficult place in the whole 114 sides of foolscap.[†4]

As nearly as I can calculate, *about* 18 sides of your writing would make a weekly No. On *about* this calculation, the MS I have, would divide at the good points I have mentioned, and pretty equally. I do not apologize to you for laying so much stress on the necessity of its dividing well, because I am bound to put before you my perfect conviction that if it did not, the story would be wasted—would miss its effect as it went on—*and would not recover it when published complete.* The last consideration is strong with me, because it is based on my long comparison of the advantages and disadvantages of the periodical form of appearance.

I hope these remarks will not confuse you, but you will come out tolerably clear after a second reading, and will convey to you the means of looking at your whole story from the weekly point of view. It cannot, I repeat, be disregarded without injury to the book.[†5] All the MS that I have—with the exception I have mentioned and allowing a very reasonable margin indeed for a little compression here and there—might have been expressly written to meet the exigencies of the case.

Saturday Seventeenth June.

That my calculations might be accurate, I thought it well to stop my note and send eighteen of your sides to the Printer's (I took them out at random) to be calculated. Their estimate exactly accords with mine. I have therefore no doubt of its correctness.

Is there anything else that I can tell you, or anything else you want to ask me? Pray do not entertain the idea that you can give me any trouble I shall not be delighted to encounter.

My address is,

Villa du Camp de droite

Boulogne Sur Mer

—where I shall be anxious to hear from you that you comprehend this long dull story of mine. That you may the more easily do so, I will make it no longer.

Have you thought of a name?[†6] I cannot suggest one without knowing more of the story. Then perhaps I might hit upon a good title if you did not.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I have never thanked you for Mr. Gaskell's lectures,[†1] which I have read with uncommon pleasure. They are so sagacious and unaffected, and tell so much that is interesting.

To W. C. MEATES[†2] AND J. M. HUCKLEBRIDGE,[†3] 17 JUNE 1854*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth June 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Meates and Mr. Hucklebridge, and begs to say that his occupations render it impossible for him to have the pleasure of accepting the invitation with which he is honored by the Committee of the Pimlico Literary Institution.[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 JUNE 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Folkestone | Sunday Eighteenth June 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I called upon you yesterday between 1 and 2, and should have called on Friday but that I was all day at Shepherd's Bush making up the book.

They were going on very well indeed. The girl from St. James's Workhouse—where she had been temporarily sent, until an Asylum could be found for her—the daughter of the Vestry Clerk of St. Pancras[†5]—I forget whether her name is McMillan or McGahey—spoke to me about her never having been accustomed to hard work, and hoping she might get a nurse's place when she emigrated. I said all that was needful to be said on the subject, as to her requiring to be used to house work, whatever capacity she might hereafter fill; and added that I would mention what she had said, to you. She did not urge it by way of complaint at all, and was on the housework then. She has been better brought up than the usual run of our inmates.

I sent a man on whom I could depend, to look after Frances Cranstone. The place is over by Whitchapel.[†6] He brought back such an odd account of the house being one of four or five neat little houses, with a man and his wife—apparently—in the parlor whom he "saw doing nothing, through the blinds"—and further of the people having just moved in, and being quite unknown both at the Police Station and the public house, that Mr. Wills's curiosity was piqued and he offered to go himself on

Monday, and pay a visit to Cranstone in the kitchen if it should tend to elicit the truth. I confided the mission to his discretion, and will write you the result. He is sure to know all about it, somehow or other.

Did you mean, in your instructions to Mrs. Marchmont respecting the fetching of the Wiltshire girl, Trim, from the Railway Station, that you wished Mrs. Macartney to go instead of Mrs. Marchmont, and that you wished to substitute an Omnibus for the usual Fly? It rather seems to me that, with a view to the discipline of the place, the first impression should be of the principal Superintendent; also, that there are many reasons which render a public conveyance very objectionable. Of course I did not interfere, but I thought Mrs. Marchmont scarcely understood what her directions in this respect were.

Mr. Trimmer of Putney after due consideration, has answered the question respecting Walter. Mr. Stone fully concurs. The opinion is that he is decidedly a subject for the direct appointment, and that he

would *not* come off with any high distinction at Addiscombe—where, in that case, he would merely go as a form, and escape what are supposed to be great objections and disadvantages in the College to such a boy.[†1] They confirm my belief that he is very steady and good, and will always do his duty with great punctuality and a high sense of responsibility, but that he has no uncommon abilities, and least of all in the sciences of mathematics and fortification which would alone enable him to get into the Engineers. Mr. Trimmer therefore says he has no doubt whatever on the subject.

I have received a letter, through Mr. Lemon, respecting your next presentation to the St. Anns Society School at Brixton, and soliciting it for a girl. I suppose it is already bestowed? I only want to answer, according to fact.

The payments I have made, respecting which your mind was so uneasy while you were under the protection of the French Govt. are,

3 months Dr. Elliotson's poor ladies[†2]	15.	0.	0
Eliza Wilkin's father	3.	0.	0
Shepherd's Bush in May, as pr. book	41.	0.	0
	£59.	0.	0

I think that's all.

Whenever you go to the Bank, you can place it to my credit. Or I shall be in town, I hope, towards the end of next month, and will write beforehand to notify the important fact of my appearance. It depends on my completion of Hard Times.

Townshend was in a state of great excitement yesterday, at the prospect of your dining with him. The Crystal Palace shares, I hear, have been going down fearfully, since the opening.[†3] Perhaps your lunching there, yesterday (as I suppose you did) will bring them up again.[†4]

—I am a Spanish Merchant,[†5] and I deal, I am rejoiced to say, in a sunny morning

and a dead calm. For which reason I am going across presently, with Mrs. Dickens and Georgina who are with me, and give me all sorts of messages. The children are coming over direct from London Bridge, on Tuesday. My address is, Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne.

With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and a horrible desire to have the sole and entire direction of the furnishing of that wonderful little room,[†1]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts
Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 JUNE 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne.[†2] | Thursday Twenty Second June 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

That is a most infamous proceeding[†3] on the part of Mr. St. George.[†4] These people who are so horribly charitable at other people's expence, and who will commit any duplicity in furtherance of their object—which they call a good one—are among the worst of Imposters. The Bailiff in the Good Natured Man says of his Follower "he's a good deal in need of assistance, and as I can't afford to assist him myself I must get you to do it, Master."[†5] Which seems to me, in comparison, a respectable thing.

Here is the report of my Sub Editor and Factotum concerning Cranstone.

"She has been living, since she left the Home, with a single man, to take care of his three children. He is the first floor. There are other lodgers in the House, and I doubt the respectability of the parlor but can't swear against it. She has had the entire management of his little household, to the paying of the weekly bills. She has been honest, but she has not wanted for meat, drink, or lodging—though she has been wretchedly deficient in washing: having been idle and dirty 'to a unbelievable degree'. Her charge left her her liberty to such an extent that 'she couldn't abear fur to have any one put over her'—especially my informant, a bright clean goodlooking woman in mourning, who only came last Friday week, either as the widower's new wife or sister; I am not sure which, and could not well ask. Consequently, last Sunday, "Miss Cranstone 'in an artful way' asked leave to go out for an hour, and up to the date of my visit (4 P. M. Wednesday June 21st.) had forgotten to return."

It seems pretty clear that it will be best not to answer her letter. I would not send it to the Mendicity, I think, for they might trouble you.

It is delightful to hear about Watts.[†6] She tastes like a sweetmeat after the St. George physic.

We will look after your little friend if he appears. You cannot think what a

delightful cottage we have got. The rooms are larger than those in the old house, and there are more of them; but the oddities are almost as great, and the situation—on top of this hill, instead of three parts down it—is most beautiful. We have a field behind the house, with a road of our own to the Column[†1]—unbounded air—capital garden—and all for five guineas a week. I anticipate shewing it to you sometime in the Autumn, with great pleasure. And there are a variety of ingenious devices in the Robinson Crusoe way, effected by the undersigned (who I think has moved every article of furniture in the house, since Monday afternoon) which must be *studied*, to be appreciated.

The Camp is not a mile off, and I have been in terror lest I should hear the drums. I went over, yesterday, to reconnoitre the enemy. It is a very curious and picturesque scene. The 3 or 4000 soldiers now here, are building mud huts thatched with straw, for the 50 or 60,000 who are to come. I should think there are about 100,000 trusses of straw piled up ready for use; and the 3 or 4000 men (lazier than any men I ever saw) are constantly wheeling little barrows of earth about—containing twelve tablespoon fulls each, as nearly as I can estimate. Except that nobody is brisk, it looks like the opening of some capital French play.

Our children arrived on Tuesday by the London boat, in every stage and aspect of sea sickness. When I saw them land (Sydney with an immense basket, and a Custom House Officer in a cocked hat much bigger than the child, looking into it) Flight seemed the only course open to me. The Nurse was prostrate, and (generally speaking) was carried by the Baby instead of carrying him. That wonderful young creature was the admiration of the sternest Mariner aboard—which I never heard of a Suffolk Baby[†2] yet—in consequence of the gentleness with which he was perpetually looking out of a white basin and, in the intervals of his paroxysms, pitying his family and attendants. They arrived after dark, with 27 packages, whereof 5 prodigious chests belonged to Mamey and Katey's governess, who is a Frenchwoman, and so small that I should have thought a hat box might have contained her entire wardrobe. In the dead of the night, when we were all asleep, a vigilant Custom House Agent appeared with 22 of those picturesque but screeching women who look after the baggage. The hill being extremely steep, they had harnessed themselves with ropes to the 27 packages. The tremendous uproar is inconceivable.

The Crystal Palace people, I venture to predict, will find the general English Sense revolt against those monstrous pretences.[†3] I had a very clever paper sent to Household Words, representing, with very good sarcasm, the hard case of Madam Tussaud of the Wax Work,[†4] for whom the Archbishop of Canterbury had never said prayers in Baker Street. I thought it best not to use it, but the point was well put and would [have][†5] told.

This is my first effort (No, my second) in penmanship of any kind, since I have been here. I suppose I shall get to work tomorrow, but at present I seem never to have done anything in the way of Authorship.

With kind regards to O[†1] and Mr. Brown, Ever Dear Miss Coutts Most Faithfully Yrs.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 22 JUNE 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Villa du Camp de droite | Thursday Twenty Second June 1854

My Dear Wills.

I have nothing to say, but, having heard from you this morning, I think I may as well report all well.

We have a most charming place here. I think the finest situation (Genoa excepted) I ever lived in, and the best Cottage house. It beats the former residence all to nothing. We have a beautiful garden with all its fruits and flowers, and a field of our own, and a road of our own away to the Column, and everything that is airy and fresh. The great Beaucourt hovers about us like a guardian genius, and I imagine that no English person in a carriage could by any possibility find the place.

Of the wonderful inventions and contrivances with which a certain Inimitable Creature has made the most of it, I will say nothing until you have an opportunity of inspecting the same. At present I will only observe that I have written exactly 72 words of Hard Times since I have been here.

Many thanks for the Cranstone information which is quite conclusive.

As to your account of Frederick,[†2]—though it makes me laugh, it makes me feel disposed to tear my hair off. That he should ever have been such a double-distilled Ass as to marry that girl, or have anything on earth to do with that Family! The great thing to be hoped is, that she will never go back to him,[†3] and that her father and mother[†4] may fly with her—and the Devil with all of 'em—to the Antipodes.

The children arrived on Tuesday night per London boat, in every stage and aspect of sea-sickness. With them, Lally and Betty Lemon, whose parents and guardians had discreetly packed two dozen pairs of bran new stockings in their luggage. Duty on said stockings, 8 francs.

The camp is about a mile off, and huts are now building for (they say) 60,000 soldiers. I don't imagine it to be near enough to bother us.

If the weather ever should be fine, it might do you good sometimes to come over with the proofs on a Saturday when the tide served well, before you and Mrs. W.

make your annual visit. Recollect, there is always a Bed, and no sudden appearance will put us out.

Kind regards. | Ever Faithfully

CD.

Mr. Davey[†1] may well stand over, 'till I return. I will tell you something apropos of that.[†2]

I shall be curious to hear the end of Frederic's[†3] domesticity. Get him, if you can, to shew you the letter he will receive from his wife's father. O what a letter that will be!

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 JUNE 1854]

Summary in F, VII, iv, 595. *Date:* June 1854, according to Forster; probably same day as *To* Miss Coutts and *To* Wills.

Describing the Villa as a cottage or chateau (*to him convertible terms*) *on the much cherished property, placed on the very summit of the hill with a private road leading out to the Column, a really pretty place, rooms larger than in the other house, a noble sea view, everywhere nice prospects, good garden, and plenty of sloping turf.*

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE JUNE 1854]

Extract in F, VII, iv, 595*n*. *Date:* Thackeray and his family were in Boulogne from 26 June; since Forster refers to the "early weeks" of CD's residence, end of June most likely.

Thackeray and his family were at Boulogne in a melancholy but very good chateau[†4] on the Paris road, where their landlord (a Baron)[†5] has supplied them, T. tells me, with one milk-jug as the entire crockery of the establishment.

To DR GEORGE WILKES, [?MAY-JUNE 1854]

Mention in *To* Mrs Colden, 4 Aug 54.

Informing him that William Birch's address was Pudlicote.[†6]

July

To MRS GASKELL, 2 JULY 1854*

MS Berg Collection.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Sunday Second July, 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

To avoid the "confusedest" climax, I will endeavour to shape my letter as formally as an Act of Parliament.[†1]

I did not observe the address[†2] of your former note (being impatient to read the story), and had not the faintest idea that you were in town.

Nor had I any ambition to interpose my own words of conclusion to any of the divisions. I merely wished to smooth everything for you as much as I possibly could, and to present any little harassing necessities in their easiest light.

Margaret Hale is as good a name as any other; and I merely referred to its having a name at all, because books usually have names, and you had left the title of the story blank.[†3]

Hard Times will be finished in Household Words, please God, either on Saturday the 12th. of August, or on Saturday the 19th. of August. I think its successor should begin not later than Saturday the 2nd. of September.

But I cannot so well give you the opinion you require (as to whether I should think the risk of beginning before the entire MS is in hand, too great), now, as when I shall have read some more of the story. If you will kindly let me have at the office in London by the 25th. of July what more of it you can then spare, I will read it at once, and write to you finally on the point.[†4]

I dwelt on the necessity of my considering the capacity in the story itself of being divided as such a work for such a purpose *must* be divided, because I am under an imperative necessity on that head, which I can no more change than I can change the weather or my tenure of life.

I never saw but one

bill[†5] with which I had anything to do, and I immediately directed the Printers (who rather plumed themselves on the invention) to issue no more, and to cancel what they had. I should propose to advertize the story, exactly as I allow my own stories to be advertized;[†6] and I assure you that I have a very considerable respect for my Art and a very considerable respect for myself.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I infer from your letter that you would like to have the MS you sent me,

returned. With this view, I placed it under seal at the office; and I write to Wills by this post, begging him to put it in a parcel and forward it to you without delay.

To W. WALTON,[†1] 2 JULY 1854*

MS Mr J. F. Fields.

Boulogne, Villa du Camp de droite | Sunday Second July 1854.

My Dear Sir

I have just received your letter here. This house is on the top of the hill above my last house,[†2] and the gate is a little beyond that gate. If you return this way,[†3] we shall all be happy to see you if you will report on what day we may expect you to dinner at ½ p 5.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Walton Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, [2 JULY 1854]

Mention in *To* Mrs Gaskell, 2 July 54. *Date:* same day as that letter.

Asking him to post Mrs Gaskell's MS back to her at once.

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, [4] JULY 1854

Text from N, II, 565. *Date:* misdated by CD; Tues was 4 July.

Villa du Camp de droite | Tuesday evening, Third July 1854

My Dear Sir.

I should have had the greatest pleasure in dining with you on Thursday, but that I am unfortunately engaged to two friends[†4] who are coming through on that day and whom we expect here.—Believe me,

Very faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. WILLS, 9 JULY 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Sunday Ninth July 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†1]

I was sorry yesterday, on the arrival of yesterday's No.[†2] to see Bohemia[†3] in it. I had carefully altered the proof here. There are several things in the paper that ought not to be there;[†4] and the title—used up at every minor Theatre in England[†5]—is in the highest degree objectionable.

Your parcel with the Proof of No. 226,[†6] was marked outside, [†a]*Too Late for the Tidal Train.*[†a] Consequently it did not come until next day; arriving here, yesterday evening.

I return the Proof now. See that there are no mistakes in my corrections. The Hard Times pages[†7] to Forster, directly.[†8]

Shot Through the Heart,[†9] I positively (it may be that I am addled by Hard Times) do not understand.[†10] If it be meant that the young Count and the Forester's daughter were brother and sister, and had been loving each other incestuously,[†11] it is intensely disagreeable. The whole story reads to me exactly as if it had been found in a Madhouse.

Wholesome Conclusions it would be the wildest imbecility to publish, in the present impossible-of-comprehension-state of that whole question.[†12] Something must decidedly be substituted for this paper—as Shot through the Heart should give place to something else if you have anything else.[†13]

French Waiter,[†14] dismal, but just passing muster.

The French Lawyer[†15] (proof altered and returned) will do, in part, for the replacing matter you want.[†16] It is very well, and I have put a capital title to it.[†17]

SELF & CO.[†1]

I hope to be done, about Wednesday or Thursday Week. Am very much in need of rest. Head very hot. Sometimes nervous.

House and garden better than ever. All inmates hearty.

Not knowing whether I am expected to address this to Captain Barlow or no, I send it straight to you.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Another MS No. of Hard Times,[†2] enclosed.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 JULY 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Wednesday Night Twelfth July 1854

My Dear Collins

Bobbing up, Corkwise, from a sea of Hard Times, I beg to report this Tenement—AMAZING[†3]!!! Range of view and air, most free and delightful—hill-side garden, delicious—field, stupendous—speculation in haycocks already effected by the undersigned, with a view to the heaping-up of a "Home" at Rounders.[†4]

I hope to finish and get to town by next Wednesday night, the 19th. What do you say to coming back with me on the following Tuesday? The interval I propose to pass in a career of amiable dissipation and unbounded license in the metropolis. If you will come and breakfast with me about midnight—anywhere—any day—and go to bed no more until we fly to these pastoral retreats—I shall be delighted to have so vicious an associate.

Will you undertake to let Ward know that if he still wishes me to sit to him,[†5] he shall have me as long as he likes, at Tavistock House on Monday the 24th. from 10 AM?[†6]

I have made it understood here, that we shall want to be taken the greatest care of, this summer, and to be fed on nourishing meats. Several new dishes have been rehearsed, and have come out very well. I have met with what they call in the City "a parcel"[†7] of the celebrated 1846 champagne.[†8] It is a very fine wine, and calculated to do us good when weak.

The Camp[†1] is about a mile off. Voluptuous English authors reposing from their literary fatigues (on their laurels) are expected, when all other things fail, to lie on straw in the midst of it when the days are sunny, and stare at the blue sea until they fall asleep. (About 150 soldiers have been at various times billeted on Beaucourt[†2] since we have been here—and he has clinked glasses with them every one, and read a MS book of his father's[†3] on Soldiers in general, to them all).

I shall be glad to hear what you say to these various proposals. I write with the Emperor in the town[†4] and a great expenditure of tri-color floating thereabouts,[†5] but no stir makes its way to this inaccessible retreat. It is like being up in a balloon. Lionizing Englishmen and Germans start to call, and are found lying imbecile in the road half way up. Ha-ha-ha!

Kindest regards from all. The Plornishghenter adds Mr. and Mrs. Goose's duty.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

The Cobbler[†6] has been ill these many months, and unable to work—has had a Carbuncle in his back, and has it cut three times a week. The little dog sits at the door so unhappy and anxious to help, that I every day expect to see him beginning a pair of top boots.

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 13 JULY 1854

MS British Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Thursday Evening Thirteenth July 1854

My Dear Carlyle

I am going, next month, to publish in One Volume a story now coming out in Household Words, called Hard Times. I have constructed it patiently, with a view to its publication altogether in a compact cheap form.[†7] It contains what I do devoutly hope will shake some people in a terrible mistake of these days,[†8] when so presented. I know it contains nothing in which you do not think with me,[†9] for no man knows your books better than I. I want to put in the first page of it, that it is inscribed to Thomas Carlyle.[†10] May I?

Another thing. We are living here, in a queer, airy, lonely French house on the top of a windy hill—quite aloof from all Hunters of Lions before the Lord[†1] (or the Devil), and yet as fresh and natural a place as ever you saw, within 7 hours of London Bridge. Can you give me anything in the way of that plain burly hope that alone condescends to come out of you, that you and Mrs. Carlyle could come and pass a week with us in September? If you tell me Yes, she and Mrs. Dickens shall be a Commission to settle the rest, and so my love to her and you.

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I wouldn't flourish to you, if it were not the nature of me.[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, [13] JULY 1854

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Thurs was 13 July.

Boulogne, | Thursday Fourteenth July 1854

My Dear Wills. Your note received, and your parcel expected.

I am so stunned with work, that I really am not able (in sending off my own parcel hurriedly) to answer your questions—I mean, not able to consider them. I doubt if there will not be too much of Hard Times, to admit of the conclusion all going in together.[†3] There will probably be either 14 or 15 sides of my writing. But the best thing will be for me to come over with it, the moment I have finished. [†a]*On Wednesday night at a quarter past ten*,[†a] I hope to be at London Bridge. But if I should find on Monday (though I hardly expect it) that I can come on Tuesday night instead, I will let you know as much by[†4] Monday's post.

The MS now sent, contains what I have looked forward to through many weeks.[†5]

The advertisement[†6] will simply be

On such a day will be published

Complete in One Volume, price five shillings,

— VII - 369 —

HARD TIMES[†1]

By Charles Dickens.

I will send B & E the two first books[†2] in your returned parcel.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Call the Guild again, for Monday Week.[†3]

To THOMAS BEARD, 14 JULY 1854

MS Dickens House.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Friday July Fourteenth 1854

My Dear Beard

Will you dine with me at the Garrick, next Friday—this day week—at a quarter past 6? I want to report the glories of this eagle's nest on the top of the hill, and to impress your mind with the family sentiment that you ought to have a month's holiday this year.

Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, 14 JULY 1854

Extract in F, VII, i, 566-7*n*.

Tavistock House. Look at that! Boulogne, of course. Friday, 14th of July, 1854. I am three parts mad, and the fourth delirious, with perpetual rushing at *Hard Times*. I have done what I hope is a good

thing with Stephen, taking his story as a whole; and hope to be over in town with the end of the book on Wednesday night.... I have been looking forward through so many weeks and sides of paper to this Stephen business, that now—as usual—it being over, I feel as if nothing in the world, in the way of intense and violent rushing hither and thither, could quite restore my balance.

To W. H. WILLS, [15] JULY 1854

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; Sat was 15 July.

Boulogne | Saturday Night Fourteenth July 1854

My Dear Wills.

HARD TIMES.[†1]

The enclosed batch of print tied up with string, to Whitefriars *at once*, if you please.

H. W.[†1]

My corrections are rather slightly made, and the No.[†2] wants carefully going over for plain pointing and setting out.

The CP[†3] by RS[†4] is very well done, but I cannot make up my mind to lend my blow to the great Forge-bellows of puffery at work.[†5] I so heartily desire to have nothing to do with it, that I wish you would cancel this article altogether, and substitute something else. As to the guide-books, I think they are a sufficiently flatulent botheration in themselves, without being discussed.[†6] A lurking desire is always upon me to put Mr. Laing's[†7] speech on Accidents to the public, as Chairman of the Brighton Railway, against his pretensions as a chairman of public Instructors and guardians.[†8] And I don't know but what I may come to it at some odd time. This strengthens me in my wish to avoid the bellows.

When you want a parcel to reach me at once (if ever) I think you had better write outside, so much for Immediate Delivery. Because my friend Barnard[†9] keeps them all[†10] cooling, four or five hours. And I don't know that he can be reasonably expected under the circumstances, to do anything else.

I[†1]

Hope to get up to town on Tuesday night with the close of Hard Times. Will write again on Monday night. Meanwhile, all other matters stand over without mention, except.—

GUILD[†1]

The table of Sickness Fund premiums requires extension—or a plain explanation

appended that it presents the Minimum of Provident Investment under that head, and that so much is the Maximum.[†1] Without such addition it looks ludicrous.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 JULY 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Monday July Seventeenth | 1854

My Dear Wills

I am happy to say that I have finished Hard Times this morning.[†2] I purpose coming over tomorrow, arriving at London Bridge at a quarter past 10 at Night.[†3] Will you tell Cooper to be there, in waiting for me.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 JULY 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Wednesday Nineteenth July 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

I find, as to Saturday,[†4] that my examined conscience will not acquit itself of an engagement (I had forgotten it) to Mr. Forster, supposing him well enough[†5] to claim its fulfilment. To prevent that Monitor from being overworked, I dispatch this timely note.

Lady Beecher[†6] is 62![†7]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 19 JULY 1854

MS British Library. Address: Mrs. Charles Dickens | Villa du Camp de droite | Boulogne Sur Mer.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Wednesday Nineteenth July 1854

My Dearest Catherine

The appearances of the passage were better than the reality. There was a great deal of motion about half way over—many basins in requisition—and Lally[†1] hideously sick. However, we had a quick passage and a fine one, and my fellow-travellers left me at Ashford[†2] in excellent preservation.

I have seen Miss Coutts (with whom I dine tomorrow); and Forster, who is low[†3] and under physic, but I think will escape this time; and Willy Macready, whom I met in Regent Street; and W. C. Macready, whom I went up to see at the Great Western Hotel,[†4] and who goes away tomorrow. London is intensely disagreeable. Very hot, close, suffocating, and oppressive.[†5]

After a busy day, I am now (at ½ p 5) off to the Garrick, where I expect to find Collins and am pretty sure to find Peter[†6] and Albert.[†7]

You may draw money to pay the bills. Don't draw more than you really want, as I find my account at Coutts's, low.[†8]

The house looks very dismal, but clean. Love to Georgina, and to Mamey, Katey, Walter (who arrived rather sooner than you expected, as I judge by the place in which I saw his boat),[†9] Franky, Ally, Syddy, Harry, and The Plornishghenter. I think it would have been agreeable to have brought the Madgenter[†10] to town with me.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JULES BENEDICT,[†11] 20 JULY 1854*

MS Private. *Address:* Jules Benedict Esquire | 2 Manchester Square (narrow black border).

Tavistock House | Thursday Twentieth July 1854

My Dear Benedict.

I have been away in France, working hard in retirement, or your note would not have remained thus long unanswered.

Believe me, if I wrote a song for anyone to set, I would rather do it for you than for anyone I know; both because I have a great personal regard for you, and a genuine admiration of your genius. But I cannot do it. What I do, I do in the main because I can't keep it—it *will* come out of me, somehow—but, in the midst of my occupations, the idea of undertaking any new task not of my own projecting (however slight) would worry me into a dislike of it and a dissatisfaction with my manner of executing it.

If Mrs. Dickens were in town, she would heartily join me (and so would her sister) in kind regards to yourself and your pretty daughters. So I act as her substitute and send them on her behalf.

My Dear Benedict | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Jules Benedict Esquire

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, 20 JULY 1854

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Twentieth July 1854

My Dear Buckstone

I have been working hard in a French country house, for some weeks, or your note would not have remained so long unanswered. Crossing over on Tuesday afternoon, I brought your Spanish Dancers[†1] with me—whose complexions then looked like old cheeses, from sea-sickness. I am glad to hear that they came to hand safely,—and I hope they may prove to be strong in drawing,[†2] as well as dancing.

The Fund[†3] could not have done better, I think, than they have done in the selection of their new Trustee.[†4]

I have no Chairman in my eye.[†5] Can't think of anybody. Have been tormenting my brains without the slightest success.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. B. Buckstone Esquire

To WILLIAM CARLETON,[†6] 20 JULY 1854

Text from David J. O'Donoghue, *The Life of William Carleton*, 1896, ii, 187-8.

Tavistock House, | Twentieth July, 1854

My Dear Sir,—I beg to assure you that when you had the—not mistaken—kindness

to address to me the gratifying letter referred to in your late communication to the editor of *Household Words*, dated on the 15th of this month, I was working hard on the French coast, where I remained five months, and then travelled into Italy. On my return to London last Christmas, Mr. Wills, the gentleman who wrote to you on my behalf, mentioned that he had explained my absence to you, and I looked forward to the pleasant chance of seeing you at some other time. If I had supposed for a moment that you did not fully understand the impossibility of answering the letter myself, I would never have rested until I had made it known to you.

For pray believe, my dear sir, that very few things are more precious to me than the approval and regard of a writer so truly, justly distinguished as yourself.[†1] I receive it as one of the greatest honours of my life, and treasure it with sincere appreciation and gratitude. I am fortunate in not having unconsciously presented myself to you once more in an unfavourable light. In the height of the season, when London is full, I cannot live in it and pursue my calling (always my first consideration), and was again in France, and only happened to come over here yesterday, and have your second letter handed to me.

With many thanks for the proposal contained in it, will you allow me to ask the favour of your sending me those papers to read.[†2] I have arranged for them to be forwarded to me within a few days of

their receipt at the *Household Words* office. I hope I need not add that they shall have my earliest attention. Believe me, my dear sir,

With admiration and respect, | Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 20 JULY 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

H. W. | Thursday Twentieth July 1854.

My Dear Mark.

I am going to the Drury Lane Opera[†3] with Miss Coutts tonight, but will contrive to get to the Albion by from 10 to ½ past.[†4] Will you be there? I believe Collins is going to call here presently, and I will ask him to join us.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To MRS BROWN, 22 JULY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Saturday Twenty Second July 1854

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I have been in a dreadful state of mind this morning, all along of your mysterious letter. What it can be in Sloane Street—whether a bust—a statue—a marble boy in need of explanation—has been running strangely in my head. And I *can't*[†1] go and set myself right, because I have been occupied until now (3 o'Clock) and am engaged to go out of town with the invalided Forster, and Stanfield.

What *can* it be! And it overwhelmed you too!

What
C A N [†2]
It
Be!!!

Yours Desparingly[†3]
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 JULY 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Saturday Twenty Second July 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you the Proofs.[†4] They are not corrected, and I dare say will here and there contain something mysterious; but on the whole I hope they are sufficiently plain to read.

And I hope you will read them, and like them—a little.

Will you kindly give the enclosed[†5] to its address.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 22 JULY 1854

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Saturday Twenty Second July 1854

My Dear Georgina.

I have been expecting you, and still imagine that you will certainly come by tomorrow night's boat. Indeed, it appears to me that unless your mother[†6] positively

renounces the idea[†1] (which I see she will not), you had better come, whether or no, and get the thing disposed of. If you appear, *I shall abandon the idea of going to Folkestone on Monday Evening*, and shall arrange to bring you back with me by that route. What you are wanted for, is merely (I apprehend) your signature. If the document be ready, your attendance will be very short.

I never in my days beheld anything like your mother's letter, for the desperation of its imbecility. What she imagines would be done—might, could, or should be done—by her insuring her life, I cannot conceive. I should like to know what her ideas may be, even of the practicability of her doing such a thing in any office—and of the cost of it, at her age and in her state of health.

I shall be at Tavistock House all Monday until the afternoon, for I have made an appointment to sit to Ward[†2] in my room that day. But as I should like to give Collins very early notice if we don't go down to Folkestone that night, I think you had best write to me by return of Post, and say whether you are coming or not. Will you do so? Your letter will be, in any case, an hour or two ahead of you. And if I find that I am going—on your account—to sleep at Tavistock House on Monday night, I can then start Cooper off to Hanover Terrace.[†3]

Neither you nor Catherine did justice to Collins's book.[†4] I think it far away the cleverest Novel I have ever seen written by a new hand. It is much beyond Mrs. Gaskell,[†5] and is in some respects masterly. Valentine Blyth[†6] is as original and as well done as anything can be. The scene where he shews his pictures,[†7] is full of an admirable humour. Nor do I really recognize much imitation of myself.[†8] Old Mat is

the thing in which I observe myself to be most reflected,[†9] but he is admirably done. In short, I call it a very remarkable book, and have been very much surprised by its great merit.

Tell Kate with my love that she will receive tomorrow in a little parcel, the complete proofs of Hard Times. They will not be corrected, but she will find them pretty plain. I am just now going to put them up for her. Tell her also (as she likes such news) that Albert[†10] informed me in bearded confidence at the Garrick, that Marion Ely[†11] is engaged—young barrister—marriage not to come off at present, in

consequence of shortness of funds. I saw Grisi[†1] the night before last in Lucrezia Borgia[†2]—finer than ever. Last night, I was drinking gin slings till daylight with Buckstone of all people—who saw me looking at the Spanish dancers and insisted on being convivial. I have been in a blaze of dissipation altogether, and have succeeded (I think) in knocking the remembrance of my work out.

Loves to all the darlings, from the Plornish-Maroon upward. London is far hotter than Naples.[†3]

Ever affectionately

CD.

Oh!—Something else for Catherine!—She is described in Mrs. Stowe's book;[†4] which Forster,[†5] in a languid state of rheumatico-colchico-hiccoughy-frowsy-aperient-medical-mystery, informed me yesterday he had "been obliged to assault, dreadfully".[†6] Mrs. Stowe is of opinion that she is "large", I believe.

To MISS HARRIET HANCOCK,[†7] [?18-25] JULY 1854

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* presumably book sent 18-25 July, when he was in London.

H. H. | From | C. D.
July 1854—

To keep your innocence company, here is Cowper's: whose "Task"[†8] I accordingly set you. I fear you may find it a heavy one!

To MRS GASKELL, 26 JULY 1854

MS John Rylands Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Wednesday Twenty Sixth July, 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

Having finished my story and got to London, a week earlier than I had expected, I

brought back the continuation of your MS[†1] to read here. Confining myself as in my last note, strictly to the business of the subject (that I may be the better understood), I proceed, first, to say how I would divide it.

I would make five weekly parts of it.[†2] The first to close with the end of the strike conversation held by Margaret and her father with Mr. Thornton. The second to close with the receipt of the dinner Invitation. The third to close with Margaret's leaving Higgins's house after Boucher has charged his miseries upon Higgins and the Union. The fourth to close with her being admitted into the Mill on the day of the Riot, and the porter's shutting the gate. The fifth to close with the end of the Thornton declaration scene, and the end of the MS I have.

The fifth part would be a long one,[†3] but the interest and action are strong, and it would not be too long. It appears to me that the conversation in the first part is unnecessarily lengthy, and I think that portion—not only as a portion, but as a part of the book—would be very materially improved if you would not object to make some curtailment in the printed proof.[†4]

North and South appears to me to be a better name than Margaret Hale. It implies more, and is expressive of the opposite people brought face to face by the story.

I should be happy to begin the publication at once,[†5] having so much MS in hand. I should advertize[†6] the tale as to be completed in about 20 weekly portions,[†7] and as being by the Author of Mary Barton. These particulars, and its name, would be all that the announcement need state. By the expression "at once," I mean on Saturday the Second of September, nominally: but really on the preceding Wednesday—the No. being always actually published on Wednesday, though dated Saturday.

I do not understand whether you permit me to divide the story with chapters. But I believe you are aware that it will at least be necessary to begin every weekly portion as a new chapter.[†8]

May I ask you to be so good as to reply to me, as soon as you can, whether you are content to have the story announced as I have proposed. It is very important that early advantage should be taken of all the usual channels of literary advertisement. There is no time to spare.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS, 26 JULY 1854*

MS University of Kentucky Libraries.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Wednesday Twenty Sixth July 1854

My Dear Sir

I write to you (from a little cottage I have here on the top of a breezy hill) to beg the favor of your allowing me to call your attention to the accompanying Prospectus of the Guild, now incorporated by Act of Parliament,[†1] and regularly at work. Since I forwarded to you the first rough draught of the Institution, its scheme has been matured, and every possible liberality of principle established.[†2] If you will be so kind as to read the short address with which the pamphlet[†3] opens, you will see exactly why the prospective

Foundation is not yet made a subject of detail.[†4] You remarked upon this circumstance when I last had the pleasure of communicating with you,[†5] and I am naturally anxious to present to you, therefore, the real purpose and object with which detail on that head is at present avoided.

I am always My Dear Sir

Yours faithfully | and much obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Colonel The Hon: C. B. Phipps.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?26 JULY 1854]

Extracts in F, VII, iv, 595-6. *Date:* after 25 July, when CD returned to Boulogne.

Watching the progress of the Northern Camp[†6] *as it increased and extended itself along the cliffs towards Calais, he was startled by the suddenness with which the French soldiers overran the roads, were billeted in every house, made the bridges red with their trowsers, and* sprang up on the pier like fantastic mustard and cress when boats were expected, many of them never having seen the sea before. *The good behaviour of the men reconciled him to their presence and their ingenuity delighted him. The quickness with which they raised whole streets of mud-huts, less picturesque than the tents, but* (*like most unpicturesque things*) *more comfortable, was like an Arabian Nights' tale.* Each little street holds 144 men, and every corner-door has the number of the street upon it as soon as it is put up; and the postmen can fall to work as easily as in the Rue de Rivoli at Paris.

Baggage-wagons ploughing up his favourite walks, and trumpeters in twos and threes teaching newly-recruited trumpeters in all the sylvan places, and making the echoes hideous, tried his patience a little. But this had its amusement too. I met to-day a weazen sun-burnt youth from the south with such an immense regimental shako on,

that he looked like a sort of lucifer match-box; evidently blowing his life rapidly out, under the auspices of two magnificent creatures all hair and lungs, of such breadth across the shoulders that I couldn't see their breast-buttons when I stood in front of them.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [30 JULY 1854]

Mention in *To* Wills, 30 July 54, as one of two letters enclosed, the other presumably being *To* Yates. *Date:* same day as *To* Wills.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 JULY 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Sunday Thirtieth July 1854

Dear Wills.

H. W.[†1]

I return the No.[†2] The over-matter[†3] was not in the parcel. Therefore I don't know what it is.

Turkish Seamanship,[†4] as a separate article of one Column, is ridiculous. It must be a chip.

If you have anything else of merit, I greatly doubt the expediency of closing the No. with that Back Ways to Fame.[†5] I suppose it to be by Morley. But it is dreadfully heavy. It would do in another place and at another time, but I feel it to drag most wearily here.

You had better get into this No. the following advertisement.[†6]

NEW TALE[†1] by the Author of MARY BARTON,[†1] to be

published Weekly in HOUSEHOLD WORDS.[†1]

On Wednesday the 30th. of August will be published, in Household Words, the First Portion of a New Work of Fiction, called

NORTH AND SOUTH.[†1]

BY THE AUTHOR of MARY BARTON.[†7]

The publication of this story &c[†8]

(according to the first announcement of Hard Times, at the end of No. 206).[†1]

The advertisement must always stand, afterwards, like the[†2] old Hard Times advertisement.[†3]

I have begged Mrs. Gaskell to send you some MS for the printers to get up. B and E must do what they think necessary in the advertizing way, but, if they bill the walls, they must be very careful only to have the plain, good, sensible bills used in the case of Hard Times, that we had at the office. She objects to any bill if it can be dispensed with; and altogether refuses (and no wonder) to be connected with a hideous placard all askew, invented in Whitefriars for Hard Times, and concerning which phenomenon I wrote to Bradbury on its appearance.

Parcel for Whitefriars, enclosed. Also two letters for post.

FAMILY[†4]

All well, and the Meteor Flag[†5] a tremendous success. Collins sends regards.[†6]

Ever Faithfully

CD

To EDMUND YATES,[†7] 30 JULY 1854

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton.

Boulogne, Thirtieth July 1854

My Dear Sir

I have brought your book[†8] away, with other pleasant gifts of that nature, to read under a Haystack here. If I delay thanking you for it any longer, I am afraid you may think, either that I have not got it or that I don't care for it. As either mistake

would be really painful to me, I send this small parcel of thanks to London in a Household Words packet, and beg to express a hope that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you under my London Haystack (metaphorical for ceiling) when I return home for the winter.[†1] And in the meantime I hope you may like Broadstairs[†2] half as well as I do.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]
Edmund H Yates Esquire

To MRS GASKELL, 31 JULY 1854

MS John Rylands Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Monday Thirty First July 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I merely confined myself to the business-part of our communication, because you seemed a little to resent my doing anything else. Your pleasant letter blows all that seeming, away in a breath. So here I am in my own natural proportions with all my imperfections on my head.[†4]

I have given out the announcement in the manner we have agreed on, for beginning on Saturday the Second of September—that is (as I have already said) nominally: the real day being the Wednesday previous to that date. I cannot positively reply about the Bills. My own impression is, in every case, that they do no good. But it is a publisher's question, and I have told Bradbury and Evans that if they consider it must be done—why then it must. But I have laid this injunction on them—that the advertizing is in no case to be different from that of Hard Times *as I approved of it.*[†5] And I am sure you will find that to be as unobjectionable as such a thing can be.

Will you send up to London, addressed to Wills, the MS I had at first, and returned to you? We will have a quantity of it got into type, and I will merely divide it into chapters. If I ever have a suggestion to make, I will intimate it on the proof in pencil. You will take no notice of it, if you don't approve of it. Those Cranford Critics[†6] I think must be the identical people who are very much shocked at present (as I learn from the commissioner of Bankrupts at Bristol)[†7] by my being confined for debt in York Castle, in consequence of bill transactions with the Duke of Devonshire. I believe I am going to get out under the Insolvent Act, but I am not yet certain.

We have an immense Camp here, with I don't know how many thousand men in it. The best of the business is, that although it is within a mile of this house, we know nothing about it, except from reading the Times.[†1] For the glory of England, I have hoisted the Union Jack on a haystack. If you happen to come into these parts, and see the flag of your country floating on the top of an exceedingly high hill, you will know the spot where your countryman will be proud to receive you. There is a fête tonight[†2]—of which there is a regular summer series here—"Dedicated to the children." It is one of the prettiest little sights I ever saw—managed by a committee of tradesmen and others, who transact all the business of the night with the intensest energy and devotion. A public enclosure, something like a London Square, is the scene of operations. It is lighted up, very elegantly; and there is an orchestra, and a puppet theatre, and a lottery, and a fire-balloon, and a capital display of fireworks, and a donkey-race (Jockies attired in the English manner), and a match of jumping in sacks. For the adult visitors, there is also a Refreshment Saloon, all Looking-glass and parti-colored calicoes fluted into rays, where a singular refreshment called "A Bzandee Gzogz"[†3] is sold. The charge per head for the whole of the entertainments is Fivepence. You might suppose, from the manner in which he goes to work, that Five Hundred Pounds wouldn't pay the drummer.

I am dreadfully lazy (after finishing Hard Times), and lie so much on the grass, reading books and going to sleep, that I am afraid I observe a new illegibility in my handwriting? Catherine and Georgina send their kind remembrances. I am much afraid that Forster is going to be laid up again. He was very queer indeed, and looking queerer, when I was in town. Yesterday I had a note from him with a very indifferent account of himself, and describing his state (as I observed it generally to be, when I last saw him) according to the symptoms that preceded his last two illnesses.[†4]

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30-31 JULY 1854]

Extracts in F, VII, iv, 595*n* and XI, iii, 826. *Date:* first extract from "another of his letters", according to Forster; soon after *To* Forster, 26 July. Second extract about a week before *To* Forster, 6 Aug.

On a sunny day the white tents, seen from a distance, looked exactly like an immense washing establishment with all the linen put out to dry.

I have got an idea for occasional papers in *Household Words* called the Member for Nowhere.[†5] They will contain an account of his views, votes, and speeches; and I

think of starting with his speeches on the Sunday question.[†1] He is a member of the Government of course. The moment they found such a member in the House, they felt that he must be dragged (by force, if necessary) into the Cabinet.

To THE REV. E. TRIMMER, 31 JULY 1854

Mention in Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd catalogue No. 80, June 1925; *MS* 1 p.; dated Boulogne, 31 July 54.

Regarding the education of Walter Dickens.

August

To W. H. WILLS, 2 AUGUST 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne Wednesday Second August 1854

My Dear Wills.

In the next parcel will you send me both volumes of this book?[†2]

I will endeavour to come off my back (and the grass), to do an opening paper for the starting No. of North and South.[†3] I can't positively answer for such a victory over the idleness into which I have delightfully sunk, as the achievement of this feat; but let us hope.

During a fête[†4] on Monday Night, the Meteor Flag of England (forgotten to be struck at Sunset) was—*stolen*!!!

Chadwick[†5] seems to have brought his career to a noble conclusion at last.[†6] When

the united bores (and the political economists) give him a piece of plate and a dinner, will you put me down for Twenty Five Pounds and a Speech.

Manage the proofs of H. W. so that I may not have to correct them on a Sunday. I am not going over to the Sabbatarians, but like the haystack (particularly) on a Sunday morning.

I should like John[†1] to call on M. Henri, Townshend's servant, 21 Norfolk Street Park Lane, and ask him if, when he comes over here with his master, he can take charge of a trap, bat, and ball.[†2] If yea, then I should like John to proceed to Mr. Darke's, Lord's Cricket Ground,[†3] and purchase said trap, bat, and ball, of the best quality. Townshend is coming here on the 15th.—probably will leave town a day or two before.[†4]

Pray be in a condition to drink a glass of the 1846 champagne, when *you* come.[†5]

I think I have no more to say at present. I cannot sufficiently admire my prodigious energy in coming out of a stupor to write this letter.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, [?3 AUGUST 1854]

Telegram mentioned in *To* Wills, 3 Aug. *Date:* same day as letter.

About the advertisement of North and South.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 AUGUST 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Thursday Third August 1854

My Dear Wills. You will probably have received some MS from Mrs. Gaskell when this reaches you. I returned a negative answer as to the immediate appearance of this advertisement, by telegraph today, merely because I thought a week unimportant and considered it as well to be on the safe side. But I have settled the matter with her (as far as it is possible to settle anything with her), and do not distrust our beginning punctually.

Please to take out the parenthesis in the advertisement,[†1] in accordance with my correction. It is enclosed.

I have not a word of news.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS COLDEN, 4 AUGUST 1854

MS Bowdoin College Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Friday Fourth August 1854

My Dear Mrs. Colden

I am going to send this note to London by my next Household Words parcel, to be posted there.[†2] I mention this in the outset, to account for a possible discrepancy between its date and its receipt. It is the first I have written, except on business,[†3] since I finished my Hard Times a fortnight ago.

We are perched upon the top of a steep hill on the seashore, in the midst of fields and gardens, where there is always a delightful air blowing. The house is a regular triumph of French domestic architecture—being all doors and windows. Every window blows every door open, and all the lighter articles of dress and furniture fly away to all points of the compass. A favorite shirt of mine went to Paris (as I judge from the course it took) this morning. The Camp is about a mile off. We hear nothing of it, except when wretched little soldiers, training to be trumpeters, come and blow their lives away, in hopeless practice at their instruments, outside our gate. I expect a little recruit from the South (who makes cracked and wheezy attempts at all the Regulation calls, six hours a day, under the tuition of two prodigious Giants covered with shaggy hair) to breathe his last with his trumpet, about Saturday or Sunday next.

As to you, I can imagine how happy you all are to be at home again—how heartily you were received by all your friends—how delightful you found the old familiar objects and faces—and how you are now cooling yourselves in some delightful retreat up the North River,[†4] or at some of those Springs[†5] where I seem to remember a little shaking of hands occasionally taking place. The Doctor must have been

profoundly astonished by a mysterious note he got from me just as he left town, informing him "that William Birch's address was Pudlicote." I cannot conceive what he supposed this portentous and ghostly communication to mean. It was Elliotson (at Tavistock House with him on the same evening)[†1] who had asked me for the address; but this William Birch being a friend of Macready's,[†2] I somehow got it into my head—and fixed it tight there—that it was the Doctor who wanted it for some inscrutable purpose.

Talking of Macready, let me tell you that he stayed a week with us before we left town—which was on the 16th.[†3] of June. Going over to London with the last sheets of my book, a fortnight ago, I found him there again. I begin to doubt if his own health be at all strong, but he is in excellent spirits just now, in consequence of having obtained a Writership[†4] for his eldest son at Ceylon—almost the only place in the World where he has a chance of living. He sails next month. Under the best of circumstances, the father and son are little likely to meet again in this world, but the appointment fills them both with Hope and pleasure.

Mrs. Stowe's letter was pleasant, but—may I whisper it?—I thought, a little conceited in its affectation of humility.[†5] Her Moony Memories are very silly I am afraid. Some of the people remembered the most moonily are terrible humbugs[†6]—mortal, deadly incarnations of Cant and Quackery.

I am very anxious to know what is to become of the Massachusetts Slavery Question,[†7] on which a great deal of importance to the whole world seems to hang. It is sad to consider such a state of things. I know of nothing in the world presenting such a prodigious moral phenomonon[[sic]], as the whole proceedings of the last

audacious seizure at Boston,[†1] in a country existing under the great declaration of Independence.[†2]

When I was in London the other day, the weather was extraordinarily and intensely hot—hotter than has been known for years and years. One morning, I suddenly (the temperature being then most violent) found an icy coolness come upon me, accompanied with a general stagnation of the blood, a numbness of the extremities, great bewilderment of mind, and a vague sensation of wonder. I was walking at the time, and, on looking about me, found that I was in the frigid shadow of the Burlington Hotel.[†3] Then I recollected to have experienced the same sensations once before, precisely in that spot.[†4] A curious case this, don't you think?

And by the bye, will you tell the Doctor with my love, that he is greatly missed in the low and vicious haunts[†5] of London. I looked in, on the evening of the same day, at one of these profane

places;[†6] and the habitués appeared to wonder where the american gentleman was. The american gentleman reminds me of Felton,[†7] who came to Tavistock House soon after you left. He had been everywhere and seen everything, but appeared to me to have looked at nothing.[†8] He had a general impression that Rome was a failure,[†9] and that Edinburgh was "the drollest" place he had ever seen!!! I know it pretty well, but it never yet presented itself to me in that aspect. However, he thought it so droll, that he burst into fits of laughter in speaking of it. I cannot imagine why a man should think the Modern Athens an immense practical joke.

I meant to have tried to tell you with how much pleasure and interest we saw you again, after our long separation and its many changes—and how much we have talked of you since—and how blindly we have made up our minds that we shall laugh and talk together again, in a year or two—and that the Atlantic is a mere—what shall I say?—joke—like Edinburgh. But on such points (as on all occasions of

leave taking) I am a miserable coward and positively *can not bear* to open my mind. So let me pass instead to the Baby's body, which is in wonderful condition, perpetually running about on two mottled legs, and falling down on jagged stones that never hurt it. All the other children are in amazing blood likewise. Modesty forbids that I should refer to myself more explicitly, than to remark that I am of a deep coffee color from lying on my back in the sun, since I finished my story and betook myself to Idleness—which already seems a year ago.

Kate and Georgina unite with me in most affectionate loves to yourself and your sister[†1] (O what a wonderful guesser she was, on that stupendous night[†2] when she came out with a brilliancy of which legends will survive while the drawing room lasts!), and the Noble Doctor (who wouldn't throw snow upon his head that Burlington day), and your sister in law,[†3] and Grace and Hatty.[†4] We purpose remaining here until the middle of October and then going home; but you will all be with us wherever we go.

Kill a calf in my name and let him be a fat one, for I am a repentant prodigal of the largest dimensions. Indeed I am My Dear [†a]Mrs. Colden Yours most faithfully and affectionately,

Though | Once | Condemned | As | The | Abandoned | and
Stony | Hearted | Ruffian[†a]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 6 AUGUST 1854

Mention in unidentified catalogue cutting; *MS* 2 ½ pp.; dated Boulogne, 6 Aug 54.

Concerning the number of subscriptions[†5] *for* Hard Times,[†6] *and desiring presentation copies*[†7] *to be sent to Shirley Brooks, Albert Smith, and Lady John Russell.*

To MRS BROWN, 6 AUGUST 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre | Mrs. Brown | 1 Stratton Street | London.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Sunday Sixth August 1854

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I received your kind note last night (stress of weather in the Channel delayed it),[†8] and I think I should certainly have come over, for the pleasure of such an occasion[†9]

in such company, if I were not the unfortunate victim of a highly inflamed Ear.[†1] It has been very wet here for two days, and I suppose I have taken cold in the course of my long walks in the rain. Whatever the cause, the effect is very painful; and after feeling disposed to tear my ear off in the night, I am now going to hide my anything but diminished head (for it is swollen very big) in a cammomile poultice.[†2]

Pray give my kindest regards to Miss Coutts and thank her heartily for her remembrance of me. I should have been delighted to come, under more auspicious circumstances. (The obvious practicability of introducing a joke here, about a good ear for an opera, warns me off the subject).

As to Industrial Exhibitions,[†3] big or little, I am disgusted with them and think of turning Misanthrope.

My Dear Mrs. O | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Dickens and Georgina and all the house send best regards.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 6 AUGUST 1854*

MS Comédie Française.

Villa du Camp de Droite, Paris[†4] | Sunday Sixth August 1854

My Dear Regnier.

My friend and neighbour Mr. Stone—whom you know, both personally and as a Painter of repute and a member of our Royal Academy—is coming to Paris[†5] with his wife and daughter, for a week. He will bring this to you—not with the least idea of troubling you to shew him any Lions, or anything else, but with an interest in shaking hands with you as a brother Artist.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their kindest regards to Madame Regnier and yourself, in which I cordially join.

Le vieux Poole. Il vit toujours n'est-ce-pas?—Et il boit un peu, possiblement?

My Dear Regnier | Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 6 AUGUST 1854

Extract from C. F. Libbie catalogue, Apr 1890; *MS* 1 p.; dated 6 Aug 54.

Make me a patron if you like though I very much dislike the word. In so doing I know you will make [me] the patron of a failure.[†1] If these things cannot be done without patronage, they will never, never, never, be done with it.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?6 AUGUST 1854]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 826. *Date:* Aug 54, according to Forster; a week later than *To* Forster, 30-31 July, to give time for his objections; and *cf. To* Wills, 7 Aug (see below).

About the idea for papers in Household Words *called "The Member for Nowhere*", I give it up reluctantly, and with it my hope to have made every man in England feel something of the contempt for the House of Commons that I have.[†3] We shall never begin to do anything until the sentiment is universal.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 AUGUST 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Monday Seventh August, 1854.

My Dear Wills.

H. W.

The No.[†4] is very poor as it stands. I would make it up as follows. *Whatever you want to take out, you can take from Miss Lynn.* The punctuation and dashing[†5] of whose story requires[†6] particular attention.

A little more harmony[†7]
Catchpennies[†8] (without the Chip heading)[†9]
Pastimes and Plays[†10]
Lile Jack (new name[†11] on the proof)
Faithful Margaret (Miss Lynn)
More Splendid than a[†12] Badger[†13]
Back Ways to Fame.[†14]

Of the omitted articles, I have to observe; First of Sidney's,[†1] that it is such careless slip-slop as to be almost unintelligible, and quite[†2] unuseable unless the second part be much better; secondly of the poem,[†3] that there is absolutely nothing whatever in it; and thirdly, of the Roving Englishman[†4] that it is of the same order, besides being conceited—and consequently had better be distributed at once.[†5]

Sala is very good. Don't run him too close in the money way.[†6] I can't bear the thought of making anything like a hard bargain with him.

If you have received Copy from Mrs. Gaskell[†7] (as I suppose you have by this time) add the advertisement I sent you,[†8] to this Number.

I am turning the Xmas No.[†9] in my mind.

—And am very anxious to know whether Morley has really come into his fortune.[†10]

HARD TIMES[†11]

I was vexed to see in the Examiner, the advertisement of the H. W. Volume, with the parenthesis in it which I took out.[†12] I suppose it stood in all the weekly papers? Surely there was time to correct it.

GENERALITIES[†11]

The Meteor Flag was received with rapture, and is now flying at the Masthead—to the honor and glory of England, and the confusion of the thief.

I have had a violent cold in my right ear, and am excewting[†13] the present act of correspondence with my head tied up.—Had poppy-heads[†14] at a boiling temperature, appended to my own imaginative sconce, all day yesterday.

I have a notion of an article for H. W. (by myself, to be called *It is not generally*

known)[†1] for which I want somebody to go over the file of the Times, and note in the Debates every night all through the Session, *every personal attack and personal discussion between Hon Mems*—who they were—on what night it happened—and what it was about. [†a]The fewest[†a] words of description will suffice for me. Now do you think you can get me such a thing done, at once? Otherwise the article would be out of date.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS BROWN, 9 AUGUST 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne. | Wednesday Ninth August, 1854

My Dear Mrs. O.

I had been saying that I hoped you would write me an account of Grisi's farewell,[†2] so when your welcome letter came this morning and I read the description aloud (I trust with becoming emphasis and discretion), I was not only regarded with great favor as having so much that was interesting to tell, but was looked upon as a small Prophet too. It is always a very melancholy thing to take leave of anything or anybody[†3]—I have a remarkable weakness and infirmity in the matter of saying Good byé on any occasion—and upon the whole I begin to be glad now, or I try to persuade myself so, that I was *not* there! It is not a slight thing to let a Genius go, out of any sphere; and out of that bright one where people are never really sick and never really die, but come back tomorrow superior to all the hard conditions on which we hold life,[†4] it is a sad sensation to see any one depart into real existence.

—As the bright side of which, I beg to report my ear all right again—except being blistered all over, exactly as if it had been burned—and my head no longer tied up in a black silk bundle. I relapsed into my usual beauty, yesterday.

Townshend (from whom I hear today) is more happy I think in his Stratton Street reception and appreciation[†5] than he has been in anything for years; and I believe

nobody alive has a more exalted admiration of Miss Coutts. I wish I had been with him in one of the smaller rooms in Stratton Street, or in Holly Lodge, at twilight, when there were no strangers among us. He has the finest collection of Ghost stories I ever heard, and his quiet way of telling them gives them a peculiar effect. But he wants, in a Zoological manner, to be poked and aggravated up to the mark.

I have been thinking of the furnishing of that room, and see it all in my mind's eye. If you adhere rigidly to the points adjusted by the Conference, resolutely breaking the Upholsterer's heart and regarding all his tears with a countenance of flint, it will be the perfection of snugness, completeness, and comfort. If you give the Upholsterer his own way in the slightest matter, you are lost.

Many thanks for your letter. With best regards to Miss Coutts, and a heap of kindest loves and remembrances from all here,

Ever Dear Mrs. O | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

You remember Serjeant Bellasis's[†1] priestly friend who imitated a donkey in the Pulpit?[†2] I find him to be (not a Frenchman or an Italian, as I had supposed) but an Irishman with a terrific brogue. Which explains the story at once.

To R. H. LOVE,[†3] 9 AUGUST 1854

Mention in American Art Association catalogue May 1916; *MS* (3rd person, probably in Wills's hand) 1 p.; dated Office of *Household Words,* 9 Aug 54.

Thanking him for a letter suggesting the opening of public institutions at a low charge.[†4]

To W. H. WILLS, 9 AUGUST 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Wednesday Ninth August 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†5]

I would *decidedly* put in the Advertisement of North and South.[†6] Then I would write to Mrs. Gaskell, saying that you had heard from me you were to receive a batch of MS for press; and that not

having done so, you were uneasy (fearing it might have miscarried) and therefore wrote to say none had come to hand.

I will not maintain my opinion of the Volume-Advertisement, against yours and Evans's united. But I should like it better, if the parenthesis were not so excessively demonstrative, and stood simply thus: (Containing HARD TIMES).[†7]

Sorry to hear that there is not so much personality on record as I had hoped for, because it may damage the idea of the article.[†1] But Nil Desperandum! You may find more, as you advance in your labors.

I wish you would send friend Barnard here, a set of Household Words[†2] in a paid parcel (on the other side is an inscription to be neatly pasted into Vol I before sending) with a post-letter beforehand from yourself, saying that I had begged you to forward the books: feeling so much obliged to him for his uniform attention and politeness. Also, that you will not fail to continue his set, as successive volumes appear.

Your account on Bradbury authority of the Volume, is capital.

I[†3]

think that's all at present.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, [12 AUGUST 1854]

Mention in *To* Wills, 12 Aug 54. *Date:* the same day.

To JOHN THOMPSON, [12 AUGUST 1854]

Mention in *To* Wills, 12 Aug 54. *Date:* probably that day.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [12 AUGUST 1854]

Mention in *To* Wills, 12 Aug 54, as "the American letter". *Date:* probably that day.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 AUGUST 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Saturday Twelfth August 1854

My Dear Wills.

INCLOSURES.[†3]

There is a letter for John in the parcel, also a letter for Evans. Also the Barnard inscription.[†4] The rest are for the post;[†5] the American letter to be paid.

H. W.[†3]

A much better No.[†6] than the two or three last.

I enclose a list of the new names, involving one change in the order of the articles. I have bothered and worried at the Poem[†7] (which is neither English, nor verse)

hoping to make something of it, but have not succeeded after all. Strike it out. If I can fuse into it an idea I have of its natural end, you shall have it in the next parcel. If you hear no more of it, give it up as unmendable.

I am not sure whether we have used the title, *A Flight with the Birds.*[†1] If we have, call the paper *Wings and Toes.*[†2] But the name I have given it is a much better one if I have not used it before.

Leave three pages—or a Column less—open for me in the next No.[†3] I will write an article at once, and post it to you. Of course I would do anything I could, to make your holiday the easier and longer.[†4] Therefore, count upon me for *two articles*[†5] (which will relieve you of the first article for two numbers) in the intervening time. You shall have the first one—probably on Tuesday. The second, I will buckle to as soon as Townshend shall be gone from here.[†6] He comes, that day.[†7]

GUILD[†8]

It is discouraging and vexatious, that the men should be so unreasonable[†9]—though I think the National Provident[†10] very like the-as-yet-unchanged-man[†11] in not making it easier to the members of the Council.[†12] As to Forster if he ever makes that rheumatic remark to *me*,[†13] I'll choak him with a highly indigestible piece of my mind.

HOLIDAY[†8]

I shall be glad to hear, as soon as you know, whether you arrange to come with Mrs. Horne on the 28th. If not, I must meet her at Folkestone, for I would not on any account that she should lose a day of her short vacation after her hard work.[†14] Neither must she be allowed to pay her own charges.

I[†8]

write in a hurry, to get the parcel off.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To W. H. WILLS, [16 AUGUST 1854]

Mention in *To* Mrs Gaskell, 17 Aug 54. *Date:* written the day before that letter.

Instructing him to forward Mrs Gaskell's MS to her without delay.

To MRS GASKELL, 17 AUGUST 1854

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Angleterre | Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Thursday Seventeenth August 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I sent your MS[†1] off to Wills yesterday, with instructions to forward it to you without delay. I hope you will have received it, before this notification comes to hand.

The usual festivity of this place at present—which is the blessing of soldiers[†2] by the ten thousand—has just now been varied by the baptizing of some new bells, lately hung up (to my sorrow and lunacy) in a neighbouring church.[†3] An English lady was godmother;[†4] and there was a Procession afterwards, wherein an English gentleman carried "the relics" in a highly suspicious box, like a barrel organ; and innumerable English ladies in white gowns and bridal wreaths, walked two and two,[†5] as if they had all gone to school again. At a Review on the same day, I was particularly struck by the commencement of the proceedings, and its singular contrast to the usual military operations in Hyde Park. Nothing would induce the General Commanding in Chief, to begin, until chairs were brought for all the lady-spectators. And a detachment of about a hundred men deployed into all manner of farmhouses to find the chairs. Nobody seemed to lose any dignity by the transaction, either.

With kindest regards | My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 19 AUGUST 1854

MS Princeton University Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Saturday Nineteenth August | 1854.

My Dear Harness.

Yes. The Book came from me.[†1] I could not put a memorandum to that effect on the title-page, in consequence of being here.

I am heartily glad you like it.

I know the piece you mention,[†2] but am far from being convinced by it. A great misgiving is upon me that in many things (this thing among the rest) too many are Martyrs to *our* complacency and satisfaction; and that we must give up something thereof, for their poor sakes.

My kindest regards to your sister,[†3] and my Love (if I may send it) to another of your relations.[†4]

Always Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Harness.

To W. H. WILLS, 19 AUGUST 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne Saturday Nineteenth August 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†5]

I have gone over the No.[†6] and now return it. Look to the punctuation of Miss Martineau[†7] and Miss Lynn.[†8]

I don't see anything in the Children in the Wood, except a power of making nothing out of a most beautiful story. The enclosed little poem by Townshend,[†9] is far better (I have two more in hand), and will improve the No. as a substitution for the present.

It is clear that North and South must begin at the top of page 61[†10]—and on Mrs. Gaskell's title page (now in her possession) there is a motto from Tennyson,[†11] which I think ought to be prefixed to it. Will you write and ask her for it immediately.

It must always be resumed on the top of that page.[†12]

I am alarmed by the quantity of North and South.[†1] It is not objectionable for a beginning, but would become so in the progress of a not compactly written and artfully devised story. It suggests to me (but I may be wrong) that the Whitefriars casting-off was incorrect.[†2] Therefore will you do what follows.

The enclosed key is the key of the round writing table in my study. In the drawer of that table, facing you as you stand looking at the table, in front of it with your back towards the windows, are two bunches of keys. One has only three cellar keys, which you have nothing to do with (unless you are thirsty); the other is a bunch of several keys. When you have found which key on that bunch will open the drawers of the writing table with the Cabinet on it, by which I always sit to work and on which my envelope case always stands when I am at home, apply that key to the third drawer from the top, nearest to the fireplace, and in that drawer you will find a rough slip of notes in my writing, concerning the divisions of Mrs. Gaskell's story: and (if I do not mistake) a note from yourself, stating the Whitefriars estimate of

quantity. If you cannot read my notes for your own guidance, let me have them in the next parcel: and at any rate bring them when you come.

†a I will go to work, please God, on my new article,†3 next Monday.†a

GENERAL NEWS.†4

I am perfectly astounded by the Lewes story,†5 and have been immensely hot upon it.

We have had three short but strange illnesses here—two among the women servants, and the third last night in Georgina who seemed to be suddenly attacked with Tic in the head, but is greatly better this morning. The rest of the story when you come.

I enclose some letters for the post.

Cooper and his charges came to hand last night.†6 Ever Faithfully

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 20 AUGUST 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Sunday Twentieth August 1854

My Dear Henry.

I have, of course, been looking with anxiety to all the proceedings of the new Hall-broom.†1 I congratulate you most heartily on your appointment,†2 but scarcely had a doubt of its taking place, because I verily believe that they could do nothing without you. Nevertheless, your account of Tom Taylor†3 is delightful to read—is most honorable to him in all respects—and will always inspire me with a great respect for him.†4 It puts one in spirits to know of a man behaving generously and nobly, *like* a man.

I hear that the Government has sustained tremendous damage from its conduct in the matter of the Hall appointment†5—that appeals have been made to the consideration of its supporters in deprecation of attacks before the Parliament was prorogued,†6 that would shake it severely, out of doors†7—but that unspeakable contempt has been generated—and that this meanness will probably be more fatal to the Administration in the end, than a much greater delinquency might have been. It seems to me the vilest thing on a little scale, that ever I heard of. And I think you will have terrific botheration from it, close in around you bye and bye.

We are in a very fine situation here, on the free top of a hill. I wish you could see the place. You talk of going into Devonshire. Don't you think you and Lætitia could manage to come here, on or after the 20th. of next month? From that time until the

middle of October, we shall have a beautiful room with no claim upon it; and you can work here, if need be, as hard as you like. Do think of this propojal[[sic]], and let me know what you both say in reply. [N. B. A trap, bat, and ball, on the Premises, and a fine field to play in.] Port every night, parcel communication every day, electric telegraph every minute.

I cannot bear to think of Southwood Smith[†1]—"this man", as your President[†2] called him,[†3] in a manner that I thought so gentlemanly and in all respects becoming, in the Debate. You are far more confident than I am, as to the Government doing anything for him.[†4] I fear there is scarcely a chance of it.

They overmarched some weak Regiments in concentrating the troops on this place; and mortified some unfortunate Soldiers' feet, and superinduced Diarrhea or cholera or both, among them. I believe they are all, now, healthy.[†5] The Camp was at first not well kept; but it is rigidly clean now, and, being on the brink of the sea and on a wonderfully dry soil and hill sides, I should think ought to be far healthier than any Barrack. Two of our women were taken in a queer way last week, but I drove them both raving mad immediately, with opium and ether[†6]—and with the greatest success! The perverseness of that class and their unholy joy in eating and drinking what is bad for them, are wonderful phenomona.[†7]

Kate and Georgina unite in loves to yourself and Lætitia, and we all hope you will be able to come and see us. Children in full bloom and wonderfully well.

Ever affectionately

CD.

In Household Words for the 1st. of September,[†8] is an article called "It is not

generally known". I have administered a pinch of Cayenne to the nose of Lord Seymour[†1]—which I doubt his liking.

To MRS GASKELL, 20 AUGUST 1854

MS John Rylands Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Sunday Twentieth August 1854

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

I have just received from Wills, in proof, our No. for the 9th. of September containing the Second Part of North and South,[†2] as it originally stood, and *unaltered by you.*

This is the place where we agreed that there should be a great condensation, and a considerable compression, where Mr. Hale states his doubts to Margaret.[†3] The mechanical necessities of Household Words oblige us to get to press with this No. *immediately.* In case you should not already have altered the proof and sent it to Wills (which very possibly you have: and in that case forgive my troubling you) will you be so kind as to do so at once. What I would recommend—and did recommend—is, to make the scene

between Margaret and her father relative to his leaving the church and their destination being Milton-Northern, as short as you can find it in your heart to make it.

I have made a break at Lennox's going away, and begin a new chapter (*not* a new weekly part, you understand) with "He was gone."[†4]

I omitted in my last to thank you for the Edwin Chadwick story:[†5] which appears to me the most wonderful story in the world.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Always Very Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 AUGUST 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Sunday Twentieth August 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†1]

It is perfectly plain to me that if we put in more, every week, of North and South than we did of Hard Times,[†2] we shall ruin Household Words. Therefore it must at all hazards be kept down.

[†a]I hope the first portion is not printed *Part* I.[†3] It ought to be, "*Chapter*".[†a]

The amount you have got into 233,[†4] is quite out of the question. But this is the part from which a great deal was to be taken out. You may possibly have received the Proof from Mrs. Gaskell so altered. But in case you should not have received it, I write to her by this post, begging her to send you the cut down proof immediately.

Sala's Sunday Out,[†5] is poor enough.

I will return the No.—probably by tomorrow's boat.

YOU[†1]

will let me know in the course of the week, how you decide to come, on Monday the 28th. so that we may be on the look-out for you.

I[†1]

write hastily: having several letters to dispatch.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [23 AUGUST 1854]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 23 AUGUST 1854

MS New York Public Library.

Boulogne, Wednesday Twenty Third August 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†1]

I send you my second article.[†6] A new subject with us,[†7] and founded upon some

excellent evidence you forwarded to me a little while ago, in reference to the County Courts.[†1]

The enclosed from Mrs. Gaskell,[†2] I received this morning. Don't run beyond the present end of the second part, whatever she takes out. She can't take out too much. And bring me all of her story that is in proof, with you.

C. D.[†3]

Will you tell John to take from the bottom drawer of my wardrobe in my dressing room at home, the red shirts and the buff shirts, and to ask Mrs. Wills (on his knees) if she can find a place to pack them in, when she comes over? Further, will you bring me a little bottle of our friend Sainsbury's[†4] Essence of Ginger[†5]—and as large a bottle as you can stow away anywhere, of Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid?[†6]

XMAS NO.[†7]

We will, please God, settle together here.

ALL[†3]

well.—I expected to have heard from you.

WEATHER[†3]

charming. With cool breezes.

EVER[†3]

Faithfully

CD.[†8]

Over

Evans has again made me overdraw my account, by not paying the Hard Times money.[†9] I was inexpressibly vexed to receive Coutts's notice[†10] this morning, and have written to Whitefriars.

To HENRY CAREY,[†11] 24 AUGUST 1854*

MS Dickens House.

Ville du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Thursday August Twenty Fourth 1854

Dear Sir

Your letter has been forwarded to me in my summer retreat. I assure you that it

has given me pleasure to hear from you, and that I have read your communication with interest.

I think it possible that I may have considered the powers and purposes of Fiction, a little longer and a little more anxiously and attentively, than your lady friend.[†1] To interest and affect the general mind in behalf of anything that is clearly wrong—to stimulate and rouse the public soul to a compassionate or indignant feeling that it *must not be*—without obtruding any pet theory of cause or cure, and so throwing off allies as they spring up[†2]—I believe to be one of Fiction's highest uses.[†3] And this is the use to which I try to turn it.

Nevertheless I promise myself the pleasure of reading your books.[†4] I am much obliged to you for the orders[†5] you send me, and will not fail to use them.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Carey Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 24 AUGUST 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne Thursday Twenty-Fourth August, 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†6]

There seems to me, to be far less difficulty about Mrs. Gaskell's story, than you suppose.[†7] You know what we want in a No. You can have of the 45 Columns as much set up as will make about 2 Nos.[†8] and send it to me to divide. As to waiting for the Proofs, it simply cannot be done. You must tell Mrs. Gaskell, in so many words, when you *must have* the proof back, or go to Press without it. As to Forster, put him entirely out of the question and leave the settlement of any such dispute to me:[†9] saying to him, merely that it was necessary to go to press, and that I persisted in going to press. (**See P.S.*[†10] *above.*)

The real difficulty is in the reckless casting-off at Whitefriars, and upon this point I must beg you to make, from me, a grave representation to [†a]Bradbury and Evans[†a] that it is impossible to proceed if such tricks are played with us. When I read the beginning of this story of Mrs. Gaskell's, I felt that its means of

being of service or dis-service to us, mainly lay in its capacity of being divided at such points of interest as it possesses. Rejecting my own estimate on that subject, I referred it to them, the Printer's (of course) for a correct one. A statement was furnished to me in reply, which turns out to be entirely wrong. If I had known how it was to turn out, and that when they said in Whitefriars "white", they mean "black", or when they said "Ten" meant "Twenty", I could not, in my senses, have accepted the story. I want to know what the Masters in Whitefriars say to this mode of doing business. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what anybody else says. *They* enter into a certain agreement with us, upon their fidelity and exactness in discharging which, we rely. I want to know what they say to not discharging it and to shirking and shuffling it off, anyhow. And *I* say to them, that I am perfectly convinced there is not another house in the trade to which I could refer a question so vital to a periodical, who would lazily mislead me altogether.

You will have received an article from me this morning. You have in hand the Eastern Tale[†1] you think so well of (I have not seen it yet, the parcel not having arrived), and (I suppose) other available matter. Can't you make up another No. at once; assuming North and South not to exceed an average portion of Hard Times by more than a Column or two?[†2] Then, if you bring another No. with you, surely you will be easy, and well beforehand.

I am unspeakably vexed by all this needless trouble and bewilderment. There is no more reason for it, than there is for a Calomel pill[†3] on the top of the Cross of St. Pauls.

Ever Faithfully

CD

[†b]*Your P.S. informs me that all the 45 Cols are set up. If they are in your parcel, I will divide them and return them with the Proof.[†b]

To W. H. WILLS, 24 AUGUST 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Thursday Evening. | Twenty Fourth August 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.

I enclose the No.[†4] and the proof of the nice little Eastern Story. Morley's paper,

Faces,[†1] would have been best, first. But I suppose you cannot make up the No. that way? Look to Sidney.[†2]

You call the Poem,[†3] Townshend's, but I know nothing about it. Nor can I at all understand the part of it against which I have set marginal lines. You had better get it altered and made plainer. You can put in Townshend's The True Voice,[†4] if you want a poem.

SELF[†5]

Will you let John get the two books for which I enclose a correspondent's orders[†6]—who says they are the finest books that ever were written[†7]—even by himself.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To TWO UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENTS, [28 AUGUST 1854]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 28 AUGUST 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Monday Twenty Eighth August 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†8]

There is a pretty plain objection to the No.[†9] which may be easily remedied. With that long Eastern story in it, Notes from the Lebanon[†10] (in itself very small beer) should give place to something *not* Eastern.[†11] Morley's paper[†12] (returned in proof[†13] herewith) being comfortable on the whole, as shewing that Society is better and happier than it was, does not strike me as open to the objection you suggest.[†14]

GENERALITIES[†1]

I send two letters for the Post, and two cheques for John to pay in at two banking houses[†2]—where they will give him acknowledgements for the money.

Anne's soul is in arms[†3] to be satisfied that John took the *collars* of those shirts to Mrs. Wills, as well as the *collars*[†4] themselves.

Will you bring another ball for the trap.

You do not tell me how you mean to come.[†5] I suppose by Folkestone, but let me know. We are all expecting you and your charges.[†6]

Faithfully Always

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 29 AUGUST 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Villa du Camp de droite | Tuesday Twenty Ninth August | 1854.

My Dear Stone.

I received the enclosed from Regnier,[†7] yesterday afternoon.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 29 AUGUST 1854

Mention in Bernard Halliday catalogue, n.d.; *MS* 1 p.; dated 29 Aug 54; *Address* (envelope, MS Private): Mr. John Thompson | Household Words Office | 16 Wellington Street North | Strand | London. PM Boulogne 29 Aug 54.

Giving directions about the gasfittings at Tavistock House by Scholl the gasfitter.[†8]

September

To JOHN FORSTER, [?3 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Extract in F, VII, iv, 596 and *n. Date:* shortly before Prince Albert's arrival in Boulogne on 5 Sep.

As the visit of the Prince Consort approached, Beaucourt's excitement became intense. The Villa du Camp de Droite was to be a blaze of triumph on the night of the arrival.

The meteor flag of England, which he had carried over from England, he set streaming over a haystack in his field. Whence it can be seen for miles and miles, to the glory of England and the joy of Beaucourt. *CD now hoisted the French colours over the Union Jack in honour of the national alliance; the Emperor was to subside to the station of a general officer,*[†1] *so that all the rejoicings should be in honour of the Prince; and there was to be a review in the open country near Wimereux,*[†2] *when* at one stage of the maneuvres (I am too excited to spell the word but you know what I mean) *the whole hundred thousand men in the camp of the North were to be placed before the Prince to show him what a division of the French army might be.*[†3] I believe everything I hear. *It was the state of mind of Hood's country gentleman after the fire at the Houses of Parliament.*[†4]

Beaucourt, as one of the town council, receives summonses to turn out and debate about something, or receive somebody, every five minutes. Whenever I look out of window, or go to the door, I see an immense black object at Beaucourt's porch like a boat set up on end in the air with a pair of white trowsers below it. This is the cocked hat of an official Huissier, newly arrived with a summons, whose head is thrown back as he is in the act of drinking Beaucourt's wine.

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, 3 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton.

Villa du Camp de droite | Sunday Third September 1854

My Dear Sir.

In returning the two boys,[†5] I beg to say, that I have exercised Frank in English reading—every morning for some weeks past—generally with a very good effect on his tendency to stutter. I think it would be advantageous to him, if he could continue this.

As he wants a little strengthening, will you be so kind as to give directions for his having a tumbler of bottled porter[†6] with his dinner, every alternate day?

And if you approve, I wish them both to learn to dance.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in kind regards to yourself and Mr. Bewsher. I am unfortunate not to have seen you yet, but have been constantly engaged.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend M. Gibson

To ALFRED DICKENS, [?EARLY SEPTEMBER 1854]

Mention in *To* Austin, 6 Sep. *Date:* shortly before that letter.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne. | Wednesday Sixth September 1854

My Dear Henry.

[†a]I have written to Alfred as you suggest. No one can doubt the wisdom of your instinctive anxieties on his account.[†1] I have felt them fully, but have an instinctive dread of giving advice "gratis".[†a]

Any Saturday on which the tide serves your purpose (next Saturday excepted)[†2] will suit me for the flying visit you hint at, and we shall be delighted to see you. Although the Camp is not above a mile from this gate, we never see or hear of it, unless we choose. If you could come here in dry weather, you would find it as pretty, airy, and pleasant a situation as you ever saw. We illuminated the whole front of the house, last night[†3]—eighteen windows—and an immense palace of light was seen sparkling on this hill top, for miles and miles away. I rushed to a distance to look at it, and never saw anything of the same kind half so pretty.

The town looks like one immense flag—it is so decked out with streamers—and as the Royal Yacht[†4] approached yesterday—the whole Range of the Cliff-tops lined with troops—the artillery matches in hand, all ready to fire the great guns, the moment she made the Harbor—the sailors standing up in the Prow of the Yacht—the Pringe[†5] in a blazing uniform, left alone on Deck for everybody to see—a stupendous silence, and then such an infernal blazing and banging as never was heard[†6]—it was almost as

fine a sight as one could see under a deep blue sky. In our own proper illumination, I laid on all the servants, all the children now at home, all

the Visitors (it is the annual Household Words time)[†1] one to every window, with everything ready to light up, on the ringing of a big dinner bell by your humble correspondent.—St. Peter's on Easter Monday[†2] was the result!

Best loves from all | Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILLIAM BRADBURY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1854†

MS Henry Sotheran Ltd.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Saturday Ninth September 1854

My Dear Bradbury.

You can scarcely imagine how sorry I am, and how distressed we all are, that you are so prevented from coming here. The absence of your face, familiar on all such occasions through so many years, will make a blank in my heart, twenty times as large as in the circle round the table.[†3] As to Mrs. Dickens, she was presiding over the arrangement of your bedroom [†a]when your unexpected letter arrived; and at that very minute, an easy bedside chair was on its way up from the town, bespoke some days ago for the greater comfort of "Beau B."[†4]

But as you are, thank God, so much better—and as you mean to be twenty times better yet, after this illness, than you were before it; which I foresee is your intention—I am resolved to look only at the bright side of the case. Therefore I congratulate you heartily, my friend, on your energetic recovery (which is worthy of Whitefriars), and include your good wife in the sentiment, and fully expect to hear of you at the top of Snowdon or some other mountain in about ten days time.[†a] In all remembrances and good wishes, Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth, and Wills and his wife (dreadfully fond of one another), most cordially unite. You will not be forgotten in a bumper on Tuesday, and we will give it all the honors possible—and impossible.

My Dear Bradbury | always Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Bradbury Esquire

P.S. I observe that Mrs. Wills has been, for the last three days, getting up an entirely new bonnet of a blazing and destructive quality. I don't expect to see her come out in it *now*.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Extract in F, VII, iv, 596-7. *Date:* 10 Sep according to Forster.

All Boulogne turned out for Prince Albert's arrival, but I had by this cooled down a little, and, reserving myself for the illuminations, I abandoned the great men and set off upon my usual country walk. See my reward. Coming home by the Calais road, covered with dust, I suddenly find myself face to face with Albert and Napoleon,[†1] jogging along in the pleasantest way, a little in front, talking extremely loud about the view, and attended by a brilliant staff of some sixty or seventy horsemen, with a couple of our royal grooms with their red coats riding oddly enough in the midst of the magnates. I took off my wide-awake without stopping to stare, whereupon the Emperor pulled off his cocked hat; and Albert (seeing, I suppose, that it was an Englishman) pulled off his. Then we went our several ways.[†2] The Emperor is broader across the chest than in the old times when we used to see him so often at Gore-House,[†3] and stoops more in the shoulders. Indeed his carriage thereabouts is like Fonblanque's.[†4] *He described the town as* one great flag[†5] *for the rest of the visit. He contributed largely to the success of the illuminations by leading off splendidly with a hundred and twenty wax candles blazing in his seventeen front windows and visible from that great height over all the place.* On the first eruption Beaucourt *danced and screamed* on the grass before the door; and when he was more composed, set off with Madame Beaucourt to look at the house from every possible quarter, and, he said, collect the suffrages of his compatriots.

It was wonderful to behold about the streets the small French soldiers of the line seizing our Guards[†6] by the hand and embracing them.[†7] It was wonderful, too, to behold the English sailors in the town, shaking hands with everybody and generally

patronizing everything.[†1] When the people could not get hold of either a soldier or a sailor, they rejoiced in the royal grooms, and embraced *them.* I don't think the Boulogne people were surprised by anything so much, as by the three cheers the crew of the yacht gave when the Emperor went aboard to lunch.[†2] The prodigious volume of them, and the precision, and the circumstance that no man was left straggling on his own account either before or afterwards, seemed to strike the general mind with amazement. Beaucourt said it was *like boxing.*

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 SEPTEMBER 1854

Mention in Goodspeed's catalogue No. 129 (1919); dated 15 Sep 54.

To E. M. WARD, 15 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.[†3]

Villa du Camp de droite, | Boulogne | Fifteenth September 1854

My Dear Sir

The Hotel is the Hotel des Bains.[†4] I have ordered you an apartment consisting of a sitting room, two double-bedded bedrooms, and one small bedroom. Your name I have duly deposited in the Bureau of

the Hotel, with an intimation that you and your family will arrive on Tuesday Evening.[†5] I have said nothing about the term of your stay, in order that you may be free to arrange as you shall see best.[†6]

When you have filed through the Passport office and got yourself and train duly filtered into the street, you need do nothing but vociferate for Le Commissionaire de l'hotel des Bains. If you have a list of your luggage, and your keys, ready for that potentate, you can then repair to the Hotel without giving yourself the least trouble or having a portmanteau on your mind.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?16 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Summary in F, VII, iv, 595*n. Date:* soon after Thackeray left on 13 Sep.

Thackeray had tired of Boulogne and gone to Spa, and on his return, after ascending the hill to smoke a farewell cigar with CD, left for London.[†1]

To THOMAS MITTON, 17 SEPTEMBER 1854*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Sunday Seventeenth September 1854

My Dear Mitton

You will not, I think, have supposed me to be unmindful of our arrangement, because I have not written sooner. I have had my business-people here (Evans, Wills, &c) and write as soon as we have a clear house. Also, I have had the hope that Laetitia and Henry would come, and that you would come with them; but I find that they abandon the idea. Now, if you would make up your mind to come alone, and to stay as long as you can manage to be away, I am pretty sure you would be pleased and amused with the place. You have nothing in the world to do, but to get a list of the South Eastern Tidal Trains, fix your day for coming straight through (sea passage only two hours), let me know, and find me waiting for you. In common with all the other passengers, you would have to pass through an office, where a man in a cocked hat would be sitting behind a counter with a pen in his hand. To that man in that cocked hat, you would say in English "I have no passport Sir", and would deliver your card with this writing under your name

Restant chez M. Charles Dickens
Villa du Camp de droite
Boulogne.

The man in the cocked hat would instantly dismiss you (he knows English perfectly well) a soldier would look at your greatcoat if you carried it on your arm—which you would politely submit to—and you would

then be passed out at a little door where you would find me. The boat is English, the passengers are English, everything is English up to that time. Having seen your luggage labelled "Boulogne" at London Bridge and put in the train, you have nothing on earth to do with it—*can* have nothing to do with it, on account of Custom House regulations—until I lay hold of it, knowing where to find it. If you will trust yourself to these easy circumstances, we shall be very glad indeed to see you.

Reply.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

In haste to save | the post.

To DR O. C. WALTER, [?17 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Mention in *To* Walter, 21 Sep 54. *Date:* probably Sunday, 17 Sep.

Asking advice about Mary's illness.

To DR O. C. WALTER, [?18 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Mention in *To* Walter, 21 Sep 54, as "telegraphic postscript". *Date:* probably the day after his letter.

A more urgent request for advice.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the day before.

Telling him Mary was taken with the English cholera.

To W. H. WILLS, 19 SEPTEMBER 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Tuesday Nineteenth September 1854

My Dear Wills.

Of course I will do all the various things you set forth,—except vote for that Governess,[†1] being already engaged. Will you write a line to Serle,[†2] and ask him exactly what he wishes in reference to Esther Elton's[†3] husband?[†4] I don't know any resident at Nice, and I never saw the gentleman in question in my life; but anything short of a statement of personal knowledge of him, I will say with pleasure if it is shewn me what I *can* say that will be of the least advantage to him.[†5]

I managed to write to Forster yesterday, to tell him that Mary was taken with English Cholera[†6] very severely, at midnight between Sunday and Monday. Thank

God she is quite herself now—though in bed, of course—and recovering most happily and admirably. He will tell you how it all was, if you care to hear. It was a very alarming time.

I will write to you again, on Thursday. This scrap of paper[†1] came the readiest to my hand before going out to walk.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Wills. | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To E. M. WARD, 20 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Villa du Camp de droite
Wednesday Evening Twentieth September | 1854

My Dear Ward.

I am sorry I missed you this morning.[†2]

Before you conclude any arrangements for your stay in, or departure from, this place, I should like to say a word to you.[†3]

I would have called this evening but that Dr. Elliotson, who is staying near you, comes up to dine with me. If I don't see you in the meanwhile, I will call on you between 2 and 3 tomorrow. I shall be at home all this evening, and delighted to see you in the event of your strolling out.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire.

To DR O. C. WALTER,[†4] 21 SEPTEMBER 1854*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Twenty First September 1854

My Dear Sir

I cannot tell you how truly obliged to you I feel, for your honest and kind advice. I

am very much indebted to you, and thank you most heartily. Another time will come, I hope, before long, when we may revisit the old place.[†1]

The ludicrous possibility of the telegraphic postscript arriving before the letter, presented itself to my mind when I dispatched it. But not being sure what the post office arrangements were, I thought it best to be on the safe side—suddenly remembering to have heard Baldwin[†2] complain that Captain Carnac's house[†3] was ill drained.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth unite in kindest regards to Mrs. Walter and yourself. Believe me with much regard

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

O. C. Walter Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 21 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Thursday Night Twenty First Septr. | 1854

My Dear Wills

H. W.

I return you the No.[†4] which is a very fair one. Some of Mrs. Gaskell's dialogue in execrable taste,[†5] but I will not bring a correspondence upon you by touching it.

To Holidays at Madame Grondet's[†6]—yes. I have altered it a little here and there, and return the proof.

Costello[†7] really good.

SELF AND FAMILY.[†8]

Mary is quite well again thank God, and has never had the slightest unfavorable symptom since she turned the awful corner.

I enclose a letter to be posted for Augustus.[†9]

In your next parcel will you send me the 2nd. edition of Forster's Goldsmith[†10] from the last bookcase against the wall opposite the fireplace, in my study. If I remember, it is on the second shelf from the mahogany slab outside the glass—on the second above it, I mean.

I have nearly exhausted the cigarettes[†1] I brought here. Will you use the enclosed key to open the drawer in the round table you opened before—take out the same bunch as before—find another key on it, that opens the corresponding table nearest to the drawing room—and in a drawer (I think the middle drawer on the lefthand side, nearest to the sliding book-door) you will find a cigar box with bundles of Cigarettes in it. If you take out 4, tell John to put them in some little common box, go to the Herald office,

and ask Beard if he will bring them over; he will doubtless do so, unless he should have already left to come to us.[†2] In that case, please send them in your next parcel.

Ever My Dear Wills Faithfully Yours CD.

To AUGUSTUS [DICKENS], [21 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Mention in last. *Date:* written the same day.

To THOMAS BEARD, 23 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Dickens House.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Saturday Twenty Third September | 1854

My Dear Beard.

Catherine is at last persuaded that October really IS[†3] the finest month in the year at the seaside—though she is not yet quite converted to that other axiom concerning the salutary effects of going to bed at 8 o'Clock.[†4]

You shall be received on Wednesday with open arms. And if you don't come for a much longer stay than you made last year,[†5] I shall cut off the "Cu-ra-çoa and Biskits",[†6] as a mark of my dissatisfaction.

All you will have to do in that official strainer through which you are filtered on landing, will be to say (in English if you prefer it) "Monsieur, I have no passport", and to produce your card with this written on it—"Restant chez M. Charles Dickens, Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne." You will be passed on, immediately. As soon as you are let out, by the cocked hats, at a little door, exclaim majestically "Monsieur Van Loo!"[†7] A Being, of semi-official, semi-military aspect, with a capacity of speaking English, will then appear, to whom you will deliver your card, your key, a verbal description of your portmanteau, and the Magic name of your host. Smiles will illuminate his visage; you will have no more trouble about your baggage; and will pass lightly on, until cheered still further by a countenance radiantly expressive of intellect and benevolence.—Need I say whose!

The weather has turned deliciously cool,[†1] and fires are pleasant here. Though your visit has been so long postponed,[†2] I hope you may be here after all in the most agreeable time of *this* year.[†3] We had a bright day yesterday with a sharp North wind blowing,—the perfection of a noble Autumn day. It has been very hot through the summer, though at this height the air has been almost always fresh.

I will not detract from the agreeable effect I shall produce upon you, by letting off any small news at present. We shall all be most heartily glad to see you—which is no news, and may therefore be mentioned.

The Plornish Maroon is in a brilliant state; beating all former babies into what they call in America (I don't exactly know why) sky-blue fits.[†4] He thinks you will be interested with the Camp, in reference to

which the most ridiculous thing I know, is the practice of the Trumpeters—of whom there appear to be about two to every Private. These unfortunates have been dispersed, all through the summer, in lonely corn-fields, bean crops, pasture-lands, and bye places of all sorts, incessantly blowing their lives away, and never doing any one of the calls right. One weazen little burnt up youth from the South,[†5] practised on the road outside our garden gate, all through July and August, when the heat was intense. Two shaggy and immense creatures with enormous beards—so broad across the chest, that you couldn't take into your eye their two rows of buttons at once—instructed him. They marched up and down gravely, with him between them. Without the least effort, they blew such prodigious blasts that the old High Town shook to every note. Then they left off, eyed this Imbecile severely, and he broke into a miserable little cracked abortion of a brazen wheeze, and trembled with the effort. I suppose him to have gasped himself into the Hospital, and to be now no more.

Ever My Dear Beard | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To JOHN BATE CARDALE, 23 SEPTEMBER 1854*

MS Dickens House.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Saturday Twenty Third September 1854

My Dear Sir.

I cannot tell you how very sorry we all are, to learn that we are to lose you and your family as neighbours.[†6] Our intercourse has been so exceedingly agreeable, and the good understanding between us has been so pleasant a part of our occupation of that corner, that our faces lengthened very much at breakfast when I read your

announcement aloud this morning. Our remembrance and good wishes will go with you, wherever you settle.[†1]

I am much obliged to you for your offer of the piece of ground; which I should certainly desire to hold possession of, if it were only because my study-window commands it. I do not know whether you may approve of the idea I am about to suggest or may consider it feasible; but if you would like to be relieved of it altogether, and I could purchase a new lease of it for my term at a tolerably easy rate in ready money, I should be inclined to do so. The Duke of Bedford's solicitors gave me a new original lease at a peppercorn rent, of Tavistock House, to simplify the title. If I could come to a similar arrangement in respect of the piece of ground, it might possibly be considered of advantage to the property, as well as convenient to me.

Supposing this cannot be done, I will rent it from you—say at first for seven years.

As you will probably be in town sooner than I, and as it may be convenient to your arrangements to settle this point, I write by the present post to my solicitor Mr. William Loaden[†2] 28 Bedford Place, repeating to him what I have herein said to you, and giving him authority on the subject in case you should communicate with him.

I see by yesterday's paper[†3] that the landing of the Army[†4] was safely and quietly effected. This must be a great relief to you, for I observe that the boats of your son's ship held the post of honor.[†5]

Mrs. Dickens and her sister unite with me in kind regards to Mrs. Cardale and all your family.

Believe me My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John B Cardale Esquire

To WILLIAM LOADEN, [23 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Mention in last. *Date:* written the same day.

To THOMAS MITTON, 23 SEPTEMBER 1854

Extract in N, II, 589 (from catalogue source); dated Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne, 23 Sep 54.

I do not at all anticipate coming to London until I return for the winter. Wills having been here for a fortnight, I have had ample opportunity to confer with him on Household Words business (besides exchanging a parcel every week) and it must be something quite unexpected, that would take me across the channel.

Therefore you cannot do better than arrange to come alone, which is perfectly easy.

The weather has turned quite cold here (which is a great thing, after the hot summer) and I hope it may be bright and dry when you come. You will probably find Beard here—and perhaps Egg the artist, who is a very nice little fellow.

To E. M. WARD, 25 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Professor Aileen Ward.

Villa du Camp de droite | Monday Twenty Fifth September | 1854

My Dear Ward.

I can't sit today, being occupied with Household Words. But tomorrow at 2, I propose instead.[†1]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 25 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Monday Twenty Fifth September | 1854

My Dear Wills

I really am quite shocked and ashamed on looking at the new No.[†2] to find nothing in it appropriate to the memorable time.[†3] I have written a little paper[†4] To Working Men[†5] which I hope may do good, and I send it to you enclosed.

But I am so painfully impressed with a sense of our being frivolous,[†6] that [†a]*if you have not already got to press with No. 237,*[†a†7] *I entreat you to unmake it and put this article first.*[†8] Forster will correct it, if you give him the copy, quite accurately I am

sure; therefore it would only involve a delay of a few hours. Even if but a few 237's were printed, it would be better to cancel them—stop—and get this paper in.

No. 238 and the parcel, I will send by tomorrow morning's boat.

In haste Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Monday Night Twenty Fifth September | 1854

My Dear Wills.

I have gone over the No.[†1]—which is so badly printed and so villainously read, that I have been obliged to query here and there: the sense being somewhere else.

The Ghost of Pit's Pond[†2] is *not* the thing for a first article.

Morley has done what he could for the Cookery,[†3] but it is inherently conceited and stupid. I went over it before reading the Conscript article,[†4] and put in a clause respecting the inferior strength of the French people as compared with the English. Now, do look at those two articles, with a reference to the consistency and reliability of the Journal in which they appear! Says Cookery, the wonderful Maltese laborers (whom I don't in the least believe in) live on coarse barley bread. Says Cookery further, English people neglect oatmeal. Says Conscript, French soldiers live on barley and oats, and are therefore below the mark![†5] The whole bestiality of the Cookery thing, from first to last, being—dull Whole Hog.[†6] Not content with shewing that we might improve our commonest Cookery, cheaply, [†a]and make enforced short-

commons at least savoury,[†a] it sets up the notorious shortcomings and weaknesses of other countries as a model for us, and is more ignorant of the enormous difference made by the different requirements of different climates, than the Plornish Maroon is. Moreover, the exaggerated praise of the meatless dishes is done in a wooden-headed ignorance of the English ways of thinking, which is a recipe for raising up antagonism—the only sound recipe in the paper. I don't even find in it the common humble usefulness of the Liebig[†7] recipe for making beef tea. Ex gra:—Steep a pound of beef in a pint of cold water, for four hours. Then put the beef and water on a brisk fire for a few minutes until they begin to bubble and boil. Then take them off, and let them stand until cool, when the beef is to be taken out. It will be found by that time to have deposited its utmost virtue in the water—which is the strongest and most nutritious beef tea that can possibly be made.

I think this bit of common sense might be insinuated into the article when you soften down the points[†1] so glaringly objectionable.

There are 6 &c's in the compass of one Column of the Chinese Francis Moore.[†2]

The Poem[†3] is a thousand times worse than nothing, and won't do.

GUILD.[†4]

I return the cheque book, with several cheques signed.

HOME.[†4]

All quite well, thank God. The Theatre took fire[†5] yesterday at about halfpast eleven, and is burnt down. Weather, cool, bright, and *delicious.* Empress arrived this afternoon.[†6]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. WILKIE COLLINS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (on mourning paper): Angleterre | W. Wilkie Collins Esquire | 17 Hanover Terrace | Regents Park | London.

Boulogne, | Tuesday Twenty Sixth September 1854

My Dear Collins.

First, I have to report that I received your letter with much pleasure, and have since loved to dwell upon the image of the Samaritan Keeley.[†7]

Secondly, That the weather has entirely changed. It is so cool, that we have not only a fire in the drawing-room regularly, but another to dine by. The delicious freshness of the air is charming, and it is generally bright and windy besides.

Thirdly, that Vincent's[†8] intellectual faculties appear to have developed suddenly—he has taken to borrowing money; from which I infer (as he has no intention whatever of repaying) that his mental powers are of a high order. Having got a franc from me, he fell upon Mrs. Dickens for five sous. She declining to enter into the transaction, he beleaguered that feeble little couple, Harry and Sydney, into paying two sous each for "tickets" to behold the ravishing spectacle of an-utterly-non-existent-and-therefore-impossible-to-be produced Toy theatre. He has eaten stoney apples until he has had diarrhoea, and has harbored designs upon his fellow creatures until he has become lightheaded. From the couch rendered uneasy by these disorders, he has arisen with an excessively protuberant forehead, a dull slow

eye, a complexion of a leaden hue, and a croaky voice.[†1] He has become a Horror to me, and I resort to the most cowardly expedients to avoid meeting him. He, on the other hand, wanting another franc, dodges me round those trees at the corner, and at the back door; and I have a presentiment upon me that I shall fall a sacrifice to his cupidity at last.

On the Sunday night after you left, or rather on the Monday Morning at halfpast one, Mary was taken *very ill.* English Cholera. She was sinking so fast, and the sickness and diarrhoea were so exceedingly alarming that it evidently would not do to wait for Elliotson. I caused everything to be done that one had naturally often thought of, in a lonely house so full of children, and fell back upon the old remedy;[†2] though the difficulty of giving even it, was rendered very great by the frightful sickness. Thank God she recovered so favorably that by breakfast time she was fast asleep. She slept 24 hours, and has never had the least uneasiness since. I heard—of course afterwards—that she had had an attack of sickness two nights before. I think that long ride and those late dinners had been too much for her. Without them, I am inclined to doubt whether she would have been ill.

Last Sunday as ever was, the Theatre[†3] took fire,[†4] at half-past eleven in the forenoon. Being close by the conventicle of the eminent Groves,[†5] it showered hot sparks into that Temple through the open windows. Whereupon the congregation shrieked and rose, and tumbled out into the street;[†6] Groves benignly observing to the only ancient female who would listen to him, "I fear we must part", and afterwards being beheld in the street—in his robes, and with a kind of sacred wildness on him—handing ladies over the kennel into shops and other structures where they had no business whatever, or the least desire to go. I got to the back of the Theatre, where I could see in through some great doors that had been forced open, and whence the spectacle of the whole interior, burning like a red hot cavern, was really very fine, even in the daylight. Meantime the soldiers were at work "saving" the scenery—by pitching it into the next street; and the poor little properties (one spinningwheel, a feeble imitation of a watermill, and a basketfull of the dismalest artificial flowers, very conspicuous) were being passed from hand to hand with the greatest excitement, as if they were rescued children or lovely women. In 4 or 5 hours the whole place was burnt down, except the outer walls. Never in my days did I behold such feeble endeavours in the way of extinguishment. On an average I should say it took about ten minutes to throw half a gallon of water at the great roaring heap; and every time it was insulted in this way, it gave a ferocious burst, and everybody ran off.[†7]

Beaucourt has been going about for two days in a clean collar—which phenomonon evidently means something, but I don't know what. Elliotson reports that the great Conjuror[†1] lives at his hotel, has extra wine every day, and fares expensively. Is he the Devil? The old old story[†2] has returned to London with his family—previously insisting on killing, of cholera, an old lady in the town, whom I am told by the chemist is alive and very comfortable—not that he bore her any ill will, but because I was hopeful that the equinoctial winds and the blessed change in the weather would restore the general health. I have heard from the Kernel[†3]—wa'al, Sir—sayin' as he minded to [†a]locate himself with us for a week.[†4] I expected to have heard from him again this morning, but have not. Beard comes Tomorrow.

Kindest regards and remembrances from all. Ward lives in a little street between the two Tintelleries. It strikes me that he ought to have Mrs. Ward up before a Magistrate for keeping him in bodily fear.[†5] The Plornish Maroon desires his duty. He had a fall yesterday—through overbalancing himself in kicking his Nurse.

Ever Faithfully

CD.[†a]

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 27 SEPTEMBER 1854*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Boulogne | Wednesday Twenty Seventh September | 1854.

My Dear Elliotson.

I return Mr. Twining's[†6] MS. Pray be so kind as to thank him for giving me the opportunity of reading it.

I have the highest respect for his objects, and, generally, concur in them with all my heart. But I have not the least faith in the plan by which he seeks to attain them. No association ever was, or (as I think) ever will be, able wholesomely to influence or govern a Theatre. Several opinions, it is true, influence the acceptance or rejection of plays at the Français;[†7] but they are the opinions of trained dramatic[†8] Artists, thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar necessities and machinery of the stage, and perfectly aware of what it can and what it cannot convey to an audience.

If the Ortho Dramatic Society[†1] were ten thousand strong, and had all the learned Societies fused into it, the Public would still judge for itself, and put plays in its own lists according to its own discretion, and be perfectly indifferent to the Society's classification. The drama has declined and Actors have most grievously declined; the improvement of both, rests with the great body of the people, and can never be achieved by any self-constituted body.

As to the proposed Address, I dont know who would undertake to write it according to the Ortho Dramatic Society's recipe; but I am much mistaken if any competent writer would accept his directions from any such tribunal. It might set a good many writers to work by paying them—but its funds should be very large, for it would find it necessary to pay the readers too.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Elliotson.

To JAMES NASH, 29 SEPTEMBER 1854*

MS Mr A. F. Doyle.

Tavistock House, London. | Twenty Ninth September 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Nash, and begs (by desire of their good friend Mr. Serle) to forward to him the enclosed few words by way of certificate; sincerely wishing that it were in his power more directly to influence the prosperity and happiness of Mr. Nash and his excellent wife.

He begs to assure Mr. Nash of his strong interest in their welfare, and of his heartfelt desire to promote it. "Esther Elton" is never forgotten in his house, but is often spoken of with the affectionate admiration which has never cooled in Mr. Dickens's breast, since she calmly took her place as an example to all her family.[†2]

Twenty Ninth September 1854.

I greatly regret that I know no English family in Nice at this time, and consequently cannot give Mr. Nash any direct letter of recommendation, to serve him in that place. I heartily wish it were in my power to do so, for his reputation as a competent and thoroughly well-informed Teacher is known to me beyond all doubt,[†3] and I have a great respect for him, and a high opinion of him. Without having had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance (his duties having kept him at a little distance from London), I have for some years past been interested in him as the worthy husband of a most exemplary wife to whom I have long been in the relation of Guardian. Her marrying so good a man was a great satisfaction to me at the time, and has been a source of unalloyed comfort and pleasure to me ever since. I have his welfare and her's very earnestly at heart, and I very poorly express my confidence in them when I bear this testimony to their qualifications and worth.

Mr. Nash's solid accomplishments for tuition are of the best order; and his eight

years of service at Mitcham as a National Teacher, won him the esteem of all who were acquainted with his honorable usefulness.

CHARLES DICKENS

To T. J. SERLE, 29 SEPTEMBER 1854

Text from N, II, 593, checked from MS Sotheby's, 29 Oct 1968.

Boulogne | Friday Twenty-Ninth September 1854

My Dear Serle,

I send this short note to let you know that immediately on receiving your suggestion through Mr. Wills, I have written to Mr. Nash exactly to the effect you recommend, and have posted my willing testimony in his favor, to Nice.[†1]

Always very faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 29 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Friday Twenty Ninth September | 1854

My Dear Wills.

I somehow lost a day, and conceived—indeed, still mistily believe—that I sent you the Address to Working Men on the *Monday* Night.[†2] The No.[†3] will be greatly improved by the changes you mention.

Evans[†4] will bring you this, and two letters for the post, enclosed, and one for Forster. Will you pay the enclosed £10..0..10 at your convenience, and ask at the same time how many Terms I have to keep before being qualified to be called?[†5] I have no belief whatever that I shall ever keep them now; but I should like—for the gratification of an innocent curiosity—to know how many I *have* kept, after all the boredom I have suffered in that noble Institution of my country.

Mr. Gaskell's letter raises a rather difficult question.[†6] I think I would reply to him

that Mrs. Gaskell is free to act in the matter—so far as we are concerned—as she thinks best: always supposing that her precautions as to time, render it *impossible* that whatever she sends out there in advance, can get back here, before its ordinary publication here. But I would add that we (I, if you like) think it very doubtful whether she would ever derive any pecuniary benefit from such an arrangement which would counterbalance the risk of such a transaction with such people.

Wonderful fine weather here. Kindest regards from all.

—Reverting to H. W. I observed a paragraph, either in the Examiner or the Illustrated London News the other day, to the effect that there had been "a large and influential meeting at Manchester" with a view to the prevention of Boiler explosions,[†1] and their consequent injuries to workpeople. Now, as we opened that subject, plainly and boldly, we ought to pursue it:[†2] commending the Manufacturers for any endeavour in that wise that deserves commendation, and enforcing the principle of the workpeople being always protected from accident, by every human precaution. By losing or delaying so apposite an occasion for pursuing a subject we have opened, we lose a chance and waste our power.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29 SEPTEMBER 1854]

Extract in F, VIII, ii, 638. *Date:* "four months" before CD went to Paris in Feb 55, according to Forster; CD's reference to "nine or ten weeks" rest, since finishing *Hard Times* (17 July) points to late Sep; hence probably letter mentioned in *To* Wills, 29 Sep.

I have had dreadful thoughts of getting away somewhere altogether by myself.[†3] If I could have managed it, I think possibly I might have gone to the Pyreennees (you know what I mean that word for, so I won't re-write it) for six months! I have put the idea into the perspective of six months, but have not abandoned it. I have visions of living for half a year or so, in all sorts of inaccessible places, and opening a new book therein. A floating idea of going up above the snow-line in Switzerland,[†4] and living in some astonishing convent,[†5] hovers about me. If *Household Words* could be got into a good train, in short, I don't know in what strange place, or at what remote elevation above the level of the sea, I might fall to work next. *Restlessness*, you will say. Whatever it is, it is always driving me, and I cannot help it. I have rested nine or ten weeks, and sometimes feel as if it had been a year—though I had the strangest

nervous miseries before I stopped. If I couldn't walk fast and far, I should just explode and perish.

October

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, [1 OCTOBER] 1854*

MS Private. *Date:* Sunday was 1 Oct in 1854.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Sunday Thirtieth Sept. 1854

My Dear Milnes.

I received your enclosure this morning and am sorry you did not execute your intention of coming into these parts.

My publishers will send you in the course of the week, a little book[†1] from me. I hope you will like it in its new form, better than in its old one.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 4 OCTOBER 1854

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne
Wednesday October Fourth 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.

It is quite clear that Mr. Carleton's request[†2] cannot be complied with. I think it will be best for you to reply that you have forwarded his letter to me, as he requested; and that you write, as if I wrote, participating in the pain I should myself feel in having to convey to him the assurance that the publication is burdened with as much expense in the way of such advance, as it can possibly bear; and that, in the discharge of my first duty towards my fellow proprietors,[†3] I cannot increase the outlay.

[†a]I am very much afraid that whatever business comes within Mr. Holdsworth's[†4] sphere of action must be very badly done. It is important to see to this. It is not likely that other people are punctually and precisely dealt with, if I am not. Besides the absurd way in which I have received our numbers through the whole summer—getting the stamped Edition,[†5] over and over again, by post, on the very day after, or on the day but one after, I have received a parcel which should have contained the unstamped No.[†6]—I have at this moment not received *the last week's No. at all* (I don't speak of to-day's—last week's)[†7] and have had two Narratives!

There is a suggestion of bungling and messing in all this, which alarms me. There is no such thing as a man who does one part of plain business ill, and the rest well.[†a]

I will return you Carleton's letter when I return the parcel now to come.

GUILD.[†1]

I have not executed the Warrant of Attorney,[†2] because the Consul[†3] is an old fool (and a Scotch fool) and I hate to go to him. I suppose I shall be home in about a fortnight. Will that do? If you really want it sooner—why then I must encounter the Scotchman, very much against my will.

SEBASTOPOL[†1]

The announcement of its being taken,[†4] at the Review[†5] here last Saturday, was very fine. We were very near the Emperor and Empress, and she kissed the dispatch[†6] (she is a pretty, graceful, slight little woman) in a very natural and good way. It is extraordinary to know through the evidence of one's own senses, however, that the *personal* enthusiasm and devotion of the Troops, is enormously exaggerated in the London papers.[†7] Their coldness was, to me, astonishing—so much so, as to be, under all the circumstances, almost irritating.

Egg and Muster Beard

beg to be kindly remembered.

All The Family

Ditto, and all well.

[†b]Tom Taylor and Mr. Reade[†8]

have for some time appeared to me to be the great (Dramatic) Humbugs of the age.[†1]

Young Toole[†2]

had admirable qualities in the old Mathews vein, and I am very sorry he should have so degenerated.[†b†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 5 OCTOBER 1854

Text in N, II, 594, checked from MS E. Joseph & Chas J. Sawyer.

Villa de Camp de droite, Boulogne | Thursday Fifth October 1854

My Dear Mitton

Wednesday the Eleventh will do perfectly well for us, as we have no intention of returning home until the following week. My term here expires on the Nineteenth.

Therefore, on Wednesday the Eleventh, we shall expect you.[†4] I hope the weather may be sufficiently bright to give you a fair idea of the lightness of the air. But it has been so extraordinarily fine that we must anticipate a little wet. It blew a gale of wind last night and is very lowering this morning, so I hope we may get it over before you come.

Kind regards from all. | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MESSRS HAMILTON & THORBY, [6 OCTOBER 1854]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 6 OCTOBER 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne | Friday Night Sixth October 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†1]

I have gone over the No.[†2] and return the proofs. The Game Season at Sprüt,[†3] and Paris on Wheels,[†4] I have marked respectively 1 and 2, as their due order of usefulness to us. The Game Season is very considerably No. 1.

The Scattered Family[†5] I have tried to reduce to reason, but it is so fearfully complicated that I am still dissatisfied with it, and fear it cannot be made to do. The poem[†6] in the No. is of the shadiest quality also; but all the meaning that is in it, comes out of it—which is something.

Reserve Miss Lynn[†7] for a No. of very hearty and genial subjects.[†8] I don't know how it is but she gets so near the sexual side of things as to be a little dangerous to us at times.[†9]

I would decidedly put Holidays at Madame Grondets[†10] into the No., even if it involve the taking out of Mr. Whittlestick[†11] this once—for two reasons. Firstly, because it is good and true in itself; secondly, because it must follow its predecessor now, or Madame Grondet becomes, to a large mass of readers, an inexplicable antecedent.

SELF.[†1]

Some letters enclosed. Hamilton and Thorby[†12] are a Spanish Wine-house, removed within a year or so—I *think* to Little Tower Street but am not sure. I believe their address is in the Address-book in the Hall desk at Tavistock House. If not, perhaps you will find it in the Directory.[†13]

Poole's receipt I enclose, signed.

H. W. AGAIN[†1]

Mrs. Young's paper[†14] (her card enclosed) I brought to you at the time of its receipt, begging you (with reference to our article called Troops and Jobs at Malta,[†15] which

had just appeared) to return it—as I remember to some No. in Mornington Place, with a polite reply that it had been anticipated. Does this bring it to your mind?

YOUR PARCEL[†1]

Contained *Sealed Letters*—on which account the Custom House here stopped it, and sent for me, and could have fined me but wouldn't. I gave my promise that no more sealed letters should be so sent to me with my knowledge. So *don't* send sealed letters.

ALL[†1]

send kindest regards. I write in haste, as the parcel must be left out for Cooper tonight.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 OCTOBER 1854]

Extracts and summaries in F, VII, iv, 597-600; apparently all from same letter. *Date:* 8 Oct 54, according to Forster.

I was at the Review yesterday week, very near the Emperor and Empress, when the taking of Sebastopol was announced. It was a magnificent show on a magnificent day; and if any circumstance could

make it special, the arrival of the telegraphic despatch would be the culminating point one might suppose. It quite disturbed and mortified me to find how faintly, feebly, miserably, the men responded to the call of the officers to cheer,[†2] as each regiment passed by. Fifty excited Englishmen would make a greater sign and sound than a thousand of these men do.... The Empress was very pretty, and her slight figure sat capitally on her grey horse. When the Emperor gave her the despatch to read, she flushed and fired up in a very pleasant way, and kissed it with as natural an impulse as one could desire to see.

On the night of that day [30 Sep] *Dickens went up to see a play*[†3] *acted at a café at the camp, and found himself one of an audience composed wholly of officers and men, with only four ladies among them, officers' wives,* and as to kindness and consideration towards the poor actors, it was real benevolence.

Another attraction at the camp was a conjuror,[†4] *who had been called to exhibit twice*

before the imperial party; the Frenchman scorned help, stood among the company without any sort of apparatus, and, by the mere force of sleight of hand and an astonishing memory, performed feats having no likeness to anything CD had ever seen done, and totally inexplicable to his most vigilant reflection. So far as I know, a perfectly original genius, and that puts any sort of knowledge of legerdemain, such as I supposed that I possessed, at utter defiance.

You are to observe that he was *with the company,* not in the least removed from them; and that we occupied the front row. He brought in some writing paper with him when he entered, and a black-lead pencil; and he wrote some words on halfsheets of paper. One of these half-sheets he folded into two, and gave to Catherine to hold. Madame, he says aloud, will you think of any class of objects? I have done so.—Of what class, Madame? Animals.—Will you think of a particular animal, Madame? I have done so.—Of what animal? The Lion.—Will you think of another class of objects, Madame? I have done so.—Of what class? Flowers.—The particular flower? The Rose.—Will you open the paper you hold in your hand? She opened it, and there was neatly and plainly written in pencil—*The Lion. The Rose.* Nothing whatever had led up to these words, and they were the most distant conceivable from Catherine's thoughts when she entered the room. He had several common school-slates about a foot square. He took one of these to a field-officer from the camp, decoré and what not, who sat about six from us, with a grave saturnine friend next him. My General, says he, will you write a name on this slate, after your friend has done so? Don't show it to me. The friend wrote a name, and the General wrote a name. The conjuror took the slate rapidly from the officer, threw it violently down on the ground with its written side to the floor, and asked the officer to put his foot upon it, and keep it there: which he did. The conjuror considered for about a minute, looking devilish hard at the General.—My General, says he, your friend wrote Dagobert,[†1] upon the slate under your foot. The friend admits it.—And you, my General, wrote Nicholas. General admits it, and everybody laughs and applauds.—My General, will you excuse me, if I change that name into a name expressive of the power of a great nation, which, in happy alliance with the gallantry and spirit of France will shake that name to its centre? Certainly I will excuse it.—My General, take up the slate and read. General reads: DAGOBERT, VICTORIA. The first in his friend's writing; the second in a new hand. I never saw anything in the least like this; or at all approaching to the absolute certainty, the familiarity, quickness, absence of all machinery, and actual face-to-face, hand-to-hand fairness between the conjuror and the audience, with which it was done. I have not the slightest idea of the secret.—One more.

He was blinded with several table napkins, and then a great cloth was bodily thrown over them and his head too, so that his voice sounded as if he were under a bed. Perhaps half a dozen dates were written on a slate. He takes the slate in his hand, and throws it violently down on the floor as before, remains silent a minute, seems to become agitated, and bursts out thus: "What is this I see? A great city, but of narrow streets and old-fashioned houses, many of which are of wood, resolving itself into ruins! How is it falling into ruins? Hark! I

hear the crackling of a great conflagration, and, looking up, I behold a vast cloud of flame and smoke. The ground is covered with hot cinders too, and people are flying into the fields and endeavouring to save their goods. This great fire, this great wind, this roaring noise! This is the great fire of London, and the first date upon the slate must be one, six, six, six—the year in which it happened!" And so on with all the other dates. There! Now, if you will take a cab and impart these mysteries to Rogers,[†1] I shall be very glad to have his opinion of them.[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, 10 OCTOBER 1854*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Boulogne, Tuesday Tenth October 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†3]

You may have seen a letter, published in the Times a few days ago—a letter on sanitary subjects—signed "A Civil Engineer".[†4] Evidently written by some malcontent, retained by the bad water companys[†5]—since distinctly denied as to a positive assertion of fact, by a man at Dartford[†6]—and replied to again today,[†7] by Farr.[†8] The whole communication being a desperate effort to bolster up the sinking

villainous system.[†1]—I particularly wish you would cut out all appertaining to this, and put it in Morley's hands, together with anything and everything that may follow on like subjects, entreating him to lose no occasion of giving us a serviceable article on homes and health.[†2] and furthermore urging him to keep his eye on those Sewers Commissioners,[†3] who in a World of balderdash, really talk more rotten filth, and let their Engineer write more and sit on all manner of dregs and hear more read, than all the Sewers of London contain. [†a]Take care Godwin[†4] does not anticipate us[†5] in these useful duties.[†a]

I set my heart on doing the real good of not allowing the remembrance of the cholera to die away,[†6] even in the louder miseries and appeals of War[†7]—under which (it needs no foresight to perceive) the Do Nothings[†8] will endeavour to shelter themselves for the next ten years.

MYSELF[†9]

To MARK LEMON, 13 OCTOBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne | Friday Thirteenth October 1854.

My Dear Mark.

As I shall be sending a parcel[†1] to Wills tomorrow, I indite this hasty note to day. I dare say you won't get it until Monday.

I have made up my mind to forego the walking part of the expedition home, and to come straight home by way of Folkestone on Tuesday next, arriving in town (please God) at midnight. For I have considered that an expedition from London, in our old way but in some new direction, may be a better day's "Hout" than that we had proposed: the rather as it will be more easily arranged for our mutual convenience. So I shall hope to see you on Wednesday Morning, if you should by that time have recovered the effect of the Memorial of Bankers Merchants and others to Mr G. V. Brooke.[†2]

Loves from all, | Ever affectionately

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 13 OCTOBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Boulogne | Friday Thirteenth October | 1854

My Dear Stone.

As I shall be sending a parcel to Wills tomorrow, I write this note today, to put into it—with a lively probability before me of your not getting it until Monday.

Having some little matters that rather press on my attention, to see to in town, I have made up my mind to relinquish the walking project, and to come straight home (by way of Folkestone) on Tuesday. I shall be due in town at midnight, and shall hope to see you next day—with the top of your coal cellar mended.[†3]

Everything that happens here, we suppose to be an announcement of the taking of Sebastopol. When a church clock strikes, we think it is the Joy-Bell, and fly out of the house in a burst of nationality—to sneak in again. If they practise firing at the Camp, we are sure it is the artillery celebrating the Fall of the Russian, and we

become enthusiastic in a moment. I live in constant readiness to illuminate the whole house. Whatever anybody says, I believe. Everybody says, every day, that Sebastopol is in flames. Sometimes the Commander in chief[†1] has blown himself up, with 75,000 men. Sometimes he has "cut his way through Lord Raglan",[†2] and has fallen back on the advancing body of the Russians—142,000 strong—whom he is going to "bring up" (I don't know where from, or how, or when or why) for the destruction of the allies. All

these things, in the words of the Catechism,[†3] "I steadfastly believe",[†4] until I become a mere driveller—a moon struck, babbling, staring, credulous, imbecile, greedy, gaping, wooden-headed, addle-brained, wool-gathering, dreary, vacant, obstinate Civilian.

Ever My fellow countryman | Affecy.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 OCTOBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne, Saturday October Fourteenth | 1854

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†5]

Rather a gloomy No.[†6] Miss Martineau pretty well,[†7] but grimly bent upon the enlightenment of mankind, and quite absurdly overdoing American Education.[†8] I have taken out that passage about paper instantly rising 20 percent if the Newspaper Stamp were taken off,[†9] for I think it a hazardous assumption to broach so very positively.

Dodd as bad as need be.[†10] Nothing in it.

We are better without a Poem[†11] than with a Poem without an idea. Don't put in The Best.[†12]

It appears to me that this is not only a very bad No. for Miss Lynn's paper,[†13] but a very bad time.[†14] Somehow, this Balzac-imitation in poking with a little knife into the social peculiarities of France seems ungraceful, ungracious, and inopportune just now. We can't afford to make mistakes which people feel to *be* mistakes almost

without knowing why. Mars Alamode,[†1] comes painfully upon the Battle Field accounts in the Times;[†2] and as I don't think that an Englishman wants to dissect a Frenchman's love, at present, I would rather say nothing about France unless I had plenty to say about its gallantry and spirit.[†3] I cannot remember the subject of the paper I returned you in proof last week; marked *No. I*,[†4]—but it would be much better than Miss Lynn. I have a confidence in this French Love awakening a vague impression of our being ill conditioned and inopportune. Pay for it, and let it stand over.

I am sorry to hear of the Sale dropping,[†5] but I am not surprised. Mrs. Gaskell's story, so divided, is wearisome in the last degree. It would have had scant attraction enough if the casting in Whitefriars had been correct; but thus wire-drawn it is a dreary business. Never mind! I am ready to come up to the scratch on my return, and to shoulder the wheel.[†6]

ARRY.[†7]

Appears to me to have conducted himself in that matter,[†8] like a sharp gent—or in other words like an abominable Rascal. But what are B and E about? If the facts be plain, why don't *they*, for their honor, release the patent in England to the real Inventor?[†9]

FAMILY.[†10]

All well. I hope to be at Tavistock House, about Midnight on Tuesday.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Over

Possibly the note marked "Lady Bell"[†11] may suggest a subject for Morley.[†12] Her

brother is Sir Charles Shaw,[†1] for many years the first Surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital. She lives with him. If you want the Report alluded to,[†2] write to him for it.

To MARK LEMON, [?19 JUNE-16 OCTOBER 1854]

Text from N, II, 469. *Date:* dated 1853 in N, but must be after the trip to Italy of Oct-Dec 53; therefore probably during his stay at Boulogne between 19 June and 18 July or 28 July and 16 Oct 54.

Boulogne

My Dear Mark

I have a novelty in the sporting way to tell you of, which happened during our trip to Italy, which was this: In the course of this trip, during which I have been to all manner of places, and slept with all manner of singular companions (chiefly mules and chickens), I became fearfully interested in certain companies I was continually falling upon in the country—Naples and Rome—companies of sportsmen, usually about six strong, got up in a most sanguinary and alarming manner—immense moustaches, prodigious beards, jet-black hair, incredible boots, fearful sombrero hats, and imitation English shooting-coats, with cuffs like gauntlets. They wore immense shot-belts, carried prodigious game-bags slung over one portly shoulder, and under the other carried heavy double-barrelled guns, and were supplied, on an average, each man with from four to five pounds of gunpowder. They were always eating great meals at little rustic public-houses, clinking their glasses tunefully together, sitting with their legs as wide apart as they could be conveniently got, and talking about the pleasures of la caccia (the chase).

It was in these hostelries that I invariably saw them, and I could not conceive what their game was. I never saw any flying thing (dragons having gone out before my time) nearly large enough for their pretentions. Lions, I knew there were none in Italy; wild bears of a sufficiently aspiring breed I had never heard of. It really preyed upon my mind, and whenever I came upon a knot of these hunters, ever invariably talking of la caccia, I looked in the yards, and behind the doors, and in the vineyards, and every place for the carcases of the slain, which I never found. About a week ago I went to a dirty little tavern, within a dozen miles of Sontpere,[†3] and again I find these amusing men. This time they were six in number—ammunition quite stupendous in quantity—no quarter legibly inscribed on their faces, destruction in their manner, as they clinked the glasses and talked about la caccia. Now, when I went into this house, I had seen sitting under a grape-vine outside an extremely sleepy peasant, who had rested a long pole against the house itself. On the top of this long pole, and tied to it, was a dismal owl, laid with

one cheek against the house, without the slightest regard to his being alive, whitewashing one of his large eyes in an involuntary and heartbreaking manner, and looking, on the whole like an English judge in full costume, drunk, penitent, and drooping. As I passed this sleepy peasant and this dismal owl I wondered what on earth they could be there for. Coming in, and sitting down among the sportsmen, it occurred to me by inspiration

that they belonged to each other. I went out with a tumbler of wine—too weak to be further mentioned—gave it to the sleepy peasant, and spoke with him. Thereupon I learnt that la caccia was this: The party go out in great dignity, following the peasant and the owl. When the peasant comes to a place where there are numbers of small birds, he hoists up the pole and exposes the owl. The insane little fools immediately gather together from all quarters to deride the owl. The sportsmen then let off, with all possible speed, barrels right and left, and blow the idiots to pieces, occasionally shattering the owl instead. If any piece of a bird large enough to cook is left hanging together, which is not often, it is subsequently dressed and eaten. The owl catches cold, I believe, and dies early.

It occurs to me you might get this up in Sussex[†1] as a new field sport, and therefore I send the recipe.

Ever affectionately yours

[CD]

To [?LUDOVIC PICARD],[†2] [?19 JUNE-16 OCTOBER 1854]

Extract in [Samuel John Davey], "Pseudo Autograph Collectors", *The Archivist, and Autograph Review*, II, 24 (July 1889). *Date:* 1854 from Boulogne, according to Davey, therefore between 19 June and 18 July or 28 July and 16 Oct.

Boulogne | 1854

Voici encore de bons remèdes contre votre affliction! Surtout, on doit se souvenir constamment de la bonté du grand Dieu, des beautés de la nature, et des si touchantes felicités et misères de ses pauvres voisins dans cette vie de vicissitudes. Voici encore une manière de s'elever le coeur et l'ame, depuis les tenèbres de la terre jusqu'a la claritê du ciel! ... Courage, Courage; C'est le voyageur faible qui succombe et qui meurt C'est le brave homme qui persevère, et qui poursuit son voyage jusqu'à la fin. Votre cas a été le cas d'une immense foule d'hommes, dont les coeurs courageux ont été victorieux, triumphants, heureux.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 20 OCTOBER 1854*

MS Mr Brian Lake.

Tavistock House | Twentieth October 1854

Dear Sir

I was concerned to hear when I was at Boulogne that you had been severely ill;

and I am sorry, on now returning home, to receive the confirmation of the story under your own hand. However, I hope you have come back from Wales, as strong as a Welsh poney and as gay as a Welsh Milkmaid.

The balance[†1] is what theatrical people call "shy",[†2] but we must make the best of it and charge the deficiency to the Emperor of Russia.[†3] Have the kindness to pay the amount to my account at Coutts's and believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 OCTOBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Twentieth October 1854. Friday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Calling at Stratton Street yesterday to report myself Returned, I found you were at Brighton. Of course I had foreseen that you could not possibly be in town, knowing that we are always like the gentleman and lady in the weather-glass.

Do look at the enclosed from Cranstone.[†4] There is a remarkable kind of ability in it,—but I suppose it would be useless to write her any reply?

If you approve, I will recommence our Committees at Shepherds Bush, on the first Tuesday in next month. I have let the field to Hall with whom we deal.

We have been living on the top of our Boulogne Hill, away from all news; and I have come back, a perfect Innocent. A faint impression is upon me that Mr. Brown is in Germany. O is with you of course, and to her I beg to send my love. Her French friend[†5] is up in the Market[†6] just now, so I suppose she is in spirits.

I am afraid to ask whether the room is done, because I had no confidence in her stedfastness—or yours—and am dreadfully afraid of your having been beguiled into snares by the Upholsterer.

Dear Miss Coutts | Always Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To DR JOHN EPPS,[†1] 20 OCTOBER 1854

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* I, 51 (1914-16); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 20 Oct 54.

To J. PLUMMER,[†2] 20 OCTOBER 1854*

MS (in Wills's hand) Mr E. C. Coppins.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
20 October 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Plummer and begs to thank him for the offer of articles on deafness; but regrets to add that he cannot accept it[†3] being very deeply pledged for the insertion of articles which will take a long time to exhaust.
J. Plummer Esqre.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 OCTOBER 1854†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth October 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

But for the sake of our consistency in cross purposes, I should have liked very much to have seen you when you were in town (after all this length of time) if it had been only for a minute.

Cooper's[†4] very good letter I return.[†5] Poor little thing, I hope she will flourish out there.[†6]

I am sorry you are in a Maze about the article to Working Men[†7]—which was written by a friend of yours. Its meaning is, that they never will save their children from the dreadful and unnatural mortality now prevalent among them (almost too murderous to be thought of), or save themselves from untimely sickness and death, until they have cheap pure water in unlimited quantity, wholesome air, constraint upon little landlords like our Westminster friends[†8] to keep their property decent under the heaviest penalties, efficient drainage, and such alterations in building Acts as shall preserve open spaces in the closest regions, and make them where they

are not now. That a worthless Government which is afraid of every little interest and trembles before the vote of every dust contractor,[†1] will never do these things for them or pay the least sincere attention to them, until they are made election questions and the working-people unite to express their determination to have them, or to keep out of Parliament by every means in their power, every man who turns his back upon these first necessities. It is more than ever necessary to keep their need of social Reforms before them at this time, for I clearly see that the War will be made an Administration excuse for all sorts of shortcomings,[†2] and that nothing will have been done when the cholera comes again. Let it come twice again, severely,—the people advancing all the while in the knowledge that, humanly speaking, it is like Typhus Fever in the mass, a preventable disease—and you will see such a shake in this country as never was seen on Earth since Sampson pulled the Temple down upon his head.[†3]

I wish you would read, in next week's No. of Household Words,[†4] an article called Our French Watering Place[†5] (with a portrait of my Boulogne landlord),[†6] and a Poem called The Moral of this Year.[†7]

If you will let me know when the room is ready, I shall be delighted to convey my critical eye into the midst of it.

The conclusion of your note has greatly agitated my mind. "With all kind regards and—" then a wonderful word, which I at first thought was "Nelsons", but which I now make out to be [†a]"Pelows".[†a] What is a [†a]Pelow?[†a] What am I to do with it? To whom am I to give it? Does it require an answer? Is any Pelow supposed to be enclosed, or was it left out by mistake, or can it have dropped out at the Post Office? I never was so disturbed by doubts and difficulties.

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown—and as Many Pelows as may be agreeable to them,

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Our Committee day will be Tuesday the 7th. of November.

To MISS ELIZA GROVE,[†1] 26 OCTOBER 1854

Extract in Emily Driscoll catalogue No. 13 (1951); *MS* 1 p.; dated 26 Oct 54.

Thank you cordially for your pretty little book[†2]—which my younger children are reading with great pleasure, and which I have read with scarcely less pleasure myself.

To JOHN SAUNDERS,[†3] 26 OCTOBER 1854

MS New York Public Library.[†4]

Tavistock House | Twenty sixth October 1854

Dear Sir

I have had much gratification and pleasure in the receipt of your obliging communication. Allow me to thank you for it in the first place, with great cordiality.

Although I cannot say that I came without any prepossessions to the perusal of your play[†5] (for I had favorable inclinings towards it before I began), I *can* say that I read it with the closest attention, and that it inspired me with a strong interest, and a genuine and high admiration. The parts that involve some of the greatest difficulties

of your task, appear to me to be those in which you shine most. I would particularly instance the end of Julia, as a very striking example of this.[†1] The delicacy and beauty of her redemption from her weak rash lover,[†2] are very far indeed beyond the range of any ordinary dramatist, and display the true poetical strength.

As your hopes now centre in Mr. Phelps, and in seeing the child of your fancy on his stage,[†3] I will venture to point out to you—not only what I take to be very dangerous portions of "Love's Martyrdom" as it stands, *for presentation on the stage*; but portions which I believe Mr. Phelps will speedily regard in that light, when he sees it before him in the persons of live men and women on the wooden boards. Knowing him, I think he will be then as violently discouraged as he is now generously exalted; and it may be useful to you to be prepared for the consideration of those passages.

I do not regard it as a great stumbling-block, that the play of modern times best known to an audience,[†4] proceeds upon the main idea of this: namely that there was a Hunchback who, because of his deformity, mistrusted himself.[†5] But it is certainly a grain in the balance when the balance is going the wrong way, and therefore it should be most carefully trimmed. The incident of the ring is an insignificant one to look at over a row of gaslights, is difficult to convey to an audience, and the least thing will make it ludicrous.[†6] If it be so well done by Mr. Phelps himself as to be otherwise than ludicrous, it will be disagreeable.[†7] If it be either, it will be perilous, and doubly so because you revert to it.[†8] The quarrel scene between the two brothers in the third Act, is now so long, that the justification of blind passion and impetuosity—which can alone bear out Franklyn, before the bodily eyes of a great concourse of spectators, in plunging at the life of his own brother—is lost.[†9] That the

two should be parted, and that Franklyn should again drive at him, and strike him, and then wound him, is a state of things to set the sympathy of an audience in the wrong direction and turn it from the man you make happy, to the man you leave unhappy.[†1] I would on no account allow the artist to appear attended by that picture, more than once.[†2] All the most sudden inconstancy of Clarence[†3] I would soften down. Margaret must act much better than any actress I have ever seen, if all her lines fall in pleasant places;[†4] therefore I think she needs compression too.

All this applies solely to the Theatre. If you ever revise the sheets for readers,[†5] will you note in the margin the broken laughter and the appeals to the Deity?[†6] If, on summing them up, you find you meant them all, I would leave them as they stand, by all means. If not, I would blot accordingly.

It is only in the hope of being slightly useful to you by anticipating what I believe Mr. Phelps will discover—or what, if ever he should pass it, I have a strong conviction the audience will find out—that I have ventured on these few hints.[†7] Your concurrence with them generally, on reconsideration, or your preference for the Poem[†8] as it stands, can not in the least affect my interest in your success. On the other hand, I have a perfect confidence in your not taking my misgivings ill; they arise out of my sincere desire for the triumph of your work.

With renewed thanks for the pleasure you have afforded me, I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Saunders Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 OCTOBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Night Twenty Seventh October | 1854.

My Dear Wills.

I am truly sorry to hear of your poor Mother's death.[†1] What you said last night had prepared me to receive the sad news; and when I was told of a messenger being sent here to enquire for you this morning, I felt that the end was come.

Don't worry yourself about a first article for the next No. I will have one ready,[†2] please God.

Mrs. Dickens and Georgina unite with me in kindest regards to Mrs. Wills. Pray let me say that if in this sudden emergency you want any ready money, I shall consider it a breach of the confidence and friendship between us, if you seek it in any quarter where you have to pay interest for it.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To FREDERICK MAYNARD, [22-28 OCTOBER 1854]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 17 Nov 54. *Date:* CD wrote after his return from Boulogne and appointed Maynard to see him the "following Sunday", 29 Oct; the letter cannot be earlier than the previous Sunday, 22 Oct.

Saying he had scarcely any hope of helping him in so difficult a matter, but being unwilling to seem to slight so peculiar a confidence, CD will see him if Maynard would call on the following Sunday.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 OCTOBER 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Ninth October | 1854.

My Dear Wills.

Mr. Gaskell anticipates what I recommended you to say. I would write in reply, that the quantity shall be increased by all means;[†3] at the same time impressing upon

him the vital importance of faith being kept with the public.[†1] You must observe however, that Mrs. Gaskell is so far free from blame that she had from me the results of that precious Whitefriars casting-off. And of course they put her, as they put me, utterly wrong.

I never was so bothered about anything of the kind, as about Mr. Freer's[†2] letter. For I really cannot afford to relieve such cases, and yet I cannot bear to send him empty away. Will you write him a note saying he is right in supposing there was no address to his first letter, and making an appointment with him at your convenience—with the view of shewing him how besieged, and ascertaining what small sum (if any) will be really hopefully useful to him.

Cheque for £50 enclosed,[†3] and the letters returned.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 OCTOBER 1854†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth October 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

[†a]On Wednesday at exactly half past two, I will go and see the room. This will leave time for the Upholsterer to know of the visit.

I enclose you a letter this morning received from that Mrs. Matthews the Clergyman's wife. I do not think it right to be in receipt of it without making its contents known to you, but she is very persevering indeed.[†a†4]

My portmanteau is directed to be packed. I think the Orkneys, perhaps, will be a likely situation. Especially as I am told that the Pelows are very fine there.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 OCTOBER 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Night October Thirtieth | 1854

My Dear Wills

John made a mistake. I instructed him to ask you "whether we dined at the office tomorrow"—and he was to come and tell me Yes or No. I would on no account have proposed any engagement to you.[1[[sic]]†5] Therefore if you have the least desire to go home, or the least thing to do there, pray send me up a note as soon as you get this, to say "We don't dine." It will make no sort of difference to me. If I don't hear from

you, I shall conclude that we do dine. But pray understand my share in the proceedings.

In haste | Ever Faithfully

CD.

November

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Wednesday First November 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have been to look at the little room,[†1] and call in here while I am out, to write you the result of my inspection. The Upholsterer, I should observe, being out of town was not producible on the notice he had received, and therefore I did not see him.

The fitted couches and writing-table are exceedingly good and satisfactory, but the general compactness of this important part of the room is greatly marred by there being nothing in the little piers on either side of the looking glass opposite the door. It is quite clear to me that there ought to be, in each of these narrow piers, a long tasteful piece of drapery, falling from the curtain-cornice as a part of the curtains. It would hold the whole together, and make the rest tell for a great deal more than at present.

The little bookcase in the glass opposite the fire must positively have below it a table—of convenient depth in reference to the size of the room—always to stand there, as if it were a part of that bookcase. Firstly, because the bookcase as it stands, is quite insanely perched in the air, without appearing to have any root in the ground—which is always disagreeable; and secondly, because *there must be no table in the middle of the room,* or you destroy the fireside. Two, or at most three, odd chairs is all the room will bear, grouped about the hearth. If the front of this table were curved, it would be agreeable and convenient too.

I observe a Pedestal for a Bust, over the writing table between the windows. Any bust of life-size will be too big for the place, and the modest subject of that bust will become obtrusive.

Lastly, the Carpet is not at all in keeping. It should be something—of a small pattern of course—in dark chocolate or russet, with maybe a little green and red. The eye would rise from a dark warm ground, with great pleasure, to the light walls and the rich-colored damask.

You will understand of course that I don't lay down these things as infallible Canons of Taste, but merely as things that my eye misses, and that I should think essential to completeness if the room were mine. It seems to me at this moment, just short of being complete.

Your housekeeper and I compared notes respecting New York, and found that when she sailed for that place, I was on board the ship and went with her as far as

Gravesend.[†1] We also talked over, the Baltic Fleet,[†2] the Ventilation of London houses, the general objections to Smoke,[†3] and the best methods of preserving marble chimney pieces. We agreed in everything—from which I infer that she is a highly sensible woman.

With kindest regards to O and Mr. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. The Stove is so large and hot, that it wants a false back or sides—a little skilful reduction somehow. I stood near it for a quarter of an hour, and staggered all down Piccadilly.

To W. C. MACREADY, 1 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House

First November 1854 | (And a Constitutionally foggy day)

My Dearest Macready.

I thought it better, not to encumber the address to Working Men, with details.[†4] Firstly, because they would detract from whatever fiery effect the words may have in them; secondly, because writing and petitioning and pressing a subject upon members and Candidates, are now so widely understood; and thirdly, because the paper was meant as an opening to a persistent pressure of the whole question on the public, which would yield other opportunities of touching on such points.

In the No. *for next week*—not this—is one of these following-up articles, called "A Home Question".[†5] It is not written by me, but is generally of my suggesting, and is exceedingly well done by a thorough and experienced hand. I think you will find in it generally, what you want.[†6] I have told the Printers to send you a Proof by Post, as soon as it is corrected—that is to say, as soon as some insertions I made in it last night, are in type and in their places.

My dear old Parr,[†7] I don't believe a word you write about King John![†8] That is to say, I don't believe you take into account the enormous difference between the energy summonable-up in your study at Sherborne, and the energy that will fire up

in you (without so much as saying "with your leave", or "by your leave") in the Town Hall at Birmingham.[†1] I know you, you ancient Codger, I know you! Therefore I will trouble you to be so good as

to do an act of honesty after you have been to Birmingham, and to write to me, "Ingenuous boy, you were correct. I find I could have read 'em King John, with the greatest ease."

In that vast hall in the busy town of Sherborne, in which our illustrious English Novelist is expected to read next month—though he is strongly of opinion that he is deficient in power, and too old—I wonder what accommodation there is for reading! Because our illustrious countryman likes to stand at a desk, breast-high, with plenty of room about him—a sloping top—and a ledge to keep his book from tumbling off. If such a thing should not be there, however, on his arrival, I suppose even a Sherborne carpenter could knock it up, out of a deal board.—*Is* there a deal board in Sherborne though? I should like to hear Katey's opinion on that point.

In this week's Household Words, there is an exact portrait of our Boulogne landlord[†2] which I hope you will like. I think of opening the next long book I write, with a man of juvenile figure and strong face, who is always persuading himself that he is infirm. What do you think of the idea? I should like to have your opinion about it. I would make him an impetuous passionate sort of fellow—devilish grim, upon occasion—and of an iron purpose.—Droll, I fancy?

Forster is getting a little too fat, but appears to be troubled by the great responsibility of directing the whole War.[†3] He doesn't seem to me, to be quite clear that he has got the ships into the exact order he intended, on the sea-point of attack at Sebastopol. We went to the play last Saturday night, with Stanfield, whose "high lights" (as Maclise calls those knobs of brightness on the top of his cheeks) were more radiant than ever. We talked of you, and I told Stanny how they are imitating his Acis and Galatea sea,[†4] in Pericles, at Phelps's.[†5] He didn't half like it; but I added,

in nautical language that it was merely a piratical effort achieved by a handfull of porpoise-faced Swabs—and that brought him up with a round turn,[†1] as we say at sea.

We are looking forward to the twentieth of next month, with great pleasure. All Tavistock House send loves and kisses to all Sherborne House. If there is anything I can bring down for you, let me know in good course of time. I have a little packet for Mr. Simmons.

Ever my Dearest Macready | Most affectionately Yours

CD.

It is quite delightful to hear of your new Rector.[†2]

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 1 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* The Hon. Mrs. Watson | Rockingham Castle | Northamptonshire.

Tavistock House | Wednesday, First November 1854

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I take upon myself to answer your letter to Catherine, as I am referred to in it.

The Walk is not my writing.[†3] It is very well done by a close Imitator. Why I found myself so "used up",[†4] after Hard Times, I scarcely know. Perhaps because I had intended to do nothing in that way for a year, when the idea laid hold of me by the throat in a very violent manner; and because the compression and close condensation necessary for that disjointed form of publication, gave me perpetual trouble.[†5] But I really was—tired!—which is a result so very incomprehensible that I can't forget it. I have passed an idle Autumn in a beautiful situation, and am dreadfully brown and big. For further particulars of Boulogne, see "Our French Watering Place" in this present week's Household Words,[†6] which contains a faithful portrait of our landlord there.

If you carry out that bright Croydon idea, rely on our glad co-operation. Only let me know all about it a few days beforehand; and if you feel equal to the contemplation of the Moustache (which has been cut lately), it will give me the heartiest pleasure to come and meet you. This in spite of the terrific Puffery of the Crystal Palace:[†7] which appears to me, in respect of puffery and pretence, to be the most gigantic Humbug ever mounted on a long-suffering-people's shoulders. It is a very remarkable thing in itself; but where so very large a building[†8] [is] continually rammed down one's throat, and to find it a new page in the whole Duty of Man,[†9]

to go there, is a little more than even I (and you know how amiable I am!) can endure.

You always like to know what I am going to do, so I beg to announce that on the 19th. of Decr. I am going to read the Carol at Reading, where I undertook the Presidency of the Literary Institution on the death of poor dear Talfourd.[†1] Then I am going on to Sherborne in Dorsetshire, to do the like for another Institution which is one of the few remaining pleasures of Macready's life. Then I am coming home for Christmas Day. Then I believe I must go to Bradford in Yorkshire, to read once more to a little fireside party of 4,000.[†2] Then I am coming home again, to get up a new little version of The Children in the Wood[†3] (yet to be written by the bye) for the children to act on Charley's birthday.[†4]

I am full of mixed feeling about the War—admiration of our valiant men—burning desires to cut the Emperor of Russia's throat—and something like despair to see how the old cannon smoke and blood-mist obscure the wrongs and sufferings of the people at home. When I consider the Patriotic Fund[†5] on the one hand, and on the other the poverty and wretchedness engendered by cholera,[†6] of which, in London alone, an infinitely larger number of English people than are likely to be slain in the whole Russian War,[†7] have miserably and needlessly died—I feel as if the world had been pushed back, five hundred years.

If you are reading new books just now, I think you will be interested with a controversy between Whewell[†8] and Brewster,[†9] on the question of the shining orbs about us, being inhabited or no. Whewell's book is called "On the plurality of Worlds";[†10] Brewster's, "More Worlds than One".[†11] I shouldn't wonder if you know

all about them. They bring together a vast number of points of great interest in Natural Philosophy,[†1] and some very curious reasoning on both sides—and leave the matter pretty much where it was.[†2]

We had a fine absurdity in connection with our luggage, when we left Boulogne.[†3] The Barometer had within a few hours fallen about a foot, in honor of the occasion, and it was a tremendous night—blowing a gale of wind, and raining a little deluge. The luggage (pretty heavy, as you may suppose) in a cart drawn by two horses, stuck fast in a rut in our field, and couldn't be moved. Our man, made a Lunatic by the extremity of the occasion, ran down to the town to get two more horses to help it out, when he returned with those horses and carter B, the most beaming of men; carter A, who had been soaking all the time by the disabled vehicle, descried in carter B the acknowledged enemy of his existence—took his own two horses out—and walked off with them! After which, the whole set-out remained in the field all night, and we came to town, thirteen individuals,[†4] with one comb and a pocket handkerchief. I was upside-down during the greater part of the passage.

Dr. Rae's[†5] account[†6] of Franklin's[†7] unfortunate party[†8] is deeply interesting[†9]—

but I think hasty in its acceptance of the details[†1]—particularly in the statement that they had eaten the dead bodies of their companions.[†2] Which I don't believe. Franklin on a former occasion was almost starved to death—had gone through all the pains of that sad end and lain down to die—and no such thought had presented itself to any of them.[†3] In famous cases of Shipwreck, it is very rare indeed that any person of any humanizing education or refinement, resorts to this dreadful means of prolonging life. In open boats,[†4] the coarsest and commonest men of the shipwrecked party have done such things; but I don't remember more than one instance in which an officer has overcome the loathing that the idea has inspired.[†5] Dr. Rae talks about their *cooking* these remains too.[†6] I should like to know where the fuel came from.[†7]

Kindest loves and best regards.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Watson | Affectionately Yours

CD.

To MR O'CONNOR, [?1 NOVEMBER 1854]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the day before.

Saying that since the Home was a private institution he did not feel justified in admitting Mr O'Connor without Miss Coutts's sanction, and she would not be in town until next week; instead CD enclosed the description of it in HW.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House | Second November 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I don't like the look of this letter,[†1] and still less of the Pamphlet[†2] that came with it. Therefore I replied that as the Home was a Private Institution I did not consider himself[†3] justified in admitting him without your sanction, and that you would not be in town until next week.

I enclosed him the description of it in H. Words,[†4] as the best information I could give him.

Always Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To DR F. H.F. QUIN, 2 NOVEMBER 1854

Text from Edward Hamilton, *A Memoir of Frederick Hervey Foster Quin, M.D.*, privately printed, 1879, pp. 50-1.

Tavistock House; | 2nd November, 1854.

My dear Quin,

I am vexed; but the devil insists upon it. I am engaged on Tuesday, weekly business engagement[†5] that must come off. My only other engaged day next week is Thursday. But don't put off the Dr.—. I will try to get away early on Tuesday, and come to you for what an American I knew in Virginia[†6] used to call "the wine cup." He came to me one morning (with his collars turned down) and said "Waal, sir; a number of our smartest citizens located in this town desire to jine in crushing a friendly wine-cup with you this present sun-down, and in heering you give utterance to any sentiments that you may think calc'lated toe gratify Columbia's sons."[†7]

Ever yours,

C. D.

To FRANK STONE, 2 NOVEMBER 1854†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Second November 1854

My Dear Stone

Perhaps you will kindly write me a Notice of Wilkie,[†1] for Household Words? I think it would be gratifying to him.[†2]

Humphrey Clinker is certainly Smollett's best. I am rather divided between Peregrine Pickle and Roderick Random—both extraordinarily good in their way, which is a way without tenderness—but you will have to read them both, and I send the first Volume of Peregrine as the richer of the two.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN SCOTT RUSSELL, [3 NOVEMBER 1854]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 3 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Third November 1854

My Dear Collins

I don't *know* that Scott Russell is a Director of the Brighton Line[†3]—though he is very likely to be—but I suppose you do? If so, I enclose a note for him. If he is not, I will write to somebody else with pleasure. In case of his not being the right man, pray tell me so.

I am glad you like the portrait of Beaucourt so well.[†4] It was very pleasant to do, and I hope it may be of some service to him in the letting of his houses.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To DR F. H.F. QUIN, [3 NOVEMBER 1854]

Text from Edward Hamilton, *A Memoir of Frederick Hervey Foster Quin, M.D.,* privately printed, 1879, p. 51. *Date:* See *To* Quin, 2 Nov.

Bow Street Station House;[†5] | Friday Morning.

What ARE you a doin' on? Didn't I tell you in my note yes'day that Thursday was my only other engaged day. Blow'd if you an't enough to make a cove go and knock his ed agen the wall that aggerarvation you are.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 3 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Friday Night Third November 1854

My Dear Stanny

First of all, here is enclosed a letter for Mrs. Stanfield. Which if you don't immediately and faithfully deliver, you will hear of in an unpleasant way from the Station House[†1] at the curve of the Hill above you.[†2]

Secondly, this is not to remind you that we meet at the Athenæum next Monday at 5;—because none but a Mouldy Swab as never broke biscuit or lay out on the for'sel yard arm in a gale of wind, ever forget an appointment with a Messmet.

But what I want you to think of at your leisure, is this. When our dear old Macready was in town last,[†3] I saw it would give him so much interest and pleasure if I promised to go down and read my Xmas Carol to the little Sherborne Institution which is now one of the few active objects he has in the life about him, that I came out with that promise in a bold—I may say a swaggering—way. Consequently on Wednesday the 20th. of December, I am going down to see him, with Kate and Georgina: returning to town in good time for Christmas, on Saturday the 23rd. Do you think you could manage to go and return with us? I really believe there is scarcely anything in the World, that would give him such extraordinary pleasure as such a visit. And if you would empower me to send him an intimation that he may expect it, he will have a daily joy in looking forward to the time (I am seriously sure) which we whose light has not gone out, and who are among our old dear pursuits and associations, can scarcely estimate.[†4]

I don't like to broach the idea in a careless way, and so I propose it thus and ask you to think of it.

Ever Most affectionately Yours

CD.

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To MRS CLARKSON STANFIELD, [3 NOVEMBER 1854]

Mention in *To* Stanfield, 3 Nov 54 (either from CD or Catherine). *Date:* same day as last.

To MARK LEMON, 4 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Saturday November Fourth | 1854.

My Dear Mark.

Stanny and Forster—both perfectly insane with a desire to dine at the Wellington[†1]—meet me, for an evening out, *at the Athenæum on Monday at 5.* Will you come?

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To LEIGH HUNT, [?EARLY NOVEMBER 1854]

Extract in F, VI, vii, 550-1. *Date:* CD's "explanation" of his basing Skimpole on Hunt must precede, probably by only a few days, Hunt's letter to him of 8 Nov: see *To* Hunt, 13 Nov.

Separate in your own mind what you see of yourself from what other people tell you that they see.[†2] As it has given you so much pain, I take it at its worst, and say I am deeply sorry, and that I feel I did wrong in doing it. I should otherwise have taken it at its best, and ridden off upon what I strongly feel to be the truth, that there is nothing in it that *should* have given you pain. Everyone in writing must speak from points of his experience, and so I of mine with you: but when I have felt it was going too close I stopped myself, and the most blotted parts of my MS. are those in which I have been striving hard to make the impression I was writing from, *un*like you. The diary-writing[†3] I took from Haydon,[†4] not from you. I now first learn from yourself that you ever set anything to music, and I could not have copied *that* from you. The character is not you, for there are traits in it common to fifty thousand people besides, and I did not fancy you would ever recognize it. Under similar disguises my own father and mother are in my books, and you might as well see your likeness in Micawber.[†5]

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 6 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Mrs Quinney. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham.

Tavistock House | Monday Sixth November 1854

My Dear Sir

With the greatest pleasure. And I shall expect you from 1 until 2, unless—which I should prefer very much—you will dine with us alone, at ½ past 5 instead.[†1] In that case let me know as much in one line.

In haste | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Eighth November 1854

My Dearest Macready.

I was talking to Stanfield the other day of our intended visit to you next month, and, after thinking of it for a day, he said that if his health remained all right (he seems to be subject to some little disorder, which is half internal and half nervous, I think) he most positively would come with us for the pleasure of such a meeting with you. I suppose you can stow the dear old boy away in some odd corner? And if you write him a line to the Green Hill, Hampstead, telling him you expect him, it is more likely to keep his disorder off, than any remedy I know.

Ever affectionately
CD.

P.S. It is well known to my intimates that I have been boring them all to death for several years, by repeatedly declaring and vowing that I WOULD[†2] go up the Nile. All I have got to say in reference to Willy's pleasant idea, is, that—

If YOU'll[†2] go, I'll[†2] go![†3]

Come. What do you say to that?

To J. ALFRED NOVELLO,[†1] 8 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* J. Alfred Novello Esquire | 69 Dean Street | Soho.

Tavistock House | Eighth November 1854

Dear Sir

The reply[†2] would be, that in the instances you refer to, paper is used as part of a manufacturing process; and that paper used for printing and reading, does *not* fall within that definition.[†3] I am not seeking reason in Red Tape—or I should beg my next of kin to convey me to Bedlam—but I perceive this would be the official gabble, and have no doubt the House of Commons would cheer it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Alfred Novello Esquire

To [THOMAS NESBITT],[†4] [?27 OCTOBER-8 NOVEMBER 1854]

Summary from South Eastern Railway Mechanics' Institute Minutes Book, 9 Nov 54 (MS PRO). *Date:* between the Institute's Council Meetings of 26 Oct and 9 Nov.

Stating that his numerous engagements at Christmas[†5] *prevented him from accepting the invitation to the South Eastern Railway Mechanics' Institute's Soirée at Christmas, but that if any time shortly before or after Easter would suit the Mechanics in the Company's employ they would be heartily welcome to his aid.*[†6]

To MRS EDWARD WALLER,[†7] 9 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Mrs T. Evans. *Address:* Mrs. Edward Waller | 7 Lion Terrace | Portsea.

Tavistock House | Ninth November 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mrs. Edward Waller, and begs to assure her that she has been imposed upon. He has not been within fifty miles of Portsmouth, these five years,[†8] and has never in his life sent any one there, to make any enquiries about anybody.

He is but just come home from France, and has not yet had an opportunity of ascertaining whether his mother has any remembrance of the old nurse in question.†1

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 9 NOVEMBER 1854

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 51; MS (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Office of Household Words, 9 Nov 54.

Rejecting a manuscript as not suitable for Household Words.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 11 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eleventh November | 1854

My Dear Collins.

If this day week, Saturday the 18th. will suit you for the British Jurywomen†2 at the Strand Theatre, let us meet at the Garrick at 5 o'Clock that day.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Eleventh November 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am ashamed to make the stupid confession that, in burning the envelopes of some notes last night, I idiotically burnt the order for the Drury Lane box!

Will you kindly write me another for the same night, Monday the Thirteenth?†3

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 11 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House. | Eleventh November 1854

My Dear Morley.

It occurs to me that you may find an interest in the subject of the book I send you[†1] with this, and may like to write something upon it.

That you may know how I come by it, I send you (in it) the author's letter to me.

I have no desire to praise him or blame him, otherwise than according to his merits.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To ALBERT SMITH, 12 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House | Sunday Morning | Twelfth November 1854

My Dear Smith.

I imagine you in Paris this morning (where I wish myself too), the subject of that queer sensation born of quick travelling,[†2] which will poke your Garrick dinner of yesterday down a perspective of at least three weeks,[†a] and fill your head with the strangest incoherencies concerning days of the month.[†a]

Will you come and dine with us next Thursday at a quarter past six? We have no party of an Easterly or bleak nature[†3]—no flavor of genteel company—only half a dozen people whom you know very well, and a family circle of Stanfields taking care of George's[†4] pretty little wife.[†5]

I suppose you will receive this on Tuesday morning, when—my mind misgives me—that Liqueur-case[†6] will have been playing the very Devil with your peace of mind. To steady your out-travelled wits, permit me to recall myself to your remembrance by observing that I am the intellectual party to whom you presented a Dutch cheese lately; [†a]also that the Thursday to which I have alluded, is the very next Thursday that is to come.

It is extremely pleasant to me to read such a hearty piece of justice to Boulogne,

as the enclosed. We are thoroughly agreed about that capital place.[†1] I return the "cutting", because I know you are a prodigious fellow for storing up scraps.[†a]

Cordially Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Albert Smith Esquire.

To LEIGH HUNT, 13 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Iowa University Library.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth November 1854

My Dear Hunt.

No. I *won't* come and take tea with you[†2]—and I'll tell you why. If I do, I foresee that that leg of mutton which has never come off,[†3] will walk again into the misty future, like a vagrant trotter as it has proved itself to be. Therefore I am non-producible except on this my dunghill. Name your day, and we will have no one but Forster, and I will place a little pill-box on wheels[†4] which staggers about town with Mrs. Dickens, at your disposal, to bring you here as snugly as it can, and take you home again.[†5]

I should have written to you sooner, but that I did not feel quite sure of my available days. I am "now in a condition to state" (as they say on the Treasury Bench[†6] when they don't mean to say anything) that any day between the 21st. of this month and the 2nd. of December, both inclusive, I am muttonable at half past five. Forster having to direct the whole war,[†7] and being troubled in his mind with doubts whether the ships have been as well brought into action before Sebastopol as he intended, is in a fearful condition on Thursdays and Fridays.[†8] Consequently if you can avoid those days for his (and the world's) sake—do.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

Leigh Hunt Esquire

To LEIGH HUNT, 15 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Iowa University Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Evening | Fifteenth November 1854

My Dear Hunt.

It perversely happens that Tuesday next, won't suit Forster. Will that day week, suit you? If so, the Pillbox shall attend you at a little after 4. Don't reply, unless to suggest another day. Not hearing from you, I shall consider Tuesday week the day for the softest of Stews.[†1]

Very faithfully Yrs.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth November 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

The enclosed two letters relate to the case of Mrs. Matthews. The first (received a few days ago) is from herself; the second (received this morning) is from the rural Dean.[†2]

What shall I do now?

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

I have a very unusual and remarkable case to represent to you. I will write its full particulars, tomorrow.
Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Seventeenth November 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts

I send you the astonishing story[†3] to which I referred in my note of yesterday. I have regularly paged it,[†4] to prevent confusion. You will find it easy to read, I hope, and not half as long as it looks.

Always Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 NOVEMBER 1854

MSS Morgan Library ([aa]) and Berg Collection.

[a]I received the following letter,[†1] from a Correspondent quite unknown to me, while I was at Boulogne. I think, in the beginning of October.[a†2]

On my return to town, I wrote to the young man, representing to him that I had scarcely any hope of helping him in so difficult a matter, but that I was unwilling to seem to slight so peculiar a confidence, and that I would speak with him on the subject, if he would call on the following Sunday at a certain hour. That was, Sunday the 29th. of October.

At the appointed time, he came. I found him a very quiet, youthful-looking young man of two or three and twenty, with the appearance of being much younger. He was very becomingly and suitably dressed, in black; and his manner and his whole account of himself were in perfect accordance with his letter. He cried, at several points of our conversation: but he sat in my room with his back to the light, and always made an effort to hide it, and was evidently relieved when I appeared not to notice it.

To make the least of the wretched story, I will only set down here that the person with whom his sister lived so long, was engaged in commerce, and was ruined. The sister seems to have done a great deal for him, in the management of his house and accounts, and some of his relations declared, when he fell into difficulties, "that she was the only true friend he had". He was quite reduced to poverty when they parted, and he is far away now and lost sight of, altogether. She has known nothing about him these many years.

She had only one course of life open to her then, and she has pursued it ever since. She has a child; a little girl of two years old, to whom she is devoted. Although she is what she is, in the very house to which this brother goes home every night of his life, he has an unbounded respect and love for her, which presents one of the strangest and most bewildering spectacles I ever saw within my remembrance.

She educated her younger sister, who is a Nursery-Governess.[†3] The mother (with whom they had a miserable home) is living, and has a small situation in Kensington Workhouse.[†4] The young man said he had no consideration for his mother and no love for her. That this elder sister of his had been such a mother to him, always, as he thought few boys had; and that the gratitude and affection with which she had inspired him and his younger sister, "couldn't be described". There is no doubt of this being true. I really had a difficulty in collecting myself to understand that in the tremendous circumstances of their daily existence, she has not fallen in this brother's *respect.*[†5]

He represented her as two or three and thirty;[†6] as having acquired no accomplishments; but as having had a good plain education, and being a good housekeeper. He said, she loved her child in the most passionate manner imaginable.

When the break-up took place, it was impossible for the young man to continue under his articles, because he was then unable to support himself without a Salary—which, while articled, he was not to receive. His articles were cancelled, therefore (no part of the premium being returned), and he obtained a situation as Architectural Draughtsman—which he holds now—at One pound fifteen per week.[†1] This class of people have no rise or advance, he says; but are at last, what they are at first. If he could make enough to keep his sister and her child he would be heartily thankful, and they would joyfully maintain home together, and he would ask no help. He had tried all sorts of things in despair. He had written, only a week or two ago, to Mr. Wigan of the Olympic Theatre,[†2] applying for a situation to take checks at the door of an evening, to eke out his income. There was nothing he wouldn't do, to change his sister's life. Not that it had corrupted her—if I would only see her, I should know, before I had spoken to her five minutes, what a nature she had. (And so he began to sob, and said she was the best—the kindest—the least selfish—I don't know what.)

To try how the shock of a separation they had evidently never thought of, would affect him, I asked him if she had ever thought of being sent abroad—to the Cape—to America—to Australia? He was quite stunned by the idea of parting from her, and asked me, Oh Mr. Dickens, did I consider how the natural ties between them must have been strengthened by this time! I said what I have said so many times to the Home people, and I urged him to consider that if (as he had said) she would do anything for her child's sake, she would do that thing on occasion, hard as I admitted it to be. He didn't know, he answered. He believed she would do almost anything—but she had never thought of this—she was almost as fond of him as he was of her—he couldn't hastily pledge her to such a separation as she had never had in her thoughts. "Ask her", said I. He was going out, and came back, and said "Mr. Dickens, I know it would be utterly in vain to ask her to leave her child behind her"—"No one would propose that", said I. "Let us suppose that she was to take it with her."

This is all I know, as yet. I have not replied, nor have I seen her. I will do both, if you feel interested, and I don't disguise that I hope you do. But I have told the story very coldly, in comparison with the impression, it has made upon me. I asked the young man whether there was any one who could speak of his sister besides himself and herself? He replied "Dr. Lavis[†3] of Westminster had attended her, was interested in her (he felt sure), and would know the truth of what he had told". This Dr. Lavis is the medical attendant at Tracey's prison, and I know him very well.

I cannot be right, without seeing the girl, of course; but I think that if anything could be done for her, or for her brother, here, it would seem that they had a better chance together than apart.

If you wish to pursue the case, I would first see the Doctor—then her. In any case I cannot let it rest; for the position of this brother—his perception of his sister's

disgrace, and undiminished admiration of her, and the confidence he has grown up in, of her being something good, and never to be mentioned without tenderness and deference—is a romance at once so astonishing and yet so intelligible as I never had the boldness to think of.

[a]I made up my mind not to tell you all this, if I had any reason to doubt the strength of their sincerity. On Wednesday—having done nothing but keep quiet in the meanwhile—I received the two following letters.[a†1]

To W. H. WILLS, 18 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eighteenth November 1854

My Dear Wills.

GUILD.[†2]

I cannot get to the Meeting;[†3] but it matters little, as it is only preparatory to the real one.[†4] The thing to state is, what has been strongly objected to us, as being obviously pauperizing and destructive of the independence of life assurance[†5]—to point out that the Bye Law cannot be altered without a meeting of the whole body—to agree upon the manner of the alteration—to make known the day of meeting—and to add that we will then be prepared with the draft of an advertisement for the papers,[†6] setting forth the substance and purpose of the correction made by the whole body.

The terms of the alteration must be settled today, in order that that question may have been disposed of by the Council before the Members come together.

H. W.

I send you an amusing letter for the edification of your leisure.

We dine on Tuesday,[†7] I suppose?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 20 NOVEMBER 1854

Text from N, II, 606.

Tavistock House | Twentieth November 1854

Dear Sir.

I shall be glad to have the set of Lever's Works.[†1] Generally speaking I like alterations of form very little, and imitations of anything still less. But I will consider your suggestion[†2] between this present year 1854 and the good time coming[†3] (perhaps) when the peaceful arts shall be heard of again.

Faithfully Yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. WILLS, 20 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Monday November Twentieth 1854

My Dear Wills

It has occurred to me that I am rather strong on Voyages and Cannibalism,[†4] and might do an interesting little paper[†5] for next No. on that part of Dr. Rae's report; taking the arguments against its probabilities. Can you get me a newspaper cutting containing his report?[†6] If not, will you have it copied for me and sent up to Tavistock House straightway.

I don't know what Forster quite expects to ensue from Mr. Bull's Somnambulist,[†1] but, I think, the Downfall of the Ministry at least. Ever Faithfully CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 NOVEMBER 1854†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | Twentieth November 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

[†a]As you are in the wild rural-police condition[†2] you so affectingly describe, I think it right to acknowledge the safe receipt of £71. 0. 0.[†a]

Who can the old woman be! *Who*[†3] can the one armed man be!! *Who*[†4] can the dwarf be!!! *What*[†5] can the empty Terrace-house be!!!![†6] I feel inclined to send out for a little straw, stick it in my head and shoes, and go theatrically mad directly.

[†a]I must come up tomorrow—for my sanity's sake—at between 2 and 3, or about 3, on my way to the Household Words office.

I write incoherently, partly because of your distracting note, and partly because I am in a wilderness of books into which I have been looking all day, with the intention of shewing (in reference to Dr. Ray's[†7] report) that the probabilities are all against poor Franklin's people having dreamed of eating the bodies of their companions.[†8] The case is curious and interesting, and (I hope) calculated to soothe the minds of their surviving friends.

Can O be the—but no, she can't be the one-armed man—and the Dwarf is out of the question—and as to an empty house—but my mind is wandering again.[†a]

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 21 [NOVEMBER] 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* misdated by CD; Tues was 21 Nov 54; reference to Aberdeen confirms.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty First December | 1854

My Dear Stone

I send you in, as agreed, my little compliment to Lord Aberdeen.[†9] I expect to be made a Baronet, about the middle of next week.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MARK LEMON, [?22 NOVEMBER 1854]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* Nov 54, according to N; if so, Wed 22 Nov (see below).

H. W. Office | Wednesday afternoon

My Dear Mark

If you will come round and take your Grog at 7 ½ you will find our business over. I suppose there are 2 stalls?[†1] I thought it was a box, and encouraged Forster with a gleam of hope.

Ever affecy.

CD

To CHARLES EDMONDS, 23 NOVEMBER 1854

Extract in David J. Holmes catalogue No. 13 (1985); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 23 Nov 54; addressed Charles Edmonds.

I will keep all the books, and am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. I do not require any others on the subject: my enquiries (as you will see next week) being merely directed to one point.[†2] On the other side is the autograph for my fair friend unknown. If there were a more recent portrait than the Nickleby one,[†3] in existence, I would send it to you also with great pleasure. But there is none, for I have an objection to beholding my head staring at mankind out of the printshop windows.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 25 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth November 1854

My Dear Governor

I don't know where Dr. Lavies (the elder, as I understand) lives;[†4] and I want to ask him a question concerning a family who have made a curious communication to me. That question I have asked in the enclosed note; and if you can spare what you always call "a trusty officer" to put the said note in the hands of the said Doctor as soon as may be, you will take another round turn[†5] upon the regard-tackle of

Yours nautically
CHARLES DICKENS

Lieutenant Tracey.

To DR JOHN LAVIES, [25 NOVEMBER 1854]

Mention in last. *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 27 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh November 1854

My Dear Knight.

As we are nearing December, and as I was disappointed in my hope of seeing you at dinner at the office last Tuesday Week, I enclose poor old Defoe's ten pounds.[†1]

Affecy. Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Seventh November | 1854

My Dear Wills

As I have had a letter from no less a person than Leigh Hunt(!) asking me to give him something soft to eat tomorrow, let us dine at the office, if convenient to you, on Wednesday—a day later than our usual day.

Do you think you can manage to discover by any means where Lady Franklin[†2] is now?[†3] I should like to send her those articles, when I have revised the second one.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To [THOMAS NESBITT], [?LATE NOVEMBER 1854]

Summary from South Eastern Railway Mechanics' Institute Minutes Book, 28 Nov 54 (MS PRO). *Date:* CD's letter was presented to the Institute's Council Meeting, 28 Nov.

Wishing the Mechanics in the South Eastern Railway Company's employ to fix their own time for the Soirée he was to attend.[†4]

To MARK LEMON, 29 NOVEMBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Morning | November Twenty Ninth 1854

My Dear Mark

I said I would send you my two papers about Franklin's party. The first is in the No. of H. W. enclosed;[†1] the second in the slips enclosed. When you have read the latter, will you let me have them again?

What hour tomorrow?

Ever affecy.

CD

To LADY FRANKLIN, 30 NOVEMBER 1854*

Text transcribed by Miss F. J. Woodward from MS then in possession of Mrs Maud Rawnsley.

Tavistock House, London | Thirtieth November, 1854.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Lady Franklin, and begs to forward two articles he has written on a subject of deep interest to her; the first of which is published in 'Household Words' today;[†2] and the second of which, will appear next week.

Mr. Dickens hopes that he need offer no other apology for desiring that Lady Franklin should receive these printed remarks from his hands rather than in the usual public manner; than the assurance of his heartfelt sympathy, and his profound admiration for the character of Sir John Franklin.

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, [?30 NOVEMBER 1854]*

Mention in *To* Phelps, 11 Dec 54. *Date:* presumably a day or two before *To* Buckstone, 1 Dec.

Enquiring whether Buckstone would produce Saunders's Love's Martyrdom, *with Phelps and Miss Faucit in the leading parts.*

December

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, 1 DECEMBER 1854

Mention in *American Book Prices Current,* 1939; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 1 Dec 54.

Mentioning a projected pantomime.[†3]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 1 DECEMBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday First December 1854

Dear Sir

Will you send a complete set of my Cheap Edition[†1]—as forwarded from me for the troops in the Crimea[†2]—to Arthur Smith[†3] Esqre. Egyptian Hall Piccadilly.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 1 DECEMBER 1854

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday First December 1854

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I am sorry to say that I am afraid of making an engagement for this day week.[†5] I come to the conclusion with great reluctance; but, on the next day the Christmas Number of Household Words[†6] must be upon the Steam Engine, printing; and I have been so much disappointed in the nature of the Contributions as yet received, that it will require my utmost care and assistance. I think I am certain to be occupied on the Friday, all day. And sorely against my will, I must reserve myself for this piece of work.

I have been prevented by the same cause from coming to Brighton, which I confidently expected to have done. To mend the matter, I took it into my head to be violently interested in writing two papers on Dr. Rae's report concerning Franklin; wherein you will see strung together some of the most extraordinary cases of shipwreck I know. This has helped to drive me up into the corner in which I at present stand at bay—with this Christmas Bull trying to toss me.

I hope Oriental Place[†7] has conducted itself with a gorgeousness worthy of its

name? The last time I stayed at Brighton[†1] I was brayed and brassily blasted into imbecility of mind, by German bands.

Kate and Georgina send their kindest loves.

Dear Mrs. Watson | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 4 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Fourth December | 1854

My Dear Macready.

[†a]Non saro padrone. Et perche? Non capisco gl'abitanti di Sherborna la piccola.[†a] You shall do what you think best.[†2] I hate to draw back from anything. If the price be really too high for the people—which it may be—why not have it lower, or have two prices?[†3] Twenty five pounds for the library would be better than nothing.[†4] Cannot Cain and Abel confer, instead of killing each other? Can't we all be in good humour on the occasion—especially as it will be so near Christmas? If not, why then let us be ferocious. Have we not Hiren here![†5]

But I'd rather have Syren (without the tearing consequences)[†6] if possible.

Again I say, [†b]*do what you think best, and you shall bind me.*[†b] Institution Reading, Sherborne House Reading, or No Reading. I can come to you, I suppose, as a Numble Individgle, if it comes to that, without reading at all?

I don't like an arena that should reconcile all these things, to be the arena of contest if it can possibly be helped. I received your note this morning. And write very hastily, after a day's work, to save this post.

Ever Most affectionately

CD.

Let me know what you decide on.

To MARK LEMON, 6 DECEMBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Sixth December 1854.

My Dear Mark

I hope you go with us to Rochester tomorrow.[†1] Our North Kent Train starts from London Bridge Terminus, at 12 o'Clock.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 6 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth December 1854.

Dearest of the Irascibles.

All right. I heartily hope the Sherbornians will justify the concession,[†2] and cast quantities of live coals on their own heads.[†3]

My hair is all standing on end at the idea of 2 o'Clock in the day for such a purpose![†4] It is a tough job, and I own that I want night and false light. Reconsider that point. If it be *really indispensable*,[†5] the amiable Writer is not the person to object;—but how he is ever to be got up to the scratch at 2 o'Clock in the day, is positively unknown to him. I am quite serious in this, though I do beguile the thing I am by seeming otherwise.[†6]

You will want to know perhaps, how long it takes. In a great space like the townhall at Birmingham,[†7] which requires (as you know) great distinctness, and where the people make great delays by laughing and applauding, it consumes, with an interval of ten minutes about half way through, two hours and three quarters. I think the working-people made it even longer.[†8] But in the smaller sphere of Sherborne the Shabby, I should hope I might rattle it off in two hours and a half.

I receive enthusiastic letters from Birmingham,[†9] relative to your Readings there. I did not myself feel that the people in the remote gallery were difficult to hold by the heart.[†10] And Wills (who went up for the purpose) told me that he, and all the rest, could hear every inflexion of the voice with perfect distinctness. The oddity of the place was, he said, that the solitary figure looked so extraordinarily small.

I hope you mean to dine with us next Sunday.

Ever Most Heartily and affecy.

CD.

To J. E. NORRIS,[†1] 6 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Miss Violet M. Newman.

Tavistock House, London | Wednesday Sixth December 1854

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind invitation, but regret that I cannot possibly have the pleasure of visiting Halifax this Christmas. Even at Bradford[†2] I go to an Hotel, in order that I may leave as soon as I shall have done what I have engaged to do, without inconvenience to anyone.

Mrs. Dickens desires me to present her kind regards.

With many thanks for your proffered hospitality

I am dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

J. E. Norris Esquire.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 6 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Sixth December 1854

My Dear Sir

I will take care to give your letter to Miss Coutts.[†3] I have heard from Bulwer Lytton on the subject of your request,[†4] and he says (what I have no doubt is true), that he has so many proposals made to him of that kind, and is so troubled by having to make a speech, and is so unwilling to have engagements impending over him, that he cannot respond as he would desire to do.

It occurs to me, to ask you a question personal to myself. My eldest boy, now 18, comes home from Leipzig tomorrow. He wishes to enter mercantile life, and I am casting about for the best opening for him. He has been educated at Eton, has lived two years in Germany, and his name is my name, and he is an accomplished and creditable fellow.[†5] I want to place him in some thoroughly good house of business where he would be esteemed, and where he could make his own way. Do you know of any such house in or about Birmingham?[†6]

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

Mr. Macready tells me that he certainly could not have read a Play in Birmingham, and that he found it extremely difficult "to get hold" of the large gallery.

To MARK LEMON, 8 DECEMBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Eighth December | 1854

My Dear Mark

We were close at your heels last night, but you had vanished with a celerity worthy of—what shall I say?—a better cause.[†1]

As I was coming home, it occurred to me to say, *don't speak to Jerrold*[†2] *on the Cowell*[†3] *subject until I shall have had an opportunity of speaking to you.*

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 9 DECEMBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Saturday Ninth Decr. 1854.

My Dear Mark

I think, in that case I had better not make any appointment for after dinner. Our Making up is very difficult—and I'll take a nap over the fire—and go back to work again.

So do you dispose of yourself without reference to me.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To GEORGE BEADNELL,[†1] 11 DECEMBER 1854

Text from N, II, 608.

Tavistock House | Monday Eleventh December 1854

My Dear Sir.

I assure you that if I could in any reason comply with this request,[†2] I would do so, for your sake. But it hails and blows such applications on me. I declare to you that for three hours this very morning, I have done nothing but incessantly answer such correspondents. I am at this moment pledged to several readings; and when I move beyond their circle, there are several large towns that have a claim upon me, and which are all tearing at me like so many Zoological creatures before dinner.

I was delighted to hear from Mrs. Dickens that you are a phenomenon of robustness, but I should have been better pleased to have seen you with my own eyes.

Believe me, always very faithfully yours,

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 11 DECEMBER 1854

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* Private | Samuel Phelps Esquire | Theatre Royal Sadlers Wells.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | Eleventh December 1854

My Dear Mr. Phelps.

Mrs. Martin[†3] immediately sent the play[†4] to Buckstone. I immediately wrote to Buckstone[†5] as you and I agreed.[†6] Buckstone immediately wrote to me, to ask to hold the question over[†7] until his Pantomime is out;[†8] he being in a dismal condition of environment by Fairies and Carpenters. To that reasonable entreaty I replied with amiability, and he will come to me when his holiday ship is fairly afloat. You shall of course hear from me in due course, without delay.

I want you to do my children a kindness for their little Christmas Play.[†9] Will you

ask your Prompter to lend me your Prompt book of Fortunio,[†1] and a Piano-copy of its Music,[†2] if you have such a thing?[†3]

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 11 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham.

Tavistock House | Eleventh December 1854

My Dear Sir

I really cannot tell you how much obliged to you I feel, for your great interest and kindness. Your letter is so valuable to me for the clear and practical light in which it presents its subject, that I wish to give it my attentive consideration for a few days. I will then write to you further.

I have a real affection for Birmingham and the Birmingham people, and it would be an unspeakable satisfaction to me if I could associate myself with the town through my boy.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 DECEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Monday Night Eleventh December | 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have been asked to give you the enclosed letter†4 from Birmingham. I replied that I would do that much, accompanying it with no other remark than that I knew the Institution to be the best in England and of national importance.†5

I have to day seen Mrs. Thompson, the sister of the young man whose letters I sent to you,†6 and in reference to whom I received the enclosed report from Dr. Lavies. The kind of life she leads, is far from being as bad as you might suppose, and, to prevent its being worse than it is, she has parted with everything in the way of personal ornament. She would willingly go to the Cape,†7 and I have the strongest belief that she would do well. I plainly see, and therefore feel bound to mention, that her child is the one great occasion of her desiring to retrieve the past.

She is rather small, and young-looking; but pretty, and gentle, and has a very good head. Her manner was exceedingly natural to the circumstances in which I saw her, and she greatly strengthened my previous disposition to be interested in her. I feel confident that there can never have been much evil in her, apart from the early circumstances that directed her steps the wrong way.

She could not be placed on a level with our Shepherd's Bush girls. Her manner, character, and experiences, are altogether different.

It is a very remarkable case. I very much wish you would see her, and judge for yourself of its peculiarity. There is nothing about her from which you could suppose she had come to this. You might see her and her brother a thousand times—you might meet them in the street, every day in the year—and only notice them as brother and sister who were no doubt living together and taking care of one another. I cannot get the picture of her, out of my head. I particularly wish that you could see her and speak to her.

Supposing she were sent abroad, and her child were to die there soon, I am doubtful whether she would not come back—*unless*†1 she had found an opening for her brother and he had gone out to her.

Perhaps you will tell me on Wednesday, when I can speak to you on this case, and also about Charley—in reference to whom I should like to shew you a letter I have from Birmingham.[†2]

The Poor Travellers have not yet emerged from the Steam Engine. As soon as they appear, they shall wait on you. I hope you will like my little story, as the First of them. It has made such an impression on the Staff, that I think there must be something in it!

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THE MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD,[†3] 13 DECEMBER 1854

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House, London | Thirteenth December, 1854

Dear Sir

My engagements render it impossible for me to have the pleasure of complying, at present, with the request of my Sheffield friends.

But if they should desire to renew their application to me, early next Autumn, with a view to a reading next Christmas;[†4] I will do my best to return them a favorable reply.

With many thanks for your proffered hospitality, I have the honor to be

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Mayor of Sheffield.[†5]

To JOHN FOWLER,[†1] 13 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth December 1854

My Dear Sir

I assure you that for three days past, I have done little more than answer letters similar to that which you have enclosed to me.[†2] They come in such enormous numbers, that I can no more comply with their entreaties than I can divide myself into fifty men.

But I have said to Mr. Fisher, in the enclosed letter of which perhaps you will kindly take charge, that if the application of my Sheffield friends be renewed next Autumn with a reference to next Christmas, I will do my best to send a favorable reply.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Fowler

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 13 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* Samuel Phelps Esquire | 8 Canonbury Square | Islington.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth December 1854

My Dear Mr. Phelps.

I will take care that Buckstone does not delay, when his Pantomime is well out. I am bound to add, that I do not think he has the least desire to procrastinate.

Many thanks for your kind proposal in reference to the Fortunio Music, which I shall be very glad to have at the time you mention. Could I have the Prompt Book sooner—say, tomorrow?

Mr. Macready has been here the last two or three days. He is looking very well, but complains of his asthma. He has just gone home.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fourteenth December | 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I thought it best not to shew Charley the letter from Birmingham[†3] until you should have read it.[†4] As it dwells, sensibly, on the pains he will have to take, I shall be glad to give it him to read now, if you can conveniently enclose it to me.

I wish you and Mrs. Brown were coming to Reading on Tuesday.[†1] You are such a noble audience, that you would be the next best thing to positive inspiration.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 14 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth December 1854

John.

Please to get me, from Mr. Lacy's,[†2] and to let me have before dinner-time tomorrow, the book of a play called

Fortunio[†3]

—which was published by Berger of Holywell Street.[†4]

CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 16 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham.

Tavistock House, London | Sixteenth December 1854

My Dear Sir.

I perfectly coincide in the opinions you so kindly gave me in your letter of the Seventh of this month. I have no doubt that the best thing my boy can do, is to acquire a general knowledge of business—first, at all events—in a place like Birmingham.[†5] I would rather that he had his initiation in that neighbourhood than in any other, because I greatly prefer its people, as well as highly estimate its importance.

Therefore I accept your most friendly offer of assistance, cordially and gratefully. If you will, at your leisure, endeavour to advance my wishes with any house that you know to be an eligible one for the purpose, your opinion of it will be conclusive with me. After Christmas I will always hold myself in readiness to come to Birmingham whenever you may let me know that you think you have found what I want; and of course I will bring the Merchant that is to be, with me.

When I see you, I want to talk to you about a small disappointment I have, in *my* item in the receipts for the benefit of your Institution.[†6] I hoped to have made it £500. Is not the balance to be got,[†7] one of these days?

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To DR JOHN RAE, [?16 DECEMBER 1854]

Mention in next. *Date:* presumably written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 16 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Sixteenth December | 1854

My Dear Wills.

I would fence off this paper of Morley's[†1] (which is quite out of the question), by writing him that we have done with Xmas for this year.

Enclosed is the conclusion of Dr. Rae's paper,[†2] which must go into the No.[†3] that we are to revise on Monday. We had best dine at the office on Monday[†4] at ½ past 5. I will try to get down and do the work before dinner, if you will have the Proof ready in good time.

The enclosed letter for Rae, please send round to its address.[†5] I forget the No. but you have it.

Will you tell John to get me 3 solid blotters, folio size, and three smaller size.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 17 DECEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Seventeenth December | 1854

My Dear Collins

Many thanks for your note. As I rode home in the Hansom, that Gravesend night,[†6] one or two doubts arose in my mind respecting the Cowell facts; and before breakfast on the following morning, I wrote to Mark, begging him to say nothing to Jerrold from me, until I should have satisfied my mind. I am so sorry at heart for the working-people when they get into trouble and have their wretched arena chalked out for them with such extraordinary complacency by small political economists, that I have a natural impulse upon me, almost always, to come to the rescue—even of people I detest, if I believe them to have been true to these poor men.

I am away to Reading[†7] to read the Carol, and to Sherborne, and—after Christmas Day—to Bradford in Yorkshire. The thirtieth will conclude my public appearances for the present season, and then I hope we shall have some Christmas diversions

here. I have got the children's play into shape, so far as the Text goes (it is an adaptation of Fortunio): but it has not been "on the stage" yet. Mark is going to do the Dragon[†1]—with a practicable head and tail.[†2]

Ever Yours

CD.

To MISS ADELAIDE PROCTER, 17 DECEMBER 1854

Text from MDGH, I, 374-6.

Tavistock House, Sunday, Dec. 17th, 1854.

My Dear Miss Procter.

You have given me a new sensation. I did suppose that nothing in this singular world could surprise me, but you have done it.[†3]

You will believe my congratulations on the delicacy and talent of your writing to be sincere. From the first, I have always had an especial interest in that Miss Berwick, and have over and over again questioned Wills about her. I suppose he has gone on gradually building up an imaginary structure of life and adventure for her, but he has given me the strangest information! Only yesterday week, when we were "making up" "The Poor Travellers," as I sat meditatively poking the office fire, I said to him, "Wills, have you got that Miss Berwick's proof back, of the little sailor's song?"[†4] "No," he said. "Well, but why not?" I asked him. "Why, you know," he answered, "as I have often told you before, she don't live at the place to which her letters are addressed, and so there's always difficulty and delay in communicating with her." "Do you know what age she is?" I said. Here he looked unfathomably profound, and returned, "Rather advanced in life." "You said she was a governess, didn't you?" said I; to which he replied in the most emphatic and positive manner, "A governess."[†5]

He then came and stood in the corner of the hearth, with his back to the fire, and delivered himself like an oracle concerning you. He told me that early in life (conveying to me the impression of about a quarter of a century ago) you had had

your feelings desperately wounded by some cause, real or imaginary—"it does not matter which," said I, with the greatest sagacity—and that you had then taken to writing verses. That you were of an unhappy temperament, but keenly sensitive to encouragement. That you wrote after the educational duties of the day were discharged. That you sometimes thought of never writing any more. That you had been away for some time "with your pupils." That your letters were of a mild and melancholy character, and that you did not seem to care as much as might be expected about money. All this time I sat poking the fire, with a wisdom upon me absolutely crushing; and finally I begged him to assure the lady that she might trust me with her real address, and that it would be better to have it now, as I hoped our further communications, etc. etc. etc. You must have felt enormously wicked last Tuesday,[†1] when I, such a babe in the wood, was unconsciously prattling to you. But you have given me so much pleasure, and have made me shed so many tears, that I can only think of you now in association with the sentiment and grace of your verses.

So pray accept the blessing and forgiveness of Richard Watts, though I am afraid you come under both his conditions of exclusion.[†2]

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARK LEMON, 18 DECEMBER 1854

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House. | Eighteenth December 1854

My Dear Mark.

We'll think of it.

The train S T A R T S [†3] *at 10 minutes before 1* tomorrow.[†4] Wills will take your ticket.

Will you instruct the parts (when copied) to be sent to Charley? He knows what to do with them.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 DECEMBER 1854

Mention in C. F. Libbie catalogue, Feb 1909; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 19 Dec 54.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 22 DECEMBER 1854

Extract from W. R. Hughes, *A Week's Tramp in Dickens-land*, 1891, 144.

What you write with so much heartiness of my first Poor Traveller is quite delightful to me. The idea of that little story obtained such strong possession of me when it came into my head, that it cost me more time and tears than most people would consider likely. The response it meets with is payment for anything.[†1]

To JAMES BOORNE, 23 DECEMBER 1854

Extracts in Christie's catalogue, June 1987, checked from MS Christie's; dated Tavistock House, 23 Dec 54; addressed James Boorne (misread in catalogue).

Assuring him that he had no need to explain, since he had a great deal to do.[†2] I never never for a moment accused you in my thoughts of the slightest omission.

The result of the night is very gratifying indeed, and fills me with pleasure.[†3]

There is no hope of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. He told me, only the other day, that he was quite bewildered by such applications, and that to have a speech hanging over him was to cast a shadow on his daily life. We resolved never to ask any such service of each other, and your letter binds me for the first time to keep my promise.

To THE REV. W. TENNANT, 23 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Mr Alfred C. Berol.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third December 1854

My Dear Sir

I am going to Bradford in Yorkshire to give a Christmas Reading[†4] to some three thousand people, or I should have been very glad indeed to have attended Miss Coutts's Dinner.[†5]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend W. Tennant

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 DECEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Christmas Eve 1854

My Dear Collins

Here is a Part in Fortunio—dozen words[†6]—but great Pantomime opportunities—

which require a first-rate old stager,[†1] to devour Property Loaves.[†2] Will you join the joke and do it? Gobbler,[†3] one of the seven gifted servants, is the Being "to let". There is an eligible opportunity of making up dreadfully greedy.

I am going to read the piece to the children, next Tuesday at half past two. We shall rehearse it at the same hour, every day in the following week—dress rehearsal on Saturday night the 6th.—night of performance, Monday the 8th.

I am just come back from Reading[†4] and Sherborne,[†5] and go to Bradford on Wednesday morning: returning next day.

If you should chance to be disengaged today, here we are—Pork with sage and inion at half past five.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire.

To T. J. SERLE, 24 DECEMBER 1854

MS Mr Peter Brandt.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth December 1854

My Dear Serle.

I doubt the expediency of moving in this matter,[†6] because I doubt the possibility of confining the movement to men whose grateful recognition would be really acceptable. I have not the opportunity of

sounding Forster, for he is out of town for his Christmas week; but I have a strong belief that he would feel as I do.

Your letter reached me only last night; I have been away since Tuesday morning; if I had been in town, I would have answered it immediately.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 26 DECEMBER 1854

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Sixth December | 1854

My Dear Beard

Will you come and dine with us next Sunday, to see the Old Year out? Time, half-past 6 sharp.

Ever Heartily Yours
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 DECEMBER 1854

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Sixth December | 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Many many merry Christmases and Happy New Years to you, and all of you!

I am glad you like the baskets. May they help to make you tidy!

Mrs. Dickens is coming to tell you that we hope you and Mr. and Mrs. Brown will be able, this year, to see the children's Fairy-play. As Charley's birthday falls on a Saturday, we mean to keep it on Monday the 8th. when will be presented Fortunio and his seven gifted Servants, by the entire strength of the Company.

As for me, I am away to Bradford, whence I shall get back just in time for the Commercial Travellers on Saturday.[†1] The Reading night was a most rapturous affair. I send you a paper containing a little account of it.[†2]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

I wish you could see the five and twenty children under training[†3]—and the gravity and business of the proceedings.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 DECEMBER 1854*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Sixth December | 1854.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Since I wrote to you this morning, I have received the letter you will find tied up with the accompanying pamphlet.[†4] I don't know whether you may think it a case for some help—it seems a fearfully hard one.

And I should think the writer a simple man—if I may judge from his belief in my ability to help him to a living of Three Hundred a year!!!

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 28 DECEMBER 1854

MS British Library.

Bradford, Yorkshire | Thursday Twenty Eighth December 1854

My Dearest Catherine.

We arrived here pleasantly enough, though we were nearly an hour behind time, and the journey was cold. As we came northward, it snowed. A little snow is lying here now. It is a dark dingy place; but we are established in the landlady's little drawingroom at the George Hotel,[†1] and it is a bright neat little room. I have a comfortable small bedroom adjoining, except that it looks into what I thought yesterday afternoon was an old rabbit-hutch, but which I suspect this morning to be a back street.

The Hall is enormous.[†2] They expect to seat tonight, 3,700 *people!*[†3] I do not however, think it at all a difficult place. It is lighted along the upper cornice, like the Philharmonic Rooms at Liverpool,[†4] and must be very fine when full. Going to look at it last night, I found arrangements made for seating 60 people, in two rows, behind me. These (on which the committee immensely prided themselves), I instantly overthrew: to the great terror and amazement of the bystanders, who inquired in a dismal manner "Where was the Mayor[†5] to go then?" I said the Mayor might go—anywhere—but must not come near me.

A letter this morning from the Sherborne Mr. Fitzgerald,[†6] who (thank Heaven!) is kept away. No news of Fletcher.[†7] Among certain delegates who are to come from Leeds,[†8] I see Scroope Ayrton's name.[†9]

Our train is due at King's Cross, at 4 tomorrow afternoon. Will you send Cooper and French there, at about a quarter before the hour? Wills and I are now going out

to re-inspect the platform arrangements. We were at the Theatre last night[†1]—much better than usual.

My love to Georgy—and to Mamey Katey, Charley, Walter, Frank, Alfred, Sydney, Harry, and the Gocter.[†2]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 DECEMBER 1854]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 572*n*. *Date:* 28 Dec, according to Forster.

He wrote from Bradford, The Hall is enormous, and they expect to seat 3700 people to-night! Notwithstanding which, it seems to me a tolerably easy place—except that the width of the platform is so very great to the eye at first.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 30 [DECEMBER] 1854

Text in MDGH, I, 349-50, checked from MS Sotheby's, July 1983. *Date:* reference to Bradford shows this is Dec 54.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth January 1854

My Dear Knight.

Indeed there is no fear of my thinking you the owner of a cold heart.[†3] I am more than three parts disposed, however, to be ferocious with you for even writing down such a preposterous truism.

My satire is against those who see figures and averages, and nothing else[†4]—the representatives of the wickedest and most enormous vice of this time—the men who, through long years to come, will do more to damage the real useful truths of political economy, than I could do (if I tried) in my whole life—the addled heads who would take the average of cold in the Crimea during twelve months, as a reason for clothing a soldier in nankeen[†5] on a night when he would be frozen to death in fur[†6]—and who would comfort the labourer in travelling twelve miles a day to and

from his work, by telling him that the average distance of one inhabited place from another in the whole area of England, is not more than four miles. Bah! What have you to do with these!

I shall put the book[†1] upon a private shelf (after reading it), by Once upon a time.[†2] I should have buried my pipe of peace and sent you this blast of my war-horn three or four days ago, but that I have been reading to a little audience of three thousand five hundred, at Bradford.[†3]

Ever affectionately yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [?W. H. WILLS],[†4] [?1854]

Text from N, II, 547. *Date:* given as 1854 by N, but with no authority.

THE RESPONSE

Air: "*Isabel*"

At the Hou-ou-sehold Words at ha-alf past fo-ur
I'll be found, I'll be found, I'll be found
When if it don't blow it will certainly pou-ur
I'll be bound, I'll be bound, I'll be bound!

But whom you expect besi-i-des Lemming
I dont know, I dont know, I dont know
But I'll write to old Stanny R.[†5] & Lemming
I'll do so, I'll do so, I'll do so.

You haven't got time I sup-po-o-o-ose
To walk out to that Blades[†6]
If you do not produce your old no-o-o-ose
I'll send him a line with all spee-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-eed.[†7]

1855

January

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH,[†1] 3 JANUARY 1855

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Morning | Third January 1855

My Dear Ainsworth

I am inexpressibly mortified to find that we are engaged to day.[†2] I never *do* remember such things on a sudden, when a pleasant proposal is made to me by an old friend. It flashed upon me as I was coming home, and they have been devoting breakfast-time, here, to wondering how I could have forgotten—and why I didn't remember—and what I could ever have been thinking of, not to bear in mind that they had said "we know you won't want to *go*, when the time comes"—and other dismal aggravations of that sort. I send this to the club[†3] immediately after breakfast, in the hope that it may catch you before you order dinner.

Give me another chance, another day.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 3 JANUARY 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Third January 1855

My Dear Mary

This is a word of heartfelt greeting in exchange for yours, which came to me most pleasantly and was received with a cordial welcome. If I had leisure to write a letter, I should write you, at this present, perhaps the very best letter that ever was read! But, being in the agonies of getting up a gorgeous Fairy play for the Postboys[†4] on Charley's birthday (besides having the work of half a dozen to do as a regular thing), I leave the merits of that wonderful epistle to your lively fancy.

—Enclosing a kiss, if you will have the kindness to return it when done with.

I have just been reading my Christmas Carol in Yorkshire, to a little party of 3,700 people. Should have lost my heart to the beautiful young landlady[†5] of my hotel (age, 29: dress, black polka jacket[†6] exquisitely braided), if it had not been safe in your possession.

Many, many happy years to you! My regards to that obdurate old Wurzell[†7] and his Dame,[†8] when you have them under lock and key again.[†9]

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Mary Boyle.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 3 JANUARY 1855

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* William F. de Cerjat Esquire | Elysée | Lausanne | Switzerland.

Tavistock House, London | Third January 1855

My Dear Cerjat. When your Christmas letter did not arrive according to custom, I felt as if a bit of Christmas had fallen out and there was no supplying the piece. However, it was soon supplied by yourself, and the bowl became round and sound again. I most heartily agree with you as to that wretched defaulting servant. I should have done precisely the same if the case had unhappily been my own, and should have felt perfectly clear in my conscience that I did right, according to the brightness of such lights as I am able to burn.

The Christmas No. of Household Words, I suppose will reach Lausanne about Midsummer. The first ten pages or so—all, under the head of the first poor Traveller—are written by me; and I hope you will find, in the story of the Soldier which they contain, something that may move you a little. It moved me *not* a little in the writing, and I believe has touched a vast number of people. We have sold 80,000 of it.

I am but newly come home from reading at Reading (where I succeeded poor Talfourd as the President of an Institution), and at Sherborne in Dorsetshire, and at Bradford in Yorkshire. Wonderful audiences,—the number at the last place, 3,700! And yet, but for the noise of their laughing and cheering, they "went" like one man.

The absorption of the English mind in the War, is—to me—a melancholy thing. Every other subject of popular solicitude and sympathy goes down before it. I fear I clearly see that for years to come, domestic Reforms are shaken to the root; every miserable Red Tapist flourishes the war over the head of every protester against his humbug; and everything connected with it, is pushed to such an unreasonable extent that, however kind and necessary it may be in itself, it becomes ridiculous. For all this, it is an indubitable fact, I conceive, that Russia *must be* stopped, and that the future Peace of the World renders the War imperative upon us.[†1] The Duke of Newcastle[†2] lately addressed a private letter to the newspapers,[†3] entreating them

to exercise a larger discretion in respect of the letters of "your own correspondents"; against which, Lord Raglan protests as giving the Emperor of Russia information for nothing,[†1] which would cost him (if indeed he could get it at all) fifty or a hundred thousand Pounds a year. The communication has not been attended with much effect, so far as I can see.[†2] In the mean time I do suppose we have the wretchedest Ministry that ever was—in whom nobody not in office of some sort, believes—yet whom there is nobody to displace. The strangest result, perhaps, of years of Reformed Parliaments,[†3] that ever the general sagacity did *not* foresee.

Let me recommend to you, as a Brother reader of high distinction, two comedies, both Goldsmith's. She stoops to conquer, and The good-natured man. Both are so admirable, and so delightfully written, that they read wonderfully. A friend of mine, Forster who wrote the life of Goldsmith, was very ill a year or so ago,[†4] and begged me to read to him one night as he lay in bed—"something of Goldsmith's". I fell upon She Stoops to Conquer, and we enjoyed it with that wonderful intensity, that I believe he began to get better in the first scene, and was all right again in the Fifth Act.

I am charmed by your account of Haldimand, to whom my love. Tell him, Sydney Smith's daughter has privately printed a life of her father[†5] with selections from his letters; which has great merit, and often presents him exactly as he used to be. I have strongly urged her to publish it, and I think she will do so about March.[†6] Townshend is conducting himself like a Trump, evidently; and I only wish I could look in at one of those little suppers he so well knows how to manage, and join you in a trio of Champagne.

My eldest boy has come home from Germany—to learn a business life at Birmingham (I think) first of all. The whole nine are well and happy. Ditto Mrs. Dickens. Ditto Georgina. My two girls are full of interest in yours; and one of mine

(as I think I told you when I was at Elysée)[†1] is curiously like one of yours in the face. They are all agog now about a great Fairy-play, which is to come off here next Monday. The house is full of spangles, gas, Jew theatrical tailors,[†2] and Pantomime Carpenters. We all unite in kindest and best loves to dear Mrs. Cerjat and all the blooming daughters. And I am, with frequent thoughts of you and cordial affection, Ever My Dear Cerjat, Your faithful friend CD.

P.S. We heard from Mrs. Watson yesterday. She has her boys at Rockingham, but is low spirited and depressed at this time of the year.

To MESSRS LETTS SON AND STEER, 3 JANUARY 1855*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Third January 1855

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of again thanking you for your annual remembrance,[†3] with all good wishes.

The old cover[†4] holds out gallantly, and indeed is as good as new.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Letts Son and Steer

To DANIEL MACLISE, [1-3 JANUARY 1855]

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 260; *MS* 2 pp.; dated London, 1855. *Date:* shortly before the production of *Fortunio,* 8 Jan.

Saying that some twenty five children are going to act Fortunio, and that he is taking great pains with it.[†5]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 4 JANUARY 1855

Text from N, II, 617.

Tavistock House | Fourth January 1855

My Dear Cunningham

I ought to have let you know before—but quite forgot, which pray excuse—that I want to postpone our next Saturday's dinner engagement at the office. Dress Rehearsal of the young Company demands the managerial presence!

Ever Cordially Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 5 JANUARY 1855*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Fifth January 1855

My Dear B and E.

Here is another letter from the French translator who would be,[†1] whose proposal you answered. He seems to be a nice fellow and I have not replied to his letter, nor do I think (unless you think differently), that you need do so. But pray look at what he says of the law of the case.[†2] Because we seem to be wrong, and it is important that we should be right. If there is any doubt on the subject, we had better get it cleared up.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 JANUARY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Fifth January 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

As I know you and Mrs. Brown will be pleased to learn what I learned last night, I anticipate Monday's opportunity[†3] of telling you that 80,000 Poor Travellers have been sold. I should have called 20,000 less,—the times considered,[†4]—a very reasonable burst.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 5 JANUARY 1855*

Text transcribed from MS by the owner, Mrs Quinney.

Tavistock House. | Fifth January 1855

Dear Sir

Wednesday in next week will suit us perfectly, and we will dine at 6 o'Clock. I will

only ask Mr. Wills or someone whom you know equally well, before whom we can speak quite freely.[†1]

Very faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To A. L. SAUL,[†2] 5 JANUARY 1855*

Text from copy entered in the *Minutes* of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, 5 Feb 1855.

Tavistock House | 5th Jany. 1855.

Dear Sir,

I have received your letter with the highest satisfaction, and I beg to assure your Board of Management[†3] that it affords me real pleasure to have been of any slight service to them.[†4]

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. A. L. Saul.

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, 7 JANUARY 1855*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Seventh January 1855

My Dear Buckstone

I have seen Mr. Saunders to day,[†5] and have written to Phelps to answer these two enquiries. Firstly, whether he could come to the Haymarket immediately after Easter? Secondly, what his terms would be? His reply I will send to you when I get it. If you decide on dispensing with him, it will give you the opportunity I dare say.

In the meantime, would it not be well for you to write to Mrs. Martin?

There were two weak points in reference to your friend[†6] yesterday.[†7] Firstly, I would not have addressed that letter to the Committee.[†8] Secondly, Mr. Archdeckne[†9] cut the matter too short by too suddenly withdrawing him.[†10] I was prepared to

mention the points that I thought we ought to consider before going to the ballot, when his withdrawal deprived me of all possible excuse for saying one word.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. B. Buckstone Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 JANUARY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Sunday Seventh January | 1855.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

If Dr. Skey[†1] should be with you tomorrow, pray assure him that it will give us very great pleasure if he will accompany you here.[†2]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 7 JANUARY 1855

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Tavistock House | Sunday Seventh January 1855

My Dear Mr. Phelps.

Buckstone has redeemed his promise, and has read and carefully considered Mr. Saunders's play. I have both heard from him and seen him on the subject; and he is quite willing to do it at the Haymarket, *if* all questions of cost can be adjusted with a reasonable reference to the depth of his purse.

He would prefer to bring it out immediately after Easter.[†3] I want your reply to two questions. Firstly, would your arrangements admit of your appearing at the Haymarket, say on Saturday the 14th. of April?[†4] And Secondly, on what terms would you go there.

If you will give me your reply on these points, I will communicate it to Buckstone: with whom (of course) I hold any such communication, in confidence. In the meantime I consider nothing in reference to the play, changed, and regard it as still under your acceptance.

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire.

To J. R. PLANCHÉ,[†1] 7 JANUARY 1855

Text from *The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché,* 1872, II, 158.

Tavistock House | Sunday, Seventh January, 1855

Dear Planché

My children have a little story-book play under paternal direction once a year on a birthday occasion. They are going to do "Fortunio" to-morrow night, with which I have taken some liberties for

their purpose.[†2] If you should happen to be disengaged, we should be delighted to see you, and you would meet some old stagers whom you know very well.[†3] We all know you to be on such familiar terms with the fairies that the smallest actor[†4] in the company is not afraid of you.

I am obliged to appoint a quarter past 8 (I mean that for an eight) as the latest hour of arrival, because the theatre is almost as inconveniently constructed as an English real one, and nobody can by any human means be got into it after the play is begun.[†5]

Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

J. R. Planché, Esq.

To DAVID ROBERTS, 9 JANUARY 1855*

MS State Historical Museum, Moscow.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Ninth January 1855

My Dear Roberts

On Saturday the Twentieth at half past Six, with very great pleasure.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire

To FRANCESCO BERGER,[†1] [10 JANUARY 1855]

Extract in Boesen catalogue, No. 162; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 1855, also mention in *American Book Prices Current*, 1902, dated 10 Jan 55. *Date:* the reference to Charley clearly links this to Ryland's visit, 10 Jan 55 (see *To* Ryland, 5 Jan).

I hope the opportunity you desire[†2] will present itself naturally before long. I cannot make an express appointment for the purpose just now, as I am quite uncertain whether I may not be called out tomorrow or next day with Charles, on the business of placing him in some house of business.

To THOMAS CONSTABLE,[†3] 10 JANUARY 1855*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Tavistock House, London | Tenth January 1855

Dear Sir

Many demands upon my time and several short absences from London have combined to delay my acknowledging the receipt of your letter and its accompanying volumes,[†4] until now. Let me beg you therefore to excuse these tardy thanks.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Constable Esquire

To MISS MARIA GOODLUCK, 10 JANUARY 1855

MS Mr Arnold Palmer.

Tavistock House | Tenth January 1855

Dear Madam.

Allow me to have the pleasure of enclosing a small subscription towards the charges of your little Volume.[†5] It is a charming book, admirably calculated to do good to the readers whom it addresses.

I am sorry to add, that I cannot advise you on the point you submit to me. It falls

within your publisher's province,[†1] and he is likely to understand it far better than I do.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Maria [Goodluck][†2]

To FRANCIS VALCKENBERG,[†3] 10 JANUARY 1855*

MS Mr P. J. Valckenberg.

Tavistock House | Tenth January 1855

Dear Sir

I beg to offer you my sincere condolences on the loss of your good and amiable brother.[†4] Before I received your kind letter, I had read the announcement of his death in the Times,[†5] with great regret.

I feel very sure that his orphan children could not easily be in better or truer hands than yours. May God assist and prosper you in the discharge of your trust, and make them a source of happiness to you in the time to come!

With heartfelt sympathy and all good wishes, Believe me

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Valckenberg Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 10 JANUARY 1855

Mention in Stan V. Henkels catalogue, collection of Joseph Henry Dubbs; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 10 Jan 55.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 JANUARY 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Friday Twelfth January 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

On Wednesday Evening, Mr. Ryland of Birmingham came here, and we had a long and careful discussion as to Charley. He had made extensive enquiries in his town, and had no doubt of the feasibility of placing Charley in Scholefield's house—Scholefield[†6] being one of the present Members for Birmingham, and a very agreeable and worthy man, whom I know. *But* there appeared to be no doubt (and Mr. Ryland himself laid stress upon this, as another result of his enquiries), that the Birmingham business is *not* the business of a general merchant[†7]—is exceptional and

peculiar—and belongs to that particular place; the Merchants who send Birmingham goods all over the world, living elsewhere, and trading on a large scale in all manner of other merchandize too. Now, what Charley most wants to acquire, is, a knowledge of general business—of home and foreign markets—and of home and foreign men. Whereas at Birmingham he would only gain a knowledge of Birmingham business, Birmingham ways, and Birmingham men. Mr. Wills, who has a good plain head in all such matters, assisted at the Council, and we all three came to the conclusion that it would be best to begin with a London house, and then (supposing no opening should present itself in the Turkey direction you spoke of—though I hope for such a thing), to give him a year or so in Liverpool as an active port where a vast deal of business is done. Wills was rather for beginning with Liverpool; but Mr. Ryland was strong on two points: first, on the advantage of beginning in London where the tone of commerce is higher and more responsible; secondly, on the great advantage of a youth's being at home, in the outset of his career. Wills has to go to Liverpool on another business next Monday, and I have begged him to see some people we know there, and take their opinion also.

I think I could address myself to no first-rate London Merchant's house, at so great an advantage as through some introduction of yours. Will you kindly think of it? I am very anxious not to lose time. I particularly wish to see Charley actually in the path he is to follow—though I will take care that he is not idle in the meantime. Indeed he wishes to be employed and is glad of my making employment for him.

I have appointed Mrs. Thompson[†1] (as we agreed) to be at Shepherd's Bush at ½ past 11 tomorrow.[†2] She wrote a very good letter in reply[†3]—very grateful, and, I cannot but think, very honest.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 12 JANUARY 1855*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Tavistock House | Twelfth January 1855

My Dear Mr. Phelps.

I have read the play[†4] through. I cannot say that I think the writing of it very good, or the plot very natural or probable. But there is a good deal of merit in it; it is decidedly interesting; would act (I think), better than it reads; and, unless I am much mistaken, would succeed with your audience.

In suggesting a slight change or two, I only suggest such changes as are easily made. The incident of the forgery, and the character of Hornbeam (which last I

understand but dimly), I say nothing of, as I accept them perforce as inseparable from the constitution of the child.

But a prose play of this present time, must not evade the plain prose speaking of this time; and therefore, wheresoever there is an attempt to give the dialogue a removed and quaint turn, I advise you by all means to substitute the speech of the real men and women who will come to see the play. Strike out "'tis", and "'twere", and all roundabout inversions of plain sentences, with a ruthless hand. Why does the lady say, at the Portrait-painter's, "Come! Our veils!"? She is not in Spain or Italy. If she have any reason to be afraid of mentioning or shewing a bonnet, you have a decided reason to be afraid of the play altogether.

The Guildhall and all belonging to it, being very generally discovered not to be what they were in Richard Whittington's time,[†1] but to have degenerated into a Sham and a Humbug,[†2] I would be very chary of mentioning that highly respectable building—the more especially, because in the real life of this time, a man like Tyrrel would indubitably see it at the Devil before he would have any association with it. It is understood to mean Sir Peter Laurie,[†3] Mr. Ex Sheriff Nicol,[†4] My Lord Mayor Moon,[†5] and the like. For similar reasons, let "the citizens press to see" them and Richard the Third[†6]—not Tyrrel.

I would disembarrass the compact between Tyrrel and Lord Self, of that article respecting his altogether abandoning his daughter after her marriage. I take it to be an unnecessary remove into the regions of the Preposterous.

I would on no account call him Lord Self, but would give him a high-sounding Peerage-like name. In the opening of the third act when he starts at the word "lie" and tries to refine it away, an opening for a few words of good honest satire is lost, I think, by his not instancing Diplomacy as the genteelest example of what he means, and the brightest precedent he can possibly cite.

In the beginning of the Play, and all through it, I would say as little about signing a marriage-contract, as *can* be said with clearness. It is the most dreadful theatrical document I know; and is, I

suppose, the oldest Stager on earth. I always give myself up for lost when it is mentioned, and I usually observe the audience about me to become desponding at the same awful moment.

With these touches I would bring the play out, boldly. And I believe the chances are ten to one that you will strike Home with it.

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, 15 JANUARY 1855*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. *Address:* The Reverend M. Gibson | Rue de l'Oratoraie | Haute Ville | Boulogne Sur Mer.

Tavistock House, London | Fifteenth January 1855

My Dear Sir

My friend Mr. Egg the painter, Associate of the Royal Academy, has asked me to forward the enclosed letter to you. It refers, I believe, to a wish entertained by a brother of his,[†1] to place one of his sons under your charge.[†2] I lose no time in sending it on by the earliest post.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend M. Gibson

To JOHN DILLON,[†3] 19 JANUARY 1855

Text from N, II, 618.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth January 1855

Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for your kind note.

I would on no account bring you here, but shall be happy to call on you as you suggest.[†4] Not to name Monday (that you may have time to get the better of your distressing complaint), I will come to you on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock, unless in the meantime you advise me to the contrary.

Dear Sir Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 20 JANUARY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twentieth January 1855

My Dear Collins

Are you keeping your eye on the Marylebone Theatre?[†5] I am good for throwing myself on town, any night next week except Saturday.[†6] I should like to take the

occasion of reviving the subject of a week or so in Paris.—About the middle of February?

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 JANUARY 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty First January | 1855.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

First, as to the hot Closet.[†1]

It happens that Mr. Tracey's being worn out,[†2] a new man is now erecting a new successor to it. This man is ingenious in his trade, and his name and style are William Jeakes,[†3] of 51 Great Russell Street Bloomsbury. He *never has* made such a thing to be carried away and put together, but he is positively sure he can. He thinks it should be 6 feet square, and 7 high, made of iron with an outside covering of wood. He would propose to attach a copper to it for the boiling of water with which to wash *on the spot where the apparatus for drying would be.* The water in this copper would be always kept hot by what would otherwise be the *waste heat* of the closet. He would undertake that twenty five minutes should effectually dry the whole of the closet's contents, so that it might be filled with wet clothes, bandages &c, every five and twenty minutes during the day. He would number all the pieces and component parts, "so that any one who could put a gun-carriage together, could put this machine together with perfect ease". (This, in answer to my enquiry whether it would be necessary to send a man out with it). It would be an expensive thing to make in this way—he supposes at a round guess it might cost a hundred and fifty pounds—it could be got ready in three weeks. A drawing, specification, and contract, would be of course prepared if you were to pursue the idea. And in that case I would see my very intelligent Turkish friend[†4] immediately—who knows this Country quite as well as he knows that, and is intimate with our best officers. He also knows Scutari[†5] very well.

Secondly, Mr. Hardwick wrote to me the other day from Marlborough Street,[†1] about a girl[†2] (whom he had committed for seven days as a disorderly, but about whom the Police seemed to have been hasty and mistaken, it afterwards appeared), whom he was so anxious to get into the Home that he was supporting her in the meanwhile at the Jailer's house,[†3] out of the poorbox. The Jailer brought her here,

by my appointment. I was not so propitiated by her manner as Mr. Hardwick was, and requested that the account she gave of herself should be closely enquired into. It turning out to be true when this was done, I did not feel justified in objecting to her; and Mrs. Marchmont will fetch her, next Wednesday.

Thirdly, I have made some further enquiries as to Charley, and am assured that he should decidedly learn what he has to learn, *in London.* Barings,[†4] I am assured, would be the best house for him; but, to obtain him the full advantages derivable from his being instructed in all its departments, Mr. Bates[†5] or Mr. Russell Sturges[†6] (the two principal and most active partners), must be personally interested in him. Do you know either of these gentlemen? If you could introduce me to either of them, I would strike straightway. As a public personage, I should not particularly mind addressing either of them on the strength of their public knowledge of me; but of course I would rather have the advantage of such a presentation to them. I am delighted to tell you that Charley has quite surprised me at the Household Words, where he appears every morning at 10. He writes an excellent business letter, with a system and clearness that are really remarkable, and which, without experience, are quite a gift. Also in this last week, he has abstracted the contents of 600 letters, and made a note of the purport of each on the back—as I am pretty sure that not five boys in a hundred could. And he is naturally so quick that he confounds Mr. Wills, by knocking off what he calculates will occupy him a day, in two or three hours.

I have been over to Wimbledon and seen Mr. Brackenbury[†7] with whom Willy Latouche[†8] was. Walter is to go there next Wednesday Week for two years; and I have little fear of his passing the examination for the direct appointment[†9] as soon as he is old enough—which will be at the expiration of that time. (I don't think I ever saw boys more closely stowed than at that eminent Grinder's bye the bye).

I have no idea where you are, but I know you must be warm! The little

foundlings[†1] had such red noses this morning, that it made one colder to look at them. Your friend the cold shower descended like a storm of frozen hail, previously, but I was certainly the warmest person in church.

We all unite in kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown if they are with you. I don't know whether you observe that it becomes clearer from day to day, that the Times are distinctly making out their case as to the condition of the Army.[†2] It is also lamentable to see (from their opponents who would by no means confirm them if they could help it, but are now forced to do so) that the winter-clothing sent out with so much blowing of trumpets, is absurdly inefficient.[†3]

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts

To MARK LEMON, 22 JANUARY 1855

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Twenty Second January 1855

My Dear Mark.

I have a three weeks old engagement for next Saturday, to go and see a Pantomime[†1] with Lord Smith (as I believe they call him in Switzerland). The faithful Stanny has rushed to the rescue and will go too—having been maddened by accounts that have reached him of mechanical wonders at the Britannia. Will you go too? Place of meeting, Garrick. Time of dinner (I will order something) a quarter past five. You clearly *must* go, whatever else you may have in contemplation. Will you undertake to write to Lane?[†2]

Ever affecy.

CD.

I don't congratulate you on the Baby,[†3] because I can't bear to be congratulated on my own Babies.

To JOHN DILLON,[†4] [?22 JANUARY 1855]

Envelope in album, Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1978; addressed John Dillon Esquire | 104 Fore Street | Cripplegate; postmarked PM [ ] 2 1855. *Date:* first part of postmark illegible; probably Jan: see below.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JANUARY 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | The Admiralty House | Portsmouth.

Tavistock House | Thursday Night | Twenty Fifth January 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Your letter having come in while I was reading by my fire, I have shut up my book, to come to my table and answer it at once.

I am told there cannot possibly be a better person for our purpose than Mr. Bates. If you will send me a letter to him (with his address[†5] upon it), mentioning that I wish to place my son who has been at Eton and in Germany, in their universally respected house, I will lose not a moment in leaving it for him with my card. And, since you so kindly mention the point, I have no doubt that a line (*I* should be inclined to say, *at once*) from yourself to Baring, would be of incalculable service. I have not the least doubt of that.

The drying apparatus, I will immediately proceed with—cautiously. And I will in the first place signify to the Artist that a distinct specification and contract are

essential to any further consideration of the subject. I am quite of your opinion as to the expediency of sending a workman with it. Let me add that Tracey's opinion on all such points is an undoubtedly good one, and he says "he does not believe it to be possible to send to Scutari, a more thoroughly serviceable thing".

In the main, there is very little difference (if any) between you "politically" on the War subject, and me politically. I think Lord Raglan's position, tongue-tied as he is, a very painful one;[†1] but I think the stern necessity of preventing a repetition of these dreadful—and altogether needless—disasters, over-rides every other consideration. To be sure—that does not justify the Times in being hard on himself,[†2] but the reverse! Looking to the other newspaper correspondents, and seeing them at last forced upon confirmation of the Times accounts after so long denying them, I have a dreadful belief that the Army will be really (virtually) no more in another six weeks. I become particularly uneasy when I find the Public so apathetic to the inefficiency of the Government.[†3] It is a new and unhealthy symptom—the kind of unnatural lull that precedes an earthquake—and I mistrust there being something sullen working among the people, which we don't at all understand. It is manifest that the system of our Service anywhere, civil or warlike, is *not* to rally the best men round the national standard, or to know where to find them;[†4] and there is no safety for us until we do begin to cruize about in the Victoria and Albert,[†5] far out of the official cordons[†6] in which we are all in danger of perishing together. I have made up

my mind that what one can do in print to wake the sleepers, one is bound to do at such a serious juncture. And I have fired off a small volley of red hot shot, in Household Words next week.[†1]

Enclosed, are all the Mrs. Thompson papers that I have: including two notes from herself[†2] which you have not seen.

As to the good old Admiral,[†3] what he has got to do, is the most difficult thing he (or any Napier) can be required to do—*keep quiet.*[†4] I don't think there is any disposition in the public mind to do him an injustice,[†5] but quite the contrary. There has been a slight re-action occasioned by the injudicious friends he had before he went away;[†6] but I believe there is a great general fondness for him and trust in him. I should like to see and hear him, very much.

I have been ploughing daily, through deep Snow about Highgate, Hampstead, and Hendon—and saw Holly Lodge the day before yesterday with a powdered[†7] head, and a great white fur-cloak on. The condition of the streets to day, is inconceivable—mud and mire, in many places a foot deep. Mr. Stanfield and I were going down Wellington Street North, the other night, in his little Carriage, on one of our Theatrical Expeditions[†8] to undiscovered Theatres,[†9] when I took occasion to protest against the infamous paving there, and the jobbing little local boards,[†10] and to say that so many horses fell down opposite Household Words that I hardly ever saw the office door without a horse in it. He laughed at this, and next moment *both our horses* plunged head-foremost at that establishment, like impatient contributors. The crowd seemed to think it was our doing, and, when we got out to help, said "they should have thought we were hearty enough to walk."

[†a]We unite in remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Brown. I feel a certain equanimity in your being at my birthplace,[†11] though I can't say I usually care much about it. I was taken away from there when I was two years old and went back when I was thirty; but I had certainly carried a little picture of it, wonderfully accurate, away with me,

and knew a particular Parade-ground[†1] (my nurse must have been fond of soldiers) minutely. This reminds me to observe that the intelligence of the Baby is becoming miraculous.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yrs.

CD.[†a]

To ARCHIBALD DALRYMPLE,[†2] 27 JANUARY 1855*

MS Chicago University Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh January 1855

My dear Sir

It is the same Mr. Forster, one and indivisible.[†3]

I beg to be cordially remembered to Mrs. Dalrymple,[†4] and also to assure you that your note required no apology.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Archibald Dalrymple Esquire

To MRS GASKELL, 27 JANUARY 1855

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh January 1855

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

Let me congratulate you on the conclusion of your story;[†5] not because it is the end of a task to which you had conceived a dislike (for I imagine you to have got the better of that delusion by this time), but because it is the vigorous and powerful accomplishment of an anxious labor.[†6] It seems to me that you have felt the ground thoroughly firm under your feet, and have strided on with a force and purpose that MUST now give you pleasure.[†7]

You will not, I hope, allow that not-lucid interval of dissatisfaction with yourself (and me?) which beset you for a minute or two once upon a time, to linger in the

shape of any disagreeable association with Household Words. I shall still look forward to the large sides of paper, and shall soon feel disappointed if they don't begin to reappear.[†1]

I thought it best that Wills should write the business-letter[†2] on the conclusion of the story, as that part of our communication had always previously rested with him.[†3] I trust you found it satisfactory? I

refer to it, not as a matter of mere form, but because I sincerely wish everything between us to be beyond the possibility of misunderstanding or reservation.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell.

To THE DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH,†4 29 JANUARY 1855*

MS Mr A. O. Davis. *Address:* The Very Rev. | The Dean | Peterborough.

Tavistock House, London | Monday Twenty Ninth January | 1855.

My Dear Sir

I feel particularly obliged to you for your earnest letter. Allow me to assure you that it has afforded me great gratification, and that I now look forward with a new interest to my visit to Peterboro'.†5

If I should decline your hospitable and most agreeable invitation when we renew our correspondence in the Autumn, it will only be because I rarely travel alone on such occasions, and almost invariably appoint some friend to join me at the local Hotel. Two or three Volunteers already propose to be of my audience next Christmas, and I shall probably shorten even my short stay by going round to Rockingham. But I do not the less appreciate your kindness, I entreat you to believe.

My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Very Reverend | The Dean.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 29 JANUARY 1855

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Ninth January | 1855

My Dear Mr. Ryland

I have been in the greatest difficulty—which I am not yet out of—to know what to read at Birmingham. I fear the idea of next month is now impracticable. Which of two other months do you think would be preferable for your Birmingham objects? Next May, or next December?†6

Having already read two Christmas books at Birmingham,†1 I should like to get out of that restriction, and have a swim in the broader waters of one of my long books. I have been poring over Copperfield (which is my favorite), with the idea of getting a reading out of it, to be called by some such name as "Young Housekeeping, and Little Emily". But there is still the huge difficulty that I constructed the whole with immense pains, and have so woven it up and blended it together that I cannot yet so separate the parts as to tell the story of David's married life with Dora, and the story of Mr. Peggotty's

search for his Niece, within the time. This is my object. If I could possibly bring it to bear, it would make a very attractive reading, with a strong interest in it, and a certain completness.[†2]

This is exactly the state of the case. I don't mind confiding to you that I never can approach the book with perfect composure (it had such possession of me when I wrote it), and that I no sooner begin to try to get it into this form, than I begin to read it all and to feel that I can't disturb it. I have not been unmindful of the agreement we made at parting, and I have sat staring at the backs of my books for an inspiration. This project is the only one that I have constantly reverted to, and yet I have made no progress in it!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 30 JANUARY 1855

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth January 1855.

My Dear Beard.

Wednesday the Seventh of February is the Birthday of that illustrious creature who &c &c &c.

You remember our keeping it in a jolly sort of way, at Gravesend last year? Will you come and do likewise, this year? I shall order The festive Banquet to be spread at 5, but propose to go down for a walk (accompanied by a dry pair of boots), by North Kent Train from London Bridge at 12 at Noon.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 30 JANUARY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Thirtieth January 1855.

My Dear Collins

Don't forget Wednesday in next week—Seventh of February—Birthday of that illustrious Englishman whose creations—&c. &c.

Festive Banquet ordered to be spread at Wate's, Gravesend, at 5 to the moment.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To DOUGLAS JERROLD, 30 JANUARY 1855*

MS Mr Douglas Jerrold.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Thirtieth January 1855.

My Dear Jerrold.

On a birthday of mine now weceding (as poor dear Talfourd would have said), into the hoawy mists of a gwacious past, we dined together at Rochester—and next morning had that interview in the Snow with the Beastly old Warder of the Castle, which will always perplex my mind. Last year, I improvised a little dinner on the same National occasion at Wate's Hotel at Gravesend, which was very snug and very merry. Wednesday in next week, the 7th. of February, is the anniversary day. Will you come and dine at the said Wate's at the said Gravesend, at exactly five o'Clock? I shall be about the neighbourhood in my Seven League Boots all day, and you will find a good fire (and somebody by it, I have no doubt) at any period of the afternoon.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Douglas Jerrold Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 30 JANUARY 1855

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth January 1855.

My Dear Mark

Next Wednesday—I mean February the Seventh—is my Birthday. If you can alter your Punch day[†2] for the occasion, come down to Gravesend as we did last year. I shall order dinner at 5, but propose to go down for a walk (with a bag), by North Kent train from London Bridge at 12.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MARK LEMON, [30 JANUARY 1855]*

MS John F. Fleming, Inc. *Date:* clearly same day as last.

My Dear Mark

I wrote to you this morning, to say we start from the North Kent Station at

London Bridge, at 12. I have ordered dinners (for 4)[†1] at Wate's at Gravesend at 5.

—Dressing to go out

Ever affecy

CD

To JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS,[†2] [30] JANUARY 1855

Text from J. G. Millais, *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais,* 1899, I, 249. *Date:* J. G. Millais gives 13 Jan, but the meeting referred to took place on 29 Jan.

Tavistock House | Tuesday, January 13th, 1855.

My Dear Sir,

I send you the account of the fire brigade,[†3] which we spoke of last night.[†4]

If you have in your mind any previous association with the pages in which it appears (very likely you have none) it may be a rather disagreeable one.[†5] In that case I hope a word frankly said may make it pleasanter.

Objecting very strongly to what I believe to be an unworthy use of your great powers, I once expressed the objection in this same journal. My opinion on that point is not in the least changed, but it has never dashed my admiration of your progress in what I suppose are higher and better things. In short, you have given me such great reasons (in your works) to separate you from uncongenial associations, that I wish to give you in return one little reason for doing the like by me. And hence this note.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 30 JANUARY 1855*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night, Thirtieth January | 1855.

My Dear Mark. I am alone with a cold, and upon my word nothing would be more pleasant to me than a game of Cribbage with you. So come on Macduff—[†1]

Ever affectly.
CD

To LEIGH HUNT, 31 JANUARY 1855

MS British Library. *Address:* Leigh Hunt Esquire | 7 Cornwall Road | Hammersmith.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Night Thirty First January | 1855.

My Dear Hunt.

I *will not* let another month go out, without writing you a few words. I thought to have made application to your teapot long since, and in so doing to have answered your note in the only legitimate way; but, I have been so put about, and railroaded, and expressed, and business-pressed, since the day of its date, that my life has been a perfect whirl.

At Christmas-time I generally do what little I can to help some useful educational Institutions for the people in large towns. Redeeming Autumn promises, I have been, since we met, in Berkshire, Dorsetshire, and Yorkshire. In the intervals and snatches of these expeditions, I have had all my children at home for the holidays—have been to Pantomimes—and have got up our Annual Fairy Play at home, in which we all "go on" down to the Baby. My eldest boy, newly home from Germany, has required a good deal of my attention, as he has to be armed against the Demon Idleness and started in busy life. For my second boy, destined for India, I have had to find a new probationary tutor.[†2] He has only this very day departed from the parental roof, with a plum cake, a box of marmalade, a ditto of jam, twelve oranges, five shillings, and a gross of tears. I sit down to night (with the Influenza), and am going to Paris next week!—I don't mention such trifles as that great humming-top Household Words, which is always going round with the weeks and murmuring "Attend to me!" Or a committee on which Forster and I are now engaged with matters of considerable importance to Literary Men[†3]—but I do honestly assure you that I have been busy.

I expect to make a stay in Paris of not more than ten days or a fortnight, and I hope when I come back to shake hands with you speedily.

You have read Brewster and Whewell?[†4] (Don't send them back—I will fetch them). I thought it curious, both being so learned and ingenious, that they should dismiss one, after all, pretty much as they found one.

A Genoese friend of mine[†5] has just sent me a great tin tube, full of prints of brave

incidents in the Piedmontese War of Independence against the Austrians.[†1] I have as strange a sensation in seeing these signs of Spirit and Freedom in those drowsy old towns, as I had some fifteen months ago when I went back to Genoa, and found it a stirring busy place, with miles of new Parisian-looking streets staring boldly at the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi—a soldierly Municipal Guard on duty at the Municipal Hall—and a Band playing National airs on the Terrace-Garden of a Coffee-House which, when I had last been there, was the great Seminary of the Jesuits.[†2] There was a Rat in the courtyard of the empty house once the Governor's (a Russian in my time), at Albaro;[†3] and there were cheap newspapers in the streets, and the People were talking Politics!

Always Faithfully Yours

C. D.

Leigh Hunt Esquire

February

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 1 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday First February 1855

My Dear Cunningham

Next Wednesday is my Birthday again. So the years go round! Will you repeat the little party of last year on the same day, at Wate's at Gravesend? Dinner hour, 5 to the moment.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 1 FEBRUARY 1855

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday First February 1855.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

Your letter places me in a helpless position.[†4] I have no choice left me by you, but to receive it as though I had nothing to do with Household Words. I consider myself bound by your request, and I shall faithfully observe it unless you release me.

If you do release me, I shall direct a cheque for another £50 to be forwarded to

you. Nothing else will take place at the Household Words office, and the cheque will be sent as a matter of course, and so disposed of. If you do not release me from the obligation of silence, I can do nothing. I think you should know (it may make you less reluctant to let me stir), that I suggested the sum already sent, myself, and that the draft was drawn at my direction. If the Publishers of Household Words had published the book, I should have known all the points of the case.[†1] Knowing them now from you, I may be by no means sure that Mr. Chapman takes the right course with the book.[†2]

Mrs. Dickens shall be duly instructed about the Child-Garden,[†3] and will see it, I am sure, with pleasure and interest. There was a certain Baroness[†4] here the other day, who was strongly interested in some such system. She was a German Baroness, and lived (I suppose) in a Castle somewhere—to which stronghold she has returned.

Chorley[†5] was kind enough to ask me to meet you on Friday next week.[†6] But I am going to Paris for a few days, and was obliged to decline his agreeable invitation, in the belief that I may probably go that very evening.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 3 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Third February 1855

My Dear Collins

On looking to Bradshaw, I find that if we go by *Boulogne*, Sunday the 11th. will

suit us admirably. We shall leave London Bridge at a quarter to 11 in the forenoon—cross at a quarter to 3—and get to Boulogne about 5. We can then have my two small sons[†1] to dinner at the Hotel des Bains, and go on to Paris at ½ past 12 on Monday.

This seems easy I think?—I write to Regnier to day.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 3 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Third February 1855

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

All that I meant to suggest was, that, when you judge of what your story ought to have yielded to you, by putting two payments together—one, Mr. Chapman's, and one Household Words[†2]—it may be necessary to consider both sides of the question, and not only to enquire whether Household Words does well, but whether Mr. Chapman does well too. In the words you quote about Bradbury and Evans as publishers,[†3] I quite concur; and I perfectly remembered the tenor of the enclosed from Mr. Wills[†4] before I re-read it this morning.

Now, *do* allow me to say at the office, "Send Fifty Pounds to Mrs. Gaskell". No word of explanation is necessary there, and it is thoroughly well known to all concerned that such points end with me. Let me assume this—which will prevent a renewal of the subject between you and me;—On Wednesday next, you not forbidding me in the meantime, I shall give those instructions, and neither you nor I need notice them in the least.[†5]

When you come to town, will you send me in one line, your address.[†6] If I am not gone, I will call on you directly. If I am gone, I will arrange for your note being opened, and my Paris address (which I don't know yet), being sent you. Then perhaps, when you arrive on the other side of the water, you will let me know where to find you.

If the weather is as cold at Manchester as it is here, it is Polar. Everybody is miserable besides about the Crimea. I have an old belief that our Political Aristocracy will ruin this land at last, and altogether London looks gloomy.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 3 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Eveg.[†1] 3rd. February 1855

My Dear Mark

At the Committee,[†2] I found Stanny, who (of course) seduced me away from my home, and with which hoary ruffian I am going to dine at the G.[†3] at 5. He is bent on your joining us on a theatrical excursion; "Tom"[†4] being in attendance. Send me a word up by Bearer, to say that you will join the old Salt, and the undersigned Genial Oil.[†5]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 3 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Comédie Française.

Tavistock House, London | Saturday Evening Third February | 1855

My Dear Regnier

I am coming to Paris for a week, with my friend Collins—son of the English Painter who painted our green lanes and our cottage-children so beautifully.[†6] Do not tell this to le vieux Poole. Unless I have the ill-fortune to stumble against him in the street, I shall not make my arrival known to him.

I purpose leaving here on Sunday the 11th. but I shall stay that night at Boulogne, to see two of my little boys who are at school there. We shall come on to Paris on Monday the 12th. arriving there in the evening.

Now mon cher, do you think you can, without inconvenience, engage me, for a week, an apartment—cheerful, light, and wholesome—containing a comfortable salon et deux chambres à coucher. I do not care whether it is in an Hotel or not; but the reason why I do not write for an apartment to the Hotel Brighton,[†7] is, that there they expect one to dine at home (I mean, in the apartment) generally, whereas as we are coming to Paris expressly to be always looking about us, we want to dine wherever we like, every day. Consequently, what we want to find, is, a good Apartment, where we can have our breakfast but where we shall never dine.[†8]

Can you engage such accommodation for me? If you can, I shall be very much obliged to you. If the apartment should happen to contain a little bed for a servant I

might perhaps bring one; but I do not care about that at all. I want it to be pleasant and gay, and to throw myself en garçon on the festive diableries[†1] de Paris!

Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their kindest regards to Madame Regnier and you, in which I heartily join. All the children send their loves to the two brave boys[†2] and the Normandy Bonnes.

I shall hope for a short answer from you, one day next week.

My Dear Regnier | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 AND ?4 FEBRUARY 1855]

Extracts and summary in F, XI, iii, 826 and F, VIII, ii, 638. *Date:* first extract 3 Feb 55, according to Forster; second extract probably 4 Feb, an exceptionally foggy day.

The break-down in the Crimea embittered his radicalism. I am hourly strengthened in my old belief, that our political aristocracy and our tuft-hunting are the death of England. In all this business I don't see a gleam of hope.[†3] As to the popular spirit, it has come to be so entirely separated from the Parliament and Government, and so perfectly apathetic about them both, that I seriously think it a most portentous sign.

You will hear of me in Paris, probably next Sunday, and I *may* go on to Bordeaux. Have general ideas of emigrating in the summer to the mountain-ground between France and Spain. Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind—motes of new books in the dirty air, miseries of older growth threatening to close upon me. Why is it, that as with poor David, a sense comes always crushing on me now, when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?[†4]

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 4 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fourth February 1855

My Dear Mr. Ryland

I have established a very large pencil, and an extra copy of Copperfield, and have blunted my feelings, and will try what I can do, in earnest—steadily keeping in mind your comforting suggestion that the audience in general may be not unreasonably supposed to know the current of the tale.

Only this very day (which is so intensely foggy here, that it is like night), I have had a long talk with Mr. Bates, of Barings House, about Charley. I assure you that with the mere removal of the scene from Birmingham to London, he told me most emphatically as the result of his own experience and success, all that you told us here, as to failure being the result of want of practical knowledge, beginning at the very beginning and extending through a multitude of details. His confirmation was quite remarkable in the closeness with which it tallied with your advice.

Pending a decision, I keep Charley tolerably employed at the Household Words office, where I find him very quick, with a natural facility of writing systematic and terse letters, and with a considerable power (unusual at his age), of abstracting the pith of any document from a mass of words. In reference to a commercial life, I have again impressed upon him what he had already stored up from you, and entreated him to take time to be quite sure, of himself, and of his ability to enter with lasting interest—real interest—into the necessary details; warning him that unless he makes sure of that beforehand, we shall only end in disappointment and loss of precious time.

He is very much interested by your kind invitation, and particularly wishes to accept it for a few days. He seems to think that those busy sights, which are quite new to him, would be very useful to his mind just now. I am quite of his way of thinking; and if you will give the signal when he shall come, he will very thankfully obey the same. I am going to Paris, myself, about this day week, and he might leave home at about the same time. Would Monday The twelfth or any time thereabout, suit you? If you will fix a day at your own convenience, I will accept your kind proposal with many thanks, both on my own part and on his.

Best regards from Mrs. Dickens and her sister.

My Dear Mr. Ryland | always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 FEBRUARY [1855]

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Misdated 1854 by CD; clearly 1855.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Sixth February 1854

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have instructed the maker, since the receipt of your letter this morning, to

proceed with the warming—I mean drying—apparatus. The mysterious pattern on the back of the drawing has nothing to do with it, I suppose.

If I may advise, I would by no means get Mr. Manby to look at the thing until it is completed. I know him very well indeed, and he is an ingenious fellow; but the moment this man[†1] receives a suggestion, however slight, the responsibility is divided and you give him a something to escape upon in case anything should go wrong. It being his trade to make such things, and he having been just now selected for such work at Tracey's great prison, I would leave him alone—if it were my case—until he has done his work.

Charley seems to be a more difficult matter than one would suppose. On Sunday I saw Mr. Bates, and had a long talk with him, in which he was extremely sensible and straight-forward. He said, in confidence, that Barings' House is now full of young men—gentlemen's sons—whom he does not even

know by name. That it is impossible in such a place to teach them business—that they chiefly copy letters, and the like—and that they go away as wise as they come. That nine failures out of ten, among merchants, take place because they don't know their business; and that very few do know it, and therefore very few thrive. That the only real education would be to begin at a Broker's in Mincing Lane[†2]—know sugars, coffees, drugs, cottons, all manner of things, by sight and touch—then pass through a counting house (after perhaps a couple of years) which would be very easily done, and then be fit for anything. All this and a good deal more, he wound up by saying that he did not believe he himself possessed any remarkable qualities, and that he referred his own success, mainly to his having been one of the few who did all this.

It is remarkable that, as to the Birmingham business, my Birmingham friend Mr. Ryland had said so exactly the same, here, that I could have believed the two people had heard each other, and that the second was copying the first.

Yesterday I received a letter from the managing Partner in that other highly commended house of Huth and Co.[†3] in which he says that it would give him the greatest satisfaction to do anything for a gentleman &c whose writings &c—but adds that he really believes their house is "too large" to be really serviceable to my son—again offering exactly similar advice to Mr. Bates's.

In the meantime I am becoming gradually idiotic on the subject. Pending Mr. Bates's speaking to some Broker, I have pointed out to Charley the kind of drudgery essential to the calling (but without saying that I think it will scarcely call into action the best sort of power he possesses—though I have a misgiving on that head), and have told him to think again and be certain he is still in earnest. Early next week, he is going down to stay with Mr. Ryland for a few days, and see the Birmingham Lions. Such things being quite new to him, we think may be useful in helping him to a decision.

I am going to Paris on Saturday or Sunday, and perhaps on to Bourdeaux[†4]—having motes of new stories floating before my eyes in the dirty air, which seem to drive somewhere in that direction.[†5] I shall not be above a week or ten days gone.

Can I do anything for you with your friend on the ricketty throne,[†1] or anywhere else?

The latest joke is, that it is very bad weather for the Ministry to be out in. Considering the thaw, and the knee-deep slush in the streets, it is meritorious enough.[†2]

With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To WILLIAM JEAKES, [7 FEBRUARY 1855]

Mention in Jeakes *to* CD, 8 Feb 55 (MS Morgan Library). *Date:* the day before that letter.

About the construction of the Drying Closet for Scutari Hospital.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 8 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Hotel Tavistock | Jeudi Fevrier 8, 1855

Mon cher Collins

Voici la reponse de notre ami Regnier. J'ai repliqué "je prendrai donc, mon cher, l'appartement au troisième."[†3] C'est la meilleure chose que l'on peut faire sous les circonstances, n'est-ce-pas?

Votre fidele
DICKENS

To ROBERT FERGUSON,[†4] 8 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Wordsworth Trust.

Tavistock House, London | Eighth February 1855

Dear Sir

I beg to assure you in reply to your letter that I have not the least intention of visiting Durham, and that my avocations and engagements render it impossible that I can have the pleasure of complying with the request you do me the honor to prefer on behalf of the Carlisle Mechanics Institution.

I am Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Ferguson Esquire

To JOHN HARDWICK, 8 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Mr P. J. Radford. *Address:* John Hardwick Esquire | Ulster Terrace | Regents Park.

Tavistock House | Eighth February 1855.

My Dear Hardwick.

Our ladies have great apprehensions that Susan Mayne[†1] is in the family way. On the other hand, our usual medical attendant at the Home is rather of the contrary opinion. A fortnight or so will probably decide the question; but if she *should* be in this state, it will be necessary for her to be taken away as soon as the fact is ascertained. In that case, I shall be obliged (most reluctantly) to turn her upon your hands again. As the matter would necessarily be painful to Miss Coutts, and Mrs. Marchmont the lady who superintends the Home is naturally uneasy about it, I have directed her, if her misgivings should be confirmed, to write to Mr. Welsh and ask him to remove the unfortunate object of your sympathy. If she should not be in the family-way after all (which I earnestly hope she may not be), then Welsh will hear nothing and need do nothing.

My Dear Hardwick | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hardwick Esquire.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 8 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Comédie Française.

Tavistock House, London | Thursday Evening Eighth February | 1855

My Dear Regnier

Your kind letter arrives, just as I am going out to dinner.[†2] I lose no time in answering it, and thanking you heartily for the trouble you have taken on my account.

I will engage, if you please, the apartment *au troisieme* at the Hotel Meurice. I foresee that I shall be speedily invaded there by le vieux Poole; but I must bear my Fate.

We shall arrive, if the train is not lost in the Snow, on Monday evening about 7; and if you will kindly order dinner for two as well as the fires, it will be a great comfort to find such preparations made for the two cold Englishmen.

In haste | Ever My Dear Regnier | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Ninth February 1855.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose a letter I received last night from the drying-apparatus maker, which

seems, in a plain practical way, to anticipate what you had had in your mind in thinking of Mr. Manby.[†1] I have written in reply that I shall be much interested in seeing the machine at work, and that I dare say you will go too.

Yesterday I was at Shepherds Bush, where Mr. Chesterton also made his way somehow, through the Snow. All was going on well, and Rhena Pollard was the subject of a specially good report. Mrs. Marchmont called my attention to the state of the carpets in her and Mrs. Macartney's rooms, and also of the matting in the long-room. They are all in rags, and very ill-looking. I told her to get an estimate from the shop we deal at, of the cost of some strong plain dutch bedroom carpeting,[†2] and also of a new piece of matting of the present tough quality.

The drying-room has been boarded, but Mr. Marchant[†3] has not yet sent the stove in. Now, I suggest that he should *not* send it in at all, as originally designed, but that the drying stove should be such a one as will heat the water for a common bath to be fixed beside it. Our round shallow baths are worn out;

they are at the best, imperfect substitutes for a good bath; and, now that the place is boarded, a bath could be fixed in the corner, beside the stove, without being in anybody's way. With a cistern outside and the water laid on (very easily done), we should have that great aid to health and cleanliness at a small expence.

I enclose the list of bills for the month.[†4]

The actual departure of Goldsborough[†5] and Fisher has brightened up Campbell with hope, and has evidently had a good effect upon them all.

In the matter of Charley, I am heartily glad that you have heard from Mr. Bates, and I hope he will lead us out of the fog. Charley himself says that he is not in the least alarmed by the What-not[†6] Bales. He is very anxious to make a beginning. And so, indeed, is his father.

Supposing the Snow between Paris and the Interior to be not more than twenty feet deep, I hope to bring you some little Souvenir from the place of your old remembrance.[†7] My address in Paris will be the Hotel Meurice.

It snowed here, incessantly and heavily, the whole day yesterday. I returned from Shepherd's Bush, like Lot's Wife after she became the pillar of Salt.[†8] On Wednesday (my birthday) I walked from Gravesend to Rochester between walls of snow varying from three to six feet high, through which a road had been hewn out by men.[†9] Yesterday evening I went out at 7 O'Clock to dine with Cartwright (I always feel a strange satisfaction in doing at least that much to my own teeth in his house), and could hardly get out at my own door, or in at his.

Walter reports joyfully of his new school.

With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. JEAKES, 9 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Mrs N. Bell.

Tavistock House | Ninth February 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Jeakes, and begs to say that he will feel much interested in seeing the drying machine at work when it is completed, and that he will propose to Miss Burdett Coutts to see it also.[†1]

Mr. Dickens is going to France, but purposes returning home within a fortnight from this time.

To MISS KING,[†2] 9 FEBRUARY 1855

Text from MDGH, III, 162.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening, Ninth February, 1855

My Dear Miss King

I wish to get over the disagreeable part of my letter in the beginning. I have great doubts of the possibility of publishing your story[†3] in portions.

But I think it possesses *very great merit.* My doubts arise partly from the nature of the interest which I fear requires presentation as a whole,[†4] and partly on your manner of relating the tale. The people do not sufficiently work out their own purposes in dialogue and dramatic action. You are too much their exponent; what you do for them, they ought to do for themselves. With reference to publication in detached portions (or, indeed, with a reference to the force of the story in any form), that long stoppage and going back to possess the reader with the antecedents of the clergyman's biography,[†5] are rather crippling. I may mention that I think the boy (the child of the second marriage) a little too "slangy."[†6] I know the kind of boyish slang which belongs to such a character in these times; but, considering his part in the story, I regard it as the author's function to elevate such a characteristic, and soften it into something more expressive of the ardour and flush of youth, and its

romance. It seems to me, too, that the dialogues between the lady and the Italian maid are conventional but not natural.[†1] This observation I regard as particularly applying to the maid, and to the scene preceding the murder.[†2] Supposing the main objection surmountable, I would venture then to suggest to you the means of improvement in this respect.

The paper is so full of good touches of character, passion, and natural emotion, that I very much wish for a little time to reconsider it, and to try whether condensation here and there would enable us to get it say into four parts.[†3] I am not sanguine of this, for I observed the difficulties as I read it the night before last; but I am very unwilling, I assure you, to decline what has so much merit.

I am going to Paris on Sunday morning for ten days or so. I purpose being back again within a fortnight. If you will let me think of this matter in the meanwhile, I shall at least have done all I can to satisfy my own appreciation of your work.

But if, in the meantime, you should desire to have it back with any prospect of publishing it through other means, a letter—the shortest in the world—from you to Mr. Wills at the Household Words office will immediately produce it. I repeat with perfect sincerity that I am much impressed by its merits, and that if I had read it as the production of an entire stranger, I think it would have made exactly this effect upon me.

My dear Miss King, | Very faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To F. PHILLIPS,[†4] 9 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Royal General Theatrical Fund.

Tavistock House | Friday February Ninth 1855

Sir

I have this morning received your letter of yesterday's date.

The Trustees of the General Theatrical Fund[†5] have no official voice or seat in the administrative Committee. They neither accept nor reject the Members of the Institution, and have no knowledge of their individual cases.[†6]

If I were disposed, on a perusal of your papers, to over-step my functions and ask the committee for their counter-explanation, it appears to me that you yourself would present a sufficient obstacle to my taking any such course. For I read in your statement that you have "placed the whole affair in a lawyer's hands," and that it has become the subject of "arbitration."[†1] I am neither lawyer nor arbitrator in the case, and am bound to assume that the lawyer has taken care that the arbitration shall be properly conducted.[†2]

I am Sir

&c.

Mr. F. Phillips.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Ninth February 1855

My Dear Wills.

I want to alter our arrangements tomorrow, and put you to some inconvenience.

When I was at Gravesend t'other day,[†3] I saw, at Gads Hill—just opposite to the Hermitage[†4] where your charmer Miss Lynn used to live[†5]—a little Freehold to be sold.[†6] The spot and the very house are literally "a dream of my childhood", and I should like to look at it before I go to Paris. With that purpose I must go to Strood[†7] by the North Kent at a ¼ past 10 tomorrow morning. And I want you, strongly booted, to go with me! (I have the particulars from the Agent.)[†8]

Can you?—Let me know. If you can, can you manage so that we can take the Proofs with us? If you can't, will you bring them to Tavistock House at dinner time tomorrow, ½ past 5. Forster will dine with us, but no one else.

I am uncertain of your being in town tonight, but I send John up with this.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, [10 FEBRUARY 1855]

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* the day after last.

Tavistock House | Saturday Morning

My Dear Wills.

You will find a letter from me at the office when you come this morning, which I wrote on the chance of your being at home last night.

This present note, I beg to say, contains

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE[†1]

I have resolved (the Snow considered) not to go to Gad's Hill to day, but to come to the office as we at first arranged. I will then speak to you about the little Freehold—perhaps ask you to look at it for me! Don't mention it to Charley. Ever Faithfully CD.

To MRS WINTER,[†2] 10 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Tenth February 1855.

My Dear Mrs. Winter.

I constantly receive hundreds of letters, in great varieties of writing all perfectly strange to me, and (as you may suppose) have no particular interest in the faces of such general epistles. As I was reading by my fire last night, a handfull of notes was laid down on my table. I looked them over, and, recognizing the writing of no private friend, let them lie there, and went back to my book. But I found my mind curiously disturbed, and wandering away[†3] through so many years to such early times of my life, that I was quite perplexed to account for it. There was nothing in what I had been reading or immediately thinking about, to awaken such a train of thought, and at last it came into my head that it must have been suggested by something in the look of one of those letters. So I turned them over again,—and suddenly the remembrance of your hand, came upon me with an influence that I cannot express to you. Three or four and twenty years vanished like a dream,[†4]

and I opened it with the touch of my young friend David Copperfield when he was in love.

There was something so busy and pleasant in your letter—so true and cheerful and frank and affectionate—that I read on with perfect delight until I came to your mention of your two little girls.[†1] In the unsettled state of my thoughts, the existence of these dear children appeared such a prodigious phaenomonon, that I was inclined to suspect myself of being out of my mind, until it occurred to me that perhaps I had nine children of my own! Then the three or four and twenty years began to rearrange themselves in a long procession between me and the changeless Past, and I could not help considering what strange stuff all our little stories are made of.

Believe me, you cannnot more tenderly remember our old days and our old friends than I do. I hardly ever go into the City, but I walk up an odd little court at the back of the Mansion House, and come out by the corner of Lombard Street. Hundreds of times as I have passed the church there[†2]—on my way to and from the Sea, the Continent, and where not[†3]—I invariably associate it with somebody (God knows who) having told me that poor Anne[†4] was buried there. If you would like to examine me in the name of a good-looking Cornish servant[†5] you used to have (I suppose she has twenty-nine great grandchildren now, and walks with a stick), you will find my knowledge on the point correct, though it was a monstrous name too. I forget nothing of those times. They are just as still and plain and clear, as if I had never been in a crowd since and I had never seen or heard my own name out of my own house. What should I be worth, or what would labour and success be worth, if it were otherwise!

Your letter is more touching to me from its good and gentle association with the state of Spring in which I was either much more wise or much more foolish than I am now—I never know which to think it—than I could tell you if I tried for a week. I will not try at all. I heartily respond to it, and shall be charmed to have a long talk with you, and most cordially glad to see you, after all this length of time.

I am going to Paris tomorrow morning, but I purpose being back within a fortnight. When I return, Mrs. Dickens will come to you, to arrange a day for our seeing you and Mr. Winter[†6] (to whom I beg to be remembered) quietly to dinner.[†7] We will have no intruder or foreign creature on any pretence whatever, in order that we may set in, without any restraint, for a tremendous gossip.

Mary Anne Leigh[†8] we saw at Broadstairs[†9] about fifty years ago. Mrs. Dickens and her sister, who read all the marriages in all the papers, shrieked to me when the announcement of hers appeared, what did I think of *that*?[†10] I calmly replied that I thought it was time. I should have been more excited if I had known of the old

gentleman with seven thousand a year, uncountable grown up children, and no English grammar.

My mother has a strong objection to being considered in the least old,[†1] and usually appears here on Christmas Day in a juvenile cap which takes an immense time in the putting on. The Fates seem to have made up their minds that I shall never see your Father when he comes this way.[†2] David Lloyd[†3] is altogether an Imposter—not having in the least changed (that I could make out when I saw him at the London Tavern),[†4] since what I suppose to have been the year 1770 when I found you three on Cornhill with your poor mother,[†5] going to St. Mary Axe[†6] to order mysterious dresses—which afterwards turned out to be Wedding garments. That was in the remote period when you all wore green cloaks, cut (in my remembrance) very round, and which I am resolved to believe were made of Merino. I escorted you with native gallantry to the Dress Maker's door, and your mother, seized with an apprehension—groundless, upon my honor—that I might come in, said emphatically, "And now Mr. Dickin"—which she always used to call me—"we'll wish *you* good morning!"

When I was writing the word Paris just now, I remembered that my existence was once entirely uprooted and my whole Being blighted, by the Angel of my soul being sent there to finish her education![†7] If I can discharge any little commission for you or bring home anything for the darlings whom

I cannot yet believe to be anything but a delusion of yours, pray employ me. I shall be at the Hotel Meurice—locked up when within, as my only defence against my country and the United States—but a most punctual and reliable functionary if you will give me any employment.

My Dear Mrs. Winter I have been much moved by your letter; and the pleasure it has given me has some little sorrowful ingredient in it. In the strife and struggle of this great world where most of us lose each other so strangely, it is impossible to be spoken to out of the old times without a softened emotion. You so belong to the days when the qualities that have done me most good since, were growing in my boyish heart that I cannot end my answer to you lightly. The associations my memory has with you, make your letter more—I want a word—invest it with a more immediate address to me—than such a letter could have from anybody else. Mr. Winter will not mind that. We are all sailing away to the sea, and have a pleasure in thinking of the river we are upon, when it was very narrow and little. Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE,[†1] 13 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Fitzwilliam Museum.

Hôtel Meurice, Paris | Tuesday Thirteenth February | 1855

My Dear Olliffe

I came to Paris last night, on my way to Bordeaux where a little business takes me. Mr. [Wilkie Collins][†2] the writer, who is my travelling companion, has a misgiving that he wants "advice". I am sure he does; and I therefore write this to leave when I call upon you, in case you should not be at home, to ask you if you will let me know in one line when I may bring him round to you.[†3]

I beg my kind regards to Lady Olliffe.[†4]

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Olliffe

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 13 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Hôtel Meurice, Paris | Tuesday Thirteenth February 1855.

My Dear Mr. Phelps.

I left town on Sunday, on a ten days' or fortnight's visit to France, and had not had time to write a line to you.

A note I received from Buckstone a day or two before I came away, leads me to infer that some communication had taken place between you and him on the subject of Mr. Saunders's play; and that you

knew before I did, that Mrs. Martyn's[†5] arrangements could not be made to tally with yours, and that the Haymarket project could not be carried out.[†6]

What I wish to communicate to you in this condition of the matter, is, that I will see Mr. Saunders as soon as I return, and immediately afterwards convey to you his wish as to the Play's remaining in your hands. There has not been the least delay on our side. Buckstone's note to which I have referred, was in answer to one of mine, urging him to report progress.

The Exhibition building is fast approaching to completion here,[†7] and great things are expected in the way of a prodigious influx of visitors.[†8] If Mitchell carry out the idea you mentioned to me, and if it be well executed, I imagine that an English

Theatre will be a hit.[†1] All the French Theatres are at work as usual, and everybody seems to go to all of them, though the Snow lies thick and the cold is severe. What a model people!

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 13 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Comédie Française.

Hôtel Meurice | Tuesday Thirteenth February | 1855.

My Dear Regnier.

I am extremely sorry to have missed you to day. We returned, five minutes after you had called.

The apartment is excellent. Nothing could be better, or more exactly what I wished to have.

Do not hurry yourself in the morning. I shall not go out until I have seen you, nor have I anything to call me out until the middle of the day.

With kind regards to Madame | Ever My Dear Regnier | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13-14 FEBRUARY 1855]

Extract in F, VII, v, 604-5. *Date:* CD arrived in Paris on the evening of 12 Feb; he had seen Lemaître act before 16 Feb (*To* Miss Hogarth, that day); probably 13 or 14 Feb.

Incomparably the finest acting I ever saw, I saw last night at the Ambigu.[†2] They have revived that old piece, once immensely popular in London under the name of *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*.[†3] Old Lemaître[†4] plays his famous character,[†5] and never did I see anything, in art, so exaltedly horrible and awful. In the earlier acts he was so well made up, and so light and active, that he really looked sufficiently

young. But in the last two, when he had grown old and miserable, he did the finest things, I really believe, that are within the power of acting. Two or three times, a great cry of horror went all round the house. When he met, in the inn yard, the traveller whom he murders, and first saw his money, the manner in which the crime came into his head—and eyes—was as truthful as it was terrific. This traveller, being

a good fellow, gives him wine. You should see the dim remembrance of his better days that comes over him as he takes the glass, and in a strange dazed way makes as if he were going to touch the other man's, or do some airy thing with it; and then stops and flings the contents down his hot throat, as if he were pouring it into a limekiln. But this was nothing to what follows after he has done the murder, and comes home, with a basket of provisions, a ragged pocket full of money, and a badly-washed bloody right hand—which his little girl finds out. After the child asked him if he had hurt his hand, his going aside, turning himself round, and looking over all his clothes for spots, was so inexpressibly dreadful that it really scared one. He called for wine, and the sickness that came upon him when he saw the colour, was one of the things that brought out the curious cry I have spoken of from the audience. Then he fell into a sort of bloody mist, and went on to the end groping about, with no mind for anything, except making his fortune by staking this money, and a faint dull kind of love for the child. It is quite impossible to satisfy one's-self by saying enough of such a magnificent performance. I have never seen him come near its finest points in anything else. He said two things in a way that alone would put him far apart from all other actors. One to his wife, when he has exultingly shewn her the money, and she has asked him how he got it—"I found it"[†1]—and the other to his old companion and tempter, when he was charged by him with having killed that traveller, and suddenly went headlong mad and took him by the throat and howled out, "It wasn't I who murdered him—it was Misery!" And such a dress; such a face; and, above all, such an extraordinary guilty wicked thing as he made of a knotted branch of a tree which was his walking-stick, from the moment when the idea of the murder came into his head! I could write pages about him. It is an impression quite ineffaceable. He got half-boastful of that walking-staff to himself, and half-afraid of it; and didn't know whether to be grimly pleased that it had the jagged end, or to hate it and be horrified at it. He sat at a little table in the inn-yard, drinking with the traveller; and this horrible stick got between them like the Devil, while he counted on his fingers the uses he could put the money to.[†2]

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 14 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Comédie Française.

Hôtel Meurice | Fourteenth February 1855

My Dear Regnier

Collins not being very well has seen Dr. Olliffe, and the Doctor has given him some strong medicine, and has cautioned him not to go out in the snow for two or three days, except in a carriage and then well wrapped up. I think therefore, mon

cher, that we had better postpone our visit to the Musée[†1] and the Hôtel de Ville[†2] until *Saturday*. If I do not see you or hear from you to the contrary in the meantime, we shall expect you on Saturday at the same hour—2 o'Clock.

Always My Dear Regnier | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WINTER, 15 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Hôtel Meurice, Paris | Thursday Fifteenth February 1855.

My Dear Mrs. Winter. (I had half a mind when I dipped my pen in the ink, to address you by your old natural Christian name.)[†3]

The snow lies so deep on the Northern Railway, and the Posts have been so interrupted in consequence,[†4] that your charming note arrived here only this morning. I reply by return of post, with a general idea that Sarah will come to Finsbury Place[†5] with a basket and a face of good-humoured compassion, and carry the letter away, and leave me as desolate as she used to do.

I get the heartache again when I read your commission, written in the hand which I find now to be not in the least changed, and yet it is a great pleasure to be entrusted with it, and to have that share in your gentler remembrances which I cannot find it still my privilege to have, without a stirring of the old fancies. I need not tell you that it shall be executed to the letter—with as much interest as I once matched a little pair of gloves for you which I recollect were blue ones.[†6] (I wonder whether people generally wore blue gloves when I was nineteen, or whether it was only you!) I am very very sorry you mistrusted me in not writing before your little girl was born;[†7] but I hope now you know me better you will teach her, one day, to tell her children, in times to come when they may have some interest in wondering about it, that I loved her mother with the most extraordinary earnestness when I was a boy.

I have always believed since, and always shall to the last, that there never was such a faithful and devoted poor fellow as I was. Whatever of fancy, romance, energy, passion, aspiration and determination belong to me, I never have separated and never shall separate from the hard hearted little woman—you—whom it is nothing to say I would have died for, with the greatest alacrity! I never can think, and I never seem to observe, that other young people are in such desperate earnest, or set so much, so long, upon one absorbing hope. It is a matter of perfect certainty

to me that I began to fight my way out of poverty and obscurity, with one perpetual idea of you. This is so fixed in my knowledge that to the hour when I opened your letter last Friday night, I have never heard anybody addressed by your name or spoken of by your name, without a start. The sound of it has always filled me with a kind of pity and respect for the deep truth that I had, in my silly hobbledehoyhood, to bestow upon one creature who represented the whole world to me. I have never been so good a man since, as I was when you made me wretchedly happy. I shall never be half so good a fellow any more.

This is all so strange now, both to think of, and to say, after every change that has come about; but I think, when you ask me to write to you, you are not unprepared for what it is so natural to me to recal, and will not be displeased to read it. I fancy,—though you may not have thought in the old time how manfully I loved you—that you may have seen in one of my books a faithful reflection of the passion I had for you, and may have thought that it was something to have been loved so well, and may have seen in little bits of "Dora" touches of your old self sometimes, and a grace here and there that may be revived in your little girls, years hence, for the bewilderment of some other young lover—though he will never be as terribly in earnest as I and David Copperfield were. People used to say to me how pretty all that was, and how fanciful it was, and how elevated it was above the little foolish loves of very young men and women. But they little thought what reason I had to know it was true and nothing more nor less.

These are things that I have locked up in my own breast, and that I never thought to bring out any more. But when I find myself writing to you again "all to your self", how can I forbear to let as much light in upon them as will shew you that they are there still! If the most innocent, the most ardent, and the most disinterested days of my life had you for their Sun—as indeed they had—and if I know that the Dream I lived in did me good, refined my heart, and made me patient and persevering, and if the Dream were all of you—as God knows it was—how can I receive a confidence from you, and return it, and make a feint of blotting all this out!

As I have said, I fancy that you know all about it quite as well as I do, however. I have a strong belief—there is no harm in adding hope to that—that perhaps you have once or twice laid down that book, and thought "How dearly that boy must have loved me, and how vividly this man remembers it!"

I shall be here until Tuesday or Wednesday. If the snow allows this letter to come to you in the meantime, perhaps it would allow one to come to me "all to myself", if you were to try it. A number of recollections came into my head when I began, and I meant to have gone through a string of them and to have asked you if they lived in your mind too. But they all belong to the one I have indulged in—half pleasantly, half painfully—and are all swallowed up in that,—so let them go.

My Dear Mrs. Winter | Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]I wonder what has become of a bundle of letters I sent you back once (according to order)[†1] tied with a blue ribbon, of the color of the gloves.[†a]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 FEBRUARY 1855

Text from MDGH, I, 385-7. *Address* (envelope, MS Yale University Library): Angleterre | Miss Hogarth | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square London.

Hotel Meurice, Paris, Friday, Feb. 16th, 1855.

My dear Georgy

I heard from home last night; but the posts are so delayed and put out by the snow, that they come in at all sorts of times except the right times, and utterly defy all calculation. Will you tell Catherine with my love, that I will write to her again tomorrow afternoon; I hope she may then receive my letter by Monday morning, and in it I purpose telling her when I may be expected home. The weather is so severe and the roads are so bad, that the journey to and from Bordeaux seems out of the question. We have made up our minds to abandon it for the present, and to return about Tuesday night or Wednesday. Collins continues in a queer state, but is perfectly cheerful under the stoppage of his wine and other afflictions.

We have a beautiful apartment, very elegantly furnished, very thickly carpeted, and as warm as any apartment in Paris *can* be in such weather. We are very well waited on and looked after. We breakfast at ten, read and write till two, and then I go out walking all over Paris, while the invalid sits by the fire or is deposited in a café. We dine at five, in a different restaurant every day, and at seven or so go to the theatre—sometimes to two theatres, sometimes to three. We get home about twelve, light the fire, and drink lemonade, to which *I* add rum. We go to bed between one and two. I live in peace, like an elderly gentleman, and regard myself as in a negative state of virtue and respectability.

The theatres are not particularly good, but I have seen Lemaître act in the most wonderful and astounding manner. I am afraid we must go to the Opéra Comique on Sunday.[†1] To-morrow we dine with Regnier and to-day with the Olliffes.

"La Joie fait Peur,"[†2] at the Français,[†3] delighted me. Exquisitely played[†4] and beautifully imagined altogether. Last night we went to the Porte St. Martin[†5] to see a piece (English subject) called "Jane Osborne,"[†6] which the characters pronounce "Ja Nosbornnne." The seducer was Lord Nottingham.[†7] The comic Englishwoman's name (she kept lodgings and was a very bad character) was Missees Christmas. She

had begun to get into great difficulties with a gentleman of the name of Meestair Cornhill, when we were obliged to leave, at the end of the first act, by the intolerable stench of the place. The whole theatre must be standing over some vast cesspool. It was so alarming that I instantly rushed into a café and had brandy.

My ear has gradually become so accustomed to French, that I understand the people at the theatres (for the first time) with perfect ease and satisfaction. I walked about with Regnier for an hour and a half yesterday, and received many compliments on my angelic manner of speaking the celestial language. There is a winter Franconi's[†1] now, high up on the Boulevards, just like the round theatre on the Champs Elysées,[†2] and as bright and beautiful. A clown from Astley's[†3] is all in high favour there at present. He talks slang English (being evidently an idiot), as if he felt a perfect confidence that everybody understands him. His name is Boswell,[†4] and the whole cirque rang last night with cries for Boz Zwillll! Boz Zweellll! Boz Zwuallll! etc. etc. etc. etc.

I must begin to look out for the box of bon-bons for the noble and fascinating Plornish-Maroon. Give him my love and a thousand kisses.

Loves to Mamey, Katey, Sydney, Harry, and the following stab to Anne—she forgot to pack me any shaving soap.

Ever, my dear Georgy, most affectionately yours

[CD.]

P.S.—Collins sends kind regards.

To W. H. WILLS, 16 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Hôtel Meurice, Paris | Friday Sixteenth February 1855

My Dear Wills

I received your letter yesterday evening. The posts are delayed,[†5] the roads feet deep in snow, the cold is intense, and going on to Bordeaux appears to be out of the question. I have not yet seen the list of trains and boats, but purpose arranging to return about Tuesday or Wednesday. In the meantime I am living like Gil Blas[†6] and doing nothing.[†7]

I am very much obliged to you indeed, for the trouble you have kindly and promptly taken about the little Freehold. It is clear to me that its merits resolve themselves into the view and the spot. If I had more money, these considerations might—with me—over-top all others. But as it is, I consider the matter quite

disposed of—finally settled in the negative—and to be thought no more about. I shall not go down and look at it, as I could add nothing to your report.

Paris is finer than ever, and I go wandering about it all day. We dine at all manner of places, and go to two or three Theatres in the evening. I suppose, as an old Farmer said of Scott, I am "makin mysel", all the time;[†1] but I seem to be rather a free and easy sort of superior Vagabond.

I live in continual terror of Poole, and am strongly fortified within doors; with a means of retreat into my bedroom always ready. Up to the present blessed moment, his staggering form has not appeared.

As to yesterday's post from England,[†2] I have not at the present time the slightest idea where it may be. It is under the snow somewhere, I suppose, but nobody expects it and Galignani[†3] reprints every morning leaders from the Times of about a fortnight or three weeks old.[†4]

Collins, who is not very well, sends his "penitent regards", and says he is enjoying himself as much as a man with the weight of a broken promise[†5] on his conscience can.

Ever My Dear Wills | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, [17 FEBRUARY 1855]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 16 Feb 55. *Date:* the day after that letter.

Telling her when he might be expected home.

To LADY OLLIFFE, 18 FEBRUARY 1855

Extract in N, II, 631, from catalogue source.

Hotel Meurice, Paris | 18th February 1855.

Delighted to have this three-cornered wave of your hand[†6] at parting. I have set my grosser hand to this work[†7] with unusual pleasure. Think of me sometimes until we meet again.

To SAMUEL WILDERSPIN,[†1] 22 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Dr Young. *Address:* Samuel Wilderspin Esquire | Moor Cottage | Wakefield | Yorkshire.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Second February | 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Samuel Wilderspin, and regrets that he cannot possibly comply with Mr. Wilderspin's request.[†2]

To MRS WINTER, 22 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Second February 1855

My Dear Maria.

The old writing is so plain to *me,* that I have read your letter with great ease (though it is just a little crossed), and have not lost a word of it. I was obliged to leave Paris on Tuesday Morning before the Post came in; but I took such precautions to prevent the possibility of any mischance, that the letter came close behind me. I arrived at home last night, and it followed me this morning. No one but myself has the slightest knowledge of my correspondence, I may add in this place. I could be nowhere addressed with stricter privacy or in more absolute confidence than at my own house.

Ah! Though it is so late to read in the old hand what I never read before, I have read it with great emotion, and with the old tenderness softened to a more sorrowful remembrance than I could easily tell you. How it all happened as it did, we shall never know on this side of Time; but if you had ever told me then what you tell me now, I know myself well enough to be thoroughly assured that the simple truth and energy which were in my love would have overcome everything. I remember well that long after I came of age—I say long; well! It seemed long then—I wrote to you for the last time of all, with a dawn upon me of some sensible idea that we were changing into man and woman, saying Would you forget our little

differences and separations and let us begin again? You answered me very coldly and reproachfully,—and so I went my way.[†3]

But nobody can ever know with what a sad heart I resigned you, or after what struggles and what a conflict. My entire devotion to you, and the wasted tenderness of those hard years which I have ever since half loved half dreaded to recall, made so deep an impression on me that I refer to it a habit of suppression which now belongs to me, which I know is no part of my original nature, but which makes me chary of shewing my affections, even to my children, except when they are very young.[†4] A few years ago (just before Copperfield) I began to write my life,[†5] intending the

Manuscript to be found among my papers when its subject should be concluded. But as I began to approach within sight of that part of it, I lost courage and burned the rest.[†1] I have never blamed you at all, but I have believed until now that you never had the stake in that serious game which I had.

All this mist passes away before your earnest words; and when I find myself to have been in your mind at that thoughtful crisis in your life[†2] which you so unaffectedly and feelingly describe, I am quite subdued and strangely enlightened. When poor Fanny died (I think she always knew that I never could bear to hear of you as of any common person) we were out of town,[†3] and I never heard of your having been in Devonshire Terrace—least of all in my room! I never heard of you in association with that time, until I read your letter to day. I could not, however—really *could not*[†4]—at any time within these nineteen years, have been so unmindful of my old truth, and have so set my old passion aside, as to talk to you like a person in any ordinary relation towards me. And this I think is the main reason on my side why the few opportunities that there have been of our seeing one another again, have died out.

All this again you have changed and set right—at once so courageously, so delicately and gently, that you open the way to a confidence between us which still once more,[†5] in perfect innocence and good faith, may be between ourselves alone. All that you propose, I accept with my whole heart. Whom can you ever trust if it be not your old lover! Lady Olliffe asked me in Paris the other day (we are, in our way, confidential you must know) whether it was really true that I used to love Maria Beadnell so very, very, very much? I told her that there was no woman in the world, and there were very few men, who could ever imagine how much.

You are always the same in my remembrance. When you say you are "toothless, fat, old, and ugly"[†6] (which I don't believe), I fly away to the house in Lombard Street which is pulled down, as if it were necessary that the very bricks and mortar should go the way of my airy castles, and see you in a sort of raspberry colored dress with a little black trimming at the top—black velvet it seems to be made of—cut into vandykes—an immense number of vandykes—with my boyish heart pinned like a captured butterfly on every one of them. I have never seen a girl play the harp, from that day to this, but my attention has been instantly arrested, and that drawing room has stood before me so plainly that I could write a most accurate description of it. I remember that there used to be a tendency in your eyebrows to join together; and sometimes in the most unlikely places—in Scotland, America, Italy—on the stateliest occasions and the most unceremonious—when I have been talking to a strange face and have observed even such a slight association as this in it, I have

suddenly been carried away at the rate of a thousand miles a second, and have thought "Maria Beadnell!" When we were falling off from each other, I came from the House of Commons many a night at two or three o'Clock in the morning, only to wander past the place you were asleep in. And I have gone over that ground within these twelve months,[†1] hoping it was not ungrateful to consider whether any reputation the world can bestow, is repayment to a man for the loss of such a vision of his youth as mine. You ask me to treasure what you tell me, in my heart of hearts. O see what I have cherished there, through all this[†2] time and all these changes!

In the course of Saturday I will write to you at Artillery Place,[†3] sending the little brooches and telling you when Catherine will come—not forgetting the little Niece,[†4] though I don't expect her to remind me of Somebody or Anybody. And now to what I have reserved for the last.

I am a dangerous man to be seen with, for so many people know me. At St. Paul's, the Dean and the whole chapter know me. In Paternoster Row[†5] of all places, the very tiles and chimney pots know me. At first I a little hesitated whether or no to advise you to forego that interview or suggest another—principally because what would be very natural and probable a fortnight hence, seems scarcely so probable now. Still I should very much like to see you before we meet when others are by—I feel it as it were, so necessary to our being at ease—and unless I hear from you to the contrary, you may expect to encounter a stranger whom you may suspect to be the right person if he wears a moustache. You would not like better to call here on Sunday, asking first for Catherine and then for me? It is almost a positive certainty that there will be no one here but I, between 3 and 4. I make this suggestion, knowing what odd coincidences take place in streets, when they are not wanted to happen; though I know them to be so unlikely, that I should not think of such a thing if any one but you were concerned. If you think you would not like to come here, make no change. I will come there.

I cannot trust myself to begin afresh, or I should have *my* remembrances of our separation, and think yours hard to me. I remember poor Anne writing to me once, (in answer to some burst of low-spirited madness of mine), and saying "My dear Charles, I really cannot understand Maria, or venture to take the responsibility of saying what the state of her affections is"—and she added, I recollect, God bless her, a long quotation about Patience and Time. Well, well. It was not to be, until Patience and Time[†6] should bring us round together thus—

Remember. I accept all with my whole soul, and reciprocate all.

Ever Your Affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

Friday Twenty Third February 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

This is to enquire whether you are at home. *I* am; the Road to Bordeaux from Paris, being blocked up with Snow. If you are in Stratton Street, I will call at any time tomorrow before 5 that may suit you best.

With kind regards

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To LIEUT. GENERAL SIR CHARLES PASLEY,[†1] 23 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Third February 1855

Dear Sir Charles.

I have been in Paris, but find your note on my return and immediately answer it.

If I should be so fortunate as to be disengaged on the day you may propose, I assure you it will give me very sincere pleasure to accept the occasion of becoming known to your son[†2]—in whom I am already much interested, both by your account and by our friend Elliotson's.

I had the pleasure of calling on you in the autumn, at your Boulogne Hotel; but you were gone away,[†3] and they vaguely reported that you had left for Switzerland.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Lieutenant General Sir Charles W Pasley

To MISS KING, 24 FEBRUARY 1855

Text from MDGH, III, 164.

Tavistock House, 24th February, 1855.

My dear Miss King

I have gone carefully over your story again,[†4] and quite agree with you that the

episode of the clergyman[†1] could be told in a very few lines. Startling as I know it will appear to you, I am bound to say that I think the purpose of the whole tale would be immensely strengthened by great compression. I doubt if it could not be told more forcibly in half the space.

It is certainly too long for "Household Words," and I fear my idea of it is too short for you. I am, if possible, more unwilling than I was at first to decline it; but the more I have considered it, the longer it has seemed to grow. Nor can I ask you to try to present it free from that objection, because I already perceive the difficulty, and pain, of such an effort.[†2]

To the best of my knowledge, you are wrong about the Lady at last, and to the best of my observation, you do not express what you explain yourself to mean in the case of the Italian attendant.[†3] I have met with such talk in the romances of Maturin's time[†4]—certainly never in Italian life.

These, however, are slight points easily to be compromised in an hour. The great obstacle I must leave wholly to your own judgment, in looking over the tale again.

Believe me always, very faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 24 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth February 1855

My Dear Tracey

I have just come home from Paris and found your letter on my table—for which, many thanks!

The drying-closet for Scutari is being made. I have been greatly prepossessed by Mr. Jeakes.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

If I can get to the Athenæum from another engagement on Monday, I will not forget your request.[†5]

To MRS WINTER, 24 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Fourth February | 1855.

My Dear Mrs. Winter[†1]

I have had fearful suspicions on my way home from Paris, that those little bits of velvet which are worn round the neck, ought to fasten with a sort of clasp; but the disinterested merchant with whom I executed your Commission, assured me that the little ornaments I enclose were the right things, and would adjust such bits of velvet, "of a manner very ravishing". He was so rapturous in the expression I translate, so excessively voluble on the subject, and so injured in his honor by my harboring the least doubt, that I meekly submitted to him.

So here they are, right or wrong. The smaller one with the blue stones, I designed for your little girl; the other for yourself. You must let me give them to you. They are of no worth, except as a remembrance.

I should have brought your baby a toy, but that the only packable toys I saw, were all hideous—saucer eyed creatures bursting out of boxes—and dreadful old men and women with inflamed noses.

Catherine proposes to come to you on Tuesday at between halfpast two and three, when a day must be arranged for your and Mr. Winter's dining with us. And while I think of it, pray let me expressly stipulate for your bringing Margaret's daughter[†2] with you. What you say of her makes me wish to see her very much, and I should venture to send my love to her by name, if I could make out whether you call her Pebby—or Pebbly—or Mebby—or Webbly. Being quite unable to settle this point to my satisfaction (though you write with such astonishing plainness), I send my love to her as your niece and her mother's child.

Believe me ever | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Winter.

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, 25 FEBRUARY 1855

MS St Pancras Public Libraries (Highgate Branch).

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Fifth February 1855 | Sunday

My Dear Olliffe

As soon as I came home, I communicated with Playfair[†3] on the subject we spoke of. The best report I can make, is to send you his written account of the question.[†4] Here it is.

The thaw here (which began yesterday morning) is of a very earnest description. Everything is weeping. All the buildings have severe colds in their heads, all the

window-sills are in the first stage of measles,[†1] all the water pipes are bursting, all the streets are great black heaps of mud.

Five hundred thousand pairs of pattens[†2] are now going to Church, and the Bells are making such an intolerable uproar[†3] that I can't hear myself think.

[†a]Mrs. Dickens and Georgina send innumerable loves to Lady Olliffe (I add my own), and[†a] I don't know what is to be done to her if she ever comes to London again without writing word of her arrival.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Olliffe

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 26 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth February 1855

My Dear Mr. Ryland

Charley came home, I assure you, perfectly delighted with his visit to you, and rapturous in his accounts of your great kindness to him.

It appears to me that the first question in reference to my reading (I have not advanced an inch in my Copperfield trials by the bye), is, whether you think you could devise any plan in connexion with the room at Dee's,[†4] which would certainly bring my help in money up to £500. That is what I want. If it could be done by a subscription for two nights for instance, I would not be chary of my time and trouble. But if you cannot see your way clearly to that result in that connexion, then I think it would be better to wait until we can have the Town Hall at Christmas. I have promised to read, about Christmas time, at Sheffield and at Peterboro'. I *could* add Birmingham to the list then, if need were. But what I want is, to give the Institution in all £500. That is my object, and nothing less will satisfy me.

Will you think it over—taking counsel with whomsoever you please—and let me know what conclusion you arrive at. Only think of me as subservient to the Institution.

My Dear Mr. Ryland | always Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh February 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

Brighton—no I dont mean Brighton—Ramsgate—at least not Ramsgate but Pardon, Pardon!

I said I was disengaged on Brighton—I mean Saturday. I had not put down in my pocket book that I had positively pledged myself to go to a Theatre in the Bedford Hotel[†1]—I mean, City—to see a certain Miss Glynn.[†2] The promise was obtained from me, three Brightons—I mean weeks—ago; and only this morning I remembered it. I am really bound to go, as the night was fixed upon the faith of my promise.

I should be perfectly distracted if I didn't hope that although you never—let me emphatically repeat it, and call Mrs. Brown to witness—never!—make a mistake, you will still forgive a miserable driveller.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MADAME PULSZKY,[†3] 27 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS National Széchényi Library, Budapest.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Evening Twenty Seventh Feby. 1855

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Madame Pulszky, and begs to express his great regret that the accompanying Verses are not adapted to the purposes of Household Words.[†4] He may be allowed to add that he has read them with much interest notwithstanding, and that he did not require even the word of his respected friend Sir Charles Lyell,[†5] to be prepossessed in favor of so esteemed a correspondent as Madame Pulszky.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [28 FEBRUARY 1855]

Mention in *To* Cartwright, 28 Feb 1855. *Date:* written the same day.

Inviting him to dine and meet Tauchnitz.

To JULES BENEDICT, 28 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Evening | Twenty Eighth February 1855

My Dear Benedict.

A German friend of mine—Tauchnitz of Leipsig—is flying through London, and is coming to dine here tomorrow at half past 6. I have a romantic idea (being of a poetical temperament) that you may by some wonderful chance be disengaged on this railroad-notice. If you should be and will come so unceremoniously, I shall hold myself evermore under an obligation to my German friend for procuring me the pleasure of seeing you.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Jules Benedict Esquire

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 28 FEBRUARY 1855*

MS Stanford University Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Evening | Twenty Eighth February 1855

My Dear Cartwright

I have a romantic idea (which I cherish as a proof of my natural buoyancy), that you may by some wonderful chance be disengaged *tomorrow.* A German friend of mine is flying through London, and I write to Ainsworth and David Roberts to come and dine at half past six. If you come too, I shall consider myself a kind of Seer. If you don't, I shall respect the gallantry with which I volunteered on the present Forlorn Hope.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Cartwright Esquire.

To DAVID ROBERTS, [28 FEBRUARY 1855]

Mention in last. *Date:* written the same day.

Inviting him to dine and meet Tauchnitz.

To DAVID ROBERTS, 28 FEBRUARY 1855

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth February 1855

My Dear David Roberts.

I hope to make it quite plain to you in a few words, why I think it right to stay

away from the Lord Mayor's Dinner to the Club.[†1] If I did not feel a kind of rectitude involved in my non-acceptance of his invitation, your note would immediately induce me to change my mind.

Entertaining a strong opinion on the subject of the City Corporation as it stands, and the absurdity of its pretensions in an age perfectly different in all conceivable respects from that to which it properly belonged as a Reality, I have expressed that opinion on more than one occasion within a year or so, in Household Words.[†2] I do not think it consistent with my respect for myself or for the art I profess, to blow hot and cold in the same breath—to laugh at the Institution in print, and accept the hospitality of its representative while the ink is staring us all in the face. There is a great deal too much of this among us, and it does not elevate the earnestness or delicacy of literature.

This is my sole consideration. Personally, I have always met the present Lord Mayor on the most agreeable terms, and I think him an excellent one. As between you and me and him, I cannot have the slightest objection to your telling him the truth. On a more private occasion when he was not keeping his State, I should be delighted to interchange any courtesy with that honorable and liberal gentleman Mr. Moon.

Believe me always | Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire.

March

To MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU, [?1 MARCH 1855]

Mention in next. *Date:* shortly before that letter.

Concurring with her on the need for teaching domestic subjects in schools.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 MARCH 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Second March 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Will you let Mr. Brown know that the designation of "the man"[†3] is

Mr. George Phillips[†4]
From the Factory of Mr. Jeakes
Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

I enclose the letter I spoke of, from Miss Martineau.[†5] I wrote her in reply that I

thoroughly concurred with her, and that as to you, I knew the point to have attracted your attention[†1] and to have been practically advanced in your Schools.[†2]

Charley's crowning German Memorandum[†3] (also enclosed) was in my pocket to day, but I forgot it.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

Memorandum. Charley at Leipzig.
Charley.[†4]

M. Taüchnitz of Leipzig brought me his arrears of the various accounts (from the 3rd of December 1853 to the close of last year), a day or two ago.[†5] The Balancesheet makes the total of his payments to the various Professors &c, £*183. 6. 0*[†6]

To MARK LEMON, 2 MARCH 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Second March 1855

My Dear Mark.

I have pledged myself in a dread and solemn manner to go to the Standard[†7] tomorrow night, to see—she calls it "recognize"—Miss Glyn, who has forwarded Box for that purpose.[†8] Can you go?[†9] I shall have to be in the City first, and we might meet at any dirty dining-house at ½ past 5.[†10]

A word in answer.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 4 MARCH 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fourth March 1855

My Dear Collins.

I have to report another failure on the part of our friend Williams,[†1] last night. He so confounded an enlightened British Audience at the Standard Theatre on the subject of Antony and Cleopatra,[†2] that I clearly saw them wondering towards the end of the Fourth Act, when the play was going to begin.

A man much heavier than Mark (in the actual scale, I mean), and about twenty years older, played Cæsar.[†3] When he came on with a Map of London—pretending it was a scroll and making believe to read it—and said, "He calls me Boy"[†4]—a howl of derision arose from the Audience which you probably heard in the Park,[†5] without knowing what occasioned it. All the smaller characters, having their speeches much upon their minds, came in and let them off without the slightest reference to cues. And Miss Glyn, in some entirely new conception of her art, "read" her part like a Patter song—several lines on end with the rapidity of Charles Mathews,[†6] and then one very long word. It was very brightly and creditably got up, but (as I have said) Williams did not carry the Audience and I don't think the Sixty Pounds a week will be got back by the Manager.[†7]

You will have the goodness to picture me to yourself—alone—in profound solitude—in an abyss of despair—ensconced in a small Managerial Private Box in the very centre of the House—frightfully sleepy (I had a dirty steak in the City first, and I think they must have put Laudanum into the Harvey's sauce),[†8] and played at, point blank, by the entire strength of the Company.[†9] The terrors in which I constantly woke up, and found myself detected, you will imagine. The gentle Glyn on being called for, heaved her snowy bosom straight at me, and the box keeper informed me that the Manager who brought her on would "have the honor of stepping round directly." I sneaked away in the most craven and dastardly manner, and made an utterly false representation that I was coming back again.

If you will give me one glass of hot gin and water on Thursday or Friday Evening, I will come up at about 8* o'Clock with a cigar in my pocket, and inspect the Hospital.[†10] I am afraid this relaxing weather will tell a little faintly on your medicine, but I hope you will soon begin to see land beyond the Hunterian Ocean.[†11]

I have been writing and planning and making notes over an immense number of little bits of paper[†1] and I never can write legibly under such circumstances.

Always Cordially Yours

CD.

* Intended for EIGHT

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 MARCH 1855†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Monday Morning Fifth March 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I shall be delighted to dine with you tomorrow. But it is Mary's birthday, and Mrs. Dickens and Georgina being under pledges to do the honors to three or four "young persons" on that auspicious occasion, are reluctantly obliged to stay at home.

If I should not be able to come in good time to day, I will not come at all. I find myself compelled to attend to some Household Words business.—I am devising a new tree with the old green leaves, afar off, and it makes me submit myself to Mr. Wills whenever he can lay hold of me—that is to say, a little irregularly. I should very much like however to see the General of that gallant little force,[†2] and (like an old friend of mine)[†3] shall "make an effort".

Will you read the enclosed note,[†4] and let me know in one word if I may say yes, in reply? Of course I will take care about price &c first. I know the machines in question, and they are extremely simple. [They *must* be, for I can understand them].

My Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 MARCH 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

Monday Fifth March 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

It is very kind of you indeed. I write hastily, hoping to make an end here and get round to Stratton Street before the General leaves you. We are in a heap of conglomerated business.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 5 MARCH 1855

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Monday Fifth March 1855

My Dear Mark

It's not today. Its this day week.[†1] What are you up to?

I am engaged to dine with Hardwick the Magistrate, today. But if anybody was to come round and particularly propose—in short, anything—down a Railroad or anywhere—I am in a Spring humour and might be false to him.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 5 MARCH 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Fifth March 1855

My Dear Mark.

I will expect you here, from and after 3.[†2]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY MARCH 1855]

Extract in F, I, iii, 49. *Date:* before disillusionment set in: see below and *To* Mrs Winter, 10 Mar.

I don't quite apprehend what you mean by my over-rating the strength of the feeling of five-and-twenty years ago.[†3] If you mean of my own feeling, and will only

think what the desperate intensity of my nature is, and that this began when I was Charley's age; that it excluded every other idea from my mind for four years, at a time of life when four years are equal to four times four; and that I went at it with a determination to overcome all the difficulties, which fairly lifted me up into that newspaper life, and floated me away over a hundred men's heads: then you are wrong, because nothing can exaggerate that. I have positively stood amazed at myself ever since!—And so I suffered, and

so worked, and so beat and hammered away at the maddest romances that ever got into any boy's head and stayed there, that to see the mere cause of it all, now, loosens my hold upon myself. Without for a moment sincerely believing that it would have been better if we had never got separated, I cannot see the occasion of so much emotion as I should see anyone else. No one can imagine in the most distant degree what pain the recollection gave me in *Copperfield*. And, just as I can never open that book as I open any other book, I cannot see the face (even at four-and-forty), or hear the voice, without going wandering away over the ashes of all that youth and hope in the wildest manner.[†1]

To DUDLEY COSTELLO, 7 MARCH 1855*

MS Washington University Libraries.

Tavistock House | Seventh March 1855.

My Dear Costello.

Many thanks for the Color Serjeant's letter[†2] and your previous help.[†3] I am rather more than doubtful after all, whether I shall touch the subject just now.[†4] I do not quite see my way down it.

I think we brought our silent system from America,[†5] and that Belgium and Switzerland took theirs from a combination of the opposite sides of the Atlantic. I can at any time bring you acquainted with every nook and corner of Tracey's prison,[†6] but I am not clear of the interest of the subject you propose. Both the associated silent system and the solitary system have been over and over again described, and those must be very special improvements indeed (I think),

which would make the Market of such a very large whole Hog[†1] a good topic for H. W.[†2]

But I dine there[†3] tomorrow at halfpast five. If you are disengaged, will you come there and dine too, and we can talk it over?

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

If Yes, send a line straight to Wills, that he may order another Marrow-bone.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 MARCH 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eighth March 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

The address of Mrs. Thompson is, 23 Bute Street Old Brompton.

After I left you yesterday, I went into the City and saw the Secretary of that Protection Institution[†4]—in a sort of china-closet at the back of a first floor in the Poultry.[†5] They clearly want to use the case[†6] as an advertizing Puff of their establishment, and don't desire to part with it—evidently looking

upon the girl as so much Capital.[†7] After a short conversation, in which the Secretary enunciated a great deal of perilous nonsense (in reference to which I politely suggested to him afar off, that he knew nothing of what he was talking about), I left the matter thus. That if they ever desired to make application for the girl's admission into your Home, it should be considered, but that the case must even then stand upon its own merits and suitability to your Institution. I would not at any time give them money;—I fear a good deal of trading Cant prevails in the concern.

The price of the drying machine[†8] will be 18 guineas. I have told Mr. Jeakes it must be ready to go with the Drying closet, or you won't have it. I am now pressing upon him the necessity of expediting the Shipment.

I think I have just got the best Ghost story (sent by a lady[†9] for Household Words) that ever was written,[†10] and with an idea in it remarkably new.[†11] My hand is stayed

for the moment, however, by an apprehension that the lady cannot have written it. It is so very clever, that I think (though I never saw or heard of it), it must have been written by some wild Frenchman[†1]—and I am trying to find out.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU, [8 MARCH 1855]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the same day.

Explaining Miss Coutts's concern with Whitelands.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 MARCH 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Thursday Eighth March 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have safely received the money here, and will duly settle—indeed have already settled—all the outstanding German accounts. I never thank you on Charley's behalf because—how can I!

Only to day, I wrote again to Miss Martineau, explaining, as well as I could, the pains you had taken at Whitelands[†2]—which I know will be a source of great comfort and interest to her. I shall be delighted to send her what you mention[†3] whenever you give it me. I hope she may live[†4] to receive that additional cheer.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES C. SHAW,[†1] [?2-8] MARCH 1855

Summary from South Eastern Railway Mechanics' Institute Minutes Book, 9 Mar 55 (MS PRO) *Date:* CD's reply to Shaw's letter of 1 Mar: see *To* Shaw, 17 Mar; reported to the Institute's Council Meeting, 9 Mar.

Offering to read A Christmas Carol *and stating that in the event of the Council of the South Eastern Railway Mechanics' Institute accepting his offer, he would require a platform with no one on it but himself and no one behind him.*[†2]

To MARK LEMON, 9 MARCH 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening Ninth March 1855

My Dear Mark

I feel that I *must* go.[†3] But if you will say (by your silence in acknowledgment of this), that you will go too, I will wait for you here until you are ready. On reflection, I don't see the least reason why after 8 should not do as well as after 7.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To FREDERICK MAYNARD, [9 MARCH 1855]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the day before.

About his sister Mrs Thompson.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 MARCH 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Saturday Tenth March 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

I wrote yesterday (necessarily therefore before I received your note), to the brother.[†4] I told him all that you had before you[†5] in reference to the sister, and I said

"let me now particularly impress upon your sister, through you, that on her thorough earnestness, patience, and perseverance, at this point in her life, her own future and that of her child undoubtedly depend." I added that I would see her, or him, or both, any Sunday at half past one. I will take such opportunity of repeating the caution. I stated the case however, in the plainest and strongest manner that I could possibly

employ; and I did so in writing, to the end that it might make a more enduring effect, as being always there upon the paper.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

I enclose a note received this morning, from Miss Martineau.[†1]

To MRS WINTER, 10 MARCH 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Morning Tenth March 1855

My Dear Maria.

Your letter was delivered here yesterday evening at halfpast Seven. Being out, I did not receive it until I returned home at Midnight. This answer is necessarily very short, for I have a fear that it may not reach you otherwise.

I think we are pretty sure to be at home before 3 tomorrow. I cannot *positively* speak for myself, as I am one of a Committee on some public literary business,[†2] which may have to make an official representation some time tomorrow. I have undertaken to say what is necessary to be said, whenever the interview comes off; and it is not impossible (the matter pressing), that Sunday may be profaned for the purpose. I do not think it is very likely however.

Your cold is a very well-disposed one, to improve in such weather, and it has my warmest commendation for being so good. I am so busy that I have not had time to consider whether I took it by sympathy on Wednesday evening[†3]—but I think I heard somebody sneezing at my desk half the day yesterday, who sounded like the incomparable author.

You make me smile when you picture to yourself how weak I might be, and what poor thoughts I might have, and in what unworthy lights it might be my spoiled nature to shew myself. With faults enough to answer for, I believe I have never been that kind of person for a day.

Little Ella shall hear from me on Monday. In the ghostly unrest of going to begin a new book, my time is like one of the Spirits in Macbeth,[†4] and "will not be commanded"[†5]—even by me.

You may be perfectly sure that in writing to me, you write to no one else.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 12 MARCH 1855

Mention in N, II, 641; dated 12 Mar 55.

Asking him to attend a meeting of the Literary Fund.[†1]

To DR ARNOTT,[†2] 12 MARCH 1855

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 293 (1912); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 12 Mar 55.[†3]

Concerning a meeting of the Literary Fund Society. If you can possibly manage to attend it, even at some little sacrifice of convenience, let me earnestly beg of you to do so.[†4] I know that some statements will be made and changes proposed, of great importance to Literary men, and to the legitimate objects of an Institution intended for their benefit.

To JOHN BLACKWOOD,[†5] 12 MARCH 1855

Text from N, II, 640-1.

Tavistock House | Monday Twelfth March 1855

Dear Mr. Blackwood

The annual general meeting of the Literary Fund will take place at the Society's Rooms, 72[†6] Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, on Wednesday, the day after to-morrow, at a quarter before two o'clock. If you can possibly manage to attend it, even at some little sacrifice of convenience, let me earnestly beg of you to do so.[†7] I know that some statements will be made, and changes proposed, of great importance to Literary men, and to the legitimate objects of an institution intended for their benefit.

Believe me to remain | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 12 MARCH 1855

Text from N, II, 641.

Tavistock House | Monday Twelfth March 1855

My Dear Cunningham

The Annual General Meeting of the Literary Fund will take place at the Society's Rooms, 70 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, on Wednesday the day after tomorrow, at a quarter before two o'clock. If you can possibly manage to attend it, even at some little sacrifice of convenience, let me earnestly beg of you to do so.[†1] I know that some statement will be made and changes proposed, of great importance to Literary men and to the legitimate objects of an institution intended for their benefit.

Believe me to remain | Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DR WILLIAM SMITH,[†2] 12 MARCH 1855

Text from N, II, 640.

Tavistock House | Monday Twelfth March 1855

Dear Dr. Smith

The annual general meeting of the Literary Fund will take place at the Society's Rooms, 72 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, on Wednesday the day after tomorrow at a quarter before two o'clock. If you can possibly manage to attend it, even at some little sacrifice of convenience, let me earnestly beg of you to do so.[†3] I know that some statements will be made, and changes proposed, of great importance to Literary men and to the legitimate objects, of an Institution intended for their benefit.

Believe me to remain | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS ELLA MARIA WINTER, 13 MARCH 1855

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Ella Maria Winter | 12 Artillery Place | Finsbury Square.

Tavistock House | Tuesday[†4] Evening Thirteenth March 1855

My Dear Little Friend.

Only think of my having had your nice little letter one whole week tomorrow, and not having answered it until now! What a careless Rascal I should have been, if I had not been busy all the time. Having been busy all the time, what an agreeable man I am!

I am very glad indeed that you like the small present so much; because it is such a very small present in itself that when you tell me so, I begin to think you like me, and think the present a much better one than it is, for my sake. Once upon a time when the Fairies used to give presents to Queens' daughters (if your Mama had lived in those days *she* might have been a Queen perhaps, though I don't think she would ever have been a tall one), they used to say at the christenings, "I give this little girl, goodness"—"I give this little girl sweet temper"—"I give this little girl, a tender heart"—and so on. Now I am not a Fairy myself, and indeed I never heard of a Fairy with a moustache and Wellington Boots, and I never gave anything at a christening except a Mug, and I didn't even give that to a cousin of yours[†1] when He was christened; but when I gave you that little brooch, I gave you my best wishes for all sorts of virtues. So, I expect you to grow up the best—and therefore of course the happiest—of tiny women; and when everybody loves you and you come to see a very old gentleman in a black velvet cap, reading a big book in a[†2] (there I am, blotting again!) in a big arm-chair, you will think of these words, and you will find that identical old gentleman to be myself.

I was dreadfully cross on Sunday, when I came home and found you had been here and were gone. My Owl[†3] said "what do you think? She knocked me down, but she didn't hurt me—and she peeped all over the table." When you come again, I will shew you a Raven,[†4] alive and pecking. He will peck little holes in your legs[†5] if you like, and make a complete cribbage-board of each of your stockings. He breaks

all the kitchen-windows every day, and flies at everybody except the Cook. What a dear bird he is to be sure.

My little children send you their loves. It's the Baby's birthday,[†6] and he says he don't want many happy returns of the Measles—which he has got at present. He keeps upon his bed, and goes to sleep among, a large cart of real timber drawn by two grey horses—a Noah's Ark with all the animals out walking, in company with Noah Ham, Shem, and Japhet, Mrs. N, Mrs. H, Mrs. S, and Mrs. J—the Camp at Chobham[†7] and four brass cannon—a farm-yard—a box of bricks—a clown in a washing-tub, driving two geese—four crusts of buttered toast—all the cannon-balls (which roll into bed and tickle him)—and I don't know what besides.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

(What do you think of *that*, for a flourish!)
Miss Ella Maria Winter

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 14 MARCH 1855*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Morning | Fourteenth March 1855

My Dear Sir

As I shall move at the General Meeting today, a Resolution recognizing the necessity of the Literary Fund Society being re-incorporated under a new charter,[†1] will you be so good as to make my intention known to the Chairman[†2] when he takes his seat? My object in making this request, is, that I may be sure to offer the little I shall have to say, at that stage of the proceedings which the chairman shall consider the right one for the purpose;[†3] and may occasion no unnecessary trouble.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [14] MARCH 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* misdated by CD: Wednesday was 14 Mar; but CD's false start on the date of *To* Ella Winter suggests he was confused about the day on 13 Mar.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Thirteenth March | 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

I received the enclosed by post yesterday, just as you see it.[†4] What is to be done?

Always Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To JOHN BLACKWOOD, 15 MARCH 1855*

MS National Library of Scotland.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth March 1855

My Dear Mr. Blackwood

Many thanks for your obliging note. I did more than I had expected yesterday,[†5] and have now a confident hope of greatly increasing the usefulness of the Institution without treading very heavily on any of its favorite corns.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Blackwood Esquire.

To LIEUT. GENERAL SIR CHARLES PASLEY, 15 MARCH 1855*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth March 1855

My Dear Sir Charles

Since you are so kind as to leave the day to me, will you allow me to suggest Friday the Twenty Third for our having the pleasure of dining with you.

It would take a tremendous array of Barons (and Baronesses) to convert me to Prussian Politics.[†1] But I hope this particular Baron[†2] and I may find some far more agreeable subjects in common.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Charles Pasley

To CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE,[†3] 16 MARCH 1855

Text from *The Papers of A Critic. Selected from the Writings of the late Charles Wentworth Dilke*, ed. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, 1875, I, 79-80.

Tavistock House. | Sixteenth March, 1855

My Dear Dilke,

You see the *Times* is striking for us this morning;[†4] we must hold to the Obstructives[†5] now.

Will you send me some facts concerning the founder,[†1] and his original intentions.[†2] I think after all I had better come out in *Household Words*, with an amiable dash at the enemy,[†3] and that I cannot do better than take that position, which is plainly the one we must maintain in the committee.[†4]

When I went to the Fund yesterday to see Blewitt about calling our committee together,[†5] "O," said he, "I'm very glad to see you, because here's a curious point has arisen, and I want your opinion on it very much. Supposing three or four partners in a firm and the firm to have given ten guineas, one of the partners has not a right to vote has he?" "Oh, dear me!" said I, with the gentlest suavity, "that seems to me to be perfectly clear. If you doubted whether that partner represented the firm in voting, you would write to the firm to ask the question, and on their replying 'yes,' there would be an end of it." "You feel quite certain about that?" said he. "Perfectly," said I.

"Well then," said Blewitt, "here's another curious thing. We think there were people here yesterday holding up their hands who were not members. Did you see P—[†6] here?" "No," says I. "Well," says he, "Sir Henry Ellis[†7] says *he* saw him, and he is not a member. I myself saw a gentleman, with his back to the door, who, when I offered him a balloting paper, told me he was not a member." "Aye—aye!" says I, with the utmost gravity, "on which side do you suppose these people voted?" "Oh! I say nothing about that," replied Blewitt, colouring, "we have all an equal interest in keeping them out, that's all I mean." "But," said I, "whose business is it to see that none but members are in the room on such an occasion?" Hereupon he coloured again, and said, "Why, if I had proposed to challenge them, Mr. Dilke might have charged me with some sinister object." "But how about ascertaining all that before they got into the room at all?" said I. He then made a proposal on this to which I assented, and we parted with infinite affection.

Believe me, my dear Dilke, | Yours truly,

CHARLES DICKENS

To LOVELL REEVE, 16 MARCH 1855

Text from N, II, 642.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixteenth March 1855

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your note. I was thoroughly well satisfied with the result of my motion and—so far—am very hopeful of doing good. I am absolutely certain that if the obstructives do not get out of the way and make a free passage to the intentions of the Founder, the plain truth will ride over them and crush the whole thing.

I had my eye on the stragglers, and saw pretty plainly (I think) that a very little finesse in the way of disputing the counting and prolonging the taking of the votes would have turned the scale in favor of Dilke's motion. But with such facts and such a minority, the mere accident of a majority under half a dozen[†1] seemed to me of very small importance.

Faithfully Yours

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 MARCH 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth March 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

Mrs. Thompson and her brother will no doubt be with me tomorrow morning. What am I to do? I only want to know.[†2] I quite agree with you that it is immensely difficult—and yet her position seems plainly to be a perplexed and complicated one.

Charley and I dine with Mr. Bates on Sunday, to confer. Mr. Bates writes me that he can place him in a broker's house, but would like to talk to him first that he may be sure—or as sure as he can be—that he is not *mis*placing him. You have not seen your Turkish friend?[†3]

Perhaps you may like to read the great Ghost Story[†4] before it comes out. I send you my Proof therefore. You have only to put it in the fire. All my corrections are made upon a duplicate, and I don't want it again.

Charley is immensely excited by the opening prospect, and is, I really believe, very earnest to begin. I have lately added to my other little occupations, a determined endeavour to reform a misdoing Institution. If you had seen Sir Robert Inglis in the Chair[†5] (where he was very just and good-natured), beleaguered by your servant for two hours and a half, I know you would have been amused for a week.

O, likewise.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS HAYCROFT,[†1] 17 MARCH 1855*

Text from copy by Walter Dexter. *Address:* Mrs. Haycroft, | Mile End House, | St. John's, | Worcester.

Tavistock House. | Seventeenth March, 1855.

Dear Madam,

I believe that many such Associations as you propose are already in existence, and I have called attention to the great necessity and advantage of such Institutions. Indeed, I never willingly lose an opportunity of doing so.

Your faithful Servant,

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Haycroft.

To THE BENCHERS OF THE INN, MIDDLE TEMPLE,[†2] 17 MARCH 1855

Text from Minutes Book of The Honourable Society of The Middle Temple.

Saturday Seventeenth March 1855.

The Petition of Charles Dickens of Tavistock House, Tavistock Square in the County of Middlesex Sheweth that[†3] years ago your Petitioner entered himself a Student of your Honourable Society with the intention of keeping the requisite number of Terms[†4] and being Called to the Bar. That although your Petitioner was at that time a writer of books he did not foresee that literature as a profession would so entirely engross his time and become the business of his life as it has since done and now does; that in the pursuit of his art (both in his own country and in others) your petitioner has been entirely diverted from the pursuit of the law and that he has long had reason to believe that the separation is final. Your petitioner with this experience of his inability to become a law student in anything but in name respectfully begs permission to withdraw himself from the students' list and to have his deposit money[†5] returned to him if your Worships should see no objection to granting him this favour

And your Petitioner as in duty bound will ever pray

(signature) CHARLES DICKENS[†6]

To [JAMES C. SHAW],[†1] 17 MARCH 1855*

MS (fragment) Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House, | Saturday Seventeenth March 1855

Dear Sir

Reverting to your kind inquiry of the first of this month, I beg to say that I think Four passes[†2] will be as many as I shall require on the 27th. at the most; and that I shall be glad to have a compartment reserved in the Train which will leave London at 11.30. My impression is, that we shall return by the *fast* mail Train in the night.

I am much obliged to Mr Cudworth[†3] for his bounteous offer,[†4] for which you will perhaps have the kindness to thank him on my[†5]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 19 MARCH 1855†

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Nineteenth March 1855

My Dear Collins.

I have read the two first portions of Sister Rose,[†6] with the very greatest pleasure. An excellent story, charmingly written, and shewing everywhere an amount of pains and study in respect of the Art of doing such things, that I see mighty seldom.

If I be right in supposing that the brother and sister are concealing the husband's mother,[†7] then will you look at the closing scene of the second part, again, and consider whether you cannot make the indication of that circumstance a little more obscure—or, at all events, a little less emphatic. As by Rose's only asking her brother, *once,* for leave to tell her husband[†8] or some slight alteration of that kind. The best way I know of strengthening the interest and hitting this point, would be the introduction or mention, in the first instance, *of some one other person* who *might* (in the reader's divided thoughts) be the concealed person, and of whom the husband might have a latent dislike or jealousy—as a friend of the brother's. But this might involve too great a change.[†9]

If on the other hand it be not the mother who is visited, then it is clear that you have altogether succeeded as it stands, and have entirely misled me.

How are you getting on? Shall you be up to a day at Ashford tomorrow week? I shall be able to frank you down and up the Railway on the solemn occasion.[†10] Mark (whose face is at present enormous) is going, and Wills will tell us the story of the

Bo'sen, whose artful chaff in that sparkling dialogue played the Devil with T. P. Cooke.[†1]

Talking of which feat, I wish you could have seen your servant, last Wednesday, beleaguer the Literary Fund. They got so bothered and bewildered, that I expected to see them all fade away under the table; and the outsiders laughed so irreverently whenever I poked up the chairman that it was quite a facetious business. Virtually, I consider the thing done. You may believe that I am not about to let go, and the effect has far and far exceeded my expectations already. Mark is full of the subject and will tell you all about it.

[†a]Forster doesn't seem to me[†2] to be managing Sebastopol as well as I had expected of him.[†3] I thought he would have stormed the place before now.[†a]

What is Mr. Pigot's address?[†4] I want to leave a Card for him.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN,[†5] [19 MARCH] 1855

Text from MDGH, III, 176. *Date:* two days before the Fast day, 21 Mar 55.

1855.

Dear Friend,

I am always delighted to hear from you. Your genial earnestness does me good to think of. And every day of my life I feel more and more that to be thoroughly in earnest is everything, and to be anything short of it is nothing. You see what we have been doing to our valiant soldiers. You see what miserable humbugs we are. And because we have got involved in meshes of aristocratic red tape to our unspeakable confusion, loss, and sorrow, the gentlemen who have been so kind as to ruin us are going to give us a day of humiliation and fasting the day after to-morrow.[†6] I am sick and sour to think of such things at this age of the world.... I am in the first stage of

a new book, which consists in going round and round the idea, as you see a bird in his cage go about and about his sugar before he touches it.

Always most cordially yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To HENRY MORLEY, 19 MARCH 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Night Nineteenth March | 1855

My Dear Morley.

I am very much touched by your paper, Frost-bitten Homes.[†1] But between ourselves, I have some uncomfortable suggestion in the way of information concerning that clergyman.[†2] Not desiring to believe all I am told, it still seems to me that he has committed a suppression of the Truth towards us. I wish therefore you would so re-touch the paper, as to make it appear to describe what you saw during the frost—generally—and without allusion to any particular district[†3] in London. I do not like to use my pen upon a paper that is so feelingly done from the heart.

I have another favor to ask of you. I wish to see this place myself. It seems a dreadful thing to have a few shillings in one's pocket and not go there.[†4] If Monday would suit you, let us go at the hour most convenient to you. If it should not, pray tell me so and I will suggest another day. You know the houses, and we need no Ghost to shew us the way.[†5]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire.

[†a]P.S. As this is to be the first article in the next No. Please return the proof to Henry Bradbury Whitefriars as soon as possible.[†a]

To THOMAS BEARD, 20 MARCH 1855

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twentieth March 1855.

My Dear Beard

I am going down next Tuesday (I have been going for three years), to read the Carol to the Railway Workpeople at Ashford. Lemon and Wills are going too. We

purpose starting by the 11..30 Fast Train, getting a country stroll, dining at the Inn[†1] (to the dire confusion of various intended hospitalities), and coming home by the Mail in the night. I can frank the party up and down the Railway. If you should be able to spare the day and would like the expedition, will you come?

Cordially Ever

CD.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 20 MARCH 1855*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twentieth March 1855

My Dear Sir

I left on the desk just now,[†2] some little bound books[†3]—I think three—which Mr. Dilke brought down to lend me. Will you have the goodness to let them be given to my servant.

I lost no time in speaking to Mr. Forster, who was shocked and amazed by my account of what you had told me. He says that the Fund[†4] is not expended altogether (as I supposed it to be), but that he fears the trustees have no power to apply any part of it to anybody's use but Jerdan's. He will however, see his co Trustee, Mr. Arden,[†5] at once on the subject, and take his opinion as to that head.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 20 MARCH 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night Twentieth March | 1855

My Dear Mark

Can you give me a call at your own time in the morning? I want to settle with you about our return from Ashford.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 MARCH 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty First March | 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Having (as I told you), so strongly impressed on Mrs. Thompson[†6] that I felt sure

she could not convince herself of the necessity of what you required,[†1] and that she had a latent feeling that it was hard upon her—I deemed it prudent after I left you the other day, to decide not to communicate with her for two or three days, *in case* I should cross any communication from her. The enclosed[†2] arrived last night, and made me very glad that I had kept silent.

There is, of course, an end of it. She strongly confirms my first opinion of her, and I do not doubt her being perfectly truthful. I think she will recover herself somehow, yet.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 22 MARCH 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Second March 1855.

My Dear Morley

As I apprehend this house to be necessarily in your way,[†3] I will be ready for you on Monday at ½ past 1.

Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire.

To J. L. ALLEN,[†4] 23 MARCH 1855

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1951; addressed J. L. Allen. *Date:* "Friday Twenty Third March 1855" (MS Private); misdated 3 Mar in catalogue and 21 Mar in *D,* XLVII (1951), 200.

Giving notice that he desires to relinquish, on the following Lady Day,[†5] *the coach-house and stable which he had been renting at 4 Woburn Mews.*[†6]

To MR MOOR,[†7] 23 MARCH 1855

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Third March 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform Mr. Moor that he has no evening to spare to read the Carol, and that he has no terms for doing so.

To W. M. THACKERAY, 23 MARCH 1855

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening Twenty Third March | 1855.

My Dear Thackeray.

I have read in the Times to day an account of your last night's Lecture,[†1] and cannot refrain from assuring you in all truth and earnestness, that I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me.[†2] I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart. Out of its fulness I do entreat you to believe that I shall never forget your words of commendation. If you could wholly know, at once how you have moved me and how you have animated me, you would be the happier I am very certain.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

W. M. Thackeray Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 MARCH 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Fourth March 1855

My Dear Collins.

I am charmed to hear of the great improvement, and really hope now that you are beginning to see land.

The Train (an Express one) leaves London Bridge Station on Tuesday at half past eleven in the forenoon. Fire and comfort are ordered to be in readiness at the Inn at Ashford. We shall have to return at half past 2 in the morning—getting to town before 5—but the interval between the Reading and the Mail will be spent by what would be called in a popular musical entertainment[†3]

the blink o' our ain fireside

—which reminds me to observe that I am dead sick of the Scottish tongue[†4] in all its moods and tenses.

You have guessed right![†5] The best of it was, that she[†6] wrote to Wills, saying she must particularly stipulate not to have her proofs touched, "even by Mr. Dickens". That immortal creature had gone over the proofs with great pains[†7]—had of course

taken out the stiflings, hand-plungings, lungeings, and other convulsions[†1]—and had also taken out her weakenings and damagings of her own effects. "Very well", said the Gifted Man, "she shall have her own way. But after it's published, shew her this Proof and ask her to consider whether her story would have been the better or the worse for it".[†2]

When you see Millais, tell him that if he would like a quotation for his fireman picture,[†3] there is a very suitable and appropriate one to be got from Gay's Trivia.[†4]

Wills informed Georgina the night before last, that his sister (I think you have seen the Virgin), is

"Abnormal"[†5]

—and, after meditating a little while, added that neither she nor her brother "had any business to be born."[†6] From which I infer that Abnormal is a kind of scientific substitute for Ricketty.

Ever Yours | (Normally)
CHARLES DICKENS

I dined with an old General[†7] yesterday, who went perfectly mad at dinner about the Times—exudations taking place from his mouth while he denied all its statements,[†8] that were partly foam, and partly turbot with white sauce. He persisted likewise, in speaking of that Journal as "Him".

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 MARCH 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Fourth March | 1855.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose your paper,[†9] and a note from Miss Martineau[†10] who has returned it to me this morning. I agree in her idea which I think is founded on a strong principle in human nature.[†11] I have no suggestion of my own to offer on what appears to me

extremely sound and good in all respects, except that individually I would never refer any one—but especially a child—to the Old Testament when I have the New Testament and its one great figure, for the illustration of every conceivable moral lesson.

I observed in the Scutari letter in the Times yesterday,[†1] that Sutherland[†2] is not to remain there[†3] but is to get on with all expedition to Balaklava.[†4] Unless you obtained that letter from the War Office,[†5] I have some misgivings that there will yet be obstruction in the way of the drying apparatus.

Conceive this!—When they[†6] were examining Mr. Macdonald the Times agent,[†7] they missed (from inexperience in putting questions)[†8] this astonishing piece of evidence.[†9] "I saw Lord Stratford,[†10] and Lord

Stratford angrily denied that there was anything amiss in the Hospitals or anything wanted there, and said I had best give him the fund[†11] with which I was entrusted, *towards the building of a church*"![†12]

Ever Most Faithfully Yrs.

CD.

To W. M. THACKERAY, 26 MARCH 1855

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Sixth March 1855

My Dear Thackeray

Many thanks for the extract.[†1] You say it is not much, but I think it *is*—very much—and I have read it with great emotion.

It was a very large sum to get[†2]—most generously got. I had already given my five pounds before I received your note, but you shall call upon me at any time for another five, when you may have reason to think that a little reserved fund may be timely and useful.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MR MOOR, 27 MARCH 1855

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Seventh March 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to assure Mr. Moor that he has taken no offence. In replying to Mr. Moor's letter, he merely intended with all possible brevity to explain that he does not read for money or as a commercial speculation.

To DR LANKESTER,[†3] 29 MARCH 1855*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Thursday March Twenty Ninth 1855.

My Dear Dr. Lankester.

I have been waiting to answer your note, with a dim idea that I might be able in course of time to do something towards setting such an unjust absurdity as you describe right.

It appears, however, to be merely a "practice" with the Committee.[†4] There is clearly nothing in the Charter or in the original design of the Society, so limiting the Grants. I perfectly remember that some years ago when I was a Member of the Committee, a gentleman who had written a variety of scientific papers (Astronomical I think) was considered not qualified for relief, because he had never published

"a Book". I shewed the enormous folly of this objection, and strongly contended against it.[†1] And I feel sure (my impression being confirmed by the Secretary's), that I did obtain him the grant he wanted.[†2]

I am Chairman of the Committee for the New Charter. It is sitting now, and will certainly propose a considerable extension of the Society's usefulness. Its report will have to be made, finally, to a General Meeting of the Members of the Corporation. In making it, I will then add, from myself, such remarks on your communication as I hope will change that system.

Always Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Lankester.

To MRS WINTER, 29 MARCH 1855

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth March 1855

My Dear Mrs. Winter

Here is a box at the Adelphi for tomorrow night, where I am told a very good piece[†3] is being played. I hope to fill up an empty corner thereof in the course of the evening, but am not quite sure of my movements, as I shall be waylaid by Household Words.

With kind regards. | Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Winter.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 MARCH 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Thirtieth March 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have enquired about the writer of this letter,[†4] and Mr. Wills has seen him. I did not take to the letter, but I find nothing whatever against the man. I have asked concerning him among people who have employed him, and they give him an excellent character. He himself is intelligent, modest, and industrious. The work he has

been accustomed to, is of a grubbing and toilsome kind—and on the inferior class of newspaper[†1]—But he seems to have done it quite honestly and steadily.

It appears that he took a large house (relatively to his circumstances) with a view to his daughter's[†2] keeping a school, and that scholars never came, and that his goods were seized and sold. This catastrophe having occurred *since the date of his letter to you*, he is now quit of that speculation by having nothing left. As that end would probably have come to it in any case, it is all the better over.

There is no doubt that he is poor and sufficiently meritorious. If you think it well to give him any small sum, I will, of course, gladly take charge of it.[†3]

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS MARCHMONT, 30 MARCH 1855*

MS The Dickens Fellowship, Adelaide. *Address:* Mrs. Marchmont | Urania Cottage | Near The White Horse | Shepherds Bush.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Friday Thirtieth March 1855

Dear Mrs. Marchmont.

Yes, as to Tuesday.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR JOHN SUTHERLAND,[†5] [?LATE MARCH 1855]

Mention in Sutherland *to* CD, 27 June 55 (MS Morgan Library). *Date:* The *Raphael*, which took the drying machine, sailed 31 Mar.

A note accompanying a drying machine and its bearer, for the hospital at Scutari, presented by Miss Coutts.

April

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2-3 APRIL 1855]

Extracts in F, 1872-4, III, ii, 50*n*, and F, XI, iii, 826. *Date:* first extract 2 Apr, date of dinner; second extract 3 Apr according to Forster; third extract early Apr, "a couple of months" after a letter of 3 Feb according to Forster, and CD had proofs of first paper by 13 Apr.

Walking on Hampstead Heath to think over his Theatrical Fund speech he met Lemon, and they went together to Stanfield. He has been very ill, and he told us that large

pictures are too much for him, and he must confine himself to small ones. But I would not have this, I declared he must paint bigger ones than ever, and what would he think of beginning upon an act-drop for a

proposed vast theatre at Tavistock House?[†1] He laughed and caught at this, we cheered him up very much, and he said he was quite a man again.

The Government hit took immensely,[†2] but I'm afraid to look at the report, these things are so ill done.[†3] It came into my head as I was walking about at Hampstead yesterday.... On coming away I told B.[†4] we must have a toastmaster in future less given to constant drinking while the speeches are going on. B. replied "Yes sir, you are quite right sir, he has no head whatever sir, look at him now sir"—Toastmaster[†5] was weakly contemplating the coats and hats—"do you not find it difficult to keep your hands off him sir, he ought to have his head knocked against the wall sir,—and he should sir, I assure you sir, if he was not in too debased a condition to be aware of it sir."

I have rather a bright idea, I think, for *Household Words* this morning: a fine little bit of satire: an account of an Arabic MS. lately discovered very like the *Arabian Nights*—called the Thousand and One Humbugs.[†6] With new versions of the best known stories.[†7]

To A. H. LAYARD, 3 APRIL 1855

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Evening Third April 1855

My Dear Layard

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you again at Miss Coutts's[†8] (really a greater

pleasure to me than I could easily tell you), I have thought a good deal on the duty we all owe you of helping you as much as we can.[†1] Being on very intimate terms with Lemon the Editor of Punch (a most affectionate and true-hearted fellow), I mentioned to him in confidence what I had at heart. You will find yourself the subject of their next large cut,[†2] and of some lines in an earnest spirit.[†3] He again suggested the point to Mr. Shirley Brookes, one of their regular corps,[†4] who will do what is right in the Illustrated London News[†5] and the Weekly Chronicle[†6]—papers that go into the hands of large numbers of people.[†7] I have also communicated with Jerrold, whom I can trust, and have begged him not to be diverted from the straight path of help to the most useful man in England on all possible occasions.[†8] Forster I will speak to, carefully, and I have no doubt it will quicken him a little—not that we have anything to complain of in his direction.[†9] If you ever see any new loophole, cranny, needle's-eye, through which I can present your case in Household Words,[†10] I do most earnestly entreat you, as your staunch friend and admirer—you *can* have no truer—to indicate it to me at any time or season, and to count upon my being Damascus Steel to the core.

All this is nothing; because all these men, and thousands of others, dote upon you. But I know it would be a comfort to me in your hard-fighting place to be assured of such sympathy, and therefore only I write.

You have other recreations for your Sundays in the session, I dare say, than to come here. But it is generally a day on which I do not go out, and when we dine at half past five in the easiest way in the world, and smoke in the peacefullest manner. Perhaps one of these Sundays after Easter, you might not be indisposed to begin to dig us out?[†1]

And I should like, on a Saturday of your appointing, to get a few of the serviceable men I know—such as I have mentioned—about you here. Will you think of this too, and suggest a Saturday for our dining together?[†2]

I am really ashamed and moved that you should do your part so manfully and ever be left alone in the conflict. I felt you to be all you are, the first moment I saw you.[†3] I know you will accept my regard and fidelity for what they are worth.

My Dear Layard | Very Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Austen H Layard Esquire

To MRS WINTER, 3 APRIL 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tuesday Third April, 1855

My Dear Maria.

Going down to Ashford this day week, already with a bad cold, I increased it so much by getting into the intense heat consequent upon a reading of three hours[†4] and then coming up in the night (which I was obliged to do, having business in town next morning), that I was very unwell all the week, and on Friday night was so completely knocked up that I came home at 9 o'Clock to bed.[†5] A necessity is upon me now—as at most times—of wandering about in my own wild way, to think. I could no more resist this on Sunday or yesterday, than a man can dispense with food, or a horse can help himself from being driven. I hold my inventive capacity on the stern condition that it must master my whole life, often have complete possession of me, make its own demands upon me, and, sometimes for months together, put everything else away from me. If I had not known long ago that my place could never be held, unless I were at any moment ready to devote myself to it entirely, I should have dropped out of it very soon. All this I can hardly expect you to understand—or the restlessness and waywardness of an author's mind. You have never seen it before you,[†6] or lived with it, or had occasion to think or care about it,

and you cannot have the necessary consideration for it. "It is only half an hour"—"it is only an afternoon"—"it is only an evening"—people say to me over and over again—but they don't know that it is impossible to command one's self sometimes to any stipulated and set disposal of five minutes—or that the mere consciousness of an engagement will sometimes worry a whole day. These are the penalties paid for writing books. Whoever is devoted to an Art must be content to deliver himself wholly up to it, and to find

his recompense in it. I am grieved if you suspect me of not wanting to see you; but I can't help it; I must go my way, whether or no.

I thought you would understand that in sending the card for the box, I sent an assurance that there was nothing amiss. I am pleased to find that you were all so much interested with the play.[†1] My ladies say that the first part is too painful[†2] and wants relief. I have been going to see it a dozen times, but have never seen it yet, and never may. Madame Celeste[†3] is injured thereby (you see how unreasonable people are!) and says in the Green Room, with a very tight cheek, "M. Dickens est artiste! Mais il n'a jamais vu Janet Pride!"

It is like a breath of fresh spring air to know that that unfortunate Baby of yours is out of her one close room and has about half a pint of very doubtful air per day. I could only have become her Godfather on the condition that she had 500 gallons of open air at any rate, every day of her life. And you would soon see a rose or two in the face of my other little friend, Ella, if you opened all your doors and windows throughout the whole of all fine weather, from morning to night.

I am going off, I don't know where or how far, to ponder about I don't know what. Sometimes I am half in the mood to set off for France, sometimes I think I will go and walk about on the sea shore for three or four months, sometimes I look towards the Pyrenees, sometimes Switzerland. I made a compact with a great Spanish authority[†4] last week, and vowed I would go to Spain. Two days afterwards, Layard and I agreed to go to Constantinople when Parliament rises. Tomorrow I shall probably discuss with somebody else, the idea of going to Greenland or the North Pole. The end of all this, most likely, will be, that I shall shut myself up in some out of the way place I have never yet thought of, and go desperately to work there.

Once upon a time I didn't do such things, you say. No. But I have done them through a good many years now, and they have become myself and my life.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 4 APRIL 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Fourth April, 1855

My Dear Collins

I have read the article in the Leader[†1] on Napoleon's reception in England,[†2] with great pleasure and entire concurrence. I think it is forcible and just, and yet states the real case with great moderation.[†3] Not knowing of it, I had been speaking to its author[†4] on that very subject in the Pit of the Olympic[†5] on Saturday night.[†6]

And bye the bye, as the Devil would have it (for I assume that he is always up to something and that everything is his fault—I being, as you know, evangelical), I mislaid your letter with Mr. Pigott's

address in it, and "didn't like" to ask himself for it. Do, like an amiably corroded hermit, send me that piece of information again.

I hope the medical authority will not—as I may say—cut your nose off, to be revenged on your face.[†7] You might want it at some future time. It is but natural that the Doctor should be irritated by so much opposition—still—isn't the offending feature in some sort a man and a brother?[†8]

The Pantomime[†9] was amazingly good, and it really was a comfortable thing to see all conventional dignity so outrageously set at naught. It was astonishingly well done, and extremely funny. Not a man in it who wasn't quite as good as the Humbugs who pass their lives in doing nothing else.[†10] I observed[†11] at the Fund Dinner[†12] that the actors are in the same condition about it as they were when we played.[†13] Idiots!

May the Spring advance with rosy foot,[†1] and the voice of the Turtle be shortly heard in the land![†2]

Ever faithfully

CD.

I had a very agreeable letter indeed from our friend Pugh at Ashford.[†3]

[†a]Do you know that Lewes is here again?[†4] whether with any idea of emerging from what Carlyle calls The Pit of TOphet, I can't say.[†a]

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 5 APRIL 1855

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* Samuel Phelps Esquire | 8 Canonbury Square | Islington.

Tavistock House | Fifth April 1855

My Dear Sir

After some difficulty, I am assured that matters are now arranged between Mrs. Martin and Mr. Buckstone, for the production of Mr. Saunders's play. I therefore think it right, immediately to relieve you of any further trouble in the matter, and to withdraw the play from your hands agreeably to the understanding between us.

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire.

To A. H. LAYARD, 10 APRIL 1855

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Tenth April, 1855

My Dear Layard

I shall of course observe the strictest silence, at present, in reference to your resolutions.[†5] It will be a most acceptable occupation to me, to go over

them with you; and I have not a doubt of their producing a strong effect out of doors.[†1]

There is nothing in the present time at once so galling and so alarming to me as the alienation of the people from their own public affairs. I have no difficulty in understanding it. They have had so little to do with the Game through all these years of Parliamentary Reform, that they have sullenly laid down their cards and taken to looking on. The Players who are left at the table do not see beyond it—conceive that the gain and loss and all the interest of the play are in their hands—and will never be wiser until they and the table and the lights and the money are all overturned together.[†2] And I believe the discontent to be so much the worse for smouldering instead of blazing openly, that it is extremely like the general mind of France before the breaking out of the first Revolution,[†3] and is in danger of being turned by any one of a thousand accidents—a bad harvest—the last straw too much of aristocratic insolence or incapacity—a defeat abroad—a mere chance at home—into such a Devil of a conflagration as has never been beheld since.

Meanwhile, all our English Tufthunting, Toad Eating, and other manifestations of accursed Gentility[†4]—to say nothing of Palmerston's,[†5] Graham's,[†6] Wood's[†7] Sidney Herbert's[†8] and the Lord knows who's defiances of the proven Truth before six hundred and fifty men[†9]—*are*[†10] expressing themselves every day. So, every day the disgusted millions with this unnatural gloom and calm upon them, are confirmed and hardened in the very worst of moods. Finally, round all this is an atmosphere of poverty, hunger, and ignorant desperation, of the mere existence of which, perhaps not one man in a thousand of those not actually enveloped in it, through the whole extent of this country, has the least idea.

It seems to me an absolute impossibility to direct the spirit of the people at this pass, until it shews itself. If they would begin to bestir themselves in the vigorous

national manner—if they would appear in Political Unions—array themselves peacefully, but in vast numbers, against a system that they know to be rotten altogether—make themselves heard like the Sea, all round this Island—I for one should be in such a movement, heart and soul, and should think it a duty of the plainest kind to go along with it (and try to guide it), by all possible means. But you can no more help a people who do not help themselves, than you can help a man who does not help himself. And until the people can be got up from the lethargy which is an awful symptom of the advanced state of their disease, I know of nothing that can be done beyond keeping their wrongs continually before them.

I shall hope to see you soon after you come back.[†1] Your speeches at Aberdeen[†2] are most admirable, manful, and earnest.[†3] I would have such speeches at every market cross, and in every town hall, and among all sorts and conditions of men[†4]—up in the very balloons, and down in the very diving-bells.

Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

To J. E. MILLAIS, 10 APRIL 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tenth April, 1855

My Dear Mr. Millais

I am very sorry that I cannot have the great pleasure of seeing your picture to day,[†5] as I am obliged to go a little way out of town.

I asked Wilkie Collins to let you know that there is a curious accidental appositeness in some lines in Gay's Trivia.[†6] You will find them over leaf here, to the

number of four. The whole passage about a fire and firemen, is some four and twenty lines long.[†1]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. E. Millais Esquire.

Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.[†2]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 10 APRIL 1855

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Feb 1922; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 10 Apr 55.

Introducing the Hon. Edmund Phipps.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 APRIL 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Twelfth April 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

I send you my little suggestions for making the Examination notes[†4] plainer, and not proclaiming them quite so stiffly—as from a Platform.

Enclosed is a note from the man to whom I gave ten pounds.[†5] You may like to see it. I really think it is very well bestowed.

Also a note[†6] from a man named Hayward,[†7] of whom I know nothing. I should have replied (as I do, every day), that I must decline to trouble you on the subject, but for the reference to your father.[†8] Not being able quite to satisfy myself whether or no you would desire to see it on that account, I think it on the whole best to send it to you. There is not the least necessity for your appearing in the matter at all, if you let me have it back *soon.* I should merely reply as I have already mentioned.

I am going to Shepherds Bush to day, to check off the repairs to be estimated.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Always Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 12 APRIL 1855

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* Samuel Phelps Esquire | Theatre Royal Glasgow | N. B.[†1]

Tavistock House, London | Twelfth April 1855

My Dear Mr. Phelps

I have throughout been quite sensible (and so, I am sure, has Mr. Saunders), that you have done everything you reasonably could to advance the prospects of Love's Martyrdom. Pray believe that throughout these negociations I have not for a moment thought otherwise.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 13 APRIL 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Thirteenth April 1855

My Dear Wills

I send you the No.[†2] with some corrections in the Thousand and One Humbugs.[†3] Look to the punctuation of Soldiers' Wives.[†4]

Do you suppose the letter I enclose to be from the Mr. Holt one has heard of?[†5] Send it me back, with a Yes or No.

I have read your MS attentively, and return it herewith. It has interest, but it seems to me to have one great want which *I* cannot overcome. It is all working machinery, and the people are not alive. I see the wheels going and hear them going, and the people are as like life as machinery can ever make them—but they don't get beyond the point of the moving waxwork. It is very difficult to explain how this is, because

it is a matter of intuitive perception and feeling; but perhaps I may give two slight examples. If the scene where the woman who dies, is lying in bed, were truly done, the conversation between the heroine and the boy would belong to it—*could* do no violence to it—and whatever it might be about, *would* inevitably associate itself in the reader's mind with the figure on the bed, and would lead up to the catastrophe that soon happens. If the boy on the outside of the Coach were naturally done, his illness would be a natural thing and one would receive it accordingly. Now, the conversation by the bed is an interruption to the idea of the

dying woman, and the dying woman is an interruption to the conversation, *and they don't fit.* And it is plain that you, the author, make the boy ill because you want him to be ill—for, if the few closing lines of the chapter, referring to him, were taken away, the reader would have no reason whatever to suppose that anything was the matter with him. The Sir Leicester Dedlock of the story and his Mr. Tulkinghorn are open to similar objections, and the whole of the opening is much too long for what it contains.

The scene outside the Coach has a good deal of merit in it, but the same direful want. Consider if you had been outside that coach, and had been suddenly carried into the midst of a Torchlight meeting of that time, whether you would have brought away no other impression of it than you give the reader. Imagine it a remembrance of your own, and look at the passage. And exactly because that is not true, the conduct of the men who clamber up is in the last degree improbable. Whereas if the scene were truly and powerfully rendered, the improbability more or less necessary to all tales and allowable in them, would become a part of a thing so true and vivid, that the reader must accept it whether he likes it or not.

There is merit too in the scene on the top of St. Paul's, and in the Engraver's house—but I still feel that Frankenstein has made the people. You are always getting into the footsteps, too, of a writer I know; and when your own shoes might otherwise leave a plain bold mark, they get so entangled with the prints of his, that the reader, following on the track of both, gets confused and bothered.[†1]

I know it to be in the nature of the case that these objections to the story must inevitably become stronger as it advances, because there the difficulties grow greater. I mention them honestly; firstly, because you want me to do so; and secondly because I usually accept so much and suppose so much, in reading Fiction, that I do not think I find more fault than another, but rather the reverse.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To [T. W.J. CONNOLLY],[†2] 14 APRIL 1855[†3]

Extract from Maggs Bros catalogue, Autumn 1922; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 14 Apr 55.

I have received your book[†4] with very great pleasure. The fact of your being its author is most honourable to yourself.... I feel, as your fellow-countryman, a personal pride in such a work.... I have sent it to a gentleman associated with

Household Words[†1] and I have told him he will gratify me very much if he will go a little out of his way to write an early account of it.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, 14 APRIL 1855

MS Victoria & Albert Museum (FC).

Tavistock House | Saturday Fourteenth April | 1855.

My Dear Forster

I cannot express to you how very much delighted I am with the Steele.[†3] I think it incomparably the best of the series.[†4] The pleasanter humanity of the subject may commend it more to one's liking; but that again requires a delicate handling, which you have given to it in a most charming manner. It is surely not possible to approach a man with a finer sympathy; and the assertion of the claims of Literature throughout,[†5] is of the noblest and most gallant kind.

I don't agree with you about the serious papers in the Spectator,[†6] which I think (whether they be Steele's or Addison's) are generally as indifferent as the humour of the Spectator is delightful. And I have always had a notion that Prue[†7] understood her husband very well, and held him, in consequence, when a fonder woman with less show of caprice must have let him go.[†8] But these are points of opinion. The paper is masterly. And all I have got to say is, that if Macaulay[†9] had a grain of the honest sentiment with which it overflows, he never would or could have made so great a mistake.[†10]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 15 APRIL 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fifteenth April 1855

My Dear Collins

Hurrah!

I shall be charmed to see you once more in a Normal state, and propose Friday next for our meeting at the Garrick at a quarter before five. We will then proceed to the Ship and Turtle.[†1]

I fell foul of Wills yesterday, for that in "dealing with" the second part of your story,[†2] he had not (in two places) "indoctrinated" the Printer with the change of name.[†3] He explained to me that on the whole and calmly regarding all the facts from a politico-economical point of view, it was a more triumphant thing to have two mistakes than none—and indeed that, philosophically considered, this was rather the object and province of a periodical.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 APRIL 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth April 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have to attend a Committee at the Literary Fund to day[†4] (my Reform movement), and as I am in the chair I must necessarily wait until it is over. I doubt if I shall be able to get away by *3*, but I will come straight to Stratton Street as soon as I do get away. I should think I may be with you soon after 4. At all events I will come directly.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 APRIL 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Sixteenth April 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I arrived in Stratton Street at half past three to day, but finding you had

company, took fright (being dusty[†1] and Anti Napoleonic),[†2] and came away. Shall I come again tomorrow? If so, tell me at what time.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To ALBERT SMITH, 16 APRIL 1855

Extract from Sotheby's catalogue, 23 June 1902; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Albert Smith; dated 16 Apr 55.

I hasten to say in reply to your question that I have not a doubt that Drury Lane is too large for the purpose.[†3] A great deal would be lost there, which would be certain to tell in the Lyceum.[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 APRIL 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Eighteenth April | 1855.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

After going carefully over the house at Shepherd's Bush, I thought it best to write out a little specification of the work to be done, and send it to the doer for his estimate of the cost. It is so much better in such a case. I enclose two papers, containing the specifications I drew up, and the estimates for painting and repairing. Will you look at them, approve, and return them to me?

Mrs. Marchmont has seen a very fair Cabinet Piano[†5] for 9 Guineas. I doubt if we are likely to do better. Will you let me know at the same time whether I may tell her to buy it.

I think you did not return to me Mr. Hayward's letter.[†6] Without the address I cannot send him the five pounds.

Always Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To JOHN SAUNDERS, 19 APRIL 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Nineteenth April 1855

My Dear Sir

I have been so much engaged these last few days,[†1] that I could not go over the Play[†2] with the needful attention until last night.

All that I have cut and marked in it, I have cut and marked in pencil,[†3] so that it may be easily restored to its former state.

I do not expect you, mind, to accept all my suggestions—but I have made them all with a distinct reason, *and always with an eye to stage effects and stage dangers*—of which I believe I have some knowledge, and in Mr. Macready's time had frequent occasion to consider.

For example, I am perfectly certain that those words in the mouths of the Ruffians[†4] would make the people laugh; and I am equally certain that the Sheriff-like announcement "Your hour is come!"[†5] to a solemn man, going to be married, would be perilously ludicrous. Bertha and Philip[†6] cannot do too little.[†7] And

everybody *must*, I protest from the heart of the pit and the forehead of the gallery, be less interjectional.[†1]

Margaret's part, I have not touched. It is for Miss Faucit to judge of that.[†2] But I think the pruning-knife indispensable to it, and I still hold that hurting of her wrist to be fraught with all manner of danger.[†3]

When the Play is nearly ready, I will come and see it on the Stage,[†4] if you wish me. The actors will find some points as they advance, which must be treated with the greatest discretion and not flung at the audience.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Saunders Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 20 APRIL 1855*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Twentieth April (Friday) 1855

My Dear Mark

I am in a bit of a difficulty. The Pantomime men[†5] have asked me to play Charles Matthews's[†6] part[†7] in a Romantic Idea,[†8] on the Queen's night.[†9] And I think Phipps[†10] has put them up to it.

If you would play the Landlord in the Piece (Mr. Rogueingrain),[†1] I think I would rather do the part—though there's nothing in it[†2]—than do an uncivil thing under the circumstances, and remembering the Guild.[†3] If you could get yourself up to the pitch, I would then reply, "I will play this part, if Mark will play that". Supposing they reply, "but we have a man for that, and dont[†4] know how to get rid of him"—then my condition cannot be complied with, and I am well out of it.

Will you look at the book and let me know in the morning? I must answer without causing loss of time. I remember that the mock Tragedy portion of the character where the Landlord is Count Grimbald)[†5] used to be very funny.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MARK LEMON, 21 APRIL 1855

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty First April, 1855

My Dear Mark.

If you remain in the same mind, I will write, excusing myself, and not putting it upon you.[†6] But let us be quite sure we are right.

As to any quarrels in the Fielding,[†7] that involves nothing. A lunatic like Archdeckne[†8] (whom I suppose to be the terrible Dragon of that Symposium) might get in anywhere.

Only two points come into my mind as worth two pence.

First, I certainly have a pleasure in an opportunity of shewing men who talked such nonsense about the Guild actors[†9] (you know what *I* ever considered it worth), how different and much more generous it is in our nature to be. I confess that kind of superiority to be particularly acceptable to me.

Secondly, I have been waiting for the printing of our Literary Fund Report[†10] to go to Phipps with it as a matter of course,[†11] and endeavour to enlist the Queen's influence very decidedly on that side—which I am strongly of opinion may be done, even to the with-holding of her annual Subscription[†12] if they refuse to be reformed. Now, if I am asked (as I am, in a note from the bothering Albert who is in written communication with Phipps perpetually) to help them "as a compliment which the Queen will appreciate", and unconditionally refuse, I am afraid I may not only do a surly thing, personally towards the Court[†13] (and an ungracious one, after the Guild business), but may by the simplest means in the world damage a great cause. Think

of these two heads, because it seems to me that you are rather viewing the thing unconsciously, from the confined area of Maiden Lane.[†1]

It appears to me that a middle course diplomacy will be best—and if you will come round when you come out, I will have the draft of a note ready to shew you.[†2]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To [?ALBERT SMITH], [?21 APRIL 1855]

Mention in *To* Lemon, 20 and 21 Apr 55. *Date:* probably written on 21 Apr.

Answering his suggestion that he play in A Romantic Idea *before the Queen at Drury Lane.*

To MRS WINTER, [?21 APRIL 1855]

Mention in *To* Mrs Winter, 11 June 55, as written and posted by CD but not received. *Date:* 21 Apr most likely from CD's known Sunday engagements.

Telling Mrs Winter that he will be out of town that Sunday and for several Sundays in succession.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 24 APRIL 1855*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth April, 1855

My Dear Mac.

A thousand thanks for your kind remembrance of the picture.[†3] I send to Green[†4] this morning, to bring it carefully to your Studio.[†5]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Maclise Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 26 APRIL 1855

Text from MDGH, I, 394.

Tavistock House, | Thursday, April 26th, 1855.

My dear Mark,

I will call for you at two, and go with you to Highgate,[†1] by all means.

Leech and I called on Tuesday evening and left our loves. I have not written to you since, because I thought it best to leave you quiet for a day. I have no need to tell you, my dear fellow, that my thoughts have been constantly with you, and that I have not forgotten (and never shall forget) who sat up with me one night when a little place in my house was left empty.[†2]

It is hard to lose any child, but there are many blessed sources of consolation in the loss of a baby. There is a beautiful thought in Fielding's "Journey from this World to the Next,"[†3] where the baby he had lost many years before was found by him all radiant and happy, building him a bower in the Elysian Fields where they were to live together when he came.

Ever affectionately yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S.—Our kindest loves to Mrs. Lemon.

To JOHN FORSTER, 27 APRIL 1855

Extract in F, XI, iii, 826. *Date:* 27 Apr according to Forster.

A country which is discovered to be in this tremendous condition as to its war affairs;[†4] with an enormous black cloud of poverty in every town which is spreading and deepening every hour, and not one man in two thousand knowing anything about, or even believing in, its existence; with a non-working aristocracy, and a silent parliament,[†5] and everybody for himself and nobody for the rest; this is the prospect, and I think it a very deplorable one.

To JAMES GILBERT,[†1] 27 APRIL 1855*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh April 1855

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter I beg to say that I am not going to take any step that I know of, in reference to the News Vendors' Institution, but preside over the ordinary business of an annual Meeting.[†2] I consider it a part of my duty as the President of the Society,[†3] to receive a statement of that business, only in an official and authorised manner. When the Secretary[†4] shall inform me (as he has already proposed to do in due time), that an appointment is sought from me with this object, I will immediately make one. But I think the observance of this little formality is necessary to my being in an impartial and perfectly fair position.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. James Gilbert.

To MARK LEMON, 30 APRIL 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth April 1855

My Dear Mark

Don't come later than 7 for the Cigar—because Stanny has turned up suddenly, and is here, and (of course) wants to go somewhere at half price.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To THE REGISTRARS[†5] OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND, 30 APRIL 1855

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Literary Fund Society | Monday Thirtieth April, 1855

Gentlemen.

We the undersigned Members of the Corporation, beg you to have the goodness

to summon a Special General Meeting[†1] of the Literary Fund Society, to receive and consider the Report of the charter committee.

We are Gentlemen | Your faithful Servants
CHARLES DICKENS
JOHN FORSTER
B. W. PROCTER
W. M. THACKERAY
ROBERT BELL
JOHN FORBES
PETER CUNNINGHAM
A. PANIZZI
JOHN MURRAY
MARK LEMON[†2]

To The Registrars | of the Literary Fund[†3]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 30 APRIL 1855*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Thirtieth April 1855

Dear Sir

I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed Poem, but I think quite enough has been said and sung on the subject.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

May

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 1 MAY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday First May 1855

Dear Sir

I did not write on the subject of the Accounts, as you appointed the next week for the payment of the balance,[†5] and I thought it as well to wait until I could acknowledge its receipt: having nothing else to say that was as much to the purpose.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To CHARLES ELLIS, 1 MAY 1855

MS Messrs Charles Ellis & Co.

Tavistock House | Tuesday First May, 1855

Dear Mr. Ellis

When I altered this house,[†1] I took away two cellars at the back and left but poor cellarage as to space. I brought home wine from Italy the Autumn before last, and from France last Autumn, and really have just now no place to lay down Port Wine in. Otherwise I should have been glad to take a quarter cask of the Wine you mention.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN,[†2] 1 MAY 1855†

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night First May 1855

[†a]My Dear Elwin—For I will overleap the second formality,[†3] for exactly the reasons which moved you to clear the first[†4] in a style so heartily acceptable to me.[†a]

I am very anxious to do what is generous and right in the matter of the Literary Fund; nor could I easily tell you how glad I should be to effect a change so honorable to us all, without an assault. But I wish you to consider one or two points that I think may present the question in a new light.

I have not been in the habit of attending that dinner[†5]—have only done so twice, in about twenty years.[†6] Consequently my non-attendance is no new or marked thing. Then, observe. If I were there, I could hardly be there without speaking. [†a]The Bishop

of Oxford[†1] is not wholly free from that kind of land-seamanship which is expert in weaving and tacking; and he *might* (I do not say would), execute a manoeuvre[†2] or so which I might feel it necessary to reduce to the level of an ordinary straight-forward comprehension.[†a†3] Supposing this not to be the case, I have still a rather strong misgiving that the authorities would be scared if Mr. Blewitt reported that I had informed him of my intention to come, and that they would very much rather on the whole that I stayed away. [†a]Lastly I must confess for myself, that I could not possibly say anything without referring to my hopes of a change. And I am far from clear that this would be acceptable, however conciliatory and delicate my tone—though of course it would be as harmonious and graceful as is in the compass of the instrument.

On looking back to your note, I see you use the expression—"if you absent yourself from the dinner, merely because the vote has not yet been taken"—which seems to imply that you suppose me to have been habitually or frequently there. On learning how the fact stands, you may perhaps change your opinion. But if you still hold it, it certainly will have weight with me.[†a] The difficulty however, of being

sure that I should not be a Nightmare to the management will still remain, unless that Body and I by some means or other be brought to a reciprocal assurance and understanding beforehand.

†aIf Murray†4 be, as I suppose, the third person towards whom you glance, pray make him acquainted, if you think it right, with the contents of this note, and impress upon him that†a I have only one desire—and that is, to act in good humour and good taste, and really hold out the hand of thorough good fellowship to them all. How *can*†5 I want to work against them in so gallant a cause, if we can but work together!

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Whitwell Elwin.

To DR. EDUARD ERDMANN,†6 1 MAY 1855*

MS University Library Halle | Saale.

Tavistock House, London | Tuesday First May, 1855

My Dear Sir

I have received your kind and flattering letter with the greatest pleasure; and beg to assure you that your generous interest in my books, fills me with gratification. The little insects of which you write so pleasantly, come out only in summer

weather; but I feel certain from your warm-hearted, earnest tone, that all weathers are alike to you, and that your friendly admiration is not the short-lived one of a sunny day. For this reason, and also because your philosophy is of a high and noble sort, I will not admit the justice of that one comparison. But with all the rest of your letter I have a hearty sympathy, and I thank you for it most sincerely.

My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Edward Erdmann.

To MRS GASKELL, 1 MAY 1855

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, 26 April 1916; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 1 May 55.

You are at perfect liberty to collect your stories &c in Household Words, and republish them separately.†1

To MR HUTCHINGS,†2 1 MAY 1855

Mention in John Heise catalogue No. 2452; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 1 May 55.

Sending money for a subscription.[†3]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†4] 1 MAY 1855*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Tuesday First May, 1855.

Sir

I feel very much obliged to you for your courteous note, and think I cannot better acknowledge its spirit than by making the exchange you propose.[†5] I have therefore put my juvenile complaint to the Post-Office, into the fire, and send you this instead. Thinking you might like this all the better if it were associated with one of my books, I transcribe a few words from David Copperfield,[†6] on the opposite side.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

"No. I lay in my basket, and my mother lay in her bed; but Betsey Trotwood Copperfield was for ever in the land of dreams and shadows, the tremendous region

whence I had so lately travelled; and the light upon the window of our room shone out upon the earthly bourne of all such travellers, and the mound above the ashes and the dust that once was he without whom I had never been."—

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Second May, 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I looked carefully at the Highgate piece of ground the other day,[†1] and I think it on the whole very eligible for preservation as an open space.

These are my reasons.

1. It abuts immediately on the lane[†2] as you go up to the Cemetery, and consequently never could be diminished or built in upon that margin.

2. If the field opposite to it and below your large summer-house belongs to you, that West side of the ground is wonderfully free.

3. The ground itself is so shaped that it seems scarcely feasible to build anything there outside the top wall but one or two Villas on the top of the rise, with lawns or gardens sloping downward to the piece of ground. Which would not at all detract from its beauty, and would not too closely hem it in.

4. The plan of building now carrying out on the East or Small Pox Hospital[†3] side, suggests that in that direction also, the piece of ground will have gardens turned towards it.

Lastly the ground itself is of a wonderfully appropriate shape for an open space,[†4] and is so high in the most ornamental part that the view must always remain. The bottom would make an admirable children's play ground, and the upper part with a few seats and a few more trees would be a beautiful little Park in itself.

When you happen to be at Highgate and to think of it, will you be so kind as to ask your gardener to go and look at my grave[†5]—see where he could plant that tree you proposed to give me (outside the railing, so that it never need be disturbed)—and then explain to the Manager on the ground what he wants to do, and to see how he can get leave to do it? If they want me to pay any more for the spot in which the tree is planted, he can conclude that done. I ask you this favor, because the Manager and I, without the tree or the gardener, might talk about it till Doomsday and get no nearer to a result.

Remind Mr. Brown that the beginning of the fulfilment of my prophecy of yesterday, is the Sheffield Meeting reported in to-days Times.[†6] I begin to hope the

Country is waking up. Its doing so, is the only safety for you and me and all well-disposed people.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To EDWARD W. COLE, 3 MAY 1855

Text from the *Minute Book* of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, 8 May 1855.

Tavistock House | 3rd. May 1855

Sir.

I shall be happy to receive the Deputation[†1] on Wednesday in next week at 5 o'Clock.

Yr. faithful Servt.

(signed) CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. E. W. Cole.

To LADY OLLIFFE, 3 MAY 1855*

MS Mrs E. D. Budden.

Tavistock House | Third May 1855

My Dear Lady Olliffe

You know what a retiring Philosopher your slave is, and therefore you will not be surprised to learn that he has not the faintest idea of adding his personality to the French Exhibition, after flying one hundred miles from the English one.

But we hope to come to Paris at the end of October, and to stay six months. I am living on that hope at present, or I should die of political discontent.

Georgina will write to you as soon as we go to the Seaside (some time in July), and tell you what kind of accommodation we shall want, and where. Perhaps it may so fall out that you may in the course of the Autumn hear of something suitable, going to be free at about our time. If we should be able to discover nothing in Paris to answer our purpose, I have some idea of going to the North Pole. I shall carry your image there if I do, and be—there or anywhere—with a constancy peculiar to myself,

Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lady Olliffe

To J. R. PLANCHÉ, 3 MAY 1855

Composite text from facsimile in Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, *Home and Abroad: an Autobiography of an Octogenarian,* privately printed, 1921, II, 874 (*aa*) and from *The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché,* 1872, II, 159.

Tavistock House | Third May, 1855

Dear Planché,

[a]I am delighted with the book,[†1] and will try to write some little article in Household Words[†2] that shall do no violence to it.

There is a remarkable individuality in that curious portrait;[†3] and it is of a most satisfactory nature. She looks like a woman who could tell her stories vivâ voce, as well as write them.

Many thanks.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]
J. R. Planché, Esq.

To DR PRICE,[†4] 3 MAY 1855*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Third May, 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compts. to Dr. Price, and begs to reply in the affirmative to Dr. Price's enquiry.

To ALBERT SMITH, 3 MAY 1855*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Third May 1855.

My Dear Smith,

I think somebody—somewhere—must have made some mistake? I have only received vouchers for two dress circle tickets.[†5]

Faithfully always

C. D.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 3 MAY 1855

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Thursday Third May 1855

My Dear Stanny

Mark is unfortunately engaged to dine with Charles Taylor[†1] and some other men, at the very identical G, on the very identical day.

But this is not the worst of it. *I*—the exact, the unimpeachable, the correct, the balanced-and-worked-by-clock-work Dick—have made a horrible mistake and forgotten a previous claim for tomorrow![†2] But I'll be down with you by ½ past 8. In the meantime I will order your dinner of course—but only for two.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2-3 MAY 1855]

Extract and summary in F, VIII, i, 623. *Date:* CD described his restlessness over beginning *Little Dorrit* to several correspondents in May and twice wrote that he had been on a "railroad" (*To* Leigh Hunt, 4 May, and *To* Miss Coutts, 8 May), which would place this letter slightly earlier.

When about to fall to work on Little Dorrit *he excused himself from an engagement he should have kept because* the story is breaking out all round me, and I am going off down the railroad to humour it.

To LEIGH HUNT, 4 MAY 1855

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Leigh Hunt Esquire | 7 Cornwall Road | Hammersmith.

Tavistock House | Friday Fourth May 1855

My Dear Hunt.

I have been so constantly engaged and occupied since I came home from Paris, that I have never (as you know) got to your teapot,[†3] though I have often (as you don't know) paved the road to Hammersmith with good intentions.

I am now, to boot, in the wandering—unsettled—restless—uncontroullable[†4] state of being about to begin a new book. At such a time I am as infirm of purpose as Macbeth,[†5] as errant as Mad Tom,[†6] and as rugged as Timon.[†7] I sit down to work, do nothing, get up and walk a dozen miles, come back and sit down again next day, again do nothing and get up, go down a Railroad, find a place where I resolve to stay for a month, come home next morning, go strolling about for hours and hours,

reject all engagements to have my time to myself, get tired of myself and yet can't come out of myself to be pleasant to anybody else, and so go on turning upon the same wheel round and round over and over again until it may begin to roll me towards my end.

In which disjointed state, I am afraid to trust myself to the chance of verbally thanking you for the delightful volume[†1] you have sent me, within so short an interval after its receipt as may save me from the suspicion of having neglected it. Therefore I write to thank you—to assure you that, even in my unlaid-Ghost-like plight, I have renewed with the utmost pleasure my acquaintance with those old friends—and that I hope, for the love of Kilspindie,[†2] to hitch something about them into Household Words that may not be disagreeable to you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Leigh Hunt Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 4 MAY 1855

Extracts from Charles Retz, Inc. catalogue No. 18 and Parke Bernet catalogue No. 405; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 4 May 55; addressed W. H. Wills.

Secondly, will you specially ask him[†3] if he will try to do any fanciful thing[†4] in reference to the accompanying book of Leigh Hunt's—that may do it a service. I am anxious about this for reasons[†5] ... Don't lose time about this, for I believe Hunt's race on this side of the moon to be nearly ended.[†6]

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 5 MAY 1855*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fifth May 1855

Dear Sir

I send you the requisition[†7] signed by ten Members.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To FRANK SMEDLEY,[†1] 5 MAY 1855

Extract in Samuel J. Davey catalogue No. 31 (1889); *MS* 3 pp. *Date:* Summary and date given in C. F. Libbie catalogue, Apr 1880, clearly refer to same letter; dated 5 May 55; addressed Smedley.

I cannot reconcile it to my heart to publish these details so soon after Miss Brontë's death.[†2] For anything I know they might be saddening and painful to her husband,[†3] and I am not at all clear that I have any right to them. I have a particular objection to that kind of interest in a great mind, which prompts a visitor to take "a good look" at the mortal habiliments in which it is arranged, and afterwards to catalogue them, like an auctioneer. I have no sympathy whatever with the staring curiosity that it gratifies.

And beyond the husband and even the father[†4] of this lady, I cannot help going to herself. It seems that she would have shrunk from this account of her trials, and that such as she wanted given, she has given herself;[†5] and that for the present there is enough said about them.

The subject does not present itself to you in this light, I quite understand; nor do I seek to convert you to my opinions. I state them plainly merely as my sole reason for not retaining the paper.[†6]

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 7 MAY 1855

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Seventh May 1855

My Dear Layard.

Will you ask Mr. Lindsay[†7] or any one whom you may know best, associated with

the Administrative Reform Society,[†1] to put me down, *per you,* as a Subscriber of Twenty Pounds.[†2] I will send the money to the Secretary or Treasurer,[†3] as soon as I see one appointed.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A H Layard Esquire

To THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND, 7 MAY 1855*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Monday Seventh May, 1855

Gentlemen.

When the Charter Committee was appointed on my motion at the last Annual General Meeting,[†4] I took occasion to say that I should consider it a point of courtesy to communicate the result of that Committee's deliberations to you, before reporting it to a Special General Meeting.

My colleagues in the Charter Committee, which is now prepared with its Report, concurring in my desire to lay the Report before you; I beg on their behalf to let you know that we shall be happy to have the honor of waiting on you, if you should think fit to appoint a time.

As a requisition will in due course be presented to the Registrars, requesting them to convene a Special General Meeting for Saturday the sixteenth of June, will you allow me to suggest that perhaps it may equally suit your convenience and ours, if our interview be appointed for the preceding Wednesday, the thirteenth of June.[†5]

I have the honor to be | Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To | The General Committee | of
The Literary Fund.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 7 MAY 1855

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Seventh May 1855.

My Dear Stanny.

I don't know whether you understand our Hampstead engagement to hold for to day? *Do* you, you saline old Tarpaulin???

Because if you do, Mark is obliged to be in town all the morning and can't manage it. But he proposes to go to the Adelphi to-night[†1] and see Wright.[†2] And we mean to meet here at 5, and get a steak somewhere, before the Theatre.

Now, I am coming up to Highgate at 2.[†3] I will come round to Hampstead, so as to call on you about half past 3. So if you accompany us, you and I will come back to town together. Do you understand?

With this, I send five *white* handkerchiefs. Five *red* ones to make up ten,[†4] you shall have tomorrow.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To THE COLLECTOR OF WATER RATES,[†5] NEW RIVER COMPANY,[†6] 8 MAY 1855

MS Boston Public Library.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Eighth May 1855

Sir

As I observe on my printed form of receipt, that "the Collector attends to hear complaints" on certain days, at the address to which I send this note,[†7] I beg to represent to you that my supply of water is often absurdly insufficient,[†8] and that although I pay the extra service-rate for a Bath Cistern[†9] I am usually left, on a Monday Morning, as dry as if there were no such body as a New River Company in existence—which I sometimes devoutly wish were the case.

I have sent my servant on several occasions to complain at the main source of supply; and a very civil man has attended and "looked at" the cisterns; and for a few days or a few weeks I have had what I pay for; and then I have subsided into my old condition, and the water has been turned off before my tanks are filled. Finding my Bath-Cistern without a drop of the New River in it at this present writing, I must urgently entreat you to represent my case in the proper quarter and have it set right.[†1]

I am Sir | Your obedient Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

The Collector.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Eighth May 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am delighted to hear of Miss Nightingale's communication to you.[†2] Because I regard the thing as done successfully, now. There will be sad use for it, I am afraid, for I hear that there are forewarnings already of pestilence out there. The closet will be, I really believe, invaluable.

I went up to Holly Lodge yesterday, and saw your gardener again about my Cemetery piece of ground. His idea is ingenious and pretty, but involves the removal of the stone and railing. I am not quite decided, but I think it will be best to leave it, and to have one or two pretty boxes of flowers (such as one would have outside a window), on the stone.

If you have, either at Holly Lodge or in town, so much coach-room that there is any to spare, will you receive my little Brougham[†3] on a visit, when we go to the Seaside? My project is, to make Folkestone our summer-place, so that we may go to Paris (to complete the polishing of Mary and Katey) at the end of October, straight. So I shall relinquish Stable charges[†4] in these Double Income Tax days[†5] of mismanagement and waste, when we leave here. Charley's grandfather and grandmother will keep house for him and be a species of Commission[†6] in the Regal absence. He seems to be very much interested in his occupation, and we all turn out at 7 every morning with an edifying punctuality.

I am in a state of restlessness impossible to be described—impossible to be imagined—wearing and tearing to be experienced. I sit down of a morning, with all kinds of notes for my new book (for which by the bye, I think I have a capital name)[†7]—resolve to begin—get up, and go out, and walk a dozen miles—sit down

again next morning—get up and go down a railroad—come back again, and register a vow to go out of town instantly, and begin at the feet of the Pyrenees—sit down again—get up and walk about my room all day—wander about London till midnight—make engagements and am too distraught to keep them—Couldn't go to the Academy Dinner[†1]—felt it impossible to bear the speeches—pleaded Influenza at the last moment—and am at present going through the whole routine, over and over and over again.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Two old ladies have turned up at Deptford, who are the last descendants (I think Great Grand-daughters) of Samuel Johnson.[†2] Mr. Carlyle has found them—in great poverty, but undemonstrative and uncomplaining, though very old—with nothing to speak of in the wide world, but the plain fir desk on which Johnson wrote his English Dictionary.[†3]

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 10 MAY 1855*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock House | Thursday Tenth May 1855

My Dear Sir

I readily defer to the General Committee's opinion and will understand the appointed day to be Wednesday the thirtieth of May.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

P.S. | You will make the other Members of the Charter Committee acquainted with this change, of course.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 MAY 1855†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Tenth May 1855. Thursday

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The Proof (returned) very good;[†1] the idea excellent.[†2] I wish you would insist on your possessive case being "Miss Burdett Coutts's". I can't conceive why they cut off the last s.

I would decline (if the case were mine) this tremendous riddle about the tortured Noun.[†3] It is one of the most frightful works I ever heard of.

Mrs. Dickens's mother will take Essam[†4] into her service (to live here) if you do not object to her remaining in the Home until the middle of July. If she goes on well, we shall be willing to take her ourselves when we come back. I am sorry to say that an invaluable woman[†5] who has been with us 16 years—abroad and at home, in America and everywhere—is going to be married.

Did I write grandchildren? I have no doubt I did—I meant great god-children. I send you Mr. Carlyle's rough draft of a Memorial to Ld. Palmerston in their behalf.[†6] You need not mind the pencil-marks, which have been observed in putting the Memorial into shape. I think you will be interested in his own account of the case, given in his own odd way.

I shall want it back tomorrow, and shall be delighted to report that you empower me to communicate that small allowance[†7] you have with your usual kindness thought of. I am going to Cartwright at 2 o'Clock tomorrow (he wants to chip for half an hour or so at my teeth, like Old Mortality at the tombstones),[†8] and I will come round to Stratton Street afterwards, on the chance of finding you at home.

—Restlessness worse and worse. Dont[†9] at all know what to do with myself. Wish I had a Balloon.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 11 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Eleventh May 1855

My Dear Collins

I will read the Play[†1] with great pleasure if you will send it to me—of course will at any time, with cordial readiness and unaffected interest, do any such thing. "I am here" (to adopt Forster's last sonorous form of speech), for that purpose.

I hope to make Folkestone the country quarters for this Autumn. At the end of October, I have an idea of removing the Caravan to Paris for 6 months. I wish you would come over too, and take a Bedroom hard by us. It strikes me that a good deal might be done for Household Words on that side of the Water.[†2]

But we shall have plenty of leisure to talk about this, at Folkestone.

I have seen nothing of Wills since he disarranged the whole metropolitan supply of Gas.[†3] I have a general idea that he must have been upside-down ever since, in some corner,—like the Groom to whom the Sultan's daughter was to have been sacrificed.[†4] He was indeed Great and Grand. I went about the streets all next day, laughing like a Pantomime Mask. I never did see anything so ridiculous.

The restless condition in which I wander up and down my room with the first page of my new book before me, defies all description. I feel as if nothing would do me the least good, but setting up a Balloon. It might be inflated in the Garden in front—but I am afraid of its scarcely clearing those little houses.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Friday Eleventh May 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

The £20 safely come to hand.[†5]

I am truly touched by your note, because I deeply feel at all times your interest and friendship—can scarcely feel anything more. I am impetuous in my affections at any rate.

Layard has made a mistake.[†6] The men who would run him to death[†7] have wilfully

committed all manner of perversions a thousand times, and have no claim upon my sympathy in their unfair pursuit of him, and every claim upon my suspicion and resentment. Take my knowledge of the state of things in this distracted land, for what it may be worth a dozen years hence. The people will not bear for any length of time what they bear now. I see it clearly written in every truthful indication that I am capable of discerning anywhere. And I want to interpose something between them and their wrath.

For this reason solely, I am a Reformer heart and soul. I have nothing to gain—everything to lose (for public quiet is my bread)—but I am in desperate earnest, because I know it is a desperate case.

You will believe that I have no sympathy with any mis-statement of fact, or hesitation in withdrawing it.[†1] I wouldn't be unfair, if I knew it, to any human being. I should hate myself if I were.

You think me impetuous, because I sometimes speak of things I have long thought about, with a suddenness that brings me only to the conclusion I have come at, and does not shew the road by which I arrived there. But it is a broad highway notwithstanding, and I have trod it slowly and patiently. Only believe that,—and you may think me as impetuous as you like. Think me anything you like, so that you write me letters I am so proud of.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 12 MAY 1855*

MS National Library of Scotland.

Tavistock House | Twelfth May 1855, Saturday

My Dear Carlyle.

Miss Coutts has given me Twenty Pounds for the immediate necessities of the two poor old ladies; having been greatly interested by your draft of the Memorial,

which I shewed her. As I shall see you on Wednesday,[†1] perhaps I had best give it you then. In the mean time here it is, and you can anticipate it for the benefit of the good old souls in any way you think right.

With regards to Mrs. Carlyle

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 12 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twelfth May 1855, Saturday

My Dear Mark

How about going down to Greenwich[†2] today?

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 12 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Twelfth May 1855.

My Dear Mark

Halfpast three accordingly.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 12 MAY 1855*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Saturday May Twelfth 1855

My Dear old Commodore

Whom the Rheumatiz—not gout—
Has so sadly knocked about;
Altho' he is a young 'un for to see—

I am truly sorry to say that I am engaged for next Thursday, and for every day in next week. Otherwise no little thing should have kept us away at such a time. We

unite in kindest regards to Mrs. Tracey,[†1] and heartily assure you (which is not needful) that you have not stauncher friends in the world, than in the house and heart of

Yours ever faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

A very short note, in order that you may get it the sooner.

To NATHANIEL POWELL,[†2] 14 MAY 1855*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library. *Address:* Nathaniel Powell Esquire | Bedford House.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth May 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Powell, and begs to suggest that it would greatly improve the appearance of the Front Court if Mr. Powell should think it right to direct his servant to remove any straw that may be dropped before Bedford House, as soon as it falls there. Otherwise it soon gets blown and trodden over the whole garden, and gives it an uncomfortable appearance.

Having twice made this representation to Mr. Powell's servant without any effect, Mr. Dickens ventures to trouble Mr. Powell himself. He does not apologize for doing so, as the Inhabitants of the three houses[†3] have an equal interest in the neatness of the enclosure, and as it is kept in order at their joint expence.[†4]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Fifteenth May 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Shortly to resume the Ninevite question:[†5]

As I said before, Layard made a mistake—was too much ill treated and insulted to be able to repair it then[†6] (which would have required a man with great presence of mind and perfectly free from impetuosity—say, for instance, myself)—and so gave his enemies a handle against him, which they use. I differ from you altogether, as to his setting class against class. He finds them already set in opposition. And I think you hardly bear in mind that as there are two great classes looking at each other in this question, so there are two sides to the question itself. You assume that the popular class take the initiative. Now as *I* read the story, the aristocratic class did that,

years and years ago, and it is *they* who have put *their* class in opposition to the country—not the country which puts itself in opposition to *them.*

My present position with Layard is exactly this. I felt (before the mistake—as I remember, a week or ten days before), that he needed support; I was struck, at your house, to see him so changed and anxious; I happened to come into the knowledge of bitter endeavours and private influences that were at work to put him down; and I wrote to him,[†1] urging him not to be discouraged, telling him that I thought him, in the circumstances of the time, the most useful man in the house; and that I considered it a positive duty to render him all the help I could, short of going there myself.[†2] Such help as I could give him then, I did give him immediately; and he was very sensible of it. He shewed me his resolutions,[†3] some days before he made them known in the house, and in the main I approved. Then came the mistake. We dined together on the very next day[†4] after it, and I besought him for Heaven's sake to be careful. In another day or two, came the City Administrative Reform Meeting, and proposal for establishing an Association. I resolved to become a Member of it, and to give (as a kind of example to a large class), Twenty Pounds. I felt that Layard wanted, and I considered in spite of his error that he deserved, some little backing, and I wrote him a note[†5] saying "Do you tell Mr. Lindsay that the Association may rely upon me to this extent." Last Saturday, in pursuance of an old engagement made weeks before the mistake, he and I dined at Greenwich, with Paxton and some others. Layard then asked me, Had I heard from Mr. Morley,[†6] the Chairman of that City Association, because Mr. Morley had asked him whether he thought I could by any means be got to speak at a Meeting in Drury Lane Theatre,[†7] if they should decide to hold one there? I considered about it, and said, my impression was that I would speak on such an occasion; but that before I could pledge myself, I must first know everything that was intended to be done, and be sure that I approved of it. I made this a text for again impressing upon him the necessity of being careful under so great a responsibility (putting it as my own feeling about myself), and he earnestly assented; adding "If you go, I will go; but not otherwise, I think."

I am anxious to have a perfect confidence with you on the subject; and now you know all I know. If I can exercise any influence with him, I hope it will be to keep him cooler and steadier. No man can move me on such a matter, beyond what I have made up my mind is right. And as to my ever being tempted into any hot public assertion, I believe if you had ever seen me under speechifying circumstances, you would have a perfect confidence in my composure—in short, in my having left that impetuosity—say in Stratton Street.

I should like to consider your deeply interesting idea,[†8] a little longer. I meant

this to have been a short note! Enclosed is one from Mr. Carlyle[†1] you may like to see.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To WILLIAM F. ROCK, [?EARLY-MID-MAY 1855]

Mention in *To* Kingsley, 15 May 55. *Date:* no doubt earlier in the month.

Expressing his readiness to subscribe to a vol. of Edward Capern's poems.

To THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY,[†2] 15 MAY 1855†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square London
Tuesday Evening Fifteenth May 1855

My Dear Sir

[†a]After I had the pleasure of meeting you at Milnes's,[†3] I was unexpectedly occupied out of town[†4] for a while, and so missed the opportunity of seeing you again—for the time. But pray let me say in the plainest and heartiest manner, that I saw you with the greatest interest, and sincerely hope to know you better.[†a†5]

I have had a letter (from someone in the City),[†6] asking me to subscribe to a volume of the Postman's poems.[†7] I have of course expressed my readiness to do so,[†8] [†a]and this little correspondence has put it in my mind to write to you and ask you to remember what we agreed upon.—I mean, that[†a] if you should see anything from his

hand that you think I could have the pleasure of printing in Household Words, at least to let me read it with that object in view.[†1]

With much respect and regard | Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Charles Kingsley.

To J. B. CARDALE, 17 MAY 1855*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth May, 1855.

My Dear Sir,

Looking at the date of your note as I write, I am afraid you will think that I have been waiting for Spring as a fit season in which to answer it.

Pray accept my having been constantly engaged, as my apology for delay. I have this day forwarded my balance of debt,[†2] to your son;[†3] and Mr Stone tells me that he is in direct communication with you in discharge of his own debt.

If the country[†4] be only one hundredth part as disagreeable as London, it must be a mixture of Siberia and the Desert, in respect of cold and dust.

Wishing you (and all of us) well out of the times, I am, with kindest regards from all here to Mrs Cardale and your family,

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John B. Cardale Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 MAY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth May 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

You shall find that I am not unmindful of your kind and good advice. Observe, that I cannot help Layard's making his attendance at such a meeting,[†5] conditional on mine. I make mine conditional, solely on my agreement in everything proposed to be done by its Managers and Originators—of whom he is not one.

And I think it very likely besides, that the said Originators may be afraid of me, as a man who cares nothing for them and will assert the principle in his own way, and will not be bound by any conditions of theirs. Rely upon it I am in no danger of allowing my single-hearted desire to do what I can towards the saving of us all from unspeakable wretchedness, to be compromised by any little partizanship whatever.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 18 MAY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Eighteenth May 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I must see Mr. Wills before I can tell you the prices of those things—or I should rather say the subscription towards their publication.[†1] He sent them, and I do not remember. But I will let you know on Sunday or Monday.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 19 MAY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth May 1855

My Dear Henry

A walk tomorrow, by all means. At 3 o'Clock P. M. a manly form will be descried advancing along the green level of Shepherd's Bush, and proceeding with a vigorous and noble air in the direction towards Acton.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 MAY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Saturday Nineteenth May 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Nothing can be better than this. It is in the highest degree cheering to see such a prospect of usefulness for that excellent gift.[†2]

Always Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 20 MAY 1855

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twentieth May 1855

My Dear Layard

If you are not engaged on this day week, the 27th. will you come and dine with us at 6?[†1]—(I mean that unknown sign for six). We shall have only our own family, and Lemon, and perhaps Leech or Tenniel[†2]—who may as well have an opportunity of making the Nineveh Bull a little more like.[†3]

I was delighted to see you looking far more hearty[†4] and less anxious yesterday, than a little while ago. But by Heaven a young man,[†5] with the spirit of England at his back and its heartiest voice cheering him on,[†6] is bound to look his best!

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 20 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twentieth May 1855

My Dear Mark

I am going to preside at the Newsmens'[†7] Annual Meeting,[†8] tomorrow Evening at the Freemasons'[†9] at ½ past 7. I suppose it will not last above an hour. If you have nothing else to do, will you come round after dinner, and go with Wills and me.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 20 MAY 1855

MS Mr Robert K. Black.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twentieth May 1855

My Dear Stanny

I have a little Lark in contemplation, if you will help it to fly.

Collins has done a Melo Drama (a regular old-style Melo Drama), in which there is a very good notion.[†1] I am going to act it, as an experiment, in the childrens'[†2] Theatre here—I, Mark, Collins, Egg, and my daughter Mary, the whole dram: pers:[†3]—our families and yours, the whole Audience; for I want to make the stage large, and shouldn't have room for above five and twenty spectators. Now, there is only one scene in the piece, and that—my Tarry Lad—is the inside of a Lighthouse.[†4] Will you come and paint it for us one night, and we'll all turn to and help? It is a mere wall,[†5] of course, but Mark and I have sworn that you must do it.[†6]

If you will say yes, I should like to have the tiny flats made, after you have looked at the place and not before. On Wednesday in this week I am good for a steak and the Play, if you will make your own appointment here; or any day next week except Thursday. Write me a line in reply.

We mean to burst on an astonished World with the Melo Drama, without any note of preparation. So don't say a syllable to Forster, if you should happen to see him.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 21 MAY 1855*

MS Cornell University Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty First May 1855

My Dear B and E.

I think you should begin in your Standing-Lists for next month, with the announcement I send on the other side.[†7] I leave the *day* doubtful for the present,

being not yet quite decided whether to appear at the beginning or end of November—I mean, whether on the Magazine day for November or the Magazine day for December.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 21 MAY 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Monday May Twenty First, 1855

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I was more vexed on Saturday than I can tell you. But the fault was not mine. On my infallible slate of engagements, was this inscription:

Mrs. Watson here at 3.[†1]

And on the unerring tablet of my remembrance was this quotation from Mrs Watson's lips:

I am always punctual—3.[†1]

Consequently, when I came home (having only run down to the office) at ten minutes before three, conscious rectitude sustained me under your having come and gone. In which proceeding you have no kind of justification. Take my blessing and forgiveness!

They told me what you were saying about Peterborough;[†2] on which subject I have a suggestion to make. In case you should find that Lord Fitzwilliam[†3] has company, don't you think you could be quietly

comfortable at the Hotel with Mr. Wills and me? I would then so arrange as to come to Rockingham early on the morning of the day before the Reading, and take you on, *the same day,* to Peterboro'. Mr. Wills (who is my commissariat and transport service on such occasions), would be already there, and would have seen everything prepared for you.[†4] It is clear that you *must* come to the Reading, because I intend to read to you only. And it would be an extraordinary pleasure to me to have such an opportunity of passing a few hours with you, if it could be achieved. I have no doubt I shall be in a hurry, whatever I may propose or plan now; for I shall have come from Paris, and shall be going to Sheffield, and thence to Birmingham, and thence to Paris again, at a hand-gallop. But such a plan as this, could not be in the least affected by my fitful proceedings.

I am in the first chapter of a new, long, twenty-number Green book (publication to begin in November), and am in a state of restlessness not to be described or imagined—walking about the country by day—prowling about into the strangest places in London by night—sitting down to do an immensity—getting up after doing nothing—walking about my room on particular bits of all the flowers in the

carpet—tearing my hair (which I can't afford to do)—and on the whole astonished at my own condition, though I am used to it. In greater hands than mens',[†1] such states of mind have been moulded, and will have their due allowance some day. Yet I say to myself sometimes when I am a little impatient, "How can you be such an erratic, wayward, unsettled, capricious, incomprehensible Beast? I am ashamed of you!"

My Dear Mrs. Watson | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 22 MAY 1855

MS University of Kentucky.

Tavistock House | Tuesday afternoon 6 o'Clock | Twenty Second May 1855

My Dear Stanny

Your note came while I was out walking. Even if I had been at home I could not have managed to dine together today, being under a Beastly engagement to dine at Longman's.[†2] Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall expect you here some time tomorrow, and will remain at home. I only wait your instructions, to get the little canvasses made. O what a pity it is not the outside of the Light'us, with the sea a rowling agin it![†3]—Never mind. We'll get an effect out of the Inside—and there's a storm and a shipwreck, "Off"[†4]—and the great ambition of my life will be achieved at last, in the wearing of a pair of very coarse petticoat trousers.[†5] So horroar for the salt sea, Mate, and bowse up![†6]

Ever Affecy.

DICK.

To MARK LEMON, 23 MAY 1855

Text from MDGH, I, 396.

Tavistock House, May 23rd, 1855.

My dear Mark

Stanny says he is only sorry it is not the outside of the lighthouse with a raging sea

and a transparent light. He enters into the project with the greatest delight, and I think we shall make a capital thing of it.

It now occurs to me that we may as well do a farce too. I should like to get in a little part for Katey, and also for Charley, if it were practicable. What do you think of "Animal Mag."?[†1] You and I in our old parts;[†2] Collins, Jeffrey; Charley, the Markis; Katey and Mary (or Georgina), the two ladies?[†3] Can you think of anything merry that is better? It ought to be broad, as a relief to the melodrama, unless we could find something funny with a story in it too. I rather incline myself to "Animal Mag." Will you come round and deliver your sentiments?

Ever affectionately

[CD]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth May 1855 | Thursday

My Dear Collins

I shall expect you tomorrow evening at Household Words.

I have written a little ballad for Mary.[†4]—The Story of the Ship's Carpenter and the little boy, in the Shipwreck.[†5]

Let us close up with Mr. Nightingale's Diary.[†6] Will you look whether you have a book of it[†7]—or your part.[†8]

All other matters and things hereunto belonging, when we meet.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth May 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have considered your plan[†9] from every point of view, and I would *not* try it, until a special occasion shall present itself. God forbid that there should be another great sickness; but there may be, before we grow to be very old, a peace—for example—

and I think if some such opportunity were laid hold of, and associated with the design, you would begin at an immense advantage.

I suppose myself writing some little plain appeal to such waterside people, to be circulated among them, explanatory of the project and of its arising plainly out of the teaching of Our Saviour—and I feel that the additional and immediate weight to be got from its being apposite to something current which everybody knew, would be invaluable. You might or might not ask me to do such a thing; but the principle would be the same, whosoever might do it—and of the additional strength to be got in this way, I have not the least doubt. It would afford that kind of immediate illustration which there can be no doubt, I think, that Christ himself invariably took, even from passing people and adjacent objects.

Whereas at present I doubt very much whether you would attract many people who are now indifferent. Some might come, from interested motives; but there is danger of a prevalent suspicion of the object being to keep them quiet, and put grievances out of their minds. Now, going among them with a reference to something directly concerning and touching them all, would overcome this, more than any amount of reasoning and probability.

Pray be within reach of this house about the middle of next month. We are going to do *a grown-up Play* in the children's theatre, with a smaller audience and a larger stage. Mr. Collins has written an odd Melo Drama, the whole action of which (of course it is short) takes place in a lighthouse. He shewed it to me for advice, and some suggestions that I made to him involved a description of how such a thing ought to be done in a Theatre—and might be done if there were more sense in such places. So we are going to shew Mr. Webster what it means!—and Mr. Stanfield, full of his nautical and theatrical ardor, has taken possession of the Schoolroom, and will really paint and make out an illusion of a very fine kind, as far as *his* Art goes.

So I entreat you to let nothing interfere with your occupation of the place designed for you—urging the same stipulation on Mr. and Mrs. Brown. I shall be able to let you know the exact day, pretty early next week.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

P.S. My condition of restlessness is not improved. All the symptoms are very bad. The only new feature is, that I am actually at work and in the middle of No. One.[†1]

To MARK LEMON, 24 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth May 1855

My Dear Mark.

I hope you are better this morning? If you will let me administer Cockle[†2] in my own way, I will answer for your being as light as a feather in three or four days.

My infallible Ledger so far failed me last night, that I had not put down in it

"Dinner at home" for Saturday. Don't make the appointment with Ireland,[†1] until hearing from me again in the course of the day. I am going to send up to Stanfield to propose Monday. It would be inconvenient to us to have the Proscenium up on Saturday, if it can reasonably be avoided.

I must get over my moustache in Mr. Nightingale's Diary,[†2] as well as I can. I would shave it off, if I were not so soon going abroad.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

If you are going out today, will you undertake to let Nathan know that we shall want our Nightingale's Diary dresses. The strip dresses are mine.[†3]

To MARK LEMON, 24 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Fourth May 1855

My Dear Mark

Please make the appointments for

MONDAY *at 4*

instead of Saturday. If (as I expect) Collins gives me the Play tomorrow night, you shall have it for the Copyist, the first thing on Saturday morning.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To NATHANIEL POWELL, 24 MAY 1855*

MS George S. MacManus Co.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Fourth May 1855

Dear Sir

On looking at the sides of the gate,[†4] I find that our names *and* the names of the houses would be too much to look well and be easily legible. Mr. Stone and I have therefore instructed the Painter to make the inscription thus.

1. Tavistock House
2. Bedford House
3. Russell House.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 24 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Fourth May 1855

My Dear Stone

I return Mr. Miller's[†1] letter.

Great projects are afoot here for a grown-up Play in about 3 weeks time. Former schoolroom arrangements to be reversed—large stage and small audience. Stanfield bent on desperate effects, and all day long with his coat off, up to his eyes in distemper colors.

Will you appear in your celebrated character of Mr. Nightingale?[†2] I want to wind up with that popular farce, we all playing our old parts.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 24 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth May 1855

My Dear Stone.

That's right!—You will find the words all come back very quickly. Why, *of course* your people are to come. And if Stanfield don't astonish 'em, I'm a Dutchman. O Heaven if you could hear the ideas he propounds to me—making even *my* hair stand on end!

Will you get Marcus or some similar bright creation,[†3] to copy out old Nightingale's part for you, and then return the book? This is the Prompt Book—the only one I have—and Katey and Georgina (being also in wild excitement) want to write their parts[†4] out with all dispatch.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MARK LEMON, [?25 MAY 1855]*

MS Dickens Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth. *Date:* reference to Nathan suggests shortly after *To* Lemon, 24 May; handwriting supports. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire | Gordon Street. (not through post).

Tavistock House | Friday Night

My Dear Mark

I will come round to you in the morning, at about 11.

The sum is a swinger. I begin to think we had better try Nathan on hire.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 25 MAY 1855*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fifth May 1855

My Dear Tracey.

We were under an impression—which I swear you gave us—that you were going to weigh anchor on Saturday and beat out to Devonshire. As you said last night that you intended lying in the Downs[†1] some days yet, I make this signal (on the white Serjeant's behalf)[†2] to ask if it be possible that you and your fair wife (who, if I may whisper a word in your ear, looks handsomer every time I see her) and Henry,[†3] can come and dine with us this very next Sunday at 6? We have only Mr. and Mrs. Lemon and two or three other intimates, besides our own family.

Say yes, and I'll make you an Admiral.

I was giddy and out of sorts the greater part of yesterday; but your Port so set me up, that this morning I am beautiful to behold.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 26 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth May 1855

My Dear Nightingale.[†4]

The Fates seem to have been against my returning this letter.[†5] Twice I have intended to put it in an Envelope, and it positively refused to get into one. If you don't find it enclosed now, don't be surprised—*I* shall not be.

Ever Yours
HORATIO GABBLEWIG[†6]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Ninth May 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

Mr. Stanfield being at present shut up in the Schoolroom[†7] with two of the dirtiest artificers I ever saw—who have been dug out of the profoundest depths of some Theatre, appear to have wallowed in Gas from their infancy, and are now making chalk lines all over the floor, while the distinguished painter coerces them with an

umbrella—I am in a condition to report that the Night is *Saturday the 16th. of June.*[†1] We shall begin punctually at 8 O'Clock and have done soon after 11.[†2] I will send you the Bill in the course of the week. It may be advisable to inform O in reference to my being in an extremely low state in the Lighthouse on account of having something on my mind, that it all ends happily.[†3] (If you should think of anybody whom you would like to bring [†a]or to be asked[†a]—which is just possible—will you let me know *soon*, and I will perform the needful ceremonies.)

I will note a few questions on common useful knowledge, and endeavour to glean one or two from others.

The subscription to that historical table,[†4] was a Guinea each.

Old Defoe's[†5] wife is dead.[†6] The old man is going on patiently and quietly, and is immensely comforted by your allowance.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The interlineations in this note, are attributable to my being at work on the new book—which makes me perfectly reckless as to erasures.

To MARK LEMON, 29 MAY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth May 1855. Tuesday

My Dear Mark.

I want to know if I may put Grieve[†7] in the bill,[†8] as painting the Scene for the Farce. Will you ask him if I may?

Ever Affecy.

CD.

We shall have to play on Tuesday the 19th. as a third night. It is impossible, we find, to dispose of the List[†9] otherwise.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 29 MAY 1855

MS University of Kentucky.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth May 1855 | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Stanny

You have not told me whether there are any friends whom you would like to be

asked to see the Play. Will you let me know? We think it necessary to get the invitations out.[†1]

The Eastlakes, Davy,[†2] Maclise, the Landseers,[†3] and the Leslies,[†4] are already on our own list.

The Cardinal[†5] wouldn't care for such a thing, I suppose? How as to Mr. and Mrs. Wardell[†6]—or your friend Mr. Jackson[†7]—and others whom we think likely but can't remember. Only let me know, and we will do the rest.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 29 MAY 1855*

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Ninth May 1855

My Dear Stone.

Here are the Appointments in connexion with the Theatricals.
Dress Rehearsal—Friday 15th. June—at 7
First Night's acting—Saturday 16th. June—at 8
Second Do. Monday 18th. June—at 8

		Rehearsals
Saturday	2nd. June	Each Evening at 7.
Monday	4th. "	
Tuesday	5th. "	

Thursday	7th. "	But The Lighthouse is always first, and will occupy at least two hours in rehearsing—at first, more.
Friday	8th. "	
Monday	11th. "	
Thursday	14th. "	

Ever affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 31 MAY 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Thirty First May 1855

My Dear Collins

Lemon assures me that the Parts and Promptbook are to arrive to day.[†1] Why they have not been here two days, I cannot for the life of me make out. In case they *do* come, there is a good deal in the way of clearing the ground, that you and I may do before the first Rehearsal.[†2] Therefore, will you come and dine at 6 tomorrow (Friday) and give the evening to it?

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To AUGUSTUS [DICKENS],[†3] 31 MAY 1855*

MS Mrs S. S. Clephan.

Tavistock House | Thursday Thirty First May 1855

My Dear Augustus

I cannot think of anyone on that route[†4]—which is quite out of my Beat. If I should recall any useful personage in the course of tomorrow, I will write again.

Affecy always
CD.

To MESSRS NATHAN & CO., 31 MAY 1855

MS Boston Public Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Evening | Thirty First May 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform Messrs. Nathan, that two ladies' dresses will be required for the New Play—one will probably be needed to be made for the purpose entirely new—possibly both. Mr. Egg will sketch them, and the ladies and gentlemen will be all here next Saturday evening between ½ past 7 and 11.

If Messrs. Nathan will come on Saturday evening, everything can be arranged, and they shall have a list of the three nights of performance &c.

Mr. Dickens has taken care of them, as usual, in the Bills.[†5]

To FRANK STONE, 31 MAY 1855*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thirty First May 1855

My Dear Stone

I am sorry to say that I have not the book—that is to say, producible. Charley and Walter have all my books of that kind—Walter is at Putney[†1]—Charley is in the City, and, though I have been up into his room, I can't see a Virgil there.

Fine weather! I have been sitting during the whole of this delicious day, in a Bower of Roses.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 31 MAY 1855

Mention in Anderson Auction catalogue No. 1000, 5 May 1913; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 31 May 55.

Contributing a subscription of £5 in favour of Mrs. [*Burbury*].[†2]

To HENRY MORLEY, [?LATE MAY 1855]

Mention in Morley *to* Thornton Hunt, 20 Dec 59 (MS Comte de Suzannet). *Date:* 3 weeks before Morley's "By Rail to Parnassus" appeared in *Household Words* (16 June 55).

Hoping that Morley would give a favourable notice of Leigh Hunt's Stories in Verse, *and expressing his own truest regard for their author.*

June

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 2 JUNE 1855

MS British Library.

Tavistock House. | Saturday Second June 1855

My Dear Layard

I am sorry to say that I *cannot possibly* attend the proposed Meeting on Thursday,[†3] inasmuch as I have faithfully bound myself to engagements[†4] with a knot

of half a dozen men which will hold me that night, and almost every night until after the 19th. of June. I would have adapted all other arrangements to this one, if I had had earlier notice of it; but I cannot—my other arrangements being made—on any account put out, or put off, the people with whom I have entered into a compact that has existed among us before,[†1] and which no one of us has ever broken.

I shall be at home tomorrow evening, and on Monday until 2 o'Clock, and shall be delighted to see you. I will write my adhesion, if Mr. Morley should desire it,[†2] so that it may be made known. And I can "keep", you know, and be exploded on another occasion.[†3] Meanwhile I am constantly putting the subject in as sharp lights as I can kindle, in Household Words—have a little paper for next week's, at this moment at press (called Cheap Patriotism)[†4] quite apropos to Thursday.

In haste | Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE LINLEY,[†5] 2 JUNE 1855*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Tavistock Square. | Second June 1855

Dear Sir

It will give me great pleasure—and Mrs. Dickens no less—if you have leisure and inclination to come and see the little Theatricals of which I enclose you a bill.[†6]

I have introduced your name into it, because the words of the song are designed for the Music you wrote to "Little Nell".[†7] One of my young daughters sings it very prettily, and it is a great favorite with all the house—I mean your air; not my words, which belong to the occasion.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Linley Esquire.

Will you oblige me with an early answer, as our space is very small and the demand upon it very large.

To SIR RODERICK MURCHISON,[†1] 4 JUNE 1855*

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954).

Tavistock House | Monday Fourth June 1855

My Dear Sir Roderick

I will come to you[†2] with the greatest pleasure, if you will come to me on the little occasion duly set forth in the accompanying bill. I know what an appreciative audience you are, and hope we may bring you out in force.

Mrs. Dickens extorts a vow from me that I will tell you that we can't get anybody in after 8, and that I will further exhort you to answer swiftly.[†3]

Always Very Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Roderick Murchison

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 JUNE 1855

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue, *c.* May 1935; *MS* 2 pp.; dated London, 4 June 55.

Apologising for delay in answering his correspondent, but was awaiting the arrival of a magazine referred to therein, but as it has not come he now writes lest you should by any chance suppose me for a moment insensible to such cordial regards as you express.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 JUNE 1855

Mention in Howes Bookshop catalogue No. 140; dated Tavistock House, 4 June 55.

Thanking his correspondent for the loan of a book.

To THOMAS BARING,[†4] 6 JUNE 1855

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Sixth June 1855

My Dear Sir

I think I ought to let you know that our domestic freak does not come off on Monday *next,* but on Monday *week.* In your note, you suppose it to be in contemplation for the former day. If this should be merely a slip of your pen, pray don't take the trouble to reply.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Baring Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 6 JUNE 1855

Text from *The Unpublished Letters of CD to Mark Lemon,* ed. Walter Dexter, 1927, p. 138.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Morning, Sixth June, 1855.

My dear Mark,

In the wardrobe yesterday we made an omission which perhaps you will supply[†1]—some rough oilskin or other wrappers for the sailors.[†2] We must not fail to bring them in very wet.

I hope you have received and read my Literary Fund Report,[†3] and that you like it.

Ever affectionately,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To MARK LEMON, 6 JUNE 1855*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Sixth June 1855

My Dear Mark

We are horribly short of copies of the Literary Fund Report. I have sent mine to

Delane.[†1] Forster has sent his to Counsel.[†2] Will you lend yours to Forster? He will return it to you in a few hours.

Affecy Ever
CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY,[†3] 7 JUNE 1855*

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Tavistock House | Thursday Seventh June 1855

My Dear Sir

[†a]I am anxious to remind you that the Special General Meeting of the Literary Fund to receive the Report of the committee appointed at the last annual Meeting, will be held at Willis's Rooms[†4] *on Saturday the 16th. of this month at 2 precisely.*

Let me entreat you to attend it,[†5] and that punctually at the appointed time.[†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 7 JUNE 1855

Text from N, II, 668-9.

Tavistock House | Thursday Seventh June 1855

My Dear Cunningham

I am anxious to remind you that the Special General Meeting of the Literary Fund to receive the report of the Committee appointed at the last Annual Meeting, will be held at Willis's Rooms *on Saturday the 16th of this month at 2 precisely.*

Let me entreat you to attend it,[†6] and that punctually at the appointed time.

Faithfully yours ever
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN, 7 JUNE 1855

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Thursday Seventh June 1855.

My Dear Elwin

Forster has told you (I believe) that I hope you will come to us on the evening of the Saturday on which our unfortunate calling is to be beaten by agglomerated Humbug[†1] (against which however I will sustain its just claims please God, for many a year to come), but has not told you why I want to see you. My reason I enclose in print.[†2] It is a freak I have taken into my head to try how picturesque and real we can be in my children's Schoolroom. The real Theatre is so bad, that I have always a delight in setting up a sham one—besides deriving a pleasure from feigning to be somebody else which is akin to the pleasure of inventing—with the addition of the odd novelty that this sort of invention is executed in company.

Always Very Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Whitwell Elwin.

To F. G. FRANCIS,[†3] 7 JUNE 1855

MS Dickens Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

Tavistock House, London | Seventh June 1855

Sir.

In reply to your letter, I beg to let you know, that I have already promised to read the Christmas Carol at Folkestone[†4] for the benefit of a popular educational Institution[†5] there, and that I cannot undertake to do so twice. But I should be particularly disappointed if the attendance of working men, on the occasion, were rendered at all difficult; and I shall express to the Directors of the Harveian Institution, my earnest hope that they will endeavour so to arrange their proceedings as to admit the Members of your Society[†6] on very easy terms.[†7]

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. F. G. Francis.

To ANTHONY PANIZZI,[†1] 7 JUNE 1855*

MS Dr Barbara McCrimmon.

Tavistock House | Thursday Seventh June 1855

My Dear Panizzi

[†a]I am anxious to remind you that the Special General Meeting of the Literary Fund to receive the Report of the Committee appointed at the last Annual Meeting, will be held at Willis's Rooms *on Saturday the 16th of this month at 2 precisely*.

Let me entreat you to attend it,[†2] and that punctually at the appointed time.[†a]

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Signor Panizzi.

To H. W. PICKERSGILL,[†3] 7 JUNE 1855

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* H. W. Pickersgill Esquire R. A. | Stratford Place.

Tavistock House | Thursday Seventh June 1855

My Dear Mr. Pickersgill.

[†a]I am anxious to remind you that the Special General Meeting of the Literary Fund to receive the Report of the Committee appointed at the last annual Meeting, will be held at Willis's Rooms, on *Saturday the 16th. of this month at 2 precisely*.

Let me entreat you to attend it,[†4] and that punctually at the appointed time.[†a]

Believe me | Very faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

H. W. Pickersgill Esquire

To SIR CUSACK RONEY,[†5] 7 JUNE 1855*

Fragment[†6] in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1986; *MS* 1 p.; dated 7 June 55; addressed Sir Cusack Roney.

Tavistock House | Thursday Seventh June 1855

Believe me | Very Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Cusack Roney

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 7 JUNE 1855*

MS Yale University Library.

Telegraph Message—Tavistock Station
Thursday Evening 7th. June 1855
5..41[†1]
CHARLES DICKENS
Perfect in 3 steps[†2]
And covering himself with Glory[†3]

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 JUNE 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Queen's Hotel | Upper Norwood.

Tavistock House | Eighth June 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I really did think you *were* lost—and have been in a despondent state of mind about it. Having found you again, I am as well as can be expected (please mention to O), with that Murder on my mind.[†4]

—Which reminds me of Dr. Skey.[†5] Pray assure him that I will get him in *somehow*. The devices I have been making to get space and ventilation would amuse you, if any amount of paper would be sufficient for their description. We are obliged to do it three nights. With Mr. Stanfield's requirements, I can't get in more than 60. And the wildest people hear of it and ask to come—and I am afraid to go out, because I am certain to meet in the next street the person who has never been thought of, [†a]*and who ought*[†a] of all others never to have been forgotten.

But I am going (by back ways) to Hackney tomorrow, to see, at the Elizabeth Fry Refuge,[†6] two cases for the Home. We have another, as a parting gift, from Mr. Tracey[†7]—of which he thinks highly. I hope one of the Hackney cases will do, but I am doubtful of the other. I only judge at this present writing, however, from a lady's written description.[†8]

I quite agree with you as to preparing beforehand, for your truly Christian design.[†9] It has frequently been in my mind again, and I am strengthened in my first belief that its being pointed by an occasion would be of great service to it.

I wouldn't be going every day to that enormous wilderness, and making a fishing-net

of my brain to drag those Courts with, for—well, I would for Mr. Dunn's little bill,[†1] but for nothing less.

With kindest regards

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To CHARLES FROST,[†2] 8 JUNE 1855

Summary and extract in *Precieux Autographes Composant la Collection du President Robert Schuman*, March 1965 (re-translated from French); *MS* 1 3/4 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 8 June 55; addressed Charles Frost.

He has not made an appointment with Frost, since he would wish to save him from a pointless journey. He has not the least plan to go to Hull during the next two years. All the engagements he has undertaken for reading at Literary Institutes until the coming Christmas have been settled for six months. I am now about to start a new book and am totally incapable of taking on anything else.

To MEMBERS OF THE AMATEUR COMPANY, [9 JUNE 1855]

Mention in *To* Collins, 9 June 55. *Date:* written the same day.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 9 JUNE 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Morning | June Ninth 1855

My Dear Collins

I have had a communication from Stanfield since we parted last night, to the effect that he must have the Stage entirely to himself and his men on Thursday Night. I therefore write round to all the Company, to remind them that Monday is virtually our last Rehearsal, and that we shall probably have to do your Play twice, on that precious occasion.

Ever Heartily Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 10 JUNE 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Morning | Tenth June 1855

My Dear Mark

The Wardrobe-Box has arrived, and I will get the dresses into suits[†1] with you whenever you like.

Affecy. always

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 10 JUNE 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tenth June 1855

My Dear Wills

I have taken time (as I told you I would), to consider the case you put to me the other day;[†2] because, although it immediately presented itself to my mind in one plain light, I wished to be as sure as further consideration could make me, of being right.

My opinion of the matter is formed, you will presently see, entirely with a reference to Household Words. If I do not put your inclinations and desires in a separate place, it is because I assume your best interests to be identified with Household Words.

I think your impulse to take the offer made to you, is altogether a mistake. I think your undertaking the conduct of any other periodical quite incompatible with your position at Household Words—dangerous to its individuality and responsibility—and in every way prejudicial to its interests. I have no course that I can see, but decidedly to object to such an idea.

When you proposed to me the terms of your association with Household Words, you expressly set forth to me the necessity of your giving yourself wholly up to it. Since its establishment, you have frequently shewn me that the demands made by its business on your time, have prevented your writing in it. I am perfectly sure of my own knowledge that it must always draw sufficiently on[†3] all the energies and qualities you possess for the management and conduct of any periodical work. And although I can imagine your having leisure for some literary labor apart from it, now and then, I must hold to the position that its claims are engrossing, and that it must not be put into double-harness with any other periodical editing or sub-editing.

In the case of Hard Times, you made a Speculation with the hope of a large profit.[†4] However natural it may be in you to confound the temporary sequestration

of the profits on your share in Household Words, with the worth of the share itself,[†1] it is not so reasonable as that it can at all influence me in this case.

If, in addition to what you now do for Household Words, you were to help in the execution of articles that would admit of such assistance, I should think it quite fair that you should be paid extra for such work.[†2] But I am clear—to repeat it for the last time—that your entertainment of such a proposal as that made to you by Mr. Bruce[†3] is out of the question, and that I must ask you to abandon it.

I have considered the matter in every aspect, with the greatest desire to be moderate and to make all generous allowance. I have not the least doubt that you are mistaken, and that in saying what I now do, I accept an absolute necessity which (in a mistake) you impose upon me.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To SAMUEL MORLEY,[†5] 11 JUNE 1855

Text from *Daily News*, 14 June 55.

Tavistock House | Monday, June 11, 1855

Dear Sir,

I regret that I cannot attend the meeting at Drury-lane Theatre on Wednesday night,[†6] having a duty to discharge elsewhere, to which I have been pledged for months. I have enrolled myself a member[†7] of the Administrative Reform Association, because I believe it to be impossible for England to hold her place in the world, or long to be at rest within herself, unless the present system of mismanaging the

public affairs, and mis-spending the public money, be altogether changed; because I daily see stronger and stronger reason to entertain the conviction that it never will be really amended in any essential respects, until a general determination that it must be, is so extended throughout the country, that it shall make itself plainly heard, even within the very thick party-walls[†1] of the House of Commons; because the steady union of great numbers of earnest men is essential to this result; and because I hope the association will effect such union by honestly instructing the people as to their real wrongs, and their peaceful means of righting them for the common good. You know that literature is my profession—it is at once my business and my pleasure, and I shall never pass beyond it. The association can render me no service but as one of the community, and I join it in no other character, and with no other purpose.

Dear sir, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Morley Esq.

To MRS WINTER, 11 JUNE 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Eleventh June 1855

My Dear Maria.

I answered your last letter but one, almost as soon as I received it, to let you know that I should be out of town that Sunday, and for several Sundays in succession. This note of mine must have gone astray

somehow or somewhere, for I posted it myself. It has happened on a former occasion—but only on one—that a letter of mine failed to reach its destination. How this comes to be missing, I cannot comprehend.

Your account of your poor little child is distressing indeed, and makes me heartily sorry for your fatigues and anxieties. I have never had any faith in the homoeopathic system and therefore have never tried it. I am inclined to think that it is principally successful with people who have nothing the matter with them, and that active diseases where there is a vigorous action for evil going on, require more decided remedies. Still, it is indubitably successful in some violent cases even.

I shall be very happy to receive your little token of remembrance,[†2] when you have less care on your mind, and have set your Baby up—as I hope and trust you soon will—twenty times stronger than before. Take care of your Baby's mother, and God bless her.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 JUNE 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twelfth June 1855.

My Dear Wills.

There is no fear of our misunderstanding one another.

I should be heartily glad for you to increase your income, and hope I have suggested a means by which you may do so.[†1] My letter (as I thought I expressed in it), does not apply to every conceivable kind of literary occupation, but particularizes the editing or sub-editing of a periodical not associated with Household Words.

Your zeal and fidelity in all respects, of course I have never doubted. How could I!

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 13 JUNE 1855

Mention in Catalogue of Collection of Ferdinand Julius Dreer, Philadelphia, 1890; dated 13 June 55; addressed William Howitt.

To MRS WINTER, 13 JUNE 1855[†2]

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Thirteenth June 1855

My Dear Mrs. Winter.

I am truly grieved to hear of your affliction in the loss of your darling baby.[†3] But if you be not, even already, so reconciled to the parting from that innocent child for a little while, as to bear it gently and with a softened sorrow, I know that that not unhappy state of mind must soon arise. The death of infants is a release from so much chance and change—from so many casualties and distresses—and is a thing so beautiful in its serenity and peace—that it should not be a bitterness, even in a mother's heart. The simplest and most affecting passage in all the noble history of our Great Master, is his consideration for little children.[†4] And in reference to yours, as many millions of bereaved mothers poor and rich will do in reference to theirs until the end of time, you may take the comfort of the gracious[†5] words "And he took a child, and set it in the midst of them."

In a book by one of the greatest English writers,[†6] called A Journey from this World to the next, a parent comes to the distant country beyond the grave, and finds the little girl he had lost so long ago, engaged in building a bower to receive him in, when his aged steps should bring him there at last. He is filled with joy to see her—so young—so bright—so full of promise—and is enraptured to think that she never

was old, wan, tearful, withered. This is always one of the sources of consolation in the deaths of children. With no effort of the fancy, with nothing to undo, you will always be able to think of the pretty creature you have lost, *as a child* in Heaven.

A poor little baby of mine,[†1] lies in Highgate Cemetery—and I laid her, just as you think of laying yours,[†2] in the catacombs there, until I made a resting-place for all of us in the free air.

It is better that I should not come to see you. I feel quite sure of that, and will think of you instead.

God bless and comfort you! Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their kindest condolences to yourself and Mr. Winter. I add mine with all my heart.

Affectionately Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 15 JUNE 1855*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

Tavistock Square | Friday Fifteenth June 1855

My Dear Sir

I have promised to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, to ask you to send him another printed summons for the Meeting tomorrow,[†3] to his house No. 1 Park Lane. He has accidentally destroyed the first, and fears he may have some difficulty in getting in without any.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To THE ACTING INSPECTOR OF POLICE,[†1] 15 JUNE 1855*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Friday Fifteenth June 1855

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform the Acting Inspector of Police that he is going to have some theatrical entertainments at his house, tomorrow (Saturday) and on Monday and Tuesday Evenings; and that he wishes to have a Policeman in attendance each night *from 7 to 12,* to direct the setting down and taking up of carriages, and to prevent the intrusion of any stragglers into the enclosure before the house. Mr. Dickens will of course be happy to pay any charge that may be occasioned.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 JUNE 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Nineteenth June 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

I dispatch a hasty report to you and O. The audience were not so *demonstrative* last night as on Saturday, and the Corps Dramatique were disposed to think them "flat". I observed however that they were crying vigorously, and I think they were quite as much moved and pleased as on Saturday, though they did not cheer the actors on so much—except in the Farce.[†2] Everybody played exactly as on the previous night—including Mr. Forster, who buffeted the guests (I am informed) in the same light and airy manner. Mrs. Stanfield was mollified, and certainly seemed to have been hustled out of the house on Saturday Night, like a species of pickpocket. Lady Beecher[†3] was evidently very much impressed and surprised, and Mrs. Yates[†4] said (with a large red circle round each eye), "O Mr. Dickens what a pity it is you can do anything else!"[†5]

Longman the bookseller[†1] was seen to cry dreadfully—and I don't know that anything could be said beyond that!—

I shall send you another Report tomorrow. Georgina and I are now going to ticket the seats again.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To ROBERT HUNT,[†2] 19 JUNE 1855*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Nineteenth June 1855

Dear Sir

I have never had any personal knowledge (that I can recall), of Mr. Doogood,[†3] but I know him to have occupied the position you describe.[†4] I cannot but think that the Proprietors of the Daily News would assist him in his unhappy circumstances,[†5] for I understand that they are usually liberal towards their faithful servants when afflictions come upon them.

I regret to add that I do not know of any Fund or Institution available in such a case.

Allow me to assure you that your letter requires no apology, and that your name needed no commendation to me.[†6]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Hunt Esquire

To MRS TROLLOPE,[†7] 19 JUNE 1855

MS[†8] Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House, | Tuesday Morning, Nineteenth June | 1855

My Dear Mrs. Trollope

I was out of town on Sunday, or I should have answered your note immediately on its arrival.[†9] I cannot have the pleasure of seeing the famous "Medium"[†10] tonight,

for I have some Theatricals at home. But I fear I should not in any case be a good subject for the purpose, as I altogether want faith in the thing.[†1] I have not the least belief in the awful unseen World being available for evening parties at so much per night. And although I should be ready to receive enlightenment from any source, I must say that I have very little hope of it from the Spirits who express themselves through Mediums, as I have never yet observed them to talk anything but Nonsense—of which (as Carlyle would say),[†2] there is probably enough in these days of ours, and in all days, among mere mortality.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 19 JUNE 1855*

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Nineteenth June 1855

My Dear Webster

Lemon seems to think you have some idea of seeing the Play again, tonight. This is to give you notice that you are expected, and that your seat is reserved; so (as the warrants run),[†3] herein fail not at your peril.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To SAMUEL BROWN, 20 JUNE 1855*

MS Gordon College, Wenham, Mass.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twentieth June | 1855

Sir

In reply to your obliging enquiry,[†4] I beg to say that I shall be glad to have six tickets[†5] for the Dress Circle of boxes and two for the platform.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Brown Esquire

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 20 JUNE 1855

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twentieth June 1855

My Dear Stanny

I write a hasty note to let you know that last night was

Perfectly Wonderful!!![†1]

Such an audience! Such a brilliant success from first to last![†2] The Queen had taken it into her head in the morning to go to Chatham,[†3] and had carried Phipps with her. He wrote to me, asking if it were possible to give him a quarter of an hour.[†4] I got through that time before the Overture, and he came—without any dinner—so inflamed by eager curiosity. Lemon and I did every conceivable absurdity, I think, in the Farce; and they never left off laughing. At supper I proposed your health,[†5] which was drunk with Nine times Nine, and three cheers over. We then turned to at Scotch Reels (having had no exercise), and danced in the maddest way until 5 this morning.

It is as much as I can do, to guide the pen

With loves to Mrs. Stanfield and all, | Ever Most affectionately Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 JUNE 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Twenty First June 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am happy to report the Crowning night, a greater success than either of the others! Everything was in complete and thorough train—the audience were brilliant in their recognition—the actors were in great spirits—and some five and twenty of us danced the maddest Scotch Reels, with all the steps conscientiously executed, until 5 O'Clock in the Morning.

To sum up all. Charley was off to the City at a quarter before Nine, and the House (that one room excepted), was in its usual condition at Noon. We were not much tired yesterday; but I feel to day, for one, like my Invalid-friend in the Farce[†6]—with two pains (and nothing else) to represent my arms, two more instead of my legs, and a broad pathway of Fatigue-lumbago down my back.

I expect the Postman on this beat, to sink under the fatigue of delivering letters of enthusiasm from the three audiences. They come showering in every hour.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS DAVENPORT,[†1] 21 JUNE 1855*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Twenty First June 1855

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to assure Mrs. Davenport that he has no influence with the Literary Fund, and is unable to advance the object she has in view.[†2]

To HENRY MORLEY, 21 JUNE 1855

Extract in H. S. Solly, *The Life of Henry Morley*, 1898, p. 225.

I think your idea of an almanac[†3] an excellent one.

To SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, 21 JUNE 1855*

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House | Twenty First June 1855

My Dear Sir Roderick

The defaulter blushes—but the beaten one pleads. I was quite knocked up yesterday, after four nights[†4] Theatricals—had no legs—no head—no voice—nothing to bring to Greenwich[†5] but a suit of clothes. I gave in, of sheer imbecility.

Faithfully Yours always

Sir Roderick Murchison

To HENRY AUSTIN, 22 JUNE 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening | Twenty Second June 1855

My Dear Henry.

Agreeably to our Compact, here is a Platform Ticket for Drury Lane, next Wednesday.[†6] If you would like to go with Jacob Dale of the Eddystone Lighthouse,[†7]

write him a line addressed 11 Gordon Street Gordon Square, and I am sure he will be delighted to have such company.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To DAVID ROBERTS, 22 JUNE 1855*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Second June 1855 | Friday Evening

My Dear Roberts.

My attention was first called to the subject of Mr. Howell's[†1] communication,[†2] by one of his colleagues in the Inspection of Factories.[†3] I will hand the papers[†4] Mr. Howell has been kind enough to forward to me through you, to the gentleman to whom I entrusted the writing of the Articles that have already appeared in Household Words.[†5] They have occasioned a private correspondence between me and a Manchester Mill Owner,[†6] one of the Association[†7]—angrily begun on his side, and temperately continued on mine—in which I think his Union[†8] did not get the better of

Yours Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 JUNE 1855†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third June 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts

[†a]I have a heavy complaint to make against you (which I only knew of, when my people returned from Holly Lodge yesterday); and I cannot rest until I make it.

How could you entertain the shadow of a desire to be here last Tuesday night, and not tell me? As if there could be any possible circumstances in which it would not have been a delight to me to make room for you and yours! Why, I had my brother[†1] among the audience that night, who would have come out with the greatest readiness, on the lightest hint of my desire, and who, with any of half a dozen young men in the audience, would have had a greater interest in being allowed to stand behind the scenes than in sitting before them. I thought nothing would have vexed me in connexion with the Play after its going off so well and pleasing everybody so much, but I declare I could knock my dull head against the desk I write upon, for not having asked you if you would care to see it again. It was really in diffidence that I did not, for I could not imagine (and I thought about it when we were sitting in the Theatre on Monday), that you could have a thought that way, and not express it. And I felt as if it would be a kind of taking advantage of your feeling for it, to propose to you to come again.[†a]

I can never forgive you. And as to O[†2] who might have rectified your omission by the softest whisper in my ear—I renounce her!

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

I am going to speak at Drury Lane next Wednesday. I don't think I shall do anybody any harm—but I feel a little vicious against Lord Palmerston.[†3]

To MRS TROLLOPE, 23 JUNE 1855

Text from N, II, 674. *Address* (envelope, MS Berg Collection): Mrs Trollope | 6 Allen Terrace | Kensington. PM JU 25 1855.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third June 1855

My Dear Mrs. Trollope

I would rather not enter on the investigation under such circumstances.[†1] If I felt myself at liberty to repeat a conversation,[†2] I could present my reason far more plainly. But I do not consider that I have the right to do so.

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 JUNE 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Fourth June 1855

My Dear Collins.

I am delighted that I have this one Ticket to spare, out of six that I got for Home. If you will be at the principal door in Brydges Street,[†3] a little before a quarter to 7, and will there meet my people as they come up, and go in with them, you will find your place secured. The Secretary writes me that it is necessary to be early,[†4] to avoid calling attention to this fact, as other places are *not* secured.

I am rather flustered about the thing just now, not knowing their ways or what kind of Audience they are, or how they go on at all. But I'll try them, and the best can do no more.

I have broached a move Kensington wards,[†5] for changing their arrangements altogether—dropping the Farce—putting their piece second—and playing The Lighthouse (original cast and Scenery) first.[†6] I don't know whether anything may come of it, but I thought it well to make a discreet point that way. This for the present is entirely between ourselves.[†7]

Will you tell your brother with my regards, that I write to Townshend by tomorrow morning's Mail. I am not *quite* sure where he is.[†1]

Ever Yours

CD.

To THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, [25 JUNE 1855]

Mention in last. *Date:* the day after that letter.

A letter on behalf of Charles Collins.

To EDWIN CHADWICK, 26 JUNE 1855*

MS University College Library.

Tavistock House

Twenty Sixth June 1855 | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Mr. Chadwick

My impression is, that I had best keep clear of the technical points; for I think the audience will get enough of them from others, and would be disappointed if I did not rather dash at them—by "them", I mean the audience themselves. I therefore *think* I shall generally go for the broad object, and the broad defence, of such an Association.[†2] I have received the Proof you kindly sent me.[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Chadwick Esquire

To DR JOHN EPPS, 26 JUNE 1855*

MS Miss Julia Rosenthal.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Sixth June 1855

Dear Sir

Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of the books[†1] you have had the kindness to send me, and to thank you for them.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Epps.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 JUNE 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Seventh June 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Will you call for me here, on Monday at *a quarter past 2.* I will then pilot you to Alsatia[†2]—the Printers' is on the Fortunes of Nigel ground.[†3]

I am sorry for what occurred in Hyde Park,[†4] but it is an illustration of what I endeavoured to put before you in reference to to-night's Association—I mean the extraordinary ignorance on the part of those who make the laws, of what is behind us, and what is ever ready to break in if it be too long despised. I have said to any one in Parliament whom I know and have happened to see, since Ld. Robert Grosvenor[†5] brought in that bill, "how can you be so mad as to let it creep on? There is no power in the Country that can enforce it if it be passed; the people are going wild by being worried on the subject; they have suffered an amount of cruel denial and discomfort through the last Sunday bill,[†6] which you don't or won't understand; and it is

wonderful to see you rushing on to riot and disturbance as you are". Some don't understand how things can be so, many more don't care, and the dangerous result is brought about that the people get no hearing until they break out into tumult—and then the business is done in a moment.

If Ld. Robert Grosvenor were so ignorant as to bring in that bill on the requisition of any fanatic people whomsoever, he is simply the last man who ought to represent Middlesex—which I hope he will never do again.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To J. L. ALLEN, 28 JUNE 1855*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Eighth June 1855

Sir.

Allow me to apologize to you for my mistake. I fully believed I had paid the stable Rent to last Lady Day. Finding no such entry in my banking book, I beg to enclose a cheque for the amount,[†1] and shall feel obliged if you will send me a receipt.

I am Sir | Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. L. Allen Esquire

To LEIGH HUNT, 28 JUNE 1855

MS Iowa University Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday June Twenty Eighth 1855

My Dear Hunt.

Do not, I beg you, suppose that I have been unmindful of your letter. I have been more busily engaged than I could easily tell you, and have not until this day seen my way to an evening when I can pass an hour at Hammersmith. Next Monday evening, please God, I will pause in my walk, at 7 Cornwall Road.

But I hope you will not now think it necessary to renew that painful subject with me.[†2] There is nothing to remove from my mind—I hope, nothing to remove from yours. I thought of the little notice[†3] which has given you (I rejoice most heartily to find), so much pleasure—as the best means that could possibly present themselves of enabling me to express myself publicly about you as you would desire. In that better and unmistakeable association with you by name, let all end.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To LEIGH HUNT, 28 JUNE 1855

MS Iowa University Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth June 1855

P.S. To my note of this morning

Not Monday—Tuesday

To JOHN FORSTER, 29 [JUNE] 1855

Composite text from MDGH, 1882, III, 165-7, ([aa] from F, 1872-4, III, 49-50*n*. *Date:* Forster and MDGH both give March, obviously in error.

Tavistock House, Friday, 29th March, 1855.

My dear Forster,

[a]I have hope of Mr. Morley—whom one cannot see without knowing to be a straightforward, earnest man. Travers,[†1] too, I think a man of the Anti-corn-law-league order.[†2] I also think Higgins[†3] will materially help them. Generally I quite agree with you that they hardly know what to be at;[†4] but it is an immensely difficult subject to start, and they must have every allowance. At any rate, it is not by leaving them alone and giving them no help, that they can be urged on to success.[a]

Higgins told me, after the meeting on Monday[†5] night, that on the previous evening he had been closeted with [Lindsay],[†6] whose letter in that day's paper he had put right for *The Times*.[†7] He had never spoken to [Lindsay] before, he said, and

found him a rather muddle-headed Scotchman as to his powers of conveying his ideas.[†1] He (Higgins) had gone over his documents judicially, and with the greatest attention; and not only was [Wood][†2] wrong in every particular (except one very unimportant circumstance), but, in reading documents[†3] to the House, had stopped short in sentences where no stop was, and by so doing had utterly perverted their meaning.[†4]

This is to come out, of course, when said [Lindsay] gets the matter on.[†5] I thought the case so changed, before I knew this, by his letter and that of the other shipowners,[†6] that I told Morley, when I went down to the theatre, that I felt myself called upon to relieve him from the condition I had imposed.[†7]

For the rest, I am quite calmly confident that I only do justice to the strength of my opinions, and use the power which circumstances have given me, conscientiously and moderately, with a right object, and towards the prevention of nameless miseries. I should be now reproaching myself if I had not gone to the meeting, and, having been, I am very glad.[†8]

A good illustration of a Government office. ———[†1] very kindly wrote to me to suggest that "Houses of Parliament" illustration.[†2] After I had dined on Wednesday, and was going to jog slowly down to Drury Lane, it suddenly came into my head that perhaps his details were wrong. I had just time to turn to the "Annual Register,"[†3] and *not one of them was correct!*

This is, of course, in close confidence.

Ever affectionately

[CD]

To THE REV. HUGH REED,[†4] 29 JUNE 1855*

MS New York Public Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth June 1855

Dear Sir

Before I make an appointment as you request, will you allow me to beg that you will have the goodness to let me know in writing, what the subject is to which you desire to call my attention. My leisure not keeping pace with my inclination, and my ability to serve any cause being dependent on my not distributing myself over too many, I am obliged to lay down this rule. You would understand its positive necessity better, if you could imagine—or if any mortal credulity could—the number of my correspondents.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Hugh Reed.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 29 JUNE 1855[†5]

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue Jan 1883; *MS* 1 p.; dated 29 June 55.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 30 JUNE 1855*

MS British Library.

Household[†6] Words | Thirtieth June 1855

My Dear B and E.

Miss Coutts is unwell, and, having a child's Party to day and a swell Party on

Tuesday, is afraid of knocking herself up by coming to W. Friars on Monday. She therefore wishes me to postpone the arrangement.

But I suppose the steak will come off, just the same?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 30 JUNE 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Thirtieth June 1855

My Very dear Macready.

I write shortly, after a day's work at my desk, rather than lose a post in answering your enthusiastic, earnest, and young—how young, in all the best side of youth!—letter.

To tell you the truth, I confidently expected to hear from you.[†1] I knew that if there were a man in the world who would be interested in, and who would approve of, my giving utterance to whatever was in me, at this time, it would be you. I was as sure of you as of the Sun this morning.

The subject is surrounded by difficulties, the Association is sorely in want of able men, and the resistance on the part of all the Phalanx who have an interest in corruption and mismanagement, is the resistance of a struggle against Death. But the great first strong necessity is to rouse the people up—to keep them stirring and vigilant—to carry the War, dead into the Tent of such a creature as this Lord Palmerston,[†2] and ring into his soul (or what stands for it), that the time for Dandy insolence[†3] is gone for ever. It may be necessary to come to that law of Primogeniture (I have no love for it), or to come to even greater things; but this is the first service to be done, and unless it *is*[†4] done, there is not a chance. For this, and to encourage timid people to come in, I went to Drury Lane the other night—and I wish you had been there, and had seen and heard the people!

The Association will be proud to have your name and gift.[†5] When we sat down on the stage the other night, and were waiting a minute or two to begin, I said to Morley the Chairman (a thoroughly fine earnest fellow) "this reminds me so of one of my dearest friends—with a melancholy so curious—that I don't know whether the place feels familiar to me or strange". He was full of interest directly, and we went on talking of you until the moment of his getting up to open the business.

They are going to print my speech in a tract-form,[†1] and send it all over the country. I corrected it for the purpose, last night.

Forster and I (between ourselves) don't quite agree on public matters, and I make an occasional rush at him which rather damages our concord, for a little while now and then. We are all well. Charley in the City, all the boys at home for the holidays, three prizes brought in triumphantly (two from the Boulogne Waters and one from Wimbledon),[†2] I taking dives into a new book, and runs at leap-frog over Household Words,—and Anne going to be married[†3]—which is the only bad news.

Catherine, Georgina, Mary, Katey, Charley, and all the rest, send multitudes of loves. Ever My Dearest Macready with unalterable affection and attachment, Your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I am going to try my hand at the Address on the Envelope, but without the least expectation of ever doing it right.

P. P.S. The first word sews me up. Is it Tun? Tam? or Tom?[†4]

July

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 JULY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Monday Second July 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The Printers are sorely disappointed, and so am I—and heartily sorry for the cause of your postponing your visit.

I lose no time in letting you know that I have arranged with Colonel Waugh[†5] of Campden House, this morning, that we will play the Lighthouse there next Tuesday, the 10th.[†6] It is a charming little Theatre.[†7] If you intend to take any tickets, pray send to Mitchell's[†8] *soon.*

Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 4 JULY 1855

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1909 (lent by W. T. Spencer); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 4 July 55.

To JOHN LEECH, 4 JULY 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Fourth July 1855

My Dear Leech.

I saw Egg yesterday, and he told me what you had told him you saw of the Police in Hyde Park.[†1] I cannot rest—I really cannot—without urging you in the strongest manner, to write a letter to the Times[†2] to day with your name and address,[†3] stating the plain fact.[†4] It is what a public and known man is bound to do.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 6 JULY 1855

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixth July 1855

My Dear Beard

I have conceived a capital plan for initiating you into the oddities of the

Coulisses[†1] at Campden House; but it will involve your being there two evenings, and, on the first evening (Monday) rather early.

The Swell-Amateurs[†2] who do the Afterpiece,[†3] have so wholesome a dread of the Inimitable, and the Inimitable is so strict about the keeping of the Stage, that the said Inimitable feels bound to uphold his own laws. Therefore he considers that everybody who is "behind", must have something to do in that sacred ground. Now, if you will do the wind (it is only to turn the handle of a machine), there you are—in office!

But, in order to blow with distinguished merit, it will be necessary on Monday Evening (when there is a Dress Rehearsal) to rehearse the storm before the people come in, under the auspices of Charley whom I have trained to the government of the Elements.[†4] On that night it would be necessary to be at Campden House by 6. Can you manage that? On the following night, 8 would be a sufficiently early hour. Charley will be dining, I dare say, somewhere near Shoe Lane;[†5] and he shall call for you, there or anywhere, if you will give me your directions.

If you could have seen me yesterday, with a wretched Idiot[†6] (of large property), who was yaw-yawing through the part of a French Viscount,[†7] with a walking stick of private life—how it was necessary to take his walking stick away from him, and impound the same—and how he was pulled up, and driven on, and pushed in, and turned round, and forced on, and taken off, like a sort of Image; until at last he fell into a kind of moral drunkenness, and staggered about in mere moon-struck imbecility—you would have wondered as much as I did (or, I suppose, he did), why the Devil he ever came there.[†8]

Ever Cordially

CD

To LEIGH HUNT, 6 JULY 1855*

MS Boston Athenaeum. *Address:* Leigh Hunt Esquire | 7 Cornwall Road | Hammersmith.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixth July 1855

My Dear Hunt.

The inscription[†1] needs no qualification or explanation—and shall have none, if I know it.

Tear up the piece of paper I wrote for you,[†2] and substitute the enclosed card. I would recommend you (we do not begin quite so soon as I had expected), to be there at 10 minutes past 8.

Ever affectionately yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. | I don't know when I have talked so much at a sitting, as with you on Tuesday Night.[†3] Either there is some remarkable chirruping quality in your tea—or in you—for I seem to have been transformed into a sort of Cricket.

To THE REV. R. TABRAHAM,[†4] 6 JULY 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House, London | Friday Sixth July 1855

Sir.

I regret that I cannot advise you, in reference to the literary compositions you describe.[†5] If I were disposed to accept that delicate responsibility, the number of correspondents who address me on such subjects would alone render it a matter of physical impossibility. You will the better understand this, when I assure you that I count them by hundreds, not by scores; and that to answer such communications, however briefly, is a very serious encroachment on my leisure.

I am only able to consider your letter, as the Conductor of Household Words. I fear the writings you mention would *not* be adapted to the present requirements of that publication, and therefore I do not think it right to encourage you to offer them for acceptance at its Office. But I can give you the assurance that whatever is proffered there is honestly read, and that it is always as much my pleasure as my interest to avail myself of the services of a good Contributor.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. R. Tabraham.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 8 JULY 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eighth July, 1855

My Dear Collins

I don't know whether you may have heard from Webster,[†1] or whether the impression I derived from Mark's manner on Friday[†2] may be altogether correct. But it strongly occurred to me that Webster was going to decline the Play,[†3] and that he really has worried himself into a fear of playing Aaron.[†4]

Now, when I got this into my head—which was during the Rehearsal—I considered two things—firstly, how we could best put[†5] about the success of the piece more widely and extensively even than it has yet reached, and secondly how you could be best asserted[†6] against a bad production of it hereafter, or no production of it. I thought I saw, immediately, that the point would be to have this representation noticed in the Newspapers.[†7] So I waited until the Rehearsal was over and we had profoundly astonished the family, and then asked Colonel Waugh what he thought of sending some cards for Tuesday to the papers. He highly approved, and I yesterday morning directed Mitchell to send to all the morning papers, and to some of the weekly ones—a dozen in the whole.[†8]

I dined at Lord John's yesterday (where Meyerbeer[†9] was, and said to me after dinner "Ah mon ami illustre! Que c'est noble de vous entendre parler d'haute voix morale, a la table d'un Ministre!"[†10]—for I gave them a little bit of truth about

Sunday,[†1] that was like bringing a Sebastopol battery among the polite company)—I say, after this long parenthesis I dined at Lord John's and found great interest and talk about the Play, and about what everybody who had been here had said of it.[†2] And I was confirmed in my decision that the thing for you was the Invitation to the papers. Hence I write to tell you what I have done.

I dine at home at ½ past 5 if you are disengaged, and shall be at home all the evening.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 JULY 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eighth July 1855

My Dear Wills

I have tried for the last three days, to knock out something for Household Words;[†3] but—whether I want a subject, or am dull, or am put out by the clearing away of my books and papers, preparatory to our departure[†4]—I have been quite unable to please myself with a start.

It will be necessary for us to settle the next No.[†5] on Wednesday, as I am going to Oxford on Thursday,[†6] and shall only be back here to go down to Folkestone. Therefore we will give the greater part of Wednesday to H. W. and will dine at the office.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To ROBERT BIGSBY,[†7] 10 JULY 1855

Text from N, II, 678.

Tavistock House | Tenth July 1855

Sir.

Allow me to thank you for the pamphlets[†8] you have had the kindness to send me, and for your obliging note.

I hope I never fall off from my duty of assisting the claims of literature and of its

professors. The subject to which you call my attention rests with the latter themselves.

Your faithful servant
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 JULY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Tuesday July Tenth 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose you a note I have received from Dr. Sutherland, in reference to the Drying Machine.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 10 JULY 1855*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Tenth July, 1855

My Dear Sir

I have duly placed my sign-manual in your interesting little book. And I return it, sincerely reciprocating your kind wishes that we may be better acquainted.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 JULY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Eleventh July, 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Nothing can be better.[†1] It seems to me, to be about the only solitary "administrative" thing connected with the War, that has been a success!

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 12 JULY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twelfth July 1855

My Dear Henry.

I will send the little carriage down, to lodge in your coach-house, next Saturday.

Having made a wild engagement to row up to London from Oxford (I have not the least idea why I am going to do such a thing), I am off this afternoon, to return on Sunday Evening. On Monday Morning we go to Folkestone; I shall usually be in town every Saturday.

With loves to Lætitia | Ever affectionately

CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 12 JULY 1855*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Twelfth July, 1855

Dear Sir

I am not particularly proud of the performance[†2] to which your obliging note refers, and shall be sufficiently contented to pay the deficit[†3] for the privilege of possessing myself of the copies on hand.

I am going to Oxford this afternoon, and thence to Folkestone. But I purpose

being in town on Saturday the 28th. and shall be happy to see you on that day, at the Household Words office at 1 O'Clock, if that time will suit your convenience.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 JULY 1855†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twelfth July, 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I only know one thing of this man[†2]—and I am afraid it is not to his advantage. Last week, I received a letter from him, almost the counterpart of that which he now addresses to you. His mention of poor Talfourd,[†3] means nothing. The chief employment of Talfourd's confidential Clerk was to prevent his taking his hat off his head, or his watch out of his pocket, to give it in his kindness to would-be poets by whom he was ever beset. I never heard of this man's verses,[†4] I thought his writing from the Post office at Bath (which I see is the address he gives you also), very suspicious, and I do not think it is a case deserving of relief.[†5]

I had written thus far, when I received your enclosure of Mr. Sinnetts's[†6] letter. He is a man to whom I have given a sovereign now and then; but I never saw him, and only know him to be one of the

hangers-on of the skirts of the press—literally a "penny a liner". That he is a rather speculative gentleman, you may infer from another letter[†7] of his, addressed to me which I enclose in his to you now returned. I send it for your amusement, and have never answered it. I doubt if his treatise[†8] would ever be published, if you subscribed to it; and I have practical reason to believe that if you began to give him anything, you would find him a persevering

correspondent. Further, he seems to me to be getting into the begging-letter system as a regular business.[†1]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I have lately had two more excessively urgent letters from that Mrs. Matthews,[†2] the wife of the Clergyman near Kendal.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 JULY 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twelfth July 1855

My Dear Wills

There is no doubt whatever, that the Wife's story is written by a very remarkable woman.[†3] I am quite clear that there is strong reason to believe that a great writer is coming up in this person, whoever it is.

The story is extremely difficult of adaptation to our purpose, but I think I see a way to doing it in four parts.[†4] It would require, however, to be condensed in the beginning, and I believe the catastrophe to be altogether wrong.[†5] That part must be re-written if I accept it, and I should particularly like to see the writer on that subject.

If you have the means of communicating readily with the lady—I assume the writer to be a lady—I will see her at the office on Monday at 11, if that day and hour should suit her convenience. In the event of her living in the country, I suppose I must write; but I would prefer an interview. I think there is a surprising knowledge of one dark phase of human nature,[†6] throughout this composition; and that it is expressed, generally, with uncommon passion and power.

You may quote as much of this—part or all, as you like—in writing to this author, and I particularly wish you would add that the story only came under my perusal this morning.

I enclose another MS[†7] which will be enquired for at the office. The lady's name[†8] and address I have marked in pencil upon it. I have written to her and declined it.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

I have seen Evans here just now, about their change in the Heading.[†1] It must stand as it is until the end of the Volume,[†2] and I will tell you on Monday how I propose it shall then be.

Enclosed is a draft for 12/6 which you can place to my credit in our account.

To UNKNOWN LADY, [12 JULY 1855]

Mention in *To* Wills, 12 July 55.

To MR MERITON,[†3] [15 JULY 1855]

Mention in *To* Wills, 22 July 55.

Declining to read his MS by the date requested by Meriton.

To JOHN CASTLE,[†4] 16 JULY 1855*

MS National Library of Scotland. *Address:* John Castle Esquire | 13 Broughton Place | Edinburgh.

Tavistock House, London | Sixteenth July 1855

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Castle, and begs to say that he paid the subscription[†5] for which Mr. Castle writes, several days ago.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 17 JULY 1855

MS Morgan Library.

3 Albion Villas, Folkestone | Tuesday Seventeenth July, 1855

My Dear Collins.

I find at this moment that I have begun on a sheet of paper which has another beginning at the other end.[†6] Never mind.

Walter goes back to School on the first of August. Will you come out of school to this breezy vacation, on the same day—or rather *this day fortnight, July* 31*st.,* for that is the day on which he leaves us and we begin (here's a Parent!) to be able to be comfortable. Why a boy of that age[†7] should seem to have on at all times, 150 pair of

double soled boots, and to be always jumping a bottom stair with the whole 150, I don't know. But the woeful fact is within my daily experience.

We have a very pleasant little house overlooking the sea, and I think you will like the place. It rained, in honor of our arrival, with the greatest vigor yesterday. I went out after dinner to buy some nails (you know the arrangements that would be then in progress),[†1] and I stopped in the rain, about half way down a steep crooked street[†2] like a crippled ladder, to look at a little Coachmaker's[†3] where there had just been a sale. Speculating on the insolvent coachmaker's business and what kind of coaches he could possibly have expected to get orders for in Folkestone, I thought "What would bring together fifty people, now, in this little street at this little rainy minute?" On the instant, a brewer's van, with two mad horses in it, and the harness dangling about them like the trappings of those horses you are acquainted with, who bolted through the starry courts of Heaven,[†4] [†a]dashed by me,[†a] and in that instant such a crowd as would have accumulated in Fleet Street, sprang up magically. Men fell out of windows, dived out of doors, plunged down courts, precipitated themselves down steps—came down waterspouts instead of rain, I think—and I never saw so wonderful an instance of the gregarious effect of an excitement.

A man, a woman, and a child, had been thrown out, on the horses taking fright and the reins breaking. The child is dead, and the woman very ill but will probably recover, and the man has a hand broken and other mischief done to him.[†5]

Let me know what Wigan says. If he does not take the Play, and readily too, I would recommend you not to offer it elsewhere. You have gained great reputation by it, have done your position a deal of good, and (as I think) stand so well with it, that it is a pity to engender the notion that you care to stand better.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS EMILY JOLLY,[†6] 17 JULY 1855

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

3 Albion Villas, Folkestone, Kent | Tuesday Seventeenth July, 1855

Dear Madam.

Your manuscript entitled a Wife's Story has come under my own perusal within these last three or four days. I recognise in it such great merit and unusual promise,

and I think it displays so much power and knowledge of the human heart, that I feel a strong interest in you as its writer.

I have begged the gentleman who is in my confidence as to the transaction of the business of Household Words, to return the MS to you by the post which (as I hope) will convey this note to you. My object is this. I particularly entreat you to consider the catastrophe.[†1] You write to be read, of course. The close of the story is unnecessarily painful—will throw off numbers of persons who would otherwise read it, and who (as it stands) will be deterred by hearsay from so doing—and is so tremendous a piece of severity, that it will defeat your purpose. All my knowledge and experience, such as they are, lead me

straight to the recommendation that you will do well to spare the life of the husband, and of one of the children.[†2] Let her suppose the former dead, from seeing him brought in wounded and insensible—lose nothing of the progress of her mental suffering afterwards when that Doctor is in attendance upon her—but bring her round at last to the blessed surprise that her husband is still living, and that a repentance which can be worked out, *in the way of atonement for the misery she has occasioned* TO *the man whom she so ill repaid for his love, and made so miserable,* lies before her. So you will soften the reader whom you now as it were harden, and so you will bring tears from many eyes, which can only have their spring in affectionately and gently touched hearts. I am perfectly certain that with this change, all the previous part of your tale will tell for twenty times as much as it can in its present condition. And it is because I believe you have a great fame before you if you do justice to the remarkable ability you possess, that I venture to offer you this advice in what I suppose to be the beginning of your career.[†3]

I observe some parts of the story which would be strengthened, even in their psychological interest, by condensation here and there. If you will leave that to me, I will perform the task as conscientiously and carefully as if it were my own. But the suggestion I offer for your acceptance, no one but yourself can act upon.

Let me conclude this hasty note with the plain assurance that I have never been so much surprised and struck by any manuscript I have read, as I have been by yours.[†4]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emily Jolly.

To SAMUEL BROWN, 18 JULY 1855

Extract in Charles De F. Burns catalogue, Oct 1956; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1855. Date, addressee and summary in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Mar 1927; dated Folkestone, 18 July 55; addressed Samuel Brown.

I do not consider myself at liberty to disclose the sources from which the information you desire is derivable.

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, 18 JULY 1855

MS Robert Taylor Collection, Princeton.

3 Albion Villas, Folkestone | Wednesday Eighteenth July, 1855

My Dear Sir

I write to let you know that I am going to send you another boy when Alfred and Frank return after these holidays—Sydney Smith, eight years old. I am much pleased with the general progress of his brothers, and hope they will all do you justice.

In reference to Sydney, I wish to prefer the special petition that he may not, as to his writing, "be put back into strokes". He has learned from his Aunt to write very well—not copies, but letters. He has for some time conducted a large imaginary correspondence with scores of people, and I have a great repugnance to the idea of his ardor in this wise being damped by a process of drudgery; the rather as he is an odd child, with a great deal of originality and character in him which struggles against a certain slowness in learning.

We all unite in kindest regards. And I am

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 JULY 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Folkestone, Saturday Twenty First July 1855

My Dear Henry

Let me thank you very much for your kind note. Not being in town to make an agreeable little trip of it, I really had a delicacy in entertaining the idea of your going yourself to Gad's Hill.[†1] But I accept your considerate offer with the greatest readiness, and could be so well satisfied with no one else.

When you and Lætitia come to see us here (as we have decided that you will), I think you will be charmed with the place. The country is delightful, and has some of the very best walks that I have ever taken.

I am cooling down from theatricals and speechmakings, to my new book.

Loves from all. | Ever Affectionately
CD.

To MISS EMILY JOLLY, 21 JULY 1855

MS Mrs Marian G. Valentine.

3 Albion Villas, Folkestone | Twenty First July, 1855

Dear Madam

I did not enter, in detail, on the spirit of the alteration I propose in your story; because I thought it right that you should think out that for yourself if you applied yourself to the change. I can now assure you that you describe it, exactly as I had conceived it; and if I had wanted anything to confirm me in my conviction of its being right, our both seeing it so precisely from the same point of view, would be ample assurance to me.

I would leave her new and altered life to be inferred.[†1] It does not appear to me, either necessary or practicable (within such limits), to do more with that.

Do not be uneasy, if you find the alteration demanding time. I shall quite understand that, and my interest will keep. *When* you finish the story, send it to Mr. Wills. Besides being in daily communication with him, I am at the Office once a week; and I will go over it in print, before the proof is sent to you.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emily Jolly.

To MRS JULIA SCHWABE, 22 JULY 1855

Text from N, II, 682.

Folkestone | Sunday Twenty Second July 1855

Dear Mrs. Schwabe

I have this morning received your letter and box of papers. The arrival of such a heap of documents leaves me but one course.

It is incumbent on me to represent to you that I cannot enter on the examination of a case which requires to be pursued through such a labyrinth. I had begun to read the account of Miss Doudet's trial,[†2] but I now abandon it in despair. My life is a busy one, my thoughts are intently set upon a new book, I am surrounded by occupations which have their plain ends and uses, I have innumerable correspondents who have

a right to my punctuality and attention, and I cannot plunge into this sea of distraction. I have no other impression of Miss Doudet's case, than I have of any other case in which a person has been tried and found guilty and has been in no wise benefited by an appeal. That she does not want friends,[†1] your generous devotion[†2] and that of the lady whom you mention,[†3] sufficiently assures me. To waste my energies in turning from the work and duty that I have clinging to my sleeve,[†4] to wander through a maze like this, would be to write my life and purpose in the seasand now lying before my window.

I will immediately send the whole of the papers to the Household Words Office in London, addressed to you, to the care of Mr. Wills there. That gentleman will send them on to any address you may forward to him for that purpose.

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To E. M. WARD, 22 JULY 1855

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, 1 Feb 1922; *MS* 1 p.; dated 22 July 55.

A letter of thanks.

To ROBERT BROUGH,[†5] [22 JULY 1855]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 22 JULY 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone, Sunday Twenty Second July 1855

My Dear Wills

I have been so very much affected by the long story without a title[†6]—which I have

read this morning—that I am scarcely fit for a business letter. It is more painfully pathetic than anything I have read for I know not how long. I am not at all of your opinion about the details. It seems to me to be so thoroughly considered, that they are all essential and in perfect keeping. I could not in my conscience recommend the writer to cut the story down in any material degree. I think it would be decidedly wrong to do so; and I see next to nothing in the MS, which is otherwise than an essential part of the sad picture.

Two difficulties then remain, which I fear are insurmountable as to Household Words. The first is, the length of the story.[†1] The next is, the nature of the idea on which it turns.[†2] So many unhappy people are, by no fault of their own, linked to a similar terrible possibility—or even probability—that I am afraid it might cause prodigious unhappiness, if we could address it to our large audience. I shrink from the responsibility of awakening so much slumbering fear and despair. Most unwillingly therefore, I come to the apprehension that there is no course but to return it to the authoress.[†3] I wish however that you would in the strongest language convey to her my opinion of its great merits, while you explain the difficulties I now set forth. I honestly think it a work of extraordinary power, and will gladly address a letter to her, if she should desire it, describing the impression it has made upon me. It might perhaps, help to soften a publisher.

Miss Lynn's story[†4] shews to considerable disadvantage, after such writing. But it is what she represented it in her draught, and it is very clever. Now, as it presents (to cursory[†5] readers) almost the reverse of the Medal whereof Miss Jolly presents the other side,[†6] I think it will be best *to pay for it at once*, and, for the present (say even for a few months), to hold it back;[†7] not telling her the exact reason, but merely saying that we are pledged first to the insertion of other stories in four parts, already accepted. Miss Jolly's is more wholesome and more powerful, because it hits the target which Miss Lynn goes a little about,[†8] with a rifle-shot in the centre of the Bull's-eye, and knocks it clean over. Therefore it should have precedence—both on its own account and ours.

But observe. I do not conceive it possible that Miss Jolly can alter her story within the time you mention. What I want done to it, is much too delicate for such swift

jobbing-work. I question on the other hand, whether it may not be politic just now, to have *one monthly part without a long story*[†1]—merely for the sake of variety.

My thoughts have been upon my book since I came down, and I do not know that I can hit upon a subject for the opening of the new Volume.[†2] I will let you know, however, by tomorrow night's post.

When I came back from Oxford last Sunday night, I found a letter from the Mr. Meriton you speak of (dated either on that day or the Saturday night) coolly requesting to have the [†a]then enclosed[†a] MS read and returned by the Monday Evening, *when he would send for it.* I wrote a short note, declining to undertake to peruse it on such terms—and put it up at the office on the Monday Morning—and there gave it to John to take to Tavistock House in the course of the day, "where it would be called for". Pray see who is to blame for there being any more trouble about it.

I have written to Mr. Brough, whose paper[†3] *will do.* I expect my brother[†4] down today, and, if he comes, will send it and the pathetic story up to you by him.

Miss Lynn's notions of a criminal trial are of the Nightmarest description. The prisoner makes statements on oath, and is examined besides![†5]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 JULY 1855†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | London.

Folkestone, Thursday Twenty Sixth July | 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am coming to town on Saturday for the day, and will call upon you about Midday if you should happen to be in town. If not, will you send me a note to the Household Words office, letting me know what days in next week I may give the Printers the choice of? In either case let me know where you are, and how.

Lighthouses have faded into the Past, and I am hard at work on my new book—looking at the sea as I write, and climbing all the Hills on the Downs when I have done, as if I had never known that lady wi' the long black Dress and the long White hanging-sleeves.[†6]

With kind regards to O[†7]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS JENNINGS,[†1] 26 JULY 1855*

MS Dickens House.

Folkestone, Kent | Twenty Sixth July, 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Jennings, and begs to say that her note has been forwarded to him here, this day.

Miss Burdett Coutts's Home is *not* established for the reception of such cases as Mrs. Jennings describes. But it has sheltered and reclaimed such young women among others, and if Mrs. Jennings will send Mr. Dickens the history of the case in which she kindly interests herself—the circumstances and nature of the theft, the parentage and education of the girl, her term of service &c—Mr. Dickens will be able to decide (and will at once decide), whether it is sufficiently within the rules to render it desirable that he should see the applicant.[†2]

Mr. Dickens will be in town on Saturday Morning. If Mrs. Jennings will address her reply to him at the Household Words Office 16 Wellington Street North, Strand, it will save time.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 27 JULY 1855*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Twenty Seventh July 1855

My Dear Sir

Will you please to send a set of my Cheap Edition,[†3] Carriage Paid, addressed to William Evans Esquire, Eton.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 28 JULY 1855*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Twenty Eighth July 1855

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to learn by your note that you are not well.[†5]

I enclose you the cheque[†6] for the copies of the Village Coquettes, and shall feel obliged if you will have the goodness to send them in a parcel, *here*, with "From Mr. Bentley", outside.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To MESSRS NATHAN & CO., 28 JULY 1855*

MS L. & H. Nathan Ltd.

Folkestone | Twenty Eighth July, 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform Messrs. Nathan that he is quite satisfied with their letter and its statement of account. The ladies' dresses having been on hire six nights,[†1] the account will stand thus.

Farce Bill	3.	6.	6.
Ladies' Dresses	6.	6.	0.
Mr. Nathan's attendance	1.	10.	0
	£11.	2.	6

For this amount Mr. Dickens encloses a cheque.[†2]

August

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 AUGUST 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | London.

Folkestone, Wednesday First August | 1855.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Our correspondence is of the most astounding description! I was in town all day Saturday—heard nothing from you—and received your note *to day*![†3] My head aches at the immensity of the absurdity. It is now too late to arrange with the Printers (who have had their eyes wide open in expectancy ever since Saturday), for this week; for, both to day and tomorrow, I must be at work here, or break Mr. Wills's heart. If I don't hear from you to say No, I will come up to Holly Lodge between 2 and 4 on Saturday Afternoon. If I do hear from you, I will be obedient to anything you tell me.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To [MESSRS BRADBURY[†4] & EVANS], 4 AUGUST 1855

Mention in Parke-Bernet Galleries catalogue No. 321, 3 Dec 1941; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 4 Aug 55.

Regarding the printing of a book.

To MISS HARRIET HANCOCK, 4 AUGUST 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

This is the best I can do in the Italian direction.[†1]

Servitore umilissimo.

C. D.

Saturday Fourth August 1855.

To C. C. FELTON, [6 AUGUST 1855]

Mention in next.

Introducing a friend of Frank Stone's, about to go to the United States.

To FRANK STONE, 6 AUGUST 1855*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House |—(There's an Idiot!) | I mean Folkestone
Monday Sixth August 1855

My Dear Pumpion.

Read the enclosed letter to Felton. On consideration, I have felt *that* the real way to do this poor gentleman[†2] a service. I write and receive so many general letters of introduction across the Atlantic, of which nothing ever comes or is expected to come, that I think this will be worth a whole bundle of such formalities.

Ever Sparkling

CD.

To ALBERT SMITH, 8 AUGUST 1855

Extract in Dobell's catalogue, Oct 1926; *MS* 1 p.; dated 3 Albion Villas, Folkestone, 8 Aug 55; addressed Albert Smith.

Chamouni[†3] shall have my sovereign,[†4] willingly, and you shall come down here to

"collect it"; whenever you feel disposed for a quiet Sunday rest, write and tell me so. I have been away for a few days, or would have answered your note sooner.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [10 AUGUST 1855]

Mention in next.

Saying he had cut off the name of the story from the first proof-slip.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 10 AUGUST 1855*

MS Mr H. E. Quick.

Folkestone, Friday Night | Tenth August 1855

My Dear B and E.

In making up my parcel to day, I made a mistake of larger dimensions than the Parcel. I told you I had cut off the name of the story.[†1] *I forgot to do it.* Please cut it off with your own official shears, from the first slip.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 12 AUGUST 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Folkestone, Sunday Twelfth August | 1855.

My Dear Henry.

I am heartily obliged to you for so kindly taking so much trouble in the Gad's Hill matter, and for putting me in such complete possession of the facts. I am going up to town tomorrow morning, and will communicate all particulars to Wills, and empower him to offer £1500. It is the sum I originally mentioned to him as what appeared to me a fair price. I would give £1750 or £1800, but I think not more. I doubt their taking it.

Would it be a very difficult job, in new-slating the roof, to carry those low garrets up, four or five feet higher? If I became the purchaser and it could be easily done, I should certainly be disposed to do it.

You see, I cannot afford to buy the place for my own occupation, or it might be worth more to me. I can only regard it as an investment, and test it by the return it would give me in money, for so much money laid out.

Our little boys go to school on the 1st. of September. Both with a view to the room they occupy, and to the noise of their boots on the wooden stairs (apparently 150 pair), I propose your visit to come off, after they are gone. Now, any day after the last of this month, will be convenient to us for its commencement. And if you will arrange your plans accordingly, *and will let me know what they are when you and*

Lætitia shall have settled them, we shall consider the matter arranged and shall look for your coming. There are charming Down-walks here.

Loves from all. | Ever affectionately

CD.

We shall be able to give you a little Dressing-Room, in which you can work if you wish.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12-14 AUGUST 1855]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 827. *Date:* placed by Forster with 1855 extracts; refers to press report of 30 July and 9 Aug.

About an enquiry, he said, O what a fine aspect of political economy it is, that the noble professors of the science on the adulteration committee[†1] should have tried to make Adulteration a question of Supply and Demand![†2] We shall never get to the Millennium, sir, by the rounds of that ladder; and I, for one, won't hold by the skirts of that Great Mogul of impostors, Master M'Culloch![†3]

To MISS HARRIET PARR,[3[[sic]]†4] [14 AUGUST 1855]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 824. *Date:* Folkestone, 14th of August 1855, according to Forster.

I read your tale[4[[sic]]†5] with the strongest emotion, and with a very exalted admiration

of the great power displayed in it. Both in severity[†1] and tenderness I thought it masterly. It moved me more than I can express to you. I wrote to Mr. Wills that it had completely unsettled me for the day, and that by whomsoever it was written, I felt the highest respect for the mind that had produced it. It so happened that I had been for some days at work upon a character externally[†2] like the Aunt.[†3] And it was very strange to me indeed to observe how the two people seemed to be near to one another at first, and then turned off[†4] on their own ways so wide asunder.[†5] I told Mr. Wills that I was not sure whether I could have prevailed upon myself to present to a large audience the terrible consideration of hereditary madness, when it was reasonably probable that there must be many—or some—among them whom it would awfully, because personally, address.[†6] But I was not obliged to ask myself the question, inasmuch as the length of the story rendered it unavailable for *Household Words.*[†7] I speak of its length in reference to that publication only; relatively to what is told in it, I would not spare a page of your manuscript. Experience shows me that a story in four portions is best suited to the peculiar requirements of such a journal, and I assure you it will be an uncommon satisfaction to me if this correspondence should lead to your enrolment among its contributors.[†8] But my strong and sincere conviction of the vigour and pathos of this beautiful tale, is quite apart from, and not to be influenced by, any ulterior results. You had no existence to me when I read it. The actions and sufferings of the characters affected me by their own force and truth, and left a profound impression on me.[†9]

To J. B. TOLLPUTT,[†1] 14 AUGUST 1855*

MS Private. *Address:* Mr. J. B. Tolputt | 13 Guildhall Street.

Folkestone, Tuesday August Fourteenth | 1855.

Sir

I regret that I cannot possibly have the pleasure of complying with your request. I am very busily occupied with my own pursuits, and have already made as many promises to read for the benefit of Institutions, as I can redeem within the next year and a half. So many applications similar to yours are made to me, that it is often a serious encroachment on my time to answer them, however briefly. In these facts, and not in any indifference on my part, lies my excuse.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J B Tollput.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 14 AUGUST 1855*

MS Mr P. J. Valckenberg.

Folkestone, Kent. | Fourteenth August, 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to the Author of the Wife's Trials,[†2] and begs to say that he has just now safely received that book, together with the author's two esteemed letters. His having been travelling a little, has delayed the receipt of the volumes.

Mr. Dickens feels bound to state that he does not entertain the strong opinions on the general subject,[†3] which are so earnestly expressed in his correspondent's first note. His observation and experience have not led him to such conclusions, except in individual cases; on the whole he has found the husband enduring little less than the Wife.[†4] But he is open to conviction, and promises himself the pleasure of reading the Wife's Trials with as unbiassed a mind as its author can suppose a husband to possess.

He begs very cordially to thank the author.

To LORD LYTTELTON,[†1] 16 AUGUST 1855*

MS The Right Hon. Viscount Cobham.

Folkestone, Kent. | Thursday Sixteenth August, 1855

Dear Lord Lyttelton.

Your note and the enclosed[†2] were forwarded to me here, this morning. I hasten to reply to you.

Although there is no doubt that Mr. Macready was opposed in certain quarters for rigorously weeding out that great indecency, he persisted throughout his management;[†3] and his example (like most good examples), has not died out.[†4] Mr. Webster when Lessee of the Haymarket[†5] (formerly one of the worst Theatres in London, in this respect), rescued the Saloon and passages from the defilement, and made

The House quite reproachless in that particular. I have not seen any violation of the same rule, at the Adelphi,[†6] which is now under his management. Within these few months, I was at two Theatres in the City,[†7] of a sufficiently common sort as to their prices, but conducted with the greatest propriety. In both, the Saloon was merely a quiet place of refreshment; and in one, the Managers themselves attended in it between the pieces, to see that it was cheaply, respectably, and properly administered. The consequence was, that small tradesmen with their wives and children were taking their coffee or what not there, with as little offence as in their own homes. Generally, there is a striking improvement in *all* London Theatres as to this matter.

In France and Italy, within my experience, there has never been any such association between the Theatre and the open pursuit of that miserable calling. In Paris last February, I found a new little Theatre[†8] open for Pantomime and comic singing and

dancing, where I observed a number of women who were evidently of that class; and I afterwards learned that the upper tier of boxes had the speciality of being addressed to them. Still, even there, they were of the Audience, and conducted themselves like the rest of the Audience, and nobody was obliged to know the Truth.

When the custom began to die out of our London Theatres, a certain Dancing Establishment arose (I mean a Ball Room) which great numbers of Women regularly frequent.[†1] Great order is observed there, but it is understood to be a place where this allurement is always to be found, and to which few resort for anything else. I think the Police has shewn a sound discretion in not interfering with it, and that it drains off the stragglers who might otherwise be found in some Theatres where the Managers are not much troubled with sensitive feelings. It is always to be borne in mind that, in a great City, Prostitution *will be somewhere.* Something is gained when it is by itself, and is in a degree under the restraint of a sort of social opinion.

The days when the Slips of English Theatres, and the Saloons, were habitually devoted to this display, are on the whole decidedly gone. The neighbouring houses which the women maintained, have almost disappeared. I have not for a long time seen any glaring obtrusion of Prostitution at any Theatre I have visited.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Lyttelton

To F. O. WARD,[†2] 17 AUGUST 1855

Extracts in Walter T. Spencer, *Forty Years in My Bookshop*, 1923, p. 128([aa]), and N, II, 685 ([bb]); dated [a]"Folkestone, Friday 17th August, 1855."; salutation "My Dear Ward"[a].

[b]I am engaged in a practical sanitary move, [a]working, walking, and sea-watering here, and only going into the great Oven for Household Words purposes[b], and coming away again as soon as I have baked that weekly bread.[a]

To LADY DUFF GORDON,[†3] [18 AUGUST 1855]

Envelope only,[†4] MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Lady Duff Gordon | Esher | Surrey. PM 18 AUG 1855.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 19 AUGUST 1855*

MS University of Texas.

Folkestone, Sunday August Nineteenth | 1855.

My Dear Henry.

Saturday the 8th. of September will suit us admirably—Couldn't possibly be better. Therefore we shall expect you on that day by the boat from Boulogne.

No news yet from Gad's Hill—There is almost always a cool breeze in these parts—houses shaken yesterday, by the firing at Boulogne[†1]—Camp at Shorncliffe[†2] composed, generally speaking, of the most hideous blackguards[†3] these eyes ever did rest upon. Out of King William Street Strand, I never beheld such Phrenology.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Loves from all to Lætitia.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 19 AUGUST 1855

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 343; dated 19 Aug 55; addressed "My dear B. & E.".

Referring to No. I of Little Dorrit.

To JOHN FORSTER, [19 AUGUST 1855]

Extracts in F, VII, i, 623-4. *Date:* 19 Aug according to Forster.

As to the story I am in the second number,[†4] and last night and this morning had half a mind to begin again, and work in what I have done, afterwards.[†5] *It occurred to him that, by making the fellow-travellers at once known to each other, he missed an effect.* It struck me that it would be a new thing to show people coming together, in a chance way, as fellow-travellers, and being in the same place, ignorant of one

another, as happens in life; and to connect them afterwards, and to make the waiting for that connection a part of the interest.[†1]

To THOMAS BEARD, 23 AUGUST 1855

MS Dickens House. *Address* (envelope, MS Private)*:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | London PM 24 Aug 55.

Folkestone | Thursday August Twenty Third, | 1855

My Dear Boreas.[†2]

I hope it may not be uninteresting to you to receive the following

Report.[†3]

The Down-Lands in this neighbourhood—principally consisting of a chain of grass-covered hills of considerable elevation—are enchantingly fresh and free.

The Punch and Cyder Cup are in the highest perfection.

The room intended for the reception of Boreas, is always ready.

The host of Boreas, having nothing particular to do—except a new book, twenty months long—Household Words—and other trifles—has taken to expend his superfluous vitality in a swarming up the face of a gigantic and precipitous cliff in a lonely spot overhanging the wild sea-beach. He may be generally seen (in clear weather)[†4] from the British Channel, suspended in mid-air with his trousers very much torn, at fifty minutes past 3 P. M.

(Signed)
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS ANNE BROWN, 23 AUGUST 1855

Text from N, II, 685.

Folkestone | Thursday Twenty Third August 1855

My Dear Anne

I cannot tell you how grieved I am to lose you,[†5] or what an affectionate remembrance I shall always preserve of your friendship and fidelity during sixteen years.

In addition to the enclosed little present from Mrs. Dickens and myself, pray accept the accompanying small box from me.[†6] I have had its contents engraved with

my initials, thinking they may one day have some slight value as a remembrance of me, which does not belong to themselves.

I hope you may be very happy, and may think you have reason to recollect me half as kindly as I shall recollect you through the rest of my life.

Faithfully your friend
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS JENNINGS, 26 AUGUST 1855*

MS Dickens House.

Folkestone, Kent | Twenty Sixth August, 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Jennings, and begs to say that the case[†1] is one of a very difficult kind, and that he can give no opinion as to its reception into Miss Coutts's Home, without having some knowledge of the girl's appearance and manner. As he is not just now certain when he will be in town again, he has mentioned the matter to the Superintendent, and has begged that lady to be in the way, *in case* she should receive a day's notice from Mrs. Jennings that the girl is to be brought for her to question, and to report upon to Mr. Dickens. Her name and address are, Mrs. Marchmont, Urania Cottage, near The White Horse, Shepherd's Bush.

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON,[†2] 26 AUGUST 1855*

MS Universiteits-Bibliotheek, Amsterdam.

Folkestone, Kent. | Sunday Twenty Sixth August 1855

My Dear Sir

The Bearer of this, my friend Mr. Wills who is my other self in Household Words, comes to Paris[†3] to get together a little information that we want for those pages.[†4] I give him this note to you, in the assurance that if you can assist him in his object, you will kindly and readily do so—his object being mine.

I think of passing this next winter in Paris, when I hope we shall have the pleasure of often seeing you.[†1]

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Lytton Esquire

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, 26 AUGUST 1855†

MS Guildhall Library, London.

Folkestone, Kent. | Sunday Twenty Sixth August, 1855

My Dear Olliffe.

A friend of mine will call upon you with a note, next Wednesday or Thursday morning, who comes to Paris from me, with an object I can explain on this side of paper.

His name is Mr. Wills, and he is my sub-Editor and confidential right hand in Household Words. I want to shew our ridiculous Corporation[†2] how improvements are made in Paris; and he is to get the materials for an interesting account of those now in progress there.[†3]

If you can think of any one to whom you can introduce him with this view, or if you can put him in any way of knowing what he will tell you he wants to know, I shall be heartily obliged to you.

Georgina is writing to Lady Olliffe,—and I think by this Post. I suppose you are all half dead of the Queen,[†4] and that the Parisians don't find Her Majesty particularly handsome.

Maclise and Joe[†5] were last heard of, going up to the top of Vesuvius in the blazing sunlight of August (if you ever heard of such a thing), and afterwards dropping on beds at Naples in a state of insensibility.[†6]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Olliffe

To RAIKES CURRIE,[†1] 28 AUGUST 1855

Text from N, II, 686-7.

Folkestone | Tuesday, Twenty Eighth August 1855

My Dear Sir

Being at Deal yesterday, I could not answer your friendly letter last night; though I assure you I feel very truly obliged to you for it, and am far indeed from being indifferent to your kindness.

I cannot come to you tomorrow, or I would have gladly availed myself of the privilege you offer me of bringing Mr. Wilkie Collins (who is our only visitor now) with the family caravan. But just because I was in town on Saturday and at Deal yesterday, I am obliged to keep myself in my own room until tomorrow afternoon. I have lately fallen hard at work upon a new book, and, when I am so engaged, I am always by myself from 9 to 2. It is a part of my necessary habit to go out and walk afterwards, until 5. My dinner time, bed time and whole time, I arrange according to the system that experience has shewn me to make my work easiest and happiest; and while I myself do this during eight months of the year, in London, with as much constancy as one can reasonably exercise in such a place, I do it rigidly for four months in the country; never going anywhere except upon an idle country jaunt. It is not that a day or a week is an object to me; but that I cannot comfortably do what I want to do, unless I am systematic in my own way.

These are details that I never trouble anybody with; and I only inflict them upon you, because I *feel* responsive to your hospitality and want to explain myself for not appearing so. I hope within a week to come over to Sandling Park[†2] with Mrs. Dickens and make my personal acknowledgments. If I may hope in the meantime to have unceremoniously shewn you how I am obliged to lay a number of my own inclinations on my desk every day and how rare my deviations are, I shall have got rid of a positive uneasiness.

Wonderful legends are afloat here of the great success of last Wednesday's festivities.[†3]

Believe me my Dear Sir | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

September

To THE DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH, 1 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Mr Alfred C. Berol.

Folkestone, Kent | Saturday Evening First September 1855

Dear Sir

Resuming the correspondence I had the pleasure of holding with you some time

since,[†1] I beg to say that I shall be happy to read my Christmas Carol at Peterborough, on the evening of Tuesday the 18th. of December.

As I shall stay there but a few hours and shall probably be accompanied by at least two friends,[†2] I shall not be able to have the honor of accepting your hospitality; but I feel greatly obliged to you for offering it.

When the arrangements for the occasion shall begin to be in progress, may I beg you to refer their active director[†3] to my friend Mr. W. H. Wills, of the Household Words Office, London. Mr. Wills will give him every information he may desire as to the time the reading will occupy, and as to my own little requirements with a view to position &c.

I am Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Very Reverend | The Dean of Peterborough

To W. H. WILLS, 1 SEPTEMBER 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone | Saturday Night | First September 1855

My Dear Wills

I found the Pavilion[†4] nearly full, on receipt of your letter (I am afraid we are quite so), but Mrs. Breach[†5] warranted a room on the 3rd. floor. In said room you will find this welcome to your native shores,[†6] and the enclosed from Mrs. Wills—which you will like a great deal better. Seek me when you are restored in the morning, at 3 Albion Villas, on the Cliff, four doors from the church.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 4 SEPTEMBER 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone | Tuesday Fourth September 1855

My Dear Wills.

I write these few lines, on the chance of their reaching you somewhere.

There is a paper by a Mrs. Jenkyn[†7]—Mrs. Gaskell's friend—which I promised to read, and which the Authoress has written to me about from Paris.[†8] It describes some religious procession abroad somewhere. Will you take care that it is *not* returned in the ordinary way? If it won't do, I must write a line with it.

I agree with you, touching Miss King.[†1] Will you write her a line to the effect that after reading the paper yourself and thinking it not suited to us, you referred it to me and found that I reluctantly arrived at the same conclusion? Charley shall bring it to the office when he comes up next Monday.

I have tarnished the copper-key, and hope to circulate 30,000 extra[†2] among the Coppersmiths.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 5 SEPTEMBER 1855

Text from Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912, p. 53.

Folkestone, Kent, Wednesday, Septbr. 5th, 1855.

As we arranged that I should let you know as soon as my plans for a new book were completed, I beg to inform you that I purpose beginning, on the 30th. of November next, a new work in 20 monthly numbers, of the length and form of *David Copperfield, Bleak House*, etc.

I wish to entrust it to you, for continental purposes, as far as I possibly can; and I shall be glad to hear from you at your leisure on the subject.[†3] My address will be here, until the middle of October.

All my family desire to be kindly remembered to you and yours, and Charles in particular is very desirous to be gratefully mentioned.

To W. H. WILLS, 5 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone, Wednesday Fifth September, | 1855

My Dear Wills.

I have a very strong misgiving that the White Feather[†4] is plagiarized from an old paper in Blackwood[†5]—one of the stories in the Nights at Mess,[†6] I think. I am perfectly sure that there is a well-known paper, originally published in Blackwood, working out the same idea. White is coming here to a Lodging tonight, and I will consult his remembrance about it—indeed, I don't know but it was his writing—in the meantime the White Feather must stand over, and I have put in, in its place, Miss Lynn's Winifred's Vow.[†7] Which is a very pretty story indeed.

It is, however, three Columns shorter; and as you have not sent me any list of the

Articles in hand, I cannot suggest how to fill up the deficiency. There is, however, ample time for you to communicate with Morley on the subject.[†1] They shall have my paper[†2] at Whitefriars, I hope on Saturday Morning—at latest on Monday.

I hope you are enjoying your holiday.[†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MR GARDINER,[†4] 7 SEPTEMBER 1855*

MS Mr Peter Harries.

Folkestone, Kent. | Seventh September 1855

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Gardiner, and begs to say that he does not remember to have subscribed to the Mesmeric Infirmary,[†5] otherwise than as a donor of Three Guineas. He begs Mr. Gardiner to inform him what subscription the Memorandum left at his house in town, refers to.

To W. H. WILLS, 11 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone, Tuesday Eleventh September 1855

My Dear Wills. I do not write because I have anything to say—for I have nothing—but merely to let you know that I have received your unanswered letters.[†6]

The White Feather *taboo*, on the ground of its strong resemblance, in idea, to the Sir Frizzle Pumpkin Story. I don't think it at all trenching on the Fair Maid of Perth,[†7] but in respect of the Frizzle it is a plagiarism.

As the French Editorial Phalanx[†8] do not reply to your letter but write as if they had never received it, I think it will be best not to answer this letter at all.

Mrs. Wills can answer the military woman[†8] as she thinks best—either to the effect that she knows it is of no use to ask me, or that she has asked me, and finds me to be much too busily engaged with my own pursuits. Anyhow, I am not going to do what the martial woman wants.

I am just now trying to settle to No. 3 of the new book—a hideous state of mind in which I walk down stairs once in every five minutes, look out of window once in every two, and do nothing else.

Mrs. Gaskell, fearful—fearful.[†1] If I were Mr. G. O Heaven how I would beat her!

Peter Cunningham has been staying at the Pavilion (and dining here) since Friday. He went up by Maidstone and Rochester yesterday, and we walked over Blue Bell Hill[†2] with him. At Paddock Wood we found that his own particular Audit Office messenger had been cut to pieces by a Locomotive on Friday night.[†3]

So no more at present from
Yours always
CD.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 12 SEPTEMBER 1855

Extract in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. SN 1352. *MS.* 3 pp.; dated Folkestone, 12 Sep 55; addressed P. Cunningham.

We must put our shoulders to the wheel and come forward ... throwing ourselves into the tide, and a going with the stream ... I had quite forgotten the reference to Tiddy Doll,[†4] though I value Humphrey Clinker better than anyone.

To JOHN LEECH, 12 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Folkestone, Wednesday Twelfth September | 1855.

My Dear Leech.

I send this Dispatch round, to report myself as rather tied just at present to the Austins—as taking crawls rather than walks—and having the regular habits *you* so well know how to appreciate (ha ha!) broken in their main gymnastic respects. But better times are in store; and I will report them also, as soon as they shall be on view.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

John Leech Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 12 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Folkestone | Wednesday Twelfth September | 1855.

My Dear Mark.

I am heartily obliged to you for sending the Telegraph Message, which was received here with tremendous excitement, and disseminated all over the place.

Legends were in circulation at the breakfast table that you were likely to appear last Sunday. Plorn Senior[†1] said, No. "For", observed that remarkable man, "if he had meant to come, he would have written to me, and I should have been at the Station to meet him."

Best loves from all.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILLIAM AXON,[†2] [16 SEPTEMBER 1855]

Mention in *To* Giles, 16 Sep 55. *Date:* probably written the same day.

Stating he has not leisure to comply with his request, proposed by Mr Giles, to read at the Chester Institution.

To JOHN FORSTER, 16 SEPTEMBER 1855

Extracts in F, VII, ii, 572-3*n* and VIII, i, 624. *Date:* second extract also 16 Sep, according to Forster.

16th of Sept. I am going to read for them here, on the 5th of next month, and have answered in the last fortnight thirty applications to do the like all over England, Ireland, and Scotland. Fancy my having to come from Paris in December to do this, at Peterborough, Birmingham, and Sheffield[†3]—old[†4] promises.

I am just now getting to work on number three:[†5] sometimes enthusiastic, more often dull enough. There is an enormous outlay in the Father of the Marshalsea chapter,[†6] in the way of getting a great lot of matter into a small space. I am not quite resolved, but I have a great idea of overwhelming that family with wealth.[†7] Their condition would be very curious. I can make Dorrit[†8] very strong in the story, I hope.

To F. G. FRANCIS, [MID-SEPTEMBER 1855]

Text from N, II, 678. *Date:* before CD saw him: see *To* Wightwick, 24 Sep.

Tavistock House, London

Sir.

You must not suppose that I have forgotten the correspondence between us[†9] as to the Reading I am about to give at Folkestone for the Harveian Institute. I have now

settled the date, and made arrangements for the same, and hope the members of your Society will be admitted on very favourable terms. As soon as your arrangements are made, let me know.

Yours faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE REV. WILLIAM GILES,[†1] 16 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS New York University Library. *Address:* The Reverend William Giles | Netherleigh House | Chester.

Folkestone, Kent. | Sunday Sixteenth September, 1855

My Dear Mr. Giles

I think you will perceive, on a very brief reconsideration of the matter, that you have written to me rather hastily. It will perhaps occur to you when I faintly suggest such a possibility, that—supposing me ever to have seen or heard of your returned letter—I could scarcely divine from whom it came, without opening it. And your offence being that it was not opened [†a](for I could not have refused it if I had opened it),[†a] the personal nature of the outrage would seem to disappear.

Hundreds of letters from every conceivable kind of person of whom I have no sort of knowledge, on every possible and impossible subject with which I have nothing to do, are addressed to me every week of my life. All those that are paid, my servant takes in. All those that are not paid, he refuses—and refuses twice, because the Post Office has a regulation directing such letters to be offered twice. I can only suppose that your letter was unstamped, or was too heavy for its stamp. I only know that in the ordinary course of a very plain business arrangement without which I could never get through a day, it fell short of *me*; and that no trace of its existence was ever insinuated into my innocent head until it ached with wonder at your odd suspicions this very morning at breakfast.

I cannot do what the Chester Institution[†2] want me to do, simply because I am asked to do the like some fifty times a week. Five such letters I have answered this morning, and many more in the course of this last week. I have written to Mr. Axon, saying that I have not leisure to comply with his request preferred to me through you. Pray do not suppose that this is malice-aforethought and deliberate treason against my old tutor.

And now I hope you are in a good humour again, and think better of me.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Giles

To THOMAS LAXTON,[†1] 16 SEPTEMBER 1855*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Thomas Laxton Esquire Junr. | Literary Institution | Stamford.

Folkestone, Kent | Sixteenth September | 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Laxton, and begs to say that he cannot have the pleasure of complying with the request preferred to him in Mr. Laxton's letter. He is busily occupied with his own pursuits, and it will take him at least two years to redeem the few promises he has already made to read for the benefit of Mechanics' Institutions.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 16 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (MS Mrs Victoria Beddy)*:* The Hon. Mrs. Watson. | Rockingham Castle | Northamptonshire. PM SP 18 1855.

Folkestone, Sunday Sixteenth September 1855

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

This will be a short letter, but I hope not unwelcome. If you knew how often I write to you—in intention—I don't know where you would find room for the correspondence.

Catherine tells me that you want to know the name of my new book. I cannot bear that you should know it from anyone but me. It will not be made public until the end of October;[†2] the title is,

NOBODY'S FAULT.[†3]

Keep it as the apple of your eye—an expressive form of speech, though I have not the least idea of what it means.[†4]

Next, I wish to tell you that I have appointed to read at Peterboro', on Tuesday the 18th. of December. I have told the Dean that I cannot accept his hospitality, and that I am going with Mr. Wills to the Inn. Therefore I shall be absolutely at your disposal, and shall be more than disappointed if you don't stay with us. As the time approaches, will you let me know your arrangements, and whether Mr. Wills can bespeak any rooms for you in arranging for me? Georgy will give you our address in Paris as soon as we shall have settled there. We shall leave here, I think, in rather less than a month from this time.

You know my state of mind, as well as I do—indeed, if you don't know it much better, it is not the state of mind I take it to be. How I work, how I walk, how I shut myself up, how I roll down hills and climb up cliffs, how the new story is everywhere—heaving in the sea, flying with the clouds, blowing in the wind—how I

settle to nothing, and wonder (in the old way) at my own incomprehensibility. I am getting on pretty well—have done the first two numbers—and am just now beginning the third; which egotistical announcements I make to you, because I know you will be interested in them.

All the house send their kindest loves. I think of inserting an advertisement in the Times, offering to submit the Plornishghenter to public competition; I to receive £50,000 if such another boy cannot be found; and to pay £5 (my fortune) if he can.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Watson

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 16 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone, Sixteenth September 1855

My Dear Wills.

Scrooge is delighted to find that Bob Cratchit is enjoying his holiday in such a delightful situation; and he says (with that warmth of nature which has distinguished him ever since his conversion) "Make the most of it, Bob; make the most of it!"†1

†a[I am just getting to work on No. 3 of the new book, and am in the hideous state of mind belonging to that condition.]†a

Among the list of matter in hand, you will find Peter the Great,†2 by Peter of the Audit Office.†3 He says there are some "new and curious facts"†4 in it. I have not read it, but sent it straight to Arry.

What about the Paris paper?†5

I have not a word of news. I am steeped in my story, and rise and fall by turns into enthusiasm and depression.

Couldn't a fight be got up between the female-Major and Mrs. Gaskell?†6

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone, Tuesday Night, September Eighteenth | 1855

My Dear Wills.

THE ERARDS.[†1]

I don't know that I have the least knowledge of Mr. Robertson,[†2] though he addresses me as "Dear Dickens". I send you his letter. Will you answer it to the effect that the article is accepted (it is a very good one for us). I send it to Arry to be printed, by this post. It should go into the next No. made up, as it is apropos of the Queen's late visit to Paris[†3] and will get out of date. Will you take care that Hogarth has it to look over, in order that there may be nothing in it against his positive knowledge.

THE RIVAL QUEENS[†4]

I am sorry to say, Taboo. I will enclose it to Holdsworth, with instructions to retain it for your directions.

The Old Cathedral City[†5]

I will try to read to-morrow.

Out of Town

(an article of mine for next week's No.).[†6] I sent Breach of the Pavilion[†7] a Proof of it, and he is in the Seventh Heaven of Delight and wants 500 copies of the No. Will you instruct Holdsworth to send them down on the Tuesday night by the Mail Train, so that Breach may have them on the Wednesday Morning;[†8] and will you forward him a note from yourself to Breach, to go in the Parcel, to the effect that you have the pleasure of forwarding them at my request and begging his acceptance of them. (He was so extraordinarily kind to me when I was ill,[†9] that I am glad of the opportunity of being able to make the little present.)

You

I suppose are fat and rosy

I

am in the variable state consequent on the beginning of a new story

You and I

I suppose will foregather before long.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, [19 SEPTEMBER 1855]

Mention in *To* Wills, 23 Sep 55. *Date:* "immediately" after receiving a letter from Mr Bates of Baring's.

Telling him that Baring's had an immediate vacancy for him.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 SEPTEMBER 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone, Kent | Twentieth September 1855

My Dear Wills.

These Presents[†1] will greet you on your return home.

No. 1 relates to the Whistler at the Plough. I have no objection to making him any small advance you think right, if your knowledge of what has taken place between you interposes no bar.

No. 2 is from a man of whom (as you may suppose when you read it), I have no remembrance. If you will write to him in the usual way, saying that I am busily writing out of town, and that you will see him at the office such a day—enough.

No. 3 a paper that won't do. By Mrs. Gaskell's friend Mrs. Jenkyn.[†2] Her address is the Rue de Clichy, Paris. I forget the No. Perhaps you have it in the Address book. If so, let her know by post that I find it unfortunately not suited to us. If you have not got her direction, send the note (and the paper with it), to the care of Mrs. Gaskell.

No. 4 is the Haunted House.[†3] In respect whereof, I quite agree with you, though with great regret.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

Folkestone, Friday Night | September Twenty First, 1855

My Dear Morley.

I don't understand Wills's reference to me concerning Mrs. Gaskell's story,[†4] because I have no other knowledge of it than that he shewed me the first part, and that I have received no more. But he will be home tomorrow (Saturday) evening, as I learn from himself; and I have no doubt you will find the matter easy if you will kindly communicate with him on Sunday or Monday.

I heard (from the small bird who usually sings such songs) that you were seen here a while ago, talking to your little girl[†5] on the pier, and calling her (so the bird makes affidavit), a "Honey-Pot". I wish you had brought her up the Cliff to a

Sanitary establishment always to be known by having all the windows open, and soap and water flying out of all the bedrooms.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To JOHN LEECH, 22 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire.

Folkestone, Saturday | September Twenty Second 1855

My Dear Leech

If you are dispoged for a walk today, I'll "call" at from 2 to ½ past. Could get no walk to speak of, yesterday—being at work until halfpast Four.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 SEPTEMBER 1855]

Extract in F, VII, ii, 573*n. Date:* 23 Sep 55, according to Forster.

I am going to read here, next Friday week. There are (as there are everywhere) a Literary Institution and a Working Men's Institution,[†1] which have not the slightest sympathy or connexion. The stalls are five shillings, but I have made them fix the working men's admission at threepence,[†2] and I hope it may bring them together. The event comes off in a carpenter's shop,[†3] as the biggest place that can be got.

To W. H. WILLS, 23 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Folkestone, Sunday Twenty Third September | 1855

My Dear Wills.

H. W. 289[†4]

Sportsmanship in Earnest,[†5] for the first article most decidedly.

I wish you would ask Sala so to remodel that paper[†6] on the Kensington Gardens

Band,[†1] as not to argue the question with so ridiculous an antagonist as the Sentinel,[†2] and not to refer to the Verses.[†3] What their writer wants is notoriety, and why should we give it to the Blockhead. Sala's description is very pretty—perhaps he may see something else, to amplify it a little. But what I wish to do, is, not to argue the question and elevate these Sentinels and their preposterous Sentry-boxes. I wish you would explain to him what I mean, and tell him that I want to rest the subject upon its common sense and common humanity,[†4] without reference to any braying Jackass with a head—and nothing in it.

You have something to substitute, no doubt?

Nor would I just now put in From Kraiova through Orsova[†5]—though it may be paid for. If for no other reason, because there is a reference to Mazzini in it.[†6] I have a great regard for him, but this is not exactly the time to call him "A Keen Player"—with his Manifesto to the Neapolitans,[†7] in our hands.

Where is Peter the Great? Where is Erard?

I should like to see the re-modelled No.[†8]

I[†9]

cannot very well come up to town before Saturday, as I am very hard at work, and rather slowly. But I will arrange to come on Saturday, and on Saturday Week. Will that do for you, Bob?[†10]

I send you No. 2[†11]—not corrected. When you have read it, let Forster have it.

And I think that's all I have to say this morning. Except

CHARLEY.[†9]

On Wednesday I got a letter from Mr. Bates saying that when he recommended

Charley's going to the Broker's,[†1] he could not foresee that so good an opening would arise in Barings as had suddenly presented itself. That the Brokers gave Charley the highest character for ability and zeal, and that he wld be glad to take him into Barings (instantly if I pleased) beginning at £50 a year. I immediately sent off to Charley, and he goes to Barings tomorrow. I expect the Broker's to have been a device and trial altogether—to get a telescopic view of a youth with the double suspicion on him arising out of his being an author's son and an Eton boy.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. WIGHTWICK,[†2] 24 SEPTEMBER 1855*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Folkestone, Monday Twenty Fourth September | 1855

Dear Sir

I have seen Mr. Francis and have explained to him that in begging you to admit the Members of the Working Mens' Educational Institution, generally, to my reading, at the Working Mens' reduced admission-price of threepence each,[†3] I have full reliance on the privilege not being abused, and feel a conviction that such of their members as do not really belong to what we generally understand by the term "Working Men" will forbear to claim it. He has assured me that he knows me to be right in this trustfulness. He thinks that in a case where a tradesman of the better sort is a member of both Institutions and pays for himself as a member of your more expensive one, he might claim the cheaper privilege in behalf of some member of his own family. I think so too, and that in this he would not be unreasonable.

Within my experience you may safely trust the honor of any class, if you will only appeal to it plainly, and make the case perfectly understood. I hope we shall all be in good humour and good accord in this instance.

I have impressed upon Mr. Francis the great desirability of his letting you know as soon as possible, how many persons will present themselves for that cheap admission on the night, in order that you may be able to arrange for their accommodation. He told me in reply, that he had no doubt of being able to get this information pretty correctly, next Monday night.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Wightwick Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 SEPTEMBER 1855

Text from N, II, 693.

Folkestone | Tuesday, Twenty-Fifth September, 1855

My Dear Wills,

I write hastily,[†1] after a day's work.

Half a Life Time Ago[†2] will be well divided, I think, as you propose. I have marked a place at page 235[†3] where the effect would be obviously served by making a new chapter. Is such a thing to be done with that lady? If so, do it.[†4]

I don't like three such short articles in one No. as London Stones, The Caitiff Postman, and The Erards.[†5] Can't you remedy this? It looks so patchy.

I think you ought to set your want of participation[†6] in No. 288[†7] right by reading Out of Town[†8] in every one of Breach's 500 copies.

It would be particularly well-timed if we could hit the Charter House again, hard.[†9] Can anything be done out of private information,[†10] young Hale's pamphlet,[†11] and a communication in reference to Thackeray's distorted praise of it[†12] (which I remonstrated with him about), in the Examiner two Sundays ago?[†13] I should particularly, of course with all respect for and praise of Thackeray,[†14] [like] to knock that destructive

bit of sentiment in connexion with the poor brothers slap over as with a rifleshot.

Yours always faithfully | (and at present addle-headedly)

[CD]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 26 SEPTEMBER 1855

Mention in American Art Association and Anderson Galleries catalogue, 9 & 10 Feb 1938; *MS* (3rd person); dated Office of Household Words, 26 Sep 55.

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON,[†1] 27 SEPTEMBER 1855*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

Folkestone, Kent. | Twenty Seventh September 1855

My Dear Gordon

I never lecture on any subject whatsoever. Perhaps the letter means to ask me to read my Christmas Carol. I am sorry that I cannot make any appointment to do it. I am very closely occupied with my own pursuits, and have made as many promises to read this book for such Institutions as it will take me two Christmases to fulfil.

Almost every day in the week, I answer three or four similar letters.

Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon

To WILKIE COLLINS, 30 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Folkestone, Sunday Thirtieth September 1855

My Dear Collins.

Welcome from the bosom of the Deep![†2] If a hornpipe will be acceptable to you at any time (as a reminder of what the three brothers were always doing),[†3] I shall be, as the chairman says at Mr. Evans's[†4] "happy to oblige".

I have almost finished No. 3,[†5] in which I have relieved my indignant soul with a scarifier.[†6] Sticking at it day after day, I am the *In*completest Letter Writer[†7]

imaginable—seem to have no idea of holding a pen for any other purpose but that book.

My fair Laura[†1] has not yet reported concerning Paris, but I should think will have done so before I see you. And now to that point. I purpose being in town on *Monday the 8th.* when I have promised to dine with Forster.[†2] At the office between ½ past 11 and 1 that day, I will expect you unless I hear from you to the contrary. Of course the H. W. stories are at your disposition.[†3] If you should have completed your idea[†4] we might breakfast together at the G on the Tuesday morning and discuss it. Or I shall be on town,

after 10 on the Monday night. At the office I will tell you the idea of the Xmas No.[†5] which will put you in train, I hope, for a story.[†6] I have postponed the Shipwreck idea[†7] for a year, as it seemed to require more force from me than I could well give it with the weight of a new start upon me.

All here send their kindest remembrances. We missed you very much, and the Plorn was quite inconsolable. We slide down Cæsar[†8] occasionally. I find the elder Little Lemon[†9] makes too much noise (when my attention is rendered free by solitude), in eating biscuits; and she has also a Franconi-like[†10] way of sending her tongue galloping round the arena formed by the inside of her mouth, after taking any kind of sustenance, which has caused me much affliction.

They launched that Boat the rapid building of which you remember, the other day. All the fishermen in the place, all the nondescripts, and all the boys, pulled at it with ropes from [†a]6 A M to 4 P M.[†a] Every now and then the ropes broke, and they all fell down in the shingle. The obstinate way in which the beastly thing wouldn't move, was so exasperating, that I wondered they didn't shoot it or burn it. Whenever it moved an inch they all cheered; whenever it wouldn't move, they all swore. Finally when it was quite given over, some one tumbled against it accidentally (as it appeared to me, looking out of my window here), and it instantly shot about a mile into the sea and they all stood looking at it helplessly.

Kind regards to Pigott,[†11] in which all unite.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Have you received Peter's "Circular"[†12] about a parting dinner to Thackeray?

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 SEPTEMBER 1855]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 827. *Date:* 30 Sep 55, according to Forster.

I really am serious in thinking—and I have given as painful consideration to the subject as a man with children to live and suffer after him can honestly give to it—that representative government is become altogether a failure with us, that the English gentilities and subserviences render the people unfit for it, and that the whole thing has broken down since that great seventeenth-century time, and has no hope in it.

To AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS,[†1] 30 SEPTEMBER 1855*

MS Dover Public Library. *Address:* Augustus Phillips Esquire | Museum and Philosophical Institution | Dover.

Folkestone | Thirtieth September 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Phillips, and begs to say that he cannot have the pleasure of complying with the request preferred in Mr. Phillips's note. He is very busily occupied with his own avocations, and has made as many promises to read for Institutions, as he can hope to find leisure to fulfil within the next two years.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [25-30 SEPTEMBER 1855]

Mention in *To* Macready, 4 Oct 55. *Date:* referred to as "last week" on 4 Oct.

Enclosing a letter from Macready to Miss Coutts, sent to CD first, on behalf of "Little Warner".

October

To PROSPECTIVE CONTRIBUTORS TO HOUSEHOLD WORDS CHRISTMAS NUMBER,[†2] [EARLY OCTOBER 1855]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* soon after 30 Sep, when he broached the idea of the Extra Christmas No. to Collins.

A traveller who finds himself the only person staying at an Inn on Christmas Day, is at his wits' end what to do with himself; the rather as he is of a timid and reserved character, and, being shut up in his solitary sitting-room, doesn't well know how to come out of it and speak to anybody. The general idea of the Number is, that he overcomes this feeling—finds out the stories of the different people belonging to the

Inn—or some curious experience that each has had—and writes down what he discovers.

Both for the sake of a variety between this No. and previous Christmas numbers, and also for the preservation of the idea, it is necessary that the stories should *not* be in the first person, but should be turned as if this traveller were recording them. Thus the Headings will not be The Waiter's Story, the Cook's Story, The Chambermaid's Story, &c, but simply The Waiter—The Cook—The Chambermaid—and under each head the traveller himself is supposed to tell whatever he heard from, or fancied about, or found out about, that particular person.[†1] Thus the person to whom the story belongs may be described, if necessary, as pretty or ugly—of such an age—of such a bringing up—and what is related about him or her may have happened at that Inn, or at another Inn, or at no Inn; and may belong to that person's present condition in life, or to some previous condition in life—and not only to himself or herself, but (if necessary) to other persons encountered in life.

To H. K. BROWNE, [EARLY OCTOBER] 1855

Mention in *To* Wills, 19 Oct 55. *Date:* probably written at beginning of month, well before leaving Folkestone on 13 Oct, by when he expected to have heard from Browne.

Explaining to him at length about the illustrations for Little Dorrit.[†2]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 4 OCTOBER 1855

MS Mr E. Stanley Brookes.

Folkestone, Kent. | Thursday Fourth October 1855

Dear Sir

I have looked over the accounts, and am glad to see that we suffer less from this sad War than might have been expected.

Please to pay my balance to my account at Coutts's,[†3] as usual.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, 4 OCTOBER 1855

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Folkestone, Fourth October 1855. Thursday

My Dearest Macready.

I have been hammering away in that strenuous manner at my book, that I have had leisure for scarcely any such letters but such as I have been obliged to write;

having a horrible temptation when I lay down my book-pen to run out on the breezy Downs here, tear up the hills, slide down the same, and conduct myself in a frenzied manner for the relief that only exercise gives me.

Your letter to Miss Coutts in behalf of little Warner,[†1] I dispatched straightway. She is at present among the Pyrenées[†2] (I can't write it plainly), and a letter from her, crossed that one of mine in which I enclosed yours, last week.

Pray stick to that dim notion you have of coming to Paris![†3] How delightful it would be to see your aged countenance and perfectly bald head[†4] in that Capital! It will renew your youth to visit a theatre (previously dining at the Trois frères),[†5] in company with the jocund Boy who now addresses you. Do, do, stick to it.

You will be pleased to hear, I know, that Charley has gone into Baring's house under very auspicious circumstances. Mr. Bates of that firm had done me the kindness to place him at the Broker's where he was. And when said Bates wrote to me a fortnight ago to say that an excellent opening had presented itself at Barings, he added that the Brokers gave Charley "so high a character for ability and zeal" that it would be unfair to receive him as a Volunteer, and he must begin at a Fifty Pound Salary. To which I graciously consented.

As to the suffrage, I have lost hope even in the Ballot.[†6] We appear to me to have proved the failure of Representative Institutions, without an educated and advanced people to support them. What with teaching people to "keep in their stations"—what with bringing up the Soul and Body of the land to be a good child, or to go to the Beershop to go a-poaching and go to the Devil—what with having no such thing as a Middle Class (for, though we are perpetually bragging of it as our safety, it is nothing but a poor fringe

on the mantle of the Upper)—what with flunkeyism, toadyism, letting the most contemptible Lords come in for all manner of places—making asses of ourselves for Prince Albert to saddle[†7]—reading the Court Circular for the New Testament—and bearing such positively awful slaver in the Papers, as I saw the other day about a visit of Lord Palmerston's to Woolwich arsenal[†8]—I do reluctantly believe that the English people are, habitually, consenting

parties to the miserable imbecility into which we have fallen, *and never will help themselves out of it.* Who is to do it, if anybody is, God knows. But at present we are on the down-hill road to being conquered, and the people *will*[†1] be content to hear incapable and insolent Premiers sing Rule Britannia, and *will not*[†1] be saved.

In No. III of my new book I have been blowing off a little of the indignant steam which would otherwise blow me up;[†2] and with God's leave I shall walk in the same all the days of my life[†3]—but I have no present political faith or hope—not a grain.

I am going to read the Carol here, tomorrow, in a long Carpenter's shop—which looks far more alarming as a place to hear in, than the Town Hall at Birmingham.

Kindest loves from all to your dear sister, Kate, and the darlings. It is blowing a gale here from the S. W.[†4] and raining like mad.

Ever Most affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To MR FRIEND,[†5] 5 OCTOBER 1855*

MS City of Dunedin Public Library.

Folkestone | Fifth October 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Friend, and begs to say that he cannot have the pleasure of complying with Mr. Friend's request.[†6] He receives so many similar letters, that he finds it difficult to answer them, however briefly; he is very busily occupied with his own pursuits; and he is about to leave this neighbourhood.

To LADY DUFF GORDON, 6 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Folkestone, Kent. | Sixth October 1855

My Dear Lady Gordon.

I do not care to have mere translations for Household Words.[†7] They are in many respects objectionable for such a publication. But, a good account of a curious book, introducing translated

passages from it—such a description of a book as may present it with the describer's originality and individuality, as well as its own—is a kind of article that I always like.

I should think that the book you mention,[†1] would answer the purpose extremely well.—In answer to your uncle's bailiff,[†2] your slave replies a Guinea a page.[†3]

I *do*[†4] remember that I once (in a former state of existence, it appears to me) solaced myself with the hope of coming to pass a day with you. But behold, I am on the margin of the deep—working at a new book—going up steep hills all the rest of the day—plunging into salt water at early hours of the morning—and generally living the life of an amiable fighting-man in training for his next match.

Ever Faithfully Yours nevertheless

CHARLES DICKENS

Lady Gordon

To THOMAS BEARD, 7 OCTOBER 1855

MS Dickens House.

Folkestone, Sunday Seventh October 1855

My Dear Beard.

I have been waiting day after day in the hope of hearing from you to the pleasant effect that you were coming down, but, anticipating generally where the Shoe (Lane) pinched, forbore to write.

This morning I received your letter. Some intention had been upon me to start for Paris next Saturday. But you may rest assured that nothing will stir me from this post until the Monday you mention—unless it should be very very fine on Saturday or Sunday, and I should persist in carrying you over to Boulogne. In which case you will put yourself entirely in your old Doctor's hands, and will take all his prescriptions, as of old, with submission and confidence.

Next Thursday I shall be in Town, to preside at a dinner to Thackeray.[†5] Consequently Sir, you will have the goodness to come back with me *next Friday*[†6] by Day-Express at half past one. Various light restoratives shall be prepared, and if I don't screw that peg up something higher in four and twenty hours—never believe in me again.

It blew a gale of wind last night, and Stone and Egg went across in the Steamer this morning. With a heavy Sou Wester rolling in, about five and thirty feet high, the old Pig of Pigs[†7] persisted in assuring me (wagging his head from side to side), that

"it wasn't rough my boy." The passengers were all put below—the Captain having some unaccountable impression that it wasn't smooth—they went out, with the sea curling over the masts and raining down the

funnel—and the last sound I heard before they dashed into the uproar and confusion was Stone in the midst of a perfect Stonehenge of white basins, contradicting the Steward.[†1]

Kindest remembrances to all at home.

Ever My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 8 OCTOBER 1855

Text from Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912, p. 53.

Folkestone, Kent, Monday, October 8th, 1855.

Many thanks for your letter which was perfectly plain, and written in far more scholarly English than your modesty can imagine.... It is a pleasure to me to renew our former terms,[†2] and to have any dealings with one whom I so highly esteem.

To ALBERT SMITH, [9 OCTOBER 1855]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the same day.

Giving details of the farewell dinner for Thackeray and referring him to Cunningham.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 9 OCTOBER 1855†

MS Berg Collection.

Folkestone, Tuesday October Ninth | 1855

My Dear Cunningham

Arriving here this afternoon, I find the note written on the other side, from Albert Smith.[†3] I have replied to him that the Dinner is on such a day and at such a place and at such a price[†4]—that it is private, and that the lists are closed, but that I suppose he would not be excluded—that the arrangements are, however, under your[†5] charge, and that if he hold to his intention of coming over, he had best write straight to you.[†6]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN DOYLE,[†1] 9 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* John Doyle Esquire | 17 Cambridge Terrace | Hyde Park.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Tuesday Ninth October 1855

My Dear Sir

I have caused the "little man"[†2] to be written to, but I cannot honestly encourage him to pursue his idea. It would be indefensible conduct on my part to lead him on to write—in German too, to be translated here—articles for these pages, when I have no idea of his capacity as an author, and when he himself requires to be advised what to write about. The result would so probably be his own great disappointment that it is but just to tell him plainly that I fear he had better leave it alone.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Doyle Esquire

To F. W. HAMSTEDE,[†3] 9 OCTOBER 1855*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

Tavistock House | Ninth October 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Hamstede, and begs Mr. Hamstede to accept his cordial thanks for the obliging communication[†4] dated on the 31st. of August, which Mr. Dickens received only yesterday.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 16 OCTOBER 1855

MS British Library. *Address:* À Madame | Madame Charles Dickens | Hotel des Bains | Boulogne Sur Mer.

2 Rue St. Florentin[†5] | Tuesday Sixteenth October 1855

My Dearest Catherine.

We have had the most awful job to find a place that would in the least suit us, for Paris is perfectly full, and there is nothing to be got at any sane price. However, we have found two apartments—an entresol[†6] and a first floor—with a kitchen and servants' rooms at the top of the house—at

No. 49 Avenue des champs Elysées

You must be prepared for a regular continental abode. There is only one window in each room, but the front apartments all look upon the main street of the champs Elysées, and the view is delightfully cheerful. There are also plenty of rooms. They are not over and above well furnished, but by changing furniture from rooms we don't care for, to rooms we *do* care for, we shall be able to make them comfortable and presentable. I think the situation itself, almost the finest in Paris; and the children will have a window from which to look on the busy life outside.

We could have got a beautiful apartment in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, for a very little more—most elegantly furnished—but the greater part of it was on a courtyard, and it would never have done for the children. This that I have taken for 6 months, is 700 francs per month,[†1] with 20 more for the concierge.

What you have to expect, is a regular French residence, which a little habitation will make pretty and comfortable—with nothing shewy in it, but with plenty of rooms, and with that wonderful street in which the Barriere de l'Etoile stands, outside. The amount of rooms is the great thing, and I believe it to be the place best suited for us, at a not unreasonable price, in Paris.

Come by the ½ past 12 o'Clock Train, tomorrow (Wednesday), and we will have the place in as good order as we can get it. The servants arrived safely, but I have not yet seen French (having missed him twice), and am now waiting for him.

Georgina and Lady Olliffe[†2] send their loves. Georgina and I add ours to Mamey, Katey, The Plorn, and Harry.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE,[†3] 16 OCTOBER 1855

MS Mr T. W. Hill.

2 Rue St. Florentin | Mardi Octobre 16 1855.

M. Charles Dickens presente ses compliments à M. Arsène Houssaye et regrette extremement qu'il trouve la maison dans la Rue de Lord Byron,[†4] trop petite pour sa famille; [†a]and consequamment[†a] qu'il ne peut pas avoir le plaisir de devenir le locataire de M. Arsène Houssaye.[†5]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 14 AND [19] OCTOBER 1855

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* L'Angleterre. | W. Wilkie Collins Esquire | 17 Hanover Terrace | Regents Park | London. PM 19 Oct 55. *Date:* postscript written inside envelope no doubt on day posted.

Hotel des Bains, Boulogne | Sunday Fourteenth October 1855

My Dear Collins.

Behold me in our old quarters, which are as comfortable as usual. Crossed yesterday. Fine overhead, but heaving and surging sea. The Plorn wonderfully sick, but wonderfully good—making no complaint whatever—feeling the unreasonableness and hopelessness of the Ocean.

Address in Paris, 12 Rue de Balzac.[†1] Georgina, finding no medium between an unwholesome little apartment and a perfectly insane-priced handsome one, took a small new house in the afore-mentioned literary street,[†2] belonging to the Director of the Français.[†3] It is a few paces out of the Champs Elysées, close to the Barriere de l'Etoile.[†4]

The Ostler[†5] shall be yours, and I think the Sketch involves an extremely good and startling idea. I am not, however, sure but that it trails off in the sudden disappearance of the woman without any result or

explanation, and that some such thing may not be wanted for the purpose—unless her never being heard of any more, could be so very strikingly described as to supply the place of other culmination to the story. Will you consider that point again?[†6]

I purpose being in town on the 13th of November. It is our Audit Day.[†7] Perhaps you will dine at the office at half past 5?

Kindest regards from all, | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Wilkie Collins Esquire

[†a]My Dear Collins. Don't believe the enclosed. It's not true. After undergoing the wildest adventures in search of a Roof-Tree (with the enclosed in my pocket all the while), my address is

49, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris[†8]

—a regular little pack of closets with the ordinary queer staircase &c, but the most wonderful and amusing view from the windows, ever beheld.

In the last haste | Ever Faithfully
CD.[†a]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 19 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Yale University Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Friday October Nineteenth 1855

My Dear Stanny.

I write in the greatest haste (after the wildest and most absurd adventures in trying to get established under a roof), to send you, as above, my address in Paris. It is about half a quarter of a mile above Franconi's,[†1] on the other side of the way, and within a few doors of the Jardin d'Hiver.[†2]

Ever Affectionately Yours
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 19 OCTOBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

49, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Friday October Nineteenth 1855

My Dear Wills. After going through unheard-of bedevilments (of which you shall have further particulars as soon as I come right side upwards—which may happen in a day or two), we are at last established here—in a series of closets, but a great many of them—with all Paris perpetually passing under the windows. Letters may have been wandering after me to that house in the Rue de Balzac, which is to be the

subject of more law suits between the man who let it to me,[†3] and the man who wouldn't let me have possession,[†4] than any other house that ever was built. But I have had no letters at all, and have been—ha ha!—a Maniac, since last Monday.

Will you give my address to B and E without loss of time, and tell them that although I have communicated at full explanatory length with Browne,[†5] I have heard *nothing of or from him.* Will you add that I am uneasy and wish they would communicate with Mr. Young,[†6] his partner, at once. Also that I beg them to be so good as send Browne my present address.

I will try my hand at that paper for H. W. tomorrow,[†1] if I can get a yard of flooring to sit upon. But we have really been in that state of topsy-turvyhood, that even that has been an unaittainable[†2] luxury—and may yet be for eight and forty hours or so, for anything I see to the contrary.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?19 OCTOBER 1855]

Extract in F, VII, v, 605-6. *Date:* probably the same day as *To* Collins, Stanfield, and Wills.

Giving his address and describing his apartment. Over him was an English bachelor with an establishment consisting of an English groom and five English horses. The concierge and his wife told us that his name was *Six,* which drove me nearly mad until we discovered it to be *Sykes.*[†3] *The situation was a good one, very cheerful for himself and with amusement for his children. It was a quarter of a mile above Franconi's on the other side of the way, and within a door or two of the Jardin d'Hiver. The Exposition was just below; the Barrière de l'Etoile from a quarter to half a mile below; and all Paris, including Emperor and Empress, coming from and returning to St. Cloud, thronged past the windows in open carriages or on horseback, all day long.*

To W. H. WILLS, 21 OCTOBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées Paris
Sunday Night, Twenty First October 1855

My Dear Wills.

Coming home from a walk this afternoon, I found your letter of yesterday awaiting me. I send this reply by my brother Alfred who is here, and who returns home tomorrow. You should get it at the office, early on Tuesday.

I will go to work tomorrow, and will send you, please God, an article by Tuesday's post, which you will get on Wednesday forenoon. Look carefully to the Proof, as I shall not have time to receive it for correction. When you arrange about sending your parcels, will you ascertain and communicate to me the

prices of Telegraph messages? It will save me trouble, having no foreign servant (though French is in that respect a Trump), and may be useful on an emergency.

I have two floors here—entresol and first—in a Doll's house, but really pretty within—and the view without, astounding—as you will say when you come. The House is on the Exposition side,[†4] about half a quarter of a mile above Franconi's, of course on the other side of the way, and close to the Jardin d'Hiver. Each room has

but one window in it,[†1] but we have no fewer than 6 rooms [†a](besides the back ones)[†a] looking on the Champs Elysées, with the wonderful life perpetually flowing up and down. We have no spare-room, but excellent stowage for the whole family, including a capital dressing room for me, and a really slap-up Kitchen near the stars!—Damage for the whole, 700 francs a month.

But Sir—but—when Georgina, the servants, and I, were here for the first night[†2] (Catherine and the rest being at Boulogne), [†b]I heard my little right hand[†b] restless—turned out—asked "What's the matter?"—"Oh its dreadfully dirty. I can't sleep for the smell of my room." Imagine all my stage-managerial energies multiplied, at day break, by 1,000. Imagine the porter, the porter's wife, the porter's wife's sister, a feeble upholsterer of enormous age from round the corner, and all his workmen (4 boys) summoned. Imagine the partners in the proprietorship of the apartment[†3]—old lady, and martial little man with François Premier Beard[†4]—also summoned. Imagine your inimitable chief briefly explaining that Dirt is not in his way, and that he is driven to madness, and that he devotes himself to no coat and a dirty face until the apartment is thoroughly purified. Imagine co-proprietors at first astounded—then urging that "it's not the custom"—then wavering—then affected—then confiding their utmost private sorrows to the Inimitable—offering new carpets (accepted), embraces (not accepted), and really responding like French Bricks. Sallow, unbrushed, unshorn, awful, stalks the Inimitable through the apartment until last night. Then all the improvements were concluded, and I do really believe the place to be now worth 800 or 900 francs per month.[†5] You must picture it as the smallest place you ever saw, but as exquisitely cheerful and vivacious—clean as anything human can be—and with a moving panorama always outside, which is Paris in itself.

If this should cross a letter and projected No.[†6] from you tomorrow night, I shall of course understand *that this announcement of my coming article governs everything else*, and that you will arrange accordingly. I mention this now, as I may have no time to write with the MS.

You mention a letter from Miss Coutts as to Mrs. Brown's illness,[†7] which you say is "enclosed to Mrs. C. D."

It is not enclosed

—and I am mad to know where she writes from,[†8] that I may write to her. Pray set this right, for her uneasiness will be greatly intensified, if she hears no word from me.

I thought we were to give £1700 for the house at Gad's Hill. Are we bound to £1800? Considering the improvements to be made, it is a little too much, isn't it? I

have a strong impression that at the utmost we were only to divide the difference, and not to pass £1750. You will set me right if I am wrong. But I dont think I am.

I write very hastily, with a Piano playing, and Alfred looking for this.

Ever My Dear Wills | Faithfully

CD.

To MRS GORE, 22 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Berg Collection.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris.
Monday Twenty Second October 1855

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

I am only this day in receipt of your letter—having been flying about in various directions, and settling here this very morning to work.

Believe me I have no means whatever of disseminating that information.[†1] I have no kind of association with any paper, or with any periodical but Household Words. It assures me of the truth of what I had already heard with tolerable accuracy, and what I heartily condole with you upon; but to help in conveying it to the general knowledge is quite as much out of my power as out of yours.[†2]

I write hastily, fearing this may never reach you after all.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, 22 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Miss P. Douglas Ford.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Monday Twenty Second October 1855

My Dear Olliffe

I am sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of complying with the request you prefer to me on behalf of the fair authoress of the Conversations on Harmony.[†3] But she misunderstands the nature of Household Words. It is not a review, nor do I ever appropriate any of its space to notices of books. Occasionally, on some point of

social interest, or in reference to some distant country, a curious work or a book of travel is made the ground-work of a paper; but I never pass beyond this line, and keep myself as clear of reviewing as you do.

Will you explain this to the lady, and thank her from me for the book? I have no need, I hope, to tell you that if I could have gratified a friend of yours I should have gratified myself in doing it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Olliffe

To W. H. WILLS, 24 OCTOBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Wednesday Twenty Fourth October 1855

My Dear Wills. I infer from your letter just now received (the Foreign Post is not delivered in this part of Paris until between 1 and 2), that you had not then got my letter[†1] posted by Alfred. This morning you will have received my article, promised therein. And this, I hope, will have set you up.

No news whatever, of the missing Miss Coutts letter.[†2]

In the Gad's Hill matter, I too would like to try the effect of "not budging". *So do not go beyond the* £1700. Considering what I should have to expend on the one hand, and the low price of stock on the other, I do not feel disposed to go beyond that mark. They won't let a purchaser escape, for the sake of £100, I think. And Austin was strongly of opinion, when I saw him last, that £1700 was enough.

You cannot be in any doubt about this place, if you will only recall it as the great main road from the Place de la Concorde to the Barrière de l'Etoile. Immediately above the Jardin d'Hiver, is this house.

You cannot think how pleasant it is to me to find myself generally known and liked here. If I go into a shop to buy anything and give my card, the officiating priest or priestess brightens[†3] up, and says "Ah! C'est l'ecrivain celebre! Monsieur porte une nomme très distinguée. Mais! Je suis honoré et interessé de voir Monsieur Dick-in. Je lis un des livres de Monsieur tous les jours" (In the Moniteur).[†4] And a man who brought some little vases home last night, said, "On connait bien, en France, que Monsieur Dickin prende sa position sur la dignité de la Litterature. Ah! C'est grande chose! Et ses caractères (this was to Georgina while he unpacked)[†5] "sont si spirituellement tournées! Cette Madame Tojair (Todgers) Ah! Qu'elle est drole, et precisement comme une dame qui je connais à Calais!"[†6]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Great haste to save post.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25-26 OCTOBER 1855]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 606*n* and 606. *Date:* first extract a day or two after *To* Wills, 24 Oct; second extract probably same letter.

It is surprising what a change nine years have made in my notoriety here. So many of the rising French generation now read English (and *Chuzzlewit* is now being translated daily in the *Moniteur*), that I can't go into a shop and give my card without being acknowledged in the pleasantest way possible. A curiosity-dealer brought home some little knick-knacks I had bought, the other night, and knew all about my books from beginning to end of 'em. There is much of the personal friendliness in my readers, here, that is so delightful at home; and I have been greatly surprised and pleased by the unexpected discovery.

Before he had been a week in his new abode, Ary Scheffer,[†1] a frank and noble fellow, *had made his acquaintance.*

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [25-27 OCTOBER 1855]

Mention in *To* Wills, 28 Oct 55. *Date:* Miss Coutts would have written immediately after Mr Brown's death on 23 Oct and CD had received her two notes by 25 Oct (not 24 Oct: *To* Wills, that day). He replied at once.

To HENRY AUSTIN, [26-27 OCTOBER 1855]

Telegram. Mention in *To* Austin, 28 Oct 55. *Date:* no doubt one or two days before letter, allowing Austin to have telegraphed his reply.

About Mr Brown's death and burial.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 28 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Sunday October 28th. 1855

My Dear Henry. Thinking it very likely that you may have been amazed by the receipt of my message, I take the earliest postal opportunity of explaining it.

Miss Coutts and Mrs. Brown are newly arrived here, in the greatest distress. They have been for several weeks past in the South of France; and there (at Montpellier) Mr. Brown has died.[†2] The message referred to her power of burying him under her

own Church at Westminster;[†1] and your kind answer, duly received, had filled both herself (I mean Miss Coutts) and Mrs. Brown, with relief and comfort.

You will have paid something, if I understand the proceedings, for the answer. Will you let Wills know what it is, and he will repay you for me?

We have the usual series of little conjuror's boxes to live in; but we have plenty of them for the accommodation of all of us, and the Look-out is as lively and pretty as can be. We have the entresol and the first floor. The cleaning that was necessary to make them habitable, will take its place in the mind of posterity, among the wildest fictions known to mankind.

All send kindest regards to Lætitia and yourself.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Austin Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 28 OCTOBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Sunday Twenty Eighth October 1855

My Dear Wills. Don't be uneasy about the letters. All has come right. Miss Coutts is here and poor Mrs. Brown with her. The instant I received the two notes, I wrote to her at Montpellier. She crossed that letter on her way here. Enquiring at the Hotel Bristol,[†2] I found they were coming directly, and I immediately guessed what had happened. The body has been embalmed, and has been sent home to Stratton Street. She will be able, it being in that condition, to bury it under her own Church—which is a comforting idea to her, and which she thinks Mrs. Brown will like. I shall have to come over to the Funeral, but I hope it will be so long delayed as to bring me near to our Audit day.[†3]

All right as to No. 293.[†4] Also as to getting a Number ahead—which stormy weather may make very desirable; though it but rarely happens that the Mail Boat doesn't cross.

I will in future acknowledge the receipt of your letters, and you will do the like by me. We shall then be sure that we miss nothing.

You may imagine that I have been put out by this unexpected event. In Miss Coutts's peculiar circumstances—so isolated in the midst of her goodness and wealth—it has been a great blow to her. And I have that respect and admiration for her, that I cannot bear to see her distressed. They are both as quiet and well as it is possible to hope, however.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 29 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées Paris
Monday Twenty Ninth October 1855

My Dear B and E.

I have an idea of dividing Little Dorrit[†1] into Two Books, each with a separate title, as

BOOK I.

POVERTY

BOOK II.

RICHES

—or to that effect. In this case I shall have to make the two first pages of No. I and of No. XI, blank for the divisional Title. You do not conceive, do you, that there would be any objection to this? I can get the space out of No. I, by taking away the last short chapter[†2] and putting it into No. IV, where it will come as well.[†3] The change I could easily make when I come to town on the 13th. of November. But I should like to know whether you confirm my impression that there would be no publishing-objection to taking those 2 pages away from No. I.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [31 OCTOBER 1855]

Mention in next.

Telegram about Mr Brown's burial.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 31 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Thirty First October 1855.

My Dear Miss Coutts. You will have received the Telegraphic Message I have just now (3 O'Clock) dispatched. The promised particulars I am now going to give you.

We arrived in town at 8, close to our time, and after so good a passage across, that I begin to fancy myself a British Seaman. On my way home, I sent the letter to Mr.

Waddington[†1] from here; and at 12, Mr. Alcock[†2] and I went to the Home office. He had not come, and we left word that we would call again at ½ past 1. We found him ready for us, and fully charged with the particulars of the case. He said he had no doubt whatever that the remains of our poor friend could be interred in a Vault under your Church, and that no licence from the Home Secretary was needed to authorize their being placed there in their embalmed condition. He would look over the Acts of Parliament,[†3] and write me an official letter in the course of the day, giving this opinion.[†4] We then put to

him the point of the future use of the Vault in a similar way.[†5] He replied that after this interment the Home Secretary would instruct Dr. Grainger[†6] to inspect the Vault, and to report to him on the propriety of its being so used in time to come. There could be no doubt what his report would be.[†7]

Well satisfied with this, and finding him perfectly to understand the case, we went off to Mr. Meyrick,[†8] to whom I promised to send, as his authority, Mr. Waddington's promised official letter tomorrow morning. Mr. Meyrick labored under an idea that he must see Mr. Coulthurst[†9] for orders to make the Vault &c. We did not seek to divest his mind (which is a little timorous and ricketty) of this impression, but agreed that Mr. Alcock should see Mr. Coulthurst first, and prepare him for Mr. Meyrick's coming, this afternoon. We then went off to the Board of Health (thinking it advisable to prime Grainger beforehand), and there made all that had passed between us and Mr. Waddington known, in writing. Mr. Alcock and I then parted; he to wait on Mr. Coulthurst, and instruct Banting[†10] to be ready for the

performance of the funeral on *Tuesday*[†1] unless you should otherwise direct him; I to send the telegraph-message and to write this note.

There has evidently been a little too much slow-coaching and feeling of the way in respect of this difficulty: which vanishes when it is thrust at. I particularly hope that you will charge all parties concerned not to leave me out of the question if the slightest hitch, anywhere, should arise. It is the old story of Hercules and the Waggoner.[†2] Nothing is wanted but a shoulder.

When you write—if you do write—will you address here. I shall be here always in the forenoon, and shall have your letters sooner.

Mr. Alcock contemplates returning to Paris for certain, either by the Tidal train via Boulogne, tomorrow, or by the Day Mail via Calais, tomorrow. In either case he will be with you tomorrow night.

Pray offer my affectionate love and sympathy to Mrs. Brown, and believe me to be entirely devoted to you in every happiness or sorrow that can ever befall you.

Ever My Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 31 OCTOBER 1855

MS British Library. *Address:* France | À Madame | Madame Charles Dickens | 49 Avenue des champs Elysées | Paris.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Wednesday Thirty First October 1855

My Dearest Catherine.

It is well we did not send the Telegraph message, as the Mail Train is not due in town until ½ past 7. We were in very good time—had not a bad passage, the time of year considered (I was not ill)—and I brought Mrs. Fitzgerald[†3] and a bonnet, all the way.

Observe what I am going to explain about your getting money. The key of the Cabinet in my study at Paris, is in the drawer of my envelope case. Open the flap of the Cabinet and along with Georgina's passport (on the right hand pigeon-hole) and an old foreign account-book, you will find folded up without any envelope a letter of credit in my favor, addressed by Coutts's to Messrs. Ferrière, Lafitte & Co.[†4] I have been to Coutts's this morning. By the Post which brings this to you, they will write to Ferriere Lafitte & Co. telling them to honor your drafts as well as mine. Therefore all you will have to do on receipt of this, will be to take the letter of credit in your pocket, present it at Ferriere Lafitte's, and draw for whatever sum you want—£25—£30—whatever it is. Their bank is in the Rue Lafitte on the Boulevards[†5]—the next street but one to the Café de Paris,[†6] on the same side of the way. It is the second

or third house [†a]on the left[†a]—a large gateway leading into a Courtyard. The Bank is up a flight of stairs on the right hand side of the Inner Court.

I have already (12 o'Clock) been to the Home Office, but Waddington was not come. I am going again at ½ past 1, and will keep this open to report the result of my mission. I saw Charley at breakfast—looking well, but rather too spotty.

———————

I have seen Waddington, and am happy to report that we have succeeded. It has occurred to me that I may advance our Audit day, and get back by Friday or Saturday week. I will tell you about this, when I write next. Let me hear that all are well. With love to Georgy, Mamey, Katey, Harry, and the Plorn.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?END OCTOBER 1855]

Extract in F, VII, v, 606. *Date:* probably soon after *To* Forster, 25-6 Oct.

Mamey and Katey are learning Italian, and their master is Manin[†1] of Venetian fame,[†2] the best and the noblest of those unhappy gentlemen.[†3] He came here with a wife and a beloved daughter, and they are both dead.[†4] Scheffer made him known to me, and has been, I understand, wonderfully generous and good to him.[†5]

November

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday November Second 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send a duplicate of this letter to the Pavilion at Folkestone—not that there is any news in it, but because I think it may be a satisfaction to you on your arrival in England to know that your wishes have been fulfilled.

I have seen Banting and carefully arranged everything with him for *Wednesday.* The time at the Church will be 12 exactly. The mourning carriages three in number,

with Ld. Harrowby[†1] in the place you wished. The rest of the Mourners are invited to the Schoolroom[†2] instead of to Stratton Street. Pair-horse, *not* 4 horse carriages. No difference in the scarves, hatbands &c supplied, but all the Mourners exactly alike. In this respect as in all others, I hope I have understood Mrs. Brown's feeling and yours. All your instructions I have fully impressed upon Banting, and stood over him while he wrote them down. The two plates on the coffin are now in preparation. After stating that our poor friend was the beloved husband of Mrs. Brown, I have added, after her Christian and Surname, "formerly Meredith". The Vault, by reason of the heating and ventilating apparatus, could not be made exactly in the place you wished;[†3] but I am quite sure you will approve of it.

I heard from Banting this morning that on Wednesday night when the workmen were in the Church to begin the Vault (Mr. Alcock and I having charged all parties concerned that there must be no delay) one of your Curates[†4] objected that the Chancel could not be touched[†5] without the consent of the Incumbent; and as Mr. Tennent is in too delicate a state to have a telegraph message sent to him, they went through the absurd form of waiting to begin work until a special messenger had been sent down to him in the country and had telegraphed back his consent! If this had been made known to me, I should have ventured on your behalf altogether to over-ride the objection as an absurd one. I should have got the consent while the work was going on, but shod. have represented that to stop it was a piece of folly, amounting almost, though unintentionally, to an impertinence. However, this would merely have been a natural desire to assert your supremacy in the place and in the case; for everything is ready, and nothing is the worst for it.

—At this moment Mr. Meyrick has appeared. Banting had appointed the funeral for 12 O'Clock exactly at the church, as the most usual, fitting, and convenient time. Mr. Meyrick suggested that there was usually a service at that time and that he "supposed Mr. Garden[†6] would not object" to give notice that such service would not take place. I replied, of course in the most delicate way, that he mustn't object (I did so in effect, not in words), and that the Funeral was to take place at that time.

The letters are probably by this time all gone out.[†7] My dear Miss Coutts I hope and trust you will find everything in perfect train when you arrive, and that both you and your dear charge will pass through this closing part of the trial, with a tender but not painful grief.

The nature of the Service rests with you. That point I have requested to be altogether reserved until you express your wish upon it.[†8]

I will come to you at Lady Falmouth's,[†1] at 12 on Sunday. Ever dear Miss Coutts

Your affectionate friend

CD.

I have received all your three letters, of course.

To MRS BROWN, 3 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Saturday Third November 1855

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

You will have found (I hope) from a letter I wrote to Miss Coutts at Folkestone that I have anticipated the greater part of your wishes, and that there will only be three carriages from Stratton Street. I am strongly against the proposed innocent fraud respecting the day; firstly, because I do not think it dignified, in the best and right sense of the word; and secondly because it would be fruitless. I am perfectly convinced that whatever lookers-on assemble, would assemble in any case. And Banting (whose opinion I asked as a sensible tradesman when he was here at noon to day) had not a doubt of the inefficacy of such an attempt. Now, adding this objection to the first one—which I feel more strongly, both for the sake of the dead and of the living, than I can well express to you—I earnestly advise you to abandon that idea. I foresee, I am sure, that it would be perverted, moreover, into an attempt to be exclusive; would be twisted into a purpose exactly opposite to your real intention.

As to the clergyman, I think that is a matter of feeling for Miss Coutts. But if I did not have the service performed by the senior Curate,[†2] in Mr. Tennent's absence, I (speaking as if it were my own case) would have it performed by a personal friend—such as Harness.[†3] No reason presents itself to my mind for the calling in of any Westminster or other clergyman in whom you have not an interest. Harness would do it with feeling and emotion. And I cannot but think that this would be comforting to you.

The letters *have all gone out* to the names on Miss Coutts's list. But observe my dear friend how modestly and simply the arrangement stands. Three carriages will follow your beloved husbands remains from Stratton Street—no preposterous show of horses and feathers; but a quiet, unpretending, necessary means of getting to the church—such as I feel sure that his honest pride and manly feeling would have approved. The other followers who come to the Schoolroom, are *not* conveyed there in mourning coaches—I perceived the objection to that, and pointed it out to Banting—so that a few gentlemen in mourning arrive there, in an ordinary

unrecognizable way during half an hour, and merely pass into the church with the rest when the rest come. You know my own strong feeling in the general matter of parade at such a time, and you know (I feel convinced) how delicately and anxiously I consider everything that concerns you now; but I assure you

from my heart that I do not see how you could possibly do what is to be done, in a more unaffected manner.

You might, if you thought right, countermand the order for your own carriage and Miss Coutts's chariot,[†1] following. That we will speak of, when we meet.

God bless you! Only think what a friend you have beside you, in the noblest spirit we can ever know, and what an inestimable blessing you possess in her. A hundred times, God bless you!

Ever Affectionately Yours

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 3 NOVEMBER 1855

MS British Library. *Address:* La France | À Madame | Madame Charles Dickens | 49 Avenue des champs Elysées | Paris.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Saturday Third November 1855

My Dearest Catherine.

It has been (with the exception of one day) the vilest and most intolerable weather here. Perpetual rain. Storms of wind. I have a very bad cold which affects my right eye, and am obliged to go about with a great bottle of Lotion in my pocket, incessantly laving it with a bit of lint.

The Funeral I have fixed for Wednesday. If it should be put off, I shall go distracted or at least turn grey. The contradictory letters I have received from Paris, and the changes and counterchanges suggested, are of a most bewildering nature. I am afraid they will have a very bad passage, if they cross (as they intended), today. I have sent letters down to Folkstone to be ready for them.

The Audit dinner now stands for Thursday, so that I shall be able, I hope, to return on Friday, either by the Day Mail or the Night Mail. You shall know the exact decision, as soon as I can make it. I dine with Forster today, dined with Leech yesterday, dine (Charley and I) with Alfred tomorrow, dine with Albert Smith on Monday, with Lemon on Tuesday, and with Stanfield on Wednesday.

I have tried to work besides, and have done a quantity of Household Words business—but have been constantly taken off by Stratton Street matters.

What you tell me of Miss Power[†2] suggests to me a very graceful and natural

opportunity for your calling upon her.[†1] If you will go there with Georgy (to whom my best love), demand Mademoiselle Marguerite, and explain my absence, it will be a very good thing very well done.

There is a tremendous row in the street, occasioned by Anderson the Wizard[†2] having a Morning Performance (apparently a capital house) with the gallery filled by charity children admitted free: who came up to the scratch, in the rain, with horrible shrill cheers.

Your mother is in bed with a neuralgic face—but the weather has been enough to fell anybody. I saw Maclise the day before yesterday. He is profoundly disgusted with Italy[†3] and with everything in it. Stanfield has some idea of returning to Paris with me. Forster *had*, but I am happy to say that I believe the intention is resigned for the present—"on account, my boy, of my having promised Costello[†4] that I would give him leave to go somewhere".

Love to Georgy, Mamey, Katey, Harry, and the noble Plorn.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To RICHARD GREENE,[†5] 3 NOVEMBER 1855*

MS Henry Sotheran Ltd.

Tavistock House, London | Saturday Evening Third November | 1855

Dear Sir

I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter, and to assure you that Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Forster, and myself, hail with the greatest interest and satisfaction the prospect of our appeal[†6] being responded to by the citizens of Lichfield. No help rendered to these poor ladies could possibly be so graceful and welcome as aid coming from the place that boasts of having given Johnson birth.[†7]

As I am at present staying in Paris (where I am very busily occupied with my own pursuits) and as I am obliged to return there immediately, I cannot have the honor

of attending the proposed meeting.[†1] But even if this inability were not upon me, I should have had a great desire to excuse myself from obtruding any personal appeal of mine upon your citizens. I feel it so much more natural and becoming in me to leave them to their own generous impulses.

My address in Paris is No. 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, where I shall hope to have the pleasure of again hearing from you to your convenience.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Greene Esquire

To THOMAS CARLYLE, [4] NOVEMBER 1855

Text from N, II, 704-5. *Date:* Sunday was 4 Nov in 55.

Tavistock House | Sunday, Third November 1855

My Dear Carlyle

I send you such Johnson letters as I have received to this date.[†2]

No. 1 is mere Bosh and Balderdash, to advertise a Society.

No. 2 is from a kind man desiring to do well, according to his lights. I have thanked him.

No. 3 is from a distinguished scholar, who was Charley's Tutor at Eton.[†3] Him likewise I have thanked.

No. 4 is curious. I have told the writer that I suppose the lady to be the same, that I have forwarded it to you, and that you will communicate with him.[†4]

No. 5 is our great hope.[†5] I have written to express our reliance upon them, to urge the meeting by all means, but to add that it should be composed of Lichfield citizens only, and should have no such foreigners in it as yours always Heartily.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [THE REV. W. G. COOKESLEY], [4 NOVEMBER 1855]

Mention in *To* Carlyle, [4] Nov 55 (No. 3). *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

Thanking him for his response to the appeal on behalf of Dr Johnson's god-child and her sister.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [4 NOVEMBER 1855]

Mention in *To* Carlyle, [4] Nov 55 (No. 2). *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

Thanking him for his response to the appeal on behalf of Dr Johnson's god-child and her sister.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [4 NOVEMBER 1855]

Mention in *To* Carlyle, [4] Nov 55 (No. 4). *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

Supposing the lady[†1] *he mentions to be the same, is forwarding his letter to Carlyle.*

To MRS HOGGE, 8 NOVEMBER 1855†

MS Mr Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* Mrs Hogge | Bilney | Lynn.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eighth November 1855

My Dear Mrs Hogge.

A request from you is all powerful with me, and should not be opposed by any removeable obstacle. But I grieve to say that I cannot possibly do what you ask me.[†2] After reading at Peterboro', I am engaged to return to London immediately. I have then to fulfil a promise to read at Sheffield—and then to scamper back posthaste to Paris, whither I return tomorrow, and where we are passing the winter.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. SPENCER LYTTELTON,[†3] 8 NOVEMBER 1855

Text from N, II, 705.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eighth November 1855

My Dear Lyttelton,

Many thanks for the Birds—none the less because they were eaten by my son and heir in my absence. We are in Paris (49 avenue des Champs Elysées), where we are passing the winter, and whence I come and go once a month or so, to the unspeakable discomposure of my sea-legs and sea-stomach. The model (and moral) establishment[†4] *is* suppressed—the big number taken down—a dull honest trade driving under the gateway—a melancholy respectability has fallen on that fascinating mansion. I shed a tear, over the way, every Sunday.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES SIMPSON,[†1] 8 NOVEMBER 1855

Mention in N, II, 705, from catalogue source; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 8 Nov 55.

Thanking him for a subscription to the fund for the descendants[†2] *of Dr Johnson's god-child.*

To MRS BATES,[†3] [?1-8 NOVEMBER 1855]*

MS Dickens House.[†4] *Date:* after sentence was passed on 27 Oct 55; since CD has "seen Mr. Waddington", this must have been when he was in London between 30 Oct and 8 Nov.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Bates, and begs to assure her that her letter to him needed no apology or excuse. It is with real pain that he has to inform her, that he cannot hold out to her the least hope of her husband's sentence being remitted.[†5] Mr. Dickens has seen Mr. Waddington on the subject.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 10 NOVEMBER 1855†

MS Berg Collection.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées | Saturday November Tenth 1855

My Dear B. and E.

It occurs to me in reference to the Little Dorrit Free list that there really is no need to send it to my two brothers[†6] unless they should apply for it. I would rather that Holdsworth and John at the H. W. Office had it. Therefore please make that change, and substitute the two latter for the two former.

I forgot to mention to you as to my brother Augustus's Crimean idea,[†7] [†a]that, so far as I am concerned, I do not wish you to make any departure in that[†8] case from the ordinary course of business.[†a]

I got home very well, and in good time, and scrambled over an indifferent passage without being ill.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 10 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées | Saturday November Tenth 1855

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

You will have seen before now, I dare say, that I have changed the title of my book, and adopted one which has a pleasanter sound in my ears, and which is equally applicable to the same story.

Miss Coutts has been here in great distress, occasioned by the death of Mr. Brown at Montpellier. There being all kinds of little obstacles in the way of what she wanted done as to his burial, which the people to whom she entrusted their adjustment conglomerated every hour, I went off to London to set them right for her—have remained there ten days—and returned here only last night.

Now as to Peterboro'. If I can possibly contrive to come to dear old Rockingham on the Monday night, I shall of course do so, and I shall make all conceivable endeavours to do so. But I have been sadly thrown back by this jaunt for Miss Coutts, and must go to work diligently. Time may be so precious to me at that time of the month, that I may be able only to leave here upon the Monday. In that case, I must meet you, either on the Railway or at Peterboro'. I do not know which is the good hotel. Will you let me hear from you by the end of this month (here, of course) telling me which *is* the good hotel, and whether the two young Etonians[†1] are coming with you. Mr. Wills will then make all arrangements as to rooms, and you need do nothing whatever.

You will have read (I hope) the first No. of my story, when I have the great delight of seeing you. As the second is the great start of my Little Dorrit herself,[†2] I shall bring it in my pocket, in order that you may anticipate the public, in making acquaintance with that young person.

Mrs. Dickens and Georgina send their kindest and best love. We are established in rooms rather larger than meat-safes. But there are plenty of them, and they are pretty and snug, and in the liveliest situation in Paris—just about mid-way between the Barriere de l'Etoile, and the Place de la Concorde.

Looking forward to next month,

Ever My Dear Mrs. Watson | Affectionately Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 10 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées | Saturday Tenth November 1855

My Dear Wills.

I had a rather heavy passage, but was not even squeamish. Arrived here in very good time, and with great success.

Will you tell Mark with my love, that I found them playing that piece in Boulogne,[†1] and that I observe it to be becoming very well known, not only among the French, but among our countrymen going to and fro. Consequently, if he do anything with it, it should be done at once.[†2]

There has called on me in my absence, a Mr. John Robertson,[†3] 15 Rue de Monceau, Faubourg St. Roule. I believe this to be the writer of the Erard paper. Will you address a letter to him, explaining that in a multiplicity of communications his letter was unfortunately mislaid, but that you have heard from me that I think that is his address. And that you beg the favor of knowing whether you are right, in order that you may remit him the amount due to him for his contribution.

Don't forget the early almanac[†4] for Miss Coutts.

I am impatient to know how the Gin Punch succeeded with you. It is the most wonderful beverage in the world, and I think ought to be laid on at high pressure by the Board of Health. After sleeping only two hours on the H. W. sofa,[†5] I arose yesterday morning like a dewy flower.

—Mentioning which object, I am reminded by contrast that your friend Wheatstone[†6] was on board yesterday; and that at Boulogne with his boredom developed, and his visage creased, by abject sea-sickness, he was the most terrific phantom—the shrunken spectre of the Ancient Mariner.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. 1. I think I gave you, sometime ago, some Xmas verses of Townshend's.[†7] If you will send them me in type when you send other things, I will try to put them into shape for the ordinary No.

P.S. 2. About the 1st. or 2nd. of next month, it will be well to write to the hotel at Peterboro', ordering our accommodation; as Mrs. Watson and (I believe) her two boys, will be with us. I have written to her about it, and will prime you with our requirements in good time.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?11-12 NOVEMBER 1855]

Extracts in F, VII, ii, 576 and VII, v, 617-8. *Date:* CD would write the first extract after return to Paris on 9 Nov; and Forster implies this by giving 8 Nov as date of walk. Second extract soon after return and visit to Exhibition before it closed on 15 Nov; therefore probably same letter.

He had sallied out for one of his night walks,[†1] *full of thoughts of his story, one wintry rainy evening* (*the 8th of November*), *and* pulled himself up, *outside the door of the Whitechapel Workhouse,*[†2] *at a strange sight which arrested him there. Against the dreary enclosure of the house were leaning, in the midst of the downpouring rain and storm, what seemed to be seven*[†3] *heaps of rags:* dumb, wet, silent horrors, sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and no one likely to be at the pains of solving them until the General Overthrow.[†4] *He sent in his card to the Master. Against him there was no ground of complaint; he gave prompt personal attention; but the casual ward was full, and there was no help. The rag-heaps were all girls, and Dickens gave each a shilling. One girl,* twenty or so,[†5] *had been without food a day and night. "Look at me", she said as she clutched the shilling and without thanks shuffled off. So with the rest. There was not a single "thank you". A crowd meanwhile, only less poor than these objects of misery, had gathered round the scene; but though they saw the seven shillings given away they asked for no relief to themselves, they recognized in their sad wild way the other greater wretchedness, and made room in silence for Dickens to walk on.*[†6]

He did not think that English art showed to advantage beside the French.[†7] *It seemed to him small, shrunken, insignificant,* niggling. *The general absence of ideas was horribly*

apparent; and even when one comes to Mulready,[†1] and sees two old men talking over a much-too-prominent table-cloth, and reads the French explanation of their proceedings, "La discussion sur les Principes de Docteur Whiston,"[†2] one is dissatisfied. Somehow or other they don't tell. Even Leslie's Sancho[†3] wants go, and Stanny is too much like a set-scene.[†4] It is of no use disguising the fact that what we know to be wanting in the men is wanting in their works—character, fire, purpose, and the power of using the vehicle and the model as mere means to an end. There is a horrible respectability about most of the best of them—a little, finite, systematic routine in them, strangely expressive to me of the state of England itself. As a mere fact, Frith, Ward, and Egg, come out the best in such pictures as are here, and attract to the greatest extent. The first, in the picture from the Good-natured Man;[†5] the second, in the Royal Family in the Temple;[†6] the third, in the Peter the Great first seeing Catherine[†7]—which I always thought a good picture, and in which foreigners evidently descry a sudden dramatic touch that pleases them. There are no end of bad pictures among the French, but, Lord! the goodness also!—the fearlessness of them; the bold drawing; the dashing conception; the passion and action in them![†8] The Belgian department[†9] is full of merit. It has the best landscape in it, the best portrait, and the best scene of homely life, to be found in the building. Don't think it a part of my despondency about public affairs, and my fear that our national glory is on the decline, when I say that mere form and conventionalities usurp, in English art, as in English government and social relations, the place of living force and truth. I tried to resist the impression yesterday, and went to the English gallery first, and praised and admired with great diligence; but it was of no use. I could not make anything better of it than what I tell you. Of course this is between ourselves. Friendship is better than criticism, and I shall steadily hold my tongue. Discussion is worse than

useless when you cannot agree about what you are going to discuss. *He talked to English artists, who found French nature all wrong; but surely not because it is French, was his reply. The English point of view is not the only one to take men and women from. The French pictures are "theatrical," was the rejoinder. But the French themselves are a demonstrative and gesticulating people, was Dickens's retort; and what thus is rendered by their artists is the truth through an*

immense part of the world. I never saw anything so strange. They seem to me to have got a fixed idea that there is no natural manner but the English manner (in itself so exceptional that it is a thing apart, in all countries); and that unless a Frenchman—represented as going to the guillotine for example—is as calm as Clapham, or as respectable as Richmond-hill, he cannot be right.[†1]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 NOVEMBER 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Tuesday November Thirteenth 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have received the enclosed from Townshend,[†2] with a request that I will send it on to you. Pray when you have a minute to spare and would not feel worried by writing, let me know, no matter how briefly, how you and Mrs. Brown are.[†3]

My return-passage and journey were very good, and I found all well.

In the matter of that Miss Podevin at Sandgate,[†4] I ought to let you know that I finally gave her the Thirty Pounds. I also paid Nine Guineas for the Shepherd's Bush piano.[†5]

We all unite in kindest love to Mrs. Brown and you. I did not tell you that I am going to read at Peterborough in the middle of next month, as a mark of affectionate respect for Watson, poor dear fellow, who was connected with the place;[†6] and that Mrs. Watson is going with me. It will be the first time she has seen the place for many a long day.

Ever My Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Thursday Fifteenth November 1855

My Dear Wills.

I return the No.[†7]—a most alarmingly shy one,[†8] and really requiring something

better to bring it up at last than that Much Ado about Nothing.[†1] Pray overhaul your stock, and see if you can't find something better than *that* at any rate.

Charter House Charity,[†2] most decidedly first. I would make that the name, and have so altered it in the No. Look to my corrections, and particularly in "Literal Claims",[†3] where the Italics (of which, take care that not one is left),[†4] and the marks of elision[†5] where the vowels are omitted, are as irritating and vulgar as the offences complained of. I suppose it to be Dixon. It is as weak as the Paris flies are in this post.[†6]

I hope, by Monday's post, to send you my part of the Xmas No.[†7]

My people are all gone to see the distribution of prizes at the Exposition[†8] (I recusant); in reference to which demonstration I have been driving Landseer[†9] out of his senses by telling him, that, no matter what the Queen and Lords tell him, if they give him money (as it is said they will), he is bound in self respect and in respect for his Art and his country to send it politely to the Prefect tomorrow for the Poor of Paris.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Morgan Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Friday Sixteenth November 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will not tell you how interested I have been by your letter, or how glad to receive it.

In reference to your enquiry as to a Secretary,[†1] however, I am not without hope that I can recommend a very eligible and trustworthy person for your consideration. [†a][I assume for the present, that you want done what I cannot do; but I shall ask you when I return home to consider whether a daily messenger with a Dispatch Box could not put me in possession of all such business, and whether I could not, with some small additional remuneration to one of my trustworthy people at the office, do all you want. Of course I should do it in a confidence and with an interest that can hardly be bought to so full an extent, and your friendship will concede to me the right of entreating from my heart to claim a sort of privilege herein. Do not, I beg you, make any such prolonged arrangement for the future as would place it out of your power to discuss this with me. I particularly ask that favor.][†a]

I have written to Mr. Wills,[†2] and told him generally that you will probably write a note to him, asking him to call at a certain time, with a view to helping you to a temporary Secretary. I have mentioned

to him two people of different capacities and qualities, of whom he will speak to you. But I have also said to him, as from myself, that I would recommend him also, to suggest *himself.* It is impossible to find a more zealous, honorable, or reliable man. What you would want done would be perfectly compatible with his daily pursuits, and easily discharged along with them. Finally, you need not have (for he is perfectly sensible and manly) the least reluctance to propose it to him as an engagement for a certain remuneration—whatever you may have thought of.

Yes, if you please, and when you please, as to the payment to my account.[†3]

I write very hastily to save the Post. Affectionate regards to Mrs. Brown.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 16 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Friday November Sixteenth 1855

My Dear Wills. A very short note—I am driven into the smallest corner for time.

You will probably receive a note from Miss Coutts, asking you to call upon her. She wants to have, for the present, a confidential Secretary, to write her letters, and

see that the money she gives away is well bestowed. For the two things, Saunders[†1] has occurred to me; for the last thing only, Johnson.[†2] Since then, for both and on all grounds, YOU.[†3] And if she tells you that she has communicated with me on the subject, and that I replied I would write to you and tell you my views and the people I had thought of, then I counsel you (if you see no personal objection) to propose yourself. The duties would not be inconvenient at all—the connexion would be extremely valuable and pleasant to you—the money would not be unacceptable—and the post is fit for any gentleman, in association with such a lady.[†4] Don't be amazed by the suddenness of this note. I have an idea that it may possibly be very useful to you. Will write again on Sunday.

[†a]Ever Fy.[†a]

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Sunday Eighteenth November 1855

My Dear Wills.

I have just received your letter of yesterday.

XMAS NO.[†5]

I send you my paper complete.[†6] The title of the next one, after we arrange the order, will follow on at the end of it.[†7] There will be a page and a half or two pages, to carry out the idea and close the Number.[†8] These you shall have in the course of the week.

You are mistaken in supposing White to be here.[†9] They are not coming until next Friday. Perhaps you may as well address a line to him at once, at Bonchurch.

SHEFFIELD.[†5]

I think it highly desirable, under the circumstances, to avoid going there[†10]—which will be a great relief to me, and will enable me to get back in better time. Will you write a careful note, to the effect that I highly esteem the plain-dealing of the communication, and that as the particular usefulness I had proposed to myself does not appear to be attainable, I shall consider the redemption of the promise Mr. Whatshisname[†11] obtained from me, postponed for a time.

THE HOME.[†1]

I would take Mr. Jepson's case,[†2] if you see no reason to the contrary.

THE LITERARY FUND[†1]

may be paid, if you please.

THE TAILOR'S SOCIETY[†3]

I cannot of course render the required service to, now. Similar answer to all such applications.

GAD'S HILL[†1]

bothers me, because Austin was so strongly of opinion that £1800 would be too much. I should think he has by this time returned from Scotland. Will you write him a note, and let him know how the case stands. IF[†4] he thinks it advisable, let us finally offer £1750. If he does not—let it go, since they won't take our money. I think myself that, all things considered, £1700 is quite enough.[†5] Let my opinion be as one Vote among three. [†a]*Observe. They are building on that spot—have begun since you saw it.*[†a]

MISS COUTTS.[†1]

I am anxious to hear if it be brought to bear.[†6] It may not be within her plans, but I have strongly recommended it to her.

H. W.[†1]

Will you tell Holdsworth to post me 2 copies of the missing No.[†7]—the No. for November third.

Forster's Bulletins

about things in general, you know pretty well by this time. He certainly doesn't find this one on any report of mine, for I have held no communication whatever with him on the subject of the great G. P. Night.[†8]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,[†9] 18 NOVEMBER 1855*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* A Monsieur: | Monsieur Charles Eliot Norton | Hotel Windsor | Rue de Rivoli.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysees
Sunday Night, Eighteenth November 1855

My Dear Sir

I did not answer your kind note at once to day, because I had arranged with

Regnier to be at the Français on the first night of a play of his writing,[†1] and had my misgivings that it would be brought out tomorrow, but hoped some good Genius might interpose an obstacle. I therefore resolved to wait until dinner time—and just then received a note from Regnier, telling me that the Play *does* come out tomorrow, and that I am not a free man.

Otherwise I heartily assure you, it would have given me the greatest pleasure to dine with you, and to renew, in the society of your mother[†2] and sisters,[†3] the gratification I had in seeing you again yesterday.[†4]

I hope you may at this moment be catching a glimpse of a great Fire that is raging and roaring behind here tonight,[†5] and which is worthy of New York—I cannot bestow higher praise upon it.[†6]

With kind remembrances and regards, believe me

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Eliot Norton Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, [19 NOVEMBER 1855]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Rd | London. PM 19 Nov 55.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 21 NOVEMBER 1855

Text from MDGH, I, 411-12.

Wednesday, November 21st, 1855.

My dear Regnier.

In thanking you for the box you kindly sent me the day before yesterday, let me thank you a thousand times for the delight we derived from the representation of your beautiful and admirable piece.[†7] I have hardly ever been so affected and

interested in any theatre. Its construction is in the highest degree excellent, the interest absorbing, and the whole conducted by a masterly hand to a touching and natural conclusion.

Through the whole story from beginning to end, I recognise the true spirit and feeling of an artist, and I most heartily offer you and your fellow-labourer[†1] my felicitations on the success you have achieved. That it will prove a very great and a lasting one, I cannot for a moment doubt.

O my friend! If I could see an English actress with but one hundredth part of the nature and art of Madame Plessy,[†2] I should believe our English theatre to be in a fair way towards its regeneration. But I have no hope of ever beholding such a phenomenon. I may as well expect ever to see upon an English stage an accomplished artist, able to write and to embody what he writes, like you.

Faithfully yours ever
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN MURRAY, 22 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Sir John Murray.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Thursday November Twenty Second 1855

My Dear Murray.

I am doubtful about going to this man,[†3] and I will tell you why. He evidently expects that if I present myself as a Member of the Shakespeare Society[†4] sent there by you, I shall come prepared to make terms for the picture,[†5] with divers portentous

formalities and official expressions of countenance. You will observe his recommendation that somebody should make an excursion to Paris "afin de traiter."[†1] Now, the utmost that I could do, would be, dutifully to adopt the opinion of Waagen,[†2] as to the time when it was painted—reserving at the same time my own opinion that nobody will give any price to speak of, for such a picture with no pedigree or dimly authenticated story attached to it, saving that it belonged to Talma.[†3] Belonging once to Talma and being highly prized by him, I cannot believe (without most lucid explanation), that it would fade out of the possession of such an artist, in such a country as France, and fade for so long a time out of everybody's memory: being of any real worth. To go to the Rue St. Florentin[†4] to carry this unwelcome load of coals to Newcastle, would be a disagreeable function. And to go there and praise the Picture and not bid for it, would be (according to my experience of French dealings in such wise), to pull down an avalanche of correspondence on my head from M. Naudin.

In brief therefore, I would most cheerfully and readily and to the best of my dexterity, execute any defined commission from you, in this or any other matter. But without such credentials I confess that I am shy of a french lawyer with something to sell—and more particularly with a picture and a portrait of Shakespeare! When I think of the agonies that other people have undergone, arising out of portraits of Shakespeare[†5]—when I think how John Payne Collier[†6] would stand

aghast at my not having found out some infernally suspicious upstroke in the autograph of the period[†1]—how Dyce would defend me[†2]—how Halliwell[†3] would accuse me—how Charles Knight[†4] would write a treatise about me—how Forster would balance the evidence—how all sorts and conditions of men[†5] who had never been able to find pegs suitable for their hats, in the Temple of Fame, would immediately begin to hang them on my head (and Shakespeare's)—my spirit quails within me. Looming in the troubled perspective I also behold M. Naudin asserting that I said "Oh quel chef d'œuvre d'art! Ah que c'est le vrai portrait de mon si illustre et si respectable compatriot, ce Shakespeare la!"—and myself mildly and ineffectually denying that I ever said more than those words of course "Ah! que c'est ravissant!"—and I become moved to write, in abject fear, this plaintive letter.

Will you tell Ford[†6] when you see him that I have made one or two scientific experiments at the Trois frères, which were attended with the best results. Also that I have assisted at a little course of dissection of pig's feet (and Truffles) at the Café Vefour,[†7] which made me half believe that I was in my own Sunny Spain[†8] again.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire.

To ARY SCHEFFER, 23 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Dickens House.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Friday Twenty Third November 1855

My Dear Scheffer.

I hope I shall not inconvenience you by proposing to resume our Seànces[†9] on Monday at a quarter before three, instead of to day. The approach of Christmas brings me so many Proof sheets from England and involves me in so much correspondence (in addition to my regular occupation with my new book), that I am compelled to ask this favor of you. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will reappear on Monday; and our appointment for Wednesday I shall of course punctually keep.

With cordial remembrances to Madame Scheffer and all your house,[†1] Believe me

With true regard | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

à Monsieur Äry Scheffer.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 AND 25 NOVEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Saturday Night November Twenty Fourth 1855

My Dear Wills.

I begin my letter to you tonight, under the impression that one from you is on its way to me. The post has been so irregular lately, that I *may* not get it before I shall be obliged to send this off. If I do, I shall of course reply to it on this sheet.

I have received for the Xmas No.—with very blank feelings—besides my own paper and the Inn Pensioner,[†2] A question of mistaken identity, the Landlady,[†3] and the Actor—all running, by an extraordinary fatality, on criminal actions and criminal trials.

The Actor is altogether out of the question. By Miss Lynn, I suppose. By whomsoever,—unmitigated, bawdy[†4] Rot.

The Question of Identity, I can make do, by cancelling at least a page. (I suppose to be Sidney's.)[†5]

Do. the Landlady, by cancelling about half a Column.

I trust in our good stars that we shall get better matter than this, or by Heaven we shall come poorly off![†6] The way in which they *don't* fit into that elaborately described plan,[†7] so simple in itself, amazes me.

I return the No.[†8] The Poem must really be polished before it can appear: it is so painfully defective and broken. Make the best change you can—taking it out.[†9]

Another Poem received, Amy's Return,[†10] is so full of strange conceits and strange metre, that I am very doubtful of it. Don't put it in, until I mention it again. I take it to be by Ollier. Tennyson is ruining all these Writers.

My corrected Proof of my own Papers (which I *do* think suitable to the purpose), I return in one letter; the Proof of the new No. in another letter.

MYSELF.[†1]

Will you tell John to get me a new Shower Bath Cap made at the Ironmonger's—like the old one? Any old hat of mine in the Schoolroom cupboard, will give him the size. It will then be ready for me at home, when I come to town. My former one reposes in the Pavilion at Folkestone.

PETERBORO'[†1]

Mrs. Watson warns me that the best Inn is small, and that we had best order our accommodations at once. She also tells me the name of it,[†2] but Mrs. Dickens has cleverly lost her letter, and for the soul of me I can't remember. Will you write her one line (Hon. Mrs. Watson, Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire), and ask her? Then, what we shall want at the hotel will be

A Bedroom for each of us—You and me
The largest sitting Room,—for all of us.
A bedroom—for Mrs. Watson
Some sort of sitting-room attached, if possible. For do.
A double bedded room for her 2 boys
Dinner at 4—certainly for 5—probably for 7 or 8. [†a]But of this we may perhaps apprize them 2 days before.[†a]

Sunday Twenty Fifth

I want to give Scheffer the Painter, a complete set of H. W. Will you direct one—in the Double Volumes as far as they go[†3]—to be sent to me in a Parcel.

I have received your letter of yesterday, and shall expect you on Wednesday night. Come straight here. We will have a bed ready, near at hand. We shall have the Olliffes and young Bulwer[†4] at dinner that day, but you can go straight into my dressing-room, and preen your feathers. I fully expected your announcement of your intended arrival: feeling that we could never get thro' the No.[†5] without it.

The Almanac

ought to have done more. It is a pity (I observe now), that my name is nowhere upon it.

CEILINGS[†1]

all right. Everything in the apartment right now.

MISS COUTTS[†1]

I have as yet heard no more from.

MYSELF.[†1]

Not working very well at Little Dorrit,[†6] since I went back to her from the Xmas No.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

More Proofs have arrived by this last Post.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, 25 NOVEMBER 1855*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Miss Power | 5 Rue de Courcelles.

Champs Elysées | Sunday Twenty Fifth November 1855

My Dear Miss Power.

Since I came back from London, I have been in that perpetual state of worry, that I have not been able personally to answer your welcome note. Besides being in the busiest time of my year, and having my new book to think of constantly, I am sitting for a Portrait (in redemption of a promise) and rush every day from my desk to the Atelier, with the monotonous regularity of a Pendulum-swing. You can scarcely imagine how this puts me out, and how I find it dark before I have had a moment to myself.

I merely send this note round, to explain my silence, and to enclose my love to my Marchioness.[†1] Every day I have been purposing to come, and now I write in a sort of desperation; with the Portrait—still unfinished—fixing its importunate eyes on my despairing visage, and the Christmas No. of Household Words apparently going so wrong, that it may drag me back to London again at any moment. My only comfort is, that they *must* be both disposed of soon.

I hope you were pleased with what Smith[†2] was able to do for the settlement of your business.[†3] He was very anxious to do right.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Power.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 NOVEMBER 1855]

Extracts in F, VIII, iii, 650-1; VII, v, 606-7. *Date:* first extract 25 Nov 55, according to Forster; second extract, at earliest, two days after arrival of King of Sardinia in Paris on 23 Nov; third extract soon after 19 Nov (see *To* Regnier, 21 Nov), therefore probably same letter.

They wouldn't take £1700 for the Gadshill property, but "finally" wanted £1800. I have finally offered £1750. It will require an expenditure of about £300 more before yielding £100 a year.[†4]

At the first play[†5] *he went to, the performance was stopped while the news of the last Crimean engagement,*[†6] *just issued in a supplement to the* Moniteur, *was read from the stage.* It made not the faintest effect upon the audience; and even the hired claqueurs, who had been absurdly loud during the piece, seemed to consider the war not at all within their contract, and were as stagnant as ditch-water. The theatre was full. It is quite impossible to see such apathy, and suppose the war to be popular,[†7]

whatever may be asserted to the contrary. *The day before, he had met the Emperor and the King of Sardinia*[†1] *in the streets,* and, as usual, no man touching his hat, and very very few so much as looking round.

He had been to the Théâtre Français, where he was enchanted by the acting of Madame Plessy. Of course the interest of it turns upon a flawed piece of living china[†2] (*that* seems to be positively essential), but, as in most of these cases, if you will accept the position in which you find the people, you have nothing more to bother your morality about.

To E. F. PIGOTT, 30 NOVEMBER 1855*

MS J. N. Bartfield Books, Inc.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Friday Night Thirtieth[†3] November | 1855

My Dear Pigott

Having this afternoon received a note from Collins mentioning your requirements in Genoa,[†4] I write a hasty line to let you know that I will of course be at home at half past one tomorrow, and that I will with the greatest pleasure give you such letters to Genoa as will place you in the best position there for the dispatch of your business. I will write to the consul,[†5] to the English Banker,[†6] and also to the acting partner of a large Swiss Banking House[†7] there, who is powerful with all Foreign authorities—in case you should have any need of them.

Mr. Wills my Household Words sub-Editor has just arrived here to make up the Xmas No: and we are going to dine at the Trois frères tomorrow, and afterwards to see the Medecin des Enfants[†8]—an admirably constructed Melo Drama. I am afraid

you may be going on to Marseilles straightway; but I mention this arrangement, in case you should design remaining in Paris tomorrow night, and should be in town and disposed to join us.

Kind regards from my family. | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward F. Pigott Esquire

December

To TIMOTHY YEATS BROWN, [1] DECEMBER 1855

Mention in *To* de la Rue, 1 Dec 55. *Date:* presumably written same day.

Introducing Pigott.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 1 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Berg Collection.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées.
Saturday First December 1855

My Dear De la Rue.

We have come here for the winter (I going backwards and forwards to London once a month or so); and I have been amazed to hear on the best authority that you and Madame De la Rue were in this City this last summer! How you can ever have been so near London and never told me, is one of those marvels, far beyond the wildest mesmerism, which I can by no means comprehend!!

However, that is not the purport of my note. I want particularly to commend to your kindness, Mr. Edward Pigott—a gentleman for whom I have a peculiar regard, and whose attainments would interest you, anywhere and everywhere. I am sorry to say that he rushes suddenly to Genoa, in the hope of preventing a fugitive brother from making a mad marriage in that City of my heart. On his way, he has asked me for some serviceable letters. I have written of course, to the only Consul known upon the face of this earth—and have further commended him to dear old Charley Gibbs. But it occurs to me that Mr. Pigott may require some help from, or introduction to, Piedmontese Authority—or Genoese—or some might that is not English might. In that case, pray aid him to get it. I cannot write to you too warmly, in his behalf.

My love to Madame—though I have this Parisian quarrel with her and with you, which must be fought out à l'outrance.[†1] Georgina, Mrs. Dickens, and the girls, send all sorts of kind messages.

Yours affectionately | (and outraged)
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES GIBBS, [1] DECEMBER 1855

Mention in *To* de la Rue, 1 Dec 55. *Date:* presumably written same day.

Introducing Pigott.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 2 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Sunday Second December 1855

My Dear B and E.

I am delighted indeed—how can I be otherwise!—with your stimulating report of the brilliant triumph of Little Dorrit.[†1] It is a noble start indeed! and I hope that the strength of Nos. 2 and 3 will clinch the blow.

We must take the earliest opportunity of drinking her health, we three together.

Meanwhile and always, I am | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 AND 2 DECEMBER 1855]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 618 and VIII, i, 624. *Date:* the Christmas No. was "happily dismissed" by Saturday 1 Dec (see *To* Pigott, 30 Nov); reference to "Monday" implies Saturday rather than Sunday. Second extract 2 Dec, according to Forster (1872-4, III, 135); probably same letter.

You may faintly imagine what I have suffered from sitting to Scheffer every day since I came back. He is a most noble fellow, and I have the greatest pleasure in his society, and have made all sorts of acquaintances at his house;[†2] but I can scarcely express how uneasy and unsettled it makes me to have to sit, sit, sit, with *Little Dorrit* on my mind, and the Christmas business too—though that is now happily dismissed. On Monday afternoon, *and all day on Wednesday,* I am going to sit again. And the crowning feature is, that I do not discern the slightest resemblance, either in his portrait or his brother's![†3] They both peg away at me at the same time.

The sittings were varied by a special entertainment, when Scheffer received some sixty people in his long atelier[†4]—including a lot of French who *say* (but I don't believe it) that they know English—*to whom Dickens, by special entreaty, read his* Cricket on the Hearth.[†5]

Little Dorrit has beaten even *Bleak House*[†1] out of the field. It is a most tremendous start, and I am overjoyed at it.

To MADAME VIARDOT, 3 DECEMBER 1855

MS Mr Laurence H. Eldredge.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées

Monday Third December 1855

Dear Madame Viardot

Mrs. Dickens tells me that you have only borrowed the first Number of Little Dorrit, and are going to send it back. Pray do nothing of the sort, and allow me to have the great pleasure of sending you the succeeding Numbers as they reach me. I have had such delight in your great genius, and have so high an interest in it and admiration of it, that I am proud of the honor of giving you a moment's intellectual pleasure.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

à Madame Viardot.

To MESSRS HACHETTE & CIE,[†2] 7 DECEMBER 1855

MS Hachette & Cie.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées | Vendredi, 7 Decembre, 1855

Messieurs.

Je viens de reçevoir la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'addresser. Permettez-moi de repondre, d'abord, que si vous voulez bien me faire le plaisir de m'expliquer votre projet[†3] un peu plus en detail et en pleine confiance, encore par lettre, je vous serai infinement obligé, et je m'empresserai ou de vous entretenir ou de vous ecrire franchement. À present je ne autorise pas aucune traduction de mes livres en Français, et il me parait que presque tout le monde etranger me fait l'honneur tres flattante, de regarder mes ecrits comme une espèce de proprieté publique.[†4]

Reçevez Messieurs l'assurance de ma consideration la plus distinguée

CHARLES DICKENS

À Messrs. De La Hachette et Cie.

To GEORGE FORDHAM,[†1] 8 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Cornell University Library. *Address:* L'Angleterre. | George Fordham Esquire | Bridge Street East | Mile End | London.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées | Saturday Eighth December 1855

Sir

I fear you will have formed a poor opinion of my courtesy.

Sometime in the course of the summer, when I was at Folkestone, I received an obliging note and a little book from you.[†2] They became mislaid among a number of papers and an enormous correspondence, and have only just now emerged into the light of this place.

Pray accept this as my excuse for a long delay in acknowledging your favor.

I have read your little book with much pleasure, and esteem it as an outspoken and vigorous telling of much that is sorely needful to be told[†3]—therefore highly useful and highly to be commended.

In one or two points I differ from your view of facts, and think it scarcely fair. It is by no means clear to me that England is peculiarly "A 1" in the thirst for gold and the pursuit of trade.[†4] America is a special instance of the over hot pursuit of money, and began a noble race with all the advantages of our long sufferings and strivings. Mr. Barnum[†5] made a fortune out of a wretched little object of a child who couldn't speak plainly,[†6] among Englishmen, no doubt; but the country that engenders Mr. Barnum and on

which he first tries his impositions, and which first "endorses" them (to use a word current in the United States)[†7] is not, within my knowledge, Great Britain. Neither did I ever hear of his woolly[†8] horses[†9] or his spotted ladies[†10] doing much—or any thing—in England.[†11] I very much doubt the expediency of decrying

Christmas family festivities—even as festivities.[†1] Hot Cross Buns are a mere harmless relic of old customs[†2]—cost little—hurt nobody—and are not worth quarreling with. Lastly, I must protest against the greengrocer's daughters and the publican's wife, and the cheesemongers' and dustcontractors' families, being selected for pleasantries about would-be gentility.[†3] The[†4] true specimens will be found, much more fairly, something higher in the scale. The old Tories did quite enough about the cheesemongers and so forth, long ago.

Believe me | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

George Fordham Esquire

To MRS BROWN, 9 DECEMBER 1855

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current*, II, 73; *MS* 1 p.; dated 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, 9 Dec 55; addressed Mrs William Brown.

To MARK LEMON, 10 DECEMBER 1855

MS Benoliel Collection.

49 Avenue des champs Elysées, Paris
Monday Night December Tenth 1855

My Dear Mark.

Do you happen to intend to be at home and disengaged, next *Sunday*? If yes, I would rather join your family-dinner than dine with any body else.

If not intending to be at home, but still disengaged for out of doors next Sunday, I am available for any cosy corner.

If engaged either way or both ways, so much the worse.

If in want of a holiday on *Saturday* per railway ticket, this is to announce that undersigned purposes to cross from Boulogne at half past one, arriving at Folkestone (I suppose), at about half past three. Stroll at Folkestone, dinner at Pavilion, railroad home at night, might be approved of by Britain's dramatist.

Loves from all. | Ever affectionately
CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 DECEMBER 1855

MS Morgan Library.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Wednesday Twelfth December 1855

My Dear Collins

I suppose you have heard from Pigott how they rescued Hopeful, and paid the Polish Jewess six hundred pounds.

I leave here for town on Saturday, but shall have to start for Peterborough on Monday Morning. If you are free on Wednesday (when I shall return from that reading), and will meet me at the Household Words office at half past five, I shall be happy to start on any Haroun Alraschid expedition.†1

Think of my going down to Sheffield on Friday,†2 to read *there*!—In the bitter winter—with journey back to Paris before me.

I thought your Christmas Story *immensely improved* in the working out. The botheration of that No. has been prodigious. The general matter was so disappointing and so impossible to be fitted together or got into the frame, that after I had done the Guest and the Bill and thought myself free for Little Dorrit again, I had to go back once more (feeling the thing too weak), and do the Boots. Look at said Boots,—because I think its an odd idea, and gets something of the effect of a Fairy Story out of the most unlikely materials.†3

Your friend Laura,†4 blooms in the best of black bonnets. Every Frenchman who can write a begging letter, writes one and leaves it for this apartment. He first of all buys any literary composition printed in quarto on tea-paper†5 with a limp cover, scrawls upon it "Hommage à Charles Dickens, l'illustre Romancier"—encloses the whole in a dirty envelope reeking with tobacco smoke—and prowls, assassin-like, for days, in a big cloak and an enormous cache-nez†6 like a counterpane, about the scraper of the outer door.

Ever faithfully
CD.

Reply as to Wednesday, in note to Tavistock House for receipt there on Sunday.

To E. F. PIGOTT, 12 DECEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Wednesday Night, Twelfth December 1855

My Dear Pigott.

Welcome back!—Your account of Brown amused me beyond measure—especially as I had already received a note from him[†1] reciting the terms of the Polish Capitulation, from which I should have inferred (if I hadn't known him), that he had done the whole business!

De la Rue's is the pleasantest house I know in the world—and the prettiest.[†2] I will tell you a very curious story of our peculiar intimacy,[†3] when you and I are next alone.

This brings me to three epistolary heads I wish to remark upon.

First, you don't say when you think you may arrive in Paris *tomorrow*. If you come in time to join our family dinner at ½ past 5 punctually, pray take a corner of the table.

Second. I am sorry to say that the said table (not being so expansive as that of Tavistock House), is full on *Friday*. But if you and your friend[†4] will do us the pleasure of coming early in the evening of that day, you would find Viardot[†5] here, Ary Scheffer, and Regnier.

Third. I go to London by the Tidal Train at 7 on *Saturday* Morning.[†6] Do you?

I have never seen so fine a Melo Drama as that Medecin des Enfans.[†7] All that I had seen in the book,[†8] and told you of, is rendered most beautifully on the stage.

Very Cordially Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

I got Wilkie into the Xmas No. by Sledge Hammer force. He has written a charming paper since, about your Cruise.[†9] Nothing can be more pleasant, easy, gay, and unaffected. Full of plain story-telling merit besides. I have just now read the Proof.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 12 DECEMBER 1855

Extract from Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, Leipzig, 1912, p. 54.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, | December 12th, 1855.

Will you tell me what you think of the enclosed proposal,[†1] and whether you would accept an agreement on such terms if you were in my place? I shall not make any arrangement for such a translation at any time, without first consulting you.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 16 DECEMBER 1855

MS British Library. *Address:* France | À Madame Dickens | 49 Avenue des champs Elysées | Paris.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night | Sixteenth December 1855

My Dearest Catherine

Between Wills and Miss Coutts, I have had so much to do today (not to speak of letters without end), that after dining at Lemon's, I have, with tomorrow's journey before me, but a minute before going to bed, for writing—with the most amazing pen ever used. Walter seems to me unduly deaf—and I am going to try a simple remedy of my own on him between this and Wednesday when I shall be again in town. If it does not greatly improve him, I shall send him to the best Aurist[†2] before he comes to Paris. Your mother still seems very ill. The house is much better kept since my remonstrance; and you may as well tell them, when you write, that I thought so.

I got to town very well—with a very reasonable passage—and very pleasantly altogether. I have been very much put out by Wills's being subpaena'd on a trial (about that Insurance Office that he projected),[†3] and probably being unable to go to Peterboro' and direct the yokels in the business arrangements for me.[†4] However, in his own distress, he had been to Mark; and he, in his usual affectionate way, has engaged to produce himself at Peterboro' by noon on Tuesday, and see everything right for me. They had settled on this, before I arrived.

Little Dorrit is still going amazingly, and the Xmas No. (published yesterday) seemed to have an enormous sale, thank God.

Charley looks well; and is manly and prepossessing altogether, I think.

My best love to Georgy—and to Mamey, Katey, Harry, and the Noble Plorn.

I saw Anne (here) today; but she soon began to cry again, and said she thought she should never "quite" settle down.

Ever affectionately

CD

To MR AND MRS COWDEN CLARKE,[†1] 19 DECEMBER 1855

Text from N, II, 714.

Tavistock House | 19th December 1855

My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Clarke

I cannot tell you how much I am gratified by the receipt of your kind letters, and the pleasantest memorial that has ever been given me to stand upon my writing-desk.[†2] Running over from Paris on Saturday night, I found your genial remembrance awaiting me, like a couple of kind homely faces (homely, please to observe, in the sense of being associated with Home); and I think you would have been satisfied if you could have seen how you brightened my face.

Always faithfully your friend

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 19 DECEMBER 1855

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* France. | Miss Hogarth | Chez M. Charles Dickens | 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées | Paris.

H. W. Office. | Wednesday Nineteenth December 1855

My Dear Georgy. As I wrote to Kate on Sunday night, and as I promised you a letter, I indite the present distracted communication to your extensive Self. Distracted, because I am halfway out of my wits with cold; the weather being intensely severe (hard East wind, and heavy frost last night); and the two hours and forty minutes ride from Peterboro' this morning, being wonderfully frigid.[†3]

Rockingham was inexpressibly sad. There were Cavendish Boyle and his wife, Mary, Bigg,[†4] James and his sister.[†5] The weight upon my own spirits, imposed there by the sight of the place, necessarily fell to some extent on everybody else—everybody knowing I had not been there, since poor dear Watson's death[†6]—and it really was a mournful evening. At a quarter past ten, I left those long low downstairs rooms—now made very comfortable—and retired to the old bedroom, monstrously depressed. I was obliged to read and smoke before my fire till past midnight, before I could become myself again. In the morning, we got on much better, and were much more like our old selves. Georgy and Eddy[†7] (both handsome, and very nice boys) went with all the rest of us to Peterboro' and we were quite merry.

Before we started, I went quietly into the church,[†1] to see poor Watson's grave. He lies in a damp dull vault—I should so much have preferred the churchyard!—among the seats near the Communion Table—a little behind where we sat one Sunday in the play time.[†2] Over the Communion Table, is the stained glass Memorial Window, designed by Mrs. Watson and Boxall.[†3] Not very good, except in color—and with a good deal of landscape (which is an immense fault in stained glass), extremely like bad pickled cabbage. Just as we were going away, Mrs. Watson asked me, in a strange manner, if I had been in the old Gallery upstairs? I said No, and she returned "Then do come!" So we walked up together, and she raised that great iron latch, and we went in, and the furniture was all piled in a great ghostly heap in the middle, and the carpet was up, and the curtains were down. She turned her head away and looked out of a window; and for the life of me I could not decide upon the delicacy or friendliness of making any allusion to her grief. Consequently I turned my head and looked out of another window, until she moved. Then we both came out together, silently and sadly.

Peterboro' was a wonderful success. We were in an extremely clean and comfortable Inn,[†4] and the Reading was prodigious—as fine an audience as could possibly be, and I think I never did it so well.[†5] Wills was unfortunately subpaena'd as a witness on a trial, and couldn't go; so Mark came to the rescue and acted as bottle holder.[†6] Young Fitzwilliam[†7] and Lord Huntley[†8] proposed a vote of thanks.[†9] As they made an awkward pause before beginning, and as I saw they were asses, I walked off, and retired—book, paper-knife, and all,—to the Hotel. Ten minutes afterwards, I hear a violent flutter of petticoats on the stairs, and in come the Boyle's amazingly agitated, to say that Ld. Huntley has spoken for some ten minutes of poor Watson by name (though expressly cautioned not to do it, as she was there), and that she had been greatly shocked and had run out. I packed off Mary to her bedroom without delay, charging her in comforting Mrs. Watson, to assure her that I and Lemon knew nothing of it. This succeeded very well, for she came down about the middle of supper, with signs of having been crying

violently, but quite reassured. We were very comfortable for half an hour, and then they went to bed, and Mark and I smoked and drank the Exciseman[†10] away by my bedroom fire. She was very much cut up this morning when I took leave of her. So indeed they all were (I had picked

up the Boyles at Weedon,[†1] on my way down); for we had got on very affectionately and well, in the old way, and I dare say Rockingham would look strange again when they reached it. Mrs. Watson looks wonderfully well in health. Little Wentworth[†2] is a nice little boy now; the girl[†3] very nice too; and the poor little posthumous child,[†4] pretty and pleasant.

I have (of course) not seen Charley since I returned, and don't yet know whether he is coming for Xmas Day. But I should think he is, as there is a strong move for the release of bondsmen and bondswomen of all sorts, at that time. I have no other news, of course; except that "the little woman"[†5] was delighted with the napkin rings, and wrote a little note to express her gratification. Tell Catherine with my love that I hope to write to her from Manchester.[†6] Love to Mamey, Katey, Harry, and the Noble Plorn.

—Yes! I have one bit of news. On Sunday I saw Anne at Tavistock House—looking pulled and ill—and she had not been in the dining-room five minutes before she began to cry in the old way. I forget, on consideration, whether I told this to Catherine. On the whole, I am inclined to think I did.

Ever My Dear Georgy | Most affectionately Yours

CD.

To JOSEPH WATSON,[†7] 19 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Mrs S. S. Clephan. *Address:* Joseph Watson Esquire | Newcastle on Tyne.

Tavistock House, London | Nineteenth December 1855

Dear Sir

I regret that I cannot possibly have the pleasure of complying with your request.[†8] I read at Sheffield on Saturday, (and read last night at Peterborough), in redemption of promises at least a year old. I return to Paris from Sheffield, as I came over—at great inconvenience, and tied to my own avocations. I assure you that I have sat this day, for hours, reading and answering similar invitations. And I mention all this, simply to shew you how manifestly I am obliged to say "No" to you, and to say it as shortly as I can.

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Watson Esquire

To WILLIAM BANTING, 20 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Twentieth December 1855

Dear Mr. Banting.

I hope you will excuse my letting you know that I have been very much affected and gratified by the perusal of a letter handed to me by Miss Coutts, which you wrote to that lady concerning Mrs. Thompson.[†1] I really cannot refrain from telling you that it displays a manly feeling that I cannot too highly admire; and that I know of few things more delightful and encouraging, than to find a man of your experience and long devotion to business, with so fresh and earnest a heart.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE VISCOUNTESS GODERICH,[†2] 20 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Tavistock Square
Twentieth December 1855

Dear Lady Goderich

On coming to town from Paris—where we are passing the winter—I find your letter. A misgiving is on my mind that it may have lain here some little time, as five weeks have elapsed since my last trip to this side of the water. But I cannot relieve my mind, or buckle its load firmly upon it, because your note bears no date. It is therefore in a miserably divided and Hamlet-like condition.

I have begged a gentleman associated with Household Words[†3] who has great practical experience of all sorts of Homes, to visit the establishment[†4] in which you are so generously interested, and write whatsoever account of it he can.[†5] If you will give instructions to the manager[†6] to receive any gentleman mentioning my name, with such courtesy and confidence as may be in her, I hope we may render your good scheme[†7] some little aid.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Viscountess Goderich

To DR CHARLES LOCOCK,[†1] 20 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Twentieth December 1855

My Dear Dr. Locock.

Coming to town from Paris (where we are passing the winter), I found your note and the enclosure.[†2] It is always so pleasant to me to have any sight of you, that your hand-writing is the next best

thing I know. The letter of Mrs. Gamp[†3] is wonderfully ridiculous—but upon my soul I don't know a Judge on the Bench who could sum up the facts about an illegitimate child, more concisely. "Gentlemen, frail nature, an unguarded moment, a fellow servant, and the elapse of nine months;[†4]—you will probably not deem it necessary to retire"—

Verdict. Born by the visitation—&c.[†5]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 21 DECEMBER 1855

MS British Library. *Address:* France | À Madame | Madame Charles Dickens | 49 Avenue des champs Elysées | Paris.

Manchester, Friday Night | December Twenty First, 1855

My Dearest Catherine.

I write from the last hotel the Dramatic Company were at[†6]—in what was then our Drawing Room—and with the same bedroom allotted to me as on that jovial occasion.

Charley will have got over, I suppose, before you receive this, and will have given you some faint account of the cold in London. When I walked to the Birmingham Railway[†7] this morning, it was Polar—with a black East wind that seemed to freeze the hair off one's head—and the people I met, on their way to offices, were actually sobbing and crying with cold.

Forster (aristocratic to Mrs. Bradbury regarding "my friend Sir James Emerson Tennent", and even "my friend Mr. Sheriff Gordon!),[†8] Evans, Mark, and Peter,[†9] were the only other guests at Bradburys yesterday, besides myself. The young B's did not dine. We had a dinner, without pretension, but the very best cooked dinner I

ever sat down to in my life. Afterwards we played at Vingt-et-un, and Lemon and I made a Bank against the company in the wildest manner. Mrs. Bradburys account of Bradbury's setting fire to the Bed on the occasion which has become historical, was wonderful, and we made all sorts of ridiculous superstructures upon it. It seems that, she being hat Brihteen hat the time, he kept the secret of what had happened, until she came home. Then, on composing that luxuriant and gorgeous figure of hers between the sheets, she started and said, "William, where his me bed?—*This* is not me bed—wot has append William—wot ave you dun with me bed—I know the feelin of me bed, and *this* is not me bed." Upon which he confessed all.

In consequence of the excessive cold as we came down today, Wills (already drest in a brown cap exactly of the form of my Shower-Bath helmet) wore a very large checked railway Plaid over his shoulders, in the manner of a shawl. I think I never saw so terrific a figure.

Rumours are afloat in the air here that they mean to give me some cutlery at Sheffield[†1] tomorrow night, after the Reading. I hope they may be correct. On Monday I purpose returning by the Day

Mail, *viâ* Calais. It is due in Paris at Eleven in the evening. Let French be there, to see to my luggage—by "there", I mean at the Railroad.

The post goes out here earlier than I supposed, and I have only just time to scratch this off and make an end of it—especially as Wills is asleep on the other side of the fire (much where my inkstand is, in reference to my hand, at home), and I am constantly leaning forward to put the pen into his wide-opened mouth, instead of the inkstand on the table.[†2]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Morgan Library.

Household Words Office
Sunday Night Twenty Third December | 1855

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I enclose the curious letter. I expected the writer[†3] (from her name) to be Jewish; but she has no more of the Jew about her than I. A poor, fair, thoughtfully smiling woman—young, but looking ten or fifteen years older than she is.

Fourteen poor Travellers[†4] will accompany this note.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 23 DECEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Third December 1855

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I have a moment in which to redeem my promise of putting you in possession of my Little Friend No. 2,[†1] before the general public. It is of course at the disposal of your circle, but until the month is out, is understood to be Prisoner in the Castle.

If I had time to write anything, I should still quite vainly try to tell you what interest and happiness I had in once more seeing you among your dear children. Let me congratulate you on your Eton boys. They are so handsome, frank, and genuinely modest, that they charmed me. A kiss to the little fair-haired darling,[†2] and the rest. The love of my heart to every stone in the old house.

Enormous effect at Sheffield.[†3] But really not a better audience, perceptively, than at Peterboro'—for that could hardly be. They were more enthusiastically demonstrative, and they took the line "And to Tiny Tim who did *not*[†4] die"—with a most prodigious shout and roll of thunder.[†5]

Ever my Dear friend | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 23 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

H. W. | Sunday Twenty Third December 1855

My Dear Wills.

First I enclose a letter to be posted to Captain Boyle, with a Post office order for £2..0..6 put inside the envelope. Said order addressed to Weedon.

Secondly, I enclose a note[†6] to be sent by hand to Miss Coutts, with 2 copies of the Seven Poor Travellers.

Thirdly, I enclose an odd letter.[†7] There may be something in it; there may be nothing. But it may be worth while sending Johnson[†8] to make careful examination,

for I should like to brighten Somebody's Christmas with a couple of Guineas or so. Give as you think right and needed, if you give at all.

I hope you are not very tired to day. Some Animal Magnetism[†1] in the Sheffield Audience has prevented my sleeping in my usual distinguished manner. Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CAPTAIN CAVENDISH BOYLE, [23 DECEMBER 1855]

Mention in last.

Enclosing a Post Office order.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 25 DECEMBER 1855

Extract in W. E. Benjamin catalogue No. 8; dated Paris, Christmas Day 1855.

I feel this morning like an enormous top in full spin.[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, 26 DECEMBER 1855*

MS Huntington Library.

Paris | Wednesday Twenty Sixth December | 1855.

My Dear Wills.

I let you know of my safe arrival, by Charley returning. Had a rough and wet passage, but a short one (an hour and three quarters), and was brought triumphantly through it by the 15 Drops,[†3] when every one almost was very ill.

We both forgot White's money[†4]—at which he is much surprised. We had best make a parcel as soon as convenient, and you can send it him over. He also wants the cheapest and commonest Edition of Burn's Justice.[†5] And I want my usual little Russia-Leather[†6] Pocket book, with *an interleaved almanack*. The book is called "Goldsmith. An almanack for 1856. By John Goldsmith. Published by the Stationers' Company, and sold at their Hall, Ludgate Street."[†7] I always buy mine at Murray's, Stationer's,[†8] Oxford Street, a door or two from Berners Street. Price in Russia with gilt edges, 7 or 8 shillings.

—Here Mrs. Wills's letter came in, for which pray thank her in my name.

It is blowing great guns here, and I doubt if Charley will get across tonight with the Mail. However, as business *is* business, he is going off Pr. train.

I don't know how you may be, but I am very tired indeed—for me, floored.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

[†a]When you receive from Charley, a bill for a Dress-Coat made by Doudney,[†1] will you pay it. I will give you a cheque for the amount.[†a]

To W. H. WILLS, 30 DECEMBER 1855

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, Sunday Thirtieth December 1855

My Dear Wills.

H. W.

No. 203[†2] is not yet arrived, but I think the Post has not come in. I will go over it on Tuesday (shall be busy tomorrow, finishing Little Dorrit No. 4),[†3] and will write a paper for the following No.[†4] and will also think of your enquiry concerning subjects.

Delighted to hear of the Xmas No.

If an article comes to the office from Charles Whitehead,[†5] will you immediately read it, and—unless it is out of the question: which I hope it won't be—immediately get it cast off, and immediately pay for it:[†6] with a turn of the scale in his favor.[†7] He is going to New Zealand.[†8]

To this man[†9] (envelope enclosed) who wrote about a case of Distress that he don't know what to do with, will you write that you forwarded his letter to me at present[†10] in Paris, and that I begged you to say, with great regret, that after giving the subject my best consideration, I could think of no Institution applicable to such a peculiar case, and could not—from this distance, and without personal observation of the unfortunate young lady—advise him what to do.

THE TURKEY[†11]

seems to have been a stunner.

THE HAM[†11]

Ditto.

WHITE[†1]

is in one of his fits of depression, and talks of going home the moment his time is up.

DICK[†1]

is in one of *his* fits of depression—rather uncommon with him. Thinks he has overworked himself.

Many happy years, | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To SAMUEL SMILES,[†2] 1855

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Sep 1984; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Samuel Smiles; dated 1855.

Thanking the South Eastern Railway Company for their courteous renewal of my pass-ticket.

APPENDICES

A. Addenda to Volumes I - VI

(1) All letters which came to light too late to include in the appropriate volume. Some are wholly new; others provide a fuller text, replacing a former catalogue extract, summary, or mention. Envelopes, whether or not related to existing letters, are also included.

(2) Additional notes to existing letters. Some are consequent on the added texts, others supply new material. These may entail substitution for original notes.

References are by page and line, every printed line below the running head being counted. Where appropriate, number of note and column are included. These indicate the correct place in former volumes, or occasionally, the corrigenda appended to a reprinted volume.

I, 3.1. *To* MISS MARIA BEADNELL,†1 [LATE 1831]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* CD wrote "The Bill of Fare" (see below) in the second half of 1831; 3 Belle Vue, Hampstead, was John Dickens's last address given in *The London Gazette,* 22 Nov 31, before going before the Insolvent Debtors Court.

3 Belle Vue, Hampstead.†2 | Wednesday Morning

My dear Maria.—(I fear I ought to say "Miss Beadnell" but I hope you will pardon my adhering to the manner in which I have been accustomed to address you.) I have taken the opportunity†3 of returning your sister's Album†4 to write these few hurried lines for the purpose of saying that my Glover made some stupid mistake about your gloves, and I shall therefore be much obliged if you will have the kindness to inclose me one of those I had before in an envelope addressed to me here.†5—Pray do not think this wrong *under existing circumstances.* You need not fear the fact of your writing being known to any one here for I shall be very busy at home and alone all day tomorrow as my mother and sister will be in town. I have another favour to ask: it is that you will tell me when you think would be a good opportunity†3 for me to bring the Gloves. I am most anxious indeed to see you as I wish much to speak to you particularly about the Annual.—Surely, surely you will not refuse so trivial a present: a mere common place trifle; a common present even among the merest "friends". Do not misunderstand me: I am not desirous by making presents or by doing any other act to influence your thoughts, wishes, or feelings in the slightest degree.—I do not think I do:—I cannot hope I ever shall: but let me entreat of you do not refuse so slight a token of regard from me.

I cannot unless you will grant me an opportunity†3 speak to you either on this, or any other subject;—I hope and trust you will not refuse: consider how long it is since I have seen you.

Trusting you will excuse haste and most anxiously waiting to hear from you which I hope and trust I shall in the course of tomorrow.

I remain | My dear—Miss Beadnell | Ever Yours Sincerely

C. D.

I hope you will like the Lines. I do not *think* what I *write* you know.—I allude, particularly to the *last four Lines* of the *Third Verse.*†6

I, 41.

n. 1 *add* John Dickens had in June 1834 written of CD to Joseph Parkes (1796-1865; *DNB*), Radical politician and Parliamentary solicitor, clearly for transmission to John Black, Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*: "His capabilities have over & over again been borne testimony to by Peers & Members, and the extraordinary facility with which he writes out [*i.e. transcribes from shorthand*], (and I would back him against any man in the Gallery in this respect) is a very valuable consideration" (Extract in Sotheby catalogue, Dec 1981).

I, 60.12. *To* MR COX,[†1] [MAY 1835]

MS (fragment) Miss Audrey Baker. *Date:* Endorsed "May 1835" in pencil; handwriting and signature support.

will be at home.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Cox.

I, 121.20. *To* J. P. HULLAH,[†1] [?JANUARY 1836]*

MS Mrs G. C.E. Rosser. *Date:* "Dear Hullah" points to date later than *To* Hullah, ?Jan 36, Vol. I, p. 121 ("My dear Sir"); but perhaps in same month, since in both he invites Hullah to Edward St. Handwriting confirms.

Edward Street.[†2] | Sunday Evening

Dear Hullah.

I am here, and Fanny is at home. We are quite alone; and the Portsmouth

people[†3] are very anxious to hear your Music.[†4] If you come let it be soon tonight, in order that I may be at work early tomorrow.

Believe me | Very Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Hullah Esqr.

I, 128.

n. 2 *add* Chapman & Hall paid him £10. 2*s.* for the story (Receipt, 19 Feb 36, MS Johns Hopkins University).

I, 177.20. *To* CHARLES HICKS,[†1] [?28 SEPTEMBER 1836]*

MS[†2] Dickens House. *Date:* shortly before the publication of *Pickwick* for October (see below). 28th was a Wednesday.

Furnivals Inn | Wednesday Night[†3]

Mr. Dickens will thank Mr. Hicks to let him know, without FAIL,[†4] of the revise of the over matter (fifty copies)[†5] to be bound up. The single sheet[†6] left attached—after which 1000[†7] may be printed off and sent away and the type kept standing.[†8]

Mr. Dickens will expect the chapters of next[†9] No. [ ] [?if there] should be [*line illegible except for*] as [*and*] he then hopes, if it is all right, to reset the copy [*three or four words illegible*] are with Mr. Hicks [ ] then—most probably by Monday.[†10]

I, 179.24.

Replaces catalogue extract (Vol. I, p. 219).

To J. P. HARLEY, [?30 SEPTEMBER 1836]†

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* late Sep-Oct 36 on signature; perhaps 30 Sep, the day after the first performance of *The Strange Gentleman,* when he sent "orders" to Bentley (Vol. I, p. 179).

Furnivals Inn | Friday Evening

My Dear Sir.

I enclose Mr. Leech's Sketch;[†1]—you can tell me what you think of it, when I see you tomorrow morning. *I* think he has not got the face well, or the hat. The general character is very good.

I have been writing all day, and have been unable to get out, for my orders. If you will do me the favor to write the young gentleman who bears this (and waits) a pass for two, you will oblige me greatly.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

I, 204.19. *To* JOHN MACRONE,[†1] [?EARLY DECEMBER 1836]

Extract in John Waller catalogue No. 131 (1881); *MS* 2 ½ pp. *Date:* possibly arising out of his "misunderstanding" with Macrone of Nov-Dec 36: see last (Vol. I, p. 204).

Rebuking Macrone for statements which are not facts *and which he will regret.*

I, 205.16.

Replaces catalogue extract (Vol. I, p. 204).

To PERCIVAL W. BANKS,[†1] [3 DECEMBER 1836]†

MS Mr A. H. Reed. *Date:* the Saturday before the first night of *The Village Coquettes.*

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Night.

Dear Bankes.[†2]

I hear from Ainsworth, that he has asked you to write a notice of Crichton[†3] in No. I of the Miscellany. I shall be very happy to receive it from you, but as we can only afford one page, I need not say there will be no room for extracts.[†4]

I inclose you a book of the songs in my new opera, and an admission for two,

for *Tuesday Evening* when it will be represented for the first time. If I see you there, we can settle when we are to have this same chat you speak of.

Believe me | Dear Bankes | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. W. Bankes Esqre.
I hope you receive Pickwick regularly.[†4]

I, 219.17. *To* RICHARD BENTLEY, [?3 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date: Bentley's Miscellany* No. I appeared on 2 Jan 37; he wrote to J. P. Collier the same Tuesday, saying he had procured copies for the morning papers that morning (Vol. I, p. 219).

Furnivals Inn | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I have sent Miscellanies to *all* the Morning and Evening papers; to the Athenæum, and Carlton Chronicle.[†1] Will you have the goodness to send to *all* the Sunday papers[†2] without delay, and to let me have three more copies by Bearer—

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 220.1. *To* CHARLES WHITEHEAD, [?5 JANUARY 1837]*

MS Dr Alan Dilnot. *Date:* letter endorsed "Jany. 4. 1837.", Wednesday in 1837; probably, therefore, 5 Jan.

Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir

I shall be happy to have a serious paper from you, if you prefer it to a comic one.[†1] Look sharp though, or you will be too late; and I should think that a good contribution just now, might do you some service with Bentley.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Whitehead Esq.

I, 221.34. *To* BENSON E. HILL,[†1] [? JANUARY 1837]*

MS Mr Brian Lake. *Date:* clearly the "private note" he told Bentley on ?22 Dec 36 he intended to write; reference to the *Miscellany,* No. 2 (published 1 Feb 37), strongly suggests he was writing in Jan, probably before the 12th.

15 Furnivals Inn. | Thursday Morning

Sir.

I shall have great pleasure in retaining for insertion in the Miscellany at the very earliest opportunity (*I have little doubt, in No. 2*) your own paper[†2] and Miss Hill's[†3] Fragment of Romance.[†4] I beg to return The Enchanted Tissue.

I should have replied to your letter before now, had I not been so much occupied this month,[†5] as to have really no time to do so. I trust you will sustain no inconvenience for the delay and begging you to convey to your sister my best thanks for her proffered assistance. I am Sir

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benson E. Hill Esqre.

I, 231.22. *To* JAMES WINSTON,[†1] 30 JANUARY 1837

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1972; *MS* 1 p.; dated 15 Furnival's Inn, 30 Jan 37; addressed James Winston.

Acknowledging his letter apprising me of my election as a Member of the Garrick club, *and informing him that he has paid 16 guineas to Messrs. Cockburn*[†2] *as requested.*

I, 240.18. *To* J. P. HULLAH, [?JANUARY-MARCH 1837]*

MS Mrs G. C.E. Rosser. *Date:* Handwriting and signature suggest early 1837; probably before mid-March, since from Furnival's Inn; clearly well after the appearance of "The Ivy Green" in *Pickwick* (June 36): see below.

Furnivals Inn | Saturday Night

My Dear Hullah.

I have heard nothing more from you about "the Ivy".[†1] I have just received

another melody thereunto, from a Devonshire Gentleman,[†2] a friend of Ainsworth's, which I believe Seguin[†3] is to publish. I have no concern or interest in the matter, beyond the charge for

the words; and if your Version be not coming out, or you have no objection to its appearing in this form—let it. I am worried about it, morning, noon, and night.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 240.19.

Replaces catalogue extract (Vol. I, p. 464).

To SAMUEL LOVER,†1 [? MARCH 1837]†

MS Mr Robert K. Black. *Date:* The first three parts of Lover's *Handy Andy* appeared in the *Miscellany* during CD's 15 Furnival's Inn period, in Jan, Feb and Apr; the reference here is clearly not to the 1st—probably to No. III; CD would have asked for it in early March.

15 Furnivals Inn | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Will you let me know at *about* what time you will be enabled to let me have your contribution for next month and what space I shall keep open for it? I have a special respect for Handy Andy,†2 and want to see some more of him. I hope he will have some complicated adventures—a story; the mass of our contributors were so sketchy last month, that we want tales for next.†3

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 244.

n. 6 *add* On 20 Aug 38, when he was more prosperous, he agreed with Robert Amiss, stabler, to rent 12 Doughty Mews, consisting of a three stall stable, coach-house, loft, and room above, for £70 p.a. (Memorandum, 20 Aug 38, in CD's hand, MS Brigham Young University). Cf. his payment of £5 to Amiss for "rent of Stable", 26 Nov 39 (Vol. I, p. 646).

I, 255.6. *To* W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [?4 APRIL-2 MAY 1837]*

MS Private. *Date:* between 4 April, first Tuesday after moving to Doughty Street and 2 May, the Tuesday before the death of Mary Hogarth.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Ainsworth.

I have returned—and want to know when you will come and dine with me, *alone,* and take me to Astley's afterwards.

Believe me | Ever faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Ainsworth Esqre.

I, 258.20. *To* [EDWARD CHAPMAN], [9 MAY 1837]*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton. *Date:* two days after Mary Hogarth's death on 7 May. On mourning paper.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir

As I did not hear from you after you left yesterday, I am nervously afraid that some note from you, must have miscarried, or been left elsewhere by mistake.†1 It is so likely in our present unhappy state that it might not reach my hands, that I think it better at all events to let you know I have not heard.

I am—I had written happy—glad to say that Mrs. Hogarth is better this morning, and that Mrs. Dickens still continues to bear her trial with more fortitude than could possibly have been expected. I fear she will feel it the more at some future time.

With best regards to Miss Chapman

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
C. D.

Since I wrote the above, Mrs. Hogarth has relapsed into a worse state than ever. It is only by force that she can be kept from the room where poor Mary lies in her coffin.

I, 268.1. *To* SPENCER HALL, 3 JUNE 1837

Extract in Thomas Thorp catalogue No. 646, 1966 and (aafrom facsimile in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1988; *MS* 1 p.; dated 48 Doughty Street Mecklenburgh Square, 3 June 37; addressed Spencer Hall. On mourning paper.

Accept my very best thanks for the trouble you have been good enough to take in my behalf. The incident you have forwarded to me is extremely curious, and I hope I shall be able to turn it to good account.†1

May I beg you to take the earliest opportunity of returning Mr. Ballantine†2 my warmest acknowledgements for his kindness†3—and to say that I shall be very happy to aacknowledge it in person, if he will afford me the opportunity?

I am My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Spencer Hall Esqre.a

I, 273.30. *To* JOHN FORSTER, [?17 JUNE 1837]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1978. *Date:* ?17 June 37 if, as seems quite possible, the missing conclusion to *To* Forster of that date (Vol. I, p. 273): see below. Signature (checked MS Sotheby, above) suggests 1837-8.

Think this over this morning, and let us discuss it. I have considered the matter[†1] in all its bearings for the first time and am bothered.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esq.

I, 275.35.

Replaces catalogue extract (Vol. I, p. 266).

To MRS C. B. WILSON,[†1] [?21 JUNE 1837]†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. | 5 Woburn Place. | Russell Square. On mourning paper. *Date:* Mrs Wilson's "Elegiac Stanzas" appeared in the July *Miscellany* (II, 16). He expected to have finished his "monthly work" by 26 June (Vol. I, p. 276); he would therefore have sent her the proof the Wednesday before, 21 June.

48 Doughty Street. | Wednesday Night.

My Dear Madam.

I cannot tell you how much affected I have been by your beautiful lines,[†2] or with how much melancholy pleasure I shall insert them in the Miscellany.

I inclose a proof for your correction, for which my servant shall call on Friday Morning.

Let me beg you to accept my most sincere and earnest thanks for this very delicate and warm-hearted contribution; and believe me my dear Madam

Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

I, 276.27. *To* J. P. HARLEY, [22 JUNE 1837]*

MS Mr Brian Lake. *Date:* the Friday, on which CD says he is going to Antwerp, was the 30th; the letter, written the previous Thursday, must be 22 June. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Evening

My Dear Sir.

Ainsworth and another friend dine with me, in a friendly way, on Tuesday at five. If you should not contemplate leaving town before, will you give me the very great pleasure of seeing you to meet them?

I am going to Antwerp please God on the Friday following, for a week. Where, oh where, is that leetle portmanteau?[†1] I dare say your messenger left it somewhere, but unfortunately not here.

Believe me | Very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esqre.

I, 291.25. *To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [?EARLY AUGUST 1837]

Summary from Christie's catalogue, Mar 1984; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Doughty Street, Friday Morning; addressed Chapman & Hall. *Date:* not long before publication of *Pickwick* No. XVII for Sep 37 with advertisement of *Sketches* (see below). On mourning paper.

Enclosing a short address[†1] and an advertisement; and leaving the appearance or non-appearance of the latter to Chapman & Hall. Saying that now the apprehension of Macrone's publishing the Sketches *in parts was removed, the advertisement was no longer necessary.*

I, 297.11. *To* THOMAS GASPEY,[†1] [?LATE AUGUST 1837]*

MS Mr Walter L. Pforzheimer. On mourning paper. *Date:* 1837 on handwriting; May-Dec since on mourning paper; perhaps late Aug since "Grub-Street News" finally appeared in Oct (see below).

Doughty Street. | Saturday Night.

My Dear Sir

"Grub Street News"[†2] is an unhappy length—so convenient that it never gets in. "Make up"—said I to the Printer last month—"Make up, with Grub Street News". Not an article in the Magazine that wasn't double the length it ought to have been (except my own) so we stopped half-way in my list of contents. "Take care" said I to the same man this month "of that Grub Street News".—"Just the thing for the last paper but one Sir"—To night the last sheets come to me without the last paper but one, and four pages over, into the bargain! You

know what editorial matters are. Trust this Grub Street News to me, in mercy, for another Month.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Gaspey Esqre.

I, 308.9. *To* DR. J. G. MILLINGEN,[†1] [?MID-SEPTEMBER 1837]*

MS Johns Hopkins University. On mourning paper. *Date:* May-Dec 37, since on mourning paper. Nos III and IV of Millingen's "The Portrait Gallery" were published during this period, in Aug and Nov. Reference to finishing the series perhaps suggests No. IV; if so, then probably Sep, since "too late" for the Oct *Miscellany.*

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Evening

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks for the Portrait Gallery.†2 It came too late for the next No. but in good season, I hope, for the one following.

You may recollect that when I expressed a most favorable opinion of the first No. of Matrimonial conversations†3 (which I think excellent) I thought it would be better to defer commencing that Series of papers until we had got through the Portrait Gallery.†4

Accept the assurance of my anxious desire to avail myself of your friendly communications on all possible occasions—and Believe me my Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Millingen

I, 315.25. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?LATE SEPTEMBER-EARLY OCTOBER 1837]*

MS Private. *Address:* Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. On mourning paper. *Date:* May-Oct 37 on handwriting and mourning paper; clearly refers to *Pickwick* final double No., therefore not later than beginning of Oct.

Doughty Street. | Thursday

My Dear Sirs.

I have one hundred slips of copy ready for you, but cannot send it 'till I see Mr. Browne whom I have expected these two days. If he comes to day, I can send you *more than two sheets*†1 to-night.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

I, 343.8. *To* RICHARD BENTLEY, [?DECEMBER 1837]*

MS Mr Fred D. Bentley, Sr. On mourning paper. *Date:* Text suggests Dec 37; handwriting supports.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Will you ascertain in the course of the month what you have to hand over to me on account of the Miscellany. There *is* something I think (is there not?) and the close of the year will be a good time to settle.

I am confined to the house at present by a severe cold and sore throat, but hope to get over it by Wednesday. What time do you dine? I don't think you told me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esqre.

I, 349.15. *To* EDWARD EDWARDS,[†1] [?1837]

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Nov 1972. *MS* 1 p. *Date:* Handwriting (MS Sotheby's, above) suggests 1837.

Authorising Edwards to add his name to the list of members of the Art Union, as an annual subscriber of one guinea.[†2]

I, 351.6. *To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [EARLY 1838]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* early 1838 on handwriting. *Address:* Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Doughty Street. | Wednesday Evening

Dear Sirs—

Don't get the attack;[†1] at least don't spend the twopence[†2] on my account. Forster has shewn it me, and I am quite satisfied.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

I, 357.8. *To* THOMAS [?LYDDY], 19 JANUARY 1838

Mention in American Book Prices Current, 1977; *MS* 1 p.; dated 19 Jan 38; addressed Thomas Lydely.[†1]

On literary matters.

I, 369.3. *To* DR HENRY BELCOMBE,[†1] 8 FEBRUARY 1838*

MS Morgan Library.

48 Doughty Street London | February 8th. 1838.

My Dear Sir.

In this parcel I inclose a copy of Pickwick for Mrs. Belcombe, of which I beg her acceptance, and assign for so doing certain weighty reasons duly stated in a note addressed to her private eye.[†2]

I find I have two copies of Charles Lamb's papers among my books; and although they are both cut and both soiled I am induced to inclose one to you, and to beg you to make it a postchaise companion. I fancy I observed so many pleasant evidences of a kindred spirit in you that I have been anxious ever since we conversed upon the subject, to introduce you—not to John Woodville[†3] or Mr. H.[†4] but to the original, kind-hearted, veritable Elia.[†5]

You will not (I hope) think the worse of Charles Lamb for coming off the shelves of Charles Dickens. He has grown somewhat dingy in that worthy's keeping, but the best minds rust in inferior company, and I confidently hope that your chaise may restore him.

With many very sincere wishes that York were nearer to London by half its present distance at least, and begging my best remembrances to your family

I am | My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Belcombe.

I, 373.4. *To* MRS T. N. TALFOURD, [?13 FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* Feb 38 on handwriting; perhaps Mrs Talfourd had asked CD's help in persuading Macready to produce Talfourd's tragedy, *The Athenian Captive* (see *To* Forster, 16 Jan 38 and *To* Talfourd, 18 Jan, Vol. I, pp. 355 and 356): if so, probably early Feb, the 6th or 13th.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Evening

My Dear Mrs. Talfourd.

With the greatest readiness. Command me always on any matter, and believe that I shall be proud and happy to take counsel with you.

I dine out tomorrow, and will call upon you at four o'Clock exactly.

Believe me always | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Talfourd.

I, 377.5. *To* THOMAS HILL,[†1] [?18 FEBRUARY 1838]*

MS Mr Paul Getty, Jr. *Date:* Handwriting points clearly to second half of Feb 38; last paragraph almost certainly refers to the meeting on Sat. 17 Feb of the newly-founded Shakespeare Club (see *To* Talfourd, 12 Feb 38, Vol. I, p. 371 and *n*).

Doughty Street. | Sunday

My Dear Sir

Very many thanks for the papers,[†2] which I will safely return,—and also for the opportunity of perusing Mr. Hook's[†3] note. I assure you that I am most anxious to improve an acquaintance with him, and shall be delighted if we ever grow intimate,[†4] as I hope we may when the wind takes lodgings in some other quarter.

I am sorry you were not with us last night. It went off exceedingly well.

Ever Faithfully and Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hill Esqre.

I, 396.10. *To* J. P. HARLEY, [16 APRIL 1838]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1988; *MS* 2 pp; dated Doughty Street, Monday Morning; addressed J. P. Harley. *Date:* clearly the dinner given by Mitton on 19 Apr 38 (Diary entry, Vol. I, p. 633).

Inviting him to a dinner next Thursday at the Albion in Aldersgate Street given to his co-partners[†1] *by* a very old friend of mine, a solicitor who has just entered into a very advantageous partnership.... Except the partners you know the seven who compose the party, for the others are Forster, my father, and myself.

As I am anxious to give as much pleasure as I can on this occasion; and as my friend has (as most men have) a high admiration of your abilities, in no wise diminished by his having met you here at the christening,[†2] I cheerfully take upon myself (at his request) the asking you to join us. Say "no" and I never forgive you. Say "yes" and join us here at ten minutes past six next Thursday, and I shall always remain

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS.

I, 409.32. *To* MRS S. C. HALL, [?JUNE-JULY 1838]*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society. *Date:* June-July 38 on "living out of town"; handwriting supports.

Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning.

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

I have written a few lines from Pickwick in your Album, and a little Impromptu on Southey's[†1] Impromptu,[†2] which I couldn't help. I would have returned it before, but we are living out of town just now, and I only saw it this morning.

With best regards to Mr. Hall,

Believe me | Dear Mrs. Hall | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs S. C. Hall.

I, 410.26. *To* T. N. TALFOURD, [?JUNE 1838]

Extract in Christie's catalogue, April 1981; *MS* 1 p.; dated Doughty Street, Thursday Morning. *Date:* 1838-9 on handwriting; before 18 June 38, when he first addresses Talfourd as "My dear Talfourd".

My Dear Sir.

I am most unfortunately engaged to dine with [——][†1] on Sunday, but if you will let me come in after I leave him, I hope I shall find you just going to supper.
Mr. Serjeant Talfourd MP

I, 412.17. *for* [?9 JULY 1838] *read* [18 JUNE 1838]

[I, 412.]18.

after Date: *read* A new letter from Talfourd to Macready (MS Cleveland Public Library), 20 June, makes it clear that Lady Holland's invitation was for Sun 24 June. The correct date for *To* Talfourd, [?9 July 38], is therefore 18 June.

[I, 412.]29.

after Mrs Dickens *add* [3]

insert [3] The engagement CD had made was clearly for Macready's wedding anniversary, 24 June. Talfourd had to decline it, as he arranged to take his daughter Kate to Kent for her health (Talfourd *to* Macready, above).

I, 416.

n. 4 *add* He had seconded the proposal by Talfourd for CD's election to the Athenaeum.

n. 5 2nd col. 4th line from bottom *insert* second *before* wife of Charles Smithson,

I, 420.33. *To* THE REV. W. J.B. ARCHER,[†1] [?LATE JULY 1838]

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, Oct 1978. *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Twickenham Park, Monday Evening. *Date:* during CD's stay at Twickenham; presumably, from the postscript, shortly before his return to Doughty Street.

Presenting his compliments and informing him that he has not yet received any paper bearing the title he names. [In a postscript he adds that] *He* can address his communication, if he please, to 48 Doughty Street.

I, 424.31. *To* [JAMES B.] HILL,[†1] [?SUMMER 1838]*

MS Dunedin Public Library, New Zealand. *Address:*—Hill Esquire | Lamb's Conduit Place. *Date:* Summer 38 on handwriting.

48 Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hill, and (the medical gentleman who usually attends his family,[†2] being unfortunately absent from town) will feel greatly obliged if he can make it convenient to call and see his little boy[†3] this morning as early as possible.

I, 425.12. *To* MRS C. B. WILSON, [? AUGUST 1838]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* He returned to Doughty Street from Twickenham in last week of July 38; he was probably writing, therefore, in early Aug. Handwriting supports.

48 Doughty Street | Friday Morning

Dear Mrs. Wilson

I have only just returned to town after an absence of Three Months, or I should have sent you the accompanying papers long since.

I very much regret that there should have been any delay in the publication of any of your verses;[†1] but I do assure you that if the postponements and procrastinations of the Miscellany render the contributors occasionally dissatisfied, they reduce its unfortunate editor to the last stages of nervous uncomfortability.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Wilson.

I, 432.16. *To* JOHN HULLAH, 8 SEPTEMBER 1838*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Ventnor Hotel Ventnor Isle of Wight
Sunday Night Septr. 8th. 1838.

My Dear Hullah

In consequence of moving about, I only received your note to-day. I hasten to say that I have not the least objection to Mr. Fraser's[†1] doing the Village Coquettes, *provided*[†2] he does me the favor of omitting all mention of me in the bills;[†3] but I must make this an indispensable condition.

I shall be in town on Wednesday Night.[†4]

[ ]
[CHARLES DICKENS]

I, 445.1. *To* THE REV. W. J.B. ARCHER, [25 OCTOBER 1838]

MS (envelope) checked at Sotheby's, Oct 1978; addressed W. J. Bellew Archer. *Date:* postmarked 25 Oct 1838 (not 1848 as given in catalogue).

I, 445.34. *To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?JANUARY-OCTOBER 1838]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* George Cruikshank Esquire. *Date:* watermark 1838; presumably when Cruikshank was illustrating *Oliver Twist* Jan-Oct 38.

Saturday.

Illustrious Illustrator

I was unfortunately engaged, and obliged to decline.

Ever Yours
CD

I, 452.38. *To* J. G. LOCKHART, [?10 NOVEMBER 1838]*

MS New Brunswick University Library. *Date:* same day as *To* Talfourd, ?10 Nov 38 (Vol. I, p. 452).

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir

I lose no time in sending you one of the earliest copies of Oliver, which I beg you to accept with my best wishes and regards.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. G. Lockhart Esquire

I, 454.14.

after Papers. *add* Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1981; *MS* (fragment) 1 p.; first part of letter and addressee's name cut off: see Vol. I, p. 454, n. 10. *Date:* Handwriting and signature support.

[I, 454.]20.

add new para If you should ever have the time or curiosity to read the tale,([10a] let me entreat you not to allow your abstract idea of the women who figure therein, to be influenced by the plates([10b] ... which I could most willingly have dispensed with. . . .

Believe me to remain | very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

insert ([10a] *Oliver Twist.*

insert ([10b] i.e. Cruikshank's Nancy and Rose Maylie. For CD's dislike of "Rose Maylie and Oliver" (the "Fireside plate", published in the 1st issue of the edn) and insistence that Cruikshank change it, see Vol. I, pp. 450-1 and *nn.*

I, 454.20. *To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?15 NOVEMBER 1838]†

Replaces catalogue extract (Vol. I, p. 456).

MS Library of Congress. *Date:* The *Miscellany* of Dec 38 was the only one to contain two *Oliver* illustrations. The letter must have been written on Thursday, 15 Nov since 22 Nov would be much too late for making up the *Miscellany.*

Thursday Morning

My Dear Cruikshank

The box will be for *Saturday*[†1] and will hold six. I will send you the ticket either tomorrow, or early on Saturday Morning. There was not time to secure it for to-night, as they are very full.

Bentley called on me yesterday, and said that he meant to put in *Two* Oliver plates this month, and one portrait.[†2] So you will not have the trouble of doing another, which I presume—at this late period of the month—you will not be sorry for.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 462.15. *To* J. P. HARLEY, [?28 NOVEMBER 1838]*

MS Mr E. H. Van Maurik. *Date:* probably 28 Nov 38, since he expected to have finished *The Lamplighter* on Tues 4 Dec and he read it to Macready on the 5th (Vol. I, p. 465 and *n*).

Doughty Street. | Wednesday

My Dear Harley

If you have nothing to do after the Tempest on Saturday Evening,[†1] will you look in here as you go home? Cattermole[†2] will be here, and Jerdan. I have begun the Lamplighter[†3] and if I have finished him by that time (as I hope I shall have done) I want to make an appointment with you to go over it on Sunday Morning. Mum is the word 'till we see how it goes. He promised very well; I have just

done your account of an uncle deceased, who committed suicide when gas first came up[†4]—and I *think* it's funny.

Write me a word. And believe me

always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

I, 464.19. *To* MESSRS ELLIS & SONS, [? NOVEMBER 1838]

MS Bodleian Library. *Date:* Handwriting suggests Nov 38.

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning

Gentlemen.

You sent me by mistake three bottles of Champagne in quarts, instead of three dozen. Will you complete the order at your convenience?

The sparkling Moselle you have sent me is *not* the same wine that I had before, neither is the port in quarts. I wish particularly to have the same that you sent me at Twickenham, as I liked both wines very much, and ordered them specially on that account.[†1]

I, 466.6. *To* MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN,[†1] [?EARLY DECEMBER 1838]†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Private. *Date:* "London by Moonlight" in fact did not appear until Sep 39. CD was probably writing in early Dec, before the Jan *Miscellany* was made up.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Toulmin, and begs to inform her that the "London by Moonlight" has been in the printer's hands for many months—has been, indeed, in the proof sheets, no less than three times—but has been as often displaced by some unforeseen contingency. If it be not in the January number, Mr. Dickens will take care that it appears in February.

I, 477.22. *To* [?"M. C.M."],[†1] 27 DECEMBER 1838*

MS Dickens House.

48 Doughty Street. | 27th. December 1838.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to M. C.H.,[†2] and begs to inform her that he has destroyed the lines entitled "Woman", thinking the treatment *scarcely* worthy of the subject.

The other lines Mr. Dickens has retained for insertion with much pleasure. He has to apologize to the young lady unknown, for having been so ungallant as to forget her hand-writing, and begs to assure her, in extenuation, that his better memory corrected him when he found it too late to correct his Notices to Correspondents for last month.

I, 480.31. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, [?29 DECEMBER 1838]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* "Mem George" in CD's diary, 31 Dec 38 (Vol. I, p. 638) probably refers to Cattermole (not Cruikshank, as there stated); he was probably writing, therefore, on Sat. 29 Dec 38.

Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Cattermole.

Will you dine with us on the last day of the old year—just to see it jollily out? You did so on the last day of last year, if you remember,: with Stanfield. We shall be quite *sans ceremonie* and if you don't come, shall miss you sadly.

I inclose a letter from Kate.

Always Faithfully Yours | My Dear Cattermole
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

I, 485.22. *To* J. P. HULLAH, [? 1838]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Handwriting and signature suggest 1838; probably before Hullah's marriage in Dec 38.

Doughty Street | Sunday

My Dear Hullah

I made a mistake the other night of course—being engaged for Friday, and having been engaged for the last ten days—Will you let us say Friday Week? I fear I cannot have the pleasure on an earlier day.

With best regards, believe me

Always Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esquire

I, 486.19. *To* THOMAS MITTON, [1837-8]

Extract in John Waller catalogue, No. 134 (1882); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Thomas Mitton. *Date:* before end of 1839, after which "Tom" becomes "Mitton" in address; probably 1837-8 (see below).

Dear Tom, the best way will be to send me the odd fellow,[†1] and I'll mark them off. I suspect that nearly all of them copied, are "Chronicle Sketches",[†2] faithfully yours.

I, 488.19. *To* CHARLES MACKAY,[†1] [?LATE DECEMBER 1838-EARLY JANUARY 1839]*

MS (fragment) University of California, Los Angeles. *Date:* Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* began serialization in *Bentley's Miscellany* in Jan 39; CD was perhaps writing in late Dec 38 or early Jan 39.

[†a]of the parcel, for I have seen none.

It is an exceedingly pleasant paper, and I should be most happy to insert it, but that I fear it would not be very appropriate to our pages just now when Mr. Ainsworth begins a Romance (save the Mark[†2]—say you in *your*[†a]

[†b]I hope you see that this would seem somewhat contradictory? If not, I am "open to conviction" still.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mackay Esquire[†b]

I, 491.16. *To* MRS FRANCES TROLLOPE, [?6 JANUARY 1839]*

MS County Council of Hereford and Worcester. *Date:* early Jan on handwriting and signature; on 13 Jan CD was in Manchester; 6 Jan therefore seems most probable.

Doughty Street | Sunday Morning

Dear Mrs. Trollope.

I am sorry to say that on Wednesday next I am engaged.[†1]

This information *ought* to have reached you two days ago, but for the

stupidity of my servant who—taking other notes to deliver—left yours, accidentally, on my desk, where I only discovered it last night.

Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Trollope.

I, 493.18. *To* JOHN FORSTER, [21 JANUARY 1839]†

Replaces extract.

MS Professor Gordon N. Ray. *Date:* 21 Jan 39 according to Forster.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear [Forster][2a]

With this you will receive a copy of a letter, which I am going to send to Bentley tomorrow morning. Keep it for I have no other.

[I, 493.]23.

after sending it *add* for such an attempt would be utterly useless.
after Go it MUST. *New para*

[I,] 494.6.

after state of feeling. *New para*

[I, 494.]10.

after drove them. *CD wrote and deleted* If I consulted merely my own [?feeling]

[I, 494.]19.

ends Always faithfully Yours | CHARLES DICKENS

[I,] 493.

insert [2a] Name erased in MS (but visible), perhaps to disguise origin.

[I,]494.

n. 2. *for* Whether ... be known *read* Apart from additions above and two or three tiny punctuation variants, text, as given by Forster, is verbally exactly as CD worded it.

I, 506.7. *To* THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, [?4 FEBRUARY 1839]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* probably the day before he dined with Harness, Tues 5 Feb 39 (Diary entry, Vol. I, p. 639); handwriting supports.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Tomorrow at a quarter before Seven with the greatest pleasure.

Believe me | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend William Harness

&c &c

I, 506.8. *To* FREDERICK DICKENS, [?7 FEBRUARY 1839]*

MS Patricia, Viscountess Boyd. *Date:* Winter 1838-9 on handwriting; CD's birthday the most likely dinner.

Doughty Street | Thursday Morning

Dear Fred

If you will come round as soon as you like this evening, I shall be glad to see

you. I should have asked you to come to dinner, but we are afraid of making Thirteen.[†1]

Affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Dickens Esquire

I, 508.8. *To* CHARLES RICHARDS,[†1] 11 FEBRUARY [1839]†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS University of Michigan. *Date:* CD had resigned as Editor of *Bentley's Miscellany* on 31 Jan 39.

48 Doughty Street | Monday Morning Feby 11.

My Dear Sir.

You will remember that when[†2] I had the pleasure of seeing[†2] you, I mentioned that I[†2] had relinquished my old connection with the Miscellany, but that I should be happy to mention your friend's paper to my friend Mr. Ainsworth who has succeeded me as its Editor,[†3] in case I should think it adapted to his purposes. I have not the smallest interest in, or connection with, the Magazine now, but if a word or two from me could be of any service to a friend of yours, I need not say how much pleasure it would afford me.

With this object I sat down to read the paper yesterday, and was nipped in the bud at the very outset. It would be wholly useless to recommend a paper of such extreme length—the inclosed pages form only one third of the story—and even if this were not the case, I fear the translator's uncertainty whether or no any version of it has appeared in English before, would be an insuperable objection to its being received. It is still open to you to offer it in the usual course if you think proper, but I should tell you fairly, that I could not have accepted it (for these reasons) in my time, and that I think it highly improbable that it would be considered available for Magazine purposes—especially for the purposes of a Magazine already over-loaded with "continuations"—in these later days.

For these reasons I lose no time in returning you the MS: not at all regretting that you left it here for a couple of days, for the translation†2 appears to be extremely well done and the tale is a very characteristic†2 and interesting one.

I am | My Dear Sir | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Richards Esquire

&c &c

— VIIA - 800 —

I, 508.15. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 13 FEBRUARY 1839*

Replaces catalogue mention.

MS Salisbury House Library, Iowa.

48 Doughty Street | February 13th. 1839.

My Dear Sir.

I regret more than I can tell you, that an old engagement of long standing prevents my having the pleasure of accepting your kind Invitation for Sunday next, which under more propitious circumstances I should have done with real pleasure.

My Dear Sir, believe me, | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 514.2.

replace headnote with MS Yale University Library.

[I, 514.]12.

after unfinished. *read* A word in reply. Apropos. Kate wants her picture (only for the day) if you can send it by bearer.

I, 523.22. *To* MRS JOHN DICKENS, [?5 MARCH 1839]

Mention in *To* Mitton, 6 Mar 39. *Date:* probably written the day before.

Asking his mother to come down to Alphington.

I, 537.30. *To* MR MANSELL,†1 [?JANUARY-MARCH 1839]*

MS University of Virginia. *Date:* Fleming's death was registered in the first quarter of 39; handwriting supports.

48 Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

Sir.

If you will make such arrangements as you think proper with an Undertaker for Mr. Fleming's[†2] funeral, and will pay him what you have in hand for that purpose, you may refer him to me for the balance—provided it is not more than the sum you mention—four pounds. Even this is more than I am quite justified in giving (with many other claims upon me) but the distressing nature of the case overcomes any other considerations.

Your obedt. servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Mansell.

I, 538.30. *To* A. W. ARNOLD,[†1] 1 APRIL 1839

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Doughty Street, Monday Evening April 1st; addressed A. W. Arnold. *Date:* Monday was 1 Apr in 1839.

Apologizing for being unable to attend a meeting on the 13th. I am already engaged. *He had thought* that there was a longer interval between the two Meetings.

I, 539.8. *To* HENRY COLLINSON,[†1] [?EARLY APRIL 1839]*

MS Private. *Date:* Handwriting and signature suggest early 1839; perhaps early Apr, the month before Collinson was given his post in the Parcels Delivery Office (7 May).

48 Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I am very sorry to say that next Saturday I am engaged, but on that day week, I should be very happy to make one at what Mrs. Malaprop calls "a tete a tete of three."

I trust something may yet come of the Post Office memorial.[†2]

Always believe me | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Collinson Esquire.

I, 540.32. *To* MRS S. C. HALL, [8 APRIL 1839]*

MS Dickens House. *Address* (address panel in Henry Bristow of Ringwood catalogue No. 286 (1985))*:* Mrs. S. C. Hall | The Rosery | Gloucester Road | Old Brompton. Postmark 10 Apr 1839. *Date:* written on Monday but endorsed "10 April 1839 | Mrs S. C. Hall" on Wednesday, the day it was received.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning.

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

There is a lady, one Mrs. Metze[†1]—who bears or sends this to you—who is very anxious to have an introduction to you, and has been disappointed in obtaining one through the instrumentality of a mutual friend who has gone abroad. She is anxious to write for some annuals, if she can have the opportunity—*has* written in the Miscellany[†2]—is a lady of great accomplishments and ability—and one whom I should much like to serve if I could.

As annuals *are* in your way[†3] and are *not* mine; and as I am fortunately

enabled to comply with this lady's request for a letter to you, I trouble you with this—empowering you to retort upon me when, and as often as, you please.

I am always | My Dear Mrs. Hall | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 546.23. *To* WILLIAM LONGMAN, [?29 APRIL 1839]†

Replaces text from MDGH, I, 24.

MS University of Reading. *Date:* probably next Monday after 26 Apr: see *To* Longman, that day.

Doughty Street. | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

On Friday I have a family dinner at home—uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, cousins—an annual gathering which I would most joyfully dispense with.

By what fatality is it that you always ask me to dinner on *the wrong days*?

While you are tracing this cross-consequence to its cause, I wish you would tell Mr. Sydney Smith that of all the men I ever heard of and never saw, I have the greatest curiosity to see, and the greatest interest to know, him.

Begging my best compliments at home, I am My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Longman Esquire

I, 547.18. *To* HENRY COLLINSON, 7 MAY 1839*

MS Mr Harlan Crow. *Address:* Henry Collinson Esquire | Office of the Parcel Delivery Co. | Rolls Buildings | Fetter Lane.

Elm Cottage Petersham. | May 7th. 1839.

My Dear Sir.

I have "smiled" a great many times at your note, but only at your making so great an affair of such a little matter.[†1]

The birds sing so much more sweetly than Mr. Broadhurst,[†2] and the leaves and flowers look so much better than the Lord Mayor[†3] and Sheriffs,[†4] that I cannot prevail upon myself to go to the Literary Fund Dinner.[†5] Otherwise I should have been most ready and willing to accede to your request and to have faced, as best I might, that blaze[†6] of erudition which in the persons of the Jewish advocate and the Rail-road besoiler[†7] would have well nigh overpowered me.

I shall be truly glad to see you any Sunday save next Sunday, and am truly

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Collinson Esquire

I, 548.24. *To* JOHN ORRIN SMITH,[†1] 8 MAY [1839]*

MS Private. *Address:* John Orrin Smith Esquire | 66 Judd Street | Brunswick Square | London. *Date:* 1839, since from Elm Cottage, Petersham.

Elm Cottage Petersham | Near Richmond
Wednesday Evening May 8th.

My Dear Sir.

I am spending the summer months here, or I should have received your most kind letter (and inclosure) earlier, and answered it sooner.

I should have felt a delicacy on retaining, after so slight an acquaintance, your memorial of poor Chatfield,[†2] did I not know that many deeper and more enduring testimonies of your friendship and his worth are written in your heart, and that a thousand kind and gentle attentions of yours to him in his last hours may be—not unreasonably or presumptuously—supposed to stand foremost among such few delightful recollections he now entertains of this world, as are compatible with the perfect happiness of a better.

Accept my dear Sir, in return, my poor but heartfelt thanks—let me thank you also for those "heads" in which you have so large and prominent a share,[†3] and for that promise relative to heads yet unborn which I shall carefully look for your redemption of[†4]—and believe me truly

And Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 549.6. *To* FREDERICK DICKENS, [10 MAY 1839][†1]

MS (envelope) Dr Andrew Sanders. *Address:* Frederick Dickens Esquire | Commissariat | Treasury | London. PM Petersham May 10 1839.

I, 551.27. *To* HENRY BURNETT, [?16 MAY 1839]*

MS City of Norwich Museums. *Date:* 1839 since from Petersham; the Thurs before the Shakespeare Club's anniversary dinner on 18 May.

Elm Cottage Petersham. | Thursday Night.

My Dear Burnett.

Stone (not knowing your address I suppose) sent me your ticket for the Shakespeare dinner next Saturday, which, however, *I have lost.* Will you address a note to him at the Piazza Coffee-House and tell him whether you are going or not?

Faithfully Yours—and hastily—
CHARLES DICKENS

Best love to Fanny.[†1]

I, 551.28. *To* WILLIAM LONGMAN, [?20 MAY 1839]*

Text from facsimile in Librairie ancienne L'Autographe S. A., Les Mesanges, Geneva catalogue, June 1990. *Date:* CD was unable to accept Longman's invitation for 3 May (see ?Apr, no doubt 29 Apr) and could not dine on 10 May (26 Apr); he wrote from Petersham on 13 May; so perhaps this letter was written on 20 May, replying to an invitation for Fri 24 May.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I shall have much pleasure in dining with you on Friday,

And am | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Longman Esquire

I, 560.32

after 16 July. *read Address:* Laman Blanchard Esquire | Courier Office | 345 Strand | London. PM 13 Jul 39 (envelope, MS Sotheby's, Dec 1964).

I, 561.24. *To* DANIEL MACLISE, [?JULY 1839]*

MS Cheltenham Ladies' College. *Date:* presumably between CD's invitation of 28 June, headed with his full address, and his letter of ?24 July, inviting Maclise to "ruralize again"; after 11 July, since he has "done work".

Petersham | Monday Morning

My Dear Maclise

Forster comes down on Wednesday to dine, and to arrange that jovial companionship we were speaking of.

I wish you'd come down tomorrow, and have a day the start of him. Do. I have done work and am all alone.

Yours Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 572.28. *To* J. H. DALY,[†1] [?JULY 1839]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1981; *MS* 1 p.; dated "Tuesday Morning", Elm Cottage, Petersham, Surrey. *Date:* letter endorsed "July 1839".

Sir

Will you have the goodness to address your future communications to me here. I am residing in this place for the summer and seldom receive letters from town more than once a week. *He has had only one of Daly's.*

Very truly yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. H. Daly Esquire.

I, 575.33. *To* H. K. BROWNE, [?13 AUGUST 1839]

Mention in next.

I, 575.34. *To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 13 AUGUST [1839]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* 1839, since from Petersham.

Petersham. | Tuesday August 13th.

Dear Sirs.

I inclose a letter for Browne, containing *both* the subjects,[†1] and informing him that the *last three* are also ready.[†2] I *think* his No. is 13,[†3] but as I don't like to trust my recollection, having made at least thirteen mistakes, I send it to you to be forwarded.

In haste, always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

I, 578.4. *To* CHARLES HICKS, [MAY-AUGUST 1839]*

MS Mr Fred D. Bentley, Sr. *Address: Wait for an answer.*[†1] | Mr. Hicks | Messrs. Bradbury and Evans | Whitefriars. *Date:* May-Aug 39, since from Petersham (watermark 1838).

Petersham | Monday Morning

Dear Mr. Hicks.

Will you let me know by Bearer exactly how much more copy you want—counting the first chapter as ten pages, for there is something to come in which will fill up the tenth? I don't want to go over the Mark, as I wish you to have the whole tomorrow evening as soon as I can possibly send it.

I will come to *you* the first thing on Tuesday morning, to correct the proofs.[†2]

Faithfully Yours

CD.

I, 582.16. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?20 SEPTEMBER 1839]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Aug 1888; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Bradbury & Evans. *Date:* He finished *Nickleby* on Fri 20 Sep (CD's Diary, Vol. I, p. 642).

I send you—I feel sorry for it now—the *close* of Nickleby!!![†1]

I, 585.1. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?23 SEPTEMBER 1839]

Summary in catalogue of Third Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Galleries, 1909: dated Doughty Street—Monday Morning; addressed Bradbury & Evans. *Date:* presumably returning the proofs of the final No. of *Nickleby,* which he and Forster had finished going through in Doughty St early on 22 Sep (CD's Diary, Vol. I, p. 643).

Alluding to the completion of Nickleby *and expressing his deep regret for the death of Mr Hicks.*[†1]

I, 588.21. *To* THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BULL INN, ROCHESTER,[†1] 29 SEPTEMBER 1839*

MS Brigham Young University.

40 Albion Street Broadstairs | Sunday Night September 29th, 1839.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform the Proprietor of the Bull, that on his way to town from Broadstairs on *Tuesday next* he wishes to stay a night at his house, and will thank him to have a comfortable sitting room and two bedrooms prepared, and dinner for three at half past five o'Clock.

As Mr. and Mrs. Dickens will come to Rochester by a Canterbury coach, Mr.

Dickens would wish the rooms to be ready for him at One or Two o'Clock in the day.

I, 590.7. *To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 4 OCTOBER 1839

MS Mr David Borowitz.

48 Doughty Street | October 4th. 1839

My Dear George.

With great pleasure—partly for your sake, and partly for the sake of the young lady unknown.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I, 590.8. *To* EDWARD WORTHINGTON,[†1] 4 OCTOBER 1839*

MS Mr Alan Gill.

48 Doughty Street London | October 4th. 1839.

Sir.

In reply to your obliging letter, I beg to say that it will afford me very great pleasure to be present on the interesting occasion to which it refers,[†2] and that nothing but the health of Mrs. Dickens (which, however, I do not think will interfere) shall keep me away from Manchester on the 28th.[†3]

I am Sir | Your very obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Worthington Esquire

I, 604.13. *To* J. P. HULLAH, [?19 NOVEMBER 1839]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* CD moved to 1 Devonshire Terrace between 7 and 12 Dec (Vol. I, pp. 611 and 615); 19 Nov seems more likely than 26 Nov for this letter.

Doughty Street | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Hullah

I was sorry to find yesterday that you had called "unbeknown" while I was shut up with a man signing and sealing for our new house—into which by the bye we hope to move in a fortnight.

I can have no earthly objection to the performance of the Village Coquettes

in Edinburgh, if the manager will have the goodness not to mention my name in the bills or elsewhere—I mean, *neither* of my names,—Boz or *Dickens.*

Our best regards to your wife and the baby. And I am always believe me Dear Hullah[†1]

[ ]

[CHARLES DICKENS]

I, 609.6. *To* R. H. HORNE, [OCTOBER-NOVEMBER 1839]*

MS Private. *Date:* watermark 1839; signature points to Oct-Nov.

Doughty Street. | Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Pray assure the provisional committee that they are at perfect liberty to enlist my name among those of the approvers of their excellent object.[†1]

I should have been happy to move the third resolution, were I not prevented by an unlucky engagement (*not* one of pleasure) which on so short a notice I am unable to postpone with decency.

Always my Dear Sir | Very truly Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esqre.

I, 613.7. *To* A. W. ARNOLD, [?1837-9]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Doughty Street, Wednesday afternoon. *Date:* in Doughty Street period, before 12 Dec 39.

Declining regretfully an invitation and expressing the hope that it will be renewed. Accept my thanks for your kind recollection of me in the matter of the Free List.

I, 613.8. *To* JOHN FORSTER, [?1837-9]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1976; *MS* 1 p.; dated 48 Doughty Street, Wednesday Morning; addressed John Forster. *Date:* in the Doughty St period before 12 Dec 39.

Saying that he has not sent on Forster's note to Talfourd because he really cannot dine out until Saturday and certainly not on Monday, having in mind my work.

I, 614.1. *To* E. S. MORGAN,[†1] [?1838-9]*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library. *Date:* in the Doughty Street period before 12 Dec 39; handwriting supports. *Address:* E. S. Morgan Esquire.

Doughty Street | Monday Night

My Dear Sir

"James Hume Esquire[†2] Reform club" is the address, but the gentleman is not the Secretary.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Morgan Esquire

I, 615.13. *To* ABRAHAM HAYWARD, [?1838-9]

Extract in Kenneth W. Rendell Inc. catalogue No. 48; *MS* 1 p.; dated 48 Doughty Street; addressed Abraham Hayward. *Date:* 1837 unlikely since on 30 Oct 37 CD declined Hayward's "intimate acquaintance" and his *Quarterly Review* notice clearly rankled (Vol. I, p. 325); 1838-9, therefore, probably, before the move from Doughty St *c.* 12 Dec 39.

Apologizing for breaking an appointment. For many hours after the time, I was at my desk, and hard at work. This is my real and last excuse.

I, 620.31. *To* HENRY COLLINSON, [?26 DECEMBER 1839]*

MS Mr C. F. Cork. *Date:* late 1839 on handwriting; clearly the Thursday before New Year's Day 1840 (Wednesday), when Collinson dined with him (CD's Diary entry, Vol. II, p. 461).

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Collinson.

Many thanks from "myself and partner", and all good wishes for Merry Christmases and happy new years to you, beyond all count.

I can't make out a part of your note—explain it to me on Wednesday at half past 5 for 6 exactly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Collinson Esquire

II, 1.17. *To* MISS BROTHERTON,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1840

Mention in Sophie Dupré catalogue No. 2/3 (1984); *MS* 1 p.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 2 Jan 40; addressed Miss Brotherton.

II, 15.15. *To* EDWARD CHAPMAN, [?JANUARY 1840]*

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted. *Date:* late 1839 or early 1840 on handwriting and signature; perhaps Jan 40, when he began to omit the "1" before "Devonshire Terrace" (though inconsistently).

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Sir

A great many thanks to you for the philosophical instruments[†1]—one side of which will always serve to remind me of the warmth of our regard, and the other of my coolness in giving you so much trouble.

I shall not venture to do anything with them (beyond taking them out of the paper) until you are on the spot.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

II, 15.16. *To* EDWARD CHAPMAN, [?JANUARY 1840]*

Fragment, Sotheby's catalogue, July 1982. *Date: c.* 1839-40 on handwriting and signature; perhaps linked, as a joke, with the "philosophical instruments" of *To* Chapman, ?Jan 40.

to instruct a cunning worker in iron whom you know to meet us on the premises at two P. M. on the same day, so that he may receive his credentials from a mechanical genius, and their confirmation from a literary ditto of the first water?

Always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

II, 15.26. *To* THOMAS LONGMAN,[†1] [?JANUARY 1840]*

MS University of Reading. *Date:* Handwriting and signature suggest shortly after his move to Devonshire Terrace; perhaps Jan 1840.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I owe you two apologies which please to receive herewith—one for not being up when you called this morning, and the other for not knowing who you were. I had been writing late last night, and heard the girl outside the door uttering a plaintive sound resembling "Long Man". When I got out of bed and thrust a shivering arm out of the half-opened door I received a mysterious roll of Parchment which proved to be a petition in favor of the copyright Bill.[†2] The idea of your walking about at nine o'Clock in the morning with such documents in your pocket never occurred to me as a possibility, and I immediately set the unknown messenger down as *Talfourd's Clerk*—in which happy delusion I remained until, coming down stairs, I found your card upon my desk. Hence

this note, and a great many blushes and self-reproaches, highly creditable to my nature, but not to be expressed in writing.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Longman Esquire

II, 17.16. *To* HENRY COLLINSON, 4 FEBRUARY 1840*

MS Mr David Solomon, LDS.

1 Devonshire Terrace | 4th. February 1840

My Dear Collinson

Next Friday is the anniversary of the day that did itself the honor of presenting me to Society. A few friends (but not a formal party which, on such occasions I have a great horror of) are coming in the evening. Will you make one, and be with us no later than

8[†1] (*eight*)

by Greenwich time?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

II, 30.44. *To* W. H. HARRISON, 19 FEBRUARY [1840]*

MS Mr Lewis P. Kinsey. *Date:* late 1839 or early 1840 on signature; Wednesday was 19 Feb in 1840.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Wednesday February 19th.

My Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for your exceedingly kind note, which I lose no time in answering.

Your impression is quite right. [I] [h]ave a[tten]ded[†1] the committee[†2] twice since my election.[†3] Once immediately after it, when Mr. Landon[†4] was Secretary and Sir Henry Ellis in the Chair; and once not long since—in November, as you say. I am quite certain upon this point, for I remember the first occasion perfectly well. There was found to have been some inaccuracy in the summons (I forget what) and no money could be granted. Be this as it may, we *were* summoned, and I was there.

Understanding your communication as you wish me to understand it, I cannot of course take any steps for the removal of this mistake. I should [†a]certainly regret losing an opportunity[†a] which might be of use one day or other to some person deserving assistance, through a mere misconception, and should feel greatly obliged to you if—having an opportunity of setting me right with these gentlemen—you will have the kindness to do so.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your communication or the terms in

which you make it, but believe me that I am truly sensible of your most obliging and welcome interest in my behalf, and that nothing I meet with affords me such deep and lasting satisfaction as the knowledge that I have the good opinion and esteem of men like you.

Accept my imperfect but most sincere acknowledgements, and believe me always My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Harrison Esquire

II, 37.24. *To* DANIEL MACLISE, 1 MARCH [1840]*

Text[†1] from typed transcript at Dickens House. *Date:* same day as *To* Mrs CD, 1 Mar 40.

On the 1st of March | 35 Saint James' Square, Bath[†2]

Our dear Mac,

Taking advantage of the Penny Postage Act, and knowing that you reverence it, as a measure sanctioned by the lady of our love, we despatch these hasty lines to let you know that we are well and that we had a fine journey yesterday, though the beauty of Natur' sadly reminded us of our hopeless affection, and called up many sad and painful thoughts which were still further awakened by the Extraordinary number of Queens Heads and Queens Arms that we passed upon the road. Oh our dear friend, what dreadful thoughts does not that last sign awaken, what visions of Albert in the Queens Arms calling for what he likes and having it. The thought is madness.

I (Charles Dickens) wish to God you could see some pictures here.[†3] There's a "Lion by Rubens"[†4] something between a negro and a crocodile which I know would gladden your inmost soul, and which if I could copy I would bring away down to the tip of the tail. There are two or three Temples under various circumstances of dilapidation which would afford you no little pleasure, but if you could only see that one single Lion as he now stands before my eyes—so foreshortened that there is nothing left of him but a perpendicular head and two paws—I would give any reasonable consideration. Our host is most hospitable and kind though, so much so that I am almost ashamed to have smiled at the Lion and to have written a word about him. I can only console myself with the reflection that I must have talked about him when I came back, and that it's all the same.

On Thursday morning we shall see you. Meanwhile Heaven bless you and prosper your glorious works. Don't be too dissipated but keep [up][†5] your spirits—Monday you will get this—so you will be carried over Tuesday—on Wednesday morning you will say "they return tomorrow", and on Thursday you are happy again.

I inclose a statement of mistakes committed by Forster on the journey yesterday.

Forster's Mistakes

1st He couldnt get up to his seat on the roof of the coach and occasioned the driver to remark that he was "worse nor an old 'ooman".

(A thumper—by the Lord! J. F.)

2nd He flourished about with a dress cane when we stopped to lunch (think of a man's carrying a dress cane 100 miles inside a stage coach!) and cracked a pane of glass in an ancient and valuable bureau. (Oh! Another)

3rd He never had to pay anything but he wanted change for a sovereign or a five pound note—and this generally on Moors and other lonely places.

(Too true alas)

4th He would [read][†6] proof sheets in a high wind, which being scattered by the same and dispersed over the face of the country were constantly brought back by the agricultural population. (Again a fact alas.)

The letter then continued by John Forster thus[†7]

We have indeed thought of you our dear Dan and very much wish that you have in like manner bestowed thoughts on your friends and fellow sufferers. Dickens has done nothing but drink beer and hollands since he left Devonshire Terrace—poor Landor having just been obliged to turn the tap of the Lion into his parlor. He is evidently startled and scarcely knows what to do with our fiction-monger. Of course I do what I can to keep matters right. Send us an answer. Say something about the Beloved. I dreamt last night—write on Monday. Always my dear fellow yours affectionately

And here follow the signatures[†8]

CHARLES DICKENS
JOHN FORSTER

II, 43.25. *To* COUNT D'ORSAY,[†1] 10 MARCH [1840]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1976; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, Tuesday March 10th; PM 1840; addressed Count D'Orsay.

Accepting an invitation to dine at Gore House and informing him that Landor is in a very hearty state, though desperately smitten, *reporting that Rose Paynter*[†2] is a very charming girl and quite worthy of [Landor's] devotion.[†3]

30

II, 43.26. *To* WILLIAM HALL, [?13 MARCH 1840]

Text from Vol. II, p. 122. *Date:* accompanied following letter to Mrs Hall, dated 13 Mar 40; Friday was 13 Mar in 1840.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Evening

My dear Sir,

My feelings will not admit of my doing more than acknowledging the receipt of your note and enclosures, and begging you to transmit to Mrs. Hall (*without delay*) the enclosed outpouring of a grateful heart.

Faithfully yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

II, 43.27. *To* MRS HALL, 13 MARCH 1840*

MS Francis Edwards Ltd. *Date:* Thurs was 12 Mar in 1840, but accompanying letter to William Hall was dated Friday.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Evg 13th. March | 1840.

My Dear Mrs. Hall.

The blushes with which my modest countenance was suffused when I learnt that you were acquainted with my melancholy state, were lost—very deep though they were—in the glow of pleasurable surprise with which I opened your beautiful present.[†1] I immediately adjusted the same to four horn buttons attached to different parts of the waistband of my etherials,[†2] and resolved to dine without coat or waistcoat—which I did. I am still in the same condition and have resolved to take my death of cold rather than conceal for the next two days, the work of your hands.

How can I ever thank you or those young ladies who assisted you in your work, and who (being unmarried) must necessarily have found it the more tedious as they did not even know what so strange an engine was for, or what it could be intended to sustain? To *you* I may state confidentially that it is indeed a happiness to me to know that I am "out of danger"—but to *them*—I am sure you feel the delicacy of my situation and will invent some expression which will serve them until they are admitted into the Holy State, or at least until the day is fixed, when (and never my dear Mrs. Hall until then) let them know the truth.

That this epoch may be very near at hand and that they may never wear what they have contributed to support so worthily, is my hearty wish, with all kinds of loving and thankful remembrances. And from this time forth, I shall hate my straps for seeming to pull the reverse way from such delicate hands.

Always believe that I have always been since I have known you,

Dear Mrs. Hall, Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

II, 44.1. *To* [?G. J.] BENNETT,†1 14 MARCH 1840

Summary in Christie's catalogue, Nov 1990; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, 14 Mar 40; addressed Mr Bennett.

Agreeing to allow his name to continue in the list of Vice-Presidents of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.†2

II, 57.20. *To* ANGUS FLETCHER, 14 APRIL 1840†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Brigham Young University. *Address:* Angus Fletcher Esquire | Duncliffe | Edinburgh.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | 14th. April 1840.

My Dear Fletcher.

I am going to write a short note, lest I should despond (being overwhelmed with correspondence to an extent you would scarcely believe) and write none at all.

I wish I could say *certainly* that I will come to Edinburgh. That I cannot, but I *can* say that I mean to come, and that I hope to do so, in the Autumn.†1 Now, all you have to do, is, to come to town first at your own time and to stop here—You observe that?—*here.* Never you mind when I am coming to Edinburgh (which we can talk about) but come you here,†2 at your own will and pleasure. Reform the poor-laws by all means, but if you wait until you have done that, I suspect you'll find me with bleared eyes and a white beard, and a very short memory.

The Clock is doing *wonders.* It is rather sharp work, but so long as it is a triumph, I don't care for that, a rush. I hope the Edinburgh people like it? Number 3†3 I rather take to, myself.

Kate and I were at Kenilworth†4 when those pictures were exhibiting,†5 or I should have gone to see them. Pray tell the artists so if you have an opportunity. She sends all manner of kind remembrances—and so the short note comes to an end.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Angus Fletcher Esquire

II, 67.31. *To* SAMUEL ROGERS, 12 MAY 1840*

MS The Lady Ashcombe.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday May 12th. 1840.

My Dear Sir.

The bright day is Sunday the 14th.[†1] until when, and then, and always afterwards I am faithfully Yours.

CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Rogers Esquire.

II, 67.32. *To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 MAY 1840*

MS Mr Peter Harries.

Devonshire Terrace | May 14th. 1840.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Coutts, and has the greatest pleasure in accepting her kind Invitation for *next* Friday Evening.

II, 73.

n. 1 *replace with* Cuff and Bacon were the proprietors of the Freemasons' Tavern; the dinner may have been the Macready dinner of July 1839 (see Vol. I, p. 561*n*).

II, 80.7. *To* THOMAS MITTON, 4 JUNE [1840]

Replaces catalogue extract (Vol. II, p. 92).

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London. *Date:* Thursday was 4 June in 1840, when CD was at Broadstairs.

Broadstairs | Thursday June 4th.

My Dear Mitton.

Will you see after the subject matter of the inclosed,[†1] and if any alteration *must* be made direct Topping[†2] accordingly? I should like the neighbourly scamp in question (who is, of course, a Jew[†3]) to know that I appreciate the neighbourly manner in which he has made his communication.

In Great haste | Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

II, 89.17. *To* GEORGE CHAPMAN,[†1] 25 JUNE 1840†

Replaces catalogue extract.

Extracts in Maggs's catalogue, 1939 and (*aa*) Sotheby's catalogue, March 1923; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Broadstairs, 25 June 40.

Believe me that I am truly and sincerely obliged to you for your hearty Invitation, and that forest scenery, pretty country, old bachelors, birds, beasts and trees, have all strong-holds in my affections. But I no more dare to leave town at present on such a jaunt, than I dare do any conceivable or inconceivable deed, the bare mention of which would make the hair of all human creatures stand on end with wonder.

Every day since I have been here [a](except on Mondays when in common with other vagabonds[†2] I usually make holiday)[a] I have been at my desk for many hours. I came here to escape the miscalled pleasures of town, which are pains and penalties to me, and have been obliged on sunny mornings to put a strong and resolute constraint upon myself and to keep the shadow of my Giant Work[†3] perpetually before me ... [a]my country escapes must be limited for the present to quiet places near at hand, where I can take root and put out my *leaves* without interruption,[a] ... When you see a young horse in a mill grinding away with all his might and main, perhaps you will do me the favor to link his image with mine.

II, 95.1. *To* THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, 3 JULY 1840*

MS National Library of Australia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Friday 3rd. July 1840.

My Lord.

I make no apology for addressing a few words to you, as I trust you will feel that none is needed. The subject to which I take the liberty of calling your attention is one of great importance, and one to which the Government of which you are so distinguished and worthy a Member, has long directed its enlightened and merciful attention.[†1]

I believe there are few persons more strongly impressed with the excellence and wisdom of the alterations that have been silently working for some years in our treatment and punishment of criminals, than I am. But I fear that their

value is not sufficiently appreciated or felt—and that their effect in deterring offenders from the commission of guilty deeds, is very materially impaired—in consequence of their nature and extent not being sufficiently known. The terrors of transportation and confinement under the present system, are known to few but those who have penetrated to the heart of parliamentary reports and commissioners' enquiries; by that class for whose especial benefit and correction they are intended, they are known least of all.

I have felt this for a long time, and have had my old thoughts upon the subject wakened up afresh by the sentence passed upon the convict Gould[†2] the other day, which is shorn of its impressiveness and example by the one unfortunate circumstance that the people do not know, and do not suspect, what his real punishment is. They remember to have read in the newspapers how some men who were transported to New South Wales thirty years ago, died worth their ten and twenty thousand pounds apiece;[†3] and they have a dim idea that the transport-ships are

rather close, and the climates to which they go, very bright and hot; beyond this, they know and think nothing about it.

It has occurred to me that a strong and vivid description of the terrors of Norfolk Island[†4] and such-like places,[†5] told in a homely Narrative with a great appearance of truth and reality and circulated in some very cheap and easy form (if with the direct authority of the Government, so much the better) would have a very powerful impression on the minds of the badly-disposed, and would do a great deal to promote the object that your Lordship and all good Governors have at heart. I think, even, that if it were read in prisons, jails for untried criminals, and houses of correction whither they are sent for short terms, it would have a deep and salutary effect in inspiring all *rising* convicts with a tremendous fear of the higher penalties of the law. And I am sure that the more these penalties are known and surrounded with terrors, the more they will be avoided by the young and wavering.

If this very hasty and meagre hint of the idea I have, is intelligible to you My Lord, I have merely to add that I am ready, and should be very glad, to undertake this task and to place the best description I could produce in your hands, to be used as you think best, *but I would have it on the pillow of every prisoner in England.*[†6] You will permit me to add, further, that I make this offer as a humble tribute of my respect for the liberal and wise Government under which the people live at present,[†7] and that so far from seeking any fee or reward, I would beg, if I did this at all, to be understood as doing it quite disinterestedly and gratuitously, otherwise I should lose my chief pride and pleasure in the theme.

I am My Lord | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Honorable | The Marquis of Normanby.

II, 97.16. *To* EDWARD GOULBURN,[†1] 8 JULY 1840

Replaces entry.

Extract in David J. Holmes Autographs catalogue No. 17; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 8 July 40; addressed Edward Goulburn.

I am unfortunate again! I am engaged next Wednesday—not only to dinner at home, but to a party at Miss Coutts's in the evening. I should have written to you sooner, but there was a chance of release from the first of these engagements, which I am sorry to say exists no longer. I cannot tell you how vexed I am.

II, 100.10. *To* J. WETHERELL,[†1] 13 JULY 1840*

MS Dr William Baker. *Address:* J. Wetherell Esquire | 9 Anson Street | Pembroke Place | Liverpool.

1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate, | Regents Park, London. | 13th. July 1840.

Sir.

I beg to thank you for the courteous expressions contained in your letter of the 27th. of last month (which I should have answered sooner, but that I have been absent from town) and have great pleasure in adding my mite to your Autograph Collection.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J Wetherell Esquire.

II, 108.21. *To* [THOMAS LATIMER],[†1] 30 JULY 1840*

MS (copy) Mr E. C. Gaye. *Addressee:* Latimer is certainly the addressee, since copy of letter exactly similar to a copy of *To* Latimer, 13 Mar 41 (Vol. II, p. 232).

Alphington | Thursday July 30th. 1840.

My Dear Sir

If Monday will suit you for going to Sir Robert Newman's,[†2] it will be the most convenient day for me and I shall be exceedingly glad to accompany you.

Believe me | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

II, 122.1. *To* WILLIAM HALL, [?28 AUGUST 1840]

Replaces entry.

MS (envelope) Eastgate House, Rochester. *Address:* William Hall Esquire | 186 Strand. PM 28 Aug 40.

II, 133.20. *To* THOMAS MITTON, 8 OCTOBER 1840*

MS Mrs Sheila Caton. *Address:* Private. | Thomas Mitton Esquire | 23 Southampton Buildings | Chancery Lane | London. PM 9 Oct 1840. *Date:* postmarked 9 Oct 40.

Broadstairs | Thursday October 8th.

My Dear Mitton

Many thanks for your promptitude. I will see you on Monday Morning—about one o'clock or so.

Chapman is making me out an account for my satisfaction, but the returns cannot be regularly made up except at June and Christmas. He says in a letter I had from him yesterday, "We[†1] don't know yet ourselves how it may be, but we are afraid the first 26 nos will not be very

profitable owing to the heavy expence of starting, and the large stock left by the Sale declining more rapidly than it ought.[†2]—All that is altered now."[†3]

I rather drooped at this, supposing that nothing would have been easier than to have accomodated[†4] the Stock to the demand. However, manage as they will, *I* must pay the Piper and make all the Music.

The face, the night before last, was torturing[†5]—very little sleep, and very great pain. I worked all day yesterday notwithstanding, with my head tied up, and today am greatly better.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Kate and the children send their best regards.

II, 136.30. *To* GEORGE REYNOLDS,[†1] 13 OCTOBER [?1840]*

Replaces catalogue mention (Vol. II, p. 403).

MS Parrish Collection, Princeton University Library. *Date:* "1841" added to MS in another hand; 13 Oct was not Tuesday in 1841, but in 1840; CD used the unusual "Octr" in a letter of 4 Oct 40.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Evening Octr. 13th.

Sir.

I beg you to present to the Society of which you are the President, with my best wishes for its prosperity and success, the accompanying Volumes, to which its members are heartily welcome.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. George Reynolds.

II, 142.14. *To* DANIEL MACLISE, [29 OCTOBER 1840]

Mention in *To* Forster, [29] Oct [40].

II, 142.15. *To* JOHN FORSTER, [29] OCTOBER [1840]

MS Victoria and Albert Museum (FC). *Date:* abbreviated "Octr." and handwriting point to 1840. CD mistook either day or date (see below).

Thursday Octr. 30th.[†1]

My Dear Forster.

Thank you—going on famously[†2]—I have not forgotten the Sermon[†3] nor our friends—I have written to Maclise—and shall be punctual to the time[†4]—papers returned herewith—and all said that need be said.

Always faithfully
CD.

II, 149.8. *To* WILLIAM BRADBURY, 13 NOVEMBER 1840*

MS John Murray (Publishers) Ltd.

Devonshire Terrace. | 13th. Nov 1840.

Dear Sir

I shall want to see a revise of No. 35,[†1] but will you send me also—as soon as you can after the receipt of this—a *proof,* as I wish to have time to look at it, with reference to one or two little points.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Bradbury.

II, 150.20. *To* MISS ROGERS,[†1] 13 NOVEMBER [1840]*

MS Private. *Address:* Miss Rogers | 5 Hanover Terrace. *Date:* During period CD lived at 1 Devonshire Terrace, Friday was 13 Nov only in 1840 and 1846 (when he was in Switzerland).

Devonshire Terrace | Friday November 13th.

Mr. Charles Dickens has great pleasure in accepting Miss Rogers's kind Invitation for Thursday the Nineteenth.

II, 151.13. *To* JOHN FORSTER, [?NOVEMBER 1840]*

MS Mr C. E. Wrangham. *Date:* late 1840 on handwriting; perhaps during his Nov 1840 sittings to Patric Park (see Vol. II, p. 150).

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday.

Dear Forster.

I am coming down to Chapman and Hall's after I leave "the young Sculptor",[†1] and will give you a call at about 4.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

II, 159.12. *To* THOMAS MITTON, 28 NOVEMBER [1840]*

Replaces catalogue summary.

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* unmistakably 1840 on handwriting.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Eighth November.

My Dear Mitton

I am *bound* to work tonight. Shall you be away tomorrow night? If so, what

say you to Monday at 3, or 4?—I can come to you, if you like, at either hour. If this finds you at the office, send me word by Bearer.

Faithfully Always

CD.

II, 177.9. *To* JOHN FORSTER, [?SEPTEMBER 1837-DECEMBER 1840]

Extract in F, II, i, 92. *Date:* the only note of this kind, within this period, of which no original survives.

Is it possible that you can't, oughtn't, shouldn't, mustn't, *won't* be tempted, this gorgeous day!

II, 184.21. *To* DANIEL MACLISE, 14 JANUARY 1841

Replaces entry.

MS Washington State University.

Fourteenth January 1841.

My Dear Mac

Have you had any note from Forster about dining there to day? Not having seen or heard from him as yet, I am in doubt whether its off or on.

If you knew what I have been suffering in the death of that child![†1]—

———————————————————

Faithfully Always

CD.

II, 195.14. *To* BASIL HALL,[†1] [27 JANUARY 1841]†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* as in Vol. II.

My Dear Sir

I am sorry to say that I dare not go out in the morning (being very busy) until *next Tuesday,* sorely tempted as I am to be undutiful for the sake of Miss Edgeworth.[†2] Shall you remain in town so long? Let me know, but don't trouble yourself to send here. Leave a letter out for me in Brewer Street.[†3] As you never read Oliver,[†4] I promise myself the pleasure of sending you a copy this morning, and the bearer of it will bring back your note.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

I write this in bed, having been at work late last night.[†5]

II, 213.1. *To* THOMAS HOOD,[†1] 17 FEBRUARY 1841*

Replaces mention (Vol. II, p. 220).

MS Yale University Library.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | Regents Park.
Wednesday Seventeenth Feby 1841.

My Dear Hood—for though I have only shaken hands with you once in the body, we have had so many pleasant meetings in the Spirit, that I cannot hold you at arm's length and call you "Sir".

When a friend of mine,[†2] critical in such matters, brought me the Athenæum Review of Master Humphrey's Clock, I read it—with no little pleasure as you may suppose—and cried directly "I am sure this was written by Hood." But the friend (and you know it always happens that your friend is much better informed than you are) begged me to strangle this monstrous idea in its birth, for he knew—was sure—positive—all but certain indeed—that it came from the pen of another Writer, whom he could name, but wouldn't. I was unwilling to make head against this strong representation, and gave up at the point; protesting, however, that the unknown must have studied your style very close, and had acquired the power of writing pointedly, with very great success.

Still the matter rankled in my mind, and accordingly I made it up (my mind, that is) to ask Dilke whenever I should see him, whether it was you, or no. I have not seen him anywhere since I made this bold resolve, and the other day had my doubts set at rest most unexpectedly by Bradbury the printer—one of the best of printers and worthiest of men.

What can I say to you, now I know that you are the Reviewer? If I were to say that I believe literary history can furnish no more generous or high-minded action, and that it has delighted and affected me far more than I can describe, I should express the Truth but very feebly and weakly. But feeble and weak as words are to convey to you what I feel, I must—having no better medium in this state of existence—assure you with tears in my eyes, that I have derived more lasting pleasure and real satisfaction from this most honorable and hearty kindness of yours, than from anything that has occurred to me for a long, long time. If you could only know how strongly and earnestly I feel your disinterested and manly conduct—how very much it has

moved me—and how proud I feel to be so estimated by *you*—you would be pleased, I am sure, to think that you had conferred so much happiness on (I hope) an unspoilt man.[†3]

Accept such thanks as are very seldom tendered, because they are but seldom called for. And believe me that if I were to write from this day to the Last, I should fail in saying what I want to say.

I hope your health is better,[†4] and that you have not killed Baily.[†5] I think "die

and be d—d" is a foolish curse. "Live and be damned" is my motto to all such vagabonds.

Whenever you come to town, I shall reckon on your coming to see me. We will be as quiet as you please; and if you can't drink wine or strong waters, we will pledge each other in gruel or farinaceous foods, and find a new flavor in it.

In town or out—in all places, circumstances, times, and seasons,

Believe me | Faithfully and truly Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†6]

Thomas Hood Esquire

P.S I didn't know this paper was greasy when I began, or I would have used a better sheet.

II, 217.24. *To* W. C. MACREADY, 23 FEBRUARY [1841]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* clearly 1841, from reference to *Barnaby.*

Devonshire Terrace. | Twenty Third February.

My Dear Macready.

If I am to see anything of you in your coming holidays, I must be a Spartan now.

My labours press so heavily upon me at this time—the end of the Second Volume[†1] bringing with it a necessity for speed—that tomorrow morning I shall be on the box of a Brighton coach, and for a week afterwards shut up alone in the old Ship Hotel, working with the energy of fourteen Dragons.

Drink my health in my absence—wish well to Barnaby,[†2] though he *does* drive me away—and oh do not—do not—curse me.

With that cue for slow music and closing in with a picture,[†3] I ring down the envelope.

Always My Dear Macready | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire
Best regards at home. We have a clear bill of health here.

II, 223.7. *To* [ALEXANDER] BLACKWOOD,[†1] 5 MARCH 1841*

Replaces entry.

MS Francis Edwards Ltd.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Friday March The Fifth | 1841.

Dear Sir.

I do not know whether the inclosed paper will suit your Magazine. But I desire to recommend it to you very earnestly; and as I am not acquainted with the acting Editor, even by name, to beg (through you) that he will do me the favor to read it.

It is beside the question to tell you, or the gentleman before whose favorable consideration I wish it to go, that it is the work of a very poor, humble, self-taught Mechanic;[†2] because of course that is no business of yours, or your readers, and it must be judged by itself. I cannot, however, help mentioning the circumstance as a reason for the great interest I take in it, and the strong desire I feel to assist its author if I can.[†3]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Blackwood Esquire

II, 227.19. *To* [?G. J.][†1] BENNETT, 9 MARCH 1841*

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Ninth March | 41.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Bennett, and begs to say that he will be happy to continue among the list of Vice Presidents for the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.[†2]

II, 238.7. *To* W. C. MACREADY, 17 MARCH 1841

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Dec 1986; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 17 Mar 41; addressed Macready.

Asking if he would accompany him to Evans's[†1] *that morning,* I want to leave a word about the books I have bought of poor Tom Hill's.[†2]

II, 250.11. *To* DUGALD MACFARLAN,[†1] 2 APRIL 1841*

MS Mr Bronson Pinchot.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday April the Second | 1841.

Dear Mr. Macfarlan.

A Wine-drinker is going to dine with me who doesn't approve of the light Port I usually drink.[†2] I wish you would send me Two dozen of a fine old fruity kind, but *not sweet.* A full-bodied, choice flavored wine. Do so as soon as possible if you please, that its condition may not be impaired by the removal.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

Also a dozen of the old Claret in Magnums.

II, 251.1. *To* DR THOMAS HODGKIN,[†1] 4 APRIL 1841*

MS Mr Brian Lake.

Private

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Evening April The Fourth | 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Dr. Hodgkin, and begs to thank him for the pamphlets[†2] he has kindly forwarded through Mr. Sibson;[2[sic]][†3] which he will take an early opportunity of reading attentively.

So far as Mr. Dickens understands Doctor Hodgkin's opinions through the medium of his note, they have (and have always had) his full concurrence.

II, 261.1. *To* [MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL],[†1] 15 APRIL 1841*

MS Connecticut Historical Society.

Devonshire Terrace. | April The Fifteenth 1841.

Dear Sirs.

The inclosed is from our German translator in chief,[†2] who is very strongly and strenuously commended to me. I hope it may prefer some request you can—without inconvenience or impropriety—comply with.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

II, 267.13. *To* OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 21 APRIL 1841*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | Wednesday April The Twenty First | 41.

My Dear Sir.

I have had a very distressing application from one Mr. J. S. Forsyth,[†1] to whom I have given some temporary relief. He has been twice (or oftener; I am not sure about that) assisted by the Fund.[†2] May I ask you whether he has had any help within a year—and if he is eligible to be recommended to the Committee again, at this time? It is a deplorable case, and I know you require no better apology for this intrusion on your time.[†3]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

O. Blewitt Esquire.

II, 275.19. *To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?APRIL 1841]

Mention in *To* Colburn, 4 May 41. *Date:* CD had no doubt written to Colburn about Cruikshank's plates for *The Pic Nic Papers* since his letter of 1 Apr; the sense of urgency suggests he wrote to Cruikshank in late April.

II, 275.20. *To* DANIEL MACLISE, [?JANUARY-APRIL 1841]*

Text from typed transcript at Dickens House. *Date:* probably between ?7 Jan 41, when he promised to bring his wife Kate and Fanny Burnett to see Maclise's "picture" (Vol. II, p. 180) and the RA exhibition in May (see below).

Are you man enough to dine with us today at 5 or R. A. enough to sit poring after that hour over your beautiful dormouse?[†1] Reply.

Ever faithfully
CD

II, 279.9. *To* [HENRY COLBURN],[†1] 4 MAY [1841]*

MS Professor J. J. Brattin. *Date:* Tuesday was 4 May 41, the year in which CD was editing *The Pic Nic Papers* for Colburn (see below).

1 Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday May 4th.

Dear Sir

I much regret that you have called, or sent, twice, when I have been from home.[†2] I shall be at home from 11 to 4 to-day, tomorrow, and Friday, if you wish to see me.

I wrote to Mr. Cruikshank immediately after my last communication with you, and inclose his reply.[†3] I have not yet seen him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

II, 280.13. *To* W. H. HARRISON, 11 MAY 1841*

Extract made by Walter Dexter from unknown catalogue, in Dickens House; *MS* 4 pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, May 11 41; addressed W. H. Harrison. Marked "Private".

I know, am quite certain that long ago you must have quarrelled with me in your mind, and written me down a viper. Correct the word and put in victim instead. I have never had anything to do with anybody that has given me the annoyance of this simple affair of business with Mr. Colburn.[†1] ... I most heartily and thoroughly regret that I ever took this work in hand, and would, if I could, blot the whole affair from the page of my life.

II, 285.5. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 24 MAY 1841

Mention in Puttick & Simpson catalogue July 1878; *MS* 1 p.; dated 24 May 41.

II, 287.15. *To* COUNT D'ORSAY, 26 MAY 1841

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 12 Oct 1976; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 148 King's Road, Brighton, 26 May 41; addressed Count D'Orsay.

Informing him that he came to Brighton to recover his health and is now feeling better, inviting him and Madame[†1] *to dine with Forster, Maclise and others at The Trafalgar in Greenwich on Sunday, and stating that* Le livre de milady est un grand succes.[†2] Il-y-a beaucoup de choses dans ce livre, tout-a-fait extraordinaire.

II, 298.9. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 9 JUNE 1841

MS Mr Wayne H. Phelps.

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth June 1841.

Dear Sirs

Will you get the enclosed set up, and forward a proof to Mr. Browne, with all convenient speed?[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

II, 341.10. *To* [UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT],[†1] 21 JULY 1841

Unidentified catalogue cutting in Dexter Collection, Dickens House; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 21 July 41.

I am obliged to you for your note, and its accompanying prospectus; and I beg to assure you that I am strongly impressed with a sense of the great importance and value of such a society as that whose objects it develops. But I regret to add that I cannot become a member of it

at this time; being already connected with so many Institutions, that if I were free of half of them for evermore, I should still be encumbered by the number of the rest.

II, 343.20. *To* J. C. PRINCE,[†1] 27 JULY 1841

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1988; *MS* 3 pp.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 27 July 41; addressed Mr Prince.

Apologizing for the delay in answering a letter, owing to his absence in Scotland and stating that he has read his poems with *very great* interest, pleasure, and delight. I have been greatly struck by the history of your life, and by the struggles and vicissitudes you have undergone.[†2] Your writings have a peculiar charm for me, as I presume they would have for most persons, after reading

your adventures; but there are many beautiful pieces in your book[†3] which would have attracted my attention, I think, under any circumstances. *Asking him to consider his letter as confidential, because he objects to seeing his opinions quoted as though delivered* oracularly *and assuring him that he should rely on* [*William*] *Howitt's opinion* ... in whose books I, for one, have found great improvement and gratification of heart.[†4] ... Believe me that I am always

Your sincere well wisher.

II, 348.11. *To* JOHN MENZIES,[†1] 2 AUGUST 1841*

MS John Menzies plc. *Address:* Mr. Menzies | Bookseller | Princes Street | Edinburgh.

Broadstairs, Kent. | August The Second 1841.

Dear Mr. Menzies.

Will you do me the favor to obtain for me, from the clerk to the Town council of Edinburgh, the writing which secures to me my Freedom;[†2] and to forward it to me by your first convenient opportunity?

If you will do so, and will have the goodness to direct to my Town residence No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, you will oblige me very much.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Menzies.

II, 360.14. *To* DANIEL MACLISE, 16 AUGUST 1841

Replaces catalogue mention.

Extract and facsimile (ᵃᵃ) from Sotheby catalogue, July 1987; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Broadstairs, 16 Aug 41; addressed Daniel Maclise.

Saying that he is writing the shortest of notes lest Maclise, in his invalid condition should faint before you get as far as the signature, *and that he leaves out his normal flourish lest it be too much for him.*

Are you a man? *If so, he invites Maclise to join him at Broadstairs the following Sunday for the next six weeks, saying he may eat what he likes* [a]and drink—get up when you like—and go to bed when you like. There are conveniences of all kinds at Margate (do you take me?) and I know where they live.[†1]

In serious and sober earnestness. No one loves you better than I, and no one

is more anxious that you should get well in time, that you may come out strong in the dark days. This place, and sea bathing, will cure you. Ask Joe. Ask Elliotson. Ask anybody. [†b]Do not be a fool, Mac, but come with me on Sunday—forget work for six weeks—and go back whole and cheerful.[†b]

Always your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

(I feel like a quaker, after that signature)
P.S. I expect an answer.[a†2]

II, 368.1. *To* DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 24 AUGUST 1841*

MS Mr A. J.M. Anderson. *Address:* Doctor Elliotson | 37 Conduit Street | Bond Street | London. PM Ramsgate 24 Aug 41.

Broadstairs | Tuesday Twenty Fourth August. | 1841

My Dear Elliotson.

A hundred thanks to you for your kindness in the matter of poor Overs.[†1] He did wrong to tell you I have been more than a father to him. He has never had from me in money, more than Five Pounds. He only had that, after he had been taken ill; and neither asked me for it by word or deed, remotely or directly.

I had been turning over in my mind what was to be done for him, and was speaking to Kate about it on Saturday Morning, when she suggested that possibly Macready might find something for him to do at Drury Lane Theatre.[†2] Knowing that several respectable men are constantly employed in such large establishments, whose duty, beyond mere attendance, is very slight indeed, I wrote to Macready directly, and told him that this was a self-taught man who didn't look upon himself as a genius, and had always worked, while he could, without grumbling or repining. I told him too what I quite believe—that he is a man of that kind that only this country and this time could give birth to.

You know what a good fellow Macready is, and what a generous sympathy he has with all struggling men. He sent me back, that night, a most earnest answer, expressive of his strong interest in the person I had described.—I have no doubt he will give him a post in the Theatre,

and that he will go far out of his way to find one to suit him. But he will not open 'till Christmas, and I fear will not have it in his power to appoint Overs to any receipt of wages until near that time.[†3] In the meanwhile I must see what can be done for him, and will gladly receive from you (if you will permit me) the amount you offer with such true humanity and liberality. I will hand it over to him as he requires it; and I have written to tell him that you have placed it at my disposal.

I know that if any man, under God, can set him on his legs, you are he, and I am glad to feel assured that he well and thoroughly deserves your great kindness.

My Dear Elliotson | Always your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Doctor Elliotson.

II, 372.5. *To* WILLIAM SHOBERL,[†1] 29 AUGUST 1841†

Replaces entry.

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Broadstairs. | Sunday August Twenty Ninth 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I should have written to you this morning in town, but I left very early, and had not time.

I am much obliged to you for your letter, and am flattered by your suggestion.[†2] My experience of Magazine-editing, however, has been by no means a pleasant one; and I have resolved not to connect myself, even in name, with such duties any more.

It is possible that at some future day I may see reasons for altering this determination. At present I have no reason for breaking it, and every motive for adhering to it, most rigidly. Let me thank you once again for your communication—not the less, because I decline to act upon it.

In haste, believe me | Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Shoberl Esquire.

II, 373.27. *To* THE REV. W. J.B. ARCHER, 2 SEPTEMBER 1841

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 16 Oct 1978; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, Kent, 2 Sep 41; addressed The Rev. W. B. Archer.

Stating that he remembers, now that it has been called to his recollection, the paper to which the inclosed note refers and which he has no longer an opportunity of publishing. It may be pleasant to Mr. Archer to know that it returns quite fresh to Mr. Dickens' memory, although at the time when the note was written he read some three or four score MSS every month.[†1]

II, 408.32.

replace headnote with Extract and facsimile of final page given in Anderson Galleries catalogue, No. 2307 (1929); dated 25 Oct 41.

II, 409.4.

following elision replace with with which you have (under God) brought me through this distressing illness. I can only say with all the earnestness of which my not un-earnest nature is capable, "I thank you".

Believe me, ever | Faithfully and Sincerely Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Salmon Esquire.[1a]

You told me once that Mrs. Salmon laughed too much at my books. I hope she will find some passages in the Old Curiosity Shop to make her cry,—without making her less happy or less charitable than they found her.

insert [1a] Frederick Salmon (1796-1868), MRCS, the surgeon who had operated on CD for fistula on 8 Oct. See Vol. II, p. 404*n.* Last three published lines of letter were written as a postscript following the addressee's name.

II, 418.22. *To* MR PARKER,[†1] 6 NOVEMBER 1841

Extract in John Wilson catalogue No. 38 (1979); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 6 Nov 41; addressed Mr Parker.

Asking him to send a receipt for the inclosed.[†2]

II, 420.1. *To* JAMES B. SHARPE,[†1] 12 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS (copy in clerk's hand) University of Reading.

White Hart—Windsor | Friday Twelfth November 1841

My Dear Sir.

I beg you not to suppose for a moment that any apology is necessary on account of the visit you did me the favor to pay me, the night before last.[†2] I assure you that I regarded it at the time (and should have always done so, though I had not heard from you) as a welcome & gratifying attention, & one which was very far from requiring any explanation whatever.

I should have seen you with great pleasure, but I have been for five weeks past very unwell—having been, in fact, recovering during that time from the effects of a painful surgical operation—and I am expressly cautioned by my medical attendants to keep very quiet for a week

longer—to lie upon a sofa constantly—and to see as few visitors as possible. I sent my friend, Mr. Forster, to say as much to you. He told me he was in great alarm lest you should take him for me; and I presume that was the cause of the obvious embarrassment to which you allude.

Let me thank you very much for the copy of your oration,[†3] which I have read with great interest and pleasure. I have the deepest possible interest in the Prosperity of Institutions, such as that over which you preside; and nothing connected with them can be matter of indifference to me.

I was particularly pleased with your account of the Great Men who have risen to eminence from a poor origin.[†4] It would be difficult to imagine anything

in better taste, more to the purpose, or more directly calculated to stimulate and gratify your audience. Nor could the allusions have been more pointedly or happily made.

I hope you will consider this note as being what I mean it to be—a frank and cordial response to your advance, and an assurance that I am

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Birch Sharpe Esquire.

II, 434.1. *To* MISS CATHERINE HUTTON,[†1] 30 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Catherine R. Crossley. *Address:* Miss Catherine Hutton | Bennett's Hill | *near* | Birmingham.

1 Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
Thirtieth November 1841.

My Dear Madam.

It gave me great pleasure t'other day, to hear from you again; and I received the Portraits with no less satisfaction. They arrived safely last night.

I know you now, perfectly well, and am very much obliged to you for giving me the means. In my mind's eye I had you very like your present self, but I can scarcely imagine your ever bearing much resemblance to what I may call the bygone portrait. I don't think it does you justice, for it makes you very much of what is commonly called a Tartar, which I am sure you are not, and never were.

I shall have the small one (representing you as you *are*) bound up with your edition of your father's[†2] Life—which, as I have already told you, I consider a most remarkable and interesting production, and one which ought to be in every Library.[†3] Your other head I shall frame, and put among very good company I assure you.

Sincerely trusting that you will live, and enjoy life, for many years—and cordially thanking you for your recollection of me, and your welcome note—

I am, Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Georgiana Bennett.

Do you see what I have written here, instead of Catherine Hutton? If I had written "Franklin",[†4] to whom your father bore some resemblance I should not have been surprised, but how this name came upon my pen, I cannot imagine.[†5]

You see that I had some notion of the indifference of the town to the riots? I have mentioned it twice or thrice. It is curious enough for I have never heard of the fact, but from you.[†6]

II, 436.1. *To* EDWARD JESSE,[†1] [1 DECEMBER 1841]

Mention in *To* Ross, below.

II, 436.2. *To* FRANCIS ROSS,[†1] 1 DECEMBER 1841*

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Brown University Library.

Devonshire Terrace. | First December 1841.

Dear Frank.

The weather being so particularly national at present,[†2] I have written to Jesse, to postpone our Hampton Court explorations until Tomorrow week.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Ross Esquire.

II, 436.6. *To* MRS SHUTTLEWORTH,[†1] 1 DECEMBER 1841

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1972; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 1 Dec 41; addressed Mrs Shuttleworth, Tottenham Green, Tottenham.

Sending hearty thanks to all those whose signatures are attached to the Round Robin from Tottenham of Monday's date *and cordially responding to all their good wishes and kind expressions.*

II, 447.9. *To* SPENCER HALL, 18 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Charles W. Traylen.

Devonshire Terrace. | Eighteenth December 1841.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for the Ticket,[†1] of which I shall not fail to take advantage.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Spencer Hall Esquire.

II, 447.10. *To* MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 20 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Mr Brian Lake.

Devonshire Terrace. | Monday Twentieth December | 1841.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs. Coutts and Company and incloses the signatures necessary for the Letter of credit;[†1] which he will call at the banking house for, about the middle of next week. Mr. Dickens will be greatly obliged by having his book[†2] made up in the course of to day and tomorrow. He will send his servant for it, tomorrow afternoon.

II, 450.1. *To* MRS BURNETT, 22 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1]

My dear Fanny

I am delighted to receive fresh news of your success[†2] which I held to be quite certainly assured to you. In the matter of our worthy Grandmother[†3] (who as you very well know never cared twopence about us until I grew famous and then sent me an affectionate request for Five Pounds or so) I cannot but say that I am utterly indifferent to the fact of her existence; and am only terrified into remembering it by the apprehension that she is attended by a duplicate Sarah.[†4] At the same time I would not willingly hurt her by keeping away and therefore I will go and see her before I embark.

What I wish you would say is this: that you learn I shall be in Liverpool some

time on Monday and probably towards the Evening—that you know I shall keep myself very quiet & aloof from the intrusion of strangers—firstly because I have been ill, secondly because we shall naturally be desirous to avoid all worry and disturbance in that short interval of rest, and thirdly because you know I have refused an invitation to a Public Dinner at Glasgow[†5] and must be careful not to appear to have time to hold Levees at Liverpool—that you know I shall call to see her for I have told you so much: but that as to my calling to see or presenting myself to be seen by any strangers whatever (and here I have my Eye on their Doctor)[†6] you can tell them from what you know of me that it is utterly and absolutely out of the question.

Whether you write or speak pray put emphatic stress on that last clause. You have no conception what I underwent when I was in Liverpool before[†7] or what I always undergo in any such place under ordinary circumstances—putting embarkation and so forth quite out of the question.

I shall write express instructions to Radley[†8] to take care that there is no mistake concerning your reception or Fletcher's (who threatens to present himself)—To any body else Man Woman or Child I shall be as invisible as the Air. . . .

II, 457.1. *To* MISS WILKIE,[†1] [?31 DECEMBER 1841]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the same day.

II, 457.2. *To* EDWIN LANDSEER, 31 DECEMBER 1841*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First December 1841.

My Dear Landseer.

I find myself so pressed by business and appointments, both today and

tomorrow, that I have been obliged to write to Miss Wilkie and say I cannot go there.

In haste | Always believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Landseer Esquire

III, 21.6. *To* MRS TICKNOR,[†1] 25 JANUARY 1842*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Tremont House. | January Twenty Fifth 1842.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens have great pleasure in accepting Mrs. Ticknor's kind invitation for Friday Evening.

III, 22.6. *To* GEORGE TICKNOR,[†1] 26 JANUARY 1842*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. *Address:* George Ticknor Esquire | Park Street.

Tremont House. | Twenty Sixth January 1842

My Dear Sir

Mrs. Dickens will be at home at 3, and will be delighted to see Mrs. Ticknor at that hour. I wish I could find a little of that same rest you speak of. I really want it. But everybody who comes here, *means* so kindly that I feel it almost a duty to see them all.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Ticknor Esquire

III, 23.11. *To* SAMUEL FROTHINGHAM JUNR,[†1] 27 JANUARY [1842]*

MS[†2] Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library. *Date:* clearly Jan 42, when CD was in Boston.

Tremont House Jany. 27

My dear Sir.

Since I saw you I am sorry to say I have been in a manner obliged to engage myself to go to Lowell[†3] in company with two gentlemen of the name of Lawrence,[†4] whom I have no doubt you know. Mrs. Dickens begs me to say that she will be extremely happy to see Mrs. Frothingham any day between 3 and 4 o clock.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Saml Frothingham Junr. Esq

III, 75.6. *To* HENRY TRIMMER,[†1] 21 FEBRUARY [1842]*

MS[†2] Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* clearly 1842.

Carlton House Feby 21st.

Sir.

I am obliged to you for your letter. I regret to say that the whole of my time is so incessantly engaged, and the period of my departure is so near at hand, that I cannot see you now. But when I return here I shall be very glad to give you the opportunity you seek.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Henry Trimmer.

III, 99.13. *To* ASBURY DICKENS,[†1] 6 MARCH 1842*

Replaces catalogue mention.

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

United States Hotel, Philadelphia | 6th March 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I have promised and vowed to some friends in New York, that I will stay at Fuller's Hotel in Washington. I purpose being there on Wednesday[†2] Evening next. If you will do me the favor to bespeak a comfortable sitting room and bedroom for myself and Mrs. Dickens—and also for her maid, and my secretary—in that establishment, you will very greatly oblige me. I shall remain in Washington, a week.[†3]

We hold ourselves engaged to you for Thursday Evening.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Asbury Dickins[†4] Esquire

III, 128.20. *To* JOHN BARNEY,[†1] 14 MARCH [1842]†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS David J. Holmes, Autographs.

Fullers Hotel March 14th.

Dear Sir

I shall probably be in Baltimore on Monday night, and I shall remain there two days.

I shall devote an hour of each day to receiving any friends who may do me the favor to call, but I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of making any other engagements either public or private my time in your City being already fully engaged.[†2]

Thanking you for your kind note.

I am, Dear Sir | [†a]Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

John Barney Esq.[†3]

III, 137.7. *To* W. C. RIVES,[†1] 16 MARCH 1842*

MS Library of Congress.

Washington. | Sixteenth March 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your great kindness in preparing and bringing me the letters for Richmond—and for all your courtesy and attention. I very much regret that I did not see you, to shake hands and say "good b'ye"—

Always My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Honorable William C. Rives.

III, 137.8. *To* MRS RIVES,[†1] 16 MARCH 1842*

MS Library of Congress.

Washington | Sixteenth March 1842.

My Dear Madam.

Let me thank you with all my heart for your kind note, and for your book.[†2] I shall read it on my travels—with pleasure, I am *sure,* for its association with you would be certain to awaken that feeling, whatever were its merits. But Washington Irving[†3] is no despicable judge—there are few better—and I am prepared, for its own sake, to have great delight and interest in its pages.

In the confidence that I shall not be disappointed—and with the assurance of my earnest and true regard, I am always

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Rives.

III, 189.25. *To* DR S. G. HOWE,[†1] 4 APRIL 1842

MS Perkins Institution.

Cincinnati. Ohio. | Monday Fourth of April 1842.

My Dear Sir.

I am *glad* to have a legitimate excuse for writing to you. You were not at the Blind Institution when I had the happiness of visiting it. As I never was more truly and deeply affected in my life than on that occasion (except when I read your account of Laura Bridgman,[†2] a day or two previous) I never more sincerely regretted the not seeing any man than I did the not seeing you. I am one of God's creatures who to the best of his capacity and ability, loves the rest:—accept the thanks I offer you, in the name of humanity, for the light you have shed on that dark world by which you are surrounded, and in which you labour—to your everlasting honor.

My friend Doctor Elliotson of London has just written me a letter, from which I extract the passage which is the occasion of my troubling you:—

"I beg my best respects to Dr. Howe, and hope for the report of 1842; and am very anxious to know the character of Laura's dreams,[†3] as she has never seen, heard, or smelt. I

should esteem it a great favor if Dr. Howe would inform me of all his mesmeric doings and results[†4] with her and others, blind from birth."

I purpose sailing from New York on the seventh of June, and expect to be at the Carlton House, from the first. If you can charge me, between those days, with any communication for Doctor Elliotson, I shall be proud to bear it Home.

I have written to him, and told him that I have addressed you to this effect.

With no common sentiments of regard

I am | My Dear Sir | Faithfully and gratefully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Doctor Howe.

III, 204.9. *To* THE EARL OF MULGRAVE,[†1] [?APRIL 1842]

Mention in Mulgrave *to* Lady Normanby, Montreal 22 April (MS Marquis of Normanby). *Date:* presumably shortly before Mulgrave's letter to his mother.

Concerning his coming visit to Montreal.[†2]

III, 221.1. *To* ASBURY DICKENS, 30 APRIL 1842†

Replaces entry.

MS Claremont College Libraries.

Niagara Falls. | Thirtieth April 1842.

My Dear Sir.

You will be glad to hear that we have reached this wonderful place in safety; and that we are in perfect health and spirits—off those Western Waters which you hold in so much dread—and looking joyfully towards Home, whence we have had none but pleasant and most cheerful news.

We often speak of you, and your kindness in Washington. I say that you can't be a relation, however distant. If you were, we never could have been, instinctively, on such good terms.

Mrs. Dick*e*ns[†1] unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Dick*i*ns,[†1] and all your family. I shall not fail to report our safe arrival at home; and there—or here—or anywhere—I am always

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

Asbury Dickins Esquire

III, 225.4. *To* [J. S.] WADSWORTH,[†1] 30 APRIL 1842*

Facsimile ([aa]) of first page and extracts in John Wilson catalogue No. 48 (1981); *MS* 2 pp.

[a]Niagara Falls. | Thirtieth April 1842.

My Dear Sir.

Mrs. Dickens and myself arrived here from our long Western journey, on the Twenty Sixth. We go forward into Canada, on Tuesday morning next.

Our time has melted away so rapidly, and we have now so little left, that we are fain to deny ourselves the pleasure of coming to see you, in accordance with your kind and hospitable Invitation. I have put off writing to you to say thus much until now, in the hope that by some chance or other (it would be hard to say what) we might be able to come to you, even if only for a day. But our

Canadian Engagements, coupled with our brief leisure, render this impossible. We can therefore only send[a] *regrets.* ... Mrs Dickens begs her best regards to yourself, and her best love to your daughter. I crave leave to add something as nearly akin to the latter message as a sober married gentleman may

[a] ——. Wadsworth Esquire[a]

III, 255.8. *To* MRS BURNETT, 4 JULY 1842*

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1]

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth July 1842

My Dear Fanny

As you may suppose we were *rather* anxious to see the children, and flew through Liverpool on the wings of the [?wind][†2] without carrying along with us a single Box or parcel. I was very sorry to hear across the water of Burnett's illness. I hope you have not pitched your Tent near any drain or stagnant water.

We found the Darlings all well, but joy and surprise had such an effect on Charley that he went into convulsions which rendered it necessary for me to summon Morgan[†3] and (in the middle of the night) Elliotson. They considered him in danger but thank God he recovered and is now quite himself except that he is thinner & paler.

Kate sends her best Love and believe me in haste

Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

III, 269.16. *To* T. J. THOMPSON, 13 JULY 1842*

Replaces entry.

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirteenth July 1842

My Dear Thompson

I heard a gentleman (in the lower and more active department of the coal trade) say, yesterday, in the Strand, to another gentleman, that he was "an incoherent bugger."—Without applying that expression to you; will you permit

me to enquire whether you dine with me on Saturday at 6, or whether you do not?

Faithfully Always

CHARLES DICKENS T. J. Thompson Esquire.

III, 303.10. *To* CHARLES B. GREATREX,†1 3 AUGUST 1842

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1980; *MS* 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 3 Aug 42; addressed Charles B. Greatrex, Jr.

Your book,†2 and its accompanying jeu d'esprit,†3 have been forwarded to me here. I am exceedingly obliged for your pleasant recollection of me.

III, 310.23. *To* THOMAS MITTON, 28 AUGUST 1842

Summary in American Book Prices Current, 1976. *MS* 1 p.; dated 28 Aug 42; addressed Thomas Mitton.

Agreeing to dine with him for business purposes.

III, 358.10. *To* JOHN DICKENS,†1 3 NOVEMBER 1842*

Facsimile in John Wilson catalogue, No. 52.

Castle,†2 Taunton | Thursday Evening November Third 1842

My dear Father.

I write a hasty line from this place to say that coming from Okehampton this morning (having left Tintagel yesterday), we did not pass Alphington, but went straight, by some road I don't know, to the New London,†3 where we changed and immediately came on here lest we should be too late for the Train. This is the reason why I did not see you, as I had hoped to do.

We have had a very charming excursion, among much bold and splendid scenery†4—one break-down on a Cornish road, but nobody hurt.

Stanfield, Maclise, and Forster unite in best regards, and I am always, with love to Augustus[†5]

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Dickens Esquire.

III, 362.9. *To* HENRY AUSTIN, [8 NOVEMBER 1842]

Envelope in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1978. *Address:* Henry Austin Esquire | 87 Hatton Garden | PM 8 Nov 42.

III, 375.20. *To* EDWARD MOXON, 17 NOVEMBER 1842

Replaces shorter catalogue extract.

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Nov 1889; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 17 Nov 42; addressed Edward Moxon.

I will not apologize to you for troubling you with the enclosed, for I am only executing an American Commission which I am bound to discharge, when I ask you if you are disposed to republish them in a cheap form here?[†1] Pray write me such a reply as I can send to the author of the volumes, and so get absolution for my conscience in this matter.

III, 379.1. *To* HENRY BURNETT, 25 NOVEMBER 1842*

Replaces mention.

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1]

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fifth Nov 1842

My dear Burnett

I did not write to you on the subject of the Bill simply because there was nothing to be said or done in relation to it. It came here & I was forced to pay it. The receipt of your letter the day before yesterday informing me that you had paid the amount into Mastermans[†2] gave me an amount of pleasure which very few such communications could have awakened within me & which I have seldom if ever had occasion to feel in any money transaction. Not because of the money itself (though in the midst of the numerous claims upon my purse I cannot affect an indifference to it) but because it restored & confirmed that confidence in yourself and Fanny which I have always felt your Industry and Perseverance deserved & which I would not have had destroyed for ten times the sum.

Kate joins in cordial Love to yourself & her & the Children (whom I have a dreamy kind of Idea of coming to see before long) & I AM

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

III, 422.26. *To* THOMAS MITTON, 15 JANUARY 1843*

MS Mr Bronson Pinchot.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Night | Fifteenth Jany. 1843

My Dear Mitton

As I am in the very height and transport of my No[†1] I am afraid to investigate the subject of the enclosed just now, or to ask what has become of the Quarter's money. I have told him, in reply, to come to you. Will you do, whatever must be done?

I want you to come and dine with me at Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead next Friday, when I hope to have the No in my pocket. Can you? Let me know. If you can, I will come to Southampton Buildings at halfpast two, to speak of business matters; and we will start in the carriage at 3.

I will ask Henry Austin when I receive your answer. Nobody else.

You will see by father's letter that I have given him leave to try Frederick for Three Months.[†2] I will tell you why, when I see you.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

III, 435.

n. 5 *replace with* De Gex was elected to the Athenaeum on 6 Feb; CD signed the supporters' sheet.

III, 446.10. *To* EDWARD BLACKMORE,[†1] 27 FEBRUARY 1843*

MS Charles W. Traylen.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh February 1843

Mr Blackmore.

If you will draw upon me at Two Months from the First of March for the amount of your account, I shall be glad to give you my acceptance.[†2]

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

III, 468.15.

After Literary Fund. *add* Envelope, MS Private. *Address:* Octavian Blewitt Esquire | Literary Fund Society | 73 Great Russell Street. PM 6 Apr 43.

III, 491.21

after Ziegler. *add* Envelope, MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Longman Esquire | Paternoster Row. *Date:* Handwriting suggests envelope belongs to the letter CD wrote to Longman on 17 May 43. Not sent through the post.

III, 496.1. *To* MRS BURNETT, 24 MAY [1843]*

MS Copy at Dickens House.†1 *Date:* Copy has 1847, obviously in error.

My dear Fanny

I am very glad to have heard from you & still more glad to have received so good an account of all your House to whom our united best remembrances.

I have repeatedly promised and vowed—threatened sworn & solemnly protested—that I would come down and see my Godson & the "Tinkling Blackman".†2 Now that I have left off doing so I begin to think I shall be really able to come. So if I do come, bear it with fortitude.

You shall have the Examiner†3 henceforth by every Monday Mornings Post. I wish I had known before that you would have liked to receive it. Chapman & Hall have the Order you wish. They spoke to me about it when the work began†4 but I told them they had best wait until I heard from you.†5

Everything here go[es] on as usual. Setting aside those improvements and arrangements for which the humble Individual who has now the honor to address you was anciently famous—no Room in the House is altered in the least I think. Maclise and Forster come & go as of yore. The former was expressing his opinion the other night at Supper that the crumb of quartern Loaves is rejected even by Orphans. Forster is more silent than in the old Days & his Nose is higher. Topping waxes in Years and redness & knows Town rather less than he used to. His wife is dirtier & more down at Heel. They have 3 children. Timber you don't know. He is a little Dog covered all over face & all with curly white Hair I brought from America & have taught him all manner of tricks.†6 He was stolen not long ago from the kitchen. I cut off the area steps the Day after. He was brought back by Topping & a Policeman—70 years old Six feet four inches high & with enormous whiskers whom Topping introduced with these words—"Me and this Young Man Sir—We've got Him."

Kate sends her best love in which Georgina unites and I am always my dear Fanny

Your Affectionate Brother

CHARLES DICKENS

Tell Burnett to try the effect of a pint of cold water spring water every night before going to Bed and every morning before shaving. I never miss it & am quite serious when I say with Elliotson that I believe it to be the finest Medicine in the World. Feverishness is a word I have lost all use for.

III, 500.18. *To* ROBERT HUGHMAN,[†1] 2 JUNE 1843

Extract in Christie's catalogue, April 1981; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 2 June 43; addressed Robert Hughman.

I am much gratified by, and am much indebted to you for the Dedication of your Poem;[†2] which I am going to read, luxuriously, this afternoon.

III, 501.9. *To* EDWIN CHADWICK, [?4 JUNE 1843]

Mention in *To* Howe, 5 June 43.

III, 501.10. *To* DR S. G. HOWE, 5 JUNE 1843

MS Perkins Institution.

Monday Morning | June Fifth 1843.

My Dear Howe.[†1]

I have always been so strongly opposed to our Poor Law, that I think it highly probable *my* introduction of you to this workhouse might not be an agreeable one. I presume I am entitled to commend it to your notice, but I really am not sure, even of that; and I am unwilling to argue the point with inferior functionaries.

But I have written to Chadwick, who is the head and front of this matter in England and with whom my differences of opinion are no cause of division between us, as he has done, unquestionably, much good for the people.[†2] I have begged him to send me such Powers as may be necessary for your object; and I will hand the same to you when we meet, for Tower purposes,[†3] tomorrow.

With best Regards | Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

III, 512.3. *To* CHARLES MANBY, 13 JUNE [1843][†1]

Mention in Chas J. Sawyer Ltd catalogue No. 129 (1936); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 June [43]; addressed Charles Manby. *Date:* misdated 1847 in catalogue (CD's "3"s and "7"s are often confused); CD was living at 1 Chester Place on 13 June 1847.

III, 514.32. *To* [W].P. FRITH, 21 JUNE 1843

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Sep 1984; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 21 June 43; addressed [H]. P. Frith.

Making arrangements to call at your painting room *to see* my little pictures.[†1]

III, 520.1. *To* MADAME SALA,[†1] 6 JULY 1843

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1914; *MS* 3 pp.; dated Broadstairs, 6 July 43; addressed Madame Sala.[†2]

I fear a letter of introduction to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans would be of no service to you, as they scarcely publish at all except for myself, unless it be for the writers in periodicals of their own proprietorship, etc.

III, 526.1. *To* ROBERT BROWNING,[†1] 24 JULY 1843*

MS Boston University.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth July 1843.

My Dear Browning

Forster did not know that I was going out tomorrow morning, to sit (oh woe is me!) to Miss Gillies.[†2] Will you tell your German friend[†3] that I will make a point of being at home on Wednesday at one; and that I shall be happy to see him?

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

III, 527.1. *To* BENJAMIN LUMLEY,[†1] 25 JULY 1843*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* B. Lumley Esquire | Her Majesty's Theatre.

Devonshire Terrace. | York Gate Regents Park.
Tuesday Evening 25th. July 1843.

Sir.

As chairman of the committee for arranging a benefit at one of the National Theatres, in behalf of the children of the late Mr. Elton,[†2] I am directed to beg that you will do that body of gentlemen the favor of returning an early reply to a letter addressed to you by Mr. Macready,[†3] and left for your perusal by two members of the committee, this day.

The committee are sure that as a private individual you cannot but feel for the great misery of this unfortunate family; and they are equally certain that, being the manager of a large and important establishment, you will feel, with them, the necessity of their proceeding in their object without a moment's delay.

They therefore do not apologize for this intrusion.

Permit me to add that I shall be personally obliged by as prompt an attention to this, as is consistent with your convenience. And that I am

Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

B. Lumley Esquire

III, 534.19. *To* A. W. FRANKS,[†1] [?SUMMER 1843]

MS (envelope only) Mrs M. B. Marshall. *Address:* A. W. Franks Esquire | Eton College | Berks. *Date:* Handwriting suggests 1843, the year in which Franks left Eton, probably at the end of the Summer Half.

III, 535.33. *To* THOMAS BEARD,[†1] [6 AUGUST 1843]

Envelope in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1978. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road. PM 6 Aug 43.

III, 537.13. *To* MISS JULIA FORTESCUE,[†1] [?6 AUGUST 1843]

Mention in Julia Fortescue *to* Lord Gardner (MS Lady Iveagh), dated "Thursday". *Date:* probably 6 Aug when *The Rivals* was withdrawn (see below).[†2]

Condoling with her on her illness.[†3]

III, 540.1. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 13 AUGUST 1843†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Private.

Broadstairs | Thirteenth August 1843

I come up to town tomorrow for one night, and dine with Mr. Forster at 5. If you can send a proof of the accompanying MS[†1] there, by that time, I should like to have it.—But don't put yourselves out of the way.

Faithfully Always
CD.

Messrs Bradbury and Evans.
Punch is better than ever.[†1]

III, 555.33. *To* MRS BURNETT, 6 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS Copy at Dickens House.[†1]

Broadstairs | Sixth Sept 1843

My dear Fanny

I dare say you know by this time that I have consented to be victimised on the Altars of the Manchester Athenaeum.[†2] You will have a notion from [what][†3] you see on that occasion of the extent & nature of my Public Sufferings.

I was dining with Mitton the other day when greatly to my amazement & slightly to my dumbfounderment he offered to accompany me! having it seems a curiosity to hear me speak. I had not the Heart to throw any obstacle in the way as he does not often see me & so it stands.

I suppose you can take him under your wing on the great Evening. The body of the place is big enough for his accommodation but the Idea of that swelling Form upon a stage (is there a stage?) disconcerts me, especially as my friend from London would be considered as a matter of course to be some distinguished character. I shall be glad to hear your sentiments.[†4]

It has just come to my knowledge that certain newspapers on the other side of the water have been speaking of the overwhelming reception given to Dickens on his visit to America and the quiet and almost friendly acceptance by the Americans of some of his strong assertions after his return home and since then of his setting them up as a Target for his projectiles—that the time has arrived for them to be angry—that if some things lately written he intended for the Americans—which he did—they would never let him open his Lips in America [ ][†5] after Chuzzlewit.

We are all well and all unite in love to yourself Burnett and the Babies. We are quite rejoiced to hear that Harry is doing well & I am strongly disposed to

think that you will find his progress in learning something extraordinary in such circumstances.[†6]

Timber desires his duty—he is the wonder of the coast.

Your affectionate Brother
CHARLES DICKENS

III, 560.17. *To* JOHN OVERS, 12 SEPTEMBER 1843*

MS G. A. Yablon.

Broadstairs, | Kent | 12th September 1843

Dear Mr. Overs

There is no doubt that you are quite right in reference to Mr. Young;[†1] whose conduct is unquestionably kind, and looks honest. I really *do* hope that if you are not too soon discouraged, and have reasonable health, you will get on well and happily.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

III, 577.6. *To* MRS BURNETT, [7 OCTOBER 1843]*

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1] *Date:* dated by his return to London; Saturday was 7 Oct.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Afternoon

My dear Fanny

I reached Town quite safely a little after 5 this morning. The time passed very quickly and of course Mitton who never sleeps in a carriage was snoring two thirds of the way.

The effect of his countenance as it appeared in his sleep—his Mouth open & a very dirty pocket handkerchief tied round his Head was awful in the extreme.

It was rather a tremendous circumstance I think that reaching across the Table for the Sugar Bason at Birmingham I should have it handed me by—*John Eustace Giles*!!!!![†2] but I heard he was on his way to some Missionary Meeting at Portsmouth. There was some thing so very ridiculous in his turning up again that I laughed all the way to London.

The Door was on the Latch & I got in directly. Kate is better[†3] and sends her best Love. She is very much affected at not having been with me. The children are all well.

Give my Love to Charley who is a capital Fellow. I must send him a token of

my Godfathership. Remember me cordially to Burnett. I shall be glad to hear that the Athenaeum proceedings gave general satisfaction.

In great haste, or I lose the Post

Always My dear Fanny | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Burnett

I feel that I am very fond of Miss Ashton.[†4] Mitton is of opinion "that she ain't so bad."

III, 580.

n. 3 *delete after* 6 Oct *adding* CD reached London at 5 a.m. on 7 Oct having evidently travelled on the night mail from Liverpool (see *To* Mrs Burnett, 7 Oct 43, and *n,* above).

III, 585.9. *To* GEORGE LOVEJOY,[†1] 24 OCTOBER 1843

Replaces catalogue extract (Vol. III, p. 577).

MS Mr Michael Silverman.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fourth October 1843

My Dear Sir

Pray do me the favor to assure the committee of your Literary and Scientific Institution, that I am much gratified by their kind remembrances; and that it is not a little matter which should prevent me from accepting their Invitation for the Twenty Fourth.[†2] I regret to add, however, that urgent engagements render it quite out of my power to attend.

I am not the less obliged to the committee and yourself; and with every cordial wish for the success of your new building, and with much pleasure in knowing that my friend Mr. Serjeant Talfourd will be present at its christening, the representative of Literature and champion of its rights; I am Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

III, 597.18.

replace headnote with MS National Library of Scotland. *Address:* Favored by Miss Helen Faucit. | Sir William Allan | 72 Great King Street | Edinburgh.

[III,]598.4.

for "say fond" *read* "very fond"

[III, 598.]8.

add Sir William Allan.
delete n. 2.

III, 600.11. *To* [?JOHN FORSTER], [?17 NOVEMBER 1843]

Undated fragment, almost certainly to Forster, may belong to this letter.

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1978. *Date:* Handwriting supports 1840s.

Since writing this *has thought that an* application on behalf of an officer in the Navy might be injurious. I mean to go careering out for a stiff walk.[†1]

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

III, 600.16. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 17 NOVEMBER 1843

Mention in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, July 1878; *MS* 1 p.; dated 17 Nov 43.

III, 607.6. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 8 DECEMBER 184[1-3]

MS Mr Jeffrey C. Smith. *Date:* "184" is legible, final figure blurred; handwriting suggests 1840-3.

Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park | 8 December 184[1-3]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

With Compliments[†1]

III, 616.8. *To* EDWIN CHADWICK, [28 DECEMBER 1843]

Envelope only mentioned in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1976; postmarked 28 Dec 43; addressed Edwin Chadwick Esquire | Office of the Poor Law Commission.

IV, 13.

n. 5 *add* On Friday, 5 Jan, all those present wrote their signatures (Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979); CD's was at the head as "Charles Dickens | Fifth January 1844", and the others were W. Harrison Ainsworth, John Forster, Daniel Maclise, Laman Blanchard, George Raymond, W. Francis Ainsworth.

IV, 28.16.

after 23 Jan 44. *add* Additional extracts from unidentified catalogue cutting in Dickens House

[IV, 28.]17-18.

Replace summary with I was going to send the enclosed to you down at Malvern, in a violent hurry, by what is called "a private hand". But the private hand scratched its private head so long, in a state of uncertainty that here you are back again, as I hear, before it has moved ten yards towards Wiltshire.

[IV, 28.]21.

after my back besides ... *insert* is there any reason aquatic, rheumatic or otherwise against your coming to dine with me.

IV, 30.22.

replace headnote with MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address* (envelope, MS Mr Frederick Koch): Theodore Compton Esquire | The Temperance Society | 30 Moorgate Street.

[IV,]31.2.

for restraining *read* reclaiming

[IV, 31.]7-8.

for total abstainment *read* totally abstinent

IV, 39.25.

for SAMUEL *read* JAMES

n. 5 *for* Samuel *read* James

IV, 42.10.

after 11 Feb *add* [1a]

[IV, 42.]16.

after disappointment *add* [2a]

insert [1a] His proofs of the 1st edn (II, 63) have a marginal pencil note, not in his hand (probably his secretary's) correcting the date to 11 Feb.

insert [2a] The same hand brackets this sentence and writes "13 Feby" in the margin, obviously using the evidence of the original letter, which has not survived.

IV, 43.26.

after Athenaeum *add* [6]

insert [6] CD had signed supporters' sheets for two candidates, the Rev. Thomas Storks, MA (son of Serjeant Storks who had supported his own candidacy in 1838: see Vol. I, p. 416 & *n*) and Robert Hutton, MA, FGS (perhaps one of the family of William and Catherine Hutton: see Vol. II, p. 260*n*). Both were elected.

IV, 66.14. *To* EDMUND FRY,[†1] 7 MARCH 1844*

Text from transcript by Walter Dexter in Dickens House.

London 1, Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Seventh March 1844

Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for your courteous letter and for the opportunity of perusing the enclosed; which has afforded me extreme amusement. I should greatly like to be acquainted with the Writer. As a Public Speaker he must be invaluable.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Fry Esqre.

IV, 90.1. *To* THOMAS MITTON, 30 MARCH 1844*

MS Mr Colin Taylor Benson.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thirtieth March 1844.

My Dear Mitton

I really have a doubt now, whether it might not be well to go down again.[†1] I

think that note of Alfred Smithson's[†2] would render it a graceful act. It would be impossible to write at this time, quite.

Perhaps you will come up, in the course of the Morning. I send you a note just now received by Kate.

Faithfully Always
C DICKENS[†3]
Thomas Mitton Esquire

IV, 95.5. *To* [I. J.] RICH,[†1] 3 APRIL 1844*

MS Mr A. Burton-Garbitt.

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Third April | 1844.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Rich, and begs to apologize for having, in the pressure of his own engagements, omitted to attend to Mr. Rich's note until now.

The enclosed are the only things Mr. Dickens has on hand, addressed to Professor Longfellow.[†2] Perhaps Mr. Rich will still be so kind as to take charge of them, until an opportunity presents itself to Mr. R. for sending them over.

IV, 114.3. *To* DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 26 APRIL 1844

Extract in Surrey Bookshop catalogue, n.d.; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 26 Apr 44; addressed Dr Southwood Smith.

I am going as far as Lincoln's Inn, but shall be at home, I do not doubt, by 5, and do not go out to Dinner until 7.

IV, 116.1. *To* J. P. HARLEY, 30 APRIL 1844

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1986; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 30 Apr 44.

About the forthcoming Sanatorium dinner at the London Tavern; asking Harley to be a steward, and telling him that ladies will dine with them. It is expected to be very brilliant and cheerful.

IV, 147.10. *To* [CAPTAIN DI VILLA],[†1] 11 JUNE 1844†

Replaces entry.

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

9 Osnaburgh Terrace. | Tuesday Night Eleventh June | 1844

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to say, that I cannot comply with your request, in the matter of the Novel and Mr. Newby.[†2] You may recollect my telling you that I had the strongest objection to communicating even with my own Publishers, on such a subject. But I have an objection to communicating with anyone else, which is quite insurmountable.

Even if I had read the book, or had time to read it in Manuscript, my feeling on this point would be equally strong and decided;—I see so many reasons for laying down to myself the principle of never expressing an opinion in such a case, that I cannot possibly depart from it. Mr. Newby is perfectly able to judge of the book and the probability of its success in a business point of view, for himself. I must positively decline having any share in the negociation.

For your kindness in reference to the letters of introduction,[†3] I am much indebted to you. I am going to Bath[†4] almost immediately, but will call on you on Saturday at about half past one; taking the chance of finding you at home, and having an opportunity of thanking you in person.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

IV, 171.6. *To* PIERRE-EDOUARD ALLETZ,[†1] 9 AUGUST 1844†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Case Western Reserve University.

Albaro | Friday Morning | August Ninth 1844

My Dear Sir.

I shall be truly happy in meeting a writer of such distinguished and eminent genius as M. Lamartine—though it be for only a few moments, and under the unfavorable circumstance of my not being able to speak his language with any degree of correctness or fluency. But I hold myself

more than repaid in being able to read it well, since that accomplishment is a source of great delight to me and inspires me with an interest in M. Lamartine which nothing but himself, in his own beautiful productions, could have awakened.

I thank you very much for your kind and friendly note; and with compliments to your Lady and family, am My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

M. Alletz.

IV, 174.5. *To* THE MARCHESE DI NEGRO,[†1] 10 AUGUST 1844*

MS Biblioteca Civica Berio, Genoa.

Albaro | Villa Bagnerello | Tenth August 1844.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Marquess Negri;[†2] and in forwarding the enclosed letter of introduction from a mutual friend,[†3] begs to assure the Marquess Negri that he would not have lost a moment after his arrival in Genoa, in doing himself the honor of cultivating an acquaintance so much sought and so highly valued by his countrymen, but that he unfortunately mislaid this letter among some other papers, and found it only yesterday. He trusts the Marquess Negri will therefore excuse his delay in forwarding it.

IV, 179.25. *To* JOHN OVERS, [MID-AUGUST] 1844

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1899; addressed John Overs. *Date:* probably soon after CD heard of a 2nd edn of Overs's *Evenings of a Working Man* published on 27 July.

My Dear Overs ... I should have been better pleased to hear of Mr. Newby's having redeemed his pledge of paying you more money if the book succeeded—on the strength of which I wrote him a handsome note:[†1] desiring to make him your honest friend, if it were not wild insanity to entertain such a hope of a bookseller. I say I should be better pleased by his doing that, than by his heading a subscription for you;[†2] as I cannot but love justice before generosity. But this between ourselves. He may practice both virtues, perhaps.

IV, 235.22. *To* MRS HENRY BURNETT, [6 DECEMBER 1844]*

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1] *Date:* the only Friday during CD's London visit was 6 Dec.

Piazza Coffee House Covent Garden | Friday Morning

My Dear Fanny

I am terribly beset as you may suppose & have so much to do that I hardly know where to turn.

I leave London & England again on Sunday night. Your Friends delivered their Letter which by the way being consigned to 3 Ladies[†2] should have been addressed I think to Kate. We happened to have rather a small Dinner Party in hand which happened very well as we invited the "ould" Lady to Dinner and her Daughters in the Evening. We had Music Forfeits and divers other Entertainments and I believed they enjoyed themselves very much. The Young Ladies are exceedingly agreeable and pleasant. I saw them in the Street next Morning on their way Southward & pulled off my Hat with continental grace.

I have written a decided Staggerer of a Book for Christmas. It has made a most extraordinary effect upon a very difficult audience to whom I have read it here.[†3] The Printers have laughed and cried over it strangely and great expectations and predictions are entertained concerning it. It made a great impression on me in the writing. It will be published on Monday the 14th,[†4] and I have given directions for your receiving it through the Manchester Bookseller as usual. When you come toward the end of the 3rd part you had better send upstairs for a clean Pocket Handkerchief.

Let me know at Genoa that you received it duly.

Kate and the Children are all well. By my arrangements for leaving England, callers out of number & my necessary work I have been almost driven wild. But I am perfectly well and have so enlarged upon the cold water (tell Burnett) that I now take a Frosty Shower Bath every morning the moment I am out of Bed.

I am sincerely glad to hear that Harry is so much better poor little Fellow and I hope my Godson is as thriving as when I had the pleasure of a personal Interview with him which I hope to have again when we return for good at Midsummer.

Remember me to Burnett and believe me always

Your affectionate Brother
CHARLES DICKENS

Chickenstalker (our youngest Gent)[†5] is a tremendous success. Blooming and facetious beyond precedent with a touch of absurdity about him which I cultivate with great diligence.

IV, 247.17. *To* THE MARCHESE DI NEGRO, 14 JANUARY 1845*

MS Biblioteca Civica Berio, Genoa.

Peschiere | Tuesday January Fourteenth | 1845.

My Dear Marquess.

How can I thank you sufficiently, for the Beautiful Sonnet with which you have honored me; and of which I must ever entertain the proudest and most grateful recollection![†1]

I have delayed acknowledging its receipt, because I was possessed with the idea of turning it into English Verse, and shewing it to you in that form.[†2] But I have not indulged this fancy, after all, for two reasons. The first is, that I should vainly try to preserve the Spirit and ease of your composition through such a process. The Second, that you who can so freshly render our English Poets into your own Beautiful Language, would be too good a Judge of the weakness of such an effort.

So I will turn the Sonnet into no Language but the Language of the Heart.[†3] And in that tongue—you speak and write it, also, to perfection—I thank you truly.

Ever Believe me | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Le Marquis Di Negro.

IV, 272.10. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?23 FEBRUARY 1845]

Extract from Goodspeeds Book Shop catalogue No. 174. *Date:* see *To* de la Rue, Vol. IV, p. 274 and *n.*

But I regret to say that I leave Naples very early on Tuesday next and shall be on my way to Rome by seven or eight o'clock in the morning.

IV, 320.5. *To* THE MARCHESE DI NEGRO, 8 JUNE 1845*

MS Biblioteca Civica Berio, Genoa.

Peschiere | Eighth June 1845

My Dear Marquis

Allow me to present to you Mr. Batson;[†1] an English gentleman and a pupil of our famous architect Mr. Barry;[†2] who is making some able studies of Italian architecture.

I will not apologize to you for taking this liberty: well knowing that nothing which is connected with Literature or the Arts, is indifferent to you. Indeed I only feel in writing this note, that it is quite superfluous, as Mr. Batson could require or have no better presentation to you than his own pursuits and accomplishments.

I have the honor to be | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

M. Le Marquis Di Negro.

IV, 326.15. *To* DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, [5 JULY 1845]

Envelope only, MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* Dr. Southwood Smith | Finsbury Square. PM 5 July 45.

IV, 330.19. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [EARLY JULY 1845]

Extract in Charles de F. Burns catalogue [before Jan 1880]; *MS* 1 p. *Date:* shortly after his return from Italy (see *To* Whitehead, 9 July 45).

I perfectly agree with you on the proposed Institution—I am but just returned from Italy.

IV, 348.6. *To* GEORGE HODDER, 7 AUGUST 1845

Mention in *American Book Prices Current,* 1976; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 7 Aug 45; addressed George Hodder.

Sending him thanks for a book.[†1]

IV, 363.12. *To* RICHARD JOHNS,[†1] 22 AUGUST 1845*

MS Professor J. D. Swales.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Second August | 1845.

My Dear Johns.

Here is the Enemy's Capitulation. I have written the blandest and freest acknowledgement thereof, and have said that if he will give you my original letter to bring to me, I will alter it.

Before 12, if you can! Don't lose your taste for the Hundred Pounds my dear Johns, because that sort of meat has always a good flavor when honorably got.[†2]

Ever Yours | The Indignant One
Captain Johns

IV, 369.25. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 3 SEPTEMBER 1845

Extracts in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 4 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 3 Sep 45; addressed George Cattermole.

Expressing his disappointment in receiving too late Cattermole's acceptance of a part in the play[†1] I would have given almost anything to have had you in the Scheme. But Courage! We will have another play, please Heaven, and you shall choose your own part. *He invites Cattermole and his wife to dinner.* I write to you in an overflowing spirit. I have been bottled up so long, that I bless this Play for serving as a corkscrew. I have often thought, with sincere pain, that Life is

not long enough for any separation between such friends as we have been and should be.

IV, 370.14. *To* WILLIAM HAZLITT,[†1] 4 SEPTEMBER 1845†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace. | Fourth September 1845. | Thursday

Dear Hazlitt.

I have given our young friend, a note to Beard: which I will back by the strongest personal recommendation. I have no doubt he will do all he possibly can.

It is very kind of you to interest yourself so actively in the matter. Pray command my services, without the least ceremony, whenever I can assist you in your good object.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hazlitt Esquire.

IV, 372.8. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 8 SEPTEMBER [1845]

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 8 Sep; addressed George Cattermole. *Date:* clearly 1845: see *To* Cattermole, 3 Sep.

Cattermole should not come to watch a rehearsal, but wait till the performance. CD cannot yet fix a date to meet him as he may have to go to Broadstairs to see family.

IV, 373.10.

after MS Berg Collection. *add* Envelope in Sotheby's sale May 1986; addressed Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho. PM 9 Sep 45.

IV, 384.7. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 19 SEPTEMBER 1845

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 Sep 45; addressed George Cattermole.

Inviting Cattermole and his wife to the performance and the actors' party afterwards.[†1] *Wishes Cattermole were playing Downright.*

IV, 384.

n. 2 *for* Sydney Williams *read* Edmund Sydney Williams *replace final sentence with* Son of Thomas Sydney Williams who, with his wife, translated books from the German.

IV, 393.11. *To* THOMAS CROOK,[†1] 30 SEPTEMBER 1845

Summary in Christie's catalogue, 8 Mar 1978; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 30 Sep 45; addressed Thomas A. Crook Esq.

Regretting that he is unable to visit the Rochdale Athenaeum[†2] *on his way home from Manchester.*

IV, 402.6. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†1] 7 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Churchill College, Cambridge.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh October 1845

My Dear Sir

I have undertaken to ask you—in the full assurance that I may venture to do so, without the least hazard of being misunderstood—if you will allow Mrs. Hood to publish the Dream of Eugene Aram, in a projected Edition of Hood's Poetical Works in two Volumes.

In case you should desire to qualify your assent with any stipulations, it is scarcely necessary for me, I hope, to add that I will impress them upon her with the greatest care, and will do my utmost towards their strict observance.[†2]

IV, 412.7. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 OCTOBER 1845

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue (1987); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 20 Oct 45.

Sending compliments and best wishes for Miss Congreve's[†1] success.

IV, 419.10. *To* MR KNOTT,[†1] 28 OCTOBER 1845

Mention in *American Book Prices Current,* 1975; *MS* 1 p.; dated 28 Oct 45; addressed Mr Knott (see below).

Saying that he has no autograph of Eugène Sue[†2] *in his possession.*

IV, 419.11. *To* MR STACEY,[†1] [?LATE OCTOBER 1845]

Extract in Jolly & Sons catalogue, 7 Mar 1969; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; addressed Mr Stacey. *Date:* clearly related to *To* Mr Knott, 28 Oct 45.

Saying that he has not an autograph of M. Sue's in his possession.

IV, 437.1. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 18 NOVEMBER [1845]

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue July 1983; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 18 Nov; addressed George Cattermole. *Date:* 1845, since related to letters of Sep.

Arranging a dinner with Cattermole, Forster and Maclise.

IV, 440.5. *To* MRS TALFOURD, 25 NOVEMBER 1845*

Replaces entry.

MS Signore Francesco Pertile.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Twenty Fifth November | 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Talfourd

Pray excuse this tardy and informal answer to your card; and believe that I shall be delighted to dine with you on Saturday.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

IV, 442.21. *To* GEORGE HOGARTH,[†1] 30 NOVEMBER 1845*

MS Henry Sotheran Ltd. *Address:* George Hogarth Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth November[†2] 1845

My Dear Hogarth.

It's almost an affront to ask you to take care of these Proofs,[†3] and give them no chance of falling into strange hands. But I can't help saying so much.

They are corrected verbally, but are not punctuated. Cut 'em up,[†4] or do anything you like with them to make them the more pleasantly readable; and when you have done with them, let me have them again.

Always affecy.
CD

IV, 448.1. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [1-6 DECEMBER 1845]*

MS Bodleian Library[†1] (on letter to CD from John Scott Russell). *Date:* individual agreements were being drawn up in late Nov and early Dec; letter either shortly before, or just after 5 Dec, when Paxton and Bradbury "settled with Russell abt the Railway Department after a good deal of trouble" (Vol. IV, p. 447*n*).

Scott Russell[†2] understands that he is entitled to literary shares of the paper as originally agreed with the proprietors.[†3]

B & E On this head you must tell me what *was* agreed, and what you have to say.

As his expenses commence immediately, he requires a first payment of £590 and quarterly thereafter.

B & E. Will this suit you?

IV, 452.7. *To* J. T. DANSON,[†1] 18 DECEMBER 1845

Extracts from Dawson's Rare Book catalogue, 1980; dated *Office of the Daily News.* 18 Dec 45; addressed J. T. Danson. In Wills's hand, signed by CD.

In answer to Danson's letter suggesting how his department of the Daily News *might make regular use of parliamentary papers.*[†2] I have no doubt whatever of the great importance of the suggestions *in Danson's letter* or of the expediency of carrying the greater part of them into as rigorous effect as may be compatible with the innumerable demands upon the space of the paper. *He offers to meet him any day in the following week between twelve and two.*[†3]

IV, 452.19. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 22 DECEMBER [1845]

Replaces printed extract (Vol. IV, p. 416).

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983, and extract from MDGH, I, 143 (where misdated); *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 22 Dec; addressed George Cattermole. *Date:* clearly 1845 (see below).

Invites him to take part in the farce at Miss Kelly's benefit.[†1] Let me know what you decide, like a Kittenmolian Trojan. And with love from all here to all there.[†2]

Believe me Ever | Heartily Yours

CD

IV, 469.

n. 2. *add* Probably for the same reason, on 14 Jan, CD directed John Dickens to write on his behalf to J. T. Danson: "Sir | Mr. Charles Dickens desires me to say he is very anxious to have a few minutes conversation with you, that he shall be at the Athenaeum from 5 o'Clock until 7 to day, if that should prove to suit your convenience, if not, then here [*i.e. the office*] about 12 o'Clock tomorrow Morning. I am Sir | your obedient Servt | John Dickens" (MS Brian Lake).

IV, 469.25. *To* MRS CLARKE,[†1] 13 JANUARY 1846*

MS (incomplete) Mrs Iris Smith White.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth January 1846.

Madam

I have to apologize for detaining your Tragedy so long. But it is not easy for me to find leisure for such employment, as the perusal of Manuscripts.

I think the story a *particularly* good one. Full of interest, and very dramatic. In its conception it reminds me slightly—and in its conduct here and there, it reminds me very much—of Knowles. But here the resemblance ceases. It is written very unequally and the lines are often so jagged and harsh that it is quite painful to read them. The very first line of the Play (but that may be an error on the part of the copyist) is an example of bad grammar and unmusical construction, and on nearly every page of the whole five acts, a greater attention to and a quicker ear for the melody of blank verse are indispensable.

The first scene between the Heroine and the Nurse has too much the air of Juliet and *her* Nurse. The Heroine, when she begins to love in earnest, is too pettish and too much given to playing at verbal battledore and shuttlecock with her Maid. Her father telling his own story to the Pit in the beginning of their personal acquaintance, is a very weak and dangerous part of the drama. The father is like the daughter in his over-pettishness and disposition to bandy words with his friends. The whole of the fifth act, in anything like its present speeches and dialogue, is quite out of the question; for it is so poorly written that it lets the whole story down, stark dead and would utterly condemn the

Play. Of Peter, I would leave no vestige whatever, unless he were the sort of man who could marry Lisette, and relieve the Piece, with some pleasant scenes in her company (which I would suggest to you as worth trying); and Despenser—also has an unfortunate name for a Theatre in its resemblance to Dispensary—would have a much stronger claim, both upon the love of Marie and the honorable interest of the audience—if he were represented as struggling more between his [love] passion and his manly and remorseful sense of betraying the confidence of Sir Harry Grey. The whole interest of the character, as a Work of Art, would seem to me to lie in this. I consider it quite impossible for the Play to make its way through one night's life without it.

On the other hand, the Story, as I have already said, strikes me as being a very good one; and some of the[†2]

IV, 480.

n. 3. *add* John Dickens wrote from the office to J. T. Danson on Monday, 26 Jan: "Dear Sir | I am desired by the Editor to request you will do him the favor of condensing your Leader as much as possible on Tuesday Evening (if writing) and that you send it to the Office as soon after 4, as possible. | I am Dear Sir | your obedient Servant | John Dickens" (MS Brian Lake). More space would be needed in Wednesday's paper because of Peel's speech.

IV, 481.6. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 26 JANUARY 1846

Mention in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, April, 1879; *MS* 1 p.; dated 26 Jan 46.

IV, 493.1. *To* J. T. DANSON, 9 FEBRUARY [1846]

Extract in Dawson's Rare Books catalogue, 1980; dated Whitefriars, Monday night Ninth February; addressed J. T. Danson. *Date:* Monday was 9 Feb in 1846; letter clearly comes between CD's letters to Danson dated 18 Dec 45 and 4 May 46.

Regrets that Danson's leader that day is incompatible with the paper's policy on Corn Law Repeal. From the first moment, all the writers of Leading articles here, have admitted that there is great good in Sir Robert Peel's plan and that there is a great principle asserted in it; but have contended that it is harnessed and yoked to petty drawbacks which impair its efficiency. To say that we "cannot approve of its general scope *or* of its details", and that it is "miserably unsuited to the occasion, and paltry in the extreme", is to out-Herod Herod,[†1] most violently, and to stand quite alone by yourself and apart from the paper. *This opinion is shared by other leader-writers.*[†2]

IV, 510.1. *To* M. E. REYNOLDS,[†1] [NOVEMBER 1845-FEBRUARY 1846]

Fragment in Phillips catalogue, Oct 1982; *MS* 1 p.; addressed M. E. Reynolds; undated. *Date:* probably in the *Daily News* period; handwriting supports.

application to them, it would come within the Foreign Editor's[†2] Department, and should be so addressed.

I am Sir | Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a] M. E. Reynolds Esquire[†a]

IV, 520.

n. 3. *add* CD's fifth and final "Letter on Capital Punishment" appeared on 16 Mar. On 28 Feb Jerrold had written to Gilpin, in reply to two proposals (probably received that day on the publication of CD's second letter): to insert advertisements of the Society, and to arrange an early public meeting. His advice was to arrange for advertisements to coincide with the publication of CD's "next Letter", but to defer any public meeting until after the Corn Law question was settled. "The public will not give due attention to two subjects at a time", and a little delay, he thought, "would give great additional weight to the gathering. I am sure I can promise the co-operation of my friend Dickens" (MS Private).

IV, 526.14. *To* THOMAS MITTON, 27 MARCH 1846†

MS Dr Masaie Matsumura.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh March | 1846.

My Dear Mitton

I was at your office the other day, but you were at Derby.[†1] I should have come again before now, but my plans are so entirely at Sixes and sevens, and so jumbled and disarranged that I have been waiting until I could get them into some shape.[†2] I think I shall know next week, what to decide upon;[†3] but in the course of it (if I don't see you here) I will come down in any case.

All hearty[†4] | Faithfully Ever

IV, 532.

n. 1. *add* On 12 May 46 Tennyson wrote to CD with "love to godson and best remembrances to those of your circle whom I know", when consenting to subscribe to "your friend's book" (unidentified): see *Letters of Alfred Lord Tennyson,* III, 453 (Addenda, 1990) ed. Cecil Y. Lang and Edgar F. Shannon Jr.

IV, 539.28. *To* SAMUEL PALMER,†1 22 APRIL 1846

Mention in Christie's Red Cross Sale catalogue, April 1915; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 22 Apr 46; addressed Samuel Palmer.

IV, 544.22. *To* J. T. DANSON, 4 MAY 1846

Extract in Dawson's Rare Book catalogue, 1980; dated Devonshire Terrace, 4 May 46; addressed J. T. Danson.

Answering Danson's letter that day appealing for confirmation of his claim for extra payment by Bradbury & Evans for two special supplements to the Daily News, *CD clearly recalled such an arrangement in respect of the first.*†1

IV, 545.23.

add Address (envelope in Phillips catalogue, Feb 1984): Octavian Blewitt Esquire | Literary Fund Society | 73 Great Russell Street. | PM 8 May 46.

IV, 545.31. *To* J. T. DANSON, 7 MAY 1846

Mention in Dawson's Rare Book catalogue, 1980; dated Devonshire Terrace, 7 May 46; addressed J. T. Danson.

Confirming Danson's recollection in his letter of 6 May.

IV, 547.18. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 18 MAY 1846†

Replaces entry.

MS Henry Sotheran Limited. *Address:* Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth May 1846. | Monday

Dear Sirs

Pray send me, in the course of the day, if possible, twelve copies of the Pictures from Italy.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

IV, 558.4. *To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 28 MAY 1846

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1899; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 28 May 46; addressed Messrs Chapman & Hall.

Mrs. Hood[†1]—born to bother mankind I think is perpetually bothering me about a German Book called the Bilder & Lieder,[†2] which poor Hood sent to me

to shew you when he proposed a reprint of the Elm Tree[†3] illustrated by Harvey[†4]—The botheration having arrived (in consequence of my approaching departure)[†5] at an alarming heighth[†6] I write to ask whether you have got the book. If not, I must engage a smuggling vessel and fly the country by night.

IV, 608.31. *To* T. J. THOMPSON, [?21 AUGUST 1846]*

MS William & Victoria Dailey. *Address:* T. J. Thompson Esquire | Claremont. *Date:* almost certainly the Friday after H. P. Smith's visit (see below); Christiana Thompson noted in her diary, "Dickens gave us some papers".

Rosemont | Friday

My Dear Thompson. I send you yesterday's paper, an Examiner, and Punch. Would send more, but my Eagle friend[†1] took them away with him when he was here.—You can have a paper every day. Hood[†2] I also send.

It *is*[†3] a tough day, but it is a great thing to get rid of the heat. I have been writing[†4] my head off since ten o'Clock, and doing (in point of quantity) very little.

The flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze[†5] is indeed the flag for you and me. And when we

&c &c[†6]
may we never
&c &c

I may perhaps take a boat, for exercise, this Evening after dinner, and if the wind sets towards Claremont steer that way.[†7]

Ever Yours
CD

IV, 622.6. *To* [?WILLIAM BYROM], 16 SEPTEMBER 1846

Mention in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, June 1876; *MS* (3rd person), 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 16 Sep 46; addressed H. J. Byrom.†1

IV, 723.3.

For [Unidentified] *read*: [*Mémoires de M. Gisquet, Ancien Préfet de Police, Paris 1840*]

V, 30.

n. 5. *add* Charley (aged ten in 1847) remembered long after how his father called for him at school unexpectedly, took him on a "long tramp round Hampstead Heath ... and finally to Gore House for dinner". Next to him was a vacant chair; Lady Blessington explained that the Prince [Louis Napoleon] was "always late". Then there entered "a rather sullen, heavy-looking man", who took little part in general conversation but talked pleasantly to Charley of the boy's school and his stay in Paris. Very soon after dinner and "an interval of moody silence" he left. "A couple of days afterwards I was seized with a very pronounced attack of scarlet fever ... only a coincidence, but at that time I found it very hard to convince myself that the mysterious Prince had no hand in the disaster." ("Reminiscences of my Father", a lecture first published by Charley's daughter Mary Angela in *The Windsor Magazine,* Christmas Supplement, 1934, p. 15.)

V, 38.31. *To* FOX MAULE,†1 18 MARCH 1847*

MS Dickens House.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth March 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Maule, and begs to thank him very cordially, for the Reverend Mr. Guthrie's†2 pamphlet on Ragged Schools;†3 which he has read with the greatest interest.

Mr. Dickens fears that the pamphlet—which would seem to have been sent, by some mistake, to the offices of two or three publications in which he has no part whatever—is somewhat tardily acknowledged, but he trusts that his having been abroad for nearly a year, and having a great arrear of correspondence, will excuse him.

V, 45.18. *To* DESMOND RYAN,†1 25 MARCH 1847*

MS Mr Brian Lake. *Address:* Desmond Ryan Esquire | "Musical World" Office | 60 St. Martin's Lane.

Regents Park | Twenty Fifth March 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Desmond Ryan, and

begs to say, in reply to Mr. Ryan's letter of the 8th. of January last, that he has requested the attention of his publishers to its contents.

Mr. Dickens has been abroad for nearly twelve months, and is but now—on his return home—in the receipt of Mr. Desmond Ryan's favor. Otherwise, he would have been happy to have replied to it, long since.

V, 48.21. *To* W. C. BENNETT,[†1] 31 MARCH 1847

Extract in unidentified catalogue cutting; dated 31 Mar 47.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Bennett, and begs, with many thanks, to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Bennett's book[†2] and modest note.

V, 55.1. *To* J. B. BUCKSTONE, [7 APRIL 1847]*

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted. *Date:* on "the night before last" referred to in *To* Forster, 9 Apr.

Athenaeum. | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Sir

Stanfield, Maclise, and I, are going to the Adelphi tonight to see your new piece.[†1] Have you got such a thing as a Box to bestow upon us?

If so, your petitioners will ever pray &c

As Witness our hands

CHARLES DICKENS
C. STANFIELD
DANL. MACLISE

J. B. Buckstone Esquire

V, 75.21. *To* [MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL], 2 JUNE 1847*

MS (facsimile) Maggs Bros catalogue, No. 1001 (1979).

Wednesday | Second June 1847.

Please to give the bearer (in a parcel directed "a Monsieur Regnier"),[†1] a bound copy of Nicholas Nickleby, and a copy of the Pictures from Italy—from me.[†2]

CD.[†3]

V, 76.8. *To* FRANK STONE, 2 JUNE 1847*

MS Mr John Appelholt.

1 Chester Place, Regents Park | Second June 1847.

My Dear Stone.

Firstly, let me thank you for your kind and most acceptable gift—valuable to me, alike for the intrinsic worth and beauty of your works, and for the assurance implied in it of your friendly remembrance and consideration, which I reciprocate most heartily, believe me.

Secondly, let me explain that when your note arrived yesterday, I was hurrying out to meet some foreigners whom I was taking to Greenwich. Otherwise, I would have answered it, immediately.

Thirdly, that I would have been of the party today, with thanks to Mr. Miller[†1] for remembering me, but for being engaged (much against my will) to an old lady named Fitzgerald.

Fourthly, that I did your errand to Maclise, who is engaged also, but not to the same old lady.

Fifthly, that I am going to write you, in a day or so, to beseech your assistance in a new Theatrical Campaign, involving no cost, and extending to Four Nights![†2] I hope you will not refuse it, and feel sure you won't, when I develop the particulars.[†3]

Sixthly, I am always | Yours with true cordiality

CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

V, 81.22. *To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 9 JUNE 1847*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library.

Broadstairs Ninth June 1847.

My Dear George

Buy Turning the tables[†1]—*Duncombe's* Edition of the Acting Drama—No. 101, I think—and look at Old Knibbs.[†2] I think you would make it funny. There is not much in it, but there are very few words[†3] (which, in the short time, is a great point, as I believe you are busy, and not a "quick study") and if you will do it, and come prepared on the 17th.[†4] my troubles are over.

Ever Yours Cordially

CD

V, 88.30. *To* THE HON. SECRETARIES OF THE MANCHESTER ATHENAEUM,[†1] 12 JUNE 1847*

Replaces summary.

MS Private.

Regents Park, London. | Twelfth June 1847.

Dear Sirs.

I write to you, in reference to a scheme to which you may, perhaps, have already seen some allusion in the London Athenaeum of today.

The party of Amateurs connected with Literature and Art, who acted in London two years ago, have resolved to play again at one of the large Theatres here, for the benefit of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and to make a great appeal to all classes of society in behalf of a writer who should have received long ago, but has not yet, some enduring return from his country for all he has undergone, and all the good he has done. It is believed that such a demonstration by Literature on behalf of Literature, and such a mark of sympathy by authors and artists for one who has written so well, would be of more service, present and prospective, to Mr. Hunt than almost any other means of help that could be devised. And we know from himself that it would be most gratifying to his own feelings.

Our arrangements are, as yet, in an imperfect state; for the date of their being carried out, depends on our being able to get one of the large Theatres before the close of the present London season. This is a point that will be, most likely, decided by next Monday. In the event of our succeeding, we purpose acting in London, on Wednesday the 14th of July, and on Monday the 19th. On the first occasion we shall play Every man in his Humour, and a farce; on the second, The Merry Wives of Windsor,[†2] and a farce.

But we do not intend to stop here. Believing that Leigh Hunt has done more to instruct the young men of England and to lend a helping hand to those who educate themselves, than any writer in England, we are resolved to come down, in a body, to Manchester and Liverpool, and to act one night in each place. And the object of my letter, is, to ask you, as the representatives of the great educational establishment for young men, in Manchester, whether we can count on your active assistance—whether you will form a Committee to advance our object—and whether, if we send you our circulars and address, you will endeavour to secure us a full Theatre, and to enlist the general sympathy and interest in behalf of the cause we have at heart.

I address, by this post, a letter, which is almost the counterpart of the present, to my friend Mr. Hodgson of the Mechanics' Institution, Liverpool.[†3] If we find in both towns such a response as we confidently expect, I would

propose, on behalf of my friends, that the Liverpool and Manchester Institutions should decide for us at which town we shall first appear, and which play we shall act in which place. The nights we desire to set aside for the purpose, are, Monday the 26th of July, and Wednesday the 28th, supposing (which we should be glad to ascertain through your help) the respective Managers could give us the use of their Theatres on those nights.[†4]

I forbear entering into any more details, however, until I am favored with your reply

Always believe me | My Dear Sirs, | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Honorary Secretaries

of

The Athenaeum at Manchester.

V, 94.1. *To* JOHN BAXTER LANGLEY, 17 JUNE 1847*

Replaces summary.

MS Private.

Regents Park, London | Seventeenth June 1847.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and heartily thank those gentlemen of Manchester who are bestirring themselves in the cause of Mr. Leigh Hunt. I shall be happy to communicate with them and to send them (if they desire it) a packet of our London Circulars as soon as I hear, from Manchester, to whom, and where I should address myself.

We have concluded to-day for Covent Garden Theatre for our London performances[†1] early next week, with all the preliminary proceedings.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Baxter Langley Esquire.

V, 100.22. *To* GEORGE LOVEJOY, 26 JUNE 1847

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Nov 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Athenaeum Club, 26 June 47; addressed George Lovejoy.

He has delayed answering Lovejoy's kind invitation, hoping he could arrange his engagements so as to accept it. But he cannot do so, as he is engaged to go into Kent on Monday. He sends his sincere thanks for it.

V, 104.23. *To* CAPTAIN LOMEX,[†1] [?29 JUNE 1847]

Mention in *To* Curry, 29 June 47 (Vol. V, p. 104). *Date:* probably written the same day.

Regretting that he had not received him after his bringing Curry's letter of introduction; but explaining that he had been living in a rented house [1 Chester Place] *until 1 Devonshire Terrace was vacated and was now in Broadstairs for three months; adding that he hoped to see him when he returned to London in the autumn.*

V, 112.17. *To* CHARLES RAWLINS,[†1] [3 JULY 1847]

Facsimile (envelope) in Jarndyce Books catalogue No. 33 (1984). *Address:* Charles Edward Rawlins Esquire Junr. Liverpool.[†2] PM Broadstairs & Ramsgate 3 July 47.

V, 120.29. *To* WILLIAM JERDAN, 8 JULY 1847†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Mr Peter Harries.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eighth July 1847.

My Dear Jerdan

I shall be in town on the evening of Saturday the 17th. and shall not return here until the Manchester and Liverpool plays for Leigh Hunt—and poor unhappy Poole—are over.[†1] But I am afraid my managerial duties will hold me employed, *every evening,* from that 17th. until the 25th.—both inclusive. After the latter date, I could do anything in an honest way; and, whate'er betide, I *must see Andersen.*[†2]

What do you say? If I don't hear from you, I will go to the Garrick at half past one on Sunday the 18th. on the chance of meeting you. If I don't meet you, I will leave a card for you there, with the address at which I shall be staying. If Parliament should have risen, I hope it may be my own house (in which case I could give you and Andersen and one or two more a passable breakfast) but my tenant—MP and Alderman to boot, which is frightful to contemplate—has the right of staying until the end of the month, if he see reason.

Ever My Dear Jerdan | Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esquire

V, 12.27. *To* FRANCIS ROBINSON,[†1] 11 JULY 1847*

MS Private. *Address:* Francis Robinson Esquire | Manchester. PM 11 July 47.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Eleventh July 1847.

My Dear Sir

Mr Knowles[†2] is "unconscionable" indeed! A hundred pounds for the Manchester Theatre, is just one third more, than we were to have paid for Covent Garden—the largest and handsomest Theatre in Europe—with prices of admission three times as high! Like many grasping gentlemen, I have an idea that he may possibly over-reach himself in this instance, and feel some after-effects in unexpected and damaging places. But this, by the way—

You know Manchester, and I do not, otherwise than as a rare visitor. Therefore I will venture no other remark on the prices, than that I fear they are low, in comparison with such heavy expences. But a full house is distinctly better than what is called, in theatrical slang, a "shy" one.

Some of the ladies will come from London, and some belong to the Manchester or Liverpool Theatres. Miss Montague,[†3] I believe, acts, for instance.[†4] But I have entrusted this matter to Mr Lemon, and am waiting his full report, to send you the complete bill. It will not be necessary for the committee to take any trouble in this regard. I have no doubt Mr Lemon has either already arranged, or will immediately arrange, it. The moment I hear from him, you shall have the bill. In the meantime, let me say that I have reason for attaching some importance to the allusion, in our London circular, to a second author, being printed, at the top of the complete bill, after the words "For the benefit of Mr Leigh Hunt," [†a]and in all coming announcements.[†a] I enclose the passage, in case you should have destroyed it. Here it is

"It is proposed to devote a portion of the proceeds of this benefit, to the assistance of another celebrated writer—whose literary career is at an end, and who has no provision for the decline of his life."

———————————————————

There is no objection whatever, to its being known that this is Mr Poole,[†5] a comic writer of great celebrity—The author of Paul Pry, and Little Pedlington,[†6] and many other productions of great merit, who but for his share in these benefits, has really no resource upon this earth.[†7] Allusion is made to him in Serjeant Talfourd's address.[†8] It would be quite incomprehensible without this previous explanation. Will you give it publicity in any way you can?

The anonymous farce, in the incomplete bill you already have, is Mr Poole's Farce of Turning the Tables.

I am Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Robinson Esquire.

The company are very anxious that nobody should come behind the scenes, while the performance is in progress—so anxious, that I mention it.

V, 127.28.

replace headnote with MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

[V,]128.7.

after favour. *add* [†a]I hope there is as little chance of Mr. Albert Smith,[†1] at Gore House, as of Mr. Boucicault.[†2] I find the first-named gentleman in the pursuit of a style of literature, a professor whereof is not within my toleration.[†a]

[V, 128.]11.

after etc.; *add* beats them tremendously; groups them around her;

V, 132.4. *To* FRANCIS ROBINSON, 20 JULY 1847*

MS Private. *Address:* Francis Robinson Esquire | Manchester. PM 20 July 47.

London. Tuesday Twentieth July 1847.

My Dear Sir

I am able to send you at last the complete bill. Will you have the goodness to let it be issued at once.

I will write to you again tomorrow, begging the favor of your bespeaking dinner and rooms for us, at the best hotel,[†1] for Sunday afternoon; and I will enclose for the landlord (to save you trouble) an exact list of the accommodations we shall require.[†2]

May I beg you to tell Mr Ireland[†3] from me, that we shall be at *Liverpool* on the Tuesday evening, and that we are engaged to Mr Yates.[†4]

I hope all is going on well with you. We are very busy here, every evening.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Robinson Esquire.

I open this to say, that we wish particularly to secure, if possible, *two boxes on the stage* for the ladies of our party.[†5]

V, 133.

n. 2 *add* A notice in CD's hand reads "Nobody to pass, except the gentlemen who play, and Mr. Wilson | Mr. Jerrold's party | Mr. Charles Dickens's party of ladies" (MS Sotheby's, in album clearly belonging to manager of Theatre Royal Liverpool, where the amateur company played on 28 July 47; album also contains a page of signatures of almost all the male members of the cast).

V, 141.24. *To* DR W. B. HODGSON,[†1] [4] AUGUST 1847

Replaces entry.

Extract in Les Autographes Thierry Bodin, Christmas 1983; *MS* (retranslated into English) 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 5 Aug 47; addressed Dr Hodgson. *Date:* smaller extract in Nouveau Drouot catalogue, June 1980, gives date as Wednesday, 5 Aug 47; Wednesday was 4 Aug in 47 and see similar letter, *To* Ireland, dated 4 Aug 47 (see below).

He begs him to have the kindness to insert the attached announcement[†2] in all the respectable Liverpool papers, *and to let him know the cost of this insertion. He regrets having missed his*

friend. He gives him an account of the indisposition of Mrs Leech, who had been ill during the train-journey.

V, 141.

n. 2 line 4 *after* "jeu d'esprit" *replace rest of note with* The Clarendon *Chuzzlewit* (1982), Appx G, gives the text of all that survives, based on the proof sent to Frank Stone (as a possible illustrator), now in the Suzannet Collection at Dickens House, with minor variants from Forster, VI, i, and from the limited edition printed in New York in 1899 for the owner of the MS, Lowell M. Palmer. Until 1988 the MS itself (once in the possession of William Wright and sold at Sotheby's in 1899) could not be traced. Now in the possession of Mr Geoffrey Young, it consists of 3 ½ pp., no longer than the printed text, with small verbal differences. It is obviously a first draft with many deletions, but not a fragment, bringing the scene at the railway station to a conclusion. *To* Lemon and *To* Lewes, 11 Aug, referring to "the little book", suggest that more was written, but probably not printed. No more is heard of it, and according to Forster the project was "abandoned" after the artists' desertion (F. VI, i, 458-9). In fact, Leech made a sheet of sketches (sold at Sotheby's, 1899) and Cruikshank a trial sketch: see *Strand Magazine,* 1897, XIV, 188.

V, 152.1. *To* SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 25 AUGUST 1847

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1990; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, London, 25 Aug 47 (misdated 5 Aug in catalogue); addressed Joseph Paxton.

Regretfully declining an invitation to attend a meeting with Mr. Strutt,[†1] but all sorts of engagements beckon me to the seaside on Monday.

V, 170.20. *To* MRS EDMUND TOOTAL,[†1] 5 OCTOBER 1847

Fragment in Sotheby's catalogue, Nov 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated 5 Oct 47; addressed Mrs Edmund Tootal.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS
Manchester | Fifth October 1847.

Mrs. Edmund Tootal.

V, 189.27. *To* THE REV. [HENRY] JONES,[†1] 5 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Charles W. Traylen.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | Fifth November 1847

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Reverend Mr. Jones, and begs to be excused for enquiring if a copy of a certificate he has received, purporting to be signed by that gentleman (in recommendation of Daniel Clough)[†2] is authentic. If so, may Mr. Dickens venture to trouble him with a post office order for a guinea?

V, 195.

n. 5 *after* (F, VI, i, 469). *add* Material on *The Alchemist* among Forster's acting copies of plays (FC) shows how seriously they considered and rehearsed it. It includes a complete cast list in CD's hand; printed text, cut and heavily annotated by Forster; and a transcript of the whole play in a clerk's hand.

V, 197.14. *To* SAMUEL ROBERTS,[†1] 18 NOVEMBER 1847

Text (undated) from Preface to *Oswald's Well,* 1849. *Date:* given in copy made by Walter Dexter of original note then in possession of Mr Whitridge of Blackburn.

London Devonshire Terrace | Eighteenth November 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Editor of Oswald's Well,[†2] and begs to thank him, with great cordiality, for the numbers of that Magazine, and for the pleasure Mr. Dickens has had in the generous sympathy of the reviewer of his books. Nothing can be more grateful to him than such approval, given on such grounds.[†3]

V, 197.15. *To* EDWARD CHAPMAN, 19 NOVEMBER 1847

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 23 July 1979; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 19 Nov 47.

Asking him to send the books that he has marked on the enclosed list to Miss Coutts's Home tomorrow, and querying various items. ... I do not quite understand what the 60 sheets of Tablet Lessons of arithmetic, mean. I merely want the elementary rules. The same applies to the next item in the list—tablet[†1] lessons in spelling and reading.[†2] The Christian Knowledge Society[†3] have published some large colored plates (Dingley's,[†4] I think) of animals, with a short description appended to each—some three halfpence or twopence apiece. If you can get me the better known animals and birds in this form, I shall be glad to have them. In any case where the lessons are on sheets, I should prefer stiffened sheets, if they are to be had.

V, 201.23. *To* FRANCIS ROBINSON, 25 NOVEMBER 1847*

MS Mr W. B. Lauder.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fifth November 1847.

My Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for your kind note of the 19th. which was quite a relief, as I had really been anxious and uneasy on the subject of my enforced absence from the Soirée.[†1]

Believe me | With regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Robinson Esquire.

V, 205.19. *To* J. B. KINGTON,[†1] 8 DECEMBER 1847*

MS Mr Harry Solomon.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eighth December 1847.

Dear Sir

It must have a very strange appearance to you, this answer to a very courteous letter of your writing, now nearly twelve months old. Pray allow me to say, that when you did me the favor to address me and to send me your book,[†2] I was abroad.[†3] That your packet got, by some means, among a heap of papers, which I had no reason to examine when I came home. That it has only just now been discovered, and that I have not been many hours in possession of its contents. I thank you very cordially, and entreat you to hold me blameless for this long delay in saying so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. B. Kington Esquire

V, 208.6. *To* MICHAEL HENRY,[†1] 11 DECEMBER 1847

Extract and envelope in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1982; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 11 Dec 47. *Address:* M. Henry Esquire | 9 Burton Street[†2] | Burton Crescent.

Regretting that he cannot join his charitable organization.[†3]

V, 224.1. *To* DR W. P. ALISON, 5 JANUARY 1848†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Chas J. Sawyer Ltd.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Fifth January 1848.

My Dear Sir

Let me thank you heartily for your very kind and interesting letter. I anticipate the greatest satisfaction and enlightenment from the perusal of your

pamphlet.[†1] The subject is deeply important, and I know with what tenderness and truth you handle it.

Mrs. Dickens (still very unwell) unites with me in cordial regards to Mrs. Alison†2—with whose paper knife I broke ground yesterday—and

I am always My Dear Sir | With much regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Alison.

V, 245.7.

replace headnote with MS Heritage Bookshop, Los Angeles.

[V, 245.]8.

insert Devonshire Terrace | Seventh February 1848.

[V, 245.]9.

insert My Dear Sir.

[V, 245.]11.

add new para With many thanks for your constant interest and kindness, I am My Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. King†1 Esquire.

V, 245.25.

Replace Kingston Galleries catalogue No. 35 *with* David J. Holmes catalogue No. 27 (1990).

[V, 245.]26.

add (*new para.*) *before extract* I beg to enclose you the scrap you ask for and pray allow me to assure you that

V, 250.4. *To* DURANCÉ GEORGE,†1 [19 FEBRUARY 1848]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* Durancé George Esquire | 12 Old Burlington Street. PM 19 Feb 48.

V, 261.23. *To* S. G. TOVEY,†1 10 MARCH 1848*

MS Ximenes Rare Books Inc., New York.

Brighton | Tenth March 1848.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Tovey, and begs to say that having left town for the purpose of quietly finishing the work†2 on which he is now engaged, he cannot

have the pleasure of seeing the picture of the Peschiere[†3] between this, and Tuesday. In expressing his regret, Mr. Dickens begs to assure Mr. Tovey, that nothing but very pressing engagements would have prevented his having had that pleasure, before now.[†4]

V, 267.19. *To* MRS BURNETT, 31 MARCH 1848*

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1] *Date:* by copyist.

My dear Fanny

Of course I shall be delighted to subscribe to Burnetts Songs.[†2] It has occurred to me that the venture might be helped a little—very likely in the subscription and no doubt in other ways—if Burnett could come & take his place at a Dombey Dinner of some twelve or fourteen I am going to have at Home here on Tuesday the 11th. of April to celebrate the conclusion of the Book. There will be Fonblanque—Thackeray—Macready—Jerdan & others of that sort[†3] on whom the rehearsing of the old Songs would make, maybe, a useful impression. And as it would be more than agreeable to me to have such pleasant aid I should be delighted to send Burnett Five pounds for his expences or whatever more they may be and to find him a Bed hard by.

I dont feel any delicacy in offering this, because I am sure you and he will feel none in receiving it, knowing perfectly what I mean & what value I set upon his powers. It may be that it would not suit him to come and it may be that you and he will not think it worth while. I am equally satisfied in any case (though I lose a pleasure in either of the two latter events) & would not for the world propose this unless I felt quite sure that you and he would not be in the least embarrassed by freely consulting your own convenience and wishes.—Only write me an answer as soon as you can, as I will not fill up the Table until I hear from you.[†4]

The Children are looking forward to being introduced to their Cousin.[†5]

I am rather nervous after my hard work and go about perpetually persuading myself that I am choking though I know there is nothing the matter with me.

Kate is tremendously fat. Everybody else as usual

Dombey is prodigiously triumphant and I believe the end of that immortal History is tolerably good.[†6] I have taken great pains with it and have been continually crying over the manuscript.

Fred is still in a fulsome state of Love for the most volatile little Minx in existence.[†7]

It seems the Doctor says the said Minx will never be well until she's married! & that this is urged upon the lost one as a reason for rushing to the Altar. I forbid the Banns, but it's of no use I see.[†8]

Loves from Kate & Georgy to you & Burnett

Ever affectionately
CD.

PS I have been writing so much that I can't write at all now.

V, 280.1.

for [——] *read* Edward

[V, 280.]2.

after cutting. *add* [4a]

n. 4 *replace with* The missing name is certainly "Edward" (i.e. Bulwer Lytton).

insert [4a] For CD's referring to Lytton as "Hirsute" four days later, see Vol. V, p. 283.

V, 284.

n. 4 *add* On 8 July Poole wrote a long letter to CD, giving him an eye-witness account of "the June days", 23-6 June 48, when civil war broke out briefly in Paris between the moderates of the Second Republic and the radicals; at least 1,500 insurgents were killed and 12,000 arrested. The rising was finally put down by Gen. Cavaignac. A "remembrance for life" was the death of the badly-wounded Gen. Bourgon in Poole's house; Poole also vividly describes the insurgent prisoners: "such hideous faces! scarcely human! ... creatures to look at and shudder!" (given in Horace N. Pym, *Chats in the Book-Room,* 1896, pp. 85-98). "This is a general letter to you all", Poole adds. "If Forster thinks any paragraph of this worthy the *Examiner,* he may use it" (p. 97). The letter was in fact found among Mrs Forster's papers and later given to Pym.

V, 294.16.

Replaces extract.

To MRS BURNETT, 3 MAY 1848†

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1]

Devonshire Terrace | Wednesday Night | Third May 1848

My dear Fanny

All that I hear both from you and from Burnett of your illness, only convinces me that rest is the one great thing you want—I am confident that the benefit of that and cheerful society of old friends and relations will set you up again. And let me most affectionately & earnestly conjure you for the love of your Husband and Children and in the name of God and all the blessings we cannot ask from him unless we do our humble part to secure them—to look that fact steadily in the face and rest at all risks. There is nothing wanting but to make up your mind. *Doubt* is the

anxiety and torture of a slow disease—*Decision* the sharp tearing out of a Tooth & there an end. It needs decision to determine not to work—make that resolution & you will begin to grow better. It is not in reason to expect that you should be better in such a short lived Holiday as you have had. It is next to impossible. †aAre you in any debt?†a I am sensible of

the delicacy of Burnett in telling you that the trifle I was ready with & am ready with was yours in case of your changing your residence. But it is yours for rest. If you decide to take a Holiday and will calmly arrange in the best way you can to do so—I will send you a Hundred Pounds whenever you say the word—I do not think Manchester is healthy for you I confess. But all that can be considered at leisure.

Rest now & get a mind at ease. I am quite sure although I know how much fortitude and energy you have that you are worn out. There are times with me after mental excitement and toil when such a circumstance as the suicide of your Neighbour†2 would become a dreadful idea that I could not shake off.

I have had sufferings of that sort sometimes the oppression of which has been horrible. I am the better able to say that I know you want rest. Pray take it.

There is no Doctor on Earth so certain as the sinking within you. It is a friendly monitor in which there is nothing alarming—if you will only heed it. In any little local difficulty of arrangement with any Schoolmistresses or such like about your lessons—I will come down and see any body for you and arrange any thing with a readiness that I cannot & need not describe.

But do, do, do, decide to stop. Do not get worse when you may under God so easily get better.

I hope you will write me very soon more decisively. I shall be at Birmingham in any case most likely about the end of this month and shall certainly then come on to Manchester to see you. But don't stop for that.

Let me convey something of the earnestness I feel to you. Pray listen to my tender & heartfelt advice.—I write before going to Bed. I meant to say much more but cannot make up my mind to wait till tomorrow.

In haste | Affectionately yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VI, 299.9.

after good master *add* 1a

insert 1a The Rev. William Giles.

V, 305.12. *To* MRS BURNETT, 11 MAY 1848*

MS Copy in Dickens House.†1

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth May 1848 Eleventh I mean.

My dear Fanny

As I have heard from Burnett (to whom my Love) that you are not strong enough to work out the rest of the Quarter in this Hot weather—I think it best to send you the Hundred pounds at once.

I have accordingly, through Coutts' made it payable to you at Sir Benjamin Heywoods Bank[†2]—I put this in after having been to Coutts' to arrange it—And

you have nothing to do but to go there and write a draft on them for the amount on Saturday Morning. It will not be payable I find before.... I am very glad you have decided not to fag on now—The weather is very trying but the best weather possible to be idle in.

I write in haste being torn to pieces by the whole body of Amateurs and Shakespeare House People.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

V, 318.9. *To* ALEXANDER IRELAND, 24 MAY 1848*

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Fourth May 1848

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your letter. I have written to Mr. Robinson today. On Friday Morning I go to Birmingham. If you write, have the kindness to address me at the Royal Hotel there. In haste Alexande[†1]

V, 319.12.

add Address (Envelope only, MS Mr W. B. Lauder): F. Robinson Esquire | 44 Cross Street | Manchester. PM 24 May 48.

V, 322.20. *To* FRANCIS ROBINSON, 27 MAY 1848*

Replaces entry.

MS Mr W. B. Lauder.

Royal Hotel, Birmingham. | Saturday Twenty Seventh May 1848.

My Dear Sir

The prices are *low,* but I have no doubt you know the absolute necessity of making them so. The pit here, is 7/- and the boxes are the same price. †aI presume you will be able to make the whole pit into stalls, if they should be greatly in demand? This seems important.†a

In posting, or announcing in any way, you will oblige me very much if you will not give any greater prominency to my name than to any other. I should like them to be all mentioned in alphabetical order. But you can always, if you

please, put after your own name as Honorary Secretary, mine as Stage Manager.

I will come over on Tuesday.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Robinson Esquire

My kind regards to Mr. Ireland.

V, 324.19. *To* FRANCIS ROBINSON, 28 MAY 1848*

MS Mr W. B. Lauder. *Address:* Francis Robinson Esquire | Cross Street | Manchester. PM 28 May 48.

Birmingham | Sunday Morning 28th May 1848.

My Dear Sir

I omitted to mention yesterday—and may as well mention now—that Mr Willmott will be at the Manchester Theatre *on Friday afternoon at 4 o'Clock,* when he will wish to see the master carpenter and his men, the property-man, and the scene painter if there be one attached to the establishment. Will you have the kindness to give them notice of this appointment?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis Robinson Esquire

V, 324.20. *To* JOHN WILLMOTT,†1 [?28 MAY 1848]

Mention in *To* Lemon, 28 May 48 (Vol. V, p. 323). *Date:* No doubt written the same day.

Giving Willmott, as stage manager, full instructions for the Amateurs' performances at Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham in June.

V, 326.11.

add Address (Envelope only, MS Mr W. B. Lauder)*:* Francis Robinson Esquire | Cross Street | Manchester. PM 1 June 48.

V, 369.33. *To* RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 10 JULY 1848*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

T. R. Drury Lane | Monday Morning | Tenth July 1848.

My Dear Milnes.

You understand it is "Court dress" tonight.[†1] D'Eyncourt[†2] is to be a blaze of gold, I am told.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Milnes Esquire.

V, 371.31. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 11 JULY 1848

Mention in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, June 1976; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 11 July 48.

V, 384.6. *To* EDWARD CHAPMAN, 4 AUGUST 1848*

Text from facsimile in John Wilson catalogue No. 54 (1984). *Address:* Edward Chapman Esquire.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Fourth August 1848. | Friday.

Dear Mr. Chapman.

Mr. Macready writes me, that it is the custom to apply for the money for the Queen's Box, which we have not yet received. Will you be so good as to communicate with Sir William Martins[†1] on the subject, and to pay in the amount, when you get it, to Mr. Macready's account at Ransoms.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

V, 396.4. *To* FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 25 AUGUST 1848

Extract in Maison Charavay, Paris catalogue Feb 1982; dated Broadstairs, Kent, 25 Aug 48; addressed François Regnier.

Mon cher Regnier
Longue lettre relative à un de ses amis peintre[†1] *qui veut faire un tableau de la mort de Molière. Il demande des renseignements historiques en vue de la composition du tableau.* Il a l'idée de représenter tout le corps dramatique que remplit les rôles diverses au théatre, la derniere soirée de la vie publique de cet homme extraordinaire. On trouvera son lit dans le tableau entouré de tout le monde du theatre, costumé comme à la représentation.... Je me souviens du salon intéressant, au 'Français', mais malheureusement mon ami ne peut pas faire le voyage. *Puis il*

termine J'ai grand peur que les révolutions ne sont pas generalement favorable aux beaux arts, mais espérons nous que le bon temps reviendra, en France, en Italie et partout!

V, 396.5. *To* FRANK STONE, [25 AUGUST 1848]

Envelope only, MS Frimärkshuset Auktions, Stockholm. *Address:* Frank Stone Esquire. | 53 Berners Street | Oxford Street. PM 25 Aug 48.

V, 401.28. *To* HENRY BURNETT, 5 SEPTEMBER 1848†

Replaces summary.

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1]

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning | Sept 5 1848

My dear Burnett

I enclose you the sum we spoke of which is of course quite apart from Friday's expenses & Mr. Kesteven's[†2] account. I will take care to discharge both as soon as I know the amounts. . . .

When poor Fanny first knew how ill she was I promised her that I would faithfully assist and advise you at all times and endeavour to be your true friend & that of the dear Children—I need not tell you in what solemn remembrance I shall hold this pledge or what an Interest I shall always have in all that concerns you and them. . . .

My observation of the sick Bed from which she has risen to the mercy of God has been so small compared with your attendance there that I feel it almost presumption to refer to the last two months. But I must relieve my Heart by saying that I never can forget the patience, gentleness and endurance of your affection for her & that I never can think of it without admiration.

You and I may differ—God knows—little perhaps in the main, if at all, on the most important of all subjects. . . .

I do not think the Gentleman who wrote to you so modestly and kindly yesterday is likely to be very exclusive or vigorous in his own personal teaching—But if I may venture a word of entreaty with you in reference to others who *may* come about the Children with the best intentions and not with the best discretion, it is, that you will let their young belief include some saving clause for all good people and an equal tenderness for all the Human works of the Almighty's Hand.

My dear Burnett | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Burnett Esq.

V, 404.14.

add Address (Envelope, MS Frimärkshuset Auktions)*:* Frank Stone Esquire | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square. PM 8 Sep 48. Black border.

V, 412.28. *To* [GEORGE HENRY] HAYDON,[†1] 26 SEPTEMBER 1848

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1991; *MS* (3rd person) 2 pp.; dated Broadstairs, 26 Sep 48; addressed Mr. Haydon. On mourning paper.

Declining to sit for a portrait. He is always unwilling to sit for any new portrait of himself: and his doing so in one case would involve the fulfilment of several conditional promises.

V, 413.10. *To* THE LANDLORD OF THE BELL HOTEL, MAIDSTONE,[†1] 29 SEPTEMBER 1848

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Oct 1989; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Broadstairs, 29 Sep 48; addressed The Landlord of the Bell Hotel, Maidstone, Kent.

Asking the Landlord to prepare for him next day (*Saturday*) a comfortable private sittingroom, with dinner for five persons[†2] at five o'Clock; and four bedrooms. *They will arrive early afternoon and leave on Sunday.*[†3]

V, 421.7. *To* HENRY BURNETT, 9 OCTOBER 1848*

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†1]

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Ninth October 1848

My dear Burnett

I have read your Letter with the deepest sympathy and feel the truth of all the sad and touching things you say. Yet I hope that with the purpose in Life which you have before you, a kind and gentle influence will come upon your grief & that soon, and change the current of your mind into a no less tender (God forbid) but a less acute and suffering remembrance.

Do you think it would be well to try to let your present House? I cannot help thinking that you would be happier in another and surely you might manage to compound for the needful notice as to this or to get another Tenant. Has this occurred to you? All the arrangements you have made seem to me most discreet, prudent and honorable. I am sure you could not have done better.... Always remember me as pledged and bound to help you and cheerfully ready to do it, by any counsel or other sort of assistance of any kind in my power.

And pray remember my promise to Fanny as a sacred thing lying close to my Heart not for today & to-morrow but for my whole Life.... Harry has his *Stays* again & has recovered that

sprain.[†2] We had been much affected by the kindness you mention of your Manchester Friends. When such good comes out of sorrow, one best understands why so much sorrow is and why the infinite goodness of God exposes us to such trials as you have had.

Ever yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

V, 439.7. *To* PATRIC PARK, 11 NOVEMBER 1848

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue July 1983; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 11 Nov 48; addressed Patric Park. On mourning paper.

Assuring him that he admires his work and asking him to send a cast of the bust of Dickens that pleases him best, explaining that he is sending this letter because he is unable to get out during the day to call on him I am so occupied with my Christmas book[†1] (habitually walking out with the owls and other ill-omened birds) that I think it safest to dispatch this note. *Otherwise Park might think that he considered a note of his worth no response.*

V, 458.10. *To* DR JAMES A. WILSON,[†1] 15 DECEMBER 1848

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1981; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 15 Dec 48; addressed Dr Wilson. On mourning paper.

Asking him to accept a little book that will not be published before next Tuesday, *and hoping he may find something in it appropriate to the time of year.*

V, 476.17. *To* THE SECRETARY OF THE HIGHLAND SCHOOL SOCIETY,[†1] 15 JANUARY 1849*

Text from transcript by Walter Dexter.

1 Devonshire Terrace | January Fifteenth 1849

Sir,

I regret that my other engagements will not admit of my becoming a steward at the next Dinner of the Highland School Society. If they did, I should have great pleasure in complying with your request.

I am, Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

V, 477.17. *To* MISS ROSS, 17 JANUARY 1849

Replaces catalogue extract (Vol. V, p. 465).

MS Mr Michael Silverman. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventeenth January 1849.

My Dear Miss Ross.

I thank you, very cordially, for your kind recollection of me. I look forward

to putting my feet on the fender tonight, and thoroughly enjoying a prodigious cold in the head, and El Buscapie,[†1] together.

It is comfortable to see this portrait of Cervantes.[†1] It strikes me that the former one[†1] *must* be a true likeness of the rash and miserable man who produced a second part of Don Quixote;[†1] and that in the lapse of time his unworthy visage has come to be confounded in the mind of some collector with that of our immortal friend.

I am very sorry to hear of your father's[†2] indisposition. But it is very pleasant to me to be remembered by him,—and I hope you will tell him so with my warm regards.

Dear Miss Ross | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ross

V, 490.10.

add Address (envelope, MS Miss S. J. Flower)*:* Octavian Blewitt Esquire | Literary Fund | 73 Great Russell Street | Bloomsbury. Black border.

V, 492.12. *To* M. KAYSER,[†1] 7 FEBRUARY 1849

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1984; dated 7 Feb 49; addressed A Monsieur Kayser. In French.

V, 501.14. *To* JOSEPH KING, 24 FEBRUARY 1849*

MS Mr Robert D. Fellman. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Night | Twenty Fourth February 1849.

My Dear Sir.

The shortcomings on poor Walter's[†1] part, which your weekly reports of him assure me of, render me desirous to tell you what I think about him.

I have always considered him anything but quick, nor do I believe that he has a very retentive memory, except for what is steadily impressed upon it, and what is not too quickly jostled by something else. I believe that at present he learns with difficulty, and is perplexed; and that he requires more help, and more assistance in the way of explanation, than Charley did when he was much younger.

I therefore take the liberty—for I really feel it to be one—of suggesting to you that I do not so much care for his trying to learn much, as for his learning little, thoroughly, and without confusion or distaste. I have a dread of this kind

of capacity being overladen, and would rather err—if there must be error at all for a little while—on the other side.

I write as it were in the dark, not exactly knowing what his amount of daily lessons is, as his books are not here. But rather than defer writing for another week, I trouble you with this.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph C King Esquire

V, 508.36. *To* MARK LEMON, [MID-MARCH 1849]

Text from N, II, 560. *Date:* No other season at Sadler's Wells (Islington) when CD was in England and on these terms with Lemon included *Richard III,* which was to come on "next week" (see below); letter can be no earlier than Monday, 12 Mar 49 and no later than 15th. Misdated [1854] in N.

[My Dear Lemon][†1]

I think we had better postpone the visit to Islington until Richard III.[†2] comes on which is next week, with an entirely new cast.[†3] I've seen the Othello, and oh! what a precious slow nigger he was when I did see him;[†4] but let us go somewhere, say to the public by the Thames where those performing dogs go at night.[†5] I think the travestie may be useful to me, and I may make something out of such an expedition;[†6] it will do us good after such a blue-devilous afternoon as this has been.

Yours ever
[CD]

V, 511.13. *To* MR CHAPLIN,[†1] [?JANUARY-21 MARCH 1849]

Text from N, II, 210. *Date:* 1849, the year in which the Cheap Edition of *Martin Chuzzlewit* was published; presumably before CD decided on the final order of the last four: *Chuzzlewit, Oliver, American Notes, Sketches.*

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Chaplin and begs to say, in reply to Mr. Chaplin's note of enquiry, that Dombey & Son will *not* be

included in the cheap edition,[†2] which is announced to close with Martin Chuzzlewit.[†3]

V, 518.18. *To* RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, [?MARCH 1849]*

MS Heritage Bookshop, California. *Date:* Parliamentary session was Feb to Aug, but there were important debates on agriculture at this time; handwriting suggests late 1840s.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Night.

My Dear Milnes

My brother (the bearer) has come to me tonight to ask me to get him an order for a country friend (supposed to be a maniac)†1 who wants to get into the House of Commons tomorrow evening, either below the bar, or in the gallery. On so short a notice, I can think of no one so certain to be goodnatured as you. And therefore I impose this penalty of asking you whether you can help the wretched man in question to the fulfilment of his bitter destiny.

Ever Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire.

V, 527.10. *To* MRS LAING,†1 24 APRIL 1849

Summary from Sotheby's catalogue July 1983; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 24 Apr 49; addressed Mrs Laing.

Highly approving in principle of both her objects,†2 but regretting that his engagements prevent him from supporting them more fully.

V, 535.18.

after Jerdan *add* [1a]

insert [1a] Jerdan had complained that, owing to the delay, he could only purchase a copy for a very brief notice the previous morning (MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd).

V, 537.12.

replace headnote with MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

[V, 537.]14.

insert new line Devonshire Terrace | Tenth May 1849.

[V, 537.]14.

replace elision with (and not long ago either)

[V, 537.]16.

for MARTINUZZI *read* Martinuzzi

[V, 537.]19.

after indigence. *begin new para*

[V, 537.]20.

add He is not therefore, *at this moment,* in want—though a very considerable part of that, was forestalled by arrears of rent.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire.

V, 545.30. *To* JAMES S. HUDSON,[†1] 24 MAY 1849

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1985; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 24 May 49; addressed James S. Hudson.

Thanking him for his obliging letter and for the American Magazine, which has afforded me much pleasure.

V, 559.2.

replace headnote with Text in MDGH, I, 207 checked from MS at Sotheby's, July 1983.

[V, 559.]10.

insert new para You spoke to me about a girl for emigration. Is the case on, or off? and, if on, will you let me know more about it straightway? We have a vacancy at Shepherd's Bush, and I have been expecting you to pursue the subject.[1a]

insert [1a] Presumably the "very good case" of *To* Miss Coutts, Vol. V, p. 557, who turned out not to need admission (Vol. V, p. 560).

V, 577.17. *To* R. H. HORNE, 19 JULY 1849*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Fallow Lodge | Finchley.

Devonshire Terrace. | Nineteenth July 1849.

My Dear Horne.

I got a fall last Sunday week (in jumping, for the edification of my children, over a big man's head), and so hurt my side that I was obliged to be smartly cupped and blistered,[†1] and to go away to Broadstairs for some sea-bathing. I am but now returned. In the mean time, however, I had put some machinery in motion for getting at Mr. Van Voorst,[†2] and *today* the story[†3] has gone to him. I have thought it prudent to imply that I think the conclusion might be a little altered,

with advantage to the tale, and that in the event of his undertaking it and complying with my conditions, I will answer for its being done.[†4] I think this will strengthen our hands, and I hope you approve?

On Monday I leave town. My address will be
Winterbourne Villa
Bonchurch
Isle of Wight

—where I shall remain until the end of September; but my communication with Mr. V. V. is quite as direct, and possesses as much authority (how much I don't know) as if I had him here. I have added to my own influence that of somebody else[†5] to whom he is really obliged, and I really believe that his inclination towards us will not be booksellerish.

As soon as I hear his answer, you shall hear from me.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

R. H. Horne Esquire.

V, 607.4. *To* BAYLE BERNARD,[†1] 5 SEPTEMBER 1849*

MS Stanford University Libraries.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. | Fifth September 1849.

My Dear Sir

I wish to ask you, *in the strictest confidence,* what you know of [Mr. Ferdinand Ivers]?[†2] Is he a deserving gentleman; and do you think a small loan to him would be so far well bestowed, as that he would repay it, if he could?

I feel persuaded that you can rely on my silence, and that you will kindly advise me in this matter with perfect sincerity.

The sooner you can do so, the more I shall feel obliged to you.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bayle Bernard Esquire.

V, 607.5. *To* JOSEPH KING, 6 SEPTEMBER 1849*

MS Mr Robert D. Fellman.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. | Sixth September 1849.

My Dear Sir

I beg to enclose you a cheque (crossed) for £68..17..6—being the amount in which I am indebted to you for Charley and Walter.

As Charley's interest and influence are likely, on the best consideration, to be

greater in the army than in any other profession, I think it now pretty certain that his destiny will lie that way.[†1] He will go to Eton at Christmas, as you intimated to me that you considered that a good time for his entering on the career of a public school. May I ask you, in the interval, to get him well up in the Eton Latin Grammar,[†2] otherwise he would take a lower rank in the school than your instruction entitles him to.[†3] I am particularly anxious on this point.

Mrs. Dickens and I have kept the boys back thus long, having some doubts whether, in the present sickly[†4] state of London, it would be well to send them into it from the pure air they have been breathing here. We cannot, even now, decide whether to "wait a little longer",[†5] or to send them at once. What do you recommend? If you should not have any misgivings on the subject yourself, I should feel strongly disposed to lose no more time; the rather as they are both quite ready and anxious to return. We shall feel much obliged to you if you will give us the benefit of your opinion.

Mrs Dickens begs her regards to yourself, Mrs King, and all your family, in which I very cordially join.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph C King Esquire

V, 666.1. *To* JOSEPH KING, 3 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Mr Robert D. Fellman.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Evening Third December | 1849.

My Dear Sir

Your kind letter arriving shortly before Charley leaves,[†1] I cannot resist writing these few words to assure you that I perfectly understood, on Saturday, all that you tell me; and had the whole case as plainly before me then, as I have now. I am well convinced that you could not have taken a wiser or more considerate course with him in any respect, and that he never could have done, or can hope to do, better, than with you.

I leave him to tell you what the arrangement is for his morning calls on Mr. Hardisty,[†2] which begin tomorrow. And I am ever My Dear Sir

Yours faithfully and much obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. King Esquire.

V, 687.22. *To* JOSEPH HAYDN, [?DECEMBER 1849]*

MS (fragment) Mr D. E. Wickham. *Date:* signature suggests 1848-9; probably connected with Haydn's financial crisis of late Dec 49 (see Vol. V, p. 685 and *n*).

I have done nothing, and shall do nothing, without your express permission. But if I might presume to solicit your assent to the course I propose, I would do so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Haydn Esquire.

P.S.[†1]

VI, 48.7. *To* MRS GASKELL, 27 FEBRUARY 1850†

Replaces catalogue extract.

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Household Words Office | Twenty Seventh February 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I will give you as honest an opinion of your story,[†1] as I faithfully promised I would.

I think it *excellent.* I have no doubt that in your anxiety you have quite deceived yourself; being unable to get far enough away from it to see it as I do. It interested me greatly, as I read it. And it made me cry—which I mention, because I take that to be an indisputable proof of its effect. I am seriously convinced that it is in all respects worthy of you; or nothing would induce me, I believe, to tell you so.

I have an idea—but I am by no means sure—that it might be brought a little closer in the first part, by the omission of a line or two, here and there, in the Proof. I think I would break it where you propose; and I should like to get, if possible, into the second portion, published in the following week, all that I have now. If your scheme should admit of its being concluded in a third part of about the same length, well. If not, I would divide it, with your permission into two chapters more.

Do not let me interfere with any idea you may have in your mind, when I ask if you propose to make Lizzie dead, at this time? I seem to see through that means, a forcible lesson on the postponement of forgiveness, and the way we have of only leaving that legacy, when we are obliged to leave all legacies—at the point of death. To leave the story with a notion of *her* child attaching herself to Susan's child (when, in good time she had one) and devoting

herself to it would be very pretty, I fancy. But again I earnestly conjure you not to let me interfere with any idea you may have formed.

Pray go on to the end. I know you will be pleased with it afterwards. I have sent all I have, to the Printer. Have you thought of any name? Or shall I try to christen it? I shall be anxious to hear from you again, and to be assured that you

do yourself more justice. Mind! I have not the least reservation or doubt, of any sort.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

VI, 58.13. *To* RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 8 MARCH 1850*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Address:* Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire, M. P. | 26 Pall Mall | London.

Brighton, 148 Kings Road | Eighth March 1850.

My Dear Milnes

You know, maybe, of my "Household Words". If you should ever find it within your inclination and convenience to write anything in that publication (where I purpose giving no contributors' names) you would gratify me very much, would find yourself in good company, and I think would address a large audience.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire

VI, 79.9.

after CD *add*[2]

n. 2 *replace with* On the same day Wills wrote to Henry Morley: "Sir | I take the liberty of addressing you at the request of Mr. Dickens in consequence of an article from your pen, which appears in the Examiner of last week. | It is Mr. Dickens's desire to help on the Sanitary movement by any means in his power and he is anxious of obtaining your assistance." He thought an "amusing article, similar in tone and purpose, would have a very good effect" in *HW* (MS Morley Papers). The letter was sent to be forwarded by Forster. Henry Morley (1822-94; *DNB*) had studied medicine, as well as arts subjects, at King's College, London, 1838-43, acting as one of the editors of the College magazine for two years. LSA 1843, and in practice 1844-8; after losing his practice through his partner's dishonesty he conducted schools in Manchester and Liverpool. Published his first book of verse, *The Dream of the Lilybell,* 1845, and two tracts on health, 1847. Wrote on sanitation in the *Journal of Public Health* 1847-9; after it ceased publication Forster, who had reprinted two articles, agreed in Mar 50 to publish in the *Examiner* a new series of "How to make Home unhealthy" (also issued as a pamphlet 27 July 50). Morley met Forster—whom he already admired as a "first-rate man, generous and high-minded"—

when he visited London in July 50 and was engaged as an unpaid leader-writer for the *Examiner* (H. S. Solly, *The Life of Henry Morley,* pp. 75, 83, 145-54).

VI, 79.10-13.

Delete entry: see Vol. VI Corrigenda, p. 862 (reprint 1988).

VI, 84.

n. 6 *replace with* Probably one of the Charity concerts in May connected with the Royal Society of Musicians.

VI, 149.

n. 2 *add* On 6 Sep John Dickens, writing from Cowley House (possibly Cowley House, Chertsey, or a house in Cowley Rd, Brixton), sent a cheque for 20 guineas, "as a fee for your

professional services during Mrs. Dickens' confinement" (MS Mr Brian Lake), almost certainly to Charles Morgan, CD's family doctor; clearly on behalf of CD, then in Broadstairs; CD paid John Dickens £20 on 1 Oct (Account-book, MS Messrs Coutts), no doubt to cover what he then owed him.

VI, 166.21. *To* EDMUND FRY, [12 SEPTEMBER 1850]

Envelope in Sophie Dupré catalogue No. 14 (1989). *Address:* Edmund Fry Esquire, 3 Winchester Buildings, London. PM Ramsgate | 12 Sep 50.

VI, 267.17. *To* EDWARD CHAPMAN, 25 JANUARY 1851

MS Sir John Colville.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday evening | Twenty Fifth January 1851

Dear Sir.

I beg to enclose you the book for Mr. Townshend and shall be much obliged by your sending it to him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

VI, 275.27. *To* BENJAMIN WEBSTER, [?LATE JANUARY 1851]

Mention in *Edward Loomis Davenport, a Biography,* ed. Edwin Francis Edgett, New York, The Dunlap Society, No. 14, 1901, p. 41.[†1] *Date:* no doubt a few days before Davenport's first performance in *Black-eyed Susan* at the Haymarket on 4 Feb 51.

A note saying he should feel great pleasure in witnessing Davenport's representation of William in Jerrold's Black-eyed Susan.

VI, 378.28. *To* DUDLEY COSTELLO, [?MAY 1851]

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1918; *MS* 1 p.; written on inside of an envelope. *Date:* perhaps a rehearsal of *Not so Bad as we Seem,* in which Costello acted.

Calling him to a rehearsal with a note admitting him.

VI, 385.

n. 4 *add*; and, for Hunt's delicate reference to his earlier indebtedness to the Duke, see Hunt *to* the Duke of Devonshire [1851] (from MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth), given in S. Arthur Strong's essay on the Duke, "The Kindest-Hearted of the Great", *Critical Studies & Fragments,* 1905. In the same letter he thanked the Duke for this invitation to the dress

rehearsal, "through my friend Dickens, and the pride and pleasure which it gave me. I sate (owing to my bad health) with cold feet and an aching head, and yet I would not have missed the entertainment for a great deal; for though much of an amateur performance is of necessity crude and awkward (owing to want of practice), yet there was often capital acting before me, especially that of Dickens and Lemon; and I was certain of being for a longer time than usual in the same room with one of the kindest men in the world, [*the Duke*] who fills my heart with emotions which I cannot express for fear of seeming to write like a child."

VI, 388.18. *To* F. W. TOPHAM, 13 MAY 1851

Mention in Dawson's Book Shop (Los Angeles) Catalogue No. 323 (1961); dated Devonshire Terrace, 13 May 51; addressed F. W. Topham.

About Mr Jenkins's design[†1] *for one of the tickets for the Guild's performance.*

VI, 389.18. *To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [DECEMBER 1839-14 MAY 1851]

Extract in American Autograph Shop, March 1938; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace. *Date:* in the Devonshire Terrace period.

You think right in this wise. It is Mr. William [?Farrer][†1] who has the matter in hand.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman & Hall

VI, 389.19. *To* MRS SODEN,[†1] [?DECEMBER 1839-14 MAY 1851]*

MS (in Catherine Dickens's hand) Hughenden Collection. *Date:* in the Devonshire House period.

Devonshire Terrace | Saturday Morning.

Mrs. Charles Dickens is requested by Mr. Dickens, to beg Mrs. Soden's acceptance of the enclosed. Mr. Dickens has not had time to make any enquiries into Mrs. Soden's case, but rests solely on the faith of Mrs. Hale's†2 letter. Mr. Dickens much regrets that very many similar applications, prevent him making the enclosed small sum more worth Mrs. Soden's acceptance.

VI, 391.

n. 6 (390 cont.) *add* Had been imprisoned in Italy after battle of Volturno, 1860; freed by British intervention, and on return to England visited George Eliot and Lewes (*George Eliot Letters,* ed. Gordon Haight, VIII, 293).

VI, 406.14.

after Wills here. *add* [4]

insert [4] CD and Wills must also have discussed *HW*; on 2 June Wills wrote to invite Morley to join the staff. "My dear Sir | ... Mr. Dickens has been discussing a subject with me in which you are deeply concerned. We are in want of help in that branch of our editorial labours which relate to the getting up and superintending (without always actually 'writing up') the various subjects which are pressed upon us." Morley's previous services to *HW* showed that he would be "an effective coadjutor"; could he therefore "remove to London and engage with us for, say, a year certain at a weekly salary of five guineas?" (MS Morley Papers). Morley, happy and successful in his school teaching (at Liscard near Liverpool), now making £300 a year but not yet free from debt, wrote to consult his fiancée and also "in great perplexity" to his mentor Forster, asking for candid advice and possibly the prospect of some payment from the *Examiner* (MS *ibid.*; quoted in Solly's *Life of Henry Morley,* p. 189). By return he had "a kind and thoughtful reply", mentioning the possibility of getting pupils in London, of a probable £50 to £100 a year from the *Examiner* and introductions to other periodicals. Forster assured him that CD was "the kindest and most honourable of men ... whatever you do for him, you will be able to reckon steadfastly on his earnest acknowledgment, and liberal desire to make it more and more worth doing" (H. S. Solly, pp. 187-90). In thanking him for the new prospect of *Examiner* payments ("such pleasant work that I am half ashamed to be paid") Morley recognized his indebtedness to Forster for the *HW* connection. Within the week his decision was made, mainly influenced by the earlier prospect of paying off his debts (and of marriage); but he was still concerned for his school and asked if Forster could recommend a possible successor. In disclaiming "sufficient knowledge" Forster wished him well in his "new career ... I hope (& indeed, believe) that you have chosen wisely" (letters of 9 and 11 June; MSS *ibid.*;—Morley's presumably returned to him after Forster's death). So it proved—and Morley had his first ever payment from the *Examiner* on 11 Oct 51, by which time he had also become a trusted reviewer (H. S. Solly, pp. 203-11). He moved to London on 21 June to look for lodgings and enjoy a meeting with his fiancée (H. S. Solly, pp. 188-93).

VI, 441.

n. 8 *add* A prefatory note to Pichot's translation of CD's "Our Watering Place" as "Une petite ville au bord de la mer" in *Les Contes de Ch. Dickens Traduits de l'Anglais* (Troisième Série) 1853 describes how he always tried to visit CD in the summer, but in 1850 and 51 suffered a double disappointment. In 1850 visited the Kent coast, only to learn after he left that he had been near CD; in 1851 he came to visit the Great Exhibition and called at Devonshire Terrace only to find it "tout à fait déserte", with a notice on the door saying that CD and family were away for the whole season and letters should be taken to Wellington Street—"c'est-à-dire" Pichot ruefully adds, "juste une autre extremité de Londres". He went there later, but feared his letter would never reach CD when he saw "l'énorme liasse des lettres de ses correspondants à laquelle la nôtre jointe". Receiving no reply, he offers his readers CD's "réponse indirecte" in the sketch that follows. Though at first uncertain which resort CD was describing ("Est-ce Margate, Ramsgate, Deal ou Broadstairs?"), he decides for Broadstairs.

VI, 474.

n. 7 *add* Subject evidently suggested to CD by Brougham: Wills *to* Morley, 20 Aug 51 (MS Morley Papers).

VI, 547.9. *To* JONAS MILNE,†1 [26 NOVEMBER 1851]

MS (envelope) Dickens House (Sterling Offices Collection). *Address:* Jonas Milne Esquire | Grove House | Wilmslow | Cheshire. PM 26 Nov 51.

VI, 548.

n. 3 *add* As a result Catherine wrote to Morley, on 27 Dec 51, inviting him to the Dickens's New Year party. (MS Morley Papers.)

VI, 583.

n. 5 *add* But see Addenda, *To* Mrs Dickens, 12 Feb 52, *n.* 6.

VI, 593.

n. 1 *for* As proposer ... Wyatt *read* See *To* Stone, 22 Feb.

n. 2 *replace with* Sir Edwin Landseer signed the supporters' sheet, but his signature in fact was appended later than CD's.

VI, 597.

n. 6 (596 cont.) *add* But Mrs Gaskell, warned in advance by Forster (who called on 22 Feb, giving her "a private admission") that "the play was *very* heavy", agreed. She and the Winkworths sat in the front row and looking up at "the very much raised stage" made her feel "Braidized" [*paralysed, from Braid's*

writings on hypnotism] and gave her "such a headache". The play was "very very long ... 3 hours and a half, & they omitted one scene.... Forster was sadly too long over his very moral sentences." Fortunately the farce was "capital", especially CD and Lemon. (Mrs Gaskell *to* Mrs Sandars, Mid-Feb 52: MS Mrs S. Kearney.)

VI, 607.

n. 2 *add* CD and Forster signed the supporters' sheet, but Stone's name does not appear, which suggests some misunderstanding.

[VI,]608.

n. 3 (607 cont.) *delete* last 3 lines.

VI, 610.1. *To* W. WRIGHT,†1 27 FEBRUARY 1852

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue No. 14 (1989); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, 27 Feb 52; addressed W. Wright, Trinity Bury Wharf, Blackwall.

Sending his compliments to Captain Poulter,†2 and *asking Wright to* assure him that I feel much obliged for his polite offer†3 ... *and promising to make an appointment* in acceptance of his proposal, and *to* send a gentleman down to you to propose a day and hour.

VI, 616.11. *To* CHARLES DE LA PRYME, 3 MARCH 1852

MS Mr Michael Silverman.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Third March 1852

My Dear Sir

I have such a strong sense, in all these cases, of the danger of making a bad and unhappy Poet out of a good and happy Something-else—and of the miseries and bitternesses so occasioned—that I would rather not praise the Poor Boy's†1 verse in your kind preface.†2 I think it very good—"considering"—

but I don't know that the Public can be expected to consider anything in a published book, except the matter that they find in it.

Nevertheless I beg to be allowed the privilege of becoming a subscriber under my initial letters.†3

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. De la Pryme Esquire | &c &c &c

VI, 632.1. *To* MRS WATSON, 29 MARCH 1852

MS Mr Stephen Brook.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth March 1852

My Dear Mrs. Watson

This is a flying note to say that I and my First Lieutenant purpose coming down on Wednesday, by the train which leaves Euston Square at half past ten.

All here blooming.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VI, 632.2. *To* R. H. HORNE, [?29 MARCH 1852]

Envelope in Sotheby's catalogue, April 1989. *Address:* R. H. Horne Esquire | Beaumont Cottage | College Road | Hampstead Road. *Date:* PM undecipherable; endorsed by Horne "2nd. Vol. of Poems[†1] | March 29 | 52".

VI, 643.18. *To* THE COUNTESS GREY,[†1] 15 APRIL 1852

MS University of Durham.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fifteenth April | 1852

Dear Lady Grey.

I am exceedingly sorry that I should have been, unintentionally, the means of misrepresenting Lord Grey.[†2] But I feel confident that I need not assure you of my earnest desire to set the matter right.

The article[†3] to which you call my attention was written by a gentleman who

ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and has long known Australia. I will not refer your private communication to him, but will take care to have the substance of Lord Grey's memorandum set forth in a separate paper, carefully prepared for the purpose; which shall be published with the least possible delay and with every publicity that Household Words can ensure.[†4]

Dear Lady Grey | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess Grey.

VI, 657.22. *To* JOHN CHAPMAN,[†1] 3 MAY 1852

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 1120 (1990); *MS* 1 p.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS
Monday 3rd. May 1852

My Dear Sir

I have a previous appointment on Tuesday morning; but will be with you as early as I can, and before the general hour.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To | John Chapman Esquire

VI, 678.13. *To* MISS M. CARPENTER,[†1] 20 MAY 1852*

MS Manchester College, Oxford.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square | Thursday Twentieth May 1852

Dear Madam

I was out of town yesterday,[†2] and consequently unable to reply to your note.

Miss Coutts's establishment[†3] can scarcely be said to apply to "juvenile delinquency",[†4] and I fear it would be hardly worth your while to visit it, unless it were in my power to go with you and tell you the private history of the different cases. This, I regret to say, is rendered impossible just now by my occupations and engagements.[†5]

Its address is, Urania Cottage, near The White Horse, Shepherds Bush. If

you should still desire to go there, and will ask for Mrs. Morson and shew her this note, she will be happy to conduct you over the cottage.[†6]

Lieutenant Tracey, Governor of the Tothill Fields Bridewell, Westminster, has under his charge a vast number of the boy and girl criminals of this town. If you should wish to see that prison and will shew this note to him, he will afford you every facility. I should have been happy to have presented you to him myself, as a lady who has labored so well and so earnestly to check the growth of ignorance and crime.[†7]

The most remarkable collection of Ragged School attendants in London, is to be found (I think) at about ½ past 7 o'Clock in the evening at the Field Lane Ragged School and Dormitory[†8] at the Northern end of Farringdon Street. Mr. Mountstephen[†9] who is indefatigable at that Institution will make you fully acquainted with it, if you will allow me—also through the medium of this note—to introduce you.

Dear Madam | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Carpenter

VI, 682.9.

after Rheumatic gout. *add* [1a]

insert [1a] This included a badly swollen right hand requiring leeches (Forster *to* Fonblanque, MS Private).

VI, 689.10. *To* INSPECTOR C. F. FIELD, 2 JUNE 1852*

Replaces catalogue summary.

MS Mr Michael Silverman.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Second June 1852

Dear Mr. Field.

I am unwillingly obliged to postpone our intended expedition tonight. Other occupations require my attention, and render it necessary for me to propose next Wednesday—this night week—instead.

Unless I should in the mean time hear any thing from you to the contrary, I shall expect you at the Household Words office at 8 o'Clock, *next* Wednesday evening, instead of tonight.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VI, 711.

n. 2 *add* Longfellow, who met her in Sep 1849, described her in his Journal, 25 Sep, as having "a very striking face, with wonderfully fine eyes"; Fields on 5 Oct referred to her as the "oculate wonder". By May 1852, Longfellow called her "my friend" (*Letters of H. W. Longfellow,* ed. Andrew Hilen, III (1972), 217*n,* and 343).

VI, 718.17. *To* FRANK STONE, [?JULY 1851-16 JULY 1852]*

MS Professor Carl J. Ballhausen. *Date:* between July 51 and July 52 (before CD went to Dover on 21 July 52), based on handwriting and style of ending.

Friday

My Dear Stone. Are you for a walk tonight? Half past 7?

Ever affecy
CD

VI, 731.8.

after HOTEL: THE GEORGE THE FOURTH *add* [2a]

insert [2a] They paid £36.17*s.* for their stay (cheque, MS George Hotel, Nottingham).

VI, 742.

n. 5 *add* Hunt's letter to CD of 16 Aug (MS Brian Lake) requests in the introductory paragraph the correction of "James the Fourth" to "James the Fifth" and revisions in the 9th stanza, with apologies for troubling CD. The introduction was omitted, and the other changes made.

VI, 803.

n. 4 (802 cont.) *add* Morley and Wills attended Mrs Hayden's séance under the assumed names of Brown and Thompson. The article was attacked by Henry Spicer in his *Sights and Sounds: the Mystery of the Day* (published in Jan 1853), in his introduction, and again on pp. 373-4. He called it "somewhat scurrilous", and ineffective as an exposure because the writer's "buffoonery" and "absurd questions" destroyed the necessary atmosphere. See also K. Tillotson in *D,* LXXXIV (1988), 4-5.

VI, 808.26.

after that language *add* [4a]

insert [4a] Charley's tutor in German was Dr Otto Fiebig of the Gymnasium zu St Nicolai, Leipzig. He published *The College Shakespeare,* 1857; edns of *Julius Caesar* and *Romeo and Juliet,* both 1859; and *A Collection of Letters ... Arranged for Translation,* 1857. For his introductions to Charley's edns of Goethe and Schiller, published 1854-6, see *To* Ryland, 6 Dec 54, *fn.*

VI, 815.6. *To* PETER RACKHAM,[†1] 3 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Henry Sotheran Limited. *Address:* Peter Rackham Esquire | 10 Sise Lane | City. PM 4 Dec 52.

Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | Third December 1852

My Dear Sir.

Will you give Mrs. Dickens and myself the pleasure of dining with us on Wednesday the 29th.[†2] at a quarter to six, to meet our good friends Bradbury and Evans. I do not give you this long notice, to strike formal terror into your mind; but merely because it will be Christmas Week, and I fear you might otherwise be engaged.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Rackham Esquire

Volume VIII

1856 – 1858

1856

January

To JOHN FORSTER,[†1] [1 JANUARY 1856]

Extracts in F, VIII, iii, 65*n* and VII, v, 616-7. *Date:* first extract 1 Jan, according to Forster; second extract probably same letter; see notes below.

When in London Coutts[†2] advised me not to sell out the money for Gad's Hill Place (the title of my estate, Sir, my place down in Kent) until the conveyance was settled and ready.[†3]

On the entry into Paris of French troops from the Crimea,[†4] *the Zouaves*[†5] *pleased him most.* A remarkable body of men, wild, dangerous, and picturesque. Close-cropped head, red skull cap, Greek jacket, full red petticoat trowsers trimmed with yellow, and high white gaiters — the most sensible things for the purpose I know, and coming into use in the line. A man with such things on his legs is always free there, and ready for a muddy march; and might flounder through roads two feet deep in mud, and, simply by changing his gaiters (he has another pair in his haversack), be clean and comfortable and wholesome again, directly.[†6] Plenty of beard and moustache, and the musket carried reverse wise with the stock over the shoulder, make up the sun-burnt Zouave. He strides like Bobadil,[†7] smoking as he goes; and when he laughs (they were under my window for half-an-hour or so), plunges backward in the wildest way, as if he were going to throw a sommersault. They have a black dog belonging to the regiment, and, when they now marched along with their medals, this dog marched after the one non-commissioned officer he invariably follows with a profound conviction that he was decorated. I couldn't see whether he had a medal, his hair being long; but he was perfectly up to what had befallen his regiment; and I never saw anything so capital as his way of regarding

the public. Whatever the regiment does, he is always in his place; and it was impossible to mistake the air of modest triumph which was now upon him. A small dog corporeally, but of a great mind. *On that night there was an illumination in honour of the army, when the* whole of Paris, bye streets and lanes and all sorts of out of the way places, was most brilliantly illuminated. It looked in the dark like Venice and Genoa

rolled into one, and split up through the middle by the Corso at Rome in the carnival time.[†1] The French people certainly do know how to honour their own countrymen, in a most marvellous way. *He was fairly lost in a mystery of amazement at where the money could come from that everybody was spending on the étrennes*[†2] *they were giving to everybody else. All the famous shops on the Boulevards had been blockaded for more than a week.* There is now a line of wooden stalls, three miles long, on each side of that immense thoroughfare;[†3] and wherever a retiring house or two admits of a double line, there it is. All sorts of objects from shoes and sabots, through porcelain and crystal, up to live fowls and rabbits which are played for at a sort of dwarf skittles (to their immense disturbance, as the ball rolls under them and shakes them off their shelves and perches whenever it is delivered by a vigorous hand), are on sale in this great Fair. And what you may get in the way of ornament for twopence, is astounding.

To W. H. WILLS,[†4] 1 JANUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, First January 1856

My Dear Wills.

Many Happy New Years! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, &c[†5] —

I return the Proofs.[†6] As you observe in your note, they will want to be looked over, very carefully.

The Flag of England — Taboo.

Across the Street[†7] — highly desirable to be postponed for the present. It is too manifestly a remnant from the Xmas No.[†8] and would now come too near that story of Thomas's.[†9]

Lead off the No. with the Guards and the Line.[†10] With the new name I have given

it[†1] (see to the proof, the punctuation, and slovenly composition here and there), it is the best thing we can do. [†a]It has a distinct and appropriate purpose.[†a]

Howitt,[†2] all right. But take his German poetry out altogether, or make him render it in English also.[†3]

Zoological Auction,[†4] also licenced and returned herewith.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

I will write again in a day or two.

To JOHN FOWLER,[†5] 2 JANUARY 1856

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1972; *MS* 1 p.; dated Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, 2 Jan 56; *Address* (envelope MS Free Library of Philadelphia): L'Angleterre | John Fowler Esquire | 50 Occupation Road | Sheffield. PM Paris 2 Jan 56.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to learn from your letter that my reading[†6] has been of solid advantage to your Institution.[†7] *Fowler's kind remembrance of the actors*[†8] *is particularly agreeable to him; CD is much interested to know that members were among the audience.*

I can answer your enquiry respecting the audience, in the warmest manner. It was an admirable one; I think I have not read to a better.

To MRS GASKELL,[†9] 2 JANUARY 1856

MS Dickens House. *Address:* L'Angleterre | Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Paris, 49 Avenue des champs Elysées
Second January 1856

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

In case Household Words should not have spoken for itself in the notice that is

now regularly appended to it,[†1] or in case you should not have seen that notice, I think I may as well write to let you know that I waited on Madame Mohl[†2] very shortly after she called here with your note. She fully explained its subject to me, and in the next No. we put to Press, I began an announcement that the writers in Household Words reserve the right of translation. On considering the matter it seemed to be best and strongest, to make the formality general and sweeping. It effectually preserves your right.[†3]

I have been going on, hoping to see the end of the story you could not finish (which was not your fault or anybody's) in time for Christmas.[†4] When will it be forthcoming, I wonder! You have not deserted it. You cannot be such an unnatural mother.

With kind remembrances from Mrs. Dickens and her sister and our united regards to Mr. Gaskell,[†5]

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS HACHETTE ET CIE,[†6] 2 JANUARY 1856

MS Librairie Hachette.

49 Champs Elysées | Mercredi Janvier 2, 1856

Messieurs.

Permettez-moi de vous faire savoir que je suis revenue à Paris,[†7] et que je serai bien aise d'avoir l'honneur de vous entretenir, ou Lundi ou Mardi prochain, à deux heures.[†8]

Recevez Messieurs l'assurance de ma consideration profonde.

Votre fidele
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. L. Hachette et Cie.

To LADY STRACEY,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1856

Extract in Maggs catalogue No. 871 (1899); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Lady Stracey; dated Paris, 2 Jan 56.

We are passing the winter here, and though I make periodical flights to England they are merely for the transaction of business.

To EDMUND YATES,[†2] 2 JANUARY 1856

MS University of Kentucky Library.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Wednesday Second January 1856.

My Dear Yates.

Supposing both Corsican Brothers to be available, I think I should prefer being Godfather[†3] to the one who isn't Kean.[†4] With this solitary stipulation, I very cordially respond to your proposal, and am happy to take my friendly and sponsorial seat at your fireside.

I will write you word when I purpose making another flight to London; for I must come and see my boy,[†5] whether we fill the sparkling wine-cup (when I was in America, an Editor[†6] wrote me a note of invitation begging me to come and "crush" that article with him), or not. I am but newly returned here, and hardly expect to be beckoned over for some weeks.

When you represent me at the Font and are renouncing, think that on Christmas Day I had seven sons in the Banquet Hall of this apartment — which would not make a very large warm bath — and renounce my example.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth unite with me in kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Yates[†1] — as to whom I now consider myself with much pleasure, a sort of relation.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund H Yates Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 AND 4 JANUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées
Thursday Third January 1856 | (After Post time)

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†2]

I am sufficiently irritable — though, as you know, the most amiable of men! — to desire to avoid reading Miss Martineau's[†3] vomit[†4] of conceit,[†5] unless I should feel myself positively obliged to do so. I have therefore put the precious packet by, without opening it. I will come to a decision upon Morley's[†6] notice of it, when I see the Proof of his article.[†7] But my present impression is, that I would rather (if only for the mortification it will cause her), not notice it at all. The Proof has not yet arrived.

You shall have a first paper[†8] from me by Sunday's post, if you don't get it — to start[†9]

— VIII - 7 —

BONBONS[†1]

Mrs. Dickens has already sent to her sister[†2] at Tavistock House,[†3] instructions thereanent. It is to go back there.[†4]

Poole's[†5]

Quarter I have paid him. Enclosed is his proof of life. After you shall have sent me the receipt to sign, and after I shall have signed it, please pay the usual Paymaster General Order, to my account at Coutts's.[†6]

Friday Afternoon

The Proof has arrived. I will read it and write to you about it, when I have done my article. Expect it on Monday morning. From 3 to 4 pages.

I send by this post a paper of White's.[†7] I have not read it, but I know the design and it is a good subject.[†8]

He wants an order on Lafitte's[†9] for all we owe him, including Old Blois[†10] *and* this paper — an order to pay Revd. James White so many pounds sterling. This will be as advantageous to him as gold. From the total he will be very much obliged if you will deduct the cost of [ ].[†11]

— And if you will make a parcel of those books[†12] and so send them to him, he will Ever Pray — &c.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,[†1] 4 JANUARY 1856*

MS Private.

49 Champs Elysées | Friday Fourth January 1856

My Dear Mr. Sala.

I shall be at home on Tuesday from 12 to 1, and shall be happy to see you if that time will suit your convenience.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George A Sala Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 JANUARY 1856]

Extracts in F, VIII, i, 624 and VII, V, 619*n*, 619 and 617*n*. *Date:* first two extracts dated 6 Jan, according to Forster; third and fourth extracts probably same letter (see notes below).

On Little Dorrit *he wrote* You know that they had sold 35,000 of number two on new year's day.[†3]

I forget whether I have already told you that I have received a proposal from a responsible bookselling house here, for a complete edition, authorized by myself, of a French translation of all my books. The terms involve questions of space and amount of matter; but I should say, at a rough calculation, that I shall get about £300 by it — perhaps £50 more.[†4]

The nightmare portrait is nearly done; and Scheffer[†5] promises that an interminable

sitting next Saturday,[†1] beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning, shall finish it. It is a fine spirited head, painted at his very best, and with a very easy and natural appearance to it. But it does not look to me at all like, nor does it strike me that if I saw it in a gallery I should suppose myself to be the original.[†2] It is always possible that I don't know my own face. It is going to be engraved here, in two sizes and ways — the mere head and the whole thing.[†3]

We have wet weather here — and dark too for these latitudes — and oceans of mud. Although numbers of men are perpetually scooping and sweeping it away in this thoroughfare, it accumulates under the windows so fast, and in such sludgy masses, that to get across the road is to get half over one's shoes in the first outset of a walk.[†4]

To W. H. WILLS, 6 JANUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Sunday January Sixth 1856

My Dear Wills.

†a I have read Morley's article,†5 and gone very carefully over that part of it which refers to Miss Martineau. Supposing the facts to be closely examined and verified, I think it should be printed, and should go into the opening of the next No.†6 †b as I have arranged it in the enclosed proof.†b I do not quite distinctly see how it is proved that the renunciation of the idea of paying the penalties dates from that Seventh of August beyond all doubt.†7 I should like it made clearer.

Miss Martineau, in this, is precisely what I always knew her to be, and have always impressed her upon you as being. I was so convinced that it was impossible that she *could* be anything else, having seen and heard her, that I am not in the least triumphant at her justifying my opinion. I do suppose that there never was such a wrong-headed woman born†b — such a vain one — or such a Humbug.†b

If you think any little thing I have put in, too hard, consult Forster. If you both think so, take it out. Not otherwise.†a†8

— VIII - 10 —

I should like Morley to do a Strike article, and to work into it the greater part of what is here.†1 But I cannot represent myself as holding the opinion that all strikes among this unhappy class of society who find it so difficult to get a peaceful hearing, are always necessarily wrong; because I don't think so. To open a discussion of the question by saying that the men are "*of course* entirely and painfully in the wrong", surely would be monstrous in any one. Shew them to be in the wrong here, but in the name of the Eternal Heavens shew why, upon the merits of this question.†2 Nor can I possibly adopt the representation that these men are wrong because, by throwing themselves out of work, they throw other people, possibly without their consent. If such a principle had anything in it, there would have been no civil war; no raising by Hampden of a troop of Horse, to the detriment of Buckinghamshire Agriculture; no self sacrifice in the political world. And O Good God when Morley treats of the suffering of wife and children, can he suppose that these mistaken men don't feel it in the depths of their hearts, and don't honestly and honorably — most devoutly and faithfully — believe — that for those very children when they shall have children, they are bearing all these miseries now!

I hear from Mrs. Fillonneau†3 that her husband†4 was obliged to leave town suddenly, before he could get your parcel. Consequently he has not brought it, and White's Sovereigns†5 — unless you have got them back again — are either lying out of circulation somewhere, or are being spent by somebody else.

I will write again on Tuesday. My article to begin the Vol.†6 enclosed.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

— VIII - 11 —

To F. BEAUCOURT-MUTUEL,[†1] [?6 JANUARY 1856]

Mention in next.

Engaging the Villa Moulineaux for June.

To MARK LEMON,[†2] 7 JANUARY 1856

Text from MDGH, I, 416-19.

49, Champs Elysees, Paris, Monday, Jan. 7th, 1856.

My dear Mark,

[†a]I want to know how "Jack and the Beanstalk"[†3] goes. I have a notion from a notice — a favourable notice, however — which I saw in *Galignani,* that Webster[†4] has let down the comic business.[†a†5]

In a piece at the Ambigu,[†6] called the "Rentrée à Paris,"[†7] a mere scene in honour of the return of the troops from the Crimea the other day, there is a novelty which I think it worth letting you know of, as it is easily available, either for a serious or a comic interest — the introduction of a supposed electric telegraph. The scene is the railway terminus at Paris, with the electric telegraph office on the prompt side, and the clerks *with their backs to the audience* — much more real than if they were, as they infallibly would be, staring about the house — working the needles;[†8] and the little bell perpetually ringing. There are assembled to greet the soldiers, all the easily and naturally imagined elements of interest — old veteran fathers, young children, agonised mothers, sisters and brothers, girl lovers — each impatient to know of his or her own object of solicitude. Enter to these a certain marquis, full of sympathy for all, who says "My friends, I am one of you. My brother has no commission yet. He is

a common soldier. I wait for him as well as all brothers and sisters here wait for *their* brothers. Tell me whom you are expecting." Then they all tell him. Then he goes into the telegraph-office, and sends a message down the line to know how long the troops will be. Bell rings. Answer handed out on slip of paper. "Delay on the line. Troops will not arrive for a quarter of an hour." General disappointment. "But we have this brave electric telegraph, my friends," says the marquis. "Give me your little messages, and I'll send them off." General rush round the marquis. Exclamations: "How's Henri?" "My love to Georges;" "Has Guillaume forgotten Elise?" "Is my son wounded?" "Is my brother promoted?" etc. etc. Marquis composes tumult. Sends message — such a regiment, such a company — "Elise's love to Georges." Little bell rings, slip of paper handed out — "Georges in ten minutes will embrace his Elise. Sends her a thousand kisses." Marquis sends message — such a regiment, such a company — "Is my son wounded?" Little bell rings. Slip of paper handed out — "No. He has not yet upon him those marks of bravery in the glorious service of his country which his dear old father bears" (father being lamed and invalided). Last of all, the widowed mother. Marquis sends message — such a regiment, such a company — "Is my only son safe?" Little bell rings. Slip of paper handed out — "He was first upon the heights of Alma." General cheer. Bell rings again, another slip of paper handed out. "He was made a sergeant at Inkermann." Another

cheer. Bell rings again, another slip of paper handed out. "He was made colour-sergeant at Sebastopol." Another cheer. Bell rings again, another slip of paper handed out. "He was the first man who leaped with the French banner on the Malakhoff tower." Tremendous cheer. Bell rings again, another slip of paper handed out. "But he was struck down there by a musket-ball, and — Troops have proceeded. Will arive in half a minute after this." Mother abandons all hope; general commiseration; troops rush in, down a platform; son only wounded, and embraces her.

As I have said, and as you will see, this is available for any purpose. But done with equal distinction and rapidity, it is a tremendous effect, and got by the simplest means in the world. There is nothing in the piece, but it was impossible not to be moved and excited by the telegraph part of it.

I hope you have seen something of Stanny,[†1] and have been to pantomimes with him, and have drunk to the absent Dick. I miss you, my dear old boy, at the play, woefully, and miss the walk home, and the partings at the corner of Tavistock Square. And when I go by myself, I come home stewing "Little Dorrit" in my head; and the best part of *my* play is (or ought to be) in Gordon Street.[†2]

I have written to Beaucourt about taking that breezy house[†3] — a little improved[†4] — for the summer, and I hope you and yours will come there often and stay there long.[†5] My present idea, if nothing should arise to unroot me sooner, is to stay here until the middle of May, then plant the family at Boulogne, and come with

Catherine and Georgy home for two or three weeks.[†1] When I shall next run across I don't know, but I suppose next month.[†2]

We are up to our knees in mud here. Literally in vehement despair, I walked down the avenue outside the Barrière de l'Étoile[†3] here yesterday, and went straight on among the trees. I came back with top-boots of mud on. Nothing will cleanse the streets. Numbers of men and women are for ever scooping and sweeping in them, and they are always one lake of yellow mud. All my trousers go to the tailor's every day, and are ravelled out at the heels every night. Washing is awful.

Tell Mrs. Lemon,[†4] with my love, that I have bought her some Eau d'Or,[†5] in grateful remembrance of her knowing what it is, and crushing the tyrant of her existence by resolutely refusing to be put down when that monster would have silenced her.[†6] You may imagine the loves and messages that are now being poured in upon me by all of them, so I will give none of them; though I am pretending to be very scrupulous about it, and am looking (I have no doubt) as if I were writing them down with the greatest care.

Ever affectionately

[CD]

To MADAME VIARDOT,[†7] 7 JANUARY 1856*

MS Yale University Library.

49 Champs Elysées | 7 Janvier, 1856

Ma chère Madame Viardot

Samedi prochain me conviendra parfaitement.[†8] Je serai charmé de vous revoir, et de faire connaissance avec cette dame illustre,[†9] chez vous. Madame Dickens sera enchantée de m'accompagner.

Croyez-moi toujours, un des admirateurs de votre genie les plus sincères et les plus constants,
CHARLES DICKENS

À Madame Viardot.

To MISS MARY BOYLE,[†1] 8 JANUARY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Paris, 49 Champs Elysées, | Tuesday Eighth January 1856.

My Dear Mary.

I am afraid you will think me an abandoned ruffian for not having acknowledged your more than welcome warm-hearted letter before now. But, as usual, I have been so occupied, and so glad to get up from my desk and wallow in the mud (at present about 6 feet deep here), that pleasure-correspondence is just the last thing in the world I have had leisure to take to. Business correspondence with all sorts of conditions of men — *and* women — O my Mary! is one of the Dragons I am perpetually fighting. And the more I throw it, the more it stands upon its hind-legs, rampant, and throws me.

Yes. On that bright cold morning when I left Peterboro',[†2] I felt that the best thing I could do was to say that word that I would do anything in an honest way to avoid saying,[†3] at one blow, and make off. I was so sorry to leave you all! — You can scarcely imagine what a chill and blank I felt on that Monday Evening at Rockingham.[†4] It was so sad to me, and engendered a constraint so melancholy and peculiar, that I doubt if I were ever much more out of sorts in my life. Next morning, when it was light and sparkling out of doors, I felt more at home again. But when I came in from seeing poor dear Watson's grave, Mrs. Watson[†5] asked me to go up in the Gallery — which I had last seen in the days of our merry Play.[†6] We went up and walked into the bay-part he had made and was so fond of, and she looked out of one window and I looked out of another, and for the life of me I could not decide in my own breast whether I should console or distress her by going and taking her hand, and saying something of what was naturally in my mind. So I said nothing, and we came out again, and on the whole perhaps it was best; for I have no doubt we understood each other very well, without speaking a word.

Sheffield[†7] was a tremendous success and an admirable Audience. They made me a present of table-cutlery after the reading was over,[†8] and I came away by the Mail Train within three quarters of an hour — changing my dress and getting on my wrappers, partly in the Fly, partly at the Inn, partly on the Platform. When we got among the Lincolnshire fens, it began to snow. That changed to sleet, that changed to rain, the frost was all gone as we neared London, and the mud was all come. At two or three o'Clock in the morning, I stopped at Peterboro' again, and thought of you all, disconsolately. The Lady in the

Refreshment Room was very hard upon me — harder even, than those fair enslavers usually are. She gave me a cup of tea, as if I were a hyæna, and she my cruel keeper with a strong dislike to me. I mingled my

tears with it; and had a petrified bun of enormous antiquity, in miserable meekness.[†1]

It is clear to me that climates are gradually assimilating over a great part of the world, and that in the most miserable time of our year there is very little to choose between London and Paris — except that London is not so muddy. I have never seen dirtier or worse weather than we have had here, ever since I returned. In desperation I went outside the Barriers last Sunday on a headlong walk, and came back with top-boots of mud on, and my very eyebrows smeared with mud. Georgina is usually invisible during the walking time of the day. A turned-up nose may be seen in the midst of a heap of splashes — but nothing more.

I am setting to work again, and my horrible restlessness immediately assails me. It belongs to such times. As I was writing the preceding page[†2] it suddenly came into my head that I would get up and go to Calais. I don't know why. The moment I got to Calais, I should want to come back here. The moment I got here, I should want to go somewhere else. But, as my friend The Boots says (see Xmas No. Household Words) "When you come to think what a game you've been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how its always Yesterday with you, or else Tomorrow, and never To Day — that's where it is."[†3]

My dear Mary, could you favor me with the name and address of the Professor wot taught you writing? For, I want to improve myself. Many a hand have I seen, with Many characteristics of beauty in it — some, loopy; some, dashy; some, large; some, small; some, sloping to the right; some, sloping to the left; some, not sloping at all; but what I like in *your* hand Mary, is, — its plainness. It is like Print.[†4] Them as runs, may read — just as well as if they stood still. *I* should have thought it was copperplate, if I hadn't a known you.

They send all sorts of messages from here, and so do I. With my best regards to Bedgy[†5] and pardner[†6] and the blessed babbies. When shall we meet again I wonder, and go somewhere! Ah! —

Believe me ever my dear Mary, yours truly and affectionately

Joe [†7]

(That doesn't look plain)

JOE [†8]

To W. H. WILLS, 9 JANUARY 1856*

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées | Wednesday Ninth January 1856

My Dear Wills. I write very hastily, in order that I may send the No.[†1] back by this Post. It has come from the Printer's; and the same Post that brings it, brings no letter from you.

The No. is rather heavy. Look to Langthwaite,[†2] to see that there is no covert Bawdry in it.[†3] The Cattle Stealer[†4] and the Roving Englishman[†5] obviously dont do together. A change is wanted there.[†6]

I send you for the following No. the Whitechapel case.[†7] Ask Albert Smith[†8] to call in at the office (after it is printed) and look at the Proof. It is perfectly accurate, except that the case is under-stated; but I shod. like him to see it, tell him.

You shall have another letter from me tomorrow, wherein I will tell you about Miss Coutts.[†9]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 JANUARY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Thursday Tenth January 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The noble cake arrived in the best condition — was a great surprise — and was received with the loudest acclamations. I think Mrs. Dickens will have already thanked you for it,[†10] but I cannot omit it from my note in reply to yours received yesterday.

I was very much pleased to receive that note, because I know its effect will be a great pleasure to Wills, and because I am certain of his deserving your confidence, and most zealously delicately and worthily acquitting himself of any function you entrust him with.[†11] My experience of him is close and constant, and I cannot too

highly commend him. I feel so much interested in hearing the arrangements you would prefer to make, that I put a strong constraint upon myself in not immediately coming to London. However, I shall try to force myself to write a No. of Little Dorrit first (I am just sitting down to one),[†1] and that will hold me prisoner, if I submit, until early in next Month. Whenever I come to town, of course I shall come to you within a few hours.[†2]

Next month reminds me of Walter.[†3] Being fifteen next month, he will be able to go up for his examination next month twelvemonth. I found him so excessively deaf when he came over here, that I felt it necessary to have him examined by the Chief Surgeon (very famous in that way), of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.[†4] He found him to have an Ulcerated Tympanum, of a very aggravated and peculiar kind. He said it was of long standing, must have caused him great pain, and he should have thought must have forced itself on the attention of the Masters of his school.[†5] He has greatly relieved and improved his patient, but says that his sense of hearing will never be quite delicate. To brush up the patient's French, I send him to a great school in the Faubourg St. Honoré,[†6] two hours a day. An Omnibus comes round for

the Pupils, every Morning — a private Omnibus belonging to the school — and the Driver blows a frightful whistle on the box, to announce himself.

I have made arrangements with a large bookselling-house in Paris here, for the publication of a French translation of the whole of my books. A volume will appear about once a month, and it will take a year and a half or two years to complete. It will be a pleasant thing to have done in one's lifetime. It is their venture, and they pay me three or four hundred pounds for it besides. The Portrait for which I have been sitting to Ary Scheffer, is just done.[†7] He is a great painter, and of course it has great merit. I doubt if I should know it, myself — but it is always possible I may know other people's faces pretty well, without knowing my own.

I have omitted to say, in its proper place, that I had *not* communicated to Wills, what passed between you and me.[†8] It did not seem to me quite decided, and I thought there was time enough: knowing that I could at any time tell him that I had had a reason for reserving it, and that he would be quite satisfied with that assurance.

There seem to be great misgivings here, that a pecuniary crisis[†9] must come.

My kind love to Mrs. Browne,[†10] whom I hope to find very much improved when I next see her.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Faithfully and affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWIN LANDSEER,[†1] 10 JANUARY 1856

MS University of Texas. *Address:* L'Angleterre. | Sir Edwin Landseer | &c &c &c | 1 St. John's Wood Road | London.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Thursday Tenth January 1856

My Dear Landseer.

I will not fail to report myself, when I next stand within view of the Village Church of St. Paul. My defection from the Blue Posts,[†2] was caused by my having to read at Sheffield; which, I thought when you were here,[†3] I had escaped. I was perpetually on Railroads, during the whole of my short Flight.

The Royal Couple[†4] shall have my best attention. I will try to express you in the plainest manner, and to allow none of the interest of your argument — a most excellent one — to escape.[†5]

What you say of Nos. 1 and 2, is a real delight to me. For, whenever I speak of men born by Nature to be writers if they had not highly distinguished themselves in some other Art (they are mighty few), I always instance you with your remarkable powers of observation and perception. My Lanny, there are some of your friends in Place-Regions[†6] who will look mightily blue when they see No. 3.[†7] Let me whisper *that* in your ear.

And now I come to the most portentous part of your letter. Seventy five times over, I read this Postcript:[†8]

"What have you done with the Firs."
— what Firs, I asked myself? I have planted none here; I have no place to plant them in; I have purchased no Firs, sold no Firs, described no Firs, made no reference to any Firs whatsoever. I went to bed, partially delirious. In the dead of the night it came into my head that the Postcript must be:

"What have you done with the Tin."[†9]
I done with the Tin? — *I*? Don't you know that Mr. Jacob Bell[†10] took the business out of my hands? Don't you know, that in consequence of some difficulty respecting the attestation of your signature by the Consul[†11] in your absence, he comes to me at the Household Words Office and says, says he, "I have therefore entrusted the matter

to Mr. Redgrave,[†1] who will get it done"? And now to be asked what *I* have done with the Tin — I the discarded one! — Ha ha ha!

———————

(Here I broke off, put some straws in my hair, some more straws in my shoes, took a wisp in each hand, and went about the room, theatrically mad, repeating for two hours — "What have I — *I* — done with the Tin!)

Mrs. Dickens and Georgina send their kindest regards. They think you ought to come back and spend the — ha ha ha! — the Tin — *my* tin — the tin that I — ho ho ho!

Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edwin Landseer.

To W. H. WILLS, 10 JANUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Thursday January tenth 1856

My Dear Wills.

MISS COUTTS.[†2]

I am happy to find from the enclosed letter[†3] (which you are to read, after reading this), that I exercised a wise discretion in saying nothing to you of a conversation I had with Miss Coutts on the day after my arrival in town last time.[†4] She then told me that she was under particular articles of agreement with her Partners in the Bank, never to associate herself with anyone, in any kind of engagement or business, who was connected with any House or Enterprize; and that she had doubted, since her interview with you, whether your position in respect to Household Words might not be construed in the Strand as

coming within the line drawn. Observing my invariable custom of taking the perfectly independent course in any such matter, and of justifying no jealousy or suspicion, and of having nothing in common with anybody's intrigues or approaches towards her, I told her that if she had that doubt it was enough — that it was enough for me — that it would be enough for you — and that there was an end of it. She then begged me to explain it to you. But I thought I saw so distinctly that her mind was *not* made up and that there was a strong probability of her coming to an opposite conclusion, that I resolved to make no explanation to you for some little time. All this I now disclose to you in the strictest confidence — my confidence with her, being involved therein. You will see from her letter that she now contemplates the kind of relation I pointed out to you as desirable.[†5] I have told her in reply, that I expect to be in town again about the 10th. of February, and that I shall then be very happy to pursue, and I hope settle, the subject with her.[†6]

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ME.[†1]

When you write next, will you enclose some stamps for cheques?

Is there any news of Gad's Hill Place?[†2]

Will you send John[†3] to Mr. Morgan, our family apothecary[†4] (John knows his house near Russell Square), with a note asking him to call upon you at the Office at a certain time? When he comes, will you tell him that you have it in charge from me to beg him to charge his attendance medicines &c for Mrs. Hogarth[†5] in her illness to my account, and just to say nothing at all about the matter to her, or her family, or any one else.

SALA.[†1]

came here at 12 o'Clock on Tuesday, by appointment, at his solicitation.[†6] It was the second appointment. On the first occasion he was 20 minutes behind his time (but I really believe by an accident), and of course I had gone out. He sat here *two hours*, telling me about his reputable friends at Erith,[†7] and so forth. I had no suspicion that he was postponing a request for money and couldn't make up his mind to make it, until he at last stammered out a petition for £5.[†8] I gave it him. Please place that sum to his debit and my credit.[†9] He told me he had sent two articles to you.[†10]

I derived the idea that he was living very queerly here, and not doing himself much good. He knew nothing, I observed, about the pieces at the Theatres; and suggested a strong flavor of the wine shop and the billiard table.[†11] In Galignani, I see a quotation from the Leader, which, unless my memory deceives me (which I don't think it does), is a part of that article he wrote about the Young Man and his Uncle, and called, I think, Parisian Nights Entertainments.[†12] You didn't give it back to him, did you? If you did, it was a mistake. I meant it to stand over, until Collins[†13] should come here.

H. W.[†1]

Forster does not think those two little poems[†14] are otherwise than original. That is to

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say, he cannot find them anywhere, though he has my general impression about them. Therefore get them back from him and insert them.

My head is necessarily so full of my own subjects, that I have not thought of that point to any advantage, though I have thought of it at various times. The Police Enquiry[†1] was never done, though I spoke to you about it when you were here. Accounts of the constitution of foreign armies, especially as to their officering, and as to the officer's professional business being his professional pride and study and not a bore, are highly desirable.[†2] An article on the prices of fares on Foreign Railways, on the cost of making them, on the public accommodation and the nature of the carriages &c — contrasting their law with our law, and their management with our management — would be highly desirable.[†3] I suppose Dixon[†4] could do it directly. Would it be possible to strike out a new man, to write popularly about the monstrous absurdity of our laws, and to compare them with the Code Napoleon? Or has Morley knowledge enough in that direction, or could he get it?[†5] It is curious to observe here that Lord Campbell's[†6] acts for making compensation to bodily-injured people, are mere shreds of the Code Napoleon. That business of the Duke of Northumberland[†7] and his tenantry. Couldn't Sydney[†8] do something about it?[†9] It would be worth sending anybody to that recusant Farmer who leads the opposition.[†10] Similarly, the Duke of Argyll, whom the papers drove out of his mind by agreeing to consider him a Phaenomonon, simply because he wasn't a born ass. Is there no Scotch source from whence we can get some information about that Island where he had the notice stuck upon the Church Door that "no tenant under £30 a year, was to be allowed to use spirits, at any marriage, christening, funeral, or other Gathering".[†11] It would be a capital illustration of the monstrous nonsense of a Maine Law.[†12] Life Assurance. Are proposals ever refused — if so, often — because of their suspicious character as engendering notions that the assured life may possibly be taken? I know of Policies being refused to be paid, on the ground that the person

was Murdered — and could insert an anecdote or two.[†1] Poisoning. Can't Morley do something about the Sale of Poisons[†2] — I suppose Miss Martineau's doctrine of never never never interfering with trade, is not a Gospel from Heaven in this case.

For a light article, suppose Thomas[†3] went round, for a walk, to a number of the old coaching houses, and were to tell us what they are about now, and how they look. Those great stables down in Lad Lane whence the horses belonging to the Swan with two Necks, used to come up an inclined plane. What are *they* doing? The Golden Cross, the Belle Sauvage, the Houses in Goswell Street, the Peacock at Islington, what are they all about? How do they bear the little ricketty omnibuses and so forth? What on earth were the coaches made into? What comes into the Yard of the General Post Office now, at 5 o'Clock in the morning? What's up the yard of the Angel, St. Clements? *I* don't know. What's in the two Saracens' Heads? Any of the old brains at all?[†4]

Mr. Paine[†5] might do this, if Thomas couldn't. But Thomas would do it best.

— Your letter of yesterday has just arrived as I close this. Morley always wants a little screwing up and tightening. It is his habit to write in a loose way.

Certainly *not* the Burns at that price for White, I undertake to say. The Xmas Bills in the parcel, if you please. Ever Faithfully CD

To LOUIS HACHETTE,[†6] 14 JANUARY 1856

MS Librairie Hachette. *Date:* misdated 1855 by CD.

49 Champs Elysées | Monday January 14, 1855

Dear Sir

I have read the agreement you have had the kindness to send me, and I return it enclosed.

When I wrote, hastily, the titles of my Romances,[†7] I forgot Oliver Twist, which is distinctly one of them, which has always been so called and which is as widely known both in England and abroad as any book I have written.[†8] Consequently the number of Romances is not nine, but ten.

As to Hard Times, and the Contes de Noel, they are comparatively short as separate books, and they form part of my Works as published in England, and no French

translation could possibly be considered complete without them. I therefore suggest to you that they ought to form (as one Volume in all), part of the series of Romances,[†1] and that it would be an absurdity to include them under the separate title of "Nouvelles" — Nor do I see how we can possibly include in our agreement, the titles of all the papers I have written in Household Words. If you call those "Nouvelles" (which I do not), there are many of them; but of opuscules *not* published in Household Words, there is only one large separate Volume. It is called "Sketches"[†2] (Esquisses), and contains my juvenile productions. I do not think it would repay you to make any translations from that book.

I cannot say what Romances written by me have been translated in France,[†3] and I wish to avoid embarrassing our agreement with any statement on that head. Your original letter containing nothing about it, I apprehend you will agree with me on the point.

It seems to me that there are only three essential points to be stated in the agreement.

First that I am the author of certain works, some of which appeared before the International Treaty; some of which have appeared since the International Treaty.[†4]

Second. That the following are the dates of the publication of the said books, separately. Consequently that so many were published before the treaty, and that so many have been published since.

Third, that I cede to you the sole and exclusive right of making a translation authorized by me, of these books, into the French language, in consideration of so much money — so much for the books published before the Treaty, and so much for the books published since the Treaty — to be paid in monthly payments of a thousand francs each, commencing on the 1st. of April next.

The whole business would thus be settled in one plain agreement. I should greatly prefer this mode of proceeding, and I hope you will do me the favor to adopt it. Nothing is wanting on my part to render it complete, but a list of the dates of publication of all my books. On receiving your answer, I will write for it to my publishers in England, and obtain it within two days. I will then send it to you, you can alter the agreement in accordance with it, and we can discuss and conclude it here on any afternoon you please at 3 o'Clock.†5

With the assurance of my high consideration, I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A Monsieur L. Hachette.

To SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, 14 JANUARY 1856

Extract in N, II, 728, and mention in next; dated Paris, 14 Jan 56; addressed Sir Edwin Landseer.

I have started the case of Mr. Sims, in what I hope is a pleasant little joke, that will amuse our personal friends and the public.†1 *Telling him to expect revise of CD's article.*

To W. H. WILLS, 14 JANUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Monday Fourteenth January 1856

My Dear Wills.

H. W.†2

I enclose the Proof of the Friend of the Lions. Will you have the corrections made at once, and then enclose a revise, by post, to Sir Edwin Landseer, 1 St. Johns Wood Road. I have told him that you will send it to him, and that he need not answer. He is not a ready writer.

I think I have a good idea for a series of Paris papers into which I can infuse a good deal of myself, if Collins comes here (as I think he will) for some time.

If Sala really has not sent those papers,†3 it is a very, very bad business. But he described one of them to me; and I shall still hope that they may turn out to have been on the road while we have been communicating about them.

POOLE.†2

I enclose the document duly signed.†4 It is to go to my account at Coutts's, you observe; and *no* remittance is to be made to Paris.

BEGGING LETTERS[†2]

I return three (see P.S); retaining Miss Walpole's[†5] late of the St. James's Theatre. She has been a begging-letter-writer, within my knowledge, these fifteen years.

Mrs. Ramo Samee[†6] is a case that there is no doubt about. John has been there once, and can do the needful again. Something like a couple of guineas, I should think would be the sum most useful to her. But if there were any hope (I fear there is not), of doing her any real good with more, I should not object to more.

The other two letters, I really cannot form a judgment upon. But I a little distrust "E. Martell"[†5] who advertized in the Chronicle.[†7] Do you think them worth enquiring into?

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I bear such a long, long train, that I am never rich, and never was, and never shall be. But (Dixon[†1] excepted), I always want to make some approach towards doing my duty, and I could give away £20 in all just now, to alleviate *real distress* — should be as happy to do that, as I should be the reverse in lazily purchasing false comfort for myself, under the specious name of charity.

MISS COUTTS.[†2]

When you next see her, will you mention, if you remember it, that there was a sum she was to have paid to my account at the Bank, which I had laid out for her (I forget whether it was forty pounds or sixty, but I gave her the Memorandum) which was not entered in my book when I last saw it.[†3] I have forgotten to mention it in writing to her; but I know she will prefer its being recalled to her recollection, in case there should have been any mistake.

I

think that's all at present.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. To save postage, I return no letter, but describe them.

1 — Mrs. Ramo Samee lives at John knows where.

2 — Mrs. or Miss Martell lives at 18 John Street, Holland Street, Blackfriars

3 — Mrs. Mortlock[†4] — poor woman, unable to pay her rent — husband ran away from her four years ago, and left her with two small children — lives at 8 Molyneux Street, Bryanston Square. Says she never wrote a begging letter before.

P.S.2.[†5]

To MONSIEUR GALIMARD,[†6] 15 JANUARY 1856*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

49 Champs Elysées | Mardi Janvier 15, 1856

Monsieur

Permettez-moi de vous exprimer mes profonds regrets que la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'addresser, a eté le sujet d'une absurde meprise.

J'etais en Angleterre lorsque cette lettre arriva ici. Elle fut renvoyée à mon addresse à Londres. En attendant, je revins à Paris, et je ne l'ai que reçue en ce moment.

Je suis desolé Monsieur d'avoir si longtemps paru indifférent a votre si flattante et si interessante invitation. Je vous prie d'agreer bien mes excuses, et l'assurance de ma plus haute consideration.

Je me manquerai pas (j'espere) d'avoir le plaisir de faire visite a votre atelier, ou Samedi ou Dimanche prochain.[†1] Veuillez-bien accepter mes plus sincères remerçiements, et croyez-moi Monsieur

Votre fidele et obligé
CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur Galimard

To [GEORGE] HOGARTH,[†2] 15 JANUARY 1856

Extract in Anderson Auction Co. catalogue No. 1027 (April 1914); dated 15 Jan 56; addressed "My Dear Hogarth".

The Post-Delivery being late today, I have only time to empower you in so many words, to convey to Addison and Co.[†3] my full permission to use the title "Little Dorrit" for the song[†4] you desired. Mary[†5] must add it to her Repertoire,[†6]

To W. H. WILLS, [?15-16 JANUARY 1856]

Mention in *To* Wills, 19 Jan. *Date:* probably written soon after 14 Jan.

To E. F. PIGOTT,[†7] 17 JANUARY 1856

Text from T. F. Madigan Autograph Bulletin, Jan 1926; *MS* 3 pp.; dated 17 Jan 56; addressed E. F. Pigott.

My Dear Pigott

I write hastily in answer to your welcome letter (the sight of your handwriting is the next best thing to the sight of your face, though I greatly prefer the latter), being in the midst of work.

I told the boys when they went back to Boulogne,[†8] to ask Mr. Gibson to send me one of his prospectuses. As it has never arrived I suppose they forgot it, bowled it out

of their memories with a large cake they took back with them. However, I think I can give you the needful information.[†1]

The address of the school is, "The Reverend Mr. Gibson, Rue d'Oratorie, Haute Ville, Boulogne Sur Mer". Mr. Gibson was formerly an Eton master.[†2] His partner in the school is the Reverend W. Bewsher,[†3] one of the Protestant clergymen of Boulogne. They take none but English boys, but French is the ordinary language of the boys lives, after they have been there three months. I pay for each of my boys £40. a year. This includes their French and Classical education (the latter as at Eton) and the usual branches of knowledge. Dancing, Fencing, German, Music, &c. are extra and duly set forth on a printed paper. It is a perfectly honorable establishment as to extras, and not a sharking one. An entrance fee of three guineas is substituted for the usual plate and fork business. After a certain age — I think 15 — there is a rise in the annual payment. I do not remember how much, but it is not a large one. Two months vacation in the summer; none at Christmas unless the parents wish. I have three boys there, and they are very happy, and I have found nothing to object to.[†4] One of them was ill there, and was thoroughly comfortable. Their manners are well looked after, and their clothes are reported to me by the domestic authorities as being particularly well kept. Mrs. Bewsher represents the domesticity of the establishment (Mr. Gibson is a widower) and there are an English lady housekeeper and an ancient French Griffin housekeeper. All these authorities I know, and their behaviour to the boys, and the behaviour of the boys to them is just what it should be.

We should all be sorry if you don't come to Paris — but I don't expect you. I am expecting to hear from Jollins as to his coming any day; and if he doesn't write soon, I'll put him in an article and avenge you.[†5]

The family in these palatial rooms, is in consternation at the word "Drawn". Drawn Sir???

PLORN[†6]

Mrs. Dickens thanks you very much for the Leader (so do I too, by the by), and begs me to say that it comes regularly. She and her sister and my daughters unite in kind remembrances. The PLORN sends his pity and forgiveness.

Ever, my dear Pigott | Very cordially your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS

To G. A. SALA, [?18 JANUARY 1856]

Mention in *To* Wills, 19 Jan. *Date:* shortly before that letter.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 19 JANUARY 1856†

MS Morgan Library.

49 Champs Elysées | Saturday Nineteenth January 1856

My Dear Collins

I had no idea you were so far on with your book,[†1] and heartily congratulate you on being within sight of Land.

It is excessively pleasant to me to get your letter, as it opens a perspective of theatrical and other lounging evenings, and also of articles in Household Words. It will not be the first time that we shall have got on well in Paris,[†2] and I hope it will not be by many a time the last.

I purpose coming over, early in February (as soon, in fact, as I shall have knocked out No. 5 of Little D.), and therefore we can return in a jovial manner together. As soon as I know my day of coming over, I will write to you again, and (as the Merchants — say Charley — would add) "communicate same" to you.

The Lodging, en garçon, shall be duly looked up, and I shall of course make a point of finding it close here. There will be no difficulty in that. I will have concluded the Treaty before starting for London,[†3] and will take it by the month — both because that is the cheapest way, and because desirable places don't let for shorter terms.

I have been sitting to Scheffer to day — conceive this, if you please, with No. 5 upon my soul — 4 hours!! I am so addle-headed and bored, that if you were here I should propose an instantaneous rush to the Trois frères.[†4] Under existing circumstances I have no consolation. I *can't* go out with White — What the Devil's the good of *him* —

I think *the* Portrait[†5] is the most astounding thing ever beheld upon this globe. It has been shrieked over by the United Family, as "O! The very Image!" I went down to the Entresol, the moment I opened it, and submitted it to the Plorn — then engaged, with a half franc musket, in capturing a Malakoff[†6] of chairs. He looked at it very hard, and gave it as his opinion that it was Misser Higg[†7] — We suppose him to have confounded the Colonel with Jollins.

The appalling generality as to the weakness of the Bean Stalk,[†8] certain ominous praise in Galignani had prepared me for. But the terrific truth respecting the Wigs, is a point of detail so crushing that I have not held up my head since.

I met Madame Georges Sand[†1] the other day, at a dinner got up by Madame Viardot for that great purpose.[†2] The human mind cannot conceive any one more astonishingly opposed to all my preconceptions. If I had been shown her in a state of repose and asked what I thought her to be, I should have said "The Queen's Monthly Nurse." Au reste, she has nothing of the Bas bleu[†3] about her, and is very quiet and agreeable.

The way in which mysterious Frenchmen call and want to embrace me, suggests to any one who knows me intimately, such infamous lurking, slinking, getting behind doors, evading, lying — so much

mean resort to craven flights, dastard subterfuge, and miserable poltroonery — on my part, that I merely suggest the arrival of cards like this

Forgues[†4]
homme de lettres

or

Brouse[†5]
Membre de l'Institut

or

Cregibus Patalanternois[†5]
Ecole des Beaux Arts

— every five minutes. Books also arrive with, on the fly leaf,

Jaubaud[†5]
Hommage a l'illustre Romancier d'Angleterre
Charles De Kean.

— and I then write letters of terrific empressement with assurances of all sorts of profound consideration — and never by any chance become visible to the naked eye.

At the Porte St. Martin they are doing the Orestes,[†6] put into French Verse by Alexandre Dumas.[†7] Really one of the absurdest things I ever saw. The scene of the Tomb, with all manner of classical females in black — with excessively unclassical behinds — grouping themselves — on the lid, and on the steps, and on each other, and in every conceivable aspect of obtrusive impossibility[†8] — is just like the window of one of those artists in hair, who address the friends of deceased persons. Tomorrow

week, a fête is coming off at the Jardin d'Hîver,[†1] next door but one here, which I must certainly go to, and which I should think can hardly fail to attract all the Lorettes[†2] in Paris. The fête of the company of the Folies Nouvelles![†3] — The ladies of the Company are to keep stalls, and are to sell to Messieurs the Amateurs, Orange water and Lemonade. Paul leGrand[†4] is to promenade among the Company, dresst as Pierrot — Kelm,[†5] the big-faced comic Singer, is to do the like, dressed as "A Russian Cossack". The entertainments are to conclude with "la Polka des Betes feroces, par la Troupe entière des Folies Nouvelles". I wish, without invasion of the rights of British subjects, or risk of war, Doctor Cumming[†6] could be seized by French Troops, brought over, and made to assist.

The appartement has not grown any bigger since you last had the joy of beholding me, and upon my honor and word I live in terror of asking Adelaide Kemble[†7] to dinner (she lives near at hand), lest she should not be able to get in at the dining room door. I *think* (am not sure) the dining room would hold her, if she could be once pressed in; but I don't see my way to that. Nevertheless we manage our own family dinners very snugly there, and have good ones — as I think you will say every day at half past Five.

I have a notion that we may knock out a *series* of descriptions for H. W.[†8] without much trouble. It is very difficult to get into the Catacombs, but my name is so well known here that I think I may succeed. I find that the Guillotine can be got set up in private — like Punch's Show. What do you think of *that* for an

article? I find myself underlining words constantly. It is not my nature. It is mere imbecility after the four hours' sitting.

All unite in kindest remembrances to you, your mother,[†1] and brother.[†2]

Ever Cordially

CD.

P.S. Beaucourt's Pipe has been purchased, engraved, and presented. Cost f.65.

To MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS,[†3] 19 JANUARY 1856*

MS Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris
Saturday Night, Nineteenth January | 1856

My Dear B and E.

I am making an agreement with a French publishing house here, for a complete French translation of the whole of my books. Before I can complete it, I must have a list of the dates of their publication at home, severally and separately. Will you, at once, direct one of your people to prepare such a list of all the books you have published for me, and to go to Chapman's[†4] and get a similar list from his books? The date of the original publication of Oliver Twist, I shall also want from Bentley's.[†5] It will be well to distinguish (when the book has been a serial one) both the date of the publication of the first No. and the date of the publication of the completed book. The sooner I can have this list, the more acceptable and convenient it will be.

I hope to see you, early next month. I shall bring No. 5 over, please God, as soon as finished. You have no news, I take it for granted, concerning Little Dorrit.[†6]

Great hopes of peace[†7] here. I don't allow myself to be very sanguine thereof as yet though.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†8]

To W. H. WILLS, 19 AND 20 JANUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées Paris
Saturday Night, Nineteenth January 1856

My Dear Wills.

YOU[†1]

have forgotten that I asked you to send, in the next letter you should write me, some stamps for cheques. I am demented for want of them.

H. W.[†1]

The No.[†2] did not arrive to day. Will come, I suppose, tomorrow.

Albert Smith has sent me a proof of his pamphlet about Hotels.[†3] I, in my turn, have sent it to Sala, and suggested to him that he may write an article on the subject.[†4] I have *begged him* to send it to me, here; thinking that may expedite him.

I[†1]

report that White's parcel arrived safely.

Also that if B and E want to buy the collection of criticisms,[†5] for themselves, they are heartily welcome. As to me, I don't want it.

MARK[†1]

with his usual depth of diplomacy has made no mention to me of the Boots at the Adelphi.[†6] Though I had a letter from him two days ago, with a deal about the Adelphi in it.

MUD[†1]

at Paris, is 3 feet and 7/8 deep.

Sunday 20th.

The No. having arrived this morning, I have gone over it, and here it is. It wants careful correction (as usual) for pointing, avoidance of confusion in meaning, and making clear. I never saw such confused writers as we seem to vaccinate.

The Cricket Club paper[†7] is desperately poor; but I have no Taboo to interpose.

BUCKSTONE.[†8]

Does he ask whether I can recommend them to a chairman, or what they are to do for a chairman?[†9] Have I anything to answer on that head?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER [20 JANUARY 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 617*n*; VIII, ii, 639; VII, v, 619; VII, v, 608; VII, v, 613; VII, v, 613-14; VIII, ii, 636*n*. *Date:* first two extracts 20 Jan, according to Forster; third extract clearly same letter, and four others probably so (see below).

It is difficult to picture the change made in this place by the removal of the paving stones (too ready for barricades) and macadamisation. It suits neither the climate nor the soil. We are again in a sea of mud. One cannot cross the road of the Champs Elysées here, without being half over one's boots.

Again I am beset by my former notions of a book whereof the whole story shall be on the top of the Great St. Bernard.[†1] As I accept and reject ideas for *Little Dorrit,* it perpetually comes back to me. Two or three years hence, perhaps you'll find me living with the Monks and the Dogs a whole winter — among the blinding snows that fall about that monastery. I have a serious idea that I shall do it, if I live.

Imagine me if you please with No. 5 on my head and hands, sitting to Scheffer yesterday four hours! At this stage of a story, no one can conceive how it distresses me.

At the Porte St. Martin he had attended a performance of Orestes *versified by Alexandre Dumas.* Nothing have I ever seen so weighty and so ridiculous. If I had not already learnt to tremble at the sight of classic drapery on the human form, I should have plumbed the utmost depths of terrified boredom in this achievement. The chorus is not preserved otherwise than that bits of it are taken out for characters to speak.[†2] It is really so bad as to be almost good. Some of the Frenchified classical anguish struck me as so unspeakably ridiculous that it puts me on the broad grin as I write.

He had dined at the house of Madame Viardot.[†3] I suppose it to be impossible to imagine anybody more unlike my preconceptions than the illustrious Sand. Just the kind of woman in appearance whom you might suppose to be the Queen's monthly nurse. Chubby, matronly, swarthy, black-eyed.[†4] Nothing of the blue-stocking about her, except a little final way of settling all your opinions with hers, which I take to have been acquired in the country where she lives, and in the domination of a small circle.[†5] A singularly ordinary woman in appearance and manner. The dinner was

very good and remarkably unpretending. Ourselves, Madame and her son,[†1] the Scheffers,[†2] the Sartorises, and some Lady somebody (from the Crimea last) who wore a species of paletot and smoked. The Viardots have a house away in the new part of Paris,[†3] which looks exactly as if they had moved into it last week and were going away next. Notwithstanding which, they have lived in it eight years. The opera the very last thing on earth you would associate with the family. Piano not even opened.[†4] Her husband[†5] is an extremely good fellow, and she is as natural as it is possible to be.

Emile de Girardin[†6] *gave a banquet in his honour.*[†7] No man unacquainted with my determination never to embellish or fancify such accounts, could believe in the description I shall let off when we meet, of dining at Emile Girardin's — of the three gorgeous drawing-rooms with ten thousand wax candles in golden sconces, terminating in a dining-room of unprecedented magnificence with two enormous transparent plate-glass doors in it, looking (across an antechamber full of clean plates) straight into the kitchen, with the cooks in their white paper caps dishing the dinner. From his seat in the midst of the table, the host (like a Giant in a Fairy story) beholds the kitchen, and the snow-white tables, and the profound order and silence there prevailing. Forth from the plate-glass doors issues the Banquet — the most wonderful feast ever tasted by mortal: at the present price of Truffles, that article alone costing (for eight people) at least five pounds. On the table are ground glass jugs of peculiar construction, laden with the finest growth of

Champagne and the coolest ice. With the third course is issued Port Wine (previously unheard of in a good state on this continent), which would fetch two guineas a bottle at any sale. The dinner done, Oriental flowers in vases of golden cobweb are placed upon the board. With the ice is issued Brandy; buried for 100 years. To that succeeds Coffee, brought by the brother of one of the convives from the remotest East, in exchange for an equal quantity of Californian gold dust. The company being returned to the drawing-room — tables roll in by unseen agency, laden with Cigarettes from the Hareem of the Sultan, and with cool drinks in which the flavour of the Lemon arrived yesterday from Algeria, struggles voluptuously with the delicate Orange arrived this morning from Lisbon. That period past, and the guests reposing on Divans worked with many-coloured blossoms, big table rolls in, heavy with massive furniture of silver, and breathing incense in the form of a little present of Tea direct from China — table and all, I believe; but cannot swear to it, and am resolved to be

prosaic. All this time the host perpetually repeats "Ce petit dîner-ci n'est que pour faire la connaissance de Monsieur Dickens; il ne compte pas; ce n'est rien." And even now I have forgotten to set down half of it — in particular the item of a far larger plum pudding than ever was seen in England at Christmas time, served with a celestial sauce in colour like the orange blossom, and in substance like the blossom powdered and bathed in dew, and called in the carte (carte in a gold frame like a little fish-slice to be handed about) "Hommage à l'illustre écrivain d'Angleterre." That illustrious man staggered out at the last drawing-room door, speechless with wonder, finally; and even at that moment his host, holding to his lips a chalice set with precious stones and containing nectar distilled from the air that blew over the fields of beans in bloom for fifteen summers, remarked "Le diner que nous avons eu, mon cher, n'est rien — il ne compte pas — il a été tout-à-fait en famille — il faut dîner (en vérité, dîner) bientôt. Au plaisir! Au revoir! Au dîner!"

He wrote on one occasion[†1] *of a youth who had fallen into a father's weaknesses without the possibility of having himself observed them for imitation.* It suggests the strangest consideration as to which of our own failings we are really responsible, and as to which of them we cannot quite reasonably hold ourselves to be so. What A. evidently derived from his father cannot in his case be derived from association and observation, but must be in the very principles of his individuality as a living creature.

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE,[†2] 20 JANUARY 1856

MS Mr Louis J. Heizmann.

49 Champs Elysées | Sunday Twentieth January 1856

My Dear Olliffe

I am vexed to reply that we can't. I have asked a friend here this evening. And as he is a Poet,[†3] I mustn't put him off — or I would.

With kindest regards to Lady Olliffe[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS HACHETTE ET CIE, 25 JANUARY 1856

Extract in N, II, 735; dated 25 Jan 56.

You are mistaken in supposing me to have forgotten Master Humphrey's Clock. It is merely another name for the Old Curiosity Shop[†1] and Barnaby Rudge;[†2] which name has long been abandoned, and was never used for those books after their completion.

To FRANK STONE,[†3] 27 JANUARY 1856*

MS Benoliel Collection.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris
Sunday Twenty Seventh January 1856

My Dear Middlesex.[†4]

Your friend is misinformed — but in his misinformation there is just that grain of truth which hangs to the roots of these wonderful Bean Stalks. It became necessary, when I was last in town, that besides the usual Medical attendant[†5] of the Home,[†6] we should have another — able to look in constantly — with a particular object. I mentioned it to Miss Coutts, and she immediately, then and there, decided whom to have. There never, within my knowledge, was any delay, doubt, or discussion about it.

I hoped to have seen you when I was last in town — but I was perpetually on Railroads. There never was such a grinding and snorting week as I had. I hope however to be in town again within ten days or so, and then to Sparkle on you.

I am touched by your affectionate reference to my Little Dorrit. She is an immense success. There is a dash in No. 3 at the great system of abuse under which we live, that will flutter the Doves in the House of Commons Lobby, I flatter myself![†7]

I hope you saw The Boots in the Xmas No. of Household Words?[†8]

Having just laid down the Pen after a pretty long spell at my little friend,[†9] I am in a state of imbecility, and am going out for a rush into the air

With kindest regards from all here to all in Russell House, Ever My Dear Pumpion[†10]

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 JANUARY 1856]

Extract in F, VII, v, 617*n* and 607. *Date:* both probably from his usual weekend letter.

Three days ago the weather changed here in an hour, and we have had bright weather and hard frost ever since. All the mud disappeared with marvellous rapidity, and the sky became Italian. Taking advantage of such a happy change, I started off yesterday morning (for exercise and meditation) on a scheme I have taken into my head, to walk round the walls of Paris. It is a very odd walk, and will make a good description.[†1] Yesterday I turned to the right when I got outside the Barrière de l'Étoile, walked round the wall till I came to the river, and then entered Paris beyond the site of the Bastille. To-day I mean to turn to the left when I get outside the Barrière, and see what becomes of that.

He wrote of the Théâtre Francais whimsically as a kind of tomb, where you went, as the Eastern people did in stories, to think of your unsuccessful loves and dead relations. There is a dreary classicality at that establishment calculated to freeze the marrow. Between ourselves, even one's best friends there are at times very aggravating. One tires of seeing a man, through any number of acts, remembering everything by patting his forehead with the flat of his hand, jerking out sentences by shaking himself, and piling them up in pyramids over his head with his right forefinger. And they have a generic small comedy-piece, where you see two sofas and three little tables, to which a man enters with his hat on, to talk to another man — and in respect of which you know exactly when he will get up from one sofa to sit on the other, and take his hat off one table to put it upon the other — which strikes one quite as ludicrously as a good farce. . . .[†2] There seems to be a good piece at the Vaudeville, on the idea of the *Town and Country Mouse.*[†3] It is too respectable and inoffensive for me to-night, but I hope to see it before I leave.... I have a horrible idea of making friends with Franconi, and sauntering when I am at work into their sawdust green-room.[†4]

To W. H. WILLS, 28 JANUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées | Monday Twenty Eighth January 1856

My Dear Wills

H. W.

This is a very shy No.[†1] and White is a very bad first paper.[†2] I suppose there is nothing else?[†3]

My corrections (which are pretty numerous) are made in pencil, but I hope you will find them legible. The Rector Abroad, most relentlessly and ruthlessly Taboo.

In your Programme of the No. something called "The Russian Budget"[†4] is in that place. Anyway, the Rector is out of the question.

GAD'S HILL.[†5]

I must come to town sooner than I intended, because February is the short month, and I want to get back to my work. I think I shall come on Monday or Tuesday in next week. Will you tell Ouvry[†6] therefore that I

shall be glad to complete the purchase *at the end of next week,*[†7] if he will make the arrangements accordingly.

MISS COUTTS[†5]

I will write to, as soon as I can positively fix my day.

NO MORE[†5]

at present.

From Yours ever faithfully

CD.

To JAMES BALLANTINE,[†8] 29 JANUARY 1856

Extract in Merwin Sales catalogue No. 599 (1915); *MS* 1 p.; dated Paris, 29 Jan 56; addressed James Ballantine.

Expressing admiration and hearty sympathy *with his verses.*[†9]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 30 JANUARY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

49 Champs Elysées | Thirtieth January 1856. Wednesday

My Dear Collins

I hope you are out of the wood, and holloaing.[†1]

I purpose coming to town, either on Monday or Tuesday night, and returning (if convenient to you), on the following Sunday or Monday. I will write to you as soon as I arrive, and arrange for our devoting an early evening (I should like Wednesday next) to letting our united observation with extended view survey mankind from China to Peru.[†2] On second thoughts, shall we appoint Wednesday now? Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will expect you at Household Words, at 5 that day.

Ever Faithfully (working hard)

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 JANUARY 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 615-16*n*; F, VII, v, 619*n* and F, VIII, i, 624. *Date:* 30 Jan, according to Forster.

It was cold this afternoon, as bright as Italy, and these Elysian Fields crowded with carriages, riders, and foot passengers. All the fountains were playing, all the Heavens shining. Just as I went out at 4 o'clock, several regiments that had passed out at the Barrière in the morning to exercise in the country, came marching back, in the straggling French manner, which is far more picturesque and real than

anything you can imagine in that way. Alternately great storms of drums played, and then the most delicious and skilful bands, "Trovatore"[†3] music, "Barber of Seville"[†4] music, all sorts of music with well-marked melody and time. All bloused Paris (led by the Inimitable, and a poor cripple who works himself up and down all day in a big-wheeled car) went at quick march down the avenue, in a sort of hilarious dance. If the colours with the golden eagle on the top had only been unfurled, we should have followed them anywhere, in any cause — much as the children follow Punches in the better cause of Comedy. Napoleon on the top of the column seemed up to the whole thing, I thought.

I have arranged with the French bookselling house to receive, by monthly payments of £40, the sum of £440 for the right to translate all my books: that is, what they call my Romances, and what I call my Stories. This does not include the Christmas Books, *American Notes, Pictures from Italy,* or the *Sketches;* but they are to have the right to translate them for extra payments if they choose.[†5] In consideration

of this venture as to the unprotected property, I cede them the right of translating all future Romances at a thousand francs (£40) each. Considering that I get so much for what is otherwise worth nothing, and get my books before so clever and important a people, I think this is not a bad move?

I have a grim pleasure upon me to-night in thinking that the Circumlocution Office sees the light, and in wondering what effect it will make.[†1] But my head really stings with the visions of the book, and I am going, as we French say, to disembarrass[†2] it by plunging out into some of the strange places I glide into of nights in these latitudes.

To [FRAU ALBERTI],[†3] 31 JANUARY 1856

MS Messrs Maggs Bros.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris
Thursday Thirty First January 1856

My Dear and highly esteemed Correspondent.

My having been away from here, much occupied with Little Dorrit, has prevented my receiving and replying to your letter as soon as I could have wished. I believe I have never received a more delightful letter in my life, or one that has awakened within me a deeper sense of the loftiest responsibilities and triumphs of a writer. For the earnestness of your feeling towards me, I can never feel sufficiently proud or sufficiently grateful; and for the love you bear to my favorite book[†4] (for your sympathy has truly divined that it *is* my favorite), I must love *you* — if I may — in return.

I gratefully accept the proposal you make to me.[†5] To be associated in that way with the first production of so fervent a head and heart as yours must be, is a high grace and privilege. Whatever my deserts and claims to it may be, at least no man could possibly prize it more.

I write briefly, in order not to lose another Post. But I cannot refrain from adding that you do your English great injustice, if you suppose it to be anything

less than a natural, eloquent, and charmingly unaffected expression of your feelings.

Dear Madam Ever believe me | Your faithful and affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

As I cannot clearly read your adopted name, I have cut it from your letter to place on this envelope, that there may be no mistake.

February

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 FEBRUARY 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Greenlands | Henley on Thames.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Sunday Third February 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I purpose arriving in London tomorrow (Monday) night, and remaining through the week. Will you let me know where I shall find you, and what is the best time for seeing you — I mean, the best time in the day. I have a world of things to do, but of course the foremost among them all is to have a few minutes' glimpse of you.

We can then discuss Mr. Wills.[†1]

If you will write to me at the Household Words office it will be best, as I shall be constantly there.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 FEBRUARY 1856*

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954). *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS OFFICE,
Tuesday Fifth February 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I will come to Stratton Street on Friday, between 2 and 4.

You will be glad, I know, to hear that Charley was presented with Five Pounds yesterday "for his punctuality" at Barings.[†2]

With my kind love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

To PETER CUNNINGHAM,[†1] 5 FEBRUARY 1856

Text from N, II, 739.

H. W. Office | Tuesday Fifth February 1856

My Dear Peter,

I return the curious book,[†2] with many thanks.

Come and dine *here* next Thursday, my birthday, at half past five sharp, or expect the Vengeance of

Yours Ever

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 5 FEBRUARY 1856

MS British Library. *Address* (envelope in Kitton's Dickens Ana, I, 147): La France | À Madame Charles Dickens | 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées | Paris. PM 6 Feb 56.

Tavistock House — I mean H. W. Office | Fifth February 1856

My Dearest Catherine. I have been so busy all day (commencing with having my tooth out), that this must be the shortest of notes or it will be too late for the Post.

I had a very agreeable journey — with two Glasgow men. We became great friends, dined together at Dover, and parted at London Bridge. The passage was very fine, though there was by no means an absence of motion; moreover, we had to go aboard in small boats. I felt so perfectly well, however, that I did not even take my Laudanum. They charged at the Dover Custom House, eight shillings duty on the Godfather-present.[†3]

Charley looks well, and was, I am most happy to say, presented at Barings only yesterday, with Five Pounds "for his punctuality." I have not seen your mother. I saw your father this morning, and he was looking wonderfully well.

Anne[†4] intends (John tells me) to come and wait on my Birthday.

Old Stone I saw for a few moments this morning. He had an ancient air upon him. The front court has also an ancient and deserted air;[†5] our absence very perceptibly changing the whole place.

Best love to Georgy. And to Mamey, Katey, Walter, Harry, and the Noble Plorn. I found the faithful Mark in attendance at London Bridge; and he and his send all manner of Loves. I have not yet had leisure to see Forster.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MESSRS WILLIAMS & CLAPHAM,[†1] 5 FEBRUARY 1856*

MS Berg Collection.

Household Words Office
16 Wellington Street North, Strand | Fifth February 1856

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Messrs. Williams and Clapham, and begs them to get the little French present sent with this, engraved with the Inscription over-leaf. Mr. Dickens would like to have it on the centre of the plate, and round the cup. In the place left for the purpose on the handle of the spoon, he wishes to have the child's initials C. D. T. Will Messrs. Williams and Clapham be so good as to have it done at once, and to send the case *here.*

Charles Dickens Theodore Yates
From his Godfather[†2]
Charles Dickens.

To MRS WINTER,[†3] 5 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris[†4] | Fifth February 1856

My Dear Mrs. Winter

It comes into my head that I have never acknowledged the little letter you wrote me on receipt of my books,[†5] and which was accompanied by another pleasant letter from your other half.[†6] Not that either required an answer, but that you may as well know that I received them, I send this short note.

My own writing so absorbs my time and attention, and my business correspondence is so very large, that the letters I write for pleasure are miraculously few. That they are also laudably short, let this sheet of paper witness.

With my regard to Mr. Winter and my love to little Ella,[†7]

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHAMBERS,[†1] 6 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Wednesday Sixth February | 1856.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mrs. Chambers, and begs to say that if the girl in question be brought by her mother, or some authorized person, tomorrow (Thursday) at One, to the Household Words office 16 Wellington Street North, Strand, Mr. Dickens will be happy to consider her case with a view to its fitness for admission into Miss Coutts's Home.

To C. W. DILKE,[†2] 6 FEBRUARY 1856*

MS Churchill College, Cambridge.

Household Words Office | Sixth February 1856

My Dear Mr. Dilke

I should like to speak with you on the subject of the Literary Fund.[†3] I will come over to your house for the purpose and with the hope of finding you at home, tomorrow (Thursday) at One.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Wentworth Dilke Esquire.

To DR JOHN EPPS,[†4] 6 FEBRUARY 1856

Mention in Noel Conway catalogue, ?1893; *MS* 1 p.; dated HW Office, 6 Feb 56; addressed Dr Epps.

Thanking Dr Epps for some books.[†5]

To DOUGLAS JERROLD,[†6] 6 FEBRUARY 1856[†7]

Text from W. Blanchard Jerrold, *The Best of all Good Company. A Day with Charles Dickens*, 1872, p. 39, with corrections from MDGH, I, 427.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS OFFICE,
Sixth February 1856.

My dear Jerrold.

Buckstone has been with me to-day in a state of demi-semi-distraction, by reason

of Macready's[†1] dreading his asthma so much as to excuse himself (of necessity I know) from taking the chair for the fund[†2] on the occasion of their next dinner.[†3] I have promised to back Buckstone's entreaty to you to take it, and although I know that you have an objection which you once communicated to me, I still hold (as I did then) that it is a reason *for* and not against. Pray reconsider the point. Your position in connection with dramatic literature has always suggested to me[†4] that there would be a great fitness and grace in your appearing in this post — am convinced that the public would regard it in that light — and I particularly ask you to reflect that we never can do battle with the lords[†5] if we will not bestir[†6] ourselves

to go into places which they long monopolised. Now, pray discuss this matter with yourself once more. If you can come to a favourable conclusion, I shall be really delighted, and will of course come from Paris[†7] to be by you; if you cannot come to a favourable conclusion, I shall be really sorry, though I of course most readily defer to your right to regard such a matter from your own point of view.

Ever faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Douglas Jerrold, Esq.

To DANIEL MACLISE,[†8] 6 FEBRUARY 1856

Text from facsimile in Charles Hamilton catalogue No. 92 (Nov 1975).

[†a]Household Words Office | Sixth February, 1845

My Dear Mac[†a]

Äry Scheffer has been painting my Portrait in Paris, and means to send it to the Exhibition. He seems to me to be contemplating too broad a frame, and I have promised him (being over here for a few days) to ascertain the Academy's regulations in that regard.[†9] Will you kindly tell me what width of frame, the laws of the Medes allow?

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART,[†1] 6 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Mr Arthur Rogers.

Household Words Office | Wednesday Sixth February 1856

My Dear Mr. Tagart

We are passing the winter in Paris, and as I only make periodical rushes at this capital, I am but now in the receipt of your kind note. Let me heartily assure you that I reciprocate all its friendly feelings and expressions, with great cordiality.

I am afraid I may not be able to help the author of the book you have sent me; simply because I have no sort of association with, or control over, any Journal but this. It is only in exceptional cases that the plan of Household Words admits of books being made the subject of articles in its pages. They are never reviewed; and are described only when their objects have some direct present bearing on social advancement or convenience. If I find, however, that anything can be done in this instance (and I cannot determine that point without reading the book), it shall be done.

I left them all well in Paris. If they knew me to be writing to you they would all join me, I am sure, in kindest regard to Mrs. Tagart[†2] and all your house.

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 6 FEBRUARY 1856*

MS Free Library of Philadephia.

Household Words Office | Wednesday Sixth February 1856

My Dear Webster

I am sorry to say that I leave town on Sunday morning. If I had not made arrangements which involve the convenience of a friend who goes back with me,[†3] I would certainly stay to have the pleasure of accepting your invitation.

On Friday evening I am coming to the Theatre[†4] with Lemon. We can then, I hope, find an opportunity of talking over the Dulwich matter.[†5] I think your movement (so far as I know it from him) to be an admirable one, based on common sense and justice, and undertaken in the becoming spirit of an artist who cares for his order.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 7 FEBRUARY 1856

MS British Library. *Address:* La France | À Madame Charles Dickens | 49 Avenue des champs Elysées | Paris.

Household Words Office | Thursday February Seventh 1856

My Dearest Catherine.

You will be glad, I know, to hear (and therefore I write to tell you) that Charley has been presented with another Five Pounds, and has had his salary raised Ten Pounds a year.

I have been perplexed by the non-arrival of any letter from Georgy, who was to have written to tell me what arrangement she had made for Collins. This failure rendered it impossible for me to tell him last night what had been done for him in the way of quarters,[†1] and made me look rather foolish. I write in the middle of the day (the middle of my birthday by the bye), and even yesterday's foreign post is in, and yet I have no letter. I cannot conceive what she has been about.

You will have seen in the Times perhaps, that Scott Russell[†2] is a bankrupt.[†3] A hundred and eighty thousand pounds is stated to be the little amount of the debts of himself and Co.[†4]

The weather is as vile here as need be. Chokingly warm, very wet, and miserably dark. Last night a violent wind blew from the West, besides. The streets are hideous to behold, and the ugliness of London is quite astonishing.

We purpose crossing to Boulogne on Sunday, if the weather should be reasonable, and coming on to Paris by the Train which leaves Boulogne at Mid Day on Monday. Let French[†5] be at the station to receive us.

A certain Miss Holliday, or Haliday,[†6] or some such name, sent to Tavistock House yesterday for Miss Barrow's[†7] address. I knew nothing about it, of course. After that the same Unknown wrote a note addressed to you, again asking to have it. She might as well have asked Me for a map of the Moon.

Love to Georgy, and to Mamey, Katey, Walter, Harry, and the noble Plorn.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Dickens House.

Household Words | Seventh February 1856
(Just before dinner)

My Dear Georgy.

Your letters *both together,* have just come to hand. I have but a moment to reply. *Take the Pavilion.*[†1] I have no doubt of its being the best place.

I will write you a real letter tomorrow.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Dickens House.

Household Words | Friday Eighth February, 1856

My Dear Georgy. I must write this at Railroad speed, for I have been at it all day, and have numbers of letters to cram into the next halfhour. I began the morning in the City for the Theatrical Fund — went on to Shepherd's Bush — came back to leave cards for Mr. Baring[†2] and Mr. Bates[†3] — ran across Piccadilly to Stratton Street — stayed there an hour — and shot off here. I have been in four cabs today at a cost of Thirteen Shillings. Am going to dine with Mark and Webster at 1/2 past 4, and finish the evening at the Adelphi.

The dinner was very successful. Charley was in great force, and floored Peter Cunningham and the Audit Office on a question about some bill transaction with Barings. The other guests were B, He,[†4] Shirley Brooks,[†5] Forster (in bad spirits I think) — and that's all. The dinner, admirable. I never had a better. All the wine, I sent down from Tavistock House. Anne waited, and looked well and happy — very much brighter and better altogether. It gave me great pleasure to see her so improved.[†6] Just before dinner I got all the letters from home. They could not have arrived more opportunely.

The Godfather Present[†7] looks charming now it is engraved, and John is just now going off to take it to Mrs. Yates. Tomorrow Wills and I are going to Gad's Hill. It will occupy the whole day, and will just leave me time to get home to dress for

dinner. I arranged with Miss Coutts concerning Wills this morning. He is to have Two Hundred a year — which I think very handsome.

I saw your mother yesterday for the first time. She looks rather better than usual, I think.

And that's about all I have to say, except that I have rescued Mark from a state of the deepest depression, and that the first No. of Little Dorrit has gone to 40,000, and the others are fast following.

My best love to Catherine, and to Mamey and Katey, and Walter, and Harry, and the Noble Plorn. I am grieved to hear about his black eye, and fear that I shall find it in the green and purple state on my return.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 8 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

H. W. Office | Friday Eighth February 1856

My Dear Wills. I think you may like to know the result of my talk with Miss Coutts, without waiting until tomorrow.

She asked me if I had thought of any precise acknowledgement for the services you rendered her, as she felt it very difficult to suggest an amount herself — much greater than she would have felt, if she had been able to place everything in your hands.[†1] I said that whatever I might have thought, it seemed right that she should form her own opinion on the subject and suggest her own proposition. She then said, as there would be some little expences incurred now and then in going about, and as she wished her offer to include everything, what did I think of £200 a year? I replied that I thought it was handsome, and that I would communicate it to you.

I hope you approve? You will have a friend for life, who is worth having.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MRS WILLS,[†2] 8 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

H. W. Office | Friday Eighth February 1856

My Dear Mrs. Wills.

Pray accept my hearty thanks (and a halfpenny, or we shall quarrel)[†3] for your welcome remembrance of me yesterday. It gave me the greatest pleasure, and the pretty knife shall be my constant companion.

Always My Dear Mrs. Wills | Very faithfully Yours

CD.

Mrs. Wills

To MRS EDMUND YATES, 8 FEBRUARY 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Eighth February 1856.

My Dear Mrs. Yates.

Will you kindly present to my little Man, with my affectionate regard, the very extraordinarily-shaped box which accompanies this note?

And will you absolve me from any suspicion of neglecting my sponsorial duties in leaving you by 10 tomorrow night?[†1] For I have to go elsewhere, after that time.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Edmund Yates.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street.

Household Words Office | Saturday Ninth February 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

First, as to Teignmouth,[†2] Wills knows it very well. The soil is a red loam, and not naturally damp. But the town itself stands in a rent or gash made among great hills, by the mouth of the river,[†3] and is certainly moist and low — decidedly *not* advisable for your purpose I should say.[†4] On the other hand, if the house should not be in Teignmouth or in the valley of the river, but should be on the bold hills which rise about it, then the objection to it would be removed. The whole question turns upon the exact position

of the house. If it be on the hills, good. If it be in the valley, bad. If it be in neither the one place nor the other, rather dubious.

Secondly, as to Wills himself. I have communicated to him the result of our conversation yesterday, and he is "gratified beyond expression". He says he considers it most generous, and is extremely anxious that I should express his sense of it to you in the most earnest and emphatic words I can employ.

Thirdly, as to Gad's Hill Place — which is the name of my house. If you mean in your kind note, the refusal of it *now*, I am sorry to say that it is not now available. As I told Mrs. Brown yesterday, the Rector[†5] lives in it, and has lived in it for some years; and the object Wills and I have in view in going down there directly, is to ask him how and when it will suit his convenience to come out — as of course I wish to treat him with all handsome consideration. It is not now a furnished house, but my object is, as soon as I shall have got rid of the tenant, to make it clean and pretty in the papering and painting way, and then to furnish it in the most comfortable and cosey manner, and let it by the month whenever I can. Whenever I cannot, I shall use it for myself and make it a change for Charley from Saturday to Monday. When all this is done, I shall have a delight in taking you down to see it which I shall not try here to

express; and if you should like it so well as to think of ever occupying it as a little easy change, I shall be far more attached to the spot than ever. I think you will be very much pleased with it. It is old-fashioned, plain, and comfortable. On the summit of Gad's Hill, with a noble prospect at the side and behind, looking down into the Valley of the Medway. Lord Darnley's[†1] Park of Cobham (a beautiful place with a noble walk through a wood) is close by it; and Rochester is within a mile or two. It is only an hour and a quarter from London by the Railway. To crown all, the sign of the Sir John Falstaff is over the way, and I used to look at it as a wonderful Mansion (which God knows it is not), when I was a very odd little child with the first faint shadows of all my books, in my head — I suppose.

Mr. Austin surveyed it for me, and was greatly struck by it. Large sums of money have been expended on it (for such a small place) at various times, and he found everything about the garden and so forth, in the best order. There is a very pretty garden, and a Shrubbery on the other side of the high road, at which the house looks. When I exhibit it to you with all my contrivances accomplished — of course some of them will be wonderfully ingenious — I will tell you what I paid for it.

With love to Mrs. Brown, who is looking immensely better.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours most faithfully and affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 FEBRUARY 1856]

Extract in F, VIII, iii, 651. *Date:* 9 Feb 56, according to Forster.

His first estimate for Gads Hill would have to be increased threefold. The changes absolutely necessary will take a thousand pounds; which sum I am always resolving to squeeze out of this, grind out of that, and wring out of the other; this, that, and the other generally all three declining to come up to the scratch for the purpose.

To JOHN LEECH,[†2] 9 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 32 Brunswick Square.

Household Words | Saturday Ninth February 1856

My Dear Leech.

My short stay, and my having been obliged to plan out each day before I left Paris, have not only prevented my having the pleasure (it would have been a great one to me), of dining with you, but even of getting round to Brunswick Square. Little Dorrits, Household Wordseses, Theatrical Funds, Shepherds Bushes, and miscellaneous affairs (taking me this very day to Rochester among other places) have so used me up and harried me about, that I have not had an hour's freedom. But I am coming to town again next month; and, if you'll have me, I will write from Paris before I leave, and propoge myself for a chop.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Leech[†1] and the Darlings,[†2]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire.

To GEORGE MOORE,[†3] 11 FEBRUARY 1856†

MS Benoliel Collection.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Monday Eleventh February 1856

My Dear Sir

My friend Mr. Mark Lemon is so kind as to take charge of this letter for you, in behalf of a lady in whom we are both greatly interested. Her name is Horne, her husband is in Australia,[†4] she has a remarkably good appearance, a good manner, great perseverance and strength of character, no fine notions of any kind whatsoever, and seeks to live by her own industry.[†5] With this view she taught herself some two or three years since, a new art of preparing glass in imitation of marble.[†6] She has worked at it until this time; but it does not seem to thrive, and she has written to me entreating my interest and remembrance.

Casting about in my head to whom I could represent her case, with any hope of obtaining her employment, it came into my thoughts that you might have in your great house[†7] some means of suitably placing such a person and turning her qualities to account. I know her thoroughly well, and am most willing to become security for her in any responsible trust. I know her reliability and fidelity to be unimpeachable. She is barely thirty, though she looks a little older.

If you should have the means of helping me in this matter I should feel very heartily obliged; and if there should be anything more in reference to Mrs. Horne that you may desire to know, Mr. Lemon is as well acquainted with her history as I am, and will freely communicate it.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Moore Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Tuesday Twelfth February 1856

My Dear Collins. I am delighted to receive your letter — which is just come to hand — and heartily congratulate you upon it. I have no doubt you will soon appear.[†1] I would recommend you, unless the Boulogne Boat serves to a marvel, to come by the Calais route — the day Mail. Because in the winter there are no special trains on that Boulogne line in France, and waiting at Boulogne is a bore. The Pavilion[†2] is all ready, and is a wonder. Upon my word it is the snuggest oddity I ever saw; the lookout from it, the most wonderful in the world.[†3]

[†a]I told them at home here that you had a touch of your "old complaint", and had turned back to consult your Doctor.[†4] Thought it best, in case of any contretemps hereafter, with your mother on one hand and my people on the other.[†a]

We[†5] had a pleasant trip, and the best dinner at the Bang[†6] I ever sat down to.

So, looking out for your next letter "advising self" of your coming, Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Tuesday Twelfth February 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

My Rector,[†7] having lived in the house six and twenty years, has an ardent desire to stay there until Lady Day next year. I have of course acceded to his wish. In the meantime he purposes building a house for himself somewhere near, as there are very few indeed in that neighbourhood but Farms, and Farm-laborers' cottages. The only house thereabouts (except mine) that would suit you as a Retreat, is a very good one called the Hermitage. But it is in the occupation of the Owner and is not to be let.[†8]

It has occurred to me that Tunbridge Wells might be a good place for your purpose. It is extremely healthy, very beautiful, very accessible, and has many pleasant

houses that are let furnished by the month. Anywhere upon or near the Heath is a very fine situation, on light sand. If you should think well of it, Wills would be delighted to go down and look about for you. Or there is an excellent Hotel — The Calvary[†1] — where you might be as private and as comfortable, almost, as in any hired house. If you don't think well of this, anywhere about Croydon, Dorking, or Guildford, is good, and particularly healthy.

Of course you will let me know where you go. I shall have to be in town about the Tenth of next month.

With my love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours most Faithfully and affecy.

CD.

Mrs. Brown will immediately receive from Wills, the result of the London University enquiries.[†2]

I forgot to speak to you about Mrs. Kenney,[†3] 192 Faubourg St. Honoré. Perhaps it might be painful to her if I were to write to her, as she has not written to me. But the plain truth is, that I have no means of employing translators, and that I never do.

To F. M. EVANS, 12 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Tuesday Twelfth February 1856

My Dear Evans

I hope you had as good a passage home, as I had journey here. I was at dinner at a quarter past seven, comfortably. The weather changed some twenty miles out of Boulogne, and was bright and pleasant. The whole house I found in a jovial condition.

It occurs to me to say to you (and therefore I write so soon), that if it should be convenient to you, even to increase upon the £200 monthly payment,[†4] it will suit me perfectly well. The circulation being so large, I do not care how much you pay in every month, or by how large[†5] a sum you so diminish the half-yearly balance. It will be as useful to me in six large portions and a moderate lump, as in six small portions and a great lump. All that I care for, is, that it should always be the same appointed sum. I address this to you, as you are the currency man and as you spoke to me on the subject; but of course I refer the point to B and E. Let me know how you propose to proceed.

And be so good as to make up the last halfyear's account[†6] with as little delay as you can, because, having this purchase to make[†7] I am glad just now of all the money

I can get. I know that the usual time has not yet arrived, but you may perhaps be able to anticipate it a little, knowing my desire.

With regard and kind remembrance to B

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire

To LORD GRANVILLE,[†1] 12 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Mr D. Atherton.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Tuesday Twelfth February 1856

Mr. Charles Dickens regrets that his absence from England prevents his having the honor of accepting Lord Granville's invitation for Wednesday the Thirteenth. It has only reached him to-day, and he hopes Lord Granville will therefore do him the favor to excuse his delay in acknowledging it.

To MADAME JAQUET,[†2] 12 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Berg Collection.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées
Tuesday Twelfth February 1856

My Dear Madame Jaquet.

If I thought it possible that you *could* make a mistake, I should humbly submit to you that you achieve that miracle in supposing that it is my friends in Paris whom I treat with terrible rigor, and not myself. For, I assure you, I live under the delusion that when I am writing a book I deny myself a great deal that would be very pleasant to me and observe a seclusion that is not very consistent with my natural inclinations, simply because I have found by my experience that this habit is necessary to my Art, and that I cannot do my best without an entire devotion to it. I do not mean to say that on the evening when I hoped to have come to you, I was writing, or that I write half a dozen evenings in a year. But when I have been thus engaged all day, I cannot relieve my mind or prepare myself for the morrow, unless I am perfectly free from promises and engagements, and can wander about in my own queer way. At such times, hot rooms and society, worry me more than you can easily imagine — nothing but the open air will set me right.

This is the plain truth. I very rarely trouble any one by stating it; but I state it to you, because your kind note is so frank and friendly, and I felt so much sincere pleasure in seeing you again, and I always think so affectionately of the old days in Genoa and of your good father, that I am earnestly anxious you should understand me. If I could have gone anywhere on the night of your soirée, it would have been to

you; but my mind was so pre-occupied with my day's employment, that I could go nowhere with comfort but on a ten miles' ramble. From that, I came home quite rested and happy.

I should have written to you sooner, but for my having started for London very soon afterwards, and having only returned to Paris last night. Believe that my terrible rigor is one of the conditions on which I hold my success, and that I am with true regard

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Madame Jaquet.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Tuesday Twelfth February 1856

My Dear Wills.

I arrived here in the most brilliant and pleasant manner, to dinner yesterday.

H. W.[†1]

It occurs to me that when you meet to return Forster's bills and note the end of that transaction, the future disposal of that share had better be arranged. What I propose to do with it, is, to divide it between you and me, equally, so long as we both live and you are the Sub-Editor of the Journal. That in the event of your death or your ceasing to be Sub Editor, the whole of it shall revert to me, in trust to bestow it or part of it upon any other Sub-Editor as I may think best and most to the advantage of the property. And that in the event of my death, the whole of it shall revert to the other proprietors, in trust to be similarly employed at their discretion.[†2]

MY BIRTHDAY.[†1]

Stanfield called at the office on Saturday as I was dressing to go out to dinner, and had not the least idea that I was in town. The note of invitation he received did not mention that I was coming, and had no signature to it. He addressed his answer to you at random, and called on Saturday to ask you if he had done right.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 FEBRUARY 1856]

Extract in F, VIII, iii, 650. *Date:* 13 Feb, according to Forster.

I was better pleased with Gadshill Place last Saturday, on going down there, even than I had prepared myself to be. The country, against every disadvantage of season, is beautiful; and the house is so old fashioned, cheerful, and comfortable, that it is really pleasant to look at. The good old Rector now

there, has lived in it six and twenty years, so I have not the heart to turn him out. He is to remain till Lady-Day next year, when I shall go in, please God; make my alterations; furnish the house; and keep it for myself that summer.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées | Friday February Fifteenth 1856

My Dear Wills.

I enclose you the promised article for H. W.[†1]

I have just received your letter, and am truly pleased to know that you are gratified by what I have done respecting the share. I hoped you would be; and in this, and in all other little ways in which I can ever testify my affection for you and my sense of the value of your friendship and support, I merely gratify myself by doing what you more than merit.

In haste | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 FEBRUARY 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, iv, 597*n*, V, 609 and 611. *Date:* first extract 17 Feb, according to Forster; second and third extracts almost certainly same letter.

The picture he had given Forster of Napoleon[†2] *had changed drearily in less than a year and a half.* I suppose mortal man out of bed never looked so ill and worn as the Emperor does just now. He passed close by me on horseback, as I was coming in at the door on Friday, and I never saw so haggard a face. Some English saluted him, and he lifted his hand to his hat as slowly, painfully, and laboriously, as if his arm were made of lead. I think he *must* be in pain.[†3]

An uncommonly droll piece with an original comic idea in it has been in course of representation here. It is called *Les Cheveux de ma Femme.*[†4] A man who is dotingly

fond of his wife, and who wishes to know whether she loved anybody else before they were married, cuts off a lock of her hair by stealth, and takes it to a great mesmeriser, who submits it to a clairvoyante who never was wrong. It is discovered that the owner of this hair has been up to the most frightful dissipations, insomuch that the clairvoyante can't mention half of them. The distracted husband goes home to reproach his wife, and she then reveals that she wears a wig, and takes it off.

Scribe[†1] *had entertained him frequently; his dinners were very* handsome and pleasant; *as were all his belongings — a charming place in Paris, a fine estate in the country, capital carriage, handsome pair of horses,* all made, as he says, by his pen. *A guest at the first evening*[†2] *was Auber,*[†3] a stolid little elderly man, rather petulant in manner, *who told him he had once lived* at Stoke Noonton[†4] *to study English, but had forgotten it all.* Louis Philippe had invited him to meet the Queen of England, and when L. P.

presented him, the Queen said, "We are such old acquaintances through M. Auber's works, that an introduction is quite unnecessary."

To W. H. WILLS, 17 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris
Seventeenth February 1856. Sunday

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†5]

I will go over the proof[†6] tonight, and write you what I think we had best do in respect of Collins's story,[†7] tomorrow. At the same time I will return my Proof.

Pray take care that they always strike out that infernal dash which I myself have taken out five hundred times, between the heading In so many chapters, and the numbering of the chapter. I am vexed to see it in the last No. after all.

C. D.[†5]

My agreement with the French booksellers for the complete translation, binds me to let them have a copy of everything I have written. Will you have, in the course of a week, a complete collection made of my papers in H. W.? (It would be no bad thing, while our people are about it to have it made in Duplicate, so that we may keep one at the office and regularly keep it up to the time); and when it is finished will you label it "From Mr. Charles Dickens's contributions to Household Words", and send it to B and E, to go into a parcel they are making for the said French booksellers? You will of course except all composite articles, and all such pièces de circonstance

as the opening address[†1] and the reference to the almanack.[†2]

And will you ascertain from Augustus,[†3] what Wine of mine has come to hand? There is some very precious champagne wandering about, somewhere.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées
Sunday Night, Seventeenth February 1856

My Dear Wills.

On the principle that one XX number[†4] is better than two X ones always, I would so re-arrange this No. as to begin with Why,[†5] and get Collins (who, so far, is *admirable*) into the opening.[†6] I have taken some things out of Sala,[†7] where he is wrong. He has not been in Italy, I feel sure.

The Poem,[†8] very good. But it is a remarkable thing, especially when that contrast is to be presented between the flourishing and the wasted Babylon, that the thriving City has not a single living figure in it![†9] It is a very curious example of the incomplete way in which some writers seem to see their pictures.

Looking out of Window,[†10] is so ridiculously printed in the huddling up of the Sentences, that I really cannot understand it. There appears to be a good idea in it, but I have become hopelessly confused by it and have given it up in despair.

The same remark applies to Far East,[†11] which, in one place especially, I can't at all understand. Pray look to the Proof and the Copy.

Reverting to my article, *Why*,[†12] I am not sure but that in a former article called A Few Conventionalities, I noticed the theatrical way of opening a letter.[†13] Will you refer back? And if I did notice it, take that passage out.

I wish you would write, for 311, a temperate but strong article about the cost of

administering the Literary Fund.[†1] It will be the No. before the Annual Meeting.[†2] I would recite the object and intention of the Institution, recite the monstrous expenditure, and plainly call upon the Subscribers to look into the thing at the next Annual Meeting on such a Day. If you are too busy to do it get Morley to do it; but let us have it in that No.[†3] I will go carefully over it.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

[†a]To Mr. Snow,[†4] say it was a mistake of Mr. Carlyle's. We have made no investment in the Mitre office,[†5] and I know nothing about it.[†a]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

49 Champs Elysées | Tuesday Nineteenth February 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Walter was born on 8th. of February 1841. His name (a mild one) is Walter Landor. Birthday, eighth of February eighteen hundred and forty one. Name, Walter Landor.[†6] No vegetable designation, no flower, no beast, no terrors of any description.[†7]

I don't know Dr. Sandwith.[†8]

Your note finds me settling myself to Little Dorrit again,[†9] and in the usual

wretchedness of such settlement — which is unsettlement. Prowling about the rooms, sitting down, getting up, stirring the fire, looking out of window, tearing my hair, sitting down to write, writing nothing, writing something and tearing it up, going out, coming in, a Monster to my family, a dread Phenomonon to myself, &c &c &c

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully & affec Yours

CD.

To GABRIEL LEGOUVÉ,[†1] 20 FEBRUARY 1856*

MS M. Jean Paladilhe.

49 Champs Elysées | Mercredi Fevrier 20, 1856

Mon cher Monsieur

Je vous prie de veuiller bien accepter mes plus sincères et vives remerçiements pour votre aimable petite lettre, et votre noble Tragedie. J'ai lu Medée avec les plus profondes emotions, et je vous felicite d'avance, sur la triomphe qu'elle va achever.[†2]

Croyez-moi, cher Monsieur | Votre fidele et obligé

CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur Legouvé

To MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS, 24 FEBRUARY 1856

Text from N, II, 747.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Twenty-Fourth February 1856

My Dear B and E

I have only time before the going out of the Post, to acknowledge your note and the accounts,[†3] and to say that all your arrangements are most convenient and satisfactory.

But, looking over the balance-sheet of the accounts, there seems to me to be a mistake in it, which will unnecessarily embarrass the present half-year. I take the profits on the 2 first Nos. to extend in this account, only to the last Day of 1855.[†4] Then I think you should not charge to my debit in this account, £100 paid on the 1st. of January 1856. Would it not be best to alter the balance and the balance sheet, so as to put that hundred pounds into the half-year to which it belongs?

If you think so, we can make the alteration in these figures when I come to town next month and bring the accounts with me.

Always Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

49 Champs Elysées Paris
Sunday Twenty Fourth February 1856

My Dear Collins

The Post still coming in to day without any intelligence from you, I am getting quite uneasy. From day to day I have hoped to hear of your recovery, and have forborne to write, lest I should unintentionally make the time seem longer to you. But I am now so very anxious to know how you are, that I cannot hold my hand any longer. So pray let me know by return. And if you should unhappily be too unwell to write yourself, pray get your brother to represent you.

I cannot tell you how unfortunate I feel this to be, or how disconsolately I look at the uninhabited Pavilion[†1]

To HENRY DAWKINS,[†2] 24 FEBRUARY 1856

Catalogue mention in N, II, 748; *MS* 1 p.; dated 49 Champs Elysées, Paris, 24 Feb 56: addressed Henry Dawkins.

Regarding repairs at Tavistock House.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 FEBRUARY 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, V, 620*n* and 611-12. *Date:* first extract 24 Feb, according to Forster; second extract just after 23 Feb (see below).

About the proposed edition by Hachette. It is rather appropriate that the French translation edition will pay my rent for the whole year, and travelling charges to boot.

Lamartine[†3] *had expressed a strong desire to meet him again as "un des grands amis de son imagination.*" He continues to be precisely as we formerly knew him,[†4] both in appearance and manner; highly prepossessing, and with a sort of calm passion about him, very taking indeed. We talked of Defoe and Richardson, and of that wonderful genius for the minutest details in a narrative, which has given them so

much fame in France.[†1] I found him frank and unaffected, and full of curious knowledge of the French common people. He informed the company at dinner that he had rarely met a foreigner who spoke French

so easily as your inimitable correspondent, whereat your correspondent blushed modestly, and almost immediately afterwards so nearly choked himself with the bone of a fowl (which is still in his throat), that he sat in torture for ten minutes with a strong apprehension that he was going to make the good Pichot[†2] famous by dying like the little Hunchback[†3] at his table. Scribe and his wife were of the party, but had to go away at the ice-time because it was the first representation at the Opéra Comique of a new opera by Auber and himself, of which very great expectations have been formed.[†4] It was very curious to see him — the author of 400 pieces[†5] — getting nervous as the time approached, and pulling out his watch every minute. At last he dashed out as if he were going into what a friend of mine calls a plunge-bath. Whereat she rose and followed. She is the most extraordinary woman I ever beheld; for her eldest son must be thirty, and she has the figure of five-and-twenty, and is strikingly handsome. So graceful too, that her manner of rising, curtseying, laughing, and going out after him, was pleasanter than the pleasantest thing I have ever seen done on the stage.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 FEBRUARY 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées
Sunday Night Twenty Fourth February 1856 | after Post time

My Dear Wills.

I am perfectly confounded and amazed by receiving no letter from you concurrently with the proofs[†6] from B and E. Cannot conceive what on earth is the matter.

The Roving Englishman — Taboo. It has all been done before, and better done. There is not the least pretence or excuse for thus doing it again.[†7]

I have made an addition to the Royal Literary Fund[†8] — but it is generally loose, and wants screwing up. Be tremendously particular as to all the facts. And try and make every sentence as plain as Cobbett.[†9]

Many other marks I have made in the other articles.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Let me see a Revise of the Fund article, before the No. is worked.

To FERDINAND BEAUCOURT-MUTUEL, [FEBRUARY 1856]

Mention in *To* Beard, 21 June 56. *Date:* Feb 56, according to CD.

About their visit to the villa in June.

March

To GABRIEL LEGOUVÉ, 2 MARCH 1856*

MS M. Jean Paladilhe.

49 Champs Elysées | Dimanche Mars 2, 1856

Mon cher Monsieur

Je vous assure que j'ai ete desolé à cause de n'avoir pu assister a votre reception par l'Institute, Jeudi passé. Mais, en sortant de la porte de mon appartement, je reçus, par la poste, une lettre d'Angleterre contenant des "Proof-Sheets" qu'il me fallut corriger et retourner, absolument le meme jour. Ils m'occuperent jusqu'a la derniere moment; et le billet que vous avez-eu la bonté de m'envoyer, reste toujours sur ma table.

Permettez-moi de vous feliciter, avec la cordialité la plus sincère, sur votre si brillante reception. J'en ai lu dans les journaux avec le plus grand plaisir, et on me dit que votre addresse a charmée tout le monde et a ete accablée des louanges.

Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 2 MARCH 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Sunday March Second 1856

My Dear Wills. I have been so occupied with Little Dorrit, that I could not return you the Revise of No. 311,[†1] in time for it to be of any use. I am sorry to see the Cold Water cure classed in Morley's article among the humbugs of the time.[†2] Firstly, because I believe that in reason there is a good deal in it. Secondly, because you were at one of the great Malvern Doctors'[†3] and my wife was at another's.[†4] Perhaps this may have occurred to you and you may have taken it out.[†5]

The Gad's Hill purchase seems to me to be a sort of amateur Chancery Suit which will never be settled.

Will you tell John that Walter is coming home on Tuesday, and that I shall be glad if he will meet him at the London Bridge station on Tuesday night at 10.

If Johnson[†1] has not yet acquitted himself of that selection-job,[†2] the parcel (tell Bradbury and Evans) must come at once without it. The french booksellers are impatient for it, and worry me like sharp Dogs. Pray tell B and E to get it dispatched at once.

[†a]You will see many yet stranger demonstrations in Stratton Street, of that same kind. She would do anything, conceivable or inconceivable, to make herself interesting to Miss Coutts, by keeping herself forcibly in Miss Coutts's attention. You must always be prepared for any eccentric turn that such a propensity may take, and must never shew (because that would pain Miss Coutts) that you wonder at it. Mrs. Brown has many excellent qualities; but, partly from her original character and partly from a long and strange disorder, has got to a morbid exaggeration of this propensity which nothing will ever subdue now. To be perfectly self possessed with her, quietly firm, calmly sensible, and thoroughly easy and natural, is to find the best way out of it.[†a†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. Your letter received, since I wrote the foregoing.

You remember my telling you sometime ago, that I greatly mistrusted Augustus's[†4] affairs.

To the Gentleman who wants to play the Lighthouse,[†5] please say that I am in Paris — that I have referred his request to Mr. Collins the Author of the piece — and that Mr. Collins, with every disposition to oblige him, would desire to keep the MS in his desk where it now lies.

[†b]Polish Priest sends his benediction.[†b]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2 MARCH 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 612 and 619, and XI, iii, 839. *Date:* first extract "a week later" than 23 Feb, according to Forster; second extract when "March had come"; third extract probably same letter.

He writes of Auber's opera as most charming. Delightful music, an excellent story, immense stage tact, capital scenic arrangements, and the most delightful little

prima donna ever seen or heard, in the person of Marie Cabel.[†1] It is called *Manon Lescaut* — from the old romance[†2] — and is charming throughout. She sings a laughing song in it which is received with madness, and which is the only real laughing song that ever was written. Auber told me that when it was first rehearsed, it made a great effect upon the orchestra; and that he could not have had a better compliment upon its freshness than the musical director paid him, in coming and clapping him on the shoulder with "Bravo, jeune homme! Cela promet bien!"[†3]

Scheffer finished yesterday; and Collins, who has a good eye for pictures, says that there is no man living who could do the painting about the eyes. As a work of art I see in it spirit combined with perfect ease, and yet I don't see myself. And so I come to the conclusion that I never *do* see myself. I shall be very curious to know the effect of it upon you.

Lady Franklin[†4] sent me the whole of that Richardson[†5] memoir;[†6] and I think Richardson's manly friendship, and love of Franklin, one of the noblest things I ever knew in my life.[†7] It makes one's heart beat high, with a sort of sacred joy.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 3 MARCH 1856*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Monday Third March 1856

My Dear B and E.[†8]

If you will send up to Tavistock House on Wednesday Morning, your Messenger

will find the greater part of No. 6 of Little Dorrit,[†1] under cover for you. I will bring the last Chapter with me when I come — which I purpose doing, this day week. Walter is my avant-courier tomorrow.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 3 MARCH 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Paris, Third March 1856.

The Humble Petition
of
Charles Dickens

A Distressed Foreigner

Sheweth

That your Petitioner has not been able to write one word to day, or to fashion forth the dimmest shade of the faintest Ghost of an idea.

That your Petitioner is therefore desirous of being taken out, and is not at all particular where.

That your Petitioner, being imbecile, says no more, But Will Ever &c — (whatever that may be).

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 3 MARCH 1856*

MS National Maritime Museum.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Monday Third March 1856

My Dear Stanny.

I am coming to town on the evening of this day week, and write beforehand (as we arranged), to let you know on what evening I shall be at liberty to dine somewhere with you and to see a Play.

Will you choose between Thursday the 13th. Friday the 14th. and Saturday the 15th. To meet, either day, at the Household Words Office at 5? Will you write me one line when you have chosen, *here*, that I may map out my time and engagements accordingly?

And will you let me know at the same time, whether you can come down to Gravesend and dine with me at Wate's Hotel on Sunday the 16th. Forster, and my boy Charley, and (I hope) Mark, are going down. We shall be very quiet and there will be no one else.

Catherine and Georgina send their loves to Mrs. Stanfield,[†1] Mrs. George,[†2] and all your house. I hope I may add mine.

To CHARLES KNIGHT,[†3] 6 MARCH 1856

Extract in Alice M. Clowes, *Charles Knight, A Sketch by His Grand-daughter*, 1892, p. 134.

49, Champs Elysées, Paris. | Thursday, Sixth March, 1856.

My dear Knight,

Of *course* I shall be with you on Saturday.[†4] Please God, at six o'clock, with his usual punctuality and his invariably pleasant face, the remarkable man will appear.[†5]

My ladies will be here and must drink your health here; but they send all sorts of regards and kindest wishes to all your house, in which I cordially join.[†6]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 6 MARCH 1856

MS Dickens House.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Thursday Sixth March 1856

My Dear Stanny.

Your note received with joy this morning. Let us say then, *Thursday*, Household Words, 5. Pray get yourself in to condition for Palm Sunday. The Railroad carriages are warm, and the ride short.

O think of Covent Garden being burnt down,[†7] and you and I not there!

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Kindest loves from all to Mrs. Stanfield and all your house. I hear that you have painted the most wonderful picture ever seen.[†8]

To W. H. WILLS, 6 MARCH 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Thursday March Sixth 1856

My Dear Wills.

C. G. T.[†1]

I am deeply grieved that such a Fire should have come off in my absence. Am inconsolable.

I[†2]

think I shall come to town in the night of Sunday; being so abominably used up as to the Calais Railway, that I feel desirous to be relieved from the contemplation of that enterprise by daylight. After brightening myself up in my usual beaming manner I will come down to the office; and — as I shall be dining out every day that week — if we dine together in peace at the Office *that* day (meaning Monday) it will perhaps be the usefullest thing we can do. Come and dine with me at Gravesend on the following Sunday. Forster and Charley are coming down to take a respectful look at the outside of the Giant Property.

MARK[†2]

I understand, is helping the country to that noble representative, Mr. Herbert Ingram.[†3] In case he should return before I come, will you tell him of the change in my arrangements (he supposes me to be due at London Bridge on Monday Night, which was my original intention), and that I am his, at Household Words at 8 on Monday Evening.

JOHN[†2]

perhaps will come to the Station to receive me, at about 8 on Monday Morning. I purpose being there, unless it should blow Great Guns.

GAD'S HILL[†2]

I suppose stands where it did?[†4]

LITTLE DORRIT[†2]

has completed her sixth; and that wonderful man the writer thereof is in that state of weary excitement which is a part of him at such periods.

Will you tear off, put in an envelope, address to my boot-makers Hall & Co.[†5] Quadrant Regent Street, & send at once by John (he knows the place), t'other side.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 11 MARCH 1856

MS Dickens House.

H. W. Office | Tuesday Eleventh March 1856

My Dear Georgy

†a Madame de Bourgon†1 overlooks a point, which I think you may have overlooked too. She credits herself with the money to be paid by the Daughter Family,†2 but she does not remember that if the family do not suit us, we shall leave when our time is up in April. Therefore I will give her for the one month 300 francs, and not a farthing more if she won't take that.†a

I have been in bed half the day with my cold: which is excessively violent. Consequently have to write in a great hurry, to save the Post.

Tell Catherine that I have the most prodigious, overwhelming, crushing, astounding, blinding, deafening, pulverizing, scarifying secret of which Forster is the hero, imaginable by the united efforts of the whole British population.†3 It is a thing of that kind, that after I knew it (from himself) this morning, I lay down flat, as if an Engine and Tender had fallen upon me.

Love to Catherine (not a word of Forster before any one else), and to Mamey, Katey, Harry, and the Noble Plorn. Tell Collins with my kind regard that Forster has just pronounced to me that "Collins is a decidedly clever fellow." I hope he is a better fellow in health, too.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 14 MARCH 1856

MS Dickens House.

Household Words | Friday Fourteenth March 1856

My Dear Georgy.

†b You did "quite right"†4 in rejecting that horrible old woman's conditions, and in closing the bargain upon absolute terms.†b I am amazed to hear of the Snow (I don't know why, but it excited John this morning beyond measure); though we have had the same East wind here, and *the* cold and *my* cold have both been intense.

Yesterday evening, Webster, Mark, Stanny, and I, went to the Olympic, where the Wigans†5 ranged us in a row in a gorgeous and immense Private box, and where we saw Still Waters run deep.†6 I laughed (in a conspicuous corner) to that extent at

Emery†1 when he received the dinner-company,†2 that the people were more amused by me than by the Piece. I don't think I ever saw anything meant to be funny, that struck me as so extraordinarily droll. I

couldn't get over it at all. After the piece we went round, by Wigan's invitation, to drink with him. It being positively impossible to get Stanny off the stage, we stood in the Wing during the burlesque.[†3] Mrs. Wigan [†a]was great — amazing — in her Court-Circular conversation.[†a] Seemed really glad, however, to see her old Manager;[†4] and the company overwhelmed him with embraces. They had nearly all been at the Meeting in the morning.[†5]

I have seen Charley only twice since I came to London, having regularly been in bed until mid-day. To my amazement my eye fell upon him at the Adelphi yesterday.[†6]

This day I have paid the purchase money for Gad's Hill Place. After drawing the cheque, I turned round to give it to Wills (£1790), and said: "Now isn't it an extraordinary thing — Look at the Day — Friday![†7] I have been nearly drawing it half a dozen times when the lawyers have not been ready, and here it comes round upon a Friday as a matter of course."

Kiss the noble Plorn a dozen times for me, and tell him I drank his health yesterday and wished him many happy returns of the day.[†8] Also that I hope he will not have broken all his toys before I come back.

Ever affectionately

CD.

[†a]This is the day of the Evans banquet — and I wish it was not, with all my heart.[†a]

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 15 MARCH 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Fifteenth March 1856

My Dear Mary

— A short reply, but better than none.

I cannot at present subscribe to the Hospital[†9] because of other heavy claims. A

promise to a dead sister[†1] has been put before me this morning in an urgent form that I cannot resist. And it takes precedence of twenty public subscriptions at a blow.

However, I will not forget it.

I have a cold so unspeakably vile and oppressive, that I have been lying in bed half the day since I came to town, to get myself up for the other half. All night I snort and wheeze to that extent that, waking suddenly, I don't know which is the Inimitable Writer, and which the Engine that is always out of temper at the Nor' Western Station over the way.[†2] A very large Mill, with a stupid old Brute of a horse in it, is always at work, making what appears to me to be either a cannon ball or a dutch cheese, in the centre of my head. Likewise, I weep continually in the most imbecile manner. Then it is my dear that I wish you were with me, occupying Tavistock House and forgetting mankind.

I have promised to go to the Theatrical Fund Dinner on Monday,[†3] and am only waiting to get that over before returning to Paris. I think we shall be in town during the greater part of May, before we go to our queer little country place near Boulogne. Then I really shall hope to see you my Pet, and go to the Theatre with you, and have a good long talk.

My love to Bedgey and pardner.[†4] And when you write to Mrs. Watson pray tell her that I wish she knew how much I think of her, and what a constant interest she is to me.

Ever My Dear Mary | Your loving

Joe.

To HERBERT FRY,[†5] 15 MARCH 1856

MS National Portrait Gallery.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fifteenth March 1856

Dr. Sir.

I regret that you should have been at the trouble of seeking me in vain, owing to my being quite unacquainted with the nature of your business — to my being in town from Paris for a very few days — and to my having, in addition to many engagements, a cold so severe that it has been necessary for me, since my arrival, to keep my bed half the day, to prepare for the other half.

Nor can I have the pleasure of complying with your request.[†6] I have but just now

finished sitting to a distinguished French painter, and have thoroughly made up my mind to sit no more.

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Herbert Fry Esquire.

To SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, 15 MARCH 1856*

MS Exeter University Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Fifteenth March 1856

My Dear Landseer

Will you meet me here (observe the address — opposite Vestris's Theatre[†1] that once was), not later than halfpast 5 on Monday afternoon. I hope Stanny will go with us.

And bring the ticket in your pocket that I now enclose you.[†2]

[†a]"Shall we have Paxton?[†3] Or will he bore us? Is there anybody I shall ask? Well then, we'll have Paxton. And he shall tell us how he hires his men."[†a]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY BURNETT,[†4] 17 MARCH 1856*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Tavistock House | Monday Seventeenth March 1856

My Dear Burnett.

I have read your account of your domestic sufferings, with great sympathy.

You will receive a letter by tomorrow's post, telling you at what bank at Manchester you will find remitted to you from Coutts's Bank in London, One Hundred and Five pounds.[†5] That is to say, the one hundred you ask me for, and five as a little present to Charley[†6] from his uncle and godfather.

I will not refuse the pictures, as you wish me to take them. But I will and do refuse the Engravings, because I hope the possession of them will be a pleasure to you. Pray keep them therefore.

I write a short note, being overwhelmed with business before going back to Paris.

But I trust that your sister will recover,[†1] and that the shadow of this great distress will soon pass away from your fireside.

With love to the boy, Believe me | Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Burnett Esquire

To THE REV. JOSEPH HINDLE, 17 MARCH 1856*

MS W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House, London | Seventeenth March 1856.

Dear Sir

As I have now completed the purchase of Gad's Hill place, I beg to notify the fact to you, and to ask the favor of your paying the rent in future as it becomes due, to W. H. Wills Esquire Household Words Office 16 Wellington Street North, Strand.

I have the honor to be | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Joseph Hindle.

To THE REV. CHARLES HOWES,[†2] 19 MARCH 1856

Extract from owner's MS; dated Paris, Wednesday 19 Mar 56; addressed the Rev. Charles Howes.

Thanking him for his letter and explaining that he did not suppose all the inhabitants of Dulwich College to have the name of the founder.[†3]

To W. C. MACREADY, 22 MARCH 1856

MS Yale University Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris
Saturday March Twenty Second, 1856

My Dear Macready

I want you — you being quite well again,[†4] as I trust you are, and resolute to come to Paris — so to arrange your order of March as to let me know beforehand when you will come and how long you will stay. We owe Scribe and his wife a dinner, and I should like to pay the debt when you are with us. Ary Scheffer too, would be delighted to see you again. If I could arrange for a certain day, I would secure them. We cannot afford (you and I, I mean) to keep much company, because we shall want to look in at a Theatre or so, I dare say! —

It would suit my work best, if I could keep myself clear until Monday the 7th. of

April.[†1] But in case that day should be too late for the beginning of your brief visit, with a reference to any other engagements you have in contemplation, then fix an earlier one, and I will make Little Dorrit curtsey to it. My recent visit to London and my having only just now come back, have thrown me a little behind-hand; but I hope to come up with a wet sail in a few days.

You should have seen the ruins of Covent Garden Theatre![†2] — I went in, the moment I got to London — four days after the fire. Although the audience part, and the stage, were so tremendously burnt out that there was not a piece of wood half the size of a Lucifer Match, for the eye to rest on — though nothing whatever remained but bricks and smelted iron, lying on a great black desert — the Theatre still looked so wonderfully like its old self grown Gigantic, that I never saw so strange a sight. The wall dividing the Front from the stage still remained, and the iron pass-doors stood ajar, in an impossible and inaccessible frame. The arches that supported the stage were there, and the arches that supported the pit; and on the centre of the latter, lay something like a Titanic grape-vine that a hurricane had pulled up by the roots, twisted, and flung down there. This was the great chandelier. Gye[†3] had kept the men's wardrobe at the top of the house, over the great entrance staircase. When the roof fell in, it came down bodily, and all that part of the ruin was like an old babylonic pavement — bright rags tesselating the black ground — sometimes in pieces so large that I could make out the dresses in the Trovatore.

I should run on for a couple of hours if I were to describe the spectacle as I saw it. Wherefore I will immediately muzzle myself. All here unite in kindest loves to dear Miss Macready,[†4] to Katie,[†5] Lillie,[†6] Benvenuta,[†7] my Godson,[†8] and the noble Johnny.[†9] We are charmed to hear such happy accounts of Willie[†10] and Ned,[†11] and send our loving remembrances to them in the next letters.

All Parisian Novelties you shall see and hear for yourself.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your Affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. F's Aunt sends her defiant respects.[†12]

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 MARCH 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 615 and 608; *Date:* first extract 23 Mar, according to Forster; second extract probably from same letter.

Emile Girardin was here yesterday, and he says that Peace is to be formally announced at Paris to-morrow amid general apathy.[†1]

I was at the Porte St. Martin last night, where there is a rather good melodrama called *Sang Melé,*[†2] in which one of the characters is an English Lord — Lord William Falkland[†3] — who is called throughout the piece Milor Williams Fack Lorn, and is a hundred times described by others and described by himself as Williams. He is admirably played; but two English travelling ladies are beyond expression ridiculous, and there is something positively vicious in their utter want of truth. One "set," where the action of a whole act is supposed to take place in the great wooden verandah of a Swiss hotel overhanging a mountain ravine, is the best piece of stage carpentering I have seen in France. Next week we are to have at the Ambigu *Paradise Lost*, with the murder of Abel, and the Deluge. The wildest rumours are afloat as to the un-dressing of our first parents.[†4]

To FRANK STONE, 23 MARCH 1856*

MS Benoliel Collection.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris
Sunday Twenty Third March, 1856

My Dear Stone.

A short note, because I have many to write, and proofs to overlook.

It seems to me that the best name for your charming picture, is,

The re-considered choice[†5]

It helps at once to the story, and is unaffected and plain.

All here unite in kindest regard and remembrance to all Russell House.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Stone Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 MARCH 1856

MS Morgan Library.

49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris
Thursday Night Twenty Seventh March | 1856 | (After Post time)

My Dearest Macready.

If I had had any idea of your coming (see how naturally I use the word when I am 300 miles off!) to London so soon, I would never have written one word about the jump over next week. I am vexed that I did so; but as I did, I will not now propose a change in the arrangements, as I know how methodical you tremendously old fellows are. That's your secret, I suspect. That's the way in which the blood of the Mirabels[†1] mounts in your aged veins, even at your time of life.

How charmed I shall be to see you, and we all shall be, I will not attempt to say. On that expected Sunday you will lunch at Amiens, but not dine — because we shall wait dinner for you. And you will merely have to tell that driver in the glazed hat, to come straight here. When the Whites[†2] left, I added their little apartment to this little apartment. Consequently, you shall have a snug bedroom (is it not waiting expressly for you?) overlooking the Champs Elysées. As to the arm chair in my heart, no man on Earth — but Good God you know all about it.

You will find us in the queerest of little rooms, all alone: except that the son of Collins the painter (who writes a good deal in Household Words), dines with us every day. Scheffer and Scribe shall be admitted for one evening, because they know how to appreciate you. The Emperor we will not ask unless you expressly wish it. It makes a fuss.

If you have no appointed hotel at Boulogne, go to the Hotel des Bains. There, demand "Marguerite", and tell her that I commended you to her especial care. It is the best house, within my experience, in France — Marguerite the best housekeeper in the world.

I shall charge at Little Dorrit tomorrow, with new spirits.[†3] The sight of you is good for my boyish eyes, and the thought of you for my dawning mind. Give the enclosed loves a welcome, then send them on to Sherborne.

Ever Yours most affectionately and truly

CD.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 27 MARCH 1856*

MS Brigham Young University.

49 Champs Elysées | Thursday Night
Twenty Seventh March 1856

My Dear Webster.

I am not at all surprised to find you in Paris today — because you said you were going away![†4] Having administered this stab to your vital citadel, let me answer your note.

With pleasure as to the Odeon tomorrow night.[†1] We shall find the man there, I dare say (perhaps you know that there *is* a man who goes to the stalls). Collins, objecting to be thrown upon the world for a dinner, suggests that we might dine together at one of the student houses on the other side of the water.[†2] I think it a good notion, and, unless I hear from you to the contrary, shall expect to find you under the Obelisk on the Place de la Concorde at a quarter before 5. We shall want three arm chairs at the Theatre. Shall I take them or will you? If I am to take them, send me one line in the morning, and my servant shall be dispatched straightway. If I don't hear from you I shall conclude that you take them.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29-30 MARCH 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 608-9; VIII, i, 625; VII, v, 619. *Date:* first extract later than 24 Mar (see below); second extract towards end of Mar (see below); third extract "at its close", according to Forster.

Rumours about Paradis Perdu *were at fever-pitch in London, and CD might have failed to get admission if Webster had not obtained a ticket for him. He went with Collins.*[†3] We were rung in (out of the cafe below the Ambigu) at 8, and the play was over at half-past 1: the waits between the acts being very much longer than the acts themselves.[†4] The house was crammed to excess in every part, and the galleries awful with Blouses, who again, during the whole of the waits, beat with the regularity of military drums the revolutionary tune of famous memory — Ça Ira! The play is a compound of *Paradise Lost* and Byron's *Cain*; and some of the controversies between the archangel and the devil, when the celestial power argues with the infernal in conversational French, as "Eh bien! Satan, crois-tu donc que notre Seigneur t'aurait exposé aux tourments que t'endures à présent, sans avoir prévu," &c. &c. are very ridiculous. All the supernatural personages are alarmingly natural (as theatre nature goes), and walk about in the stupidest way. Which has occasioned Collins and myself to institute a perquisition whether the French ever have shown any kind of idea of the supernatural; and to decide this rather in the negative. The people are very well dressed, and Eve very modestly. All Paris and the provinces had been ransacked for a woman who had brown hair that would fall to the calves of her legs — and she was found at last at the Odéon. There was nothing attractive until the 4th act, when there was a pretty good scene of the children of Cain dancing

in, and desecrating, a temple, while Abel and his family were hammering hard at the Ark, outside, in all the pauses of the revel. The Deluge in the fifth act was up to about the mark of a drowning scene at the Adelphi; but it had one new feature. When the rain ceased, and the ark drove in on the great expanse of water, then lying waveless as

the mists cleared and the sun broke out, numbers of bodies drifted up and down. These were all real men and boys, each separate, on a new kind of horizontal sloat.[†1] They looked horrible and real. Altogether, a merely dull business; but I dare say it will go for a long while.

Of Little Dorrit, *No. VI, he wrote* I had the general idea of the Society business[†2] before the Sadleir affair,[†3] but I shaped Mr. Merdle himself out of that precious rascality. Society, the Circumlocution Office, and Mr. Gowan, are of course three parts of one idea and design. Mr. Merdle's complaint, which you find in the end to be fraud and forgery, came into my mind as the last drop in the silver cream-jug[†4] on Hampstead-heath. I shall beg, when you have read the present number,[†5] to inquire whether you consider "Bar" an instance, in reference to K F, of a suggested likeness in not many touches?[†6]

I have not seen Scheffer since I came back but he told Catherine a few days ago that he was not satisfied with the likeness after all, and thought he must do more to it. My own impression of it, you remember?

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 MARCH 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* L'Angleterre. | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Sunday March Thirtieth, 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have gone over the paper[†7] very carefully, and hope you will not find that I have made it — "too good"![†8] My object has principally been, to state everything in its place and order; not often greatly changing your words, and never changing (I hope) your ideas. If I have misunderstood you anywhere, tell me and let me correct the mistake.

The mistress of your schools, I have left twice in blank as to her name. It looks, in your MS, like BUNGAY[†1] — but I was afraid to write it.

The unfortunate Mrs. Cheadle appears to belong to nowhere. I have left a blank for the name of her School.[†2]

I have also left a blank for the names of the eight Pupil Teachers, which certainly ought to go in there.[†3]

I have written the close with an unsteady hand, because I faltered in going so near your heart.[†4] But I hope it is what you would quietly say.

Pray let me know that you have received it; and if you would desire any change in it, send it back.

With loves to Mrs. Brown.

Ever most faithfully & affecy.

CD.

April

To W. H. WILLS, 1 APRIL 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées | First April 1856

My Dear Wills.

You will have seen by a letter from me received this morning, that we are all right.

I think, in such a case as that of Collins's the right thing is to give £50.[†5] I think it right, abstractedly, in the case of a careful and good writer on whom we can depend for Xmas Nos. and the like. But further, I know of offers for stories going about — to Collins himself for instance — which make it additionally desirable that we should not shave close in such a case.[†6] I therefore tell him that you have paid in £50.

In great haste (at work) | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 4 APRIL 1856*

MS Dickens House.

Paris, 49 Champs Elysées | Friday Fourth April, 1856

My Dear B and E.

I send you enclosed £100 due from M. Tauchnitz to Household Words, to last

month.[†1] I send it in a bill of M. Tauchnitz's for £50, and in a cheque of my own for £50.

All well.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, [?5-6 APRIL 1856]

Summary and extract from *Life and Adventures of G. A. Sala*, 1895, pp. 339 and 373. *Date:* see *To* Wills, 6 Apr.

Gladly accepting Sala's proposal that CD should send him to St Petersburg and Moscow, for him to write a series of descriptive essays about Russia and the Russians in HW.[†2] You shall have the means of travelling in comfort and respectability.

To W. H. WILLS, 6 APRIL 1856

MS Huntington Library.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris | Sunday Sixth April, 1856

My Dear Wills.

[†a]FIFTY POUNDS[†3] IN ALL ITS ASPECTS[†4]

all right.

SALA.[†4]

I enclose my reply.[†5] Need not repeat its terms, as you will open and read it for your own guidance. I wonder whether you anticipate its contents.[†6] I shall be curious to know.

THE SIGN.[†7]

I think not. I am doubtful, but I *think* not.[†a]

CHRISTMAS.([2[[sic]]][†4]

Collins and I have a mighty original notion (mine in the beginning) for another Play at Tavistock House. I purpose opening on Twelfth night, the theatrical season of that great establishment.[†8] But now a tremendous question. Is

MRS. WILLS![†1]

game to do a Scotch Housekeeper, in a supposed country-house with Mary, Katey, Georgina &c. If she can screw her courage to saying Yes, that country house opens the piece in a singular way, and that Scotch housekeeper's part shall flow from the present pen. If she says No (but she won't),[†2] no Scotch Housekeeper can be. The Tavistock House Season of 4 nights pauses for a reply. Scotch song (new and original) of Scotch Housekeeper, would pervade the piece.[†3]

YOU[†1]

had better pause for breath.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

POOLE.[†1]

I have paid him his money. Here is the Proof of Life. If you will get the receipt for me to sign, the money can go to my account at Coutts's.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 APRIL 1856]

Extracts in F, VIII, i, 625 and VII, v, 607. *Date:* first extract 7 Apr 56, according to Forster; second extract no doubt part of same letter.

There are some things in Flora in number seven[†4] that seem to me to be extraordinarily droll, with something serious at the bottom of them after all.[†5] Ah, well! was there *not* something very serious in it once?[†6] I am glad to think of being in the country with the long summer mornings as I approach number ten,[†7] where I have finally resolved to make Dorrit rich. It should be a very fine point in the story.... Nothing in Flora made me laugh so much as the confusion of ideas between gout flying upwards, and its soaring with Mr. F—— to another sphere.[†8]

About a dreary theatrical experience. On Wednesday we went to the Odeon to see a new piece, in four acts and in verse, called *Michel Cervantes.*[†9] I suppose such an infernal dose of ditch water never was concocted.[†10] But there were certain passages, describing the suppression of public opinion in Madrid, which were received with a shout of savage application to France that made one stare again![†11] And once more, here again, at every pause, steady, compact, regular as military drums, the Ça Ira!

To FRANCOIS RÉGNIER,[†1] 7 APRIL 1856*

MS Comédie Francaise.

49 Champs Elysées | Monday 7 April, 1856

My Dear Régnier

Our friend Macready is staying here for a few days, and we hope very earnestly that you do not act — or at all events that you do not act in the first piece — on Friday next.[†2] Because we wish to have the great pleasure of receiving Madame Regnier and yourself to dinner on that day à 6 1/2 heures exactly. Pray tell me in reply, that you can come.

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur Régnier

To W. H. WILLS, 7 APRIL 1856*

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, Monday Seventh April 1856

My Dear Wills. I return the No.[†3] after going over it carefully.

I should like the Sphynx[†4] to stand over. She is so deserving of the name, that before Heaven I don't yet (though I have read it twice) understand what it means. Have you any idea?

Look carefully to my marks in the Aldershot paper.[†5] Execrably written.

I think Whitehead's[†6] name, Nemesis, one that had best stand.[†7] Go carefully over the paper, and change inverted or obsolete language, as "I like him not",[†8] &c. — Also, if people's eye-balls burst, or anything of that sort, apply some mild remedy.[†9]

Observe that the town of B—— is always to be Battenham.[†10]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 APRIL 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Paris, Tuesday Eighth April, 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have gone over your draft received on Sunday, and have written it out again on the other side.[†1] It is very slightly altered indeed.[†2] It seems to me to be as plain and unaffected as possible, and to say what you wish to express, in few words. I quite felt what you explain relating to Mrs. Brown, and most heartily perceived and sympathized with your delicate and considerate intention. Nor have I the least doubt that it will be a great happiness to her.[†3]

Mr. Macready has come to stay with us for a few days, and reports that as he passed through town he called in Stratton Street, hoping to see you. He was anxious to ask you what you thought about Young Warner,[†4] and to say that he did not quite know whether he ought to have pursued the subject of his clothes — respecting which (I think he said, but he is at the Louvre, and I can't ask him), he had sent you some letter.

I have no doubt — please to observe particularly — NO DOUBT[†5] — that my reading, and not your writing, is to blame (indeed I generally find it too plain) but the second name of Old Pierre[†6] is an appalling mystery to me. I defy Mr. Wills to read it. I have got to this — old Pierre Mont — old Pierre Montle. I am now going out to the house you give me the direction to, to enquire vaguely whether le vieux Pierre Montle — and then I shall cough — lodges there. If I can get at him by these desperate means, you shall find the report on the other side.[†7].

With kindest regard to Mrs. Brown,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully & affecy. Yours

CD.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER,[†8] 8 APRIL 1856

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Dec 1936. *MS* 1 p.; dated 49 Champs Elysées, 8 Apr 56; addressed "Doner" by catalogue, clearly in error.

Macready is here, and will be greatly pleased to see you and the marchioness.[†9] Will you come, both of you, and dine with us on Friday at 1/2 past 6 — on which occasion I have asked the Epicurians of La Dressa.[†10] You know the beastly dimensions

of our dining table (to say nothing of dining-room), and how we have had the cramp in this apartment for 6 months. I have told my trembling wife to write another note with this, and to rest assured that it will explain itself.

To BERNARD TAUCHNITZ, 8 APRIL 1856

Extract in Kurt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912, p. 54.

Paris, 49, Champs Elysées, Tuesday, April 8th, 1856.

Having thus disposed of business, let me have the pleasure of adding that we all unite in kindest regards to Mrs. Tauchnitz and your family, and that we shall all remember our meeting here with great pleasure, and shall always look forward to a renewal of that friendship — somewhere.

To GABRIEL LEGOUVÉ, 9 APRIL 1856*

MS M. Jean Paladilhe.

Champs Elysées, 49. | Mercredi 9 Avril, 1856

Mon cher M. Legouvé

Vous devez être l'homme le plus heureux en tout Paris, ce matin!

J'aurai le grand plaisir de vous voir aujourdhui, mais, en attendant, je m'empresse de vous feliciter sur le triomphe que vous venez d'obtenir[†1] — triomphe que vous ne partagez avec personne, car il me parait que la Ristori[†2] ne jouera jamais aussi bien que vous ecrivez.

Votre tout devoué
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS FRASER,[†3] 10 APRIL 1856*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* À Monsieur Fraser.

Champs Elysées, 49 | Thursday Tenth April, 1856

My Dear Fraser.

Will you have the kindness to let the two daughters of Mark Lemon[†4] accompany you to London? They will cause you no trouble, as they are too young to require any gallantry. Both he and I will be very sensible of the kindness of your escort, and they shall be produced at the Station of the chemin de fer du Nord at the time you may appoint for your departure.

With kindest regard

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Fraser Esquire

To ROBERT BROWNING,[†1] 12 APRIL 1856*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Robert Browning Esquire.

Champs Elysées | Saturday Twelfth April, 1856

My Dear Browning

Macready found himself obliged, yesterday, to arrange to leave Paris early this morning: having letters that called him home. A torrent of commissions swept him away all day, and he was in a state of semi-distraction until dinner time. He made me solemnly promise to write this morning and make known to you and Mrs. Browning how it came to pass that he went away without repeating his visit.[†2] In discharge of my conscience I write this note.

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Browning Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 13 APRIL 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Champs Elysées | Sunday April Thirteenth 1856

My Dear Collins.

We checked you off at the various points of your journey all day, but never dreamed of the half gale. You must have had an abominable passage with that convivial club! My soul sickens at the thought of it; and the smell seizes hold of the bridge of my nose exactly half way up, and won't let it go again.

Your porteress duly appeared with the small account and your note. I paid her immediately of course, and she departed rejoicing. The Pavilion looks very desolate, and nobody has taken it as yet. Macready left us at 7 yesterday morning, and I afterwards took a long country walk to get into train for

work. It was a noble spring day, and the air most delightful. But I found the evening sufficiently dull, and indeed we all miss you very much.

[†a]The "little Lemons" depart tomorrow, under the charge of an unhappy Englishman whom we have inveigled into taking them. You will be glad to hear that on the day of your departure, Lally began to transfer her Dinner Glares to Macready; and that Macready whenever he observed one of those terrible phenomena supposed it to mean that she wanted water, and instantly overwhelmed her with the largest Decanter.[†a]

He went on Friday to the Rehearsal of Comme il vous plaira[†3] which was produced last night.[†4] His account of it was absolutely stunning. The speech of the Seven Ages, delivered as a Light Comedy joke — Jacques at the Court of the Reigning Duke instead of the banished one, and winding up the thing by *marrying Celia* — everything as wide of Shakespeare as possible, and confirming my previous impression that she knew just nothing at all about it. She was to have been here on Friday Evening,

but had "le migraine" (of which I think you have heard before), but Regnier said, as to the piece "La piece! Il n'y a point de piece" — tapped his forehead with great violence — and threw whatever liquid came out, into the air as an offering to the offended Gods. Girardin said qu'il l'avait trouvé a la repetition, tres interessante, tres interessante, tres interessante — and said nothing more the whole evening. I dine at another of his prodigious banquets, tomorrow.

I am very anxious to know what your Doctor says. If he should fail to set you up by the 3rd. or 4th. of May for me, I shall consider him a Humbug. It occurs to me to mention that if you don't get settled early in May, the Hogarths will then leave Tavistock House to me and Charley, and you know how easily and amply it can accommodate you. Pray don't forget that it is available for your quarters. There will be two or three large airy bedrooms with nobody to occupy them, and the range of the whole sheeted house besides. The Pavilion of the Molyneaux I shall of course reserve for your summer occupation and work. Talking of which latter I am reminded to say that the Scotch Housekeeper is secured.[†1]

You know exactly where I am sitting, what I am seeing, what I am hearing, what is going on around me in every way. I have not a scrap of news, except that Poole at the Français complained bitterly to Macready of your humble servant's neglect — which, considering that he would unquestionably be in some remote English workhouse but for me, I think characteristic. Macready's reply to him appears to have been. Er — really — er — no Poole! — er — must excuse me — host — um — friend — er — great affection — um — cannot permit — er — must therefore distinctly beg.

Miss Power had a story on Friday that they have done something to the Imperial Infant[†2] which has paralyzed one of his arms. My information on the subject is not of a detailed nature, inasmuch as I am supposed to be unapproachable thereupon — as a flunkey question — and sternly to refuse to be enlightened. But I find Mrs. Dickens flying to the window whenever a fast carriage is heard, and then pretending to be so calmly looking towards the Ave de l'Etoile, that I know her to be on the watch for something from the Tuilleries. I am inclined to think that a carriage and four containing the Imperial and damaged infant is expected to go by, on some mission connected with the story.

All unite in kindest regard and best wishes for your speedily coming all right again.

Ever faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

I enclose a letter from Forgues. The book of the Lighthouse accompanies it, which I will bring with me.

P.P.S. According to a highly illegible note I have from Forgues, it would seem that I ought to send you the book, with some idea of your sending it back to me to send to him.[†3] The little Lemons therefore shall bring the book with them.

To W. H. WILLS, 13 APRIL 1856*

MS Berg Collection.

Champs Elysées | Sunday Night Thirteenth April, 1856

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†1]

I have gone over the No.[†2] and return it. All up with everything[†3] is loose, scrambling, and careless, for a first article. But I suppose you have nothing better?

Look to Nemesis for the same things as in the first part.

Love Memories, Taboo. If the authoress can do anything better — don't discourage her. But this really will not do.

So no more (most absurd title), I see nothing whatever in. I wish you would say to Morley that it is useless to pursue that subject without striking a blow. Wait until there is something to hit, and then in God's name hit it — hard. The article had best stand over until it can be made apropòs of something more — then added to and enlarged upon.[†4]

The British Hadji would do as much towards shutting up Household Words for good and all, as most things could. Most decidedly, Taboo.

In No. 316,[†5] in those articles which I did not see, I observe some things worth mentioning as requiring to be changed. Post to Australia.[†6] 1st. column "to be interfering" is very awkward. Second column same article "the making a railway" is very bad English, and ought to be "the making of a Railway". Same column, "the only man *that* (instead of *whom*) they can trust" is bad too. Same article page 306 near the top, it ought to be "and our firm told the authorities that they would break down, or go ashore, and never get to Melbourne." The repetition of the three last words (used in the former part of the sentence), just makes the difference between the sense being plain at a glance, and being confused.[†7]

I hope to send you an article of my own at the end of this coming week.[†8]

"Stories from the State Trials" would make a very good subject, if you ever find anybody in hand, to whom to entrust it.

I mentioned to you sometime ago, that a monthly commentary on the Trials at the Central Criminal Court, with reference to the State of Education, the State of the Law, and the Vices of Society, would make a very remarkable set of papers. I think Collins would do it extremely well. He is now (unwell, and his family moving), at 24 Howland St. Fitzroy Square. Will you see him, mention the subject to him just as I state it, and ask him if he would like to undertake it regularly. In that case, cut out the best Reports for him from day to day. The Central Criminal Court is sitting

now. There are really few subjects more distinctly in the way of H. W. or more susceptible of interesting treatment with a great practical object.[†1]

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 APRIL 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 612 and VIII, ii, 639. *Date:* just after Macready's visit (6-12 Apr).

CD and Macready had been to Ristori's performance as Médée[†2] *together and pronounced it to be hopelessly bad.* In the day entertainments, and little melodrama theatres, of Italy, I have seen the same thing fifty times, only not at once so conventional and so exaggerated. The papers have all been in fits respecting the sublimity of the performance, and the genuineness of the applause — particularly of the bouquets; which were thrown on at the most preposterous times in the midst of agonizing scenes, so that the characters had to pick their way among them, and a certain stout gentleman who played King Creon was obliged to keep a wary eye, all night, on the proscenium boxes, and dodge them as they came down. Now Scribe, who dined here next day (and who follows on the Ristori side, being offended, as everybody has been, by the insolence of Rachel), could not resist the temptation of telling us, that, going round at the end of the first act to offer his congratulations, he met all the bouquets coming back in men's arms to be thrown on again in the second act.... By the bye, I see a fine actor lost in Scribe. In all his pieces he has everything done in his own way; and on that same night he was showing what Rachel did not do, and wouldn't do, in the last scene of Adrienne Lecouvreur, with extraordinary force and intensity.

Giving Forster a favourable report of Macready's enjoyment of his holiday; then, after recurring to his own old notion of going to settle in Australia, once he had finished Little Dorrit, *saying that perhaps Macready, if he could get into harness again, would not be the worse for some such troubles as were worrying himself.* It fills me with pity to think of him away in that lonely Sherborne place. I have always felt of myself that I must, please God, die in harness, but I have never felt it more strongly than in looking at, and thinking of, him. However strange it is to be never at rest, and never satisfied, and ever trying after something that is never reached, and to be always laden with plot and plan and care and worry, how clear it is that it must be, and that one is driven by an irresisitible[[sic]] might until the journey is worked out! It is much better to go on and fret, than to stop and fret. As to repose — for some men there's no such thing in this life. The foregoing has the appearance of a small sermon; but it is so often in my head in these days

that it cannot help coming out. The old days — the old days! Shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then? Something of it perhaps — but never quite as it used to be. I find that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming a pretty big one.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 APRIL 1856

Extracts in unidentified catalogue at Dickens House; dated Paris, 15 Apr 56; addressed W. H. Wills.

I do not wish personally to exert myself to get Sala's Letters.†1 Firstly, because I would rather not present him personally, except to people to whom I could unreservedly explain myself (and I know none such in America), and secondly because I very much doubt their doing him any service. His getting out anything for himself, is the best necessity he can be put to.... I do not think he can write *much* while in America.†2 Still if he writes an article or two occasionally.... I don't think they will involve him in any scrape.... If he should find the thing more difficult than he supposes ... then he had best stop ... and write home for instructions. Your letter of yesterday, has just arrived with the No.... but I clearly see that the British Hadji *is entirely out of the question.*†3 What! Five pages of Quotation from a Book!! I can't believe it, and yet I know the book and glance at the article and can't credit my eyes. What astonishing Lunacy! Pray look up something else, for this can't be.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 17 APRIL 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Paris, 49 Champs Elysées
Thursday Seventeenth April, 1856.

My Dear Henry.

I will of course place my name and support at Southwood Smith's†4 disposal. Though I little thought ever to see myself in company with Lord Palmerston — whom I think, in his present place, one of the very worst signs of these times.

The word Testimonial has been so much abused, and has become so synonymous with Humbug, that I am fully persuaded it will damage Southwood Smith. It would be immeasurably better, to call it plainly, a Committee for offering a public acknowledgement to Doctor Southwood Smith, in recognition of the services he has rendered to the public health and comfort.†5 Something to that effect. Testimonial is a wet blanket, fifty feet thick.

I purpose coming to town at the end of the week after next — that is to say — about

the end of the present month — and staying there through May. We pass the summer at Boulogne, where you and Letitia[†1] will arrange to come and see us (I hope) in the drollest of houses — quite a practical joke — in a really beautiful garden. As quaint a place as you will ever see.

Tuesday the 6th. of May, is our Household Words Audit. Will you come and dine at the office that day, at halfpast 5 sharp? If Yes, send your answer to Wills.

The Gad's Hill purchase is completed, and the (here I gasp) — the money — paid.[†2] I have agreed to let the old Tory Rector stay there until next March. We will then dash in with our improvements and furnish the place. I purpose occupying it for that summer.

With Love from all, Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 APRIL 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 609-10*n*, 619-20*n*, and VIII, ii, 615. *Date:* first two extracts 17 Apr 56, according to Forster; third extract after Girardin's dinner on 14 Apr.

After seeing the Médécin des Enfants[†3] *he writes* The low cry of excitement and expectation that goes round the house when any one of the great situations is felt to be coming, is very remarkable indeed. I suppose there has not been so great a success of the genuine and worthy kind (for the authors have really taken the French dramatic bull by the horns, and put the adulterous wife in the right position), for many years. When you come over and see it, you will say you never saw anything so admirably done. There is one actor, Bignon[†4] (M. Delormel), who has a good deal of Macready in him; sometimes looks very like him; and who seems to me the perfection of manly good sense.

On Monday I am going to dine with all my translators at Hachette's, the bookseller who has made the bargain for the complete edition, and who began this week to pay his monthly £40 for the year.[†5] I don't mean to go out any more. Please imagine me in the midst of my French dressers.

At Girardin's, his host again played Lucullus[†6] *in the same style.* After dinner he asked me if I would come into another room and smoke a cigar? and on my saying Yes, coolly opened a drawer, containing about 5000 inestimable cigars in prodigious bundles — just as the Captain of the Robbers in *Ali Baba* might have gone to a corner of the cave for bales of brocade. A little man dined who was blacking shoes 8 years ago, and is now enormously rich — the richest man in Paris — having ascended

with rapidity up the usual ladder of the Bourse. By merely observing that perhaps he might come down again, I clouded so many faces as to render it very clear to me that *everybody present* was at the same game for some stake or other!

To MRS WILLMORE,[†1] 17 APRIL 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Champs Elysées, 49 | Thursday Seventeenth April, 1856

Dear Madam

I am extremely concerned to learn that you are enduring great anxiety on behalf of Mr. Wilmore,[†2] but I beg to give you the most earnest and faithful assurance I can possibly convey in words, that your solicitude, though very natural, has no real foundation. It is absolutely impossible, in these times, that any accident of importance can have happened to any steamer leaving Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, or Havre, so long ago as last Monday or Tuesday night, without the disaster being known in Paris by means of the Electric Telegraph, within a few hours of that time. Believe me, it cannot be. Delay may have arisen in the arrival of all the steamers at their respective destinations, and I have little doubt that is the case; but you may be sure that nothing of greater importance has occurred, and that nobody is the worse.[†3]

I would on no account offer you this comfort, unless I were as fully convinced of its being true, as I am of my being really alive when I write this note. I have received no letters for two days, although I *know* that some must have been on their way to me from England, in the ordinary course, since Tuesday. Gales of wind will sometimes arise upon these coasts, which are nothing in themselves, but which prevent the steamers from getting into their ports, in consequence of the wind blowing sheer out of them. In that case, the Mails are stopped, and the passengers are prevented from getting ashore, and endure, for certain hours more or less, the great anxiety of knowing that their friends will be unhappy about them. To such an extent your husband deserves all the sympathy you can give him — but no further. And I have not a doubt that he is alive, and as merry as he can be without you, at this present writing. I shall hope to remind you, at our own house in London this winter, of the absolute confidence with which I sent you this assurance on his behalf. And I know it will be so plain to you, then, that you will not give me the slightest credit for having been such a common-place prophet.

Pray set your mind at ease. A few hours will certainly do so for you — but anticipate them with unquestioning cheerfulness.

Dear Madam | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 18 APRIL 1856

Extract in Kurt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* p. 54.

Paris, 49, Champs Elysées, April 18th, 1856.

Leipzig is at present among my castles in the air, mes Châteaux en Espagne, but perhaps Germany and I may make a personal acquaintance yet.[†1]

To THE SECRETARY, ROYAL ACADEMY,[†2] [?19-20 APRIL 1856]

Mention in *To* Wills, 20 Apr 56. *Date:* close to that day.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 APRIL 1856

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Paris, Sunday Twentieth April, 1856

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†3]

I enclose you what I think is a capital paper, with an odd and novel idea in it.[†4] You must certainly alter the No. so as to make it the first article;[†5] or some of the points of which it treats, will get out of date.[†6] I cannot suggest how the No. is to be altered, inasmuch as I have not yet got it. In case of its coming by the Post to day, I will endeavour to return it by tomorrow's post.

I wish to see a Proof of the enclosed. But in case there should not be time, then ask Forster to correct it, by and with the MS.

You don't quite understand what I mean, I think, by Stories from the State Trials when you say your story is "almost one".[†7] An admirable and picturesque book by Alexandre Dumas, called Crimes Celèbres,[†8] expresses the idea in its execution.

SALA.[†3]

I have no suggestion to offer on the subject of the credits, which seem to be well and carefully arranged. But I think that before he goes, you should draw up, and have legibly copied out, a Memorandum of all the arrangements made and all the understanding entered into, and should attach your signature on my behalf, and make him attach his. In that Memorandum you can state that the question of the partition

of the copyright of the completed book, between Sala and H. W. is reserved until the book shall be producible.[†1]

MACREADY'S DRAFT,[†2] AND POOLE'S PENSION RECEIPT.[†3]

I return, duly signed.

ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER.[†3]

I have answered the invitation. But you tell me that the Dinner is on the "tenth of April", which is of course impossible. The tenth of May would be a week later than usual, and therefore I shall be glad if you will tell me on what day it really comes off.[†4] Preserve the ticket, because it accredits one at the door, without reference to a book.

TAVISTOCK GROUND.[†3]

I enclose a cheque in Mr. Cardale's[†5] favor for £20.

The Tenantry

must be regaled on the Estate at Midsummer, I think, and have 15 per cent returned to them in a neat and appropriate.[†6]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20 APRIL 1856]

Extract in F, VII, v, 615. *Date:* written "a few days later" than *To* Forster, 17 Apr 56, according to Forster.

If you were to see the steps of the Bourse at about 4 in the afternoon, and the crowd of blouses and patches among the speculators there assembled, all howling and haggard with speculation, you would stand aghast at the consideration of what must be going on. Concierges and people like that perpetually blow their brains out, or fly into the Seine, "à cause des pertes sur la Bourse." I hardly ever take up a French paper without lighting on such a paragraph. On the other hand, thoroughbred horses without end, and red velvet carriages with white kid harness on jet black horses, go by here all day long; and the pedestrians who turn to look at them, laugh, and say, "C'est la Bourse!"[†7] Such crashes must be staved off every week as have not been seen since Law's[†8] time.

To W. H. WILLS, [21 APRIL 1856]

Mention in N, II, 761.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 22 APRIL 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Champs Elysées | Tuesday Twenty-Second April, 1856

My Dear Collins.

I have been quite taken aback by your account of your alarming seizure;[†1] and have only become reassured again, firstly by the good fortune of your having left here and got so near your Doctor; secondly, by your hopefulness of now making head in the right direction. On the third or fourth I purpose being in town, and I need not say that I shall forthwith come to look after my old Patient.

On Sunday, to my infinite amazement, Townshend[†2] appeared. He has changed his plans, and is staying in Paris a week, before going to Town for a couple of months. He dined here on Sunday, and placidly ate and drank in the most vigorous manner, and mildly laid out a terrific perspective of projects for carrying me off to the Theatre every night. But in the morning he found himself with dawnings of Bronchitis, and is now luxuriously laid up in lavender at his Hotel — confining himself entirely to precious stones,[†3] chicken, and fragrant wines qualified with iced waters.

Last Friday, I took Mrs. Dickens, Georgina, and Mary and Katey, to dine at the Trois freres. [†a]Mrs. Dickens nearly killed herself, but the others hardly did that justice to the dinner that I had expected.[†a] We then Sir went off to the Français; to see Comme il vous plaira which is a kind of Theatrical Representation that I think might be got up, with great completeness, by the Patients in the Asylum for Idiots.[†4] Dreariness

is no word for it, vacancy is no word for it, gammon is no word for it, there *is* no word for it. Nobody has anything to do, but to sit upon as many grey stones as he can. When Jacques had sat upon seventy seven stones and forty two roots of trees (which was at the end of the second act), we came away. He had by that time been made violent love to by Celia, had shewn himself in every phase of his existence to be utterly unknown to Shakespeare, had made the speech about the Seven Ages out of its right place and apropos of nothing on earth, and had in all respects conducted himself like a brutalized, benighted, and besotted Beast.[†5]

A wonderful dinner at Girardin's last Monday, with only one new (but appropriate) feature in it. When we went into the drawing room after the banquet, which had terminated in a flower pot out of a ballet being set before every guest, piled to the brim with the ruddiest fresh strawberries, he asked me if I would come into another room (a chamber of no account — rather like the last Scene in Gustavus) and smoke a Cigar? On my replying yes, he opened, with a key attached to his watch chain, a

species of mahogany Cave, which appeared to me to extend under the Champs Elysées, and in which were piled about four hundred thousand inestimable and unattainable Cigars, in bundles or bales of about a thousand each.[†1]

Yesterday I dined at the booksellers with the body of Translators[†2] engaged on my new Edition — one of them a lady — young and pretty. (I hope by the bye, judging from the questions which they asked me and which I asked them, that it will be really well done.) Among them was an extremely able old Savant who occasionally expressed himself in a foreign tongue which I supposed to be Russian (I thought he had something to do with the Congress perhaps), but which my host told me when I came away, was English! We wallowed in an odd sort of dinner which would have been splashy[†3] if it hadn't been too sticky. Salmon appeared late in the evening, and unforeseen creatures of the lobster species strayed in after the pudding. It was very hospitable and good natured though, and we all got on in the friendliest way. Please to imagine me, for three mortal hours, incessantly holding forth to the translators, and, among other things, addressing them in a neat and appropriate (French) speech. I came home quite light-headed.

On Saturday night, I paid three francs at the door of that place where we saw the wrestling,[†4] and went in, at 11 o-Clock, to a Ball. Much the same as our own National Argyll Rooms.[†5] Some pretty faces, but all of two classes — wicked and coldly calculating, or haggard and wretched in their worn beauty. Among the latter, was a woman of thirty or so, in an Indian shawl, who never stirred from a seat in a corner all the time I was there. Handsome, regardless, brooding, and yet with some nobler qualities in her forehead. I mean to walk about tonight, and look for her. I didn't speak to her there, but I have a fancy that I should like to know more about her. Never shall, I suppose.

Franconi's[†6] I have been to again, of course. Nowhere else. I finished "that" No.[†7] as soon as Macready went away, and have done something for Household Words next week, called Proposals for a National Jest Book, that I take rather kindly to. The first blank page of Little Dorrit No. 8[†8] now eyes me on this desk with a pressing curiosity. It will get nothing out of me to day, I distinctly perceive.[†9] —

†aTownshend's Henri,†10 and Bully (the dog) have just been here — came in with a message at the double dash. Bully disconcerts me a good deal. He dined here on Sunday with his master, and got a young family of puppies out of each of the doors, fell into indecent transports with the claw of the round table, and was madly in love with Townshend's boots. All of which, Townshend seems to have no idea of, but merely says "Bul-ly!" when he is on his hind-legs like the sign of a public house. If he dines here again, I mean to have a trifle of camphor ready for him, and to try whether it has the effect upon him that it is said to have upon the Monks (with which piece of scientific knowledge I taunt Stanfield†11 when we go out together).†a

†aThat swearing of the Academy Carpenters is the best thing of its kind I ever heard of.†1 I suppose the oath to be administered by little Knight. It's my belief that the stout Porter now no more, wouldn't have taken it. — Our cook's going. Says she an't strong enought for †bBoo Lone.†b I don't know what there is particularly trying in that climate. — The Nice little Nurse who goes into all manner of shops without knowing one word of French, took some Lace to be mended the other day, and the Shopkeeper impressed with the idea that she had come to sell it, *would* give her money; with which she returned weeping, believing it (until explanation ensued) to be the price of shame. All send kindest regard. Ever Faithfully

CD.†a

To [?THE REV. JAMES WHITE],†2 [?17-22 APRIL 1856]

MS (fragment) Mr L. Mastracci. *Date:* shortly after Girardin's dinner-party (14 Apr): see *To* Forster, 17 Apr.

above there is a conservatory which is like the South of France — only neither scorched nor dusty.

Think of this:

EMILE GIRARDIN†3

gave another dinner the other day. We were about 15 or 18, and had every possible, impossible, conceivable, and inconceivable, dish — down to a little red flower pot for every guest, full of bright fresh strawberries. The only novelty was, that after dinner when we were in the Drawing Room, he asked me if I would go into another room and smoke a Cigar? On my replying Yes, he opened a species of mahogany cave with a key hanging on his watch chain, and shewed (as nearly as I could compute) about two hundred and fifty thousand inestimable and unattainable Cigars, tied up in bundles of about 1000 each.

ALL†3

send their kindest loves to Mrs. White†4 and all the house. In which I heartily join.

Ever Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 24 APRIL 1856*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Paris, Thursday Twenty Fourth April, 1856

My Dear Wills.

I return you my Proof,[†5] corrected.

I am very much disheartened by the last published No. of H. W.[†1] which is — not to mince the matter — frightfully bad. No idea in it, no purpose, no appropriateness to or about anything, a mere hash-up of most indifferent magazine papers at chance-medley.[†2]

Tomorrow morning I will go to work again and try to do another paper,[†3] so that you may receive it on Monday Morning. It would be better not to begin a No. with your story,[†4] under the circumstances, if it can possibly be avoided.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN ROBERTSON,[†5] 26 APRIL 1856*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Paris, Saturday Evening Twenty Sixth April, 1856

Dear Sir.

I cannot estimate the length at which your proposed subject will have to be treated in Household Words, until your manner of treating it is before me. But I shall be glad to try it, and I think it promises well.[†6] There is no objection to an article occupying four pages.[†7]

Pray avoid anything like a fragmentary appearance. I think I rather observed it in one of the two papers you left with me. I need not tell *you* that it is never necessary to write "down" to the popular capacity; but that the great merit of plain, easy, flowing narrative, while it is acceptable to all readers, is particularly felt by a large and mixed audience.

I leave Paris immediately, and will myself give Mr Wills such instructions as shall ensure your sustaining no disappointment in reference to the request with which you close your note.[†8]

Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Robertson Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 APRIL 1856

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Champs Elysées, Paris
Sunday Morning Twenty Seventh April, 1856

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†1]

I return the proof of No. 320,[†2] and enclose a paper of my own with which to begin it.[†3]

This will enable you to dispense in this No. either with Billeted at Boulogne,[†4] or a Tale of a Pocket Archipelago.[†5] They are both weak, and the latter (as a story) is really almost too blear-eyed to fall into the ranks.

Mr. Duthie's Sundays too, are washy in the last degree. There is really nothing whatever in them. And it is the diabolical property of colorless, shapeless, things of this nature, that they shut up good subjects and get no kind of point or effect out of them. I would as soon dine off an old glove, as read such pale literary boiled veal.[†6]

Get Epidemics[†7] as near the opening (the usual poetical place)[†8] as you can, because it has a purpose in it.

In your list of the No. is a cabalistic word that looks like "Surnames". I have not received such an article.[†9]

THE GUILD[†1]

must certainly be first discussed by Forster, you, and me. Then it will be necessary (if we can see any course of action), to call a meeting.

MY ARRANGEMENTS[†1]

are these. — The tent is striking here, and I can't work in the midst of the unsettled domesticity. The Hogarth family don't leave Tavistock House till next Saturday. And I cannot in the meantime bear the contemplation of their imbecility any more. (I think my constitution is already undermined by the sight of Hogarth at breakfast.) I am therefore going to leave here by the Mail, *next Tuesday Morning at 8* for Dover, where I shall stay at the Ship (working I hope in the mornings), until I come to town early on Saturday. The Ship Hotel, Dover, is consequently my address. I purpose arriving there to dinner on Tuesday, and no doubt shall either see or hear from you, then, or very soon afterwards.

Ever Faithfully

CD

P.S. Your letter just received. You make too much of my complaint[†10] — that is, you take it too personally. I described the No. to you, just as I should describe it to

myself. Nothing more. It makes my visage very rueful, and my pen took the same expression. I have a way (perhaps you never observed it) of expressing myself in a strong manner. I beg to Sub to brighten up.

To MARK LEMON, 27 APRIL 1856

MS Benoliel Collection.

Paris, Sunday Twenty Seventh April, 1856

My Dear Mark. I dispatch this very short note, to let you know my movements.

As the Tents are striking here, and I can't work in the distracted apartments, I shall leave here, as I purpose, by the Day Mail on Tuesday morning, and dine at Dover.

As the Hogarths don't leave Tavistock House 'till Saturday, and as I cannot bear the contemplation of that family at breakfast any more, I think of remaining at Dover (working, I hope, in the mornings) until Saturday, when I shall come up early for the Academy Dinner.

Thus it is then, Sir (I stand with one leg bent, as delivering a Shakespearian message with this preface). From †a and at†a and after dinner time on Tuesday, the brightest and most intelligent of countenances will beam at

The Royal Ship Hotel, Dover.

On Sunday morning it will be found at Tavistock House, to let for the day. After which it will remain in that commodious Family Mansion throughout the month.

Kindest love from all
Ever affectionately
CD.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY,†1 27 APRIL 1856*

MS Texas University Library.

Paris, Champs Elysées 49
Sunday Twenty Seventh April, 1856

My Dear Jack.

I hope I enclose what you mean. Pray tell my friend Henry†2 with my regard that I am proud to be sponsor for him on his entrance into life, and feel gratified by his asking me to say my honest word for him.

This is but a fag-end of a rope to heave overboard to an old Salt floating about on the Hencoop of idleness; but if I were to pay out more, I should lose the post. So I won't yaw about like the dog-vane in a calm, but clap a stopper on and belay.†3

Mrs. Dickens and Georgina unite with me in cordial messages to Mrs. Tracey,[†1] and in best remembrances to Henry. So no more at present from yours ever

Edward Cuttle.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?26-7 APRIL 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, v, 620 and 621. *Date:* according to Forster, before he left Paris (29 Apr); Forster implies shortly before, and that both extracts are from same letter.

The murder over the way (the third or fourth event of that nature in the Champs Elysées since we have been here) seems to disclose the strangest state of things. The Duchess who is murdered lived alone in a great house which was always shut up, and passed her time entirely in the dark. In a little lodge outside lived a coachman (the murderer), and there had been a long succession of coachmen who had been unable to stay there, and upon whom, whenever they asked for their wages, she plunged out with an immense knife, by way of an immediate settlement. The coachman never had anything to do, for the coach hadn't been driven out for years; neither would she ever allow the horses to be taken out for exercise. Between the lodge and the house, is a miserable bit of garden, all overgrown with long rank grass, weeds, and nettles; and in this, the horses used to be taken out to swim — in a dead green vegetable sea, up to their haunches. On the day of the murder there was a great crowd, of course; and in the midst of it up comes the Duke her husband (from whom she was separated), and rings at the gate. The police open the grate. "C'est vrai donc," says the Duke, "que Madame la Duchesse n'est plus?" — "C'est trop vrai, Monseigneur." — "Tant mieux," says the Duke, and walks off deliberately, to the great satisfaction of the assemblage.[†2]

An occurrence in England, three years earlier, and wildly improbable. B.[†3] was with me the other day, and, among other things that he told me, described an extraordinary adventure in his life, at a place not a thousand miles from my "property" at Gadshill, three years ago. He lived at the tavern and was sketching one day when an open carriage came by with a gentleman and lady in it. He was sitting in the same place working at the same sketch, next day, when it came by again. So, another day, when the gentleman got out and introduced himself. Fond of art; lived at the great house yonder, which perhaps he knew; was an Oxford man and a Devonshire squire, but not resident on his estate, for domestic reasons; would be glad to see him to dinner to-morrow. He went, and found, among other things a very fine library. "At your disposition," said the Squire, to whom he had now described himself and his pursuits. "Use it for your writing and drawing. Nobody else uses it." He stayed in the house *six months.* The lady was a mistress, aged five-and-twenty, and very

beautiful, drinking her life away. The Squire was drunken, and utterly depraved and wicked; but an excellent scholar, an admirable linguist, and a great theologian. Two other mad visitors stayed the six months. One, a man well known in Paris here, who goes about the world with a crimson silk stocking in his breast pocket, containing a tooth-brush and an immense quantity of ready money. The other, a college chum of the Squire's, now ruined; with an insatiate thirst for drink; who constantly got up in the middle of

the night, crept down to the dining-room, and emptied all the decanters.... B. stayed on in the place, under a sort of devilish fascination to discover what might come of it.... Tea or coffee never seen in the house, and very seldom Water. Beer, champagne, and brandy, were the three drinkables. Breakfast: leg of mutton, champagne, beer, and brandy. Lunch: shoulder of mutton, champagne, beer, and brandy. Dinner: every conceivable dish (Squire's income, £7,000 a-year), champagne, beer, and brandy. The Squire had married a woman of the town from whom he was now separated, but by whom he had a daughter. The mother, to spite the father, had bred the daughter in every conceivable vice. Daughter, then 13, came from school once a month. Intensely coarse in talk, and always drunk. As they drove about the country in two open carriages, the drunken mistress would be perpetually tumbling out of one, and the drunken daughter perpetually tumbling out of the other. At last the drunken mistress drank her stomach away, and began to die on the sofa. Got worse and worse, and was always raving about Somebody's where she had once been a lodger, and perpetually shrieking that she would cut somebody else's heart out. At last she died on the sofa, and, after the funeral, the party broke up. A few months ago, B. met the man with the crimson silk stocking at Brighton, who told him that the Squire was dead "of a broken heart"; that the chum was dead of delirium tremens; and that the daughter was heiress to the fortune. He told me all this, which I fully believe to be true, without any embellishment — just in the off-hand way in which I have told it to you.

To MISS ELLEN CARROLL,[†1] 28 APRIL 1856*

MS British Library. *Address:* À Mddle. Ellen Carroll | 40 Rue Laffitte | En Ville.

Champs Elysées | Twenty Eighth April, 1856

Madam.

Your letter reaches me when I am on the eve of quitting Paris, and am surrounded by many additions to my usual occupations. If I reply to you briefly, I beg you therefore to attribute my so doing to the heavy demands on my attention, and to no want of interest on my part in the confidence you entrust to me.

I regret to assure you that I am quite unable to advise you how to obtain employment in the way of translation. So far as I know, all the translations that are made from English into French, are made by French people. The kind of translations usually made from French into English, are made by English booksellers who (I assume) employ their own commissioned agents for this purpose. I am not in business-communication with any publisher of this kind, and, even if I were acquainted with your powers of translating freely and faithfully and could honestly commend them, I should be quite at a loss to whom to present to you.

I wish it were in my power to be as efficient towards you in this real working world, as you give me the gratification of informing me that I have been in that shadowy sphere in which much of my life is passed. But it would be cruel in me to disguise the truth, for the selfish pleasure of inspiring you with a false hope.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Carroll.

To MRS HANSEN,[†1] 28 APRIL 1856*

MS Mr Alfred Palludan. *Address:* Affranchie | Mrs. Emmy Hansen | care of | Messrs A & N Hansen & Co. | Copenhagen.

Paris Champs Elysées 49 | Monday Twenty Eighth April 1856.

My Dear Mrs. Hansen.

I am afraid you will have begun, long ago, to think me unmindful of you, and uninterested in your good husband and your pretty child. But this is not the case. When I received your letter, I read it with great pleasure, and I have often thought of it since. Uncertainty, however, as to my summer arrangements has induced me to postpone writing to you from time to time, until I should see the way before me more clearly.

You know by this time, I hope, that I am busily engaged with a new book. I have been passing the winter in Paris, which I leave tomorrow morning. I shall remain in London during May, but not longer, as I design to pass the summer in a little country house at Boulogne Sur Mer. If you should pay a visit to England this year therefore (that is to say before October) I shall not be at my own house, but shall be living at

La Villa des Moulineaux

Boulogne Sur Mer

— and if you should come that way, it would gratify me very much to see you again and to become acquainted with your husband.

Pray give him my regard, and kiss your precious little daughter for me. And believe me as I truly am,

Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Hansen.

To THE SECRETARY,[†2] EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION,[†3] [OCTOBER 1855-28 APRIL 1856]

Mention in *To* Gordon, 2 May 56. *Date:* written from Paris, i.e. between Oct 55 and 29 Apr 56; more likely towards end of his visit.

To FRAU ALBERTI, 30 APRIL 1856

MS Mr Erich Lehmann.

Dover, England. | Wednesday Thirtieth April, 1856.

My Dear Correspondent.

While I was in Paris (which I only left yesterday), I received your book[†1] and your charming letter, quite safely. I am grieved to say that I do not read German; but my eldest boy, who has been partly educated in Germany and knows the language well, has gone through your book at my side, and has enabled me to understand much of its pure idea, and fine, womanly, *true* sentiment. I am proud to be associated with it, and thank you more than ever.

It will take me a year from this time, to finish Little Dorrit. After that, I think I really shall begin (Please God) to make myself master of the German language. I lose so much pleasure by not knowing it, and I can learn a language with so little difficulty, that I often reproach myself for not having acquired it long ago. I am not so young as I am in the picture you have seen, for that was painted some fifteen years ago, and I am now 44.[†2] It looks a good deal, on paper, I find; but I believe I am very young-looking still, and I know that I am a very active vigorous fellow, who never knew in his own experience what the word "fatigue" meant.

This is in answer to your first question. In reply to your second question whether I dictate, I answer with a smile that I can as soon imagine a painter dictating his pictures. No. I write every word of my books with my own hand, and do not write them very quickly either. I write with great care and pains (being passionately fond of my art, and thinking it worth any trouble), and persevere, and work hard. I am a great walker besides, and plunge into cold water every day in the dead of winter. When I was last in Switzerland, I found that I could climb as fast as the Swiss Guides. Few strangers think I look like one who passes so many hours alone in his own Study. You would be disappointed perhaps, to see me with a brown-red color in my face?

I very seldom write or talk about myself, but you express your interest so naturally and unaffectedly, that I feel I ought to describe myself in the same spirit.

It makes me sorry to find you describing your health as very delicate. You must remember that in all your literary aspiration, and whether thinking or writing, it is indispensably necessary to relieve that wear and tear of the mind by some other exertion that may be wholesomely set against it. Habitually, I have always had, besides great bodily exercise, some mental pursuit of a light kind with which to vary my labors as an Author. And I have found the result so salutary, that I strongly commend it to the fair friend in whom I am deeply interested.

I am now upon my way home, merely staying here a couple of days to have some walks on the high cliffs by the sea. During the summer, I shall be generally at a little French Country House among pleasant gardens near Boulogne Sur Mer. But that is only a few hours journey from London, and I shall receive my letters and papers from thence, two or three times a week. My best address therefore, is at my own house

Tavistock House

London

— and there I shall always be delighted to hear from you. Perhaps I may see you there one day? If not, I must come to Potsdam after I have learnt German from your book.

Farewell. God bless you! Always believe me, with great regard,

Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Sophie Verena

To WILKIE COLLINS, 30 APRIL 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Ship Hotel, Dover | Thirtieth April, 1856.

My Dear Collins.

Wills brought me your letter this morning, and I am very much interested in knowing what o'Clock it is by the watch with the brass tail to it. You know I am not in the habit of making professions, but I have so strong an interest in you and so true a regard for you, that nothing can come amiss in the way of information as to your well-doing.

How I wish you were well now! For here I am in two of the most charming rooms (a third, a bedroom you could have occupied, close by), overlooking the sea in the gayest way. And here I shall be, for a change, till Saturday. And here we might have been, drinking confusion to Baronetcies, and resolving never to pluck a leaf from the Toady Tree[†1] till this very small world shall have rolled us off! Never mind. All to come — in the fulness of the Arctic Seasons.

I take, as the people say in the Comedies of 80 years ago, "hugely" to the idea you have suggested to Wills. But you mustn't do anything, until you feel it a pleasure; from which sensation (and the disappearance of the East Wind until next winter) I shall date your coming round the corner with a great velocity.

On Saturday morning, I shall be in town about 11, and will come on to Howland Street[†2] about 1. Many thanks for your bulletin academical which I have dispatched straightway to Ary Scheffer.

They were all blooming in Paris yesterday morning. I took the Plorn out in a cabriolet the day before, and his observations on Life in general were wonderful.

Ever Yours
CD.

To VISCOUNT RAYNHAM,[†1] 30 APRIL 1856*

MS Texas University Library.

Dover, Wednesday Thirtieth April | 1856

Dear Lord Raynham

Although I am not so sanguine of the results of my advocacy as you are, I shall be happy to fulfil my promise and to preside at the First Dinner in behalf of the Hospital in which you are so humanly interested.[†2]

Any day in May will suit me; the later in the month, the better.

After Saturday next, I shall be at my own house in town. If the Committee will have the goodness to let me know the appointed day as soon as they shall have fixed it, I shall feel obliged to them.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Viscount Raynham

May

To J. T. GORDON,[†3] 2 MAY 1856*

MS Berg Collection.

Dover, Second May 1856.

My Dear Gordon.

I am only now in the receipt of your letter, which has come to hand here, where I am pausing for a rest and a walk on my way home from Paris. It gives me great concern to hear of your having been so seriously ill. Wills, in some wonderful manner, has never communicated the intelligence; and I supposed you to be as robust as ever. Of course I should have written to Mrs. Gordon to enquire about you, if I had had the faintest suspicion of your having been ill.

Take care of yourself, and I dare say you will be the better in the long run for the attack.

I wrote from Paris to the Philosophical Institution, explaining that my work really makes such an expedition out of the question this year, but that I hope to be able to do what they want next year. I will come to you then, with the greatest pleasure.

They are all well at Paris, and would send all manner of messages if they knew me to be writing. They leave on Monday week, and we purpose remaining in Town through May. We then go to Boulogne for the summer.

Little Dorrit, has beaten all her predecessors, in circulation.[†4]

My love to Mrs. Gordon[†1] and Master Charley and all. Poor Andrew![†2] The Bulletin shall be forwarded to Paris.

Ever My Dear Gordon

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. T. Gordon Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 3 MAY 1856*

MS University of Texas.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Third May 1856

My Dear B and E.

Will you send me round, Little Dorrit No. 6,[†3] and a pull of No. 7.[†4]

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 3 MAY 1856*

MS Sr Francesco Pertile.

London, Third May, 1856.

Messrs. Coutts and Co.

Please to deliver to the Bearer, a New Cheque-Book for me, ————[†5]

CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 4 MAY 1856

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fourth May 1856

My Dear Mark

I am up to my eyes in dust! — I will be at home from and after 4.

Stanny couldn't come last night, having an appointment with Mrs. Stanfield.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 5 MAY 1856

Text from MDGH, I, 433-5.

Tavistock House, | Monday, Fifth May, 1856.

My Dear Catherine,

I did nothing at Dover (except for "Household Words"),[†1] and have not begun "Little Dorrit," No. 8,[†2] yet. But I took twenty-mile walks in the fresh air, and perhaps in the long run did better than if I had been at work. The report concerning Scheffer's portrait I had from Ward.[†3] It is in the best place in the largest room,[†4] but I find the *general* impression of the artists exactly mine. They almost all say that it wants something; that nobody could mistake whom it was meant for, but that it has something disappointing in it, etc. etc.[†5] Stanfield likes it better than any of the other painters, I think. His own picture is magnificent.[†6] And Frith,[†7] in a "Little Child's Birthday Party,"[†8] is quite delightful. There are many interesting pictures. When you see Scheffer, tell him from me that Eastlake,[†9] in his speech at the dinner, referred to the portrait as "a contribution from a distinguished man of genius in France, worthy of himself and of his subject."

[†a]I did the maddest thing last night, and am deeply penitent this morning. We stayed at Webster's till any hour, and they wanted me, at last, to make punch, which couldn't be done when the jug was brought, because (to Webster's burning indignation) there was only one lemon in the house. Hereupon I then and there besought the establishment in general to come and drink punch on Thursday night, after the play; on which occasion it will become necessary to furnish fully the table with some cold viands from Fortnum and Mason's. Mark has looked in since I began this note, to suggest that the great festival may come off at "Household Words" instead. I am inclined to think it a good idea, and that I shall transfer the locality to that business establishment. But I am at present distracted with doubts and torn by remorse.[†a]

The school-room and dining-room I have brought into habitable condition and

comfortable appearance. Charley and I breakfast at half-past eight, and meet again at dinner when he does not dine in the City, or has no engagement. He looks very well.

The audiences at Gye's are described to me as absolute marvels of coldness.[†1] No signs of emotion can be hammered out of them. Panizzi[†2] sat next me at the Academy dinner, and took it very ill that I disparaged ____.[†3] The amateurs[†4] here are getting up another pantomime, but quarrel so violently among themselves that I doubt its ever getting on the stage. Webster expounded his scheme for rebuilding the Adelphi to Stanfield and myself last night, and I felt bound to tell him that I thought it wrong from beginning to end. This is all the theatrical news I know.

[†a]I write by this post to Georgy. Love to Mamey, Katey, Harry, and the noble Plorn. I should be glad to see him here.[†a]

Ever affectionately

CD

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 5 MAY 1856

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Monday May Fifth 1856

My Dear Georgy.

You will not be much surprised to hear that I have done nothing yet (except for H. W.), and have only just settled down into a corner of the Schoolroom. The extent to which John and I wallowed in dust for four hours yesterday morning, getting books and papers put away, and making things neat and comfortable about us, you may faintly imagine. At 4 in the afternoon came Stanfield, to whom I no sooner described the notion of the new play than he immediately upset all my new arrangements by making a Proscenium of the chairs and planning the Scenery with walking-sticks. One of the least things he did, was getting on the top of the Long table and hanging over the bar in the middle window where that top sash opens, as if he had got a hinge in the middle of his body. He is immensely excited on the subject. Mark had a Farce ready for the managerial perusal — but it won't do.

†bCatherine will tell you of a tremendous party that is coming off (with me for the unhappy host) next Thursday at half past ten in the evening.†5

When I got out of the dust at last yesterday, I went up to Miss Coutts's. She was out, but Mrs. Brown was at home in company with Dr. Skey.†6 Mrs. Brown talking

great nonsense about the French people and their morality, I felt it necessary to defend them; and I said that most reflective persons contemplating the two nations would observe, I thought, one strong leading difference between them; to wit, that in England people dismiss the mention of social evils and vices which do nevertheless exist among them; and that in France people do not dismiss the mention of the same things but habitually recognize their existence. After crying several times "Don't say that! Don't say that! It gives me such pain to hear you say anything that I can't agree in!" (to which I, as many times, replied "Oh! But I must say it, you know, when according to our national vanity and prejudice, you disparage an unquestionably great nation") she pulled out her pocket handkerchief and burst into showers upon showers of tears. Old Skey looked horribly frightened, and, having, as I conceive, caught about a third of the discussion, seemed to be in doubt what I had done. I remained, of course, quite composed and went on (and came off) as if nothing had happened.

I had a good dialogue with Mrs. Birmingham†1 at the Ship. Old Baron Brunow†2 was expected over for two days, and both she and Birmingham almost drove me wild by perpetually coming up with all manner of reports about the Baron, and about the wind deterring him, and Lord Cowley†3 deterring him, and I don't know who deterring him. When I went into breakfast on Friday morning, I found Mrs. Birmingham in the room with my letters, waiting to say "You will be glad to hear Sir, that the Baron left Calais at 7 this morning, and will be here at 9. You will be able to see the Boat Sir from your window." To which I replied with the greatest politeness and in the gentlest accents, "Mrs. Birmingham it becomes at last necessary for me to confess that I don't care a damn about the Baron, and that if he were sunk coming

over, it would not make the least difference to me." — She said "*In*deed, Sir?" and went smiling away, rubbing her hands.[†b]

I went to the Dover Theatre on Friday night, which was a miserable spectacle. The pit is boarded over, and it is a drinking and smoking place. It was "for the Benefit of Mrs. A. Green",[†4] and the town had been very extensively placarded with "Don't forget Friday." I made out Four and ninepence (I am serious) in the house, when I went in. We may have warmed up, in the course of the evening, to twelve shillings. A Jew played the Grand Piano, Mrs. A. Green[†4] sang no end of songs (with not a bad voice, poor creature), Mr. Green[†4] sang comic songs fearfully, and danced clog hornpipes capitally, and a miserable woman, shivering in a shawl and bonnet, sat in the side boxes all the evening, nursing Master A. Green,[†4] aged 7 months. It was a most forlorn business, and I should have contributed a sovereign to the Treasury if I had known how.[†5]

I walked to Deal and back that day; and on the previous day walked over the

Downs towards Canterbury, in a gale of wind. It was better than still weather, after all, being wonderfully fresh and free.

If the Plorn were sitting at this schoolroom window in the corner, he would see more cats in an hour than he ever saw in his life. *I* never saw so many, I think, as I have seen since yesterday morning.

There is a painful picture of a great deal of merit (Egg has bought it) in the Exhibition, painted by the man who did those little Interiors of Forster's.[†1] It is called the death of Chatterton.[†2] The dead figure is a good deal like Arthur Stone; and I was touched on Saturday to see that tender old file standing before it, crying under his spectacles at the idea of seeing his son dead. It was a very tender manifestation of his gentle old boiling, bothering heart.[†3]

This sums up my news, which is no news at all. Kiss the Plorn for me, and expound to him that I am always looking forward to meeting him again, among the birds and flowers in the garden on the side of the hill at Boulogne.

Ever affecy. CD.

[†a]P.S. Your Boulogne boat will be in the afternoon (somewhere about 4) and you will not get to London before 11.[†a]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 5 MAY 1856

MS Mr and Mrs Donald F. Hyde.

Tavistock House | Monday Fifth May 1856

My Dear Webster.

From Dispatches I have received this morning, I conclude the proposed Wednesday's Gathering to be abandoned and off.

Thursday's appointment of course remains. Will you remind Madame Celeste[†4] that I said Half past 10, last night; but that I had no need to say any time, in as much

as the Punch shall be in high condition as soon after the end of the first piece[†1] as shall suit her convenience.

A horrible misgiving comes over me in the Easterly repentance of this morning, that I am engaged to Forster for next Sunday.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. L. ALDRIDGE,[†2] 6 MAY 1856*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, London | Sixth May 1856.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Aldridge, and begs, in reply to Mr. Aldridge's note, to state that he has great pleasure in subscribing for five copies of the Original Poems.[†3] Mr. Wills, Household Words office, will receive them, and pay the subscription.

To R. FRIEND,[†4] 6 MAY 1856

Summary from Sotheby's catalogue, July 1982; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, London, 6 May 56; addressed R. Friend.

Replying to his letter received that morning, he begs to assure him that his engagements make it impossible to accept the very welcome invitation of the Working Men's Institute.

To [?G. G.] LOWNE,[†5] 6 MAY 1856*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Sixth May, 1856.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Lowne, and begs to express

his regret that he cannot have the gratification of complying with Mr. Lowne's request. He wishes to avoid sitting for any Portrait whatever. If he sat to the gentleman in question, that departure from his resolution would necessitate the fulfilment of conditional promises to others who have a prior claim upon him, and he must therefore unwillingly excuse himself.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 7 MAY 1856

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Wednesday May Seventh 1856.

My Dear Webster

An idea in the nature of an inspiration has occurred to me this morning, in connexion with the Punch project.

I was contemplating my dismantled Study, with the Carpet in the corner like an immense roly-poly pudding, and all the chairs upside down as if they had turned over like birds and died with their legs in the air, when it flashed upon me Why should I bring the ladies and you so far to a dreary house, when there is the Household Words office on your way home? I instantly changed the Venue, sent down certain bottles to Wellington Street, and shall expect you there instead. Pray tell Madame Celeste so, with my kind regard.

If there should be a small box disengaged tomorrow night, will you leave it for Stanfield and me?[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 8 MAY 1856*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Evening Eight May | 1856.

My Dear Stanny.

A knock-down blow! — I am desperately sorry, but there is no help for it, and I feel you do quite right.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 9 MAY 1856

MS British Library. *Address:* France | A Madame Charles Dickens | 49 Avenue des champs Elysées | Paris.

Household Words Office | Friday Ninth May 1856

My dearest Catherine

There has been such a Gale blowing for two days (it blew down one of the large

lilac trees in the front court), that I received your letter only this morning. No French Mail could get in yesterday.

I had no doubt that Hachette's payment would be made.

From what Georgy tells me, it appears to me that you will all require a new passport. I write by this post, to tell her what to do and how to get it.

The boat on Wednesday the 14th. (I have engaged to dine with the Emerson Tennents[†1] that day at some unheard of hour — about 9, I think) leaves Boulogne at 5, 40. You leave Folkestone again, at 8,50, and arrive in London at 11,20. Some supper shall be ready at Tavistock House.

We have made a very different place of that establishment, by clearing out the dust on the first floor, where it lay an inch thick. We have swept and washed the Study and Drawing Room, opened the windows, aired the carpets, and purified every room from the roof to the hall. I have barely got to work yet, on Little Dorrit.

Maclise has given me the most wonderful account of Mrs. Colburn[†2] on the occasion of the Richmond Dinner. "By God Sir the depreciation that has taken place in that woman is fearful! She has no blood Sir in her body — no color — no voice — is all scrunched and squeezed together — and seems to me in deep affliction — while Forster Sir is rampant and raging, and presenting a contrast beneath which you sink into the dust. She *may* come round again — *may* get fat — *may* get cheerful — *may* get a voice to articulate with, but by the blessed Star of Morning Sir she is now a sight to behold!"

Love to Mary, Katey, Harry, and the Noble Plorn.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 MAY 1856

MS Dickens House.

Household Words Office | Friday Ninth May 1856.

My Dear Georgy. It appears to me that the whole party will necessarily require a new passport. In case this note should not arrive, through bad weather, in time to

enable you to get one in Paris[†1] on Saturday, you can go to that old ass of a Consul at Boulogne[†2] and get it there; but it would be best done in Paris. I don't think the Embassy is the right place, but the Consul's office. The Consul is a Mr. Freeborn or Freeman,[†3] I think, and you can instantly find out where his office is, by asking at Galignani's.[†4]

The party came off here, last night, with great success. Cold collation of pigeon pie, collared red partridge,[†5] ham, roast fowls, and lobster salads. One hot dish, consisting of a most immense heap of asparagus. Considerable quantities of punch were disposed of, and Charley and I got home at 1/2 past 2. I went to the Adelphi first, and saw a poor piece enough. On the previous night, went to Drury Lane to see "Mrs. Florence[†6] in the Yankee Housekeeper".[†7] A very quaint good thing. What was my amazement on coming here that day (Wednesday) to meet Stanfield, Forster and Maclise — to find Macready here! He

had just come up by Railway, bringing Katey with him to stay at Fox's.[†8] We improvised an admirable dinner here to his great delight, and he went back next day.

I am "going" to work furiously. Am only just beginning after all!

Ever affectionately

CD.

To LIEUT-COLONEL W. P. WAUGH,[†9] 9 MAY 1856

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Ninth May, 1856

Dear Colonel Waugh.

It is with great reluctance and regret that I express my inability to comply at present with the request so very agreeably and cordially preferred to me by Mrs. Waugh and yourself. It would give me real pleasure to return my cheerful assent to it, if I could do so at any moderate inconvenience and at the cost of any reasonable uneasiness. But I am so busy with my book just now, that to enter upon the getting-up of a Play with the attention and completeness that alone make that pursuit

interesting to me, would be to undertake a painful labor. I honestly assure you that I have not the time for it, and that my thoughts are too much occupied.

I cannot easily tell you with what truthfulness I reciprocate your wish for our being better acquainted, or what a lively remembrance I always bear of your generous hospitality and your charming house and family. But the necessity I am often under of preserving a perfect command over my time, and of adapting all my habits to my Art, involves many little sacrifices of social enjoyment — of which I entreat you to accept these excuses as a notable specimen.

And in deed I have even a dramatic reason (in addition to the beckoning hand of Little Dorrit) for betaking myself resolutely to country quiet and country hours until the late Autumn. We have projects for another Play at home at Christmas time, and I must earn the leisure for that enjoyment in the future by diligent present work.

If we do not meet in the meanwhile, I shall hope to be so fortunate as to count you and Mrs. Waugh among the audience to our new piece. In any case I shall not lose you for the want of searching you out and giving you abundant notice.

It gives me great concern to learn that you are so unwell. But I know nobody whom the East wind has not blown into bed. Weather-wise people say it is to last until Midsummer; I have a kind of wicked joy in knowing that it is as bad in Paris, and that noses are as blue in the Champs Elysées as in Hyde Park. My family write me that it is black there too, and that the Sun gives in continually.

With kind compliments and regard to Mrs. Waugh, and best wishes for a better wind and your recovery,

Believe me | Dear Colonel Waugh | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I am vexed not to have been at my dismantled house when Mrs. Wrottesley[†1] and your daughter called — but I am glad to have missed them too, when I think of the tremendous danger I should have fallen into, if I had seen them, of being utterly powerless to say No.[†2]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 9 MAY 1856*

MS British Library. *Address:* Private | Benjamin Webster Esquire | Theatre Royal Adelphi.

Tavistock House. | Friday Ninth May, 1856.

My Dear Webster.

I am afraid that I must stick to Lincolns Inn Fields. It was an old agreement when I was last in town. I should have been very glad to come to you on such an occasion, and if I *should* escape will come after dinner.

Head ache! — There is no such thing in my punch.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS JAMESON,[†1] 10 MAY 1856

Extract in *A. Edward Newton Collection,* Parke-Bernet Catalogue, Apr 1941; addressed Mrs. Jameson; dated Tavistock House, 10 May 56.

you are perfectly right in supposing the article[†2] to have been written by a lady. She is an officer's wife who knows camps well.[†3]

To GEORGE MEREDITH,[†4] 10 MAY 1856

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Tenth May 1856

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you very cordially, for the book you have had the kindness to leave for me here inscribed with my name.[†5] I take it home tonight to read, and shall not be unworthy to enter on its perusal, as one of the most constant and delighted readers of those "Arabian Entertainments" of older date that they have ever had, perhaps. A new Arabian Tale is charming to me in the promise it holds out, and I hope I may say that I know already you are not the man to disappoint me.

Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

George Meredith Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 MAY 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Twelfth May 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have enquired about cleaners of pictures, and am assured that the most honest

and skilful of the craft is one Mr. Bentley of No. 128 Sloane Street.[†1] When the fire took place down at Mr. Thomas Baring's country house,[†2] in which several famous pictures were greatly damaged, he was employed to repair them; and acquired great celebrity by the dexterity he shewed. This is so distinct a recommendation, and the reference to Mr. Baring is so easy, that I do not confuse his name in this note with any others of the trade.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 MAY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Thirteenth May, 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have indeed read this letter with great emotion.[†3] If you had done nothing else in maintaining the Home — instead of having done so much that we know of, to which is to be added all the chance and bye-way Good that has sprung out of it in the lives of these women: which I believe to be enormous — what a great reward this case alone would be!

Unfortunately I was out last evening. I went to the Egyptian Hall,[†4] and had left home for the Athenaeum before your note arrived. I will come to you on Thursday at half past four. I hope you got well out of the Animalculae — your account of which enjoyment in prospect, made me laugh heartily.

I am not without hope that in the winter nights when we are alone here, you and Mrs. Brown may be induced to take some interest in what I dare say you never saw — the growth of a play from the beginning. Mr. Collins and I have hammered out a curious idea for a new one, which he is to write, and which we purpose, please God, to bring out on Charley's birthday.[†5] Mr. Stanfield has already been hanging out of the centre back-window of the schoolroom at the risk of his life, inventing wonderful effects and measuring the same. If you and O[†6] were to come into the secret from the commencement, and see all the ways and means, and the gradual improvement of it, and the trials of patience to which my

young people are submitted, and the general ingenuity and good humour, I think it would pass a few dark evenings pleasantly.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS JACKSON,[†1] [?13-14 MAY 1856]

Mention in *To* Stanfield, 14 May 56. *Date:* no doubt written the same or previous day.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 14 MAY 1856*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth May, 1856.

My Dear Stanny.

I forget what Mr. Jackson's house is called.[†2] Will you be so kind as to send him in the enclosed letter? It refers to the Canada Railway,[†3] and an endeavour I am making to do something to help a sister and brother[†4] to go out to Canada with some sort of light upon their way.

All this day have I been singing (without knowing a word of it), that song about the Devil's stitch in the sewn-up hammock.[†5] I had no idea by the bye, that you were such a horrible deceiver as a story Forster told me last night proves you to be! "I assure you my dear boy", said he with that vigorous whisper which seems to go in at your ear and come out at the sole of your boot, "I assure you my dear boy, that not only was Stanny taken aback by the secret I imparted to him the other day,[†6] but that he did sincerely and thoroughly believe that I was going to tell him I was about to turn Catholic! Now, there is no mistake whatever, about that Dickens. He was literally in expectation of that disclosure."

Oho! thinks I, looking at a rubicund countenance across the table, what a rosy impostor you are my boy![†7]

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 MAY 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

The Home | Friday Evening, Sixteenth May | 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Connor[†8] will be here to see you at 12.

On looking into the cases, and consulting with Mrs. Marchmont,[†9] I think that

Beaver
Daley
Chalk
and
Jones

may now be sent abroad. I doubt if we should make much more of them by keeping them longer — we might make less. Jones has been here only about nine months, but is a strong hard working healthy girl — a little rough, and not very bright intellectually — whom it seems a sort of waste to keep here. She is commended as very truthful.

It occurs to me to night, that it would be a very good thing if I were to address a letter to the Inspectors on duty at the Chief Station Houses,[†1] stating the objects of this place, and the good that might come of their recommending fit persons. I think they might hit some wretched cases at the very crisis of their fate. Will you think of this, before I see you on Sunday?

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To VISCOUNT RAYNHAM, 16 MAY 1856

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 436 (1923); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 16 May 56; addressed Lord Raynham.

Mentioning his plan of retiring to Boulogne for Country-ease and country work through the long summer holidays.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 17 MAY 1856*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth May 1856.

My Dear Mac.

Olliffe[†2] and his wife are coming to dine here on Wednesday the 21st. at halfpast six. I know it would give them both pleasure, and do him good, to see you. Will you come? We shall have nobody else, for indeed we have only the dining room and schoolroom furnished.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THOMAS ROSS AND JOHN KENNY,[†1] [19 MAY 1856]

Text from *The Times*, 20 May 1856.[†2]

Tavistock-house, Monday, May 19, 1856.

Gentlemen,

I have received a letter signed by you, which I assume to be written mainly on behalf of what are called working men and their families, inviting me to attend a meeting in our parish vestry-hall, this evening, on the subject of the stoppage of the Sunday bands in the parks.[†3] I thoroughly agree with you that those bands have afforded 'an innocent and healthful enjoyment on the Sunday afternoons, to which the people have a right;'[†4] but I think it essential that the working people should of themselves, and by themselves, assert that right. They have been informed, on the high authority of their First Minister[†5] (lately rather in want of House of Commons' votes, I am told) that they are almost indifferent to it. The correction of that mistake — if official omniscience can be mistaken — lies with themselves. In case it should be considered by the meeting (which I prefer for this reason not to attend) expedient to unite with other metropolitan parishes in forming a fund for the payment of such expenses as may be incurred in peaceably and numerously representing to the governing powers that the harmless recreation they have taken away is very much wanted, I beg to put down my name as a subscriber of 10*l.*,

and I am your faithful servant,

CHARLES DICKENS

To C. ROACH SMITH,[†6] 19 MAY 1856

Mention in Catalogue of the Library of J. A. Clark, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, Apr 1895; dated 19 May 56; addressed C. Roach Smith; with envelope.

Accepting a book.[†7]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 MAY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night Twentieth May | 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have been very much interested in the pamphlet.[†1] There is nothing in it that I see, demanding correction, except the paragraph which you pointed out to me and which I marked in Stratton Street.

Mrs. Thompson[†2] has written me a letter, and I have seen her since its receipt. The lodging-letting does not succeed sufficiently well to be pursued. In June the notice she has given to quit her house, will expire. She will then, by the sale of her furniture and so forth, have from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds. With this sum, she desires nothing more than to emigrate to Canada along with her child,[†3] *if* she can see any reasonably hopeful prospect of getting employment as a house-keeper, superintendent, attendant on children, companion, manager, any honest thing. She writes very well, is a good plain

accountant, and generally neat and handy. Does any means of helping her, occur to you? I am trying among Canada Railway people, but I fear uselessly, as their schemes are in a bad way.[†4] I should be very glad to hear from you on this, at your leisure.

You will have fine weather for the new house,[†5] I hope, and will enjoy it. With kind regard to Mrs. Brown,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To JOSHUA FIELD,[†6] 21 MAY 1856

Text from N, II, 774.

Tavistock House | Twenty-First May 1856

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Field, and begs to say that he has, at this time, reasons for declining to sign the enclosed requisition.[†7] He does

so, without at all disputing (it is hardly necessary for him to remark), the general principle.[†1]

To JOHN KENNY,[†2] 21 MAY 1856

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Twenty First May, 1856.

Sir.

I have received your letter of yesterday's date, with great interest and pleasure. It is particularly agreeable to me to learn that a Metropolitan Committee has been formed, and that a deputation requires permission to wait upon Lord Palmerston; because I am perfectly sure that the people of this City are only disparaged and placed at a disadvantage, when their moderate desires, their patience, good sense and good humour, fail to find adequate expression in high places.

I am inclined to think with you that Lord Palmerston is really favorable in this matter;[†3] nevertheless he has a famous predecessor in the pages of Shakespeare, who did not get on particularly well by letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would."[†4]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Kenny

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 MAY 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Prospect Hill | Reading.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Second May 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

You remember Mrs. Matthews,[†5] whom I told sometime since, as you and I agreed, that my friend could do nothing more for her? This morning's post brings me the enclosed letter. I do not send it with any idea of advocating her case, but merely because I hardly feel it right to answer it without having placed it before you.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 22 MAY 1856

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Second May 1856.

My Dear Mark

Stanny does go with us tomorrow.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To E. M. WARD, [23] MAY 1856

MS Mr A. R. Davis. *Date:* misdated by CD; Friday was 23 May.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Second May | 1856.

My Dear Ward

A new illustration of "Never Despair"![†1] I *can* come on Monday, and shall be delighted to do so.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire

To UNIDENTIFIED STAFF SURGEON, [?23] MAY 1856

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 27 May 56. *Date:* written a few days before.

To MARK LEMON, 26 MAY 1856

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth May, 1856.

My Dear Mark.

Any time between 2 and 5 tomorrow (if you will appoint one in the course of the day), will suit me better. I shall not only have more leisure after my morning's work than before, but shall have a clearer power of attention.

The concluding paragraph of your note makes me all but lunatic with wonder.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 MAY 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Prospect Hill | Reading.

Tavistock House | Twenty Seventh May 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have made enquiries about the Staff Surgeon[†2] who wanted the Fifty Pounds (as

we agreed), and there is no doubt of his being a reality, and of his holding a responsible appointment, and of his representation being perfectly true.

I wrote to him to say that I was not rich and had a fearful number of claims upon me, and could not lend him such a sum. But that a friend of mine, generous and able in more cases than I should trust myself to mention, *might* — I by no means, said *would* — do so, if satisfied of his merits. That if, on this slight encouragement, he could send me any kind of corroboration, himself, I would shew it to that friend, but could give him no other assurance than that his confidence should be respected.

I enclose his reply, and its accompanying letters. Will you send them back to me with your decision?

Your letter from Oxford I received this morning. A beautiful place indeed! The journey down from Oxford to Reading, on the Thames, is more charming than one can describe in words. I rowed down last June, through miles upon miles of water lilies, lying on the water close together, like a fairy pavement.

I have held a Committee of One at the Bush, where all was going on thoroughly well. Mr. Illingworth's[†1] case I will immediately see to.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,[†2] 27 MAY 1856

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Seventh May 1856.

My Dear Dean.

An odd idea has come into my head that a very striking idea of blazing London on Thursday night,[†3] might be got from the top of St. Paul's, and might suggest a remarkable description. Could I be admitted (say with three companions for company) to the great outer gallery? I can understand the necessity of having no light, and perhaps of being kept there all night. I would willingly abide by any such conditions if so singular an experiment could be conceded to me. Also I should understand, of course, the design to be strictly private among the people concerned.

Can — and will — your authority help me in this matter? If so, I shall be very heartily obliged to you.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Very Reverend | The Dean of St. Paul's.

To THE DEAN OF ST PAUL'S, 29 MAY 1856

MS Mr D. C. L. Holland.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Ninth May | 1856.

My Dear Dean.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and (remaining constant in my terrible purpose), will be with you tonight at 8. As I had only mentioned the matter to Mr. Lemon before hearing from you, I will bring only him.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. M. EVANS, [?8-29 MAY 1856]

Mention in *To* Lemon, ?8-29 May 56. *Date:* written the same day.

To MARK LEMON, [?8-29 MAY 1856]

Text from *The Unpublished Letters of Dickens to Mark Lemon,* ed. Walter Dexter, 1927, p. 160. *Date:* May, according to N, II, 772, therefore any Thursday after 3 May.

Tavistock House | Thursday evening.

My Dear Mark,

If you like to transfer Evans to this mansion (and I leave a note at yours summoning him round here), I shall be delighted to see him.

Yours ever affectionately,
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,[†1] 31 MAY 1856*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Tavistock House | Thirty First May 1856

My Dear Mr Milnes

Allow me to have the pleasure of presenting to you, Mr Palfrey of Boston — the gentleman whose main object in visiting England, I have already explained to you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Milnes Esquire

To J. G. PALFREY,[†1] 31 MAY 1856*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* — Palfrey Esquire | 19 Regent Street | St. James's.

Tavistock House | Saturday Thirty First May | 1856.

My Dear Sir

I owe you many apologies for this delay in pursuing the subject of our conversation at Mr. Grattan's[†2] dinner. But my short present stay in London has been so constantly occupied by hard work at my desk every day — by the business consequent upon some months of absence — and by the necessity of going on several excursions into Kent — that I have hardly had an hour to call my own, since I saw you.

I enclose a note of introduction to Mr. Milnes, and have also made him acquainted with your object.[†3] In October I shall return home to my usual settled abode, and, if you should not by that time have returned to yours, I hope you will give me the pleasure of that more favorable opportunity of improving your acquaintance.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Palfrey Esquire.

June

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 JUNE 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Prospect Hill | Reading.

Tavistock House | Sunday First June 1856 | (Mid Winter)[†4]

My Dear Miss Coutts. I have been so incessantly worked since the receipt of your last note, by Little Dorrit, Household Words, and business, that I have let two posts go by without answering it.

You will see by the enclosed that Mrs. Mathews[†5] (who assuredly has a deadly perseverance), has written again.

What the Staff Surgeon wants, is a Loan of Fifty Pounds.

The letters of the Young La Touches[†6] (which have naturally interested me very much), and the letter of Rhena Pollard[†7] (ditto) I have returned under cover to you at Stratton Street. The two letters concerning the death of Harriet Tanner, I have

returned for Mrs. Marchmont. There is a poor Mother, who enquired after her at the Home not long ago; and I think that for her satisfaction Mrs. Marchmont had best copy the passages that refer to the girl.[†1]

The Schools Report,[†2] I have also returned to Stratton Street.

You cannot imagine what a Wonderful sight Illuminated and Fireworked London was, from the top of St. Pauls.[†3] I must try my hand at a description of it in Household Words.[†4] In the next No. but one, by the bye, I wish you would read an opening paper of mine, with the rather alarming title of "The demeanour of Murderers".[†5] It is a quiet protest against the newspaper descriptions of Mr. Palmer[†6] in Court:[†7] shewing why they are harmful to the public at large, and why they are, even in themselves, altogether blind and wrong. *I* think it rather a curious and serviceable essay!

I am writing in a great coat and a fur cap.

With my (cold and damp) love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,[†8] 1 JUNE 1856

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | Sunday First June 1856

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

Allow me to thank you with all my heart, for your kind remembrance of me on Thursday night. My house were already engaged to go to Miss Coutts's, and I to — the top of St. Paul's, whence the sight was most wonderful! But seeing that your cards gave me leave to present some person not named, I conferred them on my excellent friend Doctor Elliotson[†9] whom I found, with some Fireworkless little boys, in a

desolate condition, and raised to the Seventh Heaven of happiness. You are so fond of making people happy, that I am sure you approve.

Always Your faithful and much obliged
CHARLES DICKENS[†10]

The | Duke of Devonshire

To WILLIAM T. DYER,[†1] 3 JUNE 1856

MS Private.

The Home, Shepherd's Bush | Third June 1856

Dear Sir

In answer to your note I beg to say that I have seen Dr. Waggett[†2] on the case of the girl "Mason," and that the Matron of the Elizabeth Fry Refuge[†3] will immediately receive a communication from this place empowering her to send the young woman here to be admitted.

Dear Sir | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William T. Dyer Esquire

To HENRY BICKNELL,[†4] 4 JUNE 1856

Mention in Parke-Bernet catalogue, Dec 1947; *MS* 1 p.; dated [London], 4 June 56; addressed Henry D. Bicknell.

Referring to an appointment.

To DR F. H. F. QUIN,[†5] [?4-5 JUNE 1856][†6]

Summary in John Wilson catalogue, June 1980; *MS* 1 p.; dated Saturday; addressed Dr F. H. F. Quin. *Date:* Just before 5 June 56: see below.

Explaining that Professor Fergusson[†7] *would find his place at table in the right hand corner near to Daniel*[†8] *and Harvey.*[†9]

To DANIEL MACLISE, [?EARLY JUNE 1856]

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue, No. 258 (1910); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Daniel Maclise; dated Athenaeum. *Date:* perhaps referring to the same visit to Cremorne Gardens arranged with Lemon on 5 June.

My Dear Mac

I shall not order dinner till the manager returns on the chance of your being available for an al fresco entertainment at Cremorne.

To MARK LEMON, 5 JUNE 1856

Extract in N, II, 777; dated Tavistock House, 5 June 56.

I am delighted to find you in such force and coming up with so wet a sail,[†1] Hooray! Certainly as to Webster ... at six sharp, the notes of the cheerful Dick will be heard in the leafy groves of Cremorne.[†2]

To FRANK STONE, [?3 MAY-6 JUNE 1856]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* before 2nd half of 1856 and when CD at Tavistock House; handwriting supports.

Tavistock House | Wednesday

My Dear Stone. As you know your Gardener, I think *you* had best propose the arrangement to him.[†3] I find I am free for the front piece of ground[†4] too.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 6 JUNE 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sixth June 1856

My Dear Collins

I have never seen anything about myself in Print, which has much correctness in it — any biographical account of myself, I mean. I do not supply such particulars when I am asked for them by editors and compilers, simply because I am asked for them every day. If you want to prime Forgues[†5] you may tell him without fear of

being wrong, That I was born at Portsmouth on the 7th. of February 1812. That my father was in the Navy Pay office. That I was taken by him to Chatham when I was very young, and lived and was educated there till I was — 12 or 13,[†1] I suppose. That I was then put to a school near London,[†2] where (as at the other place) I distinguished myself like a Brick. That I was put in the office of a Solicitor,[†3] a friend of my father's,[†4] and didn't much like it, and after a couple of years (as well as I can remember) applied myself with a celestial or diabolical energy to the study of such things as would qualify me to be a first-rate Parliamentary Reporter[†5] — at that time a calling pursued by many clever men who were young at the Bar. That I made my debut in the Gallery (at about 18, I suppose), engaged on a Voluminous publication no longer in existence, called The Mirror of Parliament.[†6] That when the Morning Chronicle was purchased

by Sir John Easthope[†7] and acquired a large circulation I was engaged there, and that I remained there until I had begun to publish Pickwick; when I found myself in a condition to relinquish that part of my labors.[†8] That I left the reputation behind me of being the best and most rapid Reporter ever known,[†9] and that I could do anything in that way under any sort of circumstances — and often did. (I dare say I am at this present writing, the best Short Hand Writer in the World.)

That I began, without any interest or introduction of any kind, to write fugitive pieces for the old Monthly Magazine,[†10] when I was in the Gallery for the Mirror of Parliament. That my faculty for descriptive writing was seized upon, the moment I joined the Morning Chronicle, and that I was liberally paid there, and handsomely acknowledged, and wrote the greater part of the short descriptive "Sketches by Boz" in that paper.[†11] That I had been a writer when I was a mere Baby, and always an Actor from the same age.

That I married the daughter of a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh[†12] who was the great friend and assistant of Scott, and who first made Lockhart[†13] known to him.

And That here I am.[†14]

Finally, if you want any dates of publication of books, tell Wills and he'll get them for you.

This is the first time I ever set down even these particulars, and, glancing them over, I feel like a Wild Beast in a Caravan, describing himself in the keeper's absence.[†1]

[†a]With my kindest regard to Mrs. Glutch.[†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

I made a Speech last night at the London Tavern,[†3] at the end of which all the Company sat holding their napkins to their eyes with one hand, and putting the other into their pockets. A hundred people or so, contributed Nine Hundred Pounds, then and there.[†a]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 6 JUNE 1856

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Sixth June 1856

My Dear Cunningham

A most admirable Narrative[†4] indeed! — With your leave I will take the other book[†5] to Boulogne, and give it you back there.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 6 JUNE 1856*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Tavistock House | Sixth June 1856

My Dear Mr Milnes

Mr Palfrey's address is 19 Regent Street,[†6] but I dare say he will have called upon you by this time.

I was in the country on the day when you kindly asked me to meet Macaulay,[†1] or I would have come with pleasure. Tomorrow morning we leave town for the Summer, to the end that I may write in a garden of peace, and swarm up and down all the hills near Boulogne.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Milnes Esquire

To ALFRED HACHETTE,[†2] 9 JUNE 1856

MS Librairie Hachette.

Villa des Moulineaux | Boulogne sur mer
Monday June Ninth, 1856

Dear Sir

I regret that in the great pressure of business occasioned by my leaving town, I was so much occupied that I was not at home on either of the two occasions when you called at my house.

On looking over your list, I find the following names of living authors now in England.

Ainsworth | Bulwer | Carlyle | D'Israeli | Lady Georgiana Fullerton[†3] | Mrs. Gore | Jerrold | Miss Kavanagh[†4] | Lewes | Macaulay | Thackeray | Warren[x†5] | Mrs. Marsh | Miss Jewsbury[†6] | Wilkie Collins
All these ladies and gentlemen, with the exception of the one name against which I have put a cross, I know.[†7] Do you wish to have a letter of introduction to each? I do not quite understand from the letter I have received from your father, what service you wish me to render you. Neither do I understand what you wish to know from me in reference to authors who have long been dead. As Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, &c.

If you will explain what you require to know, I shall be happy to render you any assistance in my power. In the meantime I return your list,[†8] with the addresses of several of the writers mentioned in it, written against their names.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Alfred Hachette

To LORD LYTTELTON,[†1] [9 JUNE 1856]

Mention in Ogden Goelet Catalogue Jan 1935, dated 9 June 56; addressed Lord Lyttelton.

Requesting Lord Lyttelton to present a petition to the House of Lords about obtaining educational advantages for actors at Dulwich College.[†2]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 9 JUNE 1856

Mention in Sotheby catalogue Jan 1883; *MS* 1 1/4 pp.; dated 9 June 185[6]. *Address* (MS British Library): Angleterre. | Benjamin Webster Esquire | Theatre Royal Adelphi | London. PM 9 Juin 56.

Sending him notes of introduction to Lords Tenterden,[†3] *Granville etc.*[†4]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 11 JUNE 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne S/M
Wednesday Eleventh June 1856

My Dear Henry.

I very rarely mention any public case to Miss Coutts. Those are almost always instances of private distress in which I act for her.

Nor do I think it very likely that she would feel this claim strongly. Therefore if I were you, I would not individually address her on the subject. Let the Secretaries[†5] do so, in the usual way. If she should then refer it to me, of course my good word shall not be wanting.

Will you put me down for £10, and I will either send it in the first parcel I send to town or bring it the first time I come.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?11 JUNE 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, iv, 600. *Date:* He left London for Boulogne 7 June 56; Forster implies both extracts from same letter (see below).

He did not expect for another month to see land from the running sea of *Little Dorrit.*[†1]

After dawdling about his garden for a few days[†2] *with surprising industry in a French farmer garb of blue blouse, leathern belt, and military cap which he had mounted as* the only one for complete comfort, ... Now to work again — to work! The story lies before me, I hope, strong and clear.[†3] Not to be easily told; but nothing of that sort *is*[†4] to be easily done that I know of.

To MARK LEMON, 15 JUNE 1856

Text from MDGH, I, 439-40.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne | Sunday, June 15th, 1856.

My dear old Boy

This place is beautiful — a burst of roses. Your friend Beaucourt (who *will not* put on his hat), has thinned the trees and greatly improved the garden. Upon my life, I believe there are at least twenty distinct smoking-spots expressly made in it.

And as soon as you can see your day in next month for coming over with Stanny and Webster, will you let them both know? I should not be very much surprised if I were to come over and fetch you, when I know what your day is. Indeed, I don't see how you could get across properly without me.

There is a fête here to-night in honour of the Imperial baptism,[†5] and there will be another to-morrow.[†6] The Plorn has put on two bits of ribbon (one pink and one blue), which he calls "companys," to celebrate the occasion. The fact that the receipts of the fêtes are to be given to the sufferers by the late floods[†7] reminds me that you will find at the passport office a tin-box, condescendingly and considerately labelled in English:

FOR THE OVERFLOWINGS,

which the chief officer clearly believes to mean, for the sufferers from the inundations.

I observe more Mingles in the laundresses' shops, and one inscription, which looks like the name of a duet or chorus in a playbill, "Here they mingle."

Will you congratulate Mrs. Lemon, with our loves, on her gallant victory over the recreant cabman?

Walter has turned up, rather brilliant on the whole; and that (with shoals of remembrances and messages which I don't deliver) is all my present intelligence.

Ever affectionately

[CD]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, [15] JUNE 1856

MS University of Michigan. *Date:* Sunday was 15th.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Sunday June Fourteenth 1856.

My Dear Webster.

When you have got your Dulwich petition[†1] from the administrators of the Literary Fund, I shall be glad to hear from you, as I shall then immediately order in five hundred cart-loads of flints,[†2] for the purpose of extracting New Milk from them.

You have taken some kind part in a certain Incledon[†3] subscription. Will you pay a Guinea to it for me, and I will repay you when you come over here.

And I shall expect you to bring some of those plans and drawings with you, in order that we may sit (with Stanfield) in solemn council over the New Theatre,[†4] and drink Success to it in some 1846 Champagne which is waiting in a cool corner for the purpose.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?16 JUNE 1856]

Extract in F, VII, iv, 600-1. *Date:* some days after he started work on ?11 June.

At work it became his habit to sit late, and then, putting off his usual walk until night, to lie down among the roses reading until after tea (middle-aged Love in a blouse and belt), *when he went down to the pier*. The said pier at evening is a phase of the place we never see, and which I hardly knew. But I never did behold such specimens of the youth of my country, male and female, as pervade that place. They are really, in

their vulgarity and insolence, quite disheartening. One is so fearfully ashamed of them, and they contrast so very unfavourably with the natives.

To LADY JOHN RUSSELL,[†1] 19 JUNE 1856*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Thursday Nineteenth June 1856

Dear Lady John.

The date of the place where I am hard at work among the corn and Bean fields, affords the reason for my being so unfortunate as not to be able to dine at Pembroke Lodge[†2] in compliance with your kind

invitation. It is always so truly interesting to me, and always gives me so much genuine pleasure, to pass a few hours there, that I should have come over for the purpose but for having sworn fidelity to my desk (and Little Dorrit) at that time of the month.

Pray present my kind remembrance to Lord John[†3] and Believe me always with much regard

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lady John Russell.

To THOMAS BEARD, 21 JUNE 1856

MS Dickens House.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne S/M.
Saturday June Twenty First 1856

My Dear Beard.

As I hope it may be pleasant to you in the midst of Baldwin[†4] and Botheration (alliterative words for the same thing), to know how your holiday-quarters look, I scramble out of Little Dorrit's affairs to make a short report on the subject.

Beaucourt has grubbed up about half the trees that were here when we were here before, and has consequently improved the place remarkably. It is a great deal more free and fresh. Having had some months in which to prepare for us (for I wrote to him last February) he has also planted the garden with flowers in that ingenious manner that there is to be an uninterrupted succession of novelty during the whole of our Stay. Plants in pots, also abound in the greatest profusion. It is really very beautiful; and he is so charmed himself with what he has done, that he is perpetually flying out of that house at the top of the Hill, to look at it. Occasionally in the morning I find him lying down in the sandy paths, in order to get his nose and eyes on a level with the roses. I am inclined to doubt whether anybody else since Adam, has been so fond and proud of a garden.

Our Cook, growing infirm, has left us for a smaller family, and so arranged her departure as that we might have a Frenchwoman during our stay here. We have accordingly got a cook from the Prefect, of whom I think you will approve. She is at present (while we are alone), going gravely through her performances. She has an immense number: having been a fortnight at it, and showing no signs of exhaustion. I take my seat on the Bench every day at half past five, and try a new case. If I find any prevalent offence in the Calendar, I should say it was butter; but on the whole the state of the kitchen is highly gratifying. I have directed a cross and the word "Beard" to be put against several decisions in the filed records of the Court.

Bourgois, the wine merchant,[†1] is in the best condition. I could get no such wines as his in Paris, for double the money at least. The dinner Bordeaux is remarkably good this time; and some light cool white

wines, as Chablis and Sauterne, I have already in the most charming order. But the Cellar here is worth anything, and I would desire to have no better at Tavistock House. It is the only weak point of that Establishment.

(Talking of which, reminds me that there is an amazing cellar at Gad's Hill, and that my people were saying here the other night, Lord! Mr. Beard would be able again next year, after all these years, to come down again on a Saturday!)

Those unfortunate Cattermoles[†2] are still with the more unfortunate Beaucourt, and I don't see how he is ever to get rid of them until they have died out. I was talking to him about them in the Avenue here the other evening, and he admitted, on being hard pressed, that Monsieur Cattermole "promises always, but that's all". They have an English nurse whom they can't discharge because they can't pay her her wages, and who, in consequence *will* stay, and *won't* work. One of the little boys is the Cook — "that poor Walter — cooks always," said Beaucourt. "They have broken nearly all the glass and china, and have nothing, or next to nothing, for use. That poor Vincent of the weak head[†3] — that child afflicted — I have him to work in the garden with me, good infant (for it keeps his brain sounder), and he dines with us every day — lives with us — Madame Beaucourt has so much love and pity for that boy! I am desolated for them all." — "And for yourself, Beaucourt", said I, "you good fellow. Don't you say anything about yourself?" — "Ah Monsieur Dickens, pardon me, its not worth the trouble — its nothing — don't let us speak of it!" — and he pulled off his cap after we had shaken hands, and went backing up the Avenue, with such a generous, simple, amiable face, that I half expected to see him back himself straight into the Evening-Star (which was at the end of it), without going through the ceremony of dying first.

I do hope, and we do all hope, that you will take a good month this year. You want that period of relief and rest, I am sure, and I don't believe that your taking less, does you the least good with that rheumatic Bedlamite. On the contrary, I think he would care a great deal more about you if he had missed you more.

When I next come to town I will send you round a note, and propose a little

dinner at the Household Words office — in order that John may not grow rusty. In the meantime and ever, with kindest loves from all here to all your house

Ever My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I have forgotten to mention the "Curaçoa and bis-kits", but they are all right.

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 JUNE 1856]

Extracts in F, XI, iii, 823 and VII, iv, 603. *Date:* first extract 22 June, according to Forster; description in second extract almost certainly same letter (cf. *To* Beard, 21 June).

I have had a story to hack and hew into some form for *Household Words*[†1] this morning, which has taken me four hours of close attention. And I am perfectly addled by its horrible want of continuity after all,[†2] and the dreadful spectacle I have made of the proofs — which look like an inky fishing-net.[†3]

Replying to some questions about an English family,[†4] *put to him by CD one day, he had only enlarged on their sacrifices and self-denials.* "Ah, that family, unfortunate!", he had answered. "And you, Monsieur Beaucourt", I said to him, "you are unfortunate too, God knows!" Upon which he said in the pleasantest way in the world, "Ah, Monsieur Dickens, thank you, don't speak of it!" — And backed himself down the avenue with his cap in his hand, as if he were going to back himself straight into the evening star, without the ceremony of dying first. I never did see such a gentle, kind heart.[†5]

To W. H. WILLS, 22 JUNE 1856

Extracts in Retz & Storm catalogue No. 8(ᵃᵃ), and Anderson catalogue, Dec 1933; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Boulogne, 22 June 56; addressed W. H. Wills.

ᵃI have had a tidy job with the Eric Walderthorn story, as you will see by the condition of the Proofs. The revise will want your particular attention, in consequence of my having cut them about so much.ᵃ The Mrs. Haydn[†6] letter[†7] may go straight to Miss Coutts. You can recommend her (she assisted Haydn in his lifetime), that all I

know of her is unquestionably good. Sir John Forbes[†1] perhaps you'll write to — say that I am visiting in the country, but that when I come to town you will shew me etc.[†2] I would rather (between ourselves) not certify in this case[†3] or any other, to the humbugs of the Circumlocution office,[†4]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER,[†5] 29 JUNE 1856

MS British Library. *Address:* L'Angleterre. | Benjamin Webster Esquire | Theatre Royal Adelphi | London.

Boulogne | Sunday Twenty Ninth June 1856

My Dear Webster.

You know (I hope) that I would do a great deal for you, and that I have always a genuine and lively interest in the Profession. But I must decline to be examined before the Committee,[†6] simply because I have no becoming and genuine locus standi as a witness there. It would merely be an obtrusion of myself and my name — which I detest, abominate, and abjure. Buckstone, as the Treasurer who always makes the statements concerning the General Theatrical Fund, is clearly the man to give evidence concerning it, if any be wanted. As to the other Funds,[†7] I swear I know no more about them than the Committee itself. I am reluctant to say No, but I am obliged to say so, positively, both with a reference to myself and a reference to the case.

I don't know whether Mark's ill-looks[†8] arise from any pimple in his memory, but I have begged him these ten or twelve days, to arrange with Stanfield and you about coming here, and he has not done it.

I am not going to stand this, and therefore shall get hold of Stanfield forthwith (I write to him by this Post), and shall come and see The Flying Dutchman on Tuesday or Wednesday night. On which interesting occasion, you may expect to be refreshed with the sight of

Yours Ever

CD.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, [29 JUNE 1856]

Mention in last.

July

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 JULY 1856

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

H. W. Office | First July, 1856

My Dear Beard.

Will you come here tomorrow at 6 (no party) to eat Turtle and a steak.

Ever Heartily

CD.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 1 JULY 1856*

MS Private.

H. W. Office | Tuesday First July 1856

My Dear Webster.

Here! — He *will* come and see the Dutchman[†1] — and *will* come and see the Americans.[†2] So I must come again. You know whom I mean by "he", of course. I refer to the old Salt.[†3]

Will you leave us a Private Box (if you have one) at the top of the stairs?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To HABLOT K. BROWNE,[†4] 2 JULY 1856

Extract in D. C. Thomson, *Life and Labours of Hablot K. Browne,* 1884, p. 142, dated 2 July 56.

Saying that he was returning to Boulogne the next day and asking him to make "The Pensioner Entertainment"[†5] illustration "as characteristic as ever you please, my little dear, but quiet."

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 2 JULY 1856

MS British Library. *Address:* France | À Madame Charles Dickens | Villa des Moulineaux | Boulogne sur Mer.

H. W. Office | Tuesday[†1] Second July, 1856

My Dearest Catherine.

I am coming home tomorrow (Thursday). The train leaves London at half past seven in the morning, and the boat will be due in Boulogne at about half past twelve. Stanny and Webster are to come on the 10th. and Peter[†2] and his wife[†3] on the 14th.

Love to Georgy. And to Mamey, Katey, Lotty,[†4] Walter, Frank, Alfred, Harry, and the noble Plorn. Sydney — I forgot him — Sydney also. Tho' last, not least.

A modest Turtle repast comes off here this afternoon. Six is the hour, for Charley's convenience. Mark is ill at Brighton.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 2 JULY 1856†

MS Berg Collection.

H. W. Office | Wednesday Second July, 1856

My Dear Mark

I am concerned to hear that you are ill — that you sit down before fires and shiver — and that you have stated times for doing so, like the demons in the Melo Dramas — and that you mean to take a week to get well in.

Make haste about it like a dear fellow, and keep up your spirits, because I have made a bargain with Stanny and Webster that they shall come to Boulogne tomorrow week, Thursday the 10th. and stay a week. And you know how much pleasure we shall all miss, if you are not among us — at least for some part of the time.

Wills has just told me that there is a letter from you, lying waiting for me at home at Boulogne. I go back tomorrow morning, and shall find it, no doubt.

Give my love to Mrs. Lemon, and tell her that the case of Eau d'Or[†5] has at last been laid down on the stone floor at the basement of Tavistock House. When I next come to town the precious liqueur will have had ample time to recover, and I shall then send round these two bottles — which are to be a transitory remembrance of the great occasion when, calm in the strength and fortitude of Truth, she made her tyrant quail.

Mrs. Barney Williams[†6] is very good — in some points extremely good — but I am afraid the pre-occupation of the Theatrical mind by the false Florence, is not favourable to the money return to Webster.[†7]

If you find any unusually light appearance in the air at Brighton, it is a distant refraction (I have no doubt) of the gorgeous and shining surface of Tavistock House, now transcendantly painted. The Theatre partition[†1] is put up, and is a work of such terrific solidity that I suppose it will be dug up, ages hence, from the ruins of London, by that Australian of Macaulay's who is to be impressed by its ashes.[†2] I have wandered through the spectral Halls of the Tavistock Mansion, two nights, with feelings of the profoundest depression. I have breakfasted there, like a criminal in Pentonville (only not so well). It is more like Westminster Abbey by midnight than the lowest-spirited man — say you at present for example — can well imagine.

There has been a wonderful robbery at Folkestone, by the new Manager of the Pavilion,[†3] who succeeded Giovannini. He had in keeping £16,000 of a foreigner's, and bolted with it, as he supposed, but in reality with only £1400 of it. The Frenchman had previously bolted with the whole, which was the property of his mother. With him to England the Frenchman brought a "lady", who was, all the time and at the same time, endeavouring to steal all the money from him and bolt with it herself. The details are amazing, and all the money (a few pounds excepted), has been got back.[†4]

They will be full of sympathy and talk about you when I get home, and I shall tell them that I send their loves beforehand. They are all enclosed. The moment you feel Hearty, just write me that word by post. I shall be so delighted to receive it.

Ever my Dear boy | Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS.

To FREDERICK GYE, 4 JULY 1856†

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Villa des Moulineaux, near Boulogne
Friday Fourth July, 1856.

My Dear Sir

As I was leaving town very early yesterday morning, your kind note came to my hands. Pray accept the thanks I had not time to send you in London, and with them the assurance that it will give me real pleasure, when I return to town for the winter, to improve the opportunity of knowing you which has now been presented to me. I have long been much interested in your enterprises, and shall be happy to add a personal regard to my public appreciation.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Gye Esquire

To [MISS HARRIET HANCOCK],[†1] [?4] JULY 1856

MS (written on title-page of copy of Scott's *Rob Roy*) Fales Collection, New York University Library. *Date:* probably shortly after CD's return.

Boulogne, July 1856

H. H. | From | C. D.

This was my fictional companion on the railroad and steamboat coming over;[†2] it shall be yours going back—

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,[†3] 5 JULY 1856

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen.

Villa des Moulineaux, near Boulogne
Saturday Fifth July 1856

My Dear and worthy Hans.

I am extremely sorry that I cannot shew your friend Mr. Bille[†4] the attention and interest that it would indeed be a great pleasure to me to testify to any friend of yours. But, I have left London for the summer, in order that I may work the more freely and pleasantly in the midst of a pretty garden here. You know, my dear fellow-labourer, what the distractions of a London life are, and what a relief it is to escape from them. You will not be surprised at my remaining away from it as long as I can, and not intending to return to London until late in October.

I cannot write to explain this to Mr. Bille, myself, because I have not received with your letter (which he left at my house in town), any card of his, and consequently I do not know his address. But when you next see him or communicate with him, pray do me the favor to tell him how glad I should have been to have tried to make his visit to London more domestic and agreeable, if I had been there. You have too much modesty to be able to tell him how delightedly and cordially I should have taken a hand that had been lately in your grasp — so I will tell him that, myself, when he comes again.[†5]

And *you* my friend — when are *you* coming again? Nine years (as you say) have flown away since you were among us. In those nine years you have not faded out of the hearts of the English people, but have become even better known and more beloved by them than when you saw them for the first time. When Aladdin shall have come out of those caves of Science, to run a triumphant course on Earth and made us all wiser and better[†6] — as I know he will — you ought to come for another visit. You ought to come to me for example, and stay in my house. We would all do our best to make you happy.

I am hard at work at Little Dorrit, and She will hold me prisoner for another nine or ten months. She is a wonderful favorite in England. The mention of my country's name reminds me to say that you now write English most admirably, and that this letter of yours now lying on my desk is a perfect Englishman's.

Mrs. Dickens wishes me to tell you that she would have been mortally offended if you had suspected her of forgetting you, and that you only do her justice in supposing that you live in her remembrance. Such of my children as you saw at Broadstairs by the sea, and especially my two daughters who are now young women, are very indignant at your dreaming of the possibility of their forgetting Hans Christian Andersen. They say that if you knew them half as well as they have for years and years known Tommelise,[†1] and the ugly Duck,[†2] you would know better. However, they send you their love and forgiveness.

My dear Andersen, I have had the heartiest pleasure in hearing from you again, and I assure you that I love and esteem you more than I could tell you on as much paper as would pave the whole road from here to Copenhagen.

Ever your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Hans Christian Andersen.

To MRS BROWN, 5 JULY 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* L'Angleterre. | Mrs. Brown | Prospect Hill | Reading.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Saturday Fifth July, 1856

My Dear Mrs. Brown

I owe you many thanks for your kind and interesting letter. I need not tell you that nothing in your account of that occasion[†3] surprised me, great and high as the pleasure was, that I derived from it.

I meant to have written to you at once, but I was so busy with Little Dorrit that I could not detach myself from her for any pen and ink purpose. Then I had to go immediately to London, and purposed writing from there; but I found myself continually engaged, and had no peace until I came back here again, yesterday.

Walter and the three smaller boys have all come home with a Prize apiece. In honor of these achievements we have made rejoicings with five franc pieces, running matches, and cricket ditto. Besides the pretty gardens here, I have a field for them, in which they tear themselves to pieces all day long — immensely to their satisfaction, and the tailor's. Their bedrooms being in a little cottage in the garden, I have established (by way of a lesson in Common things)[†4] a regular code of laws for the administration of that Institution. The washing arrangements and so forth are conducted on the strict principles of a man of War. Nothing is allowed to be out of its place. Each in his turn is appointed Keeper for the week, and I go out in solemn

procession (Georgina and the Baby — as we call him — forming the rest of it), three times a day, on a tour of inspection. Meantime Charley seems to get on very well indeed in the City, and is coming here for a fortnight at the end of August.

Poor Mrs. Watson went to Southsea a few months ago, to see her second boy[†1] through the Naval School before entering the service. There, he fell ill of Scarlet Fever. Having all her children with her, she was obliged to send the rest away into another house, and only to see them, day after day and week after week, from her own sick-room balcony. Nevertheless the little girl took the fever somehow, and then poor Mrs. Watson — all alone there, except for a servant — took it herself. The happy conclusion of the story is, that they are all now well again, and that we heard from her this morning. She has gone through a great deal of late years, but has a wonderful force of character.

Mrs. Dickens and Georgina and all the children send their loves. How beautiful the country now! We have Millions of roses here. And as I came from town yesterday the luxuriant hayfields were so beautiful that I felt as proud of them as if they were all mine.

Ever Dear Mrs. Brown | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To [MISS BURDETT COUTTS], 5 JULY 1856

MS University of Texas.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Saturday Fifth July, 1856

My Dear [Miss Coutts][†2]

It seems as if months — not to say years — had passed since I wrote to you or heard from you. We have both been very busy, to account for it. I hope you generally liked what was done in the Papers about the Prizes?[†3] There seems to have been a tardy and uneven distribution of the Summary, to the papers: of which I heard several complaints when I was in town.

This disaster of Itch[†4] at the Home is a little unfortunate; but I have a strong hope that it will not spread in the least. The place being so extremely clean and well kept, there is every ground for feeling confident that it will not occasion much inconvenience.

Louisa Cooper[†1] (who, you remember, went to the Cape with Mrs. Boyle),[†2] has been two or three times with Mrs. Marchmont, and the other day left a letter with her, addressed to me, describing her approaching want of a situation. She was only engaged by the lady who brought her home, for the Voyage and until she should be settled. She seems to have had a desperately hard place, with everything to do (mantua making[†3] included) for 7 children, and to have rather overworked herself. She will leave on the

14th. and has no relations or friends except "the young man" to whom she is engaged, and who cannot marry (she says) until he finds a Gardener's place as a married man. Mrs. Marchmont is endeavouring to help her to a situation, but as yet without effect. Would you wish me to do anything in answer to the letter?

Going over to London the other day, I found the Pavilion at Folkestone in a state of amazing excitement about a robbery that had been committed there.[†4] It would take three quarters of an hour to tell the story, but the following are the heads.

Chapter I

Frenchman arrives at Pavilion, with the small sum of £16,000 in a Courier's bag. Delivers same to Breach[†5] the landlord, requesting him to "take care of it for him" — which he absurdly consents to do.

Chapter II

Breach the Landlord being summoned to Ireland, brings New manager of Hotel (a Belgian) to Frenchman, and says to Frenchman "Behold Mr. Hastie, my manager. If you want your money in my absence, he knows where it is, and has the key, and will duly deliver it up."

Chapter III

After two days, Frenchman does want that trifle of money. Asks for Mr. Hastie. Mr. Hastie gone to London. Just sent telegraph dispatch that he won't be back till tomorrow night. Frenchman alarmed, asks where is the key that locks up his money? Mr. Hastie has it. Frenchman more alarmed, insists on Housekeeper's breaking open the room. Room broken open, bag found cut open, Mr. Hastie having absconded with the contents, as he supposes — but in reality with only £1,400; there being several divisions in the bag, and several rolls of notes.

CHAPTER IV.[†6]

All the Railroads and steamboats being telegraphed for apprehension of Hastie, going abroad — Hastie comes down *to Folkestone* by night Mail, disguised in an Italian coat, and feigning to be asleep with a pocket handkerchief over his face. Though everybody knows him on the line, gets to Folkestone unrecognized. Sharp Folkestone commissioner looks into carriage, says nothing, mounts the engine, goes to Dover, watches him as he gets out of carriage, makes sure he is the man, and takes him.

CHAPTER V.[†6]

French Govt. telegraphs to English Govt. that the *Frenchman* stole the whole

£16,000 from his mother and sister; and wishes to know whether the English Govt. can issue a warrant and take him. English Govt. find it would be illegal without regular and formal proceedings, and can't do it. Consult with Police Commissioner, Scotland Yard. Scotland Yard says, send down Detective Saunders[†1] who can speak French. Perhaps he may devise some scheme for getting back some of the money.

CHAPTER VI.[†2]

Detective Saunders finds Frenchman at Folkestone. Says, This is a bad job, I'm going to take you into custody (which he could no more do than take you or me), have you got the money about you? If so, you had better avoid the inconvenience and indignity of being searched, as I must take it in charge in taking you. Frenchman immediately puts a hand in a pocket, and delivers it up. Detective Saunders says, That'll do. You're not as clever as I thought you. All I wanted was the money. Now you may go where you like.

CHAPTER VII.[†2]

Frenchman discovered to have been all this time accompanied by a confidential friend[†3] from Paris, *who was only biding his time to rob him of all the money.* Friend disappointed by the French Minister impounding it, including even the £1,400 (except a pound or two), which was taken by the Police out of Mr. Hastie's pocket at Dover. So, it seems as if it were enchanted money and nobody could keep it from the rightful owners.

THE END.[†4]

On domestic matters I have merely to report that the Baby, with a nut-brown face and legs, will give any Suffolk baby[†5] fifteen hundred out of two thousand and beat him easily. Our bird (the most wonderful ever known) having been perpetually waylaid by two ferocious and extra-cunning French Cats, one of the Cats has been shot, and one Man lies in wait behind bushes for the other, with his soul so set upon his murderous purpose that I expect him at least to blow his fingers off, at any hour of the day. He does nothing whatever but wait for the Cat. And all the boys (all home from School) encourage him from high places behind trees, and are monomaniacal on the subject; bringing in reports that they have "met the Cat down in the town", and that they "saw the Cat on the Pier", and believing the most unlikely and impossible things. Their rationality on other subjects is not affected, but they are all mad about this Cat. *I* feel my reason tottering when she is mentioned — and they never talk of anything else.

Ever Dear [Miss Coutts](5[[sic]][†6] | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 5 JULY 1856

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Villa des Moulineaux, near Boulogne
Saturday Night Fifth July, 1856

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

From this place where I am writing my way through the Summer in the midst of rosy gardens and sea airs, I cannot forbear writing to tell you with what uncommon pleasure I received your interesting letter, and how sensible I always am of your kindness and generosity. You were always in the mind of my household during your illness;[†1] and to have so beautiful and fresh and manly an assurance of your recovery from it, under your own hand, is a privilege and delight that I will say no more of!

I am so glad you like Flora. It came into my head one day that we have all had our Floras (mine is living, and extremely fat),[†2] and that it was a half serious half ridiculous truth which had never been told. It is a wonderful gratification to find that everybody knows her. Indeed some people seem to think I have done them a personal injury, and that their individual Floras (God knows where they are or who) are each and all Little Dorrit's.

We were all grievously disappointed that you were ill when we played Mr Collins's "Lighthouse" at my house. If you had been well, I should have waited upon you with my humble petition that you would come and see it. And if you had come, I think you would have cried — which would have charmed me. I hope to produce another new play at home next Christmas, and if I can only persuade you to see it from a special arm-chair, and can only make you wretched, my satisfaction will be intense.

May I tell you, to beguile a moment, of a little "Tag" — or end of a piece — I saw in Paris this last winter, which struck me as the prettiest I had ever met with? The piece was not a new one, but a revival at the Vaudeville — les Memoires du Diable.[†3] Admirably constructed, very interesting, and extremely well played. The plot is, that a certain M. Robin has come into possession of the papers of a deceased Lawyer, and finds some relating to the wrongful with-holding of an estate from a certain Baroness, and to certain other frauds (involving even the denial of her marriage to the deceased Baron, and the tarnishing of her good name), which are so very wicked, that he binds them up in a book, and labels them "Memoires du Diable". Armed with this knowledge he goes down to a desolate old château in the country, part of the wrested-away estate, from which the Baroness and her daughter are going to be ejected. He informs the mother that he can right her and restore her the property; but must have, as his reward, her daughter's hand in marriage. She replies "I cannot promise my daughter to a man of whom I know nothing. The gain would be an unspeakable happiness, but I resolutely decline the bargain". The daughter, however, has overheard all, and she comes forward and says "Do what you have promised my mother you can do, and I am yours". Then the piece goes on to its

development, in an admirable way, through the unmasking of all the hypocrites. Now M. Robin, partly through his knowledge of the secret ways of the old château (derived from the lawyer's papers), and partly through his going to a Masquerade as the Devil, the better to explode what he knows, on the hypocrites, is supposed by the servants at the château really to be the Devil. At the opening of the last act he suddenly appears there before the young lady, and she screams, but, recovering and laughing, says "You are not really the ——?" — "Oh dear no", he replies — "have no connexion with him. But these people down here are so frightened and absurd! See this little box on the table. I open it. Here's a little bell. They have a notion that whenever this bell rings, I shall appear. Very ignorant, is it not?" — "Very indeed", says she. "Well!" says M. Robin "If you should ever want me very much to appear, try the Bell — if only for a jest. Will you promise?" Yes, she promises, and the play goes on. At last he has righted the Baroness completely, and has only to hand her the last document, which proves her marriage and restores her good name. Then he says "Madame, in the progress of these endeavours I have learnt the happiness of doing good for its own sake. I made a mercenary bargain with you. I release you from it. I have done what I undertook to do. I wish you and your amiable daughter all happiness. Adieu. I take my leave!" Bows himself out. People on the stage astonished. Audience astonished. (I incensed.) The daughter is going to

cry, when she looks at the box on the table, remembers the bell, runs to it and rings it, and he rushes back and takes her to his heart. Upon which we all cry with pleasure, and then laugh heartily.

This looks dreadfully long, and perhaps you know it already. If so, I will endeavour to make amends, with Flora in future numbers.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg to present their remembrances to your Grace and their congratulations on your recovery. I saw Paxton now and then when you were ill, and always received from him most encouraging accounts. I don't know how heavy he is going to be (I mean in the scale), but I begin to think Daniel Lambert[†1] must have been in his family.

Ever Your Grace's faithful and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To WASHINGTON IRVING,[†2] 5 JULY 1856

Text from MDGH, III, 178-9.

Tavistock House, London, July 5th, 1856.[†3]

My dear Irving,

If you knew how often I write to you individually and personally in my books, you would be no more surprised in seeing this note than you were in seeing me do my

duty by that flowery julep (in what I dreamily apprehend to have been a former state of existence) at Baltimore.[†1]

Will you let me present to you a cousin of mine, Mr. Barrow,[†2] who is associated with a merchant's house in New York?[†3] Of course he wants to see you, and know you. How can *I* wonder at that? How can anybody?

I had a long talk with Leslie[†4] at the last Academy dinner (having previously been with him in Paris), and he told me that you were flourishing. I suppose you know that he wears a moustache — so do I for the matter of that, and a beard too — and that he looks like a portrait of Don Quixote.

Holland House[†5] has four-and-twenty youthful pages in it now — twelve for my lord, and twelve for my lady; and no clergyman coils his leg up under his chair all dinner-time, and begins to uncurve it when the hostess goes.[†6] No wheeled chair runs smoothly in with that beaming face in it; and ——'s[†7] little cotton pocket-handkerchief helped to make (I believe) this very sheet of paper. A half-sad, half-ludicrous story of Rogers[†8] is all I will sully it with. You know, I daresay, that for a year or so before his death he wandered, and lost himself like one of the Children in the Wood, grown up there and grown down again. He had Mrs. Procter[†9] and Mrs. Carlyle[†10] to breakfast with him one morning — only those two. Both excessively talkative, very quick and clever, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three-quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned his poor old eyes on

Mrs. Procter, and pointing to the brilliant discourser with his poor old finger, said (indignantly), "Who is *she*?" Upon this, Mrs. Procter, cutting in, delivered (it is her own story) a neat oration on the life and writings of Carlyle, and enlightened him in her happiest and airiest manner; all of which he heard, staring in the dreariest silence, and then said (indignantly, as before), "And who are *you?*"

Ever, my dear Irving, | Most affectionately and truly yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,[†1] 5 JULY 1856

Text from MDGH, I, 441-3.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne,
Saturday Evening, July 5th, 1856.

My dear Landor,

I write to you so often in my books, and my writing of letters is usually so confined to the numbers that I *must* write, and in which I have no kind of satisfaction, that I am afraid to think how long it is since we exchanged a direct letter.[†2] But talking to your namesake[†3] this very day at dinner, it suddenly entered my head that I would come into my room here as soon as dinner should be over, and write, "My dear Landor, how are you?" for the pleasure of having the answer under your own hand. That you *do* write, and that pretty often, I know beforehand. Else why do I read *The Examiner*?[†4]

We were in Paris from October to May (I perpetually flying between that city and London), and there we found out, by a blessed accident, that your godson was horribly deaf. I immediately consulted the principal physician of the Deaf and Dumb Institution[†5] there (one of the best aurists in Europe), and he kept the boy for three months, and took unheard-of pains with him. He is now quite recovered, has done extremely well at school, has brought home a prize in triumph, and will be eligible to "go up" for his India examination soon after next Easter. Having a direct appointment, he will probably be sent out soon after he has passed,[†6] and so will fall into that strange life "up the country," before he well knows he is alive, which indeed seems to be rather an advanced stage of knowledge.

And there in Paris, at the same time, I found Marguerite Power and Little Nelly, living with their mother and a pretty sister, in a very small, neat apartment, and working (as Marguerite told me) hard for a living. All that I saw of them filled me with respect, and revived the tenderest remembrances of Gore House.[†7] They are coming to pass two or three weeks here for a country rest, next month. We had many long talks concerning Gore House, and all its bright associations; and I can honestly report that they hold no one in more gentle and affectionate remembrance than you. Marguerite is still handsome, though she had the smallpox two or three years ago, and bears the traces of it here and there, by daylight. Poor little Nelly (the quicker and more observant of the two) shows some little tokens of a broken-off marriage in a face too careworn for her years, but is a very winning and sensible creature.

We are expecting Mary Boyle too, shortly.

I have just been propounding to Forster if it is not a wonderful testimony to the homely force of truth, that one of the most popular books on earth has nothing in it to make anyone laugh or cry? Yet I think, with some confidence, that you never did either over any passage in "Robinson Crusoe." In particular, I took Friday's death as one of the least tender and (in the true sense) least sentimental things ever written. It is a book I read very much; and the wonder of its prodigious effect on me and everyone, and the admiration thereof, grows on me the more I observe this curious fact.†1

Kate and Georgina send you their kindest loves, and smile approvingly on me from the next room, as I bend over my desk. My dear Landor, you see many I daresay, and hear from many I have no doubt, who love you heartily; but we silent people in the distance never forget you. Do not forget us, and let us exchange affection at least.

Ever your Admirer and Friend
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?5 AND 6 JULY 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, V, 611*n*, 610 and iv, 601-2. *Date:* first extract 5 July, same day as *To* Landor (see last); second extract doubtless same letter (cf. *To* Duke of Devonshire, 5 July); third extract 6 July, according to Forster.

You remember my saying to you some time ago how curious I thought it that *Robinson Crusoe*†2 should be the only instance of an universally popular book that could make no one laugh and could make no one cry. I have been reading it again just now, in the course of my numerous refreshings at those English wells, and I will venture to say that there is not in literature a more surprising instance of an utter want of tenderness and sentiment, than the death of Friday.†3 It is as heartless as *Gil Blas*,†2 in a very different and far more serious way. But the second part altogether will not bear enquiry. In the second part of *Don Quixote*†2 are some of the finest things. But the second part of *Robinson Crusoe* is perfectly contemptible, in the glaring defect that it exhibits the man who was 30 years on that desert island with no visible effect made on his character by that experience. De Foe's women too — Robinson Crusoe's wife for instance — are terrible dull commonplace fellows without breeches; and I have no doubt he was a precious dry and disagreeable article himself — I mean De Foe: not Robinson. Poor dear Goldsmith (I remember as I write) derived the same impression.†4

As I have no news, I may as well tell you about the tag that I thought so pretty to the *Memoires du Diable;* in which piece by the way, there is a most admirable part, most admirably played, in which a man says merely "Yes" or "No" all through the piece, until the last scene. A certain M. Robin has got hold of the papers of a deceased lawyer, concerning a certain estate which has been swindled away from its rightful owner, a Baron's widow, into other hands. They disclose so much roguery that he binds them up into a volume lettered "Memoires du Diable." The knowledge he derives from these papers not only enables him to unmask the hypocrites all through the piece (in an excellent manner), but induces him to

propose to the Baroness that if he restores to her her estate and good name — for even her marriage to the deceased Baron is denied — she shall give him her daughter in marriage. The daughter herself, on hearing the offer, accepts it; and a part of the plot is, her going to a masked ball, to which he goes as the Devil, to see how she likes him (when she finds, of course, that she likes him very much). The country people about the Chateau in dispute, suppose him to be really the Devil, because of his strange knowledge, and his strange comings and goings; and he, being with this girl in one of its old rooms, in the beginning of the 3rd act, shews her a little coffer on the table with a bell in it. "They suppose," he tells her, "that whenever this bell is rung, I appear and obey the summons. Very ignorant, isn't it? But, if you ever want me particularly — very particularly — ring the little bell and try." The plot proceeds to its development. The wrong-doers are exposed; the missing document, proving the marriage, is found; everything is finished; they are all on the stage; and M. Robin hands the paper to the Baroness. "You are reinstated in your rights, Madame; you are happy; I will not hold you to a compact made when you didn't know me; I release your fair daughter; the pleasure of doing what I have done, is my sufficient reward; I kiss your hand and take my leave!" He backs himself courteously out; the piece seems concluded, everybody wonders, the girl (little Mdlle. Luther) stands amazed; when she suddenly remembers the little bell. In the prettiest way possible, she runs to the coffer on the table, takes out the little bell, rings it, and he comes rushing back and folds her to his heart. I never saw a prettier thing in my life. It made me laugh in that most delightful of ways, with the tears in my eyes; so that I can never forget it, and must go and see it again.

The only thing new in this garden is that war is raging against two particularly tigerish and fearful cats (from the mill, I suppose), which are always glaring in dark corners, after our wonderful little Dick.[†1] Keeping the house open at all points, it is impossible to shut them out, and they hide themselves in the most terrific manner: hanging themselves up behind draperies, like bats, and tumbling out in the dead of night with frightful caterwaulings. Hereupon, French borrows Beaucourt's gun, loads the same to the muzzle, discharges it twice in vain and throws himself over with the recoil, exactly like a clown. But at last (while I was in town) he aims at the more amiable cat of the two, and shoots that animal dead. Insufferably elated by this victory, he is now engaged from morning to night in hiding behind bushes to get aim at the other. He does nothing else whatever. All the boys encourage him and watch for the enemy — on whose appearance they give an alarm which immediately serves

as a warning to the creature, who runs away. They are at this moment (ready dressed for church) all lying on their stomachs in various parts of the garden. Horrible whistles give notice to the gun what point it is to approach. I am afraid to go out, lest I should be shot. Mr. Plornish says his prayers at night in a whisper, lest the cat should overhear him and take offence. The tradesmen cry out as they come up the avenue, 'Me voici! C'est moi — boulanger — ne tirez pas, Monsieur Franche!' It is like living in a state of siege; and the wonderful manner in which the cat preserves the character of being the only person not much put out by the intensity of this monomania, is most ridiculous.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 6 JULY 1856

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1883; *MS* 1 p.; dated 6 July 56; addressed Benjamin Webster.

To MARK LEMON, 8 JULY 1856*

MS Miss Phyllis Matthews. *Address:* Mark Lemon Esquire | Field Office.[†1]

Villa des Moulineaux | Tuesday Eighth July 1856

My Dear Mark.

I hope that with your practical experience in Stage-Writing, you will not find much difficulty in making such additions to the accompanying notes as will sketch out a very funny piece. I should like to make it very compact too, so that everybody has to do with the plot. When we have thoroughly got the plot, we will divide the writing, and afterwards dovetail and finish up together.

It is quite a treat to think of a new farce.[†2] We had so many happy hours with the old one.[†3]

Pray let one of your disguises be something in the Cadger line in which you can sing Cupid's Garden.[†4]

And we ought to think of something answering to the Combat or Hornpipe, to do together.[†5]

Let me hear from you when you have thought a little about it.

"You are quite right my dear Lemon"[†6] not to come, under the circumstances. I can't tell you how delighted I am to receive so good a report of you.

Loves from all my house to all yours. I write hastily, having been all the morning over the enclosed, and wanting a walk.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 JULY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne

Tuesday Eighth July, 1856

My Dearest Macready

I perfectly agree with you in your appreciation of Katie's poem,[†1] and shall be truly delighted to publish it in Household Words. It shall go into the very next No. we make up. We are a little in advance (to enable Wills to get a holiday); but, as I remember, the next No. made up, will be published in three weeks.

We are pained indeed to read your reference to my poor boy. God help him and his father! I trust he is not conscious of much suffering himself. If that be so, it is, in the midst of the distress, a great comfort.

Little Dorrit keeps me pretty busy, as you may suppose. The beginning of No. X[†2] — the first line — now lies upon my desk. It would not be easy to increase upon the pains I take with her, anyhow.

We are expecting Stanfield on Thursday, and Peter Cunningham and his wife on Monday. I would we were expecting you! This is as pretty and odd a little French country house as could be found anywhere; and the gardens are most beautiful.

In Household Words next week, pray read The Diary of Anne Rodway.[†3] (In two not long parts). It is by Collins, and I think possesses great merit, and real pathos.[†4]

Being in town the other day, I saw Gye by accident, and told him, when he praised Ristori to me, that she was a very bad actress.[†5] "Well!" said he. "*You* may say anything; but if anybody else had told me that, I should have stared". Nevertheless I derived an impression from his manner that she had not been a profitable speculation in respect of Money. That very same day, Stanfield and I dined alone together at the Garrick, and drank your health. We had had a ride by the river before dinner (of course he *would* go and look at boats), and had been talking of you. It was this day week by the bye.

I know of nothing of public interest that is new in France, except that I am changing my moustache into a beard.

We all send our most tender love to dearest Miss Macready and all the house. "The Hammy boy"[†6] is particularly anxious to have his love sent to Misr Creedy.

Ever, My Dearest Macready

Most affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 9 [JULY][†1] 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Wednesday was the 9th in July; Macready's endorsement confirms.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Wednesday Ninth June 1856

My Dearest Macready

This is merely a question relative to the Wine. I have got you a case of the 1846 Champagne (3 Doz). As I have bought a good deal during the last 3 years of the same man, I have it at my former price — that is to say, *on this side*, 4/7d. pr. bottle, though I believe it to be well worth nearly double the money now. How shall I get it to you? Shall I consign it to Wills, get him to have it cleared and then forwarded to you? Or is there anybody you would desire to employ for the purpose? If Wills — he will pay the duty and Custom House charges &c and you and I can balance the whole matter together, at any time. If anybody else — it will be equally easy.

Ever Most affectionately

CD.

To NATHANIEL POWELL,[†2] 9 JULY 1856

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Wednesday Ninth July, 1856

My Dear Sir

I remember that I have inadvertently omitted to reply to a question of yours relative to the cost of painting the names of our houses on the gate. It was something extremely small (I forget exactly what, and have not the bill here); and I will add it to the cost of painting the rails this year, when I receive and divide among us, Cubitt's account for that job.

It has several times been in my mind to mention to you that if you would like to share the garden in front with me as a resort for your children, I shall be happy to have it in the joint occupation of our two families, and have not the least desire to reserve it to myself. I pay your predecessor Mr. Cardale, £20 a year for it.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Nathaniel Powell Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 9 JULY 1856†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Wednesday Ninth July 1856

My Dear Stone

Don't you think you might take a run over here, and stay with us a few days? The place is very much improved.

Have you the pattern of the Fishwoman's cap?[†1] If you have *a* pattern, have you more than one pattern? And to doctor up your dresses, what color is principally required, do you think? With this information I may pick up such materials as we want, very cheaply here, in the course of the next two months.

I have got a capital part for you in the Farce — not a difficult one to learn, as you never say anything but "Yes" and "No". You are called, in the Dramatis Personae, an able bodied British Seaman, and you are never seen by mortal eye to do anything (except inopportunely producing a Mop), but stand

about the Deck of the boat in Everybody's way, with your hair immensely touzled, one brace on, your hands in your pockets, and the bottoms of your trousers tucked up. Yet you are inextricably connected with the plot, and are the man whom everybody is enquiring after. I think it is a very whimsical idea and extremely droll. It made me laugh heartily when I jotted it all down yesterday.

Loves from all my house to all yours.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 10 JULY 1856*

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

Boulogne, Thursday Tenth July 1856.

My Dear Wills.

All right as to H.W news, *except* that the part of Milverstone[†2] you have put in, I never meant to go in at all.[†3] I think the expression I used in my letter to you about that series was, that I approved of those parts which treated of "the town and its characters"[†4] — something to that effect. You may have misunderstood me, or I may not have expressed myself clearly; but that is what I mean. Her opinions are worth nothing at all. I read this very paper, and unhesitatingly rejected it in my mind. It must not go in. Descriptions of the place and the people are what is wanted.

The No.[†5] arrived by the post this morning, and I hope to go over it tonight and return it tomorrow.

ERIC WALDERTHORN[†1]

is by Mrs. Bateman,[†2] 7 Albion Terrace Folkestone. I think £15 will be enough for it — considering the trouble it cost me.[†3]

ANNE RODWAY[†1]

certainly pay Eighteen Guineas for. I doubt whether it would not be right (it is only another guinea) to make it £20. It is very specially good.

The Opal Ring[†4] is by Miss Power, 5 Rue de Courçelles, Paris.

W. H. W.[†1]

You were talking about running over here. Why don't you? And when are you going to take *your* holiday?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. I re-open this, after having put it in an envelope and written it some hours, to say that you had best give Collins £20 — in a handsome note, stating that I had told you that I saw such great pains in his story and so much merit, that I wished to remove it from ordinary calculations. I have a floating idea in my mind

that after Little Dorrit is finished (this is inviolably at present between you and me), he and I might do something in Household Words together.[†5] He and I have talked so much within the last 3 or 4 years about Fiction-Writing, and I see him so ready to catch at what I have tried to prove right, and to avoid what I thought wrong, and altogether to go at it in the spirit I have fired him with, that the notion takes some shape with me. It may come to nothing — I may find it impracticable on closer scrutiny — but at present I have hope of it. The advance in any case is not a large one, and if I were asked, in reference to the claims of this little Diary, to say who else could have done that about the Dead Girl,[†6] I confess I should find it very difficult (putting your conductor out of the question), to name the man.

I write this in the confidence of your knowing that I am not a Literary Bounderby, and not misunderstanding me. And I shall be very much interested in knowing how the fancy strikes you, of my chalking out a story with him, and saying "Leave me this character or situation, and let me give you such advice about that, and now let us see what is the strongest thing for H. W. that can be made of it."
P.P.S.[†7] By Heaven! — no it isn't — I thought it was Friday! —

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 JULY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Boulogne, Villa des Moulineaux
Friday Eleventh July, 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

First, as to the Common Things.[†1] I rather think that if I were you, I would *not* send to any more newspapers just now. The subject has been so well taken up by the best of them,[†2] and the Times did it so much service by returning to it the other day in a Leader,[†3] that I would not press it. I think by doing so you might bring out some ignorant caviller, and would not be likely to improve on its present position. I would beg Wills to send to the Quarterly[†4] and Edinburgh,[†4] if I were you; and there, for the present, I would leave it.

I thoroughly agree in that interesting part of your note which refers to the immense use, direct and indirect, of needlework.[†5] Also as to the great difficulty of getting many men to understand them. And I think Shuttleworth[†6] and the like would have gone on to the crack of doom, melting down all the thimbles in Great Britain and Ireland, and making medals of them to be given for a knowledge of Watersheds and Pre Adamite vegetation (both immensely comfortable to a laboring man with a large family and small income), if it hadn't been for you.[†7]

It seems to me that Punch, which everybody sees, may be useful by just hitting the good nail neatly on the head, and there leaving it. I will say so much to Mr. Lemon, who may be safely trusted.[†8]

I spell Harbor without the letter u, because the modern spelling of such words as "Harbor, arbor, parlor," &c. (modern within the last quarter of a century) discards that vowel, as belonging in that connexion to another sound — such as hour and

sour.[†1] But, if it will be the slightest satisfaction to you, I will take that vowel up again, and fight for it as long as I live. U and I shall be inseparable, and nothing shall ever part us.

Pray give my kind love to Mrs. Brown, in which Mrs. Dickens and Georgina and all here join. The parcel shall be sent for directly.

I have reserved the subject of Walter to the last, because your kindness touches me so tenderly that I hardly know my dear Miss Coutts how to acknowledge it. I shall have no difficulty, I hope and fully believe, in remitting that sum to India with him; but if, at any time or in any design of my life, I should want such help as your generosity and friendship could give me, I would ask it of no one else in the World and would unfalteringly turn to you.

Having copied all that part of the letter which refers to Walter, I return the original, enclosed.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully and affecy. Yours

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 13 JULY 1856†

MS Morgan Library.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Sunday July Thirteenth 1856

My Dear Collins.

I answer your letter at once, because we expect Peter and his wife tomorrow; and between them and Little Dorrit, I am not likely to have much time.

We are all sorry that you are not coming until the middle of next month; but we hope that you will then be able to remain so that we may all come back together, about the 10th. of October. I think (recreation allowed &c for), that the Play will take that time to write. The Ladies of the Dram Pers. are frightfully anxious to get it under way, and to see you locked up in the Pavilion.[†2] Apropos of which noble edifice, I have omitted to mention that it is made a more secluded retreat than it used to be, and is greatly improved, by the position of the door being changed. It is as snug and pleasant as possible; and the Genius of Order has made a few little improvements about the house (at the rate of about tenpence apiece) which the Genius of Disorder will, it is hoped, appreciate.

I think I must come over for a small Spree, and to fetch you. Suppose I were to come on the 9th. or 10th. of August to stay three or four days in town, would that do for you? Let me know at the end of this month.

I cannot tell you what a high opinion I have of Anne Rodway. I took "Extracts" out of the title, because it conveys to the many-headed, an idea of incompleteness — of something unfinished, and is likely to stall some readers off. I read the first part at the office with strong admiration, and read the second on the Railway coming back here (being in town just after you had started on your cruise.) My behaviour

before my fellow passengers was weak in the extreme, for I cried as much as you could possibly desire. Apart from the genuine power and beauty of the little narrative, and

the admirable preservation of the girl's identity and point of view, it is done with an amount of honest pains and devotion to the work, which few men have better reason to appreciate than I, and which no man can have a more profound respect for. I think it excellent — feel a personal pride and pleasure in it which is a delightful sensation — and know no one else who could have done it.[†1]

Of myself I have only to report that I have been hard at it with Little Dorrit, and am now doing No. X.[†2] This last week, I sketched out the notion, characters, and progress, of the Farce, and sent it off to Mark who has been ill of an ague. It ought to be very funny.

The Cat business is too ludicrous to be treated of in so small a sheet of paper, so I must describe it, viva voce, when I come to town. French has become so insufferably conceited since he shot Tigerish Cat No. 1 (intent on the noble Dick, with green eyes three inches in advance of her head), that I am afraid I shall have to part with him. All the boys likewise (in new clothes and ready for Church) are at this instant prone on their stomachs behind bushes, whooshing, and crying, (after Tigerish Cat No. 2) "French! Here she comes! There she goes!" &c. I dare not put my head near my window, for fear of being shot (it is as like a coup d'Etat as possible), and tradesmen coming up the Avenue, cry plaintively "Ne tirez pas, Monsieur Frenche; c'est moi — boulanger — ne tirez pas, mon ami!"

Likewise I shall have to recount to you, the secret history of a Robbery at the Pavilion at Folkestone. Which you will have to write.

Tell Piggot[†3] when you see him, that we shall all be much pleased if he will come at his own convenience while you are here, and stay a few days with us.

Forgues ought not to have done that. I shall not buy the translation,[†4] lest that passage should put me out of humour with him[†5] — though I should much like to see it.

I shall have more than one notion for future work to suggest to you while we are beguiling the dreariness of an Arctic Winter in these parts. May they prosper!

Being on the salt sea, you probably did not see a speech of Samivel Carter Hall's[†6] at Mr. Peabody's annual American Dinner.[†7] The snivelling insolence of it, the concentrated essence of Snobbery in it, the dirty Pecksniffianity[†8] that pervaded it, and the Philoprogullododgeitiveness wherein it was steeped, have so affected me, that I have flown to Cockle[†9] for succour. As my eye wandered over the type, I felt my bile begin to shake and swell, like Green's[†10] balloon with the gas turned on into it. The Colonel[†11] himself is not so bilious as I have been since.

Kind regard from all to the Dramatic Poet of the Establishment, and to the D.P's mother and brother.

Ever Yours

CD.

If the Flying Dutchman[†1] should be done again, pray do go and see it. Webster expressed his opinion to me that it was "a neat piece". I implore you to go and see a neat piece.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 JULY 1856]

Extract in F, VII, iv, 602. *Date:* 13 July 56, according to Forster.

About four pounds of powder and half a ton of shot have been fired off at the cat (and the public in general) during the week. The finest thing is that immediately after I have heard the noble sportsman blazing away at her in the garden in front, I look out of my room door into the drawing-room, and am pretty sure to see her coming in after the birds, in the calmest manner, by the back window. Intelligence has been brought to me from a source on which I can rely, that French has newly conceived the atrocious project of tempting her into the coach-house by meat and kindness, and there, from an elevated portmanteau, blowing her head off. This I mean sternly to interdict, and to do so to-day as a work of piety.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 JULY 1856*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Monday Fourteenth July, 1856

My Dear Wills.

Peter arrived this morning, and brought the "odds and ends".

I have no No. here — have returned all Nos. in Proof, promptly, by post. I suppose you to have received the last from me since you wrote the note which Peter brought. I have not been able to write anything for H. W. — have thought of two or three things, but matured nothing.

Sala[†2] we must not begin to print, at any rate until we shall have received another batch of Copy.

Will you be so kind as to go round to Coutts's, and see our little friend Mr. Esse[†3] on the following point.

In my banking-book (received by Cunningham this morning) I find this entry on my Dr. side:

"4th. July — To J. Serle's bill — £24."

I know nothing about any J. Serle, and was at first made uneasy by this, until I

supposed it must mean J. *Poole*. I want to know if that be what is really meant? And then on the other hand, I observe that I am not credited with that amount — though I suppose you have paid it in? Will you set this straight?[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. You send me, by Cunningham, a letter from a Madame Persano[†2] whom I know at Genoa, proposing to translate from week to week for H.W — D'Azeglio's[†3] Records of Italian life.[†4] Therein, she says "In a day or two, I will send you the first number, and you will let me know how much you think it worth". Have you received such first No. and is it worth any thing? The letter without that necessary light upon it, is useless. Pray answer at once, as there has already been delay, and I ought to write to her.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 JULY 1856†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Prospect Hill | Reading.

Boulogne, Tuesday Fifteenth July, 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am extremely unwilling to return the enclosed; firstly, because it is a son's remembrance of his father; and secondly because it is a tribute to the worth of one for whom I had a sincere admiration and a high regard.[†5] But it would distinctly be out of place in Household Words — would not look natural there — and would not have its right effect there. Accustomed to consider all kinds of compositions with this reference, I am quite sure that your misgiving is correct, and that your impression is exactly the impression that its appearance in Household Words would make upon its best readers. Will you be so kind as to let Mr. Julian Young[†6] know that if it had contained any facts about his excellent father's life or career, to which I could have given a character like the prevailing tone of Household Words, I *would have* taken any pains to do so; and further, that on the first natural opportunity I have of writing about the dramatic art, I will assuredly make such an allusion to his father's example, as shall present this point in the clearest light?[†7] (You suppose yourself to have sent me Mr. Julian Young's letter to you — but you have not.)

Yes, I see that Mr. Dunn[†1] is at last disposed of. But I could not help saying when I read the case, that it is remarkable how brisk people are to perceive his madness, the moment he begins to trouble the blood royal. As to his being mad, I believe he is as mad as any other obstinate and persistent scoundrel — and no more.[†2]

Pray read a story in two parts, in Household Words — next No. and the following one — called Anne Rodway's Diary. It is by Mr. Collins, and I think possesses very remarkable merit — especially the close of it. I forget whether I have already mentioned it in a former note. If I have, forgive the repetition.

Charley is in some apprehension that he will have no holiday, Mr. Bates[†3] being reported in the House to have enunciated the dismal sentiment that the Juniors are to have none. I write him, however, that

I cannot believe that, in these times, and that we persist in expecting him. I am afraid he really requires a little reviving from the dust and heat of London.

The man on duty in the Man of War, broke down this morning at Inspection-time, and was found guilty of having omitted to open one of the windows. In consideration, however, of previous good character, and of this being the first offence on board he was not superseded.

☛[†4] Mr. Forster is going to marry a widow — five or six and thirty, agreeable, and rather pretty — with as many thousand pounds as she is years of age.[†5] Thereupon, he will relinquish the editing of the Examiner;[†6] which is to be regretted, as he is one of the most responsible and careful of literary men associated with newspapers — though he *does* hustle an unoffending Company, sometimes.

And this is all the secret history I know of this morning.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully and affecy. Yours

CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 20 JULY 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Sunday Twentieth July, 1856

Beloved Mary.

This from your own and only Joe. Come by the Tidal train from London Bridge station, which will relieve you of any necessity of looking after, or so much as thinking of, that box, until you arrive here. By which conveyance, my precious gal, you can take a through ticket at one nine six. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cunningham are

staying here, and he is this day a going to Manchester wherefrom he proposes fur to return a wensday — purr-tidal. Consequence of which if you should change to wensdy your own self my duck, he will take charge on you and if not innocence and wirtue will. O do not be cast down about the passage for at this time of the year it is in general a mere O. O breezes waft[†1] (or at least don't waft, but keep yourselves out of the way altogether) my Mary to my arms!

Ever to distraction
Joseph
(In name and natur')

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 20 JULY 1856

MS National Library of Scotland.

Boulogne, | Sunday Twentieth July, 1856

My Dear Carlyle.

This is to present you to my printers and old friends, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. They desire to have the honor of seeing their imprint attached to the proposed collected Edition of your works.[†2] Now, they have not only printed my books from the first page thereof to this hour, but have been closely associated with me in matters of trust and confidence. And I believe that when I assure you they are not only the best and most powerful printers in London, but have in all our transactions won my affectionate esteem and regard, you will believe that you cannot do better than entrust your Edition to them. I am perfectly sure you will never repent it, or have a moment's dissatisfaction with them. I cannot say too much for them, and no man could say anything for them out of a closer knowledge of them than mine is.

Ever My Dear Carlyle | Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 20 JULY 1856†

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Boulogne, Sunday Twentieth July, 1856

My Dear Wills.

I hope and trust the eyes are getting better. I have not written since I heard of their being affected, because I deemed it best to leave them and you alone.

No. 333 proof,[†3] I have not received; but there is no hurry, and you probably know that it is not sent.

The Post I have enquired into, and think I have discovered the cause of those two delays, and provided against a repetition of such an important mischance. Of course you will let me know of any other failure.

You will be amazed to receive (as I have no doubt you have received or will receive) letters from Custom House Agents, informing you of a case of Wine lying for you at that agreeable public establishment, and proposing to clear it. I have bought it for Macready,[†1] and it contains 3 dozen of Champagne. Will you authorize the most respectable of these correspondents (in address &c) to clear the same and pay all charges, and forward it to W. C. Macready Esqre. Sherborne House, Sherborne, Dorsetshire. Then if you let Macready know what you have paid for him, he will forthwith remit cheque.

Pray let me know how you are, and whether I am to see you, and whether you can see anything.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 29 JULY 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Boulogne, | Tuesday Twenty Ninth July 1856

My Dear Collins.

I write you at once, in answer to yours received this morning, because there is a slight change in my London plans — necessitated by Townshend's intention of coming to the Pavilion here on the 5th. or 6th. and hoping to have me pretty much at his disposal for a week or so.

Therefore, if Wills should purpose returning to London, on Friday or on Saturday, I shall come up with him, and return here on the fourth or fifth of August. Will you hold yourself disengaged for next Sunday until you hear from me? I think I am very likely to be on the loose that day.

(Having done this morning, I am only waiting here for Wills — whom I don't like to despoil of his trip by going across now.)

On the fifteenth we shall of course delightedly expect you, and you will find your room in Apple Pie Order. I am charmed to hear you have discovered so good a notion for the play. Immense excitement is always in action here on the subject, and I don't think Mary and Katey will feel quite safe until you are shut up in the Pavilion on pen and ink.

I like that view of the picture controversy (what a World it is!) very much, and shall be glad, and much assisted, if you will tell me, *by return*, when you can have the Copy ready, and about how long it will be. My reason is this: — To facilitate poor Wills's getting a holiday (his stomach has been manufacturing all sorts of unheard-of gases lately, and has been constantly blowing him up, to the great terror of his neighbours who look upon him as a kind of Powder Magazine) we are getting more than usual in advance; and if you can satisfy me on these points while I have Wills beside me, I can keep a No. open, and lead it off with that paper.[†2]

The chateau continues to be the best known, and the Cook is really special.

All send their kindest regard, and their welcome for the 15th. or beforehand.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE REV. EDWARD GIRDLESTONE,[†1] 30 JULY 1856*

MS John F. Fleming, Inc.

Villa des Moulineaux | Boulogne Sur Mer

Thirtieth July, 1856

Dear Sir

Your letter has just now been forwarded to me. I am passing the Summer here, for the more uninterrupted pursuit of my avocations.

The correspondence to which you refer, related to a reading of my Christmas Carol, and not to the delivery of a Lecture — a task I never undertake. I regret to assure you that I am at present too much occupied and shall be for many months to come, to have it reasonably within my power to make any promise to visit my Bristol friends.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend E Girdlestone

August

To W. H. WILLS, 7 AUGUST 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Boulogne Thursday Seventh August 1856

My Dear Wills

I do not feel disposed to record those two Chancery cases;[†3] firstly, because I would rather have no part in engendering in the mind of any human creature, a hopeful confidence in that den of iniquity:

And Secondly, because it seems to me that the real philosophy of the facts is altogether missed in the narrative. The wrong which *chanced* to be set right in these two cases, was done, as all such wrong is, mainly because these wicked Courts of Equity, with all their means of evasion and postponement, give scoundrels confidence in cheating. If justice were cheap, sure, and speedy, few such things would be. It is because it has become (through the vile dealing of these Courts and the vermin they have called into existence) a positive precept of experience that a man had better endure a great wrong than go, or suffer himself to be taken, into Chancery with the dream of setting it right, — it is because of this, that such nefarious speculations are made.

Therefore I see nothing at all to the credit of Chancery in these cases, but everything to its discredit. And as to "owing" it to Chancery to bear testimony to its having rendered justice in two such plain matters, I have no debt of the kind upon my conscience.

In haste | Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MRS BROWN, 8 AUGUST 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Boulogne, Friday Eighth August 1856

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I have considered your question very carefully, and with that anxious desire to make no mistake, which my interest in the subject naturally awakens.[†1]

First, I cannot too strongly agree with you in objecting to leave any discretion to the Committee.[†2] Incalculable abuse, perverted intention, and mischief, come of that, nine times out of ten.

Secondly, it would be very objectionable to bind yourself to any division or disposition of the money among the more deserving students. Cases might easily arise in which your help or encouragement might be of little value to any of them. On the other hand, cases might arise in which you would most ardently desire, perhaps to give the whole year's money to one of them. Suppose, for instance, a deserving young man just to fall short (in a year when no one was up to the mark) through having fallen ill for a time in the course of his hard and anxious study; or through having had to tend a sick sister; or to having devoted himself to a dying widowed mother. Such an occurrence is not out of the reach of probability — not to stop short at possibility — and might be very affecting and meritorious.

What I recommend you to do, is, to stipulate without any reserve, that in case there should be no candidate possessing the necessary amount of qualifications, the money shall revert to you.[†3] Retain, yourself, the power of rewarding any competitor or competitors as you think best, and I am sure you will never repent it.

I conceive this supposititious failure of all the competitors, to be very unlikely ever to occur. But, it is quite right to provide for it; and, if it should occur, I say let

the money come back to you or your representative. In considering the matter before I thought of this, I felt that I was always wandering about among *some* uneasy chances; but, in this direction, the road seems to me to be clear, safe, and light.

This little place looks very beautiful, but the leaves are beginning to be tinged with yellow, and the berries are turning red, and we have already begun to talk sometimes of our return home early in October. They all send best love to you and to Miss Coutts. Mary is acquiring an immense reputation as an arranger of flowers, and we have some new device on the table at dinner every day. The Cats at the Mill, are still the great topic of the house, and Mr. Plornish mentions them after dark, in a low voice. One of the porters at the Pavilion at Folkestone, trained and sent him over a little goldfinch who draws all the water he drinks, in a thimble. He hangs in my room all the morning, that he may be safe from these ravaging cats. I observe that when he draws the thimble up, he has to put a foot upon the tiny cord, to keep it in its place while he drinks — and that he knows that when he takes his foot away, the thimble will tumble down into the glass with a chink that will frighten him. So sometimes he stands thinking about letting it go, without being able to make up his mind to take his foot off the cord — and the moment he at last does so, he flys away to the remotest end of his perch, that he may hear the chink from a respectful distance. He won't drink when I look at him; but I have beaten him by looking in the glass. Then he exults over me (supposing me to have my eye on the cathedral), and drinks bumpers.[†1]

— Which brings me over-leaf to sign myself — which I have no need to do —

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 AUGUST 1856†

MS Morgan Library.

Boulogne | Friday August Eighth 1856

My Dearest Macready

I like the second little Poem[†2] very much indeed, and think (as you do) that it is a great advance upon the first.[†3] Please to note that I make it a rule to pay for everything that is inserted in Household Words — holding it to be a part of my trust, to make my fellow-proprietors understand that they have no right to any unrequited labor. Therefore, when Wills (who has been ill and is gone for a holiday) does his invariable spiriting, gently, — don't make Katey's case different from Adelaide Procter's.[†4]

I am afraid there is no possibility of my reading Dorset-shire-wards. I have made many conditional promises thus: "I am very much occupied; but, if I read at all, I will read for your Institution in such an order on my list." Edinburgh which is No. 1,

I have been obliged to put so far off as next Christmas twelvemonth. Bristol stands next. The working men at Preston come next. And so, if I were to go out of the record and read for your people, I should bring such a house about my ears as would shake Little Dorrit out of my head.

Being in town last Saturday, I went to see Robson[†1] in a burlesque of Medea.[†2] It is an odd but perfectly true testimony to the extraordinary power of his performance (which is of a very remarkable kind indeed), that it points the badness of Ristori's[†3] acting, in a most singular manner, by bringing out what she might do and does not. The scene with Jason is perfectly terrific; and the manner in which the comic rage and jealousy does not pitch itself over the float at the stalls is in striking contrast to the manner in which the tragic rage and jealousy does. He has a frantic song and dagger-dance, about two minutes long altogether, which has more passion in it than Ristori could express in fifty years.[†4]

We all unite in kindest love to Miss Macready, and all your dear ones: not forgetting my Godson, to whom I send his godfather's particular love twice over. The Hammy boy is so brown that you would scarcely know him.

Ever My Dear Macready

Affectionately Yours

CD.

To MRS BROWN, 10 AUGUST 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address: Angleterre:* | Mrs. Brown | Miss Burdett Coutts | Prospect Hill | Reading.

Boulogne, Sunday Tenth August 1856

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I think your letter received here this morning, has crossed my reply to your former letter.

My opinion as to the Sixth clause[†5] is quite unaltered, and I repeat my former advice. It seems to be highly objectionable that the sum intended to have been awarded in any year, shall, in case of failure or forfeiture, go in augmentation of the next Exhibition. It might positively lead to the future reward of a Student, for present negligence; or it might lead (I don't say would), under some exceptional

circumstances, to a compact among the Students to fail this year, and try for the Exhibition of increased value next year. Besides, I think it essential to the dignity and usefulness of your remembrance of your good husband, that it should be a substantial, unchanging, solid thing — liable to no fluctuations or vacillations arising out of the heedlessness of young men; but fixed and settled as your own mind and heart are on all associated with him.

I can quite understand why the Hospital Authorities may, in perfect honor and good faith, desire to lose none of this money through the negligence of their pupils. But that is not the question. The question is how you can best satisfy your own desire to help young men treading in your husband's footsteps, and also how you can best satisfy the sentiment that belongs to that desire. With these views, I again say — When this money is not won, let it come back to you or your representative. Can you not easily imagine that, in the chances and difficulties of life, it might then even come to be a help of vast importance to some young man who in a former year had carried off the Exhibition triumphantly, and perhaps made it famous for ever?

Again — don't disparage the Exhibition — don't make it a game — so much in the pool this time — so much more or less, next time. It will do nobody good.

With affectionate regard to Miss Coutts | Believe me Ever | Faithfully Yours

CD.[†1]

To W. H. WILLS, 10 AUGUST 1856*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Boulogne, Sunday August Tenth 1856

My Dear Wills

I am heartily glad you have let your house, and cordially congratulate you thereupon. It is even worth a slight inroad upon your holiday.

Ansell's[†2] bill that you write about, I gave John a cheque to pay, full a week ago. I am vexed that the poor man has had to ask for it. Will you ascertain from John that it is not still unpaid; and tell him whenever he has money to pay, to pay it immediately?

Enclosed is a paper by Townshend[†3] — not brilliant, but good enough. As I have rejected innumerable articles of his, I want it to go into the next No. you make up. It will do very well for the last article in the No.[†4]

As I am writing, I give you on the other side, an order, *dated next Wednesday*, for

my book at Coutts's.[†1] If John gets it on Wednesday afternoon and takes it on Thursday to Collins (who is coming on Friday), he will bring it, and any thing else you may have to send.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

I have the Pirate-parcel,[†2] safe.
In last Wednesday's Times there is a very remarkable letter from the Colliers in the Pit where the last great accident was,[†3] stating their case, and making out with every appearance of truth that they "struck", to save their poor lives.[†4] Watch the case. If they be not very decidedly disproved in their assertions, then it is a case to go into, and on which to communicate with their attorney and represent their grievance (when the enquiry shall be concluded), in a history of the whole matter.[†5] The same paper contains a fearful accident at Sheffield from unfenced machinery.[†6]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8-10 AUGUST 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, iv, 601. *Date:* after CD's return on 5 Aug which was also the day the Fair[†7] began; probably the following weekend.

The last of the camp was now at hand. It had only a battalion of men in it, and a few days would see them out. At first there was horrible weather, storms of wind, rushes of rain, heavy squalls, cold airs, sea fogs, banging shutters, flapping doors, and beaten down rose-trees by the hundred; *but then came a delightful week among the corn fields and bean fields and afterwards the end.* It looks very singular and very miserable. The soil being sand, and the grass having been trodden away these two years, the wind from the sea carries the sand into the chinks and ledges of all the doors and

windows, and chokes them; — just as if they belonged to Arab huts in the desert. A number of the non-commissioned officers made turf-couches outside their huts, and there were turf orchestras for the bands to play in; all of which are fast getting sanded over in a most Egyptian manner. The Fair is on, under the walls of the haute ville over the way. At one popular show, the Malakhoff[†1] is taken every half-hour between 4 and 11. Bouncing explosions announce every triumph of the French arms (the English have nothing to do with it); and in the intervals a man outside blows a railway whistle — straight into the

dining-room. Do you know that the French soldiers call the English medal "The Salvage Medal"[†2] — meaning that they got it for saving the English army? I don't suppose there are a thousand people in all France who believe that we did anything but get rescued by the French. And I am confident that the no-result of our precious Chelsea enquiry[†3] has wonderfully strengthened this conviction. Nobody at home has yet any adequate idea, I am deplorably sure, of what the Barnacles and the Circumlocution Office have done for us.[†4] But whenever we get into war again, the people will begin to find out.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 AUGUST 1856*

MS Yale University Library.

Boulogne Tuesday Twelfth August 1856

My Dear Wills.

H. W.[†5]

I have gone over the No.[†6] and return it herewith.

Collins's paper I have entitled (I repeat the title here as it is not very plain upon the Proof):

To Think, or to be thought for?[†7]

Mr. Speckles on Himself,[†1] is so weak, that it would be hardly possible to put King Leopold's Curiosity Shop (which is mere Ditch Water Make Weight) in a worse place. Can't you substitute some better paper for this curiosity Shop?[†2] And Miss Macready's poem, the Angel of Love or whatever it's called, is immeasurably better than the poem in the proof.[†3]

(*Apropos of Miss Macready, Macready particularly wishes her not*[†4] to be paid for her first two poems)

Six Years in a Cell[†5] is extremely good. I shall be much interested in seeing the writer[†6] when I come home.

Perfectly Contented,[†7] I don't adequately understand. The joke is too fine for me.[†8] But let it be.

I think Townshend in King Leopold's place would be better and would be about the requisite length, if you have nothing of superior merit.

MISS BESSIE FORSTER[†9]

has thrown the Chateau into ecstacies.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 13 AUGUST 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Villa des Moulineaux | Wednesday Thirteenth August 1856

My Dear Collins

When I saw (on returning here) the unconscionable hour on Friday, I expected to hear from you. But you don't know that on that day there are two boats, the last of which leaves Folkestone for this place at *8 in the Evening*. Now this would be better than next morning, because you could leave town on Friday afternoon at 1/2 past 4, and even then have an hour at Folkestone, and be here by the usual time of going to

bed. However, unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall assume that you come on Saturday morning.†1

The last atrocity set me up with brilliancy. I shall have to relate to you with minute particulars (the merit of the narrative, its surprising character excepted, lies in them),

THE STORY OF MRS. BELL†2

— as achieved by an individual whom I will call The Gentle Shepherd, at the appointed hour.

Ever Yours

CD.

I am forgetting the Picture-Paper, which I went over, yesterday, and liked very much. I altered the title, and it stands thus.

TO THINK, OR BE THOUGHT FOR?†3

I also changed "Criticism" once or twice, to "Cant of Criticism". If you should have time, I wish you would ask Wills to let you see my marked proof.

One†4 or two trifles will probably be sent to you on Thursday to bring over.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 AUGUST 1856†

MS Morgan Library.

Villa des Moulineaux | Wednesday Thirteenth August, 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts

I believe there will always be a qualified competitor,†5 unless the terms of the Exhibition should by an unfortunate mistake, give the qualified competitor a reason for stopping short of full success. By dividing it between two, in the event of no marked superiority on the part of one, you might readily (though unintentionally) appeal to a generous mind, to abstain from rising above the level of the next best man, and content himself with half the prize.

Mrs. Brown ought certainly to know with distinctness the nature of the Examination. That clearly laid down, I should not be afraid of the Committee rewarding an incompetent person. The credit of their School of Medicine would be more impaired by their so doing, than by their admitting "We have no

student, this year, qualified for the Exhibition, *who has been a Candidate for it.*" They would always have that saving clause.

The deed should by all means be revocable. It is the only efficient protection, I am convinced, against abuse.

Many thanks for the clue to the outfit,[†6] which will be of the greatest assistance to me. Charley shall go to the place and make a copy of the whole list.

When I was last at Folkestone, the picture was strongly before me which your note suggests. I have never been there since, without thinking of it, and of you two.[†1]

Pray tell Mrs. Brown with my love, that the flowers are beautiful, and that Mary is improving in her powers of floral arrangement every day. In two parts of the garden, we have sweet peas nearly seven feet high, and their blossoms rustle in the sun, like Peacocks' tails. We have a honey-suckle that would be the finest in the world — if that were not at Gad's Hill. The house is invisible at a few yards' distance, hidden in roses and geraniums. The little bird is gradually getting less afraid of his thimble, and draws a world of water this hot weather. He hangs in the drawing-room now, with the two other birds; and a tremendous sensation was created yesterday just before dinner by his being found hanging by the leg, upside down, in the cord from which one of their cages depends — twirling round and round as if he were roasting for a course of poultry. It took about half an hour to untwist him. He was prodigiously ruffled, and staggered about as if he had been to the public house; but soon recovered.

I crossed from Folkestone a week ago, and found Townshend on board, fastened up in his carriage, in a feeble wide-awake hat. It was rather windy, and the sea broke pretty heavily over the deck. With sick women lying among his wheels in various attitudes of despair, he looked like an Ancient Briton of a weak constitution — say Boadicea's father — in his war-chariot on the field of battle. I could not but mount the Royal Car, and I found it to be perforated in every direction with cupboards, containing every description of physic, old brandy, East India Sherry, sandwiches, oranges, cordial waters, newspapers, pocket handkerchiefs, shawls, flannels, telescopes, compasses, repeaters (for ascertaining the hour in the dark), and finger-rings of great value. He was on his way to Lausanne, and he asked me the extraordinary question "how Mrs. Williams,[†2] the American Actress, kept her wig on?" I then perceived that mankind was to be in a conspiracy to believe that he wears his own hair.

Some gravel got into my bath the other morning, and cut my left elbow, deep, in so complicated a manner that I was obliged to send into the town for a surgeon to come and strap it up. This reminds me of the political Surgeons, and of the fearful mess they have made of the Peace.[†3] But I have never doubted Lord Palmerston[†4] to be (considering the age in which he lives) the emptiest impostor and the most dangerous delusion, ever known. Within three months of the peace, here are its main conditions broken and the whole World laughing at us![†5] I am as certain that these men will get us conquered at last, as I am that I shall die. We have been feared and hated a long time. To become a jest after that, is a very,

very, serious thing. Nobody knows what the English people will be when they wake up at last and find it out. (N. B. This is the gravel that gets into my mind).

Loves from all.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully and AffYrs

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 AUGUST 1856]

Extract in F, IX, i, 715-16. *Date:* 15 Aug 56, according to Forster.[†1]

Writing of the limitations placed upon the artist in England. Similarly I have always a fine feeling of the honest state into which we have got, when some smooth gentleman says to me or to some one else when I am by, how odd it is that the hero of an English book is always uninteresting — too good — too natural, &c. I am continually hearing this of Scott from English people here, who pass their lives with Balzac[†2] and Sand. But O my smooth friend, what a shining impostor you must think yourself and what an ass you must think me, when you suppose that by putting a brazen face upon it you can blot out of my knowledge the fact that this same unnatural young gentleman (if to be decent is to be necessarily unnatural), whom you meet in those other books and in mine, *must be* presented to you in that unnatural aspect by reason of your morality, and is not to have, I will not say any of the indecencies you like, but not even any of the experiences, trials, perplexities, and confusions inseparable from the making or unmaking of all men!

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 25 AUGUST 1856

MS British Library.

Boulogne, Monday Twenty Fifth August | 1856.

My Dearest Catherine

I write hastily, after having been caught in a very heavy squall — and having got wet through and through — and having changed, and being now in expectation of the Dinner-bell.

Mr. Gibson[†3] was here this morning, with the result of his enquiries among the Doctors in the town. It appears on their showing, that the Epidemic[†4] has undoubtedly been very bad, and that it was considered at its worst about the end of June, when twenty children died of it in a day. That there are at present no cases, and that there have been none for two or three weeks. That there has never been a single case in the Haute Ville. That Dr. Scott,[†5] finally, proves his belief that the

danger is over, by intending to have his son, who is now in London, brought back to Boulogne for the opening of Mr. Gibson's school.

Under these circumstances Mr. Gibson and Mr. Bewsher consider that there is no reason for postponing the opening of the school on the regular day, and that they incur no unusual risk or

responsibility in opening it. I have said that as the boys are in London, I shall prefer to keep them there some fortnight or so after the opening of the School, and that if I should then receive Mr. Gibson's assurance that all continues well and that the disease has made no new head, I shall send them to him.

I have not the least doubt of Mr. Gibson's perfect honor and good faith. The interval I propose will enable us to see (I hope) that there are no dangers behind or facts behind, which are unknown to him.

We are afraid you had a rather rough passage, though a fast one. I hope the Noble Plorn did not suffer from the commotions or fatigues of his journey. Give him all our loves, and tell him that we missed the Hammy boy terribly, at breakfast this morning, when there was no one to bring up the rolls.

All unite too in love to you, and Frank, Alfred, Syddy (Giant I mean) and Harry. And all send kind remembrances to Nurse.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, [25 AUGUST 1856]

Envelope only, MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Sir Joseph Olliffe | Trouville | Calvados. *Date:* PM 25 Août; year illegible but no doubt 1856: see *To* Mrs CD, 25 Aug.[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30 AUGUST 1856]

Extracts in F, VII, iv, 603. *Date:* first extract almost certainly immediately after A'Beckett's death; second extract probably same letter.

Gilbert A'Beckett,[†2] *finding his small son dangerously ill, sank under an illness from which he had been suffering*[†3] *and died*[†4] *two days after the boy.* He had for three days shown symptoms of rallying and we had some hope of his recovery; but he sank and died, and never even knew that the child had gone before him. A sad, sad story.[†5]

Poor M. Beaucourt was inconsolable when the family left. The desolation of the place is wretched. When Mamey and Katey went,[†1] Beaucourt came in and wept. He really is almost broken-hearted about it. He had planted all manner of flowers for next month, and has thrown down the spade and left off weeding the garden, so that it looks something like a dreary bird-cage with all manner of grasses and chickweeds sticking through the bars and lying in the sand. "Such a loss too," he says, "for Monsieur Dickens!" Then he looks in at the kitchen window (which seems to be his only relief), and sighs himself up to the hill home.

September

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 2 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS British Library. *Address:* Angleterre. | Mrs. Charles Dickens | Tavistock House | Tavistock Square | London.

Boulogne, Tuesday Second September 1856

My Dearest Catherine.

We are in all the confusion and bewilderment of moving. I leave tomorrow — Georgy and the Servants, next day. We were all coming away together tomorrow; but there is so much to do, that the new arrangement has sprung up today.

Georgina had already got in the small hatter's bill.[†2] I enclose a £5 cheque, in case you want it.

We are all shocked by the idea of another of those poor children being ill; but I hope the removal may bring him round.[†3]

With love to all | Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?7 SEPTEMBER 1856]

Extract from F, VIII, iii, 650. *Date:* "July" 56, according to Forster; but see below.

Returning to England through Kent with Wilkie Collins,[†4] *advantages of Gadshill*[†5] *occurred to him.* A railroad opened from Rochester to Maidstone, which connects Gadshill at once with the whole sea coast,[†6] is certainly an addition to the place, and an enhancement of its value. Bye and bye we shall have the London, Chatham and Dover, too; and that will bring it within an hour of Canterbury and an hour and a

half to Dover.[†1] I am glad to hear of your having been in the neighbourhood. There is no healthier (marshes avoided), and none in my eyes more beautiful. One of these days I shall show you some places up the Medway with which you will be charmed.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, [?7 SEPTEMBER 1856]

Mention in *To* Roberts, 13 Sep 56. *Date:* immediately on CD's return to London.

To THOMAS BEARD, 8 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Tavistock House | Monday Eighth September 1856

My Dear Beard.

We have all come away from Boulogne! — Not deliberately to jockey you out of your share in the Moulineaux, but because I received a warning so pressing from my friend Dr. Olliffe in Paris, of the necessity of removing the children out of the reach of a dangerous Epidemic there, that I had nothing for it

but to send them off by the next boat, and follow myself, a fortnight afterwards. Poor A'Beckett's death had saddened the air of the place besides, and my people were all gloomy.

So here we are! —

Can you make a day for a walk in the Gad's Hill neighbourhood, and a dinner of consolation at Gravesend? I am your man for that, or any other similar expedition.

Ever Cordially

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Prospect Hill | Reading.

Tavistock House | Monday Eight September 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

We have all come home from Boulogne. A letter of the strongest possible warning, from my friend Dr. Olliffe at Paris, induced me to send the children home a fortnight ago. The rest of us have followed by driblets, and I have brought up the rear. You will have seen in the papers I dare say, that poor Mr. A Beckett died there, unconscious that one of his children lay dead in the next room.[†2]

He was a very conscientious man and an admirable magistrate, and is a real loss.

I hope to get out to Shepherd's Bush on Wednesday, and forthwith to re-establish the regular meetings. After a plunge of four and twenty hours duration among the wrecks of my dismantled study, I have happily fished up all the fragments of that noble ship and pieced them together. The neat result is afloat again, and looks none the worse!

I am sorry to say that Katey has come home the worse for her absence, and is very far from well. She has a bad cough, and lost her usual pretty looks with extraordinary suddenness. I was very anxious for her to be seen by Dr. Watson,[†1] but we found him out of town and not expected back for a month or six weeks. So I sent her in the meantime to Dr. Hastings,[†2] who says she will come right. The noble Baby, after having been the admiration of our gallant neighbours, and the most popular person in Boulogne, has returned to defy competition at home.

We all send kindest regard to Mrs. Brown and I am Ever My Dear Miss Coutts

Affecy. and faithfully Yours

CD.

To [T. J.] MOLYNEUX,[†3] 8 SEPTEMBER 1856†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Eighth September 1856

Sir.

I am sorry that in the hurry of being newly returned to town after a long absence, and having a great deal to do, I could not wait for you this morning.

It is unnecessary for me to assure you that I feel a real interest in the project to which your letter invites my attention.[†4] I regret to add, however, that I cannot comply with your request. My time is at present so fully occupied that I am obliged to forego all such engagements; and if I were to make an exception in this case, I should immediately be reminded of conditional promises, and overwhelmed by a flood of correspondence, for which I have no leisure.

With this sufficient reason for avoiding public meetings while my own avocations occupy my time and attention, it is scarcely necessary perhaps to hint at any other. But in my desire to be quite frank with you and the friends you represent, I will add that even if I had been more at leisure, I doubt very much whether I should not, on consideration, have requested you to excuse my compliance with your proposal. I am not at all clear in the first place that I have a right to assume such a position in reference to an entertainment over the arrangements of which I have no power, and in the direction of which I assume no responsibility. In the second place I most earnestly desire to see a working man in that position — one of your own body — personally identified with the merit of the scheme and with the working of it out. The recognition of such a President would have a meaning in it, and a becoming expression of self-reliance, which I think would be as agreeable to many thousands as it would to me. I confess to having an uneasy feeling in all such cases, that the term "self-supporting" includes, of right, much more than the mere money question; and I wish your Society would be self supporting in the much higher sense of putting its own men and its own members in its high places. If I were then invited as its guest, to take my place among the general auditory, listen to the music, and bear my testimony to the humanizing and improving influences of such good efforts, through such channels as I have open to me, I should respond with great pleasure.

I am Sir, Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Molyneux.

To [MRS BATEMAN],[†1] 9 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS University of Virginia.

Office of Household Words,
Tuesday Ninth September 1856

My Dear Madam.

Your story has been awaiting my return to town.

I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting it. Although it has many points of merit, it is too long in doing what it does, and has too little incident and movement in it, for the purposes of this journal.

Hoping to be a more agreeable correspondent on a future occasion, and begging you to give my kind regard to Mr. Bateman,[†2]

I am Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, 9 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Ninth September 1856.

My Dear Sir

I thought it right to let you know what Mr. Jerrold[†1] had told us; deeming it possible that some person might, in ignorance or interest, have misrepresented the case of the poor little boy to you. Nothing can be more distinct and emphatic than Dr. Cookesley's[†2] note — but it is undeniable on the other hand that the family do consider the child to have died of malignant sore throat, and did positively record in the obituary of the newspapers at home here, that he died of that disorder.

The medical testimony to which you refer in the note I had the pleasure of receiving from you yesterday, appeared in yesterday's Times.[†3] I fear that the good effect it might otherwise have produced, will be much impaired by its being signed by only one of the resident *English* medical practitioners.[†4]

The three boys are all well, and I shall not keep them at home much longer unless you have (as I do not expect you will have) any new reason for recommending caution. We are all sorry to have had our pleasant summer-quarters so suddenly broken up.

With kind regard from my whole house, Believe me My Dear Sir

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend M. Gibson

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twelfth September 1856.

My Dear Collins

†a*An admirable idea.*†a†5 It seems to me to supply and include everything the play wanted. But it is so very strong, that I doubt whether the man†6 can (without an anti climax) be shewn to be rescued and alive, until the last Act. The struggle, the following him away, the great suspicion, and the suspended interest, in the second. The relief and joy of the discovery in the third.

Here again, Mark's part†7 seems to me to be suggested. An honest bluff man previously admiring and liking me†8 — conceiving the terrible suspicion — watching its growth in his own mind — and gradually falling from me in the very generosity and

manhood of his nature†1 — would be engaging in itself, would be what he would do remarkably well; would give me capital things to do with him (and you know we go very well together); and would greatly strengthen the suspended interest aforesaid.†2

I throw this out, with all deference of course to your internal view and preconception of the matter. Turn it how you will, the strength of the situation is †a*prodigious*†a — and if we don't bring the house down with it, I'm a — Tory. (an illegible word which I mean for TORY.)†3

Hoping to see you to night,

Ever Cordially

CD.

P.S.

I may as well mention that I have made out the trip accounts. The total disbursements were, £16..0..6. Being £5..6..10 each.†4

To W. D. [?BOWATER],†5 13 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Mr Marshall R. Anspach. Text from owner's transcript.

Tavistock House | Saturday Thirteenth September | 1856

Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to express my regret that I cannot comply with the request preferred in it. But my avocations occupy so much of my time and press so constantly on my attention, that I am at present obliged to forego all attendance at public meetings.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. D. Boneter Esquire

To DAVID ROBERTS,†6 13 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS Mr Anthony R. Turner. *Address:* David Roberts Esquire. R.A.

Tavistock House | Saturday Thirteenth September | 1856

My Dear Roberts

I answer your letter myself, in order that the arrangements may be quite plain.

We purpose sending the boys back by the General Steam Navigation Co's boat which leaves London Bridge Wharf on Friday Morning at about 3 o'Clock — that is to say, they will go aboard about 9 or 10 on *Thursday night.* You should take your grandson's[†7] berth at the office in Regent Circus.

I am heartily obliged to you for the hint you gave Mrs. Dickens about Stanny. It

perfectly amazed me (for I could have no earthly reason to imagine such a thing), but of course I instantly wrote to him and set it all right.[†1]

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 13 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House
Saturday Night | Thirteenth September 1856

My Dear Collins

Another idea I have been waiting to impart. — I dare say you have anticipated it. *Now,* Mrs. Wills's second sight is clear as to the illustration of it, and greatly helps that suspended interest. Thus. "You ask *me* what I see of those Lost Voyagers! I see the lamb in the grasp of the Lion — your bonnie bird alone with the hawk — What do I see? I see you and all around you crying Blood! The stain of his Blood is upon you, (C.D.)!" — [†2]

— Which would be right to a certain extent, and absolutely wrong as to the Marrow of it.[†3]

Ever Yours
CD.

To [?T. R. EELES],[†4] 15 SEPTEMBER 1856

Mention in Pickering & Chatto, *The Book Lovers Leaflet,* No. 13 (9 Feb 1888); dated Tavistock House, 15 Sep 56.

Referring to the re-binding of Catlin's Indians.[†5]

To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, 15 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Rosenbach Foundation.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Monday Fifteenth September 1856

My Dear Mr. Sala.

In the No. we have made up to day,[†1] I have begun your Journey.[†2] This No. will be published on Wednesday the 1st. of October.

As I have found it necessary to take a good deal out of the two first papers, I am anxious that you should perfectly understand from myself, my only reason for having done so. It seemed to me to be essential to get the first two papers so compressed together, as that you might be fairly on your way *to Russia itself* in the first periodical portion of your book.[†3] Otherwise, you would have staved some readers off, and might have missed the most important stage (the first) at which to attract attention. All the passages taken out, shall be carefully preserved for you;[†4] and I have taken pains so to select them for omission as to do no damage to the descriptions that remain.

I like the opening very much, and hope the result of this undertaking will realize the best hopes with which it was begun. I have been concerned to hear from Wills, on more than [one][†5] occasion, of your not being well. But I trust you have now health and spirits to carry you pleasantly through the work.

We shall follow the first portion up with the others, in weekly succession.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. A. Sala Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 16 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Prospect Hill | Reading.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Sixteenth September | 1865

My Dear Miss Coutts.

To my shame and mortification Mr. Wills reminded me incidentally yesterday, that I had appointed Saturday Afternoon at 4 for a Meeting of our Guild Committee (which we are obliged by the Act of Parliament[†6] to hold formally), and that the Summonses had duly gone out.

If you please, take particular notice that this otherwise disgraceful obliviousness is not to be recorded against my model punctuality. The pocket ledger which defies all competition in its exactness, had not been entered up, in the distractions of moving and settling, and editing and writing. Hence the deplorable result.

May I faintly and afar off, hint at Saturday Week? May I also falteringly send my

penitent regard to Mrs. Brown? They trample on me here as much as they dare — which is not much.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To JOHN GIBBON,[†1] 16 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Private (seen before destruction in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954).

Tavistock House, London | Sixteenth September 1856.

Sir.

Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to assure you (which I hope is unnecessary), that I shall respect your confidence. You already know through the pages of the work to which you refer, that I am not indifferent to the truths you state, and that I earnestly desire to impress the necessity of a better and juster system on the general mind.

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

John Gibbon Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 16 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Sixteenth September 1856.

My Dear Wills

I have been thinking a good deal about Collins, and it strikes me that the best thing we can just now do for H. W. is to add him on to Morley, and offer him Five Guineas a week. He is very suggestive, and exceedingly quick to take my notions. Being industrious and reliable besides, I don't think we should be at an additional expence of £20 in the year by the transaction.

I observe that to a man in his position who is fighting to get on, the getting his name before the public is important. Some little compensation for its not being constantly announced, is needed, and that I fancy might be afforded by *a certain engagement.* If you are of my mind, I wish you would go up to him this morning, and tell him this is what we have to propose to him today, and what I wish him, if he can, to consider beforehand. You could explain the nature of such an engagement to him, in half a dozen words, far more easily than we could all open it together. And he would then come prepared.

Of course he should have permission to collect his writings, and would be handsomely and generously considered in all respects. I think it would do him, in the long run, a world of good; and I am certain that by meeting together — dining three instead of two — and sometimes calling in Morley to boot — we should knock out much new fire.

What it is desirable to put before him, is the regular association with the work, and the means he already has of considering whether it would be pleasant and useful

to him to work with me, and whether any mere trading engagement would be likely to render him as good service.†1

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS BROWN, 18 SEPTEMBER 1856

Mention in N, II, 801.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eighteenth September | 1856

My Dear Wills.

Don't conclude anything *un*favourable with Collins, without previous reference of the subject, and the matter of your consultation, to me. And again put before him clearly, when he comes to you, that I do not interpose myself in this stage of the business, solely because I think it right that he should consider and decide without any personal influence on my part.

I think him wrong in his objection, and have not the slightest doubt that such a confusion of authorship†2 (which I don't believe to obtain in half a dozen minds out of half a dozen hundred) would be a far greater service than dis-service to him. This I clearly see. But, as far as a long story is concerned, I see not the least objection to our advertising, at once, before it begins, that it is by him. I *do* see an objection to departing from our custom of not putting names to the papers in H. W. itself; but to our advertising the authorship of a long story, as a Rider to all our advertisements, I see none whatever.†3

Now, as to a long story itself, I doubt its value to us. And I feel perfectly convinced that it is not one quarter so useful to us as detached papers, or short stories in four parts. But I am quite content to try the experiment.†4 The story should not, however, go beyond six months, and the engagement should be for twelve.

Faithfully Ever

CD

To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, 19 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House, London
Friday, Nineteenth September 1856

Dear Mr Sala.

Nothing can be better than your list of subjects.[†1] It promises admirably, and I have no doubt of your performance.

I beg that you will not suppose that you "have long ceased to be interested commercially" in this design. I have no knowledge of that kind. The passage in your note has grated upon me and pained me but would have done so in a much deeper degree if I could have admitted its truth. It is a mistake.

May you be as much mistaken in your despondent view of your health! Encouraged by your being wrong in one case, I hope you may be wrong in the other, and that I may add you, twenty years hence, to the prosperous list I have of men who were going to die between twenty five and thirty five, and are strong and happy, fifteen years afterwards, this day.

I believe (with reason arising out of my own observation) that there is no human malady in which doctors make such extraordinary mistakes as in that attributed to you. I have hardly ever known a recovered patient of a year or two's standing, who had not been at one time declared to have a disease of the heart. Near home here, I can at once lay my hand on two people, man and woman, most notable instances of this truth.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR R. B. CARTER,[†2] 20 SEPTEMBER 1856

Mention in *American Book Prices Current*, 1973, p. 1034; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Dr R. B. Carter; dated 20 Sep 56.

Accepting an article on health and education.[†3]

To W. H. WILLS, 21 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty First September | 1856.

My Dear Wills

I send you a paper by Mowbray Morris's[†1] man, which will suit us very well, and will perfectly answer for the first paper in the next No. you make up.

I hope he may turn out a very useful acquisition to us. He will call upon you soon, no doubt. His name and address are

Mr. R. B. Carter
12 Crawley Terrace
Fulham Road

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JAMES E. RONEY,[†2] 23 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Third September | 1856.

My Dear Roney.

I am delighted to get your letter, and shall be more than delighted to see you. I am unfortunately obliged to dine out tomorrow, but am quite free, both for Thursday and Friday. Tell me on which day you will dine with me at 6 o'Clock, and I will have nobody else at the family table.

Lord! To think of a Colonial Chief Justice![†3] And it was but the day before yesterday that we gave our first dinner at the Mansion of Mrs. Rogers in Buckingham Street, Adelphi. I bought the soup myself (it was hard, and looked like a bit of a mantel-piece), and you provided some inheritance of family tea-spoons for the decoration of the festival.

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James E Roney Esquire.

To MRS BROWN, 24 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | Miss Burdett Coutts | Prospect Hill | Reading.[†4]

Tavistock House
Wednesday September Twenty Fourth | 1856.

My Dear Mrs. Brown

I called on Mr. Ouvry very soon after you left me on Monday, but he had gone

from his office for the afternoon. Yesterday he came here to me, and we went through the draft with great care, three times. I think he is now in complete possession of your wishes on the subject and fully understands the suggested alterations. He quite agreed with me that it is but reasonable that you yourself should retain, during your lifetime, the power of appointing any new trustees who may be rendered necessary by the death or resignation of any one of those first appointed. As soon as the amended draft shall be prepared, he will forward it to you for your approval.

You will have to reduce the number of your trustees to four, as the Bank of England does not receive more in such a case.[†1]

With affectionate regard to Miss Coutts

Believe me ever | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Sixth September | 1856

My Dear Miss Coutts

I grieve to say that I must deny myself a holiday tomorrow. Destiny seems to be against my coming to Prospect Hill. After having been greatly put-out by the unexpected necessity of chopping and changing at Boulogne, I have come home to such an immense arrear of demands on my attention, that I am falling behind-hand with that reserve of Little Dorrit which has kept me easy during its progress, and to lose which would be a serious thing. All the week I have been hard at it[†2] with a view to tomorrow; but I have not been in a quick vein (which is not to be commanded), and have made but tardy way. If I stick to it resolutely now, next week will bring me up. If I let a day go now, there is no saying when I may work round again and come right. You will see what a hard necessity it is that makes me decide so much against my wishes.

With kind regard to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Affecy. and faithfully Yours

CD.

To GEORGE DOLBY,[†1] 28 SEPTEMBER 1856

Extract in Samuel T. Freeman & Co catalogue, May 1932; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 28 Sep 56; misread as "Donly" in catalogue.

I don't care much for the weather and am off to the Foundling,[†2] and (unless it should rain Tiger cats and Newfoundland dogs), to Hampstead afterwards.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 28 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Eight September | 1856.

My Dear Stanny.

I write this to leave at your house at Hampstead, in the course of my walk to day.

You promised to write to me as soon as you should arrive in Wales. I have been uneasily waiting from day to day in the hope of hearing from you and receiving your assurance that you are getting strong and jolly; and day after [day][†3] has passed over, and I have heard nothing! Pray when you get this (God knows when it may reach you) write me a line — only one line — and say how you are, where you are, and when I shall see you. I really have gradually come to that pass, through daily hope deferred, that I have a strong inclination on me to throttle the Postman.

Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 28 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House
Sunday Morning Twenty Eight September | 1856

My Dear Wills

I suddenly remember this morning, that in Mr. Carter's article, Health and Education, I left a line which must come out. It is, in effect, that the want of Healthy Training leaves girls in a fit state to be the subjects of Mesmerism.[†4] I would not on any consideration hurt Elliotson's feelings (as I should deeply) by leaving that depreciatory kind of reference in any page of H. W. He has suffered quite enough without a stab from a friend.[†5] So pray, whatever the inconvenience may be in what

Bradbury calls "The Friars",[†1] take that passage out. By some extraordinary accident, after observing it I forgot to do it.

Ever Faithfully
CD

To W. H. WILLS, 29 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House
Monday Night | Twenty Ninth September 1856

My Dear Wills.

Yes as to Miss Parr's story.[†2] A word or two, in the face making and tooth grinding way, wants alteration;[†3] but I can easily do that on the Proof.

Monmouth would be well enough, but for its breaking down so direfully at the end. Still I think there is sufficient merit in it to justify its acceptance.[†4]

I enclose you the next portion of Sala — that is to say, two portions together, to be made one.

The Two Lions won't do — but I would encourage the author[†5] to send something else. He seems to me to have a something stalwart in him.

We had better meet at the office to talk of things in general in going over the next No.[†6] We can afterwards dine at the Albion.[†7] Will Wednesday at 4 suit you? Send me word in reply.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Do you think it worth while to see 12 in 10 Queen's Bench?[†8] Letter now returned.

To CONTRIBUTORS TO HOUSEHOLD WORDS, 30 SEPTEMBER 1856*

MS Huntington Library.

Mem: For Christmas Number.[†1]

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
30th.[†2] September 1856

[†a]I beg to convey to you the scheme of our Christmas number for the present year: to which Mr. Dickens would be glad if you would Contribute: — [†a] An English Trading-Ship (with passengers aboard), bound for Australia, is supposed to have got foul of an Iceberg, and become a wreck. The Crew and passengers not being very many in Number, and the Captain being a cool man with his Wits about him, one of the boats was hoisted out and some stores were got over the side into her, before the Ship went down. Then all Hands, with a few exceptions, were got into the Boat — an open one — and they got clear of the wreck, and put their trust in God.

The Captain set the course and steered, and the rest rowed by spells, when the sea was smooth enough for the use of the oars. They had a sail besides. At sea in the open boat for many days and nights, with the prospect before them of being swamped by any great wave, or perishing with hunger, the people in the boat began after a while to be horribly dispirited. The Captain remembering that the narration of stories had been attended with great success on former occasions of similar disasters, in preventing the shipwrecked persons' minds from dwelling on the horrors of their condition, proposed that such as could tell anything to the rest, should tell it. So the stories are introduced.

The adventures narrated, need not of necessity have happened in all cases to the people[†3] in the boat, themselves. Neither does it matter whether they are told in the first or in the third person. The whole narrative of the Wreck will be given by the Captain to the Reader in introducing the stories. Also, the final deliverance of the people. There are persons of both Sexes on the boat. The writer of any story may

suppose any sort of person — or none if that be all — as the Captain will identify him if need be. But, among the Wrecked there might naturally be The Mate, The Cook, the Carpenter, the Armourer (or Worker in Iron), the Boy, the Bride Passenger, the Bridegroom passenger, the sister passenger, the brother passenger, the Mother or father passenger or son or daughter passenger, the child passenger, the Runaway passenger, the old Seaman, the toughest of the Crew, &c &c[†4]

[†a]It will be necessary that we receive your contribution not later than the 10th. of November.

Believe me | Ev faithfully[†a]

October

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 OCTOBER 1856

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Tavistock House | First October 1856.

My Dear Beard

How's the foot? How are you getting on? What does the doctor say? What do *you* say? Can you walk? Can you eat and drink? Is there a probability of your being able to toe the scratch[†1] on a bright cool October day (a fine month October!), and punish the Consolation-Dinner?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CHARLES EDMONDS,[†2] 1 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Mr J. Stevens Cox. *Address:* Charles Edmonds | Messrs. Wills and Co. | 136 Strand.

Tavistock House | First October 1856

My Dear Sir

Accept my best thanks for your obliging letter. But I know Eustace[†3] well, and formed Byron's opinion of him (as a solemn Humbug)[†4] when I was first in Italy.[†5] I wanted him,[†6] when I sent to you for him, that I might lay my hand upon an instance or two of his worthlessness.[†7]

You don't mention in your List, what seems to me to be the honestest and best of all the books, as written by a man who was not afraid to form his own opinions or unable to give good reasons for them — Simond.[†8]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Edmonds Esquire.

To MRS BROWN, 3 OCTOBER 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown.

Tavistock House | Third October 1856

My Dear Mrs. Brown

I will write tonight, after having seen Mr. Ouvry. He is coming here presently. Will you tell Miss Coutts that I will answer her kind note at the same time.

I think you have decided right about the Trustees. You can always make me one when you have a vacancy, if I am still forthcoming myself. The enclosed note seems to me to say everything that is necessary. I would use the word "found", in the place where you are uncertain.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.[†1]

To MRS BROWN, 3 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown.

Tavistock House | Friday Third October 1856.

My Dear Mrs. Brown

I have gone over the deed again, with Mr. Ouvry, and will tell you the result of our deliberation in no deed-like manner — that is to say, in the fewest and plainest words.

As to that "order" and "direct" point (which after all only refers to the payment of the money) Mr. Ouvry considers that the addition of "with the consent of the Trustees", would place the Trustees in difficulty, would place the Medical Council in difficulty, and might easily place the foundation in Chancery. I am on the whole of his opinion, and would waive that objection.

As to the stipulation you wish inserted in reference to the examination on the case-books, and to examination by written question as well as orally — the necessary words are inserted.

As to the moral conduct, it is expressed in the deed that the Foundation has in view both moral conduct and general fitness for the exercise of the Medical Profession. As to who is to judge of the moral conduct (this is in answer to a question put to me in a note this morning by Miss Coutts), we are both of opinion that that *must be* left to the Medical Committee. They have on the whole the best means of judging: and we think that any sort of body for the revision or reversal of their judgment, would complicate the Foundation beyond all foresight.

As to the lapsing, there will be no lapse to speak of — *can* be none — and therefore it is not necessary to embarrass the Deed with provisions for the addition of unbestowed Interest to the Principal. If

the Exhibition became vacant, say in the first year, through death or misconduct, the three years term would not be waited out,

but the new Examination for a new award would come on at once.[†1] As we have altered the Clause (Clause 6) it stands thus, in effect:

That at the usual time of Examination which shall next follow after a vacancy from any cause shall have occurred in the Exhibition, a new examination and a new award shall take place.

As to those words which last night were in the same clause, about "manner, time, and place" of examination, and which Miss Coutts pointed out to be inconsistent with Clause 3, we have taken them out altogether. The examination must then necessarily be according to Clause 3.

As to your power of revocation, you retain it on 3 years notice.

Lastly, as to the date of the Deed, I have informed Mr. Ouvry, on what day you would like it to be dated, and why.

I hope to be able to send you the new Draft itself with this (leaving my envelope open for that purpose); but, whether or no, these are its provisions. And I think you may now decide to have it submitted to the St. George's Luminaries.[†2]

I return your draft letter.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Brown | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 OCTOBER 1856

MS Mr. Roger W. Barrett.

Tavistock House | Third October 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

This is briefly in answer to your kind and considerate note of this morning — briefly, for your sake, not mine.

Your remark upon the Deed, I have replied to, for the sake of clearness and having all the case together, in a note to Mrs. Brown which accompanies this.

I have no doubt that it will be best for Walter to go out at once.[†4] I believe it will be far better for his health, and certainly for his spirits, and no less for his duties. The staying with his brothers and sisters with that unsettled purpose on him and cloud of departure hanging over him, would do him no good and would be (I much suspect from what I see of him), a kind of cruelty. Mr. Brackenbury reports that he will be ready for his examination next March, when he will just have turned his Sixteenth year. With a little

holiday here, I should like him to be considered ready to go out. His Presidency (if I can choose it?), is of course the Presidency you recommended.[†5]

Perhaps you will kindly tell Mr. Lock[†6] this, as he knows you, and does me the great service for your sake.

Immense excitement was occasioned here last night by the arrival of Mr. Collins in a breathless state, with the first two acts of his play in three. Dispatches were sent off to Brighton,[†1] to announce the fact. Charley exhibited an insane desire to copy it. There was talk of a Telegraph Message to Mr. Stanfield in Wales. It is called The Frozen Deep, and is extremely clever and interesting — very serious and very curious.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 4 OCTOBER 1856†

MS Miss Gladys Storey.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fourth October 1856

My Dear Mamey.

[†a]Before starting off to Birmingham on a little trip with Mr. Lemon, I send you a cheque for the amount of the Riding Bill, thinking it will be less inconvenient to you than a Post Office order. Mr. Evans will kindly get it changed for you, if necessary.[†a]

The preparations for the Play are already beginning, and it is christened (this is a great dramatic secret, which I suppose you know already), The Frozen Deep.

Tell Katey with my best love, that if she fail to come back six times as red, hungry, and strong, as she was when she went away,[†2] I shall give her part to somebody else.[†3]

We shall all be very glad to see you both back again; when I say "we", I include the birds (who send their respectful duty), and the Plorn.

Kind regard to all at Brighton.

Ever My Dear Mamey | Your Affectionate father

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Dickens.

To J. E. MAYALL,[†4] 4 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Alderman Library, University of Virginia.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fourth October 1856

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your kind letter. I fear it will not be in my power to sit, — I have so much to do and such a disinclination to multiply my "counterfeit presentments",[†5] — but I am not the less sensible of your valuable offer.[†6] I shall hope,

about Christmas time, to shew you some dramatic groups[†1] here, which you may perhaps feel an interest in presenting. In which case, I am sure that all concerned (including myself) will be delighted to give you the opportunity.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. E. Mayall Esquire

To EDWARD WALFORD,[†2] 4 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fourth October 1856.

Sir.

I regret that my absence from town should have been the occasion of your letter lying for a long time unanswered.

I have two reasons against furnishing information to form the basis of a Biographical Memoir of myself.[†3] The first is, that I do not desire to identify myself with such memoirs during my life time; the second is, that I may probably leave my own record of my life for the satisfaction of my children.

But perhaps I shall sufficiently comply with your request by informing you that there was published in a weekly Parisian Journal called L'Ami de la Maison, sometime about last Midsummer, an account of myself (as an introduction to a translation of The Lighthouse by Mr. Wilkie Collins), which I believe is generally quite accurate. I have not got it, nor have I ever read it; but Mr. Collins himself described it to me.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Walford Esquire

To JOHN THOMPSON, 5 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Hen and Chickens Hotel, Birmingham.
Sunday, October 5th., 1856.

I find, John, on measuring here with Mr. Lemon, that the proposed rake of the stage in the schoolroom is too much. Let Rudkin[†1] alter the measurements, so as to make it still 7 inches (seven inches) above the floor of the room, at the float;[†2] but only one foot four inches above the floor of the room at the back of the bow. It will then slope sufficiently, and not too much.

Tell Mrs. Dickens I shall be home tomorrow (Monday) night.

Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS BROWN, 7 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Seventh October 1856.

My Dear Mrs. Brown

Since I wrote to you last, I have been obliged to go to Birmingham, whence I returned last night at Midnight. I then found awaiting me, the enclosed draft and letter from Mr. Ouvry. The draft is exactly as I described it to you, but will you look it over before it is sent to the Medical School people, to make sure that you approve.

With kindest and truest regard to Miss Coutts,

Ever Dear Mrs. Brown | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 7 OCTOBER 1856

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Seventh October 1856

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I *did* write it for you;[†3] and I hoped, in writing it, that you would think so. All those remembrances were fresh in my mind — as they often are — and gave me an extraordinary interest in recalling the past. I should have been grievously disappointed if you had not been pleased, for I took aim at you with a most determined intention.

Let me congratulate you most heartily on your handsome Eddy[†4] having passed his examination[†5] with such credit. I am sure there is a spirit shining out of his eyes

which will do well in that manly and generous pursuit. You will naturally feel his departure very much, and so will he, but I have always observed within my experience that the men who have left home young,

have [†a]many long years afterwards[†a] had the tenderest love for it and of all associated with it. That's a pleasant thing to think of, as one of the wise and benevolent adjustments in these lives of ours.

I have been so hard at work (and shall be for the next 8 or 9 months) that sometimes I fancy I have a digestion — or a head — or nerves — or some odd incumbrance of that kind, to which I am altogether unaccustomed, and am obliged to rush at some other object for relief. At present the house is in a state of tremendous excitement on account of Mr. Collins having nearly finished the New Play we are to act at Christmas, which is very interesting and extremely clever. I hope this time you will come and see it. We purpose producing it on Charley's birthday, Twelfth Night, but we shall probably play four nights altogether — the Lighthouse on the last occasion[†1] — so that if you would come for the two last nights you would see both the pieces. I am going to try to do better than ever, and already the schoolroom is in the hands of carpenters; men from underground habitations in Theatres, who look as if they lived entirely upon smoke and gas, beset me at unheard of hours — Mr. Stanfield is perpetually measuring the boards with a chalked piece of string and an umbrella, and all the elder children are wildly punctual and businesslike, to attract managerial commendation. If you don't come, I shall do something antagonistic — try to unwrite No. XI I think. I should particularly like you to see a new and serious piece so done. Because I don't think you know, without seeing, how good it is!!!

None of the children suffered, thank God, from the Boulogne risk. The three little boys have gone back to school there, and are all well. Katey came away ill, but it turned out that she had the whooping-cough for the second time. She has been to Brighton, and comes home to day. I hear great accounts of her, and hope to find her quite well when she arrives presently. I am afraid Mary Boyle has been praising her Boulogne life too highly. Not that I deny, however, our having passed some very pleasant days together, and our having had great pleasure in her visit.[†2]

You will object to me dreadfully, I know, with a beard (though not a great one), but if you come and see the Play, you will find it necessary there, and will perhaps be more tolerant of the fearful object afterwards. I need not tell you how delighted we should be to see George[†3] if you would come together. Pray tell him so with my kind regard. I like the notion of Wentworth[†4] and his philosophy, of all things. I remember a philosophical gravity upon him — a state of suspended opinion as to myself, it struck me — when we last met, in which I thought there was a great deal of oddity and character.

Charley is doing very well at Barings, and attracting praise and reward to himself. Within this fortnight there turned up — from the West Indies where he is now a Chief Justice — an old friend of mine,[†1] of my own age, who lived with me in Lodgings in the Adelphi, when I was just Charley's present age. He had a great affection for me at that time, and always supposed I was to do some sort of wonders. It was a very pleasant meeting indeed — and he seemed to think it so odd that I shouldn't be Charley!

This is every atom of No-News that will come out of my head, and I firmly believe it is all I have in it — except that a Cobbler at Boulogne who had the nicest of little dogs, that always sat in his sunny window watching him at work, asked me if I would bring the dog home, as he couldn't afford to pay the Tax for him. The Cobbler and the dog being both my particular friends, I complied. The cobbler parted

with the dog, heart-broken. When the dog got home here, my man like an Idiot as he is, tied him up, and then untied him. The moment the gate was open, the dog (on the very day after his arrival) ran out. Next day, Georgy and I saw him lying, all covered with mud, dead outside the neighbouring church. How am I ever to tell the cobbler? He is too poor to come to England, so I feel that I must lie to him for life, and say that the dog is fat and happy. (Mr. Plornish, much affected by this Tragedy, said: "I spose Pa I shall meet him †a(the Cobbler's dog) in Heaven."

Georgy and Catherine send their best love and I send mine. Pray write to me again some day, and I can't be too busy to be happy in the sight of your familiar hand — associated in my mind with so much that I love and honor. Ever My Dear Mrs. Watson

Most Faithfully Yours CD†a

To WILKIE COLLINS, 9 OCTOBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Ninth October 1856.

My Dear Collins

I should like to shew you some cuts I have made in the second act (subject to Authorial sanction of course). They are mostly verbal, and all bring the Play closer together.†2

Also I should like to know whether it is likely that you will want to alter anything in these first two acts. If not, here are Charley, Mark, and I, all ready to write, and we may get a fair copy out of hand. From said fair copy, all my people will write out their own parts.

I dine at home to day, but not tomorrow. On Saturday and Sunday likewise, I dine at home. We must perpetually "put ourselves in communication with the view of dealing with it" — as Wills says — the moment you have done. How do you get on? And will you come at 6 to day — or when?

I am more sure than ever of the effect.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MR AND MRS COWDEN CLARKE,†1 10 OCTOBER 1856

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Tenth October 1856

My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Clarke.

An hour before I received your letter, I had been writing your names. We were beginning a list of friends to be asked here on Twelfth Night to see a new play by the Author of the Lighthouse and a better play than that. I honestly assure you that your letter dashed my spirits, and made a blank in the prospect.

May you be very happy at Nice,[†2] and find in the climate and the beautiful country near it, more than compensation for what you leave here. Don't forget among the leaves of the vine and olive, that your two green leaves[†3] are always on my table here, and that no weather will shake them off.

I should have brought this myself on the chance of seeing you, if I were not such a coward in the matter of Good Bye, that I never say it, and would resort to almost any subterfuge to avoid it.[†4] Mrs. Dickens and Georgina send their kindest regard. Your hearty sympathy will not be lost to me, I hope, at Nice, and I shall never hear of you without true interest and pleasure.

Always Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. F. HUDSON,[†5] 10 OCTOBER 1856

Extract in Dobell catalogue No. 281 (1919); *MS* 2 pp.; addressed G. F. Hudson; dated Tavistock House, 10 Oct 56.

Friday, Tenth October, 1856

The post brought me, from Windermere, a few days ago, a letter from the Bridegroom.[†6] You will be amazed to hear that he was excessively happy![†7] In answering it,

I took care to render justice to your pedestrian performances, and to describe your vigorous style as being without a blemish.

To ALFRED DICKENS,[†1] 11 OCTOBER 1856

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House, London
Saturday Eleventh October 1856.

My Dear Alfred.

I don't know whether you would care to be in a new play by Collins (which I am going to get up for Twelfth Night) for the mere sake of being in the social amusement of the thing, or whether you are so certain of your movements as to be safely available if you do care.

But it has come into my head in casting about for somebody of your build and look, for a certain Sea-Captain who has some six lines to speak, and a little that is picturesque and requires care, to do in action, that you might like to be in the interest of the getting-up. Therefore I mention it to you first of all. Do exactly as you feel inclined, for I shall have no difficulty in finding this Captain's representative anyhow.[†2]

I will tell you all about it whenever you like. The preparations are tremendous, and the arrangements will be of stupefying grandeur.

With love to Helen[†3] and all the children,[†4] in which all here join,

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MARK LEMON, 11 OCTOBER 1856

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1909; *MS* 1 p., with envelope; addressed Mark Lemon; dated 11 Oct 56.

Relating to platform and covering.[†5]

To THOMAS BEARD, 14 OCTOBER 1856

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Fourteenth October | 1856.

My Dear Beard

I will write to poor old Guy,[†6] telling him (Heaven save the mark, it is true!) that I

have no influence with the Barnacles.[†1] Between ourselves, I think it hardly a case with a literary claim.

Let me know when you are able to walk.

Kindest regard from all. | Ever Faithfully

CD

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 14 OCTOBER 1856

Text in Walter M. Hill catalogue, Dec 1901; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, Tuesday, 14 Oct 56.

Sir

In reply to your letter I beg to inform you that my son resided with Professor Müller[†2] in order that his general life might be well looked after, and that that gentleman might superintend the classical part of his studies. German, of course, was the language of the house. For such other branches of knowledge as he devoted himself to in Germany he had masters who read with him at Professor Müller's. I was in all respects well satisfied. The Professor looked sharply after him, wrote to me from time to time, and did his duty conscientiously. My boy considered him "a Dragon in respect of his ardour for work", &c &c

I am Sir, your faithful servant,

CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 15 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday October Fifteenth | 1856.

My Dear Henry.

If you will like to be in the "Lark", I want to offer you a responsible post (of the most awful importance, or everybody will be fainting away) in the Christmas Theatre. Said Post is to see it thoroughly ventilated, according to the state of the weather &c as the performances go on, each night. Without a judicious and practised head, it can never be done in the winter time. And I should greatly like to shew you the available means for the purpose, now that the Carpenters are at work.

Of course the mysteries of the Coulisses[†3] are open to so distinguished an officer — and his wife. We read the New Play (a very fine one, I think) to the Company, next Monday evening at a quarter before 8. Will you come, and bring Letitia? I can warrant your finding it very interesting.

(The sounds in the house are like Chatham Dockyard — or the building of Noah's Ark.)

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 15 OCTOBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth October 1856

My Dear Collins

Will you read Turning the Tables[†1] (in my old Promptbook)[†2] enclosed, and let me know whether you care to play Edgar de Courcy.[†3] There is very good business in it with Humphreys[†4] (Mark). My great difficulty is Patty Larkins.[†5]

Send me back the book, when you answer.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

I wish Berger[†6] were — a little farther. Hogarth says, that some of the best people out of the Queen's Private Band[†7] would have been charmed to play for nothing, and would have esteemed it a privilege to take all manner of pains; but that of course they can't be put under said B.

P.P.S. Here is Animal Magnetism[†8] to read too. Will you get another copy for yourself at some theatrical shop? We play it in two Acts.[†9]

To ALFRED DICKENS, [15 OCTOBER 1856]

Envelope only, MS Mr B. G. Meakin. *Date:* PM 15 Oct 56. *Address:* Alfred Dickens Esquire | 2 St John's Villas | Hampstead Road.

To FRANK STONE, 15 OCTOBER 1856

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Fifteenth October | 1856.

My Dear Stone.

The Play is so difficult and will give us all so much to do (not mentioning the Manager), that Mark and I, on solemn Council holden, resolve to abandon the idea of a New Farce.[†10] Therefore, for two nights, do your old friend Knibbs[†11] instead!

Ever affecy.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 OCTOBER 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday October Fifteenth | 1856.

My Dear Wills

Will you and Mrs. Wills come to the reading of the Play, next Monday Evening at a quarter before 8. Stanfield has not returned yet; but there is so much to do with it that I think it best not to wait for him, so far as the Dram: Pers: is concerned.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN,[†1] 17 OCTOBER 1856

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Apr 1916; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 17 Oct 56; addressed the Rev. W. Elwin.

You shall have due reminder of Twelfth Night. Already the clink of hammers gives awful note of preparation,[†2] and in the evening hours my elder children go through fearful drill under their rugged parent. It not only unites us in a pleasant amusement, but it is a wonderful discipline in punctuality, perseverance and ingenuity. One of these days I may read at Norwich, when there are no Little Dorrits, and no plays holding on round my neck.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 OCTOBER 1856]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 628. *Date:* 18 Oct 56, according to Forster.

In the difficulty of obtaining more space for audience as well as actors he applied to Mr Cooke[†3] *of Astley's.* One of the finest things I have ever seen in my life of that kind was the arrival of my friend Mr. Cooke one morning this week, in an open phaeton drawn by two white ponies with black spots all over them (evidently stencilled), who came in at the gate with a little jolt and a rattle, exactly as they come into the Ring when they draw anything, and went round and round the centre bed of the front court, apparently looking for the clown. A multitude of boys who felt them to be no common ponies rushed up in a breathless state — twined themselves like ivy about the railings — and were only deterred from storming the enclosure by the glare of the Inimitable's eye. Some of these boys had evidently followed from Astley's. I grieve to add that my friend, being taken to the point of difficulty, had no sort of suggestion in him; no gleam of an idea; and might just as well have been the popular minister from the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road.[†4] All he could say was — answering me, posed in the garden, precisely as if I were the clown asking him a riddle at night — that two of their stable tents would be home in November, and that

they were "20 foot square," and I was heartily welcome to 'em. Also, he said, "You might have half a dozen of my trapezes, or my middle-distance tables,[†1] but they're 6 foot and all too low sir." Since then, I have arranged to do it in my own way, and with my own carpenter. You will be surprised by the look of the place. It is no more like the schoolroom than it is like the sign of the Salutation Inn at Ambleside in Westmoreland.[†2] The sounds in the house remind me, as to the present time, of Chatham dockyard — as to a remote epoch, of the building of Noah's ark. Joiners are never out of the house, and the carpenter appears to be unsettled (or settled) for life.

To MARK LEMON, 18 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eighteenth October | 1856.

My Dear Mark

Sorry you can't come tomorrow.

As to asking Telbin[†3] to the Reading on Monday, I have a lingering doubt whether Stanny (you know him to be a little touchy where his strong affection is concerned), might not wince at another Painter's knowing the Play before he did!! — Don't you feel this?

What I would say to Telbin therefore, is, "would he and Grieve[†4] paint me a little set of a room in a country house with a backing of Landscape outside the window, for the new piece with which we are taking great pains, and in which Stanny is going to do wonders?[†5] If yes and they would like to hear the piece read, I will make an appointment when Stanny returns, for that purpose."

We will settle about Cooke[†6] on Monday Evening.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To ARTHUR RYLAND,[†1] 18 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House, London
Saturday Eighteenth October | 1856.

My Dear Sir

This Christmas I can read nowhere — partly, because of the weight of my own avocations while I have Little Dorrit in progress; partly, because we are going to produce a new play here on Twelfth Night, which has already become the occupation of spare time in the evenings, and which would be quite irreconcileable with my absence from home at that time of year. In reference to which Play, Mrs. Dickens begs me to say that if there should be any probability as the time approaches, of your and Mrs. Ryland's being in town on any one of the four nights when we propose to play it, it would afford us cordial pleasure to see you both. In any case she will not fail, she says, to write upon the subject bye and bye.

I hope we may manage a Reading at Birmingham after Little Dorrit's fortunes shall be closed. I will not lose sight of that agreeable expectation, and will beg Mr. Wills to communicate with you when I find myself with some leisure again. Your account of your Institution is particularly interesting to me.[†2]

You will be glad to hear that Charley gets on very well indeed, in Baring's House. He has already raised himself, and has been much commended for his business qualities and attention

He, Mrs. Dickens, her sister, and all my house, unite in kindest regard to yourself and your house.
Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 19 OCTOBER 1856

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Nineteenth October | 1856

My Dear Mark

I doubt if there be anything in this book, to make a good little Poem of,[†3] unless it depended for its merit, mainly on its manner. It is a common tale of chivalry, with all the usual things in it. Some of the incidents asserted in the Preface to be discernible in Don Quixote, were really taken, I don't doubt, from this Romance; but others were not — The only novelty I see in it, is the people falling foul of any

questioner who asks them what in Heaven's name they are howling about, when they fall into those periodical fits of grief. But this is so very poorly accounted for, that I don't think it comes to anything.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS HORNE, 20 OCTOBER 1856

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Twentieth October 1856.

My Dear Mrs. Horne.

I answer your note by return of Post, in order that you may know that the Stereoscopic Nottage[†1] has not written to me yet.[†2] Of course I will not lose a moment in replying to him when he does address me.

We shall all be greatly pleased to see you again. You have been very, very often in our thoughts and on our lips, during this long interval.

And "*She*" is near you, is she? O I remember her well! And I am still of my old opinion! Passionately devoted to her sex as I am (they are the weakness of my existence), I still consider her a failure. She had some extraordinary Christian Name which I forget. Lashed into verse by my feelings, I am inclined to write —

My heart disowns
Ophelia Jones;

— only I think it was a more sounding name.

Are these the Tones, —
Volumnia Jones?

No, again it seems doubtful.

God bless her bones
Petronia Jones!

I think not.

Carve I on stones,
Olympia Jones?

— can *that* be the name? Fond memory[†3] favors it more than any other.[†4] My love to her.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Horne | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. MRS WATSON, 20 OCTOBER 1856*

MS New York Public Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Twentieth October 1856.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I greatly regret that I am quite unable to make any promise to read for the Northampton people. This Christmas coming, I have excused myself from reading anywhere: having as much to do, as I can reasonably perform. Next Christmas following, if all go well, the task from selecting from conditional promises, will be very difficult, and will leave me still with a long list of claims. Bristol, Birmingham,

and Edinburgh disposed of, I have then the most urgent appeals (now growing old) from various places in Lancashire, in Yorkshire, in Ireland, in Scotland, away in the Eastern Counties, and Heaven knows where not.[†1] Things have come to such a pass in this connexion, that I am positively afraid to think of putting down a new name or faintly hinting at a remote period when I may be disengaged.

I write thus shortly, in order that I may write at once, and help you to a complete clearance of your conscience.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Watson | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 21 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty First October | 1856.

My Dear Wills.

Here is this unfortunate French! — come to me this morning, after having been considerably battledored about Whitefriars for a week or two, to say (which he might have known at first) that B and E have nothing for him to do that he is fit for. Will you see Peter[†2] in his Newcastle Street Retreat,[†3] and ask him whether there is anything in connexion with the Manchester scheme,[†4] in which he can get employment? I don't like to trouble Cunningham with a direct letter, as he has recently taken pains in behalf of Johnson.[†5] French has a very fair business capacity and a good address, can write and keep plain accounts correctly, and has a fair smattering of French — enough to get on easily, with any one. The immense difficulty in his way, is, his being ruptured and unable to do work in the way of lifting and carrying, and going up and down stairs. Otherwise he would be in no need.

Miss Coutts's letters have arrived this morning. I will bring them with me before dinner-time tomorrow.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 OCTOBER 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Star Hotel | Oxford.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Second October | 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

The letters are all in train of enquiry; and your desire to avoid the association of your name with them, will, of course, be strictly observed.

I will make an appointment with Mr. Bentley,[†1] immediately; and he shall make a Report in writing of what is necessary to be done to Rogers's[†2] pictures. Mr. Stanfield has not returned yet; but, it is pretty clear that we don't want him.

Will you read the enclosed from Cooper, and let me know by return whether I shall say Yes. On considering the matter and balancing the reasons for and against, I do not doubt that it is advisable for all parties, that she should be received;[†3] but I would like to be fortified by your approval.

With kind regards to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To L. J. NATHAN,[†4] 24 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Fourth October | 1856

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to let Mr. Nathan know that Mr. Lemon and himself will call upon him tomorrow (Saturday) evening between 7 and 8, to have a word with him about the dresses for the new play.

To FRANK STONE, 24 OCTOBER 1856*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth October 1856 | Friday

My Dear Stone

Thanks for your note. I can easily manage it; there being abundance of people. I write shortly, having been writing my head off[†5] — or rather, round and round like a Harlequin's — all day.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 26 OCTOBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House
Sunday Night | Twenty Sixth October 1856.

My Dear Collins. Will you tell Pigott of the Rehearsal Arrangements, when that Ancient Mariner[†1] turns up?

Will you dine at our H. W. Audit dinner, on Tuesday the 4th. of November at 1/2 past 5?[†2]

Will you come and see the ladies, in the rough,[†3] next Thursday at 1/2 past 7?—

Though mayhap you may come here before, for you will be glad to know that Stanfield arrived from Holyhead,[†4] at Midnight last night, and sent a Dispatch down here the first thing this morning, proposing to fall-to, tomorrow. I have appointed him to be here at from 3 to 1/2 past, tomorrow (Monday) afternoon to hear the Play — to dine at 1/2 past 5 — and to go into the Theatre after dinner and settle his whole plans for the Carpenters. If you can come at the first of these times, or the second, or the third, it will be well. I have had an interview with the Nathans, and primed them. I begin with the mazy Berger, tomorrow night. I have found a very good farce (with character parts for all) in lieu of Turning the tables.[†5] On the whole, have not been idle.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Took 20 miles to day, and got up all Richard's[†6] words — to the great terrors of Finchley, Neasdon, Willesden,[†7] and the adjacent country.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 27 OCTOBER 1856*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House
Monday Twenty Seventh October | 1856.

My Dear Tracey

I am so exceedingly sorry to have missed you again.

Is there any chance of your being in town on Tuesday the 4th. November, and able to dine at the Household Words Office at 1/2 past 5 sharp? It is our half yearly Audit Day, when we close the examination of the accounts with something to eat.

My kind regard to Henry.[†1]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 28 OCTOBER 1856

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current*, V, 1919-21; *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Edward Chapman; dated Tavistock House, 28 Oct 56.

The Oliver Twist as usual.[†2] Bradbury and Evans have nothing to do with the cheap edition of the Christmas Books[†3] that I know of.... When I considered the idea of publishing the 8vo books in two volumes each, on a former occasion,[†4] I did not think it a desirable one.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 OCTOBER 1856†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Veale's Royal Hotel | Teignmouth | Devon.

Tavistock House | Thursday Thirtieth October 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have seen Mr. Bentley (a very respectable grey-haired, high-dried little man, compounded of a Master of the Ceremonies in former years, a Collector of Assessed Taxes, a highly trustworthy Book-keeper, and a Parish Clerk of five and thirty years standing), and I have this day received from him the enclosed letter.[†5]

He cannot say what his doings will cost, but he observes that of course they will be charged as such things are charged to Mr. Baring, the National Gallery, and everybody else. His having the pictures at home, is indispensable. He does not expect the work to be difficult. He can restore all the frames, and re-gild them. There is no doubt at all of his reliability.

I did not mention to him your wish that your bidder should be employed in their removal, because I perceived him to be a man so much trusted and so thoroughly accustomed to do his own work completely, that I thought it desirable to be avoided. I mistrust collision in such case; none the less because Mr. Bentley himself bid for most of these very pictures, having commissions to that effect from Thomas Baring and others.

Everything that needs to be done, can be done and is to be done, before the Manchester Exhibition gets into form. And I now only await your authority to let him

take the pictures away. Will you write by return? If you still wish your man to be suggested, of course I can do it, and (I hope) with all due discretion. But I myself would leave that alone.

The very curious Old Bailey case to which one of those letters referred, was truly stated.[†1] It being ante-dated some time (meaning as to its receipt by me from you), the Sessions coming on, and time pressing, Mr. Wills asked me what I thought he had best do at once? I told him, engage a respectable Counsel to defend the man, and go to legal expences within ten pounds for that purpose. There is no trace of you in the matter.[†2]

I found the Home going on very well the other day, and both Mrs. Marchmont and Mrs. Macartney[†3] tremendously cast down by your having had occasion for blame. They really seem so sorry and depressed, and it is so necessary that they should have self-reliance and a sustaining pride in what they do, that I comforted them with what majestic consolation I felt it Ministerial to impart. I think if you would

deem it right, gradually to soften down the frequency of Mrs. Engelbach's[†4] visits, it would set them up and reassure them more than anything else. They have a notion that they have waned in your confidence.

I have been, and am, so busy that my head simmers — occasionally approaches boiling point. Therefore I will only add my love to Mrs. Brown.

One thing I have forgotten. Charley is in great glory, and much surveyed and admired in "the House", by reason of his being on a week's visit to Mr. Bates at Sheen:[†5] going down with him every night, and coming up every morning.

I enclose Thomas Baring's letter agreeably to your wish.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To JAMES GRESHAM,[†6] 31 OCTOBER 1856†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House, London | Thirty First October 1856.

Dear Sir

My opinions on the subject of Public Executions were expressed in two letters addressed to the Editor of the Times Newspaper,[†7] immediately after the execution of the Mannings, husband and wife.[†8] I am far too busy to repeat them here; but it is the less necessary, by reason of their having undergone no kind of modification.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

James Gresham Esquire

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 31 OCTOBER 1856*

MS University of Texas.

H. M. S. Tavistock | Port of London
Thirty First October 1856.

My Dear Commodore

I was out on Sunday, on a twenty mile cruise, getting a dramatic code of Signals up for that ould Salt, Stanfield.

Whenever you come aboard, you shall have the best bottle of wine in the locker, and the best Irish stew in the Caboose.[†1]

So no more at present from Yours Ever, in whatsoever waters,

Harry Bluff.[†2]

November

To WILKIE COLLINS, 1 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House
Saturday Evening First November | 1856.

My Dear Collins

Forster came here yesterday afternoon to ask me if he might read the Play, and I lent it to him. This afternoon I get the enclosed from him

(which please to read at this point.)

You know that I don't agree with him as to the Nurse[†3] — [†a]and indeed I have no doubt his demur is founded on his seeing that it requires more Stage Go than our dear Janet[†4] possesses.[†a] But I think his suggestion that the going away of the women might be suggested at the Close of the First Act as a preparation for the last, an excellent one.[†5] Will you think of it? By an alteration that we could make in a quarter of an hour it might be done, and moreover — this suggestion upon a suggestion arises in my mind — it might be made the Nurse's position in the Play that her blood-red Second Sight *is the first occasion of their going away at all.*[†6] [Forster does not clearly understand the circumstances of their going; but never mind that.]

His notion that Clara tells too much,[†7] has been strong in my mind since I first got that Act in Rehearsal. But, doubtful whether it might not unconsciously arise in me from a paternal interest in my own part, I had, as yet, said nothing about it; the rather as I had not yet seen the Second Act on the stage.

Stanfield wants to cancel the chair altogether, and to substitute a piece of rock on the ground, composing with the Cavern. That, I take it, is clearly an improvement.

He has a happy idea of painting the ship which is to take them back, ready for sailing, on the sea.[†1]

Nothing would induce Telbin, yesterday, to explain what he was going to do, before Stanfield; and nothing would induce Stanfield to explain what *he* was going to do, before Telbin. But they had every inch and curve and line in that bow, accurately measured by the Carpenters, and each requested to have a drawing of the whole made to scale. Then each said that he would make his model in cardboard, and see what I "thought of it". I have no doubt the thing will be as well done as it can be.

Will you dine with us at 5 on Monday before Rehearsal. We can then talk over Forster's points? If you are disengaged on Wednesday, shall we breathe some fresh air in dilution of Tuesday's

"alcohol",[†2] and walk through the fallen leaves in Cobham Park? I can then explain how I think you can get your division of the Christmas No. very originally and naturally. It came into my head to day.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. I re-open this, to say that I find from Wills that next Tuesday being the Audit Day at all, is his mistake. It is Tuesday *Week*. Therefore, if Tuesday is a fine day, shall we go out then?

To PROFESSOR GEORGE WILSON,[†3] 4 NOVEMBER 1856*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House, London | Fourth November, 1856.

My Dear Sir

I am truly honored by your kind remembrance in having sent me the Five Gateways of Knowledge,[†4] and I beg to assure you that I have read that charming little book with the highest interest and gratification. Wise, elegant, eloquent, and perfectly unaffected, it has delighted me. I should find it very difficult indeed to tell you, to my own satisfaction, how unusually it has pleased me.

Accept my cordial thanks.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Professor George Wilson

To MRS AUSTIN,[†1] 5 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Fifth November 1856.

My Dear Mrs Austin

I have not seen anything of your Protegée, and I humbly hope she will not come to me. If she should, I shall entreat her to excuse me from hearing her; firstly, because, from simply hearing her in a room, I could form no opinion worth giving or having, of her powers as an actress; secondly, because I shrink with horror from the idea of sending any one to a Manager, and throwing any fresh ingredient into the sooty soup of theatrical difficulties and jealousies.

I thoroughly agree in all you say of the Drama. It has been my constant effort for years past to shew in many ways that an amusement so wholesome and humanizing is more needed by an over-worked, over-driven, over-repressed, over-lectured, over-bothered People, than all the Blue Book writing and Didactic speechifying whereof my soul is sick, and wherewith my liver (in the Persian idiom) is turned upside down.[†2]

I wish you would come, in the holidays of this next Christmas, and see a New Play here. I think it will be very pretty, and I know it will have some specialities which can be seen nowhere else. We will write to Lady Gordon,[†3] and give her more than a month's notice of the great event.

My Dear Mrs Austin

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To HABLOT K. BROWNE, 8 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eighth November, 1856.

My Dear Browne.

All right. Please keep Clennam, always, as agreeable and well-looking as possible.[†4] He is very good in the Flintwinch scene here.[†5] Mrs. Clennam's expression, capital.[†6]

Letterings below.[†7]

Ever Faithfully CD.[†8]

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 8 NOVEMBER 1856

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eighth November 1856.

My Dearest Catherine

I must make very short work of this letter, for I have been writing hard all day (being now engaged on the Xmas No. of Household Words) and only leave off as the darkness begins.

The Rehearsal came off last night, and the progress was satisfactory. Especially, considering that Lemon had the Rheumatism in his jaw, and that Berger had such a cold as to be wrapped up like a Stage Coachman, and screened in with the Print-Screen.[†1]

The only two bits of news, are, that the Half year's balance of Household Words is very indifferent indeed,[†2] and that I don't think the Cook will do. She seems too sulky a woman to tolerate in a house where the other servants deserve anything but mortification of spirit.

Shrieks of amazement and delight today, proclaimed the return of Cobbler, looking wonderfully fat and well. Immediately afterwards, he ran away again — and then it was discovered that it was not Cobbler at all, but a dog very like him, belonging to the Adelphi Theatre, who had come up with a Carpenter.

My best love to dear Macready, and Miss Macready, and Katie, and the dear little girls, and Henry my godson, and Johnny. Tell Macready that if he doesn't come to the Play, I shall join the Tory ranks in Politics immediately afterwards, and become one of whatsoever religious denomination most requires me, in the words of Miggs "to hate and despise my feller creeters, as every practicable Christian should."[†3] Tell him I have not yet settled the exact church I shall favor, there being so many of this kind.

All well, and all send loves. I went over Forster's house a day or two ago, which is very pretty indeed, and very excellently done.[†4]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To [?B. H.] BECKER,[†5] 9 NOVEMBER 1856

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2029 (1926); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 9 Nov 56.

Mr. Charles Dickens ... begs to say that he has referred Mr. Becker's note to the Author of Sister Rose;[†6] in doing which his power of interference in the matter to which it refers, ends.

To WILLIAM TELBIN, 10 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House
Monday Evening Tenth November | 1856.

My Dear Sir

I am very much indebted to you for your kind letter, and look forward with the greatest interest and pleasure to seeing your scene.

It happens that I was within five minutes of writing to you when your letter came. With the view of securing the large audience we shall have, distributed over the four nights of performance, before out of town Christmas engagements are settled, we are going to give them so much notice that it is necessary to get the bills and invitations &c in hand.

So the questions, are:
First, am I to call the Scenery of the First Act by you *and Grieve?* Or by you, only? I presume the latter.[†1]

Secondly, will you let me know (when you have thought of it), the names and addresses of any friends you would wish to have asked to see the play? It will then give Mrs. Dickens the greatest pleasure to send them regular invitations.

Thirdly, what colored drugget would you prefer on the ground in the chamber. Red (which always tells), or green, or brown? The furniture being showy, I think the drugget should have no pattern on it.

The men have begun putting up the outer room, and Stanfield is in ecstacies at its proportions. He swelled just now, with his great intentions.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Telbin Esquire

To MRS BROWN, 11 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs Brown | Royal Hotel | Teignmouth | Devon.

Tavistock House | Eleventh November, 1856. | Tuesday

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

A hurried reply to yours. After considering the point with my utmost care and attention, I do not see anything to object to in it. The case they put,[†2] is on the whole a reasonable one, which you yourself would wish to guard against.[†3] I have therefore this morning sent your letter on to Mr. Ouvry. His letters to you, I return.

I am hard at the Christmas No. of Household Words — a shipwreck story.

With affectionate regard to Miss Coutts

Ever Faithfully and truly
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 13 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Evg. 13th. Novr. 1856

My Dear Wills.

Yes, to the Christmas Carol.[†1] — No, to the Song of the Stars.

I am glad you like the Wreck — though you have not seen all of it, I think. I find the Narrative too strong (speaking as a reader of it; not as its writer) to be broken by the stories. I have therefore devised with Collins for getting the stories in between his Narrative and mine, and breaking neither.[†2]

I never wrote anything more easily, or I think with greater interest and stronger belief.

The almanack[†3] I returned to the Printer tonight. I chose the longer quotation, because the quotation without the Sun seems to want its source of Life.[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 14 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Fourteenth Novr. | 1856.

My Dear Collins

I could not send you the books[†5] before I went out this morning for a 12 miler, the collection being curiously spare in pick-up cases,[†6] and it being a work of time to find them.

Will you exchange proofs of the Captain[†7] with me. The proofs you have, have markings of mine upon them which will be useful to me in correcting. You can bring me those when you come tonight.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 14 NOVEMBER 1856*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Fourteenth November | 1856.

My Dear Mac

Stanny, seeing my big brown Punch Jug t'other night (a genuine old article), said, with his face shining before the Lord, that it was just the thing you wanted to paint.[†1] Is my young man right, and shall I send it to you? If you were to see my young man perpetually painting here for the Christmas Play, in the midst of 70 paint pots and a cauldron of boiling size, you would never forget the spectacle.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 15 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Apsley House Hotel | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fifteenth November | 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I return Derry.[†2] I have no doubt it's a capital article, but it's a mortal dull color. Color these people always want, and color (as allied to fancy), I would always give them.[†3] In these cast-iron and mechanical

days, I think even such a garnish to the dish of their monotonous and hard lives, of unspeakable importance. One color, and that of the earth earthy, is too much with them early and late. Derry might just as well break out into a stripe, or put forth a bud, or even burst into a full blown flower. Who is Derry that he is to make quakers of us all, whether we will or no!

You will immediately hear from Mr. Wills, with all the information you want, drawn fresh from the fountain head.

At Shepherd's Bush on Wednesday, all were in excellent order. Mr. Dyer and I represented the august Committee. It was very pleasant to see Louisa Cooper, nicely dressed and looking very well to do, sitting with Mrs. Macartney in the Long Room. She brought me for a present,[†4] the most hideous Ostrich's Egg ever laid — wrought all over with frightful devices, the most tasteful of which represents Queen Victoria (with her crown on) standing on the top of a Church, receiving professions of affection from a British Seaman.

How long are you going to stay in Devonshire? And don't you mean to come to town at Christmas Time? I always want to know, and you never will tell me.

With kind regard to Mrs. Brown,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I re-open this to say that I have just received the enclosed from Mr. Macready, who is very anxious indeed that you should have it. Would you like Mr. Wills to see the boy,[†1] and give him a suit of clothes?

To W. H. WILLS, 19 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth November 1856.

My Dear Wills

On the lists being added up, I find that we can still (as I hope), book some more names. I have therefore put down Mr. Payn. And if you have any names to suggest, now is the time.[†2]

Of course if you have any at any time, wherein you may be interested or not, you will let me know what they are. But this is the time at which such lines have the best chance of falling into pleasant places.[†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To GEORGE BRACE,[†4] 20 NOVEMBER 1856*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twentieth November | 1856.

Sir
In reply to your letter of yesterday's date, I beg to assure you that I would immediately appoint a time for receiving a Deputation from your Society,[†5] or its President, but that I am convinced I should occasion them useless trouble by doing so. No doubt the visit would refer to some public function the Society does me the honor to wish me to discharge. I am bound therefore to let you know at once, that my own avocations at present demand so much of my time and attention, as to oblige me to forego all public engagements without any exception, until after next Midsummer.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Brace Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 20 NOVEMBER 1856*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twentieth November, 1856.

My Dear Stone

I hear you were in, this morning. I have been restraining my impatience to ask you to come and see the Theatre, until it should be finished. Now you *have* seen it, I should like to explain to you all that it is going to be. I want to make it something that shall never be seen again.

Will you come in after 8 this evening?

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 21 NOVEMBER 1856*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty First November 1856.

My Dear Stone

If you are disengaged, come to the Rehearsal tonight. If not disengaged tonight, say Monday.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To [CHARLES] LEE,[†1] 22 NOVEMBER 1856

Extract in N, II, 812.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
22nd November 1856

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Lee and begs to thank him for the ticket for the dinner at the North Surrey Industrial Schools.[†2]

Should Mr. Dickens have an opportunity of going over the establishment, he will have the pleasure of accepting Mr. Lee's kind offer to accompany him.

To [?WILLIAM BRADBURY],[†1] 24 NOVEMBER 1856*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty Fourth November | 1856.

My Dear Sir

I received a note from you yesterday, about the Little Dorrit Proofs.[†2]

I have not got them. Mr. Forster tells me he has returned them to Whitefriars; but I have not yet had the Revise. If you will send me the Revise, your messenger may wait to bring it back to you again. I have only two very slight alterations to make in it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 24 NOVEMBER 1856*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House
Monday Night | Twenty Fourth November | 1856.

My Dear Wills.

I forgot, in the tremendous hurry and storm of to night, to ask you if you can be here for a little while on Wednesday from a quarter before Four.

The Fire Insurance Office are going to send an Inspector that day "between 4 and 5",[†3] and it is so much better that he should be attended over the "Works" by some one who is not the Principal. I will tell you beforehand, the points I wish him to understand.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 26 NOVEMBER 1856*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Twenty Sixth November 1856.

My Dear Stone

I have put you down on the List — *two places on each of the Four Nights,* which I hope will answer your purpose well. There will always be a good lounging-place by the door, besides, with a good view.

We are getting on. But the amount of Carpenter's Work, through having to make the Scenes in small pieces, is quite extraordinary.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To THE SECRETARY OF THE EAGLE INSURANCE OFFICE, [27 NOVEMBER 1856]

Mention in *To* Mitton, 3 Dec 56. *Date:* no doubt the same day that he received the Secretary's letter, 27 Nov (see *To* Wills, 24 Nov and *To* Mitton, 3 Dec).

To MESSRS WILLIAMS & NORGATE,[†1] [27 NOVEMBER 1856]

MS (envelope) Mr John Brancher. *Address:* Messrs. Williams and Norgate | 14 Henrietta Street | Covent Garden. PM 27 Nov 56.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 29 NOVEMBER 1856

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House

Saturday Twenty Ninth November | 1856

My Dear B and E.

You have made a most fatal mistake, which puts me in greater concern than I can possibly describe. You have omitted a correction of mine in the Revise of No XIII, of the last importance. It is a reference certain to be mischievously perverted, and used against me. I wrote it in the text, more as a joke which Forster shewed me in the Proofs than for any other purpose. I knew he would see that it was unsafe, and he came here directly to ask me to take it out. The moment I saw him, I said "I know what it is; I have already taken it out in my mind". How is it possible for me ever to explain that the grossest carelessness at the Printers', and their placing me in the damned absurd position of making corrections which are pitched into the fire, occasions its going forth? The passage is at page 404, 4 lines from the bottom, where I most carefully took out from the revise a reference to "baptismal water on the brain".[†2] If it were not too late, I would suppress the whole issue.[†3] I never was so vexed in my life.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

December

To THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 1 DECEMBER 1856

MS Devonshire Collections, Chatsworth.

Tavistock House | First December, 1856

My Dear Duke of Devonshire

The moment the first bill is printed for the first night of the New Play I told you of,[†1] I send it to you, in the hope that you will grace it with your presence. There is not one of the old actors whom you will fail to inspire as no one else can. And I hope you will see a little result of a friendly union of the Arts, that you may think worth seeing, and that you can see nowhere else.

We purpose repeating it on Thursday the 8th. Monday the 12th. and Wednesday the 14th. of January. I do not encumber this note with so many bills, and merely mention those nights in case any one of them should be more convenient to you than the first.

But I shall hope for the first, unless you dash me. (N.B. I put Flora into the current No.[†2] on purpose that this might catch you, softened towards me and at a disadvantage.)

If there is hope of your coming, I will have the Play clearly copied, and will send it to you to read beforehand. With the most grateful remembrances and the sincerest good wishes for your health and happiness,[†3]

I am Ever | My Dear Duke of Devonshire | Your faithful and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Duke of Devonshire

To WILLIAM TELBIN, 2 DECEMBER 1856

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night | Second December, 1856

My Dear Mr Telbin

I send you our bills for all the nights; and I am sure I need not tell you what pleasure it will give us all to see you, both before and behind the curtain, throughout the prodigiously long season.

Before you receive this, you will probably have received all the remaining pieces of your scene;[†4] for at this moment they are all completed and lying on the stage. I had a pair of wings made for the back, outside the windows, and canvassed on both sides, so that they might be used both by you and Stanfield.[†5] Now, Stanfield, finding

that they made a disagreeable shadow and did not screen in well after all, has set them flat against the wall and made them out with unframed canvass so as to cover the whole distance within sight. As he has only painted them sky and sea, I hope you will find when you come to look at the stage again that they will screen in — at all events with a little masking — sufficiently for your set.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Telbin Esquire

To THE LORD CAMPBELL,[†1] 3 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Brigadier Lord Stratheden and Campbell.

Tavistock House | Third December, 1856.

My Dear Lord

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your letter, which has gratified me beyond expression. Mrs. Dickens addresses a note to Lady Stratheden[†2] in leaving this: and we shall look for Lady Stratheden, your daughter,[†3] and yourself, on the 14th. with the greatest interest and pleasure.

My Dear Lord | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Campbell.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Third December 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I received your note this morning, and will go over the little MS[†4] tomorrow, and return it by post tomorrow night.

In the meantime I *must* send you the enclosed to read, because I feel sure you will be pleased with it. Will you kindly return it, for the family archives?[†5]

With kind love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CD.

Over

Have you disposed of your votes for the Medical officer of "The St. George's and St. James's Dispensary, King Street, Regent Street"?[†6] If not, will you give them to me.

To THOMAS MITTON,[†1] 3 DECEMBER 1856

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Third December | 1856.

My Dear Mitton

The Inspector from the Fire Office[†2] — Surveyer, by the bye, they called him — duly came. Wills described him as not very pleasant in his manners. I derived the impression that he was so exceedingly dry, that if *he* ever takes fire, he must burn out, and can never otherwise be extinguished.

Next day, I received a letter from the Secretary, to say that the said Surveyer had reported great additional risk from Fire, and that the Dirctors, "at their meeting next Tuesday", would settle the Extra amount of Premium to be paid.

Thereupon, I thought the matter was becoming complicated, and wrote a common-sense note to the Secretary, (which I begged might be read to the Directors), saying that I was quite prepared to pay any extra Premium, but setting forth the plain state of the case. (I did not say that the Lord Chief Justice, the Chief Baron, and half the Bench were coming:[†3] though I felt a temptation to make a joke about burning them all).

Finally, this morning comes up the Secretary to me (yesterday having been the great Tuesday), and says that he is requested by the Directors to present their compliments, and to say that they could not think of charging for any additional risk at all: feeling convinced that I would place the gas (which they considered to be the only danger) under the charge of one competent man. I then explained to him how carefully and systematically that was all arranged, and we parted with drums beating and colors flying on both sides.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 DECEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fourth December | 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have gone over the additional MS, and hope I have made it quite plain. I enclose my draft.[†4] You will observe at the bottom of page 2, that I have used this expression:

— "distinctly shewing how much a workman receiving so much pr. week at so many years of age, *could, by properly investing a steady saving from it, accumulate in five years.*" — This I suppose to be the effect of the calculation referred to?[†1]

Enclosed, you will also find the Christmas No. I am the Captain of the Golden Mary; Mr. Collins is the Mate. We are out very early,[†2] as I want it to get all over England Ireland and Scotland, a good fortnight before Christmas Day.

With love to Mrs. Brown | Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

It is freezing, thawing, and snivelling. It is also densely foggy. Nobody can stand in the streets, and nobody can quite fall. Mr. Stanfield, after undergoing unspeakable perils in the passage from Hampstead, is being held on a board fixed between two tall ladders (on account of Rheumatism, held) by two Carpenters. It is exactly like a Coat of Arms.

To JAMES DUNN,[†3] 4 DECEMBER 1856

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop.

Tavistock House, London | Fourth December, 1856.

Sir.

I do not like to leave your letter without an answer under my own hand, though I have no satisfactory reply to give at present. The book[†4] has been an expensive one to print, and has but very modestly repaid me for the time devoted to its composition. Being stereotyped too, it would involve some sacrifice to alter its form;[†5] and it could not be cheaply issued in its present form. These considerations make me doubt the practicability, in any reason, of reducing its price until a time shall have elapsed.[†6] But I am exceedingly desirous that it should be as useful as possible, and should be

suggestive to the large class whom you so well represent. I will therefore consult my publishers on the subject, and keep your representation steadily in my mind.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. James Dunn.

To HERBERT FRY, 4 DECEMBER 1856*

MS National Portrait Gallery.

Tavistock House | Fourth December, 1856.

Dear Sir

I regret that I cannot comply with the request you do me the favor to prefer.[†1] My wish is, to avoid sittings at all, for any sort of portrait; but if it should fall out that I cannot have my wish, I am already under conditional promises enough in the Photographic way, to haunt mankind with my countenance.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Herbert Fry Esquire

To HABLOT K. BROWNE, 6 DECEMBER 1856

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Saturday Sixth December 1856.

My Dear Browne

Don't have Lord Decimus's hand put out, because that looks condescending; and I want him to be upright, stiff, unmixable with mere mortality.[†2]

Mrs. Plornish is too old, and Cavalletto a leetle bit too furious and wanting in stealthiness.[†3]

Faithfully Always
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Sixth December | 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I return the Scraps.[†1] Wherever, in my proposed emendations I have made a cabalistic mark, the Printer will understand it. The last slip I have re-written — all but the last sentence — which I

can not[†2]

(Beast that I am!) make out. I therefore send both the original of that slip, and the transcript: that you may supply my shortcoming.

The letter I would print, omitting your name, and also the autograph. He merely means by that odd expression, that the poor man was anxious you should have his grateful testimony *under his own hand.*[†3]

I write very hastily at the end of the day, to save the post.

With love to Mrs. Brown | Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MESSRS JUSTERINI & BROOKS,[†4]
8 DECEMBER 1856

MS (in Wills's hand) Professor Harry Stone.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
8 December 1856

Mr. Charles Dickens would feel obliged to Messrs. Justerini and Brooks, if they would send *immediately* to his house, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square One dozen of the best Gin.

The bearer will pay for it.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 DECEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Ninth December, 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you the last Addition enclosed.[†5] I omitted to say the other day that I

thoroughly agree with you on that point of sending girls to school. There is a vast deal of Kayshuttleworthian nonsense[†1] written, sung, and said, on that subject; and I turn into a Man-Trap on it very often, and seize unsuspicious holders-forth by the leg, when they supposed themselves to be promenading among flower beds.[†2]

Beauty and the Beast are therefore united, amidst the cheers of thousands, as they were in the Story.

I should not like to give you an opinion on the arrangement of the little book, without having it complete before me. But when I have the sheets, I hope I shall put it into the most orderly and convenient form it can be made to take.

Charley will be very proud indeed of a letter from you. I shall not tell him you are going to write, in order that he may have the additional pleasure of a surprise.

You delight me by what you say of the Golden Mary. It strikes me as the prettiest Christmas No. we have had; and I think the way in which John Steadiman[†3] (to whom I shall give your message) has got over the great difficulty of falling into my idea, naturally, is very meritorious indeed. Of course he could not begin until I had finished; and when he read the Wreck he was so desperately afraid of the job, that I began to mistrust him. However, we went down to Gad's Hill and walked through Cobham Woods, to talk it over; and he then went at it cheerfully, and came out as you see. I wish you would read a Petition to the Novel Writers (by him) in last week's Household Words.[†4] It strikes me as uncommonly droll, and shrewdly true.

And now I come round to his Play — must do it — can't help it. I really cannot bear that it should pass over, without your seeing it.[†5] Mr. Stanfield's part in the thing will never be seen again, for I am sorry to say he is getting infirm and ill. Nor do I think (if I may say so) that anything like the thing itself will ever be seen again. I have put up a wooden house at the back of the schoolroom (my own Architect! —) to help the effect, and the Stage is 30 feet long. You would be quite charmed, I think, with the girls; and there is a tenderness pervading the whole design which I believe would thoroughly interest and please you. There are no reminders in the place, for it is utterly changed and different. You would have no idea where you were. Finally, I am quite sure (you may suppose I have watched it a little), that its whole influence is softening and good, and that if Mrs. Brown could be induced to come,[†6] she would afterwards be glad of having done so. Now, I don't suggest her coming when the

place would be full of people she knows; but on the night before Twelfth Night, Monday the 5th. we do it exactly as it will be done on Twelfth Night, in the minutest respect; and only our tradespeople and the Servants' relations come. Couldn't you two sit beside Mrs. Dickens that night? Do think of it. It made me quite unhappy last night, looking at Mary,[†1] to reflect that you would not see something that seems so fresh and wholesome to me.

With kind love

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THE REV. CHARLES JOSEPH GOODHART,[†2] 10 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Baron Dan de Calinescu.

Tavistock House, London | Tenth December, 1856.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Goodheart,[†3] and begs to say that his engagements prevent his acceptance of the invitation with which he is favored by the Directors of the Annual Soirée.[†4]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 11 DECEMBER 1856

MS British Library.

Tavistock House

Thursday Night | Eleventh December 1856.

My Dear Stanny

I send an Express up to say that just now (9 o'Clock) Powell gave the alarm, just as he was going away, that the tremendous rain was making its way in on the Snowcloth.[†5] We immediately got it down on the roller, and found it (I grieve to relate) already heavily wetted in two places right down the sky in long

streaks. I am taking the best precautions possible for the night, and have lighted all the Gas to dry it. I let you know at once, as I am of course most anxious that you should see it as soon tomorrow as you can.

We had not a drop of wet (as you know) through the heavy thaw; but the torrent to night was in, in one place, right across the stage back, within half an hour.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To FREDERICK DICKENS,[†1] 12 DECEMBER 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday December Twelfth | 1856.

My Dear Frederick

I am very sorry to receive your letter; not only on account of the position it makes known to me, but because it forces me to write a very plain answer.

I have already done more for you than most dispassionate persons would consider right or reasonable in itself.[†2] But, considered with any fair reference to the great expences I have sustained for other relations, it becomes little else than monstrous. The possibility of your having any further assistance from me, is absolutely and finally past.

Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To J. E. RONEY, 12 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Mr R. P. Roney-Dougal. *Address:* James E. Roney Esquire | Parthenon Club[†3] | Regent Street.

Tavistock House | Twelfth December, 1856.

My Dear Roney

I was very glad to see your Card yesterday, for rumours have reached me of your having been ill. Pray let me know whether you dine with us on Christmas Day. Also that you are good for Twelfth Night.

Further. Tell me how I am to describe you in the Athenæum book, and whereof? In my uncertainty on these heads, and in my daily expectation of seeing you, I have not been able to put your name down.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

James E. Roney Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 13 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House
Saturday Night | Thirteenth December 1856.

My Dear Collins

Here is Tauchnitz's answer,[†1] which perhaps you will give me back when you have done with it. Observe that in his English, "anything" means "something".

O[†2] the ventilation question!!!!![†3]

Ever Faithfully
R Wardour

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 DECEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House
Saturday Night | Thirteenth December, 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts

As we have now both relieved our minds on the subject of the Play, I cheerfully leave the rest to the result that opens out. I could not quite give you up without a struggle; but, having made it, I can be as quiet as a lamb. If you tell me on the morning of the Fifth that you are coming, either alone or with Mrs. Brown, I shall have the happiness of expecting you. If you do not, I shall know that you could not see your way to it — and with a perfect faith in your seeing clearly out of kind eyes, shall want no sort of explanation.

Beauty is mistaken in supposing Beast[†4] to have retained any scrap of matter, either printed or in Manuscript. Beast appeals to habits of order and method as yet unchallenged by Beauty — lays his paw upon his heart — and declares upon his honor, to the best of his knowledge information and belief, "*Not Guilty*".

B was at S. B.[†5] the other day, and held Committee in due form. All most satisfactory. He begs to send his love to Mrs. B (rown).

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Yours faithfully & affecly.
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 13 DECEMBER 1856†

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House
Saturday Evening | Thirteenth December 1856.

My Dearest Macready.

We shall be charmed to squeeze Willie's friend in — and it shall be done, by some undiscovered power of compression, on the Second Night — Thursday the 14th. Will you make our compliments to his Honor the Deputy Fiscal,[†1] present him with the enclosed bill, and tell him we shall be cordially glad to see him? I hope to entrust him with a special shake of the hand, to be forwarded to our dear boy (if a hoary Sage like myself may venture on that expression), by the next Mail.

I would have proposed the first night, but that is too full.

You may faintly imagine, my venerable friend, the occupation of these also-grey hairs, between Golden Marys, Little Dorrits, Household Wordses, four stage-carpenters entirely boarding on the premises, a carpenter's shop erected in the back-garden, size always boiling over on all the lower fires, Stanfield perpetually elevated on planks and splashing himself from head to foot, Telbin requiring impossibilities of swart gasmen, and a legion of prowling nondescripts ever slinking in and out. Calm amidst the wrack, your aged friend glides away on the Dorrit stream, forgetting the uproar for a stretch of hours — refreshes himself with a ten or twelve miles walk — pitches himself head-foremost into foaming rehearsals — placidly emerges for Editorial purposes — smokes over buckets of distemper with Mr. Stanfield aforesaid — again calmly floats upon the Dorrit waters.

[†a]One piece of News I have, that I think you will be pleased to hear. Lord Gardner[†2] has married Miss Fortescue,[†3] and they are living quietly and very happily.[†a]

With my best love to Miss Macready, and to all the rest,

Ever My Dear Macready | Most affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 14 DECEMBER 1856

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday, Fourteenth December | 1856.

My Dear Mark

Stanfield wants an appointment made now, for an evening "within a week or ten days of the Play", when you, he, and I, "and nobody else but the Snow-boys", may meet and give a few hours to the Snow and Ice. It seems to me that Saturday the 27th. would be a very good time. Will that suit you?

Hadn't you better send a Box here for your accumulating dress? A heavy coat of obtrusive appearance, a heavy pair of trousers, and a red shirt, which I find disporting

themselves on my study-chairs, will otherwise — I feel persuaded — somehow get upon Little Dorrit, to the astonishment of the Public.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 15 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

London, Fifteenth December, 1856.

Messrs. Coutts and Co.

Please deliver my banking-book to the Bearer for me.

CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES DE LA PRYME,[†1] 15 DECEMBER 1856†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Monday Fifteenth December | 1856.

Dear Sir

In reply to your obliging letter, I beg to assure you that I have not the slightest reason to suppose that Andersen is coming to England at all, otherwise than that I have seen it stated in some newspapers that he is coming on a visit to me.[†2] I have not heard from him these six months, and, when he last wrote, he certainly had no more idea of visiting London than of going to the Antipodes.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

C. De La Pryme Esquire

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, 15 DECEMBER 1856

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth December 1856.

My dear Marguerite

I am not *quite*[†3] clear about the story — not because it is otherwise than exceedingly pretty, but because I am in rather a difficult position as to stories just now. Besides beginning a long one by Collins with the new year (which will last five or six months), I have, as I always have at this time, a considerable residue of stories written for the Christmas No. — not suitable to it — and yet available for the general purposes of Household Words. This limits my choice, for the moment, to stories that have some decided speciality (*or a great deal of story*) in them.

But I will look over the accumulation before you come, and I hope you will never see your little friend again but in print.[†1]

You will find us expecting you on the night of the 24th. and heartily glad to welcome you. The most terrific preparations are in hand for the Play on Twelfth Night. There has been a carpenter's shop in the garden, for six weeks — a painter's shop in the schoolroom — a gas fitter's shop all over the basement — a dressmaker's shop at the top of the house — a tailor's shop in my dressing room. Stanfield has been incessantly on scaffoldings for two months, and your friend has been writing Little Dorrit &c &c in corners, like the Sultan's groom who was turned upside down by the Genie.[†2]

Kindest loves from all, and from me

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 16 DECEMBER 1856

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House

Tuesday Evening | Sixteenth December, 1856.

My Dear Collins

I send round to ascertain that you are all right. Not that I have any misgiving on the subject, for when I shook hands with you last night, you were as cool and comfortable as an unlucky Dog could be.

All progressing satisfactorily. Telbin painting on the stage. Carpenters knocking down the Drawing Room.

We are obliged to do Animal Magnetism[†3] on Thursday evening at 8.[†4] If you are strong enough to come, I know you will. If you are not — I know you won't.

Ever Cordially

CD.

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD,[†5] 17 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Seventeenth December | 1856.

My Dear Mr. Cullenford

I am too closely occupied, to make an appointment to go into the City until after Christmas Day. But any appointment for eleven o'Clock in the forenoon that you

may make for me with Messrs. Hill[†1] after that day, I will attend to, on your letting me know of it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS, 18 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eighteenth December | 1856.

My Dear B and E.

In asking you again kindly to undertake the commission of sending Wills a big turkey and ham, I am reminded that I don't think you charged the last in our cash account. Will you remember to clear the said ham and turkey score, in the account of this Christmas?

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

To W. J. EASTWICK,[†2] 21 DECEMBER 1856

MS Boston Public Library. *Address:* William J. Eastwick Esquire | &c &c &c | East India House.

Tavistock House | Twenty First December, 1856.

Dear Sir.

I cannot sufficiently express to you the gratification I have derived from your kindest of letters.[†3] Apart from the valuable and welcome nature of its generous offer, the spirit in which that offer is made to me and the terms in which you assure me of the causes of your feeling of interest in my behalf, will always remain deeply impressed on my mind. It has been my good fortune to receive many of the greatest spontaneous rewards that can attend an author's life; but I doubt if I have ever had occasion to feel more sensible of my high privileges than I feel when with all my heart I thank you.

I do not know at what age a youth can become the subject of nomination to a cadetship. I have a boy named Alfred,[†4] now educating in France — a boy of a remarkable character as a combination of self-reliance, steadiness, and adventurous spirit — whom I have always purposed to send abroad, and whom I believe to be particularly qualified for this opportunity. I have another, Francis Jeffrey,[†5] now thirteen (this Alfred is eleven) for whom I should like a cadetship *next best,* but whose abilities I think more of a character to force some way of their own, peacefully, at

home. I am aware that no boy can go up for examination until he is Sixteen; but if one can be nominated so long beforehand, I should be delighted to accept your offer for one of these, and decidedly for Alfred rather than the other, supposing both to be equally available. I only mention Frank, on the chance of its being possible to nominate a boy of thirteen, and not possible to nominate a boy of eleven.

I shall be happy to call upon you at any time that may best suit your convenience. I cannot feel quite easy until I have thanked you in person. You may be as sure that I cannot forget your esteem and the proof of it (whatever the result), as that any son of mine who may owe his calling in life to you, will be honestly trained to support it with credit, and to feel a double duty in distinguishing himself.

I am My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and truly obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

William J Eastwick Esquire

To THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,[†1] 21 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Twenty First December, 1856.

My Dear Lord.

Will you allow me to ask you if you will have any objection to forwarding the enclosed Memorial[†2] to the Prime Minister. The names appended to it, are purposely few in number; but I hope they are such as may be considered expressive on such a subject; and I know that the name to which they refer will have its own weight with you.

It is only desired that the Minister should receive the Memorial from fit hands. No acknowledgement, promise, or explanation of any sort, is solicited. His difficulties in the bestowal of literary pensions are perfectly understood; and all that is sought, is, that he should receive an earnest recommendation — but one not made in formâ pauperis — and attach such weight to such a case as his opportunities and sense of its claims on the public respect may seem to him to justify.

I am My Dear Lord | Yours always faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Marquis of Lansdowne

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20-21 DECEMBER 1856]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 628. *Date:* near Christmas (see below); probably weekend, 20-1 Dec.

As Christmas approached, the house was in a state of siege. All day long, a labourer heats size over the fire in a great crucible. We eat it, drink it, breathe it, and smell it. Seventy paint-pots (which came in a van) adorn the stage; and three Dansons (from the Surrey Zoological Gardens)[†3] all painting at once!! Meanwhile, Telbin, in a

secluded bower in Brewer-street, Golden-square,[†1] plies *his* part of the little undertaking.

To THOMAS BEARD, 23 DECEMBER 1856

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Third December 1856

My Dear Beard

I am vexed to have seen your card twice, and not to have seen you. New servant[†2] — unlearned in the privileged faces.

If it should be a fine dry day next Sunday, what do you say to a walk at Gad's Hill?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, 23 DECEMBER 1856*

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Third December | 1856.

My Dear Landseer

Mrs. Dickens on coming home from Eastlake's last night, told me you had assured her that Lord Lyndhurst[†3] would be pleased to come to the Play. I write to you immediately, as few things could give me greater pleasure than to have the soundest head I ever saw and the finest speaker I ever heard, among the audience.

I will call and leave a card for Lord Lyndhurst to day. But as it is now some years since I met him at Lord Brougham's,[†4] and as you know of his desire at first hand, perhaps I had best leave the arrangement of the night with him to you.

We act four nights, and I enclose you the bills. I think the best night for Lord Lyndhurst would be either the first or the last. (The last is of an awfully judicial character, ranging from the Lord Chief Justice to the youngest of the Puisnes).[†5] All I want to know, is, which night he selects; and that you must let me know *as soon as you possibly can*, in order that I may arrange accordingly; for the run upon the seats passes belief.

On any of the four nights I will make the best seat his, and shall be heartily

gratified by the presence of so great an intellect and so wonderful a man. Pray say as much, like Osric in Hamlet, "after what flourish your nature will".[†1]

Hour, halfpast seven.

Always My Dear Landseer | Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edwin Landseer.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Christmas Eve, 1856.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Many, many, many happy Christmases and New Years to both of you.

The letter weights shall have henceforth, the place of honor — and love — on my table. They take their places as Households Gods to night, and shall have but one dethronement. Beautiful in themselves — "tidy" — orderly — congenial in all such respects, they have deeper and invisible value to me, never my dear friends to be stated in words.

I will come round tomorrow about 2. You say "Stratton Street", and to Stratton Street my Compass shall direct me.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully and affecly. Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Kindest love and regard from all here.

To THE REV. R. H. DAVIES,†2 24 DECEMBER 1856

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* The Reverend R. H. Davies.

Tavistock House | Christmas Eve, 1856.

My Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your very acceptable letter — not the less gratifying to me, because I am myself the writer †aof "The Wreck" in the Christmas Number†a to which you refer.†3

There cannot be many men, I believe, who have a more humble veneration for the New Testament or a more profound conviction of its all-sufficiency than I have. If I am ever (as you tell me I am) mistaken on this subject, it is because I discountenance

all obtrusive professions of, and tradings in, Religion, as one of the main causes of real Christianity's having been retarded in this world; and because my observation of life induces me to hold in unspeakable dread and horror, those unseemly squabbles about the Letter, which drive the Spirit out of hundreds of thousands.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS EMILY JOLLY,[†1] 24 DECEMBER 1856

Extract in John Heise catalogue No. 2468 (1935); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, Christmas Eve, 1856; addressed Miss Emily Jolly according to N, II, 818 ([aa])

[a]Constant occupation since the receipt of your book,[†2] has prevented my acknowledging it sooner.... I have read it with much pleasure, and find in it all the power that strongly impressed me when I first perused the story to which you refer.[a†3] If I still venture to whisper counsel very similar to that which I formerly offered to you, it is because I observe it to be less needed than before, and wish to support you — as far as my poor word may — in the great advance you have made.

To WILLIAM KENT,[†4] 24 DECEMBER 1856

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Christmas Eve, 1856.

My Dear Sir

I cannot leave your letter unanswered, because I am really anxious that you should understand why I cannot comply with your request.

Scarcely a week passes, without my receiving requests from various quarters, to sit for likenesses, to be taken by all the processes ever invented. Apart from my having an invincible objection to the multiplication of my countenance in the Shop-Windows, I have not — between my avocations and my needful recreation — the time to comply with these proposals. At this moment there are three cases out of a vast number, in which I have said "If I sit at all it shall be to you first — to you second — and to you third". But I assure you I consider myself almost as unlikely to go through these three conditional achievements, as I am to go to China. Judge when I am likely to get to Mr. Watkins![†5]

I highly esteem and thank you for your sympathy with my writings. I doubt if I have a more genial reader in the world.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Charles Kent Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 DECEMBER 1856

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Fourth December, 1856.

My Dear Wills.

Will you represent to Mr. Sala the necessity and vital importance — quite as much to himself as to Household Words — of his being punctual and faithful in the performance of the work he has undertaken.[†1]

Pray take care that he distinctly understands beyond all possibility of misconception, that he can have money from you while he is at work, as he wants it;[†2] and that when we come, on the completion of Due North, to close our accounts I shall arrange all things with him for his advantage, in exactly the same spirit as if he had not given me occasion to decide that Household Words must not do him the injury of accepting any further service at his hands.[†3]

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Christmas Day, 1856.

My Dear Wills.

All good wishes of the Season and of all good Seasons, to you and yours!

I am delighted to have the Pocket Book from you, and hope to enter much business in it of interest to us both.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To THE REV. WILLIAM J. FOX,[†1] 30 DECEMBER 1856

Mention in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. 1190 (Oct 1950); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 30 Dec 56; addressed William J. Fox.

Discussing literary matters, mentions Household Words *and Horne's*[†2] Orion.[†3]

To DAVID HASTINGS,[†4] 30 DECEMBER 1856

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Thirtieth December 1856

Dear Sir

I ought to let you know that I don't wish to coquet about next Tuesday's play, and that if you should think it of any public interest or merit I beg you to use your own free discretion as to noticing it; not being restrained by the supposition that any privacy on that head is implied in the invitation. I have written both to Oxenford and Hogarth (who will also be here on the first night) exactly to this effect, by this same post. The Play will be seen by so many people of various conditions, that I feel it would be an affectation in me to make a mystery of it — while it would be hardly fair moreover, to the other public men who have taken pains with it.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Hastings Esquire

To GEORGE HOGARTH, 30 DECEMBER 1856

MS John Rylands Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Thirtieth December, 1856.

My Dear Hogarth

I write today both to Oxenford and Hastings, to this effect:

That if they think the Play of any public interest or merit, I beg them to use their own free discretion as to noticing it; not being restrained by the supposition that any privacy on that head is implied in the invitation. That it will be seen, first and last, by representatives of all sorts and conditions of people, and that I feel it would be an affectation in me to make a mystery of it, while it would be hardly fair moreover to the other public men who have taken pains with it.

As I want you to be on exactly the same footing with them, I send you this summary of my note by the same post.[†1]

Ever affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN OXENFORD,[†2] [30 DECEMBER 1856]

Mention in *To* Hogarth, 30 Dec 56. *Date:* written same day.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [31 DECEMBER 1856]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* clearly the Wed before the dress rehearsal of *The Frozen Deep* on Mon 5 Jan 57, to which both Miss Coutts and Lady Falmouth came; formation of "CD" supports.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Night

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Monday stands fixed. Shall Mrs. Dickens write to Lady Falmouth — or call — or how? I ask, simply because I don't want to make a fuss about it, as if it were a great thing. Will you direct me?

I fear, I cannot make sure of *myself* for Wednesday, until Friday morning. I am already half engaged.

A word as to Lady Falmouth.[†3]

Ever Faithfully and affecy.

CD.

1857

January

To LORD LYNDHURST, 1 JANUARY 1857*

MS W. A. Foyle.

Tavistock House | First January 1857.

My Dear Lord

I exceedingly regret that I am particularly engaged on Saturday, or I should have been most happy to have accepted your invitation.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Lyndhurst.

To DANIEL MACLISE, [1 JANUARY 1857]

Mention in *To* Wills, 3 Jan 57.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 1 JANUARY 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday, New Year's Day 1857.

My Dear Stanny

In the excitement of the G Picture[†1] yesterday, I forgot that there are all those Icicles to be made.[†2] Could you manage to come tomorrow afternoon — direct that operation before dinner — take your mutton with us — and then take the Rehearsal?

Do if you can.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To MRS BROWN, 2 JANUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Second January 1857

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

Shall we say, One o'Clock tomorrow? I will be ready for you at that hour. The preparations, however, are very difficult to understand in the day; because they have been made by the Painters, for their purposes, extraordinarily ingenious, and require the Carpenters to handle them and put them together.

I should very much like you only to see a Sunset[†3] — far better than anything that has ever been done at the Diorama[†4] or any such place. There is a Rehearsal to night (no one here but the company), and this Sunset, which begins the play, will be visible at a quarter before 8: lasting ten minutes. If you came, you need speak to nobody but Georgina and me — and nobody need so much as see you to recognize you. But I don't press you, and don't look for any answer.

Tomorrow at One, if I don't see you in the meanwhile. That's all.

Ever Your faithful

CD.

Miss Coutts and Lady Falmouth, Catherine will expect on Monday at 1/2 past 7. I am delighted to hear of their coming.

To W. J. EASTWICK, 2 JANUARY 1857

Mention in N, II, 823.

To JOHN LEECH, 2 JANUARY 1857*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Tavistock | Second January 1857.

My Dear Leech.

Turning over the leaves of your Second Series[†1] this morning with infinite pleasure, I am reminded that I have not thanked you for it. Let me do so, cordially. It is full of good things of a most admirable kind. It is not the least of its merits, or of its certain hold on long life, that it comprehends a large variety of classes.[†2] Feeling thoroughly sure that nothing, however admirable, will strike root in these days and the

days to come, which limits itself to the mere perishing gentilities, it is an unspeakable satisfaction to my mind when I see a man of your genius and rare power doing in this regard what *every one* of the famous lasting English men has done, without a single exception, through the whole circle of the Arts.

Very faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

I hope you will see something very pretty and uncommon, in the Play here.

To B. W. PROCTER,[†3] 2 JANUARY 1857

Text from MDGH, II, 5.

Tavistock House, January 2nd, 1857

My Dear Procter,

I have to thank you for a delightful book,[†4] which has given me unusual pleasure. My delight in it has been a little dashed by certain farewell verses,[†5] but I have made up my mind (and you have no idea of the obstinacy of my character) not to believe them.

Perhaps it is not taking a liberty — perhaps it is — to congratulate you on Kenyon's[†6] remembrance.[†7] Either way I can't help doing it with all my heart, for I

know no man in the world (myself excepted) to whom I would rather the money went.

Affectionately yours ever

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 JANUARY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Third January | 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts

Here is the statement. I have made it very plain, and very brief. And it certainly looks very damaging.[†1]

Ever Faithfully and affecy. Yours | (With love to Mrs. Brown)

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 JANUARY 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Third January | 1857

My Dear Wills

I am sorry that I cannot do what Mr. Payn[†2] asks. But the substitution of an uninvited visitor for an invited one, is really put out of the question by the large reserved list of friends whom we have been unable to ask for want of room. No longer ago than Thursday, I could not do exactly the same thing for my old and intimate friend Maclise. His place falling in (through his being unable to move his leg, which is injured), I could not accept his proposed substitute, but gave it to the first on our old neglected list. And I must beg to exercise the same privilege in respect of Mrs. Payn's.[†2]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?3-4 JANUARY 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 628. *Date:* shortly before the first performance on 6 Jan.

On the pressure for admittance. My audience is now 93, and at least 10 will neither hear nor see.[†3]

To FRANCESCO BERGER, 4 JANUARY 1857*

MS Cornell University Library.

Sunday Fourth January | 1857

My Dear Berger

Nothing can possibly be better. I thoroughly agree with you, and am delighted to hear of the Big Bell.[†1]

In haste | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 JANUARY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fourth January 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I did not return you this letter yesterday morning, as I meant to have done.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 4 JANUARY 1857*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Tavistock House, London. W. C. | Fourth January 1857

My Dear Mr. Milnes

I have received your kind cheque for Ten Pounds, in favor of Miss Power, safely.

The Emperor[†2] has been written to. He did give a Convent-Dowry[†3] to Ellen.[†4] As I remember its amount, it was five thousand francs.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Milnes Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 4 JANUARY 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fourth January 1857

My Dear Wills

I have of course no other reply to your note than that I *cheerfully* acquiesce. I wish however, in thorough good humour, that you did not argue the principle with me, because it does not reasonably admit of any discussion out of myself. The less I

know of the people concerned, the more unreasonable such a substitution is in my mind, and the greater the liberty *is* of so misusing an act of attention. (This remark applies solely, I need not add, to Mr. Payn.)[†1] It is worth remembering that among nearly four hundred people no such thing has been thought of — except by Maclise, who expressly said in his note that he still did not consider it a kind of thing to be done.

I should like to see you sometime tomorrow morning about the Seats; which will require a little management when you have got the Theatre nearly full, and will need to be perfectly understood beforehand. I am going to Newgate-Market with Mrs. Dickens after breakfast to shew her where to buy fowls; but I shall be back directly. Shall we appoint 12 o'Clock?

I shall then have one or two things to give you for H. W. also, and a question to ask you about Frederick.

Will you impress upon Mrs. Wills from me, this last never-to-be-departed-from rule. Imagine it written in Golden Characters.
WHEN THEY APPLAUD, INVARIABLY STOP, UNTIL THE APPLAUSE IS OVER.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Yes to the Poems[†2] — too golden-haired, and marble, and all that; but meritorious I think.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 7 JANUARY 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Seventh January 1857.

My Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for the curious book[†3] you have had the kindness to send me. Accept my cordial thanks and all seasonable good wishes.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 JANUARY 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Seventh January | 1857

My Dear Wills

All right. Halfpast one tomorrow!

I am in perfect order. Calm — perfectly happy with the success[†1] — about to make more Gin Punch. Draught of that article enormous.

Macready[†2] has just been here, perfectly raging because Forster took him away, and positively shouldered him out of the Green Room Supper,[†3] on which he had set his heart.

You write Diabolically plain this morning. I can't do *that.*

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 8 JANUARY 1857

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Thursday January Eighth 1857

My Dear Frederick

Either Alfred[†4] has made a mistake in his communication with you (of which I

know nothing but from yourself), or you have mistaken him. I asked Wills for no advice whatever, but asked him what was the present state of the kind responsibility he incurred for you, against my strong

representation that I felt certain it was useless and you would abandon him. He told me how it stood, and I found you to have deserted him and Henry,[†1] with a greater coolness than I had been prepared for.

Now, as this is a plain matter of fact which no representation can alter, and as my interference begins and ends with my asking for that information and leaving Wills (as he fully understands) free to do exactly what he thinks necessary, without any sort of check or influence from me, I must decline entering on the subject any further, and therefore make no appointment.

Affectionately always

C.D.

Frederick Dickens Esquire

To THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, 9 JANUARY 1857

MS (fragment) Yale University Library; transcribed before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash, 1954.

Tavistock House | Friday Ninth January 1857

My Dear Dean

I have delayed this reply to your letter, awaiting the chance of some seat reverting to us by an accident, that we might offer to Miss [M'Lennan].[†2] I am sorry to let you know however, after all, that I fear it will be impossible to find room for that lady. Although every seat in our little Theatre has its occupant's name upon it beforehand, we are well night distracted by the fearful accumulation of names that some undiscovered principle of compound Interest brings to bear upon the places. We acted last night to exactly the number who are coming on Monday; and the difficulty of seating them (intensified by Crinoline)[†3] was so great, that I am afraid to add one more. You will understand the difficulty better, when you see the place; but I am sure I need not ask you to give me credit in the meantime for its being insurmountable.

Very faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Dean of St. Paul's.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 9 JANUARY 1857

MS Berg Collection. *Address: Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | &c &c &c | Board of Trade | Whitehall.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening | Ninth January 1857.

My Dear Tennent

I must thank you for your earnest and affectionate letter. It has given me the

greatest pleasure, mixing the Play in my mind, confusedly and delightfully, with Pisa — the Valetta — Naples — Herculanaeum[†1] — God knows what not.

As to the Play itself; when it is made as good as my care can make it, I derive a strange feeling out of it, like writing a book in company. A satisfaction of a most singular kind, which has no exact parallel in my life. A something that I suppose to belong to the life of a Labourer in Art, alone, and which has to me a conviction of its being actual Truth without its pain, that I never could adequately state if I were to try never so hard.

You touch so kindly and feelingly on the pleasure such little pains give, that I feel quite sorry you have never seen this Drama in progress during the last ten weeks here. Every Monday and Friday evening during that time we have been at work upon it. I assure you it has been a remarkable lesson to my young people in patience, perseverance, punctuality, and order: and, best of all, in that kind of humility which is got from the earned knowledge that whatever the right hand finds to do, must be done with the heart in it, and in a desperate earnest.

When I changed my dress last night (though I did it very quickly), I was vexed to find you gone. I wanted to have secured you for our Green Room Supper, which was very pleasant. If by any accident you should be free next Wednesday night (our last), pray come to that Green Room Supper. It would give us cordial pleasure to have you there.

Ever My Dear Tennent | Very Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 10 JANUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Tenth January 1857

My Dear Collins.

On second thoughts, I am afraid of wasting the spirits of the Company by calling the Dance[†2] at 6 on Monday. Therefore I abandon that intention. I hope we may get it right by speaking to one another in the Dressing Room.

On Play Days (only two more! How they fly!) Mark and I dine at 3, off steak and stout, at the Cock in Fleet Street.[†3] If you should be disposed to join us, then and there you'll find us.

Ever Cordially
CD.

To LADY EASTLAKE,[†1] 10 JANUARY 1857*

MS Öffentliche Bibliothek der Universität Basel.

Tavistock House | Saturday Tenth January | 1857

My Dear Lady Eastlake.

I must acknowledge the receipt of your kind note, because I have derived the greatest pleasure from it. No recognition of the *Art* of the representation, could be more valuable than yours and your good husband's; and you sum up in a single sentence all our aims and hopes as to the influences of that noble amusement which has unhappily been made so mean.

You make me wish now, that you could have seen something of the progress of the Play during the last two months, and of the lesson it has been to all concerned, in patience, perseverance, punctuality, order, and care in little things. I very much doubt whether the younger people concerned in it would in all their lives have been made by any other means as respectful students of Art, or would have gained from any other source so much of that humility which knows that nothing satisfactory can be done by halves or without trying hard to do it.

I hope our green curtain will not close for the last time next Wednesday night. Visions of another Play in another year, already rise before my mind's eye. If I write it myself, I shall desire no higher appreciation and sympathy to address it to, than your's and Sir Charles's — to whom I send my kind regard.

Always My Dear Lady Eastlake | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To C. H. HAZLEWOOD,[†2] 10 JANUARY 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House, London | Tenth January 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Haslewood and begs to say that he cannot positively answer Mr. Haslewood's question, but that he fully believes Mr. Wilkie Collins's Frozen Deep will not be represented in the country.

To DAVID HASTINGS, 10 JANUARY 1857

Mention in N, II, 826.

To J. T. LOVEDAY,[†1] 10 JANUARY 1857

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1980; *MS* 2 pp.; addressed James Thomas Loveday; dated Tavistock House, 10 Jan 57.

Regretting that his avocations have obliged him to forego all public engagements, but assuring him that his letter needs no shadow of apology. ... My only refuge against the numerous solicitations I receive, is in an unvarying rule that admits of no exception. Without it, I could not do what I have to do, with the necessary freedom of mind, or with the indispensable aids of rest and recreation.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 11 JANUARY 1857*

MS British Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Eleventh January | 1857.

My Dear Stanny

I forgot; — I am obliged to go to Gad's Hill to day. Therefore I send Catherine up to see after you, and to bring me back the fullest particulars about you she can get together. I trust and hope my dear fellow you are by this time growing so much better, as to see a good chance of being able to come on Wednesday. You shall not go behind, but shall have a snug invalid seat, out of all draughts and difficulties.

Telbin was faithful at his post on Thursday night, and looked after you with the greatest care. Everything went to perfection.

Of course you are not to trouble yourself to write any answer to this, except what Catherine will bring me by word of mouth.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 12 JANUARY 1857*

MS New York University Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Twelfth January | 1857.

My Dear Webster

You were obliged to go away the other night, before I could see you. Wednesday is our last night. Will you come and join the Green Room Supper after the play, and be jovial for an hour or so?

Ever Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To FRANCESCO BERGER, 13 JANUARY 1857

Facsimile in Francesco Berger, *Reminiscences, Impressions and Anecdotes*, 1913, p. 30.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Thirteenth January | 1857.

My Dear Berger.

Will you do me the favor to accept the little memorial[†1] I send with this, in remembrance of our pleasant play and the obligations it owes to you. I can never forget the pains you have taken with it, or the spirit and genius with which you have rendered it high service.[†2] I hope these slight ornaments may lie

lightly on your breast during some part of a brilliant career, and I heartily assure you that your fortunes will always be full of interest to me.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francesco Berger Esquire

To MR. ELLIS,[†3] 13 JANUARY 1857*

MS Mitchell Library, Sydney.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth January | 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ellis, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Ellis's obliging proposal. He cannot entertain it, however, as he has no intention of sitting to any one. If he had, several friends of his, who are artists, would have a prior claim upon him and would naturally have his preference.

To MRS BROWN, 14 JANUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Fourteenth January | 1857.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

The letter printed in the little paragraph[†4] I return, is perfectly delightful. The ship is true to her name, and I trust in God will go about the world prosperously, doing good, as long as she floats.[†5] It is one of those exquisitely touching and affecting things that make one smile and cry together.

I do not myself doubt the good result of the enquiry at the Hospital; nor do I, I must add, doubt the gentlemen engaged in it. If there be a conscientious and

humane body of men in existence, I am convinced they are to be found among the honorable and upright medical men who have attained eminence in London. Whatsoever I have seen of them has won my utmost respect; and I am all but sure that those of them who are associated with St. George's Hospital can have no desire but to do their duty. Consequently I have a strong trust in their putting this matter right for the future — just as I have in your scholarship helping to raise up worthy successors to them.[†1]

I am delighted to hear that Mr. Marjoribanks[†2] was so much pleased by the Play. Its effect on the three other audiences we have had, has been the same; and I certainly have never seen people so strongly affected by theatrical means. To night is our closing night. By an absurd coincidence three fourths of the Judges I know, preferred this night to another. Please to imagine the Lord Chief Justice,[†3] the Lord Chief Baron,[†4] Mr. Baron Bramwell,[†5] and Mr. Justice Willes,[†6] all sitting on the front row to night, to try the case. Cockburn[†7] the new Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, rather spoils the effect of the absurdity by having been here on Monday. He wouldn't go after the Play, but would come and make speeches at the

Green Room Supper. I never saw anything better of its kind than the genuine and hearty way in which, without the least affectation, he shewed his pleasure.

Ever Dear Mrs. Brown | Faithfully Yours

CD.[†8]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 JANUARY 1857†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House | Wednesday January Fourteenth | 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I was at the Home yesterday, and found the favorable change in the poor girl still continuing. Her constitution is evidently poor and weak, and I doubt her ever entirely recovering. But there seems to be every hope, now, that she will get the better of this attack. She is almost as weak as she *can* be, but is happy in not suffering, and is very grateful. The impression made by her illness on the rest appears to have been very good, and they have all shewn great sympathy.

You do not send me the note you received from the Hospital.[†9] Neither do I send you my second Memorandum of the circumstances, supposing you not to want it,

after having spoken with Mr. Barlow.[†1] I will keep it by me of course. It is not exactly the same as the first, for I dare say I do not remember the exact form and sequence of the words in which I wrote it; but it is, of course, substantially the same.

You may remember my conveying to you in Whitehall Gardens,[†2] my impression of the truth, exactly to the effect of what Mr. Barlow tells you — namely, that there was nothing wrong in the place, and probably nothing wrong in its arrangements, if the officials entrusted with them were properly looked after.

I have received this morning (by the Post which brought me your letter) the enclosed from Clara Novello.[†3] Do you happen to have any sort of presentation available, now or presently, that you think would suit such a case?

We are in a mighty bustle for our closing performance tonight. The impression that the Play has made, has been delightfully strong.[†4] I certainly have never seen Audiences so affected. Your suggestion to Mrs. Dickens I immediately carried out. Your friend now chops down pieces of wood with the letters carved upon them.[†5]

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THE COUNTESS GIGLIUCCI, 14 JANUARY 1857*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Fourteenth January | 1857.

My Dear Genius

I am afraid Miss Coutts has no presentation that will do for the poor boy.[†6] I have, however, written to her to day (she is at Torquay) asking her if she can do any thing for the case. You shall know her reply, as soon as I receive it. My impression is, that she has no means of help at hand.

What you say of the humility to be learnt from the over-ready acceptance of mediocrity and incapacity, is as true as — your singing. There are few things more discouraging, in the whole round of the Arts.

With my kind regard to Count Gigliucci. Believe me always

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Our Audiences have been excellent, with a wonderful power of crying. We finish tonight.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 16 JANUARY 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth January 1857.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

Though in the depressed agonies of smashing the Theatre, I must in half a dozen words thank you for your kind note of this morning.

I never can tell you how much I regret your absence. I believe that nothing so complete will ever be done again; and I had made up my mind (and had often said so here), to surprise you — you especially.

My only comfort is, that the dear children may be considered well again. But I shall never separate from the Frozen Deep, the drawback of your not having seen it.

Kind love from all, | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LOUIS HACHETTE, 17 JANUARY 1857

MS Librairie Hachette.

Tavistock House, London
Saturday Seventeenth January | 1857

My Dear Sir

I have been so much occupied with other matters since the receipt of your letter, that I have not had time to answer it until to day.[†1] I do so in few words, wishing to avoid the delay of another Post.

Enclosed is the Address to be prefixed to the Translated series, and which you will of course cause to be translated into French.[†2] I hope you will agree with me that it says, briefly, all that is necessary.

Your account of the excellent revision the translations have undergone, gives me great pleasure. I do not doubt that they will be admirably done, after so much care, and under the excellent superintendence of M. Lorain.[†3]

Accept my dear Sir the assurance of my high regard, and Believe me

Always | Yours faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur L. Hachette.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 19 JANUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Nineteenth January | 1857.

My Dear Collins

Will you come and dine here, next Sunday at 5?

There is no one coming but a poor little Scotchman domiciled in America[†1] — a musical composer and singer — who brought me a letter yesterday from New York, and quite moved me by his simple tale of loneliness. He is Davy Roberts,[†2] softened by trouble — with all the starch out of his collar, and all the money out of his Bank.

O reaction, reaction! —

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE REV. GEORGE WILKINSON,[†3] 19 JANUARY 1857

MS Texas University Library. *Address* (*The A. Edward Newton Collection*, Parke-Bernet Catalogue, 18 Apr 1941): The Reverend George Wilkinson | Rectory | Whicham | Whitehaven.

Tavistock House, London | Nineteenth January 1857.

Dear Sir

I highly esteem your confidence, and wish it were in my power to return any hopeful or useful reply to your enquiry. I cannot, however, offer you any advice on the subject. I hear (as you do) on high and learned authority, that there need no longer be delays in Chancery.[†4] Highly gratifying and convincing perhaps; but if that pestilent Court cannot, or do not, make its own agents do their duty, it is, in my poor opinion, body and soul a Humbug. Against such a dragon I know no remedy but a Saint George.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend George Wilkinson

To WILLIAM TELBIN, 19 JANUARY 1857

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House
Monday Evening | Nineteenth January 1857

My Dear Telbin.

It is an odd coincidence that I had actually dipped my pen in the ink to write this note to you, when your note was brought to me. It came quite Providentially, to enable me to give this a new turn. And the turn shall be on the stereoscope glass.

Our servants have been discharged on suspicion of breaking that valuable article, and the Policeman on duty that night has been suspended for the same dread reason. As you appear on your own confession to be the culprit, the sentence of the Court on you is, that you receive from the Court's bookbinder (the Court supposes in about a fortnight) a complete set of the Court's books;[†1] and that you read the same as often as your constitution can possibly bear that punishment without fatal consequences.

Plainly, I have asked my binder to put up a set, in a cheerful serviceable dress that I always use myself; in order that I might have the pleasure of asking you to accept them with my kindest regard. Perhaps you will put the accompanying leaf into one of them.

And believe me that if I lose sight of you soon, the fault shall be yours and not mine. Mrs Dickens, her sister, my daughters, son, everybody, send you their cordial remembrance.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

William Telbin Esquire

To THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, [?19 JANUARY 1857]

Mention in *To* de Cerjat, 19 Jan 57. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT,[†2] [19] JANUARY 1857

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* CD's mistake; Monday was 19 Jan 57. *Address:* A Monsieur W. W. F. de Cerjat | Elysée | Lausanne | Switzerland.

Tavistock House, London
Monday Night | Seventeenth January 1857.

My Dear Cerjat.

So wonderfully do good (epistolary) intentions, become confounded with bad execution, that I assure you I laboured under a perfect and most comfortable conviction that I had answered your Christmas Eve letter of 1855. More than that — in spite of your assertion to the contrary, I still strenuously believe that I did so! I have more than half a mind (Little Dorrit and my other occupations notwithstanding), to

charge you with having forgotten my reply!! I have even a wild idea that Townshend reproached me, when the last old year was New, with writing to you instead of to him!!! Wait till I come back to Elysée,[†1] and we will argue it out — as well as we can argue any thing without poor dear Haldimand.[†2] In any case, however, don't discontinue your annual letter, because it has become an expected and a delightful part of the season to me.

With one of the prettiest houses in London,[†3] and every conceivable (and inconceivable) luxury in it, Townshend is voluntarily undergoing his own sentence of transportation at Nervi — a beastly little place near Genoa where you would as soon find a herd of wild elephants in any Villa, as Comfort. He has a notion that he must be out of England in the winter; but I believe him to be altogether wrong (as I have just told him in a letter), unless he could take his Society with him.

Talking of Society, two things arise in my mind.

Firstly, when you offered your respected Pastor[†4] that testimonial, why didn't you make it conditional on his lowering his shirt-collar behind? I don't think a man with that article of dress scraping the hair off the crown of his head ought to have a testimonial.

Secondly, workmen are now battering and smashing down my Theatre here, where we have just been acting a new play of great merit, done in what I may call (modestly speaking of the getting-up, and not of the acting), an unprecedented way. I believe that any thing so complete, has never been seen. We had an act at the North Pole, where the slightest and greatest thing the eye beheld, were equally taken from the books of the Polar Voyagers.[†5] Out of 30 people, there were certainly not 2 who might not have gone straight to the North Pole itself, completely furnished for the winter. It has been the talk of all London for these three weeks. And now it is a mere chaos of scaffolding, ladders, beams, canvass, paint pots, sawdust, artificial snow, gas pipes, and ghastliness. I have taken such pains with it for these ten weeks in all my leisure hours, that I feel, now, shipwrecked — as if I had never been without a Play on my hands, before.

A third topic comes up, as this ceases.

Down at Gad's Hill near Rochester in Kent — Shakespeare's Gad's Hill, where Falstaff engaged in the robbery[†6] — is a quaint little country house of Queen Anne's time.[†7] I happened to be walking past it, a year and a half or so ago, with my Sub Editor of Household Words,[†8] when I said to him "You see that house? It has always a curious interest for me, because, when I was a small boy down in these parts, I thought it the most beautiful house (I suppose because of its famous old Cedar

Trees) ever seen. And my poor father used to bring me to look at it, and used to say that if I ever grew up to be a clever man, perhaps I might own that house, or such another house. In remembrance of which, I have always in passing, looked to see if it was to be sold or let; and it has never been to me like any other house, and it has never changed at all." We came back to town, and my friend went out to dinner. Next morning he came to me in great excitement, and said, "It is written that you were to have that house at Gad's Hill. The lady[†1] I had allotted to me to take down to dinner yesterday began to speak of that neighbourhood. 'You know it?' I said 'I have been there to day'. 'O yes', said she, 'I know it very well; I was a child there, in the house they call Gad's Hill Place. My father was the Rector, and lived there many years.[†2] He is just dead, has left it to me, and I want to sell it'. So," says the Sub Editor, "you must buy it. Now or never!" — I did, and hope to pass next Summer there; though I may perhaps let it afterwards, furnished, from time to time.

All about myself, I find, and the little sheet nearly full! But I know, my dear Cerjat, the subject will have its interest for you. So I give it its swing. Mrs. Watson was to have been at the Play, but most unfortunately had three children sick of Gastric Fever, and couldn't leave them. James[†3] was here. She was here herself some three weeks before, looking extremely well in the face but rather thin. — I have not heard of your friend Mr. Percival Skelton; but I much misdoubt an Amateur Artist's success in this vast place.[†4] — I hope you detected a remembrance of our happy visit to the Great St. Bernard, in a certain No. of Little Dorrit?[†5] Tell Mrs. Cerjat[†6] with my love, that the opinions I there expressed to her on the subject of Cows, have become matured in my mind by experience and venerable age; and that I denounce the race as Humbugs — who have been getting into Poetry and all sorts of places, without the smallest reason. The best thing they do, is Shoeing-Horns, and those you can make of brass — to say nothing of Gutta Percha. — Haldimand's housekeeper is an awful woman to consider. Pray give him our kindest regard and remembrance, if you ever find him in a mood to take it. "Our" means, Mrs Dickens's, Georgina's, and mine. We often, often, talk of our old days at Lausanne, and send loving regard to Mrs. Cerjat and all your house. We saw Miss Forbes's[†7] death in the Paper. She wasn't half [†a]old enough, I thought. Adieu my dear fellow. Ever Cordially Yours CD.[†a]

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 JANUARY 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 628. *Date:* 20 Jan 57, according to Forster.

He described the workmen smashing the last atoms of the theatre.

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 20 JANUARY 1857

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night | Twentieth January 1857

My Dear Mr. Tagart.

All that is personal to me and mine in your affectionate note, is so delightfully earnest, that I cannot refrain from thanking you for it and telling you that I know it has given me exactly the pleasure you designed it to convey. It gratified me exceedingly to hear from Mrs. Dickens that you were evidently pleased and moved by the Play. I had hoped to shake hands with you when I came upstairs, and that was the best substitute you could have left behind. Of course it (I come to the Play again) was a great trouble, but a labor of love. I very much doubt, apart from its being a lesson in patience, order, punctuality, and perseverance; and being a bond of union among all concerned; whether (so prepared and done) it is not about the best training in Art and respect for Art, that my young people could receive. When we do another ("when will that be, says the bell of Step-ney!")[†1] I should like you to see the preliminary process, and judge for yourself.

Now to Mrs. Williams.[†2] Let me say to you, in the perfect confidence I may impose upon you, that I am not at all likely, with my own concurrence, to see her. *I do not believe that narrative.* I unhesitatingly say to you that I do not believe it. Even allowing for some large suppression, I still do not believe it. I recommend you to be extremely cautious. I know of three incredible women, either of whom might be this person; one of whom I strongly suspect to be this person. Mind! I never saw any of these particular statements before, and have no direct reason (but their own want of basis and coherence) for discrediting them. It is true that I never heard the faintest reference from Macready to any such lady; but that might be, and her story might still be strictly true. But, in the case of the particular female monstrosity to whom I have specially referred, there were characteristics exactly answering to those which have interested you; and there was a narrative, in its general features sufficiently like this (to one, as I am, in the habit of constructing fictions and curiously watching them), to awaken great suspicion. You have here my whole reasons for recommending you to be very careful. They are twofold. First, as I might mistrust a strong personal likeness to a bad person, I mistrust the strong general resemblance I perceive here to a bad case, in which Forgery was one of the commonest elements. Secondly, if I had met with this lithographed narrative anywhere, I should have said, "On the face of it, highly suspicious and extremely improbable."

This is for your own guidance and self-restraining if you think right, — and it may be all wrong. I would write it to few other people. If with this caution any new

circumstances of doubt should come before you — let me know what it is, and it may piece into my previous knowledge.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

P.S. My eye falls on the Lithograph as I fold this note.

Do you know the "London Bank Threadneedle Street",[†1] where "the Memorial with the Government Endorsement" is to be seen? *I* don't.

Do you know of any state of the English law which, proving Bigamy against Mr. Seymour, would have failed to nullify the second marriage? — I don't.

Do you see any sort of allusion to the friends to whom she "fled" in March 1849 — or to the place where she lived as Mr. Seymour's wife — or to the place from which she married — or to the situation of her property which he nefariously got hold of — or to the means by which she gained, either her "terrible suspicion" or her "dreadful certainty" within seven days of her marriage — or any tangible reference to "the many eminent persons" in England and France, who know her history? Have you ever been face to face with one such, who can vouch for it?

To MRS MORGAN,[†2] 21 JANUARY 1857

MS Charles W. Traylen.

Tavistock House | Twenty First January 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs Charles Morgan, and begs to express his regret that her letter is one of an incredible number, in reference to which he can only assure the writers that he is unable to serve the objects in which they are benevolently interested, and that he will respect their confidence.

To W. J. ADAMS,[†3] 28 JANUARY 1857*

Facsimile in B. Altman & Co. catalogue.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Eighth January | 1857

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your very obliging note which I have received with much pleasure, and for the very useful London Guide and Hand Book accompanying it.[†4] Such a volume was much wanted and will, I have no doubt, be extensively purchased.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William James Adams Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 28 JANUARY 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | W.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Eighth January 1857

My Dear Beard

Will you "make a note,"[†1] to the effect that you dine with me on my Birthday, Saturday Week the 7th. of February? I will let you know whether we dine at Gravesend[†2] or at home here: which will mainly depend on the weather. In the first-named contingency, how is the foot?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,[†3] 28 JANUARY 1857

MS Lytton Papers.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Eighth January | 1857.

My Dear Bulwer

Hachettes gave me £350 for my consent to a complete translation of my books to this time.[†4] And they are to have the same right in respect of forthcoming books (if they choose to claim it), at the rate of £40 each. They are a very large house, and have a place of business, over the water in old Paris,[†5] quite as extensive, I should say, as Longmans.[†6]

I thought Wills had told you as to the Guild[†7] (for I begged him to), that we can do absolutely nothing until our Charter is 7 years old. It is the stringent and express prohibition of the Act of Parliament[†8] — for which things you Members, thank God, are responsible and not I. When I observed this clause (which was just as we were going to grant a pension, if we could agree on a good subject), I caused our counsel's opinion to be taken on it. And there is not a doubt about it. I immediately recommended that there should be no expences — that the interest on the Capital should be all invested as it accrued — that the chambers should be given up and the Clerk discharged — and that the Guild should have the use of the household Words office rent free, and the services of Wills on the same terms. All of which was done.

A letter is now copying, to be sent round to all the Members, explaining, with the New Year, the whole state of the thing. You will receive this. It appears to me that it looks wholesome enough. But if a strong Idiot comes and binds your hands, or mine, or both, for 7 years, what is to be done against him?

As to greater matters than this, however — as to all matters on the face of this teeming earth — it appears to me that the House of Commons and Parliament

altogether, is just the dreariest failure and nuisance that ever bothered this much bothered world.

Ever Yours

CD.

I duly forwarded your letter to the Secretary of the Dramatic Authors.[†1]

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 JANUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth January 1857

My Dearest Macready

Your friend and servant is as calm as Pecksniff, saving for his knitted brows now turning into cordage over Little Dorrit.[†2] The Theatre has disappeared, the house is restored to its usual condition of order, the family are tranquil and domestic, dove-eyed Peace[†3] is enthroned in this Study, fire-eyed Radicalism[†4] in its master's breast.

Mrs. Meredith's[†5] paper[†6] I retain for insertion. There is nothing in it very new, but it is very agreeable.

I am glad to hear that our Poetess is at work again; and shall be very much pleased to have some more contributions from her.

Love from all, to your dear sister, and to Katie, and to all the house.

We dined yesterday at Frederick Pollock's.[†7] I begged an amazing Photograph of you, and brought it away. It strikes me as one of the most ludicrous things I ever saw in my life. I think of taking a Public-House, and having it copied large, for the Sign. You may remember it? Very square and big — the Saracen's Head with its hair cut — and in modern gear? Staring very much? — As your particular friend I would not part with it on any consideration. I could never get such a wooden head again.

Ever Affectionately

CD

To MARK LEMON, 29 JANUARY 1857*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Ninth January | 1857

My Dear Mark

I enclose a cheque (crossed) for Nathan.[†1] Will you let him put a receipt stamp to his bill, and then send it to me.

There is a little bill for skins,[†2] which you kindly ordered. Will you let me know its amount?

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THE MEMBERS OF THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART, [LATE JANUARY 1857]

Mention in *To* Lytton, 28 Jan 57; the original letter surely written by CD. *Date:* shortly after that letter.

February

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?1-2 FEBRUARY 1857]

Mention in *To* Tagart, 4 Feb. *Date:* before Tagart's call on 3 Feb.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House | Tuesday February Third, 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have no doubt that your excellent interposition will cause the Hospital to manage these sad matters (clearly, I take it, mismanaged before), in a better way.†3 But I am sorry in the letter to you which I now return, to observe, either carelessness or dishonesty. I recollect my written summary distinctly. And I do most positively declare — not only that it did *not* represent Mrs. Bragg†4 to have seen the body in the

Hospital — which she plainly stated to me she did not — but, in so many clear words, described it to have been seen by the two men, who, after having dressed it as they best could, *took it to her.* In such a case as this, of all others, there is no defence for carelessness, and it is excessively suspicious. If I were conducting the case, I would most decidedly put them in the wrong on their own Resolution and make them acknowledge it. I don't say you should do so — your position being so different — but I would allow no body of men on earth to deal so grossly with me as to make their own misrepresentation and then coolly contradict it as mine. I have never seen a worse thing of this kind in my life. The connexion of the word "exaggerated" with the only hint in its support — that is, that Mrs. Bragg never saw the body — which you never represented that she did — is Old Bailey from the crown of its head to the sole of its foot — or, untidy and slipshod muddling.

I will go to the Bishop of Exeter†1 on Monday Morning; until when, my mornings will be occupied. Publicly, I think he has done about as much harm to real Christian brotherhood and good will, by his uniform conduct since he has been a Bishop,†2 as any mere mortal man could well do in his life time. Privately, I can of course have no other feeling towards him than that you commend him,†3 and that is enough. I will explain everything to him with my utmost pains.†4

(I find the foregoing two sides and a half, have a savage aspect! I now subside into ethereal mildness.)

The drainage at Shepherd's Bush has got all at once into such a dreadful condition, fraught with so much danger of sickness to the Inmates, that I was obliged on Saturday, after referring the matter to the

Builder, to give him directions for going to work to remove the evil, instantly. I was really afraid to wait, to refer the matter to you (the parlor had then become uninhabitable, and the whole house was fast becoming so); and I knew besides, that it must unfortunately be done. I am going out there to day, to see how they are getting on.

I read your letter at breakfast (with great gravity and a general rustic sensation which I associated with the field and a vague idea of a syllabub in the garden), to the effect that "Mr. Tennent[†5] will probably speak about a COW."[†6] Coming shortly afterwards to an unknown girl in the country (otherwise unintroduced) I found it was Case.[†7]

I don't know who wrote the African articles in the Times;[†1] but I will enquire, and tell you. Without at all disparaging Dr. Livingstone[†2] or in the least doubting his facts, I think however that his deductions must be received with great caution. The history of all African effort, hitherto, is a history of wasted European life, squandered European money, and blighted European hope — in which the generous English have borne a great share. That it would be a great thing to cultivate that cotton and be independant of America, no one can doubt; but I think that happy end, with all its attendant good results, must be sought in India. There are two tremendous obstacles in Africa; one, the climate; the other, the people.

It rejoices me to hear such good news of Nova Scotia.[†3]

With kind regard to Mrs. Brown, Ever Dear Miss Coutts. Most Faithfully Yours CD.

P.S. The wildest legends are circulating about town, to the effect that the Queen proposes to ask to have the Frozen Deep at Windsor.[†4] I have heard nothing of it otherwise, but slink about, holding my breath. — Please don't say any thing about fine weather, when you write. It is too much to bear.

To THE COUNTESS GIGLIUCCI, 3 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. Envelope (MS Dickens House) Countess Gigliucci | Great Western Hotel | Paddington. PM Feb 1857

Tavistock House | Tuesday Third February | 1857

My Dear Countess Gigliucci

I ought to have told you that Miss Coutts immediately replied (as indeed I knew beforehand), that she had no vacant presentation of any kind which she could give to "Poor Richard."[†5]

May he succeed in his new effort! But there is so much of electioneering, canvassing, and rushing about red hot, in all these things, that I have no faith in their solidity.

With kind regard to Count Gigliucci. Believe me always

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 4 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Fourth February 1857

My Dear Mr. Tagart

I was very sorry to miss you yesterday. — Had my Seven league boots on, and was striding over the frosty country.

I had already received and answered a note from this gentleman. I told him that the pressure of my own avocations would not admit of my complying, and, more than that, that I am not going, and have not within these five years had the faintest intention of going, to that dreary old Bath for any purpose under the Sun.[†1]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Edward Tagart.

To THOMAS BEARD, 5 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | W.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fifth February 1857

My Dear Beard

The weather being so severe, we will dine *here* on Saturday. Hour, 6. Best wine on the premises (and that "not bad," as Mitton says) to be broached on the occasion.

Ever Faithfully
CD

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 5 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Thursday February Fifth 1857

Dear B and E.

I find an odd mistake in the last No. which none of us observed, and which nobody seems to have discovered yet.[†2] — I shouldn't have done so, I think, but that I have been working today on that part of the story. It is explained on the other side, which we must have printed as a slip for the next No.[†3] Will you have the corrections made immediately in the type, if standing? If not, in the stereotype plates?[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 5 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Fifth February 1857.

My Dear Collins.

The weather being so severe, we will dine *here* on Saturday. Hour, 6.

I was at the Garrick on Monday. Comes De Bathe[†1] and says to me, "So you are going to Windsor!" — "Am I? — I know nothing about it." — "Pardon me! I mean, with the Frozen Deep" — "Well! I tell you I know nothing about it." — "Pardon me again," said he, "I can only say that I have been at the Court, and that I heard it from the Court's own people. Further; the Queen has a strong idea of following it up with some of the Crimean Amateur Performances,[†2] by the Divisional Officers who played there" — "I can only assure you," I repeated, "that I know nothing about it."

An idea has come into my head that they may be waiting to close the Professional Windsor Season, and get rid of Kean[†3] — that then the Queen may mean to lie by for her confinement[†4] — and that then the Amateur Plays may be designed for a season at Easter.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 5 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Free Library and Museum, Welshpool.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Fifth February 1857.

My Dear Frederick

I am sorry to be obliged to reply to you as before.

I cannot lend you the £30. Firstly because I cannot trust you, and because your bad faith with Wills and Austin makes the word "lend" an absurdity.[†5] Secondly because if this were otherwise it would do you no real good and would not in the least save you against creditors who have already power of taking you in execution.

Affectionately

CD.[†6]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixth February 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

No. I *won't* look upon it in extremis,[†1] — but I have an indignant objection to any thing like unfair dealing, which puts my blood up to boiling point. A blow would not incense me more than a shuffle.

I knew of Mrs. Bragg's having offered the money, but wholly separated it from the Hospital treatment of the Dead, because it had nothing to do with it. If *you* had connected the two things, they would instantly have told you that they had no connexion.

The drainage is distinctly our business (I am sorry to say), the main drain being provided. What is being done will cost, according to estimate, from Thirty to Forty Pounds. But I am pretty sure that when you see what it is, you will think the money well spent. We must have had illness without it. It is surprising that some obstinate disorder had not already broken out.

The gas is now at the gate. Would you like it taken into the house? The expense will be the usual fittings and nothing more. If we had it at all, I would recommend a jet in the fanlight, kitchen, wash-house, bathroom, over the chimney piece in each bedroom. Then, no light would ever be carried about the house. Just as we do here.

Between ourselves, I too should feel a little jealous of our own speciality if it should turn out that the Queen resolves to make that request. I *know* now, that she strongly entertains the idea. However, I should of course stipulate for as complete mastery and inaccessibility on the stage, as if we were at home — and should put a cheerful and dutiful face on the matter. Mr. Collins would like it very much, thinking it would express to the Theatres that they are not doing their duty, and that their noble Art is sliding away from them. He is of course a great consideration, and, knowing his feeling, I am ready with my reply if I should have occasion to give one.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 7 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Seventh February 1857

My Dear Mary

Half a dozen words on this my Birthday, to thank you for your kind and welcome remembrance, and to assure you that your Joseph is proud of it.

For about ten minutes after his death — on each occasion of that event occurring — Richard Wardour was in a floored condition. And one night, to the great terror of Devonshire, the Arctic Regions, and Newfoundland, (all of which localities

were afraid to speak to him as his Ghost sat by the kitchen fire in its rags), he very nearly did what he never did — went and fainted off, dead — again. But he always plucked up, on the turn of ten minutes,[†1] and became facetious.

Likewise he chipped great pieces out of all his limbs (solely, as I imagine, from moral earnestness and concussion of passions, for I never knew him to hit himself in any way), and terrified Aldersley[†2] to that degree by lungeing at him to carry him into the Cave, and the said Aldersley always shook like a mould of jelly, and muttered "By G — this is an awful thing!"

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

I shall never cease to regret Mrs. Watson's not having been there.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Seventh February 1857

My Dear Wills.

A touch of simple manly gratitude, fresh from the honest and overcharged heart, is so delightful in this world, that I am sure you will like to see the enclosed.[†3]

Pray keep it, and when you see Austin shew it to him. (I need not say that there was nothing in my letter but the plain declaration of the reason for being obliged to repeat my refusal.)

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MARK LEMON, 8 FEBRUARY 1857

Extract in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1909; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Mark Lemon; dated Tavistock House, 8 Feb 57.

Stanny will order the dinner.... Will you secure a box *for the Adelphi.*[†4]

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 8 FEBRUARY 1857

Text from MDGH, II, 11-12.

Tavistock House, Sunday, Feb. 8th, 1857.

My dear White,

I send these lines by Mary and Katey, to report my love to all.

Your note about the *Golden Mary* gave me great pleasure; though I don't believe in one part of it; for I honestly believe that your story,[†1] as really belonging to the rest of the narrative, had been generally separated from the other stories, and greatly liked. I had not that particular shipwreck that you mention in my mind (indeed I doubt if I know it), and John Steadiman merely came into my head as a staunch sort of name that suited the character.[†2] The number has done "Household Words" great service, and has decidedly told upon its circulation.

You should have come to the play. I much doubt if anything so complete will ever be seen again. An incredible amount of pains and ingenuity was expended on it, and the result was most remarkable even to me.

When are you going to send something more to H. W.?[†3] Are you lazy?? Low-spirited??? Pining for Paris????

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS WILLS, 8 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Eighth February 1857

My Dear Mrs. Wills

Pray accept my cordial thanks for your elegant little present.[†4] It has a treble value to me. Firstly as a mark of your remembrance. Secondly, as replacing a loss that I have much regretted. Thirdly, as a gift from Nurse Esther, and an association with the pleasant times in which I made that worthy woman's acquaintance, and conveyed to her previously benighted mind the complete assurance that I am not a Dragon, but a villified Lamb. (Note. An L too many in the last word but one.)

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 9 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Night | Ninth February 1857

My Dear Wills.

Will you be so kind as to make an explanation to the India House for me? I get so mobbed if I go to a place of that sort myself, that I ask the favor. I did not know of the necessity when you were here to day.

Walter Landor Dickens, being now of an age[†1] to go up to be examined for a Direct Appointment as a Cadet to which he is nominated, (the Director nominating him, being, as I remember, Mr. Lock),[†2] the business merely is to ask for his necessary papers. I suppose the Secretary's office to be the right one; but the name Walter sends me this evening as the name of the gentleman to be asked for, is Mr. Hollyer.[†3]

It is a mere matter of form. Walter is going up in about a fortnight. He is now with Messrs. Brackenbury and Wynne at Wimbledon[†4] (if that be anything to the purpose). The papers are wanted, I believe, directly — or at all events should be applied for directly.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 FEBRUARY 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 626. *Date:* shortly after 5 Feb while working on proof of Ch. 20 (No. XVI), published 28 Feb 57.

I don't see the practicability of making the History of a Self-Tormentor, with which I took great pains, a written narrative. But I do see the possibility of making it a chapter by itself,[†5] which might enable me to dispense with the necessity of the turned commas. Do you think that would be better? I have no doubt that a great part of Fielding's reason for the introduced story, and Smollett's also, was, that it is sometimes really impossible to present, in a full book, the idea it contains (which yet it may be on all accounts desirable to present), without supposing the reader to be

possessed of almost as much romantic allowance as would put him on a level with the writer.[†1] In Miss Wade I had an idea, which I thought a new one, of making the introduced story so fit into surroundings impossible of separation from the main story, as to make the blood of the book circulate through both. But I can only suppose, from what you say, that I have not exactly succeeded in this.[†2]

To HABLOT K. BROWNE, 10 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Tenth February 1857

My Dear Browne.

In the dinner scene,[†3] it is highly important that Mr. Dorrit should not be too comic. He is too comic now. He is described in the text as "shedding tears", and what he imperatively wants, is an expression doing less violence in the reader's mind to what is going to happen to him, and much more in accordance with that serious end which is so close before him.[†4]

Pray do not neglect this change.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Over

LETTERING FOR THE SUBJECTS.

An unexpected After-Dinner Speech.

The Night.[†5]

To J. WESTLAND MARSTON,[†6] 11 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Eleventh February | 1857.

My Dear Marston

A thousand thanks for your note. I am unfortunately obliged to dine out on Saturday, or I should have accepted the enclosed[†7] with great interest and pleasure. The underlining in the bill had not escaped me, and was not dissociated in my mind from

the old remembrances of the Patrician's Daughter.[†1] I still hope, of course, to see the Play; but I am very sorry to miss the first night.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Westland Marston Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER [?13 FEBRUARY 1857]

Extracts in F, VIII, i, 630*n*; VIII, i, 629 and 629*n*. *Date:* first extract 13 Feb, day of visit to Zoo (see *To* Miss Coutts, 14 Feb); next extracts both same letter in Feb according to Forster, and probably same date, just after Gad's Hill visit on 12 Feb with Wills.[†2]

I have been (by mere accident) seeing the serpents fed to-day, with the live birds, rabbits, and guinea pigs — a sight so very horrible that I cannot get rid of the impression, and am, at this present, imagining serpents coming up the legs of the table, with their infernal flat heads, and their tongues like the Devil's tail (evidently taken from that model, in the magic lanterns and other such popular representations), elongated for dinner. I saw one small serpent, whose father was asleep, go up to a guinea pig (white and yellow, and with a gentle eye — every hair upon him erect with horror); corkscrew himself on the tip of his tail; open a mouth which couldn't have swallowed the guinea pig's nose; dilate a throat which wouldn't have made him a stocking; and show him what his father meant to do with him when he came out of that ill-looking Hookah into which he had resolved himself. The guinea pig backed against the side of the cage — said "I know it, I know it!" — and his eye glared and his coat turned wiry, as he made the remark. Five small sparrows crouching together in a little trench at the back of the cage, peeped over the brim of it, all

the time; and when they saw the guinea pig give it up, and the young serpent go away looking at him over about two yards and a quarter of shoulder, struggled which should get into the innermost angle and be seized last. Everyone of them then hid his eyes in another's breast, and then they all shook together like dry leaves — as I daresay they may be doing now, for old Hookah was as dull as laudanum.... Please to imagine two small serpents, one beginning on the tail of a white mouse, and one on the head, and each pulling his own way, and the mouse very much alive all the time, with the middle of him madly writhing.

Announcing that he had taken possession of God's Hill Place and subscribing himself as the Kentish Freeholder on his native heath, his name Protection.[†3]

You remember little Wieland[†4] who did grotesque demons so well. Did you ever hear how he died? He lay very still in bed with the life fading out of him — suddenly sprung out of it, threw what is professionally called a flip-flap,[†5] and fell dead on the floor.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 14 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth February 1857

My Dear Collins

Will you come and dine at the office on Thursday at 1/2 past 5. We will then discuss the Brighton or other trip-possibilities. I am tugging at *my* Oar too — should like a change — find the Galley a little heavy[†1] — must stick to it — am generally in a Collinsian state.[†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth February 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts

I have the necessary form of certificates to fill in before Walter goes up for his examination; and it seems to me that you are the proper person to fill up *The First* on the 3rd. page of this form. Will you do so, if you see no objection? I was going to fill it up myself, and had almost written on it, when — reading it again — it appeared to me that I ought to ask you.[†3] You will see that the first blank in the certificate is for the Presidency.[†4]

Yesterday at the Zoological Gardens I saw (accidentally, for I had no idea of such a thing until I got into the room), the Serpents being fed with live birds, Guinea Pigs, rabbits, &c. A most horrible spectacle, and I have ever since been turning the legs of all the tables and chairs into Serpents and seeing them feed upon all possible and impossible small creatures.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours faithfully & affecy.

CD.

To ANTHONY PANIZZI, 14 FEBRUARY 1857

Extract in *A Collection of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents formed by Alfred Morrison* (2nd Series, 1882-93), 1896, III, 120; *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Panizzi; dated Tavistock House, 14 Feb 57.

Dear Sir,

Pray excuse the trouble I am going to give you in asking you to read this short note.

A young man who has a claim on my recommendation has some special assurance that I don't know how many scores of assistants will be wanted this spring some time at the Museum. He was a servant of mine for some years, but left me in consequence of a surgical disorder, which rendered it dangerous for him to be always skirmishing from the top of the house to the bottom. He is under thirty, sharp, well accustomed to public ways and public men, knows something of French, has seen a good deal of the world with his late master, and I can strongly recommend him.[†1]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 15 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fifteenth February | 1857.

My Dear Henry

I take the opportunity of a few spare minutes, to write you a short yarn concerning Gad's Hill Place. Wills and I were down there, this last Thursday.

Mr. Hindle the old Rector says that the builder in the neighbourhood of whom he hears the best account (though he has never had occasion to employ him, himself) is Naylor of Strood.[†2] As you spoke of enquiring about the repute of some neighbouring Professor, perhaps you will bear this artist in mind. The advantage of employing a Strood man (all other things being equal) is, that it is the nearest place.

It occurs to me that if we could decide upon our man, it would be a good plan, as tending to fill his mind with a solemn sense of his responsibilities, if you were to write to him, asking him if he would be disposed to attend us at the house on the 26th. of March, with a view to the immediate preparation of an estimate of the probable cost of the necessary repairs, and (that being agreed upon), *the immediate execution of the work.* The Drainage I suppose must have an estimate to itself, as we can not tell what is wanted, until it is all laid open. But the preparations for painting and papering, and the raising of the Roof 6 feet (the roof itself seems to be in want of great repair) could all be going on at the same time as the Drainage. And the great point is, to arrange for everything being done at once, out of hand, and got rid of.

Or, if you should think it better, we might, after you had chosen the builder, make an appointment with Mr. Hindle for going through the house with him and checking off the things to be done, so that (if you approved of his estimate) his man might get to work on the 26th. of March. Perhaps this would be the preferable course. I think if you would make the builder, whoever he shall be, come and see you first, before he goes into the house at all, and distinctly understand that if he is chosen to do the work it is to be *done* without pause or postponement (any taste of Circumlocution being inadmissible), we shall fall-to, at a great advantage. The

whole business ought to be disposed of in 6 weeks — don't you think so? And it will be an immense thing for the garden and its summer appearance and enjoyment, to get the workmen out before the Spring is far advanced.

I have begun the furnishing, and have already bought a good many things at a very fair advantage, by picking them up wherever I see them — sending John to buy them as if for himself — and permitting him to bring them away ignobly, in Vans, Cabs, barrows, trucks, and costermonger's trays. If you should meet such a thing as a Mahogany dining table or two marble washing-stands, in a donkey cart anywhere, or in a cats'-meat cart or any conveyance of that kind, you may be sure the property is mine. Or any shabby man with a porter's knot and a gigantic Crown of legs of chairs upon it, will be on his way here.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 16 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Affranchie | William. F. De Cerjat Esqre. | Elysée | Lausanne | Switzerland.

Tavistock House, London | Sixteenth February 1857

My Dear Cerjat.

A hasty line after my day's work. You are quite right. Always knowing the man in my own mind by his real name of Rigaud, I made the mistake. I observed it very soon, but not soon enough to correct it in the first large issue for the month, though it was immediately set right in the stereotype plates. Also, a notice has been printed for issue with the next No. explaining the error.[†1]

Ah! I wish you *had* seen the Play! Though I say it as shouldn't, I am pretty sure nothing so complete was ever seen before, or will ever be seen again.

I hear very frequently from Townshend. He is pretty well, but evidently lonely out there[†2] — and no wonder.

Kindest loves from all mine to all yours.

Ever Heartily Yours | My Dear Cerjat,

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS PHINN,[†3] 17 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Gresham's School, Holt.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth February 1857

My Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your letter, and to assure you that you did not need any recalling to my remembrance.

As I had not heard of the application, I made some enquiry about it on receiving your favor. It comes from the second son[†1] of the late Magistrate, and I have not the slightest hesitation in thoroughly recommending him. A'Beckett was remarkably careful and conscientious in the training of his boys. They have been exceedingly well educated, and well brought up in all respects.[†2] I do not doubt that this young man is much above the average, and would do great credit to the service.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Phinn Esquire.

To W. M. THACKERAY, 17 FEBRUARY 1857

Mention in Henry Hellssen catalogue, Copenhagen, Jan 1958; *MS* 1 p.; addressed W. M. Thackeray; dated Tavistock House, 17 Feb 57. *Address:* W. M. Thackeray Esquire | Onslow Square | Brompton | S. W. PM Feb 57.

Recommending a former valet.[†3]

To FRANK STONE, 18 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Night | Eighteenth February 1857.

My Dear Stone

I send you on the other side, the counterpart of a Memorandum of the estate disbursements[†4] for this last year, which I am now sending to Mr. Powell.[†5]

We never see anything of you. Can you and Mrs. Stone[†6] and the namesake of my deceased heroine,[†7] come and dine with us on Sunday — alone — at 5? We will have no one here, and will dine off roots and water. Say yes — unless one of your Corner banquets should happen to be coming off on that day, and the Burton air[†8] should be intended to be laden with the steams of Epicurean cookery.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

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	£	s	D
One third of gardener's contract half yearly charge for front court, extra the purchase of five new lime trees at 7/- each	1.	19.	4
One third of gardener's contract half yearly charge for front enclosure	1.	5.	0
One third of painter's bill for "preparing and painting quadrangle railings, piers, and gates, and re-writing names"	3.	0.	10
	£6.	5.	2

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 FEBRUARY 1857

Mention in Christie's catalogue, July 1974.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 21 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House
Twenty First February 1857 | Saturday

My Dear Miss Coutts

A hasty line before the Post goes out. Will you be so kind as to return me Walter's paper,[†1] for it is wanted and they press me for it.

Ever Faithfully & affYours
CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 24 FEBRUARY 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 41 Portman Square | Edgeware Road | W.

Tavistock House
Tuesday Night | Twenty Fourth February 1857.

My Dear Beard

I had heard of the first calamity,[†2] but not of the second.[†3] Your letter is a painful

surprise to me in so far as it concerns your own treatment — if I can say, without making an Ass of myself, that any thing would surprise me in that association.

If Saturday evening will suit you equally well, let me propose that we dine at the Garrick at 6. We will be alone of course. A glass of good wine may take the taste of that Scum out of our mouths — and it must be pretty strong in yours by this time. If this should not suit you, of course I am at your disposal in the morning of the same day; but the evening is better, as being more like one of our old Saturdays. Write me just a word in reply.

I went down yesterday to look at your country quarters.[†1] I said when I came home at night, that they would set you up; and now I feel that they are fresh enough — Ah! even to get you in training for another Baldwin — if there should be another in reserve for the sons of men and Holy Church.

Don't be cast down. Cheer up, and you will soon be the better for this. I F I W E R E Y O U , I W O U L D A B O V E A L L T H I N G S L E A V E A C A R D F O R D E L A N E[† 2] W I T H O U T A D A Y ' S D E L A Y .[†3] You need do no more, — but do that.

Ever Heartily CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 FEBRUARY 1857†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Tavistock House
Twenty Fourth February 1857 | Tuesday Night.

My Dear Miss Coutts

When do you want to publish the Summary?[†4] I ask, because it requires revision *for the Press* (that is, according to the Printer's habits) entirely through the Preface. You put your corrections in the text, and we always put them in the Margin; besides which, your additions require every one to be introduced in another way, so that the Printer may understand them at a glance. I should like to have a morning at this; but cannot get one just at this moment, as I am obliged to work at Little Dorrit. Can you let me keep it — say, until the 6th. or 7th. of March? I could then return it, so that it would be mere A B C to a printer.

In page 8 as to the Missing Calculation, there is no difficulty. I think, I have taken out all reference to such a Calculation, but have left in, all that refers to the principle.[†5] The passage has legs of its own, and is really not much weakened.

I see no objection to the present arrangement of the 3 parts.[†6]

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I would put Mr. Newman's letter[†1] exactly in his own words and way.

As to the Record,[†2] I cannot too strongly express my sympathy with your opinion. It is a shameful practice that you justly object to, and one which ought to be steadily and inexorably discountenanced. I would by no means send them the book.

I am so addle-headed tonight after a long day's work, that I am not quite sure I see this paper. So I will only add, pray don't let any body alter J. Newman. He is an honest fellow, who expresses himself in a genuine way that is very wholesome and good.

Let me know in a line, how long you can give me. I will turn back to the Summary as soon as my thoughts are clear of the complications they are running upon.

With love to Mrs. Brown | Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours faithfully and affy.

CD.

I was obliged to go to Gad's Hill yesterday, and so did not get your book and letter until to day. — Wonderful climate! — People sitting out of doors! —

To WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON,[†3] 24 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Rosenbach Museum.

Tavistock House
Tuesday Evening Twenty Fourth February | 1857

My Dear Mr. Dixon

I am unfortunately engaged for Monday night, or I would have come with pleasure, and denied all manner of humbugs[†4] from A[†5] to Z[†5]: including P[†5](olitical), the greatest perhaps of all.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To HENRY MORLEY, 24 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House
Tuesday Night | Twenty Fourth February 1857

My Dear Morley.

I accept the last (to this time) of the goodly company, with great pleasure, and

with the certainty of a good book to read. The "dead men" are not buried here, believe me.[†1]

I reply to your letter without a moment's loss of time, because it would be very painful to me to leave you for one unnecessary hour under the supposition that I could possibly do anything so ungenerous as throw the slightest impediment in the way of your very reasonable wish. I assure you that I have not the faintest "disinclination" to your making such a volume as you describe, from your esteemed contributions to Household Words.[†2] Let me go beyond this negative assent, and declare to you that it gives me cordial pleasure to think that they may be profitable and pleasant to you (and many others) in a new form.

I have been writing all day, and my pen blots and erases of its own accord, evidently under the impression that this is going to the Printer's. So I send it to the Post, out of hand.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 26 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House
Thursday Twenty Sixth February | 1857

My Dear Stone

I have omitted to reply to your question about the Gardener's bills. What you have still to pay, is one item of my memorandum repeated — that is, the £1 odd, half year's share of keeping the front court, here, under the windows in order.[†3]

Seriously as to Gad's Hill, — don't make any prospective arrangements for finding a light place to paint in during the winter months, until you shall have become familiar with it. It is highly probable that it would suit me as well as you, that you should have it at your busy time for what you can afford to pay — what it is worth to you in short — and if there is a pretty little place in England, accessible at all times by railway or steamboat, I believe that house to be it.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 FEBRUARY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House.
Saturday Twenty Eighth February | 1857.

My Dearest Macready

Miss Coutts being still at Torquay, there has been an unavoidable delay in approaching the subject of the poor boy[†1] — no avoidable delay, you will readily understand. I took the first occasion of presenting it to her, but with scarcely the least hope of success. For I know that when she resists her own strong impulse to do a kindness, she does so on some principle the necessity of which she has proved to her own satisfaction. And I also perceived the difficulty, that young Warner does not represent an individual in her consideration, but Legion. She writes thus — after having written me several letters, on other matters, always avoiding this.

"I really was foolish, and could not write about Warner. I feel so sorry for him, and so vexed not to do it, in a case which interests you and Mr. Macready. But I feel that every boy I have ever put anywhere, will come upon me, if I break through my rule *only* to provide for the education. Of course it is very uncomfortable personally to me, that a boy who passes more as a protegé of mine than he really is, should be in such a state; but I foresee what would happen if I did otherwise. What is the boy's age? If there are no funds available — and it seems to me something should have been put aside or allowed for such a purpose — would it not be better to withdraw him and try to place him somewhere? This I would assist in."

By "somewhere", no doubt she means in some sort of situation. Now, does it appear to you that anything can be done in that direction? To continue him at school under the circumstances, seems a hopeless kind of thing.

I am transcendently busy, drawing up the arteries of Little Dorrit.[†2] Very hard work, but deeply interesting to me. This short letter is all along of her. We are all well, and all send most affectionate loves to all at Sherborne House. Mamey and Katey have been at Bonchurch[†3] these three weeks, but come home to day.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Most affectionately Yours

CD.

March

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 MARCH 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Square | Edgeware Road | W.

Tavistock House | First March 1857

My Dear Beard

I have been preached against here, for forgetting an engagement — as I always do, unless I consult a neat pocket Ledger, which I invariably carry and — as invariably — never look at. I am bound over to eat a dinner on Wednesday.

Therefore let us postpone our theatrical trip for a little while. I will keep my eye on the bills, and look out for the American actress's[†1] most characteristic piece.

I shall be very much interested in knowing what passes between you and the vinous old dotard,[†2] next Thursday. Perhaps you will write me the result, on Friday or Saturday, addressed to the Bedford at Brighton.

Ever Cordially

CD

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 MARCH 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday First March 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I do not see any thing to object to, in the accompanying report.[†3] You have done great good; an obviously bad thing is set right; and although it would have been much better ingenuously done in the beginning than disingenuously, done it is, and many poor people will be the happier and better for it.

I will not fail to return the pamphlet on Common Things, and the corrections, in the course of the week.

Ever Faithfully & affYours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN MURRAY,[†4] 1 MARCH 1857*

MS Miss Barbara Murray.

Tavistock House | First March 1857.

My Dear Murray

I shall have great pleasure in dining with Mrs. Murray[†5] and yourself, on Thursday the Twelfth.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire.

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 1 MARCH 1857

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday First March 1857.

My Dear Paxton

A thousand thanks for your kind and prompt note. My idea of the weekly wages was merely a sporting guess, and I am thoroughly sure that whatever you tell me is right in that respect, *is* right.

I have a tenant in the place at this moment (an old clergyman who has lived in it 30 years), but I take possession myself on Lady Day. I don't care, however, how soon I engage the gardener, as I dare say that the summer aspect of the spot will be materially improved by his looking to it soon.

Whenever you are so kind as to send the accredited man here, I will see him; or, if I should happen by any chance to be away, Mrs. Dickens or Miss Hogarth will have full powers from the source of all domestic authority, to conclude treaties. About 10 in the morning is the best time. I shall not think it necessary to make any enquiries about his character, as your recommendation is conclusive on that head and all others.[†1]

You must let me remind you of this correspondence when the Midsummer weather comes, and ask you to accompany me one Saturday to the extensive freehold, where Cigars and Lemons grow on all the trees.

☛ The House of Commons[†2] seems to me to be getting worse every day.[†3] I solemnly declare to you that direfully against my will, I have come to the conclusion that representative Government is a miserable failure among us. See what you are all about, down at Westminster at this moment with the wretchedest party squabble, and consider that poor Working Mens' Meeting about Emigration, within a few yards of you all, the other night![†4] When your gardener grows me a gooseberry bush with its roots in the air, and Epping sausages for its fruit springing from a fountain of vitriol, I shall believe in the likelihood of a country's long going on, under the auspices of such a Club as the Devil has got together (present Company always excepted) under the big bell which will ring on some strange occasions before it's an old one.

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton

To C.W. DILKE, 2 MARCH 1857*

MS Professor Helena M. Gamer.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | Second March 1857

My Dear Mr. Dilke.

Will it be convenient to you if I call upon you at 4 on Wednesday, to confer about the Bloomsbury Humbug?[†1] I am going to Brighton on Friday morning, but of course arrange to be back for Wednesday week.[†2] I only suggest my hour, in order that you may be spared the trouble of answering this note. In case it should be in the least unsuitable, then (and then only) write to name another, and I will make it answer my purpose. I have really nothing to do on that day.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. W. Dilke Esquire

To JOSEPH ELLIS,[†3] 2 MARCH 1857*

MS Bedford Hotel, Brighton. *Address:* Mr. Joseph Ellis | The Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

Tavistock House, London. | Monday Second March 1857

Dear Mr. Ellis.

As I have not been in Brighton for sometime and want a walk on the Downs, I purpose coming to you next Friday, with a literary friend (Mr. Wilkie Collins) for about three days. Will you be so good as let me know whether you have room enough to give us a sitting-room and two bedrooms? If you reply yes, perhaps you will let your people know that we shall come down early in the afternoon, and that we will dine at Six.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Joseph Ellis

To THE CHAIRMAN OF THE METROPOLITAN FREE HOSPITAL,[†1] 3 MARCH 1857

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue, No. 258 (1910); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 3 Mar 57; addressed Chairman of the Metropolitan Free Hospital.

Expressing his respect for the Christian zeal by which their labour is animated and regretting his inability to help in it. In the midst of many pressing demands on my continuous attention, I am so beset by entreaties to preside on public occasions, ... that I am almost every day obliged to decline.... I consider only my inability to help it, consistent with the punctual and useful discharge of other duties.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 4 MARCH 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Fourth March 1857

My Dear Collins

I *cannot tell you* what pleasure I had in the receipt of your letter yesterday Evening, or how much good it did me in the depression consequent upon an exciting and exhausting day's work. I immediately arose (like the desponding Princes in the Arabian Nights, when the old woman — Procuress evidently, and probably of French extraction — comes to whisper about the Princesses they love),[†2] and washed my face, and went out; and my face has been shining ever since.

Ellis responds to my letter that rooms shall be ready. There is a train at 12 which appears to me to be the train for the distinguished Visitors. If you will call for me in a Cab at about 20 minutes past 11, my hand will be on the latch of the door.

I have got a book to take down with me, of which I have not yet read a line, but which I have been saving up, to get a pull at, in the nature of a draught. — The Dead Secret — By a Fellow Student.[†3]

Plornish has broken ground with a Joke which I consider equal to Sydney Smith.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM HOWITT,[†1] 4 MARCH 1857

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Fourth March 1857

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your kind note. I know all the walks,[†2] well. There is not an inch of all that ground which is not familiar with the print of my foot.

I hope to be in town, to call and see Miss Howitt's[†3] pictures.[†4] But I am very hard at work finishing a long story; and at such times wildnesses come over me, and I go off unexpectedly into strange places and write in inaccessible fastnesses.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 MARCH 1857†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Fifth March 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have gone over your corrections, and return them and the Summary.[†5] My fingers have itched to put your various insertions on the Margin, in the proper places of their introduction, where the Printer might have them under his eye without perpetual reference backward and forward. I have, however, of course observed your wish, and have only made such erasures in those parts of the text, as are calculated to prevent a Wilderness of repetitions and confusion. Some of the more obvious printers' mistakes I have also marked, where they have impaired the spirit and plainness of a passage.

Now, you will presently go on to say to Mrs. Brown, "What a queer man he is! What odd ideas he has sometimes!" Nevertheless, I can't help saying that I don't agree with you in your approval of the little essays about Dress.[†6] I think them not natural — overdone — full of a conventional sort of surface morality — disagreeably like one another — and, in short, just as affected as they claim to be unaffected. Catherine Stanley[†7] (page 36) who finds out that the reason for not liking a little bit of finery — which almost every young person on earth does, remember — human nature is "a common thing", and it is of no use to dream of putting it aside — Catherine, I say, who finds out that the reason for not liking it and putting it on, is,

that she will be "More really admired", without it, ought to be her successor — Miss Sly. I should call Catherine the only honest person of those Seven.

With these exceptions — respecting which I nail my flag to the Mast with a tenpenny nail at each corner — I have been greatly interested in, and pleased with, the whole book. And I heartily congratulate you upon it.

Wills has just had Mr. Bentley's (the Picture-cleaner's) address from me, and is now gone after him. I have been writing in a shaded room (the Sun shining full on the windows) and did not at first see that the opening part of this paper might have been sent to the same Mr. Bentley to be freed of its discoloration. You will excuse it, I know.

I am going to Brighton tomorrow for a breezy walk on the Downs, and shall be at the Bedford until Monday afternoon. After that, at home again.

With kind regard to Mrs. Brown, and hurling defiance at

Elwig
Morgan
Sproston
Wheeler
Stanley

Sly
and[†1]
Higinbotham[†2]
Ever dear Miss Coutts Yours most faithfully & affy.
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 MARCH 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixth March 1857

My Dear Henry

Your letter with its dark reference to a "proposition", brings my Gad's Hill fever to a height. I am a mere infant, babbling incessantly "Proposition — proposition".[†3]

My work has tired me so, that I arranged a few days ago to go to Brighton this morning until Monday. The dark note reaches me, just on the point of starting.

Can you dine with me at the Garrick on Monday at 6? — Or I could come out to you at Ealing on Tuesday Morning. I want to avoid an hour's unnecessary delay. Will you on receipt of this, write me a line addressed to me at the Bedford Hotel, Brighton, and tell me what our appointment shall be? And do — I implore on my bended knees — hurriedly glance at the nature of the Proposition. Wild to know what it is, I beseech to be informed in a general way.

The Greater part of the furniture is got. The last double-tooth I had out, was the order for the bedsteads, beds, and bedding.

Ha ha ha! — Proposition — Ha ha — (Don't mind this. It is the harmless wandering of my mind).
With love to Laetitia | Ever affectionately
CD.

To H. K. BROWNE, 6 MARCH 1857

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Friday Sixth March 1857

My Dear Browne

Very good subjects, both.[†1] The Lettering below.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

(I can't distinctly make out the detail — but I take Sparkler to be getting the tortoiseshell knife from the box. — am I right?)[†2]

Flora's tour of inspection[†3]

Mr. Merdle a borrower.[†4]

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 6 MARCH 1857*

MS Mrs K. M. Jonas. *Address:* Mr. Joseph Ellis.

Bedford Hotel | Friday Evening | Sixth March 1857

Dear Mr. Ellis

I have been kept out later than I intended, and have only just now (9 o'Clock) returned. I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at any time tomorrow that may best suit your convenience.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 8 MARCH 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Brighton | Sunday Eighth March 1857

My Dear Henry

Noble idea — brilliant conception — enticing in the extreme — the only question will be, *How Much?*[†5]

On Tuesday morning at Tavistock House at your own hour, I will expect you.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 8 MARCH 1857

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Nov 1990; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Brighton, 8 Mar 57; addressed F. M. Evans.

Acknowledging receipt of Evans's accounts[†1] *and arranging a meeting to discuss a query concerning them.*

I observe the amount to be from three to four hundred pounds *less* than the balance on the last half year.[†2] I have of course no means at hand of comparing the items; but you have the matter more readily at your fingers' ends than I have, at all times; and I wish you would tell me how this in the main comes about? Is it that the sale in the gross, is less by about 1500?[†3]

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 8 MARCH 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* The Hon. Mrs. Watson | 92 King's Road.

Bedford[†4] | Sunday Eighth March 1857

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I have had such a burst on the Downs — have been so rained upon, hailed upon, snowed upon, and blown — that I have been obliged to tumble into a warm bath, and *have not got a hat to come out in, until my own is dried.* I brought it back, if you can believe it, a solid cake of ice, half an inch thick.

If I do not go away too early in the Morning, I will call at your door, on the chance of saying Good bye. If I lose that chance, I will send you down The Frozen Deep on Tuesday. If you have done with The Dead Secret,[†5] will you let the Bearer have it, as it is Mr. Collins's copy. If you have not, don't on any account send it. (N.B. Mr.

Collins's head being triangular with a knob in the middle, and small besides, his hat is of no use to anybody but himself).

Ever Most Faithfully Yours | My Dear Mrs. Watson

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 10 MARCH 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Tenth March 1857

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I left the Bedford, early yesterday morning, leaving the Invalid behind to follow with the baggage. (My face is like a cullender from the hail and ice on Sunday).

Here is the Frozen Deep, accompanied by love and regard from all. I lose no time in sending off the packet.

My Dear Mrs. Watson | Ever Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 11 MARCH 1857*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Address:* Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire M.P. | Upper Brook Street | Grosvenor Square.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Night | Eleventh March 1857.

My Dear Milnes

As you made a reference to the Guild to day,[†1] I wish — merely as between yourself and myself — to make an important little point known to you. Pray understand, — not because I can have the slightest quarrel, either with the matter or the manner of what you said (which were, both, worthy of you, and of all respect), but because it is a plain fact, essential to any such reference.

I do not assert that the principles of the Guild are successful. I could have no warrant for making any such statement to you. But they are placed *altogether in abeyance*, by the Act of Parliament under which the Guild is incorporated.[†2] That Act is the least stringent we could obtain, but it disqualifies the Institution from appropriating any of its money to any of its purposes, until it shall have been in existence seven years from the date of the Bill. Consequently, the Society is forced (very much against its will), to remain inactive until the prescribed term is out. In the meanwhile it incurs no expences of management, and re-invests the interest upon its capital as the interest becomes due. You see how clear the case is, that it cannot be regarded as under the test of experience until the period of probation shall have expired.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Milnes Esquire

To [E. F. PIGOTT], 12 MARCH 1857

Extract in Parke Bernet catalogue, Dec 1947; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 12 Mar 57; addressed Mr Bigott according to the catalogue.

My Dear [Pigott]

Will you come and dine with us Monday next at 6 sharp? We have no party. Thackeray's daughters[†1] are coming to see the girls that day, but otherwise we are en famille.

To FRANCESCO BERGER, 13 MARCH 1857

MS Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth March 1857 | Friday

My Dear Berger

I am sorry to assure you that my Vote for the Royal Hospital[†2] has long been promised in behalf of another distressing case, or you should have had it with the greatest readiness and pleasure.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Francesco Berger Esquire

To CHARLES DE LA PRYME, 14 MARCH 1857

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Private | C. De La Pryme Esquire | &c &c &c | Reform Club | Pall Mall.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth March 1857

My Dear Sir

I feel exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note; but the Lovers[†3] cannot be brought together without some prospect of a mutual attachment. Reciprocity of liking, on my side, is wholly out of the question.

I beg to assure you that I thoroughly satisfied myself long ago, that I can be far more useful and far more independent, in my own calling than in the House of Commons; and that I believe no consideration would induce me to become a Member of that amazing Assembly.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. De la Pryme Esquire

To MRS LING,[†1] 14 MARCH 1857*

MS Mr J. Wilson.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth March 1857

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mrs. Ling, and regrets that the case to which the enclosed paper refers, is one of scores upon scores that he is quite unable to assist.

To THOMAS BEARD, 15 MARCH 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Private | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | Fleet Street | E. C.

Tavistock House | Sunday March Fifteenth 1857

My Dear Beard

I had begun to think that the vinous dotard and feeble Bacchus of Bankruptcy,[†2] might be playing fast and loose. Consequently your letter was a great relief to me, and I am now confirmed in my hopes, that whatever becomes of the Paper, your position is permanently improved.[†3]

As to those two incurable corns in Shoe-Lane, Baldwin and Knox[†4] — it is quite clear that eradication is the only possible resource.

Your hard work will only leave you Saturdays for a chance of a Play. Next Saturday I am engaged; but if you will bind yourself over for Saturday week the 28th and will appoint — a day or two before —

your own hour for our meeting at the Household Words office, we will go and dine somewhere, and I will be ready with the place of entertainment.

Ever Heartily Yours

CD.

Your summer quarters are progressing favorably. I shall not let you see them, now, until the workmen are out, and they have got their clean shirt on.

To W. C. MACREADY, 15 MARCH 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Fifteenth March 1857

My Dearest Macready.

I have only one vote for the Royal Hospital. It has long been promised in behalf of a very sad case (they are all sad cases), and is already anticipated for next year too, by another afflicted applicant.

Our poor dear boy![†5] — We speak of him every day, and look for any scrap of news

of him from Sherborne, with the deepest interest. What an extraordinary assertion of native strength in him breaks through all his illnesses! But we think most, now, of his father and his aunt. We never can get either of you out of our minds.

Please God you will come and look at Gad's Hill this Summer and will like it none the less for the sign of the Sir John Falstaff over the way. I am getting it up, very plainly, but comfortably; and I hope it is the best thing I could do for the boys — particularly Charley, who will now be able to have country air and change all through the fine weather; the railway enabling him to go up for business, and come down for dinner.

The annual fight at the Literary Fund came off last Wednesday.[†1] I am resolved to reform it or ruin it — one or the other.

God bless you. Our most affectionate love and sympathy to yourself and your dear sister and all the dear ones in the house.

Ever affectionately and faithfully

CD.

To THE HON. SECRETARY, WALLINGFORD MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, [?15-16 MARCH 1857]

Mention in *To* Gregson, 17 Mar 57. *Date:* clearly written a day or two earlier.

To [?THE SECRETARY],[†2] ROYAL LITERARY FUND, 16 MARCH 1857

Mention in Anderson Galleries, Feb 1922; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of Household Words, 16 Mar 57.

Sending draft of a resolution to appoint a committee to help Mrs Haydn.[†3]

To THE REV. JOHN GREGSON,[†4] 17 MARCH 1857

Text from N, II, 840.

Tavistock House, London | Seventeenth March 1857

Dear Sir,

I feel much obliged to you for your proffered hospitality, and entreat you to accept my thanks. But I beg to assure you (as I have already assured the honorary

Secretary of your Institution) that my avocations render my compliance with the request that I will read at Wallingford,[†1] wholly out of the question. I receive such an incredible number of similar applications, that it is no light task to answer them, however briefly.

Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†2] [14-17 MARCH 1857]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 827. *Date:* "apparently about the same date" as next, according to Forster; not later than 27 Mar; the election began 26 Mar.

I declare that as to all matters on the face of this teeming earth,[†3] it appears to me that the House of Commons and parliament altogether is become just the dreariest failure and nuisance that ever bothered this much-bothered world.[†4]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 17 MARCH 1857

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1890; *MS* 1 p.; dated 17 Mar 57.

I have however thoroughly satisfied myself, having often had occasion to consider the question, that I can be far more usefully and independently employed in my chosen sphere of action than I could hope to be in the House of Commons; and I believe that no consideration would induce me to become a member of that extraordinary assembly.

To HENRY AUSTIN, [19 MARCH 1857]

Mention in next. *Date:* posted the same day.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 19 MARCH 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House
Thursday Night | Nineteenth March 1857

My Dear Henry.

A letter I posted to you from the Household Words office this afternoon has crossed a letter from you which I find here on coming home.

I am delighted to find that the Builder got in.[†5] Certainly, as to going down as early as will suit you next week. As to tomorrow (Friday) I will remain at home here until

4, expecting either to see or hear from you. Any summons from you in the course of the day to come to your office (if that should suit you better), will immediately produce me.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To C. W. DILKE, 19 MARCH 1857*

MS Churchill College, Cambridge.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Nineteenth March 1857

My Dear Mr. Dilke

Forster has another notion about the Literary Fund. Will you name a day next week — that day being neither Thursday nor Saturday — when we shall hold solemn council here at 1/2 past 4.

For myself I beg to report that I have my War Paint on — that I have buried the Pipe of Peace — and am whooping for Committee Scalps.[†1]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. W. Dilke Esquire

To MARK LEMON, 19 MARCH 1857

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Thursday Nineteenth March | 1857

My Dear Mark

Stanny is delighted with the prospect of tomorrow, and will meet us at the H. W. Office at a quarter before five.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To SAMUEL PHELPS,[†2] 24 MARCH 1857

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* Samuel Phelps Esquire | 8 Canonbury Square | N.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Twenty Fourth March | 1857

My Dear Mr. Phelps.

Can you come and join our family dinner (we shall be perfectly alone) on Sunday at 5? If this proposal should not be convenient to you, I should be happy to see you on Saturday at halfpast 2. I should prefer the former appointment, as it would enable us to discuss our subject[†3] at the fireside after dinner; but I suggest two

opportunities of meeting, in order that the end may be the more readily brought about.

Write me a word in answer, and I shall expect you according to your reply,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To F. FREDERICK BRANDT,[†1] 27 MARCH 1857

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1984; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 27 Mar 57. *Address:* F. Frederick Brandt Esquire | Inner Temple.

Sympathising with his love for the fountain[†2] *and his* righteous indignation against the insensitive and bibulous old benchers.[†3] May the Water-Gods confound them! *But declining to write to* The Times *on the subject* when scores of men who are well able to do so, live within sound of the Fountain and make no sign.

To ROBERT BELL,[†4] 30 MARCH 1857

Extract from Christie's catalogue, Mar 1985; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Robert Bell; dated Tavistock House, 30 Mar 57.

He has a pleasant remembrance of his last visit[†5] *to Bell and regrets his inability to accept an invitation owing to an engagement to dine at Gravesend on 7 April.* It is, however, an engagement — and a grim business one to boot[†6] — and you know the reliability of your old Manager.[†7] (I will be as disagreeable at Gravesend as I possibly can).

To MARK LEMON, 30 MARCH 1857

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Thirtieth March 1857

My Dear Mark

Stanny wants to know if you will come and dine at the Jack Straw at Hampstead

next Friday, seeing his Pictures[†1] first. Answer me as soon as you can, and, if Yes, meet here at 3.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To GEORGE HODDER,[†2] [?MARCH 1857]

Text from George Hodder, *Memories of my Time,* 1870, p. 10. *Date:* soon after receiving Hodder's verses on the death of his wife, Agnes, who died in Mar 57.

I sympathize with you in the feelings which have prompted the verses, and I beg to offer you my condolences on the great loss which they very tenderly and touchingly deplore. But I think they express a private sorrow, and have not that public scope of address which is necessary to the purposes of "Household Words."[†3]

April

To CHARLES MILNER,[†4] 1 APRIL 1857*

MS Mr Maurice I. Packington.

Tavistock House | First April, 1857 | Wednesday Evening

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Milner, and begs to say that he has engaged Charles Barber,[†5] and hopes to be well suited with him. He will feel much obliged to Mr. Milner, if he will have the goodness to let Barber have the enclosed note as soon as convenient. He would not trouble Mr. Milner, but for not knowing Barber's address.

To FRANK STONE, [?1 APRIL 1857]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* shortly before *To* Stone, 6 Apr 57; handwriting supports. 1 Apr was Wednesday in 1857.

Wednesday Morning

My Dear Stone

What are you doing to day? I am off to Gad's Hill. Are you disposed for a country walk?

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, 3 APRIL 1857

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen.

Tavistock House, London | Third April, 1857.

My Dear Hans Andersen.

I received your welcome letter, the day before yesterday, and immediately proceed to answer it. I hope my answer will at once decide you to make your summer visit to us.[†1]

We shall not be at home here in London itself, after the first week in June, but we shall be at a little country house I have, only twenty seven miles away. It is on a line of Railroad, and within an hour and a half of London, in a very beautiful part of Kent. You shall have a pleasant room there, with a charming view, and shall live as quietly and wholesomely as in Copenhagen itself. If you should want, at any time while you are with us, to pass the night in London, this house, from the roof to the cellar, will be at your disposal. A servant who is our friend also, who lived with us many years and is now married, will be taking care of it; and she will take care of you too, with all her heart.[†2]

So pray make up your mind to come to England. We shall be at this place I mention, within an hour and a half's ride, all through the summer, and if you will let me know when we may expect you, we shall look forward to that time with most cordial pleasure.

I am very much interested by what you tell me of your new Novel,[†3] and you may be very sure that it will have no more attentive and earnest reader than it will find in me. I am impatient for its publication. Little Dorrit at present engages me closely. I hope to finish her story by about the end of this month, and that you will find me in the summer quite a free man, playing at cricket and all manner of English open-air games.

The two little girls you saw at Broadstairs when you left England, are young women now, and my eldest boy is more than 20 years old. But we have children of all sizes, and they all love you. You will find yourself in a house full of admiring and affectionate friends, varying from three feet high to five feet nine. Mind! you must not think any more of going to Switzerland. You must come to us.

With kind regard from all my family, Believe me

My Dear Andersen | Affectionately | And Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Hans Christian Andersen.

To P. W. CURRIE,[†1] 3 APRIL 1857*

MS New York University Library.

Tavistock House, London | Third April, 1857.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to thank you for the trouble its subject has occasioned you.

If you will have the kindness to reply to the gentleman whose letter I return, that you find such photographs as he required are not to be obtained, you will tell him the exact truth. I am so sensible of being a notorious personage, and am always to unwilling to make any unnecessary flourish of myself before the general eye, that I constantly decline to have myself multiplied in the Print Shops. Hence it really is the fact that what the sculptor wants is not in existence.

I am naturally very much flattered by his proposal and the assurance I derive from it that I have interested readers even in Russia: but I may confess to you that I should be greatly embarrassed by his carrying it into execution. For I am sure he would be disappointed by the reception his work would meet with here, simply because I am sure that no likeness sufficiently striking and characteristic to bear comparison with life, could be made out of such materials.

Renewing my thanks to yourself I have the honor to be Dear Sir

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Philip W Currie Esquire

I do not quite understand whether or no N. Borytshevski[†2] is aware that you have referred his letter directly to me. If he be, may I beg you to assure him of my most grateful and cordial appreciation of the honor he would confer upon me.

To LOUIS HACHETTE, 3 APRIL 1857

MS Librairie Hachette.

Tavistock House, London | Third April, 1857

Dear Sir.

I have received your two obliging letters, with much interest and satisfaction. The copies of Nickleby[†3] which you had the kindness to forward to me, I have also received safely, and have carefully read. Touching them, and the high opinion I have formed of the translation, I enclose a letter to M. Lorain which perhaps you will have the kindness to place in his hands.

Bleak House[†4] has not yet reached me.

I am charmed to learn that the series is progressing with so much vigour, and I sincerely hope that the result of the undertaking may be in all respect satisfactory to you.[†1]

Accept my dear Sir the assurance of my consideration and regard.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A Monsieur L. Hachette

To PAUL LORAIN, 3 APRIL 1857

Mention in last. *Date:* written the same day.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?5 APRIL 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 627. *Date:* shortly after 3 Apr 57 (see below).

I was ludicrously foiled here[†2] the other night in a resolution I have kept for twenty years not to know of any attack upon myself, by stumbling, before I could pick myself up, on a short extract in the *Globe* from *Blackwood's Magazine,* informing me that *Little Dorrit* is "Twaddle."[†3] I was sufficiently put out by it to be angry with myself for being such a fool, and then pleased with myself for having so long been constant to a good resolution.

To FRANK STONE, 6 APRIL 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Morning Sixth April | 1857

My Dear Stone

Many thanks for your note. I will come in, early tomorrow morning before the Visitors begin.[†4] Yesterday I was engaged, and to day I have no end of botherations. I

am of course anxious to see what you have done, before it goes away.[†1] I have seen nobody's pictures but Stanfield's; being closely occupied with my book — and Gad's Hill.

Ever Affecy.
CD

To FRANK STONE, 7 APRIL 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Seventh April 1857

My Dear Stone

I have unfortunately been kept here until the last moment, and have to fly for my Train.[†2] Never mind! I will study the Picture on the Academy wall.

In great haste | Every affecy.

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 APRIL 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Meadfoot House | Hesketh Crescent | Torquay | Devon.

Wates's Hotel, Gravesend
Thursday Night | Ninth April, 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I am working here for a few days (that I may have an eye on the little repairs at Gad's Hill), and must thank you for your letter. Not that I thought you "queer" for not writing sooner. You must be very much queerer than that, to be queer in my mind!

My uneasiness on the Dress point, arose, first of all, from the nature of the girls' remarks. I do not feel them to be true, and I have a very great misgiving that they were written against nature, under the impression that they would have a moral aspect. I attach no blame to the young women — have not a doubt that they deceived themselves far more than they will ever deceive any body else — and believe them to have written in a love of commendation; in a rather more disagreeable phase of it than a love of dress would shew.[†3]

I have also, long felt the question to be an excessively difficult one. Apart from what you so gently and delightfully write in your letter (you must not mind my praising it, because it really does charm me), of that little womanly vanity and desire to please, which a wisdom in comparison with which the best of our lights are mere ignorance and folly, has implanted in women, as one of their distinguishing marks, for the happiness of mankind; I have to add an observation which I believe to be a

true one. I constantly notice a love of color and brightness, to be a portion of a generous and fine nature. I feel sure that it is often an innocent part of a capacity for enjoyment, and appreciation, and general adornment of everything, which makes a buoyant, hopeful, genial character. I say most gravely that I do *not*[†1] know what I may take away from the good influences of a poor man's home, if I strike this natural common thing out of the girl's heart who is going to be his wife.

It is like the use of strong drinks or the use of strong any thing. The evil is in the abuse, and not in the use. The distinction between the two, and the perception of the medium in which taste and propriety are to be found, is the result — one of the results — of a generally good, sound, plain education. The natural tendency of the sex through all its grades, is to a little finery — and I would not run counter to that (I make bold to say), agreeable, wholesome, and useful characteristic. The frivolous women of a better

degree who disgust you and all sensible people, have really had no education whatever that deserves the name.

You will I know be glad to hear that Walter appeared here yesterday, radiant and gleaming. He passed his examination[†2] on Tuesday in a most creditable manner, and was one of a small number of boys out of a large number, who emerged from the Ordeal triumphant. I have now taken order for his learning to swim, to ride, to fence, to become acquainted with the use of gun and pistol, and to "go in" for a trifle of Hindustanee, in the course of the three months he will probably remain at home. I started him up again last night to his brothers and sisters (Mary, Katey, and Charley, are keeping house), laden with his credentials to the different professors of these Arts. He was perfectly happy, and they had received him with torrents of applause, and he was very anxious that I should "tell Miss Coutts that he hadn't been spun" — which means, rejected.[†3]

Mr. Wates, who is one of my particular friends (and whom you liked, I remember) is in great force, and his house is as orderly and comfortable as ever. If you don't like Gad's Hill, I shall set it on fire — particularly as it is insured. I have devised an immense number of small inventions, which it will require a Summer's day for you and Mrs. Brown to appreciate. There *is*[†4] a little study (I am sorry to say that the merit of hewing it out of a china-closet is Mr. Austin's) which — but you must see it. According to Charley's plans, Walter is to destroy his constitution at Cricket in the field, before starting for India: which will be a great comfort to him. Mrs. Dickens and Georgina and the two little boys are with me, [†a]and send best love to you and Mrs. Brown. I add mine, and am Ever dear Miss Coutts Yours most faithfully & affecy.

CD.

P.S. Very much interested in the Geologist.[†a†5]

To MISS EMILY JOLLY, 10 APRIL 1857

Text from MDGH, III, 181-3.

Gravesend, Kent, 10th April, 1857.

Dear Madam,

As I am away from London for a few days, your letter has been forwarded to me.

I can honestly encourage and assure you that I believe the depression and want of confidence under which you describe yourself as labouring to have no sufficient foundation.

First as to "Mr. Arle."[†1] I have constantly heard it spoken of with great approval, and I think it a book of considerable merit. If I were to tell you that I see no evidence of inexperience in it, that would not be true. I think a little more stir and action to be desired also; but I am surprised by your being despondent about it, for I assure you that I had supposed it (always remembering that it is your first novel) to have met with a very good reception.

I can bring to my memory — here, with no means of reference at hand — only two papers of yours that have been unsuccessful at "Household Words." I think the first was called "The Brook." It appeared to me to break down upon a confusion that pervaded it, between a Coroner's Inquest and a Trial. I have a general recollection of the mingling of the two, as to facts and forms that should have been kept apart, in some inextricable manner that was beyond my powers of disentanglement. The second was about a wife's writing a Novel and keeping the secret from her husband until it was done. I did not think the incident of sufficient force to justify the length of the narrative. But there is nothing fatal in either of these mischances.

Mr. Wills told me when I spoke to him of the latter paper that you had it in contemplation to offer a longer story to "Household Words." If you should do so, I assure you I shall be happy to read it myself, and that I shall have a sincere desire to accept it, if possible.[†2]

I can give you no better counsel than to look into the life about you, and to strive for what is noblest and true. As to further encouragement, I do not, I can most strongly add, believe that you have any reason to be downhearted.

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To G. F. HUDSON, 11 APRIL 1857

Text from *Daily News,* 9 Oct 1905. *Address:* name of addressee given in shorter extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Mar 1917.[†3]

Gravesend | 11th April, 1857

My dear Sir,

Your kind note has been forwarded to me here, and I received it with much

pleasure. But I cannot (unfortunately) accept your agreeable invitation,[†1] for I am busy here with a race of my own — bringing a pretty large field of characters up to the winning-post,[†2] and spurring away with might and main. —

Believe me, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM J. CLEMENT,[†3] [?8-14 APRIL 1857]

Mention in *To* Clement, 10 July 57. *Date:* if, as CD "strongly" believed, written from Gravesend, then probably between 8 and 15 Apr.[†4]

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE,[†5] 15 APRIL 1857

MS Lord Howard of Henderskelfe.

Gravesend, Kent | Wednesday | Fifteenth April, 1857

My Dear Lord Carlisle.

I am writing by the river-side for a few days, and, at the end of last week, Mrs. Webb[†6] appeared here with your note of introduction. I was not in the way; but, as Mrs. Webb[†6] had come express from London with it, Mrs. Dickens opened it, and gave her (in the limited sense which was of no use to her), an audience. She did not quite seem to know what she wanted of me. But she said she had understood at Stafford House,[†7] that I had a Theatre in which she could read; with a good deal of modesty and diffidence she at last got so far. Now, my little Theatre turns my house out of window — costs fifty pounds to put up — and is only two months taken down. Therefore is quite out of the question. This, Mrs. Dickens explained, and also my profound inability to do anything for Mrs. Webb's[†6] readings, which they could not do for themselves. She appeared fully to understand the explanation, and indeed to have anticipated for herself how powerless I must be in such a case.

She described herself as being consumptive, and as being subject to an effusion of blood from the lungs — about the last condition, one would think poor woman, for the exercise of public elocution as an art.

Between ourselves, I think the whole idea a mistake, and have thought so from its first announcement. It has a fatal appearance of trading upon Uncle Tom, and am I not a Man and a Brother — which you may be by all means and still not have the smallest claim to my attention as a public reader. The town is over-read from all the white squares on the draught-boards; it has been considerably harried from all the black squares — now with the aid of Old Banjoes, and now with the aid of Exeter Hall — and I have a very strong impression that it is by no means to be laid hold of from this point of address. I myself for example am the meekest of men, and in abhorrence of Slavery yield to no human creature — and yet I dont admit the sequence that I want Uncle Tom (or Aunt Tomasina)[†1] to expound King Lear to me. And I believe my case to be the case of thousands.

I trouble you with this much about it, because I am naturally desirous you should understand that if I could possibly have been of any service or have suggested any thing to this poor lady, I would not have lost the opportunity. But I cannot help her, and I assure you that I cannot honestly encourage her to hope. I fear her enterprise has no hope in it.

In your absence I have always followed you through the papers, and felt a personal interest and pleasure in the public affection in which you are held over there.[†2] At the same time I must confess that I should prefer to have you here, where good public men seem to me to be dismally wanted. I have no sympathy with Demagogues, but am a grievous Radical, and think the political signs of the times to be just about as bad as the spirit of the people will admit of their being. In all other respects I am as healthy, sound, and happy, as your kindness can wish. So you will set down my political despondency as my only disease.

On the tip top of Gad's Hill between this and Rochester — on the very spot where Falstaff ran away — I have a pretty little old-fashioned house which I shall live in hope of shewing to you one day. Also I have a little story respecting the manner in which it became mine, which I hope (on the same occasion in the clouds) to tell you.

Until then and always | I am dear Lord Carlisle

Yours very faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl of Carlisle

To J. E. BRADFIELD,[†3] 16 APRIL 1857*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth April, 1857

Sir.

I beg to assure you that I think your movement in the matter of Toll Reform, an excellent one; but I cannot accept the honor you propose to me of becoming a

Member of the Committee, simply because I am very closely occupied, and I make it a rule never to connect myself *in name alone*, with anything.

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

J. E. Bradfield Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 16 APRIL 1857

Extract in John Waller catalogue No. 90; *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 Apr 57.

I understand you covered yourself with GLORY on the way home the other night.

To DR HENRY MADGE,[†1] 16 APRIL 1857

Extract in N, II, 898; *MS* 1 1/2 pp; dated 1857; addressed Dr. Madge. Mention in *American Book Prices Current*, III, 80; MS 1 1/2 pp; dated 16 Apr 57; addressed Dr Madge, St Pancras Literary Institute.

Before accepting the compliment which you have the kindness to propose to me, I would desire to be better acquainted with some details of the Institution, and the facilities it affords for a fusion of several classes on a good, common, mutual ground. This appears to me to be one of the highest uses of such establishments, and one of their most ordinary failures.

To MRS HUGH MILLER,[†2] 16 APRIL 1857

Text from N, II, 845.

Tavistock House, London | Thursday 16th April, 1857

Dear Madam,

Allow me to assure you that I have received the last work[†3] of your late much-lamented husband[†4] with feelings of mournful respect for his memory and of heartfelt sympathy with you. It touches me very sensibly to know, from the inscription

appended to the Volume, that he wished it to be given to me.[†1] Believe me, it will fill no neglected place on my book-shelves, but will always be precious to me, in remembrance of a delightful writer, an accomplished fellow of science, and an upright and good man.

I hope I may, dear Madam, without obtrusion on your great bereavement, venture to offer you my thanks and condolences, and to add that, before I was brought into this personal association with your late husband's final labour, I was one of the many thousands whose thoughts had been much with you.

Yours faithfully and obliged

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM WILSON,[†2] 16 APRIL 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth April, 1857.

Dear Sir

Returning to town last night after a short absence of ten days, I found your note and book[†3] awaiting me. I hasten to assure you that I received them with very great pleasure and that I am sincerely sensible of your kind feeling towards me. My knowledge of the book has not, in these few hours, extended beyond the two first pages,[†4] but those have touched my heart.

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

William Wilson Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, [?16 APRIL] 1857

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, April 1885; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1857; addressed Benjamin Webster. *Date:* after publication of *Proceedings* (see below) on 11 Apr, and probably on CD's return to London 16 Apr.

Enclosing the Proceedings of the Theatrical Fund Festival.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-APRIL 1857]

Extract in F, IV, i, 292. *Date:* probably after return to London on 15 Apr.

Calling Forster's attention very earnestly to two tales then in course of publication in Blackwood's Magazine.[†1] Do read them. They are the best things I have seen since I began my course.

To L. MACKENZIE,[†2] 18 APRIL 1857

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; dated Tavistock House, 18 Apr 57. *Address:* L. Mackenzie Esquire | 81 Ebury Street | S. W.

Sir.

Allow me to thank you for your note. *Replying to Mackenzie who has pointed out a resemblance between Miss Wade and a character in one of Mrs. Opie's*[†3] *books,*[†4] *he informs him that he does not know the story to which his correspondent refers, nor does he have her books in his library, but that he will look into the matter more fully when he has completed the novel.* I have observed Miss Wade in real life (as I dare say Mrs. Opie observed her gentleman), and know the character to be true in every respect. It quite fascinated me in its singular anatomy and I devoted great pains to it in the little narration.

I observe it to be out of the familiar experience of most people and that they regard it with an incredulous kind of astonishment, — though in reality it is often before them.

To STEWARDS AND COMMITTEE OF ST. ANN'S SOCIETY,[†1] 18 APRIL 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Saturday Eighteenth April, 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Stewards and Committee of St. Ann's Society, and begs to say that his engagements do not admit of his accepting the invitation with which they have favored him.[†2]

To DR W. C. HOOD,[†3] 19 APRIL 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | 19 April, 1857 | Saturday Night.

Dear Sir

I beg to assure you that you require no better introduction to me than your own, and that I shall be happy to receive you here on Tuesday Afternoon at 5 o'Clock.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Hood.

To CHARLES COOTE,[†4] 22 APRIL 1857*

MS Mr Peter Goodricke. *Address:* Charles Coote Esquire | Devonshire House | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Second April | 1857

My Dear Sir

I am sorry that I am not free to support your friend. But I have already pledged myself to vote for two gentlemen recommended by the Founder of the Institution.[†5]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Coote Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 23 APRIL 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | W.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Third April | 1857

My Dear Beard

I have engaged Delane to dine here on Saturday the Ninth of May at half past 6, sharp. Will you hold yourself engaged accordingly.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To HENRY BOWIE, 25 APRIL 1857*

MS Edinburgh Central Library.

Tavistock House, London
Twenty Fifth April, 1857 | Saturday Night

Dear Sir

I beg to reply to your letter that I cannot possibly pledge myself thus long beforehand, to the precise day on which I may be able to redeem my promise to your Society. Nor do I think it reasonably probable that I shall be able to do so, until September at the earliest.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Bowie Esquire.

To THE REV. ARCHER GURNEY,[†2] 25 APRIL 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House
Saturday Evening | Twenty Fifth April, 1857.

My Dear Sir

I am no stranger to the worth of your opinions,[†3] and the force they derive from your knowledge, feeling, and habits of reflection.

Your letter has afforded me the greatest pleasure. Believe me, whatever gratification I have been so fortunate as to give you, you have most generously and

handsomely repaid. I cannot sufficiently express to you the estimation in which I hold a tribute so spontaneously and affectionately rendered.

It cannot be more agreeable to you to find me writing without satire, than it is to me to find myself in the height of geniality. But, a writer with a great audience, who deeply feels certain salient public vices of his time, must not let them altogether go by him. He has his duty to do, and he must do it — yoking it to his pleasanter fancy as well as he can.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Archer Gurney.

May

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 3 MAY 1857

MS British Library.

Rochester | Sunday Third May, 1857

My Dear Paxton

Don't be dismayed when I tell you in the outset of this note, that I cannot come to Coventry on Wednesday — but read on.

You know I am an exact man, and that nothing short of necessity would induce me to break such an engagement as I have made with you. But it *is* absolute necessity that urges me to write. I am finishing my book — a task to which it is essential to devote much time and care — I have other and pressing matters requiring my prompt attention; and I really can not make a gap in the march to those two words "The End", which now absorbs me. It is not the actual time that this little journey would cost me, but it is the sense of having to go anywhere and do anything but what I am upon, next week of all the weeks in the fifty two, that would disable me. Therefore I am forced — really forced by the peculiar nature of my work which cannot be left and resumed at pleasure — to stick to my writing and ask your friendship to believe that I am, in my own despite, unavailable for Wednesday.

But, you once asked me to read my Carol for your Coventry people. Now, I will empower you to announce at the Dinner, if you think it worth while, that, as a little mark of my interest in and regard for you, I will do so, please God, on any day that you may appoint within a fortnight before Christmas Day or a fortnight after it. It shall be done for the pleasure — or benefit — or both — of any public Society in Coventry, you choose to name. You shall be at full liberty to pledge me at the Dinner, and to bind me then and there. The only promise I ask from you in return, is, that we go down together on the occasion, go to no man's dwelling-house, but cosily and jollily sup at the Inn, after the reading.

I should be exceedingly — in all truth and sincerity, seriously — pained, if you were to take my defalcation to heart, and let it throw the faintest cloud on your Wednesday's triumph. I do hope, however, that I have struck out a way of putting this right, and that you will feel that you take me down in your pocket with one of my best suits on.

So all Health and Prosperity to you, at Coventry and everywhere else — on Wednesday and on all the days in the year! — And don't suspect me of any thing but the

truth: which is, that I am in the full flight and mid career of the close of my book, and must finish it at a heat, and until it is finished am fit for nothing else.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton.

To THE REV. ALEXANDER HOWELL,[†1] 6 MAY 1857*

MS Professor K. J. Fielding.

Tavistock House, London | Sixth May, 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Howell, and begs to reply to Mr. Howell's note, that his avocations do not admit of his undertaking to read at Darlington.

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 MAY 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 626-7. *Date:* CD visited the Borough on 6 May 57.[†2]

Went to the Borough yesterday morning before going to Gadshill, to see if I could find any ruins of the Marshalsea. Found a great part of the original building — now "Marshalsea Place." Found the rooms that have been in my mind's eye in the story.[†3] Found, nursing a very big boy, a very small boy, who, seeing me standing on the Marshalsea pavement, looking about, told me how it all used to be. God knows how he learned it (for he was a world too young to know anything about it), but he was right enough.[†4] ... There is a room there — still standing, to my amazement — that I think of taking! It is the room through which the ever-memorable signers of Captain Porter's petition filed off in my boyhood.[†5] The spikes are gone, and the wall is lowered, and anybody can go out now who likes to go, and is not bedridden; and I said to the boy "Who lives there?" and he said, "Jack Pithick." "Who is Jack Pithick?" I asked him. And he said, "Joe Pithick's uncle."[†6]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 8 MAY 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Friday Evening | Eighth May, 1857

Dear Sir

I am very glad to find the state of the accounts so much improved,[†1] and thoroughly concur in your hope that we may find the improvement lasting.[†2]

Please to pay in the balance as usual, now that I have gone over them.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire.

To THE EARL STANHOPE,[†3] 11 MAY 1857*

MS Stanhope Papers.

Tavistock House | Eleventh May, 1857

My Dear Lord Stanhope.

It would have given me great pleasure if I could have had the honor of accepting your kind invitation — and Mrs. Dickens also, would have been proud to respond to Lady Stanhope's[†4] remembrance of her — but that I am unfortunately engaged for Wednesday the 20th. A promise of long standing, to go out of town that morning, ties me fast.[†5]

My Dear Lord | Faithfully Yours

The | Earl Stanhope

To WILKIE COLLINS, 11 MAY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday Evening | Eleventh May, 1857

My Dear Collins

I am very sorry that we shall not have you tomorrow. Think you would get on better if you were to come, after all.

Yes Sir. Thank God, I *have* finished! On Saturday last, I wrote the two little words of three letters each.[†6]

Any mad proposal you please, will find a wildly insane reponse in.

Yours Ever

CD.

We shall have to arrange about Tuesday at Gad's Hill. You remember the engagement?[†1]

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, 12 MAY 1857*

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen.

Tavistock House, London | Twelfth May, 1857.

My Dear Hans Christian Andersen.

I have just now finished Little Dorrit, and devote my first leisure to writing to you, in answer to your welcome and much-valued letter.

My house in the country is *not* upon the straight main railway-line between Dover and London. There is a station upon that line, where you could turn off, and come to me by a Branch Railroad; but it would be rather a complicated business for a stranger. Therefore, if you should be alone, I would recommend you to come to London, and then, *at another part of the Station at which you would arrive* — the London Bridge Terminus — to take the North Kent Railway, to a place called Higham (H I G H A M) which is a mile from my house.

But, when you know exactly when you will come, and how you will come, I will meet you somewhere — either at the station in London, or at some other part of the journey — if you will tell me what your arrangements are.

You write English so extraordinarily well, that I am quite surprised by what you tell me of your speaking it. I feel sure, however, that you will become a perfect Englishman among my family, in a very few days. We all speak French, and some Italian. My eldest boy speaks German too. So I am not in the least afraid of our failing to be talkative.

I may as well mention while I think of it, that I wear a moderate beard. As I wore none when you were last in England, your knowing of the change may enable you to recognize me the sooner, when you see me.

Do not write until you know all about your journey. And then be sure that you will find me somewhere, waiting to receive and welcome you.

With kindest regard from all my house, | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 12 MAY 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire, Morning Herald Office.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Twelfth May 1857

My Dear Beard

I am sorry to find (your card being sent down to me here, with my letters), that you called at home this morning. Could you call at Tavistock House again tomorrow morning at 10?

Are you engaged *this afternoon?* If not, we dine here (B and E, Lemon, and Forster). It is our half yearly Audit Day. Half past five. Can you come? If you can — do.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, 13 MAY 1857

MS Churchill College, Cambridge.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth May, 1857.

My Dear Forster.

I have gone over Dilke's memoranda, and I think it quite right and necessary that those points should be stated. Nor do I see the least difficulty in the way of their introduction into the Pamphlet.[†1]

But I do not deem it possible to get the Pamphlet written and published before the dinner.[†2] I have so many matters pressing on my attention, that I cannot turn to it immediately on my release from my book, just finished. It shall be done and distributed early in next month.

As to anything being lost by its not being in the hands of the people who dine (as you seem to think), I have not the least misgiving on that score. They would say, if it were issued, just what they will say without it. Lord Granville is committed to taking the chair[†3] and will make the best speech he can in it. The pious Blewitt[†4] will cram him with as many distortions of the truth as his stomach may be crooked enough to receive. Bell,[†5] with Bardolphian eloquence, will cool his nose in the modest merits of the Institution. Thackeray[†4] will make a neat and appropriate speech on both sides, round the two corners, and over the way.[†6] And all this would be done to exactly the

same purpose and in just the same strain, if twenty thousand copies of the Pamphlet had been circulated.

Ever affecly.

CD

To JOSEPH HOGARTH,[†1] 13 MAY 1857

Text in *Outlook,* 18 Oct 1913, checked from MS Sotheby's, Oct 1963.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Thirteenth May 1857

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hogarth, and begs to say that if the Prints are taken to Gad's Hill Place on *Saturday morning,* he will be there himself to direct the hanging of them. He would prefer red cord.

To THE EARL STANHOPE, 13 MAY 1857*

MS Stanhope Papers.

Tavistock House | Thirteenth May, 1857

My Dear Lord Stanhope

I feel exceedingly obliged to you for your second kind note. We are very unfortunate in not being able to come. But our engagement is just this; — I have a little old-fashioned house in the country, near Rochester, which I have just now been altering and polishing, to live in in the summer-time. The Nineteenth being Mrs. Dickens's birthday,[†2] I gave a promise that she should make her first appearance there on that occasion, and asked some of her friends to come down for two or three days. Hence we are engaged on the nineteenth, exactly as on the twentieth.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl Stanhope.

To GEORGE MOORE, 14 MAY 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth May, 1857.

My Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of enclosing you my Royal Hospital[†3] proxy, in redemption of my promise.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Moore Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 14 MAY 1857

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth May, 1857.

My Dear Webster

I have been away, and am only this afternoon in the receipt of your letter.

The Champagne has been steadily rising and becoming more difficult to get. It is now (very good indeed) 54/- per dozen. The Merchant is Mr. Charles Ellis, Richmond, Surrey.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To MR DÜHRSSEN,[†2] 16 MAY 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Gad's Hill, Higham by Rochester | Sixteenth May, 1857.

I am happy to acknowledge the interest felt in my books by Mr. Dührssen, my young friend unknown; and I send him my signature with much pleasure. In reference to his enquiry concerning my portrait, I have to inform him that the only portrait for which I have sat to any painter within the last fifteen years or so, is now being engraved in Paris (from a picture by Ary Scheffer) and will probably be published before long. Another, by Maclise, was published about 16 years ago, as I remember, by Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly, London.[†3]

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 17 MAY 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane | London | E. C.

Waites's Hotel Gravesend | Sunday Seventeenth May, 1857

My Dear Beard

The train which will bring down the compact body of attackers of cold meat for the first time, "on the premises", will leave London Bridge Station on Tuesday afternoon at 3..40. If you came by that, you would take Return Ticket for Gravesend. But you were saying you would have the whole day in the country. Being still in that mind (and able to walk a mile to my Numble abode), take ticket for Higham, *one* station beyond this. Then, *by return of post*, let me know, *in a note addressed here*,

by what train you intend to come to Higham, and the Inimitable Kentish Freeholder will be on the spot to receive you.

Ever Heartily
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 17 MAY 1857

Text from N, II, 847.

Waite's Hotel, Gravesend | Sunday Seventeenth May 1857

My Dear Collins,

The train which will bring down the main body of the small and noble army who inaugurate Gad's Hill Place with cold meat next Tuesday, leaves London Bridge Station at 3.40 — twenty minutes before 4. Take return for Gravesend. Put yourself under the guidance of the gallant Wills, and he will lead you to Victory. — Have you done????[†1]

Ever Faithfully
[CD]

To VISCOUNT RAYNHAM,[†2] [?20 MAY 1857]

Summary from Minutes of Board of Management, Royal Hospital for Incurables, 23 May 57. *Date:* just before the Anniversary Dinner on 21 May.

Telling Lord Raynham that he had visited the house[†3] *and referring to the want of ventilation and other inconveniences which rendered the place in his view very undesirable for its present purpose.*[†4]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 20 MAY 1857

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Evening | Twentieth May, 1857

My Dear Stanny

Binders of books are rather slow. I know that some weeks may elapse before the copy of Little Dorrit that I have asked my binder to put into a cheerful dress for you, will be ready. And as I hope you may like to know it is coming, and also to know the end of the book before the rest of its readers can, I send you the Proof Sheets of the closing Nos. Of course I don't want them back.

I say nothing of the pleasure it has been to me to put your name on the opening page, or to leave behind us both (as I hope its being there, may), a little record importing that we loved one another.[†1]

Ever My Dear Friend | Affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON,[†2] 21 MAY 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty First May, 1857

My Dear Gordon

Coming to town to day, to preside (for my sins) at a Public Dinner, I find your kind note.

I am amazed to hear that Scheffer is in England, and should greatly like to see him, for I hold him in the highest regard and respect. Unfortunately, however, I am in the burst of engagements consequent on being newly released from a long book, and fear I cannot come to Esher.[†3] On Sunday I have promised to go down to Cockburn's,[†4] and on Monday I am away into Kent, where I have a little old fashioned house (on the top of Gad's Hill), which I have been putting to rights these two months, and where a number of things have been awaiting my freedom, to be looked to. When you see Scheffer again, will you remember me to him heartily.

You play the very Devil with me on my weakest point, when you mention the dear delightful little German girl.[†5] *Her* feelings on the night of the Play, were nothing to mine. I have loved her, ever since, distractedly.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon

To LADY JOHN RUSSELL, [21] MAY 1857

Text from *Lady John Russell*, ed. Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell, 1910, p. 171. *Date:* 21 May, the day after his return to London.

May 22, 1857

Dear Lady John,

Coming to town yesterday morning out of Kent, I found your kind and welcome note referring to the previous day. I need not tell you I hope, that although I have not had the pleasure of seeing you for a long time, I have of late been accompanying Lord John at a distance with great interest and satisfaction. Several times after the City election was over I debated with myself whether I should come to see you, but I

abstained because I knew you would be overwhelmed with congratulations[†1] and I thought it was the more considerate to withhold mine.

I am going out of town on Monday, June 1st, to a little old-fashioned house I have at Gad's Hill, by Rochester, on the identical spot where Falstaff ran away, and as you are so kind as to ask me to propose a day for coming to Richmond, I should very much like to do so either on Saturday the 30th of this month or on Sunday the 31st.

I heard of you at Lausanne from some of my old friends there, and sometimes tracked you in the newspapers afterwards. I beg to send my regard to Lord John and to all your house.

Do you believe me to remain always your very faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL,[†2] 21 MAY 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty First May, 1857

My Dear Sir

I have been out of town, and am only now in the receipt of your note. I will not fail to be at the Gallery of Illustration at 3 tomorrow.[†3]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Russell Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 22 MAY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House
Friday Evening, Twenty Second May, 1857

My Dear Collins

Hooray!!![†4]

From our lofty heights, let us look down on the toiling masses with mild complacency — with gentle pity — with dove eyed benignity.

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Tomorrow, I am bound to Forster — on Sunday, to solemn Chief Justices in remote fastnesses beyond Norwood[†1] — on Monday, to Geographical Societies dining to cheer on Lady Franklin's Expedition[†2] — on Tuesday, to Procters. On Wednesday Sir — on Wednesday, if the mind can devise any thing sufficiently in the style of Sybarite Rome in the days of its culminating voluptuousness, I am your man.

Shall we appoint to meet at the Household Words office, at 1/2 past 5? I have an appointment with Russell (W. H.) at 3 that afternoon, which *may*, but which I don't think will, detain me a few minutes after my time. In that unlikely case, will you wait for me at the Office?

If you can think of any tremendous way of passing the night, in the meantime — do. I don't care what it is. I give (for that night only) restraint to the Winds!____

I am very much excited by what you tell me of Mr. F's Aunt.[†3] I already look upon her as mine. Will you bring her with you.

☛[†4] Wills tells me that he thinks the principles of story-writing, are scarcely understood in this age and Empire.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 22 MAY 1857†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | The Star Hotel | Oxford.

Tavistock House | Twenty Second May, 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Mr. Bentley[†5] has handed to me the enclosed account. I hope you will find it extremely reasonable, considering what he has had to do, and the skill with which he has done it.

Ages seem to have rolled by, since I saw you. I never hear of you, except when I reverentially approach Mr. Wills with humble enquiries as to where you may be and how you may be. What a monstrous state of existence you appear to have fallen into! If you don't return home soon, I shall insert a mysterious and pathetic Advertisement to A.B.C. in the Times.

After the first of June, I shall be inconsolable until I have fairly laid hold of you and Mrs. Brown and taken you in captivity down to Gad's Hill. I want you so much to see it. It is full of the ingenious devices of the inimitable writer, and I really think

is as comfortable a little place as you will find out of Torquay[†1] — which place I consider to be an Impostor, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To [?MR ELLIS], 22 MAY 1857

Extract from P. F. Haag catalogue, 1957; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, W. C., 22 May 57.

About sitting for his portrait. Have no doubt that I expressed myself imperfectly in my former note,[†2] since it conveyed a wrong impression to you. I meant that I [†a]quite firmly say[†a] no and I beg to excuse myself from sitting.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 22 MAY 1857

Text from MDGH, II, 15.

Tavistock House, Friday, May 22nd, 1857.

My dear White,

My emancipation having been effected on Saturday, the ninth of this month, I take some shame to myself for not having sooner answered your note. But the host of things to be done as soon as I was free, and the tremendous number of ingenuities to be wrought out at Gad's Hill, have kept me in a whirl of their own ever since.

We purpose going to Gad's Hill for the summer on the 1st of June; as, apart from the master's eye being a necessary ornament to the spot, I clearly see that the workmen yet lingering in the yard must be squeezed out by bodily pressure, or they will never go. How will this suit you and yours? If you will come down, we can take you all in, on your way north; that is to say, we shall have that ample verge and room enough,[†3] until about the eighth; when Hans Christian Andersen (who has been "coming" for about three years) will come for a fortnight's stay in England. I shall like you to see the little old-fashioned place. It strikes me as being comfortable.

So let me know your little game. And with love to Mrs. White, Lotty, and Clara,[†4]

Believe me, ever affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [24] MAY 1857*

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* CD's mistake; Sunday was 24 May. *Address: Miss* Burdett Coutts | The Star Hotel | Oxford.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Fifth May | 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts

I will look out the street you mention,[†5] in the Map of London (for I am quite a

stranger to it), and will endeavour to present myself there, next Thursday, punctually at 7. You don't mention the number. — I shall begin my enquiries at Number one.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours most faithfully & affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN THOMPSON, [24] MAY 1857*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Twenty Fifth May 1857

I think, John, on reconsidering the matter, that it will be as well for the Foreman to cut some holes in the top of Mr. Charles's bedroom door, like those that are already cut in the women servants' bedroom.

I shall be down on Thursday, if not before; very likely, before.

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. MISS EMILY EDEN,[†1] 25 MAY 1857*

MS Bodleian Library.

Tavistock House. | Twenty Fifth May, 1857.

My Dear Miss Eden.

I have been sensibly touched by your note, and have read it with no common interest. I need scarcely add that I have particular pleasure in taking charge of your handsome subscription, and forwarding it to the Secretary.

No one can know better than you, the quiet fortitude and resignation of which invalids are capable. But if you could have seen these poor sufferers as I saw them the other day — walking in among them perfectly unknown — you would have been scarcely less impressed, I think, by their cheerful submission than I was myself. I merely told the company at the dinner,[†2] exactly what I had seen. And they were affected by it in consequence, just as they would have been by the reality.

As to the time when I had the pleasure of talking with you at Broadstairs,[†3] you know how certain particular scenes will sometimes fix themselves in the mind. Inseparable from my remembrance of that coast, and I verily believe from my abstract idea of a Lighthouse, is an Autumn afternoon in a little garden full of red geraniums, on the road to the North Foreland — you on your couch — Lord Clarendon[†4] on one side of it — myself on the other — a bright sky over the cornfields, and the ships sailing away in the distance. All this has, ever since that hour, been still and unchangeable in my memory; — got itself daguerrotyped there in some indelible

way, and has gone up Swiss mountains with me and gone floating about Venice and gone drumming and dancing about France, as distinct as ever, everywhere.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Miss Eden.

To J. E. PFEIFFER,[†1] 25 MAY 1857*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House. W. C. | Monday Twenty Fifth May, 1857

Dear Sir

I cannot imagine by what accident your most obliging note and its accompanying book,[†2] came to be laid aside on my library shelves, unopened and unknown to me, until yesterday. I can only suppose that some unlucky hand must have incautiously put the little packet there, to make room on an adjoining table for some momentary purpose, and must have forgotten it. How long an interval of apparent neglect it might have reproached me for, but for its having been laid on the top of a book I wanted yesterday, I blush to think.[†3]

Pray allow me to offer you the assurance of my sincere regret that I should have seemed indifferent to a mark of remembrance so very courteously conveyed to me. In thanking you and its authoress,[†4] I can with a clear conscience promise the best acknowledgement and atonement in any reader's power. — I have just packed up the book to take into the country with me, and I purpose reading it under the trees on the next sunny day.

Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

J. E. Pfeiffer Esquire

To [ARTHUR SMITH],[†5] 26 MAY 1857

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House. W. C. | Twenty Sixth May, 1857.

My Dear Sir

I am not going to the Derby this year (being tired of it), but I fancy from your note that you are! Therefore I shall *not* come to the Gallery,[†6] unless I hear at the Household Words office between 1 and 2, that you will be there at 3.

I have a promise already given for Sunday; but I will try to get out of it, if it can be

handsomely done. I sincerely reciprocate your wish that we may know one another intimately (I hope we are already friends), and I assure you it shall not be my fault if we fail. I must get you, before I leave town on Monday, to fix a Sunday for coming down with Albert, to see me in a little house I have, on the identical spot where Falstaff ran away when they set upon the travellers — most appropriate ground for being jovial on.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS HORNE, 29 MAY 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Twenty Ninth May, 1857

My Dear Mrs. Horne.

I will not fail to keep my eye upon the subject of your brother's[†1] interest, or to read the account of it.

When I was at Bennet's[†2] the other day, I did deliberate about coming to see you. But I thought you would be busy and I should be in the way, and — so I didn't.

We are just going out of town for the summer, to a house I have set up near Rochester — only an hour and a half from town — a good little old-fashioned breezy, shady, sunny, leafy place. Catherine is going to write to you in a week or two, when we get settled, to ask you to come and pass a Sunday with us. And when you have once seen the place and know how easily it is got at, I have a strong personal hope (which I hereby confess to you) that you will come very often, through the fine weather, and restore yourself after the fatigues of the week.[†3]

My Dear Mrs. Horne | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY JOHN RUSSELL, 29 MAY 1857

MS Myers & Co.

Tavistock House. | Friday Twenty Ninth May, 1857.

Dear Lady John.

I am extremely sorry to let you know that I must make up my mind to be disappointed, and not to come to you tomorrow. I have been for some days a perfect Victim to influenza — or Hay Fever — or whatever it is — and have been a terror to

my fellow creatures by incessantly sneezing, coughing, and weeping. Yesterday I distinguished myself in these feats to that wonderful extent, in a railway carriage, that I became an object of hatred to seven other people, who were really resentful of me. To day, after a week of it, I am so much worse and in such a ridiculous state, that I feel that the only thing to be done, is, to go away to Gad's Hill and get rid of the enemy.

(I would enclose a tear if it were worth any thing, — but I am shedding so many while I write, that my feelings have nothing to do with them.)

I have asked my binder to put Little Dorrit into a new frock for your kind reception. When he has done so, I will call with her in Chesham Place[†1] one day when I am in town, in the hope that I may have a chance of seeing you. If I should not succeed, then I will leave her, and, on another morning when I am in town, will try again, either there or at Richmond, as I hear of the family movements. I beg to be remembered to Lord John (if he should ever want a Kentish Freeholder's vote, I know of one at his service to the death), and am always with thanks.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lady John Russell

To CHARLES EDMONDS, 29 MAY [?1857][†2]

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1236 (June 1916); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Charles Edmonds; dated Tavistock House, 29 May 47. *Date:* 1857 since from Tavistock House.

I have mislaid the monthly circular[†3] last received; but I observed in it a number of curious little books, following one another in regular succession over some couple of pages, concerning Newgate, its former prisoners and turnkeys, and such subjects.[†4] Will you have the kindness to send them all to me? I need not ask you for the list. You will know what I mean.... Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS EMILY JOLLY, 30 MAY 1857

Text from MDGH, III, 183-6.

Tavistock House, Saturday Morning, 30th May, 1857.

Dear Madam,

I read your story, with all possible attention, last night. I cannot tell you with what reluctance I write to you respecting it, for my opinion of it is *not* favourable, although I perceive your heart in it, and great strength.

Pray understand that I claim no infallibility. I merely express my own honest opinion, formed against my earnest desire. I do not lay it down as law for others, though, of course, I believe that many others would come to the same conclusion. It appears to me that the story is one that cannot possibly be told within the compass to which you have limited yourself. The three principal people are, every one of them, in the wrong with the reader, and you cannot put any of them right, without

making the story extend over a longer space of time, and without anatomising the souls of the actors more slowly and carefully. Nothing would justify the departure of Alice, but her having some strong reason to believe that in taking that step, *she saved her lover.* In your intentions as to that lover's transfer of his affections to Eleanor, I descry a striking truth; but I think it confusedly wrought out, and all but certain to fail in expressing itself. Eleanor, I regard as forced and overstrained. The natural result is, that she carries a train of anti-climax after her. I particularly notice this at the point when she thinks she is going to be drowned.

The whole idea of the story is sufficiently difficult to require the most exact truth and the greatest knowledge and skill in the colouring throughout. In this respect I have no doubt of its being extremely defective. The people do not talk as such people would; and the little subtle touches of description which, by making the country house and the general scene real, would give an air of reality to the people (much to be desired) are altogether wanting. The more you set yourself to the illustration of your heroine's passionate nature, the more indispensable this attendant atmosphere of truth becomes. It would, in a manner, oblige the reader to believe in her. Whereas, for ever exploding like a great firework without any background, she glares and wheels and hisses, and goes out, and has lighted nothing.

Lastly, I fear she is too convulsive from beginning to end. Pray reconsider, from this point of view, her brow, and her eyes, and her drawing herself up to her full height, and her being a perfumed presence, and her floating into rooms, also her asking people how they dare, and the like, on small provocation. When she hears her music being played, I think she is particularly objectionable.

I have a strong belief that if you keep this story by you three or four years, you will form an opinion of it not greatly differing from mine. There is so much good in it, so much reflection, so much passion and earnestness, that, if my judgment be right, I feel sure you will come over to it. On the other hand, I do not think that its publication, as it stands, would do you service, or be agreeable to you hereafter.

I have no means of knowing whether you are patient in the pursuit of this art; but I am inclined to think that you are not, and that you do not discipline yourself enough. When one is impelled to write this or that, one has still to consider: "How much of this will tell for what I mean? How much of it is my own wild emotion and superfluous energy — how much remains that is truly belonging to this ideal character and these ideal circumstances?" It is in the laborious struggle to make this distinction, and in the determination to try for it, that the road to the correction of faults lies. [Perhaps I may remark, in support of the sincerity with which I write this, that I am an impatient and impulsive person myself, but that it has been for many years the constant effort of my life to practise at my desk what I preach to you.]

I should not have written so much, or so plainly, but for your last letter to me. It seems to demand that I should be strictly true with you, and I am so in this letter, without any reservation either way.

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, 30 MAY 1857

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Saturday Thirtieth May, 1857

My Dear Sir

As we do not move the Caravan until Monday, I received your note at dinner just now (7 o'Clock).

Mrs. Dickens would be glad to kill the Dragon — as glad, let us say, as Miss Saint George[†1] — and would triumph in the act, but that she has unfortunately some sisterly, motherly, paternal, or other family engagement for tomorrow. She is very anxious that I should explain her aright to Mrs. Russell[†2] through you — and you see how distinctly I do it!

It is tomorrow, Sunday, at 12.30, that you expect me at the Gallery,[†3] is it not? Unless you reply in the negative, I intend to be there. I should have no doubt on the point, but for your having written from the Gallery this afternoon, and not precisely saying in two syllables, Sunday, in your former note.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Russell Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?29-30 MAY 1857]*

MS (fragment) Dunedin Public Library. *Date:* probably the Friday or Saturday before going to Gad's Hill.

I[†4] go out of town on Monday, but only to the neighbourhood of Rochester, where I purpose remaining during the whole summer and autumn. As there is now a Railroad into those parts, it is as good — though not as bad — as being in London.

Kind regard from Mrs. Dickens and Georgina.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 31 MAY 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House, W. C. | Thirty First May, 1857

My Dear Sir

I received Hans Christian Andersen's letter, and answered it; giving him all needful instructions for finding me at Gad's Hill. I hope you will come down one day and meet him there while he is with me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To [?C. W. SEPTIMUS PIESSE], 31 MAY 1857

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 427 (Autumn 1922); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 31 May 57.

I am happy to receive your book[†1] with the additions, and wish it and you every possible success.... I think it is scarcely worth while to send another copy to the Household Words office. I will inform the gentleman who wrote the article[†2] of your remembrance of him.

June

To WILKIE COLLINS, 1 JUNE 1857

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
First June (Monday) 1857

My Dear Collins

In consequence of bedevilments at Gad's Hill, arising from the family luggage wandering over the face of the earth, I shall have to pass tomorrow behind a hedge, attired in leaves from my own fig tree. Will you therefore consider our appointment to stand for next day — Wednesday.

When last heard of, the family itself (including the birds,[†3] and the Goldfinch on his perch)[†4] had been swept away from the stupefied John, by a crowd of Whitsun holiday-makers, and had gone (without tickets) somewhere down into Sussex. A desperate calmness has fallen upon me. I don't care.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To T. H. HERBERT,[†5] 1 JUNE 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House, London | First June, 1857.

Sir

In reply to your letter of enquiry, I have to inform you that I never at any time had in my employment, in any capacity, any one bearing the name of Winthrop Park.[†6]

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

T. H. Herbert Esquire

To HENRY MORLEY, 1 JUNE 1857

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Monday First June 1857

My Dear Morley

I send you a Biography of George Stephenson, which perhaps may make an interesting article for us.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 1 JUNE 1857

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Monday First June 1857

My Dear Stone.

I know that what I am going to say will not be agreeable; but I rely on the authoress's[†2] good sense; and say it, knowing it to be the truth.

These notes are destroyed by too much smartness. It gives the appearance of perpetual effort — stabs to the heart, the nature that is in them — and wearies by the manner, and not by the matter. It is the commonest fault in the world (as I have constant occasion to observe here), but it is a very great one. Just as you couldn't bear to have an épergne or a candlestick on your table, supported by a light figure always on tiptoe and evidently in an impossible attitude for the sustainment of its weight; so all readers would be more or less oppressed and worried by this presentation of everything in one smart point of view, when they know it must have other and weightier and more solid properties. Airiness and good spirits are always delightful, and are inseparable from notes of a cheerful trip; but they should sympathize with many things

as well as see them in a lively way. It is but a word or a touch that expresses this humanity, but without that little embellishment of good nature, there is no such thing as humour. In this little MS. everything is too much patronized and condescended to, whereas, the slightest touch of feeling for the rustic who is of the earth earthy, or of sisterhood with the homely servant who had made her face shine in her desire to please, would make a difference that the writer can scarcely imagine without trying it. The only relief in the twenty one slips is the little bit about the Chimes. It *is* a relief, simply because it is an indication of some kind of sentiment. You don't want any sentiment laboriously made out in such a thing — you don't want any maudlin show of it — but you do want a pervading suggestion that it is there. It makes all the difference between being playful and being cruel. Again, I must say, above all things — especially to young people writing — For the love of

God, don't condescend! Don't assume the attitude of saying "See how clever I am, and what fun everybody else is!" Take any shape but that.[†1]

I observe an excellent quality of observation throughout, and think the boy at the shop, and all about him, particularly good. I have no doubt whatever that the rest of the Journal will be much better, if the writer chooses to make it so. If she considers for a moment within herself, she will know that she derived pleasure from everything she saw, because she saw it with immeasurable lights and shades upon it, and bound to humanity by innumerable fine links. She cannot possibly communicate anything of that pleasure to another, by shewing it from one little limited point only — and that point, observe, the one from which it is impossible to detach the exponent as the patroness of a whole universe of inferior souls. This is what everybody would mean in objecting to these notes (supposing them published), that they are too smart and too flippant.

As I understand this matter to be altogether between us three, and as I think your confidence and hers imposes a duty of friendship on me, I discharge it to the best of my ability. Perhaps I make more of it than you may have meant or expected; — if so, it is because I am interested, and wish to express it. If there had been anything in my objection not perfectly easy of removal, I might after all have hesitated to state it; but that is not the case. A very little indeed would make all this gaiety as sound and wholesome and good-natured in the reader's mind as it is in the writer's.

Affectionately always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 JUNE 1857†

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham | Third June, 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Would Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, *in next week* suit you for a day here? If neither will do, will you and Mrs. Brown appoint your own day, in the week following. You come from London Bridge Station (North Kent Railway) to Higham — the station next beyond Gravesend. A manly figure will of course be awaiting you on the Platform. The train that I think will be most convenient to you, starts at *12.* Take

return tickets, unless you will stay a day or two with us. I have some faint hopes that you might do even that!

Hans Christian Andersen may perhaps be with us, but you won't mind *him* — especially as he speaks no language but his own Danish, and is suspected of not even knowing that.

With love to Mrs. Brown, and looking for your answer,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours most faithfully & affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE BOUGHEY,[†1] 4 JUNE 1857

MS Mr W. A. Foyle. *Address:* George Boughey Esquire | 33 Mecklenburgh Square | London | W. C.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, Kent. | Fourth June, 1857

Dear Sir

Your obliging note has been forwarded to me in my summer retreat, where I have read it with much pleasure. Allow me to thank you for it sincerely.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Boughey Esquire

To [MISS ELLEN STONE], 4 JUNE 1857

Text from MDGH, II, 18.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, | Thursday, June 4th, 1857.

My dear ——,[†2]

Coming home here last night, from a day's business in London, I found your most excellent note awaiting me, in which I have had a pleasure to be derived from none but good and natural things. I can now honestly assure you that I believe you will write *well*, and that I have a lively hope that I may be the means of showing you yourself in print one day. Your powers of graceful and light-hearted observation need nothing but the little touches on which we are both agreed. And I am perfectly sure that they will be as pleasant to you as to anyone, for nobody can see so well as you do, without feeling kindly too.

To confess the truth to you, I was half sorry, yesterday, that I had been so unreserved; but not half as sorry, yesterday, as I am glad to-day. You must not mind my adding that there is a noble candour and modesty in your note, which I shall never be able to separate from you henceforth.

Affectionately yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To GEORGE BEADNELL,[†3] 5 JUNE 1857

MS Dickens House.

Gad's Hill | Friday Fifth June 1857.

My Dear Mr. Beadnell

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your great kindness in behalf of my boy, and beg you to accept my heartfelt thanks. He is tempted by your kind invitation, and

has wild ideas of making his way to your part of the country;[†1] but, between ourselves, as he is here with us in his spare time — and as he sails next month — and as his outfit is being got ready — and as he is taking lessons in Hindustanee — and as he is "looking at" the Chatham fortifications (without appearing to me to make head or tail of them) out of swimming lessons, fencing lessons, riding lessons, and a general course of cricket — my impression is, that he will find himself at the Himalayas on his way to Carshalton.

I return Mr. Oswald Smith's[†2] letter, and beg you to let him know whenever you have the opportunity, that Barkis is very grateful.[†3]

Barkis, however, must take the liberty (this with my love to Mrs. Lloyd)[†4] of defying Surrey, and writing up "Kent" in his vehicle,[†5] as the object of his enthusiastic affections. Surrey is very well in its way, but all the eyes since Falstaff's — he ran away on the very spot where this house stands — never saw in Surrey, such a green landscape as I see from this hill-top, this morning.

With kindest regard | Believe me always
My Dear Mr. Beadnell | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Beadnell Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN, 6 JUNE 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill | Saturday Sixth June, 1857

My Dear Henry

Here is a very serious business on the great estate respecting the water Supply. Last night, they had pumped the well DRY[†6] — merely in raising the family supply for the day; and this morning (very little water having been got into the Cisterns), it is DRY[†6] again! It is pretty clear to me that we must look the thing in the face, and at once bore, deepen, dig, or do some beastly thing or other, to secure this necessary in abundance. Meanwhile I am in a most plaintive and forlorn condition without your presence and counsel. I raise my voice in the Wilderness and implore the same!!!

Wild legends are in circulation among the Servants, how that Captain Goldsmith[†7] on the knoll above — the skipper in that Crow's Nest of a house — has millions of gallons of water always flowing for him. Can he have damaged my Well? Can we imitate him, and have our millions of gallons? Goldsmith or I must fall, as I conceive.

If you get this, send me a telegraph message informing me when I may expect

comfort. I am held by four of the family while I write this, in case I should do myself a mischief — it certainly won't be taking to *drinking water*.

Ever affectionately | (now despairingly)

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 7 JUNE 1857*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London | W.

Gad's Hill | Sunday Seventh June 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts

On Thursday we shall be delighted to see you. We will give you and Mrs. Brown a country room together,[†1] and your Maid shall be lodged close to you.

Wednesday is our Committee Day at Shepherd's Bush. I will be there.

The fogs that welcome you to London, have no existence in these parts. An ethereal mist or so is sometimes seen in the distance — nothing grosser.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours faithfully and affecy.

CD.

To MRS GORE,[†2] 7 JUNE 1857*

MS Baron Dan de Calinescu.

Gad's Hill, by Rochester. | Seventh June 1857

My Dear Mrs. Gore

Many thanks. I will get the book,[†3] and read it on your advice. But see how Imitations may deceive even the elect! The "New Boy"[†4] is none of mine.

Mrs. Dickens and her sister beg to thank you beforehand for your book,[†5] and assure you that they are good and confiding readers.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gore

To DR F. H. RAMSBOTHAM,[†1] 7 JUNE 1857

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1981; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill, 7 June 57. *Address:* Dr. Ramsbotham | 7 Portman Square | London W.

My Dear Sir

I am very heartily obliged *for Dr Ramsbotham's giving an introduction for his son* [Walter] *but as his passage is already taken on the Peninsular & Oriental, he needs no help there.*

According to my annual custom I have left for the country for four or five months ... an old-fashioned house on top of a hill built on the very spot where Falstaff ran away and here I live like a sort of honest Robin Hood among the green trees.

PS *He has the pamphlet about the College*[†2] *already.*

To W. S. HOOLE,[†3] [?7 JUNE 1857]

MS Dickens House. *Date:* probably within the week of the final No. of *Little Dorrit*, published 30 May 57 (Chs 30-4).

Gad's Hill, Higham, by Rochester

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hoole, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging note. As the window in St. George's Church appropriately carried out the pervading spirit of the tale at its conclusion,[†4] Mr. Dickens made reference to it. He knew it was not as old as the date of the story,[†5] but did not consider that slight anachronism of any importance.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 JUNE 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 629-30. *Date:* Jerrold died on 8 June; letter written two days later.

On the death of Douglas Jerrold. I chance to know a good deal about the poor fellow's illness, for I was with him on the last day he was out. It was ten days ago, when we dined at a dinner given by Russell at Greenwich. He was complaining much when we met, said he had been sick three days, and attributed it to the inhaling of white paint from his study window. I did not think much of it at the moment, as we were very social; but while we walked through Leicester-square he suddenly fell into a white, hot, sick perspiration, and had to lean against the railings. Then, at my urgent request, he was to let me put him in a cab[†6] and send him home; but he

rallied a little after that, and, on our meeting Russell, determined to come with us. We three went down by steamboat that we might see the great ship,[†1] and then got an open fly and rode about Blackheath: poor Jerrold mightily enjoying the air, and constantly saying that it set him up. He was rather quiet at dinner — sat next Delane — but was very humorous and good, and in spirits, though he took hardly anything. We parted with references to coming down here and I never saw him again. Next morning he was taken very ill when he tried to get up. On the Wednesday and Thursday he was very bad, but rallied on the Friday, and was quite confident of getting well. On the Sunday he was very ill again, and on the Monday forenoon died; "at peace with all the world" he said, and asking to be remembered to friends. He had become indistinct and insensible, until for but a few minutes at the end. I knew nothing about it, except that he had been ill and was better, until, going up by railway yesterday morning, I heard a man in the carriage, unfolding his newspaper, say to another "Douglas Jerrold is dead." I immediately went up there, and then to Whitefriars.... I propose that there shall be a night at a theatre when the actors (with old Cooke)[†2] shall play the *Rent Day* and *Black-ey'd Susan;* another night elsewhere, with a lecture from Thackeray;[†3] a day reading by me; a night reading by me; a lecture by Russell;[†4] and a subscription performance of the *Frozen Deep,* as at Tavistock House. I don't mean to do it beggingly; but merely to announce the whole series, the day after the funeral, "In memory of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold," or some such phrase. I have got hold of Arthur Smith as the best man of business I know, and go to work with him to-morrow morning — inquiries being made in the meantime as to the likeliest places to be had for these various purposes. My confident hope is that we shall get close upon two thousand pounds.

To WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, 10 JUNE 1857

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Tenth June 1857

My Dear Russell.

Although I can quite understand that a generous nature is quick to give itself the pain you describe, I am perfectly sure that you have nothing whatever to reproach yourself with in association with the poor dear fellow. I do not doubt that he would have died in the same hour, though he had not dined with us; and that he was happy that day, and recalled the air of our ride, on his bed but a day or two before he passed away, I know from Lemon, to whom he spoke of it with great cheerfulness

and pleasure. He was taken very ill on the next day — the Monday. He tried to get up as usual, rolled over on his bed, and fell into great pain. On the Wednesday and Thursday, they were very much alarmed; but on the Friday he rallied again, and was free from pain, though exceedingly weak. It was then that Lemon saw him for the last time. He had begun to be confident of getting better, and he told Lemon about our riding over Blackheath, and about the air having been so fresh and pleasant to him. On the Saturday he turned worse; on the Sunday, he was in terrible pain, and suffered severely; on the Monday morning, the pain left him, but he was greatly exhausted, and knew himself to be dying. He said that if he had spoken at all

hardly of any one or to any one, he had not meant it, and that he died at perfect peace. His son William[†1] was holding him in his arms. He went on to mention friends to whom he desired to be remembered, when he became indistinct, and in a few moments died.

I had heard at Gad's Hill, in a note from Evans, that he had been seriously ill; but I supposed him to be recovering, and thought it quite past. I was coming up by the Railway yesterday morning, with my wife, and her sister (of whom he had always been fond) when a gentleman in the carriage looking over his newspaper told another "Douglas Jerrold was dead". You may imagine how shocked we were. I went up there as soon as we reached town, and then went to Whitefriars[†2] to urge the immediate necessity of exertion in behalf of the Widow and daughter. I found that Brooks[†3] had already acted with a kindness and judiciousness that I can never forget in him, and I suggested a plan for certain benefit nights which I hope to be able to mature this afternoon; — I am only now waiting while Brooks confers with his son. Arthur Smith, invaluable where promptitude and sagacity are wanting, wrote to me this morning, like a good sound fellow, saying his aid is ready. I hope and believe that if nothing arises to prevent our turning to, in earnest, we may easily — and not beggingly — raise £1500 at least. I would have the Actors (and old T. P. Cooke) play The Rent Day and Black eyed Susan, one night. On another night, I would have Thackeray lecture. On another night, I would read, or do any thing. On another night I hope you could lecture to a good, large, liberal comprehensive public audience. All this series I would announce as a tribute of his friends to his memory — or in some such way — so that it should not be a pitiful appeal. You shall hear more, as soon as I know more.

Poor dear fellow. I went up to him before I left Greenwich that Sunday night, and asked him how he was. He said, much better — much the better for coming — had only taken a little weak brandy and water to drink, and had enjoyed it and some curried fish. I said he was all right now, and he said "Oh yes my dear boy, all right now — that paint you know — nothing more", and we shook hands heartily, and parted. I cannot believe it now, or that we three were laughing together in that sunshine and summer wind with schemes and plans before us.

Last Autumn at Boulogne, day after day while poor A Beckett lay ill, he used to come up to me with his report, and would walk about the garden talking about these sudden strikings down of men we loved, in the midst of us. When he sent to Lemon a

little notice of A Beckett after his death, for Punch,[†1] he wrote in the envelope "My dear Mark, who among us will be the next, and who will write a word or two of *him*" — [†2]

Again my dear Russell let me impress upon you my perfect conviction that his dining at Greenwich did not by a hair's breadth hasten his death. I am quite convinced it had no sort of bearing on it. As I told you when we walked from the Garrick after him, I had found him at the Gallery of Illustration, very ill — and had been greatly struck by his account of his illness, and by his becoming very weak and white in Leicester Square. I have no doubt that the mortal malady had its hand upon him at that time, and had had it on him during the whole attack. If he could have been got into the country, at rest and away from some family troubles, a month before, I think he might have recovered — if it is not mere idleness to speculate on such a possibility when the Almighty had numbered his days. But that his time was come, when we

were with him, I feel assured. When I went home that Sunday night, I could not leave off saying that I was afraid Jerrold was in a bad way, or recalling his condition in Leicester Square. On the Monday night of his death — the night of the day on which he died at noon — I dreamed that he came and shewed me a writing (but not in his hand) which he was pressingly anxious that I should read for my own information, but I could not make out a word of it. I awoke in great perplexity with its strange character quite fresh in my sight.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS,[†3] [?10 JUNE 1857]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 20 June 57. *Date:* before talking to Miss Coutts on 11 June: see 20 June.

To WILLIAM GALE, 11 JUNE 1857

Extract in Francis Edwards catalogue No. 971 (1973); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 11 June 57.

Thanking him for his note and picture.[†4] ... I esteem myself very fortunate in the possession of your highly characteristic and humorous picture.

To LEIGH HUNT,[†1] 11 JUNE 1857

Extract in N, II, 856.

My Dear Hunt.

This summer retreat (on the spot where Falstaff ran away) will be my home until the winter probably; but I shall be often in town and will come to you one day.... Nothing but the death of poor Jerrold prevents my naming the day now; — I hope to do his family some good, and shall be for a few days overwhelmed with that business.

To FRANCESCO BERGER, 12 JUNE 1857

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* I, 51 (1914-16); *MS* 1 p.; dated 15 June 57; addressed Francesco Berger.

Respecting other performances.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 JUNE 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Garrick | Twelfth June 1857 | Friday

My Dear Collins

You will readily understand the accompanying Proof.[†2] I should like to see you as soon as convenient, about the Frozen Deep. (I am trying for the Queen).[†3] Could you run down on Sunday? Perhaps?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Wilkie Collins Esquire

To T. P. COOKE, 12 JUNE 1857

MS (telegram) Benoliel Collection.

THE ELECTRIC AND INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The following message forwarded from Strand Station. And received at Portsea[†4] Station June 12 1857

FROM Charles Dickens Garrick Club
TO T. P. COOKE St. Vincent Villa Ryde[†1]
On twenty ninth July will you play William at the Adelphi for its late Author,[†2] Every body joins, Reply.

To THE COUNTESS GIGLIUCCI, 12 JUNE 1857*

MS Haverford College.

Garrick Club | Friday Twelfth June 1857

My Dear Countess Gigliucci.

Will you allow me to call your attention to the accompanying Proof. It is the committee's wish that it should be left to speak for itself.

If, on the occasion against which I have set a mark, you could possibly render this endeavour the immense service of singing once,[†3] you would — I am sure — gratify your own generous impulses quite as much as my wishes.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess Gigliucci

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 12 JUNE 1857

MS Lytton Papers.

Garrick Club | Friday Twelfth June 1857

My Dear Bulwer.

You will understand the enclosed Proof. I believe I need not ask you for leave to use your name. Nothing but our names is sought.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 12 JUNE 1857*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

Garrick Club | Friday Twelfth June 1857.

My Dear Paxton,

You will readily understand the accompanying Proof.

I know I need not ask you for leave to use your name. Nothing but your name is sought here in our poor friend's behalf.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 12 JUNE 1857

MS Rosenbach Foundation. *Address:* Please forward.[†1] | Samuel Phelps Esquire | Canonbury Square | Islington.

Garrick Club | Friday Twelfth June 1857

My Dear Phelps.

Let me call your attention to the accompanying proof. It is the wish of the Committee that it should be left to speak for itself.

I am not wrong, I believe, in having taken upon myself to say that I am certain your co-operation may be counted on, on the occasion against which I have set a mark?*[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To SIMS REEVES,[†3] 12 JUNE 1857*

MS Private.

Garrick Club | Twelfth June 1857

Dear Sir

Will you allow me to call your attention to the accompanying Proof. It is the Committee's wish that it should be left to speak for itself.

If, on the occasion against which I have set a mark, your engagements would admit of your singing one song,[†4] your generous aid would be most highly esteemed by all concerned in this endeavour, and by none more highly than

Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Sims Reeves Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 12 JUNE 1857

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* III, 80; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 12 June 57.

Referring to Gad's Hill and Douglas Jerrold.

To EDMUND YATES, [?14 JUNE 1857]

Mention in Yates, *Recollections and Experiences,* I, 293. *Date:* received on the morning of Douglas Jerrold's funeral (15 June).

Asking him to dine at the Garrick to talk on a matter of business.[†1]

To WILLIAM CRESWICK,[†2] 15 JUNE 1857

MS Dickens House.

Garrick Club | Monday Fifteenth June 1857.

My Dear Sir

Allow me to call your attention to the accompanying Proof. It is the wish of the Committee that it should in all cases be left to speak for itself.

But I may add that if it should suit your convenience and inclinations, and those of Mr. Shepherd[†3] — to whom I do not write separately, as I have not the pleasure of personally knowing him — to propose a night in aid of the objects, at the Surrey Theatre,[†4] your generous aid would be highly esteemed. I do not hold myself at liberty to say more, or to urge the point upon you.

I will only add that in such a case, I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Keeley[†5] would readily strengthen your company for the occasion.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Creswick Esquire

I am in town this evening and would drive round to you at the Theatre after half past 9.

To [MISS CHARLOTTE DOLBY],[†6] 15 JUNE 1857

Extract in Parke-Bernet catalogue, Nov 1946; *MS* 1 1/2 pp.; dated Garrick Club, 15 June 57.

if, in such an exceptional case and cause, we could have your invaluable aid at the concert, a most important service would be rendered by one of the finest of living artists, to the nearest and dearest relatives of an admirable dramatic writer.

To T. P. COOKE, 15 JUNE 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House, London
Monday Evening | Fifteenth June 1857

My Dear Sir

Coming to town this morning to attend poor Jerrold's funeral,[†1] I found your note. It is like yourself, and I don't know that I could easily say any thing higher in its praise.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. and Miss Cooke, and am always

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. P. Cooke Esquire

To THE COUNTESS GIGLIUCCI, 15 JUNE 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* The Countess Gigliucci | Great Western Royal Hotel | Paddington.

Garrick Club | Monday Evening | Fifteenth June, 1857

My Dear Countess Gigliucci.

Your earnest and generous letter has occasioned me almost as much pleasure in hearing from you, as I have in hearing you.

You will not be inconvenienced, I hope, by our having been obliged to make a change in the arrangements for the concert. It is settled to take place at *St. Martin's Hall* on Saturday the 27th. of June.[†2]

With kind regard to Count Gigliucci, Believe me ever

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. F. ROBSON, 15 JUNE 1857

Mention in Smith catalogue No. 72 (1912-13); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Garrick Club, Monday Evening, June 15, 1857; addressed F. Robson.

On behalf of the committee CD requests the [actor's] *invaluable aid at a concert.*

To EDITORS OF THE PRINCIPAL JOURNALS, [15 JUNE 1857]

Mention in Yates, *Recollections and Experiences,* I, 294.

Enclosing a Memorandum for the Committee.[†1]

To JULES BENEDICT,[†2] [16 JUNE 1857]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the same day.

To JULES BENEDICT, 16 JUNE 1857

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, Mar 1974; *MS* 1 p.; dated Garrick Club, 16 June 57.

Concerning an invitation to Benedict to perform in a concert, Dickens explains that when he wrote "conduct", in his letter that morning, he meant there will not be an orchestra, and therefore I mean, to direct and accompany — in which latter office Mori[†3] will assist; *he adds that an announcement about the concert must be made immediately; he will send a messenger to Benedict the same evening.*

To FRANCESCO BERGER, 16 JUNE 1857

Text from Francesco Berger, *Reminiscences, Impressions and Anecdotes,* p. 31.

Dear Berger,

A thousand thanks for your kind and cordial letter. I am delighted to accept the compliment you offer me,[†4] as I am always truly proud to be associated with you. I have ventured to put you down as one of the Conductors at the Concert. It is finally arranged to take place at St. Martin's Hall on Saturday, June 27. It will be very good indeed, and I hope you will like to be associated with it. We are all out of town. Can

you dine with me here[†5] on Thursday next at half-past-five? or if you can come down to Gad's Hill with Charley on Saturday we shall all be pleased to see you. As to dining with me, send me one line here.

Faithfully yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 16 JUNE 1857

MS Morgan Library.

H. W. Office | Sixteenth June 1857

My Dear Collins

What an unlucky fellow you are! What a foot you have for putting into anything!

I write this to Harley Place,[†1] having been unable to write yesterday. I must be in town on Thursday, and will come up to you. I will try to come at about 12.

Mrs. Wills's lameness, makes a new Esther the first thing wanted. You once said you knew a lady[†2] who could and would have done it. Is that lady producible?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MISS HELEN HOGARTH, 16 JUNE 1857

MS Mrs J. Felix-Davies.

Tuesday Evening Sixteenth June | 1857

My Dear Helen.

It is all excellent.[†3] Pryor's name I will use,[†4] and will write to him.[†5] Whitworth[†6] it will be best to let alone. If you have anything to report tomorrow, will you write to Arthur Smith? I shall be in town on Thursday.

Ever affecy.
CD

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 JUNE 1857*

Facsimile in F. G. Kitton, *Dickens Ana*, Dickens House.

Gad's Hill | Wednesday Evening | Seventeenth June 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I think I may as well send you the enclosed exactly as I have received it; merely observing that the Institution[†7] to which it refers is an admirable project, and that Mr. Ryland, the writer of the note, is one of the most upright and respected men in Birmingham.

Ever Faithfully and affecYours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 19 JUNE 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Gallery of Illustration | Friday June Nineteenth 1857

Dear Sir

We beg to inform you that we have taken the liberty of adding your name to this Committee, in the full assurance that you would readily extend that sanction and support to the object in view.

We are Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS
ARTHUR W. W. SMITH

Wilkie Collins Esquire

To WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, 19 JUNE 1857*

MS Rosenbach Museum.

Gallery of Illustration | Friday June Nineteenth, 1857

Dear Sir

We beg to inform you that we have taken the liberty of adding your name to this Committee, in the full assurance that you would readily extend that sanction and support to the object in view.[†1]

We are Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS
ARTHUR W. W. SMITH

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 19 JUNE 1857†

MS Berg Collection.

Gallery of Illustration | Friday June Nineteenth, 1857

Dear Sir

We beg to inform you that we have taken the liberty of adding your name to this Committee, in the full assurance that you would readily extend that sanction and support to the object in view.

We are Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS
ARTHUR W. W. SMITH

Daniel Maclise Esquire R. A.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 19 JUNE 1857

MS Rosenbach Museum.

Gallery of Illustration | Friday June Nineteenth 1857

Dear Sir

We beg to inform you that we have taken the liberty of adding your name to this

Committee, in the full assurance that you would readily extend that sanction and support to the object in view.

We are Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS
ARTHUR W. W. SMITH

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 JUNE 1857

Mention in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, Dec 1877; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gallery of Illustration, 19 June 57.

To MRS PHELPS,[†1] 20 JUNE 1857*

MS Rosenbach Museum. *Address:* Mrs Phelps | 8 Canonbury Square | Islington | N.

GARRICK CLUB
Saturday Twentieth June 1857

My Dear Mrs. Phelps

Many thanks for your note. I heard from Mr. Phelps the other day. There is no hurry as to my two later notes. So that he finds them when he comes home, it will be time enough.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 JUNE 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London | W.

Gad's Hill | Saturday Night | Twentieth June 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

As you and I had a little talk here[†2] about the Frozen Deep, in which your kindness and sense were as conspicuous as they always are — and as deeply felt by me as they always are — I am anxious to let you know what has since passed about it with the Queen.

I had written (at the time we spoke together) to Colonel Phipps in the usual way, stating what I was trying, with others, to do "In remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold", and adding that I had no poor case to make, or pitiful thing to say — that I had resolved never to travel out of those words. I added that if the Queen would come to see the Frozen Deep, it would be a great honor, &c. To this Phipps replied (as I knew he would), that the Queen could never do anything in that way for the memory of an Individual, as it would involve perpetual engagements or constant grievous offence; but that she very much wanted to see the Play, and could it be done otherwise? Could he and I talk about it? I then went to see him, and he proposed, on the Queen's behalf, its being done at Buckingham Palace. I begged him to

represent to the Queen that I felt difficulties on that score — that I should not feel easy as to the social position of my daughters at the Court under such circumstances — and that I would, with all duty and so forth, suggest that the Queen would relieve us of that difficulty by coming, on a private night of her own, to the Gallery of Illustration, and inviting her own guests to see the Play privately. But I added that she had always been most kind and considerate to me on other occasions, and that if she could not act upon my suggestion, we would, however much I might desire to avoid it, go to the Palace. He received it in the best manner, and *she* received it in the best manner; and the result is, that she has a night of her own at the Gallery, a week in advance of the public, on Saturday the 4th. of July.

I hope you think this right, as to all parties?

In reference to the point you suggested to me, I spoke confidentially to Collins, who immediately felt with me that your having suggested it or thought of it, at once closed and settled the case. I have turned over in my mind a way of changing the action of that scene; and I think (as you did) that it can be made more affecting and natural, with the change,[†1] than without it.

This is all. With kind love to Mrs. Brown, Believe me ever

Faithfully and affecy. Yours

CD.

To MEMBERS OF THE CAST OF *THE FROZEN DEEP,* 20 JUNE 1857

MS Benoliel Collection.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Saturday Twentieth June 1857.

Rehearsals of The Frozen Deep

on the stage, here.

Friday 26th. June, at 3 in the afternoon
Monday 29th. June, at 3 in the afternoon
Thursday 2nd. July, at 1/4 past 10 at night.
Friday 3rd. July, at 1/4 past 10 at night.

On Saturday July 4th, the piece will be *privately* acted here, to the Queen. And on Saturday July 11th. it will be acted here, agreeably to the printed Programme.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 JUNE 1857]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 830. *Date:* 21 June 57 according to Forster.

Saying that the Queen, through Col. Phipps, had requested that he would select a room in the palace, do what he would with it, and let her see The Frozen Deep *there.* I said to Col. Phipps thereupon that the idea was not quite new to me; that I did not feel easy as to the social position of my daughters, etc., at a Court under those circumstances; and that I would beg her Majesty to excuse me, if any other way of her seeing the play could be devised. To this Phipps said he had not thought of the objection, but had not the slightest doubt I was right. I then proposed that the Queen should come to the Gallery of Illustration a week before the subscription night, and should have the room entirely at her own disposal, and should invite her own company. This, with the good sense that seems to accompany her good nature on all occasions, she resolved within a few hours to do.

To JOHN DEANE,[†1] 23 JUNE 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gallery of Illustration | Regent Street
Twenty Third June 1857

My Dear Sir

Your letter has interested me very much, and is another proof (if I needed any) of your promptitude, quick sense, and consideration.

I had not thought of doing the Frozen Deep at Manchester; but I would, if a sum of any importance could be gained by it. The difficulty is this: — it cannot be done in any *very large* place. Firstly, because the scenery is not of sufficient width to display its great delicacy and completeness in a great building.

Secondly, because I doubt if my ladies would be as good as they really are — that is, could express themselves for as much — in a wilderness of space. If we could get such high prices as would make a Concert Room or the like, pay, I would not mind the trouble. But it is to be remembered that a Railway Truck would be wanted to carry the rollers and set pieces, and that very expert Carpenters would be necessary, of whom at least two must be London-men to whom the piece is known in the working. Again — the gas fitting for a sunset of Telbin's, and a sea beach by Stanfield, is of a very nice kind; and although it involves no material which is not likely to be in any good Gas Fitter's shop, the gas would have to be brought in from the Main in a considerable quantity, and would require two intelligent men to work it, besides the personal direction of one of those two painters. Again, the stage must be a raised one. Again a little hanging platform is wanted from the roof, to hold two boys to "snow". Again, the stage

must be from 30 to 40 feet deep. These are not terrific requirements, but they are indispensable, and are perhaps more than you have thought of. And so much trouble was taken when I got the piece up, to render it curiously complete, that it is impossible to chop any little mechanical nicety out of it without spoiling it all — the whole thing so coheres and goes together.

Lastly, there are 30 people in it; and the moving of such a party for such a distance is expensive.

If any scheme should occur to you for making Manchester cry, through these means — say two nights, I would attentively consider it. But I do not myself know a suitable place, nor do I see any hopeful means of making two or three hundred pounds by it, after deducting all charges.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Deane Esquire.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 24 JUNE 1857

MS Huntington Library.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth June 1857.

My Dear Maclise.

Perhaps you know that the Queen has commanded a private performance of our last Tavistock House play, here, on Saturday Week the 4th. of July? As your name is on the Committee and as she knows you very well, will you be one of three or four (not more) to receive her, quietly? If you say yes, I will let you know, as soon as I know myself from Phipps, at what hour she will come. I cannot receive her myself, as I must be half dressed in North Polar costume, and busy.

Write me a word in answer, to this address.

Ever affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 24 JUNE 1857

MS British Library.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth June 1857.

My Dear Paxton

The Queen has commanded a private performance of the Frozen Deep, here, on Saturday Week, the fourth of July. As your name is on the Committee and as the Queen knows you well, I have no doubt it would be a very good thing altogether if you could be here to receive her. Will your engagements admit of it? If (as I hope)

yes, and you answer me to that effect, I will let you know, as soon as I know myself, at what hour she will arrive.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 25 JUNE 1857*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esquire | New Burlington Street | London | W.

Gad's Hill, Higham, by Rochester
Twenty Fifth June 1857

My Dear Sir

When I get a day to myself from the business in which poor Jerrold's death has immersed me, I will not fail to read the book of which you give me so interesting an account. In the meantime I will have it read by some one else, on whom, if it be really deserving, it will not be lost.[†1]

Will you come down and dine with us on Sunday the 5th.? We shall be quite alone. We have to act to the Queen on the previous night, but shall return here by a train which leaves London Bridge at ten minutes to eleven in the forenoon. If the day will suit you, we might all come down together. And if the country be half as beautiful then as it is now, I think you will be pleased with this neighbourhood.

There are various trains in the evening, for getting back to town.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To HENRY WASHBOURNE,[†2] 25 JUNE 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Henry Washbourne Esquire | 25 Ivy Lane | Paternoster Row | London | E. C.

Gad's Hill, Higham, by Rochester
Twenty Fifth June 1857

Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for the book[†3] you have done me the favor to send me, and for the very pleasant letter accompanying it. It commends the book to me, I assure you, in a most agreeable manner, and I hope to be as good a reader in your case as you have been in mine.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Washbourne Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 26 JUNE 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Night | Twenty Sixth June, 1857

My Dear Collins

I am so sensible of that First Act's requiring — for the old hands — so much care in a less feverish atmosphere than the Theatre, that I must propose Rehearsals of the Ladies here (our house is stripped, and has plenty of room), on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.[†1] The hour must rest principally with Mrs. Dickenson,[†2] but I should like it best in the evening — say at 8. However, my time is the Play's. There is a great deal at stake, and it *must be* well done. Will you see Mrs. Dickenson between this and Monday's Rehearsal, and consult her convenience on the point?

I shall be at the Gallery during the greater part of tomorrow, and shall dine at the Garrick at 6 before going to the Concert.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To DANIEL MACLISE, 26 JUNE 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Friday Twenty Sixth June 1857.

My Dear Maclise. I am very happy to have your note. The greatest desire I had in asking you to receive H. M. was that you should see the play. We were all much disappointed that you lost it before, because we believed you would appreciate it. You will find plenty of room for yourself and the best situation.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To C. [M.] SMITH,[†1] 27 JUNE 1857

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue, No. 228; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, London, 27 June 57; addressed C. D. Smith.

I ... shall not fail to send the order you have had the goodness to give me, to the bookseller forthwith.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 28 JUNE 1857

Mention in *American Book Prices Current,* No. 79, 1973; *MS* 1 p.; addressed John; dated 28 June 57.

Enclosing a list of things to be fetched from Mr. Stanfield's.

To J. E. MAYALL, 30 JUNE 1857*

MS Mrs Gladys Wheen Ross. *Address:* J. E. Mayall Esquire | 224 Regent Street | W.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Thirtieth June 1857

My Dear Sir

I thank you heartily for your admirable photograph of poor Jerrold, and I shall carefully preserve it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. E. Mayall Esquire

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 30 JUNE 1857*

MS British Library.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Tuesday Thirtieth June 1857.

My Dear Paxton

It will be necessary to assemble here by half past 8 on Saturday, as the Queen has appointed to be here precisely at 9.

Can you lend us any plants in pots, for the occasion, and give us any cut flowers? All such contributions, Chiswickian, Sydenhamian, or Devonshirian,[†1] will be joyfully received.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton M. P.

July

To JOSEPH LANGFORD,[†2] 2 JULY 1857

Mention in Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts (1974); dated 2 July 57; addressed Joseph Langford.

Enclosing invitation cards for "Queen's Night" and reading of Christmas Carol.

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 2 JULY 1857

MS Rosenbach Museum.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Second July 1857.

My Dear Phelps.

We shall not have above 20 people on the Queen's night, but I have managed to lay violent hands on these two cards for yourself and Mrs. Phelps. Observe the directions as to time.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. M. THACKERAY, 2 JULY 1857

MS University of Texas.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Thursday Second July 1857.

My Dear Thackeray.

I send you two tickets for the Queen's night here. Perhaps you may not care to use them, but I have written them off on the list as yours. There will not be above five and twenty present, over and above the Queen's party.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. M. Thackeray Esquire.

To DR CHARLES MACKAY,[†1] 3 JULY 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Friday Night | Third July 1857.

My Dear Mackay.

I need not tell you that the labor of making the arrangements to get the money to which Mr. Ashurst's[†2] letter refers, is something enormous. It is a kind of work impossible to be discharged by more than two or three men; and upon them it falls, while the arrangements are working themselves out, with a weight which really crushes out all other occupation.

Hence, and because the getting of the money necessarily precedes the discussion of the question How it shall be disposed of, I have not yet called the Committee together. That shall be done, however, as a matter of form, next week: — though I do not think that they can come to any decision even then, pending the raising of the fund. I reserve my own opinion on Mr. Ashurst's view of the case until we come together. I apprehend that there is very little probability of our differing among ourselves, when we can have but one interest and one desire.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mackay Esquire

To WILLIAM IRVINE,[†1] 4 JULY 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,

REGENT STREET.
Saturday Fourth July 1857.

Sir

I beg to say in reply to your letter, that I shall be happy to take charge of the subscription to which it refers; but that I can only do so, on behalf of this Committee, by recording it as payment for a ticket or tickets for one or more of the occasions set forth on the other side.[†2] In remitting it, you will do me the favor, perhaps, to let me know what tickets shall be sent to you.

As the body whom I represent in this communication never address any solicitation or explanation to any quarter, beyond such as may be supposed to be conveyed in the printed line at the head of this sheet of paper, I can only very slightly follow your reference to the money-affairs of the late Mr. Jerrold's family. It is not true that Mr. Jerrold left no provision whatever; but the other printed paragraph to which you refer (by whom originated I don't know) is as preposterously exaggerated as anything I have ever seen in my life.[†3]

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. William Irvine.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 JULY 1857

Extract in Bangs & Co. catalogue Nos 739 & 741 (*c.* 1893); *MS* (3rd person) 2 pp.; dated 4 July 57.

Mr. Dickens receives letters from unknown[†4] correspondents by hundreds rather than scores, and he can only respect their confidence and lament his inability to serve them.

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 AND 6 JULY 1857]

Extracts in F, XI, iii, 830-1 and VIII, iii, 653. *Date:* 5 and 6 July according to Forster.

My gracious sovereign was so pleased that she sent round begging me to go and see her and accept her thanks.[†1] I replied that I was in my Farce dress, and must beg to be excused. Whereupon she sent again, saying that the dress[†2] "could not be so ridiculous as that," and repeating the request. I sent my duty in reply, but again hoped her Majesty would have the kindness to excuse my presenting myself in a costume and appearance that were not my own. I was mighty glad to think, when I woke this morning, that I had carried the point.

Difficulties over water supplies for Gad's Hill. We are still boring for water here, at the rate of two pounds per day for wages.[†3] The men seem to like it very much, and to be perfectly comfortable.

To EDWARD EDWARDS,[†1] 6 JULY 1857*

MS Miss L. E. Godden.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Sixth July 1857

Sir

I beg to acknowledge with many thanks, the receipt of your kind letter and its accompanying curious and interesting book.[†2] I accept the work with much pleasure, and am truly gratified by your manner of offering it to me.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Edwards Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 8 JULY 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Eighth July, 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley

The terms of your note make me fear that you over-rate my power of being serviceable to you.[†3] Many people do so, in many ways, almost daily. I am always afraid of it.

I shall be here on Saturday morning at half past ten. You may command my attention at that hour, if it should suit your convenience.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 8 JULY 1857

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House | Eighth July, 1857

My Dear Maclise

We may cry quits. I cannot possibly have given you more pleasure through Richard Wardour,[†4] than you have given me through your appreciation of it. In that perpetual struggle after an expression of the Truth, which is at once the pleasure and the pain of the lives of workers in the Arts, the interest of such a character to me is that it enables me, as it were, *to write a book in company* instead of in my own solitary room, and to feel its effect coming freshly back upon me from the reader. With such a

reader as you to send it back, it is a most fascinating exercise. I could blow off my superfluous fierceness, in nothing so curious to me.

I shall take you at your word! When we have done, I shall send you the book[†1] to annotate.[†2]

You should have seen the Company's appreciation of *your* appreciation, when I told them of it. You really would have felt pleased with their thorough knowledge of its worth.

The Queen was undoubtedly wonderfully taken.[†3] I had a letter on Sunday, of the most unofficial and uncourtly character. She sent for me after the Play, but I beg[†4] to be excused from presenting myself in any dress but my own.

When will you come down to Gad's Hill?[†5]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 8 JULY 1857

MS Mr St John G. A. Sechiari. *Date:* Printed heading gives 185 — on date-line; only in 1857 was 8 July a Wednesday; handwriting supports.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Evening Eighth July 185[7]

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

Please deliver to the Bearer, one copy of the American Notes, Cheap Edition,[†6] for me.

CHARLES DICKENS

To TOM TAYLOR,[†7] 8 JULY 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Household Words Office
Wednesday Night | Eighth July 1857

My Dear Taylor

By all means as to Wigan's[†8] committee,[†9] and delighted to join it. I should take

shame to myself for having forgotten to reply, if I had not been perpetually busy in one way or other with poor Jerrold's matter.

It seems to me that the best thing you can do as to the Prologue[†1] is to choose your own speaker.[†2] Let me know who it is to be, and I will nail that name on Webster's forehead. Webster or other, man, woman, or child, surely you are the proper man to say "I have such an idea, and I desire it to be done in such a way."

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Tom Taylor Esquire.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, [8 JULY 1857]

Envelope only,[†3] MS British Library. *Address:* Benjamin Webster Esquire | Theatre Royal | Liverpool. PM 8 July 1857.

To THOMAS BEARD, 9 JULY 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | W.

Tavistock House | Thursday Evening | Ninth July, 1857.

My Dear Beard

I omitted to ask you yesterday, whether you would like to see the Play from the Proscenium Wing, on Saturday night.[†4] If you would, managerial potentiality can

achieve it. In that case, be in the entrance hall (where we went in yesterday) at 1/4 before 8, and Walter shall be waiting to bring you round to the stage.

Ever Heartily
CD.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 9 JULY 1857*

MS Mrs Quinney.

[†a]*In Memory of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold.*

Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street[†a]
Thursday Ninth July 1857

My Dear Mr. Ryland

I want to consult you about the hopefulness of doing the Frozen Deep, two nights running, in Birmingham.

I am afraid of the Town Hall.[†1] It would be too large for the ladies, and too large for the scenery. Dee's large room[†2] (if there should be none larger and better) would be the place, I think, for the purpose.

We should have to take off 28 feet deep for the stage — and we should have by the way to contract with a Carpenter to put up the stage. Now, what could we get into that room, each night, in money? What do you think we might charge for such a performance, and how many would the place hold? And could we get the necessary audience at the price necessary to remunerate us, two consecutive nights.

The thing is making such a noise here,[†3] that I believe we could fill St. Paul's if we played there. But the difficulty is, that we must not play in too large a space.

Taking it out of London at all, I would rather take it to Birmingham than anywhere. The question is, can it be done? Can you suggest any better place than Dee's Room? Will you counsel me generally?[†4]

In great haste | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To WILLIAM J. CLEMENT, 10 JULY 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Friday July Tenth 1857.

My Dear Clement

Your note received this morning amazes me. Within two or three days after the receipt of the poor boy's[†1] Manuscript,[†2] I returned it to you in a letter replying to yours on the subject. I cannot quite accurately recall whether I was here or at Gravesend; but I strongly incline to the belief that I was at the latter place.[†3] In that case I posted the letter with my own hand; *but in any case I most positively* KNOW[†4] that I dispatched my reply to you, and sent the MS with it.

The exact words of my answer I have necessarily forgotten; having an immense correspondence and a constantly occupied mind. I remember that I had felt in a difficulty what to write, without encouraging hopes that might prove to be fallacious. I believe I told you in effect that there were many little points of merit in the juvenile production, but that I saw no signs in it of the author being able to make an advance on a very general kind of ability, or being able to do more than many young men do — not very successfully. I hinted at the difference between what is clever and meritorious among private friends, and what is addressed to the Public — who have nothing whatever to do with the circumstances under which any work is produced, and can only be expected to accept it for its own sake. I have an impression that I finished by saying that if the young man should ever wish to offer anything to Household Words, I would read it myself if you would send it to me.

Pray understand that I have not the slightest doubt of this letter's having been posted; and that I have a conviction very little short of certainty, that I posted it myself.

I must indeed have changed very much, and cast my nature as a snake does his skin, if I could have neglected you for whom I have a truly affectionate regard, and whom I first knew through our poor dear Talfourd.[†5]

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in cordial remembrances to Mrs. Clement, and all your house.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William J. Clement Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 10 JULY 1857†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | W.

Tavistock House | Friday Tenth July, 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have been obliged to postpone Walter's photograph visit,[†1] because, between the outfitter,[†2] and the Hindustanee, and the India House, and the Passage preparations, I thought I descried that he was getting dazed, and had best have a few quiet hours with his brothers, just home from Boulogne after a year's absence.[†3] I have sent him down to them again to day; but tomorrow he will go to King's College.[†4] I a little doubt there being time left for him to learn the Art to any real purpose — but I have not said this to him; I only say it to you, in order that you may understand that he has not been remiss in his appreciation of your great kindness.

At Shepherd's Bush on Wednesday, all was in excellent order. No complaints or shortcomings of any kind. Alice Matthews however, very poorly again. I went carefully through my proposed alteration; and left instructions with the builder[†5] to send me an estimate. When I get it, I will propose an appointment, if you will make one with me, to explain to you exactly what I mean.

I know my plan is a good one, — because it is mine! Seriously, I am certain it has the merit of being simple, easy, cheap, rather ingenious, and easily made with the people in the house. It brings in all the existing materials — would make the long room remarkably airy and healthy — would give us a better bedroom (much better) than we now have over it — and a room for a sick girl besides.

At Gad's Hill, we have left off digging for water, and are now boring. I watch the process with the resignation of despair.

We are suffering a good deal from Andersen.[†6] The other day we lost him when we

came up to London Bridge Terminus,[†1] and he took a Cab by himself. The Cabman driving him through the new unfinished street at Clerkenwell,[†2] he thought he was driving him into remote fastnesses, to rob and murder him. He consequently arrived here, with all his money, his watch, his pocket book, and documents, *in his boots* — and it was a tremendous business to unpack him and get them off. I have arrived at the conviction that he cannot speak Danish; and the best of it, is, that his Translatress[†3] declares he can't — is ready to make oath of it before any magistrate.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Affecy. & faithfully Yours

CD.

To F. W. HAMSTEDE,[†4] 10 JULY 1857*

MS Mr Nicolas Bentley.

Gallery of Illustration | Friday Tenth July, 1857

My Dear Sir

I did not quite understand the exact purport of your note, until I looked at it again a minute ago, after hearing from Webster.

It is my impression that it would scarcely do to introduce the duet to which you refer, in Black Eyed Susan. The situation is not favorable to it, and it does not belong to the piece — which is well known to the Public. But if you approve of my asking Mr. Allen[†5] to sing Black Eyed Susan, I will immediately write to him.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. W. Hamstede Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 10 JULY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Friday Tenth July 1857

My Dearest Macready

Will you let me know what you did respecting money for Ned when he went out to India? As what you gave him in hand, after paying his passage, and what credit

you lodged for him at Calcutta. I am particularly anxious not to do too much in this regard; but at the same time not to do too little, and to do right.

I still hope you may come to Gad's Hill before the summer is out. It is a place to repose in, and admire the beautiful Kentish country from. It goes sorely against the grain with me to come among London

streets, heat, gas, and crowds; but I have gone into this Jerrold matter, and won't come out without a round sum.[†1] (I wish you could have heard the Carol reading in St. Martin's Hall! I never saw such an audience in my life.)[†2]

Catherine and Georgina, Mary, Katey, Charley, and Walter — the rest are at Gad's Hill — send their loves to all Sherborne House. You may be sure I send mine.

Ever and Ever affectionately

CD.

P.S. You will be charmed to hear that Ristori is making a dismal failure here this season, as to drawing.[†3]

To FRANK STONE, 10 JULY 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Tenth July, 1857

My Dear Stone

The half year's account for the Front Court Gardening is
For the Front Enclosure

Making a Total

Which, divided by three, leaves us £2.0.0 each, to pay.[†4]

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To A. DICKERS SENR,[†1] 11 JULY 1857*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Mr. A. Dickers Senr. | Golder Farm | Tetsworth | Oxon.

[†a]*In remembrance of the late Mr. Jerrold.*

Gallery of Illustration | Regent Street London[†a]

Eleventh July, 1857.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of your cheque for two guineas in aid of this Memorial Fund. Allow me to enclose you four stall tickets; two, admitting to Mr. Thackeray's lecture announced in the accompanying printed paper;[†2] two, to my own Reading.

I think it right to inform you that Mr. Jerrold has not left his family in want; but that he was in the course of making a good provision for them, and would have succeeded in doing so, if his life had been spared a little longer.

Your plain and sincere letter *has* interested me very much, I assure you, and has given me great pleasure.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. A Dickers Senr.

To THOMAS EDELSTON,[†3] 11 JULY 1857

MS Mr Lawrence Smith. *Address:* Thomas Edelston Esquire | 13 Lancaster Road, | Preston.

[†a]*In remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold*
Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street.[†a]
Saturday July eleventh, 1857

Dear Sir

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks the safe receipt of your remittance of £14.4.5, the balance of profit on the[†4] performance[†5] at the Theatre Royal Preston.[†6]

Without in the least recognizing the veracity of any statement you may have seen in print respecting the pecuniary affairs of the late Mr. Jerrold's family (we make no representation whatever on the subject, and so no other form of address to the public, than the line at the top of this sheet of paper), we beg to add that we most cordially approve of your having paid the night's expenses of the Theatre. We

particularly desire on all occasions that no one should be permitted to make any sacrifice in this cause which cannot be reasonably made and well afforded. And this is our anxious wish, not only because the thing is right in itself, but because we are well acquainted with the late Mr. Jerrold's feeling on such subjects.

Repeating our acknowledgements to yourself, and to all Preston friends, we have the honor to be,
Dear Sir | Your faithful Servants
CHARLES DICKENS
ARTHUR W. W. SMITH

Thomas Edelston Esquire[†1]

To CHARLES RIEU,[†2] [?12 JULY 1857]

Envelope only, MS Dr Andrew Sanders. *Address:* Charles Rieu Esquire | Department of MSS. | British Museum | London, W. C., PM 12 July 57.

To FRANCESCO BERGER, [13 JULY 1857]

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* I (1914-16), 51; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 13 July 57; addressed Francesco Berger. *Address* (envelope, Sotheby's catalogue, June 1955): Francesco Berger Esquire | 36 Thurloe Square | Brompton | S. W. PM 13 July 1857.

Referring to the Douglas Jerrold memorial concert.

To W. C. MACREADY, 13 JULY 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Monday July Thirteenth, 1857.

My Dearest Macready

Many thanks for your Indian information. I shall act upon it in the most exact manner, †a except that as Walter is not so manly in appearance or manner as Ned was when he went out,†3 I shall strike off £20 from the letter of credit.†a He sails next Monday.†4 Charley and I go down with him to Southampton, next Sunday.

We are all delighted with the prospect of seeing you at Gadshill. These are my Jerrold-engagements. On Friday the 24th. I have to repeat my reading at St. Martin's Hall.†5 On Saturday the 25th. to repeat The Frozen Deep at the Gallery of Illustration for the last time. On Thursday the 30th. or Friday the 31st. I shall

probably read at Manchester. Deane, the General Manager of the Exhibition is going down tonight, and will arrange all the preliminaries for me. If you and I went down to Manchester together and were there on a Sunday, he would give us the whole Exhibition to ourselves. It is probable I think (as he estimates the receipts of a night at about £700) that we may, in about a fortnight or so after the Reading, play The Frozen Deep in Manchester. But of this contingent engagement I at present know no more than you do.

Now, will you upon this exposition of affairs, choose your own time for coming to us, and, when you have made your choice, write to me at Gad's Hill? I am going down this afternoon for rest (which means violent cricket with the boys), after last Saturday night — which was a teazer, but triumphant. The St. Martin's Hall audience†1 was, I must confess, a very extraordinary thing. The two thousand and odd people were like one, and their enthusiasm was something awful.

— Yet I have seen that, before, too. Your young remembrance cannot recall the man, but he flourished in my day — a great actor Sir — a noble actor — thorough artist! I have seen him do wonders in that way. He retired from the stage early in life (having a monomaniacal delusion that he was old), and is said to be still living in your County.

All join in kindest love to your dear sister and all the rest.

Ever my Dearest Macready | Most affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 13 JULY 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Gallery of Illustration | Monday Thirteenth July, 1857.

My Dear Stone.

I have booked you here for 3 Stalls for the 25th. in a capital place. If you will call or send, on or after Thursday, they will be ready for you in an envelope — 3 guineas to pay.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 16 JULY 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Thursday Sixteenth July 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley.

I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Evans; — I mention the circumstance, merely that you may rest assured I have not forgotten our conversation.

Mr. Shirley Brooks, I *have* seen. And I hope I may now be able to arrange that

matter.[†1] As I must be in town and in your neighbourhood, on Saturday, I will endeavour to call in New Burlington Street from 12 to 1.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To CHARLES DE LA PRYME, 17 JULY 1857†

MS Doheny Memorial Library.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth July 1857

My Dear Sir

Although the poor boy's[†2] writing is admirable, considering the circumstances in which he has been placed, I am strongly inclined to think that the less he is encouraged to do in that way for the future, the happier he will be. I would most decidedly gratify his own inclination — which appears to me to be a proof of his good sense — and send him to Australia.[†3]

I cannot remember whether I sent you my subscription to the book.[†4] In case I did not, will you have the kindness to let me know as much in one line.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Charles De la Pryme.[†5]

To CHARLES KENT,[†6] 18 JULY 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Saturday Eighteenth July 1857.

Dear Sir

On coming here from the country this morning, I found your note — just brought down to me from Tavistock House. I have to act here tonight, and tomorrow morning early to take my second boy to Southampton where he embarks for India.

Under these circumstances, I think it will be best for you to see Mr. Wills (who is altogether in my confidence), at the Household Words, say at 12 on Monday. My

ability to be of use to you there, necessarily depends on your ability to propose any kind of papers likely to be available for the Journal.[†1] But I shall be heartily glad to serve you, if I possibly can. Trust me for that.

In great haste | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Charles Kent Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 18 JULY 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Benjamin Webster Esquire | Theatre Royal Adelphi.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Saturday 18th. July 1857.

My Dear Webster

Allen will sing Black Eye'd Susan on your night.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To EDMUND YATES, 19 JULY 1857

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Tavistock House | Sunday Nineteenth July, 1857

My Dear Yates.

Although I date this as above, I really write it from Southampton (dont notice this fact in your reply, for I shall be in town on Wednesday). I have come here on an errand which will grow familiar to you before you know that Time has flapped his wings over your head. Like me, you will find those babies grow to be young men, before you are quite sure they are born.[†3] Like me, you will have great teeth drawn with a wrench, and will only then know that you ever cut them. I am here to send Walter away over what they call in Green Bush Melodramas[†4]

"the Big Drink"[†1] and I dont at all know this day how he comes to be mine, or I, his.

I don't write to say this — or to say how, seeing Charley and he going aboard the Ship before me just now, I suddenly came into possession of a photograph of my own back at 16 and 20, and also into a suspicion that I had doubled the last age. I merely write to mention that Telbin and his wife are going down to Gad's Hill with us, about mid-day next Sunday, and that if you and Mrs. Yates will come too, we shall be delighted to have you.[†2] We can give you a bed, and you can be in town (if you have such a savage necessity) by 20 minutes before 10 on Monday morning.

I was very much pleased (as I had reason to be) with your account of the Play in the Daily News.[†3] I thank you heartily.

[†a]Monday morning.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

It is now half-past 5 by Greenwich time — whatever that is — I never did know and never shall. Wills, I believe, knows all about it.[†a]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 JULY 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | W.

Radley's Hotel, | Opposite the Terminus & Dock House,
Southampton.
Monday Twentieth July 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I hasten to report that I have just now (one o'Clock) come back in the Steam Tender, from putting the poor boy on board. He was cut up for a minute or so when I bade him good bye, and also yesterday morning when he took leave of them in

town, and also on Saturday when he left his little brothers at Gad's Hill; but on all three occasions he recovered directly, and conducted himself like a Man.[†1] He leaned over the side looking after Charley and me, quite composed and comfortable. He had already found an old schoolfellow on board, and the Captain came away with me to assure me that he should have every possible protection, assistance, and encouragement. He was anxious that I should send his love to you and Mrs. Brown, and a thousand thanks to you for your kind letters. I add mine for all your kindness, out of a heart almost full.

I have appointed to meet Mr. Bird[†2] about my plan, at Shepherds Bush on Wednesday at 12. As I come back from there, I will take the chance of finding you in Stratton Street.

Ever Faithfully and affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts

To HENRY AUSTIN, 21 JULY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Tuesday July Twenty First, 1857

My Dear Henry

I really begin to think we are a little unfortunate here. The whole of that Drain from the wash-house is stopped up through a considerable part of the pipe; and the garden (just beginning to recover from the workmen and look pretty), is dug up again by people whom I have been obliged to have in from Strood;[†3] the whole place having been stopped. The chief of those local operatives shews how it is impossible that the present Drain *could* do — how it chokes at the "elbow"[†4] — which it certainly does — how a big pipe meets a little pipe "what can't carry on it off" — with various other binding chains of argument. The result is that in perfect despair, infidelity, and misery, I have told him to do what he thinks best. And what he thinks best, is to make two little cesspools, one at the "elber" and one at the "washers" — which works "will receive any sileage as may appear to flow, and leave the water free for to pass, which likeways if anythin should be wrong then, why you only takes up a stone or wotever you thinks most proper, instead of making this here frightful mess." Conscious of nothing but a frightful mess I have feebly acceded. I had some idea of running away from the place altogether, but have acceded instead.

(They are now forcing long sticks through the choked pipes, which I foresee will come out into the eye of a man who is at present lying on his stomach looking in at the other end of the pipe — who will be blinded — and who will have a claim to be supported for life.)

No change in the Well. "Ned" says, "still flint, but whether a lane of flint or only a Wane[†1] is as yet unbeknownst."

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN DEANE, 21 JULY 1857

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

Gad's Hill, Higham, by Rochester
Tuesday Twenty First July, 1857

My Dear Deane.

I don't like to answer the enclosed letter,[†2] without first shewing it to you, and asking you what answer you would recommend me to give.

Many thanks for your two letters in behalf of my boy. I left the poor fellow on board the Indus yesterday, in good spirits — as little cast down as, at 16, one could reasonably hope to be with the world of India before one.

I go to town tomorrow, and purpose remaining there until Sunday

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Deane Esquire

To WILLIAM JERDAN,[†3] 21 JULY 1857

MS Dickens House.

Gad's Hill, Higham, by Rochester
Tuesday Twenty First July, 1857

My Dear Jerdan

In addition to the whirl and fatigue of the Jerrold Remembrance matter, I have been at Southampton these two days, embarking my second boy for India. The poor fellow steamed away yesterday, and I have a day's rest on the grass here, to think whether the best definition of man may not be, after all, that he is (for his sins) a parting and farewell-taking animal.

I have not the means of reference at hand, but I think I may say I am *sure* that the brief contribution has been published — that both the brief contributions have been published.[†4]

Andersen went to Paris, to go thence to Dresden and thence home, last Wednesday morning. I took him over to Maidstone, and booked him for Folkestone.[†5] He had been here, five weeks. He had spoken of you with much regard, and, I understood

or fancied, had seen you.[†1] But whenever he got to London, he got into wild entanglements of Cabs and Sherry, and never seemed to get out of them again until he came back here, and cut out paper into all sorts of patterns, and gathered the strangest little nosegays in the woods.[†2] His unintelligible vocabulary was marvellous. In French[†3] or Italian, he was Peter the Wild Boy[†4] — in English, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.[†5] My eldest boy swears that the ear of man cannot recognize his German;[†6] and his translatress[†7] declares to Bentley that he can't speak Danish!

One day he came home to Tavistock House, apparently suffering from corns that had ripened in two hours. It turned out that a Cab Driver had brought him from the City, by way of the new unfinished thoroughfare through Clerkenwell. Satisfied that the Cabman was bent on robbery and murder, he had put his watch and money into his boots — together with a Bradshaw, a pocket book, a pair of scissors, a penknife, a book or two, a few letters of introduction, and some other miscellaneous property.

These are all the particulars I am in a condition to report. He received a good many letters — lost (I should say) a good many more — and was for the most part utterly conglomerated — with a general impression that everything was going to clear itself up, "tomorrow".

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To ROBERT PEMBERTON,[†1] 21 JULY 1857*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Robert Pemberton Esquire | 33 Euston Square | London | N. W.

Gad's Hill, Higham, by Rochester | Twenty First July, 1857

Sir

I beg to thank you for your obliging letter, and your book.[†2] I have read the latter with a strong conviction of your earnest sincerity in a great object, and of your true desire to do good. You will excuse my adding that I am not so clear as to your proposed means in their extreme assertion, or as to the machinery through which in "The Infant Drama" you set them forth. I mention this as the truth, without the least intention of arrogantly putting my opinion up, and yours down. But I cannot honestly say that I think "The Philosopher" a happy exponent of his theory: or, that I think the compliments paid by the other characters to that personage, likely to advance it.[†3]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Pemberton Esquire.

To TOM TAYLOR, 22 JULY 1857

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Nov 1993; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Tom Taylor; 22 July 57.

Wednesday Evening Twenty Second July 1857

About the Prologue.[†4] When will you send it to me at the Gallery of Illustration, and who is to speak it?[†5] You know what our friends of the theatres are.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 23 JULY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Twenty Third July 1857

My Dear Henry

Your letter and I have been crossing each other in the wildest way. I have only

now got it — 5 this afternoon. The mischief is done; the little cesspools (very small) are made; if harm should prove to be done, it must be undone again.

What could I do? Forlornly overflown with black mud and choked with the same — cook in tears — all that trouble and expence of Nye's[†1] men, useless — garden chaotically dragged up by the roots — everybody tearing their own hair and mine too — what *could*[†2] I do!

Ha ha ha! Yah — Ho ho!

Maniacally
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE BELL,[†3] 23 JULY 1857*

MS Messrs G. Bell & Sons.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third July, 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Bell, and begs to thank him for his obliging note. Mr. Dickens's absence from town has delayed his receipt of it until this morning.

He will be here at 2 tomorrow. But he may add that international copyright is a question of deferred justice, as to which he has no present faith or hope whatsoever.[†4]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 23 JULY 1857*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Private. | Richard Bentley Esquire | New Burlington Street | W.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Third July | 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley

Coming here yesterday Afternoon, I found your note awaiting me. I write this at once, without having seen Mr. Brooks, because I wish to have one question plainly comprehended between us — I mean, between you and me.

When the publication of the novel in a serial form, was first referred to between you and me at Gad's Hill, I understood such serial form to apply to its publication in monthly portions *in your Miscellany.* Your note dated the 20th. and received by me yesterday evening, mentions "a Monthly Serial". The words may have the same meaning, but I wish to ask you whether they have or no?[†5] Because, what I have as

yet said to Mr. Brooks, has been altogether based on the idea that he should supply the story in portions, for monthly publication in "Bentley's Miscellany."[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To SIR CULLING EARDLEY,[†2] 23 JULY 1857*

MS Mr Edward V. E. Fremantle.

Tavistock House, London. | Twenty Third July, 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Sir Culling Eardley, and begs to express his regret that his absence from town has prevented his receiving Sir Culling Eardley's obliging and highly interesting invitation[†3] until this morning — when it is his misfortune to have business engagements and appointments for the whole of the day.

To JOEL PINNEY,[†4] 23 JULY 1857*

MS Mr Harry E. Gould, Jr.

Private

Tavistock House, London
Thursday Twenty Third July, 1857

Dear Sir

As I reside in Kent during the summer, I have only this morning received your obliging letter and its accompanying book.[†5]

The latter I have not yet had time (I need scarcely add) to read. But I have made a general acquaintance with its contents, and I purpose to know them better.

As you refer to my own habits, you may be interested to learn that for the last fifteen or twenty years they have been of the most exact and punctual nature. I portion out my time methodically, take a great deal of exercise and fresh air regularly, am probably as much in all the winds that blow as any country gentleman, bathe in large quantities of cold water all the year round, and can keep a Swiss guide on his mettle during a day's journey. A large part of my life is necessarily passed at my desk, but never to the interruption of these compensatory habits.[†6]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Pinney Esquire

To GEORGE BELL, 24 JULY 1857*

ME Messrs G. Bell & Sons.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Twenty Fourth July 1857

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Bell, and begs to say that he is unfortunately prevented from keeping his appointment to day; but that he will write in a day or two, and make another.

To W. R. SAMS,[†1] 24 JULY 1857*

MS Huntington Library.

Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street
Friday Twenty Fourth July, 1857.

Dear Sir

Excuse my observing that I must beg you to bring no one on the stage here, either during or after a performance. It is an infringement of a rule I have always made,[†2] and the strict observance of which I feel it necessary to uphold.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. R. Sams Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 24 JULY 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gallery of Illustration | Twenty Fourth July 1857 | Friday

My Dear Webster

Here is the Prologue.[†3] Tom Taylor wishes you to speak it. I hope you will like it.[†4]

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 JULY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Fifth July 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts

I send you this note to say that I received a letter early this morning from Arthur

Smith, in which no allusion was made to you in any way, but in which I immediately perceived your ever kind and thoughtful influence. The truth is, we had been suddenly thrown on a decision yesterday,[†1] but that I doubted it very much when I was before that vast assembly last night,[†2] and resolved that I would to day discuss our engaging actresses. We are committed to nothing, and have resolved not to act there[†3] at all, but to play once more (this day fortnight) at the Gallery of Illustration, which is in effect but a great Drawing Room.

We must get £2,000 free of expences, before we leave off. I hope I shall be left free for Gad's Hill by the middle of August. It is rather hard work, after a long book.[†4]

With love to Mrs. Brown
Ever Faithfully and affecy.
CD.

To HENRY ATTWELL,[†5] 27 JULY 1857*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Professor Attwell | Romford | Essex.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Twenty Seventh July, 1857

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the interesting and artistic poems[†6] you have had the kindness to send me, and for your charming letter. Constant occupation has involved me in a week's arrear of correspondence which I am only mastering this Evening, or I should have written to you sooner.

Between an occasional day's rest at my little place of retirement here, and various public engagements which just now beset me, I find it very difficult to make an appointment in London. But I purpose being there on Thursday next; and if it should not be inconvenient to you to call at the Household Words Office (16 Wellington Street North, Strand) at 5 in the Afternoon, I shall be heartily glad to see you and to thank you in person.

Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Attwell.[†7]

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD,[†1] 27 JULY 1857

Extract in Dodd, Mead & Co. catalogue (Nov. 1901); *MS* 1 p.; addressed John Hollingshead; dated Gad's Hill Place, 27 July 57.

I will not say that I think the thing too low and too degrading to literature to be honored with such notice.[†2] This was certainly my first impression when I began to read your Proof, but as I proceeded I felt that I need not spoil such tenderness of appreciation as yours, or wish for any reason to lose the utterance of it.[†3]

To CHARLES RIEU, 27 JULY 1857*

MS Dr Andrew Sanders. Address: Charles Rieu Esquire | Department of MSS. | British Museum | London | W. C.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester
Monday Evening Twenty Seventh July | 1857

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of enclosing you a cheque for the amount in which I am indebted to you.[†1] Allow me to add my best thanks to it.

It was pretty clear to me when Walter began with you that the unsettled state of mind which necessarily preceded his departure, was unfavorable to his making any great advance. But I hoped that your tuition would be of great service to him, in giving him the means of improving himself in India. I have no doubt that it has had that effect, and I was not so ungenerous or unreasonable as to expect more.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Rieu Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 JULY 1857*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | W.

Gad's Hill Place
Monday Night Twenty Seventh July | 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts

Enclosed is the builder's estimate. What do you say to it? It is for carrying the long room up to the ceiling of the first floor — cancelling that first floor bedroom — and making one large bedroom and one very good one, over the Laundry and wash-house.[†2]

I purpose being in town on Wednesday evening. If you would like me to come to you at any time on Thursday before 5 and will write me a line to Tavistock House making an appointment, I shall be delighted to come to you. I go away on Friday Morning, to read at Manchester.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully and affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 28 JULY 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Gad's Hill Place | Tuesday Twenty Eighth July, 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley

I certainly had been aware that you had disposed of the Miscellany to Ainsworth;[†3] but I had as entirely forgotten it, until you reminded me of the fact, as if I had never heard of such a thing in my life.

I shall be in town on Thursday and will then see Mr. Brooks. I have little doubt of being able to write you my proposed way of arranging the details,[†1] in the course of that afternoon.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 JULY 1857

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Twenty Ninth July 1857

My Dear Georgy.

In the bottom of my bookcase, nearest the window, are three collections of old cuttings, pamphlets, and pictures — one referring to Newgate — one to Bartholomew Fair[†2] — one to Ludgate Hill. I want the whole of the Newgate collection (that is to say, all that refers to Newgate in any way) made a parcel of, and sent up by Railway to Wilkie Collins, 2 Harley Place, New Road.[†3] Will you do this, and send Mitchell without delay to book the parcel at Higham Station? I write to you (very hurriedly), because you have seen the different packets in my hands, and can no doubt make out the Newgate one, pretty readily. Just look at the other two, to assure yourself that no Newgate scraps have fallen by mistake into either.

Love to Catherine and to all | Ever affectionately

CD.

To HENRY REEVE,[†4] 29 JULY 1857

Mention in Catalogue of the Bodley Book Shop, No. 119; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 29 July 57.

Calling his correspondent's attention to the opening paper in Household Words.[†5]

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 30 JULY 1857

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Household Words Office | Thirtieth July 1857

My Dear Brooks.

Unfortunately I shall merely pass through town on Sunday morning, on my way

back from Manchester. But I shall leave the station for Gad's Hill on Sunday at 1, and shall be delighted to take you down with me if you can go. If not, I hope to be there until Thursday inclusive, and shall be glad to see you at any time. But I would impress upon you that I think we had best close with Bentley as soon as we can.

I send you the note to which I, having drunk of the waters of Oblivion[†1] as to Ainsworth's purchase of the Miscellany, returned the cautious reply I told you of.[†2] It now only needs to settle the money-terms;[†3] and as to those, I await the confidential knowledge of your wishes.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To T. P. COOKE, 30 JULY 1857

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* T. P. Cooke Esquire | Woburn Square | W. C.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,

REGENT STREET.
Thursday Thirtieth July 1857.

My Dear Mr. Cooke.

I cannot rest satisfied this morning, without writing to congratulate you on your admirable performance of last night.[†4] It was so fresh and vigorous, so manly and gallant, that I felt as if it splashed against my Theatre-heated face, along with the spray of the breezy sea.[†5] What I felt, everybody felt. I should feel it quite an impertinence to take myself out of the crowd therefore, if I could by any means help doing so. But I can't — so I hope you will feel that you bring me on yourself, and have only yourself to blame.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. P. Cooke Esquire.

To THOMAS FAIRBAIRN,[†1] 30 JULY 1857*

Text from transcript by owner of MS, Mr Ulysses Walsh.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Thursday, Thirtieth July 1857.

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind invitation, and cordially assure you that it would give me great pleasure to accept it, if I possibly could. But I am obliged to be at Manchester on Saturday afternoon.[†2] These exertions have fatigued me so much, that a rest at my little old house in the country, is indispensable; and I have arranged to return accordingly.

Mrs. Dickens will, I am sure, be very sensible of Mrs. Fairbairn's[†3] remembrance and invitation. As I have left her in Kent, I shall send her down your Postscript by this afternoon's post.

Always Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Fairbairn Esquire

To FREDERICK HUDSON,[†4] 30 JULY 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,

REGENT STREET.
Thursday Thirtieth July 1857.

Dear Sir

Constant occupation and exertion have disabled me from keeping pace with the correspondence pouring in upon me, for many days past.

In reply to your obliging letter I beg to say that I have at present made no arrangements for the performance of The Frozen Deep, in Manchester, and that I do not know that any representation of that Play will take place there. But I am bound to add, with many thanks, that if such a thing should come to pass, I should seek the local assistance I might require, from the friends I have in the Art Treasures Exhibition: to whose sympathy and aid I am already in other respects much beholden.†5

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Hudson

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 30 JULY 1857

Mention in unidentified catalogue in *Chadwick Collection of Dickensiana; MS* 1 p.; dated 30 July 57; addressed Paxton.

Telling him of the Duke of Devonshire's promise to subscribe £100 to the fund in memory of the late Douglas Jerrold.

To W. S. EMDEN,†1 31 JULY 1857

Extract in N, II, 865-6; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 31 July 57; addressed W. S. Emden.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note, and the Proof of your proposed bill.†2 As I made no mention of myself in association with the Prologue, when I produced the Play here,†3 I wish to avoid any mention being made of me now. I shall therefore be obliged by your merely announcing that "The original Prologue will be spoken by Mr. Frederick Vining."†4

August

To MRS FRANCES DICKINSON, [?1 AUGUST 1857]

Mention in next. *Date:* written between his promise on 31 July to act *The Frozen Deep* and his telling Collins of it on 2 Aug.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 2 AUGUST 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Morning | Second August, 1857

My Dear Collins

I write this, on my way back to Gad's Hill from Manchester.

As our sum is not made up,[†5] and as I had urgent Deputation and so forth from Manchester Magnates at the Reading on Friday night, I have arranged to act the Frozen Deep in the Free Trade Hall on Friday and Saturday nights, the 21st. and 22nd.[†6] It is *an immense place,* and we shall be obliged to have actresses — though I

have written to our prononcée[†1] friend, Mrs. Dickinson, to say that I don't fear her, if she likes to play with them.[†2] (I am already trying to get the best who *have been* on the stage.)[†3]

Whether Charley can play his part or not, I will tell him to let you know directly.[†4]

I had a letter from the Olympic the other day, begging me to go to a Rehearsal.[†5] I have appointed next Friday, if agreeable and convenient.

In haste | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN DEANE, 2 AUGUST 1857*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Sunday Morning, Second August | 1857

My Dear Deane.

This scrap on my way to Gad's Hill, to say that I have written to Telbin to come straight to you by Thursday morning's express — and have written to Berger to let you know his Band requirements at once.

I cannot, on consideration, be quite sure whether yesterday's first violin[†6] was my Frozen Deep first violin, or whether I was confounding him with Seymour,[†7] long of Manchester. It is no matter.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†8]

John C Deane Esquire

To FRANCESCO BERGER, 2 AUGUST 1857

Text from *Royal Leamington Spa Courier,* 24 Mar 1922.

Tavistock House, | Sunday, Second August, 1857.

My Dear Berger,

I write to you very hurriedly on my way back to Gad's Hill from Manchester.

It is arranged that we shall act in the Free Trade Hall[†9] at Manchester on Friday and Saturday evenings, 21st. and 22nd. It is an immense hall and my girls will have to be replaced by actresses.[†10]

Will you write as soon as you can to J. C. Deane, Esquire, Art Treasures

Exhibition,[†1] Manchester (addressing him as Dear Sir and observing that you write by arrangement with me) telling him what performers you require for the Band? He will then at once engage them from the Exhibition Orchestra (a very good one — I heard them play beautifully yesterday)[†2] and all will be ready for you.[†3] Exercise your own discretion in augmenting the Band by two or three, if you think it necessary. I would ask Mr. Deane to call them for rehearsal — say at 10 or 11 (as you think best) on the morning of Friday 21st. Do not lose time in this, as there will be an Italian Opera in the town at the same time.[†4]

I shall be at [†a]Gad's Place,[†a] Higham, by Rochester, Kent, until next Friday.

Faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Francesco Berger, Esquire.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 AUGUST 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester

Second August 1857.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am a little uneasy about you. I wrote to you some days ago,[†5] sending you the builders estimate for the proposed alterations at Shepherd's Bush, and asking you to tell me at what time last Thursday, I could see you. Finding no letter from you in town, I thought you might by mistake have written here. Yesterday I come home here from Manchester, and still find no letter. Hereupon I become inconsolable.

I must be in town next Saturday (for the last Frozen Deep),[†6] and could come to you at any time between 11 and 2.

With kind regard to Mrs. Brown, Ever Dear Miss Coutts

Yours faithfully and affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To WILLIAM TELBIN, [2 AUGUST 1857]

Mention in *To* Deane, 2 Aug 57. *Date:* written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 2 AUGUST 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday Second August 1857

My Dear Wills

I[†1]

write hurriedly, on my way back to Gad's Hill.

YOU[†1]

I suppose are somewhere in Cheshire or Staffordshire — as you didn't turn up yesterday.[†2]

FROZEN DEEP.[†1]

Get the Circular[†3] out, directly. Nights of acting, Friday 21st. and Saturday 22nd. Company to go down on the afternoon of Thursday 20th. Rehearsal of 3rd. act to be called in town beforehand, on account of Actresses instead of Amateur ladies. Also in the Free Trade Hall on the Friday Morning at 11.

H. W.[†1]

Can you come down to Gad's Hill with the next proofs?[†4] If yes, when? I purpose not coming up (unless obliged), before Friday.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS COMPTON,[†5] 2 AUGUST 1857

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Sunday Night Second August 1857.

My Dear Mrs. Compton

We are going to play the Frozen Deep (pursuant to requisition from Town Magnates &c) at Manchester, at the New Free Trade Hall, on the nights of Friday and Saturday, the 21st. and 22nd. August.

The place is out of the question for my girls.[†6] Their action could not be seen, and their voices could not be heard. You and I have played, there and elsewhere, so sociably and happily,[†7] that I am emboldened to ask you whether you would play my sister in law, Georgina's part[†8] (Compton[†9] and Babies[†10] permitting).

We shall go down in the old pleasant way, and shall have the Art Treasures Exhibition to ourselves on the Sunday — when even "He" (as Rogers always called every pretty woman's husband),[†1] might come and join us.

What do you say? What does He say? And what does Baby say? When I use the term "Baby", I use it in two tenses — Present, and Future.

Answer me at this address, like the Juliet I saw at Drury Lane — when was it? — yesterday.[†2] And whatever your answer is, if you will say that you and Compton will meet us at the North Kent Station London Bridge, next Sunday at a quarter before One, and will come down here for a breath of sweet air, and stay all night, you will then give your old friends great pleasure. Not least among them,

Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 3 AUGUST 1857

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esquire | New Burlington Street | London | W.

Gad's Hill Place | Monday August Third, 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley

I could not see Mr. Brooks on the day in last week when I expected to do so, by reason of his engagements clashing with mine. But I have seen him to day, and beg to send you, now, the result of our conference.

If the new story be written in 12 monthly Nos. of two sheets[†3] each (beginning at the date we have already agreed upon), it will contain a much larger quantity of matter than an ordinary novel in 3 Volumes.[†4]

And I assume that the Nos. should contain two sheets each, as that is the public experience of that form of publication.

It does not appear to me — and I hope it will not appear to you — that it is at all unreasonable to ask another Hundred Pounds for this additional labor. I may go further, and add that I sincerely regard it as a very modest proposal.

I would therefore suggest that we have a new agreement between you and Mr. Brooks for such a serial, for which you agree to give him in all Four Hundred Pounds. One hundred pounds he has already received, and will, in the agreement, duly acknowledge the receipt of; the remaining £300 you covenant to pay him in ready-money payments of £25 each, on the publication of each of the twelve Nos.

In return for these payments, you will have the copyright of the work for 3 years from the date of its completion; with the restriction that its form in twelve Nos. or one Volume is not to be altered, without Mr. Brooks's consent.

I shall be ready to conclude this agreement on Mr. Brooks's part, and to obtain his signature to it, as soon as you please. On Friday I shall be in town, and at the Household Words office at 4 O'Clock. If you see no objection to the terms I propose, Mr.

Brooks would very gladly meet you there at that time (supposing it to suit your convenience), and close the arrangement.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To W. C. MACREADY, 3 AUGUST 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Monday Third August 1857

My Dearest Macready

I write to you in reference to your last note, as soon as I can positively know our final movements in the Jerrold matter.

We are going to wind up by acting at Manchester (on solemn requisition) on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, the 21st. and 22nd. (Actresses substituted for the girls, of course.) We shall have to leave here on the morning of the 20th. You thought of coming on the 16th. Can't you make it a day or two earlier, so as to be with us a whole week? Decide and pronounce. Again — cannot you bring Katey with you? Decide and pronounce thereupon, also.

I read at Manchester last Friday. As many thousand people were there, as you like to name.[†1] The collection of Pictures in the Exhibition is wonderful.[†2] And the power with which the modern English School asserts itself, is a very gratifying and delightful thing to behold.[†3] The care for the common people, in the provision made for their comfort and refreshment, is also admirable, and worthy of all commendation. But they want more amusement, and particularly (as it strikes me) *something in motion*, though it were only a twisting fountain. The thing is too still, after their lives of machinery, and Art fires over their heads in consequence.[†4]

I hope you have seen my tussle with the Edinburgh. I saw the chance last Friday week, as I was going down to read the Carol in St. Martin's Hall. Instantly turned to, then and there, and wrote half the article.[†5] Flew out of bed early next morning, and

finished it by Noon. Went down to Gallery of Illustration (we acted there that night), did the day's business, corrected the proof in Polar costume in dressingroom, broke up two numbers of Household Words to get it out directly,[†1] played in Frozen Deep and Uncle John, presided at Supper of company, made no end of speeches, went home and gave in completely for four hours, then got sound asleep, and next day was as fresh as — you used to be in the far off days of your lusty Youth.

All here send kindest love to your dear good sister and all the house. Ever and ever affectionately. CD.

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 3 AUGUST 1857*

MS British Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Monday Third August, 1857

My Dear Paxton

I have safely received the Duke's munificent donation, and beg most earnestly to tender the thanks of the Committee for that princely gift.[†2]

As to your own kind promise of assistance to Tom,[†3] I should say, Wait a little. *Between ourselves*, I have no faith in the Farm project;[†4] because I believe it to be based on the assumption that the Fund we are raising will be placed at the disposal of the whole family — like a sort of pecuniary skittles, to be bowled down by whomsoever may have a fancy to Go in. This idea I, for one, shall very strenuously oppose, when we meet to consider the Trust that shall be established.

It is obvious that the Money must be got, before it can be disposed of. Therefore it is beating the wind to discuss the question at present. I hope we shall finish our exertions, at Manchester on the 22nd. by then turning the round corner of £2,000 — the point at which I have always designed to stop.[†5] As soon as possible thereafter, I will call the Committee together, at reasonable notice. In the meantime, if I were you, I would do nothing, and would in no wise commit myself to any thing.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton M. P.

P.S. I re-open this letter to say (at the urgent solicitation of the Gardener) that if you can send me any "cuttings", of any kind, out of your great wealth in such things, "here's an empty house and empty grounds" — I quote the gardener — "and nothing from Sir Joseph could possibly come amiss". — That's *his* opinion.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 3 AUGUST 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Monday Third August, 1857

My Dear Mr. Ryland

Many thanks for your careful and explicit letter, with all the information I could possibly have required.[†1]

In your absence, your partner Mr. Martineau[†2] did me the favor to write me a sensible and practical letter, which discouraged me in respect to Birmingham, and which your letter confirms. I did not receive yours until I came home here yesterday from Manchester, but it fully confirmed me in a previous relinquishment of the Birmingham idea.

I read at Manchester last Friday night. Between the parts, some of the foremost people in the place, came to me with a representation that they particularly wished to have the Frozen Deep done in their City, and that they were absolutely certain of the success of two consecutive nights in the Free Trade Hall. They even offered to guarantee a certain profit, but I did not think it right to accept that generous proposal. However, I felt it incumbent on me to take the Play there, if careful calculations should prove the likelihood of a good result.[†3] We went into them immediately after the reading — worked them out — and got the advertisement into next day's paper, before going to bed.[†4] These two representations will finish the Jerrold business.

The number of people to be moved, the number of skilled workmen to be employed, and the quantity of material to be carried about, make up such a cost, that it would not be worth while to play once only, in any place I know of. But playing twice, the second night becomes sheer profit.

The Free Trade Hall is too large and difficult, and altogether too public for my girls however. So we shall take down Actresses in their stead.

All here send kindest regard to Mrs. Ryland and yourself, in which I very heartily join.
Always Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 AUGUST 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Gad's Hill Place | Monday Night Third August | 1857

My Dear Wills

I omitted in my last, to remind you that the ladies' parts in the 1st. and 3rd. acts Frozen Deep, should be immediately copied, and that we should be armed likewise with 3 new copies of Uncle John.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILLERT BEALE,[†2] 4 AUGUST 1857*

MS Mr Cyril Staal.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Tuesday Fourth August, 1857

My Dear Sir

I propose being in town on Friday,[†3] and will come to the Gallery of Illustration at 1/4 before 5 on that day in the hope of seeing you. If this appointment should be inconvenient, I will propose another for Saturday forenoon.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Willert Beale Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 6 AUGUST 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Gad's Hill Place | Thursday August Sixth 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley.

By all means, as to asking Mr. Evans's[†1] opinion. We must wait, I suppose, until he returns; for he has been very unwell, and his holiday will be useless to him unless it is free from business.

His indisposition has been the occasion of my not having seen him since you were here. I have several matters to see him upon — one of them, a rather pressing one — but have forborne, in the hope that he would get well of his liver-disorder.

I cannot leave town on Saturday, for we act that night. If you wish to see me, I shall be at the Gallery of Illustration Regent Street, at one that day.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 6 AUGUST 1857

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Gad's Hill Place | Thursday Sixth August, 1857

My Dear Brooks.

In reply to the enclosed from Bentley, I have said that I by all means consent to taking Evans into council, but that I suppose we must wait until his return to town.

If I understand Bentley's position, he *cannot* make the contract we have proposed to him, without the consent of the gentlemen before whom his affairs are "under inspection."[†2] Of these, Evans is one.

I have further told him that if he wants to see me, he will find me at the Gallery of Illustration on Saturday at One.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 AUGUST 1857

MS Wellcome Historical Medical Library, London.

Tavistock House | Friday Morning Seventh August | 1857

My Dearest Georgy

I have had an excellent night (a little opiate in the medicine), and have had no

return whatever of the distress of yesterday morning. Come to me at the Garrick, in a Cab, at 1/2 past 8.

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 7 AUGUST 1857

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Seventh August 1857

My Dear Brooks.

Will you give me the enclosed from Bentley, back again tomorrow night? Will you in the meantime think of the point he puts, and of what you would suggest upon it? I will then give you my own suggestion, and out of the two we will compound a shot.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To MR STEVENS,[†2] 8 AUGUST 1857*

Text from transcript by owner of MS, Mrs Joyce Shorter.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.
Saturday August Eighth 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Stevens and begs with thanks to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Stevens' obliging communication. It reached Mr. Dickens only yesterday in consequence of his having been out of town.

To FRANK STONE, 9 AUGUST 1857†

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Afternoon | Ninth August 1857

My Dear Stone

Now, here, without any Preface, is a good, confounding, stunning question for you.

— Would you like to play Uncle John, on the 2 nights at Manchester?

It is not a long part, you could have a full Rehearsal on the Friday, and I could sit in the Wing at night and pull you through all the business. Perhaps you might not object to being in the thing, in your own native place; and the relief to me would be enormous.

This is what has come into my head, lying in bed to day (I have been in bed all day), and this is just my plain reason for writing to you.

It's a capital part, and you are a capital old man. You know the Play as we play it,[†1] and the Manchester people don't. Say the word, and I'll send you my own book by return of post.

The agitation and exertion of Richard Wardour are so great to me, that I cannot rally my spirits in the short space of time I get. The strain is so great, to make a show of doing it, that I want to be helped out of Uncle John, if I can.[†2] Think of yourself far more than me; but if you half think you are up to the joke,[†3] and half doubt your being so — then give me the benefit of the doubt, and play the part.

Answer me at Gad's Hill. The full address is as follows:

Gad's Hill Place
Higham

by
Rochester
Kent.
Kind regard to all with you.
Ever affectionately
CD.

If you play, I shall immediately announce it to all concerned. If you don't, I shall go on[†4] as if nothing had happened, and shall say nothing to any one

To WALTER LACY,[†5] 10 AUGUST 1857

MS Mr John Williams.

Tavistock House | Monday Tenth August 1857

My Dear Mr. Lacy.

I have read your letter with the sincerest gratification; and I beg most cordially to assure you that in its generous and earnest words, you have amply repaid me any pleasure I have ever been so fortunate as to give you.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Walter Lacy Esquire.

To FRANCESCO BERGER, 11 AUGUST 1857*

MS Victoria and Albert Museum.

Gallery of Illustration | Tuesday Eleventh August 1857.

My Dear Berger.

I have another suggestion to make. Would it not be much better to hang the Bell[†1] behind, — out of sight? You would only have to shew me on Friday morning, exactly when and how it should be struck, and I would take upon myself to do it.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM DONNE,[†2] 11 AUGUST 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Gallery of Illustration, | Regent Street.
Eleventh August, 1857

My Dear Sir

We are going to close our exertions in behalf of the Jerrold Fund, by acting The Frozen Deep at Manchester. With this view, it is necessary that it should be approved by the Licenser.[†3] Will you excuse my begging your kind and early attention to it?

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Donne Esquire

To DANIEL MACLISE, 11 AUGUST 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Gallery of Illustration | Tuesday Eleventh August | 1857

My Dear Mac. I should have been delighted to come, if I had known it yesterday. But I am pledged to go down to Gad's Hill, almost directly.

In haste | Faithfully Ever
CD.

To JOHN DEANE, 12 AUGUST 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester.
Wednesday Twelfth August, 1857

My Dear Deane.

I have been making out the List of the Manchester Expedition this morning, with the view of being able, to give you, in the rough, a notion of the Hotel accommodation we shall want at the Royal.[†1] It will be

A Sitting room
A Dining room

And *about* 23 Bedrooms.

Detailed particulars will come, in due course from Arthur[†2] and Wills, but this is very near the mark. Arthur will write to you soon (probably when you get this, you will have already heard from him), respecting the accommodation for the professional ladies — which is altogether separate, and not included here.

You know, no doubt, that the Solicitors, after all, sent me a form of application for a License, to fill up. It extends only to the two nights, Friday and Saturday. But it has occurred to me that if the Play should be (as I hope it will, and as I mean to do my best to make it) a great go — a very marked impression and success — it would make a wonderful addition to the Profits and a very small addition to the success, if we

could play on the Monday at Theatre prices.[†3] What do you think of the idea? If we entertain it, we must keep it impenetrably close, of course. But we *might* bring bills down to post on Saturday Evening to that effect. Now, if we could do this, I suppose we must hazard the License for that night? — I mean, hazard the playing without one? *Or,* we could be armed with a Travelling License too, from the Chamberlain? I want particularly, to know your opinion on these points.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Deane Esquire.

P.S. We have made a very advantageous arrangement with the Great Western.

To W. C. MACREADY, 12 AUGUST 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Wednesday Twelfth August | 1857

My Dearest Macready

The time you suggest will be perfectly convenient to us in all respects; and we have booked you and Katie, with joy, accordingly.

Next week we go to Manchester, and I hope the Jerrold task will end.

Faithfully and affecy. Ever
CD.

To T. GERMAN REED,[†1] 12 AUGUST 1857*

MS Dickens House.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Wednesday Twelfth August 1857

My Dear Mr. Reed.

Mr. Macready has altered his time for coming to us, from the Sixteenth of this month, to the fifth (or thereabouts) of next month, September. We still hope that Mrs. Reed[†2] and you may be able to come and pass a day with us, while he is here. If you are within reach, I shall write and bring our conversation to your remembrance, when I have safely laid hold of him.

With kind regard to Mrs. Reed, | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. German Reed Esquire.

To WILLIAM TELBIN, 12 AUGUST 1857

Text from N, II, 869.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent
Wednesday Twelfth August 1857

My Dear Telbin,

I don't know where to address Mr. Cuthbert.[†3] Will you kindly tell him from me that I count on the pleasure of his joining our party to Manchester; and that I have put him down among the rest of us, both in our Railway and Hotel accommodation. We shall make a family party of it, just as though we were staying in a country house.

Full particulars as to starting-time and so forth, to be had of Arthur Smith.

Always cordially yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FRANCESCO BERGER, 13 AUGUST 1857

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current*, I, 51 (1914-16); *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Francesco Berger; dated 13 Aug 57.

Referring to performances at Manchester.

To THOMAS FAIRBAIRN, 13 AUGUST 1857*

MS Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Thursday Thirteenth August, 1857

My Dear Mr. Fairbairn

A thousand thanks for your kind letter. But I am sorry to reply that the business of the thing crushes the pleasure, and that the unfortunate Manager must stay in London until Thursday afternoon, and then come down with the main body, and keep with them.

When I hoped to be able to come to your house,[†1] I had quite forgotten the professional ladies. They have to be rehearsed, however, and drilled into situations that are quite new to them. Hence, both on the Tuesday and on the Wednesday I have made engagements to go through the two pieces with them at the Gallery of Illustration. On the Thursday I must keep the Company together; and on the Friday morning at Manchester the aforesaid ladies will look to me to put them through all they have to do, with everybody concerned, scenery, band, and what not, for the first and only time. I have not a chance of a spare halfhour.

I hope to bring Mrs. Dickens but she is at present extremely unwell. My daughters and sister in law plead hard to come too, in order that they may see their substitutes. I suppose I must yield.

We had a wonderful account from our representative,[†2] of the onslaught made upon him on the opening day. It is very cheering, and I should like him to be yet torn to pieces. We left off in London last Saturday with a greater house than ever, and I believe we might have played the piece for twelve months to come.

Believe me ever | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Fairbairn Esquire

To JOHN THOMPSON, 13 AUGUST 1857

MS Berg Collection. *Address* (envelope, MS Walter T. Spencer): Mr. John Thompson | Household Words Office | 10 Wellington Street North | Strand | London | W. C. PM 13 Aug 57.

Gad's Hill Place | Thursday Thirteenth August | 1857.

John.

Mr. Berger wishes you to take the Bell that is struck in the Frozen Deep, to Manchester, among the properties. (It was left in the Orchestra). My little handbell[†3] must

be strongly mended, or a new one bought. The clapper always comes out of it, when I want it most.

See that the Snow[†1] you take to Manchester, is better made than the last. It was very badly cut, and much too large.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 13 AUGUST 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Thursday Thirteenth August 1857

My Dear Wills

I send this up to town to be posted by our Doctor[†2] — come down to Mrs. Dickens — still very poorly.[†3]

I have altered the names thus:

A Journey in Search of Nothing
The Self-made Potter.
Burning, and Burying.

The Leaf
Sepoy Symbols of Mutiny.
Eleanor Clare's Journal[†4]
On Her Majesty's Service[†5]

— But I have a misgiving that we have used the last title before.[†6] If we have not, retain it. If we have, call the article either

PUBLIC BUSINESS.[†7]

or

HOW THE WRITER WAS DISPATCH-BOXED.[†7]

Perhaps the latter is the better title of the Two. On Her Majesty's Service is the best title of the three, if we have not anticipated it.

I will try to knock out a subject or two.[†8] In the event of my Sleepy Head engendering any thing, the great suggestion shall come to you by Post.[†9]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 15 AUGUST 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill Place, | Saturday Fifteenth August, 1857

My Dear Henry

At last, I am happy to inform you, we have got at a famous spring!! It rushed in this morning 10 foot deep — And our friends talk of its supplying "a ton a minute for yourself and your family, Sir, for hevermore".

They ask leave to bore ten feet lower, to prevent the possibility of what they call "a choking with sullage". Likewise, they are going to insert "a rose-headed pipe"; at the mention of which implement, I am (secretly) wellnigh distracted: having no idea what it means. But I have said "Yes", besides instantly standing a Bottle of Gin. Are you come back, and can you get down on Monday Morning, to advise, and endeavour to decide on the mechanical forces we shall use for raising the Water?[†1] I would return with you, as I shall have to be in town until Thursday,[†2] and then to go to Manchester until the following Tuesday.

I send this by hand to John, to bring to you.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To JOHN DEANE, 15 AUGUST 1857*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Gad's Hill Place | Saturday Fifteenth August, 1857

My Dear Deane

I merely write to say that I received your letter this morning with great pleasure.

Also, as to the Orchestra, that I think the two Rehearsals had best come off, as Berger proposes. I have lately had occasion to find fault in that Department, and he is very anxious to put it right.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

John C Deane Esquire

To H. G. ADAMS,[†3] 17 AUGUST 1857

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (MS Yale University Library): H. G. Adams Esquire | Rochester. PM 17 Aug 57.

Gad's Hill Place | Monday August Seventeenth 1857

Dear Sir

Your letter finds me leaving this, for London and Manchester, to bring to a close

the exertions that have been for some weeks in progress, in remembrance of the late Mr. Jerrold. I cannot therefore have the pleasure of making an appointment at present to receive the Deputation from the Chatham and Rochester Mechanics Institution. On my return however, which I hope will be within a fortnight, I will write to you again, proposing a time for that purpose.

But I think it well to assure you beforehand, that if the gentlemen who purpose coming to me have it in contemplation to ask me to make any public appearance, of any kind, in aid of their Institution, I shall be obliged to decline. I have lately devoted to the cause referred to in the beginning of this note, as much time and personal exertion as I can possibly give away; and nothing new must stand between me and my own pursuits and recreations.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 17 AUGUST 1857

MS Yale University Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Monday Seventeenth August, 1857

My Dear Stone

I received your kind note this morning, and write this reply here to take to London with me and post in town — being bound for that village, and three days drill of the professional ladies[†1] who are to succeed our Tavistock girls.

My book, I enclose. There is a slight alteration[†2] (which does not affect you) at the end of the First Act, in order that the piece may be played through, without having the Drop Curtain down. You will not find the situations or business difficult, with me on the spot to put you right.

Now, as to the Dress. You will want a pair of pumps, and a pair of white silk socks. Those you can get at Manchester. Two extravagantly and anciently-frilled shirts that I have had got up for the part, I will bring you down. Large white waistcoat, I will bring you down. Large white hat, I will bring you down. Dressing gown, I will bring you down. White gloves and ditto choker, you can get at Manchester. There then remain, only a pair of common nankeen tights to button below the calf, and blue wedding coat. The nankeen tights you had best get made at once; my Uncle John coat, I will send you down in a parcel by tomorrow's train, to have altered in Manchester to your shape and figure. You will then be quite independent of Christian

chance, and Jewish Nathan: which latter Potentate is now at Canterbury with the Cricket Amateurs,[†1] and might fail.[†2]

A Thursday's Rehearsal is (unfortunately) now impracticable; the passes for the Railway being all made out, and the Company's sailing orders issued. But, as I have already suggested, with a careful Rehearsal on Friday morning, and with me at the Wing at night to put you right, you will find yourself sliding through it easily. There is nothing in the least complicated in the business. As to the Dance, you have only to knock yourself up[†3] for a twelvemonth, and it will go nobly.

After all too, if you *should*, through any unlucky break-down, come to be afraid of it, I am no worse off than I was before, if I have to do it at last. Keep your Pecker[†4] up with that.

I am heartily obliged to you my dear old boy for your affectionate and considerate note. And I wouldn't have you do it — really and sincerely, immense as the relief will be to me — unless you are quite comfortable in it, and able to enjoy it.

Kind love from mine to yours.

In haste | Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 17 AUGUST 1857

MS Morgan Library.

GARRICK CLUB

Monday Evening Seventeenth August | 1857

My Dear Collins

Fred Evans's[†5] grandmother[†6] being evidently on the point of Death, no Evans[†7] is available (as I learn on coming to town tonight), for Manchester. This leaves to be supplied, Easel,[†8] and Bateson.[†9] I immediately think of your brother Charles,[†10] and Luard.[†11] If it had been a purely managerial and not personal case, I should have proposed to Luard to do one of the parts, and to your brother to do the other. But I think it right that Charles Collins should first select for himself.[†12] Now, will you,

before you come to the Rehearsal tomorrow, arrange with him whether he will play one — which one — or both; and if he leaves one, will you call on Luard as you come down, and offer that one to him?

I write at Express pace, but you will understand all I mean.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FRANK STONE, [17 AUGUST 1857]

Telegram, mentioned in *To* Stone, 18 Aug. *Date:* night before that letter.

To FRANK STONE, 18 AUGUST 1857†

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Eighteenth August 1857

My Dear Stone. I sent you a telegraph message last night, in total contradiction of the letter you received from me this morning.

The reason was simply this: — Arthur Smith, and our other business men, both in Manchester and here, urged upon me in the strongest manner that they were afraid of the change — that it was well known in Manchester that I had done the part in London — that there was a danger of its being considered disrespectful in me to give it up — also, that there was a danger that it might be thought that I did so at the last minute, after an immense Let, whereas I might have done it at first &c. &c. &c. Having no desire but for the success of our object, and a becoming recognition on my part of the kind Manchester public's cordiality, I gave way and thought it best to go on.[†1]

I do so against the grain, and against every inclination,[†2] and against the strongest feeling of gratitude to you. My people at home will be miserable, too, when they hear I am going to do it.[†3] If I could have heard from you sooner and got the bill out sooner, I should have been firmer in considering my own necessity of relief. As it is — I knock under. And I hope you will feel the reasons, and approve?

†a I have been rehearsing the ladies for hours, and have just time to get this into the post.†a

Ever affectionately

CD.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 19 AUGUST 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Nineteenth August 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley

Passing through town on my way to Manchester (whence I purpose returning within a week), I write this line or two to let you know that I have not troubled you on Mr. Shirley Brooks's matter, pending Mr. Evans's return to business; but that I shall be quite ready to close it when you please. I think, in reference to the Cheap Edition, that he should have some little interest in it. Probably we should find it easy enough to agree on that point.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To TIMOTHY YEATS BROWN,†1 19 AUGUST 1857*

MS Mrs R. E. Yeats-Brown.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Nineteenth August 1857

My Dear Browne.†2

All the world knows Mr. Albert Smith. Innumerable people who know nothing of Mont Blanc itself, perhaps know more about it of him than they have ever known of their own fathers and mothers.

He is an intimate friend of mine, for whom I have a great regard, and in whose prosperity in all ways, I am much interested. In passing through Genoa, it is not unlikely that he may desire to have a good letter of introduction. I give him this, and earnestly commend him to you, nothing doubting that you, and Mrs. Browne,†3 and yours, will be good to him — first for my sake, and then for his own.

With kind regard and remembrance

Ever My Dear Browne†2 | Yours Very faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Yeats Browne†2 Esquire.

To EMILE DE LA RUE,[†1] 19 AUGUST 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House, London | Nineteenth August, 1857

My Dear De la Rue.

If you knew what a constant correspondent I am (in the spirit); how often I think of you, and Madame De la Rue,[†2] and our old times; how true my memory is, under all changes of time and distance, and how firmly what has once got into my heart, rests rooted there; you would never be angry with me — if you ever are — for writing so rarely.

I do not write, even now, to say this (though I say it), but to ask your kind offices in behalf of my friend Mr. Albert Smith. You will be familiar with his reputation, and will know him well beforehand, and will be pre-interested in so distinguished a man. But I have told him that I give him this letter of introduction, in order that he may go straight to the wisest and kindest of people in Genoa, for any information or help he may want there. I have assured him that if he wants to know anything about the Genoese tongue — which one would think nobody did — our dear Madame De la Rue has an unfathomable knowledge of it and speaks it to frightful perfection. That if he wants to know anything about Genoa, you are Genoa compressed. And that if he wants to see the most beautiful apartment in the world, he has only to make an ascent a trifle shorter than his ascent of Mont Blanc, and look at the beloved old rooms at the top of the Brignole Rosso.[†3]

With affectionate love to Madame

Ever Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Emile De la Rue.

To W. J. EASTWICK, 19 AUGUST 1857*

MS Mr Cyril D. B. Hawksley. *Address:* William J. Eastwick Esquire | 12 Leinster Terrace.

Tavistock House | Nineteenth August, 1857

My Dear Sir

Coming to town on my way to Manchester, I find your interesting letter, and its accompanying volume. I will read the book attentively, and bearing in my mind what you say of it. Perhaps I may see my way to the preparation of an account of it for Household Words, which may help to make it better known.[†4]

Allow me to thank you for your kind remembrance of my second boy. I have just

heard from him (from Gibraltar[†1] on his way out), and he seems to have become habituated to his new life, with wonderful ease.

Always My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

William J. Eastwick Esquire.

To DR W. C. HOOD, 19 AUGUST 1857

Text from N, II, 872.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
19th August 1857

The reference to yourself in Mr. Morley's article is his own honest tribute to your merit.[†2] ... It will give me real pleasure to improve the interesting beginning of our personal knowledge of one another when the approach of winter shall bring me back to London.[†3]

To WILLIAM JERDAN, 19 AUGUST 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Nineteenth August 1857

My Dear Jerdan.

I am sorry that I cannot use the Paper on the Highlands. There is curious matter in it; but it comes too barely and dryly, for this purpose.

Old Hawtrey[†4] I am very glad to retain. Wills has "estimated" the old man's size (in Household Words feet), and I enclose said Wills's official cheque.[†5] If he should have made a mistake in the way of under-measurement, I will take care that it is set right.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Jerdan Esquire.

To T. J. MOLYNEUX, [19 AUGUST 1857]

MS (envelope only) Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* Mr. J. Molyneux | People's Concerts Committee | St. Martin's Hall | Long Acre | W. C. PM 19 Aug 57.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 20 AUGUST 1857†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House
Thursday Morning | Twentieth August, 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have been asked by a very old friend indeed, of my school days,[†1] to lay the enclosed letter before you. He is well acquainted with the writer, and has a high esteem and respect for him. I do not under the circumstances feel it is quite kind to be as firm on the subject of such entreaties as I usually am, and I have therefore consented. But, strictly on the understanding that with the delivery of the letter my function ends, and that I encourage no hope or further prospect of any kind.

I am away to Manchester this morning, to finish the Jerrold matter (N.B. Professional ladies.)[†2]

With kind regard to Mrs. Brown,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours faithfully and affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. S. EMDEN, 20 AUGUST 1857

Text from N, II, 873.

Tavistock House | Twentieth August 1857

Dear Sir,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your polite attention and kind note of last evening. Pray accept in return my heartiest good wishes.

I was astonished by the great improvement in The Lighthouse[†3] since the first night; it appeared to me to be admirably done in all respects and its effect upon the audience was not to be mistaken. A veteran dramatic writer of high reputation[†4] (who wishes in his retirement to be known in no new effort) has given me the enclosed farce[†5] with an earnest request that I will do what I can for him in the way of disposing of it outright. His expectations of it are very reasonable. I have had it

fairly copied,[†1] have read it myself and have until now shown it to no one. I think I should have known the hand if I had come upon it by chance, but that is not to the purpose. Will you ask Mr. Robson in my name to look at it, and will you tell me if there is any likelihood of its suiting your company? Pray expressly understand that I expect you to give it no weight or favour because I forward it, beyond a decision at your first convenience.

Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 26 AUGUST 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Sixth August, 1857.

My Dear Mr. Bentley.

My reply to your letter (I found it here this morning, having come from Manchester late last night), is the result of daily experience, and enforced consideration a thousand times reiterated.

The best thing Miss Pardoe[†2] can do for herself, or that any friend of hers can do for her, with the view of attracting Miss Coutts's attention to her case,[†3] is to address Miss Coutts, describing the case plainly and correctly. If Miss Coutts should feel it to be one in which she can render assistance, she will very probably refer it to me. *Then*, I shall deem it my duty, and make it my business, to supply the strong confirmation I have derived from you.

But, I know the task of refusal to be an unwelcome one that is forced upon Miss Coutts an absolutely incredible number of times, every week. And I have long been compelled to establish it as a rule, that I have no right to add to the pain and irksomeness of that so-often unavoidable necessity, the weight of a personal explanation to myself.

In haste | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 26 AUGUST 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Twenty Sixth August, 1857

My Dearest Macready

I came home from Manchester late last night, and, on going out this morning, was shocked by the announcement in the Times.[†1] Though we have long entertained the sad probability of the poor dear boy's blessed relief, the tidings came so suddenly at last, that — for the moment — they seemed like the heralding of an unexpected calamity.

So, I greatly fear, this new bereavement may at first come upon you. But, apart from the confidence I have (God knows, with reason!) in your fortitude under all afflictions, I hope and believe that you will soon be reconciled to this one, and that the thought of the dear over-burdened child, released from his long endurance and gone to his mother in the great land, the shadow of which is for ever on this earth while its radiant light is shed another way, will have great comfort in it and but little pain. Every year that under a less merciful wisdom had dawned upon his heavy head, must have brought greater trial upon it and upon all of you; and I have a great faith, even on an hour's reflection, in no man's power of knowing it more religiously and thankfully, than in my dear, beloved friend's.

Forgive me for these few words. I had a mind, but a few minutes ago, not to write until tomorrow. But as I could not, if I had been near you and your true sister, have refrained from coming and pressing your hands, so I *cannot* go away to Gad's Hill without writing this note.

Catherine and Georgina and the two girls are here; and what they say, and what loving words they send, you know.

Ever my Dearest Macready | Most affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN, 26 AUGUST 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill | Wednesday Evening | Twenty Sixth August, 1857

My Dear Henry. I got back from Manchester to Tavistock House, late last night. There, I found the enclosed for you.[†2] I went down to your office about noon to day, but you were gone. I came back here at 6, and found your note to Catherine unopened — she too, as you now know, having been in Manchester. I write in great haste, to save the Messenger going over to Rochester to fetch Charley, who will post this.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 28 AUGUST 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill | Friday Twenty Eighth August, 1857

My Dear Henry

This is the enclosure that I thought I had sent you. It is from the Chief Conspirator.[†1]

I hope the Pump will not be long a-making. The aggravation of knowing that the water is at the bottom of the well — and of paying for that accursed water-cart that comes jogging backwards and forwards — and of looking at the dry bath, morning after morning — is gradually changing the undersigned honey-pot, into a Mad Bull.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, [?27-8 AUGUST 1857]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To MRS BROWN, 28 AUGUST 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | Holly Lodge | Highgate.

Gad's Hill | Friday, Twenty Eighth August, 1857

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

The address of that letter to Miss Coutts, which you enclosed me, is about as bad as bad can be. There are not many worse places. However, there may be something in the case for all that; and I have written to Mr. Wills upon it (the street is very near the Household Words office),[†2] and have told him what I think about it, and have begged him to try to see the writer, straightway.

In Mr. Ford's[†3] matter, I have caused "A Lady"[†4] to be put down for a subscription of Five Pounds.

I have just come back from Manchester, where I have been tearing myself to pieces, to the wonderful satisfaction of thousands of people,[†5] with Neuralgia — or something like it — in my face half the time. That work is now over, and more than two thousand Guineas are in store for the widow and daughter.

Last Saturday week, the well-workmen here burst at last upon a beautiful spring of bright clear water which is reported to be exhaustless. I am now having a pump made to pump it up. When the first glassful is drunk at the surface, it will have cost £200. But of course there was no going on without it, and I comfort myself (as well as I can) with the reflection that the spring might have lain much deeper, or might not have been at all.

The restlessness which is the penalty of an imaginative life and constitution — we all hold whatever we possess, on the strict tenure that it must and shall be used — so besets me just now, that I feel as if the scaling of all the Mountains in Switzerland, or the doing of any wild thing until I dropped, would be but a slight relief.[†1] The vague unhappiness which tracks a life of constant aim and ever impels to some new aim in which it may be lost, is so curious to consider, that I observe it in myself sometimes, with as much curiosity as if I were another man. Wonderful to think how wise the ordering of it is, and how it works to the doing of what is to be done!

Walter has written from Gibraltar and Malta. Quite well, and wonderfully settled to his new life. He does not seem, as yet, to have a backward glance or regret. Will you kindly ask Miss Coutts from me whether the enclosed refers to *that* helmet? I am quite at a loss to understand it, and only get the idea into my head as I write, that it may possibly be so.

All here unite in kind love and regard.

Ever Dear Mrs. Brown | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. S. HADDEN PARKES,[†2] 28 AUGUST 1857*

MS Mr John Schroder.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Friday, Twenty Eighth August, 1857.

Sir.

My absence at Manchester has occasioned a delay (which I beg you on that account to excuse), in my receiving and replying to your letter.

I was perfectly satisfied with Charles French when he was in my employment, and always found him a very good and zealous servant. I can recommend him with confidence. Indeed I have already recommended him to Mr. Panizzi, in association with his desire to obtain employment at the Museum.

I am Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Shadden[†3] Parkes.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 29 AUGUST 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Twenty Ninth August | 1857

My Dear Collins.

Partly in the grim despair and restlessness of this subsidence from excitement, and partly for the sake of Household Words,[†1] I want to cast about whether you and I can go anywhere — take any tour — see any thing — whereon we could write something together. Have you any idea, tending to any place in the world? Will you rattle your head and see if there is any pebble in it which we could wander away and play at Marbles[†2] with? We want something for Household Words, and I want to escape from myself. For, when I *do* start up and stare myself seedily in the face, as happens to be my case at present, my blankness is inconceivable — indescribable — my misery, amazing.[†3]

I shall be in town on Monday. Shall we talk then? Shall we talk at Gad's hill? *What* shall we do? As I close this, I am on my way back by train.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

September

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* [?31 AUGUST-1 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Text from *The Times*, 2 Sep 57. *Date:* final draft as agreed at meeting of Fund Committee (see below).

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Sir,

The work we have carried on being now brought to a close, we beg leave, through your columns, briefly to make its result known to the public.

We have first to observe that the committee whom we represent decided in the outset to state no case and to make no appeal or representation beyond the line which forms the heading of the present letter. They considered that in taking this course they had a due regard both to the independence of literature and to the personal character of their deceased friend; and therefore they have never for a moment deviated from it, nor do they now depart from it.

They have considered their personal responsibility a sufficient refutation of any untrue and preposterous statements that have obtained circulation as to property asserted to have been left by Mr. Jerrold,[†4] and they now merely add that, unless they

had thoroughly known, and beyond all doubt assured themselves that their exertions were needed by the dearest objects of Mr. Jerrold's love, those exertions would never have been heard of.

The audited accounts show that the various performances, readings, and lectures have realized, after the payment of all expenses, a clear profit of 2,000*l.* This sum is to be expended in the purchase (through trustees) of a Government annuity for Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, with the remainder to the survivor.[†1]

We are happy to add, in conclusion, that, although we have been most generously assisted on many hands, and especially by members of the musical profession, we have never consciously accepted a sacrifice that could not be afforded, and have furnished good employment and just remuneration to many deserving persons.

We are, Sir, your faithful servants,

CHARLES DICKENS, Chairman.
ARTHUR W. W. SMITH, Hon. Secretary.[†2]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 1 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Gad's Hill Place | Tuesday Evening | First September 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley

I had so much to do before leaving town this afternoon, that I omitted to answer your letter. If it will suit you to come to the Household Words office on Friday at 2

(as I shall assume it will, unless I hear from you to the contrary), Mr. Shirley Brooks will meet you there; and we will endeavour to conclude the business[†1] there and then, fairly to all.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 630. *Date:* soon after meeting Collins (see *To* Collins, 29 Aug).

I have arranged with Collins that he and I will start next Monday on a ten or twelve days' expedition to out-of-the-way places, to do (in inns and coast-corners) a little tour in search of an article and in avoidance of railroads.[†2] I must get a good name for it, and I propose it in five articles, one for the beginning of every number in the October part.[†3]

To HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, 2 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Wednesday Second September 1857

My Dear Andersen.

I have been away from here — at Manchester — which is the cause of this slow and late reply to your two welcome letters.[†4]

You are in your own home again by this time; happy to see its familiar face, I do not doubt; and happy in being received with open arms by all good Danish men, women, and children.

Everything here, goes on as usual. Baby (too large for his name, this long while!) calls "Aunty" all over the house, and the dogs come dancing about us and go running down the green lanes before us, as they used to do when you were here. But the days are shorter, and the evenings darker, and when we go up to the Monument to see the Sunset, we are obliged to go directly after dinner, and it gets dark while we are up there, and as we pass the grim dog who rattles his chain, we can hardly see his dim old eyes as we feed him with biscuit. The workmen who have been digging in that well in the Stable Yard so long, have found a great spring of clear bright water,

and they got rather drunk when they found it (not with the water, but with some Gin I gave them), and then they packed up their tools and went away, and now the big dog and the Raven have all that place to themselves. The corn-fields that were golden when you were here, are ploughed up brown; the hops are being picked; the leaves on the trees are just beginning to turn; and the rain is falling as I write — very sadly — very steadily.

We have just closed our labors in remembrance of poor Jerrold, and have raised for his widow and daughter, Two Thousand Pounds. On Monday I am going away (with Collins) for a fortnight or so, into odd corners of England, to write some descriptions for Household Words. When I come back, I shall find them dining here by lamplight. And when I come back, I will write to you again.[†1]

I never meet any of the friends whom you saw here, but they always say "How's Andersen — Where's Andersen" — and I draw imaginary pictures of where you are, and declare that you desired to be heartily remembered to them. They are always pleased to be told this. I told old Jerdan so, the other day, when he wrote to me asking when he was to come and see you! —

All the house send you their kind regard. Baby says you shall not be put out of window when you come back. I have read To Be or Not To Be, and think it a very fine book — full of a good purpose admirably wrought out — a book in every way worthy of its great author.[†2]

Ever My Dear Andersen | Affectionately Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Hans Christian Andersen

To HENRY AUSTIN, 2 SEPTEMBER 1857†

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Wednesday Second September 1857

My Dear Henry.

[†a]Thanks for your note of yesterday. Nye understands, I suppose, that the new Water Closet is to be made?[†a]

The Second Conspirator has been here this morning, to ask whether you wish the Windlass to be left in the Yard, and whether you will want him and his Mate any more, and if so when? Of course he says (rolling something in the form of a pellet, in at one broken tooth all the while, and rolling it out at another), that they could wish fur to have the Windlass if it wasn't any ways a hill conwenience fur to fetch her away. I have told him that if he will come back on Friday, he shall have your reply. Will you therefore send it me by return of Post? He says he'll "look up" (as if he was an Astronomer) a' Friday arterdinner.

On Monday I am going away with Collins for ten days or a fortnight, on a "Tour in Search of an Article" for Household Words. We have not the least idea where we are going, but *he* says "let's look at the Norfolk Coast", and *I* say, "let's look at the back of the Atlantic". I don't quite know what I mean by that; but I have a general impression that I mean something knowing.[†1]

I am horribly used up after the Jerrold business. Low spirits, low pulse, low voice, intense reaction. If I were not, like Mr. Micawber, "falling back for a spring"[†2] on Monday, I think I should slink into a corner and cry.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To COLIN RAE BROWN,[†3] 2 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Burns Memorial Museum and Library, Kilmarnock.

Tavistock House, London
Wednesday Second September 1857

Dear Sir

I am favored with your letter, dated on the 31st. of August.

There must necessarily be a limit to such great personal exertion and fatigue, as I and my associate friends have lately undergone in the cause which enlists your generous sympathy. The bound I appointed in the beginning, was the realization of two thousand pounds profit. That point having happily been reached, we have

audited the accounts, formally closed the business, and — as to this effort — parted company.

Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

C. R. Brown Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?2 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, i, 631. *Date:* "next day" after *To* Forster, 1 Sep, according to Forster.

Our decision is for a foray upon the fells of Cumberland; I having discovered in the books[†1] some promising moors and bleak places thereabouts.

To MRS OWEN,[†2] 2 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Benoliel Collection.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Wednesday Second September 1857

My Dear Mrs. Owen

Your pleasantest of letters finds me here, stopping to breathe after the fatigues of the last two months: which have been on the whole as great as I have ever undergone, and which have left me, for the moment, just a little dashed. However, we have happily gained the limit I prescribed to myself in setting out — we have raised Two Thousand Pounds — and our success has been enormous.

On Monday I am going away for a run to certain out of the way places in opposite corners of the Map of England, with an eye to Household Words. It is probable that I shall not be back here, until September is far advanced. I shall then have to give myself up for a week or two to some friends who are coming, and then the dreary leaves will begin to fall and my wintry plans will gather about me.

So I am afraid I shall not see the old house[†3] *this* summer. But you describe it so wonderfully well, that I seem to have seen it already, and to be perfectly acquainted with it. That — and your, and Owen's remembrance of me — are my consolation.

With kindest regard to him and to your son,[†4] in which all here join, Believe me
Always Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Owen.

To THE MASTER OF THE ANGEL HOTEL, DONCASTER,[†1] 3 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* To | The Master of | The Angel Hotel | Doncaster | Yorkshire.

Tavistock House, London | Thursday Third September | 1857.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to the Master of the Angel Hotel at Doncaster, and begs to say that he purposes coming to Doncaster with a friend (Mr. Wilkie Collins) on Sunday the Thirteenth, and that he wishes to engage at the Angel on that day, a sitting room and two bedrooms.

Mr. Dickens is not certain that he may remain all through the race week; but if he can have these apartments, he is quite willing to engage them for the whole time, whether he leaves before the end of the week or no.

As Mr. Dickens leaves London for some other places on Monday Morning next, he begs to receive a line in reply to this, by return of post.[†2]

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 3 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Yale University Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Thursday Third September 1857

My Dear Cunningham

I have thought over that riddle, and I fancy I have got it.

It is quite clear that no bargain can be fairly sold, without *a Selling*
That is the first thing:
The Second is, *a Band*
The Third is, Box
And this gives you for the answer
A Sell in a Bandbox.[†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?3 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, ii, 640. *Date: To* Forster, 5 Sep, answers Forster's reply to this; therefore about two days before it.

Your letter of yesterday[†4] was so kind and hearty, and sounded so gently the many chords we have touched together, that I cannot leave it unanswered, though I have not much (to any purpose) to say. My reference to "confidences" was merely to the

relief of saying a word of what has long been pent up in my mind. Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too — and much more so. She is exactly what you know, in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever fell in her way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise, the moment I was well again; and nothing on earth could make her understand me, or suit us to each other. Her temperament will not go with mine. It mattered not so much when we had only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growing since which make it all but hopeless that we should even try to struggle on. What is now befalling me I have seen steadily coming, ever since the days you remember when Mary was born;[†1] and I know too well that you cannot, and no one can, help me. Why I have even written I hardly know; but it is a miserable sort of comfort that you should be clearly aware how matters stand. The mere mention of the fact, without any complaint or blame of any sort, is a relief to my present state of spirits — and I can get this only from you, because I can speak of it to no one else.

To MRS BROWN, 4 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Favored by W. H. Wills Esquire. | Mrs. Brown.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Fourth September 1857

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

The Postman put your letter, so full of warm heart and interest, in my hands this morning, as I was driving from Gad's Hill to the Railway Station, to come up to town. A thousand thanks for it.

Yes. When I wrote to you, I certainly was exactly in the state you describe. It belongs to such a life as mine, and is its penalty. Thank God while I have health and activity, it does not last long: so after a miserable day or two, I have come out of the dark corner into the Sun again.

Mr. Wills reporting a stimulus to be necessary to Household Words (and the Pump being fitted at this moment in the stable yard, where the newly-driven-out workmen have re-appeared like Mice), I am off, on a wild tour with Wilkie Collins, to write a gossiping description of all that we see and all that we don't see, under the title of The Tour of the Two Idle Apprentices. We start on Sunday night or Monday Morning, and have not the least idea where we are going to. I have a vague notion of the Cumberland Fells, and the Irish look-out on the Atlantic with the winter driving

up — but it's of the most shadowy kind — and we may be at the top of Snowdon instead, in no time.

So according to your account of your movements, I shall not see either of you for another while. I shall not think the less of both.

O the good dog! And what a good thing of the Almighty to shew us our best qualities, moving our own affections and winning our own regard, in these little shapes about us that love and honor us so much!

With most affectionate remembrance to Miss Coutts,

Ever Dear Mrs. Brown | Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

To MRS CORNELIUS, 4 SEPTEMBER 1857

Text from N, II, 876.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday, Fourth September 1857

My Dear Anne,

Enclosed is a letter from Miss Hogarth about something she wants. Will you send it back by the Bearer, and also my strong lace-up half boots, which I think are on the boot-shelf in the front pantry.

Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DR J. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT,[†2] 4 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Judd School, Kent.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Fourth September 1857

My Dear Dr. Muspratt.

There is no copy to be had, of the Frozen Deep. It is not printed, and nothing of it is in existence but the Draft Book.[†3]

I am sorry that at this time I know no one in Calcutta. My second boy was there the other day — or is there now — but whither he will be sent, in these distracted Indian times,[†4] it is impossible to calculate.

I write in the most hasty way, as I am leaving town directly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

With kind regard to Mrs. Muspratt, and all the house.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Saturday Fifth September 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts

I think I would head the paper

An independent and useful career for young women of the Middle Classes.[†1]

— such a heading as that, something to that effect, arrests the attention directly. So much Boredom, and Red Tape, and what I may call Kayshuttleworry,[†2] are associated with the word "Education", that I fear it might repel readers.

The paper itself is very good indeed. Very plain, very easily remembered, very direct to the purpose.

Apprehensive, like Mrs. Brown, of the moist valleys, I have decided on a foray into the bleak fells of Cumberland. So the idle apprentices go to Carlisle on Monday.

Sometimes of late, when I have been very much excited by the crying of two thousand people over the grave of Richard Wardour, new ideas for a story have come into my head as I lay on the ground,[†3] with surprising force and brilliancy. Last night, being quiet here, I noted them down in a little book I keep.[†4] When I went into the dining room and mentioned what I had been doing, they all called out "*Friday*!" I was born on a Friday, and it is a most astonishing coincidence that I have never in my life, whatever projects I may have determined on, otherwise — never begun a book, or begun any thing of interest to me, or done any thing of importance to me, but it was on a Friday. I am certain to be brought round to Friday. It *must* have been on a Friday that I first dined with you at Mr. Marjoribanks's!

Mentioning Richard Wardour, — perhaps Mr. Wills has not told you how much impressed I was at Manchester by the womanly tenderness of a very gentle and good little girl who acted Mary's part.[†5] She came to see the Play beforehand at the Gallery of Illustration, and when we rehearsed it, she said "I am afraid, Mr. Dickens, I shall never be able to bear it; it affected me so much when I saw it, that I hope you will excuse my trembling this morning, for I am afraid of myself." At night when she came out of the cave

and Wardour recognized her, I never saw any thing like the distress and agitation of her face — a very good little pale face, with large black eyes; — it had a natural emotion in it (though it was turned away from the audience) which was quite a study of expression. But when she had to kneel over Wardour dying, and be taken leave of, the tears streamed out of her eyes into his

mouth, down his beard, all over his rags — down his arms as he held her by the hair.[†1] At the same time she sobbed as if she were breaking her heart, and was quite convulsed with grief. It was of no use for the compassionate Wardour to whisper "My dear child, it will be over in two minutes — there is nothing the matter — don't be so distressed!" She could only sob out, "O! It's so sad, O it's so sad!' and set Mr. Lemon (the softest hearted of men) crying too. By the time the Curtain fell, we were all crying together, and then her mother[†2] and sister[†3] used to come and put her in a chair and comfort her, before taking her away to be dressed for the Farce. I told her on the last night that I was sure she had one of the most genuine and feeling hearts in the world; and I don't think I ever saw any thing more prettily simple and unaffected. Yet I remember her on the stage, a little child, and I dare say she was born in a country theatre.[†4]

Very pleasant to know, I submit to you and Mrs. Brown? And if you ever see, at Kean's[†1] or elsewhere, Miss Maria Ternan,[†2] that is the young lady.

Dear Miss Coutts | Ever most Faithfully & affecy. Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To ROBERT DUDLEY,[†3] 5 SEPTEMBER 1857

Extract in Myers & Co. catalogue, 1952; dated 5 Sep 57.

Thanking him for a photograph of the spirited and accurate sketch.[†4]

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extracts in F, VIII, ii, 640-1; iii, 653 and ii, 641. *Date:* all three 5 Sep, according to Forster.

To the most part of what you say[†5] — Amen! You are not so tolerant as perhaps you might be of the wayward and unsettled feeling which is part (I suppose) of the tenure on which one holds an imaginative life, and which I have, as you ought to know well, often only kept down by riding over it like a dragoon — but let that go by. I make no maudlin complaint. I agree with you as to the very possible incidents, even not less bearable than mine, that might and must often occur to the married condition when it is entered into very young. I am always deeply sensible of the wonderful exercise I have of life and its highest sensations, and have said to myself for years, and have honestly and truly felt, This is the drawback to such a career, and is not to be complained of. I say it and feel it now as strongly as ever I did; and, as I told you in my last, I do not with that view put all this forward. But the years have not made it easier to

bear for either of us; and, for her sake as well as mine, the wish will force itself upon me that something might be done. I know too well it is impossible. There is the fact, and that is all one can say. Nor are you to suppose that I disguise from myself what might be urged on the other side. I claim no immunity from blame. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices, and difficulties of disposition; but only one thing will alter all that, and that is, the end which alters everything.

Hop-picking is going on, and people sleep in the garden, and breathe in at the keyhole of the house door. I have been amazed, before this year, by the number of miserable lean wretches, hardly able to crawl, who go hop-picking. I find it is a superstition that the dust of the newly picked hop, falling freshly into the throat, is a cure for consumption. So the poor creatures drag themselves along the roads, and sleep under wet hedges, and get cured soon and finally.

What do you think of my paying for this place, by reviving that old idea of some Readings from my books. I am very strongly tempted. Think of it.[†1]

To W. J. SORRELL,[†2] 5 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gad's Hill Place | Saturday Fifth September 1857

My Dear Mr. Sorrell

Many thanks for your note and the photograph. I write by this same post to the Artist,[†3] thanking him for his gift.

I am happy to report my face quite well for the time being, and myself in a less despairing condition than at the close of our labors.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. J. Sorrell Esquire

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, [6 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Mention in *To* Wills, 6 Sep.

Sending him the MS of Douglas Jerrold's play, "The Spendthrift".[†4]

To F. M. EVANS, 6 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gad's Hill Place | Sunday Sixth September 1857

My Dear Evans

I am very glad to get the accounts, and I think they come out very well indeed.[†1]

The payment of £1000 on the 16th., and of the remaining £1,317.11.1 on the 16th. of next month, will suit me quite well.[†2]

You do not mention whether you have yet done any thing with Collins as to the Dead Secret,[†3] and the £200 bill. I want to set the latter against Walter's outfit: to say nothing of the improvements of this place, and the Well — into which last-mentioned gulf, a good deal of ready money has fallen.

It is clear that we ought to republish the Child's History.[†4] In estimating and considering about that, during the next ten days or a fortnight while I am away, I wish you would also give your thoughts for a little while, to the following kindred subject.

Forster has a strong impression that my copyrights are not turned to anything like the account that the time demands; and he sets particular store by the fact that there is no good edition of them for the better class of readers who would buy them for well-furnished bookshelves. I did not at first take his view of the matter when he propounded it to me, but I have gradually come to the conclusion that he is right; and not only that there is money to be made, but that good is to be done, to the place and station (so to speak) of my writings. The question is, in what form, and at what price, and how as to periods and regular intervals, such an Edition could be best devised. It might comprise a selection from the original Illustrations (a few of the best of them), or it might have none. It should be handsome to look at, and easy to read.[†5]

If you could make a good project on paper, I have no doubt Chapman would be very glad to jump at any reasonable proposal I might make to him. The result might be very beneficial to all of us, and the course of such an issue of my books, would keep me well before the public, without wasting me — which is a consideration, with an eye to the future.[†6]

Now, supposing you able to knock out a scheme which we could settle in a careful interview when I come back, I would not let the grass grow under the plan, but would work Chapman directly, so that we might begin before Christmas.

But this will not interfere with our republication of the Child's History, which, as a Child's book, is still to be considered by itself.

I shall be glad to hear what you think of this notion, and will beg Wills to let you know (when I know, myself), where you can write to me at the end of the week.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 6 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Sunday Sixth September 1857

My Dear Wills

MRS. WILLS[†1]

I hope is better. I have filled them with sympathy here, by my vivid descriptions of *your* descriptions. They all send loves and messages. Don't forget to let me know how she goes on, when you write.

H. W.

I find in my official drawer, the card of the Writer of some foreign paper I left for you on your table.[†2] In case his address should not be attached to the paper, I send the card to you.

JERROLD REMEMBRANCE[†1]

In the left hand drawer of my table at the office, is a Roll of the usual Theatrical MS — the Spendthrift,[†3] by poor Jerrold. Will you have it put up in a parcel for Buckstone with the enclosed note, and left at the Haymarket Theatre?

THE IDLE APPRENTICES[†1]

Go straight to Carlisle, by 9 AM North Western Train on Monday Morning. After casting about a good deal, the Cumberland Fells look promising to them. I will write you one line from Carlisle on Tuesday, giving you any new address we may fix on. Until you have a new address from me, write (if you have occasion to write), to me at the Post Office there — that is to say, at Carlisle.

I[†1]

think I am becoming rather inventive again.[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Miss Mary Elspeth Milford. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester | Kent.

Carlisle. | Monday Night, Seventh September | 1857.

My Dearest Georgy.

On receipt of this, let me know, addressing me "Post Office Maryport,[†1] Cumberland", how dear Mamey is, and how you all are; and give me any little scraps of any home news that your genius, and charming room, may inspire. Where we shall be after Friday, I have no idea. But, up to Friday, Maryport

will remain our best address. On Sunday night, we purpose arriving at Doncaster, Yorkshire. After that time, the Post Office at that place will be our safe address always.

Collins is anxious that I should report his brown suit,[†2] a noble success.+ We are off tomorrow, to the Fells. As yet we have seen nothing whatever, and consider Carlisle a humbug. Kiss everybody and everything for me. I send all sorts of remembrances to both. My love to the Noble Plorn.

There is just time to save the Post coming through from Scotland. We had a delightful journey, and arrived here to the moment.[†3]

I have a bedroom here, not quite so large, and not half so airy, as Turk's Kennel.[†4] My portmanteau squeezed up against the bed, represents the Raven in it.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

+But I don't think so.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Carlisle. Monday Night, | Seventh September 1857

My Dear Wills.

Conglomeration prevailing in the Maps — and our minds — to an alarming extent, I have the faintest idea of our trip. But I think I am perfectly right in this direction: — You Writing[†5] to me from London not later than Wednesday night, address me at the Post office, Maryport, Cumberland. After that, address me at the Post office, Doncaster. I think we shall leave the Maryport (that is to say, the Coast) regions, about Friday or so. We shall not arrive at Doncaster until Sunday night. It is quite uncertain what we may be about, in the interval. Once at Doncaster, the address is always Doncaster until you hear to the contrary.

Of course you will expect Copy (as we agreed) on Saturday Morning.[†6]

You will be charmed to hear that 2 bed rooms and a sitting room are not to be got at Doncaster for the race week, at less than the moderate charge of

TWELVE GUINEAS![†1]

But we have a grotesque idea of describing the town under those circumstances,[†2] which I hope may be worth (if anything can be worth), the money.

Will you let Evans know the directions I give you, as he will probably wish to write to me while we are out.

Collins's kind regard

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN STADFIELD, J. JACKSON MITCHELL, JAMES McKEEVER, THOMAS McMECHAN, ROBERT STAMPER,[†3] 8 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS British Library.

Wigton,[†4] Tuesday Night | Eighth September 1857.

Gentlemen.

On behalf of my friend Mr. Collins, and myself, allow me to thank you for your very obliging attention. As Mr. Collins however, is worried by an accident, of no importance in itself but which requires repose; and as we leave here, early in the forenoon of tomorrow; perhaps you will excuse our expressing our acknowledgments through this note.

We thank you very sincerely. And I have the honor to remain,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Stadfield
J Jackson Mitchell
James Mc Keever
Thomas Mc Mechan
Robert Stamper
} Esquires

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extracts in F, VIII, i, 631 and 632. *Date:* first extract from Wigton dated 9 Sep 57, according to Forster; second extract, same letter, from Allonby (see next).

Looking over the Beauties of England and Wales *before he left London, his ambition was fired by mention of Carrick Fell,*[†5] a gloomy old mountain 1500 feet high, *which*

he secretly resolved to go up. We came straight to it yesterday. Nobody goes up. Guides have forgotten it. Master of a little inn,[†1] excellent north-countryman, volunteered. Went up, in a tremendous rain.[†2] C.D. beat Mr. Porter[†3] (name of landlord) in half a mile. Mr. P. done up in no time. Three nevertheless went on. Mr. P. again leading; C.D. and C. following. Rain terrific, black mists, darkness of night. Mr. P. agitated.

C.D. confident. C. (a long way down in perspective) submissive. All wet through. No poles. Not so much as a walking-stick in the party. Reach the summit, at about one in the day.[†4] Dead darkness as of night. Mr. P. (excellent fellow to the last) uneasy. C.D. produces compass from pocket. Mr. P. reassured. Farm-house where dog-cart was left, N.N.W. Mr. P. complimentary. Descent commenced. C.D. with compass triumphant, until compass, with the heat and wet of C.D.'s pocket, breaks. Mr. P. (who never had a compass), inconsolable, confesses he has not been on Carrick Fell for twenty years, and he don't know the way down. Darker and darker. Nobody discernible, two yards off, by the other two. Mr. P. makes suggestions, but no way. It becomes clear to C.D. and to C. that Mr. P. is going round and round the mountain, and never coming down. Mr. P. sits on angular granite,[†5] and says he is "just fairly doon." C.D. revives Mr. P. with laughter, the only restorative in the company. Mr. P. again complimentary. Descent tried once more. Mr. P. worse and worse. Council of war. Proposals from C.D. to go "slap down." Seconded by C. Mr. P. objects, on account of precipice called The Black Arches,[†6] and terror of the country-side. More wandering. Mr. P. terror-stricken, but game. Watercourse, thundering and roaring, reached. C.D. suggests that it must run to the river, and had best be followed, subject to all gymnastic hazards. Mr. P. opposes, but gives in. Water course followed accordingly. Leaps, splashes, and tumbles, for two hours. C. lost. C.D. whoops. Cries for assistance from behind. C.D. returns. C. with horribly sprained ankle, lying in rivulet! *Great had been the trouble in binding up Collins's ankle and getting him painfully on, shoving, shouldering, carrying him alternately, till* terra firma *was reached.* We got down at last in the wildest place, preposterously out of the course; and, propping up C. against stones, sent Mr. P. to the other side of Cumberland for dog-cart, so got back to his inn, and changed. Shoe or stocking on the bad foot, out of the question. Foot tumbled up in a flannel waistcoat. C.D. carrying C. melo-dramatically (Wardour to the life!)[†7] everywhere; into and out of carriages; up and down stairs; to bed; every step.[†8] And so to Wigton,[†9] got doctor, and here we are! A pretty business, we flatter ourselves! *The next night they were at the Ship Hotel, Allonby.*[†10]

Describing Allonby as a small untidy outlandish place: rough stone houses in half mourning, a few coarse yellow-stone lodging houses with black roofs (*bills in all the windows*), *five bathing-machines, five girls in straw hats, five men in straw hats*[†1] (*wishing they had not come*); *very much what Broadstairs would have been if it had been born Irish, and had not inherited a cliff.*

But this is a capital little homely inn, looking out upon the sea; with the coast of Scotland, mountainous and romantic, over against the windows;[†2] and though I can just stand upright in my bedroom, we are really well lodged. It is a clean nice place in a rough wild country, and we have a very obliging and comfortable landlady.[†3]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address* (envelope, MS Professor Harry Stone): Miss Hogarth | Charles Dickens Esquire | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by Rochester | Kent. PM 11 Sep 57 Allonby.

Allonby,[†4] Cumberland
Wednesday Night, Ninth September | 1857

My Dear Georgy.

I walked over to Maryport to day, to see what letters there were, and to ask the Postmaster to send any more he might have, over here. I found none from you; but hardly supposed I should, so soon.

Think of Collins's usual luck with me!!! We went up a Cumberland mountain yesterday — a huge black hill, 1,500 feet high. We took for a Guide, a capital Innkeeper hard by. It rained in torrents — as it only does rain in a hill country — the whole time. At the top, there were black mists and the darkness of night. It then came out that the Innkeeper had not been up for 20 years — and he lost his head and himself altogether, and we couldn't get down again! What wonders the Inimitable performed with his compass until it broke with the heat and wet of his pocket, no matter. It did break, and then we wandered about, until it was clear to the Inimitable that the night must be passed there, and the enterprising travellers probably die of cold. We took our own way about coming down — struck — and declared that the Guide might wander where he would, but we would follow a water-course we lighted upon, and which must come at last to the River. This necessitated amazing gymnastics. In the course of which performances, Collins fell into the said watercourse with his ankle sprained, and the great ligament of the foot and leg swollen I don't know how big.

How I enacted Wardour over again in carrying him down, and what a business it was to get him down, I may say in Gibbs's[†5] words, "Vi lascio a giudicare!"[†6] But he

was got down somehow — and we got off the mountain somehow — and now I carry him to bed, and into and out of carriages, exactly like Wardour in private life. I don't believe he will stand for a month to come!

He has had a Doctor, and can wear neither shoe nor stocking, and has his foot wrapped up in a flannel waistcoat (dirty), and has a breakfast-saucer of liniment and a horrible dabbing of lotion incessantly in progress. We laugh at it all — but I doubt very much whether he can go on to Doncaster. It will be a miserable blow to our H.W. schemes, and I say nothing about it as yet; but he is really so crippled, that I doubt the getting him there. We have resolved to fall to work tomorrow morning and begin our writing; and there, for the present, that point rests.

This is a little place with 50 houses, 5 bathing-machines, [†a]5 girls in straw hats, 5 men in straw hats, and no other company. The little houses are all in half mourning — yellow stone or white stone, and black[†a] — and it reminds me of what Broadstairs might have been, if it had not inherited a cliff, and had been born an Irishman. But this is a capital little homely Inn, looking out upon the sea; and we are really very comfortably lodged. I can just stand upright in my bedroom. Otherwise, it is a good deal like one of Ballard's[†1] top rooms. We have a very obliging and comfortable landlady; and it is a clean nice place in a rough wild country. We came here, hap-hazard, but could not have done better.

We lay last night at a place called Wigton, also in half mourning[†2] — with the wonderful peculiarity that it had no population, no business, no streets to speak of, but 5 linen-drapers within range of our small window, 1 Linen Draper's next door, and 5 more linen drapers round the corner.[†3] I ordered a night-light in my bedroom. A queer little old woman brought me one of the common Child's night lights,

and, seeming to think that I looked at it with interest, said: "It's joost a vara keeyourious thing Sir, and joost new coom oop. It'll burn awt hoors a 'end, and no gootther, nor no waste, nor ony sike a thing, if you can creedit what I say, seein' the airticle."

Of course I shall go to Doncaster, whether or no (please God), and my postage directions to you remain unchanged. Love to Mamey, Katey, Charley, Harry, and the darling Plorn.[†4]

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Hogarth.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?11 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extract from F, VIII, ii, 632. *Date:* after *To* Miss Hogarth, 9 Sep 57; probably 11 Sep.

Describing Wigton as a place of little houses all in half-mourning, yellow stone or white stone and black, with the wonderful peculiarity that though it had no population, no business, and no streets to speak of it had five linendrapers within range of their single window, one linendraper next door, and five more linendrapers round the corner.

The day after Carrick there was a mess about our letters, through our not going to a place called Maryport.[†1] So, while the landlord was planning how to get them (they were only twelve miles off), I walked off, to his great astonishment, and brought them over.

To JOSEPH SLY,[†2] 11 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Public Library & Museum, Lancaster.

County Hotel, Carlisle | Friday Evening | Eleventh September 1857

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to the Master of The King's Arms at Lancaster,[†3] and begs to say that he wishes to bespeak for *tomorrow* (*Saturday*) afternoon and night, a private sitting-room and two bedrooms; also a comfortable dinner for two persons at half past 5. Mr. Dickens will be accompanied by his friend Mr. Wilkie Collins; and as Mr. Collins has unfortunately sprained his leg, it will be a great convenience to him to have his bedroom as near the sitting-room as possible. For the same reason, Mr. Dickens will be glad to find a fly awaiting them at the station. They purpose leaving here, by the mid-day Train at 12..38.[†4]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 SEPTEMBER 1857

Text from MDGH, II, 31. *Address* (envelope only MS Yale University Library): Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by Rochester | Kent.[†5] PM Lancaster Sep 13 1857.

Lancaster, Saturday Night, Sept. 12th, 1857.

My dear Georgy,

I received your letter at Allonby yesterday, and was delighted to get it. We came back to Carlisle last night (to a capital inn, kept by Breach's brother),[†6] and came on

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here to-day. We are on our way to Doncaster; but Sabbath observance throws all the trains out; and although it is not a hundred miles from here, we shall have, as well as I can make out the complicated lists of trains, to sleep at Leeds — which I particularly detest as an odious place[†1] — to-morrow night.

Accustomed as you are to the homage which men delight to render to the Inimitable, you would be scarcely prepared for the proportions it assumes in this northern country. Station-masters assist him to alight from carriages, deputations await him in hotel entries, innkeepers bow down before him and put him into regal rooms, the town goes down to the platform to see him off, and Collins's ankle goes into the newspapers!!![†2]

It is a great deal better than it was, and he can get into new hotels and up the stairs with two thick sticks, like an admiral in a farce. His spirits have improved in a corresponding degree, and he contemplates cheerfully the keeping house at Doncaster. I thought (as I told you) he would never have gone there, but he seems quite up to the mark now. Of course he can never walk out, or see anything of any place. We have done our first paper for H. W., and sent it up to the printer's.

The landlady of the little inn at Allonby lived at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, when I went down there before "Nickleby,"[†3] and was smuggled into the room to see me, when I was secretly found out. She is an immensely fat woman now. "But I could tuck my arm round her waist then, Mr. Dickens," the landlord said when she told me the story as I was going to bed the night before last. "And can't you do it now," I said, "you insensible dog? Look at me! Here's a picture!" Accordingly, I got round as much of her as I could; and this gallant action was the most successful I have ever performed, on the whole.[†4] I think it was the dullest little place I ever entered; and what with the monotony of an idle sea, and what with the monotony of another sea in the room (occasioned by Collins's perpetually holding his ankle over a pail of salt water, and laving it with a milk jug), I struck yesterday, and came away.

We are in a very remarkable old house here, with genuine old rooms and an uncommonly quaint staircase.[†5] I have a state bedroom, with two enormous red four-posters in it, each as big as Charley's room at Gad's Hill. Bellew[†6] is to preach here

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to-morrow.[†1] "And we know he is a friend of yours, sir,"[†2] said the landlord, when he presided over the serving of the dinner (two little salmon trout; a sirloin steak; a brace of partridges; seven dishes of sweets; five dishes of dessert, led off by a bowl of peaches; and in the centre an enormous bride-cake) — "We always have it here, sir," said the landlord, "custom of the house." (Collins turned pale, and estimated the dinner at half a guinea each.)

This is the stupidest of letters, but all description is gone, or going, into "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices."[†3]

Kiss the darling Plorn, who is often in my thoughts. Best love to Charley, Mamey, and Katie. I will write to you again from Doncaster, where I shall be rejoiced to find another letter from you.

Ever affectionately, my dearest Georgy

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [F. M. EVANS],[†4] 15 SEPTEMBER 1857

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Angel Hotel, Doncaster

Tuesday Fifteenth September | 1857.

My Dear [Evans]

I like your notion of the Edition,[†5] and, as soon after next Monday (when I return), as you please, let us have a quiet day at Gad's Hill and go into the "facts and figures". In the meantime I have begged Forster to see Chapman, and so to pave the way as that you and Chapman shall have the road open for making all arrangements. I have told Forster that Bradbury and Evans's name must be on all the series as well as Chapman's,[†6] and that I must have B and E in all the accounts and all the business, and must have (and will have) no Chapman delays and shortcomings from first to last, but must wholly extinguish the same.

The Child's History looks clearly and plainly readable, and I think the proposed price sufficiently cheap.[†7]

I am much interested in knowing what your H.W. notion is.[†8] That too must be propounded at Gad's Hill.

Ever Faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

[F. M. Evans] Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extracts in F, VIII, i, 634*n* and 633. *Date:* written from Doncaster, no doubt same day as last.

At the theatre there had been a performance of Money.[†1] I have rarely seen anything finer than Lord Glossmore,[†2] a chorus-singer in bluchers,[†3] drab trowsers, and a brown sack; and Dudley Smooth,[†4] in somebody else's wig, hindside before. Stout[†5] also, in anything he could lay hold of. The waiter at the club had an immense moustache, white trowsers, and a striped jacket; and he brought everybody who came in, a vinegar-cruet.[†6] The man who read the will began thus: "I so-and-so, being of unsound mind but firm in body . . ."[†7] In spite of all this, however, the real character, humour, wit, and good writing of the comedy, made themselves apparent; and the applause was loud and repeated, and

really seemed genuine. Its capital things were not lost altogether.[†8] It was succeeded by a Jockey Dance by five ladies, who put their whips in their mouths and worked imaginary winners up to the float — an immense success.[†9]

Collins had by now so far recovered as to be able, doubled-up, to walk with a thick stick; in which condition, being exactly like the gouty admiral in a comedy, I have given him that name. *The impressions received from the race-week were far from favourable. It was noise and turmoil all day long, and a gathering of vagabonds from all parts of the racing earth. Every bad face that had ever caught wickedness from an innocent horse had its representative in the streets;*[†10] *and as he, like Gulliver looking down upon his fellow-men after coming from the horse-country, looked down into Doncaster High-street from his inn-window,* everywhere I see the late Mr. Palmer[†11] with his betting-book in his hands. Mr. Palmer sits next me at the theatre; Mr. Palmer goes before me down the street; Mr. Palmer follows me into the chemist's shop where I go to buy rose water after breakfast, and says to the chemist "Give us soom

sal volatile or soom damned thing o' that soort, in wather — my head's bad!"[†1] And I look at the back of his bad head[†2] repeated in long, long lines on the race course, and in the betting stand and outside the betting rooms in the town, and I vow to God that I can see nothing in it but cruelty, covetousness, calculation, insensibility, and low wickedness.[†3]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 15 SEPTEMBER 1857

Text from MDGH, II, 33.

Angel Hotel, Doncaster, Tuesday, Sept. 15th, 1857.

My dear Georgy,

I found your letter here on my arrival yesterday. I had hoped that the well[†4] would have been almost finished by this time, and the additions to the house almost finished too — but patience, patience!

We have very good, clean, and quiet apartments here, on the second floor, looking down into the main street, which is full of horse jockeys, bettors, drunkards, and other blackguards, from morning to night — and all night. The races begin to-day and last till Friday, which is the Cup Day. I am not going to the course this morning, but have engaged a carriage (open, and pair) for to-morrow[†5] and Friday.[†6]

"The Frozen Deep's" author gets on as well as could be expected. He can hobble up and down stairs when absolutely necessary, and limps to his bedroom on the same floor. He talks of going to the theatre to-night in a cab,[†7] which will be the first

occasion of his going out, except to travel, since the accident. He sends his kind regard and thanks for enquiries and condolence. I am perpetually tidying the rooms after him, and carrying all sorts of untidy things which belong to him into his bedroom, which is a picture of disorder. You will please to imagine mine, airy and clean, little dressing-room attached, eight water-jugs (I never saw such a supply), capital

sponge-bath, perfect arrangement, and exquisite neatness. We breakfast at half-past eight, and fall to work for H. W. afterwards. Then I go out, and — hem! look for subjects.

The mayor called this morning to do the honours of the town, whom it pleased the Inimitable to receive with great courtesy and affability. He propounded invitation to public *déjeûner,* which it did *not* please the Inimitable to receive, and which he graciously rejected.

That's all the news. Everything I can describe by hook or by crook, I describe for H. W.[†1] So there is nothing of that sort left for letters.

Best love to dear Mamey and Katey, and to Charley, and to Harry. Any number of kisses to the noble Plorn.

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. WILLS, 17 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Angel Hotel, Doncaster
Thursday Seventeenth September, | 1857

My Dear Wills.

The day post has brought me your note, and I write you by return a few words in reply.

The other halves of the notes[†2] I believe are all safe. One in Arthur Smith's hands; one in mine. I cannot remember the correspondent's name, or any thing about him, except that he dated from Exchange Buildings, Liverpool.[†3]

All of my part — three pages and a half — of the second portion of the Lazy Tour is already here, and in corrected type. Collins is sticking a little with his story, but I hope will come through it tomorrow. He is much obliged by your enquiries and sympathy, and sends his kind regard. He can't walk out, but can limp about the room, and has had two Doncaster rides in a carriage. Is to be treated to another tomorrow, if he has done.

Happy to hear so good an account of Mrs. Wills.

[†a]Young Jerrold, just contemptible. Poor Jerrold in his grave must not be confounded with him; and in this thought I tore the paper up after I had read the letter, and would not allow myself to be passionate about it.[†1] I wish I was as good a boy in all things as I hope I have been, and mean to be, in this.

But Lord bless you, the strongest parts of your present correspondent's heart are made up of weaknesses. And he just come to be here at all (if you knew it) along of his Richard Wardour![†2] Guess *that* riddle, Mr. Wills! — [†a]

Ever Faithfully

CD

To HENRY AUSTIN, 19 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Morgan Library.

Doncaster | Saturday September Nineteenth | 1857

My Dear Henry.

Your letter has been forwarded to me here from Gad's Hill, and I enclose you a cheque (payable to "Order") in Nye's favor, for Three Hundred Pounds.[†3] Will you address acknowledgment of its safe receipt, to me at Gad's Hill. I expect to return there, on Tuesday or Wednesday.

Pumps deferred make the Heart sick,[†4] — but the complaint is not of your engendering, I know very well.

Ever affectionately

[CD.][†5]

Over

I reopen this, to say that I am very much disposed, so soon as we go to town at the end of October, to make that Conservatory[†6] suggested by Barber,[†7] which would relieve the house of the little Drawing Room. I think it would make such a great difference in its value, if I wanted to sell it, to have a conservatory with two openings from the Drawing Room: one on each side of the Fire. Let us carefully devise it while the men are about, and have a careful estimate made of its exact cost.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?19 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extracts and summaries in F, VIII, i, 633-4. *Date:* from Doncaster, where they had arrived on 14 Sep, the day before the St Leger; probably written on 19 Sep, the day after the Cup day (18 Sep).

On the St Leger Day a wonderful, paralysing, coincidence *befell him. He bought a race-card; facetiously wrote down three names for the winners of the three chief races* (*never in his life having heard or thought of any of the horses, except that the winner of the Derby, who proved to be nowhere, had been mentioned to him*); *and,* if you can believe it without your hair standing on end, those three races were won, one after another, by those three horses!!![†1] *He also thought it noticeable that, though the losses were enormous, nobody had won, for there was nothing but grinding of teeth and blaspheming of ill-luck. On the night of the Cup Day* a groaning phantom *lay in the doorway of his bedroom and howled all night. The landlord came up in the morning to apologise,* and said it was a gentleman who had lost £1500 or £2000; and he had drunk a deal afterwards; and then they put him to bed, and then he — took the 'orrors, and got up, and yelled till morning.

Saying if a boy with any good in him, but with a dawning propensity to sporting and betting, were but brought to the Doncaster races soon enough, it would cure him.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Angel, Doncaster | Sunday Twentieth September 1857

My Dear Wills.

[†a]I am going [†b]to take the little — riddle[†b†2] — into the country this morning;[†3] and I answer your letter briefly, before starting.[†a]

I see no other objection to the Manchester article[†4] than that [it][†5] is commonplace.

The Bristol Prayer Monger[†6] I have never had sent me, and therefore can do nothing to. But the name suggests care and caution.

You will see that the second part of the Lazy Tour is very long.[†7] The third will be much shorter — not more than half this quantity, if so much.[†8]

My next address will be, Gad's Hill. I *think* I shall leave here on Tuesday, but I cannot positively say. Collins and I part company tomorrow. (He can walk now —

walked a mile yesterday, with a stick.) I did intend to return home tomorrow, but have no idea now of doing that.[†1] Whatever I do, I shall of course come up to the scratch with the third part. Indeed I have half done it. [†b]So let the riddle and the riddler go their own wild way, and no harm come of it![†b]

I am very sorry to hear of Mrs. Wills, to whom my kind regard again. But you know how constantly it happens that the first effect of the sea[†2] is to exaggerate and stimulate an illness.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Collins sends kind regard.

To J. L. BOLTON,[†3] 23 SEPTEMBER 1857

Text from transcript of MS in Doncaster Municipal Museum.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent
Twenty Third September 1857

Sir,

I regret I did not receive your obliging letter until yesterday, when I found it on my return home from Doncaster. If it had come to hand sooner I should have had the pleasure of thanking you in person, instead of through the medium of this note.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. L. Bolton Esq.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 24 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS New York Public Library.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham.
Thursday Twenty Fourth September 1857

My Dear Brooks.

No letters have been forwarded to me in my absence, and I have only just got yours.

The absurdity of the thing made me break out into a fit of laughter. I cannot but think that it is the Printer's folly, and that you have already found it to be so. I will

not say that I doubt [B...y's][†1] being able to play the knave, but I really don't think he would play the Fool to such extraordinary perfection.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extracts in F, I, i, 2n and VIII, iii, 653. *Date:* all 24 Sep 57, according to Forster.

Being here[†3] again, or as much here as anywhere in particular.

I shall cut this letter short, for they are playing Masaniello[†4] in the drawing-room, and I feel very much as I used to do when I was a small child a few miles off, and Somebody[†5] (who I wonder, and which way did *She* go, when she died) hummed the evening hymn[†6] to me, and I cried on the pillow — either with the remorseful consciousness of having kicked Somebody else, or because still Somebody else had hurt my feelings in the course of the day.

Here are six men perpetually going up and down the well (I know that somebody will be killed), in the course of fitting a pump; which is quite a railway terminus — it is so iron, and so big.[†7] The process is much like putting Oxford-Street endwise, and laying gas along it, than anything else. By the time it is finished, the cost of this water will be something absolutely frightful. But of course it proportionately

increases the value of the property, and that's my only comfort.... The horse has gone lame from a sprain, the big dog has run a tenpenny nail into one of his hind feet, the bolts have all flown out of the basket-carriage, and the gardener says all the fruit trees want replacing with new ones.

To CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN,[†1] 24 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Mrs Richard Armstrong.

Gad's Hill, Higham, by Rochester
Twenty Fourth September 1857

My Dear Morgan.

Another box of Cigars, just now received at this little old-fashioned country-house of mine, perched on the very hill-top where Falstaff ran away! You don't know, my dear fellow, how often you are with me. Two or three times every week, as I light my Cigar after dinner, and sit down in my study or go out walking (according to the season), to muse, I say "I wonder whether Morgan will ever bring one of those big ships back, and beam upon me with the light of his bright face, and hear *me* tell *him* the story of the Wet Lovers and the dry one!" (You must know that I have appropriated that story, and acquired immense reputation by it.)[†2]

God bless you and yours! I heartily tell you that every short letter from you, comes to me like a wholesome breeze from the other side of the Atlantic, giving me assurance that fine natures and sound hearts will never die out of any land, so long as the Rainbow shines.

I will inaugurate the first chapter of the next book (whenever it comes into life; it is in the land of shadows now, unknown to me, and waiting to be born) by fumigating it in MS with a Cigar reserved from this very box.

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To DAVID [?PERKINS],[†3] 24 SEPTEMBER 1857

Extract in Ernest Dressel North catalogue, 1926; dated Gad's Hill Place, 24 Sep 57.

Sir. Your letter has just now been forwarded to me here at my house in the country. I comply with your request with much pleasure, and send this brief autograph accordingly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David L. [P]erkins, Esquire

To PAUL WEINLING,[†4] 24 SEPTEMBER 1857

Mention in J. A. Stargardt, Marburg catalogue 1958; addressed Paul Weinling; dated 24 Sep 57.

To WILLIAM BANTING,[†1] 26 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Saturday Twenty Sixth September | 1857.

Dear Mr. Banting.

Your letter has given me very great pleasure. I saw Mrs. Thompson[†2] before she went, and told her that I trusted her with great confidence. I will write to her at once, and encourage her in her excellent course.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CAROLINE THOMPSON, [?26 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Mention in last. *Date:* He probably wrote the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Twenty Sixth September 1857

My Dear Wills. I write you a line, with such slight official intelligence as I have.

Part 3 of The Lazy Tour, I have corrected, and introduced Collins's copy[†3] (received this morning) in to. I have instructed B and E to send him down Proof to Scarborough tonight, and have instructed *him* to send back proof to B and E tomorrow night. There are some descriptions of mine in it (particularly one, of a Railway Station), that I think very good indeed.[†4]

Part 4, I am at work on.

Oxenford has sent a paper "Touching the Lord Hamlet",[†5] giving a very good account of the old Saxo Grammaticus history.[†6] I have sent it to the Printer, with instructions to send proof to him.

I have, at Gad's Hill, a pretty little paper of a good deal of merit,[†7] by one Mr. Hollingshead, who addressed me as having tried his hand in the Train.[†8] This, too, I will send to the Printer's. (I ought to have brought it from Gad's Hill this morning, but forgot it.) I am inclined to hope that the writer may be very serviceable to us.

Collins I have made the new proposal to, as we agreed.

Evans has been with me this morning, to ask me, Would I have a Posting-Bill of the Lazy Tour? I replied, most decidedly Yes.[†1] I think it will give us a good push into the public mind, at a very dull time — will probably do us good at Christmas.

I spent while I was away, £75. I shall make a very handsome deduction indeed, if I take off £15 for any personal peculiarities in the order of march. That I will do, however; and therefore H. W. has to pay £10 to my account at Coutts's.

Which reminds me: — Will you make a memorandum that whenever you settle accounts with Miss Coutts, I have to receive £5 for her subscription to the Reverend Mr. Ford,[†2] which I have paid.

Trusting that Mrs. Wills continues to improve,

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27-28 SEPTEMBER 1857]

Extract in F, VIII, iii, 653. *Date:* "came in three days" after 24 Sep, according to Forster.

I have discovered that the seven miles between Maidstone and Rochester is one of the most beautiful walks in England. Five men have been looking attentively at the pump for a week, and (I should hope) may begin to fit it in the course of October.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 28 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address* (Envelope, MS Walter T. Spencer): Household Words Office | 16 Wellington Street North | Strand | London | W. C. PM Rochester 28 Sep 57.

Gad's Hill Place | Twenty Eighth September 1857.

I have always forgotten to ask you, John, whether the Scenery and fittings are all right, and have been all properly put away at Tavistock House. I hope so.

Will you go up there, and look in the Wardrobe in my dressing-room, and see what black ankle-boots are there, with stout soles for walking. And if they require heeling, or any other repairing, please get them done at once.

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 28 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Huntington Library.

Gad's Hill | Monday Twenty Eighth September 1857

My Dear Wills.

A considerable alteration must be made in this No.[†3]

The Murder of the Agah Abdullah[†1] must be shortened and made plainer. I don't understand it as I read it. It does not cohere. I can make nothing of it.

The Two Janes[†2] are as bad as need be; but may remain.[†3]

Adolphe Adam — positively NO.[†4]

If you want papers of merit, there is Oxenford's at the Printers;[†5] and I send you, enclosed, the other that I wrote to you of.[†6] But the Number must be altered, and will not do.

Ever Faithfully CD.

Over
Will you send Miss Coutts the enclosed letter — she will remember the writer[†7] well — and ask her from me what answer I am to return?

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, SEPTEMBER 1857

Mention in S. J. Davey's catalogue No. 42; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 9 Sep 57, according to catalogue; but clearly in error, as CD was in Cumberland then.

Mentions Household Words.[†8]

To MRS MASON,[†9] [LATE] SEPTEMBER 1857

Mention in Meridian Bookshop catalogue, No. 48; *MS* 4 pp.; addressed Mrs Mason; dated 18 Sep 57, but must be after return from Doncaster.[†10]

October

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [1 OCTOBER 1857]

Mention in *To* Wills, 2 Oct.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [2 OCTOBER 1857]

Mention in *To* Wills, 2 Oct.

To JOHN THOMPSON, [2 OCTOBER 1857]

Mention in next. *Date:* clearly written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 2 OCTOBER 1857

MS Huntington Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Friday Second October 1857

My Dear Wills

I have yours of yesterday, this morning.

Know, that I yesterday sent to B and E, the greater part of the Lazy Tour Part IV; and that by this post I send the rest — having stuck to it, and finished it this morning. A very odd story, with a wild, picturesque fancy in it.[†1]

I write to John, to tell him not to come, *if* he has only to come for copy.

Monday, so far as I know at this moment, will suit me very well. In case I should have occasion to go to town that day (possible, but not probable), I will write to you again in the meantime.

I don't remember whether I have told you that I have made the arrangement [†a]with Collins[†a] — that he is extremely sensible of the extra Fifty,[†2] and was rather unwilling to take it — and that I have no doubt of his being devoted to H.W. and doing great service.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To HENRY BOWIE, 3 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Deighton Bell & Co.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Third October 1857

Dear Sir

I cannot, I regret to inform you, supply the date for which you have left a blank in your Prospectus; nor can I even positively say that I shall be able to read in Edinburgh, at any time during the coming winter. My exertions in that way during the past summer, "In Remembrance of the late Mr. Jerrold" have been so great, and have so much interfered with my fulfilment of other conditional promises to read elsewhere, that I am placed in quite a new condition as to such engagements. To say that I could not foresee it, would be simply to say that I could not foresee the date of a friend's death.

Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Bowie Esquire

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 3 OCTOBER 1857

MS Benoliel Collection.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Saturday Evening, Third October 1857

My Dear Sir.

I have had the honor and pleasure of receiving your letter of the Twenty Eighth of last month, informing me of the distinction that has been conferred upon me by the Council of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

Allow me to assure you with much sincerity that I am highly gratified by having been elected one of the first Honorary Members of that establishment.[†1] Nothing could have enhanced my interest in so important an undertaking;[†2] but the compliment is all the more welcome to me on that account.

I accept it with a due sense of its worth, with many acknowledgments, and with all good wishes.

I am Ever My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 OCTOBER 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Queen's Hotel | Alderley | near | Manchester.

Gad's Hill Place. | Sunday Fourth October 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I sent Mrs. Matthews, £20, on receipt of your letter.

Mr. Collins (who never goes out with me on any expedition, without receiving some damage or other), sprained his leg on our second day out; and I had to carry him, à la Richard Wardour, in and out of all the Inns, Railway Carriages &c, during the rest of the Expedition. You will see Our "Lazy Tour" now going on in Household Words. It contains some descriptions (hem!) remarkable for their fanciful fidelity, and two grim stories — the first, of next Wednesday, by the cripple;[†3] the second, of next Wednesday fortnight, that is to say in the Fourth Part, by your present correspondent — a Ghost Story — a bit of Diablerie.[†4]

When I am clear of this Tour, I shall have to go to the Christmas Number of Household Words;[†5] and I fear (as I want to do a great deal to it) that I shall not be in a condition to come, either "here", or there, while you are "here", or "there". But I have put the travelling-scheme in my desk, and shall try.

We have not yet heard from Walter at Calcutta — could not do so, until the next

Mail — but we have had three letters from him: the last, from Suez. He seems to be perfectly happy, in great enjoyment of the novelties surrounding him, and with no more thoughts of home — as yet, at all events — than if he had never had one.

When you next come to see this place, you won't know it. I have made all manner of changes. *The* glass of water has not been drunk yet, and the process of fitting the Pump (which is proceeding as slowly, and in every respect as *un*satisfactorily as possible) is like putting Oxford Street on end, and laying gas up it.

I observed an extraordinary deterioration in Layard,[†1] the last time I saw him. I ventured to hint to him[†2] that I thought it came of his not leaving the noble game of Politics to the Knaves and Fools and Pococurante,[†3] until they had ruined us.[†4]

When I see people writing letters in the Times day after day, about this class and that class not joining the Army and having no interest in arms — and when I think how we all know that we have suffered a system to go on, which has blighted generous ambition, and put reward out of the common man's reach — and how our gentry have disarmed our Peasantry — I become Demoniacal.[†5]

And I wish I were Commander in Chief in India.[†6] The first thing I would do to strike that Oriental race with amazement (not in the least regarding them as if they lived in the Strand, London, or at Camden Town), should be to proclaim to them, in their language, that I considered my holding that appointment by the leave of God, to mean that I should do my utmost to exterminate the Race upon whom the stain of the late cruelties rested;[†7] and that I begged them to do me the favor to observe that I was there for that purpose and no other, and was now proceeding, with all convenient dispatch and merciful swiftness of execution, to blot it out of mankind and raze it off the face of the Earth.[†8]

My love to Mrs. Brown, with these sentiments.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully & affecy. Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To F. W. HAMSTEDE, 4 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Sunday Fourth October 1857

My Dear Sir

I received your letter, in Yorkshire. I received Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's published letter[†1] at about the same time. I need hardly tell you that it made me sick at heart of the subject, and that I could take charge of no more money, so generously given, and so thanklessly pocketed.

I therefore determined to leave the matter at rest, until I should one day see you at the Garrick.

Equally I had determined to let the whole matter rest until the Resurrection-Day, and never to notice Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's letter. But I find, in other Members of the Committee, an indignant and decided determination that this must not be.

Let me ask you, therefore, if I have your permission to make that public reference to Mr. Ashurst's letter to you, of which I send you a draft enclosed.[†2]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. W. Hamstede Esquire

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 4 OCTOBER 1857

Extract in *American Book Prices Current*, 1934; *MS* 1 p.; addressed John Hollingshead; dated Gad's Hill Place, 4 Oct 57.

I don't think there is enough in this paper to separate it from some other similar narratives (more or less) that have appeared in Household Words.[†3]

To MRS CARMICHAEL-SMYTH,[†1] [5] OCTOBER 1857*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. *Date:* misdated by CD; Monday was 5 Oct 57.

Gad's Hill | Monday Fourth October 1857.

My Dear Mrs. Smyth.

I very much regret to inform you that I cannot make your friend's story available for Household Words. I observe many good things in it, and much in the descriptions it contains that is felt in a picturesque and striking way; but it is too diffuse; too deficient in character, and too slow in its movement with a reference to its length, to have the requisite address in it to a large Audience.

It would be useless for me to trouble the Authoress with a request to send me the remainder. Howsoever the story ends, I could not overcome the difficulties in its Household-Words-way.

Will you thank the lady from me for her offer? And will you tell her from me, as you most conscientiously may, that I think the idea of the title, and the manner in which an interest in it is derived from the Pedigree, very novel and ingenious?

I beg to send my kind regard to Major Smyth,[†2] and am Ever

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Carmichael Smyth.

To E. W. LANE,[†3] 5 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester

Fifth October 1857

Dear Sir

Coming to my little country-house, after an absence of a few weeks in other parts of England, I find your obliging note. Pray accept my assurance that I accept your little book[†4] (still lying at my house in town), with many thanks; and that I should not have been so (apparently) remiss in acknowledging its receipt, but for the reason which I have troubled you by explaining.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward W Lane Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 5 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Gad's Hill Place | Monday Night | Fifth October 1857

My Dear Mr. Bentley

I was in Yorkshire when you addressed your letter of the Seventeenth of last month, to me. I have not been long at home, but have had time to consider and reconsider it.

I cannot overcome my objection to that kind of use of my name with the public; — simply because I cannot overcome the conviction that it would be an abuse of it. For this reason, and no other, I must beg you to excuse me from entertaining your proposal.[†1]

But I shall be heartily glad to shew, in the frankest manner on all becoming occasions, that the old wound between us has quite healed up and left no mark.[†2] And I hope I may be able to do that, in many little social ways, which will be quite as significant — at least — as if I took money from you.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?19 SEPTEMBER-6 OCTOBER 1857]

Extract in F, IX, i, 726. *Date:* between 19 Sep and 6 Oct (see below).[†3]

Saying that he and Collins had written together the second part of the "Lazy Tour"; in which I think you would find it very difficult to say where I leave off and he comes in;[†4] *of the descriptions in the first part he had said* Some of my own tickle me very much;[†5] but that may be in great part because I know the originals, and delight in their fantastic fidelity.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 6 OCTOBER 1857

Text from Sawyer's catalogue No. 103 (1931); addressed John Thompson; dated Gad's Hill, 6 Oct 57.

John. These letters are important. Leave them at the different Newspaper Offices[†6] to which they are addressed, *as soon as they are delivered into your hands.* Do not delay. — CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* 6 OCTOBER 1857

Text from *The Times,* 7 Oct 57.

October 6, 1857

Sir,

You were so kind as to give publicity to a letter we addressed to you on the termination of our labours "In remembrance of the late Mr. Jerrold," making known their result.[†1]

Mr. Jerrold's eldest son thereupon gave to a letter of his own what publicity he could obtain for it, making his own representation of his late father's affairs.[†2]

We knew our forbearing and delicate reference to them (forced upon us by exaggerations with which we had been repeatedly met, and which the son had never contradicted) to be perfectly accurate, and we knew his account of them to be highly incorrect. We are extremely sorry to be obliged to produce the proof of this; but it is necessary to the clearance of our own good faith, and that of the gentlemen associated with us.

We have before us, under date the 2d of this present month, a letter *from the solicitor to the late Mr. Jerrold's estate*[†3] (a gentleman well known in his profession, Mr. Ashurst, of the Old Jewry), in which, after mentioning that there is a life assurance of 1,000*l.*, which is Mrs. Jerrold's absolutely, and which the estate cannot claim, he informs the correspondent to whom his communication is addressed "that he cannot understand Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's reason for writing this unfortunate letter;" that he thinks "he and his

family ought to be set right on the matter;" and that, if a certain claim be urged of which he has received the particulars, "the facts and figures show that the estate will be absolutely insolvent."

We quote this letter with its writer's permission, and we have now done with this subject for ever.[†4]

Your faithful servants,
CHARLES DICKENS
ARTHUR W. W. SMITH

To JAMES DAVIS,[†1] 7 OCTOBER 1857

MS University of Kentucky.

Gad's Hill Place. | Seventh October 1857

Dear Sir

In acknowledging the receipt of your interesting letter, and in thanking you for it, I have to express my regret that I cannot comply with your request. But, I receive similar requests by hundreds; and I have already promised that whenever I read in this neighbourhood, I will do so for the local[†2] Mechanics' Institution.

Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

James Davis Esquire

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 7 OCTOBER 1857

Extract in Dodd Mead Company catalogue No. 69; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 7 Oct 57.

I am proceeding on a new plan with the Christmas Number this year,[†3] and it may be considered as already done.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 7 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Tavistock House | Wednesday, Seventh October 1857.

I shall be in town tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon, and shall be glad to have the Dressing-Room comfortable, as I shall want to change at the office. I shall also be glad to have a little bit of fish and a mutton chop for dinner at the office at half past 4.

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY OCTOBER 1857]

Extract from F, VIII, ii, 638. *Date:* "early autumn", according to Forster; and after Forster had read the account of CD's "rush up Carrick Fell", published 3 Oct.

Too late to say, put the curb on, and don't rush at hills — the wrong man to say it to. I have now no relief but in action. I am become incapable of rest. I am quite confident I should rust, break, and die, if I spared myself. Much better to die, doing. What I am in that way, nature made me first, and my way of life has of late, alas! confirmed. I must accept the drawback — since it is one — with the powers I have; and I must hold upon the tenure prescribed to me.†4

To MRS CORNELIUS, 11 OCTOBER 1857

Text from N, II, 890.

Gad's Hill Place | Sunday Eleventh October 1857

My Dear Anne

I want some little changes made in the arrangement of my dressing-room and the Bathroom. And as I would rather not have them talked about by comparative strangers, I shall be much obliged to you, my old friend, if you will see them completed before you leave Tavistock House.

I wish to make the Bathroom my washing-room also. It will be therefore necessary to carry into the Bathroom, to remain there, the two washing-stands from my Dressing-Room. Then, to get rid altogether, of the chest of drawers in the Dressing-Room I want the recess of the doorway between the Dressing-Room and Mrs. Dickens's room, fitted with plain white deal shelves, and closed in with a plain light deal door, painted white. Rudkin can do this — or Lillie,†1 being in the house, can do it if he likes.†2 The sooner it is done, the better.

My wardrobe will then stand where the chest of Drawers stands now, and a small iron bedstead will go behind the door, with its side against the wall, as you enter the Dressing-Room; its head towards the stairs, and its foot towards the window. I have ordered the bedstead and bedding, and they will be sent to Tavistock House to you. The chest of drawers shall come down here, when the van comes down to bring our luggage home at the end of the month.

They all send their love.

Ever Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, 13 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Thirteenth October 1857.

My Dear Buckstone.

No. I do not believe that you have "made out of the matter a mere managerial bargain", and I do not believe that you have done any thing in it but oblige me very readily.[†3] For which accept my cordial thanks.

I need hardly tell you that my interest in the young lady does not cease with the effecting of this arrangement, and that I shall always regard your taking care of her

and remembering her, as an act of personal friendship to me.[†1] On the termination of her present engagement, I hope you will tell me, before you tell her, what you see for her, "looming in the future."[†2]

I enclose a cheque (which I have not crossed) for Fifty Pounds.[†3]

As you are so far as Shooter's Hill[†4] on the way to Gad's Hill; I wish you would come from your hill to my hill, and have Sunday dinner. I would meet you at Dartford, and bring you on in a basket-carriage; and I would keep you (with your leave) all night, and send you anywhere in the morning. Could it be done, — on Sunday Week for instance?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. B. Buckstone Esquire.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 14 OCTOBER 1857

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Gad's Hill Place | Fourteenth October 1857

My Dear Shirley Brooks.

As I would on no account notice William Jerrold's[†5] letter,[†6] myself, so I would on no account have you notice it either. The thing is at an end. I have turned that little entry in the book of my life, and can quite composedly pass to a new page.

In the far different and far more cheering matter of your dedication[†7] and the affectionate part of your note referring to it, let me assure you that the new line[†8] gives me hearty pleasure, and that you shall never find the sincere friendship fail on my side. Of the old part, which pleased me so much when it was new and which has not faded at all, I will only say again that if I have an object in life, it is to leave my calling (as I do believe I shall), much better than I found it; and that in the unpretending sincerity and constant remembrance of this desire, I am worthy that grasp of your workman's hand.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†9]

Shirley Brooks Esquire.

To CHARLES COLLINS, 16 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Mr H. E. Quick.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Sixteenth October 1857

My Dear Charles Collins

I have left a letter of Wilkie's behind me at Gad's Hill, and cannot remember his present address.[†1] If you know it (as I dare say you do) will you send on the enclosed[†2] to him without loss of time?

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Collins Esquire.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Sixteenth October 1857

Dearest Georgy

I shall not be able to get home tonight as I had expected, and shall therefore come by the Train on Sunday by which I came last Sunday. Knowing that Charley is not with you and that you have some letters, I send John down for them.

Ever and ever Affectionately[†3]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 16 OCTOBER 1857

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Sixteenth October 1857

My Dear Stanny

I am extremely sorry to hear that you have been ill and confined to the house. I have been far away, and very busy, and much distressed by some anxieties, or I should have heard of you sooner.

Tomorrow forenoon I hope to be able to come out to Hampstead and shake you

by the hand. In the meantime here is an old little friend in a new frock, who has been long due,[†1] and who begs to be tenderly taken in.[†2]

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire.

To LORD BROUGHAM, 18 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham | by Rochester, Kent
Eighteenth October 1857

My Dear Lord Brougham

I venture to send you the enclosed note from Miss Power, because I believe I know the urgency of her case better than any one else, and because I am sure I have seen her hard struggle to become quietly independent, with great sympathy and admiration. She is no fine lady in these changed times; but a thoroughly hard-working, self reliant, striving woman.[†3] Whatever she could get to do, she would do conscientiously and well. I am as certain of it, as I could possibly be if I spoke for myself. If one or two of the most powerful of those who remember that dead and gone house[†4] and the attractions of poor D'Orsay,[†5] would try to do this little thing for her, they would do a real and a most gracious kindness, and she would always deserve it.[†6]

My Dear Lord Brougham | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Brougham.

To HENRY MORLEY, 18 OCTOBER 1857

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Gad's Hill Place. | Higham, by Rochester, Kent
Sunday Eighteenth October | 1857

My Dear Morley.

I particularly want a little piece of information, with a view to the construction of something for Household Words.[†7] I have not the means of reference here, and I dare

say you can supply them out of your own reading. It will oblige me very much, if you will consider and reply to the following question.

Whether, at any time within a hundred years or so, we were in such amicable relations with South America as would have rendered it reasonably *possible* for us to have made, either a public treaty, or a private bargain, with a South American Government, empowering a little English Colony, established on the spot for the purpose, to work a Silver-Mine (on purchase of the right). And whether, in that suppositious case, it is reasonably *possible* that our English Government at home would have sent out a small force, of a few Marines or so, for that little Colony's protection; or (which is the same thing), would have drafted them off from the nearest English Military Station.[†1]

Or, can you suggest, from your remembrance, any more probable set of circumstances, in which a few English people — gentlemen, ladies, and children — and a few English soldiers, would find themselves alone in a strange wild place and liable to hostile attack?

I wish to avoid India[†2] itself; but I want to shadow out in what I do, the bravery of our ladies in India.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To F. M. EVANS, 20 OCTOBER 1857

Text from N, II, 892.

Ship Hotel, Dover[†3] | Tuesday Twentieth October 1857

My Dear Evans,

We decide upon No. 1., at six shillings.[†4] I know you will be glad to hear this, and I therefore send you the intelligence.

Mr. Forster will see you as soon as he comes to town — probably on Saturday. He will then see Chapman and arrange other matters with him. This done, I will

appoint with you for our meeting at Household Words to settle the draft of the Prospectus.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 22 OCTOBER 1857

MS Morgan Library.

[OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS][†2]
Thursday Twenty Second October 1857

My Dear Wilkie

The accompanying letter from Morley (as usually happens in these cases) conglomerates and complicates the business, I think.

You will see nothing appropriate about Silver Mines in the book,[†3] except at the following references. All in Vol I.

Page 169 to 172[†4]

" 224 to 226[†5]

" 285 to 290.[†6]

Look it over, and let us then come to some conclusion, right or wrong, and follow it out.

Shall we meet here tomorrow between 3 and 5, or shall I come to you between those hours? Let me know, according to your health.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILLIAM CRESWICK, 22 OCTOBER 1857

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Twenty Second October 1857

Dear Sir

I want to see your Drama now in course of representation,[†1] of which I think I know something in another form.[†2] I shall be in town tomorrow (Friday) evening, and shall be very glad to occupy a Private Box if you can conveniently place one at my disposal.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Creswick Esquire

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 23 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Twenty Third October 1857

My Dear De la Rue.

I cannot tell you how delighted I have been to receive your budget of news, or with what interest I have read, and re-read, your letter. I hope you really will produce yourself at Tavistock House before the

year is out, and that my dear old patient will appear there before the next year is out. Both of you shall have the heartiest welcome that the Inimitable's house and its inmates can give. Believe that, and take it from my heart to both of yours! —

Between ourselves (I beckon Madame De la Rue nearer with my fore-finger, and whisper this with a serio-comic smile), I don't get on better in these later times with a certain poor lady you know of, than I did in the earlier Peschiere[†3] days. Much worse. Much worse![†4] Neither do the children, elder or

younger.[†1] Neither can she get on with herself, or be any thing but unhappy.[†2] (She has been excruciatingly jealous of, and has obtained positive proofs of my being on the most confidential terms with, at least Fifteen Thousand Women of various conditions in life, every condition in life, since we left Genoa. Please to respect me for this vast experience.)[†3] What we should do, or what the Girls would be, without Georgy, I cannot imagine. She is the active spirit of the house, and the children dote upon her. Enough of this. We put the Skeleton away in the cupboard, and very few people, comparatively, know of its existence.

— Not Albert Smith, for one, I dare say! I thought you would be pleased with him, and rather chuckled when I sent him to you.[†4] He is a very good, kind fellow, under certain oddities of manner, and has a most hearty recollection of his intercourse with you. Only yesterday (he being now at home again), he wrote me a letter, asking me when we should go to some place about Town and dine, and then stroll to the Theatre "and talk about the De la Rues and Genoa"? I appointed tomorrow night, so we shall overhaul you at a great rate.

My visual ray[†5] has been lately dwelling on the wilds of Cumberland and Yorkshire, where whole towns have turned out (as in duty bound) to greet the Inimitable and offer him homage. One night at Doncaster I was at the Theatre,[†6] where I had been behaving excessively ill in the way of gaping and rubbing my head wearily, from 7 to 11, without the slightest idea that anybody knew me; and I was slouching out at the fall of the Curtain, with my hands in my pockets and a general expression upon me of total want of dignity, when the Pit suddenly got up without the slightest warning, and cried out "Three cheers for Charles Dickens Esquire!" Thereupon all the house took it up, the actors came back and joined in the demonstration, and I was obliged instantaneously to convert myself into a most affable, interesting, and beaming personage. [†a][I was a little troubled in my mind by not having that other waistcoat on, but made a very splendid appearance, all things considered.][†a]

Why did they know nothing of the Hindoo character? Why? Do you ask why? Because it was the system to know nothing of anything; and to believe that England, while doing nothing, was doing everything. There are Thousands of Asses now — and Asses in power: which is the worst of it — who will hold this faith — if one could dignify such idiotcy by the name — until they have done for all of us. It is not three years since there were Indian Princes here; and in the rush after *them*, that baser side of the genteel character which would go Tuft-Hunting after the Devil was exhibited in a most astounding degree. Again and again, I have said to Ladies, spirited enough and handsome enough and clever enough to have known better (*not* of the 15,000, please to observe!), "what on earth do you see in those men to go mad

about? You know faces, when they are not brown; you know common expressions when they are not under turbans; Look at the dogs — low, treacherous, murderous, tigerous villains who despise you while you pay court to them, and who would rend you to pieces at half an hour's notice." I suppose a greater mistake was never committed in the world, than this wretched Lord Canning's[†1] maudlin proclamation about mercy.[†2] It would have been bad enough, if the Hindoos lived in the Strand here, and had the ideas of London vagabonds; but, addressed to the Oriental character, it is hideously absurd and dangerous. I wish I were Commander in Chief over there! I would address that Oriental character which must be powerfully spoken to, in something like the following placard, which should be vigorously translated into all native dialects, "I, The Inimitable, holding this office of mine, and firmly believing that I hold it by the permission of Heaven and not by the appointment of Satan, have the honor to inform you Hindoo gentry that it is my intention, with all possible avoidance of unnecessary cruelty and with all merciful swiftness of execution, to exterminate the Race from the face of the earth,[†3] which disfigured the earth with the late abominable atrocities."

Poor Charley Gibbs, poor dear Gibbs.[†4] Give him my Love, and tell him everything that is cheery and friendly from me. And poor Browne[†5] — the man cast in the same mould as myself — the man formed (as he said) to be my twin brother! Broken his rib! Why the wrong rib? Why not break Mrs. Browne! I have hope of his recovery, poor fellow, if he can only be got to take it into his head that somebody wants him to die. His constitutional obstinacy will then most certainly prevent his doing it.[†6]

Perhaps I may see you in Genoa, before I won't say you — but at all events before

Madame De la Rue — shall come to London. There are times when I think — really think — of coming, en garçon, and staying Weeks in the dear old City. It *may* be a castle in the air — a house in Spain — it *may* turn out to be an idea with a solid foundation.

I met Thompson[†1] one day, about two months ago. He told me they were living in the country, about 30 or 40 miles from London.[†2] We have been at a house I have in Kent, all the summer, and I have heard no more of them — except that I believe he has been much troubled by his two sisters at Jersey,[†3] who get into all manner of Debt, and look to him to be got out.[†4]

Wilkie Collins has just come in, and begs me to send his kindest regard to you and Madame. All at home would send their loves, if they knew me to be writing.

Adieu! | Ever and Ever Affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM CRESWICK, 24 OCTOBER 1857

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Twenty Fourth October 1857

My Dear Sir

Many thanks. I thought the Piece (which I know very well) extremely good of its kind, and your own part, if you will excuse my saying so, admirably played.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Creswick Esquire.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 26 OCTOBER 1857[†6]

Extracts in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 4240 (1936), and Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1877; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 26 Oct 57; addressed Peter Cunningham.

Can you write me (either at the Household Words Office, or Tavistock House) whether there is a housekeeper to every Public office, or for example to all in Somerset House.[†7] ... I ask with a view to a lady, and not with any private object.[†8]

November

To WILKIE COLLINS, 1 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House | Sunday First November 1857

My Dear Wilkie

I hope I am now ready to start you. I think the best way will be, to send you a Proof of the little I have done, *tomorrow night.* If you will come and dine at the Office on Tuesday at 1/2 past 5, and will have read it in the meantime, I will explain what more you ought to know beforehand.

Just a word in answer, here.

Ever Faithfully
CD. Hope you are all right at last?

To SAMUEL SMILES,[†1] 2 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Mr R. Slifer.

Tavistock House | Second November, 1857

Dear Sir

The enclosed passes having expired, allow me with many thanks to return them to you.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

S. Smiles Esquire.

To JOSEPH LANGFORD, 3 NOVEMBER 1857

Mention in Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts report (1974); dated 3 Nov 57; addressed Joseph Langford.

Sending remainder of Manzanilla — a wine of good repute.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 3 NOVEMBER 1857

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1888; *MS* 1 p.; dated 3 Nov 57.

To HERBERT WATKINS, 4 NOVEMBER 1857

Extract in American Art Association and Anderson catalogue, May 1934; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Herbert Watkins; dated Gad's Hill Place,†1 4 Nov 57.

I send you a thousand thanks for the remarkable, interesting, and admirable collection of Photographs you have sent to me.†2 I shall always prize them highly†3 and shall never tire of them. They are not the less agreeable to me for including two capital heads of yourself.

The Library Edition in its Holiday Dress shall not fail to appear, as soon as it is out of the tailor's (or binder's) hands.†4

To [WILLIAM] OSTELL,†5 5 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Mrs Manzie.

Tavistock House | Fifth November, 1857

Sir.

I am happy, in remembrance of the Morning Chronicle time to which you refer, to have it in my power to send you the accompanying Proxy.†6

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Ostell

To H. G. ADAMS, 7 NOVEMBER 1857†

MS Mr Alfred C. Berol.

Tavistock House, London. W.C.

Saturday Night, Seventh November | 1857

My Dear Sir

Although the Deputation you did me the honor to present to me at Gad's Hill, did not appear to have a very lively faith in their President,[†7] their President thought it right to hold out no hopes that might be fallacious, and to reserve to himself his secret justification of a better faith.

Accordingly I have since tried, with some steadiness, so to disentangle myself from other promises, by a new arrangement of them, as to be able to read my Carol for my Rochester and Chatham Institution. And I am now able to tell you that I will do so for you, please God, on any evening in the week before this next Christmas Day, or in the week after it, that may suit you best.[†8]

As soon as you can determine, please to do so. Mr. W. H. Wills at the Household Words office, will (whenever you may communicate with him as the time approaches), let you know what my wishes always are as to announcements and room-arrangements.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire.

To ROBERT CROZIER,[†1] 8 NOVEMBER 1857

MS Messrs Hudson Rogue Co. *Address:* Robert Crozier Esquire | 45 Sidney Street | Manchester.

Tavistock House, W.C.
Sunday Night | Eighth November, 1857.

Sir.

My absence from town has delayed this reply to your letter. Pray excuse the circumstances.

I am sorry that I must beg to decline the honor you propose to me. But in the constant and almost incredible accumulation of such claims, which is a part of my life, I have long observed the rule of never associating myself, in name alone, with any effort, however good.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Crozier Esquire

To JOHN DILLON,[†2] 8 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS University of Texas. *Address* (envelope, MS Yale University Library): John Dillon Esquire | 104 Fore Street | City | E.C. PM London WC 9 Nov 57.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night | Eighth November, 1857

My Dear Sir

Let me thank you for your note, and assure you, both that I am very much obliged by your kind remembrance, and that I greatly regretted your absence from the dinner.†3

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Dillon Esquire.

To WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,†1 9 NOVEMBER 1857

MS University of Kentucky.

Tavistock House | Monday Ninth November, 1857

My Dear Sir

I am happy to retain the Poem,†2 which is mournfully true, and has moved me very much. You shall have a Proof without fail.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Allingham Esquire

To MRS BROWN, 9 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | W.

Tavistock House | Monday Ninth November, 1857

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

A very curious letter, and (in its way) both a very sad, and a very pleasant one.†3 Good Heaven, to think of that Doctor! — †4

This is only to welcome you home, and to say how glad I shall be to see you again. I cannot trust myself to refer to your remembrance of the little — the nothing — I could ever do for you in your grief.†5 You make so much of it, and I such a nothing, that you quite overpower me.

Ever Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

Tavistock House | Monday Ninth November, 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

This is merely a word to welcome you home again.[†6] I should have written to you at Rugby, but that your allusion — of a triumphant sort — to Coventry, was too much for me. For have I not promised to read the Carol at Coventry next Christmas, and am I not gloomily repentant of my sweet nature![†7]

I always *knew*[†1] Torquay to be a Humbug, and am delighted to find that the Truth is great and will prevail.[†2]

Ever Faithfully and affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 9 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* Lord Mayor's Day was 9 Nov in 1857.

Tavistock House | Lord Mayor's Day, 1857

My Dear Webster

The accompanying Farce-don't be alarmed-it is very short and very stagey-is by an old hand who has entrusted it to me, whose expectations are moderate, and who wants "to sell it".[†3] Is it worth any thing to you?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To MISS HORNER,[†4] 16 NOVEMBER 1857

Extracts in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1982 and Dobell catalogue No. 52 (1939); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, Monday Evening, 16 Nov 57; addressed Miss Horner.

Having been away, had a little delayed his answer. The circumstances of the article being a translated pamphlet,[†5] already known in its general purport to the English public, is conclusive against its acceptance for Household Words ... *if it were an account, a dissertation and description it would have been different, but as it is he must decline it* very much against my will.

To EDMUND YATES, 16 NOVEMBER 1857

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Tavistock House
Monday Night | Sixteenth November, 1857.

My Dear Yates.

I retain the story[†6] with pleasure; and I need not tell you that you are not mistaken in the last line of your note.[†7]

Excuse me — on that ground — if I say a word or two, as to what I think (I mention it with a view to the future),[†1] might be better in the paper. The opening is excellent. But it passes too completely into the Irishman's narrative — does not light it up with the life about it, or the circumstances under which it is delivered — and does not carry through it, as I think it should with a certain undefinable subtlety, the thread with which you begin your weaving.[†2] I will tell Wills to send me the Proof, and will try to shew you what I mean when I shall have gone over it carefully.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Yates Esquire.

To THOMAS BEARD, 19 NOVEMBER 1857

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | W.

Tavistock House | Thursday Nineteenth November | 1857

My Dear Beard

I want very much to see you — and to know what you are about — and to be told where you have been hiding all the summer.

Can you come and dine with us next Sunday at half past Five?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To B. W. PROCTER, 19 NOVEMBER 1857

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Nineteenth November | 1857

My Dear Procter

You may be very sure that nothing but a special, made, engagement[†3] — not to be broken — prevents my accepting your most interesting and welcome invitation. But, unfortunately I *have* such an

engagement, and I cannot come. I could not easily tell you how much I feel your association of me with the day,[†4] or with what affectionate thoughts I shall remember it, though absent.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

B. W. Procter Esquire

To A. C. KRUSEMAN,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1857

Facsimile in J. W. Enschedé, *Bijdrage tot de Geschiedenis van de Nederlandse Boekhandel*, 1899, p. 263.

Tavistock House, London.
Monday Twenty Third November, 1857

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the safe receipt of the translations of my books[†2] into the Dutch language, which you have had the kindness to send me. Allow me to thank you heartily, both for that acceptable present, and for the account you give me of the esteem in which I am held in Holland. It causes me great pride and gratification.

Accept the assurance of my high regard Dear Sir, and believe me always

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. A. LANGFORD,[†3] 23 NOVEMBER 1857

Extract in City Book Auction catalogue No. 309 (May 1945); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, Monday, 23 Nov 57; addressed John Alfred Langford.

Regretting that he is unable to read manuscripts submitted to him for criticism and advice ... and I assure you I have already made as many conditional promises to read, as I can hope to redeem within a long time.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 24 NOVEMBER 1857†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Twenty Fourth November 1857

My Dear Webster

My razors, my razors! Don't forget my pair of razors!![†4]

I have something to say to you. There is a Christmas No. coming out here — the

whole No. one story, of which I have done the greater part: Wilkie Collins having written one chapter — which I clearly foresee will be dramatized everywhere.[†1] [†a]I think it will make a prodigious noise, and I am sure it will be laid hold of by all sorts and conditions of Theatres. Now, I don't want it done upon the Stage at all: because I never do want to see any composition there, which is not intended for it.[†a] Nevertheless, I can't help its being done; and, done at all, I should like it done well. It would be a three act piece, requiring three very curious scenes. It lights up all the fire that is in the public mind at this time, and you might make your Theatre blaze with it. If you would like to try to do it *thoroughly well*, supposing it to answer this description, you shall have it in Proof some week or ten days before the Public, so as to get a good start in the adapting of it and preparing for it.[†2] I make this offer as a friend, and not with any idea of accepting any money.

Your arrangements *may* be such, and you *may* be so much behind with your Pantomime[†3] (for even *YOU*,[†4] I believe, are occasionally procrastinative in the slightest degree), as to be in no position to contemplate the possibility of getting out such a thing. This is the reason why I write to you at all. In that case, I would not send it to you to read. But if it be on the cards that you could, if you saw reason, undertake such a dash, I know I can trust you to read it, and you should have it at the end of this week. An hour and a half of next Sunday, would carry you through it.

Don't leave this note lying about. I may possibly be able to get down to you tonight. If I can — I will.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 25 NOVEMBER 1857

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Twenty Fifth Novr. 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Would you and Mrs. Brown like to come and dine with us at Tavistock House, either on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday at 6, to hear the Christmas No. of Household Words. It is all one story this time, of which I have written the greater part (Mr. Collins has written one chapter), and which I have planned with great care in the hope of commemorating, without any vulgar catchpenny connexion or application, some of the best qualities of the English character that have been shewn

in India.[†1] I hope it is very good, and I think it will make a noise. Naturally therefore, I want you to know what it is, before any body else does.

If you say "Yes", say too what day you choose. And say further, whether there is any one you would like me to ask.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours faithfully and affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS JERROLD, 30 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Mr J. R. Chamberlain.

Tavistock House | Thirtieth November, 1857

Dear Mrs. Jerrold

Before we can complete the purchase of the Annuity,[†2] it is necessary that the Certificates referred to in the accompanying printed Form, should be got, and that the Form should be duly filled up. May I recommend you to employ some Solicitor for the purpose? His charge, if he will have the goodness to send it to me when the business is completed, I will defray out of the Fund.

I beg my kind regard to Miss Jerrold,[†3] and am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Jerrold.

To LADY OLLIFFE, 30 NOVEMBER 1857

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Monday Thirtieth November | 1857

My Dear Lady Olliffe

I have just time to send you this, a week in advance of the Public,[†4] and to express my hope that you and Olliffe (to whom my love), will be pleased with it. Chapter 2 is by Wilkie Collins; all the rest by me.

Ever Your faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 30 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Frank Stone Esquire | Russell House.

H W Office | Thirtieth November 1857

My Dear Stone

Here you are — a week ahead of the Public. Second chapter by Collins; all the rest by me.

With kind regard | Ever affecy. CD.[†5]

December

To W. C. MACREADY, 1 DECEMBER 1857

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night, First December 1857

My Dearest Macready.

I send you (very hurriedly) an early proof of The Christmas Story. The Second Chapter is by Wilkie Collins; all the rest is by me. I hope you may like it.

Kindest love to all.

Ever Most affectionately CD.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, [?1-2 DECEMBER 1857]

Mention in *To* Thackeray, 4 Dec 57. *Date:* probably written two or three days before that letter.

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 2 DECEMBER 1857

Extracts in unidentified catalogue in *Chadwick Collection of Dickensiana* and Sotheby's catalogue, Jan 1883; *MS* 1 1/2 pp.; dated 2 Dec 57; addressed Sir Joseph Paxton.

Making an appointment about a reading in Coventry,[†1] *adding that he never accepts invitations* on such occasions, when it is necessary to be composed and unbothered — let us stick to the best Hotel. *He also invites Paxton to visit him at Rochester.*

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 2 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham.

Tavistock House, London. W.C.
Wednesday Second December 1857

My Dear Mr. Ryland.

I am afraid I cannot possibly read at Birmingham this Christmas. The plain truth is, I have nothing to read. My work in the summer for the Jerrold Fund — and very hard work indeed, it was — completely deprived me of the opportunity I had *expected* to have, of getting some new Reading together. I have now made four promises to read the Carol; I have not a chance of getting to the work of condensing any of my larger books; and when I look at your letter again, I drift away bodily, out to sea.

You know I don't want the will. But what am I to do without the power!

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To MRS LOCKWOOD,[†1] 3 DECEMBER 1857*

MS (in Wills's hand) Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
3 December 1857

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Lockwood, and begs to thank her for her obliging communication of Saturday last, and for the newspaper which accompanied it.[†2]
Mrs. Charles Day Lockwood

To JOSEPH SLY, 3 DECEMBER 1857

MS Public Library and Museum, Lancaster. *Address:* Mr. Sly | King's Arms Hotel | Lancaster.

Tavistock House, London. W.C. | Third December, 1857

Sir.

I am sorry that I have, until now, accidentally omitted to answer your letter.

I assure you that I received it with much pleasure. It was very agreeable to me to know that you were gratified by my having associated a little fancy with your excellent house;[†3] and I was particularly interested by your account of your honorable career in life.

I wish you every prosperity, and am | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Sly.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | W.

Tavistock House | Fourth December, 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts

On Monday,[†4] with pleasure.

Ever Faithfully & affecy.
CD.

To W. M. THACKERAY, 4 DECEMBER 1857

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Tavistock House | Friday December Fourth, 1857.

My Dear Thackeray

Your second note stopped me from coming to you, to talk over the subject of your

first — which reached me within an hour before the receipt of a similar proposal from Forster.[†1]

In the interval which has followed through your absence from town,[†2] I have communicated with Marguerite Power, and have asked her, plainly, whether such a subscription would be acceptable and accepted? She replies, most gratefully and without hesitation, "Yes". It seems to me that the best thing we can do, is, to take out 20 names of old visitors at Gore House[†3] and make a subscription of £10 each. This will give us a purse of £200 to present to her.

I will come to you at Brompton, or meet you any where, any day you can name, between 10 and 5. Let us do it as soon as we can, and get it done.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

W. M. Thackeray Esquire

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 5 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Mr Lloyd E. Roscoe.

Tavistock House | Fifth December, 1857

My Dear Paxton.

I am very sorry that I was not at home last evening, and have been too unwell with influenza this morning to get up at my usual hour; thus doubly delaying my reply to your note.

Shall we say next Thursday morning? To meet at the booking Office of the North Kent Railway, London Bridge at 5 minutes past 10. The train starts at a quarter past 10.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street.

Tavistock House | Sunday Sixth December 1857

My Dear Miss Coutts

I must ask you to excuse my absence for one hour tomorrow evening — from half past 8 to half past 9. I will go and return so deftly, that no one shall miss me.

My movements are wildly deranged at all hours just now, by my having a very delicate matter to adjust for a very dear friend[†4] — with an immense responsibility resting upon me, which I don't see my way out of.

— In addition to which, I now write under the oppression of a most ferocious Influenza.

Ever Faithfully and affy. Yours

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 6 DECEMBER 1857

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Sunday Night Sixth December 1857

My Dear Evans.

Your printing from the Cheap Edition,[†1] had best go on without waiting for me. If I see anything wrong in the sheets you send me, I will let you know of it promptly.

I wish you would get the accompanying Dedication[†2] set up as prettily as you possibly can, and then send it at once to Forster, with a note saying that I had begged you to ask him whether it was right. — I want to surprise him. All the old dedications will be cancelled in this Edition, you understand.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 7 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House, London. W.C. | Seventh December, 1857

My Dear Mrs. Watson. I cannot tell you how interested and pleased I have been by the receipt of your letter, or how delightful it is to me to picture you among those beautiful objects, enjoying the life, change, and movement, you must have so drearily wanted at Rockingham. I had been speaking about you to Georgina, over and over again. She had just been telling me that Mary Boyle had spoken of you as being abroad — I had been saying what a good thing that was — and we had set in for a long train of remembrance,[†3] in my room one night, while your letter was making its way to me.

You want an egotistical reply from me, and you shall have it. I have been very busy with the Xmas Number of Household Words, in which I have endeavoured to commemorate the foremost of the great English qualities shewn in India, without laying the scene there, or making any vulgar association with real events or calamities. I believe it is rather a remarkable production, and will make a great noise. I should

send it with this, but for the uncertainty of its ever getting to you. It is published to day. It is all one story. The Second Chapter by Wilkie Collins; all the rest of it by me.

It leaves me — as my Art always finds me and always leaves me — the most restless of created Beings. I am the modern embodiment of the old Enchanters, whose Familiars tore them to pieces. I weary of rest, and have no satisfaction but in fatigue. Realities and idealities are always comparing themselves together before me, and I don't like the Realities except when they are unattainable — *then,* I like them of all things. I wish I had been born in the days of Ogres and Dragon-guarded Castles. I wish an Ogre with seven heads (and no particular evidence of brains in the whole lot of them) had taken the Princess whom I adore — you have no idea how intensely I love her! — to his stronghold on the top of a high series of Mountains, and there tied her up by the hair. Nothing would suit me half so well this day, as climbing after her, sword in hand, and either winning her or being killed. — *There's* a state of mind for you, in 1857.

All last summer I had a transitory satisfaction in rending the very heart out of my body by doing that Richard Wardour part. It was a good thing to have a couple of thousand people all rigid and frozen together, in the palm of one's hand — as at Manchester — and to see the hardened Carpenters at the sides crying and trembling at it night after night. Which reminds me of a pretty little story about it. We engaged for Manchester, a young lady from Kean's Theatre — Miss Maria Ternan — born on the stage, and inured to it from the days when she was the little child in Pizarro. She had been brought to the Gallery of Illustration in town, to see the Play; and when she came on to me in the Morning at Manchester, I said, "Why my dear, how cold your hand is, and what a tremble you are in! This won't do at night." — "Oh Mr. Dickens", she said, "I am so afraid I can't bear it, that I hope you'll be very gentle with me this morning. I cried so much when I saw it, that I have a dread of it, and I don't know what to do." She had to take my head up as I was dying, and to put it in her lap, and give me her face to hold between my two hands. All of which I shewed her elaborately (as Mary had done it before), that morning. When we came to that point at night, her tears fell down my face, down my beard (excuse my mentioning that hateful appendage), down my ragged dress — poured all over me like Rain, so that it was as much as I could do to speak for them. I whispered to her, "My dear child, it will be over in two minutes. Pray compose yourself." — "It's no comfort to me that it will be soon over", she answered. "Oh it is so sad, it is so dreadfully sad. Oh don't die! Give me time, give me a little time! Don't take leave of me in this terrible way — pray, pray, pray!!" Whereupon Lemon, the softest-hearted of men, began to cry too, and then they all went at it together. I think I never saw such a pretty little genuine emotion in my life. And if you had seen the poor little thing, when the Curtain fell, put in a chair behind it — with her mother and sister taking care of her — and your humble servant drying her eyes and administering Sherry (in Rags so horrible that they would scarcely hold together), and the people in front all blowing their noses, and our own people behind standing about in corners and getting themselves right again, you would have remembered it for a long, long time.[†1]

Our Indian boy was at Dum-Dum (which means a school of musketry, some 6 miles from Calcutta)[†2] when last heard of, but expected to be sent up the country in a

few days. Where or why, I don't know; for he belongs to the Bengal Army, which is virtually extinct. He likes the country and the life, of all things, and is quite happy. My usual fortune of falling in with strange people, attended me, by the bye, when I took him down to Southampton. A very strange fellow got into our Railway Carriage, and took such an immense fancy to me, that I couldn't shake him off. He went out in the same ship — died of delirium tremens, within three days of their leaving Southampton — and had no luggage whatever, with him, but 3 shirts and 240 Sovereigns.

I am going to read, twice this month. On the 15th. at Coventry, and on the 22nd. at Rochester. On the 19th. of January I am going to read at Bristol, and, in April, at Edinburgh. After that, if I bind myself to any more promises, I'll — but I won't forswear myself; I *shall* bind myself, I know, in weakly amiable moments.

I hope the badly-stuffed Horse continues to conduct himself as if he were better stuffed? I have taken to Dogs lately,[†1] and, when I am at Gad's Hill, go out attended by tall Prowlers that are the terror of the neighbourhood.[†2] Six or eight weeks ago, I performed my celebrated feat of getting out of bed at 2 in the morning, and walking down there from Tavistock House — over 30 miles — through the dead night.[†3] I had been very much put-out;[†4] and I thought, "After all, it would be better to be up and doing something, than lying here." So I got up, and did that.

Poor Stafford![†5] I had seen him pretty often, and had made an engagement with him to go down to Chatham, and talk with some of the poor wounded men from the Crimea, to whom he had been very kind. I believe that he was really beloved among them and had been exceedingly good to them. Inquests may come to contrary conclusions five hundred times over, but I make bold to give *my* verdict — "Murdered by the Doctor."

There is a Legend current here, that to pay the Postage of this letter would be to insure its non-delivery, so I have told my servant *not* to pay it. Is it egotistical enough? If not, what DO[†6] you want? Kindest loves and remembrances from all. And from no one in the world can they come to you more fervently, my dear Mrs Watson, than from your Ever affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

I am afraid Spencer Lyttelton[†7] is not mending his ways.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 8 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Night | Eighth December, 1857

My Dear Webster.

An excellent idea of yours! — If you will submit it to Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams[†1] as it stands, and tell them the truth — that it is the production of an excellent old dramatic Writer[†2] for whom I do what I can, in the dregs and decline of his life, and who wants to sell it for whatever can be got for it — you may

add from me, that I will (sub rosâ) re-arrange it for them as they may think best, if they will purchase it; and will make it as ship-shape for them (knowing their acting very well), as I possibly can.

But what I must stipulate for, is *a quick reply.* Young Toole[†3] is good at personation, and I think Mr. Dillon[†4] might purchase the Farce, if I paid him the small compliment of addressing him myself on the subject. That, of course, should be before he opens.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN DEANE, 9 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Ninth December 1857

My Dear Deane.

I had already given Paxton to know that you are going with us[†5] — at which he is delighted. Tuesday is the day. I don't know the hour yet, but will inform you of it — in Gordon Square,[†6] I suppose? — on Monday afternoon or evening.

In great haste | Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMSON HANKEY,[†1] 11 DECEMBER 1857*

MS University of Kentucky Library.

Tavistock House. W.C. | Eleventh December, 1857

Dear Sir

Will you excuse my taking the liberty of asking you whether you can render me any help towards nominating a young man of great respectability and undoubted business qualifications, for employment in the Bank of England?

The person in whom I am thus interested, is a brother of my wife's,[†2] now in a Business-House at Sheffield which has lately failed, and is reducing its establishment.[†3] He is twenty five, was thoroughly well educated in Germany, brings from the Sheffield House the highest character and recommendation, and has a thoroughly good acquaintance with business. I know him, of my own knowledge, to be very diligent, steady, and striving; and I should be heartily glad if I could assist him to attain this desire.

Pray forgive my intrusion on your time.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Hankey Esquire M.P.

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 11 DECEMBER 1857*

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Eleventh December 1857

My Dear Paxton

I was obliged to go to Birmingham[†4] on Wednesday, and was there when you called on me yesterday Morning.

While I am most heartily obliged to your kind and hospitable friend[†5] for his invitation — and I beg you earnestly to thank him in my name — I am still in my old mind as to going to the Hotel; the rather as we are sure to have Deane and Wills with us; which circumstance disposes me still more (if anything *can* dispose me still more), to stick to my invariable rule. But I think *you* ought to dine with your friend. And therefore I would propose that you do so, and come to us afterwards.

The conclusion at which I thus arrive, is subject to only one condition of change. If it would really and truly be of the least service to you in Coventry, that I should go to this gentleman's house, and dine with his company, *then* — I *will do it.* Otherwise not. Decide accordingly.

Do we go to Gad's Hill, at 5 minutes past 10 tomorrow morning?

In the matter of Mark Lemon, he has so completely and unreservedly sold his

soul to the —— Ingram,[†1] that I should say he is not to be got by any other speculator, even on hire for an afternoon.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 12 DECEMBER 1857

Text from N, II, 896.

Tavistock House,
Saturday Night, Twelfth December, 1857[†2]

My Dear Sir

Although there is a very droll (and an original) idea in the farce,[†3] I doubt if it would do on the stage.[†4] I don't think it ends as well as it opens, and I don't see enough for an actor to "make" in it. By far

the best part is Mr. Maresnest's,[†5] but you could not hold the stage with the piece unless Cranky were done by a good actor; and, as the piece stands, a good Farce-actor would not play the said Cranky, because the character is really not strong enough to win the presence and eye of an audience all that time. I am not giving you this opinion as a writer, but as an actor.

What the farce wants, for the stage, is the throwing of a great deal more into Cranky's hands through some addition to the plot which would place him in a more ludicrous position, by involving him in some new complication of his own respecting it. As, for instance, if he had some tremendous grudge against some common-place man of whom he only knew that his name began with a P — or if he had had a rival of the name of Podgers, before he married Mrs. Cranky — or if a defaulting Podgers had disappeared with Mrs. Cranky's marriage portion — or if the Bank of Dodgers and Dodgers had failed and damaged him — and the thing, whatever it might be, were set right at last by the appearance (to make restitution) of that Podgers, who really was born there, but should explain that it had not been his intention to be born there, but that his mother had been frightened by a Poet in the neighbourhood

of Bedlam, and had fled to that apartment (or relations) for refuge in a hackney carriage — then I think you might get Mr. Buckstone to the rescue. The solicitous gentlemen and ladies should then rush off to the neighbourhood of Bedlam in search of the immortal Podgers, and the mortal Podgers should throw the end of the piece into Mr. Cranky's mouth.[†1] With some ingenuity and invention in such a direction, I believe the Farce might succeed greatly. Otherwise, no.

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN BENNETT,[†2] 17 DECEMBER 1857*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Seventeenth December | 1857.

Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to enclose you a cheque (payable to Order) for £21.

The clock goes reasonably well, but always loses something.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr John Bennett.

To MISS MARY GIBSON,[†3] 17 DECEMBER 1857

Text from N, II, 896.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, W.C.
Seventeenth December 1857, Thursday

My Dear Madam,

I am bound to assure you that you are altogether mistaken in supposing that any "touch" of my pen, or any introduction from me, would do anything for your writings which they cannot do for themselves. It would be considered as a mere form, by any Editorial or publishing recipient of it, and would be quite unserviceable.

It is the plainest honesty to tell you this, because I know it to be the truth. If you should desire to offer anything to Household Words, I will promptly read it myself. There is always room there for good and suitable contributions, and it is always a pleasure to me to find them.[†1]

As to seeing you, I will do so with the greatest readiness. If you can call here tomorrow (Friday) morning at 11, you will find me at home. If that should be inconvenient, you will find me at home on Monday morning at the same hour.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JAMES HULKES,[†2] 17 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, London. W.C.
Thursday Seventeenth December | 1857

My Dear Sir

I should have answered your kind note yesterday but that I have been (for my sins) reading at Coventry, and am but now at home again.

I cannot have the pleasure of accepting either of your kind offers, as I shall be accompanied by the gentleman who acts as my Secretary and by another friend, if not by two others. But I am truly obliged to you for your welcome and neighbourly remembrance.

Mrs. Dickens is better, and unites with her sister and myself in compliments to Mrs. Hulkes.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Hulkes Esquire

To MRS MASON, [17 DECEMBER 1857]

Mention in Meridian Bookshop catalogue No. 48; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Mrs Mason; dated 17 Dec 57.

Concerning a girl on her way to the Home in Shepherd's Bush.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 17 DECEMBER 1857

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current*, IV, 1918-19; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 17 Dec 57.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT JNR,[†1] [?17 DECEMBER 1857]

Summary from Dinner Committee Minutes, Great Ormond St Children's Hospital, given in Jules Klosky, *Mutual Friends*, 1989, p. 188. *Date:* sent by Cartwright to the Committee on 18 Dec; no doubt written shortly before that.

Desiring to be excused from writing any note for issue in lithographed form.[†2]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 18 DECEMBER 1857

Extract in N, II, 897.

Tavistock House | Friday Eighteen December 1857

Dear Sirs,

The Solicitor wants, for the purpose of the agreement defining our copyrights, transcripts of the existing entries of Registrations of those copyrights of books by me in which you are interested.[†3] Will you cause them to be got, and send them straight to Frederic Ouvry Esquire, Messˢ. Farrer, Ouvry and Farrer, 66 Lincolns Inn Fields.[†4]

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 19 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Mr John J. Curran.

Tavistock House. W.C.
Saturday Nineteenth December 1857

Dear Mr. Hollingshead.

I wish you would put the Farce[†5] by, for a little while, and not try Buckstone now. I know his hands are full,[†6] and — though they were not — I am almost sure he would not accept it as it stands.

I very much doubt his approving of that Stomach-ache, and I doubt still more the Audience's approval of it.[†1] It seems to me to be by no means an improvement.

He would say to me, I believe, if I wrote him a note for you to send with the MS, "What do you say to the Piece? Honestly tell me that I ought to play it, against my apprehension that I can't make much of it

— and I will". Now, I could *not* honestly tell him so, and therefore I would rather not address him about it as it stands.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hollingshead Esquire

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 23 DECEMBER 1857

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Twenty Third December | 1857

My Dear Paxton.

I have just come back (2 P.M.) from reading at Rochester, and I wish you had been there. It was a tremendous success, and quite a wonderful demonstration.[†2]

With me at this door, by the best of coincidences, arrives your Hamper. A thousand thanks for it — not less for the seasonable spirit of hearty friendship in which I *know* you send it to me, than for its own jolly sake.

I am quite affected by the generosity of my friends at Coventry. But they shall not spoil me, if I can help it; and I will try to "go" as truly and staunchly as the Repeater itself.[†3]

All here unite with me in all good wishes, seasonable and unseasonable, to you and all your house. And I am always, with great regard,

My Dear Paxton | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

Sir Joseph Paxton.

P.S. You say "4 Hares and 4 Pheasants". But there are 8 of each, in the miraculous hamper!

To W. H. WILLS, 24 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House
Thursday Morning Twenty Fourth December | 1857

My Dear Wills

Perhaps you may know what the enclosed rigmarole[†1] means — *I* don't.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FRIENDS OF LADY BLESSINGTON, 24 DECEMBER 1857

MS (in unknown hand, except for "24th." in date, salutation, ending and signature) Widener Collection, Harvard.

Confidential

24th. December, 1857

Dear Sir

We have ascertained from Miss Power that a present of £200, would be of very great service to her at this time, and would be gratefully accepted by her, if it were the result of a private subscription among old and confidential visitors at Gore House. We have made a private list of twenty old friends of Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, who may make up the required sum among themselves by a contribution of Ten Pounds each.[†2]

Such private list contains your name. If you should desire to contribute your Ten Pounds, any one of us will be happy to receive your donation, and the names of the subscribers shall be forwarded to you in the close of the subscription.

Faithfully Yours

W. M. THACKERAY	36 Onslow Sqre. Brompton.
CHARLES DICKENS	Tavistock House
JOHN FORSTER	46 Montagu Square

To JOHN P. PARKER,[†3] 24 DECEMBER 1857

MS Private. *Address:* Mr. John P Parker | 4 Mercer Street | Long Acre | W.C.

Tavistock House. W.C. | Twenty Fourth December, 1857

Dear Sir

I have received your letter with very great pleasure and interest. Your story,[†4] too,

I think highly meritorious and commendable; and I am heartily proud and glad to receive your assurance that I hold a favored place in your good home.

We can agree to differ on the Total Abstinence question. I have my convictions on that subject, and they are not yours. But you cannot detest drunkenness more than I do, or hold in greater horror the evils that follow in its train. If the two words, Use and Abuse, have very different significations in my mind, so have the two words, Right and Wrong. And I know as well as all the Bands of Hope and anti-alcoholic leagues between this and the Moon, that drunken habits are tremendously wrong, and that nothing can make them out to be right.

I wish you and yours, a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year; and I rest faithfully your friend and well-wisher in all things.

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John P Parker.

To MRS BALL WILSON,[†1] 24 DECEMBER 1857*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Thursday Twenty Fourth December | 1857

My Dear Rebecca.

I send you the autographs, with all good wishes, seasonable and unseasonable.

Affectionately Yours

CD.

To [THE SECRETARY], CHATHAM & ROCHESTER MECHANICS INSTITUTE,[†2] 28 DECEMBER 1857

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House W.C. | Twenty Eighth December, 1857

Dear Sir

I am sorry you should have given another thought to so slight a matter as the carriage-hire of Tuesday night. Your note and its enclosure reached me safely this morning.[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To B. W. PROCTER, [28 DECEMBER 1857]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* B. W. Procter Esquire | 32 Weymouth Street | Portland Place | W. PM London 28 Dec 57.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 28 DECEMBER 1857*

MS University of Texas.

Tavistock House | Twenty Eighth December, 1857

My Dear Tracey.

On Friday I can dine with you at the Wellington[†1] with great pleasure, if it will suit you to dine as early as half past 5, as I shall have to leave you at a little after 8.

Ever Faithfully | (and now hastily)
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 28 DECEMBER 1857

Mention in C. F. Libbie catalogue, Dec 1895; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 28 Dec 57.

Referring to literary matters; mentioning Oliver Twist.[†2]

To FRANK STONE, 30 DECEMBER 1857

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Thirtieth[†3] December 1857

My Dear Stone

I find on enquiry, that the General Theatrical Fund *has* relieved non-members, in one or two instances; but that it is exceedingly unwilling to do so, and would certainly not do so again, saving on some very strong and exceptional case.[†4] As its Trustee,[†5] I could not represent to it that I think it ought to sail into those open waters, for I very much doubt the justice of such cruising, with a reference to the interests of the patient people who support it out of their small earnings.

Affecy. Ever
CD.

To THE REV. DR HENRY ALLON,[†1] [?1856-57]

Mention in *D*, July 1916, XII, 193. *Date: The New Congregational Hymn Book* (see below) was being prepared in 1856-7, according to *D*.

Referring Allon to Harriet Parr, authoress of the hymn, "Hear my prayer, O! Heavenly Father", in "The Wreck of the Golden Mary",[†2] *for her consent*[†3] *to publish it in* The New Congregational Hymn Book.

To JAMES DICKENS[†4] SENR, 1857

Extract in Charles De F. Burns catalogue (*c.* 1897), *MS* 1 p.; addressed James Dickens Senr; dated 1857.

I call you a thorough good Englishman.

To J. H. FRISWELL,[†5] [1857]

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 74 (1901); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 1857.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [1857]

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library. *Date:* handwriting suggests end of 1857.

Accept my cordial thanks for the elegant umbrella.[†6] It will be my frequent companion, and I shall take such care of it — for your sake[†7] — that I expect in due course of time to shew it you grown grey under my arm.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†1] [1857]

Extract in Goodspeed's Book Shop catalogue No. 540; dated 1857.

I give my free consent ... to the admission into this country of one copy of a Leipzig reprint of David Copperfield, and one copy of a Leipzig reprint of Pickwick Papers[†2] (I being the author of both books).[†3]

1858

January

To H. G. ADAMS, 4 JANUARY 1858

Text from the *South Eastern Gazette*, 12 Jan 58.

Tavistock House, | 4th January, 1858

[My][†4] Dear Sir,

I am very happy to receive the handsome acknowledgement of the committee of the Chatham and Rochester Mechanics Institute, and to assure them that they cannot have had more pleasure in accepting the little service I have been able to render them than I have had in giving it.[†5] I can never be indifferent to the prosperity of the institution, or otherwise disposed than to help it my any means in my power.

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

[H.][†6] G. Adams, Esq.

To THOMAS DUFFUS HARDY,[†7] 4 JANUARY 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House. W.C. | Fourth January 1858

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Hardy, and begs to say that he will have great pleasure in appending his name to any acknowledgement of the great service Mr. Panizzi has rendered to students who desire to profit by the Library of the British Museum.(2[[sic]]†8

To W. C. MACREADY, 6 JANUARY 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House, London W.C. | Sixth January 1858

My Dearest Macready.

First, let me reciprocate, you know with how much earnestness and heartiness of affection, all your seasonable good wishes.

Secondly, let me assure you that I perfectly understood your difficulty, and that I do not the less sympathize with it because I have previous experience of the fact that†1 magnates †aof that Board†a†2 are Red Tape made manifest in the flesh. But my dear fellow, for *me* to go to Lord Granville†3 and represent a case of Circumlocution, would be the strangest thing! Apart from its being opposed to the rule I enforced upon myself when I made that burst,†4 to wit that I would have nothing to do with the system or the men, it would put the whole Office into a condition of white-heat, in the noble ardor of its Barnacles, great and small, to prove that what *I* represent, is a thing by no manner of means and in no conceivable condition of circumstances, to be done.†5 Rely upon it, I should be the very worst delegate you could have — that I should flutter all the doves in the cot†6 — that they would erect themselves into very Ravens against me — and that I should "plainly by Lord Granville's looks perceive"†7 that it was all U.P. with your hopes.

Though I think as ill of such bodies and of most things that they do, as it is reasonably possible for man to think, I am not (on the other hand) at all clear but that a temperate representation from yourself might carry the point. I think it tolerably probable that it might. And I recommend you to address Lord Granville straight, upon it.

I quite agree with you in your opinion of the Poem,†8 but its subject places me in the difficulty that I do not see the opportunity for publishing it in Household Words, sooner than next Christmas. We are but now out of a forest of references to Christmas,†9 taking our course through the open country again. Now, shall I keep it so long? I am sensible that it looks like burying it, — and yet, I descry no other way.†10

To MISS CATHERINE MACREADY, 8 JANUARY 1858

Extract in Hodson's catalogue, May 1934; dated 8 Jan 58.

Referring to a poem of hers, and concluding With a whole Leviathan-freight of loves and remembrances.

To JOHN DEANE, 10 JANUARY 1858

Extract in N, III, 3 (from catalogue source); dated Tavistock House, 10 Jan 58.

Singularly characteristic and expressive, I think on the part of our Manchester proprietors![†1]

There you are, evidently. Printed at Manchester in fast colors, until the expiration of your term. And you may depend upon it that your iron slipper will not fall off, until the clock shall have struck the last stroke of the appointed hour.[†2]

What do you think of getting up a little Exhibition of the dry commercial spirit of all nations? And which nation, and which place in which nation, does your experienced commissionership hold likely to carry off the first medal?

To FRANK STONE, 10 JANUARY 1858*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Sunday Tenth January 1858

My Dear Stone

Why shouldn't such stuff be brought forward, do you ask?[†3] Because with all our brag, we are the most humbugged country that the Sun shines (or doesn't shine) on. I know on the best and most direct authority, that the Court influence was most unsparingly used against the Dead Havelock[†4] — that its influence is enormous,

because Prince Albert is the real Commander in chief,[†1] and the Duke of Cambridge his mask[†2] — and that Havelock was within a hair's breadth of not being appointed to his command in India by reason of the unblushing obstinacy with which the Court championed Airey[†3] — the man of all others who failed in the Crimea, and is in the highest degree responsible for the most frightful of its calamities![†4]

Macaulay comes home quite soon enough.[†5]

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 13 JANUARY 1858*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Wednesday Thirteenth January | 1857

My Dear Stone

He is such an Ass,[†6] that I really *can't* go. Say you sent me in the Card, and heard I was in the East Indies.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To W. M. THACKERAY, 14 JANUARY 1858*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth January 1858

My Dear Thackeray

Will you send me as soon as you can, whatsoever you have for Marguerite Power,[†1] "in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy"[†2] —

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 17 JANUARY 1858

Text from MDGH, II, 40.

Tavistock House, Sunday, Jan. 17th, 1858.

My dear Wilkie,

I am very sorry to receive so bad an account of the foot.[†3] But I hope it is all in the past tense now.

I met with an incident the other day, which I think is a good deal in your way, for introduction either into a long or short story. Dr. Sutherland[†4] and Dr. Monro[†5] went over St. Luke's with me (only last Friday), to show me some distinctly and remarkably developed types of insanity. Among other patients, we passed a deaf and dumb man, now afflicted with incurable madness too, of whom they said that it was only when his madness began to develop itself in strongly-marked mad actions, that it began to be suspected. "Though it had been there, no doubt, some time." This led me to consider, suspiciously, what employment he had been in, and so to ask the question. "Aye," says Dr. Sutherland, "that is the most remarkable thing of all, Mr. Dickens. He was employed in the transmission of electric-telegraph messages; and it is impossible to conceive what delirious despatches that man may have been sending about all over the world!"

Rejoiced to hear such good report of the play.[†6]

Ever Faithfully

[CD.]

To GEORGE ELIOT,[†1] 18 JANUARY 1858

MS British Library.

Tavistock House, London. W. C.
Monday Eighteenth January 1858

My Dear Sir

I have been so strongly affected by the two first tales in the book you have had the kindness to send me through Messrs. Blackwood,[†2] that I hope you will excuse my writing to you to express my admiration of their extraordinary merit. The exquisite truth and delicacy, both of the humour and the pathos of those stories, I have never seen the like of; and they have impressed me in a manner that I should find it very difficult to describe to you, if I had the impertinence to try.

In addressing these few words of thankfulness, to the creator of the sad fortunes of Mr. Amos Barton, and the sad love-story of Mr. Gilfil, I am (I presume) bound to adopt the name that it pleases that excellent writer to assume. I can suggest no better one; but I should have been strongly disposed, if I had been left to my own devices, to address the said writer as a woman. I have observed what seem to me to be such womanly touches, in those moving fictions, that the assurance on the title-page is insufficient to satisfy me, even now. If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself, mentally, so like a woman, since the world began.

You will not suppose that I have any vulgar wish to fathom your secret. I mention the point as one of great interest to me — not of mere curiosity. If it should ever suit your convenience and inclination, to shew me the face of the man or woman who has written so charmingly, it will be a very memorable occasion to me. If otherwise, I shall always hold that impalpable personage in loving attachment and respect, and shall yield myself up to all future utterances from the same source, with a perfect confidence in their making me wiser and better.

Your obliged and faithful Servant, | and admirer
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

George Eliot Esquire

To JOSEPH LANGFORD, 18 JANUARY 1858

MS Mrs Dorothy Hicks.

Tavistock House. W.C. | Eighteenth January 1858

My Dear Langford

Will you — by such roundabout ways and methods as may present themselves — convey this note of thanks to the author of Scenes of Clerical life: whose two first stories I can never say enough of, I think them so truly admirable. But, if those two Volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a Woman, — then should I begin to believe that I am a woman myself.

Faithfully Yours always

Joseph Langford Esquire.

To M. LITTIGNOL,[†1] 21 JANUARY 1858*

MS Mr John W. Bridge.

Tavistock House | Twenty First January 1858

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to M. Littignol, and begs to express his regret that his avocations do not leave him at leisure to accept the responsibility which that gentleman asks him to undertake. He begs to assure M. Littignol, that he is sensible of the confidence reposed in him.

To LADY DUFF GORDON, 23 JANUARY 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Lady Duff Gordon | Esher.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third January 1858.

My Dear Lady Gordon

Your letter charms me[†2] — and emboldens me to make a confession of weakness. Freely confiding it to you and my two other sympathizing correspondents,[†3] I hereby assure the blessed triumvirate that I affected myself so strongly by Gill Davis's misplaced love, as to be for days and days, really unable to approach the Proofs. As often as I tried to correct them, I turned them over, looked at the last page, and was so completely overcome, that I couldn't bear to dwell upon it.[†4] It was only when the

Steam Engine roared for the sheets, that I could find it in my heart to look at them with a pen in my hand dipped in any thing but tears!

The Second chapter[†1] was done, on the perusal of my first and third,[†2] by Wilkie Collins. We planned it out, and it seems to me a very notable and happy piece of execution.

I should have been very happy to have immediately acted on your suggestion concerning M. De Wailly,[†3] but that I have "conceded" (which is polite for sold), to a Publishing House in Paris, the right of translating any thing and everything I may write, if the said house choose to claim the right within twelve months of the original publishing in English.[†4]

What am I doing? Tearing myself — My usual occupation, at most times. Wild and misty ideas of a story are floating about somewhere (I don't know where), and I am looking after them. One of the most restless of men at all times, I am at such a crisis worse than ever. Nothing would satisfy me at this present writing, but the having to go up a tremendous mountain, magic spell in one hand and sword in the other, to find the girl of my heart (whom I never did find), surrounded by fifty Dragons — kill them all — and bear her off, triumphant.[†5] I might finish the story in the usual way, by settling down and living happy ever afterwards — Perhaps; I am not sure even of that.

Forget her? — I mean Mathilde, but my previous antecedent would do — have I ever forgotten her? Sits she not always on my left hand, at the supper-table of The Frozen Deep?[†6]

The two old pictures look very bright, and seem so quiet and composed when I sit in my chair and watch them for half an hour.

Dear Lady Gordon | Ever Yours | (and Their — viz: | Janet's[†7] and Mathilde's)
Faithful
CD.

To WILLIAM KELLY,[†1] 23 JANUARY 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House, London. W.C.
Twenty Third January 1858.

Sir.

The service you ask of me, is one I cannot possibly render you. So many similar letters are constantly addressed to me, that unless I invariably made a rule of reading no MSS for the purpose of giving abstract opinions on their merits, I could discharge no other avocation in life. I must limit myself to the expression of my regret that your verses are not suitable to Household Words — the only miscellaneous publication over which I have controul.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

William Kelly Esquire

To JOHN STEDMAN[†2] AND OTHERS, 25 JANUARY 1858

MS Mr J. C. Taylor. *Address:* John Stedman Esquire | Northfleet | Kent.

Tavistock House, London. W.C.
Twenty Fifth January 1858

Gentlemen.

I beg to express my regret that I cannot possibly comply with your request. You will the better understand my inability to do so, when I assure you that I receive similar requests incessantly, in numbers so incredible, that even to acknowledge their receipt however briefly, is often a serious encroachment on my occupied time and attention.

I am Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

John Stedman Esquire And Others

To LADY DUFF GORDON, [26 JANUARY 1858]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the same day.

To MARK LEMON, 26 JANUARY 1858

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House
Tuesday Morning. Twenty Sixth Jany. | 1858

My Dear Mark

I have been prevented from meeting you this morning, by an unusually violent rush of letters, imposing all sorts of other peoples' botherations on me.

Among them, came the enclosed from Lady Gordon. As you know her to be a literary woman of real ability, I send you her note and the pamphlet to which it refers. In telling her I have done so, I have added that my impression of the case is the same as my friend Mr Punch's,[†1] but that I will read the Pamphlet (which she sends me in duplicate), with judicial care and attention.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 26 JANUARY 1858*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Twenty Sixth January 1858

My Dear Stone.

Your one third share of Ansell's charge for Front Court and Front Enclosure, from Midsummer last to the time of the engagement of the new man (in all, £8.11.6), is £2.17.2. I have settled with Ansell, and this latter sum is what you have to pay me.[†2]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 JANUARY 1858]

Extracts in F, IX, ii, 729 and VIII, iii, 651. *Date:* First extract 27 Jan, according to Forster; second extract from same letter: see *ibid.*, p. 729.

Growing inclinations of a fitful and undefined sort are upon me sometimes to fall to work on a new book.[†3] Then I think I had better not worry my worried mind yet awhile. Then I think it would be of no use if I did, for I couldn't settle to one occupation. — And that's all!

You will hardly know Gadshill again, I am improving it so much[†4] — yet I have no interest in the place.[†5]

To W. S. LANDOR, 28 JANUARY [1858]

Mention in Pickering & Chatto, *The Book Lovers Leaflet*, No. 13 (Feb 1888); *MS* 4 pp.; addressed W. S. Landor; dated 28 Jan [58] (see below).[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30 JANUARY 1858]

Extract in F, IX ii, 729. *Date:* Three days after letter of 27 Jan, according to Forster.

If I can discipline my thoughts into the channel of a story, I have made up my mind to get to work on one: always supposing that I find myself, on the trial, able to do well. Nothing whatever will do me the least "good" in the way of shaking the one strong passion of change[†2] impending over us that every day makes stronger; but if I could work on with some approach to steadiness, through the summer, the anxious toil of a new book would have its neck well broken before beginning to publish, next October or November.[†3] Sometimes, I think I may continue to work; sometimes I think not. What do you say to the title, ONE OF THESE DAYS?[†4]

To J. WESTLAND MARSTON,[†5] 31 JANUARY 1858*

MS Library of Congress.

Tavistock House | Sunday Thirty First January | 1858.

My Dear Marston

I am unfortunately engaged to dine out tomorrow, as a preliminary to supporting a philosopher[†6] in a ballot where the "bishops, priests, and deacons"[†7] are expected to be arrayed against him.[†8]

But I will come to see the piece[†9] on its second night, and I need not tell you that I shall come with interest and pleasure. For this use, I retain the card for which I am indebted to your welcome remembrance and Mr. Dillon's politeness.

I will give you the ten minutes — and as many more as you like — most readily. Will you say next Friday at any time between 10 and 1? If that day should not suit you, say next Saturday between the same hours.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Westland Marston Esquire.

February

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly. W.

Tavistock House | Second February 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am inexpressibly vexed to find that Mrs. Dickens, in my absence[†1] and without my knowledge, wrote to you yesterday about her brother.[†2] I had not told her of the contents of your last kind note to me, concerning him. That is her only excuse;[†3] and I hope you will forgive her more freely and more readily than *I* do.

Ever Faithfully and affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [?T. R. EELES],[†4] 2 FEBRUARY 1858

Mention in Pickering & Chatto, *The Book Lovers Leaflet*, No. 13 (Feb 1888); dated Tavistock House, 2 Feb 58.

Relating to the binding of an original MS.[†5]

To W. M. THACKERAY, 2 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Second February 1858

My Dear Thackeray

The wisdom of Parliament, in that expensive Act of its greatness which constistutes the Guild, prohibits that corporation *from doing any thing* until it shall have existed in a perfectly useless condition for Seven Years. This clause (introduced by some Private-Bill magnate of official might) seemed so ridiculous, that nobody could believe it to have this meaning; but as I felt clear about it when we were on the

very verge of granting an excellent literary annuity, I referred the point to Counsel, and my construction was confirmed without a doubt.[†1]

It is therefore needless to enquire whether an association in the nature of a Provident Society could address itself to such a case as you confide to me. The prohibition has still two or three years of life in it.

But, assuming the gentleman's[†2] title to be considered an "Author", as established, there is no question that it comes within the scope of the Literary Fund. They would habitually "lend" money if they did what I consider to be their duty. As it is, they only give money, but they give it in such instances.

(I have forwarded the envelope to the Society of Arts,[†3] with a request that they will present it to Prince Albert: approaching H. R. H. in the Siamese manner.)[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To EDMUND YATES, 2 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Second February 1858

My Dear Yates

Your quotation is — as I supposed — all wrong. The text is NOT[†5] "which his owls was organs."[†6] When Mr. Harris went into "a empty dog-kennel", to spare his sensitive nature the anguish of overhearing Mrs Harris's exclamations on the occasion of the birth of her first child (the Princess Royal of the Harris family), "he never took his hands away from his ears, or came out once, till he was shewed the baby." On encountering that spectacle he was (being of a weakly constitution), "took with fits." For this distressing complaint he was medically treated; the doctor "collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones" — please to observe what follows — "*and she was told, to ease her mind, his owls was organs.*"

That is to say: Mrs. Harris, lying exhausted on her bed, in the first sweet relief of freedom from pain, merely covered with the counterpane and not yet "put comfortable", hears a noise, apparently proceeding from the backyard, and says, in a flushed and hysterical manner, "what owls are those! Who is a owling! Not my ugebond!" Upon which, the Doctor, looking round on one of the bottom posts of the bed, and taking Mrs. Harris's pulse in a re-assuring manner, says, with admirable presence of mind, "Howls my dear Madame? No, no, no. What are we thinking of. Howls, my dear Mrs. Harris? Ha ha ha! Organs Ma am, organs. Organs in the streets Mrs. Harris. No howls" —

Ever Faithfully CD.

To J. WESTLAND MARSTON, 3 FEBRUARY 1858

Text from MDGH, II, 43.

Tavistock House, Wednesday, Feb. 3rd, 1858.

My dear Marston,

I most heartily and honestly congratulate you on your charming little piece. It moved me more than I could easily tell you, if I were to try. Except "La Joie fait Peur," I have seen nothing nearly so good, and there is a subtlety in the comfortable presentation of the child who is to become a devoted woman for Reuben's sake,[†1] which goes a long way beyond Madame de Girardin. I am at a loss to let you know how much I admired it last night, or how heartily I cried over it. A touching idea, most delicately conceived and wrought out by a true artist and poet, in a spirit of noble, manly generosity, that no one should be able to study without great emotion.[†2]

It is extremely well acted by all concerned; but Mr. Dillon's performance is really admirable, and deserving of the highest commendation.[†3] It is good in these days to see an actor taking such pains, and expressing such natural and vigorous sentiment. There is only one thing I should have liked him to change. I am much mistaken if any man — least of all any such man — would crush a letter written by the hand of the woman he loved.[†4] Hold it to his heart unconsciously and look about for it the while, he might; or he might do any other thing with it that expressed a habit of tenderness and affection in association with the idea of her; but he would never crush it under any circumstances. He would as soon crush her heart.

You will see how closely I went with him, by my minding so slight an incident in so fine a performance. There is no one who could approach him in it; and I am bound to add that he surprised me as much as he pleased me.

I think it might be worth while to try the people at the Français[†5] with the piece. They are very good in one-act plays; such plays take well there, and this seems to me well suited to them. If you would like Samson[†6] or Regnier to read the play (in English), I know them well, and would be very glad indeed to tell them that I sent it with your sanction because I had been so much struck by it.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 3 FEBRUARY 1858

Mention in American Art Association and Anderson catalogue, Jan 1939; dated Tavistock House, 3 Feb 58.

Thanking his correspondent for a song he has sent him.

To JOHN FORSTER, 3 FEBRUARY 1858

Text from MDGH, II, 42-3.

Tavistock House, | Wednesday Night, Feb. 3rd, 1858.

My dear Forster,

I beg to report two phenomena:

1. An excellent little play in one act, by Marston, at the Lyceum; title, "A Hard Struggle;" as good as "La Joie fait Peur,"[†1] though not at all like it.

2. Capital acting in the same play, by Mr. Dillon. Real good acting, in imitation of nobody, and honestly made out by himself!!

I went (at Marston's request) last night, and cried till I sobbed again. I have not seen a word about it from Oxenford.[†2] But it is as wholesome and manly a thing altogether as I have seen for many a day. (I would have given a hundred pounds to have played Mr. Dillon's part).[†3]

Love to Mrs. Forster.

Ever affectionately

[CD.]

To CAVENDISH SPENCER BOYLE, 5 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Roger W. Barrett.

Tavistock House | Friday Fifth February 1858.

My Dear Boyle.

Many thanks. I am happy to find that Flora is going to dash into commerce, to distract her own mind and everybody else's at the same time. I heard from Pan, a few weeks since.[†4] I also had a charming letter, on New Year's Day, from your sister Mary. Which I have not yet answered — which would be like a Beast, if it were not more like a man who can seldom write any letters that he likes to write, by reason of his writing fifty a day that he doesn't like to write. Love from all out of prison to all

in prison.[†1] (I find that sentence to have an apostolic appearance).[†2] I thought of you when I saw Lord Spencer's[†3] death[†4] in the papers, but I hope the son will follow [*you*][†5] in the father's footsteps.[†6] My second boy is attached to the 42nd. Highlanders, and in the thick of the Indian tussle.[†7] And so no more at present from

Yours Ever

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 5 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Morgan Library.

My Dear Wilkie

Will you come and dine with me at Wates's at Gravesend, next Sunday — my Birthday? Only Forster, besides. We will go from London Bridge Station by the Train which leaves at 3.

I have to report two phenomena[†8] at the Lyceum.

1. A very pretty original piece in one Act by Marston. As good as La joie fait peur, and not at all like it.

2. Excellent acting in it by Mr. Dillon. Imitated from no one — honestly and vigorously made out for himself.

!

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To J. W. KNIGHT,[†9] 5 FEBRUARY 1858*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Tavistock House, | Fifth February 1858.

Sir,

I would most willingly receive the Deputation from the Master Boot and Shoe Makers' Benevolent Institution,[†10] if I could possibly accede to the request they contemplate doing me the honor to proffer to me. But as I can make no new public engagements of that nature for the present season, and as I consequently know that

their coming to me would be a waste of their time, I deem it right to inform you at once that I cannot have the satisfaction of presiding at the proposed dinner.

I am Sir, | Your faithful Servant,

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr John W. Knight.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 6 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House | Saturday Sixth February 1858

My Dear Wilkie

Thinking it may one day be interesting to you — say, when you are weak in both feet, and when I and Doncaster are quiet and the great race is over[†1] — to possess this little memorial of our joint Christmas Work, I have had it put together for you, and now send it on its coming home from the binder.

Faithfully Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Wilkie Collins Esquire.

To SIR CHARLES LOCOCK,[†2] 10 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Sir Charles Locock | Hertford Street | May Fair | W.

Tavistock House | Tenth February 1858

My Dear Sir Charles

The undersigned Charmer was extremely sorry to lose you last night.[†3] He handed your generous donation to the Secretary, by whom it was duly announced. You will be glad to hear that the Dinner was very successful, and that the subscriptions amounted to the — as far as I know — unprecedented sum of £3,000.[†4]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Charles Locock.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 10 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Dickens House.

Tavistock House, W.C. | Wednesday Tenth February 1858.[†1]

My Dear Webster

I am sorry to reply to your note, that I already stand pledged to an engagement for Ash-wednesday,[†2] which leaves me no property in myself for that day.

(I wonder, by the bye, how many Orreries[†3] you have in the vaults at the Adelphi — about 20, I suppose.)

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eleventh February | 1858.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I was out of town yesterday and did not receive your note until I came home at night. This morning I have been down to the Athenaeum and have had the pleasure of attaching my name to Mr. Grasett's balloting paper.[†4] He may depend upon my going down on Monday night too, and voting for him.[†5]

I think this poor girl's letter,[†6] a very pathetic and genuine one. It says what we must all think (I mean all we who have any part under you in administering it) of the Home; and says it with great feeling and simplicity.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours faithfully and affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

I wish you had been at the first dinner of the Hospital for Sick Children, last Tuesday. I really thought that the Chairman warmed with the subject and turned it well! — [†7]

To J. WESTLAND MARSTON, 11 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eleventh February | 1858.

My Dear Marston

I have sent off the Proof[†1] to Regnier; and have told him what I think of the play and of its acting capacities, just as I have already told my opinion to you.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANÇOIS RÉGNIER, 11 FEBRUARY 1858†

MS Comédie Français.

Tavistock House, London. W.C.
Thursday Eleventh February 1858

My Dear Regnier.

I want you to read the enclosed little play. You will see that it is in one Act — about the length of La joie fait peur. It is now acting at the Lyceum Theatre here, with very great success. The author is Mr. Westland Marston; a dramatic writer of some reputation, who wrote a very well known tragedy called "The Patrician's Daughter", in which Macready and Miss Faucit[†2] acted (under Macready's management at Drury Lane), some years ago.[†3]

This little piece is so very powerful on the stage, its interest is so simple and natural, and the part of Reuben is such a very fine one, that I cannot help thinking you might make un grand coup with it, if, with your skilful hand, you arranged it for the Français. I have communicated this idea of mine to the author, et la dessus je vous ecris. I am anxious to know your opinion, and shall expect with much interest to receive a little letter from you at your convenience.

Mrs. Dickens, Miss Hogarth, and all the house, send a thousand kind loves and regard to Madame Regnier and the dear little boys.[†4] You will bring them all to London when you come, with all the force of the Français — will you not?

Ever My Dear Regnier | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARK LEMON, 12 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House W.C. | Twelfth February 1858

My Dear Mark

Many hearty thanks for your remembrance of my Birthday.

Affectionately Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire

To J. WESTLAND MARSTON, 16 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Library of Congress. *Address:* Westland Marston Esquire | 1 Camden Park Villas | N.W.

Tavistock House W.C. | Sixteenth February 1858

My Dear Marston

I have received the enclosed from Regnier, this morning. Consider it at your leisure, and tell me what reply I shall send him.[†1]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Westland Marston Esquire

To H. A. BATHURST,[†2] 17 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Hospital for Sick Children.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Evening | Seventeenth February 1858

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to assure the Committee, through you, of the gratification I derive from their generous recognition of my most willingly rendered services.[†3] It will give me great pleasure to become one of the Honorary Governors of the Hospital.

In the matter of my public reading for its benefit, I will presently consult the friend who was Honorary Secretary to the Jerrold Remembrance Fund[†4] (for which I read in London last year), and who has a better practical experience of the management of such things than perhaps any one in London. When I shall have taken counsel with him as to time, place, and prices, I will communicate with you again.[†5]

You will of course understand in the meanwhile, that I only desire to redeem my pledge in the most advantageous and most profitable manner.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. A. Bathurst Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | W.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Evening Seventeenth Feby. | 1858.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I attended the Committee to day, and thoroughly agreed with Mr. Dyer in the precautionary measure he proposed as to the admission of cases. It is quite understood among us that it shall be always adopted henceforth.

As you had expressed a wish that we would not call in the newer girls to day, we saw but four or five of the Inmates. The two who are going into service, expressed their gratitude with much propriety and modesty, and steered quite clear of Desdemona's fault of protesting too much.[†1]

I send you a letter addressed to Mr. Charles Knight, and another from him to me. They relate to the De Foe family,[†2] and explain themselves.

With love to Mrs. Brown

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours faithfully and affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY HARDING,[†3] 19 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Mr A. G. Schaw Miller. *Address:* Lady Harding | 30 St. James's Place | S.W.

Tavistock House. W.C. | Nineteenth February 1858

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Lady Harding, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of Lady Harding's interesting note and printed enclosure.[†4]

To FRANÇOIS RÉGNIER, 20 FEBRUARY 1858†

MS Comédie Français.

Tavistock House, London.
Saturday Twentieth February | 1858.

My Dear Regnier.

First, let me tell you how extremely sorry we all are to hear of Madame Regnier's illness, and with how much true sympathy and concern we have spoken of it. We

hope, from the latter part of your account, that she is gradually recovering and will soon be very much better. Pray assure her that we all send her our love and most cordial good wishes, and that none of her friends can be more interested in her, or solicitous for her, than we are.

Next, let me thank you with all my heart, for your most patient and kind letter. I made its contents known to Mr. Marston, and I enclose you his reply.[†1] You will see that he cheerfully leaves the matter in your hands, and abides by your opinion and discretion.

You need not return his letter, my friend.

There is great excitement here this morning, in consequence of the failure of the Ministry last night, to carry the Bill they brought in, to please your Emperor and his troops.[†2] I, for one, am extremely glad of their defeat.[†3]

"Le vieux Poole"[†4] I have no doubt will go staggering down the Rue de la Paix today, with his stick in his hand and his hat on one side, predicating the Downfall of everything, in consequence of this event. His hand-writing shakes more and more every quarter, and I think he mixes a great deal of Cognac with his ink. He always gives me some astonishing piece of news (which is never true), or some sagacious public prophecy (which is never verified). And he always tells me he is dying (which he never is).[†5]

Adieu my dear Regnier. Accept a thousand thanks from me, and believe me, now and always,
Your affectionate and faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. A. BATHURST, 21 FEBRUARY 1858

Facsimile in *Fac-Simile Reporting Notes*, I, 11, Jan 88.

Tavistock House | Monday Twenty First February 1858

My Dear Sir

I send you the speech, with a few slight corrections. It is extremely well done, and with great fidelity.[†6] If you should have an opportunity of making my approval of it, known to the gentleman who took it down, I would beg you to do so.

Tomorrow or next day, I do not doubt to be able to write to you in detail, on the subject of the reading.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. A. Bathurst Esquire.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 FEBRUARY 1858

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 22 Feb 58; addressed Charles Knight.

Writing on behalf of Miss Coutts, who is engaged with a sick sister,[†1] *he remits £10 from her for* the De Foe survivors *and thanks Knight for his interest. He will not forget the 15th March.*[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, 22 FEBRUARY 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Tavistock House
Monday Night Twenty Second February 1858

My Dear Wills.

Letter No. 1, enclosed, is the Stereoscope people's[†3] favor that I spoke to you of this morning. Will you kindly write them an obliging reply, to the effect we mentioned?

Letter No. 2, is the usual thing. I know no more about it.

Collins wishes to read his new play[†4] to me, next Thursday. I mean to propose to him that you be of the party, and I have no doubt the idea will give him much pleasure. If all things else should be "in a concatenation accordingly",[†5] what do you say to our dining at Gad's Hill (under John's[†6] convoy), reading there after dinner, sleeping there, and coming up next morning? I have broached this notion to our respected contributor.

I will be in Wellington Street on Wednesday in good time, and we can arrange details then.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To H. A. BATHURST, [?22-25 FEBRUARY 1858]

Summary in Minute Book, Committee of Management, Great Ormond St Hospital for Sick Children. *Date:* between 22 Feb (see *To* Bathurst, 21 Feb) and 26 Feb, when letter read out to Committee.

Proposing to fulfil his promise to read for the benefit of the Hospital on Thurs 15 Apr, at St Martin's Hall, and recommending that the arrangements be superintended by Mr. [*Arthur*][†7] *Smith.*

To JOHN DELANE, 25 FEBRUARY 1858

MS *The Times* Newspapers Ltd.

Tavistock House, W.C.
Thursday Twenty Fifth February 1858

My Dear Delane[†1]

Miss Coutts (no doubt with a kind object) has asked me to try to find out for her, who wrote the one more unfortunate letter in the Times of yesterday.[†2] Of course she proceeds on the assumption that it is really written, or prompted, by such a person as it purports to originate with.[†3]

Do you feel yourself at liberty to enlighten me on the point, with the view of doing good to some one?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Delane Esquire

To [MISS BURDETT COUTTS], 26 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Father Daniel M. Venglarik.

Tavistock House | Friday Twenty Sixth February 1858.

My Dear [Miss Coutts][†4]

I wrote (privately) to the active Editor of the Times, asking him if he could give me the name of that writer, to communicate to you. I send you his reply.[†5]

Ever Faithfully and affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Twenty Seventh Feby. 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts

I will come to you at about half past 3 to day. In case that time should not suit you and you should have had occasion to go out, will you leave a note for me, appointing your own hour on Monday.

Ever Faithfully and affecy.

CD.

To JOHN DELANE, 28 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS *The Times* Newspapers Ltd.

Tavistock House | Sunday, Twenty Eighth February | 1858.

My Dear Delane.

It seems that when Miss Coutts spoke to me about that "One more unfortunate" letter, it had just attracted her notice and she had not read it through. It further appears that she is immensely staggered and disconcerted by the latter part of it (so very difficult of presentation to, and comprehension by, a woman), and is even troubled by its being seen by the people in her household.[†1] Therefore I think the writer had best remain unknown to her.

Many thanks for your kind note. I was at Gad's Hill on Thursday and the greater part of Friday, and saw Miss Coutts again only yesterday afternoon.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I think the attitude of that miserable man Orsini, on his trial, as sad a picture, almost, as this world has to shew at the present time.[†2] "Sir", said a noble gentleman

to me when I was last in Italy: "in this country of mine, the greatest social misery is to have a son."

March

To STEPHEN MASSETT,[†1] 1 MARCH 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House. W.C. | Monday First March 1858.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Massett, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Massett's obliging note. His absence from town for a day or two, has delayed his reply.

He begs to add, that Mr. Massett is at perfect liberty to read, at any of the proposed entertainments, the passage from Bleak House descriptive of Jo's death.[†2] He merely begs the favor (to save himself from an interminable correspondence with English readers and lecturers), that Mr. Massett will make no special mention of him in the Programmes.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 2 MARCH 1858

Text from N, III, 9-10.

Tavistock House, Londres | Mardi, 2 mars, 1858

Cher Monsieur,

J'ai reçu votre si intéressante et si généreuse lettre avec les plus vives émotions de la sympathie et de l'admiration vers M. de Lamartine, cet homme illustre qui a ennobli à la fois la littérature imaginative et l'histoire politique et sociale du siècle qu'il adorne.

J'ai soigneusement considéré la question sur laquelle vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me consulter; et je suis bien fâché de vous répondre que j'ai grand peur que votre projet ne réussirait pas.[†3] Quand j'étais à Paris il y a deux ans, je causai avec M. de Lamartine au sujet de la dernière grande édition de ses Œuvres en quatorze tomes.[†4] Il me dit, et je n'ai pu cacher mon étonnement, qu'il n'avait que trois souscripteurs, ou abonnements à cette entreprise, en Angleterre! Je moi-même en avait l'honneur d'être un; et je me souviens que cette édition était annoncée en avance, pas seulement à tous nos hommes de lettres, mais à presque tout le monde enseigné, chez nous.

Croyez moi, cher Monsieur, je serais vraiment enchanté d'avoir la grande distinction et la grande félicité de rendre aucun service, quelque petit qu'il soit, à M. de Lamartine qui j'aime et qui j'honore. Mais il faut considérer, d'abord et surtout, M. de Lamartine lui-même; et je vous avoue que je ne voulais pas l'exposer aux chances de notre manquer notre coup. . . .[†1]

Agréez cher monsieur l'assurance de ma consideration la plus distinguée et de mes sentiments les plus sincères de l'amitié et de l'estime.

Votre fidèle
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 MARCH 1858†

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Fourth March 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts

Most unfortunately, — I am engaged to dinner to day, to hear Wilkie Collins read a new play[†2] (in the construction of which I have held no end of Councils with him), which he designs for Mr. Robson. I fear I shall not be able to get away in time for the Face.[†3] Cannot the Face be reproduced? Whose face is it? What is the hope or danger of the face? I am distracted by doubts and speculations, and must come and ask tomorrow.

Ever Faithfully and affecy.

CD.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,[†4] 4 MARCH 1858*

MS New York University Library.

Tavistock House W.C. | Thursday Fourth March 1858

My Dear Harness.

It is always such a great pleasure to me to have a talk with you, that you may be sure nothing vanquishable in the way of difficulty would prevent my accepting your kind invitation. Most unfortunately however, the fifteenth is Charles Knight's birthday, and on that anniversary we always dine with him.[†5] It is a strange thing that he could not have been born on any other day, when there was a choice of three hundred and sixty five; but as he was not consulted, and as his mother has long been

dead, I have not even the consolation of blaming any one for this act of perverseness.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. William Harness.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 8 MARCH 1858

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Eighth March 1858.

My Dear Mr. Bentley

Pray do not ask me to see that lady. Believe me, it would only distress and disappoint her. In the present state of the stage, I have no earthly power of helping her, and I wish to spare myself and her the pain of a more detailed assurance to that effect. I do not return this answer to your note, on any vague and indistinct grounds. My experience of such cases has been a large one, and I believe that nothing would now induce me to mediate with a Manager on behalf of any new lady-aspirant whomsoever. Apart from this, if I had any really serviceable influence in such wise, there are claims upon it which would go before all others and exclude all others.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire.

To MARK LEMON, 8 MARCH 1858

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Tavistock House | Monday Night | Eighth March 1858

My Dear Mark

I trust you are better? You were sadly missed, yesterday and the night before.

Enclosed No. of popular periodical has been shewn to me. If the article I have marked be not yet paid for, please pay *me* for it — I wrote it, and it is taken from Master Humphrey's Clock.[†1]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To B. W. PROCTER, 8 MARCH 1858

Text from N, III, 10.

Tavistock House | Monday Eighth March 1858

My dear Procter,

I am afraid my facetious account of my restless energies may have given you a wrong impression of my "case." I habitually keep myself in the condition of a fighting

man in training — And as to sponging, scrubbing, brushing and all manner of such arts, I am the latest addition to the wonders of the world.

Ever affectionately

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS TROUGHTON,[†1] 8 MARCH 1858

Text from Minute Book of Gravesend and Milton Library and Reading Room.

Tavistock House London | Monday Eighth March 1858

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Mayor of Gravesend and regrets his inability to comply with the request which the Mayor has done him the honor to forward.[†2] His inability will be the better understood perhaps when he assures the Mayor of Gravesend that he declines such applications by hundreds and that it is sometimes quite impossible for him even to acknowledge their receipt however briefly.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 11 MARCH 1858

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Tavistock House | Thursday Eleventh March 1858

My Dear Brooks.

Many thanks for your note. Forster had seen the article.[†3] It *was* Moran[†4] who did that disgraceful deed; and I shall take an opportunity of mentioning that interesting circumstance to O'Dowd.[†5]

We had a great scene with the Committee yesterday.[†6] They did a frightfully injudicious thing on a sudden, in rejecting a motion made by a very moderate outsider[†7] for a Sub Committee of Enquiry into the expences.[†8] I could have desired or expected nothing half so good. The outsider stood aghast with amazement (for they

had been professing all manner of desires to co-operate with those distinguished &c. whose general objections &c.),[†1] and came over to me afterwards and said that now he thought they *had* done for themselves and made out the Reform case.[†2]

Ah! You should see the virtuous grey hairs of Bentley,[†3] in the foreground of a group of two score parson-schoolmasters, he voting on their conservative side, and going direct to Heaven in their company. It's like the apotheosis of an evangelical (and drunken) butler.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, [11 MARCH 1858]

Mention in Hollingshead, *My Lifetime,* 1895, I, 114. *Date:* after first night of *The Birthplace of Podgers,* 10 Mar 58.

Congratulations on the success[†4] *of Hollingshead and Toole.*

To DESMOND FITZGERALD,[†5] 15 MARCH 1858

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1980; *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Desmond FitzGerald; dated Tavistock House, 15 Mar 58.

Saying that he should be happy to accept FitzGerald's verses, entitled 'Poetry and Philosophy'[†6] *if he would* make the last stanza but one plainer to my comprehension. I cannot make out that crown of bay which Science gives as incense to its God.[†7]

The Lone Heart's Recollections are not suited to the magazine.

The Ghost Story is an extremely old one. It is usually told of a gentleman who went down into one of the Vaults in Westminster Abbey on a similar expedition. It is very well told in your little paper, but its antiquity is a fatal objection.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 MARCH 1858]

Extract in F, IX, ii, 729. *Date:* "six weeks" after 27 Jan, according to Forster.

What do you think of this name for my story — *Buried Alive*? Does it seem too grim? Or, *The Thread of Gold*?[†1] Or, *The Doctor of Beauvais*?

To W. C. MACREADY, 15 MARCH 1858†

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House. W.C. | Fifteenth March 1858.

My Dearest Macready

I have safely received your cheque this morning, and will hand it over forthwith to the Honorary Secretary of the Hospital. I hope you have read the little speech, in the Hospital's publication of it.[†2] They had it taken by their own Short Hand Writer, and it is done verbatim.

You may be sure that it is a good and kind Charity. It is amazing to me that it is not at this day ten times as large and rich as it is.[†3] But I hope and trust that I have happily been able to give it a good thrust onward into a great course.

We all send our most affectionate love to all the house. I am devising all sorts of things in my mind, and am in a state of energetic restlessness incomprehensible by the calm philosophers of Dorsetshire. What a Dream it is, this work and strife, and how little we do in the Dream after all! Only last night, in my sleep, I was bent upon getting over a perspective of barriers, with my hands and feet bound. Pretty much what we are all about, waking, I think?

But, Lord! (as I said before) you smile — pityingly: not bitterly — at this hubbub, and moralize upon it, in the calm evenings when there is no School at Sherborne.[†4]

And *you*[†5] are not asked (and what is more, are not obliged to go) to hear MARSTON[†6] read a very bad play,[†7] at the Beethoven Rooms in Harley Street on a

Saturday Night:[†1] to the intent that you may give your honest opinion on the probabilities of his coining money by reading in public. *You*[†2] don't sit in an arm-chair of judgment, in the full glare of the operator's eye; and *you*,[†2] in the hour of that Forcible-Feeble[†3] triumph, don't feel yourself (with a start of shame and horror) falling asleep, and don't alternate that condition with a state of such appalling sense of the ludicrousness of the situation, that grins carve themselves into your face — tattoo themselves all over your countenance — when you ought to be in floods of tears.

Yet this was *my*[†2] condition, only the night before last. And I declare to you that, bringing Wilkie Collins home to refresh himself with a Cigar, I fell into my chair with such a sudden relief from the oppression of bottling off a cask of absurdity through three long hours, that I laughed myself into hysterics.

Ever affectionately and truly

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM TELBIN, 15 MARCH 1858

MS Mrs J. A. Martin.

Tavistock House. W.C. | Monday Fifteenth March 1858

My Dear Telbin

I should have been extremely glad and ready to have sat to any one in whom you have an interest, but that I am under positive refusals and conditional promises, which altogether exclude my visage from Photography! It is a melancholy fact, but I don't see the remotest chance of my interesting countenance being ever photographed, of my own knowledge and consent, again.[†4] If I were to begin, I could never leave off.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

William Telbin Esquire

To F. M. EVANS, 16 MARCH 1858

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday March Sixteenth 1858

My Dear Evans.

I want you to consider this letter as being strictly private and confidential between you and me. I am anxious to have your soundest opinion on the point it refers to you, and I shall give it great weight — though I do not, of course, pledge myself to be bound by it.

The Reading idea that I had, some time ago, sticks to me. Let me read where I

will, an effect is produced which seems to belong to nothing else; and the number of people who want to come, cannot by any means be got in. I have in my mind this project: —

After reading in London on the 15th. of next month for the Benefit of the childrens' Hospital, to announce by advertisement (what is quite true), that I cannot answer the applications that are made to me, so numerous are they, and that compliance with ever so few of them is in any reason impossible.[†1] That therefore I have resolved upon a course of Readings[†2] both in town and country,[†3] and that those in London will take place at St. Martins Hall on certain evenings — four or six Thursdays — through May, and just into June.

Then, in August, September, and October, in the Eastern Counties, the West of England, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland, I should read from 35 to 40 times. At each place where there was a great success, I should myself announce that I should come back, on the turn of Christmas, to read a new Christmas Story written for the purpose (and which I should first read in London). Unless I am gigantically mistaken, — by March or April *a very large sum of money* would be cleared — and Ireland would be still

untouched; not to speak of America, where I believe I could make (if I could resolve to go there) ten thousand pounds.

Now, the question I want your opinion on, is this: — Assuming these hopes to be well-grounded, would such an use of the personal (I may almost say affectionate) relations which subsist between me and the public, and make my standing with them very peculiar, at all affect my position with them as a writer? Would it be likely to have any influence on my next book? If it had any influence at all, would it be likely to be of a weakening or a strengthening kind?†4

(It is not to the purpose of this point, to remark that I should confide the whole of the Business arrangements to Arthur Smith. I merely mention it, that you may have the whole case).

Ever Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

To T. W. BEALE, [19 MARCH 1858]

Mention in *To* Forster, 20 Mar 58. *Date:* the day before that letter.

Agreeing to see Beale the next day.

To T. R. EELES, 20 MARCH 1858

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

Saturday Twentieth March 1858

Dear Mr. Eeles.

Will you be so good as to bind me for my readings:

The Chimes

and

The Haunted Man†1

Each separately, and both like the Cricket†2 — which I send with this, as a specimen. You will want two copies of each book, for which I send you an order on the other side.

Faithfully Yours

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [19-20 MARCH 1858]

Extracts in F, VIII, ii, 645-6 and VIII, ii, 642*n*. *Date:* first extract "nearly a month" before 15 Apr; second extract 20 Mar, according to Forster.

Your view of the reading matter I still think is unconsciously taken from your own particular point.[†3] You don't seem to me to get out of yourself in considering it. A word more upon it. You are not to think I have made up my mind. If I had, why should I not say so? I find very great difficulty in doing so because of what you urge, because I know the question to be a balance of doubts, and because I most honestly feel in my innermost heart, in this matter (as in all others for years and years), the honour of the calling by which I have always stood most conscientiously. But do you quite consider that the public exhibition of oneself takes place equally, whosoever may get the money? And have you any idea that at this moment — this very time — half the public at least supposes me to be paid? My dear F, out of the twenty or five-and-twenty letters a week that I get about Readings, twenty will ask at what price, or on what terms, it can be done. The only exceptions, in truth, are when the correspondent is a clergyman, or a banker, or the member for the place in question. Why, at this very time half Scotland believes that I am paid for going to Edinburgh! — Here is Greenock writes to me, and asks could it be done for a hundred pounds? There is Aberdeen writes, and states the capacity of its hall, and says, though far less profitable than the very large hall in Edinburgh, is it not enough to come on for? W.[†4] answers such letters continually. (— At this place, enter Beale. He

called here yesterday morning, and then wrote to ask if I would see him to-day. I replied "Yes," so here he came in. With long preface called to know whether it was possible to arrange anything in the way of Readings for this autumn — say, six months. Large capital at command. Could produce partners, in such an enterprise, also with large capital. Represented such. Returns would be enormous. Would I name a sum? a minimum sum that I required to have, in any case? Would I look at it as a Fortune, and in no other point of view? I shook my head, and said, my tongue was tied on the subject for the present; I might be more communicative at another time. Exit Beale in confusion and disappointment.) — You will be happy to hear that at one on Friday, the Lord Provost, Dean of Guild, Magistrates, and Council of the ancient city of Edinburgh will wait (in procession) on their brother freeman, at the Music Hall, to give him hospitable welcome. Their brother freeman[†1] has been cursing their stars and his own, ever since the receipt of solemn notification to this effect.

He had referred the question to two distinguished ladies of his acquaintance. You may as well know that I went on and propounded the matter to A,[†2] without any preparation. Result. — "I am surprised, and I should have been surprised if I had seen it in the newspaper without previous confidence from you. But nothing more. N — no. Certainly not. Nothing more. I don't see that there is anything derogatory in it, even now when you ask me that question. I think upon the whole that most people would be glad you should have the money, rather than other people. It might be misunderstood here and there, at first; but I think the thing would very soon express itself, and that your own power of making it express itself would be very great." As she wished me to ask B,[†3] who was in another room, I did so. She was for a moment tremendously disconcerted, "*under the impression that it was to lead to the stage"*!! Then, without knowing anything of A's opinion, closely followed it. That absurd association had never entered my head or yours; but it might enter some other heads for all that. Take these two opinions for whatever they are worth. A (being very much interested and very anxious to help to a right conclusion) proposed to ask a few people of various degrees who know what the Readings are, what *they* think — not compromising me, but

suggesting the project afar-off, as an idea in somebody else's mind. I thanked her, and said, "Yes," of course.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 21 MARCH 1858

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday Twenty First March 1858

My Dear Wilkie

I too had intended to come to the enclosed subject,[†4] — and I too forgot it.

You (or somebody else) will find the cheque crossed to Coutts's!

All day yesterday I was pursuing the Reading idea. Forster seems to me to be extraordinarily irrational about it. (I have a misgiving sometimes, that his money

must have got into his head.)[†1] I propounded it to Miss Coutts, who might have been expected to be dismayed, but *was not*, in the least.[†2] I am no further on my road to a decision, than that I resolve I will decide within 7 days from this date. Could you possibly believe that Forster asked me what I thought of consulting (on the Literary-position question)

F.L.A.D.G.A T E[†3]

!

The Doncaster unhappiness remains so strong upon me that I can't write, and (waking) can't rest, one minute. I have never known a moment's peace or content, since the last night of the Frozen Deep. I do suppose that there never was a Man so seized and rended by one Spirit. In this condition, though nothing can alter or soften it, I have a turning notion[†4] that the mere physical effort and change of the Readings would be good, as another means of bearing it.

— I suppose it is the penalty I pay for having written all these red-backed books[†5] upon my shelves — ?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. J. CULLENFORD, 23 MARCH 1858*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Third March 1858

Dear Mr. Cullenford

As I am going to Edinburgh on Thursday morning, to read there next night, I shall not be here in case you wish to say any thing to me about your Dinner.[†6] I therefore write, to beg you to reserve a place for me, and another (next to me) for Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend. I shall return on Saturday night.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 24 MARCH 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth March 1858.

My Dearest Macready

As the Children's Hospital Secretary sends me the enclosed, I suppose I had best send it on to you in business-like course. I am slowly recovering from Marston — have weak fits of grinning, occasionally, but am on the whole better.

Kindest love from all. | Ever affectionately
CD.

To MISS ELLEN STONE, [24] MARCH 1858

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* misdated by CD; Wednesday was 24 Mar 58.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Evening Twenty Sixth March 1858

My Dear Miss Stone

I shall have great pleasure in dining at Russell House next Tuesday.

Your kind note comes to me opportunely, for I am away to Edinburgh tomorrow morning, to read there on Friday night.

With kindest regard | Believe me | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To M. BAMPS,[†1] 25 MARCH 1858

Mention in N, III, 14; *MS* (in French) 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 25 Mar 58; addressed Monsieur Bamps (of Brussels).

Disclaiming all knowledge of a M. Louis Dickens.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?27 MARCH 1858]

Extract in F, VIII, ii, 646. *Date:* "on his return" from Edinburgh, according to Forster.

I had no opportunity of asking any one's advice in Edinburgh. The crowd was too enormous, and the excitement in it much too great. But my determination is all but taken. I must do *something*, or I shall wear my heart away. I can see no better thing to do that is half so hopeful in itself, or half so well suited to my restless state.†3

To MRS FORSTER, 28 MARCH 1858*

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth. *Address:* Mrs. Forster.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday Twenty Eighth March 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Forster

I went to Marshall's†1 on the North Bridge (the best place for the purpose), with your drawing.†2 He perfectly understood what was wanted, and shewed me, in fact, the lower portion of it, and the chain. But the heads, he said, it is not usual to keep in stock, and he did not think one could be found in Edinburgh in a completed state. Now, as Wills was to remain behind me for a week's pleasure, I thought it best to ask him (Marshall) under these circumstances, by what day the thing could be got ready? Whereunto he replied, By Tuesday. So I ordered it to be made, and Wills will bring it to London. Mr. Marshall's estimate of the cost is "jast aboot three punds".

The Reading was a tremendous success.†3 Some two thousand people were crammed into the place; and nobody *I* know in Edinburgh, could get admission on any terms.†4 They gave me a gorgeous cup†5 (tell Forster), and I made them a neat and appropriate.†6

All of which (please also to tell Forster), I saw very faithfully and well described in The Scotsman yesterday morning.†7 But of course I haven't got the Scotsman, or I would forward him to Montagu Square.

My dear Mrs. Forster | Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 MARCH 1858]

Extracts in F, VIII, ii, 646-7 and n, and XI, iii, 831. *Date:* first extract "end of March", second extract 30 Mar, according to Forster; no doubt same letter.

It becomes necessary, with a view to the arrangements that would have to be begun next month if I decided on the Readings, to consider and settle the question of the Plunge.†1 Quite dismiss from your mind any reference whatever to present circumstances at home. Nothing can put *them* right, until we are all dead

and buried and risen. It is not, with me, a matter of will, or trial, or sufferance, or good humour, or making the best of it, or making the worst of it, any longer. It is all despairingly over. Have no lingering hope of, or for, me in this association. A dismal failure has to be borne, and there an end. Will you then try to think of this reading project (as I do) apart from all personal likings and dislikings, and solely with a view to its effect on that peculiar relation (personally affectionate, and like no other man's) which subsists between me and the public? I want your most careful consideration. If you would like, when you have gone over it in your mind, to discuss the matter with me and Arthur Smith (who would manage the whole of the Business, which I should never touch); we will make an appointment. But I ought to add that Arthur Smith plainly says, "Of the immense return in money, I have no doubt. Of the Dash into the new position, however, I am not so good a judge."[†2] I enclose you a rough note of my project, as it stands in my mind.[†3]

Here is the rough note. I propose to announce in a short and plain advertisement (what is quite true) that I cannot so much as answer the numerous applications that are made to me to read, and that compliance with ever so few of them is, in any reason, impossible. That I have therefore resolved upon a course of readings of the *Christmas Carol* both in town and country, and that those in London will take place at St. Martin's Hall on certain evenings. Those evenings will be either four or six Thursdays, in May and the beginning of June.[†4] ... I propose an Autumn Tour, for the country, extending through August, September, and October. It would comprise the Eastern Counties, the West, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland. I should read from 35 to 40 times in this tour, at the least. At each place where there was a great success, I would myself announce that I should come back, on the turn of Christmas, to read a new Christmas story written for that purpose. This story I should first read a certain number of times in London. I have the strongest belief that by April in next year, a very large sum of money indeed would be gained by these means. Ireland would be still untouched, and I conceive America alone (if I could resolve to go there) to be worth Ten Thousand Pounds. In all these proceedings, the Business

would be wholly detached from me, and I should never appear in it. I would have an office belonging to the Readings and to nothing else, opened in London; I would have the advertisements emanating from it, and also signed by some one belonging to it; and they should always mention me as a third person — just as the Child's Hospital, for instance, in addressing the public, mentions me.

I was put into a state of much perplexity on Sunday. I don't know who had spoken to my informant, but it seems that the Queen is bent upon hearing the *Carol* read, and has expressed her desire to bring it about without offence; hesitating about the manner of it, in consequence of my having begged to be excused from going to her when she sent for me after the *Frozen Deep*. I parried the thing as well as I could; but being asked to be prepared with a considerate and obliging answer, as it was known the request would be preferred, I said, "Well! I supposed Col. Phipps would speak to me about it, and if it were he who did so, I should assure him of my desire to meet any wish of her Majesty's, and should express my hope that she would indulge me by making one of some audience or other — for I thought an audience necessary to the effect." Thus it stands; but it bothers me.

April

To ARTHUR SMITH, [?1 APRIL 1858]

Mention in *To* Wills, 3 Apr. *Date:* CD had probably received Wills's letter by 1 Apr; he had written to Smith "immediately".

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [2 APRIL 1858]

Mention implied by testimonial dated 2 Apr 58.

Sending a testimonial[†1] *for Benjamin Cooper.*

To W. H. WILLS, 3 APRIL 1858

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Third April, 1858

My Dear Wills

I have been so hustled by a crowd of cares since I came home,[†1] that I have not written to you — the rather because, until I received yours from Edinburgh, I had nothing to say.

Yours arrived very opportunely. On the previous night, I had been going through Arthur Smith's suggested list of readings, and had demurred to his idea of returning to several large places. His reason for this, was exactly yours. I felt bound to send him your unconscious confirmation of his opinion, immediately. And he was extremely glad to receive it.

It is an unspeakable satisfaction to me, to have left such an impression in Edinburgh. I felt that night, that it was a very great success; but your account of it, even exceeds my hopes.

Arthur Smith told me on my return, that he had written to you in Edinburgh. I suppose you received his letter? I believe he had nothing important to say, in consequence of the Glasgow man,[†2] the brother of the Edinburgh Music Seller,[†3] having communicated with him direct.

The Queen wants to hear the Carol. I have represented my dutiful hope that she will form one of an Audience, as I consider an Audience necessary.

I have not a scrap of news. The usual papers come tumbling into the Office in the usual way, and John cleans the windows all day in a kind of melancholy stagnation of mind. Holdsworth[†4] smiles on me with a limp and sickly benevolence.

All the chance men who have been got in to help the Gardener at Gad's Hill ply the Pump, have run away, one after another (I am serious) and been heard of no more in that country. The last man became so desperate as to work hours, and fly without his money. The machinery must be altered, and I must establish a revolving poney.[†5]

All the rest of my world turns as it did,[†6] and that's not saying much for it.

With kind regard to Mrs. Wills and all about you,

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 5 APRIL 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Fifth April 1858

My Dear Beard

The Hospital sending me four tickets, I send you one;[†1] thinking you may like to use it, either in person or by proxy.

It has become so impossible to comply with these reading Petitions, and the readings attract such very large audiences, that I have all but decided (between ourselves) to read on for my own profit. In that case, I shall read The Cricket, The Chimes, and The Haunted Man, at this same place, in May; and you will have, you may be sure, timely notice of being free of the Temple.[†2]

It was a wonderful go, in Edinburgh. Certainly the most intelligent audience (2000 strong) I have ever had to do with; and showing a capacity of being affected by the pathetic parts, such as I never saw before.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 APRIL 1858]

Extract in F, VIII, ii, 647. *Date:* 9 Apr 58, according to Forster.

They have let five hundred stalls for the Hospital night;[†3] and as people come every day for more, and it is out of the question to make more, they cannot be restrained at St. Martin's Hall from taking down names for other Readings.[†4]

To W. HOLMAN HUNT,[†1] 13 APRIL 1858

MS Mrs Elizabeth Burt.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Night, Thirteenth April, 1858

My Dear Sir.

I am pained and shocked by the receipt of your letter,[†2] referring to a story called "Calmuck" lately published in Household Words,[†3] and which has been a very long time in type there, unused.

When you use the words, "the extremely objectionable nature" of that article, I am quite sure that you use them in reference to your own knowledge of some allusions in it, and not to mine. If I could have had any reason for deeming it objectionable, I need not say (I hope) that you would never have found it in print under my auspices.[†4]

I have too great an interest in, and too high a respect for, your calling and yourself, to be otherwise than anxious to understand your cause of complaint, and to remove it, if I can, in the frankest and fullest manner. If it should suit your convenience to call upon me here on Friday at half past twelve, I have not the least fear of

our going wrong, because I have a perfect faith in our both equally desiring to do right.[†1]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To A. U. THISELTON,[†2] 13 APRIL 1858*

Text from copy, Minute Book, Artists' Benevolent Fund.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Night. Thirteenth April 1858

Sir,

Although I have been compelled, by want of leisure, to decline a host of proposals, to preside at public dinners, of late, I cannot for a moment resist the claims of my brother Artists. I beg you to assure your Committee that they are most heartily welcome to my poor services, and that I place myself at their disposal with all possible cheerfulness and good will.[†3]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 APRIL 1858*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadily | W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Fourteenth April, 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts.

It was Committee Day to day at Shepherd's Bush. Mr. Dyer, Mr. Tennant,[†4] and I, attended.

We had a disagreeable circumstance to investigate, which was made known to me yesterday. Yesterday morning at between 4 and 5 (to make the matter very short), the Police Constable *employed to watch the place* was found in the parlor with Sarah Hyam, by Mary Lugg, whose suspicions had been excited by the early rising of Hyam. As soon as the thing was told to me yesterday, I sent to the Acting Inspector of the District, desiring him to attend at Urania Cottage to day, when we should have a very serious charge to investigate, against one of his men. He came, with the

man implicated, and another officer. I examined into the case with great minuteness and care (Mr. Dyer and Mr. Tennant[†1] assisting), in the presence of the three men. Not a doubt was left on our minds as to its nature, and I formally required the Inspector, in writing, to report it to Sir Richard Mayne.[†2] The girl (who in other respects had conducted herself well in the Home), we discharged. She behaved quietly and respectfully — told no lies, and made no defence. A few household precautions which seemed desirable to us, we directed to be taken.

I don't think the management was to blame, or could help it. Mrs. Marchmont has been in great distress, and if you will rest satisfied, in so difficult a matter, with what we have done, I believe it to be impossible to do more.

I saw the girl in Vincent Square,[†3] in due course (you remember giving me the letter about her?), and directed the Matron to bring her for approval to day. We thought it a good case, and agreed to take it.

I have omitted to say that the neighbouring clergyman interested in Hyam's case, came, with his son. He was extremely sensible and kind, and seemed really impressed with the pains we bestowed upon it.

With love to Mrs. Brown | Ever Dear Miss Coutts

Yours faithfully and affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE ACTING INSPECTOR, HAMMERSMITH & WANDSWORTH POLICE OFFICE,[†4] [14 APRIL 1858]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 14 Apr 58. *Date:* written same day.

To MRS HOGGE,[†5] 14 APRIL 1858†

MS Walter T. Spencer.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

Wednesday Fourteenth April, 1858

My Dear Mrs Hogge.

My enforced disposals of myself have been so numerous and so uncertain since I had the happiness of seeing you,[†6] that I have been afraid to write to you. I DID[†7] "mean it", and have often thought of it; and it is you who commit the direst cruelty in doubting (as I clearly see you do) the faithful and devoted wretch who pens these lines.

Mrs Dickens very rarely dines out, and I had best not include her in my answer to

your heart-breaking note. I myself am as free as I ever can be (being your slave)[†1] for Monday or Wednesday in next week, or for any day in the following week, except Thursday the 29th.

[†a]I grieve to hear that you have been ill, but I hope that the Spring — when it comes — will find you blooming with the rest of the flowers.[†a]

Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Hogge.

To CHARLES ELLIS, 16 APRIL 1858

MS Chas Ellis & Co.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Sixteenth April, 1858

Dear Mr. Ellis

I send you a cheque (crossed) for my account.[†2] Before I go out of town for the summer, I will look over my wine and see what I want. Having done so, I will write you a note and ask you to call on me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 17 APRIL 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road. W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Morning Seventeenth April | 1858

My Dear Beard

I have begged Arthur Smith (who directs all the business) to send you 2 stalls for each of my readings,[†3] and I hope I shall never miss my old friend's face. If you will follow into my little room when I go out for the free five minutes, you will always find Sherry and Ice there.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 17 APRIL 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Morning Seventeenth April | 1858

My Dear Wilkie

I have begged Arthur Smith to send you 2 Stalls for each of my readings, and I hope you'll come to them. — You will find some Sherry and Iced-Water in my little room when I go there.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CHARLES DANCE,[†1] 19 APRIL 1858*

MS Private.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Evening | Nineteenth April, 1858

My Dear Dance

I am sorry to say in reply to your note just received, that I am to be relied upon for nothing on Friday. I put down my name for the Dinner,[†2] as a mark of respect to Mr. Kean — and I intend being at the dinner — but an older engagement will oblige me to leave directly after it. I shall be obliged to go, at a quarter before Nine.

Otherwise, wouldn't I have brought you up with a neat and appropriate! — [†3]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dance Esquire.

To MRS FRANCES DICKINSON, 19 APRIL 1858

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Nineteenth April, 1858

My Dear Mrs Dickinson

If I burn your letter, may I be D—— I mean B—u-r-n-t myself! It is much too earnest and cordial for any such fate. I shall put it by, until I get another as good; and then I must get you to write me a better.

I am charmed by your having been so pleased.[†1] If you don't come again, I shall have the Drapery dyed black.

O yes (as to your party) O[†2] yes! It is all very well to break your Manager's[†3] heart by not asking him, and then when you know he is going somewhere else, to shew him (as if he were Scrooge), the shadows of the things that might have been![†4] But he feels it, and encloses a tear

This is

His Tear.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. HOLMAN HUNT, 20 APRIL 1858

MS Mrs Elizabeth Burt.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twentieth April, 1858

My Dear Sir

I feel it to be useless to express my astonishment that you and your friends can possibly conceive the Bishop of Jerusalem[†5] to be, by any remote contingency, between the centre of the earth and the centre of the Sun, in any danger of associating you as a responsible and individual gentleman, with the hero of this story.[†6] I believe with much confidence, however, that he would never have come to *be* the Bishop of Jerusalem, if he were in the least hazard of so committing himself.

My judgment is unchanged. It is altogether against the insertion of a contradiction. I have not a doubt that it would suggest to the public what they have not the faintest idea of, and that its effect would be exactly the reverse of your desire.

But as it is quite out of the question that the text of the article can be altered in future copies (for it is printed and stereotyped and done with), I must ask you to

decide whether there shall be a contradiction or no. If yes, I will take care to make it emphatic and plain.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Holman Hunt Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 21 APRIL 1858*

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty First April 1858

My Dear Wills.

Will you write a line round to Arthur Smith, telling him about Brooks,[†1] and how to address him, and who he is.

I will come to the office to do the No.[†2] tomorrow at 2.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To [OCTAVIAN BLEWITT],[†3] 24 APRIL 1858

MS Churchill College, Cambridge

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Twenty Fourth April 1858

My Dear Sir

I want any annual Report of the Literary Fund, which has their stock-extract from the Quarterly, appended to it.[†4] Can you lend me one? And in case this

Messenger should miss you, can you send me such Report *to Tavistock House,* any time tomorrow?[†1]

To T. C. GRATTAN, 24 APRIL 1858

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty Fourth April, 1858

My Dear Grattan

An answer to the last pamphlet[†2] to which your note refers, is already advertized in the Athenaeum and Times, as about to appear within a few days.[†3]

The facts (unobscured by clouds of words), are perfectly clear. I desire nothing so much as that the Members of the Society — and above all, Literary men — should understand them. Nor will I ever leave off — being alive — until they do.

In the Days of our Play, The Frozen Deep, you were looked for here. But you were "there", instead. In the Ages that have elapsed since then, I have often wondered in what blessed foreign haven you were basking.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. C. Grattan Esquire.

To [?F. M. EVANS],[†5] 26 APRIL 1858

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twenty Sixth April, 1858

My Dear [?Evans]

Collins has communicated to me (only tonight) a secret project of my good friend

Townshend's, concerning a pamphlet of championship of me,[†1] which I have no doubt originates in the best and most affectionate intentions, but which I certainly would not have published for a Thousand Pounds. In returning your answer concerning said projected pamphlet, to Collins, pray say that you would on no account publish, or print, anything concerning me, without my previous knowledge and concurrence.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 APRIL 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth April, 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts

I think it worth doing.[†2] If you wish me to do it — of course I will, with the greatest pleasure.[†3]

As I have heard no more from you about Friday, I conclude that I am not engaged to you.

I know you will be glad to hear that whereas they usually make some 250 stalls at St. Martin's Hall, Arthur Smith has made 560, and they are all gone. They will be in great demand to day and tomorrow, but all stall applicants will have to go over to another night.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W.M. THACKERAY, 28 APRIL 1858*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth April, 1858

My Dear Thackeray

Charles Dance made a Beast of himself in the matter of that Toasting. I wrote to tell him — two days before, when he sent me the list of toasts — that I could only dine, and that he must not look to me to say any thing whatever, as I should be gone.

Sunday the 9th. of May, with pleasure.[†4] I am uncertain whether the other man

who "didn't answer" on Monday, came, and was a failure; or didn't answer and didn't come?[†1]

I met a stately lady[†2] yesterday, in whom I recognized the lineaments of that distinguished Novelist Who.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 APRIL 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

At Townshend's[†3]
Wednesday Evening | Twenty Eighth April, 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am dining here, before going down to see Mr. Arthur Smith. Rely upon it — but of course you do — that I will manage to get the Bishop of Cape Town[†4] in, *somehow*. I hope to be able to contrive a Chair near you, — but I cannot speak with confidence, because I trust all these things to my trusty man of business, and I suppose him to have been beset all day. I will write to you again, after seeing him, between 8 and 9 tonight.

Ever Faithfully and affy

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 28 APRIL 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

MR.
CHARLES DICKENS'S
READING[†5]

Wednesday Evening Twenty Eighth April | 1858.

My Dear Miss Coutts

Mr. Arthur Smith has achieved the thing, and sends the enclosed "Chair" by you, for the Bishop of Cape Town.

Ever Faithfully and affecy.

CD.

To EDMUND YATES, 28 APRIL 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth April, 1858

My Dear Yates

I send you an Orthopaedic shield, to defend your manly bosom from the pens of the enemy.[†1]

For a good many years, I have suffered a great deal from Charities, but never anything like what I suffer now. The amount of correspondence they inflict upon me, is really incredible. But this is nothing. Benevolent men get behind the piers of the gates, lying in wait for my going out; and when I peep shrinkingly from my study-windows, I see their pot-bellied shadows projected on the gravel. Benevolent bullies drive up in Hansom Cabs (with engraved portraits of their benevolent Institutions hanging over the aprons, like banners on their outward walls),[†2] and stay so long at the door, that their horses deposit beehives of excellent manure all over the front court. Benevolent Area-Sneaks[†3] get lost in the kitchens, and are found to impede the circulation of the knife-cleaning Machine. My man has been heard to say (at the Burton Arms)[†4] "that if it was a wicious place, well and good — *that* an't door-work; but that wen all the Christian wirtues is always a shoulderin and a helberin on you in the All, a tryin to git past you and cut upstairs into Master's room, wy no wages as you couldn't name, wouldn't make it up to you."

Persecuted Ever

CD.

Edmund Yates Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 29 APRIL 1858

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Twenty Ninth April, 1858

My Dear Wilkie

I send you a proof of what will begin, tomorrow, to be abundantly circulated,

besides being printed at length in the Athenaeum of next Saturday.[†1] It is a facetious facer — which I have given to those solemn impostors, con amore.[†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. HOLMAN HUNT, 30 APRIL 1858

MS Mrs Elizabeth Burt.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Thirtieth April, 1858

My Dear Sir

With the sincerest desire to do what is right, and what is best calculated to remove any disagreeable association that anybody may have made between you and that preposterous story of Calmuck, I have considered and reconsidered the question of inserting an explanation in Household Words, to the effect that you have no more to do with it than I have.[†3] But I am quite sure and certain that such a proceeding (however carefully your name might be detached from it), would defeat its own object, and would instantly set all sorts and conditions of people speculating on "who the artist may be who is not to be connected with it". And thus the very association, however ridiculous and baseless, which we wish to avoid, would be got into numbers of heads which are innocent of it, as my own was, when you first wrote to me.[†4]

As I have already told you — I never liked the story, and it has been lying at the office, unused, a long time. I am sorry now, that I did not strike out of it the pretence that it is true.[†5] But that is so common a pretence in fiction, that it really did not attract my attention or make any impression on me. I assure you that I had no idea there was such a statement *in* the paper, until I looked for it expressly.

It seems such a superfluous proceeding to tell you, "I know it is *not* true", that I really hesitate to write what I should suppose all reasonable human creatures must be already convinced of. But I do it, nevertheless. Rest satisfied, I beg, that I accepted the story, with much doubt, as a very weak fiction — that it *is* a very weak

fiction, and nothing else — that if I could have contemplated the possibility that anybody (not to say you, but anybody) could be absurdly and wrongfully associated with it in the least particular, nothing would have induced me to print it — and that I am heartily sorry I ever did print it, seeing that it is an arrow, with anything but a sharp point, shot vaguely over a house-top, and glancing off, in a manner wholly unaccountable to and unforeseen by me, against a brother-artist.[†1]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Holman Hunt Esquire

To EDMUND YATES, 30 APRIL 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Thirtieth April, 1858

My Dear Yates

I have derived great gratification of heart from what I have read of yours to day,[†2] and I cordially thank you; — not alone because you have written it, but because I am sure you have earnestly felt it.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

May

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 MAY 1858

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday First May 1858

My Dear Beard

I was heartily sorry to learn (before I received your kind note last night), that that abominable foot of yours, wouldn't come to the Hall last Thursday.[†3] If it should keep away next Thursday, I should begin to think, from its beastly persistence in Unreason, that it must be Somebody else's foot, which you have laid [hold][†4] of by mistake.

They crammed 70 more people into the place, the other night, than were ever got

into it before — though we were quite clear, on the Children's Hospital Night, that one more could by no means by crammed in. I think some people are a little afraid of the Chimes.[†1] To tell you the truth, I am — as yet — a little so myself, for I CAN[†2] NOT[†3] yet (and I have been at it all the morning) command sufficient composure at some of the more affecting parts, to project them with the necessary force, the requisite distance.[†4]

I must harden my heart, like Lady Macbeth.[†5]

Wills will write to you about coming down to Gad's Hill next Tuesday Week (Household Words Audit Day), and staying all night.[†6]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire.

To JOHN B. MORGAN,[†7] 1 MAY 1858

Extract in Henry Bristow of Ringwood catalogue No. 291 (1987); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; addressed John B. Morgan; dated Tavistock House, Saturday, 1st May 1858.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Morgan, and begs to say that it has become quite impossible for him to read in aid of any Institution whatever.

To [?R. P.] TEBB,[†8] 1 MAY 1858*

MS Mr Alan G. Thomas.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday First May, 1858

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Tebb, and regrets that he cannot have the honor of accepting the office of a Vice President of the Crosby Hall Cricket club.[†9] But his public engagements and positions are at present so numerous, that he has been obliged to resolve to make no additions to them, even though they should be merely nominal.

To W. S. TROOD,[†1] 5 MAY 1858

Text from N, III, 20.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Fifth May 1858

Mr. Charles Dickens begs Mr. Strood[†2] to be so good as to give directions that no rubbish or refuse from the Falstaff be thrown into the shrubbery of Gad's Hill Place. Mr. Dickens also hopes that Mr. Strood will advise his customers not to trespass on that ground in going from the Falstaff to the village.

He wishes very earnestly to live on good terms with his neighbours; and he hopes that they know it, and will not feel disinclined to respect his property. He is sure that Mr. Strood can have no desire not to do what is obliging and right, and he therefore addresses this note to Mr. Strood in good will and good humour.[†3]

To THE REV. C. T. [WEATHERLEY],[†4] 5 MAY 1858

Mention in Retz & Storm catalogue, *c.* May 1940; *MS* (3rd Person) 1 p.; dated London, 5 May 58.

Saying that he is unable to comply with his correspondent's wishes.

To THOMAS BEARD, 7 MAY 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Evening Seventh May, 1858

My Dear Beard

Shall I come and see you? If you would like to behold the countenance of the Inimitable — say so by Post, and I'll come on Sunday.

Gad's Hill shall not yet be given up. It shall *not* be given up, by —— said my Uncle Toby.[†5]

Some of the people about me, were also doubtful of The Chimes. *I* was rather so myself, but, having written it, thoroughly resolved to read it, whether or no.[†6] As

soon as I began to lay hold of it, I told Arthur Smith that I believed it would be a tremendous success — and I think there is no doubt that it topped the others by a great height last night. I have heard in all directions to day that the effect was amazingly strong.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 MAY 1858

MS (copy in the hand of C. C. Osborne)[†2] British Library.

Sunday Ninth May, 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts,

You have been too near and dear a friend to me for many years, and I am bound to you by too many ties of grateful and affectionate regard, to admit of my any longer keeping silence to you on a sad domestic topic. I believe you are not quite unprepared for what I am going to say, and will, in the main, have anticipated it.

I believe my marriage has been for years and years as miserable a one as ever was made. I believe that no two people were ever created, with such an impossibility of interest, sympathy, confidence, sentiment, tender union of any kind between them, as there is between my wife and me. It is an immense misfortune to her — it is an immense misfortune to me — but Nature has put an insurmountable barrier between us, which never in this world can be thrown down.

You know me too well to suppose that I have the faintest thought of influencing you on either side. I merely mention a fact which may induce you to pity us both, when I tell you that she is the only person I have ever known with whom I could not get on somehow or other, and in communicating with whom I could not find some way to some kind of interest. You know that I have the many impulsive faults which often belong to my impulsive way of life and exercise of fancy; but I am very patient and considerate at heart, and would have beaten out a path to a better journey's end than we have come to, if I could.

We have been virtually separated for a long time.[†3] We must put a wider space between us now,[†4] than can be found in one house.

If the children loved her, or ever had loved her, this severance would have been a far easier thing than it is. But she has never attached one of them to herself, never played with them in their infancy, never attracted their confidence as they have grown older, never presented herself before them in the aspect of a mother.[†1] I have seen them fall off from her in a natural — not *un*natural — progress of estrangement, and at this moment I believe that Mary and Katey (whose dispositions are of the gentlest and most affectionate conceivable) harden into stone figures of girls when they can be got to go near her, and have their hearts shut up in her presence as if they closed by some horrid spring.

No one can understand this, but Georgina who has seen it grow from year to year,[†2] and who is the best, the most unselfish, and the most devoted of human

Creatures. Her sister Mary,[†1] who died suddenly and who lived with us before her, understood it as well though in the first months of our marriage.[†2] It is her misery to live in some fatal atmosphere which slays every one to whom she should be dearest. It is my misery that no one can ever understand the truth in its full force, or know what a blighted and wasted life my married life has been.

Forster is trying what he can, to arrange matters with her mother. But I know that the mother herself could not live with her. I am perfectly sure that her younger sister and her brother could not live with her.[†3] An old servant of ours[†4] is the only hope I see, as she took care of her, like a poor child, for sixteen years. But she is married now, and I doubt her being afraid that the companionship would wear her to death. Macready used to get on better with her than anyone else,[†5] and sometimes I have a fancy that she may think of him and his sister. To suggest them to her would be to inspire her with an instant determination never to go near them.

In the mean time I have come for a time to the office, to leave her Mother free to do what she can at home, towards the getting of her away to some happier mode of existence if possible. They all know that I will do anything for her comfort, and spend anything upon her.

It is a relief to me to have written this to you. Don't think the worse of me; don't think the worse of her. I am firmly persuaded that it is not within the compass of her character and faculties, to be other than she is. If she had married another sort of man, she might however have done better. I think she has always felt herself at the disadvantage of groping blindly about me and never touching me, and so has fallen into the most miserable weaknesses and jealousies. Her mind has, at times, been certainly confused besides.[†6]

All this is for Mrs. Brown no less than for you. Put a kind construction on it, and hold me in the old place in your regard.

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Yours faithfully and affectionately

(signed) CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM BOXALL,[†1] 10 MAY 1858*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, Monday Tenth May, 1858

My Dear Boxall.

I think that Monday or Tuesday in next week would best suit me, if convenient to you.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 10 MAY 1858

MS Dickens House.

Monday Tenth May, 1858[†3]

My Dearest Georgy.

Mitchell[†4] shall not go down tomorrow. Do you arrange with John to take with you, such plate as you and he may agree to be necessary.

He has brought me the wrong flesh-brush. Will you exchange it for mine — which is much harder.

Have you sent that letter to Forster? If not, send it by John to me.[†5]

Best love to the dear girls and to Plornish. | Ever affectionately
CD.

To FRANK STONE, 10 MAY 1858*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Monday Night Tenth May 1858

My Dear Stone

I am very sorry to say that in the many, many, perplexities of thought that I have been involved in during the last few days, I utterly forgot my engagement to you. I know you will forgive me. I should have forgotten it at no other time than the present.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, [?10 MAY 1858]

Mention in Ouvry *to* CD, 12 May 58 (MS Messrs Farrer & Co.). *Date:* 10 May, from reference in that letter.

Proposing that Ouvry should seek an amendment of the Act of Parliament incorporating the Guild of Literature and Art to enable the Guild to accept a gift of land from Patrick Allan-Fraser[†1] *of Arbroath, Forfarshire.*[†2]

To ROBERT CHAMBERS,[†3] 11 MAY 1858

Mention in catalogue of Autograph Collection of Ferdinand Julius Dreer, Philadelphia, 1890.

To LADY EASTLAKE, 11 MAY 1858*

MS Private (destroyed in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954).

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Eleventh May 1858

My Dear Lady Eastlake.

I send you a Report of a little speech of mine[†4] — in trust for Sir Charles, who asked me for it.

It would give me great pleasure if you could come and hear my "Chimes" on Thursday the 27th. I have an idea it might interest you. I have therefore begged Mr. Arthur Smith, my business-Director, to send you 2 stalls for that night, which I hope you will use.

With kind regard, | Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lady Eastlake.

To P. S. FRASER,[†1] 12 MAY 1858

MS National Library of Scotland.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twelfth May, 1858

My Dear Sir

A thousand thanks for the Glorious Whiskey. It arrived in safety. It is housed in a rare cellar, deep in the Kentish Chalk. I have called it Mary Morrison.[†2]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. S. Fraser Esquire

To FRANK STONE, 12 MAY 1858*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Household Words | Twelfth May 1858 | Wednesday

My Dear Stone

Not having been at home[†3] for some days, I did not know that you had written to me there, at the time when I received your very kind note here, this afternoon. I shall be here to night from 8 to 1/2 past 9. Or tomorrow morning from 10 to 11.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 15 MAY 1858

Extract in Samuel T. Freeman & Co. catalogue, Nov 1924; dated Tavistock House, 15 May 58; addressed Edward Chapman.

Pray do not suppose that in speaking of Mr. Arthur Smith on the subject of your kind sale of tickets for my readings, I expressed the least irritation, or the least doubt of your readiness to assist me. Not giving Mitchell[†4] credit for the extraordinary power of lying that he seems to possess I asked Mr. Smith to see you, in the course of his transaction of the business of management to ask you if you really did find it inconvenient.

To B. HOMER DIXON,[†1] 15 MAY 1858*

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Evening Fifteenth May 1858

Dear Sir

Pray allow me to thank you for your obliging note, and its accompanying book.[†2] I am honored by your kind remembrance, and have always a true gratification in being kindly thought of by a traveller from your side of the Atlantic.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

B Homer Dixon Esquire

To CARL WERNER,[†3] 15 MAY 1858

MS Private.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Evening Fifteenth May, 1858

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging communication, and to thank you for your courtesy. I hope to have the honor of visiting your atelier and thanking you in person, when I am next in town for a few days together.

Dear Sir | Allow me to remain | with much consideration
Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Carl Werner Esquire.

To MRS YATES, 15 MAY 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Evening Fifteenth May 1858

My Dear Mrs Yates

Pray believe that I was sorry with all my heart to miss you last Thursday,[†4] and to learn the occasion of your absence.[†5] Also, that whenever you *can* come, your presence will give me a new interest in that evening. No one alive can have more delightful associations with the lightest sound of your voice than I have; and to give

you a minute's interest and pleasure, in acknowledgement of the uncountable hours of happiness you gave me when you were a Mysterious Angel to me, would honestly gratify my heart.[†1]

Very faithfully | (and gratefully) | Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Yates.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 MAY 1858

MS Dickens House.

Household Words Office | Nineteenth May 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I think I know what you want me for.[†2] How I value your friendship, and how I love and honor you, you know in part, though you never can fully know. But nothing on earth — no, not even you — no consideration, human or Divine, can move me from the resolution I have taken.

And one other thing I must ask you to forgive me. If you have seen Mrs. Dickens in company with her wicked mother, I can not enter — no, not even with you — upon any question that was discussed in that woman's presence.[†3]

I will come round, almost as soon as your messenger; but I foresee that there is nothing left to us to say.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever affectionately | And Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 MAY 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Nineteenth May 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts.

It is very, very, kind of you to send the letters, and I return you a thousand thanks. I hope you will think it right to hint to Charley when you see him, that perhaps he might have let the Race[†4] pass him at such a time.

Ever Faithfully and affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN, [?20-22 MAY 1858]

Extract in "A Yankee Tar and his Friends", *Scribner's Monthly*, XIV, No. 6, Oct 77, p. 772. *Date:* 1858, according to article; a few days after the dinner on 18 May (see below).

I really cannot tell you how highly and heartily I esteem your friendship. What if I were to come to America and try to tell you myself? More unlikely things have happened since the world began. I have been making an extraordinary sensation in divers places by reading my Christmas books[†1] to immense audiences, and sometimes I have thought, dreaming with my eyes open, "Lord! I should not wonder if they would be very glad to hear me in America, after all!" I saw Leslie not long ago looking very well, but, on the whole, exceedingly like Don Quixote, with a grizzled beard. All your other artist friends are flourishing. I dined with a dozen of them last Tuesday,[†2] and they all smelt horribly of oil and varnish. . . .

We have as much public humbug here as usual, and I should very much like (in imitation of your Washington legislature) to dodge it with a stoneware spittoon, and dash its brains out.

To C. C. FELTON,[†3] 22 MAY 1858

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty Second May, 1858

My Dear Felton.

You may be very sure — and are, I know — that no slight occasion would have prevented my seeing you, during your present short stay in London.[†4]

I have been much beset and distressed for some weeks past, by domestic matters. Although they are not finally arranged, they were last night (through Forster's kindness) as good as settled;[†5] the end being, that Mrs. Dickens and I have agreed to live apart henceforth.

When you come back to London, you will find Georgina, and my girls, and me, (I hope) quite happy and at home. Not one among us will ever forgive you, if you don't come to us then.

We shall be at my little place in Kent (on the top of Falstaff's Gad's Hill — only an hour and a half from London), and you cannot have a better few days' preparation for the Voyage home, than in that still and beautiful country.

Mind! I count upon your giving notice of your coming, either to Georgina or to me.

I have been shocked and surprised by Forster's telling me that you were one of the sufferers by that unfortunate poisonous accident which attracted much attention here.[†1] I heartily hope that you are taking the best conceivable remedy, in change and travel, and that you will go back to your class, a young man — and the old one too, for you will never beat *him*.[†2]

Don't be disturbed by the news I give you. It is all for the best. We have tried all other things, and they have all broken down under us.[†3]

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Felton.

To FRANK STONE, 22 MAY 1858*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty Second May 1858

My Dear Stone

I am back here again — just come. Can you use the enclosed box for the Covent Garden Opera tonight.[†4]

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 25 MAY 1858

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Night, Twenty Fifth May 1858

My Dear Wilkie

A thousand thanks for your kind letter: I always feel your friendship very much, and prize it in proportion to the true affection I have for you.

Your letter comes to me only tonight. Can you come round to me in the morning (Wednesday) before 12. I can then tell you all in lieu of writing. It is rather a long story — over, I hope, now.

Ever affectionately

CD.[†5]

To ARTHUR SMITH, 25 MAY 1858

Text from *Mr. & Mrs. CD,* ed. Walter Dexter, 1935, p. 276.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday, May 25th, 1858.

My Dear Arthur,

You have not only my full permission to show this, but I beg you to show, to any one who wishes to do me right, or to any one who may have been misled into doing me wrong.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Smith, Esqre.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 26 MAY 1858*

MS Messrs Farrer & Co. *Address: Private:* | Frederic Ouvry Esquire | 66 Lincolns Inn Fields.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Evening | Twenty Sixth May 1858

My Dear Ouvry

I saw Forster this afternoon, and he told me what you had arranged. In which I fully concur.[†2]

It is right — as we agreed — that I should tell you that I received today, at first hand, from a very honorable and intelligent gentleman,[†3] information of Mrs. Hogarth's having repeated these smashing slanders to him in a concert Room, *since our negotiations have been pending.*[†4] I do not tell you this in any

anger, but simply that you may know the stern necessity of being relentless with her.

Pray do me the kindness, expressly to detach Mrs. Dickens from these wrongdoings, *now.* I do not in the least suspect her of them, and I should wish her to know it. She has a great tenderness for me, and I sincerely believe would be glad to shew it. I would not therefore add to her pain by a hair's breadth. It would be a pleasure to her (I think) to know that I had begun to trust her so far; and I believe that it would do her lasting good if you could convey that assurance to her.[†1]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire.

To MRS HOGGE, 28 MAY 1858

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* Mrs Hogge | 16 Hyde Park Gate South | Kensington Gore | W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Eighth May, 1858

My Dear Mrs Hogge.

After the profoundest cogitation, I come reluctantly to the conclusion that I do not know that Orphan.[†2] If you were the lady in want of him, I should certainly offer myself.[†3] But as you are not, I will not hear of the situation.

It is wonderful to think how many charming little people there must be, to whom this proposal would be like a revelation from heaven. Why don't I know one, and come to Kensington, boy in hand, as if I had walked (I wish to God I had) out of a Fairy Tale! But no. I do *not* know that Orphan. He is crying somewhere, by himself, at this moment — I can't dry his eyes. He is being neglected by some Ogress of a nurse — I can't rescue him.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 MAY 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Eighth May, 1858

My Dearest Macready

I am deeply sensible of your affection, and have been strongly moved by your letter.

It is perfectly clear to me that the change had become indispensable and unavoidable, and that we must all be the happier and better for it. I have not the faintest lingering doubt upon the subject.

If I were to write more, I could not help straying into some reference to what is past and gone.[†1] And I steadily desire to dismiss it.

With love to your dear sister and all the house,
Ever my Dearest Macready | Your attached and affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire.

To MADAME CELESTE, 29 MAY 1858

MS Cornell University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty Ninth May, 1858.

My Dear Madame Celeste

With the greatest pleasure. If you will have the kindness to send the book[†2] here, I will write in it immediately.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. P. FRITH, 29 MAY 1858

Text from N, III, 24.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty-Ninth May 1858

My dear Frith,

Plain Charles Dickens by all means.[†3] I shrink with horror from the notion of Esquire. A thousand thanks for your note.

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To RICHARD NELSON LEE,[†1] 29 MAY 1858

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty Ninth May, 1858.

Dear Sir

An unusual addition to the general demands upon my time and attention, has prevented my looking over the Manuscript of your life, until within the last two or three days.

I cannot too highly extol the modesty of its tone, or a certain unobtrusive and becoming manliness which everywhere pervades it. It strongly corroborates all that I ever heard to your advantage, and presents you in a very natural and agreeable aspect.

But I am sorry to add that I do not think its interest is by any means of a character to awaken a response in the general public. It seems to me, to lie purely within the circle of the Theatrical profession, and not even to comprehend the whole of that. I greatly doubt, for this reason, whether any publisher would undertake the risk of it; I should think any publisher mistaken who did; and I am very much mistaken myself, it if would return its expences.[†2]

Fiction has done a good deal with wandering lives of all sorts, and with the showman's life among others. Fact has done much too, in the same directions. I fail to see, in your experiences, that variety and oddity of adventure which people attracted by the nature of the subject, would expect to find there. And as to all the Minor-Theatre management, benefit, and play-bill part of the book, I am quite sure that its interest does not pass beyond a mere handful[†3] of persons. I remember many instances in which the question has been tried, and I do not know of ONE[†4] in which my position has been disproved.

The life of any persevering, industrious, and honorable man, is a lesson. But it is a lesson to be acted — not written. I do not see in your biography sufficient reason for your writing it, except as a subject of just pride and interest to your own family, and perhaps to a portion of your own profession. It is in confounding either or both with the great body of the Public, that I think the root of the mistake of publishing it, would strike.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Nelson Lee Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 29 MAY 1858*

MS Messrs Farrer & Co.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Evening Twenty Ninth May 1858

My Dear Ouvry

I cannot possibly assent to Mr. Smith's[†1] terms.[†2] His proposal to hand you that paper "in exchange for the Deed when completed", has far too much the air of a bargain, and is not the way in which to do a simple act of justice that can be, at the best, but a most imperfect reparation of the great wrong and injury these two people have done.

I must have that paper at once.[†3] I must have it in the course of Monday, or not at all. This is my conclusion, and Forster strongly agrees.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 29 MAY 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Night Twenty Ninth May 1858

My Dear Mary

I myself answer your letter to Georgy, in order that I may have an opportunity of assuring you how deeply sensible I am of the affectionate remembrance in which you always hold me.

My only surprise in the matter of your note, is, that you have heard nothing worse!!! I have been the hero of such bewildering and astonishing Lies during this last week,[†5] that this merely Infernal one seems quite a favor.

It is the penalty I pay for my conspicuous position. It is a very heavy one; but it is what I owe to the knaves and the fools, and I must take their receipt for it.

You have seen something of the great misfortune of my life, and you know the

truth. Mrs. Dickens and I have agreed to live apart, and we have arranged that Charley shall take care of her, and that Mary shall keep my house; and between me and the children there is in all things absolute accord and confidence; and Mrs. Dickens (really, generously indignant at the baseless scandals she hears, whatever her weakness may once have done circuitously, towards originating them)[†1] has hastened to declare in writing that there is no other cause for our separation than our having lived unhappily together

for some time, and having agreed to live asunder. Lastly, the friend who represents her,[†2] writes for her that she "thankfully and gratefully accepts" the terms of our separation.[†3]

Nothing can be done that I know of, but to circulate the Truth. And if you will do that, so far as you can, you will gratify your own earnest and generous nature in serving the friend who loves you.

Ever truly and affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. M. THACKERAY, [?22-29 MAY 1858]

Mention in Thackeray to James Wilson,[†4] ?May 58 (*Letters and Private Papers of W. M. Thackeray*, ed. Gordon N. Ray, IV, 83-4). *Date:* CD's reference to "Lies during this last week" in *To* Miss Boyle, 29 May, must refer to Wilson's letter to Thackeray; CD would have answered Thackeray at once.

Authorizing Thackeray to contradict a rumour[†5] *on his own solemn word and his wife's authority.*

To MRS GORE, 31 MAY 1858*

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Thirty First May 1858

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

Do not for an instant suppose that I could take your kind letter otherwise than cordially and gratefully; or that I could possibly reconcile it to my heart, to leave it unanswered.

I have heard such thronging multitudes of wonderful and inexplicable lies about

myself during the last week, that it almost bewilders me to find you in possession of the truth.

— Except that you are not to suppose that the children are to be "divided". Charley takes care of his mother at my express request, and all the rest remain with me: my eldest daughter keeping my house. Charley undertakes his part of the arrangement as an act of duty, and on the express stipulation that there is to be nothing in the nature of a parting between him and us.[†1]

Believe me, I had already so strongly felt what you say as to long absences and so forth, that I had myself most strenuously proposed it and stood out upon it. That I did so, unsuccessfully, I really believe to be in the nature of the case itself, and not the fault of Mrs. Dickens.

Our separation is the natural end of a course of years. I have felt the force of our example, and have, for a long time urged it and sacrificed to it. But it would be a poor example to be driven mad myself, or to drive Mrs. Dickens mad; and one or both of the two results must have happened, if we had gone on living together.

There is no anger or ill-will between us. I believe, not the slightest. Our elder children are at least as sensible that the thing *must be*, as we are. Between them and myself, there is a confidence as absolute and perfect as if we were of one age. Mrs. Dickens's sister (who has devoted her whole youth to them, and brought them up from their cradles), and an attached woman-servant, always in Mrs. Dickens's confidence, who has also lived with us for sixteen years, both know perfectly well that they have long exerted themselves to prevent our going apart, but that it has become inevitable.

I do not doubt that we shall all be much the better for it. I only want to impress upon you that it is calmly and moderately done; that whatever doubt or passion there has ever been on either side, has already died out; that I am sure we only want to forgive and forget, and live at peace; that it was an unhappy day for both, when two such strongly contrasted people came together, but that we quietly accept all that, and do not blame the day, and only seek to make the best of it.

What I tell you, is quite at your disposal to tell again, when and where you will.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Gore | Your faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN LEECH, 31 MAY 1858

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

Monday Thirty First May 1858

My Dear Leech.

In making the domestic change which we all here know (I believe, equally) to have become unavoidable, and to be for the good of all, and which is made without anger or ill will, I expect, of course, the misconstruction of the knaves and fools. I should be but a poor writer, if I did not know the penalty I owe to *them*, and for which I must take their receipt.

But you have been my friend, and know my nature. And when you misrepresent me, however unconsciously — as when you tell Luard it is a point in the case, that Charley sides with his mother — you strike me in a tender place, and wound me deeply.

Between the children and me, there is absolute confidence and accord throughout. Charley's living with his mother to take care of her, is *my* idea — not his. I beg you to read the copy of a note from him which I send you on the other side,[†1] and to do me justice.

He wrote it soon after he had seen me at the office one morning; where I had asked him if he thought he could decide to live with his mother. That is what he refers to, when he says, "What you told me this morning."

Faithfully Yours

CD

To J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON,[†2] 31 MAY 1858*

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Thirty First May 1858

My Dear Simpson.

To my horror, I discover this morning by chance, that I have omitted to return you the enclosed wonderful document.[†3] This sheet of paper will arrive red; — it was blue when I began to blush upon it.[†4]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Palgrave Simpson Esquire.

To HERBERT WATKINS, 31 MAY 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Herbert Watkins Esquire | Photographer | 179[†1] Regent Street | W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Thirty First May, 1858

Dear Sir

I wish, without any regard to cost, to get the best photograph of myself that can be produced, to send to a friend in Italy.[†2] As I wish it to be tolerably easy to carry about in some elegant little case, I presume it should be a head merely.[†3]

If you will have the kindness to undertake this little commission, I shall have perfect confidence in the result.

May I ask you to be so good as to favor me with an appointment, either for Wednesday Afternoon after 2, or for any time next Saturday or the following Monday, after 10 in the morning.

Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Herbert Watkins Esquire

To EDMUND YATES, 31 MAY 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Evening Thirty First May, 1858

My Dear Edmund

You will readily believe that I shall never make an ungenerous use of the paper of which I send you a copy on the other side,[†4] though I believe that nothing will ever reconcile me to the two who have signed it. But, as I know Mrs Yates's ears to have been abused, I think it simply just that she should see it. If you think so too (but not otherwise), shew it to her with my kind regard.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Yates Esquire.

June

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 2 JUNE 1858

Extract in James Cummins catalogue No. 32 (1991), *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, London, 2 June 58; addressed John Hollingshead.

I want to speak to you, if you will give me the opportunity, on two little matters of business which I hope may prove both agreeable and useful to you.[†1] Could you call on me tomorrow morning? I shall certainly be at home here from 10 to 11.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 2 JUNE 1858*

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Second June 1858

My Dear Ouvry

I have arranged to see Forster in Whitehall Place,[†2] this afternoon at 4. It is perfectly clear to me that his American idea[†3] is altogether untenable. Surely on your knowledge of human nature (to say nothing of the peculiarity of the American character, though that is highly important to consider too), you cannot think it feasible that I should write to any distinguished man in America, asking him to do for me, *what I have not done for myself here*! It is absurd. And it is just because no public step can possibly be taken for my good, anywhere, until I have taken one here, that I feel I *must* move — somehow.[†4]

Faithfully Always
CD.

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 3 JUNE 1858*

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Third June 1858

My Dear Ouvry

Forster writes me this morning, that our meeting at Whitehall Place is to be at 2 — *not* 4 — as he had forgotten an engagement.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 4 JUNE 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Fourth June 1858.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Rather a ridiculous thing has occurred, in reference to the enclosed letter of introduction.[†1] The lady — distinguished, in her way — has three times sent it to you, and three times had it returned. At last, in terror, affliction, and despair, she has brought it here.[†2]

I sincerely hope Mrs. Brown is better. I send her my love, and hope to be able to come and enquire for her tomorrow.

Ever affecy. and faithfully
CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 4 JUNE 1858

MS British Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Fourth June 1858

Dear Catherine.

I will not write a word as to any *causes* that have made it necessary for me to publish the enclosed in Household Words.[†3] Whoever there may be among the living, whom I will never forgive alive or dead, I earnestly hope that all unkindness is over between you and me.[†4]

But as you are referred to in the article, I think you ought to see it. You have only to say to Wills (who kindly brings it to you),[†1] that you do not object to the allusion.[†2]

CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD NELSON LEE, 4 JUNE 1858

MS University of Texas.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Fourth June 1858.

Dear Sir

In case I should not be at home when you call for your Manuscript,[†3] I write these few words to be left out with it.

Pray do not suppose that I arrogate any thing like infallibility in behalf of my opinion. It is merely a sincere one. It may be wrong.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Nelson Lee Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 7 JUNE 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Morning Seventh June 1858

My Dearest Macready.

You will see that some printed words of mine were laid on the breakfast-table this morning in the Times,[†4] along with the affectionate words of your kindest of notes.

The question was not I myself; but others. Foremost among them — of all people in the world — Georgina! Mrs. Dickens's weakness, and her mother's and her youngest sister's wickedness, drifted to that, without seeing what they would strike against — though I warned them in the strongest manner.[†5]

Forster advised with Delane for an hour and a half on Saturday. And Delane on

the whole decided *in favor of the publication.*[†1] This turned the balance, — as we had settled that it should, either way.[†2]

In great haste (for I am going to Gad's Hill with Mary, on household matters), and with love to all,

Ever affectionately

CD.

To F. M. EVANS, 8 JUNE 1858

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Morning Eighth June 1858

My Dear Evans.

Since you forwarded to me the enclosed letter from Mr Joyce,[†3] I have investigated its subject[†4] thoroughly — have recurred to it at intervals, again and again — and have taken time and pains to arrive at the truth.

My information in the first instance was positive, direct and plain. It was given me, with a full knowledge that I should consider it necessary to act upon it.

But I am bound to say that it does *not* retain its direct and positive character, on being examined and re-examined. And setting (as I feel bound to do), Mr Joyce's direct denial against it, and giving that denial the full weight that it is incumbent on me to attach to the word of a man whose truthfulness I have no right or reason to doubt, I must not hesitate to acquit Mr Joyce of the offence I imputed to him. I

therefore do so, freely, and I must beg to express my regret to him, through you, for having, most unintentionally and innocently, done him wrong.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

F. M. Evans Esquire.

To MR AND MRS G. B. GREGORY,[†1] 8 JUNE 1858*

MS (in Mrs CD's hand)[†2] Thomas Coram Foundation for Children.

Tavistock House | June 8th. | 58.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens regret extremely that, as they will be out of town on Sunday the 13th. next, they cannot have the pleasure of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Gregory's kind invitation to Luncheon on that morning.

To W. BLANCHARD JERROLD, [8 JUNE 1858]

Mention in *To* Knight, 11 June. *Date:* CD would have answered Jerrold's letter to him of 7 June at once.

To EDMUND YATES, 8 JUNE 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Eighth June 1858

My Dear Edmund

Of course I can have nothing to say to this,[†3] but that I deeply feel it. If you could know how much I have felt within this last month, and what a sense of Wrong has been upon me, and what a strain and struggle I have lived under, you would see that my heart is so jagged and rent and out of shape, that it does not this day leave me hand enough to shape these words.[†4]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To [?FREDERIC OUVRY],[†5] [?9 JUNE 1858]

Mention in MS Farrer & Co. Papers. *Date:* probably about a week before 16 June, when John Burrell stated that he had settled the draft of CD's Will.

Asking Farrer, Ouvry to revise and condense the draft Will[†6] *they had drawn up for him.*

To ROBERT BROUGH,[†1] 10 JUNE 1858*

MS Mitchell Library, Sydney.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Tenth June 1858.

My Dear Sir

I assure you I have been deeply affected by your letter. Few things could have been more welcome to me, and I thank you for it heartily.

As to the policy of *my* publishing the poem at present, after having spoken for myself, I have a great doubt. With your leave I will think of it. But in any case I will retain it for its own sake, with great pleasure, and will gladly avail myself of it as a literary composition of unusual merit, when the immediate occasion of it shall be less apparent.[†2]

Again I thank you, out of the depths of my heart.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert B Brough Esquire

To LEIGH HUNT, 11 JUNE 1858

MS Iowa University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Eleventh June 1858.

My Dear Hunt.

Your letter has moved me very much. I heartily thank you for it. It is worth suffering something, to be so remembered.

God bless you.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 11 JUNE 1858

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 11 June 58; addressed Charles Knight.

He is touched by Knight's letter. On the anniversary of Jerrold's death he had an excellent letter from his eldest son. I immediately replied to it, and gave him my hand across his father's grave.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 11 JUNE 1858

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1973; *MS* (3rd person) 1/2 p.; dated Tavistock House, 11 June 58.

Regretting that his absence from town[†1] *on 26 June will prevent him from having the honour of dining with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.*[†2]

To J. E. McINTYRE,[†3] 11 JUNE 1858

Mention in N, III, 27.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 11 JUNE 1858

MS Mrs Sowerby.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Eleventh June 1858

My Dear Thompson

I cannot leave your letter unanswered. For I know it comes out of your heart, as I know it has gone straight to mine.

Upon my soul I don't know — and I never have known — what has been amiss between us![†4] But I shall be heartily glad to be on the old cordial terms, if you and Christiana[†5] will give us the opportunity.[†6]

On the first of August I am going away on a long series of Readings. But we shall be at Gad's Hill (I have a house there, two miles and a half this side of Rochester) all through July; and if you would both come and see us for a day or two, you would find that a certain sugar-basin[†7] has never been off the table.

I don't know where to address you, so I sent this to Mitton to direct and post.

It has grieved me to hear of your domestic distress.[†1] In the hope that it is mended or has passed, and that our inexplicability has passed too, I am ever

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To [?DANIEL MACLISE],[†2] [?11 JUNE 1858]

MS (fragment) Berg Collection. *Date:* 11 June, the day after the reading.

We had an amazing scene of weeping and cheering, at St. Martin's Hall, last night. I read the Life and Death of Little Dombey; and certainly I never saw a crowd so resolved into one creature before, or so stirred by any thing.[†3]

I tell you this, my dear fellow, because I know you will read it with interest. Mary (now my housekeeper) Katie, and Georgina, send their kindest and best love. I cordially embrace you. You may be sure that I shall always deserve your steady confidence, and always be your affectionate and attached friend.

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE SECRETARY OF THE PLAYGROUND SOCIETY,[†4] [?11 JUNE 1858]

Mention in *To* Reed, 12 June 58. *Date:* probably written the day before that letter.

Returning the shorthand transcription of his speech at the Society's dinner on 1 June.[†5]

To HENRY AUSTIN, 12 JUNE 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twelfth June 1858

My Dear Henry

All right. We don't go down[†6] till Friday.

It certainly was a prodigious success. It frightened Arthur Smith. The people cried so, going out, that he thought "it wouldn't do" to put it up again![†1]

Love to Lætitia. | Ever Affectionately

CD.

To G. L. CHESTERTON,[†2] 12 JUNE 1858*

MS Somerville College, Oxford.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twelfth June 1858.

My Dear Chesterton.

An unusual combination of occupations, has prevented my writing you an earlier acknowledgement of the receipt of Miss Edwards's[†3] book.[†4]

Pray thank that lady in my name, and tell her that Hand and Glove and I are presently going down together into Kent, there to become closely acquainted under the shadow of a great Oak Tree.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

G. L. Chesterton Esquire.

To C. W. CROCKER,[†5] 12 JUNE 1858*

MS Private.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twelfth June 1858

Sir.

Allow me to assure you that I have read the article[†6] you have had the kindness to send me, with very great pleasure; and that I have deeply felt its earnestness and sincerity of purpose.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. W. Crocker Esquire

To THOMAS A. REED,[†1] 12 JUNE 1858

Facsimile in *Fac-Simile Reporting Notes*, I, II (Jan 88).

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twelfth June 1858.

Sir.

Many occupations have combined to prevent my looking over your notes of my observations at the dinner of the Playground Society[†2] until to day. I have now returned them to the Secretary, with an expression of my high satisfaction with their great and rare accuracy.[†3] Allow me to convey the same assurance to yourself.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas A Reed Esquire

To DAVID ROBERTS, 12 JUNE 1858*

MS Dr L. Warnock. *Address:* David Roberts Esquire R.A. | 7 Fitzroy Street | Fitzroy Square | W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twelfth June 1858

My Dear David Roberts.

I cordially thank you for your friendly and loving words. I did not need them, to assure me of your worth — for I have known *that,* a long long time. But they are most heartily welcome to me, and they touch me home.

Believe me, I shall never regard our friendship as a common one, and that I shall ever be while I live,

Yours affectionately and truly
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire

To A. U. THISELTON, 12 JUNE 1858

Text from copy in Minute Book, Artists' Benevolent Fund.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twelfth June 1858

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the flattering resolution of which the Committee of the Artists' Benevolent Fund have made me the Subject, and to assure

those gentlemen, that I am heartily and unaffectedly glad to have rendered them the least Service.[†1]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. EDWARD TAGART, 14 JUNE 1858

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Fourteenth June 1858

My Dear Mr. Tagart.

I have had the greatest pleasure in the receipt of your kind and affectionate note. The only drawback is, that I was at home when you brought it, and should have been delighted to have seen you.

Though I have unquestionably suffered deeply from being lied about with a most wonderful recklessness, I am not so weak or so wrong-headed as to be in the least changed by it. I know the world to have just as much good in it as it had before; and no one has better reason to thank God for the friendship it contains, than I have.

So I hope to regain my composure in a steady manner, and to live to be good and true to any innocent people who have been traduced along with me. For the rest, I am already thoroughly sure that the change which has been made at home, is a beneficial one for us all.

With kindest regard from all here to yourself, Mrs. Tagart, and all your house,

Believe me ever | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Edward Tagart.

To THOMAS MITTON, 15 JUNE 1858

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Fifteenth June 1858

My Dear Mitton

I cannot answer for my being free, next Saturday. I have so much to attend to just now, and am so liable to be troubled by some untoward thing or other, that I am afraid to make so early an engagement with you.

But we can still avoid the Fruit-time.[†2] I shall be often back, from Saturday to Monday, in August and September, and we will try then.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To EDMUND YATES, 15 JUNE 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Fifteenth June 1858

My Dear Yates

Come! — We dine at Dilkes,[†1] but don't go out until past 6. I needn't tell you that you may in all things count upon

Yours Ever
CD[†2]

To THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, 15 JUNE 1858*

MS The Bowood Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Evening Fifteenth June 1858.

My Dear Lord.

I take the liberty of returning an informal answer to your kind card, in order that I may express my regret that I came home just as you were driving away, and so lost the great pleasure and gratification I should have felt in seeing you.

Unfortunately I am going into Kent on Friday morning (I live on the top of Falstaff's Gad's Hill when I am there), for a little country peace, of which I stand much in need. Unfortunately, I have given my daughters free permission to dispose of me in the mean time. Unfortunately, they have availed themselves of this concession for tomorrow and thus I come to the crowning misfortune that I cannot have the honor of dining with you.

Allow me to assure you of my grateful respect and esteem, and of my ever being
My Dear Lord | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Marquess of Lansdowne.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 17 JUNE 1858

Mention in list of letters from CD to Thompson made by his son-in-law Wilfrid Meynell; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 17 June 58.

To JAMES T. FIELDS,[†1] 19 JUNE 1858

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Nineteenth June 1858.[†2]

My Dear Sir

I write to you from my little Kentish Country-house, on the very spot where Falstaff ran away.

I cannot tell you how very much obliged to you I feel for your kind suggestion,[†3] and for the perfectly frank and unaffected manner in which it is conveyed to me.

It touches, I will admit to you frankly, a chord that has several times sounded in my breast, since I began my Readings. I should very much like to read in America. But the idea is a mere Dream as yet. Several strong reasons would make the journey difficult to me, and — even were they overcome — I would never make it, unless I had great general reason to believe that the American people really wanted to hear me.[†4]

Through the whole of this Autumn I shall be reading in various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland.[†5] I mention this, in reference to the closing paragraph of your esteemed favor.

Allow me once again to thank you most heartily, and to remain
Gratefully | And Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. M. TOWLE,[†1] 19 JUNE 1858*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* George Makepeace Towle Esquire | Yale College | New Haven | Conn. | U.S. of America.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Nineteenth June 1858.

Dear Sir

I am very happy to send you the autograph which you desire to add to your collection.

Allow me to thank you for the pleasant and obliging terms in which your letter is couched.
I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Makepeace Towle Esquire

To HENRY AUSTIN, [19-20 JUNE 1858]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day or day before that letter.

To HENRY AUSTIN, 20 JUNE 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twentieth June 1858

My Dear Henry

You will receive — probably with this — a former note of mine, posted to you from Rochester today. Since that letter was posted, *the Pump has broken down again — the same rod.* And the Rochester man says "he'd rather have nothink to do with that 'ere infernal ma-sheen."

Pray help me! Pray, pray, save me from bankruptcy and Despair!!

Affecy Ever
CD.

To HENRY BICKNELL, 24 JUNE 1858*

MS Dickens Fellowship, Boston, Mass.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Twenty Fourth June 1858.

My Dear Bicknell.

I am exceedingly unwilling to say No to the proposal with which the Directors of

the Crystal Palace Company honor me;[†1] — and yet I fear I must. The truth is, that I abstain, on principle, from associating myself *in name alone* with any project; I know I have not leisure to bestow on any new occupation at present; and I feel it right, not only towards myself, but also towards the projectors of this scheme, to give these plain reasons for declining, though very unwillingly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Bicknell Esquire

To DR F. H. RAMSBOTHAM, 24 JUNE 1858

Summary from Sotheby's catalogue Mar 1981; *MS* (copy in unknown hand) 1 p.; addressed Dr Ramsbotham; dated Tavistock House, 24 June 58.

Saying he cannot accept invitation as he is in town only for a day and a half to read,[†2] *and has friends staying in Kent, so must return.*

To W. M. THACKERAY, [?24-27 JUNE 1858]*

MS (fragment) Yale University Library. *Date:* near the date of the Special meeting of the Garrick Club Committee on 26 June; handwriting supports.

of any other person, in it or out of it?[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. M. Thackeray Esquire

To WILLIAM MOY THOMAS, 28 JUNE 1858

MS Walter T. Spencer.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Monday Twenty Eighth June 1858

My Dear Sir

I shall be at Gad's Hill again tomorrow evening, but not in time to communicate with you before it will be necessary for you to send to Edinburgh. I will write to you after reading your article.[†4]

I am sure it will be manly and right, and I have not the least uneasiness about it; my confidence being — believe me — Thorough.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

William Moy Thomas Esquire

To G. A. SALA, [?29-30 JUNE 1858]*

MS (fragment)[†2] British Library. Date: "1858" pencilled at top of page; June likely, as a month before publication of *A Journey Due North* as a separate book, and probably written from Gad's Hill.[†3]

glad to see it there. If no such reason should arise I am content to let my wound heal quietly.

The "Journey Due North" is henceforth at your own disposal. I hereby declare you to be the owner of the copyright of that work, collected and republished as a separate book;[†4] and I hope it may be a pleasant and profitable possession.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George A Sala Esquire

To FRANCIS WAUGH,[†1] 30 JUNE 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Master Francis G. Waugh | 6 Mecklenburgh Street | London | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirtieth June 1858.

My Dear Young friend

I am quite ashamed to find that your letter was written to me so long ago as on the eighteenth of this month. For I am (as you have been truly told) very fond of children, and I should be pained by your supposing that I could neglect you.

The truth is, I have been very busy. Otherwise I should have sent you this present autograph, on the very next day after I received your letter. "Better late than Never", however, and here it is.

I don't write as plainly as you do. But printers can read anything, and they have made me lazy about the shapes of my letters, and the clearness of my loops, and the roundness of my O's (there's a round one though), and all that. But I am not lazy in anything else, so I hope to retain your good opinion on the whole.

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Perhaps you'll wonder why I make that flourish. I don't know. I have not the least idea.
Master Francis G Waugh

July

To CHARLES KEAN, [1 JULY 1858]

Extract in N, III, 28 (from catalogue source); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 1 July 58.

I have received your letter on my arrival in town this morning, and I shall have great pleasure in meeting you at the Athenaeum at half past one to-morrow, if that time will suit your convenience.[†2]

To HENRY BRADBURY,[†1] 3 JULY 1858*

MS Professor K. J. Fielding.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Third July, 1858

My Dear Sir

I send you enclosed, a List of "Reprinted Pieces". They are all in Household Words, and I have appended to each, the No. of the Vol. in which each is to be found. I wish them to be printed in the Library Edition, in the order in which I send them.[†2] If there be too many, I will strike some out. If there be not enough, I will add some more. It will be best to let me have the Proof Sheets of this part of the Volume, *all together*, so that we may know exactly what we are about as to quantity.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

Henry Bradbury Esquire

To MISS HARNESS,[†3] [?5 JULY 1858]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To HENRY CHORLEY,[†4] 5 JULY 1858

Text from N, III, 28.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Fifth July 1858

Dear Chorley,

The enclosed is from Miss Harness, asking you to dine there with me.

I have replied for myself, that I have left off dining out, until my reading Tour[†5] shall be over. I have added for you, that I *think* you are engaged out of town, but that you will answer for yourself. They are very agreeable and excellent people, you know.

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS BEARD, 6 JULY 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Evening Sixth July 1858

My Dear Beard

I am anxious that you should come (if you can and will), and have a little country idleness here, this month. I say this month, because on the 2nd. of August I go away on a long Reading Tour, which, with

occasional Saturday rushes to London, will hold me engaged until November. Now, see how I stand. On Wednesday and Thursday the 14th. and 15th. I read.[†1] On Friday the 16th. I return here. Can't you come too? The Forsters may be with us for a day or two, but you know we are elastic in our accommodations, and more than elastic in our welcome to you. Can you manage to come then, and stay until I roam away into the wide world of Readings?

Write me a word in answer here, or see me in my room at St. Martin's Hall between the parts next Thursday night.[†2] There is always Sherry and Ice for you, and you never come to take it.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To EDMUND YATES, 6 JULY 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixth July, 1858

My Dear Edmund

I have been thinking about the General Meeting.[†3] My considerations and reconsiderations thereupon, induce me to recommend you *not* to attend it in person.

Firstly, I think it pretty certain that Thackeray will stay away.[†4] If he should do so, it would be regarded as an act of delicacy in him; and your doing the reverse, would be regarded as an act of *in*delicacy in you.

Secondly, though he should come; still, your staying away, would shew well by the side of his presence.

Thirdly, it is very difficult indeed for anyone, even though practised in public

meetings and appearances, to keep quiet at such a discussion: the said "anyone" being a principal therein.

Fourthly, you could do nothing, if you were there, but deny that you ever intended to abide by the Committee's decision. That, I will say for you, if necessary.

In case you should be staggered by this advice of mine, ask one or two men of experience and good judgement, whom you can trust, what *they* say. I am pretty sure that on careful consideration they will agree with me.[†1]

I suppose the Meeting is not to take place so soon as next Saturday, seeing that I have not yet received any Circular.[†2]

Ever Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Yates Esquire

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 7 JULY 1858

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Affranchie | A Monsieur | William. W. F. De Cerjat | Campagne Elysée | Lausanne | La Suisse.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventh July, 1858.

My Dear Cerjat.

I should vainly try to tell you — so I *won't* try — how affected I have been by your warm-hearted letter, or how thoroughly well convinced I always am of the truth and earnestness of your friendship. I thank you, my dear fellow, with my whole soul. I fervently return that friendship, and I highly cherish it.

†a Ah! If Prudence only knew how far out she was when she plucked you by the sleeve, she would marry Generous Impulse without delay and have a charming family. What good the children of that match would do on earth!

Dear Cerjat, I know very well that a man who has won a very conspicuous position, has incurred in the winning of it, a heavy debt to the Knaves and Fools, which he must be content to pay, over and over again, all through his life. Further, I know equally well that I can never hope that any one out of my house can ever comprehend

my domestic story.†1 I will not complain. I have been heavily wounded, but I have covered the wound up, and left it to heal.†2 Some of my children or some of my friends will do me right if I ever need it in the time to come. And I hope that my Books will speak for themselves and me, when I and my faults and virtues, my fortunes and misfortunes, are all forgotten.†a

You want to know all about me? I am still reading in London every Thursday, and the Audiences are very great, and the success immense. On the 2nd. day of August I am going away, on a tour of some four months, in England, Ireland, and Scotland. I shall read, during that time, not fewer than four or five times a week.†3 It will be sharp work; but probably a certain musical chinking will come of it, which will mitigate the hardship.

At this present moment I am on my little Kentish freehold (*not* in top boots, and not particularly prejudiced that I know of), looking on as pretty an English view out of my study window, as you would find in a long day's English ride. My little place is a grave red brick house (Time of George the First, I suppose)†4 which I have added to, and stuck bits upon, in all manner of ways: so that it is as pleasantly irregular, and as violently opposed to all architectural ideas, as the most hopeful man could possibly desire. It is on the summit of Gad's Hill. The Robbery was committed

before the door, on the men with the Treasure, and Falstaff ran away from the identical spot of ground now covered by the room in which I write. A little rustic alehouse, called The Sir John Falstaff, is over the way — has been over the way, ever since, in honor of the event. Cobham Woods and Park are behind the house; the distant Thames in front; the Medway, with Rochester and its old Castle and Cathedral, on one side. The whole stupendous property is on the old Dover Road: so, when you come, come by the North Kent Railway (not the South Eastern) from Canterbury to Strood or Higham, and I'll drive over to fetch you.

The blessed woods and fields have done me a world of good, and I am quite myself again. The children are all as happy as children can be; †a and the girls are happier than they ever were.†a My eldest daughter, Mary, keeps house — with a state and gravity becoming that high position. Wherein she is assisted by her sister Katie, and by her Aunt Georgina, who is, and always has been, like another sister. Two big dogs — a bloodhound, and a St. Bernard, direct from a convent of that name†1 where I think you once were — are their principal attendants in the green lanes. These latter, instantly untie the neck-kerchiefs of all Tramps and Prowlers who approach the Presence,†2 so they wander about with any escort, and drive big horses in basket phaetons through murderous bye-ways, and never come to grief. They are very curious about your daughters, and send all kinds of loves to them and to Mrs. Cerjat. In which I heartily join.

You will have read in the papers that the Thames at London is most horrible. I have to cross Waterloo or London Bridge to get to the Railroad when I come down there, and I can certify that the offensive smells, even in that short whiff, have been of a most head-and-stomach distracting nature. Nobody knows what is to be done; at least, everybody knows a plan, and everybody else knows it won't do; in the meantime cart-loads of chloride of Lime are shot into the filthy stream, and do something — I hope.†3 You will know before you get this, that the American Telegraph Wire has parted again; at which most men are sorry, but very few surprised.†4 This is all the news, except that there is an Italian Opera at Drury Lane†5 — price eighteen pence to the Pit — where Viardot, by far the greatest artist of them all, sings, and which is full, when the dear Operas can't let a box;†6 and except that the weather has been excessively hot, but is now quite cool. On the top of this hill, it has been even cold — actually cold — at night, for more than a week past.

I am going over to Rochester to post this letter, and must write another to Townshend before I go. My dear Cerjat I have written lightly enough, because I want you

to know that I am becoming cheerful and hearty. †a I have been sadly put out, and sorely unlike myself; but it is past, I hope, and a brighter †b sky is shining.†a God bless you. I love you, and I know that you love me. Ever your attached and affectionate CD†b

To THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, [?7 JULY 1858]

Mention in last. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To W. H. RUSSELL, 7 JULY 1858†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Evening, Seventh July, 1858.

My Dear Russell.

I cannot let another Mail go from Marseilles,[†1] without sending you my hearty and cordial word of thanks, for your great kindness about my boy, and without saying to you (which is most superfluous) with what unspeakable pleasure I shall see you at home again.[†2] I write from the top of that hill where I did hope to have seen you long ago, and where I have a prophetic assurance and fore-knowledge that I shall see you and Mrs. Russell many a time. Divers wonderful drinks are in the capital cellar in the chalk below, which I reserve for these occasions. And then I shall tell you all that I leave out of this letter — so prepare and resign yourself. There being nothing *in* this letter, Heavens! how long-winded I shall have to be!

No doubt, by some wonderful means or other, you get all the news from Printing House Square,[†3] at about the same time as I get it here. How the Atlantic Telegraph Wire broke again, the day before yesterday or so, you know, of course. Also, how your friend reads his shorter books in public (Arthur Smith, Manager) with a success which his modesty forbids him to expatiate upon. Also how he has asked Mrs. Russell as a Guest to such intellectual banquet — who came, he hopes. Also, how Albert Smith starts for Hong Kong, viâ Marseilles, tomorrow night,[†4] a hot and a weary journey for the man of his figure; as an improvement upon which I have recommended Sheridan's advice as to saying he saw it, and not putting himself out of the way to go to see it.[†5] But you don't know — no, not even from Printing H. S. —

that on the anniversary of poor dear Jerrold's death,[†1] I had a very good and tender letter from his eldest son, expressing his regret that he had ever been so ill-advised as to be less grateful to certain of his father's friends than he might have been.[†2] In reply to which, I stretched out my willing hand to him over his father's grave, and made an end of that incongruity at least, I hope for ever.[†3]

Everybody talks about your letters, and everybody praises them.[†4] No one says, or can say, more of them than they deserve. I have been deeply impressed by your suggestion, in your note to me, of the miseries and horrors by which you are surrounded; and I can well understand what a trial the whole frightful, revengeful, morally and physically burning, business must be to an affectionate and earnest man. Are there good chances of its being so far ended, as to enable you to come home? That is the turning-point in the War, that I (and Mrs. Russell) think most about.

The gentleman to whom you gave a letter of introduction, called on me one afternoon last month, and left word that he was going away directly.[†5] I called on him next day. He was out, as I had been, but I saw a very good serving-man who told me how he was "joost awa' into Scotland yon, airly the morrow mornin'". So I left him my card, with an intimation that I hoped to know him better on his return.

The Garrick is in convulsions. The attack is consequent on Thackeray's having complained to the Committee (with an amazing want of discretion, as I think), of an article about him by Edmund Yates, in a thing called Town Talk.[†6] The article is in bad taste, no doubt, and would have been infinitely better left alone. But I conceive that the Committee have nothing earthly, celestial, or infernal, to do with it.[†7] Committee thinks otherwise, and calls on E.Y. to apologize or retire. E.Y. can't apologize (Thackeray having written him a letter that really renders it impossible),[†8] and

won't retire. Committee thereupon call General Meeting, yet pending. Thackeray *thereupon*, by way of shewing what an ill thing it is for writers to attack one another in print, denounces E.Y. (in Virginians) as "Young Grub Street".[†1] Frightful mess, muddle, complication, and botheration, ensue. Which Witch's broth is now in full boil.

Why, you are better with a Turban round your hat, over there, — than here, with all this nonsense going on! As to me, I have come to the blessed woods and fields to forget several things (you are not among them my dear Russell), and to calm down before I go a-reading God knows where — including Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and Limerick: I never having set foot in Ireland before.

Behold all my news, and the end of my paper! I send you a cordial and vigorous shake of my hand with my heart in it — which was the way in which Rogers's Ginevra (or some one else) gave hers to her lover[†2] — and a very pretty and loving way too. Where is your old Map this night, I wonder, and the Wand you used to point with![†3] Lord Lord! and Joe Robins[†4] playing (with indifferent success, I am afraid) far [†a]North!! And Delane looking as if he lived on morning dew and horseback!!!

God bless you, and send you back to us, ruddy and bould. Believe me Ever Heartily and affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

To EDMUND YATES, 7 JULY 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventh July, 1858

My Dear Edmund

Yes. I will dine at the Albion[†5] tomorrow, at 4.

Pray don't think — or pretend to think — for a moment that I can fail to be interested in your letters, be they ever so numerous.[†6]

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR,[†1] 9 JULY 1858

Mention in Charles J. Sawyer catalogue (undated); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 9 July 58; addressed Lord Robert Grosvenor.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 11 JULY 1858

Extract in N, III, 32 (from catalogue source); dated Gad's Hill Place, 11 July 58.

John, Please take a cab to Mr. Watkins's Photographic Gallery Regent St.... and take away to Tavistock House my writing table and brown cloak.[†2] Also, please call at Hall's,[†3] my bootmakers, and order me another pair of shepherd's plaid, ankle, spring boots,[†4] like the two last pairs.

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, [?10-12 JULY 1858]

Extracts in Charley Dickens *to* Mrs CD, 13 July 58, MS Huntington Library.[†5] *Date:* CD probably wrote to Charley 2-3 days before Charley found his letter.

[†a]I myself took out of our Deed of separation the usual formal clause inserted by her own solicitors; that she should have access to the children except at Tavistock House.[†6] That exception seemed to me to convey an unnecessary slight upon her, and I said that she should see them there or anywhere....[†a]

[†b]I positively forbid the children ever to utter one word [†c]to their grandmother or to Helen Hogarth.[†c] If they are ever brought into the presence of either of these two, I charge them immediately to leave your mother's house and come back to me....[†b]

[†d]I positively forbid the children ever to see or to speak to him,[†1] and for the same reason I absolutely prohibit [†e]their ever being[†e] taken to Mr. Evans's house.[†d]

To THE COMMITTEE OF THE GARRICK CLUB, 12 JULY 1858

MS The Garrick Club.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth July, 1858.

Gentlemen

As I had the misfortune to differ from you on the whole principle of last Saturday's discussion, and as I cannot take upon myself the very difficult and unsatisfactory functions which you understand to attach to your Body, but which I believe that Body has no right to assume, I beg your permission to resign my seat at your Board.

I am Gentlemen | With much regard | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Committee | of | The Garrick Club

To OCTAVE LACROIX,[†2] 12 JULY 1858

Facsimile in *Catalogue de Mme G. Whitney Hoff,* Paris, 1934.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth July, 1858

Dear Sir

I feel exceedingly obliged to you for your flattering and interesting letter. I have a great ambition to be extensively read and well understood, in France; and you give me the liveliest and most cordial pleasure when you predict that I shall become widely known among the great French people.[†3]

I owe you many apologies for not having answered your letter sooner. But I have been constantly occupied, and it was unfortunately mislaid, and has but this day been recovered.

It would gratify me very much if I could give you any details that would be useful to you, or interesting to your readers. But all that I could say *of* my books I have said *in* them. They originate in my own reflections and fancies, and in my observation of the world around me. Little Dorrit is my last published work. It was published monthly (de mois en mois) and completed in 20 parts (livraisons). Hard Times was

originally published from week to week (de semaine en semaine), in my own literary Journal, Household Words. I have no dates, here, in the country, to refer to; but I think Hard Times was completed about 4 years ago.[†1] Little Dorrit was completed and published entire, in May 1857.

Accept the assurance of my great regard and esteem and Believe me always, My Dear Sir
Yours faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Octave Lacroix.

To JOHN HILLS,[†2] 13 JULY 1858

Mention in N, III, 32.

To DR W. C. HOOD, [?15 JULY 1858]

Envelope only, MS Brown University Library. *Address:* Dr. Hood | Bethelehem Hospital | S. PM 15 July 58 London.

To ALFRED NOVELLO,[†3] 15 JULY 1858

Mention in N, III, 33; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 15 July 58.

Asking for the address of Countess Gigliucci, the singer.

To RICHARD SPOFFORD,[†4] 15 JULY 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Fifteenth July, 1858

My Dear Sir

I have a hope that it will not be displeasing to you, to receive a letter under my hand. I have an absolute certainty that it is a great pleasure and relief to me to write it.

Your Cousin[†1] Fanny[†2] has shewn me a letter of yours in which reference is made to me. I would not for the world do her or you the wrong of giving you any assurance upon a subject on which your own generous nature is perfectly clear. But what I wish to do, is to thank you most heartily for the comfort and strength I have derived from the contemplation of your character as it is expressed in that letter beyond the possibility of mistake, and to convey to you, in a manner as plain and unaffected as your own, my admiration of the noble instinct with which the upright know the upright, all the broad world over. Your Cousin well deserves to be its subject.

From the first month, I think, of my knowing your Cousin Fanny, I have confided in her, have taken great interest in her, and have highly respected her. You may be sure (as I know her mother and sisters are, and as I know my own two daughters are), that there could not live upon this earth a man more blamelessly and openly her friend than I am, or to whom her honor could be dearer than it is to me.

I desire to avoid troubling you with my personal feelings under such wild misrepresentation and amazing falsehood.[†3] I will only say on that head that while I know this kind of evil to be a dark place in the social life of many countries, and especially of America, I know well — as no one can have better reason — the chivalry and integrity of the general American character, and I trust myself to it with implicit confidence.

My dear Sir, my wish is gratified. I have stretched out my hand across the Ocean to grasp yours, and I can bear even the misfortune of most innocently causing your Cousin one painful moment, the better for it.

Believe me | With much regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard S Spofford Esquire

To THE COUNTESS GIGLIUCCI, 16 JULY 1858*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Sixteenth July, 1858.

My Dear Countess Gigliucci

I want to ask your kind advice, and I know you will give it me.

A young lady for whom I have a great friendship and in whom I am much interested, is going to study in Italy, the better to qualify herself as a professional singer. She has already been pretty well trained and taught here, but wishes to complete her musical Education and make it a sound one, under good Italian instruction.[†1]

She has asked me to what part of Italy I could recommend her going, and under what kind of master I could recommend her placing herself. I have not the least idea! But it suddenly comes into my head that nobody can enlighten me so well as you.

Will you write to me a word or two of enlightenment: understanding that it is not an Amateur affair, but a thorough working one.

I beg to send my kind regards to Count Gigliucci, and Am Ever
Faithfully your friend | And admirer
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS HEADLAND,[†2] 16 JULY 1858

Text from Brentano's catalogue, No. 124.

St Martin's Hall | 16 July 1858

To Mr. Headland

This set of my Books, with thanks
CHARLES DICKENS

To ROBERT ORRIDGE,[†3] 17 JULY 1858

MS Mr Alex Robertson. *Address:* Robert Orridge Esquire | 3 Paper Buildings | Temple | London | E. C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventeenth July 1858

My Dear Sir

I am sorry that my being here, except when business takes me to London for a

few hours at a time, has deprived me of the pleasure of seeing you in reference to the very kind note of Mr. Macrory.[†1]

May I ask you to be so good as to assure that gentleman that I am exceedingly sensible of his father's[†2] hospitable offer,[†3] and that I thank him very heartily for his great courtesy. But I have been obliged to resolve that I will deny myself all such pleasures during my tour. It will be so very fatiguing, that I am quite sure I can intermingle no social enjoyments with its occupations. I have therefore (putting a virtuous constraint upon myself with a very bad grace), doggedly made up my mind to confine myself to Inns. Even when I shall be in Scotland among many old friends, I shall stick to this heroic resolution.

I am not the less indebted to Mr. Macrory, and I cannot too warmly acknowledge or respond to his invitation.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HERBERT WATKINS, 17 JULY 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Herbert Watkins Esquire | 215 Regent Street | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventeenth July, 1858

My Dear Mr. Watkins

I owe you many thanks for your most obliging note. I am glad to hear so good an account of the Portraits,[†4] and I do not doubt that they will be admirable.

It would give me great pleasure to have some five and twenty impressions for private friends, if those should not be too many.

I hope the colored Portrait will be ready in the last week of this month.[†5] I go away on a tour, on the 1st. of August, and particularly wish to send that packet to its destination (I have already forsworn myself for a long time), before I leave.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Herbert Watkins Esquire

To F. M. EVANS, 22 JULY 1858

Text from N, III, 33.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†1]
Thursday July Twenty-Second 1858[†2]

Dear Sir,

I have had stern occasion to impress upon my children that their father's name is their best possession and that it would indeed[†3] be trifled with and wasted by him, if, either through himself or through them, he held any terms with those who have been false to it, in the only great[†4] need and under the only great wrong it has ever known. You know very well, why (with hard distress of mind and bitter disappointment), I have been forced to include you in this class. I have no more to say.[†5]

[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S. — Your letter reached me, only yesterday.

To S. L. BROOKS, 23 JULY 1858*

MS Mr Frank North.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Third July, 1858.

Dear Sir

I write this letter to be presented to you by my friend Mr. Arthur Smith, who is the business-manager of my Public Readings.

Those readings will take me nearly all over England Ireland and Scotland, during the months of August, September, October, and November. My present object is, to ascertain whether the liberality of your Company towards a public man, will concede me, during that time, any advantages on your line.

It will be necessary for me to travel — two first class, and three second or third;

and my luggage may probably somewhat (but not greatly) exceed in weight what would be ordinarily allowed to such passengers.

If, on conferring with Mr. Arthur Smith, you should think it not inconsistent with the usual consideration of your Company, to afford me any facilities, I should feel very truly obliged.[†1]

I am Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

S. L. Brooks Esquire

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 23 JULY 1858*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Third July, 1858

My Dear Sir

I quite agree with you as to the proposal you communicate.[†2] It is altogether out of the question, and is, in the pecuniary part of it, ridiculous.

Will you tell me, for the information of an accursed correspondent,[†3] when the Pickwick Papers were first published.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 23 JULY 1858

Extract in *American Book Prices Current*, 1923; dated 23 July 58; mention in Walter M. Hill catalogue No. 77 (Nov 1918); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Miss Mary Boyle.

1st no. of Pickwick appeared (April 1st:) 1836 last do of do do ed (1st: Novr:) 1837.
So certified, on the authority of His Publisher's Books,

CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KEAN, 23 JULY 1858*

MS Mr Edwin A. Elsbach.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Third July, 1858

My Dear Mr. Kean.

Let me assure you most unaffectedly and earnestly, in acknowledgement of your kind note, that I was heartily glad to be present last Wednesday;[†4] and that my

reference to yourself, faithfully expressed the admiration with which I listened to what you said, and with which I contemplated your highly becoming share in the proceedings.[†1]

Nothing could have been better commenced than this business.[†2] I shall be more interested in it than ever,[†3] if it should prove (as I trust it may) the beginning of a better acquaintance between us.

With regard and good wishes, believe me to remain

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Kean Esquire.

To C. A. SAUNDERS,[†4] 23 JULY 1858*

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Third July, 1858

Dear Sir

I write this letter to be presented to you by Mr. Arthur Smith, who is the business-manager of my public readings.

Those readings will take me nearly all over England Ireland and Scotland, during the months of August, September, October, and November. My present object is, to ascertain whether the liberality of your company towards a public man, will concede me, during that time, any advantages on your line.

It will be necessary for me to travel — two first class, and three second or third; and my luggage may probably somewhat (but not greatly) exceed in weight, what would be ordinarily allowed to such passengers.

If, on conferring with Mr. Arthur Smith, you should think it not inconsistent with the usual consideration of your company to afford me any facilities, I shall feel very truly obliged.

I am Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

C. A. Saunders Esquire.

To J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, 23 JULY 1858

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Third July 1858

My Dear Simpson

The Committee seem to me to have gone perfectly mad. I really never met with such ridiculous assumption and preposterous imbecility, in my life before.[†1]

Like you, I should "boil with indignation", if I had not a vent. But I have. Upon my soul, when I picture them to myself in that backyard, conceiving that they shake the earth, I fall into fits of laughter which make my daughters laugh — away at Gad's Hill — until the tears run down their cheeks.

— But this is not to the purpose, concerning Edmund Yates. Before I received your note last night, I had recommended him to ascertain, from good sound legal authority, the exact state of the legality of the question. This he is now doing.[†2] If he can fix them on that, it will be far better than any protest. If he can not, *then* let us take counsel as to that step. Meanwhile, wait.

I cannot too warmly assure you of my hearty admiration of your generous feeling in this matter,[†3] or of my desire to render steady, unflinching, and enduring support. It is amazing to me that so many men can be the tools of such a wonderful small Inquisition. But I conceive that every day's notoriety makes the whole thing, and the whole club, more absurd; and I believe that with a fine retributive justice, there are the seeds of certain decay and destruction in this rottenness.

Very Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Palgrave Simpson Esquire.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY, 24 JULY 1858*

MS University of Texas. *Address:* Lieutenant Tracey R.N. | 5 Windsor Terrace | Plymouth.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Fourth July, 1858

My Dear Commodore.

I have not answered your kind note sooner, for the best of all possible reasons, my brave old Salt — because I have only just received it, along with a hold-full of correspondence from Tavistock House.

You know that if it were possible for me to come aboard o' the Windsor Terrace, I should answer your signal, joyfully, out of hand. But I *must* be at an Inn, and by myself, and *must* avoid engagements, under these circumstances. As to Arthur Smith, he will live, in a high fever, for the next four months, and will (I know beforehand) always dine standing. But I tell you what. If you will give us a glass of pale ale

and grog, on the Wednesday or Thursday night, after the reading,[†1] we will come to you with delight. Being positively our first, last, and only appearance off the Inn Boards during the whole Tour.

I send something as near my love as I may, to Mrs. Tracey. Forster is staying here, and adds his particular regard.[†2]

To EDWARD WALFORD, 24 JULY 1858*

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Fourth July, 1858.

Sir

Your obliging note is not dated, but I fear it may possibly be some days old, as it reaches me this morning along with a great arrear of correspondence.

I always have it in my mind to leave my own auto-biography for my childrens' information. Although I have seen various lives of myself surprisingly new to me in all their details, I have never, therefore, taken their correction upon myself.[†3] If there should be any dates that you desire to know and will tell me what they are, I will supply them, if I can.[†4]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Walford Esquire

&c &c &c

To H. G. ADAMS, 24 JULY 1858

Text from N, III, 34.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night Twenty Fourth July 1858

Dear Sir,

Mr. Arthur Smith (to be addressed at my house in London) is the business-manager of my Readings, and conducts all the correspondence arising out of them. But as he has a perfect understanding beforehand with me that they are always my own enterprise, and that I am never to be engaged by any Institution or by any person, I let you know as much, to save you the trouble of writing to him.

I shall be here at intervals during the summer (for a day or two at a time) and shall be happy to make an appointment with you, if you should desire to see me. But there is not the slightest chance of my being able to read for your Institution.[†5]

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM J. CLEMENT, 25 JULY 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Fifth July, 1858.

My Dear Clement.

I have received your letter with much pleasure, and count upon shaking hands with you at Shrewsbury.[†1] But I am sorry to say that I *must*[†2] deny myself, all through my tour, the pleasure of visiting

my friends. Its fatigues will be very great indeed, and I know I can only hope to triumph over them, by observing a rigid system in this regard.

You can scarcely think what a noble spectacle of virtue I feel myself to be, when I announce this resolution. It is so excessively disagreeable to me that I become, in my own eyes, almost sublime.

With kind regard at home
Ever Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Clement Esquire

To MRS CORNELIUS, 27 JULY 1858

Text from N, III, 34.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Twenty Seventh July 1858

My Dear Anne,

Will you please call me in the morning at a quarter before 8, and let me have breakfast at a quarter before 9. I am going back by an early Train.†3

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To T. J. THOMPSON, 27 JULY 1858

Mention in list of letters from CD to Thompson made by his son-in-law Wilfrid Meynell; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 27 July 58.†4

To HENRY MORLEY, 27 JULY 1858*

MS Mr Douglas C. Ewing.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Night | Twenty Seventh July 1858

My Dear Morley

Coming to town for the evening, I find the accompanying packet at Tavistock House here. I send it to you. Will you kindly write an acknowledgement, of its

receipt from the office, to the effect that the Writer of the article in H.W.†1 begs to say that it has been laid before him by Mr. C.D.

In haste | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWARD WALFORD, 28 JULY 1858†

MS University of Texas. *Address:* E. Walford Esquire. M.A. &c &c &c | Hampstead | near London | N.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.†2
Wednesday Twenty Eighth July, 1858

Dear Sir

I beg to return you the accompanying Proof.†3

In adherence to the rule I always observe, I have not touched it.

†a But I would suggest to you that it is hardly well to rest any thing connected with the origin of the Pickwick Papers, on a vague "it is said";†4 when their origin has been for some years, exactly described by my own hand, and before the Public, in the Preface to the "Cheap Edition" of that work.†a†5

With thanks to you for your courtesy, I beg to remain

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Walford Esquire

&c &c &c

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 30 JULY 1858

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Thirtieth July, 1858

My Dear Sir

This will present to you, my friend Mr. Edmund Yates, whose literary career I wish to assist and advance, if I can.

He has asked my opinion on a question he had an idea of propounding to you.†1 As I cannot form an opinion on the subject (not knowing what your engagements may be), I give him this letter that he may state it for himself. I am quite sure you will answer it frankly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To CHARLES FAIDER,[†2] 31 JULY 1858*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* À Monsieur Ch: Faider | &c | &c &c | Bruxelles.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Samedi Juillet 31, 1858

Monsieur.

J'ai l'honneur distinguée de reçevoir votre letter.

Je regrette extrememement que ma presence au Congres a Bruxelles[†3] est absolument impossible; mais permettez-moi de vous assurer, Monsieur, que je sens vivement l'importance de l'idee, et que je vous envois mon adhesion avec le plus grand interet et plaisir.

Agreez Monsieur l'assurance de ma consideration tres distinguée.

CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Ch: Faider.

August

To THOMAS BEARD, 1 AUGUST 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | London | N.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday First August, 1858.

My Dear Beard

I bring with me to Tavistock House, "to be left till called for", a little writing-case in a cover, which I think belongs to you.

Ever affecy

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 1 AUGUST 1858

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday First August 1858.

My Dear Wilkie

I am off from here to-day, and enclose you (hastily) my Tour,[†1] and my address at each place. I hope you are enjoying yourself at Broadstairs — holding on by your great advance in health — and getting into the condition, physically, of Ben Caunt[†2] — morally, of William Shakespeare.

Charley's paper[†3] has a great deal in it that is very droll and good. I have sent it to the Printer.

With kind regard | Ever affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD,[†4] 2 AUGUST 1858

Mention in N, III, 35.

To EDMUND YATES, 4 AUGUST [1858]

Extract in *Edmund Yates: His Recollections and Experiences*, I, 303; dated Plymouth,[†1] 4 August. *Date:* see next.

We had a most noble night at Exeter last night,[†2] and turned numbers away. Arthur is something between a Home Secretary and a furniture-dealer in Rathbone Place.[†3] He is either always corresponding in the genteelest manner, or dragging rout-seats[†4] about without his coat.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 5 AUGUST 1858†

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (Envelope, MS Mr W. Miller): Miss Hogarth, | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by Rochester | Kent.

West Hoe, Plymouth | Thursday Fifth August 1858

My dearest Georgy

I received your letter this morning with the greatest pleasure, and read it with the utmost interest in all its domestic details. [†a]On the Beard[†5] — or Thompson[†6] question, I am quite clear, without the shadow of a doubt. Decidedly, take Thompson! There is no comparison between them. He is not wearisome — really has tact — and is far more formable and mouldable altogether.[†a†7]

We had a most wonderful night at Exeter. [†a]Only two things are[†a] to be regretted [†a]in reference to it. Firstly, that even Arthur could not squeeze more than £75 into the room. Secondly,[†a] that we cannot take the place again on our way back. It was a prodigious cram, and we turned away no end of people. But not only that. I think they were the finest Audience I have ever read to; I don't think I ever read, in some respects so well; and I never beheld anything like the personal affection which they poured out upon me at the end.[†8] It was really a very remarkable sight, and I shall always look back upon it with pleasure.[†9]

Last night here, was not so bright.[†10] There are quarrels of the strangest kind,

between the Plymouth people and the Stonehouse people. The room is at Stonehouse (Tracey says, the wrong room: there being a Plymouth room in this Hotel, and he being a Plymouth-ite).[†1] We had a fair house, but not at all a great one. All the Notabilities come this morning to Little Dombey, for which we have let 130 Stalls — which local admiration of local greatness considers very large. For Mrs. Gamp and the Boots, at night, we have also a very promising Let. But the races are on,[†2] and there are two public balls tonight,[†3] and the Yacht Squadron are all at Cherbourg[†4] to boot. Arthur is of opinion that "Two Sixties" will do very well for us. I doubt the "Two Sixties"[†5] myself. Mais, nous verrons.[†6]

The room is a very handsome one, but it is on the top of a windy and muddy hill leading (literally) to nowhere; and it looks (except that it is new and *mortary*) as if the subsidence of the waters after the Deluge might have left it where it is. I have to go right through the Company to get to the Platform. Big doors slam and resound when anybody comes in; and all the company seem afraid of one another. Nevertheless they were a sensible audience last night, and much impressed and pleased.

Tracey is in the room (wandering about, and never finishing a sentence), and sends all manner of Sea-Loves to you and the dear girls. I send all manner of Land-Loves to you from myself out of my heart of hearts, and also to my dear Plorn and the boys.

[†a]The letter *was* from Mrs. Dickinson, and conveys a hospitable invitation for tomorrow night.[†7] Of course I am not going to her.[†a]

Arthur sends his kindest love. He knows only two characters. He is either always corresponding, like a Secretary of State: or he is transformed into a Rout-Furniture-Dealer of Rathbone Place, and drags forms about with the greatest violence without his coat.

I have no time to add another word.

Ever Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 7 AUGUST 1858

Text from MDGH, II, 52-3.

London, Saturday, Aug. 7th, 1858.

My dearest Mamey,

The closing night at Plymouth was a very great scene, and the morning there was exceedingly good too. You will be glad to hear that at Clifton last night,[†1] a torrent of five hundred shillings bore Arthur away, pounded him against the wall, flowed on to the seats over his body, scratched him, and damaged his best dress suit. All to his unspeakable joy.

This is a very short letter, but I am going to the Burlington Arcade, desperately resolved to have all those wonderful instruments put into operation on my head, with a view to refreshing it.[†2]

Kindest love to Georgy and to all.

Ever your affectionate

[CD]

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 9 AUGUST 1858

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Ninth August, 1858.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note; and I cordially assure you that I have received it with much pleasure and interest, as coming from a fellow-labourer whose writings I highly esteem.

I am not the less sensible of your proffered hospitality, because I cannot accept it. But my tour is of such a very fatiguing nature that I know it to be impossible to unite any social enjoyments with its business. I have therefore forsworn all pleasure engagements whatsoever, during its progress. I accept no invitations, see no one, and am perfectly heroic against my nature and my will.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy Fitzgerald Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 9 AUGUST 1858*

MS University of Kentucky.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Ninth August 1858

Dear Sir

I have been travelling about, followed by your letter, until it has at length reached me during a day's holiday at my own little country-house.

My engagements, I beg to assure you, render my compliance with the request you do me the honor to prefer to me, absolutely impossible[†1]

To CHARLES WATKINS, 9 AUGUST 1858*

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Ninth August 1858

Dear Sir

I received your packet[†2] safely at Exeter, and am much obliged to you for your courteous attention.

Will you have the kindness to ask your brother[†3] to let me know the amount in which I am indebted to him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Watkins Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 AUGUST 1858

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Ninth August 1858.

My Dear Wills

H. W.[†4]

I was at the office on Saturday at Noon, but did not expect to find you there.

Send me a Proof of the next No. you make up.[†5] I must put a new name to Charles Collins's story.[†6]

I hope Mrs. Gaskell will not stop, for more than a week at all events.[†7]

I am very glad to hear from Wilkie that he is at work again.[†1]

I[†2]

Have done exceedingly well, I think, so far. It is out of the season at Clifton, and half the houses are shut up. The Yacht Squadron too, was gone from Plymouth to Cherbourg, and there were races at Plymouth, and public balls.[†3] Nevertheless we took nearly £400 last week. Exeter was tremendous. You never saw such a reception, and we might have stayed there a week. The first night at Plymouth (very wet) not good. The next morning (great talk about it spreading in the town) admirable. That night (greater talk about it spreading in the town), enormous. Similarly at Clifton. There was a very great increase of Numbers on the second night, and the local magnate said "Now they know what it is, Mr. Dickens might stay a month and always have a cram." Contrary to my impression of those Western people, I have never seen a finer or more subtly apprehensive Audience than at Exeter. Nor did I ever know the minutest touches in Little Dombey, go better in London than at Plymouth. As to the Boots at Plymouth, the people gave themselves up altogether (Generals, Mayors, and Shillings, equally) to a perfect transport of enjoyment of him and the two children.[†4]

Arthur shall have the packet tomorrow morning (when we start for Worcester), that I received from you this morning.

I have no printed lists of my tour here, but will send Miss Coutts one straight.[†5]

I think that's all at present,

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 AUGUST 1858

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Monday Evening Ninth August 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts

Passing through town to resume my country Readings after two days peace and quiet at Gad's Hill, I write this short note to you. Wills tells me that you want my various addresses, and I am delighted to send them,[†6] and have so good an excuse for writing to you.

You will observe that a few of the addresses are at Booksellers' and the like.[†7] This is to ensure my getting letters at towns where Mr. Arthur Smith does not know — or did not know, when he made out the list — the best Hotels.

Our first week was an immense success. I miss the quiet of my own desk, but I look forward to resuming it — and it is a great sensation to have a large Audience in one's hand.

Charley was with us yesterday at Gad's Hill, and talked of passing his fortnight's holiday in Ireland with me. I encouraged him in the idea, as I thought it would do him more good than any other Holiday he is likely to take.[†1]

It would be too happy a chance to find you any where in the Tour, but I shall hope to hear from you somewhere.

With kindest love and regard to Mrs. Brown,

Ever Dear Miss Coutts | Most affecty and faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM GILES,[†2] 10 AUGUST 1858

MS New York University Library.

Worcester[†3] | Tuesday Tenth August 1858.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, and scarcely need assure you that your late good father[†4] lives in my respect and remembrance.

My present tour is of so rapid and fatiguing a nature, that all social pleasures are incompatible with it, and I forego all invitations and engagements of whatsoever kind, and see no one. But I am not the less glad to hear from your father's son, or the less indebted for the hospitality that I cannot accept.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. T. Giles Esquire

To EDMUND YATES, 11 AUGUST 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library.

Swan Hotel, Worcester | Wednesday Eleventh August 1858

My Dear Edmund

We have been immensely amused by the enclosed cutting. It must be Cole![†5] Nobody else, I think, could have struck out that gentle and playful epithet, "an emasculated Caliban."

Arthur sends his kindest regard. To night's room has to be transformed (after 4 o'Clock, if you please), from a Corn Exchange into a St. Martin's Hall. He has consequently, in some strange way, covered himself with dust and ashes, as a preparation for work. In which costume he is going to dine with me at 3, to the end that he may drag the forms about without a moments loss of time.

I do not see my way to making a safe appointment for Saturday. But I am going to dine with Wills at the Reform Club, on Tuesday at 1/2 past 5. And I will expect you at the H. W. office, at, or after, 4.

What a little [serpent],[†1] that daughter of poor honest good [Hogarth]![†1]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 11 AUGUST 1858

MS Morgan Library.

Swan Hotel, Worcester[†2]
Wednesday Evening | Eleventh August | 1858

My Dear Wilkie

I have just now toned down the capital Unknown Public article,[†3] a little, here and there. Not because I dispute its positions, but because there are some things (true enough), that it would not be generous in me, as a novelist and a periodical editor, to put too prominently forward.[†4] You will not find it essentially changed, anywhere.

Your letter gave me great pleasure, as all letters that you write me are sure to do. But the mysterious addresses, O misconstructive one, merely refer to places where Arthur Smith did not know aforehand the names of the best Hotels. As to that furtive and Don Giovanni purpose at which you hint — that may be all very well for *your* violent vigor, or that of the companions with whom you may have travelled continentally, or the Caliphs Haroon Alraschid with whom you have unbent metropolitanly;[†5] but Anchorites who read themselves red hot every night are chaste as Diana (I suppose *she* was by the bye, but I find I don't quite believe it when I write her name).

We have done exceedingly well since we have been out — with this remarkable (and pleasant) incident; that wherever I read twice, the turn-away is invariably on the second occasion. They don't quite understand beforehand what it is, I think, and expect a man to be sitting down in some corner, droning away like a mild bagpipe. In that large room at Clifton, for instance, the people were perfectly taken off their legs by the Chimes — started — looked at each other — started again — looked at me — and then burst into a storm of applause. I think the best audiences I have yet had, were at Exeter and Plymouth. At Exeter, the best I have ever seen. At Plymouth, I read three times. Twice in one day. A better morning audience for Little Dombey, could not be. And the Boots at night, was a shout all through.

I cannot deny that I shall be heartily glad when it is all over, and that I miss the thoughtfulness of my quiet room and desk. But perhaps it is best for me not to have

it just now, and to wear and toss my Storm away — or as much of it as will ever calm down while the water rolls — in this restless manner.

Arthur Smith knows I am writing to you, and sends his kindest regard. He is all usefulness and service. I never could have done it without him. — Should have left the unredeemed Bills on the walls, and taken flight.

This is a stupid letter, but I write it before dressing to read; and you know what a brute I am at such times.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

P.S. I miss Richard Wardour's dress, and always want to put it on. I would rather, by a great deal, act. Apropos of which, I think I have a very fine notion of a part.[†1] It shall be yours.

To JOHN T. LAWRENCE,[†2] 11 AUGUST 1858*

MS Dickens House.

Wolverhampton | Wednesday Eleventh August 1858

My Dear Mr. Lawrence.

I have received your kind letter, with the pleasure I always feel in hearing from or seeing you.

I am greatly obliged to your hospitable friends Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potts,[†3] for their hospitable invitation, and beg you to thank them cordially in my name. But I cannot have the satisfaction of accepting it. My tour is so rapid and fatiguing that I am obliged, while it is in progress, to deny myself all social pleasures, and to forego all invitations and engagements. Apart from that heroic resolution, I could not under any circumstances dine out on a day on which I read. And I have promised my daughters and the rest of my children that I will rejoin them for three days at my little country house in Kent, next Saturday. In redemption of which pledge, I shall leave Chester at the earliest possible moment after my reading is done.

Allow me to send my kindest regard and remembrance to your daughters, and to remain as ever

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John T Lawrence Esquire

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 12 AUGUST 1858

Extract in MDGH, II, 53.

Shrewsbury, Thursday, Aug. 12th, 1858.

A wonderful audience last night at Wolverhampton.[†1] If such a thing can be, they were even quicker and more intelligent than the audience I had in Edinburgh.[†2] They were so wonderfully good and were so much on the alert this morning by nine o'clock for another reading, that we are going back there at about our Bradford time.[†3] I never saw such people. And the local agent would take no money, and charge no expenses of his own.

This place looks what Plorn would call "ortily" dull. Local agent predicts, however, "great satisfaction to Mr. Dickens, and excellent attendance." I have just been to look at the hall, where everything was wrong, and where I have left Arthur making a platform for me out of dining-tables.[†4]

If he comes back in time, I am not quite sure but that he is himself going to write to Gad's Hill. We talk of coming up from Chester *in the night to-morrow, after the reading;* and of showing our precious selves at an apparently impossibly early hour in the Gad's Hill breakfast-room on Saturday morning.

I have not felt the fatigue to any extent worth mentioning; though I get, every night, into the most violent heats. We are going to dine at three o'clock (it wants a quarter now) and have not been here two hours, so I have seen nothing of Clement.

Tell Georgy with my love, that I read in the same room in which we acted,[†5] but at the end opposite to that where our stage was. We are not at the inn where the amateur company put up,[†6] but at The Lion,[†7] where the fair Miss Mitchell[†8] was lodged alone. We have the strangest little rooms (sitting-room and two bed-rooms all together), the ceilings of which I can touch with my hand. The windows bulge out over the street, as if they were little stern-windows in a ship. And a door opens out of the sitting-room on to a little open gallery with plants in it, where one leans over a queer old rail, and looks all downhill and slantwise at the crookedest black and yellow old houses, all manner of shapes except straight shapes. To get into this room we come through a china closet; and the man in laying the cloth has actually knocked down, in that repository, two geraniums and Napoleon Bonaparte.

I think that's all I have to say, except that at the Wolverhampton theatre they played "Oliver Twist" last night (Mr. Toole the Artful Dodger),[†9] "in consequence

of the illustrious author honouring the town with his presence." We heard that the device succeeded very well, and that they got a good many people.

John's spirits have been equable and good since we rejoined him. Berry[†1] has always got something the matter with his digestion — seems to me the male gender of Maria Jolly,[†2] and ought to take nothing but Revalenta Arabica.[†3] Bottled ale is not to be got in these parts, and Arthur is thrown upon draught.

My dearest love to Georgy and to Katey, also to Marguerite. Also to all the boys and the noble Plorn.

Ever your affectionate father

[CD]

To JOHN GRIFFITH,[†4] [12 AUGUST 1858]

Envelope only, MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* John Griffith Esquire | Mill Fields | Bilston, Staffordshire PM Shrewsbury, 12 Aug 1858.

To WILLIAM PARKE,[†5] 12 AUGUST [1858]

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current,* II; addressed W. Parke; dated Shrewsbury, Thursday Twelfth August. *Date:* CD was in Shrewsbury on this day in 1858.

Thanking him for his disinterested and generous assistance at Wolverhampton last night.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 AUGUST 1858]

Extract and summary in F, VIII, iv, 661. *Date:* 15 Aug, according to Forster.

On Friday we came from Shrewsbury to Chester; saw all right for the evening; and then went to Liverpool.[†6] Came back from Liverpool and read at Chester.[†7] Left Chester at 11 at night, after the reading,

and went to London. Got to Tavistock House at 5 A.M. on Saturday, left it at quarter past 10 that morning, and came down here.[†8]

To MRS WINTER, 16 AUGUST 1858

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth August, 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Winter

I have read poor dear Anne's[†1] prayer, with great sorrow, and with many emotions of sadly affectionate remembrance. It was written, no doubt, under a presentiment of Death; but it must always be remembered that such a presentiment often exists when it fails to be fulfilled; and it is very commonly engendered in the state of mind belonging to the condition in which she composed the prayer.

It would give me great pleasure to see you at Liverpool,[†2] if I had the least confidence in my own freedom for a moment under the circumstances which will take me there. But I have so much business to transact at times, and have to keep myself so quiet at other times, and have so many people to give directions to, and make arrangements with (four travel with me), that I see no one while I am on this Tour, and have to be always grimly self-denying and heroic. So I shall hope to see you in London, at some time when I am in a less virtuous, and less hurried and worried, condition.

With my love to Ella, and kindest regard to Mr. Winter,

Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Winter

To MRS CORNELIUS, 17 AUGUST 1858

Text from N, III, 40.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Seventeenth August 1858

My Dear Anne,

I enclose you a letter from Miss Hogarth. I have taken an exceedingly bad cold at Gad's Hill. In case I should not be at Tavistock House tonight before you go to bed, will you leave me two mustard poultices — one for my throat, and one for my chest.

Tomorrow morning, call me at 7 please, and let me have breakfast at 8.

Always affecly. yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 18 AUGUST 1858

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Morning Eighteenth August 1858

My Dearest Georgy

I write this hurried line before starting, to report that my cold is decidedly better, thank God (though still bad), and that I hope to be able to stagger through, tonight.[†1] After dinner yesterday, I began to recover my voice, and I think I sang half the Irish Melodies[†2] to myself as I walked about, to test it.[†3] I got home at 1/2 past 10, and mustard-poulticed and barley-watered myself, tremendously.

Love to the dear girls and to all.

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To JOHN SMITH,[†4] 19 AUGUST 1858

Extract in John Wilson catalogue No. 40 (1979); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, 19 Aug 58;[†5] addressed John Smith Esquire | 11 Lord Street Liverpool.

Declining an invitation having many demands on my time and attention while I am away from Household Words *and because* I am at present obliged to nurse a very severe cold, which I took last Sunday, when I was playing among my children at my little country place in Kent.... I had a very good audience last night, and a very apprehensive one.[†6] I don't know what is to be done tonight.[†7] But I hear there is to be a great press tomorrow.[†8]

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 AUGUST 1858]

Extracts in F, VIII, iv, 662 and F, 1872-4, III, ix, 198*n. Date:* both extracts dated 20 Aug 58, according to Forster.

An audience of two thousand three hundred people (*the largest he had had*) *greeted him at Liverpool and, besides the tickets sold, more than two hundred pounds in money was taken at the doors.* They turned away hundreds, sold all the books, rolled on the ground of my room knee-deep in checks, and made a perfect pantomime of the whole thing.[†9]

We are reduced sometimes to a ludicrous state of distress by the quantity of silver we have to carry about. Arthur Smith is always accompanied by an immense black leather-bag full.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 20 AUGUST 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address* (MS Heritage Book Shop Inc): Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham by Rochester | Kent. PM Liverpool 20 Aug 58.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Friday Night, Twentieth August | 1858

My Dearest Georgy

I received your welcome and interesting letter today, and I write you a very hurried and bad reply. But it is after the reading, and you will take the will for the deed under those trying circumstances, I know.

We have had a tremendous night. The largest house I have ever had since I first began. 2,300 people. †aOver £200 in money. Last night, and the night before, we had over £100 each night.†a Tomorrow afternoon at 3, I read again.†1

My cold has been oppressive, and is not yet gone. I have been very hard to sleep too, and last night I was all but sleepless. This morning I was very dull and seedy. But I got a good walk, and picked up again. It has been blowing all day, and I fear we shall have a sick passage over to Dublin tomorrow night.

Tell Mamie (with my dear love to her and Katie), that I will write to her from Dublin: probably on Sunday. Tell her too, that the stories she told me in her letter were not only capital stories in themselves but *excellently told* too.

†aYou may say the same to yourself (if you like) of your description of Sydney.†a†2

What Arthur's state has been tonight — he, John, Berry, and Boycett,†3 all taking money and going mad together — you cannot imagine. They turned away hundreds, sold all the books, rolled on the ground of my room knee deep in checks, and made a perfect Pantomime of the whole thing. He has kept quite well, I am happy to say, and sends a hundred loves.

†aSo do I — to the darling Plorn — and to all the boys — and most of all to you. Wills had best be written to, to write to Chambers for the exact longer address. I have not the least remembrance of it. Frank's note to Miss Coutts, also, had best go to him.†a

In great haste and fatigue, | Ever affecy.

CD.

To PATRICK ALLAN-FRASER, 21 AUGUST 1858†

MS Private.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
Saturday Twenty First August 1858

My Dear Sir

I have received your letter here this morning with great pleasure — though that feeling is dashed by two circumstances. I cannot come to Arbroath,[†1] and I cannot come to see you. Simply, because my Tour is now made up and completed, and every moment of my time is parcelled out and allotted.[†2] I must therefore hope to receive a visit from you in Dundee.

What a dreadfully Southern fellow Egg is! What an awful enquiry that of his, respecting Arbroath! If *I* had asked a question of you concerning that town (in which I most devoutly believe), it would have been, whether there was a public room in it, small enough for my modest purpose. I tremble when I think of its Provost.[†3] Richard Whittington was never thrice Provost of Arbroath. If he had been, what a story his Life would have made!

I am heartily sorry not to be able to accept either of your kind invitations; but it is a consequence of the work in which I am now engaged, that it obliges me to forego all social pleasures for the time.

My Dear Sir | Very cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Patrick Allan Fraser Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 21 AUGUST 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
Saturday Twenty First August | 1858

My Dear Wills

I send this to Sheffield at a flying venture.

The Liverpool Audience has been altogether different from our Theatrical experience of it.[†4] Quite as good as St. Martin's Hall. A great call, every night. Every point taken. The nicest and finest bits in Little Dombey, hitting like chain-shot. Last night, we had the greatest house, both in numbers and money, we have ever had: London included. There were 2,300 people and 200 guineas. The turn-away from the Shilling part, was very large. On each of the two previous nights we had 100 guineas, and (if the day should keep moderately fine) we expect a very good afternoon to day at 3.

The crossing to Ireland tonight is not likely to be very agreeable, for it has been exceedingly squally these last two days.

I observe in H.W. that "Running the Gauntlet"[†5] (an article with good stuff in it)

has been very badly looked over. "That" is constantly put for "Who", which is a great vulgarity.[†1] Such an expression too, as "vowed him revenge"[†2] is extremely bad.

Wilkie's paper,[†3] very funny. Just what we want.

With kind regard to Mrs. Wills, and all kinds of remembrances from Arthur,

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. As new places are constantly proposing themselves to be brought into the Tour, I have arranged with Arthur that it shall now be wound up, so that I may be able to get to work in London, *on the 15th. of Novr.* — with a view to the Xmas No. I will talk over my idea with Wilkie, and ascertain if he feels up to it.[†4] If he should not, when I expound it to him, — then perhaps it might be best to have a round of Stories. But nous verrons.

To EDMUND YATES, 21 AUGUST 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Saturday Twenty First August | 1858.

My Dear Edmund

I return you Ouvry's letter. It is all right. I think he should *not* proceed to issuing of a Writ, however, until we have thoroughly ascertained that the Action is to go on. Ascertained (I mean), that you are properly supported in it, and are not to be left to bear too much of the expence. Nothing is lost, during the Long Vacation, by this pause.[†5]

The Portrait-Circular[†6] has amused us immensely.

A wonderful house here last night. The largest in numbers, and the largest in money we have ever had, including St. Martin's Hall. There were 2,300 people, and 200 guineas. The very books were all sold out, early in the evening, and Arthur bathed in checks — took headers into tickets — floated on billows of passes — dived under weirs of shillings — staggered home, faint with gold and silver.

He sends his kindest regard.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

I re-open this, to tell you that I encountered Thackeray and Fladgate[†7] on the steps of the Reform Club. We spoke as if nothing had happened — except that Fladgate's eyebrows went up into the crown of his hat, and he twisted himself into extraordinary forms.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 23 AUGUST 1858

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Care of W. H. Wills Esquire | 16 Wellington Street North | Strand | London | W.C.

Morrison's Hotel,[†1] Dublin
Monday Twenty Third August. 1858.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I shall address this to Mr. Wills, as I am not certain where you may be. I passed through Bangor last Saturday night at midnight, and wondered whether you were there.

My dear friend, I quite understand and appreciate your feeling that there must be no reservation between us, and that we must not have a skeleton in a closet, and make belief it is not there. But I must not enter on the wretched subject, upon false pretences. I must not do what would make my dear girls out to be a sort of phænomona, and what would make my own relations with Mrs. Dickens, incomprehensible. Since we spoke of her before, she has caused me unspeakable agony of mind; and I must plainly put before you what I know to be true, and what nothing shall induce me to affect to doubt. She does not — and she never did — care for the children; and the children do not — and they never did — care for her. The little play that is acted in your Drawing-room is not the truth, and the less the children play it, the better for themselves, because they know it is not the truth.[†2] (If I stood before you at this moment and told you what difficulty we have to get Frank, for instance, to go near his mother, or keep near his mother, you would stand amazed.) As to Mrs. Dickens's "simplicity" in speaking of me and my doings, O my dear Miss Coutts do I not know that the weak hand that never could help or serve my name in the least, has struck at it — in conjunction with the wickedest people, whom I have loaded with benefits![†3] I want to communicate with her no more. I want to forgive her and forget her.

I could not begin a course of references to her, without recording, as between you and me, what I know to be true. It would be monstrous to myself, and to the children also. From Walter away in India, to Little Plornish at Gad's Hill there is a grim knowledge among them, as familiar to them as their knowledge of Day light that what I now write, is the plain bare fact. She has always disconcerted them; they have always disconcerted her; and she is glad to be rid of them, and they are glad to be rid of her.[†4] No more of it here.

The country expedition has been doing extremely well. The expenses are large (including Mr. Smith's share, about 50 per cent), but the returns come out handsomely. At Liverpool last week, I read 4 times. The audiences amounted to about 6,300 people. My clear profit, after all deductions, was £260.9.0. What we are going to do here, I don't know. The Dublin audience are accustomed to do nothing in the way of taking places, until the last moment, or until they actually "take them" by

walking in at the Doors. We are therefore quite in the Dark. I read the Carol here tonight[†1] — the Chimes tomorrow — Little Dombey on Wednesday morning — and the Poor Traveller &c on Thursday evening. We had a five hours passage from Holyhead in the night of Saturday, and it was very, very, nasty.

I am greatly surprised by this place. It is very much larger than I had supposed, and very much more populous and busy. Upon the whole it is no shabbier than London is, and the people seem to enjoy themselves more than the London people do. The old town of Edinburgh is a thousand times more squalid than the bye places I have seen in Dublin; and I have wandered about it for 6 or 8 hours in all directions. It may be presumed that it has greatly improved of late years. There are far fewer spirit shops than I have been used to see in great cities. And even Donnybrook Fair[†2] (which is on now, though sought to be abolished)[†3] is less disagreeable than Chalk Farm;[†4] and I have seen numbers of common people buying the most innocent and *un*life-like of Dolls there, for their little children.

Among my English audiences, I have had more clergymen than I ever saw in my life before. It is very curious to see how many people in black come to Little Dombey. And when it is over they almost uniformly go away as if the child were really Dead — with a hush upon them. They certainly laugh more at the Boots' story of the Little Elopement,[†5] than at anything else; and I notice that they sit with their heads on one side, and an expression of playful pity on their faces — as if they saw the tiny boy and girl.[†6] Which is tender and pleasant, I think? The Chimes is always a surprise. They fall into it with a start, and look at me in the strangest way before they begin to applaud. The Cratchit family in the Carol are always a delight. And they always visibly lie in wait for Tiny Tim. The little books sell extraordinarily[†7] well. Besides being in every bookshop window in every place, my men alone will sell from 6 to 12 dozen in a night. I think I have now told you every bit of egotism I can screw out of myself. But I know that you and Mrs. Brown (to whom I send my love) will be interested in these scraps.

I shall hope to find another letter from you, somewhere, soon, telling me how you

both are, and whether you have found any place to breathe in. Then I will report further of my proceedings. Ever Dear Miss Coutts, Yours affecy. & faithfully

CD.

To MISS KATE DICKENS, [?23 AUGUST 1858]

Mention in *To* Georgina Hogarth, 25 Aug. *Date:* presumably written the day before the proposed visit.

Telling her of his plan to visit Queenstown[†1] *on 24 Aug.*

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 23 AUGUST 1858

Extract in MDGH, II, 56.

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, Monday, Aug. 23rd, 1858.

We had a nasty crossing here. We left Holyhead at one in the morning, and got here at six. Arthur was incessantly sick the whole way. I was not sick at all, but was in as healthy a condition otherwise as humanity need be. We are in a beautiful hotel. Our sitting-room is exactly like the drawing-room at the

Peschiere in all its dimensions.[†2] I never saw two rooms so exactly resembling one another in their proportions. Our bedrooms too are excellent, and there are baths and all sorts of comforts.

The Lord Lieutenant[†3] is away, and the place looks to me as if its professional life were away too. Nevertheless, there are numbers of people in the streets. Somehow, I hardly seem to think we are going to do enormously here; but I have scarcely any reason for supposing so (except that a good many houses are shut up); and I *know* nothing about it, for Arthur is now gone to the agent and to the room. The men came by boat direct from Liverpool. They had a rough passage, were all ill, and did not get here till noon yesterday. Donnybrook Fair, or what remains of it, is going on, within two or three miles of Dublin. They went out there yesterday in a jaunting-car, and John described it to us at dinner-time (with his eyebrows lifted up, and his legs well asunder), as "Johnny Brooks's Fair;" at which Arthur, who was drinking bitter ale, nearly laughed himself to death. Berry is always unfortunate, and when I asked what had happened to Berry on board the steamboat, it appeared that "an Irish gentleman which was drunk, and fancied himself the captain, wanted to knock Berry down."

I am surprised by finding this place very much larger than I had supposed it to be. Its bye-parts are bad enough, but cleaner, too, than I had supposed them to be, and certainly very much cleaner than the old town of Edinburgh. The man who drove our jaunting-car yesterday hadn't a piece in his coat as big as a penny roll, and had had his hat on (apparently without brushing it) ever since he was grown up. But he

was remarkably intelligent and agreeable, with something to say about everything. For instance, when I asked him what a certain building was, he didn't say "courts of law" and nothing else, but: "Av you plase, sir, it's the foor coorts o'looyers, where Misther O'Connell[†1] stood his trial[†2] wunst, ye'll remimber, sir, afore I tell ye of it." When we got into the Phœnix Park,[†3] he looked round him as if it were his own, and said: "THAT's a park, sir, av yer plase." I complimented it, and he said: "Gintlemen tills me as they'r bin, sir, over Europe, and never see a park aqualling ov it. 'Tis eight mile roond, sir, ten mile and a half long, and in the month of May the hawthorn trees are as beautiful as brides with their white jewels on. Yonder's the vice-regal lodge, sir; in them two corners lives the two sicretirries, wishin I was them, sir. There's air here, sir, av yer plase! There's scenery here, sir! There's mountains — thim, sir! Yer coonsider it a park, sir? It is that, sir!"

You should have heard John in my bedroom this morning endeavouring to imitate a bath-man, who had resented his interference, and had said as to the shower-bath: "Yer'll not be touching *that*, young man. Divil a touch yer'll touch o' that insthrument, young man!" It was more ridiculously unlike the reality than I can express to you, yet he was so delighted with his powers that he went off in the absurdest little gingerbeery giggle, backing into my portmanteau all the time.

My dear love to Katie and to Georgy, also to the noble Plorn and all the boys. I shall write to Katie next, and then to Aunty. My cold, I am happy to report, is very much better. I lay in the wet all night on deck, on board the boat, but am not as yet any the worse for it. Arthur was quite insensible when we got to Dublin, and stared at our luggage without in the least offering to claim it. He left his kindest love for all before he went out. I will keep the envelope open until he comes in.

Ever, my dearest Mamie, | Your most affectionate Father

[CD]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 AUGUST 1858]

Extracts in F, VIII, iv, 662. *Date:* probably the same day as *To* Mamie Dickens, 23 Aug.

He had found Dublin to have altogether an unexpectedly thriving look, being almost as big, he first thought, as Paris; of which some places in it, such as the quays on the river, reminded him. Half the first day he was in Dublin [Sunday, 22 Aug] *he had spent exploring, walking till tired, and then taking a car*. Power,[†4] dressed for the character of Teddy the Tiler, drove me: in a suit of patches, and with his hat unbrushed for twenty years. Wonderfully pleasant, light, intelligent, and careless.

The number of common people he saw in his drive, also riding about in cars as hard as they could split, *reminded him, but for the dresses, of the Toledo at Naples.*[†5]

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 24 AUGUST 1858

MS Mr G. V. Roberts.

Morrison's Hotel
Tuesday Evening Twenty Fourth August | 1858

My Dear Sir

A thousand thanks for your letter.[†1] But my availing myself of your kindness is quite impossible. I read tomorrow afternoon at 3 — and you may faintly imagine (but not sufficiently), what my correspondence is with London, when I get a few hours to devote to it.

I shall hope to see you before I leave this — that is to say, sometime on Thursday Morning, when I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you.[†2] It will give me great pleasure to assure you personally, of the interest and satisfaction I shall have, in seeing you in London when you come there.

Pray believe that I shall be delighted to know you better, and that my present determination is a "hard" one to myself, and is not in the least meritorious.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy Fitz Gerald Esquire

To EDWARD DOUDNEY, [25 AUGUST 1858]

Mention in next.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 AUGUST 1858

Extract in MDGH, II, 58-63.

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, Wednesday, Aug. 25th, 1858.

I begin my letter to you to-day, though I don't know when I may send it off. We had a very good house last night, after all, that is to say, a great rush of shillings and good half-crowns, though the stalls were comparatively few. For "Little Dombey,"

this morning, we have an immense stall let — already more than two hundred — and people are now fighting in the agent's shop to take more. Through some mistake of our printer's, the evening reading for this present Wednesday was dropped, in a great part of the announcements, and the agent opened no plan for it. I have therefore resolved not to have it at all. Arthur Smith has waylaid me in all manner of ways, but I remain obdurate. I am frightfully tired, and really relieved by the prospect of an evening — overjoyed.

They were a highly excitable audience last night, but they certainly did not comprehend — internally and intellectually comprehend — "The Chimes" as a London audience do.[†1] I am quite sure of it. I very much doubt the Irish capacity of receiving the pathetic; but of their quickness as to the humorous there can be no doubt. I shall see how they go along with Little Paul, in his death, presently.

While I was at breakfast this morning, a general officer was announced with great state — having a staff at the door — and came in, booted and plumed, and covered with Crimean decorations. It was Cunninghame,[†2] whom we knew in Genoa — then a captain. He was very hearty indeed, and came to ask me to dinner. Of course I couldn't go. Olliffe has a brother at Cork,[†3] who had just now (noon) written to me, proposing dinners and excursions in that neighbourhood which would fill about a week; I being there a day and a half, and reading three times. The work will be very severe here, and I begin to feel depressed by it. (By "here," I mean Ireland generally, please to observe.)

We meant, as I said in a letter to Katie, to go to Queenstown yesterday and bask on the seashore. But there is always so much to do that we couldn't manage it after all. We expect a tremendous house to-morrow night as well as to-day; and Arthur is at the present instant up to his eyes in business (and seats), and, between his regret at losing to-night, and his desire to make the room hold twice as many as it *will* hold, is half distracted. I have become a wonderful Irishman — must play an Irish part some day — and his only relaxation is when I enact "John and the Boots," which I consequently do enact all day long. The papers are full of remarks upon my white tie, and describe it as being of enormous size, which is a wonderful delusion, because, as you very well know, it is a small tie. Generally, I am happy to report, the Emerald press is in favour of my appearance, and likes my eyes.[†4] But one gentleman comes out with a letter at Cork, wherein he says that although only forty-six I look like an old man. *He* is a rum customer, I think.

The Rutherfords[†5] are living here, and wanted me to dine with them, which, I

needn't say, could not be done; all manner of people have called, but I have seen only two. John has given it up altogether as to rivalry with the Boots, and did not come into my room this morning at all. Boots appeared triumphant and alone. He was waiting for me at the hotel-door last night. "Whaa't sart of a hoose, sur?" he asked me. "Capital." "The Lard be praised fur the 'onor o' Dooblin!"

Arthur buys bad apples in the streets and brings them home and doesn't eat them, and then I am obliged to put them in the balcony because they make the room smell faint. Also he meets countrymen with honeycomb on their heads, and leads them (by the buttonhole when they have one) to this gorgeous establishment and requests the bar to buy honeycomb for his breakfast; then it stands upon the sideboard uncovered and the files fall into it. He buys owls, too, and castles, and other horrible objects, made in bog-oak (that material which is not appreciated at Gad's Hill); and he is perpetually snipping pieces out of newspapers and sending them all over the world. While I am reading he conducts the correspondence, and his great delight is to show me seventeen or eighteen letters when I come, exhausted, into the retiring-place. Berry has not got into any particular trouble for forty-eight hours, except that he is all over boils. I have prescribed the yeast, but ineffectually. It is indeed a sight to see him and John sitting in pay-boxes, and surveying Ireland out of pigeon-holes.

Same Evening before Bed-time.

Everybody was at "Little Dombey" to-day, and although I had some little difficulty to work them up in consequence of the excessive crowding of the place, and the difficulty of shaking the people into their seats, the effect was unmistakable and profound. The crying was universal, and they were extraordinarily affected. There is no doubt we could stay here a week with that one reading, and fill the place every night. Hundreds of people have been there to-night, under the impression that it would come off again. It was a most decided and complete success.[†1]

Arthur has been imploring me to stop here on the Friday after Limerick, and read "Little Dombey" again. But I have positively said "No." The work is too hard. It is not like doing it in one easy room, and always the same room. With a different place every night, and a different audience with its own peculiarity every night, it is a tremendous strain. I was sick of it to-day before I began, then got myself into wonderful train.

Here follows a dialogue (but it requires imitation), which I had yesterday morning with a little boy of the house — landlord's son, I suppose — about Plorn's age. I am sitting on the sofa writing, and find him sitting beside me.

INIMITABLE.[†2] Holloa, old chap.

YOUNG IRELAND. Hal-loo!

INIMITABLE (*in his delightful way*). What a nice old fellow you are. I am very fond of little boys.

YOUNG IRELAND. Air yer? Ye'r right.

INIMITABLE. What do you learn, old fellow?

YOUNG IRELAND (*very intent on Inimitable, and always childish, except in his brogue*). I lairn wureds of three sillibils, and wureds of two sillibils, and wureds of one sillibil.

INIMITABLE (*gaily*). Get out, you humbug! You learn only words of one syllable.

YOUNG IRELAND (*laughs heartily*). You may say that it is mostly wureds of one sillibil.

INIMITABLE. Can you write?

YOUNG IRELAND. Not yet. Things comes by deegrays.

INIMITABLE. Can you cipher?

YOUNG IRELAND (*very quickly*). Wha'at's that?

INIMITABLE. Can you make figures?

YOUNG IRELAND. I can make a nought, which is not asy, being roond.

INIMITABLE. I say, old boy, wasn't it you I saw on Sunday morning in the hall, in a soldier's cap? You know — in a soldier's cap?

YOUNG IRELAND (*cogitating deeply*). Was it a very good cap?

INIMITABLE. Yes.

YOUNG IRELAND. Did it fit unkommon?

INIMITABLE. Yes.

YOUNG IRELAND. Dat was me!

There are two stupid old louts at the room, to show people into their places, whom John calls "them two old Paddies," and of whom he says, that he "never see nothing like them (snigger) hold idiots" (snigger). They bow and walk backwards before the grandees, and our men hustle them while they are doing it.

We walked out last night, with the intention of going to the theatre; but the Piccolomini establishment[†1] (they were doing the "Lucia")[†2] looked so horribly like a very bad jail, and the Queen's[†3] looked so blackguardly, that we came back again, and went to bed. I seem to be always either in a railway carriage, or reading, or going to bed. I get so knocked up, whenever I have a minute to remember it, that then I go to bed as a matter of course.

I send my love to the noble Plorn, and to all the boys. To dear Mamie and Katie, and to yourself of course, in the first degree. I am looking forward to the last Irish reading on Thursday, with great

impatience. But when we shall have turned this week, once knocked off Belfast, I shall see land, and shall (like poor Timber[†4] in the days of old) "keep up a good heart." I get so wonderfully hot every night in my dress clothes, that they positively won't dry in the short interval they get, and I have been obliged to write to Doudney's[†5] to make me another suit, that I may have a constant change.

Ever, my dearest Georgy, most affectionately

[CD]

To MRS RUTHERFURD, 25 AUGUST 1858*

MS National Library of Scotland.

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin
Wednesday Twenty Fifth August | 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Rutherford

I owe you many thanks for your kind note, and I much regret that the constant occupation of my time during my hurried visit here disables me from making any engagements or calls whatever. I am a perfect galley-slave at this time. Nor have I any of my family with me; for, though it would have been delightful to me to bring my girls, my movements are so rapid and comfortless, that I denied myself that pleasure too.

I am sorry to receive so Nelsonic an account of Major Rutherford's right hand. But I am sure he knows that he cannot have a better one than he finds in you.

With kind regard to him and all your house, I am ever

Dear Mrs. Rutherford | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Rutherford

To P. MEADOWS TAYLOR,[†1] 26 AUGUST 1858

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Morrison's Hotel. | Thursday, Twenty Sixth August 1858

My Dear Sir

I thank you heartily for your token of remembrance.[†2] It will have a great interest for me as long as it lasts — and much longer. I shall not easily dissociate Dublin from the remembrance of your cordial and cheery visit.

With hearty good wishes | My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. Meadows Taylor Esquire

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 28 AUGUST 1858

Extract in MDGH, II, 63-5.

Belfast, Saturday, Aug. 28th, 1858.

When I went down to the Rotunda at Dublin on Thursday night, I said to Arthur, who came rushing at me: "You needn't tell me. I know all about it." The moment I had come out of the door of the hotel (a mile off), I had come against the stream of people turned away. I had struggled against it to the room. There, the crowd in all the lobbies and passages was so great, that I had a difficulty in getting in. They had broken all the glass in the pay-boxes. They had offered frantic prices for stalls.[†3]

Eleven bank-notes were thrust into that pay-box (Arthur saw them) at one time, for eleven stalls. Our men were flattened against walls, and squeezed against beams. Ladies stood all night with their chins against my platform. Other ladies sat all night upon my steps. You never saw such a sight. And the reading went tremendously! It is much to be regretted that we troubled ourselves to go anywhere else in Ireland. We turned away people enough to make immense houses for a week.[†1]

We arrived here yesterday at two. The room will not hold more than from eighty to ninety pounds.[†2] The same scene was repeated with the additional feature, that the people are much rougher here than in Dublin, and that there was a very great uproar at the opening of the doors, which, the police in attendance being quite inefficient and only looking on, it was impossible to check. Arthur was in the deepest misery because shillings got into stalls, and half-crowns got into shillings, and stalls got nowhere, and there was immense confusion.[†3] It ceased, however, the moment I showed myself; and all went most brilliantly, in spite of a great piece of the cornice of the ceiling falling with a great crash within four or five inches of the head of a young lady on my platform (I was obliged to have people there), and in spite of my gas suddenly going out at the time of the game of forfeits at Scrooge's nephew's, through some Belfastian gentleman accidentally treading on the flexible pipe, and needing to be relighted.[†4]

We shall not get to Cork before mid-day on Monday; it being difficult to get from here on a Sunday. We hope to be able to start away to-morrow morning to see the Giant's Causeway[†5] (some sixteen miles off), and in that case we shall sleep at Dublin to-morrow night, leaving here by the train at half-past three in the afternoon. Dublin, you must understand, is on the way to Cork. This is a fine place, surrounded by lofty hills. The streets are very wide, and the place is very prosperous.[†6] The whole ride from Dublin here is through a very picturesque and various country; and the amazing thing is, that it is all particularly neat and orderly, and that the houses (outside at all events) are all brightly whitewashed and remarkably clean. I want to climb one of the neighbouring hills before this morning's "Dombey." I am now waiting for Arthur, who has gone to the bank to remit his last accumulation of treasure to London.

Our men are rather indignant with the Irish crowds, because in the struggle they don't sell books, and because, in the pressure, they can't force a way into the room

afterwards to sell them. They are deeply interested in the success, however, and are as zealous and ardent as possible. I shall write to Katie next. Give her my best love, and kiss the darling Plorn for me, and give my love to all the boys.

Ever, my dearest Mamie, | Your most affectionate Father

[CD]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?29 AUGUST 1858]

Extracts in F, VIII, iv, 664, 1872-4, III, ix, 198*n* and VIII, iv, 661. *Date:* first two extracts same day as *To* Georgina Hogarth, 29 Aug; third extract undated but possibly from same letter.

Answering Forster's letter on a personal matter,[†1] *and inviting him and Mrs Forster to Gad's Hill. Belfast he liked quite as much as Dublin in another way.* A fine place with a rough people; everything looking prosperous; the railway ride from Dublin quite amazing in the order, neatness, and cleanness of all you see; every cottage looking as if it had been whitewashed the day before; and many with charming gardens, prettily kept with bright flowers.

Mr. Smith had an illness a couple of days later,[†2] *and CD describes his rapid recovery on discovering the state of their balances.* He is now sitting opposite to me on a bag of £40 of silver. It must be dreadfully hard.

The greatest personal affection and respect *had greeted him everywhere. Nothing could have been more* strongly marked or warmly expressed; *and the readings had* gone *quite wonderfully.*

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 AUGUST 1858

MS Dickens House.

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin
Sunday Night Twenty Ninth August 1858

My Dearest Georgy

I am so delighted to find your letter here tonight (11 o'Clock), and am so afraid that in the wear and tear of this strange life I have written to Gad's Hill in the wrong order and have not written to you as I should — that I resolve to write this before going to bed. You will find it a wretchedly stupid letter, but you may imagine my dearest girl that I am tired.

[†a]For novelty's sake, I will give you some statistics. To understand which, you must be informed that Arthur charges every place with its proportion of the next prospective expenses. For instance, before my profit is declared here, it is debited with the journey to Belfast; and before my profit is declared at Belfast, it is debited in its turn with *its* share of our expenses home to London. After all these deductions,

and after paying Arthur's share, I made here £210, and at Belfast (in two days) £130. With a good return at Cork,[†1] and nothing very great at Limerick[†2] from which we don't expect much (except pretty women, for

which it is famous), I shall have made a handsome Thousand Pounds since I left Gad's Hill on our country Tour! That is, no doubt, immense; our expenses being necessarily large, and the travelling party being always five.[†a]

The success at Belfast has been equal to the success here. Enormous![†3] I think them a better audience on the whole than Dublin;[†4] and the personal affection there, was something overwhelming. I wish you and the dear girls could have seen the people look at me in the street — or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel after reading last night to "do me the honor to shake hands Misther Dickens and God bless you Sir; not only for the light you have been to me this night; but for the light you've been in mee house Sir (and God love your face!) this many a year." Every night, by the bye, since I have been in Ireland, the ladies have beguiled John out of the bouquet from my coat. And yesterday morning, as I had showered the leaves from my geranium in reading Little Dombey, they mounted the platform after I was gone, and picked them all up, as keepsakes.

I have never seen *men* go in to cry so undisguisedly as they did at that reading yesterday afternoon. They made no attempt whatever to hide it, and certainly cried more than the women. As to the Boots at night — and Mrs. Gamp too — it was just one roar with me and them.[†5] For they made me laugh so, that sometimes I *could not* compose my face to go on.

You must not let the new idea of poor dear Landor, efface the former image of the fine old man.[†6] I wouldn't blot him out, in his tender gallantry, as he

sat upon that bed at Forster's that night, for a million of wild mistakes at 80 years of age.[†1]

[†a]I received at Belfast this morning, a very watchful and true and excellent letter from Forster, on a personal matter.[†2] I answered it immediately. I asked him if he and Mrs. Forster could come to Gad's Hill next Sunday, and stay Monday. If they could, I begged them to write to dear Mamie.[†a]

I hope to be at Tavistock House before 5 o'Clock next Saturday morning, and to lie in bed half the day, and to come home by the 10.50 on Sunday.

Tell the girls that Arthur and I have each ordered at Belfast a trim, sparkling, slap-up *Irish jaunting car*!!![†3] I flatter myself we shall astonish the Kentish people. It is the oddest carriage in the world, and you are always falling off. But it is gay and bright in the highest degree. Wonderfully Neapolitan.

What with a sixteen mile ride before we left Belfast, and a sea Beach walk, and a two o'Clock dinner, and a seven hours' railway ride since, I am — as we say here — "a thrifle weary". But I really am in wonderful force, considering the work. For which I am, as I ought to be, very thankful.

Arthur was exceedingly unwell last night — could not cheer up at all. He was so very unwell that he left the Hall (!) and became invisible after my five minutes' rest. I found him at the Hotel in a jacket and slippers, and with a hot bath just ready. He was in the last stage of prostration. The local agent was with me, and proposed that he (the wretched Arthur) should go to his office and balance the accounts then and there. He went, in the jacket and slippers, and came back, in 20 minutes, *perfectly well*, in consequence of

the admirable balance. (He is now sitting opposite to me, ON THE BAG OF SILVER [†4] (£40; it must be dreadfully hard), writing to Boulogne.[†5]

I suppose it is clear that the next letter I write, is Katie's. Either from Cork, or from Limerick, it shall report further. At Limerick I read in the Theatre: there being no other place.

[†a]Fancy FREDERICK [†6] presenting himself here, in this house, to me, last Thursday a few minutes before Dinner. I was dreadfully hard with him at first; but relented.[†a†7]

Best love to Mamie and Katie, and dear Plorn, and all the boys left when this comes to Gad's Hill; also to my dear good Anne,[†1] and — her little woman.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS MADDEN,[†2] 31 AUGUST 1858*

MS Fales Collection, New York University Library.

Imperial Hotel, Cork. | Tuesday Thirty First August, 1858.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Madden, and, in reply to Mrs. Madden's obliging note, begs to express his great regret that his arrangements do not admit of his reading again in Dublin. It would have given him the greatest pleasure to do so, had such a thing been possible.

September

To MRS CORNELIUS, 2 SEPTEMBER 1858

Text from N, III, 49.

Limerick | Thursday Second September 1858

Dear Anne,

The trains and boats are so arranged that I doubt if I can get home before about eleven in the forenoon of Saturday. Will you keep breakfast laid up for two, *in case* Mr. Arthur should come home with me to have some.

Affectionately yours always

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To F. D. FINLAY,[†3] 2 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

(which means, Limerick)

Thursday Second September 1858.

My Dear Mr. Finlay

We are not deterred from the achievement of our desperate purpose, by the

additional cost. Therefore, if you will have the kindness to order the Cars,[†1] we will astonish the counties of Kent and Sussex.[†2]

Cork was an immense success. We found upwards of a thousand Stalls let, for the three readings.[†3] A great many people were turned away too, on the last night. I did not think them, when I read the Carol, nearly as good an audience as Dublin or Belfast, in respect of demonstrative satisfaction. But they were excellent as to Dombey and the Boots too. Perhaps, on the occasion of the first reading, the fault was in myself. For I was not in very good spirits that evening.

There is not much to be done here, but it is a charming little Theatre[†4] for seeing and hearing (I read in the Theatre), and they were a highly sensitive, quick, and agreeable audience last night.

Tomorrow morning we turn our faces towards London. I shall carry there with me (and keep there with me) the remembrance of your most friendly aid, and the hope of seeing you in my own house.[†5]

P.S. Mr. Arthur Smith sends his kindest regard, and says (mysteriously) "he will write, about the color of his crest".[†6]

To LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX,[†7] 2 SEPTEMBER 1858

Text from Lord William Pitt Lennox, *My Recollections from 1806 to 1873*, 1874, II, 212.

Royal Hotel, Limerick, | Thursday, 2nd Sept., 1858.

Dear Lord William,

I have just received the extract[†8] you kindly sent me, and I cannot refrain from

writing to thank you for the interest you feel in its concluding subject,[†1] and for the graceful manner in which that interest is expressed. I am sure you will be glad to know that you have given me a very great pleasure, and that I feel heartily obliged to you.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To W. H. WILLS, 2 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Royal Hotel, Limerick | Thursday Second September 1858

My Dear Wills. I purpose being at the office *next Tuesday afternoon*, before starting again.[†2] I hope to be at Tavistock House at noon on Saturday, and to start for Gad's Hill on Sunday forenoon.

Belfast and Cork, as great successes as Dublin. Fancy, at Cork (by no means a large place) more than 1000 stalls being engaged for the three readings. I made last week, clear profit, £340; and have made, in the month of August, a profit of One Thousand Guineas! This, after paying our expences back to London, and halfway to Huddersfield. Pretty well, I think?

This is the oddest place — of which nobody in any other part of Ireland seems to know anything.[†3] Nobody could answer a single question we asked about it. There is no large room, and I read in the Theatre — a charming Theatre. The best I ever saw, to see and hear in. Arthur says that when he opened the doors last night, there was a rush of — three Ducks! We expect a Pig to-night. We had only £40; but they seemed to think *that*, amazing! If the two nights bring £100, it will be as much as we expected. I am bound to say that they are an admirable audience. As hearty and demonstrative as it is possible to be. It is a very odd place in its lower-order aspects, and I am very glad we came — though we could have made heaps of money by going to Dublin instead.[†4]

[†a]Frederick appeared in my room in Dublin! I was very hard with him at first, but relented.[†a]

Arthur sends you his kindest regard. He has been nearly torn to pieces in the

shilling rushes, and has been so flattened against walls that he is only now beginning to "come round" again. My kindest remembrance to Mrs. Wills.

Ever Cordially

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 5 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS (copy in Mrs Dickens's hand) British Library.

Copy.

Gad's Hill Place | Kent. | Sunday Fifth Septr. 1858

My dear Sir

On coming home here to day from Ireland, for a rest of eight and forty hours, I am exceedingly pained to find that a letter written to me as a private and personal communication,[†1] has found its way into some of the London papers, extracted from an American paper.[†2] The letter was painfully necessary at the time when it was forced from me, as a private repudiation of monstrous scandals, but that it was never meant to appear in print, I suppose to be quite manifest from its own nature and terms.

I wish you would do me the favor to lose no time in informing Mr. Smith[†3] who acted for Mrs. Dickens in our separation, that I am no consenting party to this publication; that it cannot possibly be more offensive to any one in the world than it is to me; and that it has shocked and distressed me very much.[†4]

In short if you will send Mr. Smith this note when you have read it, you will express my present object in the briefest and plainest manner.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Ouvry Esq.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 6 SEPTEMBER 1858

Text in MDGH, II, 67-9, checked from MS Sotheby's, Apr 1968.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixth September 1858

My Dear Wilkie.

First, let me report myself here, for something less than eight and forty hours. I come last (and direct — a pretty hard journey) from Limerick. The success in Ireland has been immense, and, entre nous, I made by the Readings *in this last month of August,* clear profit, over and above all expences and Arthur Smith's share, One Thousand Guineas!

The work is very hard — sometimes, almost overpowering. But I am none the worse for it, and arrived here quite fresh.

Secondly, will you let me recommend the enclosed letter from Wigan,[†1] as the groundwork of a capital article, in your way, for H. W. There is not the least objection to a plain reference to him. Or to Phelps; to whom the same thing happened, a year or two ago, near Islington, in the case of a clever and capital little daughter of his. I think it a capital opportunity for a discourse on gentility, with a glance at those other schools which advertize that the "sons of gentlemen only" are admitted — and a just recognition of the greater liberality of our public schools. There are tradesmens' sons at Eton, and Charles Kean was at Eton, and Macready (also an actor's son) was at Rugby.[†2] Some such title as Scholastic Flunkeydom — or anything infinitely contemptuous — would help out the meaning.[†3] Surely such a schoolmaster must swallow all the silver forks that the Pupils are expected to take away with them when they go. And of course he could not exist, unless he had Flunkey customers by the dozen.[†4]

Secondly — no, this is thirdly now — about the Xmas No. I have arranged so to stop

my Readings, as to be available for it on the [†a]*15th. of November,*[†a] which will leave me time to write a good article, if I clear my way to one. Do you see your way to our making a Xmas No. of this idea that I am going very briefly to hint? Some disappointed person, man or woman, prematurely disgusted with the world for some reason or no reason, [†b](the person should be young, I think)[†b] retires to an old lonely house,

or an old lonely mill, or any thing you like, with one attendant: resolved to shut out the world and hold no communion with it. The one attendant sees the absurdity of the idea — pretends to humour it — but really tries to slaughter it. Everything that happens — everybody that comes near — every breath of human interest that floats into the old place from the village, or the heath, or the four cross roads near which it stands, and from which belated travellers stray into it — shews beyond mistake that you can't shut out the world — that you are in it to be of it — that you get into a false position the moment you try to sever yourself from it — and that you must mingle with it, and make the best of it, and make the best of yourself into the bargain.[†1]

If we could plot out a way of doing this together, I would not be afraid to take my part.[†2] If we could not, could we plot out a way of doing it, and taking in stories by other hands? If we could not do either (but I think we could) should we fall back upon a Round of Stories again? That, I would rather not do, if possible. Will you think about it?

And can you come and dine at Tavistock House, on *Monday the 20th. Septr. at* 1/2 *past 5*? I purpose being at home there with the girls, that day.

Answer this, according to my printed list for the week. I am off to Huddersfield on Wednesday morning.

[†c]I have been greatly vexed by the wantonness of some of our English papers in printing what is evidently on the face of it a private document of mine, violated in America and sent home here. But it is one of the penalties and drawbacks of my position. Any man who wants to sell his paper, has but to lay hold of me for a fillip. And if such men could only make a guess at the pain they give me — well, in that case, I suppose they would only do it the more! —

You know how often I have told you that granting the circulation of the Penny Periodicals[†3] (which is greatly exaggerated), I know they cannot pay.[†4] Forster tells

me that he hears on good authority that Mr. Ingram is going about like a Madman as to that London Journal[†1] — declaring that he can get nothing out of it[†2] — that it is the paper maker's profit (which I know very well) — and that he, Ingram, will never be safe from ruin, until he has got rid "of all his bloodsuckers — with —

Mark Lemon

at their head"!!![†3]

With this improving anecdote[†c] I think I will leave off: merely adding that I have got a splendid brogue (it really is exactly like the people), and that I think of coming out as the only legitimate successor of poor Power.

Ever My Dear Wilkie | Affectionately Yours

CD

I direct this to Broadstairs. — I hope you are there.[†4]

To J. T. GORDON, 6 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixth September 1858.

My Dear Gordon.

I most heartily congratulate you on being once more at home; and I am touched and gratified by your so soon thinking of me under your own roof, and feeling assured of my cordial sympathy with you and interest in you, there and everywhere.

My life when I am reading, is of that arduous and hurried kind that I never stir out of Hotel quarters, or have the pleasure of visiting any friend while I am so engaged. Moreover, Arthur Smith is always with me, and I mean to bring Mamie and Katie to Edinburgh to shew them something of Scotland. But of course we shall meet, please God.

To my knowledge, I have no acquaintance whatever with the gentleman about whom you enquire. Some indistinct idea floats about in my head that I have been asked the like question concerning him, by some one else. I cannot get it into any tangible shape. Perhaps I may have met him somewhere. I certainly don't know him.

I am only just now at home for eight and forty hours, direct from Ireland. My success has been something wonderful.

With kind regard and remembrance | Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John T.[†5] Gordon Esquire

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 6 SEPTEMBER 1858

Extract in Dodd Mead catalogue No. 83; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 6 Sep 58; addressed Hollingshead.

I need not tell you that I have read your article[†1] with very great gratification,[†2] and that I heartily thank you for it. I know it expresses your honest opinions, manfully and well. The pride I have in it, is therefore an unalloyed one; and the welcome it gives me on coming home to rest for eight and forty hours, is therefore a delightful one. . . .

I am very curious and anxious to know how you got on in the Barges.... I have never seen a Barge these four weeks past — and I have seen many — but I have looked for you, smoking a pipe at the rudder.[†3]

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 6 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Evening | Sixth September 1858

My Dear Miss Coutts

I am at home here tonight, after great fatigue (and great success, thank God!) in Ireland, — for no longer than eight and forty hours. Charley has come down to see me,[†4] and he tells me that he thinks the present is a time, in which a word of reminder at Baring Brothers, from a good source, might lead to his removal before long into one of their business opportunities out of London,[†5] no matter where, which would present a better opening than London does, to a young man of such capacity, education, and energy, as he possesses.

If you could find an occasion of mentioning this to Mr. Bates, would you object to do so? I know, and I always tell him — I mean Charley — that his rise must in the main depend upon himself. But I hope and believe he deserves well, and of course I know that any sign of *your* interest in him could not fail to serve him.

I would have gone to Mr. Bates myself in the course of tomorrow, but that I have the greatest delicacy in obtruding myself, either on his kindness, or on that of any other partner in the house. What a private gentleman need not scruple to do, my

consciousness of my own notoriety shrinks from. I have a dread of seeming to force it on attention, when I desire nothing more than to be as quiet and modest under it as possible. Hence it is that I trouble you!

I beg to report myself as strong and well as if I had been doing nothing. With love to Mrs. Brown, Believe me ever

Yours faithfully and affecy.
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To [?PERCY FITZGERALD],[†1] [?6 SEPTEMBER 1858]

Fragment from Walter Spencer catalogue No. 196(b). *Date:* shortly after CD's return to England from his reading tour of Ireland 23 Aug-3 Sep 58.

I certainly have no thought of coming to Ireland again, but I hope you will let me see you in England whenever you come here.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 7 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Seventh September 1858

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Please to deliver to the Bearer for me

1 Copy Carol
1 Do. Chimes
1 Do. Dombey
1 Do. Poor Traveller &c

— all, of the Reading Edition.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by Rochester | Kent.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Tuesday Seventh September 1858

My Dearest Georgy.

I have forgotten to pay Gibson and Bewsher's bill, and I cannot remember how much it is — a hundred and forty odd, I think.[†2]

Enclosed is the key of my Writing Table. Sit down at it. The second drawer from the bottom, on your right, will then contain the said bill, with a summary on it, in

my writing, of the gross amount for the four boys. Write and tell me what that amount is, and also who are Gibson's bankers. You will see that, stated in print, on the top of one of the sheets of paper whereon the bills are made out.

I am not at all disposed to go away again. — Don't take to the idea at present, in the least. However, the time will go by, pretty quickly, please God.

With my dear love to the darling girls and to the solitary Plorn.

Ever your most affectionate[†1]

To MRS GORE, 7 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Seventh September 1858

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

Being in town this morning for a few hours, in an interval in my series of Readings — which bind me hand and foot until November — I find your note. Believe me (but I know you will), I find it with the truest sorrow and the deepest sympathy. I am touched to the heart by your affectionate remembrance of me at such a time. Depend upon my having nothing to say to the sordid speculation in question — the nature of which, I perfectly understand.

Be of good heart about your brave boy.[†2] *My* boy was invalided long ago, and carried in a litter God knows how far and how long. But he began to get well, the moment he arrived at a Hill-Station, and his only care now, in the letters he writes home, is to get away from that easy life and be on service again.[†3] He had sun-stroke, a passing attack of small pox, and smart Fever.[†4] But he rallied, gaily — and so will your boy, please Heaven, before you can believe in his having had time to think of it.

If I do not hear of you in the meantime, I must write again to ask how your health[†5] and spirits are, when I next come to town for a few hours — about the middle of October. Until then and always, believe in the faithful, grateful, and affectionate regard of yours with all his heart

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gore.

To GABRIEL LEGOUVÉ, 7 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS M. Jean Paladilhe.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventh September 1858.

My Dear Legouvé.

I cannot tell you how much pleasure I have had in the receipt of your letter, or what delight it gives me to be so remembered and honored by you.

Yet I am made more impatient than I can express either, by an omission you have accidentally made. The poem[†1] is *not* enclosed in your letter! Pray, pray, send it to me.

I write to you from my little country house, about 30 miles from London. As I shall be absent from here, and from London too, until the middle of November, I fervently hope that you will not make your projected visit to London before that time. I shall be charmed to take you by the hand again, and to renew and increase a friendship, the memory of which is one of my happiest souvenirs of Paris.

Believe me always | With very great regard | Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

A Monsieur Legouvé

To THOMAS BODDINGTON,[†2] 10 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Station Hotel York | Friday Tenth September 1858.

Dear Sir

I have received here to day, a note from our friend Miss Mary Boyle, explaining to me the nature of the honor you courteously propose to do me on the 29th. of this month.[†3]

Allow me to express my regret that I cannot have the gratification of accepting your kind invitation. I have arranged to be in Edinburgh on that day, and my engagement is a public one.

Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Boddington Esquire

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 10 SEPTEMBER 1858†

MS Morgan Library.

Station Hotel, York | Friday Tenth September 1858

Dearest Meery.

First let me tell you that all the Magicians and spirits in your employ have fulfilled the instructions of their wondrous Mistress, to admiration. Flowers have fallen in my path wheresoever I have trod; and when they have rained upon me at Cork I was more amazed than you ever saw me.[†4]

Secondly, receive my hearty and loving thanks for that same. — (Excuse a little Irish in the turning of that sentence, but I can't help it).

Thirdly, I have written direct to Mr. Boddington, explaining that I am bound to be in Edinburgh on the day when he courteously proposes to do me honor.

[†a]Finally, touching that other matter on which you write so tenderly and with a delicacy of regard and interest that I deeply feel. I hope I may report that I am calming down again. I have been exquisitely distressed. It is no comfort to me to know that any man who wants to sell any thing in print, has but to anatomize my finest nerves, and he is sure to do it — It is no comfort to me to know (as of course these dissectors do), that when I spoke in my own person[†1] it was not for myself but for the innocent and good,

on whom I had unwittingly brought the foulest lies — Sometimes I *cannot* bear it. I had one of these fits yesterday, and was utterly desolate and lost. But it is gone, thank God, and the sky has brightened before me once more.

Ever, with great regard and affection | Yours dearest Meery
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 10 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Dickens House.

Station Hotel York | Friday Tenth September 1858
Dear Mr. Holsworth

Will you be so good as to cut out and put together for me, the Lazy Tour of the Two Idle Apprentices, complete.[†2] Send it, by return of post, addressed to me, "Assembly Rooms,[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 SEPTEMBER 1858]

Extracts in F, VIII, iv, 665. *Date:* since from York, clearly 11 Sep; for Forster's misdating first extract as Oct, see below.[†4]

I was brought very near to what I sometimes dream may be my Fame, when a lady whose face I had never seen stopped me yesterday in the street, and said to me, *Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with many friends.*

At York I had a most magnificent audience,[†5] and might have filled the place for a week.... I think the audience possessed of a better knowledge of character than any I have seen. But I recollect Doctor Belcombe[†6] to have told me long ago that they

first found out Charles Mathews's[†1] father,[†2] and to the last understood him (he used to say) better than any other people.... The let is enormous for next Saturday at Manchester, stalls alone four hundred! I shall soon be able to send you the list of places to the 15th of November, the end. I shall be, O most heartily glad, when that time comes! But I must say that the intelligence and warmth of the audiences are an immense sustainment, and one that always sets me up. Sometimes before I go down to read (especially when it is in the day), I am so oppressed by having to do it that I feel perfectly unequal to the task. But the people lift me out of this directly; and I find that I have quite forgotten everything but them and the book, in a quarter of an hour.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [12] SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by Rochester | Kent. *Date:* misdated by CD; Sunday was 12 Sep 58.

Royal Hotel, Scarborough.[†3] | Sunday Eleventh September 1858.

My Dearest Georgy. [†a]You will be surprised when I begin my letter by telling you that I have had an excellent opportunity of setting Katey quite right in that matter of Andrew.[†4] Coming home to the hotel at

York from reading in that city on Friday night, who should I find, established in our room, but — Gordon! He had seen in Household Words where I was, and had come for a holiday, he said, intending to keep company with us as far as Hull, and thence go back by Steamer. Arthur not having yet come up from the room, Gordon and I were alone; and he very soon took the opportunity of saying, with a kind of confidentially smirking satisfaction, that Andrew was uncommonly sweet indeed, upon a certain young lady at Gad's Hill. I immediately turned very grave, and said I had been quite uneasy about it, and had not known what to do. Gordon instantly changed, and asked "Why?" — "O! my good fellow", I said, "Why? Only because the difference is so obvious between a boy of eighteen, and a young woman of 19 or 20 — and I like Andrew so very much, and should be so heartily grieved if he were to make himself unhappy." It was clear that this dashed Gordon exceedingly. You know how self-possessed he can be, but he couldn't carry it off at all. His countenance fell, and he walked up and down the room musing about it, and rubbing his chin with his pocket handkerchief. Then he stopped short, and said: "You see it would be such a difficult thing to speak to Andrew about it." — "Exactly so," I said; "I feel that, or I might have done it myself." Having got it to this point, I felt that all I had to do was to leave it alone, so I said this in an offhand easy way, and said no more.[†a]

We had a very fine house indeed at York.[†5] All kinds of applications have been

made for another reading there, and no doubt it would be exceedingly productive; but it cannot be done. At Harrogate yesterday, — the queerest place, with the strangest people in it, leading the oddest lives of dancing, newspaper reading, and tables d'hôte — I made a clean profit of £50.[†1] The piety of York obliging us to leave that place for this at 6 this morning, and there being no night-train from Harrogate, we had to engage a Special Engine. We got to bed at one, and were up again before five; which after yesterday's fatigues, leaves me a little worn at this present.

I have no accounts of this place as yet, nor have I received any letter here. But the Post of this morning is not yet delivered, I believe. We have a charming room, overlooking the sea. [†a]Upon the whole I could easily dispense with Gordon, but I don't care much about it.[†a] Leech is here (living within a few doors), with the partner of his bosom, and his young family. I write at ten in the morning, having been here two hours; and you will readily suppose that I have not seen him.

Of news, I have not the faintest breath. I seem to have been doing nothing all my life, but riding in railway carriages and reading. The railway of the morning brought us through Castle Howard[†2] and under the woods of Easthorpe,[†3] and then just below Malton Abbey where I went to poor Smithson's funeral.[†4] It was a most lovely morning, and tired as I was, I couldn't sleep for looking out of the window.

[†a]I don't know whether I told Mamey or Katey — but I think not — that Mr. Smith, your sister's legal representative, wrote Ouvry a very good note about that published letter: saying that he was much obliged by the assurance that I had not sanctioned its publication, but that it was quite unnecessary to him, as he had been quite certain of that, from the moment when he saw it. I had a letter from "Meery",[†5] at York, which I answered. Very affectionate! — but really sincere and earnest.[†a] Yesterday, at Harrogate, two circumstances occurred which gave Arthur great delight. Firstly, he chafed his leg sore, with his black bag of silver. Secondly, the landlord asked him as a favor, "if he could oblige him with a little silver". He

obliged him, directly, with some forty pounds worth; and I suspect the landlord to have repented of having approached the subject. After the reading last night, we walked over the moor to the railway — 3 miles — leaving our men to follow with the luggage in a light cart. They passed us, just short of the railway, and John was making the night hideous and terrifying the sleeping country, by *playing the horn* in prodigiously horrible and unmusical blasts.

[†a]Gordon is sitting in the sunshine at the bow window, surveying the sea through an opera glass. He is too big for the room, and his collars are too big for him. Arthur, after touzling his head in the most frightful manner in the railway carriage, by sleeping with it rolled up in the window curtain, has gone to shave, and freshen himself up a little. This really is the very last and latest scrap of intelligence I have.

It is to be regretted, of course, that that little accident happened at Cobham;[†1] but nothing could be more discreet than the course taken to set it right, and nothing could be better than Lord Darnley's quick response. I *think* I will still write him a note. — I am not sure, but it is no matter.[†a]

My dearest love, of course, to the dear girls, and to the noble Plorn. Apropos of children, there was one gentleman at the Little Dombey yesterday morning, who exhibited — or rather concealed — the profoundest grief. After crying a good deal without hiding it, he covered his face with both his hands, and laid it down on the back of the seat before him, and really shook with emotion. He was not in mourning, but I supposed him to have lost some child in old time.[†2] There was a remarkably good fellow of 30 or so, too, who found something so very ludicrous in Toots that he *could not* compose himself at all, but laughed until he sat wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. And whenever he felt Toots coming again, he began to laugh and wipe his eyes afresh; and when he came he gave a kind of cry, as if it were too much for him. It was uncommonly droll, and made me laugh heartily.

[†a]I received the key all right. It had escaped my memory that I had changed the place where I keep the bills. I will leave this open for an hour or two, to acknowledge the receipt of any letter if I get one from Gads Hill this morning.[†a]

Ever dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 15 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Scarborough Arms, Leeds.
Wednesday Fifteenth September 1858.

My Dearest Mamie.

[†a]Although I received the bills from Georgy this morning, I write to you, because it is your turn. Tell her so with my dearest love.

I quite agree with her as to the amounts. The objectionable week is certainly large, but it is scarcely reasonable to hope that the servants will all be methodically saving and economical at once. It is only by looking closely and systematically, into any excess, of any kind, and letting them see that it †b*will not do,*†b that we can hope to come to a perfectly satisfactory result. I think the other bills quite fair and very promising. I have no doubt, please God, that we shall get the machine into perfect order. And I know thoroughly well, that you are all three most anxious to bring it into that condition.†a

I have added a pound to the cheque. I would recommend your seeing the poor Railwayman again, and giving him ten shillings, and telling him to let you see him again in about a week. If he be then still unable to lift weights and handle heavy things, I would then give him another Ten Shillings, and so on.

†aIn the matter of Frank, let me say at once, while I remember it, that I think Dr. Crüger†1 perfectly right in wishing him to have no more pocket-money than the rest of the boys. Will you write to Mrs. Crüger, and say that I wish the Dr. to do exactly what he feels to be right and best in this matter.†a†2

Since I wrote to Georgy from Scarborough we have had, thank God, nothing but success. †aI made £50 profit there, and made more than £50 profit at Hull last night.†a†3 The Hull people (not generally considered excitable, even on their own showing), were so enthusiastic that we were obliged to promise to go back there for Two Readings!†4 I have positively resolved not to lengthen out the time of my tour, so we are now arranging to drop some small places, and substitute Hull again and York again.†5 But you will perhaps have heard this in the main, from Arthur. I know he wrote to you after the Reading last night. This place I have always doubted, knowing that we should come here when it was recovering from the double excitement of the Festival and the Queen.†6 But there is a very large Stall Let indeed, and the prospect of to-night consequently looks bright. †a(It is not a large room. I doubt if Arthur can squeeze more than £70 into it.)†a

Arthur told you, I suppose, that he had his shirt front and waistcoat torn off, last night. He was perfectly enraptured in consequence. Our men got so knocked about, that he gave them five shillings apiece on the spot. John passed several minutes upside down against a wall, with his head amongst the peoples' boots. He came out of the difficulty in an exceedingly touzled condition, and with his face much flushed. For all this, and their being packed as you may conceive they would be packed, they settled down the instant I went in, and never wavered in the closest attention for an instant. It was a very high room, and required a great effort.

Oddly enough, I slept in this house three days ago last year,†7 with Wilkie. Arthur has the bedroom I occupied then, and I have one two doors from it, and Gordon has the one between. Not only is he still with us, but he *has* talked of going on to Manchester, going on to London, and coming back with us to Darlington next Tuesday!!! †aI hope however, that I observe him to be gradually getting disgusted with the smoke and ashes of these manufacturing towns.†a

†bThese streets look like a Great Circus with the season just finished. All sorts of garish Triumphal arches were put up for the Queen, and they have got smoky, and have been looked out of countenance by the sun, and are blistered, and patchy, and

half up and half down, and are hideous to behold.†b Spiritless men (evidently drunk for some time in the Royal honor) are slowly removing them, and on the whole it is more like the clearing away of the Frozen Deep at Tavistock House, than any thing within your knowledge — with the exception that we are not in the least sorry, as we were then. Vague ideas are in Arthur's head that when we come back to Hull, we are to come here, and are to have the Town Hall (a beautiful building) and read to the Million. I can't say, yet. That depends.†1 I remember that when I was here before (I came from Rockingham, to make a speech),†2 I thought them a dull and slow audience.†3 I hope I may have been mistaken. I never saw better audiences than the Yorkshire audiences generally.

I am so perpetually at work, or asleep, that I have not a scrap of news. I saw the Leech family at Scarboro', both in my own house (that is to say, Hotel), and in theirs. They were not at either reading. Scarboro' is gay and pretty, and I think Gordon had an idea that we were always at some such place. †aI have a strong hope that he has had a new light or two on that subject,†4 since we got among the tall chimnies.†a†5

Kiss the darling Plorn for me, and give him my love — dear Katey too, giving her the same. I feel sorry that I cannot get down to Gad's Hill this next time, but I shall look forward to our being there with Georgy, after Scotland. Tell the servants that I remember them, and hope they will live with us many years. Ever My Dearest Mamie Your most affectionate father CD.

†bP.S. Arthur sends his love. Gordon too.†b

To ALBERT SMITH, 16 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Morgan Library.

Halifax, Yorkshire. | Thursday Sixteenth September 1858.

My Dear Albert. As Arthur is always writing to you on every railway in England, and has, up to this day, overset his inkstand in 374 first class carriages (I keep a reckoning of that casualty, in an account book), he has left me very little to tell you. But I have two whimsical anecdotes to relate, which you won't find in the Newspapers.

1†6

When I was last in town, eight or nine years ago (I mean, days; but you know what enormous intervals seem to elapse under these circumstances), Forster told me that Frederic Chapman of Piccadilly had just told him that Ingram was going about town declaring like a madman as to his wildness and ferocity, that there was not a

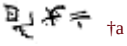
penny to be got out of the London Journal by anybody but the Paper-Maker, and that he (Ingram) would never be safe from ruin; until he had got rid of "the whole gang of bluid-soockers, beginning with" —— O! whom do you think? — "Mark Lemon"!!![†1]

2[†2]

My little boy Frank, was dispatched the other day, per steamer, to a new School at Hamburg. I knew the Captain, and gave the child a letter to him, knowing that he would be taken excellent care of. Mary wrote to the lady of the school, the wife of one Doctor Crüger, saying when Frank would arrive, and begging that he might be met by some trustworthy person at the Boat's wharf on the Boat's arrival. Gad's Hill was paralysed in the due course by the receipt of a letter from Frank, dated "Aboard the John Bull" — with this astonishing postscript. "The passengers have all been gone, some hours. Nobody has come for me, and nobody knows anything of the name of KRUGGENS.[†3] I am dining with the Captain and Mate. The dinner is beefsteak and onions. It is very good, and there is lots of it. The Captain having just regretted and apologized for being unable to offer me a dessert, I have been to my box, and brought out a quantity of the Gad's Hill apples and nuts. The Captain has produced a bottle of wine, and we are very jolly." Since then, he has never been heard of. My own impression is, that he will sail backwards and forwards in the John Bull, like a Young Flying Dutchman, for many years, and will vainly try, until he arrives at a green old age, to get to School. Either this will happen, or a fraudulent and ill-conducted school will kidnap him on false pretences, or he will work out the usual story-book career by entering Hamburg without any boots, selling matches in the streets, gradually realizing an enormous fortune, and finally laying it out in endowing an establishment for 80 one-eyed old men with wooden legs, who will never get anything that he bequeaths to them, but will be pillaged by fifteen trustees in the Banking and Legal lines of life who will live and die in great esteem on the plunder.

Do you understand the following Chinese sentence yet?

†a †a

It is a poetical idea, I think, and very expressive of the general virtues of the Tea Plant. Is it really in the works of their great poet[†4] †a  †a

When this reaches you, you will be running home as hopefully and happily as possible.[†5] Aden will seem like Fleet Street, Cairo like the Strand, camels like cabs — all so near home and so familiarly. God speed you. We will talk Chinese (I have a smattering of that tongue) always.

Ever Cordially
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN MUSICIAN, 16 SEPTEMBER 1858

Text from *Musical Age*, 1 Jan 1891.

Halifax, Thursday, Sixteenth September, 1858.

Sir,

My time, at all times very much occupied, is so completely absorbed just now, that I have not had leisure to answer your letter until to-day.

If you should ever desire to offer anything for insertion in *Household Words,* it shall be honestly read. You have but to address it to me at the office of that journal. But I cannot undertake to read compositions generally designed for publication, and write opinions upon them;[†1] simply because I am so constantly asked to do it, that unless I had a rule from which I never departed, in this respect, I could do nothing else in life.

You repose a confidence in me very honestly and unaffectedly. I should not deserve it if I were otherwise than plain with you.

The course on which you seek to enter is a very difficult one, and I have a very strong doubt, (suggested to me by your letter itself) of your being qualified for it. I know more than you can easily imagine of the wretchedness of failure in it. Do not neglect your respectable and useful certainty for a desperate chance.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. ——

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 17 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Richard Bentley Esquire | New Burlington Street | London | W.

Sheffield. | Friday Seventeenth September | 1858.

My Dear Mr. Bentley

Your letter of the Thirteenth has just found me here. I regret to learn from it that my mediation has not been attended with more satisfactory results.[†2]

Under the circumstances, I can now do no more than make Mr. Shirley Brooks acquainted with the contents of your communication. That I will take care to do by the present post.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, [17 SEPTEMBER 1858]

Mention in last. *Date:* written the same day.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Dickens House.

King's Head, Sheffield
Friday, Seventeenth September 1858.

My Dearest Georgy.

I write you a few lines to Tavistock House, thinking you may not be sorry to find a note from me there, on your arrival from Gad's Hill.

Halifax was too small for us. I never saw such an audience though.[†1] They were really worth reading to for nothing — though I didn't do exactly that. It is as horrible a place as I ever saw,[†2] I think. [†a]Of course the local agent (a Music Seller)[†3] used to play duetts with your father,[†4] and told me a lot about him, after the reading — in which I was deeply interested.[†a]

The run upon the Tickets here is so immense, that Arthur is obliged to get great bills out, signifying that no more can be sold.[†5] It will be by no means easy to get into the place the numbers who have already paid. It is the Hall we acted in,[†6] crammed to the roof and the passages. We must come back here towards the end of October, and are again altering the List, and striking out small places. [†a]I suppose I shall get from £60 to £70 profit tonight.[†a]

The trains are so strange and unintelligible in this part of the country that we were obliged to leave Halifax at 8 this morning, and breakfast on the road — at Huddersfield again, where we had an hour's wait. Wills was in attendance on the Platform, and took me (here at Sheffield I mean) out to "Frederick's"[†7] house, to see Mrs. Wills. She looked pretty much the same as ever, I thought, and was taking care of a very pretty little boy.[†8] The house and grounds are as nice as anything *can* be, in this smoke.

[†a]Gordon is still with us and shows no signal of departure. His luggage has been left behind at Halifax, and he is sitting disconsolate.[†a] A heavy thunderstorm is passing over the town, and it is raining hard too.

[†a]If you should have time to go (*with the girls or one of them*) to Mr. Hill's[†1] at Bell's, will you ask him if he will send me in the course of Monday to Tavistock House, a fresh supply of "Voice Jujubes," and also of the "Astringent Lozenges." I have found them both, admirable.

I hope to be at home by 5 on Sunday morning. Will you leave the spirit-stand and a rusk or two, in the Hall? The door to be left on the latch, of course.[†a]

This is a stupid letter my dearest Georgy, but I write in a hurry, and in the thunder and lightning, and with the crowd of tonight before me. My best love to dearest Mamie and Katie, and to the Darling Plorn.

Ever Most affectionately.

CD.

To HENRY BURNETT, 18 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Copy in Dickens House.[†2]

Royal Hotel Manchester
Saturday Eighteen September | 1858

My dear Burnett

I have not a moment in which to answer your Letter before going down to the Hall — Believe me I have never had an unkind thought of you — I was very glad to hear of your marrying again — thought it most natural & right — Have always had the best feeling towards yourself and your second Wife[†3] — Have always been glad to hear of you. I should have liked to have heard of your marriage from yourself — may (perhaps) have said so — certainly have never said so with the least unkindness or ill will.... God knows it is not in me — We must all go poor Fanny's way, and we shall all want sorely the gentle construction that we cannot do better than give.... Dismiss all uneasiness as to me from your mind. I have always thought of you and do think of you affectionately.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY,[†1] 20 SEPTEMBER 1858

Summary from The Marquis of Normanby.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Twentieth September 1858

A letter of recommendation to the Marchioness of Normanby, for Miss Fanny Ternan to take with her to Florence,[†2] where she is going with her mother, to complete a professional musical education.[†3]

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 20 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS Mr L.E.S. Gutteridge.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twentieth September 1858

My Dear Mr. Ryland

A thousand thanks for your kind note. I do not know that I need trouble you before I come to Birmingham, but if I *should* see occasion to do so, I will not scruple to tax the friendship to which I have already been often indebted.

I am at home for only a day. My success is very great indeed — quite indescribable in some cases — as at Manchester last Saturday night.[†4]

Charley begs to send you his kindest regard. He wishes me to report that he passed his short holiday from Barings, in rowing and playing cricket-matches. His sisters have just given astonishing evidence of bad taste. I asked them to choose whether they would go with me to Birmingham, or to Scotland. And they said —— Scotland!

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire.

I heard of you at Sheffield on Friday, from Mr. Fisher.[†5]

To MRS TROLLOPE,[†1] 20 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS University of Texas.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twentieth September 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Trollope.

If you should be still in Florence when the bearer of this letter comes to that old City, let me beg you to shew her any aid or attention in your power: assuring you that if you bestowed it on one of my daughters, it could not be more welcome to me.

Miss Fanny Ternan (I mean that strange-looking word for T e r n a n) is a professional young lady of great accomplishments and the highest character, who purposes establishing herself in some very respectable family in Florence, probably for a year, that she may complete her musical education under some eminent master there. She travels to Florence accompanied by her Mama; but Mrs. Ternan will return to England when she has settled her daughter to their mutual satisfaction, and will leave her to pursue her studies alone.

In this young lady and in her family, I have the warmest interest. I have given her such letters as I think most likely to serve her, and I cannot resist the temptation I feel to add this to the List, because I know that she must naturally have a great desire to see you, and because I am not less sure that you will appreciate her.

My Dear Mrs. Trollope | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Trollope

To MONTAGU YEATS BROWN,[†2] [?20 SEPTEMBER 1858]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, [?20 SEPTEMBER 1858]

MS (fragment) Berg Collection. *Date:* 20 Sep according to endorsement.[†3]

serve her,[†4] on to the Poste Restante at Florence. I have given her a letter to Monty Brown too, but I am particularly anxious that she should have the advantage of your personal introduction.

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20-21 SEPTEMBER 1858]

Extract in F, VIII, iv, 665. *Date:* soon after his Manchester reading of 18 Sep.

When I came to Manchester on Saturday I found seven hundred stalls taken! When I went into the room at night 2500 people had paid, and more were being turned away from every door. The welcome they gave me was astounding in its affectionate recognition of the late trouble,[†1] and fairly for once unmanned me. I never saw such a sight or heard such a sound. When they had thoroughly done it, they settled down to enjoy themselves; and certainly did enjoy themselves most heartily to the last minute.[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, 24 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Station Hotel, Newcastle
Friday afternoon, Twenty Fourth Sept. | 1858.

My Dear Wills.

I return the cheque, duly signed.

I have just now walked over here from Sunderland[†3] (1 o'Clock), and have barely had time to look at the Room.[†4] It is new since we acted here — large — and capable of holding a good deal of money. I hope it will have a good deal to hold, tonight and tomorrow. The Let is a very good one, and we expect a large Take in payment at the doors.

You will be amazed to hear that we reaped very little profit at Sunderland last night! I read in a very beautiful new Theatre,[†5] and it *looked* a fine house. But it was not fine enough to pay well.[†6] Half a million of money, *belonging to Sunderland alone*, was lost in the last Bank-Smash there;[†7] and the town has never held up its head since, they say.

I suppose the people who were there, had either not lost any money, or had found it again. I never beheld such a rapturous audience. And they — and the stage together: which I never can resist — made me do such a vast number of new things in

the Carol,[†1] that Arthur and our men stood in amazement at the Wing, and roared and stamped as if it were an entirely new book, topping all the others.[†2] You must come to some good place and hear the Carol. I think you will hardly know it again.

Little Darlington — in a mouldy old assembly Room without a Lamp abutting on the Street,[†3] so that I passed it a dozen times and looked for it, when I went down to read — covered itself with Glory. All sorts of people came in from outlying places, and the town was drunk with the Carol far into the night.[†4] At Durham we had a capital audience too — led by Dean and chapter, and humbly followed up by Mayor and local Bores — but the Hall not large enough, and the City not large enough, for such a purpose as your friend's.[†5]

So, we are working our way further North. I walked from Durham to Sunderland,[†6] and made a little fanciful photograph in my mind of Pit-Country, which will come well into H. W. one day.[†7] I couldn't help looking upon my mind as I was doing it, as a sort of capitally prepared and highly sensitive plate. And I said, without the least conceit (as Watkins might have said of a plate of his) "it really is a pleasure to work with you, you receive the impression so nicely."

I mark this note "Immediate", because I forgot to mention that I particularly wish you to look well to Wilkie's article about the Wigan schoolmaster,[†8] and not to leave anything in it that may be sweepingly and unnecessarily offensive to the middle class.[†9] He has always a tendency to overdo that — and such a subject gives him a fresh temptation. Don't be afraid of the Truth, in the least; but don't be unjust.

[†a]I enclose a few hasty notes about the Queen idea.[†a†10] Arthur sends kindest regard. Give my love to Mrs. Wills. I hope my wholesome influence lasts?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To D. O. HILL,[†1] 25 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS The Royal Scottish Academy.

Newcastle on Tyne
Saturday Twenty Fifth September 1858.

My Dear Sir

I am cordially obliged to you for your kind note, and have little need to assure you that it would have given me the greatest pleasure to have dined with the Academy: — particularly on the occasion of their receiving my two old friends, Stanfield and Roberts.[†2] But unfortunately, while I am heartily gratified in being so remembered and honored, I cannot possibly accept the invitation. I read twice in Edinburgh on Wednesday — in the afternoon, and in the evening — and I grieve to say that I can no more go to the Academy than the Academy can come to me.

By this post, I return a formal reply to the invitation. If you will do me the favor to say for me in a less constrained manner, to the President,[†3] that I am unfeignedly and exceedingly sorry that I cannot profit by this mark of the Academy's courtesy, you will very much oblige me.

Believe me My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

D. O. Hill Esquire

To THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY, [25 SEPTEMBER 1858]

Mention in last.

To JAMES B. MANSON,[†5] 25 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS Private.

Newcastle on Tyne
Saturday Twenty Fifth September 1858.

My Dear Sir

Your note has touched me[†6] to the heart. I deeply feel, and shall always remember, its sincerity, modesty, and manliness. It makes what you have written of me, of new worth to me; and I can truly say, in thanking you, that I am proud of it.

The view you take of the literary character in the abstract, or of what it might and ought to be, expresses what I have striven for, all through my literary life.[†1] I have never allowed it to be patronized, or tolerated, or treated like a good child or like a bad child. In simply doing my plain duty by it, I am always animated by the hope of leaving it, a little better understood by the thoughtless than I found it.[†2]

You will forgive me if I cannot conclude this hasty note without a word of reference to three Sonnets I have read in your paper to-day, and of which I suppose you to be the writer.[†3] They would have attracted my attention under any circumstances, by their unusual merit. The second, particularly, has a very profound thought in it most happily turned.[†4]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James B Manson Esquire.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 SEPTEMBER 1858

Extract in MDGH, II, 75-6.

Station Hotel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, | Sunday, Sept. 26th, 1858.

The girls (as I have no doubt they have already told you for themselves) arrived here in good time yesterday, and in very fresh condition. They persisted in going to the room[†5] last night, though I had arranged for their remaining quiet.

We have done a vast deal here. I suppose you know that we are going to Berwick, and that we mean to sleep there[†6] and go on to Edinburgh on Monday morning, arriving there before noon? If it be as fine to-morrow as it is to-day, the girls will see the coast piece of railway between Berwick and Edinburgh to great advantage. I was anxious that they should, because that kind of pleasure is really almost the only one they are likely to have in their present trip.

Stanfield and Roberts are in Edinburgh, and the Scottish Royal Academy give[†7] them a dinner on Wednesday, to which I was very pressingly invited. But, of course, my going was impossible. I read twice that day.

Remembering what you do of Sunderland, you will be surprised that our profit there was very considerable.[†8] I read in a beautiful new theatre, and (I thought to myself) quite wonderfully. Such an audience I never beheld for rapidity and enthusiasm. The room in which we acted (converted into a theatre afterwards) was

burnt to the ground a year or two ago.[†1] We found the hotel, so bad in our time, really good.[†2] I walked from Durham to Sunderland, and from Sunderland to Newcastle.

Don't you think, as we shall be at home at eleven in the forenoon this day fortnight, that it will be best for you and Plornish to come to Tavistock House for that Sunday, and for us all to go down to Gad's Hill next day? My best love to the noble Plornish. If he is quite reconciled to the postponement of his trousers, I should like to behold his first appearance in them. But, if not, as he is such a good fellow, I think it would be a pity to disappoint and try him.

And now, my dearest Georgy, I think I have said all I have to say before I go out for a little air. I had a very hard day yesterday, and am tired.

Ever your most affectionate

[CD]

To JAMES PAYN, 29 SEPTEMBER 1858*

MS Boston Public Library.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh.

Wednesday Twenty Ninth September 1858.[†3]

My Dear Mr. Payn.

All to-day I am, as you may suppose, pretty closely occupied. Tomorrow morning I am going to take my girls out to Hawthornden. But I will arrange to be back here by 3 o'Clock, if it should suit your convenience to have some talk with me then.

The hours and days run away while I am thus occupied, so imperceptibly, that I do nothing that I propose to myself to do. I thought we should have walked twenty miles together, by this time.

On second thoughts, it occurs to me to ask if you could spare time to go with us on our tomorrow morning's expedition?[†4] We will leave here at 11. Perhaps you will tell me, or Mr. Arthur Smith, tonight.

Always Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

J. Payn Esquire

October

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 OCTOBER 1858]

Extracts in F, VIII, iv, 666. *Date:* written on his arrival in Dundee, on 1 Oct; first extract clearly before dinner, second perhaps after it.

At first the look of Edinburgh was not promising. We began with, for us, a poor room.[†5] ... But the effect of that reading (it was the *Chimes*), was immense; and on the next

night, for *Little Dombey*, we had a full room. It is our greatest triumph everywhere. Next night (*Poor Traveller*, *Boots* and *Gamp*) we turned away hundreds upon hundreds of people; and last night, for the *Carol*, in spite of advertisements in the morning that the tickets were gone, the people had to be got in through such a crowd as rendered it a work of the utmost difficulty to keep an alley into the room. They were seated about me on the platform, put into the doorway of the waiting-room, squeezed into every conceivable place, and a multitude turned away once more. I think I am better pleased with what was done in Edinburgh than with what has been done anywhere,[†1] almost. It was so completely taken by storm, and carried in spite of itself. Mary and Katey have been infinitely pleased and interested with Edinburgh. We are just going to sit down to dinner and therefore I cut my missive short. Travelling, dinner, reading, and everything else, come crowding together into this strange life.

He thought Dundee an odd place, like Wapping with high rugged hills behind it. We had the strangest journey here — bits of sea, and bits of railroad, alternately;[†2] which carried my mind back to travelling in America. The room[†3] is an immense new one, belonging to Lord Kinnaird,[†4] and Lord Panmure,[†5] and some others of that sort. It looks like something between the Crystal Palace and Westminster hall (I can't imagine who wants it in this place), and has never been tried yet for speaking in. Quite disinterestedly of course, I hope it will succeed.[†6]

To W. H. WILLS, 2 OCTOBER 1858

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
That is to say: | Dundee. Saturday Second October 1858.

My Dear Wills. Pray, *pray*, dont have Poems unless they are good. We are immeasurably better without them. "Beyond",[†7] is really Beyond anything I ever saw, in utter badness.

You instructed Payn and White, that no story-Teller must have been a Lodger in the House. I don't understand that, at all. A Lodger may give variety to the thing, and cannot possibly (that I see) weaken the carrying out of the Idea.[†8]

To Wilkie's queries I reply:
1. I *think* I had best write the framework in the first person — *unless* I should think

of any new and odd way of doing it. I will certainly avoid the plain third person in which the stories will be narrated.[†1]
2. I am not clear about following up the old Materials, and making them doomed and destructive. I think it would end the thing with unseasonable grimness. If I could build them into a good school, or infirmary, or child's hospital, or something of that sort, it might be a more pleasant end, and a working round of the thing to something brighter.[†1]
3. If I were Wilkie, unless I got an idea which would not admit of it, I would certainly make the story of some people who kept the house, *the* story.[†1] Indeed, I supposed that to have been understood.

———————

There was certainly in Edinburgh, a coldness, beforehand, about the Readings. I mention it, to let you know that I consider the triumph there, by far the greatest I have made. The City was taken by storm, and carried. The Chimes shook it; Little Dombey blew it up. On the two last nights, the crowd was immense, and the turn-away enormous.[†2] Everywhere, nothing was to be heard but praises — nowhere more than at Blackwood's shop,[†3] where there certainly was no predisposition to praise.[†4] It was a brilliant victory, and could have been represented in no mere money whatever.

My profit there was £200. My profit at Newcastle, £170 (the room in the latter place, very large). My profit in September is £900. No doubt in reason this sum will have passed £1,000 before I begin the next Thousand in Glasgow.

The Carol will be read one night at Birmingham, and at Nottingham. Those are the places nearest to your hand I think.[†5]

My love to Mrs. Wills in which the girls unite. They were delighted with Edinburgh, and saw it, and all about it, on beautiful days. Payn went with us to Hawthornden, and we laughed all day.[†6] Conceive his telling me that Miss Martineau once told him and a certain Lake Doctor, face to face, that the reason

why the Times succeeded with their Foreign correspondence, was because ———[†7] they kept a clairvoyante to do it!!![†8] "You may observe", says she, "that the Daily News

is rapidly improving in that particular. Why? Because they have lately engaged a clairvoyante too!"

With which large button of arrogant conceit from the head and front of a strait waistcoat,[†1] I beg to subscribe myself

Ever Anti Politico-Economically[†2] | [†a]Anti De Morganically,[†3], | and the like,[†a]

CD

To WILLIAM LOGAN,[†4] 8 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Joseph M. Maddalena. *Address* (Phillips catalogue, June 1983): William Logan Esq | 21 Maxwell Street (not through post; clearly belongs to this letter).

Royal Hotel, Glasgow[†5] | Friday Eighth October 1858.

Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind note received this morning, and for its accompanying Volumes.[†6] Accept my cordial thanks.

As the Christmas Carol is a favorite of yours, may I hope that you will do me the favor to come and hear it tonight, if you are not otherwise engaged.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Logan Esquire

To THE SUPERINTENDENT, GLASGOW STATION,[†1] 9 OCTOBER 1858

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* To The Superintendent | at the Station.

Royal Hotel | Saturday Ninth October 1858.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Superintendent of the Station, and begs the favor of having a first-class compartment reserved for his party of four, by the 8.17 Train South, tonight, which they can retain all the way to London.

Mr. Dickens's men will have with them, a quantity of luggage which is to be left at Bradford tomorrow.[†2] It would be a great additional convenience to Mr. Dickens if the Superintendent's kindness could possibly arrange for its not being shifted at Lancaster, but going the whole way through to Bradford, in the Van in which it will leave Glasgow.

To JOHN FORSTER, 10 OCTOBER 1858

Composite text from MDGH, II, 76-8 and F, VIII, iv, 666-7; first two paragraphs in MDGH only; third paragraph all in Forster (MDGH with omissions [aa]); final paragraph in MDGH only.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday, Oct. 10th, 1858.

My dear Forster,

As to the truth of the readings, I cannot tell you what the demonstrations of personal regard and respect are. How the densest and most uncomfortably-packed crowd will be hushed in an instant when I show my face. How the youth of colleges, and the old men of business in the town, seem equally unable to get near enough to me when they cheer me away at night. How common people and gentlefolks will stop me in the streets and say: "Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my home with so many friends?"[†3] And if you saw the mothers, and fathers, and sisters, and brothers in mourning, who invariably come to "Little Dombey," and if you studied the wonderful expression of comfort and reliance with which they hang about me, as if I had been with them, all kindness and delicacy, at their own little death-bed, you would think it one of the strangest things in the world.

As to the mere effect, of course I don't go on doing the thing so often without carefully observing myself and the people too in every little thing, and without (in consequence) greatly improving in it.

The people (of Dundee) he thought, in respect of taste and intelligence, below any other of his Scotch audiences; but they woke up surprisingly, and the rest of his Caledonian tour was a succession of triumphs. At Aberdeen we were crammed to the street, twice in one day.[†4] At Perth (where I thought when I arrived, there literally could be

nobody to come) the gentlefolk[†1] came posting in from thirty miles round, and the whole town came besides, and filled an immense hall.[†2] [a]They were as full of perception, fire, and enthusiasm as any people I have seen. At Glasgow, where I read three evenings and one morning, we took the prodigiously large sum of six hundred pounds! And this at the Manchester prices, which are lower than St. Martin's Hall.[a] As to the effect — I wish you could have seen them after Lilian died in the *Chimes*,[†3] or when Scrooge woke [a]in the *Carol*[a] and talked to the boy outside the window.[†4] And at the end of *Dombey* yesterday afternoon,[†5] in the cold light of day, they all got up, after a short pause, gentle and simple, and thundered and waved their hats with such astonishing heartiness and fondness that, for the first time in all my public career, they took me completely off my legs, and I saw the whole eighteen hundred of them reel to one side as if a shock from without had shaken the hall. [a]Notwithstanding which, I must confess to you, I am very anxious to get to the end of my Readings, and to be at home again, and able to sit down and think in my own study. There has been only one thing quite without alloy.[a] The dear girls have enjoyed themselves immensely, and their trip with me has been a great success. I hope I told you (but I forget whether I did or no)[†6] how splendidly Newcastle[†7] came out. I am reminded of Newcastle at the moment because they joined me there.

I am anxious to get to the end of my readings, and to be at home again, and able to sit down and think in my own study. But the fatigue, though sometimes very great indeed, hardly tells upon me at all. And although all our people, from Smith downwards, have given in, more or less, at times, I have never been in the least unequal to the work, though sometimes sufficiently disinclined for it. My kindest and best love to Mrs. Forster.

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JAMES LAWSON,[†8] 11 OCTOBER 1858

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* III, 18; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 11 Oct 58; addressed James Lawson.

Assuring him of his sympathy with the People's Concerts.[†9]

To GEORGE STRUTT,[†1] 11 OCTOBER 1858*

MS New York Public Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Eleventh October 1858.

My Dear Sir

I am heartily obliged to you for your kind note, and should have been most happy to accept your kind invitation,[†2] had it been possible. But the fatigues of my trip are so great, that I find all social pleasures to be incompatible with it, and never go to any place but an Hotel, and never visit any friend. There is not the least virtue in this self-denial; it is forced upon me; and I observe it with the worst grace in the world.

Pray accept my cordial thanks, and present my regard to Mrs. Strutt.[†3]

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George H Strutt Esquire

To H. B. DOWNING,[†4] 12 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Harrogate College. *Address:* H. B. Downing Esquire | 48 Guilford Street.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twelfth October 1858

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Downing, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of that gentleman's letter of yesterday. Mr. Dickens is obliged by Mr. Downing's confidence and by the terms in which Mr. Downing's proposal is communicated, but he cannot entertain it.†5

To MRS CORNELIUS, 13 OCTOBER 1858

Text from N, III, 62.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Thirteenth October 1858

My Dear Anne,

Please call me at 7 in the morning. Breakfast at 8.

Yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS BEARD, 14 OCTOBER 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Edgeware Road | N.W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Fourteenth October 1858

My Dear Beard

I write to you in the greatest haste — just home from Glasgow — before starting again, this morning, for Bradford.†1

Edmund Yates has brought me the enclosed advertisement,†2 and has asked me whether I thought it likely to have attracted your notice? He tells me that he has reason for confidently believing that there *is* decidedly capital.†3

The Inimitable's success, enormous. Between ourselves, the clear profits of the readings, after payment of all the charges, which are necessarily heavy — one thousand pounds per month!

Ever affectionately
CD.

To H. B. MACPHAIL,†4 16 OCTOBER 1858

Extract in N, III, 63 (no authority); dated Royal Hotel, Manchester, 16 Oct 58.

Dear Sir,

Your amazing letter which I have received here to-day, places me in a very distressing position.[†5] For Mr. [Colin][†6] Rae Brown's[†7] lie is too monstrous and intolerable to be borne. And I fear it is impossible that I can, in any decent spirit of respect for myself or any other human being, accept your communication as confidential. A slander so infamous and so wanton and inconceivably baseless, must positively be stopped short and published. I now dispatch a special messenger to London, who is a trustworthy friend,[†8] to communicate with my solicitors instantly on the subject.[†9]

I thank you very much for making this thing known to me. If I fear that I cannot possibly receive it in confidence, it is because I can get no prospect of redress for so

unspeakable a wrong, but through bringing this Mr. [Colin][†1] Rae Brown to answer in a Court of Justice for his abominable words.[†2]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 18 OCTOBER 1857*

MS Free Library of Philadlephia

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham
Monday Night, Eighteenth October 1858.

My Dearest Georgy

Only a line to say we arrived here prosperously, and that I found the letters waiting me, and that I will write to dear Mamie next.

We had not a *great*[†3] house tonight — between seventy and eighty pounds — but I never saw people more honestly and completely delighted, and it was (and is) as wet a night as wet can be.[†4]

Best love to Mamie and Katie, and my dear old Plorn. — Arthur joins. Also engages himself for Katie's birthday.[†5]

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, [18 OCTOBER 1858]

Mention in next.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 OCTOBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Hen and Chickens Hotel, Birmingham.
Monday Night | Eighteenth October 1858.

My Dear Wills.

I forgot three things in my hurried note of to day from London.[†6]

— VIII - 681 —

1. — After the Smallport Monte Christo (which is very whimsical and good), I think the Great Dunkerque Failure may go in.[†1] It should be in the next No. you make up. (Let me see the Proof of any other printed paper by him. A very little erasure here and there, makes a considerable difference in his case.)

2. — When you come to advertize in H.W. my readings for November, put, and keep as long as the advertisement stands, this line after Brighton 13 Novr. — *in small caps — in a line by itself* —

WHICH WILL TERMINATE THE SERIES OF READINGS.[†2]

3. — The Carol is not read here. It is read at Nottingham on Thursday, and at Manchester on Saturday.[†3]

A very, very, wet night.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

W. H. Wills Esquire

To H. G. ADAMS, [?19 OCTOBER 1858]

Mention in H. G. Adams *to Rochester, Chatham and Strood Gazette,* 20 Oct 58 (printed 26 Oct). *Date:* very shortly before Adams's letter of 20 Oct.

Assuring Adams that there was no foundation for the report that he would be reading at Rochester on 26 or 27 Oct. I know nothing whatever of your "best authority", except that he is, as he always is, preposterously wild and monstrously wrong.[†4]

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 19 OCTOBER 1858

MS Benoliel Collection.

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham
Tuesday Nineteenth October 1858.

Dear Frederick

I found your letter here yesterday. I shall be at Gad's Hill next Sunday Week, the 31st. but I am not to be depended on for any appointment before then.

Affectionately

C.D.

To THOMAS BEARD, 20 OCTOBER 1858

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | London | W.

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham
Wednesday Twentieth October 1858

My Dear Beard

I don't think I ever was more impressed by an absurdity, than by the wonderful project you describe. It is amazing.[†1]

Have you made any applications to these men who are now in power,[†2] for any sort of public employment? I really think that you might stand a reasonably fair chance of getting something, on a statement of your history, and on a reference to the Inimitable as an old fellow 'Prentice, and a comrade of some quarter of a century and more.[†3] *Do think of this.* Forster was speaking to me with all his best earnestness, about it, the other day.

I took it into my head last night, to read the Trial from Pickwick here.[†4] It was a great go. And when Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz said "Call Samuel Weller!", they gave a great thunder of applause, as if he were really coming in.

Kindest regard to all at home.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To GEORGE FLETCHER,[†5] 20 OCTOBER 1858

MS University of Texas.

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham.
Wednesday Twentieth October 1858.

Sir

I beg to acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of your little book[†6] and its accompanying letter. It is very pleasant to me to hear of you again, and to hope that you are doing well.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. George Fletcher.

To MISS MARY GIBSON,[†1] 20 OCTOBER 1858

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Birmingham | Wednesday Twentieth October | 1858

My Dear Miss Gibson.

Your warm-hearted and earnest letter has truly affected me. I cordially thank you for it.

Don't change the picture in your mind;[†2] — I hope there is no cause for your doing so. The energies with which God has blessed me, are not the spasms of an hour. Their vitality and mine will end, I think, together.

Few homes can have more wholesome and loving young faces in it than mine has. Wherever I go, I find myself affectionately cherished in the homes of honest men and women, and associated, as their friend, with their domestic joys and troubles. If I owe a heavy penalty to the knaves and fools, so do all notorious people who are neither. I hope I can pay it, and go my way.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To ABRAHAM HOLROYD,[†3] 20 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Yale University Library.

Birmingham | Wednesday Twentieth October | 1858.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge with many thanks, the receipt of the two little books[†4] you had the kindness to send me at Bradford. I have been much interested by them, and shall have great pleasure in receiving the remainder of the series, if — as I hope — it should proceed to a tolerably prosperous issue.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Abraham Holroyd Esquire

To DR F. H. RAMSBOTHAM, 20 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Birmingham | Wednesday Twentieth October | 1858.

My Dear Dr. Ramsbotham.

Your note and its enclosure have been forwarded to me here. I am still reading in the country, and shall be until the middle of next month.

I have read your Cherbourg Stanzas with much interest and pleasure, and am truly obliged to you for the offer of them to Household Words. But the subject,[†1] as to the public, is too decidedly gone by, and they have been too much bothered about it, to admit of my having the gratification of publishing the verses.

My boy received every attention that your kind introduction could possibly procure for him. He was soon, and still is, attached to the 42nd. Highlanders.[†2] He went through the last campaign[†3] until he was invalided (from fever), and sent up to the hills. When he wrote by the last mail, he was coming down again, quite strong and well, and was about to rejoin the regiment.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Ramsbotham

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 22 OCTOBER 1858

Text from MDGH, II, 78.

Royal Hotel, Derby, Friday, Oct. 22nd, 1858.

My dearest Mamie,

I am writing in a very poor condition; I have a bad cold all over me, pains in my back and limbs, and a very sensitive and uncomfortable throat.[†4] There was a great draught up some stone steps near me last night, and I daresay that caused it.

The weather on my first two nights at Birmingham was so intolerably bad — it blew hard, and never left off raining for one single moment — that the houses were not what they otherwise would have been. On the last night the weather cleared, and we had a grand house.

Last night at Nottingham was almost, if not quite, the most amazing we have had. It is not a very large place, and the room is by no means a very large one, but three hundred and twenty stalls were let, and all the other tickets were sold.[†5]

Here we have two hundred and twenty stalls let for to-night, and the other tickets are gone in proportion.[†6] It is a pretty room, but not large.

I have just been saying to Arthur that if there is not a large let for York, I would rather give it up, and get Monday at Gad's Hill. We have telegraphed to know. If the answer comes (as I suppose it will) before post time, I will tell you in a postscript what we decide to do.[†1] Coming to London in the night of

to-morrow (Saturday), and having to see Mr. Ouvry on Sunday,[†2] and having to start for York early on Monday, I fear I should not be able to get to Gad's Hill at all. You won't expect me till you see me.

Arthur and I have considered Plornish's joke in all the immense number of aspects in which it presents itself to reflective minds. We have come to the conclusion that it is the best joke ever made. Give the dear boy my love, and the same to Georgy, and the same to Katey, and take the same yourself. Arthur (excessively low and inarticulate) mutters that he "unites."

[†a][We knocked up Boycett, Berry, and John so frightfully yesterday, by tearing the room to pieces and altogether reversing it, as late as four o'clock, that we gave them a supper last night. They shine all over to-day, as if it had been entirely composed of grease.][†a]

Ever, my dearest Mamie, | Your most affectionate Father

[CD]

To W. C. MACREADY, 22 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

Royal Hotel, Derby | Friday Twenty Second October 1858

My Dearest Macready

I received your letter here, to day; found it awaiting me when I came from Nottingham.

Wills wrote to me by the same post, touching Mrs. Meredith's paper.[†3] I have begged him to shew it, and her, all possible attention, and to communicate with you about the payment for it; so that you may have the thing in writing to refer to her.

Over and over and over again, my dear dear friend, since I have been away, have I been thinking and talking of you. I have never once been home for a few stray hours, but the girls and Georgy and I have gone in our talk to Sherborne. Your dear good sister has never been held higher in any love and respect than in ours. God knows I *have* "always entertained a sincere and cordial affection" for her, and that when I last took leave of her in your hall, I loved and honored her with all my heart.[†4]

Dear Macready, I think you *must* come to London and bring the children with

you. I have said this so often to Forster, that I cannot help saying it now to you. You ought to be near to us, and more of us, and among us. For your own sake, because our affectionate companionship might lighten your load; for ours, because it is so sad to us to think of you away down there.

God bless you, and all yours, and comfort you!

My Dearest Macready | Ever Your most affectionate | and attached friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 22 OCTOBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Royal Hotel, Derby | Friday Twenty Second October 1858.

My Dear Wills.

If you look at the passage in Macready's letter, which refers to Mrs. Meredith, you will see what I mean when I ask you if you will write to him, and enquire whether he will receive the money for the paper,[†1] or what is to be done with it: telling him at the same time how much the sum is.[†2]

Was she paid for her former paper or papers?[†3] That passage in her note looks to me as if she never had been paid.

Immense at Nottingham last night. Immense final night at Birmingham. Let, very good here.

I have a bad cold all over me.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 OCTOBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Night Twenty Fifth October | 1858

My Dear Wills

Since I left you tonight, I have heard of a case of such extraordinary, and (apparently) dangerous and unwarrantable conduct in a Policeman, that I shall take it as a great kindness if you will go to Yardley[†4] in Scotland Yard when you know the facts for yourself, and ask him to enquire what it means.

I am quite sure that if the circumstances as they stand were stated in the Times, there would be a most prodigious public uproar.

Before you wait upon Yardley, saying that you know the young ladies and can answer for them and for their being in all things most irreproachable in themselves and most respectably connected in all ways, and that you want to know what the Devil the mystery means — see the young ladies and get the particulars from them.

No. 31 Berners Street Oxford Street,[†1] is the address of the young ladies, and the young ladies are Miss Maria and Miss Ellen Ternan, both of whom you know. You are to understand, between you and me, that I have sent the eldest sister to Italy, to complete a musical education[†2] — that Mrs. Ternan is gone with her, to see her comfortably established in Florence; and that our two little friends are left together, in the meanwhile, in the family lodgings.[†3] Observe that they don't live about in furnished lodgings, but have

their own furniture. They have not been many weeks in their present address, and I strongly advised Mrs. Ternan to move from their last one,[†4] [†a]which I thought unwholesome.[†a]

Can you call and see them between 3 and 5 tomorrow (Tuesday)? They will expect you, unless you write to the contrary. If you can't go, will you write and make another appointment.

(N.B. Maria is a good deal looked after.[†5] And my suspicion is, that the Policeman in question has been suborned to find out all about their domesticity by some "Swell". If so, there can be no doubt that the man ought to be dismissed.)

They will tell you his No. They don't seem so clear about his letter, but that is no matter. The division on duty in Berners Street, is of course ascertainable by Scotland Yard authorities.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FRANK COOPER,[†6] 26 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Mr Lewis P. Kinsey, Jr.

Hull,[†7] Tuesday Twenty Sixth October | 1858

Dear Sir

In answer to your most obliging letter, for which I cordially thank you, I beg to assure you that it would have been quite conclusive with me, even if this day's post had brought me no other to the same effect. The days on which I hope to read in Oxford[†8] shall be changed, and I trust they will be so re-arranged as to meet the general convenience and ensure me the pleasure of your attendance.

Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged,

CHARLES DICKENS

F. Cooper Esquire

To THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY,[†1] 26 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Myers & Co.

Tavistock House, London | Twenty Sixth October 1858.

Understanding Mr. George Hodder to be a candidate for the office of Secretary to the Royal Humane Society,[†2] I readily certify to my knowledge of that gentleman's qualifications. He is very persevering, active, zealous, and obliging. He has a good knowledge of business, and is highly trustworthy. He once fulfilled the duties of an Honorary Secretary, under my chairmanship;[†3] and I had constant occasion to observe his possession of these qualities, and to esteem myself fortunate in his co-operation.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS BROWN, 27 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown.

Hull | Wednesday Twenty Seventh October | 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

If I could be made uncomfortable by any expression of your affectionate friendship and interest, I should be rendered as nearly so as possible, by your attaching so much importance to a very little service. But I set myself up again with the reflection that you treasure up the remembrance of the sympathy and the tender and helpful spirit that really animated me in that sad time,[†4] and that really would have done a great deal for you, if any way had been open to it.

I have been telling Miss Coutts, in a note I send with this, that I hope to be able to call and see you both, next Monday. I shall be so happy to see your faces again. I seem to have been wandering about, so long!

Ever Believe me | Your faithful and affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 27 OCTOBER 1858

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Great Western Hotel | London | W.

Hull, Wednesday Twenty Seventh October | 1858.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I was very glad indeed to receive your kind note when I went to London for a few hours last Sunday morning. This shall be but a very short reply to it, as this is mainly to say that I hope to be able to call upon you *next Monday,* during another short rest.

My tour is now drawing to a close, and I am heartily glad to think that it is nearly

over, and that I shall soon be at home in my own room again. It has been wonderfully successful. My clear profit — my own, after all deductions and expences — has been more than a Thousand Guineas a month. But the manner in which the people have everywhere delighted to express that they have a personal affection for me and the interest of tender friends in me, is (especially at this time) high and far above all other considerations. I consider it a remarkable instance of good fortune that it should have fallen out that I should, in this Autumn of all others, have come face to face with so many multitudes.

Mr. Arthur Smith is everything I could desire, and has made the way as smooth as possible. His extraordinary practical knowledge, and his great zeal, and his gentle way of dealing with crowds and putting people at their ease, have been of the greatest service and comfort to me.

Many thanks for so kindly writing to Mr. Bates[†1] about Charley. Charley wrote to me at the time, expressing himself about it, most sensitively and properly.

Mrs. Matthews is by far the most perplexing female I have ever encountered in that way.[†2] I thought you ought to see the letter,[†3] and yet I feel with you that hers is a most unsatisfactory and difficult case. She has certainly become hardened in begging — gradually and surely, since she first began, as I remember, a dozen years ago, or more — in a very remarkable manner. I suppose her statements are correct. Indeed, I recollect that you once made some enquiries respecting her husband.[†4] And yet, granting them all, it seems possible to do her but very little good, and this last remonstrance[†5] (for it is quite that), has a dogged perseverance in it that is far from impressing one favorably. When I got the letter, I was so bothered and bewildered by it, that I felt strongly disposed to quarrel with the Postman for not having lost it.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Faithfully and affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. HORNE, 27 OCTOBER 1858

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Australia | R. H. Horne Esquire | Care of | Charles Panwell Esquire | Town Hall | Melbourne.

Hull | Wednesday Twenty Seventh October 1858

My Dear Horne.

I am busily travelling about, and I have been since the beginning of August, and I shall be until the middle of November.

Your letter has been forwarded to me from London, but not your Tragedy. It has arrived safely, however, and lies in my desk awaiting my return. You will therefore

at once perceive that what I am now going to write, must be wholly irrespective of the Tragedy's merits, which I do not doubt.[†1]

I cannot discharge the trust you propose to me; — simply because I thoroughly know its satisfactory discharge to be impossible. Here is the state of the Theatres. Buckstone has a Comedy and Farce Company which fills his Theatre[†2] with any stock piece he chooses to play. It is rarely worth his while to produce a new Farce; a tragedy (as I know from himself) is wholly out of the question with him. The English Opera House is open for what they call Comedy, and for Burlesque.[†3] Drury Lane opens at Christmas for Pantomime, and any cheap thing that can be crammed into the same bill.[†4] Charles Kean is open for his "Farewell Season",[†5] and has announced his intention of going through his series of revivals and successful plays, and of doing nothing else.[†6] There remains but Phelps. I never had more than one negociation with him respecting a Play and its Writer. That transaction began so hopefully, progressed so wretchedly, and terminated so fatally and dismally,[†7] that I then resolved that nothing should induce me ever to enter upon such relations with him again. And, if I know myself, nothing ever will.

In this condition of things, I am quite unable to help. You know I would, if I could. I cannot, and I am heartily sorry for it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 27 OCTOBER 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

Hull | Twenty Seventh October, 1858.

My Dear Thompson.

I don't know whether you are aware that for some time past I have known nothing of Frederick. I had my reasons for declining to see him, and no one in the world was stranger to me than he, until, towards the end of last August, he amazed me by presenting himself in my room at Morrison's Hotel in Dublin.

Thus severed from him, I would on no consideration have discussed his affairs. And they have been so entirely unknown to me that I do not now know what you mean when you mention "that astonishing Dorking business."[†8]

Ignorant of the details of the relations between him and his wife, I can, of course, form no judgement upon them. But quite apart from their complications and merits, I cannot doubt that your proposals to him to mediate between the two, was a kind one, and a considerate one, and a most discreet one. I have not the least doubt upon that head, and, begging you to understand so, I can say no more.

My tour is drawing to a close: and although it has been *amazingly successful*, I am glad to think of its fatigues as being nearly over, and of my own quieter pursuits as being again before me. I have been wandering about so long, that my writing desk has become permeated with the grease of the United Kingdom, and the state of this paper is a dismal evidence of its condition.

Pray give my love to Christiana, and believe that it will always be a real pleasure to me, and to all of us at home, to see you both. On looking back to what I have written, I find that I have not actually said that I wish to Heaven that Frederick had accepted your offer. I don't wish to leave this, merely implied.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To MISS ALICE TAYLOR,[†1] 28 OCTOBER 1858

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue, Dec 1935.

At Leeds, Thursday Night Twenty Eighth October 1858.[†2]

'And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us everyone!'[†3]

In which he expressed himself, less theologically but perhaps on the whole more acceptably to Heaven, than Miggs (Miss Miggs, of Mr. Varden's household) when she hoped 'she hated and despised herself and all her feller creeturs, as every practicable Christian should'.[†4] For Miss Alice Taylor.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?28 OCTOBER 1858]

Extracts in F, VIII, iv, 665-6 and F, 1872-4, III, ix, 205*n*. *Date:* just after his second readings at Hull.

Saying that at Hull the vast concourse had to be addressed by Arthur Smith on the gallery stairs of the Music Hall and additional readings had to be given day and night, for the people out of town and for the people in town.

The net profit to himself, thus far, had been upwards of three hundred pounds a week. That is no doubt immense, our expenses being necessarily large, and the travelling party being always five. *Another source of profit was the sale of the copies of the several Readings prepared by himself.* Our people alone sell eight, ten, and twelve dozen a night.

To MRS WHITFORD,[†1] 29 OCTOBER 1858

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1972; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Sheffield, 29 Oct 58; addressed Mrs. Thomas Whitford, Belgrave,[†2] near Leicester.[†3]

Declining her invitation received at Leeds that morning, on the grounds that he never accepted invitations while on tour. The "very grand folks" and the very plain folks everywhere have been equally shut out from me.

Says that his mother will be greatly interested to know that Mrs. Whitford had written to him. Laetitia and her husband he often sees.[†4]

I beg to send my regards to your liege Lord, and to that most wonderful of all the prodigies I have ever heard of — the only child — who is not a prodigy.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, [?31 OCTOBER 1858]

Mention in *To* Thompson, 8 Nov 58. *Date:* immediately after Thompson's "second letter" (his reply to CD's of 27 Oct).

November

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 NOVEMBER 1858]

Extract from F (1872-4), III, ix, 205*n*. *Date:* "A later letter" than *To* Forster, ?28 Oct, according to Forster; probably early Nov, a week or so after his second reading in Manchester on 23 Oct.

The men with the reading books were sold out, for about the twentieth time, at Manchester. Eleven dozen of the *Poor Traveller*, *Boots* and *Mrs Gamp* being sold in about ten minutes, they had no more left; and Manchester became green with the little tracts, in every bookshop, outside every omnibus, and passing along every street. The sale of them, apart from us, must be very great.†5

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 NOVEMBER 1858†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Great Western Hotel | London | W.

Wolverhampton | Wednesday Third November, 1858.

My Dear Miss Coutts

I was very sorry — especially as I *could* have seen you, for the Fog cleared on purpose!

My Tour will end, please God, at Brighton, next Saturday week, the 13th. It will seem so strange and quiet and pleasant to me, to sit down at my desk again.

With love to Mrs. Brown
Ever faithfully and affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Burdett Coutts.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 3 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Dickens House.

Wolverhampton | Wednesday Third November 1858.

My Dearest Georgy.

†a This is a very short note, merely to report myself "all right", and to add that I purpose being down on Saturday morning by the Chandelier-man Train.†1 I shall have (I am sorry to add) to leave Gad's Hill on Sunday, for I *must* dine with Forster that day. We have to confer about Whitefriars, and he has been so injured by my never accepting any of his many invitations, that I have atoned by proposing this appointment.†a

Little Leamington came out in the most amazing manner yesterday. We took £130, and turned away hundreds upon hundreds of people. They are represented as the dullest and worst of audiences. I found them very good indeed — even in the morning.†2

There awaited me at the hotel, a letter from the Reverend Mr. Young,[†3] Wentworth Watson's tutor, saying that Mrs. Watson wished her boy to shake hands with me, and that he would bring him in the evening. I expected him at the Hotel, before the reading. But he did not come. He spoke to John about it in the room at night. The crowd and confusion, however, were very great, and I saw nothing of him. In his letter he said that Mrs. Watson was at Paris on her way home, and would be at Brighton at the end of this week. I suppose I shall see her there, at the end of next week.

We find a Let of 200 stalls here, which is very large for this place. The evening being fine too, and Blue being to be seen in the sky beyond the smoke, we expect to have a very full hall.[†1] Tell Mamey and Katey that if they had been with us on the railway today between Leamington and this place, they would have seen (though it is only an hour and ten minutes by the Express), Fires and Smoke indeed. We came through a part of the Black Country that you know, and it looked at its Blackest. All the furnaces seemed in full blast, and all the CoalPits to be working.

It is Market Day here, and the Iron Masters are standing out in the street (where they always hold High Change),[†2] making such an iron hum and buzz, that they confuse me horribly. In addition there is a Bellman announcing something — not the reading, I beg to say — and there is an excavation being made in the centre of the open-place, for a statue, or a pump, or a Lamp Post, or something or other, round which all the Wolverhampton boys are yelling and struggling.

And here is Arthur, begging to have dinner at half past 3 instead of 4, because he foresees "a wiry evening"[†3] in store for him. Under which complication of distractions, to which a waitress with a tray at this moment adds herself, I sink, and leave off.

My best love to the dear girls, and to the noble Plorn, and to you, Marguerite and Ellen Stone not forgotten. All yesterday and to-day I have been doing everything to the tune of —

— "And the day is dark and dreary"[†4]

Ever Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate and faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

I hope the Brazier is intolerably hot, and half stifles all the family. Then, and not otherwise, I shall think it in satisfactory work.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Wolverhampton | Wednesday Third November, 1858.

My Dear Wills.

H.W.

You remember that at one of our Audit Meetings — I think, the last[†5] — I suggested to Mr. Evans that we ought to have the vouchers for the payments made, and charged as being made, by their Firm, on account of H.W. It arose out of our speaking of paying for the paper in ready money.

Mr. Evans replied to that, that we, the other proprietors in H.W.[†1] were not responsible for the paper. He said so, with confidence; and I did not urge the point, though I had great doubts of his being legally right.

I have now ascertained that we *are* legally responsible. Will you therefore let Mr. Evans know that at the Audit of next week,[†2] we wish to have produced to us, the Vouchers for their payments on account of Household Words. There can be no Audit, I am assured, without such Vouchers, except in the mere name.

Pray do not fail to see to this.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [3 NOVEMBER 1858]

Mention in next.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Swan, Wolverhampton | Wednesday Third November 1858.

My Dear Wills.

I enclose you the note that I think best calculated to be shewn or sent by you to B and E on the voucher question.

In reference to my own copyrights, you seem to have omitted by accident, the most important question of all. It is, *whether I, being the largest proprietor in the books,*[†3] *can change the printer and publisher of them if I choose?* On this, the whole question of the extent of our power and the manner of its exercise, depends. There is no sub-agreement whatever, as to printing and publishing.

Now, will you again see Ouvry on this vital question — which absolutely governs our proceeding as to Household Words — and communicate his opinion on that point, to Forster, along with his opinion on the other points? I cannot consult with Forster[†4] to any purpose, until we know exactly how we stand on this head.

As to Wilkie's paper.[†5] — I see no necessity whatever, for altering Fauntleroy's name.[†6] But I wouldn't use it in the title. I would call it A Paradoxical Experience — or A Curiosity of Life — or something like that.

I purpose being at the office, at 1 on Friday.

Little Leamington came out amazingly yesterday. We took £130, and turned

away many hundreds of people. We have 200 stalls let here for to night; which, considering the size of the town, is unusually large.

And I think that's all I have to say, at present.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?3-4 NOVEMBER 1858]

Extract in F, 1872-4, III, ix, 205*n*. *Date:* "another letter", according to Forster; perhaps a few days later.

Did I tell you that the agents for our tickets who are also book-sellers, say very generally that the readings decidedly increase the sale of the books they are taken from? We were first told of this by a Mr. Parke,[†1] a wealthy old gentleman in a very large way at Wolverhampton, who did all the business for love, and would not take a farthing. Since then, we have constantly come upon it; and M'Glashin and Gill[†2] at Dublin were very strong about it indeed.

To J. COUCHMAN,[†3] [4] NOVEMBER 1858

Text in W. R. Hughes, *A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land*, p. 224. *Date:* Thursday was the 4th in 1858.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday, 5th Nov., 1858

Mr. Couchman,

Please to ease the coach-house doors, and to put up some pegs, agreeably to George Belcher's[†4] directions.

To VINCENT WANOSTROCHT,[†5] 5 NOVEMBER 1858*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Fifth November 1858

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your kind letter, and beg you to accept my cordial thanks. I cannot, however, prolong my series of Readings at this time.

Being in town for a few hours only, I answer your favor very hastily.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

V. Wanoshocht[†6] Esquire

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 5 NOVEMBER 1858

Text from MDGH, II, 81.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday, Nov. 5th, 1858.

My dear White,

May I entreat you to thank Mr. Carter[†1] very earnestly and kindly in my name, for his proffered hospitality; and, further, to explain to him that since my readings began, I have known them to be incompatible with all social enjoyments, and have neither set foot in a friend's house nor sat down to a friend's table in any one of all the many places I have been to, but have rigidly kept myself to my hotels. To this resolution I must hold until the last. There is not the least virtue in it. It is a matter of stern necessity, and I submit with the worst grace possible.

Will you let me know, either at Southampton or Portsmouth, whether any of you, and how many of you, if any, are coming over, so that Arthur Smith may reserve good seats?[†2] Tell Lotty I hope she does not contemplate coming to the morning reading; I always hate it so myself.

Mary and Katey are down at Gad's Hill with Georgy and Plornish, and they have Marguerite Power and Ellen Stone staying there. I am sorry to say that even my benevolence descries no prospect of their being able to come to my native place.[†3]

On Saturday week, the 13th, my tour, please God, ends.

My best love to Mrs. White, and to Lotty, and to Clara.

Ever, my dear White, affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, 6 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixth November, 1858.

My Dear Sir

Will you and Mr. Bewsher tell me whether you think the gigantic Sydney[†4] really has any sort of Call to the Sea Service? He has often talked of it at home here, and has lately written an odd characteristic letter to one of his sisters, entreating her to ask me to make the Navy his profession, as he is devoted to it "without any sham", and longs to follow it.[†5]

I cannot make out in my own mind, how much of this ardour is in-bred in the boy, and how much of it is referable to the frequent appearances here, in the last holidays, of a young Midshipman, the son of an Edinburgh friend of mine,[†1] in glorious buttons and with a real steel weapon in his belt. As you have so many more opportunities of observing Sydney than I have, I should be very glad of your opinion: though of course I am not so unreasonable as to expect you to pronounce oracularly on so difficult a question.

But he is a boy of such remarkable energy and purpose, considering his years and inches, that if I supposed him to be quite in earnest and to have made up his small mind, I would give him his way, because I really believe he would then follow it out with spirit.

My daughters and Miss Hogarth unite in kind regard to yourself and Mr. Bewsher; and I am always
My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. M. Gibson

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Eighth November, 1858.

My Dearest Georgy

Knowing that the enclosed from Mrs. Watson would refer to me, I opened it, to see if there were anything that I could answer. Discovering nothing of that kind, I send it on to you to answer for yourself.

I have added Davies & Son[†2] to the House cheque: making the total £33..11..5. Enclosed is a cheque for £33..11..6.

Enclosed also is a cheque in the Blacksmith's[†3] favor, for £5..18..7 — the amount of his bill.

I am in no humour for going away again this morning, and should be in the worst of humours but for seeing Land so close before me.

Best love to dearest Mamey and Katey, and the good and gallant Plorn,[†4]

To T. J. THOMPSON, 8 NOVEMBER 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Eighth November, 1858.

My Dear Thompson

On the receipt of your second letter,[†1] I wrote to Frederick. He has been here by appointment this morning, and I have spoken to him on the wretched subject.

I told him that the Dorking matter[†2] had been made known to me, but I did not say by whom. He asked me by whom, but I declined to tell him. I said that it seemed to me that you were the natural person whom he should have asked to negociate. He did not reply that you had offered to do so; but Alfred (to whom I spoke, similarly, on the matter last Thursday) bore testimony to that circumstance, with all becoming earnestness.

I particularly mentioned to Frederick that I desired to know nothing of the differences between him and his wife and his wife's family,[†3] and that in point of fact I *would* know nothing about them, and would not enter upon their discussion. I limited myself, I told him, to the one Dorking circumstance, and the accompanying circumstance that he refused to make his wife any allowance. Upon that state of things only, discarding everything about it and around it, I expressed my opinion to him in the strongest manner and advised him with the greatest emphasis. My belief is, that I made no impression upon him whatever. He left me, declaring that I had made none; and I have not the faintest reason to suppose that he attached a feather's weight to any thing I said.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 NOVEMBER 1858*

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Eighth November, 1858.

My Dear Wills

I enclose you the notice[†4] to be delivered to B and E with awful gravity and portentous demeanour.[†5]

Did you think of Beard, in connexion with the Daily News Wants?[†6]

You will write to me by tomorrow night's post, of course.

I can make no impression on Frederick.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 9 NOVEMBER 1858*

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Ninth November, 1858.

Gentlemen

I request you, in compliance with the provisions of the deed of partnership in Household Words, to be so good as to convene a special meeting of the partners, to be held within seven days from this date,[†1] for the consideration of a Resolution I shall have to propose.[†2]

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 9 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Morgan Library.

Royal Hotel, Southampton
Tuesday Evening Ninth November | 1858.

My Dear Wilkie

I was under the impression that I was to finish at Brighton on the *afternoon* of Saturday. I find however, that I read, both in the afternoon and in the evening. I would propose to you to come and celebrate the end of the Tour, by dining with us that day at the Bedford;[†3] but, between two readings, I am afraid it would rather bore than gratify your digestive functions?

Assuming it not to be worth your while to take a Saturday "Return" to Brighton,

then, will you arrange to go down to Gads Hill on Sunday in good time for dinner? I will go down, by some train or other, in good time for dinner too. How do you feel about having the big bedroom, and

writing there through the week? I would go to work too, and we might do Heaven knows how much[†1] — with an escapade to town for a night, if we felt in the humour.

I pause for a reply.[†2] — Let me find it at the Bedford at Brighton, when I get there on Friday forenoon.

Wills arranged with me that you were presently to receive sacks of Christmas "matter;" — not much "mind" with it,[†3] I am afraid.[†4]

You have furnished Costello's[†5] wing with a feather, for an eagle flight into the Pension List.[†6]

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Wilkie Collins Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 10 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Royal Hotel, Southampton | Wednesday Tenth November 1858

My Dear Wills.

The Audit Meeting appears to have gone off, pretty much as I expected it would. I felt sure of their producing the documents — I meant to have written, Vouchers.[†7]

In the Forster Matter I do not agree with you. For this reason. It is clear to my mind that no discussion *can* take place between me and Bradbury and Evans. My being there would shut up any approach to it, — simply because I have steadily refused to enter on any approach to it, however distant, and have left Evans's advances disregarded. Now, with Forster they are under no such restraint. And even in the event of no discussion taking place with him at the Meeting[†8] (which is the most probable aspect of Monday), they still have him legitimately in the business, and can at any time go to him or write to him. They could not do so with me, because they have already proved it to be unavailing.

As to his management of the interview, I have not a doubt of his arranging it as I shall entreat him to do. And I can write to him from Brighton, expressly laying down the course that I want him to take. That course shall be, accommodation if it be possible. It is not possible with me, in a matter in which I have so deep a personal feeling.[†9]

It never can come about, unless they have a third person before them, without seeking such person.

For these reasons, I would get the Power of Attorney — a Power to Forster to act for me, in matters relating to H.W. I must execute it. Could you not come down to Brighton with it? We shall be there by mid-day on Friday. I would write my letter to Forster then and there, and you should see it, and see that it is to your satisfaction. I feel convinced that he would not depart from a course agreed upon.[†1] You know how emphatically he feels that the first thing above all others, is, not to injure the property.

In order to avoid unnecessary conglomeration of our accounts, let me give you a cheque[†2] for your part of the Audit Day balance. [†a]It is enclosed.[†a]

Don't go to press with Wilkie's paper about Sydney Herbert, Guizot, the heir of Redcliffe, and Dr. Dulcamara, without my seeing it.[†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE INDEPENDENT STUDENTS,[†4] GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, [?10 or 11 NOVEMBER 1858]

Mention in *To* McTear, 22 Nov 58.

Objecting to being nominated for the Rectorship.[†5]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 11 NOVEMBER 1858

Mention in N, III, 71.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 13 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Morgan Library.

Bedford Hotel | Saturday Thirteenth November | 1858.

My Dear Wilkie

I am reading, this afternoon. Dinner is ordered at 5 punctually. They will shew you up into the sitting-room when you have read this, and will also shew you your bedroom, which I have duly commanded. — Think of our finding ready-taken here, *One Thousand Stalls*![†1]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 13 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Bedford | Saturday Evg. 13th. Novr. 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

The Audience are always "dense" in the morning. There is hardly an exception to the rule. Sometimes, in London — not often.

Pray ask for Arthur Smith again, and he will do his best.[†2] For he knows how much I love you, and how many old dear remembrances surround you in my mind.

Ever Yours
CD.

To H. L. WINTER, 13 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* — Winter Esquire.

Brighton | Saturday Thirteenth November 1858

My Dear Mr. Winter

In the hope that a friendly word of remembrance in season, may not be unacceptable to you, I write to assure you of my sympathy with you in your trouble.[†3] Pray do not let it cast you down too much. What has happened to you, has happened to

many thousands of good and honorable men, and will happen again in like manner, to the end of all things. If you should feel the bitterness of losing belief in any nature you had previously trusted in, consider that the truth is always better than a falsehood, even though the truth involves the detection of such skin-deep friendship as that which can cool towards a man in temporary misfortune. It is better lost than kept, as all things worthless are.

Be strong of heart for yourself, and look forward to a better time.

You will not think, I know, that I obtrude myself upon you in asking to be borne in mind among the friends who feel truly towards you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WINTER, 13 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

Brighton, Saturday Thirteenth November | 1858

My Dear Mrs. Winter.

I have been so constantly and rapidly changing from place to place during the past week, that I am only just now in receipt of the intelligence of your misfortune. With the utmost sincerity and earnestness of which my heart is capable, I condole with you upon it, and assure you of my true sympathy and friendship. It has distressed me greatly. Not because I am so worldly or so unjust as to couple the least reproach or blame with a reverse that I do not doubt to have been unavoidable, and that I know to be always easily possible of occurrence to the best and most fortunate of men, but because I know you feel it heavily.

I wish to Heaven it were in my power to help Mr. Winter to any new opening in life. But you can hardly imagine how powerless I am in any such case. My own work in life being of that kind that I must always do it with my own unassisted hand and head, I have such rare opportunities of placing any one, that for years and years I have been seeking in vain to help in this way a friend of the old days[†1] when the old

house stood unchanged in Lombard Street.[†2] To this hour, I have not succeeded, though I have strenuously tried my hardest, both abroad and home. Commercial opportunities, above all, are so far removed from me, that I dare not encourage a hope of my power to serve Mr. Winter with my good word, ever coming within a year's journey of my will and wish to do it.

But I really think that your father,[†3] who could do much in such a case without drawing at all heavily upon his purse, might be induced to do, what — I may say to you, Maria — it is no great stretch of sentiment to call his duty. Has not Margaret[†4] great influence with him? Have not you *some*? And don't you think that if you were to set yourself steadily to exert whatever influence you can bring to bear upon him, you would do the best within your reach for your husband, your child, and yourself? Is it not all important that you should try your utmost with him, at this time?[†5]

Forgive my recommending this, if you have so anticipated the recommendation as to have done all that possibly can be done to move him. But what you tell me about George[†1] seems so strange, so hard, and so ill-balanced, that I cannot avoid the subject.

I write in the greatest haste, being overwhelmed by business here. On Monday I hope to be at Gad's Hill, and to remain either there or at Tavistock House for months to come. I enclose a few lines to Mr. Winter, and am ever

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS DOLBY, 16 NOVEMBER 1858†

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixteenth November, 1858.

My Dear Miss Dolby.

I received your letter here, this morning. Pray do not suppose for a moment, that the least explanation or apology was a necessary part of it. My reply is rendered short, by the one circumstance, solely, that it originates in a mistake. I have not, I assure you, the remotest idea of severing myself from Arthur Smith.[†2] If I were to enter upon any other series of readings, I should consider him an essential part of them. No other end has come to our relations with one another, than the end of my Tour. I have every conceivable reason to regard him as one of my most trusty friends, nor can I easily imagine myself treading the same road again without him.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Dolby.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Saturday Twentieth Novr. 1858

My Dear Wills.

As I find you are not coming here to day, I post this to let you know that we have returned to Tavistock House.

Also, that Wilkie and I have arranged to pass the whole day here, on *Monday Week, the 29th.* to connect the various portions of the Xmas No. and get it finally together.[†3] If you arrange to have them ready at the Printers, for such cuts, and such

short bits of copy as we shall send them from time to time in the course of that day, we can finally correct it before we leave here that night, and you can send your last revise for Press next day.

This will enable you, now to settle on what day the Xmas No. shall be published, and to announce the said day in our No. sent to Press next week.[†1]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 22 NOVEMBER 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twenty Second November 1858.

My Dear Thompson

Frederick has been again to me, and has said that after weighing and considering what I said to him, he will make any reasonable terms with his wife. Still entirely with-holding from him that I had heard from you on the subject, I said I would communicate with you, if he chose to authorize me, but that I would communicate with no one else. Then he *did* authorize me, and this note follows thereupon.

It was only last night that I saw him here.

The first thing to be done by your influence is (I take it) to stay the legal proceedings.[†2] The next question is, what does his wife think he ought to allow her, and what is it, with his burdened means, in his power to allow her? If you and I can strike this medium — and surely you and I who have no interest but in doing right, *can* strike it, if we try — this wretched business may be brought to a quiet end.[†3]

Kind love from all. | Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

I was in your old Pall Mall rooms[†4] yesterday, seeing Edwin James.[†5]

To ROBERT McTEAR,[†1] 22 NOVEMBER 1858*

MS Glasgow University Library. *Address:* Robert McTear[†2] Esquire | 21 Gordon Street | Glasgow.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Evening, Twenty Second November 1858

Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for your kind letter, and am truly touched by the affectionate and earnest remembrance of my esteemed friend, Sheridan Knowles.[†3] But here my interest in the subject ends. To my great surprise and indignation I was put up as a "Candidate" (God save me!) for the Lord Rectorship of the College, without my own knowledge or consent.[†4] As soon as the independent students (*very* independent, as it appeared to me), thought fit to notify that circumstance to me, I replied that if I were elected, I should decline the office,[†5] and that I had a constitutional objection to being so coolly handled.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert McTear[†2] Esquire

To W. M. THACKERAY, 24 NOVEMBER 1858

Text from Edmund Yates, *Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Yates, and the Garrick Club*, p. 13.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday, 24th November, 1858.

My dear Thackeray,

Without a word of prelude, I wish this note to revert to a subject on which I said six words to you at the Athenaeum when I last saw you.[†6]

Coming home from my country work, I find Mr. Edwin James's[†7] opinion taken on

this painful question of the Garrick and Mr. Edmund Yates.[†1] I find it strong on the illegality of the Garrick proceeding. Not to complicate this note or give it a formal appearance, I forbear from copying the opinion; but I have asked to see it, and I have it, and I want to make no secret from you of a word of it.

I find Mr. Edwin James retained on the one side; I hear and read of the Attorney-General[†2] being retained on the other. Let me, in this state of things, ask you a plain question.

Can any conference be held between me, as representing Mr. Yates, and an appointed friend of yours, as representing you, with the hope and purpose of some quiet accommodation of this deplorable matter, which will satisfy the feelings of all concerned?

It is right that, in putting this to you, I should tell you that Mr. Yates, when you first wrote to him, brought your letter to me. He had recently done me a manly service I can never forget, in some private distress of mine (generally within your knowledge),[†3] and he naturally thought of me as his friend in an emergency. I told him that his article was not to be defended; but I confirmed him in his opinion, that it was not reasonably possible for him to set right what was amiss, on the receipt of a letter couched in the very strong terms you had employed. When you appealed to the Garrick Committee and they called their General Meeting, I said at that meeting that you and I had been on good terms for many years, and that I was very sorry to find myself opposed to you; but that I was clear that the Committee had nothing on earth to do with it, and that in the strength of my conviction I should go against them.[†4]

If this mediation that I have suggested can take place, I shall be heartily glad to do my best in it — and God knows in no hostile spirit towards any one, least of all to you. If it cannot take place, the thing is at least no worse than it was; and you will burn this letter and I will burn your answer.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

W.M. Thackeray, Esq.

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 25 NOVEMBER 1858

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Apr 1916; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Dr Elliotson.

Tavistock House | November Twenty-Fifth 1858

The husband of that lady whom I mesmerised in [Genoa][†1] long ago, and whose case is so very remarkable, is in town for a few days.[†2] ... Can you dine with us?

To W. H. WILLS, 25 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Twenty Fifth Novr. 1858

My Dear Wills.

I want to prepare you for an H.W. disappointment, in case it should come off. My introduced paper for the Xmas No.[†3] involves such an odd idea — which appears to me so humourous, and so available at greater length — that I am debating whether

or no I shall cancel the paper (it has gone to the Printer's to day),[†1] and make it the Pivot round which my next book shall revolve.[†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. BLANCHARD JERROLD, 26 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Mr Douglas Jerrold. *Address:* Blanchard Jerrold Esquire | Fairfield Farm | near | Broadstairs | Kent.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Sixth November 1858

My Dear William Jerrold

I enclose you the few lines I have written.[†3] Do what you like with them, and consider them yours, not mine. [†a]It has been a gloomy task, and has made my heart heavy.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

To MESSRS SMITH ELDER & CO.,[†4] 26 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Messrs John Murray (Publishers) Ltd.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Sixth November 1858

Gentlemen

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date. I had previously written to Mr. Horne, expressing my regret that I could not undertake to negociate with any Manager respecting any Tragedy; and that I could, consequently, take no charge of this Tragedy.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Smith Elder[†6] and Co.

To JOHN FORSTER for MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 27 NOVEMBER 1858

MS Messrs Farrer & Co.

Acting under the Power of Attorney which I hold from Mr. Dickens, I address this letter to you on the subject of Household Words.

The publication being discontinued Six months hence, under the letter of the Resolution passed at the Special Meeting, such discontinuance will involve Mr. Dickens in some new business arrangements for which he must provide beforehand, and which he must set about soon. It is therefore essential that I should know from you, within a given short time, whether you are disposed to treat with Mr. Dickens for the sale to him of your interest in the work.

Should you inform me within fourteen days from this date that you are disposed to sell that interest to Mr. Dickens, I shall be prepared to offer you a price for it. Should you make no communication to me to that effect within that time, please to understand that Mr. Dickens can no longer entertain the idea of the purchase, and will finally abandon it.

To EDMUND YATES, [?28 NOVEMBER 1858]

Extract in Edmund Yates, *Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Yates, and the Garrick Club*, p. 13. *Date:* on or very soon after 28 Nov 58.

As the receiver of my letter did not respect the confidence in which it addressed him, there can be none left for you to violate. I send you what I wrote to Thackeray, and what he wrote to me,[†1] and you are at perfect liberty to print the two.[†2] I am, of course, your authority for doing so.

To H. G. ADAMS, 30 NOVEMBER 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Thirtieth November, 1858.

My Dear Sir

Mr. Arthur Smith is in Paris for a few days, and I therefore answer your letter[†3] without waiting for him.

FIRST, AS TO THE SUBJECT. YOU CAN HAVE[†1]

The Poor Traveller
Boots at the Holly Tree Inn

and
Mrs. Gamp:[†2]

or:

Little Dombey

and

The Trial from Pickwick

Pray make your own choice.[†3] There is no difference in respect of the time occupied. Each reading is well within two hours — ten minutes to spare, probably.

I do not consider that I have any right to object to your filling any places you *can* fill.[†4]

Will you send me (to Gad's Hill, as the time comes on) 4 Gallery Seats, and 2 Below, Reserved.[†5] But I must beg to have it distinctly understood that I pay for these.

I think our former light[†6] will do very well. But if Mr. Arthur Smith should wish to substitute our own[†7] (on just the same plan), he will let you know.

You know, I assume, that Little Dombey ends with the child's Death? It is always a very great impression, and a very sad one. But the Trial is very merry.

In the other reading, the opening scene of the Poor Traveller belongs to Chatham. Moreover, that Reading is by far the merrier of the two. It has less story, however.

This, to assist your decision. I will do my best with either.

Or, there is the Chimes — *very*[†8] dramatic, but very melancholy on the whole.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

December

To ALBERT SMITH,[†1] 1 DECEMBER 1858

Text from MDGH, III, 186.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Night, 1st December, 1858

My dear Albert,

I cannot tell you how grieved I am for poor dear Arthur (even you can hardly love him better than I do), or with what anxiety I shall wait for further news of him.[†2]

Pray let me know how he is to-morrow. Tell them at home that Olliffe is the kindest and gentlest of men — a man of rare experience and opportunity — perfect master of his profession, and to be confidently and implicitly relied upon. There is no man alive, in whose hands I would more thankfully trust myself.

I will write a cheery word to the dear fellow in the morning.

Ever faithfully,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To ARTHUR SMITH, 2 DECEMBER 1858

Text from MDGH, III, 187.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday, 2nd December, 1858.

My dear Arthur,

I cannot tell you how surprised and grieved I was last night to hear from Albert of your severe illness. It is not my present intention to give you the trouble of reading anything like a letter, but I MUST send you my loving word, and tell you how we all think of you.

And here am I going off to-morrow to that meeting at Manchester without *you!*[†3] the wildest and most impossible of moves as it seems to me. And to think of my coming back by Coventry, on Saturday, to receive the chronometer — also without you![†4]

If you don't get perfectly well soon, my dear old fellow, I shall come over to Paris to look after you, and to tell Olliffe (give him my love, and the same for Lady Olliffe) what a Blessing he is.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Arthur[†5] and her sister,[†6]

Ever heartily and affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To COLIN RAE BROWN, 6 DECEMBER 1858

MS Mitchell Library, Glasgow.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Sixth December, 1858.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Brown, and regrets that his engagements do not admit of his accepting the invitation with which he is honored, to the Glasgow Burns Festival[†1] under the distinguished presidency of Sir Archibald Alison.[†2]

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN,[†3] 6 DECEMBER 1858*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Fred. Chapman Esquire | 193 Piccadilly | W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Sixth December, 1858.

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly glad to hear from yourself of the advancement in your prospects. Let me cordially congratulate you upon it. I am quite sure that Mr. Chapman has exercised a sound as well as a kind discretion in his choice of a business-partner,[†4] and I beg you to accept my best wishes for your joint success.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Chapman Esquire

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, 6 DECEMBER 1858

MS Dr M. G. J. Beets.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Sixth December 1858.

My Dear Paxton

I received your letter on Friday morning as I was starting for Manchester: where I had to preside at a Meeting, before going to Coventry. I cannot tell you how it surprised and vexed me. For some days I had been expecting to hear from you; and your letter was so different from anything I *had* expected, that it surprised me as much as it annoyed me — which is saying a great deal.

Of course you know the local lights and shadows of Coventry, better than I do; but I am strongly of opinion that Mr. Whitten's[†1] discretion is not remarkable, and that in this matter he made a mistake. I shewed him plainly that I thought so, and he told me of the additional correspondence he had had with you. It appeared to me, at the little dinner,[†2] quite clear that there was no suspicion of the real state of the case, and that if you had been there you would have been heartily received.[†3] The members were toasted;[†4] and Mr. Whitten, in returning thanks for you, said you were "prevented from coming, by an important engagement".[†5] He did not make the faintest reference to his having done any thing to keep you away.

I talked of you to all of them, and I considered with some anxiety whether I should refer to your absence, in speaking. After a careful study of our Blunder-headed Whitten, I came to the conclusion that I had better not. For I saw that (being uneasy), if he could only find a hole big enough to put his foot in, he would unquestionably do it, and that what I had to do, was, to fill up all the holes in his way. I therefore did my very best to hold them all together, in the brightest condition of general good humour. My hope and belief are that I succeeded, and that my inevitable association with you in their minds, is established as a pleasant (and possibly, at some time, not an unserviceable) one.

The whole thing passed brilliantly,[†6] and Wren Hoskyns[†7] in the chair was exceedingly hearty and manly about you.[†8] If there were really any sore place before, I think the Dinner had a very wholesome effect upon it. But that Mr. Whitten's tactics were timid and wrong, I feel quite convinced.

Many thanks for the Game, which arrived in admirable condition. I am glad to

find you writing hopefully of your past trouble, and am glad I can write hopefully of mine. Can't you propose a day for coming to dine with me (without company), and smoking a cigar?

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Paxton.

To JAMES PAYN, 6 DECEMBER 1858

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Sixth December, 1858.

My Dear Mr. Payn

I have received your letter with mingled regret and pleasure. I am heartily sorry to lose you as a fellow-workman,[†1] but heartily glad to have gained you as a friend.

In that relation, you must remember that you incur the penalty of not coming to London without coming to see us here. My daughters will be delighted to revert to the day when you were in danger of perpetual imprisonment at Hawthornden.[†2] They have often spoken of it since, and always with a great regard for you.

As they have carried off the Forster Brothers[†3] (I see I have written it "Forster", because I am always writing to my friend of that name),[†4] I am not yet in a condition to say I have made their acquaintance. But you may be sure that I shall not fail to read that book with true interest.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Payn Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 6 DECEMBER 1858

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1963; *MS* 1 p.; dated 6 Dec 58.

Regretting his inability to comply with a request made by his correspondent.

To HENRY BICKNELL,[†5] 9 DECEMBER 1858

Mention in J. W. Jarvis "Dickens catalogue", 1884; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 9 Dec 58; addressed Henry Bicknell Esquire, Crystal Palace.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 9 DECEMBER 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Ninth December 1858.

My Dear Mary.

I am under no apprehension that you will think me unmindful of your affectionate and true friendship, because I have so long detained the enclosed letter.[†1] I have a perfect conviction that you know my heart better.

It reached me in Edinburgh, when my sense of cruel wrong was strongest within me. I had then newly resolved to put the subject away from me, and to know no more of it. I made up my mind, therefore, that I would not read even this letter. And to this minute I never have read one word of it.

Constituted to do the work that is in me, I am a man full of passion and energy, and my own wild way that I must go, is often — at the best — wild enough. But vengeance and hatred have never had a place in my breast. Some little while ago, I felt that they were only to be kept out by this course. So I took it, and hold to it.

Receive my fervent thanks, and ever believe me

Your affectionate | And grateful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Mary Boyle.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 10 DECEMBER 1858*

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Tenth December 1858.

My Dear De la Rue

I regret to say that Albert Smith's good brother has had a relapse, and that Albert has been hurriedly summoned to Paris, to see him.[†2] We will therefore meet tomorrow, *at the Household Words office at One precisely.*

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 DECEMBER 1858

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Thirteenth December, 1858.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Wills sent Mrs. Brown *her* paper from Manchester, and I sent *you* another paper at the same time.†3

Mrs. Matthews's case is clearly hopeless. I have had another letter from her this morning, which I have put in the fire. Her former letter, and the Bishop's,†1 I enclose.

You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Arthur Smith, going over to Paris at the close of our labors, was taken ill there with diptheria†2 and Scarlet fever, and has been in an alarming state. He is now recovering, though very weak and much reduced. The Work of our tour was a little too hard for him, I fear. I thank God that I have been, and am, wonderfully well, and that I have never felt the fatigue; though it came upon me under no commonly harassing circumstances, when I would sometimes as soon have laid myself down and given up all, as I would have gone into a bright crowd and read.

It is to be hoped you have brighter weather on the Devonshire Coast†3 than we have here. London, I really think, was never so dark for so many days together as it has been in this present month. It is like living in a large dirty slate. On Saturday I took a foreign friend from Genoa, down to the Crystal Palace. I asked him to try to imagine the Sun shining down through the glass, and making broad lights and shadows. He said he tried very hard, but he couldn't imagine the sun shining within fifty miles of London under any circumstances.†4

The Coventry people have given me a seventy five Guinea Watch, which is chronometer, Repeater, and every other terrible Machine that a watch *can* be. It was very feelingly and pleasantly given, and I prize it highly.

This is all the news I have — except that I send my love to Mrs. Brown — which is no news — and that I am ever — which is no news either —

My Dear Miss Coutts | Most Faithfully and affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 13 DECEMBER 1858

Text from MDGH, II, 82.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday, Dec. 13th, 1858.

My dear Stone,

Many thanks for these discourses.†5 They are very good, I think, as expressing what many men have felt and thought; otherwise not specially remarkable. They have one fatal mistake, which is a canker at the foot of their ever being widely useful. Half the misery and hypocrisy of the Christian world arises (as

I take it) from a stubborn determination to refuse the New Testament as a sufficient guide in itself, and to force the Old Testament into alliance with it — whereof comes all manner of

camel-swallowing and of gnat-straining.[†1] But so to resent this miserable error, or to (by any implication) depreciate the divine goodness and beauty of the New Testament, is to commit even a worse error. And to class Jesus Christ with Mahomet is simply audacity and folly. I might as well hoist myself on to a high platform, to inform my disciples that the lives of King George the Fourth and of King Alfred the Great belonged to one and the same category.

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 14 DECEMBER 1858*

MS (draft in CD's hand with Forster's amendments, see below) Messrs Farrer & Co.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.[†2]
Tuesday 14th. December 1858

Dear Sirs

Will you please to understand that in making the present communication to you,[†3] I do not waive or suspend a word of the Resolution passed at the last Meeting of the proprietors of Household Words.

[†a]On the part of Mr Dickens[†a] I beg finally to inform you, that [†a]Mr. Dickens[†a] [is willing to pay][†4] offers[†5] the sum of One Thousand [Eighteen Hundred][†4] Pounds for your share in the copyright of Household Words, and[†6] [will][†4] [†a]further is willing to[†a] purchase your [share][†4] interest in the Stock &c at a valuation; — the whole to be paid in ready money.[†7]

To DR CHARLES WEST,[†1] 15 DECEMBER 1858†

MS Arnold U. Zeigler.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Fifteenth December, 1858.

My Dear Sir

I am sorry that as I read on Christmas Eve,[†2] I cannot come to see the interesting sight to which you invite me.[†3]

But as you may perhaps be free to come to see (and hear) me instead, I will beg Mr. Arthur Smith to send you two stalls.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. West

To MISS ELLA MARIA WINTER, 15 DECEMBER 1858

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Fifteenth December, 1858

My Dear little friend.

I have received your pretty book-marker with the greatest pleasure, and you may be sure that it will always lie snugly in some book or other, on some table or other, here in my own study. It will always be valuable to me for your sake, and will often and often carry my mind back to the days when your Mamma was a girl, and I was a boy, and very few people knew the name of

Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Winter.

To CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNS,[†1] 15 DECEMBER 1858

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Evening Fifteenth December | 1858.

My Dear Sir.

I cannot tell you with what cordial pleasure I have received your letter and reread your excellent book.[†2] Nor, what uncommon gratification I had in meeting you at Coventry and finding you exactly what I had wished you to be. This is not company-speech, I know, but it is simply hearty and true. Your share in that evening has left an impression on my mind which it will always be delightful to me to renew. And I do really hope that it may be reserved for us — in a very different spirit from the usual pulpit-use of the phrase — to "improve the occasion".

Your touching remembrance of our dear Talfourd has struck home to my heart.[†3]

Be assured that I shall never come into your neighbourhood, without presenting my own personal clay on the stiff Warwickshire soil you have made so famous. I hope and believe that you will not come to London without doing as much for me. And between our joint endeavours, it will be hard indeed if we do not now and then meet, to become more intimate.

I think I told you that I live, in the summer, on the top of the veritable Gad's Hill where Falstaff committed that little indiscretion. It was done, just outside my house. Our highwaymen in that country

have degenerated into tramps, and our Carriers are Pickford and Co. But Rochester is still a queer old place with a savage old castle in it — worth your seeing — and though I have no Farm and no soil but chalk, I have a prospect, and a Mulberry Tree, and a Welcome.[†4]

In the earnest hope that we shall refer many a pleasant hour in the future, back to the good offices of our good friends at Coventry, believe me

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Chandos Wren Hoskyns Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 DECEMBER 1858]

Text in F, 1872-4, III, ix, 209.[†1] *Date:* 17 Dec, according to Forster.

After describing an early dinner with Chauncy Townshend, he adds I escaped at half-past seven, and went to the Strand Theatre: having taken a stall beforehand, for it is always crammed. I really wish you would go, between this and next Thursday, to see the *Maid and the Magpie*[†2] burlesque there.[†3] There is the strangest thing in it that ever I have seen on the stage. The boy, Pippo, by Miss Wilton.[†4] While it is astonishingly impudent (must be, or it couldn't be done at all), it is so stupendously like a boy, and unlike a woman, that it is perfectly free from offence. I never have seen such a thing. Priscilla Horton,[†5] as a boy, not to be thought of beside it. She does an imitation of the dancing of the Christy Minstrels[†6] — wonderfully clever — which, in the audacity of its thorough-going, is surprising.[†7] A thing that you *can not* imagine a woman's doing at all; and yet the manner, the appearance, the levity, impulse, and spirits of it, are so exactly like a boy that you cannot think of anything like her sex in association with it. It begins at 8, and is over by a quarter-past 9. I never have seen such a curious thing, and the girl's talent is unchallengeable. I call her the cleverest girl I have ever seen on the stage in my time, and the most singularly original.[†8]

To B. W. PROCTER, [19] DECEMBER 1858

Text from MDGH, II, 82. *Date:* misdated by CD; Sunday was 19 Dec 58.

Tavistock House, | Sunday, 18th December 1858

My dear Procter,

A thousand thanks for the little song. I am charmed with it, and shall be delighted to brighten "Household Words" with such a wise and genial light.[†1] I no more believe that your poetical faculty has gone by, than I believe that you have yourself passed to the better land. You and it will travel thither in company, rely upon it. So I still hope to hear more of the trade-songs, and to learn that the blacksmith has

hammered out no end of iron into good fashion of verse, like a cunning workman, as I know him of old to be.[†2]

Very faithfully yours, my dear Procter
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. WILLS, 20 DECEMBER 1858

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twentieth December 1858

My Dear Wills

You will see from the enclosed, that we are quite right.[†3]

Will you go round to Ouvry's, and ask them to write the notice they recommend, for me to sign. *If they approve*, I should wish it to be served on B and E from their office, and it certainly had best be served at once — to day.[†4] A duplicate of it should be served upon you. I am finishing my little paper for the New Year,[†5] and will wait at home until you bring or send me the legally-copied notices for my signature.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JAMES BALLANTINE, 22 DECEMBER 1858

Extract in *American Art Association* catalogue, Nov 1923; *MS* 1 p.; addressed James Ballantine; dated Tavistock House, Wed 22 Dec 58.

I beg to express my regret that my engagements render it impossible for me to have the pleasure of accepting the invitation with which you honoured me on behalf of the committee of the Edinburgh Burns Centenary Festival.[†1]

To T. J. SERLE,[†2] [?22 DECEMBER 1858]

Mention in Forster *to* Serle, 23 Dec 58 (Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1973). *Address:* see below.[†3] *Date:* shortly before letter was received by Forster.

Concerning the Elton Fund[†4] *accounts, the manner in which they had been kept, and Serle's true and noble service to the children of his old friend; also making some suggestion about the boy.*[†5]

To ARTHUR [SMITH],[†6] 23 DECEMBER 1858

Extract in Parke-Bernet catalogue, n.d.; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 23 Dec 58.

Sending a list of the tickets I want *for Boxing Night.*[†7]

To T. J. THOMPSON, 27 DECEMBER 1858*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twenty Seventh December 1858.

My Dear Thompson

I don't know that your suspicion of me is unnatural, but I do know that it is unjust. For I should not have dreamed of abandoning the subject,[†8] and our joint hope and purpose, without communicating with you.

The plain truth is — if you can believe it — that I have been waiting from day to

day, to see Frederick, *who has not once been near me*![†1] This morning only, I found on the breakfast-table, side by side with your letter, the enclosed from him.[†2] Judge what it is possible to do, under such circumstances!

All here unite in kind love and all good wishes, seasonable and unseasonable.

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To ALBERT HARDY,[†3] [1858]

Mention in Pickering & Chatto catalogue (undated); *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Albert Hardy; dated Tavistock House, 1858.

Dealing with literary matters.[†4]

To J. CORDY JEAFFRESON,[†5] 1858

Mention in J. Cordy Jeaffreson, *A Book of Recollections* (2 vols), 1894, I, 272.[†6] *Date:* 1858, according to Jeaffreson.

A general invitation to visit him at Gad's Hill.

To MISS SARAH RICHARDSON,[†7] 1858

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* Miss Sarah Richardson | Summer Hill | Clones | Co. Monaghan | Ireland. PM [?] 5 58.[†8]

To THE SECRETARY[†1] OF THE SHEFFIELD LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, [1858]

Mention in William Smith Porter, *Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society. A Centenary Retrospect, Sheffield,* 1822-1922, 1922, p. 60. *Date:* 1858, according to Porter.

Declining an invitation to lecture, CD replied that he never read papers before Societies.[†2]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?LATE 1858]*

MS (fragment) Private. *Date:* Signature suggests late 1858.

Chorley (chronically indistinct) dines at *1/2 past 7*.[†3] I will not detain your messenger by writing more now.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1858

Text from Anderson Galleries catalogue, No. 530; dated London, 1858.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. —— and begs to thank that gentleman for his letter of the 23rd ult. and for the enclosure that it contained.

Corrigenda

5 [fn] 5 *substitute* Not Charley, who was still in France, but the Yates godson.

384 17 *substitute* MS Mr Joseph R. Sakmyster.
21 *insert new line* My Dear Taylor
22 *after* speak it? *insert* Don't delay.
23 *add two lines* Faithf
Tom Taylor Esquire

694 last line of text *after* money *add cue* [6]
after fn 5 *add*

[6] The paper is the actual material, the vouchers being the receipts for this, which CD and the other proprietors will req
next *HW* audit: see below and p. 701, *To* Wills, 10 Nov.

Volume IX

1859 – 1861

1859

January

To RICHARD BENTLEY,[†1] 3 JANUARY 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Third January 1859.

My Dear Mr. Bentley.

I cordially reciprocate your good wishes for many happy new years.

It amazes me to read what you tell me of the Gordian knot,[†2] as I had supposed that knot to be quite unravelled. I am, however, quite powerless to help to untie it.

I thank you for your reference to business, in the spirit in which I am sure you make it.[†3] But I think my publishing arrangements are quite settled, so far as the publishers in whom I shall trust[†4] are concerned.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To MRS GORE,[†5] 3 JANUARY 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Third January 1859.

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

Many thanks for the basket of Game, which arrived here safely — opportunely — in excellent condition, and with great punctuality. I am really delighted to see your hand-writing. The character is so unaltered, that I find it difficult to believe you "purblind", and I feel sure you are a great deal better.[†6]

I hope I have done my part to make the rising generation "more childish", in rendering them a little more imaginative, a little more gentle, and a little less conceited and hard, than they would have been without me. I desire to do nothing better.

My girls and their Aunt send their kindest regard.

Believe me, with real truth,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gore.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER,[†1] 3 JANUARY 1859

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Third January 1859

My Dear Webster

You may be sure I have not forgotten the old Shop now bran new,[†2] or lost an atom of my friendly interest in all belonging to the proprietor.

I should have come to you sooner, but that I have been closely occupied when in town, and have been much out of town to boot. After the middle of the month,[†3] I shall return to Tavistock House; and then a youth of engaging appearance will be seen applauding in the Private Boxes.

If I might express an opinion to you, I would say that I think you cannot too soon dash at the town with a thorough good Melo Drama, bringing all the resources of your stage into action.[†4] I feel sure it is what the town will want from you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS[†5] 3 JANUARY 1859*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Third January 1859

My Dear Wills

Enclosed are some papers, which, either in themselves, or by the aid of my endorsements on the back of them, speak for themselves.

I mean to remain here, a week longer than I had intended. But I will see you at the office, either on Wednesday, or Thursday, or both. I meant to speak to

you about placing Tavistock House in good hands for letting,[†1] and about another private affair,[†2] as well as about H. W.

Townshend[†3] comes up to day, and leaves this for you.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To H. G. ADAMS,[†4] 4 JANUARY 1859

Extract in American Art Association catalogue No. 164; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, Tuesday 4 Jan 59; addressed H. G. Adams.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind note, and Mr. Gordon[†5] begs me to return to you his particular acknowledgements.... We are going to London tomorrow and as he is far from well, I cannot just now profit by your courteous offer.

To W. P. FRITH,[†6] 4 JANUARY 1859

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourth January 1859

My Dear Frith

I want to stay here a week longer than I at first proposed to myself, in order that I may have leisure and quiet to consider something I am turning in my mind.[†7] I hope therefore, it will not put you out if I suggest that it would be a great convenience to me, to have our appointment with Watkins,[†8] for *Monday week* instead of *Monday*.[†9]

Ever Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Frith Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON,[†1] 4 JANUARY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourth January 1859

My Dear Mitton

I enclose a crossed cheque for the amount of the Insurance.[†2] Will you acknowledge its safe receipt? Address me at Tavistock House, as I read on Thursday[†3] and must be in town for the purpose.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Mitton Esquire

To JOHN THOMPSON,[†4] [?4 JANUARY 1859]

Extract in N, III, 87. Date: *To* Frith, 12 Jan, shows that the new coat was wanted the following week; and *To* Adams, 4 Jan, that he would be in London "tomorrow". He clearly wrote to Thompson the same day.

Gad's Hill Place, | [January 1859]

John,

On receipt of this, please go up to Tavistock House, get my red and blue morning jacket[†5] from behind my bedroom door, take it to Doudney's in the Burlington Arcade,[†6] and tell them I will call in the course of the morning and explain what I want.... I shall be at the office by one tomorrow.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 6 JANUARY 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Sixth January 1859

My Dear Mr. Bentley

Coming to town last night I find the enclosed[†7] from you. You will have received a letter from me at Gad's Hill, which crossed them.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,[†1] 6 JANUARY 1859

MS Lytton Papers.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Sixth January 1859

My Dear Bulwer.

I know you will do me a kindness if you can, and I hope that what I ask you to do is very easily done.

It is merely to have placed on the list of the First Lord of the Admiralty,[†2] among the names of applicants for Midshipman-Commissions, the name of one of my boys

Sydney Smith Dickens[†3]

He is now 12, and will go up to be examined at 14. Passing, he will then be eligible to serve as a Midshipman.[†4] He is a very uncommon boy indeed, and I never saw such steady energy and determination as he has in his character.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To HENRY MORLEY,[†5] 6 JANUARY 1859*

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Thursday Sixth January 1859.

My Dear Morley

Many thanks for your book.[†6] I shall read it with great interest, and — I know beforehand — with great satisfaction. I have a curious little collection of Bartholomew Fair show-bills, announcements, &c.[†7]

In the matter of the readings for the people who can't read, I have two things to say. Firstly, that *if* the Society grows into any thing like *reasonable existence*, I will readily read to one of their Audiences.[†8] But, secondly:— I do most strenuously

protest against Patronage.[†1] I think it one of the curses of this country. I cannot become a "Patron" of this thing, or of any thing. I think the name (always a bad one, in association with the people) singularly ill-chosen and ill-judged in this use of it, and very likely to rot the whole venture.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To T. J. THOMPSON,[†2] 6 JANUARY 1859*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Sixth January 1859.

My Dear Thompson.

We cordially return all *our* good wishes for many happy years to you and yours. Also, our individual Loves.

In the main, I am much of your mind as to the reasonable point of an annual allowance,[†3] though I doubt the Life Assurance part of the business. Simply because I don't think it could be afforded, and because I do think that a young lady who marries under such circumstances takes her chance of her husband's life, and has no business afterwards to try back and seek to better her condition in that respect. But my dear fellow, it is mere beating the air for you and I to discuss the question. If Mr. Weller[†4] will make no proposal on the one hand, and Frederick[†5] will make none on the other, any proposal from us will only draw us into difficulty — will only be twisted into a proposal from the fountain head — and will necessitate our personal explanation and disclaimer in the Witness Box.[†6] They must go on. We can do nothing.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To WILLIAM KENT,[†1] 7 JANUARY 1859

Extract in Dodd Mead catalogue No. 66 (1903); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 7 Jan 59; addressed W. C. Kent.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter of yesterday's date, and to thank you for the proposal contained in it. I cannot, however, have the pleasure of entertaining that proposal, as I am rapidly completing my arrangements in another direction.[†2]

To CHARLES ELLIS,[†3] 8 JANUARY 1859

MS Chas Ellis & Co.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighth January 1859

Dear Mr. Ellis

I shall be at Tavistock House next Saturday the 15th. from 10 to 1. If it should be convenient to you to call upon me that morning, I shall be glad to tell you what Wine I want.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Charles Ellis

To MISS MARY [GIBSON],[†4] 8 JANUARY 1859

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1325 (Jan 1917); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 8 Jan 59; wrongly addressed Miss Gilson.

Wishing her many happy years and expressing a wish to see her when next she came to London.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 8 JANUARY 1859

Extract in N, III, 86.

Saturday 8th January 1859

The guard will give you the young gentleman's[†5] box, John. It is in the train.... I want you to buy me one more of those corner-things like that which is fastened up over my bedstead.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 JANUARY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighth January 1859.

My Dear Wills.

This is the first of some papers by "the Clergyman's Wife"[†1] I told you of.[†2] Get it printed for the next No. we make up.

I have rather a strong hope that she may turn out a very useful contributor. I have read several of her papers, and have generally advised her how to make them better. She will have another ready to follow this with.[†3] She has an excellent knowledge of a poor country parish, some very pretty womanly humour, some very good womanly observation, and a decided faculty for writing.[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. BLANCHARD JERROLD,[†5] 11 JANUARY 1859*

MS Douglas Jerrold. *Address:* Private | Blanchard Jerrold Esquire | Office of Lloyd's Weekly News | Salisbury Square | Fleet Street | London | E.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eleventh January 1859

My Dear William Jerrold

I received your biography of your father,[†6] on Christmas Day from my brother Alfred,[†7] and I brought it here soon afterwards and have had it here ever since.

You have discharged your task in an admirable manner, deserving of all commendation. You have presented your father in a very true and tender light. Nothing can be more filial and affectionate than the whole spirit of your book. Over and above this, you have overcome the difficulties of having to do, in such an association, with numbers of existing scenes and living people, as only a man thoroughly in earnest and perfectly modest and manly in his design could. Let

me shake hands with you heartily on what you have done, and assure you that it has affected me very much.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. P. FRITH, 12 JANUARY 1859

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twelfth January 1859

My Dear Frith

At eleven on Monday Morning next, the gifted Individual whom you will transmit to posterity, will be at Watkins's.[†2] Table also shall be there — and chair.[†3] Velvet coat likewise,[†4] *if* the Tailor should have sent it home.[†5] But the garment is more to be doubted than the man whose signature here follows.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Frith Esquire.

To ARTHUR SMITH,[†6] 12 JANUARY 1859

Extract in N, III, 87; *MS* 2 pp.

Gad's Hill Place | 12th January 1859

My Dear Arthur,

I send this ... to say that if you should think it desirable to change the last

night of the Series to the Carol, I am quite willing.[†1] In that case, we ought to have a good bill about tomorrow night.[†2] The demand for places would be a sufficient reason....

I wish at your leisure, you would sketch out your notion of the best Autumnal five or six weeks we could have.... It strikes me that we might arrange to get a great deal of money in a very short time, if we elaborated the idea of a short trip, and took only first rate places.[†3]

To SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, [14 JAN 1859]

Mention in next.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 14 JANUARY 1859

MS Lytton Papers.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Fourteenth January 1859.

My Dear Bulwer

I came to town yesterday afternoon, and found your letter. I have written to Sir John Pakington to-day, thanking him for his very kind and courteous reception of my request.[†4] I will not thank *you* any more, for I am sure you know that I deeply feel your interest and regard.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 JANUARY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

Friday Evening | Fourteenth January 1859

My Dear Wills. I will no longer doubt that you are right, and I thank you heartily for the affectionate earnestness with which you have represented me to myself, as wrong.[†5] Will you, as early as practicable tomorrow morning, communicate

to the agent, that I find my daughters so averse to the long term That I must withdraw from that proposal, even if the other party should make it.[†1] But that I beg him to complete the Inventory (if it be not already

done), and to take the house upon his books, as being To Let from and after next June inclusive, for any term not less than 6 months, or more than 12.

Ever Faithfully
CD.[†2]

To CHARLES ELLIS, 15 JANUARY 1859

Text in N, III, 88, checked from MS Sotheby, June 1979.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Saturday Fifteenth January 1859

Dear Mr. Ellis

Looking back to the price of the last quarter Cask of Sherry I bought from Hamilton and Thorby[†3] (with whom I have had some dealings in Sherry, on the

recommendation of the late Mr. Ford),[†1] I find its price was £24..0..0. I let you know this at once, as I would on no account desire that you should supply me at a lower price than I actually paid them.

I will take an early occasion of speaking to Mr. Forster, whom I constantly see.

It was with regret that I saw you by Deputy this morning; but I was too heavy with a cold to get up as usual.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 15 JANUARY 1859*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Private | Benjamin Webster Esquire | New Theatre Royal Adelphi.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Fifteenth January 1859.

My Dear Webster

If you should have a Box to spare for Monday night, I shall be happy to bring my girls to see the Theatre[†2] and the Play.[†3]

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To MESSRS P. & D. COLNAGHI,[†4] 17 JANUARY 1859*

MS Mr Michael Silverman.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Seventeenth January 1859.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs. P and D Colnaghi, and begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the safe receipt of the copy of the Drawing of the Interior of Westminster Abbey, which they have had the kindness to send him in pursuance of Mr. Dillon's[†5] request. It is a remarkably delicate and beautiful work of art.

To FRANK STONE,[†1] 17 JANUARY 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Tavistock House | Monday Seventeenth January | 1859

My Dear Stone

I am going to Watkins with Frith. But I will be here at 3, if that time will suit you.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To J. P. KNIGHT,[†2] 18 JANUARY 1859†

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Tuesday Eighteenth January 1859.

My Dear Sir,

I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the MS. I return with this, for Household Words. Although it is very good as an early effort, and although I observe some passages in it which express a lively fancy (as in the little description of the raindrops falling into the puddles), it is too much about too little. And I would particularly recommend the young writer to consider that the old soldiers of Napoleon the Great have become most terrible veterans by this time. They really have made such extensive campaigns and gone through such an immense number of evolutions, in literature, with French and English, that nothing but their having something very new to achieve, can justify these ancient pensioners in coming out of the Hospital for Invalids.[†3] Now, there is no individuality about M. Noel — no quaint touch of observation or imagination to single him out from the rest who have been doing literary duty these forty years. And he is so very long in going to tell that story of his, that I doubt his having very much to tell.

I trouble you with these few words, because I am really anxious to explain to you why I cannot gratify myself by retaining the manuscript. Honestly, it would be a real satisfaction to me — a genuine pleasure — if I could reasonably do so.

I cannot, of course, undertake to pronounce oracularly that the writer could do better; but I think she could.

My dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John P. Knight Esquire.

To W. P. FRITH, 19 JANUARY 1859

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Wednesday Nineteenth January | 1859.

My Dear Frith

The "properties"[†1] shall be ready, and nothing shall scare the undersigned whose Faith is great.[†2]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. ASHTON BURROW,[†3] 22 JANUARY 1859†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W C
Saturday Twenty Second January 1859.

Dear Sir

I address you on the introduction and recommendation of my friend the Hon. Mrs. Watson of Rockingham Castle.[†4]

One of my boys, at present not quite twelve years of age, has chosen the Navy for his profession. As I do not doubt his being able to pass his examination as soon as he is old enough, if he be trained in the meantime with an immediate and direct view to the pursuit on which he has set his heart, will you permit me to enquire if you can receive him into your house and take him under your care at Easter next.

He is now at school at Boulogne. His name is Sydney Smith. He is a boy of a very remarkable strength of character, of great intelligence, and of a most

indomitable energy. I am as little prejudiced (I believe) as a father *can* be, in forming my opinion of my sons; but I think you will be interested in him, and that he will not do injustice to your reputation.

Mrs. Watson is so highly sensible of the advantages her son Edward[†1] derived from your tuition, that I shall be exceedingly glad to confide my boy to you, if it should suit your inclination and convenience.

I have the honor to be Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: Edward Burrowes[†2] R. N.

To JOHN FORSTER,[†3] [?24 JANUARY 1859]

Extract in F, VIII, v, 671. *Date:* According to Forster, CD was searching for a title for his new periodical "at the opening of 1859"; but later Jan is more likely, since he did not propose a title to Forster until 24 Jan. N (III, 89) makes this and *To* Forster, 24 Jan, one letter; but they seem clearly to be separate.

My determination to settle the title arises out of my knowledge that I shall never be able to do anything for the work until it has a fixed name; also out of my observation that the same odd feeling affects everybody else.

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 JANUARY 1859]

Extract in F, VIII, v, 671. *Date:* 24 Jan, according to Forster.

Don't you think this is a good name and quotation? I have been quite delighted to get hold of it for our title.

HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

"At last by notes of Household Harmony." — *Shakespeare*.[†4]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 JANUARY 1859]

Extract in F, VIII, v, 671. *Date:* answering Forster's immediate objection (see below) and before *To* Collins, 26 Jan.

He was at first reluctant even to admit the objection. I am afraid we must not be too particular about the possibility of personal references and applications:[†5]

otherwise it is manifest that I never can write another book. I could not invent a story of any sort, it is quite plain, incapable of being twisted into some such nonsensical shape. It would be wholly impossible to turn one through half a dozen chapters.

To WILKIE COLLINS,[†1] 26 JANUARY 1859

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Sixth January 1859

My Dear Wilkie

Look over the jotted titles on the other side,[†2] that we may discuss them tomorrow. It is the very first thing to settle. I can make no way until I have got a name.[†3]

Ever affecy.

CD.

The Hearth
The Forge ——————————— this
The Crucible
The Anvil of the Time
Charles Dickens's Own (like an Entertainment)
Seasonable Leaves
Evergreen Leaves ——————— this
Home
Home-Music
Change
Time and Tide
Twopence
English Bells
Weekly Bells ——————————— this
The Rocket!
Good Humour.

To ARTHUR SMITH, 26 JANUARY 1859†

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Sixth January 1859.

My Dear Arthur

Will you — 1st. — read the enclosed letters; having previously welcomed with all possible cordiality, the Bearer Mr. Thomas C Evans[†1] from New York.

You, having[†2] read them, let me explain that Mr. Fields[†3] is a highly respectable and influential man — one of the heads of the most classical and most respected publishing house in America.[†4] That Mr. Richard Grant White[†5] is a man of high reputation. And that Felton[†6] is the Greek Professor in their Cambridge University; perhaps the most distinguished scholar in the States.

The address to myself, referred to in one of the letters, being on its way, it is quite clear that I must give some decided and definite answer to the American proposal.[†7] Now, will you carefully discuss it with Mr. Evans, before I enter on it at all? Then, will you dine here with him on Sunday — which I will propose to him — and arrange to meet at half past 4 for an hour's discussion.

The points are these:
1st. I have a very grave question within myself, whether I could [†a](for a private reason, rendering a long Voyage and absence particularly painful to me),[†a] go to America at all.
2ndly. If I did go, I could not possibly go before the Autumn.
3rdly. If I did go, how long must I stay.

4thly. If the stay were a short one, could *you* go?
5thly. What is his project? What could I make?
What occurs to you upon his proposal.

I have told him that the business arrangements of the Readings have been from the first so entirely in your hands, that I enter upon nothing connected with them, without previous reference to you.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To LORD CAMPBELL,[†1] 27 JANUARY 1859

Text from *Life of John, Lord Campbell*, ed. the Hon. Mrs Hardcastle, 1881, II, 363.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON
Thursday, January, 27, 1859

Dear Lord Campbell,

I must trouble you by thanking you for the very curious and interesting little work[†2] for which I am indebted to your kind remembrance, and which I received — and read — yesterday. Apart from the knowledge and ingenuity it evinces, it is so exceedingly graceful and pleasant that I have read it with uncommon satisfaction. It will always hold its place on the shelf in my mind where I keep Morgann's essay on the character of Falstaff:[†3] a delicate combination of fancy, whim, good heart, good sense, and good taste, which I am pretty confident is a favourite of yours.

If I know myself at all, I beg to warrant myself not in the least biased by your flattering mention of me.[†4] I am very proud of it, but, I believe, quite honestly.

Dear Lord Campbell, | Yours faithfully and obliged,

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 JANUARY 1859]

Extract in F, VIII, v, 672. *Date:* 28 Jan, according to Forster.

I am dining early, before reading,[†5] and write literally with my mouth full. But I have just hit upon a name that I think really an admirable one[†6] — especially

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with the quotation before it, in the place where our present H. W. quotation stands.

"The story of our lives, from year to year." — Shakespeare.[†1]

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.[†2]

A weekly journal conducted by Charles Dickens.

To ARTHUR SMITH, 31 JANUARY 1859†

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

At the Hall,[†3] | Monday Thirty-First January 1859.

My Dear Arthur,

I called to see you about our American man[†4] — will look in again this evening — hope you are much better.

It is pretty clear to me that he is deputed by a body of publishers, who rely on a great impulse being given to my books by my going to America.[†5] Therefore I think he should have some distinct business-document to shew or send them.[†6] If a sum of money is to be got, it may be more easily got from a body than from one individual. If it is not to be got, then the whole thing goes.

I think the best course would be — if you agree with me — for you to write and enclose some such little document as I send you herewith,[†7] to Mr Evans. I see no such good way of disposing of the question.

Your man at Tavistock House wants the pictures to be touched up at once,

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before he paints near them. Can you send me the dexterous card who touches on Beverley[†1] tomorrow morning, do you think?

Ever affect:

C.D.

February

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT,[†2] 1 FEBRUARY 1859†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* A Monsieur W. F. De Cerjat. | Elysée | Lausanne.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday First February 1859.

My Dear Cerjat. I received your always welcome annual, with even more interest than usual, this year; being (in common with my two girls and their Aunt) much excited and pleased by your account of your daughter's engagement. Apart from the high sense I have of the affectionate confidence with which you tell me what lies so tenderly on your own heart, I have followed the little history with a lively sympathy and regard for her. I hope, with you, that it is full of promise, and that you will all be happy in it. The separation, even in the present condition of travel (and no man can say how much the discovery of a day may advance it) is nothing. And so God bless her, and all of you; and may the rosy summer bring her all the fulness of joy that we all wish her!

To pass from the altar to Townsend (which is a long way), let me report him severely treated by Bully,[†3] who rules him with a paw of iron; and complaining moreover of indigestion. He dines here every Sunday, but, at all other times, is mostly shut up in his beautiful house,[†4] where I occasionally go and dine with him tete-a-tete, and where we always talk of you and drink to you. That is a rule with us, from which we never depart. He is "seeing a Volume of Poems([4[sic]][†5] through the Press". Rather an expensive amusement. He has not been out at night, once (except to this house), save last Friday, when he went to hear me read The Poor Traveller, Mrs. Gamp, and The Trial from Pickwick.[†6] He came into my room at St. Martin's Hall, and I fortified him with weak Brandy and Water. You will be glad to hear that the said Readings are a greater furore than they ever have been, and that every night on which they now take place — once a week — hundreds go away unable to get in, though the Hall holds Thirteen

Hundred people. I dine with Townsend to day by the bye, along with his agent;[†1] concerning whom, I observe him to be always divided between unbounded confidence and a little latent suspicion. He always tells me that he is a gem of the first water, O yes the best of business men! — and then says that he didn't quite like his conduct respecting that Farm-Tenant and those hayricks.[†2]

There is a general impression here among the best-informed that war — in Italy, to begin with — is inevitable, and will break out before April.[†3] I know a gentleman at Genoa (Swiss by birth)[†4] deeply in with the authorities at Turin, who is already sending children home. [†a]I always believe, myself, that Louis Napoleon's last great card for the temporary union and pacification of France is War with England. The French people hate us, in proportion as they rage against him. Our alliance has been with him, and against the Nation — and verily, in the implacable hatred of the Nation we have our reward. When our magnates here truckled to that fellow, they sowed the Dragons' teeth. We shall see the reaping of the Harvest, afore long. In the meantime, he and the other blacklegs about him, send the Bourse down when they want to buy, and up when they want to sell, and get all the plunder they can, before they let France go mad.[†a]

In England we are quiet enough. There is a world of talk, as you know, about Reform Bills; but I don't believe there is any general strong feeling on the subject.[†5] According to my perceptions, it is

undeniable that the public has fallen into a state of indifference about public affairs — mainly referable, as I think, to the people who administer them — and there I mean the people of all parties — which is a very bad sign of the times.[†6] The general mind seems weary of Debates and Honorable Members, and to have taken Laissez-aller for its motto.

My affairs domestic (which I know are not without their interest for you) flow peacefully. My eldest daughter is a capital housekeeper, heads the table gracefully, delegates certain appointed duties to her sister and her aunt, and they are all three devotedly attached. Charley, my eldest boy, remains in Baring's house, and undertakes to look after his mother, at my request — lives with her. My second boy in India, got his Lieutenancy at 17, and a lot of prize-money besides. Three others are at School in France, one in Germany, the youngest at home. India, the Navy, and Medicine are the three next destinations chosen by the three who will leave school next.[†7] Your present correspondent is more popular

than he ever has been. I rather think that the Readings in the country, have opened up a new public who were outside before; but however that may be, his books have a wider range than they ever had, and his public welcomes are prodigious. Said correspondent is at present overwhelmed with proposals to go and read in America. Will never go, unless a small Fortune be first paid down in money, on this side of the Atlantic. Stated the figure of such payment, between ourselves, only yesterday. Expects to hear no more of it, and assuredly will go for no less.

You don't say my dear Cerjat, when you are coming to England! Somehow I feel that this marriage ought to bring you over, though I don't know why. You shall have a bed here, and a bed at Gad's Hill, and we will go and see strange sights together. When I was in Ireland, I ordered the brightest Jaunting-Car that ever was seen.[†1] It has just this minute arrived pr. steam; from Belfast. Say you are coming, and you shall be the first man turned over by it; somebody must be (for my daughter Mary drives any thing that can be harnessed, and I know of no English horse that would understand a Jaunting-Car coming down a Kentish Hill), and you shall be that somebody, if you will. They turned a basket phaeton over, last summer, in a bye road — Mary and the other two — and had to get it up again: which they did, and came home as if nothing had happened. They send their loves, to Mrs. Cerjat,[†2] and to you, and to all, and particularly to the dear Fiancée. So do I with all my heart, and am ever your attached and affectionate friend CD.

To WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON,[†3] 1 FEBRUARY 1859*

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday First February 1859.

My Dear Dixon.

I am not privately possessed of the Dodd question,[†4] otherwise than as I heard about it incidentally from the Actors, while the discussion was in progress. But I

have every reason to trust them. I know them to have started with almost extravagant gratitude to Mr. Dodd; and there *can* be no earthly, celestial, or infernal, reason for their entering into a conspiracy not to be benefited by him. Keeley,[†1] who is one of the Committee and who took part in it, is a very sagacious and upright man — as much to be relied on for plain sense and probity as any man I know. Then there were T P Cooke,[†2] and Webster, and Buckstone,[†3] and others — really responsible men desirous of serving their profession; and it seems to me rather monstrous to suppose that all these known men can have laid their heads together to be wrong and to put the unknown man in the right, and to reject a benefit.

The impression I derived from what I heard of the matter while it was in abeyance, was briefly this:— That Mr. Dodd, being perhaps a little over-puffed, began to ride a high horse and to intimate that he would require such and such restrictions in reference to religious opinions, the education of the children, attendance at church, and even as to the hours at which the Inmates of the houses should be home at night. That thereupon the Actors began to doubt him, and that thereupon he began to display a rather offensive tone. The tone is beyond dispute, for you may see that in one of his published letters he refers (in a very small and poor way) to the warnings he had had from his friends as to what would happen if he had anything to do with the theatrical profession.[†4] Such proposed restrictions as I have hinted at, do *not* appear in the correspondence; — I myself suppose the Committee to have managed ill, in not dexterously fastening them upon him in black and white. But I have abstained from enquiring minutely into the point, having had the possibility of a reference to myself before my eyes.[†5]

So I can merely give you for your own private self, the impression I have pieced together in the course of months. Further:[†6] That there was no kind of condition hinted at at the Meeting at the Princess's Theatre,[†7] and that Mr. Dodd and his Solicitor so recognized that the Land was then and there freely given, as that they were parties to all manner of speeches and resolutions wherein that fact was over and over again assumed, I of my own senses know.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To RICHARD LEE,[†1] 1 FEBRUARY 1859

Text from N, III, 93.

Tavistock House | Tuesday First February 1859

Dear Sir,

Although your letter is one of hundreds that are constantly addressed to me, and that vary very little in their general purport, I believe I have considered it as if its contents were quite new to me.

If I had any pleasant experience whatever of the influence you suppose me to have with managers in serving a dramatic writer — If I had the faintest reason to believe that I could do for a play what it cannot do for itself, or that I could reverse or brighten such a melancholy history as you give me of your play, I should not some few years since, have prescribed to myself the rule from which I have never departed of holding myself aloof from any association whatever with the presentation to Theatres of dramatic productions. But, while I am really sensible of the confidence you repose in me, I must (in consideration for you as well as for myself), beg you to excuse me from the further pursuit of your request.

Dear Sir | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 3 FEBRUARY 1859

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Thursday Third February 1859

My Dear Wilkie

I have been obliged to cut the Burns article[†2] here and there, because of my personal responsibility, and my personal knowledge of people referred to in it.[†3] The man at St. Martin's Hall, I really think beneath our notice, and I have taken *him* out altogether.[†4]

What remains, is excellent and unexceptionable. I quite agree with what does *not* remain, but think it more graceful to suggest it than say it.

You have no idea what a cold I have! How I am to read tonight,[†5] I don't know.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To W. J. SORRELL,[†1] 4 FEBRUARY 1859

Mention in John Schroder Spring catalogue; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock Square, 4 Feb 59; addressed Mr Sorrell.

Declining a proposed contribution to Household Words.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 6 FEBRUARY 1859*

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W. C.
Sunday Night, Sixth February 1859.

My Dear Wilkie

Tomorrow (Monday, when you will receive this), is my Birth Day. I have not had the heart to make any preparation for it[†2] — you know why.[†3] But, to-night, I have felt unwilling to throw a gloom upon the girls, and have proposed to take them, impromptu, to the Bedford at Brighton, to stay until Wednesday morning. Will you come? Do, if you can, and we'll forget everything *but* Brighton. I send them beforehand, and leave, myself, from Brighton Terminus at 2. Will you be there, a quarter before?

Yrs affecy

CD.

To MRS BALL WILSON,[†4] 7 FEBRUARY 1859*

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* Mrs. Wilson | 4 Mathon Place | Richmond Road | Barnsbury Park | N.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Seventh February 1859.

My Dear Rebecca

You do not tell me in your note what orders you want for Thursday.[†5] Let me know without delay, at the Bedford Hotel Brighton. You shall have them if it be possible, but I do not know what seats may be available.

affecy Yours

CD.

To FRANK STONE, 9 FEBRUARY 1859*

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Ninth February 1859.

My Dear Stone

Will you ask Ellen[†1] to look over this[†2] — I have put a query to it, where I don't understand something, that the Printer has, perhaps, mistaken — and let me have it back, by 11 tomorrow Morning.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM,[†3] 11 FEBRUARY 1859*

MS Dickens House

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Eleventh February 1859.

My Dear Cunningham.

I thank you very much for the concluding Walpole volume,[†4] and I cordially congratulate you on the completion of your task. When my Library Edition of my books is complete, I shall ask you to find room for it on your shelves. I am only waiting for that.[†5]

Let me take this opportunity of saying to you in good humour, that I wish you had not inconsiderately repeated any monomaniacal nonsense about me, and had not lent yourself to such preposterous statements as that I pay Mr. Yates's[†6] costs against the Garrick Club,[†7] or have some wonderful machinations of my own to further in having openly resisted what I believe to be a wrong proceeding.[†8] I am sure you know in your heart that what I do, I do in no secresy,[†9] and that I abhor meanness. What did you ever see in your Manager[†10] that could

lead you to suppose it possible there was one word of truth in all this pestilent childishness?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

To W. P. FRITH, 11 FEBRUARY 1859

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday Eleventh February 1859.

My Dear Frith

I am sure you know that I would not postpone our sitting today, if I were not positively compelled to do so. But I *am*.

Shall I come on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, at half past one? Send me an appointment and I will keep it.

Ever Penitently
CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Frith Esquire.

To F. C. BEARD,[†1] 14 FEBRUARY 1859

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Monday Fourteenth February 1859.

My Dear Frank Beard

It has occurred to me and my Triumvirate of housekeepers, that there being always some medical attendance to be paid for, in the ordinary course of things, among the rest of the yearly bills, it is rather a ridiculous thing that you are not the attendant. Therefore if you will come to us just as you would go to anybody else, we shall be very glad to have you.[†2]

And as the Housemaid is ill abed this morning, and I think wants speedy looking to, perhaps you will see what is to be done for her, as soon as you conveniently can.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Beard Esquire.

To [?H.] BRAMALL,[†1] 14 FEBRUARY 1859*

MS Private.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday, Fourteenth February 1859.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Bramall, and begs to say that his engagements do no admit of his having the pleasure of accepting the invitation[†2] with which he is favored through Mr. Bramall.

To MISS SPRINGETT,[†3] 14 FEBRUARY 1859*

MS Private.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Fourteenth February 1859.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Springett, and begs Miss Springett to accept his cordial thanks for her obliging note. His avocations and engagements do not admit of his accepting Miss Springett's invitation,[†4] but he is not the less sensible of her remembrance and courtesy.

To EDMUND YATES, [?MID-FEBRUARY 1859]

Extract in Yates, *Recollections and Experiences*, 1884, p. 351. *Date:* "at the time of the publication of *Adam Bede* [*1 Feb 59*]", according to Yates; probably first half of Feb.

Telling Yates that the real name of the author of Adam Bede is either Bradbury or Evans; but I do not think that it is Bradbury!

To MRS ALBANY FONBLANQUE,[†5] [15] FEBRUARY 1859*

MS Johns Hopkins University. *Date:* misdated by CD; Tuesday was 15 Feb.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W. C.
Tuesday Fourteenth February 1859.

My Dear Mrs. Fonblanque

My girls are going to call on you with this, to explain that they are unfortunately engaged tomorrow night. I also am engaged, though not with them. If I *can* come to you, it will give me great pleasure to do so. Believe me, I am in no

danger of ever forgetting you, and I am proud and glad to find that you are not likely to forget me.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HERBERT WATKINS, 15 FEBRUARY 1859

Catalogue extract in N, III, 94.

Tavistock House | 15th February, 1859

The best edition of my books (which is called the Library edition) is now in course of publication. The publisher will immediately send you all the volumes that are out,[†1] and an additional volume every month. Please consider these, as a set in their working clothes for common use. When the edition is completed, I shall hope to send you another set, in bright holiday costume.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO.,[†2] 17 FEBRUARY 1859

MS (signature only in CD's hand) Mr Brian Lake.

17 Feby 1859

Messrs. Coutts & Co.

Sell £1500 New 3 per Cents from my name & take out a Power of Atty. for Sale of all that fund at present in my name

CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 17 FEBRUARY 1859

Mention in Ogden Goelet catalogue, Jan 1935; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *HW,* 17 Feb 59; addressed Benjamin Webster.

Asking for a box, for a performance in which Webster was acting, at the Adelphi,[†3] *and congratulating him on the completion of the new theatre.*[†4]

To EDMUND YATES, 19 FEBRUARY 1859

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Nineteenth February 1859.

My Dear Edmund

Like a besotted Blockhead, I have forgotten that I must be out tomorrow morning, until half past one. We had better have a walk then, and appoint an early evening for the finishing of the Pamphlet.[†1]

In great haste | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 FEBRUARY 1859]

Extract in F, VIII, v, 672. *Date*: 21 Feb, according to Forster.

I have taken the new office;[†2] have got workmen in; have ordered the paper; settled with the printer;[†3] and am getting an immense system of advertising ready.[†4] Blow to be struck on the 12th of March.[†5] ... Meantime I cannot please myself with the opening of my story, and cannot in the least settle at it or take to it.... I wish you would come and look at what I flatter myself is a rather ingenious account to which I have turned the Stanfield[†6] scenery here.[†7]

To THOMAS GOFF LUPTON,[†1] 21 FEBRUARY 1859*

Text from Committee Minute Book of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, W.C.
Twenty First February 1859

Dear Sir,

In looking carefully through the enclosed Report[†2] I have marked it, in one or two slight places with my pen, but I cannot possibly, after such a lapse of time, undertake to correct it. I observe it to be obviously jagged and unconnected here and there, and I know that many of the sentences cannot have been spoken as they are rendered, because I know the rendering to be unlike my habit of construction.

Faithfully yours,

Thomas Lupton Esq

To THE HON. EMILY EDEN,[†3] 25 FEBRUARY 1859

Mention in Sotheby catalogue, June 1902; *MS* 1 p.; dated 25 Feb 1859; addressed The Hon. Miss Eden.

Asking her to send him a MS of hers[†4] *for two or three days.*

To SAMUEL ALLIBONE,[†5] [?LATE FEBRUARY 1859]

Mention in *To* Allibone, 26 July 59. *Date:* Allibone's *Critical Dictionary*, Vol. I, was published by Trübner in London between 14 and 28 Feb 59. CD probably thanked him for it in late Feb.

Thanking Allibone for a copy of his Critical Dictionary.

March

To THE REGISTRARS OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND, 1 MARCH 1859*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday, First March 1859

Gentlemen

I beg you to do me the favor to take the earliest opportunity of placing this communication before the President, Vice Presidents, Council, and Committee, of the Literary Fund.

In conjunction with the Reverend Whitwell Elwin,[†1] well known to you by reputation, I have it in charge from a person whose name I am not at present at liberty to disclose,[†2] to offer to the Literary Fund a prospective endowment of a highly valuable and important nature; comprising a magnificent Library[†3] (in some respects unique, and in all respects of great worth to Literary men), and the sum of Ten Thousand Pounds for its maintenance and enlargement in perpetuity.

This gift is made conditional on the Literary Fund's obtaining an amended charter, and rendering other services to Literature than those to which it is, in its practice, at present limited.

I do not consider that I should do justice to the generosity that has honored Mr. Elwin and myself with this trust, if I were to come to the approaching Anniversary of an occasion on which I have heretofore been in opposition to the managers of the Literary Fund, and were to take that opportunity of submitting it

to their notice. I feel sure that I cannot render better homage to the munificence of the proposal, than by entering on its details in a spirit of conciliation and liberality, divested of any reasonable possibility of irritation or misconstruction.

The forthcoming Annual Meeting, therefore, I shall abstain from attending. The friends who have been associated with me on former similar occasions[†4] will, yielding to the same reasons, also stay away. But we confide it to the fairness of the managers of the Literary Fund, to make it known to the Corporation at that Meeting, that we do not withdraw our opposition;- that we hold it suspended, only until this matter shall have been fully considered.

In conclusion I have to ask, for Mr. Elwin and myself, that when the Annual Meeting shall have been held, you will do us the honor to propose a time when the President, Vice Presidents, Council, and Committee, will receive from us in person, a full explanation of the offer with which we are entrusted.[†5]

I have the honor to be | Gentlemen
Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Registrars of the Literary Fund

To WILLIAM WILLOTT,[†1] 1 MARCH 1859*

MS Shakespeare Birthplace Trust

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday First March 1859.

Dear Sir

In answer to your obliging favor, I beg to assure you that it will afford me great pleasure to be one of the party to entertain Mr. Webster on the 23rd.[†2] I enclose the sum you mention,[†3] and have the honor to remain

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

William Willott Esquire.

To NATHANIEL SPOONER,[†5] 3 MARCH 1859*

MS Boston Dickens Fellowship.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Third March 1859.

Dear Sir

I beg to assure you that I have received your letter with heartfelt pleasure; and that to be so remembered and so thanked by an earnest reader, is one of the highest priveleges and rewards of my life.

With all good wishes, Believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Nathaniel Spooner Esquire

To MRS HOGGE,[†6] [5 MARCH 1859]

Extract from MDGH, II, 47, misdated.[†7] Envelope (MS Walter T. Spencer): Mrs. Hogge | 16 Hyde Park Gate South | Kensington Gore | W. PM 5 Mar 59. *Date:* Macdonald was elected 7 Mar 59; the envelope clearly belongs to this letter.

I will make a point of going to the Athenaeum on Monday night; and if I had five hundred votes to give, Mr. Macdonald[†8] should have them all, for your sake.

To MRS PULLEINE,[†1] [?8 MARCH 1859]

Envelope in Sotheby sale, May 1986; addressed Mrs. Pulleine | Crake Hall | Bedale | Yorkshire. PM 8 Mar 59.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 8 MARCH 1859

Mention in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, Apr 1879; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tuesday, 8 Mar 59.

To MRS MILNER GIBSON,[†2] 10 MARCH 1859*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Address:* Mrs. Milner Gibson | 49 Wilton Crescent.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Tenth March 1859.

My Dear Mrs. Milner Gibson

This will be presented to you by my friend and Sub Editor Mr. Wills, who is entirely in my confidence and is — in the business I wish him to explain to you — my other self.

The business will interest you, I know — may be made of great service to the best of the Neapolitan refugees now in Ireland[†3] — and to all Italy. When you have heard from Mr. Wills what it is, you will see how important your aid may be in it, and what urgency there is for its being at once entered on.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR SMITH, 10 MARCH 1859

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Tenth March 1857

My Dear Arthur

Here are the signatures.[†4]

Let us leave it thus:— If Coutts's can get N. Western stock, good; we'll have it. If they can't, good again; we'll have Mid Bradford.

Will you bring away the particulars — as what interest — when payable — &c — to the end that I may duly apprize Mrs. Jerrold?[†5]

Ever
CD.

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE,[†1] 10 MARCH 1859

Text from *A Collection of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents formed by Alfred Morrison* (2nd Series, 1882-1893), 1896, III, 120; *MS* 1 p.; dated 10 Mar 59; addressed T. A. Trollope.

Dear Sir,

It would give me great pleasure if you could come and dine with me — quite unceremoniously, and without any company — either on *Friday*, Saturday, or Sunday next, at 6 o'clock. As I shall be in town again immediately, will you do me the favor to write me a word in answer to Tavistock House?

Believe me,
Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 MARCH 1859]

Extract in F, IX, ii, 729. *Date:* 11 Mar 59, according to Forster.

This is merely to certify that I have got exactly the name for the story that is wanted; exactly what will fit the opening to a T. A TALE OF TWO CITIES.[†2] Also, that I have struck out a rather original and bold idea. That is, at the end of each month to publish the monthly part in the green cover, with the two illustrations, at the old shilling.[†3] This will give *All the Year Round* always the interest and precedence of a fresh weekly portion during the month; and will give me my old standing with my old

public, and the advantage (very necessary in this story) of having numbers of people who read it in no portions smaller

than a monthly part.... My American ambassador pays a thousand pounds for the first year, for the privilege of republishing in America one day after we publish here.[†1] Not bad?

To EMILE DE LA RUE,[†2] 13 MARCH 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Thirteenth March 1859

My Dear De la Rue.

I yesterday sent on Mrs. Gretton's[†3] Manuscript[†4] to Mr. Woodfall,[†5] and I heartily wish that some good may come of it. It is just possible that the timely arrival of Poërio and the Neapolitans in London,[†6] may so turn the general mind towards Italy, as to lead some one to venture the publication of this little Italian history.[†7]

You are not so wise — your visual ray[†8] is not so brilliant — respecting the veracity of Newspaper rumour, as on all other subjects. There is not a word of truth — no, not one word — in all that you tell me about myself and America.[†9]

As to the Household Words change, that is set forth in the enclosed printed bill[†1] — which will be diffused all over England at the end of this month. The simple truth is, that I am not pleased with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, my publishers — that I have resolved to have no more of them — and that I have made up my mind to work what I do, with my own capital, and to have no publisher at all except as a paid Agent and Instrument.[†2]

We all unite in kindest love to Madame De la Rue[†3] and yourself. I am hard at work; but, hard, or soft, or in any other condition, I am ever

Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To ANTHONY PANIZZI,[†4] 14 MARCH 1859

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Night March Fourteenth 1859

My Dear Panizzi.

If you should feel no delicacy in mentioning, or should see no objection to mentioning, to Signor Poerio or any of the wronged Neapolitan gentlemen to whom it is your happiness and honor to be a friend on their arrival in this country,[†5] an idea that has occurred to me: I should regard it as a great kindness in you if you would be my exponent. I think you will have no difficulty in believing that I would not, on any consideration, obtrude my name or projects upon any one of those noble souls, if there were any reason of the slightest kind against it. And if you see any such reason, I pray you instantly to banish my letter from your thoughts.

It seems to me probable that some narrative of their ten years' suffering will, somehow or other, sooner or later, be by some of them laid before the English people. The just interest and indignation alive here, will (I suppose) elicit it. False narratives and garbled stories will, in any case, of a certainty get about. If the true history of the matter is to be told, I have that sympathy with them and respect for them which would — all other considerations apart — render it unspeakably gratifying to me to be the means of its diffusion. What I desire to lay before them, is simply this:

If, for my new successor to "Household Words" a narrative of their Ten years trial could be written, I would take any conceivable pains to have it rendered into English, and presented in the sincerest and best way to a very large and comprehensive audience.[†1] It should be published exactly as you might think best for them, and remunerated in any way that you might think generous and right. They want no mouthpiece and no introducer; but perhaps they might have no objection to be associated with an English writer who is possibly not unknown to them by some general reputation, and who certainly would be animated by a strong public and private respect for their honor, spirit, and unmerited misfortunes.

This is the whole matter. Assuming that such a thing is to be done, I long for the privilege of helping to do it. These gentlemen might consider it an independent means of earning money, and I should be delighted to pay the money.

In my absence from town, my friend and Sub-Editor, Mr. Wills (to whom I had expressed my feeling on the subject), has seen — I think three — of the gentlemen together. But, as I hear, returning home tonight, that they are in your good hands, and as nobody can be a better judge than you of anything that concerns them, I at once decide to write to you, and to take no other step whatever. Forgive me for the trouble I have occasioned you in the reading of this letter, and never think of it again if you think that by pursuing it you would cause them an instant's uneasiness.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR [?J. S. H.] FOGG[†2], 15 MARCH 1859

Text from Anderson Auction Co. catalogue No. 962 (May 1912).

Tavistock House, London | Tuesday, Fifteenth March, 1859.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Doctor Fogg, and begs to say, in reply to Dr. Fogg's enquiry, that the best edition of his works is one now publishing in London, under the general title of "Library Edition."

To ANTHONY PANIZZI, 15 MARCH 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 90.

Tavistock House, Tuesday, March 15th, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

Let me thank you heartily for your kind and prompt letter. I am really and truly sensible of your friendliness.

I have not heard from Higgins,[†1] but of course I am ready to serve on the Committee.[†2]

Always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM WILLOTT, 15 MARCH 1859*

MS Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Fifteenth March 1859

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Willott, and begs to enclose a cheque (crossed) for Five Pounds, in aid of the Testimonial to Mr. Webster.[†3]

To THE REGISTRARS OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND, 17 MARCH 1859*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Seventeenth March 1859.

Gentlemen

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and should have done so, sooner, had I not been out of town.

On Wednesday the 23rd. at 2 O'clock, Mr. Elwin and myself will have the honor of waiting on the committee, in accordance with your obliging proposal. We shall not fail to have the heads of the proposition with which we are entrusted,[†4] stated in writing, for the purpose of being left with, and fully

considered by, the authorities of the Literary Fund;[†5] indeed that is an express part of the charge with which we are entrusted.

I am | Gentlemen | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To | The Registrars of The Literary Fund.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN,[†1] 18 MARCH 1859†

MS Walter T. Spencer.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Eighteenth March 1859

Dear Sir

I cannot have the pleasure of entertaining any proposal from Mr Sampson Low[†2] at present, in reference to an American Sale of All the Year Round, as I have entered into an arrangement with an American gentleman which I have every reason to consider binding for twelve months.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Chapman Esquire

To B. W. PROCTER,[†4] 19 MARCH 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 90.

Tavistock House, Saturday, March 19th, 1859.

My Dear Procter,

I think the songs are simply ADMIRABLE! and I have no doubt of this being a popular feature in "All the Year Round."[†5] I would not omit the sexton, and I would not omit the spinners and weavers; and I would omit the hack-writers, and (I think) the alderman; but I am not so clear about the chorister. The pastoral I a little doubt finding audience for; but I am not at all sure yet that my doubt is well founded.[†6]

Had I not better send them all to the printer, and let you have proofs kept by you for publishing? I shall not have to make up the first number of "All the Year

Round" until early in April. I don't like to send the manuscript back, and I never do like to do so when I get anything that I know to be thoroughly, soundly, and unquestionably good. I am hard at work upon my story, and expect a magnificent start.

With hearty thanks, | Ever yours affectionately

To THOMAS CARLYLE,[†1] 24 MARCH 1859

MS National Library of Scotland.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Twenty Fourth March 1859

My Dear Carlyle.

I cannot tell you how much I thank you for your friendly trouble, or how specially interesting and valuable any help is to me that comes from you.[†2] I do not doubt that the books received from the London Library,[†3] and suggested by you,[†4] will give me all I want. If I should come to a knot in my planning, I shall come back to you to get over it.

Always Very Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. ELEANOR EDEN,[†5] 24 MARCH 1859*

MS Messrs John Murray Ltd.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Thursday Twenty Fourth March 1859

My Dear Miss Eden

My answer to your interesting note, is (unfortunately) a short one. I am not going to the Dinner.[†6]

My occupations press so heavily upon me at this time, that Public Gatherings of that kind are necessary to be thrown over.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss L. Eden

To THE HON. A. F. KINNAIRD,[†1] 24 MARCH 1859

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, May 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 24 Mar 59; addressed The Hon. A. Kinnaird.

Apologizing for giving Kinnaird trouble by making cheque payable to CD's Order only.[†2]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 24 MARCH 1859

Text from N, III, 97.

Tavistock House, | Thursday Twenty-Fourth March 1859

Sir,

My occupation obliges me, in answer to your note, to entreat that you will have the kindness to communicate your business to me in writing, in the first instance. I assure you that I have not leisure to make appointments of a general kind, with the incredible numbers of correspondents who do me the honor to propose them.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT,[†3] 25 MARCH 1859*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twenty Fifth March 1859

Dear Sir

If it should be convenient to you to be in the way at 2 o'clock today, will you have the kindness to spare me two or three minutes then? I have it in charge to

see you, in reference to last Wednesday's business.[†1] The matter is a very slight one.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire

To MRS FORSTER,[†2] 28 MARCH 1859

Mention in N, III, 97.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,[†3] 28 MARCH 1859*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twenty Eighth March 1859

My Dear Mr. Milnes

I am engaged to dine with Forster on Friday, or I should have had great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Milnes Esquire

To ROBERT BONNER,[†4] 29 MARCH 1859

Extract in *New York Times,* 25 Apr 59.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, | LONDON, W.C.
Tuesday, March 29, 1859.

Dear Sir: I thought that I could not have been tempted at this time to engage in any undertaking, however short, but the literary project which will come into

active existence next month. But your proposal[†1] is so handsome that it changes my resolution, and I cannot refuse it.... I will endeavor to be at work upon the tale, while this note is on its way to you across the water.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To EDMUND YATES, 29 MARCH 1859

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth March 1859

My Dear Edmund

1. — I think that no one, seeing the place, can well doubt that my house at Gad's Hill, is the place for the letter box.[†2] The wall is accessible by all sorts and conditions of men, on the bold high road; and the house altogether is the great land-mark of the whole neighbourhood. Captain Goldsmith's[†3] *house* is up a lane, considerably off the high road; but he has a garden *wall* abutting on the road itself.

2. — The Pic Nic Papers were originally sold to Colburn,[†4] for the benefit of the widow of Mr. Macrone[†5] of St. James's Square, publisher, deceased. Two

Volumes were contributed — of course gratuitously — by writers who had had transactions with Macrone. Mr. Colburn, wanting 3 volumes in all for trade purposes, added a third, consisting of an American reprint.[†1] Of that volume I didn't know, and don't know, any thing. The other two I edited, gratuitously as

aforesaid, and wrote the Lamplighter's story in. It was all done, many years ago. There was a Preface originally, delicately setting forth how the book came to be.

3. — I suppose Whitefriars[†2] to be, as Mr. Samuel Weller expresses it somewhere in Pickwick, "ravin' mad with the consciousness o'willany".[†3] Under their advertisement[†4] in the Times today, you will see — without a word of comment — the Shorthand writer's verbatim report of the Judgment.[†5]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To [?JOHN BENNETT],[†6] 31 MARCH 1859*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday March Thirty First 1859

Dear Sir

Guided by your advice, I have chosen Watch No. 1 — a very neat and pretty one.

The clock shall certainly be put up here for a week or two, if you still desire it.

Let me add, that I set it myself all through the last summer by the correctest London time, and it was always wrong.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

April

To CHARLES EDMONDS,[†1] 2 APRIL 1859*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Second April 1859

My Dear Sir

I want to refer to the Dictionary of Dates[†2] for a moment. Can you lend me a copy and save me the necessity of sending up to Tavistock House for mine.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Edmonds Esquire

To MRS JOHN DICKENS,[†3] 5 APRIL 1859*

MS Mr R. F. R. Barrow.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Fifth April, 1859

My Dear Mother,

I enclose the cheque.[†4] All well, and send loves.

Yrs. affect
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY,[†5] 5 APRIL 1859*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fifth April 1859

My Dearest Macready.

I cannot tell you how pleasant the sight of your hand writing was to me yesterday morning, or how I look forward to seeing you again.

I have great pleasure in accepting Mrs. Meredith's[†6] poem.[†7] Her prose MS

has come to hand, but I am sorry to say that I am obliged to decline it. With many merits, it is, in the main, but a repetition of what has been already done in Household Words;[†1] and I feel convinced that it would be highly injudicious to do it over again in these new pages.

Wills will write to her, and soften the matter as much as possible, and explain to her what manner of thing it is that we do want.

All at Tavistock House send dearest love to all at Sherborne House.[†2] I am *a little* busy, and hard at work on a new story.

Ever My Dearest Macready
Most Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD,[†3] 7 APRIL 1859

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Seventh April, 1859

My Dear Mr. Brookfield

It gives me real pleasure to find from your note that you have not forgotten the promise you made to me at Procter's. I shall be delighted to have Mrs. Brookfield[†4] and yourself among my hearers on Easter Monday,[†5] and have given directions to have two good stalls set apart for you. The tickets will be forwarded to you by Post, in due course.

Pray believe that I shall always be most happy to have seats reserved for you and yours, and that it is I who plead privilege in this regard.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. W. H. Brookfield.

To ANTHONY PANIZZI, 7 APRIL 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 92.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND OFFICE,
Thursday, April 7th, 1859.

My Dear Panizzi,

If you don't know, I think you should know that a number of letters are passing through the post-office, purporting to be addressed to the charitable by "Italian Exiles in London," asking for aid to raise a fund for a tribute to "London's Lord Mayor," in grateful recognition of the recognition of the Neapolitan exiles.[†1] I know this to be the case, and have no doubt in my own mind that the whole thing is an imposture and a "do".[†2] The letters are signed "Gratitudine Italiana."

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,[†3] 7 APRIL 1859

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* Leipzig, 1912, p. 54.

OFFICE OF ALL THE WORLD ROUND,
Thursday, April 7th, 1859.

I duly received your kind letter and its enclosure of a bill at 3 days after sight for ....[†4] Accept my thanks.

Any arrangement that you may wish to make in respect of this Periodical after it shall have come into existence, I will at once consent to.

My story will be published in it, in weekly portions. It will also be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in monthly parts of the same size and price as *Copperfield, Bleak House, Little Dorrit,* etc. Of

these monthly parts there will be 8[†5] .... You shall have the latter sheets in advance of their publication, as heretofore.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 9 APRIL 1859

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Ninth April 1859

My Dear Wilkie. The insertions in the enclosed, just supply what was wanting. But will you make one more alteration in it, or the title will not by any means fit

in among the other titles? — such an alteration as will admit of the paper's being called:

[†a]SURE TO BE HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.[†a†1]

We want the Proof as soon as possible.

You will receive tonight the Occasional Register[†2] for which I have dotted down a few paragraphs.[†3] Pray try if you can do anything for it.[†4] It is grievously wanted for the 1st. No. The said 1st. No. MUST[†5] be made up and sent to the Printer's in good time on Monday. On Tuesday afternoon I shall go over it finally. Will you come here, then? And will you let me know, at Tavistock House, whether we shall dine somewhere afterwards.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 11 APRIL 1859

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Eleventh April, 1859.

My Dear Wills.

Wilkie has done a few very good paragraphs for the Register.[†6] You will have them from him today.

It occurs to me that for that purpose Edmund Yates is likely to be very useful. He reads all the newspapers and periodicals, and is smart. I have told him that you will write to him on the subject. But perhaps the best way will be if you will make an appointment with him — say for today or tomorrow — then shew him the Proof and explain the little idea, and see if he can get some paragraphs ready for No. 2.[†7] (He will be at the Post Office all to day.)

Wilkie has a notion that if he could see what matter we have at the Printer's, he might find out for himself what kind of article would be most useful for No. 2. He will join us at the Office at about 2 tomorrow. Will you have your slips there.

IF[†1] I should find to day that the St. Alban's business[†2] yields any good notion, I will come down to the Office early tomorrow morning, and write another short paper for No. 1[†3] — to strengthen it. But this is, of course, contingent on there being any thing in what I am going to see.[†4]

I send with this, for Whiting's, two more weekly parts of the Tale of Two Cities.[†5]

I have just heard, from an excellent practical man,[†6] that nothing could be better done than our posting[†7] in the great towns.[†8] At Birmingham particularly,[†9] it is described as quite wonderful.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 16 APRIL 1859

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday Seventeenth April, 1859

We will dine, John, on *Tuesday* instead of Thursday. Mr. Charles and Miss Hogarth will dine with us. The hour is *6* next Tuesday, instead of 5. Don't get too much.

I suppose we cannot dine yet, at the All The Year Round office? I shall be there, all Tuesday.

CD.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 18 APRIL 1859

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, Leipzig, p. 54.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.,
Monday, April 18th, 1859.

I am obliged to ask you a question which must seem a very odd one.

Did you send me, last week, a bill for £ ... on account of the payment for my new story, *A Tale of Two Cities*?[†1] If you did, I have burnt it, and must ask you for another. If you did not, it is all right.

Last Wednesday night, having company here, I opened two or three letters very hurriedly, and afterwards burnt them, among some was the paper, without intending to do so. I did not even read them.

But I have the vaguest possible impression (I may have dreamed it, for any thing I know), that one of those letters was from you, and that it enclosed some bill or draft for £ ...

Pray excuse my giving you this trouble.

You understand that *A Tale of Two Cities* will appear in weekly portions, and every four weekly portions will afterwards appear separately republished in a monthly part. How do you wish to have it sent to you? Weekly?[†2]

To MISS CHARLOTTE WHITE,[†3] 18 APRIL 1859

Text in MDGH, II, 92-3.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.,
Monday, April 18th, 1859.

My dear Lotty.

This is merely a notice to you that I must positively insist on your getting well, strong, and into good spirits, with the least possible delay. Also, that I look forward to seeing you at Gad's Hill sometime in the summer, staying with the girls, and heartlessly putting down the Plorn.[†4] You know that there is no appeal from the Plorn's inimitable father. What *he* says must be done. Therefore I send you my love (which please take care of), and my commands (which please obey).

Ever your affectionate
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MR HAMMOND,[†5] 19 APRIL 1859*

MS Mr William R. Seat, Jr.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Tuesday Nineteenth April, 1859.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hammond, and regrets to say that his occupations oblige him at present to forego all such public engagements as that which Mr. Hammond proposes to him.[†6]

To EDMOND YATES, 19 APRIL 1859

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Nineteenth April 1859

My Dear Edmund

I have used some of the scraps for the Register.[†1] Some will not very well fit into its general heads; but you will easily make them do that, after seeing the 1st. No. The Lord John[†2] bit is very droll, but I do not like to use it, because I have long been on terms of personal friendship with him and his house.[†3]

The Mail journey,[†4] very good. Perhaps, a little diffuse here and there — in the Railway Carriage, and on board the Steamer — but I will run my pen through such portions in the Proof. It certainly ought not to be divided before Marseilles.[†5] I will retain the copy for the printer.

Ever Faithfully.

CD.

To JOSEPH LILLY,[†6] 20 APRIL 1859

MS Mr W. A. Foyle.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twentieth April 1859

Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to assure you that I have no share in the administration of the Literary Fund, and have no influence with its Committee. But I feel, in justice, bound to observe that the first question that arises out of every case brought before that Committee, is — not whether the applicant is in distress, but whether the literary claim be strong enough to justify the relief of his distress by a Fund established solely for the aid of literary persons. I am not at all clear but that I myself might consider the claim in this case very questionable; and therefore, as I am at variance with the Committee on other points, I plainly say so to you.

Allow me to add that I feel sure your advocacy is generous and kind.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Joseph Lilly

To THE REV. ASHTON BURROW, 23 APRIL 1859*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Third April, 1859.

Dear Sir

Will you have the kindness to let me know at this address, when my boy should present himself at your establishment.

In case your rules should require him to bring any particular clothing with him, different from the ordinary wear of boys, may I ask you to set me right on that point.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: Ashton Burrow

To CAPT. W. J. EASTWICK,[†1] 26 APRIL 1859*

MS Mr. G. S. B. Sayer.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Sixth April, 1859

My Dear Sir

I do not like to trouble you on the subject of the son whom I have hopes of sending to India through your kindness,[†2] and yet I am anxious you should know that he is being well qualified for his work. He has done exceedingly well at the foreign school[†3] in which he has been educated as yet, and will be removed in the summer to Wimbledon,[†4] where his brother (now a Lieutenant)[†5] was prepared for his examination a couple of years ago. I am sure you will forgive my putting you to the pains of reading this detail. If I supposed it to require any answer, I should not send it to you.

Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Eastwick.

To WILLIAM HOWITT,[†1] 27 APRIL 1859

Extract in Samuel T. Freeman & Co catalogue, 1935; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 27 Apr 59; addressed William Howitt.

Regarding a manuscript submitted to All the Year Round, *and asking for* some tangible illustrations of the statements.[†2]

To T. J. SERLE,[†3] [27] APRIL 1859

MS Mr Peter Brandt. *Date:* misdated by CD; Wednesday was 27 Apr.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth April 1859

My Dear Serle

I send you the Power[†4] and Order, duly executed.[†5] I also return you Coutts's letter. This is a hasty dispatch before going out of town for a day or two.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 28 APRIL 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Eighth April, 1859

My Dear Wills

Very glad to get your letter[†6] this morning, and to receive the latest possible report of our goings on.[†7]

The result of the Whitefriars circulars[†8] will be, in the main — as we pretty well know — to heap over them, a vast accumulation of expensive miscellaneous matter.

But, there can be no harm in your writing to as many people as come into your mind, from time to time, some such letter as this.

Dear Sir

I beg, on behalf of Mr. Charles Dickens, to inform you that if it should be compatible with your engagements, to write for this journal, it would afford him the greatest pleasure to secure your valuable co-operation.

Now, or at any other time, I shall be happy to pursue this subject and to enter into details with you, if you will allow me.

I would send this, *at once*, to both the Trollopes,[†1] and to George Elliot,[†2] care of Blackwood[†3] — with a private seal on the latter letter. I would also address it to Ruffini,[†4] with a note to Mrs. Carlyle,[†5] asking her if she can direct the envelope. I would also write to Mrs. Gaskell,[†6] referring back to that story she mentioned.[†7]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 28 APRIL 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Night, Twenty Eighth April | 1859

My Dear Wills.

I write this, for John to bring up in the morning.

It grieves me to hear that you are still so unwell. Pray tell me, by next post how you are. I am quite remorseful that you should have had to go down to the Rolls Court.[†1]

Hullah's[†2] daughter[†3] (an artist, who is here), tells me that certain female students have addressed the Royal Academy, entreating them to find a place for *their* education. I think it a capital move, for which I can do something popular and telling, in the Register.[†4] Adelaide Procter[†5] is active in the business,[†6] and has a copy of their letter. Will you write to her for that, and anything else she may have about it: telling her that I strongly approve, and want to help them myself.

DO[†7] get better. | And believe me ever | Yours

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, [30 APRIL 1859]

Mention in next. *Date:* clearly same day as next.

To THOMAS BEARD,[†1] 30 APRIL 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Thirtieth April, 1859

My Dear Beard

I write in the greatest haste, to catch the morning Mail from Rochester.

Instantly on the receipt of your letter, I wrote to Bulwer (who is at Malvern),[†2] urging your claim upon him in the strongest manner, and with my personal entreaty. He will get my letter tomorrow morning. I have particularly stated what the office is, and where it is, and how it becomes vacant, and all about it.[†3]

I shall be at home again — I mean, at Tavistock House — on Monday afternoon. Of course, whatever I hear, you shall hear too, with all speed.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 APRIL 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Thirtieth April, 1859

My Dear Wills. I hope and trust you are better to day. I cannot tell you how distressed I am, to think of your being ill at this time, with its anxieties necessarily upon you.

Referring to the Liverpool newspaper and its Piracy, I find it expressly stated in the Piracy, that the act is not to be repeated.[†4] I think, therefore, that I should *not* communicate with Ouvry.[†5] What I recommend is, your writing to Mr. Whitty,[†6] telling him you have received this from me:—

"I received this morning, the Liverpool paper you sent me, and, at first, felt with you the imperative necessity of stopping that injustice. But on looking to Mr. Whitty's introduction of the Re-print, I observe that he expressly states that he does not mean to repeat the offence. Under these circumstances I think it would be ungenerous — though I most strongly object to his proceeding — to put

him to any expence. And if you will tell him so from me, good-humouredly, I hope the matter may be considered as ended."

Very sorry to hear of Chapman and Hall's[†1] confusion.[†2]

I shall be at Tavistock House again, on Monday afternoon.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

May

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 1 MAY 1859

Text from N, III, 102.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday First May 1859

My Dear Sir,

I received your letter on Friday with great satisfaction, and thank you for the good report.

Tomorrow I return to town, and hope to find everything thriving, and in good train. I am sorry to hear from Mr. Wills, however, that there has been some complication and bewilderment among your agents.

It does not in the least matter, I think, what the Whitefriars people do. They will probably do somebody who furnishes capital, and we have the[†3]

To C. A. COLE,[†4] 1 MAY 1859

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, May 1925; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 1 May 59; addressed Cole.

Will you look to the proof,[†5] and return it me by the bearer. We are obliged to be considerably ahead, and I am now making up No. 8, for which I want it.

To CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNS,[†6] 1 MAY 1859

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday First May, 1859.

My Dear Hoskyns. — As it is quite clear to me that "Mr." has no business between us, I discard him.

— IX - 59 —

I have received your letter with the greatest interest and pleasure; I look forward to the receipt of the promised sheets,[†1] eagerly; and I believe that the whole philosophy of the subject lies in those remarkable words you use, touching the locked-up social evils underlying the whole fabric of the land in this country, and only unknown and uncured, because the land is its own legislator.[†2]

Tomorrow I return to town, and on Tuesday Evening, I shall be delighted to see you. But can you not dine with me, instead, at half past 6 on Wednesday? I will have no party. I suggest the change, because a long railway ride is a serious trial to an aching body, and also — I confess — because Dinner seems a more genial and comfortable engagement.

Will you write me, by return, a word in answer, to my house in London?

You make me laugh about the Whitefriars business. Indubitably, it is a bad business altogether — a sort of literary scuffle that requires Police dispersal. I find it very generally objected to. You will be glad to hear that in the Chancery matter, I have carried everything my own way.[†3]

Looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you, Believe me always
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Wren Hoskyns Esquire.

To OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, 2 MAY 59*

MS Royal Literary Fund.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Second May, 1859

My Dear Sir

I am reminded by an accidental circumstance, that I have inadvertently omitted to acknowledge the receipt of your last communication.[†4] Pray excuse my mistake, and let me inform you that I shall have the pleasure of waiting on the committee with Mr. Elwin, at the time proposed.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Octavian Blewitt Esquire.

To W. O. BARTLETT,[†1] 3 MAY 1859*

MS Columbia University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third May 1859

My Dear Sir

Your obliging letter has been forwarded to me here, in the country. I will send the MS to Mr. Bonner (to whom I write a line by this same post), *by the first Mail in next week.* I have written the story,[†2] and it is now in London. I will post it as a letter, considering that the safest course.

Allow me to acknowledge the safe receipt of the bill on Liverpool at one day's sight. I have forwarded it to my bankers in London, and beg you to accept my thanks.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. O. Bartlett Esquire

To ROBERT BONNER, [3 MAY 1859]

Mention in last.

To THOMAS BEARD, 3 MAY 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Vale | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Third May 1859

My Dear Beard

I enclose you Bulwer's answer, from which you will see that the place, unfortunately, is not in his gift. If you think well of writing to that Jackass Ld Malmesbury,[†3] let me suggest the letter. No harm could come of it at least, and I would make it — and could I think — terse, and unlike such applications generally. Can you come to me (at Tavistock House) tomorrow, say at half past one?

Ever and Ever

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 MAY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Evening Third May 1859

My Dear Wills.

All right.

I have corrected Yates's article[†1] carefully, and it really is very good. [†a]Morley's,[†2] so so. Also corrected.[†a]

Thornbury's[†3] is only this moment come in, and (not having yet read it), I cannot yet say whether it is good or no. I thought Mrs. Blacker's article[†4] so very good — the Nurse's story[†5] so exceedingly well done — that I considered it best to send it to the Printer's at once. I shall not have it for another hour. I will then decide between it and Thornbury's; selecting for this No. the better of the two.[†6] I have prepared Whitings for the uncertainty between them.

I send a few letters — thinking I may confuse you, if I answer them myself. Perhaps we had best see the Russian papers referred to in one of them.

I shall see you again tomorrow.

Be quite comfortable. All as right as possible.

Love to Mrs. Wills.[†7] | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE REV. ASHTON BURROW, 4 MAY 1859*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Wednesday Fourth May, 1859.

Dear Sir

I beg to let you know that I will send Sydney down by an early train tomorrow. Unfortunately, I cannot possibly leave town to bring him myself; but his eldest sister will bear him company, I have no doubt.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: Ashton Burrow.

To J. T. DELANE, [6 MAY 1859]

Mention in Mowbray Morris *to* CD, 9 May 59 (MS Morgan Library.).

Complaining of the refusal by The Times[†1] *to print his advertisement announcing the discontinuance of* Household Words.[†2]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, [7 MAY 1859]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 MAY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Seventh May 1859

My Dear Wills

Ouvry sent me up a note today, telling me that "Hodgson[†3] says" the title and the stock must be sold together.[†4] Also that "Hodgson says" we shall get no price, except at long bills.

From this it is clear that the business is going on.

I replied that the Title and the stock might be sold together; but that the sale

[†a]MUST BE FOR CASH[†a]

— which Ouvry himself, in his letter, strongly (and needlessly) advised.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 10 MAY 1859

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, p. 55.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday, May 10th, 1859.

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of your bill for...,[†1] and I beg you to accept my thanks.

The first monthly part of the *Tale of Two Cities* shall be forwarded to Messrs. Williams and Norgate[†2] in good time,[†3] and I will also send them the authority for the admission into England of the books you are so kind as to offer me.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 11 MAY 1859

Extract in McCutcheon catalogue, Apr 1926; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 11 May 59; addressed Edward Chapman.

My Dear Sir: Many thanks for the little Farm book,[†4] which is a very good one, and which I have read with much pleasure. I am not likely to go into that line, on my acres, for I never do anything (if I know it) that I don't understand

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, 11 MAY 1859

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON.
Wednesday Eleventh May, 1859.

My Dear Sir

I shall, unwillingly, be under the necessity of removing Alfred to Wimbledon,[†5] after the summer holidays.[†6] The gentleman who is to give him his

appointment,[†1] highly approves of his going there; and, as his elder brother Walter was prepared for his India Examination in the same place, I think it best to make that arrangement.

Harry[†2] will, of course, return to Boulogne.

The gallant Sydney is established at Southsea[†3] quite comfortably, and seems as much at home as if he had been born there.

With kind regard to Mr. Bewsher, in which my daughters and their aunt unite,

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. M. Gibson.

To CHARLES TALBOT,[†4] 12 MAY 1859*

MS Mr K.B. Rankin. *Address:* Mr. Charles Talbot | 174 Tooley Street | Borough | S.E.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twelfth May 1859

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Talbot, and begs to thank him for his obliging letter. Mr. Dickens has no desire, however, to pursue the subject to which it refers.[†5]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 14 MAY 1859*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Saturday Fourteenth May 1859

My Dear Wilkie

As the Household Words Sale is on Monday at One, I propose to dine that day, instead of Tuesday. I have asked the Smiths to dine with us (Arthur is to be the bidder at the Sale), and we will dine at Verey's in Regent Street[†6] at 5.

Ever
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 MAY 1859

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixteenth May 1859

My Dear Georgy.

I have bought Household Words and its stock, for £*3,550.*[†1]

The stock is worth, about £1600;[†2] leaving the price at about — at the very most — £2,000; consequently, as I only, in reality, pay a fourth,[†3] I have bought it for £500.[†4]

Tomorrow morning we advertize in all the papers, "that the last No. of Household Words will be published on the 28th. of May; after which time that publication will be merged into All the Year Round."[†5]

Joyce[†6] was the bidder for the Whitefriars Gang; and all the witnesses agree that Arthur covered himself with glory. He affected to relate anecdotes to the said Joyce and to Shirley Brooks,[†7] and to F Evans,[†8] and then bid — as it were, accidentally — to the great terror and confusion of all the room.

We had also arranged, at a previous consultation, that Fred[k]. Chapman should bid against him up to a certain point; the consequence of which[†9] feint, was, that Nobody could make out what Arthur was bidding for at all, or why he was there.

This note is to the dear girls of course — and to Plornish[†10] — who (I have no doubt) will be excited on the subject.

In great haste | Ever affecy

CD.

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 17 MAY 1859*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Seventeenth May 1859

My Dear Sir.

I have just put your curious article to press in No. 6 of this publication. I have taken the liberty of slightly condensing it here and there, and have called it "The Confessor's Hand Book".[†1]

It will give me great pleasure to have the account you suggest, of your Rosy Revolution,[†2] and to hear from you at all times and seasons.[†3]

Mr. Wills, my sub Editor, begs me to say that he will have the pleasure of remitting to you, through Coutts's, in his usual course of business next week.

With kindest regard to Mrs. Trollope, and with much esteem,

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Adolphus T Trollope Esquire

To EDMUND YATES, 19 MAY 1859*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Nineteenth May, 1859

My Dear Yates

I wish you would communicate with Mr. Sculthorpe,[†4] and tell him how exceedingly sorry I am that I cannot dine with him in that wonderful little Bower on Monday. But you know how very much occupied I am just now, and how few engagements of pleasure I make in consequence, and I assure you that I really

can *not* be so certain of myself on Monday as to feel justified in letting this pleasant appointment stand. I am at work on my own story, and am completely its slave, and must do it in its own time and way.

I would have written to Mr. Sculthorpe myself, but that I doubt whether "Honeysuckle Cottage" — or "Bachelor Flower Bed" — or "Ingenuity Cabin,

Telegraph Hill"[†1] — or the like — would find him. Do present me aright to him, and tell him that I hope to remind him of his hospitable intentions, when I shall be a little more free.[†2]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Yates Esquire.

To FRANK STONE, 20 MAY 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Private

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twentieth May, 1859

My Dear Stone.

To complete our conversation of yesterday, I send you in this line to let you know that after I saw you I sold "the stock" — not for £2,000 but for £*2,500*!

Ever affecy.
CD.

To LEONARD SIMPSON,[†3] 22 MAY 1859*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday Twenty Second May, 1859

My Dear Simpson

I take shame to myself for not having thanked you long ago, for your neat and capital discourse[†4] on our friend Brillat-Savarin.[†5] But I know I may trust to your old remembrances, to acquit me of any want of interest in any of your work and progress, and to understand that I *did* thank you and write to you — in the spirit.

I am presently going down to Gad's Hill for the summer; and I hope you will come to us from one Saturday to Monday in the fine July weather, and see [in][†6] what a pretty part of Kent the undersigned British Freeholder airs himself.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Leonard Simpson Esquire

To WILLIAM PEACOCK,[†1] 24 MAY 1859*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Fourth May 1859.

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for the enclosed, very cordially. And I can honestly assure you that I have never known my friend and favorite Mr. Tapley, to meet with a more genial or more delicate appreciation.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Peacock Esquire

To MISS SEWELL,[†2] 24 MAY 1859*

MS Bodleian Library.

Private

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Fourth May, 1859

Dear Madam

On receiving an application similar to the enclosed, from the husband — not the wife — I referred to the Rev. Mr. Hallward, clergyman at Shepherd's Bush,[†3] who gave me an excellent account of the case. Knowing no more of its merits myself, I must beg to refer you to the same gentleman.

I have some misgiving that these letters are growing very numerous, and that the writers find it a more profitable avocation to write them, than they had expected.[†4]

Without knowing for certainty what the gentleman's literary claims may be, I tend to the belief that they are not very strong. In reply to your question, I very much doubt the success of an advertisement of the case in The Times

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Sewell

To W. C. MACREADY, 25 MAY 1859*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth May 1859

My Dearest Macready.

We are all more interested and delighted in the prospect of seeing you so soon, than I could tell you, if I tried.

On Monday the 30th. at Six for a quarter past, we shall await you with open arms.

With love from all to you and your dear ones
Ever Your faithful and affectionate
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 26 MAY 1859*

MS New York University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Twenty Sixth May, 1859

My Dear Ouvry.

JERROLD[†1] Fund[†2]

I send you a letter and document enclosed. We, the trustees,[†3] see no objection to the proposed arrangement,[†4] if you see none. But I would rather hold no communication, myself, with the solicitor or anybody else. Will you kindly answer for me.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 28 MAY 1859*

MS New York University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty Eighth May 1859

Jerrold Fund.

My Dear Ouvry

No representations whatever were made to the Subscribers. Nothing was ever announced but that the Fund was raised "In remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold."

When it was completed, a "Committee" whose names had all along been announced as The Committee In Remembrance of Mr. Douglas Jerrold,[†5] met, and voted that the money should be handed to 3 Trustees, myself, Forster, and Arthur Smith, to invest for the benefit of Mrs. Jerrold and her daughter[†6] and the Survivor of them.

This is the whole business, and no deed of any kind was ever executed or thought of.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To THE REV. DR JOSEPH ANGUS,[†1] 30 MAY 1859*

MS Mr G. Last.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Thirtieth May, 1859

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Rev. Dr. Angus, and begs to say that he feels obliged to decline offering any suggestion to the gentleman who would have enriched the Literary Fund for the Service of Literature, as to any other bestowal of his munificence.

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD,[†2] 31 MAY 1859

Extract in Dodd Mead catalogue No. 69; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 31 May 59; addressed Hollingshead.

At all times I should be most ready and willing to make money matters easy to your convenience — to discuss with you on subjects that may arise in your mind — to make your work as certain, as useful, and as serviceable to you as it can be made. I hope my desire to render your connexion both profitable and

pleasant to you in all ways will, for the time at all events — so express itself as to serve in place of your proposed arrangement.[†3]

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 31 MAY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Thirty First May, 1859

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I enclose the autograph. It is a short one; but I am obliged to make them short, on principle.

You surprise me by supposing that there is ever latent, a defiant and roused expression in the undersigned Lamb! Apart from this singular delusion of yours, and wholly unaccountable departure from your usual accuracy in all things, your satisfaction with the portrait[†4] is a great pleasure to me. It has

received every conceivable pains at Frith's hands and ought — on his account — to be good. It is a little too much (to my thinking) as if my next door neighbour were my deadly foe, uninsured, and I had just received tidings of his house being a-fire; otherwise, very good.

I cannot tell you how delighted we should all be if you would come to Gad's Hill. You should see some charming woods and a rare old castle,[†1] and you should have such a snug room looking over a Kentish prospect, with every facility in it for pondering on the beauties of its master's beard! *Do* come — but you positively *must not* come and go on the same day.

We retreat there on Monday, and shall be there all the Summer.

My small boy[†2] is perfectly happy at Southsea, and likes the school very much. I had the finest letter two or three days ago, from another of my boys — Frank Jeffrey[†3] — at Hamburg. In this wonderful epistle, he says "Dear Papa, I write to tell you that I have given up all thoughts of being a Doctor. My conviction that I shall never get over my stammering, is the cause. All professions are barred against me. The only thing I should like to be, is a gentleman-farmer, either at the Cape, in Canada, or Australia. With my passage paid, £15, a horse, and a rifle, I could go two or three hundred miles up country, sow grain, buy cattle, and in time be very comfortable."

Considering the consequences of executing this little commission by the next steamer, I perceived that the first consequence of the £15 would be that he would be robbed of it — of the horse, that it would throw him — and of the rifle, that it would blow his head off. Which probabilities I took the liberty of mentioning, as being against the scheme.

With best love from all, Ever believe me My Dear Mrs. Watson.

Your faithful and affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN, 3 JUNE 1859*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday Third June 1859

My Dear Elwin

Dr. Smith[†4] — who I think has behaved admirably in this matter — sent me the enclosed letter for you last night, opened as you see it, with a request that I would read it. Which I have done.

It appears to me that as we have withdrawn the proposal,[†1] we can originate no further action in the matter.[†2] But IF[†3] the members of the Committee who voted for us would address a request to us in writing to make the proposal to a General Meeting, then I think we might do it with effect.[†4] What do you think? If you agree with me, perhaps you will send some such answer to Smith.

I have not yet mentioned this suggestion to Forster. Nor am I by any means sure that it is even worth while to pursue it at all. For I do *not* believe that a General Meeting would vote with us.[†5] But I suppose we must in any case take some steps to bring Forster off with flying colors?

He was here yesterday morning, smoking all over his head, and fuming exactly like a steamboat ready to start. He had ideas of our writing to the Times; and various rampant carriages and six were jostling each other in his mind. It was impossible to wonder at the dear fellow's being rendered very angry by a sense of his infamous treatment; but I felt that the only safe course was, to put everything by for a while. This I accordingly did, under various pretences — and I dare say he thought me a cold-blooded Villain for doing it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN JAFFRAY,[†6] 3 JUNE 1859*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Third June 1859

My Dear Sir

I am sorry that I must decline to prefer your request to Mr. Forster.[†7] But I have less right to do so than anybody else, because I happen to have lately heard from Mr. Forster himself of the great inconvenience that ensued upon the long

detention of the picture by the engraver,[†1] and of his determination not to part with it from its place again.[†2] Whether he may be induced to change that determination, I can not say, but I certainly should not feel justified in asking him to do so.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Jaffray Esquire

To DR WILLIAM SMITH, [3 JUNE 1859]

Mention in next. *Date:* as next.

To DR WILLIAM SMITH, 3 JUNE 1859*

MS Mr Jim Walsh.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Third June 1859.

My Dear Dr. Smith

I have written to you by post this morning.[†3]

Pray do not think of troubling yourself to call to day. As soon as we both hear from Elwin we can take further counsel together.

When Elwin comes to town again, he is coming down to see me at Gad's Hill. I hope it is not quite out of the bounds of probability that you may be able to spare a day to meet him there, and to talk over these things in Cobham Woods.

I go on Monday. My summer address is:

Gad's Hill Place
Higham
by
Rochester

But I shall be constantly backwards and forwards at All The Year Round Office, and any letter from you addressed to me there, will be sure to come straight to me.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WHITE,[†1] 5 JUNE 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 94.

Tavistock House, | Sunday, June 5th, 1859.

My Dear Mrs. White,

I do not write to you this morning because I have anything to say — I well know where your consolation is set, and to what beneficent figure your thoughts are raised — but simply because you are so much in my mind that it is a relief to send you and dear White[†2] my love. You are always in our hearts and on our lips. May the great God comfort you! You know that Mary and Katie are coming on Thursday. They will bring dear Lotty what she little needs with you by her side — love; and I hope their company will interest and please her. There is nothing that they, or any of us, would not do for her. She is a part of us all, and has belonged to us, as well as to you, these many years.[†3]

Ever your affectionate and faithful
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR BENJAMIN HAWES,[†4] 6 JUNE 1859

Text from N, III, 105.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, Sixth June, 1859

My Dear Sir Benjamin,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind letter. You shall see a proof of the paper[†5] by all means, and I readily give you a pledge to that effect. I would not, however unconsciously, compromise the country's active preparations for defence in any way, for any consideration.

Will you be so good as to let me have the credentials towards a good reception at Woolwich for Mr. Charles Collins[†1] on my behalf.[†2] Mr. Collins is a gentleman (a son of the famous painter),[†3] and in all things to be trusted.

Will you also be so kind as to let me have, as a loan, the official paper to which you refer? I will endeavour to turn all your friendly assistance to the best account.

Believe me always | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To B. W. PROCTER, 6 JUNE 1859*

MS University of Kentucky.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixth June 1859

My Dear Procter

What shall I say to the enclosed? He is a good composer of songs, and a respectable man.[†4]

Affecy. Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 6 JUNE 1859*

MS Manchester Central Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixth June 1859

Dear Sir

In expressing my regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed verses, I beg you to understand that I by no means imply that I think them without merit. But it happens that the subject has been frequently touched in Household Words, and also that I have in type, at this moment, a prose paper sounding the same string.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN H. BALL,[†1] [9] JUNE 1859

Text from W.R. Hughes, *A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land*, 1891, p. 227. *Date:* Misdated by CD; Thursday was 9 June.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday, eighth June, 1859

Sir,

I feel exceedingly obliged to you for your kind and considerate offer of a remembrance of old Rochester Bridge; that will interest me very much. I accept the relic[†2] with many thanks, and with great pleasure.

Do me the favor to let it be delivered to a workman who will receive instructions to bring it away, and once again accept my acknowledgments.

Yours faithfully

Mr. John H. Ball.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 JUNE 1859

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Twelfth June 1859

My Dear Wilkie.

I really am exceedingly sorry to find that you have been so unwell again. Let us talk the Malvern matter well over, here. My experience of that treatment[†3] induces me to hold that it is wonderfully efficacious *where there is great constitutional vitality.* Where there is not, I think it may be a little questionable.

Whenever you decide to come, your room will be ready for you, and you will give us (as you know you always do), great pleasure. Our Chauncy,[†4] I think, will come down on Wednesday. So shall I — at 20 minutes past 2.

Wills and I will dine with you (since you propoge it), tomorrow. Shall we say *halfpast five* sharp.

The "cold" is pretty much in the old stage. So I have made up my mind to think no more of it, and to go (in a general way) the way of all flesh.[†5]

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [13] JUNE 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 95. *Date:* Monday was 13 June.

GAD'S HILL, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Monday, June 11th, 1859.

My Dearest Mamie,

On Saturday night I found, very much to my surprise and pleasure, the photograph on my table at Tavistock House. It is not a very pleasant or cheerful presentation of my daughters; but it is wonderfully like for all that, and in some details remarkably good. When I came home here yesterday I tried it in the large Townshend stereoscope,[†1] in which it shows to great advantage. It is in the little stereoscope at present on the drawing-room table. One of the balustrades of the destroyed old Rochester bridge has been (very nicely) presented to me by the contractor for the works, and has been duly stonemasoned and set up on the lawn behind the house. I have ordered a sun-dial for the top of it, and it will be a very good object

indeed. The Plorn is highly excited to-day by reason of an institution which he tells me (after questioning George) is called the "Cobb, or Bodderin,"[†2] holding a festival at The Falstaff.[†3] He is possessed of some vague information that they go to Higham Church, in pursuance of some old usage, and attend service there, and afterwards march round the village. It so far looks probable that they certainly started off at eleven very spare in numbers, and came back considerably recruited, which looks to me like the difference between going to church and coming to dinner. They bore no end of bright banners and broad sashes, and had a band with a terrific drum, and are now (at half-past two) dining at The Falstaff, partly in the side room on the ground-floor, and partly in a tent improvised this morning. The drum is hung up to a tree in The Falstaff garden, and looks like a tropical sort of gourd. I have presented the band with five shillings, which munificence has been highly appreciated. Ices don't seem to be provided for the ladies in the gallery — I mean the garden; they are prowling about there, endeavouring to peep in at the beef and mutton through the holes in the tent, on the whole, in a debased and degraded manner.

Turk somehow cut his foot in Cobham Lanes yesterday, and Linda hers.[†4] They are both lame, and looking at each other. Fancy Mr. Townshend not intending to go for another three weeks, and designing to come down here for a few days — with Henri[†5] and Bully — on Wednesday! I wish you could have seen him alone with me on Saturday; he was so extraordinarily earnest and affectionate on my belongings and affairs in general, and not least of all on you and

Katie, that he cried in a most pathetic manner, and was so affected that I was obliged to leave him among the flowerpots in the long passage at the end of the dining-room. It was a very good piece of truthfulness and sincerity, especially in one of his years, able to take life so easily.

Mr. and Mrs. Wills are here now (but I daresay you know it from your aunt), and return to town with me tomorrow morning. We are now going on to the castle. Mrs. Wills was very droll last night, and told me some good stories. My dear, I wish particularly to impress upon you and dear Katie (to whom I send my other best love), that I hope your stay will not be very long.[†1] I don't think it very good for either of you, though of course I know that Lotty will be, and must be, and should be the first consideration with you both. I am very anxious to know how you found her and how you are yourself.

Best love to dear Lotty and Mrs. White. The same to Mr. White and Clara.[†2] We are always talking about you all.

Ever, dearest Mamie, your affectionate Father,

[CD]

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 JUNE 1859]

Extract in F, VII, v, 672. *Date:* July 1859, according to Forster; but the date he received repayment from *AYR* (see below) makes 16 June virtually certain.

A word before I go back to Gadshill, which I know you will be glad to receive. So well has *All the Year Round* gone that it was yesterday able to repay me, with five per cent interest, all the money I advanced for its establishment (paper, print & all paid, down to the last number), and yet to leave a good £500 balance at the banker's![†3]

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 17 JUNE 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Seventeenth June 1859

My Dear Sir

I assure you that I regret my not being able in any reason to comply with your request.[†4] But I have strong grounds against it, and must reluctantly decline.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN, 17 JUNE 1859*

MS Henry Sotheran Ltd.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Seventeenth June 1859

My Dear Elwin

It is mortifying to know that you cannot stay here over Sunday, but I need not say that I shall be delighted to see you tomorrow, and can stow you away with perfect ease.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Ask Forster what he thinks of PETER[†1] having turned up here on Wednesday, and dined here! —

To HENRY KOLLE,[†2] 18 JUNE 1859*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighteenth June 1859

My Dear Kolle

It is an extremely difficult thing, to pronounce on the qualifications of any writer — or anyone aspiring to be a writer — with only one youthful composition to guide the judgment. I have read Joan of Arc attentively, and all I can do, is, to tell you faithfully what impression it has left upon me.

A facility of versification is certainly to be observed in it, though it has many very weak and lame lines. But it seems to me to stop at turning prose into rhyme — and I don't see much good in that. When I

say this, I mean that I do not find the writer to *see* the story poetically, or to place any scene in it, vividly, through the aid of a bright and picturesque imagination, before the reader. After laying the piece down, I do not remember any thought in it, any fancy, any image, any little touch of description, that gives me the least notion connected with the story of which I was not already possessed. I do not believe that the way to success, recompense, or happiness in composition, lies through such a portal. And unless the writer can do much better, my advice to her, is, to leave it alone.

But she may be able to do better, and considered as an amateur, lady-composition this is very good. I understand you, however, to wish to know whether this [is][†3] something beyond such a composition? I think not.

In remembrance of the old days to which you so feelingly refer in your note and which are no less dear to me, do not hesitate to write to me again on this

subject, if you should see reason for doing so.[†1] And pray assure your daughter[†2] that I am *not* a DRAGON.[†3] but that I tell her the truth, as her father's old friend should.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Kolle Esquire

To THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD, 20 JUNE 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Twentieth June 1859.

My Dear Mr. Brookfield

I have been always "going" to answer the kind letter you wrote me after you were so good an audience at St. Martin's Hall.[†4] Better late than never. Let me thank you for it now.

You cannot feel the fragmentary nature of a broken reading without a continuous story,[†5] more than I do. I detest it. But the Public always like it, occasionally, and therefore I give it them.

When you suggest Copperfield, you make a dash into my own thoughts. Last year, I began to sketch out a Reading, which should include the whole story of Mr. Peggotty and his niece, with some scenes of the Dora marriage by way of relief. Necessarily having a great deal too much in the first instance, I have never yet completed the design. But I hope to do so, and to see your face when I execute it.[†6]

If I had not been busily writing and editing, I should have asked you to come and hear Little Dombey[†7] before now. When I do find time to read again, I shall remind you of the desire you once had to make his acquaintance.

My "two young ladies" are at Bonchurch on the sad mission of cheering a dying young friend.[†8] When they come back, I shall propound to them the idea of their trying their influence with Mrs. Brookfield to induce her and you to come and see us here.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PROFESSOR C. C. FELTON, 20 JUNE 1859*

MS Mr Philo Calhoun.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twentieth June 1859

My Dear Felton.

I have delayed answering your interesting and affectionate letter of last March, in the hope that I might have something positive and certain to tell you, in reference to the idea of my reading in America. But I have no certainty on the subject yet. It rather appeared to me that the Agent[†1] who came over, was not prepared with the details, and (perhaps) not prepared with money. Both were important; the last, particularly so, as I could not enter on such a design in any reason, without having a large sum paid down here. However, I proposed terms to him, and gave him until the middle of July to consider them. If he should prove able to carry them out, I shall be bound to come in the Autumn.[†2] If he should not (which I most expect), I shall remain at my work in London. My dear fellow, I could never do so pleasant a thing as stay with you if I were to come to Boston. I should necessarily have some one with me whom I could not decently leave,[†3] and I should have no social relief during the whole term of my stay — for the work would be tremendous.

You will be glad, I know, to learn that All The Year Round is an amazing success.[†4] It has left the circulation of old Household Words in remote distance, and flourishes amazingly. My story too, has taken a great hold, and strikes deeper every week.[†5] The Forsters have been on a visit here since Saturday, and have just gone up to London. If Forster knew me to be writing to you, he would send you his love.

I had an agreeable surprise the other day in the receipt of a letter from Hillard,[†6] forwarded to me by Mr. Fields who is now at Liverpool, but shortly to be in London.[†7] The next piece of small news that comes into my mind, is, that Macready dined with us about three weeks ago, in excellent spirits, and looking wonderfully well. He spoke (as he always does, whenever I see him) of you. The next piece of news, is, that my girls are very pretty, and keep house here in great state. The last, that Georgina is, as always, their guide and friend and companion, and sends you her love.

Your letter gives me good hope that you are at last shaking off that poisonous influence,[†1] and that we shall yet come round to joviality and Oysters. In that former state of existence when we drank all the beer that was aboard of a packet, I little thought I should ever cross the Atlantic again. Now, I begin to have hope that I *may* by possibility enjoy the great sensation of reading the Christmas Carol to American listeners.

God bless you | Ever Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To HOMER G. PLANTZ,[†2] 20 JUNE 1859

MS Mr Melville P. Liverance.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twentieth June 1859

My Dear Sir

I received a letter from you two months ago, which the quiet of my little country house here reproaches me for having never answered.

Believe me, that letter gave me true gratification of heart.[†3] I thank you for it earnestly, and shall not readily forget a word of it.

With all good wishes, | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Homer G. Plantz Esquire

To RICHARD BENTLEY, 23 JUNE 1859*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Third June 1859.

My Dear Sir

Believe me, it is not a question of money with me. I cannot entertain your proposal, because I wish — for other than pecuniary reasons — to have those papers collected and re-published, by myself only, and at my own time.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To JAMES T. FIELDS, 23 JUNE 1859*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Third June 1859.

My Dear Sir

I shall be in town on Tuesday, and will do myself the pleasure of calling on you before 12 that morning, that I may incur the less risk of keeping you at home.[†1] I shall hope to persuade you to come and dine with us in the country here, and I shall convey a similar entreaty to Mrs. Fields[†2] from my daughters.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James T Fields Esquire

To LEIGH HUNT,[†4] 23 JUNE 1859

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Third June 1859

My Dear Leigh Hunt.

Believe me, I have not forgotten that matter; nor will I forget it.[†5] To alter the book itself, or to make any reference in the preface of the book itself, would be to revive a forgotten absurdity, and to establish the very association that is to be denied and discarded.

In the matter of the smitten cheek, I hold you to be thoroughly right in principle. But be sure that you do not give importance to what is worthless and insignificant, or drag any obscure person or thing into your own light. That is always the risk when a man of your mark honors Grub Street with a look.

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 23 JUNE 1859

MS Mr Christopher Dickens.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Third June 1859

My Dear Ouvry.

I have gone through the Draft agreement,[†1] and have made some alterations in it, which perhaps you will explain to Wills.[†2]

Clause 3, I have made a little plainer, in the expression of *my delegating* the general management to Wills. I have also struck out a part of it that seems to me quite unnecessary.

Clause 9, as it stands, is not at all my intention. I propose that Wills shall not sell his share or any part of it, without offering it to me; but as to my own share in the property, I must reserve to myself the absolute controul over it, and the absolute right to do whatever I please with it or with any part of it.

Clause 10, I take to be altogether unnecessary.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To F. C. BEARD, 25 JUNE 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Wait Answer | F Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Fifth June 1859

My Dear Frank Beard

[†a]My bachelor state has engendered a small malady[†3] on which[†a] I want to see you. I am at Gad's Hill for the summer, but have come up this morning on purpose. Will you let me know at what time to day it will be convenient to you to call here, and also at what time you leave home; so that IF[†4] the former should be incompatible with my train, I may come up to you at once.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY ANN JERROLD, 26 JUNE 1859*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Sixth June 1859

My Dear Miss Jerrold

I have been away, and hence a delay has arisen between your writing and my receiving your note.

Believe me, I am really at heart distressed by what you say of the uneasiness you have to bear. God knows I would relieve it, if I could; and that my only desire in this matter, is, to do what I am certain your dear father would have asked me to do, if he could have spoken on your behalf.[†1]

Pray tell me, for my information and that of the friends associated with me,[†2] what you yourself desire — and whether you know what the Deed was, which you signed on the 9th. of July 1857[†3] — and whether you feel or do not feel your claim on this money to be superior to any other human being's.[†4] Answer me unreservedly; you may trust me.

My daughters and their Aunt send their kindest remembrance, and I am Ever

Dear Miss Jerrold | Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Jerrold.

To F. D. FINLAY,[†5] 28 JUNE 1859

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Eighth June 1859

My Dear Mr. Finlay

I hear you are in town. Can you not give me the pleasure of seeing you here? Any day will suit me; any night, I can give you a bedroom. My station is Higham, on the North Kent Railway from London Bridge. You shall be triumphantly fetched from said station, in THE[†6] car,[†7] if you will write a line beforehand.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

F. Finlay Esquire.

To THOMAS CARLYLE, [30 JUNE] 1859*

MS Free Library of Philadelpia. *Date:* misdated by CD, as are next two letters. Thurs was 30 June.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday First July 1859

My Dear Carlyle.

My daughter Mary has written a note to Mrs. Carlyle this morning, to which I pray you seriously to incline your ear. You have no idea what a good place for working in, this is; — no Cochin Chinese[†1] — no fraudulent or incompetent builders — only Pan with his pipes (of tobacco) and the Nymphs.

Ever My Dear Carlyle | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To F. D. FINLAY, [30 JUNE] 1859

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* misdated by CD.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday First July, 1859

My Dear Mr. Finlay

There is a very good train (considering that it runs on the worst Railway in England) which leaves the London Bridge Station of the North Kent, at 3..40 in the afternoon. This will bring you to Higham at 10 minutes before 5. You will observe the great national vehicle at the Higham platform, opening its arms to receive you.

I have a fancy — or a remembrance — that you told me you knew Edmund Yates.[†2] I have not seen him for a long time, and he writes me that he is coming down tomorrow. Perhaps you may find him in your train.

I assure you it gives me real pleasure to think that you will not go back to Belfast, without having given me an opportunity of shaking hands with you.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Francis. D. Finlay Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, [30 JUNE] 1859

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday First July 1859.

My Dear Wills.

Very funny indeed, about the Amiable Mr. Joyce. What fools they[†3] are: As if a Mole[†4] couldn't see that their only chance was in a careful separation of

themselves from the faintest approach or assimilation to All The Year Round! — [†1]

I am very much relieved by finding that you had Parts enough yesterday. Shall I still write that note to Chapman and Hall? — Or, issue solemnly friendly summons to council at the office next Tuesday?

Whitings have made a mistake this morning, for which I dare say I am myself mainly responsible, through having used the word "Proofs", instead of "Revises".

They have sent me my own soiled and cut-about Proofs of chapters X, XI, XII, and XIII.[†2] What I wanted, was, *fair revises of those chapters.*[†3] Will you send round for them, and then post them [†a]to Miss Ellen Ternan, 2 Houghton Place, Ampthill Square, N.W.[†a]

I don't think I am any better today. I am rather disposed to feel it in my general health, and am languid and short of starch. Original complaint, much where it was.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S. I once asked you, or thought of asking you (I cannot recollect which), if you would let the house agent know that I would now let Tavistock House, for not less than 4 months or more than 12?[†1] Also that the Stanfield room has been done since he saw it? Also that the house is generally dismantled for the preservation of the furniture, but that he himself knows what its normal state is.

Have you ever done so? If not, will you give him a call when near?

July

To F. C. BEARD, [1] JULY 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street. *Date:* misdated by CD; Friday was 1 July.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Second July 1859

My Dear Frank Beard

Will you call upon me here today, after you leave home? I shall expect you between 1 and 2, but, anyway, will wait until you come. What I principally want to know is, whether your medicine irritates my skin.[†2] In other respects, I hope I am certainly better.

Don't trouble yourself to write.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER CUNNINGHAM, 4 JULY 1859*

MS Mr Edward Caulfield.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourth July 1859

My Dear Cunningham

I have been playing at Bo Peep with your letter, in some extraordinary manner.

Accept my best thanks for the case.[†3] It shall not go out of an Author's hands and family, and I shall not forget from whom — and with what kind words — I had it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Peter Cunningham Esquire

To CHARLES BARBER,[†1] 7 JULY 1859*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Seventh July, 1859
Dear Sir

I cannot possibly return a satisfactory answer to your letter, at present, nor can I by any means empower you to make any announcement of me in your regular course:[†2] — for the simple reason that I am exceedingly uncertain on the subject of my Autumnal movements, and have pledged myself to remain so for a certain definite time. All I can now say, is, that I have made a memorandum of your request, and that I have every desire and disposition to comply with it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Charles Barber.

To ROBERT BONNER, 7 JULY 1859*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

Private

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Seventh July, 1859

My Dear Sir

I beg to enclose you the proof of my story,[†3] corrected. I think it quite unnecessary that you should take the trouble of sending me a revise, as it is printed with remarkable accuracy. I have divided it into five sections, feeling that the effect is heightened thereby.

It gives me great pleasure to receive your letter of the Twenty First of last month.[†4] I read the story to one or two friends here, at the time of its completion, and I found that it took strong possession of them.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Bonner Esquire

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 7 JULY 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 97.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Thursday, July 7th, 1859.

My Dear White,

I send my heartiest and most affectionate love to Mrs. White and you, and to Clara. You know all that I could add; you have felt it all; let it be unspoken and unwritten — it is expressed within us.[†1]

Do you not think that you could all three come here, and stay with us? You and Mrs. White should have your own large room and your own ways, and should be among us when you felt disposed, and never otherwise. I do hope you would find peace here. Can it not be done?

We have talked very much about it among ourselves, and the girls are strong upon it. Think of it — do!

Ever your affectionate
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 8 JULY 1859

Mention in *United States Cumulative Book Auction Records 1950-1; MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 8 July 59.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 JULY 1859

Text from N, III, 110.

Cripple's Arms,[†2]
GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighth July 1859

My Dear Wills

A line — to say that I got your letter this morning, and that Wilkie and I have been much delighted by your account of Meredith's[†3] Poem.[†4] It is too hot to do much, but I am at work, and see the story[†5] in a wonderful glass.[†6]

Ever faithfully

[CD]

To JAMES T. FIELDS, 9 JULY 1859†

MS New York Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Ninth July, 1859

My Dear Mr. Fields[†1]

My daughter Mary wishing me to send the enclosed note to Mrs. Fields (who, we hope, is better), I add a word of my own in doing so.

— Only to say that I, too, heartily enjoyed our day, and shall long remember it.[†2] Also that I have been perpetually repeating the [†a]Gerald Massey[†a] experience (of a more tremendous sort in the way of ghastly comicality, experience there is none) on the grass, on my back.[†3] Also, that I have not forgotten Cobbett.[†4] Also, that I shall trouble you at greater length when the mysterious Oracle, Evans of New York, pronounces.

Wilkie Collins begs me to report that he declines pale horse, and all other horse, exercise — and all exercise, except eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping — in the Dog days.

With united kind regard | Believe me always | Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 JULY 1859]

Extracts in F, VIII, v, 678 and F, IX, ii, 730. *Date:* both extracts 9 July, according to Forster.

I am now getting the *Tale of Two Cities* into that state that IF I should decide to go to America late in September, I could turn to, at any time, and write on with great vigour. Mr. Fields has been down here for a day, and with the strongest intensity urges that there is no drawback, no commercial excitement or crisis, no political agitation; and that so favourable an opportunity, in all respects, might not occur again for years and years. I should be one of the most unhappy

of men if I were to go, and yet I cannot help being much stirred and influenced by the golden prospect held before me.[†1]

I have been getting on in health very slowly and through irksome botheration enough. But I think I am round the corner. This cause — and the heat — has tended to my doing no more than hold my ground, my old month's advance, with the *Tale of Two Cities.* The small portions thereof, drive me frantic; but I think the tale must have taken a strong hold. The run upon our monthly parts is surprising, and last month we sold 35,000 back numbers. A note I have had from Carlyle about it has given me especial pleasure.

To GEORGE ELIOT, 10 JULY 1859

MS Princeton University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Tenth July, 1859

My Dear Madam.

I have received your letter[†2] here this morning, with the greatest interest and pleasure. It is unnecessary for me to add, that I have received it in confidence.

Believe me, when I wrote to you on the subject of the Scenes of Clerical Life,[†3] I did nothing but relieve my mind, very inadequately, of the strong feelings of admiration with which you had filled it. Wherever I went, I said the same things. It was a rare and genuine delight to me, to become acquainted in the spirit with so noble a writer; and it would have been hardly less difficult to me, to repress myself for good and all, than to repress my admiration of such genius.

This opportunity of writing to you, relieves me from a difficulty in which I have felt myself to be placed ever since you sent me Adam Bede,[†4] and for my extrication from which, I have always trusted to the result that has come — for I have always had the vanity to believe that I should one day hear from you as a real individual woman.

I had no means of acknowledging the receipt of that book, but through Blackwood, and knowing at that time what changes I was going to make in

my publishing arrangements, I had a great delicacy in suggesting to the Scotch-Publishing-Mind, through any after-splicing of this and that together, that I had been waylaying you! Confident that you could not doubt my enthusiasm after I had read the book, I therefore resolved not to write to George Elliot,[†1] but to wait until I could write to you in person, whoever you might be.

Adam Bede has taken its place among the actual experiences and endurances of my life. Every high quality that was in the former book, is in that, with a World of Power added thereunto. The conception of Hetty's character is so extraordinarily subtle and true, that I laid the book down fifty times, to shut my eyes and think about it. I know nothing so skilful, determined, and uncompromising. The whole country life that

the story is set in, is so real, and so droll and genuine, and yet so selected and polished by Art, that I cannot praise it enough to you. And that part of the book which follow's Hetty's trial (and which I have observed to be not as widely understood as the rest), affected me far more than any other, and exalted my sympathy with the writer to its utmost height. You must not suppose that I am writing this to *you.* I have been saying it over and over again, here and elsewhere, until I feel in a ludicrously apologetic state for repeating myself on this paper.[†2]

I cannot close this note without touching on two heads. Firstly (Blackwood not now being the medium of communication), if you should ever have the freedom and inclination to be a fellow labourer with me, it would yield me a pleasure that I have never known yet and can never know otherwise; and no channel that even you could command, should be so profitable as to yourself. Secondly, I hope you will let me come to see you when we are all in or near London again, and tell you — as a curiosity — my reasons for the faith that was in me that you were a woman, and for the absolute and never-doubting confidence with which I have waved all men away from Adam Bede, and nailed my colors to the Mast, with "Eve" upon them.[†3]

A word of remembrance and regard to Lewes[†4] — and of congratulation — that I know he will feel and understand as I do.

My Dear Madam | Your faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY ANN JERROLD, 14 JULY 1859*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fourteenth July, 1859

My Dear Miss Jerrold

After considering the matter, I think I cannot do better than send you a letter I have had from my Solicitor on the painful subject of our correspondence.[†1] Of course I must abide by his advice.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 17 JULY 1859

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Seventeenth July, 1859

My Dear Wilkie.

My plans are not defined, but I *think* I shall stay in London Tuesday night. That is no reason, however, for your frying in the Metropolis of the world, the Emporium of Commerce, and free home of the Slave. Therefore, I shall leave word here, that the Basket is to meet you at the Higham Station, by the train *which leaves London at 9 on Tuesday Evening.*

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To [J. M. EMERSON & CO],[†2] 17 JULY 1859

Mention in John Schroder Spring catalogue (?1953); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 17 July 59.

Regarding the sale of All the Year Round *Monthly Numbers, and referring to the expenses.*

To NATHANIEL POWELL,[†1] [18 JULY 1859]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* letter endorsed "Enclosed | £2 — | 18 July 1859" (top of page torn off, removing address and date).

My dear Sir

The half year's account for the Front Court gardening is:

		£	s	D
		2..	5..	6
For the Front enclosure		3..	15..	0
Making a Total of	£	6..	0..	6

which, divided by three, leaves us £2..0..0 each to pay.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Nathaniel Powell Esquire

To [THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE],[†2] 19 JULY 1859

MS Doheny Memorial Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Nineteenth July 1859

My Dear Sir

I beg to enclose you a cheque (you will observe that as it is payable to your order, you will have to endorse it on the back), for the articles I have had the pleasure of publishing in these pages. Circumstances

rendered it necessary to shorten the Revolution paper;[†3] but I hope you will do me the favor to understand that its condensation was an unavoidable necessity, not in the least agreeable to me.

It will give me the greatest pleasure to receive any other contributions from you. They cannot well be too numerous, and they are most acceptable. May I hope that you will bear this assurance in mind?[†4]

I cannot close this short note, without thanking you for the Decade of Italian Women.[†5] I have just now been reading it with attention, in the country, and I have been *charmed* with it. It strikes me as a very remarkable work, in its combination of knowledge, picturesqueness, plain speaking about that wicked old Babylonian woman of ill fame,[†6] and union of a genuine spirit of romance

with real philosophical wisdom. You must excuse my venturing to say this, remembering that my head and heart are at this present writing really full of the book.

Believe me always | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES T. FIELDS, 20 JULY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Morning Twentieth July, 1859

My Dear Sir

As I have not yet heard from Mr. Evans of New York, I begin to think it likely (or rather, I begin to think it more likely than I thought it before) that he has not backers good and sufficient, and that his "Mission" will go off. It is possible that I may hear from him before the month is out, and I shall not make any Reading arrangements until it has come to a close — but I do not regard it as being very probable that the said Evans will appear satisfactorily, either in the flesh or the spirit.[†1]

Now, considering that it would be August before I could move in the matter — that it would be indispensably necessary to choose some business connexion and have some business arrangements made in America — and that I am inclined to think it would not be easy to originate and complete all the necessary preparations for beginning in October, I want your kind advice on the following points.
1. — Suppose I postponed the idea for a year.
2. — Suppose I postponed it until after Christimas
3. — Suppose I sent some trusty person out to America *now*, to negociate with some sound responsible, trustworthy man of business in New York, accustomed to public undertakings of such a nature: my negociator being fully empowered to conclude any arrangements with him that might appear, on consultation, best:—

Have you any idea of any such person to whom you could recommend me?

Or

of any such agent here?
I only want to see my way distinctly, and to have it prepared before me, out in the States. Now, I will make no apology for troubling you, because I thoroughly rely on your interest and kindness.

I am at Gad's Hill, except on Tuesdays, and the greater part of Wednesdays.
With kind regard to Mrs. Fields | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. E. WALKER,[†1] 20 JULY 1859

Text from *The Critic*, 5 Nov 1859.

Thursday, 20th. July 1859.

Dear Sir.

In reply to your letter, I have great pleasure in assuring you that the framed address in Mr. Frith's portrait is the address presented to me by my Birmingham friends, and to which you refer.[†2] It has stood at my elbow in that one place ever since I received it; and please God it will remain at my side as long as I live and work.[†3]

Dear Sir, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 23 JULY 1859*

MS Princeton University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Third July, 1859

My Dear Mrs. Fonblanque

Behold us here until the winter, and never by any chance going out in town! If it were otherwise, we should have been really and sincerely pleased to come to you. But I am hard at work, — and dragged the "pretty daughters" out of hot rooms, along with myself — and we get up when you go to bed, and live (figuratively) upon roots and water.[†4]

They and their aunt unite with me in kind regard. My love to Fonblanque, and Believe me
always Yours faithfully | And (as to you) unluckily
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 23 JULY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Third July, 1859

My Dear Wills.

First, as to the agreement:[†1] — I have had a letter from Ouvry, in which he said that Hobhouse[†2] did not see the possibility of making you Sub Editor in any other way.[†3] I told him that as he knew what was meant, he had best explain his difficulties to you — which he seems not to have done.

If the other points about your share and salary, are really as you take them to be, they are wrong, of course. But as to the Title, I must be quite positive and immoveable, and place myself at once beyond the possibility of mistake with you. My design is, and always has been (I have purchased the experience on which I formed it, rather dear) that if I choose to abolish the thing it is abolished, and that the Title is *mine*. Nothing would induce me to depart from this.

In the matter of petitioning the Court,[†4] I quite understood what you had done, but was alarmed by Ouvry's having given them to understand that we had any idea of doing such a thing.

As to Evans[†5] — I have some reason to believe that what he reports in reference to Harper's is quite true.[†6] I do not think it at all discouraging or surprising, but I believe it to be true.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To SAMUEL ALLIBONE, 26 JULY 1859

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Sixth July 1859.

Dear Sir

The impression that I duly acknowledged the receipt of the book[†1] you had the kindness to send me, is so very strong upon my mind, that I think a letter I addressed to you must have miscarried. I am pained to find from your letter dated the Twenty Seventh of last month, that — in any case — you do not know how highly I esteem the first volume of your excellent Dictionary, and with what pleasure I received that mark of your remembrance. Pray receive the assurance from me, now, that I consider your labor a very important and valuable one and that I send you many thanks.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Austone[†2] Allibone Esquire

To F. C. BEARD, 29 JULY 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Frank Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Ninth July, 1859.

My Dear Frank Beard

I am very little better — really very little. But I have stuck steadily to both branches of the prescription, and will do so until I see you on Tuesday. They should have a fair trial, and they may by that time be more efficacious than I have yet found them. Therefore I think it best, on the whole, not to come to town before my regular day.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Beard Esquire

To E. T. TURNERELLI,[†1] 30 JULY 1859*

MS New York Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Thirtieth July, 1859

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your Ghost Story,[†2] and beg you to accept my cordial thanks for it and for your welcome note.

It is with great diffidence that I express an opinion on the tale; and I do so, solely because you ask me. While it is very agreeably told, I am bound to admit that I do not find it very new, either in the conception or the execution, and that I think the manner too long for the matter.[†3] I consider it, when I form this judgment, as a story published and addressed to the general public; — not as an amateur fancy for the entertainment of personal friends. In the former case, it is hardly necessary to remark, much more is required of a story than in the latter.

As a point of Art, it appears to me that you pass the culminating incident in association with your Ghost — which is surely the playing on the guitar — too soon[†4] and that it is consequently very difficult to hold the reader's attention to the letters.[†5]

All this is simply the exact truth of my own impressions derived from the reading of the little book. I make no claim whatever to infallibility, but I can vouch for myself as being pretty easily interested.

Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

E. T. Turnerelli Esquire

August

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 AUGUST 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Second August 1859

My Dear Beard

All right. You will be expected. But pray let us know your Train, in order that the basket may meet you.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD,[†1] 2 AUGUST 1859

MS Dickens House[aa] and N, III, 114[bb].

[a]OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Second August 1859

My Dear Mr. Fitzgerald.

I am heartily obliged for your letter. I had previously seen it,[†2] and felt very thankful to the writer.

Of the extraordinarily coarse and unreasonable attacks I have seen on myself personally — so easily elicited by an innocently-meant article,[†3] in which I saw no harm when I read it in proof, and the desperate offence of which I do not even now understand — I will only remark that they have amazed me for life.[†4] The English language is really new to me, in such an association.

Many thanks for what you offer, concerning the French Revolution. But I am at present afraid to look at those matters of interest; they might tempt me out of my story; and I have its track before me and am especially anxious to walk in it.[a]

[b]I shall hope to see you at Gad's, not thirty miles from London, and if you could spare a day or two for its fine walks, I and my two latest dogs — a St. Bernard and a Bloodhound — would be charmed with your company as one of ourselves.

Believe me, | Very faithfully yours[b]

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 2 AUGUST 1859

Extract in Dodd Mead catalogue No. 72; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 2 Aug 59; addressed John Hollingshead.

It is highly desirable that no papers be yet collected from All The Year Round. Do not therefore republish any of these if you can help it.[†1]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 3 AUGUST 1859

Extract and Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1979; MS 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill, 3 Aug 59; addressed Frederic Ouvry.

Making arrangements for a reading tour of America; sending him Mr. Evans's notes for the little conditional *agreement on which the latter* proposes to try to raise the money that he wants in America, together *with his own.* We both mean the same thing; *explaining that Evans is anxious to get a draft for signatures at once, as he wishes to send it out by Friday night's mail, and asking him, therefore, if he can send for Evans's approval, within a few hours, a memorandum suited to their common purpose, and if he can tell Evans that he himself will execute it on Friday morning; promising that John Thompson from the* All the Year Round *office will come straight down to him on receiving any instructions and notifying him of Evans's address,*[†2] *adding that it is possible that Evans may be at Gad's Hill with him on Friday morning, therefore by sending him a duplicate of the draft by Thursday night's post it may save time.*[†3]

To F. C. BEARD, 6 AUGUST 1859

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixth August. 1859

My Dear Frank Beard

I hope that both the new medicines have prevailed, and nearly thrown the enemy. On Tuesday at the usual time I shall expect you at the office, and trust to have a good report to make to you.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To JAMES T. FIELDS, 6 AUGUST 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixth August, 1859

My Dear Mr. Fields.

I have considered the subject in every way, and have consulted with the few friends to whom I ever refer my doubts, and whose judgment is, in the main, excellent. I have (this is between ourselves) come to the conclusion *that I will not go now*.

A year hence, I may revive the matter, and your presence in America will then be a great encouragement and assistance to me. I shall see you (at least, I count upon doing so) at my house in town before you turn your face towards the locked-up house; and we will then, reversing Macbeth, "proceed further in this business".[†1]

With kind regard to Mrs. Fields in which my household join, and hoping to make her known to my daughters at Tavistock House, Believe me always (and here I for ever renounce "Mr.", as having any thing whatever to do with our communication, and as being a mere preposterous interloper),

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James T Fields Esquire

To G. H. LEWES, 6 AUGUST 1859

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixth August 1859

My Dear Lewes.

The receipt of your note has given me real pleasure; but I am afraid I cannot have the greater pleasure yet, of responding to it in person, until I return to town for the winter.

I have not been quite well, since we had the great summer heat — a circumstance so very unusual with me, that I have been lost in indignant surprise. Being very busy besides, I only go to town to the office, on the days when my presence there is necessary, and immediately return here and work here. Thus, I do not think that I shall be able to get to Wandsworth, until I go into winter quarters at Tavistock House.

But I will not fail, you may be sure, to propose myself when the opportunity is nearer to my reach, and in the meantime I hope you and George Eliot will hold me in your kind remembrance.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I have a horrible and unnatural desire upon me to see Liggins:[†1] whom, I am proud to remember, I contemptuously rejected.[†2]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 9 AUGUST 1859

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Ninth August 1859

My Dear Bulwer.

I recommend you to be very careful as to Mr. Evans of New York. I have made some private enquiries respecting him in America, and have ascertained that he has no capital whatever, though there seems to be nothing against his character. I have reason to believe that if you made any agreement with him, he

would take it to New York, and sell it to the highest bidder there.[†1] He is a kind of *un*accredited agent, and seeks to live upon what such transactions would yield in the way of profit. He has sold "All The Year Round" for six months, in this manner, but does not know that *I* know it.

Faithfully Yours ever
CD.

To G. H. LEWES, 14 AUGUST 1859*

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fourteenth August 1859.

My Dear Lewes.

I recommend you, between ourselves, to be very careful indeed, in that quarter.[†2] I act upon the advice I give.

So far as I know, he[†3] is a kind of *un*accredited agent, who, if he could make any likely bargain here, would take it to New York and sell it to any buyer who would pay enough. I am assured (after enquiry over there) that he has no capital; and I have been informed that when he was last here, he left London in debt.

He brought me excellent letters when he came over to get me to go and read there;[†4] but it was remarkable that none of the writers known to me, had ever seen him. Somebody whom *they* knew, and *I* didn't know, had asked them to present "our talented countryman".

Dollars (as you say) are good things. But a Dollar in Wandsworth[†5] is worth fifty in New York. And if I were you, I would have it in Wandsworth according to this rate of exchange, before I wrought one half hour for it. There is a great difference, you know, between the clocks at the two places. Let the stars and stripes come up to your time. Don't you come up to theirs.

With kindest regard to Mrs. Lewes[†6]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

G. H. Lewes Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 16 AUGUST 1859

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixteenth August 1859

My Dear Wilkie

I should have written to you this last week from Gad's Hill, but that I was tempted out on the Medway for two summer days (rowed 20 miles at a stretch, on one of them), and so slided back in the Tale of Two Cities, and have since been doggedly at it.

Wills has shewn me your note received this morning. I have not the slightest doubt that The Woman in White is the [†a]name of names, and very title of very titles.[†a†1]

Evans of New York proposed that I should sign a conditional agreement to go to America for 80 readings within a month after the receipt here of £10,000, if the said £10,000 were paid within three months of the agreement's date.[†2] If not, contract to be void. This agreement he meant to sell in America, if he could, and get a profit on. Driven into a corner, I thought of signing it; but Ouvry was so strong against it, that I struck — refused — and knocked the whole thing on the head, so that he is going back empty handed.[†3] I shall read in the country — probably 12 times — in October,[†4] and have a Christmas Series in town.

I want very much to come to Old Broadstairs for a day, but cannot see my way there yet: having to pick up the story, and to blaze away with an eye to October. But I don't give it up; far from it. I really do hope to come for a day, before your time is up. Perhaps a tumble into the sea might — [†5] but I suppose there is no nitrate of Silver[†6] in the Ocean? —

The Medway I have discovered to be so surprisingly beautiful, that next year I hope to start a pretty boat, and give you an aquatic relaxation. Immense

enthusiasm and approval have been awakened in Gad's Hill by this new idea — Oak outside — white within — touch of blue here and there — pink striped awning — Dick at the Prow, and Wilkie at the helm — &c &c &c (Mary has been found to have a natural genius for steering).

I have just been reading Tennyson's Idylls of the King.[†1] Most gallant and noble. I doubt if any thing were ever done finer than the last — Guinevere. But they are all wonderfully fine — chivalric, imaginative, passionate, admirable.

Here's a long letter with nothing in it! Send me another when you have any time, and tell me that you find yourself wrestling your way out of the first difficulties of the "noble craft" — beset, unhappily, by so many ignoble men.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS C. EVANS, 16 AUGUST 1859

Text from T. C. Evans, *Of Many Men*, p. 40.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday, August 16th, 1859

Dear Sir,

I return you herewith the proofs of the opening of your story.[†2]

I think the story evinces a great deal of promise and a great deal of power. If I may venture to take the liberty of offering you two pieces of advice, they are these —

1. Never to be afraid of being pathetic when any tenderness naturally arises in you out of the situation, and never to regard it as a kind of weakness that needs to be jested away or otherwise atoned for.

2. Not too pettingly and perseveringly to urge to the utmost any humorous little extravagance. I think the dog should not open his mouth so very wide in barking as to show the whole of his internal mechanism, and the same kind of objection strikes me in reference to the spelling of some of the noises made, both by men and beasts.

These are slight remarks, and they in no way affect my honest opinion that you begin exceedingly well — with force, with interest, and with character.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 16 AUGUST 1859*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixteenth August 1859

Sir.

I have read your Poems, and I regret to assure you that I cannot by any means suggest any way of rendering them remunerative to you. I am truly sensible of the confidence you repose in me, and I must not be unworthy of it. They are, I do not doubt, exceedingly meritorious with a private and personal reference to yourself, and to the circumstances under which they were produced. But, with such reference the Public has nothing to do. And I am bound to tell you that I think they do not address the Public from any 'vantage-ground of their own, which has power in it to separate them from millions of verses that are impatient of obscurity.

If I give you pain, you will, I hope, at least believe that it would be a far easier and more acceptable task to me, to gloss it over with some evasion. But I respond [to][†1] your trustfulness by giving you my sincere opinion; [I][†1] do not in the least suppose it to be infallible.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 18 AUGUST 1859

Mention in Heritage Book Shop catalogue, 1987; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gads Hill Place, 18 Aug 59; addressed Messrs Coutts & Co.

Asking them to arrange for the transfer of some money into an account in Hamburg.[†2]

To CHARLES KENT,[†3] 18 AUGUST 1859*

MS University of North Carolina Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighteenth August, 1859

My Dear Mr. Kent.

My being away, has prevented my receiving your letter in due course, and (consequently) my returning an answer to it.

I assure you with the utmost sincerity that I am sincerely gratified by your earnest words, and that I honestly count such things as among the highest rewards, pleasures, and honors, of my life.†1

It was a disappointment to me to see that card to which your welcome note refers, when my daughters and I went home from a short stay at Brighton. We have been here, since the beginning of the summer. But when we come to town for the winter I shall hope to see you at my own home, again, and to assure you personally of my regard and esteem.

My Dear Mr. Kent. | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Your letter reached me, at last, without The Sun.†2 Do not mind that. I know I shall read it with pleasure, and I can find it at the Athenaeum.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE,†3 21 AUGUST 1859†

MS Mr J. R. Young.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty First August, 1859

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

I cannot tell you how much pleasure I have derived from the receipt of your earnest letter.†4 Do not suppose it possible that such praise can be "less than nothing" to your old Manager.†5 It is more than all else.

Here in my little country-house on the summit of the hill where Falstaff did the robbery, your words have come to me in the most appropriate†6 and delightful manner. When the story can be read all at once, and my meaning can be better seen, I will send it to you (sending it to Dean Street,†7 if you tell me of no

better way), and it will be a hearty gratification to think that you and your good husband†1 are reading it together.†2

For you must both take notice, please, that I have a reminder of you always before me. On my desk here stand two green leaves, which I every morning station in their evergreen place at my elbow.†3 The leaves on the Oak Trees outside the window are less constant than these, for they are with me through the Four Seasons.

Lord! To think of the byegone Day when you were stricken mute (was it at Glasgow?) and, being mounted on a tall ladder at a practicable window, stared at Forster, and with a noble constancy refused to utter word!†4 Like the monk among the pictures with Wilkie,†5 I begin to think *that* the real world, and this the sham that goes out with the lights.†6

God bless you both. Keep me in Madame Novello's[†7] mind if she be near you, and testify one day that I really did send you — because they say that they know I won't — the love of my girls and Georgina.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL [24 or 25 AUGUST 1859]

Mention in *To* Forster, 25 Aug 59. *Date:* no doubt written same day or day before.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 25 AUGUST 1859

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Night Twenty Fifth August 1859

My Dear Wilkie

This is written on a most intensely hot night, with rain and lightning, and with shoals of little Tortoises (only harder in substance) dashing in at the

window, and trying, in vain to smash themselves on this paper[†1] — that was one. He is now beating his eyelids to powder (I am happy to say) on the obdurate black slab of the Inkstand.

I am not quite well — can't get quite well — have an instinctive feeling that nothing but Sea Air and Sea Water will set me right. I want to come to Broadstairs next Wednesday by the mid-day train, and stay till Monday. As I must work every morning, will you ask the Noble Ballard[†2] (he will contradict you, but never mind that), if he can reserve a comfortable bedroom and quiet *writeable-in* sitting room, for those days, for his ancient friend and patron. Then you two[†3] can dine with me one day — I can dine with you another[†4] and evenings similarly arranged.[†1] — another tortoise, two earwigs, and a spider. Will you write to me here, after seeing the gallant host of the Albion? Dine with me on the first day [†a](double, of course),[†a] and tell him we dine, or it will break his heart.

What do you mean by not answering my beautiful letter from the office?[†5]

Love from all. | Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, 25 AUGUST 1859

Text in MDGH, II, 97-9.[†6]

Gad's Hill, Thursday Night, Aug. 25th, 1859

My dear Forster,

Heartily glad to get your letter this morning.

I cannot easily tell you how much interested I am by what you tell me of our brave and excellent friend the Chief Baron,[†7] in connection with that ruffian.[†8] I followed the case with so much interest, and have followed the miserable knaves and asses who have perverted it since,[†9] with so much indignation, that I have

often had more than half a mind to write and thank the upright judge who tried him. I declare to God[†1] that I believe such a service one of the greatest that a man of intellect and courage can render to society. Of course I saw the beast of a prisoner (with my mind's eye) delivering his cut-and-dried speech, and read in every word of it that no one but the murderer could have delivered or conceived it.[†2] Of course I have been driving the girls out of their wits here, by incessantly proclaiming that there needed no medical evidence either way, and that the case was plain without it. Lastly, of course (though a merciful man — because a merciful man I mean), I would hang any Home Secretary (Whig, Tory, Radical, or otherwise) who should step in between that black scoundrel[†3] and the gallows. I can*not* believe — and my belief in all wrong as to public matters is enormous — that such a thing will be done.[†4]

I am reminded of Tennyson, by thinking that King Arthur would have made short work of the amiable [Smethurst][†5] whom the newspapers strangely delight to make a sort of gentleman of. How fine the "Idylls" are! Lord! what a blessed thing it is to read a man who can write! I thought nothing could be grander[†6] than the first poem till I came to the third; but when I had read the last, it seemed to be[†7] absolutely unapproached and unapproachable.[†8]

To come to myself. I have written and begged the "All the Year Round" publisher to send you directly four weeks' proofs beyond the current number, that are in type.[†9] I hope you will like them. Nothing but the interest of the subject, and the pleasure of striving with the difficulty of the forms of treatment, nothing in the mere way of money, I mean, could also[†10] repay the time and trouble of the incessant condensation. But I set myself the little task of making a *picturesque* story, rising in every chapter with characters true to nature, but whom the story itself should express, more than they should express themselves, by dialogue. I mean, in other words, that I fancied a story of incident

might be written, in place of the bestiality[†1] that *is* written under that pretence, pounding the characters out in its own mortar, and beating their interests out of them.[†2] If you could have read the story all at once, I hope you wouldn't have stopped halfway.

As to coming to your retreat, my dear Forster, think how helpless I am. I am not well yet. I have an instinctive feeling that nothing but the sea will restore me, and I am planning to go and work at Ballard's, at Broadstairs, from next Wednesday to Monday. I generally go to town on Monday afternoon. All Tuesday I am at the office, on Wednesday I come back here, and go to work again. I don't leave off till Monday comes round once more. I am fighting to get my story done by the first week in October. On the 10th of October I am going away to read for a fortnight at Ipswich, Norwich, Oxford, Cambridge, and a few other places. Judge what my spare time is just now!

I am very much surprised and very sorry to find from the enclosed that Elliotson[†3] has been ill. I never heard a word of it.

Georgy sends best love to you and to Mrs. Forster, so do I, so does Plorn, so does Frank. The girls are, for five days, with the Whites at Ramsgate. It is raining, intensely hot, and stormy. Eighteen creatures, like little tortoises, have dashed in at the window and fallen on the paper since I began this paragraph[†4] (that was one!). I am a wretched sort of creature in my way, but it is a way that gets on somehow. And all ways have the same finger-post at the head of them, and at every turning in them.

Ever affectionately

[CD]

To MRS WILLIAM HOWITT,[†5] 28 AUGUST 1859

Extract in N, III, 119.

Gad's Hill Place | August Twenty-Eighth 1859

I am delighted with what you wrote me about the Tale of Two Cities, and I hope that you will be confirmed in that opinion when you can better perceive my design in seeing it all together, instead of reading it in what Carlyle (writing to me of it, with great enthusiasm) calls "Teaspoons."

To THORNTON LEIGH HUNT,[†1] 31 AUGUST 1859†

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Wednesday Thirty First August, 1859

My Dear Mr. Hunt.

I take it as a great kindness in you to have written to me on the sadly interesting subject of your note,[†2] and I am very heartily obliged to you. On coming to town yesterday, I had gone straight to Forster, who had told me of your letter to him and had given me all the particulars it contained. I afterwards found your favor here, when I came home at night.

What you so kindly tell me, touches me at once with sorrow and pride. I had the kindest of letters from him not many weeks ago, and I was looking forward to giving him the book I am now writing, and little thought I should never see his bright face again.

Let me once more cordially assure you that I am truly sensible of your remembrance of me in the midst of your own occupations and bodily uneasiness. I hope I shall never forget, or be undeserving of, his gentle and affectionate consideration.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thornton Hunt Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 31 AUGUST 1859*

MS New York University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirty First August 1859

My Dear Ouvry.

These two notes are from the two leading young Jerroldians.[†3] I think there is no doubt — or scarcely any — that we shall be able to carry our point. How can they *legally* neutralize that Deed,[†4] and what shall I demand that they do with it?

I shall be here again, next Tuesday. At your convenience, return me the enclosed. Until Monday, I shall be at the Albion Hotel Broadstairs.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

September

To THE MISSES MARY AND KATE DICKENS, 2 SEPTEMBER 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 99.

Albion, Broadstairs, Friday, Sept. 2nd, 1859.

My Dearest Mamie and Katie,

I have been "moved" here, and am now (Ballard having added to the hotel a house we lived in three years)[†1] in our old dining-room and sitting-room, and our old drawing-room as a bedroom. My cold is so bad, both in my throat and in my chest, that I can't bathe in the sea; Tom Collin[†2] dissuaded me — thought it "bad" — but I get a heavy shower-bath at Mrs. Crampton's[†3] every morning. The baths are still hers and her husband's, but they have retired and live in "Nuckells"[†4] — are going to give a stained-glass window, value three hundred pounds, to St. Peter's Church.[†5] Tom Collin is of opinion that the Miss Dickenses has growed two fine young women — leastwise, asking pardon, ladies. An evangelical family of most disagreeable girls prowl about here and trip people up with tracts, which they put in the paths with stones upon them to keep them from blowing away. Charles Collins and I having seen a bill yesterday — about a mesmeric young lady who did feats, one of which was set forth in the bill, in a line by itself, as

THE RIGID LEGS,[†6]

— were overpowered with curiosity, and resolved to go. It came off in the Assembly Room, now more exquisitely desolate than words can describe. Eighteen shillings was the "take." Behind a screen among the company, we heard mysterious gurglings of water before the entertainment began, and then a slippery sound which occasioned me to whisper C.C. (who laughed in the most ridiculous manner), "Soap." It proved to be the young lady washing herself. She must have been wonderfully dirty, for she took a world of trouble, and didn't come out clean after all — in a wretched dirty muslin frock, with blue ribbons. She was the alleged mesmeriser, and a boy who distributed bills the alleged mesmerised. It was a most preposterous imposition, but more ludicrous than any poor sight I ever saw. The boy is clearly out of pantomime, and when he pretended to be in the mesmeric state, made the company back by going in among them head over heels, backwards, half-a-dozen times, in a most insupportable way. The pianist had struck; and the manner in which the lecturer implored "some lady" to play a "polker," and the manner in which no lady would; and in which the few ladies who were there with their hats on, and the

elastic under their chins, as if it were going to blow, is never to be forgotten. I have been writing all the morning, and am going for a walk to Ramsgate. This is a beast of a letter, but I am not well, and have been addling my head.

Ever, dear Girls, your affectionate Father

[CD]

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 6 SEPTEMBER 1859

Text in N, III, 121 checked from MS Sotheby's, Mar 1979.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth September 1859

My Dear Mr. Howitt.

Coming to town last night, I found your pleasant letter, and became impressed with the thought that I would thank you for it before I went away again.

I don't adopt my contributor's[†1] theory.[†2] He is a well known man, with very curious experiences, and all the stories that he relates in his own person I have heard him tell for years. They are not in the least altered or touched, to suit his present purpose. He has related them strictly on honor. He himself inhabited a very famous Kentish "Haunted House", and it is shut up to this day — or was, the other day.

My own mind is perfectly unprejudiced and impressible on the subject. I do not in the least pretend that such things are not. But I positively object, on most matters, to be thought for, or — if I may use the odd expression — asserted down. And I have not yet met with any Ghost Story that was proved to me, or that had not the noticeable peculiarity in it — that the alteration of some slight circumstance would bring it within the range of common natural probabilities. I have always had a strong interest in the subject, and never knowingly lost an opportunity of pursuing it. But I think the testimony which I cannot cross-examine, sufficiently loose, to justify me in requiring to see and hear the modern witnesses with my own

senses, and then to be reasonably sure that they were not suffering under a disordered condition of the nerves or senses, which is known to be a common disease of many phases.

Don't suppose that I am so bold and arrogant as to settle what can and what cannot be, after death. The truth is not so at all. I think the theory of my contributor strong as to the one class of cases in which the image of a person dying, or in very great peril, is strongly suggested to an intimate friend.[†3] I do not otherwise regard it as applicable.

On the other hand, when I think of the amount of misery and injustice that constantly obtains in this world which a word from the dear person in question could set right, I would not believe — could not believe — in your War Office ghost,[†1] without overwhelming evidence.

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. HENRY MAYE,[†2] 6 SEPTEMBER 1859*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Tuesday Sixth September 1859

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter, allow me to explain that I have a great desire and a decided intention to publish the Child's History of England in a much cheaper form. But such things can only be honorably done when the booksellers have had a reasonable time for the sale of the original Edition; otherwise, their dealings would be much prejudiced. In this case, the Edition was very large, and very widely disseminated among them, considering the nature of the little book, and when I last enquired, I felt satisfied that the time had not come for the gratification of my wish.[†3]

I hope you will understand that I cordially concur in the views you express to me.

Dear Sir Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Henry S Maye.

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 6 SEPTEMBER 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth September 1859

My Dear Mr. Trollope.

I hope you already understand without any explanation from me, that the slight alterations I made in your last curious paper[†4] were made with a view to

the English Catholics. I perfectly and thoroughly concur with you in your view of the Papacy; but in a country where that religion is *not* dominant, I think it is necessary to the wide perusal of the article itself, that so much moderation should be displayed.[†1]

Trusting soon to receive something else from your able pen, I beg to enclose a cheque for £10 on our general account.

Your book on Tuscany[†2] I have received this morning. I have given it out to be made the subject of a paper for these pages,[†3] in the hope that it may be of some slight service to the work.

With much regard | Believe me | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I write in great haste, and beg to be cordially remembered to your good mother.

To LIEUT-COLONEL FOSTER,[†4] 7 SEPTEMBER 1859

Extract in [H. T. Taverner and J. C. Hotten], *CD. The Story of His Life*, [1870], p. 260.

Wednesday night, 7th September, 1859.

I beg to assure you, in reply to your obliging letter, that you are misinformed, and that I have no intention of visiting America in the ensuing autumn.

To MRS HOWITT, 7 SEPTEMBER 1859

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night Seventh September 1859

My Dear Mrs. Howitt.

I observe in the Memoir,[†5] very little to correct.

1. "Preferring his father's profession", is not quite accurate. My father was originally in the Navy Pay office; and his stations at the outports led to my being born at Portsmouth, and to my having passed my earlier youth at Chatham here. His connexion with the Press was accidental.

2. "In the form of a Weekly Romance, the Novel of Bleak House", is wrong. Bleak House was published in Twenty Monthly Nos. like the rest of my longer books.

3. The last published Christmas Book, The Haunted Man, is omitted in the list.

4. My eldest son Charles has no literary bent or taste. He certainly never published "a translation of Goethe with annotations". When he was studying with a German Doctor at Leipzig after he left Eton, he did, in conjunction with some German gentleman (his master, I think), publish some little theatrical piece, as a translation for English learners[†1] — but it was nothing worth mentioning. He is not here at present and therefore I cannot refer to him, but of course I perfectly *know* that both the terms and the general sense of this paragraph are a mistake.

Perhaps your writing in the Time of the Tale of Two Cities, may be a reason for qualifying the description of Barnaby Rudge? Do you care to know that I was a great writer at 8 years old or so — was an actor and a speaker from a baby — and worked many childish experiences and many young struggles, into Copperfield? Don't consider yourself bound to say so, because *I* say so. I merely want to infuse some personal leaven, however little, into this barren note.

Always Believe me, Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. H. MAGUIRE,[†2] 7 SEPTEMBER 1859*

Text from facsimile in Goodspeed's Book Shop catalogue, n.d.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventh September, 1859

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry that my absence from London and from this place too, has prevented my sooner thanking you for your kind note, and assuring you of the interest with which I should have responded to it by coming to see your picture,[†3] if I had known of your remembrance in time. I hope, however, that I may still see it in the publisher's[†4] hands. The subject is a noble one.

Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. H. Maguire Esquire

To R. S. MANSON,[†1] 7 SEPTEMBER 1859

Extract in Union Art Gallery catalogue, No. 12; *MS* 1 p.; dated (according to Sotheran catalogue, No. 822) Gad's Hill Place, 7 Sep 59.

I shall be happy to accept the dedication you are so obliging as to offer me. Your delicacy in not putting your name to the sensible and timely little work, I quite appreciate, and I fully concur in its expediency.[†2] With thanks, I remain,

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. S. Manson, Esquire

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, 8 SEPTEMBER 1859

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Night, Eighth September 1859

My Dear Sir

I am a little puzzled to know what to do with Frank. I cannot quite understand him, and I take the cause to be, that he does not quite understand himself. Before he went to Germany, he was (as you may remember) all agog to be a Doctor. From Germany, he wrote me that he wished to abandon the idea. Being at home, he has the idea again. I do not think it prudent to conclude that he has any call that way, until he has thought of it more, and is a little older. I have asked him if he would like to come back to you for a time, and he says Yes.

If you would like to have him — by "you", I mean you and Mr. Bewsher, of course — I think he cannot do better than come. You understand him, and he is used to you, and we may perhaps make out among us, without hurrying him, what he is best fitted for. I should particularly wish him not to lose his German, and to acquire Italian. It would not be very difficult for me, I think, to get him into the Foreign Office when he is old enough; and whether we thought this advisable or no, he must be all the better qualified for any station, by a good knowledge of European languages. At present he is at home here, and would probably lose ground soon. I did not think it well to send him back to Germany, for several reasons.

If it would be convenient to you and not inconsistent with your discipline, to give him a little extra liberty, so that he may look about him outside school, a little more, it might do him good. He does not seem to me to have the self reliance and self-helpfulness of the other boys.

I only await your consent to return him to your kind care.

You will be glad to know that Sydney is flourishing, and that Mr. Brackenbury([1][[sic]][†3] wrote to me strongly, in praise of the manner in which Alfred had been trained. He said he thought it decidedly advisable that he should not rest

content with his direct appointment, but should study for the competitive examination for Engineers — with a view either to the British or the Indian Army. I gave my consent, of course.

My daughters and their aunt unite with me in kind regard to Mr. Bewsher and yourself.[†1] I am ever My Dear Sir

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. M. Gibson

To G. S. HILLARD, 10 SEPTEMBER 1859*

MS Haverford College Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Morning Tenth September 1859

My Dear Hillard

I write hurriedly by the Day Post, to express my regret that Tuesday will not do, as I always have to be in town all that day, and that night. But if Wednesday will answer your purpose, it will answer mine, and you can be in town at any time you please on Thursday. We are not an hour and a half by Railway.

Write me a word on Monday to the Office.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G.S. Hillard Esquire

To CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNS, 13 SEPTEMBER 1859

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Thirteenth September 1859

My Dear Wren Hoskyns.

Am I not a patient man? Do I become lengthy, when I *do* break silence? How are you? And have you done any more of the story of the Land,[†2] that I so much desire to have?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Wren Hoskyns Esquire

To HERBERT INGRAM,[†1] 13 SEPTEMBER 1859

Text from copy in Wills's hand, *AYR* Letter-book, MS Huntington Library.

Thursday Thirteenth September 1859

Dear Sir,

I understand that a gentleman[†2] whom I commissioned to go round to Weymouth in the Great Eastern last week,[†3] and for whose passage I paid Ten pounds has made some application to you for the return of that sum, under the impression that I was not aware that free passages had been granted to some other publications.

Allow me to observe that I consider the money to have been paid in the regular way of business — always, as I think, the best way in such cases — and that I paid it with perfect satisfaction and that I cannot allow it to be received back by this office.

Your faithful servant | Dear Sir,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Herbert Ingram Esq.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 14 SEPTEMBER 1859

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, Feb 1928; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 14 Sep 59.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 16 SEPTEMBER 1859

MS Morgan Library

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Night Sixteenth September 1859

My Dear Wilkie

Just a word, to say that I have received yours, and that I look forward to the Reunion on Tuesday — when I hope to have the satisfaction of recounting to you the plot of a Play that has been laid before me for commending advice (by your friend Saunders[†4] the Weak).[†5]

I am charmed with the Butler.[†1] O[†2] why was she stopped! Ask her flinty mother[†3] from me, Why, Why, didn't she let her convert somebody! — And here the question arises — Did she secretly convert the Landlord?[†4]

Ditto to what you say respecting the Great Eastern. I went right up to London Bridge by the boat that day, on purpose that I might pass her. I thought her the ugliest and most un-ship like thing these eyes ever beheld. As to the Times account — clearly a foregone Do.[†5] You should hear Hollingshead on that matter. But the Directing Body, with Mr. Ingram at their head,[†6] are all Jobbers and Bad Ones. And you may depend upon it that if that Ship don't get into trouble on the wild Atlantic — it won't be *their* fault. I wouldn't go to Sea in her — shiver my ould timbers and rouse me up with a Monkey's-tail[†7] (Man of War

metaphor) not to chuck a biscuit into Davy Jones's[†8] weather eye, and see double with my own old toplights.[†9]

Turk has been so good as to produce from his mouth, for the wholesome consternation of the family, 18 feet of worm. When he had brought it up, he seemed to think it might be turned to account in the housekeeping, and was proud. Pony has kicked a shaft off the Cart, and is to be sold. Why dont *you* buy her; she'd never kick with *you*.[†10]

Barber's[†11] opinion is, that them fruit trees one and all, is Touchwood and not fit for burning at any gentleman's fire. Also that the stocking of this here garden is worth less than nothing, because you wouldn't have to grub up nothing, and something takes a man to do it at three and six pence a day. Was "left Desponding" by our Reporter.

Love from all | Ever affecy.

CD.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER,[†1] 17 SEPTEMBER 1859

MS Comédie Française.

Tavistock House
Saturday Seventeenth September | 1859

My Dear Regnier.

I am particularly anxious to present to you a young lady in whom I have a great interest, who comes to Paris with her mother, on a matter in which I hope your advice and experience as an artist may be of service to her.

Miss Fanny Ternan[†2] is a young lady of great accomplishments, who has been studying Music — lately in Italy, under the best Master[†3] — with a view, both to concert-singing and the stage. She belongs to a family of theatrical artists, and is thoroughly acquainted with her art. She has not quite decided whether she shall now come home to England, or remain in Paris[†4] for a time under such a Master as Duprez.[†5] It is in the consideration of this question, and in helping her to know what kind of man Duprez is, and what hopes there may be of his being really serviceable to such a pupil, that I trust you may be able to advise Miss Ternan. And if you can help her, I am sure you will — for my sake in the first instance, and then for her own. I cannot easily tell you how much I shall feel obliged to you.

My daughters and their aunt send their kindest regard to Madame Regnier and yourself. It is so long since I was in Paris or you were in London, that one of us *must* shortly make a move towards the other. Which shall it be?

Ever Faithfully Yours My Dear Regnier
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES A. SHAW,[†6] 20 SEPTEMBER 1859*

MS Longfellow House, Boston.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twentieth September 1859.

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter dated three days since, I beg to say that your question "whether *any* arrangement can be made with me to give a course of my readings in the United States", is one the answer to which entirely depends on the nature of the arrangement proposed for my consideration.

If you desire to submit any definite project and distinct offer to me, you have but to address it to my friend Mr. Arthur Smith who is the business-manager of my readings, and to whom I confide the arrangement of all their details. He is in full possession of my views, and will be happy to communicate with you

In his absence from London until the beginning of next month, I answer your favor myself. His readiest address in London at present, is Tavistock House Tavistock Square. Any letter written to him there, is certain to be forwarded in due course.

I have the honor to remain
Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles A Shaw Esquire

To THE REV. MATTHEW GIBSON, 23 SEPTEMBER 1859

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Third September 1859

My Dear Sir

On Frank's return from Germany, we found him very deaf. The enclosed prescriptions were written for him by Mr. Toynbee,[†1] and greatly improved his condition. Will you be so kind as to give such directions as will ensure their being made up for him again, if he should need them?

I think it as well to mention that we observe him to have a custom of walking in his sleep sometimes.

With kind regard to Mr. Bewsher, I am always My Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. M. Gibson.

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 27 SEPTEMBER 1859*

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Seventh September 1859

My Dear Mr. Trollope.

Your reference to a rejected paper of yours, makes me anxious to explain to you that I was not in London when it was returned to you, and that I never saw it. I do not in the least doubt the judgment of Mr. Wills, who is entirely in my confidence, and who is thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of the

Journal. What I hope you will do me the favor to receive from me, as a point to which *I* attach some importance, is, that an accidental circumstance prevented my knowing that Mr. Wills had, with the best of all possible intentions relieved me from the pleasure of communicating with you, — until the deed was done. I have spoken to Mr. Wills about it this morning, and we both understand that it was a mistake.

The notice of your book,[†1] I have had the satisfaction of placing, to day, in the No. for the week after next.[†2]

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANKLYN CLARKSON,[†3] 28 SEPTEMBER 1859

Mention in N, III, 124.

To SIR HENRY ELLIS,[†4] 28 SEPTEMBER 1859

Mention in N, III, 124.

October

To MRS EUPHEMIA MACKAY SMITH,[†5] 1 OCTOBER 1859

Mention in Goodspeed's catalogue No. 169; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 1 Oct 59; addressed Mrs Euphemia Mackay Smith.

Regretting that he cannot address the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution.[†6]

To SIR HENRY ELLIS, 4 OCTOBER 1859

Mention in N, III, 124.

To CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNS, 4 OCTOBER 1859

MS Private (transcribed before destruction in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954).

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Fourth October 1859

My Dear Wren Hoskyns.

Though there is, as Carlyle says, great virtue in the Silences, I don't judge of you by yours, but by your utterances. And they are so good, that I wait and hope for more.

It would give me real pleasure if I could come and see you. But I have been working very hard down at Gad's Hill, and have gone nowhere. My book finished, I am now away to read for Three Weeks. That finished, I shall have Christmas matters in connexion with "All The Year Round" to see to. That finished, (and a book sent you which I hope to send you in November),[†1] I shall have my own Christmas and that of my girls and boys, to look after. That finished — well! There may be a glimpse of Land beyond.[†2]

Don't come to London after the middle of November without letting me know. Don't forget the long evenings at home, and the short pages waiting on you. And don't forget

Yours very faithfully always
CHARLES DICKENS

Those very pretty lines are in the No. published Tomorrow.[†3] [†a]Has the writer any representatives abroad to [be paid] for them?[†a]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 6 OCTOBER 1859

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixth October 1859

My Dear Wilkie

I do not positively say that the point you put, might not have been done in your manner; but I have a very strong conviction that it would have been overdone in that manner — too elaborately trapped, baited, and prepared — in the main, anticipated and its interest wasted. This is quite apart from the peculiarity of the Doctor's[†4] character, as affected by his imprisonment; which of itself would — to my way of thinking — render it quite out of the question to put the reader inside of him before the proper time, in respect of matters that

were dim to himself through being, in a diseased way, morbidly shunned by him. I think the business of Art is to lay all that ground carefully, but with the care that conceals itself — to shew, by a backward light, what everything has been working to — but only to SUGGEST,[†1] until the fulfilment comes. These are the ways of Providence — of which ways, all Art is but a little imitation.

"Could it have been done at all, in the way I suggest, to advantage?" is your question. I don't see the way, and I never have seen the way, is my answer. I cannot imagine it that way, without imagining the reader wearied, and the expectation wire-drawn.[†2]

I am very glad you like it so much. It has greatly moved and excited me in the doing, and Heaven knows I have done my best and have believed in it.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To ALFRED DICKENS,[†3] 6 OCTOBER 1859

Mention in Anderson catalogue No. 4217, Jan 1936; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 6 Oct 59; addressed Alfred Dickens.

Asking his advice about completing the tunnel from Gad's Hill Place to the shrubbery across the road.[†4]

To ARTHUR HILL,[†5] 8 OCTOBER 1859

Text from N, III, 125.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday, Eighth October, 1859

My Dear Sir,

By some unaccountable oversight I have never thanked you for your kind note of last July and the Brucian.[†6] Pray excuse me, I was not well when I

received your favour, but I immediately went through the book, and was greatly interested and pleased with it. How it has happened that I have never told you so I cannot imagine. The book has been on my table here ever since, and it never looked at me reproachfully until this very morning.

Do me the kindness to assure the young friend who remembers me in the volume so much to my true gratification, that I have not in the least slighted his tribute.[†1] I have felt it warmly, and the possibility of his having thought otherwise of me in these three months gives me more uneasiness than I can well express to you.

I beg to send him my kind regard. And in the hope that he, and all the young people in whom you have a near and dear interest, will long bear the best testimony that can be rendered to the merits of your wholesome system.[†2]

I am always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 8 OCTOBER 1859

Summary in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, July 1878; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 8 Oct 59.

Concerning elections to the Royal Dramatic College.[†3]

To W. H. WILLS, 8-9 OCTOBER 1859*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighth October 1859

My Dear Wills. I enclosed you the other day, a letter from a man referring to an article he meant to send respecting the Great Eastern.[†4] Here it is, with another letter. I know nothing about him, except that he seems to think I have nothing else to do than attend to him.

I also send the dismal effusion of Charles Whiting.[†5]

This note I will keep by me until I leave here tomorrow, in case I should find any thing to add.

Office, Monday Ninth October

I have not yet seen Arthur Smith, and have no complete list of my addresses; but I will write to you — probably tonight — and give you such of them as I may then know. To night I am at Ipswich;[†1] tomorrow and Wednesday at Norwich.[†2]

I think we had best make next Saturday our office day, and make up a No. then.

In case Frederick Chapman should come home before, will you let him know that I particularly wish to see him in reference to the publication of the completed story — which must be announced in the Magazines, at the end of this month. In case he should *not* come home before, will you take care that he sees you on the point as soon as he returns — I will note down with you what I want. His way of doing business is so scrambling, that it may be well to write him a line?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, [11 OCTOBER 1859]

Mention in *To* Wills, 16 Oct. *Date:* 11 Oct, according to CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 OCTOBER 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by Rochester.

Norwich (Royal Hotel)
Wednesday Evening Twelfth October | 1859

My Dearest Georgy

Only a word. Delighted to get your letter just now. Composing myself for the Reading. *Immense success* last night; everything full of promise for tonight.[†3]

No change in our plans.

Best love to the dear girls and the Noble Plorn.

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 OCTOBER 1859]

Extract in F, VIII, iv, 667*n*. *Date:* 14 Oct 59 according to Forster.

I am a little tired; but as little, I suspect, as any man could be with the work of the last four days, and perhaps the change of work was better than subsiding into rest and rust. The Norwich people were a noble audience. There, and at Ipswich and Bury,[†1] we had the demonstrativeness of the great working-towns, and a much finer perception.

To GEORGE BEADNELL,[†2] 15 OCTOBER 1859

Text in N, III, 126 checked from MS Myers & Co., Oct 1952.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Fifteenth October, 1859

My Dear Sir

Coming home from reading in the country, I find your note. The enclosure in it not addressed to me, allow me to return.

I have conveyed to a large publishing house in Paris, the right of translating all my books;[†3] it is therefore quite out of my power to afford any facilities to Mdlle Blanché.[†4] I hope Miss Lloyd[†5] will kindly undertake to explain why I cannot help the young lady.

It is a great pleasure to me to see your handwriting. I beg to send my kind regard to Mrs. Lloyd[†6] and her daughters, and to assure you that I am heartily well, and never any the worse for being busy.

— And that I am always, with an undying remembrance of old days,

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 15 OCTOBER 1859*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifteenth October 1859.

My Dear Mr Milnes

I am only to day in the receipt of your kind note. Many thanks for it.

But my daughters will not be with me, and I myself shall be obliged to leave Bradford[†1] early next morning. Therefore I cannot accept the pleasure you offer me.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard M Milnes Esquire.

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 15 OCTOBER 1859†

MS Comédie Française.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifteenth October, 1859

My Dear Regnier

[†a]I must thank you for your kind interest in, and attention to, Miss Fanny Ternan.[†3] You may rely upon her doing credit to any service you render her. She is uncommonly clever and accomplished, and she is as good and diligent as she is *spirituelle.* I feel almost certain that she will become distinguished.[†a]

You will receive by Railway parcel, the Proof-Sheets of a story of mine that has been for some time in progress in my weekly Journal, and that will be published in a complete Volume about the middle of November. Nobody but Forster has yet seen the latter portions of it, or will see them until they are published. I want you to read it for two reasons. Firstly: because I hope it is the best story I have written.

Secondly, because it treats of a very memorable time in France; and I should very much like to know what you think of its being dramatized for a French Theatre. If you should think it likely to be done, I should be glad to take some steps towards having it well done.[†4] The Story is an extraordinary success here, and I think the end of it is certain to make a still greater sensation.

Don't trouble yourself to write to me, mon ami, until you shall have had time to read the Proofs. Remember, they are *Proofs*, and *Private*; the latter chapters will not be before the public for five or six weeks to come.

With kind regard to Madame Regnier, in which my daughters and their Aunt unite, Believe me ever

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Parcel shall be sent from London on Tuesday next. The Story (I dare say you have not seen any of it yet), is called "A Tale of Two Cities".

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 OCTOBER 1859*

MS (pro forma letter)[†1] Mrs Caroline M. Duncan-Jones.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Oct 15,[†2] 1859

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled

The Courtship & Matrimony &c

for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

The Manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above.

To FRANK STONE, 16 OCTOBER 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday Sixteenth October 1859

My Dear Stone.

Arthur Smith has made some grotesque mistake in giving me "The Peacock"[†3] as the sign of the Hotel at Cambridge. There is no such house; but there are two best Hotels, of which one is The Lion,[†4] and we are certain to be at that house or the other. We go down at 10 minutes to 11 tomorrow morning, from the Bishopsgate Street Station.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES COLLINS, 16 OCTOBER 1859

Mention in N, III, 128.

To MRS HULKES,[†1] 16 OCTOBER 1859

Composite text from W. R. Hughes, *A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land*, 1891, p. 204, where misdated 1857, and Parke-Bernet catalogue, May 1945. *Date*: correct date given in catalogue, with some better readings.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday evening, Sixteenth October 1859

My Dear Mrs. Hulkes.

My daughter has shewn me your note, and it has inspired[†2] me with the horrible determination to become a new kind of Blue Beard, and lay an awful injunction of secrecy on you for five mortal weeks.

Here is the remainder of the Tale of Two Cities. Not half a dozen of my oldest and most trusty literary friends have seen it. It is a real pleasure to me to entrust you with the catastrophe, and to ask you to keep a grim and inflexible silence on the subject until it is published. When you have read the proofs, will you kindly return them to me?

With my regard to Mr. Hulkes,

Believe me always, | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Hulkes.

To CHARLES LEVER,[†3] 16 OCTOBER 1859

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Evening Sixteenth October, 1859

My Dear Lever.

A thousand thanks for your hearty note.

The chronic malady that is to succeed mine,[†4] being already under medical treatment, I reply — a paroxysm — in one, two, three, or four parts — any thing in the way of fiction — any thing in the way of actual observation and the reflection suggested by it — any thing about Italy[†5] — any thing grave or gay

about any thing in the wide world, that has filtered through the mind of a man who sees the world with bright and keen eyes such as yours. "Say what will suit you", say you. "*That* is what will suit me", say I.[†6]

Are you to wish me joy? Well! — My younger daughter may be going the way of daughters a year hence; but not sooner, I think.[†7]

I am going away to read at Oxford and Cambridge, but shall be in London

again in ten days. I want to send you a book, about the middle of November;[†1] when you next write, will you tell me how I had best send it.

Believe me always | Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Lever Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 16 OCTOBER 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Evening Sixteenth October 1859

My Dear Wills.

I found the enclosed letter marked A[†2] with a lot of printed documents, and six pints of eau de Cologne, and two small boxes of Eau de Cologne, at Tavistock House last night. Will you return the article, saying that it is not admissible, and that the Eau de Cologne awaits his directions.

In reference next to the enclosed marked B.[†2]

I have a letter from Poole[†3] reminding me that I have not remitted his quarter's pension,[†4] and that he is aground for the means of going on. Will you kindly — *at once* — hand the order to Coutts's for its remittance to him by Monday night's post.

My Readings List is on the other side.

The missing letter to you, I posted at the Ipswich chief Post Office, last Tuesday morning about 11.

Will you have the enclosed for Lever, Posted and prepaid.

Will you remind Whitings that I have not yet seen a Proof of my own No. 6.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Date Place Address.

Monday	17th. Octr.	Cambridge	Post Office
Tuesday	18th. "	Cambridge	Post Office
Wednesday	19th. "	Peterborough	Railway Hotel
Thursday	20th. "	Bradford	George Hotel
Friday	21st. "	Nottingham	George Hotel
Saturday	22nd. "	Nottingham	George Hotel
Sunday	23rd. "	London	Office
Monday	24th. "	Oxford	Star Hotel
Tuesday	25th. "	Oxford	Star Hotel
Wednesday	26th. "	Birmingham	Hen and Chickens
Thursday	27th. "	Cheltenham	Messrs. Hale & Son

Piano Forte Warehouse.[†5]

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 16 OCTOBER 1859*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Night, Sixteenth October, 1859

My Dear Mr. Chapman

I believe Mr. Wills has already arranged with you respecting the publication of my Tale of Two Cities. But as I am very anxious that there should be no mistake or delay about it, I trouble you with this note, even at the risk of repeating what he has already said.

I wish the completed book to be published, either on Saturday the 19th. or Monday the 21st. of November. Of course it should be announced in all the Magazines &c at the end of the month.[†1] Please advertize it in other respects, according to your discretion and custom.

The suggestion for the frontispiece[†2] and title,[†3] you shall have from me to send to Mr. Browne,[†4] on Monday the 24th. of this month. The Dedication[†5] and Preface[†6] I will send straight to the Printer's at about the same time.

I have not yet seen any sketches from Mr. Browne for No. 6.[†7] Will you see to this, without loss of time.[†8] I am now going away to read at a few places, but Mr. Wills always knows where to address me. The plates of[†9] these unseen sketches will want the Lettering from me.

Will you also be so kind as to arrange with Mr. Browne for the final plates for the book,[†10] so that he may not delay it? The publication of the two last Nos. in one will (of course) take place at the end of November, as usual.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [17 OCTOBER 1859]

Extract in Foyle catalogue, No. 59; *MS* 1 p. *Date*: He left to read in Cambridge on 17 Oct 59.

I am going to Cambridge this morning and shall not be in London for a fortnight to come.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 OCTOBER 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | Rochester.

Eagle Hotel, Cambridge
Monday Seventeenth October 1859

My Dearest Georgy.

I write (agreeably to my promise) with all possible dispatch, to let you know the Oxford Train. We start, *by the Great Western Railway at* 2 o'Clock on Monday.

Arthur is at the Agent's[†1] and I don't know how we stand here as to the Let. Pretty tolerably, I suppose,[†2] but I don't very much like the look of the place. It seems what Plorn would call "ortily" dull.

With loves to the dear girls and to the Noble P.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To EDMUND YATES, 18 OCTOBER 1859

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Cambridge
Tuesday Eighteenth October 1859.

My Dear Edmund.

The Verses[†3] safely received this morning. I will read them in no time. I acknowledge their receipt at once, but am obliged to go out with Arthur.

I think the best thing to say to the writer of the enclosed will be that under any other circumstances, you would have introduced him with pleasure, and you know that it would have been much to my satisfaction. But that as you know from myself beforehand, that when I am anywhere on such visits I see no one but devote my whole time to what I have to do and to the quiet it makes needful — and as you remember to have heard me say that my hurry and my short time in Oxford obliged me to refuse the offer of the Vice Chancellor's[†4] house — you think it best not to go through the form.

Boys enough, indeed! Stop where you are.[†5] You will — of course.

I have never had the courage to write to our friend at Hampstead.[†1] Imagine that! I have been rolling over the intention of writing to him, just as his dog with the bell tumbled over the orange.

Peter[†2] is amazing. The idea of his being in that chair![†3] — O it is inconceivable.

Arthur sends kind regard.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, 19 OCTOBER 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 103.

Peterborough, Wednesday Evening, Oct. 19th, 1859.

My Dear Stone,

We had a splendid rush last night[†4] — exactly as we supposed, with the pressure on the two shillings, of whom we turned a crowd away. They were a far finer audience than on the previous night; I think the finest I have ever read to. They took every word of the "Dombey" in quite an amazing manner, and after the child's death, paused a little, and then set up a shout that it did one good to hear. Mrs. Gamp then set in with a roar, which lasted until I had done. I think everybody for the time forgot everything but the matter in hand. It was as fine an instance of thorough absorption in a fiction as any of us are likely to see ever again.

——[†5] (in an exquisite red mantle), accompanied by her sister (in another exquisite red mantle) and by the deaf lady (who leaned a black head-dress, exactly like an old-fashioned tea-urn without the top, against the wall), was charming. HE[†6] couldn't get at her on account of the pressure. HE tried to peep at her from the side door, but she (ha, ha, ha!) was unconscious of his presence. I read to her, and goaded him to madness. He is just sane enough to send his kindest regards.

This is a place which — except the cathedral, with the loveliest front I ever saw — is like the back door to some other place. It is, I should hope, the deadest and most utterly inert little town in the British dominions. The magnates have taken places, and the bookseller is of opinion that "such is the determination to do honour to Mr. Dickens, that the doors *must* be opened half an hour before

the appointed time."[†1] You will picture to yourself Arthur's quiet indignation at this, and the manner in which he remarked to me at dinner, "that he turned away twice Peterborough last night."

A very pretty room — though a Corn Exchange — and a room we should have been glad of at Cambridge, as it is large, bright, and cheerful, and wonderfully well lighted.

The difficulty of getting to Bradford from here to-morrow, at any time convenient to us, turned out to be so great, that we are all going in for Leeds (only three-quarters of an hour from Bradford) to-night after the reading, at a quarter-past eleven. We are due at Leeds a quarter before three.

So no more at present from,

Yours affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 OCTOBER 1859†

MS Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester.

Nottingham
Friday Twenty First October 1859[†2]

My Dearest Georgy. As I received your letters here, *all together*, on arriving at a little before 4 this afternoon, I think it best to write you a line, and not to write to Katie until Oxford. Cambridge beyond everything. Nothing could be finer or better.[†3] Bradford very good indeed.[†4] A fine room here tonight, but tomorrow morning's idea (Arthur's) seeming all wrong, I have arranged that it shall *not* come off.[†5] I shall therefore be in town tomorrow afternoon, but it will make no difference in my arrangements. I think we had best have the new cloth. Love to the dear girls and the Noble Plorn. I write in great haste, as we are pressed for time here.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 23 OCTOBER 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday Twenty Third October, 1859

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

Coming to town last night from Yorkshire, I found your letter awaiting me.

I sent what relief I reasonably could — some two or three Guineas — to this case, some time ago. I first enquired of the clergyman of the place whether the statement was true, and found the illness to be in no wise exaggerated. What I observe to be disingenuous in this letter is, that five people's names are mentioned as though they were the only persons who had assisted the writer. This I know to be untrue. I have been referred to more than once by recipients of similar letters, either from the lady[†1] or her husband; and I know them to have been written to a large number of persons.

The application to the Literary Fund was made (I believe) on my suggestion. I do not know what sum the Fund granted, but I apprehend the unfortunate gentleman's *literary* claim (necessarily a main consideration there) to be a very slight one. I am much mistaken if he ever followed Literature as a profession; or could, if he were well tomorrow.

If the Guild to which I belong[†2] were at liberty to spend a shilling, I doubt therefore if it would be applicable to such a case; but for the next two years or so, it is positively forbidden by its own Act of Parliament to do anything but constantly invest the interest on its capital.[†3] There is no other public body whatever — within my knowledge — specially addressed to such a calamity.

I cannot write these hurried words to you without telling you that Lois the Witch[†4] has moved me to the highest admiration.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gaskell.

To JOHN FORSTER, 24 OCTOBER 1859

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Monday Twenty Fourth October 1859

My Dear Forster.

Delighted to hear that you are coming to Gad's Hill. The longer you can stay, the better I — and all of us — will be pleased.

I would write straight to Thornton Hunt, but that I do not remember his address; and, even if I did, as he writes to you, I might be uncertain whether I too ought not to write *through* you. Will you let him know as soon as possible that I am presently going away to Oxford and can not be in town (as I read every night) before Friday, but that I will hold myself engaged to him on that day, if it will suit his convenience, at the All The Year Round office at 4 O'Clock?

Will you also let him know, from me, that I hold my course to be plain in this matter. What I said to his poor father in your presence,[†1] I will say in any way Thornton Hunt likes; — that there are many remembrances of Hunt in little traits of manner and expression, in that character and especially in all the pleasantest parts of it, but that is all.[†2]

You know how little I see of such things[†3] and will readily understand that this is the first I have ever heard of the paragraph in the Illustrated London News.[†4] As to the London Correspondent of the Bath paper,[†5] he really seems to me too absurd to be thought of. For instance, the "new book" of mine he has seen extracts from, "to be published in America", is a story of a few pages written for a New York Journal;[†6] and the conclusion to which *I* have come on the subject of physiognomy (I have not the least doubt, by the way, that I could read Donkey in his), and which the Idiot sets out as if I had delivered it in a speech, is the remark of a Life-Office Actuary who relates the story![†7]

However, I must not judge of the fitness or unfitness of noticing such contemptible trash. What I told Hunt, and what I promised Hunt, when you were by, to tell to anybody, I will not reserve, qualify, or in any way with-hold. I am quite sure Thornton Hunt will be manful and open with me, and he may rely on my being so with him.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To E. B. GREGORY,[†1] 24 OCTOBER 1859

Text from *Daily Chronicle*, 31 July 1908.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Monday, twenty-fourth October, 1859.

Dear Sir,

As I have to be at Oxford to morrow I cannot possibly have the pleasure of receiving you, and the gentleman associated with you, at the time you propose.

If you will do me the favour to address a note to me at Gad's Hill on Saturday, making me acquainted with the nature of the business on which you wish to see me, I will promptly reply to it.

Referring to a request made to me from Gravesend some time ago,[†2] I think it not improbable that you may contemplate asking me to read there. Should this be so, I am bound to inform you at once that it is wholly out of the question, and that my compliance is not in any reason possible. I receive so many similar requests that even to answer them, however briefly, is often, I assure you, a serious interference with the pursuits of my life.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Gregory, Esquire.

To THE REV. JOSEPH HINDLE,[†3] [26] OCTOBER 1859*

MS (Copy) Mrs E. Lea.[†4] *Date:* CD was in Birmingham on Wed, 26 Oct 59, but not on the 6th; the copyist appears to have been unable to transcribe "twenty" but left a space between "Wednesday" and "Sixth".

Birmingham | Wednesday [Twenty] Sixth October 1859

My Dear Sir

I have been moving about from place to place for the last Week or so, and have missed a note from home, and have so come to delay the Writing of this note to you — not I hope until it is too late.

Can you give us the pleasure of your Company at dinner at Gads Hill next Saturday at 7.O'clock?

It is my younger daughter's birthday.

Believe me | My dear Sir
Always Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Joseph Hindle

To W. H. WILLS, 26 OCTOBER 1859

MS Huntington Library.

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham
Wednesday Twenty Sixth October 1859.

My Dear Wills.

The wonderful thing in your letter is, that you don't say whether Evans[†1] has paid any money![†2] I take it for granted that he has paid none, and will pay none, but you don't say so. The rest of the prospects and projects all right.

Great doings at Oxford. Princes of Wales, and what not.[†3] Last night there, was as bad a night as ever you saw, but the people really came up nobly. It has rained here, ever since last Wednesday — is raining now — is all mud and water — and I do not think it possible that we can have a good room tonight.[†4]

I shall come up from Cheltenham in the night tomorrow,[†4] and shall be at the office about 1 or 2. Of course you won't come out, or think of coming out, unless and until you are quite well.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 28 OCTOBER 1859†

Extract in Dodd Mead catalogue No. 72; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of *AYR*, 28 Oct 59; addressed John Hollingshead.

Many thanks for your book, and for the inscription in it,[†5] which gratifies me very much. It is the best got-up little volume I have seen for a long, long time.[†6] You already know what I think of its contents.

To W. H. WILLS, 28 OCTOBER 1859†

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Eighth October 1859

My Dear Wills

I have read the letter to Evans (which is as plain as a pike staff),[†1] and have duly given it out to Johnson[†2] to be posted with the account. [†a]I don't think we shall ever get any money from that noble gentleman.[†a]

We felt the bad weather at Birmingham; though the people did, really, under the circumstances, "tumble up" extremely well.[†3] At Cheltenham yesterday we had a splendid day and a great go.[†4] My share after Arthur's percentage and all the large expences, was some £70 for the day's work. We came up by the Mail at night — got to town at 5 — and even I[†5] feel a little tired (though really not much), today.

Oxford came out brilliantly. Princes of Wales and the like, attended.

I go down to Gad's Hill early tomorrow morning, as it is Katie's birthday. I am not quite sure whether I may or may not propose to defer our making-up till Wednesday. It depends on how long the Forsters stay with us. I will write you again from Gad's Hill, as soon as I know.

Your cold could scarcely be expected to be better, under such trying circumstances of weather. Write me a line tomorrow night to Gad's Hill, and tell me how you are.

I didn't tell Arthur the Printing joke, because I thought it better to keep the name quite close,

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 30 OCTOBER 1859

MS National Library of Scotland.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirtieth October, 1859

My Dear Carlyle.

Forster is here, and has given me your message concerning the Tale of Two Cities — which has heartily delighted me. It will be published some three weeks hence in one dose, after having occasioned me the utmost misery by being presented in the "tea-spoon-full" form.[†1] Nevertheless I should like you to read what remains of it, before the Many-Headed does, and I therefore take heart to overwhelm you with the enclosed proofs. They are not long, and don't need to be returned. They go on to the end from the current No. and they include the current No. in case you should not have seen it.

I have said in the Preface to the complete Tale[†2] (said Preface is not here, because I have no Proof of it), [†a]"that all the references to the condition of the French people, however slight, are from trustworthy authorities;[†a] and that it has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book."

With love from my daughters and Georgy to Mrs. Carlyle and you, I am ever my Dear Carlyle
Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 30 OCTOBER 1859

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirtieth October, 1859

My Dear Wills.

I say Decidedly *No* to the Stephenson[†3] paper — solely on the ground, as to Sidney,[†4] that I consider it will be behind the time and after the Fair[†5] — as

between you and me, on the additional ground that the thing has already been done in Once a Week[†1] (wretchedly) and quoted in the Times[†2] — further, that I really do honestly think enough has been said and sung on the subject. *Pay well for the article* nevertheless. Certainly, don't use it.

I am glad to hear such good accounts of the cough. I will come up on Wednesday by the Train that arrives at London Bridge at 10 minutes past 10. If I don't find you at the Office, or coming to the office, I will come on to your house. It makes not the least difference to me where we make up the No.

All here, including the Forsters and Wilkie, send kindest regard to Mrs. Wills and you.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 31 OCTOBER 1859

Text from N, III, 132.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday, Thirty-First October, 1859.

My Dear Mr. Howitt,

I have been away and unable to acknowledge the receipt of your last note. Let me do so now.

I will only add on the general subject that if you know of any haunted house whatsoever within the limits of the United Kingdom where nobody can live, eat, drink, sit, stand, lie or sleep, without spirit-molestation, I believe I can produce a gentleman who will readily try its effect in his own person.[†3]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To GEORGE MOORE,[†4] 31 OCTOBER 1859

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirty First October 1859.

My Dear Mr. Moore.

My public engagements are so numerous, and I am so much occupied, that I believe nothing less than your note would have induced me to undertake a

chairmanship.[†1] But I have a great respect for you, and I know what a good and well ordered Society that is in whose behalf you exert yourself. So I am at its (and your) disposal for the next dinner, and have only to stipulate that it must not take place on the 23rd. 24th. or 26th. of December, or on the 1st. of January.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Moore Esquire

To W. J. PARSONS,[†3] 31 OCTOBER 1859

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirty First October, 1859

Sir.

I am bound to assure you, in reply to your letter, that it is quite out of my power conscientiously to offer you any advice in reference to the young lady in whom you are so kindly interested. I could as soon read her destiny in the palm of her hand, as tell you whether there is hope for her in Literature, on no stronger grounds of judgment than some five and forty lines of blank verse. But I must add as to them that although they are a very meritorious composition for a young lady of fifteen, I see, every day of my life, many such pieces — no better, and no worse — which are within the ability of many people, and which do not suggest to me that the writers have any special vocation in this difficult and rugged road.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. J. Parsons Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 31 OCTOBER 1859

Text from Memphis *Morning Bulletin*, 2 Dec 59.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday, October 31, 1859

My Dear Sir:

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, and have read it with unusual pleasure and interest.[†4]

But I cannot take the course you recommend to me, simply because I really have nothing to explain away. What I have written of the more ludicrous and dangerous tendencies that I observed in America, I have written quite honestly, and in no unkinder spirit than I have written of innumerable things at home. I have, as any rational man must have, a great interest in America; and I have many dear friends who are the born and bred children of the United States. I took occasion to observe in a recent preface,[†1] that "to represent me as viewing America with ill nature, coldness, or animosity, is merely to do a very foolish thing, which is always a very easy one." I have no belief whatever in the durability of foolish things among a great and sensible people, and I confidently trust myself in the long run to their good humor and sagacity.[†2]

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To ...., Memphis, Tenn.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 31 OCTOBER 1859*

MS Cheltenham Ladies' College.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Monday Thirty First October, 1859.

Sir.

Returning from another part of the country, I find your note and its accompanying newspaper.

Allow me to assure you that I have read the latter with pleasure and interest, and that I think the young lady achieved her self-imposed task in a highly meritorious manner.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS†4

November

To THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, 1 NOVEMBER 1859

MS Iowa University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday First November, 1859

My Dear Mr. Hunt.

I have carefully discussed the subject with Forster, and he is convinced, he says, that no better course could be taken than that which you and I agreed to suggest to him.†1 He was in favor of it as soon as I mentioned it, and has not in the least wavered since. He leaves here tomorrow, but will not return to town until the end of next week, when he will be happy to see you.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thornton Hunt Esquire

To ALFRED DICKENS, 2 NOVEMBER 1859

Text from N, III, 132.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday, Second November 1859

My Dear Alfred,

The War-Office Ghost matter†2 was not very intelligible even to myself when I saw it in the Papers. All that I know of it, is this. Howitt (who is a kind of arch rapper among the rappers) wrote me a gossiping private note respecting some papers in these pages, called A Physician's Ghosts:†3 wherein the Ghosts treated of, are accounted for, and supposed not to be real apparitions. To this accounting and supposing, Howitt (as said arch-rapper of rappers) objected, and asked me "what I thought of the Ghost of the Officer

killed in the Crimea, who had obliged the War Office, to alter an erroneous date entered in their books as the date of his Death?" — I replied that what I thought of it, was, that I should require very strong evidence indeed, in proof of the story.

That's all.

Ever Affecty.

[CD]

I ought to mention that Howitt afterwards published his letter in a certain periodical curlpaper called The Spiritual Telegraph†4 — and described my answer.†5

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 2 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS (pro forma letter in Will's hand) Morgan Llibrary[[sic]].

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Nov. 2 1859

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled

"A Flower Fancy"

for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

The Manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above.

To SAMUEL SIDNEY, 3 NOVEMBER 1859†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Third November 1859

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry to find from your letter to Wills, that you are vexed by the omission of your paper on the late Mr. Stephenson.†1 In the hope of making it more clear to you why I feel the omission to be necessary, in spite of the paper's being the work of a writer whom I highly esteem and appreciate, I trouble you with these few words of explanation.

Although you were so kind as to write the notice most promptly, it fell out that the No. for which it was designed could not be kept open for it, as it had to be sent away to the United States.†2 The opportunity intended to be seized was thus — through nobody's failure or fault — lost. In the meantime the subject was anticipated in several other quarters, and as much was written about it, as (in my opinion) it demanded or justified. In Household Words, we had a long paper on the life of the father;†3 and I think the public would regard, with a natural impatience and sense of our being a day after The Fair, an article a fortnight hence

on the life of the son; — the rather, when a great deal of the *general* interest of the son's character and career, is derived from the parentage on which we have already expatiated.

I hope I need not assure you that I come reluctantly to my conclusion, without the slightest approach to any disparagement of the merits of the notice itself. Nothing could be more spirited and vigorous, or more to the purpose. My sole objection is, that the purpose, in its association with these pages, is, by mischance, out of date.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Sidney Esquire.

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 4 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fourth November, 1859

My Dear Mr. Hollingshead

I wrote to Howitt to say "on the general question", that if *he* knew of any Haunted House where nobody could get on, I believed *I* knew of a gentleman who would try the adventure.[†1] Here is his — not very terse or cogent — answer.

Next Tuesday between 11 and 3 I shall be at the Office, if you can do me the favor to call.
Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hollingshead Esquire

To G. H. LEWES, 4 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fourth November 1859

My Dear Lewes.

I shall be in town on Monday for the winter, and shall be happy to dine with you, either on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday in that week, or on Monday Tuesday, or Wednesday, in the following week. If no one of these days should do, will you propose another? Please address me at Tavistock House, and consider the pleasant compact made in accordance with your reply.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire

To HERBERT WATKINS, 4 NOVEMBER 1859

Extract in American Art Association and Anderson catalogues, May 1934; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Herbert Watkins;[†3] dated Gad's Hill Place, 4 Nov 57. *Date:* N, III, 133 gives smaller extract but correct year, 1859.

I send you a thousand thanks for the remarkable, interesting, and admirable collection of Photographs you have sent to me.[†4] I shall always prize them highly and shall never tire of them. They are not the less agreeable to me for including two capital heads of yourself.

The Library Edition in its Holiday Dress shall not fail to appear, as soon as it is out of the tailor's (or binder's) hands.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT,[†1] 6 NOVEMBER 1859

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1357 (1918); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 6 Nov 59; addressed "My Dear Tennent".

Regretting that on a certain day he is bound to go to Brighton.

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 8 NOVEMBER 1859

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University. *Address:* William Howitt Esquire | West Hill | Highgate | N.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighth November 1859

My Dear Mr. Howitt

In your list of haunted houses,[†2] I observe a public-house in London. As it is (locally) easy of access, my friend proposes *to begin* with that.[†3] Can you tell me where it is? I will undertake to try to get the Landlord's consent to the House's being exorcised by my friend; and as I suppose the restoration of the Good will to be worth something to him, I have hopes of succeeding.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire.

To CHARLES LEVER, 8 NOVEMBER 1859

MS Institute of Russian Literature, Pushkin House, St Petersburg. *Address:* Charles Lever Esqre. | Spezia | Italy.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighth November 1859

My Dear Lever.

I really cannot tell you how cordially I thank you for your handsome and truly friendly letter. I assure you that I feel its generosity and consideration, deeply.

The article is a very curious and suggestive one. I have called it Italian Distrust,[†4] and have placed it, with great gratification, in the No. made up to day — published on the 23rd.

My dear fellow, the book that I want to send you, is the completed Tale of Two Cities,[†1] and it is not yet ready. But woe to the Frederick of Piccadilly, if he delay posting it, an hour after he has one complete copy in his house!

— I have been thinking:— Is it not a very remarkable thing that this same Distrust, coupled with its inseparable companion, an admiration of over-reaching, should be the Master Vice of the United States — under the extreme opposite system of Government? Iago would have been "a smart man" in New York, and any conspicuous American will believe any ill of any other.[†2]

Believe me Ever | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 8 NOVEMBER 1859

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1973. *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 8 Nov 59.

Thanking his correspondent for having sent the manuscript of his paper "Memorials of Edinboro" as a contribution to All the Year Round *and declining it as unsuitable.*

To CHARLES BARBER, 9 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Ninth November, 1859.

Mr. Lake has taken the house,[†3] Barber, until the Saturday before Easter. He will come in, on Saturday next. It is understood that he is to have whatever little things there may be in the kitchen Garden — that we keep the Dogs as usual — and also the pony; the latter being used to draw water for him, however. I have explained to him that you are in charge of the place, and that your work will all go on as usual in the garden, and that if he wants any little explanation about the ways of the house, you will give it him at any time.

I shall be down on Friday, and shall want George to meet me with the basket and the dogs, at the Higham Station. I shall leave London at a quarter past 10.

The vase and pedestal were already at the Railway, before I got to the Mason's. So the two faces for the tunnel,[†4] will follow in another package as soon as they are ready.

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 10 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS British Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Tenth November, 1859.

My Dear Sir

Will you send a complete set of the Library Edition to Mr. Frith, with the enclosed note.[†1]

And as there is an old engagement that I should send a set to Peter Cunningham in return for his Horace Walpole,[†2] will you send another set to him with the enclosed note[†3] when and where you can find him.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To C.C. FELTON, 10 NOVEMBER 1859†

MS Indiana University Libraries and [aa]Houghton Library, Harvard.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Tenth November, 1859

My Dear Felton

I have been writing so hard — and reading besides — that I have done nothing in my own private and personal character these many months. Being now borne to London on the waves of a whole Atlantic of correspondence in arrear, I confess my sins to "the heartiest of Greek Professors".

To the American Readings, I have not seen my way at all. The design wants in it some American *gentleman* (or gentlemen) with capital, position, and influence. So far as I see, it strays instead, into the hands of speculators without money.[†5] This is a combination that I should be very shy of at home, and that certainly will never tempt me thousands of miles away. So I think I have abandoned the idea.

The answers to your questions are three in number.

1. There always is, in All The Year Round, as there always was in Household Words, an opening for a good and able contributor.

2. The general rate of payment is a Guinea a page; but it is sometimes more.

3. I should think Mr. Underwood[†1] likely to have it in his power to establish a connexion with the Journal, useful and pleasant on both sides. But of course I do not *know* this, without seeing something that he designs for it. For any long story, I have not an opening, because Wilkie Collins follows me in a fortnight, for at least eight months, and I am now engaging for a story by another hand to follow his.

I write very hastily, and hope I need not assure either Mr. Underwood or you, that I could not possibly be more interested in any contributor than in one so proposing himself.

The girls and Georgina send their kindest regard to you and your house — whose happiness, we all hope, is now quite restored.[†2] I have been devoting myself to the Tale of Two Cities with tremendous interest and fervor, and Carlyle says its "Wonderful!" and Forster turns white with admiring approval. Come and do likewise.

Ever My Dear Felton | Affecy and Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Love to all friends, not forgetting Hillard, who left us in great force, and the remembrance of whom is green on Gad's Hill.

To W. R. SCULTHORPE, 10 NOVEMBER 1859

Text from MDGH, II, 104.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.,
Thursday, Nov. 10th, 1859.

Dear Sir,

Judgment must go by default. I have not a word to plead against Dodson and Fogg.[†3] I am without any defence to the action; and therefore, as law goes, ought to win it.

Seriously, the date of your hospitable note disturbs my soul. But I have been incessantly writing in Kent and reading in all sorts of places, and have done nothing in my own personal character these many months;[†4] and now I come to town and our friend[†5] is away! Let me take that defaulting miscreant into council when he comes back.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS SPALDING,[†1] 10 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Mr J. R. Chamberlain.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Thursday Tenth November, 1859

Dear Sir

I am happy to send you my Two Proxies[†2] in favor of Mr. Doogood,[†3] and am
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Spalding Esquire

To GEORGE LAKE, 11 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Guildhall Museum, Rochester.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Eleventh November, 1859

My Dear Sir

We have left the various Inventories on this table, in case you should ever desire to refer to them. The gardener's wife has instructions, in common with her husband, to give you any information you may require.

In the Inner Drawing Room, two of the Mirrors fitted into the wall, have suffered in their silvering, on account of the wall not having been quite dry when they were put up. The maker says that if he took them down to resilver, he would keep them "about a fortnight". Will you have the kindness to inform me at your convenience, by a line to Tavistock House, whether you object to their being taken down for that period? The only reason for their being done at once, is, that the less they are mildewed before they go to the maker, the less the repair will cost. And he says that it *may* spread over their whole surfaces.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C.[†4] Lake Esquire

To ABRAHAM HOLROYD,[†1] 12 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Saturday Twelfth November 1859

My Dear Sir

I beg to thank you cordially for your letter of the Eighth, and for the little book[†2] accompanying it. Believe me, I reciprocate the good wishes you send me, and I highly esteem the good fortune of being held in such remembrance.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Abraham Holroyd Esquire

To R. H. HORNE,[†3] 12 NOVEMBER 1859

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address: Private* | R. H. Horne Esquire | Town Hall Melbourne.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth November 1859

My Dear Horne.

I am happy to give my full and unreserved permission for the collection and republication of your articles from Household Words, in accordance with the enclosed list.[†4] But I must (for reasons into which it is needless to enter) decline to negociate with any publisher on the subject. Further, I should feel great delicacy and difficulty in asking (as you suggest) either Robert Bell[†5] or Southwood Smith[†6] to do so on your behalf. And I must beg you to authorize the friend whom you select for the office, directly from yourself and without my intervention.[†7]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 12 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Morgan Library. *Address: Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | Board of Trade | S.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth November 1859

My Dear Tennent,

In thanking you most heartily for your book,[†1] let me, no less cordially congratulate you on its success. It is delightful to receive such an account[†2] of it, on such good authority.

Before I sit down to study and enjoy the elephant on my own account, I will have him out for the behoof of the many readers of this Journal.[†3] I hope that it may be the means of turning a few more eyes towards your book, and it would be a selfish pleasure to me to be associated — however slightly — with your triumph and gratification.

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To MRS ALFRED DICKENS,[†4] 13 NOVEMBER 1859

Text from N, III, 135.

Tavistock House
Sunday, Thirteenth November, 1859

My Dear Helen,

Believe me, I feel your letter to be an extremely kind and true-hearted one, and I have read it with a real respect for the feeling in which it has originated. There is nothing but goodness in it, and I hope it is impossible I could ever take that amiss.

But I cannot further the object confided to you. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Cobden,[†5] and I do not even believe that he has, or would exercise if he had, any such influence as he is supposed to possess over the affairs of that American Railway[†6] .... Quite apart however from these considerations, you will easily

understand why Alfred's objection applies with ten thousand times greater force to one so notorious as myself. I have been painfully restrained from communicating with Augustus[†1] by the knowledge (gained from a stern experience), that the least communication with him would be turned to some account, and that some suddenly virtuously indignant person would proclaim that but for me he never would have been drawn into those social relations, or to that advance of money, or to that recommendation, or what not. Augustus had not been in America three months (I think), when he wrote me asking me to correspond with some man or other who had done something for him, and who would write to recommend me to advance him a sum of money. He did write, and what could I do but hold my peace? I do not complain of injustice though I have suffered under it but I can not put myself in the way of heaps of not unmerited reproach from the knaves and fools who are always panting to yelp at a public man, by in any way guaranteeing Augustus. I can not deny to myself that the more conspicuous I am, the less right I have to do it, and the more I am bound to stand aloof.

It is a dreadful state of things that he should have fallen into this position, but I declare to you that I do not see how he is to be helped in it. He always has been, in a certain insupportable arrogance and presumption of character, so wrong, that, even when he had some prospects before him, I despaired of his ever being right.

He came to consult me on some matters at the time when he took his partner in business;[†2] I observed him then to be so stupid in a singular combination of vanity and over-reaching, that I felt it would be a positive act of treachery in me to see the partner, and imply, however distantly, that I believed it possible for him to succeed with such a young man as my brother. I never did see him, though Augustus strongly pressed it upon me, and the same considerations that were irresistible with me at that time, are — as you may easily suppose — greatly intensified at this.

You will understand, I am quite sure, that I do not write a word of this reproachfully towards the unfortunate fellow, but that I write it only to *you* in

strict confidence, that you may the better comprehend my state of mind about him. It is simply this:— I have no hope of him. If I had any suitable employment in my own gift, in America, I would give it him; but I can *not* recommend another man to do it, and least of all a stranger, who, doing it at all, would only do it in his confidence in me.

Ever affectionately

[CD]

To G. H. LEWES, 14 NOVEMBER 1859†

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Fourteenth November, 1859

My Dear Lewes.

Against my first impulse and inclination, I think it is best that I should go further with you into the question of Mrs. Lewes's writing for All The Year Round. And I think I can make it plain to you in a very few words, why and how I come to this conclusion.

I finish next week, and Wilkie Collins begins. His story will last about 8 months. In the No. which contains the opening of his story, I place a few words of my own — between the end of mine, and the beginning of his — to the effect that I purpose always reserving that first place, for a continuous story of about the length of The Tale of Two Cities; and that I hope this Series will take its place in English Literature. This obliges me at once to arrange for some story to follow Collins. Now, can I arrange for such a story, with Mrs. Lewes? You understand that it would not *begin* to appear in print, until about four months or so, after Easter.

The question is, whether it would be consistent with her perfect peace of mind and comfort (I assume her general inclination, from what we said together), to enter into terms for such a story. If yes — in order that the money part of the matter may be (as it should be, of course, and must be) a matter of business and recompense, perfectly apart from me, either as an individual or a writer — my sub Editor and business right hand, Wills, an excellent fellow, shall come to you at any time you may name, and close the

matter on any terms perfectly satisfactory to Mrs. Lewes and you. Of course the copyright would remain her own, and the perfect liberty to select her own publisher for the completed story, and to publish it immediately on its completion, would remain her own likewise. An immense new public would probably be opened to her, and I am quite sure that our association would be full of interest and pleasure to me.[†1]

[†a]Of my personal feeling and wish in the matter, and of the extent to which I have it at heart as an artist, to have such an artist working with me, I have no right to say more[†a] in this connexion. I never can overcome the delicacy and difficulty that arise in me, the moment I have to make any mention of writing, in any other character than as a writer. Only tell me, therefore, whether you will see Wills, and when?

Now, thank God! I subside into the personage who smoked his cigar in the chair before the fire, last Thursday,[†1] and can send my kindest regard and truest sympathy in all things, without a fettered mind.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 15 NOVEMBER 1859

Text from N, III, 136.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Tuesday, Fifteenth November 1859

My Dear Sir,

My friend — whom you altogether[†2] mistake for somebody else whom I don't know of — has an idea of taking the haunted House at Cheshunt altogether. Can you tell me to whom application should be made about it?

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM TELBIN,[†1] 15 NOVEMBER 1859

Text from N, III, 136.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Tuesday, Fifteenth November 1859

My Dear Telbin,

I hope you did not derive, from John,[†2] any impression that I was going to destroy your scene.[†3] It was to be taken to pieces and rolled up, that it might be the better preserved; when it came into my head (a

general clearance is necessary for domestic purposes) that it might be useful to you, and that some of the rollers had been lent by you. Believe me I have never in the least forgotten your pains, or our friendly association; both will always be a gratifying remembrance to me.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 15 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fifteenth November 1859

My Dear Mr. Trollope. I write this hasty word just as the Post leaves, to ask you this question, which this moment occurs to me:—

Montalembert,[†4] in his suppressed treatise,[†5] asks "What wrong has Pope Pius the Ninth done?"[†6] Don't you think you can very pointedly answer that question in these pages?[†7] If you can not, nobody in Europe can.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANÇOIS REGNIER, 16 NOVEMBER 1859

MS Comédie Française.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Sixteenth November, 1859

My Dear Regnier.

I send you ten thousand thanks for your kind and explicit letter. What I particularly wished to ascertain from you, was whether it is likely that the Censor would allow such a piece to be played in Paris.[†1] In the case of its being likely, then, I wished to have the piece as well done as possible, and would even have proposed to come to Paris to see it rehearsed. But I very much doubted whether the general subject would not be objectionable to the Government, and what you write with so much sagacity and with such care convinces me at once that its representation would be prohibited. Therefore, I altogether abandon and relinquish the idea. But I am just as heartily and cordially obliged to you for your interest and friendship, as if the Book had been turned into a play, five hundred times. I again thank you ten thousand times, and am quite sure that you are right. I only hope you will forgive my causing you so much trouble, after your hard work.

My girls and Georgina send their kindest regard to Madame Regnier and to you. My Gad's Hill house (I think I omitted to tell you, in reply to your enquiry) is on the very scene of Falstaff's robbery.

There is a little Cabaret[†2] at the roadside, still called "The Sir John Falstaff". And the country, in all its general features, is, at this time, what it was in Shakespeare's. I hope you will see the house before long. It is really a pretty place — and a good residence for an English writer, is it not?

Macready, we are all happy to hear from himself, is going to leave the dreary tomb in which he lives at Sherborne, and to remove to Cheltenham[†3] — a large and handsome place, about four or five hours' railway journey from London, where his poor girls will at least see and hear some Life. Forster is growing bigger and more burly. Riches agree with him in all respects, very well. Madame Celeste[†4] was with me yesterday, wishing to dramatize the Tale of Two Cities for the Lyceum, after bringing out her Christmas Pantomime.[†5] You know that she has long separated from Webster, and has now taken the Matthews's old Theatre?[†6] I gave her my permission, and the book.[†7] But I fear that her Company (Troupe) is a very poor one.

This is all the news I have: except (which is no news at all) that I feel as if I had not seen you for fifty years, and that I am Ever your attached and faithful friend.

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK STONE, [?MID-NOVEMBER 1859]

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* no doubt from Tavistock House from which CD wrote several letters on 16 Nov; handwriting supports.

See reference here. I will look in for a minute, in the course of the morning, when I go out.

CD.

To ARTHUR STONE,[†1] 18 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Eighteenth November, 1859

My Dear Arthur

Your father is ill, and Ellen has asked us to send a messenger to bring you to him.[†2] One of our women comes in a Cab with this.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES COLLINS, 19 NOVEMBER 1859

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

Nineteenth November, 1859

My Dear Charles Collins

In retaining the Story[†3] (though I am afraid not for the Christmas No.) I feel that I ought to say a word or two to you about it, because I doubt it. And I am so afraid of your else going wrong in your book,[†4] and disappointing yourself, that I feel the responsibility I am under of telling you the truth.

Rely upon it, the story is altogether in want of touches of relief, and life, and truth. It is greatly too much in the manner of the stories of about the time of the Essayists;[†1] it does not hang well together; it is not easy; and there is too much of the narrator in it — the narrator not being an actor. The result is, that I can not *see* the people, or the place, or believe in the fiction. I am absolutely certain — mind! — that this is no peculiarity of mine. If you were to shew it to Wilkie without a word of comment, he must see the same defects in it. If you were to read it yourself after trying something else, you would see them quite as plainly.

You have such an excellent humour — of your own — and such a correct and delicate observation — that it is a great pity not to give the quality more play in such a narrative. As, for instance, by making the sister who writes to the Sailor, some recognizable type of woman. A wolfish kind of thing like the Italian, requires a Red Riding Hood, or a Grandmother. I feel, after reading the story, exactly as if it had been told me by somebody who couldn't tell it; and as if I had to fill in all the things to make it life-like, myself.

Don't let the Eye Witness drop. It will certainly do you good; It is a capital name for you; if you went on with it, I think it would be the best name you could put upon the Title page of your book;[†2] it is your own idea, and one that you may stand by for years.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, 19 NOVEMBER 1859

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 685*n.*

Saturday, November 19th, 1859

You will be grieved to hear of poor Stone. On Sunday he was not well. On Monday, went to Dr. Todd,[†3] who told him he had aneurism of the heart. On Tuesday, went to Dr. Walsh,[†4] who told him he hadn't. On Wednesday I met him in a cab in the Square here, and he got out to talk to me. I walked about with him a little while at a snail's pace, cheering him up; but when I came home, I told them that I thought him much changed, and in danger. Yesterday at two o'clock he died of spasm of the heart. I am going up to Highgate to look for a grave for him.

To ELLEN STONE, 19 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Nineteenth November, 1859

My Dear Ellen.

In writing to Mr. Bannister,[†1] I would mention that the Funeral is to take place on *Thursday*, and that, to obviate the necessity that would otherwise arise of choosing among friends, only your two brothers and the two executors would follow.

By all means explain that wish to Frith and Egg,[†2] *before* the Funeral. And this necessitates your telling them that they are the Executors: I perceive a kind of propriety and coherency in your doing that, *at once and before the Will is opened*, because your knowledge of the circumstance shews in itself that your father had confided his intentions and desires to his children.[†3]

Upon all other matters, I shall be very glad to speak to you and your brothers whenever you feel equal to the task. I am strongly of opinion that you should retain the house for yourselves. I feel sure that in the long run it will save you money, and I think it will give Marcus,[†4] particularly, a kind of fixity that will have a good effect. People will come to see his pictures where they saw his poor father's, and many Art-friends will feel more earnestly about him.

Ever Affectionately and faithfully

CD.

To ELLEN STONE, 19 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Nineteenth November 1859

My Dear Ellen.

I have been to Highgate, and bought the spot of ground,[†1] and appointed the funeral *to be there at eleven o'Clock on Thursday forenoon.*

Ever Affectionately and faithfully

CD.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 19 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Morgan Library

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Saturday Nineteenth November | 1859

My Dear Tennent

I send you a rough Proof — which I don't want back — of the Elephant Paper, to be published on the last day of this month. I have had the narrative put together by my best hand at that kind of work, and have written in the little personal matter myself.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My next neighbour poor Frank Stone, is dead — died yesterday of spasm of the heart.

To W. H. WILLS, 19 NOVEMBER 1859

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Nineteenth November 1859

My Dear Wills.

I don't see my way through this letter of Lewes's[†2] at all.

I shall be back here at 3 to day, to meet Alfred. Don't wait for me if you have anything else to do. If you have nothing else to do — why, then, I shall find you.

On what strange, sad, errand do you think I am going now? To Highgate, to choose a Grave for — poor Stone, who died yesterday!

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To WILLIAM BOXALL,[†1] [?19-20 NOVEMBER 1859]

Mention in *To* Ellen Stone, 21 Nov. *Date:* between Stone's death and the letter to Ellen.

To G. H. LEWES, 20 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday Twentieth November, 1859

My Dear Lewes.

I am in a state of temporary insanity (Annual) with the Xmas No. and don't expect to be out of it for ten days or a fortnight to come. As soon as I recover myself, rely on my walking out to Wandsworth. In the meanwhile, will you and Mrs. Lewes take an opportunity of considering this question:— at what time (supposing all else arranged) *could* she begin? My original idea was, that her story might follow Collins's, and that I might follow her. Now, supposing I were to put Mrs. Gaskell next after Collins — say for a four or six months' story — would *that* do? Obviously, you see, the first task imposed upon me, is, to fill the post when Collins is relieved; and that, it is needless to say, I must do beforehand — now. If you could once substantially enlighten me on the question How much time Mrs. Lewes would want, to be comfortable — I should be in a condition to provide for the next story.

This is one point on which I particularly want your aid. Here is another.

I am very anxious to have a paper in All The Year Round, hung in any way upon that "Adam Bede Junior", protesting most strongly and indignantly, in the interests of Literature, against that most shameful and abominable proceeding.[†2] I wish you would write it. Will you? You have the whole question at your fingers' ends, and could do it better than any one else.[†3] If you would undertake it, it would be necessary for it to be written immediately on the appearance of the book, as we are always made up a fortnight in advance. Here is a story about it, that I have at first hand, and know to be true. A scavenging wretch in the employment of Mr. Newby,[†4] goes to a certain Librarian to subscribe the book. Librarian says he considers it a dishonest proceeding and will have nothing to

do with it. "Dishonest!" says the Scavenger; "how do *you* know by whom it's written? How do *you* know it is not by Miss Evans?" Librarian replies: "All I know, is, I will have nothing to do with the book, or you either."[†1] But behold! The Librarian's subscribers, attracted by the advertisement, demand the book! And because he is under contract to them to supply them with *all* new books, he is obliged to order it, and has ordered it!

Pray tell me whether you will write the paper or no. Because I am red hot upon it, and bent upon the scarification of the book-seller. I shall be at the office on Tuesday afternoon at 3.

My kindest regard to Mrs. Lewes. I have been hoping to send her the Tale of Two Cities in a Volume, but have not yet had one copy from the binder.[†2]

Always My Dear Lewes | Faithfully

CD.

Poor Stone! — Died next door here, suddenly on Friday, from an affection of the heart.

To MISS ELLEN STONE, 21 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twenty First November 1859

My Dear Ellen.

I saw Wills yesterday. There is no doubt of the Insurance being right, but we thought it best to pay that interest on the Loan. It is therefore done this morning.

The newspapers shall have the notice to day.[†3] I have written to Boxall, and explained matters to him in reference to Thursday.[†4]

Ever Affectionately and faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 NOVEMBER 1859]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 824. *Date:* 25 Nov 59, according to Forster.

As yet not a story has come to me in the least belonging to the idea[†5] (the simplest in the world; which I myself described in writing, in the most elaborate

manner); and everyone of them turns, by a strange fatality, on a criminal trial![†1]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [26 NOVEMBER 1859]

Mention in H. F. Manisty[†2] *to* Walter Lamb,[†3] 20 June 1922, MS Royal Academy. *Date:* written 26 Nov, but dated by CD 28 Nov, like the two following letters.

Asking them to give work as an illustrator to Marcus Stone, should the opportunity arise.[†4]

To THOMAS LONGMAN,[†5] [26] NOVEMBER 1859

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* written 26 Nov, but dated by CD 28 Nov.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twenty Eighth November, 1859

My Dear Longman.

I am very anxious to present to you, with the earnest hope that you will hold him in your remembrance, young Mr. Marcus Stone, son of poor Frank Stone who died suddenly, but a little week ago.

You know, I dare say, what a start this young man made in the last Exhibition,[†1] and what a favorable notice his picture attracted.[†2] He wishes to make an additional opening for himself in the illustration of books.[†3] He is an admirable draughtsman — has a most dexterous hand — a charming sense

of grace and beauty — and a capital power of observation. These qualities in him I know well, of my own knowledge. He is in all things modest, punctual, and right; and I would answer for him, if it were needful, with my head.

If you will put any thing in his way, you will do it a second time, I am certain.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Longman Esquire.

To JOHN MURRAY,[†4] [26] NOVEMBER 1859

Text from copy in Royal Academy of Arts, checked from MS Sotheby, June 1975. *Date:* written 26 Nov, but dated by CD 28 Nov.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday, Twenty Eighth November, 1859

My dear Murray.

I daresay you remember Mr. Marcus Stone's picture in the Exhibition last year, and the sensation it made as the work of a young man of remarkable power and promise. It is to the same Mr. Marcus Stone that I give this letter, and he is the son of my dear old friend Frank Stone of the Academy who died, next door here, but ten days ago.

He wishes to make an additional way for himself in life, by the illustration of books. He draws beautifully, is a faithful student, has a quick and shrewd observation added to a ready and skilled hand and graceful eye, and is as modest and reliable as it is possible for artist to be. I have known him and his progress from his childhood, and his character and capacity are matters of absolute and intimate certainty with me.

It is very likely that you might have the opportunity of trying such a hand.[†5] That you will do so if you can, is all I ask: I know very well that he will work out all the rest for himself.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire.

To J. T. DELANE,[†1] [26 NOVEMBER 1859]

Mention in *To* Stone, 26 Nov. *Date:* almost certainly written same day as last.

Asking him to give employment on The Times *to Arthur Stone, should there be a vacancy.*[†2]

To MARCUS STONE, 26 NOVEMBER 1859

MS Royal Academy of Arts. *Address:* Marcus Stone Esquire | Russell House | Tavistock Square.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Sixth November 1859

My Dear Marcus. I send you enclosed, the three introductory letters of which I spoke to Arthur this morning. Seal them, after reading and before delivering them. You will notice that I have dated them, Monday.

Tell Arthur that I have not seen Mr. Delane, but have written to him strongly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS GORDON SMYTHIES,[†3] 28 NOVEMBER 1859

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue, 1900; *MS* 3 pp.; dated Office of *AYR*; addressed Mrs Gordon Smythies. *Date:* 28 Nov 59 given in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Apr 1914, with shorter extract.

You assume a depreciation of your abilities on my part which has no existence on this earth ... I have half a dozen stories here now, by regular contributors, quite impossible to be used for the Xmas No., yet written for it. The No. is now being "made up", and there is not the least chance or hope of room or trial. But you may very truly say, on my authority — every year — a quantity of matter written for it afterwards goes into the regular Nos.

To DAVID ROBERTS,[†4] 30 NOVEMBER 1859

Mention in N, III, 138. *MS* 2 pp., dated Tavistock House, 30 Nov 59.

Referring to a misunderstanding.[†5]

To ARTHUR STONE, 30 NOVEMBER 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Thirtieth November 1859

My Dear Arthur

I have had this note from Mr. Delane.

"At *present* I know of nothing that is vacant, but it will be hard indeed if the next month or two does not produce something that will be at least worth offering him."

"You may rely upon my bearing him in mind when an occasion offers."

They are so chary at the Times of promising, that I hardly doubt the likelihood of something coming of this. Once on that paper and able to hold your own there, you can work your way on in your profession[†1] without anxiety for present means. It is highly desirable — above all things — that you should now get to the Short Hand. If you can begin with me here, at 10 tomorrow morning, do.[†2]

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

December

To FREDERICK SALMON,[†3] 1 DECEMBER 1859*

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday First December, 1859

My Dear Sir

While I cordially sympathize with the intentions of these worthy people, and while I thoroughly know on what good grounds of thankfulness they act, I cannot say that I like that kind of public presentation.[†4] It has been of late years

made so common, and has been so grossly abused, that it has become associated with puffery rather than with desert, and very very seldom, in a good case, shews as it is meant to shew. I am bound to express this feeling to you, because I have expressed it on a great number of occasions publicly, and because, if the case were my own, I should feel it strongly.

If you will state my reason for doubt and hesitation, to the leaders among these grateful friends, and will tell them that I cannot therefore bind myself to represent them in this matter until I understand their wishes in detail, the possibility of their misunderstanding me will be prevented. Then, if they will ask me to make an appointment to confer with them, and will tell me what hour would best suit their convenience, I will lose no time in seeing them.[†1]

It is a painful surprise to me, to hear of your being in ill health. I had not heard of it, and sincerely hope your useful career receives but a passing check.[†2]

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Salmon Esquire.

To BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 2 DECEMBER 1859

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* p. 55.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.,
Friday, December 2nd, 1859.

I have this day safely received your draft, payable three days after sight, for £ ...[†3] Sterling, in completion of your payment for the *Tale of Two Cities.* I beg to thank you very cordially.

My daughters and their aunt unite in kindest regards to all your house. I have not, as yet, any new book in direct contemplation; but I shall certainly not, at any time, publish a new story without previous communication with you.

To W. BLANCHARD JERROLD, 4 DECEMBER 1859

Mention in Emily Driscoll catalogue No. 27 (1968); *MS* 1 p.; dated London 4 Dec 59; addressed W. B. Jerrold.

Returning, with a few words, a play.[†4]

To THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, [5] DECEMBER 1859

MS Dickens House. *Date*: misdated by CD; Monday was 5 Dec in 1859.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Monday December Fourth, 1859

My Dear Mr. Hunt.

The next No. we make up, will probably be published at the office, on Wednesday the 21st. of this Month. I will hold it back and keep it open, expressly to get into it the necessary remarks by myself on your introduction &c.[†1] I hope to be able to send you a proof on Thursday morning; of course you shall see it and approve of it before I send it for press.[†2]

To E. A. MENCH,[†3] [5] DECEMBER 1859*

MS Mr William S. Akin, Illinois. *Date*: misdated by CD; Monday was 5 Dec in 1859.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Monday Fourth December, 1859

My Dear Sir

I am truly grateful to you for your letter, and have been sincerely affected by its enclosed account of Mr. Curtis's[†4] lecture[†5] on myself and my books. That gentleman's eulogy, and its reception by his audience, would have been as a dagger in my heart, if I had ever entertained the least animosity towards the American people. But as I never have had any save friendly feelings towards them, I have read the newspaper account, with a glow of heartfelt pleasure. I shall never forget it.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. A. Mench Esquire

To THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, 7 DECEMBER 1859

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventh December 1859

My Dear Mr. Hunt. Will it suit you to call here at 12 tomorrow, and look over the little proof[†1] with me? After that I will take it down to Forster. It must be at Press tomorrow night. I hope it is clear, explicit, and beyond mistake.[†2] But whatever you desire it to be, it shall be — if it be not already.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thornton Hunt Esquire

To MRS GASKELL, 8 DECEMBER 1859*

MS Mr Thomas Brown.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth December 1859

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

In "making up" the Christmas No. I was obliged — or I could not have managed it at all — to take a line here, and a line there, out of every paper in it. I hope I did this so tenderly and carefully in your case, as that you will hardly know where I touched it. My chief reason for mentioning the circumstance at all, is, that I may have an excuse for telling you that the force and beauty of your story[†3] impressed me more than I could easily find words to describe.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY BOYLE,[†1] 8 DECEMBER 1859†

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Night, Eighth December 1859

My Dear Mary.

[†a]I really cannot tell you how truly and tenderly I feel your letter, and how gratified I am by its contents.[†2] Your truth and attachment are always so precious to me that I can*not* get my heart out on my sleeve, to shew it you. It is like a child, and, at the sound of some familiar voices, "goes and hides".

You know what an affection I have for Mrs. Watson, and how happy it made me to see her again — younger, much, than when I first knew her in Switzerland.[†a]

The Mormon joke, excellent — Even to me, who (if I had been the examined boy) might have been more frightfully heretical than either of the unmarried young gentlemen.

[†b]Yes, Mary dear; I must say that I like my Carton. And I have a faint idea sometimes, that if I had acted him, I could have done something with his life and death.[†b†3]

God bless you always! | Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR STONE, 11 DECEMBER 1859*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday Eleventh December 1859

My Dear Arthur

On reconsideration, I think you had best not write with me again until you have had a day or two's thorough good practice with the arbitrary characters and letters.[†4] I am rather afraid of your otherwise confirming some present mistakes. Let us say 10 on Wednesday.

But if you have any thing to ask me about, I shall be at home this morning until halfpast one.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To [?RUMSEY] FORSTER,[†1] [?MID-DECEMBER 1859]

Mention in *To* Howitt, 21 Dec 59. *Date:* probably written about a week before that letter.

Replying that there must be some mistake in his description of a letter he had received from Howitt.

To [?RUMSEY] FORSTER, [?MID-DECEMBER 1859]

Mention in *To* Howitt, 21 Dec 59. *Date:* presumably within a day or two of last.

Assuring him that the statement in Howitt's letter which he enclosed was perfectly accurate.

To CAPT. CAVENDISH SPENCER BOYLE,[†2] 17 DECEMBER 1859

Extract in Reginald Atkinson catalogue No. 69 (1927); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 17 Dec 59; addressed "My Dear Boyle".

Many thanks for your spirited song — which I have read with much pleasure, and with which I shall beguile the weary night when I am on duty as Sentry at the Bank of England. What a Gummidge[†3] you are, never to appear in these parts like a man!

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 17 DECEMBER 1859†

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Seventeenth December 1859

My Dear Mr. Howitt.

I have been to Cheshunt, and have found myself no nearer to a haunted house than I was before.[†4] Not a locally well-informed person in the place knows

of any haunted stories there. The house in which Mr. Chapman lived,[†1] has been greatly enlarged and commands a high rent, and is no more deserted[†2] than this house of mine is.[†3] I can hear of no one at Cheshunt who ever heard of anything worse in it during Mr. Chapman's occupation, than Rats, and a servant (one Frank by name), said to have had a skilful way of poaching for rabbits at untimely hours. I have taken, from the parish-books, the names and terms of residence of all the occupants of that house for years past. I am assured that the lawyer, the doctor, and the clergyman, can not lay hold of any body of any degree who ever heard of any haunted reputation attaching to the house. As to Sir Henry Meux's[†4] people they have been eating of the Lotus in like manner,[†5] and stare in a most bewildered condition when challenged to confess.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire

To MRS GASKELL, 20 DECEMBER 1859

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Mrs. Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Tuesday Twentieth December 1859

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I want to make a proposal to you, and to make it intelligible in as few words as possible. Because I know that, the fewer the words, the greater chance it has of being comprehensible.

Would it be agreeable and practicable to you to write for All The Year Round, by the end of June, a story of this length:— to occupy about five months, or 22 weeks in serial publication of about 5 pages per week; in other words, of *about 400 pages of your usual manuscript?*[†6]

I shall be happy to pay you for the use of such a story, Two Hundred Guineas. I would undertake to get you, certainly Fifty more (possibly a larger sum, but of that I cannot make sure) for the transmission of early proofs to America. You would reserve the liberty to collect, and publish it as a book, simultaneously with its completion in All The Year Round. The copyright would, of course, be yours.[†1]

The money should be paid at any time most pleasant to you — now, if that were of the least moment. But, I am not absolutely certain (this is the only "But" in the case) that I should be able to use the story at the exact time I have named. I should want it, or say half of it at least, in hand then, to be provided against all contingencies. But I *might*, in fulfilment of another agreement of a conditional nature, that I have made with another writer of the highest standing[†2] — I *might*, I say, interpose another story before it, in June. The effect of such interposition would be to delay its appearance (but of course not the payment for it), some four or five months. I think it right to mention this.

When you have considered the subject, will you tell me Yes, or No.

The little allegory[†3] you sent to Wills the other day on behalf of a friend,[†4] I am happy to accept.

Believe me My Dear Mrs. Gaskell

Always Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM HOWITT, 21 DECEMBER 1859

MS Mrs Mary Howitt Whittakers Walker.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Wednesday Twenty First December, 1859

My Dear Mr. Howitt

My reply to your letter received yesterday evening, may be comprised under four brief heads.

1. I will communicate its suggestion, to the gentleman who wishes to try the adventure of a Haunted House: though I can not engage that either his time or his patience will hold out in the pursuit of things that have such an unlucky trick of vanishing when they are come near to.[†1]

2. Be so good as to observe (not allowing a little ill temper to distort your sense of justice), that the Christmas No. which gives you so much offence,[†2] and the Cheshunt House, are two perfectly distinct things. I went to Cheshunt to make enquiries, the very day before the Christmas No. was published, and when it had been at press ten days.[†3]

3. The Mr. Forster of the Oriental club[†4] to whom you refer (and of whom I know nothing) wrote me a letter so clumsily describing a letter he had had from you, that I replied, there must be some mistake. He then sent me your letter itself, and I immediately returned it with the written assurance that its statement was "perfectly accurate".

4. But I cannot possibly "oblige you by letting it be clearly understood in unequivocal language that I *did* find the house which had the reputation[†5] of having been haunted, but that it was said to be so, no longer" — simply because I could not discover that it ever had had any such reputation. I found the house in which Mr. Chapman had lived four years, altered, enlarged, increased in rent, and prosperously inhabited. I hope that is sufficient for your satisfaction, but I found nothing else.

I will not refer you to the newspapers of only yesterday, for the failure of a Kentish Haunted House[†6] and the existence of a female "Ikey",[†7] because you take the suggestion that such things can possibly be, so extremely ill, that it seems to become a personal offence.[†8]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Howitt Esquire

To CAPT. CAVENDISH SPENCER BOYLE, 27 DECEMBER 1859

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Seventh December, 1859

My Dear Boyle.

All good wishes — in season and out of season — to you, and yours, and Mary: to whom, my love.

It would be as easy to find a Pelican in London, as a decent Stage-Carpenter while the Pantomimes are on. All the good men in that wise are so engaged, that when I brought out the Frozen Deep at Christmas time,[†1] I was obliged (though the Pantomimes were then above a week old, and in good working order), to make my own stage-carpenters out of my own private materials. It has occurred to me however, after a morning of blank despair, that one of Albert Smith's[†2] men — they are all ingenious, and of the best character — may be at liberty, by reason of the closing of their establishment.[†3] I have sent John off to the Egyptian Hall to enquire, and have given him directions that such carpenter, if available, must write to you tonight, and report himself according to your Memorandum of instructions. Such Memorandum I have confided to said John for carpenterial enlightenment.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE LAKE, 27 DECEMBER 1859*

MS Guildhall Museum, Rochester.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Seventh December, 1859

My Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your note. I have also heard from Barber, who tells me that the accident[†4] has been all set right.

If it be any comfort to you to know that, during the hard frost, this house — usually a warm one — was so cold that we could hardly bear it, you may be assured of the fact. We have never found Gad's Hill Place cold in the winter time; nor do we think that you will do so, unless it be in very exceptional weather.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Lake Esquire.

To R. H. PATTERSON,[†1] 27 DECEMBER 1859*

MS The Executors of Louisa Patterson.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Seventh December 1859

My Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you very earnestly for your kind note, and for the copy of the Press[†2] you had the goodness to send me. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that I am not only personally gratified by the article to which you have called my attention,[†3] but that I regard its protest as honorable to Literature, and conceived and executed in a spirit becoming a gentleman who loves and follows it.

I am so far at a disadvantage (or an advantage) in the matter, that I have never seen one word of the paper which does me the honor to make me a part of its stock in trade.[†4] Hearing by chance that it did so when it began its course, I followed my invariable rule of doing what I have to do in this world, without rushing on irritations that can be blamelessly escaped. If, however, I may be indebted to it for a personal knowledge of you, I shall (without the faintest idea of ever improving its acquaintance) know something good of it, and quite enough.

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Patterson Esquire.

To JAMES GRIFFIN,[†1] 28 DECEMBER 1859*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth December 1859

My Dear Griffin

I have looked over your Manuscript with a great desire to accept it, if possible, but I am truly sorry to say that I cannot make any use of it in these pages. Of the public people mentioned in it, I think the public already know as many anecdotes as they care to know; and I have never observed them to be much interested in the Side-Scenes of newspaper business.

It is with great reluctance that I decline it; but I feel so sure of its not suiting this Journal, that I have no alternative.

Accept my thanks for your offer, and my good wishes for your success elsewhere in the reversal of that Eastern process. They are not leaves of paper — by the way — that the Enchanter dealt with, but leaves of trees.[†2]

Years ago, I had a similar Manuscript offered for Household Words by Dwyer.[†3] Exactly the same reasons influenced me in that case as in this.

The MS is made into a parcel here, and left in the publishing office addressed in your name. But it shall be returned by Parcels' Delivery, if you approve of that course.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Griffin Esquire

To MRS GORDON SMYTHIES, 28 DECEMBER 1859*

MS Mr Theodore A. Langstroth.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth December, 1859

My Dear Mrs. Gordon Smythies

I am delighted to find that Monday evening seemed so short to you, and that you liked it so well.†4

Unfortunately, I am away, early tomorrow morning, for Wales:†5 whence I must get back in time for next Monday. I have given your remembrance to Sydney Smith's namesake (the small admiral with the large eyes), and he has acknowledged it in neat and appropriate terms. It was my oldest daughter whom you saw on Monday night.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gordon Smythies

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 28 DECEMBER 1859*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth December 1859

My Dear Mr. Trollope

The Pope in Account†1 is published to day, and I purpose going on, in the next No. I make up, with Vittoria Accoramboni†2 — a very admirable history.†3 The Lottery Story†4 I am obliged to hold back a little, because of the great difficulty of having two fictions of any length, both going on together. But I am merely watching a good time for getting in.

Allow me to enclose a cheque for £20 on account — to hope that you will send me contributions as often as you are in the vein — and to add (though I hope it is unnecessary) that I am, with much regard

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Will you give my kind remembrance to your good mother.

To THE SECRETARY, UNKNOWN INSTITUTION, 28 DECEMBER 1859*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth December 1859

Sir

I cannot have the pleasure of attending your festival this year now coming on, as I am otherwise engaged. But I am happy to give you full authority to republish the paper to which your note refers.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS BEARD, 31 DECEMBER 1859

MS Dickens House. *Address:* With Half a Dozen Bottles | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Night | Thirty First December, 1859

My Dear Beard

I send up my best wishes to my dear old friend for a happy new Year, and many happier years. And I send with them, half a dozen of an old liqueur brandy not easy to get. Remember me in it!

Ever Faithfully and affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Beard Esquire

To THE EARL OF DERBY,[†1] [1859]

Mention in next. *Date:* presumably within a few days of that letter.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 1859*

MS George S. MacManus Co., Pennsylvania.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Afternoon 1859

My Dear Dixon

I shall be here at eleven on Monday, and for two or three hours afterwards. Tomorrow and Saturday, I work at home; but I scarcely need add, shall be ready to see you if you call at Tavistock House.

The money, safely received.

It was very kind of you to go down to St. Peters[†2] so promptly. I am much concerned by your misgiving that the poor girl has trouble visibly before her.

I have written to Ld. Derby for a continuation of half the pension,[†3] and have received for answer that it can't be done.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To MISS HARRIET HANCOCK, DECEMBER 1859*

MS Huntington Library. *Date*: dated Dec 59 by CD on half-title page (see below).

H. H.[†1] | From | C. D. | December 1859

In case you should need any mental ballast for your journey, please accept this. You will find it extremely effective in that direction.[†2]

To R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,[†3] [?AUGUST-DECEMBER 1859]

Summary in Shelton Mackenzie, *Life of CD*, p. 220. *Date:* copy of the 1859 edn of R. A. Locke's *Moon Hoax* (see below), probably sent to CD Aug-Dec 59, after publisher's advt of 1 Aug.

Acknowledging a copy of Mr. Locke's celebrated "Moon Hoax",[†4] *CD said that he was at work when it reached him — that he carelessly looked into it, and was attracted by the matter-of-fact character of the narrative — that he did not lay it down until he had read every line of it, and that, for the first ten minutes, he thought it really was, what it purported to be, a bona fide scientific report by Sir John Herschel*[†5] ... Since Captain Lemuel Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe, there has not been any story so *very* like truth as this.[†6]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, [1859]

Extracts in F, X, iii, 840 and[aa]) Anderson Auction catalogue No. 703 (1908); *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 1859.

[a]My Dear Ouvry[a]

Your modesty is equal to your merit. [a]You play whist as well as you narrate a story and (without flattery) you do the latter in a most admirable manner.[a] I think your way of describing that rustic courtship in middle life quite matchless.... A cheque for £1000 is lying with the publisher. We would willingly make it more, but that we find our law charges so exceedingly heavy.

To DR WILLIAM SMITH, 1859

Extract in Thomas Thorp catalogue 337 (1921); dated Tavistock House, 1859; addressed Dr William Smith.

I am perfectly sure that Dr. Kinkel[†1] has done what was natural and quite unavoidable in such a case[†2].... I hope, when I come back I shall endeavour to see him, and either in English or French (I don't know German) make out a conversation with him.

1860

January

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 JANUARY 1860

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Sunday New Year's Day 1860.

My Dearest Georgy.

I don't feel quite so well today, but I think it is the Medicine.

Enclosed is a letter for Sydney from young Bromley.[†3] Sir Richard[†4] writes me that the visit is obliged to be put off, by reason of Lady Bromley[†5] being exceedingly ill, and the household in great anxiety and confusion.

Tell Barber that the Green House is to be repaired according to the estimate he has sent me, but that I think the painting had best not be done until he gets his plants planted out in the spring.

Wills having Miss Coutts's box, I went to Drury Lane again last night[†6] — read after coming home, and sending loving New Year to Gad's Hill — and did not get to bed until half past one!

Best love to Mamie.

Also to the boys and Miss Crawford.[†7]

Ever dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1860.†

MS New York University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
New Year's Day 1860.

My Dear Lord John Russell

I wish you and yours many happy New Years for all your sakes, and for mine, and for England's.

It is very kind of you to think of me in such an interesting association.[†2] I cannot tell you how much I would have liked to come. But unfortunately I am in the Doctor's hands for a few days, and am shut up here after dark, by his orders. I must not even go through the net, to Gad's Hill.

I beg to send my kindest regards to my Lady[†3] and all the house.[†4]

To TOM TAYLOR,[†5] 1 JANUARY 1860*

MS Mr H. Goldwater.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Sunday First January 1860

My Dear Taylor

Many happy New Years to you and yours!

I have been in Wales these last few days, and received your note only last night when I came home. The suggestion is an admirable one — I thoroughly concur in it[†6] — and will not fail to write to Celeste today. She had an idea (she told me) that Mr. Johnson[†7] was her man for the Doctor.[†8] I went to see him in a fearful play called Paris and Pleasure,[†9] and found him to be a rough melodramatic actor who would do well enough for Defarge, but is not to be thought of in the same century with such an artist as Wigan.[†10]

Will you call upon me at the Office of All The Year Round (a few yards from the Theatre: at the corner of York Street) before you read the piece tomorrow? I have a stage notion for the last Scene, that I could have made a great deal of, if I had done the piece with amateurs. It is very easy and frightfully suggestive![†11] I will be at the Office by half past eleven.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Tom Taylor Esquire

To MADAME CELESTE, 1 JANUARY 1860

Mention in *To* Taylor, 1 Jan 60. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To CHARLES LEVER, 2 JANUARY 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Second January 1860

My Dear Lever.

I am most cordially and heartily obliged to you for your generous letter.[†1] Believe me, I feel it deeply, and prize it more than I can possibly express to you.

If you will write such a story for *these* pages instead of for *those*,[†2] I most joyfully take upon myself those proffered terms, whatever they are, with this addition — that if they involve any claim whatever upon, or share in, the Copyright of the story, All The Year Round relinquishes it altogether, and leaves you at liberty to collect and re-publish it, simultaneously with the appearance of the last Chapter in these pages.

It is curious — I should have written to you on this very head, but for the little difficulty of being thus situated:— I am not absolutely certain whether a conditional agreement I have with a writer of the highest repute,[†3] to follow Wilkie Collins, — IF[†4] the MS be ready then — will so fall out as that such story will at once follow his, or, by not being ready, will leave me at liberty to interpose another. The confidence you so handsomely place in me, smooths the way for my making this proposal. Let me have the story, in such portions as best suit your convenience, with the understanding that its publication in All The Year Round, is either to follow Wilkie Collins's immediately, or with one shorter story than his (I apprehend about five or six months long), before it.[†5] Let me pay you for such story, as you write it, precisely as though it were published at once. (Your name shall be published with it, of course,[†6] and every possible means taken to give it publicity.) We cannot commence our private contract too soon for my gratification and contentment; and its public execution is dependent,

for the exact time thereof, solely on the one contingency I have explained.

Both the short articles you sent, have been published,[†1] and I enclose a cheque for All The Year Round's debt in respect for them — money-debt, I mean.

My opinion is, that Frederick Chapman[†2] is a monstrous Humbug. He had that book of yours from me — in a blushing waist-coat and gold-laced linen[†3] — weeks ago. He is away now, and be damned to him, "taking his holiday", as he says. He seems to me, to be making holiday one half of his life, and making mistakes the other half, and making money (I suppose) in spite of himself, always.

I hope to hear from you very soon after you receive this, telling me that you are free to come to my open arms.[†4]

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 JANUARY 1860†

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

Monday Second January 1860.

My Dearest Macready.

A happy New Year to you, and many Happy Years!

I cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive your Christmas letter, or with what pleasure I have received Forster's emphatic accounts of your health and spirit. But when was *I* ever wrong! And when did I not tell you that you were an Impostor in pretending to grow older as the rest of us do, and that you had a secret of your own for reversing the usual process!

It happens that I read at Cheltenham a couple of months ago,[†5] and that I have rarely seen a place that so attracted my fancy.[†6] I had never seen it before. Also, I believe the character of its people to have greatly changed for the better. All sorts of long-visaged prophets had told me that they were dull, stolid, slow, and I don't know what more that is disagreeable. I found them exactly the reverse in all respects; and I saw an amount of beauty there — well — that is not to be more specifically mentioned to you young fellows.

Katie[†7] dined with us yesterday, looking wonderfully well, and singing "Excelsior" with a certain dramatic fire in her, whereof I seem to remember having seen sparks afore now. [†a]Forster was a leetle ferocious at dinner, but calmed down afterwards. Lord! I wish you could have seen him in Montagu

Square a fortnight or so ago, concerning some Oysters that the Fish-monger had opened tardily!

I suppose Samuel Carter Hall[†1] will introduce Katie to no end of rapping spirits.[†2] He is making an Ass of himself in that regard, quite worthy of his character, conversation, collars, and snuffbox.[†a]

With kindest love from all at home to all with you,

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

To MADAME CELESTE, 5 JANUARY 1860*

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Fifth January 1860.

My Dear Madame Celeste.

On the other side,[†3] I send you, from my book The Tale of Two Cities, my own fancy of the Carmagnole.[†4]

I shall be happy to come and see the Burlesque,[†5] next Tuesday evening, if that will suit you.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD,[†6] [5 JANUARY 1860]

Envelope only in Sotheby catalogue Dec 1964. *Address:* Mr. Cullenford | T. R.[†7] Haymarket | S. W. PM 5 Jan 60.

To LORD CLARENCE PAGET,[†8] 5 JANUARY 1860*

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Fifth January 1860.

My Lord.

In the course of last summer, Lord John Russell did me the favor to communicate with the Duke of Somerset,[†9] relative to my wish to obtain a

nomination[†1] as naval Cadet, for one of my sons (Sydney Smith by name.) Lord John informed me that the Duke had been so kind as to promise him the nomination; and this is the cause of my now troubling you.

My son will be thirteen years of age on the 18th. of next April. As he has been well trained for his profession, his tutor at Portsmouth[†2] informs me that he will be quite competent to pass the examination, in March, and that he believes the new regulations will admit of his going up then, instead of waiting until after his thirteenth birthday, and going up in June.[†3]

As I do not know what steps the Admiralty Regulations require me to take towards this end, I asked Lord John Russell a few days ago, if he could direct me. He could not, but recommended that I should address myself to you. I hope, therefore, that you will excuse my doing so. I need scarcely add that I should be happy to wait on you at any time, to save you needless trouble.

I have the honor to be | My Lord
Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Clarence Paget.

To EDWARD JONES,[†4] [?EARLY 1860]

Extract in Francis Edwards catalogue No. 937. *MS* 1 p. *Date:* since CD made the speech on 22 Dec 59, unlikely to be before Jan 60.

I am happy to [be] preserved in the remembrance of my friends the travellers. *Enclosing the text of a speech by him made at the Annual dinner of the Commercial Travellers' Schools.*[†5]

To THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, [LATE DECEMBER 1859-EARLY JANUARY 1860]

Mention in *To* Cerjat, 3 May 60. *Date:* Townshend had probably written soon after Christmas Eve 1859, when CD received his usual letter from Cerjat.

Expressing his indignation and contempt for the young man concerned,[†6] *and saying that he purposely abstained from writing to Cerjat while his vexation still occupied his mind.*

To WILKIE COLLINS, 7 JANUARY 1860

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Night Seventh January 1860

My Dear Wilkie

I have read this book,[†1] with great care and attention. There cannot be a doubt that it is a very great advance on all your former writing, and most especially in respect of tenderness.[†2] In character, it is excellent. Mr. Fairlie[†3] as good as the lawyer,[†4] and the lawyer as good as he; Mrs.[†5] Vesey[†6] and Miss Halcombe[†7] in their different ways, equally meritorious. Sir Percival[†8] also, is most skilfully shewn; though I doubt (you see what small points I come to) whether any man ever shewed uneasiness by hand or foot, without being forced by nature to shew it in his face too.[†9] The story is very interesting, and the writing of it admirable.

I seem to have noticed, here and there, that the great pains you take express themselves a trifle too much; and you know that I always contest your disposition to give an audience credit for nothing — which necessarily involves the forcing of points on their attention — and which I have always observed them to resent when they find it out — as they always will and do. But on turning to the book again, I find it difficult to take out an instance of this.[†10] It rather belongs to your habits of thought, and manner of going about the work. Perhaps I express my meaning best when I say that the three people who write the narratives in these proofs,[†11] have a DISSECTIVE[†12] property in common,

which is essentially not theirs but yours; and that my own effort would be to strike more of what is got, *that way*, out of them by collision with one another, and by the working of the story.[†1]

You know what an interest I have felt in your powers from the beginning of our friendship, and how very high I rate them: *I* know that this is an admirable book, and that it grips the difficulties of the weekly portion and throws them, in masterly style. No one else could do it, half so well. I have stopped in

every chapter to notice some instance of ingenuity, or some happy turn of writing; and I am absolutely certain that you never did half so well yourself.

So go on and prosper, and let me see some more[†2] when you have enough (for your own satisfaction), to shew me! I think of coming in to back you up, if I can get an idea for my series of gossiping papers.[†3] One of these days, please God, we may do a story together; I have very odd half-formed notions — in a mist — of something that might be done that way.[†4]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To M. GRAVENSTEIN,[†5] 9 JANUARY 1860*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Ninth January 1860.

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to M. Gravenstein, and has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of M. Gravenstein's letter. He would have been happy to make an appointment in compliance with M. Gravenstein's request, if his engagements had admitted of it; but they oblige him to occupy himself in the country at present, and he cannot, therefore, have that pleasure.

To THE REV. STEPHEN ROOSE HUGHES,[†1] 10 JANUARY 1860

MS Mrs A. K. Frazer. *Address:* The Reverend Stephen Roose Hughes | Llanallgo Moelfra | Anglesey.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Tenth January 1860

My Dear Mr. Hughes.

You will receive from my printer's office by this same post, a Proof of the little article I have written on the subject of my late visit.[†2] I am under the necessity of asking you to send it back to Mr. Wills, here, *by return of post.* For, although a fortnight will elapse before it is published, the mechanical necessities of this Journal, and its simultaneous publication in England and America, render its going to press at once, imperative.

I doubt whether I am quite right respecting the number of the Drowned buried in your Churchyard, and the greatest number that lay in the Church at one time.[†3] Will you do me the favor to correct me on those points? And if you should observe any similar inaccuracy, will you do me the additional kindness to mark it?

I trust that there is nothing in the article that you, or your household, will find displeasing. I have written it out of the honest convictions of my heart, and in the hope that it will at least soften the distress of

many people from whom you have not yet heard. It says for me, all that I should otherwise have attempted to say to you in this note, and merely strives to express what any visitor to you must surely feel.[†4]

My daughters have taken a great interest in all I have told them, and particularly in Mrs. Hughes's idea of coming to London in the summer. They earnestly beg me to assure her and you, that they hope to know you both very well, and that it will be an uncommon gratification to them if you will come and see us, down at my Kentish house on the top of Shakespeare's Gad's Hill, which is little more than an hour's Railway ride from town.

I beg to present my true regard to the ladies[†1] of your house, and to your brother,[†2] and to assure you of the hearty esteem and respect with which I am

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

This same post will also bring you the documents you[†4] lent me,[†5] returned with thanks.
The Rev. Stephen Roose Hughes

To CHARLES LEVER, 13 JANUARY 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday Thirteenth January 1860.

My Dear Lever.

I most joyfully and readily adopt the terms (merely observing that All The Year Round is under engagement to send early proofs to America, and therefore reserves that privilege).

Strictly between ourselves, the third writer in question is Adam Bede. I will give you good notice — that is to say, as much as I have myself — whether Adam follows W. C. (for about 5 months, as I take it), or follows you.[†6]

Pray let me repeat, as the last present item of business, that All The Year Round considers itself your banker, as to this transaction, from this time — whether you like it, or don't like it.

I said "the last item of business", and Lo here is another! Don't forget the "short things from time to time".[†7]

And now I put my hand in yours, and say, out of my heart, that I have never had to do with a more frank, more genial, more kind and considerate friend than I have found in you, and that I heartily bless the evening that did at last bring us together. All the little editorial troubles I have ever had in all these years, are far less than nothing to the true and deep gratification I have had in this correspondence with you.

After this, you will begin to believe my dear Lever — not only that I "want" you now, but that I have "wanted" such a generous spirit in a man, many a long day. And so God bless you, says

Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To TOM TAYLOR, 19 JANUARY 1860*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth January 1860

My Dear Taylor.

You may like to know that I have attended with the greatest care to the Rehearsals of the Piece,[†1] and that it is in very good train, and that the crowd (to which I have given particular attention) is on the whole good and fierce — and not quite conventional. Tomorrow, nothing is done but the Carmagnole.[†2] It will be produced on Wednesday.[†3] If it should be at all inconvenient to you to attend the full Rehearsal on Saturday, rely on me; I will not fail to be there from first to last, and to look to it closely.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Tom Taylor Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 JANUARY 1860

Mention in John Heise catalogue No. 6; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place 19 Jan 60.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 20 JANUARY 1860

MS Lytton Papers.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday Twentieth January 1860.

My Dear Bulwer

I first thought of Edmund — Rogers's[†1] man — the best for the purpose I have ever seen — and who asked me, some time ago, to recommend him, if I had an opportunity. But I find, on enquiry, that he has obtained employment in the South Kensington Museum, and is permanently engaged there.

There is a man of the name of French[†2] — who was my servant for some few years, and whom I parted with only because he was ruptured and could not carry heavy family dinner trays about — who I think might suit you. He was in France with me, as well as in England. He was a remarkably willing, active, and ready fellow; and everybody who used to come here, liked him and noticed him. I never employed him about my books, but he is well used to a Literary man's ways — has capital notions of keeping people out who want to get in — and got a knowledge of a number of public faces here which was very useful. The thought of keeping books is not new to him; for I asked Panizzi within these twelve-months to put him down on his list for a vacancy in the Museum Library. I also recommended him to Webster as a money-taker (he is a very honest fellow), and he gave every satisfaction in that capacity. He is married, and was when he lived with me — but the fact never came in *my* way, however inconvenient (or consolatory) he may have found it for himself.

Some of the Plays were in course of performance when he lived with me, and he was very quick and clever in his adaptation of himself to their demands upon him. Also, in Paris, he kept his accounts in French money in a very knowing way, and could make himself understood anywhere.

If you tell me that you approve of these antecedents, I will hunt him up and send him to you for examination.[†3]

I am in town, and shall be until Easter.

Ever | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To WARWICK REYNOLDS,[†4] 20 JANUARY 1860*

MS Mrs Charlotte Lee.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twentieth January 1860.

Sir.

I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed paper. In the main, I think it has been anticipated in other accounts of like classes of little dealers.

But I am not the less obliged to you for the offer of it, and it would be very agreeable to me if I could be more fortunate another time.

I have mentioned your name, in conjunction with Mr. Thomas's,[†1] to Mr. Wills who assists me here. If you should desire at any time to do me the favor to suggest a subject for your own treatment, he will be happy to tell you freely, whether it is likely to suit these pages.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Warwick Reynolds Esquire

To FREDERICK VILLIERS,[†3] 20 JANUARY 1860*

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday Twentieth January 1860.

Dear Sir

I have not forgotten your request. On the other side[†4] I send you a few words (from the Tale itself) to make a better exit for you at the point where you justly felt the want of something. Tomorrow, when you have added them to your part, will you be so kind as to see that Mr. West[†5] adds them to his Prompt-book? It will save time and trouble if this be done before we come to that part of the piece, in rehearsal.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— Villiers Esquire.

To ROBERT FLETCHER,[†7] 23 JANUARY 1860

Extracts in Madigan catalogue, Feb 1939 ([aa]), and City Book Auction catalogue No. 551; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, Monday, 23 Jan 60; addressed Robert Fletcher. *Address:* (envelope MS Harry Stone): Robert Fletcher Esquire, | 28 Adelaide Road | Hampstead.

Stating he was compelled to reject a girl's contribution Fletcher had submitted for AYR. [a]I very, very rarely see youthful compositions of such remarkable merit as these. As the work of a girl of twelve,[†7] they are quite surprising ... [a]Excuse my

recommending you in the strongest manner (I dare say unnecessarily) gently to restrain this talent rather than otherwise. There is very little danger of its perishing, but it may be stronger than the young life with which it is as yet associated.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 25 JANUARY 1860

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wedy. Twenty Fifth January 1860.

My Dear Wilkie.

Remembering myself to be under an engagement to let Yates know if I made a visit to the Britannia, I have let him know that I go on Saturday. I propose as a preliminary measure, a British Steak at the Cock in Fleet Street[†1] at half past 4.

Observe. I have said nothing to Y. of the reason of the visit, or of the Sunday notion.[†2] Nor shall I mention the latter, even to Mr. Lane the proprietor. Let us dine here on Sunday at 5, and afterwards cast in our lot with the general Sabbath audience.

Ever affecy

CD.

To S. H. LANE[†3], 25 JANUARY 1860*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Evening Twenty Fifth January | 1860.

Dear Sir

If it should be perfectly convenient to you, will you be so kind as to leave a box for me at your new Theatre, next Saturday evening? I purpose coming before the curtain goes up, to see all your Pantomime.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Lane Esquire

To EDMUND YATES, 25 JANUARY 1860

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Evening Twenty Fifth January 1860

My Dear Edmund

Saturday for the Britannia. I have written to Lane. Wilkie will probably be with us. And I propose a British steak at the Cock in Fleet Street at ½ past 4.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MESSRS GRIFFIN & CO.,[†1] 26 JANUARY 1860

MS British Library. *Address:* Messrs. Griffin and Co; | 10 Stationer's Hall Court | E.C.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

Thursday Twenty Sixth January 1860

Gentlemen.

In the pressure of several occupations, I have mislaid the proof you did me the favor to offer for my corrections,[†2] and to which your letter of last Monday refers.

I was born at Landport Terrace, Portsmouth, on the 7th. of February 1812:— I think I observed that either the place or the date was incorrectly stated.[†3] I also noticed in the Proof, some reference or other to a collection of my Police Office "reports," or "experiences," or some such phrase. That is simply absurd, as I never was in a Police Office in my life, except as a chance-spectator or a witness.[†4] These points put right, I do not remember any other statement that I should have deemed it necessary to remark upon.

I am Gentlemen | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Griffin and Co.

To ALBANY FONBLANQUE, 28 JANUARY 1860*

MS Mr P. J. Radford.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Saturday Twenty Eighth January 1860.

My Dear Fonblanque

You may rely on my doing all I can — unnecessary as I suppose that little to be, in the case of a son of yours.[†1]

Immediately after receiving your note, I went down to the Athenaeum to put my name on Bentham's balloting paper, which I supposed to be accessible. But I found it not yet hung up in the usual place.[†2]

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Albany Fonblanque Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 30 JANUARY 1860

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Torquay | Devon.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Thirtieth January 1860.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I send you a thousand thanks for your most considerate and kind letter, and I deeply — deeply — feel it. I trust to God that Charley may thank you in his life and actions;[†3] but he never can do so with a stronger earnestness than is in his father's heart — many voiced to me — almost dumb to you.

The difficulty that I feel in reference to Mr. Bates,[†4] is the careful delicacy that must be observed in the matter, towards him. He has, no doubt, felt flattered by your confidence, and would be — naturally — easily hurt, if he thought it in the least respect withdrawn. I am sure he would have a respect for Mr. Moore, for instance; but I can understand that he might not exactly like the idea of there being another adviser. Do you not think that if you wrote to Mr. Bates thus, it would be best? — You remind him of the conversation which you have described to me, and you ask (as Charley's twenty third birthday is just over) whether he is in the way of yet seeing any opening for him out of Baring's house? If he replies

No, then, I think that Charley might himself ask to speak with him, and might take his advice upon Mr. Moore's general suggestion, without saying where it originated.

I have considered the point with great care, and in this kind of course I seem to descry the safest and gentlest way of dealing with a man of Mr. Bates's position and years. Does it strike you in the same way? I have always impressed upon Charley the same policy (which is indeed, Mr. Bates's due and nothing more), and he has always observed that it was suited to his character, and their relative situations. Acting thus, you see, Mr. Bates either way is in the position of being consulted; and that is the thing that seems right and necessary and just.

I am very hard-worked just now, for, finding that I could not prevent the dramatizing of my last story, I have devoted myself for a fortnight to the trying to infuse into the conventionalities of the Theatre, some thing not usual there in the way of Life and Truth. The result will become manifest tonight. I have some hopes that there is a French populace dancing the Carmagnole, which is not like the languid run of unrealities of that kind.[†1]

It grieves me to hear that dear Mrs. Brown is not yet quite recovered — even under the Torquay[†2] sky.[†3] Pray give her my love and dear remembrance, and tell her nothing changes me. I have always heard of her, and of you, from Wills, and the old time never grows older or younger with me.

My Dear Miss Coutts | Ever Your affectionate and faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

February

To JOHN DICKER,[†4] 2 FEBRUARY 1860*

Text from transcript by Edgar Johnson of MS Carnegie Book Shop.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

Thursday Second February 1860

Dear Sir

I have been too busy to be able to answer your letter sooner.

I went to your Workhouse,[†5] because of the Magistrate's account of it.[†6] It agreeably surprised me, and I took exactly the view of it that is expressed in your

letter. I have written a paper about it, which will appear next Wednesday Week.[†1] It will serve the Truth best, if you keep this knowledge to yourself until it is published.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Dicker

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT,[†2] 3 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS Private.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Night Third February 1860

My Dear Cartwright.

Can you give me an appointment for any time any day next week? I hope I shall not keep you many minutes, but I want some of your skilful overhauling.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY CHORLEY,[†3] 3 FEBRUARY 1860

Text from *Henry Fothergill Chorley: Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters,* ed. H. G. Hewlett (1873), II, 161-6.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday night, Feb. 3, 1860.

My Dear Chorley,

I can most honestly assure you that I think "Roccabella"[†4] a very remarkable book indeed. Apart — quite apart — from my interest in you, I am certain that if I had taken it up under any ordinarily favourable circumstances as a book of which I knew nothing whatever, I should not — could not — have relinquished it until I had read it through. I had turned but a few pages, and come to the

shadow on the bright sofa at the foot of the bed,[†1] when I knew myself to be in the hands of an artist. That rare and delightful recognition I never lost for a moment until I closed the second volume at the end. I am a "good audience" when I have reason to be, and my girls would testify to you, if there were need, that I cried over it heartily. Your story seems to me remarkably ingenious. I had not the least idea of the purport of the sealed paper[†2] until you chose to enlighten me; and then I felt it to be quite natural, quite easy, thoroughly in keeping with the character and presentation of the Liverpool man.[†3] The position of the Bell family,[†4] in the story, has a special air of nature and truth; is quite new to me, and is so dexterously and delicately done, that I find the deaf daughter[†5] no less real and distinct than the clergyman's wife.[†6] The turn of the story round that damnable Princess[†7] I pursued with a pleasure with which I could pursue nothing but a true interest; and I declare to you that if I were put upon finding anything better than the scene of Roccabella's death,[†8] I should stare round my bookshelves very much at a loss for a long time. Similarly, your characters have really surprised me. From the lawyer[†9] to the Princess, I swear to them as true; and in your fathoming of Rosamond[†10] altogether, there is a profound wise knowledge that I admire and respect with a heartiness not easily overstated in words.

I am not quite with you as to the Italians.[†1] Your knowledge of the Italian character seems to me surprisingly subtle and penetrating; but I think we owe it to those most unhappy men and their political wretchedness, to ask ourselves mercifully whether their faults are not essentially the faults of a people long oppressed and priest-ridden? — whether their tendency to slink and conspire is not a tendency that spies in every dress, from the triple crown to a lousy head, have engendered in their ancestors through generations? Again, like you, I shudder at the distresses that come of these unavailing risings; my blood runs hotter, as yours does, at the thought of the leaders safe and the instruments perishing by hundreds; yet what is to be done? Their wrongs are so great that they will rise from time to time, somehow. It would be to doubt the eternal Providence of God to doubt that they will rise successfully at last. Unavailing struggles against a dominant tyranny precede all successful turning against it. And is it not a little hard in us Englishmen, whose forefathers have risen so often and striven against so much, to look on, in our own security, through microscopes, and detect motes in the brains of men driven mad? Think, if you and I were Italians, and had grown from boyhood to our present time, menaced in every day through all these years by that infernal confessional, dungeons, and soldiers, could we be better than these men? Should we be so good? I should not, I am afraid, if I know myself; such things would make of me a moody, bloodthirsty, implacable man, who would do anything for revenge; and if I compromised the truth — put it at the worst — habitually, where should I ever have had it before me? In the old Jesuits' college at Genoa,[†2] on the Chiaia[†3] at Naples, in the churches of Rome, at the University of Padua, on the Piazzo San Marco at Venice? — where? And the Government is in all these places and in all Italian places. I have seen something of these men. I have known Mazzini[†4] and Gallenga;[†5] Manin[†6] was tutor to my daughters in Paris;[†7] I have had long talks about scores of them with poor Ary Scheffer[†8] who was their best friend; I have gone back to Italy after ten years, and found the best men I had known there exiled or in jail. I believe they have the faults you ascribe to them (nationally, not individually); but I could not find it in my heart, remembering their

miseries, to exhibit those faults without referring them back to their causes. You will forgive my writing this, because I write it exactly as I write my cordial little tribute to the high merits of your book. If it were not a living reality to me, I should care nothing about this point of disagreement; but you are far too earnest a man, and far too able a man, to be left unremonstrated with by an admiring reader. You cannot write so well without influencing people. If you could tell me that your book had but twenty readers, I would reply, that so good a book will influence more people's opinions through those twenty than a worthless book would through twenty thousand; and I express this with the perfect confidence of one in whose mind the book has taken, for good and all, a separate and distinct place. Accept my thanks for the pleasure you have given me. The poor acknowledgment of testifying to that pleasure wherever I go will be my pleasure in return. And so, my dear Chorley, good-night, and God bless you.

Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To LORD BROUGHAM,[†1] 5 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS University College Library, London.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Sunday Fifth February 1860.

My Dear Lord Brougham

I received your note yesterday evening, and hoped to have been able to get to you before 3 to day. An appointment having detained me beyond that hour, I write this.

You will believe, I am sure, that I am most heartily sorry that you have been misrepresented (however innocently) in pages under my control. The paper in question is not of my writing, but had been confided, by myself, to a very responsible and trustworthy hand.[†2] In going over the proof, I, of course, observed a reference to you — but thought it curious and interesting — and never in the least doubted it. It is in these words, and no more:— "Brougham bitterly ridiculed Accum[†3] the chemist, and one of the upholders of and believers in, the idea."[†4]

I will take care to set this right with my own hand, and to state the case as you kindly explain it to me — of course, without any introduction of yourself. Will you do me the favor to bear in mind that as "All The Year Round" is published in England and America on the same day, it is always two weeks in advance at

press; and that next Wednesday fortnight, therefore, is my earliest opportunity of publishing what I will immediately write in this wise?[†1]

It would be a source of real uneasiness and real pain to me, if I could think you supposed me capable of the least remissness in respect to you, and gratitude for your gigantic labors in the common

cause. But I feel confident that the plainness of the case and your better knowledge of me, will set me right in your generous mind.

My Dear Lord Brougham
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Brougham.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 10 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS Rosenbach Museum & Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday Tenth February 1860.

My Dear Dixon.

I have been a little tardy in answering your letter, because I wished to read your papers on Bacon[†2] with great attention, and desired first to look up my Montagu.[†3]

Your case on the whole I think admirably made out. Indeed, the only weak point I seem to detect in it, is, the keeping back of the consideration that the suitors *in whose favor he decided* when he held the Great Seal, do not in the nature of things appear as Complainants; and that the receipt of monies from the parties who lost, suggests to the suspicious, larger receipts from the parties who won.

I believe the truth of that matter to be that the man who was so immeasurably before his age in mental endowments and cultivation, was *not* before it in matters of money-profit — that such of us as know his greatness, are conscious of a secret wish that he had been in advance of all mankind, in those particulars too — and that out of this arises, in us, a sense of some uneasiness and incongruity, which in those more thoughtless and less grateful to him has gone to weeds[†4] in injustice.

In short, as to that, I believe his own words which you so forcibly quote.[†1] [†a]I wish at the same time, that he had set himself to break down the system of Presents.[†a]

I cannot say that I like his letters to the King and favorites.[†2] And this for exactly the same reason. I should think them sufficiently unservile in another man of that age; I do not think them so in him.

With this deduction from your conclusions, I hold them to be quite convincing. I don't believe he was a bribed Judge,[†3] I don't believe he was a false friend or an ungrateful man, I don't believe he was mistrusted as Lord Campbell supposes him to have been.[†4] That my poor judgment of him on many points has been immensely assisted — and in some entirely changed — by your industry and penetration I can cordially assure you. And for the spirit in which you have approached your work, and for the thorough earnestness with which you have wrought it out, you deserve the thanks of all lovers of Literature and most heartily have mine.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To JAMES T. FIELDS, 10 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Friday Tenth February 1860.

My Dear Friend.

The paper you have sent me is an exceedingly good one, and I accept it for insertion with great pleasure.[†5]

We were talking of you and yours, a very little while before I received your note, and were looking forward to seeing you in the Spring. Until then, I defer a great deal that we shall have to talk about when we meet. I should like to have a walk through Rome with you, this bright morning — for it really *is* bright in London — and convey you over some favorite ground of mine! I used to go up the street of Tombs — past the tomb of Cecilia Metella[†1] — away, out upon the wild Campagna, and by the old Appian Road (easily tracked out among the ruins and primroses) to Albano.[†2] There, at a very dirty Inn, I used to have a very dirty lunch — generally with the family's dirty linen lying in a corner — and inveigle some very dirty Vetturino[†3] in sheepskin to take me back to Rome.

You will see that this is not a note, but merely an acknowledgment of the safe arrival of the MS.
Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

James T. Fields Esquire

To MISS LOUISA TWINING,[†5] 10 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Tenth February 1860.

Dear Madam

I shall be happy to render any assistance in my power to your benevolent object.[†6] I do not sympathize with it the less cordially, because I think the Poor Law infamously admistered — the Poor Rates most unjustly levied — and the

Public much ill used in having to set the costly system right, out of their own well-drained pockets.

As I have written for next week, a little account of my visit to the Workhouse to which you refer,[†1] I need not enter into that question. But I think it would have been as well if the magistrate whose name you mention,[†2] had so timed *his* visit as to have given it the precedence of his remarks.

I am Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Louisa Twining.

To MADAME CELESTE, 13 FEBRUARY 1860

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Thirteenth February 1860.

My Dear Madame Celeste

I send you back with this, both the pieces. On the whole, I think rather well of the little piece, The Abbé de Vaudreuil.[†3] It comes rather like a piece Charles Matthews[†4] did — I forget the name of it — he was a German Student, and fell asleep by an old Castle[†5] — but the situations are good, and you could make it very pretty. Well got up, I should say it is worth doing.[†6]

But, if done, it should be altered in one respect. Everything that takes place at the Court of Louis XV, should have direct reference to the two young lovers.[†7] Further than this, I think great point would be given to the Vision if Henri in the opening scene regretted the "damned fine glorious old times", and swore tremendously in praise of them, and asked the Abbé to reproduce them, "because these times are so devilish common place and unpicturesque &c compared with those". His short experience of the dissolute Court would shew him his mistake, and he could get a Tag to the effect that these are rather better times — to be married in, at all events.[†8]

Will you leave me a Private Box for my daughters, tomorrow night,[†1] and will you also leave it me for Wednesday[†2] too, if you have it to spare. I will see you on Wednesday evening.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To G. H. LEWES, 13 FEBRUARY 1860

Text from N, III, 150.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Monday Morning Thirteenth February 1860

My Dear Lewes,

Your letter has perfectly amazed me. I had not the least idea and I assure you — not the faintest notion — that there was any postponement, far less a postponement sine die. Mrs. Lewes's note merely asked me, in acknowledging the receipt of the Tale of Two Cities,[†3] whether something was not sacrificed, through the necessities of such a plan, to terseness and closeness of construction, and proposed that we should speak of that when I next came out to see you. This was its effect, but nothing more believe me. I have no doubt I can lay my hand upon it in the course of today, and you shall both see it.

My sole reason for not having come to see you is the delicacy I have with her book.[†4] Both you and she had mentioned her anxious desire to complete it without any distracting reference to her work. Knowing of my own experience how natural and necessary such devotion to one thing is, I resolved (quite against my own wishes) not to come near you, until I could suppose her book to be done. I really put such a strict constraint upon myself in this regard, that on Wills's telling me at the office only a few days ago, that the book was advertized by Blackwood, I replied that this was no evidence of its being finished, and that I would still wait a little longer.

Tomorrow being my day at the office, I will come out to you from there, between half past one and half past three. Meanwhile I only add that I am quite as sure of your good faith as I am of my own.

With kindest regard | Ever faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To ALBERT SMITH, 14 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Fourteenth February 1860.

My Dear Albert Smith

It is really painful to me to be unable to accept your invitation. Pray let it be understood between us, that this makes no difference in our friendship.[†1]

But I can not be a guest at any house where Mrs. Hogarth's youngest daughter[†2] is received in the same capacity. There are some considerations in life that are superior to one's ease and pleasure. The lowest self respect on my own behalf, and on that of the girls, and on Georgina's, imposes this rule upon me.

With kind regard | Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Albert Smith Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 FEBRUARY 1860

Extract in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. 185; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated London 15 Feb 60.

The papers left at the office are not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

To ALBERT SMITH, 15 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Night Fifteenth February | 1860

My Dear Albert Smith.

I think you will find on reconsideration, that you have not written me quite a good natured little letter.[†3] You once wrote me a very manly letter indeed,[†4] the remembrance of which has never since been disturbed. It is my turn now. I set that against this, and am always

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To DR ANDREW REED,[†1] 16 FEBRUARY 1860

Extract in Parke-Bernet catalogue, Feb 1938; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 16 Feb 60; addressed Dr Andrew Reed.

I regret to answer you that I cannot comply with the request you do me the honor to prefer, on behalf of the Asylum for Fatherless Children.[†2] But all the public engagements of that nature that I can undertake this season with any reasonable reference to my own pursuits, are already made.

To CHARLES LEVER, 21 FEBRUARY 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty First February 1860.

My Dear Lever.

A short note this — a business note. I hope not an absolutely disgusting one to you nevertheless.

Adam (or Eve) Bede is terrified by the novel difficulties of serial writing; can not turn in the space; evidently will not be up to the scratch when Collins's sponge is thrown up.[†3]

Consequently, I want to begin your story in July;[†4] that is to say, I want to have in type, four weekly Nos. *at the end of June*, and to keep that amount ahead, while the story lasts.

Take a breath, don't heap imprecations even on my editorial head, and write and tell me whether I may count upon you and be happy.[†5]

Whistology is placed in a forthcoming number.[†6] You will not mind my having taken out the strictures on Phrenology, for two reasons; firstly, because I believe

in it, in the main and broadly, as an essential part of the truth of physiognomy; secondly (and principally) because I really believe that Elliotson,[†1] who has suffered for it, would break his heart if he thought that I, an old friend, girded at him through it.

I am afraid that there is no present hope of my coming to Italy.[†2] But I am sanguine that you will have some amazing summer-dispatch to bring over, which will give me the delight of seeing you at Gad's Hill (Falstaff's original, remember), and among the Kentish Woods.

Tell me when you write, that you have fought through those brambles of annoyance that were besetting you,[†3] and have come out into the free air. And in it, and in everything, Believe me

Your affectionate and cordial friend

CD.

To HENRY BICKNELL,[†4] [22 FEBRUARY 1860]

Envelope in Christie's catalogue, May 1986. *Address:* Henry Bicknell Esquire | Newington Butts | S. PM 22 Feb 60.

To MISS MARION ELY,[†5] 25 FEBRUARY 1860

Extract in Christie's catalogue, April 1981; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 25 February 1860; addressed Miss Ely.

My Dear Marian.

I must send a word of thankfulness.... Pray give Willy[†6] the heartfelt congratulations of his father's old friend.[†7] I shall always feel a personal respect and gratitude towards the Chancellor[†8] for his fidelity to that Memory.

Believe me Ever | Your affectionate and faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ely.

To [?RICHARD] FRIEND,[†1] 25 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty Fifth February 1860

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Friend, and begs to say that he has received the accompanying papers, in a letter referring to some "enclosed letter" from himself, *not* enclosed. The communication to which he now replies is, therefore, not intelligible to him.

To PROFESSOR ANSTED,[†2] 28 FEBRUARY 1860

Mention in N, III, 152.

To [?JOHN] ELLIS,[†3] 28 FEBRUARY 1860*

MS Shakespeare. Birthplace Trust.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Eighth Feby 1860

My Dear Mr. Ellis.

I shall be here, all day. Will you tell Madame Celeste so (if you see her) with my kind regard and also that I will endeavour to come over the way this evening.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CD.

March

To M. CHAMPFLEURY,[†5] 3 MARCH 1860

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1903; *MS* 1 p.; dated 3 Mar 60; addressed M. Champfleury.

As a member of the great brotherhood of writers, CD wishes him the greatest success for his "Bulletin des Romanciers".[†6]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 5 MARCH 1860*

MS Mr Shawn Thomas.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Fifth March 1860.
Messrs. Chapman & Hall

Please to deliver to Miss Hogarth or Bearer

!st. Vol Pickwick
Oliver Twist
} Library Edition[†1]

CHARLES DICKENS

To MADAME CELESTE, 9 MARCH 1860

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Ninth March 1860.

My Dear Madame Celeste

Will you leave me a box for my people, tomorrow (Saturday) night?[†2]

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To JOHN HUNTER,[†3] 9 MARCH 1860*

MS Yale University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Ninth March 1860.

Sir

I have a great respect for the good sense and moderation of your letter, and have referred it to the writer of the article in question.[†4] He is a highly conscientious and responsible gentleman. I do not know what precise authority he has for the kneading statement[†5] (though I know he states nothing lightly), but I perfectly remember to have read of the filthy condition of numerous bake houses, in Reports made on personal medical inspection.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Hunter.

To CHARLES LEVER, 9 MARCH 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Tavistock House.
Friday Ninth March 1860.

My Dear Lever.

Hurrah! I think the name *a very good* one,[†1] and we will fall-to as soon as you please in the way of making preparation ahead. Do not be afraid to trust the audience with any thing that is good. Though a very large one, it is a fine one.

I see no difficulty in our sending you the proofs by post, regularly. We can easily have them pulled on light paper for the purpose. I would take their correction on myself, if you particularly wished it; but I think it would be better if you looked to them. However, that (and all else) shall be exactly as you desire.

We have fallen upon a second winter here, and are now spinning like tops, in a vortex of east wind and snow. Great excitement has been whirling about, too, along of the Volunteers.[†2] At the Ball the night before last,[†3] my eldest boy distinguished himself by looking (in his uniform) extremely like an able-bodied pauper. My eldest girl distinguished *her*self by fainting away in the remotest and most inconvenient corner of the building, and being carried about half a mile by the chivalry of Britain.

Ever Heartily Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY MORLEY, 9 MARCH 1860*

MS Benoliel Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Ninth March 1860

My Dear Morley.

I think you will agree with me that the enclosed seems to be the letter of a sensible and moderate tradesman. I have answered it, telling him that I have a respect for his way of stating his case, and that I have sent the letter on to the conscientious and thoroughly informed gentleman who wrote the paper. If you like to write him a word about the kneading — do — but I need not add that I send you the letter, only because I like the manner of the man.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To WYNDHAM SMITH,[†1] 9 MARCH 1860*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Wyndham Smith Esquire | 4 Queen's Terrace | Southampton.

Tavistock House. | W.C.
Ninth March 1860.

My Dear Wyndham Smith.

I will take care that the paper enclosed in your letter (forwarded to me from the Club this morning), comes under Miss Coutts's notice.[†2] Of course I cannot answer for anything further.

You can hardly imagine, I think, what pleasure I have derived from your postscript. But do let me say in the plainest sincerity, that you are much too good a man, by scores of qualities original and inherited, for that association. The gentleman to whom you leave the King Street Market[†3] will suit his calling, and his calling will suit him. You are far too like your father[†4] to have affinity with it.

So I heartily shake hands with you upon it (through the post), for his sake and for yours, and assure you that I have not received a piece of news more pleasant to me, for a long time.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Wyndham Smith Esquire.

To M. H. FEILDE,[†5] 10 MARCH 1860*

MS Private. *Address:* M. H. Feilde Esquire | 29 Grove Place | Lisson Grove | N. W.

Tavistock House
Saturday Tenth March 1860

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Feilde, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Feilde's obliging favor of last Tuesday's date.

To [GEORGE] MOORE,[†1] 10 MARCH 1860

MS Dunedin Public Library.

Tavistock House
Saturday Tenth March 1860

My Dear Mr Moore.

I dare say you have long ago suspected me of forgetting the curious book[†2] we spoke of at your house, when I dwelt upon the Christianity of taking broad[†3] kind views of the *spirit* of our religion, and not binding any human creature hand and foot to the uncertain *letter*[†4] — for which, I need not remind you, there is higher authority than mine.[†5]

If you have suspected me, acquit me now. The book was lent, and is only just now restored. You will find the knowledge I quoted, set forth, between page 5 (at the bottom) and page 14.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR WILLIAM SMITH, 12 MARCH 1860†

MS Berg Collection.

Tavistock House
Monday Twelfth March 1860.

My Dear Dr. Smith

Mr. Elwin is out of town; but I write to you, representing his opinions no less than my own.

It is not my intention to go to the Annual Meeting[†6] on Wednesday, because I feel that my appearance there, might be easily misrepresented or mistaken as indicating some latent design — if circumstances should seem to favor it — of appealing from the Committee[†7] to the general Body, in reference to the offer of endowment confided some time since to Mr. Elwin and myself.[†8] Whereas, when we withdrew that offer, we, on our own parts and on behalf of the proposed donor, finally withdrew from the subject.[†9]

If we had had any intention of appealing from the Committee to the general Body, we should have had, it is needless to say, little difficulty in obtaining a Special general Meeting for that purpose. But, before the withdrawal of the

offer, I had myself strongly impressed on the proposed donor that, in the event of the Committee's declaring by Resolution that they did not want to have a Library at all, nothing should induce me to place him in the preposterous light of appearing to press his munificence on a reluctant acceptance.

Mr. Elwin thoroughly concurred with me. Consequently, from the moment when the Committee terminated our trust, we have never entertained a thought of recurring to it.

But, of course, our faith and duty towards the gentleman whom we once had the honor to represent, can not be terminated. We know that the Committee could not possibly enter with any approach to fairness on a history of the proposal, without setting forth our many verbal offers, explanations, and concessions, arising out of objections urged to details of the proposed donor's written offer, or out of misunderstandings of his generous meaning. If any such history were attempted therefore, it would be an essential part of our trust, to watch it closely, and through every means in our power to disseminate what we might find wanting to its completeness, and — by consequence — to its accuracy. But, if the Committee should report to the general Body, that they received the proposed donor's written offer, at our hands — that they applied themselves to the consideration of the principle whether it was desirable for the Institution to accept a Library in trust for Literary men, at all — that they decided that it was not — and that thereupon the offer was immediately withdrawn — we should consider any further action on our part, quite unnecessary.

My Dear Dr. Smith

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. William Smith.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 13 MARCH 1860*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Thirteenth March, 1860.

My Dear Sir

I have had so bad a pain in my face, since I received the accounts of the Tale of Two Cities, that I have but just now been able to go over them.

Your conduct in regard of the percentage is very honorable indeed, and it gives me real pleasure to have renewed a connexion that is resumed, on your side, in such a spirit.[†1] You may be sure that you will always find me responsive to it.

The sale, and the profit on the sale, have rather disappointed me — mainly, I think, because I derived from you (which I may have done with insufficient reason), that both were larger.[†1] However, the very great sale here,[†2] of course forestalled the market to a considerable extent.[†3] Frederic Chapman Esquire

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 13 MARCH 1860

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Torquay | Devon.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON W.C.
Tuesday Thirteenth March 1860.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Charley — as you may suppose in his joyful flush and excitement — has been with me often lately, and when he was here last (a week ago) was saying that of course he must appoint a time for coming down to Torquay "to say Good Bye".[†4] I said, "of course" too, and I told him to let me know when it would be, as soon as he knew himself, in order that I might come with him, or at least propose myself. — You will have me for a few hours?

[†a][You know that I want no bed, but have an adventurous satisfaction in exploring hotels, and am quite as likely as not to leave in the middle of the night for the Coast of Cornwall.][†a]

Wills told me about the sick children,[†5] or I should have written to say this — as indeed I said to Charley I was going to do. But when I heard that you were occupied and anxious, I thought it better to wait.

Charley was waiting at Baring's, until his successor should be ready. He thought it likely that Mr. Bates would deem it well to send him to Manchester, somewhere about the middle of this month. I suppose he would be free for a

flight to Torquay in about a month from this time; but I am at sea about this, until he comes again, because he was out in the wildest Pacific himself.[†1]

My Dear friend I cannot trust myself on the ground that lies trembling at the point of my pen. Many reasons, old and new, unnerve me. I think you know how I love you — how I could do any thing in your name and honor, but thank you.

My love to Mrs. Brown. Tell her that everything stands upon my tables as it used to do, and that Gad's Hill (wonderfully changed now), is the admiration of Rochester. I want to sell this house.

Ever My Dear Miss Coutts | Your affectionate and faithful

CD.

To H.G. ADAMS, 14 MARCH 1860

MS Fales Library, New York University.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Fourteenth March 1860.

My Dear Mr. Adams.

I have taken time to consider your letter, and revolve in my mind the practicability of presently complying with your request.

So many considerations unite to render such early compliance extremely irksome and difficult, that I must abandon that idea by deciding against it. But I promise you that if you should still be in want of help, about Christmas time, I will (please God) read for you gratuitously, to drag you out of debt.[†2]

I have been in Rochester but once for a long time, or I should have called upon you. The time is fast coming on when Gad's Hill will be my headquarters, I hope, for many quiet months at a stretch.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

As my object is to serve the Institution, I have no objection to your making any official use of the purport of this note.

To THE REV. JAMES BEWSHER, 14 MARCH 1860

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Tavistock House, London
Wednesday Fourteenth March 1860.

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your letter. Not desiring to unsettle Frank still more, I have not yet intimated to him that I contemplate new arrangements for

him, while they are as yet uncompleted. But I hope to remove him about Easter. When he was last at home, I thought him in a desultory, unprofitable kind of state; and I have since had it in my mind to find an opportunity of setting him to work.

Next, as to Harry. I am very reluctant to withdraw him from your care, but I fear I shall be obliged to do so at Midsummer.[†1] His youngest brother,[†2] as the only child at home, has become such an article of household furniture that my eldest daughter is unwilling to send him so far as Boulogne. It is advisable that the two should be educated together; and I am inclined to think that the Rochester Grammar School, which is near my little country place, would reconcile the difficulties of the case.[†3] You will, I am sure, understand that if I remove Harry, it will be solely for this reason, and not because I have the slightest doubt of your establishment, or any but the very highest opinion of yourself and Mr. Gibson. The friendly regard and interest with which you have inspired me, and the sense I entertain of your excellent training of the boys, could not be easily over-stated.

The gallant Sydney is in immense repute at Portsmouth, and is shewn (I hear) to visitors, as one of the curiosities of the place. When he is in the country with me, he usually lives up a tree or on the top of a pole.

With kind regard to Mr. Gibson, Believe me My Dear Sir

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. J. Bewsher.

To CHARLES KNIGHT,[†4] 14 MARCH 1860*

MS Yale University Library.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Fourteenth March 1860.

My Dear Charles Knight.

I am extremely sorry to tell you that I am positively obliged to go out of town tomorrow morning, and that I can not be back, at the soonest, until next day. The moment this is known to me, I write to you. It is "All The Year Round" business that takes me away,[†5] and it cannot be postponed, and must be done.[†6]

To JOHN PLUMMER,[†1] 17 MARCH 1860*

MS Mrs Ian Donnelly.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Seventeenth March 1860

Sir.

Although your letter is dated the 13th. of this month, I received it but yesterday. I mention this, to explain to you that I could not forewarn you of my inability to see you this evening, as I am expressly engaged out of town. If you will write to me touching any matter on which you may have desired to speak with me, you may rely on my attention. I beg to assure you in all sincerity, of my respect and consideration.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Plummer

To THOMAS GUNN[†2], 20 MARCH 1860

Text from facsimile in Kenneth W. Rendell Gallery catalogue No. 253 [?1995].

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twentieth March 1860.

Dear Sir

I am happy to retain your paper for insertion.

Let me thank you for your communication in reference to the late Leigh Hunt, and let me assure you that I take it as you mean it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Butler Gunn Esquire

To W. H. ALVAREZ,[†3] 21 MARCH 1860

MS Private (not in CD's hand).

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

March 21, 1860

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Alvarez and regrets to find that the enclosed paper is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

To THE EARL AND COUNTESS STANHOPE,[†1] 28 MARCH 1860*

MS Nottingham University Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth March 1860.

Mr. Charles Dickens very much regrets that, being already engaged for Friday the Thirtieth, he cannot have the honor of dining with Lord and Lady Stanhope.

To W. H. WILLS, 28 MARCH 1860

MS Berg Collection.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth March 1860.

My Dear Wills

There is not a hope of my doing the Uncommercial,[†2] in time for Saturday's American Mail. When I got home last night, I found a note from the lady with whom my mother lives, who is terrified by the responsibility of her charge and utterly relinquishes it. Consequently I must at once devote myself to the difficult task of finding good hands for my mother, and getting her into them without alarming her. And how this is to be done, and done at once, I am at a great loss to settle.

The Uncommercial being announced, I am very unwilling to postpone it as to England. Can we make up the No. without it, for America, and afterwards re-make it up, with it, for this country? I will come to the office in the course of this afternoon.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To H. G. ADAMS, 30 MARCH 1860

Text from N, III, 154.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday Thirtieth March 1860

My Dear Mr. Adams,

I am sorry to have missed you, but have been much engaged away from home.

Mr. Layard[†1] is a friend of mine for whom I have a great regard. I will certainly take the chair, please God, on the occasion of his lecture.[†2]

I shall not be able to accept the High Constable's[†3] hospitality, as I shall be at Gad's Hill and am pretty sure to have friends there. But I am not the less obliged.

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON,[†4] 30 MARCH 1860*

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Thirtieth March 1860

My Dear Gordon

Since you were here, I have sought the Ninevite[†5] and not found him. I now want to entrap him to come to me at Gad's Hill, when he lectures (under my presidency) at Rochester; to which end, I wish him to come into possession of the Enclosed letter[†6] promptly. Will you kindly address and post it for me? I have no notion within half a mile of his number in Piccadilly.[†7]

Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 30 MARCH 1860

MS British Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Thirtieth March, 1860.

My Dear Layard

You are going to lecture at Chatham on the 17th. of April, and I am going to honor myself by presiding over you. My little country house is within three

miles of the place, and I shall be there for Easter. DO[†1] come down on Monday the 16th. and stay till the Wednesday morning. Say yes (answering to this address), and I will send you full particulars of Trains, Station where I will meet you, &c. &c. &c.

In haste | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 30 MARCH 1860

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Thirtieth March, 1860.

My Dearest Macready

I am heartily glad (and not much surprised) to get your letter. You know that my confidence in you is as great as my love for you, and I am thoroughly persuaded that you are right.[†2] It is inexpressibly delightful and interesting to me, to picture you in a new home, with new life and movement and hope and pleasure about you. This feeling springs up in me for your sake, and for the sake of your children too. Moreover, I do not believe that a heart like yours, was made to hold so large a waste-place as there has been in it. And this consideration, as one in the eternal nature of things, I put first of all.

God bless you, and God bless the object of your choice! Your letter came with the sunshine of the spring morning, and shone into my breast quite as naturally and cheerily. I have been to Gad's Hill and back, since I received it, and everything has looked the fresher for it in my sight.

Ever my Dear Friend | Your most affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

Aha! — What do you say, *now,* to those noble remarks I was making at Forster's the other day, about the stout Englishmen all over the world who are always young? I feel a grin of intolerable (except to me) self-complacency, mantle all over me as I think of my wisdom.

To AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN,[†1] 31 MARCH 1860*

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Thirty First March 1860

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your note. I never make any such engagement as is proposed to me by the gentleman whose letter you have done me the favor to forward, but I will take care that this is explained to him.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

A. De Morgan Esquire

April

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 APRIL 1860

Text from transcript by the Comte de Suzannet of MS Private.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Fifth April 1860

My Dear Miss Coutts,

I cannot be easy under the chance of *seeming*, through the silence of a week or two, to debate within myself of the possibility of what your affectionate kindness suggested yesterday.[†2] In the last two years, I have been stabbed too often and too deep, not to have a settled knowledge of the wounded place.

It is simply impossible that such a thing can be. That figure is out of my life for evermore (except to darken it), and my desire is, Never to see it again.[†3]

Ever yours affectionately and faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 5 APRIL 1860

MS British Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, | LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Fifth April, 1860.

My Dear Layard. The Train that will best suit your city engagements on Monday week, is a train that leaves London Bridge Terminus (*North Kent*

Railway) at 20 minutes before 4 in the afternoon. Take your ticket for Higham — which is the station next beyond Gravesend — and I will await you there.

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. G. ADAMS, 6 APRIL 1860

MS Dr Jonathan Hill.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Friday Sixth April, 1860

My Dear Mr. Adams

Many thanks for your note. Please reserve me Three Ladies' tickets.

I believe there is no doubt that Mr. Layard will stay with me at Gad's Hill. Of course he will write to the High Constable, on receipt of that gentleman's invitation.

Will you dine with me at Gad's Hill on Monday the 16th. at a quarter past six? I shall be there tomorrow, for Easter.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To HENRY SPICER,[†1] 6 APRIL 1860*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Sixth April, 1860.

My Dear Mr. Spicer.

I write to you very hastily, before going into Kent for Easter. (Though I shall be at the office next Tuesday.)

You will pardon my not being at home the other day when you called. I had been called out by intelligence that my mother's health required my immediate care and attention. The same anxiety has occupied me for some days. And in the suddenness of it, I forgot to forewarn you.

The cares of another periodical[†1] would lie heavy on me, and nothing but a very large gain would induce me to undertake them. I should be very unwilling, even if *that* were assured, to enter into so direct a competition as might seem ungenerous. I have no faith (lastly) in those calculations that you mention, for I have very small faith indeed in the calculations of the existing Magazine. I know the cost of production pretty well, and also the realities of circulation, stock-accumulation, and the like. To the best of my knowledge, your failing proprietor has much wisdom in him.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Spicer Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 6 APRIL 1860

Mention in City Book Auction catalogue No. 650; dated Tavistock House, Friday 6 Apr 60.

To MRS BROWN, 8 APRIL 1860

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | Meadfoot House | Torquay.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Easter Sunday Eighth April, 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Brown

I was so interested and delighted by the receipt of your kind letter, that I must write to thank you for it. — Yes indeed. In seeing Miss Coutts again, I saw you again, and we all understood one another as of old, and knew that we were all doing our best.

Charley told me last night (he came down yesterday) that he was "going" to write you a line to day. When last seen, he was lecturing on China, in the garden, to two of his young brothers and a dog. I put the Volunteer[†2] mettle to the proof, by turning him out at 3 o'Clock this morning, on a false alarm of somebody prowling in the garden. We patrolled the place, and he handled the poker with which he was armed, in a meritorious manner. (I complimented him at breakfast this morning, on the scrupulous politeness with which he yielded precedence to his father and made him go first.)

He is full of hope and spirit, as well he may be. And you and I know whom he has to thank for this, and how much hundreds have to thank her for, that will never he heard of in this world.

God bless her, and you! I never forget you. "Out of sight" is not "out of mind" with me, my dear friend; nor with you, I very well know.

Ever Your affectionate and faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 8 APRIL 1860

MS Mr Roger W. Barrett.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Easter Sunday Eighth April, 1860.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Don't be afraid of my hand-writing, for I hope I can write you a few reassuring words, this blessed morning. — I believe I am exactly what I always have been; quite as hopeful, cheerful, and active, as I ever was. I am not so weak or wicked as to visit any small unhappiness of my own, upon the world in which I live. I know very well, it is just as it was. As to my art, I have as great a delight in it as the most

enthusiastic of my readers; and the sense of my trust and responsibility in that wise, is always upon me when I take pen in hand. If *I* were soured, I should still try to sweeten the lives and fancies of others; but I am not — not at all.

Neither do I ever complain, or ever touch that subject. What I have written to you respecting it, I have written merely because I wished you to understand me thoroughly.

Lastly, I do not suppose myself blameless, but in this thing as in all others know, every day more and more, how much I stand in need of the highest of all charity and mercy. All I claim for myself, is, that when I was very young, I made a miserable mistake, and that the wretched consequences which might naturally have been expected from it, have resulted from it. That is all.

Do not think you failed to express yourself to me. You expressed — emphatically — *yourself,* and what more could I have, or what could I more earnestly feel?

Charley is here, and has gained a colour in a dozen hours. I hope you may not have read The Tale of Two Cities, for I have entrusted your copy to his care.

Ever My Dear friend

CD.

To CHARLES DRESSER,[†1] 14 APRIL 1860

Text from N, III, 156.

Tavistock House | Saturday Fourteenth April, 1860

My Dear Sir,

I trust to your kindness to excuse my troubling you with a slight commission. I do so, only because I cannot remember (neither can Wills) the name of the maker of my glorious chronometer.[†2] I wish to forward it to him, because it is much in want of regulating and because he begged me to let him have it when it stood in that need. Will you do me the favor to place it in his hands?

With cordial regard and remembrance to my Coventry friends.

Believe me my Dear Sir | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 14 APRIL 1860

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourteenth April 1860

My Dear Layard

Here is a queer question I am going to ask you. Have you any curiosity to see the Great Fight[†3] (at a cost of three Guineas)? If yes, I can manage it for you, but it will involve some change in our arrangements, as it is to come off at Daybreak on Tuesday morning. If no, think no more of it and suppose our arrangements immutable.[†4]

I want a word in answer.[†5]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 14 APRIL 1860

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourteenth April 1860

My Dear Layard

Of course our arrangement holds for Monday, and I shall await you at the Station. No alteration whatever.

Faithfully Yours ever
CD.

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 16 APRIL 1860

Mention in John Hollingshead, *My Lifetime*, 1895, I, 125. *Date:* CD's message arrived "about One o'clock in the morning" of 17 Apr, according to Hollingshead, above; dated Gad's Hill.

Saying that he could not accompany Hollingshead to the Sayers-Heenan prize-fight, as originally arranged, as Layard, who was staying with him, had "scruples" about going to it.

To MRS ALFRED DICKENS, 17 APRIL 1860

Text from N, III, 156.

Gad's Hill Place | Tuesday Seventeenth April, 1860

My Dear Helen,

Many thanks for your note, which is a great satisfaction to me.

I am strongly disposed to hope that all will go well, and that my mother will become no worse, but will go on very gently.

With love to all | always affectionately yours

[CD]

To EDMUND YATES, 17 APRIL 1860

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventeenth April, 1860.

My Dear E. Y.

I did not write to you personally, about our Post Man, because I had your Kentish Town[†1] trial in my thoughts and anticipated the sad things you tell me.

It was not Matilda who posted the letters; it was the other housemaid, Mary Anne. Your directions shall be carefully observed. We return to town tomorrow, until June.

[†a]I think of your mother,[†1] as of a beautiful part of my own youth, and this dream that we are all dreaming seems to darken.[†a]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MRS GASKELL, 20 APRIL 1860*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twentieth April, 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

The little allegory[†2] has been pushed out over and over again, by a Fate that *will* sometimes beset a Manuscript of that kind, in the difficult "making up" of the Weekly No. A maddening impossibility of fitting some particular paper in, occasionally occurs, and, once occurring, *re*curs until the Editorial (and I have no doubt Contributorial) hair stands on end.

It shall be forced into the very next No. put to press. That No. will be published some three weeks hence.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To MISS EMMA NOVELLO,[†4] 20 APRIL 1860*

MS West Sussex County Record Office.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twentieth April, 1860.

My Dear Miss Novello.

Coming back to town from an Easter holiday, I find your kind note and its accompanying drawings, with great delight. I could not tell you how the latter interest me, but for your previous knowledge of the fact. They are so grateful

and so true in themselves, no less than in the remembrance they express, that they are *very* precious to me.[†1]

With my heartiest thanks and best wishes, Believe me always
Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emma Novello

To COUNT STRZELECKI,[†2] 20 APRIL 1860

MS Dickens House.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Twentieth April, 1860.

My Dear Count.

I see you so seldom, and am always so glad to see you, that I almost think I would rather see you in the Pillory than not at all!

I am afraid that I cannot with any consistency, take up the case you present to me. For this reason. I have of late greatly considered the question of Testimonials to the memory of Writers. It has seemed to me, on that consideration, that until the time comes when this Nation (as a Nation) shall delight to honor them by public and enduring record, their best Monument is in their own Works.

Now, having returned this answer to various addresses for subscriptions, do *you* see — for *I* don't — how I can with reason advocate this particular cause?[†3]

Always Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Count Strzelecki

To MONSIEUR STUBER,[†4] 20 APRIL 1860*

Text from transcript made by Edgar Johnson of MS in possession of Maurice Inman, Inc.

Tavistock House, Vendredi, 20 Avril, 1860.
Monsieur

J'ai reçu avec le plus grand plaisir, le "Catalogue" que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'envoyer. C'est un livre vraiment remarquable.[†5]

L'address de M. le Duc de Sutherland[†1] est:

His Grace
The Duke of Sutherland
Stafford House
London

Acceptez je vous prie mes remerciments, et l'assurance de ma profonde consideration.
CHARLES DICKENS

A Monsieur Stuber

To THE REV. WILLIAM BELL,[†2] 21 APRIL 1860*

MS Dr Gordon N. Ray.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty First April, 1860.

My Dear Sir

I observe in a letter of Sydney's this morning, a reference to some "Irish nobleman" residing in your neighbourhood, whom he thinks he is going to visit.

As I have not the pleasure of the acquaintance of any gentleman answering to this description, will you allow me to beg that you will give Sydney no leave of absence (unless young Mr. Gordon[†3] should at any time wish to take him out), without a letter from me.

I have not mentioned this to my small son, thinking I might seem, in his youthful eyes, to interfere with your authority.

Pray do not take the trouble to answer this.[†4]

Believe me My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: William Bell.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 21 APRIL 1860

Mention in New Dudley Galleries catalogue of Dickens Exhibition, 1908; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of *AYR*, 21 Apr 60; marked "Private".

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 23 APRIL 1860

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Maison Quaglia | au Port | Nice (Maritime) | Sardinia.

London, Twenty Third April, 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

I lose no time in acknowledging the receipt of your very welcome letter. I do so briefly — not from choice, but necessity. If I promised myself the pleasure of writing you a long letter, it is highly probable that I should postpone it until Heaven knows what remote time of my life.

I hope to get *Two* of the Sonnets in, shortly; say within a month or so.[†1]

The Ghost in the Picture Room — Miss Procter. The Ghost in the Clock Room — a new lady, who had very rarely (if ever) tried her hand before.[†2] The Ghost in the Garden Room — Mrs. Gaskell.[†3]

Observe, my dear Concordance,[†4] because it makes the name of my Gad's Hill House, all the better:— the name is none of my giving, the house has borne that name these Eighty years — ever since it was a house.

With kind regard to Cowden Clarke.

Ever Your Faithful friend

CD[†5]

To CHARLES ELLIS, 23 APRIL 1860

MS Messrs Chas. Ellis & Co.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Monday Twenty Third April, 1860.

Dear Mr. Ellis

I have come back to town until June, and find your letter.

Enclosed is a crossed cheque for the amount of my bill.[†6]

I want (for Gad's Hill), a quarter cask of Sherry; and I will take another in June, if I find it — as I do not doubt I shall — perfectly satisfactory. I also want a cask of dark brandy for mixing, the last being quite out. Will you [let][†7] me know the price of this latter, which is also for Gad's Hill?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W.H. WILLS, 23 APRIL 1860

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Third April 1860.

My Dear Wills

This is only a word, to say that I have received your letter here to day and that all is well in the official regions.

When I came to make up the No.[†1] I found it impossible to get in the Eye Witness,[†2] and was forced to substitute Friends on all Fours.[†3] I wish you would write the distinguished E. W.[†4] a line, explaining that it was driven out at last by impossibility of fitting, and that it is in the following No. I make a rule of never speaking to him on Editorial topics.[†5]

I have had a very admirable letter[†6] from Mrs. Linton[†7] — which shall be yours when you come back.

The newspaper extracts for the current No. I duly made out.[†8] I have also read "warious gammon" addressed to myself, in the way of contributions, and have returned the same.

It is cold and wretched here, and hails every five minutes. But I always believe Paris to be one of the coldest — and hottest — places on earth.

They are carrying the P. R.[†9] interest to such a preposterous height,[†10] that I begin to doubt the propriety of inserting Collars.[†11] All depends, of course, upon

the treatment. The noble C.[†1] has not yet "entered an appearance" with his copy. We adopt that legal phraseology, at our Sporting Houses.

With kind regard to Mrs. Wills, in which all at home join,

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To THE REV. WILLIAM BELL, 24 APRIL 1860*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Fourth April, 1860.

My Dear Sir

I thank you for your obliging note, and hasten to assure you that I quite approve of Sydney's going to Captain Evelegh's,[†2] or Mr. White's of Bonchurch.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: William Bell

To MRS LYNN LINTON, [?24 APRIL 1860]

Mention in G.S. Layard, *Mrs Lynn Linton, her Life, Letters & Opinions*, 1961, p. 126. *Date:* replying to Mrs Linton's "very admirable letter", mentioned in *To* Wills, 23 Apr; he would have replied at once.

Saying that she could not write too much for All the Year Round *... that her contributions should always have precedence in his magazine ... that he looked upon himself as her editor of right, and made it perfectly clear that any commerce with the opposition would be regarded as a personal injury.*

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [24] APRIL 1860*

MS Private. *Date:* Tuesday was 24 Apr.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth April, 1860.

Dear Sirs

Will you be so good as send me by Bearer, the *Last Volume* of Household Words.[†3]

And will you send me up, in the course of the day:

3 Bleak House [†1]
✓ Dombey
✓ Nickleby
} all, cheap Edition[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To CHARLES DRESSER, 24 APRIL 1860

Mention in Maggs catalogue No. 525 (Autumn 1929); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 24 Apr 60.

Making an appointment.

To MISS MARION ELY, 25 APRIL 1860*

MS Mr F. J. Ely.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth April, 1860.

My Dear Marion.

I must excuse myself from accepting the proposal you convey to me. My reasons for doing so, I need not enter into; they are well considered and strong.[†3]

Pray tell Mrs. Milner Gibson with my kind regard that I am sorry to lose an opportunity of seeing her, and that I hope to have another before very long.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ely.

To THE REV. WILLIAM BELL, 26 APRIL 1860*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Twenty Sixth April, 1860.

My Dear Sir

Will you be so kind as to advance Sydney whatever you think right for his subscription to the Cricket Club? I suppose that five or six shillings will clear him handsomely.

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: William Bell.

To CHARLES DRESSER, 26 APRIL 1860*

MS Mr Michael Silverman.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Twenty Sixth April, 1860.

My Dear Sir

I have booked Coventry for Thursday May the Tenth.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I shall be very glad to have your promised explanation of the state of matters.[†1]

To MRS LYNN LINTON, 26 APRIL 1860

Text from G. S. Layard, *Mrs Lynn Linton*, 1901, p. 127.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday, 26th April 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Linton.

I think you may like to write a narrative of this book,[†2] with the general purpose of showing that if kings will *not* be honest and true, and *will* be shifty and shuffling, they must take the consequences (when they fall) like mere men. You will see that Charles the First is clearly shown to have set upon the House of Commons with a marvellously evil and deep design.[†3]

Ever affectionately,
CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 28 APRIL 1860

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Twenty Eighth April, 1860.

My Dear Beard

My brother Alfred who is one of the "Committee" for the enclosed Dinner to your Godson,[†4] has asked me to present the accompanying Ticket to you, and to

let you know that the said "committee" entreat the favor of your company *as a guest* on the occasion. I don't know any more of the Great Festival, than that I myself have been invited in the same way, and feel myself bound to go. So if you come (as I hope you can and will), you will be kept in countenance by

Yours ever affecy
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE STEWARDS OF THE FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY,[†1] 28 APRIL 1860

Mention in Myers catalogue, No. 374 (1953); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; addressed Stewards of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy; dated Gad's Hill Place, 28 Apr 60.

Declining an invitation.[†2]

May

To JOHN FORSTER, 2 MAY 1860

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Second May 1860.

My Dear Forster.

It did not occur to me in reading your most excellent, interesting, and remarkable book,[†3] that it could with any reason be called one-sided. If Clarendon[†4] had never written his History of the "Rebellion"[†5] then, I can understand that it might be. But just as it would be impossible to answer an advocate who had mis-stated the merits of a case for his own purpose, without — in the interests of Truth, and not of the other side merely — restating the merits and shewing them in their real form, so I cannot see the practicability of telling what you had to tell, without in some sort championing the misrepresented side. And I think that you don't do that, as an advocate, but as a Judge. The evidence has been suppressed and colored, and the Judge goes through it, and puts it straight. It is not *his* fault if it all goes one way and tends to one plain conclusion. Nor is it his fault that it goes the further when it is laid out straight — or seems to do so — because it was so knotted and twisted up, before.

I can understand any man's, and particularly Carlyle's, having a lingering respect that does not like to be disturbed, for those (in the best sense of the word) loyal gentlemen of the country, who went with the King and were so true

to him.[†1] But I don't think Carlyle sufficiently considers that the great mass of those gentlemen *didn't know the truth* — that it was a part of their loyalty to believe what they were told on the King's behalf[†2] — and that it is reasonable to suppose that the King was too artful to make known to *them* (especially after failure) what were very acceptable designs to the desperate soldiers of Fortune about Whitehall. And it was, to me, a curious point of adventitious interest arising out of your book, to reflect on the probability of their having been as ignorant of the real scheme in Charles's head, as their descendants and followers down to this time, and to think with pity and admiration that they believed the cause to be so much better than it was. This is a notion I was anxious to have expressed in our account of the book in these pages.[†3] For I don't suppose

Clarendon, or any other such man, to sit down and tell Posterity something that he has not "tried on" in his own time. — Do you?

In the whole narrative I saw nothing, anywhere, to which I demurred. I admired it all, went with it all, and was proud of my friend's having written it all. I felt it to be all square and sound and right, and to be of enormous importance in these times. Firstly, to the people who (like myself) are so sick of the shortcomings of representative Government as to have no interest in it. Secondly, to the Humbugs at Westminster who have come down — a long, long way — from those men.

As you know: when the great remonstrance came out,[†4] I was in the thick of my story, and was always busy with it. But I am very glad I didn't read it then, as I shall read it now to much better purpose. All the time I was at work on the Two Cities, I read no books but such as had the air of the time in them.

To return, for a final word, to the Five Members. I thought the marginal references over-done.[†5] Here and there, they had a comical look to me for that reason, and reminded me of Shows and Plays where everything is in the bill. Lastly, I should have written to you, as I had a strong inclination to do and ought to have done, immediately after reading the book, but for a weak reason.

Of all things in the world, I have lost heart in one — I hope, no other. I can not, times out of calculation, make up my mind to write a letter.

Ever My Dear Forster | Affectionately Yours

CD.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 3 MAY 1860†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur William. W. F. de Cerjat | Elysée | Lausanne | Suisse.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Thursday Third May, 1860.

My Dear Cerjat.

The date of this letter would make me horribly ashamed of myself, if I didn't know that *you* know how difficult letter-writing is, to one whose trade it is to write. [†a]But I have another sense of relief in the knowledge that I purposely abstained from writing to you (as I made known to Townshend) while the vexation of that most abominable piece of rascality of which Townshend gave me the history, was in your mind. I hope it is now out of your mind for ever. I relieved myself at the time by writing some expression of my burning indignation and unutterable contempt, to Townshend aforesaid. I hope you have long since relieved yourself for good and all, of a fellow who cannot be worth a thought from you or yours. — With this, let us fling him to the Devil (a most unnecessary gift), and waste no words upon him.[†a]

You asked me on Christmas Eve, about my children. My second daughter is going to be married in the course of the summer, to the brother of Wilkie Collins the Novelist. He was bred an artist[†1] (the father

was one of the most famous painters of English green lanes, and coast pieces),[†2] and was attaining considerable distinction, when he turned indifferent to it and fell back upon that worst of cushions, a small independence. He is a writer too, and does the Eye Witness in All The Year Round. He is a gentleman, and accomplished. Age 30. I do not doubt that the young lady might have done much better, but there is no question that she is very fond of him, and that they have come together by strong attraction. Therefore the undersigned venerable parent says no more, and takes the goods the Gods provide him. My eldest daughter has not yet started any conveyance on the road to Matrimony (that I know of), but it is likely enough that she will, as she is very agreeable and intelligent. They are both very pretty. My eldest boy, Charley, has been in Baring's House for three or four years, and is now going out to Hong Kong, strongly backed up by Barings, to buy Tea on his own account, as a means of forming a connexion and

seeing more of the practical part of a merchant's calling, before starting in London for himself. His brother Frank (Jeffrey's Godson) I have just recalled from France and Germany to come and learn business, and qualify himself to join his brother on his return from the celestial Empire. The next boy Sydney Smith (*the* boy of the lot, and the one who will be heard of hereafter) is designed for the Navy, and is in training at Portsmouth, awaiting his nomination. He is about three foot high, with the biggest eyes ever seen, and is known in the Portsmouth parts as "Young Dickens, who can do everything." Another boy is at school in France; the youngest of all has a private Tutor at home. I have forgotten the second in order, who is in India. He went out as Ensign of a non existent native regiment — got attached to the 42nd. Highlanders, one of the finest regiments in the Queen's service — has remained with them ever since — and got made a Lieutenant by the chances of the Rebellion Campaign before he was 18. Miss Hogarth, always Miss Hogarth, is the Guide philosopher and friend[†1] of all the party, and a very close affection exists between her and the girls. She would make the best wife in the world, but the children are so dependent upon her that I doubt if she will ever marry. I don't know whether to be glad of it or sorry for it — [a]finding the subject perplexing — not being a judge of marriages.[a]

— I have laid down my pen and taken a long breath, after writing this family history. I have also considered whether there are any more children, and I don't think there are. If I should remember two or three others presently, I will mention them in a postscript.

We think Townshend looking a little the worse for the winter,[†2] and we perceive Bully to be decidedly old upon his legs, and of a most diabolical turn of mind. When they first arrived, the weather was very dark and cold, and kept them in-doors. It has since turned very warm and bright, but with a dusty and sharp East Wind. They are still kept in doors by this change, and I begin to wonder what change will let them out. Townshend dines with us every Sunday. You may be sure that we always talk of you and yours, and drink to you heartily.

Public matters here, are thought to be rather improving; the deep mistrust of the gentleman in Paris,[†3] being counteracted by the vigorous state of preparation into which the Nation is getting.[†4] I have not the slightest film of doubt, myself, that the gentleman in Paris will bring the two nations by the ears at last — I never have had, for a moment. You will have observed, of course, that we establish a new Defaulter in respect of some great trust, about once a quarter. The last one,

the Cashier of a City Bank, is considered to have distinguished himself greatly; a quarter of a million of money being high game.[†1]

No my friend; I have not shouldered my rifle yet, but I should do so on more pressing occasion. Every other man in the row of men I know — if they were all put in a row — is a Volunteer though. There is a tendency rather to overdo the wearing of the uniform, but that is natural enough in the case of the youngest men. The turn-out is generally very creditable indeed. At the Ball they had (in a perfectly unventilated building), their new leather belts and pouches smelt so fearfully that it was, as my eldest daughter said, like shoemaking in a great prison. She consequently distinguished herself by fainting away in the most inaccessible place in the whole structure, and being brought out (horizontally) by a file of Volunteers, like some slain daughter of Albion whom they were carrying into the street, to rouse the indignant valour of the populace.

Lord my dear Cerjat, when I turn to that page of your letter where you write like an ancient Sage in whom the fire has paled into a meek-eyed state of coolness and virtue, I half laugh and half cry! *You* old? *You* a sort of hermit? — Boh! — Get out.

With this come my love and all our loves, to you and Mrs. Cerjat, and your daughters. I add my special and particular to the sweet "Singing Cousin". When shall you and I meet,[†2] and where? Must I come to see Townshend? I begin to think so.

Ever My Dear Cerjat | Your affectionate and faithful

CD.

To CHARLES COLLINS, 3 MAY 1860

Extract in American Book Prices Current, Vol. 79 (1973); *MS* 1 p.; dated 3 May 60; addressed Charles Collins.

I think it would be a good subject, and I shall be glad if you will do it.[†3]

To J. F. O'DONNELL,[†4] [3 MAY 1860]

Mention in next. *Date:* as last.

To A. W. HARNETT,[†1] 3 MAY 1860

Text from N, III, 159.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Third May 1860

Dear Sir,

I am happy to have been able to accept Mr O'Donnell's little poem on May,[†2] and to have read it with admiration.

By this post I have addressed a line to Mr O'Donnell. Allow me also to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to assure you of its having been interesting and welcome to me.

Dear Sir | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS L. HACHETTE ET CIE, 4 MAY 1860

Extracts in N, III, 161([aa]) and Libraire de l'Echiquier catalogue, Spring 1980, also giving facsimile of signature and addressee([bb]) *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 4 Mai 60; addressed Messrs L. Hachette et Cie.

[a]J'ai recu votre lettre avec beaucoup de plaisir. [b]Je suis charmé que vous avez entrepris la traduction de The Tale of Two Cities[†3] et que cette ouvrage est connue en France. Voila un de mes espoirs les plus ardents, en l'ecrivant.[a] Suivant vos instructions j'ai disposé sur vous (par le moyen de mes banquiers) à deux jours de vue pour deux mille francs....

CHARLES DICKENS[b]
à Messrs. L. Hachette & Cie.

To CHARLES DRESSER, 5 MAY 1860

MS Mr Michael Silverman.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fifth May 1860.

My Dear Sir

I hold myself engaged to you for Thursday. Probably Wills will come with me. We purpose leaving Euston Square station at 9..30, reaching Coventry at 12..10. Unfortunately I must return at night. There is a train leaves Coventry at 8, which will do very well. I should have been happy to have remained all night, if it were possible; but I am too much engaged at this time.

My Dear Sir | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dresser Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 5 MAY 1860*

MS Huntington Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

Saturday Night Fifth May 1860.

My Dear Ouvry

I am very glad to receive your letter, and to know that the matter is at an end.[†1]

Wills's share in the receipts from the Fund in Court,[†2] is purely nominal. Bradbury and Evans's share paid to them, the balance belongs to me. I want it transferred to the New 3 Pr. Cents in my name, and perhaps you will at once do what is necessary with Coutts's to that end. Wills is at the office any day, if you want his signature, as I suppose you will.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To HENRY VIZETELLY,[†3] [?1859 — EARLY MAY 1860]

Mention in Henry Vizetelly, *Glances back through Seventy Years* (1893), II, 58. *Date:* probably well after 1855, when he did mix himself in political questions (Administrative Reform); but before May 60, when Bill passed in Commons.

Declining taking the chair at a meeting in Exeter Hall of the Association for obtaining the Repeal of the Paper Duty, although strongly in the Association's favour, since he had long since determined not to mix himself up personally in any of the political questions of the day.[†4]

To CHARLES DRESSER, 8 MAY 1860

Text from N, III, 161.

Tavistock House | Tuesday Eighth May 1860

My Dear Sir,

We will stick to the 9 ½ train from London, as we shall be ready to begin,[†5] the moment we arrive. All the other arrangements you propose so kindly are

excellent. I would not return at 8, you may be sure, but for being really obliged to do so.

Wills sends kind regard.

Always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR EDWIN LANDSEER,[†1] 8 MAY 1860*

MS Mr Richard Constable.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Eighth May 1860.

My Dear Landseer.

I fear there is small chance of this letter's finding you disengaged at so short a date as next Monday. But if it should by any fortunate hap, we should be delighted if you would dine with us that day at ¼ to 7.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 8 MAY 1860

Extract in Chicago Book & Art Auction, Dec 1934; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock Square, London W.C. 8 May 60; addressed Tennant (catalogue error for Tennent).

I am indeed most cordially obliged to you for your kind offices in behalf of my son.[†2]

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 8 MAY 1860*

MS Berg Collection. *Address* (envelope MS Dickens House): T. Adolphus Trollope Esquire | Messrs Chapman and Hall | 193 Piccadilly | W. PM London 8 May 60.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Tuesday Eighth May, 1860.

My Dear Trollope.

Unfortunately I am obliged to go to Coventry as you come back, so that we are like the man and woman in the old-fashioned weather glass.[†3] We have

friends to dinner, on two days near at hand, one or other of which I hope will suit you.

Can you give us the pleasure of your company, on Saturday at a quarter to 7; or on Monday at a quarter to 7?

Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Adolphus Trollope Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 12 MAY 1860

Extract and Summary in Sotheby catalogue, Mar 1979; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 12 May 60; addressed Frederic Ouvry.

Giving his impression of the Household Words transaction *with W.H. Wills by which publication was ceased and* All the Year Round *instituted in its place;*[†1] *explaining that when he terminated his partnership with Bradbury and Evans, with whom he* could not have anything more to do, *he took Wills into his confidence because he intended, in a new periodical, to replace him in his old position, one* greatly improved by the new periodical being freed from the incubus of Bradbury and Evans's charges, and Bradbury and Evans's conduct of the business, absolutely without control; *he further states that he gave to the destroyed publication* an adventitious value, I ran up its price for the sake of the new one ... the destroyed one was absolutely worthless but for me ... *and that the purchase of it was his act solely and was of immense advantage to the new publication, of which he gave Wills a fourth share*; *he therefore assures Ouvry* ... I should most assuredly not have parted with that fourth share, if I had for a moment supposed myself to be committing such an absurdity as giving an exaggerated and fictitious value to the destroyed publication, and recognizing Wills's interest in such value, and an obligation in myself to pay him accordingly. The strict law of the thing between Wills and me never entered my head. I considered it throughout as a matter of plain equity and reason.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR SMITH, 13 MAY 1860*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Sunday Thirteenth May 1860.

My Dear Arthur

Although I dare say I shall see you on Tuesday at the office, I send this line, to propose to you to call on Bulwer with me on Wednesday Morning. He lives in

Park Lane,[†1] and I propose that we meet at the Piccadilly corner of Park Lane at half past eleven.

The reason is this:— he has been here, beseeching me to read for the benefit of a man for whom he is particularly anxious to raise a certain sum of money, and in whose behalf he has put down a Hundred Pounds. The man must be anonymous, but any use might be made of Bulwer's name. Now, I don't want to read — certainly would not do so, if we couldn't make it out likely that we shall get what he wants — but, being bound to him through our old joint endeavours for literary men, would not in that case refuse. I have strong doubts whether the thing is to be done by a one night's reading[†2] — and I could not make it more. This is the thing to discuss.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MR GWYN,[†3] 16 MAY 1860

Extract in J.A. Stargardt Katalog No. 642 (Nov/Dec 1988); *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 May 60; addressed Mr Gwyn.

I beg to assure you that I have no knowledge whatever of the movements or address of [ ].[†4] I have, however, referred your favor to another brother (Mr. Alfred Dickens of the Local Government Act Office), who may be better informed on the subject.[†5]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 16 MAY 1860

Extract and Summary in Sotheby catalogue, Mar 1979; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 16 May 60; addressed Frederic Ouvry.

Complaining of the conduct of W. H. Wills, sub-editor of Household Words; *he thanks Ouvry for his letter, assuring him that he cannot better express his sense of it and of the confidence that he reposes in him than by abiding by his opinion, but adds that* the spirit of this transaction leaves an impression on my mind, as to Wills, which is new and disagreeable, *although he does not expect Ouvry to regard the matter from his point of view, as he can hardly have the means to do so; he points out, however, that the additional share of a sixteenth in* Household Words, *which Ouvry supposed to be Wills's by absolute right, was in fact given to him* while he was Sub Editor of it and should continue so, in a perfectly voluntary and unnecessary way, by me *and that the sixteenth was the half of an eighth share which he had given to Wills and which the latter had relinquished when its retention uncoupled with the means of being useful to the publication, became a cause of uneasiness to him.*[†6] Here

again Forster (to whom I have not communicated one word concerning this matter) knows the truth ... — *in sum he complains that* it is absolutely impossible but that Wills must know he has no *moral* right to that share in *the property*, and that in relinquishing it, he is relinquishing nothing at all.

To WILLIAM WALTON,[†1] 16 MAY 1860*

MS Mr Ronald Walton.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Sixteenth May, 1860.

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to assure you that I shall be very happy to receive any communication with which the workmen as whose representative you write, may favor me.[†2] You and they may rely on its having my careful and impartial attention.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. William Walton.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 17 MAY 1860*

MS Sir John and Lady Langham.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Thursday Seventeenth May, 1860

My Dear Tennent.

I have put my name in the book.[†3] Believe me that to know it has a place in the unwritten roll of your friends, has long been a pride and delight to my heart. It is not easy to write or speak of such a strong regard as I have for you, or of the many pleasant memories with which it is associated.

Always very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To JAMES T. FIELDS, [?18 MAY 1860]*

MS Mrs Renée Metivier Black. *Date:* clearly 1860, when the Fields's were in England and CD moved to Gad's Hill for the summer on 4 June (Monday); no doubt between 6 May, when Mrs Fields expected to go to Gad's Hill (*To* Fields, 20 May, *fn*), and 20 May, when CD accepted that they would not be coming; probably nearer to 20 May.

We go to Gad's Hill, say on Monday the 4th. of June. Appoint your own time afterwards.

To CHARLES LEVER, 18 MAY 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Eighteenth May, 1860.

My Dear Lever. Will you write me one line, and say that you are all right?[†1] We shall not want to begin to publish you before *the beginning of July*, but we will commence getting you into type as soon as you like.

Believe me ever | Faithfully & affy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Lever Esquire
Answer at once.

To JAMES T. FIELDS, 20 MAY 1860

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.

Sunday Twentieth May, 1860.

My Dear Fields.

Tremble at the contemplation of your unjust suspicions! — Here is the little Manuscript;[†2] not forgotten, as you believed, but sent off to the binder on the very next morning.[†3]

I see that Gad's Hill is not to be got over, this time.[†1] By the sea in Devonshire you will see prettier places, but not inland; we do not easily allow Kent, the garden of England, to be beaten on English ground.

My girls unite in kindest regard to Mrs. Fields and yourself. And I am always Yours (and hers)

Affectionately

CD.

To WILLIAM WALTON, 21 MAY 1860*

MS Mr Ronald Walton.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, | TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Monday Twenty First May, 1860.

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your moderate, clear, and interesting letter, as well as for the personal feeling you express towards myself. I value the good will of such a correspondent very highly, and I think I may honestly assure you that no man in England has a stronger feeling of regard for the class in whose name you write to me,[†2] than I have.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. William Walton.

To THOMAS HYDE HILLS,[†3] 22 MAY 1860

Mention in N, III, 162.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [23 MAY 1860]

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 1001 (Winter 1979); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 23 May 60; addressed Chapman & Hall.

Asking them to be so good as to send a complete set of the Library Edition of my books, to Henry F. Chorley Esquire 13 Eaton Place S.W. and another to Joshua[†1] Bates Esquire 21 Arlington Street Piccadilly S.W.

To ALFRED DICKENS, 30 MAY 1860*

MS Kyoto University of Foreign Studies.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Wednesday Thirtieth May, 1860.

My Dear Alfred.

I had no idea you were at home on Sunday, or of course I should have stayed for you. On Friday morning at 10 ¼ I am going to Gad's Hill with Georgina, to hang the pictures. In case that train should be too early for you, you will find us at the house if you come down by the next. I shall be very glad to settle the Wall[†2] and get rid of the bricklayer.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MRS JAMES T. FIELDS, 30 MAY 1860

Extract in Anderson Auction Co. catalogue No. 706 (Nov 1908); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock Square, 30 May 60; addressed Mrs J.T. Fields.

I am afraid it is a hopeless matter. The continuance of some part of such a pension has been tried, and the attempt has failed.[†3] It is a thing against which the Minister of the hour almost always sets his face ... Your letter shall not lie idle in my mind, however, though I fear that this daughter's reliance must be on the members of the family.

June

To MRS HENNING,[†4] 1 JUNE 1860

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, No. 1470; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 1 June 60; addressed Mrs Henning.

I regret to assure you that my ability to be useful to the incredible number of my unknown correspondents, halts very very far short of my inclination.

Promising to read your husband's compositions ... attentively and honestly.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 2 JUNE 1860*

MS Morgan Library.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Saturday Second June 1860.

My Dear Wilkie

I think you said you had found a rough copy of the Frozen Deep. Nevertheless, in sending you home Antonina,[†1] I think it well to send you the Prompt-book[†2] as I had it back from the Penman who made the Royal copies.[†3]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 5 JUNE 1860

Text from MDGH, II, 116-18.

Gad's Hill, Tuesday, June 5th, 1860.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton,

I am very much interested and gratified by your letter concerning "A Tale of Two Cities." I do not quite agree with you on two points, but that is no deduction from my pleasure.

In the first place, although the surrender of the feudal privileges (on a motion seconded by a nobleman of great rank) was the occasion of a sentimental scene,[†4] I see no reason to doubt, but on the contrary, many reasons to believe, that some of these privileges had been used to the frightful oppression of the

peasant, quite as near to the time of the Revolution as the doctor's narrative,[†1] which, you will remember, dates long before the Terror. And surely when the new philosophy was the talk of the salons and the slang of the hour, it is not unreasonable or unallowable to suppose a nobleman wedded to the old cruel ideas, and representing the time going out, as his nephew represents the time coming in; as to the condition of the peasant in France generally at that day, I take it that if anything be certain on earth it is certain that it was intolerable. No *ex post facto* enquiries and provings by figures will hold water, surely, against the tremendous testimony of men living at the time.

There is a curious book printed at Amsterdam,[†2] written to make out no case whatever,[†3] and tiresome enough in its literal dictionary-like minuteness,[†4] scattered up and down the pages of which is full authority for my marquis.[†5] This is "Mercier's Tableau de Paris." Rousseau is the authority for the peasant's shutting up his house when he had a bit of meat.[†6] The tax-taker was[†7] the authority for the wretched creature's impoverishment.

I am not clear, and I never have been clear, respecting that canon of fiction which forbids the interposition of accident in such a case as Madame Defarge's death. Where the accident is inseparable from

the passion and emotion[†8] of the character, where it is strictly consistent with the whole design, and arises out of some culminating proceeding on the part of the character which the whole story has led up to, it seems to me to become, as it were, an act of divine justice. And when I use Miss Pross (though this is quite another question) to bring about that catastrophe, I have the positive intention of making that half-comic intervention

a part of the desperate woman's failure, and of opposing that mean death — instead of a desperate one in the streets, which she wouldn't have minded — to the dignity of Carton's wrong or right; this *was* the design, and seemed to be in the fitness of things.

Now, as to the reading.[†1] I am sorry to say that it is out of the question this season. I have had an attack of rheumatism — quite a stranger to me — which remains hovering about my left side, after having doubled me up in the back, and which would disable me from standing for two hours. I have given up all dinners and town engagements, and come to my little Falstaff House here, sensible of the necessity of country training all through the summer. Smith would have proposed any appointment to see you on the subject, but he has been dreadfully ill with tic. Whenever I read in London, I will gladly put a night aside for your purpose, and we will plot to connect your name with it, and give it some speciality. But this could not be before Christmas time, as I should not be able to read sooner, for in the hot weather it would be useless. Let me hear from you about this when you have considered it. It would greatly diminish the expenses, remember.

Ever affectionately and faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS][†2]

To LIEUT-COLONEL E. B. HAMLEY,[†3] 8 JUNE 1860*

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighth June, 1860.

My Dear Colonel Hamley

I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of dining with you on the 15th. But I have not been very well, and have struck my dining colors for the season, and have come into country training rather earlier than usual. If you should ever be near this Falstaff Hill, I hope you will come and see me. In any case it shall not be *my* fault, if I miss you in London all through next winter.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lieut. Col. Hamley

To THOMAS BEARD, 12 JUNE 1860

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twelfth June 1860.

My Dear Beard.

The girls feel that Katie's marriage cannot possibly come off, without the presence of the ancient friend of the venerable parient. This is, therefore, to require you to be at this house on the morning of Tuesday the Seventeenth day of July in this present year of Our Lord, to grace the Nuptials then to be solemnized in the parochial church of Higham (N.B. No connexion, I hope, with a similar ceremony performed in a metropolitan edifice some four and twenty years ago.)[†1]

You shall know all about the hour of coming down, as the day approaches. It will be a very quiet affair indeed. If it will be convenient to you to begin your annual stay in these parts, that day; it will be perfectly so to us. But we mean to cure you this year, of your habit of walking off too soon.

Lord, how the time and Life steal on! It was but yesterday that Katie always had a scratched knee — and it was but the day before yesterday when there was no such creature.

Ever My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours

CD.

To CHARLES LEVER, 12 JUNE 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twelfth June 1860.

My Dear Lever.

I have safely received the MS on coming to town from Gad's Hill, and I send you enclosed the Printer's estimate of the quantity it will make when in type. We ought to have not less than eight (8) columns in each weekly No. When I say "ought", I mean it is our custom, and, consequently, the public's expectation. And it is certainly better for the story.

Wills, my sub-editor, will direct Proof to be sent to you straight from the printer's. What you mention of Frederick Chapman's knowledge is not of the least importance, I think.

And here I will cease from reference to matters of business between you and me, to glance at those between you and Chapman's. I am heartily sorry to learn that you are so uneasy on that subject.[†2] Now, if you think on reflection that any

thing can be smoothed, arranged, and made from crooked, straight, by me, pray use me.[†1] Give me authority to negociate with them, and shew me how the case stands and how you wish it to stand, and I will do my utmost to bring about a settlement that may relieve your mind. I do not think many men could negociate with them at the same advantage as I can, because of old association, its recent renewal, and their indisputable desire to stand well with me. I am sure nobody could negociate with a heartier interest, or more earnest desire to serve you. So you have but to say the word, and to tell them that you have referred to me, and my best and steadiest aid (such as it is) is in your hand.

If you could come too, it would not be rash to engage that the whole question should be settled within a week. But wherever you are, here *I* am, remember.

My Dear Lever | Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. D. FINLAY, 13 JUNE 1860

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirteenth June 1860.

My Dear Mr. Finlay

It is very kind of you to remember my Indian interest,[†2] and we are all very truly obliged to you, and beg you to accept our best thanks. We will trouble your brother[†3] with a small packet of photographs, and I shall feel much indebted to him for his kindness in taking charge of it.

If you should ever find yourself during the summer with leisure to come on here, I think you know that you will be cordially welcome.[†4]

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis D Finlay Esquire.

To A. J. HIPKINS,[†5] 14 JUNE 1860*

MS (in Wills's hand except for ending and signature) British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
14th June 1860

Sir,

I beg to express my regret that I cannot accept the enclosed for insertion in these pages. The circumstances under which the verses are written are very

interesting and sad;[†1] but contributions can only be inserted here on their merits and without reference to any adventitious considerations.

With many thanks for your letter, I beg to remain,

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Hipkins Esquire

To CHRISTOPHER POPE,[†2] 15 JUNE 1860

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fifteenth June 1860.

Dear Sir

I receive your letter immediately before leaving town until Tuesday (when I shall be here from 11 to 2), and when I have not leisure to compare your Manuscript with the published article.[†3]

If there be any errors of the press in the latter, I am exceedingly sorry for it. Every precaution is taken to render such mistakes unusual here. But I trust you will excuse my saying (since your letter obliges me), that I read your Manuscript myself, and that it was too loosely written to be printed as it stood.

Of the two short papers by you that are now here, you shall have proofs by all means. But I beg to say that I must claim an Editorial right over them still, and must ask your leave to reserve to myself a power of exercising it, if, according to the best of my conscientious judgement, I should see occasion.

Should this claim be one to which you object, the Manuscripts of the two papers shall be returned to you, and I trust the matter can be so ended without offence on either side.

When I had written thus far, I got the proofs of the two papers from Mr. Wills. You will find them enclosed.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Christopher Pope Esquire.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 16 JUNE 1860†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixteenth June 1860.

Dr. John.

Among the Articles of furniture of which I gave you a List, is the washing stand in my room with marble top. As this same washing stand will not be

wanted here until after Miss Katie's marriage, you need not trouble yourself about that at all at present. The other things you will have no difficulty in bringing and sending as we arranged. But there will also be at Tavistock House, a parcel from Ripon and Burton's.[†1] I want you to bring that parcel also.

Yours truly

CD.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 17 JUNE 1860

Text from MDGH, II, 118.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday, June 17th, 1860.

My Dear Lord John Russell,

I cannot thank you enough for your kind note and its most welcome enclosure. My sailor-boy comes home from Portsmouth to-morrow, and will be overjoyed. His masters have been as anxious for getting his nomination[†2] as though it were some distinction for themselves.

Ever your faithful and obliged

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SYDNEY DICKENS, [18 JUNE 1860]

Mention in next. *Date:* written that morning.

Telling Sydney that he hoped he would soon be given a holiday from his naval school.

To THE REV. ASHTON BURROW, 18 JUNE 1860*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighteenth June, 1860.

My Dear Sir

I had posted a note to Sydney this morning before receiving your favor, for which I beg to thank you cordially. As he may have a holiday, I think he cannot come home too soon. Will you have the kindness to define the term of his stay with us?[†3] He will perfectly understand the reason, no doubt, and will be quite contented with the period you may appoint.

In the hope and belief that he will never do you discredit, and with kind regard to your colleagues, I am always My Dear Sir

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: Ashton Burrow

To THE REV. JOSEPH HINDLE, 19 JUNE 1860

MS Francis Edwards Ltd. *Address:* The Rev. Joseph Hindle.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Morning Nineteenth June 1860.

My Dear Sir

I hope it will be convenient and agreeable to you to perform the marriage service for my second daughter, on Tuesday the 17th of July. Also that you will favor us with your company to breakfast afterwards.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend Joseph Hindle.

To DAVID ROBERTS, 19 JUNE 1860*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Nineteenth June 1860.

My Dear David Roberts

I should have been delighted to dine with you on Saturday, but unfortunately a friend from Switzerland[†1] comes here tomorrow for a week, and some one else is coming down on that very day.[†2] So that if my "merry Swiss boy"[†3] had not been strong enough to keep me away (which he would have been) I should still have been impounded by No. 2.

It is very pleasant indeed to me to be remembered by you, and to get your friendly note. Give my love to White, and tell him how it comes to pass that I cannot be with you, and believe me ever

Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire

To DR W. C. HOOD,[†1] 21 JUNE 1860

MS Newnham College, Cambridge.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty First June 1860.

My Dear Dr. Hood.

Unless your leisure really serves for your coming to see *us*, I really feel (as my mother is so soon coming to London) that I ought not to bring you down here on Saturday. But if you could remain that night and take a breath of country air here, I should feel less remorse. Will you write me one line by tomorrow (Friday) night's post? In the event of your coming, we would meet at the London Bridge Terminus of the North Kent Railway at 4 — or about — for the train at a quarter past. In the event of your not coming, I will come to you in London when my mother returns.

On the whole, she is rather worse than I had supposed her to be.[†2] She utterly rides over Ellen,[†3] and could certainly not be kept in her Lodging here twelve hours, without my sister in law.[†4]

I cannot tell you how deeply I feel your kind words, and how much they gratify me.

Ever Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS LEHMANN,[†5] 21 JUNE 1860

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty First June 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann

As to Tuesday evening the 26th. your slave is a mere helpless Beast. I shall have Mr. Townshend here, and shall abstain from Wellington Street in consequence, and shall (I fear) indubitably "put on a bored aspect" long before then,

and keep it on for a week. I should have been delighted to come to you, otherwise, but Destiny is too heavy for me. I beg to send my regard to Lehmann, and my love to my Nephew,[†1] and the most inflammable article to yourself that it is lawful to transmit by post.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Lehmann.

To CHARLES LEVER, 21 JUNE 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty First June, 1860.

My Dear Lever.

Having got your proofs from the Printer's, I have read them. And I hasten to say that I firmly believe you had no warrant whatsoever for depreciating what you were doing, and that it is full of life, vivacity, originality, and humour.[†2] The only suggestion I have to make (and that arises solely out of the *manner* of publication) is, that we ought to get at the action of the story, in the first No. and that I therefore would, by a little condensation there, and a little enlargement of the quantity given in the first week, get at the invitation to the dinner, *as the end to the first weekly part.*[†3] I think the rising of invention in the drunken young man,[†4] extraordinarily humourous; it made me laugh to an extent and with a heartiness that I should like you to have seen and heard. Go on and prosper! You have opened an excellent vein, as it seems to me, and have a rich working before you.[†5]

Two points of business now.

1. How, When, and Where, shall payments be made to your account?[†1]

2. With an eye to Wills's "posters of the sea and land", a shortening of the title — thus — would be better.

A Day's Ride;
A Life's Romance.
Is there any objection?[†2]

As I dare say I shall hear from you soon, touching my last letter, and as it is not improbable that even now I may cross some letter from you, I will not go into Piccadilly[†3] questions[†4] at present. Perhaps you may even be on your way over — who knows! — with some mysterious Dispatches, and we may find ourselves drinking cool cups under the Oak Tree outside this window, before we well know what we are about. Heaven send so! And meanwhile and always, my love to you.

Ever My Dear Lever | Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. ASHTON BURROW, 25 JUNE 1860*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Fifth June 1860.

My Dear Sir

I observe in the bill of Selby the Tailor[†5] which you have had the goodness to enclose to me, an item "To amount of account rendered, £8..19..3". I have no doubt received such an account, but I cannot find it anywhere, nor have I any recollection of it.[†6] Will you, at your convenience, be so kind as to ask Mr. Selby to send me the particulars.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: Ashton Burrow.

To GEORGE MOORE, 29 JUNE 1860

MS W. A. Foyle.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Ninth June 1860.

My Dear Mr. Moore

I have been away, and received your kind note and its enclosure only yesterday. You may be sure that I should not have neglected your invitation, if I had known of it.

My son Charles has gone to Hong Kong to buy Tea. He has been gone a month.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Moore Esquire

To THE REV. ASHTON BURROW, 30 JUNE 1860*

MS Dr Gordon N. Ray.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Thirtieth June 1860.

My Dear Sir

Sydney's second sister is going to be married on Tuesday the 17th. of July. Will you allow me to ask whether you think he would really lose any valuable time, if I kept him until the next day? Pray understand that your reply in the affirmative would be conclusive with me, and could in no wise disappoint him. I have not hinted to him any idea of his over-staying the three weeks originally appointed, and he is perfectly contented. His sister's solicitation induces me to write you this note, in departure from my invariable rule; for myself, I think it would be better to make no change in his holidays.[†1]

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: | Ashton Burrow.

July

To W. H. RUSSELL,[†2] 3 JULY 1860*

Text from transcript made by Edgar Johnson of MS in possession of Maurice Inman, Inc.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday, July 3, 1860

My Dear Russell,

It seems so clear that we are *not* to meet in a friendly way, that I feel I owe an apology to the Fates for making the present feeble effort to act contrariwise to the Sisterhood. But I met a bronze image in St. James's Square today, calling himself Hawkins,[†3] and I invited the said image (after a gay Giovanni manner) to come down to Gad's Hill and dine with me next Sunday. Image assented. If you

can come I will advise you of fitting Train, and will send you back by other fitting train leaving my village at ½ past 9 at night. No company. A good smoking country. And a hearty welcome.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Answer here, tomorrow. I shall be in town all the day.

To CHARLES LEVER, [?10 JULY 1860]

Mention in Lever *to* CD, 15 July. *Date:* Lever had received CD's note on 15 July; it probably took five days to reach him, as had his previous letter to Spezia.

To THOMAS BEARD [12] JULY 1860

MS Dickens House. *Date:* CD's mistake; Thursday was 12 July 60. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | Portman Place | Maida Hill | London W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Eleventh July, 1860.

My Dear Beard.

In the booking office of the North Kent Terminus at London Bridge, *On Tuesday morning at from five and twenty minutes to twenty minutes before Ten,* you will find Wills who will take you in charge and bring you up to the Matrimonial Scratch[†1] in time to see the Sayers[†2] of the occasion throw up his castor.[†3]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS GORE, 12 JULY 1860*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twelfth July, 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Gore.

The years have so slipped away since I was in America, and people so change and move there, that I really cannot bethink myself (Prescott[†4] and Irving[†5] being dead) of a single friend to whom I could have the pleasure of presenting

your son.[†1] If I were to go to the States myself, no doubt I should renew hundreds of intimacies directly; but looking at them from this side of the Atlantic, I see nothing distinctly. I thought of two excellent people but now, and presently remembered that they are in Italy or Greece.[†2] Then I recalled Jeffrey's[†3] wife's family in New York.[†4] But the head of the house[†5] is dead, and God knows what has become of the tail and the other members. Then I thought of a charming man in Virginia, but I remembered to have read in the papers that he got into a "difficulty" with a Colonel, and they shot each other with revolvers for an hour or two, and I think he died of a few unextractable bullets after receiving an address of congratulation numerously signed. Lastly, I remembered a Lady who has taken to Spirits and is a medium.[†6] *That* wouldn't do for your son. So as he is going tomorrow, I have really given it up in despair. But if I think of any thing more hopeful, another note shall follow this.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 12 JULY 1860

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twelfth July, 1860.

My Dear Wills

My active and intelligent mind has reverted twice or thrice to the close of that Spirit-article[†7] of Mrs. Linton's, and is not quite easy about it. If you will look back to the last paragraph of the paper, you will find it said that after deduction for imposition, lies, and so forth, there remains a "large residuum" of something to be accounted for. I think this wants qualifying. At all events I would take out "large", and let her know it.[†8]

In haste

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To THE REV. JOSEPH HINDLE, 13 JULY 1860

MS Francis Edwards Ltd.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Thirteenth July 1860.

My Dear Sir

I hope it will suit your convenience if we arrange to be at the church, at 20 minutes past 11 on Tuesday forenoon. The Railway people have arranged to bring down three or four of our intimate friends,[†1] so that they shall arrive at Higham at five minutes past 11. I will have a carriage, waiting for them there, and they shall be brought straight to the church.

My Dear Sir | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Joseph Hindle.

To MRS ALFRED DICKENS, 16 JULY 1860

Text in N, III, 167, checked from MS Christie's, Dec 1970.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth July, 1860.

My Dear Helen.

I am exceedingly concerned to receive your note this morning, though I confidently hope that the evil is less than you naturally suppose it to be. An impaired state of health — especially after pleurisy — so often leads to inflammation in the region of the lungs, that, however alarming it sounds, I trust you will soon find it yielding. Moreover, it is an immense advantage to have Alfred already under treatment and in the Doctor's hands, when the disorder manifests

itself. I doubt if he could be better treated anywhere in England than in Manchester. A better or kinder nurse I know he could not have anywhere in the world; so with many things in his favor I feel that I can most honestly cheer you up.

Tomorrow is Katie's wedding day, and it is with difficulty that I find room in the house to write these lines. I shall anxiously expect the post in the morning, and shall hope to receive a word from you. All send kindest love, and are full of sympathy for you in your anxiety of mind away from home. Believe me ever

Your affectionate
CD.

To DR W. C. HOOD, [17 JULY 1860]

Mention in David H. Pratt List 174, (1965). *Address:* Dr. Hood | Bethlehem Hospital | London S. PM Rochester 17 July 60.

To MRS ALFRED DICKENS, 19 JULY 1860

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Nineteenth July, 1860.

My Dear Helen.

Your last letter has been a great relief. I heartily trust that the change for the better will hold its ground and will advance, however slowly. You are so patient and solid that you need no exhortation to remember that to be no worse, in such a case as poor Alfred's, is really to be better. I have the strongest hope that he will recover very steadily; and please God this illness will do him good rather than harm, in the long run.

You will like to have a word of Katie. Her marriage went off with the greatest success from first to last, and had no drawback whatever.[†1] We had tried to keep it quiet here, but the church was filled with people, and the energetic blacksmith of the village had erected a triumphal arch in the lane, and fired guns *all night* beforehand[†2] — to our great amazement: we not having the slightest idea what they meant. However, these were not annoyances to be grave about, so we laughed at them. We had so arranged for Katie's departure (for Dover) as that she should not have an hour of breakfast, so it was rapid, and no speechifying occurred, and they were gone in no time.[†3] Mary and all the boys were very

much cut up when the parting moment came, but they soon recovered; Mary in particular commanded herself extremely well. Georgy and I acted as universal bottle holders.[†1]

I am anxiously looking for another letter from you by the day-post. You shall have another line from me to assure you that none of your notes fail. Kindest love from all.

Ever My Dear Helen | Affectionately Yours

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 JULY 1860

Mention in John Heise catalogue No. 13; MS 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 20 July 60.

To MRS ALFRED DICKENS, 21 JULY 1860*

MS Mrs C.J. Michel.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday Twenty First July, 1860.

My Dear Helen.

This is but a line, to say that I hope and trust your greatest stress of anxiety is over. I have received Frederick's[†2] letters, and please God Alfred will get on.

All here send kindest love.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, 22 JULY 1860*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Second July, 1860.

My Dear Gordon

Many thanks for your kind note. The school is too preparatory, I find, for my purpose — in as much as one of the boys I want to find a suitable Dominie for, is well used to a large school and large boys.

I have it in charge from Mary to explain that her married sister's cards were directed to Lady Gordon,[†3] at "Weybridge" instead of "Esher";[†4] and that, in case they should not have come to hand, this is doubtless the reason.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon

To CHARLES LEVER, 25 JULY 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Fifth July 1860.

My Dear Lever.

You will see by Wills's letter dated on the 16th. — which letter crossed yours of the 15th. — that it is, most unfortunately, too late to make that change in the time of beginning, which you desire.[†1] I am exceedingly sorry for it, as it could easily have been done with a little more notice. But it is not possible as the case stands. If it were, be sure it should have been.

In the first portion, ending with the departure of the inviters to the dinner,[†2] I have made a few short cuts. They are but a sentence here and a sentence there, where I feel the getting at the action to be delayed. Except, that where the hero is imagining his arrival at the Inn,[†3] I have taken out several sentences together which seem anticipated by the general purpose of the opening. I have also struck out the little reference to poor James, who has taken the gravity of death upon him since you wrote it.[†4] Don't be alarmed by my mentioning these changes, for you will find them very slight.

As to the quantity for each week, you are perfectly right. About 8 columns is as near the thing as possible — in a word, is just the thing.[†5]

It has been so wet here in England and so cold, that I never saw the like within my eight and forty years' experience of this breathing world.

I shall not wish you many happy returns of the 31st. of August yet, as please God I shall write to you again before the day comes.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JAMES LOWE,[†1] 25 JULY 1860*

Text from transcript by Mr Lauriat, owner of MS.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday 25th. July 1860

Dear Sir

I shall be here today until 2 o'clock, and again at a quarter before 11 tomorrow morning.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Lowe Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 29 JULY 1860

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Ninth July, 1860.

My Dear Wilkie.

Let me send you my heartiest congratulations on your having come to the end of your (as yet) last labor, and having triumphantly finished your best book.[†2] I presume that the undersigned obedient disciple may read it *now*?

Let us dine at the Office on Tuesday at 5.[†3] I am free until half past 7.

I am something worn to day by a sad expedition to Manchester and back. Perhaps Wills has told you that poor Alfred is dead.[†4]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 JULY 1860]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 686. *Date:* 29 July 60, according to Forster.

I was telegraphed for to Manchester on Friday night. Arrived there at a quarter past ten, but he had been dead three hours, poor fellow! He is to be buried at Highgate on Wednesday.[†1] I brought the poor young widow back with me yesterday.

To ANDREW MCEWEN,[†2] 31 JULY 1860*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Thirty First July 1860.

Dear Sir

I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed verses.[†3] With many thanks for your favor dated the 26th. and for the offer of the lines, I remain

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew McEwen Esquire

To H. W. NICHOLAS,[†4] 31 JULY 1860*

MS Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirty First July, 1860.

Sir.

I have so great an objection to "patronizing" anything, and think we are so over-fond of patronage in England, that I must beg to be excused from complying with the request you do me the honor to prefer. But I am a Trustee of the proposed Fund for the late Mr. Brough's[†5] Family,[†6] and you are at perfect

liberty to state that fact in your announcements if you should at all desire to do so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. W. Nicholas Esquire

To R. D. OWEN,[†1] 31 JULY 1860

MS Pennsylvanie Historical Society.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirty First July, 1860

Dear Sir

I have been much interested by your letter, and beg to assure you that your book,[†2] shall have my immediate and earnest attention. I thank you for it cordially, and am naturally prepossessed in its favor by your moderate and unaffected words.

The article to which you refer, is not of my writing.[†3] I need not add that I approve of it, however, as that may be inferred from its channel of publication. I fully agree with you in holding that the history of imposture and credulity is singularly remarkable for the perpetual recurrence of one little list of absurdities. — The Cock Lane Ghost has travelled a long way from Smithfield in these latter days, for example.[†4]

Again thanking you for your communication and your book, I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Dale Owen Esquire

August

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 AUGUST 1860

Mention in N, III, 169.

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, 2 AUGUST 1860*

MS University of Kentucky.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Second August 1860.

My Dear Gordon.

I have remembered that when I wrote to you last, I inscrutably omitted to say that I accepted your kind offer of getting me the particulars of a school at Reading.[†1] If it be not too late, or putting you too far out of the way, will you kindly let me repair the mistake.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE,[†2] 3 AUGUST 1860*

MS Lord Howard of Henderskelfe.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday, Third August, 1860.

My Dear Lord Carlisle.

I have but just now come home here from laying my poor brother Alfred in the Cemetery at Highgate. He had been taken ill at Manchester some three weeks before his death, but had never thought himself in danger after the first attack (of pleurisy). He had sent for his wife, and she had been with him all the time. I was telegraphed for, on the day of his death, but he had been dead three hours when I got to Manchester.

You were always kind to him,[†3] and that emboldens me to write to you. He has left nothing — worse than nothing.[†4] One of his two boys is eleven years old;[†5] the other, thirteen.[†6] If any kind of nomination or presentation should ever fall in your way — which seems just possible to me, remembering the honors that surround you, and which all men are glad to see you moving among — will you think of this letter, if you can? I will not ask you to forgive me for putting you to the trouble of reading it. Your gentle heart will have done so, before you come to these words.

Believe me | Dear Lord Carlisle
Your faithful and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

His Excellency | The Earl of Carlisle.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 AUGUST 1860

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Friday Third August 1860.

My Dear Miss Coutts.

Let me send my love and thanks to you and Mrs. Brown. Your remembrance was the kind remembrance of true friends, in due season. And there is nothing better in the world.

My poor brother's death is a sad calamity, to which there are five little witnesses.[†1] But he had a good, true, striving wife, and I can trust her with all my heart. This is not the first time I have had occasion to respect her undemonstrative and patiently dutiful character. It is all that she can call her own, but it is a great deal for me to have so much to be a friend to.

God bless you. And you, dear Mrs. Brown. And both believe me, ever

Your affectionate and faithful

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 AUGUST 1860]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 686*n*. *Date:* written from Gad's Hill after Alfred's funeral (3 Aug), according to Forster; no doubt same day.

To-morrow I have to work against time and tide[†2] and everything else, to fill up a No. keeping open for me,[†3] and the stereotype plates of which must go to America on Friday. But indeed the enquiry into poor Alfred's affairs; the necessity of putting the widow and children somewhere; the difficulty of knowing what to do for the best; and the need I feel under of being as composed and deliberate as I can be, and yet of not shirking or putting off the occasion that there is for doing a duty; would have brought me back here to be quiet, under any circumstances.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 3 AUGUST 1860

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Third August, 1860.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

Is there any possibility of your being induced to write a tale for All The Year Round? It has the largest Audience to be got that comprehends intelligence and cultivation — but that audience is already your own, and *that* is no temptation.

It would gladly pay any price for the distinction of having your assistance, and it can well afford to do so — but you can get what price you please anywhere, and *that* is no temptation.

If you could by any means reconcile the doing of such a thing with your inclination and convenience, it would give me strong heart and unspeakable gratification. That is the only speciality I can put before you.

What I most want, is such a tale as you could republish in three Volumes, a week or two before its completion in All The Year Round. Such a book, portioned out from week to week, would occupy in its periodical publication, 6 or 8 months.

In mere pecuniary return it could be made very profitable to you, and we could get a price for the proofs from week to week, in America, that I doubt your being quite prepared for. But the mere business matter — I repeat — is not, I *know well,* the first question.[†1] If you were to do it at all, you would do it for me.

Now, is that possible? Any time within a year?[†2] I know how much I ask. You will tell me at your leisure. Neither of us will misunderstand the other.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 3 AUGUST 1860*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Third August, 1860.

My Dear Webster.

I am really touched by your note received this morning, because I can see that it implies a kind of past doubt of our relations towards one another, and because I feel that our having quite accidentally fallen asunder of late, gives a sort of

shadow of reality to what never existed — that is to say, any coldness between us.[†1]

Believe me, I expressed my wish to Mr. Lowe as to your being my co trustee in the Brough matter,[†2] just as I should have expressed a like wish at any moment since we were last together, if a like occasion had arisen. My reason being, that you are my friend, and I have great confidence in you, and that you ought to be at the head of anything good allied to your profession, simply because you are one of the most honorable and generous men belonging to it.

Now do put on that black-velvet-Sunday-morning-Considering-Cap of yours, and consider when you can come down here and rest in fresh air — say from Saturday to Monday — or from Sunday to

Monday, if Saturday can't be done. Then I will write again and tell you where and how we will meet. And then we will go on meeting, please God!

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire.

To CAPTAIN F. C. L. WRAXALL,[†3] 4 AUGUST 1860*

Text from transcript by Charles W. Traylen, owner of the MS.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fourth August, 1860.

Dear Sir

As I have not seen or heard of the article[†4] to which your obliging letter received here this morning, refers, there is no great magnanimity in my forgiving it. As I thoroughly agree with you in your condemnation of such things, and

have an inexpressibly strong feeling on the subject, I promise you that I will carefully avoid seeing it. This, I hope, is the best way in which I can practically express my appreciation of your candour.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Lascelles Wraxall.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 7 AUGUST 1860*

MS New York Public Library.

All the Year Round Office
Tuesday Seventh August, 1860.

Messrs Chapman and Hall

Please deliver to Mr. Eeles[†1] for me, one copy of Chuzzlewit, Library Edition.
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. C. PARKINSON,[†2] 7 AUGUST 1860*

MS Major S.F.B. Codrington.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Seventh August 1860.

My Dear Sir

Can you come round and see Mr. Austin[†3] and myself here *for one minute*. We think it important that we should see you, though what we have to say is but a sentence.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. Parkinson Esquire

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE, 8 AUGUST 1860

MS Lord Howard of Henderskelfe.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighth August 1860.

My Dear Lord Carlisle.

Coming back here after an absence of three days in town, I find your kind and cordial letter lying on my table. I heartily thank you for it, and highly esteem it.

I understand that the article on the Spirits to which you refer,[†1] was written by one Mr Robert Bell[†2] (he played an Irish Porter in one scene of Bulwer's comedy at Devonshire House).[†3] Between ourselves I think it must be taken with a few grains of salt — imperial measure. The experiences referred to, "came off" at Mrs. Milner Gibson's:[†4] where the Spirit of Molesworth[†5] (among an extensive and miscellaneous bodiless circle) *dines* sometimes! Mr. Hume, or Home,[†6] the high priest of the mysteries, I have some considerable reason, derived from two honorable men, for mistrusting. And that some of the Disciples are very easy of belief, I know.

This is Falstaff's own Gad's Hill, and I live on the top of it. All goes well with me, thank God. I should be thoroughly delighted to see you again, and to show you where the robbery was done. My eldest daughter keeps my house, and it is one I was extraordinarily fond of when a child.

My Dear Lord Carlisle
Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl of Carlisle.
I am prowling about, meditating a new book.[†7]

To J. C. PARKINSON, 9 AUGUST 1860

MS W. A. Foyle. *Address* (MS envelope only, Major S. F. B. Codrington): J. C. Parkinson Esquire | Accountant General's Office | Inland Revenue Office | Somerset House | London | W.C. PM 9 Aug 60.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Ninth August, 1860.

My Dear Mr. Parkinson

Enclosed is a little list of what Mrs. Alfred most wants. You kindly said that you would see to such things being valued and reserved, or bought in.

She certainly has no kind of suspicion of any definable way in which the missing money can have gone. Poor Alfred had again and again remarked upon his having many things to pay, but she cannot hit upon any thing, saving that "there may have been £25 paid to Smee[†1] for furniture". Was there any such payment, do you suppose?

I had intended to let you know at the beginning of the last Paragraph, that she makes the sum we want to account for, Ninety Pounds — not a Hundred.

She begs me to send you her kindest regard. She is as patient, uncomplaining, self denying, and quietly practical, as it is possible for human nature so circumstanced to be.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. Parkinson Esquire

To J. C. PARKINSON, [12 AUGUST 1860]

Envelope only, MS Major S.F.B. Codrington. *Address:* J.C. Parkinson, | Accountant General's Office | Inland Revenue | Somerset House | London | W.C. PM Rochester, 12 Aug 60.

To ALFRED WIGAN,[†2] 13 AUGUST 1860

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 492 (1927); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 13 Aug 60; addressed Alfred Wigan

I have a confidence that you will not do me the injustice of supposing that I profess my profound inability to comply with your request, through any want of interest in your art, your enterprise, or yourself. My feeling under all three heads is strong.

But I am much occupied, and have a new book in my head, and am not in the least likely ever to write for the stage. Engaged as my time and thoughts are now, I could not do such a thing, though I were myself to become a manager tomorrow, which the Heavens forbid!

To MRS ANNE CORNELIUS,[†1] 15 AUGUST 1860

Text from N, III, 171.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fifteenth August 1860

Dear Anne,

If a gentleman of the name of Davis,[†2] wishes to see the fitted and planned furniture at Tavistock House, shew him all the Looking-glasses, all the Cornices, the Drawing-room satin window-curtains, large ottoman, and two fixed ottomans at the sides of the fire, the Dining-room curtains, all the blinds, and the painted room curtains. You can also call his attention to the great Dining Table, as extending to fit the whole room.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS MITTON, 16 AUGUST 1860

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixteenth August 1860.

My Dear Mitton

I am selling Tavistock House, and, as my papers are not here, want to ask you two questions about it. Have I the fire Insurance Policy,[†3] or have you? Have I the last receipt for the payment of the premium, or have you? I want both. Will you answer to this address.

You will easily understand that I have had, and still have, a great deal of anxiety arising out of poor Alfred's Death. His affairs were in a bad state, and his widow and children must be looked after and cared for. They are at present in a Farm House near here.

Unless there should be any hitch (which I don't expect) the purchaser of Tavistock House will be a Jew Money Lender.[†4] An odd change in the occupation! And I strongly suspect that a good many people about town who have been there now and then during the last nine years, will present themselves under the new administration in an entirely new capacity.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To CHARLES DRESSER, 18 AUGUST 1860*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighteenth August, 1860

My Dear Sir

If you should happen to meet the Maker of my chronometer anywhere in your neighbourhood, will you kindly present to him a pathetic picture of my destitute condition, forlorn and solitary in the last degree without my Coventry friend and companion.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dresser Esquire

To MRS FRANCES DICKINSON,[†2] 19 AUGUST 1860

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Nineteenth August, 1860

My Dear Mrs. Dickinson.

Pray don't suppose me unmindful of your confidence, or slow, from inclination, to respond to it. I have been involved in great anxiety and worry by the unexpected death of my poor brother Alfred. He had had no opportunity of providing for his family — died worth nothing — and has left a widow and five children — you may suppose to whom. Day after day I have been scheming and contriving for them, and I am still doing so, and I have schemed myself into broken rest and low spirits. My mother, who was also left to me when my father died (I never had anything left to me but relations), is in the strangest state of mind from senile decay: and the impossibility of getting her to understand what is the matter, combined with her desire to be got up in sables like a female Hamlet, illumines the dreary scene with a ghastly absurdity that is the chief relief I can find in it.

Well! Life is a fight and must be fought out. Not new, but true, and I don't complain of it.

Your friend Robert Bell, having become Gentleman Usher in the spiritual establishment of Mrs. Milner Gibson, has been writing a portentous account of Spirit Rapping and Table Leaping, in the Cornhill Magazine.[†3] My opinion of the whole party is, that it is a combination of addle-headed persons, Toadies, and Humbugs.

Wilkie has finished his White Woman (if he had done with his flesh-coloured one,[†4] I should mention that too), and is in great force. Charley and his bride

remain — at Calais! Having left here with ideas of going to Switzerland, they have naturally remained at Calais ever since. Katie writes that they think of remaining "abroad", a long time. That general definition seems to express all they know of their intentions. She really looked wonderfully pretty on the day of her marriage, and her appearance produced an immense effect on the beholders. Not the least pleasant part of it was Mary's pride in it. I had tried to keep it very quiet, but all the neighbouring country turned out in the most bewildering manner, and the people of the village strewed flowers in the churchyard, and erected triumphal arches, and fired guns,[†1] and came to look at the breakfast, and made a regular day of it. One very funny thing was, the entrance into church of the few friends whom I had caused to be brought down straight from town by Special Train. They didn't know whether they were to look melancholy, beaming, or maudlin; and their uncertainty struck me as so uncommonly droll, that I was obliged to hide my reverend parental countenance in my hand on the altar Railing. There was no misery of any kind — not even speechifying — and the whole was a great success — *So far*.

I may congratulate you on the distribution of your daughters, present[†2] and prospective,[†3] over the face of the earth. Of course the Australian daughter will marry Tom Tiddler, and give you golden grandchildren.[†4]

What to say to your account of yourself,[†5] I don't know. Profoundly true, I do know, and therefore tremendously difficult to remark upon. But, calmly now, is it worse than you expected? At least is it not pretty much what you expected on the day when you were sitting here, in this room where I write? It seems to me that since then you have gradually built up a little castle that never had any foundations. Am I right in that? And are you quite sure that what you are disposed to resent as indifference, is not the stealing apathy of advanced age?[†6] Under other circumstances — say in your humble servant, for example — it would be affronting or idiotic; but not in these, I think? I am inclined to think, on this ground alone, that you are better apart. As the foregathering was of your seeking and not his may it not be that he thinks so too, and has my reason for thinking so? As to yourself I might be very moral in my admonitions and didactic remarks — but you are a woman — and I am a man — and we should both know better, even if I were. There is no doubt that your position is a trying one, and that is the honest truth. But would it not be more trying still, if you were more pursued, sought out, and hovered about?

This is not a letter; this is only an explanation why I cannot write a letter.

Even while I have been writing this, I have had black figures, little and big,[†1] coming in and wistfully questioning me about what is to be done in this wise or that. (They are at present lodged in a farm house near here).

I shall be glad to know that you have received this, and that, bad as it was, it was better than nothing.

Kindest remembrances from Mary and Georgy.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Dickinson | Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 19 AUGUST 1860

MS Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Nineteenth August, 1860

My Dear Mitton

I send this to the office, that you may have it when you leave the Policy.[†2]

On an early Monday I will propose to you to come and dine there at five that we may talk over old and new times. I would fix the day now but that I am uncertain of my movements, not being sure but that I shall have to make an "Uncommercial" journey to divers country places next week.[†3] If the Jew Money Lender buys (I say "if" because of course I shall never believe in him until he has paid the money) I purpose living here during seven months in the year and taking a small furnished house in town during the other five. As I shall never be in town during the boys' holidays, the room I shall want there will be easily found. For a temporary Town Tent, I shall always have 5 very good rooms at the office — as you shall see when we dine.

Poor Alfred had been ill, about three weeks. He was taken ill at an Inn at Manchester and never left it. It began with pleurisy — ended generally in a break up. He had been habitually out very late at night for two or three years. I had seen him at his own house in the morning, a very few weeks before, and had come home here greatly shocked and impressed by his shattered condition before he was wound up for the day. It had been very much upon my mind, and I had been devising how I could best speak to him and warn him that it wouldn't do. I was telegraphed for on the day of his death; but he had been dead three hours when I got to Manchester.

He had always done his work very well (I had occasion, here, to see that he understood it and was practical),[†4] and was exceedingly popular, poor fellow, among all the men he had to do with.

Five children; oldest, thirteen.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 19 AUGUST 1860*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Nineteenth August, 1860.

My Dear Ouvry.

As to the Fixtures; I will yield the Blinds (though I had not intended to do so), but I must positively require the cornices and curtain rods to be paid for. They are the only exception I make. The picture rods

may go as Fixtures. But the cornices and curtain rods must be paid for. The list of fixtures is a very, very, liberal one.

I suppose you will deem it right to apprise Mr. Davis of what I suppose he has observed for himself — that there is a right of way to Bedford House garden and Russell House Garden, through my garden. Let me explain to you how. I think you will find in the Lease that the Leased Property is bounded on the West by a "Lane". This Lane is now the West path of my garden. It was a most hideous place (originally left as a way to stables for the three houses — which were never built), and when I re-constructed the whole property, Bedford House and Russell House suggested to me to take in the aforesaid frightful lane and abolish the same. I applied to the Duke of Bedford's solicitors, and they said by all means; it was a question for ourselves.[†1] So Mr. Cardale,[†2] the owner of Bedford House and I, drew up a memorandum (which is in his possession), that the occupiers of the two houses might use that pathway, which was the lane. It has never been used, except by the Gardener.

I do not apprehend that anything more will be wanted by the purchaser concerning this abolished lane and present pathway, which is, and has been for nine years, as private as any room in the house. But if he should require any formal definition about it, the following are the people from whom I have no doubt you can easily get it. Bedford House belongs to (and is under-leased by) Mr. Cardale a retired solicitor, who has removed into Surrey,[†3] and is represented by his son of No. 2 Bedford Row.[†4] Russell House belongs to Mr. Arthur Stone, resident there. The Duke of Bedford's people[†5] you know, in Grays Inn Square. They are all on the best terms with me, and sensible of the great improvement I made in the value of the whole property.

The Policy of Insurance, is not separate, I observe, for the house; but includes the house and Furniture. You shall have it on Tuesday. It will be necessary to divide them?

I shall be at the office on Tuesday after 11 o'Clock. Will you appoint your own time for our meeting — either at your office or mine; either will suit me equally.

Excuse the long story about the Lane, which I dare say is superfluous.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 AUGUST 1860*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twentieth August, 1860.

Dear Sir

I have safely received your note and its accompanying book, and I thank you for both. The system[†1] has been already remarked upon in All The Year Round, and some curious absurdities in it have been noticed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ANNE CORNELIUS, 21 AUGUST 1860

MS Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty First August 1860.

Dear Anne.

I have arranged with Mr. Davis that I will have everything moved in a fortnight, and that you remain at Tavistock House during that time.

Understand that the House now belongs to Mr. Davis, and that he and his family have a perfect right to come and go as they think proper.

All the pictures in the Painted Room are mine, and Mr. Lillie[†2] will take them down.[†3] Everything mentioned in the enclosed list, belongs to Mr. Davis, and must not be touched.

I shall probably see you tomorrow.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 AUGUST 1860

MS Dickens House.

Tuesday Evening
(Dining here with Wills)
Twenty First August 1860.

My Dearest Georgy

The Tavistock House Deed is signed, and the Money Paid! We have a fortnight to clear out in. I have all the Stanfields.

I THINK[†1] I shall run away tomorrow, until Saturday, but am not yet sure. It will mainly depend on seeing a house for Helen. I doubt the Drain in the little one (otherwise eligible) that you saw at the Brecknock.[†2] I will write another note Tomorrow, if I don't come home. We had best come to town I think, the moment we can be down at the office, to arrange the moving.

With dearest love to Mary | Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 AUGUST 1860

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Night Twenty First August 1860.

My Dearest Georgy

On coming here this evening to work, I find that John has seen some houses by the Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill[†3] (you know it) — at the back there — of which, one that has been inhabited four years and from which the people *ran away*, seems to me, the thing. His account of it, is exceedingly promising; the situation, excellent. On his telling the landlady who would pay the rent, she brightened considerably, and also said that she and her husband knew an old friend of mine — Dr. Elliotson — very well.

Now time presses. Come with Helen by the Express from Gravesend on Thursday morning, and come straight here for John. If I have not gone on my Uncommercial Journey,[†4] you will find me here; if I have gone, use your joint senses, and whatever you do (telling John what it is) I will ratify here on Saturday. Your journey will not take you long. You can easily return by the 2.20 train. If you find, on coming here, that I am Uncommercially absent — *then*, write me all particulars, which I may find here on Saturday.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To BENJAMIN LILLIE, 21 AUGUST 1860*

MS Private; seen before partial destruction in Prestwick aircrash, Dec 1954;[aa] MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty First August 1860.

Mr. Lillie

As I have arranged with the purchaser of Tavistock House that I shall remove *all* of Mr. Stanfield's pictures[†5] from the back ground floor room, please to take

them *all* down. Observe that the Snow-piece[†1] is not against the wall, but on a wooden frame.

[a]Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[a]

To [THE REV. ASHTON BURROW],[†2] 22 AUGUST 1860*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Second August 1860.

My Dear Sir

I find that through some extraordinary accident, Sydney's birth was never registered by the District Registrar. When he was born, we were newly home from abroad, and our house was let, and we took a temporary house in the Regents Park, and there he came into the world.[†3] I can only suppose the omission to have been somehow caused by this confusion.

I enclose the only entry we can find — from the books at Marylebone Church. May I beg you to let me know whether this is sufficient, or whether an affidavit from me is necessary in addition? There is, of course, no doubt whatever of his age. Both his parents can swear to it.[†4]

To J. P. DAVIS, 23 AUGUST 1860*

MS Mr and Mrs Loring S. Miller.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Third August 1860.

Dear Sir

There is a front garden within your Tavistock House enclosure (the garden where there is a pedestal and vase), which belongs to Mr. Cardale, the owner of Bedford House, adjoining you. When Mr. Cardale under-let Bedford House, I hired that garden of him at £20 a year, and still hold it. It is a good piece of ground, but the principal object I had in hiring it, was to keep out possible noises. Will you let me know at your convenience whether you wish to have it? If so, I will let Mr. Cardale know. There is no hurry in the matter.

It has been the custom of the occupants of the three houses to employ one gardener, and to divide equally the small annual cost of keeping the front

enclosure in good order. Young Mr Stone, of Russell House, has lately managed this small matter, and has paid the gardener. He will be happy to explain to you the trifling details.

Perhaps Mrs. Davis[†1] will have the kindness to signify as soon as she can, whether she wishes to purchase any of the fitted furniture — as Drawing room Glasses, cornices, chandelier, carpet, curtains, ottomans — turkey carpet in the Dining room, or any such things. I mention this now, because we begin to move furniture tomorrow, and I hope to have everything clear by the end of next week.

I shall be happy to meet your wishes in any possible way.

I take the liberty of remarking that during my nine years' residence in Tavistock House, I have been particularly steady in objecting to any carelessness in respect of the locked gate into Burton Cresent, and in allowing no organ people, tramps, or strangers, in the enclosure. One of the great advantages of the place depends on this.

The housekeeper will show Mrs. Davis any articles she wishes to see. I shall be in town again on Saturday, and during the greater part of next week.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 24 AUGUST 1860*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Fourth August, 1860.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks. I have directed the Pictures to be sent to Piccadilly.†2

I sold Tavistock House (36 years term) for Two Thousand Guineas. I had asked four hundred pounds more. The bargain was made in five minutes, and the conveyances were †aexecuted and the money was†a paid within as many days.

You will probably hear from me concerning a new Serial Story†3 before long. You won't object to one, I dare say.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire.

To BENJAMIN LILLIE, 24 AUGUST 1860

MS George Bayntun.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Fourth August, 1860

If you will be so good, Mr. Lillie, as to roll and tie up Mr. Stanfield's Paintings, each on a piece of wood of its own,†1 and then bind them all together, you can send them as soon as you please to Messrs. Chapman and Hall's 193 Piccadilly. They have plenty of room in their warehouse and will be glad to take care of them.

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON, 24 AUGUST 1860

MS Hornby Arts Library, Liverpool.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Twenty Fourth August 1860.

[My][†2] Dear Mitton

You pay this Gad's Hill Insurance[†3] too?[†4] When is it paid — I mean, at what time of the Year is it due? And what is the Number of that Policy?

Will you answer to the Office in Wellington Street; I shall get it sooner than at this address.

Hastily | Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MESSRS SAMPSON LOW, SON & CO, 25 AUGUST 1860*

MS Open University Centre, Bristol.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Fifth August 1860.

Dear Sirs

I beg to assure you in reply to your obliging letter which reached me this morning, that I am profoundly sensible of, and have the highest respect for, the thoroughly ingenuous and honorable spirit on your part, which prompted that communication. Accept my cordial thanks.

While I would not, on principle sanction any American Edition of my books in which I their author have no right conceded to me and from which I derive no advantage — and while I therefore would hold no terms with the American proprietors of the Edition in question, from which my concurrence in the enterprise they undertake for their own profit, could be by any perversion inferred — still I would on no account interpose between you and the execution

of the innocent business-trust you describe.[†1] Pray understand that I hold you perfectly justified in discharging it.

With the assurance of my confidence and esteem, I beg to remain

Dear Sirs
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Sampson Low Son and Co.

To BENJAMIN LILLIE, [?LATE AUGUST 60]*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. *Date:* probably a week or ten days before 4 Sep, the day of his removal to Gad's Hill.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

The first thing to be done is to bring down the bookcases (leaving the books in Tavistock House), and fit the bookcases to the whole of the Bachelor's room here, from the floor to the ceiling. This will no doubt necessitate a good deal of new work, and some waste of the present materials. All the Glazed part (or nearly all) of the present bookcases will come in; but the glass in them to be changed for plate Glass. In fitting the shelves to the room here, a new top piece — made of french polished mahogany — will no doubt be wanted all along the top, where the bookcase joins the ceiling — in order to make it sufficiently important and substantial to the eye.

The present looking-glass not to be used at all in the bookcases here, as I wish the bookcases here to have no break in them whatever, except for the fire-place. Over the fire place the cases will rest on the present mantel shelf. Wherever the form of the room here, may leave a chink of wall too small for books (if anywhere), I shall wish to fill it up with mahogany †[a]or sham book backs from Tavistock House†[a]; so that the whole room may be one bookcase.

The back of the bookcase will be formed, as in Tavistock House, of the wall of the room. It will have to be red-papered between the shelves, as now at Tavistock House. And I shall want the very little woodwork that will be left visible in the room, painted to imitate dark wood, and the ceiling papered in imitation of wood-work to correspond.

Miss Hogarth will show how I think many of the present cases can be worked in *without any alteration* (except that already mentioned, in the substitution of plate glass for the present glass). Thus: the 2 first cases behind the door will go into an exactly similar position here. Two similar cases on the other side of the looking Glass will go against the wall opposite the door here, and then the case between the two recesses where the sham book backs now are, will nearly or quite fill that side of the room — that is, to the height of the present glazed part. The cases to come above them will of course be different from those above them now. †[b]The corner pieces I suppose would come in also.†[b]

†[c][There will be a small job at the office which John will explain.]†[c]

To JOHN THOMPSON, [?LATE AUGUST 1860]*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. *Date:* probably same day as last.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

The arrangements for Mrs. Alfred and her children, with whom my mother will live, render it necessary to empty Tavistock House with all possible dispatch, in order that I may see what furniture I have for them.

Therefore, the first thing to be done is to change my bedroom at the office to the next room, and to get Mr. Lillie to do what I want done *to the present* bedroom, which I am going to make a sitting room.

That is, to fit a stove to it that won't smoke — to new paper it — and to paint all the Woodwork Wainscoat †a[I should like to know the cost of making *the bottom sash of each window* one piece of plate Glass.].†a All this must be done at once. Papers can be at the office for me to choose from, next Monday and Tuesday. This job is to be charged to me — not the office. I don't want the thing expensively done in any respect. I only want it clean and wholesome and cheerful.

Mr. Lillie will tell you when you can move from Tavistock House to the office — which will be directly he has done. A list of the things to be removed, you shall have from me when I come to town.

Put the Looking Glass over the mantelpiece, in my present bedroom, over the mantelpiece in my new bedroom. I will show you when I come, what I want done with the Gas fitting in my present bedroom.†1

To BENJAMIN LILLIE, 26 AUGUST 1860*

MS Cornell University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Sixth August, 1860.

Nothing could be better, Mr. Lillie, than the way in which you have rolled the pictures. I saw them yesterday, and was greatly pleased by the careful and sensible manner in which they were preserved.

The mouldings we will have down here (I told John to pack them), as I think we can work them in for a decoration to the little Drawing Room.

I wish you would arrange to get on a little faster with the bookcase and Library. Understand that I don't in the least complain of the workmen, but I think we might have another Hand.

CD.

To [THE REV. ASHTON BURROW],†1 27 AUGUST 1860*

MS Cornell University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Seventh August, 1860.

My Dear Sir

By all means, if you please, as to Sydney's being measured for his uniform. Will you have the goodness to authorize the outfitters whom you mention, to make him whatever is right and necessary.

I am obliged to ask you (for I have mislaid Sydney's last account and cannot remember the exact total) to do me the favor to tell me, in one line, in what amount I was indebted to you[†2] and your esteemed colleagues when Sydney last returned to you. I will immediately send a cheque to your bankers.[†3]

To HERBERT FRY,[†4] 31 AUGUST 1860*

MS National Portrait Gallery.

Private

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Thirty First August, 1860.

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your obliging letter, and for your articles[†5] on the sadly interesting subject to which that letter refers.[†6] I was deterred from pursuing it myself, because, at the time when I entered on it, I saw no hope of doing good.[†7] But I was much influenced by Mr. Widdrington's[†8] fairness and earnestness, and had the highest respect for him.

It would be a great mistake to send any of these poor men a harvesting in this bad season, I think. There are numbers of people seeking employment about there, for whom, as strangers, there is no work. And you would find (or I am

much deceived) very few Coventry Weavers who could do field labor, or who would fail very seriously to damage their fineness of hands if they tried it.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Herbert Fry Esquire.

To HORACE MAYHEW,[†2] 31 AUGUST 1860

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Apr 1916; MS 2 pp.; dated Office of *AYR*, 31 Aug 60; addressed Horace Mayhew.

Referring to his brother Alfred's death.[†3]

To ROBERT DALE OWEN, 31 AUGUST 1860

MS Pennsylvania Historical Society. *Address:* Robert Dale Owen Esquire | Cox's Hotel | Jermyn Street.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Thirty First August, 1860.

Dear Sir.

My hope to get away for a holiday, prevents my having the pleasure of making an appointment within the short margin of time that you are able to give me.[†4]

I confided the American Edition of your book[†5] to a trustworthy and esteemed Contributor to "All The Year Round",[†6] and I placed that contributor's paper on it, in the last No. sent to the printer — which will be published three weeks hence.[†7] With respect to yourself personally, I hope the article will be not displeasing to you; with respect to its (and my) opinion of the evidence on which a large class of your stories rests, I can not be so sanguine.[†8]

The testimony concerning the School Teacher with the Double, is remarked

upon in the paper.[†1] I am not sure that I can now disturb the page even by the addition of a foot-note of one line; but if I can make that addition for the purpose of explaining that the story is withdrawn from your English re-print, I will gladly do so.[†2]

Allow me to add that I have carefully read your book myself (I have long been interested in its main points), and that I have derived from it a genuine regard for its writer.[†3]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Dale Owen Esquire

To ARTHUR STONE, 31 AUGUST 1860*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Thirty First August, 1860.

My Dear Arthur

As Mr. Davis (who has bought my house) has *not* taken the garden in front, which I rent for another year or so of Mr. Cardale, will you and Marcus kindly take charge of the key of a new padlock with which its gate is fastened? If you ever desire to use the garden yourself while it is yet mine, pray do so, freely. I should be glad to think it of the least service to you all.

I have told Mr. Davis that you will explain the gardening arrangements to him. If ever you have time and inclination to propose to come and refresh yourself here, you know that your father's old friend will ever be glad to see you.

With kindest regard | Always Faithfully Yours
CD.

Arthur Stone Esquire

September

To MRS DAVIS, 1 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, First September 1860.

Dear Madam

I beg to let you know, with many thanks to you for your consideration, that the housekeeper at Tavistock House will be ready to deliver the keys to you at any time you please on Tuesday next.

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Davis

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 2 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Second September 1860.

My Dear Sir

I should have written before now, proposing a time for your giving us the pleasure of coming here, but that the spoliation of Tavistock House has filled us with books and out-of-the-way objects which require a little time to get into their places. And I don't like this little house (which has a completeness on which I rather plume myself) to be seen for the first time under such disadvantageous circumstances.

We are at present dependent on painters, but I think a three weeks margin a liberal one, even for that awful calling. So I look forward to writing to you again about the 20th. of the month, and suggesting a time for shewing you the walks in[†1]

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?JANUARY-3 SEPTEMBER 1860]

Extract in Dodd Mead catalogue No. 66 (1903); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 1860. *Date:* before the sale of Tavistock House on 4 Sep 60.

I have rarely met with anything so ludicrous as the two extracts you have sent me from the Critic. They made me laugh until the tears ran down my face. Now as I write these words the gravity of that persistent enquiry, "Why the heart of Midlothian?[†2]" sets me off again.

Of course I have no need to tell you that there has never been such a thing as a "controversy" between me and Mr. Howitt.[†3] I should as soon think of holding a controversy with the Rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens relative to his knocking that horny nose of his against the wall.

To ARTHUR STONE, 4 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†4]
Tuesday Fourth September 1860.

My Dear Arthur

It unfortunately happens that I cannot contrive to have the pleasure of receiving you at Gad's Hill before *next Monday;*[†5] but then, or any time after

then, I shall be delighted to see you there. — I write this on Gad's Hill paper, but really at the office on coming to town.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Stone Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 4 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fourth September 1860.

My Dear Wills.

Your description of your sea-castle[†1] makes your room here look uncommonly dusty. Likewise the Costermongers in the street outside, and the one Customer (drunk with his head on the table) in the Crown Coffee House over the way in York Street, have an earthy and, as I may say, a Land-lubberly aspect. Cape Horn to the best of *my* belief is a tremendous way off; and there are more bricks and cabbage leaves between this office and that dismal point of land than *you* can possibly imagine.

Some demon Sprite will somehow have informed you before I write this letter, that Mr. Henry Bradbury[†2] has poisoned himself.[†3] Frederick Chapman wrote me last night that he had done it "in his father's house".[†4] A gloomy professional purchaser of Nos., with a dirty face, whom Johnson presented to

me in the shop today as "this young man who is always down in Whitefriars", at ½ past 11 A.M. of this day offered to make oath "wot he dun it in Cremorne[†5] in a bottle o' Soda Water. It wos last Sunday, wot he knowed Mr. Bradbury[†6] well, and he dun it there." I cannot say which account is correct — probably neither — but the wretched creature is doubtless dead. And when I came along Woburn Place just now from Haverstock Hill the house looked grim and dry, with all the blinds down, brooding in a hot, dusty, tearless, frozen kind of way, at the unsympathetic street. Nothing having appeared in the papers, I suppose strong influence to have been used in that wise, to keep the dismal story quiet. Holsworth[†7] (in a cracked voice and with a great deal more hair on his head than he can possibly govern) said that he, the deceased, "had been laying it at Miss Evans's[†8] door for her getting married." God knows whether any blurred vision

of that most undesirable female with the brass-headed eyes, ever crossed his drunken mind. [†a]Whatever the cause, I should doubt the catastrophe's propping up the credit of the House; — shouldn't you?[†a] Frederick Chapman seemed to think it an extraordinarily unpolite thing that he hadn't waited over tomorrow, "when he knew his brother William was going to be married". And that's all I know of the ghastly story.

Coming here from the Station this morning, I met, coming from the Execution of the Walworth Murderer,[†1] such a tide of ruffians as never could have flowed from any point but the Gallows.[†2] Without any figure of speech, it turned one white and sick to behold them.

Tavistock House is cleared today, and possession delivered up to the House of Israel.[†3] I must say that in all things the purchaser has behaved thoroughly well, and that I cannot call to mind any occasion when I have had money-dealings with a Christian[†4] that have been so satisfactory, considerate, and trusting.

I am ornamented at present with one of my most intensely preposterous and utterly indescribable colds. If you were to make a Voyage from Cape Horn to Wellington Street, you would scarcely recognize in the bowed form, weeping eyes, rasped nose, and snivelling wretch whom you would encounter here, the once gay and sparkling &c &c.

Everything else here is as quiet as possible. Business reports you receive from Holsworth. Wilkie looked in to day, going to Gloucestershire for a week. The office is full of discarded curtains and coverings from Tavistock House, which Georgina is coming up this evening to select from and banish. Mary is in raptures with the beauties of Dunkeld,[†5] but is not very well in health. The Admiral (Sydney) goes up for his examination tomorrow. If he fails to pass with credit, I will never believe in anybody again[†6] — so in that case look out for your own reputation with me.

This is really all the news I have — except that I am lazy, and that Wilkie dines here next Tuesday in order that we may have a talk about the Christmas Number![†7]

I beg to send my kind regard to Mrs. Wills, and to enquire how she likes wearing a hat: which of course she does. I also want to know from her, in confidence whether

Crwllm festidiniog Clymyrhll y wodd?[†8]

Yesterday I burnt, in the field at Gad's Hill, the accumulated letters and papers of twenty years.[†1] They sent up a smoke like the Genie when he got out of the casket on the seashore;[†2] and as it was an exquisite day when I began, and rained very heavily when I finished, I suspect my correspondence of having overcast the face of the Heavens.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Kind regard to Mr. and Mrs. Novelli.[†3]
I have just sent out for the Globe. No news.[†4]

To C. A. COLE, 5 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Mr Alfred Berol.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fifth September 1860.

My Dear Mr. Cole.

Wills (who is away for his annual holiday) has left me the first part of "Five Hundred Years ago" to read.[†5] While I generally quite approve of it, and think that it opens the way for an excellent series of articles, I think it a little too didactic and essayical — too much about the thing, without shewing the thing itself[†1] — a quality most desirable to be avoided in any form of publication, but

particularly in this form. For this reason I should wish to condense it a little, and to add to it the paper next in order. Will you send me the latter as soon as it is ready, that I may have the opportunity of looking at the two together?[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Cole Esquire

To ABRAHAM HAYWARD,[†3] 7 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Seventh September 1860.

My Dear Mr. Hayward.

Many thanks for your letter. I knew the rights of the Lord Lyndhurst[†4] story, which, in common with many others that have come to my knowledge in the same association, is remarkable for systematic

effrontery and falsehood.[†5] But it would be useless to rip up these statements piece-meal. If I were to disprove five hundred to day, they would have a five hundred and first tomorrow. Nothing is easier. And nothing so useful can be done in the matter (I think) as to persevere in shewing how generally absurd and contemptible it is.

Of course I receive your communication in confidence, and should by no possibility be tempted into making any public use of it in any way.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

A. Hayward Esquire.

To CHARLES READE,[†6] 7 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS (copy in Wills's hand) *AYR* Letter-book, Huntington Library.

Gad's Hill Place | 7th September 1860

My dear Sir,

I address you without apology in the spirit of the Art we both profess, and for which you have done so much.

May I ask you if it would suit your convenience and inclination, to write a serial story for All the Year Round, reserving the free copyright in a collected form for yourself? It would give me the highest gratification to grace these pages with your name, and to have you for a fellow-labourer.[†1]

I do not doubt that all terms and conditions could be easily managed between you and me. I confine myself at present to the question I have just set forth, and shall be most happy to pursue the subject in all frankness and confidence, if your engagements should allow of your offering me any encouragement to do so. Whether or no, I shall be grateful to this occasion if it should prove the means of our coming into personal communication.

Believe me, | Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Reade Esqr.

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY SEPTEMBER 1860]

Extract in F, VIII, iii, 655. *Date:* no doubt soon after 4 Sep 60, when he told Wills that Tavistock House had been "cleared" that day.

When you come down here next month, we have an idea that we shall show you rather a neat house. What terrific adventures have been in action; how many overladen vans were knocked up at

Gravesend, and had to be dragged out of Chalk[†2]-turnpike in the dead of the night by the whole equine power of this establishment; shall be revealed at another time.

To ARTHUR STONE, 8 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighth September 1860.

My Dear Arthur

As Mr. Davis's tenancy has just now begun, I think it will be best for me to pay the gardener for the current quarter. If you will leave word at home how

much I have to contribute (which I forget), Georgina will call on Wednesday, and will pay the amount.

I hope you will find the Children of Israel, good neighbours. Mrs. Davis appears to be a very kind and agreeable woman. And I have never had any money transaction with any one, more promptly, fairly, and considerately conducted than the purchase of Tavistock House has been.

With kindest regard to all in the old corner,

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Stone Esquire.

To GEORGE BENTLEY,[†1] [9 SEPTEMBER 1860]

Envelope only, MS Berg Collection. *Address:* George Bentley Esquire | New Burlington Street | London | W. PM Rochester 9 Sep 60.

To TOM TAYLOR, 11 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS W. A. Foyle.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eleventh September 1860.

My Dear Taylor.

I am most heartily obliged to you for your cordial and delicate note referring to poor Alfred. Its spirit has touched me in a tender place. I am sure that he always desired to do his duty, and that he was a good fellow. The terms in which you mention him are very, very gratifying.

The letter from Nottingham I keep by me, to shew to his widow.[†2]

My Dear Taylor | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Tom Taylor Esquire

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 12 SEPTEMBER 1860

Mention in Dodd Mead catalogue No. 61 (1901); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 12 Sep 60; addressed John Hollingshead.

To THE REV. ASHTON BURROW, 14 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fourteenth September 1860.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your letter. We were all delighted to receive Sydney in his uniform, as you may suppose.

If you will have the kindness to complete the list of books, I shall be much obliged. For the instruments, I will go to Dollond's[†1] on Monday in accordance with your kind suggestion.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: A. Burrow.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 14 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Night, Fourteenth September 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I lose no time in answering your letter. And first, as to business.

The School in the High Town of Boulogne was excellent.[†2] The boys, all English. The two proprietors, an old Eton master,[†3] and one of the Protestant clergymen of the town.[†4] The teaching, unusually sound and good. The manner and conduct developed in the boys, quite admirable. But I have never seen a gentleman so perfectly acquainted with boy-nature as the Eton master. There was a perfect understanding between him and his charges; nothing pedantic on his part; nothing slavish on their parts.

The result was, that, either with him or away from him, the boys combined an ease and frankness with a modesty and sense of responsibility that was really above all praise. Alfred went from there, to a great school at Wimbledon where they train for India, and the Artillery and Engineers.[†5] Sydney went from there to Mr. Burrow at Southsea. In both instances the new masters wrote to me of their own accord, bearing quite unsolicited testimony to the merits of the old, and expressing their high recognition of what they had done. These things speak for themselves.

But unfortunately I mention it as a School that "was"; because the Eton master has retired, or is retiring, and I do not doubt that he was its life-breath. The school diminishes rapidly upon this, and I think is likely to lose its vitality. I have no boy there now. And I don't think it would suit Spencer Lyttelton's[†1] purpose, because I don't think it would quite suit mine in its altered state. For this reason I do not embarrass you with statements of terms. They were reasonable.

Sydney has just passed his examination as a Naval Cadet, and come home, all eyes and gold buttons.[†2] He has twelve days leave before going aboard the Training Ship.[†3] Katie and her husband are in France and seem likely to remain there for an indefinite period — as long as their money will last, I should say. Mary is on a month's visit in Scotland. Georgina, Frank, and Plorn, are at home here; and we all want Mary and her little dog[†4] back again. I have sold Tavistock House, am making this rather complete in its way, and am on the restless eve of beginning a new big book. We mean to have a Furnished house in town (in some accessible quarter) from February or so to June.[†5] May we meet there! —

Your handwriting is always so full of pleasant memories to me, that when I took it out of the Post Office at Rochester this afternoon, it quite stirred my heart. But we must not think of old times as sad times, or regard them as any thing but the fathers and mothers of the present. We must all climb sturdily up the mountain after the Talking bird, the Singing tree, and the Yellow Water, and must all bear in mind that the previous climbers who were scared into looking back, got turned into black stone.[†6]

Mary Boyle was here a little while ago, as affectionate at heart as ever, as young, and as pleasant. Of course we talked often of you. Do let me know when you are established in Half Moon Street,[†7] and I shall be truly delighted to come and see you.

For my attachments are strong attachments, and never weaken. In right of bygones, I feel as if "all Northamptonshire belonged to me", as all Northumberland did to Lord Bateman in the ballad.[†8] In memory of your warming your feet at the fire in that Waste of a Waiting Room when I read at Brighton,[†9] I

have ever since taken that Watering place to my bosom as I never did before. And you and Switzerland are always one to me, and always inseparable.

Since I wrote to you last, I have seen Miss Coutts, and we renewed our old friendship and affection — or rather, perceived when we saw one another, that no renewal was needed. Charley was heard of yesterday — from Shanghai — going to Japan — intending to meet his brother Walter at Calcutta — and

having an idea of beguiling the time between-whiles by asking to be taken as an amateur with the English Chinese forces.[†1] Everybody caressed him and asked him everywhere — and he seemed to go. With kind regards, My Dear Mrs. Watson

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER [?MID-SEPTEMBER 1860]

Extract in F, IX, iii, 733. *Date:* He began writing *Great Expectations* in the last week of Sep; presumably he was writing the "little piece" the same month: see *To* Forster, 4 Oct.

For a little piece I have been writing — or am writing;[†2] for I hope to finish it today — such a very fine, new, and grotesque idea has opened upon me, that I begin to doubt whether I had not better cancel the little paper,[†3] and reserve the notion for a new book.[†4] You shall judge as soon as I get it printed. But it so opens out before *me* that I can see the whole of a serial revolving on it, in a most singular and comic manner.[†5]

To MRS LYNN LINTON, 16 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS Library of Congress. *Address:* Mrs. Linton | 27 Leinster Square | Bayswater | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Sixteenth September 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Linton

Pray do not suppose that I sent you that very Un Spiritual Magazine[†6] for any other purpose than to keep you *au courant* to the subject. It has not in the least disturbed my equanimity.

I hold personal enquiry on my part into these proceedings, to be out of the question, for two reasons. Firstly, because the conditions under which such enquiries take place — as I know in the recent case of two friends of mine, with whom I discussed them — are preposterously wanting in the commonest securities against deceit or mistake. Secondly, because the people lie so very hard, both concerning what did take place, and what impression it made at the time on the enquirer.[†1]

Mr. Hume, or Home (I rather think he has gone by both names) I take the liberty of regarding as an Impostor.[†2] If he appeared on his own behalf in any controversy with me, I should take the further liberty of letting him publicly know why. But be assured that if he were demonstrated a Humbug in every microscopic cell of his skin and globule of his blood, the disciples would still believe and worship.

Mrs. Gibson is an impulsive, compassionate, affectionate woman. But as to the strength of her head; — would you be very much surprised by its making a mistake? Did you never know it much mistaken in a person or two whom it devoutly believed in?

Believe me ever | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Linton

To W. H. WILLS. 16 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Sixteenth September 1860.

My Dear Wills.

It strikes me that it will be well worth while to alter — for England — the last No. sent to America, and get the Uncommercial into it. We can then alter — for

America — the next No. made up, and get the same Uncommercial into that. It will merely be, as to America, the ringing of a week's change on two articles.

My reason is this. It is very important, with our tendency to drop,[†1] not to be too long without an Uncommercial, and not to break a promise. Moreover, the Uncommercial I have done (sent to Printer by this post) is a fine one for extract, and turns upon London's being out of town.[†2] On every account I think it so very desirable to make this change, that even if it cost a rather round sum — which it will not — I should hold it worth while.

To facilitate this operation and avoid loss of time, I address the present note to your house; sending a duplicate of it to the office. I will be at the office tomorrow (Monday) from 12 to ½ past 1, as well as all day Tuesday.

In haste | Ever Faithfully
CD.

To THE REV. ASHTON BURROW, 17 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* The Rev. Ashton Burrow | North Grove House | Southsea.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday September Seventeenth 1860.

My Dear Sir

Excuse my troubling you with the enquiry whether I am to consider myself indebted to the gentleman who writes the enclosed note, for the amount set forth in it; or to you?[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: Ashton Burrow.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 18 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Sir James Emerson Tennent (not through the post).

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighteenth September 1860.

My Dear Tennent.

Many thanks for the Crevasse paper.[†4] I accept it with pleasure. I have gone through it myself very carefully, and it shall appear tomorrow fortnight. Neither you nor the writer will find it any the worse (I hope) for the little knitting together and tightening of its threads, that I have given it. Enclosed is a cheque for the contribution. Will you have the kindness to hand it to the writer with my

thanks, and the assurance that I have followed his adventure with breathless interest.

We have had some glorious days of late down in Kent; but the weather seems to me to have got into bad habits and to be irreclaimable. All day yesterday London was a dirty pond. So it is to day. So it will be, judging from present appearances, tomorrow.

I dined with Forster last week and he was in great force. Is going to Eastbourne tomorrow. Townshend is inconsolable because you don't visit him at Lausanne. I have sold Tavistock House, and we mean to have a furnished house in town during the season. When you come back, if there are any hard fresh winter days, Mary is going to ask Lady Tennent to pass one or two such phenomona[†1] at Gad's Hill. This is all my news, except kindest regard to you and yours.

Ever my Dear Tennent | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To ARTHUR STONE, 19 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night, Nineteenth September 1860.

My Dear Arthur

We have not settled what is to be paid for Frank.[†2] Perhaps it is as well that we should not, until he has been with you for a week or two. Then Georgina or Mary, can very easily arrange that, by coming up to the old corner when we are next in town. Perhaps you may be able (this note seems to be altogether in the possible mood, I find), to come down with him from Saturday to Monday before long, and have a breath of Kentish air.

With kindest regard and with a perfect confidence that Frank cannot be better than with you all,

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 21 SEPTEMBER 1860*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty First September 1860.

My Dear Sir

I have to thank you for your letter, and the Half Year's accounts. The balance, if you please, can be paid into Coutts's.[†3]

Always print the smaller number of the Cheap Edition, by all means. I have no doubt of the policy of that course in all cases. If we could communicate any start to the Library Edition,[†1] it would be a very good thing. I never was in the least sanguine of it, but it hangs fire more than ever I had supposed likely.

Mr. Arthur Smith seems to have disappeared from the surface of the earth. When he returns to it, I will answer the question touching the Readings.

I am still beset with Workmen. They are only making bookshelves, but might be making Houses of Parliament. However, I think that I begin to see Land through [them],[†2] and when I see it distinctly, I will hail you.[†3] Fredk. Chapman Esquire.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 21 SEPTEMBER 1860

Mention in American Book Prices Current, 1976; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 21 Sep 60; addressed Messrs Coutts.

Instructing them to deliver his passbook to the bearer.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 23 SEPTEMBER 1860

Text from MDGH, I, 124-26.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday, Twenty Third September, 1860.

My Dearest Mamie,

If you had been away from us and ill with anybody in the world but our dear Mrs. White,[†4] I should have been in a state of the greatest anxiety and uneasiness about you. But as I know it to be impossible that

you could be in kinder or better hands, I was not in the least restless about you, otherwise than as it grieved me to hear of my poor dear girl's suffering such pain. I hope it is over now for many a long day, and that you will come back to us a thousand times better in health than you left us.

Don't come back too soon. Take time and get well restored. There is no hurry, the house is not near to-rights yet, and though we all want you, and though Boy wants you, we all (including Boy)[†5] deprecate a fatiguing journey being taken too soon.

As to the carpenters, they are absolutely maddening. They are always at work, yet never seem to do anything. Lillie was down on Friday, and said (his eye fixed on Maidstone, and rubbing his hand to conciliate his moody employer)

that "he didn't think there would be very much left to do after Saturday, the 29th."

I didn't throw him out of the window. Your aunt tells you all the news, and leaves me no chance of distinguishing myself, I know. You have been told all about my brackets in the drawing-room, all about the glass rescued from the famous stage-wreck of Tavistock House, all about everything here and at the office. The office is really a success. As comfortable, cheerful, and private as anything of the kind can possibly be.

I took the Admiral (but this you know too, no doubt) to Dollond's, the mathematical instrument maker's, last Monday, to buy that part of his outfit. His sextant (which is about the size and shape of a cocked hat), on being applied to his eye, entirely concealed him. Not the faintest vestige of the distinguished officer behind it was perceptible to the human vision. All through the City, people turned round and stared at him with the sort of pleasure people take in a little model. We went on to Chatham this day week, in search of some big man-of-war's-man who should be under obligation to salute him — unfortunately found none. But this no doubt you know too, and all my news falls flat.

I am driven out of my room by paint, and am writing in the best spare room. The whole prospect is excessively wet; it does not rain now, but yesterday it did tremendously, and it rained very heavily in the night. We are even muddy; and that is saying a great deal in this dry country of chalk and sand. Everywhere the corn is lying out and saturated with wet. The hops (nearly everywhere) look as if they had been burnt.

In my mind's eye I behold Mrs. Bouncer, still with some traces of her late anxiety on her faithful countenance, balancing herself a little unequally on her bow fore-legs, pricking up her ears, with her head on one side, and slightly opening her intellectual nostrils. I send my loving and respectful duty to her.

To dear Mrs. White, and to White, and to Clara, say anything from me that is loving and grateful.

My dearest Mamie,

Ever and ever your most affectionate Father

[CD]

To EDMUND YATES, 23 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Third September, 1860.

My Dear E. Y.

I did not write to you in your bereavement,†1 because I knew that the girls had written to you, and because I instinctively shrunk from making a form of what was so real. *You* knew what a loving and faithful remembrance I always had of your mother, as a part of my youth no more capable of restoration than my

youth itself. All the womanly goodness, grace, and beauty of *my* Drama went out with her. To the last, I never could hear her voice without emotion.†1

— But it is not to say this, that I write now. It comes to the point of my pen in spite of me.

Holding up the Mirror is in next week's No.†2 I have taken out all the personal†3 part of it. Not because I disliked it (for indeed I thought it the best part of the paper) but because it rather grated on me, going over the proof at that time, as a remembrance that would be better reserved a little while. Also, because it made rather a mixture of yourself as an individual, with something that does not belong or attach to you as an Individual. You can have the MS; and as a part of a paper describing your own juvenile remembrances of a Theatre, there it is, needing no change or adaption.†4

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 24 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Night Twenty Fourth September 1860.

My Dearest Georgy

At the Waterloo Station we were saluted with "Hallo! *Here's* Dickens!" from divers naval Cadets, and Sir Richard Bromley introduced himself to me, who had his cadet-son†5 with him — a friend of Sydney's. We went down together, and dined together, and went aboard together, and the two boys were in the closest alliance. Bromley being Accountant General of the Navy and having influence on board, got their hammocks changed so that they would swing†6 side by side; at which they were greatly pleased. The moment we stepped on board, the "Hul-lo! *Here's* Dickens!" was repeated on all sides; and the Admiral (evidently highly popular) shook hands with about fifty of his messmates. Taking Bromley for my model (with whom I fraternized in the most pathetic manner) I gave Sydney a Sovereign before stepping over the

side.[†7] He was as little overcome as it was possible for a boy to be, and stood waving the gold-banded cap, as we came ashore in a boat.

There is no denying that he looks very small aboard a great ship, and that a boy must have a strong and decided speciality for the sea, to take to such a life. Captain Harris[†8] was not on board, but the other Chief officers were, and were

highly obliging. We went over the ship. I should say that there can be little or no individuality of address to any particular boy, but that they all tumble through their education in a crowded way. The Admiral's servant (I mean our Admiral's) had an idiotic appearance, but perhaps it did him injustice [†a](a mahogany faced Marine by station).[†a] The Admiral's washing apparatus is about the size of a muffin plate, and he could easily live in his chest. The meeting with Bromley was a piece of great good fortune, and the dear old chap could not have been left more happily.

Love to Plorn | Ever My Dearest Georgy

Your most affectionate

CD.

To HORACE MAYHEW, 25 SEPTEMBER 1860

Text from facsimile in *Kettering Leader*, 28 Dec 1923.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday, Twenty-fifth September 1860

My Dear Horace Mayhew,

Immediately on the receipt of your letter, I bestirred myself to get the required documents.[†1] Both are enclosed herein. You will observe from the extract from the Chatham Register that poor Alfred having been born before the General Registration days,[†2] was not so elaborately ticketed and labelled as the infants of this generation.

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER,[†3] 25 SEPTEMBER 1860†

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Fifth September 1860.

My Dear Marguerite.

I like the article[†4] exceedingly and think the translations *admirable*; — spirited, fresh, bold, and evidently faithful.[†5] I will get the paper into the next No. I

"make up": No. 78. I will send a proof to you for your correction, either next Monday or this day week. Or would you like to come here next Monday and dine with us at 1, and go over to Madame Celeste's opening?[†1] [†a]The charmer[†2] is coming, and Georgy will be here all day.[†a] Then you could correct your paper on the premises, as they drink their beer at the beer shops.

Some of the introductory remarks on French literature, I propose to strike out, as a little too essayical for this purpose, and likely to throw out a large part of the large audience at starting, as suggesting some very different kind of article.[†3] My daring pen shall have imbued[†4] its murderous hand with ink, before you see the Proof.

Send me a line in answer, to Gad's Hill.

I took the Admiral down to Portsmouth yesterday; and it must be confessed that he did look astoundingly small, aboard a hundred and twenty Gun Ship.

With kind regard | Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Power.

To WILKIE COLLINS, [26 SEPTEMBER 1860]

Mention in next. *Date:* as next.

To W. H. WILLS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1860

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Sixth September 1860.

My Dear Wills.

Many thanks for your news of Mary, received here this morning. (I mean that illegible proper name for Mary.)

I have both heard from Reade and seen him. There is only one obstacle, and that is a treaty he has with Ticknor and Fields.[†5] It is possible the obstacle may

be overcome.[†1] We must have a talk about it. I have engaged him to dine here *on Saturday in next week at* 6. Will you book it? I write by this post to Wilkie, in order that notice of the Feast may reach him on his coming to town.

The Times of this morning having a mention of Ingram's Death[†2] in the leader,[†3] I suppose there is little or no doubt of the fact. [†a]All that you say of the Whitefriars Gang[†4] had been already running up and

down my mind. Surely even *They* will find it hard to outlive this shock, coming so close upon the Suicide.[†5][†a]

The No. is made up, and the Uncommercial is in,[†6] and all is right. Will you mention to Mrs. Wills with my kind regard, that I ought to have been born at Peebles,[†7] but (owing to the constitutional perversity of my mother) was not?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

October

To JOHN FORSTER, 4 OCTOBER 1860

Composite text from MDGH, II, 128 and ([aa]) F, IX, iii, 733.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Thursday, Oct. 4th, 1860.

My Dear Forster,

It would be a great pleasure to me to come to you,[†8] an immense pleasure, and to sniff the sea I love (from the shore); but I fear I must come down one morning and come back at night. I will tell you why.

[†a]Last week I got to work on the new story. I had previously very carefully considered the state and prospects of *All the Year Round,* and, the more I considered them, the less hope I saw of being able to get back, *now,* to the profit of a separate publication in the old 20 numbers. However I worked on, knowing that what I was doing would run into another groove; and I called a council of war at the office on Tuesday. It was perfectly clear that the one thing to be done was, for me to strike in.[†9] I have therefore decided to begin the story as of the length of the *Tale of Two Cities*[†10] on the first of December — begin publishing, that is. I must make the most I can out of the book. You shall have

the first two or three weekly parts to-morrow. The name is GREAT EXPECTATIONS. I think a good name?[†a]

Now the preparations to get ahead, combined with the absolute necessity of my giving a good deal of time to the Christmas number, will tie me to the grindstone pretty tightly. It will be just as much as I can hope to do. Therefore, what I had hoped would be a few days at Eastbourne diminish to a few hours.

I took the Admiral down to Portsmouth. Every maritime person in the town knew him. He seemed to know every boy on board the *Britannia,* and was a tremendous favourite evidently. It was very characteristic of him that they good-naturedly helped him, he being so very small, into his hammock at night. But he couldn't rest in it on these terms, and got out again to learn the right way of getting in independently. Official report stated that "after a few spills, he succeeded perfectly, and went to sleep." He

is perfectly happy on board, takes tea with the captain, leads choruses on Saturday nights, and has an immense marine for a servant.

I saw Edmund Yates at the office, and he told me that during all his mother's wanderings of mind, which were almost incessant at last, she never once went back to the old Adelphi days until she was just dying, when he heard her say, in great perplexity: "I can *not* get the words."

Best love to Mrs. Forster.

Ever, my dear Forster, affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 OCTOBER 1860]

Extract in F, IX, iii, 733-34. *Date:* two days after last, according to Forster.

The sacrifice of *Great Expectations* is really and truly made for myself.[†1] The property of *All the Year Round* is far too valuable, in every way, to be much endangered. Our fall is not large, but we have a considerable advance in hand of the story we are now publishing,[†2] and there is no vitality in it, and no chance whatever of stopping the fall;[†3] which on the contrary would be certain to increase. Now, if I went into a twenty-number serial, I should cut off my power of doing anything serial here for two good years — and that would be a most perilous thing. On the other hand, by dashing in now, I come in when most wanted; and if Reade and Wilkie follow me[†4] our course will be shaped out handsomely and hopefully for between two and three years. A thousand pounds are to be paid for early proofs of the story to America.[†5]

To CHARLES LEVER, 6 OCTOBER 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Sixth October 1860.

My Dear Lever.

I have a business report to make, that I fear I can hardly render agreeable to you. The best thing I can say in the beginning, is, that it is not otherwise disagreeable to *me* than as it imposes this note upon me. It causes me no other uneasiness or regret.

We drop, rapidly and continuously, with the Day's Ride.[†1] Whether it is too detached and discursive in its interest for the audience and the form of publication, I can not say positively; but it does not *take hold.*[†2] The consequence is, that the circulation becomes affected, and that the subscribers complain. I have waited week after week, for these three or four weeks, watching for any sign of encouragement. The least sign would have been enough. But all the tokens that appear, are in the other direction; and therefore I have been driven upon the necessity of considering how to act, and of writing to you.

There is but one thing to be done. I had begun a book which I intended for one of my long twenty-number Serials. I must abandon that design and forego its profit (a very serious consideration, you may believe), and shape the story for these pages. I must get into these pages, as soon as possible, and must consequently begin my story in the No. for the 1st. of December. For as long a time as you continue afterwards, we must go on together.†3

This is the whole case. If the publication were to go steadily down, too long, it would be very, very, very, difficult to raise again. I do not fear the difficulty at all, by taking this early and vigorous action. But without it there is not a doubt that the position would be serious.

Now do, pray, I entreat you, lay it well to heart that this might have happened with any writer. It was a toss-up with Wilkie Collins when he began his story, on my leaving off. But he strung it on the needful strong thread of interest, and made a great success. The difficulties and discouragements of such an undertaking are enormous, and the man who surmounts them to day may be beaten by them tomorrow.

If I could only have seen you and have said at ease what one writes so *un*easily, I should have been much happier in the execution of this task. If I

could only have dwelt, face to face with you by the fire, on the peculiarity of the case and the little actual reason there is for general mortification or misgiving, I should have cared no more for having to buckle-to and work my hardest, than for taking one of my usual walks. But I set such a value on your friendship and have such a high sense of your generosity and delicacy, that I hate to write — dread to write — can't write — this letter!†1 And more than that; I carry it to my desk upon my shoulder like Christian's load,†2 and shall not have laid it down until I hear cheerfully from you. So even to have written it, is no relief.

If I were to try now, to ramble into any other theme, I know I should stagger lamely back into this. I will not try, and will not add another word.

Believe me ever My Dear Lever | Your affectionate and faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

To ROBERT LANDELLS†3 8 OCTOBER 1860

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue, No. 31 (1994); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; addressed Robert T. Landells; dated Gad's Hill Place, 8 Oct 60.

Sending his condolences on the death of your respected and lamented father,†4 *and sending his sympathy to the family in their* great bereavement.

To CAPTAIN W. S. MOORSOM,†5 8 OCTOBER 1860†

MS Capt. H. J. L. Parker. *Address:* Captain Moorsom | &c &c &c | Satis House | Rochester.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Monday Eighth October 1860.

My Dear Sir

I safely received on Saturday, the interesting and remarkable record for which I am indebted to your kindness and that of the Committee of Officers of the

52nd. Light Infantry.[†1] I beg you to assure those gentlemen that I am highly sensible of that mark of their remembrance, and that I shall always preserve it with especial pleasure and pride. [†a]It has a double value as their personal gift, and as a chronicle most strikingly illustrative of the noble spirit of my countrymen in arms.[†2]

You will excuse my adding that the second paragraph of the preface seems to me to express in the happiest and plainest manner, the highest principles on which an officer, or any responsible commander of men, can shape his course, with a certainty of being right and of doing his duty.[†3†a]

Believe me always My Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Moorsom C. E.[†4]

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 8 OCTOBER 1860

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue (*c.* 1930); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 8 Oct 60; addressed Sir James E. Tennent. *Address* (MS envelope only, Morgan Library): *Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | Board of Trade | Whitehall | London | S. W. PM Rochester 8 Oct 60.

Many, many thanks! I had received from my boy[†5] a most glowing account of his kind reception.[†6] And he was very sensible to whom he owed it.

To JAMES T. FIELDS, 9 OCTOBER 1860

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Ninth October 1860.

My Dear Fields

This is not to answer your kind and interesting private letter, but to consult you on a business question comprehending Ticknor-Fields[†7] — and the dread and awful Co.

I am very anxious to get Mr. Charles Reade to write a serial story for these pages — to begin somewhere about Midsummer next, and to be continued from week to week. On seeing Mr. Reade on this head, he told me, in a way very agreeable to myself, that he would be pleased to write in my company, and that he had made no engagements in England which interposed any obstacle.[†1] But, with expressions of regard for you and of high appreciation of your liberality, he told me that he was under engagement to you to furnish you with Proof Sheets of his next work (which such work would be) for your Monthly.[†2] And he then explained that he held himself thoroughly bound to you, and that he did not see the possibility of reconciling our Weekly interests with your Monthly interests.

Now what I want to ask you, is, can any arrangement be made, which will reconcile these interests and not bring them into collision? Understand that I open the subject with you, perfectly well knowing that it is very likely you may be obliged to reply "No", and that if you reply "No", I have no present prospect of a serial from Mr. Reade's pen.

The object to be gained, is, an arrangement in virtue of which a story by Mr. Reade could be published, in these pages in England, and in your pages in America, as an original work.

Two sides of the question have to be stated. 1: What we should want. 2: What you would have.

What we should want.

We should want to commence the story half way in the month, or (the same thing in other words) two weeks before its commencement in your Monthly magazine; in order that when your Magazine came over here it might not anticipate us. This order we should require to observe throughout the story.

What you would have:

Would be, the right of priority in America, such as Harpers purchase of me at a large price in the case of a serial story of mine,[†3] and purchase of Mr. Wilkie Collins in the case of a serial story by him.[†4] You would have the complete mastery of Harpers, because, it is a special article of our agreement with them that they cannot use a long serial story which they find in the early No. we send them, unless such story be the subject of a separate agreement between them and its writer or proprietor. You would have a similar mastery over Emerson and Co.[†5] because the stereotype plates we send to them, are sent from England

in the last week of each month: consequently their republication would be a month, or more, behind your Magazine.[†1]

BUT[†2] — and this may prove a great difficulty — you would have to publish in each of your month's Nos. as much as we published in all the weeks of the month.

This is the whole case.

It would be so very agreeable and interesting to me to have Mr. Reade for a fellow labourer in these pages, that I write to you, as representing your house, to know whether union in this matter is feasible. It may be more so than Mr. Reade thinks, it may be less so than I think, but there can be no harm in suggesting the consideration.[†3]

In a business letter it would be an alarming thing (I suppose) to send a message of faithful regard and remembrance to Mrs. Fields — so I won't.

My Dear Fields | Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

James T Fields Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY OCTOBER 1860]

Extract in F, IX, iii, 734. *Date:* "few more days" after last, according to Forster.

The book will be written in the first person throughout, and during these first three weekly numbers[†4] you will find the hero to be a boy-child, like David. Then he will be an apprentice. You will not have to complain of the want of humour as in *The Tale of Two Cities.* I have made the opening, I hope, in its general effect exceedingly droll.[†5] I have put a child and a good-natured foolish man,[†6] in relations that seem to me very funny. Of course I have got in the pivot on which the story will turn too — and which indeed, as you will remember, was the grotesque tragi-comic conception that first encouraged me.[†7] To be quite sure I had fallen into no unconscious repetitions,[†8] I read *David Copperfield* again the other day, and was affected by it to a degree you would hardly believe.

To HORACE MAYHEW, 9 OCTOBER 1860*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Ninth October 1860.

My Dear Horace Mayhew

I enclose you my Declaration[†1] duly attested by a Magistrate. I suppose the Proof is sufficient now, even for a Life office.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To WILLIAM RIDDLE,[†2] 9 OCTOBER 1860

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue, 1915. *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 9 Oct 60; addressed William Riddle.

Thanking him for a proposed contribution to All the Year Round.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 9 OCTOBER 1860

MS (pro forma letter) Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
†aOct 9 1860†a

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled †aThe Storm the Window & the Angel†a for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

The Manuscript will be returned under cover, pr Post.†3

To W. C. MACREADY, 12 OCTOBER 1860*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twelfth October 1860.

My Dearest Macready.

It is a great relief and comfort to me to have a letter from you, and to know under your own dear hand that you are much better. Georgy and I have been constantly talking of you.

I observe in the pamphlet†1 (pray thank the writer for it in my name), one or two very novel and suggestive considerations. I will try to find an opportunity of calling attention to them.

On the 1st. of December I am going to begin to publish another Serial story in All The Year Round. This is my best reason for communicating with you more in the spirit than "the letter". When I have done my day's work, I rush into the air and take fierce exercise; the pen once laid down, is leaden — and not feathery†2 — to take up again that day.

With love to all at home, | Believe me ever
Your most affectionate and faithful

CD.

To [H. G. ADAMS], 15 OCTOBER 1860

Extract in American Art Association catalogue No. 3809; *MS* 1 p.; dated 15 Oct 60.

Arranging dates for a reading the nearer Christmas time the better, I suppose.†3

To CHARLES LEVER, 15 OCTOBER 1860

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fifteenth October 1860.

My Dear Lever.

I cannot tell you how exceedingly distressed I am by your letter received this morning,[†4] or with what reluctance I wrote the note to which it is a reply, or with what care and pains I have applied myself to the whole subject.

But I do entreat you most earnestly, to understand that my original opinion of your Serial remains quite unchanged — that I believe it to be the best you ever wrote — that I think it full of character and humour — that I have not in my mind the slightest atom of reservation respecting it — that I am proud and glad to have it — that I value it exactly as I valued it when we first corresponded about it. I implore you to understand that, and not to let any feeling interpose to obscure this truth. *For such a purpose,* it does not do what you and I would have it do. I suppose the cause to be, that it does not lay some one strong ground of suspended interest; I know the fact; I have the effect before me; but I cannot be sure of the cause.

I need not repeat that I never was so unwilling (that I can call to mind) to do any thing I have ever done in my life, as I was to write to you the other day. But

it being clear that it had become indispensably and unavoidably necessary that I should relinquish the Monthly Serial I was preparing, and should throw the story into these pages, was it possible that I COULD[†1] come out here without your previous knowledge and without your understanding why? Was it possible for me to discharge from myself the responsibility of telling you the truth as I knew it?

I beg and pray you not to do yourself and me so great a wrong as to think of our connexion as having been a "misfortune" to me. It has been, and is, nothing but a pleasure and gratification to me. For God's sake don't go wrong in the least corner of your mind, upon this point. If I thought that you would withdraw yourself from the publication, and that after this work you would write such papers as the Italian, the Showman, and the Whist-player, for it, no more, I should be most bitterly and keenly hurt. But I will not believe it, for, as I know my own mind in the matter, I have a faith that I know yours. Some of the best books ever written would not bear the mode of publication; and one of its most remarkable and aggravating features is, that if you do not fix the people in the beginning, it is almost impossible to fix them afterwards. Surely my dear Lever, not quite to succeed in such a strange knack, or lottery, is a very different thing from having cause to be struck in one's self-respect and just courage. It was but the other day that Bulwer and Adam Bede were both speaking to me with a kind of scared wavering between temptation and repulsion — and each with a direct personal reference — on this very head.

As to winding up — you are to consider your own reputation, your own knowledge of the book as a whole, your own desire what it shall be, and your own opinion what it ought to be.[†2] In considering all

these things you best consider me. Our connexion never can be a "misfortune" to me, so long as you will think of me in it as if I were your other self, and will recognize no possibility of any interest on my part arising out of it, which is capable of being placed in any kind of opposition to your own.

Now, do take heart of Grace and cheer up. And above all things cancel that unlucky word that gives me a cold shiver in this application, and that filled me when I read your letter this morning with a friendly indignation which boiled over so hard for an hour or two, that — I can make a joke of it now.

Ever My Dear Lever | Your faithful and affectionate friend

CD.[†3]

To THOMAS BUCHANAN READ,[†1] 15 OCTOBER 1860

MS Pennsylvania Historical Society. *Address:* Thomas Buchanan Read Esquire | 74 Newman Street | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifteenth October 1860.

Dear Sir

I beg to assure you that I have not leisure to accept the compliment you propose to render me by painting my portrait. I have a warm regard for Mr. Fields,[†2] and your manly and modest letter would have ensured my interest in its writer. But I sat to Mr. Frith of our Royal Academy here,[†3] last year, after a long postponement; and if I were to sit again (which I think very unlikely), I should still have a conditional promise to redeem.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Buchanan Read Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 OCTOBER 1860†

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Fourth October 1860.

My Dear Wilkie. I have been down to Brighton to see Forster, and found your letter here on arriving by Express this morning. I also found a letter from Georgina, describing how Mary's horse went down suddenly on a stone, and how Mary was thrown, and had her riding habit torn to pieces, and has a deep cut just above the knee — fortunately, not in the knee itself — which is doing exceedingly well, but which probably will incapacitate her from walking for days and days to come. It is well it was no worse. The accident occurred at Milton near Gravesend, and they found Mary in a public house there, wonderfully taken care of and looked after.[†4]

I propose that we start on Thursday morning the 1st. of Novr. The train for Penzance[†5] leaves the Great Western Terminus at a quarter past 9 in the morning.

It is a 12 hours journey. Shall we meet at the Terminus at 9? I shall be here all the previous day, and shall dine here.

Your account of your passage goes to my heart — through my stomach. What a pity I was not there, on board, to present that green-visaged, but sweet tempered and uncomplaining spectacle of imbecility, at which I am so expert under stormy circumstances; in the poet's phrase

As I sweep
Through the deep
When the stormy winds do blow.[†1]

What a pity I am not there, at Meurice's,[†2] to sleep the sleep of infancy through the long plays where the gentlemen stand with their backs to mantelpieces. What a pity I am not with you to make a Third at the Trois frères,[†3] and drink no end of bottles of Bordeaux without ever getting a touch of redness in my (poet's phrase again) "innocent nose"![†4] But I must go down to Gad's tonight, and get to work again. Four weekly numbers have been ground off the wheel, and at least another must be turned, afore we meet. They shall be yours in the slumberous Railway carriage.

I don't think Forster is at all in good health. [†a](And by the bye he wants to dine with you.) I was greatly amused by the characteristic circumstance of his not leaving the Bedford alone.[†5] He *won't* allow that noble Institution to send up a dinner of its own composition — as you and I do — but *will* have a Bill of Fare and make wrong selections. The consequence is, that his dinners are not half so good as the house would make them.[†a] He was tremendously hospitable and hearty. I walked 6 hours and a half on the Downs yesterday, and never stopped or sat. Early in the morning — before breakfast — I went to the nearest Baths, to get a shower bath. They kept me waiting longer than I thought reasonable, and, seeing a man in a cap in the passage, I went to him and said, "I really must request that you'll be good enough to see about this shower Bath" — and it was Hullah! — waiting for another bath.

Rumours were brought into the house on Saturday night, that there was "a Ghost" up at Larkins's Monument.[†6] Plorn was frightened to death, and I was apprehensive of the Ghost's spreading, and coming nearer, and causing "warning" and desertion among the servants. Frank was at home, and Andrew Gordon was with us. Time, 9 o'Clock. Village talk and credulity, amazing. I armed the two boys with a stout stick apiece, and shouldered my double-barrelled gun, well loaded with shot. "Now observe," says I to the domestics, "if anybody is playing tricks, and has got a head, I'll blow it off." Immense impression. New groom evidently convinced that he has entered the service of a blood thirsty demon. We ascend to the Monument. Stop at the gate. Moon is rising. Heavy shadows. "Now, look out!" (from the blood thirsty demon in a

loud distinct voice). "If the ghost is here and I see him, so help me God I'll fire at him!" Suddenly, as we enter the field, a most extraordinary noise responds — terrific noise — human noise — and yet super-human noise. B. T. D. brings piece to shoulder. "Did you hear that Pa?" says Frank. "I did," says I. Noise repeated — portentous, derisive, dull, dismal, damnable. We advance towards the sound. Something white comes lumbering through the darkness. — An asthmatic sheep! — dead, as I judge, by this time. Leaving Frank to guard him, I took Andrew with me, and went all round the Monument, and down into the ditch, and examined the field well — thinking it likely that somebody might be taking advantage of the sheep, to frighten the village. Drama ends with Discovery of No One, and Triumphant return to Rum and Water.

☞†1 †aMr. Kent, intriguing with the nursemaid, poor little child wakes in Crib, and sits up, contemplating blissful proceedings. Nursemaid strangles him then and there. Mr. Kent gashes body, to mystify discoverers, and disposes of same (*This is the present Authority's solution of the Road Murder.*)†2 I rather think the solution loses its effect, from my having already mentioned it?†3

In consequence of her gallant conduct on the Ocean, I crave liberty evermore to hail the Butler's†4 elder sister,†5 as Albania Nelsona. I beg to send her my kind regard. I hope she will be able to report to me that you came up to the Parisian Scratch like a man, in respect of Pears in the Neapolitan manner, hard by the Bourse, and Truffles at the Provincial Brothers. If you *can* conveniently dine at the Café Vefour,†6 to recall White's face when we paid 20 francs for Truffles — pray do. And if you see Felix†7 anywhere, offer him my curse.†a

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MRS LEHMANN, 26 OCTOBER 1860†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Sixth October 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann

Unfortunately I cannot come on Monday, as the looming of my Cornish Giants†1 in the distance obliges me to stick to my work. There is not the least merit in my doing so. I do it with the worst grace, and with the strongest disposition to come to you.

Will you ask Lehmann with my kind regard, if he can find out for me who is the Principal of the "People's College" at Sheffield?†2 And, if it be not a personage of the name of Bailey,†3 what has become of Bailey?

You have heard of Mary's horse having gone down with her? The undersigned reverend Parient wishes to know, what next.

With love and blessings to my Nephew[†4] from his Uncle Dickens

Believe me Ever | Most Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Lehmann

To JOHN ELLIS, 28 OCTOBER 1860*

MS W. A. Foyle.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Night Twenty Eighth October 1860.

My Dear Mr. Ellis

I feel it is not worth while for me to give Madame[†5] the trouble of reading a note on so slight a matter as this refers to. One of my boys who is in town, wishes to come to the Lyceum on Tuesday night.[†6] Will you be so good as let Madame know that I have asked you to leave a pass at the Free List office, for himself (Mr. Frank Dickens) and friend.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. WILLIAM BELL,[†1] THE REV. ASHTON BURROW AND WILLIAM JOHNSON RN, 30 OCTOBER 1860*

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* Messrs Bell Burrow and Johnson | North Grove House | Southsea.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirtieth October 1860.

My Dear Sirs

I beg to enclose you a cheque (crossed) for the amount in which I am indebted to you,[†2] and to offer you my sincere thanks for your excellent care of Sydney.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bell Burrow and Johnson

To SIR JOHN BOWRING,[†3] 31 OCTOBER 1860

Text from MDGH, III, 193-4.

Gad's Hill, Wednesday, 31st October, 1860.

My Dear Sir John,

First let me congratulate you on your marriage[†4] and wish you all happiness and prosperity.

Secondly, I must tell you that I was greatly vexed with the Chatham people for not giving me early notice of your lecture. In that case I should (of course) have presided, as President of the Institution, and I should have asked you to honour my Falstaff house here. But when they made your kind intention known to me, I had made some important business engagements at the "All the Year Round" office for that evening, which I could not possibly forego. I charged them to tell you so, and was going to write to you when I found your kind letter.

Thanks for your paper,[†5] which I have sent to the Printer's with much pleasure.

We heard of your accident here, and of your "making nothing of it."[†6] I said that you didn't make much of disasters, and that you took poison (from natives) as quite a matter of course in the way of business.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 31 OCTOBER 1860

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirty First October 1860

My Dearest Georgy. The enclosed letters are in Arthur Smith's "Department". In the envelope Drawer on the right hand of my writing table raised-top, immediately under the fighting frogs and the little bronze Trollope,[†1] you will find a printed envelope addressed to the said Arthur Smith. Will you put these letters in it — stamp it — and post it to him.

With best love to Mamie and Plorn

Ever Most Affectionately

CD.

To HENRY WHITWORTH JONES,[†2] 31 OCTOBER 1860

MS Mrs E. Davidson.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirty First October 1860.

My Dear Whitworth Jones.

I had the pleasure of meeting a relation of yours at a neighbour's here last night, who told me you had been very unwell. I wish you would come and see us here, and you shall have quiet — good air — and all peaceable helps towards recovery; above all, your own way. I am going into Cornwall tomorrow, but shall be home again at the end of next week. It would give us all real pleasure to see you again; and Mary charges me with all sorts of kind messages. Ditto Georgina. Imagine them, and Believe me always
Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

H. Whitworth Jones Esquire

November

To [H.G. ADAMS], 1 NOVEMBER 1860

Text from N, III, 190.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday First November 1860

My Dear Sir,

I send you a hasty word before going into Devonshire. Appoint the evening that you name as the last evening. The reading will be:

The Poor Traveller
Boots at the Holly Tree Inn
and
Mrs. Gamp.

It will last an hour and three quarters.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 NOVEMBER 1860

MS Dickens House.

Bideford, North Devon.
Thursday Night First November 1860.

My Dearest Georgy.

I write (with the most impracticable iron pen on earth) to report our safe arrival here, in a Beastly Hotel.[†1] We start tomorrow morning at 9, on a two days' posting between this and Liskeard[†2] in Cornwall. We are due in Liskeard (but nobody seems to know anything about the roads) on Saturday afternoon, and

we purpose making an excursion in that neighbourhood on Sunday, and coming up from Liskeard on Monday by Great Western fast train — which will get us to London, please God, in good time on Monday evening. There I shall hear from you and know whether dear Mamie's leg will move to London too.

We had a pleasant journey down here, and a beautiful day. No adventures whatever. Nothing has happened to Wilkie and he sends love.

We had stinking fish for dinner, and have been able to drink nothing — though we have ordered wine, beer, and brandy and water. There is nothing in the house but Two Tarts and a pair of snuffers. The landlady[†3] is playing cribbage with the landlord in the next room (behind a thin partition), and they seem quite comfortable.

Dearest love to Mamie, and to the Noble Plorn, and to you.

Your most affectionate

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 NOVEMBER 1860

MS Huntington Library.

Liskeard. | Saturday Third November, 1860.

My Dear Wills.

We have had two days posting from Bideford here, and have arrived (at a quarter past 3) about half an hour before the going out of the Post. I have not

written sooner, because of our having been in inaccessible places. We have now struck the Railway, and, making a little posting expedition from here tomorrow, will be safe in town, I hope, on Monday Evening.

We have got everything we want, I think, and have arranged and parcelled out the Xmas No.[†1]

On Tuesday we will make up as usual.[†2]

So no more at present from

Yours Ever Faithfully

CD.

Wilkie sends kind regard.

To MADAME CELESTE, 6 NOVEMBER 1860*

MS Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth November 1860.

My Dear Madame Celeste

As I shall be in town this evening, I will come over the way and see you if you will send me a Box.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS LEHMANN, 6 NOVEMBER 1860

MS University of Texas, Austin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth November 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann.

I have been in Cornwall and have missed your note. Came back, only last night.

It unfortunately happens, that I am engaged tomorrow. Don't give me up, because of my misfortunes. Have faith in me. Try me again, and your Petitioner will ever pray! —

I hear rumours that Mary is at the present moment advancing towards the Metropolis, on crutches![†1]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LORD CLARENCE PAGET, 7 NOVEMBER 1860

Extract in Chicago Book & Art Auction Inc. catalogue No. 41; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 7 Nov 60; addressed Lord Clarence Paget.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Lord Clarence Paget, and begs to say that he has made an appointment with an American lady to whom Lord Clarence Paget's note refers, and that he will see her at his office in town, and advise her to the best of his judgment. He returns Lady Napier's[†2] letter, and assures Lord Clarence Paget of the pleasure and readiness with which he accepts this slight trust.

To NUGENT ROBINSON,[†3] 7 NOVEMBER 1860

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, May 1916; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 7 Nov 60; addressed Nugent Robinson.

Concerning Robinson's uncle, Eugene Nugent,[†4] whom CD remembered from about the time of his 20th birthday.

To EDMUND YATES, 13 NOVEMBER 1860*

Text from transcript by Walter Dexter.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth November 1860

My Dear E. Y.

I must say that I cannot possibly do it. I am excessively busy, and so overwhelmed by such entreaties that I have no course but Total abstinence. This is the hastiest of answers, in a short interval between two absences.

Ever faithfully,
CD.

To CAPTAIN ROBERT HARRIS, [?13 NOVEMBER 1860]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 14 Nov 60. *Date:* written day before that letter.

Thanking him for his note about Sydney's illness.

To SYDNEY DICKENS, [?13 NOVEMBER 1860]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day as last.

Asking him how he was and whether he would like CD to visit him.

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 14 NOVEMBER 1860

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourteenth November 1860.

My Dearest Georgy. My first impulse yesterday morning was to go to Portsmouth; and I probably should have done so, had I been less busy. On reconsideration, I observed that Captain Harris's letter was dated five days ago, and that Sydney's, not dated at all, was probably written but a day later. I decided, after reflecting, to write to Captain Harris thanking him for his note, and telling him I had just got it; also to write to Sydney, asking him to let me know by the next post (either by his own hand, or somebody else's) how he was, and asking him if he would like me to come and see him. On the intelligence that tomorrow's post will bring, will depend whether I go at once or no. If not, I purpose coming to Gravesend tomorrow, by the 2.20 from London Bridge. If I should not come — either from this cause or from any other: though I foresee no other — I will send an explanatory Telegram in good time. I shall want the basket to be at Gravesend, as I shall have my portmanteau and so forth.

Elizabeth's[†1] illness was certainly alarming, and it is highly desirable to get rid of her. Could it not be done by recommending her, in consequence of the state of her health, to give up at once? It is difficult

to judge of Mr. Steele's[†2] impression without having seen him, but I can imagine it quite possible that he may not at all suspect, or may only in the vaguest and most unconfirmed manner suspect, the truth.[†3] For of course she would be very careful what she told him, and would try to mislead him.

There is no news. John is still low, though something less low (I think) than before. I have told him to lay his book[†4] on my table, but it has not yet appeared. Céleste appears to have made a real success with her new piece.[†5] There seems to have been a genuine excitement in the house on the first night.[†6]

She was here this morning, in great hope. Also, gave me marvellous accounts of an Irishman[†1] she has engaged from Dublin, where he has made an unusual hit.[†2]

Wilkie brought the beginning of his part of the Xmas No.[†3] to dinner yesterday. I hope it will be good. But is it not a most extraordinary thing that it began: "I have undertaken to take pen in hand, to set down in writing — &c. &c — " like the W in W narratives?[†4] Of course, I at once pointed out the necessity of cancelling that, "off," as Carlyle would say "for evermore from the face of this teeming earth where the universal Dayvle stalks at large."[†5]

Forster was very restless at dinner on Wednesday, and so overpowered Elliotson that his jaw dropped, and he said he was tired out before the first course was done, and never spake more. Mrs. Forster gave me a tremendous narrative, in her feebly and unaccountably triumphant manner of "brilgil up the Lord Chief Barrel's[†6] youlgest childrel to see the Lorl Mayor's Show;"[†7] of which I comprehended exactly that much and no more. In the previous proceedings at the Bank of England, Forster had amazed and terrified that establishment — but still had impressed it.

With best love to dear Mamie and the Noble Plorn, Ever my Dearest Georgy most affectionately

CD.

To CAPTAIN ROBERT HARRIS, [?15 NOVEMBER 1860]

Mention in next.

To SYDNEY DICKENS, [?15 NOVEMBER 1860]

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1992; addressed Sydney Smith Dickens; undated. *Date:* See *To* Miss Hogarth, 14 Nov; CD is replying to Sydney's answer to his first letter, which perhaps reached him on 15 Nov; he would reply at once.

Saying how pleased he is to learn that Sydney is better and stronger and making various alternative arrangements for him to come home to recover, if his doctor approves; he sends John as his representative, with a letter for Capt. Harris.

Ever my Dearest boy | Your affectionate father

CHARLES DICKENS

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, [?MID NOVEMBER 1860]

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, p. 56. *Date:* between 13 Oct (appearance of last *Uncommercial Traveller*) and 21 Nov, when CD sent Tauchnitz the signed Agreement for publication of the 1st series; probably mid-Nov.

Gad's Hill Place, | Higham by Rochester, Kent.

The *Uncommercial Traveller* is finished *for the present,*[†1] but I may very probably write another series under the same title, but bye and bye.[†2] I bring it to a close now, because I am about to produce in All the Year Round a new serial story of my own writing, which will be continued every week for nine months.[†3] It will be rather longer than *A Tale of Two Cities.* Its title will be *Great Expectations.* ... Having a pretty house and grounds here, to which I am much attached.

To MADAME CELESTE, 18 NOVEMBER 1860

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1527 (Nov 1920); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 18 Nov 60; addressed Madame Celeste.

Asking her to send him a box.[†4]

To W.G. GATTIE,[†5] 19 NOVEMBER 1860

Mention in John Heise catalogue No. 2452; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 19 Nov 60; addressed W.G. Gattie.

Declining an article.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 20 NOVEMBER 1860

MS Yale University Library.

[†a]Office [of] All The Year Round
20 Novr 1860

Messrs Coutts & Co

Purchase New 3 per Cents in my name to make up £10,000 Stock[†a]

CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES READE, 20 NOVEMBER 1860†

Text from Hearst sale catalogue, Feb 1941.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Tuesday Twentieth November 1860

My Dear Mr. Reade

You may like to see the letter that I have received from Fields, and I enclose it. It is clear that nothing can be done *now* towards our working nearer together,[†1] but I shall not relinquish the hope of that good result coming about, in its own good time.[†2]

Believe me always | Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK DAYE,[†3] 21 NOVEMBER 1860*

MS Goodspeed's Book Shop.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty First November 1860

Dear Sir

I cannot resist the last request you do me the honor to prefer.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 21 NOVEMBER 1860

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, p. 56.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Wednesday, November 21st, 1860.

I beg to acknowledge with thanks, the safe receipt of your draft for £ — Sterling,[†4] also, to send you the agreement with my signature and seal attached.

Great Expectations will occupy *nine months* in its weekly publication in *All the Year Round*. It will be four or five weekly numbers longer than *A Tale of Two Cities*.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 27 NOVEMBER 1860

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Seventh November 1860.

My Dearest Georgy.

I get up from dinner to write this to you and send it to Charing Cross, because I have been too busy all day to the last moment, to be able to pen a word in the epistolary way.

I found my mother yesterday, much better than I had supposed. She was not in bed, but down-stairs. Helen and Letitia were poulticing her poor head, and, the instant she saw me, she plucked up a spirit and asked me for "a pound"! ...[†1]

Frank was here this morning, for a hat, a suit of clothes, and his Volunteer entrance fee. It is curious that Wills asked me just now, whether I had ever thought at all of having him back here?

Wilkie begs me to send you his love, and expressly to let you know "that he is getting on with his work as badly as possible." Sooth to say, he *is* a little behind-hand, and has been getting up spasmodically all day and looking — in high-shouldered desperation — out at window.

Wills has just been called out to receive (in our drawing-room)

Antonio Brady[†2]

— announced by Johnson[†3] and we cannot imagine who it is. They seem to be wrestling overhead.

I will send another line tomorrow. In the mean time and always, I send my love to the Admiral and Plorn.

Ever Most affectionately.

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 28 NOVEMBER 1860

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth November 1860

My Dearest Georgy.

This is a small report tacked on to yesterdays, that you may know the Progress of things.

Wilkie has shot ahead today, and we have made a great advance. But we still have the "Wind Up"[†4] to do tomorrow, and also the final putting of it together and seeing that there is not a line too much. The last in my part, before it can go to Press. Therefore I shall not get home until Friday.

Mrs. Gaskell being much too long for the purpose,[†1] I have put Charley Collins into the Christmas No. I have made his the first story too.[†2]

I have not seen anything of Mary to this time (2 o'Clock), and therefore hardly expect it now. Celeste has been here today. The Irishman[†3] has made a sensible difference in the receipts. While waiting for proofs, we think of going over to see him tonight.[†4]

Love to the Admiral and Plorn

Ever my Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, [30] NOVEMBER 1860

MS Lytton Papers. *Date:* misdated by CD; Friday was 30 Nov 60.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Ninth November, 1860.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I need not tell you that I have received your letter with the strongest interest, and with the liveliest desire that a result I should so highly prize, may be brought about somehow or other.

This hasty note is written to let you know that I will immediately enter into every detail of calculation and enquiry, and will write you the fullest particulars on every head, by *next Tuesday's post from London.*

In the meantime I only add That there is no publisher whatever associated with All The Year Round — I, and Wills my sub Editor, are the Sole Proprietors; therefore implicit reliance may be placed in the Journal's proceedings. That the subject is as interesting to me as to any one alive, and would unquestionably be attractive.[†5] And that I will make every possible and impossible point, clear, and set forth with plain figures, when I write on Tuesday.

Meanwhile and Ever | Believe me | Affecy. Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM TAYLOR,[†1] 30 NOVEMBER 1860*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Thirtieth November, 1860.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to assure you that my time and attention are far too much occupied, to admit of my having the pleasure you propose to me.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. William Taylor

To JAMES BIRTLES,[†2] [?NOVEMBER 1860]

Extract in Anderson Auction Co. catalogue 983 (Jan 1913); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Mr Birtles. *Date: The Uncommercial Traveller* (1st series) was published as a book by Chapman & Hall in Jan 61; copies were ready by 15 Dec 60 (*To* Chapman, 5 Dec, *fn*); CD was probably correcting proofs in Nov.

Here are two corrections in my "Uncommercial"[†3] not made in the proof I sent from the office yesterday,

Faithfully yours,
CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 30 NOVEMBER 1860

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1882; *MS* 1 p.; dated 30 Nov 60.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [NOVEMBER 1860]

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1923; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, Nov 60.

December

To THOMAS MITTON, 2 DECEMBER 1860*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Second December, 1860.

My Dear Mitton

This is a hasty line to let you know that I shall not be at the office until Tuesday *week*. I feel that I have rather overworked myself and want rest.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 4 DECEMBER 1860

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,

HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourth December 1860.

My Dear Layard.

I know you will readily believe that I would come if I could, and that I am heartily sorry I cannot.

A new story of my writing, nine months long, is just begun in All the Year Round. I have been taken off it for a month by other Christmas work, and for a few days have not been well. I am pledged to the active chairmanship of a certain public committee,[†1] and thus my time is so closely portioned out that I dare not interfere with my hours of retreat and occupation here. Tomorrow I MUST[†2] write. A certain allotment of my time when I have that story-demand upon me, has, all through my Author life, been an essential condition of my health and success. I have just returned here to work so many hours every day for so many days. It is really impossible for me to break my bond.

There is not a man in England who is more earnestly your friend and admirer than I am. The conviction that you know it, helps me out through this note. You are a man of so much mark to me, that I even regret your going into the House of Commons — for which assembly I have but a scant respect. But I would not mention it to the Southwark electors if I could come tomorrow;[†3] though I should venture to tell them (and even that your friends would consider impolitic), that I think them very much honored by having such a candidate for their suffrages.[†4]

My daughter and sister in law want to know what you have done with your "pledge" to come down here again? If they had votes for Southwark they would threaten to oppose you — but would never do it. I was solemnly sworn at breakfast to let you know that we should be delighted to see you. Bear witness that I kept my oath.

Ever My Dear Layard, | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A.H. Layard Esquire

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 DECEMBER 1860

MS (copy on back of sheet of *AYR* paper in Wills's hand) Lytton Papers.

Copy

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham, by Rochester, Kent
Tuesday 4th. December 1860

My dear Bulwer Lytton,

All the intelligence I am going to give you proceeds on the following assumption: If it should be wrong, I will correct my intelligence on your explaining it to be wrong. But I hope and believe it to be quite right.

When you use the expression 350 "pages of close writing, chiefly on foolscap paper like that on which I scribble", I assume that you mean, pages of foolscap paper, written on one side; each page being half a sheet: not a quarter of a sheet:— that is not a sheet of foolscap paper torn in two.

This quantity I have had carefully estimated, at the printer's, and cast off. It would make about 150 printed pages of All the Year Round.

The publication of such 150 pages in the weekly quantity we usually consider the best for a serial work in All the Year Round would occupy *about* thirty weeks. In other words, seven months, or from six to seven months.

For the right of such publication in All the Year Round I would gladly pay you £1500:[†1] Fifteen hundred pounds. — I could at once conclude on your behalf a bargain with an unimpeachable publisher, who would pay you, for the right of re-publication in a collected form for two years (at prices not to interfere with the subsequent transfer to Routledge;[†2] but well within his figure) £1200: Twelve hundred pounds. — For the transmission of proofs to America week by week for simultaneous publication there; of course without damage to copyright here, I could get you (as our American transactions are on a very good footing) £300 — Three hundred pounds.

This would make, in all, £3000: Three thousand pounds.

The tale to be published as yours, with your name; and the bookseller's two years to commence — of course — from the time of publication in a complete form; which would be a week or so before it ended in All the Year Round.

As I have just begun a story of my own in All the Year Round we could not begin advantageously to publish yours before the 1st. of August — which would bring the publication of the book to the very best time of the year. But all the agreements could be immediately made, and the All the Year Round money is ready to be paid down.[†3]

Not to overload the plainness of these statements with other matter interesting to us as private friends and not associated with a question of business, I break off here, and hope to hear from you soon.

My dear [†a]Lytton Bulwer,[†a]

Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To EDWARD CHAPMAN, 5 DECEMBER 1860*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fifth December 1860.

My Dear Mr. Chapman

I write very hastily to save the post, after being at work all day.

The designs will not do — not at all. Pray [say][†1] something civil to Mr. [?Barrett],[†2] as that I hope to have the advantage of his pencil at some other time, but that we think it better not to defer the publication of this volume.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Chapman Esquire

To H. G. ADAMS, 12 DECEMBER 1860*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twelfth December 1860.

Dear Mr. Adams.

It was remiss in me not to acknowledge the receipt of your letter enclosing the tickets.[†4] But being exceedingly occupied, I forgot to do so. Pray excuse it.

They came to hand quite safely.

I should rather like to have my own table; but as Mr. Smith, the secretary of my readings, is holiday-making in Wales, I do not know that my servant can get at it. In all other respects (and in the table respect too, unless I send to you), let everything be as before. You cannot give me too good a light in the cross-batten overhead. Will you be so kind as to be particular in this? On the day of the Reading, at half past two, I will look in at the Hall.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To HENRY CLARK,[†1] 12 DECEMBER 1860*

MS The Earl of Cromer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twelfth December, 1860

Sir.

I have been too constantly engaged since you wrote to me upwards of a week ago, to be able to conduct any but indispensable correspondence.

You will the better understand my inability to comply with the request you prefer to me in conjunction with the Reverend Mr. Granville,[†2] when I assure you that I am so constantly asked to read in aid of some object or other, that even the briefest acknowledgement of the receipt of letters to that effect is often impracticable.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Clark Esquire

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 14 DECEMBER 1860*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fourteenth December 1860.

My Dear Dixon

Many thanks for your note and its enclosure. The paper was done by an old and well known contributor of great attainments and proved faith, who conceived that in adapting and altering it from the original French, he made it new.[†3] I should not have taken it, if I had known that at the time. My impression was, that it was founded on a very short Swiss journal I once saw.

— He was wrong, but innocently. Of course he had no idea that the source had been touched before.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To [EDWARD CHAPMAN],[†4] 16 DECEMBER 1860*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Sixteenth December, 1860.

My Dear Sir

I am greatly pleased with the look of the Uncommercial Traveller. His manner of "going off" too on his last new journey,[†5] is highly satisfactory.

If you will send me a dozen to the office — where I shall be to-morrow — I will send them out.

Many thanks for Thorley.[†1] He has not yet arrived, but doubtless is on the road. I intend trying him on every living thing (family and servants excepted) about the place[†2]

To MRS BROWN, 18 DECEMBER 1860*

MS Morgan Library. *Address*: Mrs. Brown / 1 Stratton Street / Piccadilly / W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighteenth December 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I am away to Gad's Hill this morning, as I have promised to read at Chatham tonight for the benefit of the local Institution. But I shall be in town on Thursday as well as tomorrow, and will take my chance of finding you in Stratton Street at halfpast three that afternoon. I was delighted to see Miss Coutts yesterday, and to see her looking so well.

Captain Jorgan[†3] is a portrait,[†4] and (if I may venture to say so) exactly like the man.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 19 DECEMBER 1860*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Nineteenth December 1860.

My Dear Dixon. I have just received the Bacon book.[†5] Accept my cordial thanks for it, and the needless assurance that I shall fall to upon it with the greatest interest and the steadiest intention.

If you have any nook on your shelves for a small volume, will you award it to a little book that I send with this?[†1]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To HENRY G. WARREN,[†2] 19 DECEMBER 1860†

MS Dunedin Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Nineteenth December, 1860.

Sir

On the receipt of your letter, I read its accompanying account of the Newspaper Press Society.[†3] Before proposing any appointment for meeting the Deputation who do me the honor to desire to wait upon me, I wish to suggest to those gentlemen, through you, what has very strongly impressed me after considering that printed statement.

I think it would be highly injudicious to go to the public with an appeal for help, on such a state of things. Until the Society is better supported by the members of the Newspaper Press themselves, the case is a very weak one. I should feel great difficulty, if I were its advocate at a public dinner, in smoothing away the obvious objection that it has not yet sufficiently interested its own class. The facts and figures of the Report for 1860[†4] would be of a very depressing nature. There was a former Society with similar views in the main, I think, which had but a lingering existence and died quietly.[†5] Thus poorly armed, it would be fighting at a great disadvantage, to combat the objections of the Times. In a word, I can not see the way to a hopeful result.[†6]

I have — as you probably know — an old personal interest in the profession, and it has never cooled in the least. I should be very sorry to assist it in making a mistake, and I believe that the proposed Dinner would be a mistake.

If the Deputation should still wish to see me on the subject, and to urge other views opposed to these of mine, I hope I need not assure you that I will readily receive them. But I think it right that they should know my present feeling. It has the greater weight with me, because I know that I should be heartily glad to serve my old calling, and to bear testimony (as I always do) to the pleasure and pride I had in it. Yet with this inclining towards such an occasion in the abstract,

I can not resist the conviction that it had best not take place under these circumstances.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry G Warren Esquire

To EDWARD BROWN,[†1] 21 DECEMBER 1860

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty First December, 1860.

Dear Sir

I will trouble you with as brief a letter as possible, in reference to my son Frank.

While he is very sensible of your consideration, and appears to like all his surroundings in your office, I observe that he does not in his heart take to City business as naturally as his eldest brother has done, and that his inclinations and character incline far more towards such employment as I can give him in the office of my own Journal. I therefore purpose to remove him from the City, at your convenience, and to try him under my own training.

Perhaps you will have the kindness to let him know when he had best leave you. Allow me to assure you that there is nothing to be considered on that head, but your own business convenience.

I beg to thank you for your reception of both my boys,[†2] and to offer you all the good wishes of the time of year.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Brown Esquire

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 22 DECEMBER 1860

Text from facsimile in *The Harvest, Being the Record of One Hundred Years of Publishing, 1837-1937*, 1937, Leipzig, p. 45.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night Twenty Second December 1860.

My Dear Mr. Tauchnitz

I cannot consent to name the sum you shall pay for Great Expectations. I have too great a regard for you, and too high a sense of your honorable dealing, to wish to depart from the custom we have always observed. Whatever price you put upon it will satisfy me. You have already proposed the terms yourself, on former occasions, and I entreat you to do so now.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Chevalier Bernhard Tauchnitz

To [?FREDERIC OUVRY],[†1] 22 DECEMBER 1860

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Dec 1933; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of All the Year Round, 22 Dec 60.

Please to pay, on my account, Mr. Joseph Morris[†2] on his application at Christmas, Lady Day, Midsummer, Michaelmas the sum of £8.10s each time for rent.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?LATE DECEMBER] 1860

Mention in Rains Galleries catalogue No. 536 (Feb 1937); *MS* 1 p.; dated 1860 (no doubt during the week before Christmas).

Asking that a big turkey and ham be sent to Mr Wills.

To SAMUEL COLLINSON,[†3] 24 DECEMBER [1860]

Text from Walter T. Spencer, *Forty Years in My Bookshop,* p. 128; dated Gad's Hill, 24 Dec; addressed Samuel Collinson. *Date:* probably the first Christmas CD spent at Gad's Hill, that of 1860.

Dear Sir,

I beg to thank you cordially for the superb Pork Pie which graces the sideboard here to-day. Let me send you in return all the good wishes of the blessed season and the time of year.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DUDLEY COSTELLO,[†4] 27 DECEMBER 1860

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1929; dated Office of *AYR,* 27 Dec 60; addressed Dudley Costello.

Enclosing a presentation copy of The Uncommercial Traveller.[†5]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 27 DECEMBER 1860

Extract in N, III, 196.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND
27th December 1860

Mentions being indisposed. It is certainly less cold here than at Gad's Hill, and the pipes are not frozen — which is a great comfort.

To CHARLES E. MUDIE,[†1] 27 DECEMBER 1860*

MS A. N. L. Munby.

Gad's Hill. | Twenty Seventh December, 1860.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of your liberal donation of Ten Guineas in aid of the Hullah Fund.[†2] I have had great pleasure in forwarding it to the Honorary Secretary.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles E Mudie Esquire

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To MISS MARY BOYLE, 28 DECEMBER 1860

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Eighth December 1860.

My Dear Mary.

I cannot tell you how much I thank you for the beautiful Cigar-case, and how seasonable and friendly and good and warm-hearted it looked when I opened it at Gad's Hill. Besides which — it IS[†1] a cigar-case and will hold cigars: two crowning merits that I never yet knew to be possessed by any article claiming the same name. For all of these reasons — but more than all because it comes from you — I love it, and send you eighteen hundred and sixty kisses — with one in, for the New Year.

Both excellent stories and perfectly new. Your Joe swears that he never heard either — never a word or syllable of either — afore he laughed at 'em this blessed day.

I have no news, except that I am not quite well, and am being doctored. Pray read Great Expectations. I think it is very droll.[†2] It is a very great success, and seems universally liked — I suppose because it opens funnily and with an interest too.

I pass my time here (I am staying here alone) in working, taking physic, and taking a Stall at a Theatre every night. On Boxing night, I was at Covent Garden. A dull pantomime[†3] was "worked" (as we say) better than I ever saw a heavy piece worked on a first night, until suddenly and without a moment's warning, every scene on that immense stage fell over on its face and disclosed Chaos by Gaslight, behind! There never was such a business — about sixty people who were on the stage, being extinguished in the most remarkable manner.[†4] Not a soul was hurt. In the uproar, some moon-calf rescued a porter pot, six feet high (out of which the clown had been drinking when the accident happened), and stood it on the cushion of the lowest Proscenium Box P. S.[†5] beside a lady and gentleman who were dreadfully ashamed of it. The moment the House knew that nobody was injured, they directed their whole attention to this gigantic porter pot in its genteel position (the lady and gentleman trying to hide behind it), and roared with laughter. When a modest footman came from behind the Curtain to clear it, and took it up in his arms, like a Brobdingnagian Baby, we all laughed more than we had ever laughed in our lives. I don't know why.

We have had a fire here, but our people put it out before the Parish Engine arrived, like a drivelling Perambulator — with *the Beadle in it* — like an Imbecile Baby. Popular opinion, disappointed in the fire having been put out, Snowballed the Beadle. God bless it!

Over the way at the Lyceum, there is a very fair Christmas piece,[†1] with one or two uncommonly well done Nigger songs[†2] — one, remarkably gay and mad, done as the finale to a scene. Also a very fine transformation, though I don't know what it means.[†3]

The poor actors waylay me in Bow Street, to [†a]represent their necessities; and I often see one cut down a Court when he beholds me coming — cut round Drury Lane to face me — and come up towards me near this door, in the freshest and most accidental way; as if I were the last person he expected to see on the surface of this globe. The other day, there thus appeared before me (simultaneously with a scent of rum in the air) an aged greasy man with a pair of pumps under his arm. He said, he thought that if he could get down to somewhere (I think it was Newcastle), he could get "taken on" as Pantaloon, the existing Pantaloon, being "a stick Sir — a mere muff". I observed that I was sorry times were so bad with him. "Mr. Dickens, you know our profession Sir — no one knows it better Sir — there is no right feeling in it. I was Harlequin on your own Circuit Sir, for five and thirty years, and was displaced by a Boy Sir! — A boy!"

So no more at present, except love to Mrs. Watson and Bedgey Prig[†4] and all, from My Dear Mary

Your ever affectionate

Joe.

P.S. | DON'T[†5] I pine neither?
P. P. S. I did my best to arouse Forster's worst feelings; but he had got into a Christmas habit of mind, and wouldn't respond.[†a]

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 28 DECEMBER 1860

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Eighth December 1860

My Dearest Georgy.

As I have to see Frank Beard again on Monday morning, and as I am getting alarmed about my work, it is clear to me that I had best stay here. Besides the loss of time in going backwards and forwards (in itself of the greatest importance as you know), I must not get wet or catch cold. Therefore here I had best remain.

Now understand, both you and Mary, that there is not the least occasion to be anxious about me. I have no kind of pain — scarcely an uneasiness — but I am not rid of the disagreeables that affected me in that hot summer,[†1] and they *must be* put right. I have delivered myself over to be physicked, and that is the long and short of it.

If you have the least doubt about me, I am open to inspection. If you would like to come up on Sunday and dine with me (leaving Mamie to look after the boys) do so. But be sure that if I wanted any nursing, I should say so, and should resort to you sooner than to anybody on earth.

I want, by James,[†2] the pair of thick trousers out of my drawer, which is *not* the corduroy pair, *nor* the pair with the black stripe down the side. Also any clean things that you know or suspect I may require. He brings some tongues from Mrs. Wills and a bottle of liqueur — a book for you — and a letter for Mamie.

Tell Barber that as the Green House is unfortunately not included in the policy of Insurance, I want, as soon as possible, an estimate from Couchman[†3] for repairing it.

Tell Bottle[†4] that if Toby is no better, he had best arrange to have him fired, and to keep the Rochester horse on hire. Tell him further, not to drive the said horse too fast.

I think this is all I have to say, except best love to Gad's Hill in general.

Ever affectionately.

CD.

To E. J. FRASER,[†5] 29 DECEMBER 1860

Extracts in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1977 and Dec 1981; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of *AYR,* 29 Dec 60; addressed E. J. Fraser.

I should not like to make a special personal appeal to the house of George Moore & Co... I know George Moore very well but I feel that I really have no right to press such a case upon him. As to my being interested in it, he will be sure to get that knowledge out of the advertisement.[†6]

As to our expectations from the country, I fully agree with you. They are unconsciously exaggerated out of all proportion by such of our body as know nothing whatever of such matters. But you and I (I think) must remember that we have accepted a responsibility which will surely be urged against us — if we give the least occasion — when disappointment comes.

I would not delay the country advertizing. The article[†1] will not act upon the advertizing as well as the advertizing will act upon it.... To the best of my judgment it is, in that aspect, of no moment which comes first.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 30 DECEMBER 1860

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Sunday Thirtieth December 1860

My Dear Layard

I am exceedingly sorry to say that I must forego, for a time, the pleasure of seeing you at Gad's Hill. I am not well, and am obliged to come to town for a week or two, to be near my Doctor, and to diminish the risks of taking cold through coming backwards and forwards. I will report myself when "discharged cured."

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK GYE,†2 [LATE DECEMBER 1860]

Mention in *To* Gye, 3 Jan 61. *Date:* probably a few days before that letter, because of its absence of date and address.

To WILLIAM HARRISON AND LOUISA PYNE,†3 [LATE DECEMBER 1860]

Mention in *To* Gye, 3 Jan 61.

Asking them for their permission†4 *to give a concert at Covent Garden in aid of the Hullah Fund on* 4 Feb 61.

To [?G. A.] A'BECKETT,†1 1860

Mention in Traylen catalogue, Sep 1957 in Extra Illustrated *The A'Becketts of Punch; MS* 1 p.; dated 1860.

To [?EDWARD CHAPMAN], 1860

Extract in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 626; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1860.

Please to deliver to Mr. Eeles for me, three of the collected Christmas Books, cheap edition.†2

To W. S. HOOLE,†3 1860

Summary in Spencer catalogue, 28b; dated 1860; addressed Mr. Hoole.

CD will be at the office till Tuesday week.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [1860]

Extract in C. F. Libbie catalogue, May 1889; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 1860.

I have no such portrait of me as you describe.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†4] [?1859-60]

MS (fragment) Yale University Library. *Date:* 1859-60 on signature.

With kind regard to all, and as much homage as a mere Southerner may send to the shade of Wallace.[†5]

Believe me Ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1860

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 800; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place 1860.

You are heartily welcome to use my name in the manner you purpose, and I shall rejoice to hear of your success.

1861

January

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 2 JANUARY 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Second January 1861

My Dearest Georgy.

This is to wish you many Happy New Years, and to introduce a Postscript (which I will add on returning from Frank Beard's), with the latest Bulletin of my health.

Wilkie and I (secluded in a cab, as if I were a Crimean Invalid; — I have a Brougham today) went to the Buckley's[†1] last night. They do the most preposterous things, in the way of Violin Solos, Deeply Sentimental Songs, and Lucrezia Borgia music,[†2] sung by a majestic female in black velvet and Jewels, *with a blackened face!*[†3] All that part of it, is intolerably bad. But the real Nigger things are very good; and there is one man — the tambourine — who attempts to do things with chairs, in remembrance of an acrobat he has seen, which is the most genuinely ludicrous thing of its kind, I ever beheld. Nor have I ever seen so good a presentation as his, of the real Negro.

I shall be delighted to see you on Sunday, if Marguerite[†4] does not come. But I predict that she WILL[†5] come — and of course I shall turn out right.

Ever affectionately

CD.

P. S. Frank Beard thinks me decidedly better today. He says the local irritation[†6] (arising from the natural temperament of the beast) is so extreme, that it is difficult to deal with me; but that he has a strong belief I am much better. He soothes me in divers ways today — leaves off the strong medicine — and I go to him again tomorrow.

To FREDERICK GYE, 3 JANUARY 1861*

MS Private.

Gad's Hill | Thursday Third January, 1861

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind letter, and cordially thank you for it — no less on my personal behalf, than on that of the Hullah Fund Committee.

Let me beg to apologize to you for this ridiculous circumstance that my letter had neither date nor address — a preposterous omission of the Honorary Secretary's Secretary.

Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne have certainly acceded to the Committee's request.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Gye Esquire.

To CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN,[†1] 3 JANUARY 1861†

MS Dr and Mrs Philip Rulon and Family. *Address*: Paid | Captain E. E. Morgan | New York | U.S. of America.[†2]

Gad's Hill near Rochester.
Thursday Third January 1861.

My Dear Friend.

I am heartily obliged to you for your seasonable and welcome remembrance. It came to the office (when I was there) in the pleasantest manner, brought by two seafaring men, as if they had swum across with it. Never were such fine apples, or in such admirable preservation! And the Cigars came so opportunely, that I had just four and twenty of my Morgans — that's the name I give them — left.

I have sold Tavistock House, and made this place, which is my own Freehold, our head quarters. But in the season (that is to say, from February to June) I shall have a furnished house in London, for my daughter's sake. We have always been expecting to receive some intelligence of your son.[†3] Pray let me know whether he has come to London, or is coming.

We all wish you and yours many many happy New Years. [†a]I hope you will have seen the Christmas No. of All The Year Round? Here and there, in the description of the sea-going Hero,[†4] I have given a touch or two of remembrance of Somebody you know;[†5] very heartily desiring that thousands of people may

have some faint reflection of the pleasure I have for many years derived from the contemplation of a most amiable nature and most remarkable man.[†a]

I have a little book of mine, "The Uncommercial Traveller", to send you. It shall come out, as usual.

With kindest regard

Believe me My Dear Morgan | Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY G. WARREN, [3 JANUARY 1861]

Mention in Newspaper Press Fund Minute Book, 12 Jan 61; dated 3 Jan 61; addressed Henry G. Warren.

Expressing his sympathy with the objects of the Newspaper Press Fund and enclosing a donation.[†1]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 5 JANUARY 1861

MS Dickens House

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fifth January 1861

My Dearest Georgy. Frank Beard is in spirits about me this morning, and expresses himself accordingly.

I have not the heart to open the enclosed. Will you make me out a List of that affectionate contribution towards my ruin.[†2]

With love to Mamie and to all

Ever most affecy.

CD.

P. S. Enclosed for the Tax Collector

To THE EDITOR[†3] OF *THE LEICESTER ADVERTISER,* 5 JANUARY 1861

Text from the *Athenaeum*, 15 Aug 1891.

Gad's Hill, near Rochester, Saturday,
Fifth January, 1861.

Sir,

I beg to express my regret that I have no such thing by me as the cutting from the Leicester paper, to which you refer.[†4] In the immense number of

communications I receive I cannot possibly be accountable for an unsolicited enclosure of that kind, nor can I charge my memory with any minute particulars respecting it. But I have the strongest impression that I wrote to you in reply to your letter; it almost amounts to a positive certainty.

None of the "Several applications" for the return of this cutting, to which you refer, have ever reached me. It is possible that you may have addressed those letters to the office of *All the Year Round*, and that they may not have been understood in the course of business. They have not been laid before me, though my letters come by hundreds rather than by dozens.

I am sincerely sorry that you should be put to any inconvenience; but (as I have said) I have not this extract among my papers, nor can I in any reason hope to recover a cutting from a recent newspaper once lost sight of.

I am, Sir, | Your faithful Servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 JANUARY 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Seventh January 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I quite approve of the Theatrical arrangements, and have taken 6 places in the centre of the Dress circle — 4 on the front row, and 2 on the second — for next Saturday.[†1] I shall, of course, expect you on Friday.

Frank Beard was again in spirits about me this morning. I have not taken the objectionable medicine since last Friday. I go to him again tomorrow. I begin to have real hopes of getting out of it before many days are over.

Tell Marguerite with my love, that I very much delighted Frank Beard by telling him what an impression her altered appearance made at Gad's Hill. He was not at all well (taken last night with a sudden chill), and the account acted like a cordial on him.

I write very hastily; having been busy the whole day, and having just time left for the Post.

Ever most affectionately | With best love to Mamie and all,

CD.

To LADY OLLIFFE,[†2] [?7 JANUARY 1861]

MS (envelope) Mr L. Mastracci. *Address*: Lady Olliffe | The Mansion House[†3] | E.C. PM London [?Jan 7] 61.[†4]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 7 JANUARY 1861*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Seventh January 1861.

My Dear Ouvry.

It occurred to us as we came back here from Council's[†1] chambers, that one point in the case[†2] is not explained to you. It may affect the clearing of the bill.

Three introduced episodical stories and a poem — to be found in the Christmas No. are not by Wilkie Collins or by me.[†3] We invented, designed, and wrote, the whole of the No. with those exceptions. Therefore we are the authors of the story called the "Message from The Sea", and wrote the whole of that main story and plot. But the Episodes (which have nothing to do with it) are not ours.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 8 JANUARY 1861*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighth January 1861.

My Dear Ouvry

You may as well know that one of our people was at the Britannia Theatre last night, and that they announced from the Stage "that they could not play their adaptation of Mr. Dickens's admirable work,[†4] because they had been that

evening served with a notice of an application for an Injunction to prevent them, and they had no course but to obey. They did not know why Mr. Dickens took this course with them now and had never done so

before;[†1] but they submitted, and must beg permission of the audience to substitute another piece".[†2] Which was duly done. Mr. Lane is, as I think I told you, about the most respectable man in that line.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES*, 8 JANUARY 1861

Text from *The Times*, 12 Jan 61.

Gad's-hill, Jan.8.

Sir,

I shall feel greatly obliged to you if you will allow me to make known to theatrical managers, through your columns, that I believe it is in the power of any English writer of fiction legally to prevent any work of his from being dramatized or adapted for the stage without his consent, and that I have taken measures for the assertion of this right in my own case, and intend to try it with whomsoever may violate it.

It happened but yesterday that I had, in conjunction with Mr. Wilkie Collins, very unwillingly to assert this principle in defence of a joint production of ours against the proprietor of the Britannia Theatre. In a most frank and honest manner he immediately withdrew an announced piece on the night of its intended first representation, and when his audience were assembled. As I had no earlier opportunity of giving him notice of my intention to uphold the rights of authors, and as I inconvenienced a gentleman for whom I have a respect, with great reluctance, and should be exceedingly sorry to do the like in any other case, perhaps you will find space for this letter.[†3]

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 JANUARY 1861

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth January 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

"We" are in the full swing of stopping managers from playing A Message from the Sea. I privately doubt the strength of our position in the Court of Chancery, if we try it; but it is worth trying.[†1]

I am aware that Mr. Lane of the Britannia sent an emissary to Gad's Hill yesterday. It unfortunately happens that the first man "we" have to assert the principle against, is a very good man whom I really respect.

Will you take charge of the enclosed cheque,[†2] and [s]end it?

I have no news, except that I really hope and believe I am gradually getting well. If I have no check, I hope to be soon discharged by the Medico. He was better yesterday (tell Marguerite with my love), but still ill. I go to him again tomorrow.

I am going to see Laura[†3] today at the Mansion House![†4]

Ever affectionately

CD.

Best Love to dear Mamie and to all.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 JANUARY 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth January 1861

My Dearest Georgy. This is a sequel to another note of mine, posted earlier today. Laura wants us to dine there on Sunday at 6 ½. Family dinner, she expressly says. No one there. No particular Dress. Shall we go? Perhaps it might be well to take the opportunity. Anyway, bring with you my dress coat (the one *without* the velvet collar) and black trousers.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To LADY OLLIFFE, 9 JANUARY 1861

Mention in Union Art Galleries catalogue, June 1934; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 9 Jan 61; addressed Lady Olliffe.

Declining an invitation to dinner on the ground of ill health.

To RICHARD NELSON LEE,[†1] [?7-9 JANUARY 1861]

Mention in *To* Reade, 9 Jan 61. *Date:* between 7 and 9 Jan.

Saying that he cannot concede Lee the right to produce a dramatized version of "A Message from the Sea" and that he and Collins have determined to bring a Chancery action against any Manager who dramatizes a book of his without his consent.

To CHARLES READE, 9 JANUARY 1861

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth January 1861.

My Dear Mr. Reade.

I must report progress to you in the matter of our rights.

On Sunday I became aware that Mr. Lane of the Britannia Theatre (a very respectable and responsible man), announced a version of "A Message from the Sea", the Xmas No. by myself and Wilkie Collins, for Monday Night. On Monday morning, I went to my Solicitor, and with him to Counsel,[†2] and caused Mr. Lane to be served with a Notice that afternoon, that he would play the piece at his peril, and that if he did, I would apply to the Court of Chancery. I sent one of my people to the Theatre at night, and they (with expressions of all due respect) gave out from the Stage what had happened, and said they had no course but to submit — withdraw the piece — and substitute another. Yesterday we filed a bill, and gave Mr. Lane notice that we should require an undertaking that he never would produce the piece, and should also require to be delivered up to us, any copies of it in his possession. Otherwise we must proceed. Yesterday evening, he sent down to Gad's Hill and Heaven knows where not, after me; but of course his business lies with my solicitor.[†3]

Mr. Nelson Lee has since made two written applications to me, to produce another version of the same story.[†4] I have replied that I cannot concede that right to him, and that in a resolution to uphold the rights of English Authors, I

have determined to try the principle in the Court of Chancery,[†1] against any Manager who dramatizes a book of mine without my consent.

So far, so good. But Mr. Hobhouse, Counsel in the case, does NOT[†2] think that the duly registered and published description of a play not actually written, will serve us in the Court of Chancery. He thinks the point worth trying for an Injunction, but he is not at all hopeful of the result. If we are driven to an application, we desire to make it before Page Wood,[†3] who seems to be the most sympathetic man in copyright cases.

If you have any point you can strengthen the case with, pray let me have the benefit of your knowledge and advice.[†4] Address me here, as I shall be in town for some days. I hope it may be reassuring to you to know that I have not half-entered into the contest, but am to be relied upon to fight it out grimly to the Death.[†5]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I caused it to be explained in writing to Lane (by my solicitor) that I had no hostility whatever towards him, and did not intend to make any demand upon him for costs.

To G. F. HUDSON,[†1] 10 JANUARY 1861*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Tenth January 1861.

My Dear Mr. Hudson

Enclosed is my Sign Manual. In witness whereof, here it is again.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Hudson Esquire

To MRS MALLESON,[†2] 14 JANUARY 1861

Text from MDGH, III, 197.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, 14th January, 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Malleson,

I am truly sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of dining with you on Thursday. Although I consider myself quite well, and although my doctor almost admits the fact when I indignantly tax him with it, I am not discharged. His treatment renders him very fearful that I should take cold in going to and fro; and he makes excuses, therefore (as I darkly suspect), for keeping me here until said treatment is done with. This morning he tells me he must see me "once more, on Wednesday." As he has said the like for a whole week, my confidence is not blooming enough at this present writing to justify me in leaving a possibility of Banquo's place at your table.[†3] Hence this note. It is screwed out of me.

With kind regards to Mr. Malleson, believe me,

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 14 JANUARY 1861

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* p. 56.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, January 14th, 1861.

I beg to return you the agreement for *Great Expectations,* with my signature and seal. It is perfectly satisfactory to me.[†4]

I have given Mr. Joseph Crowe,[†1] the English Consul-General at Leipzig, a letter of introduction to you.[†2] He wishes to have the honour of knowing you, and he is an accomplished gentleman who has won

his place entirely by his own merits. Lord John Russell nominated him to his present office, without any application on his behalf, but solely because he had personally distinguished himself in another official capacity.[†3]

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 14 JANUARY 1861*

MS Rawlins Collection, Isle of Man.

Gad's Hill, by Rochester
Monday Fourteenth January, 1861.

My Dear Baron.

Allow me to have the honor and pleasure of presenting to you, my friend Mr. Joseph Crowe, English Consul-General at Leipzig. Mr. Crowe is a gentleman for whom I have a high regard and respect, and who is indebted for the post he fills, to nothing but a just recognition of his services and merits. He knows that I hold you in great esteem, and I am proud to have the privilege of making you acquainted.

My Dear Baron | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Baron Tauchnitz

To THE PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN, BRITISH MUSEUM, [MID-JANUARY 1861]

Mention in Register of Readers Names, MS British Library. *Date:* no doubt shortly before Francis Dickens's admission to the Reading Room on 16 Jan.[†4]

Recommending Francis Jeffrey Dickens for admission to the Reading Room.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 16 JANUARY 1861*

MS Rosenbach Museum & Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixteenth January 1861.

My Dear Dixon

My business Co-Trustee[†1] having returned to London, I have been able today to arrange Miss Jerrold's business.[†2]

As you were so kind as to say, you would take charge of any cheque on Miss Jerrold's behalf, I beg to enclose you one for £77..5..0 (Seventy Seven Pounds, Five Shillings); being *one year's income, interest on the whole principle invested, less Income Tax.* Another *halfyear's* Income will be due in March. I will forward it to you for Miss Jerrold in like manner.

In order that I may have vouchers deposited with the other papers, will you kindly get Miss Jerrold's receipt for this money.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MAJOR H. B. HALL,[†3] 16 JANUARY 1861

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixteenth January 1861.

My Dear Sir

I should have proposed an earlier appointment for having the pleasure of seeing you, but that I have been unwell and under the Doctor's hands and not at all sure of my time for such purposes.

Early next month I purpose coming to town with my family, for the season. On Wednesday next (this day week) at two o'Clock, I shall be here, and very happy to see you if you should be in town.

Your little book on the Oyster,[†4] I have read with much pleasure: thinking it exceedingly pleasant. The main objection (for the purposes of this Journal) to such a MS as the enclosed may be thus stated.

There is too much in it, *about* the subject and too little *of* the subject. Everybody knows what a Bagman was and is,[†5] and it is quite unnecessary to explain. There is no space here for a series of articles, unless each is complete — or nearly complete — in itself. The Bagman would not be an attractive Title. I have lately concluded the first series of a set of papers called the *Un*commercial Traveller, and the Commercial Traveller has been often used. Lastly, there was published

in Household Words, a series extending over a long time (two or three years as I remember), called The Roving Englishman.[†1] And I fear you might come on the same ground.[†2] But I cannot speak with any confidence on this subject, unless I had some one finished paper of yours to peruse.[†3] Excuse my adding that I do not believe in any man's power to write for the public in a hurry and without great pains — I certainly do not believe, and never have believed, in my own.

It is a pleasure to me, and a very sincere one, to receive any letter from our friend Hawkins,[†4] no matter of what date.

Believe me My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Major H. B. Hall

To JAMES R. WARE,[†5] 16 JANUARY 1861

Extract in N, III, 206.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
16th January 1861

The Woman in White being wholly Mr. Wilkie Collins's and the right to sanction or object to its representation on the stage being wholly that gentleman's, I have forwarded your letter and its two enclosures to him without delay.

To E. J. FRASER, 17 JANUARY 1861

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1977 (item 300); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 17 Jan 61; addressed Edward J. Fraser.

Explaining that he may have to go to Gad's Hill the following day and be obliged to remain there until early on Tuesday morning and therefore asking him, should he himself be prevented from presiding over the committee that he state at the meeting Dickens's recommendation that they adjourn after the Covent Garden Concert,[†6] *that they continue the advertisements but that they incur no new expenses, other than such as are known to be necessary by the Musical Sub-Committee, for the proposals they are advancing.*

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 JANUARY 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham by Rochester.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Seventeenth January 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

When I was calculating yesterday about coming down, I was under an unaccountable impression that there was a day less in the week than there is. It seems to me that I cannot do better than come down at once, and get my Number[†1] done at Gad's. Will you meet me, therefore, at Gravesend tomorrow (Friday), and I will come by the 2.20 Train. I think the best thing I can do, will be to take possession of the best Spare Room, if you will have its fire lighted and will put my odds and ends there.

I have had my Vapour Bath and have had the very utmost of it — and, strange to add, have positively enjoyed it!!!

Best love to dear Mamie and to all.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To HENRI VIEUXTEMPS,[†2] 17 JANUARY 1861

MS (signature only in CD's hand) Madame Jean Vieuxtemps.

26 Wellington Street North
17th. January 1861.

Sir,

As a Concert is about to be given by the Vocal Association under the direction of Mr. Benedict[†3] at St James's Hall on the evening of Tuesday the 29th Inst in aid of the Committee of the Hullah Fund,[†4] at which the Artistes who will be present have, in the most generous manner offered their assistance, I am requested by the Committee to ask if you also will kindly come to their aid, by playing any piece agreeable to yourself on this occasion.[†5] The very general desire evinced by all Branches of the profession and amateurs to assist in the work the Committee has in hand, has encouraged us to make this request.

I remain, Sir, | Your faithful Servt.
CHARLES DICKENS
Chairman of the Committee

M. Vieuxtemps

To E. J. FRASER, 18 JANUARY 1861

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 13 Dec 1977; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 18 Jan 61; addressed Edward J. Fraser Esquire | 26 Strand.

Agreeing with him concerning advertising, returning a cheque, sending a letter from Mr. Santley[†1] *and promising to send other letters, ...* My impression is that there is not much more to be got from the Public in the subscription way, and when the Covent Garden Concert is over, I would have a new and closing kind of advertisement.[†2]

To [?HENRY MORLEY],[†3] [18 JANUARY 1861]

Mention in next. *Date:* clearly written same day.

Sending him the substance of Mrs Rosher's[†4] *letter, to help him with his article, "The Frozen Out Poor Law".*[†5]

To MRS ROSHER, 18 JANUARY 1861*

MS (copy) Mrs E. Lea.[†6]

Gads Hill Place | Higham by Rochester Kent
Friday Night Eighteenth January 1861

My dear Mrs Rosher

Coming down here from London this afternoon, I found your letter awaiting me. It opportunely happened that I had been writing at my Office in the morning, the heads of an Article that I wished to be done by one of the "All the Year Round" Staff[†7] on the shortcomings of Vestries and Poor Law Guardians and the jolter headed imbecility of the Poor Law Board in the matter of forcing them to do their duty.[†8] The

incapacity or inability of the two powers combined to act vigorously in a state of things so utterly out of the way as a hard winter — set against the immense amount levied for the relief of the poor, and

the universal desire in all real human hearts to relieve them, — seems to me as sad a spectacle as this world has to show.

I have sent the substance of your letter to the gentleman to whom I had sent my notes and have begged him to stab St Pancras with rigorous justice.[†1] I know those fellows of old and would (in a perfectly Christian frame of mind) knock them all on the head with the greatest satisfaction.

Pray do not suppose that the matter is put aside when you see [a] fortnight go by without reference to it. "All the Year Round" is published in America and in England on the same day and consequently the Press is always in advance of the Reader

With kind regards to Mr. Rosher

Believe me Always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 23 JANUARY 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Third January 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I am delighted to receive your letter, and to look forward with confidence to having such a successor in August.[†2] I can honestly assure you that I never have been so pleased at heart in all my Literary life, as I am in the proud thought of standing side by side with you before this great audience.

In regard of the story, I have perfect faith in such a master-hand as yours; and I know that what such an Artist feels to be terrible and original, is unquestionably so. You whet my interest by what you write of it, to the utmost extent.

Believe me ever | Affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [FREDERIC CHAPMAN], 25 JANUARY 1861*

Text in David J. Holmes catalogue No. 15 (June 1986), checked from MS Sotheby, July 1990.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fifth January 1861.

My Dear Sir

I have received a private letter from Mr. Lever in which he asks me if I will dispose for him his "Day's Ride" as a completed book. He makes no conditions whatever. He merely says that his expectations are very reasonable, and that he wishes the book to be offered in the first instance to your House.[†3]

The end of it will be published here on the 20th. of March. The book might be published a week before that time. Will you let me know whether you are disposed to make an offer for it,[†1] and, if so what[†2]

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 25 JANUARY 1861†

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Maison Quaglia | Au Port | Nice Maritime.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fifth January 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

I am most reluctantly obliged to decline the paper on the Cornice[†3] in rain, — not because of any want of merit in itself, or of any want of interest in me for a place of which I think I know every stone; but because we have had so many descriptions of localities, and have so many in type which I very slowly use, that I am really afraid to increase their number, at this time. I have in Proof two Italian descriptions which have remained in that condition for more than a year.

The paper shall be carefully preserved in my Drawer here, until you tell me, at your leisure and opportunity whether I shall send it to Dean Street.[†4]

When I was writing the Uncommercial Traveller to which you refer,[†5] it was pleasant to hope that my friends in Italy would like it. Poor Lord Dudley Stuart[†6] was the generous Englishman,[†7] as I dare say I have no need to tell you.

I am glad to find you so faithfully following Great Expectations,[†8] which story is an immense success. As I was at work upon it the other day, a letter from your sister Emma appeared upon my table (she wanted some autographs for enthusiastic pupils).[†9] Instantly, I seemed to see her at needlework in the dark stage box of the Haymarket[†10] in The Morning, and you swept yourself into my full view with a "Property" house-broom.

With kindest regard to Cowden Clarke, whom I have always quoted since the Lighthouse[†1] as the best "audience" known to mortality.

Believe me ever | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES LEVER, 25 JANUARY 1861

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fifth January 1861.

My Dear Lever.

I hasten to let you know by return of post, that I will (of course) do all I can in the matter of the completed Day's Ride. I have already sent off to Chapman and bide his appearance. I have deemed it right to say no more to him than that I have it in charge from you to dispose of the book — that you lay no conditions upon me beyond observing that your expectations are reasonable — and that you wish it to be offered to that house before any other. "Let me know" I add, "whether you are disposed to make an offer for it; and if so, what."

I fear the book may be difficult to sell. So much I think it right to confide to you; but I will do my best, you may be sure. If Chapmans should not come into the ring, I will try Sampson Low. If *he* should exhibit a white feather, I will try Hurst and Blackett.[†2]

You shall hear from me again, the moment I have any thing to report. I send you these scratches at once, in order that you may know that I have received yours and have begun to act upon it. I am heartily sorry to learn that your boy has given you so much trouble.[†3] It is a tremendous weight and anxiety to be in our proud and venerable condition. Let me offer you one consolation out of the fulness of my heart — and quiver. You have not seven of them; I have![†4]

Ever affectionately Yours | My Dear Lever
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. C. BEARD, 29 JANUARY 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Ninth January 1861.

My Dear Frank Beard

I should like to be inspected — though I hope I can offer no new attractions. If your visits should bring you near here this afternoon (I am detained by appointments all day), will you kindly give me a call? If not, I'll call on you tomorrow.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 29 JANUARY 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire / 42 Portman Place / Edgeware Road / London.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Evening Twenty Ninth January 1861

My Dear Beard

We have taken a furnished house in town until Midsummer — No. 3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park. If you will come and dine with us there on my birthday, Thursday 7th. February at half past 6, we shall be delighted to see you. No set party.

Answer here, as we don't take possession until Monday.

☞[†1] I am going to read again — at Saint James's Hall — in March.

Ever affecy

CD

To W. NOY WILKINS,[†2] 29 JANUARY 1861

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Ninth January 1861.

Dear Sir

I feel it quite hopeless to endeavour to present my position before you — in reference to such a letter as yours — in its plain and true light. When you suppose it would have cost Mr. Thackeray "but a word" to use his influence

to obtain you some curatorship or the like, you fill me with a sense of the impossibility of leading you to a more charitable judgment of Mr. Dickens.

Nevertheless, I will put the truth before you.

Scarcely a day of my life passes, or has passed, for many years, without bringing me some letter similar to yours. Often they will come by dozens — scores — hundreds. My time and attention would be pretty well occupied without them, and the claims upon me (some very near home) for all the influence and means of help that I do and do not possess, are not commonly heavy. I have no power to aid you towards the attainment of your object. It is the simple exact truth, and nothing can alter it. So great is the disquietude I constantly undergo from having to write to some new correspondent, in this strain, that God knows I would resort to another for relief, if I could.

Your Studies from Nature appear to me to express an excellent observation of Nature, in a loving and healthy spirit. But what then? The Dealers and Dealers' prices of which you complain, will not be influenced by that honest opinion. Nor will it have the least effect upon the President of the Royal Academy, or the Directors of the Schools of Design. Assuming your supposition to be correct that these authorities are adverse to you, I have no more power than you have to render them favorable. And assuming them to be quite disinterested and dispassionate towards you, I have no voice or weight in any appointment that any of them make.

I will retain your packet over tomorrow, and will then cause it to be sent to your house. I write under the pressure of occupation and business, and therefore write briefly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Noy Wilkins Esquire

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 31 JANUARY 1861*

MS Rosenbach Museum & Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirty First Jany. 1861

My Dear Dixon.

I have a high respect for the memory of Dundonald,[†1] and a great interest in his story.

But I have no faith in statues, and no desire to help towards the remembrance of any man in that manner. The existing abominations in that wise fill my soul with grief and despair. I will be one of any committee to take any public statue down, but cannot be a committee-man to set one up.

I read the Bacon[†1] through, in a couple of sittings, and with very great pleasure. I cannot *quite* believe, and I am pained by a certain servility[†2] in some of his letters which you do not see there — which may not be there — but which I feel to be there. You make me very curious respecting the New Edition.[†3] Go on and prosper.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

I suppose the Collier[†5] Rally[†6] rather broke down?

To MESSRS GEORGE HEAD & CO.,[†7] 31 JANUARY 1861*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirty First January 1861

Gentlemen

I beg to thank you for your letter of yesterday's date, and to add that I shall be much obliged to you if you will have the goodness to order me 4 tons of coals.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. George Head and Co.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 31 JANUARY 1861*

MS Mr Lewis P. Kinsey, Jr.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirty First January 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I have been writing all day, and am rather addle headed.

I send, enclosed, a cheque for King's[†1] coal bill, and a letter from him. The answer to the latter is, that not being at Gad's Hill, we shall not want more coals at present.

In packing, if you can find room for a bottle or two of Whiskey and Eau d'Or[†2] as liqueurs, put them in.

I have sent 4 tons of coals to Hanover Terrace. Also, reasonably good preparation in the wine and spirit way. Firewood I will instruct John about.

It is not at all probable, I think, that I shall get down between this and Monday

In haste | Ever Affectionately

CD

February

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 1 FEBRUARY 1861†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday First February 1861.

My Dear Cerjat.

[†a]I received my New Year's letter all right, and with my annual pleasure and interest. A New Year would hardly seem to be a New Year unless you sent if off at Christmas time.

Katie and her husband had previously written home to us, to say that they had been greatly annoyed by their preservation in a glass-case at Lausanne.[†3] They were really distressed, disappointed, and worried by it, beyond expression. And feeling it quite hopeless and useless to remain under such circumstances, they shortened their visit. Of course Katie had particularly looked forward to a revival of her old associations at Elysée;[†4] and of course Charles Collins had been particularly prepared for Elysée by his venerable parent-in-law. They have not recovered their absurd situation unto this day, but constantly revert to it, in writing home. I doubt if even you have any adequate notion what the constraint upon them was. I really could hardly believe their account of it at first but thought there must be some unconscious exaggeration in it.[†a]

You have read in the papers of our heavy English frost.[†1] At Gad's Hill it was so intensely cold, that in our warm dining room on Christmas Day, we could hardly sit at the table. In my study on that morning, long after a great fire of coal and wood had been lighted, the thermometer was I don't know where below freezing. The bath froze, and all the pipes froze, and remained in a stony state for five or six weeks. The water in the bedroom jugs froze, and blew up the crockery. The snow on the top of the house froze, and was imperfectly removed with axes. My beard froze as I walked about, and I couldn't detach my cravat and coat from it until I was thawed at the fire. My boys and half the officers stationed at Chatham, skated away, without a check, to Gravesend — five miles off — and repeated the performance for three or four weeks. At last the thaw came, and then everything split — blew up — dripped — poured — perspired — and got spoilt. Since then we have had a small visitation of the plague of servants; the cook (in a riding habit) and the groom (in a dress coat and jewels) having mounted Mary's horse and mine, in our absence, and scoured the neighbouring country at a rattling pace. And when I went home last Saturday, I innocently wondered how the horses came to be out of condition, and gravely consulted the said groom on the subject — who gave it as his opinion "which they wanted reg'lar work". We are now coming to town until Midsummer. Having sold my own house — to be more free and independent [†a](to a Jew who they tell me is one of the greatest rascals in London, but who behaved much better than a Christian, in that transaction),[†a] I have taken a very pretty furnished-house, No. 3 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park. This, of course, on my daughter's account. For I have very good and cheerful bachelor rooms here, with an old servant in charge, who is the cleverest man of his kind in the world, and can do anything — from excellent carpentry to excellent cookery — and has been with me three and twenty years.[†2]

The American business is the greatest English sensation at present.[†3] I venture to predict that the struggle by violence will be a very short one, and will be soon succeeded by some new compact between the Northern and Southern States.[†4] Meantime the Lancashire Mill Owners are getting very uneasy.[†5]

The Italian state of things is not regarded as looking very cheerful.[†1] Apart from one's natural sympathies with a people so oppressed as the Italians,[†2] and one's natural antagonism to a Pope[†3] and a Bourbon[†4] (both of which superstitions I do suppose the World to have had more than enough of) I agree with you concerning Victor Emmanuel,[†5] and greatly fear that the Southern Italians are much degraded.[†6] Still, an United Italy would be of vast importance to the peace of the world, and would be a rock in Louis Napoleon's way — as he very well knows. Therefore the idea must be championed, however much against hope.[†7] That Louis Napoleon will force himself into collision with England at last, I do not in the least doubt and never have in the least doubted.

My eldest boy, just home from China,[†8] was discovered by Townshend's Henri the moment he landed at Marseilles, and was by him borne in triumph to Townshend's rooms. The weather was snowy, slushy, beastly; and Marseilles was, as it usually is to my thinking, well nigh intolerable. My boy couldn't stay with Townshend, as he was coming on by express train; "but" he says, "I sat with him and saw him dine. He had a leg of lamb, and a tremendous cold". That is the whole description I have been able to extract from him.

This journal is doing gloriously, and Great Expectations is a great success. Lever's story has been a dead-weight, and obliged me to rush in to the rescue. But it will soon be finished now, and we shall be all the better yet for that

desirable consummation.[†1] I have taken my third boy Frank (Jeffrey's[†2] godson) into this office. If I am not mistaken he has a natural literary taste[†3] and capacity, and may do very well with a chance so congenial to his mind, and being also entered at the bar.[†4]

[†a]You talk of the Road Murder,[†5] I suppose, even at Lausanne? Not all the Detective Police in existence shall ever persuade me out of the hypothesis that the circumstances have gradually shaped out to my mind. The father was in bed with the nurse: The child was discovered by them, sitting up in his little bed, staring, and evidently going to "tell Ma". The nurse leaped out of bed and instantly suffocated him in the father's presence. The father cut the child about, to distract suspicion (which was effectually done), and took the body out where it was found. Either when he was going for the Police, or when he locked the police up in his own house, or at both times, he got rid of the knife and so forth. It is likely enough that the truth may be never discovered now.[†a]

Dear me, when I have to shew you about London, and we dine en garçon at odd places, I shall scarcely know where to begin! Only yesterday, I walked out from here in the afternoon, and thought I would go down by the Houses of Parliament. When I got there, the day was so beautifully bright and warm, that I thought I would walk on by Mill Bank, to see the river. I walked straight on *for three miles* on a splendid broad esplanade overhanging the Thames,[†6] with immense factories, railway work, and what not, erected on it, and with the strangest beginnings and ends of wealthy streets pushing themselves into the very Thames. When I was a rower on that river it was all broken ground and ditch, with here and there a public house or two, an old mill, and a tall chimney. I had never seen it in any state of transition, though I suppose myself to know this rather large city as well as any one in it.

I beg to send my kindest and most cordial regard to Mrs. Cerjat (tell her I still think cows, humbugs) and to all your daughters. My sailor-boy took low fever when the sickness was on board, and was sent to Haslar[†7] for a fortnight. He got strong at Gad's Hill almost as soon as he came, and has just joined the ship again. I squeeze in this last article of no-news, as you refer to him. I think he knows young Sisson.[†8]

My Dear Cerjat | Ever your faithful and affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGINA HOGARTH 2 FEBRUARY 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Second February 1861.

My Dearest Georgy. I enclose you banknotes for £10:0:0. I write to Mary concerning the horses.

You are quite right in your final discovery and decision touching Boswell.[†1]

Some envelope-case &c. should be brought, I think, for the Library Table in the back dining room. Perhaps you have thought of this, as you think of everything.

I will be at Hanover Terrace to receive you. A van will come to London Bridge — not a little cart — and will call here on its way up, to take in the things that are to come from here. I will go through the rooms presently, and make a list of them.

Surely I put the key of the cupboard where Katie's silver is, *in* the cupboard itself. I seem to have a perfect remembrance thereof, and it is not on my bunch.

Frank will bring, in a parcel, an Uncommercial for the Landlord of the Falcon.[†2] I hope you or Mary may be able to take the Basket and one of the horses, over with it tomorrow. He only needs to be told that I should have come myself but for being in London until the summer.

John is taking the Inventory this morning, and will find it (I should imagine) a pretty tough job. My intention was, that the two boys, Alfred and Harry, should be left *here* until the shades of Evening. I really think their arrival with the caravan — while the Housekeeper is there, and when Head is sure to be backwards and forwards — would have an alarming and not quite truthful aspect. Let them come here, and I will release Frank to take charge of them. They can come up with him, at 5 or 6 o'Clock, to Hanover Terrace.

A business letter, and no more at present.

Ever Affecy | My Dearest Georgy
CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [2 FEBRUARY 1861]

Mention in last. *Date:* as last.

To MESSRS GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO., [EARLY FEBRUARY 1861]

Mention in *To* Lever, 13 Feb 61. *Date:* presumably not long before that letter.

To CHARLES LEVER, 13 FEBRUARY 1861

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday February Thirteenth 1861.

My Dear Lever.

I am very sorry to be obliged to let you know that I cannot sell the republication of the book.[†1] I have taken soundings in various depths, but, beyond Chapman and Hall, have directly offered it to Routledge's house only. They at once refused it; and I am quite certain from the terms of their refusal that it would be most unwise and most injurious to you to extract a similar reply, formally, from other houses. Mind. I speak by the card, and not without anxious and wide observation in the matter.

I have no reason whatever to suppose that I could have done more with Chapman and Hall touching this point, than any one else. But it happened rather absurdly that when I propounded the question to them and expressed myself as confidentially representing you, I found the book to have been already offered them by some one else on your behalf.[†2] Therefore any thing I could have said was effectually forestalled. And further; they seemed to me to have taken a considerable offence against the gentleman in question, for having told them that he could "make wastepaper" of your agreements with them.

I write hastily at the close of a long day here, but this would be the sum and substance of my letter though I had more time to amplify it. Wills tells me he has been writing to you to day,[†3] and I know you will be expecting to hear from me, and I will not lose the same post.

I hope you are in better health and better spirits, and that you will not be put out of conceit so far as to let your contributions drop out of these pages. It pained me to learn that your son occasioned you so much anxiety. But do you not feel that you *must* hold your hand in such a case, and that the road to better things on his part lies through the firmness with which you do so?[†4]

We are in town until Midsummer, and our address is 3 Hanover Terrace Regents Park

Ever My Dear Lever | Your affectionate and faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Lever Esquire

To W. J. EASTWICK, 14 FEBRUARY 1861*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* W. J. Eastwick Esquire / &c &c &c / India Office / Westminster / S.W.

3 Hanover Terrace,
Regents Park
Fourteenth February, 1861.

My Dear Sir

I beg to thank you cordially for your kind letter, and to assure you that I shall always feel as truly obliged to you for your generous and graceful offer,[†1] as though it had been left within your power to carry it into execution.[†2] The altered circumstances cannot, in my remembrance, at all alter the intention.

With Mr. Brackenbury's advice (at whose establishment the son in question[†3] is), I have had my boy trained all along to pass the higher examination, and he is therefore not even turned out of his straight path.[†4] The son already in India[†5] obtained his promotion by great good fortune, within a few months, and has been from the first attached to the 42nd. Highlanders.

My Dear Sir | Your faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

W. J. Eastwick Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 15 FEBRUARY 1861*

MS Mr and Mrs R.C. Wilson.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Friday Fifteenth February 1861.

My Dear Webster

Will you come and dine here next Sunday Week — there's a good long notice for you — with no company, at 6 sharp.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDMUND YATES, 24 FEBRUARY 1861*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park

Sunday Twenty Fourth February 1861.

My Dear Yates.

I can give you the unqualified assurance that there is nothing whatever in the case, but your own impression — aided, however, I do not question, by accidental circumstances. Before Christmas, my story and what I had to do for Christmas kept me in actual bondage for weeks together. After Christmas (that is from the 26th. of December to past the middle of January) I was unwell, at the office to be near my Doctor, and did not once get to Gad's Hill where all the household were. Chronically, when I have a book to write I give myself up to it. Waywardly, my small private rubs make me uncertain in my humour sometimes, and unwilling to tie myself to the slightest engagement.

This is the exact truth, and this is all.

Surely you know me better than to suppose, on consideration, that it is possible I could revert to that little mistake,[†1] after assuring you that I had dismissed it from my mind. I am exactly the same to you as I was before it happened — perfectly unchanged in every respect — not in the least alienated by any cause whatever, real or imaginary.

So innocent was I, that when I met you on Friday and saw you were a little askew, I wondered in my own mind whether Mamie and you might have been exchanging some atoms of misunderstanding!

Do believe me (for I am)
Faithfully Yours Ever
CD.

March

To THOMAS BEARD, 3 MARCH 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire / Portman Road / Maida Hill / W.

3 Hanover Terrace.
Sunday Third March 1861.

My Dear Beard.

Will you let me know how many stalls you will like to have for these Readings, in order that Arthur Smith may know what his list is. I will send to Frank, separately.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MRS NASH,[†1] 5 MARCH 1861*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park

Tuesday Fifth March 1861.

My Dear Esther.

I am exceedingly sorry that you should suppose my silence to have been occasioned by any thing but constant occupation and one or two concurrent causes of procrastination — as for instance, my having been in town (alone at the office) unwell, from the 26th. of December until nearly the end of January — and then my having been house-hunting until we fixed ourselves here, in a really delightful house, until Midsummer. My story is a perpetual employment of my time and thoughts, as I have a great deal to condense into a short space. And the letters I *must* write, are so many that the letters I would like to write, often go to the wall — instead of the post. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

You don't want me to say how sorry I am to hear of the illness of your daughters, or how I sympathize with you in that distress and anxiety away out yonder.[†2] You want me to exchange news with you, and I go on to do it.

Katie and her husband have come home; but how long they may remain at home is unknown to the writer of these presents as it probably is to themselves. Katie looks extremely well, and they seem to get on together admirably. Charley is at work upon a book describing their journey, with illustrations by himself.[†3] I ardently wish he were painting, instead;[†4] but of course I don't say so. There are no "Great Expectations" of perspective[†5] Collinses.[†6] Which I think a blessed thing, though again I don't say so. Old Mrs. Collins[†7] dined here last Sunday week, and contradicted everybody upon every subject for five hours and a half, and was invariably Pig-headed and wrong. So I was very glad when she tied her head up in a bundle and took it home, — though again I didn't say so.

Wilkie is in a potential and popular state, and is beginning to think of a new book, looming some eight or ten months ahead. He has made his rooms in Harley Street,[†8] very handsome and comfortable. We never speak of the (female) skeleton in that house,[†9] and I therefore have not the least idea of the state of his mind on that subject. I hope it does not run in any matrimonial groove. I can imagine similar cases in which that end is well and wisely put to

the difficulty. But I can *not* imagine any good coming of such an end in this instance.

I am just as I was when I last saw you, except for being busier; almost absorbed. I am going to read at St. James's Hall, three times in this month;[†1] and I shall probably go into the country for that purpose in October, November, and December.[†2] Arthur Smith manages for me, of course. He told me of a curious special instance of the changes of Life and Death. There came to him the other day, a long letter written from China by Bowlby[†3] — the Times correspondent, afterwards killed there — to Albert.[†4] Albert was dead when it was written,[†5] and Bowlby was dead when it arrived!

The madness of the English world is at present revolving round "Essays and Reviews"[†6] — a collection of writings by some eminent men in orders, respecting the heresy whereof there is mighty bluster and balderdash.[†7] The Bishops are wonderful to consider in their holdings forth upon the subject. I suspect there are an odd few thousands of people in this country, beginning to think with a little doubtful

amazement, that whenever that wonderful Institution[†8] shews itself, it is always aggressive and abusive. Here are the holy creatures pitching their right reverend mud about in all directions, but not a lawn sleeve fluttered when the poor law broke down in the frost and the people [more meritorious of the poor][†9] were starving to death.[†10] The world moves very slowly, after all, and I sometimes feel as grim as — Richard Wardour sitting on the chest in the midst of it.[†11]

My son Charley has just come home from China, and is seeking for a mercantile partnership, and, when he finds it, will probably marry the daughter of Mr. Evans the printer[†12] — the very last person on earth whom I could desire so to honor me. But it is not his fault, for they have been engaged since they

were mere children. It is sure not to answer — if my authority on such a subject can be accepted.[†1]

Mary is as she was, and Georgina of course. We do very well indeed together, and live in peace. Gad's Hill has been very much improved since you were there. It looked very pretty yesterday when we were down there, even with the house abandoned and all its hair in papers, and a shrill North wind howling and raging at it fiercely.

This is all the news I have outside my story, and I know that if I lay this sheet of paper by, one single hour, and wait to think of more, I shall never send it. So I send this no-letter rather than none at all, and entreat you to put me back in my old place in your heart, as one whose regard for you cannot be capricious.[†2]

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

Kindest regard from Mary and Georgina.

To H. WHITWORTH JONES, 5 MARCH, 1861*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* H. Whitworth Jones Esquire | 14 Arlington Street | Piccadilly | W.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Tuesday Fifth March 1861.

My Dear Whitworth Jones.

I am very glad to hear that you are so steadily getting on: but I shall be more glad to see you and have the assurance from your own lips that you are yourself again.

Don't hate me, and don't let your fair relative hate me (if you can help it) for what I am going to say. I never do what you ask me to do in the case of Miss Procter.[†3] If I did, I should inevitably become in a few weeks the terror of all the artists in all kinds whom I know;[†4] and (though I feel that I ought to have put this sneaking consideration first), such fearful album-Retribution would be visited on me, that I should have to die presently, or fly to the Rocky Mountains.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

H. Whitworth Jones Esquire.

To E. M. WARD,[†1] 9 MARCH 1861

MS Yale University Library

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Saturday Night, Ninth March 1861.

My Dear Ward.

I cannot tell you how gratified I have been by your letter, and what a splendid recompense it is for any pleasure I am giving you.[†2] Such generous and earnest sympathy from such a brother-artist, gives me true delight. I am proud of it, believe me, and nerved by it to do all the better.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E.M. Ward Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 11 MARCH 1861

MS Huntington Library.

3 Hanover Terrace
Monday Eleventh March 1861

My Dear Wills

I have had a begging letter from that Robert Barrow[†3] — a very bad one by the way — with an awful affectation of Christian piety in it — a pretence of having known me and offended me, which is altogether a Lie — and the usual blaring assumption (of which I shall die at last) that I am immensely rich.

If you would not object to see him, I shall be very much obliged to you if you will do so once more, at that same wretched lodging hard by Holborn. He seems to have no idea of my having already relieved him. I wish you would tell him that you have already given him £2 and that you have £3 more in hand; but that you must impress upon him in the strongest manner that he has no hope in making any further appeal to me — that it is quite impossible and monstrous — that I am quite weighed down and loaded and chained in life, by the enormous drags upon me which are already added to the charges of my own large family — and that he must not deceive himself with the notion of my assisting him further. It is very important indeed that he should be got to understand this, quite apart from the question of his own necessities.

I declare to you that what with my mother — and Alfred's family — and my Angel[†4] Wife — and a Saunders[†5] or so — I seem to stop sometimes like a steamer in a storm, and deliberate whether I shall go on whirling, or go down.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To F. C. BEARD, 12 MARCH 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Frank Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | W.

3 Hanover Terrace | Tuesday Twelfth March 1861.

My Dear Frank Beard

Your tickets for Thursday[†1] will be sent straight to your house. If you talk about numbers, and apply such preposterous expressions to a mean Three, I'll never — get into difficulties any more.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To HENRY LESLIE,[†2] 15 MARCH 1861*

MS (signature only in CD's hand) British Library.

Wellington Street Strand
15 March 1861

Sir,

The Committee of the Hullah Fund have the great gratification of acknowledging with sincere thanks your cordial cooperation in the concerts lately given in aid of their object.

I remain | Yours faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Chairman

Hy Leslie Esq

To HENRI VIEUXTEMPS, 15 MARCH 1861*

MS (signature only in CD's hand) Mme Jean Vieuxtemps.

Wellington St, Strand W.C.
15th March 1861

Sir

The Committee of the Hullah Fund have the great gratification of acknowledging with sincere thanks your cordial cooperation at the Concert lately given in aid of their object.

I remain | Yours faithfy
CHARLES DICKENS
Chairman

Monsr. Vieuxtemps

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 16 MARCH 1861

Mention in Heritage Book Shop catalogue, 1987; *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 Mar 61; addressed Messrs Coutts & Co.

Asking them to pay the bearer 10 guineas.[†1]

To MISS SARA M. GOLDSMITH,[†2] 18 MARCH 1861*

MS Mrs L. Campbell-Wilson. *Address:* Miss Sara M. Goldsmith | 70 Parrock Street | Milton | Gravesend.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park, London
Monday Eighteenth March, 1861.

Madam.

Constant occupation has prevented my returning an earlier reply to your letter.

I regret to assure you that I can in no wise advance your desire to obtain employment in illustrating books. The enclosed sketches have considerable merit as a lady's drawings, though I cannot honestly say that they express my intention in their rendering of character.[†3] But I am not associated with any illustrated work, nor am I at all likely to be.

I am Madam | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Goldsmith

To CHARLES MANBY,[†4] 18 MARCH 1861*

MS Yale University Library.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Monday Eighteenth March 1861.

My Dear Manby.

I have read that concise and terse résumé, with the greatest interest. Nothing on the part of the Circumlocution Office (except efficiency and plain sense) could possibly surprise me; or I should have wondered a little at these disclosures.†5

All The Year Round shall lend its aid to the good cause of honest science.†1

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire.

To [E. J. FRASER],†2 20 MARCH 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twentieth March 1861

My Dear Sir

I quite agree with you.†3

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 22 MARCH 1861*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

3 Hanover Terrace
Friday Twenty Second March 1861.

My Dear Milnes

My Readings†4 will stand thus:
Thursday April 4th — Little Dombey and Pickwick Trial
Thursday April 11th — Carol and Mrs Gamp
Thursday April 18th — Little Dombey and Pickwick Trial

If you should purpose coming with Mrs Milnes†5 on any night, let me know, whenever you decide, and it will be a pleasure to me to send you the Stalls I should best like you to have.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Monckton Milnes Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 25 MARCH 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address: Private* | Thomas Beard Esquire | Morning Herald Office | Shoe Lane.

3 Hanover Terrace | Twenty Fifth March 1861.

My Dear Beard

Since you mentioned to me in the last note I had from you, that you were doing some little things for the Observer, I have been again and again turning over in my mind the old question whether there are not some kinds of articles that you surely could do for All The Year Round.

To make what I mean, as practical and intelligible as possible in the shortest way, I send you a pamphlet I have lately received,[†1] which in the main expresses the views I have often urged respecting Prison Discipline — which sensibly shows what evil is done by injudicious Jail-Chaplains — and points out in what glaring respects their pet ways of carrying on, are wrong.[†2] Now, don't you think that you could write just such an abstract of this pamphlet, and account of this question according to its writer's views and experience, as I want? And don't you think you could do it quite as well as another man? I *do.*

If you can find it in your heart to make the attempt, only fancy throughout that you are doing your utmost to tell some man something in the pleasantest and most intelligent way that is natural to you — and that he is on the whole a pleasant and intelligent fellow too, though rather afraid of being bored — and I really cannot doubt your coming out well. It is painful to me to consider that these subjects are constantly arising; that they must be done by some one; and that they are always going into other hands while yours are empty.[†3]

And talking of emptiness — why don't you come into my room at St. James's Hall where there is always a lump of Ice and a little Old Brandy? Why do I see you sitting on the ends of rows whence you could glide out like the old Serpent, and sticking there like a fixture???

Ever affecy.

CD.

To C. P. MEASOR,[†1] 25 MARCH 1861*

MS Benoliel Collection.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Twenty Fifth March 1861.

Dear Sir

I have read your pamphlet[†2] with much interest; the rather, as I have often tried hard to attract attention to the enormous absurdity of the separate solitary system, and to the great harm done to society by the proceedings of injudicious chaplains.

In the course of the ensuing month I shall hope to render some little aid towards making your views better known.[†3]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. P. Measor Esquire

To THOMAS MITTON, 25 MARCH 1861

MS Huntington Library.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Twenty Fifth March 1861.

My Dear Mitton

I enclose you the fire Insurance office notices, and a crossed cheque for the amount.[†4] My additional readings are appointed thus:—
Thursday 4th. April — Little Dombey and Pickwick Trial
Thursday 11th. April — Carol and Mrs. Gamp
Thursday 18th. April — Little Dombey and Pickwick Trial.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To J. H. NIGHTINGALE,[†1] 25 MARCH 1861

MS Kyoto University of Foreign Studies. *Address:* J. H. Nightingale Esquire | Messrs. Lee and Nightingale | Liverpool.

Hanover Terrace, Regents park
Twenty Fifth March 1861.

My Dear Sir

I send you many thanks for the latest intelligence of the young man of the name of Guppy.[†2] I hope he will think better of "not existing" and "not enduring", for I feel a lively interest in his lasting a long time.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. H. Nightingale Esquire

To [FREDERIC CHAPMAN], 27 MARCH 1861*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Seventh March 1861.

My Dear Sir

The Household-Words-rebinding charge seems clear enough. If you have had to incur it because you could not otherwise sell those volumes, it is clear to me that you ought to be reimbursed. Therefore I quite admit its propriety.

I suppose it will be best for you to write off the total of these bills against my credit in your books. If you will please to do so, I will cancel them all as paid and done with.

I cannot quite make out what is wanted about the cuts for the Old Curiosity Shop.[†3] The shortest plan would be for us to go over them together. If you could call on me tomorrow — at Hanover Terrace at half past one — we would dispose of the thing at once. I am quite clear that it will be best *not* to have any new cuts for the reprinted pieces.[†4] Never mind the old ones coming near[†5]

To CHARLES B. LOCOCK,[†1] 27 MARCH 1861*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Charles B. Locock Esquire.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Seventh March 1861.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed MS for insertion in these pages. It is very intelligent and pleasant — if you will excuse my making the remark — but does not possess any little speciality to render it, as a travelling experience, available for this Journal. There are already in type here, many articles of a similar kind, which I am not able to find room for, by reason of their wanting some distinctive feature. And I am really afraid of the responsibility of increasing their number.

With many thanks, pray believe me
My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles B Locock Esquire

To SIR CHARLES LOCOCK,[†2] 28 MARCH 1861*

MS New York Public Library. *Address* (envelope MS Free Library of Philadelphia)*:* Sir Charles Locock MD | 26 Hertford Street | May Fair | W. PM 28 Mar 61.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Twenty Eighth March 1861.

My Dear Sir Charles Locock.

I am honored by your request, and happy to comply with it on the other side.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. MRS WILLIAM COWPER,[†3] 29 MARCH 1861*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Twenty Ninth March 1861.

Madam.

I beg to express my real regret that I cannot have the pleasure of attending the Meeting[†4] to which you do me the honor to invite me. But my occupations are so heavy just now that the few public engagements of that nature I am able to

make for the present season, have long been made, and it is not in reason possible for me to augment the list.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Mrs. William Cowper.

To E. J. FRASER, 29 MARCH 1861*

MS Private. *Address:* E. J. Fraser Esquire | 26 Craven Street | Charing Cross | W.C.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Twenty Ninth March 1861.

My Dear Sir

It is a most handsome proceeding on the part of the Sacred Harmonic Society.[†1] I am very glad to have seen the letter, and thank you.

The cheque is enclosed, duly signed.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

E. J. Fraser Esquire

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, 29 MARCH 1861*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

3 Hanover Terrace.
Friday Twenty Ninth March 1861.

My Dear Milnes.

I will take care that the Stalls are sent to you. But unfortunately, we are engaged for the next day, the 12th. otherwise we should have had great pleasure in coming.

Charles Reade's address is Bolton Row May Fair (No. 6). But as he has let his house for the season, the safest course is to address him at the Garrick Club, Covent Garden.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

April

To JOHN LEECH,[†2] 3 APRIL 1861

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 32 Brunswick Square | W.C.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Third April 1861.

My Dear Leech. I write — the instant I perceive the chance — to say that I am not quite certain of my freedom on Monday. I will write again, on Saturday or Sunday at latest, when I see how my work runs.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To THE REV. ROBERT WHISTON,[†1] 3 APRIL 1861

Text from N, III, 213.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Third April 1861

My Dear Mr. Whiston,

We are staying in town until midsummer when we purpose returning to Gad's Hill. Our address is 3, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park.

I fear that the case of the Baron de Bode is beyond any help but the Prime Minister's.[†2] It is unquestionably far, far, beyond the range of a Journal like this. The Public are utterly exhausted on the

subject. It had worn out the House of Commons, to my certain knowledge, thirty years ago.[†3] To endeavour to drag it from the Limbo of Forlorn Things, into these pages, would be, I assure you, about the most impracticable and most utterly useless and desperate step I could take in association with them. Not very long since, I endeavoured to impress this upon the gentleman chiefly interested[†4] — of course, in vain. My impression of the merits of the case (derived from a perusal of its printed summary) was favorable, but my conviction of my profound inability to do anything with it or for it was complete.

I suppose your sister knows which two creatures took the smallest quantity of luggage into the Ark, and that she perfectly understands how the Cock and the Fox had only one comb and brush between them.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 APRIL 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park.
Fourth April, 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

We have a house here until Midsummer, and I received your letter here this morning.

We will contrive to print — say, a third of the story,[†1] and I do not doubt that you may rely on my knowledge of the Audience to be almost certain of its effect. I think it a very wise idea to get it into type, and, if you will let me have it, I will take care that it is done without loss of time. I am not at all afraid of the idea that you describe, *in the abstract.* On the contrary, I think the ingenious point of view from which you take it, likely to disarm the objection that might otherwise arise. But I think I could be all but certain on that head, with a sweep of the story before me.

The sooner you can let me have some MS, the better. The printer shall be put upon it straight.

[†a]My story will finish in the first week in August. Yours ought to begin in the last week of July, or the last week but one. Wilkie Collins will be at work to follow you. The publication has made a very great success with "Great Expectations", and could not present a finer time for you.[†a]

In haste | Ever Affecy.
CD.

To JOHN LEECH, 6 APRIL 1861

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address*: John Leech Esquire | 32 Brunswick Square | W.C.

3 Hanover Terrace
Saturday Sixth April, 1861.

My Dear Leech

If we postpone our afternoon for a fortnight, we shall probably get better weather, and I shall enjoy it much more. While my Readings are in hand concurrently with a story, I can scarcely make sure of any holiday, and am made anxious by having any pending engagement. Thursday week will see the Readings out for this London season, and then — as we say — Yoicks![†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To LADY OLLIFFE, 6 APRIL 1861

Extract in Charles Hamilton Galleries catalogue No. 92 (1975); *MS* 1p.; dated 3 Hanover Terrace, 6 Apr 61; addressed Lady Olliffe.

I send you a little fan today[†1] which I hope you will like, if not for its sake, for mine. I tried one with a legend in spangles, "I'm not the humbug some people call me", but it didn't look well. *Begging forgiveness for the loss of papers belonging to Olliffe.* ... in the awful confiscation of printed papers that always goes on here ... *Olliffe had described their contents* with such astonishing exactness, that he can't want them.

To LADY OLLIFFE, 7 APRIL 1861†

MS Benoliel Collection.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Sunday Seventh April, 1861.

My Dear Lady Olliffe

It would have given me the greatest pleasure to have dined with you on the anniversary of your wedding day, but it most unfortunately happens that I am engaged that day to dine with George Moore, of Kensington Palace Gardens,[†2] who is (as John Gilpin was)

a citizen
Of credit and renown.[†3]

I would have got rid of the engagement somehow, if it had been an ordinary one, but he proposed the day at a month's notice, as being the day after my last Reading this season.

Tell Olliffe with my love, how heartily vexed I am.

Why did you get married on the nineteenth? Why didn't you take the twentieth — when I am *not* engaged and could have come to you? Olliffe couldn't wait, I suppose; but it's hard that I should suffer for it!

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY OLLIFFE, 10 APRIL 1861*

MS (fragment) Chas J. Sawyer Ltd.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Tenth[†4] April 1861.

My Dear Lady Olliffe

On the 20th I shall be delighted to come — and I have no doubt that Wills[†5]

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, [13 APRIL 1861]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Sir Joseph Olliffe | Rue St. Florentin | Paris. PM London 13 Apr 61. *Date:* Misdated by CD, Saturday was 13th.

Saturday Twelfth April, 1861

My Dear Olliffe. To the best of my remembrance, the enclosed is very like the missing letter.[†1] Ever Cordially Yours CD.[†2]

To LADY OLLIFFE, 13 APRIL 1861

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue (Dec 1935); *MS* 1 p.; dated 3 Hanover Terrace, 13 Apr 61; addressed Lady Olliffe.

The letter has been sent to Olliffe this afternoon.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-APRIL 1861]

Text from F, IX, iii, 737. *Date:* He finished *Great Expectations* on or just before 11 June (*To* Macready, that day); if his hope of "two months" more work was fulfilled, he was writing in mid-April.

It is a pity that the third portion[†3] cannot be read all at once, because its purpose would be much more apparent; and the pity is the greater, because the general turn and tone of the working out and winding up, will be away from all such things as they conventionally go. But what must be, must be. As to the planning out from week to week, nobody can imagine what the difficulty is, without trying.[†4] But, as in all such cases, when it is overcome the pleasure is proportionate. Two months more will see me through it, I trust. All the iron is in the fire, and I have "only" to beat it out.

To THOMAS BEARD, 18 APRIL 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill. | W.

3 Hanover Terrace
Thursday Eighteenth April, 1861

My Dear Beard

I can HONESTLY[†1] tell you — which I do with the heartiest pleasure — that I think you have very skilfully and completely presented the case of the pamphlet.[†2] The condensation, and slight touch here and there, which I think will improve it, I will mark in the proof. And if you can come to the office next Wednesday at 12, I will have the Proof there with my markings upon it, as a small guide for the future. The changes that occur to me are certainly no greater than I make in five out of every six papers that go in.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I write hastily, before taking a pull at Little Dombey for tonight.[†3]

To CHARLES READE, 18 APRIL 1861*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

3 Hanover Terrace | Thursday Eighteenth April, 1861.

My Dear Reade

I congratulate you heartily, on your victory over the accursed brood of pirates.[†4] The Times account was in my hand when your note arrived this morning, and I was just going to send you these words.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Reade Esquire.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 21 APRIL 1861

Extract in Francis Edwards catalogue No. 915 (Mar 1968); *MS* 1 p.; dated 3 Hanover Terrace, 21 Apr 61.

If you can give me a call here, tomorrow morning ... I shall be glad to speak to you on the subject concerning copyrights.

To MRS GASKELL, 22 APRIL 1861

MS Dickens House.

All The Year Round
Twenty Second April, 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell.

I will endeavour to get your letter back, by Wednesday or Thursday. It is quite likely that it has never been opened, as no human creature can imagine how impossible it is for that lady[†1] to keep pace with her correspondents, or anyhow to prevent the accumulation of hundreds of letters. Wills does a great deal of business for her, and is now away, as her representative in some affair of charity, in Devonshire.[†2] The letter may be in his hands. If he does not return on Wednesday (when I expect him) I will go to Miss Coutts.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 25 APRIL 1861

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1883; *MS* 1 p.; dated 25 Apr 61; addressed B. Webster.

To E. M. WARD, 25 APRIL 1861*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address* (Sotheby's catalogue, June 1955): E. M. Ward Esquire R.A. | Kent Villas | Lansdowne Road | Notting Hill | W. PM. 25 Apr 61.

3 Hanover Terrace
Thursday Twenty Fifth April, 1861.

My Dear Ward

I have the greatest interest in Fechter[†4] (on whom I called by the way, as I hope he knows), and should have been heartily glad to meet him again.[†5] But —

one word in such a case is as good, or bad, as a thousand — I am engaged on Tuesday beyond the possibility of back-out or put-off.

With kind regard to Mrs. Ward,[†1] in which my daughter and Miss Hogarth join,
Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire.

To H. K. BROWNE, 28 APRIL 1861

Extract in Edgar Browne, *Phiz and Dickens,* 1913, p. 52-3.

I took a young lady unknown down to dinner, and talking to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese,[†2] I found she was Mrs. Cheese.[†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 APRIL 1861]

Extracts in F, VIII, vi, 687 and F, XI, iii, 840. *Date:* 28 Apr 61 according to Forster.

We are all well here and flourishing. On the 18th I finished the readings as I purposed. We had between seventy and eighty pounds in the stalls, which, at four shillings apiece, is something quite unprecedented in these times.... The result of the six was, that, after paying a large staff of men and all other charges, and Arthur Smith's ten per cent. on the receipts, and replacing everything destroyed in the fire at St. Martin's Hall[†4] (including all our tickets, country-baggage, cheque-boxes, books, and a quantity of gas-fittings and what not), I got upwards of £500. A very great result. We certainly might have gone on through the season, but I am heartily glad to be concentrated on my story.

I have distinguished myself in two respects lately. I took a young lady, unknown, down to dinner, and, talking to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese, I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And I

expatiated to the member for Marylebone, Lord Fermoy, generally conceiving him to be an Irish member, on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representations.[†1]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 28 APRIL 1861[†2]

MS Lytton Papers.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park N.W
Sunday Twenty Eighth April, 1861

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

[†a]I will explain to you when I see you, how the calculation of the MS was made. You will find (or I am greatly mistaken) that it was quite correctly made. I looked into it again, the other day.[†a]

The question of length may be easily adjusted.

Of the misgiving you entertain, I cannot, of course, judge until you give me leave to rush to the perusal. I swear that I never thought I had half so much self-denial as I have shewn in this case! I think I shall come out at Exeter Hall as a choice vessel,[†3] on the strength of it. In the meanwhile, I have quickened the Printer and told him to get on fast. [†b]And thinking that Proofs may have gone to you at St. James's Place last night, I will speed them — if they have — to Knebworth.[†b]

You cannot think how happy you make me by what you write of Great Expectations. There is nothing like the pride of making such an effect on such a writer as you.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

May

To JAMES LOWE, 1 MAY 1861*

MS Claremont College Libraries, California. *Address:* Private | James Lowe Esquire | Critic Office.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday First May 1861.

Dear Sir

The effusions of that ridiculous man have been sent here by the square yard for a long time past. Beyond all doubt his being placed on the Pension List with any reference to Literature, or to the commonest and coarsest fringe upon the skirts of Literature, is about as flagrant and insolent an abuse of trust as any

Minister could in that way commit.[†1] But to the best of my belief, the House of Commons likes these things — thinks them jaunty, Palmerstonian, Devil-may-careish, and the Devil himself *only* knows what else. Nor have I in my soul the faintest ray of belief that any exposure or remonstrance would affect anybody concerned.[†2]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Lowe Esquire

To F. D. FINLAY, 6 MAY 1861

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Monday Sixth May, 1861.

My Dear Mr. Finlay

There are no printed abridgements of the Carol, Dombey, &c as I read them, or nearly as I read them. Nor is there any such abridgement in existence, save in my own copies; and there it is made, in part physically, and in part mentally, and no human being but I myself could hope to follow it.[†3] Pray explain this to Dr. Ferguson,[†4] that he may understand my inability to comply with the request.

We are here until the second week in June, when we go back to Gad's Hill. There is little chance of my coming back to Ireland yet awhile. Late in the autumn I may be in Scotland, but my daughter has scant prospect at present of the parental escort to the first gem of the sea. She begs me to say that we shall be very glad to see you in Kent again, if you come that way.

We have a very seasonable Spring here. Sharp and bitter winds, hail, and snow.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis D Finlay Esquire

To WILLIAM WILSON,[†1] 6 MAY 1861*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Monday Sixth May, 1861.

Dear Sir

I regret that my absence should have delayed the return of the enclosed document.

Without the least reference to the merits of the case, I think it right to refrain from attaching my signature to the Memorial,[†2] for the reason that I have already strongly recommended two other literary cases, which are now — or ought to be — under the Minister's consideration. If I presented another, I might have the appearance of signing loosely, and might do more harm than good.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Wilson Esquire

To M. J. HIGGINS, 7 MAY 1861*

MS Dickens House.

3 Hanover Terrace | Tuesday Night, Seventh May, 1861.

My Dear Higgins.

I am exceedingly sorry that there should have been a preposterous mistake in the matter of answering — or rather not answering — your kind note of invitation. I supposed that my daughter had done so, and she supposed that I had done so. My disinterested opinion is, that a trifle of Neuralgia I have had in the face is alone to blame.

We shall be very happy to come, as per Circumlocutional document enclosed.

Faithfully Yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

M. J. Higgins Esquire

To EDWARD AND FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 8 MAY 1861†

MS Walter T. Spencer.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Wednesday Eighth May, 1861

My Dear Sirs.

I return you Mr. Evans's letter. Without desiring to gainsay his general argument,[†3] I must still repeat to you that I think the price he puts upon the

shares and stock, too high.[†1] You know that I think it too high, because I told you myself that I considered £3,250 (adding the odd £250, after consideration and re-consideration) the utmost that I could ask you for the fourth share you are to buy of me, in order that you may be equally interested in the whole issue of my books.[†2]

Now, I do not want to complicate or embitter the transaction by saying anything more than this:— You have a fourth share to buy of me and you have a fourth share to buy of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. With the latter, you must make the best and fairest bargain you can. I see no reason whatever, nor do I think that any just man could see any reason whatever, why it should be harder for you to arrive at a reasonable conclusion with them than with me. If I remember aright, you told me that something had been said to you in Whitefriars, concerning the future printing of the books. If that has anything to do with the matter, you know perfectly well from me that I have no intention whatever of interfering on that head.[†3]
Messrs. Edward and Frederic Chapman

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 8 MAY 1861*

MS Rosenbach Museum & Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eighth May 1861

My Dear Dixon.

I enclose you[†4] cheque for Miss Jerrold's halfyear's income,[†5] less Income Tax. Will you kindly send me her receipt at your convenience?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To CHARLES ELLIS, 8 MAY 1861

Catalogue extract in N, III, 218; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of *AYR*, 8 May 61.

The growth and treatment of several kinds of wine formed the subject of a series of papers in Household Words[†1] which renders it very unlikely that the subject will soon be resumed here.[†2]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 8 MAY 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Wednesday Eighth May, 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I am anxious to let you know that Mr. Frederic Lehmann who is coming down to Knebworth to see you (with his sister Mrs. Benzon,[†3] and the American protegée[†4] to whom you have been so kind), is a particular friend of mine, for whom I have a very high and warm regard. Although he would sufficiently enlist your sympathy on his own behalf, I am sure that you will not be the less interested in him because I am.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To BENJAMIN LILLIE, 10 MAY 1861

MS Lieut Commander Vic Zoschak.

3 Hanover Terrace
Friday Tenth May, 1861.

Mr. Lillie

Please to make the alteration in the two windows in Wellington Street, agreeably to the estimate[†5] you have sent me, and to have the work completed

with all convenient speed. Be so good as to be careful that the bottom sashes are capable of being easily raised and the top sashes of being easily let down.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 12 MAY 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

3 Hanover Terrace
Sunday Twelfth May, 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I received your revised proofs only yesterday, and I sat down to read them last night. And before I say any thing further, I may tell you that I COULD NOT[†1] lay them aside, but was obliged to go on with them in my bedroom until I got into a very ghostly state indeed. This morning I have taken them again, and have gone through them with the utmost attention.

Of the beauty and power of the writing, I say not a word; or of its originality and boldness; or of its quite extraordinary constructive skill. I confine myself solely to your misgiving,[†2] and to the question whether there is any sufficient foundation for it.

On the last head I say without the faintest hesitation, most decidedly there is NOT[†3] sufficient foundation for it. I do not share it in the least. I believe that the readers who have never given their minds (or perhaps had any to give) to those strange psychological mysteries in ourselves, of which we are all more or less conscious, will accept your wonders as curious weapons in the armoury of Fiction, and will submit themselves to the art with which said weapons are used. Even to that class of intelligence, the Marvellous addresses itself from a very strong position; and that class of intelligence is not accustomed to [†a]find the Marvellous in[†a] such very powerful hands as yours. On more imaginative readers, the tale will fall (or I am greatly mistaken) like a spell. By readers who combine some imagination, some scepticism, and some knowledge and learning, I hope it will be regarded as full of strange fancy and curious study, startling reflections of their own thoughts and speculations at odd times, and wonders which a Master has a right to evoke. In the last point lies, to my thinking, the whole case. If you were the Magician's servant instead of the Magician, these potent spirits would get the better of you; but you *are* the Magician, and they don't, and you make them serve your purpose.

Occasionally in the dialogue I see an expression here and there, which might — always solely with a reference to your misgiving — be better away; and I think that the vision — to use the word for want of a better — in the Museum, should be made a little less abstruse.[†4] I should not say that, if the Sale of the

Journal were below the sale of the Times newspaper; but as it is probably several thousands higher, I do.[†1] I would also suggest that after the title, we put the two words A ROMANCE.[†2] It is an absurdly easy device for getting over your misgiving with the blockheads, but I think it would be an effective one.[†3] I don't, on looking at it, like the title. Here are a few that have occurred to me.

The Steel Casket.
The Lost Manuscript.[†4]
Derval Court.
Perpetual Youth.
Magic
Doctor Fenwick[†5]
Life and Death.[†6]

The four last, I think the best. There is an objection to "Doctor Fenwick", because there has been Doctor Antonio;[†7] and there is a book of Dumas' which repeats the objection.[†8] I don't think Fenwick startling enough. It appears to me that a more startling title would take the (John) Bull by the horns, and would be a serviceable concession to your misgiving, as suggesting a story off the stones of the gas-lighted Brentford Road.

The title is the first thing to be settled, and cannot be settled too soon. It is already time that Wills had his bills and announcements, in the Printers hands. The preparation in that wise required for our agencies in the country, is something enormous, and imperatively requires time.

For the purposes of the weekly publication, the divisions of the Story will often have to be greatly changed; though afterwards, in the complete book, you can of course divide it into chapters free from that reference. For example: I would end the 1st. chapter, on the 3rd. slip at, "and through the ghastly streets, under the ghastly moon, went back to my solitary room." The rest of what is now your 1st. chapter might be made chapter II, and would end the first weekly part.[†9] I think I have become, by dint of necessity and practice, rather cunning in this regard; and perhaps you would not mind my looking closely to such points from week to week. It so happens that if you had written the opening of this story expressly for the occasion, its striking incidents could not possibly have followed one another better.[†10] One other merely mechanical change I suggest

now. I would not have an initial letter for the town, but would state in the beginning that I gave the town a fictitious name.[†1] I suppose a blank or a dash rather fends a good many people off — because it always has that effect upon me.

Be sure that I am perfectly frank and open in all I have said in this note, and that I have not a grain of reservation in my mind. I think the story a very fine one, one that no other man could write, and that there is no strength in your misgiving, for the two reasons: Firstly, that the work is professedly a work of Fancy and Fiction, in which the reader is not required against his will, to take any thing for Fact: Secondly, that it is written by the man who can write it. The Magician's servant does not know what to do with the Ghost, and has consequently no business with him. The Magician does know what to do with him, and has all the business with him that he can transact.

I am quite at ease on the points that you have expressed yourself as not at ease upon. Quite. I cannot too often say that if they were carried on weak shoulders, they would break the bearer down. But in your mastering of them, lies the mastery over the reader.

This will reach you at Knebworth, I hope, tomorrow afternoon. Pray give your doubts to the winds of that high spot, and believe that if I were there I would swarm up the flag-staff quite as nimbly as Margrave,[†2] and nail the Fenwick colours to the top.

Ever affecy. Yours

CD.

To MRS CAMPBELL,[†3] 13 MAY 1861

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue, Spring 1926; *MS* 1 p.; dated Hanover Terrace, 13 May 61; addressed Mrs Campbell.

I am very sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of coming to you on Sunday, and submitting my countenance to your liege lord's art. But I am under a dread promise to sit to a German artist[†4] on that day,[†5] and I have been for the last fortnight by turns cursing my weakness in ever having committed myself to the said promise, and devising plans for flying the country. If you should hear of me as "missing" you will know what it means.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 15 MAY 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fifteenth May 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

This being my day of the week here, I answer your letter from here, and will immediately send round for your MS and read it here. I am a pretty good hand at MS and know your writing so well, that I think I shall have little difficulty in getting on.

Your first request I had already anticipated. I had read the Proofs myself to a woman[†1] whom I could implicitly trust, and in whom I have frequently observed (in the case of my own proofs) an intuitive sense and discretion that I have set great store by. The effect was, a very strong interest and no misgiving whatever.

Wills has no genius, and is, in literary matters, sufficiently commonplace to represent a very large proportion of our readers. Moreover, he has had 12 years experience of this work, weekly and daily, with me. He too was enchained by the story, and obliged to go on. He has no fears of the story, and thinks it will certainly make a sensation. His suggestion to me was, "If Sir Edward should lengthen it, don't you think he would point the mysterious and supernatural parts more, by getting in among them, some new touches of character and ordinary life". That was all.

Wilkie Collins is a partner here for 3 years, and I can trust him implicitly. Without a word either way, I will shew him the proofs today — seat him here before me — and see him read them, while I read your MS. I will come round to you at 4 in the afternoon, unless you send me word here, in the meantime, that you will not be at home. Tomorrow I go back to my own story, and I should like to see you today.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 16 MAY 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

3 Hanover Terrace | Thursday Sixteenth May, 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I send you enclosed:
1st. A Proof of mine, shewing the length of an average Weekly No.
2nd. Some suggested titles, in type. Of which I have no doubt whatever, that *the last one* is the best.[†2] If you can conscientiously sanction the last one, do, and it will greatly facilitate our proceedings.

3rd. The Proofs up to the point where the philosophical conversations may be said to cease, marked in pencil where I would cut.[†1]
4th. The MS from the point where the Printers have stopped.

The suggestions we discussed yesterday, are:
[†a]In shortening the conversations, to bring out the immediate human interest; particularly, through Isabel.[†2]
To make the vision in the Museum less abstruse,[†3] and perhaps to shadow out in Margrave's brain, his part of wickedness in the story.[†4]
Greatly to condense the MS read by Fenwick at Derval Court.[†5]
To substitute some other terror for the Raising of the Dead from the Mausoleum.[†6a]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To G. HEWITT,[†7] 20 MAY 1861*

MS Benoliel Collection.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Monday Twentieth May, 1861.

Dear Sir

I beg to assure you that I have never taken the least offence against the Managers of your Institution,[†8] and that I have never had the faintest cause for any, and that I regard it with the most cordial interest and good will. My books were sent by my direction, straight from the Publishers; and this is the sole cause of my not having written in them.

On the other side,[†9] I send you a few words, which can be inserted where you think best.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Hewitt Esquire

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 20 MAY 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Monday Twentieth May, 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I did not read from Australia to the end,[†1] because I was obliged to be hard at work that day, and thought it best that the MS should come back to you, rather than that I should detain it. Of course

I *can* read it, whenever it suits you. As to Isabel's dying[†2] and Fenwick's growing old, I would say that, beyond question whatever the meaning of the story tends to, is the proper end.

All the alterations you mention in your last, are excellent.

As to title, Margrave a Tale of Mystery would be sufficiently striking. I prefer "Wonder" to "Mystery", because I think it suggests something higher and more apart from ordinary complications of plot, or the like: which "Mystery" might seem to mean. Will you kindly remember that the Title *presses*, and that it will be a great relief to Wills (and to me, for he bothers my life out, about it) to have it as soon as possible.[†3] The last two months of my story, are our very best time for announcement and preparation.[†4] Of course it is most desirable that your story should have the full benefit of them.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 20 MAY 1861*

MS Mrs Sowerby.

3 Hanover Terrace
Monday Twentieth May, 1861.

My Dear Thompson

We were exceedingly sorry not to see you and Christiana[†5] on Saturday, and were also exceedingly sorry to learn that you had such anxious reason for

staying away.[†1] I hope that you will soon be able to report that the latter is happily got over, and that you will both come and see us at Gad's Hill in the summer — if we get one. Tell Christiana that she shall be put as far as possible from the dogs, and that they shall be admonished to conduct themselves softly by night.

With kind regard | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To THE SECRETARY OF THE NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT & PROVIDENT INSTITUTION,[†2] 21 MAY 1861

Text from *Daily News*, 24 May 61.

3, Hanover Terrace, Regents Park
Tuesday, May 21, 1861

Sir,

I regret to assure you that I am unable to take the chair on Thursday. For some weeks past I have been much distressed with neuralgic pains in the face, and have been obliged to forego many social engagements. I find myself, after all, so unfit for a hot lighted room, and indeed for London, that I am

obliged to go away for a change to the sea-side. But I have spoken to my friend Mr. Wilkie Collins, and he has been so kind as to say that he will preside for me;[†3] and me you shall have, if you desire it, next year, if I am alive and well.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 23 MAY 1861†

MS Brigham Young University.

Lord Warden Hotel,[†5] Dover
Thursday Evening Twenty Third May 1861.

My Dearest Georgy

As I think you will be glad to know that I arrived here all right, I send this prodigiously long letter to make you acquainted with the happy fact. The beauty of the country on the way down, was quite unspeakable.

I have two very good rooms here, adjoining one another — which is a great thing to a man of retiring habits, like the undersigned. I had the choice of rooms on the first floor or the second, but chose the second, as likely to be quieter. Both rooms look out to sea, and the sea is under the windows. Otherwise, I fancy I dont like the hotel as well as the ship.[†1] All these Railway Hotels are too large.

Tell Mary with my love, that I will write her a line tomorrow. Having dined, I am now (between 7 and 8) going out to look how Dover wears. "Caesar",[†2] as I came by in the Railway carriage looked steep and green.

With love to Plorn, and also to Clara,[†3]

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 MAY 1861

MS Morgan Library.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover
Friday Evening Twenty Fourth May, 1861.

My Dear Wilkie.

I am delighted to receive so good an account of last night, and have no doubt that it was a thorough success.[†4] Now it is over, I may honestly say that I am glad you were (by your friendship) forced into the Innings, for there is no doubt that it is of immense importance to a public man in our way, to have his wits at his tongue's end. Sir (as Dr. Johnson would have said), if it be not irrational in man to count his feathered bipeds before they are hatched, we will conjointly astonish them next year. BOSWELL.[†5] Sir I

hardly understand you. JOHNSON.[†5] Sir, you never understand anything. BOSWELL (in a sprightly manner) Perhaps Sir, I am all the better for it. JOHNSON (severely). Sir, I do not know but that you are. There is Lord Carlisle (smiling) — he never understands anything, and yet the dog is well enough. Then Sir there is Forster; he understands many things, and yet the fellow is fretful. Again Sir there is Dickens, with a facile way with him — like Davy[†6] Sir, like Davy — yet I am told that the man is lying at a hedge alehouse by the sea shore in Kent, as long as they will trust him. BOSWELL. But there are no hedges by the sea in Kent Sir. JOHNSON. And why not Sir? BOSWELL (at a loss) I don't know Sir, unless — JOHNSON (thundering). Let us have no unlesses Sir. If your father had never said "Unless," he would never have begotten you Sir. BOSWELL (yielding). Sir that is very true.

Of course I am dull and penitent here, but it is very beautiful — I can work well — and I walked, by the cliffs, to Folkestone and back today, when it was so exquisitely beautiful that, though I was alone, I could not keep silence on the subject. In the 14 miles, I doubt if I met 12 people. They say this house is full, yet I meet nobody, save now and then a languishing youth in a loose very blue coat, lounging at the door and sucking the round head of a cane, as if he were trying the fit, before he had it cut off from the stem, as a pill, and swallowed it.

I hope — begin to hope — that somewhere about the 12th. of June will see me out of the book. I am anxious for some days at Gad's Hill, and settlement of Christmas No.[†1] with you. The idea I have, will certainly do (I think), and save us a quantity of beating about.

At the end of this next week I will write again. I think we may book Wednesday Week, safely, for the office.

I can hardly see, it is getting so dark.[†2]

[†a]Webster is a thorough good fellow. You know how often I have said so. There are better and truer qualities in him, than in a host of men.[†a]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 MAY 1861

MS Dickens House.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover
Sunday Twenty Sixth May, 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I send you enclosed, cheque for £10:3:0. That is to say:

House	5:	0:	0
Waiters	4:	0:	0
Coal bill	1:	3:	0
	£10:	3:	0

I hope I am still better. My face aches at times, but very little. I work well, walk well, eat and drink well, and sleep well.
— A short note, because I have been at work five hours, and am now going out.

Your account of the Fechter Private Boxes,[†3] looks as if money were not strong in that part of the Theatre.

With love to Mary and Plorn
Ever my Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate
CD.

To LADY OLLIFFE, 26 MAY 1861

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address* (not through post, may not belong to letter): Lady Olliffe.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover
Sunday Twenty Sixth May, 1861.

My Dear Lady Olliffe

I have run away to this Sea Beach to get rid of my Neuralgic face, and did not receive your note concerning Saturday, until yesterday morning, when it was too late to answer it.

Touching the kind invitations received from you this morning, I feel that the only course I can take — without being a Humbug — is to decline them. After the middle of June, I shall be mostly at Gad's Hill — I know that I cannot do better than keep out of the way of hot rooms and late dinners — and what would you think of me, or call me, if I were to accept and not come!

No, no, no. Be still my soul.[†1] Be virtuous, eminent author. Do *not* accept, my Dickens. She is to come to Gad's Hill with her spouse. Await her *there* my child.[†2] (Thus the voice of Wisdom.)

My Dear Lady Olliffe | Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 26 MAY 1861

MS Huntington Library.

Lord Warden, Dover
Sunday Twenty Sixth May, 1861.

My Dear Wills. Many thanks for your report of Wilkie, which amused and interested me very much. His quality of taking pains, united to natural quickness, will always get him on. He was delighted with the success,[†3] and wrote to me that night, before going to bed.

I hope I am really and permanently better. I work here, like a Steam Engine, and walk like Captain Barclay.[†4]

Enclosed, a letter forwarded here this morning.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

June

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 JUNE 1861

Mention in Naylor Catalogue No. 21 (Jan 1877); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 4 June 61.

To EDWARD J. SMITH,[†1] 5 JUNE 1861*

MS University of California Library, Berkeley.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fifth June 1861.

Sir

I beg to thank you for the little poem[†2] you have sent me, which is highly creditable to you as a patriotic effusion, struck out of your honest and earnest feeling, and produced under difficulty. I should deceive you if I told you that it had any very remarkable literary merits in my eyes.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Edward J Smith

To MESSRS GEORGE HEAD & CO., 7 JUNE 1861*

MS Private. *Address:* Messrs. Head and Co. | Upper Baker Street.

3 Hanover Terrace
Seventh June 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Messrs. Head and Co. and begs to signify his ready compliance with their request concerning the Gardener. He would be happy to facilitate any other preparations for Sir Charles Rowley's[†3] return.[†4]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 7 JUNE 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

3 Hanover Terrace
Friday afternoon Seventh June 1861

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I am very much afraid that it is now impossible to change that particular advertisement.[†1] (I write to you immediately on the receipt of your letter). The No. in which it is, is stereotyped and gone to America. We are always obliged to be a fortnight in advance, and it is by this time unquestionably done and gone.

But I hope on the whole announcement question, that you will not object to the story's being announced as yours by name. It is so very important to us to avoid any indirect way in any such matter, and to have a name — THE[†2] name. I never, for my part, contemplated any other form of announcement, or supposed that you did, when we made our arrangement. I am not sure, but I think you will find in one of my earlier letters, if you have preserved them, that I speak of the pleasure and advantage of your story and your name.[†3]

As you say, — it comes to the same thing, as everybody knows your books. But I hope you will turn this consideration into our scale, when I assure you that the name is really of importance and great importance.

There is not the least objection to the 1st. No. — or any No. — being as long as you may desire.[†4]

The Guild day[†5] shall be changed.

On Saturday the 15th. by 5 oC train from Kings Cross, we three[†6] will come down. Many thanks for remembering others, but they are all at school or otherwise employed. But unfortunately we cannot stay over Wednesday, as I have an old engagement (probably having murdered somebody in a former state of existence) to dine at the Mansion House that day; not at a public dinner.

I have been writing hard all day, and fear you can scarcely read this — I can scarcely write it.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 11 JUNE 1861†

MS Morgan Library.

All the Year Round Office
Tuesday Eleventh June 1861.

My Dearest Macready

I have seen Mr. Francis,[†1] and have impressed upon him in the strongest manner that I do not think he will succeed, and that I must decline to join in his endeavour, because I cannot imagine any honor being done to Shakespeare, but can imagine something like dishonor being done to him by failure. He has got Drury Lane Theatre (a building near here, of some size)[†2] to hold a Meeting in;[†3] and I should think the kind of Meeting he will be able to hold, will do him little good.

I did not derive a bad impression of the gentleman himself, from our interview.

Georgina desires me to thank you affectionately for your kindness concerning Bartlett.[†4]

There is little doubt, I think, of my reading at Cheltenham, somewhere about November.[†5] I submit myself so entirely to Arthur Smith's arrangements for me, that I express my sentiments on this head with modesty. But I think there is scarcely a doubt of my seeing you then.

I have just finished my book of Great Expectations, and am the worse for wear. Neuralgic pains in the face have troubled me a good deal, and the work has been pretty close. But I hope that the book is a good book, and I have no doubt of very soon throwing off the little damage it has done me.

What with Blondin[†6] at the Crystal Palace, and Leotard[†7] at Leicester Square, we seem to be going back to barbaric excitements. I have not seen, and don't intend to see, the Hero of Niagara (as the Posters call him) but I have been beguiled into seeing Leotard, and it is at once the most fearful and most graceful thing I have ever seen done.

Clara White (grown pretty) has been staying with us, [†a]and giving us the most wonderful accounts of White. Whenever they go away from home, he minutely

calculates how long it will take him to return by a particular day, *to be buried.* And he cheers them of an evening by calculating in how many months there will be none of them left but the little dog — usually appointing the entire extinction of the family, for an early day.

In the meanwhile[†a] I am sore afraid that The Times, by playing fast and loose with the American question, has very seriously compromised this country.[†1] The Americans Northward are perfectly furious on the subject,[†2] and Motley[†3] the historian (a very sensible man, strongly English in his sympathies)[†4] assured me the other day that he thought the harm done, very serious indeed, and the dangerous nature of the daily-widening breach scarcely calculable.[†5]

[†a]Carlyle has greatly intensified his aversion to Jews, and is greatly enraged by beholding the gradual rise of a Mansion that Rothschild[†6] is building next the Duke of Wellington's.[†7] He was with us the other day, representing your old friend King John[†8] as an enlightened Sovereign in respect of drawing the teeth of Jews, to make them shed their money; and was comforting himself with an imaginary picture of Rothschild haled to the Court of Queen Victoria, and having several double teeth drawn, and being addressed, "Sir you sow not, neither do you work, nor make any useful thing upon the surface o' God's airth; you merely accumulate; and Sir we do require to have such accumulation out of ye, and, by the strong dentist hand and the permission of the Eternal Ruler o' this Universe, we will draw every tooth out of your Mosaic head unless you here and now put down seventeen millions of ill gotten Money, which shall be held

sufficient for this day and this day only, for tomorrow we will have other teeth or other millions, see you!"[†1†a]

Kindest and best love to all. Wilkie Collins has just come in and sends best regard. Ever most affectionately My Dearest Macready CD.

To WILLIAM BROUGH,[†2] 12 JUNE 1861

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1995; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 3 Hanover Terrace, 12 June 61; addressed William Brough.

Explaining his objection to the use of his name, though he had agreed that Mr Grattan Cooke[†3] might place it on his "Committee", as no mention is made of any Committee,[†4] and no distinction drawn between it and the names of the gentleman who are going to act,[†5] *... it has indirectly justified the assumption* that *I am* going to act and has already involved me in innumerable explanations. Other names, no doubt, are used in the same manner (as for example Mr. Wills's) ... but you know that my name is a rather conspicuous one and has been often prominently associated with amateur Stage Playing ... you have led a great many people to suppose that I am going to do ... what I have never had the faintest notion of doing. And this is not only annoying but really distressing to me because I would not for any consideration deviate from my observance of perfect exactness and fidelity in all dealings with the public.

To [FREDERIC CHAPMAN],[†6] 15 JUNE 1861*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park.
Saturday Fifteenth June 1861.

My Dear Sir

Pray keep Whiting's people well up to the mark, and fix a day for publishing Great Expectations, and let them and Eeles know that it *must* be out on the day appointed[†7]

To JOHN MURRAY, 17 JUNE 1861*

MS Sir John Murray.

Knebworth, Stevenage
Monday Seventeenth June 1861.

My Dear Murray

Before leaving town on Saturday, I meant to have troubled you with a note to the effect of this present missive; but having neglected it in the pressure of other occupations, I now repair the omission. On Wednesday I shall be in town again, and any letter addressed to me at the All the Year Round office will easily find me.

The matter on which I trouble you is this:— My son in law Mr. Charles Collins has written a book descriptive of a tour along some of the deserted post roads of France. He hired a native conveyance and bought a native horse, and stayed at the out of the way inns, and mixed with the out of the way people. You are perhaps acquainted with his merits as a painter, and he has made a number of designs for wood engravings in illustration of this book. It would make a good-sized volume, and is humourous and observant.

On his shewing me his MS the other day, it occurred to me that such a book might be more in your way (as branching out of the Guide Book realities)[†1] than in any other House's, and of course the writer of the said book eagerly caught at my offer to write to you about it. No doubt you will at once understand that I do not ask you for any opinion or shadow of proposal, but merely whether I shall send you the MS and some of the Sketches, to look over? If you were to think so well of them as to entertain the subject with a view to their publication, I should be heartily glad of it. If you should not think so favorably of them, I should be none the less obliged to you.[†2]

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire.

To MESSRS GEORGE HEAD & CO., 21 JUNE 1861*

MS Sir John Heygate.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Twenty First June 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends Messrs. Head and Co. a cheque for their astonishing account,[†3] and begs to have a receipt forwarded here, in order that the most marvellous document he has ever in his life seen or heard of, may be complete.[†4]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 23 JUNE 1861

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Twenty Third June 1861.

My Dear Wilkie. We will arrange our Xmas No. please God, under the shade of the Oak Trees.

I shall remain in town on the Thursday, and will return with you on the Friday. We can settle our Train when we meet on Wednesday.

As yet, I have hardly got into the enjoyment of thorough laziness. Bulwer was so very anxious that I should alter the end of Great Expectations — the extreme end, I mean, after Biddy and Joe are done with

— and stated his reasons so well, that I have resumed the wheel, and taken another turn at it. Upon the whole I think it is for the better. You shall see the change when we meet.[†1]

The country is most charming, and this place very pretty. I am sorry to hear that the hot East winds have taken such a devastating blow into No. 12 Harley Street. They have been rather surprising, if any thing in weather can be said to surprise.

I don't know whether anything remarkable comes off in the air today; but the blue bottles (there are 9 in this room) are all banging their heads against the windowglass, in the most astonishing manner. I think there must be some competitive examination somewhere, and these 9 have been rejected.

Ever affy,

CD.

P.S. I reopen this, to state that the most madly despondent blue bottle has committed suicide, and fallen dead on the carpet.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 24 JUNE 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Fourth June 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton. I send you enclosed, the whole of the concluding weekly No. of Great Expectations,[†2] in order that you may the more readily understand where I have made the change.[†3]

My difficulty was, to avoid doing too much. My tendency — when I began to unwind the thread that I thought I had wound for ever — was to labour it, and get out of proportion.

So I have done it in as few words as possible;[†1] and I hope you will like the alteration that is entirely due to you.

It would give us great pleasure if you would come down to this small parsonage and see us. I would ask Mr. Baylis[†2] and no one else. French should have an appropriate nook for the pipe sticks. Could you come on Friday the 5th. of July, or Saturday the 6th.?[†3] Or if that time would not suit you, will you tell me generally how your time lies spread out before you.

I was so heartily glad to be with you at Knebworth, that it would be delightful to me to have a quiet visit from you. Write me a line, concerning the dates herein suggested.

Ever Cordially

CD.

To MARTIN CAWOOD,[†4] 25 JUNE 1861*

MS Mr E. Herring.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Fifth June 1861.

Sir

I beg to acknowledge your obliging letter of yesterday's date. It is with reluctance that I withhold my name from the public undertaking that you represent but my time is too much occupied to admit of my taking any part in the administration of its affairs, and I hold it a sound principle never to associate myself, in name alone, with any enterprise.

I am Sir | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Martin Cawood Esquire.

To ARTHUR HELPS,[†1] 25 JUNE 1861*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth June 1861.

My Dear Helps (pray let us drop the "Mr.")

I have read the treatise on Organization[†2] with very great pleasure, and am proud to be referred to in it.[†3] I have rarely met with any thing so remarkable for clear reasoning, forcible and yet modest exposition of the truth, and felicity of illustration. I read it, lying on my back under an oak tree, and read it twice. Would to God that some people we know of would read it every week of their lives, and take it well to heart!

We missed you very much at Knebworth.[†4] Some wonderful fishing took place on the afternoon of the day you left us. "Jack"[†5] were (as usual) spoken of with the utmost confidence, and an unfortunate Conservative[†6] was beguiled into "trolling" for a ton or so of those fish. I made a proposal to Buchanan[†7] to buy every Jack taken, at five shillings per Jack, and eat them all at dinner. We trolled in the neighbourhood of the spouting Lions, and they looked as if they spouted in scorn. Bulwer had the oddest impression that the new visitor was a crack fisherman and was eternally fishing — and such preparations were made for him in the way of Worms and other bait, as might have depopulated the Jack world. Whereas he told me (looking aghast at the various engines set ready for him) that he had not had a rod in his hand since he left Eton. You will not expect me to go through the form of assuring you that not a Jack appeared. A keeper affected to be sanguine, and pointed to particular spots where Jacks of five pounds were known to be, as he pretended; but he was a very honest man and despair stood in his eye.

The rampant little horse did not reappear, and my daughter was not without hope that he might have run away on his hind legs. More information was obtained concerning the hermit.[†8] If he were to faint one night, he would

probably be devoured by the Rats who swarm in that den of his.[†1] — I should not have stood so coolly at the bars, if I had known of their being so near.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Helps Esquire

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 26 JUNE 1861

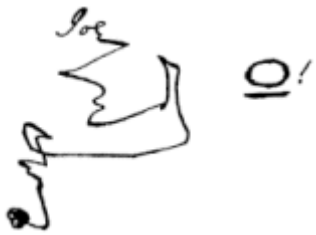
Text from N, III, 226.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty-Sixth June 1861

My Dearest Meery,

Enclosed is the monster who passes (fraudulently) by the name I have appended to him. And has it come to this? — That she — she — tells me of her Dramatic Triumphs with Others![†2]

Despairingly



To W. R. DEMPSTER,[†1] 26 JUNE 1861*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* W. R. Dempster Esquire | 3 Tavistock Street | Bedford Square | W. C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Sixth June 1861.

My Dear Sir

If it should suit your convenience to come down and see us on Sunday, I should be very glad to renew the pleasure I had when you were in England formerly.[†2] The line of Railway to bring you to Higham, is the North Kent; the Terminus is at London Bridge Station; the journey is little more than an

hour, and you can return at half past nine at night. A good Sunday train leaves town at 10.50 A.M. I will send a carriage to Higham Station to meet you, if you say yes.

Or, if Sunday should be inconvenient to you, either Monday or Tuesday will suit me equally well

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. R. Dempster Esquire

To T. O. BARLOW,[†3] 29 JUNE 1861

Extract in Bloomsbury Book Auction catalogue, No. 232 (June, 1994); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 29 June 61; addressed T. O. Barlow.

Recommending him not to dedicate an engraving to my friend Miss Coutts.

July

To JOHN FORSTER, 1 JULY 1861

Composite text from F, IX, i, 737; VIII, v, 673-4, 674*n* and MDGH, II, 142-4([aa])

[a]Gad's Hill, Monday, July 1st, 1861.

My dear Forster,

....[a] You will be surprised to hear that I have changed the end of *Great Expectations* from and after Pip's return to Joe's, and finding his little likeness

there.[†1] Bulwer, who has been, as I think you know, extraordinarily taken by the book, so strongly urged it upon me, after reading the proofs, and supported his views with such good reasons, that I resolved to make the change. You shall have it when you come back to town. I have put in as pretty a little piece of writing as I could, and I have no doubt the story will be more acceptable through the alteration.[†2]

[a]I have not seen Bulwer's changed story. I brought back the first month with me, and I know the nature of his changes throughout; but I have not yet had the revised proofs.[†3] He was[a] in better health and spirits than I have seen him in, in all these years, — a little weird occasionally regarding magic and spirits, but always fair and frank under opposition. He was brilliantly talkative, anecdotal, and droll; looked young and well; laughed heartily; and enjoyed with great zest some games we played. In his artist-character and talk, he was full of interest and matter, saying the subtlest and finest things — but that he never fails in. I enjoyed myself immensely, as we all did.

[a]The fire I did not see until the Monday morning, but it was blazing fiercely then, and was blazing hardly less furiously when I came down here again last Friday. I was here on the night of its breaking out.[†4] If I had been in London I should have been on the scene, pretty surely.

You will be perhaps surprised to hear that it is Morgan's conviction (his son was here yesterday), that the North will put down the South, and that speedily. In his management of his large business,[†5] he is proceeding steadily on that conviction. He says that the South has no money and no credit, and that it is impossible for it to make a successful stand.[†6] He may be all wrong, but he is certainly a very shrewd man, and he has never been, as to the United States, an enthusiast of any class.[a]

Poor Lord Campbell's seems to me as easy and good a death as one could desire.[†7] There must be a sweep of these men very soon, and one feels as if it must fall out like the breaking of an arch — one stone goes from a prominent place, and then the rest begin to drop. So one looks, not without satisfaction (in our sadness) at lives so rounded and complete, towards Brougham, and Lyndhurst, and Pollock.[†8]

[a]I will add no more to this, or I know I shall not send it; for I am in the first desperate laziness of having done my book, and think of offering myself to the village school as a live example of that vice for the edification of youth.

Ever, my dear Forster, affectionately[a]

[CD]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 2 JULY 1861

Mention in Dawson's Book Shop Catalogue, June 1941; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 2 July 61

Referring to verses that have not been received.

To JOHN SCOTT RUSSELL,[†1] 4 JULY 1861

Mention in Hodgson's catalogue, Dec 1947; dated 4 July 61; addressed J. Scott Russell.

Accompanying a presentation copy of Great Expectations.[†2]

To T. R. EELES, 6 JULY 1861

MS Princeton University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixth July, 1861.

Dr. Mr. Eeles

Be so good as bind a Dedication[†3] copy of Great Expectations in Russia Leather and Gold, and to do it as soon as you can. Mr. Townshend, to whom the book is dedicated, will soon be leaving town. This note will be a sufficient authority to Chapman and Hall to supply you with a copy on my account.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN LILLIE, 6 JULY 1861

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixth July, 1861.

Mr. Lillie.

I shall be glad if you will send down here at your convenience, with a view to making me out an estimate of the cost — *for ready money* — of the alteration stated on the other side.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

ESTIMATE[†1]

of the cost, for Cash, of putting the best plate glass into the under-mentioned windows, and of strengthening the present window frames as may be necessary, and of putting new fastenings, lifts, &c complete —

HALL.[†1] Fanlight. One piece. 2 side windows, one piece in each sash.

LIBRARY[†1] 2 side windows of bow. One piece in each sash (Centre already done)

SMALL DRAWING ROOM.[†1] 2 side windows of bow. One piece in each sash (Centre already done)

MISS DICKENS'S ROOM.[†1] 3 windows of bow. One piece in each sash.

SECOND SPARE ROOM OPPOSITE.[†1] Ditto

FIRST LANDING.[†1] 2 side windows. One piece in each sash (Centre already done)

BEST SPARE ROOM.[†1] The whole of the end window. One piece in each sash.

MISS HOGARTH'S ROOM.[†1] 1 Window. One piece in each sash.

The glass could be brought from the station in my Van.

CD.[†2]

To MRS MILNER GIBSON, 8 JULY 1861

Text from MDGH, III, 205-6.

Gad's Hill, Monday, Eighth July, 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Gibson,

I want very affectionately and earnestly to congratulate you on your eldest daughter's approaching marriage.[†3] Up to the moment when Mary told me of it,

I had foolishly thought of her always as the pretty little girl with the frank loving face whom I saw last on the sands at Broadstairs.[†1] I rubbed my eyes and woke at the words "going to be married," and found I had been walking in my sleep some years.

I want to thank you also for thinking of me on the occasion, but I feel that I am better away from it. I should really have a misgiving that I was a sort of shadow on a young marriage, and you will understand me when I say so, and no more.

But I shall be with you in the best part of myself, in the warmth of sympathy and friendship — and I send my love to the dear girl, and devoutly hope and believe that she will be happy. The face that I remember with perfect accuracy, and could draw here, if I could draw at all, was made to be happy and to make a husband so.

I wonder whether you ever travel by railroad in these times! I wish Mary could tempt you to come by any road to this little place.[†2]

With kind regard to Milner Gibson[†3] believe me ever,

Affectionately and faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 8 JULY 1861

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighth July, 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

I have owed you a letter for so long a time, that I fear you may sometimes have misconstrued my silence. But I hope that the sight of the handwriting of your old friend will undeceive you, if you have, and will put that right.

During the progress of my last story, I have been working so hard that very very little correspondence — except enforced correspondence on business — has passed this pen. And now that I am free again, I devote a few of my first leisure moments to this note.

You seemed in your last, to think that I had forgotten you in respect of the Christmas Number. Not so at all. I discussed with them here where you were, how you were to be addressed, and the like; finally left the Number here in a blank envelope, and did not add the address to it until it would have been absurd

to send you such stale bread. This was my fault, but this was all. And I should be so pained at heart if you supposed me capable of failing in my truth

and cordiality, or in the warm remembrance of the time we have passed together, that perhaps I make more of it than you meant to do.

My sailor boy is at home — I was going to write, for the holidays; but I suppose I must substitute "on leave." Under the new regulations he must not pass out of the Britannia before December. The younger boys are all at school and coming home this week for the holidays. Mary keeps house, of course, and Katie and her husband surprised us yesterday and are here now — Charley is holiday-making at Guernsey and Jersey. He has been for sometime seeking a partnership in business, and has not yet found one.[†1] The matter is in the hands of Mr. Bates the managing partner in Baring's house, and seems as slow a matter to adjust itself as ever I looked on at. Georgina is, as usual, the general friend confidante and factotum of the whole party.

Your present correspondent read at St. James's Hall in the beginning of the season, to perfectly astounding audiences; but finding that fatigue and excitement very difficult to manage in conjunction with a story, deemed it prudent to leave off reading in high tide and mid-career — the rather, by reason of something like Neuralgia in the face. At the end of October I begin again; and, if you are in Brighton in November, I shall hope to see you there. I deliver myself up to Mr. Arthur Smith, and I know it is one of the places for which he has put me down.

This is all about me and mine, and next I want to know why you never came to Gad's Hill, and whether you are never coming — The stress I lay on these questions, you will infer from the size of the following note of interrogation?[†2]

I am in the constant receipt of news from Lausanne. Katie and her husband went there on their marriage trip, and saw the Cerjats. Cerjat (from whom I hear regularly every Christmas Eve) seems to have been extraordinarily hurt by the conduct of a loose Imbecile who was to have been married to one of his daughters and gave her up in the paltriest and wretchedest way.[†3] He always reverts to it in every kind of conversation (Mr. Townshend tells me), and he wrote to me about it, as if he supposed it to be the subject of conversation throughout the universe. I represented that the young lady had had a happy escape from a mean hound; but it did very little in the mollifying way.

Of Mary Boyle I dare say you have seen and heard more than I have lately. Rumours occasionally reach me of her acting in every English Shire incessantly,[†4] and getting in a harvest of laurels all the year round. Cavendish I have not seen for a long time, but when I did see him last it was at Tavistock House (before I sold it to a rich Jew, who is said to defraud the Christian Youth to a terrific extent) and we dined together jovially. Mention of that locality reminds me that when you DO[†5] come here, you will see the pictures looking wonderfully better and more precious than they ever did in town. Brought together in country light and air, they really are quite a Baby collection, and very pretty.

I direct this to Rockingham, supposing you to be there in summer time. If you are as leafy in Northamptonshire as we are in Kent, you are greener than you have been for some years. I hope you may have seen a large-headed photograph with little legs, representing the undersigned, pen in hand, tapping his forehead to knock an idea out.[†1] It has just sprung up so abundantly in all the shops, that I am ashamed to go about town looking in at the picture windows — which is my delight. It seems to me extraordinarily ludicrous, and much more like than the grave portraits done in earnest. It made me laugh when I first came upon it, until I shook again, in open sun-lighted Piccadilly.[†2]

Pray be a good Christian to me, and don't be retributive in measuring out the time that shall pass before you write to me. And believe me ever,

Your affectionate and faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 JULY 1861

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Twelfth July, 1861.

My Dear Wilkie,

If I express myself at all incoherently, attribute it to the state of my mind. On this happy day the boys come home for two months — and I am listening in mild despair for the sound of their first Holiday-War-Whoop. I cannot quite collect my feelings, or compose myself with the firmness of a man to meet the situation.

It happens very unfortunately that I cannot get to Broadstairs before Thursday. As soon as the Leeches go (they came yesterday, and will probably stay till Monday) I must look after some matters in town: where I think I shall remain all next week. When I hoped to come, I thought you were intending to remain longer. My hope shall now be transferred to the shore on which you *do* remain.

Lowestoft has improved very much since I was there,[†3] and no doubt has now a good hotel and good houses. But it did not impress me favorably, by reason of the Sea's coming in shallow, and going out over moist sandy plain a long long way. In this particular I seem to remember it as a more saline and removed Southend.

[†a]That unaccountable, uninteresting, and impracticable boy[†1] positively refused to go near the Doctor. Protested there was nothing the matter with him. Flouted Wills. Said, No he wouldn't go — and didn't. What more could the Parient do, but fold his hands like the Eastern Deity?[†a]

Bulwer was great here, and perfectly enjoyed himself. You will be amazed when you see what he has done with his first four numbers — all I have read — and with what curious patience, study, and skill, he has gone into the art of the weekly No. There is a remarkably skilfully done woman. One Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.[†2] The whole idea of the story turned in a masterly way towards the safe point of the compass.

I have been paying bills all the morning, and must send this dull reply to your amusing letter perforce, as I must now appear in the Leech hemisphere. No doubt I shall see or hear from you in town, and know your movements. I am so horribly lazy that I have done nothing and thought nothing since you went away.

[†a]Love to the Butler from her ancient partner in the Card Trade. And kind regard to the Butler's Mama.[†a]

Wills told us a story here yesterday that I thought very ridiculous, about a charity-boy who persisted in saying to the Inspector of Schools that Our Saviour was the only forgotten son of his father — and that he was forgotten by his father before all worlds. &c. &c. — in an Athanasian and Theological dogmatism.

Ever affectionately.

CD.

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 15 JULY 1861

Text from Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, p. 57.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
July 15th, 1861.

The book has been a very great success indeed, here. I hope it will prove to answer your purpose also.[†3]

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 JULY 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventeenth July 1861

My Dearest Georgy

I think you had better bring me up a white Dress Shirt, or I may run aground.

I will give you a Pound when Duff Gordon[†1] marries Marguerite.[†2]

I am sick to death of the faintest reference to Chauncy's "party".

I have a horrible idea upon me at times, that Bartlett[†3] will not turn out grateful. I don't know what it is that whispers the suspicion to me — something in her cheek bone, I think — but it comes over me occasionally, like the whiff of some disagreeable Factory.

Ever affectionately
Love to all. CD.

To MR FISHER,[†4] 19 JULY 1861

MS British Film Institute.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Nineteenth July, 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to say that he would have been very glad to support the case in which Mr. Fisher is interested but that his vote is already promised in aid of another deserving and afflicted applicant.[†5]

To CHARLES KENT, 21 JULY 1861

Mention in New Dudley Gallery catalogue of Dickens Exhibition, 1908; *MS* 2 pp. with envelope; dated Gad's Hill, 21 July 61; addressed Charles Kent.[†6]

To JOHN MURRAY, 23 JULY 1861

MS Sir John Murray. *Address:* John Murray Esquire | Newstead | Wimbledon Park | near London | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Third July 1861

My Dear Murray.

I am really most heartily obliged to you for your kind and friendly answer to my letter. If you have not already seen Mr. Charles Collins, he will lose no time in coming to you I know.

My daughter will have the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Murray the next time we come to town for a day or two. And I shall trust to that time for a better chance of our meeting, as she purposes setting forth to Mrs. Murray[†1] how accessible we are here on Falstaff's genuine ground, and how we have green lanes and an old castle to shew, and how very glad we should be if you would come and see us without other ceremony than a cordial welcome.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire.

To THE SECRETARIES, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,[†2] [6-24] JULY 1861

Mention in Apparatus and Lecture Committee Minutes Book, MS Newcastle upon Tyne Literary and Philosophical Society. *Date:* between 5 July 61, when the Secretaries were instructed to invite CD to address them, and 24 July, when CD's reply was read to the Committee.

Declining to address the Society in the following session.[†3]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 25 JULY 1861

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fifth July 1861.

My Dear Ouvry.

Chapman and Hall inform me that a new Registration of Pickwick is necessary under the last Copyright Act.[†4] Will you take the necessary steps to effect

such registration? If I am wanted in the business, I shall be here next Wednesday by halfpast 10. Pickwick is the joint property of myself and Chapman and Hall. One moiety of the Copyright belongs to that Firm; the other, to me. Any needful particulars can be got from Mr. Fredk. Chapman. Their address, as you probably know, is Piccadilly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To MISS ADELAIDE PROCTER,[†1] [25 JULY 1861]

Envelope only, MS Mr Maurice Beebe. *Address:* Miss Procter | 32 Weymouth Street | London | W. *Date:* PM Rochester JU 25 61.

To MESSRS SKINNER & CO.,[†2] 27 JULY 1861

MS Mr Christopher Johnson. *Address:* Messrs. Skinner and Co. | Tailors | 50 Jermyn Street | St. James's | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night Twenty Seventh July, 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs Messrs. Skinner & Co. to make him a light summer coat of the bright blue material of which they made the last waistcoat he had. He wishes the coat to be lined with flannel in

the body, but not in the sleeves — to be made single-breasted — in the form of the old shooting-coat, but *without* flaps to the pockets. He will be at the office of All The Year Round in Wellington Street, on Wednesday from 11 to 1, and on Thursday morning from 10 to 11. He will be glad to have the coat as soon as possible.[†3]

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 30 JULY 1861

MS Johns Hopkins University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirtieth July, 1861.

My Dear Sir

There is a great mistake in the leading of these pages. I particularly referred you to the printed Little Dombey Reading-book, and said that I wished each page to hold no more than 22 lines. Will you be good enough to give these directions to Clowes's[†4] people:—

That each page is to be leaded so wide, as that it shall hold only 22 lines.

That my marked corrections are to be carefully made.

That 3 copies of each Reading are then to be printed for me *on foolscap* and that the type may then be distributed.

These directions apply to all the Readings sent to be printed — equally to Nickleby (of which I have not yet the proofs) as to these two Readings now returned.

I shall be at the office tomorrow (Wednesday) and shall probably remain in town until Friday.

And always believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire.

To H. WITTROCK,[†1] 30 JULY 1861

MS Worcestor Polytechnic Institute. *Address:* Mr. H. Wittrock | Morpeth | Canada West.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirtieth July, 1861.

Sir

I am much obliged to you for your letter. It is not the less welcome to me because I use (probably) as much cold water as any one living, and have taken a daily shower Bath these Twenty years.

I am happy to report that the neuralgic pain for which you so kindly prescribe, was of brief duration, and left me after a very few weeks.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. Wittrock Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 31 JULY 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirty First July 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I send this down, to ask you to give Frank to bring here to me — and to give him, tomorrow morning at breakfast, so that he may not forget it — my small umbrella with the Ivory handle.

Edmund — I mean Frederick — Chapman will come down with me by the 10 ¼ Train on Saturday morning. We had better have the basket to meet us, as he will no doubt bring a portmanteau. And as we will go to his room straight, to introduce him to it, will you take care that it is in a state of perfect (and airy) neatness?

Don't forget the Waiter.

Edmund Yates asks if he could come down on Friday in next week. *Can* he? Take counsel with Mary and advise me herein. And if he is to come, it will be best to tell Katie not to appear until Saturday. As I have not yet answered his note, send me a line with the umbrella.

The dear admiral[†1] went off in perfect equanimity. Our dear Cubitt[†2] (I am happy to find) failed in his election.[†3]

With love to all | Ever affecy
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 31 JULY 1861

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirty First July, 1861.

My Dearest Macready.

Though it is always inexpressibly interesting and delightful to me to hear from you, I felt an unwonted kind of reproach in your last, because I had not sent you Great Expectations. But you will not think I forgot it. The book is an immense success; and a compound of bungling on the part of the publisher and of the printer, has caused it to be out of print for a fortnight! Imagine that, with a Second Edition all sold to the trade, a third Edition already being ordered away, and not a copy of either producible until next Saturday![†4] In this disordered state of things every stray copy has been swept into Piccadilly, and I have had not one to bless my self and family with.

So I shall bring your copy to Cheltenham when I come to read there.[†5] Whereof you shall have further advices when Arthur Smith gives me my list.

I hope my dear Parr[†6] has nothing worth mentioning the matter with him — nothing, that is to say, that the best and kindest of nurses[†7] and the best and

kindest of air will fail to put right. All here send best love and regard. And I am as ever my Dearest Macready

Your affectionate and faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

August

To THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, 5 AUGUST 1861

MS Iowa University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifth August 1861.

My Dear Sir

I have no sufficiently strong objection to the publication of the letter whereof you send me a copy, since you desire to use it.[†1]

Perhaps Forster explained to you that I had many letters from your late father by me, but that they were all destroyed a year or so ago in a general sacrifice of letters that I resolved to make.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thornton Hunt Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, [?9 AUGUST 1861]

Envelope only,[†3] MS Yale University Library. *Address:* W. Charles Kent Esquire | Sun Office | Strand. *Date:* 9 Aug 61 typed on envelope by donors.

To JAMES FLISHER,[†4] 12 AUGUST 1861*

MS Mr Lloyd E. Roscoe.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth August 1861.

Sir

I am obliged to you for your letter concerning two books taken from my Library and left at your house. They shall be called for.

As I saw it absurdly stated in a Chatham paper that Mr. Smith[†5] was connected with my Journal "All The Year Round",[†6] and as you may possibly

suppose this to be the case, I think it expedient to mention that he was only known to me as giving elementary lessons to my youngest son, and that he did not announce the readings to which you refer, with my sanction or encouragement.

I am Sir | Your obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. James Flisher

To VISCONTESSA MANSO DI VILLA,[†1] 14 AUGUST 1861

MS Private. *Address:* Mrs Manso di Villa | 4 Hunter Street | Brunswick Square | W.C.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourteenth August 1861

Madam

I assure you that I have not leisure for making appointments at random; and that if I did so, I could do nothing else in life. Your letter is one of hundreds as to which I know myself to be absolutely powerless. For how can I, with any knowledge of human affairs, suppose that "a few words of suggestion" from me could clear your way, or lessen the weight of your misfortunes?[†2] It is simply impossible. And the kindest course I can hold towards you as a correspondent deceiving herself, as well as the only course I can hold with any reasonable reference to my own pursuits, is to tell you so thus.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs.[†3] Manso Di Villa.

To JOHN ELLIS, 16 AUGUST 1861*

MS Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Sixteenth August 1861

Dear Mr. Ellis

Having been away I have not received your note in due course. On Wednesday next between 11 and 1 I shall be at my office in Wellington Street, and will see you with pleasure if you call.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM CHAPPELL,[†1] 22 AUGUST 1861

Text from N, III, 231.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Twenty-Second August 1861

Dear Sir,

I beg to thank you cordially for your highly interesting book[†2] and for its accompanying note which is very gratifying to me. Although I did not write that particular paper in Household Words to which you refer,[†3] I have not the less sympathy with your labours. For I have a hearty enjoyment of old English Songs, and know how much gratitude is due to so able and zealous a collector as yourself.

Believe me Dear Sir | Very Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 28 AUGUST 1861

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth August 1861.

My Dear Wilkie. I have been going to write to you ever since I received your letter from Whitby, and now I hear from Charley that you are coming home and must be addressed in the Rue Harley.[†4] Let me know whether you will dine here this day week at the usual 5. I am at present so addle headed (having hard Wednesday work in Wills's absence) that I can't write much.

I have got the Copperfield Reading ready for delivery, and am now going to blaze away at Nickleby — which I don't like half as well. Every morning I "go in" at these marks for two or three hours — and then collapse and do nothing whatever (counting as nothing, mad cricket and rounders).

In my time, that curious Railroad by the Whitby Moor, was so much the more curious, that you were balanced against a counterweight of water, and that you did it like Blondin.[†5] But in those remote days the one Inn of Whitby was up a back yard, and oyster shell grottos were the only view from the best private room.[†6] Likewise Sir I have posted to Whitby. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!

The sun is glaring in at these windows with an amount of ferocity insupportable by one of the landed interest who lies upon his back, with an imbecile hold on grass, from lunch to dinner. Feebleness of mind and hand are the result.

Ever affectionately.

CD.

The boys have multiplied themselves by 50 daily, and have seemed to appear in hosts (especially on the hottest days) round all the corners at Gad's Hill. I call them the Prowlers, and each has a distinguishing name attached, derived from his style of prowling.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 28 AUGUST 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth August 1861

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

The enclosed *is* enclosed, in order to explain to you that it comes too late for the corrections to be made. Don't be misled by the date upon the No. The letterpress goes to America, *seventeen days before that date.* Bear this in mind, and you cannot be wrong.

All your other directions respecting proofs, will be complied with by the printer to day.

We are doing extremely well here, as to circulation. We certainly have not in the least lost ground since Great Expectations finished; and to the best of our belief, we have risen a thousand. I use this qualified phrase, simply because it requires some weeks to assure us what the circulation is — to a nicety, I mean. Under any other circumstances, we should unquestionably have dropped. That we most decidedly have not done so, is a fact as solid as the Monument. More, when I know more. In the meanwhile be sure that all is as right as you could possibly desire.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 28 AUGUST 1861

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Evening Twenty Eighth August 1861

My Dear Morley.

I have seen at dinner, the Times article — or penny a liner report, I mean — about the Cinque Ports.[†1]

Really I cannot bear to play into the wretched game of "His Lordship's suavity having won all hearts", and "his entering into the spirit of his office", and the like.[†1] Quite apart from my fixed opinion that it is an ill thing for England, and a bad sign for England, when a man notoriously of no conviction and no sentiment is its chosen Deity, I believe Literature to be made for better uses. To recognise any legitimate interest for any man with his head on, in the fact of this Lord's holding the dead bones of an old office that has got to be rotten, sickens me. I have not the list of matter in type by me; but for God's sake — and all our sakes — dele My Lord Warden, and substitute something that has no horrible Court Circularity in it.[†2]

So shall you do justice to your own manly books, and you and I congratulate one another in the Elysian Fields, one of these days!

I know the article does not SAY[†3] why it is written. So much the more sneaking in me if I put it in.

Very faithfully Yours ever

CD.

To UNKNOWN SOLICITOR,[†4] [AUGUST 1861]

Mention in *To* Wills, 31 Aug 1861. *Date:* presumably written a few days earlier.

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE AUGUST 1861]

Extracts in F, VIII, vi, 687 and *n*, 688. *Date:* See *To* Wills, 31 Aug; both extracts probably written the same day.

The subsidence of those distressing pains in my face the moment I had done my work, made me resolve to do nothing in that way for some time if I could help it.

The fourth edition of *Great Expectations* is now going to press;[†5] the third being nearly out.[†6] Bulwer's story keeps us up bravely. As well as we can make out, we have even risen fifteen hundred.

Every day for two or three hours, I practise my new readings, and (except in my office work) do nothing else. With great pains I have made a continuous

narrative out of *Copper*field, that I think will reward the exertion it is likely to cost me.[†1] Unless I am much mistaken, it will be very valuable in London.[†2] I have also done *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Yorkshire school, and hope I have got something droll out of Squeers, John Browdie, & Co.[†3] Also, the Bastille prisoner from the *Tale of Two Cities.*[†4] Also, the Dwarf from one of our Christmas numbers.[†5]

To W. H. WILLS, 31 AUGUST 1861†

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Thirty First August, 1861.

My Dear Wills

I have received your letter this morning, and — not to lose a post — write to you before going to Sheerness for the day with Miss Boyle, Charley Collins, Marcus Stone, and the rest of them.

You will doubtless hear from Holsworth[†6] the Brilliant, that the Sale keeps up well, and that Bulwer seems, so far, to succeed capitally. In the making-up, I

find Morley very helpful indeed — always there early on the Wednesday, always ready with his proofs and scheme, and always prepared for any kind of alterations on my part. The two Nos. we have made up since you left, are very good indeed.[†1] In last Wednesday's make up, is a paper which I have called "Four Stories",[†2] by Gleig's[†3] fair friend.[†4] They are Ghost Stories. The first (by far the best) is a remarkably good and original one.[†5] I nearly rewrote them all. In the same making-up, we had the Cinque Ports. But I was so disgusted by the preposterous homage to the Palmerston nonsense in the Times,[†6] and with the base flunkeyship of Punch,[†7] that I told Morley to take the article out again and for ever cancel the same. The Solicitor employed by the Minister for Saxony in that suspected Murder case,[†8] has written me a very intelligent letter to say that it was an exceedingly curious case of circumstantial evidence, where there was always a destructive and more or less quashing circumstance to oppose to the suspicious circumstance; and that he believes he could write an interesting pictureresque narrative of it.[†9] I have replied that with fictitious names, and with no assumption of the prisoner's innocence, and no championing of either side, I shall be glad to have it. Sala[†10] has offered a heap of rubbish by some brother of his at Southampton,[†11] which I have declined. Spicer writes to know whether his Polly[†12] is Burked[†13] or is to appear? I have replied, is to appear, 'twixt this and Christmas.[†14] He also mentions (his letter is addressed to you)

that he has not been paid for The First of April.[†1] I have paid him therefore. All else goes on regularly and well — perfectly well.

From Frederick Chapman concerning Great Expectations, I have a note this very morning. There are only 90 copies left of the Third Edition, and we are now going to Press with the Fourth.

I work every day for two or three hours on my Readings. — Have a very considerable hope that Copperfield will do a great deal in London. — Am hopeful of seeing Arthur soon; who has been ill at Worthing but is better. Charley has been here, and is going to start in business for himself on the First of October. He stayed here a week, and looked very much the better for it. Cricket came off, and the "Governor" your present correspondent got a hit high over the apple tree, for which he scored three, and which covered him with glory. C . H . O . R . L . E . Y [†2] was here before starting for Spain,[†3] and

walked — with me, at my pace — two and twenty miles, without appearing in the least the worse for it. At which I stood amazed, and have ever since remained in that attitude.

The weather here is perfect, the beauty of the country marvellous, and the harvest abundant. My old enemy, that infernal bushel of wheat, will have a great deal to say for himself in the Money Market shortly, I suppose.

I stick to my prediction that the people of the North (in America) will neither raise the money nor the men required by the Govt.: and that an ignoble and contemptible compromise will be made soon.[†4]

I wish you were in some hostelry, with more *comfort* about you. My belief in the efficacy of comfort is very great. I am rather disappointed that you didn't go to Chamounix from Geneva, and come down to Martigny, and then go to the Great St. Bernard, and then over one of the Great Passes.[†5] But I know that "Our Bore"[†6] always found the places his friends had omitted to visit, to be the best places in the Universe.

You don't mention how many ancient cripples are in Miss Coutts's party. I can imagine Skey[†7] and Co. toddling sinuously up and down the ten thousand stairs of the Gibbon[†8] — which the natives pronounce Jibbone — and corkscrewing themselves down the stony-hearted ways to the Lake.

Frank shall have your remembrance when he comes home tonight. His holiday dates from Monday next, I believe. [†a]A man who has been staying here,

[g]ave[†1] me the most awful account you can well [co]nceive,[†1] of the swindling and meanness of Samuel[†2] [C]arter[†1] as a "Director" of the Westminster Palace Hotel Company.[†3] Really a most disgraceful [f]eature,[†1] even in that career of imposture and fraud. My informant saw the scenes he described, and knew the facts officially.[†a]

This is all my news, and little enough. Mary, Katie, Georgina, and all, unite with me in kind regard to Mrs. Wills and to you. Ever My Dear Wills

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To THOMAS BAYLIS, [?AUGUST 1861]

Extract in MDGH, III, 212-13. *Date:* Both Blondin and "the female Blondin" performed in London in June and Aug 61 respectively; possibly CD was writing in Aug.[†4]

I agree with you about Smith[†5] himself, and I don't think it necessary to pursue the painful subject. Such things are at an end, I think, for the time being; — fell to the ground with the poor man at Cremorne.[†6] If they should be resumed, then they must be attacked; but I hope the fashion (far too much encouraged in its Blondin-beginning[†7] by those who should know much better) is over.[†8]

It always appears to me that the common people have an excuse in their patronage of such exhibitions which people above them in condition have not. Their lives are full of physical difficulties, and

they like to see such difficulties overcome. They go to see them overcome. If I am in danger of falling off a scaffold or a ladder any day, the man who claims that he can't fall from anything is a very wonderful and agreeable person to me.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

September

To ARTHUR SMITH, 3 SEPTEMBER 1861†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third September 1861.

My Dear Arthur

I cannot tell you how sorry I am to receive your bad account of your health, or how anxious I shall be to receive a better one as soon as you can possibly give it.

If you go away from your good friend Mr. Covey†1 at all, don't you think in the main you would be better here than anywhere? You know how well you would be nursed, what care we should take of you, and how perfectly quiet and at home you would be, until you became strong enough to take to the Medway. Moreover, I think you would be less anxious about the Tour, here, than away from such association. I would come to Worthing to fetch you, I needn't say, and would take the most careful charge of you. I will write no more about this, because I wish to avoid giving you more to read than can be helped; but I do sincerely believe it would be at once your wisest and least anxious course. As to a long journey into Wales, or any long journey, it would never do. Nice is not to be thought of. Its dust, and its sharp winds (I know it well),†2 towards October, are very bad indeed.

I send you the enclosed letters, firstly because I have no circular to answer them with, and secondly because I fear I might confuse your arrangements by interfering with the correspondence. I shall hope to have a word from you very soon. I am at work for the Tour, every day, except my town Wednesdays.

Ever Faithfully,

CD.

Kindest regard from all.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 5 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS The Current Company, Rhode Island.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fifth September 1861.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

Please to deliver to the Bearer for me, a copy of Great Expectations.

CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 9 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Ninth September 1861.

My Dear Webster

I have received a letter here this afternoon by the day post, from Mrs. Ternan[†1] (whose address is 2 Houghton Place Ampthill Square),[†2] telling me that you are making some prospective changes in your company, and asking me if I would object to recommend to you one of her daughters, Miss Maria Ternan.[†3] I cannot possibly object to do so, on any other ground than unwillingness to give you trouble, for I have a high opinion of the young lady and take a strong interest in herself and her family. It is likely enough that you know what she can do — how that she is accomplished and attractive, well used to the stage, sings prettily, and is favorably known to London Audiences.[†4] If you should be undecided between two applicants of equal pretensions (counting this young lady as one), I should be heartily glad if you would turn the scale in my direction[†5] — as I am sure you would in any such case.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Webster Esquire

To THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, 13 SEPTEMBER 1861

Composite text from Parke Bernet catalogue, No. 1249[aa] and Sotheby's catalogue, July 1950[bb]; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 13 Sep 61; addressed G. R. Gleig.

Enclosing a cheque in favour of the authoress of Four Stories.

It is our custom here at this time of the year to invite all our contributors to write for the Extra Christmas No. Let me through you, invite the co-operation of our protegée.[†6] ... Any story would weave into the design; whether narrated in the first person, or the third; whether referring to time present, or time past; whether ghostly or otherwise. No reference to the Christmas season is in the least necessary, on the contrary, such reference is not desired.

To MR VAUGHAN,[†1] 13 SEPTEMBER 1861*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth September 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Vaughan and begs to thank Mr. Vaughan for his interesting and gratifying communication. The note has been duly posted.

To THOMAS HEAPHY,[†2] 15 SEPTEMBER 1861

Text from Thomas Heaphy, *A Wonderful Ghost Story*, ed. E. Heaphy, 1882, p. 7.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday, Sept, 15th, 1861

Dear Sir,

Allow me to express to you the sincere regret I feel that your most remarkable story (which I have read with great interest) should have been innocently forestalled in the pages of my journal. At the same time, I must add that your own version of the experience is so very curious, and so much more striking than the account sent to me, that I shall be happy to publish it in All the Year Round, if you should feel disposed to entrust it to me for that purpose.[†3]

I received the story published in that journal first among the Four Ghost Stories,[†4] from a gentleman of a distinguished position,[†5] both literary and social, who, I do not doubt, is well known to you by reputation. He did not send it to me as his own, but as the work of a young writer in whom he feels an interest,[†6] and who previously contributed (also through him) another ghost story.[†7] I will immediately let him know what correspondence I have had with you, and you shall be made acquainted with the nature of his reply.

You may be quite certain, I feel sure, that there has been no betrayal of confidence on the part of any one connected with the magazine for whom you reserved your story. It must have been repeatedly told (though probably never correctly) in more circles than one. It happens that Mr Layard is staying here with me, and instantly recognised the version printed in All The Year Round as

a version of a story he heard at Sir Edward Lytton's, in Hertfordshire, some time since.

As I do not feel myself authorised in retaining your MS. without your consent I beg to return it herewith. But I am anxious to repeat my readiness to purchase it for publication in All The Year Round, as the authentic story. Its interest seems to me to be heightened, rather than impaired, by its having been imperfectly told.

Again expressing my regret that I should have been, however innocently and unconsciously, the cause of a moment's annoyance to you,

I am, dear Sir, | faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Heaphy, Esq

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 15 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifteenth September 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I wish you would look at the last published No. of All The Year Round, and read the *first story* in a paper there, called "Four Stories".

— For this reason. Layard is staying here, and remembers your telling *a* version of the same story at Knebworth. I want to know what version that was, and whence it came?

And I want that, for *this* reason. On the publication of that No. of All The Year Round, up starts the Artist himself, and sends me in black and white *his own account of the whole experience.* Which is so very original, so very extraordinary, and so very far beyond the version I have published, that, I am burning with a desire to relate it to you. All other like stories turn pale before it.

Ever affecy. Yours
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [17 SEPTEMBER 1861]

Extracts in F, XI, iii, 841 and F (1872-4), III, xix, 484([aa]). *Date:* 17 Sep 61, according to Forster.

Upon the publication of the ghost story, up has started the portrait-painter who saw the phantoms! [a]His own written story is out of all distance the most extraordinary that ever was produced; and is as far beyond my version or Bulwer's as Scott is beyond James.[†1] Everything connected with it is amazing; but conceive this — the portrait-painter had been engaged to write it elsewhere

as a story for next Christmas,[a] and not unnaturally supposed, when he saw himself anticipated in *All the Year Round,* that there had been treachery at his printer's. "In particular," says he, "how else was it possible that the date, the 13th of September, could have been got at? For I never told the date, until I wrote it." Now, *my* story had NO DATE; but seeing, when I looked over the proof, the great importance of having a date, I wrote in, unconsciously, the exact date on the margin of the proof![†1]

To THOMAS HEAPHY, 17 SEPTEMBER 1861

Text from Thomas Heaphy, *A Wonderful Ghost Story*, ed. E. Heaphy, p. 11.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday, Sept. 17th, 1861

Dear Sir,

I think I can show you in a very few words, not only that your lingering suspicion is groundless, but that everything associated with your strange experience would seem to be extraordinary. In the version I received and published, there was no date. All that was set down as to time was "late in the autumn." When I came to revise the story in the proof for press, the need of some precise date was so clear to me, that I myself inserted on the margin of the proof the date you find in the published narrative. Why that date should have come into my head rather than any other, I am profoundly unable to say. Mr Layard remembers that it is more than a year since he heard Sir Edward Lytton tell the story, and he says he has a strong impression that he laid it on the table in writing. Moreover, Mr. Layard is convinced that he has since seen it in print, though he cannot recollect where. I have written to Sir Edward to ask him how he came by it. His answer will, no doubt, have an interest for you, and I will let you know the purport in due course. I read Mr Layard your own account, and he was quite clear in his remembrance that Sir Edward's version of it fell as far short as my contributor's does. I think it would be best to call it Mr H — 's Own Narrative, or Mr H — 's Own Evidence, and I will introduce it with a few lines referring to the version already printed, and calling attention to it as being the authentic story given at first-hand.[†2] There is no doubt that it ought to appear as soon after the wrong version as possible. I will therefore place it in the number I shall make up to-morrow, which will be published to-morrow fortnight. I will send you a proof from the office in the course of to-morrow, and I must ask you

to have the kindness to return it on Thursday, as we publish simultaneously in America and London, and the sheets go across the Atlantic by the next mail.

Dear sir, | faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Heaphy Esq.

P.S. — I observed in your narrative that you mention the young lady's eating the beef and drinking the claret. Do you remember whether the joint was placed on the table or carved on the sideboard? and whether you seemed to see the figure served as the three mortals were, or seemed to find it already carved without noticing the progress?[†1]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 17 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventeenth September 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I am delighted with your letter of yesterday — delighted with the addition to the length of the story — delighted with your account of it and your interest in it — and even more than delighted by what you say of our working in company.

Not one dissentient voice has reached me respecting it. Through the dullest time of the year, we hold our circulation most gallantly, and it could not have taken a better hold. I saw Forster on Friday (newly returned from thousands of provincial lunatics),[†2] and he really was more impressed than I can tell you by what he had seen of it. Just what you say you think it will turn out to be, *he* was saying, almost in the same words.

I long to read the rest of it, of course. The exquisite art with which you have changed it, and have overcome the difficulties of the mode of publication, has fairly staggered me. I know pretty well what the difficulties are; and there is no other man who could have done it, I swear.

Having an opportunity of sending this to town to be posted — which will save a post — I write very hurriedly. Will you look at the enclosed from the printer? I shall be at the office tomorrow and on Friday.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To [GEORGE] COVEY, [19 SEPTEMBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 19 Sep 61. *Date:* written same day.

To THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, 19 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth Septr. 1861.

My Dear Gleig

There is no harm whatever done. Mr. Heaphy's story is so very extraordinary that I have taken it for these pages, and have introduced it with a few words of explanation.[†1] He seems more than satisfied to let it issue forth through this channel, and all is well.

As if everything connected with the story were destined to be curious, this thing happens:— In reply to my assurance that he need not suspect his printers of treachery, Mr. Heaphy mildly writes, how else could my version have the right date of the occurrence? Now our version *had no date at all*; but when I came to correct the proof, I so perceived the necessity of some date to make the effect striking, that I

myself wrote in that date on the margin of the proof, and, of all days in the three hundred and sixty five, pitched at random on the right day! —

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

The Rev. G. R. Gleig

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 19 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth September 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I thought it, on consideration, best to order 3 belts and 3 red flannel waistcoats.

There is some mistake about the winter trousers. They are all at Gad's Hill. Nothing here but boots.

Animal Magnetism — or something else — sent Headland[†2] here on Tuesday evening (when I spoke of him), and he repeated his visit yesterday at noon. I have engaged him. But we cannot stir without poor Arthur's papers referring to the Readings. This morning I have written to Mr. Covey shewing the urgent necessity of my having them, and begging him to get them. John is now gone with the letter.

Love to Mary — and to Mrs. B.[†3]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 19 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth September 1861

My Dear Layard.

You were quite right in your impression that Bulwer Lytton produced that story in writing. He had received it in writing, from Ward the painter. I suppose his version to have been nearer Mr. H's own, as he says it was very superior to the published version sent to me. He is looking for his MS but has not yet found it.

As if everything associated with the story were pre-destined to be singular, imagine this:— Mr. H. replying to my assurance that he need not suspect his printer's people of treachery, mildly writes that I will still excuse (he is sure) his being greatly staggered on that point, by my having the right date, the 13th of

September. Now my version had *no date at all*; but when I came to look over the Proof, I perceived the necessity of some date, and with my own hand put in that one!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. H. Layard Esquire

To THOMAS HEAPHY, 20 SEPTEMBER 1861

Text from Thomas Heaphy, *A Wonderful Ghost Story*, ed. E. Heaphy, p. 16.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND
Friday, Sept. 20th, 1861

Dear Sir,

Mr Layard has not been able to remember where or when he saw some version of your story in print. Sir Edward Lytton received his version in writing from Mr Edward Ward. Sir Edward informs me that his version was very superior to that published here. I therefore suppose it is told nearer your own. He is searching for the MS., but has not yet been able to lay his hand upon it.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Heaphy, Esq.

To J. COUCHMAN, 21 SEPTEMBER 1861

Text from W. R. Hughes, *A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land*, p. 223.

Gad's Hill Place | Saturday, 21st Sep., 1861.

The above contract I accept on the stipulated conditions; the specified time, in common with all the other conditions, to be strictly observed.[†1]

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 23 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Third September 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I am not sure how the Translation question stands, without referring to Wills.[†1] He has been away in Switzerland for his annual holiday, but I expect to find him at the office on Wednesday. Until then, I will retain the letter you enclose me. Immediately after seeing him, I will write to you again and return it.

Ever Affecy. Yours

CD.

To JAMES PAYN,[†2] 23 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Boston Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Third September 1861.

My Dear Mr. Payn

We will all hope for "better luck next time" as to meeting, and we will likewise hope that it may not be long before the better luck appears.

I do not quite understand whether you mean me actually to sign the *printed* memorial?[†3] at any rate here is my name. I would rather not ask Bulwer, because he may possibly have some political or other objection quite apart from the merits of the case, and because he would not like to refuse me. But you may be quite certain of his prompt attention, if you address him at

Knebworth

Stevenage

This is a very hasty note, for I have been away, and write just as the post goes out. Wills is on his way from the Arctic Regions[†1] (not Jericho),[†2] and may be expected to manifest himself in Wellington Street while you are still bathing.[†3] James Payn Esquire

To FRANCIS BERRY,[†4] 25 SEPTEMBER 1861

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1978; *MS* 2 pp; addressed Francis Berry.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Fifth September 1861

Dear Berry

Saying he has seen poor Mr. Arthur this afternoon — his impression of his state is not favorable. It is difficult to form a strong opinion on one interview, but I do not *think* he will recover.[†5] He is so exceedingly nervous, that what one would suppose to be asthma and bronchitis and a complication of such disorders, has no foundation that the nicest examination can discover; but he is unquestionably labouring under a quite different disease of a wasting and destructive kind. *He has no doubt that he is well taken care*

of. Smith wishes to retain his papers and accompany Dickens on the tour. If he should be able to go, but of this I have scarcely a spark of hope after seeing him, *Mr Headland shall relieve him of ... all his actual hard work. If he can't go Headland should take his place. The rest of the work will be distributed just as before ... and he will increase Berry's own salary by a guinea a week.*

To THOMAS HEADLAND, 25 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Fifth September 1861.

Dear Mr. Headland.

I have seen poor Mr. Arthur Smith, and my impression of his state is not favourable. I fear his recovery, even to the extent of being able to go with us, to be most unlikely.

Still, he is so set upon the Readings, and his thoughts so concentrate upon the expedition and he is so sanguine of being "able to write", and "able to go into the business", and the like, "tomorrow or next day", that I could on no account press him for the papers until it becomes absolutely necessary. It is not quite so, yet. Berry says that if our bills were at Norwich from a fortnight to

three weeks before the time of reading, that would be in accordance with the usual arrangements. Therefore we must leave matters just as they are — and may safely do so — until after next Wednesday when I hope to see him (Mr. Arthur) again.

He cordially approved of my having arranged with you. And I told him that even if he went, I should not allow him to do the bustling and active part of his work, but had expressly handed it over to you. Of this he expressed his entire approval also, and he said "nothing better could have been done."

He was not in a state of fever, but was extremely nervous and much shaken. His recovery — for a time — depends entirely, it would seem, on his ability to take generous stimulants. Unfortunately he is a bad subject for that purpose, as he cannot bear even the smell of wine or brandy.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN BURRELL,[†1] 27 SEPTEMBER 1861

Mention in Memoranda concerning CD's Will (*MS* Mrs R. Shuckburgh).

Asking Burrell to revise and alter his draft Will.[†2]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 27 SEPTEMBER 1861*

MS H. C. Dickens.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Friday Twenty Seventh September 1861.

My Dear Ouvry

I am not quite at ease about the Will you made for me;[†3] because I do not feel, on consideration, that it is the best thing I can do for my own satisfaction.

Will you draw another, on the following instructions. It cannot be too short, so that it be legal and efficient. I wish to write it in my own hand, and I wish it to be as plain and simple as it can possibly be made.

I leave such and such legacies.

I leave the interest of so much money, as an income for my wife; and at her death, the principal sum from which that income arises, is to be divided among all our surviving children share and share alike.

I appoint such and such persons my trustees and executors.[†4] They are to exercise their discretion, as to what they will sell and what they will not sell — for

example, as to whether they will sell my copyrights or any of them — or as to *when* they will sell them, or any of them — or as to whether they shall hold them and the annual income derivable from them, for the benefit of the trust fund. They are to administer the trust fund as they may think best, for the maintenance of Georgina Hogarth (my wife's sister), and any of my children under age, or any daughter or daughters of mine, if any, who may be widowed and in need of help. When all my children are of age, then the interest of the trust fund to be Georgina Hogarth's income as long as she lives; on her death, the principal to be equally divided among all my surviving children, share and share alike. The trustees and executors to be guardians of the children.

I should make Miss Hogarth (for her care and bringing up of all the children) one of these executors &c, and my eldest boy another, and some one with a knowledge of literary property the third.[†1]

This is all. And as I have a lively sense of the comicality of leaving a very great will to dispose of a very little,[†2] I entreat you to make the Law as little prolix and as much to the point, as a simple human being can make it.

I shall be in town on Tuesday and all next week.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?28 SEPTEMBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 688. *Date:* probably the same day as the "distressing interview" Forster reports CD as having with Arthur Smith on 28 Sep.

And yet his wakings and wanderings so perpetually turn on his arrangements for the Readings, and he is so desperately unwilling to relinquish the idea of "going on with the business" to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,[†3] that I had not the heart to press him for the papers. He told me that he believed he had by him "70 or 80 letters unanswered." You may imagine how anxious it makes me, and at what a deadstop I stand.

To JOHN WATKINS,[†4] 28 SEPTEMBER 1861†

MS John Rylands Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday night, Twenty Eighth September 1861.

Dear Mr. Watkins.

In reply to your kind letter, I must explain that I have not yet brought down any of your large photographs of myself, and therefore cannot report upon their

effect here. I think the "cartes" are all liked; perhaps Nos. 2, 9, and 14, are the favourites.

A general howl of horror greeted the appearance of No. 18, and a riotous attempt was made to throw it out of window. I calmed the popular fury by promising that it should never again be beheld within these walls. I think I mentioned to you when you showed it to me, that I felt persuaded it would not be liked. It has a grim and wasted aspect, and perhaps might be made useful as a portrait of the Ancient Mariner.[†1]

I feel that I owe you an apology for being (innocently) a difficult subject. When I once excused myself similarly to Ary Scheffer while sitting to him, he received the apology as strictly his due, and said with a vexed air, "At this moment mon cher Dickens, you look more like an energetic Dutch admiral than anything else." For which I apologized again.

In the hope that the pains you have bestowed upon me will not be thrown away, but that your success will prove of some use to you, Believe me,

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Watkins Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 29 SEPTEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Ninth September 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I have not a doubt that I can answer the questions correctly.

The course would be this. *Fenwick would not be taken before the Coroner at all*, but would be taken before a bench of Magistrates — or a magistrate — and remanded until the result of the Coroner's Inquest was known. The Magistrate could, and in a case of so grave an appearance probably would, refuse bail. Fenwick being remanded, and the further hearing of the case being adjourned, Fenwick would have to go to the jail in the meanwhile.[†2] There is no other place to which he could possibly go, not being bailed. The enquiry as to the cause of the death of the deceased, would be before the Coroner; the enquiry as to Fenwick himself, would be before the Magistrate. The Magistrate's and the Coroner's would be two perfectly distinct tribunals, and the magistrate and the Coroner would be two perfectly distinct people.

I shall be at the office on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday; probably Saturday too. I will look carefully to that part of the proofs. If you have any thing further to write to me, address me, all this next week, at the office.

[†a]I am burning to get at the whole story — and you inflame me in the maddest manner, by your references to what I don't know.[†a]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?30 SEPTEMBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 688. *Date:* probably the day before Smith's death on 1 Oct.

With a sick man who has been so zealous and faithful, I feel bound to be very tender and patient. When I told him the other day about my having engaged Headland — "to do all the personally bustling and fatiguing part of your work," I said — he nodded his heavy head with great satisfaction, and faintly got out of himself the words, "Of course I pay him, and not you."

October

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 2 OCTOBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Second October 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton. This is only to assure you that I will keep my eye on the Magistrate's court in Re Fenwick.[†1] I have made one alteration (subject to your approval) in No. 14.[†2] On the finding of the body, the Policeman accosts Fenwick with "What have you to say?" — which I think objectionable, as looking something too formally like examining him. I have changed it to "How did you come here?"[†3]

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, [EARLY OCTOBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Wills, 3 Nov 61 *Date:* presumably just after last.

Telling Lytton, who had asked his advice over Fenwick's being taken before the Magistrates for examination over Sir Philip Derval's murder: Whatever you do, remember that under the English criminal law, nothing can be done without the accused. The accused *must* be present.

To MESSRS DALZIEL BROTHERS,[†1] 4 OCTOBER 1861*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fourth October 1861.

Gentlemen

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the India Proofs you have had the kindness to send me, of the illustrations to Reprinted Pieces.[†2] Both in conception and execution, the illustrations are very satisfactory indeed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Dalziel Brothers.

To THE REV. C. M. DAVIES,[†3] 4 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Miss L. E. Godden

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday, Fourth October 1861.

Dear Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and its accompanying prospectus. Your exposition of your useful design,[†4] I have read with much interest and satisfaction.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. C. M. Davies M. A.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 OCTOBER 1861

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fourth October 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I have looked to the legal queries you noted on the margin of the proof, and I find the text to be perfectly correct.[†1]

The new management of the other point, leaves no suggestion to be made. Whatever in the nature of objection could be microscopically found before, is now clean gone.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 4 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fourth October 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

Your letter has come to me here, as I have been in town since Wednesday. Poor Mr. Arthur Smith is dead; and as I knew very little of the Reading arrangements he had made for me, I have been greatly at a loss — only knowing generally that I was bound to read fifty times, and but dimly knowing where or when.

Unfortunately Mary being away, Gad's Hill is in the dull possession of myself, Georgina, and Frank. But — worse than that — it is in the possession of an army of workmen: for I am making an improvement,[†2] and am doing it vigorously. I couldn't bear you to see, for the first time, what is really a pretty little place, at such a disadvantage. And therefore I sternly and in an adamantine manner, say to myself "No. She Shall NOT come until after Christmas."

But will you come *here*, and lunch tomorrow (in the smallest bachelor room, known to mankind) at half past one? Georgina will be here. Then I will tell you what (to the best of my present knowledge) my reading movements are, and then we will try in earnest whether we cannot arrange prospectively for your really coming to Gad's Hill — at last!

Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To [THOMAS PAIN],[†1] [5 OCTOBER 1861]

Mention in next. *Address:* no doubt answering an appeal from Pain, Hon. Secretary, Herbert Memorial Fund, for *AYR* to publish an article supporting the Fund. See *To* Morley, 5 Oct and *fn*. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To HENRY MORLEY, 5 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fifth October 1861

My Dear Morley.

I have received (and answered) the enclosed letter. Will you, if not very inconvenient, write a few kind words in favor of the project and in recognition of the merits of the deceased,[†2] for next Wednesday's making-up?[†3]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 5 OCTOBER 1861

Extract in unidentified New York catalogue, Apr 1939.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
October 5th. 1861

Enclosed is the book,[†4] and I hope you will like it. In a few days (when my engagements are clearly made out for me) I will let you know exactly what the Brighton nights are.

To H. G. ADAMS, 6 OCTOBER 1861

MS Dr Hugh Raven.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Sixth October, 1861.

My Dear Mr. Adams.

My Readings are a sad subject to me just now, for I am going away on the 28th, to read fifty times, and I have lost Mr. Arthur Smith — a friend whom I can

never replace — who always went with me, and transacted, as no other man ever can, all the business connected with them, and without whom I fear they will be dreary and weary to me. But this is not to the purpose of your letter.

I desire to be useful to the Institution of the place with which my childhood is inseparable associated, and I will serve it this next Christmas, if I can. Will you come and dine with me next Saturday at 6 (we shall have no company), and come prepared to tell me when I could do you most good by reading for you?[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?6 OCTOBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 688*n*. *Date:* CD no doubt wrote almost immediately after Arthur Smith's funeral on 5 Oct.

There was a very touching thing in the Chapel. When the body was to be taken up and carried to the grave, there stepped out, instead of the undertaker's men with their hideous paraphernalia, the men who had always been with the two brothers at the Egyptian Hall;[†2] and they, in their plain, decent, own mourning clothes, carried the poor fellow away. Also, standing among the gravestones, dressed in black, I noticed every kind of person who had ever had to do with him — from our own gas man and doorkeepers and billstickers, up to Johnson the printer and that class of man. The father[†3] and Albert[†4] and he now lie together, and the grave, I suppose, will be no more disturbed. I wrote a little inscription for the stone,[†5] and it is quite full.

To EDMUND YATES, 6 OCTOBER 1861†

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Sixth October 1861.

My Dear Edmund

Barlow[†6] expressed his anxiety to me yesterday at the Funeral,[†7] that I would explain to you once again, how tied down he was as to the cost and arrangement.[†8] I told him I was sure it was not necessary, but I would. He said he

had hoped to see you there, and he would feel relieved if I would keep my promise.

Coming back here today, I find your letter.

I was so very much distressed last night in thinking of it all, and I find it so very difficult to preserve my composure when I dwell in my mind on the many times fast approaching when I shall sorely miss the familiar face, that I am hardly steady enough yet, to refer to the Readings like a Man. But your kind reference to them makes me desirous to tell you that I took Headland (formerly of St. Martins Hall,

who has always been with us in London) to conduct the business, when I knew that our poor dear fellow could never do it, even if he had recovered strength to go — and that I consulted with himself about it when I saw him for the last time on earth, and that it seemed to please him, and he said "We couldn't do better."

Write to me before you come; and remember that I go to town, Wednesday Mornings.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 OCTOBER 1861

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth October 1861

My Dearest Georgy. When I went down to Ealing[†1] yesterday evening, Henry Austin had fallen into a doze and was supposed to have taken a decidedly favourable turn. The Doctor (who was to remain all night) was dining, and all were as cheerful as might be. I came away again; and when John came into my room this morning at 8 o'Clock, he said a messenger had just been, to say that Henry was dead.

Of course I have been out there again. His disease was inflammation of the windpipe — if I recollect right, he had always a weakness about his chest and throat — and he died very quietly: apparently supposing himself better. You can imagine Letitia under the circumstances, but she certainly came out better today than I had expected. I must honestly confess to you that I had a dread of going near her. God forgive me!

Will you send me by Frank in the morning two or three white shirts (packed so as he *can't* tumble them, or he certainly *will*), and some stockings. On Friday morning, I think you had best come here. I have ordered the Funeral for Monday, and am not yet quite clear when we shall go down — whether on Friday or Saturday.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS ARTHUR SMITH, 9 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Mrs. Arthur Smith | 75 Jermyn Street | W.

All the Year Round Office,
Wednesday Ninth October 1861.

Dear Mrs. Arthur Smith

If you do not like the inscription I send you on the other side, I will try another. I have tried to tell the truth as simply and honestly as possible.

You will observe that if all the Christian names[†1] are to appear, some must be added.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Here also lie the remains of
[†a]MR. ARTHUR SMITH,[†a]
In the Grave of his brother and father.
He died, 1st. October 1861,
Aged 36 Years.
For his zeal, integrity, and fidelity,
He was widely beloved and honoured.
And it is believed
By those who knew him best,
That he had the clearest head
In affairs of business,
And the clearest heart
In all the affairs of life,
That were ever united to
The simple tastes,
The sweet temper and gentleness,
Of an affectionate child.[†2]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 9 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Mr William Clarke.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth October 1861.

My Dear Stanny.

Will you come round here and dine, instead of dining at the club? This office is in Wellington Street, at the corner of York Street Covent Garden. Dinner time, *a quarter past* 5. Wilkie Collins will be here, and my reason for proposing the change is, that I have been unable to postpone my usual office dinner with him on this day of the week, by being unexpectedly telegraphed away yesterday

to the house of my sister's husband (Austin — you remember him?) who lay dangerously ill. He was supposed to be much better when I got there, but he died last night.

Dinner will be ready here, observe, at a quarter past 5; which will leave you comfortable time to come round.

Ever affectionately
DICK.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 10 OCTOBER 1861

Text from MDGH, II, 150.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, Oct. 10th, 1861.

My Dearest Mamie,

I received your affectionate little letter here this morning, and was very glad to get it. Poor dear Arthur is a sad loss to me, and indeed I was very fond of him. But the readings must be fought out, like all the rest of life.

Ever your affectionate
[CD]

To [?SIDNEY] KENNEDY,[†1] 10 OCTOBER 1861

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Tenth October 1861.

Sir

I think the passage you want will be found in a detached paper originally published in "Master Humphrey's Clock", which was the general name of the weekly serial in which I wrote The Old Curiosity Shop, and Barnaby Rudge. I have not the means of reference at hand, and cannot quite remember whether I wrote the paper in question between the two stories, or at the end of the second story. It was a fancy associated with the Great Clock of Saint Paul's, arising out of my looking at it one day and thinking that, as the pendulum swung, London's heart seemed to beat.[†2]

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Sydney Kennedy Esquire

To SIR CHARLES LOCOCK, 10 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Tenth October, 1861.

My Dear Sir Charles Locock.

I *did* send you the book, and yet behold it is not right! Please therefore to confiscate the same. The Volume intended for you[†1] is at the binder's[†2] — binding to range with those you have already. They made a mistake at the office in sending you the copy you have, and, but for your letter, I might never have known it.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. PATTERSON, 10 OCTOBER 1861

Mention in S. T. Freeman & Co, catalogue No. 924; dated Office of *AYR,* 10 Oct 61; addressed R. H. Patterson.

To THOMAS BEARD, 11 OCTOBER 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Eleventh October 1861

My Dear Beard. I understand from Letitia to day, that you are going to poor Austin's funeral on Monday. As I shall go down in a Brougham, let me take you. I will leave here at 10, and will take you up, at 20 minutes past, at the corner of the Edgeware Road in Oxford Street. One word to say that this is agreed on.

Ever affecy
CD.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 11 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Dickens House.

Eleventh October, 1861.
Messrs. Chapman and Hall,

The above charge,[†3] being correct, please to pay it and place it to my account.
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY OLLIFFE, 11 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Princeton University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Eleventh October 1861.

My Dear Lady Olliffe

I really am not fit to dine out, before I go away to read. If I got into a nervous state, I should be perfectly disqualified for the forty or fifty nights I have before me — and I have of late been worried and

distressed,[†1] and know that I cannot be too quiet. Don't suspect me, pray, of making or seeking excuses. It is the plain real truth.

Affectionately Yours ever

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 13 OCTOBER 1861

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirteenth October, 1861.

My Dearest Macready.

This is a short note. But the moment I know for certain what is designed for me at Cheltenham,[†2] I write to you, in order that you may know it from me and not by chance from any one else.

I am to read there, on the evening of Friday the 3rd. of January, and on the morning of Saturday the 4th. As I have nothing to do on Thursday the 2nd. but come from Leamington,[†3] I shall come to you, please God, for a quiet dinner that day.

The death of Arthur Smith has caused me great distress and anxiety. I had a great regard for him, and he made the Reading part of my life as light and pleasant as it *could* be made. I had hoped to bring him to see you, and had pictured to myself how amused and interested you would have been with his wonderful tact and consummate mastery of arrangement. But it's all over.

I begin at Norwich on the 28th. and am going North in the middle of November. I am going to do Copperfield, and shall be curious to test its effect on the Edinburgh people.[†4] It has been quite a job so to piece portions of the long book together, as to make something continuous out of it; but I hope I have got something varied and dramatic. I am also (not to slight *your* book)

going to do Nickleby at Mr. Squeers's.[†1] It is clear that both must be trotted out at Cheltenham.

With kindest love and regard to all your house,

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate

CD.

Fourth Edition of Great Expectations, almost gone!

To THE HON. MRS WATSON, 13 OCTOBER 1861*

MS New York Public Library.

†a_____

_____†a

Sunday Thirteenth October 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

This is a very short note merely to let you know that I read at Brighton, on the following two evenings

Thursday	November	7th.	— Copperfield
Friday	"	8th.	— Nickleby, and Trial from Pickwick

Possibly I may read Copperfield on Saturday in the day-time, also; but I shall not do so unless I am obliged, as I have a great antipathy to daylight reading.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD

To THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,[†2] [?14-15 OCTOBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Bowring, 31 Oct 61. *Date:* written "immediately" after Austin's funeral.

Telling Shaftesbury of Austin's services to the Board of Health, and asking him to consider the chances of obtaining a small pension for his widow and to give CD his advice about it.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-OCTOBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 688-9. *Date:* Wording suggests after Henry Austin's death too, on 9 Oct; probably written within the week following.

With what difficulty I get myself back to the readings after all this loss and trouble, or with what unwillingness I work myself up to the mark of looking

them in the face, I can hardly say. As for poor Arthur Smith at this time, it is as if my right arm were gone. It is only just now that I am able to open one of the books, and screw the text out of myself in a flat dull way. Enclosed is the list of what I have to do. You will see that I have left ten days in November for the Christmas number, and also a good Christmas margin for our meeting at Gadshill. I shall be very glad to have the money that I expect to get; but it will be earned.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 15 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fifteenth October 1861.

My Dearest Georgy. I write, not because I have anything to say, but for the pleasure of reporting myself to you.

Presently (that is to say, at ½ past 1) I am obliged to go out to Ealing again, to help with what advice I can. It *was* Mrs. Fillonneau[†1] whom I saw the other day. Yesterday, she and Mrs. Silva[†2] were

together; and Amelia, when one has that opportunity of comparison, is immensely the better looking of the two. There is something in her face, now that she is grey and quiet, extraordinarily taking.

Letitia had the widow's cap on yesterday, of course. As she was in a darkened room, poor thing, I only observed of it that it had very broad things to tie it by, hanging down. Old Mr. Austin[†3] seemed in a kind of brisk dotage. Burnett[†4] was the express embodiment of Imbecility.[†5] The manner in which everybody sat against the wall, was wonderful. And there was the usual Ghoull-like indispensability of cake and wine, and old Mr. Austin had a conviction deeply rooted in him that everybody wanted coffee (which was also there), and in particular that *I* wanted coffee, and must have it administered, whether or no.

The service was very plainly and feelingly read — very different from poor Arthur's case. Beard and I came back together, and met in the evening and dined at Verrey's.

I have omitted to mention that I suspected (God forgive me!) the young cousin[†6] of getting up demonstration now and then. In pouring out the tea he rattled the teapot against the cups, and the like, and was more jerky than

seemed natural. Also he fell into reveries that I thought too sudden and too profound.

Enclosed is the printed list of the Readings.[†1]

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To FRANCESCO BERGER,[†2] [16 OCTOBER 1861]

MS (envelope only) Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Francesco Berger Esquire | 36 Thurlow Square | Brompton | S.W. PM 16 Oct 61.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 17 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Seventeenth October, 1861.

My Dear Letitia

I went to De Gex's[†3] yesterday morning, and found that he has not yet come back from his holiday. I asked the clerk how long would it be before he returned? He answered, a few days. Would he probably be back within a week? I asked then. To which the clerk made answer, He thought he would "certainly be back within a week".

On the whole I think it will be best to wait until he returns. I will write a full explanation to him of what is necessary to be done, so that he may have it as soon as he comes, and may know exactly what we want him to do. After careful consideration, I think it would be unwise if I were to move with Mr.

Lawrence,[†4] without De Gex's knowledge and approval. I don't know the covenants in the Lease, and it *might* even turn out that it would be to Mr. Lawrence's advantage — rather than any concession on his part — to get the house back. It is a little surprising to me that that solicitor who holds the policy, has not communicated with you voluntarily. Perhaps he too is away — or perhaps he *may* make some communication in the course of a day or two — and that again would be all the better. Therefore I would wait for De Gex, for both reasons.

I am obliged to go back to Gad's Hill tomorrow morning, to get some work done before I go away reading: which I do, on Monday week. My address therefore, until Wednesday when I shall be here again, will be at Gad's Hill. It seems to me that it would be a very good thing for you to go away for perfect

change — say to Brighton, or Dover, or any place where you would have good air and be surrounded by other objects. Think of this. And if you want some ready money for the purpose, let me know.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THOMAS HEADLAND, 18 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighteenth October, 1861.

Dear Mr. Headland

If you will kindly call at the office next Wednesday, we will settle our starting hour for Norwich.[†1]

Will you let me have half a dozen more of the printed lists of the Tour.

We had best have a travelling insurance for 3 months. You and I for £1,000 each. Each of the three men for £200 each. This was poor Arthur's plan.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MESSRS HUNT & ROSKELL,[†2] 18 OCTOBER 1861

MS Mr Liam Dunne.

GAD'S HILLS PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighteenth October, 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to inform Messrs. Hunt and Roskell with his compliments, that he would rather not have any Monogram engraven on his seal, but simply the two distinct separate letters C D in old English characters.

To H. G. ADAMS, 21 OCTOBER 1861

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* H. G. Adams Esquire | Rochester.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Night Twenty First October, 1861.

My Dear Mr. Adams

In answer to your note, let me say that immediately after you left here on the evening when you last gave me the pleasure of your society, I put down Tuesday

the 21st. January as the day on which I was bound to my Institution at Chatham.[†1] Tuesday the 14th. would be inconvenient to me, as I shall not be home from the end of a pretty long course of Readings until very close upon that day. But as you say that Thursday the 16th. would be better than the 21st. let it stand for Thursday the 16th. — when you may announce me to read (in Six Chapters) David Copperfield.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 23 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Third October 1861.

My Dear Letitia.

I have seen Edward De Gex to day, and have had a long talk and explanation with him. He is of opinion that it will be best for him *not* to appear in the matter with Mr. Lawrence, and he also thinks (as I myself had a misgiving) that it will be best for me to keep out of it, in case Mr. Lawrence should be induced to found any absurd ideas on my interposition. His suggestion is, that young Mr. Austin should see him (Mr. Lawrence), and if he will call upon De Gex at 4 Raymond Buildings Grays Inn, De Gex will advise him exactly as to what he thinks it would be best for him to say. De Gex will be glad if he will at the same time, take the box of papers with him that I looked over.

With Mr. Nelson,[†2] De Gex will at once communicate, relative to the Thousand Pound Policy.[†3] He says it is not at all likely that Mr. Nelson would think it his position to move in the matter at all, until some accredited person called on him. His resting quite silent with the policy in his possession, would be quite in the ordinary course therefore.

As I have to begin my Readings next Monday, I enclose you my List,[†4] in order that you may always know where I am to be found by letter. When you observe a gap with no engagements in it, you may conclude that I am either here or at Gad's Hill.

I shall be anxious to hear as soon as you have news of Mr. Nelson. And to know how you are, and that you are finding some rest and support under your heavy trial, will be a real relief to me.

God bless and comfort you!

Ever affectionately

CD.

To [?CHARLES EDMONDS],[†1] 23 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Twenty Third October 1861

Any of D'Israeli's novels, of which there is a cheap Edition.[†2]

CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS SHILLIBEER[†3] & CO., 24 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Boston Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Fourth October, 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens with compts to Messrs. Shillibeer and Co. begs to enclose two crossed cheques on Messrs. Coutts & Co. — one for £25..18..6 in discharge of the funeral bill for the interment of the late Mr. Henry Austin; one for £9..10..0 for the cost of gravestone and inscription in memory of the late Mr. Alfred L. Dickens.[†4]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, [?24-25 OCTOBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Wills, 25 Oct 61. *Date:* CD had no doubt replied to Lytton the day he wrote to Wills or the day before.

Telling Lytton that he thought the AYR *printers could set up the whole of* A Strange Story *from No. 20 to the end and that he would ask Wills to arrange this with them.*

To WILLIAM HAWKINS, 25 OCTOBER 1861

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* W. Hawkins Esquire | Alresford Hall | near | Colchester.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Twenty Fifth October, 1861.

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind invitation, and beg you not to estimate my appreciation of it by my non-acceptance of it.

The truth is, that whenever I am away from home, so employed as I shall be at Colchester, I never stay with any friend whomsoever. Any such pleasure would be so incompatible with what I have to do, that I am obliged systematically to renounce it.

As I shall remain in Colchester but a few hours altogether, I shall not have an opportunity of thanking you in person. But I shall hope to have another and better occasion of doing so.

May I ask you when you write to your brother,[†1] to send him my kind regard, and to add that I was exceedingly sorry to miss him in London (by only a few hours) before he went away?

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hawkins Esquire

To LADY HERBERT,[†2] 25 OCTOBER 1861*

MS The Earl of Pembroke.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Fifth October, 1861.

My Dear Lady Herbert.

I must write you one line to tell you that I have been much moved by your letter,[†3] and that my thoughts have been often with you since you sustained your great bereavement. His was a noble and generous spirit that England could very, very ill afford to lose, and God knows he did his duty manfully. It will not be forgotten in this Country how he wrought for the soldier;[†4] but in everything he was a model for a public administrator, and a good gallant man.

It is idle to write this, but I cannot keep the words back.

May you see him reflected in his children,[†5] and may his countryment see some faint traces of his unaffected energy and devotion, in his public successors! There will not be such another in his place for many and many a long year, but he has beaten the twisted iron into shape, and many many more long years must pass away before it can be beaten out of form again.

Believe me Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lady Herbert.

To JOHN WATKINS, 25 OCTOBER 1861

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1882; *MS* 1 p.; dated 25 Oct 61; addressed John Watkins.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 OCTOBER 1861

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Twenty Fifth October, 1861.

My Dear Wills. Bulwer, in a note I meant to have enclosed herein but have inadvertently destroyed, asks, "Would it be very inconvenient to set up and print off the whole of Strange Story from No. 20 to the End. In that case I could give the final revises up to No. 19. But the revise of No. 20 necessitates the survey of all the Numbers that have gone before?" I have told him that I think we can do it — that I write to you — and that you will stir up the printer, and tell him what and when he may expect. He writes from Marine Parade, Ventnor.

Ever Faithfully
CD.
Over

Miss Power is going to Alexandria,[†1] and no doubt wants all the money she has earned, or can earn.

Was she paid for "Things I can't stand"?[†2]

And was she paid for the Poem now in type? I forget its name.[†3]

Will you let her have a cheque, at once, for any thing we may owe her. She is here.

To T. J. THOMPSON, 27 OCTOBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Meynell family): T. J. Thompson Esqre. | Albaro | care of | Messrs. Gibbs and Co. | Genoa. PM London 28 Oct 61 |

Gad's Hill | Sunday Twenty Seventh October, 1861.

My Dear Thompson.

I answer the last part of your letter first, to be quit of the miserable subject.[†4]

Exactly such knowledge of, and influence with, Frederick, as you have, or as Mr. Weller[†5] has, *I* have. My power over him was last exemplified, and his

deference to me was last shewn, in his compromising my partner in Household Words for a large sum of money, and treating him with supreme contempt and defiance — setting him utterly at naught altogether. In which process he was as much restrained by any sense of gratitude to me, or consideration for me of any kind, as the wind that was then blowing.

No "painful sort of publicity"[†1] can possibly alter the fact that I have no power — or shadow of power over him, no communication with him, no knowledge whatever of his doings. I do not in the least doubt (I wish I did) that he humiliates himself and degrades himself, as you describe; nor do I affect to have viewed with philosophy, the decay and ruin of so near a relation, for whom I have done more than I can in any reason hope to do for each of my own seven boys. But an implication conveyed in your letter renders it necessary for me to observe that I know no one can disgrace me but I myself, and that the name I have made is in my keeping, and in no other man's.

I am very sorry to hear of the sad and anxious occasion of your being again in Italy. But I don't think there are many reasonably well informed Englishmen — if there be, I certainly know none — who suppose Garibaldi to be all powerful with the Government in the North.[†2] On the contrary, I suppose the truth to be very widely understood here; though there is a reticence as to putting it about, on the part of most of those who have the power of doing so, originating in a tenderness towards Italy in her difficult struggle.

Mary is visiting in Hampshire, and I leave here tonight on business in various parts of England and Scotland, which will hold me until Christmas-time. Georgina and Katie and her husband are here. They send kind love and regard to Christiana and you.

We shall meet, I hope, in London. I am not quite clear about the manner or duration of our spring sojourn there, as it will necessarily depend on the extent of Exhibition-madness[†3] that may seize hold of the letters of houses. But I am always to be found by letter, either here or at the office.

My Dear Thompson Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Thompson Esquire

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 OCTOBER 1861†

MS Berg Collection.

Royal Hotel Norwich

Tuesday Twenty Ninth October 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I cannot say that we began well last night. We had not a good Hall, and they were a very Lumpish audience indeed.[†1] This did not tend to cheer the strangeness I felt in being without Arthur, and I was not at all myself. We have a large Let for tonight — I think, 250 stalls, which is very large — and I hope that

both they and I will go better. I could have done perfectly last night, if the Audience had been bright, but they were an intent and staring audience. They laughed though very well, and the storm made them shake themselves again. But they were not magnetic, and the great big place was out of sorts somehow.

Tomorrow I will write you another short note, however short. It is Nickleby and the Trial tonight; Copperfield again tomorrow. A wet day here, with glimpses of blue. I shall not forget Katey's health[†2] at dinner. A pleasant journey down. Headland, heavy but worthy.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

I had a letter from Chauncy, here, yesterday before dinner.

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 OCTOBER 1861]

Extracts in F, VIII, vi, 689 and 689n. *Date:* the day after his second reading at Norwich, 29 Oct.

Saying that the start of the readings at Norwich was not good, the opening announcement having been subject to so many vexing changes as to leave some doubt of their fulfilment.

[†a]We had a splendid hall, and I think Nickleby will top all the readings. Somehow it seems to have got in it, by accident, exactly the qualities best suited to the purpose; and it went last night, not only with roars, but with a general hilarity and pleasure that I have never seen surpassed.

I miss him dreadfully. The sense I used to have of compactness and comfort about me while I was reading is quite gone; and on my coming out for the ten

minutes, when I used to find him always ready for me with something cheerful to say, it is forlorn. Besides which, H. and all the rest of them are always somewhere, and he was always everywhere.[†a]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 30 OCTOBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Angel Hotel,[†1] Bury St Edmunds
Wednesday Thirtieth October 1861.

My Dearest Georgy

I have just now received your welcome letter, and I hasten to report (having very little time) that we had a splendid Hall last night, and that I think Nickleby tops all the Readings! Somehow it seems to have got in it, by accident, exactly the qualities best suited to the purpose; and it went last night, not only with roars, but with a general hilarity and pleasure that I have never seen surpassed.

We are full here for tonight.

Fancy this:— Last night at about 6, who should walk in but Elwin! He was exactly in his usual state, only more demonstrative than ever, and had been driven in, by some neighbours who were coming to the Reading. I had tea up for him, and he went down at 7 with me to the dismal den where I dressed, and sat by the fire while I dressed, and was childishly happy in that great privilege. During the Reading, he sat on a corner of the platform, and roared incessantly. †aHe never said one word about having had any letter from Mary,†2 and I really think his wife†3 *must* have intercepted those dangerous epistles.†a He brought in a lady and gentleman to introduce while I was undressing, and went away in a perfect and absolute rapture.

All right as to Barber and the workmen. More workmen are certainly wanted, and can certainly be got.

With best love
Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate
CD.

†aElwin's talk, on our way down to the Hall last night, was all of *you.*†a

To W. H. WILLS, 30 OCTOBER 1861

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

Angel Hotel, Bury St. Edmunds
Wednesday Thirtieth October, 1861.

My Dear Wills.

I do not remember accurately (though I have a general impression) what was done at the office before, concerning John, when he was away with me. But I wish whatever was done before, to be done now. His Salary from the Readings is paid by Headland.

It may save some discomfort hereafter, if I beg you not to allow my old servant to be the subject of any kind of officiousness on the part of Holsworth or Johnson. I have lately observed a little thing or two in that direction not at all consistent with my notion of my supremacy. And I have not noticed it, because I could possibly take no notice of it but one final and conclusive one.

We opened ill at Norwich. (There had been great mismanagement, but perhaps poor Arthur's illness may have had to do with it.) We had not a good Hall, and the audience were heavy, and put me out of sorts. Last night was brilliant, and I think Nickleby tops all the Readings in its astounding Go.

We are full here for tonight.†1

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To E. A. BOWRING,†2 31 OCTOBER 1861

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

Bury St. Edmunds
Thursday Thirty First October, 1861.

Dear Sir

I have heard this morning from Mr. Wills, of your kind visit to the office, and of Taylor's[†3] generous offer of assistance.

Immediately after the Funeral, I wrote to Lord Shaftesbury, mentioning generally, what Austin's services had been, and asking him to have the goodness to consider what the chances were of getting a small pension, and *then* to write me his advice. I wrote him a private letter, believing that he would be glad to serve me, if he could, and knowing that he has facilities of approach to Ld. Palmerston on such a matter. I have not yet received his reply. And the question

I should like you and Taylor to consider, is, whether it be advisable to proceed further until I *do* hear from Lord Shaftesbury.

I have not the least objection to memorializing the Government on the widow's behalf, in my own name. But before I can do so (if Taylor and you should be in favor of that course) I would ask you to let me know whether the memorial should be addressed to the Premier, and over *about* how long a time Austin's connexion with the Public Health Service has extended. I shall be at home (I enclose my address) next Sunday, but I shall leave home again on Monday Morning.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bowring Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 31 OCTOBER 1861

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

The Great White Horse, Ipswich[†1]
Thursday Thirty First October, 1861.

My Dear Wilkie

On coming here just now (half past one) I found your letter awaiting me, and it gave me infinite pleasure — you can scarcely think how much pleasure; for to hold consultation on the quiet pursuits in which we have had so much common interest for a long time now — is a delightful and wholesome thing in the midst of this kind of life — in the midst of any kind of life.

I entirely agree with you as to the necessity of writing up the compact concerning the people who come in at the gate.[†2] I have not the least doubt that it is hurried and huddled up, as I have written it, and

that much more can be made of it. Much more, therefore (please God) *shall* be made of it, when we get to work.[†3]

The child notion enchants me.[†4] With my love for the blessed children, I could sit down and do it out of hand, if I could do any thing, with the gaslights of the night looming in the eight o'clock future. But when I get to the Sea, next week, I hope so to turn the notion over, as to be able to work upon it when I come back, briskly and quickly. I have no doubt about it — accept it — and devote myself to it! (Here I raise my hand to Heaven.)

I think Our Hidden Selves a very good title — but I also think a better can come of it. I am not sure. Now I quite discern where your notion tends, I will try if I can find a better.

The first night at Norwich was a dismal beginning — altogether unwonted and strange. We had not a good Let, and (the place of reading being a great cold stone-paved Gothic Hall) the Audience appeared to be afraid of me, and of each other. I was out of sorts. Everything seemed forlorn and strange to me. Poor dear Arthur gone, and the very wind in the arches (damn[†1] them!) seeming to howl about it. As a very little thing would have stirred me, in such a state of mind, to do my best: so a very little thing stirred me to do my worst — and, on the whole, I think I did it.

Next night was Nickleby and the Trial. I had had a good walk in the bright air, and time to reason myself up a bit. There was a brilliant Audience, and I think I must report of Nickleby, that — for a certain fantastic and hearty enjoyment — it tops all the Readings. The people were really quite ridiculous to see, when Squeers read the boys' letters. And I am inclined to suspect that the impression of protection and hope, derived from Nickleby's going away protecting Smike, is exactly the impression — this is discovered by chance — that an Audience most likes to be left with.

Last Night I read Copperfield at Bury St. Edmunds to a very fine Audience. I don't think a word — not to say an idea — was lost; and I am confirmed in my impression that it will be a very great card indeed, in London.

From Brighton I will write you again, suggesting the course of proceeding, for the Xmas No. in my ten or eleven days of reserve. Until then and ever, Believe me

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILL MORGAN, [?31 OCTOBER 1861]

Mention in M. F. Armstrong, "Our Letter", *St. Nicholas: Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys*, IV (May 1877), 439. *Date:* a "few days" before his reading at Colchester on 1 Nov.

In answer to a letter from Will Morgan, asking how he and his two sisters[†2] could hear CD read, telling them to meet him at Colchester and come to his reading there.

To THE MANAGER, COLCHESTER THEATRE, [31 OCTOBER 1861]

Telegram. Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 1 Nov 61. *Date:* the day before that letter.

Requesting places at his reading in Colchester for Will Morgan and his two sisters.

To GEORGE THOMPSON,[†1] 31 OCTOBER 1861

MS Suffolk County Council. On mourning paper.

Bury St. Edmunds
Thursday Thirty First October 1861.

Dear Sir

I cannot leave this charming town without offering you my best thanks for the great vigilance attention and ability with which you have had the kindness to arrange the details of my Reading here. When I was last here with my regretted friend Mr. Arthur Smith, we both spoke of you as being, in your cheerful promptitude and dexterity, one with whom it was a real pleasure to transact business. That impression has been more than confirmed on this second occasion, and I thank you cordially.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Thompson

To JOHN FORSTER, [OCTOBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, iii, 655. *Date:* Oct 61, according to Forster.

I shall have an alteration or two to show you at Gadshill that greatly improve the little property;[†2] and when I get the workmen out this time, I think I'll leave off.

November

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 NOVEMBER 1861†

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

The Great White Horse, Ipswich
Friday First November, 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I cannot quite remember, in the whirl of travelling and reading, whether or no I wrote you a line from Bury St Edmunds. But I think (and hope) I did. We had a fine room there, and Copperfield made a great impression. We had an excellent room here last night, and Copperfield again made a great impression. At midday, we go on to Colchester, where I shall expect the Young Morgans. I sent a Telegram on yesterday after receiving your note, to secure places for them. The answer returned by

Telegraph was, "No Box-seats left, but on the 4th row". If they prefer to sit on the stage (for I read in the Theatre:[†3] there being no other large public room), they shall. Meantime I have told John, who

went forward this morning with the other men, to let the people at the Inn know that if three travellers answering that description, appear before my dinner-time, they are to dine with me.[†1]

[†a]Plorn's admission that he likes the school very much indeed, is the great social triumph of modern times.

I am looking forward to Sunday's rest at Gad's, and shall be down by the 10 o'Clock Train from town. I miss poor Arthur dreadfully. It is scarcely possible to imagine how much. It is not only that his loss to me, socially, is quite irreparable, but that the sense I used to have of compactness and comfort about me while I was reading, is quite gone. And when I come out for the ten minutes when I used to find him always ready for me with something cheerful to say, it is forlorn. I cannot but fancy too, that the Audience must miss the old specialty of a pervading gentleman.[†a] [†b]Headland does what he can, and is trusty and careful; but he would be at a loss without Berry; and the look of him is very different from the poor lost fellow in his evening dress. Besides which, Headland and all the rest of them are always somewhere, and he was always everywhere.[†b]

Nobody I know, has turned up yet, except Elwin. I have had many invitations to all sorts of houses in all sorts of places, and have — of course — accepted them every one.[†2]

Love to Mamie, if she has come home, and to Bouncer, if *she* has come. Also to Marguerite who I hope is by this time much better.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate.

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 3 NOVEMBER 1861†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Third November, 1861.

My Dear Letitia.

[†a]I enclose you a cheque for £50. It is crossed, for fear of accidents, and had therefore best go to De Gex as it stands; for it must be paid in through a Banking House. At the same time, for future reference when the accounts are made up, I send you the note of Shillibeer's interment charges.[†3] I paid it immediately, in order that they might be as small as possible.

Let me know, at the Marine Hotel Hastings on Wednesday, that you have received the cheque safely.

I think Mr. Lawrence's stipulation that the Furniture should be left in the house, on the whole very good for you. It is extremely likely that it may lead to your disposing of the planned furniture at least — and possibly of more — to good advantage.[†a]

I am heartily glad to hear that you have been out in the air; and I hope you will go again very soon, and make a point of continuing to go. There is a soothing influence in the sight of the earth and sky, which God put into them for our relief when he made the world in which we are all to suffer, and strive, and die.

I will not fail to write to you from many points of my Tour, and if you ever want to write to me you may be sure of a quick response, and may be certain that I am sympathetic and true.[†1]

To THOMAS BEARD, 3 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Third November, 1861.

My Dear Beard

I sent you the birds from Norwich — I am away reading, and am only here for to day — where they were presented to me by a "Constant Reader" and Hearer.

Of course I perfectly understand your responding to any request on the part of Charley, or of his mother, to attend the dear fellow's marriage.[†2] But I must add the expression of my earnest hope that it is not your intention to enter Mr. Evans's house on that occasion.[†3]

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS BROWN, 3 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* France | Mrs. Brown | Hotel du Louvre | Paris. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Third November, 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

I received your letter, at Norwich — I am away, reading, and am only at home for a day — with many affectionate and cherished remembrances, on which I need not dwell to you. When I heard you were

at Paris, I often thought of you, you may be sure; but uppermost among all I thought, was a feeling of great gratification and sympathy in your having gone there. It was right and true and wholesome.

In poor Arthur Smith, I have sustained an irreparable loss — not because he was a man who did for me what no one else can ever do, but because I loved him and he deserved it well. But we must all be brave, as good soldiers are, and when the fast-thinning ranks look bare, must close up solidly and march on.

You, and dear Miss Coutts, will be glad, I know, to hear that my readings have begun again most prosperously. Enjoying crowds have been about me since I recommenced. I have made one reading from Copperfield that I should very much like you both, to hear. It seems to have a strong interest, and an expression of a young spirit in it, that addresses people of sensitive perception curiously.

I wish I could hope that Charley's marriage may not be a disastrous one. There is no help for it, and the dear fellow does what is unavoidable — his foolish mother would have effectually committed him if nothing else had; chiefly I suppose because her hatred of the bride and all belonging to her, used to know no bounds, and was quite inappeasable. But I have a strong belief, founded on careful observation of him, that he cares nothing for the girl.[†1]

I left Colchester yesterday morning, when the town was hoary under a sharp snow storm. Two days before, I had been breakfasting at Bury St. Edmunds with the window wide open, and bright flowers in all the gardens.

Give my ever affectionate and never changing remembrance to Miss Coutts, and Believe me My Dear friend

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brown.

To JAMES KEYMER,[†1] 3 NOVEMBER 1861

Extract in Emily Driscoll catalogue No. 27; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 3 Nov 61; addressed James Keymer; on mourning paper.

His many engagements force him to refuse an appeal from Keymer and Blanchard Jerrold in spite of his strong sympathy with the cause you advocate.[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, 3 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Third November, 1861.

My Dear Wills

Excellent work both at Ipswich and Colchester. I start again tomorrow morning from here.

It is Copperfield at Brighton on Thursday evening. Let me know whether I am to expect you. Dinner hour, 4. We hear of a great Let at Hastings, but know nothing yet of Brighton. Probably we shall find this time, as poor Arthur and I did last, that the first Reading in a place where there are more Readings than one, is invariably the poorest Let.

I was amused by a letter in the Times yesterday (though it was unnecessary and ill natured) about Bulwer.[†3] When I looked over the proceedings in Fenwick's first examination and subsequent release (which were very wrong),[†4] I particularly wrote to him: "Whatever you do, remember that under the English criminal Law, nothing can be done without the accused. The accused *must be* present."[†5] He wrote back, saying that he quite understood that, and would not forget it.

There was a rush at Colchester, in which John was nearly swept into space. The rest were obliged to dive at him, and drag him out of the crowd.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 4 NOVEMBER 1861

Text from MDGH, II, 154.

Fountain Hotel,[†1] Canterbury, Windy Night,[†2] Nov. 4th, 1861.

My Dearest Mamie,

A word of report before I go to bed. An excellent house to-night, and an audience positively perfect. The greatest part of it stalls, and an intelligent and delightful response in them, like the touch of a beautiful instrument. "Copperfield" wound up in a real burst of feeling and delight.[†3]

Ever affectionately

[CD]

To JOHN AGATE,[†4] 6 NOVEMBER 1861

Text from MDGH, II, 154-5.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, Wednesday, Nov. 6th, 1861.

Sir,

I am exceedingly sorry to find, from the letter you have addressed to me, that you had just cause of complaint in being excluded from my reading here last night. It will now and then unfortunately happen when the place of reading is small (as in this case), that some confusion and inconvenience arise from the

local agents over-estimating, in perfect good faith and sincerity, the capacity of the room. Such a mistake, I am assured, was made last night; and thus all the available space was filled before the people in charge were at all prepared for that circumstance.

You may readily suppose that I can have no personal knowledge of the proceedings of the people in my employment at such a time. But I wish to assure you very earnestly, that they are all old servants, well acquainted with my principles and wishes, and that they are under the strongest injunction to avoid any approach to mercenary dealing; and to behave to all comers equally with as much consideration and politeness as they know I should myself display. The recent death of a much-regretted friend of mine, who managed this business for me, and on whom these men were accustomed to rely in any little difficulty, caused them (I have no doubt) to feel rather at a loss in your case. Do me the favour to understand that under any other circumstances you would, as a matter of course, have been provided with any places whatever that could be found, without the smallest reference to what you had originally paid. This is

scanty satisfaction to you, but it is so strictly the truth, that yours is the first complaint of the kind I have ever received.

I hope to read in Dover again, but it is quite impossible that I can make any present arrangement for that purpose. Whenever I may return here, you may be sure I shall not fail to remember that I owe you a recompense for a disappointment. In the meanwhile I very sincerely regret it.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 6 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover
Wednesday Sixth November 1861.

My Dear Wills

I have received your letter here this morning, and the satisfactory account, but *not* the proof. What have you done with Robert Lytton's[†1] Dead Pope?[†2] There can be no doubt, you know, of its being far better than any make-weight.

The Brighton "fixture" stands thus:

Thursday Evening.	Copperfield
Friday Evening.	Nickleby and Trial
Saturday afternoon.	Copperfield.[†3]

There was a tremendous storm here yesterday, so that all that side of this house which fronted the gale had to be emptied of Guests. The sea was prodigiously high, and the uproar deafening. Between 4 and 5 in the afternoon, the wind shifted to the North, and it became fine. We had a great squeeze at night, and turned

away money. Room small, but not ill-constructed. Audience, most capital — faultless![†4] There was a ditto audience at Canterbury, where they took Copperfield most delightfully.

From Hastings we have a Telegram that they have sold for tonight nearly 300 stalls! We go over there, at noon.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 6 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Marine Hotel,[†1] Hastings
Wednesday Sixth November, 1861.

My Dear Letitia.

The question about the furniture, is a difficult one to determine. I have taken a little time to think of it since I received your letter an hour ago, and my conclusion is, that it is solely a question of expence. If the charge for removing and warehousing it, say for three months, should not exceed eight or ten pounds, I think it would be advisable (for the reasons you suggest) to keep it. But if that charge should be larger, then I should be inclined to recommend selling it at once. But observe this:— *if you take, for the present, an unfurnished Lodging, you could squeeze a good deal of furniture into it; you would then have to pay no rent for the Furniture itself; and you would have by you such things as you would have carefully selected for their own value and their likelihood of being useful to you.* This last course seems to me on the whole the very best. It depends upon your being able to make a selection, but it will unquestionably do you good, if you can and will approach that practical action. What you don't select, I would sell at once. If you keep as much as you can, the prudent considerations that have occurred to you respecting its after-use will work themselves out in a little while. If it should even then be best to sell those reserved things, well and good; they will be none the worse in the meanwhile.

Again I think, after stopping to consider it once more, that this third course is the best. I would select such furniture as would do best, for two bedrooms, two sitting rooms (one a small one), and a servant's room. The rest I would let go to an Auctioneer's to be sold. In taking any unfurnished Lodging it would be important to be well assured of the responsibility of the people letting it to you, so that your furniture should be in no danger.

It is a great point to get rid of the house; and to get rid of it at the half quarter would be really fortunate. It is sad to think of your remaining there a day longer than is absolutely necessary, and it is next to unreasonable to hope that you can begin to recover until you get away from it.

A tremendous storm was raging yesterday at Dover, and I saw the Ostend Packet Boat come in this morning — after having vainly attempted to get in last night, and after having beaten about until noon — a picture of sea-tossed distress, with five men at the wheel to steer her. The sea is running high here, with a

most furious sound, but it is nothing to the sea at Dover yesterday. It brought in quantities of Wreck of various kinds, and flung itself and everything it could lay hold of, about, in a most frantic and stupendous manner.[†2]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address* (envelope, MS Yale University Library): Miss Hogarth | All The Year Round Office | Wellington Street | London | W.C. PM Brighton Nov 61. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton
Thursday Seventh November, 1861.

My Dearest Georgy. I received your amusing and interesting letter, safely, at Hastings this morning. We have been doing tremendously. We turned away half Hastings last night[†1] — turned away at Dover — have (for the three readings) 800 stalls in all, already let here — and there will no doubt be 1000. The Duchess of Cambridge[†2] comes tonight to Copperfield. The bad weather has not in the least touched us, and beyond all doubt a great deal of money has been left untaken at each place.

Of course there was a great pressure last night. In the midst of it, a wrapped up man in a fur cap was continually calling out "John!" — *to* John. Not the least notice was taken of him until it was found to be — Burnett! — who was dragged out eventually, and put into a stall. He came to me at the end, and told me that his wife[†3] had been anxious to be there, but was going to be confined. It will be their second child.[†4] His imbecility was overwhelming.

The storm was most magnificent at Dover. All the great side of the Lord Warden next the sea, had to be emptied, the break of the sea was so prodigious, and the noise was so utterly confounding. The sea came in like a great sky of immense clouds, forever breaking suddenly into furious rain. All kinds of wreck were washed in. Miss Birmingham[†5] and I, saw, among other things, a very pretty brassbound chest being thrown about like a feather. On Tuesday night, the unhappy Ostend Packet could not get in; neither could she go back; and she beat about the channel until noon yesterday. I saw her come in then, *with five men at the wheel* — such a picture of misery as to the crew (of passengers, there were no signs), as you can scarcely imagine.

The room at Hastings belongs to Lockey,[†6] who is really a very gentlemanly fellow with an extremely good manner. I saw Mrs. Lockey this morning — grown very coarse and red indeed. The effect both there and at Dover really seems to have outdone the best usual impression — and at Dover they wouldn't go, but

sat applauding like mad. The most delicate audience I have seen in any provincial place, is Canterbury. The audience with the greatest sense of humour, certainly is Dover. The people in the stalls set the example of laughing, in the most curiously unreserved way; and they really laughed when Squeers read the boys' letters, with such cordial enjoyment, that the contagion extended to me. For one couldn't hear them without laughing too.

So, thank God, all goes well and the recompense for the trouble is in every way Great. There is rather an alarming break-down at Newcastle, in respect of all the bills having been, in some inscrutable way, Lost on the road. I have resolved to send Berry there, with full powers to do all manner of things, early next week.

I have forgotten to say that Frederick appeared at Canterbury as "Mr. Dicken's brother, to pass in Dr. Sankey."[†1] Then he went away and of course did not come to me. The mysterious Sankey was admitted, and I know no more of him.

The amended route-list is not printed yet, because I am trying to get off Manchester and Liverpool: both of which I strongly doubt, in the present state of American affairs.[†2] Therefore I can't send it for Marguerite; but I can — and do — send her my Love and Godspeed.[†3] This is addressed to the office, because I suppose you will be there tomorrow.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton
Thursday Seventh November 1861.

My Dear Wills. I received the proof[†4] at Hastings this morning. I send it to Birtles with my corrections, by this same post, to save time. Of the story, I think rather highly. Indeed, it would have been best to have kept it for the Xmas No. — Wilkie doesn't know (as I do) that we shall get nothing so good.

I have called it

[†a]THE WITHERED DAISY.[†5a]

And I have called Charles Collins's article (feeble) simply

[†a]DON'T![†6a]

For the three readings we have 800 stalls let here — which will probably be 1000 before we have done.[†1] I shall expect you tomorrow.

Ever Faithfully.

CD.

Immense at Hastings — We turned away half the Town.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 8 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton
Friday Eighth November, 1861.

My Dear Letitia.

The enclosed letters are very satisfactory indeed.

I should think your Rent, while you have that furniture with you to house, would be about Twenty Pounds a year — perhaps Five Pounds more. I think the best way would be, to take a place for a certain short term — say for instance, six months — under an agreement to be able to leave, if you choose, at the end of the term. Then you would not be bound to any course, until you had had time for consideration and experience.

I shall probably be at the office all next week, except Thursday. So much will have to be done there, that I am afraid to make an appointment to come out to Ealing; or I would. In selecting the furniture you keep, of course you should consult something above mere usefulness, and added to it, your sentiment and affectionate remembrances must be considered — not coerced or slighted.

On looking over your letter again, I find that I have not touched on the point of the situation you mention. By all means choose it. It is a very good one in itself, and to be among friends is an immense point. I am very glad to learn that Harry[†2] will go with you.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 NOVEMBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 689. *Date:* from Brighton, 8 Nov 61, according to Forster.

Reporting that from the second night of his tour onward, the success was uninterrupted. We turned away half Dover and half Hastings and half Colchester; and, if you

can believe such a thing, I may tell you that in round numbers we find 1000 stalls already taken here in Brighton! I left Colchester in a heavy snow-storm. Today it is so warm here that I can hardly bear the fire, and am writing with the window open down to the ground. Last night I had a most charming audience for *Copperfield,* with a delicacy of perception that really made the work delightful. It is very pretty to see the girls and women generally, in the matter of Dora; and everywhere I have found that peculiar personal relation between my audience and myself on which I counted most when I entered on this enterprise. *Nickleby* continues to go in the wildest manner.

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS SPENCER,[†1] 8 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Maggs Bros. On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton
Friday Eighth November, 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Lady Spencer, and begs to say that he has just heard from Mrs. Watson that possibly he can have the pleasure of assisting Lady Spencer to obtain some good position at his Readings. If Lady Spencer will have the kindness to let Mr. Dickens know what her wishes are, he will immediately instruct his Secretary to do the best he can to advance them. There is a great pressure on the room, however, and Mr. Dickens regrets that he did not hear sooner from their friend Mrs. Watson.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 8 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Mr Thomas Brown. *Address:* The Hon. Mrs. Watson | 12 Stratton Street | London | W.
On mourning paper.

Bedford Hotel Brighton
Friday Eighth November, 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

A word — to let you know that I received your letter here last night. I have this morning written to Lady Spencer, and sent to the post office for her Address. If I find her, I will do everything for her that can be done. But the pressure on the room tonight is very great. It was a great disappointment to me not to have you again, to sit before my fire in that bleak withdrawing room. I doubt if you can ever hear Copperfield to greater advantage than you would have heard it last

night. The audience understood the most delicate points, and it "went" quite delightfully.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EDITOR, *EASTERN PROVINCE HERALD,*[†1] SOUTH AFRICA, 12 NOVEMBER 1861

Text from the *Athenaeum,* 14 Dec 89.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Twelfth November, 1861.

Sir,

The straightforward and manly letter I have received from you, dated the 16th of September, enables me to assure you that I am quite satisfied with the end of the difference between us.[†2] Let me explain to you, that in asserting my rights as an English writer, I put wholly aside such questions as the circulation or profit attendant on their infringement. I consider myself one of a class who are sufficiently outraged in being despoiled after death; and I have a special reason for protecting my property, on

principle, while I am alive, derived from the Court of Chancery. Some years ago, when I made application there for relief from a new kind of piracy, which, if it had been successful, would have established a comprehensive system of fraud before unheard of, I heard it gravely argued that because I had submitted to be pirated before, I had lost my remedy in equity. I was so far edified by the discussion as to resolve that I assuredly never would submit to be pirated again if I knew it, and to this resolution I always adhere. In reference to your suggestion that you might have been cautioned before legal proceedings were taken, I beg to reply that you certainly should have been but for your distance from home here, and the consequent delay that must have arisen. —

With perfect good will, I remain, | Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES MACFARLAN,[†1] 12 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Mitchell Library, Glasgow. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twelfth November, 1861.

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter asking me to certify, for the information of the Glasgow Closing Movement Association,[†2] that you have written various pieces published among the poetical contributions to my "All The Year Round", I now beg to do so.[†3] I do so in the hope that I may render you some slight service thereby, in your application for the Secretaryship of that Institution. It would gratify me to know of your success in connexion with a meritorious object, which I am quite sure you have the will and the capacity to advance.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. James Macfarlan

To B. W. PROCTER, 12 NOVEMBER 1861

Text from MDGH, II, 208-9.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday, Twelfth November, 1861.

My Dear Procter,

I grieve to reply to your note, that I am obliged to read at Newcastle on the 21st. Poor Arthur Smith had pledged me to do so before I knew that my annual engagement with you was being encroached on.[†5] I am heartily sorry for this, and shall miss my usual place at your table, quite as much (to say the least) as my place can possibly miss me. You may be sure that I shall drink to my dear old friend in a bumper that day, with love and best wishes. Don't leave me out next year for having been carried away north this time.

Ever yours affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 13 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirteenth November 1861.

My Dear Letitia

I have sent the will[†1] round to De Gex without loss of time. I should hope there will be little difficulty in getting back the paid excess of duty.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 15 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fifteenth November, 1861.

My Dear Letitia. You will see by the enclosed letter that you must write, for De Gex, an exact account of the finding of the will. Be careful to note in it the date of the discovery, and the Christian name and relationship of Mrs. Silva, and to state, quite plainly and unmistakably, how the occurrence took place. I have told him that you will send him these particulars by post. And I have sent him the additional sum necessary to be advanced for probate-duty.

I am very anxious to hear of your getting away from the house. It is the very worst place for you, and I can hardly hope, in any reason, that you will begin to recover while you stay in it.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To THE EARL OF CARLISLE, 15 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Lord Howard of Henderskelfe. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Fifteenth November, 1861.

My Dear Lord Carlisle.

You knew poor Austin, and what his work was, and how he did it.[†2] If you have no private objection to signing the enclosed Memorial (which will receive

the right signatures before being presented),[†1], I think you will have no public objection. I shall be heartily glad if you can put your name to it, and shall esteem your doing so as a very kind service.[†2] Will you return the Memorial under cover to Mr Tom Taylor at the Local Government Act Office, Whitehall? He is generously exerting himself in furtherance of it, and so delay will be avoided.

My Dear Lord Carlisle, | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Earl of Carlisle

To EDWIN CHADWICK,[†3] [15 NOVEMBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Taylor, 15 Nov 61. *Date:* clearly same day as that letter.

Asking him to sign a Memorial in support of a pension for Mrs Austin.[†4]

To TOM TAYLOR, 15 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Supposed to be from
GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
— But really From the Office | Fifteenth November, 1861.

My Dear Taylor. I make no suggestion as to any part of the Memorial, simply because I think it really perfect in its manner of putting the case. Not a word too much or a word too little.[†5]

To save time, perhaps you will kindly send it over to the Irish Office when it is copied out, with the accompanying note to Lord Carlisle. When it comes back to you, here is another note to Lord Shaftesbury. Lord Llanover[†6] and The Hon W. Cowper[†7] perhaps you will kindly look up. I leave here, with Wills, *in case you should want them,* notes for

Chadwick
Southwood Smith[†1]
Rawlinson[†2]
and
Lawes.[†3]

I don't know about Mr. Albert Way.[†4]

I would propose to make one of your messengers a little present for his trouble in the matter, and Wills will instantly attend (in my absence) to any notes from you. He knows where to find me, in the North, any day or hour. I am very anxious to get the Memorial without delay into Ld. Palmerston's hands.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD

Tom Taylor Esquire

To [CHARLES WHITING], 15 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* The *AYR* Christmas No. was printed by Whiting, Beaufort House, Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fifteenth Novr 1861

I sent back for revise this morning — with Miss Kimmeens[†5] — the last printed slip of the first Xmas article "Picking up Soot and Cinders." That one slip of revise is not sent in the envelope from Beaufort House.

CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 17 NOVEMBER 1861†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Sunday Seventeenth November, 1861.

My Dear Mary

I am perfectly enraptured with the quilt. It is one of the most tasteful, lively, elegant things I have ever seen; and I need not tell you that while it is valuable to

me for its own ornamental sake, it is precious to me as a rainbow-hint of your friendship and affectionate remembrance.

Please God, you shall see it next summer occupying its allotted place of state in my bran-new bedroom here. You shall behold it then, with all cheerful surroundings, the envy of mankind.

My readings have been doing absolute wonders. Your Duchess and Princess[†1] came to hear — first Nickleby and the Pickwick Trial — then Copperfield — at Brighton. I think they were pleased with me, and I am sure I was with them; for they are the very best audience one could possibly desire. I shall always hold a pleasant remembrance of them.

On Wednesday I am away again, for the longest part of my trip.[†2]

You are more yourself, I hope, than I could quite fancy you to be when I last heard from you? Georgy had told me that you were not in very good spirits, and I had been very sorry to hear it.

Believe me ever | Your affectionate and faithful

JOE.

To CHARLES DICKENS, JNR, [?18 NOVEMBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Mrs Wills, 26 June 68. *Date:* "when he married" (19 Nov 61), according to *To* Fields, 7 July 68, referring to same letter.

Warning him against the partners in the paper-making company he was joining.[†3]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 20 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head Hotel, Newcastle
Wednesday Night Twentieth Novr. 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

We arrived here to the moment — ½ past 4 — and had a pleasant and not cold journey. The Let is small, that is to say at present — 60 stalls for tomorrow night,

and 90 for the next — but on looking to the Plans for last time,[†1] we find that the greater part of the money was taken at the doors; and the local Agent is so confident, that I suppose it is all right.[†2] But Headland has made an awful mistake — I cannot conceive how — in putting up Little Dombey (which I read here, last time) for Saturday, instead of Copperfield!! And as Copperfield always makes itself, I suspect he has irretrievably damaged Saturday.

The disagreeable Jenny[†3] seems to have made an extraordinary success here last week.[†4]

As you may readily imagine, I have no news since this morning. We even came down with no one but ourselves in our carriage, until we got to York. Dinner is now coming, and I am not very much indisposed towards it, as I have had nothing but a small sandwich and a small mince-pie since I left Wellington Street.

I will report further, after reading here.

Love to Mamie and to Mrs. Bouncer — when they come home.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 20 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head Hotel | Newcastle on Tyne
Wednesday Night Twentieth Novr. 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I have read here this evening, very attentively, Nos. 19 and 20.[†5] I have not the least doubt of the introduced matter.[†6] Whether considered for its policy, its beauty, or its wise bearing on the story, it is decidedly a great improvement. It is at once very suggestive and very new to have these various points of view presented to the reader's mind.

That the audience is good enough for any thing that is well presented to it, I am quite sure.[†7]

Where you can avoid *notes*, however, and get their substance into the text, it is highly desirable in the case of so large an audience — simply because, as so large an audience necessarily reads the story in small portions, it is of the greater importance that they should retain as much of its argument as possible. Whereas the difficulty of getting numbers of people to read notes (which they invariably regard as interruptions of the text — not as strengtheners or elucidators of it), is wonderful.[†1]

Is the first reference to Abercrombie's book on the Intellectual Powers,[†2] correct?[†3] I need not say that I have not the means of verification here. Don't you think, in citing Hibbert, it would be well to give his book its name. "On the Philosophy of apparitions", seems to be to the point.[†4]

I purpose being at home again, a day or two before Xmas. If you want to write to me in the mean time, any letter from you addressed to me at the office, will be immediately forwarded. But I may mention that

— all next week (viz Tuesday 26th. Novr. to Monday 2nd. Decr. inclusive)
I shall be at the
Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
— And all the week after next, (viz Tuesday 3rd. Decr. to Saty. 7th. inclusive) at
Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To H. G. ADAMS, 21 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS New York Public Library. On mourning paper.

Newcastle on Tyne
Thursday Twenty First November 1861.

My Dear Mr. Adams

Your letter has been forwarded to me here, where I am on my way to Scotland.

To my regret, I am obliged at once to say that it is quite impossible for me to engage to preside at Mr. Hall's[†5] lecture.[†6] For I have the most pressing reasons against committing myself to any new engagement whatever, in February or March; and I explained to you the last time I saw you (but you have forgotten it)

that all through December and January I am bound hand and foot. It would be equally unjust and inconsiderate towards Mr. Hall and towards myself, to engage to attend, with the strong likelihood of my being otherwise occupied when the night came, staring me in the face while I wrote.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY NEWS,*[†1] 21 NOVEMBER 1861

Text from *Daily News,* 23 Nov 61.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 21. 1861

Sir,

Being here for a day or two, I have observed in your paper of yesterday (which fell in my way this morning), an account of a meeting of Finsbury[†2] electors in which it was discussed whether I should be invited to become a candidate for that borough. It may save some trouble if you will kindly allow me to confirm a sensible gentleman who doubted at that meeting whether I was "quite the sort of man for Finsbury." I am not at all the sort of man, for I believe nothing would induce me to offer myself as a parliamentary representative of that place, or any other under the sun.

I am, &c,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE,[†3] 21 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Professor Harry Stone. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head Hotel, Newcastle
Twenty First November, 1861.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Mayor of Newcastle and regrets that he cannot have the honor and pleasure of complying with the Mayor's request in behalf of Miss Downie.[†4] But as he is fully occupied, and as a similar request is preferred to him almost every day, he is reluctantly obliged to excuse himself.

To W. H. WILLS, [21 NOVEMBER 1861]

Telegram: mention in next. *Date:* sent same day.

To W.H. WILLS, 21 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head Hotel, Newcastle
Thursday Twenty First November, 1861.

My Dear Wills.

On the other side I send a signature for the envelope of the Xmas No. My List I will send you (as well as I can remember it) in a day or two.

Jenny Lind has been carrying all the money out of this place.[†1] But the local man is perfectly confident of our doing well. The best Let is for tomorrow night;[†2] but tonight's[†3] is getting on briskly to day, and we find, on referring to our last Plans, that the great "take" was in ready money.

Headland has made a most incomprehensible mistake, which there is no time to correct. I read Copperfield tonight; and, as I knew it would make Saturday night if repeated then, I directed it to be put up for Saturday. He has put up Little Dombey:[†4] which I had no more intention of reading (and which I read here last time), than I had of reading an account of the Moon. It annoys me beyond expression.

I have written to the Daily News, to say I would not sit for any place under the Sun.

I telegraphed to you this morning "No to Frederic Buchanan". — Besides that it is really fit for nothing but Mrs. S C Hall,[†5] it is in a lumbering ridiculous way a kind of demi semi anticipation of the tone of the Xmas No. It would therefore be doubly damaging.

Charles Mathews's[†6] announcement[†7] is amazing in its vagabond bad taste — even for him.

When you write again, tell me *when* Wilkie's payment is due from me.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Enclosed was forwarded here this morning.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 22 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head, Newcastle on Tyne
Friday Twenty Second November 1861.

My Dear Letitia. I am not quite clear — as yet — about the idea of taking Boarders, and I will tell you why. I don't think your spirits are fit for it, or that your nervous condition is equal to it; and, those being unfit and unequal, would inevitably lessen the chance of your getting young people to come to you. We must consider both what the pain would be to *you*, and what the pain would be to *them*; and I think it would not do — as yet — for either side.

But if you let a lodging, a small sitting room and bedroom or the like, you would not have the same demand upon you. Similarly, the other person would then have no ground of unwillingness to come to you. And this is what I would recommend. Therefore I counsel you (always supposing that you concur) to take such a house as would enable you to spare such accommodation, and to retain furniture accordingly. If in the fulness of time it should seem feasible to develop the lodging into boarding, well and good. But I say most decidedly, don't think of taking boarders *now*.

You cannot begin to recover tone and force, until you have the benefit of change of place. It is impossible. Would you like to go to Gad's Hill — quite alone with Miss Sunderland[†1] — for a week or so? If you would, you can be there, next Monday fortnight, perfectly undisturbed, and the servants shall have instructions to do everything for you, and you can have the basket-carriage and ride about the country. There are workmen in the house, but there would be quite enough of it undisturbed, for your purpose. On Monday fortnight, Mary and Georgina are coming to me at Carlisle for ten days. You need see no human creature there, but of your own choosing.

If you should take to this idea — if you should descry any prospect of relief in it — write a line to Mary and tell her. This is a hasty letter, but I am anxious not to lose a post.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To J. T. GORDON, [22 NOVEMBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Mrs Gordon, 23 Nov. *Date:* day before that letter.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 22 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head, Newcastle
Friday, Twenty Second November, 1861.

My Dearest Georgy. I received your letter this morning, and grieve to report that the unlucky Headland has broken down most awfully! —

First, as perhaps you remember, this is the place where the bills were "lost" for a week or two. The consequence has been that the agent[†1] could not announce all through the Jenny Lind time[†2] (the most important for announcing), and could only stand still and stare, when people came to ask what[†3] was going to be read. Last night I read Copperfield — to the most enthusiastic and appreciative audience imaginable[†4] — but in numbers about half what they might have been.[†5] Tonight we shall have a famous house, but we might have had it last night too. Tomorrow (knowing by this time what can, of a certainty, be done with Copperfield), I had of course given out Copperfield to be read again. Conceive my amazement and dismay when I find the Printer to have announced Little Dombey!!! This, I declare, I had

no more intention of reading than I had of reading an account of the Solar System. And this, after a sensation last night, of a really extraordinary nature in its intensity and delight!

Says the unlucky Headland to this first head of misery — "Johnson's mistake". (Johnson being the printer.)

Second. I read at Edinburgh for the first time — observe the day — *next Wednesday.* Jenny Lind's concert at Edinburgh is tonight.[†6] This morning comes a frantic letter from the Edinburgh agent[†7] — "I have no bills, no tickets, I lose all the announcement I could have made to hundreds upon hundreds of people tonight all of the most desirable class to be well informed beforehand, I can't announce what Mr. Dickens is going to read, I can answer no question, I have, upon my responsibility, put a dreary advertisement into the papers announcing that he *is* going to read so many times, and that particulars will 'shortly' be ready,[†8] and so I stand bound hand and foot." — "Johnson's mistake" says the unlucky Headland.

Of course I know that the man who never made a mistake in poor Arthur's time is not likely to be always making mistakes now. But I have written by this post to Wills, to go to him, and investigate. I have also detached Berry from here, and have sent him on by train at a few minutes' notice to Edinburgh, and then to Glasgow (where I have no doubt everything is wrong too). Glasgow we may save; Edinburgh I hold to be irretrievably damaged. If it can be picked up at all, it can only be at the loss of the two first nights, and by the expenditure of no end of spirits and force. And this is the harder, because it is impossible not to see that the last readings polished and prepared the audiences in general, and that I have not to work them up in any place where I have been before, but that

they start with a London intelligence, and with a respect and preparation for what they are going to hear.

I hope by the time you and Mamie come to me, we shall have got into some good method. I must take the thing more into my own hands and look after it from hour to hour. If such a thing as this Edinburgh business could have happened under poor Arthur, I really believe he would have fallen into a fit, or gone distracted. No one can ever know what he was but I who have been with him and without him. Headland is so anxious and so good tempered that I cannot be very stormy with him; but it is the simple fact that he has no notion of the requirements of such work as this. Without him, and with a larger salary to Berry (though there are objections to the latter as *first* man), I could have done a hundred times better.

As Forster will have a strong interest in knowing all about the proceedings, perhaps you will send him this letter to read. There is no very tremendous harm — mind — done as yet. At Edinburgh I KNOW[†1] what I can do with Copperfield. I think it is not too much to say that for every one who does come to hear it on the first night, I can get back fifty on the second. And whatever can be worked up there, will tell on Glasgow. Berry I shall continue to send on ahead, and I shall take nothing on trust and more, as being done.

On Sunday morning at 6, I have to start for Berwick. From Berwick in the course of that day, I will write again — to Mamie next time.

With best love to her and Mrs. B

Ever Dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 22 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers. Mourning paper.

Queen's Head, Newcastle on Tyne
Friday Twenty Second November, 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

The difficulty is perfectly vanquished. I have gone over the Proof, and have not touched a single word — simply because it could not, I think, stand better. And it is much more terrible notwithstanding, than it was before.

By this post, I send the proof on to Wills.

Your desire to buy a freehold,[†2] if you buy at all, does not surprise me. Out of London I never can understand a man's caring to buy any thing else.

Ever affy.
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 22 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head, Newcastle on Tyne
Friday Twenty Second November, 1861.

My Dear Wills

I am horribly afraid that Headland has broken down, and I want you to take the trouble to go round to St. Martin's Lane — see Johnson the Printer — and ascertain if you can, how this state of things that I am going to describe has been brought about.

Observe first of all, that the posting bills, shop-bills &c sent off by Johnson for this place, all in one parcel — and (necessarily) *to* this place, were for days and days "lost". At last they were found to have been sent by Johnson to the place of reading — the Hall[†1] — instead of to the local agent, where they had been lying in some vault or other, and might have lain until Doomsday. This had previously occurred at some other place — I forget which — I think Ipswich — but it is not material; at some place, indubitably.

When I come here, I find, to my astonishment that I am announced on Saturday to read Little Dombey and the Trial[†2] — which I had no notion of doing; having given directions to Headland to put up Copperfield for Saturday: well knowing that Copperfield of last night would make Saturday's.[†3] — [†a]"Johnson's mistake", he says.[†a]

I begin to read at Edinburgh on *Wednesday.* This morning comes a letter from the agent there, with the dismal news that he has not got the bills, tickets, and so forth — in a parcel from Johnson again — known to have been sent somewhere! — and that whereas all Edinburgh ought to be now acquainted with everything that is going to be done, nothing whatever is known. Conceive this, and I beginning on Wednesday! Moreover, he has one of our printed cards of the Edinburgh course in his possession, and on that printed card there is *no morning reading of Little Dombey* — which I had given out to Headland, and know would be very valuable. Again he says, "Johnson's mistake". But I cannot readily make out how Johnson can be always making mistakes now, and never made them before. This is what I want you kindly to ascertain from him.

I do not know what is to be done. It is too plain that the business is most awfully mismanaged, and I cannot see my way to putting it right. I am so perfectly helpless in the matter: having my own hard work in it to do, and having of course supposed all these things to be done already. I have detached Berry to Edinburgh — he is off directly — but I do not believe that any thing he can do, can now make that place what it ought to have been. I have instructed him to go on to Glasgow, and put everything right there. I have scarcely a doubt that everything is wrong.

Here, the local Agent of course complains that he was absolutely powerless when he ought to have been busiest — that when Jenny Lind was here, and he was sending her circulars out, and ought to have been sending mine, he had

none to send, had no notion what I was going to do, could answer no enquiry. We had a most enthusiastic audience last night for Copperfield — but in numbers they were about half what they should have been and would have been.

If all these rooms at all these places in the List were not taken, I would not go on. But the mischief is, that I *must* go on.

Bulwer's proof enclosed.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 23 NOVEMBER 1861

Text from MDGH, II, 161.

Queen's Head, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Saturday, Nov. 23rd, 1861.

[My Dearest Mamie]

A most tremendous hall here last night; something almost terrible in the cram. A fearful thing might have happened. Suddenly, when they were all very still over Smike, my gas batten came down, and it looked as if the room was falling. There were three great galleries crammed to the roof, and a high steep flight of stairs, and a panic must have destroyed numbers of people. A lady in the front row of stalls screamed, and ran out wildly towards me, and for one instant there was a terrible wave in the crowd. I addressed that lady laughing (for I knew she was in sight of everybody there), and called out as if it happened every night, "There's nothing the matter, I assure you; don't be alarmed; pray sit down;" and she sat down directly, and there was a thunder of applause. It took some few minutes to mend, and I looked on with my hands in my pockets; for I think if I had turned my back for a moment there might still have been a move. My people were dreadfully alarmed, Boycett[†1] in particular, who I suppose had some notion that the whole place might have taken fire.

"But there stood the master," he did me the honour to say afterwards, in addressing the rest, "as cool as ever I see him a-lounging at a railway station."[†2]

A telegram from Berry at Edinburgh yesterday evening, to say that he had got the bills, and that they would all be up and dispersed yesterday evening under his own eyes. So no time was lost in setting things as right as they can be set. He has now gone on to Glasgow.

Ever affectionately

[CD]

P. S. Duty to Mrs. Bouncer.

To MRS GORDON,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Private. *Address:* Mrs. Gordon | Glo'ster Place, Edinburgh. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head, Newcastle

Saturday Night Twenty Third November | 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Gordon

Your kind note has just now (6 O'Clock) been forwarded to me from Gad's Hill. I send this brief reply to say that I will come to you on Friday with the greatest pleasure.

I sent Gordon a line yesterday. My man did everything right (as I understand from a Telegram), and I don't think there will be much the matter; except, maybe, with the first night. The crowd here last night was something almost terrible to see.

Our dear old Andrew[†2] is at Gad's Hill I hear, and will probably be in Edinburgh before

Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 23 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Queen's Head, Newcastle on Tyne
Saturday Twenty Third November, 1861.

My Dear Wills.

The enclosed[†3] has been forwarded to me here.

Telegram from Berry at Edinburgh yesterday, that the bills arrived — at last — and were all posted and dispersed, under his own eyes and direction, yesterday evening.

A most tremendous Hall here, last night. Something almost terrible in the cram. Numbers turned away, who I hope will return tonight.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?24 NOVEMBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 690. *Date:* written from Berwick-on-Tweed, where he stayed 24 and 25 Nov.

At Newcastle, against the very heavy expenses, I made more than a hundred guineas profit. A finer audience there is not in England, and I suppose them to be a specially earnest people; for, while they can laugh till they shake the roof,

they have a very unusual sympathy with what is pathetic or passionate. An extraordinary thing occurred on the second night. The room was tremendously crowded and my gas-apparatus fell down. There was a terrible wave among the people for an instant, and God knows what destruction of life a rush to the stairs would have caused. Fortunately a lady in the front of the stalls ran out towards me, exactly in a place where I knew that the whole hall could see her. So I addressed her, laughing, and half-asked and half-ordered her to sit down again; and, in a moment, it was all over. But the men in attendance had such a fearful sense of what might have happened (besides the real danger of Fire) that they positively shook the boards I stood on, with their trembling, when they came up to put things right. I am proud to record that the gas-man's sentiment, as delivered afterwards, was, "The more you want of the master, the more you'll find in him." With which complimentary homage, and with the wind blowing so that I can hardly hear myself write, I conclude.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

King's Arms Hotel, Berwick on Tweed
Sunday Twenty Fourth November, 1861.

My Dear Wills. Just a line to say that I received yours here this morning and thank you for it. We have done extremely well at Newcastle, and made a very remarkable impression, beyond all doubt. Berry telegraphed from Edinburgh that he had got the bills and was issuing them in all proper directions — afterwards from Glasgow, ditto ditto. Gordon writes from Edinburgh that he "thinks no harm has been done". This must of course be taken with a qualification; but he had been to Wood's,[†1] and seemed to have earnestly looked about him. Of course he is waiting for me, as a comrade.

This is a dull place for a long Sunday, and as I have no book (no, NOT ONE;[†2] — I forgot to buy one yesterday, through going to look at the Pitmen as they came from work), I think I shall learn your account of the Octoroon.[†3] Before beginning to learn it, I send you on the other side my list for the Xmas No. as well as I can remember it.[†4]

Will you write to the enclosed man in confidence, saying that I am away in Scotland?

This seems a most extraordinary place to read in, and one would think it contained nobody to read to; but I believe the sale of tickets is quite surprising, considering the town. I don't know the details yet, and don't want to know them; for I was up at 5, and have exerted myself very much, at Newcastle. I

mean, please God, to do the same in Edinburgh — where I begin with Copperfield, and hope to make a great effect — in the beginning, intellectually — in the end, pecuniarily.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 25 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

King's Arms Hotel, Berwick upon Tweed
Monday Twenty Fifth November, 1861.

My Dear Laetitia.[†1]

A good servant — especially to you, to whom a good and tried servant would stand in the light of a friend — is not a thing to throw away. Therefore, whatever arrangement I made, I would make it so as that I could retain this servant at all events for the present. We will hope that you may be permanently able to keep her. On the whole therefore, I would take a house (to let part of furnished) for a year certain, with power to quit at the expiration of the year on three months notice. That is to say — if you were going, you would give notice of your intention to go, when you had lived in the house 9 months. De Gex would make a Memorandum of such an agreement for you, in three or four lines. I think the Bayswater house too dear.

Don't suppose because I am away, that the application for a Pension is standing still. I put it all in train with Tom Taylor before I left town — wrote all the letters necessary for the purpose — and the Memorial was in course of being signed when I came away.[†2] I had then had a letter from Lord Carlisle

who was the first to sign it.[†3] Of course you will not build on such a sandy foundation; but I mention this, to give you the assurance that no chance is standing still or being thrown away.

The provincial newspapers are in general so very bad — I mean in their writing: not in their spirit — that I never care to send any home. I am sorry now though, that I did not know you would like some; as those of Newcastle that I saw, were certainly above the average.[†4] At Edinburgh there are good newspapers, and also (if I recollect right) at Glasgow. I will look at them from time to time and send you any I can find that are worth sending.

A furious gale of wind is blowing in here from the Sea. I read here tonight. I can't imagine to whom, for I have seen nobody but three dogs, a little girl, a sailor, and an old Lighthouse Keeper, in the place. But I came here at the solicitation of the inhabitants, so I suppose there are some somewhere. Indeed I hear of Hundreds who are coming. At Newcastle the people have been very

enthusiastic indeed, and on one night in particular, the room was almost terrible to look at, so dense was the crowd.

Some Fourteen or Fifteen years ago, I had a nervous seizure in the throat (occasioned by an attack that was made upon me by a horse), which distressed me greatly at intervals for a long time; distressed me more fearfully than I could ever tell anybody, or ever shall tell now. I found that I derived greater relief from smelling to some violent and pungent scent, whenever the thing came strongly upon me, than from any thing else. Try this, and I am sure you will find benefit. I went so far as to buy the strongest High-dried Welch snuff, and persistently to take it when I felt worst. It always relieved me. Dr. Elliotson at the same time recommended me to go to Twinberrow's,[†1] chemists, Edwards Street Portman Square, and buy a bottle of his extract of Wormwood, and take certain drops of it (the dose is marked upon the bottle), in a wine glass of water, twice a day. Its effect upon the nervous system is wholesome in the highest degree, and it can be taken when no other tonic can be borne. It is intensely bitter, and that is all. Now do try that also.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 NOVEMBER 1861†

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Berwick on Tweed
Monday Twenty Fifth November, 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I write (in a gale of wind, with a high sea running), to let you know that no new miseries worth mentioning have occurred, and that we go on to Edinburgh at ½ past 8 tomorrow morning. Gordon writes very hopefully of "harm not having been done". I dine with them on Friday. He describes himself as beginning and ending every week in the country, and being, in consequence "hale and hearty."

A most ridiculous room was designed for me in this odd out of the way place. An immense Corn Exchange made of glass and iron, round, dome-topped, lofty, utterly absurd for any such purpose, and full of thundering echoes — with a little lofty crow's nest of a stone gallery breast high, deep in the wall, into which it was designed to put — *me!* I instantly struck of course, and said I would either read in a room attached to this house (a very snug one, capable of holding 500 people), or not at all. Terrified local agents[†2] glowered, but fell prostrate.[†3]

— Berry has this moment come back from Edinburgh and Glasgow, with hopeful accounts. He seems to have done the business extremely well, and he says that it was quite curious and cheering to see how the Glasgow people assembled round the bills the instant they were posted, and evidently with a great interest in them.

That parcel to which you refer, is to go to Wills at the office. Tell Frank to tell him that it is the MS referred to in a letter I forwarded to him from Newcastle.

The note from Macready I got from you this morning, is a note of congratulation on Charley's marriage! And mentioning him, I am reminded that the other day I had a letter from Juliet Elderton![†1] dated Glenlee Lodge Cheltenham; imploring me to go and see her and her "kind friends there" when I visit Cheltenham; and sending her "love to Georgina" with all manner of affectionate expressions, and wanting to know whether Georgina ever received a letter favored by Mrs. Watson?

We left Newcastle yesterday morning in the dark when it was intensely cold, and froze very hard. So it did here. But towards night the wind went round to the S.W. and all night it has been blowing very hard indeed. So it is now.

Tell Mamie that I have the same sitting room as we had when we came here with poor Arthur,[†2] and that my bedroom is the room out of it which she and Katie had.[†3] Surely it is the oddest town to read in! But it is taken on poor Arthur's principle that a place in the way, pays the expences of a through-journey; and the people would seem to be coming up to the scratch, gallantly. It was a dull Sunday though. O it *was* a dull Sunday — without a book! For I had forgotten to buy one at Newcastle, until it was too late. [†a]I took to drinking after dark. Made a jug of whiskey punch, and drowned the unlucky Headland's remembrance of his failures.[†a]

[†b]Andrew will be passing through here tonight, I suppose, on his way home. Or perhaps he may be in the Mail Train tomorrow morning, by which I shall go on. I am truly sorry to know what you tell me of him, and I shall try to drop a word or two of good advice in his ear while I am in Edinburgh. It suggests the Strangest considerations as to which of our own failings we are really responsible, and as to which of them we cannot quite reasonably hold ourselves to be so. What he evidently derives from his father, cannot in his case be derived from association and observation, but must be in the very principles of his individuality as a living creature.[†b]

I shall hope to hear very soon, that the workmen have "broken through", and that you have been in the State Apartments, and that Upholstery-measurements have come off.

There has been a horrible accident in Edinburgh. One of the seven story old houses in the High Street fell, when it was full of people.†1 Berry was at the Bill poster's house, a few doors off, waiting for him to come home, when he heard what seemed like thunder, and then the air was darkened with dust "as if an immense quantity of steam had been blown off", and then all that dismal quarter set up shrieks, which he says were most dreadful.

With love to Mamie and to Mrs. Bouncer
Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate
CD.

To RICHARD J. LANE,†2 26 NOVEMBER 1861†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
Tuesday Twenty Sixth November 1861.

My Dear Lane.

I write in the greatest haste. For I find your letter and the Proof†3 here on my arrival, and wish you to experience no delay in receiving my reply.

On the other side is the signature you want for the margin of the published impressions.†4

I do not pretend to know my own face. I *do* pretend to know the faces of my friends and fellow creatures, but not my own. While I descry great delicacy, and art, and pains, in your treatment of the subject, the result looks — to me — fiercer than the original. I have a strong impression that this is inseparable from the highly unnatural and exaggerated light in which one is photographed; because of course I see (as anyone with eyes may) that the Photographer himself, in his own operating-room, is very unlike the same man elsewhere.

Many thanks for your kind work and kind spirit.

Ever Faithfully
CD

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 27 NOVEMBER 1861

Extract in MDGH, II, 163-4.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, Wednesday, Nov. 27th, 1861.

Mrs. Bouncer must decidedly come with you to Carlisle. She shall be received with open arms. Apropos of Carlisle, let me know *when* you purpose

coming there. We shall be there, please God, on the Saturday in good time, as I finish at Glasgow on the Friday night.

I have very little notion of the state of affairs here, as Headland brought no more decisive information from the agents[†1] yesterday (he never *can* get decisive information from any agents), than "the teeckets air joost moving reecht and left." I hope this may be taken as satisfactory. Jenny Lind carried off a world of money from here.[†2] Miss Glyn, or Mrs. Dallas,[†3] is playing Lady Macbeth at the theatre,[†4] and Mr. Shirley Brooks is giving two lectures at the Philosophical Society on the House of Commons and Horace Walpole.[†5] Grisi's[†6] farewell benefits are (I think) on my last two nights here.[†7]

Gordon dined with me yesterday. He is, if anything, rather better, I think, than when we last saw him in town. He was immensely pleased to be with me. I went with him (as his office goes anywhere) right into and among the ruins of the fallen building yesterday. They were still at work trying to find two men (brothers), a young girl, and an old woman, known to be all lying there. On the walls two or three common clocks are still hanging; one of them, judging from the time at which it stopped, would seem to have gone for an hour or so after the fall. Great interest had been taken in a poor linnet in a cage, hanging in the wind and rain high up against the broken wall. A fireman got it down alive, and great exultation had been raised over it. One woman, who was dug out unhurt, staggered into the street, stared all round her, instantly ran away, and has never been heard of since. It is a most extraordinary sight, and of course makes a great sensation.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 27 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
Wednesday Twenty Seventh November 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

[†a]First, as to the household business. I send cheque for £11.0.0[†8] also cheque for two bills appended to it,[†9] that have been forwarded among my letters from

town. Also, cheque for the two quarters. By this same post I write to Ellis, to send down cask of Sherry.[†a]

Next, as to what little news I have, it is in my note to Mamie. But I will leave this open until nearly post-time, in case I should have any further intelligence of to night (Copperfield, and the first reading), to send. It is very bad weather here. Wild, gusty, rainy, and sloppy. Andrew was here yesterday, but I was out with his father. He duly discharged himself of his parcel.

Wills writes me vague tidings of more water coming in at the roof. I hope and trust it is not much?

Ever affectionately

CD.

[Over

Afternoon.

It is a miserable day — sleeting and blowing gustily — and the bad weather *may* touch us on the first night; but the Let is three times what it was for the first night last time[†1] as to the stalls, and I suppose twenty times what it was as to the other parts of the room. Therefore everything looks comfortable. The room has been re-decorated in perfect taste, and is more beautiful and complete and easy and comfortable, than any in existence, I really believe.[†2] Gordon has proposed himself to shew the people to their stalls! I went into the little Opera-Theatre last night,[†3] and the audience immediately applauded. That's all the latest intelligence.

To CHARLES ELLIS, [27 NOVEMBER 1861]

Mention in last. *Date*: as last.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 NOVEMBER 1861*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
Wednesday Twenty Seventh November, 1861.

My Dear Wills.

There are every signs of our beginning well here tonight with Copperfield. The Let is *a good one* for a first reading out of five; and our former experience was, that a great deal of the money taken, is taken at the doors here. There are fifty stalls taken, and the two shilling and one shilling tickets muster unusually

strong. I want to do my very best with Copperfield here — am bent and set upon it, please God. (Copperfield tonight).

Gordon has proposed himself to show the people to their stalls! He is better, I think, than when he was last in town.

The enclosed MSS have been forwarded among my letters. I will write again tomorrow. Pray let me know directly, if Whitefriars falls.[†1]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?28 NOVEMBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 691. *Date:* the day after his first reading at Edinburgh, 27 Nov.

We had in the hall exactly double what we had on the first night last time.[†2] The success of *Copperfield* was perfectly unexampled. Four great rounds of applause with a burst of cheering at the end, and every point taken in the finest manner.[†3]

To W. H. WILLS, 28 NOVEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
Thursday Twenty Eighth November, 1861.

My Dear Wills. A brief report, for I was not well in the night and am out of sorts today.

We had in the Hall last night, exactly double what we had on the first night last time. Copperfield, beyond all possibility of doubt, a wonderful success here. The impression on the Audience, without precedent in the Reading chronicles. Four rounds when I went in — laughing and crying and thundering all the time — and a great burst of cheering at last. They lost nothing — not the minutest detail — and I almost think it would have been better to have done Copperfield every night.

I do not return the proofs of the No.[†4] as I doubt my ability to get through them today. I will try fresh air instead. Bulwer's proofs enclosed, are (he says) "not for press, but for final revision — to be sent to me and then returned for press."

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOHN BLACKWOOD,[†1] 29 NOVEMBER 1861

Extract from transcript by Walter Dexter of unknown catalogue at Dickens House; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, 29 Nov 61; addressed John Blackwood.

I feel myself in need of perfect quiet and rest this morning, as I have to read twice tomorrow ... you said last night ... that you could not come over to Copperfield tomorrow evening, but if I can do anything for Mrs. Blackwood[†2] or any member of your family, pray let me know. I cannot endure the idea of any one belonging to you coming into the Hall through any other channel than myself.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 29 NOVEMBER 1861

Extract in MDGH, II, 165.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh,
Friday, 29 November 1861.

I think it is my turn to write to you, and I therefore send a brief despatch, like a telegram, to let you know that in a gale of wind and a fierce rain, last night, we turned away a thousand people. There was no getting into the hall, no getting near the hall, no stirring among the people, no getting out, no possibility of

getting rid of them. And yet, in spite of all that, and of their being steaming wet, they never flagged for an instant, never made a complaint, and took up the trial upon their very shoulders, to the last word, in a triumphant roar.[†3]

The talk about "Copperfield" rings through the whole place. It is done again to-morrow night. To-morrow morning I read "Dombey." To-morrow morning is Grisi's "farewell" morning concert, and last night was her "farewell" evening concert. Neither she, nor Jenny Lind, nor anything, nor anybody seems to make the least effect on the draw of the readings.

I lunch with Blackwood to-day. He was at the reading last night; a capital audience. Young Blackwood[†4] has also called here. A very good young fellow, I think.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 29 NOVEMBER 1861

MS British Library. On mourning paper.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
Friday Twenty Ninth November 1861.

My Dear Layard.

I am very unwilling and sorry to reply to your letter (forwarded to me here), that I cannot in any reason comply with Mr. Douglas's[†1] request.[†2] It is one the like of which is so often preferred to me, that my Secretary for the Readings is obliged to have a lithographed answer for the purpose. I stand engaged at this time to as much Reading as I can hope to get through between this and next summer. And if I could afford the time, and spirits, and the forgetfulness of claims (black-bordered like this sheet of paper)[†3] near home, which must precede my giving a Reading away, I still should have even in that case to make a selection from many urgent appeals of a public nature.

That is the plain truth. I state it, because I wish you to know that you should not send me a letter in vain if I could help it.

My Dear Layard | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. H. Layard Esquire

To CHARLES BARBER [?NOVEMBER 1861]

MS Mrs Blanche Anding. *Address:* Mr. Barber | Gad's Hill Place. *Date:* Sunday was 22 Dec 61; in Oct Forster reported "the new bedrooms were built" (F, VIII, iii, 655); CD was probably writing in Nov.

I have arranged to be back at Gad's Hill on Sunday the 22nd. December. As soon as the work is all completed,[†4] and you have gone over it with the specification and are satisfied that it is all properly done, I will send you the money for the whole, on your writing to me.

Address me, care of W. H. Wills Esqre. Office of All The Year Round, Wellington Street,[†5] Strand, London, W. C. And write outside the letter "Please forward directly".

Of course the mending and colouring of the different ceilings, is additional work, *not* included in the specification. Also, the glass and iron verandah, the partition at the top of the staircase, and perhaps one or two other trifling jobs.

December

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 1 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
Sunday First December, 1861.

My Dear Letitia.

I don't like the notion of the new street, and I don't like the notion of a house with anything "dampish" in it.

Of the two things, if the Lodging you were told of will answer the purpose, I recommend that. Never mind going for a time without a Lodger or without carrying that notion into effect. It will give you pause for consideration and rest.

I write very hastily, being very tired; but of course I have considered your letter well.

As to the Readings, their popularity here is quite indescribable. So is the intelligence and quickness with which they are received. I sent you a newspaper — but I found last night that it had not gone. In the general whirlwind of business, a whole bundle, directed, lay in my Dressing Room at the Hall where I read, last night.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 DECEMBER 1861

Mention in N, III, 263; dated Edinburgh, 1 Dec 61.

To W. H. WILLS, 1 DECEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
Sunday First December 1861.

My Dear Wills.

Blazes of triumph! Immense turn-away. Cram yesterday morning (almost unprecedented in the morning), and general Go of Readings really indescribable.

They write from Glasgow this morning for "more Tickets".

In your last, when you write of Mrs. Linton,[†1] you say nothing of the book on the American Union in Morley's hands.[†2] I hope and trust his article will be

ready for the next No. made up.[†1] There will not be the least objection to having 2 American papers in it.

I am rather tired. For I read twice yesterday and took unusual pains.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

[†a]B and E not gone yet? How slow they are![†a]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 3 DECEMBER 1861

Extract in MDGH, II, 165-7.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow, Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, 1861.

I send you by this post another *Scotsman*. From a paragraph in it, a letter, and an advertisement,[†2] you may be able to form some dim guess of the scene at Edinburgh last night. Such a pouring of hundreds into a place already full to the throat, such indescribable confusion, such a rending and tearing of dresses, and yet such a scene of good humour on the whole. I never saw the faintest approach to it. While I addressed the crowd in the room, Gordon addressed the crowd in the street. Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the walls. The whole Blackwood family were borne in on the top of a wave, and landed with their faces against the front of the platform. I read with the platform crammed with people. I got them to lie down upon it, and it was like some impossible tableau or gigantic picnic; one pretty girl in full dress lying on her side all night, holding on to one of the legs of my table. It was the most extraordinary sight. And yet from the moment I began to the moment of my leaving off, they never missed a point, and they ended with a burst of cheers.

The confusion was decidedly owing to the local agents. But I think it may have been a little heightened by Headland's way of sending them the tickets to sell in the first instance.

Now, as I must read again in Edinburgh on Saturday night, your travelling arrangements are affected. So observe carefully (you and Mamie) all that I am going to say. It appears to me that the best course will be for you to come to *Edinburgh* on Saturday; taking the fast train from the Great Northern station at nine in the morning. This would bring you to the Waterloo at Edinburgh, at

about nine or so at night, and I should be home at ten. We could then have a quiet Sunday in Edinburgh, and go over to Carlisle on the Monday morning.

The expenditure of lungs and spirits was (as you may suppose) rather great last night, and to sleep well was out of the question; I am therefore rather fagged to-day. And as the hall in which I read to-night is a large one, I must make my letter a short one.

My people were torn to ribbons last night. They have not a hat among them, and scarcely a coat.

Give my love to Mamie. To her question, "Will there be war with America?" I answer, "Yes;" I fear the North to be utterly mad, and war to be unavoidable.

To JAMES E. STREET,[†1] 3 DECEMBER 1861*

MS (pro forma letter) Old Curiosity Shop, Kingsway. *Address:* James E. Street Esqr. | 24 Johnson St | Smedley St | Manchester.[†2]

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
December 3rd. 1861

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled "The Philosophy of a Besom" for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of "All the Year Round"

The Manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 DECEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Tuesday Third December, 1861.

My Dear Wills. From a paragraph, a letter, and an advertisement, in a "Scotsman" I send you with this, you may form some dim guess at the scene we had in Edinburgh last night. I think I may say that I never saw a crowd before.

As I was quietly dressing, I heard the people (when the doors were opened) come in with a most unusual crash; and I was very much struck by the place's obviously filling to the throat within five minutes. But I thought no more of it, dressed placidly, and went in at the usual time.[†3] I then found that there was a tearing mad crowd in all the passages and in the street, and that they were forcing a great turbid stream of people into the already crammed hall. The moment I appeared, 50 frantic men addressed me at once, and 50 other frantic men got upon ledges and cornices, and tried to find private audiences of their

own. Meantime the crowd outside, still forced the turbid stream in, and I began to have some general idea that the platform would be driven through the wall behind it, and the wall into the street. You know that your Respected Chief has a spice of coolness in him, and is not altogether unaccustomed to public

speaking. Without the exercise of the two qualities, I think we should all have been there now. But when the uproarious spirits (who, as we strongly suspect, didn't pay at all) saw that it was quite impossible to disturb me, they gave in, and there was a dead silence. Then I told them, of course in the best way I could think of, that I was heartily sorry, but that this was the fault of their own townsman †a[It was decidedly the fault of Woods people,†1 with maybe a trifle of preliminary assistance from Headland];†a that I would do anything to set it right; that I would at once adjourn to the Music Hall, if they thought it best; or that I would alter my arrangements, and come back, and read to all Edinburgh if they would. †b[Meantime Gordon, if you please, is softening the crowd outside, and dim reverberations of his stentorian roars are audible].†b At this there is great cheering, and they cry "Go on Mr. Dickens. Everybody will be quiet now." Uproarious spirit exclaims, "We *won't* be quiet. We won't let the reading be heard. We're ill treated." Respected Chief says, "there's plenty of time, and you may rely upon it that the reading is in no danger of being heard until we are agreed." Thereupon good humouredly shuts up book. Laugh turned against uproarious spirit, and uproarious spirit shouldered out. Respected Chief prepares, amidst calm, to begin, when Gentleman (with full dressed lady torn to ribbons, on his arm) cries out: "Mr. Dickens!" — "Sir." — "Couldn't some people, at all events ladies, be accommodated on your platform." — "Most certainly." Loud cheering. "Which way can they come to the platform, Mr. Dickens?" — "Round here to my left." In a minute the platform was crowded. Everybody who came up, laughed, and said it was nothing when I told them in a low voice how sorry I was; but the moment they were there, the sides began to roar, because they couldn't see! At least half the people were ladies, and I then proposed to them to sit down or lie down. Instantly they all dropped into recumbent groups, with Respected Chief standing up in the centre. I don't know what it looked like most — a battle field — an impossible tableau — a gigantic pic nic. There was one very pretty girl in full dress lying down on her side all night, and holding on to one leg of my table. So I read Nickleby and the Trial. From the beginning to the end they didn't lose one point, and they ended with a great burst of cheering.

Very glad to hear that Morley's American article is done. Rather fagged to day, but not very. So no more at present.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Will you reply to enclosed letter
200 Stalls let here for tonight

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 4 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Wednesday Fourth December, 1861

My Dear Letitia.

The Lodging is certainly too dear, and the objection is very strong as to the impossibility of making out how responsible the people may be.

I do not know the situation of this house of Helen's finding, by name; but it would seem to be a good house and cheap. Also I think the Hampstead direction is very healthy, and on the whole much liked by the class of people you would wish to Let to.

But perhaps while I write, Mr. Allom[†1] may have found you something else, in the neighbourhood you like better.

With this, you will have a Newspaper from here. I had fourteen hundred people in the Hall here last night, and the crowd has been so immense in Edinburgh that I am obliged to go all the way back there next Saturday.[†2]

Ever affectionately

CD.

P. S. The Memorial business to Ld. Palmerston is now all done, and we wait his answer.

To JOHN LEECH, 4 DECEMBER 1861

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 32 Brunswick Square | W.C. On mourning paper.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Wednesday Fourth December, 1861.

My Dear Leech.

I am away reading, and have received your letter here to day.

Charley Collins wrote the unreported speech,[†3] and I am heartily glad you are pleased with it.[†4]

My kindest regard to Mrs. Leech.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

Getting on with the pictures,[†5] I hope?

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 5 DECEMBER 1861

Extract from transcript by Winifred A. Myers from Myers catalogue No. 386. On mourning paper.

Will you be so good as to send to Eeles a complete set of the original Library Edition of my books together with a copy of Great Expectations & instruct him to half bind the whole neatly in red according to

my usual pattern (but *not* gilt edges!) *and requesting them to be sent to Charles Dickens Gordon,*[†1] *Edinburgh.*

To W. H. WILLS, 6 DECEMBER, 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Carrick's Royal, Glasgow
Friday Sixth December 1861

My Dear Wills.

I enclose three letters. On two I have endorsed the kind of reply I want sent. The third is in your way and speaks for itself.

It rained last night — and came on at 6 o'Clock too — sheets of water. Under which adverse circumstances you will be concerned to hear that we had only one thousand eight hundred and sixteen persons in the Hall, and that the night's receipts were only one hundred and eighty six pounds, nine shillings!!![†2]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 DECEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh
Sunday Eighth December, 1861.

My Dear Wills.

Before I can answer or consider Bulwer's letter that you enclosed me this morning, I must have proofs of the rest of his story. Will you send them on to me when ready?

Glasgow finished nobly, and last night here was signally successful and positively splendid.[†3]

Mary and Georgina arrived punctual to the minute, and send you their kindest regard.

Will you give my small Admiral, on his personal application, one Sovereign? I have told him to come to you for that recognition of his meritorious services.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To ROBERT CHAMBERS,[†1] [?9 DECEMBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Wills, 13 Dec 61. *Date:* probably written in or soon after leaving Edinburgh.

Saying how charmed he had been with Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh,[†2] *which he had read in Edinburgh.*

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 10 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Breach's County Hotel, Carlisle.
Tuesday Tenth December, 1861.

My Dear Letitia.

Although the warehousing of the Furniture and the taking of a furnished Lodging, are evidently objectionable in point of expence, still I hold it less objectionable than your being hastily fixed with a house that might not suit you and might afterwards prove a terrible incumbrance. Therefore I would take a furnished lodging — say, by the month. On the turn of Xmas, more houses will be to let, you yourself will be fitter for business and more easy, and you will not have committed yourself to any but a very temporary bargain.

If you have that confusion in the head, I would suspend the taking of the Wormwood[†3] for a time. It is very difficult to take any tonic when the head is at all disordered.

The Readings have been most triumphantly successful in Scotland. I send you a paper from this place by this same post.[†4]

Ever affectionately
CD.

To DR J. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT,[†1] 10 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Liverpool Public Libraries.

Breach's County Hotel Carlisle
Tuesday Tenth December, 1861.

My Dear Dr. Muspratt.

Your letter has been forwarded to me at this place, as I come through it slowly on my way to Liverpool from Scotland.

I am much indebted to Mrs. Muspratt[†2] and you for your proffered hospitality, but must reluctantly decline it, as I have already declined similar invitations from other friends at Liverpool. When I am away reading, I am not my own master (so pressing are the demands on my time and attention), and never visit anywhere. Moreover, if I were not at an Hotel and always as it were among the business-people whom I carry with me, everything would go wrong.

My eldest daughter and her Aunt have joined me here, and beg to unite in kind regard

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 10 DECEMBER 1861*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. On mourning paper.

Carlisle, Tuesday Tenth December, 1861.

My Dear Stanny

As I told you I should write to report myself, behold the redemption of my promise.

Ever since we parted at Brighton, the same scene has been repeated over and over and over again. The success of the Readings at Edinburgh and Glasgow particularly, has been quite astounding. I am now slowly working my way to Liverpool, and thence shall get home for a few days at Christmas. Then comes a short supplementary trip, and I shall have finished. Very joyful I shall be to get home again and be at rest.

Enclosed I send you the list of my dates and places.[†3] You will see when I am going to Cheltenham, and shall stay at Macready's. Lord! If you *could* manage to join me there, what enormous delight it would give him, and what pleasure it would give to all of us Three to be together again! I purpose joining him on the day before my Cheltenham reading; that is to say, on Thursday the 2nd. of January. He writes in great spirits at the prospect, and I wish you would let me tell him you would come too.

Rain rain rain in these parts, and nothing *but* rain — except sleet.

Don't go to the Drury Lane Pantomime[†1] till I come back in January. We can go so snugly from the office, and fix our critical eye on Beverley.[†2]

With kind regard to Mrs. Stanfield,[†3] whose fresh looks at Brighton were the highest tribute to the place,

Believe me ever | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Clarkson Stanfield Esquire

To DR ROBERT ELLIOT,[†4] [11 DECEMBER 1861]

Summary in *Cumberland Paquet,* 17 Dec 1861. *Date:* received by Elliot on 11 Dec (*Cumberland Paquet,* above); probably written same day.

Expressing his great interest in such institutions,[†5] *but regretting his inability on the present occasion to make any visits whatever, in consequence of his time being fully occupied in literary labours.*

To W. H. WILLS, 11 DECEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Carlisle, Wednesday Eleventh December, 1861.

My Dear Wills.

No to the Poem. There is no good in it; it is conceited and morbid; directly counter to the spirit of the Xmas No. The man who talks of himself as "the poet", is really not to be endured in this age — especially when he isn't one.

I don't like Fitzgerald[†6] either. Exactly for the reason which has led to our leaving Xmas alone in the Xmas No. we should avoid it — if we can — in the regular No. I put in that saving clause, because you *may* have nothing else by you. But I don't like it, and would rather have something else.[†7]

It is scarcely possible to make less of Mr. Spence's[†8] book,[†9] than Morley has done.[†10]

Costello very amusing.[†1] Lever extremely dangerous in places, I have taken out the most dangerous — and really unfair — bits. Look to it again in the Revise.[†2]

Carlisle has done its best, and crammed its room (a sort of cellar, and very mouldy) twice. One could not have expected it in this place, but it is indisputable that they took Copperfield last night, as well as the Edinburgh people.[†3]

We go on to Lancaster at 1 today.

Kindest regard

Ever Faithfully

CD.

The Proofs[†4] returned separately.

To MRS DANIEL,[†5] 12 DECEMBER 1861

Summary in Charles Retz catalogue, No. 17. *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated office of *AYR*, 12 Dec 61; addressed Mrs Daniel.

Regretting that he cannot comply with the request to dramatize the Christmas number of All the Year Round.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

King's Arms and Royal Hotel, Lancaster
Thursday Twelfth December, 1861.

My Dear Wills

Everything looks well here[†6] — except the weather: which is persistently, savagely, gloomily, drippingly, hopelessly, wet.

Poole writes me that he wants some more forms of Proof of Life.[†1] Will you have some got for him, and sent to him addressed as under.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

à Monsieur John Poole
Hotel de Mayence
Rue St. Honoré 354
Paris

To W. H. WILLS, 13 DECEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Victoria Hotel, Preston
Friday Thirteenth December | 1861.

My Dear Wills

The news of the Xmas No. is indeed Glorious, and nothing can look brighter or better than the prospects of the Illustrious Publication.

Both Carlisle and Lancaster have come out admirably, though I doubted both, as you did. But, unlike you, I always doubted this place. I do so still. We have a hundred stalls let, but it is a poor place at the best (you remember?)[†2] and the Mills are working half-time, and trade is very bad.[†3] The expences however will be a mere nothing. The accounts from Manchester for tomorrow, and from Liverpool for the Readings generally, are very cheering in deed.

The young lady who sells the papers at the Station is just the same as ever. Has orders for tonight, and is coming "with a person". — "*The* person?" said I. — "Never *you* mind", said she.

I was so charmed with Robert Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh (which I read *in* Edinburgh), that I was obliged to write to him and say so.

[†a]Why don't you telegraph Bradbury and Evans's failure? What *are* you up to?[†a]

Kindest regard from the Ladies | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, [15 DECEMBER 1861]

Telegram. Mention in next. *Date:* sent same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 DECEMBER 1861

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Sunday Fifteenth December, 1861.

My Dear Wills

I sent you a Telegram today, and I write before the answer has come to hand.

I have been very doubtful what to do here. We have a great Let for tomorrow night. The Mayor recommends closing tomorrow, and going on on Tuesday and Wednesday; so does the Town Clerk; so do the Agents.[†1] But I have a misgiving that they hardly understand what the public general sympathy with the Queen will be.[†2] Further, I feel personally that the Queen has always been very considerate and gracious to me, and I would on no account do anything that might seem unfeeling or disrespectful. I shall attach great weight, in this state of indecision, to your Telegram.[†3]

A capital audience at Preston. Not a capacious room, but full. Great appreciation.[†4]

The scene at Manchester last night was really magnificent. I had had the platform carried forward to our Frozen Deep point,[†5] and my table and screen built in with a Proscenium and room Scenery. When I went in (there was a very fine hall), they applauded in the most tremendous manner; and the extent to which they were taken aback and taken by storm, by Copperfield, was really a thing to see. It was a most signal and remarkable success.[†6]

The Post closes early here on a Sunday, and I shall close this also, without further reference to "a message from the" — W.H.W. — being probably on the road.

Radley[†1] is ill, and supposed to be fast declining, poor fellow.[†2] This House is crammed — The assizes on — And Troops perpetually embarking for Canada,[†3] and their officers passing through the Hotel.

Kindest regard

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To CAPT. J. S. MAYSON,[†4] 16 DECEMBER 1861*

MS University of Texas, Austin. On mourning paper.

Liverpool, Monday Sixteenth December 1861.

Sir.

In reply to the communication you have done me the honor to forward to me from the officers of the Manchester Press Company of Volunteers, and to the letter with which you have accompanied it, I beg to express my regret that it is not in any reason possible for me to comply with the request preferred in those documents. You will the better understand my inability to do so, when I assure you that I receive similar communications by scores upon scores, and that I can very rarely do so much as answer them under my own hand, however briefly.

I am proud to be enrolled an Honorary Member of the Third Manchester Rifles, and I accept the distinction with thanks.

I have the honor to be | Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Mayson
5th. (Press) Company | Third Manchester Rifles

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17-18 DECEMBER 1861]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 692. *Date:* probably written after his return to London, with other letters, 17-18 Dec.

Copperfield in the Free Trade Hall last Saturday was really a grand scene.[†1]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 18 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

All The Year Round Office
Eighteenth December, 1861.

My Dear Letitia

I left Liverpool, confusedly and hastily: having postponed my readings there, because of the Prince's death.

Your letter has reached me here this morning. I answer it very hurriedly, being in a great accumulation of business, and having had to get my Sailor-boy off to sea at a minute's notice. He is appointed to the Orlando[†2] (the best ship in the Service), and is ordered to America.

Enclosed is a cheque for £10.[†3] You could not do better than take the lodging you mention. On the other side is the receipt for Mr. Hemsley, which will require Silva's signature. He may pay the rent out of the money, provided that he does not pay more than is due.

I shall be here tomorrow.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To T. HOLMES,[†4] 18 DECEMBER 1861

Summary in Phillips catalogue, June 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *All the Year Round,* 18 Dec 61; addressed T. Holmes Esq.

My Dear Holmes.
Regrets just missing him. Proposes meeting next day. Hopes there is no news to disturb the peace of poor Arthur.[†5]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 18 DECEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

All the Year Round Office
Wednesdy Eighteenth December 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I have been so distracted between Reading, travelling, putting off reading because of the Prince's death, coming home unexpectedly, and getting my Sailor-boy off to sea (in consequence of his appointment [†a]at half an hour's notice[†a] to the Orlando, the best ship going), that I have not had a moment in which to write to you. Even now, I write with the greatest press upon me, meaning to write in detail in a day or two.

But I have *read,* at all events, though not written. And I say, most masterly and most admirable! It is impossible to lay the sheets down without finishing them. I showed them to Georgina and Mary, and they read and read and never stirred until they had read all. There cannot be a doubt of the beauty, power, and artistic excellence of the whole.

I counsel you most strongly, NOT[†1] to append the proposed dialogue between Fenwick and Faber,[†2] and NOT[†1] to enter upon any explanation beyond the title page and the motto, unless it be in some very brief preface. Decidedly I would not help the reader, if it were only for the reason that that anticipates

his being in need of help, and his feeling objections and difficulties that require solution. Let the book explain itself.[†3] It speaks *for* itself with a noble eloquence.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To THOMAS BAYLIS, 19 DECEMBER 1861

MS British Library. On mourning paper

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Nineteenth December, 1861.

My Dear Mr. Baylis

I have been away for a month, reading, and I write this present missive up to the chin in a raging sea of correspondence.

Once at this time of the year, we had an elaborate account in Household Words of the business necessary to the getting up of a Pantomime.[†1] If your article should not repeat that one, the subject is always good.[†2] The Parks too, and public grounds in general, are a promising theme.[†3]

My Ladies beg me to say with their compliments to Mrs. Baylis,[†4] that they are not likely to be in town until February (our house is full to the throat at this time of year), but that they will make a personal report of themselves when they do come. I shall probably change houses for three months or so, with a friend at Kensington.[†5]

When you come to Gad's Hill in the summer,[†6] you will scarcely know it again. I have improved it in many respects since you were there.[†7]

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Baylis Esquire

To WILLIAM HAZLITT,[†8] 19 DECEMBER 1861

Text from N, III, 269.

Gad's Hill Place
Thursday Nineteenth December 1861

Dear Mr. Hazlitt,

I have not the honor to be personally acquainted with the gentleman who appoints the Under Librarian of the House of Lords. If I were, I should not hesitate to address him on your behalf, and to bear my testimony to your literary [acquirements],[†9] to your ability and industry, and to your fitness for that

office. You are at perfect liberty, however, to make any reference to me, if you think it may serve you in the least.[†10]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE REV. STEPHEN ROOSE HUGHES, 19 DECEMBER 1861

MS Mrs A. K. Frazer. *Address:* The Rev. Stephen R. Hughes | Llanallgo Rectory | Pentralth | Anglesey. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Nineteenth December 1861.

My Dear Sir

I have been away for a month, and am but now in receipt of your letter and the box of excellent herrings.[†1] Accept my cordial thanks, and the assurance that there is no fear of my ever failing to bear you in mind, or to bear testimony to what I saw on a memorable occasion of the work of your hands.[†2]

With kind Christmas regard to all your house, Believe me My Dear Sir
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Stephen R Hughes.

To CHARLES KENT, 19 DECEMBER 1861*

MS John F. Fleming, Inc. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Nineteenth December, 1861.

My Dear Kent.

I have been away for a month, reading, and am only now in the receipt of your letter. The copy of the Sun that you sent me, I *did* receive, and derived the highest gratification from;[†3] — such gratification as you meant to give me, and I cannot say more for it when I heartily thank you.

If I can serve your book[†4] in any way, of course I will do it and joyfully.

With all good Christmas feeling and regard, Believe me always
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Charles Kent Esquire

To HENRY MORLEY, 19 DECEMBER 1861

MS Lieut Commander Vic Zoschak. On mourning paper.

Office A. Y. R.
Thursday Nineteenth December | 1861.

My Dear Morley.

The enclosed letter and newspaper scraps are from a Doctor at Carlisle[†1] — an useful and estimable man, though of 40,000 Bore power. His principle is an excellent one, and his soup kitchen (to which I subscribed when in Carlisle last week) admirable. If you should see your way to a short article on the subject, will you write one?[†2]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 20 DECEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twentieth December 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

This is only a word to say that I have received your last note, and that I have written to Wills to send you Robert's pieces.

Also, that I will very attentively reconsider the explanation-point, on the ground you put, and will discuss the question very carefully with Forster.[†3] I have no doubt, and do not think I shall have any doubt, that if any thing be done *it must be done as a part of the book* — must involve the resumption and disposal of somebody — must, in short, have that connexion with the story which will force the reader of the story also to read what you so desire to be read. Otherwise it will not be read by one person in fifty — not by one in a hundred. Could Mrs. Poyntz as the representative of "the world" be wrought into it? I fancy I see a loophole of light in that direction.[†4]

I shall be here until the end of Christmas week.

Ever affectionately Yours
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Night Twentieth December | 1861.

My Dear Wills.

In this packet are some letters that came on to me from the office. Also some short poems of Robert Lytton's[†1] — all good, but "Melancholia",[†2] and "Fair Urience with the yellow hair"[†3] particularly good.

Bulwer "wants the Nos. of A. Y. R. that contain the pieces by Robert".[†4] Will you send him, to Ventnor, his son's contributions?

As to Lever's Fellow Traveller's story, I think the plain reply is, that as Bulwer is on the supernatural and as we have otherwise been on that theme lately, I think this story would not have a fair chance and would appear at a great disadvantage.[†5]

Have you made any mistake in sending me the other MS by Lever also returned herewith? It begins with chapter 2, and consists of chapters 2 and 3.[†6] I don't read it, but return it unread, because I don't see the use of beginning in the middle.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 23 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Lytton Papers([aa]) and Auckland Public Library([bb]). On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Third December, 1861.

[a]My Dear Robert Lytton.

I have received the poems, read them all, and sent them at once to the Printer. They shall appear without delay, and are heartily welcome. The Pope[†1] I have not yet been able to make room for, by reason of his great length in reference to our space.[a]

[b]The idea of the Xmas No. was suggested to me by the contemplation of your Stevenage Hermit: of whom I heard much more than he deserved, when I was last at Knebworth, and whom I went to see.[†2] My parts of the No. you have picked out accurately.[†3] A very pretty little story about "Evening Shades"[†4] is done by Mr. Charles Collins, Wilkie's brother; and an exceedingly droll story "Picking up Waifs at Sea",[†5] is done by Wilkie himself.[†6] The rest by other contributors.[†7b]

[a]My son married with my knowledge and consent, because I very well knew that he couldn't help it. The name the young lady has changed for mine, is odious to me; and when I have said that, I have said all that need be said.[†8]

Let me heartily return all your good feeling and good wishes, and send you my cordial Christmas regard. It will not lose its freshness[a] [†c][ ][†c] [b]will not be (I hope) out of season when it comes to hand — and heart.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS[b]

Robert Lytton Esquire

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 23 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Johns Hopkins University. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Third December, 1861.

My Dear Trollope.

This is merely to say that the Xmas No. *was* intended as a conveyance of all friendly greetings, in season and out of season. As to its lesson[†1] — you need it about as little as any man I know, for all your study and seclusion conduce to the general good and disseminate truths that men cannot too earnestly take to heart.

Yes. A capital story that of "the two sea-born babbies", and wonderfully droll, I think! I may say so without blushing, for it is not by me. It was done by Wilkie Collins.[†2]

Speculation is rife here, as to what the Americans will do. The assumption seems to me quite unavoidable, that they will of course do the wrong and the insane thing. Bedlamites as they are in boasting, profoundly ignorant of their own condition and of the comparative strength and merits of the States, dragged at the chariot wheels of such a Press, and — worse than all — liking it all, and arrogantly preferring it to better things, what *is* to be expected of them! I am sick of hearing people rely on their "common sense". As if, as a country, they possessed such an article!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To E. A. BOWRING, [24 DECEMBER 1861]

Mention in *To* Mrs Austin, 24 Dec 61. *Date:* clearly same day as that letter.

Sending a receipt on Mrs Austin's behalf.

To EDWARD DE GEX, [24 DECEMBER 1861]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day as next.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 24 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fourth December, 1861.

My Dear Letitia

I enclose a new receipt for Mr. Hemsley. †[a]No I dont. — I see it should go to Mr. Bowring, and have sent it to him.†[a] I have also written to De Gex, telling him that Silva desires to renounce, and that I am ready to be re-sworn,†[1] either on Friday or Saturday morning next. I hope and trust you are getting better in health.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 24 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fourth December, 1861.

My Dear Letitia

Since I wrote to you this morning, I have received the enclosed from De Gex. Will you communicate with Mrs. Silva and try to get Mr. Silva to go there (De Gex's office) at 11 on Friday.†[2]

Ever affectionately
CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 26 DECEMBER 1861

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | London | W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth December, 1861.

My Dear Beard

This is merely to return your Christmas greetings with hearty cordiality, — and to say that I heard of only one man in Edinburgh (when I was there a fortnight ago) who had any of that whiskey. He was understood to go in fear of his life! so horribly was he envied, and so dogged in all his comings and goings.

I am away again on Monday, but begin to see Land now. As to the new Readings, I rather think myself that Copperfield is A 1. But of this, please God, you shall judge at St. James's Hall in March. Their success has been prodigious.

Sydney got appointed to the Orlando (a ship that every one in the service seemed to be trying for), and has sailed for Halifax. He looked very very small when he went away with a chest in which he could easily have stowed himself and a wife and family of his own proportions.

On the 20th. of February I am going to change houses until the 1st. of June with a friend at Kensington. Further particulars shall be duly announced.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To [?ARTHUR HELPS],[†1] 26 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Gilbert Foyle. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth December, 1861.

My Dear [Helps]

I am sure you know how delighted I have been to get your letter,[†2] and what an unspeakable pleasure it is to me to be so remembered by such a man as you. At least I can say for myself in reply, that no man could hold the great privilege of awakening the interest you describe, who could have a higher and more grateful sense of its worth than I have.

About the 20th. of February we are going to change houses for three months with a friend at Kensington Gore. Due report shall be made to Mrs. [Helps],[†3] and I pledge myself to the Thoms[†4] and you, please God, for a sunny holiday on a day in the last week of May.

As Mrs. [Helps] has been looking at David lately, I should very much like her to hear a Reading of him at St. James's Hall in March. My business-man will duly send you some tickets for it, and if they should fall on an inconvenient night, it will be very easy for him to try again.

With the best wishes of this good time, Believe me alway My Dear [Helps]

Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 26 DECEMBER 1861

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth[†1] December, 1861.

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I have gone through the proofs, and I have gone over your enclosed letter[†2] several times, and I have discussed the whole question with Forster.

Finally, there seems to me no such good way of getting the explanation in, as at Mrs. Poyntz's tea table, in the manner you propose.[†3] I think the great mass of your readers would be sure to read it, and I think they would be almost as sure *not* to read a Preface about the book (even if there were not the objection to a Preface you point out: i.e. its anticipation of the book), or any thing in the nature of an essay or treatise about the book.[†4]

But then I would soften the scene where Nature and Death are,[†5] for this reason — because as it stands, it seems to me to be more laboriously symbolical than the other parts of the book, and consequently to be not quite in keeping with them.[†6] Whereas, having the talk at Mrs. Poyntz's tea table, which would comprehend that part as well as the other parts, I think it might fall back into the same general tone and degree of relief.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY,[†1] 26 DECEMBER 1861*

MS University of Texas, Austin. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth December 1861.

My Dear Tracey

Sir Richard Bromley let me know of the Telegram's being sent to the Orlando, and consequently I knew that she was standing out to sea, before she lost sight of Plymouth. I had previously had a line from your large brother officer,[†2] informing me with immense under-scoring of the words, that he liked his ship very much indeed.

I expect to be in Plymouth on Sunday night, though I don't as yet know anything about trains or times. By "Sunday night", I mean Sunday the 3rd. of January. On the two previous days I am going to stay with Macready at Cheltenham. I come to Plymouth in fulfilment of an arrangement made by poor dear Arthur, who always had an odd desire that I should go back there.[†3]

My present man of business is a very honest fellow, but what we shipmates call a dull sailor. He had been with me in London under Arthur, and was the best man I could lay my hand on when I lost the man who is never to be replaced.

Ever Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 28 DECEMBER 1861†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Saturday Twenty Eighth December, 1861.

My Dear Mary

I send you a line in answer to your welcome letter, to assure you that I have read it with the greatest interest and pleasure, and that I am always (though I need not say so) your attached and affectionate, and that I send you all the loving wishes of the time of year.

Also to Sairey,[†4] and Mrs. S,[†5] and all the S's, I do likewise.

On Monday (as you know) I am away again. The success of this course of Readings has been quite tremendous; but I am not sorry to see Land and a little rest before me, albeit these are great experiences of the public heart.

The little Admiral has gone towards America in the Orlando; supposed to be one of the foremost ships in the service, and the best found, best manned, and best officered, that ever sailed from England. He went away much gamer than any Giant, attended by a chest in which he could easily have stowed himself and a wife and family of his own proportions.

Ever and always Your affectionate
JOE.

I am going to let off Copperfield in London next March.

To THOMAS HEADLAND, 28 DECEMBER 1861

Extract in Phillips catalogue, June 1994; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 28 Dec 61; addressed Headland.

Asking him to add to the telegram to Birmingham the words Please send 4 stalls for each night, to Mr. Rofe,[†1] Paradise Street, with Mr. D's compliments; *adding that the letter has gone to Hullah and that he will get his copy on Monday.*

To CHARLES LEVER, 28 DECEMBER 1861

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Eighth December, 1861.

My Dear Lever.

Most assuredly I am perfectly free to act in the matter at issue between you and the Chapmans;[†2] and most assuredly I will do so with the best discretion I can exercise, if you will put me in possession of the merits of the case.[†3] Once for all, be certain that I am more than ready and willing to accept the trust you propose to confide to me.

I have been reading in various parts of England and Scotland for six or seven weeks, and go away again on Monday *for a fortnight only*. Any letter you may address to me at the office while I am away, "to be forwarded", will be at once sent on. As soon as I know what I have to do, I will write to the Chapmans and make an appointment for a personal interview.

Always Believe me | Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Lever Esqre.

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 DECEMBER 1861*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Eighth December, 1861.

My Dearest Macready

Stunned by Bradshaw, I cannot as yet make out at what time I can get to Cheltenham from Leamington. If I can work out this problem at or after Birmingham (where I shall be on Monday and Tuesday), I will write you a more explicit line. Generally, my intention is, to leave Leamington as soon as possible after breakfast, and get to Cheltenham as quickly as I can.

With kindest regard
Ever affectionately
CD.

To [J. P. HULLAH], 30 DECEMBER 1861*

Text from E. Parsons catalogue (n.d.); *MS* 1 p.; dated Monday, 30 Dec 61; addressed "Dear Hillah" (clearly a misreading for "Hullah").

Dear [Hullah],

We think your let[ter][†1] very far from mending the Matt[er][†2]

[Faith]fully[†1] yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS][†3]

To THE REV. G. W. BRAMELD,[†4] [?1861]

Mention in Brameld *to* Forster, 5 Nov 1872 (MS University of California, Los Angeles). *Date:* after "many Editions" of *Barnaby Rudge,* according to Brameld; but perhaps after the Illustrated Library edn (Vol. I, Aug 61; Vol. II, Dec 61).

In answer to Brameld's letter pointing out two "curious mistakes" in Barnaby Rudge, *CD admits that the interview between the blind Stagg, the Widow and Barnaby*[†5] [Chs 45-6] *should be in May, not June; in response to the criticism that the £155,000* (or £125,000) *he names was a most inadequate estimate for the damage done by the Rioters*[†6] [Ch. 73], *he gives his views on such questions, being seemingly willing to reconsider the point.*

To JAMES PAYN, 1861

Extract in James Payn, *Some Literary Recollections,* 1884, p. 196. *Date:* Payn moved from Edinburgh to London in 1861.

I have received your letter with mingled regret and pleasure. I am heartily sorry to have lost you as a fellow-workman,[†1] but heartily glad to have gained you as a friend ... I hope that you will both come and see us at Gadshill, and compare the Kentish hops and cherries with the Scottish peachings.

To THE REV. DAVID MACRAE,[†2] [1861]

Extract in David Macrae, *Home and Abroad: Sketches and Gleanings,* Glasgow, 1871 [1870], pp. 127-8. *Date:* 1861, according to Macrae, above, p. 127.

I have so strong an objection to *mere* professions of religion, and to the audacious interposition of vain and ignorant men between the sublime simplicity of the New Testament and the general human mind to which our Saviour addressed it, that I urge that objection as strongly and as positively as I can. In my experience, true practical Christianity has been very much obstructed by the conceit against which I protest.[†3] ... With a deep sense of my great responsibility always upon me when I exercise my art, one of my most constant and most earnest endeavours has been to exhibit in all my good people some faint reflections of the

teachings of our great Master, and unostentatiously to lead the reader up to those teachings as the great source of all moral goodness. All my strongest illustrations are derived from the New Testament: all my social abuses are shown as departures from its spirit; all my good people are humble, charitable, faithful, and forgiving. Over and over again, I claim them in express words as disciples of the Founder of our religion; but I must admit that to a man (or woman) they all arise and wash their faces, and do not appear unto men to fast.[†4] Furthermore, I devised a new kind of book for Christmas years ago

(which has since been imitated all over England, France, and America), absolutely impossible, I think, to be separated from the exemplification of the Christian virtues and the inculcation of the Christian precepts. In every one of those books there is an express text preached on, and the text is always taken from the lips of Christ.[†1]

To THE REV. DAVID MACRAE, [1861]

Extract in David Macrae (see last), p. 128. *Date:* "a subsequent letter" to last, according to Macrae; also 1861, according to Forster (F, XI, III, 818*n*).

Your exposition of my feeling on the subject of our correspondence is correct, but it requires this addition: I hold our Saviour to be the model of all goodness, and I assume that, in a Christian country where the New Testament is accessible to all men, all goodness must be referred back to its influence. While I ask no man how he settles for himself questions of theology (on which it is easy for any number of men to *say* they are agreed, but very difficult for any two men to be really agreed), I should most certainly ask myself if I wronged any one, how that default was to be reconciled with the precepts of Christianity....

My reverence for the Divine Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount is not a feeling of today. I married very young, and had a large family of children. All of them, from the first to the last, have had a little version of the New Testament that I wrote for them,[†2] read to them long before they could read, and no young people can have had an earlier knowledge of, or interest in, that book. It is an inseparable part of their earliest remembrances.

To CHARLES READE, [1860-1]

Mention in Sotheby catalogue, Oct 1973; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1860-1; addressed Charles Reade.

Addenda

To [CHARLES KNIGHT],[†1] [?MARCH 1859 or 1861]*

MS (fragment) Private. *Date:* between 1859 and 1862 on handwritten; 1859 and 1861 are the only years with no mention of Knight's birthday (15 Mar), in CD's correspondence.

I wish you many happy returns of the day,[†2] and will drink to you in an express bumper.

Ever affecy Yours

CD.

To T. O. BARLOW, 29 JUNE 1861*

MS Mr Tom Thompson. *Address:* T. O. Barlow Esquire | Auburn Lodge | Victoria Road | Kensington | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Twenty Ninth June | 1861

My Dear Sir

As you ask me for my feelings on the question of offering the dedication of the engraving to my friend Miss Coutts, I reply that my feeling is instinctively and strongly against it. The picture not being in her collection or in any way associated with her, I see no public reason for her being addressed on the subject. And I think private reasons are no reasons in such a case.

Thanking you cordially for your frank note, I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Oldham Barlow Esquire

Volume X

1862 – 1864

1862

January

To W. C. MACREADY,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Regent Hotel, Leamington
New Year's Day, 1862

My Dearest Macready

All the best and most affectionate and loving wishes of this day to you and all dear to you!

I have just time (before a Morning reading of Copperfield),[†2] to let you know that my Train is due at Cheltenham[†3] at 4 tomorrow afternoon.

Ever Most affectionately
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 2 JANUARY 1862*

MS Yale University Library. *Address*: Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester. On mourning paper.

Leamington | Thursday Morning Second January 1862

My Dear Georgy

This is merely to say that I will write from Macready's. A double day yesterday[†4] and cross-Railway-travelling to day, press me unusually, and leave me not a moment. I have been doing *extremely well,* notwithstanding that Birmingham is in a very depressed state.[†5]

As to the Stairs, certainly have them done as you propose. I do not believe that one of the boys is so very foolish and untrustworthy as not to be sure to go up in the obvious and proper way. But if they cannot trust themselves to do so plain a thing, then let one of their washing jugs and basins be brought into the

club room, after use in the morning, for their day's service; and let them not go up at all until they go to bed.

Barber[†6] is right about the size of the glass covering in the Stable Yard

Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

To W. H. WILLS,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1862

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

At The Birmingham Station
Thursday Second January 1862

My Dear Wills.

Being stranded here for an hour, on my way from Leamington to Cheltenham, I write to you.

[†a]Firstly to reciprocate all your cordial and affectionate wishes for the New Year, and to express my earnest hope that we may go on through many years to come, as we have gone on through many years that are gone. And I think we can say that we doubt whether any two men can have gone on more happily and smoothly, or with greater trust and confidence in one another.[†a]

Secondly: As the Proofs[†2] reached me yesterday at Leamington where I had a double day, I was not able to look at them. I have eyed them on the Railway to day, but necessarily in a cursory way. Look to the Russian paper for clearness.[†3] In Robert Lytton's[†4] poem[†5]—at the end—the word "both" is used as applied to several things. The word "all", with a slight alteration in the pointing, will express what he means.[†6]

Keep articles which *will* have the first person singular, inveterately, as wide asunder as you can.[†7]

Birmingham is in a very depressed state, with very few of its trades at work. Nevertheless we did extremely well here. At Leamington yesterday, immense. Copperfield in the morning absolutely stunned the people: and at Nickleby and the Trial at night, they roared and roared until I think they must have shaken all the air in Warwickshire.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 3 JANUARY 1862

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Cheltenham | Friday Third January 1862

My Dearest Georgy. Mrs. Macready,[†1] [†a]both in face and figure, is wonderfully like Mary Boyle[†2] twenty years ago.[†a] In voice she is very like poor Mrs. Macready dead and gone,[†3] not in the least like her otherwise; [†a]not half so pretty or so buxom.[†a] She is perfectly satisfactory, and exceedingly winning. Quite perfect in her manner with him and in her ease with his children; sensible, gay, pleasant, sweet tempered; not in the faintest degree stiff or pedantic; accessible instantly. I have very rarely seen a more agreeable woman. The house is (on a smaller scale) any house we have known them in. Furnished with the old furniture, pictures, engravings, mirrors, tables and chairs. Butty[†4] is too tall for strength, I am afraid, but handsome,[†5] and a very nice girl. Katie,[†6] you know all about. Macready, decidedly much older, and infirm. Very much changed. His old force has gone out of him strangely. I don't think I left off talking, a minute, from the time of my entering the house to my going to bed last night, and he was as much amused and interested as ever I saw him: still he was—and is— unquestionably aged.

[†a]I enclose a cheque for £10.[†7] I hope it may not be too late, but I have been in such a whirl of reading and travelling that I am quite confused about your dates.[†a]

And even now I am obliged to cut this letter short, by having to go and look after Headland.[†8] It would never do to be away from the rest of them. I have no idea what we are doing here: no notion whether things are right or wrong: no conception where the room is: no hold of the business at all. For which reason I cannot rest without going and looking after the worthy man with the genius for mistakes.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Most affecy. Yours

CD.

To EDGAR BOWRING,[†9] [?4 JANUARY 1862]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN,[†1] 4 JANUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

Cheltenham, | Saturday Fourth January 1862

My Dear Letitia

I have written to Mr. Bowring, acting on his suggestion, and also thanking him for the services he renders you.

I hope you are beginning to get better? Poor Miss Sunderland[†2] is strictly in the fashion, for all my letters are full of Influenza.

My visit here has been made unusually interesting to me by my staying with Mr. Macready. He is growing old, but has a most excellent and charming wife, and is (with his two remaining girls and youngest boy)[†3] quite happy.

Success attends me everywhere, Thank God, and the great crowds I see every night all seem to regard me with affection as a personal friend.

This evening at 6 o'Clock (after reading at halfpast two), I go on to Plymouth.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To EDWARD WOOD,[†4] 4 JANUARY 1862*

MS Mr Lewis P. Kinsey, Jr. On mourning paper.

Cheltenham, Fourth January 1862

Sir

Not to delay my reply to your letter until my return home a week hence, I write from here to return your agreeable notes of your visit to Stevenage,[†5] and to thank you for having sent them to me. You will also find enclosed, the very clever sketch of the uncomfortable person in question.[†6]

Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

Edward J Wood Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS,[†1] [5] JANUARY 1862

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Sunday was 5 Jan in 1862. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday January Fourth 1862

My Dear Wilkie.

When I proposed Thursday for the office, I forgot that a choice between Thursday and Friday was given to the Forsters[†2] for our going there. I am reminded of it this morning, by their writing to fix Thursday. Therefore will you say *Friday* for the office? And at half past 5 instead of 6, as we cannot with decency get off going to Yates's[†3] affair afterwards.

It is pretty clear to me that you must go in for a regular pitched battle with that rheumatic gout. Don't be satisfied with Frank Beard's[†4] patching you, now that you have leisure; but be set up afresh. I don't like that notion of the eight and forty hours. It is not a long enough time, and the treatment *in* the time must be too ferocious. Nature does not proceed in that way, and is not to be proceeded with in that way. With all respect for my Hon. friend M.R.C.S.[†5] I think it a demonstrable mistake. [†a]And I hope you will arrive at the same conclusion.[†a]

In the A.Y.R. matter, I did not write myself, and I begged Wills to do so, because I regarded it as a simple act of conscientiousness, and wished it so to express itself. I am very sorry that we part company (though only in a literary sense),[†6] but I hope we shall work together again, one day.

It has been blowing here to the most extraordinary extent. This morning is wonderfully bright and fine, but the weathercock points forever to the Sou'West.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 5 JANUARY 1862

MS Clark Memorial Library, University of California.

Royal Hotel, Plymouth
Sunday Fifth January 1862

My Dear Wills. I couldn't answer your letter about Reade[†1] until I had it. *Could* I now?

He seems to me, to be the best man to be got for our purpose. But I think his terms will be rather higher than yours. Seeing that we shall not be paying Wilkie's salary then, I think you might at once (if you saw it to be necessary) go up to five and twenty pounds a week. But he *may not* be used to such receipts as I suppose. I would decidedly pursue the idea, with the intention of getting him, as the best man to be got. No doubt he would be glad to work with me. I believe he has a respect for me.[†2]

I shall be here until after post time on Wednesday morning,[†3] and at Torquay until after post time on Friday morning. Any word from you concerning Reade, by letter or Telegram, shall be answered immediately.

(His singing, I know. Very innocent and harmless.)

Your heavy debt here shall be paid in full. I doubt the judiciousness of Frank's[†4] taking a ticket for a month, because, unless I am mistaken, he will be a week of the time in London.[†5] But I suppose three weeks single tickets might have cost him as much too. I ought to have written to him about it. Will you tell him with my love, that I have been too busy.

Macready's amazement at Copperfield really was something to see. He told me, with the tears running down his face, that "as a piece of Art it—er—laid him on his—er—back; and that as a piece of passion and pathos and playfulness, it—er—well!—there was nothing to be said about it. N-no Dickens, Nothing!

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 JANUARY 1862†

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Torquay[†6] | Wednesday Eighth January 1862

[†a] My Dearest Georgy. I feel that if I had not been reading, still I never could have borne the marriage, and should have excused myself somehow. As I have

— X - 7 —

told Mamie, I *could not* write to Clara[†1] (Mamie wished me) in my consciousness of the dismal absurdity of my congratulating her upon her doing what I did once with such brilliant success.

As to Blackwood,[†2] I think I told you that I saw him three times in Edinburgh, and always extremely drunk.[†3] Your estimate of him I take to be quite correct.

Wills's account of that base fellow[†4] "about London" is really highly humourous and entertaining. It seems to be the most miserable and pitiable failure conceivable.[†5] Pursuant to agreement, I send Wills's report by this post to Forster. But if you see Wills at the office, I beg you to insist on his giving you his first-rate description.[†a]

You know, I think, that I was very averse to going to Plymouth,[†6] and would not have gone there again but for poor Arthur.[†7] [†a]We had one good night, and one bad one.[†a†8] But on the [†a]bad one[†a] (last night) I read Copperfield, and positively enthralled the people. It was a most overpowering effect, and poor Andrew[†9] came behind the screen, after the storm, and cried in the best and manliest manner. Also there were two or three lines of his shipmates and other sailors, and they were extraordinarily affected. But its culminating effect was on Macready at Cheltenham.[†10] [†a]You know that he is not too prone to praise what comes at all in his own way; but[†a] when I got home after Copperfield, I found him quite unable to speak, and able to do nothing but square his dear old jaw all on one side, and roll his eyes (half closed), like Jackson's[†11] picture of him.[†12] And when I said something light about it, he returned "No—er—Dickens! I swear to Heaven that as a piece of passion and playfulness—er—indescribably mixed up together, it does—er—No, really Dickens!—amaze me as profoundly as it moves me. But as a piece of Art—and you know—er—that I—No Dickens! By God![†13]—have seen the best Art in a great time—it is incomprehensible to me. How it is got at—er—how it is done—er—how one man can—well! It lays

— X - 8 —

me on my—er—back, and it is of no use talking about it!"—[†1] With which, he put his hand upon my breast, and pulled out his pocket handkerchief, and I felt as if I were doing somebody to his Werner.[†2] Katie by the bye is a wonderful audience, and has a great fund of wild feeling in her. [†a]You are not to suppose that Butty is fragile, for she is a fine handsome girl, with a face of great power and character. But I fear she is too much of a woman for her years.[†a†3] Johnny not at all unlike Plorn.[†4]

[†a]We are now in the region of small rooms, and therefore this trip will not be as profitable as the long one.[†a] I have not yet seen the room here, but imagine it to be very small. Exeter, I know; and that is small also. I am very much used up, on the whole, for I cannot bear this moist warm climate. It would kill

me very soon. And I have now got to the point of taking so much out of myself with Copperfield, that I might as well do Richard Wardour.[†5]

[†a]Headland I can only describe as damned aggravating. Yet I cannot blow him up, though I found, this day, on the cards for this place, exactly the same mistakes as I corrected at Norwich. Didn't I always say he would get his money from Hullah?[†6] I have got Hullah into such a corner at last, by steadily refusing to let him get away from the point, that he *must*[†7] pay—and *will*.[†7]

Umphrey[†8] is doing well, and is going to read the declamatory part of Athalie[†9] at a private performance at his own house. But it cannot be done without Edland[†10] (Extall[†11] says), who is to perpetrate some infernal bass.[†a]

You have now, my dearest Georgy, the fullest extent of my tidings. This is a very pretty place—a compound of Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, and little bits of the hills about Naples—but I met four Respirators as I came up from the Station, and three pale curates without them who seemed in a bad way.

—Frightful intelligence has just been brought in by Boycett[†12] concerning the small size of the room. I have terrified Block[†13] by sending him to look at it, and swearing that if it's too small, I will go away to Exeter.

Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 JANUARY 1862]

Mention in last. *Date*: written same day.

Sending him Wills's report of Mark Lemon.[†1]

To W. H. WILLS, 8 JANUARY 1862

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Torquay, | Wednesday Eighth January 1862

My Dear Wills

First, as to the No.[†2] I return all the proofs in which I have made marks— pencil marks, because done on the Railway. There is only one in Murray's[†3] (poor)[†4] and all the rest are in the American story.[†5] I conclude John Ray to be out,[†6] as I see so much matter over. I hope he is out, because he is the dreariest of the dreary.

Your account of the wretched Lemon[†7] business[†8] (which I have sent to Forster) made me roar with laughter at Plymouth this morning and then inspired me with a sort of pity—though the fellow is as poor and mean a Hound as lives.

I think you remember that I did not approve of your townsmen when I was last there?[†9] We had one good night, and one bad one. The bad one was last night. But I perfectly bowled them over and over and over too:—it was Copperfield. Plymouth is a bad place for any such purpose, with a room I hate, in a perfectly inaccessible position.[†10]

Good Lets here, but a very small room.[†11] The room at Exeter also, is small.

Delighted to find that we start fair with All The Year Round again.

Reade, good. I would give him what he asks, holding him to a certain space within which the story[†12] shall be comprised.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MR FROST,[†1] 9 JANUARY 1862

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current*, II, 73; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; addressed Mr Frost; dated Torquay, 9 Jan 62.

To JOHN KING,[†2] 9 JANUARY 1862*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

Torquay, Ninth January 1862

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your obliging letter, and to express my regret that I cannot at present visit Barnstaple for the purpose of reading there. But my arrangements have long been completed for returning to London on Saturday next, and resuming my usual quiet routine of occupation.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John G King Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 9 JANUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library. *Date*: "Thurs" written over "Fri" in "Friday", either by CD or Macready: 9 Jan 62 was Thursday and CD read in Torquay that morning (see below). Letter endorsed "Dickens | January 10", presumably date of arrival. On mourning paper.

Cash's Hotel,[†3] Torquay,

Thursday Ninth January 1862

My Dearest Macready.

You were asking me the other day about Fechter's[†4] Othello.[†5] This morning I have a letter from Wilkie, from which I extract a passage about it that I think will amuse you.

"Fechter by the bye. I have seen him in an utter and unspeakable failure.[†6] Badly dressed even. Wrong throughout, in conception and execution. If he gave

me any idea at all, he gave me the idea of a Sepoy. The play is beautifully got up;[†1] but Mr. Ryder[†2] trying to be intelligent, and relapsing into boisterous stupidity at every available opportunity—Miss Leclerq[†3] pawing Fechter—Mr. Somebody or other acting Roderigo[†4] so that the fourth Act ended amidst the hearty laughter of the pit—Mr. Somebody else imitating Anderson (!),[†5] in Cassio[†6]—everybody concerned doing everything with the *promise* of extra-ordinary intelligence, and the *performance* of downright stupidity[†7]—so disgusted me, that I have registered a vow to see no more of that much-injured man, Shakespeare, on the stage"—

This is my excuse for sending my love to dear Mrs. Macready, and the dear girls, and the gallant Johnny (who reminds me tenderly of Plorn), and telling you my dearest old friend that I never shall forget the pleasure I had in your house last week, or the happiness that I derived from seeing you all so happy.

Copperfield laid Plymouth on its back, and there are 200 stalls taken here for him this morning.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MRS THOMAS SYNNOTT,[†8] 9 JANUARY 1862*

MS Mr Tony Ashe. *Address:* Mrs Thomas Synnott. Mourning paper and envelope.

[†a]With Mr. Charles Dickens's compliments and best wishes for recovery.[†a]

[†b]"And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us Every one!"

CHARLES DICKENS
at Torquay
Thursday Ninth January, 1862.[†b]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 10 JANUARY 1862*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Exeter
Friday Tenth January 1862

My Dearest Georgy

Immense Success with the Quality at Torquay. Half the Peerage there, yesterday morning, and the hit of Copperfield quite amazing.[†1]

A good Let here.

I saw Quin[†2] at Torquay—looking brown and well. At the evening Reading he had the most disagreeable-looking woman with him I ever saw in my life. I was afraid it was his wife;[†3] but she is ill, and it was her sister.

On Monday I purpose coming down by the 1 o'Clock Train (for there seems to be no earlier, except at 7..50!) and so getting to Higham at 2..25. You did quite right to invite Wilkie, and I hope he is coming.

In great haste | Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD

Love to Mamie and the boys. And Mrs. B.[†4]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL,[†5] 13 JANUARY 1862

MS (copy)[†6] Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirteenth January 1862

My Dear Sirs

I returned to town late on Saturday night, and found a letter from Mr. Lever[†7] awaiting me.

Will you have the kindness to let me know what has been paid for the advertizing of Mr. Lever's books; that is to say, what was the outlay, as to every kind of public announcement, on his last serial and his last but one as compared —say—with the outlay on the serial you are now publishing by Mr. Trollope.[†8] Also, as to the whole collection of Mr. Lever's books, what course

you have held in reference to keeping them before the public,[†1] as compared— say—with my own books[†2] or Mr. Carlyle's.[†3]

It appears to me important to the amicable and reasonable settlement of the question between you and Mr. Lever, that I should have this information exactly stated from your accounts.

&c &c

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 13 JANUARY 1862

MS (copy) Widener Collection, Harvard.

My Dear Sirs

Can you also send me the agreement between yourselves and Mr. Lever, and will you let me know whether I understand the terms of the reference to me, when I suppose them to be that Mr. Lever agrees to abide by my opinion, but that you do not?

&c &c

To CHARLES LEVER, 13 JANUARY 1862

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. *Address:* Charles Lever Esqre. | Casa Capponi | Florence | Italy. Mourning envelope.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirteenth January 1862

My Dear Lever

While I was away in the country, reading, this last fortnight, I received from F. Chapman[†4] their statement of the case between you, and a pressing request for my opinion immediately "as Mr. Lever had stated that he would abide by my decision". I of course replied that I had not yet received my credentials from you, and should not think of entering on the case at all until they reached me.

Returning here at midnight on Saturday, I found your Memoranda. This morning F Chapman came here: to whom I said nothing whatever, but that he had crossed a letter from me just posted. A copy of that letter, I send you on the other side.

My impression is, that as to the advertizing you are rather mistaken. What friends say on such subjects is seldom to be relied on, especially at a distance. Somehow, there are always numbers of people who never will see, can see, or do see, what is thrust under their noses. Most decidedly it has never occurred to *me*

to think that your books were under-advertized. My own impression, however, may be mistaken too, and you may rely upon it that it would not have a feather-weight with me against evidence.

That evidence I have thought it well to ask for, gravely, in the first instance. You may rely on my proceeding with the greatest care and caution. I understand the fact to be that Smith in the Strand[†1] is the person who offers to buy the copyrights, and that he shews a disposition to withdraw or reduce his offer if it be not promptly accepted.[†2] This is the reason for the Chapmans' hurry. But I will not hurry whether or no, and decidedly will not commit you to any thing without your knowledge. I shall let the Chapmans know, when I have formed an opinion, that I wish to communicate it privately to you.

(P.S.) I have since written them a second letter, copied at the end of the first, enclosed.

My Dear Lever | Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

To H. W. PHILLIPS,[†3] 14 JANUARY 1862

Extract in Newman F. McGirr catalogue No. 74; *MS* 1 ½ p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 14 Jan 62; addressed H.W. Phillips.

The Artists General Benevolent Institution have a claim upon my sympathy and service to which I most readily respond. I will preside at their Anniversary Dinner and do my best for them both as a duty and a pleasure ... but as I shall be reading in London at about that time it is necessary for me to mention, in case the day should be changed, that I am pre-engaged for Thursdays.[†4]

To HENRY BATHURST,[†5] [JANUARY 1862]

Mention in Committee of Management Minutes, 21 Jan 62 (MS Hospital for Sick Children). *Date*: presumably within a week of its being read to the Committee.

Declining to give permission for a proposed public reading of "The Wreck of the Golden Mary"[†6] by A. F. Westmacott.[†7]

To GARDNER FULLER,[†1] 16 JANUARY 1862

Extract in Thomas F. Madigan catalogue (Feb 1928); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 16 Jan 62; addressed Gardner A. Fuller, Boston.

I must excuse myself from naming any price for such a work as you propose, because I really think it would be far too high for your purpose. But if you should be disposed to make me an offer of your own origination, it shall receive prompt attention and reply.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD,[†2] 16 JANUARY 1862

Text from N, III, 279.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Sixteenth January 1862

My Dear Stanny,

I have not yet finished my country readings, as I have to go back to Manchester and Liverpool for a week. But I do not return there until after Wednesday and next Wednesday at 5 exactly I shall dine at the office as usual with Wilkie and Wills. Are you well enough to join us that day, and if so will you come and see a Pantomime afterwards? I am told that the Princess's[†3] is the best. If I hear from you at the office on Wednesday morning, it will be ample time. In the hope that you are better my dear old boy, and sending my kind regards to Mrs. Stanfield,[†4]

I am, Ever affectionately
[CD]

To JOHN LEECH,[†5] 18 JANUARY 1862

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 32 Brunswick Square | WC. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighteenth January 1862

My Dear Leech

I was very glad to get your letter while I was away, reading. I am but just come home, though not yet for good; as I postponed some half dozen readings at Liverpool and near there, on account of the Prince's Death[†6] (the Jack-asses that

people are at present making of themselves on that subject!)[†1] and have to go back to work them out. Early in February, however, I shall hope to see you and propoge an excursion.

Sydney,[†2] as soon as he passed out of the Training Ship—which he did, with a most excellent character—got appointed to the Orlando 51, the finest ship in the service I believe, and sailed instantly to put a final stop on America.[†3] While the Orlando lay waiting for sailing orders at Plymouth, a friend of mine there, an officer aboard another ship, kindly got leave for Sydney to go and dine with him and sleep in his cabin. Next morning while this officer was dressing in another Cabin, he observed that his servant (a big Marine) was choking with laughter. When he asked him, rather sternly, what was the matter, the servant said "Beg your pardon Sir, but that young gentleman in your cabin—might he be a connexion o' yourn Sir?"—"No."—"Beg your pard'n then Sir; hope there mightn't be no offence in my saying"—choking again, here "as the young gen'lm'n is so wery small, as I see him a standing on your portmanteau Sir to get himself on a level with the washing stand afore he could wash himself."

Another naval friend of mine whom I dare say you remember—Captain Tracey[†4]—did a good thing at Plymouth when I was reading there. He put his wife's opera cloak and wrappers behind my screen. Taking them up to go, and talking and rolling all the time sailor-like, he took up with them the dress trousers I had that moment taken off, (still talking and rolling) put the trousers with the greatest care round his wife's[†5] neck, with about five hundred people looking on and roaring with laughter.

Kind regard to Mrs. Leech[†6]
Ever Faithfully
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,[†7] 18 JANUARY 1862

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Eighteenth January 1862

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

You don't quite understand that former remark of mine concerning the incantation[†8]—most probably, because I did not express my meaning with clearness.

What I meant, was, that if the explanation were rendered particularly necessary by that part of the story (as I understood you to intimate) then it might be worth while to consider whether that scene, not being yet published, might not be so re-considered and re-touched as to explain itself.[†1] I could not suggest the omission of any passage, as it stands, because I recognize in it extraordinary care, purpose, art, and knowledge.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To H. B. HALL,[†2] 20 JANUARY 1862

Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twentieth January 1862

Dear Sir

This is merely to assure you that I have received your letter with cordial gratification and pleasure. To be so remembered by unknown readers far away, is a high privilege, and I hold it sacred in my heart.

With all good wishes for your family and yourself, I am always Faithfully

Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. H. B. Hall

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 JANUARY 1862

Extract in Francis Edwards catalogue No. 477 (Mar 1926); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 20 Jan 62.

We are at the North Pole here, chopping our meat with axes and unconscious of our noses.[†3]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 JANUARY 1862

Mention in Anderson catalogue No. 3951; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 20 Jan 62.

Humorous and enthusiastic invitation to Gad's Hill.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 21 JANUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty First January 1862

My Dear Letitia.

I had a letter from De Gex[†1] only yesterday, telling me that he could now send me the Probate of the will,[†2] which would enable me to receive the Salary due.[†3] The Life Insurances will not be payable by the offices until the 11th. and 13th. of *March* respectively. I cannot pay the bills until I am in receipt of the funds of the estate; but I will not lose a moment in paying everything; and in two or three days after the last date I have mentioned, no doubt the whole business will be done. Of course I will make an appointment with you, the instant the money comes into my hands, and then you will give me the outstanding accounts, with the names and addresses of the people to whom the debts are owing.

I am away to finish my Readings, but shall have quite done with them so far as the Country is concerned, by the end of next week.

It is a great thing to know that you are better in health. In case you should want money, I think it best to send you an advance of £5. You see, you cannot touch anything until I have paid all the debts and expences and then hand you over the balance.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 22 JANUARY 1862

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Second January 1862

Dick bets Stanny that Massaniello was produced, [†a]AS AN OPERA,[†a] at Drury Lane Theatre 30 years ago.[†4] Reference is supposed to be had to the date of the year, without reference to months.

The bet is, a Dinner for 4 at Greenwich, Richmond, or elsewhere, for the party present: That is to say:

Stanfield
Dickens

Wilkie Collins
Wills.

Witnesses WILKIE COLLINS C. STANFIELI
W. H. WILLS CHARLES DI(

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 23 JANUARY 1862

MS Johns Hopkins University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Third January 1862

My Dear Sirs.

If I can arrange with you to make Mr. Lever's new book,[†2] in 20 Nos. instead of 12[†3] (he has great hope of it, and of that extended use of his materials), I can close the other matter[†4] without further delay.

I am obliged to go out of town to-day, but shall be glad to see you here tomorrow (Friday) at half past eleven in the forenoon.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman

To CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD,[†5] 23 JANUARY 1862

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1902; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 23 Jan 62; addressed Cuthbert Collingwood.

Expressing regret that engagements debar him from accepting an invitation from the Council of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool.[†6]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 24 JANUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fourth January 1862

My Dear Letitia.

The answer to the people who apply for their bills, is the true and simple one:— That I am the Executor, but am not yet in possession of the funds of the

estate. That there seems no reasonable doubt of those funds being realized in the course of next month, and, that the moment they *are* realized, I shall of course discharge myself of my trust.

As I may as well know as soon as possible what the debts are, I think it best to propose an appointment with you, here, on the day after my next return to town. This will be Saturday week, the 1st. of February. Say 12 o'Clock. And will you bring all the accounts with you.

My address until Thursday morning inclusive, will be Radley's Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 JANUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library and [bb] Brigham Young University. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Meaning, Office
Friday Twenty Fourth January 1862

My Dear Wilkie.

I have read the story[†1] as far as you have written it, with strong interest and great admiration. As Wills petitions to read it before it comes back to you, and as I know you don't want it at once, *he* will very shortly return it to Harley Street.

I find in the book, every quality that made the success of the Woman in White,[†2] without the least sign of holding on to that success, or being taken in two by it. I have no doubt whatever of the public reception of what I have read. You may be quite certain of it. I could not be more so than I am.

You will excuse my saying, with a reference to what is to follow, something that may be already in your own mind. It seems to me that great care is needed not to tell the story too severely. In exact proportion as you play around it here and there, and mitigate the severity of your own sticking to it, you will enhance and intensify the power with which Magdalen[†3] holds on to her purpose. For this reason, I should have given Mr. Pendril[†4] some touches of comicality, and should have generally lighted up the house with some such capital touches of whimsicality and humour as those with which you have irradiated the private theatricals.

This is the only suggestion in the critical way that comes into my mind. By the bye—except one. Look again to the scene, where Magdalen, in Mr. Pendril's presence and that of Frank's father[†5] (who is excellent) checks off the items of the position one by one. She strikes me as doing this, in too business-like and clerkly a way.[†6]

Wills clamours for the name. And that is most difficult to find. Here are some, founded on more than one phase of the book.

†a(1) *Below the Surface* (Used)

(2) *Under-Currents.* (Used)

(3) *Through Thick and Thin.*

(4) *Straight On!*

(5) *Five Years' Work.*

(6) *The Twig and The Tree.*

(7) *The Blossom and The Fruit.*✓

o (8) *Behind the Veil.* [1]

(9) *Secret Springs.*

o (10) *In Account with Michael Vanstone.*

(11) *The Turning Point*✓

(12) *Lower and Lower.*

(13) *Latent Forces*

(14) *Which is Which?*

(15) *Work in the dark*✓✓

(16) *One purpose.*

(17) *Pitfalls.*

(18) *Changed, or developed?*

(19) *The Vanstone Family*

(20) *Magdalen Vanstone.*

(21) *Playing out the Play.*

o (22) *Nature's ?Own* (3) *Daughter.*✓ 2

(23) *The Combe Raven Property* 4

(24) *Magdalen's Changes*

(25) *Magdalen's Purpose.*

o (26) *The beginning and the end.* 5

?The Combe Raven Tragedy?†a

[b] I like best: Nos. 1-8-10-22-23 and 26.

Let me hear from you, between this and Thursday morning inclusive, at Radley's†1 Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.

Kind regards | Ever affecy

CD.[b]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 24 JANUARY 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fourth January 1862

My Dearest Georgy.

I enclose a cheque for wages and house.[†1]

Also I enclose (with cheque pinned on to it), a staggering bill of Thomas and Homan's,[†2] which just doubles my rough idea of it. Before you pay it, I wish you would look to the end of it, and see what they have allowed for the change in the cottage bedstead &c. It appears to me—upon such imperfect consideration as I can give the matter here—that they have not allowed enough for it. Pray have this out with them and have it clear, before you pay.

Your account of John Gordon[†3] is very sad indeed, and greatly interested me. It is a most melancholy state of things indeed.[†4]

Mrs. Alfred[†5] was here on Wednesday, and I must consult you when I come back touching the best means of making known to her that I wish her in future to communicate personally with you, or with you and Mary. I really can not bear the irritation she causes me, and the strife she gets up in my uneasy mind about the whole business.[†6] I was completely disgusted and worn out by her on this last occasion.

We were at Covent Garden on Wednesday night, and saw the most utterly deplorable pantomine that ever depressed an audience.[†7] The house was solitary in the last degree—and deserved to be.

I have read all that Wilkie has written of his new book. It is extremely clever and careful—I think, quite up to the mark of the Woman in White—but the creaking of the wheels is so very loud, that I have written him a little advice on that head.

With best love to Mamie
and Mrs. Bouncer | and the boys | Ever My Dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate
CD.

To CHARLES LEVER, 24 JANUARY 1862

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fourth January 1862

My Dear Lever.

I got your letter yesterday, and immediately put myself in diplomatic relations with the Chapmans.

The extension of your next book[†1] into 20 Numbers, seemed to me a reasonable point that I could have urged and carried, *until I found that the book is already actually advertized in 12 Numbers.*[†1] It was then quite plain to me that the change would never do—with a reference solely to your interests. For, with the trade rather indisposed to speculate or venture in a new book of yours at this present time, I am quite clear that such a departure from the first announcement, on the very thresh-hold of the undertaking, would go a long way towards ruining it. To say nothing of the Public; with whom it is no less prudent than right to keep the strictest faith.

But I carried another point with the Chapmans, instead of this. And I hope it will help to set you more at ease. It is expressed in the accompanying letter;[†2] on condition of having this letter written, I consented on your behalf to the sale of the Copyrights.

I write briefly, to save the post.

Ever affecy. Yours

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 24 JANUARY 1862

MS Lytton Papers. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Fourth January 1862

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I have considered your questions, and here follow my replies.

1. I think you undoubtedly *have* the right to forbid the turning of your play[†3] into an opera.

2. I do *not* think the production of such an opera, in the slightest degree likely to injure the play or to render it a less valuable Property than it is now. If it could have any effect on so standard and popular a work as the Lady of Lyons, the effect would, in my judgment, be beneficial. But I believe the play to be high above any such influence.

3. Assuming you to consent to the adaptation in a desire to oblige Oxenford,[†1] I would not recommend your asking any pecuniary compensation. This, for three reasons. Firstly, because the compensation could only be small at the best. Secondly, because your taking it, would associate you (unreasonably, but not the less assuredly) with the opera. Thirdly, because if you desire to oblige Oxenford at all, that desire had best be the expressly-assigned reason of your consent, and you had best have the full grace and generosity of it.

The only objection I descry, is purely one of feeling. Pauline[†2] trotting about in front of the float, invoking the Orchestra with a limp pocket handkerchief (as Miss Pyne(2[[sic]][†3] would), is a notion that makes gooseflesh of my back. Also, a yelping tenor, going away to the Wars in a Scena half an hour long,[†4] is painful to contemplate. Damas[†5] too, as a Bass with a grizzled bald head, blatantly bellowing about

Years long ago,
When the sound of the drum
First made his blood glow
With a Rum ti Tum Tum

—rather sticks in my throat. But there really seems to me to be no other objection, if you can get over this.[†6]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 26 JANUARY 1862*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool
Sunday Night Twenty Sixth January 1862

My Dear Wills

If you will let me have the proofs[†7] on *Wednesday morning*, I hope there is no doubt of my being able to go over them carefully. But if they were to come on Thursday, my doing so would be hopeless, as I go to Chester that morning— read in the evening—and travel home all night.

An immense Free Trade Hall at Manchester last night.[†8]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

You saw Charles Collins's[†9] proof of Incorri[gi]ble[†10] Rogues?[†11] I did not. The Printer sent me none.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 28 JANUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
Tuesday Twenty Eighth January 1862

My Dearest Georgy

The beautiful room was crammed to excess last night, and numbers were turned away.[†1] Its beauty and completeness when it is lighted up are most brilliant to behold; and for a Reading it is simply perfect. You remember that a Liverpool audience is usually dull, but they put me on my mettle last night, for I

never saw such an audience—no, not even in Edinburgh! Yesterday evening the agents (alone and of course without any reference to ready money at the doors) had taken for the three readings.[†2] Two Hundred Pounds. I am not quite free from apprehensions of the final rush tomorrow.

[†a]You can scarcely imagine what a ridiculous amount of small distress has been caused me by a peculiar and detestable shirt button you have put at the throat of my colored shirts—a cup-shaped button, with an infernal dell in it. When I tell you that it takes ten minutes of fretting and fuming and chafing, with one's nerves shaken by last night's work, to get a collar on it, you will hate the button; but when I add that it then, because of the screwing and twisting, *flies off after all,* you will excoriate the button. This very day, I went through this process *three times.* From *three* clean shirts, one after another, the button burst, when I had at last got the collar on to it!

Thomas's bill[†3] is no doubt quite right.

I enclose you a letter received this morning from Helen, from which it would appear that my unfortunate mother has everything the matter with her that she can reasonably have. It will give us an opportunity of putting me into communication with Helen, by deputy. We will consider how best to do it when I come home.[†a]

I slept horribly last night, and have been over to Birkenhead for a little change of air today. My head is dazed and worn by gas and heat, and I fear that Copperfield and Bob together to-night won't mend it.

Best love to Mamie—and Katie if still at Gad's. I am going to bring the boys some Toffee.[†a] Block is taking Toffee to Umphrey and Extall.[†a†4]

Ever my Dearest Georgy, | Your most affectionate

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 28 JANUARY 1862

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool
Tuesday Twenty Eighth January 1862

My Dear Wills.

The 12th. of February will suit me perfectly.

A tremendous cram here last night, and a great turn-away.

My suggestions to Wilkie as to altering what he has done, were very slight indeed: because he *cannot* alter it in any essential particular. They went mainly to the warning that it must inevitably come to pass that the more severely and persistently he tells the story, unrelieved by whimsical playing about it,

the more he will detract from the steadiness and inflexibility of purpose in the girl. Contrast in that wise is most essential. She cannot possibly be brought out as he wants to bring her out, without it.

Under a Cloud was one of my names on my list,[†1] but I did not send it to Wilkie because it has a semi-slang-acceptation that is dead against it and makes it small.[†2]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 29 JANUARY 1862*

MS Huntington Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

Radley's Adelphi Hotel Liverpool
Wednesday Twenty Ninth January 1862

My Dear Wills

I have gone over the Proofs.[†3] In the 1st. Vol. of Household Words, Morley[†4] did a paper, (from my books and suggestions), or two papers, concerning Pirates.[†5] As I see in Spicer's[†6] article,[†7] several cases that I know to be in the same books, just glance back at Morley and see that there is no repetition.[†8]

The longer Charley Collins's paper[†9] is, if it be really good, the better. I was going to telegraph to you by all means to keep the No. open for it, if I had not

had the information contained in your note of this morning. It would be quite thrown away and lost, if it were delayed.

I think you had best pay B and E's[†1] cheque[†2] at once to my account at Coutts's.[†a] Upon my soul I don't think its wise to hold a cheque of theirs an hour![†a]

I come up from Chester in the night tomorrow.[†3] Another tremendous cram here last night; and everything let, out and out, for tonight!

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, [?31 JANUARY 1862]*

MS Morgan Library. *Date*: The only date he records travelling home all night was Thurs 30 Jan 62, after reading at Chester; although he dates it "Thursday night", he was presumably writing in the early hours of Fri.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Night 1862

My Dear Meery I have just come here after travelling all last night, and write with one eye open (but its sense is shut), and the other wandering but fixed.

My Dear friend and brother Mr. Cooke,[†4] who used to have Astleys and whom I revered, has given up that establishment, and when last heard of, was under canvas up a stable yard in Ramsgate. His successor at Astleys,[†5] I revere, but have not been admitted into relations of personal trust and affection with. So behold me forlornly horse-box-less!

Ever Your affectionate

JOE.

February

To THOMAS BAYLIS,[†1] 1 FEBRUARY 1862

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday First February 1862

My Dear Mr. Baylis

[†a]I have just come home from a long series of Readings in the country. Finding your note, I write to you at once, or you might do me the wrong of supposing me unmindful of it and you.[†a]

I do not quite understand from your note, whether the two papers you mention are at the office or not. If they be, I shall have them on Wednesday from Wills. But in reference to the first one, I am bound to say that I cannot take any part whatever in reference to the Memorial to Prince Albert. With a sufficient respect for the deceased gentleman, and all loyalty and attachment towards the Queen, I have been so very much shocked by the rampant toadyism that has been given to the four winds on that subject and by the blatant speeches that have been made respecting it, that the refuge of my soul is Silence.[†2]

I hope the Green Park may not be inseparable from the Theme?[†3]

Faithfully Yours always

CD

To THOMAS BEARD,[†4] 1 FEBRUARY 1862

MS Dickens House. *Address*: Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday First February 1862

My Dear Beard

This letter—Hush!—is to be regarded as an awful mystery, a fearful proposal, a cloak-and-dagger conspiracy.

As we have no house in town until the 20th. I have told Mamie and Katie that no festivity takes place on their venerable Parient's birthday, and have in a general way implied that the hoary undersigned will remain on that day (next Friday as ever is), in a state of placid contemplation. But secretly it is proposed

that you, Forster, Wilkie (and perhaps Georgy) dine with me at Verey's at 6, and endeavour to enjoy ourselves.

Say that you will throw your cap into the ring at the appointed hour, in one line to Gad's Hill

I have just finished my country Readings. The brilliancy of the close—at Manchester and Liverpool—has been absolutely dazzling. On Thursday 13th. March I begin at St. James's Hall. Book yourself.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To ROBERT BELL,[†1] 1 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Royal Literary Fund. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday First February 1862

My Dear Bell.

I am exceedingly sorry to hear of Horne's[†2] distress; and I can most strongly vouch for his abilities and merit, in support of the application you tell me you are going to make on his behalf to the Committee of the Literary Fund.[†3]

Horne's published works speak for themselves and him, and I need not eulogize his indisputable talent. But as he was regularly associated with Household Words for a long time, I can bear the strongest testimony to his perserverance, zeal, good faith, steadiness, and integrity. I never knew him to be otherwise than reliable, to his word and the moment, in all my many transactions with him.

He would probably have remained in association with my Journal to this day, if he had not, in the time of the Gold Fever, been seized with visions of Emigration. They have failed in his case, as in many others; and I have heard of his trying many ways of life in the new world without success.[†4]

I feel that a personal delicacy on my part ought not, at this pass, to restrain me from mentioning that when he went away I sent Fifty Pounds out after him, without his solicitation.[†5] It is a proof that I do not recommend him, without having had an old confidence in his being worthy of recommendation.

My Dear Bell | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Bell Esquire.

To MRS MARSH CALDWELL,[†1] 3 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Private. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Third February 1862

My Dear Madam

I have been absent in various parts of the country on business, and have only just now received your interesting and welcome letter.

In reference to the MS which I return herewith, I beg to assure you that it would have given me true pleasure to accept it for All The Year Round, if I could have seen any novel thought or expression in it. But it is the experience of an intelligent gentleman, of circumstances experienced by so many other intelligent gentlemen, and so often recounted in the same manner, that I cannot (in spite of my strong personal desire to do so) arrive at the conclusion that it has a claim upon the public—As to whom the ascent of one Mountain is very very like the ascent of another, unless there be some special individuality in the ascender.

What you tell me of Great Expectations I should have highly esteemed under any circumstances; but it is more gratifying to me than I can tell you in any written words, coming from one who has moved me so profoundly as the Authoress of Emilia Wyndham[†2] has, and to whom I am under so many obligations for a long course of instruction and delight.

My Dear Madam | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Marsh Caldwell.

To THE REV. H. R. HUGHES,[†3] 6 FEBRUARY 1862

MS Mrs A.K. Frazer. *Address*: The Rev. H. R. Hughes | Penrhoslligwy | Anglesey. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixth February 1862

My Dear Sir

I have received your sad letter this morning with true concern, and beg to assure you that I am very sensible of your remembrance at such a time. I must not obtrude my condolences on the fresh grief of the family of your good brother gone to his reward.[†4] Thank God there is comfort for his wife, all around

him in the Churchyard where he will lie;—in every blade of grass that grows there—and in every stone upon the memorable beach.[†1]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. H R Hughes

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 7 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Seventh February 1862

My Dear Letitia

Many thanks for your little note, and your remembrance of my Birthday. Eight and twenty years ago, the poor dear fellow kept it at Furnivals Inn,[†2] and stayed there all night.

If rather disappoints me to learn that you have gone back again in your health. You looked so very much better when you were here the other day, that I hoped the good change would continue. But it wants Time—all wounds want Time—wounds of the heart and mind, most of all.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 7 FEBRUARY 1862

MS Benoliel Collection. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Seventh February 1862

My Dear Morley

I have, of course, given the permission sought in the enclosed note.[†3] If your article referred to in it, touched many people half so deeply as it touched me, the Hospital have good reason to make the most of it.

Will you answer the last paragraph of the letter, for yourself. Be an honorary Governor.[†4] You may do some more good to the children one day.

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To CHARLES LEVER, 8 FEBRUARY 1862

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighth February 1862

My Dear Lever.

On getting your letter this morning, my first impression was, that I would write to the Chapmans at once, merely to place on record that I knew the facts respecting those two books.[†1] On re-consideration however, I think I see reason for *not* writing until they shall have replied to your letter to them on the subject. When they do reply, perhaps you will send a copy of such reply to me. Then I will tackle them.

You may rest sure that I will continue to represent you, with the truest desire to serve you, and with as strong and disinterested a purpose of doing my best, as man can have.

I hope you are getting well again.

I told Wills (who is in the country to day, and therefore not at my elbow to be spoken to again), that you were expecting him to write to you. Whereupon he opened his eyes wide and said "Why, I *did* write!" He shall know of your second Postscript

My Dear Lever | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS BARROW,[†2] 10 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library. *Address*: Miss Barrow | 11 Lower Brunswick Terrace | Barnsbury Road | London | N. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Tenth February 1862

Dear Miss Barrow.

I have been away in various parts of England and Scotland for the last three months, and have been quite unable to keep pace with my many correspondents. Otherwise, I would have written to you before now.

Your letter expresses your laudable purpose so modestly, and is written in a spirit so womanly and good, that I wish your endeavour were one in which I could reasonably hope to be of any service to you. But I am bound to tell you (unlikely as it may seem to you) that this is not the case. I carry through life, as you may have heard, a long long train. The very little I could ever do in aid of a career[†3] like yours, is done. And my recommendation at the best was next to

worthless, for it lay chiefly among those who had ready access to the foremost Professors, and who sought little or nothing else.

It would be easy to give you a vague unfounded hope that I might help you here or there. But I have no right to resort to that escape, for I honestly believe that every power I possess of being serviceable to young people struggling to live, is either exhausted or anticipated. On this head I am habitually silent; but I break through the reserve I always impose upon myself, thus far, because, in my respect for your letter, I wish you to understand the enforced nature of my reply.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY BATHURST, [FEBRUARY 1862]

Mention in Committee of Management Minutes, 11 Feb 62 (MS Hospital for Sick Children). *Date*: between 7 Feb, when CD gave the Committee leave to reprint Morley's *AYR* paper (see *To* Morley, 7 Feb and *fn*) and 11 Feb, when CD's reply was recorded.

Giving the leave requested and naming Morley as the author of the article.[†1]

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 10 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Tenth February 1862

My Dear Mary.

Coming home here on Saturday night, I found your kind and welcome note. This is merely to send you my hearty thanks for it, and the (needless) assurance of my loving regard.

Ever Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

If Lady Lyttelton[†2] be still in the house[†3] with you, pray thank her from me with my kindest remembrance.

To THE MISSES RUTH ROBINSON MORGAN and MARY FRANCES MORGAN,[†1] 10 FEBRUARY 1862

MS Mrs M.C. Armstrong. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Tenth February 1862

My Dear Girls

—For if I were to write "young friends", it would look like a schoolmaster; and if I were to write "young ladies", it would look like a schoolmistress; and worse than that, neither form of words would look familiar and natural, or in character with our snowy ride that tooth-chattering morning.

I cannot tell you both, how gratified I was by your remembrance, or how often I think of you as I smoke the admirable cigars. But I almost think you must have had some magnetic consciousness across the Atlantic, of my whiffing my love towards you from the garden here.

My daughter says that when you have settled those little public affairs at home, she hopes you will come back to England (possibly in United States)[†2] and give a minute or two to this part of Kent. *Her* words are, "a day or two"; but I remember your Italian flights, and correct the message.

I have only just now finished my country Readings, and have had nobody to make breakfast for me since the remote ages of Colchester![†3]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

To THE REV. DR ANDREW REED,[†5] 11 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Miss L. Gale D'Amanda. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eleventh February 1862

My Dear Dr. Reed

I am sorry that I cannot respond to your invitation by undertaking to preside at the Anniversary Dinner of the Hospital for Incurables.[†6] But I must reluctantly

decline. The demands upon my time and attention oblige me to forego many such engagements, and this among the number.

With all good wishes for the restoration of your health,
Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: Dr. Andrew Reed

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 12 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twelfth February 1862

My Dear Stanny

We think it might be best (always supposing it is quite agreeable to you) to dine somewhere in town—and then we could go and see something afterwards, if so "dispoged". If you will let me know the place and the hour, I will bring Wilkie and Wills to the scratch. Our office-hour, as you know, is 5; but your hour will of course be ours. I shall be here all day on the eventful Wednesday the 19th. in case you should arrive in town before the dinner-hour.

Bulwer has been gazetted "Ill" in the newspapers, I know, but has never been better in his life.

Ever My Dear Stanny | Most affectionately Yours

DICK

To [FREDERIC CHAPMAN], 15 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS (first page only) Johns Hopkins University. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifteenth February 1862

My Dear Sir

I have no objection whatever to your publishing the Portrait,[†1] if you desire to do so. Indeed, I have no wish on the subject.

Looking back to the little Illustrations to Pictures from Italy,[†2] I agree with you that they would not do for the Library Edition.[†3] I think eight subjects by Mr. Stone would be quite enough for the whole Volume[†4]

To WILLIAM MILLER,[†1] 15 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifteenth February 1862

Dear Sir

I am much indebted to you for your letter, and for its accompanying pamphlet,[†2] which I have read with interest and pleasure.

I cannot honestly say that I consider Milton in need of any Memorial, or that I am in the abstract enthusiastic in respect of that kind of remembrance of any great man, whose works remain to bear witness for him. But the preservation of a grand old building is another matter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Miller Esquire

To EDWARD DOVE,[†3] 18 FEBRUARY 1862*

University of Texas, Austin. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eighteenth February 1862

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your obliging communication, and to return (at your request) the clergyman's letter. On the earliest available day—tomorrow fortnight —I will give the reverend gentleman a large audience for his composition.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Dove Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 18 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighteenth February 1862

My Dearest Georgy.

I wish you would get from Stace,[†5] a padlock and hasp (a padlock with not a common key) and let Marsh[†6] fix it to the cellar Door, in addition to the padlock

already there. And do you think you can be *sure* that no champagne has been abstracted? I will tell you when you're come to town, what reason I have had for asking this question, since I left home this morning.

With love to Mamie | Ever affecy
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 19 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Nineteenth February 1862

My Dearest Georgy. To keep you and Mamie from speculating yourselves out of your wits, I will tell you what reason I had for the Padlock.

At the Station yesterday morning, Captain Goldsmith[†1] told me that "at a cottage in Higham the other night", Champagne-corks were flying in the liveliest manner, and that his informant told him (Captain Goldsmith) that he believed the champagne to be mine. I replied that it was not mine, and could not be mine—and there an end. I added that it might be Malleson's,[†2] who had had reasons for distrusting his servants. Possibly (said Goldsmith), but that it was flying and circulating briskly "at the cottage", was beyond a doubt.

Now, the cottage might be Marsh's, or might be Phillips's,[†3] or might be anybody's.

But my impression when you told me what Bouzy champagne[†4] was left in stock, was one of surprise, because I thought we had more. And I particularly wish you to consider whether you are in the habit of leaving the cellar-key in any places, from which it could be taken by any one. If that be so, then I should be rather afraid that some one had taken it.

Fancy Gordon's[†5] sending here this morning—by John Gordon, who himself delivered it to me in Wills's absence—his printed card, with writing on it thus:

Please to let John have
£5 for me—
The Sheriff of MidLothian
John T Gordon
W. Wills Esq

What could I do, but give him the money!

Ever Your most affectionate
CD.

To THE PAYMASTER-GENERAL,[†1] [21 OR 22 FEBRUARY 1862]*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Date*: written at foot of letter from Treasury (see below), dated 21 Feb; CD no doubt replied same day or next.

Please to pay the amount[†2] to Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 24 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS (pro-forma letter) Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
†aFebruary 24th. 1862†a

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled †a"The eldest daughter"†a for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

The Manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above.

To EDMUND YATES, 25 FEBRUARY 1862

MS Fales Library, New York University. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

16 Hyde Park Gate South. W.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth February 1862

My Dear Yates.

I have changed houses with a friend†3 for three months, and hence the above address.

Pray explain to the Vicar of Stratford upon Avon,†4 the desolate and afflicting case of the writer of these lines. I am asked to take a whole Pantechnicon-full of Chairs. Compliance is impossible, with any reasonable regard to work and recreation. I am going to preside for the artists,†5 and then take refuge in total abstinence for the rest of the season.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Yates Esquire

To CHARLES KNIGHT,†1 27 FEBRUARY 1862

Extract in *Charles Knight, A Sketch, By His Grand-daughter,* Alice A. Clowes, 1892, p.135.

16, Hyde Park Gate South, W.,
Thursday, Twenty-seventh February, 1862.

My dear Knight,

We shall be delighted to come to you on the Fifteenth of March.†2 I had already set the day apart before receiving your letter.

When you begin to take your ease by the fireside (though I don't think you ever will, for you will always 'be up to something' with that spare frame of yours) I shall be most heartily glad to be re-read in

those days by my old friend. As to walking, sheer idleness has come upon you, for when I last saw you going on before me down the Strand, I thought it was Deerfoot in European costume.

I was staying with Macready the other day—who is just your age, and evidently going to have a large new family[†3]—and I said to him what I must now beg to repeat to you. That is, that I cannot endure the boastfulness of you seventy gunships,[†4] always talking about laying yourselves up in ordinary[†5] and other such-like brag! You never hear us young fellows vaunting ourselves in that way. We accept our robustness gracefully and bear it meekly; but you are so fearfully conceited in those pretences of growing old when you know better.

To HERBERT LAWRENCE,[†6] 27 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Seventh February 1862

Sir

Your letter is a very difficult one to answer. I should wish to make my reply acceptable to you, but I must not compromise what I have some reason to suppose to be the truth.

Because I suppose it to be the truth, and not because I seek to discourage you, I am bound to tell you that the circumstance of your having written "a poem of three hundred lines in an evening", or "as much in eight hours as would make fourteen printed columns of All The Year Round", is not at all favourable to your pretensions. After some slight experience of the pains and patience inseparable from authorship, I believe you to be labouring under a very complete, though not very uncommon, mistake.

Therefore I can but give you the assurance that whatever is offered for acceptance here is honestly read, and that if there be the slightest ray of hope in it, it comes before me; but not otherwise.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Herbert Lawrence Esquire

To JAMES McCARROLL,[†1] 28 FEBRUARY 1862

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Eighth February 1862

Sir.

When I have told you that I am truly sensible of the confidence your letter reposes in me, I fear I shall go on to tell you what you are not at all prepared to believe, but which is nevertheless the plain truth.

My influence with publishers, such as it is, is wholly personal and does not extend beyond my own productions. I never in my life succeeded in inducing any publisher to accept a book on my recommendation. To the best of my remembrance, the last trial I made in this wise, was on behalf of Mr. Edgar Poe,[†2] then only known in the United States.[†3] It failed, and I have for many years relinquished the ungracious office, in which I always fared so ill. (At least ten years passed, in the instance I have mentioned, before Mr. Poe's tales were republished in England, by another bookseller.)[†4]

Convinced by experience that I can do nothing for a book in Manuscript that it cannot do for itself, I never mediate now with any publisher whomsoever. In this respect therefore, I am quite unable to render you any service.

In reference to the abstract merit of your writings, and the probability of their finding a London publisher for themselves, I find it very difficult to arrive at a sound conclusion. The pieces in verse[†5] that you have sent me, appear to me to be more original in thought, and more strikingly expressed, than the prose tale. And yet I should deceive you if I concealed my belief that there are many writers of fugitive pieces who write as well, and yet who do not find it feasible or remunerative to collect their productions. In the prose tale I observe some very good description; I have not the means before me of judging of its merits in point of character or story,—but I have no doubt whatever that on this side of the Atlantic the Indian would scarcely interest any more, though he were in the hands of Scott himself.[†6]

On the whole, I fear you have not yet done what would make its way here, or what would make a way for a poem of two thousand lines. But I can honestly add that your cultivation of literature evinces an earnestness of spirit, and a love and knowledge of nature, and a purity of taste, all very interesting and suggestive of advance.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Mc Carroll Esquire.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER,[†1] 28 FEBRUARY 1862*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Eighth Feby. 1862

My Dear Webster

Many thanks for your remembrance. I will occupy the box,[†2] with much pleasure.

I thought the Jury in that action of yours the other day, sadly in want of a justification for giving a shilling damages when it carried costs.[†3]

If it be true that the "Kean Testimonial"[†4] is to have a place in the Great Exhibition,[†5] I think Morison[†6] entitled to a front row in the Nave for his Lion out of the New Road.[†7] Also, Maria Tolly's[†8] testimonial to Professor Holloway[†9] ought to have a place.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

March

To HENRY CHORLEY,[†1] 1 MARCH 1862

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W
Saturday First March 1862

My Dear Chorley

I was at your lecture this afternoon,[†2] and I hope I may venture to tell you that I was extremely pleased and interested. Both the matter of the materials, and the manner of their arrangement, were quite admirable; and a modesty and complete absence of every kind of affectation pervaded the whole discourse, which was quite an example to the many whom it concerns.

If you could be a little louder, and would never let a sentence go, for the thousandth part of an instant, until the last word is out, you would find the audience more responsive. A spoken sentence will never run alone in all its life, and is never to be trusted to itself in its most insignificant member. See it *well out*—with the voice—and the part of the audience is made surprisingly easier. In that excellent description of the Spanish Mendicant and his guitar,[†3] as well as in the very happy touches about the dance and the castanets,[†4] the people were really desirous to express very hearty appreciation; but by giving them rather too much to do in watching and listening for latter words, you stopped them.—I take the liberty of making the remark, as one who has fought with beasts (oratorically) in divers arenas.

For the rest, nothing could be better. Knowledge, ingenuity, neatness condensation, good sense, and good taste, in delightful combination.

Affecy always
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY[†1] 1 MARCH 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Saturday First March 1862

My Dear Ouvry

I enclose a cheque for the amount of my debt to your firm, as stated in the last account.[†2]

I want to have your opinion on the following point.—I have laid out a good deal of money on my house at Gad's Hill, and have enlarged it and made it very complete. It is quite a place of repute in that country-side, and may safely be considered as a special and valuable little freehold. But there is no doubt that its value, as a Property, would be greatly enhanced, if I could purchase the field— the meadow of 8 acres—which is part of the land I lease under the Rochester Free School.[†3] Now, a shrewd gentleman-farmer in my neighbourhood[†4] expatiating to me on the increased value that would be given to the property if I could secure this ground, suggested that although the Free School cannot sell land, it can exchange land; and that I might get this meadow by proposing to the Trustees to buy certain acres of ground else where (they might possibly suggest where) and make a swop of it.[†5] The thought never came into my own head, but I submit it to you because it is the notion of a man learned in land who gets his money out of land, and would try this, if it were his own case.

Should you think well of the matter, I would then ask you to put yourself in communication with Mr. Essell of the Precinct Rochester,[†6] the Solicitor for the Trustees, and try whether it could be brought to bear. Should you not think well of it, I would make no move.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 1 MARCH 1862

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday First March 1862

My Dear Webster.

It is very comfortable to know that the Shilling does not carry costs.[†1] I was afraid the British Jury had, in that respect, made Donkeys[†2] of themselves.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDMUND YATES, [?3 MARCH 1862]

Mention in Yates *to* Frank Toole,[†3] 4 Mar 62, MS Cleveland Public Library. *Date*: probably written the day before Yates wrote to Frank Toole enclosing part of CD's letter to him, (see below).

Inter alia, praising Toole's brother, J.L. Toole,[†4] for his performance at the Adelphi the previous night.[†5]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 4 MARCH 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fourth March 1862

My Dear Letitia

It is a very trying suspense, and yet we must wait.[†6] I was with Taylor on the subject, only last Saturday. The usual distribution of pensions has been delayed by the Prince's death. It is expected every day, and cannot (I think) be in any case delayed much longer. You may be sure of hearing from me, the moment I have intelligence one way or other.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 4 MARCH 1862

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Mar 1916; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 4 Mar 62; addressed Frederic Ouvry.

Referring to an exchange of property with the Rochester Free School.

To TOM TAYLOR,[†1] 4 MARCH 1862*

MS Berg Collection.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE, W.
Tuesday Fourth March 1862

My Dear Taylor

I meant to have asked you something when I was with you the other day, but the Ghost put it out of my head.[†2]

I have changed houses for 3 months with a friend. I want to draw a can of spring water from the spring in Kensington Gardens, every morning. I can't draw said water without an order from Mr. Cowper.[†3] It is so small a matter that I really do not like to trouble his office with a letter on the subject. If you can, by a spoken word, get the order for me, will you?

Ever faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Tom Taylor Esquire

To WALTER DICKENS,[†4] [?JANUARY-EARLY MARCH 1862]

Mention in *To* Miss Coutts, 12 Feb 64. *Date:* probably earlier in the year in which he complained to Cerjat of Walter's debts (16 Mar 62).

To JOHN PAGE HOPPS,[†5] 7 MARCH 1862*

MS Mr D.R. Bentham.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Seventh March 1862

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to inform you that Mr. Hughes's[†6] brother[†7] (also a clergyman in Wales) wrote to me to inform me of the death of that good man,

but did not refer to the worldly circumstances in which his widow is left. Therefore I have made no enquiry of him on that head. My impression is, that there are no children.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Page Hopps Esquire

To MESSRS WILLIAM & AUGUSTUS WEBSTER,[†1] 7 MAR 1862*

MS A. Webster & Co. (Piccadilly) Ltd.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH, | KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Friday Seventh March 1862

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to assure Messrs. Webster that he has not the least thought or intention of ceasing to deal with them,[†2] after so many years in which they have given him perfect satisfaction. The explanation of his using this writing paper, is, that he has changed with a friend for three months, and finds the paper placed at his disposal because it bears the address.

To HENRY CHORLEY, 9 MARCH 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Sunday Ninth March 1862

My Dear Chorley

I can honestly tell you that the improvement in your delivery yesterday,[†3] was something amazing. It left nothing to be desired. Everybody could hear; everybody had leisure to dwell upon the meaning; and your own distinctness and emphasis found an echo in the quality of the general perception. You can hardly

know how much was gained by that determined manner of holding the sentences, or what additional vigour the matter (admirable throughout) derived from it in the ears of the audience.[†4]

I shall not commit you to that handsome Chatham proposal,[†5] without first satisfying myself that the people deserve it. They do not support the Institution —which would infallibly perish but for my bringing them in £70 a year by a gratuitous reading[†6]—they don't attend the lectures at all well, except on that

annual occasion; and they are, as a local town-functionary informed me, "a tepid lot". So I shall cross-examine the real active men in the management pretty closely, before I hint at the pearl I could get for them.

Are you coming to me on Thursday. It is Copperfield on that day week also, and on *that* day week also. I mention this, in case you should have other fish to fry on Thursday first.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD,[†1] 10 MARCH 1862*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Tenth March 1862

My Dear Brookfield

You once said you would like to hear Copperfield. Will you come and hear him next Thursday Evening?

With kind regard to Mrs. Brookfield[†2]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. W. Brookfield.

To SIR CHARLES DILKE,[†3] 10 MARCH 1862*

MS Churchill College, Cambridge.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE, W.
Monday Tenth March 1862

My Dear Dilke,

Many thanks for your draft in trust for the Artists.[†4] Pray let your good father[†5] know that I will not lose the opportunity of discharging an arrow or so, at the Literary Fund.[†6]

I had an engagement yesterday afternoon, or I should have been very much interested in seeing the fortnight's progress. Perhaps, you will give me another Sunday chance?

The signature is ready on demand.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir C Wentworth Dilke.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,[†1] 10 MARCH 1862*

MS Frank Hollings Bookshop.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Monday Tenth March 1862

My Dear Harness

I am very sorry to reply to your kind note, that we are engaged on Friday. It would have given me great pleasure to come to you that day, under any circumstances, but most of all on your birthday;[†2] however, we are disposed of. So it unfortunately falls out.

On the 20th. two seats under me shall be reserved for you. And at any and all other times I should be delighted to keep the same places at your disposal.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CD

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 10 MARCH 1862

Text from N, III, 288.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, Tenth March, 1862

My Dear Ouvry,

Enclosed you will find the quarterly spoke[†3] in the wheel of

Yours ever.
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 11 MARCH 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eleventh March 1862

My Dear Letitia.

Will you see if you can find any papers, of any kind, referring to official business?[†1] And, if you *can* find any such papers, will you let me have them— here—directly? Taylor writes me that a certain application from the City of Carlisle is missing and is particularly wanted.

Still no allotment made of the pension-money!

Ever affectionately
CD.

To THE HON. ELEANOR EDEN,[†2] 11 MARCH 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eleventh March 1862

My Dear Miss Eden.

I have gone through these letters, and am sorry to report to you that I cannot discern in them as much hopeful material as would justify my retaining them with any view to the general edification. I have no doubt that the writer is a good man, but assuredly he seems to me to have as little to tell about an interesting and peculiar state of things, as any man — good, bad, or indifferent — need have. Why, you suggest more, in the least eventful page of our friend Bill,[†3] than this gentleman can in all these words! Compare his letters with the letters of the private soldiers in the Crimea.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Lena Eden

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 11 MARCH 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eleventh March 1862

My Dear Ouvry.

It appears to me that they want a distinct offer,[†1] and that they point out that they can do nothing unless they *have* some distinct offer to communicate to the Trustees.

I am inclined to think (subject of course to your opinion), that it might be well to shape the offer thus: Will the Trustees exchange that field of about 8 acres, for land purchased by Mr. Dickens—in any direction that may be most eligible for them, where land is to be bought—at an outlay of so much money? That is to say—will they exchange the field for so much of such land as a certain stated sum of money will buy?

At the Auction Mart, the same farmer who suggested this idea bid for adjoining land up to £80 an acre—and it was bought high over his head. What do you think the offered sum ought to be? Ought it to be a Thousand Pounds? Or could it hopefully be less?

I think they would be glad to accommodate me if they saw their way. To all temporary intents and purposes, the field is mine for the next 16 years; but if I owned it, the value of my existing freehold as a marketable thing would be greatly enhanced.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 12 MARCH 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twelfth March 1862

My Dear Letitia. Our letters crossed, and my letter (perhaps it has been sent on?) asked you to let me have as soon as possible, any official papers you can find.

In reply to the enclosed,[†2] I would advise you to say that you regret it is not convenient to you to accede to the request.

Will you meet me here next Monday at 11 o'Clock, unless you hear to the contrary in the meanwhile? I hope I may then be able to adjust the accounts.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 13 MARCH 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirteenth March 1862

My Dear Ouvry

I shall (of course) guide myself in the field question, by your advice. When I return to Gad's Hill in June, I will take an opportunity of consulting my friend the farmer as to the money-value of the field, and then we will resume the subject.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To CHARLES KENT,[†1] 14 MARCH 1862

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fourteenth March 1862

My Dear Kent.

I am truly sensible of the affectionate tone of your welcome letter, and I reply that I accept its proposal[†2] with earnest gratification. I assure you out of my heart that I am proud of it and honored by it.

Your kind wishes for the Readings remind me to say that I believe Copperfield made a very great success last night.[†3] (It has left me half dead to day by the bye.)

Early in June I go back to Gad's Hill, and I hope you will come and rest there many a summer day, and try the green sward again.

Faithfully Yours ever
CD.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 15 MARCH 1862*

MS Private; seen before destruction in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954.

16, HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Saturday Fifteenth March 1862.

My Dear Monsieur Fechter

I am quite unable to tell you with what interest and pleasure I saw you at my reading last Thursday evening, or with what uncommon gratification I have

received your generous letter. To have so impressed the great artist who has again and again profoundly impressed me, is a delight to me really not expressible in written words. And I shall always associate "Copperfield" henceforth with you, and with your fervent sympathy and praise.

For, I owed you much and knew you well, before you achieved your triumphs on our English stage. In Paris, your delicate and subtle knowledge both of nature and of art, and your wonderful hold upon the picturesque and romantic, had strongly attracted me.†1 So that I felt a personal interest and a personal pride when our English public kindled into enthusiasm under your touch.

Forgive me for saying this. I do so, because you could scarcely understand how highly I prize your letter, without knowing how highly I have appreciated and admired you.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT,†2 16 MARCH 1862†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* A Monsieur W.F. De Cerjat | Elysée | Lausanne | Switzerland.

16, HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Sunday Sixteenth March 1862

My Dear Cerjat.

As usual, †aI have been always writing to you (though you have never known it) from the hour in which I received your annual Xmas letter. The Year would not go out naturally now, without that letter: so completely have I come to regard it as a necessary part of that landmark in my life.†a

My daughter naturally liking to be in town at this time of year, I have changed houses with a friend for three months. †aBehold me therefore, established in an odious little London box, which I so thoroughly detest abominate and abjure,†3 that I have not settled down in it to write one word until this very day, but go out regularly after breakfast to my "All The Year Round" office, four miles off. But we are within a few paces of the Ride in the Park, and of Kensington Gardens, and both Mary and Georgina like the change, and as I am always changing (for I have snug bachelor rooms at the Office, whither I come from Gad's Hill two days in every week), I have no reason to complain.

My married daughter†1 goes on very happily, and her husband†2 is a most excellent husband and an upright good fellow—clever too, and making his way. They have no family as yet, and (if they would take my word for the fact) are better without one.†a My eldest boy—†amarried not particularly to my satisfaction†a†3—is in business as an Eastern Merchant in the City, and will do well if he can find continuous energy; otherwise not. My second boy,†4 with the 42nd, Highlanders in India, †aspends more than he gets and has cost me money and disappointed me.†a My third boy,†5 a good steady fellow †abut not at all brilliant,†a is educating †aexpensively†a for engineers or artillery. My fourth†6 (this sounds like a charade), a born little sailor, is a Midshipman in H. M. S. Orlando now at Bermuda, and will make his way any where. Remaining two, at school; elder of said remaining two, very bright and clever.†7 Georgina and Mary keeping house for me; and Francis Jeffrey (I ought to have counted him as the third boy, so we'll take

him in here as No. 2 and a half) in my office, [†a]pending a vacancy in the Foreign Office.[†a] Now you have the family bill of fare.

You ask me about Fechter and his Hamlet. It was a performance of extraordinary merit; by far the most coherent, consistent, and intelligible Hamlet I ever saw. Some of the delicacies with which he rendered his conception clear, were extremely subtle; and in particular he avoided that (I can't write the word) brutality[†8] towards Ophelia which, with a greater or less amount of coarseness, I have seen in all other Hamlets. As a mere tour de force it would have been very remarkable in its disclosure of a perfectly wonderful knowledge of the force of the English language; but its merit was *far beyond* and above this. Foreign accent, of course; but not at all a disagreeable one. And he was so obviously safe and at ease, that you were never in pain for him as a foreigner. Add to this, a perfectly picturesque and romantic "make up", and a remorseless destruction of all conventionalities, and you have the leading virtues of the impersonation. In Othello he did not succeed.[†9] In Iago he is very good. He is an admirable Artist, and far *far beyond* any one on our stage. A real artist and a gentleman.

[†a]I take the facts of the American quarrel to stand thus. Slavery has in reality nothing on earth to do with it, in any kind of association with any generous or chivalrous sentiment on the part of the North. But the North having gradually got to itself the making of the laws and the settlement of the Tariffs, and having taxed the South most abominably for its own advantage, began to see, as the country grew, that unless it advocated the laying down of a geographical line

beyond which slavery should not extend, the South would necessarily recover its old political power, and be able to help itself a little in the adjustment of commercial affairs.[†1] Every reasonable creature may know, if willing, that the North hates the Negro,[†2] and that until it was convenient to make a pretence that sympathy with him was the cause of the War, it hated the abolitionists and derided them up hill and down dale.[†3] For the rest, there is not a pin to choose between the two parties. They will both rant and lie and fight until they come to a compromise; and the slave may be thrown into that compromise or thrown out of it, just as it happens. As to Secession being Rebellion,[†4] it is distinctly proveable by State Papers that Washington considered it no such thing—that Massachusetts, now loudest against it, has itself asserted its right to secede, again and again—and that years ago when the two Carolinas began to train their militia expressly for Secession, commissioners were sent to treat with them and to represent the disastrous policy of such secession, who never dreamed of hinting that it would be rebellion.

Prince Albert's death was a very sad thing for his family. He was neither a phaenomonon, nor the Saviour of England; and England will do exactly without him as it did with him. He was a good example of the best sort of perfectly commonplace man, with a considerable desire to make money. The Queen's condition is very unsatisfactory. We know from a Lady just off her turn of being in waiting that she applies herself to all sorts of details appertaining to the Memorial,[†5] all the morning, and cries all the rest of the day. And an extraordinary indication of an unhealthy state of mind is this—that she persists in striking out the word "late" from all formal mention of him in documents that come before her.[†6] It is not clear to those about her but that she is in the family way—though no one seems to know for certain.[†7] There is no doubt of her

setting her face strongly against the Prince of Wales[†1] (a poor dull idle fellow.) I *know* that at the present time the Exhibition Commissioners are beginning to despair of her allowing him to open the Building, and that their impression is, there can be no ceremony at all beyond some music on a great scale.[†2] (It is not many yards from this house, and a gale of wind last week played the very Devil with the glass just fitted into the two great Domes.)[†a†3]

Last Thursday I began reading again in London—a condensation of Copperfield; and Mr. Bob Sawyers Party from Pickwick [†b]to finish merrily.[†b] The success of Copperfield is astounding. [†a]There were eighteen hundred people in the place, and numbers were turned away.[†a] It made an impression that *I* must not describe—I may only remark that I was half dead when I had done, and that although I had looked forward, all through the Summer when I was carefully getting it up, to its being a London sensation, and that although Macready, hearing it at Cheltenham[†4] told me to be prepared for a great effect, it even went beyond my hopes. I read again next Thursday, and the rush for places is quite furious. Tell Townshend[†5] this with my love, if you see him before I have time to write to him, and tell him that I thought the people would never let me go away, they became so excited and shewed it so very warmly.

I am trying to plan out a new book, but have not got beyond trying.—[†a] George Watson[†6] came of age this last week, and poor old Rockingham has brightened up again; but the younger brother[†7] is (as usual) the bright and interesting one, and the father[†8] was worth fifty of his successor. [†c]I send my love to Mrs. Cerjat,[†9] and beg to enquire when it will be convenient to her to take another ride up the Great St. Bernard,[†10] and discourse about Cows. Poor Haldimand![†11] I am afraid I shall never contradict him again in this world.[†12] Ever My Dear Cerjat

Affecy & faithfully Yrs.

CD.[†a†c]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 20 MARCH 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twentieth March 1862

My Dear Letitia. It is all right, and the matter is settled.[†1] Will you come here on Monday at 12 o'Clock.

Ever affecy

CD.

To JOHN DARLINGTON,[†2] 23 MARCH 1862

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* John Darlington Esquire | Whitley Cottage | Bradford.

London, Sunday Twenty Third March 1862

My Dear Sir

I feel truly obliged to you for your kind letter giving me the sad details of poor Angus Fletcher's[†3] death.[†4] I had seen the announcement in the Obituary of the Times,[†5] and had been hoping to receive some private intelligence on the subject.[†6]

It is a mournful end; but only so to us, for it would seem that he can have known very little, if any thing, of the closing circumstances by which he was surrounded. I think I have always had an impression that the poor dear fellow would die in some strange way.—I have known him to come and go so unaccountably, that I have never considered him quite fit to be trusted with himself when he had the least uneasiness or emotion on his mind.

Probably you and I knew him better, through a good quarter of a century, than any other of his friends ever did. He was a most affectionate and gentle creature, and I have many a time had occasion to observe how easily his erratic tendencies could be held in check by a few words of considerate reasoning from those whom he loved. No doubt this was your experience too.

With renewed thanks | I am My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Darlington Esquire.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 MARCH 1862]

Text in F, IV, vii, 374. *Date*: probably the same day that he heard the details of Fletcher's death from John Darlington (see last).

Poor Fletcher is dead. Just as I am closing my letter I hear the sad story. He had been taken suddenly ill near the railway station at Leeds, and being

accidentally recognised by one of the railway men was carried to the Infirmary, where the doctor obtained his sister Lady Richardson's[†1] address,[†2] and wrote to her. She arrived to find him in a dangerous state, and after lingering four days he died. Poor Kindheart! I think of all that made him so pleasant to us, and am full of grief.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 24 MARCH 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Twenty Fourth March 1862

My Dear Letitia

I want the names and addresses of the Butcher
Grocer
and

Dairyman.

Also the address of one Fricker[†3] whose small bill I have.[†4] Will you send these to me as soon as you can, since I cannot dispatch John[†5] to Ealing and Brentford until I can give him all that has to be done there.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To MICHAEL COSTA,[†6] 24 MARCH, 1862*

MS Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty fourth March 1862

My Dear Costa

I am delighted to hear from Chorley that you are coming to my Reading on Thursday. It will be extremely pleasant and interesting to me to have you for an auditor. Enclosed are tickets for two chairs that will be set for you very near to me.

Believe me with great sincerity
always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

M. Costa Esquire

To DR CHARLES MURCHISON,[†1] 24 MARCH 1862

Extracts in T. F. Madigan catalogue "Word Shadows of the Great" (1934-5), and Samuel T. Freeman & Co. catalogue, Nov 1935; *MS* 1p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 24 Mar 62; addressed Dr Murchison.

I beg to assure you that I am happy where any opportunity offers of helping so excellent an Institution as the Fever Hospital[†2] and of testifying my respect for the good and earnest men who work in it. The Committee are at perfect liberty to reprint the article, "A Mortal Struggle"[†3] in their Report or otherwise, as may best serve their benevolent object.

To PETER ROBINSON,[†4] 24 MARCH 1862*

MS Auckland Public Library, New Zealand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Fourth March 1862

Mr. Charles Dickens (as executor under the will of the late Henry Austin Esquire of Little Ealing) sends his compliments to Mr. Peter Robinson, and begs to have his account,[†5] in order that it may be examined and discharged.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 25 MARCH 1862

Extract in Anderson Galleries, Dec 1936; *MS* 1p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 25 Mar 62; addressed Wilkie Collins.

I do not think there is any opening for a Literary Club, or that the design (which has often failed) would succeed. Therefore I could not honestly append my name to any proposal for founding one, and why should I trouble Mr. [Fowell][†6] Walton[†7] to come to me.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 25 MARCH 1862*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Wait. | The Rev William Harness | 3 Hyde Park Terrace.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE, W.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth March 1862

My Dear Harness

If you like to take your chance of the dove-tailing, I will take mine, and we will dine with you on the 1st. with great pleasure. I have no other reason to doubt it than that I hold—and express, when I see occasion—a very strong opinion in reference to a certain system of small newspaper canvass and persuasion.[†1] It is possible that my feeling on this head may be known, and may be considered very impolite and disagreeable, not to say republican and atheistical. I cannot answer for that.

So you shall take me if you like to take me, and leave me if you like to leave me. Thus much for your private ear, as I am sure you know full well that there need be no ceremony or reserve between us.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

To JAMES AKHURST,[†2] 26 MARCH 1862*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Sixth March 1862

Mr. Charles Dickens, Executor to the Estate of the late Henry Austin Esquire begs to enclose Mr. Akhurst a cheque in discharge of his account,[†3] and requests a formal receipt by post.

To F. D. FINLAY,[†4] 27 MARCH 1862

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

London, | Twenty Seventh March 1862

My Dear Mr. Finlay

As you sent me your paper with that very cool account of myself in it, perhaps you want to know whether or no it is true. There is not a syllable of truth in it.[†5]

I have never seen the person in question but once in my life,[†1] and then I was accompanied by Lord Orford,[†2] Mr. Arthur Helps[†3] the Clerk of the Privy Council, my eldest daughter, and my sister in law. All of whom know perfectly well that nothing of the sort passed. It is a sheer invention of the wildest kind.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN JAMES,[†4] 27 MARCH 1862

Text from N, III, 290.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Seventh March 1862

Sir,

In the discharge of my trust, I can only pay Mr. Henry Austin's own lawful debts. His father's I have nothing to do with. I cannot overstep my responsibility.

Your obedient Servant
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 30 MARCH 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Sunday Thirtieth March 1862

My Dear Ouvry

I hear (from a Trustee), that at the last meeting of the Trustees of the Rochester Free School, Essell reported your communication; and that thereupon Somebody got up and said "that Mr. Dickens being an honor to the neighbourhood, he begged to express his feeling that every concession ought to be made to Mr. Dickens, and wished to say that he was for giving Mr. Dickens every facility for possessing himself of the field". This was warmly assented to by all but one man, who said that he had no doubt it was all right, and he had a great respect for Mr. Dickens, but he thought they would let Mr. Dickens do any thing down in that country, and there might be too much of it", and the like. Don't you think that under these circumstances some kind of communication

from you is necessary to prevent Essell's[†1] House from considering themselves slighted? As, for instance, that we wish to make an exchange on liberal terms, and that when I return in June you and I will see them &c?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

My only object is, to keep Essell's[†1] people on our side.

To F. D. FINLAY, 31 MARCH 1862

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirty First March 1862

My Dear Mr. Finlay

Make what use you like of my note.[†2] The custom of astonishingly audacious assertion that is gradually expanding in print, cannot be too decisively "put down".

We go back to Gad's Hill probably on the 1st. of June. But I shall be to and fro between it and London, no doubt, and shall hope to induce you to make us another Kentish visit.[†3] As I read three times in June—to finish with—I may also make you acquainted with Copperfield.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Francis D Finlay Esquire

To HENRY MORLEY, 31 MARCH 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirty First March 1862

My Dear Morley.

I think I can hardly be mistaken in believing that I saw you at my Reading last Thursday. It has really been on my mind ever since, for, to the best of my belief, there were no newspaper Stalls that night. My mind misgives me that you paid.

Now if you did, I beg you to give me your promise that you will never do such an outrageous thing again. It will be a true pleasure to me at all times to send you anything you want for anyone belonging to you, and I shall not rest satisfied with the sincerity of your repentence unless you put me to the proof.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To MISS ELLEN STONE,[†1] 31 MARCH 1862*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirty First March 1862

My Dear Ellen. I have clutched the enclosed chairs for next Thursday, out of the fiery furnace[†2] of demand. If you should happen to be engaged, will you let me have them back immediately? If you are free, keep them and come to Copperfield.

Faithfully Yours ever
CD.

April

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 1 APRIL 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday First April 1862

My Dear Letitia

Have you had an opportunity of going into the Nye[†3] question with Mr. Bowring? I want to pay him, and to close the accounts.[†4]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 1 APRIL 1862*

MS P.C. Dickens.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Tuesday First April, 1862

My Dear Monsieur Fechter

I really must write you a line—I can't help it—to thank you for the magnificent performance of last night.[†5] It was so grandly wrought up to the wonderful

intensity of the last act, that I went out of the Theatre in a kind of dream of passion and pathos and art and power, and could not trust myself to speak about it until I had had a cooling ride of a mile or two. We never left off talking about it here until we went to bed, and at breakfast this morning we began again

where we then left off, and are still on the same subject without any present prospect of wearing it out. For many and many a long day, I have not been so moved and overpowered.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,[†1] 1 APRIL 1862*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

Tuesday First April, 1862

My Dear Milnes

Many thanks. But I have been out to breakfast, only twice in my life—both times ages ago—once with Rogers,[†2] and once with you in Pall Mall. Moreover, I read Copperfield on Thursday night.[†3] And when I do that, I am in lavender on a shelf all day.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

R.M. Milnes Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 2 APRIL 1862

Extract in Scheuer catalogue, 1927; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* Wed., 2 Apr 62; addressed Thomas Beard.

With the exception of the introduction—which is too much in the nature of a set theme or essay, for this purpose—I am happy to accept the paper on the fancies of lunatics.[†4] This is my day in the week for Mauscripts, or I would not have let two days go by without writing to you on the subject

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 2 APRIL 1862*

MS Frank Hollings Bookshop.

Kensington, Wednesday Night Second April, 1862

My Dear Harness.

If you will send me round your Stall Ticket by the Bearer, I will, by some fell means or other, make my people substitute a chair near me in its place.

(What business have you with any ticket?)

Further: let us take you, and bring you back. We go rather early—20 minutes past 7—but you will not mind that.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To EDMUND YATES, 3 APRIL 1862

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Kensington, Thursday Evening Third April 1862

My Dear Edmund

I write just before going down to St. James's Hall and Copperfield—therefore hurriedly.

On Tuesday next at 6, with the greatest pleasure.

Tomorrow I shall be out of town all day. But I will meet you at the office on Saturday at any time you like after 11 in the forenoon.

Tell Fechter that since he and I spoke together, I have had an opportunity of getting some reliable information concerning Mr. Walter Montgomery.[†1] It is not at all against him, beyond this;—when he was last at Birmingham (just now) he was getting dissipated. This is a final reason, if any were wanted, for seeing him carefully, before making any engagement with him.

I wish Fechter would take among his young ladies, Miss Maria Ternan.[†2] Not because I have a great friendship for her and know her to be one of the best and bravest of little spirits and most virtuous of girls (for that would have nothing to do with it), but because I have acted with her, and believe her to have more aptitude in a minute than all the other people of her standing on the stage in a month. A lady besides, and pretty, and of a good figure, and always pains-taking and perfect to the letter. Also (but this has never had a chance) a wonderful Mimic. Whatever he shewed her, she would do. When I first knew her, I looked

her in the eyes one morning at Manchester, and she took the whole Frozen Deep out of the look and six words.[†1]

A line to the office on Saturday morning, to say When.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 4 APRIL 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fourth April 1862

My Dear Letitia

I pay Nye today,[†2] and also Garrard and James, the Solicitors,[†3] in order that I may be able presently to send you their receipts, which will enable Mr. Bowring to get the £50.[†4] But the matter will

still be incomplete without receipts for the taxes. And I don't know what taxes remain due. Can you tell me?

Affectionately Ever
CD.

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON,[†5] 4 APRIL 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fourth April 1862

My Dear Gordon

I rather think that Mrs. White[†6] (the best of women) would, in her quiet and modest way, prefer silence on the subject of her lost husband.[†7] I cannot be sure of this just now, but I can ascertain before long. If any idea had occurred to her of recording his worth in print, I think she would assuredly have imparted it to me.

My daughter heard this morning from Clara White's husband.[†8] He and she came home rapidly from Florence, on receiving the bad tidings, and are now with Mrs. White at Bonchurch. She has become calm and composed. Poor White had thought himself much better, on the very day before his death. He

was seized on the day of his death with such excruciating pain that it was very difficult indeed to get him up to bed. For the last two or three hours he seemed to have no pain. He could not speak, but passed very quietly away. Poor dear fellow! I knew him many years, and had a great affection for him. What a great Cemetery one walks through, after forty!

I am delighted to hear such good accounts of Lady Gordon.[†1] And as to Marguerite,[†2] I think your daughter will have given her a new life.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon

To THOMAS BEARD, 5 APRIL 1862

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fifth April 1862

My Dear Beard.

I don't think there can be any objection to your replying that there would seem reason for the Unknown's trying again. He *may* be worth something (it is difficult to say: for most of the Lunatic stories that he tells, I know already), and if he be, so much the better for both sides.[†3]

I saw Mrs. Frank[†4] with you last Thursday, and looking wonderfully handsome. The general improvement in the audiences is very remarkable; they are so much more quick and so much more delicate than they used to be. Of course it is to be supposed that one knows better how to do it after hard practice and experience, but the audiences refine too in a very curious way.

Will you come and dine at the nastiest little house in London (16 Hyde Park Gate South) tomorrow week, at 6? We are not likely to have any one with us but Charley Collins and Katie.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Fechter in the last Act of Ruy Blas is very fine art indeed.

To W. H. WILLS, 5 APRIL 1862[†1]

MS Huntington Library.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Saturday Fifth April, 1862

My Dear Wills

A little packet will come to you to day from Hunt and Roskell's:[†2] almost at the same time, I think, as this note.

The packet will contain a claret Jug.[†3] I hope it is a pretty thing in itself for your table, and I know that you and Mrs. Wills[†4] will like it none the worse because it comes from me.

It is not made of a perishable material, and is so far expressive of our friendship. I have had your name and mine set upon it, in token of our many years of mutual reliance and trustfulness. It will never be so full of Wine, as it is to day of affectionate regard.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire

To [?WILLIAM] CHALLINOR,[†5] 7 APRIL 1862*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Seventh April, 1862

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Challinor, and begs to inform Mr. Challinor (in reply to his obliging note), that he never makes terms for his Readings with any Institution or with any individual.

To JOHN FORSTER, [8 APRIL 1862]

Extracts in F, VIII, vi, 692 and *n. Date:* both extracts 8 Apr 62, according to Forster.

The money returns have been quite astounding. Think of £190 a night! The effect of *Copperfield* exceeds all the expectations which its success in the country led me to form. It seems to take people entirely by surprise. If this is not new to you, I have not a word of news. The rain that raineth every day[†6] seems to have washed news away or got it under water.

Your mention of poor Felton's[†1] death[†2] is a shock of surprise as well as grief to me, for I had not heard a word about it. Mr. Fields[†3] told me when he was here that the effect of that hotel disaster of bad drinking-water had not passed away; so I suppose, as you do, that he sank under it. Poor dear Felton! It is twenty years since I told you of the delight my first knowledge of him gave me, and it is as strongly upon me to this hour.[†4] I wish our ways had crossed a little oftener, but that would not have made it better for us now! Alas! Alas! All ways have the same finger-post at the head of them, and at every turning in them.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 9 APRIL 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth April 1862

My Dear Letitia

With the papers you sent me from Mr. Bowring, which I return enclosed, you will find Nye's receipt, and the receipt of Mr. Lawrence's[†5] solicitors. These will enable Mr. Bowring to get the allowance of £50 for improvements—unless he should want the Tax receipts.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN,[†6] [?9 APRIL 1862]

Mention in the Rev. Richard Owen, *Life of Richard Owen*, 1894, II, 129. *Date*: according to Richard Owen (above), quoting Mrs Owen's diary entry for 10 Apr 62, the note from CD came "yesterday evening"; probably written that day.

Asking Owen and his wife if they would like to come to St James's Hall to hear one of his readings.[†7]

To HENRY COLE,[†1] 10 APRIL 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Thursday Tenth April, 1862

My Dear Mr. Cole.

I cannot honestly become a Member of the Committee which you do me the honor to ask me to join.[†2] The plain truth is, that I have no faith in this kind of "Memorial" in any case.[†3] I have never yet observed it to do any good whatever, either towards preserving the remembrance of the virtuous Dead, or towards establishing any sort of concord or contentment (as to the accomplishment of the object in hand), among the Living.

With this heresy in my heart, how can I represent myself as one of the Orthodox!

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Cole Esquire

To J. B. BUCKSTONE,[†4] 12 APRIL 1862*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth April 1862

My Dear Buckstone

I cannot possibly attend the dinner,[†5] because I have a special engagement to dine elsewhere. If I were not absolutely predisposed of, I would come, in response to your letter.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J.B. Buckstone Esquire

To MR REDDALL,[†1] 12 APRIL 1862*

MS (fragment) Professor Harry Stone.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth April 1862

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Reddall,[†2]

To MR TWINING,[†3] 12 APRIL 1862*

MS Private.

London Saturday Twelfth April / 1862.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Twining, and begs to say that as he will be rarely in London during the forthcoming season, and as it is a principle with him not to associate himself, merely in name alone, with any undertaking, he must decline the honor of joining the General Congress Committee.[†4]

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT,[†5] 14 APRIL 1862*

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fourteenth April 1862

My Dear Tennent.

There is much that is amusing and curious in this paper.[†6] I shall be very glad to accept it for publication in these pages, IF[†7] the author should think it worth while to recast it, and tell what is told, in plain narrative form. Our readers would not take to this Dialogue, I feel sure. If you ask me why, I can give no better reason than that I don't take to it myself, and that I see no reason for it, and feel it to be awkward.

Believe me Ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent

To JOHN LEECH, 16 APRIL 1862

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire / 32 Brunswick Square / W.C.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixteenth April 1862

My Dear Leech.

I have been coming to you at least a dozen times, but have been constantly beset by some engagement.

Shall I come to you—where the Pictures are[†1] —say on Friday? Any time on that day will suit me. I will come at 2 on Friday, unless I hear from you to the contrary. If Friday should not suit you, I will suggest another day forthwith.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

To THE PRESIDENT[†2] AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 18 APRIL 1862*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Friday Eighteenth April, 1862.

Mr. Charles Dickens is happy to have the honor of accepting the invitation of the President and Council of the Royal Academy, to the Anniversary Dinner on Saturday the Third of May.[†3]

To WALTER THORNBURY,[†4] 18 APRIL 1862

Text from MDGH, II, 178-9.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday, 18th April, 1862.

My Dear Thornbury,

The Bow Street runners[†5] ceased out of the land soon after the introduction of the new police.[†6] I remember them very well as standing about the door of the office in Bow Street. They had no other uniform than a blue dress-coat, brass buttons (I am not even now sure that that was necessary), and a bright red cloth

waistcoat. The waistcoat was indispensable, and the slang name for them was "red-breasts," in consequence.[†1]

They kept company with thieves and the like, much more than the detective police do.[†2] I don't know what their pay was, but I have no doubt their principal complements were got under the rose.[†3] It was a very slack institution,[†4] and its head-quarters were The Brown Bear,[†5] in Bow Street, a public-house of more than doubtful reputation, opposite the police-office; and either the house which is now the theatrical costume maker's, or the next door to it.

Field,[†6] who advertises the Secret Enquiry Office, was a Bow Street runner, and can tell you all about it; Goddard,[†7] who also advertises an enquiry office, was another of the fraternity.[†8] They are the only two I know of as yet existing in a "questionable shape."[†9]

Faithfully yours always
[CD]

To F. W. DEVEY,[†10] 21 APRIL 1862*

Text from facsimile in unidentified catalogue.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Twenty First April 1862

Sir

I beg to assure you that I can give you no new advice in reference to your proposed pamphlet.[†11] You must trust a publisher. To the best of my belief, it is

not very likely that such a pamphlet would—at the best—do more than pay its cost of production in print and paper.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

F. W. Devey Esquire

To EDWIN ROFFE,[†1] 26 APRIL 1862*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Sixth April 1862

Sir

Allow me to thank you for the presentation-copy you have had the kindness to send me of your very neatly printed and quaint book.[†2] The filial affection expressed in that work of love is very interesting, and does honor to your heart as well as to your father's memory.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Edwin Roffe.

To DION BOUCICAULT,[†3] 29 APRIL 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Ninth April 1862

Dear Sir

I feel a little difficulty this morning as to writing direct to Mr. Toole and Miss Simms,[†4] for two reasons. Firstly, because very much of what they said in the more emotional parts, failed to travel to where I sat (possibly owing to the accidental way in which the blank spots in the House chanced to fall), and got

altogether lost upon the road. Secondly, because Mr. Emery[†1] was very good,[†2] and it might seem invidious towards him and the rest. Therefore perhaps the more gracious course is for me to ask you to have the kindness to represent me as begging you to say that I was much pleased with the whole performance, and thought it exceedingly good. (The supper scene was particularly well done throughout.)[†3]

I must add that I thought the Vampire[†4] very picturesque and romantic and put upon the stage with an admirable knowledge of artistic effect.[†5]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dion Boucicault Esquire

To CHARLES FECHTER, 30 APRIL 1862*

MS Mr Jacob Christensen.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirtieth April 1862

My Dear Fechter

It came into my head when I was looking at you last Saturday night, that I may perhaps be able to get you a new Play by the Author of "The Lady of Lyons". I think you will agree with me that a new play of real power, interest, and situation, by that hand, would be a great card for your game at the Lyceum.

Now, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton told me, some time ago, that there was a certain play of his, originally called the Sea Captain, in which Macready acted on certain occasions at the Haymarket:[†6] which he (Bulwer Lytton) had withdrawn and locked up, because he was not of opinion that he had made a complete work of it—that, after keeping it by him for some years, he had taken it out, *entirely reconstructed it, reformed it, and re-written it*[†7]—that he had taken great pains with it and thought it very good—but that he did not see his way to a good actor for the chief part, and had put it in his desk again.

I have asked him to let me have the Manuscript. I will read it carefully, and, if it prove as good as I expect, will send it privately to you to read. Nothing of this need be known beyond ourselves. If you should think that there is any real great chance in it, I will answer that the author would make any change in it that I might suggest to him.

Thinking and hoping that you may be interested in this idea, I send you this note.
Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWARD W. COOKE,[†1] [?APRIL 1862]

Envelope only in Dobell catalogue No. 2 (Oct 1911). *Address:* Edward Cooke, Esquire, A.R.A.; *Date:* between 1851 (when Cooke became ARA) and 1864 (RA); Cooke recorded

in his Diary (MS National Maritime Museum, Greenwich), 23 Apr 62 "Wrote to C. Dickens"; whether eliciting a reply from CD or in answer to a letter from him, Apr 62 seems likely.

To JOHN FORSTER, [APRIL 1862]

Extract in F, IX, v, 740-41. *Date:* Apr 62, according to Forster.

Alas! I have hit upon nothing for a story.[†2] Again and again I have tried. But this odious little house[†3] seems to have stifled and darkened my invention.

May

To JAMES PAYN,[†4] 1 MAY 1862

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2266 (Apr 1928), *MS* 2 pp.; addressed James Payn; dated Thursday 1 May 62.

Many thanks for our blushing friend.[†5] He must have had a bad time of it this morning (in his own person) at about Hyde Park Corner. When I came into town, I think I observed him quartered in a Hansom Cab behind a black horse rampant who was standing on his own tail sparring with four hoofs at a policeman.[†6]

To CHARLES KENT, 2 MAY 1862

Mention in N, III, 293.

To LADY OLLIFFE,[†1] 2 MAY 1862

Extract in T.F. Madigan, *The Autograph Album*, (April 1934); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 2 May 62; addressed Lady Olliffe.

A thousand thanks for the beautiful carpet. It is exactly what I wanted and could not by any possibility have been better adapted to its purpose. Please let me know how much I am (in money) in your debt.[†2]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 3 MAY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Third May 1862

My Dear Letitia.

The enclosed papers will explain themselves. As there was something to be got from Mr. Hemsley[†3] (on account of Nye's bill, you know), I thought it would be more courteous to him to pay the taxes, and enable Mr. Bowring to mention that they *were* paid, and to claim the necessary allowance on their account. For this reason I send you the documents.

Ever affecy.

CD.

Still no news![†4]

To THOMAS HEADLAND, 4 MAY 1862

Extract in Maggs catalogue, No. 286 (1912); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Thomas Headland; dated Kensington Gore, 4 May 62.

It did not occur to me yesterday that I have an appointment on Tuesday, and must leave the office at ½ past 2.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 4 MAY 1862

MS Lytton Papers.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE. W.
Sunday Fourth May, 1862

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

Will you trust that play you re-wrote from the Sea-Captain,[†1] to my hands for a time? I know Fechter very well, and, besides being an admirable actor, he is a very clever fellow. Next winter he will be Lessee and Manager of the Lyceum, and will doubtless make a fine Theatre of it. I should much like him to have the chance of such a Play, and I should also like to go thoroughly into it and form my own opinion as to the romantic interest he could press—and express—out of it. Forster was under the impression that he still had the play in his keeping, but he now remembers that he returned it to you. I have told Fechter (in confidence) of my intention to write you this note.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Answer to the office

To [LADY OLLIFFE], 5 MAY 1862

Extract in T.F. Madigan catalogue, *c.* 1931-2; MS 1 p; dated Office of *AYR*, 5 May 62. *Address:* see *To* Lady Olliffe, 2 May; clearly the same addressee.

I presented the carpet, green box and all! But I will make application for the restitution of the green box and will send it you when recovered. Ever affectionately yours,

CD.

To CAMILLE SILVY,[†2] 5 MAY 1862

Extract in Les Autographes Thieory Bodin, Christmas 1981; MS (retranslated into English) 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 5 May 62; addressed Camille Silvy.

I shall not fail to communicate your letter to the author of the article in question.[†3] Allow me to assure you that I had great pleasure in publishing the article in these pages, since it expresses an opinion of your works that I share from the bottom of my heart.

To [?CHARLES EDMONDS],[†1] 6 MAY 1862

MS Mr J. Stevens Cox.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth May 1862

Dear Sir

Can you recommend me any collection of remarkable escapes—from prisons, and perils of other kinds?

Also, any generally interesting and good Miscellany for chance reading? I want such a book very much, in my rooms here; my Library being in Kent. Is the old London Magazine[†2] a good one for such a purpose; or can you send me any thing[†3] more likely to suit the object?

I want also:

Millingen's History of Duelling

Lewes's Physiology of Common Life.

Washington[†4] Irving's works complete (the bound copy)[†5]
and will you send me, for inspection, a volume or two of the bound Kerr's collection of Voyages.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 7 MAY 1862

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventh May 1862

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I shall be very much interested in reading the play[†7] when you come back, and will lose no time about it.

Fechter's second actor, as at present arranged, will be a certain Mr. Neville,[†8] now at Robson's,[†9] who is *very good.* But there is another man under consideration who, in a part with no genteel comedy in it, might be better.[†10] His arrangements

are scarcely born yet, as his term of management does not commence until Christmas. But he is picking up every promising and trainable person, and I *think* may be able to satisfy you aforehand, concerning his "first lady".

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 8 MAY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth May 1862

My Dear Letitia. I see no objection whatever to your buying, say £500 worth of some good stock or bonds that will pay 4 percent.[†1] Therefore I will lay that money out in such a purchase in your name (acting, of course, under Coutts's advice.)

The Readings are becoming very trying; the continuous effort and exertion, in so large a place, being quite wasting on a hot night. I shall finish as early in June as I can. Friday evening the 6th. of June will certainly be the last Copperfield, and that I think by far the best Reading. If you will come that night, let me know how many Stalls I shall send you, and I will take care that they are reserved near me.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To W. GALE,[†2] 8 MAY 1862*

MS Auckland Public Library, New Zealand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth May 1862

Sir

I have the pleasure of having, at my house in Kent, a little picture of yours.[†3]

Dining at the Royal Academy last Saturday, I greatly admired another little picture of yours, representing a Captive feeding a bird.[†4] If it should happen to be unsold, I take the liberty of informing you that I should be very happy to become its possessor.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Gale Esquire

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, 8 MAY 1862*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth May 1862

My Dear Owen.

My daughter Mary is away on a visit, and I cannot answer your kind and welcome note until she comes home. I expect her tomorrow. No time shall be lost in reporting to you as soon as she appears; but next Sunday and next week I know are impracticable. This knowledge I derive from my own engagements, which are unfortunately many just now.

Miss Hogarth joins me in kindest regard to Mrs. Owen, your son,[†1] and yourself.

My Dear Owen | always Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY AUSTIN JNR,[†2] 9 MAY 1862

Text from facsimile in National Library of Scotland.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Ninth May 1862

Dear Mr. Austin

In reply to your note received this morning, I must assure you that you are very welcome to the little service I have had the pleasure of rendering you.[†3] You are so punctual, zealous, and obliging, on all occasions that I am glad to have found a way of acknowledging it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO.,[†4] 9 MAY 1862

Mention in *The Collector*, Oct-Nov 1944; *MS* 1 p.; dated 9 May 62; addressed Messrs Coutts.

Ordering them to purchase £500 of Midland Bradford stock in the name of Letitia Austin, a widow.

— X - 81 —

To [?CHARLES EDMONDS],[†1] 10 MAY 1862*

MS Mr J. Stevens Cox.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Tenth May 1862

My Dear Sir

I have the book I return herewith, already. Narratives of Peril and suffering, I am glad to retain.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, [?10 MAY 1861]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To FREDERICK POLLOCK,[†3] 10 MAY 1862

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Tenth May 1862

My Dear Pollock

I have sent your note to Wilkie Collins, who I have no doubt will be greatly interested in it, and much gratified by the pains you have so kindly taken to clear the case.

From Cheltenham I have not heard anything; until this very morning I did not know of the event;[†4]—though when I was staying with Macready[†5] a few months ago, it cast its shadow before.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

— X - 82 —

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,[†1] 10 MAY 1862

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, 1912, p. 57.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday, May 10th. 1862.

I am happy to accept your proposition, and I hope (and believe) you will find the little book[†2] generally acceptable.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 11 MAY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

16 HYDE PARK GATE SOUTH,
KENSINGTON GORE, W.
Sunday Eleventh May 1862

My Dear Letitia

I think you may be sure that Taylor would not like to ask any question, of any one, on the subject of the pension, and that he would (however reluctantly) decline to do so. Firstly, because everything that could possibly be done to render the application special and unlike any other, we did. Secondly, because it would assuredly not serve the cause to press it. We know that the Memorial was given to the Prime Minister[†3] by Cowper,[†4] the head of the office. We know that every influential signature attached to it has the reasons for such superscription specially and strongly stated by the signer on the document itself. We know that Lord Carlisle,[†5] Lord Shaftesbury,[†6] Lord Llanover,[†7] and others, have thus urged the Minister under their hands in an altogether exceptional way, and beyond the usual restraints understood to be imposed on people who hold office of any kind. To ask any of them, in addition, to ask the Minister whether he means to do what he is besought to do, [would][†8] be to touch personal pride and sensitiveness. You may rely upon it that if the pension be attainable at all, the very best and most prudent course has been taken towards its attainment, and that nothing can strengthen it. If you do not have it this year, you may have it next year; but I fear it is impossible to relieve your suspense.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MRS COPE,[†1] 11 MAY 1862

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1981; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Hyde Park Gate, 11 May 62; addressed Mrs Cope

He begs to return the enclosed very odd letter.... It is curious that in an epistle so strangely constructed and so short, some fifty words should be correctly spelt.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 16 MAY 1862*

Text from transcript by Edgar Johnson of MS Maurice Inman Inc.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Sixteenth May, 1862

My Dear Fechter,

On Friday in next week, I hope to have the great pleasure of seeing you here, at half past five o'clock. It is possible—but not very probable—that some private business[†2] may take me out of town in the course of the next week. I am therefore not quite certain when I may be here, but I am pretty sure to be here every day (except Wednesday) at 12 o'clock.

My idea of a Play that might be done for you,[†3] under our joint direction, is founded on home love, on forgiveness, and on your nationality as a Frenchman. I would have two periods in it; one, when France and England are in alliance and at peace. In the first period, I would lay the scene in France and make you a man devoted to animosity towards Englishmen, because your son— brother—what you will—has been slain in battle. In the second period I would make you the son of that very man, with feelings so changed by the blessed change of the time, as that you satisfy yourself you best venerate and honor your brave father's memory by marrying into the family against whom the old animosity existed. And you never tell *them* the old story, but keep it in your own breast.

I think I see here, a means of great popularity, and of a fine domestic play, and of a perfectly new situation—individually and nationally—for you.

Au reste,—*My* instincts (like yours) seldom deceive me, and I have a hearty interest in your undertaking and in you, and hope to prove myself a good and useful friend at your right hand.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, [?MID-MAY 1862]

Text from the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange, *The Literary Life of the Rev. William Harness,* 1871, p. 168. *Date:* almost certainly 1862, the year in which Clara White (see below) was married; May was the only month in which the 26th was a Monday: therefore letter probably written a week or two before 26 May.

My dear Harness,

Will Miss Harness[†1] and you come and dine with us, at the Star and Garter at Richmond, on Monday the 26th at a quarter past six? Besides ourselves there will be only[†2] Townshend[†3] and a young bride, a friend of ours, who from being a quiet clergyman's daughter in the Isle of Wight has suddenly expanded (like a girl in a Fairy Tale) into fifty thousand a year and a castle.[†4]

Affectionately yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DAVID ROBERTS,[†5] 16 MAY 1862

Mention in Sotheby catalogue, Aug 1888; *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 May 62; addressed David Roberts.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 17 MAY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Seventeenth May 1862

My Dear Letitia. I had not seen what you quote from the Times,[†6] but I now hope that our suspense will soon be relieved.

Shall we go over the accounts together finally, this day week—here—at eleven o'Clock? There is no reason why the balance should not now be paid over to you. *My* duties are ended.

There can be nothing against your asking De Gex whether he is likely to be able to find you a Mortgage.[†7] But I greatly doubt any body's finding a safe one at a higher interest than 4 per cent. You must always remember when you hear of high interest, the terms and chances on which money is lent. In the case of that Life Assurance and the money borrowed on it, the high interest of 7 per cent was paid because if the lender had wanted the money back, he couldn't have got it. The only security for the principal sum was the Life Assurance— and no one can say when that will become available for the repayment.

I have lately heard from Taylor, who is as much in the dark as I am concerning the pension.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To R. BERNAL OSBORNE,[†1] 18 MAY 1862*

Text from transcript by Mark Girouard of MS Mrs Silcock.

Sunday Eighteenth May 1862

My dear Sir,

Are you fortunately disengaged for Monday the 26th? And if so, will you dine with me and my daughters at the Star and Garter at Richmond that day, at 6 punctually? We have really no party, and we dine there because I "detest abominate and abjure" this corner.[†2]

I go back to my own Falstaff house on the 1st of June, and, as it is but an hour's railway ride, I am not without hopes of enticing you to come there, one fine day.

You see that I am as good as my word at Lady Molesworth's,[†3] and that I don't mean to let you pass out of view easily. Pray be as good as *your* word too.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bernal Osborne, Esq.

To JOHN LEECH, 19 MAY 1862

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 32 Brunswick Square.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Nineteenth May 1862

My Dear Leech. I think Egg's[†4] suggestion a sound one. Therefore I have taken out the words "at a reasonable cost". As the address[†5] stands, I think it just hits the purpose and could not well be better—though I say it as shouldn't.[†6]

I shall come up to see how you get on, before you are quite floored.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 20 MAY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twentieth May 1862

My Dear Letitia.

I enclose the cheque for Ten Pounds.[†1]

Let me know when you return from the Silvas,[†2] and we will make an appointment. Or even without an appointment, I think I am safe to be here every morning next week at eleven o'Clock.

Ever affecy
CD.

To MRS CARLYLE,[†3] 20 MAY 1862*

MS New York Public Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twentieth May 1862

My Dear Mrs. Carlyle.

Here are two tickets for my last Copperfield this season. I hope you may like it.

My love, as ever, to Carlyle. | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 20 MAY 1862*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twentieth May 1862

My Dear Harness

As a token of my noble forgiveness of you for introducing yourself into the Hall last Saturday in that base manner,[†4] I send you the ticket for the last Copperfield this season.—You will understand my clemency is conditional on your not offending again.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To TOM TAYLOR, 21 MAY 1862

Mention in Samuel J. Davey catalogue No. 31 (1889); addressed Tom Taylor; dated 21 May 62.

To JOHN LEECH, 28 MAY 1862

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech | 32 Brunswick Square.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth May 1862

My Dear Leech.

I wouldn't send vaguely to the Editors of papers and periodicals, *and their friends,* for this reason—that it would involve you in much the same difficulties as a Private View. For example, the Sunday Times takes Dobbs, Hobbs, and Snobs, and leaves out Bobbs. And *you* know Bobbs, and Bobbs knows Hobbs, and Bobbs writes to you to know why Hobbs got in, when he (Bobbs) didn't? You then either answer Hobbs and wish yourself dead and buried, or you don't answer Hobbs, and he becomes such an infernal nuisance in consequence, that you wish *him* dead and buried.

Now, I would have no private view whatever—for any body. I would send cards to all respectable Editors (in the case of Daily Editors at all events, for 2), and I would open on a certain day at a certain hour, and there you have beginning and end.[†1]

I will get Charley Collins to do an article for these pages,[†2] and I will go over the Proof, and put in any thing that I see wanting.

Ever Faithfully
CD

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 28 MAY 1862

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Wednesday Twenty Eighth May 1862

My Dear Webster,

I am obliged to be at Gad's Hill on Monday, and to remain there until I read on Friday. I have not been there these four months, and have made a variety of appointments of business, which *must* be kept.— Unfortunately for my powers of responding to your kind offer. I consider it only deferred.

Don't forget your booked engagement to me. I will let you know a week beforehand, what train I recommend to Stanny and Davy Roberts.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS EMMETT,[†1] [?2 MARCH-29 MAY] 1862

MS (envelope only) Mr Hugh Maguire. *Address:* 1 Cloudesly Square | Islington | N. PM London M[] 2[] 1862. *Date:* both day and month are incomplete.

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE,[†2] 30 MAY 1862

Extract in Goodspeeds Bookshop catalogue No. 147 (1922); *MS* 1 p.; addressed T. A. Trollope; dated Kensington Gore, 30 May 62

Can we not have the pleasure of seeing you at my Falstaff house on Gad's Hill? We can give you a bed and a pretty view.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 31 MAY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Thirty First May 1862

My Dear Letitia

Will you let me know (here) how you are? I hope to get to you soon after midday tomorrow (Sunday) but cannot be so sure of it as to make quite certain. Therefore write in any case. I have been hoping to come to you every day since I saw you; but I have been sorely worried and distressed of late.

If you decide to come to the Reading, you must forewarn me, in order that I may provide your means of getting in.

Is the enclosed account correct? I never heard of it until yesterday.

Ever affecy.

CD.

June

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 2 JUNE 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Second June 1862

My Dear Letitia

Our letters crossed.

I now send you the little inscription.[†3] I have left the age blank: not being exactly sure of it.[†4]

There is a good thousand pounds in my hands—a few pounds over. I shall be glad to get rid of it, as soon as the Pension List comes out. All the accounts and vouchers are ready for you.

Say that you come here on Friday at halfpast 7[†1]—or, if you will have some tea first, at 7. My time for being there, is about 20 minutes before 8. Mary and Georgy are going, but their entrance is by another door. You will see wretchedly, but hear well.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To DR EDUARD HANSLICK,[†2] 2 JUNE 1862

Text from facsimile in Alexander Autographs Inc., catalogue, June 1997.

Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by Rochester, Kent.
Monday Second June, 1862

Dear Sir

Allow me to have the pleasure of sending you enclosed, a ticket of admission to my Reading next Friday evening.[†3] I fear you may find it rather difficult to follow me as I read: the more so, because my lecture is condensed from various parts of the story of David Copperfield, and ranges in an hour and a half over the whole book.[†4] But it is always pleasant to me to know that I seldom (if ever)

read in public without having some of your great intelligent countrymen among my auditors.

Believe me Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Eduard Hanslick

To DAVID ROBERTS, [?2 JUNE 1862]

Mention in *To* Stanfield, 2 June 62. *Date:* probably same day.

To EDWIN ROFFE, 2 JUNE 1862

Mention in *American Book Prices Current,* 1906; dated 2 June 62; addressed Edwin Roffe.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, [?2 JUNE 1862]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 2 JUNE 1862*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Second June 1862

My Dear Stanny

The train I recommend for Saturday the fourteenth June, is from

North Kent Railway, London Bridge

at

2..20 in the afternoon

My station is Higham (the next beyond Gravesend) for which take your ticket.

I have sent a note of this Train both to Davy and to Webster

Ever affectionately Yours

DICK.

To SAMUEL LOVER,[†1] 5 JUNE 1862

MS W. A. Foyle.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fifth June 1862

My Dear Lover.

I am the man whose superintendence[†2] you praise. I am proud to have your praise.

It unfortunately happens that neither of the enclosed pieces can be made available here. Firstly, because we have twice printed verses having the same reference as your charming lines on the Poet's

Home. Secondly, because I would rather not (if I know it) publish translations from the German. The extent to which poetry of that origin is offered here, is almost incredible.

In reply to your question concerning the rate of pay, it is never less, for Prose, than a Guinea a page: the writer retaining the right to republish. For poetry, it varies according to the nature of the lines. I believe I may venture to say that it is always liberal.

Like you, I live a country-mouse life—and in the same County too.[†1] My little place on the top of Falstaff's Gad's Hill, is almost as well known on that side of Kent as Falstaff.

My Dear Lover | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Lover Esquire

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 6 JUNE 1862

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Sixth June 1862

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I have read the Play[†2] with great interest and admiration. It seems to me *exceedingly strong.* And supposing Vyvyan[†3] and Lady Montreville[†4] to be thoroughly done, I think such an Artist-Manager as Fechter could make the other people out of a good Company. Vyvyan is clearly the part for the greatest actor,[†5] so far as my opinion goes.

As to all the appliances and illusions of the scene,[†6]—in Fechter's hands they would be simply perfect.

Now, I have communicated to him (whom I can trust) that you are indisposed to have the play acted, but that you have yielded to my desire to make him acquainted with the Play. Let me see how it strikes him, and then report to you. If I were he (and here I express myself as an Actor) I should feel perfectly sure of my effect in Vyvyan, and should cast about for the mother, with the certainty of being able to force her, out of my own strength, into the expression of half her part.[†7] But he *may* see the Play—not as I do, but as you do. In the

latter case, I should give up and hold you right. In the former case, I should urge you to reconsider the question of his bringing it out. I will write to you again, as soon as he knows the play, and we have talked together.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,[†1] [?10] JUNE 1862

Mention in Knowles *to* M. J. Barry, MS Professor K. J. Fielding; dated Glasgow, 11 June 62.

Telling Knowles that he would be happy for Barry[†2] to visit him.[†3]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 12 JUNE 1862

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twelfth June 1862

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

Fechter's opinion of the Play[†4] is exactly yours. Therefore I give in. He has read it with great interest, and has been strongly impressed by its picturesqueness. To my surprise, his notions of what he could have done personally in it and with it, tended decidedly towards the younger brother.[†5] He came down to Gad's Hill on Tuesday to talk it over, and I explained to him that as he was of your mind I had nothing to say but that I did not agree with either of you! I return the MS herewith.

French's[†6] departure quite amazes me. I too thought he was yours for life. When I was at Knebworth he expressed as much, and was perfectly satisfied and extremely grateful. But there is always a latent hankering on the part of this class, I believe, to get out of service if possible.

I am afraid I do not know of a successor whom I could of my own knowledge and experience recommend. An English man-servant who can make his way abroad and make the best of it, is so very rare an article. And I have been so

fortunate in servants, that French and two other men (one dead,[†1] and the other with me now after 18 years),[†2] are all I can be said to have had. If I should become suddenly illuminated with any remembrance likely to serve your need, I will be sure to impart it.

Ever Yours
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 12 JUNE 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twelfth June 1862

My Dear Ouvry

I do not quite understand whether you have actually sent that proposed letter (concerning the House of Gloom) to Fraser.[†3] If not, might it not be best to write in the first instance only this:—

That Wills and I have been to see the house, and went over it with much interest and pleasure, and may you now inquire what conditions he would propose to append to the gift?[†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN POOLE,[†5] 13 JUNE 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth June 1862

My Dear Poole.

I have been so overwhelmed with business to day and have yet so many appointments to keep, that I regret to find I cannot get out to Kentish Town. To night I go home, and I shall not be in town again until I come to read next Thursday. On the Friday morning I take Miss Hogarth (who I am sorry to say is very far from well), away for a week, in the hope of doing her service through a little change.

Therefore the best thing will be for you to write to me,[†1] addressed

Gad's Hill Place
Higham
by
Rochester

—and tell me what you would have said, if I could have come to you. Don't mind how you write. I know your hand well enough to read it with ease.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To MRS BALL WILSON,[†2] 13 JUNE 1862*

MS Mr Peter Harries. *Address:* Mrs Wilson | 4 Malton Place | Richmond Road | Barnsbury | N.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth June 1862

My Dear Rebecca. I really do not remember any request of yours for four autographs.—I may have read it and forgotten it, but my letters come by hundreds, and I have many things to think of.

The autographs are enclosed and the tickets for my next Reading[†3] shall be sent to you.

Affecy.

CD

To CHARLES FECHTER, 16 JUNE 1862*

MS Salisbury House Library, Iowa.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth June 1862

My Dear Fechter

Will you kindly send me that Reading-Book of mine, to my office in Wellington Street? I did not think I should want it, but I am going to read something it contains.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 20 JUNE 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twentieth June 1862

My Dear Letitia. I can *not* remember whether I received your last letter, or not!—But I have been so anxious and distressed about Georgina (who has some affection of the heart), that I have been altogether dazed. I think I must have had the note, and yet I cannot remember one word of it.

Enclosed is the cheque.[†1] The pension suspense cannot—thank God—last much longer.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 20 JUNE 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

Lord Warden, Dover
Friday Evening Twentieth June 1862

My Dear Ouvry

On Saturday the 28th. I shall be at Gad's Hill, and on the following Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Will you look at your book of engagements and see if you can come down? And when?

The authority who suggested to me the exchange of land,[†2] has now promised to get me the refusal of some land close by me, which Horne (the Railway-Carriage man)[†3] would otherwise buy out of hand.

The price is heavy, but it is supposed to be a plot of ground which Essell would advise the trustees to take in exchange.

I am on my way to Paris, but *must be* at the office next Friday, because I read in London that night. Will you give me a line there?

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

We hope you will be able to make a day or two with us. We have very pretty places in the neighbourhood, and are not uncomfortable people (I believe) to stay with.

To EDWARD WILSON,[†1] 20 JUNE 1862*

MS State Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twentieth June 1862

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind letter, and beg to thank you for your offer of service. But I know little or nothing more of the Australian rumour than you do, at this present writing.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Wilson Esquire

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 26 JUNE 1862*

MS Frank Hollings Bookshop.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Night Twenty Sixth June 1862

My Dear Harness. I have been in France,[†3] and am only just now (8 in the Evening) come home. I shall be delighted to see you at the Reading.[†4] You will want no other passport than your card to Headland. We seem to be going to have a tremendous house.

Ever affectionately Yours
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 27 JUNE 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Seventh June 1862

My Dear Ouvry

We shall be charmed to see you tomorrow. The train we shall go by, leaves London Bridge at 10..15. Let us meet there at 10. When I say "us", I mean all that will remain of myself. For I read tonight, and shall be melted.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 JUNE 1862]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 693. *Date:* 28 June 62, according to Forster.

I finished my readings on Friday night to an enormous hall[†1]—nearly £200. The success has been throughout complete. It seems almost suicidal to leave off with the town so full, but I don't like to depart from my public pledge. A man from Australia[†2] is in London ready to pay £10,000 for eight months there. If——

To THE GOVERNORS OF SIR JOSEPH WILLIAMSON'S FREE SCHOOL, ROCHESTER, 30 JUNE 1862

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Thirtieth June 1862

Gentlemen.

Reverting to a proposal already made in general terms by my solicitor Mr. Ouvry of Lincoln's Inn Fields London, to Messrs. Essell[†3] and Co.[†4] I beg to submit my application to you in detail.

It is that you will have the kindness to consider the feasibility of exchanging the field at the back of my property here (marked 404 in the accompanying plan) for the plot of land marked 384 in the said plan.

I believe it will appear to you on enquiry that the land I offer in exchange for the meadow is very advantageously situated, and is of greater extent than the meadow, and would be of greater value to the Institution whose interests you represent. On the other hand the acquisition of the meadow as a freehold would render my little property more compact and complete.[†5]

I have the honor to be | Gentlemen
Your faithful and obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To
The Governors of

Sir Joseph Williamson's Free School
Rochester.

To JOHN FORSTER, [JUNE 1862]

Extract in F, I, iii, 39. *Date:* June 62, according to Forster.

I must entreat you, to pause for an instant, and go back to what you know of my childish days, and to ask yourself whether it is natural that something of the

character formed in me then, and lost under happier circumstances, should have reappeared in the last five years. The never-to-be-forgotten misery of that old time bred a certain shrinking sensitiveness in a certain ill-clad, ill-fed child, that I have found come back in the never-to-be-forgotten misery of this later time.

July

To THOMAS BAYLIS, 2 JULY 1862

MS British Library. *Address:* Thomas Baylis Esquire | Thames Bank | Fulham | London S.W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Second July, 1862

My Dear Mr. Baylis

I have been in France, and in London, and in other parts of Kent than this, and everywhere but here, for weeks and weeks. Pray excuse my not having (for this reason specially) answered your kind note sooner.

After carefully cross-examining my daughter, I do NOT[†1] believe her to be worthy of the Fernery.[†2] Last autumn we transplanted into the shrubbery, a quantity of evergreens previously clustered close to the front of the house, and trained more ivy about the wall, and the like. When I ask her where she would have the Fernery and what she would do with it, the witness falters—turns pale—becomes confused—and says "perhaps it would be better not to have it at all." I am quite confident that the constancy of the young person is not to be trusted, and that she had best attach her Fernery to one of her chateaux in Spain, or one of her English castles in the Air. None the less do I thank you for your more than kind proposal.

We have been in great anxiety respecting Miss Hogarth, the sudden decline of whose health and spirit has greatly distressed us. Although she is better than she was, and the Doctors are on the whole cheerful, she requires great care and fills us with apprehension.[†3] The necessity of providing change for her, will probably take us across the water very early in the Autumn; and this again unsettles home-schemes here, and withers many kinds of fern.

If they knew (by "they" I mean my daughter and Miss Hogarth) that I was writing to you, they would charge me with many messages of regard. But as I am shut up in my room, in a ferocious and unapproachable condition, owing to the great accumulation of letters I have to answer, I will tell them at lunch that I have anticipated their wish. As I know they have Bills for me to pay and are at present shy of producing them, I wish to preserve a gloomy and repellent reputation.

My Dear Mr. Baylis | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. CHARLES B. GIBSON,[†1] 2 JULY 1862*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Second July, 1862

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for the book[†2] you have had the kindness to forward to me, and which (by reason of my having been in France), I have only this day received.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Charles B Gibson

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 JULY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Second July, 1862

My Dearest Macready

I have been again and again going to write to you to tell you with what pleasure and interest I heard of that noble Old Parr's[†3] dropping the two last consonants in his name![†4] But incessant occupation, and a new cause for anxiety, have led to my laying down a new large piece of pavement in the infernal regions.[†5] I am quite an extensive contractor in that wise!

The Readings have been surprisingly successful in London. I leave off with great reluctance, and, but that I cannot bear to break faith with the public, ought to have run on into the Autumn.

The new cause of anxiety at which I have hinted, is the sudden decline of the health and spirit of Georgina. She is labouring under degeneration of the heart. Elliotson[†6] is very hopeful of her, and she is

certainly better than she was; but I (who know her best, I think) see much in her that fills me with uneasiness. The

change that two months have made, is extraordinarily great. All that alacrity and "cheer of spirit" that used to distinguish her, are gone. She is quite unfit, even for the distraction and disturbance consequent on the presence of a few visitors in the house. And she is very low about herself, almost as soon as one has ceased to speak to her, after brightening her up. My present project is, to remove to Paris early in the Autumn, for a couple of months of complete change. You may imagine with what solicitude Mary, Katie and I watch the condition of our best and dearest friend—the most unselfish, zealous, and devoted creature that ever lived on earth, I thoroughly believe. No one can ever know what she has been to us, and how she has supplied an empty place and an ever widening gap, since the girls were mere dolls.

The prospect of seeing you here, fills all the house with joy, and Georgina most of all.

John Doe and Richard Roe[†1] shall have my best attention. I have taken cordially to the physiognomy of the book, and am going to lie on my back under an oak tree (when it doesn't rain—which it always does), and read it out, at a sitting. Pray thank Mr. Gould[†2] very gratefully, from me, for his kind remembrance, and tell him what you know of me as a ready and attentive audience.

With best loves to dear Mrs. Macready, and Katie, and Butty (the beloved of my Soul), and the Deposed Johnny, and the Usurper.[†3]

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 2 JULY 1862

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Second July, 1862

My Dear Ouvry

"Young Essell"[†4] dined here yesterday, and communicated the intelligence generally described in the enclosed note from Cobb;[†5] Essell and Co. will communicate with you, and I apprehend we shall get the field without much difficulty.

Now the question arises, what shall we do about the land which the Lord has bestowed on Brooker.[†1] He (Brooker) was here yesterday afternoon and saw my daughter and said that I could not have possession of the land until Michaelmas twelvemonth, as his brother would not give it up;[†2] but that I could buy it now, if I chose, and "compensation" should be finally made me for the loss of that term's interest of

the money. He wished to be informed what I thought about it. Will you write to him, according to your opinion?[†3] His address is simply Mr. Brooker, Higham, by Rochester.

I could purchase both the pieces of ground without inconvenience, as I have the money in the funds. But I don't care to have Land, because I don't understand it, and because that sort of proprietorship is not in my way, and seems to me to put a public man of my notoriety—with a good natured reputation—at a disadvantage with tenants. But if you think Brooker's land so good an investment and so desirable to hold against Horne (who has a long head and a scheme) as to outweigh this consideration, I shall at once defer to your opinion.

The matter with Brooker of course presses.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 3 JULY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Third July, 1862

My Dear Letitia

I saw that Paragraph in the Times[†4] about the Pension granted to Miss Robinson.[†5] More than that; Miss Robinson wrote to me, to thank me for my assistance in getting it!—I cannot in the least remember who she is, or what she has written; but it is clear I must have signed her application.[†6] As I have forgotten all about it, I suppose it to have been originally made some time ago.

I also saw about Mrs. Cross[†1]—a personage quite unknown to me by name.

How these people come to be informed of their fortune, I don't know. But I rather fear that it has an unpromising look for us.

Georgina is better; but we have cause for great anxiety about her. She is suffering from degeneration of the heart, and has quite lost her alacrity and strength.

The Readings ended with a most tremendous crowd and great enthusiasm. I came back for the last one from a week's wandering in the strangest towns in France, and I go back again for another adventure next week—this day week, probably.

With love | Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER [6 JULY 1862]

Extract in F, I, i, 11-12. *Date:* 6 July 62, according to Forster.

You know me better than any other man does, or ever will.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE,[†2] 7 JULY 1862

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | 69 Dean Street | Soho | London | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh July, 1862

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke

I am very angry with you and your other Half[†3] for having the audacity to go to my readings without first writing to me. And if I had not been in France since I read last, and were not going back there immediately, I would summon you both to come to this Falstaff-Ground and receive the reward of your misdeeds.

Here are the two green leaves on my table here, as green as ever.[†4] They have not blushed for your conduct at Saint James's Hall, but they would have done it if they could.

With indignant regard, Believe me ever

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Cowden Clarke

To JOSEPH JOACHIM,[†1] 7 JULY [1862]*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. *Date:* 7 July was a Monday in 1862.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh July.

My Dear Mr Joachim

They tell me here that you have not read "Great Expectations", and that you were looking for it in the Library the other day. I have instructed my publishers to send you a copy of the book, and I beg your acceptance of it in remembrance of its author.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, 7 JULY 1862

MS National Library of Scotland.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh July, 1862

My Dear Knowles.

I have received your letter here, and answer it hastily for a reason that will explain itself.

I am away to France forthwith, for a holiday, and am not likely to be in London for many weeks to come.[†2] It is some years since I was last across the channel,[†3] and I am going on a little tour of observation that may keep me wandering for some time.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Sheridan Knowles Esquire

To GABRIEL LEGOUVÉ,[†1] 7 JULY 1862*

MS M. Jean Paladilhe.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh July, 1862

My Dear M. Legouvé

I could not easily tell you, if I were to try, with what pleasure and interest I have received your letter, or how earnestly I admire your eloquent and affecting tribute to the noble Manin.[†2] I have read your verses with tears in my eyes, and feel personally grateful to you for so beautifully expressing the homage of a generous heart to a great and good gentleman.

The pleasant hours I passed in your society when I was last resident in Paris,[†3] have often recurred to my remembrance. I hope to renew them in the months of October and November next, when I hope to stay in Paris once more, bringing with me my eldest daughter and her Aunt.

If you come to London in the course of this month, will you kindly send your address to my office, 26 Wellington Street, Strand. It is uncertain when I may be in London, as I am now going on a little Tour in Belgium. But if I should be so fortunate as to return to England while you are in London, I shall try to persuade you to come and pass a day in this pretty country where I live; it is little more than an hour's journey by Railroad.

Meanwhile and always, Believe me
Your faithful friend | and admirer
CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur Legouvé

To G. K. WHAMMOND,[†4] 7 JULY 1862*

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh July, 1862

Sir

Your letter of the Thirtieth of last month, apprises me that I owe you an apology. I very readily pay it and beg you to accept it.

The copy of your publication which accompanied that letter, duly reached me.[†5] But neither of the two previous copies came into my hands, though it is

possible that they reached my office. Its daily receipts in such wise are far too extensive to be within my personal knowledge.

The facetious paper for which I am obliged to you,[†1] I have found very amusing and very well written. Some few of the local allusions I want the clue to (as an Outer Saxon), but I have enjoyed its humourous and not ill-natured spirit, and am happy to tell you so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. K. Whammond Esquire[†2]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 8 JULY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eighth July, 1862

My Dear Letitia.

It is quite clear that our uncertainty as to the Pension, can last but a very little longer. As soon as we have got an end to it, we will take counsel together what to do for the best.

Early on Thursday morning I am going to Paris; but I purpose being back again certainly within a week.

I hope Georgina is a little better.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 JULY 1862

Mention in N, III, 300; dated Gad's Hill Place, 9 July 62.

To R. BERNAL OSBORNE, 16 JULY 1862*

Text from transcript by Mark Girouard of MS Mrs Silcock.

Gad's Hill Place
Wednesday Night, Sixteenth July, 1862

Dear Bernal Osborne

I have been in Paris, and went away at short notice. Before going, I asked my daughter to write to you and remind you that you had said you would come down here at some odd time.

(You see that I remember our compact at Lady Molesworth's)

As I cannot quite make out from my said daughter whether she made, or even attempted to make, the case clear to you, I send you this note to state it. I came back only last night.

From this time until next Wednesday, I shall be here. From next Wednesday until the following Saturday evening, I shall be away. If you should have leisure—and inclination—to make us a visit, this is an expansive little house and a comfortable one and we can give you a country bedroom and a hearty welcome. Higham Station is little more than one hour from London Bridge, and I will meet you at it whenever you can come. Observe once more:— I am here until Wednesday—away until the Saturday afterwards—after that, here again.

Believe me always | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bernal Osborne Esq.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 18 JULY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Eighteenth July 1862

My Dear Letitia

Say Wednesday, here, at any time you like from a quarter before 11 until 2. I heartily feel for your sorrow on your wedding-day.[†1] Georgina had thought of it and spoken of it to me.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 18 JULY 1862*

MS (first page only) Johns Hopkins University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Eighteenth July 1862

My Dear Sir

You do not tell me, as to the Christmas Books,[†2] how many illustrations you want in all.[†3] If you will let me know, here on Wednesday morning, you shall have them all on that day.

With thanks for the offer of illustrations to the Child's History, I think it would not be advisable to use any that have already appeared elsewhere.[†4] I will defer the question of reprinting it, until I shall have gone over our Midsummer accounts.[†5]

To THE HON. MRS R. MONCKTON MILNES,[†1] 18 JULY 1862*

MS (copy) Trinity College, Cambridge. *Address*: Mrs Milnes | 16 Upper Brook Street | Grosvenor Square | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, | KENT.
Friday Eighteenth July 1862

My dear Mrs. Milnes

I think the photograph of your charming labour of love from the Cricket comes out exceedingly well:[†2] though it does not render full justice to the delicacy and beauty of your design. It is highly interesting to me to have it, and I thank you for it heartily.

Pray convey my kind regards to Milnes. I am exceedingly sorry to hear of his being ill.

I am glad you liked Copperfield. It is far more interesting to me than any of the other Readings, and I am half ashamed to confess—even to you—what a tenderness I have for it!

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOSEPH MORRIS,[†3] 18 JULY 1862*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Eighteenth July 1862

Sir

In reply to your letter of the day before yesterday, I beg to say that I am willing to hold the house No. 4 Grafton Terrace[†3] under the conditions of the existing agreement between us, at the advanced rent of which you have given me notice, from Michaelmas next.[†4]

Your obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. J. Morris

To MR SMYTH,[†5] 18 JULY 1862*

MS Boston Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Eighteenth July, 1862

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Smyth, and begs to thank Mr. Smyth for his obliging note and humourous piece.

To FELIX SPIERS,[†1] 19 JULY 1862

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Apr 1977; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 19 July 62.

Courteously declining an offer.[†2] In bringing our business to an end, let me again assure you that it has inspired me with a great respect for the open and plain dealing of your House.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 20 JULY 1862*

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twentieth July, 1862

My Dear Cerjat.

With what unspeakable amazement did I find your letter here last night!

Answer me this—and presently:— Cannot you and your daughters come to us next Sunday, or next Saturday afternoon, until Monday? You will be as quiet here as at Lausanne, and can be restored to your sightseeing and your training for idiotcy by 10 minutes past 10 on Monday morning. We are little more than an hour from London, by North Kent Railway from London Bridge. Train *to Higham* can be settled, and I will be at the station to drive you up here. Shake up those bewildered brains, take counsel with the fair energetic sight seers, and reply Yes. Observe why I want a written answer instead of coming to you. I

am obliged to remain here—for visitors—until Wednesday morning, and then I am obliged to go away on a distant engagement until Saturday afternoon. Write therefore my addled friend, and tell me on which day you will come.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 20 JULY 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twentieth July, 1862

My Dear Wilkie.

I heard from Frank Beard that you had been taking Walter's pills out of the coal-scuttle; not finding any other convenient instrument in the Fort House[†1] large enough for a dose. But I rejoice to learn that you are all right now, and able to appreciate the house of houses.

Georgina continuing to alarm me, and both Beard and I doubting Elliotson to be mistaken, we have had (unknown to him) a consultation with Dr. Billing.[†2] He says it is plainly a case of aneurism of the aorta, and that the swelling presses on a bronchial tube and roughens the breathing, and presses on the spinal cord and produces a slight tendency towards paralysis. He does not apprehend danger, as she has no hard work to do and can be kept quiet. But unless I greatly mistake a face, Beard is less hopeful. And so, I confess to you, am I in my secret heart. No man on earth ever had such a friend as I have had—and have—in her.

What with this anxiety, and what with my own old load (of which you know something) I am become so restless that I cannot answer for any thing. But I hope to give you notice of a day at Broadstairs yet.[†3] We purpose going to Paris in October—not sooner. Sometimes, in a desperate state, I seize a pen, and resolve to precipitate myself upon a story. Then I get up again with a forehead as gnarled as the oak tree outside the window, and find all the lines in my face that ought to be on the blank paper.

Meanwhile the rain pours down and down, and the wind blows most furiously, and the French Mail can't get across (think of that—last Thursday—in mid July!), and your house rocks, as I have felt it often. Yesterday the labouring men here played a Cricket Match in the field, and they looked as if they were working a January passage across the Atlantic. All the flowers, and half the leaves, are blown away; and Mrs. Bouncer coming out on the lawn staggering, with her hair all blown the wrong way, looks as if she had "tumbled up" the companion to take the sun at noon. Not that there *is* any sun to take, but that there might be.

That infernal Church[†4] of yours will be the death of me. An enthusiastic female living at a house called Maisonette, writes me a sentimental letter every week, for

a subscription. Also, her husband, "honorary architect", sends drawings of the proposed Clock. These I destroy with fury, and maintain a grim silence.

Will you send me the Second Volume[†1] to the office, as soon as I may and can have it? I am all impatience to read it. You will see on Wednesday week, a very curious little paper called Balloon Mad.[†2] It is a real experience of Morley's, and strikes me as being very pretty and pitiable.[†3] The Prison matron,[†4] very well done by Mrs. Linton,[†5] in the same No.

I have been reading Le Théâtre[†6] Impossible, by Edmond About.[†7] And I can't say much for it. They advised me here, to read "A Romance of a Dull Life."[†8] I tried. But coming into the Dull Life immediately, and finding the Romance indefinitely postponed, I left off again.

The Demon[†9] is here, and grows (you will be interested in knowing) exactly like a Pre-Raphaelite she-saint, or Virgin. With her beastly little head on one side as she twines at the table, and a pickled eel disporting itself in her bowels, she looks as religious as the National Gallery, also a certain blueness in her complexion and a general corkscrewing in her *pose*, materially heighten the illusion. Worms of various species are her meat, and Vinegar her drink; and after whopping Tizzy, the Groom's child, yesterday behind a door, she emerged to say that she hadn't done it, "because it were her dooty to dough unto others as she would have them dough unto her".—I am lying by for an opportunity of tipping her backwards down the Tunnel steps.[†10]

So no more at present from Yours ever affectionately

CD.

To R. BERNAL OSBORNE, 20 JULY 1862*

Text from transcript by Mark Girouard of MS Mrs Silcock.

Gad's Hill Place
Sunday Twentieth July, 1862

Dear Bernal Osborne

Unfortunately we shall have some friends here on Tuesday, and have not a chance between that day and the end of the month. Nor is there, I fear, any

hope of Ireland[†1] this year. We remain here until October, and then go to Paris; and we have an anxious house, and shall have an anxious time wherever we are, in consequence of the failing health of my daughter's aunt and fellow-housekeeper, to whom we are bound by unusual ties of gratitude and affection

Still it gives me pleasure to hope—indefinitely—to renew my knowledge of Mrs. Bernal Osborne. It is like enough that *you* will be brought back to London against your will, and then you may perhaps come here. What with that set of mean maniacs across the Atlantic, and the politico-economical

draughtmen who have been pushed into the strangest squares on that board down in Lancashire,[†2] it strikes me as probable that the only genuine Englishman alive or dead (so I am told I must consider Palmerston, whether I like it or not) may want to transfer some of his responsibility to the faithful commons.

Very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN THOMPSON, 21 JULY 1862

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty First July, 1862

Dear John.

Will you send me by Mr. Frank tomorrow (Tuesday) evening—the black travelling-bag off my dressing-room table—the wideawake travelling hat hanging up in that room—the drab travelling coat and waistcoat hanging up in the wardrobe—and the waterproof coat and straps hanging up in my room on the first floor, by my writing table.

You can open the black bag (the key is tied to it) and take out a large book— the largest book in the bag—in one Volume—and lay it on the book case. Then there will be room to put the coat and waistcoat and hat, into the bag.

Don't forget anything

Yours
CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, [?22 JULY 1862]

Mention in *To* Mrs Austin, 27 July 62. *Date:* probably written on 22 July, to change the next day's appointment.

To J.T. FIELDS, [?22 JULY 1862]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

Introducing Frederick Lehmann[†1] *to Fields.*

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 22 JULY 1862

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Tuesday Twenty Second July, 1862

My Dear Lehmann

I write in the greatest haste, being pressed by all manner of business and botheration.

Here is a note to Fields who is a capital fellow and of strong English sympathy. So many years have passed since I was at Boston, and so many of the people whom I knew there have gone to that Far Far West which is behind the Sun and Moon, that I cannot hurriedly recall any other likely names.

Heaven speed you in that distracted land of troublesome vagabonds![†2]

Faithfully Always

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 27 JULY 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Seventh July, 1862

My Dear Letitia

I am much concerned to find that you went to—and waited at—the office on Wednesday. In good time and carefully, I had written to you at Grove Terrace, substituting an appointment for *tomorrow morning.* I shall be in town tomorrow morning, if the Train keep its time, at ½ past 10;—That is to say, at the office by that hour.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 27 JULY 1862†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Seventh July, 1862

My Dear Wilkie. I shall be at Dover at ½ past 3 (as nearly as I the punctual one can calculate) next Monday (Monday)[†1] afternoon. Supposing I were to take a Fly and come over to you until Wednesday morning, when the Forsters are coming here, might that suit your Book—literally as well as figuratively?

When I say "next Monday", I am an Ass. I mean, Monday the 4th. of August.

—Or would you do this?—Would you and yours[†2] [†a](Butler[†3] of course included)[†a] come over in a Fly from Broadstairs, and dine with me at the Warden,[†4] and then we would all go back to Broadstairs together?

Answer to the office: so that I may find your note there on Wednesday morning when I make up. I will then arrange accordingly. Of course if you are busy, you will no more hesitate to say so to me than I should, if I were writing a book, hesitate to say so to you.

[†b]Georgina, very, very poorly. Excruciating pain in the left breast is the last symptom. It seized her at dinner yesterday, and she seems to me—but I may not understand the case—to grow steadily worse.[†b]

Ever affectionatey

CD.

To R. H. HORNE, 29 JULY 1862

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address: Australia* | R.H. Horne Esquire | Care of the City Treasurer | Town Hall | Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth July 1862

My Dear Horne.

I am sincerely obliged to you for your considerate letter, and should unquestionably have been guided by it if I had pursued the offer made to me by Messrs. Spiers and Pond.[†5] But I have declined it altogether. Into the many reasons which have influenced me, it is not necessary here to enter. It is enough that I feel quite as much indebted to you for your suggestions as if it were still in abeyance, and that I thank you cordially.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Horne Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 29 JULY 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twenty Ninth July, 1862

My Dear Ouvry

If I understand Brooker's stakes, I think he has staked off too much of that land about the forge.[†1] His marks seem to set apart, not only the forge itself and the access thereto, but a piece of garden ground about it. Said piece of garden ground seems to me to have nothing in reason to do with the forge.

I have been away from here for some days. Shall be at the office tomorrow.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To HENRY WRIGHT,[†2] 29 JULY 1862

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth July, 1862

Dr. Sir

As your name is the first on the list of signatures to the little address I have had the pleasure of receiving—on my return home after a short absence—from the greater part of the players in the Match the other day, I address my reply to you.

I beg you to assure the rest that it will always give me great pleasure to lend my meadow for any such good purpose, and that I feel a sincere desire to be a good friend to the working men in this neighbourhood. I am always interested in their welfare, and am always heartily glad to see them enjoying rational and healthful recreation.

It did not escape my notice that some expressions were used the other day which would have been better avoided. But I dismissed them from my mind as being probably unintentional, and certainly opposed to the general good feeling and good sense.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. H. Wright.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 30 JULY 1862

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirtieth July 1862

My Dear Wilkie. Here is a beastly thing! Mary has reminded me of her having engaged me (which I had totally forgotten), to dine with the Mallesons on Tuesday. I *must* go. Never mind! We will make the most of Monday, and I must get home by some monstrous combination of Trains on Tuesday. I think I am safe

to be with you in time for dinner at halfpast 6 on Monday. I will come over from Dover by as Express a Fly as my Dear Birmingham[†1] can supply me with.

Ever affecy.

CD.

August

To THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, [?EARLY AUGUST 1862]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written shortly before that letter.

Enquiring about Mrs Austin's pension.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 7 AUGUST 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Seventh August 1862

My Dear Letitia

I wrote to Lord Shaftesbury.

I also went to Coutts's about the Annuity. The certificates to be got and the forms to be gone through, would drive you mad. I have therefore sent the papers to my Solicitors (Messrs. Farrer Ouvry and Farrer 66 Lincolns Inn Fields), and have begged them to instruct a clerk to do all that is necessary. If they want you—they may, for one appointment—they will write to you. I have begged them not to delay.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES A. COLE,[†1] 7 AUGUST 1862

MS Mr F.S. Johnson

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Seventh August, 1862

My Dear Cole.

Many thanks for your letter. But I have at present too many domestic anxieties and pre-occupations, to leave me liberty for such an enterprise.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles A Cole Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 7 AUGUST 1862*

MS Heritage Book Shop, Los Angeles.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Seventh August, 1862

My Dear Ouvry.

I think it will be best if *you* will send some sharp-eyed subordinate to deal with Old Piety.[†3] Don't you think, paying that price, that the staked-off part should by no means comprise ground upon which the Servant of the Lord could build a house? No notion of a house was started when you and I saw him. I remember well (I think) that his apostolic words were, "the few rods of ground on which the forge stands."

The enclosed form is well known to you, no doubt. I got it from Coutts's yesterday, preparatory to buying a small annuity with a Thousand Pounds (all the Estate to which I am executor) for my widowed sister Mrs Henry Austin. Her name is Letitia, daughter of John and Elizabeth Dickens, and she was christened, or baptized, or done something to in that wise, at the little old Marylebone Church in High Street Marylebone, which is Hogarth's church in the Rake's Progress. She is 47 on the 23rd. of April next. Will you instruct a clerk to get these forms filled up? If she herself be wanted, her present address is 6 Grove Terrace Notting Hill, W. I want to close the business with all convenient speed.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, 7 AUGUST 1862

MS Benoliel Collection

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Seventh August, 1862

My Dear Owen.

I have been reading with unspeakable interest and pleasure, your charming little book on the extent and aims of a National Museum of Natural History.[†1] Pray tell me who is the adventurous creature who made that astounding statement referred to in the footnote page 35, regarding what "students and scientific men greatly prefer".[†2] A malignant desire is upon me to ticket that specimen of an infernal genus.

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, 10 AUGUST 1862*

MS Mrs M.C. Armstrong.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Tenth August, 1862

My Dear Duff Gordon

I shall be delighted to have the letters for All The Year Round.[†3] As I know they will be excellent, it is surely unnecessary to send them to me with the matter in them that is to be omitted. If you will let me have some copied out as Lady Duff Gordon (to whom my kindest regard and congratulation) wishes them to appear, I will send them to the printer and begin at once. I would recommend their *not* retaining the epistolary form.

Address me here, and the MS will come at once under my own care. And many thanks beforehand.

Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon

To VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, 13 AUGUST 1862*

MS Public Record Office.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Thirteenth August, 1862

My Lord

I take the liberty of entreating your Lordship's attention to a Memorial[†1] presented to you on behalf of my sister Mrs. Austin, widow of the late Mr. Henry Austin of the Local Government Act office, Civil Engineer.

That Memorial was presented to your Lordship some months since, and it set forth the public services of the late Mr. Austin, and the worldly circumstances of his widow, and suggested her to your Lordship as a fit subject for a small Pension on the Civil List. It was a Memorial of a special nature in respect of the official signatures and recommendations appended to it.

The date and the circumstances of Mr. Austin's death caused the Memorial to be presented very late, with any reference to the Pensions granted in the present year; and I beg to convey to your Lordship the assurance that I am not so unreasonable as to suppose that the application has been neglected. I simply desire to renew it, and respectfully to urge it on your consideration; confident that the document itself will be my sufficient excuse whenever your leisure will admit of your having the great kindness to refer to it.

I have the honor to be | My Lord | Your very obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Hon: Viscount Palmerston First Lord of the Treasury

To VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, [13] AUGUST 1862*

MS Public Record Office. *Date:* "Thirtieth" CD's error for 13th, as next letter.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Thirtieth August, 1862

My Lord.

Lord Shaftesbury has been so kind as to offer (in a letter I have received from him this morning, dated at Spa)[†2] to present this note to you. On consideration I do not think that I have a right so to trouble either him or you, and that the possibility of your having some public knowledge of my name may be enough for me to trust to as my excuse in addressing you privately.

I merely desire my Lord to let you know that I have ventured to address a short letter to you today in your high official character, intreating your attention to a Memorial presented to you some months since, in behalf of Mrs. Austin, an applicant for a pension on the Civil List, who is the widow of the late Mr. Henry

Austin, Civil Engineer, who died in the exercise of his duties as an important officer under the Local Government Act.

Mrs. Austin is my sister. I mention the fact to explain my interest in her case, and for that purpose only.

And all I take the liberty to ask of you, my Lord, is, that you will have the goodness to refer to the Memorial in Mrs. Austin's behalf, as one which I believe to be recommended in an unusual and strong manner, and on public grounds. Allow me to add that it was unavoidably presented late, and that I am perfectly free from the slightest suspicion that it has been overlooked or slighted.

I have the honor to be | My Lord | Your faithful and obedient Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Hon: Viscount Palmerston.[†1]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 13 AUGUST 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirteenth August, 1862

My Dear Letitia

I this morning received the enclosed note[†2] from Lord Shaftesbury. It seems to me that there is Hope in it.

Of course I lost not a moment in writing, both officially and privately, to Lord Palmerston. Both the letters go from here by tonight's post.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 23 AUGUST 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Third August, 1862.

My Dear Letitia.

I found your two letters, on returning here yesterday evening.[†3] If I should not hear from you again before posting this tomorrow, I will address this to the Notting Hill direction.

Being informed by my Solicitors, after they had discovered the Register of your Birth,[†1] that if *I* went to the National Debt Office and made a declaration on your behalf you would not have to attend personally, I went up to London with that especial object, the day before I left here—yesterday week. There still remained a form or two for Coutts's people to observe, but I ended the real business and bought the Annuity. Its exact amount I do not know, because I have not yet received from Coutts's, the formal contract by which the Commissioners of the National Debt bind themselves to pay it. But I made the sum an even Thousand Pounds, and the calculation is so far better than we supposed, that it is made from your last Birthday and not from your next.

I have received from Lord Palmerston the assurance that your Memorial is *not* disposed of, but that it shall be duly considered when the next pensions are allotted;—that it is reserved for that purpose. The chance is certainly not lost. Of that, there is no doubt.

Georgina, I am happy to say, continues much better.

Ever affecy.

CD.

P. S. Sunday.

Your letter received this morning. I will be at the office on *Wednesday*, from 11 to 1. Enclosed is a bill, posted here yesterday.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 AUGUST 1862]

Extract in F, IX, vii, 751*n*. *Date:* 25 Aug 62, according to Forster.

I am trying to coerce my thoughts into hammering out the Christmas number.[†2] And I have an idea of opening a book (not the Christmas number—a book) [†a]by bringing together two strongly contrasted places and two strongly contrasted sets of people, with which and with whom the story is to rest, through the agency of an electric message.[†3] I think a fine thing may be made of the message itself shooting over the land and under the sea,[†a] and it would be a curious way of sounding the keynote.

To HENRY PARKES,[†1] 26 AUGUST 1862

MS Mitchell Library, Sydney.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Sixth August, 1862

Sir

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of your very obliging letter, and its accompanying Report and Evidence.[†2] I have perused that public document with great interest, and not a little horror, and with a sincere admiration of the spirit in which the whole enquiry was conducted. It is very honorable to the gentlemen concerned and to the great country they represent.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Parkes Esquire

To SAMUEL LOVER, 27 AUGUST 1862

MS W. A. Foyle.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Seventh August 1862

My Dear Lover.

Delighted to retain the little piece[†3] for insertion this day fortnight. Mr. Wills will add to this note, the business-acknowledgment of the poem.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Lover Esquire

September

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 1 SEPTEMBER 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday September First, 1862

Dear Sir

As Mr. Holsworth[†4] has invented Monday Week for me in some wild fancy of his brain, please send the accounts to me *here.*

Yes, by all means, as to Mr. Stone's[†1] frontispiece for the next Edition of Great Expectations.[†2] But I think that, to make it look well, there should be a Vignette Title Page too.[†3]

I have not heard from Mr. Lever, but it is not in the least likely that he has mistaken what I wrote to him at the time as settled between us. It was set forth in the plainest manner.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

Fredk Chapman Esquire.

Over[†4]

To JOHN HILLS,[†5] 1 SEPTEMBER 1862

Text from N, III, 302-3.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday, First September, 1862

Dear Sir,

Coming home here on Saturday night from a visit at a distance[†6] I found your letter. I have not the faintest notion what it means, otherwise than that I suppose it somehow to originate in the mistaken idea— a very common one— that it is possible for me, or for any one individual, to transact the whole business of a great periodical.

No word of you having been at the office has ever reached me. No intelligence of your having offered, or having been interested in, any manuscript, has ever made its way to me, anyhow. My colleague and sub-editor Mr. Wills, being down here to-day on business, I have asked him to enlighten me, as no manuscript is mentioned in your letter by name, and as he has to do with scores upon scores of manuscripts every week, he is quite unable to suggest to me what you may mean. You will readily suppose that I cannot possibly be offended, though I should certainly be glad to know what is the matter.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 7 SEPTEMBER 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Seventh September 1862

My Dear Letitia.

I was going to ask you to tell me, from that Balance sheet you have (I kept no copy of it), what the Balance was, when it was made out. I shall then be able to tell you how much I added for the purchase of the Annuity.

It is not at all likely that I shall go back to Paris until I go with Mary and Georgina, at about the middle of October. I do not suppose there is the least chance of my going sooner.

You could cross from Newhaven to Dieppe (about four or five hours), and then get to Havre by Railway, I think. It is a bad passage enough, but all passages are bad. If I were going to Havre myself, I should try this course. For really to go all the way to Paris—a stranger in the land—and then to Havre, and even then to have two hours passage, seems a weary business.

Mother's rapid recovery is quite amazing.

Ever affecy,
CD.

To MRS MILNER GIBSON,[†1] 8 SEPTEMBER 1862*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighth September 1862

My Dear Mrs. Milner Gibson.

Many thanks for your kind letter and its pleasant intelligence. The case is one of high desert and I am sure the pension is well bestowed.[†2]

You know the cold winds of Nice? And is it quite a good place for your purpose? There are sheltered nooks about it (near it, I mean) of unquestionable salubrity, but I rather doubt its winds and its dust.

Georgy and Mary send kindest love. I was at Broadstairs a few weeks ago (to see Wilkie Collins, who has the Fort House), and, saving that the people looked so many years more mercenary, and that the

boatmen have become so many years more idle and drunken, it was very little changed from the old time when you lived at Strevens's.[†3]

Marion Ely[†1] has been staying here a few days, and is but a few days gone. She was looking wonderfully well and young. We talked about you, when I little thought to hear from you presently.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 8 SEPTEMBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighth September 1862

My Dear Ouvry

Another neighbour of mine here (a gentleman, but very knowing in the neighbourhood)[†2] says he does not doubt that I can get £4 an acre rent for that land of the pious Brooker's. He suggests, if the purchase is to be made, that it would be important to get Brooker to give his tenant notice to quit before Michaelmas—supposing the purchase should be not completed in time to qualify me to do so.

Enclosed is the cheque due the day after tomorrow to Mrs. Dickens.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To THOMAS HEADLAND, 9 SEPTEMBER 1862

Text from transcript by C. Burton, owner in 1901.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Ninth September, 1862[†3]

My Dear Headland

I should like to have a little talk with you concerning the feasibility of some Paris Readings.[†4] Say nothing on the subject yet, to anyone.

Could you come down here, any day this week? I shall be away from next Monday to Thursday, both inclusive, probably. But until Monday I am here, and after Thursday in next week. In making your arrangements, remember that our dinner hour is 6, and that a Room is at your service and always ready.

Faithfully Yours

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 10 SEPTEMBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Tenth September 1862

My Dear Ouvry.

Cobb wrote me that he willingly undertook the stake functions,[†1] and since then I have heard no word: I supposed Old Barebones's[†2] solicitor to have been in communication with you. Perhaps we had best keep quiet, as they make no sign? I told Cobb that the forge was to be staked off, and the means of access to it, and no more.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 14 SEPTEMBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fourteenth September 1862

My Dear Wills. I have received yours from the shores of Lethe, and expect you to come back in the fat and rank condition of the Weed that rots upon the Wharf[†3] there.

It will be a convenience to me to make up 2 Nos.[†4] on Thursday (subject, of course, to any substitution in the second, of a better or more appropriate paper, if any should come in), and towards this end, I shall appear with a host of proofs.

Trollope's story[†5] is *exceedingly good*; highly picturesque and full of interest. But he mars the end by over-anticipating it, and I have changed it there, a good deal.

I think Lever will be fair:— at any rate I will take good care that he is not foul.[†6] Have ready for me, all that is come of his Narrative.[†7]

You will be perhaps a little surprised (and not disagreeably) to learn that I have done the opening and end of the Xmas No. (!)[†8] and that I mean soon to be at work on a pretty story for it.[†9] I think what I have done is exceedingly droll, [†a]and new[†a]. Circular letter to contributors, for said No. enclosed.

After the astounding and brilliant intelligence of Somebody's Luggage being already on and off the anvil, I leave you to take breath—if you can, in your †b(necessarily)†b breathless admiration of Yours†1

Ever Illustriously

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID SEPTEMBER 1862]

Extract in F, IX, i, 726. *Date:* He had finished the opening and concluding papers of "Somebody's Luggage" by 14 Sep (see last); he probably wrote this letter at about the same time.

I have been at work with such a will, that I have done the opening and conclusion of the Christmas number. They are done in the character of a waiter, and I think are exceedingly droll. The thread on which the stories are to hang, is spun by this waiter, and is, purposely, very slight; but has, I fancy, a ridiculously comical and unexpected end.†2 The waiter's account of himself includes (I hope) everything you know about waiters, presented humorously.

To CONTRIBUTORS TO *ALL THE YEAR ROUND,* 18 SEPTEMBER 1862*

MS (draft) Huntington Library.

†a18th. September 1862†a

My Dear

In inviting you to contribute to our Christmas No. I beg to send you Mr. Dickens's Memorandum of the range that may be taken this year. You will see that it is a wide one.

"The slight leading notion of the No. being devised with a view to placing as little restriction as possible on the fancies of my fellow-writers in it, there is again no limitation as to scene, or first person, or third person; nor is any reference to the season of the year essential."†3

"It is to be observed that the Tales are not supposed to be narrated to any audience, but are supposed to be in writing. How they come to be in writing, *requires no accounting for, whatever*.†4 Nothing to which they refer, can have

happened within Seven Years. If any contribution should be of a kind that would derive any force, or playfulness, or suggestiveness of any sort, from the pretence that it is incomplete—that the beginning is not there, or the end, or the middle, or any other portion—the pretence will be quite consistent with the general idea of the No."†1

The mechanical necessities of the publication will oblige us to close our list on †aSaturday the 8th. November.

I remain, Faithfully Yours[†a]

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 18 SEPTEMBER 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighteenth September 1862

My Dear Trollope.

The Dutchess Veronica[†2] is *most admirable*—a masterly picture, painted with knowledge, and Art, and Everything to make it glowing and striking.

I have begged Wills to send you the proofs, in order that I may have your approval (or disapproval) of some excisions I have made on the New Year's Morning.[†3] It struck me strongly that some of La Maladetta Veronica's soliloquy on that horrible day, anticipated and weakened the catastrophe.[†4] Hence my endeavour to preserve for the catastrophe its full power and force.

Ever Believe me
(Very hastily at this present)
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T.A. Trollope Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 SEPTEMBER 1862

Mention in Merwyn-Clayton Sales Co. catalogue, May 1905; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 19 Sep 62.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 20 SEPTEMBER 1862

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 20 Sep 62.

Discussing the details of an arrangement by which Chapman & Hall are to buy a half share in the future copyrights of Great Expectations, A Tale of Two Cities *and* The Uncommercial Traveller *for which CD does not wish to put the price higher than* £1,500.[†1]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 20 SEPTEMBER 1862

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twentieth September 1862

My Dear Wilkie

I have gone through the Second Volume[†2] at a Sitting, and I find it *wonderfully fine*.[†3] It goes on with an ever-rising power and force in it, that fill me with admiration. It is as far before and beyond The Woman in White, as *that* was beyond the wretched common level of fiction-writing. There are some touches in the Captain,[†4] which no one but a born (and cultivated) Writer could get near—could draw within hail of. And the originality of Mrs. Wragge,[†5] without compromise of her probability, involves a really great achievement. But they are all admirable; Mr. Noel Vanstone[†6] and the house-keeper,[†7] both in their way as meritorious as the rest; Magdalen[†8] wrought out with truth, energy, sentiment, and passion, of the very first water.

I cannot tell you with what a strange dash of pride, as well as pleasure, I read the great results of your hard work. Because, as you know, I was certain from the Basil[†9] days, that you were the Writer who would come ahead of all the Field—being the only one who combined invention and power, both humourous and pathetic, with that invincible determination to work, and that profound conviction that nothing of worth is to be done without work, of which triflers and feigners have no conception.[†10]

I send the books back, by South Eastern Railway today.

There is one slight slip, occurring more than once, which you have not corrected. Magdalen "laid down", and I think some one else "laid down". It is clear that she must either lay herself down, or lie down. To lay is a verb active, and to lie down is a verb neuter. Consequently she lay down, or laid herself down.[†1]

It would be a very great pleasure to me if I could get to you once again at Broadstairs, but I fear it is not at all likely. I forget how long you stay there? [†a]Will you tell me?[†a] We purpose going to Paris on the 20th of October. I have half a mind to read in Paris when I *am* there; but this is as yet an unformed object in my thoughts.

You will not be able, I suppose, to do any little thing for the Xmas No.? I have done the introduction and Conclusion, and will send them you bye and bye, when the Printer shall have (thus Wills) "dealt with them". They are done in the character of a Waiter, and I think are very droll. The leading idea admits of any kind of contribution, and does not require it to be in any way whatever accounted for. Besides having this advantage, it is a comic defiance of the difficulty of a Xmas No. with an unexpected end to it. The name (between ourselves) is *Somebody's Luggage*.[†2]

Georgina keeps better, though she is very weak. She has been reading the book with the deepest interest, and sends her love and all my admiration—and really was so pleased to see how strongly I felt about it, that I think you would have been pleased to see *her*.

I have some rather miserable anxieties which I must impart one of these days when I come to you or you come to me. I shall fight out of them, I dare say: being not easily beaten—but they have gathered and gathered.

Leech dined here yesterday, Impromptu, and he, Georgy, and I, went to the Adelphi. Where Benjamin[†3] did some of the most amazingly inconsistent and bad things I ever saw, in a piece called One Touch of Nature—spoilt by his own hand from some French drama.[†4] Among other brilliant hits, he called his young Daughter—scene, the neighbourhood of Long Acre—"Madame", and was perpetually in a mental stagger between me, and himself, and some Frenchman whom he had seen do the part.[†5]

Wills sends kind regard.

Ever My Dear Wilkie | Affectionately Yours

CD.

To EDWARD LEVY,[†1] [21 SEPTEMBER 1862]

Mention in *To* Kent, 23 Sep 62. *Date:* written on "Sunday night", 21 Sep.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 22 SEPTEMBER 1862†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Night, Twenty Second September 1862

My Dear Letitia. I think there is no harm whatever in your trying the experiment. A home of some sort you must clearly have; and I think your unhappy (but most natural) state of mind, unsuited to visiting just now, not likely to be improved by it, and far better calculated to recover a better tone in quiet and with a familiar face.

As I am going on a visit myself next Wednesday for a week[†2] (on that day week I shall be at the office) I think it best to send you a cheque for £40.[†3] As the furniture-money is not at interest, there is no loss in your drawing so much, even if you do not want it.

[†a]I do not preach consolation because I am unwilling to preach at any time, and know my own weakness too well. But in this world there is no stay but the hope of a better, and no reliance but on the mercy and goodness of God. Through those two harbours of a shipwrecked heart, I fully believe that you will—in time—find a peaceful resting place even on this care worn earth. Heaven speed the time, and do you try hard to help it on! It is impossible to say but that our prolonged grief for the beloved Dead, may grieve them in their unknown abiding-place and give them trouble.[†a]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 23 SEPTEMBER 1862*

Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Charles W. Kent Esquire | Campden Grove | Kensington | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,

HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twenty Third September 1862

My Dear Kent.

I forget whether the autograph was to have been anything but a signature. I send a signature on the other side.[†4]

— X - 131 —

Your hurried departure did not make me forgetful of Mr. Edward Levy. I wrote to him on Sunday night, and my son posted the letter in town soon after 10 on Monday morning. On consideration, I think it must be some two months since he first applied to me on the subject of his newspaper's[†1] need.

I am delighted that your short holiday has left so pleasant an impression, and hope it may soon be followed by another.

Always Faithfully Yours
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 30 SEPTEMBER 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover
Thirtieth September 1862

My Dearest Macready. Your letter has been sent on to me here, to day. I am only here until tomorrow, with Georgina, to give her a change. She is much better and sends you her best love.

You say "about the 4th. or 5th. of October." Saturday will be the 4th. and Sunday the 5th. Can you not come to Gad's Hill from Saturday to Monday?[†2] It would be so very delightful to us. Reply to the office. We shall be at the office from tomorrow until Saturday, and would wait there to take you down with us. I shall be grievously disappointed if you "come" any of your old Parr shirks in this matter. Reply like what you are—"Have with you, Brother Boy!"

Will you tell Mrs. Macready with my love that I stand repentantly possessed of one of your Bath-Towels which John packed up by mistake when I left Cheltenham? My best love to Katie, and to Benvenuta, and to the noble Johnny, and to the gallant little stranger[†3]—whom I take on trust.

I write hastily, to save the evening's post. Observe. Reply to me at the office.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

October

To J. T. FIELDS, 2 OCTOBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Second October[†4] 1862

My Dear Fields. I have read that affecting paper[†5] you have had the kindness to send me, with strong interest and emotion. You may readily suppose that I have

been most glad and ready to avail myself of your permission to print it. I have placed it in our No. made up to-day, which will be published on the 18th. of this month—well before you—as you desire.

Think of reading in America? Lord bless you, I think of reading in the deepest depth of the lowest crater in the Moon, on my way there!

There is no sun-picture of my Falstaff House as yet,—but it shall be done, and you shall have it. It has been much improved internally, since you saw it.

I send my cordial regard to Mrs. Fields;[†1] and my daughter and sister in law would add messages if they were here. I expect Macready at Gad's Hill on Saturday. You know that his second wife (an excellent one) presented him lately with a little boy? I was staying with him for a day or two last winter, and, seizing an umbrella when he had the audacity to tell me he was growing old, made at him with Macduff's defiance.[†2] Upon which he fell into the old fierce guard, with the desperation of Thirty years ago.

Kind remembrances to all friends who kindly remember me

Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES LEVER, 2 OCTOBER 1862

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Second October 1862

My Dear Lever. I have received the assignments[†3] safely, and have handed them over to F. Chapman. It grieves me much to find you writing in such bad cheer, but I hope you are by this time better in every way.

We are obliged to hold Garibaldi[†4] over,—for the reason that an Italian Story (of quite another time) by T. A. Trollope is now in course of publication, that will last five weeks.[†5] And to have two Italian stories, and three Continuations, going on at once, would not do. But as the Garibaldi interest is certain not to evaporate,[†6] the postponement of that very good paper for so many weeks does not in the least signify.—Not to postpone the Needful as well as the Publication, I enclose a cheque for Thirty Guineas.

About the 20th. I am going to Paris for some six weeks or so. I fear there is little chance of your coming that way, while I am there with my Daughter and Sister in Law?[†7]

To THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON,[†1] 2 OCTOBER 1862*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Second October 1862

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to express his regret that his engagements will not admit of his accepting the invitation with which he is honored by the Mayor of Southampton.

To JAMES BIRTLES,[†2] 3 OCTOBER 1862*

MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Mr. James Birtles | Mr. Whitings.

Office
Friday Third October 1862

Dr. Mr. Birtles. Be so good as to make these corrections (I want the revise for Mr. Collins), and to send me Three pulls here.[†3]

Faithfully Yrs.
CD.[†4]

To A. H. LAYARD,[†5] 3 OCTOBER 1862*

MS Mr Tom Brown.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Third October 1862

My Dear Layard

I do not want to trouble Lord Russell[†6] about my son Frank, but I should very much like to know what the probabilities may be as to his time of waiting before he gets nominated into the Foreign Office.[†7]

Can you form any idea of this, or can you help me to form any for myself? If you can, I know you will. He was put down on Lord John's list, upwards of a year ago.

Believe me ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. H. Layard Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 4 OCTOBER 1862

MS Fales Library, New York University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourth October 1862

My Dear Wilkie. I write very hastily before going up to see the horrid Poole (who is ill) and then going home to Gad's. Enclosed are the first and last papers of the Xmas No. You will understand that the titles will be something like this.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE[†1]

His leaving it till called for	His Collar-Box
His Portmanteau	His Brown paper parcel
His Desk	His Dressing Case
His Boots	His Umbrella

His Wonderful End[†2]

I am doing a little French story for it, which reproduces (I think, to the Life) the ways and means of a dull fortified French town, full of French soldiers.[†3]

I will write another line in a day or two. Georgy is not quite so well, and I do not see my way. [†a]Mary is visiting—and is inscrutably unheard of—and that complicates me more.[†a]

Every Affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 OCTOBER 1862]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 693-4. *Date:* 5 Oct 62, according to Forster.

If it was not for the hope of a gain that would make me more independent of the worst,[†4] I could not look the travel and absence and exertion in the face. I know perfectly well beforehand how unspeakably wretched I should be. But these renewed and larger offers tempt me. I can force myself to go aboard a ship, and I can force myself to do at that reading-desk what I have done a hundred times; but whether, with all this unsettled fluctuating distress in my mind, I could force an original book out of it, is another question.[†5]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 7 OCTOBER 1862†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventh October 1862

My Dear Letitia.

It will be safest and best to destroy the cheque,[†1] by burning it. I put this remark in the foreground of my letter, as a precaution against forgetting it.

[†a]The one influencing consideration in all you do as to your disposition of yourself (coupled, of course, with a real earnest strenuous endeavour to recover the lost tone of spirit), is, that you think and feel you *can* do. I do not in the least regard your change of course in going to Havre, as any evidence of instability. But I rather hope it is likely that through such restlessness you will come to a far quieter state of mind. The disturbed mind and affections, like the tossed sea, seldom calm without an intervening time of confusion and trouble.

But nothing is to be attained without striving. In a determined effort to settle the thoughts, to parcel out the day, to find occupation regularly or to make it, to be up and doing Something, are chiefly to be found the mere mechanical means which *must* come to the aid of the best mental efforts.

It is a wilderness of a day, here, in the way of blowing and raining, and as darkly dismal (at 4 o'Clock) as need be. My head is but just now raised from a day's writing, but I will not lose the post without sending you a word.[†a]

We go to Paris next Monday week, unless anything should occur to alter our plans. Georgina is not quite so well: the defective beat in the heart (which had disappeared) having returned. Mary is away, visiting. [†a]Katie was here yesterday with her husband, just come back from Clara White's (that was), in Scotland. In the midst of her brilliant fortune, it is too clear to me that she is already beckoned away to follow her dead sisters. Macready was here, from Saturday evening to yesterday morning—older, but looking wonderfully well, and (what is very rare in these times) with the old thick sweep of hair upon his head.[†a]

Anne[†2] is here (for the second time this summer) with her horrid child whom we call The Demon.[†3] The said Demon came here to recover of a gastric fever in fresh air, and has been triumphantly prostrate with the Measles. Anne is very apologetic for her having "taken the liberty" to have them here. My theory is that they only happened to come out to look about them, and that she always has them within.

[†a]Georgina being left alone here the other day, was done no good to, by a great consternation among the servants. On going downstairs, she found Marsh (the Stable Man) seated, with great dignity and anguish, in an arm chair, and incessantly crying out, "I am dead!" To which the women-servants said with great pathos (and with some appearance of reason) "No you ain't Marsh!" And

to which he persisted in replying: "Yes I am, I am dead!" Some neighbouring vagabond was impressed to drive a cart over to Rochester and fetch the Doctor. Who said (the patient and his consolers being all very anxious that the Heart should be the seat of affliction), "Stomach."[†a]

I took Georgina to Dover for a little change last week, and then we went to the office, and so back here on Saturday afternoon.

Post time!

Ever affectionately

CD.

To J. WESTLAND MARSTON,[†1] 7 OCTOBER 1862*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventh October, 1862

My Dear Marston

I should hardly have supposed (unless you had told me so) that my bearing testimony to your honorable and highly meritorious efforts to purify the Literature of the stage, could be at all needful or useful towards your obtaining the Degree you seek.[†2]

But as I volunteered to write a Prologue to your first play,[†3] twenty years ago, when I had no personal knowledge of you, and was impelled to do so solely by the merit and character of your work, my testimony will be at least consistent and beyond suspicion.

It is, that from that time to the present, you have with great utility and manfully setting yourself against every discouragement inseparable from the present condition of the stage, endeavoured to restore to it an English Drama, sound and pure in tone, and poetical in form and spirit.[†4] In all that you have done, this great object has been always prominent and always upheld. And in more than one of your later works, it has been most interestingly and strikingly attained through the every-day domestic affections and struggles of life.[†5]

I conceive this to be a great literary service rendered to the community. And I think I have occasionally met with L.L.Ds who have not quite done as much or done as well.

With all good wishes, Believe me

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Westland Marston Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 8 OCTOBER 1862†

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eighth October 1862

My Dear Wilkie. I am really quite concerned that you should have bothered your sufficiently-occupied mind about the Xmas No.—Of course it seems very strange and bare to me not to have you in it;[†1] but I never seriously contemplated the reasonable likelihood of your being able to do any thing for it.

It is a great pleasure to me that you like the notion (and execution) so well. The difficulty of carrying out your suggestion[†2] is this:— it would destroy a good deal of the effect of the end—His Wonderful End[†3]—and does not at present seem to me quite reconcileable with it as a piece of execution. But I will turn it over again.

I have done a little Story for "His Boots", very slight in itself, but into which I have tried to infuse (fancifully) every conceivable feature of an old fortified French town. It is very like, I think. When I have the Proof, I will send it you to read at any odd time. I think I shall now go at some short odd comic notion, to supply your place.[†4] I am bent upon making a good No. to go with No Name.

[†a]As I didn't open your letter 'till I left home this morning, I don't know for a fact about Mary; but she is such a Micawber in the way of correspondence[†5] that you *must* refer, I imagine, to some lost letter. She is at Cubitt's[†6] in Hampshire. Coming home for Paris, next week.[†a]

[†b]Georgy *looks* surprisingly well, but has unquestionably rather fallen back. Your hopes of Paris are mine. Nor have I any fear of the journey being too much for her, divided into two days.

The Demon, being brought to the Gad's Hill scratch to recover from gastric fever, triumphantly got hove down with Measles—her mother being highly apologetic for "the liberty". My theory is, that they (the Measles) merely came out to look about them, but are always within her.[†b] Macready was with us, from last Saturday to Monday. Very little altered indeed—and with not the end of one single sentence within 450 miles of him.

Of course I will report myself in Paris before we have been there many days (we start on Sunday week), and give you my address as soon as I have such a

thing to my back. I am not going to have any establishment there, but intend the dinner to be brought in on a man's shoulder (you know the tray) from a Restaurant.

I saw Poole (for my sins) last Saturday. And he *was* a sight. He had got out of bed to receive me (at 3 P.M.) and tried to look as if he had been up at Dawn— with a dirty and obviously warm impression of himself on the bedclothes. It was a tent bedstead with four wholly unaccounted for and bare poles, each with an immense spike on the top, like 4 Lightning conductors. He had a fortnight's grey beard, and had made a lot of the most extraordinary memoranda of questions to ask me—which he couldn't read—through an eyeglass which he couldn't hold. He was continually beset with a notion that his landlady was listening outside the door, and was continually getting up from a kind of ironing-board at which he sat, with the intention of darting at the door, but invariably missed his aim, and brought himself up by the forehead against blind corners of the walls. He had a dressing gown over his nightshirt, and wore his trousers where Blondin wears the baskets. [†c]He said with the greatest indignation, I might suppose what sort of "society"

he could get out of his landlady, when he mentioned that she could say nothing, on being consulted by him touching the Poison-Case at the Old Bailey,[†1] but "People didn't ought to poison people Sir;—it's wrong."

Ever Affecy.

CD.[†c]

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 OCTOBER 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Night Eighth October 1862

My Dearest Macready. I write to you very hastily, before leaving here at the end of a long day.

The answers at Peel's Coffee House[†2] are, That they have the file of The Times from 1817 inclusive. That they have *not* the News, Sunday Paper,[†3] for 1816.

I trust you got home, safe, youthful gallant, and well—as you left us. Love to Mrs. Macready and to all.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 12 OCTOBER 1862*

MS Mr Brian Lake.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twelfth October 1862

My Dear Sir

The Bradbury and Evans question I feel to be a difficult one, requiring great consideration. You will remember that when the treaty was in progress for the purchase of their share,[†1] Mr. Evans asked you whether they were to lose the printing of my books? On which head I wrote to you that I had no intention whatever of changing the existing arrangements or interfering to deprive them of the printing. Unless I am mistaken, you either shewed Mr. Evans that note, or read it to him, before their purchase was concluded?

For the present at all events, I decide against having the Child's History in the Library Edition of my books, an attractive and very legible Edition in some different form, I greatly prefer.[†2]

There is no doubt about the goodness of Mr. Child's[†3] printing, or the saving that could be effected in the printing of the Cheap Edition. The question is, whether a higher consideration is not at issue—something very like a point of honor.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk Chapman Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 OCTOBER 1862

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twelfth October 1862.

My Dear Wilkie

I came home last night, and found your letter. By Frank tomorrow morning I send for the Proofs you mention,[†4] and I will immediately read them attentively, and write to you by Tuesday night's post—or at latest by Wednesday's.

I think I should have come over to you instead of writing, but that I find Georgina has been alone here some days, and also that Frank Beard is coming down to see her on Tuesday. As I ought to keep her company, and had best see him besides, I will remain here until I go over the water a day or two in advance of her and Mary.[†5] I purpose going on Thursday morning.

Enclosed is the little story I mentioned, for the Xmas No.

There is no doubt of No Name's having attracted great attention lately, and made a strong impression. I have been in town and have heard of it on all sides.[†1]

I will write to you again from Paris, and will address that letter to Harley Street.

Ever affecy.

CD.

The Proof is my only corrected one

To WILKIE COLLINS, 14 OCTOBER 1862

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth October 1862

My Dear Wilkie.

I have read those proofs[†2] carefully. They are very strong indeed.

I am not sure that I quite understand within what limitations you want my opinion of them. The only points that strike me as at all questionable are all details. But not to pass them over, here they are.

—— I find Mrs. Lecount's proceeding with the new will, rather violently sudden: followed as it is, so immediately, by the death.[†3] Also I do not quite like her, referring to those drafts she has brought with her.[†4] It would be so *very*[†5] suspicious in the eyes of a suspicious man.[†6]

—— I forget whether you want that Laudanum bottle again.[†7] If not, I think Mrs. Lecount should break it before Noel Vanstone's eyes.[†8] Otherwise while he is impressed with the danger he supposes himself to have escaped, he repeats it,

on a smaller scale by giving Mrs Lecount an inducement to kill him, and leaving the means at hand.

—— I believe it would be *necessary* for a Testator signing his will,[†1] to inform the Witnesses of the fact of its being his will—though of its contents, of course, they would be ignorant. The legal form of attestation in use, is, Signed sealed and delivered by So and So the within[†2] named Testator, *as and for his last will and testament*, in the presence of us &c.[†3]

—— If the story were mine, I should decidedly not put into it, the anticipation contained in the last line or two of Norah's postscript.[†4] But that is a moot point in Art.

—— Throughout the whole of the 36th weekly part,[†5] is there wanting some sense on the part of Noel Vanstone that he may not be legally married at all?[†6] This seems to me the most important question.

—— I do not quite follow the discussion between Noel and Lecount about the 8 months interval, and the puzzling of Magdalen by taking that number. Why? Mrs. Lecount says "People easily guess a year; people easily guess six months". Suppose she did guess six months, she would only have to bestir herself so much the more. And it is clear that a plotter, bent upon losing no chance, would take the shortest likely time and not the longest. Then what is gained by 8?[†7]

Among the many excellent things in the proofs, I notice as particularly admirable, the manner in which the amount of Mrs. Lecount's legacy is got at,[†8] and the bearing and discourse of the Scotch fly-driver.[†9]

I break off hastily, to get this into the box before it is cleared at the gate here. From Paris, I will write again. My address there until further notice, Hotel Meurice.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 14 OCTOBER 1862

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Night, Fourteenth October, 1862

My Dear Wilkie.

Frank Beard has been here this evening—of course since I posted my this-day's letter to you—and has told me how you are not at all well,[†1] and how he has given you something which he hopes and believes will bring you round.[†2] It is not to convey this insignificant piece of intelligence, or to tell you how anxious I am that you should come up with a wet sheet and a following sail[†3] (as we say at sea—when we are not sick) that I write. It is, simply, to say what follows: which I hope may save you some mental uneasiness. For I was stricken ill when I was doing Bleak House, and I shall not easily forget what I suffered under the fear of not being able to come up to time.

Dismiss that fear (if you have it) altogether from your mind. Write to me at Paris, at any moment, and say you are unequal to your work, and want me, and I will come to London straight and do your work. I am quite confident that, with your notes and a few words of explanation, I could take it up at any time and do it. Absurdly unnecessary to say that it would be a make-shift! but I could do it, at a pinch, so like you as that no one should find out the difference. Don't make much of this offer in your mind—it is nothing—except to ease it. If you should want help, I am as safe as the Bank. The trouble would be nothing to me, and the triumph of overcoming a difficulty—great. Think it a Xmas No., an Idle apprentice, a Lighthouse, a Frozen Deep.[†4] I am as ready as in any of those cases to strike in and hammer the hot iron out.

You won't want me.[†5] You will be well (and thankless!) in no time. But here I am. And I hope that the knowledge may be a comfort to you. Call me, and I come.

As Beard always has a sense of medical responsibility, and says anything about a patient in confidence, I have merely remarked here that "Wilkie is out of sorts". Charley (who is here with Katie) has no other cue from me.

Ever affecy

CD.

To MISS MARIA FORSTER,[†1] 14 OCTOBER 1862*

Text from copy left by Walter Dexter.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
October 14th. [1862]

Mr. Toots[†2] presents his compliments to the Duke of Wellington—he means Miss Maria Forster, but it's of no consequence & begs to assure her that he has at last executed her commission and laid the volume[†3] unopened upon the table of Mr. Charles Dickens. But that gentleman having insisted upon opening the same and reading it, desires Mr. Toots to say that he thanks Miss Maria Forster cordially and to add these words "that he finds it very far above and beyond ordinary books of verse—both in genuine

beauty and tenderness of thought and in genuine power of expression—that some of the pieces have interested him unusually and that he feels proud of the sympathy and remembrance of the fair authoress."

Mr. Toots really believes him to be in earnest tho' how much he may be influenced you know by certain lines in which the name of "Tiny Tim" occurs,[†4] I leave you to judge.

Mr. Toots is happy to inform Miss Maria Wellington—at least the Duke of Forster—or the Duchess of Collection—it cannot signify—that he was never better in his life.

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Maria Forster.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 OCTOBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Fourteenth October 1862

My Dear Wills. I send you with this, the corrected Proofs for tomorrow's No.[†5] Look to the two footnotes I have marked in Princely Travel in America.[†6]

I go to Paris on Thursday morning, and Georgina and Mary follow me on *Sunday morning*. If you should have anything to send before that time, send it me by them. After Sunday my address will be

Hotel Meurice
Rue de Rivoli
Paris

—until you hear from me again.

When you send me your schemes for Nos. don't forget to send me at the same time a duplicate of the printer's list. And please be sure that I have *all* proofs, so that I may know the exact nature of all the articles.

I am sorry to hear from Frank that you have an influenza attack. I wonder he and I are not floored by a similar blow, for we got tremendously wet on the same day as you.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

[†a]P.S. Poole's quarterly document[†1] enclosed.[†a]

To MESSRS FARRER, OUVRY & FARRER, 15 OCTOBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Wednesday Fifteenth October 1862

Dear Sirs

I am favored with your letter of yesterday, and I return the draft of the agreement between Chapman and Hall and myself.[†2]

The Child's History of England is in its right schedule. Oliver Twist should be (I think) in the first Schedule.

I wish to explain to you that for the purchase-money of the shares set forth in the Second Schedule, I hold three bills of Chapman and Halls; two bills for £1000 each, and a third bill for £1,250. They are payable on demand; but there is an understanding that they (Chapman and Hall) will take them up one by one, at their convenience, and in the meantime pay me 5 percent interest, halfyearly.[†3]

The purchase-money of the shares set forth in the Third Schedule is to be paid in ready money presently (£1,500) but it is not yet paid.

My non-assignment of these interests in the Copyrights being my security— my only security—for these rather large sums, perhaps you may not think it inconsistent with your representation of my interests, to represent to Chapman and Hall that you can only advise me to execute the assignments, as the shares are *paid for*. I would rather that this seemed to proceed from you, than from myself.

The execution of the agreement as to the first and third schedules would then be completed on the payment of Fifteen Hundred Pounds. The execution of the agreement as to the Second Schedule would stand over, pending the payment (or equivalent securing to me) of £3,250.

If you think my suggestion right, please to act upon it. If you think it wrong, be so good as let me know.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Farrer Ouvry and Farrer

To CHARLES KENT, 15 OCTOBER 1862

Text from N, III, 311.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night Fifteenth October 1862

My Dear Kent,

I write you a hasty line, before going to Paris tomorrow morning.

Your last note was not forgotten by me, but I wanted time to get at the subject-matter of your supposition. I believe there is no reason whatever for the said supposition, and that the Paper[†1] is not for sale, unless on very high terms.

Faithfully yours always

[CD.]

To W.H. WILLS, 15 OCTOBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night Fifteenth October 1862

My Dear Wills.

I am to be at Boulogne on Sunday to meet Mary and Georgina, and I hope to post you from thence my corrections in the proofs for next Wednesday's make-up.[†2]

Wilkie has been thrown into a state of inexpressible enthusiasm by His Boots.[†3] He is rather knocked up by the bye. Don't seem to know it, for he is

nervous. I have told him to have no fear of failure, for if he should break down, I would go on with his story so that nobody should be any the wiser!

Poole's receipt enclosed.

What on earth *can* you be going to Skibbereen[†1] for?

I am glad you put in Morley's waste-article.[†2] I thought it very good. Is he getting on with the Laboratory one?[†3] It would be well-timed soon after this poisoning-case.[†4]

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?16 OCTOBER 1862]

Summary in F, IX, iv, 739. *Date*: letter written from Paris, according to Forster: he was in France 16 Oct to shortly before Christmas and probably wrote soon after writing to Wills on 15 Oct.

Telling Forster what he was himself responsible for in "Somebody's Luggage" *and saying that in one of them*[†5] *he had made the story a camera obscura of certain French places and styles of people; having founded it on something he had noticed in a French soldier.*[†6]

To W. H. WILLS, 17 OCTOBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

Hazebroucke,[†7] France, Friday 17th. Oct. 1862

My Dear Wills. Without waiting until I get to Boulogne, I make up my parcel of corrections here en route, and will post it somewhere or other, when I have got the last proofs in.

I find "Princely Travel in America"[†8] and "An old Country Town"[†9] among my proofs. I presume you returned them to me in mistake?[†10] It is because I find them, that I write to you sooner than I intended. They are enclosed.

Both the enclosed printer's lists are wrong. Each of them contains an article —"What's the use of that"—which is already used.[†1] If the list be not kept correctly while I am away, we shall get into great difficulty.

It is absolutely impossible to put in "Our Last attempt"[†2] until Lever has corrected the proofs. I have spent a couple of hours on it, but there is scarcely one single name accurately printed.[†3] And I am not sufficiently acquainted with some of the names to know even what is meant. It must positively stand over until you have got corrections back from Lever, or we shall be ridiculous.[†4] In its place, insert "Only One Room"[†5]—cut down from my corrected proof (I corrected the paper some time ago) to the length you want.

The Poem[†6] is very good. I can see nothing at all in the Persian paper.[†7] I hope its successors may be better.

As I have leisure for adventure before meeting Mary and Georgina, I am now going to have a look at Dunquerque—in the Uncommercial interest.[†8] And by the bye I must say that I find the French fortified town in "His Boots" to be amazingly accurate. I have been largely checking it off at two old Vauban[†9] defended towns since I came over yesterday.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To MESSRS FARRER, OUVRY & FARRER, 22 OCTOBER 1862

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Paris, 22 Oct 62; addressed Messrs Farrer, Ouvry & Farrer.

Sending an assignment made out to his publishers, Chapman and Hall, duly executed and attested by himself,[†10] *and asking them to receive the* £1500 *on his behalf and to pay it into his private account at Coutts's.*[†11]

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 OCTOBER 1862]

Extracts in F, VIII, vi, 694 and 693*n*. *Date*: first extract 22 Oct 62, according to Forster; next two extracts probably part of same letter; fourth perhaps also.

Remember that at home here the thing has never missed fire, but invariably does more the second time than it did the first; and also that I have got so used to it, and have worked so hard at it, as to get out of it more than I ever thought was in it for that purpose. I think all the probabilities for such a country as Australia are immense.

If I were to go it would be a penance and a misery, and I dread the thought more than I can possibly express. The domestic life of the Readings is all but intolerable to me when I am away for a few weeks at a time merely, and what would it be ——.

Fancying that it might be possible to take his eldest daughter with him. It is useless and needless for me to say what the conflict in my own mind is. How painfully unwilling I am to go, and yet how painfully sensible that perhaps I ought to go— with all the hands upon my skirts that I cannot fail to feel and see there, whenever I look round. It is a struggle of no common sort, as you will suppose, you who know the circumstances of the struggler.

If there were reasonable hope and promise, I could make up my mind to go to Australia and get money. I would not accept the Australian people's offer. I would take no money from them; would bind myself to nothing with them; but would merely make them my agents at such and such a percentage, and go and read there. I would take some man of literary pretensions as a secretary (Charles Collins? What think you?)[†1] and with his aid would do, for *All the Year Round* while I was away, The Uncommercial Traveller Upside Down. If the notion of these speculators be anything like accurate, I should come back rich. I should have seen a good deal of novelty to boot. I should have been very miserable too.... Of course one cannot possibly count upon the money to be realised by a six months' absence, but £12,000 is supposed to be a low estimate. Mr. S.[†2] brought me letters from members of the legislature, newspaper editors, and the like, exhorting me to come, saying how much the people talk of me, and dwelling on the kind of reception that would await me. No doubt this is so, and of course a great deal of curious experience for after use would be gained over and above the money. Being my own master too, I could "work" myself more delicately than if I bound myself for money beforehand. A few years hence, if all other circumstances were the same, I might not be so well fitted for the excessive wear and tear. This is about the whole case. But pray do not suppose that I am in my own mind favourable to going, or that I have any fancy for going.

To MRS BROWN,[†1] 24 OCTOBER 1862

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Angleterre | To be forwarded. | Mrs. Brown | Miss Burdett Coutts | Stratton Street | Piccadilly | London.

Paris. rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Friday Twenty Fourth October, 1862

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

On the very day when your letter reached me, I had been walking past the Hotel Bristol, looking up at the windows and thinking of Miss Coutts[†2] and you. I found your letter on my table when I came home straight, by the Rue Castiglione and the Rue St. Honoré.[†3]

You know all that I would say—better than that, you know all that I would *do*—in response to your affectionate and tender remembrances. I am so confident of the free Masonry between us, that I will write not another word on that almost sacred theme.

It is amazing to behold the changes in this place, and the vast works doing and done.[†4] But I notice (having been much in the country-parts of France this summer), that as Paris swells, the provincial towns of the second and third degree collapse. "Maison a vendre"—"Maison a vendre"—everywhere— Towns falling to pieces—grass growing over the public buildings—population Heaven knows where.

Of the daily lives and exercises of the soldiers, I have seen a great deal, in the out-of-the-way fortified towns where such things are the only business. In all respects of sensible training and an admirable adaptation of the men to the purposes and the purposes to the men, I believe this Army, as compared with ours, advances 50 years in every year we live. It is a disquieting consideration, when one remembers that but the other day—when Sydney Herbert[†5] went to the War office[†6]—there were two sizes of shoes in the whole line!

Contrariwise, I had a capital french gentleman in the Dover Carriage with me, the last time I came across, who summed up his admiration of the order of the London streets (I didn't tell him of people being knocked down every day and night by ticket of leave men), and of the efficiency of the Police, with the very good remark "Et voyez-vous Monsieur! Tout cela sans un seul chapeau bras!"

For our Christmas No. besides executing the main idea which is a playful kind of joke on our usual scheme of a Christmas No. I have done a little story which I have tried to make a complete Camera Obscura picture of a dull fortified French town. I set myself the task of trying how much I could possibly suggest—of the truth—to the fancy or the recollection, in the compass of five or six pages. Wills will not fail to send the No. to Stratton Street before it is out, and I hope you and Miss Coutts may like the little story. (It was put into my head by seeing a French soldier acting as nurse to his master's—a captain's—little baby girl, and washing her and putting her to bed, and getting her up again in the morning, with the greatest gravity and gentleness.)

My daughter and her Aunt were to have met me at Boulogne for the purpose of coming on here. They were out in the great gale—could not get near Boulogne—and were carried, after several ineffectual attempts to make Calais Harbour, into Calais at last: whence Dessin[†1] sent me a Telegram to say they were safe. I stood five hours on the end of the pier at Boulogne in the height and fury of the storm, and it was a wonderful sight. To my great consolation I only saw one thing missed in the Copperfield storm. But it was a very picturesque thing. After it became dark, the surf ran out so far (two or three miles perhaps), and so

high, that when a greater wave than usual broke, what was seen of its white top was so like light, as to induce the Boatmen over and over again to cry out, "There's the steamer! I saw her fire as she rolled!" This impulse was quite unchecked by repeated failures, and each time it seemed a more dangerous case than before when we were left to the waste of water again.

I find this is getting to be quite a long letter about nothing, so I will wind it up before it gets longer by sending my most affectionate earnest and grateful regard to Miss Coutts, and the assurance to you, my dear Miss[†2] Brown, that I continually live over again, the years that lie behind us.

Ever Your attached friend
CHARLES DICKENS

As you date, generally, "Tavistock", I think it perhaps safest to address this to Stratton Street. I remain here until just before Christmas Day.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 OCTOBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

Paris. rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Friday Twenty Fourth October, 1862

My Dear Wills. First as to Miss Parr's([1[sic]][†3] story. It is very pretty, and *decidedly accepted*—but whether for the Xmas No. or no, I cannot yet positively say.([2[sic]][†4]

Because the best of the papers that come in, must be taken for that, and some *may* come in that would fit better both to the *general* idea and the demand for variety in the contents.

I don't much like the scheme for the next No.[†1] it looks so excessively patchworky. But I will go carefully over it and the printer's list, in good time for Wednesday.

The Foray in the Ballad Country, I think may be distributed.

Pay Miss Power,[†2] and also for her sister's[†3] "at Home at Panama".[†4]

I find the enclosed two A.Y.R. papers among my letters brought away from England. I have nothing else.

We have a most elegant little apartment here; the lively street in front, and a splendid courtyard of great private hotels behind, between us and the Champs Elysées. I have never seen anything in Paris, so pretty, airy, and light. But house rent is fearfully and wonderfully dear.

High upon the Boulevard,[†5] the old groupe of Theatres that used to be so characteristic, is knocked to pieces, and preparations for some amazing new street are in rapid progress. I couldn't find my way yesterday to the Poste Restante, without looking at a Map!—I suppose I have been there, at least 50 times before. Wherever I turn, I see some astounding new work, doing or done. When you come over here for the Xmas No. (as I think you must!) you shall see sights.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Love to Frank.

To HENRY MORLEY, [?29 OCTOBER 1862]

Mention in *To* Wills, 4 Nov 62. *Date:* written "last Wednesday" (29 Oct).

Telling him to hold over "The English Convict's Progress",[†6] *a proposed paper for* AYR.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?END OCTOBER 1862]

Extract in F, VII, v, 606*n*. *Date:* 13 Oct 62, according to Forster, wrongly; perhaps end Oct, after travelling in France.

I see my books in French at every railway station, great or small.

November

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 2 NOVEMBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

Paris. rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Second November 1862

My Dear Ouvry.

Your letter has just got here from Gad's Hill.

Not one syllable have I ever heard from Cobb, or the blessed Brooker. I suppose we cannot do better than let the B.B. alone?

Young Essell is an odd fellow. When I last saw him, he told me they had been so occupied with a certain Crown Case, that they had not had leisure to "go into the School Meadow" with you. I naturally supposed (as you did, I take it?) that they would come out with a price.

The Meadow is, in round numbers, 8 acres. What shall we do? Offer to exchange Brooker's land against it, or give them[†1] a sum? I think I would make both proposals, leaving them to select the alternative. Then what sum? I suppose it would be useless to make it less than £1,200? They wouldn't take £1000? Would they? You see, the Meadow I really want far more than Brooker's land (supposing we don't exchange) because that ground, being freehold, would manifestly increase the value of my little place. Decide between the two sums as you think best.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 4 NOVEMBER 1862

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | London W.

Paris. rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Fourth November, 1862

My Dear Beard

Mary, Georgina, and I, are here until just before Christmas Day.

I am going to ask you rather a startling, staggering question. Hold up, therefore!

If I were to decide to go and read in Australia, how stand your inclination and spirits for going with me? Outside term of absence, a year. Period of departure, May or June. Overland journey both ways. The journey and climate are said to be wonderful restorers. The work would be, seconding the Inimitable in the ring, delivering him at the scratch in fine condition, keeping off the crowd, polishing him up when at all punished, and checking the local accounts. The Arthur Smith class of arrangements would necessarily have to be made by the Colonial sharer, and my bottle-holder would merely in all things represent me. A servant should go, to valet both of us, and make washing and dressing easy.

Observe. I don't in the least know that I shall go. But supposing I *did* re-open the question with the Australian people, and supposing the negociations *did* proceed to the going point, and supposing you *did* like the notion of what such a trip would ensure you free of all expense, do you feel equal to it? There are not six men in the world, I would go with—and I don't know the other five!

I cannot too strongly put to you when I come bursting at you with this surprising question, the extreme uncertainty in which the matter stands. But I am wavering between reading in Australia, and writing a book at home; that, in strict confidence, is the whole truth. If I were to go to Australia, I would not let myself out, but would go with my own capital and on my own account. The man who came over to bid for me, has gone back. "Shall I write out to him and ask him on what terms he will become my agent?" is the question that revives in my mind. I may not write at all. I may write, and his reply may be such that it will come to nothing three months hence. But constantly disturbed and dazzled by the great chances that seem to lie waiting over there, I am restless—and this mark of confidence in my old comrade is the very first form my restlessness has shaped out for itself.

I parted with the bidder thus:— "I cannot go now, I don't know that I ever *can* go, and therefore terms are not in question. But if I can ever make up my mind to go, I will certainly communicate with your Melbourne House." †a[He opened the business with me by producing a letter of credit for £10,000.]†a

Write me a word when you get your breath again.

Startlingly always
THE INIMITABLE.

Thomas Beard Esquire

To CHARLES FECHTER, 4 NOVEMBER 1862

Text from MDGH, II, 183-4.

Paris, rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27.
Tuesday, Nov. 4th, 1862

My Dear Fechter,

You know, I believe, how our letters crossed, and that I am here until Christmas. Also, you know with what pleasure and readiness I should have responded to your invitation if I had been in London.

Pray tell Paul Féval[†1] that I shall be charmed to know him, and that I shall feel the strongest interest in making his acquaintance. It almost puts me out of humour with Paris (and it takes a great deal to do that!) to think that I was not at home to prevail upon him to come with you, and be welcomed to Gad's Hill; but either there or here, I hope to become his friend before this present old year is out. Pray tell him so.

You say nothing in your note of your Lyceum preparations.[†1] I trust they are all going on well. There is a fine opening for you, I am sure, with a good beginning; but the importance of a good beginning is very great. If you ever have time and inclination to tell me in a short note what you are about, you can scarcely interest me more, as my wishes and strongest sympathies are for and with your success—*mais cela va sans dire.*

I went to the Châtelet[†2] (a beautiful theatre!) the other night to see "Rothomago,"[†3] but was so mortally *gêné*[†4] with the poor nature of the piece and of the acting, that I came out again when there was a week or two (I mean an hour or two, but the hours seemed weeks) yet to get through.

My dear Fechter, very faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES LEVER, 4 NOVEMBER 1862

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

Paris. rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Tuesday Fourth November 1862

My Dear Lever

Behold my address here, until just before Xmas. In respect of Chapman and Hall, refer all your business to me: resting fully assured that I will accept your part in it whenever it comes, and will do my best with it.

Indeed I suppose (this in answer to yours) that few men are more restless than I am, and that few sleep in more strange beds and dine at more new cooks' shops. But sundry ties and troubles confine my present oscillations to between this place and England—and I fear the South and I are separated by months at least.

As to contributions—decidely yes! always rejoiced to have them![†5]

Paris is more amazing than ever, and the Genius of the Lamp is always building Palaces in the night.[†6]—But he charges for them in the article of rent, in a manner altogether Parisian and not in the least Arabian.[†7]

The last time I was here as a resident,[†1] I went to the Theatres with Scribe;[†2] and the last time but one,[†3] Victor Hugo[†4] had the most fantastic of apartments,[†5] and stood in the midst of it, a little fine-featured fiery-eyed gallant fellow. Now, Scribe is in Pere la Chaise,[†6] and the fantastic apartment is in the Channel Islands[†7] and Victor Hugo is an old photograph in the shops, with a quenched eye and a stubbly beard and no likeness to anyone I ever saw.

My Dear Lever | Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 4 NOVEMBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Tuesday Fourth November 1862

My Dear Wills. I find that my means of suggesting the contents of the next No.[†8] are extremely limited, for I have proofs only of "Windbags"[†9]—"Under the black and Yellow"—"The Shamrock",[†10]—and some of the Persian Papers.[†11]

Windbags may go in; but call it

[†a]CRITICAL BULLS
IN HISTORICAL CHINA-SHOPS.[†a]

The Shamrock is just nothing at all, and really not worth inserting. "Under the Black and Yellow" will just do, but will not more than just do, because the writer always does the same thing and rides somewhere to save somebody.[†12] When it goes in, observe (besides looking it well over for the pointing) that "vetturino" in the fourth paragraph, ought to be "vetturini;" and that "Inglesea" at the bottom of the same slip, ought to

be "Inglesi". But I think that for this No. Sala's[†13] Bleeding Diamond[†14] (out of the question for the Xmas No.) may be better than Under the black and yellow. I would put it last.[†15]

I should like a Natural History sort of article in the middle of the No. Unless I am mistaken, Down from the Clouds[†1] has not yet gone in? That would do very well. If you have Morley's Laboratory paper in connexion with the Poisoning question,[†2] by all means get *that* in, and don't delay it.[†3] (I wrote to Morley last Wednesday, telling him to hold over the English Convict's Progress, because I have never seen the paper, and it is a subject on which I have written strongly.)[†4]

Therefore you have in hand

No Name
Down from the Clouds
Critical Bulls in Historical China-Shops
Perhaps Morley's article on the Poison-Test Laboratory
Legend of the Bleeding Diamond
Persian Papers.[†5]

Taking No Name for the beginning, and The Legend of the Bleeding Diamond for the end, and following No Name with Critical Bulls—or, if the varying of foreign subjects with English, should render it more advisable, with Persian Papers (not overmuch of them)—take Morley (if you have him), or Down from the Clouds for the middle, and so make up.[†6] On no consideration put in any Poem that I have not seen.[†7] When I come upon a strange Poem in print and publication, my distress is abject.

According to my Diary, Monday the 17th. is the day for making up the Xmas No. As soon as you know for certain when you will come over, let *me* know. It will be a very difficult making-up, because I have written 20 pages (I suppose), and already there must be no end of Xmas Nos. got, and getting, into type, and generally the things run long. But I read every paper as soon as it comes here, and keep myself well primed about them all, to make selection easier bye and bye.

Will you ask whether my watch has come to the office from Hunt and Roskell's? And if not, will you send there for it? It went to have a new spring, and in the meantime they lent me one which goes like the Clown's in a Pantomime.

Ever Faithfully CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 7 NOVEMBER 1862†

MS Morgan Library.

Paris, Rue Du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Friday Seventh November 1862

My Dear Letitia

I should have written to you from here sooner, but for having been constantly occupied. The Christmas No. obliges me to go over such an astonishing

quantity of Proofs at this time of the year (besides writing myself), that when I have done my day's work, which involves a pretty large correspondence too, I am glad to get up and go out. Moreover—this is a secret—I am again deliberating whether I will or will not go away for a whole year, and read in Australia; and there are so many reasons for and against, and I am so very unwilling to go, that it causes me great uneasiness of mind in trying to do right and to decide for the best.

[†a]Your improved account of yourself is very cheering and hopeful. Through determined occupation and action, lies the way. Be sure of it.

I came over to France before Georgina and Mary, and went to Boulogne to meet them coming in by the steamer on the great Sunday—the day of the storm.[†1] I stood (holding on with both hands) on the Pier at Boulogne, five hours. The sub-marine Telegraph had Telegraphed their boat as having come out of Folkestone—though the Companion-boat from Boulogne didn't try it— and at 9 o'Clock at night, she being due at 6, there were no signs of her. My principal dread was, that she would try to get into Boulogne: which she could not possibly have done without carrying away everything on deck. The tide at 9 o'Clock being too low for any such desper[ate][†2] attempt, I thought it likely that they had run for the Downs and would knock about there all night. So I went to the Inn to dry my pea jacket and got some dinner anxiously enough, when, at about 10, came a Telegram from them at Calais to say they had run in there. To Calais I went, post, next morning, expecting to find them half dead (of course they had arrived half drowned), but I found them elaborately got up to come on to Paris by the next Train; and the most wonderful thing of all was, that they hard[ly][†2] seemed to have been frightened! Of course they had discovered at the end of the Voyage, that a young bride and her husband, the only other passengers on deck and with whom they had been talking all the time, were an officer from Chatham whom they knew very well (when dry) just married, and going to India! So they all set up housekeeping together, at Dessin's at Calais (where I am well known), and looked as if they had been passing a mild summer there.

We have a pretty apartment here, but house rent is awful to mention. Georgina keeps wonderfully better, and Mary is very well, and they send love. Mrs. Bouncer (muzzled by the Parisian Police) is also here, and is a wonderful spectacle to behold in the streets, restrained like a raging Lion.[†a]

My decision as to reading in London (in February if I read at all)[†3] will be mainly guided by my decision on the more difficult and more extensive reading question.[†4] It has been proposed to me to read here, but I don't think I shall entertain the idea;[†5]—I seem to have enough to think about, without it.

We have no news from London.

[†a]I learn from our Embassy here, that the Emperor has just made an earnest proposal to our Government to unite with France (and Russia, if Russia will), in

an appeal to America to stop the brutal War. Our government's answer is not yet received; but I think I clearly perceive that the proposal will be declined, on the ground "that the time has not yet come."[†a]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 7 NOVEMBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Friday Seventh November, 1862

My Dear Wills. We certainly are getting the Columns up, to an amazing extent! But I cannot release any of the matter until you come, because the Xmas No. can only be made up, on a careful comparison of the relative merits and possibilities of the best things we have.

Let me know whether, when you arrive, you propose to come straight *here*. If so, we will try to get you a bedroom close at hand, and I think we can do it without difficulty at a clean little hotel over the way. But if your Imperial Charge[†1] should involve your going to any other Hotel at first, then let me know as much, so that we may not provide for you in vain. I will ask you to bring my watch, and perhaps a pair of trousers; but on this head, more in due course.

I saw the advertisement yesterday, at the top of Olliffe's Times.[†2]

(—And I am again revolving restlessly, Australia in my head!)

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 11 NOVEMBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, | Tuesday Eleventh November, 1862

My Dear Wills. Will you tell Mrs. Linton that, in looking over her admirable account (*most* admirable) of Mrs. Gordon's book,[†3] I have taken out the references to Lockhart,[†4]—not because I in the least doubt their justice, but because I knew him and he liked me. And because, one bright day in Rome,[†5] I walked

about with him for some hours when he was dying fast,[†1] and all the old faults had faded out of him, and the mere ghost of the handsome man I had first known when Scott's daughter was at the head of his house[†2] had little more to do with this world than she in her grave, or Scott in his, or small Hugh Littlejohn[†3] in his. Lockhart had been anxious to see me all the previous day (when I was away on the Campagna), and as we walked about I knew very well that *he* knew very well, why. He talked of getting better, but I never saw him again. This makes me stay Mrs. Linton's hand, gentle as it is.

Next as to your coming. In order that you may be over the way, just opposite (an immense convenience compared with having to go round to the Rue de Rivoli or elsewhere) I have taken you a room for a week from next Thursday. On Saturday morning, unless you advise me to the contrary, you will find it ready for you, and a good fire there. We will breakfast here at halfpast 9. Observe: *Your* number is 38 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré; *ours* is 27. †aThe No. of your room itself, is 7. Your house is called The Hotel St. Honoré.†a

Bring treasure with you, because I think A.Y.R. must stand a Restaurant Dinner,†4 and a Box at the Play.

—Also will you bring me, if you conveniently can, the following articles.

1. Cash for the enclosed cheque, in Gold.
2. My watch.
3. The Nos. of A.Y.R. from No. 182 inclusive
4. A pair of new trousers from Skinners my tailors,†5 if John has received such a parcel since I left.

Your idea of our title being taken hold of by "sharks and pirates" (see Larboard Fin)†6 had also come into my head, and when you wrote to me, I was going to write to you!! I wonder the reeling brain of Holsworth bears all this pressure. But its weakness (excessive) is probably its strength.

I write all that concerns tomorrow's make-up on the other side, in order that you may have it by itself for reference.

For your guidance when you come over, I enclose a list of the Xmas No. papers, received from Birtles this morning.†7 I have put a mark X against †b*all the papers that have come to me.*†b

Faithfully Ever

CD.

— X - 160 —

CONCERNING NO. 188.†1

I cannot take your Make Up as it stands, because two of the papers included in it, are perfectly unknown to me; and at least one of them—the French Soldier†2—is on a very important subject indeed. Because I have convinced myself in my French wanderings this summer, that the French soldier is being improved, in a most alarming manner, every day, and that ours is at least a century behind him.

You will understand from the foregoing, that I have no Proof of a French Soldier, or of a Clear Title to Land.†3 If the latter be a useful article (as I suppose), some such Make Up as this, would be the best

No Name	14¾
John Wilson	9

A Clear Title to Land or at Home at Tehran[†4]	}	say 5
Small Beer Chronicles[†5]		9½
ONE [†6] of Mr. Harwood's[†7] Stories[†8] reduced to the cols wanting.[†9]		

I think "A Cheap Passage Home"[†10] is the best of his Stories. I have no corrections to make in "Virgilius The Enchanter",[†11] so that too is available.

To THOMAS BEARD, 15 NOVEMBER 1862

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Angleterre | Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | London | W.

Paris, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Saturday Fifteenth November, 1862

My Dear Beard.

I feel that I have no right to argue the case with you, as you state it in the letter which breathes your own spirit and rectitude. And yet there are half a dozen

words which I think I ought not to leave unsaid, because they seem essential to the plainness of the case and its completeness.

On my side of the question (I adopt your phrase because there is no better one), I think all requisites are embodied in a gentleman and an attached friend. I think no other combination of qualities would be half so efficient.

On your side of the question, I suppose the mere money advantage to represent some four or five years of present employment at home. I also take into account the probability that the kind of repute attaching to such an experience and trust, would be helpful afterwards.

Those two paragraphs sum up all that I want to explain.

I have come to no decision; and I find the difficulty of making up my mind, enormous. The Indian idea is a fine one, but it might be that Australia and Tasmania would fill up all the time—and pocket too. And I have a notion that I could perhaps see that country in its present early state of transition, from some point of view (for after-use in faction) that has not yet struck any man's fancy. I spoke to Bulwer about it, here, the other day; and his unlimited confidence in this possibility was almost absurd.—It certainly was immensely greater than mine.

Georgy and Mary send their best love, and say (shaking their heads over their work), "but he never comes to Gad's." It is of no use my urging "he won't", or "he can't"; they reply (you know what the sex is),

"its because you don't fix a time." Hereupon, I tear my hair, and exclaim "Damn it, I *do* fix a time" (you know my passing bursts after the manner of my poor father); they only shake their heads again, and I scowl at them gloomily, and pretend that I am not looking at them. Now come. The Saturday or Sunday after Christmas Day. Can't you come to us for a couple of days then? Katie will be with us, I dare say—and my son Charley—and his preposterous child.[†1] Think of the unmitigated nonsense of an inimitable grandfather!

My Dear Beard | Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?11-16 NOVEMBER 1862]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 693*n*. *Date: To* Beard, 15 Nov, makes it clear that "last Sunday" was the 9th; this letter, therefore, probably written the following week (11-16 Nov).

I mentioned the question to Bulwer when he dined with us here last Sunday, and he was all for going. He said that not only did he think the whole population would go to the Readings, but that the country would strike me in some quite new aspect for a book; and that wonders might be done with such book in the way of profit, over there as well as here.

To MADAME VIARDOT,[†1] 17 NOVEMBER 1862*

MS Mr William S. Kundig.

rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Monday Seventeenth November 1862

My Dear Madame Viardot.

I am delighted to have your letter, for I can most honestly assure you— though on second thoughts I believe you know it already—that your wonderful powers as a great and true artist, make you one of the most interesting people in the world to me.

My Sub Editor has come over from London with a quantity of work for me to do, and while he remains I am not sure of my time. But I lose none in walking up to your house with him, and leaving my card with this note.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WINTER,[†2] 17 NOVEMBER 1862

Text from N, III, 320; MS ([aa]) Huntington Library.[†3]

Paris, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Monday, Seventeenth November 1862

My Dear Maria,

I had read in Galignani that your poor father[†4] was dead,[†5] before I received your [a]touching account of his last moments. Of course I could not be surprised, knowing his great age, by the wearing out of his vitality; but—almost equally of course—it was a shock too. For all the old Past comes out of its grave when I think of him, and the Ghosts of a good many years stand about his memory.

He died among his children, and could have died with no better words and no better hopes. God be thanked for it, and may such mercy and comfort be in store for us!

Always Yours affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

Pray give my kind regard to Margaret[†6] and your brother.[†7a]

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 NOVEMBER 1862]

Extract in F, VII, v, 613*n*. *Date:* Forster dates 30 Nov 62 incorrectly; CD saw *Orphée et Eurydice* on 19 Nov: see *To* Mme Viardot, 20 Nov and *n*.

Last night I saw Madame Viardot do Gluck's *Orphée*. It is a most extraordinary performance—pathetic in the highest degree, and full of quite sublime acting. Though it is unapproachably fine from first to last, the beginning of it, at the tomb of Eurydice, is a thing that I cannot remember at this moment of writing, without emotion. It is the finest presentation of grief that I can imagine, and when she has received hope from the gods and encouragement to go into the other world and seek Eurydice, Viardot's manner of taking the relinquished lyre from the tomb and becoming radiant again, is most noble. Also she recognises Eurydice's touch, when at length the hand is put in hers from behind, like a most transcendent genius. And when, yielding to Eurydice's entreaties, she has turned round and slain her with a look, her despair over the body is grand in the extreme. It is worth a journey to Paris to see; for there is no such Art to be otherwise looked upon. Her husband stumbled over me by mere chance, and took me to her dressing-room. Nothing could have happened better as a genuine homage to the performance, for I was disfigured with crying.

To MADAME VIARDOT, 20 NOVEMBER 1862

MS M and Mme Le Cesne.

Faubourg St. Honoré

Thursday Twentieth November 1862

My Dear Madame Viardot.

I cannot help it. I *must* thank you for that wonderful performance of last night.[†1] When Monsieur Viardot[†2] came upon me by accident, I was holding forth about the first act, to my daughter and sister in law, with tears rolling down my face. I came to you in hardly a better condition.[†3] I went away when all was done, in a worse. Nothing can be more magnificent, more true, more tender, more beautiful, more profound!

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 21 NOVEMBER 1862*

MS Public Record Office, Copenhagen.

Paris. Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Friday Twenty First November, 1862

My Dear Robert Lytton

Pray let me have the little Poems you mention. I shall be delighted to have them for publication.

After considering the matter, I think I cannot do better than instruct Wills (which I have done), to send you, next week, my excised and [lopped proof of][†1] to look over. If you approve of its insertion in a regular No. in that state, I shall then insert it *for its own sake*. If you disapprove, and think you would rather keep it by you than have it so pruned, tell me so, and the type shall be distributed, and the MS restored to you. In any case, the MS shall be preserved. Be assured that neither course will in the least put me out, and that I mean exactly what I write.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 21 NOVEMBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, | Friday Twenty First November, 1862

My Dear Wills.

I see that Mrs. Gaskell[†2] *has* put a name to her story—at the end, instead of the beginning—which is characteristic. The addition of one word will make it a striking name. Call the story

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.[†3]

—and don't confound it with a cold night's work: which you must have had last night.

You got to London safe and sound, and found Mrs. Wills ditto ditto? All send kindest regard. The breakfast-corner looked quite unfurnished this morning when I went in, without you and Galignani.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To R. H. HORNE, 22 NOVEMBER 1862*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Paris. Saturday Twenty Second November, 1862

My Dear Horne. I am here until Christmas, and have been abroad and about, for several weeks. Your letter reached me not long ago. I have considered its main subject carefully, and believe that under the circumstances an attempt to secure your appointment to the non-existent office[†1] would be quite hopeless. That my interference would not advance the matter, I am convinced. Official luminaries have no liking for me who laid my impious hand on the sacred Circumlocution Office.[†2] Perfectly well knowing the genuine nature of the claims you set forth in your letter, I would have (nevertheless) approached the illustrious presence of Tape[†3] with my testimony to them, if there had been any Archimedes standing-point[†4] from which to work a lever. But, as I see the case, there is none. Nor can I imagine the likelihood of your friends in England being of two minds on the question.

Again I thank you for your advice as to Australian Readings, which I shall not fail to bear in mind. I cannot resolve altogether to abandon the idea, and yet it is immensely difficult to resolve to pursue it.

My Dear Horne | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 23 NOVEMBER 1862

MS British Library.

Paris, rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Sunday Twenty Third November, 1862

My Dear Layard,

Many thanks for your kind letter. I will write to Lord Russell forthwith.

Yours was forwarded to me here by this morning's post. We are staying here (my daughter, her aunt, and I) until Christmas and were vexed to learn that you had been in Paris without our knowing it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. H. Layard Esquire

To THE EARL RUSSELL, [?23 NOVEMBER 1862]

Mention in last. *Date:* CD no doubt wrote the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 NOVEMBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

Paris. | Tuesday Twenty Fifth November, 1862.

My Dear Wills. With the alteration I am going to mention, I prefer the enclosed make-up.[†1]

It is not a No. strong enough for Ollier's[†2] Poem (which is maudlin), if any thing can be put into its place.[†3] What I should like best, would be to get in some reasonably good *prose* article, after Murray;[†4] getting the excess it would occasion, out of the Cotton paper.[†5] I see no such article in the List, but perhaps you may have one in MS. Something light and pleasant in that place—and no poem—would be a great improvement.[†6]

It is not worth while my posting the proofs this time; I go on to add all I have to say respecting them.

Take out of Murray any thing "swell"[†7]—such as the word "shindy",[†8] or any similar yaw-yawdom.[†9] Take out his last paragraph, touching his gallant steed, altogether.[†10]

In cutting the Cotton Paper to such dimensions as you can find room for, take nothing out of the first slip. Because the Manchester School deserves all the schooling it can get, touching its reduction to the grossest absurdity of the supply-and-demand dogmatism, and its pig-headed reliance on men's not-going to war against their interest. [†a]As if the vices and passions of men had not been running counter to their interests since the Creation of the World![†a†11]

Miss Edwards[†12] I have done.[†13]

"Fire" had best be distributed—paid for, of course. It is a mere dilution—and a very dry one—of a very well known paper in H.W.

If Spicer is in town, couldn't he do a droll paper, representing himself, a Londoner, as having—say seven—quiet visitors from the country (Rule Britannia

Britons every one of them, regarding other Empires and States as in mere outer darkness); and giving the particulars of their all being knocked down, garrotted, choked, robbed, and half murdered, in one day? Or Mr. Halliday[†1] might do such a thing.[†2]

The more I think of Never say Die, the less I like it. There is no weight in it, and it is weakly open to all kinds of joking. Something more expressive of No Surrender would be better. Something like Thorough—True to the Death— Onward—Firm as a Rock—Perseverance—Nailed to the Mast—True to the Colours—would be more like it, if I understand the intention.[†3]

I mean to cross over on Friday afternoon, so as to get all Saturday in town. I want to see about Frank's prospects and other things. Will you tell John to have ready for my dinner at 6 on Friday, a bit of fish and a nice *little* joint of mutton, and will you tell him that Edmund Yates will probably dine with me. I shall expect the honor of Frank's company, of course (please tell him), unless he is otherwise engaged.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FREDERICK LOCKER,[†4] 27 NOVEMBER 1862*

MS Armstrong Browning Library. *Address:* Fredk. Locker Esquire | St. James's Palace | S.W.

Paris, Thursday Twenty Seventh November 1862

Dear Sir

I have been abroad for several weeks past and am here until Christmas. Your obliging note has been forwarded to me, but your book[†5] awaits me in London. I beg to thank you for both.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Locker Esquire

December

To W. H. WILLS, 3 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

Paris | Wednesday Third December, 1862

My Dear Wills.

My being a day behind my time this week, happens well enough. I have gone over Charles Collins[†1] carefully, and have made a correction or two in his paper. I have queried one or two passages where the printing is absurd. Look to the printing too. I shall be very glad to enter into the subscription you propose. I gave £20 before, to the Lord Mayor's Committee, and am ready to give another £20 now, [†a]or another £10 now, and another in reserve, as you may think best.[†2] Decide freely.[†a] When I gave my former money, it was clearly shewn by most of the wise men that it was absurd and needless; and I particularly remember your friend Novelli[†3] (at a rather profuse dinner) expatia[ting][†4] to me on the folly of a subscription. Still on the whole, I seemed then, and seem now, to descry faint gleams of reason for it.

The arming of the South is out of date, and Thornbury's paper is a mere absurdity and a very old one.[†5] It can easily be returned to him without offence, on the ground that I consider the subject too serious to be humorous upon at this time, when the late conspiracies and murders are still fresh,[†6] and when the peasantry are still shielding a bloody villain from justice.[†7] I think the No. had best stand

No Name	14 ½
An Act of Mercy	13 ½
Little Matters	2 ½
Wood and Straw Music	5 ½
Coming into a Fortune.	12 [†8]

Or, if it would fit as well, you might use "A Reform much Needed"[†9] (returned with this, and corrected) instead of Wood and Straw Music. Virgilius the Enchanter[†10] would go best in that place, but I fear it is too long.[†11]

I think something must have gone wrong in the sending out of the Xmas No.? Ours have not yet arrived here.

Fechter's MS[†1] will have been in time for Chorley. My journey back was in all things prosperous.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 4 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

Faubourg St. Honoré
Thursday Fourth December, 1862

My Dear Letitia. I am sorry to hear of the neuralgia, but it is very likely owing to the journey and the change. As to me, I have decided nothing; though I rather think the balance is slightly turning in my mind against Australia.

That project which your were turning over when you wrote from Havre (and which I have considered since), still involves the difficulty of a speculation; that is to say, you could not proceed to carry it out, without incurring some extra charges both for rent and furniture. This involves us again, in all the old doubts.

Enclosed is a note from Mary asking Amelia[†2] and you to come and dine with us alone, on Monday. I want to know—when you yourself know—whether you are going over to England with us on the 22nd. or about that time. (We may possibly go on the 20th.) Also, what are you going to do with your Christmas? Will you come to Gad's with us, or have you any other plan?

Ever affecy.

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 4 DECEMBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, | Thursday Fourth December 1862

My Dear Wills. I am so apprehensive of some pervading mistake (which may involve other things) having been made at the Office about the Xmas No. that I send you another letter to day, to let you know *that no presentation Xmas No. has arrived here.* We have none, Lady Molesworth has none, Lady Olliffe has none. I have sent round this morning to make sure of the fact. It has made me rather ridiculous, as they besieged me for the No. on my return, and I had brought none, in order that I might not confuse the office arrangements. But this is

nothing;—the grave thing is the break-down of three packets—which suggests thirty—or three hundred—or three thousand.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Since writing the above, I have seen Lehmann. He, too, has none.

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 5 DECEMBER 1862

MS Yale University Library. *Address* (envelope, Sotheby's Catalogue, Dec 1964): Angleterre | Clarkson Stanfield Esquire R. A. | The Green Hill | Hampstead | near | London | N. W. PM Paris 5 Dec 62.

Paris, rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Friday Fifth December, 1862

My Dear Stanny.

We have been here for two months, and I shall probably come back here after Christmas (we go home for Christmas week) and stay on into February. But I shall write and propose a Theatre before Christmas is out, so this is to warn you to get yourself into working Pantomime order!

I hope Wills has duly sent you our new Christmas No. As you may like to know what I myself wrote of it, understand the Dick contributions to be, *His Leaving it till called for*, and *his wonderful end, his Boots, and his Brown paper parcel.*

Since you were at Gad's Hill, I have been travelling a good deal, and looking up many odd things for use. I want to know how you are in health and spirits, and it would be the greatest of pleasures to me to have a line under your hand.

God bless you and yours with all the blessings of the time of year, and of all times!

Ever Your affectionate and faithful

DICK.

To W.H. WILLS, 5 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

Paris | Friday Fifth December, 1862

My Dear Wills. Our own Xmas Nos. have arrived—at last—this morning. But unless other foreign Xmas Nos. were also reposted, they certainly have *not* arrived even now. I will inquire, and report in a postscript.

You sent one to Stanfield?

I am pleased by young Jullien's[†1] letter, because I *know* my Corporal[†2] to be true to the life,—as true as his garrison-town[†2] is.

What you tell me of your poor sister,[†3] is very sad and touching. But I should say for certain that in any case she would be far far better (as she and her illness are concerned) on the Forest Hill side of London[†4] than on yours.

Keep me up to news of the Xmas no.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

The other Nos. have NOT[†5] arrived!

To CHARLES FECHTER, 6 DECEMBER 1862

Text from MDGH, II, 185-6.

Paris,
Saturday, 6 December 1862

My Dear Fechter,

I have read "The White Rose" attentively, and think it an extremely good play. It is vigorously written with a great knowledge of the stage, and presents many striking situations. I think the close particularly fine, impressive, bold, and new.

But I greatly doubt the expediency of your doing *any* historical play early in your management. By the words "historical play," I mean a play founded on any incident in English history. Our public are accustomed to associate historical plays with Shakespeare. In any other hands, I believe they care very little for crowns and dukedoms. What you want is something with an interest of a more domestic and general nature—an interest as romantic as you please, but having a more general and wider response than a disputed succession to the throne can have for Englishmen at this time of day. Such interest culminated in the last Stuart, and has worn itself out. It would be uphill work to evoke an interest in Perkin Warbeck.[†6]

I do not doubt the play's being well received, but my fear is that these people would be looked upon as mere abstractions, and would have but a cold welcome in consequence, and would not lay hold of your audience. Now, when you *have* laid hold of your audience and have accustomed them to your theatre, you may produce "The White Rose,"[†7] with far greater justice to the author, and to the manager also. Wait. Feel your way. Perkin Warbeck is too

far removed from analogy with the sympathies and lives of the people for a beginning.

My dear Fechter, ever faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To E. S. DALLAS,[†1] 7 DECEMBER 1862

MS University of Texas, Austin.[†2]

Paris. rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Sunday Seventh December, 1862

My Dear Sir

Your affecting letter has made a great impression on me, and fills me with anxiety for our dear good Elliotson. The warmest affection for him and admiration of him, I have had for years, and no circumstances could intensify those feelings; but you present him in a light so very touching and distressing, that I find it hard to recover my composure and see our way clearly.

And yet the main part of your letter is not new to me. From Chauncy Townshend[†3] (with whom[†4] I have, habitually, relations as confidential as those [in][†5] which you and I now stand) I received an account a year and a half ago, of Elliotson's despondency and tendency to suicide. We observed him carefully, and the darkest part of the cloud passed. But neither Townshend nor I supposed his professional or other worldly affairs to be as bad as you describe them to be.

I am not sanguine as to my power of persuasion with the sisters.[†6] But this does not in the least influence me as to my readiness to undertake the task of mediating between Elliotson and them. I think I might be able to open the mediation by addressing a kind of letter to them proposing to see them, which they could scarcely throw aside.

It is unnecessary, I am sure, to tell you that I will do anything; and that I cannot do too much for the good, kind, noble, admirable fellow. So I at once pass on to my plans—as they stood, that is to say,[†7] before I read your letter this morning. Understand that a word from you by Telegraph, would—without at all alarming me or leading me to suppose that anything worse [had][†5] happened —bring me to meet you in London, by the next Express Train.

On Monday the 22nd. I leave here with my daughter and her Aunt, and go straight home to Gad's Hill for Christmas. (Gad's Hill is within 30 miles of London, and little more than an hour's journey by North Kent Railway.) There, I remain until about the 8th. of January, when I return here alone for a month or six weeks. I have some engagements to fulfil here at that time, and have promised to read, at our Embassy, for a certain charitable British Society.

The course I am going to recommend, I incline to, in balancing the difficulties of the case, as the one that would[†4] be most gradual, and therefore least likely to give our friend[†4] any painful shock. (I very much doubt, I should cause[†4] his breaking down if I called upon him without notification.[†4] I think he has an exaggerated notion of my self-reliance,[†4] which would put him upon his).

If you were to say to him "I have written to Dickens and I have received the most earnest of answers, and he is so anxious[†4] about you that he is coming over from Paris tomorrow on[†4] purpose to see

you, and see your sisters, and help me in giving you any comfort and support that friendship can render",—and if you make that communication to him with all the tenderness and fervor for which you have full warrant—don't you think it would be a great beginning? If you did this, tomorrow (Monday), and afterwards simply telegraphed to me, "Yes",— we would dine at my office in Wellington Street at ½ past 6 on Tuesday, take counsel together, and then go straight to him.

I assume next, that you may see some objection to this course—may have observed some little thing since you wrote, disposing you to hesitate about it. In that case, shall I meet you at Dover on Wednesday? The boat from Calais will be due there, at half past 3 in the afternoon, and you could get on [to B]ell's[†1] afterwards.

Of the two courses I think the former the better, because we might have some dreadful reason for thinking "If we had but acted at once!"—

Another thing.—Have you had any opportunity of observing how he stands affected towards Forster? He has been in close attendance both on Forster and his wife, and Forster has the strongest belief in him and respect for him, and I *know* he has both the will and the power to serve him, and he has great tenderness under a tough exterior, and is a very sound adviser in such a case. If Elliotson have taken no little offence against him—which he is apt to do, as supposing himself slighted in some trifling social way—I think Forster would prove an invaluable ally. If you should be of this mind, and should telegraph "Yes", [add][†5] "Forster" to that word, and I would warn him to come to the office. I ought to add perhaps, that I have never told Forster what Townshend told me. The attack of apoplexy, I think he knew of at the time.

I do not at all despair of our being able to persuade Elliotson to retire, or of our being able to reconcile him to the idea. Of course in this hope, as in all hope concerning him, there is the alloy that his brain has lost its health. Still, he is so exceedingly affectionate and so exceedingly susceptible of the attachment of

friends, that I think we could calm him and nerve him through that part of his nature.

This letter is as short as I could make it. For we should act at once—in any case as to taking counsel about his condition.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Dallas Esquire

To DR E. S. SYMES,[†1] 11 DECEMBER 1862

Mention in Spencer catalogue No. 13; dated 11 Dec 62.

To E. S. DALLAS, 12 DECEMBER 1862

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twelfth December 1862

My Dear Mr. Dallas.

You and Mrs. Dallas[†2] will be surprised, but glad, to learn that there is no reasonable doubt of your having been misled as to the state of the Doctor's practice. When we saw Symes this morning his assertions on that head were so positive and direct, that we felt it necessary to know to an inch the true and exact state of the ground on which we were going right or wrong. Therefore, going (without Symes) from Symes to the Doctor, we asked the Doctor the question, and explained to him that it was impossible to assist him hopefully or with judgment, unless we were most accurately informed. He thereupon unlocked one of his table-drawers and produced his book of fees for (I think) three years, of which this present year is the last. Unless the entries from day to day, with varying pens and in varying states of ink were all made fraudulently or maniacally, it is impossible to doubt that he realizes by his practice in this present year, *more than a Thousand Pounds.* The Seventy Pounds of which you made mention in your letter to me, is right as to the sum, but wrong as to the time in which the sum was earned. It represents the professional income of a month—not a half year, but a month—whether the month of October or November is not material, but one of the two. [†a]Forster corrects this to August.[†a] If one can receive anything on written evidence, one *must*[†3] receive this. We had previously doubted Symes, but we felt it unreasonable—impossible—to dispute this proof. It is true that his practice would seem, on the same testimony, to be

steadily on the decline; but (including his receipts as physician to an Assurance office) it yields in this, the worst of the years of which we have seen the account, more than a Thousand Pounds.

I am inclined to think, as he is right in this, there may be reality in the three or four hundred pounds in the drawer. (We did not press him on that head, having got at so much.) But we learned from Symes that he has a payment of £400 to make shortly, on account (we inferred—only inferred) of some call on share-holding or other similar speculation, in respect of which Symes has also to pay money at the same time. [†b]The sum may be provided for that occasion.[†b]

The House[†1] has four years to run. The Lease does not expire until the year 1866.

Now the difference between the real and supposed state of his practice, very materially affects the question of the retention of the house. He has been there so long and is so associated with it, that it must be held to be an element in the gaining of say a thousand or twelve hundred a year. And at present we both lean to the conclusion that the best way to serve him would be to endeavour (as privately as possible) to raise a fund which would not only pay off the mortgage on the house at Chatham,[†2] but enable him to live rent free in the house in Conduit Street, until its term[†3] expires. Another four years in his life, in his condition and at his age poor fellow, are a long term.

The quarrel with the sisters is of so complicated a kind and made up of so many little things (including a Cockatoo), that it would be mere madness and moonshine to unravel it bit by bit. But we got this morning at the fact that its bitterness would seem to have been intensified by his going down to the now-mortgaged house (which they then occupied) to eject them unless they paid a certain bill which they

were bound to pay, for repairs done to it. He arriving on the scene, possibly to execute this threat, but certainly after having made it, led to their anticipating the skeedaddle policy of later days by climbing over the garden wall into their present house, and shaking the dust off their feet at him.

Observe that Baker[†4] this morning, in the most positive and emphatic manner, besought us not to mistrust Symes! He had lived in the house eleven years, he had nursed the Doctor in sickness, he had always been the same, he was the most upright and honorable of gentlemen. This, not before the Doctor, but when we were quite alone.

We have seen the Solicitors—that is, we have seen Mr. Lucas[†5] as representing the Firm. We had settled our course beforehand. As we could not possible move him from the position that he could only receive our communication as "Miss Elliotson's solicitor", we declined to make it. In proportion as we receded, his curiosity evidently advanced; but we held to our ground (we thought it absolutely necessary to avoid committing Eliotson on such terms), and we left him.

I have just seen Mrs. Dallas on her way to Hanover Square.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Dallas Esquire

I shall be in town again—that is to say at Gad's Hill—on the 22nd. In the meantime Forster will be happy to co-operate with you in any way. His address is 46 Montagu Square.

To THE REV. WILLIAM GASKELL,[†2] 18 DECEMBER 1862

MS John Rylands Library. *Address:* Angleterre | The Rev. William Gaskell | Plymouth Grove | Manchester.

Paris, rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Thursday Eighteenth December 1862

My Dear Sir

Your letter and I have been crossing each other, in a curious way. This—and my being now here, and now not here—accept as my sufficient excuse for this late reply.

I am sorry to tell you that I cannot possibly comply with your request. I have arranged to be at home among my family for a fortnight at Christmas, and am then coming back here, to read—for a British charity. It is needless for me (I hope) to assure you how cordially I sympathize with your kind and excellent purpose.

I beg to send my best regard to Mrs. Gaskell, and am always

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. William Gaskell

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 18 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Yale University Library.

Paris, rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Thursday Eighteenth December, 1862

My Dear Stanny.

I cannot tell you what concern your letter has given me, or how distressed I am by your describing yourself as suffering so much pain. Since I have been wandering about, I have always had the idea—founded, I imagine, on some vague purpose you had when you were at Gad's Hill—that you too were travelling in search of picturesque things. And now I am amazed to be told under your own hand (very plain and steady it looks though, mind you!) that you have been ill three mortal months.[†3] Poor dear fellow!

Your letter—sent on here—crossed me. I was telegraphed to England, most unexpectedly, to do what service I could in aid of a friend who sorely needed help at his right hand.[†1] The moment I had done what I could—and the business hurried me here and there, in a quite distracting manner—I came back here, where Mary and Georgina had been left behind, and were anxiously expecting me. I think Davie[†2] must have been mistaken in his impression that I was in London when he spoke of me. It is as likely as not, that he derived it from my signature on the wrapper of the Christmas Number—which signature is a lithograph, several years old.

But we are coming back to Gad's Hill for Christmas, and on the Monday after Christmas Day, please God, I will come to town and to the Green Hill[†3] to see you. About mid-day I will come, as the time most likely to be the best. Towards the middle of January I am going to read gratuitously, at our Embassy here, for a Charity. But I shall be at home during the whole interval. I arrived here again, only last night.

My dear dear fellow, I hope and pray that you have times of ease, and that the "shade better" of which you tell me in your note has become a bright light better, and that you will soon be—literally—on your legs again—with your "tarry trousers" on them, and all complete. I send you at this good time of the year, as at all times good or bad, my most affectionate and earnest love, and do most earnestly, in the great seasonable name in which we both trust and hope, assure you that I have never for a single day in all these years been otherwise than your affectionate and true friend. If we at all misunderstood one another in a passing time that is gone,[†4] it was without a touch of coldness or unkindness on my side. More than one of our friends could testify that to the question "What is the matter between you and Stanny?" I replied, "I don't know; I only know that I love him, just as I always did and always shall."

God bless you, my dear Stanny. There cannot be in this world a heart more affectionately and faithfully yours than this that beats in me.

Your attached old friend,

DICK

To W. H. WILLS, 18 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

Paris | Thursday Eighteenth December, 1862

My Dear Wills.

As I have not received your No. scheme[†5] this morning, I infer that you have been detained in Devonshire,[†6] and that I had best send you what proofs I have

corrected. Therefore, with this you will find Charley Collins's small beer,[†1] and Mrs. Linton's man and his beasts.[†2] Mrs. Mertons Mince Pies[†3] I do not return, because the paper really will not do. (Pay for it, none the less, and hold it over.)[†4] Our Oil Flasks[†5] I do not return, as that paper would not go with Mrs. Linton's about the beasts.[†6] Mrs. Gaskell's MS[†7] will come by parcel from here tomorrow —*not* divided into chapters or portions, until printed.[†8]

From Holsworth's report of the state of the Xmas No. Poll last (Wednesday) evening, it is pretty clear that you mean to win half a crown of me.[†9]

I want *a Fifty Pound Note* for a special purpose.[†10] Will you send me one by return of post, getting the enclosed cheque[†11] cashed.

I hope you are recovering your spirits, and that all goes well at home.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 20 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Morgan Library

Paris, | Saturday Night Twentieth December 1862

My Dear Letitia. I think (I cannot at present be quite sure) that I shall NOT[†12] GO[†13] to Australia.

My present intention is, to return here about the middle of January.[†14] There is no likelihood of my going home again until, at the earliest, the middle of February. It is likely enough that I may go on from here to see some friends in Genoa[†15]—and in any case I want to look about me in many odd places. My address until, say the 10th. of January, will be at Gad's Hill. After that, I am best addressed at the Hotel du Helder, Rue du Helder, Paris.

The exact date of the reading here, I cannot be sure of, because Lord Cowley[†16] does not come back until the 27th.—and before the evening is fixed, he will desire to assure himself that nothing is projected for whatever night is appointed—no reception, or ball, or what not—by the Emperor and Empress.

But I have myself proposed Saturday the 18th. It will be made known before this month is out, what the night is.[†1] Tell Amelia with my love, that I have begged Sir Joseph Olliffe (who is at the head of the business Department, and who will very probably muddle it), to send her 3 tickets, and that I have told him that I desire them to be near me. As the prices charged are very high, and as many of the French present will probably not have the faintest notion what the Reading is about, she will not see an Audience like St. James's Hall. But I dare say it will be a pretty sight, and I shall be as good as if they will let me be. I intend to read Copperfield and nothing else.[†2] So much for that.

I have had a weary time in London with an old friend's miseries[†3] and have quite enough of my own cares, to keep me going (or not going) when such affairs fail me. But I am always ready (when not spirited away by Telegraph) to prove my interest in, and my affection for, you. Be sure of that.

Looking back to your note, I observe two points in it that I have omitted to observe upon. 1.— I certainly am not going to read here for the poor Lancashire people (I have given them £40).[†4] And it cannot in the least signify when you claim your annuity. No doubt it is always payable on, *and after*, a certain day.

I think that's all at present.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MADAME VIARDOT, 20 DECEMBER 1862

MS Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. *Address:* à Madame Viardot.

Paris, Saturday Twentieth December, 1862

My Dear Madame Viardot

As Lord and Lady Cowley[†5] are away from Paris, I cannot be absolutely certain about the evening of my Reading at the Embassy, but I have proposed *Saturday the 17th. of January*. The hour will be half past 8, and it will last an hour and a half. Sir Joseph Olliffe will send you the 4 tickets we spoke of, and I have told him that I expressly wish your party to be very near me. The tickets themselves will shew you whether or no the evening is changed. My address on my return (a day or two before the Reading) will be The Hotel du Helder, Rue du Helder. If you should want more than 4 tickets, Sir Joseph Olliffe (Rue St. Florentin No. 2), understands from me that I am far more anxious to please you than all the Lords and Ladies alive (or dead either), and will hold himself bound to comply with any wish you may make known to him.

With kind regard to Monsieur Viardot and all your house,

Believe me ever | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GABRIEL or JULES GUILLEMOT,[†1] 21 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Saltykov-Shchedrin State Public Library, St Petersburg.

Faubourg St. Honoré
Dimanche 21 Decembre, 1862

Monsieur

J'ai eu l'honneur de recevoir votre lettre, pour laquelle je vour prie d'accepter mes remerçiemens. Mais permettez-moi de vous expliquer que je ne vais lire qu'une fois à Paris, et alors à l'Ambassade d'Angleterre, au benefice d'une institution charitable.

Veuillez reçevoir, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma consideration la plus distinguée

Votre fidèle
CHARLES DICKENS

A Monsieur Guillemot

To JOHN FORSTER, [?DECEMBER 1862]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 840. *Date:* 1862, according to Forster; reference to a second meeting with the French captain, at Calais, suggests his journey home from Paris in week before Christmas.

An old priest the express image of Frédéric Lemaître[†2] got up for the part, and very cross with the toothache, told me in a railway carriage the other day, that we had no antiquities in heretical England. "None at all," I said. "You have some ships, however?" "Yes; a few." "Are they strong?" "Well," said I, "your trade is spiritual, my father: ask the ghost of Nelson." A French captain who was in the carriage was immensely delighted with this small joke. I met him at Calais yesterday going somewhere with a detachment; and he said—Pardon! But he had been so limited as to suppose an Englishman incapable of that bonhommie![†3]

To THOMAS BEARD, 24 DECEMBER 1862

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth December 1862

My Dear Beard

Many happy Christmases and New Years!

It would be indelicate and selfish to gainsay your Australian conclusion. If I

do not go (and I don't think I shall, now) it will unquestionably have brought down the scale on the home side.[†1]

I am vexed that I cannot be here at the time you mention, for I have engaged to go back to Paris, to read at our Embassy there, for the benefit of a British charitable body.[†2] It is possible that I may take the opportunity of going on to Genoa.[†3] But I will not fail to report myself when I come home again, and to entreat you to appoint your time. I think of crossing on the 11th. of January, and I may be away a month or six weeks.

On Monday last, the small number of one hundred and eighty five thousand copies of Somebody's Luggage had been sold! I wonder how many people among those purchasers have any idea of the number of hours of steamboat, railway train, dusty French walk, and looking out of window, boiled down in "His Boots"?

Kindest and best love from all here,

My Dear Beard | Ever Your affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 26 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Sixth December, 1862

My Dear Wills.

Many merry Christmases and Happy New Years to you and yours!

The matter for the No.[†4] is so abominably shy[†5] this week, that it is not easy to make up a No. at all. I have been obliged to take a great deal out of Mrs. Linton even; for it is not only a poor article full of repetitions, but a disagreeable one— written in a bad humour, decrying a good many innocent little courtesies, and looking at life out of disagreeable and unnecessary windows.[†6] Which is not our A.Y.R. Vocation.

The Poem about the Robins, I must reluctantly Taboo. We really cannot afford to go on killing our young mutton, longer than 13 years, and singing about it.

I don't think there is any objection to the Small Beer Chronicle[†7] as I have altered it. But I think there *is* a very strong objection to entering on that Bentham[†8]-notion of supplying convicts with women.[†9] It again presents, in a

most startling manner, one of those astounding contrasts between the pauper and the criminal (favorable to the latter) which the mind really cannot complacently endure. I feel convinced that at this time of all others, the public spirit is not in a state to receive such a proposition—and I honestly think that the public ruffled-spirit is right. When the professional criminal has been repressed and punished—years hence—the question may be mooted reasonably; but I think a main part of its reason or unreason is in the time of mooting it, and I think the circumstances of this time render it out of reason.

I return:

White Elephants
Small Beer
New Year's Day in Russia
Persian Servants
An Academy for Cooks

—as materials for a No.[†1] Use them as they fill best, and finish with Miss Stretton's[†2] story. As the last-named is not in the Xmas No. I don't think it worth while to alter it as I should have done for that speciality.

On Monday morning I shall be at the office—half crown in hand.[†3] A most signal hit the Xmas No. certainly![†4]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 27 DECEMBER 1862†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Seventh December 1862

My Dear Mary.

I must send you my Christmas Greeting and happy New Year wishes, in return for yours; most heartily and fervently reciprocating your interest and affection. You are among the few whom I most care for, and best love.

[†a]Your fearful account of the Evening Party Invitation, I had [mesmerically] anticipated.[†a]

Being in London two evenings in the opening week, I tried to persuade my legs (for whose judgment I have the highest respect) to go there. But I *could not* induce them to pass Leicester Square. The faltering presentiment under which they laboured, so impressed me, that at that point I yielded to their

terrors. They immediately ran away due East, and I accompanied them to the Olympic, where I saw a very good play, "Camilla's Husband,"[†1] very well played.[†2] Real merit in Mr. Neville and Miss Saville.

We came across directly after the gale, with the channel all bestrewn with floating wreck, and with a hundred and fifty sick schoolboys from Calais on board. [†a]But the passage, though very cold, was better than one might have expected under the circumstances.[†a] I am going back on the morning after Fechter's opening night, and have promised to read Copperfield at the Embassy, for a British Charity.

Georgy continues wonderfully well, and she and Mary send you their best love. The house is pervaded by boys; and every boy has (as usual) an unaccountable and awful power of producing himself in every part of the house at every moment, apparently in fourteen pairs of clashing[†3] boots.

My Dear Mary | Ever affectionately Your

JOE.

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Seventh December, 1862

Parr.

That libel on your wife, I never will believe. Ne-ver *will* believe! Not even though I live to be as old as—you—will I ever believe that she was afraid to write to me!

In consideration of your extreme age and imbecility, I send you, however, my forgiveness and my blessing. All the good wishes of the good time and of all times, come with this from me and mine to you and yours.

I am going back to Paris on the 11th. of January, and have promised to read Copperfield at the Embassy, for a British charity. Meantime I am keeping house here for all the boys and girls, and, from the cloud-capped pinnacle[†4] of my own gloomy antiquity, contemplate their levity as a Sage should.

The last report of the Writer's Progress was made to me from the office on Christmas Eve. He had then sold the rather extraordinary number of one hundred and ninety one thousand, odd hundred, copies!

Ever My Dearest friend
Your affectionate and faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To MR SHIELDS,[†1] 27 DECEMBER 1862

Extract in N, III, 329.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
27th December 1862

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Shields ... for copy of published letter of Rev. E. Prest,[†2] which appears naturally to have excited unfavourable comment in Gateshead.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 DECEMBER 1862

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty-Seventh December 1862

My Dear Wills.

I should very much like to help Miss Power to publish her "Pictures from Egypt", if I could. As well as I can make out, it will form a good octavo volume about 6/-or 7/-. Will you mind asking Sampson Low[†3] if he would treat for it?[†4] He can see the MS of course, and I shall have it on Monday. I would give him a good title for it, if he bought it. Miss Power wants to set her mind at rest about the book as soon as she can. Of course Low may know that I am interested in it.

Faithfully Always
CD.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 30 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Mr Brian Lake.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirtieth December, 1862

Dear Mr. Holsworth

As you are in the habit of paying Mrs. Alfred Dickens's landlord,[†1] I wish you would write him the following letter.

Sir

Mr. Charles Dickens begs me to call your attention to the state of the drains of the house No. 4 Grafton Terrace which he rents from you. He understands that Mrs. Alfred Dickens has already done so, without effect, and he hopes that you will not oblige him to appeal to the Sanitary officer of the district.

&c &c

(Signed by yourself, of course)

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 30 DECEMBER 1862*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirtieth December, 1862

My Dear Wills.

I send you the proofs[†2] corrected.

I have called the French military paper, *How to make Soldiers.*[†3] Is it not in two parts? If so, please add that, under the title, and then *Part I.*[†4]

I don't object to a Mercenary Marriage[†5] if you at all want it to go in.

Take care that Nutcracker is my corrected and cut Nutcracker.[†6]

Of course I shall take no heed of the enclosed letter.[†7] I send it, in case Miss Coutts might care to know of its receipt.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To [?T. R. EELES],[†1] [1862]

Mention as *To* Unknown Correspondent in John Anderson Jun. catalogue No. 551; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 1862.

About binding a copy of Arabian Nights.[†2]

To CHARLES READE, 1860-62

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1973; *MS* 3 line fragment; n.d.; addressed Charles Reade Esquire. *Date:* MS seen at Sotheby's; 1860-2 on handwriting.

Saying that after the following day he will be at Gad's Hill until the next Tuesday morning and then here[†3] *for the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.*

To E. T. SMITH,[†4] [?1852-62]

Envelope only; mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1347 (April 1917); addressed E. T. Smith. *Date*: perhaps during his lesseeship of Drury Lane 1852-62 (see below).

1863

January

To WILKIE COLLINS, 1 JANUARY 1863

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
New Year's Day, 1863.

My Dear Wilkie.

Many thanks for the book,[†5] the arrival of which has created an immense sensation in this palatial abode. I am delighted (but not surprised) to hear of its wonderful sale. All that I thought and said of it when you finished the second volume,[†6] I think and repeat of it now you have finished the third.[†7]

On Thursday in next week, I shall certainly be at the office; and I shall sleep there on that night, and on the Friday, and on the Saturday. On the Sunday I vanish into space for a day or two; but I must be in Paris about Thursday the 15th. because on Saturday the 17th. I am going to read Copperfield gratuitously at the Embassy.

Will you dine at the office on Thursday in next week at 6?

Let me strongly advise you to "go in" now, for getting thoroughly set up and made well. Don't do it by halves, but go through with it and see it out. Are there no baths that would drive the rheumatic Devil out of that game leg?[†1] Who knows but that towards the end of February, I might be open to any foreign proposal whatsoever? Distance no object, climate of no importance, change the advertiser's motive.

All the good wishes of the day and year, from

Yours ever affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 1 JANUARY 1863

Mention in Dickens Exhibition Catalogue, New Dudley Gallery, 1908; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 1 Jan 63; addressed Charles Kent.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 2 JANUARY 1863

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 2 Jan 63; addressed Messrs Chapman & Hall.

I hope shortly to make up my mind on the subject of a new book.[†2] I cannot quite see my way to the disposal of my time, before next month; but the matter is continually in my mind and occupying my

thoughts ... *and thanking them for their new year's present of some books* ... very acceptable, as a remembrance in season from you, and for their own sakes.

To MESSRS LETTS & SON,[†3] 3 JANUARY 1863*

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Third January 1863

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Messrs. Letts and Son, and begs with many thanks to acknowledge their annual present of an excellent Diary.

To THE REV. J. M. BRACKENBURY,[†1] 5 JANUARY 1863*

MS Mr G.A. Linsley.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifth January 1863.

My Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for your letter. I greatly esteem its explicitness, and I beg to thank both you and Mr. Wynne[†2] for the trouble and consideration you have bestowed on its subject.

In reference to Harry, I think the Indian Civil Service the best opening to which his attention can be directed. I have spoken to him, and he likes the idea. Therefore I have told him that I would communicate our wish to you, and that I believed you would be glad to prepare him for that examination, and that I hoped I might go so far as to say that you had some reliance—he continuing to be attentive and industrious—on his passing through it with credit to his masters and himself. I hope this will really be the case. His quickness in learning, I observed to be remarkable when he was a mere baby.

Alfred's is a very difficult case, and a very different one. For more than a year or so, I have had the strongest doubts of his passing the Woolwich examination, and now that it is harder my doubts are graver. Even if he were to get in, he might never obtain his commission; and he himself has a misgiving that his deficiency under the head of drawing alone, would stand fearfully in his way. The question with me is, then:— whether it will not be the wisest course at once to accept his case as a failure so far as Woolwich is concerned, and to put him into some line of life where steadiness and moderate abilities, well directed, may hope to work their way.

Either in a mercantile house having relations with China,[†3] or in a mercantile house trading with Ceylon,[†4] I think I might (having a little time to look about me), find an opening for him. But of course I will not withdraw him from the preparation for Woolwich without your sanction. It is to ask you if on the whole you approve of this course, that I trouble you with the present letter. And I make Alfred himself the bearer of it, in order that you may elicit any thing from him that you may think it desirable to know from

himself. If Woolwich be abandoned, I think I could scarcely hope to place him in any house of business before Easter.

My Dear Sir | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. J. M. Brackenbury

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 6 JANUARY 1863*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixth January 1863.

My Dear Lehmann.

I want to consult you about my boy Alfred—the one who was destined for Woolwich. Such a painful drop has suddenly taken place in the number of cadets wanted, that the Tutors are all aghast. In the consequent immense competition for the few vacancies, only a few of the very foremost boys can hope to get in; and my boy's having no taste for drawing (by which they set great store) would infallibly keep him out. Therefore, say the Tutors, Stop! Try something else!

This is very pleasant, after the great cost of preparation; but it is useless to think of that. So, on to what I *am* thinking about.

I think I might, through Sir Emerson Tennent, get him out into some good house at Ceylon or thereaway, allowing a little time to turn in. But (as he takes to the idea of a mercantile life and is steady and working, though not in the least brilliant), I should like at once to put him in the road to acquire another language and some commercial knowledge. Do you know of any place in Germany—at Hamburgh or any where—college, mercantile house, what not—whither I could send him for this purpose?[†1] I have a horror of his being idle, and it would do him good in after-life to be thrown on his self-reliance now. And if you could help me to consign him to any one, to carry this object out, I would send him away with his introduction in his hand.

I am the more anxious about this, because I have promised to go back to Paris on Sunday next. I shall be at the office from 11 to 5, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Will you let me have a line from you there? I could come to you at any time of your appointing within the hours I have named, and I will tell Alfred to come to town on Friday morning, that he may be producible if necessary.

Excuse my giving you this trouble. I hope you know that I would do as much and more, for you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Lehmann Esquire

To CAPTAIN ELISHA ELY MORGAN, 6 JANUARY 1863[†2]†

MS Mrs M. C. Armstrong.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixth January 1863.

My Dear Friend

Ten thousand thanks for your kind letter and your welcome seasonable presents, and ten times ten thousand good wishes to you and yours from me and mine!

Your son and heir[†1] has been with us this last Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, and New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. He is a great favourite in this house, and I hope and sincerely believe is all you can wish him to be.

Read in America? Humph! Well:—if you had fifty thousand children there, I would come directly. But you haven't, you see. And my mind strongly misgives me that under the present cloud I should see many faces turned towards me less beamingly and kindly than yours. So I won't come, just at present. I told Fields of Boston, who also wrote to urge me, that I was going to have a preliminary reading in the largest exhausted Crater in the Moon.[†2]

And you think the south will come back, within the winter and spring?—May I whisper (at this distance from Fort Lafayette),[†3] that *I* don't? I wish to God, in the interests of the whole human race, that the War were ended. But I don't see that end to it, no, nor anything like that end, with my best spectacles.

With love from all at home with me to all at home with you, Believe me My Dear friend
Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I am going to read "Copperfield" in Paris on Saturday the 17th. I am always sorry it was not Copperfield at Colchester, for I believe it to be by far the best of its family. (Tell them[†4] so).

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, 6 JANUARY 1863

MS Private; transcribed before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash, Dec 1954; [aa]MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixth January 1863.

My Dear Olliffe. Do not think of the Second Reading, in any way whatever, until you have completely sold out the first.[†5] Be in a position to declare that you know nothing about it.

Of course in the sale of the tickets for Saturday the 17th. there is but one rule to be observed, and that is, First come first served. As to the important personages who may get excluded, that will be the fault of their superfluous importance:—so very inconvenient to a good many people in this working world, that we will try to bear its being (for once) inconvenient to themselves.

The ticket is all right, and everything is all right.

I purpose producing myself in Paris (Hotel du Helder) on Thursday evening the 15th. and I will come round to you about 9 o'Clock. John[†1] shall precede me on the Wednesday evening (unless you tell me in your next that you wish to have him sooner), as you will find him of great use in the arrangement of the room. It is very important that you should have *at once*,[†2] upon paper, an exact plan made of all your chairs, marking every chair separately. You may find that the room will hold more than 300; you may find that it will hold less—a possibility, either way (and particularly in the latter case) most essential to be, without delay, converted into a certainty.

You will receive this letter on Wednesday evening. After that—that is to say, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next—I shall be at the office (26 Wellington Street, Strand, W. C.) On Sunday morning early, I am going away to see a sick friend concerning whom I am anxious,[†3] and [a]from whom I shall work my way round to Paris. Therefore tell me about John, or anything else that may press before we meet in Paris, by Saturday at latest.—Or I shall not get your letter.

With kindest regard to Lady Olliffe and all at home, Believe me ever

Very faithfully Yours

CD.[a]

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 8 JANUARY [1863]*

MS University of Texas, Austin. *Date*: misdated by CD; on 8 Jan 62 (a Tues) he was in Torquay.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth January 1862

My Dear Lehmann. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind letter;-more so than I could easily express. My difficulty is this: I am afraid to keep my boys about London. You see Frank is already here[†4] and I am afraid of their spoiling one another. Hence my desire to get Alfred away from home. Advantageous as his name is to him in some respects, I have always a misgiving that, with the ease and resources of home added, and London added too, it may be disadvantageous. If I could get him abroad therefore, I should prefer it much.

He already knows French almost as well as English. His childhood and early schooling were French throughout.

On the whole perhaps I had best not trouble you by bringing him to your offices until we have spoken together; towards which end I will call on you in Nicholas Lane[†5] tomorrow between 12 and 1—alone.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EARL AND COUNTESS COWLEY, 9 JANUARY 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Ninth January 1863

Mr. Charles Dickens will be happy to have the honor of dining with Lord and Lady Cowley on Thursday the 15th.

To CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNS,[†1] 9 JANUARY 1863

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Ninth January 1863.

My Dear Wren Hoskyns.

I am truly obliged to you for your cordial letter, and my daughter (I have but one, unmarried, and but two in all) begs to unite with me in assurance to Mrs. Wren Hoskyns[†2] that we highly esteem her invitation, and have the best will in the world to avail ourselves of it. But it unluckily happens that I go to Paris to-morrow night—that I read at our Embassy for the benefit of an English Charity on the following Saturday—and that I have made all kinds of pledges and promises to go on to Lausanne a-visiting, afterwards, and perhaps to Genoa.[†3] We only came back from Paris for Christmas, and I had made all these plans before we left.[†4]

The Fates *will* have it so—and you know what unreasonable creatures they are, when they do take anything into their heads.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Wren Hoskyns Esquire

To HENRY MORLEY, 9 JANUARY 1863

MS Lieut Cdr Vic Zoschak.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Ninth January 1863

My Dear Morley. Can you, and will you, presently do a little article,[†5] quoting in full the enclosed letter of Whateley's?[†6] I don't want to champion homeopathy

(in which I don't believe), or mesmerism (in which I do.) But I think the gross illiberality of this principle should be exposed. Some good illustrations might be got out of a Doctor in one of Foote's plays.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MADAME BUGEAUD,[†2] 10 JANUARY 1863

Mention in J. W. Jarvis catalogue, 1884; *MS* (3rd person, in French), 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, le 10 Janvier 1863; addressed Madame Bugeaud.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 10 JANUARY 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Tenth January 1863

My Dear [ ][†3]

Do not wait at home for me this morning, as Forster desires to go to Elliotson's with me, and he will not be disengaged until 12 o'Clock.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To DR WILLIAM BARNET,[†4] 16 JANUARY 1863

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1950; *MS* 1 p.; dated Hotel du Helder, 16 Jan 63; addressed Dr William Barnet.

I am perfectly sure that I am no party to any misunderstanding with Monsieur Philarète Charles,[†5] and I cannot even remember that I have ever had the honour of communicating with that respected gentleman,

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [16 JANUARY 1863]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 16 JANUARY 1863

Text from MDGH, II, 188-9.

Paris, Hôtel due Helder, Rue du Helder,
Friday, Jan. 16th, 1863.

My Dearest Mamie,

As I send a line to your aunt to-day and know that you will not see it, I send another to you to report my safe (and neuralgic) arrival here. My little rooms are perfectly comfortable, and I like the hotel better than any I have ever put up at in Paris. John's amazement at, and appreciation of, Paris are indescridable. He goes about with his mouth open, staring at everything and being tumbled over by everybody.

The state dinner at the Embassy, yesterday, coming off in the room where I am to read, the carpenters did not get in until this morning. But their platforms were ready—or supposed to be—and the preparations are in brisk progress. I think it will be a handsome affair to look at—a very handsome one. There seems to be great artistic curiosity in Paris, to know what kind of thing the reading is.

I know a "rela-shon"[†1] (with one weak eye), who is in the gunmaking line, very near here. There is a strong family resemblance—but no muzzle. Lady Molesworth and I have not begun to "toddle" yet, but have exchanged affectionate greetings. I am going round to see her presently, and I dine with her on Sunday. The only remaining news is, that I am beset by mysterious adorers, and smuggle myself in and out of the house in the meanest and basest manner.

With kind regard to Mr. and Mrs. Humphery,[†2]

Ever, my dearest Mamey, your affectionate Father

[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S.—*Hommage à Madame B.*!

To LORD BROUGHAM,[†3] 17 JANUARY 1863*

MS University College, London.

Paris. Hotel du Helder, Rue du Helder
Saturday Seventeenth January 1863

My Dear Lord Brougham,

I venture to trouble you with a letter from this place, because I believe you would readily help me in a matter I have at heart, if you could.

Is there any possibility of your influence assisting me to get one of my seven boys into the Registrar's office in Chancery Lane?[†1] He is Jeffrey's godson, and Francis Jeffrey by name;—a well educated youth between 17 and 18, brought up in England, France, and Germany. Whatever knowledge of legal formalities may be necessary to the proper discharge of such duties, he could, with his previous training, easily acquire.

Forgive my troubling you. I make my letter as short as possible, that your trouble may be the less.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Brougham

To M. PITRE-CHEVALIER,[†2] 17 JANUARY 1863

Summary in Ader Picard Tajan catalogue, Paris, 13 Dec 1990; *MS* 1 p.; dated Paris 17 Jan 63; addressed Pitre Chevalier.

Il est désolé de n'avoir pu assister à l'intéressante réunion de son correspondant mais il est arrive trop tard à Paris.

To M. PITRE-CHEVALIER, 18 JANUARY 1863*

MS Yale University Library.

Hotel du Helder
Dimanche Janvier 18, 1863.

Cher Monsieur.

Je viens de reçevoir une lettre aujourdhui, qui m'obligera partir demain à la Campagne, et après cela il me faudra voyager à Geneve, y rester deux ou trois jours chez un de mes amis.[†3] Mais quand je reviendrai à Paris (probablement vers la fin de la semaine prochaine) j'aurai l'honneur et le plaisir de vous ecrire, et de me mettre à votre disposition.

Croyez moi, Cher Monsieur | Toujours | Votre fidele
CHARLES DICKENS

À Monsieur Pitre-Chevalier

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, 18 JANUARY 1863*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. *Address:* Sir Joseph Olliffe | Rue St. Florentin 2.

Hotel du Helder
Sunday Night Eighteenth January 1863.

My Dear Olliffe. Many thanks for your enquiry. I really have had no neuralgic pain worth mentioning, since I rubbed with your blessed mixture. But I have not been able to sleep. Some unstringing of the nerves—coupled with an anxiety not to be mentioned here[†1]—holds sleep from me. The nights are not long and it don't much matter, except that I need to be by myself in the day. I did not dine at Lady Molesworth's this present Sunday, and am much the better for holding my silent way.

I *think* I may leave on Tuesday night instead of Wednesday. Propose a time and place for our having a word together. Could you dine with me, en garçon, here, at your own hour tomorrow? I have a misgiving that you are engaged.

But I have put off the oyster-eyed Chevalier (under a most horribly lying pretext that I am going—I forget exactly where—I think to the East Indies—for a week), and have no other appointment for tomorrow than that my sister[†2] is coming here at eleven in the forenoon.

With love to Lady Olliffe and Mary, Bessie and Florence,[†3] and with admiring and respectful homage to the learned baby,

Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 JANUARY 1863

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel du Helder, Paris
Sunday Eighteenth January 1863.

My Dear Wills.

Your Thursday's letter did not arrive here until after post time on Friday night. Therefore I could not answer it until today.

I am in a mess with a Dark Night's Work,[†4] for I find it difficult to understand where we are. Follow me with the eye of your mind.

The 3rd. portion—consists of Chapters 7 and 8[†5]

The 4th. portion begins with the printed slip, numbered 27. Turn the slips over, until you come to the one numbered 32. At the end of the first paragraph, after the words "happened at a sadder time", insert *"Chapter X"*[†6]—which will

— X - 197 —

then begin, "Before the June roses were in full bloom."[†1] Turn on again until you come to slip numbered 34, and stop that portion at the end of the first paragraph on it, after the words "except Dixon, could have gone straight to her grave."[†2]

The 5th. portion will begin, "Chapter XI. In a few days Miss Monroe obtained".[†3] The story must be, altogether, in 6 portions,[†4] and I will send you the dividings of the two last, tomorrow.

The Reading here last night was a most tremendous and brilliant success,[†5] paling all[†6]

To GABRIEL LEGOUVÉ, 19 JANUARY 1863*

MS M. Jean Paladilhe.

Monday Morning. Nineteenth January 1863.

My Dear Legouvé

I hope my English servant made it plain to you that I have been unwell with a neuralgic attack in the face, and that I was in bed this morning when you called? As I thought on Saturday evening, I find myself engaged for to night; but as I leave Paris tomorrow and have a long journey before me, I doubt if I shall fulfil even that engagement. As soon as I return I will not fail to write to you.

My Dear Legouvé | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, [19 JANUARY 1863]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 19 JANUARY 1863

MS Huntington Library.

Paris, | Monday Nineteenth January 1863.

My Dear Wills. Looking at your letter again and finding a Make Up in it, I think it best to confine my to day's attention to the Proofs you want.[†7] You will find

them enclosed and corrected. In another letter you will find Robert Lytton's Poem,[†1] to which I say decidely Yes, as being novel and picturesque.

I cannot bear the notion of the Academy for Cooks[†2] going next to Illiberal Doctors.[†3] Lytton's Poem would be far better there, or the article (*not* returned, for I see nothing to change in it) called Giving Up.[†4]

A Dark Night's Work, concluding portions, I also send.[†5]

Horne *could not*—no, even Horne could not—have chosen a more wonderful subject for his Lecture.[†6]

The Reading here so stuns and oversets the Parisians, that I shall have to do it again. Blazes of Triumph!

All proofs on hand here shall follow presently. [†a][Take out the Academy for Cooks; don't forget.][†a]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 20 JANUARY 1863*

MS Heritage Book Shop, Los Angeles.

Paris. Hotel du Helder, Rue du Helder
Tuesday Twentieth January 1863

My Dear Wilkie

I dare say you have been expecting to hear from me before now. I know that I had been meaning to write before now, but have been unsettled and made uncertain by "circumstances over which—" &c &c &c.

The same circumstances (generally classed under this novel description, but serious enough, as you shall know one day)[†7] take me from Paris this evening, *for a week.* But, a week hence, I shall be back here. Meanwhile, I leave John here, and he has instructions to render up my little sittingroom to you, and to attend upon you as to all other things, *if* you should come while I am away. On Tuesday the 27th. or Wednesday the 28th. I shall certainly be back. My absence is entre nous, and my domesticity all retained in the excellent little Hotel— where I have dined *better than I ever dined in Paris.*

The French took to the Copperfield Reading, so astoundingly, that I am obliged to read twice more—on the 29th. and 30th. Whether you come over or no, of course you will write, telling me how you are and what you are doing. If

you should want to communicate with John while I am away, address him M. John Thompson aux soins de M. Charles Dickens, Hotel du Helder, Rue du Helder, Paris.

I should be so heartily glad to find you in possession, when I come back!

Ever affectionately

CD.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 20 JANUARY 1863*

MS Berg Collection.

Paris, Tuesday Twentieth January 1863.

Dear Mr. Holsworth

Immediately on receipt of this, please go up into my private sitting-room on the second floor at the office, and you will find on the book shelves—together, I think: in front of all the other books—the little books from which I read in public. I want *The Christmas Carol, Little Dombey,* and *The Trial from Pickwick.*[†1]

Make those three books up in a small parcel, addressed simply, Charles Dickens Esquire, and enclose that parcel in another wrapper, addressed

Immediate
His Excellency

The Earl Cowley
British Embassy
Paris

care of F. B. Alston[†2] Esquire
Foreign Office

—— and send the parcel *at once* to the Foreign Office in London. Perhaps I have not written Lord Cowley's name quite plainly. It is COWLEY.[†3]

Be so good as [to][†4] take care that there is no mistake in the transmission of these books.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 21 [JANUARY] 1863

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* CD omitted the month; 21 Jan 63 was Wed and *AYR* references confirm.

Paris. | Wednesday Twenty First, 1863.

My Dear Wills. As I shall have an opportunity of sending over what proofs I have, by hand, so that you may get them about Saturday, I put them up now. I

am chased out of Paris by enthusiasm, and shall not come back for some five days.

"How we began the War", I keep back, because *it won't do*: it is so dismally out of date.[†1] Nor can I point Rule Britannia[†2] better than I have done. In all our years of work, I never saw such an intolerably slovenly paper, as Our Village on the Mediterranean.[†3] Look well to the revise, for I have made more correction than there is proof. The more I think of Reade's story the more I think that Very Hard Cash, or As Safe as The Bank—one of the two—would be a capital title.[†4]

I have no more important news than the astounding intelligence that John has *no British prejudices!*—

Ever Faithfully
CD.

How were the Surrey Hounds when last heard of?[†5]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 29 JANUARY 1863†

MS Morgan Library.

Paris, Hotel du Helder
Thursday January Twenty Ninth 1863.

My Dear Wilkie.

I came back here yesterday, and was truly concerned to read your poor account of yourself.[†6] [†a]Georgy had already written to me about poor Frank Beard—as sad a case in its way as ever I heard of! His reflections when the knocks come to the door, run in my head,[†7] as the river ran—excuse the reference—I have just been reading it up—in Little Dombey's mind.[†a†8]

According to my present knowledge, I shall be here until next Wednesday morning; I may be here a day later, but cannot positively say at this moment. Of course if you come over before I go, you will let me know immediately. If you could not get such a look-out as you want, at the Louvre,[†9] I think you would be sure to get it at the Grand Hotel[†10]—the new Monster,[†11] belonging (I think) to the same company. Its situation on the Boulevard, just at the head of the Rue de la Paix, I should prefer for an Invalid.[†12] Nothing can be more cheerful.

You will be interested in knowing that Paris is immeasurably more wicked than ever. The time of the Regency seems Restored, and Long live the Devil seems the social motto.

I read tonight and tomorrow[†1]—horribly against the grain, as the grain is at present; but I suppose it will be kinder towards night. I went down to the room to rehearse this morning (a thing I never did in my life before, but I have not read Dombey these twelve months); and I felt as if I could not muster spirits and composure enough to get through the child's death.

John has *no* British prejudices—a very remarkable phenomonon[†2] in a man of his station in life, unacquainted with the language, and left here for a week to subsist wholly on Pantomime!

Ever affectionately

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 29 JANUARY 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel du Helder, Paris
Thursday Twenty Ninth January 1863.

My Dear Ouvry. As I have been visiting in the country these six days—I fled from ruthless lionizing here—and as I have had no letters sent on, yours reached me, only on my return last night.

The plan is enclosed. Pray make the offer you suggest.[†3] We may safely proceed, I think, without Cobb, as I am not on the spot to consult him. There is no doubt of my finding a purchaser for the land that I don't want, or a good tenant—according as we may decide on consultation.

I shall be at this address until Wednesday in next week, inclusive. After that, I shall be travelling for from ten days to a fortnight.[†4] After that, at the office and home for good.

I can hardly describe to you how Paris rushes at my Readings.

Faithfully Yours ever

To W. H. WILLS, 29 JANUARY 1863

MS Berg Collection.

Paris, Hotel du Helder.
Thursday Twenty Ninth January 1863.

My Dear Wills.

I knew—and I think I mentioned in the letter accompanying them—that you would not get those proofs until after an interval. But as they did not press, I thought it useless to forego the safe and slow opportunity. I am very sorry that

our Village on the Mediterranean went in *without* my corrections. It was so horribly in need of them.[†1]

You did beyond all question perfectly right in Harper's matter.[†2] For my part, I think the gain at the best, not equal to the loss. The perpetual sliding away of temporary subjects at which I could dash with effect, is a *great* loss.

From F. O. Ward[†3] (not one of the wise men of the East,[†4] or any other quarter of the compass), I have a letter about what could be done for us in the printing way, at what low charges, by—if I remember the name right—Harrison's house.[†5] It will keep till I come back. It is curiously appropriate to your uneasiness in that regard.

I will turn to at the proofs as soon as the Readings are over. The first at 10 francs is tonight; the second, tomorrow night. I believe everything is let out. Imagine my being so entirely out of Dombey, that I have been obliged to go down this morning and rehearse it in the room!

Many thanks for your consideration in the matter of the boys' fares. But Alfred's will be a short spell, and I hope the money is well spent.

The rise, I take to be consequent on the Xmas No.

So no more at present from

Yours Ever Faithfully

CD.

—P.S. *Except* that you had best do with a Dark Night's Work, the best you can—always trying to begin a chapter where I have begun one, and subdividing afterwards, *if you can.*[†6] Write me a line by to-morrow (Friday) night's post, if you have any thing you think it necessary to suggest or ask, respecting the said Dark Night's Work.

The title for Reade is decidedly a good one.

To THE COUNTESS COWLEY, 31 JANUARY 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Hotel du Helder
Saturday Thirty First January 1863

Dear Lady Cowley

I beg to offer you many cordial thanks for your kind note—and dream. I have no doubt I should have returned the latter compliment, if I had achieved the needful preliminary of falling asleep.

Most unfortunately, I am engaged today, but I shall be very happy to dine with you and Lord Cowley tomorrow.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess Cowley.

February

To LORD BROUGHAM, 1 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS University College, London.

Hotel du Helder, Paris
Sunday First February, 1863.

My Dear Lord Brougham

I cannot tell you how sensible I am of your great and prompt kindness. Accept my heartfelt thanks, and the sincere assurance that I am just as much obliged to you as if the last of such appointments had been in your gift and you had given it to me.[†1]

The American spectacle is a frightful one indeed, and a notable instance so far as we are concerned (I think) of the great Do Nothing principle of government. This, and the Government's appealing to the people themselves, in any unusual straits, and saying "For God's sake govern yourselves a little and get us out of this difficulty", and then we will go on again until again we can't go on any more appears to me to be the whole art of modern statesmanship.

Twenty years have come and gone, since I took the liberty of believing that the United States and their Institutions were plainly tending down-ward and going wrong. It was just after Lord Ashburton's Treaty,[†2] and I have seldom seen "parties" so comfortably agreed as all "parties" were that this was a semi-blasphemous conceit. I dined with you on the anniversary of the abandonment of Queen

Caroline's[†3] trial,[†4] soon after I came home, and you talked with me on the frightful abuses of the Press in America. Verily they have their reward.

Rumours of Kinglake's Crimean book[†1] are going up and down in Paris here. If he should happen to go up and down in Paris, himself, soon, I rather think he will have a little fighting to do.[†2]

My Dear Lord Brougham
Your obliged and faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lord Brougham

To EDWARD DICKENS, [1 FEBRUARY 1863]

Mention in *To* Mary Dickens, 1 Feb 63. *Date:* same day as that letter.

To HENRY DICKENS, [1 FEBRUARY 1863]

Mention in *To* Mary Dickens, 1 Feb 63. *Date:* same day as next.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 1 FEBRUARY 1863

Extract in MDGH, II, 190.

Hôtel Du Helder, Paris, Sunday, Feb. 1st, 1863.

My Dearest Mamie,

I cannot give you any idea of the success of the readings here, because no one can imagine the scene of last Friday night at the Embassy. Such audiences and such enthusiasm I have never seen, but the thing culminated on Friday night in a two hours' storm of excitement and pleasure.[†3] They actually recommenced and applauded right away into their carriages and down the street.

You know your parent's horror of being lionised, and will not be surprised to hear that I am half dead of it. I cannot leave here until Thursday (though I am every hour in danger of running away) because I have to dine out, to say nothing of breakfasting—think of me breakfasting!—every intervening day.[†4] But my project is to send John home on Thursday, and then to go on a little perfectly quiet tour for about ten days, touching the sea at Boulogne. When I

get there, I will write to your aunt (in case you should not be at home), saying when I shall arrive at the office. I must go to the office instead of Gad's because I have much to do with Forster about Elliotson.[†1]

I enclose a short note for each of the little boys. Give Harry ten shillings pocket-money, and Plorn six.

The Olliffe girls, very nice. Florence at the readings, prodigiously excited.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 FEBRUARY 1863

MS Huntington Library.

Paris | Sunday First February 1863.

My Dearest Georgy. The Register office is, as I supposed, a Spanish Chateau.[†2] Here are two very kind letters from Lord Brougham, to shew Malleson.[†3] I have numbered them, 1 and 2. Take care how you open these enclosures.

From my hurried note to Mamie, you will get some faint general idea of a new star's having arisen in Paris.—But of its brightness you can have no adequate conception.[†4]

[†a][John has locked me up and gone out, and the little bell at the door is ringing demonically while I write.][†a]

You have never heard me read yet![†5] I have been twice goaded and lifted out of myself into a state that astonished *me* almost as much as the audience. I have a cold, but no neuralgia, and am "as well as can be expected".

I forgot to tell Mamie that I went (with Andalusia)[†6] to hear Faust last night.[†7] It is a splendid work, in which that noble and sad story is most nobly and sadly

rendered; and it perfectly delighted me. But I think it requires too much of the audience, to do for a London Opera House. The Composer must be a very remarkable man indeed. Some management of light throughout the story is also very poetical and fine.[†1] We had Carvalho's[†2] box. I could hardly bear the thing; it affected me so, and sounded in my ears so like a mournful echo of things that lie in my own heart.[†3]

But, as a certain Frenchman said,[†4] "No weakness Danton!"[†5] So I leave off.

[†b]Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your affectionate CD.[†b]

To GABRIEL LEGOUVÉ, 1 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS M. Jean Paladilhe.

Paris, First February 1863.

My Dear Legouvé.

I will most gladly take charge of your letter, and convey it to Macready. I read it on its first publication, with great pleasure, as a most able, generous, and manly exposition of an unjust absurdity.[†6]

At what hour on Tuesday?

Ever Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANÇOIS RÉGNIER, 1 FEBRUARY 1863

MS Comédie Française.

Paris, Sunday First February 1863

My Dear Regnier

I was charmed by the receipt of your cordial and sympathetic letter, and I shall always preserve it carefully, as a most noble tribute from a great and real artist.

I wished you had been at the Embassy on Friday evening. The audience was a fine one, and the "Carol" is particularly well adapted to the purpose.

It is an uncommon pleasure to me to learn that I am to meet you on Tuesday, for there are not many men whom I meet with greater pleasure than you.

Heaven, how the years roll by! We are quite old friends now, counting by years. If we add sympathies, we have been friends at least a thousand years.†[1]

Affectionately Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MADAME VIARDOT, 1 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS The Royal Library, Copenhagen. *Address:* à Madame Viardot | Rue de Douai 48 | En Ville.

Paris | Sunday First February 1863

My Dear Madame Viardot.

I will come to you tomorrow (Monday) at 4.

My publisher was to have sent me certain books, and with them that carte de visite. They have not arrived—I cannot understand why. But be sure that the card shall come to you. I swear it!—

Ever Your faithful | and devoted admirer
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 1 FEBRUARY 1863†

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel du Helder, Paris
Sunday First February 1863.

My Dear Wills.

As to the No.[†2]—*Street Terrors* I have already seen. Do. *Before the trial by combat. From the Life of Horace Vernet* all right, except that "I said", should be "I have said", towards the bottom of slip 2. *Small Beer Chronicles*, I return herewith, corrected. *A Cheap Passage Home*, I corrected long ago.[†3] Herewith I return all slips of *A Dark Night's Work* that have marks of mine upon them. The rest I retain and destroy, to save postage.

John will be back in London next Thursday night. He shall bring with him, corrected ready for use, all the proofs I have, or may have, here.

Then observe my movements,—which involve the necessity of Gad's Hill's impatience (if it be impatient) being curbed yet a little while. I too shall leave here on Thursday, and shall take about a ten days tour. Then I shall return for good, and come straight to the office. As I don't want to pin myself to any particular place during the ten days, I do not know that I can give you any reasonable idea where to address me. Therefore will you write to me *here* concerning the next No. *so that I may get your letter before John leaves me, and answer it per John aforesaid.*

Never was any thing like the last Reading here. Never. Never. Never!

Murmurs of Kinglake's book have crossed the water. If he ever comes to Paris, he will have a trifle of fighting on his hands.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Please report how we are going.

[†a]I wish the fair Ellinor[†1] were not so horribly like Mrs. Gaskell![†a]

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 3 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

Hotel du Helder, Paris
Tuesday Third February 1863

My Dear Lehmann

I am much beholden to you for the trouble you have so kindly taken about Alfred. I still hanker after India or some such distant field, for the reasons I suggested to you when I last saw you. The reasons are very strong with me, simply because I have formed them on observation at home.

As I shall be back for good within a fortnight, I will not trouble you by writing further on this selfish subject. But I will see you promptly on my return.

If I had carried out my original intention and had Readings of my own in Paris, I don't know where they would have stopped. The Parisian audiences run away with them in the most astonishing and rapturous manner.

My Dear Lehmann
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Lehmann Esquire

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 4 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

Paris | Wednesday Fourth February 1863.

My Dear Letitia. This note will be posted in town by John, who crosses tomorrow. I shall return *within a fortnight*, and shall go to the office.

Many thanks for your good wishes for my birthday.

I am extremely concerned to hear of the loss of the poor old dog, endeared to you by so many remembrances. But it is very likely that if you don't advertize him, some mysterious communication will drop in, to the effect that he has been seen going round some corner, and that somebody knows somebody who could get him for a pound.

The success of the readings here, has been unspeakable. The Parisian sensation on the subject is really indescribable.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 4 FEBRUARY 1863

Text from MDGH, II, 191-2.

Paris, Wednesday, Feb. 4th, 1863.

My Dear Fechter,

A thousand congratulations on your great success! Never mind what they say, or do, *pour vous écraser*; you have the game in your hands. The romantic drama, thoroughly well done (with a touch of Shakespeare now and then), is the speciality of your theatre. Give the public the picturesque, romantic drama, with yourself in it; and (as I told you in the beginning) you may throw down your gauntlet in defiance of all comers.

It is a most brilliant success indeed,[†1] and it thoroughly rejoices my heart!

Unfortunately I cannot now hope to see "Maquet,"[†2] because I am packing up and going out to dinner (it is late in the afternoon), and I leave to-morrow morning when all sensible people, except myself, are in bed; and I do not come back to Paris or near it. I had hoped to see him at breakfast last Monday, but he was not there. Paul Féval was there, and I found him a capital fellow. If I can do anything to help you on with "Maquet" when I come back I will most gladly do it.

My readings here have had the finest possible reception, and have achieved a most noble success. I never before read to such fine audiences, so very quick of perception, and so enthusiastically responsive.

I shall be heartily pleased to see you again, my dear Fechter, and to share your triumphs with the real earnestness of a real friend. And so go on and prosper, and believe me, as I truly am,

Most cordially yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. WILLS, 4 FEBRUARY 1863

MS Huntington Library.

Hotel du Helder, Paris
Wednesday Fourth February 1863.

My Dear Wills.

[†a]OURSELVES AND A.Y.R.[†a]

I send by John, with this, all the miscellaneous proofs I have.[†1] To wit, *Skin Deep*[†2] (called originally, Santorio and his theories)[†3] *Small Beer Chronicles, Some Curious Lights* (called originally Light-Bearing)[†4] *Dress in Paris* (done with great fidelity from a book I have been reading here, and which everybody here reads, because it has been suppressed)[†5] *Fur Hunters*, and *What a bad hand;* the last named article to be remorselessly distributed, and given to any of the four winds of Heaven that will accept it. I have omitted to mention *Voltaire's Heart,*[†6] but that I also send.

For the most part, I think these articles are better than those you mention in your letter received this morning; excepting *Rule Britannia*—which you call by its old name, forgetting that I have rechristened it, *Very free—and very easy*.[†7]

Make the last No. of the Volume and the first No. of the Volume as strong as you can.[†8]

A most noble month's balance certainly!!![†9]

IN RE FRANK[†10]

Perhaps it would be a damaging thing, suddenly to with-hold from him money that he expects. Therefore I would give him his months three pounds—with a caution that the Settling Day is near at hand, and that I shall soon be home.

It is really the general Parisian impression that such a hit was never made here. The curiosity and interest and general buzz about it are quite indescribable. They are so extraordinarily quick to understand a face and a gesture, going together, that one of the remarkable points is, that people who don't understand English, positively understand the Readings! I suppose that such an audience for a piece of Art is not to be found in the world. I wish you could have seen them—firstly, for my effect upon them—secondly, for their effect upon me. You

have no idea what they made of me. I got things out of the old Carol—effects I mean—so entirely new and so very strong, that I quite amazed myself and wondered where I was going next. I really listened to Mr. Peggotty's narrative in Copperfield, with admiration. When Little Emily's letter was read, a low murmur of irrepressible emotion went about like a sort of sea. When Steerforth made a pause in shaking hands with Ham, they all lighted up as if the notion fired an electric chain. When David proposed to Dora, gorgeous beauties all radiant with diamonds, clasped their fans between their two hands, and rolled about in ecstasy. They took the storm as if they were in it. As to the Trial, their perception of the witnesses, and particularly of Mr. Winkle, was quite extraordinary. And whenever they saw the old Judge coming in, they tapped one another and laughed with that amazing relish that I could hardly help laughing as much myself. All this culminated on the last night, when they positively applauded and called out expressions of delight, out of the room into the cloak room, out of the cloak room into their carriages, and in their carriages away down the Faubourg.[†1]

Of course if I had gone on, I could have made a great deal of money. But I thought the dignified course was to stop. I could not reconcile myself to the notion of making the charitable help, the stepping stone. So, for the present while, I have done here.

Does it strike you, however, that there is nothing against taking advantage of the general notoriety of this unusual success, in London? Would you, if you were I, go on at St. James's Hall as of yore? If you should be *quite satisfied*[†2] on this head—not otherwise—would you write for me to Blockheadland[†3] (Sussex Hotel, Eastbourne) telling him that I shall be back for good, within a fortnight, and that I want him to be prepared with six or nine evenings for choice, about once a week, or two within eight days, and holding to the old Thursdays, if possible?[†4] [†b]Beginning about the end of the month.[†b] Of course he is to understand that he commits me to nothing until he has seen me at the office.

I leave here tomorrow morning long before Post time.

Ever My Dear Wills | Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MESSRS SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON, 6 FEBRUARY 1863

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, Dec 1920; *MS* 1 p.; dated 6 Feb 63; addressed Sampson Low & Son.

Referring to a title chosen for a work by Miss Power.[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [7 FEBRUARY 1863]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 694-5. *Date:* on his birthday; passed in Arras in 1863, according to Forster.

You will remember me to-day, I know. Thanks for it. An odd birthday, but I am as little out of heart as you would have me be—floored now and then, but coming up again at the call of Time. I wanted to see this town, birthplace of our amiable Sea Green;[†2] and I find a Grande Place so very remarkable and picturesque that it is astonishing how people miss it. Here too I found, in a by-country place just near, a Fair going on, with a Religious Richardson's[†3] in it—THÉÂTRE RELIGIEUX—"donnant six fois par jour, l'histoire de la Croix en tableaux vivants, depuis la naissance de notre Seigneur jusqu'à son sépulture. Aussi l'immolation d'Isaac, par son père Abraham." It was just before nightfall when I came upon it; and one of the three wise men was up to his eyes in lamp oil, hanging the moderators.[†4] A woman in blue and fleshings[†5] (whether an angel or Joseph's wife I don't know) was addressing the crowd through an enormous speaking-trumpet; and a very small boy with a property lamb (I leave you to judge who *he* was) was standing on his head on a barrel-organ.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

Amiens | Thursday Twelfth February 1863.

My Dearest Georgy

As I am writing to Forster with a packet of Robert Lytton's, I send him this note to post.

Not knowing whether Mary will be at Gad's or no, and not wishing this announcement of my return to be delayed, I send it to you who are sure to be at home.

I purpose being at the office *between* 11 *and* 12 *on Monday night.* I shall probably have to stay there some days, and therefore suppose that I may find you there;—if not you, of course I shall find a note from you.

I have worn my elastic stockings out and out and out again. It will be quite a new sensation to change them.

—All my letters to the office, please, in order that I may get through them with all speed. Best love to Mamie if at home, and to Mrs. B, if ditto.

In haste | Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12 FEBRUARY 1863]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 837. *Date:* Reference to recent long walks suggests same day as *To* Georgina Hogarth.

I walk miles away into the country, and you can scarcely imagine by what deserted ramparts and silent little cathedral closes, or how I pass over rusty drawbridges and stagnant ditches out of and into the decaying town.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 17 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Seventeenth Feby. 1863

My Dear Letitia. I came home at midnight last night, and brought the enclosed from Amelia.[†1] You are pretty sure to find me here any morning this week; or, if I should be out for the moment, Georgina is here and will know all about me.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?17-18 FEBRUARY 1863]

Extract in F, VIII, vi, 695. *Date:* 1863, according to Forster; he returned home by Boulogne on 16 Feb (*To* Mrs Henry Austin, that day); probably written within the next two days.

Saying that, as he stepped into the Folkestone boat at Boulogne, he encountered his friend Charles Manby also returning to England. Taking leave of Manby[†2] was a shabby man of whom I had some remembrance, but whom I could not get into his place in my mind. Noticing when we stood out of the harbour that he was on the brink of the pier, waving his hat in a desolate manner, I said to Manby, "Surely I know that man."—"I should think you did," said he; "Hudson!"[†3] He

is living—just living—at Paris, and Manby had brought him on. He said to Manby at parting, "I shall not have a good dinner again, till you come back." I asked Manby why he stuck to him. He said, Because he [*Hudson*] had so many people in his power, and had held his peace, and because he [*Manby*] saw so many Notabilities grand with him now, who were always grovelling for "shares" in the days of his grandeur.

To A. H. LAYARD, 19 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS Lyons Papers, West Sussex Record Office.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth February 1863

My Dear Layard.

Can you get me a letter of introduction to Lord Lyons[†1] in favor of a certain Mr. Frederic Lehmann, an intimate friend of mine for whom I have a great regard (here is his card enclosed), and who wants nothing on earth of Lord Lyons but such presentation as may serve a gentleman agreeably.

Mr. Lehmann is a German gentleman naturalized in England, and is one of the active partners in a very important steel-house.[†2] He is an accomplished gentleman in divers ways, and I should be proud to have him presented as my friend.

He is off to the States on the business of his house. He was there last October,[†3] and brought our Dispatches home from Washington on the first of November.

Very probably you know Lord Lyons. I have it very much at heart to serve this gentleman in this small matter (he dined with us at Forster's by the way, the last time we dined there together), and shall be very truly obliged to you for your help.[†4]

My Dear Layard | Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

H. A.[†5] Layard Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 19 FEBRUARY 1863

MS Mrs Eleanor Ducker.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth February 1863

My Dearest Macready

I have just come back from Paris,[†1] where the Readings—Copperfield— Dombey and Trial—and Carol and Trial—have made a sensation which modesty (my natural modesty) renders it impossible for me to describe. You know what a noble audience the Paris audience is! They are at their very noblest with me.

I was very much concerned by hearing hurriedly from Georgy that you were ill. But when I came home at night, she shewed me Katie's letter, and that set me up again. Ah! you have the best of companions and nurses, and can afford to be ill now and then, for the happiness of being so brought through it.—But don't do it again yet awhile, for all that.

Legouvé (whom you remember in Paris as writing for the Ristori)[†2] was anxious that I should bring you the enclosed.[†3] A manly and generous effort, I think? Regnier desired to be warmly remembered to you. He has been losing money in speculation, but looks just as of yore.

Paris generally is about as wicked and extravagant as in the days of the Regency. Madame Viardot in the Orphée,[†4] most splendid. An opera of Faust,[†5] a very sad and noble rendering of that sad and noble story. Stage management remarkable for some admirable—and really poetical—effects of light. In the more striking situations, Mephistopheles surrounded by an infernal red atmosphere of his own. Marguerite by a pale blue mournful light. The two never blending. After Marguerite has taken the jewels placed in her way in the garden, a weird evening draws on, and the bloom fades from the flowers, and the leaves of the trees droop and lose their fresh green, and mournful shadows over-hang her chamber-window which was innocently bright and gay at first. I couldn't bear it, and gave in completely.[†6]

Fechter doing wonders over the way here, with a picturesque French drama.[†7] Miss Kate Terry,[†8] in a small part in it,[†9] perfectly charming. You may remember

her making a noise, years ago, doing a boy at an Inn in the Courier of Lyons?[†1] She has a tender love-scene in this piece,[†2] which is a really beautiful and artistic thing. I saw her do it at about 3 in the morning of the day when the Theatre opened,[†3] surrounded by shavings and carpenters, and (of course) with that inevitable Hammer going; and I told Fechter "that is the very best piece of womanly tenderness I have ever seen on the stage, and you'll find that no Audience can miss it." It is a comfort to add that it was instantly seized upon, and is much talked of.

Stanfield was very very ill for some months; then suddenly picked up, and is really rosy and jovial again. Going to see him when he was very despondent, I told him the story of Fechter's piece (then in rehearsal) with appropriate action: fighting a duel with the washing-stand, defying the bedstead, and saving the life of the sofa-cushion.[†4] This so kindled his old theatrical ardor, that I think he turned the corner on the spot.

With love to Mrs. Macready, and Katie, and (be still my heart!)[†5] Benvenuta, and the exiled Johnny (not too attentive at school, I hope?) and the personally-unknown young Parr, ever My Dearest Macready

Your most affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS[†6]

To DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 20 FEBRUARY 1863

MS Mr N.J.B. Plomley.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twentieth February 1863.

My Dear Elliotson.

I hope that I may set your mind at rest on the question we discussed yesterday morning, by giving you the assurance that Forster and I have carefully thought over all you said to us, and have endeavoured to guide ourselves *by your feeling solely*, and have come to the conclusion I am about to state:

It is, that so long as the very restricted and private movement we had originated, shall remain, in your words "not necessary", it had best be suspended and proceeded in no further. But if it should become necessary, it is ready for us to resume, and we are ready to resume it, at an hour's warning;— always on our own responsibility, and with as true a delicacy and sensitiveness for your great name and fame, as we could possibly have if they were our own.

Believe me ever | My Dear Elliotson | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY MOLESWORTH, 21 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty First February 1863

I dine with Emerson Tennent on Sunday my dear Lady Molesworth, or I should have come to you with the greatest pleasure. I hope to see you very soon, and to receive an encouraging report of your neighbour's street door.[†1]—It is extraordinary how that handle sticks in my mind!

Affecy. Yours Ever

CD.

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 23 FEBRUARY 1863*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Third February 1863

My Dear Lehmann. As I know you must be very busy before your departure,[†2] I think it better to write a short letter than to trouble you by calling.

Mr. Pender[†3] expressed the strongest desire, yesterday, to do what I wanted for Alfred, and recommended that he should go for a few months to a silk-brokers to get a practical knowledge of silk—then, for another few months, to his house in Manchester, to learn the trade in Manchester goods—and then (he said) the earliest opportunity should be laid hold of, of sending him out to China. He could answer for everything but the silk-broker's; but he would at once go himself to the two best, and try to find an opening for Alfred with one of them. If I would give him a week, he hoped the thing might be done within that time; very probably he might do it within a much shorter time. There was not the slightest doubt of the young man's getting on in China and making money, if he would only be steady and industrious. His own nephew had gone out under parallel circumstances a few years ago, and was already making a fortune. He would do everything *he* could, to put my son in circumstances to do the rest for himself.

You will think with me, I believe, that this is hopeful, and the best thing to be done. But I am just as much obliged to you, as if Alfred were going with you to America—where I must say I wish you were *not* going.

On Thursday at 7, we will drink to your speedy return.

Ever My Dear Lehmann
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Lehmann Esquire

To THOMSON HANKEY,[†1] [?LATE FEBRUARY 1863]

Mention in *To* Hankey, 26 Feb. *Date:* no doubt written in late Feb.

To THOMAS BEARD, 26 FEBRUARY 1863

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Sixth February 1863.

My Dear Beard.

I have come back for good (after setting Paris on fire—I wish you could have seen and heard a Reading THERE!),[†2] and I want to know when you will come to Gad's. Saturday week the 7th.? Sunday the 8th.? Saturday fortnight the 14th.? *Say* when.

I am going to read at the Hanover Square Rooms: having changed the place,[†3] for the love of the more delicate points. My three nights in March are Friday the 6th. Wednesday the 11th. Friday the 13th. Stalls for all shall be duly sent by Headland per post.

Ever affecy Yours
CD.

To THOMSON HANKEY, 26 FEBRUARY 1863

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth February 1863.

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for the very kind explanation you have sent me in reply to my letter. I fully understand the difficulty, and the state of the case.[†4]

Believe me | Dear Sir
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomson Hankey Esquire.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, 26 FEBRUARY 1863

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Sixth February 1863.

My Dear Marguerite

I think I have found a first-rate title for your book, with an early and a delightful association in most peoples' minds, and a strong suggestion of Oriental Pictures:

— X - 219 —

ARABIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS.

I have sent it to Low's. If they have the wit to see it, do you in your first chapter touch that string—so as to bring a fanciful explanation in aid of the title—and sound it afterwards, now and again, when you come to anything where Haroon Al Raschid, and the Grand Vizier, and Mesrour the Chief of the Guard, and any of that wonderful dramatis personae are vividly brought to mind.[†1]

Ever affectionately
CD.

March

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 1 MARCH 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday First March 1863

My Dear Ouvry

We will certainly not buy at this preposterous price. However desirable the addition of the field[†2] to the freehold, I think it clear it is not worth the money.

Old Brooker's £1200 shall be in your hands in good time for the completion of the purchase. Will you draw up the necessary notice to the tenant, so that we may be free to get a higher rent as soon as we can.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To MRS FORSTER, [1 MARCH 1863]

Envelope listed in Carnegie catalogue No. 212; postmarked 1 Mar 63; addressed Mrs Forster, London.

To MADAME VIARDOT, 3 MARCH 1863

Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third March 1863.

My Dear Madame Viardot

I sent you the carte de visite. I am afraid it is not a very good one, but I am not a good subject for photography, and I think it the best there is.

Let me congratulate you and Monsieur Viardot (to whom I send my kind regard), on the approaching marriage of your daughter.[†1] Chorley told me of it the other day, and we were all much interested in the intelligence.

Mind!—When you come to England, I rely upon your coming to see us here.

Ever My Dear Madame Viardot | Your faithful Admirer
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MATILDA CONEYS,[†2] 4 MARCH 1863

Mention in Bulletin d'Autographes, 116 Annee, No. 728 (Mar 1968); *MS* 1 p.; dated 4 Mar 53; addressed Miss Matilda Coneys.

He sends his best wishes.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 4 MARCH 1863

Text in MDGH, II, 195 checked from MS Sotheby's, July 1983.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourth March 1863.

My Dear Charles Knight

At a quarter to 7 on Monday the 16th. a stately form will be discerned breathing birthday cordialities[†3] and affectionate amenities as it descends the broken and gently dipping ground by which the

level country of the Clifton Road[†4] is attained. A practised eye will be able to discern two humble figures in attendance which, from their flowing crinolines, may, without exposing the prophet to the imputation of rashness, be predicted to be women. Though certes their importance, absorbed and as it were swallowed up in the illustrious bearing and determined purpose of the maturer stranger, will not enthral the gaze that wanders over the forest of San Giovanni as the night gathers in

Ever affectionately
G. P. R. JAMES[†5]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 5 MARCH 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fifth March 1863.

My Dear Ouvry.

As you come to Rochester on Saturday the 21st. will you come to me, and stay until the Monday?

It seems to me that the enclosed letter, omitting the reference to the rack-rent, is the very thing. "Young Essell" has evidently no power in the matter. I take the motto of the Trustees[†1] to be, that Young Essell is a weak vessel—and in that respect they are right, however wrong in trying to over-reach us.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS DALLAS, [?7 MARCH 1863]

Extract in MDGH, II, 195. *Date:* 7 Mar, when Princess Alexandra arrived in London on the Royal Yacht.

It is curious to see London gone mad.[†2] Down in the Strand here, the monomaniacal tricks it is playing are grievous to behold, but along Fleet Street and Cheapside it gradually becomes frenzied, dressing itself up in all sorts of odds and ends, and knocking itself about in a most amazing manner. At London Bridge it raves, principally about the Kings of Denmark[†3] and their portraits. I have been looking among them for Hamlet's uncle, and have discovered one personage with a high nose, who I think is the man.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 7 MARCH 1863

Mention in N, III, 345; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 7 Mar 63; addressed F. Ouvry.

To MRS FREDERICK LEHMANN,[†1] 10 MARCH 1863

MS University of Texas, Austin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Tenth March 1863.

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann. Two stalls for tomorrow's Reading[†2] were sent to you by post before I heard from you this morning. Two will always come to you while you remain a Gummidge,[†3]—and I hope I need not say that if you want more, none could be better bestowed, in my sight.

Pray tell Lehmann when you next write to him, that I find I owe him a mint of money for the delightful Sweedish Sleigh-bells. They are the wonder, awe, and admiration, of the whole country side. And I never go out without them.

Let us make an exchange of child-stories. I heard of a little fellow the other day, whose Mama had been telling him that a French Governess was coming over to him from Paris, and had been expatiating on the blessings and advantages of knowing foreign tongues. After leaning his plump little cheek against the window-glass in a dreary little way for some minutes, he looked round and enquired—in a general way, and not as if it had any special application— whether she didn't think "that the Tower of Babel was a great mistake altogether?"

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON, 10 MARCH 1863

Text from N, III, 345.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
10th March, 1863

Dear Sirs,

Miss Power's objection[†4] does not in the least apply to the notion of the title I have suggested for her book;[†5] and I have avoided writing to her, because I would rather avoid telling her, if I can, that she doesn't understand it. I will try again, but I am sure I shall never find such another.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 11 MARCH 1863*

MS Mr P. B. Dyson.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eleventh March 1863.

My Dear Ouvry

Enclosed I send you the quarterly cheque.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WREFORD MAJOR,[†2] 12 MARCH 1863

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twelfth March 1863

My Dear Mary.

I am quite concerned to hear that you and your party (including your brother Willie)[†3] paid for seats at my Reading last night. You must promise me never to do so, any more. My old affections and attachments are not so lightly cherished or so easily forgotten, as that I can bear the thought of you[†4] and yours coming to hear me like so many strangers. It will at all times delight me if you will send a little note to me, or to Georgina, or to Mary, saying when you feel inclined to come, and how many stalls you will want. You may always be certain, even on the fullest nights, of room being made for you. And I shall always be interested and pleased by knowing that you are present.

Mind! You are to be exceedingly penitent for last night's offence, and are to make me a promise that it shall never be repeated. On which condition accept my noble forgiveness.

With kind regard to Mr. Major[†5] | My Dear Mary
Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Major

To THOMAS BEARD, 13 MARCH 1863

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth March 1863

My Dear Beard

In case I should not see you tonight, this is to let you know that I shall go to Gad's at 10 on Saturday morning, and that the next Train (by which Fechter will come) is at 1.20. I recommend mine, if it should not be too early for you.

We have to come up to dinner on Monday, to keep a birthday with which Destiny has connected us for the last ten years[†1]—though I really can never make out why!

Ever Faithfully

C.D.

To G. H. LEWES,[†2] 14 MARCH 1863*

MS Mrs Hilde Nieuhoff.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourteenth March 1863.

My Dear Lewes.

Why do you and Mrs. Lewes[†3] do such an outrageous thing as come to a Reading of mine without letting me send you tickets? Pray don't do so any more. I should like you to hear Copperfield, if you have not heard it. In that case, will you come on the 21st. April? Tell me as the time draws on.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

Kind regards.

To MRS FORSTER, 17 MARCH 1863

Mention in N, III, 346.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 17 MARCH 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Seventeenth March 1863

My Dear Ouvry.

I am very much afraid that some rather anxious business I have on hand (but it is not my own, I am happy to say), will take me across the Channel on Friday

morning, and probably detain me four or five days.[†1] Without being quite certain of this, I find such strong reason to suppose so on coming to town, that I think it best to write to you at once and get your assurance that you consider your visit to Gad's Hill, only deferred. (N.B. I have a Magnum of claret there, deserving of serious attention). At the same time I send you the cheque for old Brooker.[†2] When the purchase is concluded, will you take care that we lose no time in warning the present tenant?

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 19 MARCH 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Benjamin Webster Esquire | Theatre Royal New Adelphi.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth March 1863

My Dear Webster

Will you kindly leave a box at the door, for my ladies *tonight?*[†3] I shall not be able to come myself, I am afraid, as I dine out; but I saw you the other night in One Touch of Nature,[†4] with the greatest satisfaction.[†5] An excellent piece of genuine good acting, and a real treat to behold in these days.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 26 MARCH 1863*

MS Mr Ken Follett.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Sixth March 1863

My Dear Sir.

I send you with this, Mr Robert Lytton's manuscript book.

It is hardly necessary for me to beg you to observe that I have read it, [†a]SOLELY WITH A REFERENCE TO THESE PAGES,[†a] and that I express no opinion on it as a book to be published all at once, in one volume or in more.

I think it was not designed for, and I am sure it is not adapted to, a serial mode of publication.[†1] The very construction of the story necessitates (for the author's sake) its being read as a whole. Regarding it, as I have said, only from this Journal's point of view, I could not suggest any transposition, or re-division, or reduction of any kind, that would enable the book to express itself in detached portions.

Faithfully Yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 MARCH 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Sixth March 1863

My Dearest Georgy.

I send you the enclosed to Mary from Harry.[†2] As you will see, it wants the usual "Invitation". Will you write it, in her name, or in mine?

So oppressed am I with work here, that I have not yet had leisure to speak to John—though it is pretty late in the afternoon. But I am going to do so before I leave, and will report to you in detail when we meet on Monday.

Ever most affectionately

CD.

To HENRY RAWSON,[†3] 26 MARCH 1863*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth March, 1863.

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter (which has just reached me), I can give you no more satisfactory information than that I wrote certain letters of which I have no copy, in the Daily News, soon after its establishment, on the subject of Capital Punishment.[†4] Further, I wrote a letter—I think, two letters—in the Times on the same subject, immediately after the execution of the Mannings, husband and wife.[†5] All these letters were signed with my name.

I am sorry to confess that I do now believe Capital Punishment to be necessary in extreme cases; simply because it appears impossible otherwise to rid Society of certain members of whom it *must* be rid, or there is no living on this earth. But I believe a *public* execution to be a savage horror far behind the time, affording an indecent and fearful gratification to the worst of people.[†1]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Harry Rawson

To W. C. MACREADY, 31 MARCH 1863†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirty First March 1863.

My Dearest Macready

Wills spoke to me about the MS of Mrs. Meredith's[†2] novel,[†3] and we settled together that he should so write to you about it as to give you your credentials (as it were) to the effect that you had discharged your trust. Believe me, such a thing is worse than worthless to us. No serial story of that length, without a made-name, or the force within itself that would make a name, would do anything but sink us if we took it on board. In respect of offers of Novels (with nothing in them), I am what you were as to Tragedies (with ditto) at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. And what position can be more terrific than *that*!

[†a]I mean to go on reading into June. For the sake of the finer effects (in Copperfield principally), I have changed from St. James's Hall to the Hanover Square Room. The latter is quite a wonderful room for sound, and so easy, that the least inflection will tell anywhere in the place exactly as it leaves your lips; but I miss my dear old shilling galleries six or eight hundred strong, with a certain roaring sea of response in them that *you* have stood upon the beach of, many and many a time.

The Summer, I hope and trust, will quicken the pace at which you grow stronger again. I am but in dull spirits myself just now, or I should remonstrate with you on your slowness.[†a]

We really have been be-princed to the last point of human endurance; haven't we?[†4] [†a]Having two little boys sent home from school "to see the illuminations" on the marriage-night, I chartered an enormous Van, at a cost of five pounds, and we started in majesty, from the office in London, fourteen strong. We crossed Waterloo Bridge, with the happy design of beginning the Sight at London Bridge, and working our way through the City, to Regent Street. In a

bye-street in the Borough, over against a dead wall and under a Railway-bridge, we were blocked for four hours! We were obliged to walk home at last, having seen nothing whatever.[†1] The wretched Van turned up in the course of the next morning. And the best of it was, that at Rochester here they illuminated the fine old Castle, and really made a very splendid and picturesque thing (as my neighbours tell me).[†a]

With love to Mrs. Macready and Katie.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, 31 MARCH 1863†

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirty First March 1863.

My Dear Marguerite.

[†a]It is very difficult to suggest again, because we do not see the notion of such a book[†2] from the same point of view by any means. As to Sketches, or Pictures, or the like of that,—my publisher would

object.[†3] And indeed what such a book wants in its title, it wants in itself; that is, the air of novelty derivable from the things being seen and thought about, from some fanciful station.[†a]

Of the three titles I send, I recommend the first; with the addition of the line from Love's Labour[s][†4] Lost.

—— the first opening of the gorgeous East.[†5]

I have been away, and received your letter on returning here last night.

Ever affectionately

CD.

[†a]Rays from the East[†6]
Oriental Beauties[†6]
Oriental Features[†6]

The title I recommend, would stand

Rays from the East.[†6]
At the first opening of the gorgeous East.
Shakespeare[†a†7]

April

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 APRIL 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

Office | Wednesday Eighth April, 1863

My Dearest Georgy.

I must stay here for tomorrow's making up;[†1] but I mean to come home tomorrow (Thursday) by the afternoon Express to Gravesend. Will you meet me there with the basket.

In haste | Ever Most affecy

CD.

Love to Charley and Katie, if they are (as I hope) at Gads. And to Harry and Plorn.

To LOUIS DÉPRET,[†2] 9 APRIL 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Ninth April 1863.

My Dear Sir

I have had the honor and pleasure of receiving both your letters, and also the Number of L'Illustration in which you make such generous and gratifying mention of "Great Expectations".[†3]

Believe me, my Dear Sir, I am deeply touched and gratified by your inspiring praise, and your high appreciation. I should have written to you immediately, to assure you of my thanks, but that I have been absent for some time.

Accept my cordial sympathy and gratitude. You can scarcely understand how much true pleasure you have given me, without knowing how much I love France, and with what admiration I regard the great French people.

My Dear Sir, I am always
Your faithful and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

à Monsieur Louis Dépret

To FREDERIC LEIGHTON,[†1] 9 APRIL 1863

Text from Mrs Russell Barrington, *The Life, Letters and Work of Frederic Leighton*, 1906, II, 89.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, April 9, 1863.

My Dear Leighton,

I owe you many thanks for your kind reminder. It would have given me real pleasure to have profited by it had such profit been possible, but a hasty summons to attend upon a sick friend[†2] at a distance so threw me out on Friday and Saturday in obliging me to prepare for a rush across the Channel, that I saw no pictures[†3] and had no holiday. I was blown back here only last night, and believe that I shall deliver your message to Mrs. Collins to-day; that is to say, I am going home this afternoon and expect to find her there.

When the summer weather comes on, I shall try to persuade you to come and see us on the top of Falstaff's Hill. A hop country is not to be despised by an artist's eyes.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

To S. W. FALLOM,[†4] 10 APRIL 1863

MS Private; transcribed before destruction in Prestwick aircrash, Dec 1954.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Tenth April, 1863.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. I have been absent on a visit, and it has but just reached me.

Without expressing an opinion on the merits of the case in question—which I am not competent to do, never having entered on a detailed examination of the two books[†5]—I cannot doubt that any author is justified in asserting his own literary rights. They are, at the best, shabbily enough secured to him.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. W. Fallom Esquire

To COLONEL GORDON,[†6] [10 APRIL 1863]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* Colonel Gordon | Chatham Barracks. PM Rochester 10 Ap 63 and Chatham 11 Ap.

To MRS FANNY KEMBLE,[†1] 10 APRIL 1863*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Tenth April, 1863.

My Dear Mrs. Kemble.

I have been absent on a visit, and am but now in the receipt of your letter.

My next vote is unfortunately engaged. But if the candidate in whom you are kindly interested, should not succeed this time and should renew his application, you may then rely on my proxy.[†2]

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Fanny Kemble.

To W. C. MACREADY, 10 APRIL 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Tenth April, 1863.

My Dearest Macready

In the hope that you really will come here, I send you a note of the times at which we can be humanly sure of being here, if you will give me a line of preparation at the office. I take this precaution because of my Readings.

From Friday the 24th. April to Monday 27th.
both days inclusive
From Friday the 1st. May to Monday 4th.
both days inclusive
From Saturday the 9th. May to Thursday 14th.
both days inclusive
And after that, all days but Fridays.

Now, I am going to add a word—of course in the confidence that always exists between us—which I feel I ought not to suppress. I do not believe that Elliotson is in a sufficiently vigorous state of mind to be advantageously consulted. He may be, sometimes, but I would not rely upon him myself. I have had peculiar opportunities of judging him lately, and when he was just now in attendance on Wilkie they were confirmed.[†3] Not a word of this to the Pollocks.[†4]

With kindest regard and love at home

Ever Most affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES BALLANTINE,[†1] 13 APRIL 1863

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirteenth April, 1863.

My Dear Sir

You may be sure that no slight circumstance would keep me away from a celebration in honor of our dear old friend Peter Fraser.[†2] He is associated in my mind—as in the minds of all his friends—with so much that is genial, humourous, pathetic, pleasant, and good, that he is a special man indeed and any festivity in remembrance of him is a special occasion.

But it happens, unfortunately for me, that I read in London on the night previous to the dinner,[†3] and that I have also an engagement for the very day of the dinner.[†4] The latter, if it stood alone, I would certainly release myself from; but immediately afterwards, I read again; and immediately after that, I have to preside at a public dinner,[†5] before reading again These rather heavy demands, added to my usual occupations and a touch of neuralgia in the face (which always visits me in the spring), seem, view them how I will, to disable me from making a hurried journey to my dear old Edinburgh and back for the first of May.

I confidently prefer my claim to you, however, to have the privilege[†6] conceded to me of being regarded as one of Peter Fraser's entertainers. To be excluded altogether from the occasion would be a real mortification to me; for I love him, and have derived no common delight from his society.

Accept my cordial thanks for your letter, and Believe me

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Ballantine Esquire

To CHARLES BLACK,[†1] 13 APRIL 1863*

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirteenth April, 1863.

My Dear Black

I will think of another title for your paper[†2]—so as to connect it more than it stands connected, with the present time and with later events than those to which it refers—and accept it with pleasure. A proof shall be sent to you for your correction.

Mary and Georgina very seldom go to Shows,—and I never go. But I hope we shall meet here, when the flowers are in bloom, and the hay is being made.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Black Esquire

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 13 APRIL 1863

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirteenth April 1863.

My Dear Carlyle.

I should be very glad if you would come to one of my Readings one night. I think if you would come some evening when I read the Trial from Pickwick, you would find a healthy suggestion of an abuse or two, that sets people thinking in the right direction.

Georgina being all but quite well now, I look for that long-delayed visit from you and Mrs. Carlyle, this coming summer. This is really a pleasant place, and as good a little house to work in—or to do what you like in—as you will find anywhere. I am always reading you faithfully, and trying to go your way.

Affectionately Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Carlyle Esquire

To DR JAMES SHERIDAN MUSPRATT,[†1] 13 APRIL 1863†

MS Miss Joyce W. Emrick. *Address:* Dr. Sheridan Muspratt | The Hollies | West Derby | near | Liverpool.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirteenth April, 1863.

My Dear Dr. Muspratt.

[†a]Enclosed is the carte de visite.[†2] There is no good one that I know of; certainly no better.[†3]

I do not think we shall be in town at all this spring. As we had a place in Paris for sometime, I told my daughter she must not expect a house in London this season.[†a]

The Mrs. Knowles[†4] Memorial it is impossible for me to undertake at this time, because I have pressed other claims on the Minister's attention.[†5] But after that grant,[†6] you may be sure she will go on the Pension List soon.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR FRANCIS AND LADY GOLDSMID,[†7] 14 APRIL 1863*

MS Mr Dennis Butts.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth April, 1863.

Mr. Charles Dickens very much regrets that he cannot have the honor of dining with Sir Francis and Lady Goldsmid on Wednesday the Sixth of May, as he is pledged to preside at a public dinner in London on that day.[†8]

To F. W. HAMSTEDE,[†1] 15 APRIL 1863*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fifteenth April 1863

My Dear Sir

Coming here this morning, I find your letter, for which I thank you cordially. It unfortunately happens that I have a business engagement for the day to which it refers, or I should have had much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

F. W. Hamstede Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 15 APRIL 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fifteenth April 1863

My Dear Ouvry

I am sorry to hear you have been here when I was out. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, in next week, I will be here at any hour you name. Any note from you will find me here on Saturday.

If you would ever like any stalls for any of my Readings, you will be heartily welcome. Verb: Sap:[†2]

Faithfully Always
CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 22 APRIL 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Second April 1863

My Dear Letitia.

I have been away for some days, and have only just now got your letter. I am not quite sure when it was written, as it bears no more precise date than "Saturday". But assuming Saturday to be last Saturday, I address this to Streatham.

For these next three weeks, I read twice in each week. This, added to my ordinary occupations and botherations, renders it all but hopeless for me to tie myself to any engagement; the more so, as I have two

public dinners to attend within the same time. But as soon as I get over this present press, I want to arrange for your coming down to Gad's for a day or two, and bringing Harriett[†3]

with you. Meanwhile I have told Headland to send you tickets for every Reading.

I have kept myself in the way of the Pension List as much as possible, and have steadily refused to sign any other Memorial. No pensions (I believe) have yet been announced, but I suppose them to be allotted in the official desks, because Sheridan Knowles's widow has had a grant out of the Queen's Bounty, expressly on the stated ground that she cannot be put on the Pension List this year. It being full.

Don't be troubled about that sum of money, but dismiss it from your mind as I have done.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 22 APRIL 1863†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†1]

Wednesday Twenty Second April, 1863

My Dear Wilkie. It is an odd coincidence that a few weeks ago, I happened to be talking to Dr. Caplin[†2] (on the stage of the Lyceum) when he expounded his baths to me. I had never seen him before. There appeared to me to be something so very simple and reasonable in his method, that I came home here, saying I would certainly try them if I had need.

I am heartily glad you have got away at last,[†3] after that long and grievous bout. I am heartily sorry not to have seen you before you went, but you have never been out of my mind, however far out of my sight. You were not so much regretted at the Fund Dinner[†4] as you might have been, because they regarded you as "saved up" for next year, and counted me as "a little one in."[†5] It was really very good. Buckstone excellent;[†6] and Wigan[†7] modest, gentlemanly, and neat.[†8] Indeed there was quite a contagion of quickness and go about it, for an Alderman[†9] was bright and easy! This reminds me that I met Webster yesterday,

in a bran new pair of moustaches a ditto ditto wig, and an enormous sleek hat. He really looked young, except that he was shaking from head to foot—which I attributed to the strong demands made upon his mature vigour by Miss Avonia Jones.[†1] (I need not remark upon its being a theatrical joke to call her Ammonia). I saw him go into Rule's[†2] and screw himself up with Oysters:[†3] which I thought discreet. He is doing but ill. Meantime that wretched Mr. Falconer[†4] is at the end of his tether at Drury Lane—which he closes this week—and goes about in a state of delirium tremens, grasping at imaginary spectres, pots of porter, or glasses of brandy and water. It is not known which. I write this on Gad's Hill paper, as you see, but at the Office. The neighbourhood is immensely excited. The St Giles's Murderer[†5] is taken,[†6] and yelling virtue (mostly drunk) is waiting in a crowd in Bow Street to rend him. This mention of the

neighbourhood brings me round to the Office. Reade is rather dropping us.[†7] Consequently I strike in next week with a new series of the Uncommercial.[†8] The Drop is very small, but I want to stop it.

[†a]Ah poor Egg! I knew what you would think and feel about it.[†9] When I saw him in Paris on his way out, I was struck by his extreme nervousness, and derived from it an uneasy foreboding of his state. What a large piece of a good

many years he seems to have taken with him! How often have I thought, since the news of his Death came, of his putting his part in the Saucepan (with the cover on) when we rehearsed the Lighthouse[†1]—of his falling out of the hammock when we rehearsed The Frozen Deep[†2]—of his learning Italian numbers when he ate the garlic in the carriage—of the thousands (I was going to say) of dark mornings when I apostrophized him as "'Kernel"—of his losing my invaluable knife in that beastly stage coach[†3]—of his posting up that mysterious book[†4] every night! I hardly know why, but I have always associated that volume, most, with Venice.[†5] In my memory of the dear gentle little fellow, he will be (as since those days he always has been) eternally posting up that book at the large table in the middle of our Venice sitting-room—incidentally asking the name of an Hotel three weeks back! And his pretty house[†6] is to be laid waste and sold![†7] If there be a sale on the spot, I shall try to buy something in loving remembrance of him, good dear little fellow. Think what a great Frozen Deep lay close under those boards we acted on! my brother Alfred, Luard,[†8] Arthur, Albert,[†9] Austin,[†10] Egg—even among the audience, Prince Albert and poor Stone—all gone![†11] "I heard the"—I forget what it was, I used to say[†12]—"come up from the Great Deep;" and it rings in my ears now, like a sort of mad prophecy.

However, this won't do. We must close up the ranks and march on.[†a]

Howitt[†13] has gone mad (madder, I mean) about an article I wrote on his Spirit book,[†14] and sends me a printed advertisement of it with notices appended "with Mr. Howitt's compliments to Mr. Dickens, and many thanks for the impulse given to his work by All the Year Round, and the other Infidel Journals." With the terrors of the Libel Law before my eyes, I charged Mr. Home,[†15] in another article, with one of his swindles at Florence.[†16] But he has made no

sign. The stupendous absurdity of Howitt's book is inconceivable. Home's is clearly (to me) the book of a scoundrel without shame.

I hope and trust you will come to Gad's this summer. I cannot regard myself as having a home anywhere, but the place gets so pretty, that I can't help being fond of it, and I am always touching it up with something new. I read last night, and we had an immense audience, and turned away great numbers. The management of Block[†1] is so mortal bad, that I am going in all good humour, to get rid of him at the end of this series.[†2] But I rather hope he may be murdered before it is over. I saw so many doubled fists flourished in his perspiring face last night, that I trust his life may be considered in danger.

Old Bicknell's[†3] pictures[†4] are going to be sold at Christie's. Whereof Davy Roberts[†5] did so prose to me as I was dining at the Athenæum last Monday (looking out complacently, meanwhile, at the Senior United Service,[†6] with a big blue upper lip just wrenching itself into a prosperous Consolidated New 3 per cent smile while he rattled shillings in both his trousers[†7] pockets, with his hat drooping over his left eye), that I answered at random, and was quite imbecile. They cost £20,000 and a dealer has offered £55,000.[†8] *That's* the way to be a patron of art Sir!

Forster, on his birthday, fell into an epileptic fit of indignation against Knox the Magistrate:[†9] whom he called "a talking Potato."[†10] He went off, over a salmon, [†b]exactly as if the fish had exploded in his inside, carrying all before it. And the explosion was no more to be accounted for by the Jury than the late one at the Powder Mills.[†11] Write soon, & tell me how you are, and that you are better. And believe me now and ever Your affectionate | CD.[†b]

To THE HON. ELEANOR EDEN, 22 APRIL 1863*

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†12]
Wednesday Twenty Second April, 1863.

My Dear Miss Eden.

In case you should otherwise fall into any difficulty, let me assure you that it would be Piracy to reprint from any copyright work without leave; and that you would probably find yourself in Chancery if you were to make such a mistake.

Take the White Ship, and the Murder of a'Beckett,[†1] and my blessing.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY GOLDSMID, 22 APRIL 1863

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1970; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 22 Apr 63; addressed Lady Goldsmid.

Regretting he cannot dine.[†3]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 23 APRIL 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Third April 1863

My Dear Ouvry. I am much mistaken if that land would let at five guineas an acre.[†4] I don't in the least believe it, in short. But I will put myself in Cobb's way, and sound him concerning its value.

On Tuesday in next week, I read the Carol and the Trial from Pickwick. If you are disengaged that evening, I will send you a couple of stalls. The Trial is in your way.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 24 APRIL 1863

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current*, V, 1919-21; *MS* 1 p.; dated 24 Apr 63; addressed Rev. W. Harness.

To MRS BALL WILSON, 27 APRIL 1863*

MS Walter T. Spencer, checked from MS Sotheby's, July 1988. *Address:* Mrs Wilson | 4 Mathon Place | Richmond Road | Barnsbury | N.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Seventh April 1863

My Dear Rebecca. Headland's report is, that he cannot do it tomorrow, but hopes to let you have the stalls for Thursday.

Affecy
CD.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON,[†1] 30 APRIL 1863

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirtieth April 1863

My Dear Dixon

I send you a cheque in Miss Jerrold's[†2] favour, for £153..18..4. The amount is thus made up:

	£S	D	
Dividends for the half year ending Sepr. 1861	38..	8..	4
Do. Do. ending March 1862	38..	10..	0
Do. Do. ending Septr. 1862	38..	10..	0
Do. Do. ending March 1863	38..	10..	0
	£153..	18..	4

Will you kindly let me have at your leisure, a receipt from Miss Jerrold (to whom my kind regard) setting forth these details? The papers, which I keep together, will then at any time explain themselves.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

May

To GEORGE RUSSELL,[†3] 1 MAY 1863*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday First May 1863

My Dear Russell.

I have read your note with the greatest interest and pleasure, and I heartily rejoice in the success of your most praiseworthy effort.[†4] When I was one of the Committee, I always on every possible occasion steadily maintained your principle, and pointed out the manifest absurdity and injustice of leading the club away—or even suffering it to lapse away—from its original distinctive character.[†5] Also, I dwelt, to some of the blindest of the obstructives, on the

preposterousness of a close corporation in these days, and on the policy (taking the thing at its lowest) of letting it die quietly out of the midst of a body of gentlemen.

You may rely on any help that I can give you. It shall not be my fault if I do not count in your next majority, and stand by the Daylight Colours in all ways. Expressly towards which end, I will take some occasion in the meanwhile of returning to the Club.

I hope you will come to Gad's Hill in the course of this next summer. It has been enlarged and improved since you were there.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To E. M. WARD,[†1] 8 MAY 1863

Text from N, III, 349.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday May Eighth 1863

My Dear Ward,

My readings stand thus:

Friday 15th May. Dombey and Pickwick (Trial)
Friday 22nd May. Carol and Pickwick (Trial)
Friday 29th May. Copperfield and Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party

Unless I hear from you that you prefer any other night, I will take care that Stalls are sent you in due course for Copperfield. But I need hardly assure you that Stalls are always heartily at your service.

With best regards to Mrs. Ward[†2]

Always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS J. L. FRITH, 9 MAY 1863

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Ninth May, 1863.

I am not quite sure whether my correspondent is a young lady or a young gentleman. But in the hope that I am addressed by a young lady (because I love all the young ladies now alive), I address this reply to "Miss" J L Frith,[†3] and have imprinted a respectful kiss on the left hand corner below, where a small circle is made.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS NICHOLS,[†1] 9 MAY 1863

Text from N, III, 349-50.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Ninth May 1863

Dear Madam,

I beg to thank you for the opportunity you have given me of reading your paper on myself,[†2] and for the sincere gratification I have derived from its perusal. I am perfectly sure that it is what you tell me it is—"a heart tribute" —and I assure you from my own heart that I deeply feel and esteem it.

In Mr. Wills's feeling that there would be a kind of impropriety in its appearing in pages under my direction, I quite concur. If I thought less highly of your praise, I might have less delicacy on this head.

Will you allow me to enclose you a card, which will admit you on any or all of the five Fridays on which I shall read this season. I send you with it my grateful interest and regard.

Dear Madam, | Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 10 MAY 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Tenth May, 1863.

My Dearest Macready

I should have been a little at a loss to answer your two questions on my own knowledge and authority. But I had an opportunity yesterday, of propounding them, with all gravity and deliberation, to a retired Physician still in Life-Office practise, who is extremely well acquainted with his brothers of the Faculty and with their pretensions and attainments. †a(He is one of the Administrators of the London University.)†a†3 He said, "I can answer both your questions with perfect confidence, as to the two men to whom the greater number of distinguished medical men would undoubtedly themselves go, if they were patients. For urethral disorders, Henry Thompson.†4 For diseases of the chest and throat,

Walshe.†1 You may be quite certain that these are known by the profession to be the best men."

I give you their addresses, below.

Don't read anything purporting to be a dinner-speech of mine, I beg!†2 In Parliament times, such reports are so fearfully ill done, that they are generally mere nonsense and balderdash.

With kindest regard to Mrs. Macready and Katie and all the house from all here, and writing thus briefly because our post goes out early on a Sunday, I am Ever my Dearest Macready

Your most affectionate

CD.

Henry Thompson. M. B. 16 Wimpole Street
Dr. Walshe, 40 Queen Anne Street.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 11 MAY 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Eleventh May 1863

My Dear Ouvry

I have seen Cobb this morning. He says that the price asked is unquestionably too high, and that the Meadow is certainly not worth five pounds an Acre, To Let, though he thinks it is worth four. He recommends our informing Essell that we cannot give the price asked, but that we will give 50 per cent

more than the estimated value put upon the land by a valuer agreed upon—meaning, apparently, himself. Do you think it safe to do this?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To THE EDITOR OF *THE MIRROR,*[†3] 14 MAY 1863*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourteenth May 1863

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Editor of the Mirror, and begs to say that he has had the pleasure of correcting the enclosed proof,

and that he is happy to bear testimony to the general accuracy of the Report.[†1] His corrections, such as they are, are mostly made at the ends of sentences where words have been crowded out, or where the notes have been not quite accurately read.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 14 MAY 1863*

MS Huntington Library

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourteenth May 1863

My Dear Ouvry

I came here only last night, and found your letter.

I quite agree with you about the Land. The best course would be perhaps, to write Essell that we cannot give the price, but still to hold him on a little, in case they should come down. For Brooker's land (that was), I already have an offer, from a very industrious good working farmer of £4 an acre to rent.

Next Friday's[†2] Reading is a gayer one than tonight's; for I read the Carol then (which is merry, whereas Dombey is sad) and the Trial again. But if you stick to tonight, send me a line round, and tell me how many Stalls I shall send you.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To CHARLES STRETTON,[†3] 16 MAY 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Sixteenth May 1863

Dear Sir

I have been absent from England for some days, or I should have had the pleasure of reading your Manuscript sooner.

While I feel much obliged to you for the offer of these sketches, and while I beg you to accept my thanks, I cannot entertain the hope that they will suit these pages. The clergyman is an excellent character, obviously from the life; but the manner in which he is introduced, is not interesting, is diffuse, and is (consequently) quite irreconcileable with the exigencies of a journal of this size, and with many established demands upon its space. Nothing but an amount of

excision to which I think you could never become reconciled, would render this manuscript now enclosed, available for All The Year Round. At least half of it would vanish in the process, and the upsetting of the Punt—which has not yet happened—would have taken place—my daring thoughts are afraid to calculate how many sheets of paper ago.

Repeating my acknowledgements,
I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Stretton Esquire

To THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD, 17 MAY 1863

Text from MDGH, II, 199-200.

Gad's Hill, May 17th, 1863.

My Dear Brookfield,

It occurs to me that you may perhaps know, or know of, a kind of man that I want to discover.

One of my boys (the youngest)[†1] now is at Wimbledon School. He is a docile, amiable boy of fair abilities, but sensitive and shy. And he writes me so very earnestly that he feels the school to be confusingly large for him, and that he is sure he could do better with some gentleman who gave his own personal attention to the education of half-a-dozen or a dozen boys, as to impress me with the belief that I ought to heed his conviction.

Has any such phenomenon as a good and reliable man in this wise ever come in your way? Forgive my troubling you, and believe me,

Cordially yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. RUSSELL,[†2] 19 MAY 1863

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Nineteenth May, 1863.

My Dear Russell

I hear through Captain Williamson[†3] that you will recall your cancelling of your under-writing of Mr. Marcus Stone's name as a Candidate at the Garrick, if I can assure you "that his conduct towards his mother was justified by circumstances".[†4]

Of his mother,[†1] I say, in observance of a rule I have laid down for myself since I ceased to see her, nothing. Not one word, good or bad.

Of Mr. Marcus Stone and his brother and sisters (for there is such complete unanimity among them that it is impossible in this connexion justly to separate him from them), I say what follows:

That I was in close intimacy and confidence with their father, and had been for years and years made well acquainted by himself from time to time with the history of his family affairs. That he himself told me, it may have been a year or so before his death, that he did expressly contemplate that after his death the mother and the children should live apart. That he entered into details shewing me that it was his deliberate meaning, and why it was his deliberate meaning, that his resources should be applied as they actually have been applied. That when he knew himself to be very ill and when he had a strong misgiving that he was dying (I think, on the last occasion of his being out in the street), he walked with me for a while, expressing his solicitude about his children, and not for a moment qualifying any thing that he had before confided to me. That I *know*,[†2] consequently, from himself and in a most special manner, that the action taken by his children after his death can have been no newly conceived action of theirs, but was the result of a long train of circumstances which he foresaw would lead, and which he intended should lead, to that conclusion.

But so anxious have I been to avoid embittering complicated family matters, that I have never mentioned (to the best of my belief) one word of this delicate knowledge of mine, to any of the children, until last Sunday, when I communicated it to Mr. Marcus Stone on his imparting to me the circumstances of this Garrick affair. I have confined myself to saying when I saw occasion, as it was my duty to say, that the children were misunderstood on a misconception of the case, and to advising them to trust to Time and Truth.

Of course you are free to make the contents of this letter known to whomsoever you please. If you see no objection I should be glad if you will make them known to our friend Leech, as Mr. Marcus Stone's proposer.

Believe me always My Dear Russell
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Russell Esquire

To SAMUEL PHELPS,[†3] 21 MAY 1863

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty First May 1863

My Dear Mr. Phelps.

A new difficulty has arisen in the way of a good understanding between yourself and Fechter, which Fechter has been here to-day to communicate to

me. I am exceedingly sorry to be made aware of it, but it is so irreconcilable with the spirit Fechter showed when your difference was referred to me here, and with the spirit in which you expressed yourself towards him in reply, that I feel I cannot dismiss it, however disagreeable the topic.[†1]

Mr. Barnett[†2] has informed Fechter that you, in so many words, told him (Barnett) that you would not play the Ghost in Hamlet "to a Blasted Frenchman." Now, assuming these words to have been actually used,[†3] they are, both personally and nationally, so exceedingly discourteous and offensive, that I cannot wonder at Fechter's being so much at a loss to know how to preserve amicable relations with a member of his company who uttered them.

Will you be so good as to give me some enlightenment on this head?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To SAMUEL LOVER, 22 MAY 1863

MS W. A. Foyle.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Second May 1863

My Dear Lover.

I am afraid there is scarcely enough in this, for our purpose.[†4] But I hope this misgiving will not prevent your sending me another in its own time.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Lover Esquire

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 22 MAY 1863

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Night, Twenty Second May, 1863

(Copy)
My Dear Mr. Phelps.

Fechter has come to me tonight after the closing of his Theatre, and I have reported to him exactly what passed between you and me to-day.[†5]

He refuses to recognize your engagement any longer, on the ground that it is impossible to preserve either business relations or friendly relations with you.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To THE REV. HENRY WARD,[†2] 23 MAY 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* The Rev. Henry Ward | St. Barnabas | King Square | London | E.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night Twenty Third May, 1863.

Dear Sir

I hope you will not measure the cordiality of my recognition of your frank letter (which of course I receive in confidence), by the tardiness of my reply. I have been much engaged and much away.

Even now, I am unable to make an appointment, or propose a time for availing myself of your kindly proffered introduction. For I have a large arrear to clear off gradually, and cannot bear to do any thing that I am not reasonably sure of doing with exactness.

For the present therefore, I confine myself to thanking you for your interesting communication, and to assuring you that I hope I perfectly understand and appreciate its spirit. Trusting that I shall be able to resume its subject with you personally, I beg you to believe me.

Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Henry Ward

To THE REV. W. BROOKFIELD, 24 MAY 1863†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Fourth May, 1863.

My Dear Brookfield

†aI am most truly obliged to you for your kind and ready help.

When I am in town next week, I will call upon the Bishop of Natal;†3 more to

thank him than with the hope of profiting by that gentleman of whom he writes, as the limitation to "little boys" seems to stop the way. I want to find some one with whom this particular boy could remain, if there were a mutual interest and liking. That would be a grand point gained.†a

From the moral mountain-range of Wimbledon School, my boys appear to have contemplated the neighbouring Murray valley with depreciatory sentiments. A newly-emancipated Wimbledonian gave me to understand, this morning at breakfast, that "Murray's would be a fall".†1

†aWhy did the Kings in the Fairy-Tales want children! I suppose in the weakness of the regal intellect.

Concerning Nickleby; I am so much of your mind (comparing it with Copperfield) that it was a long time before I could take a pleasure in reading it. But I got better, as I found the audience always taking to it. I have been trying, alone by myself, the Oliver Twist murder;†2 but have got something so horrible out of it that I am afraid to try it in public.†a

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 MAY 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT†3
Tuesday Twenty Sixth May 1863.

My Dearest Georgy. Wills is not here, but I see a letter on his desk making the appointment vaguely for "tomorrow afternoon".†4 I shall try to get down by way of Gravesend, afterwards.

Tell Mary that I have an invitation from the Corporation for the

Royal Entertainment!†5

As it includes a lady, I have accepted for myself and Miss Dickens. You know how likely *I* am to meet My Prince on the occasion, but I suppose Mrs. Humphery[†6] will be chaperone.

Ever affecy

CD.

To MRS NICHOLS, 26 MAY 1863

Text from N, III, 353-4.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Twenty-Sixth May, 1863

Dear Madam,

It is often very difficult for me to keep pace with my correspondents. I hope you will attribute the tardiness of my reply to your last letter to this unavoidable circumstance, and not to any lack of interest in it.

I regret that neither of the accompanying papers is quite suitable to the requirements of All the Year Round. It would not be easy to explain within the compass of a hurried note what those requirements are; nor could I hope to suggest them to you successfully if the journal itself cannot do so.

Also you have anticipated any advice I could offer you by finding for yourself the most likely channels through which to render your literary work remunerative.

Thus nothing is left for me to say except to assure you—which I do most sincerely—that it would give me real pleasure to be able to accept any contribution from yourself or your husband; and to couple with this assurance the faithful promise that I will myself attentively read any paper you may send me, marked "Private" on the cover.

For the novels you mention I fear there is little chance. A name needs to be made by periodical writing of another kind before a publisher will—except in rare instances—enter on such a venture.

In that respect there is no opening in All the Year Round. But for general contributions there is *always* an opening there, and it is at least as much a pleasure to me as it is my interest to find new contributors who hit the mark.

Personally, I beg you to believe that I am truly sensible of your high opinion, and that I esteem it as a great and high privilege to have awakened so much interest in your breast. It would be a real gratification to me if I could prove this to you by helping you towards the attainment of the honourable object, in which you have my full sympathy.

Dear Madam, | Faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SAMUEL PHELPS, 27 MAY 1863

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Seventh May 1863

My Dear Mr. Phelps.

I have an engagement at 12 today, to go to Limehouse with Mr. Edwin Chadwick[†1] to inspect some schools. I therefore leave for you enclosed, agreeably

to your request, the four letters from Mr. Fechter to yourself which you left in my hands.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Phelps Esquire

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 28 MAY 1863

Extract in MDGH, II, 200-203. *Date:* 28 May according to MDGH, 1880; MDGH, 1882 and later versions give Thursday, 24 May; N, going by the day of the week, mistakenly corrects it to 21 May.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Thursday, May 28th, 1863.

My Dear Cerjat,

I don't wonder at your finding it difficult to reconcile your mind to a French Hamlet; but I assure you that Fechter's is a very remarkable performance perfectly consistent with itself (whether it be my particular Hamlet, or your particular Hamlet, or no), a coherent and intelligent whole, and done by a true artist. I have never seen, I think, an intelligent and clear view of the whole character so well sustained throughout; and there is a very captivating air of romance and picturesqueness added, which is quite new. Rely upon it, the public were right. The thing could not have been sustained by oddity; it would have perished upon that, very soon. As to the mere accent, there is far less drawback in that than you would suppose. For this reason, he obviously knows English so thoroughly that you feel he is safe. You are never in pain for him. This sense of ease is gained directly, and then you think very little more about it.

The Colenso[†2] and Jowett[†3] matter is a more difficult question, but here again I don't go with you. The position of the writers of "Essays and Reviews"[†4] is, that

certain parts of the Old Testament have done their intended function in the education of the world *as it was*; but that mankind, like the individual man, is designed by the Almighty to have an infancy and a maturity, and that as it advances, the machinery of its education must advance too. For example: inasmuch as ever since there was a sun and there was vapour, there *must have* been a rainbow under certain conditions, so surely it would be better now to recognise that indisputable fact. Similarly, Joshua might command the sun to stand still,[†1] under the impression that it moved round the earth; but he could not possibly have inverted the relations of the earth and the sun, whatever his impressions were. Again, it is contended that the science of geology is quite as much a revelation to man, as books of an immense age and of (at the best) doubtful origin, and that your consideration of the latter must reasonably be influenced by the former. As I understand the importance of timely suggestions such as these, it is, that the Church should not gradually shock and lose the more thoughtful and logical of human minds; but should be so gently and considerately yielding as to retain them, and, through them, hundreds of thousands. This seems to me, as I understand the temper and tendency of the time, whether for good or evil, to be a very wise and necessary position. And as I understand the danger, it is not chargeable on those who take this ground, but on those who in reply call names and argue nothing. What these bishops and such-like say about revelation, in assuming it to be finished and done with, I can't in the least understand.[†2] Nothing is discovered without God's intention and assistance, and I suppose every new knowledge of His works that is conceded to man to be distinctly a revelation by which men are to guide themselves. Lastly, in the mere matter of religious doctrine and dogmas, these men (Protestants—protestors—successors of the men who protested against human judgment being set aside) talk and write as if they were all settled by the direct act of Heaven; not as if they had been, as we know they were, a matter of temporary accommodation and adjustment among disputing mortals as fallible as you or I.

Coming nearer home, I hope that Georgina is almost quite well. She has no attack of pain or flurry now, and is in all respects immensely better. Mary is neither married nor (that I know of) going to be. She and Katie and a lot of them have been playing croquet outside my window here for these last four days, to a mad and maddening extent. My sailor-boy's ship, the *Orlando*, is fortunately in Chatham Dockyard—so he is pretty constantly at home—while the shipwrights are repairing a leak in her. I am reading in London every Friday just now. Great crams and great enthusiasm. Townshend I suppose to have left Lausanne somewhere about this day. His house in the park is hermetically sealed, ready for him. The Prince and Princess of Wales go about (wisely) very much, and have as fair a chance of popularity as ever prince and princess had. The City ball in their honour is to be a tremendously gorgeous

business,[†1] and Mary is highly excited by her father's being invited, and she with him. Meantime the unworthy parent is devising all kinds of subterfuges for sending her and getting out of it himself.[†2] A very intelligent German friend of mine,[†3] just home from America, maintains that the conscription will succeed in the North,[†4] and that the war will be indefinitely prolonged.[†5] *I* say "No," and that however mad and villainous the North is, the war will finish by reason of its not supplying soldiers. We shall see. The more they brag the more I don't believe in them.

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 28 [MAY] 1863*

MS University of Texas, Austin. *Date*: misdated by CD: clearly before 4 June; no doubt 28 May, a Thursday.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Twenty Eighth June 1863.

My Dear Lehmann

On Thursday the 4th. of June at 7, I shall have much pleasure in dining at Westbourne Terrace. (My Ascot horse being sure to win, I have no need even to go down to see him run for the Cup.)[†6]

Although you have so lately been in America, and although I know what a raging mad topsy-turvy state of things obtains there, I can *not* believe that the Conscription will do otherwise than fail, and wreck the War.[†7] I feel convinced indeed, that the War will be shattered by want of Northern soldiers.*[†8]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

*Of course the more they brag, the more I don't believe them.

To DR JAMES SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 28 MAY 1863*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Dr. Sheridan Muspratt | West Derby.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Twenty Eighth May 1863.

My Dear Muspratt

Thanks for the Photograph—which is an excellent one. I have not forgotten your request concerning Wilkie Collins, but he is away in Germany, ill.[†1]

Faithfully Alys
CD.

To DRINKWATER MEADOWS,[†2] 29 MAY 1863

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Ninth May 1863

My Dear Mr. Meadows

As it is Copperfield to night—which you *have* heard—and as it is Nickleby next Friday—which you have *not* heard—I have told Mr. Headland to send you 2 stalls for the latter night.

I have but just now got your note on coming in from the country.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To CAPT. CAVENDISH SPENCER BOYLE,[†3] 30 MAY 1863

Extract in Autograph Prices Current, III (1917-18), 82; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; date given in N, III, 354 with smaller extract; addressed Capt. C. Boyle.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | Thirtieth May 1863

I read the "Poor Traveller" on Friday, the 12th of June. If you come let me know, and I will take care you are placed near me. There was quite a tremendous demonstration with my favourite reading, Copperfield, last night.[†4] I have never seen such an enthusiastic audience; no, not even when I read in Paris,

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 MAY 1863]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 841. *Date*: 30 May 63, according to Forster.

Here is a curious case at first-hand. On Thursday night in last week, being at the office here, I dreamed that I saw a lady in a red shawl with her back towards me (whom I supposed to be E.).[†1] On her turning round I found that I didn't know her, and she said 'I am Miss Napier.'[†2] All the time I was dressing next morning, I thought—What a preposterous thing to have so very distinct a dream about nothing! and why Miss Napier? for I never heard of any Miss Napier. That same Friday night, I read. After the reading, came into my retiring-room, Mary Boyle and her brother,[†3] and *the* Lady in the red shawl whom they present as 'Miss Napier'! These are all the circumstances, exactly told.

To W. HOLMAN HUNT,[†4] 31 MAY 1863

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirty First May, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Hunt.

I should have immediately complied with your request[†5] but for the sufficient reason that I really have nothing to tell, which the public has any claim to know. The dear fellow was always one of the most popular of the party—always sweet-tempered, humourous, conscientious, thoroughly good, and thoroughly beloved. I always advised with him about the composition of the figures, and the like; and his artistic feeling and his patience were what you know them to have been. There is not a single grain of alloy, thank God, in my remembrance of our intimate personal association. But I look back upon his ways and words, in that half-gipsey life of our Theatricals, as sanctified by his Death and as not belonging to the public at

all. In that aspect of his life as in every other, he was a thoroughly staunch, true, reliable man. All else I regard as private companionship and confidence.

Believe me ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Holman Hunt Esquire

June

To EDWIN CHADWICK, [?MAY-EARLY JUNE 1863]

Mention in next. *Date*: Mention suggests a recent letter.

To EDWIN CHADWICK, 8 JUNE 1863*

MS University College, London.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighth June 1863.

My Dear Mr. Chadwick

It has come into my head since I wrote to you, that you may perchance be able to tell me where to find the very thing I want just now.

All my boys have been to great schools, from Eton downward. But my youngest boy,[†1] just turned eleven, feels lost in a great school (he is at Wimbledon), and entreats me to place him, after the Midsummer holidays, somewhere where there are not above ten or a dozen boys. He is a docile little fellow; shy from having been much at home; but good and capable.

Do you know of any really sound and kind man—a man of sense, and not of barrel organ routine—who lives within an easy journey of London, and takes such a limited number of pupils? A word addressed to me at the office will greatly oblige me.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Chadwick Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 JUNE 1863*

Text from facsimile in J. V. Tooley Ltd catalogue, 1982.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Ninth June 1863.

My Dear Ouvry

The quarterly cheque enclosed.

Faithfully Yours alwys
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire.

To MRS BALL WILSON, 10 JUNE 1863*

MS Private. *Address*: Mrs Wilson | 4 Malton Place | Richmond Road | Barnsbury | N.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Tenth June 1863

My Dear Rebecca.

The pressure is so great for Friday that it is quite out of my power to send you any tickets.

Affecy Yours
CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 11 JUNE 1863*

MS Kohnan Women's University, Japan.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eleventh June 1863

My Dear Sir

I am very much obliged to you for your suggestion in reference to Mr. Anthony Trollope,[†1] and should have been very glad to pursue it, but for the impossibility of publishing the story[†2] here "before very long". You know that we have Mr. Charles Reade at present in course of publication. He will probably go on for six or eight months—six at the very least—and to get another serial into our limited space at the same time, would be out of the question. I think therefore that the fair and plain course on my part (observing Mr. Trollope's desire to have the story published soon) is, not to propose any unacceptable conditions, but at once to decline.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk Chapman Esquire

To DRINKWATER MEADOWS, 11 JUNE 1863*

Text from transcript by Edgar Johnson of MS Mr and Mrs Alfred Castle.

Thursday, Eleventh June 1863.

My Dear Mr. Meadows:

Mr. Headland tells me (I regret to assure you) that the pressure on the stalls for tomorrow is so great that he cannot find room here for the very few free seats that are usually reserved for my own family: all of which he has been obliged to withhold but two. I am terrible afraid of his getting into difficulties, and dare not press him, but if as Mr. Micawber says, "anything should turn up" tomorrow, I will send a messenger to you.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Drinkwater Meadows, Esquire.

To MRS NICHOLS, 11 JUNE 1863

Extract from N, III, 355; addressed Mrs. Mary Nichols.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, Eleventh of June, 1863

Dear Madam,

I regret to assure you that it is out of my power to comply with your clever little girl's[†3] request. Mr. Headland tells me that the pressure on the stalls for

to-morrow night is so great that he has been obliged to withhold all but two of the few free admissions that are usually set aside for my own family.

It was satisfactory to me to hope as I read on that the Unholy Land[†1] could be made available here. But my satisfaction was sadly dashed by the discovery that it is incomplete. I can scarcely exaggerate the difficulty, with one long serial in progress here, and my own series of papers under resumption from time to time, of entering on any other "continuation." Could you finish your project in three papers, or in two? I cannot even pledge myself to find space for the Unholy Land in *three* parts; but I would try, if you could so accomplish it.[†2]

To EDWIN CHADWICK, 14 JUNE 1863*

MS Mr P. H. Lynch.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fourteenth June 1863.

My Dear Chadwick

Many thanks for your letter. I know how sensible its advice is; and I wish I could get my small boy to understand that, without experience. He is at Wimbledon School now, and will not readily find himself so well off elsewhere.

In the summer-time I generally deliver myself over, bound hand and foot, to my eldest daughter, for the beginning of the week. Although I had my misgivings, I could not answer about tomorrow until I got down here. My courage is so subdued by what I find is going to be done with me, in the way of visitors, for interminable Mondays, that I cannot pursue the subject. I think I shall try to establish a Half Time System in that regard. When I have done so, I will report how it works.

Those papers[†3] have come to hand.

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Chadwick Esquire

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 16 JUNE 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixteenth June 1863.

My Dear Trollope.

I am delighted with Mrs. Trollope's[†1] excellent poem,[†2] which seems to me to be full of uncommon merit, and which I will get into A.Y.R. straightway. Pray tell her that I have read it with the greatest relish and admiration.

Only a day before I received your note, my daughters had been wondering when you would appear here to justify your high reputation in these parts as a Croquet-player. I assure you that the intelligence of your not meaning to come, this summer, has been received with a very genuine expression of disappointment. Mrs. Trollope might almost have been jealous if she had heard it.

I live in a dream of getting back to Italy; but I am always waking, and never knowing when I shall look on its beloved face again. When the dead season of London comes round, then I have house to keep here. And when I slip over to Paris, I find that I am perpetually oscillating between Paris and London.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Adolphus Trollope Esqre.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 18 JUNE 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighteenth June 1863.

My Dearest Georgy.

All right. Give my love to the visitors, and say I shall be glad to see them on Sunday.

I will write on Saturday; I suppose we shall come by the Early Train.

My head is addled with Uncommercial Travelling—done for the time, I am happy to say.[†1] Everything to eat, of an impossible character, was produced yesterday.[†2] Such extraordinary successions of fruit, that they became almost ludicrous. About two pounds of grapes, one pine apple, and a melon and a half, per head. Forster in his "nice face" vein. Discovering everybody (through his eye-glass) to have "a nice face". Particularly struck by the "nice face" of young Schleswig-Holstein.[†3] Who sang a German song by the bye (in a raging base voice) which I supposed to be Caspar in the Freischütz, and Bertram in the Robert, in partnership in some accursed invocation of the Evil One.[†4]—I was afterwards told that it was a little gentle anecdote concerning two soldiers. In the midst of it, Ward and Mrs. Ward were announced—both with heads so enormously big, that an evident thrill of horror and amazement seized the company.

Lehmann wants to know if we can go and see Woodlands[†5] next Saturday week. I said I couldn't answer without Mary. Will you write to Mary, and ask her?

Chorley is made so happy by the success of Faust[†6] (which he has always laboured to have produced here) that it is quite impossible to understand what he means. When he told me what his feelings were, he drew a dial in the air, and punched with his forefinger all the twelve hours in it. Then he said "*You* understand?", and I said (with deep feeling) "I do."

I think Gad's Hill and the office must exchange Sutherlands.[†7] We have got such a handsome one here, that it is really too handsome for the place.

My Dearest Georgy | Ever affecy

CD.

To JOHN BATE CARDALE,[†1] 19 JUNE 1863*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Nineteenth June 1863.

My Dear Sir

It is proposed to recur to that subject of undeveloped impressions.[†2] In any case I will not fail to use your very curious experience.

Enclosed I beg to send you my cheque for £20 for the concluding year of my tenancy of the front Garden at our old place of residence. Accept my apology for having forgotten it. As I have not formally returned the key, I may mention that young Mr. Stone has it at your disposal.

My Dear Sir | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John B Cardale Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 20 JUNE 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twentieth June 1863

My Dearest Georgy

Mrs. Dickenson[†3] does not come tomorrow. Fechter comes with me from London Bridge at 10, to Higham. The Decanters will also come with me, in a hamper.

Ever affecy
CD.

To HENRY BATHURST, [JUNE 1863]

Mention in Committee of Management Minutes, 29 June 63 (MS Hospital for Sick Children). *Date:* presumably within a week of its being read to the Committee.

Offering to use his influence to persuade Bulwer Lytton to preside over the Hospital's next Annual Festival.

To MRS SARTORIS,[†1] 26 JUNE 1863*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd.

Friday Twenty Sixth June, 1863[†2]

My Dear Mrs. Sartoris

I am truly sorry that I am deprived of the pleasure I had anticipated in dining with you on Wednesday. I have a ridiculous swelling in the back of my head which wants to be something trouble-some. To be beforehand with it in its amiable intentions, my Doctor "treats" me with steel and strong acids,

and lays especial injunctions on me not to dine late or to go into hot rooms until he has done with me. May that be soon! But he says it certainly will not be by Wednesday. So I write at once.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 26 JUNE 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Sixth June 1863.

My Dear Trollope.

I write this short epistle, to beg you, on your arrival in town, to let us know when you will come here. Wonderful croquet engines of great solidity have been constructed, and hopeless insanity rages on the subject,—saving in the bosom of the undersigned calm philosopher.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. A. Trollope Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 28 JUNE 1863

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Eighth June 1863.

My Dear Wilkie

Welcome home![†4]—I heartily desire to see you, and hope you will soon be well enough (if you are not already) to come down here for those quiet days you wrote of from Germany.

I want to hear everything about you. Whether you are as strong as you ought to be. Whether the Baths bore out the Doctor.[†1] Whether you are going again to Caplin (whom I discover to be my dearest friend and brother), whether you set up your own Perambulator in that queer place yonder—if so, whether you doubled it up too—and all sorts of things.

Here am I with a swelling on the back of my head, and an itching—not palm, but neck. I cannot think the swelling was meant for me, and conceive that it *must* be a mistake. Macready was to have been here to day, but is stopped at Cheltenham by (I can't write it)[†2] erysipelas. I am rather anxious about him, though his good wife writes very cheerfully.

We shall be at the office on Friday. Are you well enough to dine there at 5, and go afterwards to the German Reed's?[†3] I am told that Parry[†4] is doing the most amusing thing of its kind that ever was done. If you could come, I would write to Priscilla[†5] for stalls. Give me a word in answer by return, here.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To EDWIN CHADWICK, 29 JUNE 1863*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Ninth June 1863.

My Dear Chadwick

I have been unwell, and obliged to keep as quiet as I can among the green fields. I am still in the Doctor's hands, taking steel and strong acids. Therefore I am chary of making appointments, until I am quite free of the Faculty. But I hope to make one with Mr. Burrell[†6] within a fortnight or so. He has mentioned your name in an obliging letter I have had from him touching the Self-Supporting Cooking Depots for the working people.[†7]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Chadwick Esquire

To MRS NICHOLS, 29 JUNE 1863

MS Private; transcribed before destruction in Prestwick aircrash, Dec 1954.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Twenty Ninth June, 1863.

Dear Madam

I will try "A Trip in the Unholy Land" in two chapters. The first portion I hope to publish in All the Year Round before the month of July is out.[†1]

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Nichols.

July

To J. STIRLING COYNE,[†2] 2 JULY 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Ter-Centenary Monument Committee | J. Stirling Coyne Esquire | 28 King Street.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Second July, 1863.

My Dear Sir

I received your letter, only yesterday.

I hope it is unnecessary for me to assure you that I am truly sensible of the honor conferred upon me by the resolution of the Provisional Committee,[†3] and that I highly esteem it.

But I cannot honestly pretend that I am sanguine as to the result of this movement. I have a strong misgiving that the response may not be such as will enable its promoters to achieve a great national success. And any thing falling short of a great national success, I should consider a failure.

My misgiving is founded on the part I have, as an individual, in the general experience of Englishmen as to such public tributes.

Exactly as I prize the confidence and good opinion of my brother-artists, I hold myself bound to be plain with them in such a case. The President of the Permanent Committee should, I submit to them through you, be more hopeful than I am of the result of the Committee's labours.

I am My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Stirling Coyne Esquire

To JOSEPH ELLIS,[†1] 4 JULY 1863*

MS Bodleian Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fourth July. 1863.

Dear Mr. Ellis

I think it very possible that you may know of something I want to find. And in any case I feel sure that you will not mind my troubling you.

All my boys have been at large schools, from Eton downward. But my youngest boy,[†2] now about 12, does not take to a large school. He is a good amiable boy, and sufficiently clever, but, in consequence of having passed his childhood at home among grown people, he finds himself confused and troubled in a

great boy-crowd. He entreats me to place him somewhere where there are six or a dozen pupils, and where he could remain when he grew older and more advanced.

It is immensely difficult to find a good and kind Master who confines his attention to a few pupils, and receives them in his own home. Do you happen to know of any such gentleman—a clergyman or otherwise—at Brighton? You know, I have no doubt, what kind of education I seek for my boy;—that I want him to be well taught, but not worn out or over-crammed, and to be trained in the spirit of the Time.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD,[†3] 4 JULY 1863

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night Fourth July, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Fitzgerald

I have been most heartily gratified by the perusal of your article[†4] on my Dogs.[†5] It has given me an amount and a kind of pleasure, very unusual, and for which I thank you earnestly. The owner of the renowned Dog Caesar[†5] understands me so sympathetically, that I trust with perfect confidence to his feeling what I really mean in these few words.

You interest me very much by your kind promise—the redemption of which I hereby claim—to send me your life of Sterne when it comes out.[†1] If you should be in England before then, I should be delighted to see you here on the top of Falstaff's own Gad's Hill. It is a very pretty country, not thirty miles from London; and if you could spare a day or two for its fine walks, I and my two latest Dogs—a St. Bernard and a Bloodhound—would be charmed to have your company as one of ourselves.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy Fitzgerald Esquire

To MR INGRAM,[†2] 4 JULY 1863*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fourth July. 1863

Mr Charles Dickens begs to inform his young correspondent, Mr Ingram, that it is very difficult for him to keep pace with his unknown correspondents, and that [it][†3] is quite impossible to answer their letters.

He will readily subscribe for 3 copies of the little book;[†4] but he can only give his initials for insertion in the list of subscribers.

He never had any knowledge of any Mr Warden.[†5]

To WYNDHAM SMITH,[†6] 5 JULY 1863*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth July, 1863.

My Dear Wyndham Smith.

I have this morning found the passage you wanted. It is in No. 67 of All The Year Round, for Saturday the 4th. of August, 1860; in the first part of a story of mine, called "Hunted Down". After I left you in the Park the other day, I recalled the exact words of the text, but could *not* remember where I had written them. Here is the quotation.

"I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare

honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is any thing to be got by it."[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY BATHURST, 6 JULY 1863

Summary in Committee of Management Minutes, 21 July 63 (MS Hospital for Sick Children); dated Gad's Hill Place, 6 July 63 in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 486 (Dec 1926); addressed H. A. Bathurst.

Recommending a direct approach to Bulwer Lytton, inviting him to take the chair at the next Annual Festival and authorizing the use of his name.

To CAPTAIN E.E. MORGAN, 6 JULY 1863†

MS Dr and Mrs Philip Rulon and Family. *Address:* By Post Office Steamer. | Captain Morgan | New York | U.S. of America.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixth July, 1863.

My Dear Friend.

The Traveller having returned (and gone into training for a competitive Fight for the Foreign office,[†2] which is to come off about the middle of the month), I write to thank you for your great kindness and friendship. [†a]I have already told your son Will what I am very well assured of concerning the cheque;[†3] but you are such a noble fellow, that I must not pursue that subject. But you will at least take my cordial and affectionate thanks.[†4]

We have a touch of most beautiful weather here, and this country is most beautiful too. I wish I could carry you off to a favorite spot of mine, between this and Maidstone, where I often smoke your cigars and think of you. We often take our lunch on a hill-side there, in the summer, and then I lie down on the grass— a splendid example of laziness—and say "Now for my Morgan!" My daughter and her Aunt pretend that they know the true scent of the true article (which I don't in the least believe), and sometimes they exclaim "That's *not* a Morgan!"[†5] And the worst of it is, they were once right—by accident.[†a]

All English eyes are turned in your direction, and all English hearts wish— disinterestedly, I believe—that the War were over. As to reading, when the days

of Peace come? Well! I have had ambassadors, well backed with money, from Australia.[†1] But I couldn't make up my mind to go.

All my house unite in love and regard to all yours, and I am Ever

My Dear Morgan | Your affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. F. A. WILSON,[†2] 9 JULY 1863

Extract in Scheuer catalogue No. 3 (1927); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 9 July 63; addressed W.F.A. Wilson.

I beg to thank you for your very obliging letter ... and to assure you that I highly appreciate the advantage my son[†3] has in your experience and guidance.

To MRS DAVIS,[†4] 10 JULY 1863

MS University College, London.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Tenth July, 1863.

Dear Madam.

I hope you will excuse this tardy reply to your letter.[†5] It is often impossible for me by any means to keep pace with my correspondents.

I must take leave to say that if there be any general feeling on the part of the intelligent Jewish people, that I have done them what you describe as "a great wrong",[†6] they are a far less sensible, a far less just, and a far less good tempered, people than I have always supposed them to be. Fagin in Oliver Twist is a Jew, because it unfortunately was true of the time to which that story refers, that that class of criminal almost invariably *was* a Jew. But surely no sensible man or woman of your persuasion can fail to observe—firstly, that all the rest of the wicked dramatis personae are Christians; and secondly, that he is called "The Jew", not because of his religion, but because of his race. If I were to write a

story, in which I pursued a Frenchman or a Spaniard as "The Roman Catholic", I should do a very indecent and unjustifiable thing but I make mention of Fagin as the Jew, because he is one of the Jewish people, and because it conveys that kind of idea of him, which I should give my readers of a Chinaman by calling him a Chinese.

The enclosed is quite a nominal subscription towards the good object in which you are interested,[†1] but I hope it may serve to shew you that I have no feeling towards the Jewish people but a friendly one. I always speak well of them, whether in public, or in private, and bear my testimony (as I ought to do) to their perfect good faith in such transactions as I have ever had with them. And in my "Child's History of England", I have lost no opportunity of setting forth their cruel persecution in old times.[†2] Dear Madam

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

Mrs. Davis.

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 10 JULY 1863*

MS Bodleian Library. *Address:* Private | Mr. Joseph Ellis | The Bedford Hotel | Brighton.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Tenth July, 1863.

Dear Mr. Ellis.

I assure you I am truly obliged to you for your letter. Would you have the kindness to ascertain for me what kind of domestic arrangements there are in Mr. Rickards's[†4] establishment, and what his terms are? Those of Mr. Allen,[†5] possibly you already know. If I had the opportunity of balancing the one against the other in my mind, I might be greatly helped to a conclusion.

Your enclosure is a very earnest and pathetic tribute to a good man.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 10 JULY 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Tenth July, 1863.

My Dearest Macready

I am truly rejoiced to have so good an account of you, on your own indisputable authority. And we are all delighted at the prospect of having you and Mrs. Macready here. We have no pre-occupation or engagement anywhere near the time you mention.

You know, I dare say, that Katie has been here on a very short visit. I cannot tell you how impressed I have been by her singing. For true passion and earnestness, and for musical eloquence and expression, it is very fine indeed. It quite vanquished me.

With love from all to all, | Ever Your affectionate

CD.

To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,[†1] 10 JULY 1863*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Tenth July 1863.

My Dear Milnes

Your letter has crossed me, and it only reaches me here to day.

I am happy to report myself all right again, but the doctorial Edict against London dinners and London temperature remains in force. Therefore, even though I had had your letter sooner, I could not have enjoyed the pleasure it offers me.

Pray present my compliments to Mrs Milnes.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R.M. Milnes Esquire

To F. J. FURNIVALL,[†1] 11 JULY 1863*

MS Shakespeare Birthplace Trust. *Address:* F.J. Furnivall Esquire | 3 Old Square | Lincolns Inn | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eleventh July, 1863.

Sir

I regret that I cannot sign the accompanying Memorial;[†2] but as I have already presented several other cases to the Minister, which are still in abeyance, I feel that it would be at once inconsistent and useless to do so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. J. Furnivall Esquire

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 16 JULY 1863*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixteenth July, 1863.

My Dear Dixon

I am honored by the request,[†3] and readily respond. I doubt if the success of the endeavour will be commensurate with the greatness of the cause, but this is merely a personal opinion in which I shall be most heartily glad to be wrong.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To E. HANCOCK,[†4] 16 JULY 1863

Summary in American Art Association & Anderson cataogue, No. 3823; dated 16 July 63; extract in Scheuer catalogue No. 5, 1929; dated (perhaps wrongly) 11 July 63; MS 1 p.; addressed E. Hancock, according to both catalogues.

Assuring Mr Hancock and the members of the Society[†5] *represented by him that he has never entertained any opposition to their proposed use of his text.* I must decline committing the absurdity of granting a "permission" which has been already dispensed with.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 18 JULY 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Eighteenth July 1863.

My Dear Letitia. Georgina *did* speak to me; and I have, over and over again since then, considered the subject.

My feeling is not to be binding upon you, and I do not mean it to be so. But I cannot think it would be safe for you to enter on the speculation of a house. As to the Wills's—Georgina suggested them as a possibility; but it is not a probability. At this time for instance, they have no idea of any young men who would answer the purpose.[†1] And I doubt your being able to get the class of young men that would be remunerative.

Of course it is natural that you should wish to increase your income; but if you enter upon a speculation, there is also the chance of *de*creasing it. Whether you are not safer as you are, with one boarder and no expence that you do not foresee and have not experienced, than you would be with a certain addition to your responsibilities, and a doubtful addition to your means of meeting them, is the point I stick at.

Perhaps in looking about for a new residence, you may see something which, at a small risk, would enable you to receive a new boarder if you could get one. Let us try how your search comes out.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To FREDERIC LEIGHTON, 18 JULY 1863

Text from facsimile in Phillips catalogue, Oct 1985.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighteenth July, 1863.

My Dear Leighton.

Shall I confess it? I never went out to breakfast in my life, except once to Rogers.[†2] But what I might have done under this temptation is a question forestalled by my having engaged to go down to Bulwer Lytton's in Hertfordshire on Monday, to stay a few days.

Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fred. Leighton Esquire

To EDWIN CHADWICK, 24 JULY 1863*

MS University College, London.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fourth July 1863

My Dear Chadwick

I have been on a visit in Hertfordshire, and have therefore not received your kind letter[†1] in due course.

It seems to me that it is best to leave the news boys to be addressed by the Cooking Depots, in common with all the other classes of London working people who need them. So far as I know, the news boys' case is no worse than the general case; and to take it out of the great category, would be in some sort to weaken the Cookery cause. When I was at the Whitechapel Establishment[†2] some ten days ago, its Managers had a notion of forming a company to buy St Martin's Hall (in Long Acre here) for another Cooking Depot.[†3] In such a situation it would address the news men, whose Exchange is hard by, at a great advantage. And I think they ought to find out the merit of the thing—as I think they *will* find out the merit of the thing—for themselves.

I hope you will not deem that I misuse your cheque, in cancelling it for the present. I am President of the News Vendors' Society;[†4] and when I find that there is one of these establishments in a central place, I will send for the Secretary, and speak to him as to the expediency of helping to make it known to this particular class. (You are mistaken in supposing that I am going to preside at any meeting of their Society). Then, if I see any hopeful way of advancing the object by spending your guinea, I will reclaim it, and add mine.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Chadwick Esquire

To LADY ROSE FANE,[†5] 24 JULY 1863†

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Twenty Fourth July, 1863.

Dear Lady Rose.

Pray excuse this tardy reply to your note. I have been away on a visit and am in arrear with a Legion of correspondents.

I hope I need not assure you that [†a]it would have been a real pleasure to me to have voted for your Protegé,[†1] if I were free. But I unfortunately stand pledged to Fanny Kemble, who is exerting herself in

behalf of another unfortunate person;[†2] —that is to say a third, counting myself as one, your candidate as another, and hers as another.[†a]

It is terrible to observe what an interminable procession of incurable people want to get into this Hospital. [†a]I sometimes feel (unreasonably) as though it did more harm than good, in disappointing so many and sheltering so few.[†a†3]

My daughter and Miss Hogarth beg to unite with me in kind regard to yourself and to Lady Westmoreland.[†4] And I beg you to believe me

always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lady Rose Fane.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†5] 24 JULY 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Fourth July, 1863.

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for the Photographs of distinguished Americans which you have had the kindness to present to me. They are very interesting and acceptable.

But I regret that I cannot comply with the request you do me the honour to prefer; because my sitting to Messrs. Southwell[†6] would involve me in the fulfilment of several conditional[†7] promises, for the redemption of which I really have not sufficient leisure.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS NICHOLS, 25 JULY 1863

Text from N, III, 357-8.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday, Twenty-Fifth July, 1863

My Dear Madam,

As I announced the Trip in the Unholy Land "in two parts,"[†1] and as the enclosed MS. resumes it and would be inconsistent with that announcement, I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the papers.[†2]

For any long story continued from No. to No. there is no opening at present in these pages. You will the better understand the assurance I give you on this head when I explain that we have four such

compositions already by us. The subject of the story you suggest, moreover, is a very, very deficient one. In connection with it many things need to be known and treated of, which would demand unusual powers. The Orders and Disorders of Charity is a title suggestive of a very useful paper on a very fruitful subject. But it would require a pretty accurate knowledge of the working of our English Charitable Institutions, and of the faults in that working. As to the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul[†3] it is essential to remember that a sisterhood is easy of establishment in a Roman Catholic community, and far less easy in a Protestant community. As to the latter, the difficulties in the way of that kind of combination must be set against the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and of the Reformation.

I repeat from my heart what you write of your country. "It is all very awful to me." I wish I could discern through the whirl and uproar any tokens of that Purification by blood and fire, but I confess I see none.

Dear Madam, | Faithfully yours.
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 JULY 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Eighth July, 1863.

My Dearest Macready

I hope Weston super Mare[†4] has done all it ought to do—its very best—and that my beloved Old Parr is himself again.

I want you to know, as soon as I know myself, that on Monday the 17th. Of August I am probably going away on an "Uncommercial" trip that will occupy ten days or a fortnight.[†5] But, both before that time and after that time, I am

perfectly free here. We are looking forward (you will please take notice) to a visit from Mrs. Macready and yourself, with great interest and pleasure. It is not unlikely that you may see here, that banker's wife at Genoa[†1] whom I magnetized long ago with those very curious results of which you may remember something. She is coming to England with her husband,[†2] after many years of absence. Her case is a far more remarkable case of spectral illusions than the Berlin bookseller's.[†3] She is "a ruin now", she writes; and even her handwriting I observe to be quite worn out.

With kind loves from all | Ever your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 29 JULY 1863

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,

HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night Twenty Ninth July 1863

My Dear Ouvry

I have had some undefined idea that you were to let me know if you were coming to the Archaeologs at Rochester.[†4] (I myself am keeping out of their way, as having had enough of crowding and speech-making, in London). Will you tell me where you are—whether you are in this neighbourhood or out of it— whether you will come here on Saturday, and stay till Monday, or till Tuesday morning when I am going to town for that day? If you will come, I *know* I can give you the heartiest welcome in Kent, and I *think* I can give you the best wine in this part of it. Send me a word in reply. I will fetch you from anywhere, at any indicated time.[†5]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

August

To J. S. LAURIE,[†6] 1 AUGUST 1863

Mention in American Art Association and Anderson catalogue No. 3941; *MS* 1 p.; dated 1 Aug 63; addressed J. S. Laurie.

To W. W. STORY,[†1] 1 AUGUST 1863*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday First August, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Story.

I have been heartily pleased by the receipt of your letter. You have done too many fine things since we met in the body, to leave me much likelihood of forgetting you; and I am very glad to know that the remembrance is not all on one side, like the Pisa Tower.

[†a]The poems you enclosed shall duly appear in All The Year Round,[†2] and Nos. shall be posted to you. I am a little doubtful of Lady Harris,[†3] but I very much like the others.[†a]

You owe me no thanks, I assure you, for publishing the little account of your book.[†4] I have read it with the greatest interest and pleasure, and have seen the old places that I know and love, with surprising freshness on them.

[†a]France will involve us, I very much fear, in general War and Uproar. The adventurer on that Throne has no chance but in the distraction of his people's minds, and in the jingle and glitter of theatrical

glory.[†5] The deference to him that has been the low policy of the English Government, is, to my thinking, as blind as it is base;—I can't express its want of sight more strongly.[†a]

We are in the golden beauty of an early harvest here, and the fields are full of corn-sheaves. I shut my eyes for a moment and stand in front of your zebra-like Siena Cathedral,[†6] and it is almost as plainly before me as this English landscape. I never was in a settled City, where I saw so many wild faces and so many surlily-staring eyes as in Siena. I suppose they are there still? Such a draggled woe-begone muddy little Carnival as I saw there once at nightfall![†7]

Italy is an abiding dream with me, as it is with most people who have been there and come away. Visions of going back and living there, beset me at odd times and make me restless. You truly say of that abominable old priestly institution, that it is making itself more detestable every day, but you don't say when it will wear itself out, and wear out the endurance of mankind. Lord! To think that any human creature should seek out this time of day to set up the tottering monster in England here![†1] Yet there are politicians wanting despotism, and idiots wanting a sensation, who would do it if they could.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. W. Story Esqre.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1 AUGUST 1863

Mention in Naylor's catalogue, No. 32 (1877); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 1 Aug 63.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 3 AUGUST 1863

Mention in John Anderson Jun. catalogue (Jan 1912); dated Gad's Hill Place, 3 Aug 63.

Regarding an Orphan Working School.[†2]

To MRS NICHOLS, 5 AUGUST 1863

MS Johns Hopkins University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fifth August. 1863

Dear Madam

While I heartily sympathize with your feeling and purpose, I cannot accept "Nobody's child",—simply because the Essay only says what has been often said, and does not strengthen the case by putting it in any forcible light. In one main respect you are wrong as to fact. Foundling children *must* be taken care of by the Poor Law Unions in which they are born or found. Long ago, I tried hard to improve the treatment and bringing-up of such children, by enlisting more public sympathy in their behalf. The years that have since elapsed have been years of much improvement in this wise. As to the Foundling Hospital,

the extent to which it was once abused, was held to necessitate the present restrictions.[†3] They may be right or wrong, but there was a case for them, and it is a question for argument.

That too many women are dreadfully cruel to their sister-women who have illegitimate children, is painfully true. But I presented this very point in an early Number of the present series of the Uncommercial Traveller,[†1] and then by no means for the first time.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Nichols

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 6 AUGUST 1863

MS British Library. *Address:* Mrs Charles Dickens | 69 Great Russell Street | W.C.[†2]

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixth August, 1863.

Dear Catherine

When I went to America (or to Italy: I cannot positively say which, but I think on the former occasion) I gave your mother the paper which established the right in perpetuity to the grave at Kensal Green. It was a sheet of small foolscap-paper, with a printed form of words on it, filled up in writing; and had a large black seal attached. Whether I executed any formal assignment of the grave to your mother, I do not remember. In any case the enclosed letter will be an authority to the manager of the Kensal Green Cemetery Company, to open the grave.[†3] The Company's office used to be in Great Russell Street Bloomsbury.

CHARLES DICKENS.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 9 AUGUST 1863

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Ninth August, 1863.

My Dear Wilkie

Although your account of yourself is not so brilliant as I had hoped you might be able to render by this time, I rejoice to hear from you to any effect. I had divined that you had discovered a yacht and gone on a cruise, and did not wonder at your going as soon as you could. Your plan for the Winter is the best you could make, I think. I hope nothing will prevent your coming here, as you propose, for a little while, before you depart.

It is extremely hot here: so very hot today that I retired to my bedroom (from which I write) after lunch, and reduced myself to my shirt and drawers. In that elegant costume, I achieve the present feat of penmanship. The De la Rues, of Genoa, are coming to England; I expect them here for 3 days this next week. Lehmann (on his faith as a War-Contractor, I take it) informed me when he came back from America, that I laboured under the strangest delusion in holding that an enforced conscription would not succeed in New York! Flat Head (by which I mean Benzon[†1] his partner) gave me the same piece of information at Knebworth, on the very day when the news of the riots arrived!![†2] I still took the liberty to suppose that I knew something of the people, and still do take that high flight of daring when I opine that they are the greatest and the meanest of scoundrels. But Lord, as Mr Pepys says, to see what making a fine profit does!

The "Gazette"[†3] does not mention Whist in its sporting Columns, but Whist on a most extensive scale of Science comes off here most nights. Chorley[†4] plays, and scientifically bores himself to an astounding extent. He seems in better health by the bye than I have seen him for some time. I had a mission to him, and to you, from Mrs Dickinson. I have discharged it as to him, and now let me acquit my conscience as to you. She is extremely anxious you should know that profound confidence as to that adventure with the Doctor[†5] has become more than ever necessary, by reason of her having established the fact that the marriage (as no doubt he very well knew at the time) is no marriage and is utterly void.[†6] My own impression is, that she contemplates a real marriage with somebody else, at no distant time.[†7]

I am always thinking of writing a long book, and am never beginning to do it. I have not been anywhere for ever and ever so long, but am thinking of evaporating for a fortnight on the 18th. This place is at present pervaded by boys to a fearful extent. They boil over (if an affectionate parent may mention it), all over the house.

The Demon[†8] is lurking on the premises, and was overheard to day playing with "Tizzy" in the garden. She was by way of counterfeiting a little pastoral

errand, and her words were these:—"Now gal, you set down there with yer, while I go and get the beetles to bite yer"—on which friendly errand she departed to an imaginary Diabolical market, where biting beetles were on sale for the torture of youth and innocence. I have discovered a way of eternally preventing her from speaking to or approaching me. Whenever we meet, I am seized with a stoney glare and apparent unconsciousness. She flies before it.

All send love. Ever My Dear Wilkie

Affecy Yours

CD.

To MR NEWCOMB,[†1] 17 AUGUST 1863

MS F. & H. Newcomb.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Seventeenth August, 1863

Mr. Newcomb

Be so good as to supply two great coats, agreeably to directions, for my sons Messrs. Henry and Edward.

†a I take this opportunity of establishing with you my invariable rule of writing an order when I do not myself personally give one. Please to notice that I do not authorize or hold myself responsible for any other orders.†a

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 AUGUST 1863]

Extract in F, VIII, v, 675*n*. *Date:* 20 Aug 63, according to Forster (i.e. written from France).

I hope you have been as much amused as I am by the account of the Bishop of Carlisle†2 at (my very particular friend) Mr. George Moore's†3 schools?†4 It strikes me as the funniest piece of weakness I ever saw, his addressing those unfortunate children concerning Colenso.†5 I cannot get over the ridiculous image I have erected in my mind of the shovel hat and apron holding forth, at that safe distance, to that safe audience. There is nothing so extravagant in Rabelais, or so satirically humorous in Swift or Voltaire.

To BENJAMIN LILLIE,†1 29 AUGUST 1863

MS Vale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Twenty Ninth August 1863.

Dr. Mr. Lillie.

I wish to consult you respecting an alteration I have an idea of making in the Drawing-Rooms here.†2 If it should turn out to be easily practicable and not too costly, I should confide it to you, as it would involve some re-decoration of those rooms, and your former work was so very pretty.†3

It would be necessary for you to come down, and perhaps to bring a builder with you. But I should first like to explain to you what I mean. If you can come to me at my office in Wellington Street, either on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday morning at a quarter before eleven, I will make my design plain to your understanding.

Yours truly
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 AUGUST 1863]

Extracts in F, IX, v, 741 and XI, iii, 837. *Date:* first extract, 30 Aug 63, according to Forster; second extract "in his third year at Gadshill", according to Forster; i.e. three years after his resolve in Summer to "to make his future home at Gadshill" (F, VIII, vi, 686); perhaps the same letter.

The Christmas number[†4] has come round again—it seems only yesterday that I did the last—but I am full of notions besides for the new twenty numbers.[†5] When I can clear the Christmas stone out of the road, I think I can dash into it on the grander journey.

Coming in just now, after twelve miles in the rain, I was so wet that I have had to change and get my feet into warm water before I could do anything.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 31 AUGUST 1863*

MS Hungtington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Thirty First August, 1863.

My Dear Ouvry.

I find your letter on coming back from a fortnight's Uncommercial Travelling abroad.[†6]

I have seen the plot of ground.[†1] I went down on purpose, accompanied by the architect and by Wills. There is no doubt of its being an excellent soil, in a highly eligible situation, on the high road, near the village, hard by the Railway, and very pretty. I am not prepared to deny that it may be the Ghost of an Endowment (in honor, perhaps, of the memory of the Dead Boy),[†2] but, so far as it goes, it is good.

I shall be in town tomorrow and on Thursday, and will come round to you if you wish to see me.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CD.

September

To R. H. MASON,[†3] 1 SEPTEMBER, 1863

Text from N, III, 361; signed initials according to John Wilson catalogue No. 18 (1974).

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday First September 1863

Dear Sir,

Higham is the station. I will send a little Basket Phaeton to meet you there, at 11.20 on Saturday morning.[†4]

Faithfully yours.

[CD]

To CHARLES ELLIS,[†5] 4 SEPTEMBER 1863

Text from N, III, 361.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fourth September 1863

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ellis, and begs to bespeak at the Star and Garter, a pretty dinner (like Mr. Forster's annual dinner), for 6 persons, on Tuesday next, at precisely 6 o'clock.

To W. C. MACREADY, 7 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh September 1863.

My Dearest Macready.

I have no doubt it is best that you should remain at home for the present. Another reason for your doing so, had occurred to me before I got your letter:— London is remarkably empty at present, and I do not think you would find the doctors in it whom you meant to see. But in the finer Autumn weather I shall hope to hear of you again, and we shall all hope to see Mrs. Macready with you here. This I am charged to deliver in the most emphatic manner and with all regard and love.

I now come to the discharge of a trust I have undertaken. I cannot do better than discharge it with the utmost exactness of my memory, and with no other remark than that I will do any thing you may wish:—

Except this preliminary remark, which perhaps I ought to make. It must be upwards of a year since Forster one day (being in my room here alone with me) referred to the estrangement between you,[†1] and got to the words "*If* I was wrong"—Upon that, I immediately struck in, "There is no doubt about it in my mind. You *were* wrong." I am conscious of having said this abruptly, and I may have stopped him (indeed I think I did, without intending it), from saying more.

Well. Last Thursday I dined with Forster after not having seen him for some time, through his being away, and my being away. After dinner, we two being alone, he suddenly asked me how you were, and when I had heard from you? On my replying, he said, in a softened manner, that we were all growing older, and that it made him uneasy to think of the terms on which you and he stood. He then added, "I

should like Macready to know that I believe I was wrong, and that I am sorry for it." I said, "I at once undertake that Macready shall know what you say. I will tell him." He then repeated what he had said, as above set down, and I repeated what I had said. He spoke with emotion, and feeling, and evidently on no impulse, but in pursuance of a set purpose.

If you will fill this up, in your mind, with a picture of the dining room in Montagu Square, and he and I sitting opposite each other at the table, you will have a perfect knowledge of the circumstances. I then described my visit to Cheltenham, and said that I was expecting you and Mrs. Macready here, and told about your having gone to Weston, and why, and summed up all the little pieces of intelligence I could give of you.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Most affectionately Yours

CD.

To CONTRIBUTORS TO *ALL THE YEAR ROUND,* 8 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS (draft) Huntington Library.

10 Septr 1863[†1]
23 copies——

My Dear

The time has come round again when we have to begin the work of getting our Christmas No.[†2] together. Mr. Dickens's[†3] description of the latitude it admits of—in inviting your co-operation—is a very short one this year.

The tales may be in the first person or in the third, and may relate to any season or period. They may be supposed to be told to an audience, or to the reader, or to be penned by the Writer without knowing how they will come to light. How they come to be told at all, does not require to be accounted for. If they could express some new resolution formed—some departure from an old idea or course that was not quite wholesome—it might be better for the general purpose. But even this is not indispensable.

It is of great importance that we should get the materials of the No. together, by Wednesday the 4th. of November.[†4]

Ever faithfully Yrs
8th. Septr 1863

To EDWARD CHAPMAN,[†5] 8 SEPTEMBER 1863†

MS David Niven Jnr. *Address:* Edward Chapman | 186 Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighth September 1863

Dear Sir

†aI have looked over the accounts to Midsummer.†6 The reprints of the cheap Edition are certainly very heavy indeed, but I hope they will tell greatly in favor of the next half year's account.†7

The charge of £92..8..0 for the Illustrations to the unpublished Library Edition of Great Expectations had best stand as it does.†a†8 The cost being paid, will also serve the next account.

Please to pay the balance of £464..7..11 to my credit at Coutts's.†9

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 8 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighth September 1863

My Dear Sirs.

In reference to a new work in 20 monthly Nos. as of old, I have carefully considered past figures and future reasonable probabilities. You have the means of doing the like in the main, and no doubt will do so before replying to this letter.

I propose to you to pay me £6000 for the half copyright throughout and outright, at the times mentioned in your last letter to me on the subject. For that consideration I am ready to enter into articles of agreement with you securing to you the publication of the work when I shall be ready to begin publishing, and the half share.†1

As I must be rid of the Xmas No. here and of the Uncommercial Traveller before I can begin work to any great purpose, and as I must be well on before the first No. is published, I can not bind myself to time of commencement as yet. But I am really anxious to get into the field before next Spring is out; and our interests cannot fail to be alike as to all such points, if we become partners in the story.

Of course you will understand that I do not press you to give the sum I have here mentioned, and that you will not in the least inconvenience or offend me by preferring to leave me to make other arrangements. If you should have any misgiving on this head, let my assurance that you need have none, set it at rest.†2 Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth September 1863.

My Dear Ouvry

The enclosed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on account of Income Tax due tomorrow,[†3] and forwarded (extremely against his will) by

C.D.[†4]

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 13 SEPTEMBER 1863

Extract in J. H. Schooling, "The Signatures of CD", *Strand Magazine*, 1894, VII, 87.

But if there was any appearance of a want of gentleness towards you or of the least asperity, you may be certain that it was an appearance which I did not intend it to wear.[†1]

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 13 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirteenth September 1863.

My Dear De la Rue.

Don't come to see Chatham Yard until after Thursday. My mother, who has long been in a terrible state of decay, died yesterday; and I have to look after the funeral, which will take place on Thursday.[†2]

Friday would suit me very well. Remember that Saturday is a half-holiday at the Yard, and therefore *not* a good day for a visit to it.

With love to Madame De la Rue in which Georgy joins,

Ever Yours Cordially,
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. H. MASON, 14 SEPTEMBER 1863

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* R. H. Mason Esquire | 7 Amen Corner | E.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Fourteenth September 1863.

Dear Sir

The photographs you have had the kindness to send me are extremely good. I am unwilling to except any, but I think it would be well to cancel Nos. 790, 807, 810 and 811. With the rest I am *perfectly satisfied* and I have real pleasure in giving you this assurance.[†3]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Mason Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 14 SEPTEMBER 1863

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourteenth September 1863.

My Dear Wills.

As I am sending over to Rochester tonight, and as I got your note before dinner, and as you will perhaps be glad to have a line from me, and as the local post will probably let you have it in the course of a week or so, I send these lines:

To report that Charley Collins sends assurance of his Mechanical Horse[†1] arriving in a hand-gallop, and that I jobbed up an Uncommercial[†2] and sent *Revise* to Birtles to day per messenger, and that I have begun at the Xmas No., and that the title is:

——I am going to do Mrs. Lirriper, and hope to make something of her. I think the title is a good one?

Kind regard to Mrs. Wills.

Ever affecly.

CD.

My poor mother died quite suddenly at last. Her condition was frightful.

To W. C. MACREADY, 16 SEPTEMBER 1863

Extract in Charles Hamilton Galleries catalogue No. 92 (1975); *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated Office of *AYR,* 16 Sep 63.

My answer to your last has been delayed by my note finding Forster, and by the death of my mother, who has been in a fearful state, mental and bodily for two or three years and whose funeral—tomorrow—I have come to town to attend, to-night. *Discussing a note from Forster, from which he quotes extensively, about a matter involving Macready.*[†3]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 16 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Evening Sixteenth September 1863

My Dear Ouvry.

Will you be so kind as to send me a formal notice of my intention to vacate the premises[†1] referred to in the enclosed agreement, that I may sign and send to the Landlord?[†2] They have been occupied by my mother who is just dead.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To R. H. MASON, 19 SEPTEMBER 1863

MS Brotherton Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Night, Nineteenth September 1863.

Dear Sir

I like grim 812 and 813 less than 810 and 811.[†3] If it should put you to inconvenience to cancel so many as four, then I prefer the last named two to the first named two.

We are all very much pleased with Miss Hogarth's portrait.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Mason Esquire

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 20 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twentieth September 1863.

My Dear Letitia.

I am heartily glad that you feel the change so pleasantly, and do not doubt that you will continue much the better for it, Please God.

Affectionately
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 20 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twentieth September 1863.

My Dear Ouvry

I write by this post to them at the office, telling them to send you the Landlord's address.[†1] I shall be very glad if you will negociate with the Landlord for terms on which he will release me of the house at Xmas or Lady Day. He is rather a tough customer, I believe, but I never saw him.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 22 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Night Twenty Second September 1863.

My Dear De la Rue.

Many thanks. I will be with you at halfpast 12 on Thursday, and look for the pleasure of seeing Madame De la Rue and you and Chorley here on Friday. Meantime and always

Believe me | Affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS NICHOLS, 23 SEPTEMBER 1863

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Third September 1863

Dear Madam

I am most sincerely sorry that I cannot make the accompanying tale suit the purpose. But I hope you believe that I would do so, if I could.

Some photographs are being printed which I think will be much better than any now to be got.[†2] I will send you a couple as soon as impressions reach me.

When you write to those correspondents pray tell them that I deeply feel their sympathy,[†3] and hope to do all the better for it in the work that lies before me.

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Nichols

To EDMUND YATES, [23 SEPTEMBER 1863][†1]

Envelope only, MS Mr Philip McCormick. *Address:* Edmund Yates Esquire | Mapesbury House | Willesden | N. W. PM 23 Sep 63.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 SEPTEMBER 1863

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fourth September 1863

My Dear Wilkie.

I hope the abominable Gout, having shewn itself in time, will not detain you in this climate long. It is beyond all doubt in my mind that the best thing you can do is to get off.

The Girders[†2] were both got up by 8 o'Clock at night. It was ticklish work, 9 men gasping, snuffling, heaving, snorting, balancing themselves on bricks, and tumbling over each other. But it really was well done and with great cheerfulness and spirit—to which 3 gallons of beer judiciously thrown in, imparted a festive air.

Nothing has fallen down or blown up since. Yawning chasms abound, and dust obscures all objects; but we hope to weather it.

I shall be anxious to hear how the Gout gets on.

Ever affecy.
CD.

P.S. Two little men who did nothing made a show of doing it all, and drank 1 gallon of the beer.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 24 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fourth September 1863.

My Dear De la Rue.

Unfortunately I cannot come to you at the altered time this afternoon. But I do not think it is of much importance, if you will kindly undertake to speak to Mr. Sawyer[†3] about my youngest boy, aged 12, and to explain that he found Wimbledon School (where he and three of his brothers have been), too large for

him, and that he has not felt happy at school as yet: having been longer at home than he ought to have been, as a companion to grown people. In saying this, I ought to observe that he has never been "spoiled", but has been the youngest and a favourite. He had an excellent character at Wimbledon and is an amiable child, but exceedingly shy.

If Mr. Sawyer should be disposed to receive my boy after the Christmas Holidays in the event (as I scarcely doubt) of he and I agreeing on the general system of his establishment, I would gladly go over to Tunbridge from Gad's Hill to see Mr. Sawyer.[†1] If there be any day in the week on which it would be less inconvenient to him than on another, to see me for ten minutes, perhaps he will kindly name it to you. I would make a point of calling upon him in the course of next month, or earlier if he should desire it.

With love to Madame De la Rue

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I shall be on the look-out for you tomorrow.

To CHARLES ELLIS, 25 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Mr Jacob Christensen. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Fifth September 1863.

Dear Mr. Ellis

I enclose you a cheque for the Sherry.[†2] Pray tell me what we are to do. The cask (now tapped) seems quite rotten, and continually leaks.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 28 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Eighth September 1863.

My Dear Letitia

I will come to you as early as I can on Wednesday Evening.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MRS NICHOLS, 28 SEPTEMBER 1863

Text from N, III, 363.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday, Twenty-Eighth September, 1863

Dear Madam,

If you can make it convenient to call upon me at the office in London (26 Wellington Street), at 11 on Thursday morning, perhaps I may be able to answer your last letter less unsatisfactorily than in writing.

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 30 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirtieth September 1863.

My Dear Ouvry.

I enclose you the heads of an Agreement I have arranged with Chapman and Hall.[†1] We want a Note or Memorandum drawn up which both sides can sign.[†2] And herein we trust to you.

That claret *must* be tapped before the book begins.

Faithfully Yours ever

CD.

To CHARLES READE, 30 SEPTEMBER 1863*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library. *Address:* Charles Reade Esquire | 6 Bolton Row | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirtieth September 1863.

My Dear Reade.

I must write you one line to say how interested I am in your story,[†3] and to congratulate you upon its admirable art and its surprising force and vigour.

—And to hint my hope at the same time that you will be able to find leisure for a little dash for the Xmas No.[†1] It would be a really great and true pleasure to me if you could.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Reade Esquire

October

To H.G. ADAMS,[†2] 1 OCTOBER 1863

Text from N, III, 364.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday, First October 1863

Dear Mr. Adams,

In reply to your inquiry "whether Mr. Adolphus Francis[†3] is really acting under the authority of the committee"[†4] of which I am one of the Vice Presidents, I have only to say, certainly not.

You may take any day you like for my gratuitous Reading, between the 8th of December and Christmas.[†5]

I hope your boy will pass.[†6] If so, I have little doubt of being able to help him to a friend in the Post Office.[†7]

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. J. FARRER,[†8] 1 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

Private[†9]

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday First October 1863

My Dear Sir

I had thought of the point you mention in your note of yesterday,[†10] but did not know what to do about it. In former similar agreements between Chapman

and Hall and myself, it has not been recognized. Would it be well to refer it to them, and ask them if they have any suggestion to offer on that head?[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William James Farrer Esquire

To MISS CHARLOTTE [SMITH],[†2] 5 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Fifth October, 1863.

Dear Miss [Smith]

You did me the favor a long time ago to send me your book "The Schoolmaster of Alton".[†3] It is at all times so very difficult for me to keep pace with my correspondents, that I have gradually and insensibly neglected to thank you until this day.

As the work of a very young writer and a young lady, I think your book evinces a considerable knowledge of character and a promising talent. But I should do wrong if I forbore to add that inexperience and precipitation are manifest in it, and that I hope you will some day write a very much better story.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Charlotte [Smith]

To MESSRS FARRER, OUVRY & FARRER, 6 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth October 1863.

Dear Sirs.

I think I cannot do better than pay Mr. Morris[†4] half a year's rent for the house in Grafton Terrace,[†4] and pay the taxes up to Lady Day if it should remain unlet (agreeably to his proposal), and give him possession at Christmas, or even before that time, if I can get my brother's widow[†4] and her children into Yorkshire sooner.

In reference to the land at Higham which I bought of Brooker, I wish to refer a point to Mr. Ouvry:—as I believe he is out of town, I mention it by this opportunity. Brooker, calling on me the other day to pay his rent, said that as he did not receive the cheque for the purchase-money until the 24th. March,[†1] "he hoped he would be allowed something out of the rent, for the loss of half a year's interest". I told him that I must refer the point to Mr. Ouvry who had managed the whole business, and that in the meantime he had best not pay me the rent but take it home again. So the case stands. My recollection of the details of the purchase is so indistinct that I do not even know, without Mr. Ouvry, whether I have come into possession yet or no. In any case, Brooker is so very much too pious for me that I am not fit to deal with him in the smallest matter.

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Farrer Ouvry and Farrer.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 OCTOBER 1863

MS Mr John Pym. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventh October, 1863.

My Dearest Georgy

You will see by to-day's Times that it *was* an earthquake that shook me,[†2] and that my watch showed exactly the same time as the man's who writes from Blackheath[†3] so near us—20 minutes past 3.

It is a great satisfaction to me to make it out so precisely. I wish you would enquire whether the Servants felt it. I thought it was the voice of the Cook that answered me, but that was nearly half an hour later. I am strongly inclined to think that there was a peculiar susceptibility in Iron—at all events in our part of the country—to the shock, as though there were something magnetic in it. For whereas my long, iron bedstead was so violently shaken, I certainly heard nothing rattle in the room.

I will write about my return as soon as I get on with the still-unbegun Uncommercial.[†4]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* 7 OCTOBER 1863

Text from *The Times,* 8 Oct 63.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
7 October 1863

Sir,

As you may think any accurate observation of the shock of earthquake which was felt in various parts of England last Tuesday morning worth publishing, I send you mine.

I was awakened by a violent swing of my bedstead from side to side, accompanied by a singular heaving motion. It was exactly as if some great beast had been crouching asleep under the bedstead and were now shaking itself and trying to rise. The time by my watch was 20 minutes past 3, and I suppose the shock to have lasted nearly a minute. The bedstead, a large iron one, standing nearly north and south, appeared to me to be the only piece of furniture in the room that was heavily shaken. Neither the doors nor the windows rattled, though they rattle enough in windy weather, this house standing alone, on high ground, in the neighbourhood of two great rivers. There was no noise. The air was very still, and much warmer than it had been in the earlier part of the night. Although the previous afternoon had been wet, the glass did not fall. I had mentioned my surprise at its standing near the letter "i" in "Fair", and having a tendency to rise. It is recorded in the second volume[†1] of the *Philosophical Transactions* that the glass stood high at Oxford when an earthquake was felt there in September, 1683.[†2]

Your faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To MR AND MRS E.M. WARD, [?7 OCTOBER 1863]

Extract in Mrs E.M. Ward, *Memories of Ninety Years*, (1924), p. 89. *Date:* clearly referring to the earthquake (see last); probably written the same day.

I was rudely awakened out of a sound sleep by the most violent shaking, and slowly realised that the whole house was swinging on the foundations. We were in the throes of an earthquake, and I found myself hurled into space, brought into contact with the floor, which, as if in expectation of the event, suddenly seemed to rise at my approach. Both floor and circumstances struck me as rather hard![†4]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 10 OCTOBER 1863

Mention in Myers catalogue No. 366 (1951); *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 10 Oct 63.

Accepting an invitation.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 12 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Brotherton Library. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Villa Novello | Crosa san Giacomo | Genova. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth October 1863.

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

I ought to have answered your first letter in any case, and I beg you to accept my apology for not doing so; but this was my reason:—

So far as I know, no money is yet subscribed for the National Shakespeare Monument.[†1] So far as I know, nothing definite is in the least agreed upon, and nothing is yet done. I considered in your case, as I considered in my own, that it would be premature to enrol a subscription and that it was well to wait awhile.

Unless I should hear from you to the contrary, I will still act in your case as in my own. When I subscribe myself, I will enter your name and your husband's (to whom my kind regard), but if you should object to this course and should desire to subscribe at once notwithstanding this note, *then* command me and count on my prompt obedience.

It is not likely, I suppose, that any of us will be much wiser concerning the scheme and its prospects (of which between ourselves I am not sanguine) until the London season recommences, and the Committee, which I have not yet beheld incorporated in the flesh, have a meeting.

always My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Your faithful old Manager

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR T. H. TUKE,[†2] 12 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Athol Tuke. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth October, 1863.

My Dear Dr. Tuke

To tell you the plain truth, I would rather *not* have that interview[†3] if it can be avoided. To be really useful and do real good, I would overcome my awkward

sense of the ludicrousness of the situation; but I am by no means satisfied that this result is very likely.

My ladies join in kind regard to yours and you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Harrington Tuke.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12 OCTOBER 1863]

Extracts in F, IX, v, 741 and VIII, iii, 655-6. *Date:* first extract "six weeks" after letter of 30 Aug 63, according to Forster; the only week in Oct 63 in which, on evidence of letters, CD

spent the whole time at Gad's Hill, was that beginning 12 Oct; letter presumably, therefore, written that day. Second extract Oct 63 according to Forster, probably same letter.

I came here[†1] last night, to evade my usual day in the week[†2]—in fact to shirk it— and get back to Gads for five or six consecutive days. My reason is, that I am exceedingly anxious to begin my book. I am bent upon getting to work at it. I want to prepare it for the spring; but I am determined not to begin to publish with less than five numbers done. I see my opening perfectly, with the one main line on which the story is to turn;[†3] and if I don't strike while the iron (meaning myself) is hot, I shall drift off again; and have to go through all this uneasiness once more.

I shall have a small new improvement[†4] to show you at Gads, which I think you will accept as the crowning ingenuity of the Inimitable.

To MISS E. C. CLAYTON,[†5] 13 OCTOBER 1863†

MS H.E. Quick. *Address:* Miss E Clayton | King Street | Maidstone. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth October, 1863.

Madam.

I receive letters exactly like yours, from unknown correspondents, by scores upon scores. You will infer how very difficult it is for a worker to answer them, though never so briefly.

[†a]Believe me, I can do nothing for your book,[†1] if your book cannot do something for itself. If I ever read such a Manuscript, I should never be able to do any thing else in life. What any publisher can have meant (unless he meant evasion) by telling you that you want "interest", I cannot imagine. I can only assure you that my own "interest", when I used to try it, never served one single aspirant.[†a]

It occurs to me that you may have addressed me, with some reference in your mind to my Journal "All The Year Round". For a novel or long serial tale, there is no opening in those pages. But for short productions such as you may read there, there is always an opening, if the contribution offered be suitable and good. And whatever is offered, is always honestly read. I can say no more.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss E Clayton

To W. C. MACREADY, 13 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth October 1863.

My Dear Macready

I have heard from Forster about general matters, and in his note he mentions with some sense of injury that you have not answered his letter.[†2] Upon this, perhaps you will think—as I do—that it will be well to write him a few lines like his own to you.

I cannot tell you how heartily I enjoyed my dear old friend's—only old in that sense, mind!—a bas le vieux Parr à *tout* jamais!!—society, and how cordially we have all given our hearts to Mrs. Macready. We look forward to "next time", and send our loving remembrances.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To T. J. THOMPSON,[†3] 13 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Mrs Sowerby. *Address:* T.J. Thompson Esquire | The Dell | Bonchurch | Isle of Wight.
On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth October 1863.

My Dear Thompson.

The enquiry was only for a newly-married couple, and their visit was to be a very short one. I will tell Macready of your kind offer and I know he will be

much obliged by it; but I think the n-m-c have already betaken themselves to some other Eden.

We all unite in kindest remembrances to Christiana.[†1] If I should hear of any one inclining to Bonchurch in the early spring, I will bear your house in mind.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

T. J. Thompson Esquire.

To [? H. G. ADAMS],[†3] 13 OCTOBER 1863*

MS King's College, Cambridge. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth October, 1863.

My Dear Sir

You say in your letter—"Tuesday *October* 15th". Relying on your meaning "Tuesday *December* 15th". I reply Yes.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GRACE BARROW,[†4] 14 OCTOBER 1863

Extract in Thomas Wright, *Life of CD*, 1935, pp. 307-8; dated 14 Oct 63; addressed Miss Grace Barrow.

Through the practical steady, quiet course that you have taken lies the road to self-respect and self-made independence.—In every art there would be far less misery and bitterness if many more began as wisely.

To MESSRS FARRER, OUVRY & FARRER, 14 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fourteenth October, 1863.

My Dear Sirs

Mr. Morris can put up a bill in the house as soon as he pleases. He shall certainly have possession before Christmas, and I will endeavour so to hasten

my late brother's family as to give him possession [†a]IN THE COURSE OF NEXT MONTH.[†a] I will take care that the house is shewn between any hours in the day that he likes to appoint with Mrs. Alfred Dickens, and he may be assured that I will not allow a day's avoidable delay to stand in the way of his having the house returned to him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Farrer Ouvry and Farrer.

To R. H. MASON, 17 OCTOBER 1863

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night Seventeenth October 1863

My Dear Sir

Miss Hogarth has told me of your note to her, and I beg to assure you, that I really can not consider myself justified in objecting to the publication of the two large portraits. It is my fate to "come out" ferocious,[†1] and I will bear it, I dare say they will be satisfactory to many people, and they will be satisfactory enough to me if they prove serviceable to you. Pray use them.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. H. Mason Esquire

To MRS NICHOLS, 19 OCTOBER 1863

Text from N, III, 365-6.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, Nineteenth October, 1863

My Dear Madam,

I hope to get in the condensed and altered story very soon. I can only express my unfortunate objection to the enclosed by saying that there appears to me no reason for its being a story. The incidents are so worn and trite that nothing but some uncommon ingenuity in the manner of telling and putting together could possibly carry them. And the ingenuity is not there. Well, if those parts which describe the dog were related simply as dog anecdotes, the same remark would apply to them with equal force.

If a child of mine had written these verses, I should try hard to direct her fancy and attention to improving appreciation rather than rash endeavour. Of course I cannot say in this case what poetic capacity may linger in the young breast, but I see no expression of any in these lines. Words and sound I find, but not thoughts. Let me, with the miseries of a mistaken vocation often before my eyes, entreat you to consider whether you observe in these verses anything half

so pretty as any ordinary child will think out for itself in a confidential talk with you, half an hour long.

My dear Madam | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EARL RUSSELL, 22 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Charles Sessler Inc. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Second October 1863.

My Dear Lord Russell

Accept my most earnest thanks for your more than kind note. I am disappointed, of course—the more so, because I had seen him always at work, and had the strongest belief in his power to do what was needed, as well as any other well-educated youth[†1]—but if he had succeeded in the most brilliant manner, I could not have been more grateful to you than I am.

I shall always treasure the remembrance of your goodness. You will excuse my adding from my heart that I would rather, in right of old faith in you and long admiration of you, stand so indebted as I am, to you, than to any other statesman in Europe.

My Dear Lord Russell
Ever Your faithful and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl Russell.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 28 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth October 1863

My Dear De la Rue.

I hope you will thoroughly understand, *next time*, that I can always abstract myself quite completely, if I pass the forenoon by myself in my own room. No visitors (but far less, dear old friends) disturb me or my writing, if I hold to my habit of shutting myself up from breakfast to lunch. If I had had the least idea that you wavered about going, you may take your oath you should not have gone.

On the other side, I send a line[†2] to Madame. And now let me breathe in your ear that I have sometimes caught myself declaiming as the Calais Station Master declaimed, and have instantly strangled myself.

Ever Cordially, | My Dear De la Rue
CHARLES DICKENS

To MADAME DE LA RUE [28 OCTOBER 1863]

Mention in last. *Date:* as last.

To THE REV. JOSEPH HINDLE,[†1] 28 OCTOBER 1863*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* The Rev. Joseph Hindle | Higham | Rochester.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Eighth October 1863

My Dear Sir

I have too high a respect for you and for your office, to be in any danger of misunderstanding your kind letter. I warmly thank you for it.

But my wife has gone her way, and I have gone mine, and when we took our separate courses I took mine for ever.

My Dear Sir I am always
With much regard | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Joseph Hindle.

To THOMAS BEARD, 29 OCTOBER 1863

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Ninth October 1863

My Dear Beard.

Thus it stands, concerning our friend (with the very bad name of) Bel Demonio.[†2]

The story is a Love-story mixed with the artful dodge of that Cardinal of old who was borne down with age and infirmity until they chose him Pope, and then suddenly sprang up vigorous and athletic, remarking that he had stooped while looking for the keys of Saint Peter, and could stand upright now that he had found them.[†3]

Angelo a young painter (Fechter) has fitted up an atelier in certain ruins near Albano by Rome, where the star of his life is Lena Campereali (Miss Terry) daughter of the proud and powerful Campereali Family, represented in the

piece by the Count and Countess of that name (Mr. Jordan[†1] and Miss Elsworthy)[†2] and their son Fabio (Mr. Charles).[†3] In the young painter's absence, the Count and his son visit the atelier to see for themselves who and what this bold youth is, who has dared to aspire to the Campereali heights; and there they learn from Margarita (Miss Lavenne)[†4] a village-girl in attendance upon Angelo that he is "always painting one face." There being a picture then upon the Easel, Fabio examines it, finds this favorite face to be his sister's, slashes the picture with his dagger, and contemptuously throws the painter, on his return, a purse of money. The painter is rushing after him to fling the purse under his horse's feet when he is stopped by Ranuccio an old soldier (Mr. Emery)[†5] whom he has hitherto only known as his guardian and friend but who now informs him that he assumed that trust in compliance with the last request of his (Angelo's) father. That he fought, companion in arms, at that father's side; and that he was the famous Bracciaforte, the best friend the people of Italy ever had, who was killed by the detested Orsini family. He implored Ranuccio to keep his son in ignorance of his parentage until he arrived at maturity, in order that he might not become involved in hopeless enterprises against the Orsini and be prematurely slain. Now, on his way to Albano, Ranuccio has fallen in with a certain worn-out feeble old Cardinal Montalto (Mr. Brougham),[†6] brother of Bracciaforte and uncle of Angelo, who keeps the secret of his liberal relationship to himself by reason of his aspiring to the Pontifical chair. Angelo and Ranuccio going together to the

Campereali Palace openly to propose for Lena, on the strength of the Bracciaforte name, are received by the father and son with lofty insolence in this same Cardinal's presence, who then discovers in his spirited nephew a likely instrument to be used against the Orsini. The Count gives Angelo to understand that Lena is to be immediately married to the Count Ottavio Orsini; Angelo gives *him* to understand that he has won her love and she shall never marry that enemy of his country; and dooms the whole Orsini race to destruction. A subsequent interview between Angelo and Lena (who is aided in her true love by her good mother the Countess) is cut short by Angelo's being set upon by the Campereali people, and barely getting out of a window—*and*

the first act—with his life; triumphant however in this,—that Lena has solemnly promised him that if the dreaded Orsini marriage be forced on, she will fly to him for refuge.

On the anniversary of Bracciaforte's death and on the spot where he was killed, the people assemble to hear a Mass performed at the chapel of Monte Cavi, by a certain Monk Anselmo: the only priest in Italy who dares so to brave the house of Orsini, and who is really the Cardinal Montalto. The second act opens with this celebration, and the peasantry become engaged in a skirmish with the Campereali partizans, which gives monstrous offence to the proud Count, and which leads to more insults being heaped on Angelo by Fabio, and to a duel between them: in which Angelo stands only on the defensive, and shoots the young nobleman's hat off, instead of sending the ball, which teaches him that lesson in politeness, through the brain. In no wise softened by this forbearance, the young fellow rages more and more, and resolves (in conjuction with his father) to have Angelo's life. There has been a meeting of the Campereali Family and friends, to consider how best to cement the interests of the Campereali and Orsini houses (which will become one with the marriage of Lena with Ottavio Orsini) and what candidate they shall set up and support for the Popedom when the election takes place, a year hence. Their object is, to have in the new Pope, a mere tool; and while they are rejecting this man as too young and that man as too spirited, the artful Cardinal coming among them, presents himself, such an object of decrepitude and humility, that they cry "This is our man" So far so good. But the Cardinal, both because he sympathizes with his nephew, and to strengthen his own hands by dividing the families, marries the young lovers at the chapel of Monte Cavi, after Lena has redeemed her promise and fled to Angelo. There is a hot pursuit to prevent this marriage, but the lovers make a clever escape in the dresses of two monks. The marriage solemnized, Angelo has barely time to confide his bride to her mother and to devote himself to the rescue of his country from the Orsini oppression, when his pursuers arrive. An incautious movement of the Countess shows the direction in which he has gone, he is fired at while crossing a torrent in a rocky pass, falls from the bridge into the stream below and is dragged from it by Ranuccio. †aFabio, less fortunate, falls in this tumult.†a

A year has intervened between these events, and the opening of the Third Act. It has been made memorable by a great rising of the people under an unknown leader of rare powers, popularly called Bel Demonio, before whom the Orsini family has absolutely disappeared; nothing remaining of them but the ruins of their burnt palaces and one female scion, the last of the race, who is abbess of a Convent in which Lena is confined by her father, and who has entrapped the Cardinal Montalto within her walls, designing to keep him there †buntil the new Pope is elected: the Lady abbess supporting another candidate.†b To induce his daughter to take the veil, after her year's novitiate, Count Campereali asserts that the marriage she relies on, was a fictitious marriage, and that the monk Anselmo was actually dead at the time of its celebration.

When this cruel fraud is countenanced by a written declaration of such death, extorted from the entrapped Cardinal, the wretched girl gives way, believes herself deserted and deceived, and declares her willingness to become a Nun. The ceremony is hastened on, and is proceeding with all its gloomy pomp and state when Angelo (summoned by secret letter from the Cardinal) arrives among the populace admitted to the convent on the grand occasion, and is told by the Cardinal to look among all the Novices and Nuns, for his bride. He does so, but sees her not, never dreaming that the doomed girl about to take the veil can be his wife. "Look again, my son" says the Cardinal; "the ceremony still proceeds: go quickly into the chapel, and look in every face for Lena, *not omitting one.*" Angelo complies, a great cry of sacrilege is raised from within, the whole body of the people in the chapel come pouring forth in wild disorder around Angelo with his rescued wife in his arms, and trampling the black veil under his feet. To Count Campereali and his Guards he avows himself Bel Demonio, and swears he will cut his way through the midst of them, with his insensible wife upon his breast. And this, in a truly gallant and spirited way, he does, then and there.

But the amazed hirelings of the Campereali and the Orsini, who were doubly afraid to strike at him in the Sanctuary, pursued him beyond its boundaries, and by the mere weight of numbers divided him from his wife, though no man could lay hands on himself. The miserable Lena who has broken Sanctuary, and who has done it with, and for the love of, the potent enemy of the Orsini, finds a pitiless abbess in the abbess who is the last of that fallen race. At the opening of the Fourth Act she has been already carried down, under the infuence of a sleeping potion, to a vault of the the Convent, and there left on a bier, with a lamp, a cruse[†1] of water, and a loaf of bread, to wake, and find herself buried alive, and slowly die. We are made acquainted with this state of things by the conversation of certain soldiers on duty in the Guardroom of the Convent, who have heard the moans of the victim proceeding from the vaults beneath their feet. Among them, Ranuccio, professing to have had enough of Bel Demonio and to have taken service with the Abbess, has artfully insinuated himself. Through the interposition of a friendly Innkeeper, these Guards hoist up Angelo in a basket, disguised as the Innkeeper's son, bringing them their supper, and their (drugged) wine; and in a very dramatic scene, the means of descending from the window to the place of Lena's confinement are communicated to Angelo by Ranuccio, under pretence of relating to the Guards, as they become more and more sleepy and less sensible, an adventure that once happened to his father. In the mean time the election for Pope is proceeding, and is going against Cardinal Montalto, who, being still kept imprisoned by the abbess in order that he may not be in Rome to make interest for himself, urges the Countess Campereali, as she would save her daughter from a dreadful death, to speed to Rome and advance his interests by the sacrifice of money, jewels, wealth in any kind, that she possessed. Finally, Angelo and Ranuccio make their way to Lena's living tomb, and discovering her senseless and laid out

as one dead, suppose her to have really departed from this world. But [†b]Angelo detects[†b] a change in her colour, takes her in his arms, and she revives. His free lances[†1] without, have all this time been undermining the walls of her prison; but as they fall with a crash, and the Free Lances come clambering over their ruins to the rescue, the adherents of the Campereali and Orsini appear in superior numbers, and the Count orders Angelo to be [†b]instantly[†b] hanged at the Convent Gate, for no power on earth can save

him. Montalto takes leave to suggest that the new Pope can save him; the Count retorts that he will be hanged before the new Pope can be elected. Now, Montalto has arranged that in the event of *his* being Pope, three guns shall be fired from the Castle of St. Angelo, instead of the usual one. At this critical moment the three guns are heard. The Count is at a loss to know what they mean. "They mean, Lord Count", replies the Cardinal, suddenly becoming erect and strong, "that I am the new Pope.

I was the monk Anselmo who married these young lovers. I give them my benediction and protection. Rome has a Master now, and not a slave!"

———————————

—O Heavens, little did I think what a job it was to unravel this tangle once again! This is what I got it to, out of a heap of general imbecility in which it hid itself.

Note that Campereali is now spelt in the bill Campireali. In the various copies and messes and ink-slobberings, it has been spelt about five hundred ways—in fact any thing with an "m", a "p", and an "l" in it has been understood to represent that noble house. The last new spelling is the best to take.

The Scene painters have failed to an appalling extent, and unless the Play is very well played, it won't go.[†2]

Ever Faithfully My Dear Beard

CD.

November

To THE REV. GEORGE BRYANT,[†1] 4 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Rev. Geo. Bryant | Sheerness. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Wednesday Fourth November 1863.

Dear Sir

I will not give the deputation the unavailing trouble of coming to me. With regret I assure you that it is not reasonably possible for me to comply with the request they would prefer.[†2] It is one the like of which is so constantly made to me that it is usually answered under another hand than mine, attached to a printed form.[†3]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Geo. Bryant

To J. S. HODSON,[†4] 5 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Private. *Address:* J.S. Hodson Esqre Junr. | 22 Portugal Street | Lincolns Inn. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Night Fifth November | 1863.

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter I beg to say that if your Committee will choose a day that they consider to be favorable to the interests of the Institution,[†5] it will be at once my duty and my pleasure to make it mine.

You have merely to tell me the day appointed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. S. Hodson Esqre Junr.

To CHARLES LEVER, 5 NOVEMBER 1863

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Night Fifth November, 1863.

My Dear Lever.

I have your letter[†6] tonight, and merely write you a most hearty pressure of the hand in acknowledgement of it.

Having seen (on my own business) both the Chapmans since I last wrote to you, I am confirmed in my conviction that we have taken the right course.[†1] As soon as you have begun,[†2] I will tell them in a casual way, that I shall be glad to have your balance-sheet on your behalf, as soon as it is ready. The time of year will render this easy and natural; they will quite understand (*I* will take care of that) that I am in communication with you; and if they don't feel a vague uneasiness, it shall not be for want of a gloomy suggestion on my part that I could discourse strongly as to that letter,[†3] if I chose to admit its being worth a gentleman's notice.

I am very sorry, truly sorry, to hear of Mrs. Lever's grief[†4] and its effects upon her. It is easy to say that in this hard life we must close up the ranks, whosoever falls, and march on; but there is more in it, as I write it and feel it, than a common-place. Your trial has not yet been mine, and I am in my fifty second year with a sound of cheering behind me; but my heart faints sometimes under such troubles as I do know, and if it were not for a certain stand-up determination, I should lie down. "Who is hit?" Nelson said, without looking round, when they shot his Secretary.[†5] "I am hit", ten thousand of us may cry at once instead, "in a mortal place, but our rest is before us, and we will work our way to it."

Cheer up—and cheer her up—for God's sake.

Ever My Dear Lever | Your affectionate and faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. W. C. SAWYER, 6 NOVEMBER 1863

MS University of Texas. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Friday November Sixth, 1863.

Dear Sir

My old friend M. De la Rue of Genoa did me the favor to speak to you concerning my desire to place my youngest son (just 12 years old) under your kind care.

I have twice or thrice endeavoured to get to Tunbridge Wells on one of the days of the week least inconvenient to you. But I am closely occupied just now, and have always been prevented from accomplishing my intention.

As my engagements continue to be very pressing, I take the liberty of writing to you to propose that I defer my visit until Christmas-time when I can bring my boy (now at Brighton) with me, and have the pleasure of presenting him to you.

He is a shy boy of good average abilities, and an amiable disposition. But he has not yet been quite happy away from home, through having lived—as the youngest of my children—a little too long at home with grown people. He has never been a spoiled child however, for we are too fond of children here to make them disagreeable.

He was at Wimbledon school with his brother until within these six months, but he told me that he found so large a school confusing. He had always an excellent character there, and I feel sure that he is a good boy whose confidence could be easily won by the spirit in which you address your charges, and M. De la Rue's account of which has greatly interested me.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. W. C. Sawyer

&c &c &c

To W. F. A. WILSON, 6 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Yale University Library. Address: W.F. Wilson Esquire | 29 Delamere Crescent | Westbourne Square | London | W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Night, Sixth November 1863.

My Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of sending you enclosed, a crossed cheque for the very moderate amount in which I am indebted to you, according to your statement.[†1] My sense of your attention and good offices to my son, is very inadequately expressed in it.

In reference to your kind suggestion, I do not know that I have the least interest at the War office, and I think I have reasonably worn out what interest I had at the Foreign office in this particular regard. Besides, I am discouraged from trying Frank again in any such path: his failure[†2] being quite unaccountable to me.

Pray accept my thanks for your valuable assistance, and the sincere assurance that I esteem it highly.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. F. Wilson Esquire

To MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 9 NOVEMBER 1863

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 343; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 9 November 63; addressed Messrs Bradbury & Evans.

Requesting them to send Bleak House *and* Little Dorrit *to Mrs Alfred Dickens.*

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 10 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Tenth November 1863

My Dear Ouvry.

I have made one alteration in the accompanying draft,[†1] which seems to me not only to simplify it, but which has the additional merit of expressing the intention—which the passage I have erased, does not.

In case you should want to see me, I shall be here all the week.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, 10 NOVEMBER 1863

Extract from catalogue in N, III, 371.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
10th November, 1863

My Dear Marguerite,

... I am very glad indeed to retain the Breton papers for very early insertion.[†2] The introduction[†3] (let me say) is by no means the least meritorious part of them.... Ah! The last Roc's[†4] egg is indeed an egg![†5] When it is fully hatched—in about three weeks—I intend to rest my fame upon the bird. Inspection is respectfully invited.

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 14 NOVEMBER 1863

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourteenth November 1863

My Dear Lehmann.

I am exceedingly glad to receive your letter. Thank you for the timely and welcome intelligence.

Your bright boy[†1] is recovering without any check, I hope? I send my love to him, and to his mother.

At this present writing I am in some doubt whether I have any thing inside my head, or no. The Christmas No. has so addled it this week, that I don't recognize it as mine.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Lehmann Esquire

To T. G. BARING,[†2] 15 NOVEMBER 1863

Envelope only, MS Yale University Library. *Address:* Thomas George Baring Esquire M.P. | &c &c &c | India Office | Victoria Street | London | S.W. PM Rochester 15 Nov 63.

To J. STIRLING COYNE, 15 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Private. Address: J. Stirling Coyne Esquire | Dramatic Author's Society | 28 King Street | Covent Garden | London | W.C. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifteenth November 1863.

My Dear Sir

I cannot give you any positive answer touching the first Monday in December, because I am going to France at the end of this next week, and may not be back in time. But if I should be in town then, I will attend the meeting,[†3] ready to make myself useful any hour.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Stirling Coyne Esquire

To DR T. H. TUKE, 15 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Athol Tuke. On mourning paper.

Private[†4]

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifteenth November, 1863.

My Dear Dr. Tuke.

I cannot imagine that Mr. Reade had the least knowledge of what you tell me concerning Dr. Conolly.[†5] I am strongly impressed with the belief that it *must* be

a wonderful coincidence. Could you suppose it possible that when I wrote the beginning of Nickleby, I described a house in Golden Square[†1] (where I laid my own scene), and the people in it, and their relations towards one another; and never was in the house in my life, or knew of its existence, or knew anything in any way of any of the persons presented, until one of them made the extraordinary disclosure to me, twenty years afterwards!

Mr. Reade is enormously mistaken, and damages a good cause. But I cannot believe that he would wilfully be personal and cruel. On the contrary, I think he is a kind and tender man.

It is my intention to separate myself from these statements and opinions, and distinctly to assure the public (as an act of plain justice) that they are not mine.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Harrington Tuke.

To EDMUND YATES, 15 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Mr I.H. Macdonald. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifteenth November, 1863.

My Dear Edmund

Mindful of the note you sent me, I have got the Dog Story[†3] into the Xmas No. reserving My Aunt[†4] for the regular No. You will find, I hope, that the Dog fits the design admirably. I finished the No. for press, last night.[†5]

Will you come down with Finlay next Saturday? I am going across for a short holiday,[†6] early on the Monday morning.

Ever Yours
CD.

To [H. G. ADAMS],[†1] 17 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Mr Lewis P. Kinsey, Jnr. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventeenth November 1863

My Dear Sir

If you prefer it, you can have:
Nicholas Nickleby
at Mr. Squeer's School;
and
Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party
From Pickwick[†2]

Mentioning the times, you had better say:

To commence at 8 o'Clock, and conclude within two hours.

I had a strong impression that I read Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party, WITH[†3] Copperfield.[†4] If I did, you will do best to stick to the Boots (I have no other Reading of the right length). If I did *not*, take Bob Sawyer.

Yours truly,
CD.

To BENJAMIN LILLIE, 20 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twentieth November, 1863

Sir

I must inform you that the new glass you have sent me, does not reflect truthfully, but greatly distorts the room in which it is fixed.[†5] I beg your immediate attention to this, as the decoration and furnishing of the room must be completed in a fortnight.

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR CHARLES LOCOCK,[†1] 21 NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. Address: Sir Charles Locock | 26 Hertford Street | May Fair | London | W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty First November, 1863.

My Dear Sir Charles.

I am delighted to hear from you, and I hope you will find leisure and inclination to "go to bed", as I should be charmed to have the paper.[†2]

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Charles Locock.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 21 NOVEMBER 1863

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 21 Nov 63; addressed F. Ouvry.

Returning the agreement[†3] signed and attested.

To W. H. WILLS, [22] NOVEMBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper. *Date:* Sunday was 22 in Nov 63.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Twenty Third November, 1863.

My Dear Wills.

I wish the enclosed note to [be][†4] printed, *in rather larger type than usual, and across the page* or after the end of Very Hard Cash.[†5] Without consulting Reade about it, I should like him to know that it is going in, and therefore will you have it appended to the proof of the end of his book, when it is sent to him for Revise:— printed, I mean, upon the slip.

The case as to Conolly and Sutherland[†1] is a very serious and painful one indeed. It would be exceedingly strong and bad if I knew neither of them; but knowing both of them, it becomes perfectly shocking.

The Ceylon paper[†2] you will receive from Frank. Will you look at the last paragraph of the enclosed letter (I have under-lined it, to catch your eye) and look up the paper mentioned?

On the evening of Monday the 30th. I purpose being at the office. Let me find a note from you with any news.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

December

To CHARLES LEVER, 1 DECEMBER 1863

MS Widener Collection Harvard. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday First December, 1863.

My Dear Lever. This is merely to tell you what you know;—that it is all right with Chapman and Hall as to the length of your book.[†3]

Concerning the advertisements I made no remonstrance. For I thought they were proceeding carefully, and extending their way gradually. We have had your announcement (at their request) folded into our Xmas No.[†4] And I am quite sure you could not get so good an advertisement in any other way for a dozen times the cost of that printing:— no, not for fifty times.

I hear, in passing through town homeward, after a week's absence,[†5] that the sale of your book has started *admirably and hopefully.* I am taking the first No. with me this afternoon, to read tonight. Cheer up!

Ever affectionately

CD.

To H. G. ADAMS, 2 DECEMBER 1863

Extract in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. 2676 (1968); dated Gad's Hill Place, 2 Dec 63. On mourning paper.

Mentioning his mother's death three months earlier and saying he will not need 6 good places; we shall want only 4.[†1] My men shall have instruction to appear at the Hall on Tuesday morning with the screen and lights.

To CECIL BEADON,[†2] 2 DECEMBER 1863†

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Second December, 1863.

Sir.

I take the liberty of forwarding to you by post, two letters of introduction. I dispense with the formality of troubling you with more, because I am assured in London that your knowledge of my books and your sympathy with my pursuits, form my best passport to your courteous attention.

I beg to entreat your kind offices in behalf of a son of mine, Francis Jeffrey (namesake of a dear and famous friend deceased, well known to you by reputation), who has a great desire to enter the Bengal Mounted Police. He is just twenty years of age, well bred and well educated, quick and clever. My friend Lord Russell gave me a nomination for him to the Foreign Office, and he went up for competitive Examination and did extremely well, but came out second. [†a]This strengthened him in a desire he has long entertained to enter some service out of England. It fell in my way opportunely, to learn something of the merits of that Police Service which owes its efficiency and promise to you. He eagerly embraced the idea of entering it, and I solicit at your hands an appointment for him.

If there had been room in the Overland Mail of the 4th. of this month, I should have sent my son to Calcutta by it. Its being full, obliges him to wait for the Overland Mail of the 20th. of this month. His passage by that, being secured, I venture to address you thus, in anticipation of his arrival and presentation of himself.[†a]

In the hope that a young Englishman of his name may be likely to do some little credit to any chance you may kindly give him, I urge my request in his behalf. And I shall ever most heartily and faithfully esteem any service rendered to him, as one rendered personally to his father.[†3]

Pray excuse my troubling you with this letter.

I have the honor to remain | Sir | Your very faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon.[†1] Cecil Beadon

&c &c &c

To MISS CAROLINE BOYLE,[†2] 2 DECEMBER 1863

Extract in *American Prices Current,* II, 74. From Gad's Hill Place, 2 Dec 63; addressed C. C. Boyle.

I am president of an accursed Institution in these parts,[†3] who never can pay their rent unless I read to them once a year.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 2 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night Second December 1863.

My Dear Ouvry

I have informed Job[†4] (in the popular character of his comforter) that his Lease will cost him Three Guineas. He is resigned. Merely suggests two changes. Firstly, that old-style Michaelmas Day, October 11th. shall be substituted for new. Secondly, that the rent shall be paid halfyearly. I have no objection to either alteration.

Pray report when we next meet, that you are getting into claret-order. Those Magnums cry aloud for legal judgment.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To CHARLES READE, 2 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night, Second December 1863.

My Dear Reade.

You once gave me hope of your coming down to see me here. Could you join my family party on the last day of the old year? If so, I should be delighted to see

you, and to shew you an old castle and an old country in a New Year's Day ramble.

If you say Yes, I will send you full directions as to train (we are little more than an hour from London), and will drive you over from the station. By "you", I mean yourself and portmanteau, of course.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Reade Esquire

To DR T. H. TUKE, 2 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Athol Tuke. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night, Second December 1863.

My Dear Harrington Tuke.

This note is between ourselves, and our dear Conolly's daughters.[†1]

I hope you will see in a little note I have appended to the conclusion of a certain fiction,[†2] exactly that separation of myself from what has pained us all, which reduces the work to the opinions of an individual and compromises the dignity of no one reflected on;—whether by design or by coincidence.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 3 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Night Third December 1863.

My Dear Wills.

I return the proofs[†3] by special parcel.

We wont have Thornbury this time, and indeed I doubt it altogether. It misses its point, because what man could do another man's trained work? It is absurd. How would the labourers have done the member's work, or any work but their own?[†4]

There is very good observation in the little Poem.[†5] I think the writer[†6] must have something in him.

Substitute Oxenford[†7] (returned herewith) for Thornbury. Let O see his proof.

And I wish Edmund could put something into his paper,[†1] to identify where he really did go to;[†2] for upon my soul I don't know—or I would have put it in myself.

Nine times nine for Mrs. Lirriper!

Will you have the enclosed stamped note posted presently?

Other enclosed refers to something I don't otherwise know of.

On Tuesday for the Audit. Any (good)[†3] news meantime will be thankfully received.

Ever

CD.

To J. STIRLING COYNE, 5 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Private. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night Fifth December, 1863.

My Dear Sir

I am delighted to have your words of cordial sympathy with Mrs. Lirriper, and I am proud of them, and heartily thank you for them.

On Monday evening I expect to be in town; but I cannot positively engage myself to be there so early in the evening of a day's work as 4 o'Clock. I will try, I assure you.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Stirling Coyne Esquire

To PETER CUNNINGHAM,[†4] 5 DECEMBER 1863

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night Fifth December, 1863.

My Dear Peter.

I am delighted to get the hearty letter of my old Will's-Coffee-House friend, Le Trimmer;[†5] and again the shade of poor dear Middlesex[†6] crosses me, saying,

"Here's Peter—*won't* come on, you know!"—then, in a ghostly manner, raps gold snuff-box, and fades into the other world.

Of course Mrs. Lirriper lived on the East side of the Street[†1] (how did you know it?) but not so far down as you suppose. On the Northern side of Howard street.

God bless us all, this coming Christmas, and give us Christmas thoughts! Of which your letter is full, and so most welcome. My love to your good wife[†2] and to you.

Ever Faithfully | (albeit once managerially) | Your noble friend

WILMOT.[†3]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER [7 DECEMBER 1863]

Envelope only mentioned in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1976. *Address:* Benjamin Webster | Theatre Royal. PM 7 Dec 63. Mourning paper.

To WALTER F. CROOK,[†4] 8 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Theatre Collection, Houghton Library, Harvard. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eighth December 1863.

Sir.

I beg to express my regret that I cannot respond to your interesting invitation. But my avocations will oblige me to forego all such engagements for some time, with one exception in London to which I already stand pledged.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Walter F Crook Esquire

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, 8 DECEMBER 1863†

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen. *Address:* (envelope, MS Benoliel Collection): Sir Joseph Olliffe | Rue St. Florentin 2 | Paris. PM London 8 Dec 63. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eighth December, 1863.

My Dear Olliffe. If you will kindly take the trouble to look into Ferrere Laffitte's,[†6] at any time when you may be going by there, you will find that

Coutts's have remitted from me f200 (two hundred francs) payable to you.[†1] Many thanks for the wine. I was very glad to have it, and it is extremely cheap.

I send my love to Lady Olliffe, and generally to any body in your house who will take it in. [†a]I often think of the Audience at the Paris Readings,[†2] and always with delight.[†a]

My esteemed friend Mrs. Lirriper has made a most extraordinary mark on the Public. I doubt if I have ever done any thing that has been so affectionately received by such an enormous audience. I can't turn any where without encountering some enthusiasm about her.

Tell Lady Olliffe that when she next comes to Gad's, I will shew her my notion of a pretty Drawing Room. Also, that she can't come too soon.

So, with my dutiful respects to the Learned Baby, I am Ever My Dear Olliffe

Heartily Yours | (and hers)

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Joseph Olliffe

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 11 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Mr D. Farringdon.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eleventh December, 1863.

Dear Mr. Holsworth

I send you the cheque for Mrs. Brough's[†3] money. I have drawn for £25.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To [FREDERIC CHAPMAN],[†4] [13] DECEMBER 1863*

MS Fales Library, New York University. On mourning paper. *Date:* misdated by CD; Sunday was 13 Dec 63.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twelfth December, 1863

My Dear Sir

I have received a letter from Mr. Lever, begging me to ascertain why you have refused to accept a bill he drew upon you for £60. He does not clearly understand from what he is told in Florence whether you refused, because it was drawn at one month instead of two. He has now drawn at two months, and

naturally wishes to know whether that is safe and right. I need not add that the matter has occasioned him much pain and anxiety.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

[ ]Esquire

To THE COUNTESS COWLEY, 13 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirteenth December, 1863.

My Dear Lady Cowley.

It is so very pleasant to me to be reminded, through your kind letter, of those bright nights in Paris, that I must write you a few words by way of answer.

My responsibility under the head "Mrs. Lirriper", begins with that respected friend of mine, and ends with the boy's story in the Parlours.[†1] All that lies between those two extremes is by other hands. I perfectly agree with you concerning Mr. and Mrs. Duke Brownlow,[†2] and felt exactly the same uneasiness when I corrected the Proofs. But Mrs. Gaskell (the authoress of that story) has a way of rather abusing her strength, by making her victims unjustly unhappy sometimes.[†3]

I am truly concerned to hear of your son's[†4] indisposition, and beg to send him my cordial regard. I hope for his company (pray tell him this) through twenty months from next May. Olliffe is right in deeming that this engagement will prevent my Reading, hut I hope it will not quite estrange me from Paris. And I shall certainly never re-visit it when you are there, without offering myself to your kind remembrance.

I hope Lord Cowley may give Mrs. Lirriper a spare half-hour when he returns, and that she may find some favour in the bright eyes of your daughters.[†5]

My Dear Lady Cowley | I am always
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Countess Cowley

To CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNS, 14 DECEMBER 1863

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourteenth December 1863

My Dear Wren Hoskyns

It would have given me real pleasure to come to you on Friday and to have become known to Mrs. and Miss Wren Hoskyns,[†1] but that an extremely Visible world[†2] detains me here. I have a house-full gradually accumulating for Christmas, and after the middle of this week shall not be (if I ever am) a free agent. But as my daughter is steadily conspiring in various ways to induce me to take a house in town for this next season, I shall hope to report myself on accessible ground before Easter.

I have read your Model Lecture, for such I take it to be, with very great satisfaction. I never read anything of the kind, at once more elegantly and wisely done. Such heaps of intolerable rubbish of conceited words purporting to be Lectures, have I seen and heard, that the very name would have become hideous in my sight, but for Sydney Smith,[†3] Owen,[†4] and Faraday.[†5] The natural sweetness of my temper is now quite restored, and I am in a seasonable state of mind even towards the Dismal Swamps that professionally stagnate at Mechanics' Institutions.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Wren Hoskyns Esquire

To MRS NICHOLS, 14 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Johns Hopkins University. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourteenth December, 1863.

My Dear Mrs. Nichols

I am very glad to learn under your own hand that you are able to rest. I wish I could believe that this appalling madness of war would sober into some approach to sanity while you are resting.

As to Art (in the pictorial sense) I ought to know something about it, as my most intimate friends and companions, at home and abroad, have been Painters. But this renders my sitting to your daughter[†6] quite a hopeless business.

When I sat to Mr. Frith,[†1] it was in redemption of a promise years upon years old. If I were to sit again (which I have not the slightest intention of ever doing), it would be to one of our great English Masters with a knowledge of my face as familiar as his knowledge of his own. With such old friends I have conditional engagements that banish new promises in to the regions of impossibility.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, 15 DECEMBER 1863

MS British Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,

HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fifteenth December 1863.

My Dear Owen.

Ten thousand thanks for your note, which has charmed me. I have read the gallant lecture[†2] with deep interest. I am not surprised that *you* gave it, but I am that *they*[†3] asked you! May it be a good sign;— for Heaven knows we need one.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Owen.

To CHARLES LEVER, 16 DECEMBER 1863

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

At The Office
Wednesday Evening, Sixteenth December 1863.

My Dear Lever.

I have just time to send you off this letter,[†4] which I find here on coming to town to dine. It is in answer to a letter I wrote to F. Chapman from Gad's Hill, immediately on receiving your last. Ever affy. Yours CD.

To HENRY CHORLEY, 18 DECEMBER 1863

MS Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighteenth December, 1863.

My Dear Chorley

This is a "Social Science"[†1] note, touching prospective engagements.

IF[†2] you are obliged, as you were last year, to go away between Xmas Day and New Years Day, then we rely upon your coming back to see the old Year out.

Furthermore, I rely upon you for this:— Lady Molesworth says she will come down for a day or two, and I have told her that I shall ask you to be her Escort, and to arrange a time. Will you take counsel with her, and arrange accordingly? After our family-visitors are gone, Mary is going a-hunting in Hampshire; but if you and Lady Molesworth could make out for Saturday the 9th. of January as your day of coming together, or for any day between that and Saturday the 16th. it would be beforehand with her

going, and would suit me excellently. There is a new officer at the Dock Yard vice Mr.[†3] Fanshawe, (now an admiral),[†4] and I will take that opportunity of paying him and his wife the attention of asking them to dine in these gorgeous halls. For all of which reasons, if the Social Science Congress of Two could meet and arrive at a conclusion, the conclusion would be thankfully booked by the illustrious writer of these lines.

On Xmas Eve there is a train from your own Victoria Station at 4.35. P.M. which will bring you to Strood (Rochester Bridge Station) in an hour. And there a majestic form will be descried in a basket.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To HENRY SPICER,[†5] [?20 DECEMBER 1863]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 DECEMBER 1863

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Twentieth December, 1863.

My Dear Wills

I am clear that you took my cold. Why didn't you do the thing completely, and take it away from me? For it hangs by me still.

[†a]I have restored Spicer's incident[†1] (sending the proof and insertion straight to Birtles), and have also written to Spicer and told him what is curious to me— that he does not in the least suspect why I took it out. I did so, *because it tells his story.* His main incident is gone—disclosed to any sharp reader—the moment that passage is read. It occurs in the first portion.[†a†2]

Mrs. Lirriper is indeed a most brilliant old lady. God bless her!

I am glad to hear of your being "haunted", and hope to increase your stock of such Ghosts pretty liberally.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

[†b]I shall be at the office on Wednesday Morning from ¼ before 11 to 12.[†b]

To JOSEPH ELLIS, 26 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Mrs K.M. Jonas. *Address* (envelope MS Bodleian Library): Mr. Joseph Ellis | The Bedford Hotel | Brighton. PM 26 Dec 63. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Sixth December 1863

My Dear Mr. Ellis

Many thanks for the Paté. It arrived in the finest condition, and was received with rapture by a crowded house.

In one sense I am sorry that you mean to leave the Bedford,[†3] for the House can never be, in anybody else's time, what it is in yours. But as I take your retirement to be an indication of your determination to enjoy yourself,[†4] I am, in that sense, unselfishly glad of it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DAVID ROBERTS, 26 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Sixth December 1863.

My Dear David Roberts

I understand from Marcus Stone (who was here yesterday), that he has seen you, and that you have been very kind to him, and that he used my name in corroboration of his having been much misrepresented and hardly treated, in reference to his painful domestic affairs.[†1] As his father's old and intimate friend,—to whom, even at the very last, he confided everything relating to this young man and his brother and sisters and his home,—I wish to support and confirm what he has told you. It is indeed my bounden duty to do so. For I know from Frank Stone's lips that it was his deliberate conclusion that the mother and the children were not to live together, and that the mother was to have for her support, the Academy allowance.[†2]

This knowledge of mine I confide to you. As you may suppose, I have never parted with it, to inflame a family misery or widen a family breach. I have been a good friend to Mrs. Stone[†3] in my time and did her some service when she needed it.

God bless you at this Christmas time and always.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire

To JAMES BIRTLES, 27 DECEMBER 1863*

MS University of Texas, Austin. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Seventh December 1863.

Dear Mr. Birtles

I want the enclosed printed off, for a joke, on slips.[†4] Will you please let me have it here as soon as you can. Print it on A. Y. R. paper.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES READE, 28 DECEMBER 1863*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Eighth December 1863.

My Dear Reade.

I think you will find a convenient Train on Thursday thus:

Leaves Victoria Station, Pimlico at

4.35. P.M.

It will bring you in an hour to Strood Station (Rochester Bridge), and I will be there to drive you over here.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Reade Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1863*

Text from Puttick & Simpson catalogue, Apr 1888; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 1863.

Mr. Charles Dickens can only assure his young correspondent, that he writes no better and no worse than many hundreds of similar versifiers. He has a very slight idea of the labours and correspondence of a busy literary life, if he supposes it to be within the bounds of any reasonable possibility that Mr. Dickens can add more than a warning to him not to mistake his vocation.

1864

January

To MESSRS GAY & EAMES,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1864*

MS Mrs Z.O. Elliott. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
First January 1864.

Gentlemen

[ ][†2]

son, Mr. Sydney Smith Dickens, H.M.S. Orlando, with the following articles

1 suit of clothes

2 Uniform caps

A few of those "very small neck-ties" (This is his description of what he wants).

2 pairs of boots

An oilskin coat.[†1]

Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Gay and Eames.

I have a present of a gun to send him, which please to forward with the clothes. It shall be sent to you from my office in London, in the course of next week.

To E. S. DALLAS, 2 JANUARY 1864*

MS John Murray (Publishers) Ltd. *Address:* E.S. Dallas Esquire | 6 Hanover Square | London | W. PM 2 Jan 64. Mourning paper and envelope.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Second January 1864.

My Dear Dallas.

The thought[†2] had not occurred to me, and I deeply feel the difficulty of the task. Just as it would have caused me pain to have been present at Kensal Green in any capacity singling me out from the rest of his many friends,[†3] so I instinctively shrink from taking on myself, in those pages,[†4] the utterance of the general admiration and regret.[†5]

But I am bound to think of myself last, and of his children[†6] and his friends first. And I will do it,[†7] in ready deference to the assurance you give me of your own feeling in the matter.

What I shall write will be merely the few affectionate words that an old friend and brother in arms can say beside a newly-made grave.[†8] I talked with him on the

16th. of December, and he told me that he had then been in bed three days, and had bad fits of shivering which, for the time, "quite took all power of work out of him".[†1] But he was very cheerful, and (as you describe him) much softened.[†2]

I should greatly like to know what are the last words he wrote, and generally what train of thought he had before him in his new book.[†3] If Mr. Smith[†4] could get me the MS and send it me down, it might help me to point—in some special manner, proper to the place—the page or two that I should write.[†5] Of course I should do this with so careful a hand as not to anticipate the publication of the fragment.

And when will my contribution be wanted?

My daughters and sister in law unite in kind regard to Mrs. Dallas, and in all good New Year wishes to her and to you. I cordially add mine, and am

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Dallas Esquire

To WILLIAM FISHER,[†6] 2 JANUARY 1864

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1929; *MS* 1 p.; mourning paper; dated Gad's Hill, 2 Jan 64; addressed William Fisher.

Referring to an invitation from the Council of the Sheffield School of Art.[†7]

To HENRY BLACK,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1864*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Second January 1864

Sir.

I would willingly make the appointment your letter proposed to me, but that I thoroughly well know it would be a waste of the Deputation's time and of my own. My experience of such

Institutions[†2] enables me to suggest nothing better than their extinction, when those for whose benefit they are designed will not support them. I have never known a case in which attempts to bolster them up, have done more than postpone the evil day.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Black Esquire Senr.

To MISS EMILY JOLLY,[†3] 2 JANUARY 1864*

MS Dr William Park. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Second January 1864

Dear Madam.

I am so very much occupied and have so many claims upon my thoughts, that I really cannot undertake at this time to read your MS.[†4] Sensible of the confidence you would repose in me, it would haunt me if I had it in a drawer here; but I could not help its doing so, perhaps for months, before I could bestow attention on it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emily Jolly

To ARTHUR LOCKER,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1864*

MS Brigham Young University. *Address:* Arthur Locker Esquire | 2 Clifton Villas | Highgate Hill | London | N.W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Second January 1864

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for the Italian Translation of my Christmas Carol.[†2] I cannot give the authorisation to which your friend refers.

Reciprocating your seasonable good wishes, I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Locker Esquire

To EDGAR MUSGRAVE,[†3] [3 JANUARY 1864]

Envelope only, MS Sr Carlos Ventura. *Address:* Edgar Musgrave Esquire | Shillington Manor | near | Hitchin | Herts. PM Rochester JA 3 64.

To W. H. RUSSELL, 3 JANUARY 1864

Extracts from typescript in possession of Mrs David Simonds[†4](aa), and Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1982; *MS* 2pp. On mourning paper.

[a]GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday 3rd Jan. 1864.

My Dear Russell.

Your letter has given me very great pleasure, and I most heartily and cordially reciprocate your good wishes for the New Year, and for our meeting oftener in it than in the old one.[a]

As we get on in life, this constant closing-up of the ranks and marching on, grows startling. But the dream must be dreamed out, 'till we wake somewhere.... *alluding to Jerrold's*[†5] *death some years earlier.*[†6]

Concerning the order so shabbily represented t'other day,[†7] he and I have often good-humouredly differed, though at heart we both knew and meant exactly the same thing—and that, what *you* mean in your reference....

Howsoever far apart we have been since we laughed and rode and talked with poor Jerrold, I have always followed you closely, and have always found new occasion to express my sense of what England owes you for your manly out-speaking and your brilliant description *in his despatches from the Crimea.*[†1]

[a]Always Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

To HENRY G. WARREN,[†2] [?EARLY JANUARY 1864]

Mention in Minute-book, MS Newspaper Press Fund, 23 Jan 64. *Date:* CD was replying to the Secretary's letter, asking him to allow himself to be nominated as a Trustee or Vice-President, of 2 Jan.

Consenting to be nominated.[†3]

To HENRY CHORLEY, 5 JANUARY 1864

Mention in N, III, 377.

To E. S. DALLAS, 5 JANUARY 1864*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fifth January 1864

My Dear Dallas

I know the Tin Trumpet[†4] very well, and have it on my shelves[†5]—though of course I can't find it now. By whom it was written, I don't know, but I feel quite sure that it was *not* written by Thackeray. Of that, I have not the least doubt. I have an impression that there is an older edition of the book than one dated 1836.[†6] Has that book of yours, a frontispiece representing an old gentleman of benevolent aspect with long thin white hair, sitting in a chair, tin trumpet in hand?[†7] Has it a second title called Heads and *Tails for the Wise and Waggish? You* say, Heads and Tales only. I am sure the second title of mine is the longer one I have just mentioned. Whence I got the notion that the book is older than 1836, I have not the faintest idea, so it cannot count for much.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 9 JANUARY 1864*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Ninth January 1864

My Dear Dixon.

I passed through London yesterday to keep an engagement near Windsor, but did not come back until past 10 at night, and consequently might as well have been in Egypt for Shakespearian purposes.[†1] This, with all seasonable good wishes for you and yours, in reply to your note.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To JOSEPH PAYNE,[†2] 9 JANUARY 1864*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Ninth January 1864

Dr. Mr. Payne.

I shall be so very much occupied during the approaching season that I deem it best not to encumber myself with any Readings.

With thanks for your letter, | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. G. ADAMS, 11 JANUARY 1864*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eleventh January 1864

Dear Mr. Adams

I am very glad indeed to learn that the Reading[†3] produced so handsome a profit.

The receipt you enclosed to me was most unnecessary. The subject was settled in my mind and dismissed from it, when I last saw you here. I hope I have done no harm by, in some mysterious manner, mislaying the said receipt? I cannot find it in your letter, or in my drawer of unanswered letters.

My daughter begs me to thank you for the carte de visite, which is duly enrolled in her noble army. I hope my boys have already thanked you for the little books.[†1] They have given me much pleasure. I knew the Melville Hospital[†2] raven;—came down from London to see him, years ago. He was ordering an imaginary Guard to turn out, when I first made his acquaintance.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To DR GILL,[†4] 11 JANUARY 1864*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eleventh January 1864.

Dear Sir,

I should have answered your letter sooner, but that I have been away from here.

Your patient[†5] has a small allowance from me. It would be a larger one, if I had not reason to believe that I carry through life as long and as heavy a train of dependents as ever was borne by one working man.

If you will apply the enclosed three guineas[†6] as you deem best, I know it will be well expended.

Your faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr Gill.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 11 JANUARY 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | Swallowfield | Reading. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eleventh January 1864

My Dear Russell

I have been away these last three days, or I would not have left your letter unanswered.

It seems to me very improbable that your flying rumour is correct. Because I have not been to the club[†1] since I resigned as a Member of the Committee,[†2] and I greatly doubt the Committee's agreeing on such an invitation,[†3] possessing no means of knowing how I should receive it. My impression is (before we speak together), that if it did come to me, I would respond, and so begin to work towards your end;[†4] but we must discuss the whole subject.

Can you come down here before Saturday, when my daughter goes a-visiting? Chorley and Lady Molesworth are coming down from Thursday to Saturday, and we have a little dinner on Friday at which we should be delighted to see you. Pray let me know whether you can come, and, if so, when you will come. I dispatch this in haste, to catch the day post from our post-town.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To E. S. DALLAS, [12 JANUARY 1864]

Envelope only, MS Morgan Library. *Address:* E. S. Dallas Esquire | 6 Hanover Square | London | W. PM 12 Jan 64.

To GEORGE SMITH, 12 JANUARY 1864*

MS John Murray (Publishers) Ltd. *Address:* G. Smith Esquire | 45 Pall Mall | London | W. PM 12 Jan 64 Mourning paper and envelope.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Twelfth January | 1864

My Dear Sir

I have safely received your packet[†5] this morning, and will, of course, take care that its contents are replaced in your hands intact.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Smith Esquire

To GEORGE SMITH, 13 JANUARY 1864*

MS W. A. Foyle. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirteenth January 1864

My Dear Sir

I send you the brief article for the Cornhill Magazine, and with it all the papers I have received from you. You will send me a proof to revise, no doubt.

Therefore I mention that I shall be at my office 26 Wellington Street until ½ past 1 on Thursday, and afterwards here. (By Thursday, I mean tomorrow.)

Will you also send a proof to Mr. Dallas, to whom I write a line by this post.

Believe me | My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Smith Esquire

To E. S. DALLAS, [13 JANUARY 1864]

Mention in last. *Date:* written same day.

To MARCUS STONE, 13 JANUARY 1864*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirteenth January 1864

My Dear Marcus.

Can you call here tomorrow? Between 10 and 12?[†1]

Affecy Yrs.
CD

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD,[†2] 15 JANUARY 1864

Extracts in N, III, 377.

Gad's Hill Place | 15th January, 1864

I think the Duc D'Aumale[†3] an excellent choice,[†4] as an accomplished gentleman of most agreeable manners, possessing a thorough knowledge of English, and sympathizing with the Arts.

Any application to him ... should be accompanied by a plain brief statement of the strong case of the Fund. No one could make it with greater propriety than Mr. Buckstone. I do not feel that *I* can with propriety do more than sanction (as I fully do), any reference to myself.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 15 JANUARY 1864*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. On mourning paper.

Private

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fifteenth January 1864

My Dear Dixon

Besides that I have not the time and attention to spare for so extensive an object (being hard at work upon a new book), I do not believe, and never have believed, in its meeting with such a public response as may be called a success. I dread the notion of a statue moreover—shiver and tremble at the thought of another graven image in some public place.[†1] Lastly, I believe that Shakespeare has left his best monument in his works, and is best left without any other,[†2] until the distant time when the Country, through the Government it chooses, shall do some such thing as found Scholarships in his name,[†3] in all the Arts, and so connect young Englishmen sent to study in foreign countries, with the greatest English name.

After more than once excusing myself from joining this movement—on these grounds—I deferred to your letter, because I felt that I had no right to stand aloof from great numbers of my brothers holding contrary opinions. But my convictions remain unchanged; and therefore I could not be so earnest in the endeavour as would justify me in holding a position in which I must constantly press it upon other men.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To GEORGE SMITH, 15 JANUARY 1864

Extract in Christie's catalogue, May 1986; MS 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 15 Jan 64. On mourning paper. *Address* (envelope, MS John Murray Publishers Ltd): Private and Immediate | G. Smith Esquire | 45 Pall Mall | London | S.W. PM Rochester 15 Jan 64. Mourning paper.

I send you my proof, corrected.[†5] You will see that I have made it no longer, and that the tail-piece will come in as you originally purposed.[†6]

To GEORGE SMITH, 15 JANUARY 1864*

MS Mrs Seton Gordon. *Address:* G. Smith Esquire | 45 Pall Mall | London | SW. PM Rochester 15 Jan 64. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fifteenth January 1864

My Dear Sir

Will you be so good as to cancel the corrected proof I sent you this morning, and substitute the enclosed.[†1]

I had asked Dallas to look it over, and had not heard from him when I sent to you. The corrections I have made, are in pursuance of his suggestions. I have no fancy of my own to gratify, and only wish to do what is most acceptable to poor Thackeray's friends.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Smith Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 16 JANUARY 1864

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixteenth January 1864

My Dear Beard

I hear from John (who is down here) of your having been at the office.

I should have written, days ago, to congratulate my dear old friend on the termination of his worst anxieties, but that I had a misgiving—founded on not hearing from you—that the appointment[†2] might not be finally concluded. Said misgiving being now at rest, I shake hands heartily upon it, and report that we

have been in great excitement here about it—all of us—and that I have rarely been better pleased in my life.

We shall probably come to Town before the middle of February, for three or four months. Then the celebrated fatted calf must be killed in honour of the Court Newsman. To whom, all loves and regards and congratulations from all sides of Gad's Hill, for the present.

Have you looked for chambers in Buckingham Street, Adelphi? There are a good many in that street (I lived in it once),[†3] and I should say not dear. Or, I think you might find cheerful rooms (and also not dear) high up in a house on the Adelphi Terrace.

Ever My Dear Beard | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS DIXON,[†1] 16 JANUARY 1864*

MS University of Kentucky. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixteenth January 1864

Dear Sir

In reply to your note, I beg that you will do me the favour to read the enclosed and forward it to its destination. I would not give you the trouble but that you have unconsciously imitated the example of Mr. Bewick's daughters,[†2] in giving me no address, as theirs, which I can hopefully put on the superscription of a posted letter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Thomas Dixon

To MARCUS STONE, [16 JANUARY 1864]

Envelope listed in David J. Holmes catalogue, No. 21. *Address:* Marcus Stone Esquire | Russell House | Tavistock Square | London | W.C. PM 16 Jan 64.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 18 JANUARY 1864*

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address:* John Thompson. | Charles Dickens Esquire | 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park | London. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighteenth January 1864

Dr. John. I shall be at the office tomorrow (Tuesday) afternoon. I don't want my office-room fire, but light the fire in the little drawing room at about 3 o'Clock.

CD.

To THOMAS BEARD, 19 JANUARY 1864

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | F Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | W.

Athenaeum | Tuesday Night
Nineteenth January 1864

My Dear Beard

I don't want you to miss me,—as I fear you will, if you go by John's imperfect knowledge of my movements. I shall be at the office *tomorrow, from 10 till 2,* when we have a Guild meeting, of which I must make short work as I have to go

to Kingston at 3 to dinner. On Thursday morning, if Thursday should suit you better, I will be ready for you at any hour of which you give me notice, after 10.

I feel pretty sure that you could not do better than in the old Guild rooms.[†1] They are the snuggest little chambers I know—a complete little house—and thoroughly cheerful.

Ever heartily
CD.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 20 JANUARY 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twentieth January 1864

My Dear Russell

I have a letter from Dallas of the Garrick which I should like you to see before I answer it. I shall be here until half past one to day, or from ten to one tomorrow. Can you call?

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To TRACY TURNERELLI,[†2] 20 JANUARY 1864*

MS Th. Siqveland, Consul General for Norway. *Address:* Tracy Turnerelli Esquire | Belleville | The Vale | Ramsgate.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twentieth January 1864

My Dear Sir

I beg to send you the twelve stamps, and my best wishes for the prosperity of your excellent endeavour.[†3] But I must beg you not to press upon me your request for the use of my name, as it is my constant endeavour to keep the said name out of print as much as I can, and to avoid obtruding it unnecessarily.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Tracy Turnerelli Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, [21 JANUARY 1864]

Envelope (MS Dickens House). *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | W. PM Jan 21 64. Mourning paper.

To JOSHUA FAYLE,[†1] 21 JANUARY 1864

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty First January 1864

Dear Sir

In reply to your questions, I beg to inform you that the descriptions in Oliver Twist and Barnaby Rudge[†2] are ideal, but are founded on close observation and reflection. The Lewes Fair description[†3] is built on actual facts, but not by me. In any file of the Times for the year (to which I have no clue at hand) when the Mannings were executed, you will find a letter from me, with my name attached, describing the horrors of a public execution in London, and the unimpressible and degraded crowd that it attracts.[†4] Distinguish, if you please, in quoting me, between Public Executions and Capital Punishment. I should be glad to abolish both, if I knew what to do with the Savages of civilization. As I do not, I would rid Society of them, when they shed blood, in a very solemn manner but would bar out the present audience.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 24 JANUARY 1864*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Fourth January 1864

My Dear Wills. Not long ago, I had a great destruction of old Pass-books, and I doubt if I can verify those figures without going to Coutts's. On Wednesday morning I will do so, if I have no guide in my strong box at the office. It is a question with me, however, whether it would not be gracious to take Low's offer of £1,000:[†6] strictly stipulating that it is not a precedent but is exceptionally taken, in concession to the difficulties of the (American) times.[†7]

Will you let John leave the enclosed at Coutts's.

I am delighted to hear of the noble balance for the end of this month.[†1] It will carry me over my embellishments and Indian outfits, gallantly.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 25 JANUARY 1864

Text from MDGH, II, 209 checked from MS Sotheby's, April 1968.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Fifth January 1864.

My Dear Wilkie.

I am horribly behind hand in answering your welcome letter;[†2] but I have been so busy, and have had the house so full for Xmas and the New Year, and have had so much to see to—and to pay for—in getting Frank out to India, that I have not been able to settle down to a regular long letter.—Which I mean this to be, but which it may not turn out to be, after all.

First, I will answer your enquiries about the Xmas No. and the new book. The Xmas No. has been the greatest success of all; has shot ahead of last year; has sold about 220,000; and has made the name of Mrs. Lirriper so swiftly and domestic[ally][†3] famous as never was. I had a very strong belief in her when I wrote about her, finding that she made a great effect upon me; but she certainly has gone beyond my hopes. (Probably you know nothing about her? which is a very unpleasant consideration). Of the new book, I have done the two first Nos, and am now beginning the third.[†4] It is a combination of drollery with romance which requires a deal of pains and a perfect throwing away of points that might be amplified; but I hope it is *very good.* I confess, in short, that I think it is. Strange to say I fel[t][†3] at first quite dazed in getting back to the large canvas and the big brushes;[†5] and even now, I have a sensation as of acting at the San Carlo[†6] after Tavistock House, which I could hardly have supposed would have come upon so old a stager.

You will have read about poor Thackeray's death—sudden, and yet not sudden, for he had long been alarmingly ill. At the solicitation of Mr. Smith and some of his friends, I have done what I would

most gladly have excused myself from doing, if I felt I could—written a couple of pages about him in what was his own Magazine.

Therein I have tried—so far as I could, with his mother and children before me—to avoid the fulsome and injudicious trash that has been written about him

in the papers,[†1] and delicately to suggest the two points in his character as a literary man that were bad for the literary cause.[†2] Happily (I suppose) you can have no idea of the vile stuff that has been written: the scribes particularly dwelling on his having been "a gentleman", "a great gentleman", and the like[†3]—as if the rest of us were of the tinker tribe; and also on his wonderful gift of putting all people and all companies at their ease; at their perfect repose, enjoyment, and genial ease—which is much as if they should praise me, being dead, for having always lived with my wife. Of course the natural result is, that everybody else begins to disparage the poor fellow, and that people who would have beslavered him living, begin to bespatter him dead.

The Forsters have got into their new house[†4] which has instantly taken them both by the throat, chest, and nose, and caused them excruciating torments. Yet it is impossible to persuade Forster (because he has settled it otherwise) that the walls are not wet. I asked him if they were dry, why they were not going to be papered for 12 months? At which he made pensive and abstracted references to totally different subjects. I don't know what it may come out like, when it is papered and carpeted and furnished in apple-pie order; but at present (we dined there the other day) it is something between a government office and a hospital. And *they* look as if they were put in at Six and Sixpence a week to take care of it. It has every blessing in it that can emanate from Cubitt's,[†5] and yet I would rather have Leech's house.[†6]

We think of taking a place in town next month, and remaining until June. Whether we can get any place for simply enormous terms, is not yet at all clear. Reade was down here for New Year's Day, and is going to furnish two houses in May Fair, for season-letting. But somehow I think I would rather not have him for a landlord. He told Georgina as an illustration of the various kinds of knowledge sifted into Hard Cash, that before beginning it, he had,

expressly for the purpose "read five hundred books, and examined forty five witnesses"![†1]

Wills is in his usual force, but his brother[†2] seems to have struck into the road down which the poor sister[†3] went. George Russell has been down here, to impart frightful conspiracies against the peace of mind of the Garrick. I have joined the gloomy band, and have been duly sworn to Sir Charles-Taylor[†4]-extermination.[†5] We meet, disguised, in the dead of night, in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Palgrave Simpson[†6] I saw at the Athenaeum last Tuesday, with the stuff on his moustache (which smells of Tonquin bean)[†7] coming off, and sticking to the paper he was reading. He was very nice, as he always is, and asked for news of you. Charles Ward[†8] I saw at Coutts's last Thursday, coming towards me with his back confidentially bent, and a letter from you in his hand. Our charming and capable little cook is going away, because her health is bad. Alfred is doing wonderfully well in the City,[†9] and is posted into a very

responsible place, over four Senior heads, and will probably go out to China within a year.[†10] Beard is made Court Newsman, am truly happy to say (it is worth full four hundred a year), and is going to take the old Guild Chambers to live in, and is delightfully picked up by sunshine. Frank Beard, I fear, does not improve in worldly circumstances, or in a judicious handling of the circumstances that do come in his way. A.Y.R. was rather dropped[†11] by Reade, but has remained stationary since he finished. When you come back, in the early vegetable [Cov][†12]ent Garden time, the mutton shall be punished and the Rosy drained in the halls of AYR aforesaid.

Concerning the Italian experiment,[†13] De la Rue is more hopeful than you. He and his bank are closely leagued with the powers at Turin, and he had long been devoted to Cavour;[†14] but he gave me the strongest assurances (with illustrations) of the fusion between place and place, and of the blending of small mutually antagonistic characters, into one national character, progressing cheeringly and certainly. Of course there must be discouragements and discrepancies in the first struggles of a country previously so degraded and enslaved. And the time, as yet, has been very very short.

I should like to have a day with you at the Coliseum, and on the Appian Way, and among the tombs, and with the Orvieto.[†1] But Rome and I are wide asunder, physically, as well as morally. I should like to see the Butler contemplating the gory horrors on the walls of St. Stefano Rotondo,[†2] and also the models on the steps of the Trinita del Monte.[†3] I wonder whether the dramatic stable where we saw the Marionetti[†4] still receives the Roman public. And Lord! when I think of you in that hotel, how I think of poor dear Egg in the long front drawing room giving on the Piazza, posting up that wonderful necromantic volume which we never shall see opened![†5]

The Shakespeare Committee (of which I am ashamed, and which I have never attended) is tumbling to pieces.[†6] The best thing it could possibly do. The original author of The Ticket of Leave Man,[†7] accompanied by Theodore Martin[†8] and Shirley Brooks[†9] Esquires, has retired on defeat of a motion for "an endowed Shakespeare Theatre".[†10] Of which, conceive the hideous dreariness! I wonder whether its[†11] wicked, not to [take][†12] to the motion of penal servitude to Shakespeare for life. If the love of the wretch who cannot take to this, be conveyable, without contamination to the Butler, please present it. Likewise, kind remembrances to the Missis,[†13] from the Venerable Grand Patient—who has no room for signature

Ever my Dear Wilkie | Affecy. Yours

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 27 JANUARY 1864

Text from N, III, 379.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty-Seventh January 1864

Sir

I feel much indebted to you for your obliging offer to dedicate your intended book to me, but I beg you to excuse my not accepting the compliment. I do not appreciate such proposals the less, because I often decline them.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 28 JANUARY 1864*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Night Twenty Eighth Jany.[†1] 1864

My Dearest Georgy.

Having a good deal to do for the office to day and having no time to work at my book, I started off in an incredible manner, and looked at divers houses— among others, *of course*,[†2] at Marguerite's.[†3] It is in Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Hall.[†4] In excessively good order—exceedingly convenient (except dark kitchen), but wouldn't do. It is over a Tobacconists's. I saw a little house in Park Square East, next the old Diorama,[†5] cheerful, and with two most delightful bedrooms and a pleasant drawing room, but with a dining room like a cheerful Sedan chair. Nothing in Piccadilly. Nothing in Oxford Street, or on the whole line behind it to the top of Montague Square, and thence to the Edgware Road. A house in Welbeck Street *may* do. I will look at it tomorrow. I have made the acquaintance of a house agent in Regent Street Langham Place,[†6] who is anxious to bait his hook with the Inimitable, and seems well up to his work. "Apartments" everywhere; but to the horrible talk of asking what they consist of, the undersigned is wholly unequal. Gloom and depression of the profoundest character, succeeded to this morning's work. I dined with

Ouvry!
and
Robert Chambers!![†7]

From the latter of whom I learnt that "Nina"[†1] has been nearly dead, and is now only turning the corner.

Love to Marguerite and boys. | Ever affecy
CD.

Forster flitted about the Athenaeum as I conversed in the hall with all sorts and conditions of men[†2]—and pretended not to see me—but I saw in every hair of his whisker (left hand one) that he saw Nothing Else.

February

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 3 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Third February 1864

My Dearest Georgy.

I have seen the house in Gloucester Place Hyde Park,[†3] and have offered £130 from Saturday February 13th. to Saturday June 4th. This is at the rate of £8 per week. I cannot have an answer before Friday morning—here.[†4]

The same agents begged me to look at a house (belonging to a very pleasant old lady) No. 80 Gloucester Crescent Westbourne Terrace. It is rather far, being behind that new church above Lehmann's, and is smaller than the Gloucester Place House; but is extremely pretty, comfortable, and snug. I think it might be got for about Six Guineas a week. The Drawing rooms are extremely pleasant; and the whole house is furnished well, is airy, light, and pretty. I would immediately offer for it, if the other offer were refused. But I should like you, or Mary, or both, to see it first. Therefore if I telegraph to you on Friday, "Come", come by the Gravesend Express on Saturday morning. I will come down to dinner on Saturday. My little run for a week, I mean to postpone until next month.

—Here Fredk. Chapman came to ask me to go and look at the upper part of a house in Albemarle Street Piccadilly,[†5] which could be had for our time and at my figure. I went. Neat Drawing room with 3 windows, small dining room with folding doors, small bedroom beyond. Over that, 3 bedrooms, over them, 2 Servants' bedrooms. [†a]The ground floor held professionally—an awful circumstance —by

HARRINGTON TUKE![†6]

—but the wretched Being would probably lend it to us, whenever we wanted it.[†a†7] Landlady's housemaid to remain (in a third servants-bedroom not counted) to attend said Medical Donkey. Situation, of course undesirable.

Kitchen, said to be very good and light. Rooms, necessarily squeezy, but all light. May be worth looking at, if Gloucester Place offer refused.

Enclosed unexpected letter from Plorn this morning.

Love to all | Ever affecy

CD.

To GEORGE SMITH, 3 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS John Murray (Publishers) Ltd. *Address*: Private | George Smith Esquire | 45 Pall Mall.
Mourning envelope.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Third February 1864

My Dear Sir

Being here, I did not receive your obliging letter and its enclosure, until last night. Allow me to return the latter. I cannot take money for that little tribute.

My Dear Sir | Always Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Smith Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 3 FEBRUARY 1864

Extract in unidentified catalogue, Guildhall Museum, Rochester.

I should be happy to dine with you on Saturday, but for this reason:— I think there are a few men in the Committee[†1] and perhaps outside it in the club, who may be absurd enough to suppose that I seek the distinction of presiding on the Dinner Day.[†2] And for this reason plainly I would rather not appear to propitiate anybody, or put myself at all in the club's way, until that great occasion is over.

To MAJOR R. W. CARTER,[†3] [?EARLY FEBRUARY 1864]

Mention in *D*, VII (1911), 227. *Date:* CD was replying to Carter's letter of 4 Jan 64 MS Farrer & Co.), from Calcutta.

Replying to Carter's news of Walter Dickens's death on 31 Dec 63; and sending him the inscription for Walter's tombstone.[†4]

To JOHN W. EHNINGER,[†1] 4 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fourth February 1864

Dear Sir

I send you half a dozen autographs in aid of the cause you so modestly and generously advocate.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John. W. Ehninger Esquire

To EPES SARGENT,[†3] 4 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Mr Arnold U. Ziegler. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fourth February 1864

My Dear Sir

On returning home after a short absence I hasten to inform you, with many thanks, that I have safely received your book[†4] exactly as you wished me to receive it, and that I promise myself the pleasure of beginning it tomorrow.

Your letter is extremely pleasant to me, and brings back old times[†5] across the Atlantic.[†6]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Epes Sargent Esquire

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 4 FEBRUARY 1864

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* p. 57.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Thursday, February 4th, 1864.

My new book will be in 20 monthly numbers. It will be published in the same form, and will be of the same length, as the original editions of *Pickwick,*

Copperfield, Bleak House, Little Dorrit, etc. The first number will be published at the end of April. You may be sure that the right of reprinting in Germany will be yours on your own terms.[†1]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Eighth February 1864

My Dearest Georgy.

They have taken the offer for the house 57 Gloucester *Place,*[†2] and I have signed the Agreement and paid the first Instalment. Write to Mr. George Wilson,[†3] and make an appointment for Matilda[†4] to go over the Inventory early on Saturday morning (He says they will make a very easy business of it, having let us a house before). I think Matilda had best sleep here, as I suppose you will, on Friday night. You are to name *the hour* on Saturday morning, observe, in writing to Mr. George Wilson.

John says he will post you his list of linen here, tomorrow night. He seems to have no present notion about it.

I have been interrupted again today, and am almost beside myself.[†5]

Coals and baths shall be duly looked to.

Ever affecy

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 10 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Tenth February 1864.

My Dearest Macready

I ought to have written to you long ago; but my new book and various distractions have made me (which was quite superfluous, for I was bad enough before), the worst of correspondents.

My poor boy died in a very few moments,[†6] and with his mind full of coming home. I have reason to believe (but I do not tell them so, on Georgina's

account)[†1] that if he had lived, as I could have wished he had, to see home again, he might probably have dropped dead at the door.

It grieves me to learn that you have been so ill. But I hope and trust that "have been" is now the right phrase, and that you are up again in the old brave Macbeth manner.

I am touched by your having so felt the little paper about poor Thackeray. The injudicious and absurd writing of some of his—miscalled—friends had made it a very difficult thing to do, with his children looking on.

Until June, our address will be in London;—57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park Gardens, W.

I would rather have heard from you as I have done this morning, than from any man alive. God bless you.

With kindest love to Mrs. Macready and all the house

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate friend

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 12 FEBRUARY 1864

MS Morgan Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Friday Twelfth February 1864

My Dear Miss Coutts.

I have taken this house until June, to be in town when my book is preparing and begins to come out.

I cannot tell you my Dearest Friend—and I know I need not—with what feelings I received your affectionate letter this morning, or how dearly I prize it. Let me give you briefly, the circumstances of poor Walter's death.

He had always been in debt, poor boy, and I never could make out how, except that I suppose the Regiment to have been ill looked after by the Colonel. When Charley was in India the two brothers were together for a fortnight, and Charley paid, as he supposed, everything. Yet before he got back to England, there was more to pay. This led in course of time to Walter's writing to me to say that his difficulties had led to his being placed low on the list for a Company (though he had never failed in exactness in his duty on any occasion), and that he had put his name down for home service. I wrote to him urging the folly of that proceeding and its reduction of his Income, and pointed out to him that although I was very sorry, I was not angry, and that he must now, as a matter of common reason and justice to his other brothers, live upon his own means. Thereupon he wrote to Mary, saying that he had made up his mind to write home no more, "until he was out of debt". So nothing was heard of him for many months. Mary then got—this last Autumn—a short note from him to the effect that he was not well, and would presently write again. Then, about the turn of Christmas, she had another short note from him to say that he had not

said how ill he was when he last wrote, for fear of alarming us, but that he had been very ill indeed, and was now packing up to go to Calcutta to be certified by a medical board there, and sent home on sick leave. He said he was "so weak that he could hardly crawl," but otherwise was much better; and he was in joyful expectation of seeing Gad's Hill again. He arrived at Calcutta, from the Station where his regiment was, on the 27th. of December. He was consigned by the Regimental Doctor to the Officers' Hospital there, which is a very fine place. On the last day of the old year at a quarter past 5 in the afternoon he was talking to the other patients about his arrangements for coming home, when he became excited, coughed violently, had a great gush of blood from the mouth, and fell dead;—all this, in a few seconds. It was then found that there was extensive and perfectly incurable aneurism of the Aorta, which had burst. I could have wished it had pleased God to let him see his home again; but I think he would have died at the door.

The immediate cause of his death, his sisters and Charley and I, keep to ourselves; both because his Aunt has the same disorder, and because we observe strong traces of it in one of his brothers.[†1] Another of his brothers, Frank, I sent out to Calcutta on the 20th. of December. He would hear of his brother's death, on touching the shore.

Do not think me unimpressed by certain words in your letter concerning forgiveness and tenderness when I say that I do not claim to have any thing to forgive—that if I had, I hope and believe I would forgive freely—but that a page in my life which once had writing on it, has become absolutely blank, and that it is not in my power to pretend that it has a solitary word upon it.

I am beyond measure interested beforehand, by what you are to tell me. Pray write it as soon as you can.[†2] Do not suppose, that I am unfit to pursue it. I am at work, though in a rather dull slow way for the moment.

On the last night of the old Year I was acting charades with all the children. I had made something to carry, as the Goddess of Discord; and it came into my head as it stood against the wall while I was dressing, that it was like the dismal things that are carried at Funerals. I took a pair of scissors and cut away a quantity of black calico that was upon it, to remove this likeness. But while I was using it, I noticed that its *shadow* on the wall still had that resemblance, though the thing itself had not. And when I went to bed, it was in my bedroom, and still looked so like, that I took it to pieces before I went to sleep. All this would have been exactly the same, if poor Walter had not died that night. And examining my own mind closely, since I received the news, I recall that at Thackeray's funeral I had sat looking at that very object of which I was reminded. See how easily a marvellours story may be made.

I enclose a line for Mrs. Brown, and am Ever My Dear friend

Your affectionate and grateful

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS BROWN, [12 FEBRUARY 1864]

Mention in last. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To MISS CLARA DIXON,[†1] 12 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Mr Irving Rosenwater. *Address:* Miss Clara Dixon | 70 Portsdown Road | Maida Hill | W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twelfth February 1864

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Dixon, and regrets that he must class her application among vast numbers of others to which he cannot respond.

To MARCUS STONE, 14 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Sunday Fourteenth February 1864

My Dear Marcus.

They have been casting new type for my new book, or I should have sent you some print sooner.

Enclosed is the 1st. No.[†2] I hope to get the 2nd.[†3] from the Printer in a day, or two. And the Third[†4] is now under my hand.

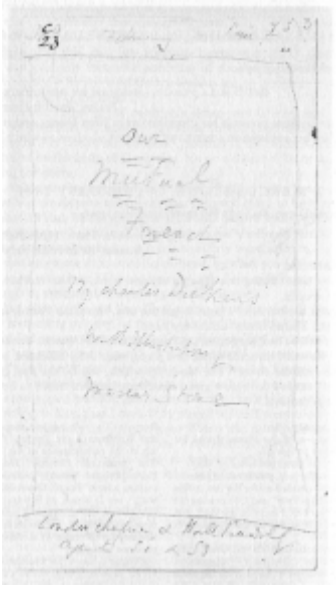
I think it will be best for you to read the 1st. two Nos. before we take counsel together.[†5] We will then settle in the first place, what little indication of the story we will have on the cover.[†6] The block for

which, will be the first thing to be drawn.[†7] Of course I have now given directions for your name to be put in all future advertisements.[†8]

I shall be here to dinner at ½ past 6, every day this week except Tuesday. Will you come and dine one day, when you are ready for consultation.

Ever affecy.

CD.



To THE SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS,[†1] 17 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. *Address* (envelope, MS Mr T. A. B. Corley): The Secretary | of The Royal Society | For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals | 12 Pall Mall | W. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place Hyde Park Gardens
Seventeenth February 1864

Sir.

As I am in town until June, my receipt of your letter has been delayed. Moreover, other matters have occupied my attention.

I have a high opinion of the Society you represent, and believe that it does a great deal of good.[†2] But I cannot have the gratification of attending the projected Meeting at Rochester.[†3] The few

public engagements of that nature that I have made for the present Season, are the most I can possibly render compatible with my own avocations.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Secretary | of
The Royal Society for

The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

To LADY MOLESWORTH, 22 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Swedish Academy, Stockholm. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Monday Twenty Second February 1864.

My Dear Lady Molesworth

I think I had best wait for the small dinner. On the 8th. of March I am going away for a week, but for no longer.

Take care of yourself in this trying weather.

Ever affecy. Yours
CD.

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 22 FEBRUARY 1864

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz 1837-1912*, p. 57.

London, February 22nd. 1864.

I have the pleasure of readily accepting your offer of £—Sterling[†1] for the usual right of republishing my new book. The name will not be announced until about the middle of March. It is intended to publish the first monthly number on the 30th of April.

Charley is very well, and sends you his kindest remembrance and regard. He has two daughters,[†2] of whom the second was born only two or three days ago.

To SIR EDWIN LANDSEER,[†3] 23 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Private. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glos'ter Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Twenty Third February 1864

My Dear Edwin Landseer

Many thanks for the little book.[†4] But I cannot say—somehow—I scarcely known why—that it interests me as much as I had expected from Mr. Gladstone's account.[†5] Perhaps it is because the writer does not seem to me at all to understand a child, and is so mightily wise.

Bad weather this, for our Scotch trip!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. T. MITFORD,[†6] 23 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Mrs W.S. Mitford. *Address:* W.T. Mitford Esquire MP | 12 Cavendish Square. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Tuesday Twenty Third February 1864

Dear Sir

My absence from town delayed my receipt of your letter until last night.

That faithful description of mine to which you refer, is contained in a letter I addressed to the Times on the occasion of the execution of the Mannings, man and wife, at Horsemongers Lane Jail. It was published on the morning after the execution, and was succeeded in a day or two by another.[†7] I have no copies of

them, or they should be at your service. Mr. Thackeray, in Fraser's Magazine, described his observation of Courvoisier's execution; at which we were both present.[†1]

The question of Public Executions, I venture to suggest, is not in the least one to theorize about. No man's opinion on the subject (in support of public executions) is worth anything to me unless he has seen the shameful sight. I cannot bear to repeat the experience; but I was outside Newgate last Sunday night at 10 o'Clock, and found the old wicked unimpressible forces in full action.[†2] Two young ladies walked round me, within a few yards of the ground reserved for the scaffold; and the worst class of boys and ruffians in London were already taking their places. The rest of the scene was like a Diabolical Fair.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. T. Mitford Esquire MP.

To MARCUS STONE, 23 FEBRUARY 1864†

MS Morgan Library.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Tuesday Twenty Third February 1864

My Dear Marcus

I think the design for the cover, *excellent,* and do not doubt its coming out to perfection. The slight alteration I am going to suggest, originates in a business consideration not to be overlooked.

The word "Our" in the title, must be out in the open, like Mutual Friend; making the Title three distinct long lines—"Our" as big as "Mutual Friend".[†3] This will give you too much design at the bottom. I would therefore take out the Dustman, and put the Wegg and Boffin composition (which is capital), in its place.[†4] I don't want Mr. Inspector or the Murder Reward bill, because those points are sufficiently indicated in the River at the top.[†5] Therefore you can have an indication of the Dustman, in Mr. Inspector's place.[†6] Note, that the Dustman's face should be droll, and not horrible.[†7] Twemlow's elbow will still go out of the frame as it does now, and the same with Lizzie's skirts on the opposite side.[†8] With these changes, work away!

[†a]I have done the St. Andrew Street[†1] place,[†2] and have made it the last Chapter of the 2nd. No.[†3] I will send you a proof when I get it. It is very like, with an imaginary man and an imaginary place in the story.[†a]

Affecy always

CD.

To H.G. ADAMS, 25 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Thursday Twenty Fifth February 1864

My Dear Mr. Adams.

I am happy to accede to the Committee's request.[†4] And let me thank you personally, for your handsome mention of me in your report.[†5]

Your son[†6] is very much better in the place he has now than in his old department of the Post Office. I congratulate both him and you on the change.

My poor boy in India was coming home on sick leave. One of his brothers would arrive[†7] out in Calcutta, counting upon seeing him after six years, to find that he had been dead a month.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

HG Adams Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 FEBRUARY 1864]

Extract in F, IX, v, 741. *Date:* 25 Feb 64, according to Forster.

While I was considering what it should be, Marcus, who has done an excellent cover, came to tell me of an extraordinary trade he had found out, through one of his painting requirements. I immediately went with him to Saint Giles's to look at the place, and found—what you will see.[†8]

To CHARLES KENT, 25 FEBRUARY 1864

Mention in Dickens Exhibition catalogue, New Dudley Gallery, 1909; *MS* 1 p.; dated Glo'ster Place, 25 Feb 64. *Address* (envelope MS Boston Athenaeum): Private | Charles Kent Esquire | | "Sun" Office | Strand | W.C. PM 25 Feb 64.

To R. J. LANE,[†1] 25 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Sir John Nicholson. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glos'ter Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Twenty Fifth February 1864.

My Dear Lane

You have done everything you possibly could do, in reference to that disgraceful publication.[†2] The extraordinary abuse of confidence in the posting about of private letters which I have of late years constantly observed, has moved me to two courses; firstly, to destroy all the letters I receive from private friends, as soon as I have read them;[†3] and secondly to write as short letters as I possibly can.

Macready has been very ill, and is slowly recovering. I doubt the thing's coming in his way, unless some good-natured friend should help him to it.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard J Lane Esquire

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 26 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Sixth February 1864

My Dear Tennent.

I am truly sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting this paper. But it is too much in the nature of a didactic account of a book,[†5] for the purposes of this Journal. And really I think that Mr.

Kelly[†6] might not unnaturally complain of our taking too much from him, and giving him too little in return, in the way of setting off his subject attractively.

Will you kindly convey my thanks to Mr. Howell?[†7] As a mere Review, I think his paper solidly and faithfully done; but that is short of the object here.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To CHARLES KENT, 27 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Boston Athenaeum. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" Office | Strand | W.C. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glos'ter Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Saturday Twenty Seventh February 1864

My Dear Kent.

I rather like—as appropriate to all your sub-headings—the title

FOOTPRINTS ON THE ROAD[†1]

I have also thought of it as

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SHORE[†1]

but the first is the better, perhaps.[†2] If you don't like this, or if you see any objection to it, tell me so; then I will cast about again.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 27 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | Swallowfield | Reading. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens W.
Saturday Twenty Seventh February 1864

My Dear George Russell.

I hope this does not bespeak any weakness in the Reforming cause.[†3] That, of course, is the only thing to care about.

As to the pros and cons—the live pros and cons in the Committee, I mean—it is really not worth while to know more, and on the whole I very clearly decide that it is not worth *my* while. But I shall be

very glad to know how you think you stand as to the General Meeting.[†4] Can you come and dine with us (alone) on Tuesday at half past 6 sharp? If you should be unfortunately engaged and should tell me so, I will be at the Athenæum to meet you, at ½ past 4 on that day.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To MARCUS STONE, 27 FEBRUARY 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Twenty Seventh Feby. 1864

My Dear Marcus

All perfectly right. Alterations quite satisfactory. Everything very pretty. I am afraid Dalziells[†1] will make rough work of some of those fine lines, mais nous verrons.

Ever affecy.
CD.

I have detained your messenger while I dined[†2]

To A. J. TRIX,[†3] 27 FEBRUARY 1864

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Aug 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 27 Feb 64; addressed A. J. Trix. On mourning paper.

Rejecting a paper for All the Year Round, although your sea experience is plainly and unaffectedly told, it is not sufficiently novel or striking.

To MRS [?BENZON],[†4] FEBRUARY 1864

Mention in Union Square Book Shop catalogue, Vol. 5, No. 3 (1930); *MS* 1 p.; dated Feb 64; addressed "My dear Mrs. 'Bunyon'".

March

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 1 MARCH 1864

Text from MDGH, II, 212-13.

57, Gloucester Place, W.,
Tuesday, March 1st, 1864.

My dear Knight,

We knew of your being in the Isle of Wight, and had said that we should have this year to drink your health in your absence. Rely on my being always ready and happy to renew our old friendship in the flesh. In the spirit it needs no renewal, because it has no break.

†a Ah, poor Mrs. White!†1 A sad, sad story! It is better for poor White that that little churchyard by the sea†2 received his ashes a while ago, than that he should have lived to this time.†a

My poor boy was on his way home from an up-country station, on sick leave. He had been very ill, but was not so at the time. He was talking to some brother-officers in the Calcutta hospital about his preparations for home, when he suddenly became excited, had a rush of blood from the mouth, and was dead. †a His brother Frank would arrive out at Calcutta, expecting to see him after six years, and he would have been dead a month.†a

My "working life" is resolving itself at the present into another book, in twenty green leaves.†3 You work like a Trojan at Ventnor, but you do that everywhere; and that's why you are so young.

Mary and Georgina unite in kindest regard to you, and to Mrs. Knight, and to your daughters. So do I. And I am ever, my dear Knight,

Affectionately yours

[CD]

P.S.—Serene View! What a placid address!

To MESSRS DALZIEL BROTHERS, 2 MARCH 1864*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Favored by Fredk. Chapman Esquire | Messrs. Dalziell Brothers. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens, W.
Wednesday Second March 1864.

Dear Sirs

As I am anxious to give Mr. Stone's illustrations to my new book every possible chance, I trouble you with the assurance that I shall feel really obliged to you if you will have the kindness to take the engraving of them under your especial protection.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Dalziell Brothers.

To JOHN HUMPHERY,[†1] 2 MARCH 1864

Extracts in Sotheby catalogue, July 1983 and Sophie Dupré Autographs catalogue, 1985; *MS* 2 pp; dated, according to Dupré, 2 Mar 64, from Office of *AYR*, but on Gad's Hill Place headed paper. *Address:* misspelt "Humphrey" either by CD or cataloguer: see below.

Dear Sir

Your brother Mr. William Humphery has informed me that you will be so very kind as to bid for me at the sale of wine tomorrow.... Not to make your obliging service a difficult one or to encumber you with details I will confine myself to saying that I shall be glad to lay out from £100 to £150 on the '34 Port taking the smaller range if it should go at very high prices and the larger if it should go at eight or nine guineas per dozen.[†2]

John Humphery Esquire

To MISS ANNE MANNING,[†3] 2 MARCH 1864*

MS Walter T. Spencer. *Address* (MS envelope, Dickens House): Miss Manning | Reigate | Surrey. PM 2 Mar 64.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Second March 1864

Dear Madam

I am afraid you will have though me unmindful of your agreeable note, and of the clever book[†4] accompanying it: which I read with much pleasure. If you have deemed me unworthy of either because I have so long delayed these present thanks to you for both, I beg you to restore me to my old place in your good opinion, on receiving my assurance that I am very penitent.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. T. W. GOLDHAWK,[†5] 3 MARCH 1864

Extract in Dodd Mead, *A Book of Seasonable Nuggets, Large and Small; MS* 1 p.; dated 3 Mar 64; addressed The Rev. T.W. Goldhawk.

With this I have the pleasure of sending you a copy of David Copperfield.

To THE REV. W. C. SAWYER, 3 MARCH 1864

Extract in Walter M. Hill catalogue No. 77 (Nov 1918); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, Thursday, 3 Mar 64; addressed The Rev. W. C. Sawyer.

I have decided to let Edward go,[†1] and do not doubt that he will be the better for it.[†2]

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, 4 MARCH 1864*

MS Mr John Siegel. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Fourth March 1864

My Dear Charles.

I would have cheerfully gone out of my way to preside for the Rowing-Club,[†3] if I had known of their wish a little sooner. But I am unfortunately disabled from doing so, by having replied to several similar invitations that all the engagements of that nature I can reasonably make for this season, I have already made. If I were to gratify my inclination in this instance, I should give offence elsewhere and fall into inconsistencies. But report to the gentlemen concerned, that I will readily consider them as having a claim on me (if they should care to urge it) "next time".[†4]

Affectionately always
CHARLES DICKENS

To [?CHARLES EDMONDS],[†5] 4 MARCH 1864*

MS Public Library of Newark, New Jersy.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Night Fourth March 1864

The most portable edition of Boccaccio's Decameron, in English[†6]

CHARLES DICKENS

To MARCUS STONE, 4 MARCH 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Friday Fourth March 1864

My Dear Marcus.

The little chapter descriptive of your friend's place of business,[†1] begins at page 58 of the enclosed proof. As I have not got it by me in duplicate, please bring it back on Sunday, after having read it.

Affecy.

CD.

To R. J. LANE, 5 MARCH 1864*

MS Sir John Nicholson. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens.
Saturday Fifth March 1864

My Dear Lane.

I have decided not to pursue this subject[†2] in All The Year Round, but I rather think that the culprit will shortly find himself pilloried elsewhere. Such information as I could give against him, I have freely given, on application.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDMUND OLLIER, [EARLY] MARCH 1864

MS Yale University Library. *Date:* Mar according to Ollier (see below);[†3] early that month to give him time to write "Working Men's Clubs".

I want the article on Working Men's Clubs,[†4] to refer back to "the Poor Man and his beer"[†5] in No. 1, and to maintain the principle involved in that effort.

Also, emphatically to shew that trustfulness is at the bottom of all social Institutions, and that to trust a man, as one of a body of men, is to place him

under a wholesome restraint of social opinion, and is a very much better thing than to make a baby of him.

Also, to point out that the rejection of beer in this club, tobacco in that club, dancing or what not in another club, are instances that such clubs are founded on mere whims, and therefore cannot successfully address human nature in the general, and hope to last.

Also, again to urge that Patronage is the curse and blight of all such endeavours, and to impress upon the working men that they must originate and manage for themselves. And to ask them the question Can they possibly shew their detestation of Drunkenness better, or better strive to get rid of it from among them, than to make it a hopeless disqualification in all their clubs, and a reason for expulsion.

Also, to encourage them to declare to themselves[†1] and their fellow workingmen that they want social rest and social recreation for themselves and their families; and that these clubs are intended for that laudable and necessary purpose and do not need educational pretences or flourishes. Do not let them be afraid or ashamed of wanting to be amused and pleased.

To MRS BENZON, 7 MARCH 1864

Mention in J. A. Stargardt catalogue (1958); dated 7 Mar 64; addressed Mrs Benzon.

To A CHIMNEY-SWEEP, 15 MARCH 1864

Text from N, III, 383.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
15th March 1864

Dear Sir,

Since you last swept my study chimney it has developed some peculiar eccentricities. Smoke has indeed proceeded from the cowl that surmounts it, but it has seemingly been undergoing internal agonies of a most distressing nature, and pours forth disastrous volumes of swarthy vapour into the apartment wherein I habitually labour. Although a comforting relief probably to the chimney, this is not altogether convenient to me. If you can send a confidential sub-sweep, with whom the chimney can engage in social intercourse, it might be induced to disclose the cause of the departure from its normal functions.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 15 MARCH 1864

Mention in New Dudley Gallery catalogue of Dickens Exhibition (1908); *MS* 1 p.; dated 57 Gloucester Place, 15 Mar 64; addressed George Holsworth.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 15 MARCH 1864

MS Lytton Papers. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Tuesday Fifteenth March 1864

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I want to tell you how deeply I have been impressed by the Boatman.[†1] It haunts me as only a beautiful and profound thing can. The lines are always running in my head, as the river runs with me.

Ever Yours
CD.

To THE LORD CHIEF BARON,[†2] 15 MARCH 1864

Text from MDGH, II, 214.

57 Glo'ster Place
Tuesday Fifteenth March, 1864

My Dear Chief Baron

Many thanks for your kind letter.

Your answer concerning poor Thackeray I will duly make known to the active spirit in that matter, Mr. Shirley Brooks.

Your kind invitation to me to come and see you and yours,[†3] and hear the nightingales, I shall not fail to discuss with Forster, and with an eye to spring. I expect to see him presently; the rather as I found a note from him when I came back yesterday, describing himself somewhat gloomily as not having been well, and as feeling a little out of heart.

It is not out of order, I hope, to remark that you have been much in my thoughts and on my lips lately? For I really have not been able to repress my admiration of the vigorous dignity and sense and spirit, with which one of the best of judges set right one of the dullest of juries in a recent case.[†4]

Believe me ever | Very faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 16 MARCH 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | W. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens W.
Sixteenth March 1864

My Dear George Russell

I am sorry that my Proxy for that election has gone to Mr. Salmon,[†1] the founder of the place.[†2]

Early notice shall be given you of Wilkie's return. I am looking out for him.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To BENJAMIN LILLIE, 17 MARCH 1864*

MS Mr Walter F. Lillie.

57 Glo'ster Place Hyde Park Gardens W
Thursday Evening Seventeenth March 1864

Dr. Mr. Lillie

I enclose you a cheque for your bill.[†3] Please to return the latter, receipted.

In all respects I am perfectly satisfied both with the work[†4] and with the charges. This has invariably been the case in all the dealings I have had with you, and it is a great satisfaction to me to be able to tell you so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY MORLEY, [17 MARCH 1864]

Mention in *To* Wills, 18 Mar 64. *Date:* written previous day.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 18 MARCH 1864*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens W.
Friday Eighteenth March 1864

My Dear Dixon.

I beg to enclose you my subscription of Ten Pounds towards the Shakespeare Monument; (in which, or in any other such Monument, I dont believe!) I also send an order for £5 to be entered as the subscription of

Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke

The order is addressed to Mr. Novello[†1] of Dean Street, who, they tell me, will pay it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 18 MARCH 1864

MS Huntington Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloster Place
ChapterFriday Eighteenth March 1864

My Dear Wills

I hope you won't send the price of Brandy up, for I want to buy a cask.

Yesterday I went to the office and wrote to Morley about the No.[†2] begging him to send me the Proofs here. For I have given a meeting to Forster to day, who wants to see me. All is right and straight, no doubt. We will take counsel together (I can come to you any day in the afternoon, mind) when Lillie's estimate comes in. The office at present is simply hideous.

I send you the first 3 Nos. of Our Mutual Friend. When you have done with them let me have them again, as they contain my marks for the Printer.

Edmund wrote to ask me what I thought of his going to the Volunteer night-attack and defence in Kent. I told him he might try it.[†3]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 19 MARCH 1864*

MS Huntington Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place

Saturday Nineteenth March 1864

My Dear Wills.

I am not at all clear about parting with the No. so soon; and to tell you the truth, my sympathy with "poor Gunther"[†4] in his misfortune is so extremely slight, that I don't care twopence about holding him to his agreement.

I will come round to you (I am not certain when Sampson Low ought to have his first proof),[†5] as soon as I can get round. To day, or tomorrow. I am anxious to work over a certain point of Our Mutual Friend before I tackle the office proofs—which still await me.

Stick to the Brandy Bottle and all good living.

Ever

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 21 MARCH 1864*

MS Mr Vincent Starrett. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens

Monday Twenty First March 1864

My Dear Morley.

Will you kindly write a paper upon Forster's book,[†1] for A.Y.R. As I have no doubt that you know the book already, I need not indicate its merits. I send it herewith. I have been thinking of some such title as

H O W K I N G C H A R L E S ' S H E A D L O O S E N E D .[†2]

Ever Yours

CD

To CHARLES ELLIS, 22 MARCH 1864*

MS Mr R. Tomlinson. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glos'ter Place Hyde Park Gardens W.
Tuesday Twenty Second March 1864

Dear Mr. Ellis

I enclose you a cheque for £40..0..0 in discharge of the enclosed account.[†3] I have not had the bill for the last quarter cask of sherry.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 22 MARCH 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | S. W.
On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Tuesday Night Twenty Second March 1864

My Dear George Russell

Wilkie was expected home yesterday, but has not yet reported himself.

Can you find out for me how the probabilities stand with reference to the election of young Stone, the painter? He tells me this afternoon that he comes up, on Saturday Week. I should be very sorry that he went wrong for want of a word of advice from me. There is no reason on the earth why they should not elect him, and there is the reason of his own ability and manner and character why they should.[†4] But "that's no rule", as the Ghost of Giles Scroggins said.[†5]

Any information will be thankfully received.

For the rest,—"my soul's in arms and eager for the fray".[†1]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To MRS NICHOLS, 23 MARCH 1864

Text from N, III, 383.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Wednesday, Twenty-Third March 1864

Dear Madam,

I will not give you the trouble, in your present state of health, of coming to me, but will call on you on Sunday at 4 o'clock.

Dear Madam | Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To RICHARD BENTLEY,[†2] 24 MARCH 1864*

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

Private[†3]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Fourth March 1864

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to assure you that I appreciate and reciprocate the good-feeling expressed in it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 25 MARCH 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | S.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Night Twenty Fifth March 1864

My Dear George Russell

Many thanks for your letter. I write hastily to let you know that Wilkie Collins is at home in Harley Street.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, 29 MARCH 1864

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place Hyde Park Gardens W.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth March 1864

My Dear Forster. I meant to write to you last night; but—to enable Wills to get away—I had to read a book of Fitzgerald's[†1] through, before I went to bed. Otherwise I could not decide upon a proposal he has made to us.[†2]

My dear fellow, Wednesday the 6th. is the day of the Printers' Pension Dinner! And what can the wretched Chairman do for his own pleasure, on that dismal occasion!![†3]

But let us try another day, either at your house or at this. Say at this. I will take counsel with Mary and Georgina (and Goldsmid[†4] and the London University —which suddenly comes into my mind),[†5] and one of them shall write to Mrs. Forster with a good broad margin, to night.

Concerning Eliot,[†6] I sat down, as I told you, and read the book through, with the strongest interest and the highest admiration. I believe it to be as honest, spirited, patient, reliable, and gallant a piece of biography as ever was written; the care and pains of it, astonishing; the completeness of it, masterly. And what I particularly feel about it, is, that the dignity of the man, and the dignity of the book that tells about the man, always go together and fit each other. This same quality has always impressed me as the great leading speciality of the Goldsmith[†7] —and ingrained[†8] sympathy with the subject, knowledge of it, and pursuit of it in its own spirit—but I think it even more remarkable here. I declare that apart from the interest of having been so put into the time and enabled to understand it, I personally feel, quite as much, the credit and honor done to Literature by such a book. It quite clears out of the remembrance a thousand pitiful things, and sets one up in heart again. I am not surprised in the least, by Bulwer's enthusiasm. I was as confident about the effect of the book when I closed the first Volume,[†9] as I was when I closed the second with a full heart.[†10] No man less in earnest than Eliot himself could have done it—and I make bold to add that it never could have been done but by a man who was as distinctly born to do the work, as Eliot was to do his.

Saturday at Hastings I must give up. I have wavered and considered, and considered and wavered, but if I take that sort of holiday I must have a day or two to spare after it, and at this critical time I have not. If I were to lose a page of the 5 Nos. I have proposed to myself to be ready by the publication day, I should feel that I had fallen short. I have grown hard to satisfy, and write very slowly. And I have so much—not[†1] fiction—that *will* be thought of, when I don't want to think of it, that I am forced to take more care than I once took.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To get out of town, quickly. It is beastly, at this time. The Sea is of all things the thing you want. Yesterday (I walked, long, against the dust) was a day to fly from. Utterly abominable and unwholesome.

To MRS NICHOLS, 29 MARCH 1864

Text from N, III, 383.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Tuesday Afternoon, Twenty-Ninth March, 1864

My Dear Mrs. Nichols,

Coming in here this afternoon, I find your note, and immediately comply with its request concerning the paper. To-morrow afternoon I will send you a pen that I will bring down purposely—with which I have been at work all day on my new book.

Ever yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARCUS STONE, 31 MARCH 1864*

MS Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens. *Address:* Marcus Stone Esquire | Russell House | Tavistock Square W.C. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Thursday Night Thirty First March 1864

My Dear Marcus I will come to look at the Picture[†2] tomorrow. Leech was with me yesterday, and I arranged with him his prudent course for Saturday. (He came with that object, having first written.) There is no doubt of his doing all he can.[†3]

Ever affecy.
CD.

April

To FRANK R. MILNES,[†1] 1 APRIL 1864*

MS Miss E. S. de Kock. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday First April, 1864

Sir

I beg to thank you for your very obliging note, and for the ingenious and compact little invention you have had the kindness to present to me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Frank R Milnes

To MRS NICHOLS, 1 APRIL 1864

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Friday First April 1864

My Dear Mrs. Nichols.

You do not understand me—I dare say it is my fault—on the subject of your "Test Medium"?[†2] I do not desire to see him, and indeed altogether decline to see any person making those pretensions. I left those questions with you, not because I have the least scrap of belief in their being answered according to the truth, but because I thought it well that you should find out that they can *not* be answered. It is not at all in accordance with my reverence for the great mystery of Death and the existence beyond the grave, to put them myself through the interposition of any human creature. I should make a horrible pretence if I did so.

I cannot tell you how glad I am to know that you sleep so well. Next Sunday I am engaged particularly; but I can call on you on Monday (if that will do) at 4 o'Clock.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

My address in town until the 1st. of June, is 57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park Gardens W. In the meantime I am very little here.

To E. F. FLOWER,[†1] 2 APRIL 1864

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Immediate | —Flower Esquire | Great Western Hotel. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place Hyde Park Gardens
Saturday Night, Second April 1864

Dear Sir

I beg to inform you that I have received no authority from Mr. Fechter to make any communication respecting him to the Stratford Committee.[†2]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Flower Esquire

To DR HENRY KINGSLEY,[†3] 2 APRIL 1864*

MS Shakespeare Birthplace Trust. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens, London
Saturday Night Second April 1864

Sir

I regret that I cannot accept the invitation with which you have honoured me on behalf of your committee, to the Stratford banquet on the Twenty Third.[†4] But it is absolutely necessary that I should be in London on that day,[†5] and I am obliged to forego the pleasure you offer me.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Kingsley

To W. H. WILLS, 2 APRIL 1864

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Second April 1864

My Dear Wills

I hope you are deriving benefit from the sea—and the shore—and the young ladies on horseback—and the Jews—and the riding masters—and the schools— and the gallant seamen who never do what England expects of them,[†1] in the least.[†2]

As next week will not be my working-time at Our Mutual Friend, I shall devote the day of Friday (*not* the evening) to making up here. Therefore I write to say that if you would rather stay where you are, than come to London, *don't come.* I shall throw my hat into the ring at ll,[[sic, 11?]] and shall receive all the punishment that can be administered by two Nos. on end,[†3] like a British glutton.

Ever
CD.

To F. DENSON,[†4] 5 APRIL 1864

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, No. 2029 (Feb 1926); dated Gad's Hill Place, 5 Apr 64; addressed Mr. F. Denson.

Declining an invitation.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 9 APRIL 1864*

MS Princeton University Library. *Address:* Mr. Holsworth | "All the Year Round" Office | 26 Wellington Street | Strand | W. C. Mourning envelope.

Glo'ster Place | 9th. April 1864

Dear Mr. Holsworth. Will you be so good as answer this letter according to my endorsement on it.

Faithfully Yours CD.[†5]

To SAMUEL TIMMINS,[†6] 12 APRIL 1864

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, 1903; *MS* 1 p.; dated 12 Apr 64; addressed Sam. Timmins.

In reference to an invitation to the Shakespeare Club.

To W. P. FRITH, 13 APRIL 1864

MS Victoria and Albert Museum. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Wednesday Thirteenth April, 1864

My Dear Frith.

That Van Amburgh[†1] of Trafalgar Square[†2] has never told me what the day is, neither do you in your note tell me. Pray enlighten me on this indispensable head. If I am disengaged, I shall be delighted to dine with you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Frith Esquire

To W. P. FRITH, 13 APRIL 1864

MS Victoria and Albert Museum. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place Hyde Park Gardens
Wednesday Thirteenth April, 1864

My Dear Frith

See what a fellow Edwin Landseer is! He never gave me a hint of the day— said he didn't know it, when he described those evenings to me—said he would look at his list and tell me about it— never *has* told me any thing more—and here am I, on Saturday the 23rd. going out of town with Forster, Browning,[†3] and Wilkie Collins, to keep Shakespeare's birthday in peace and quiet. Was there ever such a fellow!

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARCUS STONE, 13 APRIL 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 G.P.
Wednesday Thirteenth April 1864

My Dear Marcus. I discover the absurd circumstance that your portfolio came back to you yesterday, with your own note in it instead of one from me, saying "all right". This is to explain.

Ever

CD.

To F. G. TOMLINS,[†1] [13] APRIL 1864

Text from *Morning Advertiser*, 15 June 70.[†2] *Date:* Wednesday was 13 Apr.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday, 12th of April 1864.

My dear Sir,

I am truly honoured by the feeling of the working men towards me, as expressed in your note, and would far rather take part in their interesting proceedings than in any other ceremonial held on that day.[†3]

But I am not free. The request, unfortunately, comes too late. I have declined several public invitations on the ground that I had resolved to take part in none, and had bound myself to a few personal friends for a quiet private remembrance of the occasion. From this conclusion I cannot now depart.

Do me the kindness to assure the delegates with whom you are in communication of my cordial sympathy and respect.[†4]

My dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

F. G. Tomlins, Esq.

To ROBERT WRITH,[†5] 14 [APRIL] 1864

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue No. 20 (1991); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR* (headed paper), 14 [April] 1864; addressed Robert Writh.

Saying he has read the verses at the end of the volume returned with this note, and beg to express my regret that they cannot be made available in this journal.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 APRIL 1864

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fifteenth April 1864

My Dear Wills.

By all means. Any time after 3 on Wednesday afternoon. But don't you think you had best come and dine here, and make up the No.?[†6] The office is the Abode of Desolation.[†7]

There was no letter of mine to Thackeray about the Yates matter[†1] (that I can remember), but one— and *that* was published at the time, in Yates's pamphlet.[†2]

I hope John will get his voice on the margin of the sounding deep.

—— But Lord bless you, you have no idea of what I said, from those wretched accounts.[†3] I hate the thought of anybody's reading them.

Kindest regard to the Ladies

Ever Faithfully

CD.

We'll have a bet on our Mutual Friend, when we meet.[†4]

To HYDE BRISCOE,[†5] 16 APRIL 1864

Extract from catalogue in N, III, 386.

Gad's Hill Place | 16th April, 1864

Your first letter remained unanswered for longer than I had intended, but it often happens that my occupations prevent my maintaining any correspondence. You are at perfect liberty to state that my son Sydney was under your instruction to my perfect satisfaction.

To E. F. FLOWER, 16 APRIL 1864

Extract in Maggs catalogue No. 441 (1923); *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 Apr 64; addressed Flower.

Thanks for your note; but my occupations are so pressing just now, that I cannot spare time for such an engagement.[†6]

To LOVELL REEVE,[†1] 16 APRIL 1864*

MS Fales Library, New York University. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday Sixteenth April 1864

Dear Sir

In reply to your obliging note I beg to assure you that I did not mistake the nature, or under-rate the importance, of your Work, when we last communicated in reference to it.[†2]

But I declined, and still must decline, to sit for any new photograph;[†3] firstly, because I very much dislike that operation; secondly, because my doing so would involve me in the redemption of a dozen conditional promises; and thirdly, because three London photographers can supply me in all manner of shapes and sizes.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lovell Reeve Esquire

To GEORGE SMITH,[†4] [?MID-APRIL 1864]

MS (draft)[†5] Carl H. Pforzheimer Library. *Date:* perhaps mid-Apr 64, though some time after Smith's letter.

Private
Sir,

Mr. Charles Dickens's receipt of your letter[†6] has been delayed—he requests me to inform you—by accidental circumstances. This is one of hundreds constantly addressed to Mr. Dickens, the briefest replies to which under his own hand would absorb his whole time. You may judge how little power he has of helping such correspondents. But he charges me to assure you that if you will address to him here, to my care, any of those short pieces to which you refer,[†7] he will read them himself.

To CHARLES ATKINSON,[†1] 21 APRIL 1864

Text from N, III, 386.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Twenty-First April, 1864

Dear Sir,

In reply to your obliging note, I beg to say that I shall be happy to correct the report of what I said at the Dinner,[†2] in the Proof, if you will have the kindness to send it to me in due course.

Dear Sir, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DR T. L. NICHOLS,[†3] 21 APRIL 1864

Text from N, III, 386.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens

Twenty-First April, 1864

Dear Sir,

My erratic requirements of air and exercise when I am (as at present) much occupied, have delayed my receipt of your note.

I will come tomorrow (Friday) at 4. And I will endeavour to be rather before than after the hour, as I must attend a meeting at 5.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LOVELL REEVE, 21 APRIL 1864*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty First April, 1864

My Dear Sir

My receipt of your kind invitation to dinner at Girdler's Hall[†4] has been delayed. I regret that I cannot accept it, in consequence of having an engagement out of town today.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lovell Reeve Esquire.

To HENRY G. WARREN, [?17-23 APRIL 1864]

Mention in Minute-book, MS Newspaper Press Fund, 23 Apr 64. *Date:* between the "special letter" to him of 16/17 Apr and the Committee meeting of 23 Apr.[†1]

Declining the Committee's invitation to him to attend the annual Dinner on 21 *May.*[†2]

To THOMAS HUGHES,[†3] 26 APRIL 1864*

MS Private. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glos'ter Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Tuesday Twenty Sixth April, 1864

My Dear Mr. Hughes.

I have by no means forgotten the days you refer to in your note,[†4] and am happy to have an opportunity of telling you so.

It would give me real pleasure to comply with your request, if I were at all connected with the Borough.[†5] I have no great opinion of the electors and have always studiously kept myself aloof from them in their electoral capacity. Moreover, I sold the house and ground I had in London, five years ago. I may, for anything I know, have a Finsbury vote in right of my office, but I have never voted and have never looked after the qualifications. If you go to the Poll, I will go there too (being legally able) and vote for you. The proposed Meeting is a kind of gathering at which I should be out of place.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hughes Esquire

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 26 APRIL 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | S. W.
On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloster Place Hyde Park Gardens
Tuesday Twenty Sixth April 1864

My Dear George Russell

A glorious success! And the thing could not have been better done than it was by you.[†6]

If they should prove so imbecile as to question the immediate action of the election, then I think it would be of the utmost importance to strike on the hot iron, and call a Special General Meeting without delay.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 27 APRIL 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | S. W.
On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night Twenty Seventh April | 1864.

My Dear George Russell.

I hope those men may not think better of retiring.[†1] Because if they go, their game is up for many a long day.

Of course you will do with me whatever you like. I never do any thing by halves.

I was very sorry to miss you today while I was constitutionally ravaging Hampstead.[†2] A card is coming to you from here, which I hope may find you disengaged on the day named in it.

Cordially Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Your brother[†3] is thorough game—and looks it.

To MRS BENZON, 30 APRIL 1864*

MS Private. *Address:* Mrs Benzon | 10 Kensington Palace Gardens. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Thirtieth April, 1864

Mr. Charles Dickens will be very happy to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Benzon on Tuesday the Seventeenth of May.[†4]

May

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 MAY 1864]

Extract in F, IX, v, 742. *Date:* 3 May, according to Forster.

Nothing can be better than *Our Friend*, now in his thirtieth thousand, and orders flowing in fast.

To MICHAEL BASS,[†1] [?EARLY MAY 1864]

Text from Michael T. Bass, *Street Music in the Metropolis*, 1864, pp. 41-2. *Date:* probably shortly after Bass was given leave to bring in his Bill, 3 May 64 (see below).

Sir,

Your undersigned correspondents are desirous to offer you their hearty thanks for your introduction into the House of Commons of a Bill for the Suppression of Street Music; and they beg to assure you that, in the various ways open to them, they will, out of Parliament, do their utmost to support you in your endeavour to abolish that intolerable nuisance.[†2]

Your correspondents are, all, professors and practitioners of one or other of the arts or sciences. In their devotion to their pursuits—tending to the peace and comfort of mankind—they are daily interrupted, harassed, worried, wearied, driven nearly mad, by street musicians. They are even made especial objects of persecution by brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles, and bellowers of ballads; for, no sooner does it become known to those producers of horrible sounds that any of your correspondents have particular need of quiet in their own houses, than the said houses are beleaguered by discordant hosts seeking to be bought off.

Your correspondents represent to you that these pecuniary speculations in the misery they endure are far more destructive to their spirits than their pockets; and that some of them, not absolutely tied to London by their avocations, have actually fled into the country for refuge from this unmerited persecution —which is none the less grievous or hard to bear, because it is absurd.

Your grateful correspondents take the liberty to suggest to you that, although a Parliamentary debate undoubtedly requires great delicacy in the handling,

their avocations require at least as much, and that it would highly conduce towards the success of your proposed enactments, if you prevail on its opponents to consent to state their objections to it, assailed on all sides by the frightful noises in despite of which your correspondents have to gain their bread.[†1]

CHARLES DICKENS.[†2]

To HENRY HOUGHTON, 4 MAY 1864*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* H. O. Houghton Esquire | Messrs Brown Shipley and Co | Founder's Court | Lothbury | E.C.[†3] On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Wednesday Fourth May 1864

Dear Sir

I owe you an apology for not having answered your letter sooner. The plain truth is, that I laid it aside during your absence in Paris, and, being closely occupied, forgot it.

Tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock, or Friday morning at the same hour, I shall be here, and happy to see you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry O Houghton Esquire

To MRS NICHOLS, 4 MAY 1864

Text from N, III, 387.

Glo'ster Place | Wednesday, Fourth May, 1864
Dear Mrs Nichols,

I have read the enclosed, just as I might have read it in print. And I like it very much, just as I should have done in that same case.

I had thoroughly agreed in what you write about the position before you expressed it; and had acted accordingly.

The spring weather will make you better yet, I hope. You have certainly been ill in the worst English weather.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 4 MAY 1864*

MS Private. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park
Monday | Fourth May 1865

My Dear Ouvry.

I find enclosed unpaid.[†1] Had forgotten it. And now send cheque. Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 4 MAY 1864*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourth May 1864

My Dear Wills. There are no carpets worth having, for the wear and tear of our 2 rooms,[†2] but Persian and Turkey. Of these I have selected one Persian, and one Turkey. They will endure for years and years, but their price is dear. viz:

£7..5..0 each, besides the oilcloth. Shall we go in for this luxury? Tell John.

I have bought a little French carpet for my own room upstairs, but it would be useless for a business room.

I say "oil cloth" instead of stained floors, because the floors, Lillie says are too old to stain.

Friday *morning* (as I am not at work now) will suit me better than the afternoon.

According to present appearances you seem to be in the way of winning our bet upon Our Mutual![†3]—

Ever
CD.

To F. C. BEARD, 5 MAY [?1864]

MS (envelope only) Cleveland Public Library. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | W. PM London MY 5 [?64]. *Date:* 1864 probable, because on mourning paper.

To DR HENRY DANSON,[†1] 5 MAY 1864

Text from F, I, iii, 45*n*.

Gad's Hill Place | Thursday, 5th May, 1864.

Dear Sir,

I should have assured you before now that the receipt of your letter[†2] gave me great pleasure, had I not been too much occupied to have leisure for correspondence. I perfectly recollect your name as that of an old schoolfellow,[†3] and distinctly remember your appearance and dress as a boy, and believe you had a brother drowned in the Serpentine.[†4] If you had made yourself personally known to me at the dinner[†5] I should have been well pleased; though in that case I should have lost your modest and manly letter.

Faithfully yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARCUS STONE, 5 MAY 1864†

MS Morgan Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place
Thursday Night Fifth May 1864

My Dear Marcus.

The lady on the sands,[†6] to be got up, as to her being un peu passée; but still to be well-looking—engaging looking when she chooses.[†7]

[†a]Mrs. Boffin, as I judge of her from the sketch, very good indeed. I want Boffins oddity, without being at all blinked,[†8] to be an oddity of a very honest kind, that people will like.[†a†9]

Faithfully ever

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 8 MAY 1864

MS Huntington Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place | Hyde Park Gardens
Sunday Evening Eighth May 1864

My Dear Wills. You have heard, I dare say, of the deplorable condition of poor John.[†1] His life still hangs on a hair, but there seemed a shade of hope this afternoon.[†2] I am going out to him again tonight. Beard is really a Guardian Angel to him.

But it is not to say this, that I write; but to tell you that that diabolical wife *and her sister,*[†3] being left last night to watch him, got blind drunk together on Gin—omitted everything they had undertaken to do—dropped Gin and God knows what over his poor dying figure—and pitched into the landlady and attendant gossips when with natural indignation they found them this morning and took their gin away. John was then doubled up, his knees to his head, sinking out of life. And so Beard found him—Of course we take care that he is not left to those amicable mercies any more.

Pray have this made known in its fullest atrocity to everybody at the office, and let everybody be strictly charged never on any pretence to let the woman into the house. If she wants anything out of the house, the children must come for it, or she must go without it; but she is never to be let in. And pray let them understand that we would immediately discharge anybody who—even in mistaken compassion, or for any other mistakenly good reason—disobeyed this injunction. I tumbled her out of the sick chamber just now, and will at least (John lost or saved) have done with that abominable bitch.[†4]

I find that she has been perpetually drunk ever since they have been to Kentish Town. I hope to deposit her (with the Lord's help) in Kentish Town Station House yet!

Ever

CD.

To F. C. BEARD, 9 MAY 1864

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire.

57 Gloster Place
Monday Ninth May 1864

My Dear Frank Beard

I dine at Fechter's, St. John's Wood. If you will order our state-carriage as yesterday, I will be with you no later than 10 ½.

Ever

CD.

To MRS HENRY WOOD,[†1] 9 MAY 1864*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens W.
Monday Ninth May 1864.

My Dear Madam.

In answer to your interesting and obliging note, I beg to assure you that I will readily comply with your request. I leave the colour to you, and will sign twenty cards as soon as you please.[†2]

My Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Henry Wood.

To LADY HOUGHTON, 10 MAY 1864*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Tuesday Tenth May 1864

My Dear Lady Houghton

Pray excuse a little delay on my part in answering your kind note. My engagements accumulate so unintelligibly when we are about to leave town, that I am obliged to call in help before I can unravel them.

On Sunday the 29th I shall be delighted to dine with you. On Sunday the 22nd I am unfortunately engaged. Either my daughter Mary or her aunt will come with me as you kindly propose.

Mrs. Rundle[†3] told me of her "share in the Praslin murder",[†4] and I complimented her on not being proud.[†5]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lady Houghton.

To MRS B. W. PROCTER,[†1] 10 MAY 1864

Summary and extract, made by Dykes Campbell from original text, then in Eastgate House, Rochester.

57 Gloucester Place Hyde Park Gardens
Tuesday Tenth May 1864

My Dear Mrs Procter

Saying he is engaged every day until the 23rd, but is free after that on certain days.

It will be a pleasure to me to come to you as it was to me, to see you and Procter[†2] again the other day—though you *were* as you always are "overbearing".

Believe me ever | Affectionately yours

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 10 MAY 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper. *Address:* Answer. | George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place.

Tuesday Tenth May 1864.
57 Gloster Place

My Dear George Russell

I send this note to let you know (though I hope it is not at all necessary), that I shall be charmed to see your brother at our family dinner today, and that I am leniently disposed towards those King Street Humbugs[†3] in consideration of their giving me the opportunity of cultivating his friendship. Mary has asked a man (on your side of the house)[†4] and his wife to dine with us; but the stern Parient has issued peremptory orders that they be carried off to the Opera—or elsewhere—instantly after dinner, to the end that the conspirators may be left undisturbed.

Faithfully Yours ever
CD.

To MRS NICHOLS, 12 MAY 1864

Text from N, III, 388.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Morning, Twelfth May, 1864

Dear Mrs. Nichols,

I return you the papers. In reference to the "plan",[†5] I am not a good authority; because I cannot look at it from a third person's point of view, and

cannot divest myself of an uneasy consciousness that I ought to be no party to it while it is in progress.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 14 MAY 1864

MS Lytton Papers. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place
Saturday Fourteenth May 1864

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

On Saturday the 28th. I am unfortunately engaged. But on Wednesday the 1st. of June, we shall all three be delighted to dine with you at ¼ to 8.

I am heartily glad to learn that you are so much better. And I hope, as the East winds *must* be nearly over, that you will get on at compound interest.

Ever Affecy. Yours

CD.

To MRS STORRAR,[†1] 15 MAY 1864

MS George Bayntun, Bath. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Morning Fifteenth May 1864

My dear Mrs. Storrar.

Our family-dinner must come off at Gad's Hill, where I have improvements to exhibit, and where I shall be truly pleased to see you and the Doctor again. I have deferred answering your note, while I have been scheming and scheming for a day between this time and our departure. But it is all in vain. My engagements have accumulated, and become such a whirl, that no day is left me—nothing is left me but to get away. I look forward to my release from this dining-life, with an inexpressible longing after quiet and my own pursuits. What with public speechifying, private eating and drinking, and perpetual simmering in hot rooms, I have made London too hot to hold me and my work together. Mary and Georgina acknowledge the condition of imbecility to which we have become reduced, in reference to your kind reminder. They say, when I stare at them in a forlorn way with your note in my hand, "What *can*[†2] you do!" To which I can only reply, implicating them, "See what you have brought me to!"

With our united kind regard to yourself and Dr. Storrar, I entreat your pity and compassion for an unfortunate wretch whom a too-confiding disposition has brought to this pass. If I had not allowed my cheeild to pledge me to all manner of fellow-creatures, I and my digestion might have been in a state of honorable independence this day.

Faithfully | and Penitently | Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Storrar.

To JOHN LEECH, 16 MAY 1864

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | The Terrace | Kensington | W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Monday Night Sixteenth May 1864

My Dear Leech.

I cannot send you the letter to P.A. Bass[†1] to night, because I find I have no letter paper here, without my engraved address. But it shall follow speedily.

We have only one day left; the third of June. If that be too late for you with reference to your health-seeking trip, of course you will say so to your old friend, plainly.

You looked—and evidently were—at least 1,000 per cent better to day, than when I saw you last.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

John Leech Esquire

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 20 MAY 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | S.W.
On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloster Place
Friday Twentieth May 1864

My Dear George Russell

I am very sorry to differ from your brother and you in my opinion of this matter; but after what has been done, I hold it to be not worth a present effort. Let the club have what the Majority unquestionably want, and let them get all the good out of it they can.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 20 MAY 1864

MS Huntington Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Gloster Place
Friday Twentieth May 1864

My Dear Wills. The statement is indeed astounding,[†1] and no doubt expresses in every figure that goes to make up every result, your incessant vigilance and care in every department of A.Y.R. business. This I feel strongly, and am thoroughly well assured of.

When we get into our places again, and often meet at the office, we must dive into that question of the falling-off.[†2] Of course we have to consider that Sala's is not a good name, and that he is accustomed to address a lower audience.[†3] I am inclined to believe that an anonymous story depending on its own merits would be better for us than he.

We must drink a glass of wine together tomorrow, to the next balance-sheet![†4]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To SAMUEL LOVER, 21 MAY 1864

MS W. A. Foyle. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty First May 1864

My Dear Lover

The Resolution passed at the last General meeting[†5] was the sound and sensible one that the six Committee-Members retiring by rotation should not be eligible for re-election. And that being carried, new men were carried into the Committee, to make it a representative Institution. Thereupon Sir Charles Taylor, Sir George Armytage,[†6] and some other dignitaries, resigned in a huff. Thereupon again, a hundred and seventy men belonging to the Club entreated them (by humble requisition under their three hundred and forty hands) to come back, and be the salvation, humanly speaking, of all Garrick things and persons. Such salvation they, with various flowers of speech and flourishes of graciousness, did yesterday consent to become.[†7]

The requisition I sent you was prepared in case of necessity. It has not been used, because, in the interests of the club and for the sake of peace, it is well to try with perfect honesty and fairness whether the new principles and the old will now act together. Of course the reforming party in the Committee know perfectly well that the results of that last "most extraordinary ballot" were not brought about by *them*.

I devoutly hope you have got over your Easterly winds for one season, and will bloom with the blooming summer.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Lover Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 24 MAY 1864*

MS Huntington Library. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place

Tuesday Twenty Fourth May 1864

My Dear Ouvry

I think it decidedly worth our while to have a good opinion, formally,[†1] on the question of my powers and liabilities under that agreement.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To MARCUS STONE, 24 MAY 1864*

MS Morgan Library.

Gloster Place
Tuesday Twenty Fourth May 1864

My Dear Marcus

As soon as you have done with these, please return them. The letterings will be:— for No. 3—

The Boffin Progress

The Happy Pair[†3]

Ever affecy.
CD.[†4]

To SAMUEL LINDLEY,[†1] 25 MAY 1864*

MS Mr Frederick Koch. *Address:* Samuel Lindley Esqre | Naval and Military Gazette | 19 Catherine Street | Strand | W.C. Mourning paper and envelope.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth May 1864

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Lindley, and regrets that his vote is already given.[†2]

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 26 MAY 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | S. W. On mourning paper.

57 Gloster Place, Hyde Park Gardens
Thursday Twenty Sixth May 1864

My Dear George Russell

This note is *not*—wonderful to relate—about the Garrick. It is about a rather more delicate question, as you will see.

You know that Mrs. Geils that was,[†3] has married Gilbert Elliot, the Dean of Bristol. Both he and she are old friends of mine, and they have lately sought my advice, in all confidence, on certain social points arising out of their marriage.

I know that she was at a disadvantage in your neighbourhood, after her divorce: though Heaven knows it was not her fault. I want to find out—otherwise I can do them no real service in a question she has referred to me—would she still be at a disadvantage, if she returned to Farley Hill Court?[†4]

Nobody can tell me this better than you; for I should consider your brother's feeling on the subject, of itself decisive. If she would be in a false position there, I *think* I could keep her away, by strongly urging her not to go. Elliot has taken a great fancy to the place (they are there at this moment), and I want to give them the right counsel before they stand committed.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 27 MAY 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | S. W.
On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place
Friday Twenty Seventh May 1864

My Dear George Russell

Many thanks for your letter. I dine at Kensington tomorrow, and expect to be at home all day, hard at work—unless I break away to Townshend's to see the people at the review.[†1] Therefore you are safe to find me.

Very faithfully Yours
CD.

June

To WILLIAM DAY,[†2] 1 JUNE 1864

Summary from unknown catalogue made by Walter Dexter; dated 1 June 64; addressed Mr Day.

Asking for pulls of Nos. 4-5[†3] *to be sent to Marcus Stone.*

To R. BERNAL OSBORNE, 1 JUNE 1864*

MS Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington. On Gad's Hill headed mourning paper.

57 Glo'ster Place
Wednesday First June 1864

My Dear Bernal Osborne

I am delighted to hear of your first appearance after your late severe indisposition, and greet you with a round of applause.

Saturday the 11th.—Monday the 13th.—or Wednesday the 15th.—would suit me equally well for the enjoyment of the pleasure you kindly offer me. And of course my dutiful daughter is joyfully bound by the parental will. If all these days should be inconvenient to you, I propose any other day in June, except Thursdays.

Will you let me know, at Gad's Hill, what day I shall book?

Fechter's Hamlet[†4] has some excellent things in it. The dressing is remarkably picturesque, original, and good.[†5] He generally comes down to me on Sundays

when I am at home, and I count upon your trying the Falstaff Gin Punch in his company. He is a capital fellow and an Anti-Humbug—which is much the same thing.

If you have room in any odd corner for a set of my books, let me give you my favorite Edition.[†1] There are not many men in whose hands I should better like them to be.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bernal Osborne Esquire.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 5 JUNE 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth June 1864

My Dear Letitia

Thank God you are all right! A pension of £60 a year.

You will see by the enclosed that you must send in the names of two Trustees. I think it will be best to make me one, and Wills the other; because we shall then be always able, one or other of us, to receive the Pension as I receive Poole's. If you approve, his name and address are

William Henry Wills Esqre.

22 Regents Park Terrace

Coming down here today I find the letter, and of course immediately write to acknowledge. I send you on the other side the draft[†2] of a letter for you to write without delay.[†3]

I am so delighted that I can hardly write to congratulate you. Cheque enclosed.[†4]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To [C. G. BARRINGTON],[†1] 5 JUNE 1864*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Fifth June 1864

Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter of yesterday's date, enclosing a letter for my sister Mrs. Austin informing her that Lord Palmerston has recommended her for a pension of £60 a year on the Civil List.

I have forwarded that communication to Mrs. Austin, and do not doubt that she will immediately and gratefully acknowledge it on her own behalf. But I trust I may take this opportunity of offering my own thanks to Lord Palmerston for his considerate and generous remembrance of her case.

I have the honor to be | Sir | Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

[ ] Esquire[†2]

To TOM TAYLOR, 5 JUNE 1864

Mention in N, III, 391; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 5 June 64; addressed Tom Taylor.

Thanking him for his help in obtaining a Civil List pension of £60 a year for his sister Letitia.

To WILLIAM DAY, 8 JUNE 1864*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Wednesday Eighth June 1864

Dear Mr. Day

Will you be so good as send me—by Bearer, if you can—a pull of the corrected No. IV of Our Mutual Friend[†3]

Faithfully Yours

CD

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 8 JUNE 1864

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eighth June 1864

For The Chancellor of the Exchequer.[†1]

On account of Income Tax.[†2]

By One who is sorry he ever did it.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†3] 9 JUNE 1864*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Ninth June 1864

[ ][†4]

Train leaves North Kent Office Charing Cross Station, for Higham, at ten minutes past 4. Take a return ticket. It will bring you back next day.

Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 JUNE 1864]

Extract in F, IX, v, 742. *Date*: 10 June 64, according to Forster.

This leaves me going round and round like a carrier pigeon before swooping on number seven.[†5]

To J. C. HORSLEY,[†6] 10 JUNE 1864*

Text from copy left by Walter Dexter, Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Friday Tenth June 1864

My Dear Mr. Horsley,

I would immediately have referred your letter to my friend Mr. Wills, the subeditor of All The Year Round and he would no doubt have recommended a

competent hand for the purpose,[†1] but that I have this morning received a note from Mr. Bass in which he informs me that he has confided the task to a friend of his, an ex. M.P. Herein he has done as well, I dare say, as I could have helped him to do. I wish him all success, and write by this post to tell him so.

Believe me

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. Horsley Esquire

To M. T. BASS, [10 JUNE 1864]

Mention in last. *Date:* written same day.

To MRS NICHOLS, 11 JUNE 1864

Text from N, III, 391.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday, Eleventh June, 1864

Dear Mrs. Nichols,

I am concerned that you should think it possible that you have given me offence. Pray let me disabuse your mind of any such completely erroneous impression, however shadowy. Without the slightest reservation, I assure you that it is utterly baseless, and I entreat you to dismiss it.

Your anxiety for your daughter[†2] is, no doubt, the main cause of your relapse in health. I hope you will soon be better, now that she is better. In your weakened bodily state such solicitude must have been injurious; for it would have proved so, somehow or other, even though you had previously been as free from illness as with all my heart I wish you had been.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARCUS STONE, 14 JUNE 1864*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Tuesday Fourteenth June 1864

My Dear Marcus. I like these sketches exceedingly, and think them the best we have had. You shall have the lettering in due course.

As to No. 5.[†1] The Orphan Fishing,[†2] is a very good subject. The exact moment to be taken for the other, I leave to you. I *thought* of Gaffer's lying on the seashore, with the wind taunting him.[†3] But if you like any other moment better, take it.

Affecy. always
CD.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 17 JUNE 1864*

MS New York Public Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Seventeenth June 1864.

My Dear Brooks.

I have been away from here, or I should have thanked you sooner for that capital coincidence, and still more capital application. May I always be as fortunate in my "Licensed Interpreter"[†4]!—though I don't expect to be.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WREFORD MAJOR, 17 JUNE 1864

Text from N, III, 392.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday, Seventeenth June, 1864

My Dear Mary,

I cannot send a formal answer to your dinner invitation, because I am really anxious to explain to you that I expect to be in France on the 30th for a few days' holiday. But even if this were not so, my conscience obliges me to add that I fear I could not have accepted. I have had this spring the most severe dinner-eating

I have ever known in London. Every week I had sworn to go out no more, and every week I have perjured myself seven times. Getting here at last, alive, I have re-sworn to stick to my book and dine no more until

next year, and this last oath I have a kind of notion of keeping—though I don't positively know what I might have done, if your day had been at another time.

I should have written to you about the christening of Helen Campbell Talfourd,[†1] but that I perceived they were getting into difficulties here, concerning that occasion, and I wished to see how they came out of them. That I believe they have now told you.

I wish you and your husband would come here for a day or two, in the course of your next four or five hundred miles little summer drive. We should be heartily pleased to see you if you would give us notice of your being on the road, and you and I would take a special hob-nob together for the love of Helen Campbell Talfourd and her ever dear grandfather. Do think of it—and act upon it.

Ever your Affectionate friend

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARCUS STONE, 18 JUNE 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Eighteenth June 1864

My Dear Marcus.

The Letterings for No. 4[†2] will be:

Podsnappery.[†3]

Waiting for father[†4]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 21 JUNE 1864*

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty First June 1864

My Dear Brooks.

I have so strong an opinion on the Monument question,[†5] that I feel bound to state it to you. Though of course I expect you to do no more than give it your consideration.

A bust I think infinitely preferable to a statue; mainly for the reason that in the former case you can almost dictate the terms of the subscription, and can certainly ensure its being a complete success. In the

latter case, you will want a great deal more money, and *may* not get it so easily. To have to tout for it, would be to fail. Moreover, the bust is a more modest memorial, and therefore seems to me in better taste.[†1] If I remember right, there is but a bust of Goldsmith there.[†2] I feel convinced that the bust is the better thing, on all accounts.

I got your story of the rather rapid virgin yesterday after a pretty hard day's work; and it made me laugh so, that I seemed to have been doing nothing.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To LADY MOLESWORTH, 21 JUNE 1864*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twenty First June 1864

My Dear Lady Molesworth

In reply to the enclosed;—if the signature-book be sent to my office 26 Wellington Street Strand, before next Sunday, addressed to me and marked Private, I will with great pleasure place my autograph in it, and return it to Piccadilly.

Mary is away with some friends[†3] at some Hampshire races.[†4] The question of the third week in July shall be referred to her, and she shall write to you. I do not know of anything in the way of that time, and it is a beautiful time for the country scenery.

You *are*[†5] an Angel, and you always were an Angel, and I hope you always will be!

Affecy. Yours Ever
CD.

To R. BERNAL OSBORNE, 22 JUNE 1864*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Night, Twenty Second June | 1864

My Dear Bernal Osborne

I have been in town two days, and, coming back here tonight, find your kind note. Unfortunately *it* finds *me* less pleasantly engaged, and bound to work.

In haste to save the post | Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PETER FRASER, 26 JUNE 1864*

MS Private. *Address:* P.S. Fraser Esquire | Stirling | N.B. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Sixth June 1864

My Dear Fraser

You once ordered for me a most noble cask of whiskey,[†1] which has been the admiration of a large portion of mankind:—of so large a portion, that it is gone! Will you kindly, in your unimpeachable judgment, order me another of your own approved quality?

And your Petitioner shall ever drink.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

P. S. Fraser Esquire

To MRS NICHOLS, 26 JUNE 1864

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Sixth June 1864

Dear Mrs. Nichols.

Your affecting letter finds me just leaving here on a ten days or twelve days visit to Belgium.[†2] I heartily congratulate you on all the good intelligence it contains, and add the trifling item to it that your two missing papers have been just now found! They were found at the office; but how they got there, I cannot imagine.

The paper I return; having done my best with it.[†1] Let me beg you to believe that I have no "law for myself" in that matter, but the law of kindness and sympathy. But I have an instinctive conviction that you are not strong enough for the more direct personal influence.

I send my kind remembrance to both your daughters,[†2] and to your good husband. God bless you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 26 JUNE 1864

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Sixth June 1864

My Dear Wills. I have carefully gone over all the Proofs, and here they are. The No.[†3] as it stands is a very fair one indeed.

I have complied with all the necessary forms about Mrs. Austin's pension, and am Circumlocutionally apprised that on application at the Paymaster General's Department I shall "receive the necessary instructions as to obtaining the first payment." Will you instruct whosoever goes about Poole's pension *after the* 1*st. of July,* to make enquiries? I hope there may be arrears to receive.

You will get proof of Our Mutual Friend No. *VI,*[†4] in a note from Townshend. As I shall want it on my return, please have it ready for me in an envelope on my table. I expect to be at the office on Thursday the 7th, or Friday the 8th. at latest.

I have been working desperately hard to get away.

It has occurred to me that the next Mrs. Lirriper might have a mixing in it of Paris and London—she and the Major, and the boy, all working out the little story in the two places.[†5] As my present Mysterious Disappearance[†6] is in that direction, I will turn this over on French ground with great care. I seem to have a sort of inspiration that may blend the undiminished attractions of Mrs. Lirriper with those of the Bebelle[†7] life in Paris.

Ever
CD.

July

To MARCUS STONE, 7 JULY 1864*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Seventh July 1864

My Dear Marcus

I have been away for ten days, and find your note only this morning.

These are both excellent. The lettering will be:

Mrs. Boffin discovers an Orphan.[†1]

The Bird of Prey brought down.+[†2]

As to No. 6, take what you like best. The Dolls Dress Maker perhaps should be one of the subjects.[†3] But she re-appears, under picturesque circumstances, in No. 7 too.[†4]

Ever affecy.

CD.

+Note.[†5] That Mr. Inspector would not wear the usual Constable's hat or coat.[†6] If this figure be a Constable merely,—all right.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 8 JULY 1864*

MS The Rev. W. L. W. Randall. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighth July, 1864

With Mr. Charles Dickens's Compliments. His having been abroad, has prevented his sending an earlier reply.

To PETER FRASER, 9 JULY 1864

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Ninth July, 1864.

My Dear Fraser

A thousand thanks. The whiskey arrived yesterday, and this morning I have had it racked off into the old cask newly hooped for the purpose. Herein I hope I fell into no dismal heterodoxy?—

You will be heartily welcomed here whenever you will come on a solemn Progress as official Taster. This is considered, by its patrons, not a bad hotel; and the undersigned has taken some pains with the bar-department.

Soliciting your favours,
Affectionately Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

P. S. Fraser Esquire

To SIR JOSEPH PAXTON,[†1] 9 JULY 1864

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, Jan 1883; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated 9 July 64; addressed Sir Joseph Paxton.

Asking if he can recommend a workman for his garden.[†2]

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 19 JULY 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Nineteenth July, 1864

My Dear George Russell

I am delighted to say in reply to your note, that we are elastic enough to receive you with open arms. We shall expect you with the Higgins's[†3] and Lady Molesworth, and will drink to you (like the Lord Mayor) "in a loving cup, and bid you hearty welcome".

The G.[†4] news is charming.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON & J.O. HALLIWELL,[†1] 23 JULY 1864*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Third July, 1864.

Gentlemen

In reply to your circular letter, I beg to offer my respectful protest against the unanimous opinion of the Executive.[†2] It appears to me that it would be highly ludicrous to invest so small a balance, as the result of so large an appeal, "until The Thames embankment shall have been built and farther steps can be beneficially taken".[†3] Believing that no farther steps can be beneficially taken on the road obstructed by our break-down,[†4] I am for the frank abandonment of the design in deference to the common sense of the public, and the bestowal of the sum in hand (with the consent of a majority of the subscribers) on the projected Shakespeare Schools.[†5]

I have the honor to remain | Gentlemen
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hepworth Dixon

and
J. O. Halliwell

Esquires.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 JULY 1864*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Fourth July, 1864

My Dear Wills.

Saved for the time,—but I suppose that Vagabond[†6] will throw us at last.

I shall be at the office on Tuesday (will you leave Mrs. Austin's money under cover for me?), and also on Wednesday. On the latter day, I will go over any proofs you have ready for a Making-up,[†1] as I shall have to come back here in the afternoon as a preliminary to falling to work on Our Mutual.

Ever CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 27 JULY 1864

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Seventh July 1864

My Dear Mr. Fitz Gerald[†2]

First, let me assure you that it gave us all, real pleasure to see your sister and you at Gad's Hill, and that we all hope you will both come and stay a day or two with us when you are next in England.

Next, let me convey to you the intelligence that I resolve to launch Miss Manuel:[†3] fully confiding in your conviction of the power of the story. On all business-points Wills will communicate with you.—I purpose beginning its publication in our first September No. Therefore there is no time to be lost.

The only suggestion I have to make as to the MS in hand and type, is, that Captain Fermor wants relief.[†4] It is a disagreeable character—as you mean it to be—and I should be afraid to do so much with him, if the case were mine, without taking the taste of him, here and there, out of the reader's mouth. It is remarkable that if you do not administer a disagreeable character carefully, the public have a decided tendency to think that the *story* is disagreeable, and not merely the fictitious person.

What do you think of the title,

NEVER FORGOTTEN[†5]

It is a good one in itself—would express the eldest sister's pursuit[†6]—would have a delicate reference to Hanbury[†7]—and, glanced at now and then in the text, would hold the reader in suspense. I would propose to add the line, BY THE AUTHOR OF BELLA DONNA.[†8]

Let me know your opinion as to the title. I need not assure you that the greatest care will be taken of you here, and that we shall make you as thoroughly well and widely known as we possibly can.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy Fitz Gerald Esquire.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH,[†1] 28 JULY 1864

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Dec 1933; *MS* 1 p.; dated 28 July 64; addressed Holsworth.

Will you return the printed scrap in the enclosed letter, with the following note from yourself. Madam. I have it in charge from Mr. Charles Dickens to express his regret that he cannot send a favourable reply to your letter. It is now his invariable rule in all cases in which a scrap of paper is enclosed to him, accompanied by a request for its return, to make this answer final.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 JULY 1864]

Extract in F, IX, v, 742. *Date:* 29 July 64, according to Forster.

Although I have not been wanting in industry, I have been wanting in invention, and have fallen back with the book. Looming large before me is the Christmas work, and I can hardly hope to do it without losing a number of *Our Friend*. I have very nearly lost one already, and two would take one half of my whole advance.[†2] This week I have been very unwell; am still out of sorts; and, as I know from two days' slow experience, have a very mountain to climb before I shall see the open country of my work.

To CHARLES KENT, 29 JULY 1864†

MS Mrs Geoffrey Williams. *Address;* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" office | Strand | London | W.C. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Ninth July 1864

My Dear Kent.

[†a]I have been unwell with a relaxed throat, or I should have written to you sooner, to thank you for your dedication[†3]—to assure you that it heartily, most

heartily, gratifies me as the sincere tribute of a true and generous heart—and to tell you that I have been charmed with your book itself. I am proud of having given a name to anything so picturesque, sympathetic, and spirited.[†a†1]

Will you come down here on Saturday week, to dinner, or (failing that) on the Sunday forenoon? You know how early we can deliver you in town on the Monday morning.

Affectionately Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Kent Esquire

To WILLIAM RIDDLE,[†2] 29 JULY 1864

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* William Riddle Esquire | South Lambeth | London | S. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Ninth July, 1864

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to assure you that I have never seen published any "reliable materials" for a Biographical account of myself. I never supply any, as I think it may be time to pursue the subject when my life is over.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Riddle Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 29 JULY 1864*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Ninth July, 1864

My Dear Wills.

Mrs. Sartoris[†3] has altered her story, and it will do. I shall have some trouble, however, in touching the proof, dividing it into Chapters, and giving it a name.

For the present I have called it "Medusa".[†4] I will send it up, and wish it to be all got into type at once, that I may "go at it" as a whole.

I am mighty slow with my own work just now, though much better in the throat.

Ever

CD.

August

To H. G. ADAMS, 5 AUGUST 1864*

MS University of Kentucky. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fifth August, 1864

My Dear Mr. Adams

Make me a "Patron"[†1] if you like, though I very much dislike the word. In so doing, I know you will make me the Patron of failure. If these things cannot be done without Patronage, they will never never never be done with it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To WILLIAM RIDDLE, [6 AUGUST 1864]

Envelope in Christie's catalogue, May 1986. *Address:* W. Riddle Esquire | South Lambeth | London | S. PM 6 Aug 64. On mourning paper.

To MRS SARTORIS, [EARLY AUGUST 1864]

Mention in *To* Mrs Wills, 7 Aug. *Date:* shortly before that letter.

To MRS WILLS, 7 AUGUST 1864

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Seventh August 1864

My Dear Mrs. Wills

I am exceedingly relieved by your account of the invalid[†2] which came to hand this morning. I read it aloud at breakfast, to the great gratification of an attentive audience, and it made so great a sensation that you really might

have thought him rather a popular personage! Yesterday I had it in my mind, somehow, that he was not so well, and was in two minds whether to stay quiet here, or come or send.

Will you tell him with my love that I shall *try* to work at my book (for I can't do it in this heat, though I make believe every day) until well on in the week— say Friday, when I shall of course be ready to do all Office-needful. Also, that I am producible there, at any time, day or hour. Also, that I have gone over Mrs. Sartoris's story carefully, and sent her for correction my marked proofs. Lastly, will you congratulate him on his nurse, and tell him that, like the Americans I "defy Cre-ation" to produce a better.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS NICHOLS, 9 AUGUST 1864

Extract in N, III, 395.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Ninth August, 1864

Dear Mrs. Nichols,

The chapter of your Unholy Land[†1] that I had before the receipt of your letter is in type. The chapter to which you refer in your said letter I have not, because it has (no doubt) gone to Mr. Wills to be entered in the regular book and way of the office. Assuming it to be at the office, I will return it to you at the end of the week. Even though we were not going to run, for some weeks, two serial stories together, I should still be indisposed to proceed with this series, for the reason that I believe your countrymen are not now in the mood to be told anything *from this side of the water* concerning themselves, and that they would unconsciously misrepresent the intention, and that we should do more harm than good.[†2]

To FRANCIS WEBB,[†3] 9 AUGUST 1864

Extract in American Art Association Catalogue, Feb 1924; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 9 Aug 64; addressed Francis M. Webb.

I beg to acknowledge the courteous invitation of the management for the dinner to Messrs. Martin & Kinglake[†4] ... But engagements which I cannot put aside prevent my ... accepting it.

To THE EDITORS OF "THE GAD'S HILL GAZETTE",[†1] [EARLY AUGUST 1864]

Text from J. W. T. Ley, "The Gad's Hill Gazette", *D,* VI (1910), 175, including facsimile of extract in a feigned hand. *Date:* Letter appeared in No. 15 of the *Gazette,* dated 13 Aug [64]; presumably written one or two days before.

Gentlemen,

Ingratitude being one of the worst vices of the human heart, it is with considerable pain I notice that it is stalking rampant in the hearts of so many of your subscribers.

In a spirited leader in your last issue you have justly rebuked the grumblers who have ventured to find fault with the admirable type in which The Gad's Hill Gazette is ever printed. Permit me, however, to say that it is unwise to offer to return the money of those sordid grumblers who would cavil at the caligraphy of your admirable journal. If they do not like it they can leave it alone. For myself, I honestly confess that its perusal over my Saturday morning meal affords me intense gratification. There is a terseness and vigour in its leaders perfectly marvellous, while the news that it contains is always of the lightest and most healthy description, serving to counteract the injurious effects of a heavy breakfast.

The editor of a public journal is a public man, and consequently becomes public property. He is pleased to bask in the sunshine of a people's applause, and must face the winter of their discontent[†2] when it bursts around him. But be not discouraged. You at least have the satisfaction of knowing that your efforts are appreciated by the intelligent, and as for the others—why—having secured their money, you can afford to dispense with their patronage.

WELL WISHER.[†3]

To The Editors of | "The Gad's Hill Gazette".

To JOHN FORSTER, [?11-12 AUGUST 1864]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 699*n*. *Date:* Dilke died on 10 Aug 64; CD probably heard the news the next day and wrote that day or the one after.

Poor Dilke! I am very sorry that the capital old stouthearted man is dead.[†4]

To SIR CHARLES DILKE, 12 AUGUST 1864†

MS British Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twelfth August, 1864.

My Dear Dilke.

†a I am truly concerned to hear from Forster of the death of your excellent father—even at his ripe years, and in the mournful order of nature.

You know how heartily I admired and respected him, and what interest I derived from the association I was so fortunate as to have with that sound head, and staunch true heart. Never on this earth shall I fight any fight by the side of a more reliable and faithful man, though I live as long as he!†a†1

It was but a little while ago at dinner, that I was dwelling on his great qualities to Mrs. Chatfield.†2 My thoughts are affectionately with her and with you.

Ever Yours

CD.

Sir Wentworth Dilke.

To MRS NICHOLS, 15 AUGUST 1864

Text from N, III, 395-6.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday, Fifteenth August, 1864

Dear Mrs. Nichols,

I am happy to retain Backwoods Life in Canada for insertion in A.Y.R.†3 The enclosed, I regret to say, I cannot make available. If the case of your young charge†4 were mine, I would try either the neighbourhood of Dijon or the neighbourhood of Marseilles. I think I would give the preference to the latter, because of the beautiful sea. The precaution of not living in a situation exposed to the north wind would be very necessary to observe in that country. And I would not live in Marseilles by any means, but somewhere in its vicinity.

Mr. Wills will send you a cheque for Ben's [Beaver],†5 The Unholy Land paper (which I have called On the Mississippi),†6 and Backwoods all in one. I have begged him to do so this very morning.

Looking†1 back to your letter, I note your enquiry whether I think anything could be done in the way of French life for A.Y.R. Without feeling able positively to answer No, I reply, I think not. I have at various odd times done a good deal of French life myself, and we have an old contributor to Household Words always resident in France, who lays hold of French subjects.†2

Pray offer my kind regards to your good husband, with all good wishes for him and for you.

Faithfully yours always

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS NICHOLS [?16 AUGUST 1864]

Text from N, III, 396 (given as part of last in N, but two endings point strongly to separate letters). *Date:* Mrs Nichols had clearly replied to his first letter; CD would no doubt have answered it at once.

Ben's Beaver I placed in the last No. I made up.

I am much concerned to receive your sad account of your young daughter. As you say nothing of your own health, I hope it is better. I am well and working hard.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

The enclosed very good and true. In the passage you have lined out, you anticipate what I would have erased.

To GEORGE EVILL WEST,[†3] 16 AUGUST 1864*

MS British Library. *Address:* George Evill West Esquire | Eden Grove House | Cornwall Place | Holloway | London | N. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixteenth August, 1864

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. George Evill West, and begs to say that he has read the very youthful composition enclosed, with interest and pleasure. It does not appear to Mr. Dickens to present any remarkable superiority to the average mind of a clever child of seven years old. It is chiefly curious, he thinks, for its dwelling upon love and marriage; and he supposes its inspiration to be a secret tenderness for some diminutive divinity.

To MISS J. L. FRITH, 22 AUGUST 1864*

MS Myers Ltd.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Second August, 1864

My Dear Miss Frith

I am very sorry that I cannot accept your Manuscript, but I cannot make it available for All The Year Round.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss J. Frith

To H. G. ADAMS, 25 AUGUST 1864

Text from N, III, 396.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty-Fifth August 1864

My Dear Mr. Adams,

I congratulate you on your appointment[†1] because it is not a light thing or a little thing to desire to be held in such estimation.

The President cannot produce himself on the 19th. But there will be speechifying enough without him, [as][†2] there usually is (so it seems to his blighted mind) in most places, with plenty to spare too.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARCUS STONE, 26 AUGUST 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Twenty Sixth August 1864

My Dear Marcus

I return the Sketches[†3] by the first post after the receipt of your letter. The writing will be:

The person of the house and the bad child.[†4]

Bringing him in.[†5]

By tonight's post I will send you a proof of No. 7.[†1] The Printer has No.8,[†2] and shall send you a proof of that too, as soon as I have cleared it of such mistakes as make it unintelligible.

Affecy. Ever
CD.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 26 AUGUST 1864

Text from MDGH, II, 218-19.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday, Aug. 26th, 1864

My Dear Tennent,

Believe me, I fully intended to come to you—did not doubt that I should come—and have greatly disappointed Mary and her aunt, as well as myself, by not coming. But I do not feel safe in going out for a visit. The mere knowledge that I had such a thing before me would put me out. It is not the length of time consumed, or the distance traversed, but it is the departure from a settled habit and a continuous sacrifice of pleasures that comes in question. This is an old story with me. I have never divided a book of my writing with anything else, but have always wrought at it to the exclusion of everything else; and it is now too late to change.

After receiving your kind note I resolved to make another trial. But the hot weather and a few other drawbacks did not mend the matter, for I have dropped astern this month instead of going ahead. So I have seen Forster, and shown him my chains, and am reduced to taking exercise in them, like Baron Trenck.[†3]

I am heartily pleased that you set so much store by the dedication.[†4] You may be sure that it does not make me the less anxious to take pains, and to work out well what I have in my mind.

Mary and Georgina unite with me in kindest regards to Lady Tennent[†5] and Miss Tennent,[†6] and wish me to report that while they are seriously disappointed, they still feel there is no help for it. I can testify that they had great pleasure in the anticipation of the visit, and that their faces were very long and blank indeed when I began to hint my doubts. They fought against them valiantly as long as there was a chance, but they see my difficulty as well as anyone not myself can.

Believe me, my dear Tennent, ever faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [JOSEPH COUCHMAN],[†1] 27 AUGUST 1864

Extract in American Art Association Catalogue No. 4389; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 27 Aug. 64.

Please erect in the Coach-house such wooden supports as may be necessary to render the floor of the young gentlemen's room strong enough to bear any thing that may be put upon it.[†2]

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 28 AUGUST 1864*

MS Yale University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Eighth August 1864

My Dear Sir

As to this Canadian concession,[†3] my only difficulty is, that I don't know what it is worth. Would you write and propose his paying £150 for the right of having sheets in advance throughout, enabling him to publish on the day of publication in England—which of course he must not anticipate. Half the money

to be paid down; the other half on his receiving No. 18.[†4] If you think £150 too much, will you substitute £100? In either case, remark that the terms are an experiment— not a precedent—and that the fact of 5 Nos. having been published is taken into consideration.

I regard No. 4[†5] as certain to pick up, and I have the strongest faith in the book's doing thoroughly well.[†6] I believe it to be GOOD,[†7] full of variety, and always rising in its working out of the people and the story. (I know I put into it, the making of a dozen books). The circulation is already larger than that of Copperfield or of Chuzzlewit,[†8] as I remember without looking to the accounts. I see no objection whatever to its being divided into 2 Vols, or to the 1st. Volume's being published on the publication of No. Ten. The construction of the story is particularly favorable to it, for No. Ten will end the second book. The time of year (the end of January) will be excellent. But I think we ought to have two title pages when the book is done—that is to say, an Edition (like the old Editions) in One Volume, and another in Two. You may regard it as agreed

that we will publish a first Vol composed of Nos. I to X[†1] inclusive. It must be ready with No. X.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 29 AUGUST 1864*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Ninth August 1864

My Dear Ouvry

I want to look at the agreement with Chapman and Hall for Our Mutual Friend.[†2] Will you kindly send it me round, to refer to.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE SUMMER 1864]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 699. *Date:* presumably referring to *The King's Butterfly*, adapted by the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew (see Vol. VIII, p. 444*n*), probably the summer before its first performance by Fechter, 22 Oct 64, at the Lyceum.[†3]

I have been cautioning Fechter about the play[†4] whereof he gave the plot and scenes to B; and out of which I have struck some enormities, my account of which will (I think) amuse you. It has one of the best first acts I ever saw; but if he can do much with the last two, not to say three, there are resources in his art that *I know* nothing about. When I went over the play this day week, he was at least 20 minutes, *in a boat, in the last scene,* discussing with another gentleman (also in the boat) whether he should kill him or

not; after which the gentleman dived over-board and swam for it. Also, in the most important and dangerous parts of the play, there was a young person of the name of Pickles[†5] who was constantly being mentioned by name, in conjunction with the powers of light or darkness; as, "Great Heaven! Pickles?"—"By Hell, 'tis Pickles!"—"Pickles? a thousand Devils!"—"Distraction! Pickles?"

September

To THE REV. R. C. SWINTON,[†1] 3 SEPTEMBER 1864*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Third September 1864

Sir.

Through some mistake, your letter has been laid aside in a great accumulation of correspondence, and has only this day come to light.

I know no such person as Mr. Maitland[†2] concerning whom your enquiries are made, and never did know any one of that name. Therefore I fear you have been grossly imposed upon; the rather as I find, on reference to the Clergy List, that Maitland is not the name of the Rector of Folkestone,[†3] whom (as you inform me) the person in question claimed for his brother.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. R. C. Swinton

To JOHN LEECH, 5 SEPTEMBER 1864

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* John Leech Esquire | 12 Royal Crescent | Whitby | Yorkshire. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifth September 1864

My Dear Leech.

Only a word, to say that your friend, arriving at the office with his letter of introduction when I was not there, "elected" (as the Americans say) to deliver it to Wills, and to confer with him as my representative. And further that Wills duly pointed out to him how that Mankind have had a note or two on Shakespeare already, and how that more notes on that theme would swamp the gallant craft wherein I have the honor to hoist my flag as Admiral.

We are all well here, and all send kindest regard to Mrs. Leech and you. I know Whitby very well—used once to go to Mulgrave, not far off[†4]—and would send you overleaf a sketch of the old Ruin on the height,[†5] if I could draw.

If you should meet with an inaccessible Cave anywhere in that neighbourhood, to which a hermit could retire from the memory of Prince Albert and testimonials to the same, pray let me know of it. We have nothing solitary and deep enough in this part of England.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN BAINBRIDGE,[†1] 6 SEPTEMBER 1864†

MS Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixth September 1864.

Sir.

In reply to your obliging letter, [†a]I must candidly express my opinion that Shakespeare's last Monument is in his works, and that it would be but a poor act of homage to his memory and genius to set up a Memorial to him among the London statues.

This opinion I held—but did not insist upon, in deference to the feeling of what appeared to be a very large majority—when the scheme of a great National Memorial to Shakespeare was first set forth before the public in connexion with the Tercentenary.[†2] All that has since attended the hawking about of his great name and fame, has been Failure. I now desire most heartily to leave that name and fame alone.

Therefore I cannot have the gratification of heading the subscription of the London Workmen, as you do me the great honor to propose. With the highest respect for them and their intentions, I am not of their mind in this matter, and never was. And having once acted against my own conviction, I cannot be more practically penitent than by resolving (in this regard) to sin no more.[†a]

I am Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. John Bainbridge

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1864

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 9 Sep 64; addressed Frederic Ouvry.

Enclosing the cheque for Mrs. Dickens, which I think is due tomorrow.

To W. H. WILLS, 11 SEPTEMBER 1864*

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Eleventh September 1864

My Dear Wills. I return you now:

Thornbury's Cholera Hospital (rechristened "A Russian Romance[†3])

A Glass of Madeira[†4]

Leather Guns[†1]
These, judiciously distributed, will make a good No. and are about the length you want. Don't put in any mere common place verses.[†2]

We sadly want some better arrangement of our Proofs. The Proof you have sent me of Mrs. Sartoris's story, is *the first proof that was pulled.*—Since then, I have gone over it carefully—divided it into chapters[†3]—sent it to her for her corrections[†4]—and forwarded the whole to Birtles. This is weeks ago. Pray be sure that you have the right proof when you divide the story into two portions.

The following articles on Birtles's list, are all right: I having already gone over them and returned the proofs.

A Political Parrot[†5]

Backwoods Life in Canada.[†6]
Distribute the Aldershot Exhibition. Of the rest of the articles in type anon.

Wilkie wishes me to tell you that he feels *certain* Lehmann had two black balls at the Garrick, because he seconded him.[†7] He insists on my telling you this, before we put you down.[†8]

Ever
CD.

To MISS ELLEN WOODGATE,[†9] 16 SEPTEMBER 1864*

MS New York University Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Sixteenth September 1864

Dear Madam

I have read your benevolent letter with great interest and deeply regret that you, in common with many hundreds of correspondents—unconsciously exaggerate my powers of bestowing patronage or employment, ten thousand fold. With many claims very near home on such means as I have of striking out paths in life for others, and with communications like yours always pouring in upon me in such numbers that it is often beyond the bounds of all reasonable possibility for a busy man to acknowledge their receipt, I can no more help this unfortunate gentleman to earn a subsistence in London than you yourself can. However confusing you may find this assurance, it is strictly true.

My vote for the Governesses Institution has already been given to a meritorious but unsuccessful applicant.[†10] If I were to withdraw it now that she again

renews her application, I should desert and disappoint her for no sufficient reason. This, I am certain, will be a sufficient explanation to you, why my proxy is not available for the sister in whom you are so kindly interested. It is a distressful story, Heaven knows, but beyond my reach.

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Ellen Woodgate

To WILLIAM DAY, 20 SEPTEMBER 1864*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twentieth September 1864

Dear Mr. Day

Be so good as make these rough corrections in Nos. 7 and 8 enclosed. And when you send me revises, please to send by post another revise of each No. (7[†1] and 8,)[†2] marked "Private", and addressed

W. H. Wills Esquire
22 Regents Park Terrace
N.W.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To [?CHARLES EDMONDS],[†3] 21 SEPTEMBER 1864*

MS New York Public Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty First September 1864

Lyell's Principles of Geology[†4]

CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 21 SEPTEMBER 1864

MS Yale University Library.

THE ATHENAEUM,
Wednesday Twenty First September 1864

My Dear Stanny.

I met George[†1] in the street a few days ago, and he gave me a wonderful account of the effect of your natural element[†2] upon you at Ramsgate. I expect you to come back, looking about twenty nine, and feeling about nineteen.

This morning I have looked in here to put down Fechter as a Candidate, on the chance of the committee's electing him, some day or other.[†3] He is a most devoted worshipper of yours, and would take it as a great honor if you would second him. Supposing you to have not the least objection (of course if you should have any, I can in a moment provide a substitute), will you write your name in the candidates' Book as his seconder, when you are next in town and passing this way?

Lastly, if you should be in town on his opening night (a Saturday, and in all probability the 22nd. of October), will you come and dine at the office, and see his new Piece.[†4] You have not yet "pronounced" in the matter of that new French stage of his, on which Cal[l]cott[†5] for the said new piece has built up all manner of villages, camps, Versailles gardens,[†6] &c &c &c &c. with no wings, no flies, no looking off in any direction. If you tell me that you are to be in town by that time, I will not fail to refresh your memory as to the precise day.

With kind regard to Mrs. Stanfield, Believe me my Dear old Boy

Ever Your affectionate

DICK

To MARCUS STONE, 23 SEPTEMBER 1864*

MS Private. *Address:* Marcus Stone Esquire | Russell House | Tavistock Square | London | WC. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twentythird September 1864

My Dear Marcus

Let us say the Office on Tuesday morning at a quarter past eleven. I leave it at 12.

Ever affecy.

CD

To MRS NICHOLS, 25 SEPTEMBER 1864

Text from N, III, 398.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday, Twenty-Fifth September, 1864

Dear Mrs. Nichols,

This note is to let you know: That I have duly intimated your change of address to Chapman & Hall; that I will certainly read your book,[†1] please God, when I get it; that I am heartily glad of the change in your young invalid; that I found the extract from the letter very droll and true, but too much in the nature of a scrap for A.Y.R.; that I write you a longer letter in the spirit than in the pen, ink, and paper (getting away from my desk when I can); and that I am, with kind regards to your husband and the little recovering patient,

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARCUS STONE, 29 SEPTEMBER 1864†

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Twenty Ninth September 1864

My Dear Marcus. This is the kind of man.[†2] [†a]The Doll's dressmaker is immensely better than she was.[†3] I think she should now come extremely well. A weird sharpness not without beauty,[†4] is the thing I want.[†a]

Affecy. always

CD.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 30 SEPTEMBER 1864

Mention in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. 1249; *MS* 1 p.; dated 30 Sep 64; addressed George Holsworth.

States he is at work on Christmas number; mentions Wills and the office fire.[†1]

October

To W. H. WILLS, 1 OCTOBER 1864

MS Berg Collection. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,

HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday First October 1864

My Dear Wills.

I wrote to Holsworth yesterday about the fire,[†2] saying that I hoped you would not go up to town and that I would be at the office on Monday morning. However you went, and did all. It is much to be regretted that we could not take Taylor[†3] to Bow Street. In the case of so nefarious an offence there really is a duty to be done to Society—though I am almost afraid to use the phrase: it is so horribly abused. It is curious that I anticipated the facts here, on receiving the news.

I don't like Bees[†4] as a subject: having had my honey turned into Gall by Bee Masters in the Times.[†5] I think I have a better paper—a musical one—of Chorley's.[†6] I will see to it the first thing on Monday and will see Morley. All next week (except Thursday) I expect to be at the office.

Mrs. Lirriper is again in hand. I had flown off from the finish of No. IX of our Mutual,[†7] to perch upon her cap. I hope to make way apace with her at the office.

You asked me for Plorn's address. Here it is:

The Rev. W. C. Sawyer
Cambridge House
Tunbridge Wells.

I hope and trust you are by this time getting better. Set yourself up for the Xmas No. campaign, and don't come back too soon.

Kind regard to Mrs. Wills. | Ever Yours
CD.

To MARCUS STONE, 4 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fourth October 1864

My Dear Marcus. I remember that you have not the letterings for the last subjects done. Here they are.

Ever affecy.
CD.

"Come up and be dead."[†1]
Forming the domestic virtues.[†2]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 OCTOBER 1864

Mention in C. F. Libbie catalogue, Feb 1900; MS 1 p.; dated 4 Oct 64.

Returning a letter of Landor's.[†3]

To CHARLES KENT, 6 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Sixth October 1864

My Dear Kent. I am truly sorry to hear that you have been suffering again. Like Chorley himself I shudder from head to foot at the remembrance of our having talked so quietly of your former suffering when another operation was impending. God send it may be all past and gone now, and that you may become as strong and as well as I wish you!

Your company on the journey of twenty months,[†4] lightens the way, believe me. There are some things in No. *8*[†5] wherein I am sure of a small tear or so from you, beforehand.[†6] In the midst of all that interest and study, I am stopping now for my part in the Christmas No. here, and am pleasing myself *very much* (!) which details I mention, because I know you sympathize with them.

When you feel in condition again we hope you will come to Gad's Hill for fresh air. My daughter Mary and her Aunt have been touched by my account of

you, and send you their kindest regard and tender wishes. Mrs. Collins and her husband have gone abroad for his better health;—I don't know the place, I am sorry to add, where he is likely to find it.

This is noble weather for you and you could hardly be in a better retreat at this season. There and everywhere believe me

Affectionately Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Kent Esquire.

To WILKIE COLLINS, [?EARLY OCTOBER 1864]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 12 Oct 64. *Date:* probably a few days before that letter.

Saying that he could not go to Paris with him, but inviting him to join Georgina Hogarth and himself at Dover instead.[†1]

To MARCUS STONE, 7 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Mr Brian Lake. *Address:* Marcus Stone Esquire | Russell House | Tavistock Square | W. C.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Seventh October 1864

My Dear Marcus. It is all right. I mean that Lettering rather to explain the general idea[†2] (very difficult to be lettered[†3] otherwise), than the particular passage.[†4]

Affecy always

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 OCTOBER 1864]

Extracts in F, 1872-4, III, xiii, 271*n* and F, IX, i, 726. *Date:* first extract 8 Oct 64,[†5] according to Forster; clearly correct, since Adah Menken first appeared in London as Mazeppa on 3 Oct; CD finished first story of the Christmas No. by 8 Oct: see *To* Wills, that day; second extract perhaps written same day.

I went the other night to see the *Streets of London*[†6] at the Princess's. A piece that is really drawing all the town, and filling the house with nightly

overflows.[†1] It is the most depressing instance, without exception, of an utterly degraded and debased theatrical taste that has ever come under my writhing notice. For not only do the audiences—of all classes—go, but they are unquestionably delighted.[†2] At Astley's there has been much puffing at great cost of a certain Miss Ada Isaacs Menk[e]n,[†3] who is to be seen bound on the horse in *Mazeppa*[†4] "ascending the fearful precipices not as hitherto done by a dummy."[†5] Last night, having a boiling head, I went out from here to cool myself on Waterloo Bridge, and I thought I would go and see this heroine. Applied at the box-door for a stall. "None left sir." For a box-ticket. "Only standing-room sir." Then the man (busy in counting great heaps of veritable checks) recognizes me and says—"Mr. Smith[†6] will be very much concerned when he hears that you went away sir"—"Never mind; I'll come again." "You never go behind I think sir, or—?" "No thank you, I never go behind." "Mr. Smith's box, sir—" "No thank you, I'll come again." Now who do you think the lady is? If you don't already know, ask that question of the highest Irish mountains that look eternal, and they'll never tell you—*Mrs. Heenan*![†7]

Contrariwise I assisted another night at the Adelphi (where I couldn't, with careful calculation, get the house up to Nine Pounds), and saw quite an admirable performance[†8] of Mr. Toole and Mrs. Mellon—she, an old servant,

wonderfully like Anne[†1]—he, showing a power of passion very unusual indeed in a comic actor, as such things go, and of a quite remarkable kind.

I can report that I have finished the job I set myself, and that it has in it something—to me at all events—so extraordinarily droll, that though I have been reading it some hundred times in the course of the working, I have never been able to look at it with the least composure, but have always roared in the most unblushing manner. I leave you to find out what it was.[†2]

To W. H. WILLS, 8 OCTOBER 1864

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Eighth October 1864

My Dear Wills.

Pray let me know how the leg comes out. I am very anxious to be informed that it's "only" a boil!

I have gone through the No.[†3] carefully, and have been down upon Chorley's paper[†4] in particular, which was "a little bit" too personal.[†5] It is all right now, and good, and them's my sentiments too of The Music of the Future.

Mrs. Lirriper will be in your arms, I trust, two or three days hence. I have enjoined Birtles to the greatest caution in setting it up, and have told him to lock up the type and pull no proof but on a written instruction from me. I have done the opening paper[†6] (longer than 'the last, I fancy),[†7] and am now knocking off the couple of pages or so for the end.[†8] I am something the worse for work, and have an idea of going to the sea for a day or two about Friday next. But I shall be here until further notice.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 10 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Tenth October 1864

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

Please to deliver to the Bearer for me, one copy of A Child's History of England.

CHARLES DICKENS

To F. D. FINLAY, 10 OCTOBER 1864

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Monday Tenth October, 1864

My Dear Finlay

I must add my word of congratulation on your engagement,[†1] and of hearty assurance that what is so nearly and dearly interesting to you is full of interest for me. I count upon having the pleasure of receiving your wife at Gad's Hill, and I hope you will make as good a report of me as you can, beforehand. For it is but fair that she should be prepared to like me, when I am in such an admirable state of preparation to like her.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. HUGH ROBERT HUGHES, 10 OCTOBER 1864

MS Mrs A.K. Frazer. *Address:* The Rev. H. R. Hughes | Madyn Dysw | Amlwch | Anglesey.
On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Tenth October 1864

My Dear Sir

I beg to send you a Post Office Order for a Guinea towards the restoration of your Church.[†2] And I am,

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. H. R. Hughes

To SYDNEY DICKENS [?10-11 OCTOBER 1864]

Mention in *To* Georgina Hogarth, 12 Oct 64. *Date:* probably a day or two before that letter.

To MATILDA [LATER, MRS BUTLER], 11 OCTOBER 1864

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eleventh October, 1864

Please, Matilda, to send me, in the course of the day, my Pea coat with the green plaid lining (I think it is hanging up in the hall) and my waterproof coat which is hanging in the staircase of the young gentlemen's room.

CHARLES DICKENS

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 11 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Yale University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eleventh October 1864

My Dear Stanny

I am much concerned and disappointed to get your note.[†1] (I have been away, writing my part of the Christmas Number.) Tomorrow afternoon I shall come up and form my own opinion of the lad with the tarry trousers.

Ever affectionately Yours
DICK

To MRS BIRMINGHAM, 12 OCTOBER 1864*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twelfth October 1864.

Dear Mrs Birmingham

I want to come down to the Lord Warden tomorrow (Thursday) for a few days change. As my sister in law will be with me, I shall require a sea-view sitting room and two bedrooms; and on Saturday when Mr Wilkie Collins will join us,[†2] a third bedroom.[†3] I am at work, and shall be much obliged to you if you can lodge me cheerfully and quietly. We purpose coming down tomorrow evening—I am not quite certain whether to dinner, or by the Mail.

In case you can't take me in, will you kindly telegraph to that effect, *here.* If I hear nothing from you, I shall conclude that you expect me.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twelfth October 1864

My Dearest Georgie

As you are so far from Reading, I dare say you will not get these half dozen words before you come back.

I have not been able to get to Our Mutual Friend from Mrs. Lirriper, though yesterday I was able to do some useful touching-up work that was necessary to No. 8.[†1] This being out of sorts makes me the more anxious to get early to Dover. And I should like to be down there to dinner tomorrow. I suppose, this will not be difficult to do, if Mrs. Elliot cannot come up. If she can, of course she will be the first consideration. On this head I shall hear from you tomorrow morning.

Old Mrs. Collins[†2] is fretting about Charley,[†3] and Wilkie is with her. He wrote from Tunbridge Wells to ask me if I could go to Paris with him? I replied No, but told him we were going to Dover, if that would do. He proposes to join us on Saturday.[†4]

I am going this afternoon to see Wills, and also Stanny. I have a very good honest story of Wills to relate.

In this interval, I have settled the regimental part of poor Walter's wretched affairs[†5]—utterly incomprehensible, as they always have been—and have written to Sydney. The first-named misery I have been postponing facing, every day since last July. So I have not been idle, though No. 10[†6] is unborn.

All the scenery is to be tried over the way at 8 tonight. I have not seen Fechter since you left, but he sent Godin[†7] over yesterday to ask me to make the scenery-appointment.[†8] *He* said of the foot "Ah le mauvais pied—Poof!"—from which I inferred that Fechter still limps.

My love to Mrs. Elliot. I shall be glad to know (tell her) how on earth she got the Gout.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To CHARLES MANBY, 12 OCTOBER 1864

Extract in N, III, 400.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
12th October 1864

I really am not free to sit.[†1] If I sat at all, I should have to sit to half a dozen other people first—and I hate it altogether—and am as little disposed ever to sit again as anybody living can well be.

To ANDREW HALLIDAY, 13 OCTOBER 1864†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirteenth October 1864

My Dear Mr. Halliday.

[†a]Between my book, and my part of the Xmas No. here (on which I have just now been closely occupied), my thoughts are so set upon other ideal creatures[†a] than Edgar,[†2] that I have the greatest difficulty in fixing my attention on that young gentleman. I am going down to Dover tonight, and I will write to you by Sunday's post, on the chance of any additional device occurring to me.

At present I do not see any thing beyond your ken. The Anonyme[†3] suggestiveness requires to be extremely delicate. [†a]The grand point is to impress Lily with the conviction that he is *mean and shabby of soul*,[†4] and to present Long[†5] before her as the exact contrast.[†a]

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew Halliday Equire

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 16 OCTOBER 1864

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On Gad's Hill mourning paper.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover
Sunday Sixteenth October, 1864

My Dear Brooks.

I have your letter here, where I am resting for a few days. I hope nothing will occur to prevent my attending the meeting[†6] on Thursday at 3.

But if anything should, I will write to you.

Yes to the Prince Albert monument outside my study window,[†1] on condition that an interesting little anecdote connected with the exemplary life of that Illustrious Prince is conspicuously inscribed on its base: It is simply, that a certain British writer of fiction seeing one day written on his bill of fare at home, "Prince Albert Pudding" (that great German being then alive among mortals), did instantly cause those words to be erased, and "Flunkey Pudding" substituted in their stead. These again were afterwards superseded by the words "The Great and Good Pudding"; under which denomination that piece of confectionery is served at his board unto this day.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To SAMUEL LOVER, 16 OCTOBER 1864

MS W. A. Foyle. On Gad's Hill mourning paper.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover
Sunday Sixteenth October 1864

My Dear Lover

I am resting here for a few days, and have your letter this morning. When I return to the office, I will endeavour to find out how that mistake[†2] occurred, and will take care, that all is put right in any re-prints of the No. 1 thoroughly understand and thoroughly respect your reasons for pointing out the error.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Lover Esquire

To J. C. PARKINSON,[†3] 16 OCTOBER 1864

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. On mourning paper.

[GAD'S HILL PLACE,]
HIGHAM [BY ROCHESTER, KENT.][†4]
Sunday Sixteenth October 1864

My Dear Mr. Parkinson

Many thanks for your letter. I had previously heard from Mrs. Alfred[†5] of your great exertions in her little daughter's[†6] behalf, and I do not doubt that she owes her success to you.[†7]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. Parkinson Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 16 OCTOBER 1864

MS Huntington Library. On Gad's Hill mourning paper.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover
Sunday Sixteenth October 1864

My Dear Wills.

I was unspeakably relieved and most agreeably surprised to get your letter this morning. I had pictured you as lying there waiting, full another week. Whereas Please God you will now come up with a wet sheet and a flowing sail,[†1]—as we say in these parts.

My expectations of Mrs. Lirriper's sale, are not so mighty as yours. But I am heartily glad and grateful to be honestly able to believe that she is nothing but a good 'un. It is the condensation of a quantity of subject and the very greatest pains.

George Russell knew nothing whatever of the slightest doubt of your being elected at the Garrick.[†2] Rely on my probing the matter to the bottom, and ascertaining everything about it, and giving you the fullest information in ample time to decide what shall be done. Don't bother yourself about it. I have spoken. On my eyes be it.

[†a]Wilkie sends kindest regard. Ditto Georgina. Mrs. Wills included in all remembrances.[†a]

Ever My Dear Wills | Affecy Yours
CD.

To [?W. H. WILLS],[†3] 16 OCTOBER 1864

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Dec 1933; *MS* 1 p.; dated Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, 16 Oct 64.

Also enclosed, is a note of what John[†4] has now to pay for the schooling of his children.[†5] Will you please give it to him and explain.

To LIEUT COLONEL NAPIER STURT,[†1] 17 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Capt. Michael Hobbs. On Gad's Hill mourning paper.

Lord Warden Hotel Dover
Tuesday Seventeenth October 1864

My Dear Sir

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance, and should have had great pleasure in responding in person to your invitation, but that I have come here to write by the sea (until Thursday) and must give myself no quarter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lt. Colonel Napier Sturt.

To FREDERICK S. MILLS,[†2] 21 OCTOBER 1864

Summary from "Antiques Road Show", B.B.C., 16 Jan 1994; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Mr Mills; dated Gad's Hill Place, 21 Oct 64.

Thanking Mr Mills for his letter, received on returning from the seaside, and regretting that he cannot accept the position he is offering.

To MARCUS STONE, 21 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Mr Philip Dickens.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty First October 1864

My Dear Marcus.

The Printer has sent me these illustrations to put the lettering to.[†3] Will you just note on the back of each where the subject is taken from,—I mean, exactly at what point of the book.
Then please return them here.

Affecy. always
CD.

To MARCUS STONE, 21 OCTOBER 1864

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty First October 1864

My Dear Marcus.

All right.

The Lettering for the two subjects will be:

— X - 443 —

Our Johnny[†1]

Pa's Lodger, and Pa's daughter[†2]

The accompanying large letter[†3] I was just going to send up to you when your messenger came.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILLIAM DAY, [?24 OCTOBER 1864]*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Date:* p. 211 (see below) of *Our Mutual Friend* was in No. 7, published 31 Oct 64; therefore letter probably written approx. a week before that. *Address:* Mr. Day | Messrs. Clowes and Son.

Dear Mr. Day. I have made one correction (page 211) and you can now go to press with the whole.

CD.[†4]

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 25 OCTOBER 1864†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* A Monsieur W.F. de Cerjat | Lausanne | Switzerland. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth October

My Dear Cerjat.

Here is a limping brute of a reply to your always-welcome Christmas letter! But, as usual, when I have done my day's work, I jump up from my desk and rush into air and exercise, and find letter-writing the most difficult thing in my daily life.

I hope your asthmatic tendencies may not be strong just now; but Townshend's account of the premature winter at Lausanne, is not encouraging, and with us here in England all such disorders have

been aggravated this autumn. However, a man of your dignity *must* have either asthma or gout—and I hope you have got the better of the two!. †aI suppose mighty little cold air ever finds its way into Townshend's bronchial passages?†a

In London there is, as you see by the papers, extraordinarily little news. At present the apprehension (rather less than it was though) of a commercial crisis, and the trial of Müller†5 next Thursday, are the two chief sensations. I hope that

gentleman will be hanged, and have hardly a doubt of it, though croakers contrariwise are not wanting.†1 It is difficult to conceive any other line of defence than that the circumstances proved, taken separately, are slight. But a sound Judge will immediately charge the Jury that the strength of the circumstances lies in their being put together, and will thread them together on a fatal rope.†2

As to the Church, my friend, I am sick of it. The spectacle presented by the indecent squabbles of priests of most denominations, and the exemplary unfairness and rancour with which they conduct their differences, utterly repel me.†3 And the idea of the Protestant Establishment, in the face of its own history, seeking to trample out discussion and private judgment, is an enormity so cool that I wonder the Right Reverends, Very Reverends, and all other Reverends, who commit it, can look in one another's faces without laughing as the old Soothsayers did. Perhaps they can't, and don't. How our sublime and so-different Christian religion is to be administered in the future, I cannot pretend to say, but that the Church's hand is at its own throat, I am fully convinced. Here, mere Popery—there, mere Methodism—as many forms of consignment to eternal damnation, as there are articles, and all in one forever quarreling body—the Master of the New Testament put out of sight, and the rage and fury almost always turning on the letter of obscure parts of the old Testament which itself has been the subject of accommodation, adaptation, varying interpretation without end—these things can not last. The Church that is to have its part in the coming Time must be a more christian one, with less arbitrary pretensions and a stronger hold upon the mantle of Our Saviour as He walked and talked upon this earth.

Of family intelligence, I have very little—Charles Collins continuing in a very poor way and shewing no signs of amendment, he and my daughter Katie went to Wiesbaden and thence to Nice where they are now. I have strong apprehensions that he will never recover, and that she will be left a young widow. All the rest are as they were; Mary neither married nor going to be; Georgina holding them all together, and perpetually corresponding with the distant ones; occasional rallyings coming off here, in which another generation begins to peep above the table—I once used to think what a horrible thing it would be to be a Grandfather. Finding that the calamity falls upon me without my perceiving any other change in myself, I bear it like a man.

Mrs. Watson has bought a house in town,†4 to which she repairs in the season, for the bringing out of her daughter.†5 She is now at Rockingham. Her eldest son is said to be as good an eldest son as ever was, and to make her position there a perfectly independent and happy one. I have not seen him for some years—her,

I often see—but he ought to be a good fellow and is very popular in his neighbourhood.

I have altered this place very much since you were here, and have made a very pretty (I think an unusually pretty) Drawing Room. I wish you would come back, and see it. My being on the Dover line, and my being very fond of France, occasion me to cross the channel perpetually.[†1] Whenever I feel that I have worked too much, or am on the eve of over-doing it, and want a change, away I go by the Mail Train, and turn up in Paris, or anywhere else that suits my humour, next morning. So I come back as fresh as a Daisy, and preserve as ruddy a face as if I never bent over a sheet of paper. When I retire from a literary life, I think of setting up as a Channel-Pilot.

Pray give my love to Mrs. Cerjat, and tell her I should like to go up the Great St. Bernard again, and shall be glad to know if she is open to another ascent. Our old days in Switzerland are ever fresh to me, and sometimes I walk with you again, after dark, outside the Hotel at Martigny while that poor girl (Lady Mary Taylour,[†2] wasn't it?) [†a]who was always leaving her nightgown behind, which my man triumphantly produced at Inn-Doors as we were starting[†a]— sang within, very prettily.[†3] [†a]Wasn't it poor Haldimand who was made partially drunk by my having brandy mulled with the wine? It was neither I nor you, but it was somebody. And somebody's bedstead broke as he lay in his cool cell:— poor Watson's, or yours.[†a] Lord, how the time goes! How many years ago!

[†a]Don't fail—but I know you won't—in your Christmas letter; and at Christmas and in the New Year and always, think of me my Dear Cerjat as[†a]

Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM DAY, 25 OCTOBER 1864*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Twenty Fifth October 1864

Dear Mr. Day.

I send you the lettering for the plates in Great Expectations.[†4] On the back of each plate you will find noted by Mr. Stone the point in the story which each illustration is to face.

To W. H. WILLS, [?26 OCTOBER 1864]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD; on 16 Oct, a Sunday, he was at Dover; almost certainly Wed 26 Oct. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Sixteenth October, 1864

My Dear Wills. I have reconsidered the advertisement carefully, and I don't like the idea of it. I think it is below our mark, and is American—and I can say no worse of it than that.

Let us abandon the idea, and advertize as we did last year. I saw the posters. It strikes me that the usual long large narrow one is *too black.* A red line round *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*[†1] would surely improve it. It looks to me as if it were designed to express that Mrs. Lirriper was dead and we were in mourning.

Will you kindly check the accompanying account[†2] of Chapman and Hall (first 6 Nos. of Our Mutual Friend), and tell me, when we meet, whether you see any serious objections to it.

Ever

CD.

Let Birtles lose no time in getting into type and before me, all that comes in for the Xmas No.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 29 OCTOBER 1864*

MS University of Texas. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Ninth October, 1864

My Dear Tennent.

I am heartily vexed that you got this set of my books, because I had hoped to send you one when your own book[†3] should be finished. For the present I stand committed to a white lie, in the inscription I have written;[†4] but means must be devised for making it a piece of truth.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

November

To [H. COLYER],[†1] 1 NOVEMBER 1864

Extract in Union Square Book Shop catalogue No. 92 (1930); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 1 Nov 64; addressed Mr. Colger (misreading for Colyer).

Asking him to make necessary repairs such as screw up the Van and tighten up the bolts.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1 NOVEMBER 1864]

Extract in F, IX, v, 742. *Date:* evidently three days after Leech's death on 29 Oct 64.

I have not done my number. This death of poor Leech[†2] (I suppose) has put me out woefully. Yesterday and the day before I could do nothing; seemed for the time to have quite lost the power; and am only by slow degrees getting back into the track to-day.

To MRS NICHOLS, 1 NOVEMBER 1864

Text from N, III, 403-4.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, First November, 1864

Dear Mrs Nichols,

It appears to me that you cannot have received a letter I wrote to you from the office some weeks ago,[†3] in reference (as I suppose) to the very papers which are the subject of your complaint received yesterday. But it was certainly posted along with other letters which reached their respective destinations.

You had written me a note about the papers, in which you mentioned that Mr. Froude[†4] had considered their general subject interesting to the public at this time, and had therefore desired to have them for *Fraser*![†5] and you added that you knew they were true, particularly referring, if I do not mistake, to a

description of a negro preacher. In the letter I wrote you, I replied that I did not concur in Mr. Froude's opinion; that I thought the subject unacceptable to the public, pending the miserable struggle; that I did not believe your compatriots were at all in a humour to receive the truth about anything from this side of the water; and that I would rather leave them alone for the time altogether; under the impression that I should otherwise do more harm than good.[†1] For these reasons (I added, as I remember), I declined the papers without reference to their merits, but they were in type, and would you like to have proofs. No answer has reached me.

With the contents of my note Mr. Wills was unacquainted; but I said to him, "I have written to Mrs. Nichols about those papers, and it is understood between her and me that they will not go in." Since then he has been very ill. I suppose, writing now without having had an opportunity of communicating with him, that he found some memoranda on the papers that they were not for insertion, and forgot under what circumstances those notes were made. But the judgment exercised is most distinctly mine, and not his. And as to him, I am quite sure that he is incapable of treating you with the least intentional disrespect.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LORD LYTTELTON,[†2] 4 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS The Right Hon. Viscount Cobham.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,

HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fourth November 1864

Dear Lord Lyttelton

It would be very agreeable to me to come to see you, and to bite at both the baits you dangle in the distance; but my pursuits are so engrossing that I have no leisure for the gratification of my own inclinations in that wise; and as to Reading!—I assure you that if I were to read once, for an audience such as that in which you are generously interested,[†3] I should be assailed from all parts of the United Kingdom for six months to come, and a correspondence would set in tending to frenzy and despair.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Lyttelton.

To HENRY SPICER, 5 NOVEMBER 1864

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* V, 1919-21; *MS* 1 p.; dated 5 Nov 64; addressed H. Spicer.

To THE REV. CHRISTOPHER CAY,[†1] 7 NOVEMBER 1864

Text from N, III, 404 checked from MS Sotheby's Feb 1957.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh November 1864

Dear Sir

Mrs. Cay having mentioned to my sister in law that you would be glad to compare notes with me on likely means of ensuring audibility in reading to a congregation, I very readily offer you a few slight words of suggestion out of my own practice and experience.

The main point is difficult to express, and will have, I am sensible, a very odd appearance on this paper.—If you could form a habit of finding your voice, *lower down*—in other words, of reading more from the chest and less from the throat—you would find yourself immensely relieved, and your voice greatly strengthened. When you experience any little distress or difficulty now, I think it is in the throat; and I think that is, because the strain is in the wrong place. If you make the trial, reading aloud alone, of placing your hand on your chest, and trying as it were to originate your voice behind the hand, you will probably soon find a capacity in it almost new to you, while the ease of speaking will be correspondingly increased.

I should have supposed your perfectly unaffected reading of the Lessons to be generally audible throughout the Church. If it be not so, it may pretty surely be made so, by addressing the last persons in the building and by being always watchful and careful not to drop the voice towards the close of a sentence or

a verse, but rather to sustain and prolong the distinctness of the concluding words. Always supposing the words to be well separated and never run into one another, I believe that a very moderate voice, observing this method, may be heard with ease and pleasure in a large place, when a very powerful voice, neglecting it, might be quite ineffective. The habit of reading *down-hill*,—or dropping the voice as the sentence proceeds,—is so extremely common, that perhaps even if Mrs. Cay were to happen to read a few pages to you by the fireside, you would detect yourself asking what this or that lost word towards the close of a sentence was. Imagine how fatal the fault must be to distinctness, when there are listeners at various removed distances.

I should be even more diffident than I am in offering these simple hints, if I had not habitually acted on them, with the result that I am said to be always heard.

To be of the least service to you would be a real gratification to me. With which sincere assurance I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Christopher Cay

To W. H. WILLS, 7 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Mr L. Mastracci. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh November, 1864.

My Dear Wills

Spicer's Christmas Story[†1] looks to me as if something essential must have been cut out, about three parts through. Did you reduce it at all before the proof came to me?[†2] If so, will you have the MS ready for me at the office when I come on Thursday morning.

Ever
CD

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [11 NOVEMBER 1864]

Mention in next. *Date:* written on same day.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 11 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Yale University Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Eleventh November 1864

My Dear Dixon

I really cannot conceive it possible that Chorley ever made such a ridiculous and utterly baseless assertion as you tell me of.[†3] I think there must be some mistake; otherwise he would be a stark lunatic. If I had the slightest grain of offence against you, I should certainly not resort to such a mode of expressing it; but I have *none*—how *can* I have any!—I have no feeling towards you or the Athenaeum but perfect friendliness—I have an affectionate regard for Dilke[†4]— and I am more shocked than I can express to you by the statement, though it is so intensely foolish.

Under the impression that Chapman and Hall's people have made some mistake of omission, I write them a trimming[†5] letter by this post. Let me thank you cordially for your frank communication which I highly esteem, and let me

assure you that there is not an atom more ground for this monstrous representation than there could be for a statement that you and I jointly murdered Mr. Briggs.[†1] I was perfectly ignorant that you had not received the last No. of Our Mutual Friend, I have never exchanged one word with Chorley on the subject, and I have not seen him these seven weeks.

I shall be in town on Tuesday and will draw Miss Jerrold's balance and enclose it to you.

Hearty thanks once more, for writing so openly

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To SIR JOHN BOWRING,[†2] 12 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth November 1864

My Dear Sir John.

I think such parts of your MS on China as you describe, ought to suit the purposes of this Journal admirably.[†3] If you will send me any portion with which you would like to begin, I hope that what the Journal will then propose in the way of remuneration will be quite satisfactory to you.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir John Bowring.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 12 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Mr Brian Lake.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth November 1864

Dear Sirs

As you have announced the republication of "Quite Alone",[†4] I deemed it necessary to place distinctly on record that Mr. Sala failed to supply the Manuscript for the periodical publication of that story in portions here, at the end of the 50th Chapter;[†5] and that I, on my responsibility and in order to keep faith

with the public, caused it to be concluded by another hand.[†1] But my responsibility does not extend beyond this Journal in this matter, and therefore please to observe that you republish on your own.[†2]

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 12 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth November 1864

My Dear Sir

A certain Mr. Robert Long,[†3] wood-engraver of No. 22 Chancery Lane, has asked me for a recommendation, on the ground that he is (as I believe he is) a kind of cousin of mine. This is not to the purpose, as he says, further than as excusing such a demand from one whom I never saw. But he has sent accompanying his letter, some very admirable specimens of his work—beautifully done, with great honesty and vigour—and if, on this ground, you can put any remunerative occupation in his way, I shall be extremely glad to help him to a trial.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To E. S. DALLAS, 12 NOVEMBER 1864

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Evening Twelfth November 1864

My Dear Dallas.

I have taken my people into council on the subject of poor dear Leech,[†4] but quite in vain. We agree that there is really nothing to tell but what is quite of private and familiar life. All our near intercourse of many years in the confidence

of Autumn holidays by the sea, resolve themselves into this phase. All the little jokes we humoured, and exaggerated, originated in things quite apart from the public and the key to which would be wanting. A little incident specially like one class of his drawings, is the only exception—for that reason solely—that I can call to mind. He was very fond of a boy of mine[†1] (an extraordinarily small boy) of a great spirit, who is a Midshipman in the Queen's Navy; and [†a]whenever this boy came home from a Cruise,[†2] he and Leech, and never anybody else, used to go out in great state, and dine at the Garrick, and go to the play, and finish in an exemplary way with kidnies[†3] and harmony. On the first of these occasions the officer came out so frightfully small, that Leech told us afterwards he was filled with horror when he saw him eating his dinner at the Garrick with a large knife. On the other hand he felt that to suggest a small knife to an officer and a gentleman would be an unpardonable affront. So after meditating for some time, he felt that his course was, to object to the Club-knives as enormous and gigantic—to remonstrate with the servant on their huge proportions—and with a grim dissatisfaction to demand small ones. After which, he and the officer messed with great satisfaction, and agreed that things in general were running too large in England.[†a]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

If this note be a little behind its time, my occupation of "making up" the Xmas No. is the plea in excuse. For the same reason I cannot write plainly, and can hardly write at all.

To ROBERT LONG, 12 NOVEMBER 1864*

Text from facsimile in Vol I of Illustrated Library edn, 1874 from the library of Rev. W. K. W. Chafy.

Saturday Twelfth November 1864

Sir

I write to-day to Mr. Frederick Chapman, informing him that you have sent me some very admirable specimens of your wood-engraving and I have not the

least hesitation in highly recommending your work, after inspecting the excellent productions returned with this.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 12 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | W. Mourning envelope.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth November 1864

My Dear George Russell

Will you come and dine here with Wills and me, next Thursday at a quarter before Six? I name this early hour, sharp, because I am going down to Folkestone at night, and have no other disengaged days next week save your engaged days.

One word in answer, to Gad's. | Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS DAVIS, 16 NOVEMBER 1864

MS University College London Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Sixteenth November, 1864

Dear Madam

I have received your letter[†1] with great pleasure, and hope to be (as I have always been in my heart) the best of friends with the Jewish people. The error you point out to me had occurred to me[†2]—as most errors do to most people— when it was too late to correct it. But it will no do harm. The peculiarities of dress and manner are fused together for the sake of picturesqueness.[†3]

Dear Madam | Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS THURSTON & CO.,[†1] 16 NOVEMBER 1864

Mention in Dobell catalogue No. 281 (1919); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 16 Nov 64; addressed Messrs Thurston & Co.

Telling them that when his table is fitted he wishes it to be supplied with all necessities for Pool.[†2]

To B. H. COOPER,[†3] 17 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Private. *Address:* à Monsier B. H. Cooper | Rue Duperré 12 bis | Paris.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Seventeenth November 1864

Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging note, and to thank you for the proposal contained in it. But I do not think that such a series of articles as you describe, would be suitable to these pages and the prospective arrangements I have made with contributors.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

B. H. Cooper Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Seventeenth Novr. 1864

My Dearest Georgy. The coachmaker's man will be at the Bull, Dartford,[†4] at Eleven on Monday forenoon. You can be there as soon afterwards as you like. Wills is highly flattered by your going over to receive his present.[†5]

As yet (nearly 4) I have heard nothing from Fechter. If I hear nothing and he addresses you, tell him that you knew I expected the Auberge;[†6] but that no doubt I will do it the instant I come back.[†7] You know how to address me, if need be.

I have had some violent fits of coughing to day, but no pain in the face. On the whole I think the cold is better, and the cough much worse. I have been to Twinberrow's[†1] and have got some wormwood.

Ever Your most affectionate
CD.

I think the exact name of the Hotel is, Hotel Imperial du Pavillon.[†2] But Hotel Imperial would do. I shall not expect to hear from you, but will not fail to write myself.

To MARCUS STONE, 17 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Seventeenth Novr. 1864

My Dear Marcus. I find these this morning, and immediately return them. All right, but I would like John's false beard and whiskers in the leaving-shop[†3] to be more ragged and shaggy. Letter that one:

Miss Riderhood at home.[†4]

Letter the other:

More dead than alive.[†5]

I am going away for a fortnight. Proceed with No. X[†6] without me. You will receive the proof immediately. You ought to have had it before now.

Ever affy.

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 28 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Evg November Twenty Eight 1864

My Dearest Georgy

Safely arrived at a quarter past 5. I will come down tomorrow by my usual train from Charing Cross at 3.30.

Ever your most affectionate

CD.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 29 NOVEMBER 1864

Text from Alice A. Clowes, *Charles Knight | A Sketch by His Grand-daughter,* p. 138.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Twenty-ninth November, 1864.

My dear Knight,

I am very truly sorry to find your letter[†1] on returning to-day from a French holiday. Georgina (Mary being with Mrs. White) unites with me in affectionate and sympathetic regard to Mrs. Knight[†2] and to you. I follow you in your 'Working Life',[†3] and in all your life, as a loving old friend should, and am ever,

Your faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

To COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS,[†4] 29 NOVEMBER 1864

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Mar 1995; *MS* 1 p; dated 29 Nov 64; addressed "My Dear General Phipps".[†5]

Explaining that he has been away in France, but that he has forwarded his note and its enclosures to his business manager, Wills, who will return them with his own observations thereupon.

To CHARLES BARBER, 30 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Mr Stanley Court. *Address:* Mr. Barber | Heath House | Wrecklesham[†6] | Farnham | Surrey.[†7] On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirtieth November, 1864

Dr. Barber.

I write to let you know that no question whatever has arisen since you left here, and that everything in your department was found correct and in order. I hope you continue to feel better. We are all well here, and send you kind regards

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR C. T. RAMAGE,[†1] 30 NOVEMBER 1864*

MS Miss Mary Hill. *Address:* C.T. Ramage Esquire L.L.D. | Wallace Hall | Thornhill | Dumfries-shire. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirtieth November, 1864

Dear Sir

Allow me to offer you my cordial thanks for your obliging note and its accompanying copy of your Beautiful thoughts from Greek Authors;[†2]—a charming and serviceable book (I take the liberty to say) for which many readers will be much indebted to you.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. T. Ramage Esquire L.L.D.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 NOVEMBER 1864

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirtieth November, 1864

My Dear Wills

I found the beautiful and perfect Brougham awaiting me in triumph at the station when I came down yesterday afternoon;—Georgina and Marsh both highly mortified that it had fallen dark, and the beauties of the carriage were obscured. But of course I had it out in the yard the first thing this morning, and got in and out at both the doors, and let down and pulled up the windows, and checked an imaginary coachman, and leaned back in a state of placid contemplation.

It is the lightest and prettiest and best carriage of the class, ever made. But you know that I value it for higher reasons than these. It will always be dear to me—far dearer than any thing on wheels could ever be for its own sake—as a proof of your ever generous friendship and appreciation, and a memorial of a happy intercourse and a perfect confidence that have never had a break, and that surely never can have any break now (after all these years) but one.

Ever Your faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Wills Esquire.

December

To MRS FORSTER, 2 DECEMBER 1864

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Second December, 1864

My Dear Mrs. Forster.

If the Chittys[†1] will have me on Thursday, I shall be delighted to dine with them.

I enclose some proofs for Forster. Will you ask him to give them me back when he has read them. This I merely mention, because I do not usually need them again.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS FITZGERALD,[†2] 3 DECEMBER 1864

MS (envelope[[sic]] only) Professor Robert D. Horn. *Address:* Mrs. Fitzgerald | The Parsonage | Pratt Street | Camden Town | London | N.W.

To JOSEPH WILLIAM CHITTY, 5 DECEMBER 1864*

MS Mrs Ronald Sinclair.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fifth December 1864

My Dear Chitty.

Coming to town this morning, I find your kind note. I shall be truly pleased to dine with Mrs. Chitty and you on Thursday

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JOHN BOWRING, 6 DECEMBER 1864*

MS Torquay Natural History Society.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth December, 1864.

My Dear Sir John.

I hope you will find the enclosed cheque satisfactory for the admirable account of Chinese Competitive Examinations.[†3] Understand that the copyright will remain with you, if ever you should see fit to collect these articles.[†4]

I shall be delighted to receive further contributions from you; the sooner, the better.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir John Bowring

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 6 DECEMBER 1864*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth December 1864

My Dear Mary

I should say that the best French town I know for Mrs. Charles Boyle's[†1] purpose, is St. Omer.[†2]

It is a coincidence that I had just been speaking to Fechter on that feminine head when I got your note. He is doing Ruy Blas[†3] until Christmas,[†4] and has then a new version of the Auberge des Adrets;[†5] which ought to be a success, I think. For the rest—nous verrons.

I am dying for love of you, and you will never believe it. So no more at present from

Your | Unfortnet
Jo.

To W. W. JONES,[†6] 10 DECEMBER 1864

Text from copy in Minute book of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night 10th. Decr. 1864

Sir.

In reply to your letter I beg your Committee to choose between the two days you mention (Tuesday the 5th. of May and Tuesday the 12th.) as either will suit me very well.[†7]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. W. W. Jones.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 11 DECEMBER 1864

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 11 Dec 64; addressed F. Ouvry.

Enclosing the quarterly cheque, which he omitted to send before leaving the office on the previous day.

[[sic]] W. J. THOMS,[†1] 11 DECEMBER 1864

Text from N, III, 406.

GAD'S HILL PLACE
Sunday Eleventh December 1864

My Dear Mr Thoms,

Coming down here last night from London, I found your acceptable letter and its accompanying volume.[†2] The former is truly gratifying to me, I assure you, and the latter I purpose to enjoy on this appropriate ground this very evening.

Being a diligent reader of my N and Q[†3] I came in due course upon the astounding discovery that the world is indebted to me for all that curious lore.[†4] It may have been very well for you to contradict it, but I should never have done so myself.

Let me send you cordially all the good wishes of the time of year. I hope they may be acceptable, though your Dedication tells me that you need none of them.[†5]

It is delightful to me to know that I have given you so much pleasure, and I esteem it as a high privilege.

Believe me always | Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 11 DECEMBER 1864

Text from N, III, 406.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Eleventh December, 1864

My Dear Trollope,

I cried over the proof of Mrs. Trollope's last paper,[†1] yesterday, and put it in the N°. I hope she will go on writing, and I hope you will represent to her that she is bound to do so, having such a gift of observation and tenderness bestowed upon her.

You fire my dramatic ardour by your account of your theatrical doings at Florence.[†2] To see that Parliament sitting in the day,[†3] and to act at night, what a treat it would be!

And I am at the oar in this galley—not with Italian youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,[†4] in that—and must serve my time out.

Our Deanness[†5] is victorious over High Church, and approving Bishops (of Gloucester) smile upon her.[†6] With a little more patience, I think the game would generally go her way. But she takes a resentful bounce now and then, which is more naturally impulsive than wise. She and Colenso seem to me to be the right man and woman in the wrong places.

My daughter and her Aunt send their kindest regard, and Mary wishes me to add that a new croquet-ground has been constructed for next summer, on which she hopes to play a match with you.

Always my Dear Trollope | with much regard | Cordially Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To [FREDERIC CHAPMAN], [13 DECEMBER 1864]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 13 DECEMBER 1864*

MS Heritage Book Shop Inc., California.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Thirteenth December 1864

My Dear Dixon.

I send you enclosed a cheque for £125..0..0 payable to Miss Jerrold's order. Perhaps you will send me a receipt, in order that the "Jerrold Fund"[†1] papers may explain themselves in time to come.

It is a mercy that I should not have descended upon Chorley in any case, because your note was marked Private.[†2] But I have written to F.C.[†3] to day demanding to know whether he ever did, to any one, make that stupendously false statement. I have told him no particulars.

Faithfully Yours Ever,
CHARLES DICKENS

Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To GEORGE GROVE,[†4] 13 DECEMBER 1864*

Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth December 1864

My Dear Mr. Grove.

It is possible that the Gentleman's Magazine for 1769 has been got from the London Library for the purposes of All The Year Round; but certainly *I* have not got it and have never had it. I write to Wills, telling him of your need; and you may be sure of help, if help be in him, without loss of time.

I am much concerned to receive your account of Paxton.[†5]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Grove Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, [13 DECEMBER 1864]

Mention in last. *Date:* clearly written same day.

To J. E. MILLAIS,[†1] 18 DECEMBER 1864

Text from J. G. Millais, *Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais,* 1899, I, 275.

GADS HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER
Sunday, December 18th 1864

My Dear Millais,

There are certain personal, private circumstances which would render my writing to Lord Palmerston, *separately and from myself alone,* in the matter of the pension,[†2] a proceeding in more than questionable taste.[†3] Besides which I feel perfectly certain that a reminder from me would not help the powerful case. I should have been glad to sign the memorial, but I have not the least doubt that a letter

from myself singly is best avoided. If I had any, I would disregard the other considerations and send it; but I have none, and I am convinced that I am right.

You are a generous and true friend to Mrs. Leech.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. S. R. HOLE,[†4] 20 DECEMBER 1864

Text from *Memories of Dean Hole*, new edn 1893, VIII, 77-8.

GAD'S HILL | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday, December 20, 1864

My Dear Sir,

I am very much interested in your letter,[†5] for the love of our departed friend, for the promise it holds out of a good record of his life and work,

and for the remembrance of a very pathetic voice, which I heard at his grave.[†1]

There is not in my possession one single note of his writing. A year or two ago, shocked by the misuse of the private letters of public men, which I constantly observed, I destroyed a very large and very rare mass of correspondence.[†2] It was not done without pain, you may believe, but, the first reluctance conquered, I have steadily abided by my determination to keep no letters by me, and to consign all such papers to the fire. I therefore fear that I can render you no help at all. All that I could tell you of Leech you know, even (probably) to the circumstance that for several years we always went to the seaside together in the autumn, and lived, through the autumn months, in constant daily association.

Your reference to my books is truly gratifying to me, and I hope this sad occasion may be the means of bringing us into personal relations, which may not lessen your pleasure in them.

Believe me, dear sir, very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 24 DECEMBER 1864

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Christmas Eve, 1864

My Dear Brooks.

I heartily reciprocate all your seasonable good wishes, and hope that there are many happy years in store for you and those who are nearest and dearest to you.

The recognition of Mantalini[†3] was a very happy thought; singularly droll and appropriate.—I would lay a small wager that it made me laugh more than it has made the wise gentleman himself[†4] laugh, by a great deal.

Of course I wrote immediately to the gentleman who read the service so pathetically at poor dear Leech's grave. And of course (much respecting his affectionate earnestness), I did *not* tell him what I nevertheless think: that it is a pity to write that kind of Biography at all. It seems to me that such a man's life is

always best told in his works. The notice in Punch[†1] was in the best taste, and told all that our friend had left untold of himself which it concerned the public to know.

The East wind on the top of this hill to day would open an Oyster.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To CHARLES LEVER, 24 DECEMBER 1864

MS Widener Collection, Harvard. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Christmas Eve, 1864

My Dear Lever.

I am truly sorry that my delay in replying to the first of your two notes (for I have them both), should have caused you any uneasiness. It was occasioned solely by my being very fully occupied, and by my knowing that it would be quite useless to address Chapman and Hall on the subject of an account, until after the turn of Christmas.

The trust you propose to me, I accept without the slightest hesitation, and I think we may rely on bringing Chapman and Hall to a plain statement in figures.[†2] Be sure of my doing my best, and acting as though the case were my own. When I have any thing to communicate, I will immediately write again.

Your account of Mrs. Lever and of yourself is sad indeed,[†3] but I hope for better tidings next time. Meanwhile and ever believe me

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Lever Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 28 DECEMBER 1864*

MS Private. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth December | 1864

My Dear Webster

Our engagement stands for Wednesday the 4th. at 4 O'Clock. I shall try to get up to Hampstead first, to see Stanny. I fear that Roberts's death[†1] has been a severe shock to him in his enfeebled state.[†2]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Lirriper's kind regards

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 30 DECEMBER 1864*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Thirtieth December, 1864

My Dear Sir

Please see Mr. Day, and settle with him how many extra pages we must print with No. X for Vol I. I send him by this post, title page, Dedication, and Contents.[†3] When I have corrected a proof of the Volume-matter, you can get to Press with the first Volume as soon as you like.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CD.

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To CAPT. CAVENDISH SPENCER BOYLE, 31 DECEMBER 1864

Extract in *American Prices Current,* II, 74; dated Gad's Hill Place, 31 Dec 64; addressed Capt. Boyle.

When the day's work is done, the pen [*goes*] into the waste-paper basket, the holder of the pen into fresh air and his correspondence to the wall.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 31 DECEMBER 1864

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Thirty First December 1864

My Dear Mary

Many happy years to you and those who are near and dear to you. These and a thousand unexpressed good-wishes of his heart, from the humble Jo.

And also an earnest word of commendation of the little Xmas Book.[†1] Very gracefully and charmingly done. The right feeling, the right touch, a very neat hand, and a very true heart.

Ever Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To [?PHILIP] MORRIS,[†2] 31 DECEMBER 1864

Text from facsimile in Gallery of History Direct catalogue, Oct 1997.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Thirty First December 1864

Mr. Charles Dickens regrets that he cannot comply with the request proffered to him by Mr. Morris. If he were to sit for any new portrait (which he is not at all likely to do), he would have in common justice to remember many previous claims and conditional promises.

To B. W. PROCTER, 31 DECEMBER 1864

Text from MDGH, II, 223.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday, Dec. 31st, 1864

My Dear Procter,

I have reserved my acknowledgment of your delightful note (the youngest note I have had in all this year)[†3] until to-day, in order that I might send, most heartily and affectionately, all seasonable good wishes to you and to Mrs. Procter, and to those who are nearest and dearest to you. Take them from an old friend who loves you.

Mamie returns the tender compliments, and Georgina does what the Americans call "endorse them." Mrs. Lirriper is proud to be so remembered, and

says over and over again "that it's worth twenty times the trouble she has taken with the narrative, since Barry Cornwall, Esquire, is pleased to like it."

I got rid of a touch of neuralgia in France (as I always do there), but I found no old friends in my voyages of discovery on that side, such as I have left on this.

My dear Procter, ever your affectionate

[CD]

To ARTHUR RYLAND,[†1] [31 DECEMBER 1864]

Envelope only, MS Mrs Quinney. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | Birmingham. PM Rochester 31 Dec 64. On mourning paper.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 31 DECEMBER 1864

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop Catalogue, No. 182; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, "Saturday, Thirty-first December 1864".

Sends New Year's Greetings and adds that my vote for the Royal Hospital is gone.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?1864]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 837. *Date:* in his fifth year at Gad's Hill, according to Forster; if he dates from CD's spending his first summer there in 1860, then 1864.

A south-easter blowing enough to cut one's throat. I am keeping the house for my cold, as I did yesterday. But the remedy is so new to me, that I doubt if it does me half the good of a dozen miles in the snow. So, if this mode of treatment fails today, I shall try that to-morrow.

Addenda

To JOHN LAMBERT,[†1] 26 APRIL 1862

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 11 Dec 1997; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 26 Apr 62; addressed John Lambert.

Sending a cheque for £13..13..00 in payment of Mr. Lambert's claim against the estate of the late Mr. Henry Austin, *and asking for a receipt.*

To THE MANAGER, KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY COMPANY, 6 AUGUST 1863

Mention in *To* Mrs Charles Dickens, 6 Aug 63.

To THE STAFF, OFFICE OF *ALL THE YEAR ROUND,* 20 SEPTEMBER 1863

Mention in *To* Ouvry, 20 Sep 63.

Volume XI

1865 – 1867

1865

January

To CAPTAIN DRAKE,[†1] 1 JANUARY 1865*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
New Years Day 1865

My Dear Captain Drake

I feel that I am too notorious a person to occupy the pleasant ground[†2] you offer me. It is one of the inconveniences of having become public property, that a public appearance of that nature must have within it the capacity of being made a piece of Art, or be left alone.

Trust me, no apology was needed for your letter. I am sorry to have missed you, and shall hope for better luck.

Many happy years | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS HYDE HILLS,[†3] 1 JANUARY 1865*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
New Year's Day 1865.

My Dear Mr. Hills

This is a short note to thank you for yours, and to send you our united hearty and cordial wishes for many happy years. I will take care that the Fever Hospital[†4] is not forgotten.[†5] Everybody owes gratitude (if everybody only knew it) to such earnest and experienced men as you who interest themselves in the practical management of such an Institution.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

T. H. Hills Esquire

To TOM TAYLOR,[†6] [JANUARY 1865]

Mention in *To* Webster, 27 Jan 65. *Date:* probably early Jan.

Saying that he could not preside at that dinner[†7] this year, but that they could rely on him for the following year.[†8]

To MRS BROWN,[†1] 4 JANUARY 1865*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mrs. Brown | 1 Stratton Street | Piccadilly | W. Black bordered.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourth January 1865

My Dear Mrs. Brown.

Until this morning, I have not been here since the day before Christmas Eve. The welcome little redbreast that I found awaiting me, did me good, and warmed my heart. No leaves ever fall, or are ever strewn by any animated creature, over the remembrances that I have which we share together; so he couldn't do his old office as for the children in the wood, but he was quite as kind in brightening the recollections with his glowing breast.

Many happy years to you. While I live, I shall ever be

Your affectionate friend
CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS,[†2] 4 JANUARY 1865 †

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourth January 1865

My Dear Miss Coutts.

[†a]Coming here this morning for the first time since the day before Christmas Eve, I found your dear words of remembrance. I send you out of my innermost heart my wishes for your happiness through many coming years, and my ever grateful and faithful remembrance of many years that are gone.[†a]

Affectionately Yours ever
CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN,[†3] 5 JANUARY 1865

Text from facsimile([aa]) and extract([bb]) in Bauman Rare Books catalogue, 1989. On mourning paper.

[a]GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth January 1865

My Dear Sir

I shall be glad to see you at my office to settle about the new edition[†4] either on

Tuesday at half past eleven, or on Wednesday at the same hour, as may best suit your convenience.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

[b]Please put on the free list of Our Mutual Friend, and send all the back Nos. each separately by post, addressed thus: By Overland Mail via Marseilles. Francis Jeffrey Dickens Esquire[†1] ... Nuddea, Bengal.[b]

To JOHN FORSTER,[†2] [7 JANUARY 1865]

Extract in F, 1872-4, III, viii, 185*n*. *Date:* 7 Jan 65, according to Forster.

The chalet[†3] is going on excellently, though the ornamental part is more slowly put together than the substantial. It will really be a very pretty thing; and in the summer (supposing it not to be blown away in the spring), the upper room will make a charming study. It is much higher than we supposed.

To C. DE LA PRYME,[†4] 8 JANUARY 1865*

MS Dickens House. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Eighth January 1865

My Dear Sir

I lose no time in replying to your kind note, for which I beg to thank you cordially.

I have thoroughly settled it with myself that I am more useful, more congenially occupied, and more free, out of Parliament than I could possibly be in it. Therefore, while I am very sensible of the compliment of being asked to stand for Lambeth,[†5] I would under no circumstances offer myself to the electors.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. De la Pryme Esquire

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 10 JANUARY 1865

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 445 (1922); *MS* 1p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 10 Jan 65; addressed Frederic Chapman.

I think these covers all rather common-looking. On the whole I prefer the dark red on which I have put 'C.D.'[†1]

All right as to the billing, and as to the additional four pages.[†2]

To MARCUS STONE,[†3] 10 JANUARY 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Tenth January 1865

My Dear Marcus. The points I had in my mind for illustration are, what the Dolls' Dress Maker describes at the top of page 14,[†4] and anything in chapter 3.[†5] But if you like anything else better, by all means take it.

Affecy. always
CD.

To DR D. H. TUKE,[†6] 14 JANUARY 1865*

MS Private. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fourteenth January 1865

Dear Dr Tuke.

If Dr. Bucknill[†7] should be in any danger with the Committee,[†8] I very much doubt the good service of my name there. But I will underwrite him presently and with great pleasure.[†9]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY G. WARREN,[†1] 14 JANUARY 1865*

MS (copy) Newspaper Press Fund.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday Fourteenth January 1865

Sir,

I will with great pleasure preside at the second dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund and the Committee may rely on my loyalty to my old calling.[†2]

May would be more convenient to me than April. I think too remembering when Easter falls this year that it would be the better time for the interests of the Society. Any day of your appointing shall be mine.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry G. Warren Esqre

To THOMAS DAKIN,[†3] 16 JANUARY 1865

Mention in N, III, 411.

To E. B. EASTWICK,[†4] 16 JANUARY 1865*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address* (envelope MS Professor Harry Stone): Edward B. Eastwick | 38 Thurloe Square | W. PM Jan 65.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixteenth January 1865

My Dear Sir

I am much obliged to Chorley[†5] for remembering that I told him I should be very glad indeed to enlist you for these pages.

Would you think yourself sufficiently remunerated for the proposed series,[†6] if the articles were paid for at the rate of a guinea and a half for each printed page, you retaining the whole copyright as to republication beyond this

Journal, and being free to collect the papers immediately on their being completed here?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward B Eastwick Esquire[†1]

To CHARLES KENT,[†2] 17 JANUARY 1865

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address: Private*[†3] | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" office | Strand | London | W.C. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventeenth January 1865.

My Dear Kent.

I meant to have written instantly on the appearance of your Paper in its beautiful freshness, to congratulate you on its handsome appearance, and to send you my heartiest good wishes for its thriving and prosperous career.[†4] — Through a mistake of the Postman's, that remarkable letter has been tesselated into the Infernal Pavement,[†5] instead of being delivered in the Strand.

We have been hoping and waiting for your being well enough to propose yourself for a mouthfull of fresh air. Are you well enough to come on Sunday? We shall be coming down from Charing X on Sunday morning, and I shall be going up again at 9 on Monday Morning.

It amuses me to find that you don't see your way with a certain Mutual Friend of ours. I have a horrible suspicion that you may begin to be fearfully knowing at somewhere about No. XII or XIII.[†6] But you shan't, if I can help it.[†7]

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. F. YOUNG,[†1] 17 JANUARY 1865

Extract in American Art Association and Anderson catalogue No. 4242; *MS* 1p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 17 Jan 65; addressed G. F. Young.

When I am at work upon a book, I sacrifice a good deal of pleasure and a good deal of business to it, and give myself wholly to it.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH,[†2] 18 JANUARY 1865*

MS Mr J. Stevens Cox.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighteenth January 1865

Dear Mr Holsworth

Will you get me Chambers's Book of Days.[†3] published by Chambers & Co.[†4]

Will you also go to Mr. Edmonds[†5] at Willis's,[†6] and ask him if he has, or can at once get me, *Merryweather's Lives of Misers?*[†7] I have present and particular occasion to refer to that book, or any other,[†8] or others, containing accounts of Dancer,[†9] Elwes,[†10] and other Misers well known,[†11] If you can get Merryweather, or any thing else that will give me the means of reference I want, buy it for me and please send a messenger down with it. I shall be saved a great deal of trouble and delay, if I can get what I want, here, tomorrow (Thursday).

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDMUND YATES,[†1] 18 JANUARY 1865*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighteenth January 1865.

My Dear Edmund.

Unfortunately we have en engagement of some weeks' standing to dine with the Lehmann's[†2] on Saturday, and can't go to Robert.[†3]

I will be at the office at 5 on that day, if that will suit you. Until then, at work here.

Ever
CD.

To EDWARD WILLIAM BEAL,[†4] 19 JANUARY 1865

MS Messrs George Milne and E. R. McAdam Jr.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Nineteenth January 1865

Sir

I have only this afternoon received your letter. To this explanation let me add the expression of my regret that my engagements would in any case have prevented my having the honour of presiding at the Meeting last night.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward William Beal Esquire

To MISS GRACE BARROW,[†6] 20 JANUARY 1865*

MS Maurice Inman, Inc.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twentieth January 1865

Dear Miss Barrow

I am truly sorry to receive the melancholy tidings you have sent me. You can be to your father in his distress what no other human creature can be, and in soothing his affliction you will soften your own.

May you do both! It does not need very long service in these ranks of Life, to bring home the knowledge that they thin fast and woefully; but they must be closed up and the March must go on. To replace

the fallen as far as may be, is to do duty bravely. Your poor mother's cheerful spirit may remain in your father's home, though she has left it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM MILLER,[†1] 20 JANUARY 1865

Envelope only, MS Huntington Library. *Address:* William Miller Esquire | Library India Office | Cannon Row | Westminster | S.W. PM 20 Jan 65.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT,[†2] 24 JANUARY 1865

Text from N, III, 412.

Gad's Hill Place | Tuesday Twenty Fourth January 1865

My Dear Tennent,

Trade requirements necessitate the publication at this time of the first 10 N^os^ of Our Mutual Friend, as the first volume of that story. That first volume necessarily includes the Dedication to you: otherwise some 30,000 and odd buyers would not have it in their copies. But as the book is not complete, I don't send it to you now. I don't want you to have it from me, until the Dedication is the culmination of a finished whole. Then please God the inscribing of it to you will mean much more, and will better express my love.

With this word of explanation to you,[†3] let me couple my thanks to Lady Tennent[†4] for a delightful letter she wrote me last November.

My Dear Tennent | Faithfully yours ever
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To ABRAHAM HAYWARD,[†5] 25 JANUARY 1865

MS Hamilton College Library, New York.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth January 1865

My Dear Hayward

This is the most astounding book I have ever read in my life. It is as savage as it is bawdy, — and it would be hard to say more of its ferocious spirit.[†6]

On the whole it seems to me pretty worthy of its subject. Our Dutch friend[†7] and De Morny[†8] and the rest of them are a terrible theme.

I should like to see Victor Hugo[†1] reading it, very much.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. Hayward Esquire

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 25 JANUARY 1865*

MS Mr Simon Reynolds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth January 1865

My Dear Lehmann

By a coincidence, this book[†2] has just now been sent to the office.[†3] I think you will find in it, all attainable information concerning the cure of stammering.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To FELIX MOSCHELES,[†4] 25 JANUARY 1865

Text from N, III, 412.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth January 1865

My Dear Sir,

You are quite safe on both the points you mention. If I can render you any assistance in your work,[†5] I shall be truly glad to do so.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES,[†6] 27 JANUARY 1865

Mention in N, III, 413.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER,[†1] 27 JANUARY 1865

MS Private. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Seventh January 1865

My Dear Webster

I wrote by return of post to Tom Taylor (who I hope received my letter duly) that I could not preside at that dinner[†2] this year, because all the Chairs I can possibly take this Season, I am already pledged to fill.[†3] But I added that the Fund, tiding over this year, may rely upon me for next year,[†4] please God I am alive and well.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 28 JANUARY 1865*

MS University of North Carolina.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Twenty Eighth Jany. 1865

My Dear Sir

Those Nos. of Our Mutual Friend which I asked you to send to my boy in India, have never reached him. Will you now try the luck of two copies of the 1st. Volume? I repeat his address on the other side.

I have at the office, the MS of a Novel by Mr. Chorley. I have been for some time considering it, with a view to its publication in All The Year Round. At length I have come to the conclusion that the story so turns itself as that it could hardly be held in hand by some readers, if it were published in small serial portions. But it is so far beyond my expectations in respect of its merit and variety, and it has in it such remarkable and new pictures of Student and Professional Life in Germany — as well as here — that I can very strongly recommend it to you as well worth your consideration. It has an excellent name (The Prodigy,[†5] or The Adventures of a Prodigy), and is full of character and incident. My doubt of it as a Serial does *not* apply to it as a book. If on my warranty, you would like to see it, I will tell Mr. Chorley that I have taken it on myself to submit it to your firm.

I shall be at the office tomorrow afternoon and Tuesday afternoon; then, away for a week's run.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

[†a]Francis Jeffrey Dickens Esqre. | Kishnaghur | Nuddea | Bengal[†a]

To GEORGE RUSSELL,[†1] 29 JANUARY 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Sunday Twenty Ninth January 1865

My Dear George Russell.

As I dare say you will have an interest in reading this private pamphlet of *the* Dean's,[†2] and as I have two, I send you one.

My kind regard to Sir Charles[†3] | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS,[†4] 29 JANUARY 1865

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Ninth January 1865

My Dear Wills

Birtles[†5] is too cavalier in his posting of the proofs. To send them to me on a Sunday morning, when you want them posted back on Sunday night, and when our post goes out at noon, is something like impertinence. Not to mention our being snowed up.

I am excessively doubtful about Vauxhall Illuminations.[†6] It is fully as long again as it ought to be.[†7] However estimable these Clergymen are, it is quite out of the question for us to go on spinning out dry catalogues of what they do. I have as much real interest in such deeds as anyone *can* have, I think; but my soul is weary of this sort of paper. Ever the same, ever the same. Paganini's one string, and no Paganini.[†8] From the time when we did "what a London Curate can do if

he tries",[†1] it is but one perpetual drowsy repetition, generally with anything good in the original treatment left out. Pray hold this paper over, and remind Morley[†2] of the great number of similar papers that we have had, and the necessity, if they be still pursued, of more grace of handling and less statement of sums of money, and what an income was and is [†a]at a dozen periods,[†a] and what is wanted for a Church Tower, and what was got from this Church Aid Society, and what from what[†3] the other. All, like a Tract, like the Saturday Magazine,[†4] like Speeches at Exeter Hall,[†5] like the Ecclesiastical-Tackle Shops in Southampton Street,[†6] like Mrs. Brown.

If you are so driven for matter as that you want this paper in a sort of famine, then please re-read it with an eye to my objections, and put the whole of the second slip and half the third into a column.

I will order dinner at 5 on Tuesday.

Never have I seen such a thing as the cutting from the Sheffield paper![†7]

Ever
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 31 JANUARY 1865

MS Huntington Library.

Office, | Tuesday Thirty First January 1865

My Dearest Georgy.

I shall be back here again, on Saturday night. Consequently, I shall be down to dinner on Sunday. If Fechter[†8] should be coming (I shall see him tonight), I will send you another line tomorrow morning. Let Mary know that Layard[†9] is coming on Saturday the 12th. — I mean, the 11th.

The mysterious "arrangement" is, I hope, by no means a bad one.

As I was going to bed here last night, the fire broke out at the Surrey.[†10] I did not go out, but looked from the open window. The rush of people down the street, setting in a torrent over the bridge,[†11] was really fine. The light of the fire was extremely bright.[†12] I had been to Drury Lane.[†13] Hideously dreary (except

for a clever child,[†1] and Lydia Thompson);[†2] and Phelps[†3] as Wolsey even too dire and dismal for the Galleries. I have never heard the English language made such droning mouths of. By the way I should exempt that Mr. Belford,[†4] who is very funny as an Ogre, from the general leadenness of the proceedings.

Ever affectionately

CD.

February

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 FEBRUARY 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Wednesday Morning First Feby. 1865

My Dearest Georgy. Fechter *is*[†5] coming on Sunday, and we should be down by the 10.10 Train from Charing X.

Ever affecy

CD.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 9 FEBRUARY 1865

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Thursday Ninth February 1865

My Dear Layard.

North Kent Line, Charing Cross Terminus, Train starts at 3.30. Take return-ticket for Higham.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 FEBRUARY 1865

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

Gad's Hill | Sunday Twelfth February 1865

My Dear Wills.

Miss Power's[†6] little story[†7] is so much more meritorious than anything else in

the No.[†1] that I propose to alter the No. as I have marked on your making up. But as that will probably not be matter enough, you can substitute "The Danes"[†2] for "Coaching".[†3] I think highly of Miss Power's story.

Bowring[†4] scrambles in the strangest way. I will try to put the paper[†5] together in some endurable manner, at the office on Tuesday morning.

I am exceedingly doubtful about Edmund's[†6] paper on the Crystal Palace. It is so mechanically done, and in the old Household Words days we did that class of papers so well (when you and I did them,[†7] and when Horne[†8] did them)[†9], that I think it[†10] suggests to our public, falling off. I wish you would tell this to Edmund when you see him, and say that unless that sort of article has some fancy and literary merit, I am against it.

To Halliday's[†11] Poetry of the Pantomimes — No. Pay him for it, of course. But the game is really not worth the candle. If the East end part of it could be quite separated, by himself, from the rest, it might just possibly be worth using.[†12] I have an idea, however, that it would spoil an excellent subject for me a year hence.[†13] *On the whole therefore, distribute it.*

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To H. F. CHORLEY,[†14] 14 FEBRUARY 1865*

MS Mrs Alice Service.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fourteenth February 1865

My Dear Chorley

I am sorry to say that my vote is already promised, in aid of an unfortunate case that failed last time.[†15]

Ever affecy

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,[†1] 14 FEBRUARY 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth February 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I should very much like, if it were possible, to have something else by you in All The Year Round. I think a one-Volume story, so published, and published in a volume promptly afterwards, would be a very popular and profitable thing to you, and I know it would be delightful to me.[†2]

Early in April (about the best time in the year for the purpose) I could command the old place once occupied by the Strange Story,[†3] for three or four months. Have you any thing by you that you could turn to the purpose? If yes — though it seems almost too good to believe — Wills would at once come to you anywhere, and arrange the business part of the transaction.

Kindly write me one line here. Layard left us yesterday morning, and told us he had seen you in the House "looking extraordinarily well". It confirmed me in a wavering intention I had to send you this note, and cured me of infirmity of purpose.[†4]

Ever affecy. Yours

CD.

To FREDERICK DICKENS[†5] [MID-?FEBRUARY 1865]

Mention in *To* Cunningham, 15 Feb 65. *Date:* probably a few days before that letter.

To PETER CUNNINGHAM,[†6] 15 FEBRUARY 1865

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Fifteenth February 1865

My Dear Cunningham. Many thanks for your kind letter. I have written to Frederick, and earnestly hope he is doing well.

My work has been so prolonged to day that I write in the dark, and must send this over to Rochester through the snow. Mary and Georgina send love to Mrs. Cunningham[†7] and to you. I hope you will not like Our Mutual Friend worse, when you know him better.

Ever Your faithful Manager

CD.

To MRS PROCTER,[†1] 15 FEBRUARY 1865

Text from MDGH, II, 226.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday, Feb. 15th, 1865

My Dear Mrs. Procter,[†2]

Of course I will do it, and of course I will do it for the love of you and Procter. You can give me my brief, and we can speak about its details. Once again, of course I will do it, and with all my heart.[†3]

I have registered a vow (in which there is not the least merit, for I couldn't help it) that when I am, as I am now, very hard at work upon a book, I never will dine out more than one day in a week. Why didn't you ask me for the Wednesday, before I stood engaged to Lady Molesworth[†4] for the Tuesday?

It is so delightful to me to sit by your side anywhere and be brightened up, that I lay a handsome sacrifice upon the altar of "Our Mutual Friend" in writing this note very much against my will. But for as many years as can be made consistent with my present juvenility, I always have given my work the first place in my life, and what can I do now at 35! — or at least at the two figures, never mind their order.

I send my love to Procter, hoping you may appropriate a little of it by the way.

Affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARCUS STONE, 15 FEBRUARY 1865*

MS Morgan Library. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Fifteenth February 1865

My Dear Marcus.

Always thinking it better that you should have the proofs tolerably correct, instead of intolerably incorrect, I yesterday sent the proofs of No. XII[†5] back to the printer, with instructions to be quick and send revise to you.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 16 FEBRUARY 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | London | W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixteenth February 1865

My Dear George Russell

Many thanks for your Capital Letter.

Wills comes up for ballot[†1] on Saturday week the 25th. After the Iniquities,[†2] will you come round and dine at the office? I have asked Wilkie[†3] to join us.

Ever Cordially
CD.

To MISS FANNY BROWN, 21 FEBRUARY 1865*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Fanny Brown[†4] | Dr. H. B. Wilbur[†5] | Syracuse | New York. Mourning envelope.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twenty First February 1865

Dear Madam

I reply to your letter with some difficulty, occasioned by a wounded foot, a constrained position, and uneasiness consequent upon pain.

You can form no adequate idea of the hopelessness of the office you ask me to discharge. To get a copy of the Times newspaper for some unknown day in 1863, is a task such as is prescribed to the hero of a Fairy Tale, who is blest with a benevolent enchanter to help him.

It is pretty clear to me, however, that the "two columns of eloquence" to which your newspaper-cutting refers, must have had reference — not to the counsel in the case, but to the case itself: no doubt made interesting here as the first instance of the suspension of the habeas corpus in the United States.[†6] I feel no doubt on this head, and I hope it may soften your disappointment in finding me unable to help you.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Fanny Brown

To MESSRS CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,[†1] 21 FEBRUARY 1865*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty First February 1865

Gentlemen

I am laid up with a wounded foot, and am not able for a time to see any visitors.

But if you would not object to state your business to my confidential friend and business Manager, Mr. Wills, I think him likely to be found here, either tomorrow or next day at 1 o'Clock. He would immediately report it to me. Or if you would prefer to write to myself, you may rely upon my prompt attention.

Gentlemen | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Cassell Petter and Galpin

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 FEBRUARY 1865]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 838. *Date:* 21 Feb 65, according to Forster.

Saying that he was suffering tortures from a frost-bitten *foot.*

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 23 FEB 1865*

MS David Borowitz Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Third February 1865

My Dear Webster.

Wills comes up for ballot at the Garrick on Saturday. If you ever go to the Committee, do go and vote for him.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MARCUS STONE, 24 FEBRUARY 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fourth February 1865

My Dear Marcus.

I return the sketches. Here are the Letterings.

Affecy.
CD.

Bibliomania of The Golden Dustman[†2]
The Evil Genius of the House of Boffin.[†3]

To THE SECRETARY, GARRICK CLUB,[†1] 25 FEBRUARY 1865

MS The Garrick Club.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Evening Twenty Fifth February | 1865

Sir

I beg you to have the goodness to withdraw my name from the list of Members of the Garrick Club.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To | The Secretary

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 25 FEBRUARY 1865

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday Twenty Fifth February 1865

My Dear Webster. My Nurse thinks that on the first day of going out, my foot is not well enough to come up and down your stairs.[†3] Perhaps she is right. I will postpone it to one night next week, and will ask for a Box without notice.[†4]

Ever Cordially Yours
CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [? FEBRUARY 1865]

Mention in *To* Unknown Correspondent, ?Feb 65. *Date:* no doubt shortly before that letter.[†5]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT [? FEBRUARY 1865]

MS (Draft, with many alterations) Mr Brian Lake. *Date:* probably soon after hearing of the blackballing of Wills at the Garrick Club (see *To* the Secretary, 25 Feb 65).

I lose not a single moment in addressing this letter to you.

In good faith and with a desire to act quite openly towards you I made a charge against you in the Garrick Club which I requested might be carried to your ears and which I repeated in writing to you. I indiscreetly made it in the strongest belief that I was right, for which belief I considered that I had the strongest grounds — grounds so strong, that I thought, that I could not be mistaken. Since I left the Committee Room today I have had reason to believe — reason that I could not possibly foresee — that I

was wrong. I therefore beg in the fullest and amplest manner to express my regret, and to withdraw my words. This regret and withdrawal I shall take care to state in the club as openly as the words were spoken.

March

To MRS KEMBLE,[†1] 1 MARCH 1865†

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday First March 1865

My Dear Mrs. Kemble.

I am a Southern sympathizer to this extent — that I no more believe in the Northern love of the black man, or in the Northern horror of Slavery having any thing to do with the beginning of the war, save as a pretence — than I believe that the Davenport Brothers[†2] and their Properties are under the special patronage of several Angels of distinction.

But your daughter's[†3] verses[†4] are very picturesque and glowing, and I shall be glad to have them in these pages for their own sake.

Mrs. Collins[†5] has been at Mentone with her sick husband, and is now (I believe at Cannes) somewhere in France on her slow way homeward. The same young lady's father is laid up with a frost-bitten foot, from much walking in deep Kentish snow.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY,[†6] 1 MARCH 1865†

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday First March 1865

My Dearest Macready

I have been laid up here with a frost-bitten foot (from hard walking in the snow), or you would have heard from me sooner.

My reply to Professor Agassiz[†7] is short, but conclusive. Daily seeing improper uses made of confidential letters, in the addressing of them to a public audience that has no business with them, I made, not long ago, a great fire in my field at Gad's Hill and burnt every letter I possessed.[†8] And now I always destroy every

letter I receive — not on absolute business, — and my mind is, so far, at ease. Poor dear Felton's[†1] letters went up into the air with the rest, or his highly distinguished representative[†2] should have had them most willingly.

We never fail to drink old P's[†3] health on his birthday, or to make him the subject of a thousand loving remembrances.

[†a] I wish I could give him an idea of Phelps's Cardinal Wolsey at Drury Lane[†4] — making about Fourteen syllables of the word "crown" — and wearing a perceptible pair of black street-trousers tucked up under his Canonicals![†a]

With best love to Mrs. Macready[†5] and Katie,[†6]

Ever my Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate friend

CD.

To SAMUEL WHITFORD,[†7] [1 MARCH 1865]

MS (envelope) Hospital for Sick Children. *Address:* Samuel Whitford Esqre. | Hospital for Sick Children | 49 Great Ormond Street | W.C. PM 1 Mar 65.

To W. H. WILLS, 2 MARCH 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Night Second March 1865

My Dear Wills.

After we parted tonight, George Russell shewed me a letter (which he is bound to consider Private) from a man in the G.[†8] not on our side, but who has always been honorable in the matter of the Ballot, saying in effect, in reference to the pending row, "You are wrong about Mr. Wills, if you suppose it to be animosity towards C.D. There was some reason against his election." George Russell said he had had a delicacy in reading it to you without first consulting me, but that he wished, if necessary, to challenge Bell[†9] upon his statement, and therefore to ask you what the matter at issue really was. I replied that I had no doubt you would be glad to tell him. As a time likely to be convenient to all of us, I suggested that he should see you here, tomorrow (*Friday*)[†10] at 4. If that should not suit you, write to him before 2, and change the hour. In the morning I shall be engaged, but at 4, or afterwards, I will assuredly be here in case you want me. I send this up by the boy as soon as he comes in the morning. If George Russell, knowing the facts, can get that Blackguard Bell out by the collar, you may be sure he will, and throttle this

shadowy Lie. Understand that you have no need to write to him if you stand by 4 o'Clock.

Ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 MARCH 1865]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 838. *Date:* ten days after letter of 21 Feb 65, according to Forster.

I got frost-bitten by walking continually in the snow, and getting wet in the feet daily. My boots hardened and softened, hardened and softened, my left foot swelled, and I still forced the boot on; sat in it to write, half the day; walked in it through the snow, the other half; forced the boot on again next morning; sat and walked again; and being accustomed to all sorts of changes in my feet, took no heed. At length, going out as usual, I fell lame on the walk, and had to limp home dead lame, through the snow, for the last three miles — to the remarkable terror, by the bye, of the two big dogs.

To THE SECRETARY, GARRICK CLUB, 3 MARCH 1865

MS The Garrick Club.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Third March 1865

Sir

I beg you to be so good as to with-hold my letter of retirement from the Garrick Club until you receive a further communication from me; as it is possible that I may have occasion to enter the Club once more, before finally leaving it.

I have it in charge from Mr. Wilkie Collins who is in Paris, to prefer the same request to you on his behalf for the same reason.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Secretary | of | The Garrick Club

To JOHN HUMPHERY,[†1] 6 MARCH 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

16 Somer's Place Hyde Park W | Monday Sixth March 1865

My Dear Sir

I beg to thank you cordially for the trouble you have so kindly taken in my behalf. We have bought the wine on very good terms, I think, and I am happy to enclose you a crossed cheque for my purchase-money.[†2]

I gladly avail myself of the services of the person whom you employ to move

your part of the wine, and — to save you trouble — write his instructions on the other side.

My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

John Humphery Esquire

Mr. Dickens's 16 Dozen to be divided into two halves:

One half to be sent by North Kent Railway, addressed:

Charles Dickens Esqre. | Gad's Hill Place | Higham

The other half to be delivered to:

John Forster Esqre. | Palace Gate House | Kensington

(close to where the turnpike used to stand)

A note of the whole charge for packing and removing, to be sent to Mr. Dickens, 16 Somer's Place Hyde Park W.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 6 MARCH 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place | W.

16 Somer's Place, Hyde Park W.

Monday Sixth March 1865

My Dear George Russell

I send you my address, being extremely anxious to hear from you or see you, when you have any thing to communicate.[†1] Yates wrote back by my messenger, "The expression of your wish is of course enough. Rely upon me"

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 7 MARCH 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 St. James's Place | W.

16 Somer's Place | Tuesday Seventh March 1865

My Dear George Russell

I cannot tell you how glad I am that you are out of this business.[†2] De Bathe's[†3] letter is just what it ought to be, and puts you right.

I shall be here at and after 4 o'Clock today. We dine alone at half past 6, and shall be delighted if you have no better engagement than to dine with us. Anyhow I shall be here after 4, and all the evening.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 7 MARCH 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 St. James's Place | W.

16 Somers Place
Tuesday Evening Seventh March | 1865

My Dear George Russell

I shall be at the office on *Thursday* from 2 to 1/2 past 4. After that, I go away for 6 days.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 8 MARCH 1865

Text from facsimile in History-Makers Inc. catalogue, Oct 1997.

16 Somers Place Hyde Park W. | Wednesday Eight March 1865

My Dear Sir

I like[†1] the colour of No. 2 book[†2] very much indeed, and think it will look exceedingly well.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk Chapman Esquire

To SIR CHARLES NICHOLSON,[†3] [?8 MARCH 1865]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To MRS LEHMANN, 8 MARCH 1865*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

16 Somers Place
Wednesday Evening Eighth March 1865

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann

I think it so well worth while to act upon your kind and thoughtful suggestion concerning Sir Charles Nicholson, that I have written him the enclosed note asking him if he can help me to dispose of this boy of mine in Australia.[†4] Of course I have told him the exact truth without any softening,[†5] and have not otherwise mentioned you than in saying that as I do not know his address, I have asked you to add it to the envelope.

Will you do me that service and let it be posted? In return for which, I will give you a Patriarchal piece of advice. — Don't have any more children. If the childless Kings and Queens in the stories had only known what they were about, they would never have bothered the Fairies to give them families.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To THE SECRETARY, GARRICK CLUB, 9 MARCH 1865

MS The Garrick Club.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Thursday Ninth March 1865

Sir

You can now, if you please, make my withdrawal from the Garrick Club known to the Committee.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To | The Secretary

To J. C. PARKINSON,[†2] 9 MARCH 1865

Extract in Dobell catalogue No. 18 (1922); dated Office of *AYR*, 9 Mar 65; addressed J. C. Parkinson.

You shall have my vote for the incurable Hospital,[†3] when I get my proxy paper.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 15 MARCH 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell.

16 Somers Place, Hyde Park W.
Monday Fifteenth March 1865

My Dear George Russell

Unluckily with a reference to the Athenæum ballot, I am going out of town

this morning until Wednesday, or I need not say (for you know) I should have been delighted to have an opportunity of voting for a friend of yours.

You touch me by your sympathy with *my* poor old friend, Mrs. B. H.[†1] All the hits I have been patiently working up to for more than a year, are now falling into their places; and I hope you will be both interested and pleased with what is to follow.[†2]

Ever affecy. Yours

CD.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 16 MARCH 1865

MS British Library.

16 Somers Place, Hyde Park, W.
Thursday Sixteenth March 1865

My Dear Layard

Rely upon our not expecting a mere call from a man so engaged as you are.[†3]

A thousand thanks for your kind remembrance of Charles Collins. He is very much better, and coming home next month. I have no doubt he will thank you on his own behalf — and will avail himself of your kindness, if he should be obliged to go abroad again as next summer dies out.

The Guild summonses are of no consequence. We are building 3 houses on some land of Bulwers,[†4] and the notices are merely formal preliminaries to drawing cheques for the builder.

We are heartily pleased that you enjoyed your visit to Gad's as much as we did. You cannot repeat it too often, believe me. If you would make it your summer resting-place and frequently propose yourself, you would give us all infinite pleasure. Meanwhile you will be charmed to hear that I have been laid up with a frost-bitten foot (from much walking in the snow), and for some eight and forty hours out of a fortnight on sofas, suffered tortures. This delightful intelligence will, I hope, compensate you in some slight degree for that Sunday trudge.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. H. Layard Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 MARCH 1865

MS Huntington Library.

16 Somers Place, Hyde Park W. | Friday Seventeenth March 1865

My Dear Wills. You ought to know that Fechter has done a very manly thing in a very delicate way.

I discovered last night, quite incidentally, that he heard of your being blackballed and of my having resigned with Wilkie, a week ago. He instantly sent in his resignation.[†1] It caused some consternation in the Club, and Palgrave Simpson[†2] was deputed to ask him what his offence was? He requested Simpson to reply for him that he resigned "because they had blackballed Mr. Wills, and he would trust himself to no community of men in which such things were done."

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 20 MARCH 1865

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery, 1909; lent by W. T. Spencer; *MS* 1, p.; dated Somers Place, 20 Mar 65; addressed Charles Kent.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 20 MARCH 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | Carlton Club.

16 Somers Place
Monday Twentieth March 1865

My Dear George Russell

I am deeply concerned to hear of your condition, but what is to be expected of these abominable and atrocious winds!

My foot is worse again too.

It was *tomorrow* that you were to dine with me. Only Wilkie and Webster.

In haste | Ever Yours
CD.

To F. C. BEARD,[†3] 21 MARCH 1865

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Frank Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square.

16 Somers Place
Tuesday Morning Twenty First March 1865

My Dear Beard

Here is this confounded foot as bad as ever again. I suffered tortures all last night, and never closed my eyes. We are now at work at the Poppy fomentations again.

Ever Yours
CD.

To MRS HOWITT,[†1] 21 MARCH 1865

MS Mrs Mary Howitt Whittakers Walker.

16 Somers Place | Tuesday Twenty First March 1865

My Dear Mrs. Howitt.

Rely upon me. I should indeed be wanting in my duty to my calling, if you might not make certain of my promptitude and heartiness in such a cause.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 21 MARCH 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 or 5 St. James's Place | St. James's Street.

16 Somers Place | Tuesday Twenty First March 1865

My Dear George Russell

I trust you may be better than you *were*, and better than I *am.* I have had a night of sleepless agony with my foot, and am obliged to postpone the little dinner after all.

Ever Yours
CD.

To LORD HOUGHTON,[†3] 23 MARCH 1865

Trinity College, Cambridge.

16 Somers Place Hyde Park
Thursday Twenty Third March | 1865

My Dear Lord Houghton

I am disabled from accepting your kind invitation, by a cause almost as odd as disagreeable. From much walking in the snow at Gad's Hill, I got laid up with a frost bitten foot, a month ago, like an Arctic Sailor. On Tuesday last, the tortures came on afresh (invited by the East Wind, it is supposed), and have kept me in bed until to day, engendering the weakest submission to my Doctor. In the van of his prescriptions is this one:— "Don't go out this season. And whenever you don't want to be at your desk, rush to the Sea Air." So between Work and Flight, I expect to pass my time, if I can be helped out of pain, until I go back to Kent in June.

It is something to know that Lady Houghton[†4] has even made the progress you describe. I beg to send her my kindest regards

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Houghton

To MRS BENZON,[†1] 25 MARCH 1865*

MS Gresham's School, Holt. *Address:* Mrs. Benzon. Mourning envelope.

16 Somers Place
Saturday Night Twenty Fifth March | 1865

My Dear Mrs. Benzon

A thousand thanks! But I have been in great pain again from my frost-bitten foot, and am going out nowhere. Work — change of air — training — and work again — are all I see before me until my book is done.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. J. LINTON,[†2] 25 MARCH 1865

MS Boston Public Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Twenty Fifth March 1865

My Dear Sir

I have been unwell for some days, and unable to attend to letters until now. This makes me a little behind-hand in thanking you for your book,[†3] but I hope not to be behind-hand in reading it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. J. Linton Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 26 MARCH 1865

MS Huntington Library.

16 Somers Place | Sunday Twenty Sixth March 1865

My Dear Wills.

I am rather at sea about the No.[†4] because I only assume that you propose to put in half of the Lottery Dreamer,[†5] and because the printers have (of course) not put the quantity on your Forty Years in London[†6] — which is very good indeed.

But such a list as the enclosed, is the best. "My Idea" could come out, if there were not room.[†7] Or, "The Lottery Dreamer" could be cut anywhere to make room.

I return all the proofs corrected. You will see that I have taken a quantity out of "Talk".[†1]

In your forty years, you have got the maiden name of Mrs. Keeley,[†2] wrong. I have put it right. If you refer to Gale Jones,[†3] he kept a little chemist's shop, and sold Ginger Beer Powders, then rather a crack sort of novelty. The shop was very like the apothecary's in Romeo and Juliet,[†4] and (I suppose in consequence of the master's being politically occupied) always had the door locked. An old woman appeared on a bell being rung, and if you wanted Ginger Beer Powders, and could point them out in the

window, and didn't want change, she would sometimes sell them. He was a lean, polite, inoffensive, much-enduring Radical of the peacefullest sort.[†5]

Ever Yours
CD.

P. S. I hope to get away on Friday or Saturday, and should like to see you before I go. Shall we dine at the office, Wednesday or Thursday? If so, appoint day and hour.

P. P. S. You anticipated me about the '34 Port. I had put aside a dozen to ask you to put in your cellar. It is on its way from Gad's — much shaken, of course. Keep the bottles lying down; but stand one up for 3 or 4 days before using. Decant with great care, through a strainer, and a quantity of crust and bee's wing will remain in the bottle. I am assured that the wine is unapproachable.

To DAVID KELLY,[†6] 27 MARCH 1865

MS Benoliel Collection.

London | Twenty Seventh March 1865

Sir

It is reasonably likely that I have as great a tenderness for Mr. Pickwick as any man can possibly have, and I am therefore much obliged to you for your communication. But I fear that I must separate my private feelings from such public matters as rough bills, designed to attract attention at a glance and from a distance.[†7]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. David Kelly

April

To [?MRS WREFORD MAJOR],[†1] 6 APRIL 1865

Extract given from memory by previous owners, B. & D. Clark (Ontario); dated Gad's Hill, 6 Apr 65.

Dear Mary

The years pass and we see so little of each other. Always that perpetual call to here and there ... robbing me of personal liberty of action. I am filled daily until ... but if June will suit you please tell me and I shall join with you ... with complete enjoyment.

Affectionately Yours
CD.

To MR JOHNSON,[†2] 13 APRIL 1865*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

Thirteenth April 1865.

Mr Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr Johnson, and begs to say that his compliance with the request of the Committee represented by Mr Johnson is not in reason possible.

To MARCUS STONE, 13 APRIL 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

16 Somers Place | Thursday Thirteenth April, 1865

My Dear Marcus

This is not corrected, but is legible. You will find plenty of subjects in it.[†3] Whether one of the two should be Mr Boffin behind the Alligator's smile, I leave to you.[†4]

Ever

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 18 APRIL 1865

Extract in E. D. North catalogue No. LXXI; *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 Somers Place, 18 Apr 65.

Dear Kent

I shall be at home and dining alone with my own people at half past 6 — every day next week, except Thursday. If you will name your own day for coming to dinner and talking about that matter,[†5] I shall be very glad.

To WILLIAM DAY,[†1] 22 APRIL 1865

Mention in Walter M. Hill catalogue No. 152; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 22 April 65; addressed Mr Day.

Giving him instructions for printing.

To THE REV. S. R. HOLE,[†2] 22 APRIL 1865

Text from transcript made by owner of MS, Major John Hole.

16 Somers Place, Hyde Park W

Saturday Night Twenty Second April | 1865

My dear Sir,

A little uncertainty regarding my movements has delayed my reply to your letter for a day or so. I sincerely hope this may not have inconvenienced you.

On Wednesday or Thursday next at 3 o'clock here or on either day at the Athenaeum Club at 5, I shall be very happy to shake hands with you. Or if all these suggestions should be unsuitable, I could meet you on Friday at 4 at my All the Year Round office 26 Wellington Street, Strand. Pray let me know which appointment I shall hold myself bound to. I shall then entreat you to make our next one — a summer one — at my home at Gads Hill.

Believe me dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 22 APRIL 1865

Text from MDGH, II, 227.

16, Somer's Place, Hyde Park
Saturday Night, April 22nd, 1865

My Dearest Macready,

A thousand thanks for your kind letter, most heartily welcome.

My frost-bitten foot, after causing me great inconvenience and much pain, has begun to conduct itself amiably. I can now again walk my ten miles in the morning without inconvenience, but am absurdly obliged to sit shoeless all the evening — a very slight penalty, as I detest going out to dinner (which killed the original old Parr by-the-bye).

I am working like a dragon at my book, and am a terror to the household, likewise to all the organs and brass bands in this quarter. Gad's Hill is being gorgeously painted, and we are here until the 1st of June. I wish I might hope you would be there any time this summer; I really *have* made the place comfortable and pretty by this time.

It is delightful to us to hear such good news of Butty.[†3] She made so deep an impression on Fechter that he always asks me what Ceylon has done for her, and always beams when I tell him how thoroughly well it has made her.[†4] As to *you*,

you are the youngest man (worth mentioning as a thorough man) that I know. Oh, let me be as young when I am as — did you think I was going to write "old?" No, sir — withdraw from the wear and tear of busy life is my expression.

Poole[†1] still holds out at Kentish Town,[†2] and says he is dying of solitude. His memory is astoundingly good. I see him about once in two or three months, and in the meantime he makes notes of questions to ask me when I come. Having fallen in arrear of the time, these generally refer to unknown words he has encountered in the newspapers. His three last (he always reads them with tremendous difficulty through an enormous magnifying-glass) were as follows:

1. What's croquet?
2. What's an Albert chain?
3. Let me know the state of mind of the Queen.

When I had delivered a neat exposition on these heads, he turned back to his memoranda, and came to something that the utmost power of the enormous magnifying-glass couldn't render legible. After a quarter of an hour or so, he said: "O yes, I know." And then rose and clasped his hands above his head, and said: "Thank God, I am not a dram-drinker."

Do think of coming to Gad's in the summer; and do give my love to Mrs. Macready, and tell her I know she can make you come if she will. Mary and Georgy send best and dearest loves to her, to you, and to Katie, and to baby.[†3] Johnny[†4] we suppose to be climbing the tree of knowledge elsewhere.

My dearest Macready, ever yours most affectionately

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MARCUS STONE, 22 APRIL 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

16 Somers Place | Saturday Twenty Second April | 1865

My Dear Marcus

There is a rather objectionable sameness in the subjects; both being interiors, and both with two people.

Ever

CD.

Letterings

Mr Fledgeby departs on his errand of mercy[†5]

Mr Wegg prepares a grindstone for Mr Boffin's nose.[†6]

To W.H. WILLS, 22 APRIL 1865

MS Huntington Library.

16 Somers Place | Twenty Second April 1865

My Dear Wills

Cheque enclosed, with thanks.[†1]

You want to bid for something at poor Leech's[†2] sale.[†3] I ditto. Forster (as he writes to me from Bath this morning) ditto. Let us three go into one boat, and charter Schloss[†4] accordingly. I take it we each want a good pencil or water color drawing.[†5] What Maximum shall we go to? Twenty pounds, Thirty

Pounds, what? If you will settle that, according to your lights on the subject rely (in this as in all other matters) on the staunchness of the undersigned.

CD.

Tell Mrs. Wills[†6] that I have undergone great unhappiness on the subject of the Port, but am now cheerful — as I hope she is.

To JAMES BIRTLES, 23 APRIL 1865

MS Mrs Anne Eggar.

16 Somers Place Hyde Park
Sunday Twenty Third April 1865

Dear Mr. Birtles

You have some MS of Mr. Chorley's sent to you direct, and there is a third article to follow.[†7] Please set them up *with all possible dispatch,* and send Mr. Chorley proofs for correction. Otherwise he will go out of town before his corrections are made, and we shall have to await his return: which would be extremely inconvenient to A.Y.R.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 24 APRIL 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

16 Somers Place | Monday Night Twenty Fourth April | 1865

My Dear Kent.

On Wednesday at 6..30 with true pleasure we shall expect you. And after dinner you and I will take a grave spell at the document[†1] — in which I am hardly less interested than you are.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDMUND YATES, [24 APRIL 1865]

Envelope in Sotheby sale, May 1986; addressed Edmund Yates Esquire | General Post Office | St. Martin's Le Grand. PM 24 Apr 65.

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 27 APRIL 1865

MS University of Texas, Austin.

16 Somers Place | Twenty Seventh April 1865

My Dear Lehmann

If I had not settled to go out of town between my two Nos. your kind note would have made sure of me at once. But I have, and settled it these ten days. It is really necessary to the pains I am taking with my book — always was indispensable to my working at my best — and has not become the less so, as my botherations have grown taller. I can throw anything off by going off myself. Not otherwise.

Today I am going out to dinner for the first time. But whether I can keep a boot on, and get it on again for the Academy Dinner on Saturday,[†2] remains to be seen.[†3] If I can't, I shall go off on Saturday for a week. If I can, I shall go off on Sunday.

Mary is going to propound to Mrs. Lehmann a certain distinct time early in June for a visit to Gad's Hill, where I shall be heartily glad to see you and walk with you.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To THOMAS MITTON,[†4] 28 APRIL 1865*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

16 Somers Place Hyde Park | Twenty Eighth April 1865.

My Dear Mitton

I am sorry to hear you have been ill. There is nothing like the sea for a change, though I fancy you must be rather warm where you are with that high cliff

behind you. So changed am I as to the sea, that I cross that Channel in all weathers, and thoroughly freshen myself with its air. (I am going over, tomorrow or next day). If I had no boys holding on to the skirts of my coat, I think I should keep a yacht and go sailing about.

The London heat is quite intolerable. I take it that no one who has become accustomed to live in the country can stand London for many weeks together. I am counting the days until my term here is out: not the less, because I have three public dinners this next month.[†1]

I note your time for going home, and will write to you when you shall have had time to shake down there.

Ever CD.

Letitia wrote me word of poor Milly Thompson's[†2] death. — She spoke to me in Regent Street last Autumn.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 28 APRIL 1865

Extract in Carnegie Catalogue, No. 121; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 28 Apr 65.

Taking exception to a point of parliamentary procedure raised by the recipient[†3] *as* not coming within the province of a chairman at a public dinner.[†4]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, [LATE APRIL 1865]

Mention in next. *Date:* presumably written shortly before that letter.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 30 APRIL 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

16 Somers Place Hyde Park | Sunday Thirtieth April 1865

My Dear Ouvry

Mr. Fechter the French Actor, who is a very intimate friend of mine, will probably want some sound professional overlooking in an agreement he is likely to enter into respecting his Theatre.[†5] As he has heard me mention my great confidence in you, he has asked me for a letter to you, presenting him as a Client; which I have given him, in case he should have need to consult you during this next week, when I shall be away. I write this to you myself, that I may tell you that you will find him a man of remarkable capacity and perfectly acquainted with our language and customs; but an impetuous impulsive man

who particularly wants sound guidance. He is a capital fellow, with the quickest and brightest understanding.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

May

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 6 MAY 1865*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Sixth May 1865

My Dear Tennent

I had not forgotten our engagement, and will not fail in punctuality. But I must breakfast at home, in order that I may receive my usual budget from Gad's Hill before going out. Many thanks.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 6 MAY 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

16 Somers Place | Saturday Night Sixth May 1865

My Dear Wills

First of all, respecting the No.[†1] — I think it best to send the proofs to you.

As there is so much over, you may perhaps (with my cuts) make it up by doing without "Cricket on the Continent"[†2].

"Mabel May"[†3] requires to be carefully compared with Robert Lytton's[†4] MS.

Halliday very good.[†5] The best thing he has done since he became a Regular.[†6]

"The Lions, The Lions!"[†7] Also very much the kind of paper that we want in its degree.

"Going into business".[†8] *Is* it in 3 parts? If yes, the heading is right. If no, wrong. (I thought it was in 2 parts.)

———————————

The H. W. Budget (as expounded by that eloquent speaker Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer Wills) enthralled the House (as embodied in that magnificent

personage who, wherever the English language is spoken, will go down at the small end of the telescope with that surprising genius Mr. Lincoln at the large), and was received with unanimous cheering and the highest encomiums. *I very much like* that notion of the new story in the new periodical.[†1] — Have high hopes that we shall strike success out of it. Let me get my mind free, and we will discuss it on all manner of sides.

Tell me by Post — shall we go from the office to the News Vendors,[†2] meeting at 1/2 past 6 precisely? Or, shall we meet at the Freemasons? The illustrious chairman is supposed (I think) to beam refulgent on the company at 6..40 with his accustomed punctuality.

Ever faithfully

CD.

To H. G. ADAMS,[†3] 11 MAY 1865

Text from N, III, 420-1.

16 Somers Place, Hyde Park, W.
Thursday Eleventh May 1865

My Dear Mr. Adams,

I send you a certificate of recommendation touching the office you seek to obtain.[†4] I believe I may venture to say that my name is influential in Birmingham, and that supposition) the man not to be already virtually found (rather a large supposition) the certificate would be certain of attention.

I shall be proud of the dedication you propose to honor me with, and am happy to become a subscriber for half a dozen copies of the book.[†5]

We are here until the first week in June, when we return home.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To WILLIAM DAY, 11 MAY 1865*

MS Free Library Philadelphia. *Address:* Mr. Day | Messrs. Clowes and Sons | Printers | Duke Street | Stamford Street | S.

16 Somers Place | Thursday Eleventh May 1865

Dear Mr. Day

I omitted in my last note, to ask you to be so good as send Revise of No. *15*[†6] to Mr. Stone.

In No. 14,[†7] page 109, 18 lines from top, dele the inverted commas after *dear Mr. Fledgeby,* and before *I am.*[†8]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 11 MAY 1865

MS British Library.

16 Somers Place, Hyde Park, W.
Thursday Eleventh May 1865

My Dear Layard

I am going to send a son of mine (name, Alfred Tennyson; age, 20) out to Melbourne. He has acquired an excellent knowledge of business in a first-rate City house,[†1] and his object is to get into some mercantile employment there with a good firm, and gradually feel his way.

If you can give me any letters for him, either of a business or a social character, I shall be very heartily obliged. I have already good introductions from Sir Charles Nicholson, but should set great store by any that you could give me. I know it is not *quite* in your way, but all the wide world knows you.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

A. H. Layard Esquir

To H. B. MALTBY,[†3] 11 MAY 1865

Text from *Weekly Despatch*, 4 Feb 1923.

16 Somers Place, Hyde Park, W. | Thursday May 11, 1865

Mr. Maltby,

Please make for my son Mr. Alfred, the list of clothes I send you on the other side, and forward them to me at this address when ready.

As I am going to send him away, and as your account against him was sanctioned by me beforehand, you may charge me with the whole of it.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]2 white waistcoats

1 pair stout grey trousers

A pea-jacket, waistcoat and trousers to wear aboard ship, blue in colour, and stout in texture. Double breasted waistcoat as well as jacket to turn up in bad weather and fasten well round the neck.[†a]

To LADY HOUGHTON, 17 MAY 1865*

Trinity College, Cambridge.

16 Somers Place
Wednesday Seventeenth May, 1865

My Dear Lady Houghton

I find myself free for Sunday the 28th and shall be delighted to dine with you on that day, bringing my daughter with me.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 17 MAY 1865

MS British Library.

16 Somers Place | Seventeenth May 1865

My Dear Layard

I have been away for three days, or of course, I should have immediately answered the questions respecting my son Alfred Tennyson:

He is 20 years of age, and unmarried.

He has been for two years and more, in a large China House in the City,[†1] and has a special aptitude for business, and a sound practical knowledge of it.

His object is, to become employed in some business-house in Australia, and gradually to make his way in the new world.

He sails for Melbourne on the 29th.[†2] No arrangements are made for him (beyond providing him with some introductions), and as he is going out by his own desire — as the story books say, "to seek his fortune." I believe him to have a knowledge and habit of business, not by any means common in well-educated youths of his age. His earlier training was in France;[†3] his later, in England, at Wimbledon School.[†4] Of course he knows the two languages about equally well.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. H. Layard Esquire

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 17 MAY 1865*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

16 Somers Place | Seventeenth May 1865

My Dear Lehmann

I have heard today from Wills that there is such a great run upon that dinner,[†5] that he had thought it expedient last Monday to go to the Freemasons with the Secretary, and mark the few places I wanted for a few friends. Of course if it be possible to make that bit of the table elastic, they will do it for me. I write to Wills by this next P.O. delivery begging him to precipitate himself upon the Secretary, tooth and nail, and make a strong point of your name and my desire to have a place for it among the rest.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, [17 MAY 1865]

Mention in last. *Date:* written the same day.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 17 MAY 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

16 Somers Place | Wednesday Seventeenth May 1865

My Dear Ouvry

Fechter will call upon you tomorrow at One, unless he should hear from you in the morning (at 18 Marlborough Place St. John's Wood) that you are engaged at that time.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 19 MAY 1865*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Nineteenth May 1865

My Dear Lehmann

It is all right for tomorrow, and you sit with our own people. Will you go to the Freemasons' Tavern at *a quarter before 6*, and ask for the Stewards' Room. There you will find Wills, in waiting for you.

Ever Yours
CD.

To LADY MOLESWORTH, 19 MAY 1865*

MS Royal Institution of Cornwall, Truro.

16 Somers Place | Friday Nineteenth May 1865

My Dear Lady Molesworth

Until I hear you scream in the basket at Gad's Hill — as I hope I shall, in the midsummer time — I fear we shall not meet; for after being so long disabled, I began engaging myself with a burst; and now, between my work (which is the first demand) and those engagements, I am a gone 'coon,[†1] counting the hours until I get upon the grass and under the trees. After all my virtuous resolutions I have fallen! — Fallen into engagements of business or pleasure for every single day that stands between me and my native heath.

Affectionately Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?MAY 1865]

Extract in unidentified newspaper cutting in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", II, 32. *Date:* similar wording to next points to a date near it.

Concerning the great music-hall question, as to myself, I have strongly urged the case of the Music Halls against the prosecutions of the Theatrical Managers and have advocated Free Trade in entertainments as in all other speculations.

To R. BERNAL OSBORNE,[†1] 20 MAY 1865†

MS Mrs John Silcock.

16 Somers Place | Saturday Twentieth May 1865

Dear Bernal Osborne

My name is not set to the petition in favor of Locke's bill,[†2] because I never petition if I can possibly help it.

On principle I am for free-trade in popular amusements, and in practice I believe that the conversion of the Musical Halls into Theatres would do a great deal of good.[†3] It would take the Theatrical "trade" out of a few hands, would give increased employment and gains to a great number of struggling people, and would bring into a wholesome competition with ill-conducted Theatres that have gradually brought themselves down some enterprising men with capital at their disposal, and a good knowledge of the public. The sure consequence of a great success of a theatrical kind on the part of one of these, would be the want of more room in front for the accomodation[†4] of the audience; and the sure tendency of that would be, the removal of the tables on which the eatables and drinkables are set, and the substitution of more seats. Why the eating and drinking, however, should be supposed to be so objectionable, I cannot imagine.[†5] In these places at present there is the most rigid enforcement of order, without any distinction of class. I am always looking about, and have never seen drunkenness in a Music-Hall. [†a]As to loose women, I know no means of keeping them out of chapels, if they choose to go there. It is quite a mistake to suppose (as some of your fellow M.P.s do) that they are invited to Music Halls or placed on the Free List there. No such thing. If they go there, they must conduct themselves like the rest of the Audience; and you will see as many men with their wives and daughters at a Music Hall — at least as many — as in the most bumptiously virtuous assembly going.

I observe in society that the Argyll rooms in Windmill Street Haymarket,[†6] is legislatively supposed to be a Music Hall. It is nothing of the sort, and was expressly established as a kind of resort that *must* exist somewhere in a great city.[†7†a]

The managers don't want to be stirred up in their activity and stirred down in their prices, and that is the whole secret of their opposition. Moreover they have been complaining, as against the Music Halls, for a long time, that they, the managers, can't get singing chambermaids and the like, because the Music Halls take them away — that is to say, give them better pay and more durable engagements.

I know of many such small people who are supporting relations and friends out of number by being respectably engaged and respectably paid at Music Halls.

The Britannia at Hoxton[†1] is an immense Theatre, beautifully constructed, having immense audiences all through the year, the great body composed of the very commonest people. I have seen the

gradual transformation of that place from a "Saloon" to a fine Theatre.[†2] That the character of the entertainments has risen as the transformation has progressed, I know beyond all doubt.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES FECHTER, 21 MAY 1865*

MS Öffentliche Bibliothek der Universität Basel.

16 Somers Place | Sunday Twenty First May 1865

My Dear Fechter

It is tomorrow, *Monday* (not Tuesday) that Forster dines at the office. Pray dine with us at 5. We shall not come over to Don Caesar[†3] tomorrow night, as we wish to keep it quite fresh for Saturday.

Ever Heartily yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 21 MAY 1865*

MS Private.

16 Somers Place | Sunday Twenty First May 1865

My Dear Madam

I am afraid you will think me faithless and rude, but the fault is really not mine — is even, in part, yours! As I hope to explain to you.

Next Wednesday at from three to half past, I will again try to make my way to you.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, [?22 MAY 1865]

MS British Library. *Date:* Alfred had originally expected to sail on 29 May; "in the course of the week" therefore suggests CD wrote on or near 22 May.

16 Somers Place, Hyde Park W.

My Dear Layard

I really cannot tell you how much I thank you for the letters in my boy's behalf, and for your great kindness.

As to a letter from the Colonial Office to the Governor,[†1] presenting him as my son, I should be very glad to have it if you can without laying yourself under obligation or putting yourself to inconvenience obtain it in the course of the week.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. H. Layard Esquire

To CHARLES FECHTER, 23 MAY 1865

MS Berg Collection.

16 Somers Place | Tuesday Twenty Third May 1865

My Dear Fechter

I send you below, the note I recommend.

Ever Cordially
CD.

Dear Madam[†2]

Agreeably to my promise, I send you this letter as a written record of the understanding between us in reference to your engagement with me.

If, in deference to the wishes of your friends, or for any other reason, you should desire altogether to retire from the stage on the expiration of the second season of your engagement, you shall be free to do so; I relinquishing all claim to the fine of two hundred pounds which you would otherwise have to pay to me. But on condition that if you should at any time thereafter return to the stage, you shall not be free to make any engagement elsewhere, without first completing your engagement with me, either by acting for a season at my Theatre, or paying me the forfeiture of two hundred pounds.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,[†3] 23 MAY 1865†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* The Rev. William Harness | 3 Hyde Park Terrace | Kensington Gore | W.

16 Somers Place | Tuesday Twenty Third May 1865

My Dear Harness.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am that we have not one single day open until the 6th. of June when we must be at Gad's Hill. In despite of the grimmest inflexibility on my part and the most virtuous resolutions, it invariably happens so. They take me into custody here (Mary and her Aunt) in the fatal month of May, somehow, and I am continually impelled in directions diametrically opposed to my wishes.

But I hope I descry good in this. Clearly you must come to Gad's Hill, which is quite another Gad's Hill since you saw it. Before June is out, I shall write and ask you when you *will* come, and I hope you are from this moment bound to your side of the bargain.

I regret to hear on so good an authority as your own that you have not been well. I am, and have been, hard at work at your conversion — to the opinion that the story of Our Mutual Friend is very interesting and was from the first tending to a purpose which you couldn't foresee until I chose to take you into my confidence. Modest this. — But true.

Ever Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 23 MAY 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

16 Somers Place | Tuesday Twenty Third May 1865

My Dear Ouvry

If you see no objection will you write to this man whose letter is enclosed,[†1] that I acknowledge no such debts unless my consent is first asked to the giving of the credit. I do not like absolute silence in such a case, having the good or ill fortune to be so conspicuous a personage.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 23 MAY 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | St. James's Place | S.W.

16 Somers Place | Tuesday Twenth Third May 1865

My Dear George Russell

The Port is excellent, and I shall be glad to take 6 Dozen. How shall I get it? I want it in two parcels — one for town, and the other for the country. I will either send for it, or pay any one about the cellar to pack it for me.

My principles may be described as "Slipper". But I would certainly vote for the "top-boot" principles[†2] in connexion with your brother Charles,[†3] if I were a free and independent — of that true-born British County which &c.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. RUSSELL,[†1] 26 MAY 1865

Text in N, III, 422 checked from MS Sotheby's, Dec 1968.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Sixth May 1865

My Dear Russell

I have had a hearty laugh over your note. The Committee[†2] should certainly have deferred to your representations — though I am very glad that they did no such thing.

The dirty-faced man (it must have been the same, because there cannot have been two men, each so dirty-faced) was beset by an idea, after I vacated the chair, that I had lost something. He tried to articulate a sentence to the effect that whatever I had lost should be instantly found. At that period he was supported by an angle between two doors, and his shirt front had the appearance of having been clutched by waiters in personal strife. I think he must have confounded me with himself, and that he had lost his senses in making the preliminary arrangements.

I settle down in these parts early in June. Look out for my making a dash upon you, and endeavouring to prevail upon you to come down and see us. Billiards, croquet, bowls, &c on the premises. Cool cups and good drinks. Good beds. Harmony, most evenings.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Russell Esquire

To SIR EDWIN LANDSEER,[†3] 27 MAY 1865*

MS Exeter University Library. *Address:* Sir Edwin Landseer R. A. | 1 St. John's Wood Road.

16 Somers Place | Saturday Twenty Seventh May 1865

My Dear Landseer

We are all three most heartily sorry and vexed, but I am engaged for Sunday the 4th. of June. That day and Monday the 5th are our two last engagements before going home to Gad's Hill. But if you *should*[†4] hold your little festival[†5] any day after the 5th. and *should*[†4] remember us, we should be delighted to come up for it.

In haste | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Edwin Landseer.

To ALFRED DICKENS, [?28 MAY 1865]

Extract in Alfred Dickens *to* G. W. Rusden, 11 Aug 70, MS Trinity College, Melbourne. *Date:* Alfred had expected to sail for Australia on 29 May 65; letter to be read "when we were out of sight of land"; probably written the day before.

You know that I never interfere with the religious opinions of my children, preferring they should reflect for themselves, as they grow old enough to do so: but in parting from you, as in parting from Sydney & Frank I tell you that if you humbly try to guide yourself by the beautiful new testament, you can never go wrong: also that I hope you will never omit under any circumstances to say a prayer by yourself night & morning.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?END MAY 1865]

Extract in F, IX, v, 742. *Date:* the day he left for France according to Forster; probably soon after 27 May, when he wrote from 16 Somers Place (see *To* Landseer, that day).

Work and worry, without exercise, would soon make an end of me. If I were not going away now, I should break down. No one knows as I know to-day how near to it I have been.

June

To MISS MARY DICKENS OR MRS CHARLES COLLINS, [?EARLY JUNE 1865]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 700. *Date:* addressed "to his daughter" during "a brief holiday during the summer" before Staplehurst accident, according to Forster.

Before I went away, I had certainly worked myself into a damaged state. But the moment I got away, I began, thank God, to get well. I hope to profit by this experience, and to make future dashes from my desk before I want them.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?END MAY-EARLY JUNE 1865]

Extract in F, IX, v, 744. *Date:* written from France while he was writing *Our Mutual Friend*, according to Forster; end May-early June 65 most likely, since by Sep, his second visit to France that year, the novel was finished.

I have been reading a capital little story by Edmond About[†1] — *The Notary's Nose.*[†2] I have been trying other books; but so infernally conversational, that I forget who the people are before they have done talking, and don't in the least remember what they talked about before when they begin talking again!

To F. C. BEARD, 10 JUNE 1865

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Saturday Tenth June 1865

My Dear Frank Beard

I was in the terrible accident yesterday,[†1] and worked some hours among the dying and dead.[†2]

I was in the carriage that did not go down, but hung in the air over the side of the broken bridge. I was not touched — scarcely shaken. But the terrific nature of the scene makes me think that I should be the better for a gentle composing draught or two.

I must away to Gad's directly to quiet their minds. John[†3] would get made and would bring down, any prescription you might let him have here. Don't come down to Gad's, yourself, unless you can stay all night and be comfortable. In that case, do.

Ever Yours

CD.

(I can't sign my flourish to day!)[†4]

To WILLIAM DAY, 10 JUNE 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Office A. Y. R. | Saturday Tenth June 1865

Dear Mr Day. There are 3 more pages of this No.[†5] to follow. You shall have them shortly. Proofs to Gad's Hill, as I have left town.

Tell Mr. Clowes[†6] that I was not touched in the terrible Railway accident yesterday. I was in the carriage that did not go over the bridge but hung

suspended in the air. I was scarcely shaken, and able to work for hours among the dying and dead.

Faithfully Yrs.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, 10 JUNE 1865

Extract in F, I, v, 742.

Saturday, tenth of June 1865.

I was in the terrific Staplehurst accident yesterday, and worked for hours among the dying and dead. I was in the carriage that did not go over, but went off the line, and hung over the bridge in an inexplicable manner. No words can describe the scene. I am away to Gads.

To CHARLES LEVER,[†1] 10 JUNE 1865

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday Tenth June 1865

My Dear Lever

I was in the frightful accident yesterday, and worked for hours among the dying and dead.

I was in the carriage that did not go down, but that hung inexplicably suspended in the air over the side of the broken bridge. I am going home to reassure my daughter's mind. Can you come down, say tomorrow? Higham on the North Kent Line from Charing X is my station. Write tonight, or telegraph, if you can come. We shall be heartily glad to see you. There is a room for you, of course.

My address is | Gad's Hill Place | Higham.

Ever Yours Cordially

CD.

I can't sign my flourish, being nervously shaken

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 10 JUNE 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday Tenth June 1865

My Dear Ouvry.

I enclose the cheque.[†2]

I was in the terrific accident yesterday (under-stated in the papers this morning)[†3] and worked for hours among the dying and dead. I was in the carriage that

did not go over, and that hung inexplicably in the air over the side of the broken bridge. I am not touched — scarcely shaken. I am away to Gad's to relieve my daughter's mind.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS AND MRS BROWN, 11 JUNE 1865†

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Coutts | Holly Lodge | Highgate | N.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Eleventh June 1865.

My Dear Miss Coutts and Mrs. Brown.

My steady heart thanks you better than my unsteady hand for your kind, kind, letters.[†a] I was in the carriage that did not go over the bridge but caught in turning and hung suspended over the ruined brick

work. I worked hard afterwards among the dead and dying, and it is that shock — not the shock of the stumbling carriage, which was nothing — that I feel a little. I could not have imagined so appalling a scene.[†a]

Your recommendation my dear Miss Coutts to rest a little, shall not be neglected. I will come to Holly Lodge to thank you, as soon as I go to London.

Ever Your affectionate

CD.

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 11 JUNE 1865

MS British Library. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 70 Gloucester Crescent | Regents Park | N.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Eleventh June 1865

Dear Catherine

I thank you for your letter.

I was in the carriage that did not go over the bridge, but which caught on one side and hung suspended over the ruined parapet. I am shaken, but not by that shock. Two or three hours work afterwards among the dead and dying surrounded by terrific sights, render my hand unsteady.

Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To [?T.J.] ARNOLD,[†1] 12 JUNE 1865*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Twelfth June 1865

My Dear Arnold

I should have answered your note sooner, but — firstly — for having been in France, and — secondly — for having been in the terrible accident on Friday. I was in the carriage that did not go over, but was caught on the turn among the ruins of the bridge, and stood alone — the engine broken from it, before — the train gone down into the valley, behind. I am shaken, not by the dragging of the carriage itself, but by the work afterwards in getting out the dead and dying, which was horrible.

It would give me real pleasure to dine with your brother[†2] and you, but my Doctor says "Make no engagements. Rest." I am afraid my hand may not be very legible, but I thought you would prefer it to another's.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS HEADLAND,[†3] 12 JUNE 1865†

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth June 1865

My Dear Headland. I am very much obliged to you for your letter, and I beg cordially to assure you that I have been touched by its kind feeling and its affectionate good sense.

I should have written to you sooner but for two reasons. Firstly, I have been in France. Secondly, I was in the terrible railway accident last Friday. I was in the Carriage that did not go over into the stream, but was caught on the turn, just as it was dropping over, by the broken girders and brick work of the bridge. I am shaken; — not by the dragging of the carriage itself, but by the work afterwards in getting out the dying and dead, which was horrible.

My handwriting may not be very plain, I fear, but I knew you would rather see mine than a Deputy's. So here it is.

With many thanks, I enclose a crossed cheque,[†4] and am always

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES LEVER, 12 JUNE 1865

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth June 1865

My Dear Lever.

I wrote to you on Saturday morning before I left town. Your letter seems to have crossed mine, which was addressed to you at the Junior Carlton.

I am shaken, but not by the dragging of the carriage in which I was; — by getting out the dead and dying afterwards.

Let me see you, or hear from you.

Ever affectionately Yours
CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 12 JUNE 1865

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth June 1865

My Dearest Macready

Many thanks for your kind words of remembrance. This is not all in my own hand, because I am too much shaken to write many notes.[†1] Not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was — it did not go over, but was caught on the turn — among the ruins of the bridge — but by the work afterwards to get out the dying and dead, which was terrible.

Ever Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

My Love to Mrs. Macready

To THE HEAD STATION MASTER, CHARING CROSS, 12 JUNE 1865

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth June 1865

Dear Sir

A lady who was in the carriage with me in the terrible accident on Friday, lost, in the struggle of being got out of the carriage, a gold watch-chain with a smaller gold watch chain attached, a bundle of charms, a gold watch-key, and a gold seal engraved "Ellen".[†2]

I promised the lady to make her loss known at headquarters,[†3] in case these trinkets should be found. Will you have the kindness to note this application.

The carriage was the first class carriage which was dragged aslant, but did not go over, being caught upon the turn. The Engine broke from it before, and the rest of the train broke from it behind and went down into the stream below.

I mention these particulars to make the lady's case plain. I would have spoken to you instead of writing, but that I am shaken; — not by the beating of the carriage, but by the work afterwards of getting out the dying and dead.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Head Station Master | Charing Cross.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN,[†1] 13 JUNE 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth June 1865

My Dear Letitia

I am a little shaken; not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was, but by the work afterwards in taking out the dying and dead, which was most horrible. I was in the only carriage that did not go over into the stream. It tilted up, and was caught upon the turn by some of the ruin of the bridge. Two ladies were my fellow-passengers.[†2] I said to them "Pray don't cry out. We can't help ourselves. Let us be quiet and composed." One of them, an elderly lady, replied: "Rely upon me. Upon my soul I won't call out, or stir." We were all down together in a corner of the carriage, and they remained perfectly still until I could get them out.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To J. B. BUCKSTONE,[†3] 13 JUNE 1865†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* J. B. Buckstone Esquire | Peak Hill | Sydenham.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth June 1865

My Dear Buckstone

Many thanks for your kind words of remembrance.

This is not all in my own hand, because I am too much shaken to write many notes. Not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was — it did not go over, but was caught on the turn among the ruins of the bridge — but by the work afterwards to get out the dying and the dead, which was terrible.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

J. B. Buckstone Esquire

To JOHN DE GEX,[†1] 13 JUNE 1865*

MS Ann Thwaite.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth June 1865

My Dear De Gex.

†a Many thanks for your kind words of remembrance. This is not all in my own hand, because I am too much shaken to write many notes. Not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was — it did not go over, but was caught on the turn among the ruins of the bridge — but by the work afterwards to get out the dying and dead. Which was terrible.†a

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To FREDERICK DICKENS, 13 JUNE 1865*

MS Dr and Mrs Gordon F. Madding.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Thirteenth July 1865

My Dear Frederick

I am just that much shaken that I am obliged to keep quiet, and cannot yet write half a dozen notes together without feeling the worse for it. My impression is that this is not owing to the beating and dragging of the carriage, but to the terrible work afterwards of getting out the dying and dead, in which I was very active.

My carriage was the only one that did not go over into the stream. It was caught among the ruin of the bridge, as it turned, and seemed impossibly balanced in the act of tilting.

Affecy

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13 JUNE 1865]

Extracts in F, IX, v, 743. *Date:* soon after the Staplehurst railway accident; similar wording to *To* Wills, 13 June, suggests same day; both extracts probably from same letter.

I am curiously weak — weak as if I were recovering from a long illness.

I begin to feel it more in my head. I sleep well and eat well; but I write half a dozen notes, and turn faint and sick.

To CHARLES KENT, 13 JUNE 1865

Mention in S. T. Freeman & Co. catalogue No. 980; dated Gad's Hill Place, 13 June 65; addressed Charles Kent.

To THOMAS MITTON, 13 JUNE 1865

Text from A. H. Joline, *Rambles in Autograph Land,* Putnam, 1913, pp. 196-8.

†aGAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday, Thirteenth June 1865

My Dear Mitton. I should have written to you yesterday or the day before, if I had been quite up to writing. †bI am a *little* shaken, not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was, but by the hard work afterwards in getting out the dying and dead, which was most horrible.†b

I was in the only carriage that did not go over into the stream. It was caught upon the turn by some of the ruin of the bridge, and hung suspended and balanced in an apparently impossible manner. Two ladies were my fellow passengers; an old one, and a young one. This is exactly what passed:— you may judge from it the precise length of the suspense. Suddenly we were off the rail and beating the ground as the car of a half emptied balloon might. The old lady cried out "My God!" and the young one screamed. I caught hold of them both (the old lady sat opposite, and the young one on my left), and said: "We can't help ourselves, but we can be quiet and composed. Pray don't cry†a out." The old lady immediately answered, "Thank you. Rely upon me. Upon my soul, I will be quiet." The young lady said in a frantic way, "Let us join hands and die friends." We were then all tilted down together in a corner of the carriage, and stopped. I said to them thereupon: "You may be sure nothing worse can happen. Our danger *must* be over. Will you remain here without stirring, while I get out of the window?" They both answered quite collectedly, "Yes," and I got out without the least notion what had happened. Fortunately I got out with great caution and stood upon the step. Looking down, I saw the bridge gone and nothing below me but the line of rail. Some people in the two other compartments were madly trying to plunge out at window, and had no idea that there was an open swampy field 15 feet down below them and nothing else! The two guards (one with his face cut) were running up and down on the down side of the bridge (which was not torn up) quite wildly. I called out to them "Look at me. Do stop an instant and look at me, and tell me whether you don't know me." One of them answered "We know you very well, Mr. Dickens." "Then," I said, "my good fellow for God's sake give me your key, and send one of those labourers here, and I'll empty this carriage." — We did it quite safely, by means of a plank or two and when it was done I saw all the rest of the train except the two baggage cars down in the stream. I got into the carriage again for my brandy flask, took off my travelling hat for a basin, climbed down the brickwork, and filled my hat with water. Suddenly I came upon a staggering man covered with blood (I think he must have been flung clean out of his carriage) with such a frightful cut across the skull that I couldn't bear to look at him. I poured some water over his face, and gave him some to drink, and gave him some brandy, and laid him down on the grass, and he said "I am gone" and

died afterwards. Then I stumbled over a lady lying on her back against a little pollard tree, with the blood streaming over her face (which was lead color) in a number of distinct little streams from the head. I asked her if she could swallow a little brandy, and she just nodded, and I gave her some and left her for somebody else. The next time I passed her, she was dead. Then a man examined at the Inquest yesterday (who evidently had not the least remembrance of what really passed) came running up to me and implored me to help him find his wife, who was afterwards found dead. No imagination can conceive the ruin of the

carriages, or the extraordinary weights under which the people were lying, or the complications into which they were twisted up among iron and wood, and mud and water.

I don't want to be examined at the Inquest,[†1] and I don't want to write about it. It could do no good either way, and I could only seem to speak about myself, which, of course I would rather not do. I am keeping very quiet here. I have a — I don't know what to call it — constitutional (I suppose) presence of mind, and was not in the least fluttered at the time. I instantly remembered that I had the MS. of a No.[†2] with me, and clambered back into the carriage for it. But in writing these scanty words of recollection I feel the shake and am obliged to stop.

Ever faithfully,

C.D.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 13 JUNE 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 St. James's Place | London | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth June 1865

My Dear George Russell

Many thanks for your affectionate note. I was speaking of you yesterday, and would have written if I could.

I am just so much shaken (not by the dragging and beating of the carriage in which I was, but by the dreadful hours of work afterwards among the dying and dead), as that I cannot do anything but keep quiet, without turning rather faint and sick. But thank God I am in all respects quite uninjured.

The two packets of wine to the office please, when they are delivered: Somers Place being vacated.

Ever Affectionately Yours

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 13 JUNE 1865

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth June 1865

My Dear Wills

I feel it rather more in my head to day than I have done yet. Quiet is the main thing. I write two or three notes and turn faint and sick.[†1]

Ever Heartily

CD.

To MRS SARTORIS,[†2] 14 JUNE 1865*

MS Private. *Address:* Mrs. Sartoris | Warnford | Bishop's Waltham.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fourteenth June 1865

My Dear Mrs. Sartoris

[†a]Many thanks for your kind words of remembrance. This is not all in my own hand, because I am too much shaken to write many notes. Not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was — it did not go over, but was caught on the turn among the ruin of the bridge — but by the work afterwards to get out the dying and dead, which was terrible.[†a]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Sartoris

To MRS WINTER,[†3] 14 JUNE 1865†

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fourteenth June 1865

My Dear Mrs. Winter

[†b] Many thanks for your kind words of remembrance.

This is not all in my own hand, because I am too much shaken to write many notes. Not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was — it did not go over, but was caught on the turn among the ruin of the bridge — but by the work afterwards to get out the dying and dead, which was terrible.[†b]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS JEWSBURY,[†1] 15 JUNE 1865

Text from N, III, 427.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fifteenth June, 1865

My Dear Miss Jewsbury,

Many thanks for your kind words of remembrance. This is not all in my own hand, because I am too much shaken to write many notes. Not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was — it did not go over, but was caught on the turn among the ruin of the bridge — but by the work afterwards to get out the dying and dead, which was terrible.

Faithfully yours ever
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To AUGUSTUS TRACEY,[†2] 15 JUNE 1865*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fifteenth June 1865

My Dear Jack

It's all true. I am rather too shaken to write at any length for a few days; not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I got suspended in the air at last, but by the terrible work afterwards in getting out the dying and dead.

But I was not touched. Thank God.

Sorry to hear of your having been in the Sick-bay. Glad to hear of your having come out of it.

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,[†3] [?JUNE 1865]

Mention in *To* Cerjat, 30 Nov 65. *Date:* Lord Shaftesbury, to whom CD is replying, would probably have written to CD, asking his views on greater railway safety, after the Staplehurst accident of 9 June.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 17 JUNE 1865

MS Lenin Library, Moscow.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventeenth June 1865

My Dear Fechter.

Pray thank Derrieux for me, most cordially, I am obliged to abstain from writing notes (that is to say, more than 50 a day), as I am still a little below the mark, and have my work to think of.

I was in London yesterday, but had no idea you were at the Theatre. I had promised to go up to Miss Coutts at Highgate, and I had to go to my Doctor, and on other errands of business. The noise of the wheels of my Hansom, and of the London streets, was as much as I could bear. So I made all speed back here again — by a slow train though, for I felt that I was not up to the Express.

When are you coming here again? I had a fancy you would appear tonight or tomorrow morning.

Kindest regard from all | Ever Heartily Yours

CD.

To W. W. JONES,[†1] 17 JUNE 1865*

Text from copy in Minute Book of Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Saturday Seventeenth June 1865

Sir

I beg you to assure the Committee of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, that I have been deeply affected by their special remembrance of me[†2] in my late escape from death or mutilation, and that I thank them with my whole heart.

Faithfully yours and theirs

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Walter Jones

To H. M. MERRIDEW,[†3] 17 JUNE 1865*

MS Miss L. M. Merridew.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday Seventeenth June 1865

Sir

I beg to thank you for your obliging enquiry, and to assure you that I have not suffered any inconvenience from the terrible Railway accident we encountered together, beyond an incapacity to bear much noise, and an occasional sense of weariness. I trust your shoulder will soon be better.[†4] I am not surprised by your taking time to find out that you were hurt, for I took to London in the carriage that conveyed me up from the scene of the disaster, two wounded passengers who have been lying ill ever since, and who had no notion at the time that there was much the matter with them.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. H. Melville Merridew.

To [?M. E.] TREEVE,[†1] 17 JUNE 1865

Extract in Nial Devitt Books catalogue No. 43 (1998); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 17 June 65; addressed Mr Treeve, the *Field* office.

Saying that he cannot make an appointment to meet him as he is advised to remain quiet here and avoid the noise of London, until he shall have quite recovered the shake of the railway accident — in his case very slight.

To MRS HULKES,[†2] 18 JUNE 1865

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Eighteenth June 1865

My Dear Mrs. Hulkes.

I return the Examiner, with many thanks.

The account is true, except that I *had* brandy.[†3] By an extraordinary chance, I had a bottle and a half with me. I slung the half bottle round my neck and carried my hat full of water in my hands. But I can understand the describer (whoever he is) making the mistake in perfect good faith, and supposing that I called for brandy, when I really called to the others who were helping, "I have brandy here." The Mr. Dickenson[†4] mentioned, had changed places with a Frenchman who didn't like the window down, a few seconds before the accident.[†5] The frenchman was killed, and a labourer and I got Mr. Dickenson out of a most extraordinary heap of dark ruins in which he was jammed upside down.[†6] He was bleeding at the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth; but didn't seem to know that afterwards, and of course I didn't tell him. In the moment of going over the viaduct, the whole of his pockets were shaken empty! He had no watch, no chain, no money, no pocketbook, no handkerchief, when we got him out. He had been choking a quarter of an hour, when I heard him groaning. If I hadn't had the brandy to give him at the moment, I think he would have been done for. As it was, I brought him up to London in the carriage with me,[†7] and couldn't make him believe that he was hurt. He was the first person whom the brandy

saved. As I ran back to the carriage for the whole full bottle, I saw the first two people I had helped, lying dead. A bit of shade from the hot sun, into which we got the unhurt ladies, soon had as many dead in it as living.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 18 JUNE 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Eighteenth June 1865

My Dear Wills.

I have made no marks upon these proofs.[†1] — Just look at Patty,[†2] and guard against too many short lines and breaks.[†3]

I shall be at the office (on my cause of anxiety)[†4] next Tuesday, and shall probably remain there two or three days. Is it true what I hear — that you and I are a pair of God-fathers???[†5]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To E. S. N. DICKENSON, 20 JUNE 1865*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Tuesday Twentieth June 1865

Dear Sir

I send round my servant with this, to enquire how you are. I hope you will not suppose that I have been wanting in interest in you. On the very next morning after the accident, I spoke of you to the Station Master at Charing Cross, who (making some mistake in the flurry of the time) did not couple you with my description. It was only on my going down to my country house last Friday, that he told me you were then still lying at the Hotel.

Do not trouble yourself to try to write. If you could tell my servant by word of mouth how you are, I should be truly glad to know that you are doing well.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dickinson Esquire[†6]

To F. C. BEARD, 21 JUNE 1865

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty First June 1865

My Dear Frank.

In case you should be projecting a Gad's Hill holiday, I let you know that I am here until Friday morning.

The medicine,[†1] I think, has done me good. My pulse is still feeble and I am unfit for noise and worry, but I suppose I must have time to get over those little defects.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MRS ROSS CHURCH,[†2] 21 JUNE 1865*

MS The Rev. John J. McShea.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty First June 1865

My Dear Madam

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, and to assure you that it would have given me real pleasure if I could have entertained your proposal.[†3] But you will understand my inability to do so, when I state that we have already made arrangements here for three serial stories, two of which are already written and ready for publication.[†4]

I am Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Ross Church

To CHARLES KENT, 21 JUNE 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty First June 1865

My Dear Kent.

If Mr. Norfolk,[†5] the gentleman of whom you tell me, really wishes to see me, I will make an appointment here for that purpose when I next come to town. I use the expression "really wishes to see me", assuming him to understand from you that I never associate myself with any Company or Direction, and that it would merely be a waste of time on his part to have such an interview. I would not even give an opinion on the prospects of such a company as he projects, because I do not know how bright or how cloudy they may be. That, your paper

is capable of attracting a larger and still larger circulation, you know, and he must know, because you have the proofs of it in your accounts. Beyond your Paper, and you, and your indubitable capacity as an honorable, accomplished, and experienced Editor, I have no knowledge which would justify me in affecting to pronounce oracularly on the scheme,[†1] and therefore I should altogether decline doing so.

Affectionately Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Kent Esquire

To ARTHUR RYLAND,[†2] 21 JUNE 1865

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty First June 1865

My Dear Mr. Ryland

I need not assure you that I regard the unanimous desire of the Town Council Committee as a great honor, and that I feel the strongest interest in the occasion, and the strongest wish to associate myself with it.[†3]

But after careful consideration I most unwillingly come to the conclusion that I must decline. At the time in question I shall — please God — either have just finished, or be just finishing, my present book. Country rest and recreation will then be invaluable to me, before casting about for Christmas. I am a little shaken in my nervous system by the terrible and affecting incidents of the late Railway accident from which I bodily escaped. I am withdrawing myself from engagements of all kinds, in order that I may pursue my story with the comfortable sense of being perfectly free while it is adoing and when it is done. The consciousness of having made this engagement would, if I were to make it, render such sense incomplete, and so open the way to others. This is the real state of the case, and the whole reason for my declining.

Faithfully Yours always\
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To MARCUS STONE, 21 JUNE 1865*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Marcus Stone Esquire | Russell House | Tavistock Square | W.C.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty First June 1865

My Dear Marcus.

The Printer is correcting No. 16,[†4] and will send you the Proof presently. It has been delayed by my having been shaken.

Affy. Ever
CD.

To JOHN THOMPSON, 25 JUNE 1865

Extract in N, III, 429.

Gad's Hill Place | 25th June 1865

Dr. John,

Take Miss Ellen tomorrow morning, a little basket of fresh fruit, a jar of clotted cream from Tuckers,[†1] and a chicken, a pair of pigeons, or some nice little bird. Also on Wednesday morning, and on Friday morning, take her some other things of the same sort — making a little variety each day.

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE JUNE 65]

Extracts in F, IX, v, 743. *Date:* before the close of June, according to Forster; both extracts probably from same letter.

I am getting right, though still low in pulse and very nervous. Driving into Rochester yesterday I felt more shaken than I have since the accident.

I cannot bear railway travelling yet. A perfect conviction, against the senses, that the carriage is down on one side (and generally that is the left, and *not* the side on which the carriage in the accident really went over), comes upon me with anything like speed, and is inexpressibly distressing.

To MRS LEHMANN, 29 JUNE 1865†

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Ninth June 1865

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann

Come (with self and Partner) on either of the days you name, and you will be heartily welcomed by the humble youth who now addresses you, and will then cast himself at your feet.

[†a] On Sunday the Ninth, The Dean of Bristol is coming here with his Deanness.[†2] As he says he doesn't mean to go to church, I offer no objection. [†b] [I mention him with this explanatory clause, as you might enquire what I do in *that* galley.][†b]

So you see I am disposed of — as I generally am when I don't want to be — and shall come out upon you in full refulgence on these premises.[†a]

I am quite right again, I thank God, and have even got my voice back; — I most unaccountably brought somebody else's out of that terrible scene. The Directors have sent me a Resolution of Thanks for "assistance to the unhappy passengers, So" &c &c and for &c &c &c

Kind regard to Lehmann | Ever Yours[†3]

To J. COCHRANE,[†1] JUNE 1865

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1877; *MS* 1 p.; dated June 1865.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-END JUNE 1865]

Extract in F, 1872-4, III, xiii, 273*n*. *Date:* perhaps shortly after the Coroner's verdict of manslaughter on 15 June: see *To* Mitton, 15 June, *fn*.

The railway people have offered, in the case of the young man whom I got out of the carriage just alive,[†2] all the expenses and a thousand pounds down. The father declines to accept the offer. It seems unlikely that the young man, whose destination is India, would ever be passed for the Army now by the Medical Board. The question is, how far will that contingency tell, under Lord Campbell's Act?[†3]

July

To CHARLES KENT, 1 JULY 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Charles Kent Esquire.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday First July 1865

My Dear Kent.

I must leave here at 1/2 past 1 to keep an appointment, but shall be here until then.

Ever Yours

CD.

To MARCUS STONE, 1 JULY 1865*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday First July 1865

My Dear Marcus. I find these at the office this morning (I don't know how long they have been here), and at once return them.

Affecy Yours always.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY JULY 1865]

Extract in F, IX, v, 743. *Date:* at the opening of July, according to Forster.

Alas! for the two numbers you write of! There is only one in existence.[†4] I have but just begun the other.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [EARLY JULY 1865]

Extract in F, IX, v, 743. *Date:* the day after last, according to Forster.

Fancy! fancy my having under-written number sixteen by two and a half pages — a thing I have not done since *Pickwick!*[†1]

To WILLIAM DAY, 5 JULY 1865*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Mr. Day | Messrs. Clowes and Son, | Duke Street | Stamford Street.

Gad's Hill Place | Wednesday Fifth July 1865.

Another Chapter[†2] To Follow[†3]

To CHARLES KENT, 5 JULY 1865*

MS Dickens House.

Office of AYR | Wednesday Fifth July 1865

My Dear Kent

I have this moment come in — Shall be here till 1/2 past 1 when I must go out till 5.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS EMILY JOLLY,[†4] 6 JULY 1865

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Sixth July 1865

My Dear Miss Jolly

You fall into a very natural mistake when you suppose that "half a word" from me to Messrs. Chapman and Hall would ensure your being attended to favourably by the Firm. Without entering into an explanation particularly distasteful to me, I beg you to rely on my assurance that you are wholly in error on that point. I have no influence with them bespeaking the most ordinary civility in behalf of another, and I have proved it very lately.[†5]

There can be no objection to your writing to them to propose your manuscript;[†6] neither to your referring to your connexion with these pages.[†7] I think you would do so, with a very fair chance of success.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Emily Jolly

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 6 JULY 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Sixth July 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

You will have heard from Kent that he came over here yesterday on my coming up to town, and that I explained to him that I am not personally acquainted with either of the Novello gentlemen,[†1] though I know Clara[†2] very well. Moreover I have reason to believe (from what I have lately heard from a friend at Genoa)[†3] that they are not likely to be in England at the time of the Election.[†4] Further, you may be certain, I think, that they would vote on the other side, if they voted at all.

I am heartily glad that you were *not* in that terrible train. Mentioning which, I may remark that if I were a constituent of Milner Gibsons,[†5] he should most certainly hear something from me on his nomination-day, not in the least to his advantage.[†6] Every day of my life, I think more and more what an ill-governed country this is, and what a pass our political system has got to. Here has this enormous Railway No-System grown up without guidance,[†7] and now its abuses are so represented in Parliament by Directors, Contractors, Scrip Jobbers, and so forth, that no Minister dare touch it.

I will never believe that there is any real doubt of your being returned, until the Hertfordshire people have so incredibly disgraced themselves as to convince me.[†8]

Ever Yours affecy.

CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD,[†9] 7 JULY 1865

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Seventh July 1865

My Dear FitzGerald

I shall be delighted to see you at Gad's Hill on Sunday, and I hope you will bring a bag with you and will not think of returning to London at night.

We are a small party just now, for my daughter Mary has been decoyed to Andover for the election week — in the Conservative interest.[†1] Think of my feelings as a Radical Parent! The wrong-headed Member and his wife are the friends with whom she hunts, and she helps to receive (and *de*ceive) the voters, which is very awful.[†2]

But in the week after this next, we shall be in great croquet force. So I shall hope to persuade you to come back to us then, for a few days, and we will try to make you some amends for a dull Sunday. Turn it over in your mind, and try to manage it.

Sincerely Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy FitzGerald Esquire

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 12 JULY 1865*

MS Guildhall Museum, Rochester.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Evening Twelfth July 1865.
(1/2 past 8)

My Dear FitzGerald

I get your letter as I am starting for Gad's Hill — which will explain why I am not good for a Theatre tomorrow night. Otherwise I should have been delighted.

Let me know in due course by what train you purpose coming to us, that I may send to the station for you and your portmanteau.

In haste | Ever Faithfully Yours
CD.

To CHARLES KENT, [12 JULY 1865]

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue (1909), lent by W. T. Spencer; dated Gad's Hill; addressed Charles Kent. *Date:* envelope accompanies; PM 12 July 65.

Referring to the railway accident.

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN,[†3] 12 JULY 1865

Text from MDGH, II, 235.

GAD'S HILL | Wednesday, July 12th, 1865

My Dear Owen,

Studying the gorilla last night for the twentieth time, it suddenly came into my head that I had never thanked you for that admirable treatise.[†4] This is to bear

witness to my blushes and repentance. If you knew how much interest it has awakened in me, and how often it has set me a-thinking, you would consider me a more thankless beast than any gorilla that ever lived. But happily you do *not* know, and I am not going to tell you.

Believe me, ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. WILLS, 12 JULY 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Wednesday Twelfth July 1865

My Dear Wills. I have been looking over the enclosed, and I am afraid it won't do. It is wandering and confused about the Marchioness and Pet; and Mrs. Stubbs's confinement is over done. I sat down to it, intending to get it closer together, and to alter Mrs. Molesworthy's dialect. But I found it beyond the contemplated touches.[†1] I think Mrs. Stretton[†2] had better try to remake it. She is going to collect these papers bye and bye in a Volume,[†3] and I am sure this paper would do her volume no good as it stands. I don't object to your sending her this note, if it will save you trouble.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

All right here in your absence. The No. was a little over (40 lines), but I immediately put it right and gave it back to Birtles. Patient[†4] immensely better.

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 13 JULY 1865

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirteenth July, 1865

My Dear Lehmann

I was vexed that you were put off from coming here, by the inscrutability of Mary's arrangements. But we will try the Fates again when you come back from Heligoland, and I hope they may be propitious. I have no present idea of being away from here for longer than a day or two together, until the Autumn is out.

So I still hope to see you; and you must undertake to report your return. Meantime all good go with [you],[†5] and return likewise.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

Frederick Lehmann Esquire.

To MISS ADAH MENKEN,[†1] 13 JULY 1865†

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* Miss Menken | 10 Park Place | Regents Park | London | N.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirteenth July, 1865

Dear Miss Menken

In reply to your letter (which has been forwarded to me) let me express my regret that I cannot make an appointment with you previous to your departure for America, as I cannot by any means get to London before you leave it. But as your absence is to be a short one, I shall hope to do better on your return.

†a I thank you for the verses enclosed in your note. Many such enclosures come to me, but few so pathetically written, and fewer still so modestly sent.†a

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM DAY, 14 JULY 1865

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Fourteenth July, 1865

Dear Mr. Day

Please make the two following corrections in the revise of No. 16†2 which I sent you yesterday for press, in addition to the other corrections marked on the proof.

Page 167, 22 lines from Bottom. For, "as he lay", read "lying".

Same page, 2 lines higher up. For "lay" down, read "laid himself" down.†3

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 15 JULY 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Fifteenth July, 1865

My Dear Wills. I infer from your letter that you think you have sent me some proofs besides those in your list, and Patty.†4 Anyhow, you have not done so.

I thought "Lightning-struck" was in the last No?†5

All right. I have taken some half a column from the end of the Chinese paper,†1 simply because it has nothing to do with the title.†2 A very fair No. indeed.

I quite agree with you about Patty. There is a great deal too much candle for the game. It is spun out, and confused, and greatly too much broken up into short paragraphs. Mrs. Stretton will strengthen her little book[†3] immensely, by being *closer*. Patty can have the appearance of rambling, if she wishes it for the character, only through skill. She must not actually do it, to the reader's confusion and weariness.

Ever Faithfully

CD.[†4]

To MARCUS STONE, 19 JULY 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Nineteenth July, 1865

My Dear Marcus.

You will receive No. 17[†5] from the Printer directly, if you have not done so since you wrote.

Please post the sketches[†6] here, as my being at the Office is uncertain.

Affy.

CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 20 JULY 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twentieth July 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I am truly sorry to reply to your kind and welcome note that we cannot come to Knebworth on a visit at this time: Firstly, because I am tied by the leg to my book. Secondly, because my married daughter and her husband are with us. Thirdly, because my two boys are at home for their holidays.

But if you would come out of that murky electioneering atmosphere and come to us, you don't know how delighted we should be. You should have your own way as completely as though you were at home, you should have a cheery room, and you should have a swiss chalet all to yourself to write in. [†a] Smoking regarded

as a personal favor to the family.[†a] Georgina is so insupportably vain on account of being a favorite of yours, that you might find *her* a drawback; but nothing else would turn out in that way, I hope.

Won't you manage it? *Do* think of it. If for instance you would come back with us, on that Guild Saturday.[†1] I have turned the house upside down and inside out since you were here, and have carved new rooms out of places then non-existent. Pray do think of it, and do manage it. I should be heartily pleased.

I hope you will find the purpose and the plot of my book very plain when you see it as a whole piece. I am looking forward to sending you the proofs complete, about the end of next month. It is all sketched out, and I am working hard at it, giving it all the pains possible to be bestowed on a labour of love. Your critical opinion two months in advance of the public will be invaluable to me. For you know what store I set by it, and how I think over a hint from you.

I notice the latest piece of poisoning ingenuity, in Pritchard's case.[†2] When he had made his medical-student-boarders sick, by poisoning the family food, he then quietly walked out, took an emetic, and made himself sick. This, with a view to ask them, in examination on a possible trial, whether he did not present symptoms at the time, like the rest? — A question actually asked for him, and answered in the affirmative.[†3] From which I get at the fact.

If your constituency don't bring you in, they deserve to lose you, and may the Gods continue to confound them! I shudder at the thought of such public life as political life. Would there not seem to be something horribly rotten in the system of it,[†4] when one stands amazed how any man — not forced into it by position, as you are — can bear to live it?

But the private life here is my point, and again I urge upon you, Do think of it and Do come.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 20 JULY 1865

MS Professor Michael Slater.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twentieth July, 1865

My Dear Ouvry

Here is a New Zealand vagabond playing the old nefarious game with our

Mutual Friend[†1] (who now has me by the throat, and will hold me until the end of August.) Terrify him, terrify him, terrify him![†2]

And your petitioner will ever pray.

CD.[†3]

To CHARLES FECHTER, 21 JULY 1865*

MS Mlle Françoise Fechter.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty First July, 1865

My Dear Fechter

First, about this accursed business of Beatrice.[†4] I have told Ouvry that, *unless he hears from you to the contrary, before 12 on Monday*, he may open a negociation for settling the action,[†5] and may begin to try to make terms with the opposite lawyers. I have made this condition about 12 o'clock, because I think it important that you should ascertain from Madame Fechter,[†6] exactly what passed between her and Arnold.[†7] If Arnold would willingly undertake the negociation with Beatrice, then I think you might get easier terms than from her lawyers, uninfluenced by any friend of hers. In that case, you will stop Ouvry, and tell him why.

Next, as to the appearance of Lucy Ashton[†8] at the New Royalty, I think it monstrous. I could not believe my eyes when I saw the announcement.[†9] Whosoever advised it, damaged you immensely, and damaged the young lady cruelly. I believe it to be the greatest and completest mistake that could be made in such a case. A mistake in judgment, a mistake in justice, an irreparable stroke of

blundering. But mon cher how *could* you engage her, without stipulating that she should appear on no stage before yours?

What an unfortunate fellow you are to have had that accident,[†1] and what a fortunate fellow to have escaped it without a broken limb! I cannot make up my mind whether I ought to congratulate you, or sympathize with you. But you must indeed have passed a wretched congé, and I most earnestly hope that you will soon come here and forget it. We are all looking forward to having you here again. But you will miss the poor dogs.[†2] Turk has been killed upon the Railway; and Linda is almost beyond hope, from canker in the ear. The sufferings of the poor creature are very distressing to see.

I have been constantly working in the upper room of the chalet, and never worked better any where. It is a most delightful summer atelier. I am almost as much attached to it, as I am to you!!!

We all unite in kindest regards to Madame Fechter, and to Marie,[†3] and our particular friend Paul.[†4] I hope the air of this house will blow away the accident, the Beatrice, the Lucy Ashton, and all the other bedevilments, ten thousand miles off, and set you up again.

Ever my Dear Fechter | Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Minerva's[†5] duty. There was a cricket match in the field the other day, and she seemed to think it was a performance in the Cirque, in which she was expected to do something. She looked very hard at the ball.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 21 JULY 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Friday Twenty First July 1865.

My Dear Ouvry.

I had a letter from Fechter yesterday evening, in which he begs me to explain to you that he has been laid up for eight days from the consequences of an accident (he was thrown out of a carriage through a wheel's coming off) and even now cannot write more than one letter. This is the cause of his not having answered yours. He also says that he wishes altogether to divest and rid himself

of the Beatrice business, and to pay whatever money must be paid to settle it. He adds that if we cannot wait until his return, will I accept carte blanche to act in the matter as I would for myself, "and conclude this vexatious affair at a blow". But he intends to return tomorrow (Saturday).

As I apprehend that no harm can be done by our waiting until Monday — supposing him to return tomorrow — I have written him a note that he may find on arriving at home, in which I have said that you will on Monday (unless you hear from him before 12) open the negociation with the opposite solicitors for getting out of the action on such terms as can be made. I suppose you will begin by offering a sum of money, considerably short of the expected damages? Or by asking them what they will take? You know best about that. My powers from Fechter are unlimited.

He bitterly complains that your partner "l'associé de M. Ouvry" has advised the lady engaged for next season, to play this last week at the New Royalty Theatre.[†1] It was a desperate mistake, whosoever so advised her. Damaging in the highest degree to the young lady herself,[†2] and, *I* think, positively cutting Fechter's season from under him.[†3] I stood aghast when I saw the announcement in the papers. As a matter of judgment, and as a matter of justice, the mistake seems to me equally irreparable.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 24 JULY 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Twenty Fourth July, 1865

My Dear Wills

The letters enclosed, A and B.

A from Edmonds at Willis and Sotheran's[†4] who seems to have an exalted idea of your Power; and B for a "Readings" reply according to form in such case made and provided.[†5]

Disturbed in mind by Our Mutual, and in body by myriads of minute flies,

Nervously Yours
CD.

To MRS PROCTER, 26 JULY 1865

Text from N, III, 432-33.

Gad's Hill Place | Wednesday Twenty Sixth July 1865

My Dear Mrs. Procter,

As I decided on finishing my book (in August, please God) before doing the little Memoir,[†1] Mr Daldy's[†2] question is a difficult one to answer moreover, I do not know with any moderate approach to certainty the size of the page. Lastly, the question is (between ourselves) a quackish question, smelling disagreeably of Touting over yonder in a Touting Land.[†3] As there is little to tell and as the little would be spoiled by spinning out, I should say that six or eight pages would hold all.[†4] The fewer the bookseller expects the better — he will cheat the less beforehand. Do you and Procter be sure that I will make them as many as I can and do them as well as I can — I am as right as a man can be who is working his head off — beginning with the hair.

Ever affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS ALMON,[†5] 29 JULY 1865

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1972; *MS* 1 p. (3rd person); dated Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent, Saturday, 29 July 65

Regretting that he has no interest whatever in reference to the Alms Houses at Northfleet.[†6]

To GEORGE CHILDS,[†7] 31 JULY 1865

Text from N, III, 433.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | Monday, Thirty-First July 1865

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter forwarded to me by Mr. Trubner, I beg to say that I shall be happy to consider any proposal you may make me at your convenience, for

purchasing the exclusive right of having early proof sheets in America of the next story I may write, with a view to simultaneous publication in England by me and in the United States by you.

As I am but now finishing Our Mutual Friend it is not likely that I shall fall to work upon another novel yet awhile. Perhaps at your leisure you will let me know.

Firstly, your offer in the case of my next book being the length of Great Expectations and published weekly here.

Secondly, your offer in the case of my next book being the length of Our Mutual Friend and published monthly here.[†1]

You may rely on my carefully and justly giving my attention to any project you may explain to me, and of course, I shall receive it in confidence.

Dear Sir, | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 31 JULY 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | Swallowfield | Reading.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thirty First July, 1865

My Dear George Russell

I have read all the speeches; have attended the triumph and partaken the gale,[†2] from nomination to declaration; and hereby send hearty congratulation.[†3]

I am made uncomfortable by what the Dean[†4] has told me concerning this foolish Mr. Kitcat.[†5] There seems to be no doubt that the Dean has right on his side, and that the Kitcat conduct forces him to assert it. This he is doing. The inevitable result would appear to be that Mr. Kitcat must exercise the functions he is bound to discharge, or must go, or be suspended. Now, is not this, with all the tittle tattle and botheration inseparable from it, a miserable state of things, and is there no way of preventing the impending proceedings?[†6]

The Dean was here some three weeks or a month ago, and was expounding to me what is perfectly true, — that he has no choice in the matter, that coercion is forced upon him, and that he must go on. I looked into the authorities, and could see nothing on the Kitcat side. I made up my mind that after the election

was over, I would write to you and tell you what I knew. It really seems to me a lamentable mistake which the Clergyman does not understand.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

(Working like a Dragon)

To NICHOLAS TRÜBNER,[†1] 31 JULY 1865*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirty First July 1865

Dear Sir

The enclosed letter to Mr. Childs will explain itself to you if you will have the goodness to read it before forwarding the same. I am obliged to you for your letter, and am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

N. Trubner Esquire.

To [?J. T. FIELDS],[†2] [?SUMMER 1865]

Extract in F, VIII, iii, 654-5; addressee "an American Friend", according to Forster. *Date:* perhaps the first summer since the chalet was installed in early 1865.

I have put five mirrors in the châlet where I write, and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious.

August

To CHARLES KENT, 2 AUGUST 1865*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" Office | Strand | London | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Second August, 1865

My Dear Kent

I should have sent you round a note yesterday, but for being very closely occupied at the office until Train-time.

Your note delighted me, because it dwelt upon the places in the No.[†3] that

I dwell on. Not that that is anything new in your case, but it is always new to me in the pleasure I derive from it. Which is truly inexpressible.

The account of the Guild-Day[†1] (really a great success, I thought) was exactly what its best friends could have desired.[†2] — You didn't mention by the bye that the sherry presented strong internal evidence of having come from the late Dr. Pritchard's cellar.[†3]

Umbrella-exchange faithfully effected.

Ever Your affectionate

CD.

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO.,[†4] 3 AUGUST 1865

Extract in Union Art Gallery catalogue No. 55; *MS* 1p.; dated 3 Aug 65; addressed Messrs Coutts & Co.

Please remit on my account to your correspondent at Boulogne Sur Mer, France the sum of 1,200 francs (one thousand and two hundred francs)[†5] payable to the order of M. Bourgeois[†6] Laurisand[†7] of that town, CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM WHALE,[†8] 3 AUGUST 1865

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Mar 1924; *MS* 1p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 3 Aug 65; addressed William Whale.

It is very painful to me to discharge the duty of telling you — on the authority of your letter and its accompanying extracts, that I believe you have mistaken your vocation. But it is kinder to tell you what appears to me to be a self evident truth, than to deceive you. I do so in a spirit that would soften this communication greatly, if it could be conveyed to you as it proceeds from me.[†9]

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 AUGUST 1865]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 822. *Date:* 15 August 65, according to Forster.

You read that life of Clare?[†1] Did you ever see such preposterous exaggeration of small claims? And isn't it expressive, the perpetual prating of him in the book as *the Poet?*[†2] So another Incompetent used to write to the Literary Fund when I was on the committee: "This leaves the Poet at his divine mission in a corner of the single room. The Poet's father is wiping his spectacles. The Poet's mother is weaving." — Yah!

To SIR GEORGE GREY,[†3] 16 AUGUST 1865*

MS Mr David J. Holmes.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Sixteenth August 1865

Sir

As I am assured that it will be no intrusion on you, if I certify my knowledge of the merits and qualifications of Mr. Dallas[†4] who aspires to fill the chair left vacant by the death of Professor Aytoun,[†5] I beg leave to do so.

I believe Mr. Dallas to be highly qualified in all respects, for the Professorship he seeks to obtain; and I doubt if there be many men living who possess at once the same extensive knowledge of Literature and Philosophy and the same power of imparting it in a brilliant and striking manner. I found this opinion, not merely on my acquaintance with Mr. Dallas's critical writings in the Times newspaper,[†6] but also on the perusal of some portions of a work of his, which my own publishers are now passing through the press,[†7] and which is in itself exhaustive of the chief topics that such a Professor's lectures must comprise. I am thoroughly convinced that Mr. Dallas's scholarship, combined with his habit of presenting his thoughts to an audience in a winning and terse form, render him a candidate very remarkably and unusually qualified to fill the responsible post in question.

I have the honor to be | Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS[†8]

The Right Hon: | Sir George Grey MD.

To THE EARL RUSSELL,[†1] 16 AUGUST 1865

Text from MDGH, II, 235.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday, Aug. 16th, 1865

My Dear Lord Russell,

Mr. Dallas, who is a candidate for the Scotch professional chair left vacant by Aytoun's death, has asked me if I would object to introduce to you the first volume of a book he has in the press with my publishers, on "The Gay Science of Art and Criticism." I have replied I would *not* object, as I have read as many of the sheets as I could get, with extreme pleasure, and as I know you will find it a very winning and brilliant piece of writing. Therefore he will send the proofs of the volume to you as soon as he can get them from the printer (at about the end of this week I take it), and if you read them you will not be hard upon me for bearing the responsibility of his doing so, I feel assured.

I suppose Mr. Dallas to have some impression that his pleasing you with his book might advance his Scottish suit. But all I know is, that he is a gentleman of great attainments and erudition, much distinguished as the writer of the best critical literary pieces in *The Times*, and thoroughly versed in the subjects which Professor Aytoun represented officially.

I beg to send my regard to Lady Russell[†2] and all the house, and am ever, my dear Lord Russell,
Your faithful and obliged
[CHARLES DICKENS][†3]

P. S. I am happy to report that my sailor-boy's[†4] captain, relinquishing his ship[†5] on sick leave, departs from the mere form of certificate given to all the rest, and adds that his obedience to orders is remarkable, and that he is a highly intelligent and promising young officer.

To MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT,[†6] 16 AUGUST 1865

MS M and Mme Le Cesne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Sixteenth August, 1865

My Dear Madame Viardot

I take the opportunity of Chorley's coming near you, to thank you for your kind and affectionate letter received after my escape from that terrible accident. It gave me the greatest pleasure to be so remembered by one whom I so heartily admire, and whose genius I so fervently recognize.

The scene was so affecting when I helped in getting out the wounded and dead, that for a little while afterwards, I felt shaken by the remembrance of it. But I had no personal injury whatever. My watch (which is curious) was more sensitive, physically, than I, for it was some few minutes "slow" for some few weeks afterwards. Except that I cannot yet travel on a Railway at great speed, without having a disagreeable impression — against all reason — that the carriage is turning over on one side, I have not the least inconvenience left.

Will you tell Chorley how I can best send you a book next October. It will be "Our Mutual Friend" which I am now finishing with great pains, and which I hope will interest you half as much as it interests me!

My kindest regard to your good husband,[†1] and to the young ladies,[†2] whether they remember me or no. I have not been to the Opera these four years, missing you. When you were in the Prophète,[†3] I went perpetually. And if you were to do Orphée,[†4] in London, I believe I should go every night.

Believe me always | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 16 AUGUST 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Sixteenth August, 1865

My Dear Wills

I am going away from here tomorrow, until *Sunday evening.* Will you advise Morley, or Birtles, or both, accordingly, in case there is any thing to send me? I am very doubtful of the "Madeira" you tell me of; being greatly indisposed to traverse such a Dismal Swamp as that Fortnightly Bosh.[†5]

You are in a wonderful place, among a wonderful people indubitably descended from the Kilmarnock weaver.[†6] I am deep in my book, and proportionately neuralgic. Patient much better, I am thankful to say, but not yet well. Do you know I have a strong impression that that murderous piece of flatulency, Mister Southey,[†7] is our correspondent Mr. White?[†8]

— XI - 84 —

Sell your shares in the Atlantic cable.[†1]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To E. S. DALLAS, 17 AUGUST 1865*

MS Mr David J. Holmes.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Seventeenth[†2] August 1865

My Dear Dallas

I write without waste of words, as I have but half an hour before going away.

The parcel arrived safely yesterday evening, and I read half the proofs last night.[†3] I think the subject, so far, admirably treated. The writing is charming, and the felicity of illustrations veery remarkable. You are sure to captivate your readers and carry them along, whether they agree with you or no.

The best way of approaching Lord Russell in such a matter, is the way I propose:— when you have read the enclosed letter to him, merely post it. Just close it, and post it. When your first volume follows on Saturday, add a note to it to the effect that I said I would introduce your book to him, and that you do not doubt I have done so.

Letter to Sir George Grey, also enclosed. If you don't like it, have another, and tell me where I shall amend.

Observe that I purpose being back here to dinner on Sunday. I am very hard at work finishing my book, and am celebrating the occasion with a little festival of Neuralgia in the face.

Faithfully Yours alys
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM DAY, 22 AUGUST 1865

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Seventh August, 1865

Dear Mr. Day

Please send Mr. Stone a proof of No. 17[†4] directly. You shall have some MS of the double No. 19 & 20[†5] from me tomorrow. It will be a great convenience to me if you can follow me closely with proofs through this concluding No.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 22 AUGUST 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | Swallowfield | Reading.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Second August, 1865

My Dear George Russell

Without your kind and valuable intervention, the thing could not possibly have been done.[†1] I am heartily glad on all accounts.

I am in the agonies of finishing my book. With what pains and patience no man knows, except the undersigned. Hence the brevity of this note.

With kind regard to Sir Charles

Ever | My Dear George Russell | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SAMUEL LOVER,[†2] 23 AUGUST 1865

MS W. A. Foyle.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Third August 1865

My Dear Lover

I have been away, and am but now in receipt of your letter.

I am of your mind in the matter to which the enclosed verses refer, and I like the verses very much. But I fear they would do harm rather than good, by exasperating an animosity that Heaven knows needs no aggravation.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 23 AUGUST 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Twenty Third August 1865

My Dear Ouvry.

I am working so closely, that I don't think it worth while to lose a day in this month for the New Zealand pirate.[†4] Early in next month I will make an appointment to go through the needful performances.[†5]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 25 AUGUST 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Twenty Fifth August, 1865

My Dear Wills

I send you enclosed, a few A.Y.R. letters. A story referred to in one of them, I will send you up by hand. I am hard at it, and don't want to move until I have done my book.

Neuralgia flying about. Patient[†1] much the same.

I doubt the expediency of inserting Madeira. But I will look it over again. I don't see what we have to do with reviewing the Fortnightly Review in such a case.[†2]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

Mr. Cook[†3] who wrote those letters about my being his "Murder"er,[†4] is the esteemed Mr. Southey — otherwise Forward,[†5] who murdered his wife and children lately.[†6]

To W. H. WILLS, 27 AUGUST 1865†

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Night Twenty Seventh August | 1865

My Dear Wills

No news, — except that I am working like a Dragon, and that I hope something near a week may bring me through it. In the course of this next week, I will appoint a day (probably Monday 4th. September, or Tuesday 5th.) for our Meeting at the office, before I decamp for about a fortnight. But observe. *If you should want to go away before either of those days*, then try to come down here on a little visit, and we will Do, after my day's work, what we may have to do.

I am already buckling myself up for A.Y.R.

Enclosed is the MS story that I did not send the other day.

Ever

CD.

Mary Boyles[†7] Madeira[†8] may go,[†9] it must[†10] be throughout, either "I" or "We".[†11]

And the Fortnightly needn't be called "one of our leading Reviews" but "one of the Reviews".[†1]

[†a]The Sheriff[†2] and his wife[†3] are sending letters addressed (without leave of course) to that John Gordon[†4] who went to China, and who is evidently on the way back. I am resolved to have no more of that sponging.[†5] Will you put Holsworth up to the fact, and to being cool when the young man appears, and also to not allowing him to use the Office anyhow, "unless he (Holsworth) has instructions to that effect from you or me" — [†a]

To MARCUS STONE, 29 AUGUST 1865†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twenty Ninth August 1865

My Dear Marcus.

By this same post I return you the sketches for No. 18, with the Lettering attached.[†6]

[†b]I think the Frontispiece to the Second Volume should be the Dustyard with the three mounds, and Mr. Boffin digging up the Dutch Bottle, and Venus restraining Wegg's ardor to get at him.[†7] Or Mr. Boffin might be coming down with the bottle, and Venus might be dragging Wegg out of the way, as described.[†b]

I hope to send you the complete proofs of Nos. 19 and 20,[†8] next week. There will be 3 other illustrations to choose from them, you know.[†9]

Affecy.

CD.

To EDWARD J. WOOD,[†10] 29 AUGUST 1865*

MS Lesley College, Mass.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth August 1865

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your very agreeable and welcome note, here, this morning. Allow me to thank you for it and for your book.[†11] The latter has not yet come to hand (being probably at my office in town), but it refers to

an interesting locality with which I am pretty well acquainted, and it could not find a reader better prepared to be pleased with it.

I have an impression that Mr. Wegg will sustain a disappointment that may make him but a snarling reader in his leisure hours.[†1] Mr. Venus's frame of mind, however, I think will be more propitious and appreciative.[†2] I am proud of your remembrance of both.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward J. Wood Esquire

September

To WILLIAM DAY, 2 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Second September 1865

Dear Mr. Day.

I send you the whole conclusion of the text of Our Mutual Friend — the Preface[†3] — Contents of 2nd. Volume &c. Please to set up the Preface in such leaded type as I enclose a page of.

Not having all the Proofs I don't know exactly where I may be. But I apprehend you will want a list of my books to complete the 4th. sheet,[†4] containing the Preface &c. Proofs of the double No. to Mr. Stone, when ready.

With this I also send you No. 18[†5] for press.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARCUS STONE, 2 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Saturday Night, Second September 1865

My Dear Marcus.

I have done the book, and I send you all the proofs of the concluding double No that I yet have. The Printer will send you the rest. They are not corrected, and no doubt you will find them very often consequently incoherent. But you will be able to make out what they mean.

I am now going away, perhaps for the whole month.[†6] If you get to work upon the final Illustrations soon, don't wait for me to see the sketches, but go on. As soon as you have decided on your subjects, let me know what they are, and I will send you the Lettering. Write here — as the shortest plan — and your letter will be forwarded to me.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY SEPTEMBER 1865]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 700*n*. *Date:* in Autumn 1865, according to Forster; perhaps September, before going away.

I have got a boot on to-day, — made on an Otranto scale,[†1] but really not very discernible from its ordinary sized companion.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?EARLY SEPTEMBER] 1865

Facsimile[aa] and extract (re-translated into English) in Libraire de l'Echiquier catalogue (1989); facsimile[bb] of ending, and date, given in Maison Charavay catalogue, May 1988. *MS* 1 1/2 pp.; dated Rochester, 1865. *Date:* perhaps beginning of Sep, before going to France. Letter cut off after signature, presumably removing addressee's name.

He regrets that he cannot see him since he is going immediately to Switzerland,[†2] *having need of change and rest. He thanks him for his two interesting letters and for his book.* ... I am not the author of the article on your system[†3] which I consult abundantly. It was written by an English gentleman resident in France.[†3]

[a]I beg you on your return to Paris to embrace my dear Dumas,[†4] and to assure him of the undiminished admiration and regard of his fellow-labourer.[a]

[b]Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[b]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1865

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1p.; dated Boulogne 9 Sep 65; addressed Frederic Ouvry.

Enclosing the quarterly cheque[†5] *which he has remembered while* passing through this place on a short ramble *and informing him that he purposes being* at the office on the night of Sunday the 17th.

To JOHN THOMPSON, [9 SEPTEMBER 1865]

Mention in next.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

B.S.M.[†6] | Saturday Ninth September 1865

My Dear Wills.

As soon as I have made my arrangements, I write to you again; in order that you may know, well in advance, what they are.

I purpose being at the office about Midnight, on Sunday the 17th. of this month. Both on Monday the 18th. and Tuesday the 19th. I must be away in the day, but can dine with you at the office, on either day, at the usual hour.

As I am going on to Paris from here for a single night to make a little purchase for myself, I may want more money than I have. Will you send me two £10 notes for the enclosed cheque.

The enclosed note for John.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MARCUS STONE, 13 SEPTEMBER 1865†

MS Morgan Library.

Hôtel Du Helder, Paris
Wednesday Thirteenth September 1865

My Dear Marcus.

[†a]I send you this note as soon as I see my way home.[†a]

I leave here tomorrow, and propose going to the office by Tidal Train *next Saturday evening.* Through the whole of next week, on and off, I shall be at the office; when not there, at Gad's; but much oftener at the office. The sooner I can know about the subjects you take for illustration, the better, as

I can then fill the list of illustrations to the Second Volume, for the printer, and enable him to make up his last Sheet. Necessarily that list is now left blank, as I cannot give him the titles of the subjects, not knowing them myself.

It has been fearfully hot on this side, but is something cooler.

Ever affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. S. On glancing over this note, I find it very like the King's love-letter in Ruy Blas.[†1] "Madam. There is a high wind. I have shot six wolves."[†2]

To EDMUND YATES, 13 SEPTEMBER 1865

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Hotel du Helder, Paris
Wednesday Thirteenth September 1865

My Dear Edmund

This new story of yours,[†3] altogether beats me. I cannot see any good way through it. There is, somehow, a want of wholesome air in it; and I can find no Archimedes station on which to plant a lever.[†4] I don't see what the people are at, and I don't like the people. Mitford starts so wrong that you can't get him right.

And he gets so right, that you can't get him wrong again.[†1] The Colonel has so often caught those ponies[†2] that he really ought to take to something else by this time; and in coming to that mysterious young woman,[†3] you come too close upon Wilkie.[†4] The game of the Garrick[†5] is not worth the candle, — to the public, or any one else *but* the Garrick — and I see no open country beyond it all, in which to get at any brisk skirmishing that would wind it up with a Field Day.[†6] I have been completely baffled. At first, I thought I must be out of sorts — and tried again. But I was worse the second time. — And remain still worse at this present writing.

I leave here tomorrow, and purpose being at the Office on Saturday night. All next week, I shall be there, off and on; — "off", meaning Gad's Hill, the office will be my best address. The heat has been excessive on this side of the Channel, and I got a slight sun-stroke last Thursday, and was obliged to be doctored and put to bed for a day. But thank God I am all right again. The man who sells the Tisane[†7] on the Boulevards,[†8] can't keep the flies out of his glasses, and, as he wears them on his red velvet bands, the flies work themselves into the ends of the tumblers, trying to get through and tickle the man. If fly-life were long enough, I think they would at last. Three paving-blouses came to work at the corner of this street last Monday — pulled up a bit of the road — sat down to look at it — and fell asleep. On Tuesday, one of the Blouses spat on his hands, and seemed to be going to begin, but didn't. The other two have shewn no sign of life whatever. This morning the industrious one ate a loaf. You may rely upon this, as the latest news from the French Capital.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-SEPTEMBER 1865]

Extracts in F, VIII, vii, 700*n*. *Date:* first extract during Autumn 1865, after a "few days holiday", probably during his stay at Boulogne, where he was on 9 Sep (*To* Wills, that day); second extract end of that letter, according to Forster.

I began to feel my foot stronger the moment I breathed the sea air. Still, during the ten days I have been away, I have never been able to wear a boot after four or five in the afternoon, but have passed all the evening with the foot up and

nothing on it. I am burnt brown, and have walked by the sea perpetually, yet I feel certain that if I wore a boot this evening I should be taken with those torments again before the night was out.

As a relief to my late dismal letters, I send you the newest American story. Backwoods Doctor is called in to the little boy of a woman-settler. Stares at the child some time through a pair of spectacles. Ultimately takes them off, and says to the mother: "Wa'al marm, this is small pox. 'Tis marm, small pox. But I am not posted up in Pustuls, and I do not know as I could bring him along slick through it. But I'll tell you wa'at I can do, marm:— I can send him a draught as will certainly put him into a most etarnal Fit, and I am almighty smart at Fits, and we might git round Old Grisly that way."

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, [?EARLY-MID SEPTEMBER 1865]

Mention in *To* Harness, 19 Dec 65. *Date:* probably written during his fortnight's stay in France in early-mid Sep (see *To* Wills, 27 Aug).

To ALFRED W. BENNETT,[†1] 18 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Eighteenth September 1865

Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to say that I do not desire to interpose any obstacle in the way of any publication of any photograph of myself by Mr. Mason,[†2] that may be agreeable to that gentleman. With reference to any "biographical notice" of myself that may accompany it, allow me to add that whosoever undertakes such a performance must do so on his own responsibility, and not on mine.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Alfred W Bennett Esquire

To THE REV. J. M. BRACKENBURY,[†3] 18 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Eighteenth September 1865

My Dear Sir

Before returning to school just now, Harry spoke to me and told me that he did not wish to enter the Indian Civil Service. I told him in reply that many of us have many duties to discharge in life which we do not wish to undertake, and

that we must do the best we can to earn our respective livings and make our way. I also clearly pointed out to him that I bear as heavy a train as can well be attached to any one working man, and that I could by no means afford to send a son to College who went there for any other purpose than to work hard, and to gain distinction. So we came to this point:— that I would write to you, and beg you, between this and Christmas, to tell me whether you believe that he really will be worth sending to Cambridge, and really has the qualities and habits essential to marked success there. And that if you should be of this opinion, he should study accordingly.[†1] And that if you should not be of this opinion, he should decidedly go up for the Indian Civil Service Examination.

Will you kindly, at your leisure and convenience, give me the result of your observation of him, before the next holiday time? I fear his name is too notorious to help him, unless he can very strongly help himself; — I mean that in competing in a great race, he would have to justify some higher expectation than would attach to the son of a private gentleman, or would virtually fail, and had far better be out of the lists.

Believe me always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. W. Brackenbury

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 18 SEPTEMBER 1865

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*;[†2] addressed Frederic Ouvry.

Sending another letter concerning his son,[†3] *for such notice as he thinks right, and informing him, if he deems it advisable to mention the fact, that he has sanctioned his having credit at a certain tailor who makes for his younger boys.*[†4]

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 19 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Nineteenth September 1865

My Dear Webster

I have come back from France, and want to see Mr Jeaffreson.[†5]

If you will leave me a box for tomorrow (Wednesday)[†6] I will bring Mr and Mrs Forster with me.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS FARRER, OUVRY & FARRER, 20 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twentieth September 1865

My Dear Sirs

The Messrs. Chapman will be here on Friday morning at eleven precisely, to make the Declaration[†1] at Bow Street with me, if you will kindly send some one from your office to attend us.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Farrer Ouvry and Farrer.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 20 SEPTEMBER 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twentieth September 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I think Mr. Folkestone Williams[†2] a very good candidate indeed.[†3] We will presently call a Meeting of the Guild, and propose him as your suggestion. I do not know, neither does Wills know, any thing of his social ways and habits. Neither of us has ever seen him. Will you tell me what you personally know of him?[†4] It is as well that I should be able to report some sort of knowledge of him in the flesh. Not that there is the least likelihood of any difference of opinion, but merely to make the case more tangibly interesting.

Ever affectionately
CD.

I shall be here all the week; then, at Gad's Hill.

To THOMAS BEARD, 21 SEPTEMBER 1865

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire | 42 Portman Place | Maida Hill | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty First September 1865

My Dear Beard

I send you enclosed, another note under my sign-manual,[†5] which you can send to your friend, in proof of your having discharged your trust. There is

nothing whatever in the papers, that could not be done by any man with half an eye — and that, none of the best.

I am delighted to hear of your being so well up there in the cherubic regions.[†1] But I wish you would come and try Gad's Hill again, and see what a changed place it is. Can't you manage it from a Saturday night to a Monday morning? I am not going down myself until this next Saturday and would wait for you on the slightest encouragement.

I have been working my head off, but finished my book on the Second of this month.

Ever My Dear Beard | Heartily and affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARCUS STONE, 22 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Second September 1865

My Dear Marcus. These will be the Letterings of the last illustrations:

The Dutch Bottle
Lightwood at last.
Mrs.[†2] *Boffin does the honors*[†2] *of the Nursery-Door.*
Not to be shaken off[†3]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 23 SEPTEMBER 1865†

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Third September [1865][†4]

My Dear FitzGerald

I cannot thank you too much for Sultan.[†5] He is a noble fellow, has fallen into the ways of the family with a grace and dignity that denote the gentleman, and came down to the Railway a day or two since to welcome me home (it was our first meeting) with a profound absence of interest in my individual opinion of him which captivated me completely. I am going home to day to take him about the country, and improve his acquaintance. You will find a perfect

understanding between us, I hope, when you next come to Gad's Hill. (He has only swallowed Bouncer[†1] once, and temporarily.)

Your hint that you were getting on with your story[†2] and liked it, was more than golden intelligence to me in foreign parts. The intensity of the heat, both in Paris and in the Provinces, was such that I found nothing else so refreshing in the course of my rambles.

[†a]I hope you have not forgotten t[he][†3] Mimmery[†4] at South Mims,[†5] and that when you next find yourself as near it as London, you will come to Gad's Hill instead.[†a]

With many more thanks for the Dog than any sheet of paper could hold.

Believe me ever | Very faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS][†6]

To CHARLES KENT, 24 SEPTEMBER 1865*

MS New York Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Fourth September 1865

My Dear Kent.

Agreeably to solemn compact between us, I send you for your private perusal, the remainder of Our Mutual Friend. Observe that these are not corrected sheets (those are with the printer); but don't trouble yourself to mark them, because the revises have gone back to Clowes's office.

When will you come here? Sunday? Sunday week? Say when. I wrote myself neuralgic — fled to France when I had done — and have come back *un*-neuralgic.

Affecy. Yours Ever

CD.

To MRS PROCTER, 26 SEPTEMBER 1865

Text from MDGH, II, 238.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sept. 26th, 1865

My Dear Mrs. Procter,

I have written the little introduction,[†7] and have sent it to my printer, in order that you may read it without trouble. But if you would like to keep the few pages of MS., of course they are yours.

It is brief, and I have aimed at perfect simplicity, and an avoidance of all that your beloved Adelaide would have wished avoided. Do not expect too much from it. If there should be anything wrong in fact, or anything that you would like changed for any reason, *of course you will tell me so,* and of course you will not deem it possible that you can trouble me by making any such request most freely.

You will probably receive the proof either on Friday or Saturday. Don't write to me until you have read it. In the meantime I send you back the two books, with the two letters in the bound one.

With love to Procter, | Ever your affectionate Friend

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR JOHN BOWRING, 27 SEPTEMBER 1865

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue, No. 451 (1924); *MS* 1p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 27 Sep 65; addressed Sir John Bowring.

I shall be extremely glad to have the interesting article you suggest.[†1]

To E. S. DALLAS, 28 SEPTEMBER 1865*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Eighth September 1865.

My Dear Dallas

Pray tell me when you have leisure, whether the election to that chair of Aytoun's[†2] has taken place, or is taking place, and whether you have any chance.[†3] I suspect a little Scotch jobbery in that direction.

I took the remaining sheets[†4] abroad with me when I had done my book, and thoroughly enjoyed them. The theme is delightfully pursued and maintained. I allow a great deal more than you do, to *attention.* It is highly satisfactory to me to find (what I didn't know) that Malebranche[†5] sets store by it,[†6] for I constantly hold forth on that point here, and indeed had a notion that it was a kind of discovery of my own!

Faithfully yours always

CD.

E. S. Dallas Esquire.

To [?GEORGE HOLSWORTH], 29 SEPTEMBER 1865

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Friday Twenty Ninth September 1865

The Nos. of Our Mutual Friend No. 18 have not arrived at Gad's Hill. Please send them by Bearer

CHARLES DICKENS.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 29 SEPTEMBER 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Ninth September 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I write in great haste. We have had a Meeting of the Guild to day, and have made the following Minute in the book.

"Two letters from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton having been read recommending Mr. Folkestone Williams as a Candidate for the occupation of one of the Guild houses,[†1] minute made that the Honorary Secretary be requested to beg Mr. Williams to communicate with him personally on the subject."

In pursuance of which, I enclose a letter from Wills to Mr. Williams. Will you kindly forward it, as we have not his address?

Ever affectionately

CD.

October

To WILLIAM JOHNSON,[†2] 1 OCTOBER 1865*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday First October, 1865.

As I must be in town tomorrow morning, Johnson, and shall be due at the office by half past 10, don't post any letters to me.

CD.

To THE REV. JAMES BARMBY,[†3] 6 OCTOBER 1865

Facsimile (pro forma letter) *Christian Science Monitor Magazine,* 29 July 1950, p. 17.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Oct. 6, 1865

Mr Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled

Petticoat Government[†1]

for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

The Manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above.

To WILLIAM DAY, 6 OCTOBER 1865

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Friday Sixth October 1865

Dear Mr. Day.

Will you be so good as to send me a pull of the concluding double No. of Our Mutual Friend.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 6 OCTOBER 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Sixth October 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

We find there is a story against Mr. Folkestone Williams, that, having papers of the late Duke of Buckingham's[†2] entrusted to him, he with-held some, and made terms for their restoration.[†3] Also, that on this ground he lost his post as reader for a publishing house.[†4]

We have worded a minute as delicately as possible, to the effect that the Honorary Secretary be requested to ask him whether he is disposed to offer to the guild any explanation of any such transaction. And we have adjourned for a fortnight.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY OCTOBER 1865]

Extract in F, IX, vi, 745. *Date:* CD began *Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions* in Sep 65 and awaited the first proofs on 18 Oct (*To* Birtles, that day); letter probably written in early Oct.

If people at large understand a Cheap Jack,[†5] my part of the Christmas number will do well. It is wonderfully like the real thing, of course a little refined and humoured.

To E. S. DALLAS, 13 OCTOBER 1865*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth October, 1865.

My Dear Dallas

Better luck next time. I see Masson[†1] gazetted,[†2] and suppose it is true.

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Dallas Esquire.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 13 OCTOBER 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth October 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

It seems, on careful enquiry, that Mr. Williams did not with-hold or restore those letters for any money consideration. He received them from Hurst and Blackett. He returned them to Hurst and Blackett, as they supposed. But, 30 remained in his hands; how, why, or wherefore, Heaven knows. He himself then wrote to the Duke of Buckingham[†a]'s[†3] brother in law,[†a†4] to say that he found those 30 in his possession, and that he was ready to return them "free of expence". But in as much as he had received them — not from the Duke [†a]or any of his family[†a] but from Hurst and Blackett, and [†a]in as much as he[†a] addressed the Duke[†a]'s brother in law[†a] as if he were anxious to get into personal communication with the family,[†5] the awkward fact remains, that Hurst and Blackett *did discharge him from his readership on this ground*, although they expressly say to Wills that they do not accuse him of any corruption. Now, these circumstances — more or less distorted; and I need not say to a man with your knowledge of human nature, much more than less — are known among publishers and newspaper men. And one of our Members, belonging to the Daily News,[†6] spoke to me the other day, saying that he had felt very delicate of giving utterance to a word at the Meeting, in reference to any one whom you had suggested, and therefore had held his peace, but that he had a strong impression that Mr. Williams was "the wrong man, and would get us into trouble."

Now, what shall we do? The next Meeting is this day week. I am much inclined to believe from what I noticed at the Meeting when Mr. Williams was suggested, that another of our Members (a Dramatic author)[†7] has some dim knowledge of this cloud. I do not believe that our Members would reject any one

of your proposing, but I think it very likely that they might place you and me in the difficult position of begging us to confer on the subject, and recommend, in serious trust for the Guild, what we think right.

Write to me, either at Gad's Hill before Wednesday, or here afterwards.

Mr. Williams appointed to call on Wills to day, here, before one. But Wills had appointments away from here, after one, and was obliged to go as soon as the time was up. At a little after the time came Mr. Williams.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To JAMES BIRTLES, 18 OCTOBER 1865†

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighteenth October 1865

Dear Mr Birtles

Send *no* proof of the enclosed[†1] to Mr Wills or to the office, until I shall have corrected the proof you will please send me here. Then, when my corrections are made, send Mr Wills a revise.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 23 OCTOBER 1865

Extracts in Heritage Bookshops Inc, 1995 ([aa]), and Swann Galleries catalogue No. SN 349 ([bb]); *MS* 1 p.; mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2065 (Apr 1926) giving date; dated Gad's Hill Place, 23 Oct 65; addressed Frederick Lehmann

[a]Accept my heartiest thanks for the noble Dog.[†2] Surely, the finest specimen that ever was seen[a] ... [b]the sweetest temper, the utmost spirit of enquiry, and the gentlest docility.[b] ... [a]again, a million thanks.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

To F. L. WALTER,[†3] 23 OCTOBER 1865*

Text from transcript by owner of MS, R. L. Bayne-Powell.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Twenty Third October, 1865

Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure of enclosing you a guinea towards the cost of your [——],[†4] and am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. L. Walter Esquire

To HENRY CHORLEY, 28 OCTOBER 1865

Text from MDGH, III, 222.

OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND"
Saturday, 28th of October, 1865

My Dear Chorley,

I find your letter here only to-day. I shall be delighted to dine with you on Tuesday, the 7th, but I cannot answer for Mary, as she is staying with the Lehmanns. To the best of my belief, she is coming to Gad's this evening to dine with a neighbour. In that case, she will immediately answer for herself. I have seen the *Athenæum,* and most heartily and earnestly thank you.[†1] Trust me, there is nothing I could have wished away,[†2] and all that I read there affects and delights me. I feel so generous an appreciation and sympathy so very strongly, that if I were to try to write more, I should blur the words by seeing them dimly.

Ever affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 28 OCTOBER 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Eighth October 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I did not send your letter to Mr. Williams, because his explanation to Wills was still pending. It afterwards took place, and there is little difference on any question of fact, between his account of the transaction, and Hurst and Blackett's. The only point important to notice, is Mr. Williams's representation that he had been accustomed constantly to communicate with principals, without previous reference to Hurst and Blackett his employers; and that in communicating straight with the Duke of Buckingham's brother in law, he was but doing what he constantly did in the ordinary course of his business.

Here follows an extract from the Guild Minute Book, made at the Meeting yesterday week.

"Minute made, on the suggestion of Mr. Stirling Coyne,[†3] that the Honorary Secretary be requested to ascertain from Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, whether they will in writing recommend Mr. Folkestone Williams as an occupant of one of the Guild Houses, *on their firm's 30 years knowledge of him as their confidential literary adviser*." (The underlining is not in the books.)

Wills then seeing them on this point, they were decidedly unwilling to write at all, and in the end confined themselves to this letter:

"Having heard that Mr. Folkestone Williams has made application for one of the houses in the gift of the Guild of Literature, we beg to state that if the Committee should so decide, we think the gift would be most appropriately bestowed, and it will afford us great pleasure to hear that Mr. Williams has received it."

With this letter we must take the opinion of the Council three weeks hence. Whether there will be a feeling that it falls short of the noted-down requirement, I cannot in the least pretend to divine.

Heraud[†1] *may* also present himself as a candidate on that day.

An excellent man accepts, on the sounding of Professor Owen. Doctor Latham,[†2] author of a very great variety of scientific and educational works, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.[†3] He is now engaged on some important Dictionary[†4] for the Longmans.[†5] I do not know him, but I believe the case to be everything we could desire.[†6]

This is all the Guild news so far. I have sent your copy of Our Mutual Friend to the binder.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS PROCTER, 29 OCTOBER 1865

Text from MDGH, III, 223.

GAD'S HILL, | Sunday, 29th October, 1865

My Dear Mrs. Procter,

The beautiful table-cover was a most cheering surprise to me when I came home last night, and I lost not a moment in finding a table for it, where it stands in a beautiful light and a perfect situation. Accept my heartiest thanks for a present on which I shall set a peculiar and particular value.

Enclosed is the MS. of the introduction.[†7] The printers have cut it across and mended it again, because I always expect them to be quick, and so they distribute my "copy" among several hands, and apparently not very clean ones in this instance.

Odd as the poor butcher's feeling appears, I think I can understand it. Much as he would not have liked his boy's grave to be without a tombstone, had he died ashore and had a grave, so he can't bear him to drift to the depths of the ocean unrecorded.[†8]

My love to Procter. | Ever affectionately yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN HILLS,[†1] 31 OCTOBER 1865*

MS P. J. Radford.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirty First October 1865

My Dear Mr. Hills

I trouble you with this note, because I want some — Poison!

We have a sudden invasion of rats in the gardens and outhouses. My gardener, a very careful man, is confident of exterminating them with Arsenic. Will you kindly give directions for a packet to be sent to him here? His name is John Russell. By being consigned straight to him, the delay that might otherwise be consequent on its being addressed to me, will be avoided. I may be in London on my Xmas No. business for a week or more. He expects the packet, and is methodically prepared to place it in immediate safety.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hills Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 31 OCTOBER 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirty First October, 1865

My Dear Ouvry

I went to the Arts Club[†2] some days ago ("on information I had received" from Wills), to second you, but found you already seconded. Therefore I underwrote you.

I am at present in the Christmas Mill, but expect to be flour very shortly.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

November

To W. B. RYE,[†3] 3 NOVEMBER 1865

MS Fales Library, New York University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Third November 1865

Dear Sir

I beg you to accept my cordial thanks for your curious "Visits to Rochester".[†4] As I peeped about its old corners with interest and wonder when I was a

very little child, few people can find a greater charm in that ancient City than I do.

Believe me | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

W. B. Rye Esquire

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, 4 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourth November 1865

My Dear Owen.

Is it quite settled and resolved on, that you begin the Sunday Lectures for the Sunday League?[†1] Because if it be, I will certainly follow so noble a leader, and give them a Sunday reading.[†2] One word in answer will be sufficient.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Owen

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY NOVEMBER 1865]

Extracts in F, IX, vi, 745. *Date:* probably accompanying an advance copy of *Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions;* shortly before 6 Nov 65, when he recorded Forster's admiration of it to Kent.

I do hope that in the beginning and end of this Christmas number you will find something that will strike you as being fresh, forcible, and full of spirits.[†3]

Tired with *Our Mutual,* I sat down to cast about for an idea, with a depressing notion that I was, for the moment, overworked. Suddenly, the little character that you will see,[†4] and all belonging to it,[†5] came flashing up in the most cheerful manner, and I had only to look on and leisurely describe it.

To CHARLES KENT, 6 NOVEMBER 1865[†6]

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" Office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, Sixth November 1865

My Dear Kent.

No, I *won't* write in this book[†7] — because I have sent another to the binder's for you.

I hope and believe the "Doctor"[†1] is nothing but a good'un. He has perfectly astonished Forster, who writes "Neither good, gooder, nor goodest, but superexcellent. All through, there is such a relish of you at your best, as I could not have believed in, after a long story."

I shall be charmed to see you tonight.

Ever affectionately | CD.

To JAMES BIRTLES, 7 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Mr. James Birtles.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Seventh November 1865

Dr. Mr. Birtles

Go on breaking into pages and making up,[†2] in the order in which I send you. So far, it stands:
I To be taken immediately
II Not to be taken at bedtime.
III To be taken at the dinner-table[†3]

CD.

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 7 NOVEMBER 1865

MS University of Texas, Austin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Seventh November 1865

My Dear Lehmann

The recipe for one dog's allowance, is this:
2 pints oatmeal
1 pint Barley Meal
1 pound Mangel Wurzel
boiled together, and then mixed with pot-liquor, which is poured over it. If there be no pot liquor in the house, a sheep's head will make it very well. Any bones that happen to be about, may be put into the mixture, for the exercise of the dog's teeth. Its effect upon the body and spirits of the creature is quite surprising. I have my dogs fed, once a day, always at the same hour.

I am sorry to say that I cannot take my pleasure tomorrow, having to "make up" the Xmas No. with the printer. Always a tough job.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. M. MORRELL,[†1] 9 NOVEMBER 1865

Text from facsimile owned by Mrs Steffens.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Ninth November 1865

Dear Sir

Do me the favor to make known to your Committee that I will follow Professor Owen and Dr. Carpenter,[†2] and will read the Christmas Carol to a Sunday-evening audience.

It is very likely that you know the requirements of such a place as St. Martin's Hall, and the arrangements necessary to ensure audibility for a speaker who is to go on continuously for an hour or more in so large a building. But as I have had much experience in this regard, I trouble you by mentioning what is indispensable to *me.* There must be no one in the Orchestra, and the platform must be advanced into the hall to its utmost limits, the empty sides of the Orchestra being screened or curtained off. My servant has a screen of my own to be placed behind me, and assist the voice; also, my own gas-fittings. These I shall be happy to lend your Society, for the use of the other lecturers. Some such aids are indispensable, or the most practised speaker cannot be long heard, and the audience will be restless and disappointed.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Morrell[†3] Esquire

To ALAN SUMMERLY COLE,[†4] 14 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Mrs Roger Dutnall.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth November 1865

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Alan Summerly Cole, and readily accepts the proffered dedication of the All The Year Round Waltzes,[†5] with thanks.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 14 NOVEMBER 1865

Text from MDGH, II, 243.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday, Nov. 14th, 1865

My Dear Mamie,

As you want to know my views of the Sphinx,[†1] here they are. But I have only seen it once; and it is so extraordinarily well done, that it ought to be observed closely several times.

Anyone who attentively notices the flower trick[†2] will see that the two little high tables hung with drapery cover each a trap. Each of those tables, during that trick, hides a confederate, who changes the paper cone twice. When the cone has been changed as often as is required, the trap is closed and the table can be moved.

When the curtain is removed for the performance of the Sphinx trick, there is a covered, that is, draped table on the stage, which is never seen before or afterwards. In front of the middle of it, and between it and the audience, stands one of those little draped tables covering a trap; this is a third trap in the centre of the stage. The box for the head is then upon IT, and the conjuror takes it off and shows it. The man whose head is afterwards shown in that box is, I conceive, in the table; that is to say, is lying on his chest in the thickness of the table, in an extremely constrained attitude. To get him into the table, and to enable him to use the trap in the table through which his head comes into the box, the two hands of a confederate are necessary. That confederate comes up a trap, and stands in the space afforded by the interval below the stage and the height of the little draped table! his back is towards the audience. The moment he has assisted the hidden man sufficiently, he closes the trap, and the conjuror then immediately removes the little draped table, and also the drapery of the larger table; when he places the box on the last-named table *with the slide on* for the head to come into it, he stands with his back to the audience and his face to the box, and masks the box considerably to facilitate the insertion of the head. As soon as he knows the head to be in its place, he undraws the slide. When the verses have been spoken and the trick is done, he loses no time in replacing the slide. The curtain is then immediately dropped, because the man cannot otherwise be got out of the table, and has no doubt had quite enough of it. With kindest regards to all at Penton,[†3]

Ever your most affectionate
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 14 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | Swallowfield | Reading.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth November 1865

My Dear George Russell

I send you many thanks for your cordial letter. It is more gratifying to me than I could easily express, if I were to try. I am going to do no such thing, however, and only express my hope that you may long hold a foremost place among my readers and friends. You will receive a new acquaintance[†1] early in December, in whose behalf I have been much interested lately, and of whom I am rather proud and hopeful.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To THE EARL RUSSELL, 14 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Public Record Office.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth November 1865

My Dear Lord Russell

I will not attempt to tell you how deeply I feel your kindness in taking such friendly and considerate thought for me, at a time when you must be overwhelmed by business.[†2] With all my heart I thank you.

Unfortunately I have no disposable son, at present of an age to profit by your nomination. But I esteem your offer quite as highly as if I had a dozen.

Lady Russell would have received a book from me some days ago, but for the binder's slowness. As he cannot by any exercise of ingenuity be much longer about it, I venture to hint at its being on its way to Chesham Place[†3] by easy stages.

With renewed thanks on my private score, and with a public admiration of you and confidence in you which were as strong and steady as any man's in England long before I owed you any, I am always

My Dear Lord Russell | Your faithful and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Earl Russell.

To COLONEL TRAVERS,[†4] 14 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Boston Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth November 1865

My Dear Sir

I am most ridiculously unlucky. I get your note this morning after four days

rest and recreation, and it finds me engaged in London (to Lady Molesworth and the Theatre) for next Thursday. Pray let us conspire against the Fates, and resolve to get the better of them yet.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Colonel Travers.

To CHARLES KENT, 17 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Seventeenth November 1865

My Dear Kent.

Please keep this inviolable secret and terrific mystery,[†1] in the Bluest Chamber[†2] on your premises. When done with, please return it to me at Gad's. Besides my beginning and end, there is a queer story of mine in the body of the No. "To be taken with a grain of salt".[†3]

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARCHIBALD MICHIE,[†4] 19 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Mitchell Library, Sydney.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Nineteenth November, 1865

My Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you most heartily for your very kind letter, and for your generous interest in my boy. Sir Charles Nicholson has told me of his also having heard from you, and of your great consideration in keeping Alfred out of the fangs of the Wolf, Idleness.[†5]

Your account of poor Horne[†6] made me laugh extremely, in spite of its making me rather melancholy too. His wanderings and climbings will never land him in the castle at the top of the beanstalk, where the Giant keeps his money;[†7] I wish

they might ever drop him at some halfway house in the clouds! But he will always find somebody to leave his door open, everywhere.

You should have seen him as I saw him, when he was inventing an immense corkscrew with which infallibly to extract gold from any Diggings in those parts. He had only to find the spot where gold lay hidden; the corkscrew would then be worked by twelve men shipped to the Antipodes for the purpose, and

all turning to with a will (unless they had run away); when the corkscrew bit thoroughly, an enormous mass of gold could not choose but come up; they would then all fall over on their backs, and their fortunes would be made.

Your hospitable invitation is not the less welcome or the less highly appreciated, because my prospects of seeing Australia are dim indeed. But I have long had a great desire to read there, and I seem to have done something towards its gratification when I say at home here (as I often do) "Who knows! More unlikely things have come to pass."

As all countries (like some women) seem to take a great deal of ruining, I hope this may find Melbourne standing where it did,[†1] and you quite well in the midst of it. In any case it brings you many cordial thanks from

My Dear Sir | Yours very faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Archibald Michie Esquire

To MRS MANBY,[†2] 20 NOVEMBER 1865

Summary in American Art Association catalogue, Feb 1929; *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 20 Nov 65; addressed Mrs Manby.

Expressing his regret that he, his daughter and sister-in-law are unable to keep an appointment because of the illness of a friend.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 24 NOVEMBER 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fourth Novr. 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I believe Mr. Folkestone Williams's statement to be perfectly correct — with the single exception that I apprehend the Family[†3] irritation on the subject, to have been stronger than one would infer from reading it, and to have far exceeded Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's.

We have most unfortunately lost Dr. Latham. He went down with his wife to see the house, and was charmed with it. But he is under obligations to his wife's relations, and they held that it would be better for him to pay rent at Bedford and so get a cheap education for three sons in the Bedford foundation-school,[†4] than to live rent free at Stevenage without educational advantages. He was very

unwilling to withdraw his acceptance of the house, but we made a minute that we quite recognized his right and reason in the matter.

So we have again to seek three Coming Men!

Ever affecy. Yours

CD.

To THE REV. J. S. SIDEBOTHAM,[†1] 24 NOVEMBER 1865

MS King's School, Canterbury.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Fourth November 1865

Dear Sir

In thanking you for your obliging letter and its accompanying little book,[†2] allow me to assure you that I never was at the King's School, Canterbury; and that if there be any resemblance between David Copperfield's Doctor Strong and the Doctor Birt[†3] whom you mention, it must be purely accidental, inasmuch as I never before heard of the existence of the last-named gentleman.[†4]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. J. S. Sidebotham

To MISS ANNIE THOMAS,[†5] 25 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND
Saturday Twenty Fifth November 1865

My Dear Miss Thomas

In reply to your note, allow me to explain to you that there is no "second place" for a serial story in these pages. It is by no means advantageous to a publication comprising only 24 pages in each number, to have two serial stories in progress together; and it is only when the main story is found to require support, that I so encroach on the available space — unless in the case of some narrative not extending beyond a few chapters. The first place is *the* place devoted to a serial story, and that is filled, for at least a year to come.[†6]

Therefore if I were to receive for perusal, those chapters of your new novel[†1] which you kindly offer me, I could only tell you that I had no means of presenting them to the public. In which plight, it is obviously right that I should at once decline them and give you the plain reason for my doing so.

With many thanks for your letter, Believe me always

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Annie Thomas

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 27 NOVEMBER 1865

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1990; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 27 Nov 65; addressed Austen Henry Layard.

Informing him that Mr. Otway[†2] *will come down on Monday 18 December to dine and to attend, the next day, a pre-Christmas reading by CD of his* Christmas Carol *to Mr. Otway's constituents*[†3] ... and he will smile in person on the occasion. If you could come down also, for what the Sporting newspapers would call "the double event", we should be most heartily delighted to see you.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, [?28 NOVEMBER 1865]

Extract in F, IX, i, 721. *Date:* 28 Nov 65: see *To* Dallas, 30 Nov. He would have replied to Lytton immediately.

I cannot tell you, how highly I prize your letter,[†4] or with what pride and pleasure it inspires me. Nor do I for a moment question its criticism (if objection so generous and easy may be called by that hard name) otherwise than on this ground — that I work slowly and with great care, and never give way to my invention recklessly, but constantly restrain it; and that I think it is my infirmity to fancy or perceive relations in things which are not apparent generally. Also, I have such an inexpressible enjoyment of what I see in a droll light, that I dare say I pet it as if it were a spoilt child. This is all I have to offer in arrest of judgment.

To MRS DAVID LLOYD,[†5] 29 NOVEMBER 1865†

MS Mr J. D. K. Lloyd. *Address:* Mrs. Lloyd | 1 Queen's Gate Terrace | South Kensington | London | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Ninth November 1865

My Dear Mrs. Lloyd

I am exceedingly sorry to reply to your note that my [†a]vote for the Royal Hospital[†6] is gone.[†a] It always *is* gone. I am the victim of that class of

Incurables who are in a chronic state of raging fever for Proxies; and have some idea of founding an establishment in which the worst cases may be secluded for life.

My daughter and her aunt send their kindest regards

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 30 NOVEMBER 1865[†1]

Text from MDGH, II, 240-43 and [aa]N, III, 444-46.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

[a]Thirtieth November, 1865[a]

My Dear Cerjat,

Having achieved my book and my Christmas number, and having shaken myself after two years' work, I send you my annual greeting. How are you? Asthmatic, I know you will reply; but as my poor father (who was asthmatic, too, and the jolliest of men) used philosophically to say, "one must have something wrong, I suppose, and I like to know what it is."

In England we are groaning under the brigandage of the butcher, which is being carried to that height that I think I foresee resistance on the part of the middle-class, and some combination in perspective for abolishing the middleman, whensoever he turns up (which is everywhere) between producer and consumer. The cattle plague[†2] is the butcher's stalking-horse,[†3] and it is unquestionably worse than it was; but seeing that the great majority of creatures lost or destroyed have been cows, and likewise that the rise in butchers' meat bears no reasonable proportion to the market prices of the beasts, one comes to the conclusion that the public is done. The commission[†4] has ended very weakly and ineffectually, as such things in England rather frequently do; and everybody writes to *The Times*,[†5] and nobody does anything else.

If the Americans don't embroil us in a war before long it will not be their fault. What with their swagger and bombast, what with their claims for

indemnification,[†1] what with Ireland and Fenianism,[†2] and what with Canada,[†3] I have strong apprehensions. With a settled animosity towards the French usurper, I believe him to have always been sound in his desire to divide the States against themselves,[†4] and that we were unsound and wrong in "letting I dare not wait upon I would."[†5] The Jamaica insurrection[†6] is another hopeful piece of business. That platform-sympathy with the black — or the native, or the devil — afar off, and that platform indifference to our own countrymen at enormous odds in the midst of bloodshed and savagery, makes me stark wild. Only the other day, here was a meeting of jawbones of asses[†7] at Manchester,[†8] to censure the Jamaica Governor[†9] for his manner of putting down the insurrection![†10] So we are

badgered about New Zealanders[†1] and Hottentots,[†2] as if they were identical with men in clean shirts at Camberwell, and were to be bound by pen and ink accordingly. So Exeter Hall holds us in mortal submission to missionaries, who (Livingstone[†3] always excepted) are perfect nuisances, and leave every place worse than they found it.

Of all the many evidences that are visible of our being ill-governed, no one is so remarkable to me as our ignorance of what is going on under our Government. What will future generations think of that enormous Indian Mutiny[†4] being ripened without suspicion, until whole regiments arose and killed their officers? A week ago, red tape, half-bouncing and half pooh-poohing what it bounced at, would have scouted the idea of a Dublin jail not being able to hold a political prisoner.[†5] But for the blacks in Jamaica being over-impatient and before their time, the whites might have been exterminated, without a previous hint or suspicion that there was anything amiss. *Laissez aller,* and Britons never, never, never!——

Meantime, if your honour were in London, you would see a great embankment rising high and dry out of the Thames on the Middlesex shore, from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars. A really fine work, and really getting on. Moreover, a great system of drainage. Another really fine work, and likewise really getting on.[†6] Lastly, a muddle of railways in all directions possible and impossible, with no general public scheme, no general public supervision, enormous waste of money, no fixable responsibility, no accountability but under Lord Campbell's Act.[†7] I think of that accident in which I was preserved. Before the most furious and notable train in the four-and-twenty hours, the head of a gang of workmen takes up the rails. That train changes its time every day as the tide changes, and that head workman is not provided by the railway company with any clock or watch! Lord Shaftesbury wrote to me to ask me what I thought of an obligation on railway companies to put strong walls to all bridges and viaducts. I told him, of course, that the force of such a shock would carry away anything that any company could set up, and I added: "Ask the minister what *he*

thinks about the votes of the railway interest in the House of Commons, and about his being afraid to lay a finger on it with an eye to his majority."

I seem to be grumbling, but I am in the best of humours. All goes well with me and mine, thank God.

Last night my gardener came upon a man in the garden and fired. The man returned the compliment by kicking him in the groin and causing him great pain. I set off, with a great mastiff-bloodhound[†1] I have, in pursuit. Couldn't find the evil-doer, but had the greatest difficulty in preventing the dog from tearing two policemen down. They were coming towards us with professional mystery, and he was in the air on his way to the throat of an eminently respectable constable when I caught him.

My daughter Mary and her aunt Georgina sent kindest regard and remembrance. Katey and her husband are going to try London this winter, but I rather doubt (for they are both delicate) their being able to weather it out.

It has been blowing here tremendously for a fortnight, but to-day is like a spring day, and plenty of roses are growing over the labourers' cottages. The *Great Eastern*[†2] lies at her moorings beyond the window where I write these words; looks very dull and unpromising. A dark column of smoke from Chatham Dockyard, where the iron shipbuilding is in progress, has a greater significance in it, I fancy.

[a]Believe me, my Dear Cerjat, | Ever Faithfully Yours[a]

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To E. S. DALLAS, 30 NOVEMBER 1865*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Thirtieth November | 1865

My Dear Dallas

I do not doubt that I am indebted to you for yesterday's notice in The Times, of my last book. It has afforded me such heartfelt gratification and unusual pleasure, that I cannot refrain from thanking you for your generous sympathy.†3 It may be interesting to you to know that I had but the day before received a very long and earnest letter from Bulwer Lytton on the same subject, and that you might have looked over his shoulder as he wrote it, so close is the parallel between your remarks and his, in many places.

As you could not write of my work of love in such a way, without thoroughly knowing what I would feel in reading your words I will say no more on that head

here. But as you have divined what pains I bestowed upon the book,†1 perhaps you might set some little value on the Manuscript, as your corroboration. At all events I have sent it to day to the Binder to put together substantially, and it will be very pleasant indeed to me if you will give it house-room as a token of my grateful regard.†2

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. S. Dallas Esquire

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 30 NOVEMBER 1865†3

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirtieth November 1865

My Dear FitzGerald

I should have answered your last note long ago, but for having been perpetually occupied.

That notion of the Ship-Breaker's Garden takes my fancy strongly. If I had not been already at work upon the Xmas No. when you suggested it to me, I think I must have tried my hand upon it. As it is, I often revert to it, and go about and about it, and pat it into new forms, much as the buttermen in the shops (who have something of a literary air at their wooden desks), pat the butter. I have been vexed by not being able to get your story into Dr. Marigold. I tried it again and again, but *could not* adapt its length to the other requirements of the No. Once, I *cut* it; but I was not easy afterwards, and thought it best to restore the excision, and leave the whole for a regular No.†4 The difficulty of fitting and adjusting this annual job, is hardly to be imagined without trying it. For the rest, I hope you will like the Doctor — and know him at

once — as he speaks for himself in the first paper and the last. Also I commend to your perusal, a certain Ghost Story, headed "T[o] be taken with a grain of salt".†5

Sultan has grown immensely, and is a sight. But he is so accursedly fierce towards other dogs, that I am obliged to take him out, muzzled. Also he has an invincible repugnance to soldiers, which, in a military country, is inconvenient. Such is the spirit of the dog that, with his muzzle tight on, he dashed into the heart of a Company in heavy marching order (only the other day), and pulled down an objectionable Private. Except under such provocation, he is as gentle and docile with me, as a dog can possibly be. Last night, the Gardener fired at

some man in the garden, upon whom he came suddenly, and who [kicked] him in a dangerous manner. I imme[d]iately turned out, unloosed Sultan, and [hu]nted the vagabond. We couldn't get hold [of] him, but the intelligence of the dog, and the [de]lighted confidence he imparted to me, as we [stum]bled across country in the dark, were [qu]ite enchanting. Two Policemen appearing in [the] distance and making a professional show [of] stealthiness, had a narrow escape. As [he] was in the act of flying at them, I was obliged to hold him round the neck with both arms (like the little boy in the snow with the St. Bernard dog, grown up), and [ca]ll to the Force to vanish in an inglorious [ma]nner.

A friend has sent me from America, a thorough-bred young Black Newfoundland Dog, since you were here. Sultan (who hates him mortally) he, Linda, I, and three or four small dogs in the [na]ture of canine parasites and toadies, [ma]ke a show in the lanes and roads, [wh]ich I specially beseech you to come and see. We only want the renowned Dog Cæsar, to render us matchless.

I hope you are in force and spirits with your new story,†1 and †aI hope you noticed in the Times the other day, that†a †bour friend of The Mimmery, South Mims, [is] married.†b†2

My Dear FitzGerald | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

December

To CHARLES DICKENS JUNR, [9 DECEMBER 1865]

Envelope only, Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; addressed Charles Dickens Esquire Junr. | 106 Leadenhall Street | London | E.C. PM 9 Dec 65.

To [HENRY RUSSELL],†3 9 DECEMBER 1865*

MS Sheridan Russell.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Saturday, Ninth December, 1865

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to assure you that I shall be happy to devote my personal attention to any MSS you may desire to offer to "All The Year Round". If you will address them to me at the office in

Wellington Street, and will mark them Private on the outside of the cover, you may rely on my reading them very willingly.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANK [DICKENS], 10 DECEMBER 1865*

MS (fragment) Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Tenth December 1865

My Dear Frank. This will be a very short letter, as I merely want to tell you of a very gratifying communication I have had,[†1] and as you have lately received an exhaustive reply of home news[†2]

To CHARLES KENT, 10 DECEMBER 1865

Extract in Swann Galleries catalogue, No. 221; *MS* 1.; dated 10 Dec 65; addressed Charles Kent.

I duly received the proof[†3] ... your letter was welcome, stimulating, and delightful.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 10 DECEMBER 1865

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Tenth December 1865

My Dear Layard

I received yours from Rome this morning, and I impatiently await the budget that is to be longer than a number of any periodical.[†4]

We dine on Monday the 18th. at 7 1/4. You can come to *Gravesend* from Charing Cross, by Express at five minutes past four, or you can come to *Higham* from the same Charing Cross at 5.40. The first is by far the best train as it stops only once, and from Gravesend you can get a good fly to bring you on here. I read on Tuesday the 19th, at 8.[†5] Nothing is easier than for you to go to the Foreign Office in the day, and get down again to dine. You can be at Charing Cross at a quarter past 10 in the morning, or at a quarter before 1 at midday, or you can be at Victoria at twenty five minutes past 11. Only choose between these hours, and trust the rest to me.

I shall be most heartily glad to see you.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To R. M. MORRELL, [9-10 DECEMBER 1865]*

Text from MS copy sent by CD to Owen. *Date:* no doubt the same day as that letter or day preceding.

My Dear Sir

You will remember that when the Deputation from your Society[†1] did me the honor to wait upon me respecting my reading one Sunday night at St. Martin's Hall, I expressed my doubts of your having an audience really bent upon such harmless use of a Sunday evening, and my fears that a project originating in the best intentions, might engender a scene of ill will and contest.[†2] You will also remember that your deputation, in reply, gave me the strongest assurances of their perfect acquaintance with the feeling of Working Men on the subject, and of their absolute certainty that my objections were unfounded.

The honesty and good faith of this reply, I do not for an instant impugn. But the proceedings at a recent Public Meeting called by yourselves,[†3] convince me that it is a mistake. I withdraw my promise to read, solely on the ground, that you have not been able to prove your case, and that the proof is against you. In so doing, I think it right to forward a copy of this note, to my friend Professor Owen.

I am &c
[CHARLES DICKENS]

Mr. Morrell.[†4]

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, 10 DECEMBER 1865

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address* (envelope, MS Sotheby, May 1986)*:* Professor Owen | Sheen Lodge | Richmond[†5] Park | Surrey. PM Rochester 10 Dec 65.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Tenth December 1865

My Dear Owen. I have sent the Secretary of the Sunday League, a letter of which I enclose you a copy. It is clear to me that they are wrong in their facts, and that the time is not ripe for the proposed Lectures. They *cannot*[†6] get Working Men together in sufficient force to declare their desire for that Sunday recreation. On the other hand, their opponents can (and do) get working men together in sufficient force to put them down and declare that they don't want it

Every Cordially Yours
CD[†7]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 DECEMBER 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twelfth December 1865

My Dearest Georgy. I send you all the tickets that Adams[†1] has forwarded.[†2]

Boucicault's[†3] *"advice"* (in two letters), was that Carlotta[†4] was made expressly for the part, and that if he had got up the piece at the Princess's he would have engaged her solely for it!!! Whether this was extracted from him by a plot, or not, you will form your own opinion about. Fechter begged me to go in front last night, and tell him "if her figure was not much thinner". I reported gravely: "Very much thinner, but at the expense of her face. I can say no more about her for such a part."[†5]

Meantime this morning's post brings me a secret and tremendous letter from Madame Fechter,[†6] imploring me to make representations to Fechter which are perfectly right in themselves but absolutely and hopelessly impracticable at this last moment. I suppose he may have driven it to this last moment, of a set intention and express purpose to make any such representations ill timed and useless.

As I foresaw, Mrs. Ternan[†7] was instantly suggested for Alice;[†8] and the weaker the piece, the more store was set by getting her. Barnett[†9] went to her this morning (I let her know he was coming), but I have not yet heard the result.

Barnett's ineradicable opinion is, that Carlotta has been learning the part all along. "The poor man, Sir, daren't give it to anybody else", he groaned to me in deep depression behind a box door last night.

So no more at present from your Ever affectionate

CD.

To THE HON. EMILY EDEN,[†1] 13 DECEMBER 1865

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thirteenth December 1865

My Dear Miss Eden

You would have heard from me before you wrote your kind and welcome note, but for my binder's being over busy at this season of the year. Pray accept the accompanying two volumes,[†2] with my cordial thanks for your invaluable aid in the matter of my India boy.[†3]

I have sent him a copy of Mr. Beadon's[†4] reference to him,[†5] and I feel sure he will be very proud of it.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Miss Eden

To JOHN FORSTER, [?14 DECEMBER 1865]

Extract in F, IX, vi, 315*n. Date:* Nov 65, according to Forster; but clearly a slip for Dec, as *Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions* was published on 7 Dec 65; the "first week" would therefore end on 14 Dec.

Telling Forster that the sale of Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions *had gone up, in the first week, to 250,000.*

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 17 DECEMBER 1865

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Seventeenth December 1865

My Dear Layard

If you come by the Express at five minutes past 4 (this in answer to yours) remember that it is *the foremost train, quite out at the end of Charing X Station.* I send you this caution because another train, also going to Gravesend, follows the Express, and the two look like one. If you don't appear by that train, I will send the basket to our own Station to meet the other train that you mention.

In haste | Ever Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN THOMPSON, 17 DECEMBER 1865*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Seventeenth December 1865

Dr. John

My back is so bad that I cannot dine with Lady Molesworth to day. Put into Marsh's bag,[†1] the new suit of dress-clothes and the black silk boots, and let him bring them down. We shall expect you here tomorrow morning.

CD.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 19 DECEMBER 1865

MS Mrs Caroline Duncan-Jones.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Nineteenth December, 1865

My Dear Harness.

I am greatly surprised to find from your welcome note that you never received a letter I wrote to you from France:— I think, from Paris. In that lost literary treasure, I explained that, having been very hard at work here finishing my book, I had absconded for some weeks from my office in town, during which time that quaint, quiet, and curious volume[†2] you kindly sent me, had lain there, awaiting my coming. I added that I had lighted upon it before taking the train for Folkestone — had carried it away with me — and had derived unusual pleasure from its perusal, as putting me down in the midst of quite another time, and that in a charmingly natural and easy way. And behold you were none the wiser for this choice epistle!

Your account of yourself, I take leave flatly to contradict, and utterly to disbelieve. If you be "as old as the hills", I will assert and support against all comers, that you are as fresh and as green. There is not a wholesomer hill upon the earth, or one less spoiled by the hand of man. In witness whereof, your loving[†3] undersigned doth here subscribe his hand, on the day and year first above written.

L.S.[†4]
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 DECEMBER 1865*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty First December 1865

My Dearest Georgy

I write, because I have received your letter and enclosure — not because I have much news.

[

]†1

To my horror, I yesterday found Fechter utterly unacquainted with his part;[†2] absolutely ignorant of it; and evidently without a fixed purpose as to the way of rendering it. I shall be very much astonished if he can get the words *now*. I have never seen any one in a condition so absurdly unfit for rehearsal as he was, only yesterday.[†3] They were all loose in the last degree,[†4] except Mrs. T[†5] and Carlotta.[†6] They were both what is technically called "letter perfect". It is difficult to form a judgment on such wretched evidence, but I should not be surprised if Caleb Balderstone[†7] came out rather strongly. What change tonight may produce, I don't know. Yesterday I sat and glowered so gloomily that perhaps I made them worse. But even in his stage management Fechter seemed paralyzed.

The Forsters are *not* going to the play on Saturday, and are *not* coming to Gads at the arranged time. I have an affectionate letter from him to day on both heads.
— And talking of heads, I never heard of such a thing as the accident to Matilda's![†8]

Ever My Dearest Georgy | affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Tell the boys with my love, that I must enquire, personally and on the ground, into the Wire-question.

To JOSEPH SLY,[†9] 22 DECEMBER 1865

MS Public Library and Museum, Lancaster, *Address:* Mr. Sly | Kings Arms and Royal Hotel | Lancaster.

THE ATHENAEUM,
Friday Twenty Second December 1865

Dear Mr. Sly.

I am exceedingly obliged to Mrs. Sly and you for the noble box of game you have sent me, and for which I beg you, both, to accept my cordial thanks. It arrived in the best condition.

With all good wishes in and out of season, for the prosperity of your matchless and fine old house, Believe me always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK J. FARADAY,[†1] 23 DECEMBER 1865*

Text from copy left by Walter Dexter in Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Third December 1865

Dear Sir,

Do me the kindness to assure "the aspiring youths who compose the Crichton Club"[†2] that I have just now received their Annual with much pleasure, and that I highly esteem it as a seasonable mark of their friendly remembrance.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. J. Faraday Esquire.

To HENRY KOLLE,[†3] 26 DECEMBER 1865*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Sixth December, 1865

My Dear Kolle.

I have not marked the accompanying copy of your daughter's[†4] verses, because the little that I have to say about them may be best said generally.

They are very musical, very creditable, very good. As editor of a periodical, I read many much worse, and many much better. As the composition of a young lady in private life, they are interesting and meritorious; but I cannot do such violence to what I believe to be the truth, as to encourage a sensitive young creature to enter the public lists so armed. Great disappointment and (consequently) great unhappiness would result from so rash a venture. There may be promise in your daughter not expressed in these verses. Judging her solely by their internal evidence, I find her on a level with hundreds — thousands — of unheard of amateurs. There is a curious expression of conscious weakness in every page but one. The purpose that cannot express itself in words, without italicizing them, is waited on by a misgiving that it wants force and struggles for expression in vain.

If the lines were by my own daughter, I should tell her exactly what I tell you.

When I got to Paris on that occasion to which you refer, I carried out my part of our compact as heartily as I now send all good Christmas wishes to you and yours.

My Dear Kolle | Faithfully Yours always
Charles Dickens

Henry Kolle Esquire

To MRS BALL WILSON,[†1] 26 DECEMBER 1865

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twenty Sixth December, 1865

My Dear Rebecca.

You make a very natural mistake in supposing me to be able to answer letters at all times. But I am so much occupied, that my correspondence is often weeks in arrear.

affecy Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To ALFRED DICKENS, [27 DECEMBER 1865]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To G. W. RUSDEN,[†2] 27 DECEMBER 1865

MS Trinity College, University of Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Wednesday Twenty Seventh December, 1865

My Dear Sir

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your considerate and most valuable letter in reference to my son Alfred, and for all the kindness you have shewn him. I am strongly in favor of his accepting Mr. De Sailly's[†3] proposal,[†4] if, on making himself personally acquainted with the realities of such a life, he should feel (as I hope he may) that he can face it manfully. I know its leading incidents, from books and verbal description, very well. I am strongly impressed with the conviction that the sons of a father whose capital can never be the inheritance of his children, must — perhaps above all other young men — hew out their own paths through the world, by sheer hard work. And my boys are well accustomed to the admonition that so, only, can they hope to sustain their name.

Observing Mr. De Sailly's delicacy in leaving Alfred's judgment free, I have also, in the letter I send him by this Mail, left him free to choose. But I have told

him that if, on seeing what the life is, he should feel that he can boldly enter on it, he has my heartiest concurrence.

Once again My Dear Sir I beg you to accept my cordial thanks, and to believe me

Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Rusden Esquire

To MRS WILLS, 28 DECEMBER 1865

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Thursday Twenty Eighth December 1865

My Dear Mrs. Wills

I am very sorry indeed to receive this poor account of Wills, and am truly grieved to know that he is again enduring pain.

Will you kindly tell him with my love, that when I have made up the No.[†1] at the office tomorrow, I shall come to Regents Park Terrace to enquire about him of you. But pray add that I shall not in the least expect or want to see him, if he prefer (as he very likely will) to remain undisturbed. Do impress this upon him, as being sincerely meant.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JOHN BOWRING, 29 DECEMBER 1865

Mention in Swann Galleries catalogue Oct 1961; *MS* 1 p.; dated 29 Dec 65; addressed Sir John Bowring.

Giving his opinion of these specimens of the Hungarian poet.[†2]

To SAMUEL LOVER, 29 DECEMBER 1865

MS W. A. Foyle.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Ninth Decr. 1865

My Dear Lover

Glad to retain the verses[†3] for insertion.

Many thanks for your letter.

Writer of Irish story of Diablerie,[†4] unquestionably Irish.

In haste | Faithfully Yours

CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 31 DECEMBER 1865*

MS Southeast Missouri State College.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirty First December 1865

My Dear Sir

A Happy New Year to you and yours.
I have received your advice dated the day before yesterday.

Will you send a copy of the original edition of The Haunted Man,[†1] to John Poole Esqre. 8 Fitzroy Place, Kentish Town.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To R. H. HORNE, [31] DECEMBER 1865

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Date:* Sunday was 31st in 1865.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirtieth December 1865

My Dear Horne.

This is a very hasty letter in the midst of an enormous correspondence. I hope it may not prove too late for the next Mail.

I send you a thousand thanks for your kind and sound advice, but I have not the least notion of coming out to Australia. How Mr. Michie (to whom I am much indebted for his kindness to Alfred) ever came to believe that I had any, I cannot imagine.

Enclosed is my photograph — the nearest approach I believe, to a resemblance. Somehow I never "come like" in these productions. I believe upon the whole I am pretty much as you left me.

We all send you cordial wishes for a happy new year.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 31 DECEMBER 1865

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirty First December 1865

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

I received your letter in praise of Dr. Marigold, and read and re-read all your generous words, fifty times over, and with inexpressible delight. I cannot tell you how they gratified and affected me. This is the reason why I have not touched the subject until now.

Be sure of my finding "leisure" to read your new book,[†1] pretty soon after Murray[†2] sends it to me! It will not be in this house many hours before I am master of its every line.

Anxiously expecting it, I am Ever | Affectionately Yours
CD.

We all affectionately wish you a Happy New Year.

To RICHARD DAVEY,[†3] [1860-1865]

Extract in R. Davey, *The Pageant of London*, 1906, II, 495*n*. *Date:* presumably when Davey was still a youth (i.e. early or mid-1860s) and perhaps hoping to contribute to *AYR*.

If you want to know anything about old London ask P.P.O'C,[†4] and what he or Timbs[†5] cannot tell you is, believe me, not worth the knowing.

To G. M. FENN,[†6] [1865]

Mention in *D*, x (1909), 266. *Date:* probably late 1865 since his story, published *AYR*, 27 Jan 66, was returned with letter.

Replying to his letter and sending proofs of his story.[†7]

To JOHN FORSTER, [1865]

Extract in F, VI, vi, 538. *Date:* five years before his death, according to Forster.

I find this looks like my poor father,[†8] whom I regard as a better man the longer I live.

1866

January

To CHARLES EDMONDS, 1 JANUARY 1866*

Text transcribed by W. J. Carlton from MS then in possession of J. Stevens Cox.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday First January 1866

Dear Mr Edmonds

The engagements of the time of year have caused me to overlook your letter; for which I am extremely sorry.

I am not conscious of having made any mistake; but I have no proxy-paper for those schools[†1] among my miscellaneous accumulation, nor do I remember to have received one.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Edmonds Esquire

To MRS BIRCH,[†2] 2 JANUARY [1866]

Text from N, III, 411. *Date:* probably misdated 1865 by CD, followed by N; *Our Mutual Friend* published in 2 vols, Nov 65.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Second January 1865

My Dear Mrs Birch,

I write by this post to my publishers requesting them to send you early tomorrow, a copy of Our Mutual Friend, in the hope that it may beguile an hour or two of your journey to India.

With kind regards to your husband, and best wishes for your happiness.

Believe me | Very faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [2 JANUARY 1866]

Mention in last. *Date:* written same day.

To HERMANN VEZIN,[†3] 4 JANUARY 1866*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Thursday Fourth January 1866

Dear Sir

I hope the season of the year, and my having had this house full of visitors in consequence, will be my sufficient excuse for having left your letter unanswered these last few days.

I am so constantly asked to read MSS, and have so little leisure to bestow on that occupation, that I am obliged to guide myself by a strict rule in that regard, or

I assuredly could never write. My rule is, invariably to decline, unless there should be a chance of the MS being suitable to the requirements of my literary journal 'All The Year Round', and consequently of my being really useful to the writer.

In the case of a dramatic work, there is clearly no such hope. But if Mr. Fechter should discern any likelihood of turning Mr. Albery's[†1] play[†2] to successful account, he is pretty certain to mention it or bring it to me. In either case, I will then read it attentively.

And if Mr. Albery should write anything with a view to All The Year Round, I willingly empower you to tell him that (on your introduction) he may address it to me personally, and may count on my reading it myself and having an interest in it beforehand.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Hermann Vezin Esquire

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, [?EARLY JANUARY 1866]

Mention in *To* Buckstone, 6 Jan. *Date:* probably written a few days before that letter.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 6 JANUARY 1866†

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Sixth January 1866

My Dear Mary

Feeling pretty certain that I shall never answer your letter unless I answer it at once (I got it this morning) here goes!

I did not dramatize The Master of Ravenswood,[†3] though I did a good deal towards and about the Piece, having an earnest desire to put Scott — for once — upon the stage, in his own gallant manner.[†4] It is *an enormous success,* and increases in attraction nightly. I have never seen the people in all parts of the house, so leaning forward, in lines sloping towards the stage, earnestly and intently attentive, as while the story gradually unfolds itself. But the astonishing circumstance of all, is, that Carlotta (never thought of for Lucy until all other Lucies had failed) is marvellously good, highly pathetic, and almost unrecognizeable in person! What note it touches in her, always dumb until now, I do not pretend to say; but there is no one on the Stage who could play the contract scene[†5] better, or more simply and naturally — and I find it impossible to see it

without crying! [†a]My girls at home stared when I told them before the Play came out: "I don't know whether there is any thing amiss or weak in me; but Carlotta so affects me at Rehearsal that I would go out, if I could, and not see the trying part of the Play."[†1] But they cried with all their hearts on the first night, and so does the House in general every night. As a picture of an utterly forlorn and broken-hearted girl, shrinking under the influence of a cruel mother[†2] and gradually slipping away into distraction, it is a most remarkable achievement.[†a] Almost everyone plays well, the whole is exceedingly picturesque, and there is scarcely a movement throughout, or a look, that is not indicated by Scott. So you get a Live Romance with beautiful illustrations,[†3] and I do not expect ever again to see a book take up its bed and walk[†4] in like manner.

I am charmed to learn that you have had a freeze out of my Ghost story.[†5] It rather gave me a shiver up the back, in the writing. Doctor Marigold has just now accomplished his 200,000. My only other news of myself is, that I am doubtful whether to read, or not, in London this season. If I decide to do it at all, I shall probably do it on a great scale.

[†a]They are all well at Gad's, and would send best love if they knew me to be writing — which they don't. Katie and Charles Collins are gone on a visit to Mrs. Sartoris. The former was very delicate when they left us on the 2nd. The latter, on the whole much better.

I do not forget that I am bound to the Bonbonnière[†6] on your return, and that you are there to present me to Lady Marian Alford.[†7] You were well over the Channel before the gales set in. It has been blowing hurricanes at Gad's, so that sometimes we have scarcely been able to hear each other speak.[†a]

Many happy years to you my dear Mary. So prays your ever affectionate

JO.

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, 6 JANUARY 1866

Extract in Jeffrey Stern catalogue One (new series); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 6 Jan 66; addressed J. B. Buckstone.

Your pleasant note reminds me that I omitted to tell you in mine that the Lord Mayor[†8] is going to write to you.[†9]

To W. H. WILLS, 8 JANUARY 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Morning Eighth January 1866

My Dear Wills.

This is to let you know that I go down to Gad's this morning, but am producible at any moment on your summons, in case my presence should be necessary in consultation on the "Readings" question.[†1] If you should *not* summon me, I shall be here again on Thursday morning.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS,[†2] 9 JANUARY 1866

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Ninth January 1866

My Dear Brooks

Many thanks for your note, and many returns of your good and seasonable wishes, to you and to yours.

In reference to the Shropshire newspaper-scrap,[†3] what do you think of getting *your* Members[†4] to bring in a bill for making every parish clergyman able to read? Perhaps that Act of Parliament had best precede the other?

You have never told me what I shall give you for my share in poor Thackeray's monument.[†5] I take it for granted that you don't yet know how the account stands.

Is it not curiously significant of the action of a great Railway accident on the nerves of human creatures, that my watch (a chronometer) got so fluttered in my pocket on that Staplehurst occasion, that it has never since been itself to the extent of two or three minutes? I reasoned myself out of an inability to travel by Express, but I can't reason the watch out of this absurd behaviour.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 JANUARY 1866

Mention in N, III, 454; dated Office of *AYR,* 9 Jan 66; addressed Georgina Hogarth.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 10 JANUARY 1866

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Tenth January 1866

My Dear Wilkie

Proofs, Proofs, Proofs! Where are the Armadale[†1] proofs I was to have? O where and O where! — &c.[†2]

If, in the remote dark coming ages when you shall have done this book, you would care to come back to the old quarters[†3] — not for such another labor thereawhile, but for Idle Apprentices[†4] and such-like wanderings, with the Inimitable Undersigned — always remember that Wills with Carte blanche, and I with open arms, await you.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 10 JANUARY 1866

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Tenth January 1866

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

The book[†5] arrived yesterday, and in the evening I had the inexpressible pleasure of reading it through. When I closed it at past midnight, my mind was filled with a crowd of new delights; and today I have read the book again and the crowd is twice as big.

My ear instantly took to the metre. When it changed, I changed as easily and sympathetically. Insomuch that *I cannot represent to myself any one of the Tales, as told in any other way than your way*.[†6] I mention this, because I am not usually free from a certain unadaptable obstinacy as to novelties in poetic rhythm, and to this hour am forced to separate some ideas of some friends of ours from the mechanism with which they are associated — altogether to separate the one from the other, and to express the thoughts to *my* thoughts, in my own manner.

The extraordinary beauty, picturesqueness, and completeness, of The Secret Way, so fascinated me last night that I returned to my first love before I went to bed,[†7] and returned again after breakfast. Argiope holds her place in my heart against all her rivals. When she is led in by the Priest and takes the cup,[†8] she is peerless against all the world of women. But the narrative itself, the painting in it, the distinctness attained, the glowing force of it, the imagination

in it and yet the terseness and closeness of it, these *astonish* me! I declare to you that I have never read any story, whatsoever the manner of its telling, so perfectly amazing to me in these respects quite apart from its winning tenderness and grace. Of Death and Sisyphus[†1] at table — again — I have as clear and vivid a picture as if I had looked in at the window and seen them together: while the last twenty lines of that poem are most magnificent.[†2] I suppose the Oread's[†3] Son to have been one of the most difficult of the Tales, to tell, because this legend in one form or other is the most familiar of all by far. But for a perfectly different kind of beauty, my pastoral reading can not match it: and the reed is broken[†4] by the Master hand that I used to wonder (in the days of the Last Days of Pompeii)[†5] whether I should ever make myself famous enough to touch. The sacrifice of the Wife of Miletus,[7[[sic]][†6] and the picture of the Temple in Cydippe,[6[[sic]][†7] are the two things next distinctest in the new host by which I found myself begirt last night. But if I were to go on further I should never have done.

I have not a doubt, my dear friend and beloved Brother in Art, that you will find a great general response to this labor (I call it labor, because I see what infinite pains its care and finish have cost you) — to this great work.[†8] Unless I am much mistaken, the popular sympathy will be so conquered by The Secret Way, that it will attract readers and students of the rest of the Volume which without that triumph of Romance you would not have enchained. The farther those advance, the more firmly you will hold them. They may be in their way as true to their first love as I am to mine, but it will lead them on to an appreciation of the amazing variety and wealth of the rest of the Volume which that class would not otherwise have been competent to estimate aright. I am no Mage, or that is The Secret Way to unlearned thousands, as well as to the souls of accomplished readers

Ever | Your affectionate and admiring

CD.

To HENRY CHORLEY, 12 JANUARY 1866*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Friday Twelfth January 1866[†9]

My Dear Chorley.

I book Friday the 26th. at a quarter past seven with great pleasure.

Mrs. Lirriper had also occurred to *me*. The difficulty is (the old lady herself being the narrator) that it must be done with little change of voice; and I am afraid I have accustomed the audience to expect variety in that wise.[†1] If I do Doctor Marigold — objection would be strengthened by his being in much the same plight.[†2] It would be a small objection in a small place, but expands in proportion to the size of the Hall. The greater the room and the larger the audience, the more imperative the necessity for something dramatic. Remember the little unchanging figure, seen from afar off, and the very little action that can be got into a bird's-eye view of that table.

Ever affecy

CD.

To FREDERICK HINE,[†3] [12 JANUARY 1866]

Envelope only, MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Mr. Frederick Hine | 3 Provident Place | Lady Wood Lane | Birmingham. PM London 12 Jan 65.

To W. H. WILLS, 15 JANUARY 1866

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fifteenth January 1866

My Dear Wills

Coming here this afternoon, and finding your letter dated yesterday, I suppose the Railroads to have recovered, and the British Post to have asserted itself triumphantly.[†4]

As soon as I read yours, I sent for Birtles and the making up.[†5] The latter was all right and even, (wonderful to relate!) and stood in need of no change whatever. Sala[†6] has sent a paper on the Havannah,[†7] which has duly gone to Beaufort House[†8] the Sprightly. All things else, official, are in status quo.

In the matter of Beale,[†1] it occurs to me that he *may*, perhaps, ask for 30 Readings instead of 25. I should not be indisposed (for I should not think it unfair) to let him have 30 for 2000 *Guineas.* Perhaps he may not come near the mark at all. In such case, I think I will resolve to keep quiet and not read at all.[†2]

I send my kindest regard to Miss Coutts[†3] and am Ever | Heartily Yours

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 16 JANUARY 1866*

MS Boston Athenaeum. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire. | "Sun" Office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixteenth January 1866

My Dear Kent.

Can you come down to Gad's from Saturday to Monday? There will be no one there but my sister, and we can be quite at our ease.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I go back about mid-day tomorrow. If you come, take *Express to Gravesend* at 4..5 Saturday afternoon, and I will drive you over

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 17 JANUARY 1866

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventeenth January 1866

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I think I can set your mind at rest about the late Mr. Southey.[†4] He offered some trash to All The Year Round, and here are two of his letters (he wrote several, as I remember), on the subject of their rejection. The one at the beginning of which I have placed a X was written not long before the murders. Simply an intolerable braggart, with an insolence in him which penny a liners, chaplains, and such like, called "talent". I recognized his "style" in the published letters when he was first apprehended, and quickly traced him out as the writer of these effusions. You will notice that he signs the woman's name.[†5]

The lady for the Lady of Lyons[†6] has certainly turned up at Fechter's. Miss Leclercq who does Lucy in the Master of Ravenswood, and who has astonished me more than the audiences who see her (for I never supposed her to be capable of such work), can assuredly do it with Fechter for Claude.[†7] When the run of the

Master (which is an immense success) shall be out,[†1] I feel convinced that he will make a sensation and a hit with the Lady of Lyons.[†2] I very much like the few alterations he suggests for Stage purposes. If, when the time comes, you would like to leave the Rehearsals to me, depend upon it that Fechter and I together will strike a new stage picturesqueness out of it, thoroughly belonging to the play itself. These are early days for mentioning it, and I know that you have not yet sanctioned the slight changes; but I clearly see a new success for the play and a very striking representation of it.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To W. H. RUSSELL, 17 JANUARY 1866

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventeenth January 1866

My Dear Russell

My triumvirate of Post Captains[†3] perversely choose the 25th. which I fear is the day you stand otherwise engaged for. But will you come down from the following Saturday the 27th. to Monday? If you can and will, I will go down with you from here at 20 minutes to 4.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. H. Russell Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, 18 JANUARY 1866†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Eighteenth January 1866

My Dear Kent.

[†a]I had a — what shall I call it — magnetic misgiving that you were in bed! I felt quite sure of it yesterday, and was not in the least surprised when I received your note this morning.[†a]

I cannot tell you how grieved we all are, here, to know that you are suffering again. Your patient tone however, and the hopefulness and forbearance of Ferguson's[†4] course, gives us some reassurance. Apropos of which latter reference, I dined with Ferguson at the Lord Mayor's[†5] last Tuesday,[†6] and had a grimly-distracted impulse upon me to defy the Toastmaster, and rush into a speech about him and his noble art, when I sat pining under the imbecility of a variety of Constitutional and Corporational idiots. I did seize him for a

moment by the hair of his head (in proposing the Lady Mayoress),[†1] and derived some faint consolation from the Company's response to the reference. O![†2] No man will ever know under what provocation to contradiction and a savage yell of repudiation, I suffered at the hands of the renowned Mr. Goschen:[†3] — feebly complacent in the uniform of Madame Tussaud's Own Military Waxers,[†4] and almost the worst speaker I ever heard in my life! Mary and Georgina sitting on either side of me, urged me to "look pleased". I replied in expressions not to be repeated. Shee[†5] (the Judge) was just as good and graceful, as He (the Member) was bad and gawky.

[a]My mind is at present divided on the subject whether I shall sell myself; — not to the Arch Enemy, but to a London Proposer for five and twenty readings.[†6] I don't like the trouble, but the money looms large.[a]

Bulwer's Lost Tales of Miletus, a most (I can't write to day) noble book! He is an extraordinary fellow, and fills me with admiration and wonder.

[a]The Master of Ravenswood an immense success for Fechter. It will put him soundly on his legs, long before its run is out.[a]

It is of no use writing to you about yourself, my Dear Kent, because you are likely to be tired of that constant companion, and so I have gone scratching (with an execrable pen) about and about you. But I come back to you, to let you know that the reputation of this house as a Convalescent Hospital stands (like the house itself) very high, and that testimonials can be produced from credible persons who have recovered health and spirits here, swiftly. Try us. Only try us; and we are content to stake the reputation of the establishment on the result.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDWIN ROFFE,[†7] 18 JANUARY 1866

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Eighteenth January 1866

Dear Sir

Coming home from another part of the country, I find your letter a week old.

I have preserved no record of the dramatic performances which took place at Tavistock House when it was my property. There was an account of the last of

them[†1] in the Times[†2] (somewhere about the end of 1856 or beginning of 1857), and in the Illustrated News,[†3] and Musical World[†4]. As to Saint Pancras Parish, the only interest I have ever regarded it with, is comprehended in the fact that I consider its vestrymen, paving boards, and other squabbling and jobling luminaries, a public nuisance, the abolition of which unto the end of time is highly desirable.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Roffe Esquire

To ROBERT MURRAY SMITH,[†6] 18 JANUARY 1866

MS Mrs Nora Keppel-Palmer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Eighteenth January 1866.

My Dear Sir

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind interest in the prospects of my son Alfred, and for the invaluable assistance you have rendered him in so generously supporting him with your advice and credit. It is scarcely necessary to add that I have accepted and paid the bill drawn on me, with your guarantee, for Sixty Pounds; and that I thank you heartily.

Immediately on the receipt of Alfred's letter informing me of the Bush-life opening before him, I wrote back to him by the Mail, expressing my unqualified approval of his taking to it, if he could.[†7] A duplicate of that letter I consigned to the care of one of the officers of the Steam Ship, London, whom Alfred had entrusted with a letter to me. Unhappily that devoted ship has foundered at sea with nearly all her passengers and crew.[†8] Perhaps both my letters have gone down in her; one certainly has.

Allow me to repeat my thanks to you, and to wish you many happy years.
My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Murray Smith Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 19 JANUARY 1866

Extract in Sotheby's catalogues Mar 1979 and 1981; *MS* 2 pp.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Nineteenth January 1866

My Dear Ouvry.

I saw Edward Chapman, the retiring partner this morning and I spoke to him as we agreed.... With moderation and forbearance I insisted on exercising his right of having my books, in so far as they relate to my own affairs and partnership, thoroughly examined by an accountant, stock taken and so forth and all payments charged against me verified. In short, that I must have a thorough and complete audit. And that to that end, I thought it best that they should put their solicitors in communication with you.

He at once replied that nothing could be more reasonable, and that he would immediately comply and act.

I pointed out to him the objections that I had to his cousin's[†1] remaining in the business alone, and that my main objection was, that "he could do nothing straight". He replied, it was no doubt a just objection, and that it had been strongly urged upon him in the Trade, since the first intention on his (Edward's) part, of retiring, had become known.

Faithfully yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire.

To W. H. RUSSELL, 19 JANUARY 1866

MS Washington State University.

[Copy sent to Uxbridge][†2]

Gad's Hill Place | Higham by Rochester
Friday Night Nineteenth Jany | 1866.

My Dear Russell.

You will be as welcome as the flowers in May,[†3] on Thursday the 25th. Leave Charing Cross for Gravesend, by Express, at five minutes past 4 in the afternoon, and outside the Gravesend Station you will find me waiting to drive you over to my house.[†4]

Observe: you must be careful to get into the *Express* Train, as 2 trains bound for Gravesend start nearly together.

No Post captain[†5] shall hurt a hair of your head.

Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS HENRY WOOD,[†1] 19 JANUARY 1866*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University. *Address:* Mrs. Wood | Ashbury House | St. John's Wood Park | N.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Nineteenth January 1866

My Dear Mrs. Wood

I doubt your having the power of preventing the representation at the Surrey,[†2] or indeed of preventing any theatrical representation founded on any book of yours. The publication of a resumé of your book,[†3] I think you could certainly prevent by applying to the Court of Chancery for an Injunction against it. The fact of the Play being American,[†4] has, to the best of my belief, nothing to do with the case. The establishment of an American copyright in the piece, could carry no copyright here. But our English law (which has little tenderness for such an idle thing as Literature) does not, to the best of my belief, give you the power of preventing ANY stage adaptation of your book.

To prevent some of my works from being dramatized, I have myself at the time of their publication caused them to be arranged in a dramatic form, and have entered the "play" — or the hurried jumble of the

book so called — at the Stamp Office and Stationers' Hall, as my copyright, and my work.[†5] The Managers have as yet been afraid to try the question with me whether this artifice invests me with any legal right of preventing their producing any dramas on those stories. I resorted to the device, because I believed I was quite powerless without it.

Mr. Webster cannot have handed you over to the Surrey, in virtue of his agreement, if (as I take for granted) his agreement was made between you and him and his own Theatre the Adelphi.

In haste, Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Wood.

To SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON, 23 JANUARY 1866*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Third January 1866

My Dear Sir William

I am heartily sorry that we have some people coming here on Saturday, and therefore are not free to accept your kind and welcome invitation. It would have

afforded me very great pleasure to do so, and I am not at all in a hospitable mood towards my expected visitors.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir William Fergusson

To MRS BROOKFIELD,[†1] 24 JANUARY 1866*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth January 1866

My Dear Mrs. Brookfield

The difficulty is this:— We have just begun the publication of a story nine or ten months long.[†2] The publication of two serial stories together, in so small a space, is very hazardous. Only under very exceptional circumstances have I tried it, and then with very great distrust.

[†a][There are a good many Verys in the above paragraph. Please regard them as expressive of the earnestness inseparable from my communication with you.][†a]

But if you would like me to read your story[†3] myself, I will gladly do so — on the one condition that you promise not to hate me, if nothing comes of it. I can afford to be hated by some people, but I am not rich enough to put you in possession of that luxury.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Brookfield

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [26 JANUARY 1866]

Envelope only, MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Miss Dickens, | Gad's Hill Place, | Higham | by | Rochester. PM 26 Jan 66.

To JOHN FORSTER, 26 JANUARY 1866

Text from MDGH, III, 225.

OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND"
Friday, 26th January, 1866

My Dear Forster,

I most heartily hope that your doleful apprehensions will prove unfounded. These changes from muggy weather to slight sharp frost, and back again, touch weak places, as I find by my own foot; but the touch goes by. May it prove so with you!

Yesterday Captain [Randolph],[†1] Captain [Houston Stewart],[†1] and Captain [Tatham],[†1] dined at Gad's. They are, all three, naval officers of the highest reputation. [Randolph] is supposed to be the best sailor in our Service. I said I had been remarking at home, *à propos* of the *London,*[†2] that I know of no shipwreck of a large strong ship (not carrying weight of guns) in the open sea, and that I could find none such in the shipwreck books. They all agreed that the unfortunate Captain Martin[†3] *must* have been unacquainted with the truth as to what can and what can not be done with a Steamship having rigging and canvas; and that no sailor would dream of turning a ship's stern to such a gale — *unless his vessel could run faster than the sea.* ———[†4] said (and the other two confirmed) that the *London* was the better for everything that she lost aloft in such a gale,[†5] and that with her head kept to the wind by means of a storm topsail[†6] — which is hoisted from the deck and requires no man to be sent aloft, and can be set under the worst circumstances — the disaster could not have occurred. If he had no such sail, he could have improvised it, even of hammocks and the like. They said that under a Board of Enquiry into the wreck, any efficient witness must of necessity state this as the fact, and could not possibly avoid the conclusion that the seamanship was utterly bad; and as to the force of the wind, for which I suggested allowance, they all had been in West Indian hurricanes and in Typhoons, and had put the heads of their ships to the wind under the most adverse circumstances.

I thought you might be interested in this, as you have no doubt been interested in the case. They had a great respect for the unfortunate Captain's character, and for his behaviour when the case was hopeless,[†7] but they had not the faintest doubt that he lost the ship and those two hundred and odd lives.

Ever affectionately

[CD.]

To W. H. WILLS, 28 JANUARY 1866

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Eighth January | 1866

My Dear Wills.

After we parted yesterday I chance-lighted on the information that Mitchell,[†8] having of yore burnt his fingers a good deal, speculates very little now, yet likes to be considered as doing much in that way.

This is worth bearing in mind.[†1] Also, that he may have some dread of giving offence to Fanny Kemble.[†2]

Proceeding on your own judgment and observation, of course you will more than satisfy me. I suggest that perhaps it would be best to keep our figures back, — always, if you approve. I would take up the ground thus: Here is Mr. Dickens, whose position you understand probably at least as well as I do, constantly entreated to read, and proposed to in all manner of ways. He is enough at leisure to undertake in town and country (suggesting the country places) 30 readings, or 20, or 15. The business of such things is not in our way since the death of Mr. Arthur Smith.[†3] He is willing to undertake them for a sum of money. Are you willing to enter into negociation with me for buying him?

Questions of detail to be agreed upon, if terms agreed upon. They are chiefly, avoidance of morning readings[†4] as much as possible, both as distasteful to me, and as not addressing my large miscellaneous following, which is limited to no class — limitation of country places, to those first class ones which I have proved to be the best for me — and agreement beforehand between us, on the rooms to be engaged, according as I also have proved them.

I would lead him to an offer, if he should be disposed to make one; but I would throw the terms of it, in money, upon him.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To THOMAS HYDE HILLS, 29 JANUARY 1866

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1927. *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 29 Jan 66; addressed Thomas Hyde Hills.

Your note reminds me of an unkept promise to send two boxes of those admirable Pickwick Lozenges[†5] to my friend Layard. Will you cause them to be forwarded as from me.

To MRS PROCTER, [29 JANUARY 1866]

Envelope only in Phillips catalogue, June 1996. *Address:* Mrs. Procter | 32 Weymouth Street | Portland Place | London | W. PM 29 Jan 66 Rochester.

To CHARLES FECHTER, [LATE JANUARY 1866]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 31 Jan 66. *Date:* clearly written shortly before that letter.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 31 JANUARY 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirty First January 1866

My Dearest Georgy

I will come down by the Express tomorrow afternoon, and will expect the Basket at Gravesend.

Andalusia[†1] was immensely impressed by the Play[†2] last night. It went very finely. I had found a long letter here from Fechter, in which he had asserted his views of the Palgrave Simpson affair;[†3] to which I had replied that he had acted in a highly intemperate manner, and that to be highly intemperate was to be wrong. When I went round to his room he said that he knew he ought not to have committed himself by writing the letter, and that he wished he had not done it; but that P.S. was the last drop in a full cup, and it bubbled over in that form. So he was very reasonable.

Andalusia told me, as an instance of the extraordinary irascibility that has shewn itself in Cockburn, this lively anecdote:— She was talking to Cockburn[†4] in a corner at some party, when Bernal Osborne came up, and said, "Oho! Well! A very good match. The Chief Justice and Lady Molesworth will make an excellent pair."[†5] In acknowledgement of which facetious compliment, Cockburn suddenly replied with the strongest emphasis: "Sir, I will tell you what you are. You are a damned impertinent vulgar scoundrel."

I am awaiting the evening with my usual feelings.[†6]

Ever affectionately

CD.

Tell Harry[†7] that I looked over Mrs. Hulkes's proof[†8] yesterday, and corrected a printer's mistake in it. I hope there were no others.

To J. L. O'SULLIVAN,[†9] 31 JANUARY 1866*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirty First January 1866

Dear Sir

I am sorry to reply to your letter that I cannot possibly undertake to originate, or to guarantee, any such appeal in the Times as you describe. My so doing

would involve me (as I know by experience) in a hopeless maze of correspondence and interview.

Surely this unfortunate gentleman's[†1] case could be stated through the instrumentality of some responsible minister of his own Church?

I shall be happy to make my subscription Three Guineas,[†2] and to respond to your call for it at any time.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. L. O'Sullivan Esquire

To JOHN CHORLEY,[†3] [?JANUARY 1866]

Text from N, III, 532 (dated [1867], without authority). *Date:* presumably not too long after Christmas 1865, when Chorley inscribed his book to CD (see below); perhaps, in view of CD's apology, late Jan 66.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

My Dear Sir

I should have thanked you sooner for the remarkable book[†4] in which you have done me the honour to inscribe my name, but that I wished to do so by the hands of my[†5] brother,[†6] who leaves here to-morrow. Accept, I entreat you, my cordial thanks for your most acceptable remembrance of a brother writer and for the emotion you have awakened in me by the Wife's Litany.[†7] I have read it with great attention and have been greatly impressed by it. Some years ago I also was so haunted by a vivid dream that I had no rest until I wrote it.[†8] In the telling of this dream of yours there is a wild weird music — a ghostly night strain — which seems familiar to my broken sleep, and which is sounded by a master hand. And if I had as a child heard the Mariners on Cape Despair[†9] read by father at the fireside, I should not have found a distincter place for it in my memory than it holds.

My dear sir, | Yours faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

February

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 2 FEBRUARY 1866

Extract in Henry Bristow of Ringwood catalogue No. 277 (1982); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 2 Feb 66; addressed Frederic Chapman.

Commiserating with Chapman in the illness of his wife[†1] *and* other domestic misfortunes, *and assuring him that he would not expect to see him at such a time.*

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 2 FEBRUARY 1866

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Second February 1866

My Dear FitzGerald.

I ought to have written to you days and days ago, to thank you for your charming book on Charles Lamb[†2] — to tell you with what interest and pleasure I read it as soon as it came here — and to add that I was honestly affected (far more so than your modesty will readily believe) by your intimate knowledge of those touches of mine concerning childhood.[†3]

Let me tell you now that I have not in the least cooled, after all, either as to the graceful sympathetic book, or as to the part in it with which I am honored. It has become a matter of real feeling with me, and I postponed its expression because I couldn't satisfactorily get it out of myself, and at last I come to the conclusion that it must be left in.

My Dear FitzGerald | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy FitzGerald Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Second February 1866

My Dearest Macready

I should have written to you at Christmas time, but that I have been debating whether to read or no, and paused until I should have glimmerings of the probabilities and improbabilities of my coming to Cheltenham again for that purpose. I might just as well have made no pause, for at this moment I am quite in the dark about it. The difficulty of getting the business-details well managed is so great that I have become sick at heart of imbecility, and have ideas of selling myself out and out to some Demon of the Mitchell circle. Then arises the

irreconcileable difference that the Seller of his Soul for a certain number of nights, looks at the bargain from the Artist's point of view; the Infernal Bidder, from the tradesman's. Places, times, subjects, get suggested, that the undersigned Faust cannot stomach. He and the Fiend then glare at one another, and make no progress.

And yet it was only last Wednesday night that I went up to Islington[†1] (of all places in the world) to read for Oxenford,[†2] or rather for a work in which he was interested;[†3] and really the crowds turned away, and the effect of Copperfield upon those who got in, "Keyinder" (as your friends the Americans would say) reproached me for not going on with it.[†4]

We are all in fair trim here. Katie's husband is very much better. He will never be strong, but he is greatly better. Katie herself is rather delicate — about the chest and heart, I think — and could not maintain the family reputation in some Scotch Reels. Mary and Georgina are both very well. Boys all well. (I never sing their praises, because they have so often disappointed me). One of them, Alfred, went out to Melbourne in the last outward passage of the London, preceding her ship-wreck. Her second officer came to me at the office, and took out letters now lying with himself at the bottom of the Ocean. We have here the Captain who is considered the best sailor in our service (Randolph[†5] of the Orlando),[†6] and also Captain Houston Stewart,[†7] Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, an officer of very high reputation, and also Captain Tatham,[†8] now fitting out the Bellerophon,[†9] of which great things are expected. These three, dining here the other day, had not the faintest doubt, that that unfortunate ship went down through bad seamanship. They had all three been in typhoons and hurricanes, and they said that no sailor could conceivably put his ship about, to run before such a gale, *because the wind and sea, being faster than his ship, must inevitably destroy it;* whereas, under a storm trysail[†10] with her head to the wind, she would have knocked the passengers about, but, humanly speaking, would have brought them through it. They explained that such a sail is hoisted from the Deck without any man going aloft; and also that if the ship were so ill found in canvas as to have no such sail aboard (which they thought likely) a man of resource

would have had it made, in any weather that ever blew, even out of the men's hammocks. I was so greatly interested in their modest certainty on the matter, that I think you may be.

Fechter is drawing greatly, with a new version of the Bride of Lammermoor; to which I did a good deal, stimulated by the desire to put Scott on the stage in his own gallant manner and exactly like himself. And I really think that the Piece *is* the book in action. Pantomimes at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, both attractive.[†1] Fund[†2] getting very poor. The demands upon them are heavy, and the Public Subscriptions are split between it, the Dramatic College, and the Equestrian and Theatrical Fund.[†3] I have got the present Lord Mayor (whom I have known some time) to take the Chair for them,[†4] this next Passion-Week. He is a Jew, and will carry with him Rothschild,[†5] Montefiore,[†6] and all the rich Jews: so I hope the one dinner will be at least as productive as two. Buckstone (in a wig, contrived with great art) rather younger than he was a quarter of a century ago. Men's minds failing them with fear,[†7] as a dismal Rumour strengthens that the Keans[†8] are coming back to the Princess's.[†9]

My dear Macready I won't dispute your right to be a little (a very little, mind!) infirm: but Lord! here is Forster, eighty four years of age! I saw him at the Athenaeum the day before yesterday, as ferociously gouty as Commodore Trunnion,[†10] and not in the least sensible of the delightful spectacle he had before him in seeing me. Wilkie Collins is seventy seven, but very cheerful. Edwin Landseer attained (by nerves) his hundred and twenty eighth birthday, last week. Quin[†11] is so asthmatic that you are a Babby to him, but in reckless joviality he is twenty three. Boxall[†12] (with those three perpendicular dints in his forehead, which Nature always seems to me to have made, with an intention of finishing him off bye and bye, which she never carried out), moons amiably here and there, whispering about poor Lady Eastlake:[†13] who has come back to Fitzroy Square,[†14] and is, for the time, greatly broken.

You won't be surprised to see me, one way or other, before long? I am writing

a word on that head to Mrs. Macready and a word to Katie, too, about her little book.[†1]

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate and attached

CD.

To MRS MACREADY, 2 FEBRUARY 1866

Extract in Francis Edwards catalogue, No. 4; dated 2 Feb 66; addressed Mrs Macready.

I have been writing a few words to Macready by this post, I have been telling him how my Christmas and New Year remembrances (written remembrances only) have been delayed by my uncertainty whether to resume my Readings or not, and now I am still undecided.

To MISS CATHERINE MACREADY, [?2 FEBRUARY 1866]

Mention in *To* Macready, 2 Feb. *Date:* probably written same day.

To MRS ROBERTS,[†2] 2 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Mr Geoffrey Sircom.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Second February 1866.

Madam.

I can only assure you in reply to your letter, that I quite concur with your observations — that I had nothing whatever to do with the business arrangements of last Wednesday Evening[†3] — and that I was much inconvenienced by them myself. The keeping of strict faith with all classes of the public, and the reception of them with the utmost courtesy, are the first considerations impressed upon all persons entrusted with any part in the management of my own Readings.

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Mrs. Roberts

To MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 5 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Burdett Coutts | †aEhrenberg Hall | Torquay.†a

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifth February 1866

My Dear Miss Coutts

You know Mr. Sawyer†4 of Tunbridge Wells, with whom your nephew†5 was,

and with whom my youngest boy is.†1 I have the highest opinion of him, as a thoroughly conscientious and good man; and I am more than usually interested in him just now, by reason of his having thrown upon his poor means (through a sudden death), a widowed sister and six little children.

He is very desirous to get a Colonial Bishopric, in a climate where these children and his own could live. I believe a better man for the purpose could hardly be. Tasmania — Australia and New Zealand — are the fields of his limited ambition. The Archbishop of Canterbury†2 and the Bishop of London†3 are (as I understand the case) cognizant of his wish, and favorably disposed towards him.†4 If you could give him your aid, it would undoubtedly serve him greatly.†5 He is too modest to ask for it himself.

He is discreet, learned, a good preacher, a frank conscientious man, with the soul of a Christian gentleman. Such a clergyman, at the head of two families of English children†6 and accompanied by a wife†7 who has a remarkable power of winning the attachment and confidence of young people, would surely carry with him into an English Colony, the influences most important in such an office as he seeks to fill.

Believe me ever | Your affectionate and faithful
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. C. BEARD, 8 FEBRUARY 1866

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth February 1866

My Dear Frank Beard

I shall be very glad to be thoroughly examined, and will be with you some five minutes before 6.30.

But as I have told the chef at Verey's†8 that I am going to dine there, let us still do so — with Wilkie — at 7. Will you send round to Wilkie and let him know with my love that I expect him at Verey's aforesaid to dine with us there at 7 this day?

Ever Yours

To DR F. T. BOND,[†1] 8 FEBRUARY 1866

Text from Henry Bristow of Ringwood catalogue No. 286 (1985); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 8 Feb 66; addressed Dr Bond.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Dr. Bond, and begs to say, in reply to Dr. Bond's obliging letter, that he cannot have the pleasure of reading to the members of the Hartley Institution.[†2]

To MRS BROOKFIELD, [8 FEBRUARY 1866]

MS (envelope) Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. *Address:* Mrs Brookfield | 6 Sydney Place | Onslow Square | S.W. PM 8 Feb 66.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 8 FEBRUARY 1866

Text from Percy Fitzgerald, *Memories of CD,* 1913, p. 36.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, Eighth February 1866.

My dear Fitzgerald,

I send you the enclosed[†3] from Procter, just as I received it here last night.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To MRS LOVE,[†4] 8 FEBRUARY 1866

Mention in Anderson catalogue No. 4289 (Jan 1937); *MS* 1 p.; dated 8 Feb 66; addressed Mrs Love.

Saying that the second and third instalments of an article had not been received.[†5]

[? H. N.] O'NEIL,[†6] 8 FEBRUARY 1866

MS Professor K. J. Fielding.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Eighth February 1866.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. O'Neil, and must beg to be excused from appearing in a list of "Patrons" of the intended performance, as he has a great objection to patronizing anything.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 FEBRUARY 1866

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Ninth February 1866

My Dearest Georgy.

I found your letter here when I came back on Wednesday evening, and was extremely glad to get it.

Frank Beard wrote me word that with such a pulse as I described, an examination of the heart was absolutely necessary, and that I had better make an appointment with him alone for the purpose. This I did. I was not at all disconcerted, for I knew well beforehand that the effect could not possibly be, without that one cause at the bottom of it. There seems to be degeneration of some functions of the heart. It does not contract as it should. So I have got a prescription of iron, quinine and digitalis, to set it a going, and send the blood more quickly through the system. If it should not seem to succeed, on a reasonable trial, I will then propose a consultation with someone else. Of course I am not so foolish as to suppose that all my work can have been achieved without *some* penalty, and I have noticed for some time a decided change in my buoyancy and hopefulness:— in other words, in my usual "tone."

I shall wait to see Beard again on Monday, and shall most probably come down that day. If I should not, I will telegraph after seeing him. Best love to Mamie.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 9 FEBRUARY 1866

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2130 (1927); *MS* 1 p; dated 9 Feb 66; addressed Wills.

There seems to be degeneration of some functions of the heart.... I am not so foolish as to suppose that all my work can have been achieved without some penalty, and I have noticed for some time a decided change in my health.

To SAMUEL LOVER, 10 FEBRUARY 1866

MS W. A. Foyle.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Tenth February 1866

My Dear Lover.

The Blush[†1] is not yet published, and I enclose Proof for your correction.

I fear the enclosed MS is not strong enough, put side by side with the tremendous realities of the late storms.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Lover Esquire

To THE EDITOR, *UNIVERSALIST* NEWSPAPER, [?MID-FEBRUARY 1866]

Mention in *To* Terry, 21 Feb. *Date:* probably written earlier in same month.

To F. C. BEARD, 16 FEBRUARY 1866

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Sixteenth February 1866

My Dear Frank Beard

When I am in the rare circumstances of being in the least amiss, I am so surrounded on all sides by anxious people — here, at Gad's Hill, and where not — that I don't like you to bear the whole responsibility of my being out of sorts, and don't like them to worry me. Therefore if you don't find me "picking up", and promising to be permanently picking up, next Monday, let us have a conference with some one, and so afterwards go on wheels. I have a notion of Brinton[†1] of Brook Street. Priestley[†2] (for whom I have a great personal liking) once took him to Wills, and no harm came of it. — You see my expectations of another advisor are not exaggerated!

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOSEPH BLAND,[†3] 17 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Brian Lake. *Address:* Mr. Bland | 478 New Oxford Street | W. C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventeenth February 1866

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Bland, and is very sorry that he should have supposed the appointment for this afternoon to have gone off; but he made that mistake, in consequence of not having received the address at which he was to call. He will shortly propose another, but is not at this moment sufficiently certain of his engagements to do so.

To CHARLES KNIGHT,[†1] 17 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS University of Kentucky.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventeenth Feby 1866

My Dear Knight

I am delighted to have your reminder of the 15th. of March.[†2] We have booked it, and look forward to it.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE,[†3] 17 FEBRUARY 1866

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventeenth February | 1866

My Dear Trollope.

I am heartily glad to hear from you. It was such a disagreeable surprise to me to find that you had left London, on the occasion of your last flying visit, without my having seen you, that I have never since got it out of my mind. I felt as if it were my fault (though I don't know how that can have been!), and as if I had somehow been traitorous to the earnest and affectionate regard with which you have inspired me.

The lady's verses[†4] are accepted by that Editorial Potentate, and shall presently appear.

I am not quite well, and am being touched up (or down) by the Doctors. Whether the irritation of mind I have endured pending the discussions of a preposterous Clerical Body called a Convocation,[†5] and whether the weakened hopefulness of mankind which such a dash of the Middle Ages in the color and pattern of 1866 engenders,[†6] may have anything to do with it, I don't know.

What a happy man you must be in having a new house to work at![†7] When it is quite complete and the roc's[†8] egg hung up, I suppose you will get rid of it bodily and turn to at another.

Daily News correspondent,[†1] Novel,[†2] and Hospitality! Enough to do indeed. Perhaps the day *might* be advantageously made longer for such work — or say the Life. And yet I don't know. Like enough we should all do less, if we had time to do more in.

Layard was with us for a couple of days a little while ago, and brought the last report of you — and of your daughter,[†3] who had made a great impression on him. I wish he had had the Keepership of the National Gallery,[†4] for I don't think his Government will hold together through many weeks.[†5]

I wonder whether you thought as highly of Gibson's[†6] art, as the lady did who wrote the verses. I must say that I did *not*, and that I thought it of a mechanical sort, with no great amount of imagination in it. It seemed to me as if he "didn't find me" in that, as the servants say, but only provided me with carved marble, and expected me to furnish myself with as much idea as I could afford.[†7]

My Dear Trollope | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. G. ADAMS, 19 FEBRUARY 1866

Text from N, III, 460.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Nineteenth February 1866

Dear Mr. Adams,

I am thoroughly well pleased to know that my last reading[†8] was so useful to the Institution.[†9]

There is, I am sorry to say, no kind of vacancy here, except for suitable contributors. These are always welcome, always paid for, and always listed by their suitability alone.

I have no faith in the prospering of any periodical addressed to the young ones. The greater should include the less, and a good miscellany for grown people, should have much in it of interest to growing people.

This is not as hopeful a reply to your letter as I could desire to write, but it is the honest truth.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD,[†1] 19 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS David Borowitz.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Nineteenth February 1866

My Dear Hollingshead

Unfortunately my vote is promised to another wretched fellow creature.[†2] The competition of Misery and Pain for these comparatively slight benefits, is most deplorable.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Hollingshead Esquire

To R. M. ROSS,[†3] 19 FEBRUARY 1866

Text in MDGH, III, 226 checked from MS Sotheby's, Oct 1975.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, | KENT.
Monday Nineteenth February 1866

Dear Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter, enclosing a copy of the Resolution passed by the members of the Saint George Club on my last past birthday.

Do me the kindness to assure those friends of mine that I am touched to the heart by their affectionate remembrance, and that I highly esteem it. To have established such relations with readers of my books is a great happiness to me, and one that I hope never to forfeit by being otherwise than manfully and truly in earnest in my vocation.

I am Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

R. M. Ross Esquire

To MRS BROOKFIELD, 20 FEBRUARY 1866

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twentieth February 1866

My Dear Mrs. Brookfield

Having gone through your MS[†1] (which I should have done sooner, but that I have not been very well), I write you these few following words about it. Firstly, with a limited reference to its unsuitability to these pages. Secondly, with a more enlarged reference to the merits of the story itself.

If you will take any part of it and cut it up [†a](in fancy)[†a] into the small portions into which it would have to be divided here for only a month's supply, you will (I think) at once discover the impossibility of publishing it in weekly parts. The scheme of the chapters, the manner of introducing the people, the progress of the interest, the places in which the principal incidents fall, are all hopelessly against it. It would seem as though the story were never coming, and hardly ever moving. There must be a special design, to overcome that specially trying mode of publication; and I cannot better express the difficulty and labor of it than by asking you to turn over any two weekly Nos. of a Tale of Two Cities, or Great Expectations; or Bulwer's story,[†2] or Wilkie Collins's,[†3] or Reade's,[†4] or "At the Bar",[†5] and notice how

patiently and expressly the thing has to be planned for presentation in these fragments, and yet for afterwards fusing together as an uninterrupted whole.

Of the story itself,[†6] I honestly say that I think highly. The style is particularly easy and agreeable — infinitely above ordinary writing — and sometimes reminds me of Mrs. Inchbald at her best.[†7] The characters are remarkably well observed, and with a rare mixture of delicacy and truthfulness. I observe this particularly in the brother and sister,[†8] and in Mrs. Neville.[†9] But it strikes me that you constantly hurry your narrative (and yet without getting on) *by telling it, in a sort of impetuous breathless way, in your own person when the people should tell it and act it for themselves.* My notion always is, that when I have made the people to play out the play, it is, as it were, their business to do it, and not mine. Then, unless you really have led up to a great situation like Basil's death, you are bound in art to make more of it. Such a scene should form a chapter of itself.[†10] Impressed upon the reader's

memory, it would go far to make the fortune of the book. Suppose yourself telling that affecting incident in a letter to a friend. Wouldn't you describe how you went through the life and stir of the streets and roads, to the sick-room? Wouldn't you say what kind of room it was, what time of day it was, whether it was sunlight, starlight, or moonlight? Wouldn't you have a strong impression on your mind of how you were received, when you first met the look of the dying man, what strange contrasts were about you and struck you?[†1] I don't want you, in a novel, to present *yourself* to tell such things, but I want the things to be there. You make no more of the situation than an index might, or a descriptive playbill might in giving a summary of the Tragedy under representation.

As a mere piece of mechanical workmanship, I think all your chapters should be shorter; that is to say, that they should be subdivided. Also, when you change from narrative to dialogue, or vice versâ you should make the transition more carefully. Also, taking the pains to sit down and recall the principal landmarks in your story, you should then make them far more elaborate and conspicuous than the rest. Even with these changes I do not believe that the story would attract the attention due to it, if it were published even in such monthly portions as the space of Fraser[†2] would admit of. Even so brightened, it would not, to the best of my judgment, express itself piecemeal. It seems to me to be so constituted as to require to be read "off the reel." As a book in two volumes, I think it would have good claims to success,[†3] and good chances of obtaining success. But I suppose the polishing I have hinted at (not a meretricious adornment, but positively necessary to good work and good art) to have been first thoroughly administered.

Now don't hate me if you can help it.

Ever very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The MS shall be delivered at your house tomorrow. And your petitioner again prays not to be &c.

To THOMAS HEADLAND, 21 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Wednesday Twenty First February 1866

My Dear Headland.

Can you remember the names of the Agents we employed for the Readings, at Liverpool,[†4] Cheltenham,[†5] and Glasgow?[†6] I think the Liverpool name was Hime,

and the Glasgow name Wood. Is that right? Of the Cheltenham name I have no remembrance whatever.

Alfred went out in the London, that unfortunate ship.[†1] He was in the Bush, learning stock Farming, when he last wrote. Frank has, so far, done extremely well in India, and has a very high character. They have both asked to be remembered to you.

I hope you are doing well; and am always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES E. TERRY,[†2] 21 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty First February 1866

My Dear Sir

I entreat you to accept my cordial thanks, both for your letter to me and for your letter to the Universalist newspaper.[†3] I have addressed a few words (as you will probably know before you receive this) to the Editor of that journal,[†4] in refutation of a most monstrous assertion[†5] which I hope may now become self-evident.

With renewed thanks
Believe me My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles E. Terry Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 23 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Morgan Library.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park, W.
Friday Twenty Third February 1866.

My Dearest Macready.

Would next month, March, be a good time for the Morning Reading and an Evening Reading at Cheltenham?[†6]

The local agents on the last occasion were Messrs. Hale[†7] and Son. Are they people of good repute, or are there any better in their line? Would you ascertain from them the best morning and the best evening in the week for such a purpose — on which the room where I read before, could be had?

I have abandoned the idea of leasing myself out, because I have been unwell! I have been, and still am, really unwell!!! The cause of this phenomonon is

pronounced to be "great irritability of the heart". Rest is enjoined, but an occasional Reading rather encouraged than objected to.

With best love to all your house
Ever My Dear Macready | Most affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Wills would represent Headland in checking the local people, and being acting Manager for me. As I read Copperfield in the morning last time, I think I would read it in the evening this time, along with the Trial from Pickwick. In the morning, Little Dombey.

To MRS BENZON, 27 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Mrs Miriam Green.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W.
Tuesday Twenty Seventh February 1866

My Dear Mrs. Benzon.

We took possession here, only yesterday; Mary indeed, has not yet done so.

Unfortunately, besides that I am not at all well at this present writing, I have an engagement for Sunday, if I should be up to keeping it. Your kind invitation therefore, finds me doubly down.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To [T. R. EELES],[†1] 27 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS R. W. Hansen

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Seventh February 1866

Dear Sir

Be so good as to bind these 2 Readings *separately* according to the pattern sent herewith, and to let me have them at your earliest convenience.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Morgan Library.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W.
Tuesday Twenty Seventh February 1866

My Dearest Macready.

Many thanks for your ready help. Wills has written to Hale[†2] and Son by this post, and takes the Friday evening and the Saturday morning.

My love to Katie, and "Retribution" (which I have called Nemesis)[†1] is at the Printer's. I am not *quite* clear about the other, but am perfectly clear concerning the power and passion of the first. — Will reconsider the second.[†2]

My young friend that is to be,[†3] has struck out a riddle that he will never get an answer to on this side of the dim water!

With kindest love to all | Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 28 FEBRUARY 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 St. James's Place.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park W.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth February 1866

My Dear George Russell

I most heartily congratulate you upon your happiness,[†4] and believe me my Dear fellow I am touched by the manner in which you tell me of it, and am proud of being so soon remembered in it.

At any time on Sunday here, or at any time on Monday at the Office, or at any time on Wednesday anywhere, I shall be charmed to be presented to the lady whom I hope to call my friend through many years to come. — I hope she will be a little prepared to like me, in right of my love for her husband.

Pray tell me when and where I shall hold myself at your disposal, to be so honored.

Ever Heartily and Faithfully | Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To E. A. HART,[†5] LATE FEBRUARY 1866

Text from *The Times*, 5 Mar 66. *Date:* during the week before the meeting of Sat. 3 Mar (see below).

My Dear Sir,

An annual engagement,[†6] which I cannot possibly forego, will prevent my attending next Saturday's meeting,[†7] and, consequently, my seconding the resolution to be intrusted to me for that purpose.[†8] My knowledge of the general

condition of the sick poor in workhouses is not of yesterday, nor are my efforts, in my vocation, to call merciful attention to it.[†1] Few anomalies in the land are so horrible to me as the unchecked existence of many shameful sick wards for paupers, side by side with a constantly recurring expansion of conventional wonder that the poor should creep into corners to die rather than fester and rot in such infamous places.[†2] You know what they are,[†3] and have manfully told what they are, to the awakening at last it would seem, of rather more than seven distinguished sleepers.[†4] If any subscription should be opened to advance the objects of the association, do me the kindness to set me down for 20*l.*[†5]

My dear Sir, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Ernest Hart Esq.

March

To ROBERT CROMPTON,[†6] 1 MARCH 1866

MS Miss Mabel Crompton.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday First March 1866.

Dear Sir,

I am much gratified by the earnestness of your letter and I most readily accept your proffered Dedication.[†7]

As you are so considerate as to consult me in reference to its terms, I beg to reply that the briefer and simpler they are, the more acceptable they will be to me.[†8]

Dear Sir | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Crompton Esquire

To MRS ELLIOT, 2 MARCH 1866

Extract in Goodspeed's Bookshop catalogue No. 293 (Jan 1938); *MS* 2 pp.; dated 2 Mar 66. Mention of same letter in American Book-Prices Current, 1937-8 gives some more information. Dated from 6 Southwick Place, on *AYR* paper.

My dear F.[†1]
... I have not yet decided upon going to Bristol at all, as I am wavering between doing a few readings with my own people or selling myself, Faust-like, for thirty readings to a large London house.[†2] In health and spirits I am greatly better, thank God; in short almost myself.... As to my romance[†3] it belongs to my life and probably will only die out of the same with the proprietor.

To MESSRS CLOWES & SON, 5 MARCH 1866*

MS Private.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W | Monday Fifth March 1866.

My Dear Sirs

Will you have the kindness to print the accompanying Reading for me, like the others just now done, and to send me the Proofs here for correction.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Clowes & Son

To GEORGE RUSSELL'S "COUSIN H", 5 MARCH 1866

Mention in next.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 5 MARCH 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 7 Beaufort Gardens.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park W
Monday Evening, Fifth March 1866

My Dear George

"Monday the 12th. and that day at 12". According to this elaborate extract from your last, expect me at 7 Beaufort Gardens.

It is a dreadful position — but what can be done concerning your dear Cousin H?[†4] The watches of the night were at odds with those of the morning which was which,[†5] when, in the dim dawn of this Monday, arrived a weary groom, haggard with orders not to leave this unpretending structure (No. 6) until its temporary master under his hand answered a fearful note he brought. This terrible dispatch (of a jocosely mysterious character) referred to your approaching change of condition,[†6] and said in effect:

"Name the day for dining with G. R. and his other Soul, here". After an interval of mental agony in which I turned grey — as

you will see — I feebly and bestially replied in my weakness, — "I" — Ha ha ha! — "I am waiting for a letter from George, making another engagement. When that is settled, I will write to you again". — What is *now* to be done? After dispatching this note, I shall send my man round to the stable for a few straws, and will play with them until I receive your reply to this staggering question:—

It's not *my* fault. *I* have not made myself happy and the envy of mankind, as *my* recompense for the sacrifice:— If *I* go, will *you* go?

Distractedly Yours

CD.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 6 MARCH 1866*

MS Private.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park W | Tuesday Sixth March 1866

Please to deliver to the Bearer for me, two copies of the Little Dombey Reading.

CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR CHAPPELL,[†1] 6 MARCH 1866†

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park W. | Tuesday Sixth March 1866

My Dear Sir

I enclose you my acceptance of the terms.[†2] I have (to prevent any mistake) added a few words about my two people, whom I presume you will pay at just the same rate as poor Arthur Smith allowed them. (They had a fixed sum per week, each, in travelling, and boarded and lodged themselves). One of them has been in my service six and twenty years.[†3] They are both zealous, quick, and well accustomed to the work; and will be generally available at night in any capacity of trust. They have been used to take charge of all the luggage. I may mention while I think of it that Mr. Townsend[†4] shall have a packet of my

personal cards. He will find them very useful with Railway-officials, in obtaining many facilities.

I shall be out of town on this next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

If you should happen to be disengaged on Sunday, will you join our family dinner here at 1/2 past 6 precisely? It would give my daughter and myself much pleasure.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CHAPPELL & CO., [?EARLY MARCH 1866]

Summary in George Dolby, *CD as I Knew him,* p. 5. *Date:* probably soon after *To* Chappell, 6 Mar.

He hoped Mr Dolby was a man of resources, otherwise he would find considerable pressure put upon him, and the same difficulties would present themselves as had caused the abandonment of the Readings for three years.[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY MARCH 1866]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 700-701. *Date:* end of Feb 66 according to Forster, but clearly shortly after accepting Chappell's terms on 6 Mar, and the month of his readings at Cheltenham on 23 and 24 Mar (see below).

For some time I have been very unwell. F. B. wrote me word that with such a pulse as I described, an examination of the heart was absolutely necessary. "Want of muscular power in the heart," B. said. "Only remarkable irritability of the heart," said Doctor Brinton of Brook-street, who had been called into consultation. I was not disconcerted; for I knew well beforehand that the effect could not possibly be without the one cause at the bottom of it, of some degeneration of some function of the heart. Of course I am not so foolish as to suppose that all my work can have been achieved without *some* penalty, and I have noticed for some time a decided change in my buoyancy and hopefulness — in other words, in my usual "tone." But tonics have already brought me round. So I have accepted an offer, from Chappells of Bond-street, of £50 a night for thirty nights to read "in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Paris", they undertaking all the business, paying all personal expenses, travelling and otherwise, of myself, John and my gasman; and making what they can of it. I begin, I believe, in Liverpool on the Thursday in Easter week, and then come to London. I am going to read at Cheltenham (on my own account) on the 23rd and 24th of this month,[†2] staying with Macready of course.

To THE SECRETARY, ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES,[†1] [?7 MARCH 1866]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To H. G. ADAMS, 7 MARCH 1866

Text from N, III, 464.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park, London, W.
Wednesday Seventh March 1866

Dear Mr Adams,

I have lost sight of the Incurables Hospital for some time; but when it was originated I twice presided for it,[†2] and did my best to set it a-going. I have written to the Secretary strongly recommending yourself and Mrs Adams.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LADY HARRINGTON,[†4] 7 MARCH 1866*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park
Wednesday Seventh March 1866

My Dear Lady Harrington

I am sorry to reply that I must deny myself the pleasure. I am engaged to George[†5] for Monday the 12th. and I am obliged to dine out on Thursday the 15th. Both these engagements (the second the birthday of an old man)[†6] are opposed to the strict injunction of my doctor. I have been very unwell, and have 30 Readings before me, or I wouldn't mind him!

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To EDMUND YATES, 7 MARCH 1866

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park W
Wednesday Seventh March 1866

My Dear Edmund.

I have read up "Land at Last",[†7] from the point where we settled it on the occasion of that Cobham walk. Perhaps I cannot better express what I think of

its execution than by saying honestly, that all the things in the book the most difficult to do, are the best done.

IF[†1] I could make the necessary opening in A.Y.R. could you tell me any broad leading idea of a story in your mind? And could you follow FitzGerald, IF[†1] I could strike in for you at that point?[†2]

I am going away in the morning, until Sunday only.

Ever
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 8 MARCH 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park W
Thursday Eighth March 1866

My Dear Ouvry

We have come to town until the middle of June.

The Enclosed cheque[†3] is due when dated:— on the 10th. I send it now, as I am going to day into the country until Sunday.

I have just sold myself to the Powers of Evil, for 30 readings:— some in London at St. James's Hall, after Easter. If you would ever like to come and hear David Copperfield (the best) or Doctor Marigold (the newest), I shall be delighted by your giving me notice.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [11 MARCH 1866]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 701. *Date:* 11 Mar 66, according to Forster.

As to the readings, all I have to do is, to take in my book and read, at the appointed place and hour, and come out again. All the business of every kind, is done by Chappells.[†4] They take John and my other man, merely for my

convenience. I have no more to do with any detail whatever, than you have. They transact all the business at their own cost, and on their own responsibility. I think they are disposed to do it in a very good spirit, because, whereas the original proposition was for thirty readings "in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Paris," they wrote out their agreement "in London, the Provinces, or elsewhere *as you and we may agree*." For this they pay £1500 in three sums: £500 on beginning, £500 on the fifteenth reading, £500 at the close. Every charge of every kind, they pay besides. I rely for mere curiosity on *Doctor Marigold* (I am going to begin with him in Liverpool, and at St. James's Hall). I have got him up with immense pains, and should like to give you a notion what I am going to do with him.

To ROBERT BROWNING,[†1] 12 MARCH 1866

Text from MDGH, III, 227.

6, Southwick Place, Hyde Park
Monday, 12th March, 1866

My Dear Browning,

Will you dine here next Sunday at half-past six punctually, instead of with Forster? I am going to read Thirty times, in London and elsewhere, and as I am coming out with "Doctor Marigold," I had written

to ask Forster to come on Sunday and hear me sketch him.[†2] Forster says (with his own boldness) that he is sure it would not bore you to have that taste of his quality after dinner. I should be delighted if this should prove true. But I give warning that in that case I shall exact a promise from you to come to St. James's Hall one evening in April or May, and hear "David Copperfield," my own particular favourite.

Ever affectionately yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 12 MARCH 1866*

MS Morgan Library.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W.
Monday Twelfth March 1866.

My Dearest Macready

We did not forget your last past birthday,[†3] but drank to you most lovingly.

As I am almost myself again, and as my Doctor thinks that Readings on the whole may do me more good than harm, I have sold myself to Chappells of Bond Street for 30. In this number, the Little Go[†4] of Cheltenham does not count: the room being so small. But what does count in my Cheltenham proceedings is this. — Wills has determined (partly that he may have assurance

of there being nothing amiss with me, and partly that our All The Year Round business may go on as usual without check) to accompany me everywhere. It is very good of him, and I should not like altogether to desert him in any place. Therefore, while I come to you each day, I will ask your leave to have my bedroom at the Inn. He will feel the little grace, I know, and he is so faithfully attached to me that it is his due. Perhaps you will tell me the name of the best Hotel at leisure. And will you ask Katie if she can let me have another copy of the Bird of Paradise?[†1] I cannot imagine when, where, or how, I have mislaid the first. But I cannot put my hand upon it, high or low.

Do you mean to make acquaintance with Little Dombey? It is so difficult, even after all these repetitions, to read aloud with composure, that I have to day begun to go into training, to harden myself to it.

I purpose coming down on the Thursday, in time to dine with you that day. And am, with much love from Self and Co. to you and yours

Ever Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR CHAPMAN,[†2] 13 MARCH 1866*

MS Salisbury House Library, Iowa.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth March 1866

Dear Sir

I have been absent, or your note should have been immediately answered.

If it will suit your convenience to call at the office of All The Year Round, on Friday between 12 and 2, I should be happy to see you.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Chapman

To CHARLES KENT, 13 MARCH 1866*

MS Lauriat Lane, Jr.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W
Tuesday Thirteenth March 1866

My Dear Kent

Can you come in here on Sunday Evening at halfpast 8, and hear me sketch my Reading of Doctor Marigold, for the edification of Forster, Fechter, and ourselves?

Affecy Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS MORRISON,[†1] 13 MARCH 1866*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Private

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth March 1866

Dear Madam

I of course receive your interesting letter in confidence.[†2]

My condemnation cannot in strict reason, I think, be considered so indiscriminate as you would make it, for I purposely used the word "many", in referring to bad sick wards in work houses, so that there should remain an outer margin for the good.[†3] The Vestry of the Parish of Saint Swiffins[†4] describe themselves through their own words and acts, and the responsibility of *that* description is their own.

For some months to come, I shall have so many engagements out of London, that I cannot at present contemplate a visit to your charge. But I am very glad to have the assurance I derive from your communication, that you administer it in the best spirit.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Morrison

To DR CHAPMAN, 16 MARCH 1866

MS F. S. Johnson.

Private

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Sixteenth March 1866

Dear Sir

I have had a conversation (of course in confidence) with Mr Wills on the subject of your visit, since you left here today. It is, I regret to assure you, altogether of my opinion that your projected application[†5] would be hopeless.[†6]

Under these circumstances we would both strongly recommend you not to make it.

I beg to enclose the two papers you desired to be returned, and am
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr Chapman

To JOHN CROKER BARROW,[†1] [19 MARCH 1866]

Envelope only, MS Professor Harry Stone. *Address:* John Croker Barrow Esquire | 9 Clarendon Terrace | Ramsgate. PM 19 Mar 66.

To LADY HOUGHTON, 21 MARCH 1866*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Address:* The | Lady Houghton | Fryston Hall | Ferrybridge | Yorkshire

9 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W.
Wednesday Twenty First March 1866

Dear Lady Houghton

I send you many thanks for your kind remembrance and invitation. But unfortunately I shall have no time at my own disposal, pending the fulfilment of the engagements which will take me into the North. They so cross and recross each other, that it will be as much as I can do to produce myself at my various destinations, — not to mention my having to turn up every now and then in London, as a matter of course,

under the most surprising Express circumstances. My acknowledgments to you and Lord Houghton are none the less genuine, believe me.

Trusting that your health may be greatly improved, and that I may have the pleasure of hearing your own testimony to that effect in London here,

I am always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lady Houghton

I am wearying for bright colour in the sunshine.

To MESSRS WILLIAM SKINNER & CO.[†2] 21 MARCH 1866*

MS P. J. Radford.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park.
Thursday Twenty First March 1866

Messrs. Skinner and Co.

Please to make my son Mr. Sydney Smith Dickens R.N. a suit of clothes agreeable to his directions. And a white waistcoat.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 23 MARCH 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

Plough Hotel, Cheltenham
Friday Twenty Third March 1866

My Dearest Georgy.

We arrived here quite prosperously, exactly to our time. The local agents are singularly dull and uncommunicative (so Wills reports), but the room seems to be nearly all stalls, both tonight and tomorrow morning. An excellent hotel and good rooms.

I am sorry to report Macready *greatly aged,* and with bronchitis on him. Johnny[†1] much too tall — listless — and evidently consumptive. Katie, shrunken from her plump condition, and depressed. The "baby"[†2] a fine little fellow, and a capital child — really a child, and not like the Macready children of old. With great difficulty I persuaded Macready (who has not been out for some time) to bring Mrs. M, Katie, and Johnny, to supper here, after tonight's reading. He brightened up wonderfully, in the course of a long talk, but it is a sad truth that he has aged exceedingly.

Ever Your affectionate
CD.

I had No Collars[†3] in the Portmanteau. The faithful Wills plunged out of bed this morning, and bought Six.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT,[†4] 27 MARCH 1866*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W.
Tuesday Twenty Seventh March 1866

My Dear Cartwright

I will call for you tomorrow at 10 minutes past 6.

Faithfully yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EDITOR OF THE *ATHENÆUM,*[†5] 28 MARCH 1866

Facsimile of p. 1 (*aa*) in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. 79 (Jan 1939); remainder of text from the *Athenæum*, 31 Mar 66.

[a]GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth March 1866

To The Editor of the Athenæum
Sir

As the Author of the Pickwick Papers (and of one or two other books), I send

you a few facts, and no comments, having reference to a letter signed R Seymour,[†1] which in your editorial discretion you published last week.[†2]

Mr. Seymour the Artist never originated, suggested, or in any way had to do with, save as illustrator of what I devised, an incident, a character (except the sporting tastes of Mr. Winkle), a name, a phrase, or a word, to be found in the Pickwick Papers.

I never saw Mr. Seymour's hand-writing, I believe, in my life.

I never even saw Mr. Seymour but once in my life, and that was within eight and forty hours of his untimely death.[†3] Two persons, both still living, were present on that short occasion.[a†4]

Mr. Seymour died when only the first twenty-four printed pages of the "Pickwick Papers" were published; I think before the next [†b]three or four pages[†b] were completely written; I am sure before one subsequent line of the book was invented.

In the Preface to the Cheap Edition of the "Pickwick Papers," published in October, 1847, I thus described the origin of that work: "I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose something that should be published in shilling numbers — then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life. The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour, and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although

born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; and that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected M. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations and remained so to the end."

In July 1849, some incoherent assertions made by the widow of Mr. Seymour, in the course of certain endeavours of hers to raise money,[†1] induced me to address a letter to Mr. Edward Chapman, then the only surviving business-partner in the original firm of Chapman and Hall, who first published the "Pickwick Papers," requesting him to inform me whether the foregoing statement was correct.

In Mr. Chapman's confirmatory answer, immediately written, he reminded me that I had given Mr. Seymour more credit than was his due. "As this letter is to be historical," he said, "I may as well claim what little belongs to me in the matter, and that is, the figure of Pickwick. Seymour's first sketch," made from the proof of my first chapter, "was of a long thin man. The present immortal one he made from my description of a friend of mine at Richmond."[†2]

CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM CULLENFORD,[†3] 29 MARCH 1866*

MS Royal General Theatrical Fund. *Address:* William Cullenford Esquire | Theatre Royal Haymarket | S.W.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W.
Twenty Ninth March 1866

Dear Mr. Cullenford.

I enclose you Sir Anthony de Rothschild's[†4] cheque.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 31 MARCH 1866*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirty First March 1866

My Dear Sir

I am truly sorry to receive your sad intelligence, and condole with you in your bereavement[†1] with heartfelt sympathy.

It quite concerns me that you should have thought of my business at such a time.[†2]

Hard as it seems to believe so now, Life and Hope are before you; and even in the remembrance of so quiet a death, God already gives you some comfort.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

April

To THE EDITOR OF THE *ATHENÆUM,* 3 APRIL 1866

Text from the *Athenæum,* 7 Apr 66.

There is a verbal mistake in the letter I addressed to you last week, as it is printed in your journal. In the fifth paragraph, the passage "I think, before the next *three or four* pages were completely written," should stand "I think, before the next *twenty-four* pages were completely written."

CHARLES DICKENS

To ROBERT PUZEY,[†3] 3 APRIL 1866

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park | Tuesday Third April 1866

Dear Sir

Your obliging note[†4] has been forwarded to me at this London address. As I have a house here only for the season, and my Library is at my own house in the country, I reply to it, without reference to the original edition of the Pickwick Papers. But I cannot accept your corrections notwithstanding.

The first and the second No. of the Pickwick Papers contained each what is technically called a sheet and a half. Such a sheet of paper folded into such a page *must* fold into 16 pages. Each of those Nos. must have contained 24 pages, neither more nor less, and the two together cannot possibly have contained 50.

You do not distinguish the difference between what is wholly or partly

written — or what is wholly or partly printed — and what is *published.* Mr. Seymour shot himself before the second No. of the Pickwick Papers (not the third as you would have it) was *published.* While he lay dead, it was necessary that search should be made in his working-room for the plates to the second No. the day for the publication of which was then drawing on. The plates were found unfinished, with their faces turned to the wall. It was Mr. Chapman who found them and brought them away.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robt. Puzey Esquire

To WILLIAM LONGMAN,[†1] [4 APRIL 1866]

Envelope only (MS Private). *Address:* William Longman Esquire | Paternoster Row | E. C.
PM 4 Apr 66.

To BENJAMIN NEAVE,[†2] 4 APRIL 1866*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Benjamin Neave Esqre. | 5 Highbury Grange | N.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park, W. | Wednesday Fourth April 1866.

Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to inform you that Mrs Alfred L Dickens[†3] is the widow of a deceased brother of mine,[†4] and that I have not the slightest doubt of her responsibility and punctuality as tenant of your house[†5] at £37 per year.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Benjamin Neave Esqre.

To JOHN THOMPSON, [?4 APRIL 1866]*

MS Dr Malcolm Andrews. *Date:* probably shortly before the first reading tour managed by Chappells (10 Apr-12 June), when they would be preparing publicity; perhaps Wed 4 Apr, when he also wrote from 6 Southwick Place.

6 Southwick Place | Wednesday Morning

John. Mr Chappell wants at least one bill of an old Reading. If you have not got one, perhaps Mr Johnson the Printer[†6] can give or lend you one. One is wanted, somehow or other, immediately.

CHARLES DICKENS

To J. C. PARKINSON, [?EARLY APRIL 1866]

Extract in Percy Fitzgerald, *Memories of CD,* 1913, p. 322. *Date:* Five papers by Parkinson appeared in *AYR,* Apr-June 66, including "Derby Dregs" (see below); CD was probably writing early in Apr.

I think all the subjects good.[†1] "The Derby"[†2] seems to me the least promising, but I may not catch it from your point of view.[†3]

To JOHN BLACKWOOD,[†4] 7 APRIL 1866*

MS Harold Mortlake & Co.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park | Seventh April 1866.

My Dear Blackwood

I am heartily obliged to you for your friendly remembrance. Unfortunately, I shall have no open day, no open hour, in Edinburgh; for besides the usual wear and tear of the Readings, I shall be kept in a state of dizzy oscillation between Edinburgh and Glasgow. But I do not thank Mrs Blackwood[†5] or you, the less. I hope you will let me see you in the Retiring-Den.

The trip will be such a whirl, that I shall leave my daughter at home. She begs her kindest regard to Mrs Blackwood and yourself, in which I join.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Blackwood Esquire

To BENSON RATHBONE,[†6] 7 APRIL 1866*

MS Myers & Co.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park London
Saturday Seventh April 1866

My Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to Mrs Rathbone and you for your hospitable remembrance of me, and beg you both to accept my cordial thanks for it. But there is so much of wear and tear in those readings and travellings, that, whenever I undertake them, I deny myself all personal pleasure, and never make a visit, however

strongly disposed. I find this Spartan conduct to be the only means of preserving voice and undivided attention.

Heroically Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Benson Rathbone Esquire

To MRS GORDON,[†1] 8 APRIL 1866*

MS New York Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Eighth April 1866

My Dear Mrs. Gordon

I have been away — getting myself into training for thirty Readings (for I have not been quite well lately), and am only now in receipt of your letter. As I shall not be in London until Tuesday, when I read, and as I leave for Liverpool early on Wednesday morning, I write to you at once, instead of coming to see you as I should otherwise have done.

I regret to assure you that I am in fetters as to the Governesses Institution.[†2] Every year, I vote for the same lady. Every year, she doesn't get in. Until she or the Institution is tired of the failure, my promised vote must remain a part of it.

As I am to be in Edinburgh in the week after this next, I shall take your address there with me, and shall try to see you, in the event of your having by that time returned. In the meanwhile Mary and Georgina charge me with their kindest regard, to which I add my own.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS STANFIELD,[†3] 9 APRIL 1866*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Monday Ninth April 1866

My Dear Mrs. Stanfield

I receive your kind note here only this morning, and am heartily glad to get it, and cordially thank you for it.

Unfortunately, I cannot get to Hampstead, before the Pictures go in,[†4] for this reason. — Today, I am obliged to go 20 miles from town.[†5] Tomorrow, I come back, and read at St. James's Hall (for the first time) a very difficult reading.[†6] On

Wednesday morning early, I go to Liverpool, to read there the same night. Then, to Manchester. Then, back to Liverpool. Then, on to Edinburgh and Glasgow. I have just sold myself (rather in the Faust way!) for 30 readings, and these rapid movements are the result.

But I send my dear love to Stanfield,[†1] and will come to see him, the moment I draw breath. I heard of your having moved,[†2] and should have come before, but that since I finished my book in the Autumn, I have been very unwell with "Irritability of the heart", and have gone nowhere. As you may infer from my present intentions, I am now coming out again!

I was with Macready at Cheltenham, the week before last. He talked much of Stanfield. He is troubled with bronchitis, but is otherwise not much older. His little boy, the child of the present Mrs. Macready (a really charming woman) is a capital little fellow. And I had my doubts, between ourselves, whether there was not some prospect of another addition to the family party.[†3]

Believe me Ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FELIX MOSCHELES, 12 APRIL 1866*

MS Mrs Danby.

Liverpool, Thursday Twelfth April 1866

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry that I was so very hard pressed before leaving town last Wednesday morning, that I could not by any means come to you to see the Dombey picture.[†4] But you may rely on my bestowing on it all possible interest and attention when it is hung.

In haste — | Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Felix Moscheles Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 13 APRIL 1866†

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

Adelphi, Liverpool | Friday Thirteenth April 1866

[

]†5

The reception at Manchester last night was quite a magnificent sight; the whole of the immense audience standing up and cheering.†6 I thought them

a little slow with Marigold, but believe it was only the attention necessary in so vast a place. They gave a splendid burst at the end. And after Nickleby (which went to perfection)†1 they set up such a call, that I was obliged to go in again. The unfortunate gas man,†2 a very steady fellow, got a fall off a ladder and sprained his leg. He was put to bed in a public house opposite, and was left there, poor man.
[

]†3

†aWe leave here at 2 on Monday afternoon for Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow: which we reach, I believe, at about 10 that night. The Edinburgh address is the Waterloo Hotel.†a This is the first very fine day we have had. I have taken advantage of it by crossing to Birkenhead and getting some air upon the water. It was fresh and beautiful.

I send my best love to Mamie and hope she is better. I am of course tired (the pull of Marigold upon one's energy, in the Free Trade Hall, was great), but I stick to my tonic and feel, all things considered, in very good tone. The room here (I mean the Hall) being my special favorite and extraordinarily easy, is *almost* a rest!

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 14 APRIL 1866

Text from MDGH, II, 252-53.

Adelphi, Liverpool | Saturday, April 14th, 1866

My Dearest Mamie,

The police reported officially that three thousand people were turned away from the hall last night.†4 I doubt if they were so numerous as that, but they carried in the outer doors and pitched into Dolby†5 with great vigour. I need not

add that every corner of the place was crammed. They were a very fine audience, and took enthusiastically every point in "Copperfield" and the "Trial." They made the reading a quarter of an hour longer than usual. One man advertised in the morning paper that he would give thirty shillings (double) for three stalls, but nobody would sell, and he didn't get in.

Except that I cannot sleep, I really think myself in much better training than I had anticipated. A dozen oysters and a little champagne between the parts every night, constitute the best restorative I have ever yet tried. John appears low, but I don't know why. A letter comes for him daily; the hand is female; whether Smudger's,[†1] or a nearer one still and a dearer one, I don't know. So it may or may not be the cause of his gloom.

"Miss Emily"[†1] of Preston is married to a rich cotton lord, rides in open carriages in gorgeous array, and is altogether splendid. With this effective piece of news I close.

[Ever your most affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS][†2]

To R. J. GREENE,[†3] 14 APRIL 1866

Extract in N, II, 466.

Liverpool | 14th April, 1866

I decidedly object to the sale of any letter or letters of mine addressed to the late Lady Blessington.[†4] They were written in the confidence of private friendship, and cannot be sold without a breach of confidence and violation of good faith.

To THE COUNTESS RUSSELL, 17 APRIL 1866

Extract in Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell, *Lady John Russell*, 1910, p. 205.

My Dear Lady Russell,

... In sending my kindest regards to Lord Russell, let me congratulate you on the culminating victory before him, and on the faith and constancy with which the country carries him in its great heart. I have never felt so certain of any public event as I have been from the first that the national honour would feel itself stung to the quick if he were in danger of being deserted.[†5]

Dear Lady Russell, | Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 APRIL 1866†

MS Huntington Library.

Glasgow | Seventeenth April, 1866

My Dearest Georgy.

We arrived here (except Wills who went up to Brighton and came back in the night last night)[†1] at 10 yesterday evening. I don't think the journey shook me at all. Dolby provided a superb cold collation and "the best of drinks", and we dined in the carriage, and I made him laugh all the way.

The Let here is very large. Over 400 stalls sold for each night — all the twos sold — and great rush of ones expected. Every precaution taken to prevent my platform from being captured as it was last time;[†2] but I don't feel at all sure that it will not be stormed at one of the two readings.[†3] Wills is to do the genteel tonight at the Stalls, and Dolby is to stem the shilling tide *if* he can. The poor gasman cannot come on,[†4] and we have got a new one here who is to go to Edinburgh with us. All signs and portents look like a rush here. Of Edinburgh we know nothing, but as its first night has always been shady, I suppose it will stick to its antecedents. [†a]Applications for Readings pour in from all parts of Scotland.

This morning I had a most dismal letter from Fechter who has no ease "ni du corps, ni du cœur", and who expresses his hope that I will not desert him![†5] As I have asked him to come and dine on Sunday at 6, I should like Mary to ask Madame to come too. Of my projected arrival from Edinburgh at about 5 on Sunday morning, I will write tomorrow or next day.[†a]

I like to hear about Harness and his freshness. The Let for the next reading at St. James's is "going" — they report — "admirably". Lady Russell asked me to dinner tomorrow, and I have written her a note today. The rest has certainly done me good. I slept thoroughly well last night, and feel fresh. What tonight's work, and every night's work this week, may do contrariwise, remains to be seen. [†a]You remember Sir Charles Styles[†6] at Lausanne? Think of *his* turning up, as living at Bath,[†7] and inviting me to stay with him "on my approaching visit to that city to read" — which I hope there is no chance of my visiting in my life for any such purpose.[†8]

I may as well clear the enclosed bill out of my writing-desk, by sending it to you.[†a] I hope Harry's knee may be in the way of mending, from what you relate of it. [†a]My best love to Mamie. Also to the boys.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

As an instance of that part of St. James's Hall which it is impossible to touch, — the Priestleys[†1] (Wills says), I think on the 19th row of stalls, could not hear; while the people behind them, and before them, were driving them mad by hearing perfectly. So on the 8th. row at the Crystal Palace the Music is all confused. On the 7th. and the 9th. all right.[†a]

To CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNS,[†2] 17 APRIL 1866*

MS Dickens House.

Glasgow, | Tuesday Seventeenth April | 1866.

My Dear Wren Hoskyns.

Your letter finds me reading here, or of course I should have gone to the club[†3] and voted for you. My being away from London has prevented my knowing that your name was up, or I should have underwritten it instantly.

I hope — and believe — that there was no need of either service, and that you came in with flying colors.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Chandos Wren Hoskyns Esquire

To JAMES PAYN,[†4] 17 APRIL 1866

MS Christopher Dickens.

Glasgow, Tuesday Seventeenth April | 1866

My Dear Payn

Your letter finds me reading here, and sheds a genial light upon me. I feel its spirit and its expressions, tenderly, and thankfully reply YES![†5] and with all my heart.[†6]

Affectionately Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

James Payn Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?17 APRIL 1866]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To EDMUND YATES, 17 APRIL 1866

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Tuesday Seventeenth April 1866

My Dear E. Y.

I hope the enclosed[†1] may be about the best sort of letter for you to use. You are free, of course, to use it in *any* serviceable way.

I shall be at the Waterloo Hotel Edinburgh, until Saturday Evening. — At St. James's Hall on Tuesday night.

The Flaneur[†2] is very pretty, and has greatly pleased me. The crowds have been enormous. Far ahead of all my previous experience.

Ever Affecy
CD.

To EDWARD DE GEX,[†3] [18 APRIL 1866]

Envelope only, MS Guildhall Museum, Rochester. *Address: Private* | Edward De Gex Esquire | 4 Raymond Buildings | Gray's Inn | London | W.C. PM Edinburgh 18 Apr 66.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 18 APRIL 1866

Extract in MDGH, II, 254-55.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh | Wednesday, April 18th, 1866

We had a tremendous house again last night at Glasgow; and turned away great numbers. Not only that, but they were a most brilliant and delicate audience, and took "Marigold" with a fine sense and quickness not to be surpassed. The shillings pitched into Dolby again, and one man writes a sensible letter in one of the papers this morning, showing to *my* satisfaction (?) that they really had, through the local agent,[†4] some cause of complaint.[†5] Nevertheless, the shilling tickets are sold for to-morrow, and it seems to be out of the question to take any money at the doors, the call for all parts is so enormous. The thundering of applause last night was quite staggering, and my people checked off my reception by the minute hand of a watch, and stared at one another, thinking I should never begin. I keep quite well, have happily taken to sleeping these last three nights; and feel, all things considered, very little conscious of fatigue. I cannot reconcile my town medicine with the hours and journeys of reading life, and have therefore given it up for the time. But for the moment, I think I am

better without it. What we are doing here I have not yet heard. I write at half-past one, and we have been little more than an hour in the house. But I am quite prepared for the inevitable this first Edinburgh night. Endeavours have been made (from Glasgow yesterday) to telegraph the exact facts out of our local agent;[†1] but hydraulic pressure wouldn't have squeezed a straight answer out of him. "Friday and Saturday doing very well, Wednesday not so good." This was all electricity could discover.

I am going to write a line this post to Katie, from whom I have a note. I hope Harry's leg will now step out in the manner of the famous cork leg in the song.[†2]

To MRS CHARLES COLLINS, 18 APRIL 1866

Mention in *To* Mary Dickens, 18 Apr; no doubt written same day.

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 19 APRIL 1866†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 6 Southwick Place | Hyde Park | London | W.

Edinburgh Thursday Nineteenth April | 1866

[†a] My Dearest Georgy

Before going over to Glasgow, I write to you — hurriedly, of course.[†a]

The house was more than twice better than any first night here previously.†3 There was £90 in it. They were, as usual here, remarkably intelligent, and the Reading went *brilliantly.* I have not sent up any Newspapers, as they are generally so poorly written that you may know beforehand all the commonplaces that they will write. But the Scotsman has so pretty an article this morning, and (so far as I know) so true a one,†4 that I will try to post it to you, either from here or Glasgow. John and Dolby went over early, and Wills and I follow them at half past eleven.

†b †b

It is cold and wet here. We have laid half crown bets with Dolby that he will be assaulted to night at Glasgow. He has a surprising knowledge of what the receipts will be always, and wins half crowns every night. Chang†5 is living in this house. John (not knowing it) was rendered perfectly drivelling last night by

meeting him on the stairs. The Tartar Dwarf†1 is always twining himself up stairs sideways, and drinks a bottle of whiskey per day, and is reported to be a surprising little villain.

†cI will write a line to Mamie tomorrow. My best love to her.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.†c

To HENRY GLASSFORD BELL,†2 19 APRIL 1866*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

Royal Hotel Glasgow, Nineteenth April | 1866

My Dear Sir

I am truly sorry to receive the tidings of your sad bereavement,†3 and beg to offer you the assurance of my cordial sympathy.

It may interest you, I hope, to know that I was with Macready at Cheltenham a month ago, and that he hoped I would give you his kindest regard. He suffers from bronchitis, and I found him on the whole much older. But a little talk about the world of occupation and Art which he unquestionably was wrong in excluding himself from, did wonders in the way of reviving his old fire.

Believe me My Dear Sir

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Glassford Bell Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 19 APRIL 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

Glasgow | Thursday Nineteenth April 1866

My Dearest Georgy

In writing to you from Edinburgh this morning, I forgot to tell you that the address to which to send Mitton's tickets is this:

Thomas Mitton Esquire
Lampton
near
Hounslow
W.[†4]

Great precautions being taken here against the crowd tonight. Dolby prepared by *pills*, to defend himself to the last extremity.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 19 APRIL 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

Glasgow | Thursday Nineteenth April | 1866

My Dear Ouvry.

Mrs. Alfred Dickens, widow of a brother of mine (who lives on an income I allow her) has recently taken a London-suburban house[†1] which proves to be alive with bugs. She has written of her griefs to me, and I have told her, if she gets into difficulty with the landlord, to come straight to you for advice.

I am reading here and in Edinburgh, and have come from Liverpool and Manchester. The crowds turned away have been enormous, and far beyond all previous experience.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 20 APRIL 1866

Extract in MDGH, II, 256-57.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh | Friday, April 20th, 1866

No row at Glasgow last night. Great placards were posted about the town by the anxious Dolby, announcing that no money would be taken at the doors. This kept the crowd off. Two files of policemen and a double staff everywhere did the rest, and nothing could be better-tempered or more orderly. Tremendous enthusiasm with the "Carol" and "Trial." I was dead beat afterwards, that reading being

twenty minutes longer than usual; but plucked up again, had some supper, slept well, and am quite right today. It is a bright day, and the express ride over from Glasgow was very pleasant.

Everything is gone here for to-night. But it is difficult to describe what the readings have grown to be. The let at St. James's Hall is not only immense for next Tuesday,[†2] but so large for the next reading afterwards,[†3] that Chappell writes: "That will be the greatest house of the three." From Manchester this morning they write: "Send us more tickets instantly, for we are sold out and don't know what to do with the people." Last night the whole of my money under the agreement had been taken. I notice that a great bank has broken at Liverpool,[†4] which may hurt us there, but when last heard of it was going as before. And the audience, though so enormous, do somehow express a personal affection, which makes them very strange and moving to see.

I have a story to answer you and your aunt with. Before I left Southwick Place for Liverpool, I received a letter from Glasgow, saying, "Your little Emily has been woo'd and married and a'! since you last saw her;"[†5] and describing her house within a mile or two of the city, and asking me to stay there. I wrote the

usual refusal, and supposed Mrs. —— to be some romantic girl whom I had joked with, perhaps at Allison's[†1] or where not. On the first night at Glasgow I received a bouquet from ——, and wore one of the flowers. This morning at the Glasgow station, —— appeared, and proved to be the identical Miss Emily, of whose marriage Dolby had told me on our coming through Preston. She was attired in magnificent raiment, and presented the happy ——.

To CHARLES MATHEWS,[†2] 20 APRIL 1866

MS The Garrick Club.

Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh | Friday Evening Twentieth April | 1866

Dear Sir

I hear that you purpose coming to the Queen Street Hall tomorrow afternoon.[†3] Allow me to assure you that it will give me real pleasure to see you there, and that I heartily wish I could see you elsewhere tonight.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mathews | Esquire

To MRS W. H. WILLS, 20 APRIL 1866

MS Huntington Library.

Edinburgh. Friday Twentieth April | 1866

My Dear Mrs. Wills

As a reminder of my having deprived you of your husband (not that you are likely to need any!) I bring you from Edinburgh, a shepherd's Plaid silk dress, which I shall entrust to his care. When you wear it, forgive me as nearly as you can.

There are 20 yards of the dress, in order that there may be something in the nature of a jacket superadded. At least, I believe that is the intention, but your excellent housewifery will know all about it.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 22 APRIL 1866

Mention in Parke Bernet catalogue, April 1945; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 22 Apr 66; addressed Charles Kent; with envelope.

To MRS LAING,[†1] 23 APRIL 1866*

MS Norwich Public Libraries.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Third April, 1866

My Dear Mrs. Laing

I am happy to find that your heart is still in the work you have so long pursued, and on which you first entered with your late good husband.[†2]

Do not measure the amount of my interest in it, by the brevity of my present reply to your letter. I have work to do elsewhere which will render it impossible for me to attend the dinner.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. P. FRITH,[†4] 24 APRIL 1866*

MS Mr Paul Anthony DeSimone.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W. | Twenty Fourth April | 1866

My Dear Frith

I shall be away, reading, on the day for which you kindly invite me[†5] — and indeed have so much to do, in so many places, that I am obliged to forego all such pleasures this season.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Frith Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 APRIL 1866]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 702. *Date:* from Liverpool, according to Forster; CD arrived there 25 Apr.

It was a terrible shock to me, and poor dear Carlyle[†6] has been in my mind ever since.[†7] How often I have thought of the unfinished novel.[†8] No one now to finish it. None of the writing women come near her at all.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 APRIL 1866†

MS Huntington Library.

Liverpool | Thursday Twenty Sixth April 1866

My Dearest Georgy.

[†a]I write a hurried line before going over to Manchester,[†1] and will write to Mamie tomorrow. We must dine at 7 on Sunday by the bye, for the Sunday train is all day long upon the road and is not due until half past 6.[†a]

We noticed between London and Rugby (the first stoppage), something very odd in our carriage yesterday; not so much in its motion as in its sound. We examined it as well as we could, out of both windows, but could make nothing of it. On our arrival at Rugby, it was found to be on fire! And as it was in the middle of the train, the train had to be broken to get it off into a siding by itself, and get another carriage on. With this slight exception we came down all right.

My voice is much better,[†2] I am glad to report, and I mean to try Beard's remedy after dinner to day. This is all my present news, except that Mr. Desmond Ryan's[†3] Jew-attorney[†4] has bolted with the damages obtained against the Orchestra![†5]

With best love | Ever my Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [27 APRIL] 1866

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 703. *Date:* CD read in Manchester on 26 Apr. *Address:* "his daughter" according to Forster.

Such a prodigious demonstration last night at Manchester, that I was obliged (contrary to my principle in such cases) to go back. I am very tired to-day; for it would be of itself very hard work in that immense place, if there were not to be added eighty miles of railway and late hours to boot.

To SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 28 APRIL 1866

MS Lytton Papers.

Liverpool, Saturday Twenty Eighth April 1866

My Dear Bulwer Lytton

I am reading here,[†1] and have had your letter forwarded from home to day.

Unfortunately I have no copy of the letter to which you refer. It was addressed to the Times, and was published in that paper, on the day after the execution of the Mannings, husband and wife, at Horsemonger Lane Jail.[†2] The date of that execution could be easily found, but I do not remember it.

Ever Yours affectionately

CD.

May

To THE REV. THOMAS HELMORE,[†3] 1 MAY 1866

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* VI, 54; *MS* 1 p.; dated 6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park (on Gad's Hill paper), 1 May 66; addressed The Rev. Thomas Helmore.

To J. T. FIELDS,[†4] 2 MAY 1866

Extract in J. T. Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors,* pp. 158-9; address and date in N, III, 470.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT | 2nd May 1866

Your letter is an excessively difficult one to answer, because I really do not know that any sum of money that could be laid down would induce me to cross the Atlantic to read. Nor do I think it likely that any one on your side of the great water can be prepared to understand the state of the case. For example, I am now just finishing a series of thirty readings. The crowds attending them have been so astounding, and the relish for them has so far outgone all previous experience, that if I were to set myself the task, "I will make such or such a sum of money by devoting myself to readings for a certain time," I should have to go no further than Bond Street or Regent Street, to have it secured to me in a day. Therefore, if a specific offer, and a very large one indeed, were made to me from America, I should naturally ask myself, "Why go through this wear and tear, merely to pluck fruit that grows on every bough at home?" It is a delightful

sensation to move a new people; but I have but to go to Paris, and I find the brightest people in the world quite ready for me. I say thus much in a sort of desperate endeavor to explain myself to you. I can put no price upon fifty readings in America, because I do not know that any possible price could pay me for them. And I really cannot say to any one disposed towards the enterprise, "Tempt me," because I have too strong a misgiving that he cannot in the nature of things do it.

This is the plain truth. If any distinct proposal be submitted to me, I will give it a distinct answer. But the chances are a round thousand to one that the answer will be no, and therefore I feel bound to make the declaration beforehand.

.... This place has been greatly improved since you were here, and we should be heartily glad if you and she[†1] could see it.

Faithfully yours ever,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 3 MAY 1866*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

6 Southwick Place | Thursday Third May 1866

My Dear Dolby

Many thanks to you for so considerately sending my cache-nez[†2] after me.

Wills and I gloomily perceived yesterday as we rode back from Sydenham,[†3] that some roots and spring water would be necessary for us three anchorites tomorrow night after the reading.[†4] We resolved to leave you to decide the question whether our frugal fare should be ordered to be ready for us anywhere at Greenwich, or whether it should be eaten in my Brougham on the way home. *Will* you decide this question, and in any case provide for each of us, a watercress or two, and a crust, and a Temperance-League draught? I am the more interested in the subject as my modest dinner (hazel nuts and an onion) will be eaten as early as 3 o'Clock.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Dolby Esquire

To MISS FORD,[†5] 3 MAY 1866

Text from N, III, 471.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Thursday Third May 1866

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Ford, and regrets that

he must return the accompanying verses; — but solely because he does not think it advisable to return to the subject in these pages.

He can honestly assure Miss Ford that he considers the lines very spirited, but he cannot take upon himself the responsibility of advising her as to her pursuit of a literary career.

To CHARLES KENT, 3 MAY 1866*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University *Address:* W. Charles Kent Esquire | "The Sun" Office.

6 Southwick Place | Thursday Third May 1866

My Dear Kent

I must send you a line to tell you how delighted I have been with your charming Marigold article.[†1] I should have thanked you sooner, but for having been perpetually reading and travelling.

Affecy. Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY MAY 66]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 703. *Date:* "some weeks before the first batch of readings closed", according to Forster; the last reading was in St James's Hall, London, on 12 June; letter probably, therefore, written in early May.

It would be unreasonable to ask anything now on the ground of the extent of the late success, but I am bound to look to myself for the future.[†2] The Chappells are speculators, though of the worthiest and most honourable kind. They make some bad speculations, and have made a very good one in this case, and will set this against those. I told them when we agreed: "I offer these thirty Readings to you at fifty pounds a night, because I know perfectly well beforehand that no one in your business has the least idea of their real worth, and I wish to prove it." The sum taken is £4720.[†3]

To M. R. L. MEASON,[†1] 7 MAY 1866

Mention in Meason *to* CD, 8 May 66 (MS Messrs Farrer & Co.). *Date:* written the day before.[†2]

To SAMUEL CARTRIGHT, 8 MAY 1866*

MS New York Public Library.

6 Southwick Place | Tuesday Eighth May 1866

My Dear Cartwright.

I am truly sorry that I cannot enjoy the pleasure of dining with you on Thursday the 24th. but I read at Portsmouth (my native place) that evening.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Cartwright Esquire

To J. P. HULLAH,[†3] 8 MAY 1866

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park | Tuesday Eighth May 1866

My Dear Hullah

I received your former letter, though not in due course. I have been constantly away, and have been for a few days disabled from writing, through having accidentally hurt my hand.

I am not proud of my share in the Village Coquettes,[†4] and would rather let the songs (the words of the songs, I mean) die quietly, than revive them with the name of their respected parent attached. But if you like to republish them as compositions of yours, making no mention whatever of the ingenious author's name, but leaving him to blush anonymously, you are at perfect liberty to do so.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hullah Esquire

To J. C. PARKINSON, 8 MAY 1866*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park
Tuesday Eighth May, 1866

My Dear Mr. Parkinson

I send you enclosed, my proxies for the Incurables' Hospital.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. Parkinson Esquire

To HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, 9 MAY 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

Clifton,[†1] Bristol | Wednesday Ninth May | 1866.

My Dear Sir

Unfortunately it is not in my power to accept either of your kind invitations. I shall not be at Glasgow (on my way from Aberdeen) until late on the Thursday night; I read there on the Friday; and close an exceptionally fatiguing week by reading at Edinburgh on the Saturday afternoon, and going up to London by the Limited Mail that night.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Glassford Bell Esquire

To H. NYE CHART,[†2] 10 MAY 1866*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

Birmingham, Thursday | Tenth May 1866

Dear Sir

Your letter of yesterday has reached me this morning. Your former letter did come to hand — though not in due course — but I have for some weeks been so constantly travelling and so much occupied, that it escaped my remembrance. I beg you to excuse the omission.

I cannot have the pleasure of sanctioning the production of a dramatic adaptation of my book, "Our Mutual Friend" at Sadlers Wells Theatre. Do

me the favor to assure Mr Nation[†1] that my reply involves no depreciation of the establishment or the company.[†2]

I am Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

H. Nye Chart Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,[†3] [?JANUARY-MAY 1866]

Mention in next. *Date:* CD had probably written earlier in same year.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 11 MAY 1866†

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Professor Robert D. Horn): Miss Hogarth | 6 Southwick Place | Hyde Park | London | W. PM 11 May 66.

Down Hotel Clifton | Friday Eleventh May 1866

My Dearest Georgy

I received your note before I left Birmingham this morning. It has been very heavy work getting up at half-past 6 each morning after a heavy night, and I am not at all well to day. We had a tremendous hall at Birmingham last night — £230 odd — 2,100 people.[†4] I made a most ridiculous mistake. Had Nickleby on my list to finish with, instead of Trial. Read Nickleby with great go, and the people remained.[†5] Went back again at 10, and explained the accident, and said if they liked I would give them the Trial. They *did* like, and I had another half hour of it in that enormous place.

†aWill you tell Mrs Elliot that I cannot (I am sorry to say) address Harpers†6 in the way her man wants. I never addressed them in my life. Moreover I have a rather uneasy wonder why he should want such a thing, remembering that I expressly wrote him a letter calculated to get him a situation, when he went away. Having been so furnished forth, his looking for another letter has a very shy†7 appearance.

I hope to be at home on Monday by 11 or 12, and then to pack the portmanteau. I shall want the carriage at 1, as I must go to the office, having to meet Ouvry on our libel case.†a†1

This stoppage of Overend and Gurney in the City†2 will play the deuce with all public gaieties and with all the Arts. [

]†3

I will try presently to write a line to Chauncy.†4 I have so severe a pain in the ball of my left eye that it makes it hard for me to do any thing after 100 miles shaking since breakfast. My cold is no better, nor my hand either. John fell off a platform about 10 feet high, yesterday, and fainted. He looks all the colors of the rainbow to day, but does not seem much hurt beyond being puffed up one hand, arm, and side.

With kindest love to all | Ever My Dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 MAY 1866]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 704. *Date:* 16 May 66, according to Forster. From Aberdeen.†5

We arrived here safe and sound between 3 and 4 this morning. There was a compartment for the men, and a charming room for ourselves furnished with sofas and easy chairs. We had also a pantry and washing-stand. This carriage is to go about with us.

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 MAY 1866*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | 6 Southwick Place | Hyde Park | London. | W.

Aberdeen, Wednesday Sixteenth May 1866

My Dearest Georgy. We arrived here safe and sound at a quarter before 4 this morning. There was a Saloon carriage for us containing a compartment for the men, and a charming room for ourselves furnished with two large sofas and three easy chairs. We had also a pantry and washing-stand. This carriage is to go about with us, and take us back to King's Cross on *Sunday morning.* Marsh and the Brougham to meet me there, please, at 9..30.

I know nothing about this place (its go,[†1] I mean) but suppose it to be all right — This note being scratched off before I go out, I have not yet so much as seen the room. It is fine weather but cold, and the ride was very beautiful all yesterday.

I shall very likely send you another line from Glasgow on Friday. We purpose getting there to dinner tomorrow evening.

With love to all | Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 18 MAY 1866†

MS Huntington Library.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Friday Eighteenth May 1866.

My Dearest Georgy.
[†a][

]

.... Industrial Exhibition at Edinburgh[†2] while I am reading tomorrow! I wanted to be off the bargain, but £80 worth of tickets being already sold, it must be gone through with. Disagreeable enough, but there is no help for it. The Edinburgh reading comes off at 2.[†3]

[†b]We halted at Perth yesterday, and got a lovely walk there. I hope I became better from that time, for until then I had been in a condition the reverse of flourishing; half strangled with my cold, and dyspeptically gloomy and dull. I feel much more like myself this morning, and as it is moderately fine we are going to get some fresh air aboard a steamer on the Clyde.[†b] (£170 is already taken for tonight). [†a][

]

Will you write and ask FitzGerald to dine with us on Monday and go to the Lyceum?[†4] I must frankly confess that I don't feel particularly ardent about having Chauncy all to myself on Sunday, but there is no help for it. The unfortunate Fechter does well to stay at home and save himself, I think. John has not fallen down again, and everybody else is in good condition.

With love, Ever My Dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate

CD.

To THE HON. ALBERT CANNING,[†1] 21 MAY 1866*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Albert S G Canning Esquire | 31 Portman Square | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty First May 1866

Dear Sir

I have been for some weeks almost continually absent, or I should have returned an earlier answer to your note.

If you will send the MS of your story addressed to me at the office of All The Year Round 26 Wellington Street London W.C. it shall be read with as little delay as possible. But I feel bound at once to warn you, in the event of its being a long story — I mean, a novel, or a tale that would have to be divided into several parts — that its acceptance would be, for that reason alone, simply impossible, with a reference to literary engagements already made.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Albert S G Canning Esquire

To HENRY CHORLEY, 21 MAY 1866*

MS Mrs Mary Moorman.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park
Monday Twenty First May 1866

My Dear Chorley

Will you come and dine with us on Wednesday the 30th. May at 7 1/4.

Affectionately Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To M. A. COSTA,[†2] 21 MAY 1866*

MS Boston Dickens Fellowship.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W
Monday Twenty First May 1866

My Dear Mr. Costa.

Will you come and dine with us in a friendly way, on Wednesday the 30th. at 7 1/4 o'Clock. If this should fortunately find you disengaged, it will give me the truest pleasure to see you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To ALFRED DORRINGTON,[†1] 21 MAY 1866

Mention in Retz & Storm catalogue No. 6; *MS* (3rd person): 1 p.; dated 21 May 66; addressed Mr Dorrington.

Sending a subscription of five guineas to the Printers' Orphan Asylum Fund.[†2]

To MRS BROOKFIELD, 22 MAY 1866*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park W.
Tuesday Twenty Second May 1866

My Dear Mrs Brookfield

I have been so continually travelling and reading, since I received your last note, that I really have had no opportunity of answering it until now.

The accompanying paper *is* rather too slight as it stands. Don't you think you can contrive to work it out a little more? As for instance by showing how a not very difficult combination of reason and kindness works like effects with other classes of people as well as cabmen? I like what there is, very much; but it needs to be rendered a little more important and less fragmentary.[†3]

I am heartily glad that you have disposed of your story.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR JAMES SHERIDAN MUSPRATT,[†5] 22 MAY 1866*

MS Mrs K. Sprigge.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†6]
Tuesday Twenty Second May 1866

My Dear Muspratt.

The other photograph was such a Beast of a thing, that I have sacrificed it to the Furies.

I was much concerned to hear of your having been so ill, and very sorry not to have shaken hands with you.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 24 MAY 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

Portsmouth,[†1] Thursday Twenty Fourth May | 1866.

My Dearest Georgy

Fechter's question shall be asked of Chappell (Between ourselves it is mere madness), forthwith. A sad account of him![†2]

Will you call for me at the Athenaeum on Sunday at 3 — or say half past 2. Wait there for me.

You need have no fear about America.[†3]

Ever Your affectionate

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 [MAY] 1866*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD: he was in Portsmouth on Friday 25 May (see last). *Address* (envelope, MS Beinecke Library, Yale University): Miss Hogarth | 6 Southwick Place | Hyde Park | London | W. PM Portsmouth 25 May 66.

Portsmouth | Friday Evening Twenty 5th. March 1866

My Dearest Georgy

Wilkie is here, and I write very hurriedly just before going down to the room.

Wills's day is Friday 8th. June.

I had two notes from Chauncy (from the office) at the Railway yesterday morning. He comes on Sunday.

Looking at the ABC, I find that we had best make it a *quarter past 3*, at the Athenaeum on Sunday.

Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

P. S. Frank Beard is NOT here.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?28 MAY 1866]

Extract in F, VIII, iii, 656. *Date:* Spring 1866 according to Forster; perhaps during his flying visit on 28 May.

My small work and planting really, truly, and positively the last, are nearly at an end in these regions, and the result will await summer inspection.

To MR BARKER,[†4] 29 MAY 1866*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Twenty Ninth May 1866

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Barker, and begs to say

(in reply to Mr. Barker's note of enquiry), that he believes he has never seen the picture in question.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 29 MAY 1866

MS Huntington Library.

6 Southwick Place | Tuesday Twenty Ninth May 1866

My Dear Dolby

We left the question of the last Reading thus:— If to-night's Let seemed to demand another Marigold, in spite of tonight's Marigold being announced as the last, *then* Marigold was to be put up for the Last Reading; which point I understood it should be left to Mr. Chappell to decide. Supposing Marigold to be put up again, Mrs. Gamp may go up with him. Supposing Marigold not to be put up again, then I would put up Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party, and the Trial from Pickwick OR[†1] Mrs. Gamp. If Marigold is announced once more, then I would word the bill in this way.

[†a]St. James's Hall
Mr. Charles Dickens's Last Reading
Tuesday Evening 12th. June.[†a]
In deference to the general desire
[†a]*Doctor Marigold*[†a]
will be repeated on this final occasion,
together with
[†a]*Mrs. Gamp*[†a]

I will wait at home until halfpast 12 this morning in case you should want to see me.[†2]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To B. L. FARJEON,[†3] 29 MAY 1866

MS Miss Eleanor Farjeon. *Address:* Private | B. L. Farjeon Esquire | Times Office | Dunedin | Otago | New Zealand.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth May 1866.

Dear Sir

I am concerned to find that I have by an accident left your letter of last January's date, unanswered.

Your dedication,[†1] as an interesting and acceptable mark of remembrance from the other side of the world, gave me great pleasure. And I read the little book with much satisfaction.

But I am bound to lay before you the consideration that I cannot on such evidence (especially when you describe yourself as having written "hurriedly") form any reasonably reliable opinion of your power of writing an acceptable colonial story for All The Year Round. As to my reproducing this story, such a proceeding is as wide of the design and course of that Journal as anything can possibly be.

If you write and offer for All The Year Round, any original communication, I will read it myself, very heartily desiring to accept it, if I can deem it suitable to those pages.[†2] Do not, I beg, suppose that I intend to discourage you when I say no more. I simply mean to be honest with you and to discharge a duty that I owe to you and to myself.

Accept my thanks And believe me Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF EDINBURGH,[†3] 29 MAY 1866

Text from E. B. Ramsay, *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, 22nd edn, Edinburgh, 1874 (Memoir by Cosmo Innes, p. lxv).

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, 29th May 1866.

My dear Sir

I am but now in the receipt of your kind letter, and its accompanying book.[†4] If I had returned home sooner, I should sooner have thanked you for both.

I cannot adequately express to you the gratification I have derived from your assurance that I have given you pleasure. In describing yourself as a stranger of whom I know nothing, you do me wrong however. The book I am now proud to possess as a mark of your goodwill and remembrance has for some time been too well known to me to admit of the possibility of my regarding its writer in any

other light than as a friend in the spirit; while the writer of the introductory page marked viii. in the edition of last year had commanded my highest respect as a public benefactor and a brave soul.[†1]

I thank you, my dear Sir, most cordially, and I shall always prize the words you have inscribed in this delightful volume,[†2] very, very highly.

Yours faithfully and obliged,
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS CARLYLE, 30 MAY 1866

MS National Library of Scotland.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park W.

Wednesday Thirtieth May 1866

My Dear Carlyle.

I have not written to you from any part of the country where I have lately been employed (and I have been working hard in many parts), for a reason that I instinctively felt you would understand. Even now I touch one hand with mine in the spirit, hardly venturing to press it.

My dear friend my thoughts have been very much with you,[†3] for I truly love and honor you. To your great heart and mind, little can come out of mine but sympathy. — That has been with you from the first, and ever will be while I live.[†4]

Your truly affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE DOLBY, 30 MAY 1866*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

6 Southwick Place | Wednesday Thirtieth May 1866.

My Dear Dolby

In remembrance of our late pleasant time together, and of the tact and delicacy with which you lightened its work for me, do me the favor to accept from my hands the edition of my books that I like the best.[†1]

With all good wishes | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Dolby Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 MAY 1866]

Extracts in F, VIII, vii, 702. *Date:* 30 May 66, according to Forster; second extract from same letter.

I came back last Sunday, with my last country piece of work for this time done. Everywhere the success has been the same. St. James's Hall last night was quite a splendid spectacle. Two more Tuesdays there, and I shall retire into private life. I have only been able to get to Gadshill once since I left it, and that was the day before yesterday.

Saying also that he had a heavy cold and was very tired and depressed.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 31 [MAY] 1866*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD: endorsed 31 May 66, a Thursday in 1866.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park
Thursday Night Thirty First March | 1866.

My Dear Ouvry

Mr. Edmund Yates wants to ask your advice again, on another (and different) matter of business[†2] on which I am not a good adviser. He has asked me what I thought of his coming to you, and I have said "Certainly". He is going to take his chance of finding you on Tuesday between 10 and 11. I have no doubt you will keep him out of harm's way.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

My daughter will send you your Copperfield ticket, duly.

June

To ANDREW HALLIDAY,[†3] [1] JUNE 1866

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* Andrew Halliday Esquire | 122 Camden Street | N.W. PM London [1] 1 Jun 66. *Date:* postmark blurred, could be 1 or 11 Jun.

To LADY HOUGHTON, 2 JUNE 1866*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge. *Address:* The | Lady Houghton | 16 Upper Brook Street | W.

Saturday Second June 1866
6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park

My Dear Lady Houghton.

I am in the distressful position of having allowed my daughter to engage me for every day until we leave town. Having been constantly away and disabled from going out to dinner; until I worked myself free just a week ago, I told her before hand she might do what she would with me between last Monday and the 18th. of June. Availing herself of this permission, she presented me on my return with a methodically drawn-up set of fetters in which I am now champing.

I am cordially obliged to you for your kind note, and to Lord Houghton also; to whom I beg to send my regards. Pray compassionate my helplessness!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Lady Houghton

To DR WILLIAM LOMAS,[†1] 4 JUNE 1866*

MS Queen's University, Ontario.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Monday Fourth June 1866

Dear Sir

My absence from town on business has prevented my returning an earlier reply to your letter.

I shall be happy to retain your MS[†2] for insertion, availing myself of the permission you give me to condense it in some places where it is — for the purposes of this Journal — a little too general and diffuse; the rather as the main subject is one to which I have repeatedly called public attention.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr Lomas

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 7 JUNE 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | St. James's Place | W.

6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park | Thursday Seventh June 1866

My Dear George

A thousand thanks for your kind care of Mary. I soon got right after being in the open air; but its impurity in that house[†3] nearly floored me, after late hard work.

Your sister in law[†1] Miss Ethel[†2] told me you had been speaking of coming to my Readings. Next Tuesday's reading is the last this season. *If* you should have any design of coming that night, I count upon your telling me how many stalls you want, and I can then ensure your being placed near me. Not to mention that I would not have you come, under any circumstances, as of the public.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS RICHARD JOHNS,[†3] 8 JUNE 1866

Text from N, III, 474.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Eighth June 1866

My Dear Mrs Johns,

I very much fear that you will enter on a hopeless task in applying for a pension on the Civil List.

To my knowledge there are very many demands on the small fund at the disposal of the Government — and I fear that if you make your appeal on a literary ground (as I suppose you must if you

make it at all) it will not stand the slightest chance of success against others that I know and have been for some time in abeyance.

It is for you to decide whether on re-consideration, you will hazard the mortification and disappointment. If you resolve to apply, I recommend you by no means to send in several papers, but only one memorial written out by yourself on a sheet of foolscap paper stating your case and what poor Johns did,[†4] (especially referring to the Calendar of Victory)[†5] and making your application. I need scarcely add that I will sign it, as being well acquainted with the circumstances set forth.[†6]

The pension of £300 a year to Eastlake (who didn't want it) was one of the Queen's whims. Eastlake had smoothed down the Prince Consort whenever he could,[†7] and the Queen took her pen in hand and made the grant herself without either application or advice. There is no public service like having walked in the ways of the Late Lamented.

Ever your friend
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES KENT, 8 JUNE 1866*

MS Mrs Craddock-Hartopp.

6 Southwick Place Hyde Park W. | Friday Eighth June 1866

My Dear Kent.

Next Sunday will be our last in town this time. Can you dine with us that day at half past 6? No party.

Affecy Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 8 JUNE 1866†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighth June 1866

My Dearest Macready

I have cast about in all directions, and find myself quite without influence among Christ's Hospital[†1] Governors. This is not a new discovery, for, a year or two ago, I tried to help another case, and found it quite hopeless. Where I had, or fancied I had, or might could would or should have had, some influence, there had been a chopping and changing of nominations — mine so many years hence for yours now, or vice versa — altogether incomprehensible and impracticable.[†2]

I was very sorry not to have been in town when Mrs. Macready was here. You will be interested in knowing that the success of this series of Readings has been quite astounding. I have only one left on the list, thank Heaven, and that comes off at St. James's Hall next Tuesday.

My garden has had a severe touch of Mrs. Macready's sciatica. East winds and late frosts have absolutely ravaged it. It is (like Mrs. Macready I trust) getting better, under the influence of the warm weather: but I expect no wall fruit and very little else.

Dining at Tennent's last Wednesday, we heard from an old Ceylon gentleman just come home, enthusiastic praises of Buttie.[†3]

With kindest love to all, | Ever My Dearest Macready
Your most affectionate
CD.

To F. C. BEARD, 10 JUNE 1866

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Tenth June 1866

My Dear Frank Beard

I have written to Dolby, begging him to commit a fraud upon somebody, and to send you a good stall for Tuesday near me. You will be sure to receive it, and I hope you may like your brother-doctor.[†1]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE DOLBY, [?10 JUNE 1866]

Mention in last. *Date:* probably written the same day.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, [? FEBRUARY-10 JUNE 1866]

MS (fragment) Dunedin Public Library. *Date:* CD was at Southwick Place 23 Feb-10 June 66.

I shall be in Southwick Place again, on Monday Morning.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 10 JUNE 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell.

6 Southwick Place | Sunday Tenth June 1866

My Dear George

I duly heard from Mrs. Elliot that you wanted 4 more tickets to make up your No. Enclosed you will find them. They are all close to me, and 3 of them (as you will see) are adjoining one another. Chappell has somehow wrested them for me from some innocent holders; but by what pious frauds, I don't know.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10 JUNE 1866]

Extract in XI, iii, 825. *Date:* probably written same day as *To* Yates, 10 June.

You asked me about new writers last night. If you will read *Kissing the Rod,* a book I have read to-day, you will not find it hard to take an interest in the author of such a book.

To EDMUND YATES, 10 JUNE 1866

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Tenth June 1866

My Dear Edmund.

I have read your book[†1] with great surprise, and have been profoundly affected by it. It has touched me deeply, and moved me to many tears. Hold fast, I adjure you, to the deeper emotional faculty that you unquestionably possess, and do justice to the tenderness that is most beautifully and pathetically wrought out in the last of these three volumes.[†2]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Yates Esquire

To ROBERT MELROSE,[†3] 11 JUNE 1866*

MS Marion Public Library, Ohio.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eleventh June 1866

Dear Sir

I have been so constantly occupied since I received your last note that I have not had leisure to reply to it until now.

Your little book[†4] is highly creditable to you, and I have read it with interest and pleasure. But I cannot say that I observe in it any special quality which invests it with any hopeful power of address to the general public. For this reason I must beg to excuse myself from perusing your Manuscript verses.[†5] I can only undertake that task (or I should do nothing else in life) when there is some probability of my being useful to the writer, through the pages of my own journal. And I do not see that likelihood before me in the present case.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Melrose Esquire

To MRS RICHARD JOHNS, 13 JUNE 1866

Text from N, III, 475.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Thirteenth June 1866

My Dear Mrs. Johns,

I send you in this envelope my testimonial,[†1] and I heartily wish you success.

Faithfully Yours Always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DRINKWATER MEADOWS,[†2] 13 JUNE 1866*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirteenth June 1866

My Dear Mr. Meadows,

I had missed your familiar face at my Readings, and was exceedingly glad to get your letter — for, to be plain with you, though it *does* report you as being "creaky and croaky", I am resolved not to believe it. Your mention of Mr. Macready reminds me to tell you that I was with him at Cheltenham not many weeks ago, and told him you charged me with remembrances to him, whenever I saw you. He expressed much pleasure and interest, and charged me with his kindest regard to you in return. He was much inconvenienced by bronchitis (it was in the time of the bitter Easterly wind), but was otherwise hale and

jovial. His last son, four years old or so, is as jolly and hearty a little boy as I ever had a game at romps with. Which I beg you to bear well in mind when you talk about creakiness.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Drinkwater Meadows Esquire

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 14 JUNE 1866

Text from N, III, 475.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourteenth June 1866

My Dear Dixon,

I send you enclosed, fifty pounds (£50) being the amount I this day find at Coutts's to Miss Jerrold's[†3] credit.[†4]

Many thanks for your kind offer as to the United States. But I will not inflict a letter upon you, for I know most feelingly what boredom would ensue, making

your holiday[†1] a horror. My respects to the Chief of the Mormons,[†2] and to as many hundreds of his young family as you may fall in with.[†3] Don't forget Mrs Dixon at home.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS LILY BENZON,[†4] 18 JUNE 1866

Text from facsimile in Grolier Club *Catalogue of an Exhibition of the Works of CD*, 1913.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Eighteenth June 1866

My Dear Lily.

I am sorry that I cannot come to read to you "The Boots at The Holly Tree Inn", as you ask me to do, but the truth is, that I am tired of reading at this present time, and have come into the country to rest and hear the birds sing. There are a good many birds, I dare say, in Kensington Palace Gardens,[†5] and upon my word and honor they are much better worth listening to than I am. So let them sing to you as hard as ever they can, while their sweet voices last (they will be silent when the winter comes), and very likely after you and I have eaten our next Christmas pudding and mince-pies, you and I and Uncle Harry[†6] may all meet together at St. James's Hall; Uncle Harry to bring you there, to hear the Boots; I, to receive you there, and to read the Boots; and you (I hope) will applaud very much, and tell me that you like the Boots. So God bless you, and me, and Uncle Harry, and the Boots, and Long Life and Happiness to us all!

Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

(*There's* a flourish!)

To F. RUDALL,[†7] 18 JUNE 1866*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Rudall Esq. | Victoria Station | Pimlico | S. W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighteenth June 1866

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Rudall, and (in reply to

Mr. Rudall's letter and enclosure) begs him to assure Madame Sezzi[†1] of Mr. Dickens's regret that he cannot advance her views. The scheme[†2] appears to Mr. Dickens to be almost hopeless; and he would dissuade the lady from pursuing it, as fraught with mortification and disappointment.

To DR F. H. RAMSBOTHAM,[†3] 20 JUNE 1866*

MS McGill University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twentieth June 1866

My Dear Dr. Ramsbotham

I have gone through your MS book,[†4] and I find it to be — as I knew beforehand it would be — the production of a scholar; a gentleman with a well-stored mind and good observation; an amiable and quick spirit.

But I do not think there is any 'vantage ground of address in it, to the great general public. I am strongly of opinion that if it were published for miscellaneous circulation and sale, it would fall dead. Make up your mind to such a result as you might, beforehand, it would still be distasteful and disappointing when it happened. Therefore I would not so publish it.

I have not the least doubt that even if you did so publish it, you could only do so at your own cost.

Whether, consequently, you will publish it at your own cost for private circulation among your friends, I take to be the [good][†5] and sensible little issue to which the case is narrowed. As a part of yourself, interesting to those who know you — as your pleasant occupation betweenwhiles in your carriage, in exact accordance with your own description of its origin — as a remarkable instance of freshness and good humour and vivacity in the midst of the routine of a trying life — it has a merit of a tangible, direct, and highly agreeable kind, which could not fail to be appreciated; — but which I think would fail of appreciation, separated from your personality.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM ORR,[†6] 24 JUNE 1866

Mention in unidentified catalogue (1902) in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", IV, 14; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 24 June 66; addressed William Orr.

To JOHN HENNING,[†1] 25 JUNE 1866*

MS British Library.

Private

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Fifth June 1866

Dear Sir

I have been away since the date of your letter, and have read it and its accompanying specimens, only this morning.

I regret to say that I cannot make the latter available for All The Year Round. It is on rare occasions that I reproduce in those pages, French compositions in an English dress. It is a principle of mine to avoid doing so: firstly, because I should otherwise give my brother-writers across the water, just reason of complaint: secondly, because French literature is so easily accessible in the original.

The other pieces are too slight, and not sufficiently distinct, for the purposes of the same journal.

Unfortunately I have no literary employment to bestow, because the regular writers in those pages have come to be so, expressly and solely through the suitability of their writing. I can only assure you that there is always an opening in them for a contributor who can hit the mark, and that I am always heartily glad to find one.

The enclosed trifle being merely a mark of sympathy with an educated gentleman in distress, requires, I hope, no further mention between us. Your MSS will be left under cover addressed to you at the office, after Wednesday.

Dear Sir Your Faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

John Henning Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 26 JUNE 1866

Mention in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. SN 1683; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 26 June 1866; addressed George Dolby.

Sending him an invitation.

To JAMES BIRTLES, 29 JUNE 1866*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* (Please set up directly) | Mr. John Birtles.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Ninth June 1866

Dr. Mr. Birtles

Please to send me down to Gad's Hill, another complete Revise of Aunt Margaret.[†2] And from week to week, let me have the Weekly Portion, here.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To EMILE DE LA RUE,[†1] 29 JUNE 1866*

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Ninth June 1866

My Dear De la Rue.

Being here this morning, I find (to my amazement) the card of the Secret Visual Ray whom I love.[†2]

Pray come to Gad's Hill before you go back, and see it really in good order and like itself. I shall be there tomorrow, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Either on Wednesday or Thursday, I *may* leave it again, and take a run for two days. BUT[†3] (notice this, my Michel Perrin[†4] of Northern Italy), I will arrange, any how, to be there, at any time of which you will give me notice. I count upon your coming. Don't spirit yourself away mysteriously.

May the God of Free Nations and just Battles[†5] give *our* Soldiers the Victory next time![†6] If Prussia and Austria could destroy each other, and *we* could get and hold Venice[†7] and unite Italy, — why then (as the Ghost of Gibbs[†8] whispers in my ear)[†9] "Vi lascio a giudicare!"[†10]

Ever Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 JUNE 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Ninth June 1866

My Dearest Georgy

I infer from your last note, that Harry did not deliver a message I gave him in the Basket; namely, that the Basket was to come to Gravesend for me, to meet tomorrow afternoon's Express.

I will get home how I can. Let dinner by ready for me at half past 6.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 30 JUNE 1866*

MS Carl H. Pforzheimer Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Thirtieth June 1866

My Dear Mary.

If you and Cavendish[†1] should chance to be disengaged on Monday, I wish you would come down to Gad's. We shall be quite alone. You can be in town on Tuesday morning at any time you like. Propoge it to Bedsey[†2] from Sairey.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 30 JUNE 1866

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1909; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 30 June 66; addressed Charles Kent; with envelope.

July

To FREDERIC OUVRY 4 JULY 1866

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 4 July 66; addressed Frederic Ouvry.

Sending an enclosure referring to my Australian son[†3] *and instructing Ouvry* if you see no objection *to let the writers know* that I pay no tradesman who trusts a son of mine, without first referring to me.[†4]

To J. E. H. SKINNER,[†5] 6 JULY 1866*

MS Commander J. Bickford-Smith, R. N. *Address:* J. E. Hilary Skinner Esquire | 35 Blandford Square | London | N.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixth July, 1866

Dear Sir

I beg you to accept my thanks for your courteous note, and for your book, "After The Storm".[†6] I have read the two volumes, let me assure you, with very great interest and pleasure. The fidelity and liveliness of your descriptions, and the sound good nature and good sense of your views, have impressed me most

agreeably. Your well-timed pages can hardly fail to do some good on both sides of the Atlantic, and I heartily hope that they may otherwise achieve a success which will be satisfactory to you.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. E. Hilary Skinner Esquire

To S. H. LANE, 7 JULY 1866*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Private | Samuel Lane Esquire | Britannia Theatre | Hoxton | N.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventh July, 1866.

Dear Mr. Lane.

I cannot empower you to make any use of my name as sanctioning your production of a dramatic version of Our Mutual Friend,[†1] but I readily give you my private assurance that I will not interfere with it or object to it. I hope this reply to your letter will be satisfactory to you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, [10] JULY 1866

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* Tuesday was 10 July in 66.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Ninth July, 1866.

My Dear Wilkie

I have gone through the play[†2] very carefully. The plot is extraordinarily got together; its compactness is quite amazing; and the dialogue is very excellent in all the rare essentials of being terse, witty, characteristic, and dramatic.[†3]

But inseperable and ineradicable from the whole piece is — DANGER.[†4] Almost every situation in it is dangerous. I do not think any English audience would accept the scene in which Miss Gwilt in that widow's dress, renounces Mid-winter.[†5] And if you got so far, you would never get through the last act in the Sanatorium.[†6] You could only carry those situations, on a real hard wooden stage and wrought out (very indifferently) by real live people face to face with other

real live people judging them, — you could only carry those situations *by the help of interest in some innocent person whom they placed in peril, and that person a young woman.* There is no one to be interested in here. Let who will, play Midwinter, the saving interest cannot be got out of him. There is no relief from the wickedness of the rest;[†1] and in exact proportion to the skilful heaping of it up, the danger accumulates.

I know as well as you do that this is merely one man's opinion. But I so strongly entertain the opinion that the odds are heavily against an audience's seeing the play out, that I should not be your friend if I blinked it. I see the piece before me on the stage. Then I change my point of view, and act Midwinter, and act Miss Gwilt. A perfect terror of the difficult and dangerous ground oppresses me in both positions; and I feel my inability to carry the situations myself, as strongly as I feel the inability of any professed actor or actress alive to carry them for me.

In reference to your two questions, I have no doubt whatever as to the first that the substitution of the Manuscript for the marked printed pages, is a decided improvement.[†2] As to the second, I think that any advantage to be gained from acting those events instead of narrating them, would be more than counterbalanced by lengthening the play. They don't take long to tell, as they stand, and seem quite clear. Again; I think they would be much more difficult to act, than to narrate.

Touching Aunt Margaret's Trouble,[†3] it is curious how the details of such things depend on the understanding one brings to them. It has never for an instant occurred to me that the young man drops his papers and takes Margaret in his arms, because he loves her, or because he ever did love her, but because of his joy at finding that she has forgiven her else-solitary sister.[†4] And I take her softened feeling towards the child, to be simply the feeling of relief and thankfulness that something innocent has so soon sprung up from that plotting and deceit.[†5] As to Mrs. Brookfield, tell our clever friend that her novel[†6] has been in my hands, and is now in the hands of Chapman and Hall who are going to publish it.[†7] But the writer of Aunt Margaret[†8] is a round fifteen years younger than Mrs. Brookfield, and is so singularly unlike her and removed from her, that I do suppose the world could not have held a wider or a wilder guess.[†9]

I will send the play book to you tomorrow, by the hands of one of the office people. Next week, I purpose being at the office on Saturday at One. At ten minutes past 2 on the said Saturday in next week, I purpose coming down here. Can you come with me?

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 11 JULY 1866

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 11 July 66; addressed Frederic Ouvry. Envelope in Sophie Dupré catalogue No. 20

(1991); *Address:* Frederic Ouvry Esquire, 66 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. (not through post), misdated (in another hand) 10th July 1866.

My having dealt with Mr. Williams[†1] simply makes the matter worse.[†2] All the more easily and naturally could I have been communicated with, before credit was given by a Jeweller to a boy. I will not pay in any such case.

To LORD HOUGHTON, 15 JULY 1866*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Fifteenth July, 1866

My Dear Lord Houghton

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me the printed notes of your Literary Fund address,[†3] and many more for your reference to myself.[†4] It is a touching and acceptable reminder to me that a good many years have gone by since we first knew each other.

I should have written to you sooner about the twentieth, but that I have not until to day had my daughter at hand to refer to for a reminder of coming visitors here. I am sorry to report that I cannot have the pleasure of dining with you on

that day, as I am bound to home. When we came back here after my Reading was done for the time, I allowed myself to be disposed of for three days in each week, for three months. The twentieth turns out to be one of the days sacrificed to this amiable weakness.

I beg to send my kindest regard to Lady Houghton, and am always

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Houghton

To THE MARQUIS TOWNSHEND,[†1] 15 JULY 1866

Extract in Swann Galleries catalogue, No. SN 233; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 15 July 66; addressed Lord Townshend.

I have left town for the season and have family visitors here.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 16 JULY 1866

Text from N, III, 478.

Gad's Hill Place | Monday Sixteenth July 1866

My Dear Fitzgerald,

I send you the enclosed note, received yesterday from Bulwer, because I think it may interest and please you. His praise is well worth having,[†2] inasmuch as he is a very careful student and an admirable artist.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LORD LYTTON, 16 JULY 1866

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth July, 1866

My Dear Lytton

First, let me congratulate you on the honor that Lord Derby[†3] has conferred upon the Peerage.[†4] And next, let me thank you heartily for your kind letter.

I am sorry to report that we are so incumbered with engagements, in the way of visitors coming here, that we cannot see our way to getting to Knebworth yet.

[†a]While we had a house in town this season, I was constantly absent, reading; and when I at last came back, we had got into such an accumulation of arrears, that I gave Mary free leave to tick them off prospectively in this house. The result is, that we are for some time preposterously hampered on the four days in every week on which I am producible in these parts, and that we must gradually work ourselves clear. Both Mary and Georgina are forced to admit this, though very reluctantly; and I am sure that on the least encouragement from me they would have broken faith all round. But it is best to get it over, and swear (with certain perjury before us) never to do so again.[†a]

They send you their kind regard, and hope that the delight of coming to see you is only deferred.

FitzGerald will be so proud of your opinion of his Mrs. Tillotson, and will (I know) derive such great encouragement from it, that I have faithfully quoted it word for word and sent it on to him in Ireland. He is a very clever fellow (you may remember perhaps that I brought him to Knebworth on the Guild day), and has charming sisters and an excellent position.[†1] [†a]Between ourselves, I am grievously disappointed that Mary can by no means be induced to think as highly of him as I do.[†2] — What a wonderful instance of the general inanity of Kings, that the Kings in the Fairy Tales should have been always wishing for children! If they had but known when they were well off, having none![†a]

Ever affectionately Yours
CD.

The | Lord Lytton

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 17 JULY 1866*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Seventeenth July, 1866.

My Dear Sir

The authoress of the Tale of Aunt Margaret's Trouble, wishes the little book to have the Dedication-leaf which I send you on the other side.

Faithfully Yours alys
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

The proofs of the book had best be sent to me.

This Little Story
is
Affectionately Dedicated
To
E. L. T.[†3]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 17 JULY 1866*

Text from facsimile in Tooley's catalogue, 1982.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventeenth July 1866

My Dear Ouvry.

I fully agree with you in reference to the enclosed.[†1]

Faithfully Yours alwys
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. A. HERAUD, 21 JULY 1866

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue No. 1112 (1990/1); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 21 July 66; addressed John A. Heraud. *Address:* (envelope, MS Charles W. Traylen): John A. Heraud Esquire | 2 Cloudesly Terrace | Liverpool Road | Islington | N. PM JY 21 66.

I am much obliged to you for your offer,[†2] but I do not think it desirable to discuss the report of the Committee, on the general subject, in detail. I have already advocated the principle of the removal of restrictions and have repeatedly dwelt in these pages on the want of popular amusements.[†3]

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 25 JULY 1866†

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth July, 1866.

My Dear Trollope

Here is some hitch that we cannot understand, about the lady's poem of which you made mention in your last to me.[†4] Wills has been waiting and waiting for its arrival, and still has always reported "Not come." At length, knowing your exact habits, I have got it into my head that you may possibly have sent the verses by post, addressed nicely to the Editor of A.Y.R. and that the letter has been opened by a clerk (as such letters usually are), and that we may actually

have the MS. without knowing whence it comes. What is it called? If you will tell me, I can ascertain in five minutes whether we have got it or not. Without that piece of information, I am in a most forlorn state of helplessness.

[†a]If Italy could but achieve some brilliant success in arms![†1] That she does not, causes (I think) some disappointment here, and makes her sluggish friends more sluggish, and her open enemies more powerful. I fear too that the Italian Ministry have lost an excellent opportunity of repairing the national credit in London City, and have borrowed money in France — for the poor consideration of lower interest — which they could have got in England, greatly to the reestablishment of a reputation for public good faith. As to Louis Napoleon, his position in the whole matter is — to me — like his position in Europe at all times, simply disheartening and astounding. Between Prussia and Austria there is in my mind (but for Italy) not a pin to choose. If each could smash the other, I should be, as to those two powers, perfectly satisfied. But I feel for Italy almost as if I were an Italian born. So there you have in brief my confession of faith.[†a]

Truly, as you say, it seems a long while ago that I gave [——][†2] a letter of commendation to your kindness.[†3] Though it is but a few years, she has experienced such warmth of friendship from you and yours, that I shouldn't wonder if it seemed to her a life. I am heartily glad, both for her sake and for yours, that she is with you.[†4]

[†a]Mr. Home,[†5] after trying to come out as an actor, first at Fechter's[†6] (where I had the honor of stopping him short), and then at the St. James's Theatre under Miss Herbert[†7] (where he was twice announced and each time mysteriously disappeared from the bills),[†8] was announced at the little Theatre in Dean Street

Soho,[†1] as a "Great attraction for one night only" to play last Monday. An appropriately dirty little rag of a bill,[†2] fluttering in the window of an obscure dairy behind the Strand, gave me this intelligence last Saturday. It is like enough that even that slinking business did not come off, for I believe the public to have found out the scoundrel.[†3]

In which lively and sustaining hope, this leaves me at present.[†a]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL,[†4] 30 JULY 1866

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue, Feb 1922; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 30 July 66.

Saying that he will be happy to see Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell at the Office of All the Year Round.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 JULY 1866

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirtieth July, 1866

My Dear Wills

Forster, being here yesterday, asked me what there was amiss between him and you? I said that I did not know from you that anything was amiss. He rejoined that he had made such and such approaches to you, which you had avoided, and that if there were something wrong between you, it was quite unconsciously on his part.[†5] I repeated what I had already said. He then asked me if I would let you know that he had spoken to me? I replied, Most willingly. Hence this note.

I shall look in at the office at One on Wednesday (in case any Writer of transcendent genius should have turned up since Saturday).

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To THE REV. WILLIAM JOYNES,[†1] 31 JULY 1866

Text from N, III, 479.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Thirty-First July 1866

Dear Sir,

I hear from my boys that the return match[†2] between Higham and Chalk is to take place in my field on Wednesday the 8th of August. Will you give my daughter and myself the pleasure of your company at dinner that day? We will try to adapt our dinner hour to the progress of the game, and to incumber the occasion with very little ceremony.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

August

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 AUGUST 1866

MS Dickens House.

Wednesday First August 1866

My Dearest Georgy.

I find the enclosed[†3] at the office here.

If you have no objection on your part, I wish you would reply to it that I have asked you to answer it, and that you think it well to tell her at once that you are absolutely certain that I never will go to her house, and that it is my fixed purpose (without any abatement of kindness otherwise), to hold as little personal communication with her as I possibly can. You may add — as you like — either that you do, or that you do not, know the reason for this; but that you are perfectly sure that no effort will ever elicit a word from me on the subject.

> About the house,[†4] I can give no opinion. She must decide the question out of her o
> domestic knowledge of it. If she has any question to ask me of her boy,[†5] she can ei

This last paragraph marked with a bracket, will be all you have to say for me, if you don't like to say the rest.

It is pretty clear to me that she very well knows what is amiss, and has been put up by somebody to trying to get hold of me.

Ever affecy.
CD.

Love to all.

To ARTHUR CHAPPELL, 2 AUGUST 1866

MS Berg Collection.

Eton,[†1] Thursday Second August, 1866[†2]

My Dear Mr. Chappell.

As I arranged with you that you should know my views in reference to reading again, in the course of this month — and as I have considered the matter — and as I find myself waiting for a train here after a walk — I cannot do better than write to you now.

I am prepared so to dispose my time and occupations in advance, as to read again after Christmas. I will engage with you, if you like, to read 40 times at £60 per night, and all expences paid as before, *including my hotel charges.* (You will have no difficulty in estimating these last, as Dolby knows exactly what they always are.)

Or, to make our contract for an even sum of money, I will engage with you to read 42 times for £2,500.

We know by pleasant experience that we are not likely to have the least difference of opinion respecting details. In the main, 4 readings a week would be about the most agreeable and convenient mark to me; but that must be subject, of course, to local circumstances and considerations of travelling cost. Those, I and Dolby would be certain to see from the same point of view. And I assume as a settled point that I should have him with me.

I am at the office of All The Year Round on Saturdays, and at Gad's Hill on most other days.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

S. Arthur Chappell Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 2 AUGUST 1866

MS Huntington Library.

Eton, Thursday Second August 1866

My Dear Dolby

This is written on a pause in a walk, while waiting for a train. It is to let you know that I have by this same post sent a proposal to Mr. Chappell touching

a course of Readings after Christmas, agreeably to an understanding I made with him when the last Readings came to an end. No doubt he will tell you this, almost as soon as I do; but I wish you to know it from myself, because I look upon you as my (Reading) right hand.

I have had a very large proposal from America, but cannot bear the thought of the distance and absence.

Unless my memory deceives me, you were making some arrangements when I saw you last, for being left en garçon for a time. Pray bear in mind that if you will come to Gad's Hill from Saturdays to Mondays, or from any other days to any other, you will be heartily received.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Dolby Esquire

To R. H. MASON, 3 AUGUST 1866

Text from N, III, 480.

Windsor[†1] | Friday Third August 1866

Dear Sir,

I beg to say that Monday will suit me perfectly, and that I will expect you at Gad's Hill on that day.

I am merely walking in the Park here, but write from this place, in consequence of having omitted to do so in town.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THOMAS HEADLAND, 4 AUGUST 1866

Extract in P. F. Madigan catalogue, 1914; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 4 Aug 66. *Address* (given with briefer extract in Dickens Miscellanies, Vol. I, No. 292, Lot 280a at Guildhall Museum, Rochester): Mr. Headland | Sussex Hotel | Eastbourne.

I could not read anywhere on this side of Christmas, and even then it is likely that there may be an understanding between the Chappells and myself which would make the business arrangements wholly theirs.[†2]

The last series was a wonderful success.

To EMILE DE LA RUE, 6 [AUGUST] 1866*

MS Berg Collection. *Date:* misdated by CD; 6 July was Friday but Monday was 6 Aug in 1866; he is replying to de la Rue's letter of 27 July (see below).

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixth July, 1866

My Dear De la Rue.

It happened that when I received your letter,[†3] I had before me the proof of an

article by an English gentleman who has been with Garibaldi,[†1] in which he treats of Garibaldi's humanity to Austrian Prisoners.[†2] This gave me the opportunity — of which I availed myself — to add a note to the article, in my own person, stating the Austrian cruelties at Lissa,[†3] exactly as you stated them to me. The paper in question is called "Campaigning in the Tyrol", and will appear in the Number of All The Year Round which will be dated Saturday the 18th. of this month, and which will be published in London on Wednesday the 15th. As we must always be a fortnight in advance of the Public (because of the mechanical exigencies of such a publication) you will see that I have lost no time.

If Italy can prove a case against Persano,[†4] I earnestly hope he will be brought to a Court Martial.[†5] But if there be a reasonable chance of failure in proof against him, then I as earnestly hope that he will *not* be tried. Because a breakdown in the case for the prosecution would be misinterpreted into its having originated in the mortification of defeat. I think that the friends of Italy in England are — generally speaking — grievously disappointed by the result of Lissa, and that Austria (may the Fates confound her, more and more!) has been making great efforts and using great influence, to represent herself as grandly victorious on the occasion.[†6]

In the article to which I have referred, the Government administrators, of the smaller class, are charged with obstructing and neglecting Garibaldi, and leaving him destitute of even the most ordinary hospital stores.[†7] This is stated on the faith of an eye-witness whom I know very well. I have softened the terms of the statement, but could not take upon myself to question it.

With love to Madame De la Rue,

Believe me My Dear Friend | Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR CHAPPELL, 7 AUGUST 1866*

MS Boston Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Seventh August, 1866.

My Dear Mr. Chappell.

On Saturday between halfpast eleven and one, and again from two to three I purpose being at my office and shall be happy to see you there.

It seems to me that the best thing we can do in all new places where there is but one Reading, will be invariably to put up Doctor Marigold and the Trial from Pickwick.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

S. Arthur Chappell Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 7 AUGUST 1866*

MS L. Ramon Secrest.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventh August 1866

My Dear Ouvry.

I address the enclosed cheque in discharge of my account,[†1] to you, merely for safety's sake.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Farrer Ouvry and Farrer.

To MISS SIMPSON,[†2] 7 AUGUST 1866*

MS Arnold Zeigler. *Address* (envelope MS Mrs Ivy Davison): Miss Simpson | 40 Duncan Terrace | Islington | London | N. PM 7 Aug 66.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventh August 1866

Mr. Charles Dickens regrets that he cannot possibly accept the responsibility of complying with Miss Simpson's request.[†3]

To J. C. PARKINSON, 8 AUGUST 1866

Mention in Walter M. Hill catalogue No. 28 (Nov 1909); *MS* 1 p.; dated Tuesday 8 Aug 66; addressed J.C. Parkinson.

To W.H. WILLS, 11 AUGUST 1866

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eleventh August 1866[†1]

My Dear Wills.

Many thanks for the information concerning that loose fish.[†2] Ouvry held it best to wait until the halfyear's accounts come in next month, before taking action. I think he must already have paid the balance due upon them, if not more. He has been paying £300 *per month* on account, since the last settlement.[†3]

The picture of the Tinsley fete,[†4] magnificent!

I don't think I shall come to town (there being things to look after here) until Thursday; but I *may*, if I can get away, look in at the office tomorrow evening. Will you leave the proofs for me? If I come on Thursday, it will be soon after 11 A.M. to remain until after lunch.

The Xmas No.[†5] continues to reside in the Limbo of the Unborn — as Tinsley's friend Tom Carlyle would say.

Ever

CD.

To [MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL], 13 AUGUST 1866

MS Johns Hopkins University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirteenth August 1866

Dear Sirs

Be so good as to make up a packet containing a complete set of my books, and to send it by South Western Railway, addressed thus:

Sydney Smith Dickens Esqre. R. N.

H. M. S. "Bristol"

Care of Messrs. Seagrove and Co.[†6]

The Hard

Portsea.

Carriage Paid

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To B. W. PROCTER, 13 AUGUST 1866

Text from MDGH, II, 259.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Monday, Aug. 13th, 1866

My Dear Procter,

I have read your biography of Charles Lamb[†1] with inexpressible pleasure and interest. I do not think it possible to tell a pathetic story with a more unaffected and manly tenderness. And as to the force and vigour of the style, if I did not know you I should have made sure that there was a printer's error in the opening of your introduction, and that the word "seventy" occupied the place of "forty."[†2]

Let me, my dear friend, most heartily congratulate you on your achievement. It is not an ordinary triumph to do such justice to the memory of such a man. And I venture to add, that the fresh spirit with which you have done it impresses me as being perfectly wonderful.

Ever affectionately yours

To JOHN FORSTER, [?14 AUGUST 1866]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 703. *Date:* Chappell accepted CD's proposal on 14 Aug (endorsement to *To* Chappell 2 Aug); letter probably written same day.

Chappell instantly accepts my proposal of forty nights at sixty pounds a night, and every conceivable and inconceivable expense paid. To make an even sum, I have made it forty-two nights for £2500. So I shall now try to discover a Christmas number,[†3] and shall, please Heaven, be quit of the whole series of readings so as to get to work on a new story for the new series of *All the Year Round* early in the spring.[†4] The readings begin probably with the New Year.[†5]

To "A WORKING MAN", 14 AUGUST 1866*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* To | A Working Man.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth August 1866

A working man is recommended to go to work immediately, and mind his own business. Story tellers have been in quarantine for several ages, at short intervals.[†6]

To P. LE PIPER,[†1] 20 AUGUST 1866

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue (1903), in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", IV, 13; *MS* 1 p.; dated 20 Aug 66; addressed P. Le Piper.

I have no influence with my publishers that extends beyond my own writings. But whatever is offered as a contribution to my journal "All the Year Round" at its office is honestly read, and all accepted articles are paid for.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 20 AUGUST 1866

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Sir James Tennent | Tempo Manor | Enniskillen | Ireland.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twentieth August, 1866

My Dear Tennent.

I have been very much interested by your extract,[†2] and am strongly inclined to believe that the Founder of the refuge for Poor Travellers[†3] meant the kind of man to which it refers.[†4] Chaucer certainly meant his "Pardoner"[†5] to be a humbug, living on the credulity of the people. After describing the sham reliques he carried, he says:

But with these relikes whanne that he found
A poure personne dwelling up on lond,

Befor a day he gat him more monnie
Than that the personne gat in monethese tweis,
And thus with fained flattering and japes
He made the personne, and the people, his apes.

— And the worthy Watts (founder of the Charity) may have had these very lines in his mind when he excluded such a man.

When I last heard from my boy,[†6] he was coming to you and was full of delight and dignity. My Midshipman has just been appointed to the Bristol,[†7] on the West coast of Africa, and is on his voyage out to join her. I wish it had been another ship and another station. She has been unlucky in losing men.[†8]

Kindest regard from all my house to all yours.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 21 AUGUST 1866*

MS Morgan Library. *Address: Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | Board of Trade.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty First August 1866

My Dear Tennent

I am most heartily obliged to you for your letter crossing mine. Be assured that I shall act upon it, and that I highly esteem your true friendship.

He[†1] is a very good boy, and clever and industrious. The Wimbledon masters, therefore, naturally wish to have him back. But he shall be thoroughly examined by a good surgeon[†2] (by Fergusson[†3] when he comes to town), and I will for the present place him with a private tutor at Tunbridge Wells.[†4]

The terms in which you mention him are quite delightful to me. That unfortunate elder brother of his[†5] to whom you were so kind, is shewing, I hope, a quiet determination to recover himself in Australia. He is up the country at a lonely station, and seems to have taken off his coat in earnest to repair his fortunes.

With kindest regard from all | Affectionately Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To WALTER THORNBURY,[†6] 26 AUGUST 1866*

MS Miss B. J. McLeary.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Sunday Twenty Sixth August 1866

My Dear Thornbury

Your object in the paper called "Dilapidations"[†7] being to call attention to the abuses of a system,[†8] I think it desirable to make the paper as general as possible.[†9] I have therefore taken out the details of the poor clergyman's death, and also the part about his wife's counting the strokes of the bell. What is left, might happen to any clergyman and any clergyman's widow; and is not that what we want?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Walter Thornbury Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 26 AUGUST 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Twenty Sixth August 1866

My Dear Wills

I have seldom been more disheartened by proofs than by these.[†1] Let me go through them now, in detail.

The disgusting snobbery of Sidney's,[†2] is ineradicable. But I have made it as little offensive as it *can* be made, and let us print it with those corrections and be rid of it. It is enclosed.

Thornbury's "Dilapidations" has got all that coffin relish in it which disfigures his mind. I think I perceive too, that it is an assertion of some particular case which would very easily get us into trouble. I have taken out the deadly business, and made the case general. Proof enclosed, and also a line to him to explain.[†3]

Saxonhurst[†4] has given me a world of trouble, for Fitzgerald writes so loosely, that he really seems sometimes to write in his sleep. I tried to patch the last chapter,[†5] but stopped short, finding it quite impossible. I have therefore dele'd the whole of that portion (called The Return), and perhaps you will tell him that I think the subject without it, has as much treatment as it will bear. Proof enclosed.

No to the Donnybrook old and new.[†6] It is full of the strangest confusion, and is a puff of a Catholic Chapel.
No[†7] to Hazlitt's[†8] Proverbs. Laborious in the extreme, and nothing else in it.

A Monster Aquarium. O Lord! O Lord!! Its efforts at humour, make Dodd[†9] a fine comic writer. Even with these struck out, it conveys no definite idea to *me* of the place intended to be described. But if you like to use it as altered, do. Proof enclosed, under the title of An Artificial Ocean.[†10]

Oxenford will do.[†11] But I have changed his title. Proof enclosed.

I don't know whether I ought to infer from your note received this morning, that you meant to send me any later-proposed Making Up than this which I now send back. *But I have no other*. I don't think there is much to choose between one article and another, and I doubt whether we should be stronger by changing it. But I wouldn't put Our Yacht[†1] and A Good Hack together, if it can be avoided.[†2]

I purpose being at the office on Wednesday soon after eleven.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

The Proof you sent me, "Katchen's Caprices",[†3] is the beginning of an unfinished paper by Aunt Margaret.[†4] We cannot touch it until I get more.

September

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday First September 1866

My Dearest Georgy

I write this, after such an interview with Boucicault and Fechter, that I seem not to have a grain of sense left. I have heard so much of "him", and "thater man", and the "oother one", that I am perfectly dazed. But my bewildered impression is, that the story is a fine one — that the situations are very strong, though sad — and that if (a large if!) Boucicault plays no tricks, the chances of interest and success are great.[†5] It seems to me that the hidden scheme (if there be one; — I cannot conceive why there should be one, but I can't help thinking there is) tends towards the withdrawal of Mrs. Boucicault.[†6] In which case, "cette creature"[†7] will do the part.

I should like the basket to meet me at Higham on Monday, I starting from Charing X by the 2.10 train. As I suppose we must have some of the local notabilities to dinner soon, I wish you would give my love to Mary — if she be at home — and ask her to devise a dinner — or two dinners — before I come, so that we may have nothing to do but choose the precise day or days, and send off the notes.

I will write to Mr. Brackenbury by this post concerning Harry.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To SIR CHARLES W. DILKE,[†1] 4 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourth September 1866

My Dear Dilke,

I have been away from here for a few days, or I should have lost no time in answering your kind note.

We have the best will in the world to profit by your hearty invitation and should be delighted to do it. But at a solemn council of three, held last night, it was resolved that we have got ourselves into such a complicated condition, through asking people here, through people asking themselves here, through lame boys not yet healed,[†2] and sound boys not to be trusted alone,[†3] that we are in a condition of incapacity, imprisonment, immobility, and mental mortification.

Our only consolation is in the axiom "Better luck next time."

We are fresh from a military funeral. A splendid dog,[†4] as big as an average lioness, ferociously cast down and bit a village child whom he knew, and should have respected. Sentence of Death was passed by drum head Court Martial. The victim went out into the meadow with the greatest cheerfulness, attended by the executioner, double barrelled gun, and wheelbarrow (for conveyance of body back) and supernumeraries. Evidently supposed a general Lark to be in contemplation, including a journey to bring back something to eat in the wheelbarrow. Died mistaken.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir C Wentworth Dilke

To GEORGE DOLBY, 4 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourth September 1866

My Dear Dolby

I shall expect you here on Friday the Fourteenth, and will meet you at any train-time you appoint. Of course I shall so arrange as not to have to go to town until the following Monday.

All here unite in kind regard to Mrs. Dolby[†5] and the young lady.[†6] I hope the latter is not likely to see more disconsolate weather in the course of the next

ninety years, than that which is howling about the Gad's Hill windows at present.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

George Dolby Esquire

To MESSRS ESSELL, KNIGHT & ARNOLD,[†1] 4 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS Mrs M. Broughton.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Fourth September 1866

Dear Sirs

I am informed by Mr. Langford[†2] that I should forward the enclosed letter to you, with the object of having it laid before the Board at their Meeting at Gravesend tomorrow.[†3]

I take the opportunity of sending you my cheque for a year's rent of land.

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Essell Knight and Arnold[†4]

To THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OR TRUSTEES OF ROADS, 4 SEPTEMBER 1866

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1996; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, [Tuesday][†5] 4 Sep 66; addressed Board of Commissioners or Trustees of Roads.

Requesting permission to plant a row of lime-trees on the side of the high-road along the whole wall-frontage *of his property at Gad's Hill.* I trust you may be of opinion that the road could sustain no damage from being so ornamented, and that the appearance of the trees would be refreshing and pleasant to passers by.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 4 SEPTEMBER 1866

Text from MDGH, II, 260-62.

Gad's Hill | Tuesday, Sept. 4th, 1866

My Dear Fechter,

This morning I received the play[†6] to the end of the telegraph scene,[†7] and I have since read it twice.

I clearly see the *ground* of Mr. Boucicault's two objections;[†8] but I do not see their *force.*

First, as to the writing. If the characters did not speak in a terse and homely way, their idea and language would be inconsistent with their dress and station, and they would lose, as characters, before the audience. The dialogue seems to be exactly what is wanted. Its simplicity (particularly in Mr. Boucicault's part)[†1] is often very effective; and throughout there is an honest, straight-to-the-purpose ruggedness in it, like the real life and the real people.[†2]

Secondly, as to the absence of the comic element. I really do not see how more of it could be got into the story, and I think Mr. Boucicault underrates the pleasant effect of his own part. The very notion of a sailor, whose life is not among those little courts and streets, and whose business does not lie with the monotonous machinery, but with the four wild winds, is a relief to me in reading the play. I am quite confident of its being an immense relief to the audience when they see the sailor before them, with an entirely different bearing, action, dress, complexion even, from the rest of the men. I would make him the freshest and airiest sailor that ever was seen; and through him I can distinctly see my way out of "the Black Country" into clearer air.[†3] (I speak as one of the audience, mind.) I should like something of this contrast to be expressed in the dialogue between the sailor and [Jem],[†4] in the second scene of the second act. Again, I feel Widdicomb's part (which is charming, and ought to make the whole house cry)[†5] most agreeable and welcome, much better than any amount in such a story, of mere comicality.

It is unnecessary to say that the play is done with a master's hand. Its closeness and movement are quite surprising. Its construction is admirable. I have the strongest belief in its making a great success.[†6] But I must add this proviso: I never saw a play so dangerously depending in critical places on strict natural propriety in the manner and perfection in the shaping of the small parts.[†7] Those small parts cannot take the play up, but they can let it down. I would not leave a hair on the head of one of them to the chance of the first night, but I would see, to the minutest particular, the make-up of every one of them at a night rehearsal.

Of course you are free to show this note to Mr. Boucicault, and I suppose you will do so; let me throw out this suggestion to him and you. Might it not ease the

way with the Lord Chamberlain's office, and still more with the audience, when there are Manchester champions in it, if instead of "Manchester" you used a fictitious name?[†1] When I did "Hard Times" I called the scene Coketown. Everybody knew what was meant, but every cotton-spinning town said it was the other cotton-spinning town.

I shall be up on Saturday, and will come over about mid-day, unless you name any other time.

Ever heartily
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DION BOUCICAULT, 4 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS Private.

Gad's Hill | Tuesday Afternoon Fourth September 1866

My Dear Sir

Your note just received by the afternoon post, immediately before the going out of the evening[†2] post from here. Before receiving it, I had written to Fechter. I have only time to beg you to ask him for that note, and to tell you that I think the piece EXCELLENT.[†3]

In great haste | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dion Boucicault Esquire

To F. C. BEARD, 6 SEPTEMBER 1866

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixth September 1866.

My Dear Frank Beard.

I have been bothered for weeks — months — at intervals with distention and flatulency, and disagreeable pains in the pit of the stomach and chest, without any disarrangement of the bowels, worth speaking of. Sometimes I have it all day, sometimes at capricious intervals, sometimes all night after 2 or so.

In a similar sickly season, I had exactly the same uncomfortable symptoms at Boulogne, ten years ago. Elliotson[†4] who was there, gave me some simple prescription in which the main (if not the only) ingredient was cajeput oil.[†5] It succeeded immediately.

Can you, on this diagnosis, send me a prescription to relieve this small distress? Or I shall be in town all Saturday, and could come to you, or see you

at the office or anywhere, after 1 o'clock. Though I really feel that it is not in the least worth while to trouble you to that extent.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Elliotson's prescription was white, I remember — small in dose — and imperceptible in its effect, except on the annoyance.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?6 SEPTEMBER 1866]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 703. *Date:* "September", according to Forster; if the symptoms were the same as those he complained of to F. C. Beard on 6 Sep, then perhaps same date.

I think there is some strange influence in the atmosphere. Twice last week I was seized in a most distressing manner — apparently in the heart; but, I am persuaded, only in the nervous system.

To EDWARD M. CURTISS,[†1] 6 SEPTEMBER 1866

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixth September 1866

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to assure you that when David Copperfield took leave of Steerforth in his own house, he (David) had no suspicion whatever respecting the seduction of Emily. Nor had he any misgiving of the truth until the night when Ham announced her flight to him in the old boat. Then, piecing the scattered past together in his mind, and coupling it with Ham's imploring him to go out of hearing before he told Mr. Peggotty the Man's name, he (David again) felt that the man was his friend — "the friend I had happily introduced there". The difference of opinion on this head which you make known to me, may be considered as distinctly and decidedly set at rest by this present note.[†2] You should have received it sooner, but that I have been away from home.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward M Curtiss Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 6 SEPTEMBER 1866

Mention in S. F. Henkels catalogue No. 1280; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 6 Sep 66.

To G. W. RUSDEN, 7 SEPTEMBER 1866

MS Trinity College, University of Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Seventh September 1866

My Dear Sir

Again I have to thank you very heartily, for your kindness in writing to me about my son. The intelligence you send me concerning him is a great relief and satisfaction to my mind, and I cannot separate these feelings from a truly grateful recognition of the advice and assistance for which he is much beholden to you, or from his strong desire to deserve your good opinion.

Believe me always My Dear Sir
Your faithful and truly obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Rusden Esquire

To F. C. BEARD, 10 SEPTEMBER 1866

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esqre. | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Tenth September 1866

My Dear Frank Beard

I think that there is no question that the enclosed prescription at once touches the disagreeables; but it has a tendency to affect the bowels in the way of relaxation, though not moving them oftener than the regular once a day. If this be right, please return me the prescription *here.* If wrong, please post me an altered triumph of medical skill.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 10 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Tenth September 1866

My Dearest Georgy

Will you send me here by return (in order that I may give it to Fechter), the name and address of the Gas-Bath Maker,[†1] as they hang up in our Bathroom.

And will you ask Harry to write to Mr. Canning, and tell him I am obliged to confess that I positively cannot read his Manuscript.[†2] He need *not* add that it is quite intolerable that any man should send such preposterous writing to be perused by any human creature. It really is a liberty that no Jackass has taken since Household Words began.

With love to all | Ever Your most affectionate
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 10 SEPTEMBER 1866

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 10 Sep 66; addressed F. Ouvry.

Enclosing the quarterly cheque.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 12 SEPTEMBER 1866

Extract in N, III, 484.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | 12th September, 1866

I was on the very point of writing to you to come on Saturday instead of Friday, as Fechter has his most important Rehearsal[†1] on Friday night, and nothing will induce him to believe that he can prosper with the piece unless I am there according to custom. What I now propose, in our combination of difficulties, is this:— Don't come to Gad's Hill until after your return from your next engagement. Come *here* at 3 on Friday and we will carefully discuss the tour.

To MISS MARGUERITE POWER, 12 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS Lloyd E. Roscoe.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twelfth September 1866

My Dear Marguerite

I accept the Tropical Episode,[†2] in any case. I am not quite clear about it for the Xmas No. but will consider it well in that connexion, as the said No. works its way into being — with much greater difficulty than the tropical child did.[†3]

Sorry to hear that you have not been well, and amazed to learn from John this morning that Frank Beard has broken his arm. At a Great Ill Luck Exhibition, he certainly would get the first gold medal.[†4]

It has blown gales and rained Niagaras, at Gad's Hill, for some years.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To HARRY SYDNEY,[†5] 15 SEPTEMBER 1866

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday Fifteenth September 1866

Sir

I have received your letter of the day before yesterday, and now have the pleasure of replying to it.

In this dead time of the year, I have not the opportunity of at once communicating with the writer of the article to which you refer; but I have refreshed my memory concerning the article itself, by reading it again. It is to be found in No. 383 of this journal, dated Saturday August 25th.[†1]

The passage to which I suppose you to object is this:—

"'Fortey's[†2] Edition of new and popular songs'[†3] is recommended to the public as containing Sydney's great song of Who likes Gravy on their Taters."[†4]

Whether Mr. or Mrs. Fortey (for I am unacquainted with the sex of the vocal collector in question) may be trading on the popularity of your name, or whether that lady or gentleman may be desirous of exalting some obscure person of the same name, I cannot tell. But this is a mere statement of a fact. The thing is so. The book the title of which is given, contains that passage. And it would be absurd for these pages gravely to discuss its authority.

When I have the opportunity, I will beg the writer of the article in question to make some good humoured reference to your communication when he next writes on some kindred subject for All The Year Round. In the mean time you may be perfectly sure that he has merely made a quotation from one out of several books that I remember to have been purchased for his enlightenment. As to myself, I have strongly urged the case of the Music Halls as against the prosecutions of Theatrical Managers, and have advocated Free Trade in entertainments[†5] as in all other speculations. I cannot possibly therefore have any prepossession against you.

I am sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Harry Sydney Esquire

To WALTER THORNBURY, 15 SEPTEMBER 1866

Text from MDGH, II, 262-3.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND OFFICE,
Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1866.

My dear Thornbury,

Many thanks for your letter.

In reference to your Shakespeare queries, I am not so much enamoured of the first and third subjects as I am of the Ariosto[†6] enquiry, which should be highly interesting. But if you have so got the matter in your mind, as that its execution would be incomplete and unsatisfactory to you unless you write all the three papers, then by all means write the three, and I will most gladly take them.[†7] For

some years I have had so much pleasure in reading you, that I can honestly warrant myself as what actors call "a good audience."

The idea of old stories retold is decidedly a good one. I greatly like the notion of that series.[†1] Of course you know De Quincey's paper on the Ratcliffe Highway murderer?[†2] Do you know also the illustration (I have it at Gad's Hill), representing the horrible creature as his dead body lay on a cart, with a piece of wood for a pillow, and a stake lying by, ready to be driven through him?[†3]

I don't *quite* like the title, "The Social History of London." I should better like some title to the effect, "The History of London's Social Changes in so many Years." Such a title would promise more, and better express your intention. What do you think of taking for a first title, "London's Changes"? You could then add the second title, "Being a History," etc.[†4]

I don't at all desire to fix a limit to the series of old stories retold.[†5] I would state the general intention at the beginning of the first paper,[†6] and go on like Banquo's line.[†7]

Don't let your London title remind people, by so much as the place of the word "civilisation," of Buckle.[†8] It seems a ridiculous caution, but the indolent part of the public (a large part!) on such points tumble into extraordinary mistakes.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES KENT, 16 SEPTEMBER 1866

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1909; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 16 Sep 66; addressed Charles Kent.

To CHARLES KENT, 18 SEPTEMBER 1866

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No 2298; dated 18 Sep 66; addressed Charles Kent.

To MARCUS STONE, 25 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Marcus Stone Esquire | Russell House | Tavistock Square | London | W. C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth September | 1866

My Dear Marcus

Will you kindly undertake a little commission for me, and so enable me to render an acceptable attention to a contributor to whom I cannot offer money.[†1]

Will you select me 6 or even 8 good photographs of those admirable French pictures[†1] we spoke of (of course only one of each subject, and comprising all the best subjects — which I think make up about either[†2] of those Nos.), and will you instruct your frame-maker to frame them separately for hanging, each in a light gilt moulding with a plate-glass, and then to send the whole to me at the office in a case, with his account. I had best, I suppose, pay you for the photographs, and him for the framing.

In Christmas Agonies[†3]
Believe me | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Marcus Stone Esquire

To THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE,[†4] 26 SEPTEMBER 1866

Text from N, III, 485-6.

Gad's Hill Place
Wednesday Twenty-Sixth September 1866

Dear Lady Downshire,

What a favored mortal you are! I wish my correspondents would once in a way be half as amusing as these of yours. Mine are of two classes. One class wants print; the other class wants money. Both are extremely lachrymose, and are surrounded by friends who hold them in unspeakable estimation, but somehow don't tangibly express it.

I have not had an approach towards the merit of Mrs. Russell Todd[†5] for a long time, except during the Fenian raid in Canada,[†6] when a begging-letter writer (born in Whitechapel and naturalized and resident in St Giles's) wrote to me that he was a Canadian, and that if he were armed with ten shillings and an old coat he would "fly to repel the invader."

I beg to be recalled to the kind remembrance of Lady Alice,[†7] and am
Always Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 27 SEPTEMBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Seventh September 1866

My Dearest Georgy

I purpose coming down on Sunday by the train that leaves Charing X at 1.15. It is all but certain that Fechter will come with me, but not wholly certain. Basket to Higham Station.

I am to see Beard at his own house on Sunday at 11. You know where to find me in the mean time.

The train was half an hour late this morning. I have been so put about since, having a world to do, that I have been in a perpetual convulsion.

Will you write to Bourgois, and tell him that he will find the amount of his account remitted to the Bank at Boulogne as usual.[†1] He may send to Gad's:

6 Doz: Champagne (very careful that it is the best of the usual quality).

5 Doz: Leoville

6 Doz. Chablis.

He may also send 6 Doz: of the same champagne to Tennent in town. Perhaps you will write Lady Tennent to let her know it is duly ordered.

Love to Letitia and Harriett[†2] | Ever affecy

CD.

To EDWIN ROFFE, SEPTEMBER 1866

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Apr 1895 (Library of J. A. Clarke); dated Sep 66; addressed Edwin Roffe.

October

To MESSRS FARRER, OUVRY & FARRER, 1 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Monday Night First October 1866

Dear Sirs

Mr. Ouvry writing from Folkestone, sends me the enclosed draft of a letter,[†3] saying that you will duly address it to Mr. Cave, the Lessee of the Marylebone Theatre, if I wish it dispatched. As I do wish it to be dispatched, I beg to forward the draft to you.

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Farrer Ouvry and Farrer

To W. H. WILLS, 1 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Monday Night, First October 1866

My Dear Wills

I cannot submit to that audacious statement of Mr. Cave's,[†1] and I have therefore forwarded the draft letter[†2] to Ouvry's Firm, with a request that it may be sent.

As your brain is "no softer", I have vague hopes of its lasting our time! I am still unapproachable on the general subject of Xmas Nos. myself — am lame — ferocious — and dangerous.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

I suppose you must report me —

— gratified

— flattered

— proud

— honored

— and accepting Mrs. Gascoigne's[†3] dedication[†4] with feelings more easily imagined than described.

To THE HON. ALBERT CANNING, 4 OCTOBER 1866

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fourth October 1866[†5]

My Dear Mr. Canning

The return of the shorter MS by book-post, has been accidentally delayed by

my having taken great pains to lock it up (it seems) when I was last here, after it had been put in its wrapper. It is posted today. Pray excuse this accident.

No "newspaper office" would dream of undertaking anything so out of its way as printing a MS having no sort of connexion with its columns. But I have requested the foreman of the printer who contracts to print this Journal,[†1] roughly to "cast off" your King James MS[†2] and to estimate the cost of printing say 250 copies of it. (Fewer would cost a mere trifle less). His calculation, if it should arrive before post time shall be sent at the foot of this letter; if not, in an early successor to it.

I need not tell you that what you impart to me concerning Harry, is highly gratifying to me; though I earnestly hope that so generous a mark of your interest in him is destined to grow very yellow and dusty among long-hoarded papers, before it sees the light.[†3] Your letter I have of course destroyed.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Albert Canning.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 4 OCTOBER 1866

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth October 1866

My Dear Wilkie

None of the scenery[†4] was painted over, but it was cut down into small panels for the decoration of the Theatre-Room in Tavistock House. Those canvasses still exist in Chapman and Hall's warehouse, where they are carefully preserved.[†5] But they are so separated from their contexts (so to speak) and are, for stage purposes, so unintelligible — being small bits of complicated sets — that I think they would put the Olympic Painter[†6] into chains, instead of helping him. Moreover, it would be hardly fair to the dear old boy[†7] who painted them, to reproduce them, for such a purpose, at such a disadvantage.

If your memory fails you anywhere, as to the position of any practicable parts of the Scenery on which "Business" depends,[†8] I have no doubt I can jog it.

Retain your last faith. Trust my stomach, as an Institution superior to the cavils of scepticism.

This is a pretty state of things! — That I should be in Christmas Labour, while you are cruising about the world, a compound of Hayward[†9] and Captain Cook![†10]

But I am so undoubtedly one of the sons of Toil — and fathers of children — that I expect to be presently presented with a smock frock, a pair of leather breeches and a pewter watch, for having brought up the largest family ever known, [†a]with the smallest disposition to do anything for themselves.[†a]

Ever Affectionately

CD.

To LORD LYTTON, 4 OCTOBER 1866

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†1]
Thursday Fourth October 1866

My Dear Lytton.

Is there any chance of your being able and willing to come and see us for a few days, on the 23rd. or 24th.? I name that time because Lady Molesworth is coming then. It would give us inexpressible pleasure to see you here again.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Lytton

To EDWIN ROFFE, 4 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Edward S. Moore III. *Address:* Edwin Roffe Esquire | 48 Ossulton Street | Somers Town | N.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth October 1866

Dear Sir

I am happy to retain your amusing and clear paper[†2] for insertion, with very slight curtailment.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Roffe Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, 4 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" Office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Evening Fourth October 1866

My Dear Kent.

Going to the Athenaeum to day after I saw you here, I found the enclosed[†3] lying there for me. I knew that my entry of your name was irregular, unless Lytton put down his name as your proposer, *at once*. But I understood from you

that he would do so immediately, and therefore defied the Circumlocutional Demon.

Ever
CD.

To JAMES BIRTLES, 8 OCTOBER 1866*

Text from facsimile in Dickens House.

A. Y. R. Office | Monday Eighth October | 1866

Dr. Mr. Birtles.

I send you with this, in an outer envelope, two articles to be set up.[†1]

The enclosed copy of mine, follows on (as you will see) the copy already sent,[†2] with particular instructions. Another article[†3] to follow this again, I will send you over in two or three days.

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 8 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | The Sun Office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Eighth October 1866

My Dear Kent.

I am afraid I must stick to it here, all tomorrow and Wednesday, until 4 or 5 in the afternoon. But will you come round either day, and dine at 1/2 past 6 sharp?

The Secretary of the Athenaeum[†4] told me to day that he had been obliged to call my attention to my being out of order, otherwise in a Club so much sought, there would be twenty similar circumlocutional breaches effected in a few days; numbers of members having no hesitation in seconding a man, who would be slow to propose him. I explained to him (though it was not necessary) that no such thing arose in this case — that I had merely left the Proposing to Lytton as a mark of deference to a friend whom I greatly admired and esteemed — and that I made the entry under the impression that he would immediately add his name. Herewith the Secretary replied that he had heard from Lytton, who would come in today or tomorrow to put down his name, and there was an end of it. I said "If the informality is of the least importance to our candidate, I will at once erase the entry, and leave it for Lytton to put down afresh." The Secretary would not hear of this — said it would all be quite right now — and so we parted, exchanging blessings and blessing the Universe at large.[†5]

Ever affecy.
CD.

To ANTONIN ROCHE,[†1] 8 OCTOBER 1866†

MS Mr Eric Hawkesley. *Address:* A. Roche Esquire | Cadogan Gardens | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighth October 1866

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter dated the 2nd. of this month (which has only just now reached me, in consequence of my having been absent), I beg to assure you that you are quite mistaken in supposing your charming negociator[†2] to have failed. My reply to my daughter was:— "How *could* I give a permission the nature of which was not explained to me? And surely it was quite a novelty, and rather an inconsistent one, to ask me to be selected from, and also to select from myself."

[†a]Joan of Arc's story from the Child's History of England — as you name that passage[†3] — is quite at your service for the purpose of your projected work.[†4] Or you can make any other extract, of similar

length, from any of my books except the "Sketches by Boz".[†a] I would rather not have Mr. Sparkins[†5] or any of his immediate family quoted, because they are juvenile and hasty productions.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A Roche Esquire

To [JAMES BIRTLES], 10 OCTOBER 1866

Text from New York Book & Art Auction Co. catalogue, Feb 1938.

This is to follow "THE BOY AT MUGBY".[†7] The rest of the paper shall be sent in the course of the morning.

CD.

To THE LORD MAYOR ELECT[†1] AND THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX,[†2] 13 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Mr Maurice Canter.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Thirteenth October, 1866

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to express his regret that he is prevented by another engagement from having the honor of accepting the invitation of The Lord Mayor Elect and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, to dinner on Lord Mayor's Day.[†3]

To W.R.S. RALSTON,[†4] 15 OCTOBER 1866

MS Institute of Russian Literature (Pushkin House), of the Academy of Sciences, St Petersburg. *Address:* W. R. S. Ralston Esquire | British Museum | London | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifteenth October, 1866

My Dear Sir

I beg you to accept my thanks for your obliging letter, and also for the interesting paper on the Russian poet[†5] — which I have read with much pleasure.

It would be exceedingly agreeable to me to accept any *suitable* Russian papers from your pen, for All The Year Round: I think it right to lay stress on the word "suitable", because both in Household Words and in All The Year Round, several Russian papers have already appeared. In the former case, the writer was a visitor merely;[†6] in the latter case, an old resident, well acquainted with the wilder parts of the country,[†7] and deriving from the Emperor[†8] himself, certain facilities and experiences.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

W. R. S. Ralston Esquire

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 16 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixteenth October, 1866

My Dear Letitia

It was a slight shock to receive your tidings of the death of poor old Mrs. Austin,[†1] but one could hardly wish it otherwise. It is a curious question with me, whether he[†2] will pine and mope away; or whether he will quickly overcome the loss, with the dulled sensibility of age.

Ever affectionately[†3]

To J. T. FIELDS, 16 OCTOBER 1866†

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixteenth October 1866

My Dear Fields.

Although I perpetually see in the papers that I am coming out with a new Serial, I assure you I know no more of it at present. I am *not* writing (except for Christmas No. of All The Year Round), and am going to begin, in the middle of January, a series of 42 Readings. Those will probably occupy me until Easter. Early in the summer, I hope to get to work upon a story that I have in my mind.[†4] But in what form it will appear, I do not yet know, because when the time comes I shall have to take many circumstances into consideration. [†a]Regarding the choice of an American house, of course my personal feelings are with you. But I have no reason to complain of Harpers,[†5] and I have by me another proposal from Philadelphia.[†6] When I shall have decided on my mode of publication (having got to work as aforesaid), I will describe it to you, and to Harpers, and to the Philadelphian proposer, and my business decision shall be made according to the three replies.[†a]

A faint outline of a Castle in the Air always dimly hovers between me and Rochester, in the great Hall of which I see myself reading to American audiences. But my domestic surroundings must change, before the Castle takes tangible form. And perhaps *I* may change first, and establish a Castle in the other world. So no more at present.

Believe me ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James T Fields Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 21 OCTOBER 1866†

MS Huntington Library

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty First October 1866

My Dear Wills

I have mislaid the proof of the Xmas No. advertisement. But it was wrong, I remember. The important word "stories" was omitted altogether. Let it stand in this way — "*will contain in addition to other stories to be announced shortly*" — and then my list.[†1]

I read The Boy to Miss Boyle, my two girls, and Georgina, last night, with such extraordinary peals and tears of laughter, that I think I foresee a great success. I don't think I ever saw people laugh so much under the prosiest of circumstances.

[†a]That news of Augustus,[†2] I think may be taken as true.[†3] It was very thoughtful of you — and like you — to send it. Poor fellow! A sad business altogether! My mind misgives me that it will bring upon me a host of disagreeables from America.[†a†4]

Mr. Horace Wigan[†5] so presses me about Wilkie's play,[†6] that I must come up on Tuesday, and go to Rehearsal at 12. I will call at the office about 1/2 past 11, in

case you would care to go with me. Will you tell Birtles to have two things ready for me. First, the exact cast-off in pages of what I have done [†a]for Xmas No.[†a†1] Second, a complete proof of Katchen's Caprices.[†2]

Many thanks for the Ouvry & Farrer report. It will not do to bear this kind of insolence, as a consequence of a perfectly independent and moderate piece of criticism.[†3] He must apologize in the papers, or we positively must go on with an action for libel.[†4] It is nothing, to say that the man is insignificant. The precedent is dangerous and compromising. I wish you would impress this on Lincolns Inn Fields.

The secret concerning our Vestiges friend,[†5] remains a secret.[†6] [†a]We know the Nicholsons[†7] very well. They are people of the best kind here, and in high esteem.[†a]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To AUGUSTUS MAYHEW,[†8] 24 OCTOBER 1866

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 1572 (Apr 1921); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 24 Oct 66; addressed Augustus Mayhew.

To H. N. KING,[†9] 27 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Seventh October 1866

Sir

I have to thank you, for your polite attention in sending me some admirable Photographs, and I beg to do so.

My Readings are, as to their business arrangements, entirely in the hands of the Messrs. Chappell. But I have made known to them the purport of your letter; — I do not otherwise interfere.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. H. N. King

To CAPTAIN JOHN HINDLE,[†1] 28 OCTOBER 1866*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Captain Hindle | 5 St. Mary's Vale | Chatham.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Eighth October 1866

My Dear Hindle.

Your letter stands in need of no excuse, and I would gladly help you, if I could. But I really know no man in Paris who would accept the delicate function of interposing between the Emperor, and a system he has examined and decided in favor of. — I mean, no man of any influence.

I think your idea of adapting your signals to Marryatt's[†2] code,[†3] an excellent one. The signal denoting a ship's position, also impresses me as very useful. But the means of regulating the motion of that shifting plate (especially, remembering that a ship afloat is not a fixture like a railway) are an important feature in the case, and their simplicity and efficiency should beyond all doubt be set forth.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 29 OCTOBER 1866

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1909; *MS* 1 p.; dated 29 Oct 66; addressed Charles Kent.

To G. W. SMALLEY,[†4] 29 OCTOBER 1866*

MS J. and S. Graphics, Inc. *Address:* — Smalley Esquire.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Ninth October 1866

Dear Sir

I shall be happy to see you here tomorrow (Tuesday) at 2, or on Wednesday or Thursday at 12.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Smalley Esquire

To THE LORD MAYOR[†1] AND LADY MAYORESS[†2] OF LONDON,* 30 OCTOBER 1866

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirtieth October, 1866

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to express his regret that he will be prevented, by a severe cold in the throat, from having the honor of dining this evening with The Lord Mayor and The Lady Mayoress.

November

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 2 NOVEMBER 1866†

MS Miss Katharine Longley. *Address* (MS Free Library of Philadelphia)*:* T. Adolphus Trollope | Post Restante | Paris [*Brest*].[†3]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Second November, 1866

My Dear Trollope.

I should have written immediately to congratulate you on your then approaching marriage,[†4] and to assure you of my most cordial and affectionate interest in all that nearly concerns you, [†a]but that I thought it best to wait until I should have seen Nelly and her mother on their return,[†5] and should have known from them[†a] how best to address you.[†6]

No friend that you have can be more truly attached to you than I am. I congratulate you with all my heart, and believe that your marriage will stand

high upon the list of happy ones. As to your wife's winning a high reputation out of your house — if you care for that — it is not much, as an addition to the delights of love and peace and a suitable companion for life — I have not the least doubt of her power to make herself famous.

I little thought what an important Master of the Ceremonies I was, when I first presented the late Fanny Ternan to you. Bear me in your mind even as the unconscious instrument of your having given your best affections to a worthy object, and I shall be the best paid Master of the Ceremonies since Nash drove his coach and six through the streets of Bath.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. Adolphus Trollope Esquire

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE,[†1] 3 NOVEMBER 1866

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Villa Novello | Via san Giacomo | Genova.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Third November 1866.

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

I am happy to accept Minnie's Musings[†2] for insertion here. When it appears (unless I hear from you to the contrary) Mr. Wills's business cheque shall be enclosed to the care of Mr. Littleton in Dean Street.[†3]

This is written in the greatest haste and distraction, by reason of my being in the height of the business of the Xmas No. And as I have this year written half of it myself, the always difficult work of selecting from an immense heap of contributions is rendered twice as difficult as usual, by the contracted space available.

Ah! your plan brings before me my beloved Genoa, and it would gladden my heart indeed to look down upon its bay once again from the high hills.

No green leaves in present prospect.[†4]

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My best regard to Cowden Clarke.[†5]

To ANDREW HALLIDAY, 3 NOVEMBER 1866†

MS Walter T. Spencer.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Third November 1866

My Dear Mr. Halliday

Pray do the paper you mention,[†6] by all means.

I have done so much of the Xmas No. myself (half of it),[†1] that I cannot as yet answer for what I can get in. But of your subject's being in accordance with the plan, there is no kind of doubt.[†2] I have specially noted it among the mass of contributions now tumbling in.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew Halliday Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 3 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Third November 1866

My Dearest Georgina.

If you open this letter in presence of either of the Stone girls,[†3] do not be betrayed into any expression of surprise.

On no account come here on Monday, or come here at all for the present. This to Mary also.

A horrible business occurred here yesterday. On the previous afternoon, 8 sovereigns had been stolen from the cashbox. Yesterday morning (there having been a great disturbance in the meantime) they were replaced. It was the clumsy manner of the restoration, that most helped the discovery of the culprit. Not in the least suspecting the truth, I sent Wills to Scotland Yard for Walker, the head Inspector of the Detective Police.[†4] He came here with Williamson the head Superintendent.[†5] They examined all the people here and all the place, and came to the irresistible conclusion that the thief was — John![†6] What is worst of all is, that on a smaller scale the thing has been often done for a long time, and that the wretched Johnson has been impoverished by having to borrow money to make up inexplicable deficiencies in his daily accounts.

What I am to do with, or for, the miserable man, God knows. But we must make our gloomy way through it alone together, and it would be inexpressibly painful to me to have any third person present who knew him through his old long service.

He is discharged from the office, and is only waiting here as my private servant, until he can get some place to put his furniture in, and can move it away.

Do you think the place[†7] would suit Ellen?[†8] Could she undertake it with a girl to help her? If you make any move towards ascertaining this, keep the secret from the servants. Say that you believe John is

going into some small business — anything of that kind — and be careful not to give them any reason for suspicion.

If you come to town on Monday, let me have a note here that morning, saying at what hour you will call at the Athenaeum. I will go there accordingly.

Mary will no doubt read this. If she will take the direction of the alteration of my chimney piece upon herself, it will be quite as well done as I could do it. Certainly yes, as to the dressing-room window. I can hardly think it possible that Aldridge[†1] has made so great a mistake.

I will write to Marsh on Monday, telling him when to bring up two of the little dogs for me.

Ever affecy

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 5 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fifth November 1866

My Dearest Georgina

I am heartily glad to hear that the stuff has come from Paris, and hope that the curtains and couch will be immediately got to work upon.

I wish you would write to Ellen,[†2] and tell her what the place is. There is no objection to her child, and she will have a good sitting room at the bottom of the house, three bright airy rooms adjoining each other at the top, coals and candles, and a guinea a week. [†a][But out of these wages, she must keep a girl.][†a] You know the duties. They are, to keep the house perfectly clean, to attend to me when I am here, and to Wills when he wants anything — which seldom extends beyond a cup of tea for lunch, or a chop. She would have leisure to do needlework in considerable quantities I should say: though of course this place would be the first consideration. The kitchen is, or shall be, furnished. Other furniture she would have to find. [†a][If she wanted a little help for this last purpose and it were absolutely necessary, I would advance her a few pounds.][†a] When we come up from Gad's, we could always bring a servant. Tell her to send her reply to you. The place would be ready for her, if she could be ready for it, next week. A housekeeper's bell will ring from my room, and from Wills's, both to the bottom of the house and to the top.

Fechter was (or he would have known nothing of the matter) here, just before the Detectives came. When he heard this morning what the enquiry elicited, he burst into tears and sobs. He is a fellow with a very gentle heart. I am sorry to add that he is in great trouble at the Theatre, and that the Boucicaults — from no fault of his — will probably leave him in the lurch after next Saturday.[†3]

It will be advisable towards the end of the week, to look up Homan.[†4] I shall be down on Sunday at latest.

Ever affecy.

CD.

Geo Russell has sent some Yarmouth Bloaters to Gad's.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 6 NOVEMBER 1866

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Sixth November 1866

My Dear FitzGerald

It is always pleasant to me to hear from you, and I hope you will believe, that this is not a mere fashion of speech.

Concerning the Green Covers,[†1] I find those leaves to be budding — on unquestionable newspaper authority — but upon my soul I have no other knowledge of their being in embryo! Really I do not see a chance of my settling myself to such work, until after I shall have accomplished 42 Readings to which I stand pledged.

I hope to begin this series, somewhere about the middle of January, in Dublin.[†2] Touching the details of the realization of this hope, will you tell me — in a line as soon as you can — *Is the Exhibition Room a good room for speaking in?*[†3]

Your mention of the late Sultan touches me nearly. He was the finest dog I ever saw, and between him and me there was a perfect understanding. But to adopt the popular phrase it was so very confidential that it "went no further". He would fly at anybody else with the greatest enthusiasm for destruction. I saw him, muzzled, pound into the heart of a regiment of the Line; and I have frequently seen him, muzzled, hold a great dog down with his chest and feet. He has broken loose (muzzled) and come home covered with blood, again and again. And yet he never disobeyed me, unless he had first laid hold of a dog.

You heard of his going to Execution, evidently supposing the Procession to be a party detached in pursuit of something to kill and eat? It was very affecting. And also of his bolting a blue-eyed kitten, and making me acquainted with the circumstance by his agonies of remorse (or indigestion)?

I cannot find out that there is any one in Rochester (a sleepy old City) who has anything to tell about Garrick,[†4] except what is not true. His brother the Wine-Merchant would be more in Rochester's way,[†5] I think. How on earth do you find time to do all these books? You make my hair stand on end — an agreeable sensation, for I am charmed to find that I have any. Why don't you come here yourself, and look after Garrick? I should be truly delighted to receive you.

My Dear FitzGerald | always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy FitzGerald Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 6 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth November 1866

My Dearest Georgina

I forgot the billiard room door. I think it is quite time Homan took *that* in hand. For two reasons. Firstly, because he will get the seats in, much more easily when the door is so altered. Secondly; because the little painting involved could not be better done than now.

Will you tell Marsh to get two little suitable baskets and to come up on Thursday by morning train from Higham, with the Dog like Linda (the *dog:* not the lady) for me, and the best of the 2 Sultan Dogs for Wills. I will tell him about going on to Wills's from here.

I am afraid John very little feels the enormity of his offence, except as it inconveniences himself. Wills telling him to day that he might be able to get him made a Waiter at the Reform Club, he replied "Oh I couldn't do that, Sir."

I have a little parcel for you, to which the enclosed letter refers.†1

Ever affecy.
CD.

To [?R.B.] GILMORE,†2 [6 NOVEMBER 1866]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the same day.

To MRS HOWE,†3 6 NOVEMBER 1866*

Text from Goodspeed's catalogue No. 169; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 6 Nov 66.

Dear Mrs. Howe,

I have written to Mr. Gilmore today, to tell him that I am not at present at work on any new serial; and that if I were, I should still be at liberty to accept any new proposal for America.

On since reading the letter Mr. Gilmore enclosed to you, I find he also proposes for an early copy of the Xmas No. of All the Year Round. May I ask you to be good enough to let him know that that was purchased in America by anticipation, long ago.†4

With all pleasant remembrances and good wishes,

Believe me always, | Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 6 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | St. James's Place.

Office | Tuesday Sixth November, 1866

My Dear George Russell

A thousand thanks for the Bloaters. None the less, because I am a prisoner to the Xmas No. here, and have not yet tasted those corrupt delights.

Will tomorrow evening suit you for a Play? If so, will you dine with me at Verey's at 6? If tomorrow will not do, will Saturday? A word to Wellington Street, and I book myself accordingly.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To H.F. CHORLEY, 7 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventh November 1866

My Dear Chorley

You may be sure that I looked after St. Cecilia[†1] long before I got your note and that I heartily rejoiced to make out — which I did without the least difficulty or doubt — that she was a splendid success. I congratualte[[sic]] you. I read the words when I first had them, with great pleasure, and felt that there was a fine dramatic force in them.[†2]

The 15th. of December is in capitals in my little book.[†3]

Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventh November 1866

My Dearest Georgy

The remembrance of a passage in your letter yesterday — which I forgot at the time — makes me so very much afraid of your doing something wrong with that French stuff[†4] that I go the length of sending a boy down with this, express.

You write about the sofa not having arrived to be covered, and about "the great chair" — or "the arm-chair" — being covered. There is no chair whatever to

be covered *in my room.* Curtains are to be made to the large window and the two small windows, and the new sofa is to be covered. That is all. There is no chair to be covered.

Every affecy.

CD.

See that the boy has his dinner.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 7 NOVEMBER 1866

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventh November 1866

My Dear Ouvry

First ascertaining beyond all reasonable possibility of doubt that this Vagabond's statement that I was drunk in his Theatre,[†1] IS[†2] libellous, — fire away.[†3]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 7 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 St. James's Place | S.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventh November 1866

My Dear George

I had lost sight of the fact that some changes here will deprive me of my bedroom next Saturday. Shall we say Saturday week? Can you throw in Gad's Hill too, and come down with me this next Saturday afternoon?

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To JAMES BIRTLES, 8 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth November 1866

Dr. Mr. Birtles

There will be another paper, I find, for the Xmas No. from Miss Edwards.[†4] You shall have it soon after mid-day to day.

CD.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON,[†1]
8 NOVEMBER 1866

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Eighth November 1866.

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I should have written sooner to congratulate you on your daughter's[†2] marriage,[†3] but that I have been (and still am) involved in the reading of interminable contributions for the Christmas No. In the midst of which has sprung up too, the horrible discovery of robbery on the part of a person implicitly trusted in, at the office.[†4] It has so shocked me, that I have had to walk more than usual before I could walk myself into composure again. However, I have happily done so, and that's all over.

Your account of your son in law is delightful; and it particularly addresses me because my heart always warms towards a sailor. But I was yet in the full glow of it, when I heard from Mary Boyle of George's[†5] intended marriage![†6] I half began to doubt whether I had better not wait until *all* your children were married, before writing. When they begin to go off at this rate, who can say where they will stop!

Indifferent practical authority on the subject as I am, I yet believe I am more interested than most men in marriages of affection and suitability. I most heartily sympathize with you in your natural joy and pride, and most fervently bless the dear old Castle[†7] and all in any way belonging to it. The old times there will always bloom in my remembrance, and I never had a friend whom I held higher in my affection and esteem than the gentle spirit never to be dissociated from it in my mind.

I dare say Mary will have told you that I have been working for Christmas (which makes my handwriting thus illegible), and that towards the middle of January, I purpose entering on a small course of 42 Readings. They seem an immense number, looked at from afar off; but every hill looks higher than it is, before one begins to mount it.

Believe me My Dear Mrs. Watson
Always Your affectionate Friend

CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Mrs. Watson

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Huntington Libary.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Ninth November 1866

My Dearest Georgy

Let the Basket go over to Gravesend tomorrow afternoon, to meet me by the Express from Charing X at five minutes past 4. George Russell is coming with me, to stay till Monday.

With love to Mamie, if she be at home,

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WILLIAM RIDDLE,[†1] 9 NOVEMBER 1866

Text from Adrian H. Joline, *Rambles in Autograph Land,* 1913, p. 177.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday The Ninth. | November, 1866.

Dear Sir:

I have read your little daughter's story. I do not understand whether or not you suppose it to have any claim to publication, or any address to general readers. If you do, I think you are altogether mistaken.

Regarded as the production of a very clever child, it is interesting and curious. But the working of children's minds, when watched, is always so. I have certainly known other children to write as well, and to display more fancy, who had no faculty whatever of authorship in them as they grew older. If the case was mine, I would show just the same playful interest in this effort of childish invention as in any other more usual one; I would on no consideration lead the child to think that I regarded it as very exceptional; and I would quietly observe (taking some years for the purpose) whether it developed or died out.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

William Riddle Esquire

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 9 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 St. James's Place | S.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Ninth November 1866

My Dear George

Let us go down by *Express to Gravesend* at 5 minutes past 4 tomorrow afternoon; meeting on the Platform a good 10 minutes earlier.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOSEPH SLY, 9 NOVEMBER 1866

MS City of Lancaster Public Library. *Address:* Mr. Sly | King's Arms and Royal Hotel | Lancaster.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Ninth November 1866

Dear Mr. Sly

Doctor Hood,[†1] a friend of mine who stayed at your house last Friday, thought very highly of a portrait of myself that I gave you, and has written to ask me where the engraving can be got. I do not remember what portrait it is. Will you be so good as let me know whether there are any names — of painter, engraver, publisher, or what not — attached to it, and, if any, what the names are.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [10 NOVEMBER 1866]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 822. *Date:* 10 Nov 66, according to Forster.

Sharply criticizing a pamphlet[†3] *proposing royalties for authors instead of the half-profit system.* What does it come to? what is the worth of the remedy after all? You and I know very well that in nine cases out of ten the author is at a disadvantage with the publisher because the publisher has capital and the author has not. We know perfectly well that in nine cases out of ten money is advanced by the publisher before the book is producible — often, long before. No young or unsuccessful author (unless he were an amateur and an independent gentleman) would make a bargain for having that royalty, to-morrow, if he could have a certain sum of money, or an advance of money. The author who could command that bargain, could command it to-morrow, or command anything else. For the less fortunate or the less able, I make bold to say — with some knowledge of the subject, as a writer who made a publisher's fortune long before he began to share in the real profits of his books — that if the publishers met next week, and resolved henceforth to make this royalty bargain and no other, it would be an enormous hardship and misfortune because the authors could not live while they wrote. The pamphlet seems to me just another example of the old philosophical chess-playing, with human beings for pieces. "Don't want money." "Be careful to be born

with means, and have a banker's account." "Your publisher will settle with you, at such and such long periods according to the custom of his trade, and you will settle with your butcher and baker weekly, in the meantime, by drawing cheques as I do." "You must be sure not to want money, and then I have worked it out for you splendidly."

To THE REV. WILLIAM BENHAM,[†1] 12 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth November, 1866

Dear Sir

I am under the necessity of qualifying my compliance with your request, because similar applications are made to me every day.

I am happy to give you permission to extract into your projected compilation,[†2] either the opening of the Seven Poor Travellers,[†3] *or* the Story of old Cheeseman.[†4] But I cannot extend the permission to both, or to the Story of Richard Doubledick.[†5] The Clerk's story[†6] is not of my writing.

The article you were so good as to enclose in your letter[†7] I have read with much pleasure. And I beg you to believe that the feeling expressed in it towards myself,[†8] is deeply gratifying to me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Benham Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 12 NOVEMBER 1866*

Text from facsimile in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1998; checked from MS Sotheby's.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth November 1866

My Dear Wills

Another discovery! — There seems to be no end of the carelessness in the Xmas No.

Page 17. The sentence in caps, at the top. For "the gentleman *from* Nowhere," read "the gentleman *for* Nowhere".[†1]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JAMES BIRTLES, [13 NOVEMBER 1866]

Mention in *To* Wills, 13 Nov. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To MESSRS CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN, [13 NOVEMBER 1866]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* Messrs. Cassell Petter and Galpin | La Belle Sauvage Yard | Ludgate Hill | London | E. C. PM Rochester 13 Nov 66.

To W. H. WILLS, 13 NOVEMBER 1866

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirteenth November 1866

My Dear Wills.

It is curious I should not have noticed that mistake. The substitution of "to day" for "yesterday" makes all right. I have sent the correction to Birtles in a parcel.

†aEllen†2 has been here. She has "very nice furniture", she says, for her own rooms. I told her that she would find the Kitchen furnished for her. I think it better not to summon her before Saturday. I will be at the office that day, to make it easier for her. Let us make up the No. at the same time. There is not a doubt, I hope, of her being exactly the person we want.†a

Tomorrow (Wednesday) I am due at the office at half past eleven, and am to sit to Mason in Bond Street (for some tattoo'd staring monster to be displayed in the Paris Exhibition)†3 at 12. At 1, I go with Chappell to explain a notion I have for improving the acoustics of St. James's Hall. After that, I shall look in at the office again.

Tell Miss Coutts with my kindest regard and remembrance, that I shall be delighted to try my hand promptly at the inscription.†4

What do you mean by this passage in one of your notes received this morning? "I sent a despatch last night, one Xmas No." Do you mean sent it to me? I have never had it.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To EDWARD STIRLING,†1 14 NOVEMBER 1866

Text from Edward Stirling, *Old Drury Lane. Fifty Years' Recollections of Author, Actor and Manager,* 1881, I, 187.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Wednesday, Fourteenth November, 1866

Dear Sir,

I shall be happy to come to "Faust" next Saturday evening.[†2] My address in town is (as I dare say you know) 26 Wellington-street.

Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Edward Stirling, Esquire

To WILLIAM DAY, 17 NOVEMBER 1866†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Mr. Day | Messrs. Clowes's Printing Office | Duke Street | Stamford Street | S.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Seventeenth Novr 1866

Dr. Mr Day.

I want to send to Messrs. Clowes's another reading to be printed for myself;[†3] and it would be a great convenience to me to have it done as soon as possible. But as it is from the forthcoming Xmas No. of this Journal, which will not be published until the 10th. of December, I write to ask you whether you can ensure its being kept secret and not getting out of the Printing office? If you should have any doubt on that subject, I must wait until within a day or two of publication here.

A word in reply will find me here on Thursday next.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM RIDDLE, 17 NOVEMBER 1866

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue, Dec 1915; *MS* 1 p.; dated Athenaeum Club, Saturday Night, 17 Nov 66; addressed William Riddle.

Telling him to collect the MS[†4] *from the* Office of All the Year Round.

To R. H. MASON, 20 NOVEMBER 1866

MS Myers & Co.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twentieth November 1866

Dear Mr. Mason

In these last instances, I think the Camera has let me off more easily than usual. I will not ask you to cancel any of the photographs you have sent me.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 20 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 St. James's Place | London | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twentieth November | 1866

My Dear George.

Espinasse[†2] is from 72 to 74 years of age; is of decidedly apopleptic tendency; is a pompous ass; gives nonsensical decisions under vinous inspiration; lives in a froggy, duck-weedy, ditch-haunted swampy bower at Boxley,[†3] between this and Maidstone; and is confidently expected to "go off" at a moment's notice. I had all this yesterday on the two best authorities in this part of the County; and one of them (the Rochester Banker) said: "I would back the life of any tolerably healthy and sensible man of 82 against his".

It seems he was the Judge of the old Small Debts Court here, when the County Courts were established, and that he came into this preferment as a matter of course — none the less, because he was profoundly unfit for it.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN WATKINS,[†4] 20 NOVEMBER 1866

Mention in N, III, 491. *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill, 20 Nov 66; addressed John Watkins.

Concerning a portrait Watkins had sent him.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 NOVEMBER 1866

Mention in John Waller catalogue No. 114 (1877); dated Gad's Hill, 20 Nov 66.

Writing of his "Books", a likeness of himself, his readings.

To MRS HUGHES,[†1] 21 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Mrs A. K. Frazer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty First November 1866

My Dear Madam

I truly regret that it is not in my power to comply with your request. My vote for the Governesses Benevolent Institution[†2] is pre-engaged in behalf of a lady who has tried in vain several times, but hopes by dint of trying to succeed at last. While she is on the list of candidates I am pledged to support her.

Believe me always Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Hughes.

To THE HON. ALBERT CANNING, 23 NOVEMBER 1866

Extract in Scheuer catalogue No. 3 (1927); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 23 Nov 66; addressed The Hon. Albert Canning; with envelope.

Your MS has never reached this house or my office since you had it back.[†3] Like you, I have heard nothing from Harry about his leg for weeks, but I have no doubt this is because he has nothing to tell. The doctors said it would slowly gain strength.

To SAMUEL LOVER, 23 NOVEMBER 1866

MS W. A. Foyle.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Third November 1866

My Dear Lover.

A thousand thanks. But I don't think the brisk little shot is quite in our direction.[†4]

I sincerely hope you are better, and in your old good spirits.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, [?20-24 NOVEMBER 1866]

Mention in *To* Frederic Chapman, 25 Nov. *Date:* probably written within a few days of that letter.

To THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA,[†1] 24 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Fourth November 1866

My Dear Lord Dufferin

I have only just now received your letter.

I will send you one of my books with the greatest pleasure, and shall be proud to know that it is among your series. I would rather give you Copperfield[†2] than any other, because it is my peculiar favorite. Unless you should let me know that you would really prefer a Xmas book, I will take care that Copperfield makes his way safely to Highgate[†3] in the course of this next week.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Dufferin

To JAMES BIRTLES, 25 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Fifth November 1866

In yesterday's make-up, there is an article by Mr. Wilkie Collins, called the Dead Lock in Italy.[†4] Since I went over it, I remember a passage that I wish to take out. I purpose being at the office tomorrow (Monday) at a quarter before one. If you will bring me, or send me, the proof, I will strike out the passage while the proof is waited for.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 25 NOVEMBER 1866

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Fifth November 1866

My Dear Sir

This note will serve personally to introduce to you Mr. John Watkins, in

reference to whose portrait of myself as rendered by Mr. Lane, I have already written you a note.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 25 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Mr Tom Brown.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Fifth November 1866

My Dear Dolby

At 6 exactly, tomorrow Monday, in the large back public room at Verey's, a stately form will be discernible, prepared for any amount of trip-arrangement and detail. The noble stranger will have to leave town again at about 9 o'Clock, and I daresay you will be glad to get home in good time.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN WATKINS, 25 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Cornell University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Fifth November 1866

Dear Mr. Watkins

I write to Mr. Frederick Chapman by this post, and I also send you a note of introduction to him. As it is essential that the announcement should be short and should refer to nothing else but the subject in hand, I have taken three lines out of your draft.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Watkins Esquire

To JOHN WATKINS, [25 NOVEMBER 1866]

Mention in last.

Introducing Watkins to Chapman.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 NOVEMBER 1866

Mention in N, III, 492; dated Office of *AYR,* 26 Nov 66; addressed Miss Hogarth.

To CHARLES KENT, 26 NOVEMBER 1866*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | Sun Office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Sixth November 1866

My Dear Kent.

According to promise I send you for your perusal an early proof of the Xmas No. Of course you will keep it darkest of the dark, until you get your official early proof from here. Don't hurry; but when you have done with it, please return it to me here, marked Private.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To R. H. MASON, 28 NOVEMBER 1866

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Twenty Eighth November | 1866

Dear Mr. Mason

I think the enclosed griffin should be cancelled.†1

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To S. PERKES,†2 29 NOVEMBER 1866

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Private | S. Perkes Esquire | West Dulwich | S.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Ninth November 1866

Sir

I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of your pamphlet†3 and your obliging letter. This I should have done some days sooner, but for having been absent.

While I highly respect the philanthropic objects so earnestly and (I am quite convinced) sincerely stated in your pages, I have not sufficient faith in any Parliament that could be got together in England, or in any Public Department that could be established, or in any Administration that could be formed, to trust to such bodies the sole undertaking of all great works for the public benefit and use. I do not in the least believe that through such agencies Jobbery would

cease out of the land. Quite the contrary. Nor can I assume that such authorities would achieve none but profitable works. Quite the contrary again.

I do not profess to be at all learned (for indeed I am not) in currency doctrines. The more I have read about them, the more hazy my understanding of them has become. But as, in the transaction of my own limited affairs, I should very strongly object to any Government's having the power to force me to accept a piece of paper in lieu of a sovereign, so I cannot conscientiously recommend the public to vote for

that Legal Tender of which you think so highly. And concerning that "mere stroke of the pen" which is to make a country prosperous and virtuous, I frankly avow to you that my mind is so constituted as to be utterly unable to receive the belief.

In truth I am so hopeless a subject, that my making an appointment with you for the discussion of these questions would be to waste your time and mine. I thank you again sincerely, and beg to remain

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Perkes Esquire

To MISS MINA BEHRENS,[†1] [30 NOVEMBER 1866]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* Miss Mina Behrens | Springfield House | Bradford.
PM 30 Nov 66.

December

To THE REV. HENRY BLINK,[†2] 7 DECEMBER 1866

MS Rawlins Collection, Isle of Man. *Address:* The Rev. Henry S. Blink | Watlington | Oxon.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Seventh December 1866

Dear Sir

I beg to assure you that you have my full permission to carry out your purpose of reading my Christmas Carol in public.[†3] But my correspondents are far too numerous, to leave me leisure for explaining how I am accustomed to condense it when I read it myself.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

The Rev. Henry S Blink

To MISS CONSTANCE CROSS,[†1] 7 DECEMBER 1866*

Text from typescript, Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Seventh December 1866

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Constance Cross, and begs to assure her in reply to her letter, that he is far too much occupied, to be able to comply with the requests of the innumerable correspondents who ask him to read manuscript novels. Compliance would leave him no leisure for any other pursuit in life.

But he would gladly cause Miss Cross's novel to be honestly read in this office with a reference to its suitability to these pages, if there were the slightest prospect of there being, within a couple of years, an opening in them for a long serial story. As the arrangements already made, however, extend over that period of time[†2] he has no right to subject Miss Cross to the anxiety and disappointment that would inevitably ensure on her sending her manuscript here.

To THE CAPTAIN AND QUEEN'S SCHOLARS, WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, 8 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Mr R. V. Forward.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighth December, 1866

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to the Captain and Queen's Scholars, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of their obliging invitation.[†3] He very much regrets that he is prevented from having the pleasure of accepting it, by two previous (and far less interesting) engagements.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 9 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Ninth December 1866

My Dear Sir

Thank you for the books.[†4] They are exceedingly well got up, and are highly creditable to the House.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 12 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* George Dolby Esquire | Royal Hotel | Torquay.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twelfth December 1866

My Dear Dolby

The change you suggest, would not at all inconvenience me. But you know that I always desire Chappell to have every possible advantage towards making his money out of the arrangements between us; and I feel convinced that the earlier we begin, the better it will be for him. I found this opinion on the

enormous success of the Xmas No. (In two days and a half, we have sold two hundred thousand, and we really do not know what number we may get to.) Now, as I propose to read the Boy, when we want any thing new — and Barbox also — and as so many thousands of people have this fresh interest in my books, I am very strong for beginning as soon after Xmas as possible. This being my quite disinterested opinion, I give it you freely. Always understand on the other side, that the 28th. of January would be soon enough for *me*.

Whenever you write in reply, address me at Gad's Hill.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Dolby Esquire | Over

P.S.
I shall be here on Saturday from 5 to 7. I dine with Chorley that day, as it is his birthday. I shall be here also on Sunday from 10 to 1. I note this, as I see you will be in town then, on re-reading your note.

(Signed)
"THE BOY"

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 13 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Morgan Library.

THE ATHENAEUM | Thursday Thirteenth December 1866

My Dear Letitia

I am much afraid that I shall not be able to manage an evening with you before I go away reading, unless my departure should be (as it is not unlikely it may) put a little further on in January than was at first designed. I am engaged for the early part of next week and then must go back to Gad's to receive Plorn's tutor (who is made a Colonial Bishop),[†1] and then must stay there for the Annual Gathering until the Xmas holidays are over. But all domestic arrangements are subject to Katie, with whom both Georgina and Mamie now are. She is ill with nervous fever — was very ill two days ago — but I hope is mending steadily though slowly. She is a bad subject for illness, having long been in an unsatisfactory and declining state.

The Xmas No. to day is the astonishing number of *40,000 ahead* of even Doctor Marigold at the same date.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 13 DECEMBER 1866*

MS (pro forma letter) Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | [†a]Dec 13 1866[†a]

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled

†aThree Roses†a

for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

The Manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above.

To CHARLES KENT, 14 DECEMBER 1866†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" Office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fourteenth December 1866

My Dear Kent.

Many thanks for your photograph, which is more than welcome, and is a very good likeness too. It will appear on an honored page of the Gad's Hill Book,†1 you may be sure.

I should have written to you before now, but for having been much occupied (with getting up my Readings for the New Year), and for having been put out by the illness of my daughter Mrs. Collins. †bIt delighted me to find you so taken by the Xmas No.†b and I meant to have told you so.

†bYesterday evening, Mugby Junction was 11,000 past the 200,000. And it was 40,000 and odd ahead of Doctor Marigold at the same date after publication!†b†2

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 14 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 4 St. James's Place | S.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Night 14th. Decr. 1866

My Dear George.

I have been kept here by my daughter Katie's having been seriously ill†3 (I hope

she is now surely mending, though slowly). Thus I have only to night received your note.

There remains but tomorrow in this week, and it is Chorley's birthday and I dine with him. On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday (Katie keeping better), I am going on a visit into Buckinghamshire.†1 On Tuesday I dine in town, but (Katie always keeping better) may go back on my visit for Wednesday and

Thursday. After the latter day I shall be at Gad's. My usual Christmas Housefull will probably keep me there until Twelfth Night. That passed, I could dine with you, probably any day until the 14th. When I enter on a course of 40 Readings in all sorts of places.

The neglected children of London have been an interesting subject to me ever since I began to write, and I hope I have never lost an opportunity of impressing their dreadful condition on the public heart.[†2] I have a misgiving that a better House of Commons, and (consequently) a better form of Government altogether — I have used the wrong word, for I mean a reality and not a form — alone can deal with the gigantic and unchristian horror. But I shall be glad to know what this plan is.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 15 DECEMBER 1866

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard Esquire.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fifteenth December 1866

My Dear Beard

You remember Bousfield[†3] — once O'Connell's[†4] special Reporter[†5] — who used to sit at the end of that blessed old Bench long burnt (Praise the Lord!), and afterwards on the Times? An appeal has been made to me — without his knowledge, my correspondent states — for help in distress. Can you enlighten me touching a vague and misty impression I have that he was a bad subject altogether? I cannot trace it to its source in my mind.

Ever affectionately
THE BOY (AT MUGBY)

To GEORGE DOLBY, 19 DECEMBER 1866*

MS British Library. *Address:* George Dolby Esquire | 230 Regent Street | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Nineteenth December 1866

My Dear Dolby

I had not written to the Dean[†1] when I got your letter, so there is not the least harm done.

It escaped my memory to mention to you on Sunday, that I think the Screen was pretty well knocked to pieces in the last tour, and that I believe we shall want a new one made. Will you kindly have it looked to?

I have just heard from Mr. Ryland of Birmingham that "Our Missis and our Young Ladies" at Mugby[†2] are going to give up their places, declaring that "they cannot bear the public facetiousness occasioned by Mr. D's show up"[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Dolby Esquire

To M. JEAN HARLAY,[†4] 19 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. *Address:* à Monsieur Jean Harlay | Office of "L'International" | 76 Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Nineteenth December 1866

Sir

In reply to your obliging letter, I have the honor to inform you that I have already made arrangements in reference to "Mugby Junction", which render it impossible for me to concede to the newspaper "L'international" — on any terms — the right of translating that work.

With high consideration | I am, Sir, | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Monsieur Jean Harlay

To MISS HORNER,[†5] 19 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Nineteenth December, 1866.

Dear Miss Horner

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your note (forwarded to me by your sister Lady Lyell),[†6] and beg you to accept my thanks for the offer of your novel.

But if I were to receive the Manuscript for perusal, I should do you a great

wrong, seeing that I have already made arrangements in connexion with All the Year Round which will fill the serial portion of those pages for nearly two years.[†1]

In pursuing the fortunes of your novel elsewhere I fear you will find that you are not very well informed as to the advantages derivable from simultaneous publication in America. A reputation must be

established *here* (so far as I know), before an English writer is in a position to negotiate with an American publisher. Miss Horner.

Faithfully Yours | CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 19 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Nineteenth December 1866

My Dear George.

I think this notion far too crude and immature to go before the public yet.

I have no doubt that an enormous quantity of good food is wasted in this town, and that the habit of wasting it — this is an important consideration — engenders a vast amount of pilfering, lying, secret huckstering in petty spoil, and consequent deterioration of character among servants. Also I have no doubt that if such food were well recooked and well re-distributed among poor children, it would soon prove itself to be so much labour-stamina.

But the scale on which it is proposed to try the experiment in the beginning — the place in which it is proposed to try it — the sort of kitchen — the sort of dining Hall — the staff and its wages — the rent to be paid — the cost of the cooking apparatus to be erected — the hours at which meals can be had — all these things must be made subjects of accurate calculation and statement, before the public help can be got to any useful purpose. Then there would be the vantage-ground occupied: "For so much money, to be so spent, such a system can be fairly tried". And then I think the money could be got. Otherwise, no.

I see danger in the halfpenny. Thus. It would instantly multiply by an unknown figure, the number of little mendicants. The whole neighbourhood of the Scrap Kitchen would be thronged with children each begging for that halfpenny. The parents in the mass would never give the halfpenny. They would say "Go out and get it". Then the Police would bring the children up before the Magistrates, by the half dozen at a haul.

Again. To try the scheme — on any terms — in only one place, would be to swamp that place instantly, and to assemble in it from various quarters a crowd of famishing children (even supposing they were not beggars), who must be disappointed soon after the opening of the doors. And supposing that nearest the doors there are 500 little thieves, and on the outer skirts of that crowd 500 starving children who are not thieves (the most likely to be shouldered out), is the Scrap Kitchen to exhaust itself on the former, and leave the latter unfed?

Surely there must be some sort of enquiry established, or some principle of selection?

I think Chadwick[†1] as likely a man as any, to meet these difficulties, and I should much like Dr. Stallard[†2] to take his opinion.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

George Russell Esquire

To [?HENRY GLASSFORD BELL],[†3] 22 DECEMBER 1866

Extract in Henry Bristow of Ringwood catalogue No. 299 (1989); *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Gads Hill Place, 22 Dec 66; addressed Mr. ?Doell according to catalogue.

Enclosing a cheque in aid of the objects of the Glasgow Bazaar,[†4] and regretting that absence prevented him receiving Miss Hingston's[†5] request for one of his books to sell.

To MRS MILNER GIBSON,[†6] 22 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Second December 1866

My Dear Mrs. Milner Gibson

It really is a delight to me to receive your welcome letter, and to be assured at this time of the year of the lasting remembrance and regard of an old friend.

Unfortunately my vote is always pre-engaged in behalf of a persevering applicant who seems to be always kept out of the Hospital,[†7] and always hoping to get in to it.

Georgie is in attendance, day and night, on my married daughter Katie who has been seriously ill with nervous fever, but who I hope is slowly working round again. Otherwise I know she would have sent you many more cordial messages than I should have delivered. Mamie too is away, but I look forward to their resuming their household places on Christmas Day.

I cannot imagine Alice[†1] the mother of three children, just as I never can imagine myself the grandfather of four. That objectionable relationship is never permitted to be mentioned in my presence. I make the mites suppose that my lawful name is "Wenerables": which they piously believe.

Take care that you don't get "croup" next. You children are very subject to it.

With all affectionate good wishes in and out of season, Believe me always
Faithfully Your old friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To A. C. LEWIS,[†2] 22 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Mr Frederick Koch. *Address:* Albert C Lewis Esquire | 27 Oakley Square | London | N.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Second December 1866

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your interesting and obliging letter, and to express my regret that I cannot witness the agreeable scene it suggests to me,†3 by reason of being pre-engaged here to my own family circle.

With all the good wishes of the time, I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Albert C Lewis Esquire

To JOSEPH SLY, 22 DECEMBER 1866

MS Public Library and Museum, Lancaster.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Twenty Second December 1866

Dear Mr. Sly

I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the safe receipt of your box of fine game, which arrived here in the very best condition.

With all the good wishes of the time, Believe me†4

To WALTER THORNBURY, 22 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Second December 1866

My Dear Thornbury

I have looked up that passage in the Annual Register,†5 and I do not think it at all conclusive. That the poor girl, under the terrors of an Evangelical holding

forth, may have made a general confession of sinfulness, I do not doubt. That she confessed that crime, I do most decidedly doubt. The argument that the Government of the day hanged her, is stark imbecility. The Government of the day would have hanged anyone. The clergyman admits that she denied the crime

immediately after his interview with her. That she always denied it before, is indubitable. That there was no sufficient evidence to convict her, and that she was unfairly tried, is evident on the face of the account of the Trial.[†1] Moreover, I have a strong impression that the crime was confessed to by some dying man years later.[†2] Gurney[†3] the short hand writer, too, was by no means a shining light, but as dull a man as need be.

A merry Christmas and a happy new year to you.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 DECEMBER 1866]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 833. *Date:* the Christmas Day before he went to America, according to Forster.

Footraces for the villagers come off in my field tomorrow. We have been hard at work all day, building a course, making countless flags, and I don't know what else. Layard is chief commissioner of the domestic police. The country police predict an immense crowd.[†4]

To G. MAYER,[†5] 27 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Seventh December 1866.

Dear Sir

I beg to enclose you a Post-Office order, and to convey to you my best thanks for the advantage my son Harry has derived from your tuition.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. Mayer Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 27 DECEMBER 1866

Text from MDGH, III, 229.

Gad's Hill, Thursday 27th December, 1866

Dear Madam,

You make an absurd, though common mistake, in supposing that any human creature can help you to be an authoress, if you cannot become one in virtue of your own powers. I know nothing about "impenetrable barrier," "outsiders," and "charmed circles." I know that anyone who can write what is

suitable to the requirements of my own journal — for instance — is a person I am heartily glad to discover, and do not very often find. And I believe this to be no rare case in periodical literature. I cannot undertake to advise you in the abstract, as I number my unknown correspondents by the hundred. But if you offer anything to me for insertion in "All the Year Round," you may be sure that it will be honestly read, and that it will be judged by no test but its own merits and adaptability to those pages.

But I am bound to add that I do not regard successful fiction as a thing to be achieved in "leisure moments."

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 28 DECEMBER 1866

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Friday Twenty Eighth December 1866

My Dearest Macready

I have received your letter with the utmost pleasure, and we all send our most affectionate love to you, Mrs. Macready, Katie, Johnny, and the Boy of Boys.[†1] All good Christmas and New Year greetings are to be understood as included.

You will be interested in knowing, that, encouraged by the success of Summer Cricket Matches, I got up a quantity of footraces and rustic sports in my field here[†2] on the 26th. last past. As I have never yet had a case of drunkenness, the landlord of the Falstaff had a drinking-booth on the ground. All the Prizes I gave, were in money too. We had two thousand people here. Among the crowd were soldiers, navvies, and labourers of all kinds. Not a stake was pulled up, or a rope slackened, or one farthing's worth of damage done. To every competitor (only) a printed bill of general rules was given, with the concluding words: "Mr. Dickens puts every man upon his honor to assist in preserving order." There was

not a dispute all day, and they went away at sunset rending the air with cheers, and leaving every flag on a 600 yards course, as neat as they found it when the gates were opened at 10 in the morning. Surely this is a bright sign in the neighbourhood of such a place as Chatham!

Mugby Junction turned, yesterday afternoon, the extraordinary number of 250,000.

In the middle of next month I begin a new course of 42 Readings. If any of them bring me within reach of Cheltenham with an hour to spare, I shall come on to you, even for that hour. More of this when I am afield and have my list: which Dolby (for Chappell) is now preparing.

Forster and Mrs. Forster were to have come to us next Monday to stay until Saturday. I write "were", because I hear that Forster (who had a touch of bronchitis when he wrote to me on Xmas Eve) is in

bed. Katie, who has been ill of low nervous fever, was brought here yesterday from London. She bore the journey much better than I expected, and so I hope will soon recover. This is my little stock of news.

I begin to discover in your riper years that you have been secretly vain of your handwriting all your life. For I swear I see no change in it! What it always was since I first knew it (a year or two!) it *is.* This I will maintain, against all comers.

Ever affectionately | My Dearest Macready

CD.

To PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, 30 DECEMBER 1866†

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirtieth December 1866

My Dear Owen.

I must write one word of congratulation to Mrs. Owen, your son, and you, on the interesting intelligence you give me.†1 Your delight in it has delighted me, and I cannot too cordially assure you of my heartfelt sympathy. May there be many happy years in store for all concerned!

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Owen

To THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, [31 DECEMBER 1866]

Mention in *To* Cerjat, 1 Jan 67. *Date:* written day before.

To MR JARVIS,†2 1866*

Text from Dobell catalogue No. 2 (1911); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 1866; addressed Jarvis.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Jarvis, and begs to

thank him for his very obliging letter. As Mr. Dickens, however, feels quite certain that the book in question cannot be his, he will not trouble Mr. Jarvis to forward it for his inspection. He does not write his name in his books, and he never had such a volume among them.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1866

Extract in Walter T. Spencer catalogue, *Dickensiana,* II, 335, Guildhall Museum, Rochester; dated 26, Wellington Street, 1866.

Madam,

I regret to assure you that my ability to be useful to the incredible number of my unknown correspondents halts very — very — far short of my inclination.

I can really do absolutely nothing for your husband's compositions, beyond myself reading any that you may offer for insertion in these pages, honestly and attentively, and with a sincere desire to make some of them profitable to him, if I can. But I need scarcely tell you that I can only have that satisfaction in the event of their being suitable to the requirements of this journal.

1867

January

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 1 JANUARY 1867

MS Dartford College, New Hampshire.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
New Year's Day, 1867

My Dear Cerjat.

Thoroughly determined to be beforehand with "the middle of next summer" your penitent friend and remorseful correspondent thus addresses you.

The big dog,[†1] on a day last Autumn having seized a little girl (sister to one of the servants) whom he knew, and was bound to respect, was flogged by his master, and then sentenced to be shot at 7 next morning. He went out very cheerfully with the half dozen men told off for the purpose, evidently thinking that they were going to be the death of somebody unknown. But observing in the procession, an empty wheelbarrow and a double-barreled gun, he became meditative, and fixed the bearer of the gun with his eyes. A stone deftly thrown across him by the village blackguard (chief-mourner) caused him to look round for an instant, and he then fell dead, shot through the heart. Two posthumous children are at this moment rolling on the lawn; one will, evidently, inherit his ferocity — and will, probably, inherit the gun. The Pheasant was a little ailing towards Christmas Day, and was found dead under some ivy in his cage, with his head under his wing, on the morning of the twenty seventh of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty six. I, proprietor of the remains of the two deceased, am working hard, getting up Barbox and The Boy at Mugby,[†2] with

which I begin a new course of Readings, in London on the 15th.[†1] Next morning I believe I start into the country. When I read, I *don't* write. I only edit, and have the proof sheets sent me for the purpose. Here are your questions, answered.

As to the Reform question, it should have been, and could have been, perfectly known to any honest man in England that the more intelligent part of the great masses were deeply dissatisfied with the state of the representation, but were in a very moderate and patient condition, awaiting the better intellectual cultivation of numbers of their fellows. The old insolent resource of assailing them and making

the most audaciously hardy statements that they were politically indifferent, has borne the inevitable fruit. The perpetual taunt "Where are they?" has called them out with the answer, "Well then; if you *must* know, here we are." The intolerable injustice of vituperating the bribed to an assembly of bribers, has goaded their sense of justice beyond endurance. And now what they would have taken, they won't take, and whatever they are steadily bent upon having, they will get. Rely upon it this is the real state of the case.[†2] As to your friend Punch, — you will find him begin to trim[†3] at the very selfsame instant when the new game shall manifestly become the losing one.[†4] You may notice his shoes pinching him a little, already. (He put them on, immediately after Lord Russell had given Leech's son[†5] a nomination to the Charter House.)[†6]

My dear fellow, I have no more power to stop that mutilation of my books, than you have. It is as certain as that my property in my books is confiscated when my descendants most want it. It is as certain as that every inventor of any thing designed for the public good and offered to the English government, becomes *ipso facto*, a criminal, to have his heart broken on the Circumlocutional wheel. It is as certain as that the whole Crimean story will be retold, whenever

this country again goes to war. And to tell you the truth, I have such a very small opinion of what the great-genteel have done for us, that I am very philosophical indeed concerning what the great vulgar may do: having a decided opinion that they can't do worse.

This is the time of year when the Theatres do best, there being still numbers of people who make it a sort of religion to see Christmas pantomimes. Having my annual family house-full, I have, as yet, seen nothing. Fechter has neither pantomime nor burlesque, but is doing a new version of the old Trente Ans de la Vie d'un joueur.[†1] I am afraid he will not find his account in it.[†2] On the whole, the Theatres, except in the articles of scenery and pictorial effect, are poor enough. But in some of the smaller houses, there are actors who, if there were any Dramatic Head-Quarters as a School, might become very good. The most hopeless feature is, that they have the smallest possible idea of an effective and harmonious whole: each "going in" for himself or herself. The Music Halls attract an immense public, and don't refine the general taste. But such things as they do, are well done of their kind, and always briskly and punctually.

The American Yacht Race[†3] is the last sensation. I hope the general interest felt in it on this side, will have a wholesome interest on that. It will be a woeful day when John and Jonathan throw their caps into the ring. The French Emperor is indubitably in a dangerous state. His Parisian popularity wanes, and his Army are discontented with him. I hear on high authority that his secret police are always making discoveries that render him desperately uneasy.[†4]

You know how we have been Swindling in these parts. But perhaps you don't know that Mr. Peto,[†5] the "eminent" contractor, before he fell into difficulties settled *one million of money* on his wife. Such a good and devoted husband!

My daughter Katie (Mrs. Collins) has been very ill of nervous fever. On the 27th. of December she was in a condition to be brought down here (old high road and post horses), and has been steadily getting

better ever since. Her husband is here too, and is on the whole as well as he ever is — or ever will be, I fear.

Give my love to Mrs. Cerjat,[†6] and to everybody else belonging to you who

remembers me. I wrote to Townshend yesterday, and thought of you both, last night.

We played forfeit-games here, and then Pool. For a billiard room has been added to the house since you were here. Come and play a match with me.

Ever My Dear Cerjat | Your faithful friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 JANUARY 1867]

Extracts in F, XI, iii, 833-4. *Date:* Both extracts from same letter of 1 Jan 67, according to Forster.

We had made a very pretty course, and taken great pains.[†1] Encouraged by the cricket matches experience, I allowed the landlord of the Falstaff to have a drinking-booth on the ground. Not to seem to dictate or distrust, I gave all the prizes (about ten pounds in the aggregate) in money. The great mass of the crowd were labouring men of all kinds, soldiers, sailors, and navvies. They did not, between half-past ten, when we began, and sunset, displace a rope or a stake; and they left every barrier and flag as neat as they found it. There was not a dispute, and there was no drunkenness whatever. I made them a little speech from the lawn, at the end of the games, saying that please God we would do it again next year. They cheered most lustily and dispersed. The road between this and Chatham was like a Fair all day; and surely it is a fine thing to get such perfect behaviour out of a reckless seaport town. Among other oddities we had A Hurdle Race for Strangers. One man (he came in second) ran 120 yards and leaped over ten hurdles, in twenty seconds, *with a pipe in his mouth, and smoking it all the time.* "If it hadn't been for your pipe," I said to him at the winning-post, "you would have been first." "I beg your pardon, sir," he answered, "but if it hadn't been for my pipe, I should have been nowhere."

The sale of the Christmas number[†2] was, yesterday evening, 255,380.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 2 JANUARY 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Wednesday Second January 1867

My Dear Letitia

Kindest love and New Year's wishes from all here.

I shall take it for granted (unless I hear from you to the contrary) that you and Harriett will like Stalls for my new reading on Tuesday the 15th. — I *may* be able to send you four, as I doubt whether Mary

and Georgina will be able to go. Katie is here, and is steadily and rapidly getting well; but I doubt her being so well by that time as to be able to release them.

The Xmas No. had sold, up to last night, the extraordinary circulation, 256,000, odd hundreds, of copies.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To MISS SODEN[†1] AND MRS EDWARDS,[†2] 4 JANUARY 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER KENT

Saturday Fourth January 1867

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Soden and Mrs. Edwards, and — with every respect for, and sympathy with their excellent endeavours — must beg to express his regret that his compliance with their request[†3] is not reasonably possible.

To PETER LE NEVE FOSTER,[†4] 5 JANUARY 1867

MS Royal Society of Arts.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday Fifth January 1867.

Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your circular letter, honoring me with an invitation to become a member of the Committee for promoting the study of the Paris Exhibition by artizans of the United Kingdom.[†5]

While I readily place my name in this connexion, at the disposal of the Council of the Society, I deem it right to inform you that my engagements will oblige me to be constantly occupied in various parts of England and Scotland during the next three months, and that I shall be quite unable to attend any meeting during that term at least.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS.

P. le Neve Foster Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 6 JANUARY 1867†

MS Doheny Memorial Library, California.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Sixth January 1867

My Dear Dolby

†a Is your list so far arranged by this time, as that you can tell me when we start, and where we go first? †a†1

Reply to the office. In case of your wanting to see me, I mention that I purpose being visible there on Wednesday next at 4.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Dolby Esquire

To C. J. RIBTON-TURNER,†2 6 JANUARY 1867*

MS Percy Dobell & Son.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sixth January 1867

Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to inform you in reply that I must decline the honor of becoming one of the Vice Presidents of the intended Conference on the licensing system.†3

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Ribton Turner Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 JANUARY 1867*

MS Huntington Library

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth January 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

I think I shall be able to squeeze out an additional dozen of collars. If I should want more, I can buy them anywhere.

We shall have to pack the large portmanteau on Sunday, as I will bring it to town with me on Monday. As I know exactly what I shall require from Gad's, it will not be a difficult business.

In the middle drawer of my wardrobe are a dress coat and a pair of dress trousers — *the upper pair* (for there are two) — lying together. As I dare say both have suffered from my beard during the

various banquets, will you with the end of a clean towel and Eau de Cologne from my scent case — cleanse them, *by*

daylight, where they are splashed: I will do the same by the dress clothes here. [Slippers, Dressing gown, and sponge are here, by the bye.]

I start on Wednesday[†1] afternoon for Liverpool, and then go on to Chester, Derby, Leicester and Wolverhampton. On Tuesday the 29th. I read in London again, and then take it pretty easily for a fortnight. On Saturday the 16th. Feby I read at Manchester and then go on into Scotland.

I write to Mary by this post about my coming down on Saturday.

In great haste. | Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MARY DICKENS, [9 JANUARY 1867]

Mention in last. *Date:* written same day.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?9 JANUARY 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 704. *Date:* no doubt same as *To* Miss Hogarth, 9 Jan.

I start on Wednesday afternoon (15th of January) for Liverpool,[†2] and then go on to Chester, Derby, Leicester and Wolverhampton. On Tuesday the 29th I read in London again, and in February I read at Manchester and then go on into Scotland.

To MESSRS SEAGROVE & CO., 14 JANUARY 1867*

MS Mr and Mrs W. T. Mendell. *Address:* Mr. Seagrove | 22 and 23 Hard | Portsea.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Fourteenth January 1867

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to have a stamped receipt for the enclosed cheque (£53..3..0) in discharge of Mr. Seagrove's account.[†3]

To THE REV. JOHN TAYLOR,[†4] 14 JANUARY 1867

MS Mrs Marjorie Beverley

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

onday Fourteenth January 1867

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your obliging letter; — a pleasure I should have had sooner, but that I have been absent for the last ten days.

Edward[†1] will return to Tunbridge Wells at the appointed time. Perhaps Mr. Sawyer may have mentioned to you that I have it in contemplation to withdraw him this next summer, with a view to his special preparation for an active life.[†2] In the meantime I trust him to your care with perfect confidence, and beg to assure you that you have already won his esteem, and that I believe him to be really desirous to deserve your good opinion.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. J Taylor M. A.

To MRS DALLAS,[†3] 16 JANUARY 1867

Extract in Swann Auction Galleries catalogue, Mar 1951; *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 Jan 67, Office of *AYR*; addressed Mrs Dallas.

It is perfectly delightful to me to get your fervent and sympathetic note ... I will take care that two places on the front row are reserved.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 JANUARY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixteenth January 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

I received your note, and the letters. Many thanks for both.

You were so far right about the people's not having sensational stages at which to applaud, as that the close of Barbox brought down a perfect storm of accumulated plaudits last night. The Boy was a shout from beginning to end.[†4]

Ever affectionately
CD.

To T. T. PAGET,[†5] 18 JANUARY 1867*

MS Mr Gavin Turner. *Address:* T. T. Paget Esquire | Humberstone | near | Leicester.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Friday Eighteenth January 1867

My Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your obliging note and hospitable invitation, and to express my regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the latter.

But when I travel on such business as that which will bring me to Leicester next week, I am obliged to observe the rule of never making a visit, and of always living with my secretary and manager at an hotel.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. T. Paget Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 18 JANUARY 1867

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool | Friday Eighteenth January 1867

My Dear Wills.

Here are all the proofs. Take the "B" making up.[†1] Look at Sala,[†2] and look at the Sentimental Journey. If Sterne calls the Hotel, "the Hotel Dessein",[†3] leave it so. But the real name is Dessin.[†4]

We came triumphantly through Mugby,[†5] it being too cold and snowy for curiosity. We had a bad house last night, but have a capital Let tonight. The suburban roads are all bad. More, next time of writing.

Dolby's regard.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 JANUARY 1867

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Sunday Twentieth January 1867

My Dear Wills

The second and third Readings here have gone with such wonderful enthusiasm[†6] and have so astonished the natives, that we are coming back here for two more in the middle of next month.[†7] The weather continues so severe, and the suburban roads are so heavy, that we feel it in the stalls; but the half crowns and ones (who don't come in from distances, with horses) crowd their places splendidly.

We have been over to Rock Ferry[†8] to day, to see the Great Eastern, lying high and dry there for repairs. She looks hideous, and (strange to say) not very big, so situated! A very large and strong pack of Ice is on that side of the river, and the general appearance of things is Arctic.

Will you kindly read the enclosed letter.[†9] Is it hopeless? Or can any reasonable thing be done? I am afraid it is a weary and intangible case.

Dolby is always talking about you, and said to me on Friday night (when I did exactly one million one hundred thousand and one new things with Marigold, which the audience seized, each with exactly one million one hundred thousand and one rounds) "Why isn't Wills here!" I told him he reminded me of Collingwood and Nelson.[†1] In terms disrespectful to both of those great English Worthies, he rejoined: "Neither of them was Wills, and I want Wills!"

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To F. D. FINLAY,[†2] 21 JANUARY 1867

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Monday Twenty First Jany. 1867

My Dear Finlay.

I am reading in these regions, and write to you for help in yours.

Mr. Dolby my manager for Chappell's house in Bond Street London, to whom I sell myself in these excursions, purposes bringing me to Belfast on Monday the 18th, of February. He does not know whom to appoint there as seller of tickets,[†3] and does not desire to risk the chances of laying his hand on the wrong person. He asks me how and where they were sold before? I cannot remember, but I know that you must know, simply because you did everything for us.

Kindly advise me. I am so perfectly satisfied with my existing arrangements that the Chappell interest is mine, and I do all I can to advance it. I shall be at the Hen and Chickens Hotel, Birmingham, on Thursday; at the Bell (I mean that for BELL)[†4] Leicester, on Friday.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 JANUARY 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool

Monday Twenty First January 1867

My Dearest Georgy

First I send you my most affectionate wishes for many many happy returns of your birthday. That done from my heart of hearts, I go on to my small report of myself.

The Readings have produced such an immense effect here that we are coming back for two more in the middle of February. Marigold and the Trial on Friday night, and the Carol on Saturday afternoon, were a perfect furore. And the surprise about Barbox has been amusingly great. It is a most extraordinary

thing, after the enormous sale of that Xmas No. that the provincial public seems to have combined to believe that it *won't* make a Reading. From Wolverhampton and Leeds we have exactly the same expression of feeling *beforehand.* Exactly as I made Copperfield — always to the poorest houses I had with Headland, and against that Luminary's entreaty — so I should have to make this, if I hadn't Marigold always in demand.

It being next to impossible for people to come out at night with horses, we have felt the weather in the stalls, and expect to do so through this week. The half crown and shilling publics have rushed to their places most splendidly. The enthusiasm has been unbounded. On Friday night I quite astonished myself; but I was taken so faint afterwards, that they laid me on a sofa at the Hall for half an hour. I attribute it to my distressing inability to sleep at night, and to nothing worse.

Scott[†1] does very well indeed. As a dresser he is perfect. In a quarter of an hour after I go into the retiring-room where all my clothes are airing and everything is set out neatly in its own allotted place, I am ready, and he then goes softly out, and sits outside the door. In the morning he is equally punctual, quiet, and quick. He has his needles and thread, buttons and so forth, always at hand; and in travelling he is very systematic with the luggage. What with Dolby and what with this skilful valet, everything is made as easy to me as it possibly *can* be. Dolby would do any thing to lighten the work, and does everything.

There is great distress here among the poor (four thousand people relieved last Saturday at one work house), and there is great anxiety concerning *seven Mail Steamers some days overdue.* Such a circumstance as this last has never been known. It is supposed that some great revolving storm has whirled them all out of their course. One of these missing ships is an American Mail; another, an Australian Mail.

Same afternoon

We have been out for 4 hours in the bitter East wind — over at New Brighton, and walking on the sea shore, where there is a broad strip of great blocks of ice. My hands are so rigid that I write with great difficulty.

[†a]My best love to Mamie, to whom I will write next.

I have been from the first, greatly concerned about poor Charley Collins, and very much afraid of the result. Your letter just received, and Mamie's ditto, do not lessen my fears. Tell Mamie that I write an encouraging line to Katie by this post.

Two cheques enclosed. To the house-cheque I have added £3. That is to say £1 for the boys expences, and £1 each for pocket money.

With best love | Ever my Dearest Georgy

Your most affectionate

CD.[†a]

We have been constantly talking of the terrible Regent's Park accident. I hope and believe that nearly the worst of it is now known.[†2]

To MRS CHARLES COLLINS, [?21 JANUARY 1867]

Mention in last. *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 22 JANUARY 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 273-4.

Chester, | Tuesday, Jan. 22nd, 1867

My Dearest Mamie,

We came over here from Liverpool at eleven this forenoon. There was a heavy swell in the Mersey breaking over the boat; the cold was nipping, and all the roads we saw as we came along were wretched. We find a very moderate let here; but I am myself rather surprised to know that a hundred and twenty stalls have made up their minds to the undertaking of getting to the hall. This seems to be a very nice hotel, but it is an extraordinarily cold one. Our reading for to-night is "Marigold" and "Trial." With amazing perversity the local agent[†1] said to Dolby: "They hoped that Mr. Dickens *might* have given them 'The Boy at Mugby.'"

Barton, the gasman who succeeded the man who sprained his leg, sprained *his* leg yesterday!! And that, not at his work, but in running downstairs at the hotel. However, he has hobbled through it so far, and I hope will hobble on, for he knows his work.

I have seldom seen a place look more hopelessly frozen up than this place does. The hall is like a Methodist chapel in low spirits, and with a cold in its head. A few blue people shiver at the corners of the streets. And this house, which is outside the town, looks like an ornament on an immense twelfth cake baked for 1847.

I am now going to the fire to try to warm myself, but have not the least expectation of succeeding. The sitting-room has two large windows in it, down to the ground and facing due east. The adjoining bedroom (mine) has also two large windows in it, down to the ground and facing due east. The very large doors are opposite the large windows, and I feel as if I were something to eat in a pantry.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 24 JANUARY 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 275-6.

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham, | Thursday, Jan. 24th, 1867.

Since I wrote to your aunt just now, I have received your note addressed to Wolverhampton. We left the men there last night, and they brought it on with them at noon to-day.

The maimed gasman's foot is much swollen, but he limps about and does his work. I have doctored him up with arnica.[†2] During the "Boy" last night there was an escape of gas from the side of my top batten, which caught the

copper-wire and was within a thread of bringing down the heavy reflector into the stalls. It was a very ticklish matter, though the audience knew nothing about it. I saw it, and the gasman and Dolby saw it, and stood at that side of the platform in agonies. We all three calculated that there would be just time to finish and save it; when the gas was turned out the instant I had done, the whole thing was at its very last and utmost extremity. Whom it would have tumbled on, or what might have been set on fire, it is impossible to say.

I hope you rewarded your police escort on Tuesday night. It was the most tremendous night I ever saw at Chester.

To THE EDITOR OF THE *BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST*, 24 JANUARY 1867*

MS Mr David Niven Jr.

Private

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham | Twenty Fourth January 1867

Dear Sir

If the gentleman[†1] who wrote the affecting description of "Poverty at Home" published in your paper of to day,[†2] will kindly undertake to distribute the enclosed five pounds among some of the families he saw, I shall feel truly obliged to him and to you. Do me the favor to consider this note a private one.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Editor of | The Daily Post.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 24 JANUARY 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham
Thursday Twenty Fourth Jany. 1867

[†a] My Dearest Georgy.

I forget to whom I wrote last:— whether to you or to Mary. But as I think my last was to Mary, I send this to you.[†a]

At Chester we read in a snowstorm, and a fall of ice. I think it was the worst weather I ever saw. Nevertheless [†a]we had £66 in the house, and[†a] the people were enthusiastic.[†3] At Wolverhampton last night[†4] (the thaw had thoroughly set in,

and it rained heavily) [a]we had £78.[a] We had not intended to go back there, but have arranged to do so, on the day after Ash Wednesday. Last night I was again heavily beaten. We came on here after the Reading (it is only a ride of forty minutes), and it was as much as I could do to hold out the journey. But I was not faint, as at Liverpool. I was only exhausted. I am all right this morning; and tonight, as you know, I have a rest.

[a]The enclosed key is the key of the drawers of my writing table at Gads. In the left hand top-drawer is a bunch of keys, one of which has a bone-label attached to it. That key is the key of the nest of drawers on the top of the stand with the looking-glass door, between the new window and the large window. In one of those drawers (I think the second or third from the bottom) are several of the bound books of my Readings. TWO[†1] of them are Nicholas Nickleby. I want those TWO NICKLEBYS[†2] sent up to town, so that I may find them at the office on Monday. If you will copy these instructions for Matilda, she cannot go wrong. Let her lock all up again, and return the key to you.[a]

I trust that Charley Collins is better, and that Mamie is strong and well again. Yesterday I had a note from Katie, which seemed hopeful and encouraging.

With best love | Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

I see in "Fun" this week, a very droll version of Fechter's play.[†3] It is really not very wide of the truth.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 JANUARY 1867

MS Huntington Library.

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham
Thursday Twenty Fourth Jany. 1867

My Dear Wills.

We shall evidently sell our 265,000.[†4] Expect me at the office on Monday afternoon, say at 4 o'Clock. Also on Tuesday.

We have been reading in snow-storms, and down-pourings of sheets of solid ice. At Chester it was such a night as one sees once in half a century. Nevertheless we had close upon £70, and the people were enchanted. Last night at Wolverhampton the thaw had set in thoroughly, and it rained heavily. There, we had close upon £80. The Mersey was like the channel on a bad day, between England and France, when we came across. The cold was stupendous. Today is pleasant here, and quite warm. I have been fainter of a night, after leaving off, than I like. This, on two occasions.

The Ci devant Miss Marryat's[†1] letter, I shall not answer. Concerning the letter of the lady who referred to Halliday, what is to be done?[†2] I am very much afraid, from its terms, that it is quite beyond my

reasonable reach. Would you mind writing to her *with that express caution,* and telling her that you will see her at the office at such or such a time?

Dolby's legs stand as they did.[†3] His right eye becomes inflamed of a morning, only when he goes out, after I go to bed, to treat the local agent. He appeared at breakfast one morning at Liverpool, with three glasses of gin and water and two cigars distinctly to be seen under his right eye-lid. Our pervading joke is "Schloss's Solicitor". We recognize him in all sorts of shabby genteel people at stations and elsewhere. This mild recreation keeps us going.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To F. D. FINLAY, 25 JANUARY 1867

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Leicester, Friday Night Twenty Fifth January | 1867

My Dear Finlay

Our night at Belfast is Wednesday the twentieth March — *not* Monday as I at first told you, because of the Popular Concerts.[†4]

I have spoken to Mr. Dolby about the sale of Tickets. He says, "There is nothing in Mr. Finlay's objection, but don't trouble him. I really should not feel justified in troubling him. Much better work is in his way, and it would be throwing him away." So he shall appoint his agent.

Now, my dear Finlay, the work of these Readings, combined with the travelling, is so very, very, hard that I must observe my rule (and this in spite of myself), of not going out before or afterwards. But come and dine with us at the Imperial,[†5] on Tuesday the Nineteenth of March at 7 o'Clock, bringing Mrs. Finlay[†6] with you, and you will really do me a kindness and heartily please me. You know what a regard I have for you, and I have (though I have never yet seen him) a great regard for your wife's father, as an independent upright and rare man who is an honor to his calling and country.[†7] So do let it be understood between us that we will have this little meeting as old friends and on the easiest of terms.

You know Mr. Dolby's sister, I dare say, and what a fine singer she is.[†8] He is just of as honest and genial a nature. We will try to mark our evening with a white stone.[†9]

We feel that we must run the chances of the big room. But we know how to help a big room greatly, by throwing out an advanced platform. Having a clear day at Belfast before the Reading, we hope to do a great deal in this way.

May I send my love to Mrs. Finlay? And here is a consolatory piece of intelligence for you. Before I went to America, I underwent your operation.[†1] It never troubled me afterwards.

Ever Yours faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Frank D Finlay Esquire

To HENRY JAMES,[†2] 25 [JANUARY] 1867†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* clearly misdated "Feb" by CD; Friday was 25 Jan 67, when he was in Leicester.[†3]

Bull Hotel, Leicester.
Friday Twenty Fifth February 1867

My Dear Mr. Henry James.

[†a]I am reading in the country with short intervals of flits to town, and have only two days within the limits you so kindly give me, on which I could possibly dine in London.[†a] Those are, Tuesday the 5th. and Wednesday the 6th. of February. I shall be delighted, on either of those days, to give George Russell the Happy Dispatch[†4] in a better fashion than the Japanese,[†5] with many thanks to you for affording me the opportunity.

Your letter reached me here to day, and of course I answer it by the next post. A note from you addressed to me at All The Year Round Office 26 Wellington Street W.C. will be sure to find me with the least possible delay.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry James Esquire

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* 26 JANUARY 1867

Text from *The Times,* 29 Jan 67.

Jan. 26.

Sir,

As it is better to prevent a horrible accident by a timely caution than sagaciously to observe after its occurrence that any one acquainted with the circumstances out of which it arose could have easily foreseen it, I beg most earnestly to warn the public through your columns against the morning express train on the Midland railway between Leicester and Bedford.

I took that train this morning, leaving Leicester at 9 35. The reckless fury of the driving and the violent rocking of the carriages obliged me to leave it at Bedford rather than come on to London with my through ticket. When we stopped at Market Harborough general alarm was expressed by the passengers, and strong remonstrances were urged on the officials, also, at Bedford. I am an experienced railway traveller at home and abroad; I was in the Staplehurst accident; I have been in trains under most

conceivable conditions, but I have never been so shaken and flung about as in this train, and have never been in such obvious danger.

The very obliging authorities suggested that the road was "rough" from the thaw, and that I was in a light carriage. As to the first suggestion, I am certain from experience on other railways since the thaw set in that there is no such "roughness" on other railways. As to the second, one of the passengers who protested the most strongly was a gentleman in a heavy carriage next to my own.

I may add that my companion in the carriage[†1] (who left the train with me) is almost constantly on English railways, and fully confirms what I have here written,

Your faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To J. T. DELANE,[†3] 26 JANUARY 1867*

MS Archives of *The Times.*

Bedford, Twenty Sixth January | 1867

My Dear Delane

I have sent a letter to the Times just now, about a most desperately dangerous train from Leicester to London, which I was obliged to quit at this place. I hope it will appear, and I cannot too strongly assure you of its urgent necessity.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

John Delane Esquire

To CHARLES MACKAY,[†4] 27 JANUARY 1867

Mention in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 1627; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 27 Jan 67; addressed Charles Mackay.

Regarding the difficulties of selecting and publishing the proper contributions each week.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 JANUARY 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 705. *Date:* five days after *To* Georgina Hogarth, 24 Jan 67, according to Forster.

I am very tired; cannot sleep; have been severely shaken on an atrocious railway;[†1] read to-night[†2] and have to read at Leeds on Thursday. But I have settled with Dolby to put off our going to Leeds on Wednesday, in the hope of coming to dine with you, and seeing our dear old friend.[†3] I say, "in the

hope," because if I should be a little more used-up to-morrow than I am to-day, I should be constrained, in spite of myself, to take to the sofa and stick there.

February

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 1 FEBRUARY 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 276.

Leeds, Friday, Feb. 1st, 1867

We got here prosperously, and had a good (but not great) house for "Barbox" and "Boy" last night. For "Marigold" and "Trial," to-night, everything is gone. And I even have my doubts of the possibility of Dolby's cramming the people in. For "Marigold" and "Trial" at Manchester, to-morrow, we also expect a fine hall.

I shall be at the office for next Wednesday. If Charley Collins should have been got to Gad's, I will come there for that day. If not, I suppose we had best open the official bower again.

This is a beastly place, with a very good hotel. Except Preston, it is one of the nastiest places I know. The room is like a capacious coal cellar, and is incredibly filthy;[†4] but for sound it is perfect.

To EDWIN LANDSEER, 1 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Leeds Friday First February 1867

My Dear Landseer

I am reading in this disagreeable place,[†5] and am on the wing for Manchester tomorrow morning, and from there to all sorts of places in all points of the compass; but I cannot help sending you this hearty note to congratulate you on the completion of your Lions, and to assure you of the immense satisfaction with

which I have read the description of them in the Times to day.[†1] I am proud of every word of that animated praise; and entrust the post office with the enclosed cordial shake of the hand, and clap on the back, of my masterly old friend, with real delight.

So no more at present from | Yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN ANGUS,[†2] [3] FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Mr P. J. Radford. *Date:* misdated by CD: Sunday was 3 Feb 67.

Manchester, Sunday Second February 1867

My Dear Sir

Before leaving this place (my visit extends to but a few hours), I write you a hasty note to express my regret that I could not see your son[†3] last night. But I have written him a line this morning, telling him that I will look at his MS, if he will send it to me in London.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Angus Esquire

To [WILLIAM] ANGUS, [3 FEBRUARY 1867]

Mention in last.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [3] FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* misdated by CD, as last.

Manchester | Sunday Second February 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

As I told Mamie in my last (which crossed yours), Wednesday is my day of home leisure in next week. But it is not completely so after all; for Henry James's party to dismiss George Russell from the order of bachelorhood, comes off at 7 1/2 that day at the Garrick.

We had £190 here last night, and boundless enthusiasm.[†1] This is all my present news, and little enough too.

With best love to Mamie | Ever Your most affectionate
CD.

To MRS ELLIOT, 4 FEBRUARY 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fourth February 1867

My Dear F.

Don't come to Bath. I hate the people, and only read there at Chappell's solicitation.[†2] We shall be greatly hurried in that place — Dolby (DOLBY) will be with me — very likely Chappell also — three attendants to boot — and privacy will be impossible. I think there is hardly a doubt of my coming to Clifton in the course of the trip. Then we shall do much better — you and I, I mean.

On coming here from Manchester last night, I found your note, to which I immediately reply. I am so shaken by railways that I can hardly write. The Readings have been doing wonders.

Henry James Q.C. gives a dinner next Wednesday in honor of George Russell's approaching marriage. I must go, though I go nowhere while these fatigues are in action.

I shall be very glad to have a line from you at the York House, Bath, to tell me how, where, when, and why, the Times are hard, Bristolward.[†3] Believe me as ever

Your affectionate friend

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 4 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fourth February 1867

My Dearest Georgy

My letter to you, posted at Manchester yesterday, will already have told you

that after all we must meet here on Wednesday, as Henry James gives his George Russell party that evening. On Thursday I start again.

Enclosed are the two cheques for stores.[†1]
[

]†2

Ever Most affectionately

CD.

To E. LUCIEN RICHIE,[†3] 4 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Library of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. *Address:* E. Lucien Richie Esquire | Post Office-Box 2196 | Philadelphia | U.S. of America.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourth February 1867
Dear Sir

I am obliged to you for your letter dated the fifteenth of last month, and beg you to accept my thanks and the assurance that I highly esteem it.

But I cannot entertain the proposal with which it offers to favor me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E Lucien Richie Esquire

To [?WILLIAM ANGUS],[†4] 5 FEBRUARY 1867

MS Mr P. J. Radford.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Tuesday Fifth February 1867

Dear Sir

I have looked at the larger half of the first Volume of your novel, and have pursued the more difficult points of the story through the other two volumes.

You will, of course, receive my opinion, as that of an individual writer and student of Art, who by no means claims to be infallible.

I think you are too ambitious, and that you have not sufficient knowledge of Life or Character to venture on so comprehensive an attempt. Evidences of inexperience in every way, and of your power being far below the situations you imagine, present themselves to me in almost every page I have read. It would greatly surprise me if you found a publisher for this story, on trying your fortune in that wise, or derived anything from it but weariness and bitterness of spirit.

On the evidence thus put before me I cannot even satisfy myself that you have the faculty of authorship latent within you. If you have not, and yet pursue a vocation towards which you have no call, you cannot choose but be a wretched man. Let me counsel you to have the patience to prove yourself carefully, and the courage to renounce this endeavour if you cannot establish your case on a very much smaller scale. You see around you, every day, how many outlets there

are for short pieces of fiction in all kinds. Try if you can achieve any success within those modest limits (I have practised in my time what I preach to you), and in the meantime put your three volumes away.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Your MS will be returned separately from this office.

To H. N. KING, 8 FEBRUARY 1867

MS Victoria Art Gallery & Municipal Libraries, Bath.

York House, Bath | Friday Eighth February 1867

Dear Sir

I regret that I cannot possibly sit to you tomorrow. It is a thing I never do on these occasions — and very rarely do at any time — or I should inevitably be photographed out of my senses.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. N. King Esqre.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 12 FEBRUARY 1867

MS Morgan Library.

Office, Tuesday Twelfth February 1867

My Dear Wilkie,

Coming back here yesterday, I found your letter awaiting me.

Owing to my heavy engagements I have not read Charles Reade's[†1] last book;[†2] but I will take it away with me tomorrow, and do so at once. If the trial[†3] should come off in this present month, however, I *cannot* be a witness; for I go to Scotland tomorrow, and come back for only one night at St. James's Hall before

going to Ireland. The public announcements are all made and heavy expences are incurred by Chappell; wherefore I must be producible, in common honor. But I hope the action may not be tried so soon. I do not agree with the legal authorities, and I rather doubt Cockburn's allowing such evidence to be given — on the ground that the onus probandi lies with the reviewer, and that it is not disproof that is required — but this is beside the question. Say everything that is brotherly in Art from me to Reade, and add that I will write to you again after having got through the story.

I am as fresh as can possibly be expected under the work of the Readings. But the Railways shake me, as witness my present handwriting. Since the Staplehurst experience, I feel them very much.

This day fortnight I shall be at St. James's Hall in the evening, and perhaps we can then have a word together? Unless you are in Paris by that time?

Ever affecy.

CD.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 12 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twelfth February 1867

My Dear Dolby

Here is the Manchester note re-enclosed to you; and one (equally important) from Whitehaven. No news. I have been Vapour-Bathed, Head-Shampooed, and Stomach-Cockled;[†1] and am ready to come up smiling to the scratch.[†2]

Ever Yours

CD.

To E. P. HINGSTON, 12 FEBRUARY 1867

Mention in N, III, 508.

To CAPTAIN W. E. LOCKHART,[†3] 13 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS R.V. Tooley Ltd. *Address:* Captain Lockhart | &c &c &c | South Camp | Aldershot.

Birmingham, Thirteenth February 1867

Dear Sir

I regret to be obliged to assure you that my compliance with your request is not within the bounds of reasonable possibility. Believe me, if I could bring it within those limits, I would.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Lockhart.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 15 FEBRUARY 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Liverpool | Friday Fifteenth February 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

My short report of myself is, that we had an enormous turnaway last night,[†1] and do not doubt about having a cram tonight.[†2] The day has been very fine, and I have turned it to the wholesomest account by walking on the sands at New Brighton[†3] all the morning. I am not quite right within, but believe it to be an effect of the Railway shaking. There is no doubt of the fact that, after the Staplehurst experience, it tells more and more, instead of (as one might have expected) less and less.

The charming room here, greatly lessens the fatigue of this fatiguing week. I read last night with no more exertion than if I had been at Gad's — and yet to 1100 people, and with astonishing effect. It is Copperfield tonight, and Liverpool is the Copperfield stronghold.

[†a]The account of poor Charley Collins is very discouraging. Enclosed is that disagreeable woman's[†4] cheque.[†5]

With best love to Mamie
Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate
CD.[†a]

To J. C. PARKINSON, [?MID-FEBRUARY 1867]

MS (draft) Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* written (in pencil) on back of note from Sir John Bowring to CD, 12 Feb 67; no doubt CD wrote the note on 13 Feb or soon after.

What is Sensational?[†6]

Under this title I want the most ferocious and bitter attack made upon Mr. Hardy[†7] of the Poor Law Board, that can possibly be made by a writer who respects himself and his vocation.[†8]

In his official capacity Mr. Hardy refers to the case of a wretched pauper (I think his name was Gibson) who died under the most frightful circumstances of disease, neglect and filth in a workhouse.[†1] And being quite unable to contradict the facts, Mr. Hardy says the case was the subject of "Sensational" articles in the Newspapers.[†2]

What does he mean by Sensational?

[†a]Is it Sensational to tell the Truth?

Is it Sensational to call the public attention to a noteworthy example of a costly Board existing under false pretences and showing mankind How not to do it?

Is it Sensational to be poor, abject, wretched, dying?

Is it Sensational in a public officer when he has nothing to say for his Department, basely and meanly to shelter himself under the Miserable Slang of the hour?

Is the commonest humanity — the narrowest charity Sensational?

What is Mr. Hardy's opinion of the New Testament? A sensational performance surely! The Good Samaritan. A highly sensational character! The 12 Apostles. What a Sensational dozen!

Their Divine Master. Inconveniently and most ably Sensational!

There was a time when men symbolically appended their names in what was called a "Rebus".[†3] Maybe it is the last Sensational effect, for a public Servant to do this in a new way, and thus Mr. Hardy sensationally exhibits himself as the most hardy man alive.

The House of Commons may be all that Mr. D Israeli says it is, or it may be[†4] the different thing that most other men know it to be; but in either case it is surely remarkable that there is no man in it to put a notice in the paper "to ask the chief of the Bumbles for his definition of Sensational.[†a]

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 17 FEBRUARY 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 278-9. *Address* (envelope, MS Benoliel Collection): Miss Dickens | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester. PM Glasgow 17 Feb 67.

Glasgow, Sunday, Feb. 17th, 1867.

We arrived here this morning at our time to the moment, five minutes past ten.[†5] We turned away great numbers on both nights at Liverpool; and

Manchester last night was a splendid spectacle.[†1] They cheered to that extent after it was over, that I was obliged to huddle on my clothes (for I was undressing to prepare for the journey), and go back again.

After so heavy a week, it *was* rather stiff to start on this long journey at a quarter to two in the morning; but I got more sleep than I ever got in a railway-carriage before, and it really was not tedious. The travelling was admirable, and a wonderful contrast to my friend the Midland.

I am not by any means knocked up, though I have, as I had in the last series of readings, a curious feeling of soreness all round the body, which I suppose to arise from the great exertion of voice. It is a mercy that we were not both made really ill at Liverpool. On Friday morning I was taken so faint and sick, that I was obliged to leave the table. On the same afternoon the same thing happened to Dolby. We then found that a part of the hotel close to us was dismantled for painting, and that they were at that moment painting a green passage leading to our rooms, with a most horrible mixture of white lead and arsenic. On pursuing the enquiry, I found that the four lady book-keepers in the bar were all suffering from the poison.

To F. C. BEARD, 18 FEBRUARY 1867

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | London | W.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Monday Eighteenth February 1867

My Dear Frank Beard

I am reading here — and there — and everywhere — with the most wonderful success; but I don't write to bother you with that.

Occasionally, as you know, I have some slight inconvenience (but not much) from piles. Yesterday night, having travelled hard and been much fatigued, I took one of Brinton's[†2] pills. This morning I have lost a considerable quantity of blood. Will you tell me, — shall I do anything except take a gentle aperient? If yes, what shall I do?

On Wednesday my address will be: Phillip's Hotel | Bridge of Allan | Scotland.

On Thursday, I shall be here again.[†3] On Friday and Saturday, Graham's Hotel, Prince's Street Edinburgh. On the following Tuesday I read in town, and can come to you in the morning.

Faithfully Ever
CD.[†4]

If you should think any *immediate* direction necessary in circumstances where my efficiency is all important, will you telegraph? My "treatment" on my own hook will be (as usual) regularity of bowels, cold baths and good †a regular †a living. But I shall declare on claret until you instruct me.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 19 FEBRUARY 1867

MS Huntington Library.

Bridge of Allan†1 | Tuesday Ninteenth February | 1867

My Dearest Georgy

I was very glad to get your letter before leaving Glasgow this morning. This is a poor return for it, but the post goes out early, and we come in late.

Yesterday morning I was so unwell †b with an internal malady that occasionally at long intervals troubles me a little — and it was attended with the sudden loss of so much blood — †b that I wrote to Frank Beard, from whom I shall doubtless hear tomorrow. I mention it, only in case you should come in his way, for I know how perversely such things fall out. I felt it a little more exertion to read, afterwards, and I passed a sleepless night after that again; but otherwise I am in good force and spirits today. I may say, in the best force.

The quiet of this little place is sure to do me good. The little Inn in which we are established, seems a capital house of the best country sort.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 20 FEBRUARY 1867

MS Morgan Library.

Bridge of Allan, Scotland
Wednesday Twentieth February 1867.

My Dear Wilkie

I have read Charles Reade's book,†2 and here follows my state of mind — *as a witness*†3 — respecting it.

I have read it with the strongest interest and admiration. I regard it as the work of a highly accomplished writer, and a good man; a writer with a brilliant fancy, and a graceful and tender imagination.†4 I could name no other living writer who could, in my opinion, write such a story nearly so well. As regards a so-called critic who should decry such a book as Holywell Street literature†5 and the like, I should have merely to say of him that I could desire no stronger proof of his incapacity in, and his unfitness for, the post to which he has elected himself.

Cross-examined, I should feel myself in danger of being put on unsafe ground, and should try to set my wits against the cross-examiner, to keep well off it. But, if I were reminded (as I probably should be, supposing the Evidence to be allowed at all) that I was the Editor of a periodical of large circulation in which the Plaintiff himself had written,[†1] and if I had read to me in court those passages about Gaunt's going up to his wife's bed drunk[†2] and that last child's being conceived, and was asked whether, as Editor, I would have passed those passages, whether written by the Plaintiff or anybody else? I should be obliged to reply, No. Asked why? — I should say that what was pure to an artist might be impurely suggestive to inferior minds (of which there must necessarily be many among a large mass of readers), and that I should have called the writer's attention to the likelihood of those passages being perverted in such quarters. Asked if I should have passed the passage where Kate and Mercy have the illegitimate child upon their laps and look over its little points together?[†3] — I should be again obliged to reply No, for the same reason. Asked whether, as author or Editor, I should have passed Neville's marriage to Mercy, and should have placed those four people, Gaunt, his wife, Mercy, and Neville, in those relative situations towards one another?[†4] — I should again be obliged to reply No. Hard pressed upon this point, I must infallibly say that I consider those relative situations extremely coarse and disagreeable.

I am staying in this quiet, pretty place for a day and a half, to recruit a little. Tomorrow night I am in Glasgow again, and on Friday and Saturday in Edinburgh (Graham's Hotel, Prince's Street). Then I turn homeward for Tuesday night at St. James's Hall. Enormous crowds everywhere.

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 21 FEBRUARY 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 279-80.

Glasgow, Thursday, Feb. 21st, 1867

After two days' rest at the Bridge of Allan I am in renewed force, and have nothing to complain of but inability to sleep. I have been in excellent air all day since Tuesday at noon, and made an interesting walk to Stirling yesterday, and saw its lions,[†5] and (strange to relate) was not bored by them. Indeed, they left me so fresh that I knocked at the gate of the prison,[†6] presented myself to the governor, and took Dolby over the jail, to his unspeakable interest. We then walked back again to our excellent country inn.

Enclosed is a letter from Alfred,[†1] which you and your aunt will be interested in reading, and which I meant to send you sooner but forgot it. Wonderful as it is to mention, the sun shines here to-day! But to counterbalance that phenomenon I am in close hiding from — ,[†2] who has christened his infant son in my name, and, consequently, haunts the building. He and Dolby have already nearly come into collision, in consequence of the latter being always under the dominion of the one idea that he is bound to knock everybody down who asks for me.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 22 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

Edinburgh, Friday Twenty Second February | 1867

My Dearest Georgy

A hasty line. I got some sound rest last night, and am quite in force. I have had no return whatever of that indisposition.

I wrote to Mamie the other day that I enclosed Alfred's letter — and then found I had not done so. I send it now.

We had £180 odd last night at Glasgow,[†3] *for the second time.* Here (as invariably happens with me here) we begin more modestly; though less modestly than usual, as I think we have some 200 stalls.[†4]
[

]†5

With best love to Mamie
Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 OR 23 FEBRUARY 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 706. *Date:* written from Edinburgh, according to Forster, where he read on 22 and 23 Feb 67.

†aEverything is done for me[†6] with the utmost liberality and consideration. Every want I can have on these journeys is anticipated, and not the faintest spark of the tradesman spirit ever peeps out.[†a] I have three men in constant attendance on me; besides Dolby, who is an agreeable companion, an excellent manager, and a good fellow.

To MRS HEDDERLEY, 23 FEBRUARY 1867

Summary in N, III, 511; dated Edinburgh, 23 Feb 67; addressed Mrs Hedderley, Office of *AYR.*

Saying that he will arrive at King's Cross at a quarter before ten, proceed to Regent Street to get a vapour bath and then come to the office for breakfast.

To DR T. B. CHRISTIE,[†1] 26 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* Dr. Christie | North Riding Lunatic Asylum | Clifton | York.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Sixth February 1867

My Dear Sir

I receive your kind note only this day, on coming to London for four and twenty hours[†2] between returning from Edinburgh, and going back to York.[†3]

Accept my cordial thanks for your hospitable offer. But when I travel on such business as that which will bring me into your neighbourhood, I observe the unvarying rule of never making a visit under any circumstances whatever, and always living at an hotel, with my secretary, in the strictest privacy. But for this combination of repose with great fatigue, I should be killed in no time. (I leave York again on Friday morning.)

I hear the very best tidings of Alfred and from him. He is hard at work in the veritable Bush life — has never had an hour's Illness of any kind — is highly interested in what he has to do — and reports himself as perfectly happy. His industry and adaptability to the strange circumstances, have put him on a pecuniary footing which enables him to be quite independent; and he leaves untouched some money that I banked for him in case of need.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Christie

To DR JOHN STORRAR,[†4] 26 FEBRUARY 1867

Summary in Nouveau Drouot catalogue, Oct 1980; *MS* (retranslated into English) 2 pp.; dated Higham by Rochester, 26 Feb 67; addressed Dr Storrar.

He has had his friend's note on his return from Edinburgh. He begs him to thank Mr. Fitch[†5] *in his name for his offer that he has greatly appreciated. When his travels bring*

him into his neighbourhood he will go to see him, but he reminds his friend of his invariable rule, that he stays at a hotel with his secretary.

To MRS MONTGOMERY ATWOOD,[†1] 27 FEBRUARY 1867†

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Seventh February | 1867.

My Dear Madam

[†a] I agree to write you — between this date and the first of August next — a new tale[†2] of the length of "Hunted Down"[†3] (which Mr. Wills has placed in your hands), and to assign you the Copyright of that Tale, in consideration of the sum of One Thousand Pounds sterling.[†a]

You agree, at the same time, to place in the hands of Messrs. Brown Shipley and Co. of London,[†4] the sum of One Thousand Pounds to be payable to my order, when it shall be presented to that House by my bankers Messrs. Coutts and Co. accompanied with a sealed packet containing the Manuscript of the Tale in question.

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Montgomery Atwood

To THE REV. F. BROWN,[†5] 27 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Private. *Address:* The Rev. F. Brown | Vicarage | Barnard Castle.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Seventh February | 1867

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you cordially for your proferred hospitality; not the less, because my coming to Barnard Castle is wholly out of the bounds of reasonable possibility.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. F. Brown

To CHARLES KENT, 27 FEBRUARY 1867

Extract in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1909; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 27 Feb 67; addressed Charles Kent.

Saying that he will start for York that afternoon.

To GEORGE RUSSELL, 27 FEBRUARY 1867*

MS Marjorie, Lady Russell. *Address:* With a Packet | George Russell Esquire | Carlton Club | Pall Mall.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Seventh February | 1867

My Dear George Russell

This accompanying little remembrance[†1] of your wedding-day,[†2] I send for the kind acceptance of your charming wife and yourself, with my love and affectionate best wishes.[†3]

Believe me Ever | Heartily Yours | (and hers)
CHARLES DICKENS

March

To MRS DAVIS,[†4] 1 MARCH 1867

MS University College London Library.

Bradford,[†5] Yorkshire | Friday First March 1867

My Dear Mrs. Davis

I am working through a series of Readings, widely dispersed through England Scotland and Ireland and am so constantly occupied that it is very difficult for me to write letters. I have received your highly esteemed note[†6] (forwarded from my own house in Kent), and should have replied to it sooner, but that I had a hope of being able to get home and see your present,[†7] first. As I have not been able to do so, however, and am hardly likely to do so for two months to come, I delay no longer.

It is safely awaiting me on my own desk in my own quiet room. I cannot thank you for it too cordially, and cannot too earnestly assure you that I shall always

prize it highly. The terms in which you send me that mark of your remembrance are more gratifying to me than I can possibly express to you; for they assure me that there is nothing but goodwill left between me and a People for whom I have a real regard, and to whom I would not wilfully have given an offence or done an injustice for any worldly consideration.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 2 MARCH 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Leeds | Saturday Second March 1867

My Dear Brooks

Just now I am here, there, everywhere, and nowhere, all at once. Your note has been imitating me at a respectful distance, and has at last emerged from the smoke of this place. Many thanks for it. I had seen the article,[†1] and had laughed heartily at it, and knew pretty well what Roman[†2] hand had turned it.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 2 MARCH 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

Leeds | Saturday Second March 1867

My Dearest Georgy

I was very glad indeed to receive your account of the first beneficial effect of Gad's on Charley Collins; and I most earnestly hope it will last. Of course when you write next, you will report further. Meantime my best love to him and to Katie.

In these parts we have fine bright cold weather, with white frost lying all day long in the shady places. Marigold and Trial have been going as usual. Our plans are so far changed as that we are going back to York to day, and do not leave it for Newcastle until tomorrow at 6 in the evening. It is easier to get on from York than from here, Dolby discovers. But as we come to Newcastle, after all, on the same day as we at first intended it will make no material difference in the addresses of our letters.

I think I mentioned to you that Mr. Harrington[†4] is now Master of the Post Office at York. I am sorry to say that he gave me — with tears — an account of E.Y.'s[†5] behaviour to him[†6] which presented the said E. Y. in a most repulsive, thankless, and odious light. Harrington is established in a very comfortable and pretty little house. I went home with him to see his wife. She is passée, with the

remains upon her of a kind of beauty. But she too wears a wig; and it was rather comical to see the two wigs presiding at lunch opposite one another.

Dolby's baby[†1] is constantly reported better and better. In consequence of missing a letter from his wife, he took fright about the child yesterday afternoon, and telegraphed furiously. However, it was all right. He has all of a sudden developed a faculty for mimicry and imitates Harrington relating his woes about Edmund, in a most ludicrous and exact manner. [I notice that when he does this, he never stammers, by any chance whatever.][†2]

I am wonderfully well, and not tired. — Triumphantly got a loose back tooth out, last night — came over here (five and thirty minutes by train) to supper after the Reading — and got up at breakfast time as fresh as possible. Thank God.

Will you post the enclosed mysterious missive to Frank, as I do not remember his address?

The Buckles[†3] have been duly provided for.[†4]

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To W. C. MACREADY, 3 MARCH 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

York, Sunday Third March 1867

My Dearest Macready

This is your birthday,[†5] and I send you my most affectionate and long-cemented love, and my best wishes. The same to Mrs. Macready, and Katie, and the brilliant boy.[†6] Many Happy Returns of the Day to us all!

Dolby is now writing to Cheltenham to engage the room (if he can) for Friday evening the 5th. and Saturday morning the 6th. of April. Of course for the evening Reading I shall put up the Trial, after Marigold, expressly for you.[†7]

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate

CD.

To THE REV. C. H. TOWNSHEND, [?3 MARCH 1867]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 4 Mar. *Date:* written the day before.

To MRS ELLIOT, 4 MARCH 1867

MS Huntington Library.

Newcastle on Tyne | Monday Fourth March 1867

My Dear F.

You know what a life this present life of mine is, and therefore I will not explain why I have not written sooner. The Bath people, I may mention at once,

quite disappointed me.![†1] They proved to be a remarkably delicate and discriminating audience; very earnest too, and expressing themselves accordingly.

All things being "in a concatenation accordingly,"[†2] Dolby is going to bring me to Clifton on Tuesday the 2nd. April. I dont myself care for it as a particularly good place or time, but "it lies in our way", he says. Therefore if you don't hear from me to the contrary, I shall hope that you will come round to me that evening. If you and the Dean will come and have a half hour's supper with us afterwards, I shall be delighted. Of course I am away again the first thing next morning. — For Cardiff.[†3]

Charley Collins is trying to recover from his illness, at Gad's Hill; where Georgina is keeping house for him and Katie. It has done him good at first; but I am not confident that any thing will do him much good for long together. Mary is in Hampshire.[†4] I am here, there, everywhere, and nowhere. Next week I go to Ireland. If you ever write, address me "Private", at the Office. All goes well with me, Thank God, and I turn this very day the half of my Fifty Readings. They are made as easy to me as such a Course (under such circumstances of absence) possibly can be.

I hope you are a little brighter in spirit than when I heard from you at Bath?

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 4 MARCH 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

Station Hotel, Newcastle | Monday Fourth March 1867

My Dearest Georgy

I have both your packets of letters, and your accompanying note. Two of the letters I send you back for your perusal; one from Katie Macready which has an ill look, I fear; one, sufficiently incoherent, from old Andrew.[†5]

The bright cold weather has turned to damp here to day, and the coal smoke of this place is oppressive in the air. I am still perfectly well. Dolby is laid up with a cold in the body, head, face, and throat: which I devoutly hope I may not catch! He couldn't go through the action of eating, this morning, and has declared upon beeftea — to be administered by the landlady at noon.

It seems to me that nothing is more likely than that all Charley Collins's miseries do really originate in that diffused gout. It simulates all sorts of disorders, and unquestionably is his inheritance. I am afraid, therefore, that Gad's may not do him permanent good. Best love to him and Katie.

I am very sorry to lose[†1] Hodder.[†2] Concerning the dessert service I am entirely of your mind. But the commission has gone too far to be handsomely receded from now. If I had had the slightest idea of its cost, I should as soon have thought of buying Strood Turnpike.

No news yet of the Winter family.[†3] I live in a tremble. The ferocious Buckle evidently set his tremendous countenance dead against the Readings; for even Mrs. Buckle cannot in the least explain why they don't come.[†4]

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

I achieved a letter to Chauncy at York yesterday.

To ROBERT COWTAN,[†5] 5 MARCH 1867

Extract in N, III, 513 (from catalogue source).

Newcastle-on-Tyne | 5th March, 1867

I am engaged on a course of 50 readings and your letter followed me here last night. You may imagine how very little time I have under these circumstances for correspondence.

To W. H. RUSSELL, 5 MARCH 1867

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University

Newcastle on Tyne | Tuesday Fifth March 1867

My Dear Russell

Your letter reached me in these coaly regions, last night.

I am working my way through a course of 50 Readings, and am constantly here, there, everywhere, and nowhere. When I make a descent on London it is only for a night's Reading at St. James's Hall, and in the morning I am away again. Add to these small occupations, a pursuing shower of proof sheets from All The Year Round and — given these data — find my time for the Correspondence of a Secretary of State.

Pray tell Mr. Stephen Massett[†6] that I have never had his letter. It may have pursued me and lost me, or it may have been confidentially opened at the office and laid aside, but I have never had it. Even if it had reached me, however, I should have been quite helpless under these circumstances; for I have barely leisure to write home, and no leisure whatever to make any appointment. I hope Mr. Massett will receive this, as a sufficient explanation that I cannot have slighted him or shewn him any discourtesy.

It is highly satisfactory to me as a Briton to find that the constituted authorities are refreshing themselves with draughts of legal advice from the

fountain-head.[†1] For Heaven's sake keep the Lion and Unicorn[†2] straight. With you behind the Woolsack,[†3] and Brown behind the closet-door,[†4] [†a]nought can make us rue &c if England to herself do prove but &c.[†a]

— You made me laugh so last night[†5] that I nearly choked myself with an oyster. My unforgiveness and vengeance to your charming daughter.[†6]

Ever Cordially Yours My Dear Russell
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 6 MARCH 1867†

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (Sotheby's catalogue, Feb 1989): Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester. PM Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6 Mar 67.

Newcastle on Tyne | Wednesday Sixth March 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

[†b] As we do not go over to Leeds until between 1 and 2 to day, I write this, and will post this, from here.[†b]

The Readings have made an immense effect in this place, and it is remarkable that although the people are individually rough, collectively they are an unusually tender and sympathetic audience; while their comic perception is quite up to the high London standard.[†7] The atmosphere is so very heavy that

yesterday we escaped to Tynemouth for a two hours sea-walk. There was a high North wind blowing, and a magnificent sea running. Large vessels were being towed in and out over the stormy bar, with prodigious waves breaking on it; and, spanning the restless uproar of the waters, was a quiet rainbow of transcendant beauty. The scene was quite wonderful. We were in the full enjoyment of it when a heavy sea caught us, knocked us over, and in a moment drenched us and filled even our pockets. We had nothing for it but to shake ourselves together (like Doctor Marigold) and dry ourselves as well as we could, by hard-walking in the wind and sunshine. But we were wet through for all that, when we came back here to dinner after half an hour's railway ride.

I am wonderfully well, and quite fresh and strong. Have had to doctor Dolby for a bad cold; have not caught it (yet); and have set him on his legs again. †bThe little baby is at length reported free from bronchitis, and is allowed to go back to her nursery. She was taken ill in the Dining Room and has remained there all this time.

Thank Heaven there have been no signs, either of Mrs. Winter, or "dear Mr. W."†1 I have been beset by some very importunate (and I believe very good) photographers here, but Dolby has kept perpetual guard, and has rescued me. He has a rock ahead in his speech just now, which he can *not* get over. This is, Cambridge. We go there, soon after Ireland, and it has begun to get in his way Fifty times a day. I sit placidly munching at table, and he tries it — Ca-a-a-a-and then Car-ar-ar-ar, and then Caw-aw-aw-ar-o — and then shoots it out with a suddenness that seems to frighten and astonish him. It's a mercy we are not going to Oxford, for at one time that Seat of learning was horribly obstructive to him, and what he would have done between the two I can't imagine. He is often under a frightful temptation to tell stories about "Jack Patey"†2 — one of the most unfortunate heroes he could possibly have. For when he has with great difficulty achieved Ja-a-a-ack — Patey takes all sorts of sounds but the right one. And it's not of the least use my blandly handing him "Patey", for he is under an enchanted necessity to begin with Ja-a-a-ack, all over again. He is really a capital fellow, and Master of what he has to do. He is none the worse for laying about him in a slashing manner on the least sign of any thing amiss. I notice that a man who is short of his duty-mark in any way, gives him a very wide berth always. I notice another sharp practice in him. Headland, and even poor Arthur, used to leave the money-takers to "make up their money". He pounces into their boxes and carries it away, drawer and all, bodily, about five minutes after I begin. So they have no time or power to make a balance with the check-takers, and are swooped upon when, if they have taken a shilling, it *must* be found deficient. It is curious that under this pouncing system there is often too much in the drawer by a few shillings.†b

Scott is striking the tents and loading the baggages, so I must deliver up my writing desk. †bYour home news is very entertaining, surprising, and disconcerting.†b We meet, please God, on Tuesday. Until then and ever afterwards

†bMy Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

Did I tell you that poor dear Macready is ill of a carbuncle in the head, and that I have heard both from Katie and Mrs. Macready?†b

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 6 MARCH 1867*

MS Huntington Library

Leeds | Wednesday Evening Sixth March | 1867.

My Dearest Georgy.

I have only time to send you Sydney's letter. It is most extraordinary, but it seems as though he never were to receive the news of his Time!

Wills has somehow omitted Wakefield from the printed list in A.Y.R.[†1] I read there tomorrow night.[†2] Am here tonight en route. That is the explanation.

All your letters have come to hand. Best love to Charley and Katie. Delighted to hear of the beneficial change in both.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To [MESSRS TICKNOR & FIELDS], [?EARLY MARCH 1867]

Extract in *Pall Mall Gazette*, 7 May 67. *Date:* presumably a week or two before 20 Mar, when he told Chapman of Ticknor & Fields's generosity.

I think you know how high and far beyond the money's worth I esteem this act of manhood, delicacy, and honour. I have never derived greater pleasure from the receipt of money in all my life.[†3]

To THE TOWN CLERK OF BLACKBURN,[†4] [EARLY MARCH 1867]

Note dictated by CD for Dolby to send, given in Dolby, *CD as I Knew him*, p. 80. *Date:* "a month or two" before his reading at Blackburn, 26 Apr, according to Dolby.

In acknowledging the receipt of your letter[†5] I have to inform you that the subject matter of Mr Dicken's Readings is to be found in a long row of books published by Messrs Chapman and Hall, in Piccadilly, London.

To MRS THOMAS FITZGERALD,[†6] 7 MARCH 1867

Text from N, III, 514.

Leeds | Thursday, Seventh March, 1867

My Dear Mrs Fitzgerald
Your kind and welcome letter reached me here last night. I cannot tell you how highly I esteem it, or how cordially I reciprocate your friendly regard.

But I must not allow myself to break my rule of always living with my secretary at an hotel on these occasions. My inflexible self-denial in this respect has had much to do with the establishment of a system among the three attendants who travel with us, which otherwise must have become less exact and punctual. Knowing that I am never away, they are always at their posts. In the continual hurry, fatigue, and change of this episodical life, its wear and tear is reduced to the smallest possible amount by its machinery never varying in the least. And I am so fortunate in the zeal and loyalty of my travelling companion, Mr Dolby, that I should regard myself as a sort of deserter from my colours if I left him to do this anxious work alone. For all these reasons I never promise myself while thus engaged to make a visit; and even in the case of my old friend, Mr Macready, at Cheltenham, a little while ago, I acted on the Spartan principles which at this present writing are making me very uncomfortable, and with which I have no natural sympathy whatever.

In regard to your son Percy (whom, I hope, by-the-bye, to prevail upon to go with me to Belfast) let me honestly assure you that my editorial existence has had no pleasanter incident in it than its having made me acquainted with his very great abilities, and having made us private friends. It is impossible that he can have a more interested or appreciative reader than he has in me, and no man ever sets foot in my house whom I better like to see there. My daughter and her aunt shall have your messages.

Believe me, with best regards to all your house, | Very faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [7 MARCH 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 MARCH 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Leeds | Thursday Morning Seventh March | 1867

My Dearest Georgy

This is a kind of postscript to my letter of yesterday.

Will you bring with you to town on Tuesday:

A *good* pair of walking boots

A pair of dark kid walking gloves,

A new long black neck-scarf (in a box, there are several)

†a I have had a really charming letter from Mrs FitzGerald, asking me to stay there. She must be a perfectly unaffected and genuine lady. There are kind messages to you and Mary in it. I have sent it on to Mary by this post, and have asked her to write some words of acknowledgment. She will probably in her turn send it on to you.†a

It is snowing hard here, but the snow does not lie long on the ground. Still it is not a very brilliant prospect for Wakefield tonight.

Best love to Katie and Charley
Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate
CD.

To G. LINNAEUS BANKS,[†1] 9 MARCH 1867

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue, June 1985; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 9 Mar 67; addressed G. Linnaeus Banks.

Asking Banks if the words "Mr. Heraud was the pioneer of cheap literature at a time when it was an experiment and not a success", [are][†2] quite exact and well-considered? And would not that clause in the last paragraph ... ending "recognition of his services" be better out, as travelling beyond the case, which is seldom desirable?[†3] *Sending his regards to Mrs Banks*[†4] *and thanking her for a book*[†5] *with its* to me highly gratifying inscription.

To MRS S. C. HALL,[†6] 12 MARCH 1867*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twelfth March 1867

My Dear Mrs Hall.

I have been reading in the North of England (and indeed in all the points of the compass), and receive your letter only this very day.

The child in whom you are so kindly interested shall have my vote most readily.[†7] But I am forced to reply that I cannot do more for him, however good my inclination. In plain truth I have not the leisure or the spare attention for the enormous correspondence that would be heaped upon my head, if I undertook to answer for the case or to receive votes in its behalf. I occupied such a position once, and I placed it thenceforth among the many way-side places that cannot be stopped at in a working life.

Do not measure my recognition of your claim on my remembrance by the brevity of my reply. And believe that I am, with kind regard to Hall,[†8]

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 13 MARCH 1867

MS Morgan Library.

Office, Thirteenth March 1867

My Dear Wilkie

By all means let Reade see my letter.[†1]

This from a disconsolate Voyager with the Fenians before him.[†2] I should as soon have thought of going to Ireland at this time, out of my own head, as of going to read at — what was its name in those geological periods when you sprained your foot?[†3] — Aspatria?[†4] But Chappell's head thinks differently.

Glad to hear of our friend Régnier.[†5] As Carlyle would put it:— "A deft and shifty little man, brisk and sudden, of a most ingenious carpentering faculty, and not without constructive qualities of a higher than the Beaver sort. Withal an actor, though of a somewhat hard tone. Think pleasantly of him O ye children of men!"

Ever UnPatrick-iotically

CD.

To MAJOR GENERAL ARTHUR CUNYNGHAME,[†6] 15 MARCH 1867

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1978; *MS* 1 p.; addressed General Arthur Cunynghame; dated 15 Mar 67.

Dublin | Friday Fifteenth March | 1867

My Dear Sir

I am heartily glad to hear of you again. *Thanking him for his invitation which he would have been delighted to accept* but that I "Read" tonight[†7] *and explaining that when he is so engaged*, which is but occasionally I thank my stars, all social pleasure is denied me, and I lead a mere working life.

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 MARCH 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 706-7*n*. *Date:* 15 Mar 67, according to Forster; written from Dublin.

So profoundly discouraging were the accounts from here[†1] in London last Tuesday that I held several councils with Chappell about coming at all; had actually drawn up a bill announcing (indefinitely) the postponement of the readings; and had meant to give him a reading to cover the charges incurred — but yielded at last to his representations the other way. We ran through a snowstorm nearly the whole way, and in Wales got snowed up, came to a stoppage, and had to dig the engine out.... We got to Dublin at last, found it snowing and raining, and heard that it had been snowing and raining since the first day of the year.... As to outward signs of trouble or preparation, they are very few. At Kingston our boat was waited for by four armed policemen, and some stragglers in various dresses who were clearly detectives. But there

was no show of soldiery. My people carry a long heavy box containing gas-fittings. This was immediately laid hold of; but one of the stragglers instantly interposed on seeing my name, and came to me in the carriage and apologised.... The worst looking young fellow I ever saw, turned up at Holyhead before we went to bed there, and sat glooming and glowering by the coffee-room fire while we warmed ourselves. He said he had been snowed up with us (which we didn't believe), and was horribly disconcerted by some box of his having gone to Dublin without him. We said to one another "Fenian": and certainly he disappeared in the morning, and let his box go where it would.[†2]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 15 MARCH 1867

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester.

Shelburne Hotel[†3] Dublin | Friday Fifteenth March 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

We made our journey through an incessant snow storm on Wednesday night — at last got snowed up among the Welsh Mountains in a tremendous storm of wind — came to a stop — and had to dig the engine out! We went to bed at Holyhead, at 6 in the morning of Thursday, and got aboard the Packet[†4] at 2 yesterday afternoon. It blew hard, but as the wind was right astern, we "only" rolled and did not pitch much. As I walked about on the Bridge all the 4 hours, and had cold salt beef and biscuit there, and brandy and water, you will infer that my channel training has not worn out.

Our business here is *very bad*,[†5] though at Belfast it is enormous. There is no doubt that great alarm prevails here. This hotel is constantly filling and

emptying, as families leave the country, and set in a current to the Steamers. There is apprehension of some disturbance between tomorrow night and Monday night (both inclusive),[†1] and I learn this morning that all the drinking shops are to be closed from tonight until Tuesday. Of course you will not be in the least uneasy about me. If any commotion occurs, I shall instantly stop the Dublin Readings, and of course I shall not put myself in harm's way. It is rumoured here that the Liverpool people are very uneasy about some apprehended disturbance there at the same time. Very likely you will know more about this than I do, and very likely it may be nothing.[†2] There is no doubt whatever that alarm prevails, and the Manager of this Hotel, an intelligent German,[†3] is very gloomy on the subject. On the other hand, there is feasting going on, and I have been asked to dinner parties by divers civil and military authorities.

Don't *you* be uneasy, I say once again. You may be absolutely certain that there is no cause for it. We are splendidly housed here, and in great comfort.

Ever affecy.

CD.

Love to Charley and Katey.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 16 MARCH 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 283-4.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, Saturday, March 16th, 1867.

I daresay you know already that I held many councils in London about coming to Ireland at all, and was much against it. Everything looked as bad here as need be, but we did very well last night after all.

There is considerable alarm here beyond all question, and great depression in all kinds of trade and commerce. To-morrow being St. Patrick's Day, there are apprehensions of some disturbance, and croakers predict that it will come off between to-night and Monday night. Of course there are preparations on all sides, and large musters of soldiers and police, though they are kept carefully out of sight. One would not suppose, walking about the streets, that any disturbance was impending; and yet there is no doubt that the materials of one lie smouldering up and down the city and all over the country. [I have a letter from Mrs. Bernal Osborne this morning, describing the fortified way in which she is living in her own house in the County Tipperary.][†4]

You may be quite sure that your venerable parent will take good care of himself. If any riot were to break out, I should immediately stop the readings here. Should all remain quiet, I begin to think they will be satisfactorily remunerative after all. At Belfast, we shall have an enormous house. I read "Copperfield" and "Bob" here on Monday; "Marigold" and "Trial" at Belfast, on

Wednesday; and "Carol" and "Trial" here, on Friday. This is all my news, except that I am in perfect force.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, [16 MARCH 1867]

Mention in *To* Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, 16 Mar. *Date:* written same day.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 MARCH 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

Shelburne Hotel, Dublin | Saturday Sixteenth March 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

I had your letter last night. After all, we did exceedingly well. We had £120, of which more than half was taken at the doors, and the reception was highly enthusiastic. Should things remain quiet, it is likely enough that we shall be very successful indeed.

I write this, mainly to report that there are no new rumours today. Some of the special correspondents of the newspapers came in last night from the outlying wilds, and reported no signs of any assemblages or stragglers. From Mrs. Bernal Osborne, on the other hand, I have a letter this morning, describing herself as living in a district in a state of "acute rebellion", and as being fortified in her house. She lives in the county Tipperary.

I am going to dine at FitzGerald's to day and tomorrow. Have not seen the menage yet. Gordon[†1] called here yesterday, but I was out. Percy's[†2] people are people of great consideration here, and universally known.[†3]

This is merely to keep you at ease on riotous points.

Love to Charley and Katie

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF IRELAND,[†4] 16 MARCH 1867*

MS Mr L. Wilfred Webb.

Shelbourne Hotel

Saturday Sixteenth March 1867.

My dear Lord Chief Justice

I am truly obliged to you for your kind note, and heartily wish it were in my power to profit by your friendly invitation. But on Wednesday I read in Belfast. Indeed I have but two days in Dublin on which I can dine out (today and tomorrow), and for both I have engaged myself to Percy FitzGerald. To whom by the way I have just written, trying to excuse myself for to day, in consequence

of having caught cold in my back in a damp well of a dressing-room last night.

You give me a new interest in Monday evening.[†1]

Believe me always | Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

The Lord Chief Justice.

To MRS BERNAL OSBORNE,[†2] 16 MARCH 1867*

MS Mrs John Silcock.

Shelburne Hotel,

Dublin | Saturday Sixteenth March 1867

Dear Mrs. Osborne,

Many thanks for your kind letter, though unfortunately I cannot profit by it. For I leave here on Friday night to get to London with all speed, and have in the mean time to go to Belfast and back, and read here twice and there once. In this distracted flight, I have no daughter with me, or she would have thanked you for herself.

When, when, when, will you be at peace in Ireland and sit under your vines and fig-trees[†3] without hanging revolvers and Enfield rifles on the branches? I feel as if I were in a more than usually incomprehensible dream when I am shown a hosiery establishment in Sackville Street here, from which some scores of young men decamped in the last wretched "risings" to starve in wildernesses or pine in jails. So the notion of your being guarded in your house, and of our getting involved with America (as we shall at last) on this mad head, has a grim absurdity in it of such nightmare breed that I half believe I shall wake presently and wonder how I ever came to invent in my sleep the word "Fenian".

May you and yours come prosperously through it! If you are not a match for a hundred rebels, I am mistaken in your spirit.

Believe me always | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS FERGUSSON,[†4] 17 MARCH 1867

Extract in N, III, 517.

Dublin | 17th March, 1867

Your letter has been forwarded to me here. There is but one honest answer that I can give to it, and that answer is that I cannot make you a writer if you cannot make yourself one. I have many correspondents very near home whom I should be glad to turn into successful authors and authoresses if I could, but transformation is beyond my power. Pray consider that my mere selfish editorial interest must be to discover suitable literary merit if I can.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 MARCH 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin
Sunday Seventeenth March 1867

[†a]My Dearest Georgy

Enclosed is Alfred's letter. Will you send it to Plorn?[†a]

Everything remains, in appearance, perfectly quiet here. The streets are gay all day — now that the weather is improved — and singularly quiet and deserted at night. But the whole place is secretly girt in with a military force. Tomorrow night is supposed to be a critical time; but, in view of the enormous preparations, I should say that the chances are at least one hundred to one against any disturbance.

I cannot make sure whether I wrote to you yesterday, and told you that we had done very well at the first reading, after all — even in money. The reception was prodigious, and the Readings are the town talk. But I rather think I did actually write this to you. My doubt on the subject arises from my having deliberated about writing on a Saturday.

The most curious — and for facilities of mere destruction, such as firing houses in different quarters, the most dangerous — piece of intelligence imparted to me on authority, is, that the Dublin domestic men servants as a class are all Fenians.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To F. D. FINLAY, 18 MARCH 1867

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Shelbourne Hotel Dublin | Monday Eighteenth March 1867.

My Dear Finlay.

I cannot tell you how grieved I am to receive your letter here to day; not only because of the blank you will make for my selfishness in Belfast, but because of your suffering so much pain and inconvenience from a distressing complaint.[†1] It almost puts me out of heart, and quite puts me off the expedition.

I had seen, with great interest, that Mrs. Finlay would be engaged tomorrow with other company.[†2] You must make a pledge to me for yourself and her, that you will both come to Gad's in the summer. It is a very different place now from the Gad's you knew, and the summer weather there is just suited to you.

You know by this time, I may assume, the importance of always using an open-work cane chair? I can testify that there is nothing like it. Even in this episodical hotel-life, I invariably have my cane chair brought from a bedroom, and give the gorgeous stuffed abominations to the winds.

A horrible fellow-creature (female as I judge) is practising the scales on a bad piano in the next room where the sound is worse than it would be here. It

irritates me to that degree, that I feel I shall magnetically irritate you, if I and the scales go on together.

Do let me know when you are satisfied that you are really better. And Believe me ever

Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Dolby sends kind regard and best thanks.
The Readings making a great noise in Dublin.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 20 MARCH 1867

Text from City Book Auction catalogue, No. 306 (Apr 1945); *MS* 1 p.; dated Belfast, 20 Mar 67; addressed F. Chapman.

Dear Sir,

I find I cannot get back to the office in time for any business on Saturday. But if it will suit you to come there on Tuesday[†1] at One, I will consider the appointment made. Ticknor and Field's Diamond Edition[†2] I must regard as a quite exceptional American case. Not only because Fields is a personal friend of mine, but because he sent me the other day, quite of his own will a handsome testimonial in acknowledgment of its success.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ELLIOT, 20 MARCH 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Belfast | Twentieth March 1867

My Dear F.

I seize a moment before the Post goes out at noon, to let you know that Dolby has this morning written to secure the Clifton Rooms for *Wednesday the 10th. of April.*[†4]

Tremendous success in Ireland here, notwithstanding the Fenian alarms. As to which I hereby predict to you that that matter will soon grow very serious.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 20 MARCH 1867

MS Huntington Library.

Belfast | Wednesday Twentieth March | 1867

My Dearest Georgy

The post goes out at 12, and I have only time to report myself. The snow not lying in the country between this and Dublin, we got here yesterday to

our time, after a cold but pleasant journey. FitzGerald came on with us. We had a wonderful crowd at Dublin on Monday, and the greatest appreciation possible. We should have £200 good, in a large Hall here tonight.[†1] But I am perfectly convinced that by far the worst part of the Fenian business is to come yet.

The Champagne is all correct. Will you bring to town with you a bottle of Orange Brandy as well as another bottle of old brandy.

All about the FitzGeralds and everything else, when we meet.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate
CD.

I have not in the least penetrated the Wills veil,[†2] but I have seen very little of him. He is gone to Kilkenny.[†3]

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 21 MARCH 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 285.

Belfast, Thursday, March 21st, 1867.

In spite of public affairs and dismal weather, we are doing wonders in Ireland.

That the conspiracy is a far larger and more important one than would seem from what it has done yet, there is no doubt. I have had a good deal of talk with a certain colonel, whose duty it has been to investigate it, day and night, since last September. That it will give a world of trouble, and cost a world of money, I take to be (after what I have thus learned) beyond all question. One regiment has been found to contain five hundred Fenian soldiers every man of whom was sworn in the barrack-yard. How information is swiftly and secretly conveyed all over the country, the Government with all its means and money cannot discover; but every hour it is found that instructions, warnings, and other messages are circulated from end to end of Ireland. It is a very serious business indeed.

I have just time to send this off, and to report myself quite well except for a slight cold.

To THE LORD LIEUTENANT[†1] AND THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERCORN,[†2] 22 MARCH 1867*

MS Brian Lake.

Dublin, Friday Twenty Second March | 1867[†3]

Mr. Charles Dickens begs leave to express through the Aide de Camp in Waiting, his high sense of the courteous consideration of Their Excellencies The Lord Lieutenant and The Marchioness of Abercorn, and his great regret that he cannot have the honor of dining with Their Excellencies; but he is unfortunately obliged to depart from Kingstown to night and to return to London tomorrow morning.

To DR ALFRED ASPLAND,[†4] 22 MARCH 1867*

MS Mr Leonard Bloom.

Dublin, Friday Twenty Second March | 1867

Sir.

Your letter has been forwarded to me here this morning.

I am honored by the request you prefer to me on behalf of the Committee of the Manchester and Salford Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society,[†5] but regret that I cannot possibly comply with it. Every public

engagement that I can by any means make for the present season is already made. To add to their number is wholly beyond my power.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Alfred Aspland Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 MARCH 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 707. *Date:* 22 Mar, according to Forster; envelope mentioned in Scheuer catalogue, No. 5 (1929): PM Dublin, 22 Mar 67.

You will be surprised to be told that we have done WONDERS! Enthusiastic crowds have filled the halls to the roof each night, and hundreds have been turned away. At Belfast the night before last we had £246 5*s.* In Dublin to-night everything is sold out, and people are besieging Dolby to put chairs anywhere, in doorways, on my platform, in any sort of hole or corner. In short the Readings are a perfect rage at a time when everything else is beaten down.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 22 MARCH 1867

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Dublin, Friday Twenty Second March 1867

My Dearest Georgy. I take it for granted that this hasty note will find you at the office.

We did wonders at Belfast, and took £246..5..0! For this place tonight, everything is sold again and again. The Readings have never made a more brilliant success.

We got back here to dinner last evening, after an extremely cold journey. It then began to snow furiously, and snowed all night. But the wind at length changed this morning to S.W. and very little of the snow remains in the streets.

Finlay's wife is a very prepossessing little Scotch girl. Something remarkably pleasant both in her face and speech. A very natural manner. I was greatly pleased with her. He is very ill in Edinburgh under a Scotch Surgeon. Has had two trying operations performed — is going to suffer under another — and is greatly reduced and cast down. I am afraid he is not naturally strong enough to bear so much.[†1]

I shall be at the office in good time on Tuesday forenoon. Orderlies were riding all over the streets yesterday bearing invitations for a grand dinner at the Castle in my honor tomorrow. Of course on finding the card awaiting me I begged "through the Aide de Camp in waiting, to express my high sense of the courteous consideration of the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Abercorn, and my great regret that I could not have the honor of dining with Their Excellencies, as I must return to London by Saturday Morning's Mail."

[Fitz][†2]Gerald.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS BLAKE,[†3] 26 MARCH 1867*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Sixth March 1867

My Dear Miss Blake

In the hurry and confusion of leaving Dublin, I left your letter unanswered at the same time. I cannot now send you a mere common autograph-signature, as my cold reply to so warm-hearted and earnest a communication. I thank you for it with all my heart, because I feel its worth, and because I hope I esteem as I should the privilege of being so addressed. There is no higher reward on earth than to receive such a tribute.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. C. MACREADY, 26 MARCH 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Sixth March 1867

My Dearest Macready

Although your letter gives me the welcome assurance that you are greatly better, it dashes the plans I have been devising with Dolby for your having a sofa of state, in that Cheltenham Assembly Room, and thence benignly smiling on the Trial from Pickwick. The innocent public of that lively town will suffer from your absence, as I mean to go on reading the Trial there, at intervals, until you come to hear it. Let them therefore expect no variety from *me*!

May you be half as well as I hope to find you when I come to report myself.

Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

To THE PRESIDENT OF ST PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MAYNOOTH,[†1] 26 MARCH 1867

MS St Patrick's College, Maynooth.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Sixth March 1867

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the President of St. Patrick's College, and begs to express his regret that in the hurry of leaving Dublin, he had not an opportunity of returning the President's visit. Mr Dickens highly appreciated that honor, and takes the liberty of assuring the President that it was very interesting and much esteemed.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 MARCH 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* written previous night.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 MARCH 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Norwich | Friday Twenty Ninth March 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

The reception at Cambridge last night was something to be proud of in such a place. The Colleges mustered in full force from the biggest guns to the smallest,

and went far beyond even Manchester in the roars of welcome and the rounds of cheers. All through the Reading, the whole of the Assembly — old men as well as young, and women as well as men — took everything with a heartiness of enjoyment not to be described. The place was crammed, and the success the most brilliant I have ever seen.[†1]

What we are doing in this sleepy old place, I don't know; but I have no doubt it is mild enough.[†2]

[†a]You will probably get a note from Forster about the 2nd. of April[†3] — which I had forgotten! I wrote from Cambridge last night to tell him I am free for that day. If he writes to you to propose a dinner, be sure of my being at the office about noon that day and prepared to take you with me on whatever expedition he may suggest.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.[†a]

To J. R. OSGOOD,[†4] 29 MARCH 1867*

MS Buffalo and Erie County Public Library.

Private

Norwich,[†5] Friday Twenty Ninth March 1867

Dear Sir

I shall be happy to write for the Child's Magazine published by your house, four little papers expressly designed for its pages, in consideration of the sum of £1,000.[†6] The length of the whole shall

certainly not be less than that of the story called "Hunted Down"[†7] which I wrote, in consideration of the same sum, for a New York paper some few years ago; and shall be more if I find that the series would suffer by condensation within those limits. Your house will believe that nothing would compensate me for slighting my Art.

As to the shortest period within which I can undertake to let you have the whole MS, I cannot at this time with confidence speak. But as to the longest — God willing — I can. The end of October.

I mentioned to you when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London on Wednesday, that I have already promised to write a paper on the same pecuniary terms for a New York periodical,[†1] and that I have named the First of August as the extreme term within which I will redeem that pledge. I hold myself bound to perform my part of that engagement before applying myself to the work that forms the main subject of this communication. It is not at all improbable that I shall complete that paper before July is far advanced, or even earlier. Whensoever it may be finished, I will pass to the execution of this idea for children. In case the payment agreed upon to be made for that other paper should not be forthcoming in the stipulated manner, when the story is produced in a sealed packet at the offices of a certain banker in London (I have no reason whatever to doubt it, but I add the suggestion as one that may possibly be agreeable to you), that story also shall be at your House's service, if you should desire to purchase the copyright of it in America for £1,000.

As you know, I am now engaged on a course of Readings which will occupy me until the middle of May. Having with me only such papers as I am obliged to carry, I cannot send you enclosed, (that there may be no possibility of misunderstanding on the point) a printed copy of the story "Hunted Down", to answer for itself and its dimensions. But I write by this post to my office in London giving directions for a copy to be sent to you.

I have been thus explicit, in order that you may know my mind before we meet on Tuesday, and because I well know that I need have no diplomatic reserve in any case in which my esteemed friend Fields is represented.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. S.[†2] Osgood Esquire

To WILLIAM JOHNSON, [29 MARCH 1867]

Text from Goodspeeds Catalogue, No. 55 (Nov 1907); *MS* 1 p.; dated Norwich, 1867; addressed Johnson. *Date:* written same day as last.

Dr. Johnson,

Be so good as [to] put together neatly, the whole of my story "Hunted Down" from AYR and enclose it at once to J. [R].[†3] Osgood Esquire, Tavistock Hotel.

Faithfully yours

To R. N. BACON,[†4] 30 MARCH 1867*

Text from transcript by owner, Mrs M. A. Ranken.

Royal Hotel, Norwich | Saturday Thirtieth March 1867

My Dear Sir

Your note was put into my hand at the moment when I had opened my desk for the purpose of writing to you to express my great regret that I did not see you

last night. Dolby will have told you how the vexatious mistake arose among our people. I hope you will excuse it, and will attribute the persistency of that obdurate young janitor to his observance of general orders. In the case of such an exception as yourself he is invariably forewarned. Having no such instruction last night, he thought he was doing a highly meritorious action when he was unconsciously causing both you and myself great annoyance. It was only when I was going into the Hall again, after vainly waiting for you, that I discovered what had happened.

Believe me, my dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

R. N. Bacon Esq.

To THE BAR MESS OF THE OXFORD CIRCUIT,[†1] [?LATE MARCH 1867]

Mention in *To* Mrs Ellicott, 2 Apr 67. *Date:* probably shortly before that letter.

Regretting that he cannot accept their proffered hospitality during his readings.

To EDMUND YATES, [?END MARCH 1867]

MS (copy by Yates) Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University. *Date:* Mar 67, according to N, III, 519.

My dear Ed. Yates.

I am exceedingly sorry that I shd.[†2] happen to be away, reading, & therefore unable to help you personally in your renewd. presentation of yourself to the Committee of the S.P.C.K.[†3] But I fear I may not be in London for more than 24 hours together until May is nearly out.

You cannot overstate my recommendn. of you for the Editorship described in the advert.; nor can you easily exaggerate the thorough knowledge of yr. qualifications on which such recommendn. is founded. A man even of your quickness & ready knowledge, wd. be useless in such an office unless he added to his natural and acquired parts, habits of business, punctuality, steadiness & zeal. I so thoroughly

rely on you in all these respects & I have had so much experience of you in connexion with them, that perhaps the Committee may deem my testimony in your behalf of some unusual worth.

In any way you think best, make it known to them, and in every way rely on my help if you can show me further how to help you.

With hearty good wishes | Ever Yours

CD.

April

To J. CLOWES,[†1] 1 APRIL 1867*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Monday First April, 1867

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your very obliging letter (which I have but now received on coming home from a prolonged absence), and for your proffered hospitality. Unfortunately however, I cannot have the pleasure of coming to Leominster.

I beg to present my compliments to Mrs. Clowes,[†2] and am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

J. Clowes Esquire

To C. J. RIBTON-TURNER, 1 APRIL 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Monday First April, 1867.

Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter.

Allow me to assure you that I shall be very much interested in the result of your researches. I cannot however have the pleasure of associating myself with them, otherwise than as a reader and student of your Dictionary,[†3] inasmuch as my time has already as many demands upon it in advance as I can reasonably recognize.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

C. J. Ribton Turner Esquire

To WALTER THORNBURY, 1 APRIL 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 286-7.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND
Monday, April 1st, 1867.

My dear Thornbury,

I am very doubtful indeed about "Vaux,"[†4] and have kept it out of the number in consequence.[†5] The mere details of such a rascal's proceedings, whether

recorded by himself[†1] or set down by the Reverend Ordinary,[†2] are not wholesome for a large audience, and are scarcely justifiable (I think) as claiming to be a piece of literature. I can understand Barrington[†3] to be a good subject,[†4] as involving the representation of a period, a style of manners, an order of dress, certain habits of street life, assembly-room life, and coffee-room life, etc.;[†5] but there is a very broad distinction between this and mere Newgate Calendar.[†6] The latter would assuredly damage your book,[†7] and be protested against to me. I have a conviction of it, founded on constant observation and experience here.

Your kind invitation is extremely welcome and acceptable to me, but I am sorry to add that I must not go a-visiting. For this reason: So incessantly have I been "reading," that I have not once been at home at Gad's Hill since last January, and am little likely to get there before the middle of May. Judge how the master's eye must be kept on the place when it does at length get a look at it after so long an absence! I hope you will descry in this a reason for coming to me again, instead of my coming to you.

The extinct prize-fighters, as a body, I take to be a good subject,[†8] for much the same reason as George Barrington. Their patrons were a class of men now extinct too, and the whole ring of those days (not to mention Jackson's rooms in Bond Street)[†9] is a piece of social history. Now Vaux is not, nor is he even a phenomenon among thieves.

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE SECRETARY, THE PENNY READINGS' COMMITTEE, CHELTENHAM, [?EARLY APRIL 1867]

Summary in the *Cheltenham Examiner,* 3 Apr 67. *Date:* probably early in the week in which he gave his readings.[†10]

Thanking the Committee for their compliment in cancelling their own weekly meeting on 5 Apr, since that was the day of his own first reading.[†11]

To GEORGE DOLBY, 2 APRIL 1867*

MS Mr Stefano Anter.

Office,[†1] Tuesday Second April 1867

My Dear Dolby

Many thanks for the tickets, which are far better than chairs. As "one good turn deserves another," I send you enclosed 2 Stalls on the front row, which my daughter finds she does not want.

Also, I send you the Portrait.[†2]

— Cold still bad, but better (I hope) for the Vapour Bath. My set purpose is to come up smiling when Time is called tomorrow.[†3]

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS ELLICOTT,[†4] 2 APRIL 1867

Text from facsimile(aa) in Maggs catalogue No. 449 (1923), and *D*, XI (1915), 326.

[a]GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Second April, 1867

Dear Mrs. Ellicott

I am exceedingly obliged to you and the Bishop for the kind invitation with which you have honored me, and which reached me only this morning. For although I date from my Household Gods, I have not set eyes upon them since last Christmas Time, and am little likely to see them until my Fifty Readings are finished. In the meanwhile I am here, there, everywhere, and (principally) nowhere.

Any social pleasure, or anything in the nature of a visit, is wholly incompatible with this episodical life. I am obliged to observe the rule of always living with my Secretary at an[a] Hotel, and never doing anything agreeable between the Readings but rest in strict privacy.

Were I not (very much against my will) a perfect Spartan in this respect, I should never be able to bear the wear and tear. It is but a week since I came back from Ireland in the worst of hard weather, after a very trying week there; since then I have read in London and Cambridge, and Norwich; to-morrow I shall get to Gloucester just in time for an early dinner;[†5] next morning betimes I am away to Swansea, to read there at night,[†6] next morning away to Cheltenham

to read there at night, and again next day; and on Monday I read again in London, and start immediately afterwards for Hereford.[†1]

I trouble you with this catalogue of fetters, in the hope of conveying to you and the Bishop an idea of my helpless position while I highly appreciate your proffered hospitality. I have made a similar explanation to the Bar Mess of the Oxford Circuit, and continually make it to numbers of friends (I say nothing of a most abominable cold, because that is the universal experience).

Begging you to make my compliments to the Bishop, and returning you and him many thanks for your remembrance of me.

I am always, | Very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Ellicott.

To J. T. FIELDS, 2 APRIL 1867*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Second April, 1867

My Dear Fields

As you ask me what I think of the Illustrations you have published in your pretty and compact Edition of "Our Mutual Friend",[†2] it is a real pleasure to me to tell you that I find them *very good.*[†3] [†a]They are remarkable for a most agreeable absence of exaggeration, a pleasant sense of beauty, and a general modesty and propriety which I greatly like.[†a]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. T. Fields Esquire

To MRS MACREADY, 4 APRIL 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

Gloucester, Thursday Fourth April, 1867

My Dear Mrs. Macready

As we cannot get to Cheltenham tomorrow until close upon our early dinner-hour, I send you this note to beg you to let Mr. Buckman[†4] (at the Assembly Rooms) know how many stalls he shall send up to your house.[†5] He has received an intimation from Mr. Dolby that you will do so.

On Saturday morning before I read in the day time,[†1] I shall of course come up to see my dear old friend. You will tell me perhaps what is the best time.

I am now off to Swansea, and on Saturday afternoon go up to London to read there (with a most severe cold) on Monday,[†2] and then to come back to Worcester[†3] and Hereford.[†4]

My best love to Macready and to Katie | Ever Your affectionate Friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 8 APRIL 1867

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Galleries catalogue, 1909; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 8 Apr 67; addressed Charles Kent.

To MESSRS TICKNOR[†5] & FIELDS, 8 APRIL 1867

MS Widener Collection, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Monday Eighth April, 1867

Dear Sirs.

I am in the receipt of your letter of the second of this month reciting the terms on which I have arranged with your Mr. Osgood to contribute to your juvenile magazine.[†6] They are stated in that letter with perfect accuracy, and I hereby accept them as binding.

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields

To THE HON. BENJAMIN WOOD,[†7] 9 APRIL 1867

Text from N, III, 522.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday, Ninth April, 1867

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your letter dated the sixteenth of last month. I pledge myself, in pursuance of my memorandum of

agreement already given to Mrs. Atwood, to write the story referred to in that letter and in yours, for the sum of one thousand pounds sterling; the manuscript to be ready for you the first of August at latest and to become yours on the consideration mentioned in my communication to Mrs. Atwood. I hope it will be ready for presentation through Brown, Shipley and Company the first of July.[†1]

Faithfully Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES DE LA BARRE BODENHAM,[†2] 10 APRIL 1867

MS Private. *Address:* C. Bodenham | Esquire | Rotherwas | Hereford.

Worcester | Wednesday Tenth April 1867

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you cordially for your proffered hospitality, and to express my regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting it. But when I travel on such hurried and fatiguing business as that which will bring me to Hereford tomorrow, I am obliged to observe the rule of always living at an Hotel with my secretary and never making a visit under any circumstances whatever.

You revive a very pleasant remembrance in my mind when you recall to it your late father[†3] and mother.[†4]

Allow me to present my compliments to Mrs Bodenham.[†5]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

C. Bodenham Esquire

To WILLIAM JOHNSON,[†6] 12 APRIL 1867†

MS National Széchényi Library, Budapest.

Clifton,[†7] Friday Twelfth April 1867

Dr. Johnson

I find I have omitted a little piece of business that presses. Will you, on receipt of this, [†a]get from the Paymaster General's Office a few printed forms of proof of

life, and send them up to Mr. Poole[†a†1] with a note stating that you do so by my direction.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To VICE ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY DACRES,[†2] 16 APRIL 1867

Summary in unidentified catalogue; *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 Apr 67; addressed Vice Admiral Sir Sidney Dacres.

Discussing the condition and prognosis of his son who has been sent home on sick leave suffering from the effects of African Coast fever.

To MESSRS TICKNOR & FIELDS, 16 APRIL 1867

Text from N, III, 523.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Sixteenth April, 1867

My Dear Sirs

I have read the newspaper cutting[†3] you have sent me, in which it is stated that I have an interest in — have derived, do derive, or am to derive pecuniary advantage from — certain republications of my collected works in the United States not issued by you. Once for all, receive my personal authority to contradict any such monstrous misrepresentations. If they originate in any distorted shadow of truth, they have been twisted into being from two irrelevant facts: Firstly, That Messrs. Harper of New York, through their agents, Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.,[†4] of London, purchased advanced sheets of my three latest novels A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations, and Our Mutual Friend — as each appeared serially, for simultaneous republication in America. Secondly, that Messrs. Hurd & Houghton[†5] not long since bought of my publishers a hundred impressions of the illustrations to The Pickwick Papers, and have never had any other transaction whatever with them or with me.

In America, the occupation of my life for thirty years is, unless it bears your imprint, utterly worthless and profitless to me.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To F. D. FINLAY, 17 APRIL 1867

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventeenth April 1867

My Dear Finlay

I am rejoiced to hear of the improvement in your health and hope; and send you this brief word of hearty congratulation. Living habitually as your doctor recommends, I can bear witness to the efficacy of the prescription. As to the cane chair, it is indispensable; and I warrant you will never (when you can help yourself) sit in a chair of another kind, after experiencing its coolness and freshness.

Belfast will always be an agreeable remembrance to me; and if I *may* send my love to your charming wife, — I do.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Finlay Esquire

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 17 APRIL 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventeenth April 1867

My Dear Robert Lytton

It would have been really painful to me, if I had seen you and yours at a Reading of mine, in right of any other credentials than my own. Your appreciation has given me higher and purer gratification than your modesty can readily believe.[†2] When I first entered on this interpretation of myself (then quite strange

in the public ear), I was sustained by the hope that I could drop into some hearts, some new expression of the meaning of my books, that would touch them in a new way. To this hour that purpose is so strong in me, and so real are my fictions to myself, that, after hundreds of nights, I come with a feeling of perfect freshness to that little red table, and laugh and cry with my hearers, as if I had never stood there before. You will know from this what a delight it is to be delicately understood, and why your earnest words cannot fail to move me.

[†a]I beg to send my love (if I may) to Mrs. Lytton.[†1] And my sister in law charges me with more kind regard than this paper will hold, both to you and her. Do believe me to be, as I am,[†a]

[†b]Your genuine admirer | And affectionate friend[†b]
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE DOLBY, 18 APRIL 1867*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* To be forwarded | George Dolby Esquire.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Eighteenth April, 1867

My Dear Dolby

Can you give me 2 of your tickets on the 3rd. row for the next St. James's Reading?

And I want to put close under me — extra my daughter's stalls — two profoundly deaf personages.

Remember that the bills for the last Reading should stand

The Story of
Little Dombey.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY W. PHILLIPS,[†2] 18 APRIL 1867

Text from MDGH, III, 231.

Gad's Hill, | Thursday, 18th April, 1867

My Dear Mr Phillips,

Although I think the scheme[†3] has many good points, I have this doubt: Would

boys so maintained at any one of our great public schools stand at a decided disadvantage towards boys not so maintained? Foundation Scholars, in many cases, win their way into public schools and so enforce respect and even assert superiority. In many other cases their patron is a remote and misty person, or Institution, sanctioned by Time and custom. But the proposed position would be a very different one for a student to hold, and boys are too often inconsiderate, proud, and cruel. I should like to know whether this point has received consideration from the projectors of the design?

Faithfully always yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CLARKSON STANFIELD, 18 APRIL 1867

MS Public Museum and Art Gallery, Sunderland.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Eighteenth April, 1867

My Dear Stanny

The time of year reminds me how the months have gone, since I last heard from you through Mrs. Stanfield.

I hope you have not thought me unmindful of you in the meanwhile. I have been almost constantly travelling and reading. England, Ireland, and Scotland, have laid hold of me by turns, and I have had no rest. As soon as I had finished this kind of work last year, I had to fall to work upon All The Year Round and the Christmas Number. I was no sooner quit of that task, and the Christmas Season was but run out to its last day, when I was tempted into another course of Fifty Readings that are not yet over. I am here now for two days, and have not seen the place since Twelfth Night. When a Reading in London has been due, I have been brought up for it from some great distance, and have next morning been carried back again. But the Fifty will be "paid out" (as we say at Sea) by the middle of May, and then I hope to see you.

Reading at Cheltenham the other day, I saw Macready, who sent his love to you. He has had a carbuncle in the head, but has suffered little pain; his chief distress having been restlessness. On the whole I thought him the better for that illness. His face was much more massive and as it used to be, than when I saw him previous to its coming on. His wife takes admirable care of him, and is on the happiest terms with his daughter Katie. His boy by the second marriage is a jolly little fellow — and leads a far easier life than the children you and I remember, who used to come in at dessert and have each a biscuit and a glass of water.[†1] In which last refreshment I was always convinced that they drank with the gloomiest malignity, "Destruction to the Gormandizing Grown-Up-Company!"

I hope to look up your latest triumphs[†1] on the day of the Academy Dinner.[†2] Of course, as yet I have had no opportunity of even hearing of what anyone has done. I have been (in a general way) snowed up for four months. The locomotive with which I was going to Ireland was dug out of the snow at midnight, in Wales. Both passages across, were made in a furious snow-storm. The snow lay ankle deep in Dublin, and froze hard at Belfast. In Scotland it slanted before a perpetual East wind. In Yorkshire, it derived novelty from Thunder and Lightning. Whirlwinds everywhere, I don't mention.

God bless you and yours. If I look like some weather-beaten Pilot when we meet, don't be surprised. Any mahogany-faced stranger who holds out his hand to you, will probably turn out on inspection to be the old original Dick.

Ever my dear Stanny | Your faithful and affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

I wish you could have been with me (of course in a snow-storm) one day on the Pier at Tynemouth. There was a very heavy sea running, and a perfect fleet of Screw-Merchantmen were plunging in and out on the turn of the tide at high water. Suddenly there came a golden horizon; and a most glorious rainbow burst out, arching one large ship, as if she were sailing direct for Heaven. I was so enchanted by the scene that I became oblivious of a few thousand tons of water coming on in an enormous roller, and was knocked down and beaten over by its spray when it broke, and so completely wetted through and through that the very pockets in my pocket-book were full of Sea.

To E. M. WARD,[†3] 19 APRIL 1867*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday, Nineteen April, 1867

My Dear Ward

I have been curious to see Mr. Schulze,[†4] and have had a very interesting description given to me of what he does. But I have been fain to wait until the completion of my course of Fifty Readings for until then, I am seldom at home for more than a few hours at a time. By the middle of next month I hope to be quite free, and then I shall fetch up this arrear of gratification.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

E. M. Ward Esquire

To THE STATION MASTER, PADDINGTON STATION,[†1] 20 APRIL 1867*

MS Mr Bernard Parkin.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday 20th April 1867

Hansom cab:
Taken from Great Western Terminus for Wellington Street. By the Up Train due at 12..35[†2]

CHARLES DICKENS

A small black bag or Tourist's Knapsack — containing one book and a bundle of MS.[†3]

To HENRY W. PHILLIPS, 22 APRIL 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Second April, 1867

My Dear Mr. Phillips

I have not the least objection to your making my note[†4] known to the Committee. You are at liberty also, to add my name to the list.[†5] I venture to suggest the expediency of your indicating the class of school you have in contemplation; or the objection that has struck me, may strike others.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry W Phillips Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 24 APRIL 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Fourth April 1867

My Dearest Georgy

Wills wants to get rid of his dog, because he has no convenience for keeping her. The dog is Linda's daughter, and very handsome. I was recommending Wills to give her to the Zoological, when it came into my mind that Sydney or

Plorn might like her. Will you tell them of the Dog's being to be got, and tell them they must decide quickly.

With best love to Mamie | Ever affecy.

CD.

No Mrs. Elliot to day. I wonder is she "hurt" at my not accepting her papers?[†1]

To THE REV. W. H. THOMPSON,[†2] 24 APRIL 1867*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†3]
Wednesday Twenty Fourth April 1867

Sir,

Allow me to offer you my sincere thanks for your obliging and considerate letter, dated the day before yesterday.

I beg to enclose my declaration of the date of my son's birth.[†4] A formal certificate of his baptism[†5] shall be forwarded tomorrow. It has been applied for today: but has not been obtained in consequence of not being demanded within the two hours formally set apart (it seems) for that purpose.

I have the honor to be | Sir | Your faithful servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Thompson

To COLONEL HARDY,[†6] 25 APRIL 1867*

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

Preston[†7] | Thursday Twenty Fifth April | 1867

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to express his regret that he cannot have the honor of accepting the invitation with which he is favored by Colonel Hardy and the Officers of the 9th. Depôt Battalion, as he is obliged to leave Preston tomorrow morning.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 APRIL 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

Blackburn[†1] | Friday Twenty Sixth April | 1867

My Dearest Georgy

All well. Only time for one line. When you come up on Monday,[†2] will you bring *6 pints* of our best champagne for me?[†3]

Love to all. Riding here to day by the old road in an open carriage, we lost a wheel. No harm done whatever.

Ever most affectionately
CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 29 APRIL 1867*

MS (pro forma letter) State Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | April 29 1867[†4]

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled
[†a][ ][†a]
for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round

The Manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 30 APRIL 1867*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Thirtieth April 1867

My Dear Dixon

I am driven so hard and close to day, that I must defer the Coutts[†5] job until I come back from the country on Friday.

In the last haste at the last moment

Ever Yours
CD.

May

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 1 MAY 1867*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

Stoke upon Trent.[†1] | Wednesday First May 1867.

My Dear Cartwright.

I have just now sighted Land, after a Fifty Night's cruise in all manner of waters. Having a loose tooth or so that I would like to tighten (if possible), the first use I make of my coming freedom is to ask you if you will give me a short appointment in the enclosed envelope, for any day in next week, except Wednesday, or any day in the following week except Monday the 13th.

Believe me always, | Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Samuel Cartwright Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 1 MAY 1867

MS Morgan Library.

Stoke Upon Trent | Wednesday First May 1867

My Dear Wilkie

Of course I know nothing of your arrangements when I ask you the following question.

Would you like to do the next Xmas No.[†2] with me? We two alone, each taking half? Of course I assume that the money question is satisfactorily disposed of between you and Wills.[†3] Equally of course, I suppose our two names to be appended to the performance.

I put this to you, I need hardly say, before having in any way approached the subject in my own mind as to contrivance, character, story, or anything else.

Tomorrow night at Warrington[†4] will finish my present course — with the exception of one night at Croydon,[†5] and one more night at St James's Hall; which I count as nothing. I shall be at Gad's from Saturday to Monday inclusive. After that, either Gad's or the Office will soon find me.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 3 MAY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Evening Third May 1867

My Dearest Georgy

You can tell Mrs Horne[†1] that the Reading of Copperfield was never published, and that there is no copy of it but mine.[†2]

Basket to Gravesend tomorrow, to meet me by the Afternoon Express.

Love to all | Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 4 MAY 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

Office, Saturday Fourth May 1867

My Dear Wilkie

The thought that we shall have a bout of work together again fills me with pleasure and interest.

On reading your letter (and particularly Postscript) with attention, I see no difficulty in the case. I at once say YES[†3] to your proposed Story,[†4] without the sketch you mention. We would begin to print, for your convenience, as soon as you like, but I think the best time for beginning to publish would be September when the present serial story[†5] will come to a close.[†6] This would leave you the best place, and would enable us to announce you thoroughly well. The Xmas No. we should have to go to press with very early in November. Our best way would be to sketch it out under the trees, say in August, and work it out of hand.[†7] For that purpose you could lay your story aside, take it up again, and finish the MS of it with the year, at leisure.

I shall be here on Wednesday at One o'Clock, and shall be glad to take that — or any — occasion — of joining hands [†a]upon it.[†a] Wills is ready to "go into the figures" (as he calls it), and there is no chance of any difficulty in that direction.[†8] He will be at your disposal at the same time, if you like. I hope your doing the

Xmas No. with me, would prove anything but unserviceable in the direction of Paris.

Affectionately Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Of course it will be for you to name your own convenient times of drawing money here. All times are alike to us.

To THOMAS DIXON,[†1] 4 MAY 1867*

MS Maggs & Co.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fourth May 1867

Sir

I received your volume[†2] safely, and should have thanked you for it sooner but that I have been constantly absent. In reference to the Portrait[†3] you mention in your letter of the day before yesterday, I can only say that I do not know of any one who desires to purchase such a picture.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Thomas Dixon.

To THE REV. JOHN TAYLOR, 4 MAY 1867

MS Mrs Dorothy Cohen.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Evening Fourth May 1867

My Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of enclosing a cheque payable to your order, for £58..17..6.

I thoroughly concur with you touching the expediency of giving Edward's education during the ensuing term, a practical direction immediately bearing on the way of life before him.[†4] I quite approve of his discontinuing Latin, and devoting the time so gained to History, Natural Philosophy, and a general improvement of his acquaintance with the properties of the things that he will have to subdue to his use in a rough wild life. But you are so perfectly in possession of the good sense of the case, that you really leave me no suggestion to offer.

His want of application and continuity of purpose would be quite extraordinary to me if I had not observed the same defect in one of his brothers,[†5] and tried

to trace it to its source.[†1] That a certain amount of unsatisfactory and impracticable torpor is in his natural character, and is consequently his misfortune, I am sure. But he will have more pressing need to make a fight against it in Australia than if he were near home; and as he is fond of animals, and of being on horseback and of moving rapidly through the air, I hope he may take better to the Bush than to Books. His natural abilities may flash up, under such conditions too.

I am bound to assure you that he expresses himself most warmly in reference to yourself and Mrs Taylor, and that it is not to be doubted that you have won his respect, confidence, and attachment.

I am my Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. J. Taylor

To THOMAS HYDE HILLS, 6 MAY 1867*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixth May 1867

My Dear Mr. Hills.

A thousand thanks![†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hyde Hills Esquire

To PATRICK SCOTT,[†3] [6 MAY 1867]

Envelope only in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1951; addressed Patrick Scott; dated 6 May 67.

To MISS BERTHA STONE,[†4] 6 MAY 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Miss Bertha Stone | Russell House | Tavistock Square | W.C.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixth May 1867

My Dear Bertha

I am happy that I can honestly tell you I think there is a *good deal of merit* in it. But I am afraid it will not do as it stands. The idea you have, is (as it were) rather thrown away, and you certainly do not make enough of the closing Scene. The people too are very slightly indicated, and don't resolve themselves into individuals sufficiently distinct. Condensation in the first two thirds of the story

is greatly needed, while on the other hand you could make more of the last Third.

I should like to think it over quietly, after I have finished my Readings. We will make it answer the purpose of All The Year Round, somehow, and I should like to put you in the way of doing it, mainly, for yourself.[†1] We must have a talk about it. I could indicate in a word or two, what I couldn't detail in a treatise. If you will pick up my meaning, I am much mistaken if you don't find your story pick itself up surprisingly.

With love to all | Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Bertha Stone.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [8 MAY 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 MAY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eighth May 1867

My Dearest Georgy

I write a line to Mary to say that I cannot get down to Gad's between this and Monday, being fairly overwhelmed by arrears of work.

Keeping the large portmanteau here for our London-fortnight exigencies, I will send down Scott with all the other baggage tomorrow. Let the Cart meet him at the Station, he leaving Charing X at 2..10. In one of his Emptied Portmanteaus let him bring back:

The 2 best pairs of summer trousers that you can find among the summer things on the Wardrobe top-shelf.

/

2 or 3 sets of summer flannels.

/

The put-away blue surtout

/

New pair of elastic stockings

/

2 or 3 white waistcoats.

/

My Dearest Georgy | Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 9 MAY 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

THE ATHENAEUM | Sunday, Ninth May, 1867

My Dear Letitia

Georgy told me that you wanted the cheque for £14..12..6, and here it is.[†2]

Thank God, I am getting on splendidly, and resting amazingly.

Ever affecy Yours

[†1]

To ANTHONY TROLLOPE,[†2] 9 MAY 1867*

MS The Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Thursday Ninth May 1867

My Dear Trollope.

The instant I got your letter at my office, I of course went over to the Adelphi Terrace and signed the Memorial.[†3] I had heard with much satisfaction that poor Mrs. Bell[†4] had found a friend in you, for I knew she could have no stauncher or truer friend,

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Anthony Trollope Esquire

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 10 MAY 1867*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Tenth May 1867

My Dear Dixon

It occurred to me when I went to Coutts's that nothing could make the Jerrold account plainer to you than the Pass-Book.[†5] I enclose it. You will see that there is now a sum of £79..3..7 to Miss Jerrold's credit.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 10 MAY 1867

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Tenth May 1867

My Dearest Georgy

I send you the cheque.[†6] Also an order for a Hat that Marsh wants. Tell him to give to you, to bring up to me, Couchman's[†7] estimate for the stable gate.

This is a very hasty note, for I am so hurried that it is with great difficulty that I can find time to get up Dombey.[†1] Between the New Edition,[†2] correspondence, AYR, and all other cares, I have as much to do as I can manage. Last night I was so tired that I could hardly undress for bed.

— And expenses are so enormous,[†3] that I begin to feel myself drawn towards America, as Darnay in the Tale of Two Cities was drawn towards the Loadstone Rock, Paris.

Ever my Dearest Georgy | Most affectionately
CD.

To W. W. JONES, 10 MAY 1867*

Text from facsimile in Mair Wilkes Books catalogue, checked from MS Christie's, Dec 1986.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Tenth May, 1867

Dear Sir

I should be very glad indeed to support Mr. Smith[†4] at the Society's[†5] Dinner, if I could. But I fear it is not reasonably possible. I have to preside at a Public Dinner on the following day;[†6] I have been very hard-worked in hot rooms of late; and I am obliged to consider what I *can* do, rather than what I would.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Walter Jones

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 MAY 1867]

Extracts in F, VIII, vii, 707 and 657*n. Date:* both extracts 14 May 67, according to Forster.

Last Monday evening I finished the 50 Readings with great success.[†7] You have no idea how I have worked at them. Finding it necessary; as their reputation widened, that they should be better than at first, I have *learnt them all*, so as to

have no mechanical drawback in looking after the words. I have tested all the serious passion in them by everything I know; made the humorous points much more humorous; corrected my utterance of certain words; cultivated a self-possession not to be disturbed; and made myself master of the situation. Finishing with *Dombey* (which I had not read for a long time) I learnt that, like the rest; and did it to myself, often twice a day, with exactly the same pains as at night, over and over and over again.

Repeating a story told him by "a lady friend",[†1] *according to Forster.* I must close with an odd story of a Newfoundland dog. An immense black good-humoured Newfoundland dog. He came from Oxford and had lived all his life at a brewery. Instructions were given with him that if he were let out every morning alone, he would immediately find out the river; regularly take a swim; and gravely come home again. This he did with the greatest punctuality, but after a little while was observed to smell of beer. She was so sure that he smelt of beer that she resolved to watch him. Accordingly, he was seen to come back from his swim, round the usual corner, and to go up a flight of steps into a beer-shop. Being instantly followed, the beer-shop-keeper is seen to take down a pot (pewter pot), and is heard to say: "Well, old chap! Come for your beer as usual, have you?" Upon which he draws a pint and puts it down, and the dog drinks it. Being required to explain how this came to pass, the man says "Yes, ma'am, I know he's your dog, ma'am, but I didn't when he first come. He looked in ma'am — as a Brickmaker might — and then he come in — as a Brickmaker might — and he wagged his tail at the pots, and he giv'a sniff round, and conveyed to me as he was used to beer. So I draw'd him a drop, and he drunk it up. Next morning he come agen by the clock and I drawed him a pint, and ever since he has took his pint reglar!"

To MESSRS BANTON & MACKRELL,[†2] 16 MAY 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Sixteenth May, 1867

Dear Sirs

My absence has prevented my replying sooner to your letter of the 11th. I now beg to enclose you another draft for £10.[†3] The second bill is perfectly correct. My son[†4] has been invalided for a term, in consequence of his having suffered from African Coast Fever, and it was drawn to meet the charges of his passage home.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Banton and MacKrell.

To GEORGE STANFIELD,[†1] 19 MAY 1867

MS University of Kentucky.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Sunday Nineteenth May 1867

My Dear George

When I came up to the house this afternoon and saw what had happened,[†2] I had not the courage to ring — though I had thought I was fully prepared by what I heard when I called yesterday. No one of your father's friends can ever have loved him more dearly than I always did, or can have better known the worth of his noble character.

It is idle to suppose that I can do anything for you; and yet, I cannot help saying that I am staying here for some days, and that if I could, it would be a much greater relief to me than it would be a service to you.

Your poor mother has been constantly in my thoughts since I saw the quiet bravery with which she preserved her composure. The beauty of her ministration sank into my heart when I saw him for the last time on earth. May God be with her, and with you all, in your great loss!

Affectionately Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 20 MAY 1867

MS (only signature in CD's hand) Walter T. Spencer.

Messrs Coutts & Co

Instruct M. Achille Adam[†3] to pay to Monsr. F. Bourgois on his application Two Thousand Eight hundred & ninety eight francs.[†4]

CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 MAY 1867]

Extracts in F, VIII, vii, 708. *Date:* first extract 20 May 67, according to Forster; second extract probably part of same letter.

It is curious that you should touch the American subject, because I must confess that my mind is in a most disturbed state about it. That the people there have set themselves on having the readings, there is no question. Every mail brings me proposals, and the number of Americans at St. James's Hall has been surprising. A certain Mr. Grau,[†6] who took Ristori[†7] out,[†8] and is highly responsible,

wrote to me by the last mail (for the second time) saying that if I would give him a word of encouragement he would come over immediately and arrange on the boldest terms for any number I chose, and would deposit a large sum of money at Coutts's. Mr. Fields writes to me on behalf of a committee of private gentlemen at Boston who wished for the credit of getting me out, who desired to hear the readings and did not want profit, and would put down as a guarantee £10,000 — also to be banked here. Every American speculator who comes to London repairs straight to Dolby, with similar proposals. And, thus excited, Chappells, the moment this last series was over, proposed to treat for America!

The Presidential election would be in the autumn of next year. They are a people whom a fancy does not hold long. They are bent upon my reading there, and they believe (on no foundation whatever) that I am going to read there. If I ever go, the time would be when the Christmas number goes to press. Early in this next November.

To F. C. BEARD, 21 MAY 1867

MS Dickens House.

Great Western Hotel[†1] | Tuesday Twenty First May, 1867

My Dear Frank Beard

We will dine here today instead of at Verey's. Same time. Half past 6.

I have given Wilkie notice of the change.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 21 MAY 1867*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

Great Western Hotel | Tuesday Twenty First May 1867

My Dear Dolby

I will be here this afternoon from 4 to 6, hoping to see you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Dolby Esquire

To GEORGE STANFIELD, 21 MAY 1867

MS University of Kentucky.

Great Western Hotel | Tuesday Twenty First May, 1867

My Dear George.

Please God, I shall be with you on Monday.[†2]

I *had* thought of writing a few words in memory of your dear father; and they

shall be published with the least possible delay in All The Year Round.[†1] We are under the necessity of going to press about a fortnight in advance; but I have warned the printer to stop the No. now in his hands if possible.

With kindest regard | Affecy. Yours always
CD.

The illness of my Housekeeper at the Office, caused me to come here yesterday

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 22 MAY 1867*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

Great Western Hotel,
Wednesday Night, Twenty Second May 1867.

My Dear Cartwright.

I cannot but think when I come to consider these nice constructions, that we must have been hurriedly below the mark of their cost this afternoon. Therefore, I have made the cheque for Fifteen Pounds,[†2] and now enclose it with Fifteen thousand thanks.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Samuel Cartwright, Esquire

To THE MASTER AND WARDENS OF THE CLOTH WORKERS' COMPANY,[†3] 23 MAY 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Third May, 1867

Mr. Charles Dickens regrets that he cannot have the honor of dining with the Master and Wardens of the Cloth Workers' Company on Wednesday the Fifth of June,[†4] in consequence of his having engaged himself to preside at a Public Dinner on that day.[†5]

To C. WELSH MASON,[†6] 23 MAY 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Third May, 1867

Dear Sir

My absence has prevented my receiving your note in due course.

I have sent for your MS and will take care to return it to Torrington Square[†1] tomorrow. If it be of any great length, I fear the arrangements already entered into by "All the Year Round" will preclude the possibility of its acceptance for those pages. But in any case it shall have my prompt attention.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Welsh Mason Esquire

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 23 MAY 1867*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Sir James Emerson Tennent Bart. | 66 Warwick Square | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Third May, 1867

My Dear Tennent.

I have taken a long time to consider your kindest of letters, heartily desiring to respond to it in the affirmative, and to be able to accept (for me and mine) the great pleasure of your hospitality and society in Ireland.[†2]

But the more I look into the dim autumn of this year, the more strongly I feel that I must make no such engagement. I have work to do for America which will last me through the summer,[†3] and it is *possible* that I may enter into some extensive "Reading" engagements as the winter begins. I cannot at present decide as to the latter point, and in the meantime the impending possibility obscures my whole prospect. But what with that, and the writing for America, and the clearing off of a vast arrear of business at All The Year Round, and the production of the Christmas No. (which must go to press early in November), I feel that I am a Bondsman who cannot and who must not strike the rather-frequently-mentioned blow for freedom.[†4]

We hope that you and Lady Tennent and Miss Tennent[†5] will give us a day or two here before you go away, as some small compensation for our loss. If you could and would suggest your own time, we would make it ours.

It is curious that two of your suggested subjects for Old Stories Retold, were in type when you wrote. Mr. Thornbury (who does these articles) had proposed the Red Barn Murder,[†6] but I had decided against it; firstly, because I don't want too many murders (he is rather given to horrors); and secondly because the case is very well known already. It is remarkable how little the Dream comes to, on

close inspection. The mother dreams (after Corder has, with a murderer's usual stupidity made every possible blunder to arouse her suspicions) that her daughter is murdered, and lies buried in such a "bay" of the Red Barn. It turns out that her last look at her daughter was as she turned round behind that barn — dressed in boy's clothes by Corder's direction, and otherwise most suspiciously spirited away. It also turns out that there are but two "bays" in the barn, so that it was an even bet, or a fair toss up, whether that part of the dream should come wrong or right.[†1]

With kindest regards from me and mine to you and yours, Believe me ever My Dear Tennent
Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

I saw poor dear Stanfield on his couch, a little before his Death.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?20-25 MAY 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 708. *Date:* during the week after Stanfield's death on 18 May, according to Forster.

Poor dear Stanfield! I cannot think even of him, and of our great loss, for this spectre of doubt and indecision that sits at the board with me and stands at the bedside. I am in a tempest-tossed condition, and can hardly believe that I stand at bay at last on the American question. The difficulty of determining amid the variety of statements made to me is enormous, and you have no idea how heavily the anxiety of it sits upon my soul. But the prize looks so large!

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 29 MAY 1867*

MS Hove Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Ninth May 1867

My Dear Sir

Will you kindly employ, either one of your own people or some very trustworthy person in whom you can confide, to bring those paintings of Mr. Stanfield's[†2] down here straight? Of course the two great points are, to keep them smooth, and to keep them dry. Whether they should come by Rail, or come by the

high road in a well-covered cart, I cannot decide. If you are not clear about it, perhaps you will let one of your people go to Vokins's[†3] in Great Portland Street — explain how precious the canvasses are, as the only works of

that kind by Mr. Stanfield, in existence — and get them to bring them down as they think best. I want them *without delay,* as Mr. Fechter is coming down, with his ingenious Master Carpenter,[†1] to plan out, if possible, some way or other of fitting them into these walls.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To WILLIAM JOHNSON, 29 MAY 1867*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Twenty Ninth May 1867

Dr. Johnson.

I want you to make me up and send me down *at once,* a pretty large parcel.

[†a]Please to open the Wardrobe in my office bedroom, and take out all the summer trousers[†a] there (they are all on one shelf), [†a]and all the white waistcoats[†a] [†b]which are on a different shelf, I think;[†b] [†a]and from the Wing of the Wardrobe take out a light brown summer coat.[†a] If there is any waistcoat like it (I am not sure about that) take that out too. [†a]Make a parcel of the whole;[†a] leaving everything else just where it is. If there is any parcel from my tailor's, Skinner's, add that too. [†a]Send the whole down to Higham Station[†a] by passenger train.

I think Scott must have left on the chimney piece of my bedroom at the Great Western Hotel, four Keys tied together with a piece of string. Make a written memorandum of this description, and send a Messenger up to the Hotel to enquire whether such Keys have been found, and, if so, to bring them away.

CD.

To ANTHONY TROLLOPE, [?MAY 1867]

MS (fragment) Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library. *Date:* possibly May 67, since MS accompanies another letter addressed to Anthony Trollope of 9 May 67.

Your brother[†3] and the Chapmans[†4] dine here next Saturday at half past six. If you should chance to be disengaged and would give my daughter and myself the pleasure of your company at dinner, we should be very glad indeed to see you.[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?END MAY 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 708. *Date:* Forster (above) implies written after letter of 20 May; probably towards end of month.

Have no fear that anything will induce me to make the experiment, if I do not see the most forcible reasons for believing that what I could get by it, added to

what I have got, would leave me with a sufficient fortune. I should be wretched beyond expression there. My small powers of description cannot describe the state of mind in which I should drag on from day to day.

June

To HENRY CHORLEY, 2 JUNE 1867

Extract in MDGH, III, 231.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday, June 2nd, 1867

My Dear Chorley,

Thank God I have come triumphantly through the heavy work of the fifty-one readings, and am wonderfully fresh. I grieve to hear of your sad occupation.[†1] You know where to find rest, and quiet, and sympathy, when you can change the dreary scene.

I saw poor dear Stanfield (on a hint from his eldest son) in a day's interval between two expeditions. It was clear that the shadow of the end had fallen on him.[†2]

It happened well that I had seen, on a wild day at Tynemouth, a remarkable sea-effect, of which I wrote a description to him, and he had kept it under his pillow.[†3] This place is looking very pretty. The freshness and repose of it, after all those thousands of gas-lighted faces, sink into the soul.

To J. T. FIELDS, 3 JUNE 1867

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER
Monday Third June 1867

My Dear Fields.

I cannot receive your pleasantest of notes, without assuring you of the interest and gratification that *I* feel on *my* side in our alliance. And now I am going to add a piece of intelligence that I hope may not be disagreeable.

I am trying hard so to free myself, as to be able to come over to read this next winter! Whether I may succeed in this endeavour, or no, I cannot yet say, but I am trying HARD.†4 So in the meantime don't contradict the rumour, but leave it quite alone. In the course of a few mails I hope to be able to give you positive and definite information on the subject.

My daughter (whom I shall not bring if I come) will answer for herself to Mrs. Fields bye and bye. I beg to send her my kindest regard. Understand that I am really endeavouring tooth and nail to make my way personally to the American Public, and that no light obstacles will turn me aside now that my hand is in.

My Dear Fields | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Jas T Fields Esquire

Remember me cordially to Mr. Osgood

To DR JAMES SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 5 JUNE 1867*

MS Hornby Arts Library, Liverpool.

ATHENAEUM CLUB | PALL MALL S. W.
Wednesday Fifth June 1867

My Dear Muspratt.

I am truly sorry to receive your poor account of your health, and earnestly hope that your discovery will set it up. Unfortunately I have no autograph of Stansfield's left. I destroy all letters as I receive them, as the only safe way of keeping them out of print.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt

To W. H. WILLS, 6 JUNE 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

†1

Thursday Sixth June 1867

My Dear Wills

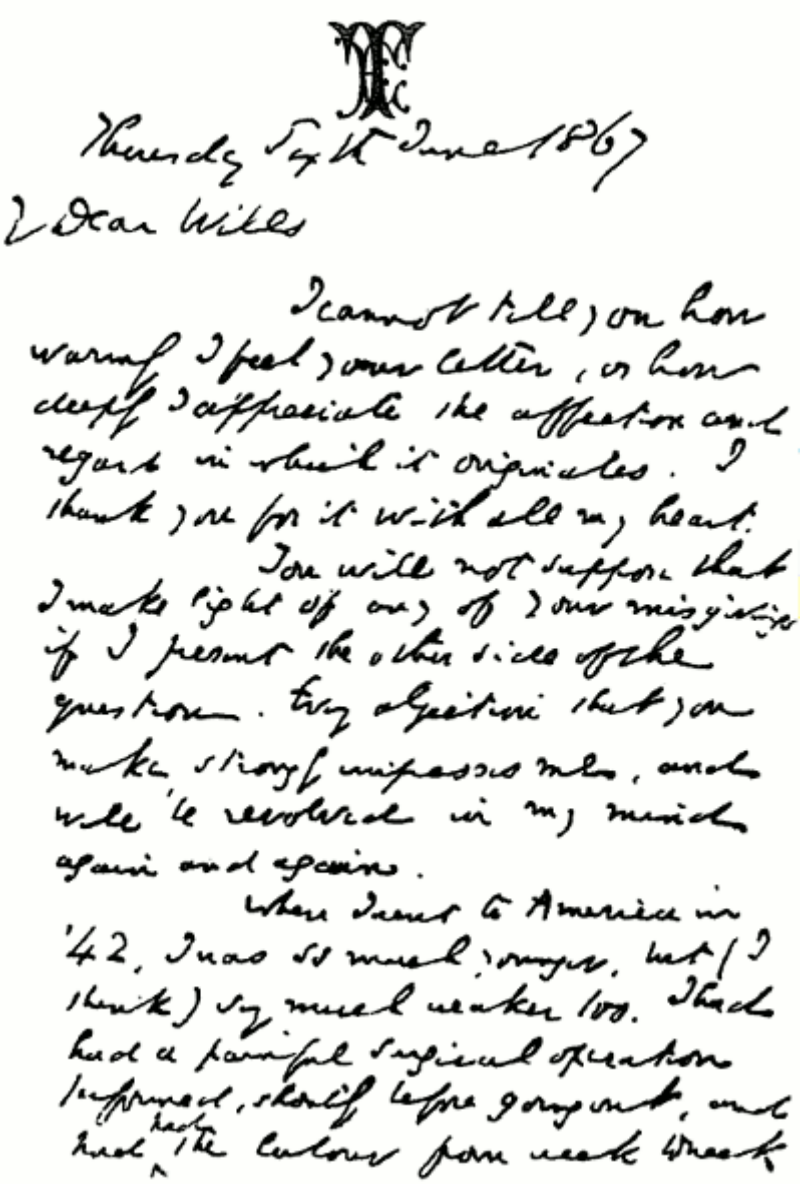
I cannot tell you how warmly I feel your letter, or how deeply I appreciate the affection and regard in which it originates. I thank you for it with all my heart.

You will not suppose that I make light of any of your misgivings if I present the other side of the question. Every objection that you make, strongly impresses me, and will be revolved in my mind again and again.

When I went to America in '42, I was so much younger, but (I think) very much weaker too. I had had a painful surgical operation performed, shortly before going out, and had had the labour from week to week of Master Humphrey's Clock. My life in the States was a life of continual speech-making (quite as laborious as Reading), and I was less patient and more irritable then, than I am now. My idea of a course of Readings in America, is, that it would involve far less travelling than you suppose — that the large first class towns would absorb the whole course — and that the receipts would be very much larger than your Estimate. Unless the demand for the Readings is †aENORMOUSLY EXAGGERATED ON ALL HANDS,†a there is considerable reason for this view of the case. And I can hardly think that all the Speculators who beset me, and all the private correspondents who urge me, are in a conspiracy or under a common delusion.

I also believe that an immense impulse would be given to the C. D. Edition†2 by my going out.

If you were to work out the question of Reading profits here, with Dolby, you would find that it would take years to get £10,000. To get that sum in a heap so



Thursday 5th June 1867

Dear Wills

I cannot tell you how warmly I feel your letter, or how deeply I appreciate the affection and regard in which it originates. I thank you for it with all my heart.

You will not suppose that I make light of any of your misgivings if I present the other side of the question. Any objection that you make strongly impresses me, and will be revolved in my mind again and again.

When I came to America in '42, I was so much younger, but (I think) by much weaker too. I had had a painful surgical operation performed, shortly before I sang out, and had lost the colour from each cheek

soon is an immense consideration to me — [†b]my wife's income to pay — a very expensive position to hold — and my boys with a curse of limpness on them. You don't know what it is to look round the table and see reflected from every seat at it (where they sit) some horribly well remembered expression of inadaptability to anything.[†b]

I shall never rest much while my faculties last, and (if I know myself) have a certain something in me that would still be active in rusting and corroding me, if I flattered myself that it was in repose. On the other hand, I think that my habit of easy self-abstraction and withdrawal into fancies, has always refreshed and strengthened me in short intervals wonderfully. I always seem to myself to have rested far more than I have worked; and I do really believe that I have some exceptional faculty of accumulating young feelings in short pauses, which obliterates a quantity of wear and tear.

My worldly circumstances (such a family considered) are very good. I don't want money. All my possessions are free, and in the best order. Still, at 55 or 56, the likelihood of making a very great addition to one's capital in half a year, is an immense consideration. I repeat the phrase because there *should* be something large, to set against the objections.

†bThe Patient,†1 I acknowledge to be the gigantic difficulty. But you know I don't like to give in before a difficulty, if it can be beaten.†b

I dine with Forster to day to talk it over. I have no doubt he will urge most of your objections, and particularly the last — though American friends and correspondents he has, have undoubtedly staggered him more than I ever knew him to be staggered, on the money question. Be assured that no one can present any argument to me, which will weigh more heavily with me than your kind words; and that, whatever comes of my present state of abeyance, I shall never forget your letter or cease to be grateful for it.

Ever My Dear Wills | Faithfully

CD.

To MESSRS SEAGER, EVANS & CO.,†2 8 JUNE 1867

Text from facsimile owned by Seager & Co.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighth June 1867

Messrs. Seager Evans & Co.
Gentlemen

I am reminded by your receipt for the empty cask returned, that I intended to order another Cask of the best Old Tom Gin (a cask of the same size), but omitted to do so. Have the goodness to forward such cask to Higham Station, and post invoice here.†3

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Seager Evans and Co.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 9 JUNE 1867*

MS Brian Lake. *Address:* George Dolby Esquire | 230 Regent Street | London. | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Ninth June 1867

My Dear Dolby

That's an astounding calculation†1 surely!

I will be at the office at 1/2 past 3 on Tuesday. I go to Richmond to dine with Chapman, at 4.50.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 JUNE 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Ninth June 1867

My Dear Ouvry

Quarterly cheque enclosed.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. T. FIELDS, 13 JUNE 1867

MS Huntington Library.

Private

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirteenth June 1867

My Dear Fields

I have this morning resolved to send out to Boston in the first week in August, Mr. Dolby, the Secretary and Manager of my Readings. He is profoundly versed in the business of those delightful intellectual feasts (!), and will come straight to Ticknor and Fields, and will hold solemn council with them, and will then go to New York, Philadelphia, Hartford, Washington &c &c and see the rooms for himself, and make his estimates. He will then Telegraph to me: "I see my way to such and such results. — Shall I go on?" If I reply, "Yes", I shall stand committed to begin reading in America with the month of December. If I reply "No", it will be because I do not clearly see the game to be worth so large a Candle. In either case, he will come back to me.

He is the brother of Madame Sainton Dolby, the celebrated singer. I have absolute trust in him and a great regard for him. He goes with me everywhere when I read, and manages for me to perfection.

We mean to keep all this †aSTRICTLY SECRET,†a as I beg of you to do, until I finally decide for or against. I am beleaguered by every kind of Speculator in

such things on your side of the water; and it is very likely that they would take the rooms over our heads — to charge me heavily for them — or would set on foot unheard of devices for buying up the tickets, &c &c, if the probabilities oozed out. This is exactly how the case stands now, and I confide it to you, within a

couple of hours after having so far resolved. Dolby quite understands that *he* is to confide in you, similarly, without a particle of reserve.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James T Fields Esquire

To THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE,[†1] 14 JUNE 1867*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fourteenth June 1867

My Dear Dyce.

With many thanks for your note, rely upon me.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Alexander Dyce

To THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI,[†2] 16 JUNE 1867*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Sixteenth June 1867

Dear Mr. Disraeli.

I received this morning, quite unexpectedly, the enclosed letter from Mrs. Stanfield, widow of my late dear friend the great painter.[†3]

I take the liberty of enclosing it to you, because it is at once the shortest explanation and the best apology I can offer for troubling you at all — and also because I honestly believe that you will be glad to do this thing, if you can, for the son of such an Artist.[†4]

Tomorrow afternoon I will do myself the honor of leaving my card at your door. I should have left it with these lines, but that this old Falstaff ground is thirty miles from London, and I cannot bear to postpone the execution of my trust until tomorrow.

You will require no further excuse from me, I feel confident, than Mrs. Stanfield's letter.

I am Dear Mr. Disraeli
Your faithful Servant

CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli

To J. JENNINGS,[†1] 16 JUNE 1867*

MS Mrs Robert K. Miller. *Address:* J. Jennings Esqre. | Bridge of Allan | N.B.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sixteenth June 1867

Dear Sir

I beg you to accept my thanks for your very obliging letter, and its accompanying photograph. I had a great affection and respect for the late master of Rockingham Castle.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Jennings Esqre.

To MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 17 JUNE 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Villla[[sic]] Novello | Via san Giacomo | Genoa | Italy.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Seventeenth June 1867.

My Dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke

I have great pleasure in retaining the Yule Log[†3] for the regular No. to be published at Xmas time:— *not* for the Xmas No. so called, because that will be on a new plan this year, which will not embrace such a contribution.[†4]

With kind regard and remembrance to your husband, Believe me always

Your faithful old Manager[†5]
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]Your two green leaves are always verdant on my table at Gad's Hill.[†a]

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 17 JUNE 1867*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventeenth June 1867

My Dear Dixon

I am heartily obliged to you for your kind remembrance, but stand previously engaged to Forster. Your note has just reached me, and I answer it instantly.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hepworth Dixon Esquire

To MISS GABRIEL,[†1] 17 JUNE 1867*

Text from Bennett Book Studies, composite catalogue, Nos 17 & 25; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 17 June 67; addressed Miss Gabriel | 5 Chester St., | Belgrave Square.

My dear Miss Gabriel

I thank you heartily for giving me the benefit of your doubt. It will delight me to put my head in the Lion's mouth.[†2]

Your faithful friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,[†3] 17 JUNE 1867

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, Leipzig, 1912, p. 57.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | June 17th, 1867.

My Dear Baron,

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of your draft for £ ...[†4] It is always a pleasure to me to have any transactions with you, for I implicitly rely on your honourable and upright spirit.

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR CHAPPELL, 18 JUNE 1867†

MS Dickens House.

[†a]Private

Tuesday Eighteenth June 1867

My Dear Mr. Chappell[†a]

Dolby has shewn me here this afternoon, the general state of the account of Receipt and Expenditure on my last series of Readings. I shall be happy to give you three free readings, either in London or elsewhere in England as you prefer; and they shall be the three next Readings that I have in England.

This brings me to the subject of America. Since I saw you and told you that I would only read there on my own account, I have been strongly urged to go, and have cleared off one obstacle that stood in my way. But I am so bent on thoroughly understanding the prospect (if possible) that I have this very day arranged with Dolby that he shall go out by the first steamer in August carefully to investigate the case for me — that he shall then telegraph the general result of his enquiries — and shall receive a decisive telegram back from me, that I will go, or that I will not. (He will be absent on this mission, I suppose, some seven or eight weeks.) [a]I tell you this, *strictly in confidence with you and your house,* because, so long as I am undecided, I wish to keep the matter as secret as possible. But I tell it you without any reservation or delay, because I wish to have no secret from you in reference to my Reading projects.

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS[a]

S. Arthur Chappell Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 JUNE 1867

Extract in City Book Auction catalogue No. 222; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 19 June 67.

I have really no private friend in New York to whom I should feel myself justified in sending a letter of introduction.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 21 JUNE 1867

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1978; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 21 June 67; addressed W. Hepworth Dixon.

Enclosing a cheque for Miss Jerrold and expressing the hope that the Saints[†1] *came out well at his dinner.* I hope (but that's not much) that they came out better than I think I should, under similar circumstances.

To GEORGE GODWIN,[†2] 21 JUNE 1867

Extract in N, III, 533; *MS* 1/2p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 21 June 67; addressed George Godwin.

My Dear Godwin

I suppose you know the purport of the enclosed letter[†3] already?

To MESSRS WILLIAM SKINNER & CO., 22 JUNE 1867

Mention in American Art Association and Anderson catalogue No. 3956; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 22 June 67; addressed Skinner & Co.

Requesting them to make alterations to a coat.

To JOHN TILLOTSON,[†1] 22 JUNE 1867*

MS Private. *Address:* John Tillotson Esquire | 12 Dorset Place North | Clapham Road | N.
PM 24 Jun 67.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Second June 1867

Dear Sir

I beg you to accept my thanks for your obliging and interesting letter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Tillotson Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 23 JUNE 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Third June 1867

My Dear Dolby

Can you put me in the way of getting a Piano on professional terms for my friend Forster? I shall be at the office from 5 to 7 tomorrow, and on Thursday.

An excellent note from Chappell.

All the American Publishing-Houses (but one)[†2] raving mad when last heard of.[†3]

So no more at present from

Yours always
CD.

To JOHN POOLE, 26 JUNE 1867*

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Wednesday Twenty Sixth June 1867[†4]

My Dear Poole

I will be with you tomorrow (Thursday) between 2 and 3.

Faithfully Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

John Poole Esquire

To THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, 28 JUNE 1867*

MS Bodleian Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Eighth June 1867

Dear Mr. Disraeli

I have received an official letter to-day from Mr. Fremantle, which I have duly acknowledged.

But I must beg to thank you, privately and personally, for your prompt and generous response to my appeal in behalf of Stanfield's son. I use no form of words when I assure you that I shall never forget it.

Believe me | Always your faithful and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Chancellor of the Exchquer.

To C. W. FREMANTLE,[†1] 28 JUNE 1867*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Eighth June 1867

Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, and to inform you that I have duly forwarded it and its enclosure to Mr. Stanfield at Hampstead.[†2]

To the Chancellor of the Exchequer I beg to tender my earnest thanks for his ready kindness.

I am, | Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

C. W. Fremantle Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 28 JUNE 1867

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Eighth June 1867

My Dear Wills.

No doubt Eliza Fenning[†3] will come down to Gad's. I will return her by post to you. I did not mean to negative her. Merely raised my eyebrows at a subject so well known.

[†a]I am glad you see a certain unlikeness to any thing, in the American story;[†1] and I hope that when you see it complete, you will think still better of it. Upon myself, it has made the strangest impression of reality and originality!![†2] And I feel as if I had read something (by somebody else) which I should never get out of my mind!!! The main idea of the narrator's position towards the other people, was the idea I *had* for my next novel in A. Y. R. But it is very curious that I did not in the least see how to begin his state of mind, until I walked into Hoghton Towers[†3] one bright April day with Dolby.[†a†4]

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 JUNE 1867

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Sunday Thirtieth June 1867

My Dear Wills.

I have heard read the first 3 Nos. of Wilkie's story[†5] this morning, and have gone minutely through the plot of the rest to the last line. Of course it is a series of "Narratives",[6[[sic]][†5] and of course such and so many modes of action are open to such and such people; but it is a very curious story — wild, and yet domestic — with excellent character in it, great mystery, and nothing belonging to disguised women[†6] or the like. It is prepared with extraordinary care, and has every chance of being a hit. It is in many respects much better than any thing he has done.[†7]

We have talked over the time of beginning to publish, and it is evidently desirable not to begin, if we can possibly help it, until the Xmas No. is out — say, the middle of December. The question then is, how shall we fill up the blank between Mabel[†8] and Wilkie? What do you think of proposing to FitzGerald to do a story three months long? I dare say he has some unfinished or projected something by him.[†9]

— I have an impression that it was not Silvester[†1] who tried Eliza Fenning, but Knowles. One can hardly suppose even Thornbury to make such a mistake, but I wish you would look into the Annual Register. I have added a final paragraph about the unfairness of the Judge, whoever he was.[†2] I distinctly recollect to have read of his "putting down" of Eliza Fenning's father when the old man made some miserable suggestion in his daughter's behalf (this is not noticed by Thornbury),[†3] and he also stopped

some suggestion that a knife thrust into a loaf adulterated with alum,[†4] would present the appearance that these knives presented.[†5] But I may have got both these points from looking up some pamphlets in Upcott's collection.[†6] Which I once did.

— If you would not object to take my packet[†7] to Brown and Shipley's on Tuesday, I should be very much obliged to you if you would do so. I shall be at the office at 5 tomorrow (Monday) or will meet you there, if you leave a note to me to that effect, at 11 on Tuesday. I have told Birtles to send you a complete Revise, thinking Mrs. Wills may like to see it.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

July

To MRS ELLIOT, 1 JULY 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* (MS envelope Old Curiosity Shop, London): Mrs Elliott | Farley Hill Court[†8] | Reading. PM 1 July 1867 Rochester.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Monday First July, 1867

My Dear F.

I am sorry to report — but have no alternative — that I do not see my way to Farley Hill, or to any other visit whatever, this autumn. I have a quantity of work to do for America, and can but just make out to do it, and to preserve the routine of my life, until I fall to work for Xmas. That done, I *may* — Heaven knows — I *may* — be tempted to go to America myself! Mind, this is not to be talked of. It is on the cards. Judge how much I have to do and think of just now.

With kindest regard to the Dean

Ever affectionately

CD.

Wilkie is here. Sends "his love, and he will take an early opportunity of writing."

To C. A. WHEELER, 1 JULY 1867

Extract in N, III, 535; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 1 July 67; addressed C. A. Wheeler.

Regretting delay in sending subscription[†1] to your amusing and curious book[†2] "*Sportascrapiana*".

To WILKIE COLLINS, 2 JULY 1867

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Tuesday Second July, 1867

This is to Certify that I the undersigned was (for the time being) a drivelling Ass when I declared the Christmas Number to be composed of Thirty Two Pages. And I do hereby declare that the said Christmas Number is composed of Forty Eight pages, — and long and heavy pages too, as I have heretofore proved and demonstrated with the sweat of my brow.

(Signed)
CHARLES DICKENS

Witness to the signature of the said Charles Dickens:

BUMBLE

(Puppy)

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 JULY 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 709. *Date:* 2 July 67, according to Forster.

Dolby sails for America on Saturday the 3rd of August. It is impossible to come to any reasonable conclusion, without sending eyes and ears on the actual ground. He will take out my MS, for the *Children's Magazine*.[†3] I hope it is droll, and very child-like; though the joke is a grown-up one besides. You must try to like the pirate story, for I am very fond of it.[†4]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 2 JULY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Second July 1867

My Dearest Georgy

I purpose coming down tomorrow (Wednesday) by the 2..10 train to *Gravesend,* and walking over. If I should be detained here, then I will take the

Afternoon Express to Gravesend, and shall want the basket to meet me. I do not, however, foresee any business that will keep me here after 2.

Ever affectionately,
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 2 JULY 1867*

MS Salisbury House Library, Iowa.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Second July 1867

My Dearest Georgy

Since I wrote to you this morning, I have remembered that the Cricket Match is tomorrow. Therefore if I should come by the Express (which I don't think I shall be driven to), don't send the basket over. I will in that case take a Fly.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To HENRY CHORLEY, 3 JULY 1867

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Third July, 1867

My Dear Chorley

I am truly sorry to receive your letter (it reaches me to day), and yet cannot but feel relieved that your main anxiety and distress are terminated.[†1] At this time, as at all others, believe that you have no truer friend or one more interested in all that interests you, than I am.

Affectionately Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 3 JULY 1867

Mention in N, III, 535; *MS* 1 1/2 pp.; dated 3 July 67; addressed Sir J. Emerson Tennent.

Asking for his assistance in obtaining a clerkship in the Board of Trade for a son of Clarkson Stanfield.[†2]

To MRS MONTGOMERY ATWOOD, 4 JULY 1867

Extract in N, III, 536; dated Gad's Hill Place, 4 July 67.

Mentions that Wilkie Collins will be pleased to meet Mrs. Atwood on her return to London. He is in correspondence with Messrs. Harper but has settled nothing with them. I am exceedingly glad to have been the means of facilitating your affairs with M. Victor Hugo.

To MRS ELLIOT, 4 JULY [1867]

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Date:* misdated 1866 by CD: T. A. Trollope did not marry Frances Ternan until 29 Oct 66.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fourth July, 1866.

My Dear F.

I am really troubled by the receipt of your tidings of the Dean. Don't even think rashly of the matter. It will assume a softer aspect in a little while. Don't think of it so as to give it, in your own eyes, any one fixed color.[†1] You see you *must* allow something for her being his daughter, just as you claim something for your own daughters.[†2]

The "magic circle"[†3] consists of but one member.[†4] I don't in the least care for Mrs. T. T.[†5] except that her share in the story[†6] is (as far as *I* am concerned) a remembrance impossible to swallow. Therefore, and for the magic[†7] sake, I scrupulously try to do her justice, and not to see her — out of my path — with a jaundiced vision.

I feel your affectionate letter truly and deeply, but it would be inexpressibly painful to N[†7] to think that you knew the history. She has no suspicion that your assertion of your friend[†8] against the opposite powers,[†9] ever brought you to the knowledge of it. She would not believe that you could see her with my eyes, or know her with my mind. Such a presentation is impossible. It would distress her for the rest of her life. I thank you none the less, but it is quite out of the question. If she could bear that, she could not have the pride and self reliance which (mingled with the gentlest nature) has borne her, alone, through so much.

If I decide to go to America, it will not be within my means to form a[†10] determination until the middle or latter end of September. I am going to send Mr. Dolby out, early next month, and he will come back to me with his report before I arrive at a conclusion. Whensoever you can come here, I shall be heartily pleased to fix a time with you. Of course you will be very strictly on your guard, if you see Tom Trollope — or his wife — or both — to make no reference to me which either can piece into any thing. She is infinitely sharper than the Serpent's Tooth.[†11] Mind that.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To C. F. NOSOTTI,[†1] [4 JULY 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* written the same day.

To MONSIEUR GODIN, 4 JULY 1867

Extract in N, III, 536.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | 4th July, 1867

My Dear Godin,[†2]

I have replied by this post to the enclosed letter from Mr. Nosotti, that I do not doubt he will find you quite ready to receive the frames[†3] at the Theatre.

To MRS HENDERSON,[†4] 4 JULY 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 293.

Gad's Hill, | Thursday, July 4th, 1867.

My Dear Mrs. Henderson,

I was more shocked than surprised by the receipt of your mother's[†5] announcement of our poor dear Marguerite's death.[†6] When I heard of the consultation, and recalled what had preceded it and what I have seen here, my hopes were very slight.

Your letter did not reach me until last night, and thus I could not avoid remaining here to-day, to keep an American appointment of unusual importance. You and your mother both know, I think, that I had a great affection for Marguerite, that we had many dear remembrances together, and that her self-reliance and composed perseverance had awakened my highest admiration in later times. No one could have stood by her grave to-day with a better knowledge of all that was great and good in her than I have, or with a more loving remembrance of her through all her phases since she first came to London a pretty timid girl.

I do not trouble your mother by writing to her separately. It is a sad, sad task to write at all. God help us!

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS SARAH C. PUCK,[†1] 4 JULY 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fourth July, 1867

Dear Madam

I beg to answer you in reply to your letter, that I safely received the Daguerrotype of your brother's bust of Little Nell,[†2] and that I had a strong impression on my mind that I shortly afterwards acknowledged its receipt, and expressed my admiration of the quiet and thoughtful beauty pervading that work of art. I think I can scarcely have confounded the intention to write such a letter, with the actual execution of it. But it is possible that I may have done so, and still more possible that some mischance (my correspondence being very extensive), may have come between the letter and the Post office. In either case, do me the favor to make these lines known to your brother, as conveying my apology for a seeming remissness, and my thanks. His gift hangs in this house; and occupied the place it holds, immediately on its arrival.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Sarah C. Puck

To MRS CLARKSON STANFIELD, 5 JULY 1867*

MS National Maritime Museum.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fifth July, 1867

My Dear Mrs. Stanfield

You will see by the accompanying note from Emerson Tennent (it is rather hard to read), that his view of the case is exactly mine; though of course I expressed no opinion in writing to him. As he was one of the Secretaries to the Board of Trade, for years,[†3] and has a son in the office,[†4] I can not but think he is right about the examination, and that Herbert[†5] will find it more difficult than you suppose.[†6] It is not reasonable (though to be sure many public affairs are *un*reasonable), that History should be wanted in the National Debt Office, and should be dispensed with in so important a department as The Board of Trade. What I want you to tell me by return of post, is This: Is Herbert sure that he is under no mistake herein, and that he is reasonably up to the Board of Trade examination though not up to the National Debt one? In that case, I will write both to the Duke of Richmond[†7] and to Tennent, by Sunday night's post from here. But if Herbert should want time, we had best take time, and not throw away the chance of[†8]

To WALTER THORNBURY, [?6 JULY 1867]

Extract in MDGH, III, 239 where wrongly given as part of *To* Thornbury, 5 Oct 67. *Date:* An Apology to Bedford had appeared in *AYR* on 6 July (see below); CD probably acquitted Thornbury "of all blame" at the same time.

Certainly I acquit you of all blame in the Bedford case.[†1] But one cannot do otherwise than sympathise with a son who is reasonably tender of his father's memory. And no amount of private correspondence, we must remember, reaches the readers of a printed and published statement.[†2]

I told you some time ago that I believed the arsenic in Eliza Fenning's[†3] case to have been administered by the apprentice. I never was more convinced of anything in my life than of the girl's innocence, and I want words in which to express my indignation at the muddleheaded story of that parsonic blunderer[†4] whose audacity and conceit distorted some words that fell from her in the last days of her baiting.

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, [7 JULY 1867]

Mention in *To* Mrs Stanfield, 10 July 67. *Date:* CD had no doubt written on Sun 7 July, as he told Mrs Stanfield he would, if necessary, on 5 July.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 7 JULY 1867*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Sir James Emerson Tennent Bart: | 66 Warwick Square | London | S. W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Seventh July 1867

My Dear Tennent.

Your cordial letter does me good.

Exactly what you say of the case, I had previously said to Mrs. Stanfield. Referring the question back to her, she explains that what she wants is a nomination to one of the SUPPLEMENTARY clerkships in the Board of Trade, and she sends me the printed particulars of that Examination: which (as so

stated) is decidedly easier than the Examination for the National Debt office, as being haunted by no terrific Spectre called "History". These Supplementary clerks, I notice too, can at any time go up to be more severely punished by the Civil Service Pugilists in the Examination Ring:- another reason, I take it, for her picking out such a post.

Therefore "I will tomorrow, and betimes I will"[†1] write to the President of The Board of Trade. If you will kindly add your powerful aid, I hope we may save the dear fellow's son.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 JULY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Eighth July 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

Here is a very serious matter for you to demand from Marsh, the truth about. Tell him that I will have no trifling with letters, and that he had best tell you what became of the letters that were given to him yesterday to post, and attempt no concealment.

When we came in from our walk yesterday, I asked him if the letters were posted? He replied (not quite easily, as I now recall) that he was going to post them in the evening. I told him to be careful, and to be sure to be in time.

Consternation was caused here this morning by the Proofs not having arrived from me, either by the first post, or the second! At noon they arrive at Wills's house, posted (I have the envelope) IN LONDON TO DAY!!! Another letter, addressed to the same district as Wills's (N.W.), had not arrived at all, at noon, and the Devil's own confusion and amazement have arisen in consequence. These are the only two I know about.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 JULY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Ninth July 1867

My Dearest Georgy

Will you bring me here tomorrow, a clean flannel waistcoat, belt, pair of linen drawers, and pair of stockings. If you will bring them in my little bag with "Charles Dickens, Gad's Hill Place" on it — on the floor to the right of the large window in my room — the bag will be useful for bringing back papers on Saturday.

Ever Your most affectionate
CD.

To MRS CLARKSON STANFIELD, 10 JULY 1867*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Tenth July 1867

My Dear Mrs. Stanfield

Here is the Duke of Richmond's prompt reply to my letter. We can do nothing now — the present Government[†1] remaining in — but wait. In the mean time, coaching may be vigorously pursued.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To WALTER THORNBURY, 10 JULY 1867

Text from N, III, 536.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Tenth July 1867

My Dear Thornbury

We must not have too many murders. They damage your book.[†2] I will not taboo the Red Barn[†3] as your heart is in it, but I taboo Mrs. Brownrigg.[†4] Spring Heeled Jack,[†5] Good. Illustration of another type of Prison Discipline,[†6] Good. I don't see much in Jack the Painter.[†7]

Faithfully Yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. T. FIELDS, 12 JULY 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Friday Twelfth July 1867

My Dear Fields

[†a]Our letters will be crossing one another rarely! I have received your cordial answer to my first notion of coming out; but there has not yet been time for me to hear again[†a] — except from Mr. Osgood.

As I told you in my last, Mr. Dolby (who sails on Saturday the 3rd. of August), will bring you out the Childrens' paper. Of course he will bring the original MS, but, to ensure correct printing on your side, I am having it set up in type, to the end that I may send you, with the MS, a clear proof to set up again from. I do not know how they may humour the delicate little joke, on your side, but I am convinced that it would be a great success here. It is full of subjects for illustration.[†1]

In case you should desire to advertize, I send you on the other side the little Bill of Fare. You know best what will serve your Magazine. Let me merely hint that it might be expedient to illustrate it very slightly, or not at all, there; and to republish in a little book with as much illustration as you please, if you can find (*I* can't!) a fanciful man.

[a]With kindest regard to "both your houses"[†2] — public and private, Ever

Faithfully Yours[a]
CHARLES DICKENS

James T Fields Esquire

[†b]Holiday Romance.

Communicated by Charles Dickens

In Four Parts

Part I. Introductory Romance. From the pen of William Tinkling Esquire*
Part II. Romance. From the pen of Miss Alice Rainbird.†
Part III. Romance. From the pen of Lieutenant Colonel Robin Redforth#
Part IV. Romance. From the pen of Miss Nettie Ashford¶

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* Aged Eight
† Aged Seven
# Aged nine
¶ Aged Six[b]

To L. W. MOREY,[†3] 12 JULY 1867

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twelfth July 1867

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter, I beg to say that whosoever represents me as being "a bitter enemy to Teetotalers" merely does a very foolish thing. And as a very foolish thing is much more easily done than answered (supposing it were worth answering) I pursue that absurdity no further.

Knowing something of the condition of my countrymen in their various grades and stations, I know that the abuse of fermented drinks works a great deal of misery and ruin among them. But on the other hand I know that the use of fermented drinks is an innocent, social, and wholesome custom. And as I never, if I know it, will commit the injustice of punishing unoffending people because there are guilty people, I cannot in reason assist your society.

To the best of my observation, I suppose any kind of excess to lead to disastrous consequences. But because many forms of religion lead to what is practically Diabolical irreligion, I would not therefore abolish all forms of religion. Neither because the attraction of the two sexes, one towards another, occasions crime and degradation very often, am I prepared to enlist in a Crusade for the separation of the two sexes henceforth.

Dear Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

L. W. Morey Esquire

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 15 JULY 1867*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifteenth July, 1867.

My Dear Cartwright.

We are very sorry to hear that you still have cause for being uneasy and anxious about your daughter.[†1] When I received your note, I was on the point of writing to you to assure you that it really *is* sometimes fine here, and that it would give us the greatest pleasure if you would try us again from a Saturday to Monday although I now fear that you may for the time be always pre-engaged when your short weekly holiday comes round. Still let me say that I am never absent on those days, and that a line at any time to say you are coming will be sure to find a room ready for you, and me delighted to expect you. This country is really beautiful when the corn and hops are growing....[†2]

Believe me alwys | My Dear Cartwright | Very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS.

Samuel Cartwright Esq.

To THE REV. JOHN TAYLOR, 15 JULY 1867*

MS Mrs H. B. Sinclair.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifteenth July, 1867

My Dear Sir

Again I have to thank you for a kind and most considerate letter. Your conclusion in the matter shall be mine, but I wish to put before you — as perhaps you will put before Edward — two considerations.

Edward is altogether wrong in supposing that he could ever pursue Carpenter's work or smith's work, half so easily or agreeably as with you. If he could pursue them here, he should not, because I know from experience that he will do nothing earnestly at home. Again as to Chemistry:- if he leave you at the end of this term, I must send him somewhere to attend a chemistry class. He will only pass into fresh hands in some new place, and will never do half so well, or be half so much at home, with a stranger to whom he is wholly unaccustomed, as under your direction.

I am assured on the best authority that the practical knowledge of farming he requires is, for Australian purposes, of a very limited nature. I do not doubt that it would be a mere waste of time to give as much as a year to it. He is too young to go out yet. He is most completely self-deceived if he supposes that I do not know him better than to trust to his improving himself in any thing of his own accord, or to his reading at home. His choice really lies between you and some one he knows nothing about. And before he makes it (which he is quite free to do) I should wish him to understand thoroughly what he gives up and throws away.

I have not the least objection to your making him acquainted with the contents of this note, if you should think fit. I want him to understand the case.

I am My Dear Sir | Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev John Taylor

To JOHN B. MARSH,[†1] 17 JULY 1867

Mention in N, III, 537; dated 17 July 67.

To MESSRS TICKNOR & FIELDS, 17 JULY 1867

Extract in N, III, 537; addressed Ticknor, Fields & Co.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday, Seventeenth July, 1867

I have received your letter of the 1st of this month, and I send you the present packet in consequence. It contains (as you will find) the Reprinted Pieces already published here, and 101 heavy pages (I hope only in the sense of being close!) of printed matter. Whether these 101 pages precede or succeed the Reprinted Pieces in point of order, is of no moment. But I wish them, if consistent with your arrangements, to follow one another as I have numbered them. I assume that in point of quantity they are as much as you want.[†2]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 18 JULY 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighteenth July 1867

My Dearest Georgy

I am not sure whether I can get home tomorrow, or not. On the whole I rather think yes. The best way will be to provide as though I were coming, and to be equally prepared for my not coming.

Chorley offers himself for Saturday. Of course I have replied in the affirmative. Have a room prepared for him. I have told him to write and name the train which the Basket shall meet. Therefore if I *don't* come tomorrow, open any note from him. *If* I make it Saturday, I will contrive to come to Gravesend by Noon Train.

I am doing a world of work, and clearing off all sorts of things.

Love to Harry. | Ever most affecy.

CD.

To JOSEPH PAYNE,[†1] 20 JULY 1867*

MS Mr Michael Silverman.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twentieth July, 1867

Sir

I am happy to give you full permission to extract the two passages described in your note, for the purpose of publication in your projected book.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Payne Esquire

To THE HON. ELEANOR EDEN,[†3] 21 JULY 1867*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty First July, 1867

My Dear Miss Eden

I shall be happy to retain Mrs. Hoskyns's[†4] paper[†5] for insertion in All The Year Round, provided that lady does not object to curtailment at my hand, and to the omission of the Tobacco song; which, with variations, is too extensively

known to be republished.[†1] I will do nothing with the article until I receive your reply.

I am very sorry to learn that your aunt is so unwell and I beg to send her the assurance of my Kindest regard. That boy of mine in India[†2] whom she helped so much is perfectly happy there.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 21 JULY 1867

MS University of California, Los Angeles.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty First July, 1867

My Dear FitzGerald

I am heartily glad to get your letter, and shall be thoroughly well pleased to study you again in the pages of A.Y.R.[†3] Meantime — [†a]and until you come here for a few days — please consider that the dreadful epithet and description are *not* withdrawn, but cleave to you.[†a†4]

I have settled nothing yet about America, but am going to send Dolby out on the 3rd. of next month, to survey the land and come back with a report on some heads whereon I require accurate information. Proposals (both from American and English speculators) of a very tempting nature have been repeatedly made to me; but I cannot endure the thought of binding myself to give so many Readings there, whether I like it or no; and, if I go at all, am bent on going with Dolby single-handed.

I have been doing two things for America; one, the little story to which you refer;[†5] the other, four little papers for a Child's Magazine.[†6] I like them both, and think the latter rather a queer combination of a child's mind with a grown up joke. I have had them printed, to ensure correct printing in the United States. You shall have the Proof to read, with the greatest pleasure. On second thoughts, why shouldn't I send you the children's proof by this same post? I will, as I have it here, send it under another cover. When you return it, you shall have the short story.

Believe me always | Heartily Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Percy FitzGerald Esquire

†aI hope you haven't forgotten that the Honorable Charles Townsend vowed that he would enjoy her. She was beautiful.†7

†bP. S. The Dreadful Doctor†1 has appeared!

Latest Intelligence†2

— And has sent in his pamphlet on Puffing.ab†3

To MONSIEUR GODIN, 21 JULY 1867*

Text from copy left by Walter Dexter at Dickens House. *Address:* Monsieur Godin, Lyceum Theatre, London.

GADS HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Twenty First July 1867

My Dear Godin,

I am heartily obliged to you for your letter and for all the trouble you have so kindly taken with my pictures.†4 A thousand thanks. When you come back from Paris, I will ask you to accept a complete set of my books, as a small reminder of my friendly regard.

Will you ask Mr. Grey†5 what I owe him for his re-touching? Or can you tell me what I should send him myself?

I cannot conclude this short note, without congratulating you on the extraordinary completeness with which you have acquired the English language. I honestly assure you that there is not in your letter the faintest indication of its having been written by any one but an Englishman. It is truly remarkable.

The only commission I charge you with for Paris, is the commission to come back again.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 21 JULY 1867

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Twenty First July, 1867

My Dear Layard

It most unfortunately happens that I have engaged myself to dine with my neighbour Hulkes, next Thursday. I would excuse myself, but that it is to receive the new General commanding in Chief at Chatham.[†6]

But as your coming will morally and physically do *me* good too, don't think me romantically disinterested or hospitable in asking you whether we cannot pick out another day?

Try.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN B. MARSH, 21 JULY 1867*

MS Mr. P. H. Lynch.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM by ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty First July, 1867

Dear Sir

The fault has been undoubtedly mine; but I did not contemplate (as I should have done), your calling on the next Friday after I wrote.[†1]

I will come to town on Tuesday next for the purpose of seeing you, if you can make it convenient to call in Wellington Street at 2 o'Clock that day.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John B Marsh Esquire

To HENRY SCOTT, 23 JULY 1867*

MS Mr Peter Harries.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Third July 1867

I think I can give you a week or so's occupation at Gad's Hill, Scott, if you will call here on Friday, the 9th. of August.

CD.

To MRS CLARKSON STANFIELD, 23 JULY 1867*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Tuesday Twenty Third July 1867

My Dear Mrs. Stanfield

Having received a hint from Emerson Tennent that if I were to call at the Board of Trade upon his son (who is Secretary to the Vice President)[†2] it might facilitate Herbert's nomination, I went there to day. He immediately presented me to Mr. Peel[†3] the Duke's[†4] Secretary, who gave me the strongest assurance that Herbert was not to be supposed as placed upon the Duke's ordinary list, but

that I might rest satisfied that his name was noted as a special one, and that he would have one of the earliest vacancies. "He could not say the very first, as the Duke had made one particular promise"; but he very plainly implied that there was the strongest probability of our having the second. Nothing could be more complete than the conviction conveyed to me that the thing could not stand better.

But he asked me, Did I know that there was a recent rule in the office that those extra or supernumerary clerks were *not* afterwards eligible to go up as candidates for the superior clerkships? I said on the contrary; it was the young gentleman's belief that he *would* afterwards be eligible. He replied that was a common mistake. Should he then change the list, and place him on the superior list? Though the objection to that, was, that on the superior list vacancies were rare, while on the extra list they occurred frequently. I replied after a few moments' consideration, that it would be best to leave the case exactly where it stood — that I supposed there was no rule, even in the Board of Trade, without an exception? (To which he assented.) And that probably Mr. Stanfield's son was not very unlikely to be made the subject of such an exception if he should ever seek it. (To which he also assented.) Do not trouble yourself to answer this. I merely want you to know that Herbert does not stand in the crowd of applicants, but decidedly holds a station apart.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

You understand that he remains as applying for one of those supernumerary clerkships which you described, and the examination for which is easy.

To J. T. FIELDS, 25 JULY 1867

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Fifth July, 1867

My Dear Fields.

Your note of the 12th. is like a Cordial of the best sort. I have taken it accordingly.

Dolby sails in the Java on Saturday the 3rd. of next month, and will come direct to you. You will find him a frank and capital fellow, [†a]with the drawback of an occasional stutter.[†a] He is perfectly acquainted with his business and with his Chief, and may be trusted without a grain of reserve.

I hope the Americans will see the joke of "Holiday Romance". The writing seems to me so like Childrens', that dull folks (on *any* side of *any* water) might perhaps rate it accordingly! I should like to be beside you when you read it, and particularly when you read the Pirate's story.[†1] It made me laugh to that extent

that my people here thought I was out of my wits, until I gave it to them to read — when they did likewise.[†1]

Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 25 JULY 1867

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty | Fifth July 1867

My Dear Layard

I have just got your letter here. I shall expect you at Gad's tomorrow (will you let me know, if you can, what train?) and will engage for your being in London on Saturday at any time most suitable to you.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To WILLIAM THOMAS,[†2] 25 JULY 1867*

MS Mr Richard Constable.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Fifth July, 1867

Sir

Agreeably to the request of Messrs. Ticknor Fields and Co. of Boston, I beg to send you enclosed, a proof of the four little stories I have written for their Childrens' Magazine.[†3] I think it best to leave the artist who is to illustrate them, to choose the points he may prefer for that purpose.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS TICKNOR & FIELDS, 25 JULY 1867

Extract in N, III, 539.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Twenty Fifth July 1867

In reply to your letter of the 12th just received, I beg to say that it will be best for you to remit the Thousand Pounds to me in London or here.[†4]

By this night's post, I transmit a duplicate proof of Holiday Romance to Mr. William L. Thomas, agreeable to your directions. I have had it set up for legibility's sake. Mr. Dolby will bring you both proof and MS. I enclose a note for Mr. Fields.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 26 JULY 1867*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Sixth July 1867.

My Dear Cartwright.

The first part of your note is sad indeed.[†1]

We shall be delighted by your beginning your holiday here, and will do all we can to make it a quiet and cheerful beginning. The end of August will suit us perfectly and your room is duly set aside. You have but to claim it.

It is very kind of you to offer your great skill in aid of my "Speaking department", and I thankfully accept the offer. I will call at mid-day on Monday, but if it should be a busy day with you, and you will merely instruct your man to tell me so, I shall be in town on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday too, and can repeat my visit without the smallest inconvenience.

It has been blowing and raining hard here for ever so long, and the corn is lying all manner of ways.

Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Samuel Cartwright Esquire

To MISS BERTHA STONE, 27 JULY 1867*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Twenty Seventh July 1867

My Dear Bertha

I have devoted a morning's leisure to going very carefully over your story — to piecing it together — to filling up the cracks, and smoothing the joints and hinges — and to giving it an air of novelty at the end; also a little suggestion of playfulness and happiness. I call it (for these last reasons):

GUESS![†2]

In its present shape, I am not afraid to venture it in All The Year Round.[†3] You shall have it in proof, as soon as it is all printed. You must prepare yourself for finding it greatly cut. But I hope it may serve as a not useless pattern for you to work by, another time.

My Love to Marcus, who I hope is getting well. Tell him the Gad's doesn't know itself without him.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 29 JULY 1867

Extract in T. A. Trollope, *What I Remember*, 1887, II, 126. *Date:* misdated 9 July by Trollope in *What I Remember*; clearly Mon 29 July as given by N (III, 539), since Dolby sailed for America on Sat 3 Aug.

My "readings" secretary, whom I am despatching to America at the end of this week, will dine with me at Verey's in Regent Street at six exact to be wished God-speed. There will only be besides, Wills, Wilkie Collins, and Mr. Arthur Chappell. Will you come?[†1] No dress. Evening left quite free.

To MRS ROSS CHURCH, 31 JULY 1867*

MS Mr. R. M. R. Church.[†2]

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirty First July, 1867

My Dear Mrs. Ross Church

I have but just now received your kind and interesting letter, having been absent for some days. I write merely to acknowledge the receipt of your book,[†3] and to thank you for it, and to assure you that I will read it attentively in the course of next week. Having done so, I will write again.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

August

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 1 AUGUST 1867

MS (only signature in CD's hand) Walter T. Spencer.

Gad's Hill Rochester | 1 August 1867

Messrs. Coutts & Co

Sell my £1000 India Bonds.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 AUGUST 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday First August 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

Enclosed is the key of my great writing table in my room. In the (I think) third drawer from the top on the left hand, you will find some loose business letters lying. One, an American letter, open, signed "B.Wood".[†4] That is what I want

sent me by the Messenger who brings this. If it should not be in that drawer, it is in the first, second, or third drawer on the right hand.

One cannot find out at what time Dolby sails on Saturday. I doubt if I shall get down to Gad's before Sunday; but I mean to get down on Saturday, if I can.

My foot is bad again, and I can't walk.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 2 AUGUST 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool,
Friday Night Second August 1867.

My Dearest Georgy

[†a] I got your note at the office this morning. No doubt the late-posted letters will find me tomorrow in due time.[†a]

I cannot get a boot on — wear a slipper on my left foot —, and consequently am here under difficulties. My foot is occasionally painful, but not very. I don't think it worth while consulting anybody about, as yet. I make out so many reasons against supposing it to be gouty, that I really do not think it is.

Dolby begs me to send all manner of apologetic messages for his going to America. He is very cheerful and hopeful, but evidently feels the separation from his wife and child very much. [†a]It is very pleasant to see a quietly game man, and he is that, without doubt. [†a]His sister was at Euston Square this morning, looking very well. Sainton[†1] too — [†a]dyed very black,[†a] but naturally light and jovial.

With the view of keeping myself and my foot quiet, I think I will not come to Gad's until Monday. If I don't appear before, send Basket to Gravesend to meet me leaving town by the 12.10 on Monday. This is important, as I couldn't walk a quarter of a mile tonight for £500.

Love to all at Gads | Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

To WALTER THORNBURY, 5 AUGUST 1867

Text from *Notes & Queries,* 5th Series, VII, 326 (28 Apr 77).

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Monday, Fifth August 1867

My Dear Thornbury

I think the Bottle Conjuror[†2] and Berners[†3] Street Hoax[†4] too well known, Ditto

Daniel Lambert,[†1] Miss Biffin[†2] and Borolowski.[†3] The Wonderful Magazine and the books of celebrated characters[†4] have used them up, with the misers.[†5]

Wild Boys, yes.[†6]

Ice Winters,[†7] yes: if compounded of several experiences.

Balloons,[†8] I am doubtful about. The Nassau Voyage was described in an (appropriately) inflated little book done by Monck Mason,[†9] and much quoted at the time.

A Hurricane and an Earthquake might go together?[†10]

A memorable inundation, a good subject.[†11]

And I very much like the idea of those Abyssinian notes.[†12] Pray pursue it.

Although I date as above, I really write from the office, where I am stopped by a bad foot on my way homeward from Liverpool. Henry Thompson[†13] insists on my sitting in absolute repose until he releases me. May that be soon!

Very faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 AUGUST 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 709. *Date:* 6 Aug 67, according to Forster.

I am laid up with another attack in my foot, and was on the sofa all last night in tortures. I cannot bear to have the fomentations taken off for a moment. I was so

ill with it on Sunday, and it looked so fierce, that I came up to Henry Thompson. He has gone into the case heartily, and says that there is no doubt the complaint originates in the action of the shoe, in walking, on an enlargement in the nature of a bunion. Erysipelas has supervened upon the injury; and the object is to avoid a gathering, and to stay the erysipelas where it is. Meantime I am on my back and chafing.... I didn't improve my foot by going down to Liverpool to see Dolby off, but I have little doubt of its yielding to treatment, and repose.

To MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY, 7 AUGUST 1867

MS Dickens House.

26 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.[†1]
Wednesday Seventh August, 1867

My Dear Madame Sainton.

Don't think me a Traitor for not writing to you to report how I left your brother on board the Java. I have been laid up here ever since I came back, with erysipelas in the foot. And my attitude has been so constrained that I could write but few letters.

He was in the best spirits possible under the circumstances, and looked ruddy and well. He was as airily and neatly lodged as a passenger aboardship can be, and had a very cheerful and modest gentleman for his travelling companion. Probably you have heard from Queenstown that eating and drinking (and being violently shaken by the screw) are the standard amusement of the Java. I tremble to think of his circumference when he lands in the United States!

With kind regards to M. Sainton, Believe me always

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. G. D. CARROW,[†2] 8 AUGUST 1867

Text from "An informal call on CD by a Philadelphia clergyman" *University*, Winter 1965-6, No. 27, pp. 14-17 (Princeton Quarterly).

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday, Eighth August 1867

Dear Sir,

I have received your note with much pleasure.[†3] Although I date from my house in the country I am at my office, 26 Wellington Street, for the greater

convenience of being attended by a surgeon for a hurt foot. If it will suit your convenience to call upon me tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock, I shall be happy to give you that opportunity of shaking hands which you do me the honour to desire.[†1]

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 8 AUGUST 1867

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Eighth August, 1867

My Dear Layard.

Although I am heartily sorry not to see you here, I am heartily glad that a Swiss Holiday lies before you and within a few days of you. I suppose it is something peculiar in my constitution, but I *can not* imagine how any man of worth can endure the personal contemplation of the House of Commons! I breathe more freely when I think of you, at all events, as out of that infernal atmosphere for a while.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE DOLBY, 9 AUGUST 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Friday Ninth August 1867

My Dear Dolby

Ever since I came back to London from leaving you aboard the Java,[†2] I have been laid up in Wellington Street with erysipelas in the foot. I went almost straight from you to Henry Thompson, who immediately laid me on my back. Today I immensely enjoy the delight of being out again in the Brougham. The cause of all the annoyance is the action of the boot on an undefended part of a bone, in constant walking.

I had a charming note from your wife yesterday. She and Baby[†3] (as of course you will hear from herself) were quite in force. I would wager a trifle that you are at Halifax this blessed day![†4]

Your note from Queenstown duly came to hand. I wonder how much you measure round the waist by *this* time! There is nothing new here whatever, except that you may tell Fields when you see him that I showed Forster, the other day, a proof of "Holiday Romance" (the Childrens' papers written for Fields), and that he wrote me after reading them:— "They are the quaintest, wisest, most charming, most comical, in all ways most delightful, things I have ever read. I cannot tell you how they please me. And you may be certain that with all people in America worth pleasing, they will be an enormous success."!

Madame[†1] sends you her regard, and hopes to meet you when you come home. She is very anxious for your report, and is ready to commit herself to the Atlantic, under your care. To which I always add:—"*If* I go, my dear; *if* I go."

Scott has been in dutiful attendance in Wellington Street, though horribly disappointed by being brought up from Gad's; where he had settled himself among the women-servants, the fowls, boys, horses, cricket paraphernalia, and dogs, with intense enjoyment. Please God he will go down with me on Monday, and will revel in a Cricket Match on Tuesday, and a Launch in Chatham Yard on Saturday, when my daughter Mary christens a ship.[†2]

I don't worry you about our American affairs, because all I have to say or write respecting them, I have said and written. Try some madeira and give me your views of it.

My Dear Dolby | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Of course I have taken care, today, of tomorrow's payment to your Bankers.

To PATRICK SCOTT, 9 AUGUST 1867*

MS Mr Arthur Rogers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Friday Ninth August 1867

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly glad to get your letter to day, because I wrote to you (as you will see by the enclosed), three months ago.[†3] But when I had done so, I found that I had preserved no reference to your name and address,[†4] and that I consequently could not dispatch the note! I beg you to accept my cordial apologies for this absurd omission.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. Scott Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?EARLY AUGUST 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 709. *Date:* a few days after letter of 6 Aug 67, according to Forster.

I could not walk a quarter of a mile to-night for £500. I make out so many reasons against supposing it to be gouty that I really do not think it is.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 10 AUGUST 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Tenth August 1867

My Dearest Georgy

I am getting on capitally, though the foot seems a little more irritated this morning than yesterday.

Last evening I missed you so much, that I was obliged to go to the Olympic. Charles Mathews seeing me took pains and played most admirably.[†1] But he was taken unwell in "Cool as a Cucumber", and we had to wait until he got better.

I am now going to Sir Henry Thompson. No news. Love to the boys.

Ever Most affecy.

CD.

To WILLIAM SMITH,[†2] 14 AUGUST 1867*

MS "The Cricketers", Richmond.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fourteenth August 1867

My Dear Sir

I shall be very happy to dine with you at Richmond[†3] on Tuesday the 20th. in accordance with your kind invitation.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Smith Esquire

To LADY ELIZABETH CUST,[†4] 15 AUGUST 1867*

MS The Earl of Darnley. *Address:* The | Lady Elizabeth Cust | 13 Eccleston Square | London | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Fifteenth August, 1867.

My Dear Lady Elizabeth

You shall have my vote for next November with great pleasure. I have entered in my pocket-book the name of the case in which you are generously interested.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. C. PARKINSON, 15 AUGUST 1867*

MS Mrs M. E. Parkinson.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fifteenth August, 1867.

My Dear Mr. Parkinson

You shall have any portrait of me with the greatest pleasure, and I shall be proud to have a place in your new house[†1] — to which I heartily wish all happiness.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. Parkinson Esquire

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 18 AUGUST 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Eighteenth August, 1867

My Dear Letitia

Many thanks for your note. The foot affair originates, Sir Harry Thompson says, from pressure on a bone received in much walking, and engendering a tendency to inflammation. There is no cure but in repose (a medicine particularly irksome to me), and in time. Meanwhile I get no boot on, but halt about in a leathern bucket made for the purpose.

Mary and Georgina join with me in love to you and to Rosa.[†2] Ask Rosa particularly from me "whether she is aware that Johnny?" — &c &c according to the formula of news I used to give her at Broadstairs at breakfast time.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To PATRICK SCOTT, 19 AUGUST 1867*

MS Mr Arthur Rogers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Nineteenth August, 1867

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your book,[†3] which has reached me safely, and which I hope to have the pleasure of soon reading under the trees here.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

P. Scott Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 AUGUST 1867

Mention in American Art Association & Anderson Catalogue No. 3823; dated 19 Aug 67.

Regrets he cannot accept sketch for All the Year Round.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [20 AUGUST 1867]

MS (envelope only) Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Dickens | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester. PM London 20 Aug 67.

To CHARLES READE, 22 AUGUST 1867

Mention in N, III, 541; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 22 Aug 67; addressed Charles Reade.

Making an appointment for Reade to visit him.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 23 AUGUST 1867†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Third August 1867

My Dear Wilkie,

I have done the overture,[†1] but I don't write to make *that* feeble report.

I have a general idea which I hope will supply the kind of interest we want. Let us arrange to culminate in a wintry flight and pursuit across the Alps. [†a]Let us be obliged to go over — say the Simplon Pass[†a] — under lonely circumstances, and against warnings. Let us get into all the horrors and dangers of such an adventure under the most terrific circumstances, either escaping from, or trying to overtake (the latter, the better, I think) some one, on escaping from, or overtaking, whom, the love, prosperity and Nemesis of the story depend. There we can get Ghostly interest, picturesque interest, breathless interest of time and circumstance, and force the design up to any powerful climax we please.[†2] If you will keep this in your mind as I will in mine — urging the story towards it as we go along — we shall get a very Avalanche of power out of it, and thunder it down on the readers' heads.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 28 AUGUST 1867*

MS Parrish Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth August, 1867

My Dear Wilkie

I am now ready for you to come into the story, and will read you what I have done if you can come to the office on Friday at half past 12. I hope it promises well, and goes quite smoothly.

Ever affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Reade is coming down on Monday for a couple of days. Can you come with him? Charley and Katie are here.

To EDMUND YATES, 28 AUGUST 1867

MS Mr Michael Killick. *Address:* Edmund Yates Esquire | General Post Office | St. Martins le Grand | London.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth August 1867

My Dear E. Y.

I cannot conceive how that absurd story[†1] originates, unless in my having had an injured foot from pressure on the bone in much walking, and having had (under Henry Thompson's advice) to lay it up for a week. I am in the utmost possible force, thank God.

Rely on my not going off Westward, without our having an evening together. I am still patiently undecided and unpledged, and await Dolby's return with full report. He will not be back, as I take it, many days before Michaelmas. *If* I go, it will not be before November.

Ever affecy
CD.

To ARTHUR CHAPPELL, 30 AUGUST 1867*

MS Mrs Susan Sidi Leon.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirtieth August 1867

My Dear Mr. Chappell

I find your note here this morning. I am now going to write to Dolby for tomorrow's Mail. His best address is:

Care of Messrs. Ticknor Fields & Co.

Boston
Mass.
U.S. of America

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S Arthur Chappell Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 29-30 AUGUST 1867*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Ninth August 1867

My Dear Dolby

I resolved not to write in reply to your letter from Halifax, but to wait until you reported yourself from Boston. This morning I had the great pleasure of receiving here your Boston letter of the Sixteenth. I heartily congratulate you on your prosperous arrival. Your account of your reception by Fields and Co. is delightful; and in not letting them pay your charges, you did exactly what I could have wished.

Of course I suspend my judgment on the great American question, until I am in possession of more reports from you, and until you are beyond the enthusiastic circle of Boston.

In reference to the "Hon B. Wood", I did not telegraph, because the money has *not* been forthcoming. Mrs. Atwood, (you remember her on the Railway?) wrote from abroad to Wills a few days ago, asking if the money were paid, and unintelligibly setting forth some unintelligible mistakes. I begged Wills to reply that you had the MS and would apprize Mr. Wood that you were ready to receive the money. As to the rest of this matter, — *if* Mr. Wood does not cash up, and Fields likes to have the story on the same terms, by all means let him have it. Having made the best of the idea in one form, I should be very unlikely to take to it in another.

I have been under Henry Thompson for my foot (I forget whether I told you this before), and he says that the pressure of the boot in constant walking has inflamed a bone. I am now just able to get a boot on again, and walk for an hour. Otherwise I have been, and am, better than well. I am hard at it on the Xmas No. — *in case* of going to America — and as well on as I could expect. Scott has been in temporary action here for two or three weeks, and is here now, and sends his duty. He is always the same cheerful attentive fellow. His wife has been down here and has professed herself to Mary, "never so happy in her life".

I quite agree with you as to the principle of selection always to be observed in such a case as the Boston Halls. "Your public close to you, and you able to do with them exactly as you like", is your motto evermore in observing and choosing for your magnificent Chief.

We have a Cricket Match here to day, and I am going to score. My daughters are both here, and Charles Collins, and Cartwright. I must go up to the office tomorrow to hold Xmas consultation with Wilkie, and will finish this note there. Not that I am likely to have anything to add to it, but merely to give it the latest date. Everybody sends you kindest regard.

Office, Friday.

I found here this morning from Arthur Chappell, a letter asking me where he could address you by this Mail?[†1] I immediately sent him up the address of this

present letter. The same messenger (I may mention) took the needful cheque due tomorrow,[†1] to Old Cavendish Street.[†2]

I have just seen Fechter who purposes opening the Lyceum in the middle of this month,[†3] on what I fear will be a forlorn short season before Xmas when he (happily for him) relinquishes the lease. His Company will be miserably weak. He asked after you and sent his cordial remembrance. Of course Wills does the like. He (Wills) is away on a short holiday. I very much fear that this very morning has disclosed to me some more dishonesty here![†4] — Which will probably bring him back on short notice, in a flutter.

I have no other news that you don't know. Some of the Stanfield Scenery of my old plays, framed in immense glasses got for the purpose from Paris, adorns the Gad's Hill Hall, now emptied of everything else. Edwin Landseer has just been down here, and esteems the chief subject as almost the finest specimen of the Master's hand, and cheaply saleable at £2,000. There are now six immense dogs in the yard, and tramps who open the gates look into a grove of expanded jaws and retire.

I need not tell you with how much interest and care I shall read your letters, or how my interest will accumulate as the time draws near (as it soon will) for your return. My last present words are three words of wisdom. Judge — For — Yourself.

Ever My Dear Dolby | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I write a line to Fields by this mail.

To J. T. FIELDS, [30 AUGUST 1867]

Mention in last. *Date:* written same day.

September

To THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES,* 2 SEPTEMBER 1867

Text from *The Times,* 4 Sep 67.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT | Sept. 2.

Sir,

A newspaper paragraph[†5] (originating, I have no doubt, in some innocent mistake), to the effect that I am much out of health, has become widely circulated, both in England and abroad, and has brought many inquiries upon me. Will you allow me to state in your columns that the statement is wholly destitute of foundation, and that I never was better in my life?

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 2 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Second September 1867

My Dear Wills.

Like you, I was shocked when this new discovery burst upon me on Friday — though, unlike you, I never could believe in Johnson[†1] solely (I think) because, often as I have tried him, I never found him standing by my desk when I was writing a letter, without trying to read it.

I fear there is no doubt that, since John's[†2] discharge,[†3] he Johnson[†1] has stolen money at the Readings. A case of an abstracted shilling seems to have been clearly brought home to him by Chappell's people, and they know very well what *that* means. I supposed a very clear keeping off from Anne's[†4] husband[†5] (whom I recommended for employment to Chappell) to have been referable only to John; but now I see how hopeless and unjust it would be to expect belief from him with two such cases within his knowledge.

But don't let the thing spoil your holiday. If we try to do our duty by people we employ; by exacting their proper service from them on the one hand, and treating them with all possible consistency, gentleness, and consideration, on the other; we know that we do right. Their doing wrong cannot change our doing right, and that should be enough for us.

So I have given *my* feathers a shake, and am all right again. Give *your* feathers a shake, and take a cheery flutter into the air of Hertfordshire.

Great reports from Dolby, and also from Fields. But I keep myself quite calm, and hold my decision in abeyance, until I shall have book, chapter, and verse, before me. Dolby hoped he could leave Uncle Sam on the 11th. of this month.

Sydney has passed as a Lieutenant and appeared at home yesterday, all of a sudden, with the consequent golden garniture on his sleeve. Which I, God forgive me, stared at, without the least idea that it meant promotion.[†6]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 3 SEPTEMBER 1867

Extract in Goodspeed's catalogue No. 369; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 3 Sep 67; addressed W. Hepworth Dixon.

I am overwhelmed with letters referring to a preposterous paragraph now cruising about the world of[†7] newspapers to the effect that I am out of health. In

what unaccountable delusion or mistake it can have originated, I am at a loss to imagine. But absurd as it is, it really becomes important to contradict it, for the stemming of the flood of correspondence. I shall be truly obliged to you if you will certify me in this week's Athenaeum, as combining my usual sedentary powers with the active training of a prize-fighter.[†1]

To J. T. FIELDS, 3 SEPTEMBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third September 1867

My Dear Fields

Your cheering letter of the 21st. of August arrived here this morning. A thousand thanks for it. I begin to think (nautically) that I "head West'ard". You shall hear from me fully and finally, as soon as Dolby shall have reported personally.

The other day I received a letter from Mr. Fiske[†2] of New York (who came over in the winning yacht,[†3] and described the voyage in the Times)[†4] saying he would much like to see me. I made an appointment in London and observed that when he *did* see me, he was obviously astonished. While I was sensible that the magnificence of my appearance would fully account for his being overcome, I nevertheless angled for the cause of his surprise. He then told me that there was a paragraph going round the papers, to the effect I was "in a critical state of health". I asked him if he were sure it wasn't "cricketing" state of health? To which he replied, Quite. I then asked him down here to dinner, and he was again staggered by finding me in sporting training; also, much amused.

Yesterday's and today's post bring me this unaccountable paragraph from hosts of uneasy friends, with the enormous and wonderful addition that "eminent surgeons" are sending me to America, for "cessation from literary

labour"!!! So I have written a quiet line to The Times, certifying to my own state of health, and have also begged Dixon to do the like in the Athenaeum. I mention the matter to you, in order that you may contradict, from me, if the nonsense should reach America unaccompanied by the truth. But I suppose that

the New York Herald will probably have got the latter from Mr. Fisk aforesaid.[†1] [†a]I notice that about once in every seven years, I become the victim of a paragraph-disease. It breaks out in England, travels to India by the Overland Route, gets to America per Cunard Line, strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains, and, rebounding back to Europe, mostly perishes on the steppes of Russia from inanition and extreme cold.[†a]

Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins are here; and the joke of the time is to feel my pulse when I appear at table, and also to inveigle innocent messengers to come over to the summer house where I write (the place is quite changed since you were here, and a tunnel under the high road connects this shrubbery with the front garden), to ask with their compliments how I find myself *now*.

If I come to America this next November, even you can hardly imagine with what interest I shall try Copperfield on an American audience, or, if they give me their heart, how freely and fully I shall give them mine. We will ask Dolby then, whether he ever heard it before.

I cannot thank you enough for your invaluable help to Dolby. He writes that at every turn and moment, the sense and knowledge and tact of Mr. Osgood are inestimable to him.

Ever My Dear Fields | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. D. FINLAY, 3 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third September 1867.

This is to certify that the undersigned innocent victim of a periodical paragraph-disease, which usually breaks out once in every seven years (proceeding from England by the overland route to India and pr. Cunard line to America where it strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains and rebounding to Europe, perishes on the steppes of Russia), is *not* "in a critical state of health", and has *not* consulted "eminent surgeons",[†2] and never was better in his life, and is *not* recommended to proceed to the United States for "cessation from literary labour", and has not had so much as a head ache for twenty years.

CHARLES DICKENS

Hoping that the Northern Whig is the same.

To CHARLES KENT, 3 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* Charles Kent Esquire | Campden Grove | Kensington | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third September 1867

My Dear Kent

I cannot imagine how that paragraph ever got into circulation, but it is just now overwhelming me with letters and causing me real annoyance. I never was better in my life — doubt if any body ever was or can be better — and have not had anything the matter with me but that squeezed foot, which was an affair of a few days. I have now written to the Times about it, and shall be truly obliged to you if you will contradict on authority.[†1] Of course it will go the round of America and lead to all sorts of confusion, otherwise.

I was much concerned to see your pencil-writing this morning, taking it at once as a sign of your being ill. I earnestly hope you will soon be inky again. It is very distressing to think of your undergoing so much.

I send you under another cover, a Proof of the little things I told you I had written for a children's magazine at Boston. They are not yet published in the States. I wanted oddly to combine a child's mind with a grown up joke. Return me the proof at leisure.

Reading yours again, I am encouraged to believe that you are highly hopeful as to Sun affairs, and coming up smiling as to your health. Tell me more of such good news when you restore my children[†2] to my arms.

Ever My Dear Kent | Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EDITOR OF *THE SUNDAY GAZETTE,* 3 SEPTEMBER 1867

Text from the *Sunday Gazette*, 8 Sep 67.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT, | Sept. 3, 1867.

Sir,

In a number of letters that this morning's post brings me, your journal is quoted as authority for my being in "a critical state of health," and also for certain recommendations supposed to have been applied to my dismal case by "eminent surgeons." You will not think me out of humour, or ungrateful for your interest in me, if I beg you to contradict these statements as absurdly unfounded. I am perfectly well, and I have not been ill.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. — It has been suggested by a sagacious farmer and member of my village club here,[†3] that "critical" state of health may originally have been a misprint for "cricketing", in consequence of our having lately won a match.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third September | 1867

My Dear Wills

I am glad that the misconduct of Johnson[†1] has given us the opportunity of advancing people whose conduct has been good. May we have got to the bottom and the end of it at last!

So overwhelmed am I by letters concerning this absurd newspaper paragraph about my being out of health — which has now swelled out into my being recommended by "eminent surgeons" to go to America for "cessation from literary labour",(!) that I have deemed it necessary to write a line to the Times. I have also written to the Sunday Gazette, the oftenest-quoted authority. And I *think* I will have a few words ready for Thursday, to go in before Mabel.[†2]

The best answer to your U.S. enquiry, is the enclosed from Fields this very morning. Preserve it for return, please.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To LORD LYTTON, 4 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fourth September 1867

My Dear Lytton

I have promised Fechter (who has a great delicacy as to troubling you himself) that I will bring to your remembrance the slight alterations he proposed to you, for stage purposes, in the Lady of Lyons, and that I will ask you whether your having sanctioned them may be stated in the bill?[†3] I enclose a Memorandum received from him this morning, exactly describing what the changes are.[†4] If agreeable to you, I will readily attend an advanced Rehearsal, and see that they are properly made; also, if you should have any suggestion of your own that you would like to entrust to me, be sure that I will see to its being rigidly carried out.[†5]

He is taking great pains with the play, and getting it up thoroughly well. I hope you will be pleased with the result — and I think you will.

Send me a line here in answer

Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF GRAFTON AND ARMIDALE, NEW SOUTH WALES,[†1] 4 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fourth September 1867

My Dear Bishop.

It unfortunately happens that I *must* be in town tomorrow on business. But either Saturday or Monday will suit me perfectly, if you can make either day suit you. Will you let me have a line in reply by about noon tomorrow at 26 Wellington Street, Strand W.C.

We are extremely sorry to receive your account of Mrs Sawyer,[†2] and beg to unite in kind regard.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HUMPHREY WOOD,[†3] 5 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS British Library. *Address:* Humphrey Wood Esquire | 79 High Street | Chatham.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fifth September 1867

Sir.

In reply to your letter I beg to express my regret that my compliance with the request it communicates to me,[†4] is removed from within the bounds of reasonable possibility by the nature of my engagements, present and prospective.

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Humphrey Wood Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 9 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Ninth September 1867

My Dear Wilkie

This note requires no answer, and is merely thrown out to be taken up into your meditations.

Qry.[†5] Whether we require any money fraud from Obenreizer after all? Whether his best fraud may not be, after discovering Vendale to be the real

man (*a disappointment to him,* as he hoped to do him an injury, not a service) to resolve to set himself up as the real man; and to put Vendale out of the way for Ever? Qry. whether this, and his resolve to destroy some proof along with Vendale, is not the best fraud for the story?

I am so bringing him out, as that he may go with either this design or the other.

Also I have made Vendale formerly in the Counting House with Wilding; so that they have previous acquaintance with, and confidence in, one another, when we bring them together. This makes the opening of the chapter "The New Partner Acts",[†1] far more natural, and makes the way quite easy for Wilding's will.[†2]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1867

Extract in Federal Hill Antiquities Maryland catalogue, Nov 1997; checked from MS Sotheby, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 9 Sep 67; addressed F. Ouvry.

I enclose a cheque due tomorrow to Mrs. C.D.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 10 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Morgan Library. *Address* (envelope only, Maggs catalogue, No. 1189 [1995])*:* Wilkie Collins Esquire | C/o Mr. Anderson | Southborough | nr. Tunbridge Wells[†3] PM 10 Sep 67

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Tenth September 1867

My Dear Wilkie,

Odd that we should be moved to write cross[†4] letters!

Let us meet at the office at 1/2 past 12 on *Friday*. I don't think I shall have done Wilding's death[†5] by that time (I have been steadily at work but slowly, laying ground); but the Obenreizer-introduction-Chapter[†6] will be ready to run over. All the points you dwell upon, are already in it.

It will be an immense point, if we can arrange *to start you for a long run, beginning immediately after Wilding's death,*[†7] and if I can at the same time be told off to come in, while you are at work, with the alpine ascent[†8] and

adventures. *Then,* in two or three days of writing together, we could finish. I am very anxious to finish, my mind being so distracted by America, and the interval so short.

Reverting to my proposed appointment for Friday, let me add that if you are free, I could dine with you at the Athenæum on *Thursday* at 1/2 past 5, if you would undertake to order dinner.[†1] This would give us more time. But perhaps you are engaged?

If *Thursday be our appointment, write by return.* If Friday, — don't write.

Ever affecy.

CD.

Kind regard to your mother.
Have you done — or are you doing — the beginning of the chapter "Exit Wilding". I shall very soon want it.

To THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF GRAFTON AND ARMIDALE, NEW SOUTH WALES, 11 SEPTEMBER 1867†

MS Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eleventh September 1867

My Dear Bishop

[†a]I am unfortunately lame (from an injury done to some of the delicate bones of the foot in walking), and can get on no left boot or shoe.[†a] In this condition I am obliged to leave Plorn to come over without me. God bless you and yours in your new lives,[†2] and may you be prosperous and happy!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ELLIOT, 12 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Twelfth September 1867

My dear F.

I am doubtful about the Ghost-Stories, because they are perfectly inconsistent with your warranty[†3] (their incoherent numbering as to pages, has nearly driven me mad.) Observe. In the Bishop's story, the Bishop's wife did *not* see the hand at the Kitchen-curtain. She only repeats what the servants told her, and it is always possible that the servants, or some of them, may have made the whole of the uproar which she only heard. *Neither* did she see the form pass inside the

Curtain. In your very first narrative, you get to second hand evidence, such as would *not* be admitted in a Court of Law. The Black Cat story, again, is secondhand. You claim to have got it at first hand, but you

didn't so get it. A man comes to the Bishop and tells him such and such things, of which the Bishop's wife tells you. *That* is not the warranty you announce in the beginning. See about the Trenchard story again. It is an old one, perfectly well known *as* a story. *You* cannot tell it on the first hand testimony of an eye witness. You only tell about your daughter being disturbed in the night — which might happen anywhere. Again, "Mr. B told me of a house". Mr. Any-letter-in-the-Alphabet can tell you of a house. Does Mr. B mean to say that he saw the mad housemaid sitting on the floor, or that he was one of the party of watchers who afterwards sat up when the bell rang??? And you do not consider the monstrous improbability — the unmeaning and next to incredible absurdity — of the man who undertook the adventure requesting that the bell might not be attended to, if he did ring! — By far the most densely dull and unlikely amount of pig-headedness that I ever heard of in my life! And even admitting that such a Fool ever existed, do you think any reader of average intelligence would swallow the Camel[†1] carrying the whole party of watchers, one and all similar noodles? — Greater indeed,! because the bell rang twice.

If I were to put in those stories *with* your claim attached, I should be deservedly pounced upon. If I were to put them in *without* your claim, I should be merely republishing a stereotyped set of tales. The lady with the hair cut off, and the Scotch Fisherman, are both striking; and those I will gladly publish if you like.[†2]

My state of mind on the general subject is yours exactly. I do not set myself up to pretend to know what the Almighty's laws are, as to disembodied spirits. I do not profess to be free from disagreeable impressions and apprehensions, even. But these are no reasons for calling that, evidence, which is no evidence at all, or for taking for granted what cannot be taken for granted. (Even if Mr. B were not so preposterously loose, the very common place circumstance would step in, that housemaids go mad, and men in all conditions of life die of a fit, every week in the year.)

I am truly grieved to hear that you are not well, but you do not — cannot be expected to — realize the difficulties of my life at this time. Expecting Dolby back — the American question still undecided until then — but the probability before me of leaving all that I hold dear, on the 2nd. of November — I have to fix my disturbed mind on the Xmas story I am doing with Wilkie, and to hammer it out bit by bit as if there were nothing else in the world; while the regulation of my personal affairs, the six months' prospective management of a great periodical published every week, the course to be taken in America, the apportionment of 100 nights of hard work — tug at my sleeve and pull at my pen, every minute in the day. In the face of all this, everything but the story must be dismissed, until the story is done. And when it *is* done, all this, which might take a year, will have to be disposed of in a hurried week or two. Add a correspondence which knows

no cessation, and a public position fraught with appointments of all sorts and people of all kinds, and count my hours for a visit to a friend of mine (and a dear one) down in Berkshire![†1]

Ever affectionately

CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 12 SEPTEMBER 1867

Text from P. Fitzgerald, *Memories of CD*, p. 50.

Gad's Hill Place | Thursday, Twelfth September, 1867.

My Dear Fitzgerald,

Many thanks for the play enclosed.[†2] It goes very glibly and merrily and smoothly, but I make so bold as to say that you can write a much better one.[†3] The most characteristic part in it is much too like Compton in the *Unequal Match*.[†4] And the best scene in it (where the husband urges his wife to go away), is so excessively dangerous, and is so very near passing a delicate line, that I think the chances would be very many to one against an audience's acceptance of it. Because, however drolly the situation is presented, the fact is not to be got over that that lady seriously supposes her husband to be in league with another man, to hand her over to that other man: both those men being present with her.

Put your sister, mentally, in the situation.

[†a]Our friend of The Mimmery,[†5] South Mimms, is married.[†a]

My dear Fitzgerald, | Faithfully Yours always

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To LORD LYTTON, [12 SEPTEMBER 1867]*

Telegram Lytton Papers.[†6] *Date:* 12 Sep 67 (see *To* Lytton, 13 Sep).

Lord Lytton poste restante

Eaux Bonnes, Pyrénées | France

You have evidently not received a letter from me for I have read your letter to Fechter[[sic]] Will you give me your authority to make the slight changes they are not changes of words[†7] reply to me at the theatre and trust it to my hands.

CHARLES DICKENS

a Lycéum Théatre | London

To LORD LYTTON, 13 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth September 1867

My Dear Lytton

I sent you a telegram last night which crossed your letter received this morning.

What has become of my missing letter to you,[†1] I cannot imagine. It was posted at Gad's Hill, and was addressed to you at Knebworth, Stevenage. It contained a list in French, by Fechter, of the proposed changes (*which he supposed you to have distinctly sanctioned when he was down at Knebworth*), and I asked you if you would place them in my hands, and leave me to see a Rehearsal of them and be sure on your behalf that they were rigidly adhered to? I did not tell Fechter that I believed you had *not* understood yourself to have sanctioned them when he was at Knebworth, though I strongly entertained that belief, remembering what you said to me on the subject when I was there last. But I impressed upon him the necessity of their coming before you again, and hence my letter in question.

There are no changes whatever in the words of the play (save one or two slight transpositions and cuts, really not worth mentioning), except that the contract is signed at "nine" in the evening, instead of "one" in the day.[†2] This is, to get an effect of various lights — firelight, candlelight, moonlight, and what not — which I think decidedly improves the "business" of the scene, and renders Claude's being there without Pauline's recognition,[†3] very much more probable, and very much more impressive. The letter in the earlier part of the play[†4] is not a letter as Fechter arranges it; but the words of the letter are spoken as a part of the Dialogue. These are the only alterations I call to mind as affecting the text in any way.

I have not yet decided whether to go to America or not, but shall do so on my Secretary's return (I sent him out to feel the way), towards the close of this month. I will let you know my decision as soon as I shall have formed it, and I need not add that any commission you may invest me with if I go, shall be at least as much cared for as if it were my own.

[†a] *Don't* give way to laziness, and *do* proceed with that play.[†5] There never was a time when a good new play was more wanted, or had a better opening for itself. Fechter is a thorough artist, and what he may sometimes want in personal force is compensated by the admirable whole he can make of a play,

and his perfect understanding of its presentation as a picture to the eye and mind.[†a]

Ever affectionately

CD.

The Lady of Lyons is to be produced on Monday next.

To THOMAS MITTON, 13 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Mr David Borowitz.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth September 1867

My Dear Mitton

I have had so much and such complicated business to attend to all day, that I have not had a moment to myself.

At present I do not stand committed to go to America at all. I have sent out my Readings Secretary to examine closely, and come back and report to me. Towards the end of this month, I shall decide upon his reports and figures, and, *if* I go, I shall probably go on the 2nd. of November. He is on his way home now.

My daily experience of such things makes me pretty sure that Mr. Davies's[†1] reason for wanting to see me, will be no reason at all — some outrageous nonsense or other. And you may suppose that, with the few trifles I have to put in order with this distracting possibility of a journey of some 20,000 miles before me at a month's notice, I make as few appointments as I possibly can. But your best way will be to say in effect, "I know he has not yet decided to go to America, and I know that he is much occupied at his house in the country. But I will give you a letter of introduction to leave at his office in town, and no doubt he will answer it."

I write very hastily before going back.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, MID-SEPTEMBER 1867

Mention in Fitzgerald, *Memories of CD*, p. 51. *Date:* no doubt soon after 12 Sep.

Giving Webster's opinion of his play "with other details".

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 16 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth September 1867

My Dear Letitia

I have not, even at this present time, the least idea whether I am going to America or not. Everybody else seems to know all about it, but nevertheless *I* do not, and the secret is well kept from *me*.

I sent Dolby out to look about him, and to make me an elaborate report on all the heads on which I required information. Until a week after his return, I shall not be in a condition to make up my mind; and he will not return (at the soonest) until another week is over.

Love to Harriett | Ever affectionately

CD.

To HENRY CHORLEY, 16 SEPTEMBER 1867*

Text from copy left by Walter Dexter at Dickens House from MS in the possession of C. D. Porch.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixteenth September 1867

My dear Chorley,

I waited until I knew of your return, to thank you with all my heart for the beautiful books I am so proud of.[†1] You know for how many considerations of faithful friendship they are precious to me, outshining even their elegance and good taste.

We shall be delighted to take you in (not craftily) — I doubt my ability to get back to Gad's before Friday; express train for Gravesend from Charing X at 4.5. Aunt Georgina, Mary and Kate will be there on Thursday, and will give you a hearty welcome if you will tell them to expect you.

Ever affectionately,

C.D.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 16 SEPTEMBER 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 297-8.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, Sept. 16th, 1867.

My Dear Fechter,

Going over the prompt-book[†2] carefully, I see one change in your part to which (on Lytton's behalf) I positively object, as I am quite certain he would not consent to it. It is highly injudicious besides, as striking out the best known line in the play.

Turn to your part in Act III., the speech beginning
Pauline, *by pride*[†3]
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride —

You have made a passage farther on stand:
Then did I seek to rise
Out of my mean estate.[†4] *Thy bright image, etc.*

I must stipulate for your restoring it thus:

Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart —
Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image, etc. etc.

The last figure has been again and again quoted;[†1] is identified with the play; is fine in itself; and above all, I KNOW that Lytton would not let it go. In writing to him to-day, fully explaining the changes in detail, and saying that I disapprove of nothing else, I have told him that I notice this change and that I immediately let you know that it must not be made.

(There will not be a man in the house from any newspaper who would not detect mutilations in that speech, moreover.)

Ever

[CD]

To CAPTAIN JOHN HINDLE, 16 SEPTEMBER 1867

Text from N, III, 551.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixteenth September 1867

My Dear John Hindle,

I am very much obliged to you for your note, and should have great interest in passing such a day as you propose to me. But I am so occupied and time-hampered this autumn, that I fear I must wait until you come back from India again![†2] I cannot appropriate a day to my own desires until after the 6th of October. That margin would be too wide for you, I take it?

Faithfully Yours always

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS LONDON,[†3] 16 SEPTEMBER 1867

Extract in unidentified catalogue; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 16 Sep 67; addressed Mrs London.

I am sorry that your novel had no better success with Chapman & Hall. But I am not surprised.... To the best of my belief there is no such institution in existence as you seek for that poor child. The foundling Hospital would have taken it from its mother, while a baby, but would not do so now. I do not think there is any kind of charity that could relieve the mother of it at its present age.

To LORD LYTTON, 16 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixteenth September 1867

My Dear Lytton. I have your letter this morning, and I sit down to answer it, with the Prompt Book before me. The play is produced tonight. Of course the word absurdly made "yours" in the Telegram, was really "words".[†1]

Here follow the changes. All other changes are of scenic arrangement and stage management.

The Play opens thus.

Scene. Exterior of a small village Inn. Sign, The Golden Lion.[†2] *Beauseant* (behind the scenes) Yes, you may bait the horses; we shall rest here an hour. *Enter Beauseant and Glavis. Glavis.* Really my dear Beauseant! Consider! Consider that I have promised to spend a day or two with you at your Chateau; that I am quite at your mercy for my entertainment; and yet you are as silent and gloomy as a mute at a funeral, or an Englishman at a party of pleasure — (Then as the book goes: until, in the book, a servant brings in Beauseant's letter.[†3] Instead of which, Beauseant himself enters, and says "Citizen Melnotte"; To which Melnotte replies aside "(From her, perhaps.) — Who are you?" To which Beauseant rejoins: "Young man I know thy secret"[†4] &c, and speaks the letter word for word.

The Second Act ends with your original ending.

Damas finishes his speech with Zounds! [†a]I envy you.

Claude. Do you?[†a]

The first scene of the fifth act has only *two* speaking officers instead of *three*.[†5]

The following scene between Damas and Melnotte is slightly cut.[†6]

The contract scene[†7] is not otherwise touched, than that after Damas' speech about the Arab proverb,[†8] Beauseant gets off with "I wish you joy!"[†9] (in a burst of spite), and Glavis gets off with him.[†10] They then go

straight to Melnotte's tag: "Ah the same love that tempts us into Sin[†1] —" &c.

I notice that in one of Melnotte's best speeches Fechter has erased three lines, including a passage I am very fond of:

From those twin jailers of the daring heart,
Low birth and iron fortune.

I have immediately told him that he must restore that passage, and that I insist (for you) on its being spoken.[†2]

Tomorrow I will write you another line, and tell you how the play is put upon the stage, and how the effects struck the audience.

Ever affecy.

CD.

P.S. Fechter has throughout devoutly believed that you sanctioned at Knebworth the omission of your first scene. If I, on seeing it out of the Prompt Book to day, had felt it safe, or indeed practicable, to get Pauline down to the Theatre and her wonder about the flowers restored, I should have done so — even at the risk of you yourself having actually considered the omission an improvement.

The Mother is not touched. Therefore she is of course not re-introduced after you dismiss her.

To LADY MOLESWORTH, 16 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth September 1867

My Dear Lady Molesworth

My Governesses[†3] shall be yours, and Virginia's.[†4]

I am still undecided about America, and shall be for another fortnight. Then, I shall not have made up my mind without a very careful consideration of my Secretary's personal reports and the whole case. He is on his way home now.

Edwin Landseer was down here yesterday, and we had our usual number of Colonels to dinner.[†5] Chorley is coming on Thursday or Friday. Stephen[†6] has been very ill (he writes) and is sent away for change of air. Fechter opens to night with the Lady of Lyons, done in a new way scenically, and pictorially otherwise. The other man in town[†7] will probably be there with me; — I am going up to take care of certain little changes in the play, on Lytton's behalf. He is at the Pyrenées.

The dogs desire their duty, and Mrs Bouncer her defiance of Lady Flora. Poor Houston[†1] Stewart[†2] is in the dreadfullest distress, his handsome wife[†3] (to whom he is strongly attached) developing hopeless cancer, and suffering great pain. My daughter Katie and her husband are here. Contests at Croquet come off with the Military branch of the public service continually. All the house send kindest regards.

You can hardly imagine what letters have descended upon me. All along of that absurd Newspaper paragraph.[†4] I notice that about once in every five years I become the victim of a violent eruption of paragraphs; invariably representing me as being in a hopeless condition, at the precise time when the enormous gooseberry comes to perfection. The gooseberry and I always occupy the same relative positions. Likewise the seven old people whose united ages amount to any total you like, invariably meet at a tea party when the Doctors meet in consultation about me.

Ever Affecy. Yours

To LORD LYTTON, 17 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND
Tuesday Seventeenth September 1867

My Dear Lytton

I am happy to tell you that the Play was admirably done last night, and made a marked impression.[†5] Pauline[†6] is weak, but so carefully trained and fitted into the Picture as to be never disagreeable, and sometimes (as in the last scene) very pathetic.[†7] Fechter has played nothing nearly so well as Claude, since he played in Paris in the Dame aux Camelias,[†8] or in London in Ruy Blas.[†9] He played the fourth act as finely as Macready, and the first much better.[†10] The dress and bearing in the fifth act are quite new, and quite excellent.

Of the scenic arrangements, the most noticeable are, — the picturesque struggle of the cottage between the taste of an artist, and the domestic means of poverty (expressed to the eye with infinite tact)[†11] — the view of Lyons (act V. Scene 1) with a foreground of quay-wall, which the officers are leaning on, waiting for the General — and the last scene: a suite of rooms giving on a conservatory at the back,[†12] through which the Moon is shining. You are to understand that all these scenic appliances are subdued to the Piece, instead

of the Piece being sacrificed to them; and that every group and situation has been considered, not only with a reference to each by itself but to the whole story.[†1]

Beauseant's speaking the original contents of the letter was a decided point, and the immense House was quite breathless when the Tempter and the Tempted[†2] stood confronted as he made the proposal.

There was obviously a great interest in seeing a Frenchman play the part.[†3] The scene between Claude and Gaspar (the small part very well done) was very closely watched for the same reason, and was loudly applauded.[†4] I cannot say too much of the brightness, intelligence, picturesqueness, and care, of Fechter's impersonation throughout.[†5] There was a remarkable delicacy in his gradually drooping down on his way home with his bride, until he fell upon the table a crushed heap of shame and remorse while his mother told Pauline the story.[†6] His gradual recovery of himself as he formed better resolutions was equally well expressed; and his being at last upright again and rushing enthusiastically to join the army,[†7] brought the house down.

I wish you could have been there. He never spoke English half so well as he spoke your English; and the audience heard it with the finest sympathy and respect. I felt that I should have been very proud indeed to have been the writer of the Play.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To JOHN B. MARSH, 17 SEPTEMBER 1867

Extract in Stan V. Henkels catalogue No. 1372; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 17 Sep 67; addressed John B. Marsh.

I beg to assure you that it will give me real pleasure to testify to the affecting impression made for me at Birmingham by that Article in the Birmingham Post,[†8] which your letter informs me you wrote, and to the ability and feeling that pervaded its description.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 18 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eighteenth September 1867

My Dear Wilkie.

Frederic[†9] Chapman came here yesterday. After some preparatory references to his own contracts and engagements (which were true), he asked me if he

might enter on the question of your copyrights, in partnership with Smith and Son?[†1] As nothing could be better for your books than that they should fall into Smith's hands, I graciously replied Yes. It then appeared that he had seen Smith, who was "disposed to go into the matter" — and who evidently had expressed an opinion that it might be brought to bear. Thereupon I dictated to F.C — for him to write down — the general purport of your memorandum: wherewith he is to hold conference with Smith, before coming back to me. He expressed an opinion that Smith and Elder's demand was very high.

As he asked me whether he might except the new story[†2] here, for himself to offer for; and as I don't think you would make as good terms for it in the batch as separately; I again graciously said Yes.[†3]

I am jogging on (at the pace of a wheelbarrow propelled by a Greenwich Pensioner) at the doomed Wilding.[†4]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To GEORGE DOLBY, [20 SEPTEMBER 1867]

Telegram; given in Dolby, *CD as I Knew him,* p. 131. *Date:* sent in reply to Dolby's telegram of 19 Sep, announcing his arrival in Queenstown.[†5]

Welcome back, old boy! Do not trouble about me, but go home to Ross first and see your wife and family, and come to me to 'Gad's' at your convenience.[†6]

To AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN,[†7] 20 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twentieth September, 1867

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind suggestion, and have lost no time in forwarding it to the writer of "Old Stories Re-told".[†8] I thought I knew

the case very well, but I did *not* know of those curious and important pieces of after-evidence concerning the dimensions of the house.[†1] I have no doubt that the writer of the Series will gladly act upon your hint, and I will avail myself of your esteemed offer to look over his proof.

With many thanks Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor De Morgan

To GEORGE DOLBY, [21 SEPTEMBER 1867]

Telegram; given in Dolby, *CD as I Knew him,* p. 131. *Date:* sent in reply to Dolby's telegram of 21 Sep, saying that Mrs Dolby was then on her way to London to meet him.[†2]

Come on to 'Gad's' this afternoon with your wife, and take a quiet day or two's rest when we can discuss matters leisurely.

To EDWARD LEVY,[†3] 22 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Mitchell Library, Glasgow.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Second September 1867

My Dear Levy

When I had the pleasure of seeing you in my box at the Lyceum, I did not know of an article that had appeared in the Telegraph on my own Edition.[†4] It has so touched and gratified me, that I beg you with all my heart to thank the writer, and the managers of the paper from me.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Levy Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 23 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Twenty Third September | 1867

My Dear Wilkie

Like you, I am working with snail-like slowness. My American possibility divides my mind so incongruously with this occupation.

But I think I have a good idea. I send it you with a view to your at-odd-times-thinking-out of the last Act.[†1] When Vendale is at the last pass of the murderous business on the Simplon, he conscientiously says some broken words to Obenreizer to the effect: "If it be possible that you are *the man* — as I have lately thought — do so and so. Villain and murderer as you are, my trust to my dead friend remains unchanged."[†2] This is *so* brokenly said, that Obenreizer supposes it refers to some obscurity in Vendale's birth — not his own — and so goes on to build up Nemesis.[†3]

I have already got Vendale haunted by the possibility that Obenreizer *is* the man.[†4]

I will write again by, or before, Friday. I see a great chance for Act III out of this leaving of Act II. — Don't you?[†5]

Ever affecy
CD.

The Demon Illegibility has possession of me[†6]

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 SEPTEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written the same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fourth September | 1867.

My Dear Wills.

I send you, enclosed, a plain statement of the American question, deduced from a mass of notes and figures.[†7] Give me your opinion on it: To go, or not to go?[†8]

I have sent it to Forster in exactly the same way,[†9] with exactly the same request, and no hint of my own tending either way.

On Saturday I will call at the office sometime in the day, for a letter from you.[†10]

I would rather make up on *Monday morning,* as on that day I must be in town to send off the decisive Telegram to Boston.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MRS MONTGOMERY ATWOOD, 25 SEPTEMBER 1867

Mention in Sotheran catalogue No. 823 (1931); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 25 Sep 67; addressed Mrs Atwood.

Mentioning Dolby and Mr [Wood][†1] *who met in New York.*

To CHARLES KENT, 26 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

ATHENAEUM

Thursday Night, Twenty Sixth September | 1867

My Dear Kent,

I received the Children's proof[†2] quite safely, and was *charmed* with your letter about it. I knew beforehand that I should be, because you and I love children and flatter ourselves that we know something about them.

I should have written sooner but that I have been daily expecting to make up my mind about America, and was sure that you would like to know it. It is now arranged[†3] that I shall finally telegraph out, "Yes" — or "No" — on Monday. Solar system[†4] shall be apprized immediately afterwards.

Ever My Dear Kent | Your affectionate

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [?27 SEPTEMBER 1867]

Telegram. Mention in next.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [28 SEPTEMBER 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 710. *Date:* 28 Sep 67, according to Forster.

As I telegraphed after I saw you, I am off to Ross[†5] to consult with Mr. Forster and Dolby together.[†6] You shall hear, either on Monday, or by Monday's post from London, how I decide finally.

To JOHN FORSTER, [28 SEPTEMBER 1867]

Telegram, summary in Dolby, *CD as I Knew him,* p. 138. *Date:* same day as last.

Saying that he would come to Ross by the afternoon train and stay with Forster at his hotel.[†1]

To W. H. WILLS, 28 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Eighth September 1867

My Dear Wills.

There are two respects (worth mentioning perhaps), in which you are wrong. 1. If I were to go to America, the Reading Months would be December, January, February, March, April — five in all.[†2] 2. Extra payments on reserved seats, does not mean run-up prices and jobbery,[†3] but simply this:— There will be two prices: a dollar and a half, and (for reserved seat) two dollars. The calculation is always made at one price only, and that the lowest. It is made on the assumption that all places let, are places of the lowest price. — You understand?

I am off to Ross, to see Forster and Dolby together. Forster notices the absence of margin that *you* notice, in the calculation. I will return to the office, Monday forenoon. Final telegraph to America, Yes or No, that day![†4]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MESSRS TICKNOR & FIELDS, [30 SEPTEMBER 1867]

Telegram. Mention in *To* Delane, 30 Sep. *Date:* sent "to day".

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [30 SEPTEMBER 1867]

Telegram. Mention in *To* Mary Dickens, 30 Sep. *Date:* no doubt sent the same day.

To JAMES BIRTLES, 30 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirtieth September 1867

Mr. James Birtles

Please send me over by Bearer (for a few minutes reference), the copy of my last chapter for the Xmas No. — that chapter now setting up.[†1]

CD

To JOHN DELANE, 30 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirtieth September 1867

My Dear Delane

After our conversation on Saturday,[†2] it may perhaps not be uninteresting to you to know that I have decided to go, and have Telegraphed to America to that effect to day.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

John Delane Esquire

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 30 SEPTEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 299. *Address* (envelope, MS Beinecke Library, Yale University)*:* Miss Dickens | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester. PM 30 Sep 67.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, Sept. 30th, 1867.

My Dearest Mamie,

You will have had my telegram that I go to America. After a long discussion with Forster, and consideration of what is to be said on both sides, I have decided to go through with it. I doubt the profit being as great as the calculation makes it, but the prospect is sufficiently alluring to turn the scale on the American side.

Unless I telegraph to the contrary, I will come to Gravesend (send basket there) by 12 train on Wednesday. Love to all.

We have telegraphed "Yes" to Boston.

I begin to feel myself drawn towards America, as Darnay, in the "Tale of Two Cities," was attracted to the Loadstone Rock, Paris.[†3]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 30 SEPTEMBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirtieth September 1867

My Dearest Georgy.

The Telegram is dispatched to Boston: "Yes. Go ahead."

After a very anxious consultation with Forster, and careful heed of what is to be said for and against, I have made up my mind to see it out. I do not expect as much money as the Calculation estimates; but I cannot set the hope of a large sum of money, aside.

I am so nervous with travelling and anxiety to decide sensibly, that I can hardly write. But I send you these few words as my dearest and best friend.

Ever Your affectionate

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 30 SEPTEMBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Thirtieth September 1867

My Dear Kent.

I go! — Per Cunard Ship Scotia from Liverpool, Saturday 2nd. November.[†1]

Affecy. Yours Ever

CD.

October

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 2 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Second October 1867

My Dear Letitia.

I go. Probably from Liverpool on the 2nd. of November.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 2 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Mr. Peter Harries.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Second October 1867

My Dearest Mamie

I will come to Higham tomorrow by the 2..12, for I cannot get away by the Noonday Train.

With best love | Ever affecy

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†1]
Wednesday Second October 1867

My Dearest Macready

I should have written to you sooner, to tell you how delighted I was to receive your cheerful letter, but that I was slower to make up my mind about America than the Papers were to make it up for me. And I wished to tell you my decision.

It is only just now formed, and I go. — Probably from Liverpool on the 2nd. of November, per Scotia. Having sent Dolby out to survey the land, and having carefully gone through his papers, I take no terms from anybody, but make the venture for myself.

Your proposal to come and dine here (meaning at the office) charms me. Will you take Monday the 28th. Tuesday the 29th. or Thursday the 30th. of this month? Say which I shall book. It seems no time worth speaking of, since I shut the door of your Managerial room at Drury Lane, when going away on a similar expedition! — [†2]

I cannot tell you how both your letters have pulled me up. It is so inexpressibly interesting and stimulating to me, to find my dear old Parr in a tone so bright and blooming.

All here send you their dearest loves, in which you may be sure Mrs. Macready is not forgotten. Nor Katie. My special remembrances wait on Johnny, and on the Noble Boy.

Forster and Mrs. Forster are at Ross, where I went to see them from last Saturday to Monday. I am in the agonies of writing the Christmas Number with a divided mind, and feel as though I should never get out of it.

Ever My Dearest Macready
Your most affectionate Friend,
CHARLES DICKENS

W. C. Macready Esquire

To C. ROACH SMITH,[†3] 2 OCTOBER 1867

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, 1903, in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", IV, 13; *MS* 1 p.; dated 2 Oct 67; addressed C. Roach Smith (with envelope).

To F. C. BEARD, [3 OCTOBER 1867]

Envelope in Sotheby sale, May 1986; addressed F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | W. PM 3 Oct 67.

To J. T. FIELDS, 3 OCTOBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Third October 1867

My Dear Fields

I hope the Telegraph Clerks did not mutilate out of recognition or reasonable guess, the words I added to Dolby's last Telegram to Boston. "Tribune London Correspondent totally false."[†1] Not only is there not a word of truth in the pretended conversation, but it is so absurdly unlike me that I cannot suppose it to be even invented by anyone who ever heard me exchange a word with mortal creature. [†a]For twenty years I am perfectly certain that I have never made any other allusion to the republication of my books in America than the goodhumoured remark "that if there had been international copyright between England and the States, I should have been a man of very large fortune, instead of a man of moderate savings, always supporting a very expensive public position." Nor have I ever been such a fool as to charge the absence of international copyright upon individuals. Nor have I ever been so ungenerous, as to disguise or suppress the fact that I have received handsome sums from the Harpers for advance sheets. When I was in the States, I said what I had to say on the question, and there an end. I am absolutely certain that I have never since expressed myself, even with soreness, on the subject. Reverting to the preposterous fabrication of the London Correspondent the Statement that I ever talked about "these fellows" who republished my books, or pretended to know (what I don't know at this instant) who made how much out of them, or ever talked of their sending me "conscience-money", is as grossly and completely false as the statement that I ever said anything to the effect that I could not be expected to have an interest in the American people. And nothing can by any possibility be falser than that.[†a] Again and again in these pages, I have expressed my interest in them. You will see it in the Child's History of England.[†2] You will see it in the last Preface to American Notes.[†3] Every American who has ever spoken with me in London, Paris, or where not, knows whether I have frankly said: "You could have no better introduction to me than your Country." And for

years and years when I have been asked about Reading in America, my invariable reply has been, "I have so many friends there, and constantly receive so many earnest letters from personally unknown readers there, that, but for domestic reasons, I would go tomorrow." I think I must, in the confidential intercourse between you and me, have written you to this effect more than once?

The Statement of the London Correspondent from beginning to end, is false. It is false in the letter, and false in the Spirit. He may have been misinformed, and the Statement may not have originated with him. With whomsoever it originated, it never originated with me, and consequently is false. — More than enough about it.

As I hope to see you so soon, my dear Fields, and as I am busily at work on the Xmas No. I will not make this a longer letter than I can help. I thank you most heartily for your proffered hospitality, and need not tell you that if I went to any friend's house in America, I would go to yours. But the Readings are very hard work, and I think I cannot do better than observe the rule on that side of the Atlantic which I observe on this — of never under such circumstances going to a friend's house, but always staying at an hotel. I am able to observe it here by being consistent and never breaking it. If I am equally consistent there, I can (I hope) offend no one.

Dolby [†b]is charged with a certain delicate mission from me, which he will explain to you by word of mouth.[†1] He[†b] sends his love to you and all his friends (as I do) and is girding up his loins vigorously.

Ever My Dear Fields | Heartily and affecy Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To MRS J. T. FIELDS,[†3] 3 OCTOBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Third October 1867

My Dear Mrs. Fields

I cannot tell you how much I thank you for your kind little letter, which is like a pleasant voice coming across the atlantic, with that domestic welcome in it which has no substitute on earth. If you knew how strongly I am inclined to allow myself the pleasure of staying at your house, you would look upon me as a kind of Ancient Roman (which I trust in Heaven, I am not) for having the courage to say No. But if I gave myself that gratification in the beginning, I could scarcely hope to get on in the hard "Reading" life, without offending some kindly disposed and hospitable American friend afterwards; whereas if I observe

my English principle on such occasions, of having no abiding place but an Hotel — and stick to it from the first — I may perhaps count on being consistently uncomfortable.

The nightly exertion necessitates meals at odd hours, silence and rest at impossible times of the day, a general Spartan behaviour so utterly inconsistent with my nature, that if you were to give me a happy inch I should take an ell, and frightfully disappoint you in public. I dont want to do that — if I can help it — and so I will be good in spite of myself.

Ever Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 5 OCTOBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifth October 1867.

My Dear Wilkie,

I have brought on Marguerite to the rescue, and I have so left it as that Vendale — to spare her — says it was an accident in the storm and nothing more.[†1] By the way, Obenreizer has received a cut from Vendale, made with his own dagger. This, in case you want him with a scar.[†2] If you don't, no matter.

I have no doubt my Proof of the Mountain adventure will be full of mistakes, as my MS is not very legible. But you will see what it means.

The Denouement,[†3] I see pretty much as you see it — without further glimpses as yet. The Obenreizer question I will consider (qry. Suicide?)[†4] I have made Marguerite wholly devoted to her lover.

Whenever you may give me notice of your being ready, we will appoint to meet here to wind up.

I don't go until the ninth of November, the Scotia being full. I have an officer's Cabin on deck in the Steamer.

Affecy Ever
CD.

To WALTER THORNBURY, 5 OCTOBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifth October, 1867.

My Dear Thornbury

Behold the best of my judgment on your questions.[†5]

Susan Hopley[†1] and Jonathan Bradford?[†2] No. Too well known.

London Strikes and Spitalfields Cutters?[†3] Yes.

Fighting FitzGerald?[†4] Never mind him.

Duel of Lord Mohun and Duke of Hamilton?[†5] Ye-e-es.

Irish abductions? I think not.

Brunswick Theatre?[†6] More Yes than No.

Theatrical Farewells?[†7] Yes.

Bow Street Runner (as compared with modern Detective).[†8] Yes.

Vauxhall and Ranelagh in the last Century?[†9] Most decidedly. Don't forget Miss Burney.[†10]

Smugglers? No. Overdone.

Lacenaire?[†11] No. Ditto.

Madame Laffarge?[†12] No. Ditto.

Fashionable life last Century?[†13] Most decidedly yes.

Debates on the Slave Trade?[†13] Yes generally. But beware of the Pirates; as we did them in the beginning of Household Words.[†14]

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN TUTOR,[†1] EARLY OCTOBER 1867

Mention in *To* Henry Dickens, 7 Oct 67. *Date:* no doubt shortly before that letter.

To HENRY DICKENS, 7 OCTOBER 1867†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh October 1867

My Dear Harry

You can learn Fencing by all means. If you will show this line to Mr. Brackenbury with my kind regard, no doubt it will be permission enough.

I have sent the cheque to the mathematical tutor. You can have him again at Xmas.

Mr. Canning[†2] pays, beyond question, to have his book published. No bookseller would think of bringing it out at his own cost.[†3] That is quite as improbable as that the Public will read it when it *is* brought out.

[†a]I sail for America, from Liverpool, on Saturday the 9th. of November. My Cunard Ship is the Cuba, and I have one of the officers' cabins on deck. I hope to return by the First Cunard ship in May. It will be a very fatiguing business, but I could not reconcile it to myself to neglect so promising a prospect of being handsomely remunerated for hard work.[†a]

I am very glad that you are so comfortable at Wimbledon.

Ever Your affectionate Father | (I can't write the word!)[†4]
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, 7 OCTOBER 1867

Text from John Bigelow, *Retrospections of an Active Life, 1817-79,* New York, 1909-13, IV, 118.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Monday, seventh October, 1867.

My dear Forster:

I have been very much interested and gratified by that pleasant passage from Mr. Bigelow's[†5] letter concerning me. As you say you are going to write to him,

pray tell him as much, and assure him that I shall hope to become his friend on the other side of the Atlantic.

Truly dear Forster, | Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

To THOMAS HYDE HILLS, 7 OCTOBER 1867

MS Iowa University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh October 1867

My Dear Mr. Hills

I decide to go to America. My Cunard Ship, The Cuba, sails from Liverpool on Lord Mayor's Day.

Will you with your usual kindness, select a small medicine chest for me? I take four men with me, and want the bottles of a proportionate size. The only medicines I care to have, are those I usually carry for Neuralgic touches: namely, Laudanum — Ether — Sal Volatile — and those pills of Dr. Brinton's with which Dolby plays at ball down his throat[†2] when he has nothing else to do. Perhaps some quinine might be a good addition.[†3]

With kindest regard from all here
Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hills Esquire

To ARCHIBALD MICHIE, 7 OCTOBER 1867*

MS New York Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh October, 1867

My Dear Sir

I thank you heartily for your kind and considerate report of my son Alfred. He himself writes in the highest spirits — declares himself to be perfectly happy —

and seems to have found the exact niche in life that he is best qualified to fill. In reference however to the great digestion question, you will please understand that I challenge the Bush generally to beat me in that [record],[†1] and that I hereby back myself against Creation, barring only Ostriches.

Horne's is a wretched story, and will not mend itself as it goes on. He will find, I fear, that he has lost what place he had here, and that he will come back to mortification of spirit. He tells me in his letter that you are kindly espousing some "claim" of his upon the Government. What for, I wonder![†2]

The general face of this country here is very little changed since Shakespeare's time. I look down upon the veritable Gad's Hill from the window at which I am writing. And it was but the other night that driving homeward through Rochester and looking up at the stars, I saw Charles's Wain above the chimney-tops of the old-Inn-revived there, just as the Carrier saw it when the fleas treated him so ill.[†3]

On the 9th. of November I sail for America on a five months visit.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Archibald Michie Esquire

To G. W. RUSDEN, 7 OCTOBER 1867

MS Trinity College, University of Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Seventh October, 1867

My Dear Sir.

I am truly obliged to you for your kind letter of the 26th. July concerning my son Alfred. It is with great relief of mind that I believe him to have struck out the path in life for which he is best fitted. He describes himself as being "as happy as a King", and his interest in his occupations seems to be inseparable from a wholesome sense of responsibility.

I duly received the poem from Mr. Patrick Scott, and duly pointed out to him how and why I was quite disabled from publishing it in All The Year Round. But I will not dwell on this, as I do not doubt you will have known it this long time.

Many thanks for the very curious case you sent me.[†4] The situation is a remarkably good one — something too complicated (I think) for a picture, but very striking as suggesting a piece of description.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Rusden Esquire

To MRS MONTGOMERY ATWOOD, 8 OCTOBER 1867†

MS Cornell University Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eighth October 1867

My Dear Mrs. Atwood

Nothing can be more purely honourable and straight forward than your letter to me from Paris, in reply to mine enclosing you Mr. Dolby's to Mr. Wood. I beg to assure you that I do not attach the slightest blame to you in the matter, and that I have the highest opinion of your rectitude.

†aI do not in the least desire that any pressure should be put upon Mr. Wood, with reference to his completion of his contract. I am quite content to withdraw the story and regain undisputed possession of it.†a†1

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 8 OCTOBER, 1867*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eight October, 1867.

My Dear Cartwright.

We have all been truly grieved by the receipt of your sad news.†2 As September got on and you failed to report when you were coming back to us, we had no doubt of the cause of our disappointment, and yet though we were fully prepared for your letter, it was none the less affecting when it came. We deeply sympathize with Mrs. Cartwright and with you in your affliction.

I leave Liverpool for America on the ninth of November. You touch me nearly for thinking of me at such a time. In the course of next week I will come and ask you for your kind assistance. I want it only in the former respect that I cannot put the light plate in easily — if at all — with my own hands.

Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?8 OCTOBER 1867]

Extract in F, VIII, vii, 710. *Date:* seven days after CD's letter to Mamie Dickens (dated 30 Sep in MDGH, and with MS envelope, PM 30 Sep), according to Forster.

The *Scotia* being full, I do not sail until lord mayor's day; for which glorious anniversary I have engaged an officer's cabin on deck in the *Cuba.* I am not in very brilliant spirits at the prospect before me, and am deeply sensible of your motive and reasons for the line you have taken; but I am not in the least shaken in the conviction that I could never quite have given up the idea.

To ARTHUR CHAPPELL, 9 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Cornell University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth October 1867

My Dear Mr. Chappell.

Whenever you like to make me a proposal for Farewell Nights in England[†1] (taking first class places only), I will give it immediate consideration, whether in America or no. You will have my best American address. I shall be delighted to shake hands with you when I depart, and will not fail to tell you by what train I start for Liverpool. Mr. Wills will be with us, and Mr. Wilkie Collins (both of whom you know), and probably Mr. Forster. We will see what sort of farewell dinner the Adelphi[†2] can give us.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Arthur Chappell Esquire

To WILKIE COLLINS, 9 OCTOBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth October 1867

My Dear Wilkie.

Will you notice, in the chapter "Vendale writes a letter",[†3] that we are in some danger of making him rather foolish or contemptible in the eyes of readers, by being so blind to the fact that Obenreizer is the man?[†4] A very slight alteration or two will remove the objection. I suggest that it should not then be quite so plain, even to the reader, that Obenreizer is the man;[†5] and that when Vendale might be on the verge of supposing him to be the man, Obenreizer should disarm him by some skilful reference to Marguerite.[†6] Make it, in fact, a part of Vendale's

fidelity to Marguerite that he should not connect the theft and forgery with Obenreizer.

I am racking my brains for a good death to that respectable gentleman.[†1]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,[†2] 9 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth October 1867

My Dear Mr. Norton

I cannot tell you how gratified I am by your kind and earnest letter, — and I hope to see you so soon, that I will not try. I am to sail from Liverpool for Boston on the 9th. of November. My secretary Mr. Dolby who precedes me three days hence,[†3] will post this in Boston. I am already there in the spirit, and shall be overjoyed to see my old friends: the more so, remembering those who are gone.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Eliot Norton Esquire

To F. C. BEARD, [?10 OCTOBER 1867]

Mention in *To* Beard, 14 Oct. *Date:* a few days before that letter, probably from Gad's Hill.

To THOMAS CARLIN,[†4] 10 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Mr Wyndham Payne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Tenth October, 1867

Mr. Charles Dickens begs Mr. Carlin to send him down at once, by Railway to Higham Station, two boxes of his usual cigars.

To F. C. BEARD, 14 OCTOBER 1867

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esqre. | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourteenth October, 1867

My Dear Frank Beard

I have your letter from Lewes; for which, many thanks.

I got the medicine,[†1] and have stuck to it. But a letter from me to you has evidently failed on its road.

I will wait for you at the office, after one o'clock on Wednesday, until I see you.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERICK LEHMANN, 14 OCTOBER 1867

MS University of North Carolina.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourteenth October, 1867

My Dear Lehmann

I should have thanked you for your kind note, sooner, but that I have been unable to see my way through the work I must dispose of[†2] before I go, to the pleasant engagement you propose to me. After all and even now, I cannot see it so clearly as to feel justified in lengthening my list of appointments. So much yet remains to be done that I must, in spite of myself, leave myself free to do it.

Many thanks for your offer of service on the other side of the Atlantic. But, having publishers in Boston, and an old friend a partner in an old house of business at New York,[†3] I think I need not trouble your partners.

I had heard of Mrs. Lehmann's recovery[†4] with great interest and satisfaction, and I send her my cordial congratulations.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick[†5] Lehmann Esquire

To LORD LYTTON, 14 OCTOBER 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourteenth October, 1867

My Dear Lytton

I am truly delighted to find that you are so well pleased with Fechter in the Lady of Lyons.[†6] It was a labour of love with him, and I hold him in very high regard.

I shall have the greatest interest in reading the new play,[†1] if you will let me have it either here or in town. When I heard its subject, I was (and I still am) greatly in fear of the Greek dresses, and the immense difficulty of investing them with vital interest. But I immediately leaped (as I think Fechter did?) at the idea of making the story Russian.[†2] So turned, it would be certain of public interest, and could be very picturesquely rendered on the stage.

I leave London on the 8th. of November, early, and sail from Liverpool on the 9th.

Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MR MACIVER,[†3] 14 OCTOBER 1867

Extracts from Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 316; *MS* 1 p.; dated 14 Oct 67; and ([aa]) mention in *To* Dolby, 16 Oct; probably same letter.

Mr. Dolby writes me that he arranged with you that my servant, Scott, should share the Second Officer's Cabin in the Cuba with me on the passage out to Boston. [a]*Cancelling this arrangement and asking MacIver to put down Scott for a second-cabin berth, like Kelly's.*[a][†4]

To MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT, 14 OCTOBER 1867

Summary in Hôtel Drouot catalogue, *Precieux livres anciens* ..., [1934]; dated 14 Oct 67.

Thanking her for sending him her photograph, which he had already hung up in a conspicuous place; adding that he found no genius in the whole world more sympathetic than hers.

To [?MISS HARRIET HANCOCK],[†5] 15 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. Written on p. x of *The Pilgrim's Progress,* 1859 edn.

Tuesday Fifteenth October 1867

Perhaps this old copy will serve your purpose as well as a better one. I have marked the passage.[†6]

CD.

To SAMUEL TIMINGS,[†1] [?MID-OCTOBER 1867]

Mention in Anderson Auction Co., catalogue 1106, Nov 1914; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Samuel Timings Esq. of Birmingham, with envelope; undated. *Date:* probably written not long before To Timings, 23 Oct 67.

Regarding an orphan school.

To JOHN BENNETT,[†2] 16 OCTOBER 1867

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Sixteenth October 1867

Dear Mr. Bennett

Is my clock done? The substitute has taken to going wrong, and we are in the forlornest condition here.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 16 OCTOBER 1867

Extract in Stan V. Henkels catalogue No. 1316 (Dec 1922); *MS* 1 p.; dated London, 16 Oct 67; addressed Hepworth Dixon.

I sail from Liverpool in the Cunard Ship "Cuba" for Boston, on Saturday, the 9th. of Nov. I have announced in America, that I cannot prolong my stay there beyond the end of April.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 16 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixteenth October 1867

My Dear Dolby

As I have an opportunity of writing to day, I think it best to write at once, and not to wait until Saturday's mail is nearer its departure. I safely received your letters from Liverpool, and from Queenstown. Thinking that I should best like the second officers' cabin to myself (not knowing how clean our dear Scott may be, or how dirty), I have written to Mac Iver accordingly, and have asked him to put down Scott for a second cabin berth, like Kelly's.

It may be a relief to you when you get this, to know that I am quite prepared for your great Atlantic-cable-message being adverse. When you get this, the message will have been delivered and will have become a thing of the past, but in case it *should* be adverse the knowledge of my preparation that way may be

agreeable to you. I think it so likely that Fields may see shadows of danger which we in our hopeful encouragement of one another may have made light of, that I think the message far more likely to be No than Yes. I shall try to make up my mind to it, and to be myself when we meet.

I have just heard talk of an intended Farewell Dinner to me with Lord Lytton in the chair. More of this — if I hear more — when I write again next week. Xmas No. done (I have made a new end to it) and likely to be a great success.

Love to Fields and all friends. I hope you may have had a reasonably fair passage, and that you received little Forster's[†1] letter at Queenstown. Big Forster has been very ill indeed with bronchitis, but is better.

Kindest remembrances from all at Gad's, and from Wilkie Collins and Wills who are prowling about this room with their hands in their pockets. Fechter looked in just now (Pough Bang he dies!)[†2] and sent his best regards.

So no more at present my dear Dolby from your disjointed chief. I feel, in this pause, as if I were not in England, not in Europe; not in America, Africa, or Asia.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ELLIOT, 16 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Cornell University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Wednesday Sixteenth October 1867

My Dear F. I will not fail to write and propose an appointment, as soon as I see my way. Perhaps I may be able to run down to you.

Ever Affectionately
CD.

To THOMAS HYDE HILLS, 16 OCTOBER 1867

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current,* v, 1919-20; *MS* 1 p.; dated 16 Oct 67; addressed T. H. Hills.

Dolby sailed for Boston last Saturday, and I follow on the 9th. of November.

To JAMES BIRTLES, 18 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday 18th. October 1867

Dear Mr. Birtles

Please let me have another complete pull of the Xmas No. here tomorrow morning

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 18 OCTOBER 1867

Extract and Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated 18 Oct 67; addressed F. Ouvry.

Memorandum as to my Policy of Assurance in The Eagle Life Office. *Stating that he called at the Eagle Office in Pall Mall on Thursday afternoon 17 October to enquire if any further premium need be paid, or permission obtained, for his intended voyage to America and back, and that a gentleman at the office assured him that the foregoing Rule 7 exonerated him from both requirements.*[†1]

To CHARLES KENT, 19 OCTOBER 1867†

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | Sun Office.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday Nineteenth Octr. 1867

My Dear Kent. In the midst of the great trouble you are taking in the cause of your undersigned affectionate friend,[†2] I hope the reading of the enclosed may be a sort of small Godsend. Of course it is very strictly private. The printers are not yet trusted with the name, but the name will be No Thoroughfare. I have done the greater part of it. May you find it interesting![†3]

Give me the proof back, when you have done with it. — You couldn't run down to Gad's tomorrow, and come back on Monday Morning??? I shall be there — and Edmund Yates — and an American[†4] who wrote the account of the Yacht Race in the Times.

Ever affectionately

CD

To CHARLES KENT, 20 OCTOBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Twentieth October, 1867

My Dear Kent

Sorry — but not surprised — that you have been unable to get down here to day.

[†a]My Solicitor, a man of some mark and well known, is anxious to be on the Committee:—[†1]

Frederic Ouvry Esquire
66 Lincolns Inn Fields.[†a]

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 20 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Sunday Twentieth October 1867

My Dear Ouvry.

I leave London on the 8th. of November, and sail from Liverpool (by Cunard Steam Ship "Cuba") on the 9th. This will leave me good time for seeing you after you return to Harness. I only want a general and ample Power of Attorney to Forster to act for me in all things; and to arrange with you for your having the necessary orders to receive Mrs. Dickens's money.[†2]

It will be a real pleasure to me to know that you are at the Dinner. By this post I write to Mr. Kent the Secretary telling him that I am sure he may put you down on the Committee.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

P.S. Will you kindly see to the enclosed?[†3]

To MISS ADAH MENKEN, 21 OCTOBER 1867†

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* Miss Menken | Cataldi's Hotel | 42 Dover Street | Piccadilly | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Monday Twenty First October 1867

[†b]Dear Miss Menken

I shall have great pleasure in accepting your Dedication,[†4] and I thank you for your portrait[†5] as a highly remarkable specimen of Photography.[†b]

Visits and business so completely absorb my time at present that I am merely passing through my own house, and answer your note flying.

In haste | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To RICHARD KELLY, 22 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Walter T. Spencer): Mr. Richard Kelly | Exchange Hall | Blackburn. PM 22 Oct 67.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Second October 1867

Dear Kelly

I enclose you a cheque for £20 to pay George Allison's[†1] passage. If you call here on Monday the 4th. of November, it will be quite soon enough. Mr. Dolby will probably arrive out[†2] tomorrow; and I hope to get a Telegram from him on Thursday or Friday, reporting himself in a flourishing state.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 22 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Second Octr. 1867

My Dear Kent

I have an appointment with Cartwright this morning, but will not go to him until you have been here. Here I am.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 23 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT[†3]
Wednesday Twenty Third October 1867

My Dearest Georgy

Will you send up here in the course of tomorrow, some hamper or basket containing half a dozen bottles of Madeira, and half a dozen bottles of the old brandy.

Love to all. | Ever affectionately
CD.

Also any bill of fare or sheet of paper having my crest stamped on it.

To THOMAS HOOD,[†1] 23 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Alexander W. Armour.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Third October 1867

My Dear Mr. Hood

Will you explain to me what extract you wish to make under your head, "A part of Dombey about Little Paul"; and also what part of the text of the Christmas Carol you describe as "The Tiny Tim Chapter."[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Tom Hood Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, 23 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Third October 1867

My Dear Kent

Here I am.

Ever affecy
CD.

To MRS POWER,[†3] 23 OCTOBER 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 300.

Gad's Hill, | Wednesday, Oct. 23rd, 1867.

My Dear Mrs. Power,

I have a sad pleasure in the knowledge that our dear Marguerite so remembered her old friend, and I shall preserve the token of her remembrance with loving care.[†4] The sight of it has brought back many old days.

With kind remembrance to Mrs. Henderson,

Believe me always, very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To SAMUEL TIMINGS, 23 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Mitchell Library, Glasgow. *Address:* Samuel Timings Esquire | 117 Great Charles Street | Birmingham.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Third October, 1867.

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind and flattering intention.[†1] Permit me to leave its execution wholly to yourself.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Timings Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, [24 OCTOBER 1867]*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly 24 Oct, the Thursday before the Farewell Dinner.

Thursday afternoon

My Dear Kent.

Cartwright has asked me to make interest with you for his seat at the Dinner.[†2] I am sure he will be gratified if you will tell him that you have placed him on the list of Stewards.[†3]

Samuel Cartwright Esquire
32 Old Burlington Street
W.
Ever affectionately
CD.

To R. H. MASON, 25 OCTOBER 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fifth October 1867

My Dear Sir

Have you in stock the Exterior of Gad's Hill, The Drawing-room Interior, and Dining Room Interior? Also the profiles carte de visite of myself? If so, will you send me one of each by Bearer.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 25 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fifth October 1867

My Dear Kent.

Mason replies that we cannot have the Gad's Hill views until Tuesday. Shall I send down for my daughter's book?[†1]

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To LORD LYTTON, 25-26 OCTOBER 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fifth October 1867

My Dear Lytton

I have read the Play[†2] with great attention, interest, and admiration. And I need not say to *you* that the Art of it — the fine construction — the exquisite nicety of the touches with which it is wrought out — have been a study to me, in the pursuit of which I have had extraordinary relish.[†3]

Taking the Play as it stands, I have nothing whatever to add to your notes and memoranda of the points to be touched again, except that I have a little uneasiness in that burst of anger and inflexibility consequent on having been deceived, coming out of Hegio.[†4] I see the kind of actor who *must* play Hegio, and I see that the Audience will not believe in his doing any thing so serious. [†a][I suppose it would be impossible to get this effect out of the mother — or through the mother's influence — instead of out of the godfather of Hegiopolis?][†a†5]

Now, as to the classical ground and manners of the Play, I suppose the objection to the Greek dress to be already — as Defoe would write it — gotten over by your suggestion.[†6] I suppose the dresses not to be conventionally associated with stilts and boredom, but to be new to the public eye, and very

picturesque. Grant all that; — the names remain.[†1] Now, not only used such names to be inseparable in the public mind from stately weariness, but of late days they have become inseparable, in the same public mind, from silly puns upon the names, and from Burlesque. You do not know (I hope at least, for my friend's[†2] sake), what the Strand Theatre is. A greek name and a break-down nigger dance,[†3] have become inseparable there. I do not mean to say that your genius may not be too powerful for such associations; but I do most positively mean to say that you would lose half the play in overcoming them. At the best you would have to contend against them through the first three acts. The old tendency to become frozen on classical ground would be in the best part of the audience; the new tendency to titter on such ground would

be in the worst part. And instead of starting fair with the audience, it is my conviction that you would start with them against you, and would have to win them over.

Furthermore, with reference to your note to me on this head, you take up a position with reference to poor dear Talfourd's[†4] Ion,[†5] which I altogether dispute. It never was a popular Play, I say. It derived a certain amount of out-of-doors popularity from the circumstances under which, and the man by whom, it was written. But I say that it never was a popular play on the Stage, and never made out a case of attraction there.

As to changing the ground to Russia, let me ask you did you ever see the Nouvelles Russes of Nicolas Gogol, translated into French by Louis Viardot?[†6] There is a story among them called Tarass Boulba, in which, as it seems to me all the conditions you want for such transplantation are to be found.[†7] So changed, you would have the popular sympathy with the Slave, or Serf, or Prisoner of War, from the first. But I do not think it is to be got — save at great hazard, and with lamentable waste of force — on the ground the Play now occupies. I shall keep this note until tomorrow, to correct my conviction, if I can see the least reason for correcting it; but I feel very confident indeed that I cannot be shaken in it.[†8]

Saturday

I have thought it over again, and have gone over the Play again with an imaginary stage and actors before me, and I am still of the same mind. Shall I keep the MS until you come to town?

Believe me ever | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

I receive official information that the Dinner is to be a great demonstration.

To CHARLES KENT, 26 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Beinecke Library, Yale University; marked 26 Oct 67 by unknown owner)*:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | Sun Office.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Sixth October 1867

My Dear Kent

I would certainly *not* use Lyell's name on the strength of this letter.[†1]

Affectionately Ever

CD.

To MESSRS BANTON & MACKRELL, [27 OCTOBER 1867]

MS (envelope only) Fales Collection, New York University Library. *Address:* Messrs. Banton and Mackrell | 33 Abchurch Lane | London | E.C. PM Rochester, 27 Oct 67.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 27 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Seventh October, 1867

Dear Mr. Holsworth

Please see to the return of the MS referred to in the enclosed.[†2] And please buy me Sir Samuel Baker's[†3] *last* book on Africa.[†4].

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 27 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Twenty Seventh October 1867

My Dear Kent

It occurs to me that in sending out your notes to Stewards, you may not have known that the Dean of Bristol is at present at this address:— 4 Silwood Place, Brighton.

Chauncy Hare Townshend is in Switzerland. If his health should prevent his appearing, Miss Hogarth will pay his Steward's fee.

I shall be at the office before 12 on Tuesday.

Ever Your affectionate
CD.[†5]

To JOYCE PERCEVAL,[†1] 27 OCTOBER 1867

Extract in Kitton, "Dickens Ana", II, Dickens House; *MS* 1 1/2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill, 27 Oct 67; addressed Joyce Perceval.

The short interval between this time and my going to Liverpool, is already devoted to so many engagements in so many places, that I am absolutely powerless to make any new appointment; but I am not the less sensible of the interest you express in my proceedings.

To EDMUND YATES, 27 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Merridy Anne Dennis.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Seventh October 1867

My Dear Edmund

I duly received your first note, and should have written a reply to it, but that my days and evenings are completely stamped out until I leave for Liverpool.

Perhaps you will be able to tell me at the Dinner, whether you are good for that Journey by Express of Friday morning 8th. November.[†2]

Ever affecy

CD.

To H. G. ADAMS, 28 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Eighth October 1867

Dear Mr. Adams

I return the certificates, duly signed.[†3] So much business has been — and is, and will be — pressing upon me before my departure, that I have not been able to make an appointment with you. I regret it, and I leave here tomorrow morning.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 28 OCTOBER 1867*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty eighth October 1867.

My Dear Cartwright.

Here is this horrible bad shilling coming back again tomorrow!

I wore IT all day yesterday with great success. To-day, cannot get it in. It appears to the penitent undersigned that the left wire may be a little too long. He himself casts himself on your merciful consideration, and forlornly represents that he can't come to you when 4,000 miles off.

Abjectly yours,

CD

To CHARLES KENT, 29 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Ninth Octr. 1867

My Dear Kent

Give me one word as you go round to the Committee.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To CHARLES EDMONDS, 30 OCTOBER 1867

Extract in Francis Edwards catalogue No. 477 (1926); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 30 Oct 67; addressed Charles Edmonds.

I am environed by such a host of appointments all to come off before I go to Liverpool for America, that I dare not make another.

To SAMUEL LOVER, 30 OCTOBER 1867

Text from N, III, 564 checked from MS Sotheby's, Oct 1953.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†1]
Wednesday Thirtieth October 1867

Thanks my Dear Lover, and good bye for the present.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 30 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Sir James Emerson Tennent | 66 Warwick Square | Pimlico | S.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirtieth October 1867

My Dear Tennent

Hearty thanks for your kind and welcome note.

I shall be delighted to have your account of that very remarkable case.[†1] But I cannot make it one of the series of old Stories Retold, because the idea of that series belongs to the writer of the whole of the papers — Mr. Thornbury.[†2]

Looking forward to shaking hands with you on Saturday, I am ever

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 31 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirty First October 1867

My Dear Letitia

Will you come and dine with us here at 1/2 past 6 on Thursday the 7th. Next morning I start for Liverpool.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To W. W. JONES, 31 OCTOBER 1967*

MS Mr P. Bayliss.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirty First October 1867

Sir

In reply to your letter I beg to say that I do not think it reasonable to make any engagements binding me after my return from America, before I go there. I expect to be back here by the middle of May, and at present can say no more.†3

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Walter W Jones

To CHARLES KENT, 31 OCTOBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirty First October 1867

My Dear Kent.

†a — My sailor-son!†1
— I forgot him!!
— Coming up from Portsmouth for the Dinner!!!

— Der-er-oo not cur-ur-urse me, I implore.[†a]

Penitently

CD.

November

To J. T. FIELDS, 1 NOVEMBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday First November 1867

My Dear Fields

I received your more than acceptable letter yesterday morning, and consequently am able to send you this line of acknowledgment by the next Mail. Please God we will have that walk among the Autumn leaves, before the Readings set in.

You may have heard from Dolby that a gorgeous repast is to be given to me tomorrow, and that it is expected to be a notable demonstration. I shall try, in what I say, to state my American case exactly. I have a strong hope and belief that within the compass of a couple of minutes or so, I can put it, with perfect truthfulness, in the light that my American friends would be best pleased to see me place it in. Either so, or my instinct is at fault.[†2]

My daughters and their Aunt unite with me in kindest loves to Mrs. Fields and you. As I write, a shrill prolongation of the message comes in from the next room:— "Tell them to take care of you-u-u!"

Tell Longfellow[†3] with my love that I am charged by Forster (who has

been very ill of diffused gout and bronchitis) with a copy of his Sir John Eliot.[†1]

I will bring you out the early proof of the Xmas No. We publish it here on the 12th. of December. I am planning it out into a play for Wilkie Collins to manipulate after I sail, and have arranged for Fechter to go to the Adelphi Theatre and play a Swiss in it.[†2] It will be brought out, the day after Christmas Day.[†3]

Here, at Boston Wharf, and everywhere else,

Yours Heartily and affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [1 NOVEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To CHARLES KENT, 1 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday First November 1867

My Dear Kent

Perhaps you know that Forster's note urges me to propose the Ladies. Don't let it mislead you. I have replied to him that no consideration whatever would now induce me to displace Yates,[†4] and that I positively will have nothing whatever to do with the toast.

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 1 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday First November 1867

My Dear Kent

No. Decidedly no. There would be no assignable reason for my speaking again to close the proceedings, and I really must decline.[†5]

Ever Affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, [?1 NOVEMBER 1867]

Mention in *To* Toole, 2 Nov 67. *Date:* CD had probably received Toole's request[†1] the day before and written to Kent at once.

To C. A. BUCHHEIM,[†2] 2 NOVEMBER 1867

Text from N, III, 565.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday Second November 1867

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Buchheim, and begs to give him free permission to make the extract[†3] he desires to introduce into his book on German prose composition.[†4]

To MR AND MRS COWDEN CLARKE, 2 NOVEMBER 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address:* Mrs. Cowden Clarke | Villa Novello | Via san Giacomo | Genova.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†5]
Saturday Second November, 1867.

Heartfelt thanks my dear Quickly[†6] and Cowden Clarke, for your joint good wishes. They are more than welcome to me, and so God bless you.

Faithfully Yours Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. L. TOOLE,[†7] 2 NOVEMBER 1867

Text in MDGH, I, 300-1 checked from MS Sotheby, May 1966.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Second November, 1867

My Dear Mr. Toole

I heartily thank you for your elegant token of remembrance[†8] and for your earnest letter. Both have afforded me real pleasure, and the first-named shall go with me on my journey.

Let me take this opportunity of saying that on receipt of your letter concerning to-day's Dinner, I immediately forwarded your request to the Honorary Secretary. I hope you will understand that I could not, in delicacy, otherwise take part in the matter.

Again thanking you most cordially, Believe me always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. L. Toole Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, 3 NOVEMBER 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 301.

26 Wellington Street, Sunday, Nov. 3rd. 1867.

My Dear Wills

If you were to write me many such warm-hearted letters as you send this morning, my heart would fail me! There is nothing that so breaks down my determination, or shows me what an iron force I put upon myself, and how weak it is, as a touch of true affection from a tried friend.[†1]

All that you so earnestly say about the goodwill and devotion of all engaged, I perceived and deeply felt last night. It moved me even more than the demonstration itself, though I do suppose it was the most brilliant ever seen. When I got up to speak, but for taking a desperate hold of myself, I should have lost my sight and voice and sat down again.

God bless you, my dear fellow. I am, ever and ever,

Your affectionate

[CD.]

To THOMAS BAYLIS,[†2] 4 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fourth November 1867

My Dear Mr. Baylis

Thanks for your kind note. In reference to your enquiry, I have no reason to suppose that the Charles Dickens in question[†3] is an Ancestor of mine. But I take so little interest in my pedigree, that he may be.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Baylis Esquire

To MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 5 NOVEMBER 1867

MS British Library. *Address:* Mrs. Charles Dickens | 70 Gloucester Crescent | Regents Park | N.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Fifth November 1867

My Dear Catherine

I am glad to receive your letter, and to accept and reciprocate your good wishes. Severely hard work lies before me; but that is not a new thing in my life, and I am content to go my way and do it.

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, [5 NOVEMBER 1867]

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Galleries catalogue, 1909, *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*; addressed Charles Kent. *Date:* note undated, accompanying envelope PM 5 Nov 67.

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 5 NOVEMBER 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 301-2.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Tuesday, Nov. 5th, 1867

My Dear Mrs. Watson,

A thousand thanks for your kind letter, and many congratulations on your having successfully attained a dignity which I never allow to be mentioned in my presence.[†1] Charley's children are instructed from their tenderest months only to know me as "Wenerables," which they sincerely believe to be my name, and a kind of title that I have received from a grateful country.

Alas! I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you before I presently go to Liverpool. Every moment of my time is preoccupied.[†2] But I send you my sincere love, and am always truthful to the dear old days, and the memory of one of the dearest friends I ever loved.[†3]

Affectionately Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 6 NOVEMBER 1867

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth November 1867

My Dear Mary

Thanks. Good bye. God bless you.

Ever Your Loving
JOE

To CHARLES KENT, 6 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Wednesday Sixth November 1867

My Dear Kent. I have gone carefully over my own Speech, and have corrected it where it was wrong. I think it would be courteous to submit Cockburn's[†1] for his correction, with an intimation that if he be indisposed to take that trouble, the non-return of the proof will be considered an intimation to that effect.

Title page. Hum. Anything like this now sent?[†2]

I will look in presently as I go round to see old Poole.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To LORD LYTTON, 6 NOVEMBER 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth November 1867

My Dear Lytton

Be sure that I will do my best in the matter of the play,[†3] as soon as I get to New York. I begin in Boston on the 2nd. of December, and in New York some ten days afterwards. Of course I shall duly report on Mr. Booth[†4] to you at Knebworth.

Good bye and God bless you. With a thousand thanks for your cordial friendship, Ever believe me
Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

MEMORANDUM *to* W. H. WILLS, [EARLY NOVEMBER 1867]†

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* shortly before his leaving for America on 9 Nov.

A.Y.R.

Remember that no reference, however slight is to be made to America in any article whatever, unless by myself.

Remember that the same remark applies to the subject of the Fenians.

Remember that a Poem by Mrs. Cowden Clarke is accepted for the ordinary current No. at Christmas time.[†1]

Remember that a narrative from official documents of the Webster Murder case, is to come in from Sir James Emerson Tennent.[†2]

JOHN POOLE.

His address is 8, Fitzroy Place, Kentish Town. He will be very thankful if you will sometimes give him a call as you go by on Holly Lodge affairs.[†3] He has six envelopes addressed to you at the office, in my writing, with "John Poole" in the corner. This is in case of his wanting any looking after. He is to have £25 sent to him on the 24th of December, and £25 on the 25th of March. *In case of his death I have £25 of his money in my hands for funeral expenses.*[†4]

LETTERS.

Any that may come to Gad's Hill will be forwarded to you to open and dispose of. Similarly, open all letters addressed to me that may come here.

PLORN

After the Christmas Holidays is to go to a Sheep-Farmer for a few months. He, or his tutor, or Mary, or Georgina, will ask you to settle that matter. I suppose that through Sidney and his Agricultural Hall connexion[†5] we can know reasonably well whether any suggested person and terms would be likely to act well; or could find out the right person and terms, if none were suggested.[†6]

[†a]NELLY
If she needs any help will come to you,[†1] or if she changes her address, you will immediately let me know if she changes. Until then it will be Villa Trollope, à Ricorboli, Firenze, Italy

Villa Trollope | à Ricorboli | Firenze | Italy[†2]

On the day after my arrival out I will send you a short Telegram at the office. Please copy its exact words, (as they will have a special meaning for her), and post them [†b]to her as above[†b] by the very next post after receiving my telegram. And also let Gad's Hill know — and let Forster know — what the telegram is.[†a] MRS. SCOTT AND MRS. KELLY AND MRS. ALLISON[†3]

Mrs. Scott is to be paid One Pound every Saturday, down in the office; beginning this next Saturday, the day of my leaving Liverpool. Mrs. Mary Kelly, 21 Leigh Street, Charles Street, Manchester, is to have a P.O. order for £1 every Saturday. Mrs. Allison, at Mrs. Spreights, Kirkgate, Wakefield, Ditto.

FORSTER:
has an ample Power of Attorney from me, in case you should want any legal authority to act in my name. [†c]For he knows Nelly as you do, and will do anything for her, if you want anything done[†c]

MY PRIVATE ACCOUNT AT COUTTS'S:
is subject, in my absence, to the joint cheques of Mary and Georgina.

To EDWARD DICKENS, [7 NOVEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To THE REV. JOHN TAYLOR, 7 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Dr Monica Lee-Eldred.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Seventh November 1867

My Dear Sir

You will have noticed that my letter crossed your last, and consequently that we are quite agreed upon Edward's leaving you at Christmas. I have written him a few words by this same post, which I have

told him to show to you. Being in the hurry of departure for America, I am constrained to write very briefly.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. John Taylor

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 10 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Aboard the Cuba Queenstown Harbour[†1]
Sunday Tenth November | 1867

My Dear Brooks

As we have run in here for our last Mail, I have the opportunity of thanking you for your cordial note and hearty words in the Illustrated News.[†2] I can further report myself all right, Thank God, and established by myself in the Second Officer's Cabin on deck: where I have abundance of fresh air, and which is of such vast proportions that it is almost large enough to sneeze in.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 10 NOVEMBER 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 302-3.

Aboard the "Cuba," Queenstown Harbour,
Sunday, Nov. 10th, 1867.

My Dearest Mamie,

We arrived here at seven this morning, and shall probably remain awaiting our mail, until four or five this afternoon. The weather in the passage here was delightful, and we had scarcely any motion beyond that of the screw.

We are nearly but not quite full of passengers. At table I sit next the captain, on his right, on the outside of the table and close to the door. My little cabin is big enough for everything but getting up in and going to bed in. As it has a good window which I can leave open all night, and a door which I can set open too, it suits my chief requirements of it — plenty of air — admirably. On a writing-slab in it, which pulls out when wanted, I now write in a majestic manner.

Many of the passengers are American, and I am already on the best terms with nearly all the ship.

We began our voyage yesterday a very little while after you left us, which was a great relief. The wind is S. E. this morning, and if it would keep so we should go along nobly.

My dearest love to your aunt, and also to Katie and all the rest. I am in very good health, thank God, and as well as possible.†3

[Ever affecy
CD]

To THE EARL RUSSELL, 10 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Cleveland Public Libraries.

Aboard The Cuba | Queenstown Harbour
Sunday Tenth November 1867

My Dear Lord Russell

Your kind note reached me yesterday morning as I was on the point of leaving Liverpool. We are waiting here for our Mail, and I take this opportunity of heartily thanking you for your remembrance, and assuring you that I am proud of it.

With true regard to Lady Russell, Believe me My Dear Lord Russell
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The | Earl Russell.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 13-17 NOVEMBER, 1867

Extracts in MDGH, II, 303-6.

Aboard the "Cuba", five days out,
Wednesday, Nov. 13th, 1867.

My Dearest Georgy,

As I wrote to Mamie last, I now write to you, or mean to do it, if the motion of the ship will let me.

We are very nearly halfway to-day. The weather was favourable for us until yesterday morning, when we got a head-wind which still stands by us. We have rolled and pitched, of course; but on the whole have been wonderfully well off. I have had headache and have felt faint once or twice, *but have not been sick at all.* My spacious cabin is very noisy at night, as the most important working of the ship goes on outside my window and over my head; but it is very airy, and if the weather be bad and I can't open the window, I can open the door all night. If the weather be fine (as it is now), I can open both door and window, and write between them. Last night, I got a foot-bath under the dignified circumstances of sitting

on a camp-stool in my cabin, and having the bath (and my feet) in the passage outside. The officers' quarters are close to me, and, as I know them all, I get reports of the weather and the way we are making when the watch is changed, and I am (as I usually am) lying awake. The motion of the screw is at its slightest vibration in my particular part of the ship. The silent captain, reported gruff, is a very good fellow and an honest fellow.[†1] Kelly has been ill all the time, and not of the slightest use, and is ill now. Scott always cheerful, and useful, and ready; a better servant for the kind of work there never can have been. Young Lowndes[†2] has been fearfully sick until mid-day yesterday. His cabin is pitch dark, and full of blackbeetles. He shares mine until nine o'clock at night, when Scott carries him off to bed. He also dines with me in my magnificent chamber. This passage in winter time cannot be said to be an

enjoyable excursion, but I certainly am making it under the best circumstances. (I find Dolby to have been enormously popular on board, and to have known everybody and gone everywhere.)

So much for my news, except that I have been constantly reading, and find that "Pierra"[†1] that Mrs. Hogge[†2] sent me by Katie to be a very remarkable book, not only for its grim and horrible story, but for its suggestion of wheels within wheels, and sad human mysteries. Baker's second book not nearly so good as his first, but his first anticipated it.[†3]

We hope to get to Halifax either on Sunday or Monday, and to Boston either on Tuesday or Wednesday. The glass is rising high to-day, and everybody on board is hopeful of an easterly wind.

Saturday, 16th.

Last Thursday afternoon a heavy gale of wind sprang up and blew hard until dark, when it seemed to lull. But it then came on again with great violence, and blew tremendously all night. The noise, and the rolling and plunging of the ship, were awful. Nobody on board could get any sleep, and numbers of passengers were rolled out of their berths. Having a side-board to mine to keep me in, like a baby, I lay still. But it was a dismal night indeed, and it was curious to see the change it had made in the faces of all the passengers yesterday. It cannot be denied that these winter crossings are very trying and startling; while the personal discomfort of not being able to wash, and the miseries of getting up and going to bed, with what small means there are all sliding, and sloping, and slopping about, are really in their way distressing.

This forenoon we made Cape Race,[†4] and are now running along at full speed with the land beside us. Kelly still useless, and positively declining to show on deck. Scott, with an eight-day-old moustache, more super like than ever. My foot (I hope from walking on the boarded deck) in a very shy condition to-day, and rather painful. I shaved this morning for the first time since Liverpool; dodging at the glass, very much like Fechter's imitation of [Macready].[†5] The white cat that came off with us in the tender a general favourite. She belongs to the daughter of a Southerner, returning with his wife and family from a two-years' tour in Europe.

Sunday, 17th.

At four o'clock this morning we got into bad weather again, and the state of things at breakfast-time was unutterably miserable. Nearly all the passengers in their berths — no possibility of standing on deck — sickness and groans — impracticable to pass a cup of tea from one pair of hands to another. It has

slightly moderated since (between two and three in the afternoon I write), and the sun is shining, but the rolling of the ship surpasses all imagination or description.

We expect to be at Halifax about an hour after midnight, and this letter shall

be posted there, to make certain of catching the return mail on Wednesday. Boston is only thirty hours from Halifax.

Best love to Mamie, and to Katie and Charley. I know you will report me and my love to Forster and Mrs. Forster. I write with great difficulty, wedged up in a corner, and having my heels on the paper as often as the pen. Kelly worse than ever, and Scott better than ever.

My desk and I have just arisen from the floor.

To JOHN FORSTER, [18 NOVEMBER 1867]

Extract in F, XI, i, 797. *Date:* written from Halifax, according to Forster, where the *Cuba* called on 18 Nov.

I told the Chappells that when I got back to England, I would have a series of farewell readings in town and country; and then read No More. They at once offer in writing to pay all expenses whatever, to pay the ten per cent for management, and to pay me, for a series of 75, six thousand pounds.[†1]

To J. W. BARROW,[†2] [21 NOVEMBER 1867]

MS (envelope only) Mr Archibald Barrow. *Address:* John W. Barrow Esquire | of E. S. Jaffray and Co. | 35 Broadway | New York City. PM Boston Mass | 21 Nov 67.

To EDWIN BOOTH, 21 NOVEMBER 1867*

Text from transcript by Edgar Johnson from MS Library of the Players Club, New York.

Parker House, Boston | Thursday Twenty First November 1867

Dear Sir

I have the honour to enclose to you a letter from my friend Lord Lytton, of which I took charge immediately before leaving England.[†3] I trust it will reach you safely.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Booth Esquire

To L. GAYLORD CLARK,[†4] [21 NOVEMBER 1867]

MS (envelope only) Mr Archibald Barrow. *Address:* Favored by J. Wylie Barrow Esquire | L. Gaylord Clark Esquire | Knickerbocker Office, New York. *Date:* enclosed in envelope addressed to J. W. Barrow, PM 21 Nov 67.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 21 NOVEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 306-7.

Parker House,[†1] Boston, | Thursday, Nov. 21st, 1867.

I arrived here on Tuesday night, after a very slow passage from Halifax against head-winds. All the tickets for the first four readings here (all yet announced) were sold immediately on their being issued.[†2]

You know that I begin on the 2nd of December with "Carol" and "Trial"? Shall be heartily glad to begin to count the readings off.

This is an immense hotel, with all manner of white marble public passages and public rooms. I live in a corner high up,[†3] and have a hot and cold bath in my bed-room (communicating with the sitting-room), and comforts not in existence when I was here before. The cost of living is enormous, but happily we can afford it. I dine to-day[†4] with Longfellow, Emerson,[†5] Holmes,[†6] and Agassiz.[†7] Longfellow was here yesterday.[†8] Perfectly white in hair and beard, but a remarkably handsome and notable-looking man. The city has increased enormously in five-and-twenty years. It has grown more mercantile — is like Leeds mixed with Preston, and flavoured with New Brighton; but for smoke and fog you substitute an exquisitely bright light air. I found my rooms beautifully

decorated (by Mrs. Fields) with choice flowers,[†1] and set off by a number of good books. I am not much persecuted by people in general, as Dolby has happily made up his mind that the less I am exhibited for nothing the better. So our men sit outside the room door and wrestle with mankind.

We had speech-making and singing in the saloon of the *Cuba* after the last dinner of the voyage. I think I have acquired a higher reputation from drawing out the captain, and getting him to take the second in "All's Well,"[†2] and likewise in "There's not in the wide world"[†3] (your parent taking first), than from anything previously known of me on these shores. I hope the effect of these achievements may not dim the lustre of the readings. We also sang (with a Chicago lady, and a strong-minded woman from I don't know where) "Auld Lang Syne," with a tender melancholy, expressive of having all four been united from our cradles. The more dismal we were, the more delighted the company were. Once (when we paddled i' the burn)[†4] the captain took a little cruise round the compass on his own account, touching at the "Canadian Boat Song,"[†5] and taking in supplies at "Jubilate,"[†6] "Seas between us braid ha' roared,"[†7] and roared like the seas themselves. Finally, I proposed the ladies in a speech that convulsed the stewards, and we closed with a brilliant success. But when you dine with Mr. Forster, ask him to read to you how we got on at church in a heavy sea.[†8] Hillard[†9] has just been in and sent his love "to those dear girls." He has grown

much older. He is now District Attorney of the State of Massachusetts, which is a very good office. Best love to your aunt and Katie, and Charley and all his house, and all friends.

To J. T. FIELDS, 21 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Bowdoin College, Maine.

Parker House, Thursday 21st Novr. | 1867

My Dear Fields.

At 12 o'Clock I am going to have a look at the Hall, and afterwards to take a walk with Dolby and discuss arrangements in the pleasant air rather than in this room. Then, I shall get some letters ready for England. No doubt I shall see you in the course of the day.[†10]

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [21 NOVEMBER 1867]

Extract from F, X, i, 765; summary([aa]) from *To* Mary Dickens, 21 Nov 67. *Date:* clearly same date as that letter.

An immense train of people waited in the freezing street for twelve hours, and passed into the office in their turns, as at a French theatre. The receipts already taken for these nights exceed our calculation by more than £250.

[a]*Telling Forster how they had got on at church in a heavy sea.*[a]

To W. H. WILLS, 21 NOVEMBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Parker House, Boston | Thursday Twenty First November | 1867

My Dear Wills.

A winter passage out here is, under the best circumstances (not to put too fine a point upon it) odious. But I had, in the Cuba, a fine run — was not sick for a moment — was highly popular on board — made no end of speeches after the last dinner of the voyage — sang no end of duets with the Captain (never known to come out before) and came over the side into the arms of Dolby (in a steam tug) illuminated with a blaze of triumph.[†1]

The Pilot brought the news on board that the people had stood with the greatest good temper in the freezing street, 12 hours, to buy tickets for the first four Readings here (the only Readings announced), and that every ticket for every night was sold. I found it to be literally true. The gross receipts of those 4 nights are £250 beyond our calculation. New York tickets are not on sale until next week, but there are signs of

the same excitement there. The Hall here is charming[†2] — I never saw a better. If I can only hit them hard with the Carol and Trial, I think our expectations may be far overpassed. Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Agassiz, and all Cambridge — Professors and Students — are booked in

a phalanx for the body of the Hall on the 1st. night, Monday December the Second. Nothing can exceed the interest and heartiness of these men.

Boston, as a City, is enormously changed since I was here, and is far more mercantile. I do not yet notice any special difference in manners and customs between my old time and this time — except that there is more of New York in this fine City than there was of yore. The Hotel I stayed at in my first visit[†1] has now become contemptible. This is an establishment like one of our Termini Hotels, with the addition of an immense quantity of white marble floors. I live on the third story — our three rooms together — and have hot and cold water laid on in a bath in my bedroom, and other comforts not known in my former experience. The Cuisine is *very* good. The cost of living is enormous. Ten Pounds sterling a day for Dolby and me is by no means a large estimate. (It was our original calculation.) Happily, Dolby has seen reason to make up his mind that the less I am shown — for nothing — the better for the Readings! So I am fended off and kept — so far — unexpectedly quiet. In addition to which I must say that I have experienced — so far — not the slightest intrusiveness, and everywhere the greatest respect and consideration. There is the utmost curiosity about the Readings, and I should not wonder if they proved to be a great surprise, seeing that the general notion stops at a mere "Reading", book in hand.

Even you, I think, will find it difficult to believe that at this moment Frederick Chapman[†2] has not sent out the pamphlet with the Dinner speeches!!!![†3] Of course when it does come, it will be waste paper. The American journals all over the country have taken the account from the English Journals,[†4] and I am assured that my speech has given the highest satisfaction to the American people.[†5]

This is all my news at present — except that I am so well and so free of the ship, that I am worried by not having arranged to begin reading next Monday — for I yearn to begin to check the Readings off, and feel myself tending towards Home.

[†a]Will you specially observe, my dear fellow what I am going to add. After this present Mail, I shall address Nelly's letters to your care, for I do not quite know where she will be. But she will write to you, and instruct you where to forward them. In any interval between your receipt of one or more, and my Dear Girl's so writing to you, keep them by you.[†a]

My love to Mrs. Wills, and my love to the personal and official Wilkie.[†6] Fields does not begin to publish the Holiday Romance until January. I will advise you in good time, when you can begin with it in A.Y.R.[†7] Take all my confidence and trust now and ever, and Believe me

Affectionately Yours always

CD.

To MISS BERTHA PHILLIPS,[†1] [?NOVEMBER 1867]

Mention in the Chicago Tribune, 19 Mar 68. *Date:* Bertha Phillips no doubt wrote offering hospitality soon after CD arrived in America; CD would have replied at once.

Saying that he did not know what arrangements his agent had made and that his coming to Chicago was uncertain.[†2]

To ARTHUR CHAPPELL, 22 NOVEMBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.[†3]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.[†4]
Friday Night Twenty Second November | 1867.

My Dear Mr. Chappell

I came over here very prosperously, thank God, and am so ready for work that I constantly bemoan our not beginning next Monday instead of Monday December 2nd.

As soon as the Hotel began to stand still (it had got into a confirmed habit of rocking when I reached it), I referred to your Memorandum and considered it.

Always understanding — as you and I understood together — that Dolby has his 10 per cent from you, I readily accept your terms of £80 a night for the Farewell Readings at home, provided they extend to 100 in number. Or, if you prefer it, I will make an engagement that we may agree upon, for the London Readings, and will take the Country Readings on myself.

It is scarcely necessary to add as to the £80 a night just now mentioned, that in that case I assume all charges to be paid by you as in our last Series.

Nothing can possibly be more splendid than our prospects here. They are quite bewildering. I should ask Dolby to describe them but that he is convulsively trying to hold his head up above seas of work. I thought I saw him clutching a newspaper with your address on it, just now. But he has gone down since, and no traces of him are visible.

I beg to send my kind regard to your brother,[†5] and to assure you both of my perfect confidence and regard.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I wonder whether your Lunch came off in that Saloon-Carriage!

To RICHARD H. DANA,[†1] 22 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

Parker House, Boston
Friday Twenty Second November 1867

My Dear Mr. Dana

If you knew how often I read Two Years before the Mast,[†2] or speak of it as one of the most remarkable Sea-books ever written, you would not think it by any means a matter of course that I should have forgotten its author.

I thank you cordially for your kind note, and shall count upon seeing you again on the occasion of one of my return visits here.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard H Dana Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?22 NOVEMBER 1867]

Extracts in F, X, i, 766-7 and 766*n*. *Date:* He had arrived in Boston on the night of 19 Nov and his letter of 21 Nov (*To* Mamie Dickens) was, according to Forster, the first one he wrote; both these extracts were probably written the next day; he had met Agassiz at dinner on the 21st.

Cambridge is exactly as I left it, Boston more mercantile, and much larger. The hotel I formerly stayed at, and thought a very big one, is now regarded as a very small affair. I do not yet notice — but a day, you know, is not a long time for observation! — any marked change in character or habits. In this immense hotel I live very high up, and have a hot and cold bath in my bed room, with other comforts not in existence in my former day. The cost of living is enormous.

I cannot tell you how pleased I was by Agassiz, a most charming fellow, or how I have regretted his seclusion for a while by reason of his mother's death.

To DR S. G. HOWE,[†3] 22 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University. *Address:* Dr. Howe | 8 Bond Street | New York City.

Parker House, Boston
Friday Twenty Second November | 1867

My Dear Doctor Howe.

I am heartily glad to have your letter, and shall have a greater interest than ever in seeing that poor creature in whom you awakened a soul.[†4]

I fear I must regard my reading to your pupils, though it were but for ten minutes, as a thing not reasonably possible. It would bring down upon me such

an avalanche of correspondence as would crush me out of recognition. And the nightly gaslight, and exertion of these episodical times in my life, render any additional wear and tear the camel's last load of feathers.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Howe

To CAPTAIN W. HOUSTON STEWART, 22 NOVEMBER 1867

Text from N, III, 570-1.

Parker House, Boston, U.S.
Friday Twenty Second November 1867

My Dear Houston Stewart

I have fortunately discovered the Vermont Water,[†1] in this place, and have this very day sent over a case of it to New York addressed to you. It will be in time, I trust, to be received there for the Cunard Steamer which sails tomorrow. If any rules about taking cargo on board should prevent this, I have sent instructions with it that it is to follow Express by the next fast opportunity. May it prove of service!

Let me know that you receive it safely, and whether I shall send more. The most certain way of addressing me is "care of Messrs Ticknor Fields and Co, Boston, Mass., U.S. of America." I send my love to Mrs. Stewart, and I trust in God she may derive some advantage from this remedy.

I do not begin to read until the Second of December. In the meanwhile no words can describe what the public expectation is, or how overwhelming the rush for tickets.

Always my Dear Friend | Faithfully and affecy. yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS O. F. R. WAITE,[†2] 22 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Miss Anne W. Lovell. *Address:* Mrs. O. F. R. Waite | Claremont | N.H.

Parker House, Boston | Friday Twenty Second Novr. 1867

My Dear Madam

I cannot receive so genuine and touching a letter as yours, without answering it in my own hand and from my heart. My engagements will not admit of my accepting your welcome invitation, but it has

truly interested me, and I sincerely thank you for it. With kind regard to your husband and all those who are dearest to you, I am My Dear Madam

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. O. F. R. Waite

To W. H. WILLS, 22 NOVEMBER 1867

Telegram, MS Huntington Library.

THE ELECTRIC AND INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

The following Message has been received at G. D. Station.

22.11.1867

FROM

Dickens

TO

Wills Twenty six Wellington St. Strand — Ldn — Safe & well expect good letter full of Hope.[†1]

To J. T. FIELDS, 23 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. *Address:* With a Parcel | James T. Fields Esquire.

Parker House, Boston
Saturday Twenty Third November | 1867

My Dear Fields.

A charming note indeed! Books returned, with sign manual attached to each.[†2] I shall expect you at Noon.

Ever Yours
CD.

To THE OFFICERS OF THE SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY,[†3] 23 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

Parker House, Boston | Saturday Twenty Third November | 1867.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to the Officers of the Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York, and begs to express his regret that he cannot accept the invitation for the 30th. Instant with which they have honoured him, as he is already engaged here for that day.[†4]

To THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOMERSET CLUB,[†5] 23 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

Parker House, Boston | Saturday Twenty Third November | 1867

Sir

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging intimation that

my name has been placed on the list of visitors admitted to the privileges of the Somerset Club; and I beg to express my grateful sense of the compliment.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The President | of | The Somerset Club[†1]

To J. T. FIELDS, 24 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* James T. Fields Esquire.

Parker House | Sunday Twenty Fourth November 1867

My Dear Fields. I have Morgan[†2] here from New York, and I have to help Dolby by dictating his New York advertisements &c. Therefore I think I had best be dull and dismal until 2 (a quarter before) when we will meet here for the Boys' ship.[†3]

Thanks for the Telegram. I have been very much interested in its subject.[†4]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25-26 NOVEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 307-10.

Parker House, Boston, Monday, Nov. 25th, 1867.

I cannot remember to whom I wrote last, but it will not much matter if I make a mistake; this being generally to report myself so well, that I am constantly chafing at not having begun to-night instead of this night week.[†5]

[†a]The tickets being all sold for next week, and no other announcement being yet made, there is nothing new in that way to tell of.[†a] Dolby is over at New York, where we are at our wits' end how to keep tickets out of the hands of speculators. Morgan is staying with me; came yesterday to breakfast, and goes home tomorrow. Fields and Mrs. Fields also dined yesterday. She is a very nice woman, with a rare relish for humour and a most contagious laugh. The Bostonians having been duly informed that I wish to be

quiet, really leave me as much so as I should be in Manchester or Liverpool. This I cannot expect to last elsewhere;

but it is a most welcome relief here, as I have all the readings to get up. The people are perfectly kind and perfectly agreeable. If I stop to look in at a shop-window, a score of passers-by stop; and after I begin to read, I cannot expect in the natural course of things to get off so easily. But I every day take from seven to ten miles in peace.

[a]Communications about readings incessantly come in from all parts of the country. We take no offer whatever, lying by with our plans until after the first series in New York, and designing, if we make a furore there, to travel as little as possible. I fear I shall have to take Canada at the end of the whole tour. They make such strong representations from Montreal and Toronto, and from Nova Scotia — represented by St. John's and Halifax — of the slight it would be to them, if I wound up with the States, that I am shaken.[a]

It is sad to see Longfellow's house[†1] (the house in which his wife[†2] was burnt) with his young daughters in it, and the shadow of that terrible story.[†3] The young undergraduates of Cambridge (he is a professor there) have made a representation to him that they are five hundred strong, and cannot get one ticket. I don't know what is to be done for them; I suppose I must read there somehow.[†4] We are all in the clouds until I shall have broken ground in New York, as to where readings will be possible and where impossible.

Agassiz is one of the most natural and jovial of men. I go out a-visiting as little as I can, but still have to dine, and what is worse, sup pretty often. Socially, I am (as I was here before) wonderfully reminded of Edinburgh when I had many friends in it.

Your account and Mamie's of the return journey to London[†5] gave me great pleasure. I was delighted with your report of Wilkie, and not surprised by Chappell's coming out gallantly.

My anxiety to get to work is greater than I can express, because time seems to be making no movement towards home until I shall be reading hard. Then I shall begin to count and count and count the upward steps to May.

If ever you should be in a position to advise a traveller going on a sea voyage, remember that there is some mysterious service done to the bilious system when it is shaken, by baked apples. Noticing that they were produced on board the *Cuba*, every day at lunch and dinner, I thought I would make the experiment of always eating them freely. I am confident that they did wonders, not only at the time, but in stopping the imaginary pitching and rolling after the voyage is over, from which many good amateur sailors suffer. I have hardly had the sensation at all, except in washing of a morning. At that time I still hold on with one knee to the washing-stand, and could swear that it rolls from left to right. The *Cuba* does not return until Wednesday, the 4th December. You may suppose that every officer on board is coming on Monday, and that Dolby has provided extra stools for them. [a]His work is very hard indeed. Cards are brought to him every minute in the day; his correspondence is immense; and he is jerked off to New York, and

I don't know where else, on the shortest notice and the most unreasonable times. Moreover, he has to be at "the bar" every night, and to "liquor up with all creation" in the small hours. He does it all with the greatest good humour, and flies at everybody who way-lays the Chief, furiously. We have divided our men into watches, so that one always sits outside the drawing-room door. Dolby knows the whole Cunard line, and as we could not get good English gin, went out in a steamer yesterday and got two cases (twenty-four bottles) out of Cunard officers. Osgood and he were despatched[†1] together last evening for New York, whence they telegraph every other hour about some new point in this precious sale of tickets. So distracted a telegram arrived at three that I have telegraphed back, "Explain yourselves," and am now waiting for the explanation. I think you know that Osgood is a partner in Ticknor and Fields'.

Tuesday morning. — Dolby has come back from New York, where the prospects seem immense. We sell tickets there next Friday and Saturday, and a tremendous rush is expected.[a]

To W. H. WILLS, 26 NOVEMBER 1867

MS Huntington Library.

Parker House, Boston | Tuesday Twenty Sixth November | 1867

My Dear Wills

This morning I got yours of the 14th., just in time to send you an answer by the Cunard Steamer. Our prospects here are [†b]MOST BRILLIANT[†b] — all people, public and private, seem in the best frame of mind for the Readings and the Reader — and I am so well, thank God, after the voyage, that I am continually chafing at not having begun last Monday instead of next. Will you write Townshend a line giving him my best love, and telling him that I will write to him on the day after my first Reading here. My love to Wilkie. Your account of your getting on together[†2] is delightful to me, though I never doubted it. Ever My Dear fellow,

Your faithful

CD.

To GEORGE W. CHILDS, 27 NOVEMBER 1867

Text from N, III, 573; ending ([ω]) given in unidentified catalogue in New York Public Library. *Address* (envelope, facsimile in AWC Inc. Autograph Catalogue, Mar 1998): George W. Childs Esquire | Office of The Public Ledger | Philadelphia. PM Mass 27 Nov [67].[†3]

Parker House, Boston

Wednesday, Twenty Seventh November 1867.

My Dear Sir.

I cannot let Mr. Dolby write to you, without myself thanking you for the hospitable offers you make to me, and for the kind interest you take in my career

here. I am most sincerely and cordially obliged to you, and I beg you to accept my heartfelt acknowledgment.

Believe me, my Dear Sir | Yours faithfully,
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

[a]George W. Childs, Esquire

To G. S. HILLARD, 27 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

Parker House, Boston
Wednesday Night | Twenty Seventh Novr. 1867

My Dear Hillard

I am sorry to say that I must shut myself up tomorrow. I have been charmed to see Mrs. Hillard[†1] and you to day. Pray give her my kind regard, and Believe me as I always am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Why cannot I remember your Christian Name! Because I know it perfectly, I suppose

To WILKIE COLLINS, 28 NOVEMBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

Parker House, Boston, U.S.
Thursday Twenty Eighth November 1867

My Dear Wilkie.

I have received a letter from one Mr. Barrett, an American Actor[†2] (dated 308 Regent Street London W) proposing for the dramatic version of No Thoroughfare. He says in that letter that he "learns from Mr. Wilkie Collins that I have taken the play to America, intending to arrange for its production there", and offers to come out here with the New Year and play it. As I have not got the Play, I am at a loss to know whether this is an intentional or an unintentional mistake.

Now, Dolby is going over to New York this morning, and has it in charge from me to see the most speculative of dramatic men there, and ascertain what terms he will make for the Play. I think it far better to deal with a man here, than with a man in Regent Street London.[†3] The excitement in New York about the Readings being represented as quite unprecedented, I have little doubt of being able to make a good thing of the Drama, and, if necessary, I will get it up. But what I shall want *as soon as I can possibly have them*, are:

1. A detailed Scene Plot from Fechter
2. His notion of the Dresses
3. A copy of the Play itself, Act by Act, as you do it.[†1]
4. together with any stage Directions that Fechter has in his mind.[†2]

Thus armed, I should not be at all surprised if I could get a very handsome addition to our gains. I think it will be worth while for you, on receipt of this, to telegraph to me at the Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City, *when* you will be able to send me *the last of the Play*. Because I shall then be in a condition to make a contract. Tell Fechter with my love and regard that I will write him a note immediately after my first Reading here next Monday. [Between ourselves I have already some £2,000 in hand before opening my lips.]

I am yearning already for the Spring and Home, but hope to work out the intervening time with a tolerably stout heart. I am wonderfully well in health, and got over the Voyage with the greatest success.

This note is left open, for Dolby to add a Postscript to.[†3] He will know before closing it, whether or no it is certainly worth while for you to telegraph (in 20 words, containing not more than 100 letters).[†4] It will be best for you always to address me about the Play, and always to address whatever you send in connexion with it, Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City.

Ever My Dear Wilkie | Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

I will not at present reply to Mr. Barrett at all.

To HENRY DEXTER,[†5] 28 NOVEMBER 1867

MS Lesley College, Massachusetts.

Parker House, Boston | Thursday Twenty Eighth November 1867

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly sorry that a mistake should have been made in your case, and that when you did me the favour to call here you should have been confounded with the many unknown friends whom it is not (remembering the work I have before me) reasonably possible that I can have the pleasure of receiving.

On Saturday at one o'Clock I shall be here, or on Sunday at the same hour. But I entreat you not to take the trouble of coming into town specially. I hope to return to Boston more than once or twice between this time and the end of April, and to have several opportunities of assuring you that I have not forgotten old times.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Dexter Esquire

To MRS CHARLES COLLINS, [?28 NOVEMBER 1867]

Mention in Mrs Fields's Diary (DeWolfe Howe, *Memories of a Hostess,* p. 143). *Date:* no doubt written on Thanksgiving Day, or day after.

Giving her a full account of his visit, with Fields, to the Aldriches[†1] *house, which had* very much amused *him.*

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, [?28 NOVEMBER 1867]

Mention in Mrs Fields's Diary, p. 9, 28 Nov 67 (George Curry, *CD and Annie Fields,* p. 9). *Date:* no doubt written on Thanksgiving Day.

Saying that he could not come to a Thanksgiving Day gathering at the home of Mrs Fields's sister, Mrs James H. Beal,[†2] *since he was overtaken by a sudden access of melancholy which prevented him from leaving the fireside and solitude of his own room.*[†3]

To CHARLES SUMNER,[†4] 28 NOVEMBER 1867*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address* (envelope only, American Art Association catalogue, 1927): Hon. Charles Sumner | Senate Chamber Washington. PM 29 Nov [67].

Parker House, Boston
Thursday Twenty Eighth November | 1867

My Dear Sumner.

I have received your welcome letter with great interest and pleasure. Please God I shall take your hand again before I leave in the Spring.

These last five and twenty years would seem to me but so many months, were I not sometimes reminded of their sweeping changes by revisiting Edinburgh. You and I knew a famous generation of men there, much older than ourselves, and they have all vanished.[†1]

With true regard and good wishes | Believe me | always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM H. LADD,[†2] 29 NOVEMBER 1867

Extract in Goodspeed's catalogue No. 26 (Oct 1904); addressed William H. Ladd; dated Parker House, Boston, 29 Nov 67.

Declining an invitation. My "Reading" life is one of complete devotion to that pursuit which takes precedence of all enjoyments.

December

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, 30 NOVEMBER AND 3 DECEMBER 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 310-12.

Parker House, Boston, U.S., | Saturday, Nov. 30th, 1867.

My Dear Charley,

You will have heard before now how fortunate I was on my voyage, and how I was not sick for a moment. These screws are tremendous ships for carrying on, and for rolling, and their vibration is rather distressing. But my little cabin, being for'ard of the machinery, was in the best part of the vessel, and I had as much air in it, night and day, as I chose. The saloon being kept absolutely without air, I mostly dined in my own den, in spite of my being allotted the post of honour on the right hand of the captain.

The tickets for the first four readings here (the only readings announced) were all sold immediately, and many are now re-selling at a large premium. The tickets for the first four readings in New York (the only readings announced there also)[†3] were on sale yesterday, and were all sold in a few hours. The receipts are very large indeed; but engagements of any kind and every kind I steadily refuse, being resolved to take what is to be taken myself. Dolby is nearly worked off his legs, is now at New York, and goes backwards and forwards between this place and that (about the distance from London to Liverpool, though they take nine hours to do it) incessantly. Nothing can exceed his energy and good

humour, and he is extremely popular everywhere.[†1] My great desire is to avoid much travelling, and to try to get the people to come to me, instead of my going to them. If I can effect this to any moderate extent, I shall be saved a great deal of knocking about. My original purpose was not to go to Canada at all; but Canada is so up in arms on the subject that I think I shall be obliged to take it at last. In that case I should work round to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and then take the packet for home.

As they don't seem (Americans who have heard me on their travels excepted) to have the least idea here of what the readings are like, and as they are accustomed to mere readings out of a book, I am inclined to think the excitement will increase when I shall have begun. Everybody is very kind and considerate, and I have a number of old friends here, at the Bar and connected with the University. I am now negotiating to bring out the dramatic version of "No Thoroughfare" at New York. It is quite upon the cards that it may turn up trumps.

I was interrupted in that place by a call from my old secretary in the States, Mr. Putnam.[†2] It was quite affecting to see his delight in meeting his old master again. And when I told him that Anne[†3] was married, and that I had (unacknowledged) grandchildren, he laughed and cried together. I suppose you

don't remember Longfellow, though he remembers you in a black velvet frock very well. He is now white-haired and white-bearded, but remarkably handsome. He still lives in his old house, where his beautiful wife was burnt to death. I dined with him the other day, and could not get the terrific scene out of my imagination. She was in a blaze in an instant, rushed into his arms with a wild cry, and never spoke afterwards.

My love to Bessie,[†4] and to Mekitty,[†5] and all the babbies.[†6] I will lay this by until Tuesday morning, and then add a final line to it.

Ever, my dear Charley, your affectionate Father

[CHARLES DICKENS]

Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, 1867.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 1 and 3 DECEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 313-15.

Parker House, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 1st, 1867.

I received yours of the 18th November, yesterday. As I left Halifax in the *Cuba* that very day, you probably saw us telegraphed in *The Times* on the 19th.

Dolby came back from another run to New York, this morning. The receipts are very large indeed, far exceeding our careful estimate made at Gad's. I think you had best in future (unless I give you intimation to the contrary) address your letters to me, at the Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City. It is a more central position than this, and we are likely to be much more there than here. I am going to set up a brougham in New York, and keep my rooms at that hotel. The account of Matilda is a very melancholy one, and really distresses me.[†1] What she must sink into, it is sad to consider. However, there was nothing for it but to send her away, that is quite clear.

They are said to be a very quiet audience here, appreciative but not demonstrative. I shall try to change their character a little.

I have been going on very well. A horrible custom obtains in these parts of asking you to dinner somewhere at halfpast two, and to supper somewhere else about eight. I have run this gauntlet more than once, and its effect is, that there is no day for any useful purpose, and that the length of the evening is multiplied by a hundred. Yesterday I dined with a club[†2] at half-past two, and came back here at half-past eight, with a general impression that it was at least two o'clock in the morning. Two days before I dined with Longfellow at half-past two, and came back at eight, supposing it to be midnight. To-day we have a state dinner-party in our rooms at six, Mr. and Mrs. Fields, and Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow.[†3] (He is a friend of Forster's,[†4] and was American Minister in Paris). There are no negro waiters here, all the servants are Irish — willing, but not able. The dinners and wines are very good. I keep our own rooms well ventilated by opening the windows, but no window is ever opened in the halls or passages, and they are so overheated by a great furnace, that they make me faint and sick. The air is like that of a pre-Adamite[†5] ironing-day in full

blast. Your respected parent is immensely popular in Boston society, and its cordiality and unaffected heartiness are charming. I wish I could carry it with me.

The leading New York papers have sent men over for to-morrow night with instructions to telegraph columns of descriptions.[†6] Great excitement and expectation everywhere. Fields says he has looked forward to it so long that he knows he will die at five minutes to eight.

At the New York barriers, where the tickets are on sale and the people ranged as at the Paris theatres, speculators went up and down offering "twenty dollars for anybody's place." The money was in no case accepted. One man sold two tickets for the second, third, and fourth night for "one ticket for the first, fifty dollars" (about seven pounds ten shillings), "and a brandy cocktail,"[†1] which is an iced bitter drink. The weather has been rather muggy and languid until yesterday, when there was the coldest wind blowing that I ever felt. In the night it froze very hard, and to-day the sky is beautiful.

Tuesday, Dec. 3rd.

Most magnificent reception last night,[†2] and most signal and complete success.[†3] Nothing could be more triumphant. The people will hear of nothing else and talk of nothing else. Nothing that was ever done here, they all agree, evoked any approach to such enthusiasm. I was quite as cool and quick as if I were reading at Greenwich, and went at it accordingly. Tell your aunt, with my best love, that I have this morning received hers of the 21st, and that I will write to her next. That will be from New York. My love to Mr. and Mrs. Hulkes and the boy,[†4] and to Mr. and Mrs. Malleson.[†5]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 2 and 3 DECEMBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

Parker House, Boston | Monday Second December 1867

My Dear Wilkie.

I find that *if the play*[†1] *be left unpublished in England,* the right of playing it in America can be secured by assigning the MS to an American Citizen. That, I can do at once, by using my publishers here for the purpose. I can make an arrangement with Wallack,[†2] in New York, to have it produced at his Theatre[†3] (where there is the best Company) on a sharing agreement after a certain nightly allowance for expences. And I have arranged to see Wallack next week.

I have made enquiry about Mr. Lawrence Barrett (whose letter to me, I enclose), and I find that he has a good reputation as a Star-Actor, and that he is a responsible man pecuniarily. Now, I am advised that the best course will be to make an engagement with him to take the play and act in it and get it up, wheresoever he likes in the United States, *except in New York City.* (The exception, because Wallack and he are not d'accord, and the other good New York Theatres all have their hands full.) As I read his letter his

proposal means, that we give the play — that he gives his services — and that the *receipts* of each night's performance be divided between Authors and Actor equally. Will you write to him at once, see him, and bind us both to such an engagement, if he be willing to bind himself to it. We might possibly get a good round sum by such a course. I have advised with one of the most knowing Managers in New York[†4] (who came over here this morning to see me) — the Black Crook[†5] Manager — and he says: "If you have Wallack for New York, and Barrett for the States generally, you could not do better." Mr. Barrett may have left England before this reaches you. If so, I have taken measures to catch [him][†6] on this side, when he comes over.

As I read for the first time to night, I will finish this tomorrow for Wednesday's steamer, which will be my own Cuba returning.

Tuesday Third December

A most tremendous success last night. The whole City is perfectly mad about it today, and it is quite impossible that prospects could be more brilliant.

Ever My Dear Wilkie | Your always affectionate

CD.

To J. T. FIELDS, 2 DECEMBER 1867

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

Parker House | Monday Second December 1867

My Dear Fields

I begin to believe that you really *will* come after all!!![†1]

None the worse for last night's laughter.[†2] Hope to make you laugh — and cry too — tonight.[†3] To say nothing of tomorrow.[†4]

Beautiful flowers more than welcome.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To MISS REXFORD,[†5] 2 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Mr Ashley W. Olmsted.

Parker House, Boston | Monday Second December 1867

Dear Miss Rexford

I beg to thank you cordially for your beautiful reminder of the glories of an American Autumn; which I hope to carry home with me as one of my many agreeable associations with this city and its neighbourhood.[†6]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Rexford

To CHARLES FECHTER, 3 DECEMBER 1867

Text from MDGH, III, 244.

Parker House, Boston, 3rd December, 1867

My Dear Fechter,

I have been very uneasy about you, seeing in the paper that you were taken ill on the stage.[†7] But a letter from Georgy this morning reassures me by giving me a splendid account of your triumphant last night at the Lyceum.[†8]

I hope to bring out our Play with Wallack in New York, and to have it played in many other parts of the States.[†9] I have sent to Wilkie for models, etc. If

I waited for time to do more than write you my love, I should miss the mail tomorrow. Take my love, then, my dear fellow, and believe me ever

Your affectionate
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. T. FIELDS, 3 DECEMBER 1867

Mention in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. SN 1352; *MS* 1 p.; dated Boston, 3 Dec 67; addressed J. T. Fields.

Refers to a sitting for Brady the photographer.[†1]

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 DECEMBER 1867]

Extract in F, X, i, 767. *Date:* the morning after his first reading in Boston, according to Forster.

It is really impossible to exaggerate the magnificence of the reception or the effect of the reading.[†2] The whole city will talk of nothing else and hear of nothing else to-day. Every ticket for those announced here, and in New York, is sold. All are sold at the highest price, for which in our calculation we made no allowance; and it is impossible to keep out speculators who immediately sell at a premium. At the decreased rate of money even, we had above £450 English in the house last night; and the New York hall holds 500 people more. Everything looks brilliant beyond the most sanguine hopes, and I was quite as cool last night as though I were reading at Chatham.

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [3 DECEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 DECEMBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Parker House, Boston | Tuesday Third December 1867

My Dear Wills.

I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of last night's tremendous success. The City is absolutely mad about it. The reception was magnificent, and the "go" of the Reading without any approach to a precedent in these parts. Nothing that we could have imagined or hoped for, could have surpassed the reality. There was (at the reduced rate of money even) £450 in the house. And the New York House (which is also sold out for every announced night) holds fully 500 people more!

Write to me in future at the Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City. It is a more central address than this, and we shall probably be much oftener there. My present intention is to keep rooms there, and I have also started a Brougham beforehand.

†a The enclosed letter to your care as usual. †a

We shall not be able to begin the children or George Silverman before March,†1 as Fields does not begin either until January. This will come to you by my ship, the Cuba, returning home. I am very well indeed, and in great voice and force. You may be absolutely certain that the success here †b COULD NOT †b be greater.

Ever My Dear Fellow | Your affectionate

CD.

To MARY BOYLE, 4 DECEMBER 1867

Text from MDGH, II, 315-16.

Boston, December 4th, 1867.

My dear Meery,

You can have no idea of the glow of pleasure and amazement with which I saw your remembrance of me lying on my dressing-table here last Monday night.†2 Whosoever undertook that commission accomplished it to a miracle. But you must go away four thousand miles, and have such a token conveyed to *you*, before you can quite appreciate the feeling of receiving it. Ten thousand loving thanks.

Immense success here, and unbounded enthusiasm. My largest expectations far surpassed.

Ever your affectionate

Jo.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 4 DECEMBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Boston | Wednesday Fourth December 1867

My Dearest Georgy. I find that by going off to the Cuba myself this morning, I can send you the enclosed for Mary Boyle (I don't know how to address her) whose usual flower for my button hole was produced in the most extraordinary manner here last Monday night! All well and prosperous. Copperfield and Bob last night with great success. My present *profit* is over £1,000 per week!

Ever Most affectionately

CD.

[†a]It will be best to address me until further notice at the Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City.[†a]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 4 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* C. E. Norton Esquire | Cambridge | Mass.

Parker House, Boston | Wednesday Fourth December, 1867

My Dear Norton

I am heartily glad to have your cordial note, and esteem it far too highly to let it remain unacknowledged.

If you ever come to another Reading here, pray let me see you for a moment afterwards. And always believe me, as I truly am,

Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

C. E. Norton Esquire

To MRS CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,[†1] 4 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Parker House, Boston

Wednesday Fourth December, 1867

My Dear Mrs. Norton

You think that gratitude must be very familiar to me. Let me assure you that true generous earnestness can never be familiar enough, and that I deeply feel your note as a most precious example of that quality.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Norton

To W.H. WILLS, 4 DECEMBER 1867

Telegram, MS Huntington Library.

THE ELECTRIC AND INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

The following Message has been received at Strand Station. | Decr. 4 1867

FROM

Dickens

TO

Wills all the year Round Office London
Tremendous success greatest enthusiasm all well.

To HORATIO WOODMAN,[†1] 4 DECEMBER 1867*

Text from transcript by Dr Brooks Wright from MS Mrs Grafton Lee Wilson (both descendants of Woodman).

Parker House, Boston | Wednesday. Fourth December | 1867

Dear Sir

I can not sufficiently thank you for the splendid Madeira and for your kind manner of presenting it. But I thank you with all my heart.

Among the many things that I am obliged to put aside for my work's sake, I fear the Lobster Salad must be included. Silence, a darkened room, and an unsociality very foreign to my nature, are the sequel of my readings every night.

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Horatio Woodman Esquire

To J.T. FIELDS, 6 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* James T. Fields Esquire.

Parker House | Friday Sixth December 1867

My Dear Fields

I must keep close this morning, for I have Dombey[†2] to go through, and home correspondence.

Baker[†3] accompanies this.

In haste | Affecy. Yours ever

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 DECEMBER 1867]

Extract in F, X, i, 767-8. *Date:* the day before he left Boston for New York (Sat 7 Dec), according to Forster.

Saying that he was making a clear profit of thirteen hundred pounds in English money a week, even allowing seven dollars to the pound; but that the weather was taking

a turn of even unusual severity, and that he found the climate, in the suddenness of its changes, and the wide leaps they take, *excessively trying.* The work is of course rather trying too; but the sound position that everything must be subservient to it enables me to keep aloof from invitations.... To-morrow, we move to New York. We cannot beat the speculators in our tickets. We sell no more than six to any one person for the course of four readings; but these speculators, who sell at greatly increased prices and make large profits, will employ any number of men to buy. One of the chief of them — now living in this house, in order that he may move as we move! — can put on 50 people in any place we go to; and thus he gets 300 tickets into his own hands.[†1]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [?6 DECEMBER 1867]†

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* CD read on 5 Dec ("last night"); see similar comment in *To* Wills, 6 Dec.

Parker House, Boston. U.S. | 4th. Jany. 1868.[†2]

My Dearest Georgy. I write to you by this opportunity though I really have nothing to tell you. The work is hard, the climate is hard, the life is hard; [†a]but — so far — the gain is *enormous.*[†a] We made a tremendous hit last night with Nickleby and Boots, which the Bostonians certainly on the whole appreciate more than Copperfield! [†a]And think of this:— we had £500 English in the House, after making more than the necessary deduction for the present price of gold. You may imagine the continual glistening and beaming of Dolby's face, and how perpetually he brings out that "Case in a Nutshell"[†3] drawn up at Gad's, and refers to it to prove that all our expences were overstated in it, and all our receipts under-estimated.[†a] He is always going about with an immense bundle that looks like a sofa cushion, but is in reality paper money — and always works like a Trojan. His business at night is a mere nothing, for these people are so accustomed to take care of themselves, that one of these immense audiences will fall into their places with an ease amazing to a frequenter of St. James's Hall. And the certainty with which they are all in, before I go on, is a very acceptable mark of respect. I must add too that although there is a conventional familiarity in the use of one's name in the newspapers as "Dickens", "Charlie", and what not, I do not in the least see that familiarity in the writers themselves. An inscrutable tone obtains in journalism here which a stranger

cannot understand. †aWithout any approach to cringing, I find in such newspaper writers as I have seen — as a class — something very well represented by Fisk.†a†4 If I say, in common courtesy, to one of them whom Dolby introduces: "I am much obliged to you for your interest in me" — or so forth he seems quite shocked, and has a bearing of perfect modesty and propriety. I am rather inclined to think that they

suppose their printed tone to be the Public's love of "smartness," but it is immensely difficult to make out. All I can as yet make out, is, that my perfect freedom from bondage to anybody, and at any moment to go on or leave off, or otherwise do as I like, is the only safe position to occupy.

Again; there are two apparently irreconcileable contrasts here. Down below in this Hotel every night, are the Bar Loungers, dram drinkers, drunkards, swaggerers, Loafers, that one might find in a Boucicault Play. Within half an hour is Cambridge, where a delightful domestic life — simple, self-respectful, cordial and affectionate — is seen in an admirable aspect. All New England is primitive and puritanical. All about and around it is a puddle of mixed human mud with no such quality in it. Perhaps I may in time sift out some tolerably intelligible whole, but I certainly have not done so yet. It is a good sign, may be, that it all seems immensely more difficult to understand than it was when I was here before.

Felton left two daughters — †aboth well off, as both his wives had money.†a†1 I have only seen the eldest.†2 A very sensible, frank, pleasant girl of eight and twenty perhaps. Rather like him in the face. A striking looking daughter of Hawthorn's (who is also dead) came into my room last night.†3

†bLongfellow has the oddest eldest daughter.†4 If you saw her eyes looking through a chink, you would say she was lovely. You see her whole squeezed face and don't know what to make of it — or whether to decide that she is pretty or plain. You remember Tom Appleton,†5 by the way? He turned up at the Reading last night. Mrs. Longfellow's brother, you recollect.†b

The day has slipped on to 3 o'Clock, and I must get up Dombey for tonight. Hence this sudden break off. Best love to Mamie, and to Katie and Charley Collins.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [6 DECEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 6 DECEMBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Parker House, Boston. U.S. | Friday Sixth December 1867

My Dear Wills.

†cEnclosed is another letter for my dear girl to your kindest care.†c

I am going on (between ourselves) at a *clear profit* of £1,300 per week! And it is

quite upon the cards that an occasional morning in New York will raise even these figures. Nickleby and Boots made a tremendous hit here last night, and certainly topped my favourite Copperfield — which may perhaps be a thought too delicate for them, though it went finely too.[†1] We had £500 in the House — £500 English, at the handsome rate of 7 Dollars to the pound!

I have received 3 Nos. of A.Y.R.[†2] all good, and Murray[†3] very good.[†4] Be extremely chary of using those Mugby Junction stories.[†5]

Tomorrow at 11 we start for New York, being due there at 8 in the evening. On Monday I open there with Carol and Trial. Tickets at a premium, and we cannot by any means keep out the speculators or prevent their making large profits.

With kind love to Mrs. Wills, ever My Dear Boy

Your faithful and affectionate

CD.[†6]

[Over

Address me until further notice:
Westminster Hotel | Irving Place | New York City.

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [10 DECEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 10 AND 11 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Huntington Library.

Westminster [Hotel],[†7] Irving Place, New York City
Tuesday Evening Tenth December 1867

My Dear Wills
[†a]Enclosed is another letter for my dear girl, to your usual care and exactness. By this same post you will receive some New York papers from Dolby. Will you take care to send her the Tribune?[†a†8]

It is absolutely impossible that we could have made a more brilliant success than we made here last night. The reception was splendid, the audience bright and perceptive. I believe that I never read so well since I began, and the general delight was most enthusiastic.[†1] And *now* I may tell you that before I came away, I received at the office by two or three Mails from here, various letters about Danger, Anti Dickens feeling, Anti English feeling, New York rowdyism, and I don't know what else. As I was in for coming, I resolved to say no word about it to anyone. Nor did I, until I came off from the Trial last night, when I told Dolby.

This Hotel is quieter than Mivart's[†2] in Brook Street! It is quite as comfortable, and the French cuisine is immeasurably better. I go in and out by a side door and a little staircase that leads straight to my bedroom. The platform absorbs my individuality, and I am very little troubled. We have on the first floor, a pretty drawing room, my bedroom, bath-room, W.C. & Scott's bedroom. Dolby has his bedroom and another room in which to see his clients, on the floor above. There are Hotels (on the American principle) very near, with 500 bedrooms and I don't know how many boarders. This Hotel (on the Europian[†3] principle) is almost faultless, and is as singularly unlike your idea of an American Hotel as unlike can be. New York has grown out of my knowledge, and is enormous. Everything in it looks as if the order of nature were reversed, and everything grew newer every day, instead of older. The Room[†4] — very much larger than its capacity of holding people — is about as trying as St. James's Hall. I am in capital health and voice — [†b]but my spirits flutter woefully towards a certain place at which you dined one day not long before I left, with the present writer and a third (most drearily missed) person.[†b]

It has been intensely cold. But to day it has thawed, after a fall of snow. Nothing more to report at present, except my love to Mrs. Wills, and my affectionate and faithful regard to you.

CD.

Wednesday Morning

Copperfield and Bob even a greater success last night[†5] than Carol and Trial on the night before. "Mr. Digguns", said the German Janitor (the invariable name for the Hall Keeper) "you are gread, mein herr. There is no ent to you!" — That was his parting salutation as he locked me out into a hard frost. — "Bedder and bedder" — he re-opened the door to add. — "Wot negst!"

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 11 DECEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 316-17.

Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City,
Wednesday, Dec. 11th, 1867.

Amazing success here. A very fine audience; *far better than that at Boston.* Great reception. Great, "Carol" and "Trial," on the first night; still greater, "Copperfield" and "Bob," on the second. Dolby sends you a few papers by this post.[†1] You will see from their tone what a success it is.

I cannot pay this letter, because I give it at the latest moment to the mail-officer, who is going on board the Cunard packet in charge of the mails, and who is staying in this house. We are now selling (at the hall) the tickets for the four readings of next week. At nine o'clock this morning there were two thousand people in waiting, and they had begun to assemble in the bitter cold as early as two o'clock.[†2] All night long Dolby and our man have been stamping tickets. (Immediately over my head, by-the-bye, and keeping me awake.) This hotel is quite as quiet as Mivart's, in Brook Street. It is not very much larger. There are American hotels close by, with five hundred bedrooms, and I don't know how many boarders; but this is conducted on what is called "the European principle," and is an admirable mixture of a first-class French and English house. I keep a very smart carriage and pair; and if you were to behold me

driving out, furred up to the moustache, with furs on the coach-boy and on the driver, and with an immense white, red, and yellow striped rug for a covering, you would suppose me to be of Hungarian or Polish nationality.

Will you report the success here to Mr. Forster with my love, and tell him he shall hear from me by next mail?

Dolby sends his kindest regards. He is just come in from our ticket sales, and has put such an immense untidy heap of paper money on the table that it looks like a family wash. He hardly ever dines, and is always tearing about at unreasonable hours. He works very hard.

My best love to your aunt (to whom I will write next), and to Katie, and to both the Charleys, and all the Christmas circle, not forgetting Chorley, to whom give my special remembrance. You may get this by Christmas Day. *We* shall have to keep it travelling from Boston here; for I read at Boston on the 23rd and 24th, and here again on the 26th.

To J. T. FIELDS, 11 DECEMBER 1867*

MS New York Public Library. *Address:* James T. Fields Esqre.

Wednesday Eleventh Decr. 1867.[†1]

My Dear Fields

My visitors are gone, and I am at leisure until 1 when Wallack comes about the Play.[†2]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To D. [C.] KINGSLAND,[†3] 11 DECEMBER 1867

Mention in S. T. Freeman & Co., catalogue (Sep 1933); *MS* 1 p.; dated 11 Dec 67; addressed D. Kingsland.

Acknowledging an invitation.

To R. G. WHITE,[†4] 12 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Morgan Library.

Westminster Hotel, New York | Thursday Twelfth December, 1867

Dear Sir

I have never seen or heard of the published letter[†5] to which you refer in your obliging note, and I beg you to receive my assurance that I have never for a moment doubted you in the matter.[†6]

My avocations occupy too much of my time to admit of my pursuing the copyright question under existing circumstances; and indeed though my leisure were greater, I would rather put the subject aside, in friendship towards the American people. I said what I had to say about it when I was in the States years ago, and there I left it in all good humour.

What you say of the Tale of Two Cities is extremely gratifying to me. It may be interesting to you to know, as you mention Mr. Carlyle in the same sentence with it, that he wrote me the highest commendation of the book when he first read it, and professed that he had been unable to lay it down. He is a dear friend of mine, and his History[†7] inspired me with the general fancy of that story.[†8]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Grant White Esquire

To A. H. H. DAWSON,[†1] 14 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia

Westminster Hotel, New York | Saturday Fourteenth December 1867

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your letter, recalling a very agreeable and interesting excursion, of which I distinctly remember the smallest particulars.[†2]

It is my most earnest desire to render the tickets for my Readings as widely and easily accessible as possible. I hope the difficulties in the way may be soon overcome. But the plan you suggest has invariably failed when any approach to it has been tried in England. It was tried with no better success when I read in Paris a few years ago, and was abolished within a few hours.[†3]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew H. H. Dawson Esquire

To MRS MORGAN,[†4] 14 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Mrs Richard Armstrong.

Westminster Hotel
Saturday Fourteenth December, 1867

My Dear Mrs. Morgan

I have to thank you for by far the most beautiful present of flowers I ever saw. I cannot tell you with what pleasure I have kept it on my table, or how delightfully it has refreshed my eyes. It has been the envy and admiration of all beholders, and is still in a thriving condition

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs E E Morgan

To JOHN FORSTER, [15 DECEMBER 1867]

Extracts in F, X, i, 768-70. *Date:* first extract 15 Dec 67, according to Forster; second extract after he had been in New York a week, no doubt from same letter; third extract probably of same date, referring to the snow of which he wrote to Georgina Hogarth the next day.

Dolby has got into trouble about the manner of issuing the tickets for next week's series.[†5] He cannot get four thousand people into a room holding only two thousand, he cannot induce people to pay at the ordinary price for themselves

instead of giving thrice as much to speculators, and he is attacked in all directions.... I don't much like my hall, for it has two large balconies far removed from the platform; but no one ever waylays me as I go into it or come out of it, and it is kept as rigidly quiet as the Français[†1] at a rehearsal. We have not yet had in it less than £430 per night, allowing for the depreciated currency! I send £3000 to England by this packet. From all parts of the States, applications and offers continually come in. We go to Boston next Saturday for two more readings, and come back here on Christmas Day for four more. I am not yet bound to go elsewhere, except three times (each time for two nights) to Philadelphia; thinking it wisest to keep free for the largest places. I have had an action brought against me by a man who considered himself injured (and really may have been) in the matter of his tickets. Personal service being necessary, I was politely waited on by a marshal for that purpose; whom I received with the greatest courtesy, apparently very much to his amazement. The action was handsomely withdrawn next day, and the plaintiff paid his own costs.... Dolby hopes you are satisfied with the figures so far; the profit each night exceeding the estimated profit by £130 odd. He is anxious I should also tell you that he is the most unpopular and best-abused man in America.[†2]

Saying that he had been a week in New York before he was able to identify the great city which a lapse of twenty-five years had so prodigiously increased. The only portion that has even now come back to me is the part of Broadway in which the Carlton Hotel[†3] (long since destroyed) used to stand. There is a very fine new park[†4] in the outskirts, and the number of grand houses and splendid equipages is quite surprising. There are hotels close here with 500 bedrooms and I don't know how many boarders; but this hotel is quite as quiet as, and not much larger than, Mivart's in Brook Street. My rooms are all *en suite,* and I come and go by a private door and private staircase communicating with my bedroom. The waiters are French, and one might be living in Paris. One of the two proprietors[†5] is also proprietor of Niblo's Theatre,[†6] and the greatest care is taken of me, Niblo's

great attraction, the *Black Crook,*[†1] has now been played every night for 16 months (!), and is the most preposterous peg to hang ballets on that was ever seen.[†2] The people who act in it have not the slightest idea of what it is about, and never had; but; after taxing my intellectual powers to the utmost, I fancy that I have discovered Black Crook to be a malignant hunchback leagued with the Powers of Darkness to separate two lovers; and that the Powers of Lightness coming (in no skirts whatever) to the rescue, he is defeated.[†3] I am quite serious in saying that I do not suppose there are two pages of *All the Year Round* in the whole piece (which acts all night); the whole of the rest of it being ballets of all sorts, perfectly unaccountable processions,[†4] and the Donkey out of last year's Covent Garden pantomime! At the other theatres, comic operas, melodramas, and domestic dramas prevail all over the city, and my stories play no inconsiderable part in them.[†5] I go nowhere, having laid down the rule that to combine visiting with my work would be absolutely impossible.... The Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell[†6] was telegraphed here in a few hours. I do not think there is any sympathy whatever with the Fenians on the part of the American people, though political adventurers may make capital out of a show of it. But no doubt large sections of the Irish population of this State are themselves Fenian; and the local politics of the place are in a most depraved condition, if half of what is said to me be true. I prefer not to talk of these things, but at odd intervals I look round for myself. Great social improvements in respect of manners and forbearance have come to pass since I was here before, but in public life I see as yet but little change.

Saying that he had got through half of his first New York readings when a winter storm came on. When the fi*rst snow fell, the railways were closed for some days. Describing New York crowded with sleighs, and the snow piled up in enormous walls the whole length of the streets.* I turned out in a rather gorgeous sleigh yesterday with any quantity of buffalo robes, and made an imposing appearance.

To EDWIN BOOTH, [16 DECEMBER 1867]

Mention in *To* Lytton, 16 Dec. *Date:* written same day.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 DECEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 317-18.

Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City,
Monday, Dec. 16th, 1867.

We have been snowed up here, and the communication with Boston is still very much retarded. Thus we have received no letters by the Cunard steamer that came in last Wednesday, and are in a grim state of mind on that subject.

Last night I was getting into bed just at twelve o'clock, when Dolby came to my door to inform me that the house was on fire (I had previously smelt fire for two hours). I got Scott up directly, told him to pack the books and clothes for the readings first, dressed, and pocketed my jewels and papers, while Dolby stuffed himself out with money. Meanwhile the police and firemen were in the house, endeavouring to find

where the fire was. For some time it baffled their endeavours, but at last, bursting out through some stairs, they cut the stairs away, and traced it to its source in a certain fire-grate. By this time the hose was laid all through the house from a great tank on the roof, and everybody turned out to help. It was the oddest sight, and people had put the strangest things on! After a little chopping and cutting with axes and handing about of water, the fire was confined to a dining-room in which it had originated, and then everybody talked to everybody else, the ladies being particularly loquacious and cheerful. And so we got to bed again at about two.[†1]

The excitement of the readings continues unabated, the tickets for readings are sold as soon as they are ready, and the public pay treble prices to the speculators who buy them up. They are a wonderfully fine audience, even better than Edinburgh, and almost, if not quite, as good as Paris.[†2]

Dolby continues to be the most unpopular man in America (mainly because he can't get four thousand people into a room that holds two thousand), and is reviled in print daily. Yesterday morning a newspaper[†3] proclaims of him: "Surely it is time that the pudding-headed Dolby[†4] retired into the native gloom from which he has emerged." He takes it very coolly, and does his best. Mrs. Morgan sent me, the other night, I suppose the finest and costliest basket of flowers ever seen, made of white camellias, yellow roses, pink roses, and I don't know what else. It is a yard and a half round at its smallest part.

I must bring this to a close, as I have to go to the hall to try an enlarged background.

To LORD LYTTON, 16 DECEMBER 1867

MS Lytton Papers.

Westminster Hotel, New York City
Monday Sixteenth December 1867.

My Dear Lytton

Mr. Booth is starring in distant places, communication has been interrupted by heavy snow, and I have received the enclosed from him only this morning. I have replied that your instructions leave me at perfect liberty to send him the Play.[†1] Which I have accordingly done.

My success here is beyond all precedent or description, and I hope to make a very handsome sum of money. The people are very kind and very considerate. I consider the audience in this city — herein having my expectations completely reversed — far quicker and brighter than in Boston. I doubt if I ever saw a better audience, save in Paris.[†2]

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 16 DECEMBER 1867

Extract (pro forma letter), in Sotheby's catalogue, Mar 1972; *MS* 1 p. (3rd person); dated Office of *AYR*, 16 Dec 67.[†3]

Thanking his correspondent for a paper entitled "A Day in the Desert", but telling him that his story is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round, *and arranging for its return.*

To MRS HERTZ,[†4] 17 DECEMBER 1867

MS Boston Public Library.

Westminster Hotel, New York
Tuesday Seventeenth Decr. 1867

Dear Mrs. Hertz

I cannot sufficiently thank you for the beautiful and tasteful flowers you have kindly sent me this morning, but believe me I am proud of your remembrance.

If it will suit your convenience to make me your parting visit at 12 tomorrow, I will take care to be disengaged then.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [17 DECEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 DECEMBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City.
Tuesday Seventeenth December 1867

My Dear Wills

[†a]Enclosed, another letter "as before".[†a]

No news, except that this house was on fire last Sunday night (a matter scarcely worth mentioning in New York), and that we turned out and packed up. But the fire was happily got under. The meeting of all the inmates, in the most extraordinary dresses, and with their most precious possessions under their arms or imperfectly crammed into their pockets, was very ridiculous. Everybody talked to everybody else, and it was on the whole convivial.

Everything unchanged. Everybody sleighing. Everybody coming to the Readings.[†1] There were at least ten thousand sleighs in the Park last Sunday. Your illustrious chief — in a red sleigh covered with furs, and drawn by a pair of fine horses covered with bells, and tearing up 14 miles of snow an hour — made an imposing appearance.

Tell Wilkie with my love that I have received his work (admirably done) to the first scene of the 4th. Act inclusive.[†2] and that I hope to bring the thing to terms with Wallack. But he seems a little shy (or I fancy it) touching the 10 per cent. I hope to report finally by the next Mail.

Ever My Dear fellow | Your affectionate

CD.

To J. T. FIELDS, 19 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Berg Collection.

Westminster Hotel, New York
Thursday Nineteenth December 1867

My Dear Fields

I never was so astounded, I think, as when I got your note this morning! Not that a mistake,[†3] however gross and ridiculous, is a very surprising occurrence in this world, but because there would seem (from Mr. Woodman's note enclosed) to be human beings who can believe in the possibility of *such* a mistake being no

mistake but an intention and design! Of course I write by this post to Dr. Palfrey[†1] himself, and, equally of course, I tell him that I shall express my regret to him personally on Sunday.

With my love to Mrs. Fields | Always Yours affectionately

CD.

P. S. I don't know Dr. Palfrey's exact address.[†2] Pray send the note I have written him, straight on for me.

To DR J. G. PALFREY, 19 DECEMBER 1867

Mention in last. *Date:* written same day.

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 DECEMBER 1867]

Extracts in F, X, i, 771-72. *Date:* first three extracts 22 Dec 67, according to Forster; last extract probably part of same long letter, written from Boston.

The railways are truly alarming. Much worse (because more worn I suppose) than when I was here before. We were beaten about yesterday, as if we had been aboard the Cuba. Two rivers have to be crossed, and each time the whole train is banged aboard a big steamer. The steamer rises and falls with the river, which the railroad don't do; and the train is either banged up hill or banged down hill. In coming off the steamer at one of these crossings yesterday, we were banged up such a height that the rope broke, and one carriage rushed back with a run downhill into the boat again. I whisked out in a moment, and two or three others after me; but nobody else seemed to care about it. The treatment of the luggage is perfectly outrageous. Nearly every case I have is already broken. When we started from Boston yesterday, I beheld, to my unspeakable amazement, Scott, my dresser, leaning a flushed countenance against the wall of the

car, and *weeping bitterly*. It was over my smashed writing-desk. Yet the arrangements for luggage are excellent, if the porters would not be beyond description reckless.

The halls are excellent. Imagine one holding two thousand people, seated with exact equality for every one of them, and every one seated separately. I have nowhere, at home or abroad, seen so fine a police as the police of New York; and their bearing in the streets is above all praise. On the other hand, the laws for regulation of public vehicles, clearing of streets, and removal of obstructions, are wildly outraged by the people for whose benefit they are intended. Yet there is undoubtedly improvement in every direction, and I am taking time to make up my mind on things in general. Let me add that I have been tempted out at three in the morning to visit one of the large police station-houses, and was so

fascinated by the study of a horrible photograph-book of thieves' portraits that I couldn't shut it up.

A good specimen of the sort of newspaper you and I know something of, came out in Boston here this morning. The editor had applied for our advertisements, saying that "it was at Mr. D.'s disposal for paragraphs." The advertisements were not sent; Dolby did not enrich its columns paragraphically; and among its news to-day is the item that "this chap calling himself Dolby got drunk down town last night, and was taken to the police station for fighting an Irishman"![†1] I am sorry to say that I don't find anybody to be much shocked by this liveliness.

Saying that Dolby's original plan was that CD should read in New York every week. But I say No. By the 10th of January I shall have read to 35,000 people in that city alone. Put the readings out of the reach of all the people behind them, for the time. It is that one of the popular peculiarities which I most particularly notice, that they must not have a thing too easily. Nothing in the country lasts long; and a thing is prized the more, the less easy it is made. Reflecting therefore that I shall want to close, in April, with farewell readings here and in New York, I am convinced that the crush and pressure upon these necessary to their adequate success is only to be got by absence; and that the best thing I can do is not to give either city as much reading as it wants now, but to be independent of both while both are most enthusiastic. I have therefore resolved presently to announce in New York so many readings (I mean a certain number) as the last that can be given there, before I travel to promised places; and that we select the best places, with the largest halls, on our list. This will include, East here — the two or three best New England towns; South — Baltimore and Washington; West — Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and St. Louis; and towards Niagara — Cleveland and Buffalo.[†2] Philadelphia we are already pledged to, for six nights; and the scheme will pretty easily bring us here again twice before the farewells. I feel convinced that this is the sound policy. I read here to-morrow and Tuesday; all tickets being sold to the end of the series, even for subjects not announced. I have not read a single time at a lower clear profit per night (all deductions made) than £315. But rely upon it I shall take great care not to read oftener than four times a week — after this next week, when I stand committed to five. The inevitable tendency of the staff, when these great houses excite them, is, in the words of an old friend of ours, to "hurge the hartist hon"; and a night or two ago I had to cut away five readings from *their* list.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 22 DECEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 319-21.

Boston, Sunday, Dec. 22nd, 1867.

Coming here from New York last night (after a detestable journey), I was delighted to find your letter of the 6th. I read it at my ten o'clock dinner

with the greatest interest and pleasure, and then we talked of home till we went to bed.

[†a]Our tour is now being made out, and I hope to be able to send it in my next letter home, which will be to Mamie, from whom I have *not* heard (as you thought I had) by the mail that brought out yours. After very careful consideration I have reversed Dolby's original plan, and have decided on taking Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, *Chicago* (!), St. Louis,[†1] and a few other places nearer here, instead of staying in New York. My reason is that we are doing immensely, both at New York and here, and that I am sure it is in the peculiar character of the people to prize a thing the more the less easily attainable it is made. Therefore, I want, by absence, to get the greatest rush and pressure upon the five farewell readings in New York in April. All our announced readings are already crammed.[†a]

When we got here last Saturday night, we found that Mrs. Fields had not only garnished the rooms with flowers, but also with holly (with real red berries) and festoons of moss dependent from the looking-glasses and picture frames. She is one of the dearest little women in the world. The homely Christmas look of the place quite affected us. Yesterday we dined at her house,[†2] and there was a plum-pudding, brought on blazing, and not to be surpassed in any house in England. There is a certain Captain Dolliver,[†3] belonging to the Boston Custom House, who came off in the little steamer that brought me ashore from the *Cuba*.[†4] He took it into his head that he would have a piece of English mistletoe brought out in this week's Cunard, which should be laid upon my breakfast-table. And there it was this morning. In such affectionate touches as this, these New England people are especially amiable.

As a general rule, you may lay it down that whatever you see about me in the papers is not true. But although my voyage out was of that highly hilarious description that you first made known to me, you may *generally* lend a more believing ear to the Philadelphia correspondent of *The Times*.[†5] I don't know him, but I know the source from which he derives his information, and it is a very respectable one.

Did I tell you in a former letter from here, to tell Anne, with her old master's love, that I had seen Putnam, my old secretary? Grey, and with several front teeth out, but I would have known him anywhere. He is coming to "Copperfield" to-night, accompanied by his wife[†6] and daughter, and is in the seventh heaven at having his tickets given him.

Our hotel in New York was on fire *again* the other night. But fires in this country are quite matters of course. There was a large one there at four this morning, and I don't think a single night has passed since

I have been under the protection of the Eagle,[†1] but I have heard the fire bells dolefully clanging all over the city.

[a]Dolby sends his kindest regard. His hair has become quite white, the effect, I suppose, of the climate. He is so universally hauled over the coals (for no reason on earth), that I fully expect to hear him, one of these nights, assailed with a howl when he precedes me to the platform steps. You may conceive what the low newspapers are here, when one of them yesterday morning had, as an item of news, the intelligence: "Dickens's Readings. The chap calling himself Dolby got drunk last night, and was locked up in a police-station for fighting an Irishman." I don't find that anybody is shocked by this liveliness.[a]

My love to all, and to Mrs. Hulkes and the boy. By-the-bye, when we left New York for this place, Dolby called my amazed attention to the circumstance that Scott was leaning his head against the side of the carriage and weeping bitterly. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied: "The owdacious treatment of the luggage, which was more outrageous than a man could bear." I told him not to make a fool of himself; but they do knock it about cruelly. I think every trunk we have is already broken.

I must leave off, as I am going out for a walk in a bright sunlight and a complete break-up of the frost and snow. I am much better than I have been during the last week, but have a cold.[†2]

To GEORGE W. CHILDS, 23 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Parker House, Boston
Monday Twenty Third December, 1867

My Dear Mr. Childs

Again, many thanks. It is extremely kind of you to bear me in mind so thoughtfully.

Believe me always | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

George W Childs Esquire

To OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 23 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Library of Congress. *Address:* Dr. Holmes | 164 Charles Street | City.

Parker House, Boston
Tuesday Twenty Third December 1867

My Dear Dr. Holmes.

Your kind note is exceedingly acceptable and agreeable to me, but I very much fear that I shall not have one solitary day at my own disposal in Boston. The only

day I *had* here on which I could venture to engage myself socially, was Wednesday the 26th. of February, and that I have anticipated with the entry "Lowell".[†1] I have been sitting in a brown study (but I don't know why brown) staring disconsolately at my pocketbook for the New Year, for half an hour, — and this note is the only result of my cogitations!

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 24 DECEMBER 1867

MS Morgan Library.

Boston | Christmas Eve 1867.

My Dear Wilkie

I am obliged to write very hastily, to catch the Mail over at New York.

The Play[†2] is done *with great pains and skill.*[†3] But I fear it is too long. Its fate will have been decided before you get this letter, but I greatly doubt its success.

Your points follow in their order.

1. Whatever is most dramatic in such a complicated thing as the Clock Lock, I think the best for the stage — without reference to the nicety of the real mechanism.[†4]

2. I would keep Vendale and Marguerite on the stage. And I would end with Obenreizer's exit.[†5]

3. Madame D'Or's speaking, unquestionably better out. She herself unquestionably better out. I have not the least doubt of it.[†6]

But my dear boy, what do you mean by the whole being left "at my sole discretion"? Is not the play coming out, the day after tomorrow???[†7]

There are no end of No Thoroughfares being offered to Managers here.[†1] The play being still in abeyance with Wallack, I have a strong suspicion that he wants to tide over to the 27th. and get a Telegram from London about the first night of the real version. If it should not be a great success, he would then either do a false one, or do none. Accordingly, I have brought him to book for decision on the 26th. Don't you see?

They are doing Crickets,[†2] Oliver Twists, and all sorts of versions of me. Under these circumstances, they fence when they have to pay.

I will try to catch the next mail.

Ever affectionately,
CD.

To CAPTAIN DOLLIVER, 24 DECEMBER 1867

MS Lesley College, Massachusetts.

Boston, Christmas Eve 1867

Dear Captain Dolliver

Accept my cordial thanks for your kind reminder of Home and Christmas-time.[†3] It was highly acceptable to me when I saw it lying on my breakfast-table.

With all good wishes in (and out of) season, Believe me

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [24 DECEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 DECEMBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Boston, | Christmas Eve 1867

My Dear Wills. Many many merry Christmases and Happy New Years to you and yours, and to all of us! *We* spend our Christmas Day this year on the Railway between this place and New York.

The same success as always.

Ticknor and Fields publish the first part of Holiday Romance, on the 1st. of January. They publish it in 4 parts. Each part on the 1st. of the month. Make

your calculation so that you will not jostle them (remembering that we are weekly and they monthly), and accordingly announce and publish. Follow up — perhaps after a short interval — with George Silverman's Explanation. They publish that, in 3 monthly parts, beginning on the 1st. of January.

[†a]Enclosed, another letter as before, to your protection and dispatch. I would give £3,000 down (and think it cheap) if you could forward *me,* for four and twenty hours only, instead of the letter.[†a]

Dolby's best regard. He is incessantly abused, for no reason on earth but that he is not an American agent.[†1] Think of a low newspaper (which had been refused our advertisements) in Boston, the Hub of the Universe as they call it (Hub being the nave of a wheel) having this article of news last Sunday morning:— "The chap calling himself Dolby got drunk last night down town, and was locked up in the Police Station for fighting an Irishman"!

I have a dismal cold, but beat it down at 8 P.M.

In making up A.Y.R. try to bring the matter closer down to the foot of the last page of the No. And for the love of Heaven no more of those Xmas Railway stories.[†2] Parkinson[†3] very good.

Ever My Dear Wills | Affectionately Yours

CD.

Over[†4]

Mrs. Wills not forgotten.
Remark of a Western Agent (we mean to go out West), to Dolby this morning; Western Agent having been present at Copperfield and Bob last night.

"Wa'al Mas'r Dolby, I tell yew this Sir. He has a 'tarnal tall name, but he don't want it. The man as can [†b]*do* THAT[†b] — never was so skeared, I tell you, in all my life, and thought I should ha' bust! — might just go out West, never been heerd of — and Damn me if he couldn't draw 'em across the plains if he chiz, till they hit their foreheads 'gain the Rocky Mountens."

Additional Memorandum. My New York landlord makes me a drink melodiously called "a Rocky Mountain Sneezer".[†5]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?25 DECEMBER 1867]

Extracts in F, X, i, 772 and 774. *Date:* first extract "a few days later" than letter of 22 Dec, according to Forster; second extract, the "last words written" before he left Boston for New York on Christmas Day, according to Forster, no doubt part of same letter.

The *Tribune* is an excellent paper. Horace Greeley[†6] is editor in chief, and a considerable shareholder too. All the people connected with it whom I have

seen are of the best class. It is also a very fine property — but here the *New York Herald*[†1] beats it hollow, hollow, hollow! Another able and well-edited paper is the *New York Times,*[†2] A most respectable journal too is Bryant's[†3] *Evening Post,* excellently written. There is generally a much more responsible and respectable tone than prevailed formerly, however small may be the literary merit among papers pointed out to me as of large circulation. In much of the writing there is certainly improvement, but it might be more widely spread.

The low action of the heart, or whatever it is, has inconvenienced me greatly this last week. On Monday night, after the reading, I was laid upon a bed, in a very faint and shady state; and on the Tuesday I did not get up till the afternoon.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 26 AND 27 DECEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 321-3.

Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City,
Thursday, Dec. 26th, 1867.

I got your aunt's last letter at Boston yesterday, Christmas Day morning, when I was starting at eleven o'clock to come back to this place. I wanted it very much, for I had a frightful cold (English colds are nothing to those of this country), and was exceedingly depressed and miserable. Not that I had any

reason but illness for being so, since the Bostonians had been quite astounding in their demonstrations. I never saw anything like them on Christmas Eve. But it is a bad country to be unwell and travelling in; you are one of say a hundred people in a heated car, with a great stove in it, and all the little windows closed, and the hurrying and banging about are indescribable. The atmosphere is detestable, and the motion often all but intolerable. However, we got our dinner here at eight o'clock, and plucked up a little, and I made some hot gin punch to drink a merry Christmas to all at home in. But it must be confessed that we were both very dull. I have been in bed all day until two o'clock, and here I am now (at three o'clock) a little better. But I am not fit to read, and I must read to-night. †aAfter watching the general character pretty closely, I became quite sure that Dolby was wrong on the length of the stay and the number of readings we had proposed in this place. I am quite certain that it is one of the national peculiarities that what they want must be difficult of attainment. I therefore a few days ago made a *coup d'état,* and altered the whole scheme. We shall go to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, also some New England towns between Boston and this place, away to the falls of Niagara, and off far west to Chicago and St. Louis, before coming back for ten farewell readings here, preceded by farewells at Boston, leaving Canada altogether. This will not prolong the list beyond eighty-four readings, the exact original number, and [I] will, please God, work it all out in April. In my next, I daresay, I shall be able to send the exact list, so that you may know every day where we are.†a There has been a great storm here for a few days, and the streets, though wet, are becoming passable again. Dolby and Osgood are out in it to-day on a variety of business, and left in grave and solemn state.†1 Scott and the gasman are stricken with dumb concern, not having received one single letter from home since they left. What their wives can have done with the letters they take it for granted they have written, is their stormy speculation at the door of my hall dressing-room every night.

If I do not send a letter to Katie by this mail, it will be because I shall probably be obliged to go across the water to Brooklyn to-morrow to see a church, in which it is proposed that I shall read!!!†2 Horrible visions of being put in the pulpit already beset me. And whether the audience will be in pews is another consideration which greatly disturbs my mind.†3 No paper ever comes out without a leader on Dolby, who of course reads them all, and never can understand why I don't, in which he is called all the bad names in (and not in) the language.

We always call him P. H. Dolby†4 now, in consequence of one of these graceful specimens of literature describing him as the "pudding-headed."

I fear that when we travel he will have to be always before me, so that I may not see him six times in as many weeks. However, I shall have done a fourth of the whole this very next week!

Best love to your aunt, and the boys, and Katie, and Charley, and all true friends.

Friday.

I managed to read last night, but it was as much as I could do. To-day I am so very unwell, that I have sent for a doctor;[†1] he has just been, and is in doubt whether I shall not have to stop reading for a while.[†2]

To J. T. FIELDS, 29 DECEMBER 1867

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Westminster Hotel, New York
Sunday Twenty Ninth December, 1867

My Dear Fields

When I come to Boston for the 2 Readings of the 6th. and 7th. I shall be alone, as Dolby must be selling elsewhere. If you and Mrs. Fields should have no other visitor, I shall be very glad indeed on this occasion to come to you.[†3] It is very likely that you may have some one with you. Of course you will tell me so if you have, and I will then re-embellish the Parker House.

Since I left Boston last, I have been so unwell that I have been obliged to call in a Dr. — Dr. Fordyce Barker,[†4] a very agreeable fellow. He was strongly inclined to stop the Readings altogether for some few days, but I pointed out to him how we stood committed, and how I must go on if it could be done. My great terror was yesterday's Matinée, but it went off splendidly.[†5] [†a][A very heavy cold indeed, an irritated condition of the uvula, and a restlessly low state of the nervous system, were your friend's maladies. If I had not avoided visiting, I think I should have been disabled for a week or so.][†a]

I hear from London that the general question in society, is, what will be blown up next by the Fenians.[†6]

With love to Mrs. Fields, Believe me Ever affectionately Yours And hers

CHARLES DICKENS

To LESTER WALLACK, 29 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Westminster Hotel New York
Twenty Ninth December 1867

Dear Mr. Wallack

The packet posted at Boston which failed to reach you until yesterday, contained the 5th. Act of the Play and a note from me, asking you to let me know by the 26th. whether you meant to produce it or not, on the terms I had mentioned to you. I sent you the note in question because we did not seem to me to have

advanced towards any conclusion, and because I wished you to understand that I had not the slightest thought of pressing the play upon you.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Lester Wallack Esquire

It was to the note in the packet that Mr. Dolby's[†1] referred.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 30 DECEMBER 1867

Extract in MDGH, II, 324-5.

Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York, | Monday, Dec. 30th, 1867.

I am getting all right again. I have not been well, been very low, and have been obliged to have a doctor; a very agreeable fellow indeed, who soon turned out to be an old friend of Olliffe's.[†2] He has set me on my legs and taken his leave "professionally," though he means to give me a call now and then.

In the library at Gad's is a bound book, "Remarkable Criminal Trials," translated by Lady Duff Gordon, from the original by Feuerbach.[†3] I want that book, and a copy of Praed's poems,[†4] to be sent out to Boston, care of Ticknor and Fields. If you will give the "Criminal Trials" to Wills, and explain my wish, and ask him to buy a copy of Praed's poems and add it to the parcel, he will know how to send the packet out. I think the "Criminal Trials" book is in the corner book-case, by the window, opposite the door.

No news here. All going on in the regular way. I read in that church I told you of, about the middle of January. It is wonderfully seated for two thousand people, and is as easy to speak in as if they were two hundred. The people are seated in pews, and we let the pews. I stood on a small platform from which the pulpit will be removed for the occasion!! I emerge from the vestry!!! Philadelphia,

Baltimore, and another two nights in Boston will follow this coming month of January. On Friday next I shall have read a fourth of my whole list, besides having had twelve days' holiday when I first came out. So please God I shall soon get to the half, and so begin to work hopefully round.

I suppose you were at the Adelphi on Thursday night last.[†1] They are pirating the bill as well as the play here, everywhere. I have registered the play as the property of an American citizen,[†2] but the law is by no means clear that I established a right in it by so doing; and of course the pirates knew very well that I could not, under existing circumstances, try the question with them in an American court of law. Nothing is being played here scarcely that is not founded on my books — "Cricket," "Oliver Twist," "Our Mutual Friend," and I don't know what else, every night.[†3] I can't get down Broadway for my own portrait; and yet I live almost as quietly in this hotel, as if I were at the office, and go in and out by a side door just as I might there.

I go back to Boston on Saturday to read there on Monday and Tuesday. Then I am back here, and keep within six or seven hours' journey of hereabouts till February. My further movements shall be duly reported as the details are arranged.

I shall be curious to know who were at Gad's Hill on Christmas Day, and how you (as they say in this country) "got along." It is exceedingly cold here again, after two or three quite spring days.

To LESTER WALLACK, 30 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Monday Thirtieth December 1867

My Dear Mr. Wallack

By all means you shall have the play back. It shall be left under cover at the Theatre by 2 o'Clock to day.

In haste. | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [30 DECEMBER 1867]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 DECEMBER 1867†

MS Huntington Library.

Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York
Monday Thirtieth December, 1867

My Dear Wills.

†a Another letter for my Darling, enclosed. †a

Yours dated on the publishing day,†1 gives glorious tidings of the Xmas No. But somehow I am not sanguine about the play. I don't see it, as I read it. It may be my mood, or my anxiety, or I know not what else; but I don't see it rush on to its end in a spirited manner.

I have not been well, and have been obliged to call in a Doctor; but am very greatly better — all right, in fact. A tonic seems to do me a deal of good.

All right about Plorn. By the Lord, he ought to be a first rate settler after all his cramming:—

— Blazing away here, after more tremendous blazing in Boston (where they went absolutely mad with Copperfield) and previous to blazing in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Baltimore. Those places, this,

and Boston for another 2 nights, will occupy this coming month of January. At Brooklyn I read in Mister Ward Beecher's[†2] Church[†3] (wonderfully seated for 2,000) with the audience in veritable pews! I went to look at it the other day, and found myself in a comically incongruous position. It is the only building suitable to the purpose in the town.

Many happy New Years to you, old fellow. And to Mrs. Wills with my love.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 31 DECEMBER 1867*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Professor Charles Eliot Norton | Cambridge | Mass.

Westminster Hotel, New York | New Years Eve 1867

My Dear Norton

I have been so unwell these last few days, that I have not even been able to thank you for your most welcome Christmas gift.[†4] I cannot tell you how I shall

prize it, or with what affectionate remembrances of you it will be associated, when my glance rests upon it in its place on my shelves at Gad's Hill.

Many happy Years to you and all who are dearest to you!

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 31 DECEMBER 1867

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Westminster Hotel, New York | New Year's Eve, 1867

My Dear Mrs. Norton

Your kind note and pretty mark of remembrance[†1] brightened a very dull Christmas Day on the Railroad, and did me quite as much good as the Doctor when I was afterwards unwell. Thank you heartily.

It would be delightful to me to come to you again, but I see no present hope of it. I dine with Fields next Sunday, read on Monday and Tuesday, and rush back here on Wednesday. This episodical life of mine, while it lasts, is always mere bondage.

With the best wishes of the time for many years of happiness for you and yours, Believe me always

Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Norton

To UNKNOWN LADY OF CHARLESTOWN,[†2] [LATE 1867]

Mention in E. F. Payne, *Dickens Days in Boston*, p. 204. *Date:* during his Boston readings.

Sympathetically acknowledging her note that, being paralyzed, she could not walk, and arranging that the doors of Tremont Temple be opened for her earlier than the advertised time; and presenting her with complimentary tickets.

To W. S. TROOD,[†3] [1866-7]

MS (Georgina Hogarth's hand) Private. *Date:* card slipped into small account-book covering the years 1866-7.[†4]

Mr Charles Dickens begs Mr Trood to send *2 Dozen Pints* of Bottled Stout to Mrs Marsh[†5] and enter them in Mr Dickens' Book. Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester.

Addendum

To GEORGE DOLBY AND J. R. OSGOOD, [?25 NOVEMBER 1867]

Telegram metioned[[sic]] in *To* Miss Hogarth, 25 November.

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1868

January

To GEORGE W. CHILDS,[†1] 2 JANUARY 1868

MS Historical Society of Philadelphia (Dreer Collection). *Address:* George W Childs Esquire | Public Ledger Office | Philadelphia. PM New York Jan 3.

Westminster Hotel, New York | Second January 1868

My Dear Sir

I hasten to let you know that the second article of intelligence you kindly send me this morning is altogether baseless. My daughter had no more to do with Aunt Margaret's Trouble, or Mabel's Progress, than you had.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS KATE FIELD,[†3] 3 JANUARY 1868

MS Boston Public Library.

Westminster Hotel, New York
Friday Third January 1868

My Dear Miss Kate Field

I entreat you to accept my most cordial thanks for your charming New Year's present. If you could know what pleasure it yielded me, you would be almost repaid even for your delicate and sympathetic kindness.

But I must avow that nothing in the pretty basket of flowers was *quite* so interesting to me as a certain bright fresh face I have seen at my Readings, which I am told you may see too when you look in the glass.

With all good wishes | Believe me
Always faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kate Field

To JOHN FORSTER,[†1] [3 JANUARY 1868]

Extract in F, x, ii, 776-7. *Date:* 3 Jan 68, according to Forster.

We try to withhold the best seats from the speculators, but the unaccountable thing is that the great mass of the public buy of them (prefer it), and the rest of the public are injured if we have not got those very seats to sell them. We have now a travelling staff of six men, in spite of which Dolby[†2] who is leaving me today to sell tickets in Philadelphia to-morrow morning, will no doubt get into a tempest of difficulties. Of course also, in such a matter, as many obstacles as possible are thrown in an Englishman's way; and he may himself be a little injudicious into the bargain. Last night, for instance, he met one of the "ushers" (who show people to their seats) coming in with one of our men. It is against orders that any one employed in front should go out during the reading, and he took this man to task in the British manner. Instantly, the free and independent usher put on his hat and walked off. Seeing which, all the other free and independent ushers (some 20 in number) put on *their* hats and walked off; leaving us absolutely devoid and destitute of a staff for to-night. One has since been improvised: but it was a small matter to raise a stir and ill-will about, especially as one of our men was equally in fault; and really there is little to be done at night. American people are so accustomed to take care of themselves, that one of these immense audiences will fall into their places with an ease amazing to a frequenter of St. James's Hall; and the certainty with which they are all in, before I go on, is a very acceptable mark of respect. Our great labour is outside; and we have been obliged to bring our staff up to six, besides a boy or two, by employment of a regular additional clerk, a Bostonian. The speculators buying the front-seats (we have found instances of this being done by merchants in good position), the public won't have the back seats; return their tickets; write and print volumes on the subject; and deter others from coming. You are not to suppose that this prevails to any great extent, as our lowest house here has been £300; but it does hit us. There is no doubt about it. Fortunately I saw the danger when the trouble began, and changed the list at the right time. . . . You may get an idea of the staff's work, by what is in hand now. They are preparing, numbering, and stamping, 6000 tickets for Philadelphia, and 8000 tickets for Brooklyn. The moment those are done, another 8000 tickets will be wanted for Baltimore, and probably another 6000 for Washington; and all this in addition to the correspondence, advertisements, accounts, travelling, and the nightly business of the Readings four times a week. . . . I cannot get rid of this intolerable cold! My landlord invented for me a drink of brandy, rum, and snow, called it a "Rocky Mountain Sneezer," and said it was to put down all less effectual sneezing; but it has not yet had the effect. Did I tell you that the favourite drink before you get up is an Eye-Opener? There has been another fall of snow, succeeded by a heavy thaw.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 3 JANUARY 1868

Text from MDGH, II, 327-30.

Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York
Friday, Jan 3rd, 1868.

My Dearest Georgy,

†a I received yours of the 19th from Gad's and the office this morning. I read here to-night, and go back to Boston to-morrow, to read there Monday, and Tuesday.†a

To-night, I read out the first quarter of my list. Our houses have been very fine here, but have never quite recovered the Dolby uproar. It seems impossible to devise any scheme for getting the tickets into the people's hands, without the intervention of speculators. The people *will not* help themselves; and, of course, the speculators and all other such prowlers throw as great obstacles in Dolby's way (an Englishman's) as they possibly can. He may be a little injudicious into the bargain. Last night, for instance, he met one of the "ushers" (who show people to their seats) coming in with Kelly.†1 It is against orders that anyone employed in front should go out during the readings, and he took this man to task in the British manner. Instantly the free and independent usher put on his hat and walked off. Seeing which, all the other free and independent ushers (some twenty in number) put on *their* hats and walked off, leaving us absolutely devoid and destitute of a staff for to-night. One has since been improvised; but it was a small matter to raise a stir and ill will about, especially as one of our men was equally in fault.

We have a regular clerk, a Bostonian whose name is Wild.†2 He, Osgood,†3 Dolby, Kelly, Scott,†4 George the gas-man,†5 and perhaps a boy or two, constitute my body-guard. It seems a large number of people, but the business cannot, be done with fewer. The speculators buying the front seats to sell at a premium (and we have found instances of this being done by merchants in good position!), and the public perpetually pitching into Dolby for selling them back seats, the result is that they won't have the back-seats, send back their tickets, write and print volumes on the subject, and deter others from coming.

†a You may get an idea of the staff's work, by what is in hand now. They are preparing, numbering, and stamping six thousand tickets for Philadelphia, and eight thousand tickets for Brooklyn. The moment those are done, another eight thousand tickets will be wanted for Baltimore, and probably another six thousand for Washington. This in addition to the correspondence, advertisements, accounts, travellings, and the mighty business of the reading four times a week.

The Cunard steamers being now removed from Halifax, I have decided *not* to go there, or to St. John's, New Brunswick. And as there would be a perfect uproar if I picked out such a place in Canada as Quebec or Montreal, and

excluded those two places (which would guarantee three hundred pounds a night), and further, as I don't want places, having more than enough for my list of eighty-four, I have finally resolved not to go to Canada either. This will enable me to embark for home in April instead of May.†a

Tell Plorn,[†1] with my love, that I think he will find himself much interested at that college,[†2] and that it is very likely he may make some acquaintances there that will thereafter be pleasant and useful to him. Sir Sydney Dacres[†3] is the best of friends. I have a letter from Mrs. Hulkes[†4] by this post, wherein the boy[†5] encloses a violet, now lying on the table before me. Let her know that it arrived safely, and retaining its colour. I took it for granted that Mary would have asked Chorley[†6] for Christmas Day, and am very glad she ultimately did so.[†7] I am sorry that Harry[†8] lost his prize,[†9] but believe it was not his fault.
Let *him* know *that,* with my love. I would have written to him by this mail in answer to his, but for other occupation. Did I tell you that my landlord made me a drink (brandy, rum, and snow the principal ingredients) called a "Rocky Mountain sneezer"?[†10] Or that the favourite drink before you get up is an "eye-opener"? Or that Roberts (second[†11] landlord), no sooner saw me on the night of the first fire,[†12] than, with his property blazing, he insisted on taking me down into a roomful of hot smoke to drink brandy and water with him? We have not been on fire again, by-the-bye, more than once.

There has been another fall of snow, succeeded by a heavy thaw. I have laid down my sledge, and taken up my carriage again, in consequence. I am nearly all right, but cannot get rid of an intolerable cold in the head. No more news.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [5 JANUARY 1868]

Extracts in F, x, ii, 777-8. *Date*: 5 Jan 68, according to Forster.

I am to read here on Monday and Tuesday, return to New York on Wednesday, and finish there (except the farewells in April) on Thursday and Friday. The New York reading of *Doctor Marigold* made really a tremendous hit.[†13] The

people doubted at first, having evidently not the least idea what could be done with it, and broke out at last into a perfect chorus of delight. At the end they made a great shout, and gave a rush towards the platform as if they were going to carry me off. It puts a strong additional arrow into my quiver. Another extraordinary success has been *Nickleby* and *Boots at the Holly Tree* (appreciated here in Boston, by the by, even more than *Copperfield*); and think of our last New York night bringing £500 English into the house, after making more than the necessary deduction for the present price of gold! The manager is always going about with an immense bundle that looks like a sofa-cushion, but is in reality paper-money, and it had risen to the proportions of a sofa on the morning he left for Philadelphia. Well, the work is hard, the climate is hard, the life is hard: but so far the gain is enormous. My cold steadily refuses to stir an inch. It distresses me greatly at times, though it is always good enough to leave me for the needful two hours. I have tried allopathy,[†1] homœopathy, cold things, warm things, sweet things, bitter things, stimulants, narcotics, all with the same result. Nothing will touch it.

At Brooklyn I am going to read in Mr. Ward Beecher's[†2] chapel: the only building there available for the purpose. You must understand that Brooklyn is a kind of sleeping-place for New York, and is supposed to be a great place in the money way. We let the seats pew by pew! the pulpit is taken down for

my screen and gas! and I appear out of the vestry in canonical form! These ecclesiastical entertainments come off on the evenings of the 16th, 17th, 20th, and 21st of the present month.

To MISS FELTON,[†3] 7 JANUARY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Boston Tuesday Seventh January 1868

My Dear Miss Felton

Most unfortunately, your note and its accompanying flowers did not arrive at the Parker House here, until I had left it for New York. Consequently I did not get either until last Sunday. I cannot tell you with what present delight and affectionate remembrance I see the spirit of your dear father in your earnest words,[†4] as I saw it in your face when we met—like old friends—at Cambridge.

Accept my cordial thanks, and best wishes for many Happy years to you and yours.

Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND,[†1] EARLY JANUARY 1868

Mention in *To* Mary Dickens, 31 Jan 68. *Date*: written "weeks ago".

To LESTER WALLACK,[†2] 9 JANUARY [1868]

Extract in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue No. 108; *MS* 1 p.; dated Westminster Hotel, 9 Jan [68], misdated 1869, but address and subject make 1868 certain; addressed Lester Wallack.

I have been almost [continuously][†3] at Boston. In reply to your note received, let me beg you to be so good as to send me the play[†4] back, and so make an end of the matter.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 10 JANUARY 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

Westminster Hotel, New York
Friday Tenth January 1868

My Dearest Georgy

I cannot remember whether I wrote last to you or Dear Mamie. Never mind. This is merely to give one business instruction, and to add that I will write a *letter* by next Wednesday's Mail.

Draw a cheque for £1,000 in favor of W. H. Wills[†5] Esqre. and let him have it at once.[†6] He has my instructions how to invest the money.[†7]

I am quite well, thank God, and everything is most prosperous. We *could not*[†8] be doing better. Dolby's love. He is just going off to Chicago to look about him. It is only Twelve Hundred miles from here!

With best love to Mamie, boys, and all.

Ever Your most affectionate | My Dearest Georgy

CD.

To EDWIN F. COLE,[†9] 11 JANUARY 1868

Mention in American Art Association catalogue, May 1928; *MS* 1 p.; dated Westminster Hotel, New York, 11 Jan 68; addressed Edwin F. Cole.

Accepting an invitation.

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To J. G. WILSON,[†1] 11 JANUARY 1868

Text from J. G. Wilson, *The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck,* New York, 1869, p. 439.

Westminster Hotel, New York | Saturday 11th, January, 1868.

My Dear Sir.

I thank you cordially for your considerate kindness in sending me the enclosed note.[†2] I have read it with the greatest interest, and have always retained a delightful recollection of its amiable and accomplished writer.[†3]

I too had hoped to meet *him*! My dear Irving[†4] being dead, there was scarcely anyone in America whom I so looked forward to seeing again as our old friend often thought of.[†5]

Dear sir, | Yours faithfully and obliged,

CHARLES DICKENS.

To WILKIE COLLINS,[†6] 12 JANUARY 1868

MS Morgan Library.

Westminster Hotel, New York, | Sunday Twelfth January 1868.

My Dear Wilkie

First, of the Play.[†7] I am truly delighted to learn that it made so great a success, and I hope I may yet see it on the Adelphi boards. You have had a world of trouble and work with it, but I hope will be repaid in some degree by the pleasure of a triumph. Even for the alteration at the end of the 4th Act (of which you tell me, in your letter received yesterday) I was fully prepared, for I COULD NOT see the

original effect, in the Reading, of the play, and COULD NOT make it go. I agree with Webster[†8] in thinking it best that Obenreizer should die on the stage,[†9] but no doubt that point is disposed of. In reading the play before the representation, I felt that it was too long, and that there was a good deal of unnecessary explanation. Those points are, no doubt, disposed of too by this time.

We shall do nothing with it on this side. First of all, Mr. Wallack (as far as he is concerned) is a duffer and a player of fast and loose. Secondly, pirates are producing their own wretched versions in all directions: thus (as Wills would say) anticipating and glutting "the market". I registered our play as the property of Ticknor and Fields, American citizens.[†1] But, besides that the law on the point is extremely doubtful, the Manager of the Museum Theatre, Boston, instantly announced his version.[†2] [You may suppose what it is, and how it is done, when I tell you that it was playing within 10 days of the arrival out, of the Xmas No.][†3] Hereupon, Ticknor and Fields gave him notice that he mustn't play it.[†4] Unto which he replied that he meant to play it and would play it. Of course he knew very well that if an injunction were applied for against him, there would be an immediate howl against my persecution of an Innocent, and he did play it. Then the noble host of pirates rushed in, and it is being done, in some mangled form or other, everywhere.

On getting your letter yesterday I immediately went (I had not gone sooner, for a reason) to Harpers, and was fortunate enough to find Mr. Joseph Harper, the best of the Firm.[†5] To him I stated the case from your letter. He received it in the very best manner, and delicately objected that Six weeks in advance was practically too short a time for their Illustrators, but that if you would not object so to instruct those Illustrators as to let them know the thread of the story in advance of the six weeks, and give them a sketch of salient points beforehand, it would be all right and well. Of course they would bind themselves to rigid and absolute secrecy. I replied that I had no doubt you would meet their wishes in this regard, and that I would at once write to you on the point. Very likely they will write to you too, by this mail. You may make your mind quite easy that with this concession on your part, your agreement with them is all right.[†6] Mr. Joseph Harper praised highly what he had read of the story (i.e.—all they have), and decidedly gave me the impression that he was liberally disposed and on the square. Indeed, I have not the least doubt of it.

It touches me to read what you write of your poor mother.[†7] But of course at her age, each winter counts heavily. Do give her my love, and tell her that I asked you about her.

I am going on here at the same great rate, but am always counting the days that lie between me and home. I got through the first fourth of my Readings on Friday January third. I leave for two Readings at Philadelphia this evening. Dolby (who is obliged to go on in advance of me) is going to take a little journey of fifteen hundred miles, one of these odd evenings, "to look over the ground and cut back again." He will go away on this trip to Chicago by railroad, exactly as if he were going a shilling fare by cab.

Being at Boston last Sunday,[†1] I took it in my head to go over the Medical School, and survey the holes and corners in which that extraordinary murder was done by Webster.[†2] There was the furnace—stinking horribly, as if the dismembered pieces were still inside it—and there were all the grim spouts and sinks and chemical appliances and what not. At dinner afterwards, Longfellow[†3] told me a terrific story. He dined with Webster within a year of the murder, one of a party of 10 or 12. As they sat at their wine Webster suddenly ordered the lights to be turned out, and a bowl of some burning mineral to be placed on the table, that the guests might see how ghostly it made them look. As each man stared at all the rest in the weird light, all were horrified to see Webster *with a rope round his neck,* holding it up, over the bowl, with his head jerked on one side, and his tongue lolled out, representing a man being hanged!

Poking into his life and character, I find (what I would have staked my head upon) that he was always a cruel man.

So no more at present from

My Dear Wilkie | Yours ever affecy
CHARLES DICKENS

Of course I will yet see Mr. Barrett,[†4] if he turns up in the same mind.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 JANUARY 1868

Extracts in MDGH, II, 334-6 and F, x, ii, 778 [a].

Westminster Hotel, New York | Sunday, Jan. 12th, 1868.

As I am off to Philadelphia this evening, [a] for the first of those visits of two nights each, tickets for all being sold,[a] I may as well post my letter here. I have scarcely a word of news. My cold steadily refuses to leave me; but otherwise I am as right as one can hope to be under this heavy work. My New York readings are over (except four farewell nights in April), and I look forward to the relief of being out of my hardest hall. Last Friday night, though it was only "Nickleby" and "Boots," I was again dead beat at the end, and was once more laid upon a

sofa. But the faintness went off after a little while. We have now cold, bright, frosty weather, without snow—the best weather for me.

Having been in great trepidation about the play, I am correspondingly elated by the belief that it really *is* a success. No doubt the unnecessary explanations will have been taken out, and the flatness of the last act fetched up. At some points I could have done wonders to it, in the way of screwing it up sharply and picturesquely, if I could have rehearsed it. Your account of the first night interested me immensely, but I was afraid to open the letter until Dolby rushed in with the opened *Times.*

On Wednesday I come back here for my four church readings at Brooklyn. Each evening an enormous ferry-boat will convey me and my state carriage (not to mention half-a-dozen waggons, and any number of people, and a few score of horses) across the river, and will bring me back again. The sale of

tickets there was an amazing scene. The noble army of speculators are now furnished (this is literally true, and I am quite serious), each man with a straw mattress, a little bag of bread and meat, two blankets, and a bottle of whisky. With this outfit *they lie down in line on the pavement* the whole night before the tickets are sold, generally taking up their position at about ten. It being severely cold at Brooklyn, they made an immense bonfire in the street—a narrow street of wooden houses!— which the police turned out to extinguish. A general fight then took place, out of which the people farthest off in the line rushed bleeding when they saw a chance of displacing others near the door, and put their mattresses in those places, and then held on by the iron rails. At eight in the morning Dolby appeared with the tickets in a portmanteau. He was immediately saluted with a roar of "Halloa, Dolby! So Charley has let you have the carriage, has he, Dolby! How is he, Dolby! Don't drop the tickets, Dolby! Look alive, Dolby!" etc. etc. etc., in the midst of which he proceeded to business, and concluded (as usual) by giving universal dissatisfaction.

†b He is now going off upon a little journey "to look over the ground and cut back again." This little journey (to Chicago) is fifteen hundred miles on end, by railway, and back again!†b

We have an excellent gasman, who is well up to that department. We have enlarged the large staff by another clerk, yet even now the preparation of such an immense number of new tickets constantly, and the keeping and checking of the accounts, keep them hard at it. And they get so oddly divided! Kelly is at Philadelphia, another man at Baltimore, two others are stamping tickets at the top of this house, another is cruising over New England, and Osgood will come on duty to-morrow (when Dolby starts off) to pick me up after the reading, and take me to the hotel, and mount guard over me, and bring me back here. You see that even such wretched domesticity as Dolby and self by a fireside is broken up under these conditions.

Dolby has been twice poisoned, and Osgood once. Morgan's†1 sharpness has discovered the cause. When the snow is deep upon the ground, and the partridges cannot get their usual food, they eat something (I don't know what, if

anybody does) which does not poison *them,* but which poisons the people who eat them. The symptoms, which last some twelve hours, are violent sickness, cold perspiration, and the formation of some detestable mucus in the stomach. You may infer that partridges have been banished from our bill of fare. The appearance of our sufferers was lamentable in the extreme.

Did I tell you that the severity of the weather, and the heat of the intolerable furnaces, dry the hair and break the nails of strangers? There is not a complete nail in the whole British suite, and my hair cracks again when I brush it. (I am losing my hair with great rapidity, and what I don't lose is getting very grey.)

†b The *Cuba* will bring this. She has a jolly new captain—Moody, of the *Java*— and her people rushed into the reading, the other night, captain-headed, as if I were their peculiar property. Please God I shall come home in her, in my old cabin; leaving here on the 22nd of April, and finishing my eighty-fourth reading on the previous night! It is likely enough that I shall read and go straight on board.†b

I think this is all my poor stock of intelligence. By-the-bye, on the last Sunday in the old year, I lost my old year's pocket-book,†1 "which" as Mr. Pepys would add, "do trouble me mightily." †b Give me Katie's new address; I haven't got it.†b

To HENRY CHORLEY, [? 13 JANUARY 1868]

Mention in *To* Mary Dickens, 13 Jan 68. *Date:* probably written same day.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 13 JANUARY 1868

Extract in MDGH, II, 337-8.†2

Philadelphia, Monday, Jan. 13th, 1868.

I write you this note, a day later than your aunt's, not because I have anything to add to the little I have told her, but because you may like to have it.

We arrived here last night towards twelve o'clock, more than an hour after our time. This is one of the immense American hotels (it is called the Continental); but I find myself just as quiet here as elsewhere. Everything is very good indeed, the waiter is German, and the greater part of the house servants seem to be coloured people. The town is very clean, and the day as blue and bright as a fine Italian day. But it freezes very hard. †a All the tickets being sold here for six nights (three visits of two nights each), the suite complain of want of excitement already, having been here ten hours! †a Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams,†3 with a couple of servants, and a pretty little child-daughter, were in the train each

night, and I talked with them a good deal. They are reported to have made an enormous fortune by acting among the Californian gold-diggers.†1 My cold is no better, for the cars are so intolerably hot, that I was often obliged to go and stand upon the brake outside, and then the frosty air was biting indeed. The great man of this place is one Mr. Childs, a newspaper proprietor, †a and he is so exactly like Mr. Esse†2 in all conceivable respects except being an inch or so taller, that I was quite confounded when I saw him†a waiting for me at the station (always called depôt here) with his carriage. During the last two or three days, Dolby and I have been making up accounts, which are excellently kept by Mr. Osgood, and I find them amazing, quite, in their results.

I was very much interested in the home accounts of Christmas Day. I think I have already mentioned that we were in very low spirits on that day. I began to be unwell with my cold that morning, and a long day's travel did not mend the matter. We scarcely spoke (except when we ate our lunch), and sat dolefully staring out of window. I had a few affectionate words from Chorley, dated from my room, on Christmas morning, and will write him, probably by this mail, a brief acknowledgement. I find it necessary (so oppressed am I with this American can catarrh, as they call it) to dine at three o'clock instead of four, that I may have more time to get voice, so that the days are cut short, and letter-writing is not easy.

My best love to Katie, and to Charley,†3 and to our Charley, and to all friends. If I could only get to the point of being able to hold my head up and dispense with my pocket-handkerchief for five minutes, I should be all right.

To LORD LYTTON,†4 [? 13 JANUARY 1868]

Text from N, III, 591 (where wrongly dated Dec 67). *Date:* no doubt on receiving Edwin Booth's[†5] letter to him declining Lytton's play, with delicacy, dated 12 Jan, and enclosing it;[†6] and shortly after describing the same dinner at Webster's house as he had described to Collins on 12 Jan.

Being in Cambridge, I thought I would go over the Medical school, and see the exact localities where Professor Webster did that amazing murder, and worked so hard to rid himself of the body of the murdered man. (I find there is of course no rational doubt that the Professor was always a secretly cruel man.) They were horribly grim, private, cold, and quiet; the identical furnace smelling fearfully

(some anatomical broth in it I suppose) as if the body were still there; jars of pieces of sour mortality standing about, like the forty robbers in *Ali Baba* after being scalded to death; and bodies near us ready to be carried in to next morning's lecture. At the house where I afterwards dined I heard an amazing and fearful story; told by one who had been at a dinner-party of ten or a dozen, at Webster's, less than a year before the murder.[†1] They began rather uncomfortably, in consequence of one of the guests (the victim of an instinctive antipathy) starting up with the sweat pouring down his face, and crying out, "O Heaven! There's a cat somewhere in the room!" The cat was found and ejected, but they didn't get on very well. Left with their wine, they were getting on a little better; when Webster suddenly told the servants to turn the gas off and bring in that bowl of burning minerals which he had prepared, in order that the company might see how ghastly they looked by its weird light. All this was done, and every man was looking, horror-stricken, at his neighbour; when Webster was seen bending over the bowl with a rope round his neck, holding up the end of the rope, with his head on one side and his tongue lolled out, to represent a hanged man!

To JOHN FORSTER, [14 JANUARY 1868]

Extracts in F, III, viii, 286-287 and x, ii, 779-81. *Date:* both extracts 14 Jan 68, according to Forster.

I see *great changes* for the better, socially. Politically, no. England governed by the Marylebone vestry[†2] and the penny papers, and England as she would be after years of such governing; is what I make of *that.* Socially, the change in manners is remarkable. There is much greater politeness and forbearance in all ways ... On the other hand there are still provincial oddities wonderfully quizzical; and the newspapers are constantly expressing the popular amazement at "Mr. Dickens's extraordinary composure." They seem to take it ill that I don't stagger on to the platform overpowered by the spectacle before me, and the national greatness. They are all so accustomed to do public things with a flourish of trumpets, that the notion of my coming in to read without somebody first flying up and delivering an "Oration" about me, and flying down again and leading me in, is so very unaccountable to them, that sometimes they have no idea until I open my lips that it can possibly be Charles Dickens.

The Irish element is acquiring such enormous influence in New York city, that when I think of it, and see the large Roman Catholic cathedral rising there,[†3] it seems unfair to stigmatise as "American" other monstrous things that one also sees. But the general corruption in respect of the local funds appears to be stupendous, and there is an alarming thing as to some of the courts of law which I am afraid is native-born.

A case came under my notice the other day in which it was perfectly plain, from what was said to me by a person interested in resisting

an injunction, that his first proceeding had been to "look up the Judge." ... Last night here in Philadelphia (my first night), a very impressible and responsive audience were so astounded by my simply walking in and opening my book that I wondered what was the matter. They evidently thought that there ought to have been a flourish, and Dolby sent in to prepare for me. With them it is the simplicity of the operation that raises wonder. With the newspapers "Mr. Dickens's extraordinary composure" is not reasoned out as being necessary to the art of the thing, but is sensitively watched with a lurking doubt whether it may not imply disparagement of the audience. Both these things strike me as drolly expressive.

I think it reasonable to expect that as I go westward, I shall find the old manners going on before me, and may tread upon their skirts mayhap. But so far, I have had no more intrusion or boredom than I have when I lead the same life in England. I write this in an immense hotel, but I am as much at peace in my own rooms, and am left as wholly undisturbed, as if I were at the Station Hotel in York. I have now read in New York city to 40,000 people, and am quite as well known in the streets there as I am in London. People will turn back, turn again and face me, and have a look at me, or will say to one another "Look here! Dickens coming!" But no one ever stops me or addresses me. Sitting reading in the carriage outside the New York post-office while one of the staff was stamping the letters inside, I became conscious that a few people who had been looking at the turn-out had discovered me within. On my peeping out good-humouredly, one of them (I should say a merchant's book-keeper) stepped up to the door, took off his hat, and said in a frank way: "Mr. Dickens, I should very much like to have the honour of shaking hands with you"—and, that done, presented two others. Nothing could be more quiet or less intrusive. In the railway cars, if I see anybody who clearly wants to speak to me, I usually anticipate the wish by speaking myself. If I am standing on the brake outside (to avoid the intolerable stove), people getting down will say with a smile: "As I am taking my departure, Mr. Dickens, and can't trouble you for more than a moment, I should like to take you by the hand sir." And so we shake hands and go our ways.... Of course many of my impressions come through the readings. Thus I find the people lighter and more humorous than formerly; and there must be a great deal of innocent imagination among every class, or they never could pet with such extraordinary pleasure as they do, the Boots' story of the elopement of the two little children. They seem to see the children; and the women set up a shrill undercurrent of half-pity and half-pleasure that is quite affecting. To-night's reading is my 26th; but as all the Philadelphia tickets for four more are sold, as well as four at Brooklyn, you must assume that I am at—say—my 35th reading. I have remitted to Coutts's in English gold £10,000 odd; and I roughly calculate that on this number Dolby will have another thousand pounds profit to pay me. These figures are of course between ourselves, at present; but are they not magnificent? The expenses, always recollect, are enormous. On the other hand we never have occasion to print a bill of any sort (bill-printing and posting are great charges at home); and have just now sold off £90 worth of bill-paper, provided beforehand, as a wholly useless incumbrance.

The work is very severe. There is now no chance of my being rid of this American catarrh until I embark for England. It is very distressing. It

likewise happens, not seldom, that I am so dead beat when I come off that they lay me down on a sofa after I have been washed and dressed, and I lie there, extremely faint, for a quarter of an hour. In that time I rally and come right.

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR,[†1] 15 JANUARY 1868

Text from MDGH, II, 338-40.

Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York.
Wednesday, Jan. 15th, 1868.

My Dear Charley,

Finding your letter here this afternoon on my return from Philadelphia (where I have been reading two nights), I take advantage of a spare half-hour in which to answer it at once, though it will not leave here until Saturday. I had previously heard of the play,[†2] and had *The Times*.[†3] [†a] It was a great relief and delight to me, for I had no confidence in its success;[†4] being reduced to the confines of despair by its length. If I could have rehearsed it, I should have taken the best part of an hour out of it.[†a] Fechter must be very fine, and I should greatly like to see him play the part.

I have not been very well generally, and am oppressed (and I begin to think that I probably shall be until I leave) by a true American cold, which I hope, for the comfort of human nature, may be peculiar to only one of the four quarters of the world. The work, too, is very severe. But I am going on at the same tremendous rate everywhere. [†a] The staff, too, has had to be enlarged. Dolby was at Baltimore yesterday, is at Washington to-day, and will come back in the night, and start away again on Friday. We find it absolutely necessary for him to go on ahead. We have not printed or posted a single bill here, and have just sold ninety pounds' worth of paper we had got ready for bills. In such a rush a short newspaper advertisement is all we want.[†a] "Doctor Marigold" made a great hit here, and is looked forward to at Boston with especial interest. I go to Boston for another fortnight, on end, the 24th of February. The railway journeys distress me greatly. I get out into the open air (upon the brake[†5]), and it snows and blows, and the train bumps, and the steam flies at me, until I am driven in again.

[†a] I have finished here (except four farewell nights in April), and begin four nights at Brooklyn, on the opposite side of the river, to-night; and thus oscillate between Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and then cut into New England, and so work my way back to Boston for a fortnight, after which come Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit and Cleveland, and Buffalo, and then Philadelphia, Boston, and New York farewells.[†a] I will not pass my original bound of eighty-four readings in all. My mind was made up as to that long ago. It will be quite enough. Chicago is some fifteen hundred miles from here. What with travelling, and getting ready for reading, and reading, the days are pretty fully occupied. Not the less so because I rest very indifferently at night.

The people are exceedingly kind and considerate, and desire to be most hospitable besides. But I cannot accept hospitality, and never go out, except at Boston, or I should not be fit for the labour. †a If Dolby holds out well to the last it will be a triumph, for he has to see everybody, drink with everybody, sell all the tickets, take all the blame, and go beforehand to all the places on the list. I shall not see him after to-night for ten days or a fortnight, and he will be perpetually on the road during the interval.†a When he leaves me, Osgood, a partner in Ticknor and Fields' publishing firm, mounts guard over me, and has to go into the hall from the platform door every night, and see how the public are seating themselves. It is very odd to see how hard he finds it to look a couple of thousand people in the face, on which head, by-the-bye, I notice the papers to take "Mr. Dickens's extraordinary composure" (their great phrase) rather ill, and on the whole to imply that it would be taken as a suitable compliment if I would stagger on to the platform and instantly drop, over-powered by the spectacle before me.

Dinner is announced (by Scott, with a stiff neck and a sore throat), and I must break off with love to Bessie†1 and the incipient Wenerableses.†2 You will be glad to hear of your distinguished parent that Philadelphia has discovered that "he is not like the descriptions we have read of him at the little red desk. He is not at all foppish in appearance. He wears a heavy moustache and a Vandyke beard, and looks like a well-to-do Philadelphian gentleman."†3

Ever, my dear Charley, your affectionate Father

[CD.]

P.S.—Your paper is remarkably good.†4 There is not the least doubt that you can write constantly for A. Y. R. I am very pleased with it.

To J. T. FIELDS,†1 15 JANUARY 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Westminster Hotel, New York
Wednesday Fifteenth January 1868

My Dear Fields

On coming back from Philadelphia just now (3 o'Clock) I was welcomed by your cordial letter. It was a delightful welcome and did me a world of good.

The cold remains just as it was (beastly), and where it was (in my head). We have left off referring to the hateful subject, except in emphatic sniffs on my part, convulsive wheezes, and resounding sneezes.

The Philadelphia audience, ready and bright. I think they understood the Carol better than Copperfield, but they were bright and responsive as to both.†2 They also highly appreciated your friend Mr. Jack Hopkins.†3 A most excellent hotel there, and everything satisfactory. While on the subject of satisfaction, I know you will be pleased to hear that a long run is confidently expected for the No Thoroughfare drama.†4 Although the piece is well cast and well played, my letters tell me that Fechter†5 is

so remarkably fine as to play down the whole company. The Times in its account of it said that `Mr. Fechter' (in the Swiss mountain scene, and in the Swiss Hotel) was "practically alone upon the stage".[†6] It is splendidly got up, and the Mountain Pass (I planned it with Grieve[†7] the Scene painter) was loudly cheered by the whole house. Of course I knew that Fechter would tear himself to pieces rather than fall short, but I was not prepared for his contriving to get the pity and sympathy of the audience out of his passionate love for Marguerite.

My dear fellow you cannot miss me more than I miss you and yours. And Heaven knows how gladly I would substitute Boston for Chicago, Detroit, and Co![†8] But the tour is fast shaping itself out into its last details, and we must remember that there is a clear fortnight in Boston, not counting the 4 Farewells. I look forward to that fortnight as a radiant landing-place in the series.

Rash youth! No presumptuous hand should try to make the punch, except in presence of the hoary sage who pens these lines. With *him* on the spot, to perceive and avert impending failure—with timely words of wisdom to arrest the erring hand and curb the straying judgment—and, with such gentle expressions of

encouragement as his stern experience may justify, to cheer the aspirant with faint hopes of future excellence—with these conditions observed, the daring mind may scale the heights of sugar and contemplate the depths of lemon. Otherwise not.

Dolby is at Washington, and will return in the night. Osgood is on guard. He made a most brilliant appearance before the Philadelphia public, and looked hard at them. The mastery of his eye diverted their attention from his boots:— charming in themselves, but (unfortunately) two left ones.

I send my hearty and enduring love to Mrs. Fields.[†1] Her kindness to the British Wanderer is deeply inscribed in his heart.

[†a] Our fair friend Two Shoes[†2] is here with her husband. Dolby describes their apartment as a gloomy cave of wet plaster, unilluminated by a ray of gas. As his lost-bet dinner came off at Delmonico's (a much over-rated place by the bye) last Saturday, he invited Two Shoes and the happy proprietor of that piece of "portable property".[†3] They were engaged elsewhere to dinner. Proprietor of T. S. following Dolby out into the corridor, T.S. deserted a lady-caller, and came forth likewise to urge the "getting off" their engagement and dining with us. Proprietor suddenly turning grim, enunciated these words: "My dear, when I married you I *reserved to myself the faculty* of doing as I chose. Go back to your friend immediately." [Exit Two Shoes with lofty frown.][†a]

When I think of Longfellow's story about Webster, I feel like the lady in Nickleby who "has had a sensation of alternate cold and biling water running down her back ever since."[†4]

Ever My Dear Fields
Your affectionate Friend
CD.

To EDWIN BOOTH, 18 JANUARY 1868*

MS Library of the Players Club, New York.

Westminster Hotel, New York | Saturday Eighteenth January | 1868

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of Lord Lytton's MS and of your letter.[†5] The last is so perfectly candid and straight-forward that I hold it to be quite unnecessary that you should write to Lord Lytton himself. I will take care to forward your communication to him by the next Mail.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Edwin Booth Esquire

To HENRY CHORLEY, 18 JANUARY 1868

Mention in *To* Miss Dickens, 18 Jan. *Date:* written same day.

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, 18 JANUARY 1868

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 18 JANUARY 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 341.[†1]

Westminster Hotel, New York, Friday, Jan. 18th, 1868.

This will be but a very short report, as I must get out for a little exercise before dinner.

My "true American catarrh" (the people seem to have a national pride in it) sticks to me, but I am otherwise well. I began my church readings last night, and it was very odd to see the pews crammed full of people, all in a broad roar at the "Carol" and "Trial".

Best love to all. I have written Charley a few lines by this mail, and also Chorley.

To THE HON. ELLIS LEWIS,[†2] 18 JANUARY 1868

Text in N, 111, 606, checked from facsimile on Russian-eagles website, 30 Apr 2001.

Westminster Hotel, New York | Saturday Eighteenth January 1868

My Dear Sir

I have received your kind letter with sincere interest and pleasure, and I beg to thank you for it cordially. The occasion you bring back to my remembrance is as fresh and vivid as though it were of

yesterday.[†3] Accept from me the accumulated good wishes of five and twenty years, and believe me, My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [20 JANUARY 1868]

Extract in F, X, ii, 781. *Date*: 20 Jan 68, according to Forster.

Horace Greeley[†4] dined with me last Saturday, and didn't like my going to Washington, now full of the greatest rowdies and worst kind of people in the States. Last night at eleven came B.[†5] expressing like doubts; and though they may be absurd I thought them worth attention, B. coming so close on Greeley.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 21 JANUARY 1868

Mention in R. Shelton Mackenzie, *Life of CD*, Philadelphia, [1870], p. 276.[†1]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 JANUARY 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 341-2.

Westminster Hotel, New York, Tuesday, Jan. 21st, 1868.

I finished my church[†2] to-night. It is Mrs. Stowe's[†3] brother's, and a most wonderful place to speak in. We had it enormously full last night ("Marigold" and "Trial"), but it scarcely required an effort. Mr. Ward Beecher (Mrs. Stowe's brother's name) being present in his pew. I sent to invite him to come round before he left; and I found him to be an unostentatious, straightforward, and agreeable fellow.

My cold sticks to me, and I can scarcely exaggerate what I sometimes undergo from sleeplessness. The day before yesterday I could get no rest until morning, and could not get up before twelve. This morning the same. I rarely take any breakfast but an egg and a cup of tea, not even toast or bread-and-butter. My dinner at three, and a little quail or some such light thing when I come home at night, is my daily fare. At the Hall I have established the custom of taking an egg beaten up in sherry before going in, and another between the parts. I think that pulls me up; at all events, I have since had no return of faintness.

As the men work very hard, and always with their hearts cheerfully in the business, I cram them into and outside of the carriage, to bring them back from Brooklyn with me. The other night, Scott (with a portmanteau across his knees and a wideawake hat low down upon his nose) told me that he had presented himself for admission in the circus[†4] (as good as Franconi's,[†5] by-the-bye), and had been refused. "The only theayter," he said in a melancholy way, "as I was ever in my life turned from the door of." Says Kelly: "There must have been

some mistake, Scott, because George and me went, and we said, `Mr. Dickens's staff,' and they passed us to the best seats in the house. Go again, Scott." "No, I thank you, Kelly," says Scott, more melancholy than before, "I'm not a-going to put myself in the position of being refused again. It's the only theayter as I was ever turned from the door of, and it shan't be done twice. But it's a beastly country!" "Scott," interposed Majesty, "don't you express your opinions about the country." "No, sir," says Scott, "I never do, please, sir, but when you are turned from the door of the only theayter you was ever turned from, sir, and when the beasts in railway cars spits tobacco over your boots, you (privately) find yourself in a beastly country."

I expect shortly to get myself snowed up on some railway or other, for it is snowing hard now, and I begin to move to-morrow. There is so much floating ice in the river that we are obliged to leave a pretty wide margin of time for getting over the ferry to read. The dinner is coming in, and I must leave off.

To JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG,[†1] 21 JANUARY 1868*

MS Library of Congress. *Address:* John Russell Young Esqre. | 19 Irving Place.

Westminster Hotel, New York | Twenty First January 1868

My Dear Mr. Young

I was so fatigued this morning that I was not astir before noon, and it was then too late to write to you. I leave here so early tomorrow that I cannot make a convenient ap[point]ment;[†2] otherwise, I most readily would. [A][†2] note from you, addressed here, will [be][†2] forwarded to me wheresoever I may be. Or I will propose an interview i[n p]erspective,[†2] as soon as I know my precise day for returning here.[†3]

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Russell Young Esqre.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 23 JANUARY 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 343-5.

Philadelphia,[†4] Thursday, Jan. 23rd, 1868.

When I wrote to your aunt by the last mail, I accidentally omitted to touch upon the question of helping Anne.[†5] So I will begin in this present writing with

reference to her sad position. I think it will be best for you to be guided by an exact knowledge of her *wants.* Try to ascertain from herself what means she has, whether her sick husband gets what he ought to have, whether she is pinched in the articles of necessary clothing, bedding, or the like of that; add to this intelligence your own observation of the state of things about her, and supply what she most wants, and help her where you find the greatest need. The question, in the case of so old and faithful a servant, is not one of so much or so little money on my side, but how *most efficiently* to ease her mind and help *her.* To do this at once kindly and sensibly is the only consideration by which you have to be guided. Take *carte blanche* from me for all the rest.[†1]

My Washington week is the first week in February, beginning on Monday, 3rd. The tickets are sold, and the President[†2] is coming, and the chief members of the Cabinet, and the leaders of parties, and so forth, are coming; and, as the Holly Tree Boots says: "That's where it is, don't you see!"

In my Washington doubts I recalled Dolby for conference, and he joined me yesterday afternoon, and we have been in great discussion ever since on the possibility of giving up the Far West, and avoiding such immense distances and fatigues as would be involved in travelling to Chicago[†3] and Cincinnati. We have sketched another tour for the last half of March, which would be infinitely easier for me, though on the other hand less profitable, the places and the halls being smaller. The worst of it is, that everybody one advises with has a monomania respecting Chicago. "Good heaven, sir," the great Philadelphian authority[†4] said to me this morning, "if you don't read in Chicago, the people will go into fits." In reference to fatigue, I answered: "Well, I would rather they went into fits than I did." But he didn't seem to see it at all. —[†5] alone constantly writes me: "Don't go to the West; you can get what you want so much more easily." How we shall finally decide, I don't yet know. My Brooklyn church has been an immense success, and I found its minister was a bachelor, a clever, unparsonic, and straightforward man, and a man with a good knowledge of art into the bargain.

We are not a bit too soon here, for the whole country is beginning to be stirred and shaken by the presidential election,[†6] and trade is exceedingly depressed, and

will be more so.[†1] Fanny Kemble[†2] lives near this place, but had gone away a day before my first visit here. *She* is going to read in February or March. Du Chaillu[†3] has been lecturing out West about the gorilla, and has been to see me; I saw the Cunard steamer *Persia* out in the stream, yesterday, beautifully smart, her flags flying, all her steam up, and she only waiting for her mails to slip away. She gave me a horrible touch of home-sickness.

When the 1st of March arrives, and I can say "next month," I shall begin to grow brighter. A fortnight's reading in Boston, too (last week of February and first week of March), will help me on gaily, I hope (the work so far off tells). It is impossible for two people to be more affectionately attached to a third, I really believe, than Fields and his wife are to me; and they are a landmark in the prospect.

Dolby sends kindest regards, and wishes it to be known that he has not been bullied lately. We do *not* go West at all, but take the easier plan.

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 JANUARY 1868]

Extract in F, X, ii, 781-2. *Date:* 23 Jan 68, from Philadelphia, according to Forster.

The worst of it is, that everybody one advises with has a monomania respecting Chicago. "Good heavens sir" the great Philadelphian authority said to me this morning, "if you don't read in Chicago the people will go into fits!" Well, I answered, I would rather they went into fits than I did. But he didn't seem to see it at all.

To MRS LIPPINCOTT,[†4] 28 JANUARY 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

Baltimore | Tuesday Twenty Eighth January | 1868

My Dear Mrs. Lippincott.

I should have replied to your kind note sooner, but for constant occupation.

Pray receive my assurance that I have derived nothing but pleasure and gratification from your writing (whether about myself[†5] or any thing else), and that I thank you heartily in all sincerity.

I shall be delighted to comply with your daughter's request.[†1]

Believe me | Affectionately Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANKLIN PHILP,[†2] 28 JANUARY 1868

Text from Shelton Mackenzie, *Life of CD*, 1870, p. 279.

Baltimore[†3] | Tuesday, Twenty Eighth January, 1868

Dear Mr. Philp

Pray accept my cordial thanks for the two charming bottles (not to mention their contents) for which I am indebted to your kind remembrance. They arrived here safely, several hours before your letter; but we were not long in divining from whom they came, and whose health we must immediately drink—and did.

I was on the point of writing to express to you my regret that I must forego the pleasure of dining with you while at Washington. That national compliment, my "true American catarrh," is infallibly brought back by every railway car I enter. It is so oppressive, and would, but for occasional rest and silence, be so incompatible with my Readings, that my only safe course is to hold to the principle I established when I left Boston, and gloomily deny myself all social recreations. I am bound to disclaim the least merit in this virtuous-looking self-denial. I retire to the cloister as discontentedly and growlingly as possible.

Believe me, faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Franklin Philp, Esquire.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT,[†4] 29 JANUARY 1868†

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

Baltimore, Wednesday, 29th Jany 1868.

My Dear Cartwright.

As I promised to report myself upon you from this side of the Atlantic and as I have some leisure this morning, I am going to lighten my conscience by keeping my word.

I am going on at a great pace, and with immense success. Next week at Washington I shall, please God, have got through half my readings. The remaining half are all arranged, and they will carry me into the third week of April. It is very hard work, but it is brilliantly paid. The changes that I find in the country generally (this place is the least changed of any I have yet seen) exceed my utmost expectations. I had been in New York a couple of days before I began to

recognise it at all; and the handsomest part of Boston was a bleak swamp when I saw it five and twenty years ago. Considerable advances, too, have been made socially. †a Strange to say the railways and railing arrangements (both exceedingly defective—) seem to have stood still while all other things have been moving.†a

One of the most comical spectacles I have ever seen in my life was "church", with a heavy sea on, in the saloon of the Cunard Steamer coming out. The officiating minister, an extremely modest young man, was brought in between two stewards exactly as if he were coming up to the scratch in a prize fight. The ship was rolling and pitching so, that the two big stewards had to stop and watch their opportunity of making a dart at the reading desk with their reverend charge, during which pause he held on, now by one steward and now by the other, with the feeblest expression of countenance and no legs whatever. At length they made a dart at the wrong moment, and one steward was immediately beheld alone in the extreme perspective! while the other and the reverend gentleman held on to the mast in the middle of the saloon—which the latter embraced with both arms as if it were his wife. All this time the congregation were breaking up into sects and sliding away—my sect (as in nature) pounding the other sect. And when at last the reverend gentleman had been tumbled into his place, the desk (a loose one, put upon the dining table) deviated from the church bodily, and went over to the Purser. The scene was so extraordinarily ridiculous, and was made so much more so by the exemplary gravity of all concerned in it, that I was obliged to leave before the service began.

†b What was my horror at New York one night to find the light plate you so kindly made me, useless, and nevermore [to] be fixed by any skill of mine!!! I took it straight to one Mr. Lefler,†1 (I mean that for L-E-F-L-E-R) a dentist who was recommended to me. He said he "couldn't fix it,—but it didn't seem to me that he particularly tried. As he thought "That he could fix me another on the atmospheric principle", I consented to his making one—which he did, and it acts fairly. Finding that I could read without any as I always used to do, I have since read so. But what were my emotions the other day to find my faithful heavy plate, that charming instrument which had become a part of myself and served me through all sorts of dinners—suddenly give in, in the same manner, and positively refuse to be coaxed or compelled into any adjustment whatever!!! I have put the two by carefully, and shall fly to you (like young Norval's Shepherds)†2 "for safety and for succour" in the earliest hours of my return to England.†b

This is one of the places where Butler[†3] carried it with so high a hand in the war,[†4] and where the ladies used to spit when they passed a Northern soldier. It

still wears, I fancy, a look of sullen remembrance. (The ladies are remarkably handsome, with an eastern look upon them—dress with a strong sense of colour and make a brilliant audience). The ghost of slavery haunts the houses; and the old untidy, incapable, lounging, shambling Black serves you as a free man. Free, of course he ought to be; but the stupendous absurdity of making him a voter glares out of every roll of his eye, stretch of his mouth, and bump of his head. I have a strong impression that the race must fade out of the States very fast. It never can hold its own against a striving restless shifty people. In the Penitentiary[†1] here the other day, in a room full of idle blacks (too dull to be taught any of the work in hand) was one young brooding fellow, very like a black rhinoceros. He sat glowering at life as if it were just endurable at dinner time, until 4 of his fellows began to sing, most unmelodiously, a part song. He then set up a dismal howl, [†b] twisted his hands in his wool[†b] and pounded his face on a form. I took him to have been rendered quite desperate of their having learnt anything.

I send my kind regards to Mrs. Cartwright and sincerely hope that she and you have no new family distresses and anxieties.[†2] [†a] My standing address is the Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City. And[†a] I am always my Dear Cartwright, Cordially yours

CD.

To MRS FANNY KEMBLE, [?29 JANUARY 1868]

Mention in *To* Georgina Hogarth, 29 Jan. *Date:* shortly before that letter.

To MRS CHILDS,[†3] 30 JANUARY 1868

Text from transcript in Pennsylvania Historical Society Library and unidentified catalogue in New York Public Library.

Philadelphia | Thursday Thirtieth January 1868

My Dear Mrs. Childs.

I hope to have the pleasure of calling on you without fail when I return here next month. But I fear that my having the pleasure of passing an evening with you is one of the things that cannot be, until you insist (like a dutiful wife) on Mr. Child's bringing you to England, and I in my turn insist on your both coming to see me at my little country house. Then I hope you may like my daughters and their Aunt, and I am quite certain they will like you.

It is one of the specialities of Dr. Marigold, that at a crisis in his adventures I generally (whatever my resolutions to the contrary) smash my flowers. But I will be very tender with them tonight. And I will

furthermore try to be provided with a second little bouquet for the trial, so that your pretty[†1] request may be properly responded to.

Your good husband's care of the people who serve him will always be among the pleasantest of my travelling remembrances. May I make so bold as to add that so will he, and so will you?

Believe me always | Very faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [30 JANUARY 1868]

Extracts in F, x, ii, 786-7 and X, ii, 782-3. *Date:* first extract soon after *To* Miss Hogarth, 29 Jan, second extract 30 Jan 68, according to Forster; no doubt both same letter.

Dolby and Osgood, who do the most ridiculous things to keep me in spirits (I am often very heavy, and rarely sleep much), are determined to have a walking match at Boston on the last day of February to celebrate the arrival of the day when I can say "*next* month!" for home.

Thanking Heaven that he had struck off Canada and the West, for he found the wear and tear enormous. Dolby decided that the croakers were wrong about Washington, and went on: the rather as his raised prices, which he put finally at three dollars each, gave satisfaction. Fields is so confident about Boston, that my remaining list includes, in all, 14 more readings there. I don't know how many more we might not have had here (where I have had attentions otherwise that have been very grateful to me), if we had chosen. Tickets are now being resold at ten dollars each. At Baltimore I had a charming little theatre,[†2] and a very apprehensive impulsive audience. It is remarkable to see how the Ghost of Slavery haunts the town; and how the shambling, untidy, evasive, and postponing Irrepressible proceeds about his free work, going round and round it, instead of at it. The melancholy absurdity of giving these people votes, at any rate at present, would glare at one out of every roll of their eyes, chuckle in their mouths, and bump in their heads, if one did not see (as one cannot help seeing in the country) that their enfranchisement is a mere party trick to get votes. Being at the Penitentiary the other day (this, while we mention votes), and looking over the books, I noticed that almost every man had been "pardoned" a day or two before his time was up. Why? Because if he had served his time out, he would have been *ipso facto* disfranchised. So, this form of pardon is gone through to save his vote; and as every officer of the prison holds his place only in right of his party, of course his hopeful clients vote for the party that has let them out! When I read in Mr. Beecher's church at Brooklyn, we

found the trustees had suppressed the fact that a certain upper gallery holding 150 was "the Coloured Gallery." On the first night not a soul could be induced to enter it; and it was not until it became known next day that I was certainly not going to read there more than four times, that we managed to fill it. One night at New York, on our second or third row, there were two well-dressed women with a tinge of colour—I should say, not even quadroons. But the holder of one ticket who found his seat to be next them, demanded of Dolby "What he meant by fixing him next to those two Gord darmed cusses of niggers?" and insisted on being supplied with another good place. Dolby firmly replied that he was perfectly certain Mr. Dickens would not recognise such an objection on any account, but he could have his money back if he

chose. Which, after some squabbling, he had. In a comic scene in the New York Circus one night, when I was looking on, four white people sat down upon a form in a barber's shop to be shaved. A coloured man came as the fifth customer, and the four immediately ran away. This was much laughed at and applauded. In the Baltimore Penitentiary, the white prisoners dine on one side of the room, the coloured prisoners on the other; and no one has the slightest idea of mixing them. But it is indubitably the fact that exhalations not the most agreeable arise from a number of coloured people got together, and I was obliged to beat a quick retreat from their dormitory. I strongly believe that they will die out of this country fast. It seems, looking at them, so manifestly absurd to suppose it possible that they can ever hold their own against a restless, shifty, striving, stronger race.

To MRS GILLESPIE,[†1] 30 JANUARY 1868

Text from Mrs E. D. Gillespie, *A Book of Remembrance,* 1901, P. 124.

Philadelphia,
Thursday, Thirtieth Jan'y, 1868.

Dear Madam

Accept my cordial thanks for your kind note, and with them the assurance that I shall have great pleasure in wearing your flowers this evening.[†2]

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Gillespie

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 and 30 JANUARY 1868†

MS Huntington Library

Baltimore | Wednesday Twenty Ninth Jany. 1868.

My Dearest Georgy. As I have an hour to spare, before starting back to Philadelphia, I begin my letter this morning. It has been snowing hard for four and twenty hours—though this place is as far South as Valentia[†1] in Spain—[†a] and Dolby, being on his way to New York, has a good chance of being snowed up somewhere.[†a]

[†b] This is one of the places where Butler carried it with a high hand during the war, and where the ladies used to spit when they passed a Northern soldier. They are very handsome women, with an Eastern touch in them, and dress brilliantly. I have rarely seen so many fine faces in an audience.[†b] They are a bright responsive people likewise, and very pleasant to read to.[†2] I read here in a charming little Opera House[†3] built by a society of Germans—quite a delightful place for the purpose. I stand on the stage, with the Drop Curtain down, and my screen before it. The whole scene is very pretty and complete, and the audience have a "ring" in them that sounds in the ear. [†a] I go from here to Philadelphia to read tomorrow night and Friday[†4]—come through here again on Saturday on my way to Washington—come back here on

Saturday week for two finishing nights[†5]—then go to Philadelphia for two Farewells—and so turn my back on the Southern part of the country.[†a] Distances and travelling have obliged us to reduce the List of Readings by two—leaving 82 in all.[†6] Of course we afterwards discovered that we had finally settled the list on a Friday![†7] I shall be half way through it at Washington—of course on a Friday also, and my Birthday!

Dolby and Osgood, who do the most ridiculous things to keep me in spirits (I am often very heavy, and rarely sleep much) have decided to have a walking match at Boston on Saturday February 29th.[†8] Beginning this design in joke, they have become tremendously in earnest, and Dolby has actually sent home (much to his opponent's terror) for a pair of seamless socks to walk in. Our men are hugely excited on the subject, and continually make new bets on "the Men". Fields and I are to walk out 6 miles, and "the men" are to turn and walk round us. Neither of them has the least idea what 12 miles at a pace is. Being requested by both to give them "a breather" yesterday, I gave them a stiff one of 5 miles over a bad road in the snow: half the distance uphill. I took them at a pace of four miles and a half an hour, and you never beheld such objects as they were when we got back; both smoking like factories, and both obliged to change everything before they could come to dinner. They have the absurdest ideas of what are

tests of walking power, and continually get up in the maddest manner and see *how high they can kick the wall*! The wainscoat here, in one place, is scored all over with their pencil-marks. To see them doing this—Dolby, a big man, and Osgood a very little one—is ridiculous beyond description.

[†a] Philadelphia, Same night

We came on here through a snowstorm all the way, but up to time. Fanny Kemble (who begins to read shortly) is coming to Marigold and Trial tomorrow night. I have written her a note telling her that if it will at all assist *her* movements to know *mine*, my list is at her service. Probably I shall see her tomorrow. Tell Mamie (to whom I will write next) with my love, that I found her letter of the 10th. of this month, awaiting me here. The Siberia that brought it is a new Cunarder, and made an unusually slow passage out. Probably because it would be dangerous to work new machinery too fast on the Atlantic.[†a]

Thursday Thirtieth

My cold still sticks to me. The heat of the Railway cars, and their unventilated condition, invariably bring it back when I think it going. This morning my head is as stuffed and heavy as ever. A superb sledge and four horses have been offered me for a ride, but I am afraid to take it, lest I should make the "true American catarrh" worse, and should get hoarse. So I am going to give Osgood another "breather" on foot instead.

The communication with New York is not interrupted, so we consider the Zealous Dolby all right. You may imagine what his work is, when you learn that he goes 3 times to every place we visit. Firstly, to look at the Hall, arrange the numbering, and make five hundred acquaintances whom he immediately calls by their Christian names; secondly, to sell the tickets—a very nice business requiring great tact and temper; thirdly, with me. He will probably turn up at Washington next Sunday, but only for a little while; for as soon as I am on the platform on Monday night, he will start away again—probably to be seen no more until we pass through New York in the middle of February.

[†b] I am delighted to receive such good intelligence of the new servants. Marsh[†1] may sell the Doctor[†2] for the best price he can get. Let him be very careful indeed of Noggs[†2] when he resumes work, and spare him as much as possible. Best love to all.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.[†b]

To WILKIE COLLINS, 31 JANUARY 1868

MS Morgan Library.

Philadelphia, | Thirty First January | 1868

My Dear Wilkie

Your letter dated on the eleventh reached me here this morning. Mine will be brief, as it must go on to New York presently, and there is much snow on the Line.

— XII - 31 —

I am indeed delighted by your account of the Play, and do begin to believe that I shall see it! Every word of your account of your last visit "Behind",[†1] I have read—and shall read—again and again.

Of Mr. Barrett,[†2] I have seen nothing, heard nothing.[†3] Wherever I go, they play my books, with my name in big letters. Oliver Twist was at Baltimore when I left it last Wednesday.[†4] Pickwick is here,[†5] and Bob[†6] and the Carrier[†7] are here. Pickwick was at New York too,[†8] when I last passed that way; so was Our Mutual Friend;[†9] so was No Thoroughfare. Under which equitable circumstances, I doubt Mr. Barrett's putting in an appearance.

We are getting now among smaller halls, but the audiences are immense. Marigold here last night (for the first time) bowled Philadelphia clean over.[†10] I go on to Washington tomorrow morning, and shall be halfway through my Readings on Friday, my birthday.

God bless you. | Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 31 JANUARY 1868

Text from MDGH, II, 350-1.[†11]

Philadelphia, Friday, Jan. 31st, 1868.

[†a] Since writing to your aunt I have received yours of the 7th, and am truly glad to have the last news of you confirmed by yourself.[†a]

From a letter Wilkie has written to me, it seems there can be no doubt that the "No Thoroughfare" drama is a real, genuine, and great success. It is drawing immensely, and seems to "go" with great effect and applause.

"Doctor Marigold" here last night (for the first time) was an immense success, and all Philadelphia is going to rush at once for tickets for the two Philadelphian farewells the week after next. The tickets are to be sold tomorrow, and great excitement is anticipated in the streets. Dolby not being here, a clerk will sell, and will probably wish himself dead before he has done with it.

It appears to me that Chorley writes to you on the legacy question because he wishes you to understand that there is no danger of his changing his mind, and at the bottom I descry an honest desire to pledge himself as strongly as possible. You may receive it in that better spirit, or I am much mistaken. †a Tell your aunt, with my best love, that I wrote to Chauncy weeks ago, in answer to a letter from him.†a I am now going out in a sleigh (and four) with unconceivable dignity and grandeur; †a mentioning which reminds me that I am informed by trusty scouts that — †1 intends to waylay me at Washington, and may even descend upon me in the train to-morrow.†a

Best love to Katie, the two Charleys, and all

[CD]

To DANIEL RICKETSON,†2 31 JANUARY 1868*

Text from "verbatim" copy of original stolen from the owner's album, Old Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford. *Address:* Daniel Ricketson Esq. | Brooklawn | near | New Bedford | Mass.

Philadelphia | Friday, Thirty first January 1868

My Dear Sir

I am truly gratified by your kind letter,†3 and I beg to assure you that I receive your offers of hospitality thoroughly in the spirit in which you send it. But when I am occupied with a series of readings, I always stay at an Hotel with the gentlemen who transact the business part of that occupation and never make a visit. This is by no means a voluntary abstinence on my part, but is placed upon me (very much against my will) by the trying nature of the life, the punctuality it requires in all its details, and the necessity of regular intervals of rest and silence. Believe me Dear Sir, I am not the less sensible of your frank courtesy and am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Daniel Ricketson Esq.

February

To WILLIAM PRESCOTT SMITH,†1 1 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* William Prescott Smith Esqre. | Baltimore.

Washington | Saturday Evening First February 1868.

My Dear Sir

I beg you to accept my best thanks for your Kind remembrance of me at Baltimore. Your present[†2] has proved an excellent travelling companion, whose society has been highly appreciated.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Prescott Smith Esquire

To NEW YORK PRESS COMMITTEE, 1 FEBRUARY 1868

Text from W. Glyde Wilkins, *CD in America*, 1911, p. 259.

Philadelphia, February 1, 1868.

Dear Sirs.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd of last month,[†3] and to explain to you that I should have done this sooner but that I could not until now be sure of my engagements.

It will give me very great pleasure to accept your invitation, provided that Saturday, the 18th of April (the only day at my disposal before my departure), should suit your convenience.

In reference to your kind suggestion of your readiness to depart from your usual rule of privacy, if I should desire it, I assure you that I have no such wish, and that I leave the matter wholly in your hands.

Very cordially reciprocating your good wishes, I am always, dear Sirs, faithfully your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To J. T. FIELDS, 3 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

Washington, Monday Third February | 1868.

My Dear Fields

I have the honor to enclose for your attested execution "*The*" articles.[†4] Having duly completed them, please to retain them (in a place of profound safety) until my arrival in Boston.

I think (but am not sure) that I stand engaged to dine with Lowell[†1] on Wednesday the 26th. I have made no other engagement. I say that I am "not sure", because he left it to me to suggest my day, and I wrote to him doing so, but have not heard since.

Yesterday I dined with Sumner[†2] and Mr. Secretary [Stanton]:[†3] the latter a man with a most extraordinary knowledge of my books, and a power of taking the text up at any point, which I supposed to belong to nobody but one person— and that person *not* myself.

My daughters and their aunt said in the last letter I had from them: "What a charming creature Mrs. Fields must be, and how pretty and touching in her to have given that Christmas decoration to your Boston rooms! What a sympathetic and delightful creature! May we send our love to her?" *I* may, I know—and do.

My Dear fellow | Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James T. Fields Esquire

To CHARLES SUMNER, 3 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Washington, Monday Third February | 1868.

My Dear Sumner

I return the newspapers with many thanks.

Affectionately Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 4 FEBRUARY 1868

Text from MDGH, II, 351-3.

Washington, Tuesday, Feb. 4th, 1868.

I began here last night with great success.[†4] The hall being small, the prices were raised to three dollars each ticket. The audience was a superior one,

composed of the foremost public men and their families. At the end of the "Carol" they gave a great break out, and applauded, I really believe, for five minutes. You would suppose them to be Manchester shillings instead of Washington half-sovereigns. Immense enthusiasm.

A devoted adherent in this place (an Englishman) had represented to Dolby that if I were taken to an hotel here it would be impossible to secure me a minute's rest, and he undertook to get one Wheleker,[†1] a German, who keeps a little Verey's,[†2] to furnish his private dining-rooms for the illustrious traveller's reception. Accordingly here we are, on the first and second floor of a small house, with no one else in it but our people, a French waiter, and a very good French cuisine. Perfectly private, in the city of all the world (I should say) where the hotels are intolerable, and privacy the least possible, and quite comfortable. "Wheleker's Restaurant" is our rather undignified address for the present week.

I dined (against my rules) with Charles Sumner on Sunday, he having been an old friend of mine. Mr. Secretary [Stanton] (War Minister) was there. He is a man of a very remarkable memory, and famous for his acquaintance with the minutest details of my books. Give him any passage anywhere, and he will instantly cap it and go on with the context. He was commander-in-chief of all the Northern forces concentrated here, and never went to sleep at night without first reading something from my books, which were always with him. I put him through a pretty severe examination, but he was better up than I was.

The gas was very defective indeed last night, and I began with a small speech, to the effect that I must trust to the brightness of their faces for the illumination of mine; this was taken greatly. In the "Carol," a most ridiculous incident occurred all of a sudden. I saw a dog look out from among the seats into the centre aisle, and look very intently at me. The general attention being fixed on me, I don't think anybody saw the dog; but I felt so sure of his turning up again and barking, that I kept my eye wandering about in search of him. He was a very comic dog, and it was well for me that I was reading a very comic part of the book. But when he bounced out into the centre aisle again, in an entirely new place (still looking intently at me) and tried the effect of a bark upon my proceedings, I was seized with such a paroxysm of laughter, that it communicated itself to the audience, and we roared at one another loud and long.[†3]

The President has sent to me twice, and I am going to see him to-morrow. He has a whole row for his family every night. Dolby rejoined his chief yesterday morning, and will probably remain in the august presence until Sunday night. He and Osgood, "training for the match," are ludicrous beyond belief. I saw them just now coming up a street, each trying to pass the other, and immediately fled. Since I have been writing this, they have burst in at the door and sat down

on the floor to blow. Dolby is now writing at a neighbouring table, with his bald head smoking as if he were on fire. Kelly (his great adherent) asked me, when he was last away, whether it was quite fair that I should take Mr. Osgood out for "breathers" when Mr. Dolby had no such advantage. I begin to expect that half Boston will turn out on the 29th to see the match. In which case it will be unspeakably droll.

To COMMODORE HARWOOD,[†1] 4 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Library of Congress.

Washington | Tuesday Fourth February 1868

Dear Sir

In reply to your obliging letter, I beg to assure you that it would be very interesting to me, if I could read to the officers and students of the Naval Academy at Annapolis,[†2] but unfortunately it is not possible. Every evening on which I can read during the remainder of my short stay in the United States, is already anticipated. I regret this the more because I have a son who is a naval officer, and I have from my childhood loved the service.

I have the honour to be | Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Commodore Harwood U.S.N.
&c &c &c

To CHARLES LANMAN,[†3] 5 FEBRUARY 1868

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

Washington | Wednesday Fifth February 1868

My Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you most cordially for your kind letter and for its accompanying books.[†4] I have a particular love for books of travel, and shall wander into the "Wilds of America" with great interest.[†5]

Your reference to my dear friend Washington Irving renews the vivid impressions reawakened in my mind at Baltimore but the other day. I saw his fine face for the last time in that City. He came there from New York to pass a day or two

with me before I went Westward, and they were made among the most memorable of my life by his delightful fancy and genial humour. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the Hotel a most enormous Mint Julep wreathed with flowers.[†1] We sat one on either side of it with quiet solemnity (it filled a respectable-sized round table), but the solemnity was of very short duration. It was quite an enchanted Julep, and carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. The Julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him afterwards otherwise than as bending over it with his straw with an attempted air of gravity, [†a](after some anecdote involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character),[†a] and then as his eye caught mine melting into that captivating laugh of his, which was the brightest and best I have ever heard.

Dear Sir, with many thanks | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Lanman Esquire

To CHARLES SUMNER, 5 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Washington, Wednesday Fifth February | 1868

My Dear Sumner.

When your kind note was put into my hand, I had just dated this, to tell you— which you will readily know—how sorry I am to be unable to come to you for our tuck[†2] this evening. But my amiable cold took it into its head last night to get into my throat and chest; and I lay coughing all night long—as this present tremulous writing may testify. The remedies I have tried, and the terror of being disabled from reading, oblige me to keep close within doors.

But will *you* come and dine with *me* at 6 today? Mr. Dolby and Mr. Osgood dine with me daily, but I have no guest from without.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES SUMNER, 5 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Washington Wednesday Fifth February | 1868

My Dear Sumner.

As mustard and hot water and the likes have already done me good, I think (with tomorrow night before me) I had best keep within. I never do nurse myself, and perhaps the novelty may be effective? But we will dine alone, if you will come round here.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [4 and 7 FEBRUARY 1868]

Extracts in F, X, ii, 783-5. *Date*: first extract 4 Feb, according to Forster; second extract on his birthday, 7 Feb, according to Forster, and part of same letter.

You may like to have a line to let you know that it is all right here, and that the croakers were simply ridiculous.[†1] I began last night. A charming audience,[†2] no dissatisfaction whatever at the raised prices,[†3] nothing missed or lost, cheers at the end of the *Carol*,[†4] and rounds upon rounds of applause all through.[†5] All the foremost men and their families had taken tickets for the series of four. A small place to read in. £300 in it.

I am going to-morrow to see the President, who has sent to me twice. I dined with Charles Sumner last Sunday, against my rule; and as I had stipulated for no party, Mr. Secretary Stanton was the only other guest, besides his own secretary. Stanton is a man with a very remarkable memory, and extraordinarily familiar with my books.... He and Sumner having been the first two public men at the dying President's[†6] bedside, and having remained with him until he breathed his last, we fell into a very interesting conversation after dinner, when, each of them giving his own narrative separately, the usual discrepancies about details of time were observable. Then Mr. Stanton told me a curious little story which will form the remainder of this short letter.

On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot, there was a cabinet council at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander-in-chief of the Northern troops that were concentrated about here, arrived rather late. Indeed they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room, the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked: "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed, with great surprise, that the President sat with an air of dignity in his

chair instead of lolling about it in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney-General,[†7] said to him, "That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day! What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The Attorney-General replied, "We all saw it, before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, `Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.' To which the Attorney-General had observed, `Something good, sir, I hope?' when the President answered very gravely: `I don't know; I don't know. But it will happen, and

shortly too!' As they were all impressed by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again: `Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?' `No,' answered the President: `but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once, on the night preceding the Battle of Bull Run.[†1] Once, on the night preceding' such another (naming a battle also not favourable to the North). His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. `Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?' said the Attorney-General. `Well,' replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, `I am on a great broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift!—but this is not business'—suddenly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered, `let us proceed to business, gentlemen.'" Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this; and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night.

This scrambling scribblement is resumed this morning, because I have just seen the President: who had sent to me very courteously asking me to make my own appointment.[†2] He is a man with a remarkable face, indicating courage, watchfulness, and certainly strength of purpose. It is a face of the Webster type, but without the "bounce" of Webster's face. I would have picked him out anywhere as a character of mark. Figure, rather stoutish for an American; a trifle under the middle size; hands clasped in front of him; manner, suppressed, guarded, anxious. Each of us looked at the other very hard.... It was in his own cabinet that I saw him. As I came away, Thornton[†3] drove up in a sleigh—turned out for a state occasion—to deliver his credentials. There was to be a cabinet council at 12. The room was very like a London club's ante-drawing-room. On the walls, two engravings only: one, of his own portrait; one, of Lincoln's.... In the outer room was sitting a certain sunburnt General Blair,[†4] with many evidences of the war upon him. He got up to shake hands with me, and then I found that he had been out on the Prairie with me five-and-twenty years ago.[†5] ... The papers having referred to my birthday's falling to-day, my room is filled with most exquisite flowers. They came pouring in from all sorts of people at breakfast time. The audiences here are really very fine. So ready to laugh or cry, and doing both so freely, that you would suppose them to be Manchester shillings rather than Washington half-sovereigns. Alas! alas! my cold worse than ever.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 FEBRUARY 1868

MS New York University Library.

Washington, My Birthday 1868 | (and my cold worse than ever!)

My Dearest Georgy.

This will be but a short letter, as I have been to see the President this morning and have little time before the post goes. He had sent a gentleman to me, most courteously begging me to make my own appointment, and I did so. A man of very remarkable appearance indeed, of tremendous firmness of purpose. Not to be turned, or trifled with.

As I mention my cold's being so bad, I will add that I have never had anything the matter with me since I came here, *but* the cold. It is more in my throat, and slightly on my chest. It occasions me great discomfort, and you would suppose, seeing me in the morning, that I could not possibly read at night. But I have always come up to the scratch—have not yet missed one night—and have gradually got used to that. I had got much the better of it; but the dressing room at the Hall here is singularly cold and draughty and so I have slid back again.

You will know, no doubt, of Mrs. Dolby's[†1] having a boy.[†2] The telegram reached New York on the day on which it was sent from Ross. When Dolby brought it into my bedroom yesterday morning I noticed (but kept it to myself) that there was no "all well" in it: that there was not even the word "Well." In the course of a few hours he spoke of this himself, and became excessively uneasy. Early in the afternoon, he telegraphed to Ross to know how she was. The first thing this morning, came back the answer: "Mother and boy both quite well." He is now beaming.

The papers here having written about this being my birthday the most exquisite flowers came pouring in at breakfast time from all sorts of people. The room is covered with them, made up into beautiful bouquets, and arranged in all manner of green baskets. Probably I shall find plenty more at the Hall tonight. This is considered the dullest and most apathetic place in America. *My* audiences have been superb.

All outstanding bills may now be paid. Make a complete clearance of them, except Hunt and Roskell's.[†3] I spoke of paying for the dinner service, but did not achieve that excellent intention.[†4]

I mentioned the Dog on the first night here? Next night, I thought I heard (in Copperfield) a suddenly suppressed bark. It happened in this wise:—Osgood, standing just within the doors felt his leg touched and looking down beheld the

dog, staring intently at me, and evidently just about to bark. In a transport of presence of mind and fury, he instantly caught him up in both hands, and threw him, over his own head, out into the entry, where the check takers received him like a game at ball. Last night he came in again, *with another dog;* but our people were so sharply on the look out for him that he didn't get in. He had evidently promised to pass the other dog, free.

Best love to Mamie, Katie, (Charleys), and all.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | your most affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANKLIN PHILP, 7 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Mrs Charles O. Fiertz.

Washington, Friday Seventh February | 1868

My Dear Mr. Philp

I owe you a thousand thanks—and I pay them in the readiest money[†1]— for your sympathetic remembrance of my birthday, and for the elegant token of your remembrance received this morning.[†2] Believe me, I shall always esteem it highly. It fits into a nook in my travelling bag, as though it were made expressly for the place; and it shall hold the place, against all comers. When you next come over to England, I hope you will come to Gad's Hill to see how the pretty bottle wears, and to note whether it is kept bright or no.[†3] Whensoever you come, you will find that I have not forgotten so much as one of the many spontaneous acts of good will and good help for which I stand indebted to you and your partner,[†4] and for which I heartily thank you both. And so I shall do all *I* can (until I see you among the Kentish hops, and for an indefinite time afterwards) to continue the exemplary custom of having birthdays, and consequently to remain

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Franklin Philp Esquire.

To CHARLES SUMNER, 7 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Washington, Seventh February 1868

My Dear Sumner

My cold and voice are in that state of croaking imbecility that I am afraid to venture out again. I really am alarmed by the prospect of the evening, for I get no better as the day advances, and seem to have no human refuge save in mustard poultices. To bring one to the Capitol would be superfluous and dangerous. As Rogers[†1] used to write when he couldn't accept an invitation: — "Pity me!"

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To B. B. FRENCH,[†2] 8 FEBRUARY 1868*

Extract in Kenneth W. Rendell catalogue, No. 279 (1999); *MS* I p.; dated 8 Feb 68; addressed B. B. French.

Thanking him for his courteous call in Washington *and saying that he had* hoped to call upon you there. But during my stay I was so constantly inconvenienced by a severe cold, and had to prepare myself

for the evening with so many presentations, that I went nowhere. As it would distress me to suppose that you viewed me indifferent to, or unmindful of, your kindness, I trouble you with these few words of appreciation.

To ADOLPHUS S. SOLOMONS,[†3] 8 FEBRUARY 1868

MS Mr Crighton Sellars.

Washington, Eighth February 1868

My Dear Mr. Solomons

I was truly touched and affected yesterday evening by the receipt of your earnest letter and your handsome birthday present.[†4] I shall always attach a special value to both, and shall make a point of wearing the latter on the 7th.

of February, as often as the day may come round to me. Accept my hearty thanks and believe me

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

A. S. Solomons Esquire

To CHARLES SUMNER, 8 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Washington, Eighth February 1868.

My Dear Sumner

With this I return the last newspapers you kindly sent me. Goodbye and God bless you! Au revoir in England.[†1]

Affectionately Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, [EARLY FEBRUARY 1868]

Mention in Dolby, *CD as I knew him,* p. 292; written from Washington after news of birth of Dolby's son arrived on 7 Feb.

Instructing Wills to mark the birth of Dolby's son[†2] *by purchasing the handsomest pony he could find, and sending him with his trappings complete, as a present, to Mrs. Dolby at Ross, with "the Chief's love": also to make arrangements to have Dolby's nephew*[†3] *photographed holding the pony and the photograph sent to America.*

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, 9 FEBRUARY 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Baltimore, Sunday Ninth February 1868.

My Dear Mrs. Fields[†4]

I thank you heartily for your pleasant note (I can scarcely tell you *how* pleasant it was to receive the same) and for the beautiful flowers that you [†a] and Massachusetts J[†a†5] sent me on my birthday. For which—and much more—my loving thanks to both.

In consequence of the Washington papers having referred to the august seventh of this month, my room was on that day a blooming garden. Nor were flowers alone represented there. The silversmith, the goldsmith, the landscape painter, all sent in their contributions. After the Reading was done at night the whole Audience rose; and it was spontaneous, hearty, and affecting.

I was very much surprised by the President's face and manner. It is, in its way, one of the most remarkable faces I have ever seen. Not imaginative, but very powerful in its firmness (or perhaps obstinacy) strength of will, and steadiness of purpose. There is a reticence in it too, curiously at variance with that first unfortunate Speech of his.[†1] A man not to be turned or trifled with. A man (I should say) who must be killed to be got out of the way, [†a] if he were wanted to be out of the way.[†a] His manner, perfectly composed. We looked at one another pretty hard. There was an air of chronic anxiety upon him. But not a crease or a ruffle in his dress, and his papers were as composed as himself. (Mr. Thornton was going in to deliver his credentials, immediately afterwards.)

[†a] The dog reappeared on the second night, and was marvellously caught and thrown out (by Osgood) to the check takers in the entry: who received him like a game at ball. On the third night he appeared again, *with another dog*, whom he had evidently promised to pass in—free—On the imposition being unmasked, the other dog apologised, cut him dead, and withdrew. His intentions were of the best, but he afterwards "rose to explain", outside, with inconvenient eloquence.[†a]

This day fortnight will find me, please God, in my "native Boston". I wish I were there to day!

Ever My Dear Mrs. Fields | Your affectionate Friend

CHARLES DICKENS

Chairman, Missionary Society

To MRS JOHNSTONE,[†2] 9 FEBRUARY 1868

Text from *D*, VII (Oct 1911), 272.

Baltimore, Sunday, Ninth February, 1868.

My dear Madam,

I enclose my signature for your friend most readily.

My time here is, and would be if I had not a most abominable cold which obliges me to lie down half the day, wholly absorbed. I remain here all tomorrow and next day, and I read on both evenings. I

cannot, therefore, have the pleasure of making you a visit, but I am glad of[†3] the opportunity of sending you all good wishes and begging you to remember me most kindly to Madame Celeste[†4] when you write to her.[†5]

My dear Madam, Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Johnstone.

To CHARLES LANMAN, 9 FEBRUARY 1868[†1]

Extract in Ernest Dawson North Catalogue No. 2 (Apr 1903); *MS* I p.; addressed Charles Lanman; dated 9 Feb 68.

My Dear Sir

I received your charming sketch[†2] at Washington, with great pleasure and admiration. Let me thank you for it heartily; as a beautiful suggestion of Nature associated with this Country, it shall have a quiet place on the walls of my house as long as I live.

Faithfully Yours Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS PEASE,[†3] 9 FEBRUARY 1868

Text from MDGH, III, 248-9.

Baltimore, 9th February, 1868.

Dear Madam,

Mr. Dolby has *not* come between us, and I have received your letter. My answer to it is, unfortunately, brief. I am not coming to Cleveland or near it. Every evening on which I can possibly read during the remainder of my stay in the States is arranged for, and the fates divide me from "the big woman with two smaller ones in tow." So I send her my love (to be shared in by the two smaller ones, if she approve—but not otherwise), and seriously assure her that her pleasant letter has been most welcome.

Dear madam, faithfully your friend
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, 9 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Library of Congress. *Address*: John Russell Young Esqre. | Office of "The New York Tribune" | New York City.

Baltimore Ninth February 1868

My Dear Mr. Young.

I thank you cordially for both your letters.

In reference to the first, I regret that I can give you no decided answer. It is my intention to take my final farewell of "Reading", in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, in a closing series. This will probably occupy the late Autumn and winter of this year, and the spring of next. While so engaged I cannot write. What I may do next in the way of fiction, or when I may do it, are questions, therefore, on which I cannot bind myself in any way. Even in the matter of advance sheets, I should consider it but right and fair to make the first offer to

Messrs. Harper, who have purchased advance sheets on my own terms in previous instances.

I do not in the least believe that an international copyright between the United States and England will be recognized yet awhile.[†1] If I should be wrong in this infidelity, it would be far more agreeable to me to be wrong than right.

It would give me, for many reasons, real pleasure to become associated with the Tribune in any of its forms of publication. But I have told you without the least reserve how the case against it stands at present.

My Dear Mr. Young | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Russell Young Esquire

I purpose being in New York next Sunday night, and will then pick up the book on Mr. Lincoln (most interesting it will be to me), and write to the Biographer.[†2]

To LORD LYTTON, 10 FEBRUARY 1868

MS Lytton Papers.

Baltimore U.S. Monday 10th. Feb. | 1868

My Dear Lytton

Your letter of the 16th. of last month, caught me a day or two ago. The MS is not here. I have left it, locked up with some other private papers, at New York. I shall be there again on Sunday, and will then send it on by the next ensuing Cunard to the address of this note.

As you gave me no instructions to lay any stipulations on Mr. Booth, I did not feel myself at liberty to originate any. But before I communicated with him at all, I made enquiries concerning him (of an excellent authority) in Boston. I was assured that there was not the least doubt of his being a gentleman, and to be trusted. And I think the letter I sent you shows a delicate spirit.[†3]

I am going on in the same splendid way as at first.

My Dear Lytton | Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To HENRY DICKENS, 11 FEBRUARY 1868

MS H. Le Roy Edgar.

Baltimore, US | Tuesday Eleventh February 1868

My Dear Harry

I should have written to you before now, but for constant and arduous occupation.

In reference to the cricket club's not being what it might be, I agree with you in the main. There are some things to be considered, however, which you have hardly taken into account. The first thing to be avoided, is, the slightest appearance of Patronage (one of the curses of England). The second thing to be

avoided, is, the deprival of the men of their just right to manage their own affairs. I would rather have no club at all, than have either of these great mistakes made. The way out of them is this:—Call the men together, and explain to them that the club might be larger, richer, and better. Say that you think that more of the neighbouring gentlemen could be got to be playing members. That you submit to them that it would be better to have a Captain who could correspond with them, and talk to them, and in some sort manage them; and that, being perfectly acquainted with the Game, and having long played it at a great public school, you propose yourself as Captain, for the foregoing reasons. That you propose to them to make the subscription of Gentlemen Members at least double that of the working men—for no other reason than that the gentlemen can afford it better; but that both classes of members shall have exactly the same right of voting equally, in all that concerns the club. Say that you have consulted me upon the matter, and that I am of these opinions, and am ready to become chairman of the club, and to preside at their meetings, and to overlook its business affairs, and to give it Five Pounds a year, payable at the commencement of each season.[†1] Then, having brought them to this point, draw up the club's rules and regulations, amending them where they want amendment.

Discreetly done, I see no difficulty in this. But it can only be honorably and hopefully done by having the men together. And I would not have them at the Falstaff, but in the Hall or dining room; — the Servants' Hall, an excellent place. Whatever you do, let the men ratify: and let them feel their little importance, and at once perceive how much better the business begins to be done.

I am very glad to hear of the success of your Reading, and still more glad that you went at it in downright earnest. I should never have made my success in life if I had been shy of taking pains, or if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I have ever undertaken, exactly the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest. Do everything at your best. It was but this last year that I set to and learned every word of my Readings. And from ten years ago to last night, I have never read to an audience but I have watched for an opportunity of striking out something better somewhere. Look at some of my Manuscripts as are in the Library at Gad's, and think of the patient hours devoted year after year to single lines.

†a Mr. Brackenbury's praise of you as Head Censor†2 has been, I am certain, thoroughly well earned, and I am truly proud of it. I agree with you, as to your not going back after the time you mention. It will be much better to strengthen yourself for Cambridge in your weakest places, while you have that opportunity.†a

The weather is very severe here, and the work is very hard. Dolby, having been violently pitched into by the Mayor of Newhaven (a town at which I am to read

next week) has gone bodily this morning with defiant written instructions from me to inform the said Mayor that if he fail to make out his case, he (Dolby) is to return all the money taken, and to tell him that I will not set foot in his jurisdiction. Whereupon the Newhaven people will probably fall upon the Mayor in his turn, and lead him a pleasant life.

Ever my Dear Harry | Your affectionate Father.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 11 FEBRUARY 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 354-6.

Baltimore, U.S., Tuesday, Feb. 11th, 1868.

The weather has been desperately severe, and my cold quite as bad as ever. I couldn't help laughing at myself on my birthday at Washington. It was observed as much as though I were a little boy. Flowers and garlands (of the most exquisite kind) bloomed all over the room; letters radiant with good wishes poured in; a shirt pin, a handsome silver travelling bottle, a set of gold shirt studs, and a set of gold sleeve links were on the dinner- table. After "Boots," at night,†1 the whole audience rose and remained (Secretaries of State, President's family, Judges of Supreme Court, and so forth) standing and cheering until I went back to the table and made them a little speech.†2 On the same august day of the year I was received by the President, a man with a very remarkable and determined face. Each of us looked at each other very hard, and each of us managed the interview (I think) to the satisfaction of the other. In the outer room was sitting a certain sunburnt General Blair, with many evidences of the war upon him. He got up to shake hands with me, and then I found he had been out in the prairie with me five-and-twenty years ago. That afternoon my "catarrh" was in such a state that Charles Sumner, coming in at five o'clock and finding me covered with mustard poultice, and apparently voiceless, turned to Dolby and said: "Surely, Mr. Dolby, it is impossible that he can read to-night." Says Dolby: "Sir, I have told the dear Chief so four times to-day, and I have been very anxious. But you have no idea how he will change when he gets to the little table." After five minutes of the little table, I was not (for the time) even hoarse. The frequent experience of this return of force when it is wanted saves me a vast amount of anxiety.

I wish you would get from Homan†3 and report to me, as near as he can make, an approximate estimate is the right term in the trade, I believe, of the following work:

1. To re-cover, with red leather, all the dining-room chairs.

2. To ditto, with green leather, all the library chairs and the couch.

3. To provide and lay down new *Brussels* carpets in the front spare and the two top spares. Quality of carpet, quality of yours and mine.

I have some doubts about the state of the hall floor-cloth, and also the floor-cloth in the dining-room. Will you and your aunt carefully examine both (calling in Homan too, if necessary), *and report to me*?

It would seem that "No Thoroughfare" has really developed as a drama into an amazing success. I begin to think that I shall see it. Dolby is away this morning, to conquer or die in a terrific struggle with the Mayor of Newhaven (where I am to read next week), who has assailed him on a charge of false play in selling tickets. Osgood, my other keeper, stands at the table to take me out, and have a "breather" for the walking-match, so I must leave off.

Think of my dreaming of Mrs. Bouncer[†1] each night!!!

To [GEORGE DOLBY],[†2] [10-11 FEBRUARY 1868]*

MS (fragment) Professor Laurence Senelick. *Date:* see *To* H.F. Dickens, 11 Feb written same day as that letter or day before. *Address* (envelope mention in C. F. Libbie catalogue, May 1902)*:* PM Baltimore, 11 Feb 68.

I will read any other night with a new distribution of tickets of which the town approves. I will not read [ ][†3] with the old distribution, because that cannot be defended.[†4]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 13 FEBRUARY 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 358-60.

Philadelphia, Thursday, Feb. 13th, 1868.

[†a] We have got into an immense difficulty with the people of Newhaven. I have a strong suspicion that one of our men (who sold there) has been speculating all this while, and that he must have put front seats in his pockets, and sold back ones. He denies what the mayor charges, but the mayor holds on grimly. Dolby set off from Baltimore as soon as we found out what was amiss, to examine and report; but some new feature of difficulty must have come out, for this morning he telegraphs from New York (where he had to sleep last night on his way to Newhaven), that he is coming back for further consultation with the Chief. It will certainly hurt us, and will of course be distorted by

the papers into all manner of shapes. My suspicion *may not* be correct, but I have an instinctive belief that it is. We shall probably have the old New York row (and loss) over again, unless I can catch this mayor tripping in an assertion.

In this very place, we are half-distracted by the speculators. They have been holding out for such high prices, that the public have held out too; and now (frightened at what they have done) the speculators are trying to sell their worst seats at half the cost price, so that we are in the ridiculous situation of having sold the room out, and yet not knowing what empty seats there may be. *We* could sell at our box-office to any extent; but *we* can't buy back of the speculators, because we informed the public that all the tickets were gone. And if we bought *under* our own price and *sold* at our own price, we should at once be in treaty with the speculators, and should be making money by it! Dolby, the much bullied, will come back here presently, half bereft of his senses; and I should be half bereft of mine, if the situation were not comically disagreeable.[†a]

Nothing will induce the people to believe in the farewells. At Baltimore on Tuesday night (a very brilliant night indeed), they asked as they came out: "When will Mr. Dickens read here again?" "Never." "Nonsense! Not come back, after such houses as these? Come. Say when he'll read again." Just the same here. We could as soon persuade them that I am the President, as that I am going to read here, for the last time, to-morrow night.

There is a child of the Barney Williams's[†1] in this house—a little girl—to whom I presented a black doll when I was here last. I have seen her eye at the keyhole since I began writing this, and I think she and the doll are outside still. "When you sent it up to me by the coloured boy," she said after receiving it (coloured boy is the term for black waiter), "I gave such a cream that ma came running in and creamed too,' cos she fort I'd hurt myself. But I creamed a cream of joy." *She* had a friend to play with her that day, and brought the friend with her, to my infinite confusion. A friend all stockings, and much too tall, who sat on the sofa very far back, with her stockings sticking stiffly out in front of her, and glared at me and never spake word. Dolby found us confronted in a sort of fascination, like serpent and bird.

To FRANKLIN HOMAN, [?13 FEBRUARY 1868]

Mention in W.R. Hughes, *A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land*, p. 85. *Date*: written "from America", according to Hughes; probably shortly after *To* Mary Dickens, 11 Feb; asking him to add to his previous request.

Describing in detail how he wished two Gad's Hill bedrooms to be furnished—one maple, the other white with a red stripe. The curtains separating them from the dressing-rooms were to be of Indian pattern chintz.[†2]

To JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 13 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Philadelphia, Thirteenth February | 1868.

My Dear Lowell

I shall be heartily pleased to sup with you on Wednesday the 26th. and am delighted to receive Fields's intelligence that you and your charming daughter[†1] will dine at the Match Dinner.[†2]

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE W. CHILDS, 14 FEBRUARY 1868*

Text from unidentified catalogue in New York Public Library.

Philadelphia | Midnight, Fourteenth February 1868.

My Dear Mr. Childs

We have a telegram from Dolby which induces us to think that we had best start for New York on the 9:30 Train tomorrow, in order that we may catch him flying.

For the present Good Bye, | Faithfully Yours Ever

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, 14 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

Philadelphia, Fourteenth February | 1868

My Dear Mrs. Fields.

The Bantam[†3] and I leave it to you to choose between the Saturday and the Sunday. Either day will be equally agreeable to us. The Man[†4] is not in the least likely to be with us at that time. Our people have got us into some profoundly unintelligible mess at Newhaven;[†5] it has occasioned him a great amount of additional travelling; and he will probably be at Buffalo or thereabouts when we come to Boston.

Will you kindly ask Massachusetts J[†6] to bear me in mind for a few good autographs of American writers? I am very desirous to take away with me a line and signature of Longfellow, Do. Lowell, Do. Whittier,[†7] Do. Holmes, and so forth. He will probably have opportunities of getting them done for me from day to day, easier to the victims than social occasions when I could invoke the Autographic Spectre.

The Readings seem to go better and better every night. But nothing will induce the people to believe that I am really taking Farewells.

With my best love to you and Fields, Believe me Ever

Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To SEBASTIAN SCHLESINGER,[†1] 14 FEBRUARY 1868

MS Berg Collection.

Philadelphia, Fourteenth February | 1868.

My Dear Mr. Schlesinger.

I am afraid it is absolutely impossible that I can have the pleasure of dining with you at Boston, for want of a single free day. But I propose a treaty. Come and dine with me at the Parker House on Saturday the 29th. instead. You will meet some pleasant company, and the occasion is a facetious 12 mile walking match between Messrs. Osgood and Dolby.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANCIS B. CARPENTER,[†2] 15 FEBRUARY 1868

Text from unidentified newspaper cutting in N. Paine scrapbook, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester.

Westminster Hotel | New York, Sunday 15th Feb. 1868

My Dear Sir,

I beg to thank you cordially for your "Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln".[†3] It has interested me exceedingly. I sat down quietly to read some pages of it an hour after I arrived here, and the book did not leave my hand till I had read it through to the last word.

Believe me, my dear sir, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15-16 FEB 68]

Extract in F, X, ii, 787. *Date:* written at New York, according to Forster, to which he returned on 15 Feb.

Saying that he was having more troubles with the speculators. They involved even

charges of fraud in ticket-sales at Newhaven and Providence;[†1] *indignation meetings had been held by the Mayors and unavailing attempts made by Dolby to turn their wrath aside.* I expect him back here presently half bereft of his senses,[†2] and I should be wholly bereft of mine if the situation were not comical as well as disagreeable. We can sell at our own box-office to any extent; but we cannot buy back of the speculators, because we have informed the public that all the tickets are gone; and even if we made the sacrifice of buying at their price and selling at ours, we should be accused of treating with them and of making money by it.

To LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK,[†3] 17 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* Lewis Gaylord Clarke Esqre.

Westminster Hotel, New York | Monday Seventeenth February 1868

My Dear Clarke

Since I came to New York first to read I have repeatedly been in trouble about you. You left a card here with no address upon it. I then enquired where the Knickerbocker office was and found that you had discontinued our old friend. I then asked (as I judge) all the wrong people for such a purpose, where you lived, and received the wildest answers. By chance this very day as I am passing through New York on my way East from Philadelphia, comes in Mr. Wetmore,[†4] to whom I propound the same question. He kindly undertakes—not to answer the question certainly, but to place this in your hands.

When I come back here, I hope and trust I shall see you. I am due in these latitudes on or about the 12th. of April. and re-embark from here on the 22nd. Meanwhile all letters addressed to me at this house are called for every day and forwarded on.

Believe me always | Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Lewis Gaylord Clarke Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 FEBRUARY 1868

Text from MDGH, 11, 360-1.

New York, Monday, Feb. 17th, 1868.

I got your letter of the 3rd of February here this morning. As I am off at seven to-morrow morning, I answer it at once, though indeed I have nothing to say.

"True American"[†1] still sticking to me. But I am always ready for my work, and therefore don't much mind. Dolby and the Mayor of Newhaven alternately embrace and exchange mortal defiances. In writing out some advertisements towards midnight last night, he made a very good mistake. "The reading will be comprised within two *minutes*, and the audience are earnestly entreated to be seated ten *hours* before its commencement."

The weather has been finer lately, but the streets are in a horrible condition, through half-melted snow, and it is now snowing again. The walking-match (next Saturday week) is already in the Boston papers! I suppose half Boston will turn out on the occasion. As a sure way of not being conspicuous, "the men" are going to walk in flannel! They are in a mingled state of comicality and gravity about it that is highly ridiculous. Yesterday being a bright cool day, I took Dolby for a "buster" of eight miles. As everybody here knows me, the spectacle of our splitting up the fashionable avenue (the only way out of town) excited the greatest amazement. No doubt *that* will be in the papers to-morrow. I give a gorgeous banquet to eighteen (ladies and gentlemen) after the match. Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Do. Ticknor, Longfellow and his daughter,[†2] Lowell, Holmes[†3] and his wife,[†4] etc. etc. Sporting speeches to be made, and the stakes (four hats) to be handed over to the winner.

My ship will not be the *Cuba* after all. She is to go into dock, and the *Russia* (a larger ship, and the latest built for the Cunard line) is to take her place.

Very glad to hear of Plorn's success.[†5] Best love to Mamie.

To P. M. WETMORE, 17 FEBRUARY 1868*

Text transcribed from MS Lewis A. Hird Collection by Professor Edgar Johnson.

Westminster Hotel, New York
Seventeenth February 1868

My Dear Mr. Wetmore

I really cannot tell you how much pleasure it has given me to see you today, or how I look forward to seeing you again.

Enclosed is the note to Clarke, of which you kindly offered to take charge.

Believe me always | Very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. M. Wetmore Esquire

To W. H. WILLS, [?21 FEBRUARY 1868]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 21 FEBRUARY 1868

MS Huntington Library.

Providence,[†1] Friday Twenty First Feb. | 1868.

My Dear Wills.

In case you should not have discovered Lytton's Grosvenor Square No.[†2] I send you this second note by tomorrow's mail, to let you know that it is *12.*

I have your letter about Holiday Romance, this morning. You will know before you get this, that it is all right. [†a] You will have seen too (I hope) [†b] my dear Patient,[†b†3] and will have achieved in so doing what I would joyfully give a Thousand Guineas to achieve myself at this present moment![†a]

Kelly[†4] has proved untrustworthy, and the instant[†5] he comes back from a mission he is now upon at Buffalo, I shall peremptorily and finally discharge him. That will probably be tomorrow. Dolby will write to you as soon as the man is displaced, telling you when the weekly payment made by the office on his account, is to cease and determine. Here is another Paragon found out! The fellow (speculating himself) is

at the bottom of all the trouble we have had, and has not only made me appear in this town the most grasping and sordid scoundrel going, but has cost me in this one place £300.[†6]

It is curious that I conceived a great dislike towards this man, aboard the Cuba coming out. He was ill all the voyage, and I only saw him two or three times, staggering about the lower deck; but I underwent a change of feeling towards him, as if I had taken it in at the pores of the skin. Dolby had great confidence in him, and I have never suspected him until within the last few days; but an inscrutable item of complaint about the sale here, being brought in yesterday afternoon by Osgood, it suddenly fired a whole train in my mind and blew up the scheme. It became as intelligible to all three of us, after a few minutes, as to the concoctor himself.

Ever My Dear Boy | Affectionately Yours

CD.

To DR S. G. HOWE,[†1] 23 FEBRUARY 1868

MS Perkins Institute for the Blind.[†2]

Boston, Sunday Twenty Third February | 1868.

My Dear Dr. Howe.

Before I answer your letter[†3] will you have a calculation made, and kindly reply to the following question:—

What would be the cost of printing in raised letters for the use of the blind, an edition of—say 250, or 500 copies—of The Old Curiosity Shop?[†4]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES FECHTER, [24 FEBRUARY 1868]

Telegram. Mention in next. Sent to the Adelphi.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 24 FEBRUARY 1868

Text from MDGH, 11, 361-3.

Washington, February 24th, 1868.

My Dear Fechter,

Your letter reached me here yesterday. I have sent you a telegram (addressed to the theatre) this morning, and I write this by the earliest return mail.

My dear fellow, consider yourself my representative. Whatever you do,

or desire to do, about the play,[†1] I fully authorise beforehand. Tell Webster, with my regard, that I think his proposal[†2] honest and fair; that I think it, in a word, like himself; and that I have perfect confidence in his good faith and liberality.

As to making money of the play in the United States here, Boucicault[†3] has filled Wilkie's head with golden dreams that have *nothing* in them. He makes no account of the fact that, wherever I go, the theatres (with my name in big letters) instantly begin playing versions of my books, and that the moment the Christmas number came over here they pirated it and played "No Thoroughfare." Now, I have enquired into the law, and am extremely doubtful whether I *could* have prevented this. Why should they pay for the piece as you act it, when they have no actors, and when all they want is my name, and they can get that for nothing?

Wilkie has uniformly written of you enthusiastically. In a letter I had from him, dated the 10th of January, he described your conception and execution of the part in the most glowing terms. "Here Fechter is magnificent." "Here his superb playing brings the house down." "I should call even his exit in the last act one of the subtlest and finest things he does in the piece." "You can hardly imagine what he gets out of the part, or what he makes of his passionate love for Marguerite." These expressions, and many others like them, crowded his letter.

I never did so want to see a character played on the stage as I want to see you play Obenreizer. As the play was going when I last heard of it, I have some hopes that I MAY see it yet. Please God, your Adelphi dressing-room will be irradiated with the noble presence of "Never Wrong" (if you are acting), about the evening of Monday, the 4th of May!

I am doing enormous business. It is a wearying life, away from all I love, but I hope that the time will soon begin to spin away. Among the many changes that I find here is the comfortable change that the people are in general extremely considerate, and very observant of my privacy. Even in this place, I am really almost as much my own master as if I were in an English country town. Generally, they are very good audiences indeed. They do not (I think) perceive touches of art to *be* art; but they are responsive to the broad results of such touches. "Doctor Marigold" is a great favourite, and they laugh so unrestrainedly at "The Trial" from "Pickwick" (which you never heard), that it has grown about half as long again as it used to be.

If I could send you a "brandy cocktail" by post I would. It is a highly meritorious dram, which I hope to present to you at Gad's. My New York landlord made me a "Rocky Mountain sneezer," which appeared to me to be compounded of all the spirits ever heard of in the world, with bitters, lemon, sugar, and snow. You can only make a true "sneezer" when the snow is lying on the ground.

There, my dear boy, my paper is out, and I am going to read "Copperfield." Count always on my fidelity and true attachment, and look out, as I have already said, for a distinguished visitor about Monday, the 4th of May.

Ever, my dear Fechter, | Your cordial and affectionate Friend

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,[†1] 24 FEBRUARY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Boston, Monday Twenty Fourth February | 1868

My Dear Norton

I am very sorry that I cannot have the pleasure—a real and true pleasure to me—of complying with any request of yours; but I cannot give Mr. Akers[†2] the opportunity he seeks. To have an easel set up here on any terms, or under the most considerate of circumstances, and to know that I was in the act of sitting, would simply worry me to that extent that I should be perfectly unfit for the evening's business. It is at all times an operation of which I have an unspeakable abhorrence. To submit to it while engaged in a course of Readings, would be equivalent to driving the words out of my head, the characters out of my mind, the voice out of my body, and I don't know what else of a dismal nature. Bear with your friend's weakness, and let him have his easel without an I in it!

I hope to see you this evening. Meanwhile I send you this plaintive cry and forlorn utterance.

Ever Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 25 FEBRUARY 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 363-4.

Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 25th, 1868.

It is so very difficult to know, by any exercise of common sense, what turn or height the political excitement[†3] may take next, and it may so easily, and so soon, swallow up all other things, that I think I shall suppress my next week's readings here (by good fortune not yet announced) and watch the course of events. Dolby's sudden desponding under these circumstances is so acute, that it is actually swelling his head as I glance at him in the glass while writing.

The catarrh is no better and no worse. The weather is intensely cold. The walking-match (of which I will send particulars) is to come off on Sunday. Mrs. Fields is more delightful than ever, and Fields more hospitable. My room is always radiant with brilliant flowers of their sending. I don't know whether I told you that the walking-match is to celebrate the extinction of February, and the coming of the day when I can say "next month."

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 FEBRUARY 1868]

Extract in F, x, ii, 788. *Date:* 25 Feb 68, according to Forster.

It is as well that the money has flowed in hitherto so fast, for I have a misgiving that the great excitement about the President's impeachment will damage our receipts . . . . The vote was taken at 5 last night. At 7 the three large theatres here, all in a rush of good business, were stricken with paralysis. At 8 our long line of outsiders waiting for unoccupied places, was nowhere. To-day you hear all the people in the streets talking of only one thing. I shall suppress my next week's promised readings (by good fortune, not yet announced), and watch the course of events. Nothing in this country, as I before said, lasts long; and I think it likely that the public may be heartily tired of the President's name by the 9th of March, when I read at a considerable distance from here.[†1] So behold me with a whole week's holiday in view!

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [25 FEBRUARY 1868]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 25 FEBRUARY 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Boston, Tuesday Twenty Fifth February 1868.

My Dear Wills.

[†a]"From the same to the same."[†2] Enclosed.[†a]

It is especially lucky that I made so much money at first, for this Impeachment[†3] of the President which you will have known of long before you get this (the vote was taken at five yesterday afternoon), will, for the time, probably override and over-throw everything in this country. It instantly emptied our great gallery here last night, and paralyzed the Theatres in the midst of a rush of good business.

[†b] The Numbers have been so excellent since I left, that I "hesitate dislike"[†4] with great reluctance. But I would not have had that reference made to the Queen's preposterous book[†5] (I have read it) for any money. I blush to join the

Shameful lick-spittle Chorus. It is amazing to me, knowing my opinions on such matters, that you *could* have passed it.[†b]

I think of striking out next week's Readings here[†1] (not yet announced), and giving the political uproar and excitement that much time to take a distinct direction and be intelligible to a foreigner. This business of the War Secretary[†2] is the result of a deliberate plan on the part of the President, to bring the question between him and Congress to an issue. I was confidentially forewarned of it at Washington, 18 days ago.

Love to Mrs Wills. Ever My Dear boy | Your affectionate

CD

To J. T. FIELDS, 27 FEBRUARY 1868

MS Berg Collection.

Boston, Thursday Evg. Twenty Seventh Feby.|1868.

My Dear Fields

Dolby will tell you that †a I have been terrifying him nearly out of his wits by setting in for a paroxysm of sneezing, since dinner. It would be madness in me, with such a cold, and on such a night, and with tomorrow's reading†3 before me, to go out†a†4 after to night's Reading.†5 I have charged Dolby with a little note to Longfellow, explaining. If you want to get home, *don't wait to come round to me.* But I need not add that I shall be heartily glad to see you if you have time.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, [27 FEBRUARY 1868]

Extract in Annie Fields's diary (George Curry, *CD and Annie Fields*, p. 14). *Date:* the day of the Fields's supper for Longfellow: see last.

Excusing himself from going to supper because he was really ill after *his* long, difficult reading of *Boots* and the *Carol.*

To HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 27 FEBRUARY 1868

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Boston, Thursday Twenty Seventh February | 1868

My Dear Longfellow

I wish you from my deepest heart many many happy returns of this day—a precious one to the civilized world—and all earthly happiness and prosperity. God bless you my dear friend! I hope to welcome you at Gad's Hill this next summer, and to give you the heartiest reception there that the undersigned village blacksmith can strike out of his domestic anvil.

Dolby will report that I have been terrifying him by sneezing melodiously for the last halfhour. The moment there is a fall from the sky, this national catarrh gives me an extra grip.†1 I dare not come to Fields's tonight, having to read tomorrow; but you shall in my flowing cups (or sneezes) be especially remembered†2 after to night's Reading. Even your imagination cannot conceive how admiringly, tenderly, and truly.†3

Ever Your affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 27 and 28 FEBRUARY 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Boston, | Thursday Twenty Seventh February 1868

My Dearest Georgy. This morning at breakfast I received yours of the 11th. from Palace Gate House.[†4] I have very little news to give you in return for your budget. The walking match is to come off on Saturday,[†5] and Fields and I went over the ground yesterday to measure the miles. We went at a tremendous pace. The condition of the ground is something indescribable, from half-melted snow, running water, and sheets and blocks of ice. The two performers have not the faintest notion of the weight of the task they have undertaken. I give a dinner afterwards—a dinner of 18—and have just now been settling the bill of fare and selecting the wines.

In the first excitement of the Presidential impeachment, our houses instantly went down. After carefully considering the subject, I decided to take advantage of the fact that next week's 4[†6] readings here have not yet been announced, and to abolish them altogether. Nothing in this country lasts long, and I think the

public may be heartily tired of the President's name by the 9th. of March when I read at a considerable distance from here. So behold me with a whole week's holiday in view! The Boston audiences have come to regard the Readings and the Reader as their peculiar property; and you could be at once amused and pleased if you could see the curious way in which they seem to plume themselves on both. They have taken to applauding too, whenever they laugh or cry, and the result is very inspiriting. I shall remain here until Saturday the 7th. but shall not read here, after to morrow night, until the 1st. of April when I begin my Boston Farewells—six in number.

[†a] I am quite clear in my own mind that Kelly has been at the bottom of all the mishaps attending our sales of tickets, and I know to a positive certainty that he has taken bribes. Last Sunday, therefore, I peremptorily dismissed him. But seeing that Dolby was uneasy about it, I have consented to keep him on, within very reduced limits. I take no notice of him whatever, and he is much depressed. At Providence (where he sold) he swore, for his own purposes of course, that he had express instructions not to sell fewer than 6 tickets to any one person!! the consequence was, that there was an immense amount of indignation in the town when we got there, and I had to make a speech. The people behaved with extraordinary forbearance, and fell into the sweetest of tempers on the shortest notice. I never saw such ready good nature under such intolerable treatment. I referred to "a subordinate person in my employment," expressly that they might not suppose it was Dolby—who stood in the wing looking on. But of course the paragraph perpetually springs up in the papers all over the country that "Dickens has smashed Dolby", and the like. One of the drollest things in its way that I have ever encountered, is the intense indignation of the West, because I don't go there. Chicago leads the assault[†1] with affecting pictures of my "brother's[†2] wife[†3] and her helpless children"[†4] &c. &c. But the finest thing of all is that they have no mercy whatever upon Dolby—as if he could have dragged me there by the collar, if he chose—and pound him through all their columns every day. This reminds me that one paper in announcing the birth of his child and our telegraphing and all the rest of it, had a very good heading:—"Dickens's Dolby's Dolby". You may suppose that I never see these papers, but only[†a]

†b[

Friday Twenty Eighth

It has been snowing all night, and the City is in a miserable condition. We had a fine house last night for Carol and Trial, and such an enthusiastic one

that they persisted in a call after the Carol, and, while I was out, covered the little table with flowers. The true American has taken a fresh start, as if it were quite a novelty, and is on the whole rather worse than ever to day. The Cunard Packet, the Australasian (a poor ship) is some days overdue, and Dolby is anxiously looking out for her. There is a lull in the excitement about the President; but the articles of Impeachment are to be produced this afternoon, and then it may set in again. Osgood came into camp last night from selling in remote places, and reports that at Rochester and Buffalo (both places near the frontier) Canada people bought tickets, who had struggled across the frozen river and clambered over all sorts of obstructions to get †c them. Some of those halls turn out to be smaller than represented, but I have no doubt, to use an American expression, that we shall "get along."†c

†d[ ] fou[nd] [ ] by this time. What a mad business [alto]gether from first to last, and what a mad woman!†1 Poor old Mrs. Collins,†2 and poor Wilkie.†3 A serial story on hand,†4 and rheumatism in the eyes!†d†5

Tomorrow fortnight we purpose being at the Falls of Niagara, and then we shall turn back and really begin to wind up. I have got to know the Carol so well, that I can't remember it, and occasionally go dodging about in the wildest manner, to pick up lost pieces. They took it so tremendously last night that I was stopped every five minutes. One poor young girl in mourning burst into a passion of grief about Tiny Tim, and was taken out. This is all my news.

Best love to Mamie, Katie and Charley, and all.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

Each of the Pedestrians is endeavouring to persuade the other to take something unwholesome before starting.

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [28 FEBRUARY 1868]

Mention in next. *Date*: no doubt written same day.

To W.H. WILLS, 28 FEBRUARY 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Boston, Friday Twenty Eighth February 1868

My Dear Wills.

†a Toujours from the same to the same.†a†1

I also enclose a curious article (written for the Atlantic Monthly†2) on the Poison of the Rattlesnake. You may publish in A. Y. R. *any day after the 20th. of March.*†3

As Dolby was uneasy about Kelly's dismissal, I have consented to keep him on, within narrower limits, until we come back.

I have decided to give myself a holiday next week. My next week's readings here were not announced when the Impeachment broke out again, and caused great excitement. As I am coming back here on the 1st. of April for 6 Farewells, I thought it best (under the exceptional circumstances of the time) to abolish next week's nights. We had a fine house last night for Carol and Trial, and a tremendous call between the two. I responded to it, and when I came in again they had covered my table with lovely flowers.

Very sorry to hear of Wilkie's having been so ill.†4 Pray give him my love, and tell him that I earnestly hope he is much better.

Our tickets at Rochester and Buffalo were sold this week. People came out of Canada, struggling on foot across the frozen river and climbing over great iceblocks, to buy some!

With love to Mrs. Wills | Ever affectionately

CD.

March

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 2 MARCH 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 366-7.

Boston, Monday, March 2nd, 1868.

A very heavy gale of wind and a snowstorm oblige me to write suddenly for the Cunard steamer a day earlier than usual. The railroad between this and New York will probably be stopped somewhere. After all the hard weather we have had, this is the worst day we have seen.

The walking-match†1 came off on Saturday, over tremendously difficult ground, against a biting wind, and through deep snow-wreaths. It was so cold, too, that our hair, beards, eyelashes, eyebrows, were frozen hard, and hung with icicles. The course was thirteen miles. They were close together at the turning-point, when Osgood went ahead at a splitting pace and with extraordinary endurance, and won by half a mile. Dolby did very well indeed, and begs that he may not be despised. In the evening I gave a very splendid dinner.†2 Eighteen covers, most magnificent flowers, such table decoration as was never seen in these parts. The whole thing was a great success, and everybody was delighted.

I am holiday-making until Friday, when we start on the round of travel that is to bring us back here for the 1st of April. My holiday-making is simply thorough resting, except on Wednesday, when I dine with Longfellow. There is still great political excitement, but I hope it may not hurt us very much. My fear is that it may damage the farewell. Dolby is not of my mind as to this, and I hope he may be right. We are not quite determined whether Mrs. Fields did not desert our colours, by coming on the ground in a carriage, and having *bread soaked in brandy* put into the winning man's mouth as he steamed along. She pleaded that she would have done as much for Dolby, if *he* had been ahead, so we are inclined to forgive her. As she had done so much for me in the way of flowers, I thought I would show her a sight in that line at the dinner. You never saw anything like it. Two immense crowns; the base, of the choicest exotics; and the loops, oval masses of violets. In the centre of the table an immense basket, overflowing with enormous bell-mouthed lilies; all round the table a bright green border of wreathed creeper, with clustering roses at intervals; a rose for every button-hole, and a bouquet for every lady. They made an exhibition of the table before dinner to numbers of people.

P. H.[†3] has just come in with a newspaper, containing a reference (in good taste!) to the walking-match. He posts it to you by this post.

It is telegraphed that the storm prevails over an immense extent of country, and is just the same at Chicago as here. I hope it may prove a wind-up. We are getting sick of the sound of sleigh-bells even.

Your account of Anne has greatly interested me.

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, 3 MARCH 1868

MS (copy)[†1] Huntington Library.

Boston Tuesday Third March 1868

My dear Mrs. Fields.

Many thanks for your charming note and for the Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight.[†2] I shall "save up" that book to read on the passage home. After turning over the leaves, I have shut it up and put it away; for I am a great reader at sea, and wish to reserve the interest that I find awaiting me in the personal following of the sad war. Good God, when one stands among the hearths that war has broken, what an awful consideration it is that such a tremendous evil *must be* sometimes!

ever affectionately yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 3 MARCH 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* C. E. Norton Esqre | Cambridge | Mass.

Boston, Tuesday Third March 1868

My Dear Norton

A thousand thanks for your kind note. Be sure that I would "rather" *not* rest this week, and that it is any thing but my best pleasure to do it. But as I shall be incessantly occupied from Monday next until I embark, and as I am coming out to Cambridge to dine with Longfellow tomorrow,[†3] and as I start for Syracuse and where not on Friday,[†4] a grim conviction comes upon me that I must lie by on Thursday. I yield to it in the most ungracious manner possible; but even Dolby (who has been looking forward to dining with you and is very sensible of your remembrance of him) admits that it involves the one small chance of casting out this demoniacal catarrh.

With kindest regard
Believe me always | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, [? EARLY MARCH 1868]

Mention in *To* Wills, 16 Mar.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 8 MARCH 1868

Text from MDGH, III, 368-70.

Syracuse, U. S. of America, | Sunday Night, March 8th, 1868.

My Dear Fechter

I am here in a most wonderful out-of-the-world place, which looks as if it had begun to be built yesterday, and were going to be imperfectly knocked together with a nail or two the day after to-morrow. I am in the worst inn that ever was seen, and outside is a thaw that places the whole country under water. I have looked out of window for the people, and I can't find any people. I have tried all the wines in the house, and there are only two wines, for which you pay six shillings a bottle, or fifteen, according as you feel disposed to change the name of the thing you ask for. (The article never changes.) The bill of fare is "in French," and the principal article (the carte is printed) is "Paettie de shay." I asked the Irish waiter what this dish was, and he said: "It was the name the steward giv' to oyster patties—the Frinch name." These are the drinks you are to wash it down with: "Mooseux," "Abasinthe," "Curacco," "Marschine," "Annise," and "Margeaux"!

I am growing very home-sick, and very anxious for the 22nd of April; on which day, please God, I embark for home. I am beginning to be tired, and have been depressed all the time (except when reading), and have lost my appetite. I cannot tell you—but you know, and therefore why should I?—how overjoyed I shall be to see you again, my dear boy, and how sorely I miss a dear friend, and how sorely I miss all art, in these parts. No disparagement to the country, which has a great future in reserve, or to its people, who are very kind to me.

I mean to take my leave of readings in the autumn and winter, in a final series in England with Chappell.[†1] This will come into the way of literary work for a time, for, after I have rested—don't laugh—it

is a grim reality—I shall have to turn my mind to—ha! ha! ha!—to—ha! ha! ha! (more sepulchrally than before)—the—the CHRISTMAS NUMBER!!![†2] I feel as if I had murdered a Christmas number years ago (perhaps I did!) and its ghost perpetually haunted me. Nevertheless in some blessed rest at Gad's, we will talk over stage matters, and all matters, in an even way, and see what we can make of them, please God. Be sure that I shall not be in London one evening, after disembarking, without coming round to the theatre to embrace you, my dear fellow.

I have had an American cold (the worst in the world) since Christmas Day. I read four times a week, with the most tremendous energy I can bring to bear upon it. I travel about pretty heavily. I am very resolute about calling on people,

or receiving people, or dining out, and so save myself a great deal. I read in all sorts of places—churches, theatres, concert rooms, lecture halls. Every night I read I am described (mostly by people who have not the faintest notion of observing) from the sole of my boot to where the topmost hair of my head ought to be, but is not. Sometimes I am described as being "evidently nervous;" sometimes it is rather taken ill that "Mr. Dickens is so extraordinarily composed." My eyes are blue, red, grey, white, green, brown, black, hazel, violet, and rainbow-coloured. I am like "a well-to-do American gentleman," and the Emperor of the French, with an occasional touch of the Emperor of China, and a deterioration from the attributes of our famous townsman, Rufus W. B. D. Dodge Grumsher Pickville. I say all sorts of things that I never said, go to all sorts of places that I never saw or heard of, and have done all manner of things (in some previous state of existence I suppose) that have quite escaped my memory. You ask your friend to describe what he is about. This is what he is about, every day and hour of his American life.

I hope to be back with you before you write to me!

Ever, my dear Fechter, | Your most affectionate and hearty Friend

[CHARLES DICKENS]

P. S.—Don't let Madame Fechter,[†1] or Marie, or Paul[†2] forget me!

To J. T. FIELDS, 8 MARCH 1868†

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Syracuse[†3] Sunday Eighth March 1868

My Dear Fields

[†a] Will you kindly take such charge of the enclosed[†4] as that it may reach its destination?[†a]

We came here yesterday, most comfortably, in a "drawing room car": of which (Rule Britannia!) we bought exclusive possession. Syracuse is rather a depressing feather in the Eagle's wing, when considered on a Sunday and in a thaw. Its' Hotel[†5] is likewise a dreary Institution. But I have an impression that we must be in the wrong one, and buoy myself up with a devout belief in the other, over the way. The awakening to consciousness this morning on a lop sided bedstead facing nowhere, in a room holding nothing but sour dust, was more terrible than the being afraid to go to bed last night. To keep ourselves up,

we played whist (double dummy) until neither of us could bear to speak to the other any more. We had previously supped on a tough old nightmare, named Buffalo.

What do you think of a "fowl de poulet"? or a Paettie de Shay"? or "Celary"? or "Murange with Cream"? Because all these delicacies are in the printed bill of fare! If Mrs Fields†1 would like the Recipe How to make a "Paettie de Shay", telegraph instantly and the Recipe shall be purchased. We asked the Irish waiter what this dish was, and he said it was "the frinch name the steward giv' to Oyster pattie". It is usually washed down, I believe, with "Mooseux", or "Table Maderia", or "Abasinthe" or "Curraco", all of which drinks are on the wine list. I mean to drink my love to Mrs Fields†1 after dinner in Moosseux. Your ruggeder nature shall be pledged in abasinthe.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

†a Dolby's regard, and he is out of spirits.†a

To MRS CHARLES COLLINS, [8 MARCH 1868]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 8-9 Mar. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 8 MARCH 1868

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Syracuse, Sunday Eighth March 1868

My Dear Longfellow.

I shall be truly delighted to dine with you and my other dear Boston friends, on Thursday the 9th. of next month at the Union Clubhouse at Six o'Clock. Nothing could be more pleasant to me than such an invitation so conveyed.†2

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry W. Longfellow Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8-9 MARCH 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Syracuse, Sunday Eighth March 1868

My Dearest Georgy. As we shall probably be busy all day tomorrow, I write this today, though it will not leave New York until Wednesday. This is a very grim place in a heavy thaw, and a most depressing. The Hotel also is surprisingly bad—quite a triumph in that way. †a It has a wonderful printed bill of Fare. What do you think of a "Chicken de pullet"? Or "Turpin Soup"? Or "Rolard mutton"? Or would you prefer a

"Paettie de Shay"? When I came to this wonderful dish last night, I asked the Irish Waiter what it was? He said "It was the name the steward giv' to Oyster Patty." I asked him if Shay was french for Oysters? He

said "It might be, for anythin' *he* knowed." I asked him if the Steward had ever been in France? To which he replied with a broad grin, "Divvle *he* Sir!" You wash down these choice dishes with copious draughts of "Mooseux", "Abasinthe", "Curraco", "Marschine", "Annise", "Margeaux", "Barkley and Perkin's quarts", and "Jone's Porter", all of which are on the Wine List. When we had exhausted this subject today, as the sun was shining we went out for a walk. The whole country being under water with melting snow,[†a] we stood it out for an hour and came in again, having to change completely. [†a] Then we looked out of window for the people of the town. No people.[†a] Then we came in again, and sat down by the stove (no fireplace) and there we are now.

We were so afraid to go to bed last night (the rooms were so close and sour) that we played whist, Double Dummy, till we couldn't bear each other any longer. We had an old Buffalo for supper, and an old Pig for breakfast, and we are going to have I don't know what for dinner at 6. In the public rooms down stairs, a number of men (speechless) are sitting in rocking-chairs with their feet against the window-frames, staring out at window and spitting dolefully at intervals. Scott is in tears, and George the gasman is suborning people to go and clean the Hall which is a marvel of dirt. And yet we have taken considerably over £300 for tomorrow night.

We were at Albany the night before last, and yesterday morning: a very pretty town where I am to read on the 18th. and 19th. This day week, we hope to wash out this establishment with the Falls of Niagara. And there is my *news*:-except that your *last letters* to me in America must be posted by the Cunard Steamer which will sail from Liverpool on *Saturday the 4th. of April.* These I shall be safe to get, before embarking.

[†a] You cannot imagine the frenzy of Chicago at being left out of the Readings— as I am heartily glad they are! They have not only discovered that my "brother's wife and her indigent children" are living neglected there,[†1] but have (I mean the Chicago papers) circulated a notice that a certain actor who imitates me is "going to give a Reading for their benefit."![†2] Whether, as Jo says, this is so or son't, is being discussed through the whole Press. Of course my lips are sealed. Osgood and Dolby have been really lashed into madness, and but for my strict charge would have blown the whole thing to pieces, regardless of every other consideration. I have imposed silence on them, and they really writhe under it.

Highly characteristic of Mrs. Forster[†3] about the Dusters! The Tennents[†4] just as I should have supposed. Mrs. White's[†5] holding on to Bonchurch is quite as

much a disease as the sad inheritance into which Jemmy[†1] is fast coming. Otherwise it would be inconceivable and monstrous.

As I shall not post this till tomorrow, I will leave it open in the meantime, in case I should have any thing more to add. It has been necessary to "wake up Scott", as Dolby says, pretty considerably. Of late, in the business of starting and getting the luggage into the train, he has been utterly helpless, and has simply stood still and wept. On his doing this at Albany yesterday morning, Dolby "woke him up" in a very vigorous manner, swearing at him all over the Station and demanding to know whether he wanted a boy kept for him. He shewed a disposition to be impertinent at the time, I noticed: so when he came into my room this morning, *I* took him in hand, and gave him a quiet dig or two that made him wince again. After breakfast he apologized to Dolby and said he was very sorry. Dolby merely replied (I overheard the conversation) "Ve-e-ery well. Don't you do it again, that's a-a-all. Because you told me yesterday, perhaps you had better go home. And if you tell me that again, I am d-a-a-amned if you won't go home,—and at your own expence too, Instead of Mr. Di-i-i-*ick*ens's" The truth is, that anyone will treat them to drink, if they choose to take it; and that when we leave the house, they have the "run of the Bar", at exactly the wrong time, and "Our dear Henry" (as Osgood calls him) has not a head strong enough for two pressures at once.[†a]

I send a note to Katie (addressed to Mamie) by this Mail. I wrote to Harry some weeks ago, stating to him on what principles he must act in re-modelling the Cricket Club, if he would secure success. Best love to Mamie and to all.

[†a] Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.[†a]

Monday Morning, Ninth

Nothing new. Weather cloudy, and town more dismal than yesterday. It froze again last night, and thaws again this morning. Dolby has signs of some skin-disease in the foot, and I have what the Eastern people would call "Kiender 'ruption" on my right leg. Somebody sent me an Australian newspaper this morning—some Citizen of Syracuse I mean—because of a paragraph in it, describing the taking of two freebooters, at which taking Alfred[†2] was present— though I do not make out that he had any thing in the world to do with it, except having his name pressed into the service of the newspaper.

To J. R. OSGOOD, 11 MARCH 1868

Text from the *Critic*, 29 June 1895; dated Buffalo, 11 Mar 58.

My Dear Osgood.

I find your letter here this afternoon containing Miss Field's heads of inquiry.[†3] No English publisher would purchase advance sheets of a second edition,[†4]

however revised and enlarged. The points on which I think Miss Field a little wrong are points requiring study and experience to rate at their proper value. I will hint at them very generally.

As I have to make the characters stand out prominently and separately, and as *they are not* before the audience, and as *I am*, what I have to do in the level reading is to suppress myself as much as possible.

If I were to express myself with the force and individuality I should throw into a speech, does she not see that I must subtract so much from the characters? Concerning omitted portions of the text, can she imagine it possible that they are half so dear to any one as to me? And does she not see that such omissions are concessions to the inexorable claims of Time; the limit being two hours? The point of Steerforth's difference of manner in addressing Mr. Peggoty and in addressing Ham is the point of all others that is seized by the two best audiences I know—Paris and Edinburgh. Is she quite sure, sitting in the first, second, or third row, that she does not take such a thing from her own little point of observation, and that she makes artistic allowances enough for what it is to be when it reaches the end of the caravan in a great desert like the Steinway Hall?

In haste, faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

J. R. Osgood, Esq.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 MARCH 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 371-2.

Buffalo, Thursday, March 12th, 1868.

I hope this may be in time for next Saturday's mail; but this is a long way from New York, and rivers are swollen with melted snow, and travelling is unusually slow.

Just now (two o'clock in the afternoon) I received your sad news of the death of poor dear Chauncy.[†1] It naturally goes to my heart. It is not a light thing to lose such a friend, and I truly loved him. In the first unreasonable train of feeling, I dwelt more than I should have thought possible on my being unable to attend his funeral.[†2] I know how little this really matters; but I know he would have wished me to be there with real honest tears for his memory, and I feel it very much. I never, never, never was better loved by man than I was by him, I am sure. Poor dear fellow, good affectionate gentle creature.

I have not as yet received any letter from Henri,[†3] nor do I think he can have written to New York by your mail. I believe that I am—I know that I *was*—one of the executors. In that case Mr. Jackson, his agent, will either write to me very shortly on Henri's information of my address, or enquiry will be made at Gad's or at the office about it.

It is difficult for me to write more just now. The news is a real shock at such a distance, and I must read to-night, and I must compose my mind. Let

Mekitty[†1] know that I received her violets with great pleasure, and that I sent her my best love and my best thanks.

On the 25th of February I read "Copperfield" and "Bob" at Boston. Either on that very day, or very close upon it, I was describing his (Townshend's) house to Fields, and telling him about the great Danby[†2] picture that he should see when he came to London.

To LEVERETT SALSTONSTALL,[†3] 14 MARCH [1868]

Mention in *American Book Prices Current*, 1967, p. 1108; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Fuller Hotel, 14 Mar [68] (misdated *c.* 1867 in catalogue); addressed Leverett Salstonstall.

Declining an invitation.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 16 MARCH 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 372-73.

Rochester, Sunday, March 16th, 1868.

I found yours of the 28th February, when I came back here last night. We have had two brilliant sunny days at Niagara, and have seen that wonderful place under the finest circumstances.

Enclosed I return you Homan's estimate; let all that work be done, including the curtains.

As to the hall, I have my doubts whether one of the parqueted floors made by Aaron Smith's, of Bond Street,[†4] ought not to be better than tiles, for the reason that perhaps the nature of the house's construction might render the "bed" necessary for wooden flooring more easy to be made than the "bed" necessary for tiles. I don't think you can do better than call in the trusty Lillie[†5] to advise. Decide with your aunt on which appears to be better, under the circumstances. Have estimate made for *cash*, select patterns and colours, and let the work be done out of hand. (Here's a prompt order; now I draw breath.) Let it be thoroughly well done—no half measures.

There is a great thaw all over the country here, and I think it has done the catarrh good. I am to read at the famous Newhaven[†6] on Tuesday, the 24th. I hope without a row, but cannot say. The readings are running out fast now, and we are growing very restless.

This is a short letter, but we are pressed for time. It is two o'clock, and we dine at three, before reading. Tomorrow we rise at six, and have eleven hours' railway or so. We have now come back from our farthest point, and are steadily working towards home.

To JOHN FORSTER, [13 and 16 MARCH 1868]

Extracts in F, X, ii, 789-791. *Date*: first extract, from Buffalo, 13 Mar 68, according to Forster; second extract, from Rochester, part of same letter, 18 Mar, according to Forster; but he was only in Rochester (for his second reading) 15-17 Mar, and 16 Mar (as given in N) almost certainly right.

We go to the Falls of Niagara to-morrow for our own pleasure; and I take all the men, as a treat. We found Rochester last Tuesday[†1] in a very curious state. Perhaps you know that the Great Falls of the Genessee River (really very fine, even so near Niagara) are at that place. In the height of a sudden thaw, an

immense bank of ice above the rapids refused to yield; so that the town was threatened (for the second time in four years) with submersion. Boats were ready in the streets, all the people were up all night, and none but the children slept. In the dead of night a thundering noise was heard, the ice gave way, the swollen river came raging and roaring down the Falls, and the town was safe.[†2] Very picturesque! but "not very good for business," as the manager says. Especially as the hall stands in the centre of danger, and had ten feet of water in it on the last occasion of flood. But I think we had above £200 English. On the previous night at Syracuse—a most out of the way and unintelligible-looking place with apparently no people in it—we had £375 odd. Here we had, last night, and shall have to-night, whatever we can cram into the hall.[†3]

This Buffalo has become a large and important town, with numbers of German and Irish in it. But it is very curious to notice, as we touch the frontier, that the American female beauty dies out; and a woman's face clumsily compounded of German, Irish, Western America, and Canadian, not yet fused together, and not yet moulded, obtains instead. Our show of Beauty at night is, generally, remarkable; but we had not a dozen pretty women in the whole throng last night, and the faces were all blunt. I have just been walking about, and observing

the same thing. in the streets. . . . The winter has been so severe, that the hotel on the English side at Niagara (which has the best view of the Falls, and is for that reason very preferable) is not yet open.[†1] So we go, perforce, to the American:[†2] which telegraphs back to our telegram: "all Mr. Dickens's requirements perfectly understood." I have not yet been in more than two *very bad* inns. I have been in some, where a good deal of what is popularly called "slopping round" has prevailed; but have been able to get on very well. "Slopping round," so used, means untidyness and disorder. It is a comically expressive phrase, and has many meanings. Fields was asking the price of a quarter-cask of sherry the other day. "`Wa'al Mussr Fields,' the merchant replies, `that varies according to quality, as is but nay'tral. If yer wa'ant a sherry just to slop round with it, I can fix you some at a very low figger.'"

After two most brilliant days at the Falls of Niagara, we got back here last night. To-morrow morning we turn out at 6 for a long railway journey back to Albany. But it is nearly all "back" now, thank God! I don't know how long, though, before turning, we might have gone on at Buffalo. . . . We went everywhere at the Falls, and saw them in every aspect. There is a suspension bridge across, now, some two miles or more from the Horse Shoe; and another, half a mile nearer, is to be opened in July. They are very fine but very ticklish, hanging aloft there, in the continual vibration of the thundering water: nor is one greatly reassured by the printed notice that troops must not cross them at step, that bands of music must not play in crossing, and the like. I shall never forget the last aspect in which we saw Niagara yesterday. We had been everywhere, when I thought of struggling (in an open carriage) up some very difficult ground for a good distance, and getting where we could stand above the river, and see it, as it rushes forward to its tremendous leap, coming for miles and miles. All away to the horizon on our right was a wonderful confusion of bright green and white water. As we stood watching it with our faces to the top of the Falls, our backs were towards the sun. The majestic valley below the Falls, so seen through the vast cloud of spray, was made of rainbow. The high banks, the riven rocks, the forests, the bridge, the buildings, the air, the sky, were all made of rainbow. Nothing in Turner's finest water-colour drawings, done in his greatest day, is so ethereal, so imaginative, so gorgeous in colour, as what I then beheld. I seemed to be lifted from

the earth and to be looking into Heaven. What I once said to you, as I witnessed the scene five and twenty years ago,[†3] all came back at this most affecting and sublime sight. The "muddy vesture of our clay"[†4] falls from us as we look. . . . I chartered a separate carriage for our men, so that they might see all in their own way, and at their own time.

There is a great deal of water out between Rochester and New York, and travelling is very uncertain, as I fear we may find to-morrow. There is again some little alarm here on account of the river rising too fast. But our to-night's

house is far ahead of the first. Most charming halls in these places; excellent for sight and sound. Almost invariably built as theatres, with stage, scenery, and good dressing-rooms. Audience seated to perfection (every seat always separate), excellent doorways and passages, and brilliant light. My screen and gas are set up in front of the drop-curtain, and the most delicate touches will tell anywhere. No creature but my own men ever near me.

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [16 MARCH 1868]

Mention in next. *Date*: no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 16 MARCH 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Rochester, Monday Sixteenth March 1868.

My Dear Wills

The poney[†1] an immense—a prodigious—a rapturous—success! The photograph didn't come, either in your letter or in Mrs. Dolby's; but I was present, alone with Dolby, when he opened her letter last night, and the surprise and delight were marvellous to behold![†2]

Enclosed:

1. Another letter [†a] from the same to the same[†a†3]
2. 2 Documents to compare with Coutts's receipts, as usual.
3. Receipt for a small box from Niagara that is to come to the office addressed to me. Please pay all charges on it, and put it (unopened) in my office bedroom to await *my* coming.[†4]

You will know from another letter of mine before you get this, that I have always purposed doing *something* for our new Series,[†5] though I don't yet know what. I have positively resolved to write no American sketches whatever.

Very extraordinary about poor Townshend! He told me, and he told Henri, that he had left the latter £50 a year. I wonder did he alter his will in that wise, after the discovery of the missing prints.[†6]

I don't agree with you about the Farewell Readings, but think £8,000 quite as much as they will reasonably bear. It is indisputable that Chappell's profit on the last Series was very small. There is no doubt of it, because Dolby kept the accounts.

We have had two bright brilliant days at Niagara, and the scene was splendid beyond all description.

With love to Mrs. Wills | Ever My Dear Boy | Your affectionate

CD.

To J. T. FIELDS, 19 MARCH 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

Albany, Thursday Nineteenth March | 1868.

My Dear Fields

From a note sent to Mrs. Fields along with this, you will learn that we have been emulating Noah in one small way, with a hired Ark instead of one of our own building. You will also learn that a plaintive appeal is sent up to you from the Springfield wilderness. Pray incline your ear responsively!

Ever affectionately and heartily

CD.

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, 19 MARCH 1868

Text from facsimile in J. T. Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors*, between pp. 184-5.

Albany Nineteenth March 1868.

My Dear Mrs. Fields

I should have answered your kind and welcome note before now, but that we have been in difficulties. After creeping through water for miles upon miles, our train gave it up as a bad job between Rochester and this place, and stranded us— early on Tuesday afternoon—at Utica.[†1] There we remained all night, and at 6 o'clock yesterday morning were ordered up to get ready for starting again. Then, we were countermanded. Then, we were once more told to get ready. Then, we were told to stay where we were. At last we got off at 8 o'clock, and after paddling through the flood until half past 3 got landed here:—to the great relief of our minds as well as bodies, for the tickets were all sold out for last night. We had all sorts of adventures by the way: among which two of the most notable were:—

1. Picking up two trains out of the water, in which the passengers had been composedly sitting all night—until relief should arrive.

2. Unpacking and releasing into the open country a great train of cattle and sheep that had been in the water I don't know how long, and that had begun in their imprisonment to eat each other. I never could

have realized the strong and dismal expressions of which the faces of sheep are capable, had I not seen the haggard countenances of this unfortunate flock as they were tumbled out of their dens and picked themselves up, and made off:—leaping wildly (many with broken legs, over a great mound of thawing snow, and over the worried body of a deceased companion. Their misery was so very human that I was sorry to recognize several intimate acquaintances conducting themselves in this forlornly gymnastic manner.

As there is no question that our friendship began in some previous state of existence many years ago, I am now going to make bold to mention a discovery we have made concerning Springfield.[†1] We find that by remaining there next Saturday and Sunday, instead of coming on to Boston, we shall save several hours' travel, and much wear and tear of our baggage and camp followers. Ticknor[†2] reports the Springfield hotel excellent. Now, will you and Fields come and pass Sunday with us there? It will be delightful, if you can. If you can not will you defer our Boston dinner until the following Sunday? Send me a hopeful word to Springfield (Massasoit House) in reply, please.

Lowell's delightful note enclosed with thanks. *Do* make a trial for Springfield. We saw Professor White[†3] at Syracuse, and went out for a ride with him. Queer quarters at Utica, and nothing particular to eat; but the people so very anxious to please, that it was better than the best cuisine. I made a jug of punch (in the bedroom pitcher) and we drank our love to you and Fields. Dolby had more than his share, under pretence of devoted enthusiasm.

My Dear Mrs. Fields | Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 19 MARCH 1868*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Albany, Thursday Nineteenth March 1868

My Dearest Georgy. I received the note which occupies the rest of this sheet of paper, here, last night.[†4] As I know it will interest you and Mamie, I send it bodily. If I be not mistaken, the lady is the daughter of a very rich and well known Merchant.[†5]

I have got, on board the Russia, the Chief Steward's Cabin on deck. They put me in that Cabin going home, because it will be on the sunny side of the ship. It is at least as capacious (!) as that in which I came out.

The whole country is under water. We have travelled 300 miles in and through the water perpetually. We left Rochester last Tuesday morning the seventeenth, and ought to have been here that night. We knocked up, early in the afternoon, a hundred miles from here—the train finding it impossible to proceed—and had to stay all night at a place called Utica. The telegraph posts were beaten down by the

water and the floating ice, and even that communication was damaged. Yesterday morning at 6 we were knocked up, with orders to get ready. By 8 we started, and very slowly came through water—water—water—among drowned villages and broken bridges, and all kinds of ruin. We were hopeless of getting here (where all the tickets were sold for last night) but did get here, after all, in time to read triumphantly! We picked the people out of two trains that had stuck fast in the water all night. And we released a great number of Cattle and sheep from a Cattle Train that had been in the water I don't know how long. They had begun to eat each other, and it was a sickening sight.

I think I told Mamie that your last letters to me in America (addressed as usual to the Westminster Hotel) ought to be posted by the Mail of the 4th. of April. I write under great pressure, and therefore very briefly. The Catarrh is at last much better, but my foot is rather troublesome. It has been constantly wet, from walking in melted snow: which I suppose to be the occasion of its swelling in the old way. Dolby sends kindest regard. He is going to be detached tonight (to survey the dreaded Newhaven where I am to read next week), and Osgood comes from New York, as the Chief's body guard.

With best love to Mamie and to all, | Ever My Dearest Georgy

Your most affectionate CD.

To W.C. MACREADY,[†1] 21 MARCH 1868

MS Dickens House.

Springfield,[†2] Mass. | Saturday Twenty First March 1868

My Dearest Macready

What with perpetual reading and travelling, what with "a true American catarrh" (on which I am complimented almost boastfully), and what with one

of the severest Winters ever known, your coals of fire[†1] received by the last Mail did not burn my head so much as they might have done under less excusatory circumstances. But they scorched it too!

You would find the general aspect of America and Americans, decidedly much improved.[†2] You would find immeasurably greater consideration and respect for your privacy, than of old. You would find a steady change for the better, everywhere, except (oddly enough) in the Railways generally: which seem to have stood still, while everything else has moved. But there is an exception Westward. There, the Express trains have now a very delightful carriage called a "Drawing Room Car"—literally, a series of little private drawing rooms, with sofas and a table in each, opening out of a little corridor. In each too, is a large plate glass window, with which you can do as you like. As you pay extra for this luxury, it may be regarded as the first move towards two classes of passengers. When the Railroad straight away to San Francisco (in 6 days) shall be opened through, it will not only have these drawing rooms, but sleeping rooms too, a bell in every little apartment communicating with a steward's pantry, a Restaurant, a staff of servants, marble washing-stands, and a barber's shop! I looked into one of these cars a day or two ago, and it was very ingeniously arranged and quite complete.

I left Niagara last Sunday and travelled on to Albany through 300 miles of flood—villages deserted, bridges broken, fences drifting away, nothing but tearing water, floating ice, and absolute wreck and ruin. The train gave in altogether at Utica, and we passengers were let loose there for the night. As I was due at Albany, a very active superintendent of works did all he could to "get Mr. Dickens along", and in the morning we resumed our journey—through the water—with a hundred men in seven league boots pushing the ice from before us with long poles.[†3] How we got to Albany, I can't say, but we got there somehow, just in time for a triumphant Carol and Trial.[†4] All the tickets had been sold, and we found the Albanians in a state of great excitement. You may imagine what the Flood was when I tell you that we took the passengers out of two trains that had had their fires put out by the water, four and twenty hours before; and that we released a number of sheep and horned cattle from trucks that had been in the water—I don't know how long, but so long that the sheep had begun to eat each other. It was a horrible spectacle, and the haggard human misery of their faces was quite a new study. There was a fine breath of Spring in the air concurrently with this great thaw; but lo and behold! last night it began to snow again with a strong wind; and today a snow drift covers this place with all

the desolation of winter once more. I never was so tired of the sight of snow. As to sleighing, I have been sleighing to that extent, that I am sick of the sound of a sleigh bell.

I have seen all our Boston friends, except Curtis.[†1] Hillard[†2] is a sad instance of the frenzy of war. Because he was for compromise with the South, and not for bloodshed he is literally cut at Boston and goes nowhere. Longfellow even, has cut him, and for no other reason. Ticknor[†3] is dead. The rest are very little changed, except that Longfellow has a perfectly white flowing beard, and long white hair. But he does not otherwise look old, and is infinitely handsomer than he was. I have been constantly with them all, when in Boston, and they have always talked much about you. It is the established joke that Boston is my "native place" and we hold all sorts of hearty foregatherings. They all come to every Reading, and are always in a most delightful state of enthusiasm. They give me a parting dinner at the Club, on the Thursday before Good Friday. To pass from Boston personal, to New York Theatrical, I will mention here that one of the Proprietors of my New York Hotel is one of the Proprietors of Niblo's, and the most active.[†4] Consequently, I have seen "The Black Crook", and "The White Faun",[†5] in majesty from an arm chair in the first entrance P.S.[†6] more than once. Of these astonishing dramas, I beg to report (seriously) that I have found no human creature "behind", who has the slightest idea what they are about (upon my honor, my Dearest Macready!) and that, having some amiable small talk with a neat little Spanish woman who is the premiere danseuse, I asked her, in joke, to let me measure her skirt with my dress glove. Holding the glove by the tip of the forefinger, I found the skirt to be just three gloves long—and yet its length was much in excess of the skirts of 200 other ladies whom the carpenters were at that moment getting into their places for a transformation scene—on revolving columns—on wires and travellers—on iron cradles—up in the flies— down in the cellars—on every impossible description of float that Wilmot[†7] gone distracted could imagine.

I have taken my passage for Liverpool from New York, in the Cunarder, Russia, on the 22nd. of April. I had the second officer's cabin on deck, coming out, and I have the chief steward's cabin on deck, going home, because it

will be on the sunny side of the ship. I have experienced nothing here but good humour and cordiality. A very large staff—part in advance, and part always with me—is indispensable to the pressing and peculiar nature of the "business", but I shouldn't wonder if I come out of it, clear profit in gold, to the tune of £20,000. In the autumn and winter, I have arranged with Chappells, to take my Farewell of Reading, in the United Kingdom, for ever and ever.

I am delighted to hear of Benvenuta's marriage,[†1] and I think her husband a very lucky man. Johnnie[†2] has my profoundest sympathy under his examinational woes.[†3] The noble boy[†4] will give me Gavazzi[†5] revised and enlarged (I expect) when I next come to Cheltenham. I will give you and Mrs. Macready[†6] all my American experiences when you come together to London, or, better still, to Gads. Meanwhile I send my hearty love to all, not forgetting dear Katie.[†7]

Niagara is not at all spoiled by a very dizzy-looking Suspension Bridge. Is to have another, still nearer to the Horseshoe, opened in July. My last sight of that scene (last Sunday) was thus:—We went up to the rapids above the Horseshoe—say 2 miles from it—and stood with our backs to the bright sun, looking at, and through, the great cloud of spray. Everything in the magnificent valley—buildings, forest, high banks, air, water—everything was *made of rainbow.* Turner's most imaginative drawing in his finest day, has nothing in it so ethereal, so gorgeous in fancy, so celestial. We said to one another (Dolby and I) "Let it for ever more remain so", and shut our eyes, and came away.

God bless you and all dear to you, my dear old friend!

I am ever your affectionate and loving

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY,[†8] 21 MARCH 1868

Extracts in F, X, ii, 791-2 and *n* and the *Critic,* 15 Mar 84, 1 (N.S.), 127 [a]; dated Springfield, 21 Mar, according to Forster.

You can hardly imagine what my life is with its present condition—how hard the work is, and how little time I seem to have at my disposal. It is necessary to the daily recovery of my voice that I should dine at 3 when not travelling; I begin

to prepare for the evening at 6; and I get back to my hotel, pretty well knocked up, at half-past 10. Add to all this, perpetual railway travelling in one of the severest winters ever known; and you will descry a reason or two for my being an indifferent correspondent. Last Sunday evening I left the Falls of Niagara for this and two intervening places. As there was a great thaw, and the melted snow was swelling all the rivers, the whole country for three hundred miles was flooded. On the Tuesday afternoon (I had read on the Monday) the train gave in, as under circumstances utterly hopeless, and stopped at a place called Utica; the greater part of which was under water, while the high and dry part could produce nothing particular to eat. Here, some of the wretched passengers passed the night in the train, while others stormed the hotel. I was

fortunate enough to get a bedroom, and garnished it with an enormous jug of gin-punch; over which I and the manager played a double-dummy rubber. At six in the morning we were knocked up: "to come aboard and try it." At half-past six we were knocked up again with the tidings "that it was of no use coming aboard or trying it." At eight all the bells in the town were set a-going, to summon us to "come aboard" instantly. And so we started, through the water, at four or five miles an hour; seeing nothing but drowned farms, barns adrift like Noah's arks, deserted villages, broken bridges, and all manner of ruin. I was to read at Albany that night, and all the tickets were sold. A very active superintendent of works assured me that if I could be "got along," he was the man to get me along: and that if I couldn't be got along, I might conclude that it couldn't possibly be fixed. He then turned on a hundred men in seven-league boots, who went ahead of the train, each armed with a long pole and pushing the blocks of ice away. Following this cavalcade, we got to land at last, and arrived in time for me to read the *Carol* and *Trial* triumphantly. My people (I had five of the staff with me) turned to at their work with a will, and did a day's labour in a couple of hours. If we had not come in as we did, I should have lost £350, and Albany would have gone distracted. You may conceive what the flood was, when I hint at the two most notable incidents of our journey:—1. We took the passengers out of two trains, who had been in the water, immovable all night and all the previous day. 2. We released a large quantity of sheep and cattle from trucks that had been in the water I don't know how long, but so long that the creatures in them had begun to eat each other, and presented a most horrible spectacle.

[a] You may suppose, therefore, that the expenses are very great; nevertheless, unless the Impeachment excitement should at all interfere with the Boston and New York Farewells, I hope to turn £20,000 of clear profit, after having all charges, including Dolby's ten per cent on the receipts, and the conversion of greenbacks into gold at a considerable premium. Not so bad I think???[a]

On my return, I have arranged with Chappell to take my leave of reading for good and all, in a hundred autumnal and winter Farewell's *for ever*. I return by the Cunard steamship "Russia". I had the second officer's cabin on deck when I came out; and am to have the chief steward's going home. Cunard was so considerate as to remember that it will be on the sunny side of the vessel.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN,[†1] 24 MARCH 1868*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

Newhaven, Tuesday Evening, Twenty Fourth March | 1868

Dear Sir

I have just received—and have just time to answer! by the next Mail—your letter of the 7th.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.[†2] are the most shameless pirates in the States.[†3] They issue spurious Editions of my books—including no end of things of which I am not the Author—like liars and robbers by profession, as they are. I would have nothing to do with them (but hang them) on any consideration whatever.

Faithfully Yours

Fredk. Chapman Esquire.

To OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 26 MARCH [? 1868]

Mention in Maggs catalogue No. 436, 1923. *Date:* Catalogue, followed by N, 26 Mar 62; but 1868 much more likely, when CD was in America: he was probably inviting Holmes to one of his six farewell readings in Boston, 1-8 Apr.

Inviting him to one of his readings.

To GEORGE DOLBY, [29 MARCH 1868]

Summary in *CD as I Knew him,* p. 294. *Date:* written same day as next.

Asking Dolby to call on CD's doctor, Fordyce Barker,[†4] *and to get from him a prescription for a sleeping draught.*

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 29 and 31 MARCH 1868

Extracts in MDGH, 11, 377-9.

Portland, Sunday, March 29th, 1868.

I should have written to you by the last mail, but I really was too unwell to do it. The writing day was last Friday, when I ought to have left Boston for New

Bedford (fifty-five miles) before eleven in the morning. But I was so exhausted that I could not be got up, and had to take my chance of an evening's train producing me in time to read, which it just did. With the return of snow, nine days ago, the "true American" (which had lulled) came back as bad as ever. I have coughed from two or three in the morning until five or six, and have been absolutely sleepless. I have had no appetite besides, and no taste. Last night here I took some laudanum, and it is the only thing that has done me good. But the life in this climate is so very hard. When I did manage to get from Boston to New Bedford, I read with my utmost force and vigour.[†1] Next morning, well or ill, I must turn out at seven to get back to Boston on my way here.

I dine at Boston at three, and at five must come on here (a hundred and thirty miles or so), for to-morrow night; there being no Sunday train. To-morrow night I read here in a very large place, and Tuesday morning at six I must start again to get back to Boston once more. But after to-morrow night, I have only the Boston and New York farewells, thank God! I am most grateful to think that when we came to devise the details of the tour, I foresaw that it could never be done, as Dolby and Osgood proposed, by one unassisted man, as if he were a machine. If I had not cut out the work, and cut out Canada, I could never have gone there, I am quite sure. Even as it is, I have just now written to Dolby (who is in New York), to see my doctor there, and ask him to send me some composing medicine that I can take at night, inasmuch as without sleep I cannot get through. However sympathetic and devoted the people are about me, they *can*

not be got to comprehend that one's being able to do the two hours with spirit when the time comes round, may be co-existent with the consciousness of great depression and fatigue.[†2] I don't mind saying all this, now that the labour is so nearly over. You shall have a brighter account of me, please God, when I close this at Boston.

Without any artificial aid, I got a splendid night's rest last night, and consequently am very much freshened up to-day. Yesterday I had a fine walk by the sea, and to-day I have had another on the heights overlooking it.

Boston, Tuesday, 31st.

I have safely arrived here, just in time to add a line to that effect, and get this off by to-morrow's English mail from New York. Catarrh rather better. Everything triumphant last night, except no sleep again. I suppose Dolby to be now on his way back to join me here. I am much mistaken if the political crisis do not damage the farewells by almost one half.

I hope that I am certainly better altogether.

My room well decorated with flowers, of course, and Mr. and Mrs. Fields coming to dinner. They are the most devoted of friends, and never in the way and never out of it.

To JOHN FORSTER, [30-31 MARCH 1868]

Extracts in F, X, ii, 793-4. *Date:* first extract, from Portland, 30 Mar 68, according to Forster; second extract, from Boston, part of same letter, 31 Mar, according to Forster.

I write in a town three parts of which were burnt down in a tremendous fire three years ago. The people lived in tents while their city was rebuilding. The charred trunks of the trees with which the streets of the old city were planted, yet stand here and there in the new thoroughfares like black spectres. The rebuilding is still in progress everywhere. Yet such is the astonishing energy of the people that the large hall in which I am to read to-night (its predecessor was burnt) would compare very favourably with the Free Trade Hall at Manchester! . . . . I am nearly used up. Climate, distance, catarrh, travelling, and hard work, have begun (I may say so, now they are nearly all over) to tell heavily upon me. Sleeplessness besets me; and if I had engaged to go on into May, I think I must have broken down. It was well that I cut off the Far West and Canada when I did. There would else have been a sad complication. It is impossible to make the people about one understand, however zealous and devoted (it is impossible even to make Dolby understand until the pinch comes), that the power of coming up to the mark every night, with spirits and spirit, may coexist with the nearest approach to sinking under it. When I got back to Boston on Thursday, after a very hard three weeks, I saw that Fields was very grave about my going on to New Bedford (55 miles) next day, and then coming on here (180 miles) *next* day. But the stress is over, and so I can afford to look back upon it, and think about it, and write about it.

The latest intelligence, my dear old fellow, is, that I have arrived here safely, and that I am certainly better. I consider my work virtually over, now. My impression is, that the political crisis will damage the

farewells by about one half. I cannot yet speak by the card; but my predictions here, as to our proceedings, have thus far been invariably right. We took last night[†1] at Portland, £360 English; where a costly Italian troupe,[†2] using the same hall to-night, had not

booked £14! It is the same all over the country, and the worst is not seen yet. Everything is becoming absorbed in the Presidential impeachment, helped by the next Presidential election. Connecticut is particularly excited. The night after I read at Hartford this last week,[†1] there were two political meetings in the town; meetings of two parties;[†2] and the hotel was full of speakers coming in from outlying places. So at Newhaven: the moment I had finished, carpenters came in to prepare for next night's politics. So at Buffalo. So everywhere very soon.

To EDWARD JACKSON,[†3] 31 MARCH 1868†

MS Morgan Library.

Boston, U.S. | Tuesday Thirty First March 1868.

Dear Sir

I beg you to accept my thanks for your kind letter dated on the 9th. of this month.

The tidings of my dear friend's death was indeed a shock to me, so far away, so heavily occupied, and so unable even to see him laid in his last earthly resting place.[†4] I had thought him greatly changed and weakened when he came to London, but fully believed that I should see him again.

[†a] I purpose returning home by the Cunard Mail steamer which will leave New York on the 22nd. of April. Once at home again, I shall lose no time in discharging my trust[†5] with my utmost zeal and fidelity. Meanwhile I take it for granted that all Mr. Townshend's private papers are sealed up and reserved for me.[†a]

Always My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Jackson Esquire

April

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 1 APRIL 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* C. E. Norton Esqre. | Cambridge | Mass.

Boston, Wednesday First April, 1868.

My Dear Norton.

I shall be very happy (catarrh permitting) to dine with you and your family at halfpast 5 on Sunday, and Mr. Dolby with many thanks for your kind remembrance will be proud to accompany me.

With true regard | Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

C. E. Norton Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1-3 APRIL 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Boston Wednesday First April, 1868.

My Dearest Georgy. I received your letter of from the 14th. to the 17th. of March, here, last night. My New York Doctor has prescribed for me promptly, and I hope I am better. I am certainly no worse. We shall do (to the best of my belief) *very well* with the Farewells here and at New York, but not greatly. Everything is at a stand still, pending the Impeachment and the next Presidential Election. I forget whether I told you that the New York Press are going to give me a public dinner on Saturday the 18th.

†a I begin my letter thus early, that I may not forget to instruct Mamie and you to send a present of £25 to Mrs. Alfred's boy,†1 with a little letter saying that you have it in charge from me to make him that gift, and to tell him that I hope he will strive to do credit to his name, and will always remember that it is a trust he holds. At the same time I may mention, with my best love to you both, that I want the last cheque you draw, to be: "Pay to ourselves Two Hundred Pounds": being a little present of One Hundred Pounds each, from the undersigned Inimitable.

Both you and Mamie are quite wrong about Miss Coutts.†2 She holds Chauncy's property, simply in trust for the poor, and to found a school.†3 His rings, pictures, and so forth,†4 go to the South Kensington Boilers.†5 Ouvry (as acting

for me) and Jackson (as business agent to the estate) have both sent me a brief abstract of the will.†1

Mrs. Dolby has been fearfully poisoned through the agency of a dirty copper saucepan. She was for some eight and forty hours in the greatest pain and the strangest delirium. Happily, she seems to be now all right again. Have you heard of my present, of the comic Shetland pony, with panniers complete for the two children? It was got up secretly through Wills, and has been the most successful surprise ever achieved.†a I hear (but not from himself) that Wills has had a bad fall in hunting, and is, or has been, laid up. I am supposed, I take it, not to know of this until I hear it from himself.

Thursday

My notion of the Farewells is pretty certain now to turn out right. We had £300 English here last night. To day is a Fast Day, and to night we shall probably take much less. Then it is likely that we shall pull up again and so strike a good reasonable average.—But it is not at all probable that we shall do anything enormous. Every pulpit in Massachusetts will resound to violent politics today and tonight. You

remember the Hutchinson family?[†2] I have had a grateful letter (very ill spelt) from John Hutchinson. He speaks of "my sister Abby" as living in New York.—He is said by the bye to be rather mad. The immediate object of his note is to invite me to the marriage of his daughter, 21 years old.

You will see by the evidence of this piece of paper that I am using up my stationery.[†3] Scott has just been making anxious calculations as to our powers of holding out in the articles of Euchrisma, Tooth Powder, &c. The calculations encourage him to believe that "we shall just hold out, and no more". I think I am still better to day than I was yesterday; but I am far from strong and have no appetite. To see me at my little table at night, you would think me the freshest of the fresh. And this is the crowning marvel of Fields's life.

[†a] I am delighted to report that certain men about the Hall at New York have sworn together that they will give Kelly a beating. He is in the greatest terror, and we don't think it advisable to let him go there until I am on the spot myself. If he do not get well thrashed on the night of the last Reading, I shall be both surprised and disappointed. All the outlying staff are coming in now, and are beginning to be paid off. Our passages are paid also, and signs of our approaching embarcation are all around us. The faithful Fieldses go on to New York with us, of course. We leave here on Good Friday.[†a]

I don't forget that this is Forster's birthday—[†b] or that it is another anniversary![†b†4]

Friday Afternoon 3rd.

Catarrh worse than ever! And we don't know (at 4) whether I can read tonight or must stop. Otherwise all well.

Best love to Mamie. Ever affecy.

CD.

To J. T. FIELDS, [? 4 APRIL 1868]*

MS University of Kentucky. *Date:* on Sat. 4 Apr, CD took a drive instead of his usual walk (see Curry, *CD and Annie Fields*, p. 18).

Saturday

My Dear Fields

I hope I am on the road to getting round. But my Dear Boy I told you last night that I must give up going out both to day and tomorrow, and must "go in" for rest and training. I have physicked myself till I hate myself—to begin with. I shall be out for a ride with Dolby at 2, and will take you up, if you will share it.

Love to Mrs. Fields | Ever affecy

CD

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 4 APRIL 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Charles E. Norton Esqre. | Cambridge | Mass.

Boston, Saturday Fourth April 1868

My Dear Norton

I was so very near not reading last night,[†1] that I must absolutely go into quiet training to day and tomorrow, with the view of avoiding such a risk again. I do it with the most ungracious grace in the world, but it must be done. I hope I may send my love to each Mrs. Norton separately[†2] as well as to you, and may look forward to seeing you all in England.

Believe me | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles E. Norton Esquire

To MISS PALFREY,[†1] 4 APRIL 1868

Extract in N, 111, 642.

Boston | 4th April 1868

Convey yourself back to London by the agency of that powerful Locomotive, your imagination, and walk through the centre avenue of Covent Garden Market from West to East:- that is to say, with your back towards the church, and your face towards Drury Lane Theatre. Keep straight on along the side of the Theatre, and about halfway down, on the left side of the way, behind the houses, is a closely hemmed-in grave yard—happily long disused and closed by the Law. I do not remember that the grave-yard is accessible from the street now, but when I was a boy it was to be got at by a low covered passage under a house, and was guarded by a rusty iron gate. In that churchyard I long afterwards buried the "Nemo" of Bleak House.[†2]

This important piece of information is in redemption of a pledge I gave you in Halifax Harbour walking the deck of the Cuba one bright cold morning in last November.

To H. M. TICKNOR, 6 APRIL 1868

Extract in Goodspeed's catalogue No. 237 and Ritter Hopson Gallery Inc (SN 21); *MS* 1 p.; dated Boston, 6 Apr 68; addressed Howard Ticknor.

My Dear Ticknor,

Two considerations in reference to Thursday:—1. I am so nervous and shaken, that I should be in danger of tumbling to pieces, if I tried to sit behind your fast trotting horse. 2. I *must* have a carriage on that day, to go about and leave some cards. Question therefore respectfully submitted: whether visit to Mrs. Ticknor in gorgeous equipage turned out under Parkerian contract[†3] be admissible as a compromise, and at what hour.

To MRS TICKNOR,[†4] 6 APRIL 1868*

MS Boston Public Library. *Address:* Mrs. Ticknor.

Boston, Monday Sixth April 1868

My Dear Mrs. Ticknor

I cannot tell you how much I thank you for the charming flowers you sent me by the hands of your good husband on Saturday night. I hope to have the pleasure of calling on you next Thursday, and to arrange the time with him. Believe me always

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 7 APRIL 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 380-2.

Boston, Tuesday, April 7th, 1868

I not only read last Friday, when I was doubtful of being able to do so, but read as I never did before, and astonished the audience quite as much as myself. You never saw or heard such a scene of excitement.[†1]

Longfellow and all the Cambridge men urged me to give in. I have been very near doing so, but feel stronger to-day. I cannot tell whether the catarrh may have done me any lasting injury in the lungs or other breathing organs, until I shall have rested and got home. I hope and believe not. Consider the weather. There have been two snowstorms since I wrote last, and to-day the town is blotted out in a ceaseless whirl of snow and wind.

I cannot eat (to anything like the ordinary extent), and have established this system: At seven in the morning, in bed, a tumbler of new cream and two tablespoonsful of rum. At twelve, a sherry cobbler and a biscuit. At three (dinner time), a pint of champagne. At five minutes to eight, an egg beaten up with a glass of sherry. Between the parts, the strongest beef tea that can be made, drunk hot. At a quarter-past ten, soup, and anything to drink that I can fancy. I don't eat more than half a pound of solid food in the whole four-and-twenty hours, if so much.

If I hold out, as I hope to do, I shall be greatly pressed in leaving here and getting over to New York before next Saturday's mail from there. Do not, therefore, *if all be well*, expect to hear from me by Saturday's mail, but look for my last letter from America by the mail of the following Wednesday, the 15th. *Be sure* that you shall hear, however, by Saturday's mail, if I should knock up as to reading. I am tremendously "beat," but I feel really and unaffectedly so much stronger to-day, both in my body and hopes, that I am much encouraged. I have a fancy that I turned my worst time last night.

Dolby is as tender as a woman and as watchful as a doctor. He never leaves me during the reading now, but sits at the side of the platform and keeps his eye upon me all the time. Ditto George, the gasman, steadiest and most reliable man I ever employed. I am the more hopeful of my not having to relinquish a

reading, because last night was "Copperfield" and "Bob"—by a quarter of an hour the longest, and, in consideration of the storm, by very much the most trying. Yet

I was far fresher afterwards than I have been these three weeks.

I have "Dombey" to do to-night, and must go through it carefully; so here ends my report. The personal affection of the people in this place is charming to the last.

To UNKNOWN LADY OF CHARLESTOWN,[†1] [?DECEMBER 1867-8 APRIL 1868]

Mention in H. T. Taverner and [J. C Hotten], *CD: the Story of his Life*, 1870, p. 305. *Date*: during his readings in Boston.

Answering her note asking if the doors of the "Temple" could be opened for her earlier than usual, since she was paralyzed.[†2]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 9 APRIL 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Charles E. Norton Esqre. | Cambridge | Mass.

Boston Ninth April, 1868

My Dear Norton

When I saw you last night, I had not received your more than kind letter and enclosure.[†3] They reached me this morning, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for both.

The home-offer that you make to me, and the picture of rest and peace that it holds before my view are inexpressibly tempting. Nor is it possible for mortal man to appreciate a friend's remonstrance more deeply than I appreciate yours, or to know its great worth better than I do. Let me explain my case to you. If I felt the least doubt of my having rallied my powers in the course of the last three days, I would at once give in and take shelter with you. My spirits and my spirit so deserted me last week (except when actually reading) that I lost the confidence in myself with which experience had inspired me, and was on the verge of stopping. Since then, I seem quite naturally and placidly to have regained my old condition, and with it the quiet consciousness that I can bear the little that remains of this long strain. If I were to relinquish now, with the full belief that I need not do so, I should do myself far more harm than twice the remaining number of Readings would be likely to do me (if they impended), by tormenting myself with the reflection—that I had unnecessarily broken the long chain of strictly respected engagements with the public which lies behind me, and that I had made it an incomplete thing for evermore.

If my girls could vote upon the question—as it stands now: not as it stood last week—or if Forster could assist in council, I am persuaded that my conclusion would carry the day. They know what my natural energy will do for me, and

they would say: "Now that he knows he has got it back, and now that the passage home is so close before him, let him leave his work completed."

And consider the circumstances! I do as I like until Monday night. Then I read for two consecutive nights. Then I stop for a night. Then I read for two more consecutive nights. Then I stop for two nights. Then I finish.

With love at home, Believe me My Dear Norton | Ever Faithfully
Gratefully | And affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I wish I may by this time have brought you over to my mind!

To LOUIS PRANG,[†1] 9 APRIL 1868*

Text from copy made by owner of MS, Mr Robert L. Henderson.

Boston. Thursday Ninth April 1868

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your very obliging letter, and its accompanying present of a Chromo Lithographic picture.[†2] I have much pleasure in accepting that mark of your good will, and will carry it to England with me intact.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Louis Prang Esqre.

To JAMES EDWARD ROOT,[†3] 9 APRIL 1868

MS Victor Gulotta, Newton, Mass. *Address:* James E. Root Esquire | Present.[†4]

Boston, | Thursday Night Ninth April 1868.

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your sympathetic letter,[†5] and to assure you of the real pleasure and interest I have derived from your charming little girl[†6]—the prettiest of all the flowers that have graced my room, and with an innocent perfectly balanced self-possession about her, such as the Queen of the Fairies might envy.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

May I send my love and thanks to her mother[†7]

To SEBASTIAN SCHLESINGER, 9 APRIL 1868*

MS The Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* Private | Sebastian Schlesinger Esqre. | Messrs. Naylor Vickers and Co. | Boston.

Boston, Thursday Night Ninth April 1868

My Dear Mr. Schlesinger.

A thousand thanks for your genial letter, and for the box of fans. I shall not presume to open the latter, but will lay it at my daughter's feet intact. As one of those who assisted at the great International Walking Match Banquet, you will receive in due course an official record of that tremendous transaction, which may one day be a curiosity.[†1]

Believe me always
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sebastian Schlesinger Esquire.

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [14 APRIL 1868]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 14 APRIL 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

New York, | Tuesday Fourteenth April 1868

My Dear Wills. I hope you have got—or are getting—well?[†2] [†a] Enclosed, another letter to your care.[†3] By next Saturday's Mail, I will send *the last*![†a]—As there is a Mail that day, I may as well forward a line by it. On that same day, a Dinner is to be given me here, "by the Press of America".[†4] I wish it were over!

On Sunday, after my short rest, the Catarrh got much better. Then came on, a snow storm that lasted 12 hours (I was caught in it, out walking), and back I went again. However, I read very freshly last night, and am, still, better on the whole.

May you be much better too! I wish I knew that you were!

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS ELLEN TERNAN, [17 APRIL 1868]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To W. H. WILLS, 17 APRIL 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

New York, Friday Seventeenth April | 1868

My Dear Wills

†a One last letter enclosed.†a

We have notice to be on board on Wednesday at halfpast one, and shall probably sail at halfpast two. The Farewells are going finely here.†1 I am very weary, but no worse. Your last letter gives me the hope that I may find you quite restored. I have discharged Kelly†2 and he goes home tomorrow.

Ever affectionately

CD

To GEORGE W. CHILDS, 18 APRIL 1868*

Text from unidentified catalogue in New York Public Library. *Address* (envelope only mentioned in Remember When Auction catalogue, No. 45)*:* George W. Childs, PM New York, 18 Apr (n.y.)

New York, Saturday, 18th. April, 1868.

My Dear Mr. Childs,

I have received your letter with much pleasure and shall be heartily glad to have the opportunity of shaking hands with you before I leave America. I think it will be the shortest and best plan to address the books†1 for which I am indebted to Your Kind Remembrance straight to the Cunard Steamer.

With best regards to Mrs. Childs, | Believe me

Always faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY FRANKLIN WILSON,†2 18 APRIL 1868*

MS Mr Robert Cutler.

New York | Saturday Eighteenth April | 1868

I send this to my young friend unknown, who is having Pickwick read to her for the second time, to express my hope that she will soon read for herself all the books I have written, and that she will like them and like me too.

CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Mary Franklin Wilson

To MRS BIGELOW, 20 APRIL 1868*

MS Chicago Historical Society.

New York, Monday Twentieth April | 1868.

Dear Mrs. Bigelow

I send you herewith, Praed's[†3] Poems, for which I wrote to England in accordance with my promise.[†4] Unfortunately I have not had time to get them bound, but the verses will be none the worse for that.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. D. PALMER, 21 APRIL 1868*

MS University of Kentucky.

Westminster Hotel, New York
Tuesday Night, Twenty First April 1868

My Dear Mr. Palmer.

I thank you most cordially for your elegant present, which I shall have a particular pleasure in preserving as a remembrance of you—as I hope I shall prove to you when you next come to England. In the meanwhile and always my best wishes are with you for your prosperity and happiness.

If it be lawful under the Eagle's wings for anybody to send his love to Mrs. Palmer, I send her mine.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS TICKNOR, 21 APRIL 1868

MS Boston Public Library.

New York, Tuesday Night Twenty First April | 1868.

My Dear Mrs. Ticknor

The gage d'amitié, duly taken up, hangs at my watch chain.[†1] Accept my best thanks for the pretty little token, and for your charming note;[†2] and believe that I should have been, even though I had not been thus bound to be,

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 NOVEMBER 1867-22 APRIL 1868

Extract in H. T. Taverner and [J.C. Hotten], *CD: The Story of his Life,* p. 304. *Date:* during his American visit.

To comply with your modest request would not be reasonably possible.[†3]

To J. T. FIELDS, [26] and 30 APRIL 1868†

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* 27 Apr 68 was Monday. Letter must have been written on 26th.

Aboard the "Russia," bound for Liverpool
Sunday Twenty Seventh April, 1868.

My Dear Fields.

In order that you may have the earliest intelligence of me, I begin this note to

day in my small cabin, purposing (if it should prove practicable) to post it at Queenstown for the Return Steamer.[†1]

We are already past the Banks of Newfoundland, although our course was 70 miles to the South, with the view of avoiding Ice seen by Judkins[†2] in the Scotia on his passage out to New York. The Russia is a magnificent ship, and has dashed along bravely. We had made more than 1300 and odd miles at Noon to day. The wind, after being a little capricious, rather threatens at the present time to turn against us, but our Run is already 80 miles ahead of the Russia's last Run in this direction—a very fast one. [†a] I call the Saloon, "The Jackasses' Arms", for I never did see a hundred such intensely stupid people ever got together, as our fellow passengers are. But Dolby, Morgan, and I, make the best of it.[†a] To all whom it may concern, report the Russia in the highest terms. She rolls more easily than the other Cunard Screws, is kept in perfect order, and is most carefully looked after in all departments. We have had nothing approaching to heavy weather; still, one can speak to the trim of the ship. Her captain—a gentleman. Bright, polite, good natured, and vigilant.

As to me, I am greatly better, I hope. I have got on my right boot today for the first time; the "true American" seems to be turning faithless at last; and I made a Gad's Hill breakfast this morning, as a further advance on having otherwise eaten and drunk all day ever since Wednesday.

You will see Anthony Trollope,[†3] I dare say. What was my amazement to see him, with these eyes, come aboard in the Mail Tender just before we started! He had come out in the Scotia, just in time to dash off again in said Tender to shake hands with me; knowing me to be aboard here. It was most heartily done. He is on a special mission of convention with the U.S. post office.[†4]

We have been picturing your movements— [†a] with my dear, dear Mrs. Fields[†a]—and have duly checked off your journey home, and have talked about you continually. But I have thought about you both, even much, much more. You will never know how I love you both; or what you have been to me in America, and will always be to me everywhere; or how fervently I thank you.[†5]

All the working of the ship seems to be done on my forehead. It is scrubbed

and holystoned[†1] (my head—not the deck) at 3 every morning. It is scraped and swabbed all day. Eight pairs of heavy boots are now clattering on it, getting the ship under sail again. Legions of ropes' ends are flopped upon it as I write, and I must leave off with Dolby's love.

Thursday Thirtieth

Soon after I left off as above, we had a gale of wind, which blew all night. For a few hours on the evening side of midnight, there was no getting from this Cabin of mine to the Saloon, or vice versa: so heavily did the sea break over the decks. The ship however made nothing of it, and we were all right again by Monday afternoon. Except for a few hours yesterday (when we had a very light head wind) the weather has been constantly favorable, and we are now bowling away at a great rate, with a fresh breeze filling all our sails. We expect to be at Queenstown between midnight and 3 in the morning.

I hope my dear Fields you may find this legible, but I rather doubt it; for there is motion enough on the ship to render writing—to a landsman, however accustomed to pen and ink—rather a difficult achievement. Besides which, I slide away gracefully from the paper, whenever I want to be particularly expressive.

Morgan,[†2] sitting opposite to me at breakfast, always has the following items:—A large dish of porridge, into which he casts slices of butter and a quantity of sugar. Two cups of tea. A steak. Irish stew. Chutnee and marmalade.

[†a] I have confided to Dolby "that if I had been Miss Hoyt, I wouldn't have done it."[†a] Another deputation of two has solicited a Reading [†a] at the Jackasses' Arms[†a] to night. Illustrious Novelist has unconditionally and absolutely declined.

More love—and more to that—from Your ever affectionate Friend[†3]

CD.

To H. D. PALMER, 30 APRIL 1868*

MS Dickens House.

On Board the "Russia" off Queenstown
Thursday Night Thirtieth April | 1868.

My Dear Mr. Palmer.

I send you this brief note, in order that you may hear by the earliest opportunity

of my prosperous arrival.[†1]

When we parted, I thanked you for all your great care of me in your excellent hotel, and for having made it quite a home to me. But I did not say half enough to satisfy myself. I shall always remember my old rooms in the Westminster, gratefully and pleasantly, and shall always feel a personal interest in the House and its prosperity. Be sure that it shall have my thoroughly well earned recommendation on this side of the atlantic.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?LATE APRIL 1868]

Extract in F, XI, i, 798. *Date:* probably written aboard the *Russia*, which sailed 22 Apr and reached Liverpool 1 May.

We had great difficulty in getting our American accounts squared to the point of ascertaining what Dolby's commission amounted to in English money. After all, we were obliged to call in the aid of a money-changer, to determine what he should pay as his share of the average loss of conversion into gold. With this deduction made, I think his commission (I have not the figures at hand) was £2,888; Ticknor and Fields had a commission of £1,000, besides 5 per cent. on all Boston receipts. The expenses in America to the day of our sailing were 38,948 dollars;—roughly 39,000 dollars, or £13,000. The preliminary expenses were £614. The average price of gold was nearly 40 per cent, and yet my profit was within a hundred or so of £20,000.[†2] Supposing me to have got through the present engagement in good health, I shall have made by the Readings, *in two years*, £33,000: that is to say: £13,000 received from the Chappells, and £20,000 from America. What I had made by them before, I could only ascertain by a long examination of Coutts's books. I should say, certainly not less than £10,000: for I remember that I made half that money in the first town and country campaign with poor Arthur Smith. These figures are of course between ourselves; but don't you think them rather remarkable? The Chappell bargain began with £50 a night and everything paid; then became £60; and now rises to £80.

May

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 4 MAY 1868

MS Mr George D. Gopen.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Fourth May 1868

My Dear Ben

The humble individual who has now the honor to address you, would like a Box to night;—having heard commendation of the piece you are playing.[†1] He will present himself in front to see the play, and (if quite consistent with the rules of the establishment) would be glad to receive a pass key in the course of the evening.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?EARLY MAY 1868]

Extract in *D,* XIII (March 1917), 60. *Date*: no doubt after seeing *No Thoroughfare* on 4 May.

I never thought I would have cried or shed a tear at my own work as I have been made to do by Mrs. Billington's[†2] performance.[†3]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 6 MAY 1868*

MS Sir Leslie Farrer.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth May 1868

My Dear Ouvry

I spoke very seriously to Fechter last night; and he said that he would come to you and would tell you that, in seeking your professional advice, he had meant to be guided by it, and that if you told him he had no defence to the action,[†4] he would make no further resistance.

Now, I have that regard for him and trust in him, that I will lend him the money to pay the claim. I will not take interest on it, but I want you kindly to put me in the best position for being repaid at Christmas out of the Arnold money, and I want the transaction to be on record and in evidence between us, so that if either of us were to die there could be no dispute about it.[†1] To this end, I also want the money to pass through your hands. As Fechter knows he can have it from me if nothing be left him but to pay Barnett off, you can tell him what you think it right to require as the representative of my interests (for my reasonable security), and so the thing can be done. I do not suppose it can be done to your legal satisfaction, but I shall be quite contented by its being so done as that the spirit and faith of the matter are beyond doubt or misconstruction.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. J. FARRER,[†2] 7 MAY 1868

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of *AYR,* 7 May 68; addressed W. J. Farrer.

Acknowledging the receipt of his letter enclosing the keys of the trunk and desk containing the papers of the late Mr. Townshend, *and asking him to* instruct Messrs Banting[†3] to send the trunk and desk here marked "Private" *Asking him also to assure* Miss Coutts *that he will lose no time in sorting* through

the papers in order to discover any document that may bear upon Mr. Townshend's testamentary intentions, or upon the rings; *querying whether or not there are, as he believes, further papers at Lausanne and returning an unopened letter which he found among the papers and which he believes to be in Mrs. Brown's*[†4] *hand.*

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 8 MAY 1868*

MS Massachusetts Historical Society.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Eighth May 1868

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your congratulations.[†5]

I have considered the question of Illustrations for the Uncommercial Traveller;[†1] and I think (taking into consideration the amount of matter in the book) that *Four* Illustrations will be enough.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk Chapman Esqre

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO.,[†3] 9 MAY 1868

Extract in Christie's catalogue, April 1981; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 9 May 68; addressed Messrs Coutts & Co.

Please deliver the Pass-Book of my private account to the Bearer for me, as I wish to refer back to it.

To MRS DALLAS,[†4] 11 MAY 1868

Extract in unidentified catalogue sent by N. C. Peyrouton; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 11 May 68; addressed Mrs Dallas.

It appears to me that there is scarcely any hope of your finding in America a sufficient recompense for the journey and its attendant anxieties. I made many enquiries and got no solid encouragement to believe otherwise. Mr. Dolby arrived at the same conclusion.[†5]

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE,[†6] 11 MAY 1868†

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Eleventh May 1868

My Dear Olliffe

[†a] If the undersigned Individual (newly arrived in this country from the United States of America) can have, through your kind interposition, one or two cases of that excellent Hock, his Blessing will attend you. He was lately under the hands of a medical friend of yours, Dr. Fordyce Barker of New York: a capital

fellow,[†a] and always speaking of you as much beholden to you.[†1] Love to Lady Olliffe[†2] and to all at home who remember him

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To B. W. PROCTER,[†3] 11 MAY 1868*

Text from transcript of MS by Dykes Campbell in Guildhall Museum, Rochester.[†4]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eleventh May 1868

My dear Procter

I am delighted to have your kind note, and to be so held in my dear old friends' remembrance—I can report myself perfectly well and not altogether destitute in respect of Transatlantic dollars. Will you tell Mrs. Procter[†5] with my love that I am in daily expectation of being bidden to a certain Ladies Banquet, and to bask in the ample shadow of Lady Molesworth's[†6] skirts—Meantime I am wallowing in half a years arrears of Papers, but hope soon to see Land and you

Ever your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON,[†7] 11 MAY 1868

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eleventh May, 1868

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I am delighted to have your letter. It comes to me like a faithful voice from dear old Rockingham, and awakens many memories.

The work in America has been so very hard, and the winter there has been so excessively severe, that I really have been very unwell for some months. But I had not been at sea three days on the passage home when I became myself again.

If you will arrange with Mary Boyle[†8] any time for coming here, we shall be charmed to see you, and I will adapt my engagements accordingly. I make this suggestion because she generally comes here early in the summer season. But if you will propose yourself *anyhow*, giving me a margin of a few days in case of my

being pre-engaged for this day or that, we will (as my American friends say) "fix it".

What with travelling, reading night after night, and speech-making day after day,[†1] I feel the peace of the country beyond all expression. On board ship coming home, "a deputation" (two in number, of whom only one could get into my cabin, while the other looked in at the window) came to ask me to read to the passengers that evening in the Saloon. I respectfully replied that sooner than do it, I would assault the Captain, and be put in irons.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY MOLESWORTH, 12 MAY 1868

Extract in Sotheby catalogue, Dec 1999; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 12 May 68; addressed Lady Molesworth.

Thanking her for her welcoming him home, lamenting the amount of business awaiting him on his return complicated by the illness and absence of my partner in All The Year Round[†2] *and commenting on the Tour*. . . .I am perfectly well (though I was far from well in America) . . . my trip was immensely successful in all respects. I am going to make my final Farewell of "Reading" in London and the provinces, this next Winter.

He adds that he is shocked and grieved by her intelligence about Chorley, about which he had only previously heard faint whispers[†3] . . . On the whole I was disappointed likewise, for I entertained hopes that his better angel[†4] would prevail. Was not that opposition to Costa[†5] at the Athenaeum incredible in these days?[†6]

To EDMUND YATES,[†7] 12 MAY 1868

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twelfth May 1868.

My Dear E. Y.

I have not doubted you for a moment. Not in the least. I heard that you

were out of town; or I should have anticipated your writing to me, by writing to you.

With great pleasure as to Black Sheep.[†1] But you may suppose what arrears of business of all kinds I have, and how they are complicated by Wills's illness and absence. Hence I cannot yet be quite sure of my day. Let us arrange it when you come back.

I earnestly hope that you will now get right and clear.[†2] You are quite young enough, and have a sufficiently free stage before you, to play the play out yet to everybody's satisfaction.

Ever affecy.

CD.

My Making-up day in Wellington Street is Thursday, until further notice.

To MRS CHARLES COLLINS, [?13 MAY 1868]

Mention in *To* Georgina Hogarth, 14 May. *Date*: written previous day.

To CHARLES NOSOTTI,[†3] 13 MAY 1868*

MS Henry Sotheran Limited.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Thirteenth May 1868

Sir

I shall be glad to take the five glasses,[†4] in accordance with your estimate.[†5] If you will let me know at Gad's Hill (when they are completed) on what day and by what train your workman will come down with them, the cart shall meet him at the station. They will be very easily fixed, the wall being of wood; but I wish them to be adjusted by your workman, in order that they may reflect and refract truly.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Charles Nosotti

To THOMAS BEARD,[†1] 14 MAY 1868

MS Dickens House. *Address*: Thomas Beard Esquire | Lancaster Place.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourteenth May 1868

My Dear Beard

I was very sorry indeed to miss you the other day. Can't you come down to Gad's on Saturday, until Sunday or Monday? No one there, and I will meet you by any train.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To J. T. FIELDS, 14 MAY 1868

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fourteenth May, 1868.

My Dear Fields

†a I hope you will receive by Saturday's Cunard, a case containing:

1.—A trifling supply of the†2 pen-knibs that suited your hand

2.—A Do. of unfailing medicine for cockroaches

3.—Mrs. Gamp, for Ticknor.†3

The case is addressed to you at Bleecker†4 Street New York. If it should be delayed for the knibs (or nibs) promised tomorrow, and should be too late for the Cunard packet, it will in that case come by the next following Inman Steamer.†5

Everything here looks beautiful, and I find it (you will be surprised to hear) really a pretty place!!! I have seen No Thoroughfare twice. Excellent things in it; but it drags—to my thinking. It is, however, a great success in the country, and is now getting up with great force in Paris. Fechter is ill, and was ordered off to Brighton yesterday. Wills is ill too, and banished into Sussex for perfect rest. Otherwise, thank God, I find everything well and thriving. You and my dear Mrs. Fields are constantly in my mind.†a

With love from Mary and Georgina,
Ever My Dear Fields
Your truly affectionate
CD.

†a Procter greatly better.†a

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 14 MAY 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourteenth May 1868

My Dearest Georgy

I wrote to Katie yesterday, and had the enclosed note from her this morning.

Tomorrow I will come to Gad's by some train from New Cross.[†1] I have no Bradshaw here, and have been too busy all day to send for one. But I will come to Higham, either by the train that leaves London about mid-day, or by afternoon train; certainly one of the two, and probably the former. Of course I shall remain at Gad's until Monday Morning. I have told Ellen[†2] of your coming, and also about the clothes—which she had already sent to you.

Fechter is swollen in his worst manner,[†3] and has gone to Brighton.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS CATTERMOLE,[†4] 16 MAY 1868*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixteenth May, 1868.

My Dear Mrs. Cattermole

On my return from America just now, I incidentally heard that George[†5] had been ill.[†6] My sister in law had heard it from Forster—but vaguely. Until I received your letter of Wednesday's date, I had no idea that he had been very ill; and should have been greatly shocked by knowing it, were it not for the hopeful and bright assurance you give me that he is greatly better.[†7]

My old affection for him has never cooled. The last time he dined with me, I asked him to come again that day ten years, for I was perfectly certain (this was my small joke) that I should not set eyes upon him sooner. The time being fully up, I hope you will remind him, with my love, that he is due. His hand is upon these walls here,[†8] as I should like him to see for himself, and *you* to see for *your*self. And in this hope I shall pursue his complete recovery.

I heartily sympathize with you in your terrible anxiety and in your vast relief; and, with many thanks for your letter, am Ever

My Dear Mrs Cattermole | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To ALFRED DICKENS, 16 MAY 1868*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Sixteenth May, 1868.

My Dear Alfred. On coming home from America where I have been Reading (I have been absent six months), I found your letter of the 17th. February waiting for me. It was but newly arrived however. I have lost no time in communicating with Plorn, and as his mind is quite made up to try Bush life in earnest, I

have arranged that he shall so come out to you as to arrive in Melbourne about Christmas—as you recommend. He is now at the Agricultural College at Cirencester, but he will leave there in July. I think it best that he should bestir himself about his ship, passage, outfit, and so forth, and should have as little help as possible. When he comes home, therefore, I shall set him to work in these respects, and he shall write to you and give you all particulars. You must not charge yourself with the cost of going to Melbourne to meet him, but must leave that to me. For which purpose, you will find—*on and after your receipt of Plorn's letter*—fifty pounds placed by me to your credit at the Bank with which you have already had dealings.

You will find him able to turn his hand to a good many things. He can ride, do a little carpentering, make a horse shoe, and job handily in various ways. He has some little knowledge of useful chemistry also. He is well grown and strong, and has many requisites for the life, *if* he take to it steadily. By this expression, I don't mean that he is in the least likely to go wild or do wrong; I simply mean that he may not take to the life when he comes face to face with it. Of that, we can form no accurate judgment until he tries it. You will observe him, and will soon see how he tends. He will have ready money in his pocket when he lands; and, in case of accident or sudden emergency of any kind, he shall bring out an authority to the Bank to honor your joint drafts to the extent of One Hundred Pounds. Of course you will not draw more of this reserve than is quite necessary. But the Fifty Pounds first mentioned on the other side will be absolutely your own.

Charley Collins, I am sorry to say, is very ill. Besides having spasmodic asthma badly, he has some mysterious illness (originating in the brain, I fancy) which weakens him with continual sickness. He is in bed at present, but is to be got down here as soon as he can be moved. Harry, having imprudently taken a jump at Wimbledon (the very thing he was cautioned by the Doctors on no account to do) has damaged his weak knee again, and is lying motionless in *his* bed. I am afraid it will be a slow and long affair, and that it will be as much as he can do to go up to[†1] Cambridge in October. Mr. Fechter has broken down at the Adelphi, after playing in No Thoroughfare 120 odd nights, and is going to Paris, really very ill. Wilkie has had gout in his eyes, and has suffered greatly all the

Winter. Mr. Wills has had a bad fall, out hunting, and is ordered absolute rest for months to come. This completes the cataolgue of calamities; all the rest of us being in flourishing condition.

Nothing can exceed Mr. Rusden's kindness. Plorn shall bear a letter to him, from me.

Go on as you have begun—get on as you have got on—and please God you will do honor to your name in the New World.[†1][[†a]

Dearest Love from all | Ever Your affectionate Father[†a]]

CHARLES DICKENS

To CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN,[†2] 17 MAY 1868

Mention in N, 111, 648; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 17 May 68; addressed Captain Sherard Osborn.

Concerning a dinner to Cyrus Field;[†3] *CD will propose a toast if able to be present.*[†4]

To CHARLES READE,[†5] 17 MAY 1868*

MS W. N. Roughead. *Address:* Charles Reade Esquire | [†a] 2 Albert Terrace | Knightsbridge.[†a]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Seventeenth May 1868

My Dear Reade

Before I left New York, I had a long interview with your lawyer.[†6] I think him remarkably well up, both in your particular case and the general subject.[†7] He has considered both, well, and has the points at his fingers' ends. He begged me to tell you that he could have tried the case this month, but sought postponement for two reasons. Firstly, because he did not feel well enough (he has some

affection of the heart), to do justice to it. Secondly, "because he didn't like the judge". He expected to bring it on for trial in June, and was exceedingly confident of "getting a verdict".[†1] It might be merely a verdict for a nominal sum of money, and the defendants were notoriously men of straw; but *a* verdict he believed he could pledge himself to get. I undertook to make this known to you. He decidedly knows more about his case than a lawyer in the interests of his client usually does, and has taken great pains with it.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD,[†2] 18 MAY 1868

Text from Fitzgerald, *Memories of CD,* p. 57.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, Eighteenth May, 1868.

My dear Fitzgerald,

Wills is ordered away for positive rest and change, and is forbidden even to write a letter. The Paris paper[†3] is welcome, and Theodore of Corsica shall receive unbounded hospitality in these Halls.[†4] I am ready for him as soon as he likes.

Regarding the Readings, thus the case stands: I mean to take my farewell of that occupation in the ensuing winter and spring. Dublin and Belfast will assuredly be in the programme, and I shall not fail to claim your promise to join the pilgrimage. Dolby begs me to tell you that he is full of joyful anticipation. He has been utterly hardened by his American bullying, and has none but private feelings left.

Many thanks for your kind welcome home.

Always cordially yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Percy Fitzgerald, Esquire.

To MRS S. C. HALL,[†5] 18 MAY 1868*

MS Pennsylvania Historical Society. *Address:* Mrs. S. C. Hall | Bannow House | 8 Essex Villas | Argyll Road | Kensington | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Eighteenth May 1868

My Dear Mrs. Hall

I find your kind note on coming here this morning, and I thank you and Hall[†6] for your cordial welcome home.

There are (I find on reference to our contribution-list) several stories in type awaiting their places. But I shall be delighted to give yours immediate attention, if you will let me have it here.[†1] Please mark it on the outside "Private", and then it will be sure to come straight to my desk.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR S. G. HOWE, 18 MAY 1868†

MS Perkins Institute for the Blind.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighteenth May, 1868

Dear Dr. Howe

If you will apply personally to Mr. J.S. Amory of Boston,[†2] that gentleman (as agent to my Bankers Messrs. Coutts and Co. Strand London) will pay you Seventeen Hundred Dollars. This sum, in accordance with your estimate,[†3] I place at your disposal for the production of 250 copies of The Old Curiosity Shop, printed in raised letters for the use of the Blind.[†4]

[†a] I am unwilling to fetter you with any conditions; but I wish any Blind asylums or Asylum for the City of New York to share gratuitously in this little gift.[†a] Kindly use your own discretion concerning it, and you will please me.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Howe.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 18 MAY 1868

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 18 May 68; addressed F. Ouvry.

Sending a cheque for £400 for the balance of the loan to Fechter.[†6]

To MESSRS SEAGER, EVANS & CO., 18 MAY 1868*

MS Messrs Seager, Evans & Co. *Address:* Messrs. Seager Evans and Co. | Mill Bank | Westminster.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Eighteenth May 1868

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Messrs. Seager Evans and Co. and begs them to test the accompanying bottle of gin drawn from their cask this morning.[†1] It appears to Mr. Dickens to have neither the right strength nor flavor, and he thinks it must have been tampered with at the Railway. When the cask was tapped at Gad's Hill on Saturday, it was observed to be particularly full.

To SAMUEL SIDNEY[†2], 18 MAY 1868*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Samuel Sidney Esquire | Lea View Lodge | Mount Pleas[ant] | Upper Clap[ham][†3] | N. E.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Eighteenth May 1868

My Dear Mr. Sidney

You have every claim to my answering your letters with my own hand immediately.

Wills bore his journey into Sussex very well indeed, and, at its successful termination, was no worse. I do not think it likely that we shall have better news of him for several weeks. But to be no worse in such a case is virtually to be better, and I can honestly assure you that I left him (on his going away) far better than I expected.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Sidney Esquire

To THE REV. JOHN CONSTABLE,[†4] 19 MAY 1868

Mention in N, 111, 649.

To THE REV. J. M. BRACKENBURY,[†1] 21 MAY 1868*

MS G. A. Linsley.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty First May, 1868

My Dear Sir

I am deeply gratified by your praises of Harry;[†2] and I heartily hope that in his future career he will do us both justice.

Nothing will occur, I trust, to prevent my having the pleasure of giving away the prizes on the day of the Sports.[†3] I am sorry to say that my Surgeon forms a far less hopeful view of Harry's accident[†4] than yours does.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. John M Brackenbury

To JAMES PAYN,[†5] 21 MAY 1868

Mention in *Autograph Prices Current,* v (1919-21); *MS* 1 p.; addressed James Payn; dated 21 May 68.

Thanking him for the cordiality and frankness of his letter.

To DR RICHARD I. QUINNELL,[†6] 21 MAY 1868

MS State Library of Victoria, Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty First May 1868

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the photograph you have kindly left for me in Wellington Street,[†7] and have great pleasure in sending you the photographs enclosed, in compliance with your request. I must beg to express my regret that six months arrear of business, and the complete overthrow of my usual orderly arrangements by the indisposition of my chief assistant, rendered it impossible for me to see you when you were in London.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Richard I. Quinnell

To CHARLES FECHTER, 22 MAY 1868

Text from MDGH, 111, 254.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday, 22nd May, 1868.

My Dear Fechter,

I have an idea about the bedroom act,[†1] which I should certainly have suggested if I had been at our "repetitions" here.[†2] I want it done *to the sound of the Waterfall.* I want the sound of the Waterfall louder and softer as the wind rises and falls, to be spoken through—like the music. I want the Waterfall *listened to when spoken of, and not looked out at.* The mystery and gloom of the scene would be greatly helped by this, and it would be new and picturesquely fanciful.

I am very anxious to hear from you how the piece seems to go, and how the artists, who are to act it, seem to understand their parts. Pray tell me, too, when you write, how you found Madame Fechter, and give all our loves to all.

Ever heartily yours
[CD]

To J. T. FIELDS, 22 MAY 1868

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Second May 1868

My Dear Fields.

I have found it so extremely difficult to write about America (though never so briefly) without appearing to blow trumpets on the one hand, or to be inconsistent with my avowed determination *not* to write about it[†3] on the other, that I have taken the simple course enclosed. The No. will be published on the 6th. of June. It appears to me to be the most modest and manly course, and to derive some graceful significance from its title?[†4]

Thank my dear Mrs. Fields from me for her delightful letter received on the sixteenth. I will write to her very soon, and tell her about the Dogs. I would write by this post, but that Wills's absence (in Sussex, and getting no better there as yet) so overwhelms me with business that I can scarcely get through it.

Miss me? Ah my dear fellow, but how do I miss *you!* We talk about you and "Annie" at Gad's Hill, every day of our lives. And I never see the place looking very pretty indeed, or hear the divers tribes of birds sing, all day long, and the nightingales all night, without restlessly wishing that you were both there.

With best love and truest and most enduring regard, Ever My Dear Fields
Your most affectionate
CD.

To CHARLES KENT,[†1] 22 MAY 1868

Extract in American Art Association catalogue, Feb 1924; *MS* 1 p.; dated 26 Wellington Street, 22 May 68; addressed Charles Kent.

I cannot tell you how truly I feel your kind remembrance of your friend, under signed . . . Thank you. Since I came back I have been so overwhelmed by six months arrears of business, intensely complicated by the illness and absence of Wills, that I have been constantly afflicted with a Revolving Nightmare. I hope however to send round "the Duke's Motto"[†2] this next week.

To HENRY MORLEY,[†3] 22 MAY 1868*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Second May 1868

My Dear Morley

Mr. Meason[†4] may reprint as he desires.[†5]

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To J. C. PARKINSON,[†6] 22 MAY 1868

Extract in Fitzgerald Collection, Vol. 292, Guildhall Museum, Rochester.

My boy is laid up at Wimbledon (he is headboy there now and going to Cambridge) with a lamed knee. Having lamed it two years ago, he was medically admonished not to jump—of course therefore did jump—and probably will never jump again.

To S. U. FLODELL,[†1] 23 MAY 1868*

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty Third May, 1868

Dear Sir

I very readily comply with your request preferred through Mr. Dolby, and beg to send you on the other side a short extract, in my writing, from the Old Curiosity Shop.

With many thanks for your attention when I was last in America, and with the assurance of my good will towards you wheresoever I am,

Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. S. U. Flodell

"Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; but the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever."

CHARLES DICKENS

Saturday Twenty Third May, 1868.

To THE REV. ALEXANDER J. D. D'ORSEY,[†2] [25 MAY 1868]

MS (envelope) Professor Harry Stone. *Address:* The Rev. Alexander D. Dorsey | 13 Prince's Square | Kensington Gardens | W. PM 25 May 68.

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, 25 MAY 1868

Text from MDGH, 111, 255-8 and ([aa]) J. T. Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors,* 1875, p. 190.

Gad's Hill, Higham by Rochester, Kent,
25th May, 1868.

My Dear Mrs. Fields,

As you ask me about the dogs, I begin with them. When I came down first, I came to Gravesend, five miles off. The two Newfoundland dogs,[†3] coming to meet me with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket phaeton as we trotted along, and lifting their heads to have their ears pulled—a special attention which they receive from no one else. But when

I drove into the stable-yard, Linda[†1] (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited; weeping profusely, and throwing herself on her back that she might caress my foot with her great fore-paws. Mamie's little dog, too, Mrs. Bouncer, barked in the greatest agitation on being called down and asked by Mamie, "Who is this?" and tore round and round me, like the dog in the Faust outlines.[†2] You must know that all the farmers turned out on the road in their market-chaises to say, "Welcome home, sir!" and that all the houses along the road were dressed with flags; and that our servants, to cut out the rest, had dressed this house so that every brick of it was hidden. They had asked Mamie's permission to "ring the alarm-bell" (!) when master drove up, but Mamie, having some slight idea that that compliment might awaken master's sense of the ludicrous, had recommended bell abstinence. But on Sunday the village choir (which includes the bell-ringers) made amends. After some unusually brief pious reflections in the crowns of their hats at the end of the sermon, the ringers bolted out, and rang like mad until I got home. There had been a conspiracy among the villagers to take the horse out, if I had come to our own station, and draw me here. Mamie and Georgy had got wind of it and warned me.[†3]

Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss châlet (where I write) and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the saildotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in, at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious.

Dolby (who sends a world of messages) found his wife much better than he expected, and the children (wonderful to relate!) perfect. The little girl[†4] winds up her prayers every night with a special commendation to Heaven of me and the pony—as if I must mount him to get there! I dine with Dolby (I was going to write "him," but found it would look as if I were going to dine with the pony) at Greenwich this very day, and if your ears do not burn from six to nine this evening, then the Atlantic is a non-conductor. We are already settling—think of this!—the details of my farewell course of readings. I am brown beyond belief, and cause the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. It is really wonderful what those fine days at sea did for me! My doctor[†5] was quite broken down in spirits when he saw me, for the first time since my return, last Saturday. "Good Lord!" he said, recoiling, "seven years younger!"

It is time I should explain the otherwise inexplicable enclosure. Will you tell Fields, with my love (I suppose he hasn't used *all* the pens yet?), that I think

there is in Tremont Street a set of my books, sent out by Chapman, not arrived when I departed. Such set of the immortal works of our illustrious, etc., is designed for the gentleman to whom the enclosure is addressed. If T., F. and Co., will kindly forward the set (carriage paid) with the enclosure to [Hamilton]'s[†1] address, I will invoke new blessings on their heads, and will get Dolby's little daughter to mention them nightly.

"No Thoroughfare" is very shortly coming out in Paris, where it is now in active rehearsal. It is still playing here, but without Fechter, who has been very ill. The doctor's dismissal of him to Paris, however, and his getting better there, enables him to get up the play there. He and Wilkie missed so many pieces of stage-effect here, that, unless I am quite satisfied with his report, I shall go over and try my stage-managerial hand at the Vaudeville Theatre.[†2] I particularly want the drugging and attempted robbing in the bedroom scene at the Swiss inn to be done to the sound of a waterfall rising and falling with the wind. Although in the very opening of that scene they speak of the waterfall and listen to it, nobody thought of its mysterious music. I could make it, with a good stage-carpenter, in an hour.

[†a] Is it not a curious thing that they want to make me a governor of the Foundling Hospital, because, since the Christmas number, they have had such an amazing access of visitors and money?[†a†3]

My dear love to Fields once again. Same to you and him from Mamie and Georgie. I cannot tell you both how I miss you, or how overjoyed I should be to see you here.

Ever, my dear Mrs. Fields, | Your most affectionate friend

CD

To JAMES HAMILTON,[†4] 25 MAY 1868

MS Marion Public Library, Ohio. *Address:* With a Packet of Books | Mr. James Hamilton | Care of Mr. Childs | Ledger Office | Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Fifth May, 1868.

To
Mr. James Hamilton
This set of my books
With thanks and regard[†5]
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. W. JONES,[†1] 25 MAY 1868*

Text from copy in Minute Book of Newsvendors Benevolent and Provident Institution.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday 25th. May 1868

Dear Sir.

I shall be happy to receive the Deputation here on Thursday next at Halfpast two.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. W. W. Jones.

To WALTER THORNBURY,[†2] 25 MAY 1868

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue No. 2266 (Apr 1928); *MS* 1 p.; addressed Walter Thornbury; dated Office of *AYR*, Monday, 25 May 68.

As I am the other man who is not going to the Derby,[†3] I have arranged to look after Wills on Wednesday.

To D. O'C. TOWNLEY,[†4] 25 MAY 1868

Text from W. G. Wilkins, *CD in America*, 1911, p. 314.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday, May 25, 1868.

My Dear Sir,

I am truly obliged to you for your note enclosing `Alderman Rooney's' account of a dinner never to be forgotten by me.[†5] You are very hard upon the `Alderman,' I think, in your depreciation of his work! For playfulness and earnestness combined, and for a special ease in versification, the `Alderman' seems to me to be rather remarkable.[†6] I cannot claim to be a disinterested judge of his production, certainly, for it has touched me in a tender place; but if you can, by any means, convey my appreciation and thanks to him, pray do.

My dear sir,
Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

D. O'C Townley, Esq.

To MRS WILLS,[†1] 25 MAY 1868

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Fifth May 1868

My Dear Mrs. Wills

As I am the man who is not going to the Derby, I will come down on Wednesday by the 11..55 train you tell me of, returning to town by any good train in the early evening. My love to Wills, whom I hope to find coming round the corner (figuratively) at a steady pace.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 27 MAY 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty Seventh May 1868

My Dear Ouvry.

Shall I answer the enclosed to the effect that I altogether object to the republication of the Portrait,[†2] or will you?

Have we made any move in the direction of Young Essell of Rochester?[†3]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SHIRLEY BROOKS,[†4] 30 MAY 1868

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

THE ATHENÆUM
Saturday Thirtieth May, 1868

My Dear Brooks

Many thanks for your hearty remembrance, and for the Introduction to the G. M. re-born:— [†5] which is as quaint and pleasant a paper, and as much to the purpose, as I have read for many a day. I shall be delighted to have the Gordian

Knot;[†1] and its very much nearer associations with you than with the old Burlington Brigand[†2] shall take the taste of the latter out of my mouth.

When will you really come to Gad's Hill? On what Sunday? I can put you up at night, and remit you to town at any hour you like best on Monday. Will you come on Sunday week the 7th. of June? Or on Sunday fortnight the 14th. of June? Say when, in a line to me at Wellington Street.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To H. D. DAVIES,[†3] 30 MAY 1868

Mention in American Art Association & Anderson catalogue No. 3895; *MS* I p.; addressed H. D. Davies; dated Gad's Hill Place, 30 May 68.

Giving him advice.

To ALEXANDER IRELAND,[†4] 30 MAY 1868

MS Morgan Library.

THE ATHENÆUM | Saturday Thirtieth May, 1868

Dear Mr. Ireland

Many thanks for the book[†5] you have kindly sent me. My interest in its subject is scarcely less than your own, and the book has afforded me great pleasure. I hope it will prove a very useful tribute to Hazlitt[†6] and Hunt[†7] (in extending the general knowledge of their writings), as well as a deservedly hearty and loving one.

You gratify me much by your appreciation of my desire to promote the kindest feelings between England and America. But the writer of the generous article in your paper[†8] is quite mistaken in supposing that I intend to write a book on the United States. The fact is exactly the reverse, or I could not have spoken without some appearance of having a purpose to serve.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Alexander Ireland Esquire

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 31 MAY 1868

Extract in unidentified American catalogue, from W. Dexter's cuttings at Dickens House.

Mentions Harry Dickens's affected leg. Now I am off to Paris for a day or two,[†1] but not longer. Did you not suppose that Harry's leg was being ornamented by the paint-brush?

To JOHN FORSTER, [MAY 1868]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 823*n. Date*: during his last visit to Paris, according to Forster.

Enclosing a cleverly written Paris journal containing essays on English manners.[†2] *In one of them the writer remarked that he had heard of the venality of English politicians, but could not have supposed it to be so shameless as it is, for when he went to the House of Commons he heard them call out "Places! Places! Give us Places!"*[†3] *when the Minister entered!*

June

To ALFRED HARMANT,[†4] 2 JUNE 1868*

MS Dickens House.

HOTEL DUE HELDER
AD. REIGNARD | 9 & 10 RUE DU HELDER | PARIS
Mardi Juin 2, 1868

Cher Monsieur

J'ai l'honneur de vous prier, de vouloir bien présenter mes vrais remerciements aux artistes qui m'ont prêté leurs concours dans la répresentation de "L'Abîme", ce soir; et de les assurer de ma haute, et reconnaissante appréciation de leur puissante interpretation de mon drâme.

Permettez moi aussi de vous remercier de la libéralité avec laquelle vous avez mis les ressources de vôtre excellent Théatre au service d'un écrivain Anglais.

J'espère avant peu, Monsieur, vous exprimer ma gratitude, et remercier vos artistes, *en personne*; mais, forcé de retourner à Londres, sans délais, je n'ai pû quitter Paris sans leur addresser, ainsi que vous, Monsieur, l'expression de ma reconnaissance, et l'assurance de mon parfait dévoument.

Vraiment à vous
CHARLES DICKENS

A Monsieur Alfred Harmant.

To M. LE DIRECTEUR DE L'HOTEL DU HELDER,[†1] 3 JUNE 1868*

MS British Library

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Mercredi Juin 3, 1868

M. Charles Dickens prie Monsieur le Directeur de l'hotel du Helder, d'avoir la bonté d'envoyer aucune lettre reçue à L'hotel addressé à Monsieur Dickens depuis son depart, à l'addresse ci-dessus

To JAMES BIRTLES,[†2] 4 JUNE 1868*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth June 1868

Dr. Mr. Birtles.

I send you the list of contents,[†3] and such proofs as I have to send. Forward proof of Sparrows[†4] to Mr. Mackay,[†5] and beg to have it back by return. I have requested Mr. FitzGerald to send you *his* proof by return.[†6]

Please set up for me, the enclosed Cricket Club Rules.[†7]

CD.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 4 JUNE 1868

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth June 1868

My Dear Wilkie

I have been to Paris. The piece is a genuine and real success.[†8] They all agree

that if it could have been done at the Porte St. Martin,[†1] it would have gone 200 nights. I did not see it on the first night, being far too nervous and oppressed by a horrible sense of the helplessness of the situation. Fechter too was lead-colored, and shaking from head to foot. So we took a ride in an open coach, and repaired at intervals to the Café Vaudeville:[†2] where Didier (the announced translator)[†3] came, from act to act, with his report. Joey Ladle knew nothing of his part, and made less than nothing of it. All the rest did

well. Bertrand[†4] was loudly called at the end of the Second Act, and did his very utmost. There is no doubt whatever that it was a success from first to last. It was too late to make the change when I got to Paris, and Fechter had great faith in the retention of the scene besides; but I am quite certain that the piece would go better without Wilding's death scene. The Audience are told (in the person of Vendale)[†5] that Wilding is dead—and that is quite enough. I saw our French Wilding after his decease, and could very clearly perceive that he had got mighty little out of it.

I thought it as well that they should know about Paris at the Adelphi, so I went behind for half an hour last night.

You are getting on, I hope? | Ever affecy

CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 4 JUNE 1868

MS Bentley Collection, Kennesaw State College, Georgia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth June 1868

My Dear FitzGerald

I had done thus much to Bird's Eye Paris[†6] this morning when I heard from Birtles that you have a proof of it by you. Will you make your corrections on my enclosed proof, and send it back to Birtles *by return of post*?[†7]

Please keep, on abrupt transitions into the present tense, your critical eye.[†8]

Tom Butler,[†1] in type, is just now brought in. I will write to you of him tomorrow or Saturday.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Wills going on well.

To MISS LE CLERCQ,[†2] 4 JUNE 1868*

Text from transcript, Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth June 1868.

My Dear Miss Le Clercq,

Many thanks for your kind note. I hope the great success[†3] will do our friend's[†4] health a world of good. I am quite as heartily glad on his account, as on the Play's.

Faithfully yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To J. C. PARKINSON, 4 JUNE 1868†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth June 1868

My Dear Mr. Parkinson

There is a bill[†5] before Parliament (but I forget whose it is) for enabling a married woman to possess her own earnings.[†6] I should much like to champion the sex—reasonably—and to dwell upon the hardship inflicted by the present law[†7] on a woman who finds herself bound to a drunken, profligate, and spend-thrift husband—who is willing to support him—does so—but has her little savings bullied out of her, continually. The case is this:-The bill will not pass, we know very well; but would it not be wise and just to take[†8] any such opportunity of setting right some little item in the wrong that springs up under our laws of marriage and divorce? Grant what we are told by bishops, priests, and deacons[†9] about sanctity of marriage, indissolubility of marriage tie &c &c. Grant that such things *must be,* for the general good. Cannot we—and ought not we— in such a case as this, to help the weak and injured party? Reverse the case, and take a working man with a drunken woman saddled on him as long as he lives,
[†a] who strips his house continually to buy drink.[†a] If he must not be able to divorce

himself—for the general good—surely "the general good" should, in return,[†1] punish the woman.

Would you like to take this subject?[†2]

Faithfully Yours Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To E. YARDLEY,[†3] 4 JUNE 1868

Mention in Anderson Galleries catalogue, April 1916; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 4 June 68; addressed E. Yardley.

Acknowledging the receipt of a package of books.

To W. J. FARRER, 6 JUNE 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Evening Sixth June 1868

My Dear Sir

I have now gone through all the papers of the late Mr. Townshend that have been placed in my hands. So very few memoranda concerning those religious opinions to which he refers in his will, exist among them, that I suppose there must be many more papers at Lausanne.

I have discovered nothing that in the least explains his meaning as to the rings[†4] intended to illustrate his geological collection, or that throw any light on his testamentary wishes. —Perhaps, however, I should except under the latter head a note in his own handwriting—part of a paper entitled "my observations"— evidently a kind of sketch for a business letter to his agent, Mr. Jackson, on the receipt of one of his periodical reports—in which Mr. Townshend describes his "one great object", as being "to leave a bequest to the improvement of mankind". The context, though very slight in itself, clearly shows that he referred here to his real estates,[†5] and not to his papers.

Traces of two former wills, destroyed, have attracted my notice in the course of my investigation.

I am My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†6]

W. Farrer Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 6 JUNE 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Sixth June 1868

My Dearest Georgy.

I will leave Charing X tomorrow at 10..40—arriving at Gad's (at Higham Station, I mean) at 12..7.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 JUNE 1868*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Ninth June 1868

My Dear Ouvry.

I enclose the quarterly cheque.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Ouvry Esquire

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 10 JUNE 1868*

MS Guildhall Museum, Rochester.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Tenth June 1868

My Dear FitzGerald

Tom Butler[†2] is in print, and I like him *very much.* But I do not quite understand how long you propose to make him. He is obviously incomplete as he stands. How tall[†3] is he to grow? Into how many parts is he to expand?[†4] Enlighten me, there's a dear fellow, and I will presently respond.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

I have been very much pleased with the Garrick,[†5] and have read it *"straight through"*.

To W.C. MACREADY, 10 JUNE 1868[††]

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Tenth June 1868

My Dearest Macready

Since my return from America, I have been so overwhelmed with business that I have not had time even to write to you. You may imagine what six months of arrear are to dispose of; added to this, Wills has received a concussion of the brain (from an accident in the hunting field), and is sent away by the doctors, and strictly prohibited from even writing a note. Consequently, all the business and money details of All The Year Round devolve upon me. And I have to get them up, for I have never had experience of them. Then I am suddenly entreated to go to Paris, to look after the French version of No Thoroughfare on the stage. And I go, and come back,—leaving it a very great success.

I hope Mrs. Macready and you have not abandoned the idea of coming here? The expression of this hope is the principal—if not the only—object of this present note. May the amiable Secretary vouchsafe a satisfactory reply!

[†a] Katie's husband is still ill, and I begin to doubt his ever recovering. She and Mary and Georgina send their very best love.[†a] The undersigned is in his usual brilliant condition, and indeed has greatly disappointed them at home here by coming back "so brown and looking so well." They expected a wreck, and were at first much mortified. But they are getting over it now. To my particular friends, the noble boy and Johnny, I beg to be warmly remembered.

Ever My Dearest Macready
Your most affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

† to your Katie and Mrs. Macready

To CAPTAIN HOUSTON STEWART,†1 10 JUNE 1868

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address: Private* | Captain Houston Stewart R. N. | The Dock Yard | Chatham. PM 10 Jun 68.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Tenth June 1868

My Dear Houston Stewart

I read your last note with the deepest interest, and was touched to the heart by the remembrance it conveyed to me. You cannot imagine how much you were in my mind while I was in America, though I hope you *can* imagine with what sympathy and true regard I always thought of you, and how they never wrote to me from here without mentioning your name. I have not the courage to approach (in writing) nearer to your grief;†2 but you have no friend who can

ever have felt a higher admiration of what you have lost than I did, or who can more tenderly appreciate your sorrow.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 10 JUNE 1868*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Sir James Emerson Tennent Bart | 66 Warwick Square | London | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Tenth June 1868

My Dear Tennent

I have been so very busy since I came back, that I have not had time to write to you to thank you for your cordial welcome home. Not to mention six months arrears of business, my business manager sub Editor and partner, Wills, is laid up with concussion of the brain, and I have the whole of "All The Year Round" work to do. I have had to go to Paris too, to look after the No Thoroughfare play (a very great success), and have been in a perfect whirlpool of occupation.

At last, I herein send you my love and thanks. It would be a great pleasure to us if you and Lady Tennent and Miss Tennent†1 would repeat your visit of last year before you go to Ireland. We would do our best to make your time ours. The want of rain is distressing the poor people very much, and is making the lawn brown, and the flowers hang their heads; but otherwise the country is beautiful.

My Dear Tennent | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

To HENRY MORLEY, 11 JUNE 1868

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, Eleventh June 1868

My Dear Morley.

†a I find it impossible to get an opening in the middle of the No.†2 this time. Never mind that, in going over the making up. As an exceptional departure from the rule,†3 it may dispense with an appearance of monotony. Your account of the Vigilance Book†4 is a most admirable presentation and condensation of a wandering text.†a

Faithfully Yours always
CD

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 13 JUNE 1868

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 13 June 68; addressed Mrs Cattermole.

CD has conversed with Forster who is ready to be one of several to assist George,†1 yet he had reasons for believing that he and I alone could do no enduring service to George or you. *Some special experience in his remembrance so CD did not press.*†2 . . . while I am painfully conscious that the enclosed small sum†3 can be but of temporary use to you, I still hope that it may derive some adventitious value in your eyes from being freely and confidentially placed at your disposal by an old friend

Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To HENRY DICKENS, 13 JUNE 1868

Extract in *Autograph Prices Current*, VI, 55; dated *AYR* Office, 13 June; addressed "to his son".†4

The question is, how can you best be got to Gads? I suppose you will want some one to help you in and out of the carriage on the two Railways, and in and out of the cabs. Write me at Gad's. Be explicit,

To GEORGE DOLBY, 15 JUNE 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifteenth June 1868

My Dear Dolby

Your's of yesterday received this morning. I had stupidly forgotten your Handel[†5] engagements,[†6] and had meant to talk about the commencement of the Readings[†7] here. On Thursday I will expect you at the office.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, 15 JUNE 1868

MS Library of Congress. *Address:* Private | J. Russell Young Esqre. | Office of The New York Tribune | New York City | U.S. of America.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fifteenth June 1868

My Dear Mr. Young.

Many thanks for your kind letter of the fourteenth of last month, and for the copies of The New York Tribune.[†1] I am happy to report that three or four days at sea vanquished both the catarrh and the neuralgia, and that I came home in great force. I am now looking out expectantly for Longfellow.[†2]

With kindest regards to Mr. Greeley when you see him, Believe me
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Russell Young Esquire

To GEORGE ROUTLEDGE,[†3] 16 JUNE 1868*

MS George Last.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixteenth June 1868

Dear Sir,

Mr. Longfellow is an old friend of mine, and stayed at my home when he was last in England six and twenty years ago.[†4]

I shall be at the office of All the Year Round in Wellington St. on Thursday next from half past eleven until half past two, and shall be happy to see you if it should suit your convenience to call.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Routledge Esquire.

To CHARLES KENT, 17 JUNE 1868†

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventeenth June 1868

My Dear Kent.

†a Every schoolboy knows that if you make any more of these preposterous resolutions, you will do harsh violence to my affectionate regard for you. Every schoolboy also knows that no man can be more welcome here than you always are, and that you cannot test the hearty hospitality of Gad's too often.†a Be a schoolboy therefore, and behave accordingly.

Concerning Harry, I like to guide the boys to a discreet choice, rather than to press it on them. That will be my course as to the Middle Temple,†1 of which I think as you do.†2 Concerning Charles Collins, nothing will induce him—not even the pressing representations of his own Doctor—to see another Doctor.

With cordial thanks for every word in your letter,

Affectionately Yours always
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 17 JUNE 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventeenth June 1868

My Dear Ouvry

Fechter is evidently under the impression that I accepted some charge which he never proposed to me, and which I (consequently) never undertook! He asked me to see you on the Naturalization Question; and that I should have done but for his subsequent reminder that he was born in England.†3 He also said to me, in Paris, that he supposed he could (if necessary) leave a part of the purchase-money of the house on Mortgage? But he said no more, and I supposed *you* to know what *I* knew in the matter.

I shall be at the office after eleven tomorrow: but I cannot advance the money, as Fechter knows already.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS HACHETTE & CIE,†4 18 JUNE 1868*

MS Hachette & Cie.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eighteenth June 1868

Dear Sirs

I had supposed that you were good enough to make the necessary registration of my works in Paris.[†5] In future I will duly empower you to do so, if you will kindly undertake the task.

On behalf of Mr. Wilkie Collins and myself, I am happy to concede to you the right of publishing a french translation of the *tale* No Thoroughfare; we reserving to ourselves the right of publishing a French translation of the *Drama* founded on No Thoroughfare and entitled L'Abime.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of £16; as your payment for the aforesaid concession.

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Hachette & Cie.

To H.G. ADAMS,[†1] 21 JUNE 1868

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty First June 1868

My Dear Mr. Adams

I am sorry to be obliged to assure you that my Reading again for the Institution[†2] is quite impracticable. My Farewells come in the way; and when they shall be cleared out of it, I read in public no more.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. G. Adams Esquire.

To R. BERNAL OSBORNE,[†3] 21 JUNE 1868*

MS W. A. Foyle.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty First June 1868

My Dear Bernal Osborne

I should be heartily pleased to shake hands with you, and to join the "sociable spirits",[†4] on Saturday the 27th. but that I am pre-engaged for that day. Layard[†5] is coming here for a couple of days rest.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. Bernal Osborne Esqre.

To MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY,[†6] 21 JUNE 1868*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Twenty First June 1868

My Dear Madame Sainton

Accept my most cordial thanks for your kind note. I shall be delighted, I assure you, to present myself at your door on Thursday at half past five. You will

perhaps have heard from your brother how perfectly we got on together in America; but it would be impossible for him—and very, very difficult for me— to tell you what a place he holds in my affection and confidence.

With kind regard to M. Sainton[†1]
Believe me always | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR S. G. HOWE, 23 JUNE 1868

MS Perkins Institution for the Blind.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Third June 1868

My Dear Dr. Howe.

I write this brief reply to your most welcome letter of the 7th. in order that you may be quite sure of my entire concurrence in your scheme for the distribution of the books.[†2] You have read my wishes correctly: and I could not be better satisfied than I am.[†3]

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. B. BUCKSTONE,[†4] 24 JUNE 1868†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,

HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth June 1868

My Dear Buckstone

I am heartily sorry to know that you are troubled and unwell. But I hope that a little rest will make you as bright as usual.

†a October will probably find me reading, before it is a week old. But I shall not lose a chance of reminding you of your promise,†a you may depend upon it.

With all good wishes | Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

J. B. Buckstone Esquire

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 24 JUNE 1868*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth June | 1868.

My Dear Cartwright.

If I fail to appear tomorrow, do not for a moment think me unmindful of your kindness. A world of present vexation and worry has tumbled on my shoulders to-day, with one of my boys in it.†1

Ever faithfully,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 24 JUNE 1868

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983.; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 24 June 68; addressed Mrs Cattermole.

Written very hastily in midst of great worry and vexation. CD will pay cheque†2 *into Coutts's tomorrow*—whatever will make you most comfortable about it, will best please me. Be sure of that.

You must not unconsciously put phrases into my mind which were not there. Nor is there anything to find out about that old interposition. George did not help us. That was all. We would have been useful if we could, but without his help we were useless and gave it up for good.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS FAIRBAIRN,†3 24 JUNE 1868

MS Royal Library, Copenhagen.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth June 1868

My Dear Fairbairn

I am very strongly impelled to comply with any request of yours.[†4] But these posthumous honours of Committee, Subscription, and Westminster Abbey, are so profoundly unsatisfactory in my eyes that—plainly—I would rather have nothing to do with them in any case.

My daughter and her Aunt unite with me in kindest regard to Mrs. Fairbairn. And I hope you will believe in the possession of mine, until I am quietly buried without any Memorial but such as I may have set up in my lifetime.

Very faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Fairbairn Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 JUNE 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fifth June 1868

My Dearest Georgy

Frank Beard is coming down tomorrow (Friday) by the 2..12 Train from Charing Cross. He looks quite exhausted by work, but he insists on coming.

Ever affecy.
CD.

The "company's"[†1] affairs are far more hopeless than at first appeared;[†2] and even as to Charley personally—he owes a Thousand Pounds!

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 25 JUNE 1868*

MS Columbia University Library, New York. *Address:* Frederic Ouvry Esquire | 66 Lincolns Inn Fields.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fifth June 1868

My Dear Ouvry.

Unfortunately I have a particular engagement at half past 5 to day, but I pledge myself beforehand to any appointment you may make for tomorrow afternoon.[†3] I shall be here today until 4.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 26 JUNE 1868*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Friday Twenty Sixth June 1868

My Dear Morley

If you should find too much in the No.[†1] Mackay's poems may come out.[†2] Or "Barrack Room Company" may come out—which would be better.[†3] I wish not to displace "Queer Street",[†4] if it can possibly be avoided. You will see that I have given "Doubts and Fears" the post of honour.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WILLS, 26 JUNE 1868

MS Huntington Library.

A.Y.R. | Friday Twenty Sixth June 1868

My Dear Mrs. Wills.

I should have answered your letter yesterday, but for[†a] two reasons. The first,[†a] an unusual amount of drudgery in setting Proofs right for the No.[†6]—[†a] The second, an unspeakable amount of worry and vexation arising out of my son Charley's connexion with this precious Paper Mill Company; against which and his precious Associates in which, I wrote him a letter[†7] of warning when it first loomed in the Evans[†8] atmosphere. It is coming to irretrievable bankruptcy, smash, and ruin.[†a]

Your tidings of Wills, I think good. That he must have time, we knew from the first. He has not had a long time yet; and I cannot help thinking that even to be no worse, is to be better. The bracing place[†9] I am strongly in favour of. I am very hopeful that it will make a great change in him.

I had seen that letter about the Ladies' College,[†10] and will be prepared to pursue the subject should the opportunity be presented.[†11] Do you know that

some rather ugly disclosures are afloat about Peter?[†1] I know of others, hushed up a few years ago. It is my belief that some men will come to the Guild Meeting,[†2] expressly to prevent his having that advance of

money. I think I know of two, who are influencing more. And as I cannot conscientiously propose it, or support it, I don't think he'll get it.

Will you tell Wills at some time or other, that his old Mare has not done a week's work since she came to Gad's, and is totally unfit for any sort of usefulness. Shall I have her shot?

Everything at the office is quiet and straight. With my love to Wills, believe me ever

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. S. AYRTON,[†3] [?LATE JUNE 1868]

Envelope only, MS Dickens House. *Address:* Scroope Ayrton Esquire | Prospect Place. *Date:* his obvious concern with Charley's paper-making Co's bankruptcy (see below) points to late June 68.

To RICHARD BENTLEY,[†4] 28 JUNE 1868*

MS Worshipful Company of Stationers and Newspaper Makers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Eighth June 1868

My Dear Sir

I have been away, and received your kind letter only last night.

I feel truly obliged to the Master and Wardens of the Stationers' Company for their gratifying remembrance of me,[†5] and I beg you cordially to thank them in my name. But it unfortunately happens that I cannot be in London on Wednesday, and have already been obliged to excuse myself from attending the dinner to be given on that day to Mr. Cyrus Field.[†6] Otherwise I should have been greatly interested in assisting at a civic reception of Longfellow, who is an old and dear friend of mine.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Richard Bentley Esquire

To CHARLES DICKENS, JNR, [?28 JUNE 1868]

Mention in *To* Ouvry, 28 June. *Date:* probably written same day.

To THOMSON HANKEY,[†1] 28 JUNE 1868†

Extracts from Goodspeed's Book Shop, 1973; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Thomson Hankey; dated 28 June 68.

My Dear Sir

I have been about for the last few days, and am only now in receipt of your note. No such article . . . is within my remembrance. If such a paper ever did appear either in Household Words or its successor All the Year Round, I will take care that it is immediately traced out and sent to you. But . . . I think my memory is not likely to be at fault on such a point. Our office index shall be duly referred to however . . .

Very truly yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 28 JUNE 1868

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1909; dated Gad's Hill Place, 28 June 68; addressed Charles Kent.

To HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 28 JUNE 1868

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Eighth June 1868

My Dear Longfellow

I will come to town on Tuesday morning, duly provided with "the right time of day" for you.[†2] I will call upon you at the Langham[†3] by eleven in the forenoon.

Will it suit you to come down with your three daughters[†4] and Appleton[†5] (to whom I will write, after seeing you) from Saturday to Monday? If not, take any days after Saturday, except Thursdays. We will be alone, so that we may ramble about.

I hear of all manner of speechmaking designs against you, as to which I reply that I know you dislike speechmaking. The Stationers' Company will make

desperate efforts to entrap you (if you be not already caught) for this next Wednesday.

You shall be as completely at home here, as though you were at Cambridge; and we shall be most heartily glad to see you and yours on the old Falstaff ground.

Ever Yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

My eldest daughter will come with me on Tuesday morning.[†1]

To FREDERICK OUVRY, 28 JUNE 1868*

MS Shawn Thomas.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Eighth June 1868 | Sunday

My Dear Ouvry

Thanks for your letter. I have told my son by this post that you recommend my doing nothing at present, except giving him some supply for current expenses. I have sent him at the same time £50, which will enable him to break up his establishment and pay his way as he goes on.

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To G. M. TOWLE,[†2] 28 JUNE 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* George M Towle Esquire. | 17 Bartholomew Villas | Kentish Town Road | N. W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER KENT.
Twenty Eighth June 1868

Dear Sir

If it will suit your convenience to call upon me at the office of "All The Year Round" on Tuesday next at One o'Clock, I shall be very happy to see you there. The address is 26 Wellington Street, Strand.

Let me assure you that your letter required no apology, and that I have received it with interest and pleasure.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Makepeace Towle Esquire

To THOMAS APPLETON, [30 JUNE 1868]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

To HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 30 JUNE 1868

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirtieth June 1868

My Dear Longfellow.

You can leave Victoria Station, Pimlico, for "Strood Station, Rochester Bridge" at 8..30 on Saturday evening,[†1] and get down in an hour.

Or, you can leave Charing Cross Station, North Kent Railway at 9..15 on Saturday evening for "Higham Station" and get down in rather more than an hour and a half.

The first route is the better. By either route, you can take return tickets which will bring you back on Monday. Let me know which line you choose, in order that I may duly meet you at the Station you come to.

Enclosed, a note for Appleton.

Affectionately Yours ever

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 30 JUNE 1868

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirtieth June 1868

My Dear Wills

Of course the Mare shall roll in the lap of luxury (which is very much dried up by the bye, for want of water), until you send for her.

I don't think Mr. Robertson[†2] would do. There is no literature in that kind of Drama,[†3] and I feel convinced that the short notice and the necessity of compression would be too much for him, with no experience of that kind of writing —our kind, I mean.[†4] Of the Miss Mulholland[†5] idea,[†6] I think much better. I will write to her on Thursday.

FitzGerald's boy's Biography[†1] is "servilely founded" (he writes) on me. But it goes on well enough, and I was to have the whole of it this week. If I get it, and it continues up to the mark, we shall be none the worse for having two strings to our bow.[†2]

I don't like Mrs. Linton[†3] for a story.[†4]

The fly-swallowing[†5] Holsworth asking me with open eyes t'other day what was to be done about Mr. Yates's story[†6] and the volume,[†7] I thought it best to maintain the fiction that we were going straight on from Wilkie to Edmund.[†8] If we do not keep the fiction up as long as possible, we shall not get the copy that ought to be written. Grave and gloomy resolve therefore sits upon my lofty brow.

I will write to you again about the Guild, on Thursday or Friday. I shall be very glad when you change your air again, and try a new and a bracing place. Never mind the singing. If you feel that your head is better, rely upon it you are right, howsoever vaguely you may feel it.

For the soul of me, I cannot (hammer and think as I will) raise the ghost of an idea for the Xmas No.[†9]

Disconsolately
CD.

July

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 2 JULY 1868†

Extract and facsimile ([aa]) in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 3pp.; dated Office of *AYR*, 2 July 68; addressed Mrs. Cattermole.

Referring to George Cruikshank[†10] testimonial, a wretched failure, *CD was certain it was not* a prompt and ready means of relief. *Giving her advice on the best course of action in raising money for George Cattermole, explaining the difficulties of such an enterprise.* Your friends unconsciously deceive you—*exaggerating CD's influence*
. . . I do not believe that a public appeal would succeed.

For any private effort I will raise my present contribution up to £50[†11] . . . and will confer with artist-friends. But he has greatly fallen away from so many friends, that I don't know who remain. (Understand me as not recalling this in

blame, but as the mere bare fact). *Of those who do remain, CD has a* despairing impression.

A committee of private friends might address Mr Gladstone;[†1] but (I take it) only for a subscription from himself, because he has no public money in his gift. There can be no objection to your writing to Mr D'Israeli,[†2] stating the facts shortly, and asking whether [a] no grant can be had, for such a man, from the Queen's Bounty or any other fund. I have no doubt of your receiving attention, and I honestly and sincerely believe that your own application would tell for much more than mine. But I am most strongly of opinion that the only real hope lies with private friends and possessors of George's works.

In the height of my occupations today, I have written this letter amidst many interruptions;[†3] but I hope it is kind (it is meant to be so) and I know it is true.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

To MRS MILNER GIBSON,[†4] 2 JULY 1868*

MS Trinity College, Cambridge.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Thursday Second July 1868

My Dear Mrs. Milner Gibson

I have *not* had the letter of invitation to which your note received here to day, so kindly refers me. It has miscarried somehow, for I came from Gad's Hill only last night. Unfortunately I am engaged to dine with Cartwright tomorrow, or I should have been delighted to profit by your remembrance of me, and to meet another dear old friend in Longfellow.

With kind regard to Milner Gibson[†5]
Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To COLONEL FISHER,[†6] 3 JULY 1868*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Third July 1868

My Dear Colonel Fisher

I am very truly obliged to you for your kind note forwarded here to day from

Gad's Hill, and will lose no time in presenting my boy[†1] to Lieut. Stephens[†2] at Gravesend.

Accept my cordial thanks, and Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 3 JULY 1868*

MS Guildhall Museum, Rochester.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Third July 1868

My Dear FitzGerald

"O where and O where"[†3] is the rest of Tom Butler???[†4]

I have been so stunned by your amazing intelligence about Ruskin,[†5] that I have only yet recovered perception enough to dimly comprehend that he will *not* "enjoy her."[†6]

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To W.H. WILLS, 3 JULY 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Third July 1868

My Dear Wills.

The threatened opposition did not come up to the scratch yesterday.[†7] The august assemblage included the President,[†8] Morley, and William Jerrold.[†9] We all three agreed that it was not a strong, and that it was a dangerous, case; and we were considering whether we should confine ourselves to paying the Doctor's bill, when Absolon[†10] appeared, and was so very urgent in favor of the whole

relief sought and nothing short of it, that we decided to advance the money. I added to the resolution a request to Mrs. Cunningham[†1] to send in her receipts as vouchers. I think we have done wrong, and feel correspondingly comfortable.

To day I write to Miss Mulholland. As the remainder of FitzGerald's copy has not come in, I also write to him.

So no more at present from Yours Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND, [3 JULY 1868]

Mention in last. *Date:* written later the same day.

To JAMES BIRTLES, 4 JULY 1868*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Mr. James Birtles.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourth July 1868

Dear Mr. Birtles

Here is a poem, the proof of which is to go to Dr. Mackay.[†2] [†a][I have called his attention to a piece of bad grammar in it, which he will no doubt correct.][†a]

You will receive from him a prose article on "Ice" for the next No.[†3]

I wish to make up the next No. if I can, on Wednesday in this next week instead of Thursday.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON,[†4] 4 JULY 1868*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourth July 1868

My Dear Dixon

I enclose you Seventy Pounds for Miss Jerrold.[†5] This leaves a balance of only Seven Pounds, ten, at Coutts's; but another Dividend will be due in September.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANCIS DICKENS,[†1] 6 JULY 1868

MS Longfellow House. *Address:* To introduce Mr. Charles Longfellow | Francis Jeffrey Dickens Esqre. | Bengal Police Service | Kishnaghur | Tirhoot | Bengal.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixth July 1868

My Dear Frank

This is to present to you, Mr. Charles Longfellow,[†2] the eldest son of my highly esteemed friend Mr. Longfellow the great American writer. You cannot please me better than by doing everything in your power to remind this gentleman of my great affection for his father.

Love from all | Ever Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. T. FIELDS, 7 JULY 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventh July 1868

My Dear Fields

I have delayed writing to you (and Mrs. Fields, to whom my love) until I should have seen Longfellow. When he was in London the first time, he came and went without reporting himself,[†3] and left me in a state of unspeakable discomfiture. Indeed, I should not have believed in his having been here at all, if Mrs. Procter had not told me of his calling to see Procter. However, on his return he wrote to me from the Langham Hotel, and I went up to town to see him, and to make an appointment for his coming here. He, the girls, and Tom Appleton, came down last Saturday night, and stayed until Monday forenoon.[†4] I showed them all of the neighbouring country that could be shown in so short a time, and they finished off with a tour of inspection of the kitchens, pantry, wine cellar, pickles, sauces, servants' sitting room, general household stores, and even the Cellar Book, of this illustrious establishment. Forster and Kent (the latter wrote certain verses to Longfellow which have been published in the Times,[†5]

and which I sent to Delane),[†1] came down for Sunday, and I hope we all had a really "good time"—[†a] though I am bound to confess confidentially that a discontented championship of "Annie"[†2] was perpetually going on, on the part of my womankind, much to the disparagement (by contrast) of the Misses Longfellow!!![†a] I turned out a couple of postilions in the old red jacket of the old red royal Dover Road, for our ride; and it was like a holiday ride in England 50 years ago. Of course we went to look at the old houses in Rochester, and the old cathedral, and the old Castle, and the house for the Six Poor Travellers who, "not being rogues or proctors, shall have lodging, entertainment, and fourpence each".[†3]

Nothing can surpass the respect paid to Longfellow here, from [†b] old Cross Patch (the Queen's popular and honorable appellation in Windsor)[†b] downward.[†4] He is everywhere received and courted, and finds (as I told him he would, when we talked of it in Boston) the working men at least as well acquainted with his books, as the classes socially above them. My Lords Stanhope[†5] and Houghton[†6] (Milnes, you know) two men certain to make a mistake if it be (as it usually is) possible, put the Athenæum's back up to that extent by coolly asking him to dinner there, and coolly appropriating a Club room for the purpose, without any notice of their hospitable intentions to the representatives of literature in the Club, that they were obliged to relinquish the project altogether. Otherwise the whole body, of which he has been made an Honorary Member, would have balloted for seats at any entertainment in his honor, I am certain.

My boy Charley, who went into a paper making company with the very identical men against whom I wrote him a most earnest warning when he married, has come to grief in connexion with that precious Firm, and staggers back, with a family of five children in the present and fifty in the future, on the parental shoulder. I am at my wits' end to know what to do. Charley Collins is— *I* say emphatically— dying.[†7] Only last night I thought it was all over. He is reduced to that state of weakness, and is so racked and worn by a horrible

strange vomiting, that if he were to faint—as he must at last—I do not think he could be revived. My man came into my room yesterday morning to say "Mr. Collins, Sir, he is that bad, and he looks that awful, and Mrs. Collins called me to him just now, that brought down by his dreadful sickness. As it has turned me over Sir." And last night we all felt (except Katie before whom we say nothing) that he might be dead in half an hour.[†1][†a]

Last Thursday I attended, as Sponsor, the christening of Dolby's son and heir[†2]—a most jolly baby who held on tight by the Rector's left whisker while the Service was performed. What time too, his little sister,[†3] connecting me with the pony,[†4] trotted up and down the centre aisle, noisily driving herself as that celebrated animal, so that it went very hard with the sponsorial dignity.—[†a] I don't think his wife is in a good state by any means.[†a]

Wills is not yet recovered from that concussion of the brain, and I have all his work to do. This may account for my not being able to devise a Xmas No. but I seem to have left my invention in America. In case you should find it, please send it over. I am going up to town to day to dine with Longfellow [†a] at Routledge's, the publishers, and[†a] now, my dear Fs you know all about me and mine.

You are enjoying your holiday? And are still thinking sometimes of our Boston days, as I do? †a And have taken the field against more Cockroaches?†a And are maturing schemes for coming here next summer? A satisfactory reply to the last question is particularly entreated.

I am delighted to find you both so well pleased with the Blind Book scheme.†5 I said nothing of it to you when we were together—though I had made up my mind—because I wanted to come upon you with that little burst, from a distance. It seemed something like meeting again, when I remitted the money and thought of your talking of it.

The dryness of the weather is amazing. All the ponds and surface wells about here are waterless, and the poor people suffer greatly. The people of this village have only one spring to resort to, and it is a couple of miles from many cottages. I do not let the great dogs swim in the Canal, because the people have to drink of it. But when they get into the Medway, it is hard to †c get them out again. The other day, Bumble (the son Newfoundland dog) got into difficulties among some floating timber, and became frightened. Don†6 (the father) was standing by me, shaking off the wet and looking on carelessly, when all of a sudden he perceived something amiss, and went in with a bound and brought Bumble out by the ear. The scientific way in which he towed him along was charming.

Ever Your Loving
CD.†c†7

To JOHN DELANE, 8 JULY 1868*

MS *The Times* Newspapers Ltd.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighth July, 1868

My Dear Delane

I have duly forwarded the card of invitation to the writer of the Longfellow lines†1—*not* Kingsley.†2

Many thanks for your prompt and ready kindness in that matter, as in all others on which I have ever troubled you.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

John Delane Esquire

To GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE,†3 [12 JULY 1868]

Envelope only, MS Berg Collection. *Address: American Mail*†4 | George. W. Birdseye Esquire | 202 Broadway (room 7) | New York City | U.S. of America. PM Rochester 12 Jy 68.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 12 JULY 1868*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

GAD'S HILL PLACE
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twelfth July 1868.

Dear Cartwright

On Saturday the 25th. we shall be delighted to see you in Frith's good company.[†5] I write to him a line by this post, to bind the bargain.

Faithfully yours ever,
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Cartwright, Esquire.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 12 JULY 1868*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twelfth July, 1868

My Dear Dixon.

Unfortunately, although I come to town on Thursday next, I am engaged for that evening or I should have had great pleasure in accepting your friendly invitation.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Hepworth Dixon Esqre.

To W. P. FRITH,[†1] 12 JULY 1868

MS West Suffolk Record Office. *Date*: misdated by CD; he was writing, as to Cartwright, on Sun 12 July.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twelfth July, 1868

My Dear Frith

Cartwright has duly let me know that you purpose to redeem your promise to come and see us here, on Saturday the 25th. This is merely to let *you* know (though unnecessarily I hope) that you shall be heartily welcomed.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Frith Esquire

To JAMES BIRTLES,[†2] 14 JULY 1868

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1887; dated Gad's Hill Place, 14 July 68.

Requesting "A Hard Road to Travel"[†3] to be sent to Mr. Sala.

To G. A. SALA,[†4] 14 JULY 1868

Extract in American Art Association and Anderson Galleries catalogue, Mar 1917; *MS* 1 p.; dated 14 July 68, Gad's Hill Place; addressed G. A. Sala.

Dear Mr Sala

Wills is getting much better, but is not yet fit for duty.

I have received your letter . . . the printer will presently send you a proof of your paper . . . I have much pleasure in accepting "Baggage under difficulties",[†1] for early insertion in A. Y. R.[†2]

To ROBERT GEMMELL,[†3] 16 JULY 1868

Mention in N, III, 658.

Engaging to subscribe to a book about to be published by his correspondent.[†4]

To HENRY MORLEY, 17 JULY 1868

Extract in Charles Retz catalogue, No. 17; *MS* I p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 17 July 68; addressed Henry Morley.

there is too much merit in "The Abbot's Pool" . . . I reserve to myself the right of condensing some of the conversations . . . it shall somehow be published in the course of the present volume.[†5]

To W. H. WILLS, 17 JULY 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Friday Seventeenth July 1868

My Dear Wills

I am charmed to have your capital report and hopeful note. Please God you will come back in the noblest condition.

It is a part of the bump in Wilkie's forehead that he *will not* allow his brother to be very ill. †a[He almost incessantly vomits, and quite incessantly hiccups—keeps his room—is utterly prostrate with weakness—and totally unfit for any function of this life.]†a The obstinacy of said Wilkie is something perfectly inconceivable. His bodily condition is robust health, when compared with his mental.

I knew Marsh†1 to be idiotically mistaken, and have appointed the Farrier for early tomorrow morning, with the strictest injunctions that the end†2 shall be momentary, and that Marsh shall see that it is so.

With love to Mrs. Wills | Ever affecy.

CD.

To J. E. MILLAIS,†3 19 JULY 1868

Text from MDGH, III, 263.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday, 19th July, 1868.

My Dear Millais,

I received the enclosed letter yesterday, and I have, perhaps unjustly—some vague suspicions of it. As I know how faithful and zealous you have been in all relating to poor Leech,†4 I make no apology for asking you whether you can throw any light upon its contents.†5

You will be glad to hear that Charles Collins is decidedly better to-day, and is out of doors.

Believe me always, faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To H. M. CUSTOMS & EXCISE, [?JULY 1868]

Extract in John Anderson Jnr catalogue No. 343. *Date*: probably well after *To* Howe, 23 June, to allow time for shipment of the books; probably late July.

Refers to two copies of Old Curiosity Shop *which* Mr. Charles Dickens has received from America, printed in raised letters for the use of the blind, and which he forwards as a present. . . . Before†6 his last visit to the States he left a sum of money with his friend, Dr. Howe, of Boston, for the production of the edition.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, [21 JULY 68]

Telegram. Mention in next.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN,[†1] 21 JULY 1868

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty First July, 1868

My Dear Letitia

You will have had a Telegram from me today. I received your sad news[†2] by this morning's post. They never, without express explanation, mind "Immediate" on a letter addressed to the office, because half the people who write there on business that does not press or on no business at all, so mark their letters.

On Thursday I have people to see and matters to attend to, (both at the office and at Coutts's) which (—in Wills's absence—) I cannot forego, or depute to another. But, *between ourselves,* I must add something else:—I have the greatest objection to attend a funeral in which my affections are not strongly and immediately concerned. I have no notion of a funeral as a matter of form or ceremony. And just as I should expressly prohibit the summoning to my own burial, of anybody who was not very near or dear to me, so I revolt from myself appearing at that solemn rite, unless the deceased were very near or dear to me. I cannot endure being dressed up by an undertaker as part of his trade-show. I was not in this poor good fellow's house in his lifetime, and I feel that I have no business there when he lies dead in it. My mind is penetrated with sympathy and compassion for the young widow, but that feeling is a real thing, and my attendance as a mourner would not be—to myself. It would be to you, I know, but it would not be to myself. I know full well that you cannot delegate to me your memories of and associations with the deceased: and the more true and tender they are, the more invincible is my objection to become a form in the midst of the most awful realities.

With love and condolence from Georgina, Mary, and Katie, Believe me ever
Your affectionate Brother
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GERALDINE JEWSBURY,[†3] 21 JULY 1868*

MS Graham Heath. *Address*: Miss Jewsbury | 43 Markham Square | Chelsea | London | S. W. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty First July, 1868

My Dear Miss Jewsbury

I shall be very glad to lend Miss Carpenter a helping hand in her good work, and will with pleasure accept your paper.[†4]

My daughters and their Aunt send you their kind regard. And I beg you to believe me

Always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 21 JULY 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address*: Charles E. Norton Esquire | 278 Oxford Terrace | Oxford Street | Manchester. PM, Rochester 21 July 68.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Twenty First July, 1868

My Dear Norton

I have been expecting to hear from you on this side of the water, and am delighted by the receipt of your letter this morning. My daughter and her Aunt are somewhat disappointed by its contents, as it tells them that when you *first* come here Mrs. Norton[†1] will not be with you (as I had told them she would); but you will hear more about this, you may be sure, from their own lips.

What do you say to coming here on Saturday fortnight, and staying at all events till Monday? Calculating your dates, this looks to me reasonably hopeful. I would arrange to be in town to meet you. We are barely 30 miles by railroad.

Before I had been on board ship four days, all my small symptoms of fatigue vanished, and I became offensively robust again. In which condition I long to embrace you.

You and yours are so well known here, from my accounts, that we all unite in love to all of you.

My Dear Norton

Affectionately and Heartily Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles E Norton Esquire

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 22 JULY 1868

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Second July, 1868

My Dear Mrs. Cattermole

Of course I will sign your memorial to the Academy. If you take either of the Landseers, certainly take Edwin[†1] (1 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.). But if you would be content with Frith, I had already spoken to him, and believe that I can answer for him.

I shall be at All The Year Round office 26 Wellington Street, London, tomorrow from 11 to 3. Frith will be *here* on Saturday, and I shall be here too. I spoke to him a fortnight ago, and I found him most earnest in the cause. He said he felt absolutely sure that the whole profession in its best and highest representation would do anything for George. I sounded him, having the opportunity of meeting him at dinner at Cartwright's.

Ever Yours affecy.
CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 23 JULY 1868†

MS Myers & Co.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Third July 1868

My Dear Morley

Since I saw you to day, I have put together the best No.[†2] 1 could get—on the whole—and I hope you will find that it will fall into place easily. I have been almost demented by the intolerably confused changes of mood, tense, and person, into which the writers fall; and have held the Guard Room[†3] over for that infernal reason.

[†a] Dixon, in endeavouring to be droll about Michelet's[†4] drolleries,[†5] has made such an utterly incomprehensible joke of the Mountain,[†6] that I can't use it.[†a]

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 23 JULY 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Third July 1868

My Dear Ouvry

You are always corrupting me:—for which, many thanks. I like it.

Enclosed I send you round a most wonderful composition,[†1] which perhaps Mr. Farrer would like to see. No layman on earth could have written it!

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS CATTERMOLE,[†2] 26 JULY 1868

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Sixth July, 1868

My Dear Miss Cattermole

Although I was not unprepared for the receipt of your letter, it shocked me almost as much as though I had not expected it.[†3] Your Mama knows all that I would say to comfort her, and she needs no words of mine to remind her what a good wife she has been, and where she will find relief for her wounded heart.

I owe your Mama Twenty Five Pounds.[†4] In the hope that the sum may be of more service in these sad moments than at another time, I send a cheque enclosed.

Believe me | Affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 26 JULY 1868

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Sixth July, 1868

My Dear Wills

I have yours of the 22nd this morning, and am delighted to get it. It has made two journies between this place and the office, before coming to hand.

The Militia paper[†1] IS[†2] by Sydney Blanchard.[†3] In justice to him I must mention that it has been in type for several weeks, but that I could not get it in sooner. I have taken great pains with the Nos.[†4] and have selected carefully. There are two papers by Sala now in type.[†5] Not much in them.

I have been, and still am—which is worse—in a positive state of despair about the Xmas No. I cannot get an idea for it which is in the least satisfactory to me, and yet I have been steadily trying all this

month. I have invented so many of these Christmas Nos. and they are so profoundly unsatisfactory after all with the introduced Stories and their want of cohesion or originality, that I fear I am sick of the thing. I have had serious thoughts of abandoning the Xmas No.! There remain but August and September to give to it (as I begin to read in October), and I CAN NOT[†2] see it.[†6]

I quite agree with you about the Moonstone.[†7] The construction is wearisome beyond endurance, and there is a vein of obstinate conceit in it that makes enemies of readers.[†8]

My love to Mrs. Wills. All sorts of Messages to you.

Ever Affectionately

CD.

Poor George Cattermole is dead. Very, very, poor. Family quite unprovided for; debt and distress.

To HENRY MORLEY, [27 JULY 1868]

MS (envelope only) Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1964. *Address*: To be forwarded | Henry Morley Esquire | "All The Year Round" Office | 26 Wellington Street | London | W.C. PM 27 July 68.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, [?28 JULY 1868]

Extract in G. A. Baker catalogue No. 49; *MS* 1 p.; place and date cut away; addressed Mr. Chapman. *Date*: see next; the phrase "just Cause of Complaint" makes it seem probable that CD is writing about the same problem.

The enclosed letter (which I have answered) represents a just cause of complaint. The copies lying on my table at this time are very defective in the same respect. Pray represent the case strongly to the binder.

Faithfully Yours | CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. ALLEN PAGE MOOR,[†1] 28 JULY 1868

Extract in N, III, 660 with address, date and first phrase in Sotheby's catalogue, 16 May 1972; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 28 July 68; addressed The Rev. A. P. Moor, The Precincts, Canterbury.

In reply to your obliging letter, I beg to assure you that I have very strongly represented its just Cause of Complaint,[†2] to my publishers. Allow me to thank you for so courteously addressing me on the subject.

To MESSRS CHARLES & GEORGE ELLIS,[†3] 29 JULY 1868*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Ninth July, 1868

Dear Sirs

Will you please send me a quarter Cask of Sherry as usual.†4

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Ellis

To T. J. SERLE,†5 29 JULY 1868†

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* T. J. Serle Esquire | Novello Cottage | Worthing.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Ninth July, 1868

My Dear Serle

I do not believe there is the slightest chance of an international Copyright law

being passed in America for a long time to come. Some Massachusetts men do believe in such a thing, but they fail (as I think) to take into account the powerful Western opposition.

Such an alteration as you suggest in the English Law, would give no copyright in America, you see. The American publisher could buy no absolute *right* of priority. Any American newspaper could (and many would, in a popular case) pirate from him, as soon as they could get the matter set up. He could buy no more than he buys now when he arranges for advance sheets from England, so that there may be simultaneous publication in the two countries. And success in England is of so much importance towards the achievement of success in America, that I greatly doubt whether previous publication in America would often be worth more to an American publisher or manager, than simultaneous publication. Concerning the Literary man in Parliament who would undertake to bring in a bill for such an amendment of our copyright law, with weight enough to keep his heart unbroken while he should be getting it through its various lingering miseries, all I can say is—I decidedly don't know him.

†a On that horrible Staplehurst day,†1 I had not the slightest idea that I knew any one in the Train, out of my own compartment. Mrs Cowden Clarke†2 wrote me afterwards, telling me in the main what you tell me;†3 and I was astonished. It is remarkable that my watch (a special Chronometer) has never gone quite correctly, since.

And to this day there sometimes comes over me—on a Railway, in a Hansom cab—in any sort of conveyance—for a few seconds, a vague sense of dread that I have no power to check. It comes and passes, but I cannot prevent its coming.†a

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 31 JULY 1868

MS Huntington Library.

P[†4] Friday Thirty First July, 1868

My Dear Wills

I had such a hard day at the office yesterday, that I had not time to write to you before I left. So I write today.

I am very unwilling to abandon the Xmas No. though even in the case of my little Xmas Books (which were immensely profitable) I let the idea go, when I

thought it was wearing out. Ever since I came home, I have hammered at it, more or less, and have been uneasy about it. I have begun something which is very droll, but it manifestly shapes itself towards a book, and could not in the least admit of even that shadowy approach to a congruous whole on the part of other contributors which they have ever achieved at the best. I have begun something else (aboard the American Mail Steamer),[†1] but I don't like it, because the stories must come limping in after the old fashion—though of course what I *have* done, will be good for A. Y. R.[†2] In short, I have cast about with the greatest pains and patience, and I have been wholly unable to find what I want.

And yet I cannot quite make up my mind to give in, without another fight for it. I offered £100 reward at Gad's to any body who could suggest a notion to satisfy me. Charles Collins suggested one yesterday morning, in which there is *something* though not much. I will turn it over and over, and try a few more starts on my own account. Finally, I swear I will not give it up until August is out! Vow registered.

I am clear that a No. "by various writers" would not do. If we have not the usual sort of No. we must call the current No. for that date, the Xmas No.[†3] and make it as good as possible. The way to that can be paved in the Introduction to the new Series,[†4] and we will even make a merit of it.

[†a] Charles Collins is, for the time, better.[†a] I am buying the freehold of the meadow at Gads, and of an adjoining arable field, so that I shall now have about eight and twenty freehold acres in a ring fence. No more news.

I made up a very good No.[†5] yesterday. You will see in it, a very short article that I have called "Now!" which is a highly remarkable piece of description.[†6] It is done by a new man[†7] from whom I have accepted another article, but he will

never do anything so good, again. FitzGerald's "Autobiography of a Small Boy"[†1] not very original, but still good.

Ever affecy.

August

To F. D. FINLAY[†2] 2 AUGUST 1868

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Second August, 1868

My Dear Finlay.

Your warm hearted letter is a delightful welcome to the undersigned wanderer, and so is Mrs. Finlay's "strongest entreaty": — a very strong one indeed to me. "They", the indefinite, are, I believe, quite right in saying that my next trip will include Belfast.[†3] If I ever did such a thing, under Reading circumstances, as stay at a friend's house, believe me I would come to yours. I am thoroughly in earnest in giving you that assurance. But my rule of never leaving the Staff for any such pleasure, has been attended with such wholesome results, in the way of exact attention to business that I must stick to it to the last. Moreover, besides my right hand, Dolby, Percy FitzGerald is sworn to come to Belfast as a Volunteer.

But I will joyfully make this compact with Mrs. Finlay[†4] and you:—I think I am to read in Belfast two nights, with an off night between them. (Exact dates not yet appointed.) If you will have me to dinner on such off-night, I shall be charmed to come.[†5]

I beg to send Mrs. Finlay something as near my love as is lawful. My daughter and her Aunt unite in kindest regard to her and you. And I am always

My Dear Finlay | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank Finlay Esquire

To GEORGE W. CHILDS, 3 AUGUST 1868[††]

Text in unidentified catalogue in MS division, New York Public Library.

Gad's Hill | Monday, Third August 1868.

My Dear Mr. Childs

Many thanks for the account of your Newsboys' Dinner,[†6] a thoughtfully[†7] pleasant and interesting thing to read of. I hope you and Mrs. Childs never will seriously believe that I forgot you.

The photographs reached me safely and are the admiration of all who see them here. I owe you many thanks for them. [†a] Your beautiful flowers bloomed through the whole passage home and

ornamented the Saloon Tables every day. I sank my American Catarrh in the Atlantic on the fourth day out and disappointed all my friends by landing in the brownest and most radiant health.[†a]

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. P. SMITH,[†1] 5 AUGUST 1868*

MS Miss Mable Hodge.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fifth, August 1868

My Dear Smith

I have been resting since I came home just three months ago, and have scarcely gone out at all. For though I returned in great force, I had been, in America, extremely unwell from the hard work and the harder climate. The winter was unusually severe, and I was usually knee deep in snow. I have before me a final series of Farewell Readings in England, Ireland, and Scotland (a hundred in number); and what with them in perspective, and with All The Year Round in the present, and in the past too (with six months lee-way to fetch up), and my Sub Editor ill in the country, I have my hands pretty full—for a resting man.

Nevertheless I should have knocked good resolutions on the head and "made an effort" to come to you, but that I am engaged to dine out tomorrow at a semi-business dinner, and must, immediately after it, get back here to join some American friends straightway coming on a visit.[†2] I send my kindest regard to Mrs. Smith[†3] with thanks for her remembrance, and am always

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. P. Smith Esquire

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, [EARLY AUGUST 1868]

Mention in next (telegram). *Date:* probably written one or two days before telegram.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 7 AUGUST 1868

Telegram and MS envelope Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* C. E. Norton Esq. | care of J. Ruskin | Denmark H.

ROCHESTER | Aug 7 1868

Certainly come by the two twelve train from Charing Cross tomorrow Saturday[†1] have already written to Weybridge.[†2]

To [JAMES BIRTLES], 9 AUGUST 1868

Mention in Carnegie Book Shop catalogue, No. 157; *MS* I p.; dated London, 9 Aug 68.

Giving instructions to his printer.

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 9 AUGUST 1868

Summary in Sotheby's catalogue July 1983; *MS* I p.; dated Gad's Hill, 9 August 1868.

Offering suggestions regarding the design of notepaper for an appeal; he sends a sketch, which he advises her to use in preference to her own, agrees to his name being printed at the head, and suggests that she obtain the permission of Frith and one other to use their names also.

I do not think it would be advisable, after the interval that has elapsed, to put the separate paragraph[†3] in the obituary of the Times.[†4]

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, 9 AUGUST 1868

Text from N, III, 662-3.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday 9th August 1868

My Dear Charley

I do not see any objection to your employing your friend.[†1] But write a short note to Ouvry, and tell him that as he does not practise in bankruptcy, you do so with my consent.

I confess that I cannot see why you should not follow Ouvry's advice, and wait to be made a bankrupt instead of making yourself one. Also it appears to me that his suggested separation of your private creditors from the creditors of the company, as set forth in the last part of his letter (enclosed) against which I have placed a double pencil line, would lift you out of, and above the most miserable part of the failure. But I don't wish to press my opinion upon you.

It's clear to me that any coming in on my part now, would be very harmful indeed, and would lead the holders of your acceptances for liabilities incurred by the Company, into the preposterous belief that I could and would make some kind of a bargain with them. This I told you in the beginning, and this ground was at once taken by Ouvry without the least knowledge that I had taken it before him.

Besides which—the great vague future before you, must be my chief consideration. Even if you could find suitable occupation abroad, you could not take it without some advance of money. Even your

present resource in Mr. Benham,[†2] you describe as insufficient for all your expenses, and that again foreshadows some advance of money.

I do not know whether Mr. Lloyd[†3] is included in your arrangement with Mr. Benham. But I am absolutely certain that so long as you have anything whatever to do with Mr. Lloyd things will go wrong with you. You cannot be very near to such pitch, without getting soiled.

Ever your affectionate Father

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. H. WILLS, 9 AUGUST 1868†

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Ninth August, 1868

My Dear Wills

Like you, I am a little disappointed that you are not better. [†a]*Don't begin too*

soon, or do too much. And as Sancho[†1] says, —"Patience, and shuffle the cards".[†a†2]

Blayney[†3] is a maniac, but a good-natured fellow.

[†a] I am exactly in statu quo, as to the Xmas No. I can see nothing with my mind's eye which would do otherwise than reproduce the old string of old stories in the old inappropriate bungling way,[†a] which every other publication imitates to death. [†b] I sit in the chalet, like Mariana in the Moated Grange[†b]—and to as much purpose.

Love to Mrs. Wills, and no more at present from Yours ever affecy.

CD.

To DR J. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT,[†4] 13 [? AUGUST] 1868

Mention in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. 725; *MS* I p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 13 Apr 68; addressed J. Sheridan Muspratt. *Date:* misdated by catalogue; CD was in New York on 13 Apr; possibly Aug.

To BAYARD TAYLOR,[†5] 13 AUGUST 1868

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirteenth August, 1868

My Dear Sir

Dr. Fordyce Barker of New York is coming down to see me on Tuesday next, the 18th. It will give me great pleasure if you will come too, at your own hour: our dinner hour being 7. As some of my family are staying with me, my house is unfortunately full, and I cannot offer you a bedchamber. But I can either remit you to London by eleven at night, or house you quite snugly at the village hostelry a few yards from the gate—The Sir John Falstaff.

There are two ways of reaching this place; either by North Kent Railway from Charing Cross, for Higham Station, the next beyond Gravesend—a mile from here; or by London Chatham and Dover Railway to Strood (Rochester Bridge) Station, two miles and a half distant.

I thank you cordially for your letter, and am always My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bayard Taylor Esquire.

To G. M. TOWLE, 13 AUGUST 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* George M Towle Esqre. | 17 Bartholomew Villas | Kentish Town Road | N.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirteenth August 1868

My Dear Sir

In reply to your obliging letter, I beg to say that I exclude the Paris subjects as we had many such in Household Words.

All the others (with the exception of Lucerne, as I have a strong distaste for the Court Newsman kind of interest),[†1] I think good.[†2]

I hope a short reply in my own hand may seem—as I wish it to seem—more personally in earnest, than a longer through a deputy.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Geo: M. Towle Esquire

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 13 AUGUST 1868*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirteenth August, 1868

My Dear Webster

Thanks for cheque[†3] safely received. Good luck go with you to—and stay by you at—Liverpool.[†4] I hope to come and look you up, with my enchanted keys, pretty often this next season.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. A. SALA, 19 AUGUST 1868*

MS Princeton University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Nineteenth August 1868

My Dear Mr. Sala.

I enclose you a cheque for Fifteen Pounds.[†5]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE MANAGER, LONDON ARMOURY COMPANY,[†1] 20 AUGUST 1868*

MS Private

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday, Twentieth August, 1868

Sir

Be so good as supply my son Mr Edward Dickens, who is going out to Australia, with a rifle etc in accordance with his choice. Will forward a cheque for the amount on knowing what it is.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Manager, London Armoury Company

To MRS FORSTER, 21 AUGUST 1868*

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Office | Friday Twenty First August 1868

My Dear Mrs. Forster.

I send you below, the recipe for the Salad-Dressing. Believe me Ever (with love to Forster) affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

4 Mustardspoonsfull of Mustard
4 Salt Do. of Salt
3 teaspoonsfull of essence of anchovy
4 Do. Do. MushroomKetchup
3 Dessertspoonsfull of best Italian Oil
12 Do. of Vinegar
3 raw eggs.

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON,[†2] 22 AUGUST 1868*

MS Lytton Papers.

All the Year Round Office, London
Saturday Twenty Second August | 1868

My Dear Robert Lytton

I was with Forster the day before yesterday, who shewed me your Poems. I was charmed to bring them away with me for these pages,[†3] and have this

day paid Five and Twenty pounds to your account at Claude Scott and Cos. Bank.[†1]

Pray give my kindest regard to Mrs. Lytton.[†2] Also to Fascination Fledgeby[†3] who (I have no doubt) has by this time half a dozen new names, feebly expressive of his great merits.[†4]

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Robert Lytton

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH,[†5] 23 AUGUST 1868*

MS Theodore Hewitson.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Third August 1868

Dear Mr. Holsworth

Please write and send by post, the letter of which I send you a draft on the other side. Keep the draft by you for future letters.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Private

Madam

I have it in charge from Mr. Charles Dickens to express his regret that your letter is one of hundreds which it is constantly quite impossible for him to pursue.

I am | &c

Mrs. Wheeler[†6]
13 Stockwell Private Road Clapham S

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 23 AUGUST 1868

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Third August 1868

My Dear Ouvry

My boy Charley asked me if I had any objection, as your House did not practice in Bankruptcy, to the employment of some friend of his, well versed in such matters and in his affairs, and having a personal regard for him. I said No, but he must write to you. And so it stands.

I am fitting out another son for Australia, and another for Cambridge. And on the whole I am inclined to depart from the text of my dear friend Mrs. Gamp, and say: "which blest is the man as has NOT[†1] his kiver full of sich!"[†2]

The closing gastronomic paragraph of your letter has affected me deeply. We do a little thing or two here—as Cock a Leekie, Currie, Scotch Collops, Mutton à la Don Pedro, and such trifles as relishes with Claret — which I am bent on getting you to come and try, before I go a Reading (103 times) on the 6th. of October. Look over your Diary at your leisure, name your time from Saturday to Monday, and I won't ask Young Essell to meet you.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To ALFRED DICKENS [24 AUGUST 1868]

Mention in *To* Rusden, 24 Aug 68. *Date:* written same day.

To JOHN H. JOHNSTON,[†3] 24 AUGUST 1868

Text from facsimile in *D*, v (Mar 1909), 70.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty-Fourth August 1868

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of assuring you in reply to your obliging letter, that your present of a set of samples of the paper currency in the States, occupies a post of honor on these walls. I did not know to whom I was obliged for that interesting and curious relic. In the hurry and confusion of an enormous correspondence, the gift had become dissociated from the giver, and consequently I could not thank you for your remembrance as I now do, most heartily and cordially

Believe me Dear Sir | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr John H Johnston

To G. W. RUSDEN,[†4] 24 AUGUST 1868

MS Trinity College, University of Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Fourth August, 1868

My Dear Sir

I should have written to you much sooner, but that I have been home from the United States barely three months, and have since been a little uncertain as to

the precise time and way of sending my youngest son out to join his brother Alfred.[†1]

It is now settled that he shall come out in the ship "Sussex",[†2] [†a]1000 tons, belonging to Messrs. Money Wigram and Co.[†3] She sails from Gravesend, but he will join her at Plymouth on the 27th. of September, and will proceed straight to Melbourne.[†a] Of this, I apprize Alfred by this Mail.

I am quite concerned that you should think it necessary to make any modestly-apologetic reference to your Australian Poem.[†4] When Mr. Scott[†5] sent it to me, I wrote him a note in reply,[†6] pointing out the dimensions of a whole Number of "All The Year Round", and those of the Poem. I also told him that even if that insurmountable objection could be overcome (an impossibility in itself) I did not think the subject interesting to a large English audience; *their* interest being with the Settler in Australia, and not in the least with the aboriginal inhabitant. But I believe I also told him (what I am sure I felt), that I had read the poem myself with real interest, and had found in it an unusual power of easy and tasteful versification.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness to Alfred. I am certain that a becoming sense of it, and desire to deserve it, has done him great good. Your report of him is an unspeakable comfort to me, and I most heartily assure you of my gratitude and friendship.

In the midst of your Colonial seethings and heavings, I suppose you have some leisure to consult, equally the hopeful prophets and the dismal prophets who are all wiser than any of the rest of us as to things at home here. My own strong impression is that whatsoever change the new Reform Bill may effect,

will be very gradual indeed and quite wholesome.[†7] Numbers of the middle class who seldom or never voted before, will vote now; and the greater part of the new voters will in the main be wiser as to their electoral responsibilities, and more seriously desirous to discharge them for the common good than the bumptious singers of Rule Britannia, Our dear old Church of England, and all the rest of it.[†8]

If I can ever do anything for any accredited friend of yours coming to the old country, command me. I shall be truly glad of any opportunity of testifying that I do not use a mere form of words in signing myself,

Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Rusden Esquire

To [H. G.] ADAMS, 25 AUGUST 1868*

MS Rhode Island Historical Society.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth August.

Dear Mr. Adams

I am truly glad to find that you are settled in so quiet and congenial a haven.[†1] Accept my cordial congratulations.

Mr. Longfellow is travelling from place to place on the Continent, and I do not think it likely that I shall see him again before he returns home.[†2]

To GEORGE DOLBY, 25 AUGUST 1868*

MS British Library. *Address:* George Dolby Esquire | Ashfield | Ross | Herefordshire.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth August 1868

My Dear Dolby

Will you reply to the enclosed Readings letter?

And when you have an opportunity, will you bring me up that frame-full of samples of American Paper Currency?[†3]

My kind love to Mrs. Dolby, and also to Tatty Dombey, and (last not least) to the Noble Boy.

I am haunted by the dreadful accident to the Irish Mail.[†4]

Ever affectionately Yours

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 25 AUGUST 1868*

Text from transcript made by Arthur Rogers.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND OFFICE,
Monday Twenty-fifth Aug. 1868

My Dear Mackay.

The sparrows shall be heartily welcomed whensoever they wing their way in this direction.[†1] Consign them to me personally, and no time shall be lost.

Cordial thanks for your congratulations.[†2]

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT,[†3] 26 AUGUST 1868†

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Sixth August, 1868

My Dear Cerjat.

[†a] I am happy to set you right on one point of your esteemed letter, received a few days ago. My Charles Collins is not dead. Some Charles Collins clearly is dead, (I infer from your letter) but it is not my daughter's husband, for he is alive and here, and I saw him eat a very substantial breakfast this morning. He is not in good health, however, and has been more than usually ailing this summer.[†a]

The severity of the winter in America (which was quite exceptional even in that rigorous climate), combined with the hard work I had to do, tried me a good deal. Neuralgia and colds beset me, either by turns or both together, and I had often much ado to get through at night. But the Sea voyage home again did wonders in restoring me, and I have been very well indeed, though a little fatigued, ever since. I am now preparing for a Final Reading Campaign in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It will begin on the 6th. of October, and will probably last, with short occasional intermissions, until June. [†a] A very substantial five figured return attended the American Expedition. And this, although (being afraid of American investments) I bought all my Gold at 142, and paid a large staff munificently.

Our poor Townshend's affairs are likely, even when the Canton de Vaud[†4] point shall be settled, to be very unsatisfactorily administered.[†5] His will is

remarkably complicated, and, in his desire to evade the Statute of Mortmain,[†1] he gives one of his executors[†2] a legal (though by no means moral) hold upon his loaves and fishes.[†3] This hold I think will be retained, with the tenacity of grim death, though most clearly in opposition to the intentions of the Testator.[†4] Even those are unsatisfactory, for he leaves the bulk of his property to found a school for the poor, with no speciality in it, and nothing but the probability of its soon lapsing into abuse, to distinguish it from many schools already existing, and easily accessible.[†5] I am his Literary Executor to whom he leaves all his papers, and £2,000, and a charge to publish his religious opinions. I suppose them to be recorded in some papers at Mon Loisir, for I have, in his London papers, found nothing but very loose and straggling notes of them. I dined with him the night before I started for Liverpool to embark. I had observed a great change in him for the worse, but had no impression whatever that I should never see him again. It is an extraordinary circumstance that he has left Henri,[†6] only a ring and £400—Henri's wife (born in his service) nothing—and her mother who had been in his service five and thirty years, nothing either![†7]

I know these details will interest you, so I enter into them.[†a]

The great subject in England for the moment is the horrible accident to the Irish Mail Train.[†8] It is now supposed that the Petroleum (known to be a powerful Anaesthetic) rendered the unfortunate people who were burnt, almost instantly insensible to any sensation. My escape in the great Staplehurst accident of 3 years ago, is not to be obliterated from my nervous system. To this hour I have sudden vague rushes of terror, even when riding in a Hansom Cab, which are perfectly unreasonable, but quite insurmountable. I used to make nothing of driving a pair of horses habitually through the most crowded parts of London. I cannot now drive, with comfort to myself, on the country roads here; and I doubt if I could ride at all in the saddle. My Reading-Secretary and companion knows so well when one of these odd momentary seizures comes upon me in a Railway Carriage, that he instantly produces a dram of brandy, which rallies the blood to the heart and generally prevails. I forget whether I ever told you that my watch (a Chronometer) has never gone exactly, since the accident?—So the Irish catastrophe naturally revives the dreadful things I saw that day.

The only other news here you know as well as I; to wit, that the country is going to be ruined, and that the Church is going to be ruined, and that both have become so used to being ruined, that they will get on perfectly well.

[†a] Last night, in looking through the Annual Register for 1787, what name should I light upon but the name of an Ancestor of yours at Lausanne! It is quoted in a discussion about the identity of race in Dogs and Wolves, and he is referred to as an authority on the general question.[†1]

Heaven send you a peaceful deliverance from your Parsons! What with the Athanasian[†2] (I can't write the word, it seems) creed, and an Impromptu Sermonizer here without the power of constructing one single grammatical sentence in an hour; I have become self exiled from the Temples, and find myself in a more Christian state of mind alone with my own reflections.

Kindest remembrances from all my house to all yours. Pray convey to Mrs. Cerjat,[†3] the sincere regard of her old undersigned friend, and Believe me my Dear Cerjat, as I always am,

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

To G. A. SALA, 26 AUGUST 1868*

MS Mrs M.E. Parkinson.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Sixth August, 1868

My Dear Mr. Sala.

I had seen the articles to which you refer—or some of them—and I need scarcely say that I strongly disapprove of their tone and terms, and think that kind of writing discreditable to the Press.[†4]

But I must add that I have a strong opinion that the Times set a good example in the reticence it observed concerning that first private execution.[†5] I regard that evidence of a disposition to assist the altered Law, and to veil the horrible details,[†6] as being right and wholesome. That there is a curiosity to know them, I do not question; but I think it is a morbid curiosity that should not be gratified.

The infliction of Capital Punishment must, of necessity, be ghastly and terrible and sickening. But granted that it is so inflicted as to cause no unnecessary

torture, I disconnect the horror of the spectacle (when it is not exhibited to the most brutal ruffians on the face of the earth) altogether from the question whether Capital Punishment should or should not be.

I desire, as much as any man can, that it should not be. But I am reduced to the admission that I do not know what is to be done with the doers of such deeds of violence short of sending them out of this world. Surely the "blind Jackass-like passion" that at 18 takes up a rolling pin and beats a woman to death, at 28 is very likely to take up its chain (after one of the annual whippings you would give it) and beat its warder to death. It is a wild beast at both times, and I can quite reconcile it to myself to be immeasurably more regardful of the second life the wild beast may take, than of the wild beast's life when it has taken the first.

Can any student of human nature really believe that the crime of that young railway porter executed at Maidstone, was not a crime of a most intolerable kind; and that Murderer, if he had been left the chance of murdering again, would not have been always in the breast of that pitiless compound of stupid conceit and deliberate cruelty?

Blind Jackass-like passion in that case had time to reflect before it slew the poor deceased of whom we hear nothing after he is comfortably shot and got rid of. But even blind Jackass-like passion is, of itself, as it seems to me, one of the main things that Society cannot have in its midst.

As to degrees in Murder, law and practice both acknowledge them. Else why have we constant convictions and sentences for Manslaughter? Anomalies there must be, in any sort of punishment that is often inflicted. This would be abundantly clear if we were to go into any large convict prison and examine the cases under sentence of penal servitude for life. We cannot set the one against the other, but must take each by itself. And I take the question to be, not in the least whether Palmer[†1] and Courvoisier[†2] deserved more than hanging, but whether the Railway Porter deserved less.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

September

To J. W. CHITTY,[†3] 1 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Mrs Ronald Sinclair. *Address:* Joseph Chitty Esquire | [†a]34 Queensborough Terrace | Bayswater | W.[†a] PM London W. 8 Oct 68.[†4]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday First September 1868

My Dear Chitty

One of my sons, just 20, is going up to Trinity Hall, next October. He has been highly educated—is possessed of considerable mathematical qualifications

—and goes to College to work, and to achieve distinction. He perfectly understands that if he fail to set to in earnest, I shall take him away.

As I have no personal experience in this wise, I have been casting about in my mind for an adviser, and have naturally thought of you, who came out of College life so brilliantly.[†1] Will you tell me what the allowance of such a youth should be, at Cambridge—to be enough, and not by any means too much—and whether there is any express precaution I can take or enjoin upon him? I shall place the fullest reliance upon your opinion and shall guide myself by it—but I hope I need not add that I am not so absurdly unreasonable as to associate you with any failure that may come of such a career.

As I do not know your present address, I have asked Forster to attach it to this note.[†2]

With kind regard | Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Chitty Esquire

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 1 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Charles E. Norton Esquire | The Rectory | Keston | Bromley.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday First September 1868

My Dear Norton

Most sorely against my will, I fear that I must deny myself the really great pleasure you offer me.[†3] But my readings begin next month; my sub Editor continues ill, and all the work of the Journal devolves upon me; my younger son sails for Australia this month; and my elder goes to Cambridge a week afterwards. Under these circumstances, there is so much to be silently done here in the way of preparation for all these things, that I must be here at all the times I can spare from London. I am not able to go down to Forster; and as to getting to the sea—which would be the best of all training for next winter's work—I have not a hope of it.

The best wine merchants for your purpose are Justerini and Brooks,[†4] 2 Pall Mall S.W. That is the correct postal address, but it is really the Opera Colonnade on the South side.

I send my love to Mrs. Norton:—to both Mrs. Nortons, if I may. Tell me when you leave your present house. I am unwilling to give it up finally, without another struggle.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles E Norton Esquire

To MRS SIMMONS,[†1] 1 SEPTEMBER 1868

Extract in N, III, 666; dated Gad's Hill Place, 1 Sep 68; addressed Mrs Simmons.

Regretting that he is unable to accept General[†2] *and Mrs. Simmons's invitation to meet Sir Francis Head.*[†3] Unfortunately I am obliged to dine in London on Thursday. It is a business engagement in association with my journal and I am specially bound to keep it.

To ALFRED R. THOMAS,[†4] 5 SEPTEMBER 1868

Extract in Maggs catalogue, 1939; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 5 Sep 68; addressed Alfred R. Thomas.

I beg to thank you for the fine photograph you have forwarded me, of Little Nell in the Curiosity Shop. I cannot say that it quite realizes what I have in my mind, but it is highly meritorious.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 6 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Sunday Sixth September 1868

My Dear Dolby

Will you answer the enclosed carefully, to the effect that I have made an arrangement with the Messrs. Chappell (whom you represent) for certain final farewell Readings in Ireland, which renders compliance impossible.

Strike "The Boy"[†5] out of Liverpool. I have looked at him again, and have taken a dislike to him.—I have too much Boy about me, altogether.[†6]

Ever affectionately
THE CHIEF

To HENRY TAYLOR,[†1] 8 SEPTEMBER 1868

MS National Library of Scotland.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Eighth September 1868[†2]

My Dear Sir

I must beg to be excused from complying with the request you do me the honor to prefer;[†3] simply because I have a great objection to patronising anything, and hold the opinion that there is a great deal too much patronage in England. The better the design, the less (as I think) should it seek such adventitious aid, and the more composedly should it rest on its own merits.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Taylor Esquire

To MR HOLLAND,[†4] [? 10 SEPTEMBER 1868]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 10 SEPTEMBER 1868†

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Tenth September 1868

My Dear Dolby.

I write [†a] with an addled head, at the close of a day's work[†a] here.

I have answered Mr. Holland's kind notification of dinner at the Westminster[†5] next Wednesday.

On the following day, Thursday, Forster will be delighted to meet you. †a I have ordered dinner at the Ship, Greenwich,†a for that day at ½ past 5 sharp, †a and Wills swears he will join us.†a

Ever Affectionately

THE | CHIEF

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 10 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Tenth September 1868

My Dearest Georgy

The letters all right. Will you kindly add to Forster's Bourgois†6 order of 6 Doz:

Quarts champagne, 6 Doz: *Pints* too.

—By the 2. .10 Train to Higham on Saturday.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT,†1 [? EARLY SEPTEMBER 1868]

Mention in *To* Trollope, 13 Sep 68. *Date:* before that letter; perhaps early Sep.

Thanking his correspondent for the proposal that he should stand as the third member for Birmingham;†2 that no consideration on earth would induce me to become a candidate for the representation of any place, in the House of Commons.

To GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE, 11 SEPTEMBER 1868

Extract in Dodd, Mead Company catalogue No. 78. MS 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 11 September 1868.

The songs†3 to which you refer in your obliging letter of the 3rd. of last month have not come to hand. But I beg to thank you for them as though they had and to assure you that I highly esteem the flattering manner in which you refer to their subject. You are heartily welcome to the use you have made of these suggestions, and I accept your dedication†4 with pleasure.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 12 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth September 1868

My Dear Dolby

I duly received and answered a kind note from Mr. Holland[†5] appointing Wednesday. As I should like to see you that day (with a view to our arrangements at night), I will arrange to be at the office here by Noon. Perhaps you will be able to show at one o'Clock, and then we can get some lunch together.

Until Wednesday then, and always,

Affectionately Yours
THE | CHIEF

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE,[†1] 13 SEPTEMBER 1868†

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* T. A. Trollope Esqre. | Villa Trollope | Florence | Italy.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Thirteenth September 1868

My Dear Trollope

I found your note and Mrs. Trollope's[†2] paper,[†3] at the office yesterday. The latter I immediately sent off to the printer, and the former I now reply to. Ecce signum!

Wills gets on very slowly. He does well enough as long as he does nothing— except for a violent bumping and banging in his ears. As soon as he tries any occupation, he becomes uneasy and confused, and the distress of noise besets him in an aggravated degree. He has an impression that he will be much better as the weather grows colder. I hope so, though I should have thought that any congestive tendency in the brain would increase with cold.

Next month I begin my Farewell Readings; at which I suppose I shall grind for six months or eight. The "American Catarrh" comes and goes oddly; but I hope it will go, and not come, until I shall have finished.

Please tell Mrs. Trollope that as I hope to put this paper of hers into the No.[†4] I shall "make up" next Thursday, there will not be time to send her a proof, but that I will look carefully to it myself.

[†a] The madness and general political beastiality of the Elections will come off in the appropriate Guy Fawkes days.[†5] It was proposed to me, under very flattering circumstances indeed, to come in as the Third Member for Birmingham.[†6] I replied in what is now my stereotyped phrase, "that no consideration on earth would induce me to become a candidate for the representation of any place, in the House of Commons."

Indeed it is a dismal sight, is that arena, altogether. Its irrationality and dishonesty, quite shocking. How disheartening it is, that in affairs spiritual or temporal, mankind will not begin at the beginning, but *will* begin with assumptions! Could one believe, without actual experience of the fact, that it could be

assumed by hundreds of thousands of pestilent boobies (pandered to by politicians) that the Established Church in Ireland has stood between the Kingdom and Popery, when, as a crying grievance, it has been Popery's trump card![†7]

I have now growled out my growl, and feel better.[†a]

Ever my Dear Trollope | With kind regard | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 15 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Fifteenth September 1868

My Dear Mackay.

I have no doubt I shall be pleased with "Walks and Talks with the people".[†1] The MS will be found awaiting me at the Office tomorrow, I take it.

Mephistopheles is already *in*. I cannot remember whether I placed it in tomorrow's No. or in the No. next afterwards; but I know it is in the one or the other.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Charles Mackay

To MESSRS BANTON & MACKRELL,[†3] 19 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address*: Messrs. Banton & Mackrell | 33 Abchurch Lane | E.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday Nineteenth September 1868

Dear Sirs

I must recall your attention to the last letter I wrote to you,[†4] in reference to your agency for my son Mr. Sydney Smith Dickens R. N.

I recognize no bills drawn upon me, or upon you, now that my son is of age; by whomsoever endorsed. At the end of this year, I shall have to pay to his account £20. If you like to have that sum in advance to meet the bill of which you apprize me, I will pay it to you now. Otherwise the bill must be returned.[†5]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Banton & Mackrell

To GEORGE M. TOWLE, 19 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Dr. Samuel Abrahams Collection, Knox College.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Nineteenth September 1868

Dear Sir

I am happy to retain your paper[†1] for early insertion, and should have had the pleasure of acknowledging its receipt sooner, but for a little holiday-making.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George M Towle Esqre.

To [? FRANK RICHARDSON], [?20 SEPTEMBER 1868]

Mention in next. *Date*: probably written same day.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 20 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Messrs Farrer & Co.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Twentieth September 1868

My Dear Ouvry

My objection to the enclosed from Ward and Lock[†2] is, that it tacitly claims to be what it is not, and so far endeavours to impose upon the public.[†3]

What they propose to make their No. of (and here we come on stronger

ground) is, a *reprint from* [†a] VARIOUS PORTIONS[†a] *of* Household Words,[†1] and no reprint from the stereotype plates they bought. Consequently my case is, that if they persist, they will infringe the copyright of several people—granted, extra the stereotype plates by me—and will immediately be thrown into Chancery, for reasons which I shall explain to the public in "All The Year Round."

The other enclosure is from Charley's bankruptcy Solicitor. I replied that I would make its contents known to you on your return from your holiday. I have had two letters from Creditors of the Firm. One

from a man who lent it £2,500, and represents it as "a private debt of my son's"—who never saw him until 6 months after he made the investment; the other from an angry firm at Nottingham (creditors for £400) saying that they mean to apply to the Lord Mayor for summonses, warrants, or what not, against the whole concern as having got credit without meaning to pay. I have not answered either.

I shall be at the office all Thursday, and here until then.

Ever Faithfully,

CD.

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, 21 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Brian Lake.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty First September 1868

My Dear Charley

Your letter is delivered here, only at 4 this afternoon. But I write by this same post to Ouvry, begging him to make a point, if possible, of seeing Mr. Richardson tomorrow: when (I have said) Mr. Richardson will call in Lincolns Inn Fields.

Affecy. always

CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, [21 SEPTEMBER 1868]

Mention in last. *Date*: written same day.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 22 SEPTEMBER 1868

Extract in Anderson Galleries catalogue Dec 1933; *MS* 1 p.; dated 22 Sep 68; addressed G. Holsworth.

I wish you would return the enclosed letter by post to Miss E. S. Carey[†2] . . . with this note from yourself. Madam. In Mr. Dickens's absence on his autumnal vacation I have opened your letter—confidentially, in observance of his general

instructions. I beg to return it enclosed, and to add, both that I have no authority to comply with your request, and the compliance would be opposed to a principle which it has been found necessary to establish in this office.

To THOMAS HURLEY,[†1] 23 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Guildhall Museum, Rochester.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Third September 1868.

Mr. Hurley

Please make my new servant George Belcher, a pair of top boots.

CHARLES DICKENS

To G. W. RUSDEN, 23 SEPTEMBER 1868

MS Trinity College, University of Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Third September | 1868.

My Dear Sir

This will be presented to you by my son Edward, to whose care I have consigned the best-printed edition of my books.[†2] Let me beg you to give them a place on your shelves, as an assurance of my friendly and grateful regard.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Rusden Esquire

To MESSRS COUTTS & CO., 25 SEPTEMBER 1868

MS British Library.

London | 25 Sept. 1868

Messrs. Coutts & Co

Place One Thousand Pounds to my account as an advance on the 10th. Octr. on my securities in your hands.[†3]

£1000

CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

To MESSRS. COUTTS & CO., 25 SEPTEMBER 1868

MS British Library.

25 Sept. 1868

Messrs. Coutts & Co

Transfer fifty pounds from my account to that of George Dolby Esquire £50—

CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To GEORGE DOLBY, 25 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Berg Collection

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fifth September 1868

My Dear Dolby

Thinking it might ease your mind I came to town to-day a day earlier than I had intended, and looked into my account at Coutts's. I have placed Fifty Pounds to your credit there, and will add what more you may find to be *indispensable,* when you advise me what that is.†1 Meantime I can't get my hat on; in consequence of the extent to which my hair stands on end at the costs and charges of these boys. Why was I ever a father! Why was *my* father ever a father!

Nevertheless I send my love to the children and to Mrs. Dolby.

Ever affecy. Yours

CD.

To EDWARD DICKENS, [?26 SEPTEMBER 1868]

Text from MDGH, 11, 402-4.†2 *Date*: written before seeing Edward off in London on 26 Sep.

My Dearest Plorn,

I write this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would ever†3 have been; and without that training, you could have followed no other suitable occupation.

What you have always†4 wanted until now has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and do it†5 out of this determination, and I have never slackened in it since.

Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others, as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour, than that you should.

I put a New Testament among your books, for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you, when you were a little child; because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man.

You will remember that you have never at home been wearied[†1] about religious observances or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it.

Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it.

I hope you will always be able to say in after life, that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.

Your affectionate Father
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 26 SEPTEMBER 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 389.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday, Sept. 26th, 1868.

My Dearest Mamie,

I will add a line to this at the Athenaeum, after seeing Plorn off, to tell you how he went away.
Athenaeum, Quarter to Six.

I can honestly report that he went away, poor dear fellow, as well as could possibly be expected. He was pale, and had been crying, and (Harry said) had broken down in the railway carriage after leaving Higham station; but only for a short time.

Just before the train started he cried a good deal, but not painfully. (Tell dear Georgy that I bought him his cigars.) These are hard, hard things, but they might have to be done without means or influence, and then they would be far harder. God bless him!

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 26 SEPTEMBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Sixth September 1868

My Dear Ouvry

I suppose it is impossible under the circumstances (Fredk. Chapman having made a foolish bargain), to claim more of Ward and Lock than they offer in this letter.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 27 SEPTEMBER 1868

MS Huntington Library.

Gad's | Sunday Twenty Seventh September | 1868

My Dear Wills

I want to have a talk with you on Thursday, relative to putting my son Charley into Morley's present place.[†2] I must turn his education to the best account I can, until we can hit upon some other start in life, and he can certainly take the bag and report on its contents, and carry on the correspondence. He seems to have an idea himself that he can strike out some notions at the Museum Library, and I have not dissuaded him from trying.

Who *is* the New Librarian?[†3] I have lost sight of the place since Panizzi's[†4] time, and want to write for a ticket for Charley.[†5]

I had a sad parting with poor Plorn yesterday afternoon, and have not been myself since.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To CHARLES FECHTER, [END SEPTEMBER 1868]

Extract in MDGH, 11, 390. *Date:* probably after seeing Edward and Henry Dickens off to Plymouth on 26 Sep.

Poor Plorn is gone to Australia. It was a hard parting at the last. He seemed to me to become once more my youngest and favourite little child as the day drew near, and I did not think I could have been so shaken. You were his idol to the

hour of his departure, and he asked me to tell you how much he wanted to bid you good-bye.

Kindest love from all.

Ever heartily

To GEORGE DOLBY, 29 SEPTEMBER 1868

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth September 1868

My Dear Dolby

I write merely to report myself—or mainly, for I have only two things to mention.

It was a sad parting at last with poor Plorn. When you come (if you ever do) to send your youngest child thousands of miles away for an indefinite time, and have a rush into your soul of all the many fascinations of the last little child you can ever dearly love, you will have a hard experience of this wrenching life.

If you *can* keep Thursday in next week for a little dinner at Verrey's,—do. It is to be a Broadstairs interlude.[†1]

And will you ask Arthur Chappell[†2] to write me a note, as usual, containing the terms for these Final Readings? I will then, also as usual, answer it by ratification of said terms.

I think I can make a good thing of The Chimes.[†3] (I am now practising every day.) When you come to me on Monday, you shall look through the Murder as I have arranged it.[†4] It is very horrible, but very dramatic. If I decide on doing it at all, we will strike boldly for London.

Scott is here, Poaching Dress[†5] is here, American trunks are airing in the Sun. Things in general look like work again. FitzGerald came on Sunday, and went this morning. He said, on going away, "No really—I—you know—ah—to be serious about it—well now—*this is the only house I am undecided in!"*

A gale of wind since Friday.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To WALTER THORNBURY, [30 SEPTEMBER 1868]

Envelope only, MS Hugh Maguire. *Date:* PM Rochester. *Address:* Walter Thornbury Esquire | Fonthill Cottage | Dorking.

October

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [? 1 OCTOBER 1868]

Mention in next. *Date*: probably written same day.

To ARTHUR CHAPPELL, 1 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday First October 1868

My Dear Mr. Chappell.

I have replied to the enclosed that I quite agree with the writer; but that it is not in my department, and I have referred the communication to you.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Arthur Chappell Esquire

To THE SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK RHETORICAL SOCIETY,†1 1 OCTOBER [1868]

Mention in Carnegie Bookshop catalogue, No. 129; *MS* 1 p.; *Date*: 1 Oct 58, according to catalogue; but clearly 1868, after his return from America.

Acknowledging with thanks the numerous compliments paid him by his American admirers.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 2 OCTOBER, 1868*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Friday Second October, 1868

My Dear Letitia

I should have thanked you sooner for your kind remembrance and note, but that I have been waiting until I could report the poor dear boy's departure. Adverse winds have kept his ship out of Plymouth since last Saturday, when he went down. But she sailed either last night or this morning, for this morning I had a letter from Plorn, dated mid-day, in which he said she was coming round; and to day Harry has telegraphed to the office that he will arrive there at midnight.

It was a very hard parting on Saturday. But he did his portion of it thoroughly well.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 2 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" Office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Second October 1868

My Dear Kent.

Before I go out of town, I must thank you from my heart for those earnest and affecting words.[†1] If you knew how they have touched me, you would think the higher of them.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY MORLEY, 2 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Second October 1868

My Dear Morley

I think "From Sunset to Daybreak" is too meritorious to be sent back. I have therefore passed it on to Birtles, and will cut it down here and there next Thursday.[†2]

If you will kindly hold your present office another four weeks, I hope you will not think it unfriendly or unreasonable in me if I then try my eldest son in it. He has been unfortunate in his commercial affairs, and—while awaiting better times—presses me to give him the opportunity of turning a liberal education to account, here. As he has always been a good fellow, and has of course a strong and near claim upon me, I wish to do that much for him, if he can do the rest for himself.

It does not seem to me very likely that Wills can ever wholly resume his old work. Meanwhile, whatever business arrangements I make in this place can be, at the best, but temporary and conditional. There is the whole case, now before you. I value your co-operation so highly and respect you so much, that I would not for any consideration be misunderstood by you. I earnestly hope that you will not write the less for A. Y. R.[†3] or give it a wider berth in any way, because of my making this experiment.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Morley Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 2 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Second October 1868

My Dear Ouvry

I enclose you the Fire Insurance Policies,[†1] and my new list of the Pictures. The 3 large Stanfields were not in the Collection when [Flatau][†2] the Dealer offered £3,000 down for it, and I have no doubt it is worth much more.

Faithfully Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 3 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Night, Third October 1868

My Dear Norton

I cannot make an appointment with Mr. Howell [s][†3] at present, because I go away immediately after reading in London on Tuesday, and I come back that day fortnight, merely to read and be whisked off again. But I shall be in town during the greater part of November (while the elections are in progress), and will take that opportunity.

It was a hard parting at last with my youngest boy, and we have all been much distressed. He has been detained on shore at Plymouth (where he joined the ship) nearly a week by contrary winds. Yesterday afternoon, however, he got away, and went off hopefully and bravely. Harry goes up to Cambridge on the Tenth.

I should like Mrs. Norton and you to hear "The Chimes" Reading; but the Chimes will not ring until after Christmas,[†4] and then I suppose you will be in France. Do let me know where you go and for how long, that I may keep pace with your movements sometimes, and report myself in a few lines.

I send my love to both Mrs. Nortons, and there is a shout of regard set up here when I say to whom I am writing.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. D. FINLAY, 4 OCTOBER 1868

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fourth October, 1868

My Dear Finlay

I am much obliged to you, in all friendship and sincerity, for your letter. I have a great respect for your father in law[†1] and his paper. And I am much attached to the Edinburgh people. You may suppose therefore, that if my mind were not finally made up on the Parliamentary Question, I should waver now.[†2]

But my conviction that I am more useful and more happy as I am, than I could ever be in Parliament, is not to be shaken. I reconsidered it some weeks ago, when I had a stirring proposal from the Birmingham people, and I then set it up on a rock for ever and a day.

Do tell Dr. Russel[†3] that I truly feel this mark of his confidence, and that I hope to acknowledge it in person, in Edinburgh, before Christmas. There is no man in Scotland from whom I should consider this suggestion a greater honour.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To SAMUEL PEARCE,[†4] 4 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Canon Richard Hussey. *Address*: Mr. Pearce | Royal Hotel | Plymouth.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Fourth October 1868.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his Compliments to Mr. Pearse, and begs to forward a cheque for balance of account. Mr. Dickens thanks Mr. Pearse sincerely, for the care taken of his sons[†5] at the Royal Hotel.

To THE REV. JAMES DOMBRAIN,[†6] 6 OCTOBER 1868†

MS Fales Library, New York University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Sixth October, 1868

Dear Sir

I fear you will long ago have thought me regardless of your communication.

[†a] The prices of admission to my Readings are fixed by Messrs. Chappell and Co. with whom all the business-arrangements rest. I merely stipulate that there shall always be good one shilling places in every room. Your suggestion is not considered practicable, as being fraught with confusion and discontent; but it is not very likely that I shall read in Norwich again.[†a†1]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. James D'Ombrain[†2]

To MARK LEMON,[†3] 6 OCTOBER 1868

MS Romer Topham. *Address* (Envelope only, MS Private): Private | Mark Lemon Esquire | Gallery of Illustration | 14 Regent Street. PM 6 Oct 68.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Sixth October 1868

My Dear Lemon

I read at Liverpool on Monday the Twelfth, and will therefore destroy my ticket for your Falstaff,[†4] in order that you may re-issue it. I cordially wish you success, and had already asked my son Charley to tell you that if Dolby and I can do anything for you in the country, or give you any little result of practical experience by way of information, we shall at all times be glad to do so.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To CHARLES FECHTER, 7 OCTOBER 1868

Text from MDGH, 11, 390.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday, Oct. 7th, 1868.

My Dear Fechter,

I got your letter sent to Gad's Hill this morning. Until I received it, I supposed the piece[†1] to have been put into English from your French by young Ben.[†2] If I understand that the English is yours, then I say that it is extraordinarily good, written by one in another country.

I do not read again in London until the 20th; and then "Copperfield." But by that time you will be at work yourself.

Let us dine at six to-day, in order that we may not have to hurry for the comic dog.[†3]

Ever faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 8 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth October 1868

My Dear Letitia

I send you herewith, a Dozen of fine old Brandy, which I hope will do you good. Georgy's account of you is as cheerful and reassuring as I could hope, on the whole. I am off tomorrow to face my heavy spell of work. Georgy will tell me how you get on.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Austin

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Benoliel Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Ninth October 1868

My Dear Ouvry

I am away to Manchester and Liverpool, reading. I have the money ready for the purchase of the land,[†4] and, in case you should want it, shall be at the Adelphi Hotel Liverpool all this next week.

You will be glad, I know, to learn that we began at St. James's Hall last Tuesday with a crowd and enthusiasm beyond all former experience. We turned a thousand people away, at a reasonable calculation.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Ouvry Esqre.

To F. C. BEARD, 11 OCTOBER 1868

MS Dickens House.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Sunday Eleventh October, 1868

My Dear Frank Beard

Something in the last prescription goes against my stomach. I have tried it twice, and each time have felt sick and loose after it. If I were living another kind of life than a Reading one, this might not be; but I am so easily nauseated after these nightly exertions, that I sometimes in the morning cannot even bear the taste in my mouth of some Tincture of Myrrh that I use in cleaning my teeth.

I have no doubt that your principle is right in the main, for I have been in wonderful voice since I began to try it. But I have here stated the latest practical objection.

I shall be at this address Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To HENRY BICKNELL,[†2] 11 OCTOBER 1868

Extract in Noel Conway's catalogue of Autographs in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", 11, 28.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Sunday Eleventh October 1868

Dear Bicknell.

. . . I find your letter and kind donation[†3] for Mrs. Cattermole awaiting me here. It is very good of you to take so much interest in her wants and sorrows. . . . I should be heartily glad to accept your invitation but that I am on this Farewell Tour.

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 11 OCTOBER 1868[*]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Eleventh October 1868

My Dear Mrs. Cattermole

I am on my Farewell Tour, and shall be very little in London until the end of May, and then only to read there. But all letters are forwarded to me.

I think it will be well to enclose the appeal with the Memorial,[†1] in writing, for Signatures to the latter.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 11 OCTOBER 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Queen's Hotel, Manchester
Sunday Eleventh October | 1868.

My Dearest Georgy

We had a fine audience last night in the Free Trade Hall,[†2] though not what we consider a large money-house. The Let in Liverpool is extremely good,[†3] and we are going over there at half past one. We got down here pleasantly enough, and in good time: so all has gone well, you see.

Titiens,[†4] Santley,[†5] and an opera company of that class are at the Theatre here.[†6]

They have been doing very poorly in Manchester. [†a] Santley came into the Hall to see me yesterday, and, in talking of Fechter, assumed that I knew all about his "doings" at Gassier's[†1] house. As I knew nothing whatever about them, the allusions were obscure.[†a]

There is the whole of my scanty news. I was in wonderful voice last night, but croak a little this morning, after so much speaking in so very large a place. Otherwise I am all right. I find myself constantly thinking of Plorn.

Dolby sends kindest regard.

Ever my Dearest Georgy Your most affectionate

CD.

To H. P. SMITH, 11 OCTOBER 1868

Text from N, 111, 670-1.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
Sunday Eleventh October 1868

My Dear Smith,

I am cordially obliged to Mrs. Smith and you for your proffered hospitality; but in Reading times I never under any circumstances whatever go to a friend's house. I always live at an Hotel with Mr. Dolby (my manager) and the workmen who travel with me are never out of call. We have consequently brought the business part of the affair to chronometer exactness.

And consider what a nuisance I should be to my friends, if I had not taken this virtuous resolution. For example, I am coming to Brighton from Manchester for a night—next morning leave for London—and next morning again come back to Brighton—and next morning again go off to Manchester; all these departures at untimely hours and with big boxes and all sorts of similar impediments.

I shall look you up for a few minutes on Monday afternoon before my early dinner.

Ever faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 12 OCTOBER 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 391-2.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Monday Twelfth October 1868

My Dearest Mamie,

Our lets here are excellent, and we shall have a great house to-night. We had a very fine and enthusiastic audience in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, on Saturday; but our first nights there never count up in money, as the rest do. Yesterday, "Charlotte," Sainton, and Piatti[†2] stayed with us here; and they went

on to Hull this morning.[†1] It was pleasant to be alone again, though they were all very agreeable.

The exertion of going on for two hours in that immense place at Manchester being very great, I was hoarse all day yesterday, though I was not much distressed on Saturday night. I am becoming melodious again (at three in the afternoon) rapidly, and count on being quite restored by a basin of turtle at dinner.

I am glad to hear about Armatage,[†2] and hope that a service begun in a personal attachment to Plorn may go on well. I shall never be over-confident in such matters, I think, any more.

The day is delicious here. We have had a blow on the Mersey this morning, and exulted over the American steamers. With kind regard to Sir William and Lady Humphery.[†3]

To MRS FORSTER, [13 OCTOBER 1868]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 13 OCTOBER 1868†

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Beinecke Library, Yale University): Miss Hogarth | 26 Wellington Street | Strand | London | W.C. PM 14 Oct 68.[†4]

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Tuesday Thirteenth October 1868

My Dearest Georgy

As I sent a line to Mary yesterday, I enclose you Alfred's letter. Please send it on to her when you next write to Penton.[†5]

I have just now written to Mrs. Forster, asking her to explain to Miss Forster[†6] how she could have an easy chair or a sofa behind my side screen on Tuesday, without occasioning the smallest inconvenience to anybody. Also, how she would have a door close at hand, leading at once to cool passages and a quiet room, &c &c &c. It is a sad story.

We had a fine house here last night, and a large turnaway. Marigold and Trial went immensely. I doubt if Marigold were ever more enthusiastically received.[†7]

Copperfield and Bob to night, and a large Let.[†1] This notwithstanding election Meetings and all sorts of things.

[†a] Dolby pronounces that £16 worth of gas to be *impossible.* We asked our gas man yesterday [†b](without giving him any figures at all)[†b] what he would consider as a very large charge under these conditions? He said £8. He supposes that there is some roguery at Rochester, or that the meter is in some preposterous condition. He will go down to look at it when we get two days in town.[†a]

My favorite room brought my voice round, last night, and I am in considerable force.

[†a] Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.[†a]

Dolby sends kindest regard, and the message "Everton[†2] Toffee shall not be forgotten."

To J. W. CHITTY, 15 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Mrs Ronald Sinclair. *Address*: Joseph W. Chitty Esquire | 34 Queensborough Terrace | Kensington Gardens | London | W.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Thursday Fifteenth October 1868

My Dear Chitty

I really cannot thank you enough for your patient and considerate letter. I shall guide myself, as to my son at Cambridge, strictly in accordance with its advice: thereby bearing the best possible testimony to the high esteem in which I hold its good sense and good feeling.

With many thanks | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph W Chitty Esquire

To HENRY DICKENS, 15 OCTOBER 1868

MS Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Thursday Fifteenth October 1868

My Dear Harry.

I have your letter here this morning. I enclose you another cheque for £25, and I write to London by this post, ordering 3 Doz: Sherry, 2 Doz: Port, and 3 Doz: light claret to be sent down to you.† [†a] And 6 bottles of brandy.[†a] I also enclose a cheque in favor of the Rev. F. L. Hopkins[†3] for £5 . . 10 . . 0.

Now, observe attentively. We must have no shadow of debt. Square up everything whatsoever that it has been necessary to buy. Let not a farthing be outstanding on any account, when we begin together with your allowance.[†1] Be particular in the minutest detail.

I wish to have no secret from you in the relations we are to establish together, and I therefore send you Joe Chitty's[†2] letter bodily. Reading it, you will know exactly what I know, and will understand that I treat you with perfect confidence. It appears to me that an allowance of £250 a year will be handsome for all your wants, if I send you your wine. I mean this to include your tailor's bills as well as every other expence; and I strongly recommend you to buy nothing in Cambridge, and to take credit for nothing but the clothes with which your tailor provides you. As soon as you have got your furniture accounts in, let us wipe all these preliminary expences clean out, and I will then send you your first quarter. We will count in it, October, November, and December; and your second quarter will begin with the New Year. If you dislike, at first, taking charge of so large a sum as £62 . . 10 . . 0 you can have your money from me half quarterly.

You know how hard I work for what I get, and I think you know that I never had money help from any human creature after I was a child. You know that you are one of many heavy charges on me, and that I trust to your so exercising your abilities and improving the advantages of your past expensive education, as soon to diminish *this* charge. I say no more on that head.

Whatever you do, above all other things keep out of debt, and confide in me. If you ever find yourself on the verge of any perplexity or difficulty, come to me. You will never find me hard with you while you are manly and truthful.

As your brothers have gone away one by one, I have written to each of them what I am now going to write to you. You know that you have never been hampered with religious forms of restraint, and that with mere unmeaning forms I have no sympathy. But I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the New Testament, and the study of that book as the one unfailing guide in Life. Deeply respecting it, and bowing down before the character of Our Saviour, as separated from the vain constructions and inventions of men, you cannot go very wrong and will always preserve at heart a true spirit of veneration and humility. Similarly, I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning. These things have stood by me all through my life, and you remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you and loveable by you when you were a mere baby.[†3]

And so God bless you.

Ever Your affectionate Father

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?10-15 OCTOBER 1868]

Extract in F, XI, i, 799. *Date:* "while engaged in Manchester and Liverpool at the outset of Oct", according to Forster: he read at Manchester on 10 Oct and was in Liverpool 11-15 Oct.

I have made a short reading of the murder in *Oliver Twist.* I cannot make up my mind, however, whether to do it or not. I have no doubt that I could perfectly petrify an audience by carrying out the notion I have of the way of rendering it. But whether the impression would not be so horrible as to keep them away another time, is what I cannot satisfy myself upon. What do you think? It is in three short parts: 1, Where Fagin sets Noah Claypole on to watch Nancy. 2, The scene on London Bridge. 3, Where Fagin rouses Claypole from his sleep to tell his perverted story to Sikes: and the Murder, and the Murderer's sense of being haunted. I have adapted and cut about the text with great care, and it is very powerful. I have to-day referred the book and the question to the Chappells as so largely interested.

To UNIDENTIFIED WINE MERCHANT,[†1] [15 OCTOBER 1868]

Mention in *To* Henry Dickens, 15 Oct. *Date:* written same day.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 OCTOBER 1868

Text from *The Westminster Chess Club Papers*, ed. T. Brownsmith, 1 July 70, 111, 41.

Adelphi Hotel,
Liverpool, Thursday, 15th October 1868.

My Dear——[†2]

To the best of my remembrance I used the orthography in question in Pickwick. With the daring of youth, I rushed into the Sanctuary of Whist, and assumed that the word was derived from the "rough" nature of the process, and its exasperating effects on the feelings of the patient. Now that I have arrived at a more chastened period of life, and have become more cognizant of its many mysteries, I penitently perceive that I may have been quite wrong. I have no means of reference here, but if I were wrong herein, I rather think it was in good company. I am much mistaken if the word were not so spelt by Garrick, in Prologues and Epilogues,[†3] and by the elder Colman[†4] in plays. I think I could

find a number of such instances, with ease, in the good dramatic literature of the last century.

Very Faithfully, yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

New Brighton | Friday Sixteenth October 1868

My Dearest Georgy.

Dolby and I will be at the office on Sunday night towards 10. I have told him he shall have Mary's room, as we shall be away for Brighton on Monday morning. Ask Ellen to let us have some nice little thing for supper, and to prepare the bedrooms. We have come over here for fresh air, and have been on board the China to day (she sails for New York tomorrow), to exult over *not* going to America. Lunch with the

Captain ensued, and fraternisation generally. It was very heavy weather this morning, but has since cleared, though squally still.

Enormous houses at Liverpool. I am sorry that Mary will not meet Lynch[†1] at St. James's Hall on Tuesday night. But I shall be glad to see him there, and well pleased to see the beaming General.[†2]

In haste | Ever most affectionately

CD.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 19 OCTOBER 1868

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Nineteenth October 1868

My Dear Cartwright

On arriving here last night I found a note from your son,[†3] whom I cordially thank for his obliging readiness.

Unfortunately I must leave for Brighton at five minutes before 12 today,[†4] as there is a peculiarity in the room, and my men cannot set the platform without me. Perhaps you will kindly tell me tomorrow night when you can see me on *Wednesday morning.* (On Wednesday evening I start for Brighton again, and thence go back to Manchester).

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 19 OCTOBER 1868

Extract in S. J. Davey's catalogue, Kitton's "Dickens Ana", 11, 29; dated Office of *AYR,* 19 Oct 68; addressed Mrs Cattermole.

I dwell upon the signatures of *Painters,* because I know they will be the first names looked for in such a case. But any literary names can be added *to the same memorial*[†1] (you want no other document), and I will append mine. . . . Members of Parliament are of secondary importance. Do not, for Heaven's sake, do such a foolish thing as think of giving your application a party air. Stark, Staring Ruin to your hopes would come of it, inevitably.

To SIR ALEXANDER [DUFF GORDON],[†2] 19 OCTOBER 1868

Extract in Francis Edwards catalogue No. 477, March 1926; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 19 Oct 68; addressed Sir Alexander.

I am very glad you are coming on Thursday,[†3] because I like Copperfield the best of all the Readings . . . when I am living this episodical life I invariably live at a hotel with my manager, and never

go anywhere. I have to dine at unearthly times, and to do all sorts of things that I don't like: among others to be as silent as possible. I should be a nuisance, under such circumstances, in any friend's house or should in a few hours unfit myself for work,

To CHARLES HAMILTON AIDÉ,[†4] 21 OCTOBER 1868†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Hamilton Aidé Esquire | Forest Bank | Lyndhurst.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty First Octr 1868

My Dear Sir

[†a] I am very happy indeed to accept your thoroughly well-told story.[†a],[†5] Mr. Wills was rendered incapable of business, by a severe accident, while I was in America; and I cannot doubt that the delay to which you refer, arose from that cause. Howbeit I am very sorry that it should have arisen from any cause, and I hope I need not assure you of my regard and respect.

As the new series of "All the Year Round" will commence in some six weeks' time, and as I have been particularly impressed by the Mystery of the Moated Schloss, [†a] I will (with your leave) reserve it for our new pages.[†a],[†1] It will be more attractively set forth there, than in our present type and form.

Your letter leaves me in some doubt whether I should address this to Brussells, or to Lyndhurst. I take the latter course as the safer. And I will forward to the same address, a proof for your correction when the printer shall have it ready.

My Dear Sir | Very Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hamilton Aidé Esquire

To HENRY MORLEY, 21 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twenty First 1868

My Dear Morley

An unfortunate brother of mine is dead down in Yorkshire,[†2] and I have been obliged to send off my son Charley to look after the funeral.

I myself am obliged to go to Cartwright the Dentist this morning, and I don't know how long he may keep me.

Do not wait therefore. When I come back, I will make up as well as I can, and will write you a note respecting the proofs for the No. Ever Yours faithfully

CD.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 23 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Third October 1868

My Dear Letitia

Passing through town on my way from Brighton to Manchester, I find your note, along with the enclosed from poor Frederick's doctor.†3 Last night at Brighton, I had a letter from Charley, in which he said that the death had been attended with little or no suffering—that he had unquestionably been

tended with the utmost care and affection—and that the funeral was to take place to day.

Ever affectionately†1

P.S. I find by my Bankers book that I paid you
on the 10th. September 14. .12. .6
on the 1st. August 28. .16. .9
on the 30th. May 14. .12. .6

To DR JAMES HOWISON,†2 23 OCTOBER 1868

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Dr Howison | North Terrace | Darlington.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Third October 1868

My Dear Sir

Passing through London to day on my way from Brighton to Manchester, I find your touching letter. I hasten to assure you that I am truly grateful to you for your care of my late brother, and that I am thoroughly certain he could not have been in kinder or abler hands. In reference to the estrangement between him and me, I am glad to remember that it never involved, on my side, the slightest feeling of anger. He lost opportunities that I had put in his way,†3 poor dear fellow, but there were unhappy circumstances in his life†4 which demanded great allowance. I do not recollect, thank God, that a hard word ever passed between us.

You will, no doubt, have seen and been consulted by my eldest son. I instructed him to see you as soon as he possibly could, after his arrival in Darlington. I may assume that he guided himself by your advice in preparing for the funeral, and that he has told you how strictly I charged him to thank those who had been kind to Frederick. As I have already written, I am truly grateful to you, in remembrance of him,

and I heartily thank you. How tenderly I write these words you can scarcely imagine, unless you know that he was my favorite when he was a child, and that I was his tutor when he was a boy.

Believe me, my Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Howison

To JOHN FORSTER, [24 OCTOBER 1868]

Extract in F, XI, i, 800. *Date:* 24 Oct 68, according to Forster.

Telling Forster that his brother Frederick had died at Darlington, on 20 Oct. He had been tended with the greatest care and affection by some local friends. It was a wasted life, but God forbid that one should be hard upon it, or upon anything in this world that is not deliberately and coldly wrong.

To CHARLES ELLIS, [LATE OCTOBER 1868]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 29 Oct 68. *Date:* no doubt a few days earlier.

To JOHN FORSTER, [25 OCTOBER 1868]

Extract in F, XI, i, 799-800. *Date:* 25 Oct 68, from Liverpool, according to Forster.

I give you earliest notice that the Chappells suggest to me the 18th of November for trial of the *Oliver Twist* murder,[†1] when everything in use, for the previous day's reading can be made available. I hope this may suit you? We have been doing well here; and how it was arranged, nobody knows, but we had £410 at St. James's Hall last Tuesday,[†2] having advanced from our previous £360. The expenses are such, however, on the princely scale of the Chappells, that we never begin at a smaller, often at a larger, cost than £180 . . . I have not been well, and have been heavily tired. However, I have little to complain of—nothing, nothing; though, like Mariana, I am aweary.[†3] But, think of this. If all go well and (like Mr. Dennis)[†4] I "work off" this series triumphantly, I shall have made of these readings £28,000 in a year and a half.[†5]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool[†1]

Sunday Twenty Fifth October | 1868

My Dearest Georgy

I cannot quite make out from your note, whether I ought to address this to the office or to Gad's. I take the former address, almost at random.

I am heartily glad to know that you are better, and hope the Influenza will pass off now that it has changed its manner of attack.†a

†a

Frank Beard's prescription distressed me exceedingly, yesterday, but I think I am already the better for it. I was on the sofa all day, and asleep half the day: but I got through the Reading at night in the best condition.

There is wanted for George,†2 a loose *white* Mackintosh over-all, with cape. The same thing should be provided for Armitage. Will you see if they can be got at Newcombes?†3

It blew very hard at Manchester and here, last night. The gale blew itself out in 4 or 5 hours, but was remarkably heavy for a time, and made a great noise in the Free Trade Hall. We had £223 odd.

Dolby is delighted about the pigeons, and sends kindest regard. His wife seems to be in but a bothering condition, as well as I can make out.

Ever my Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To WALTER THORNBURY, 25 OCTOBER 1868*

MS The Beinecke Library, Yale University.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Twenty Fifth October 1868

My Dear Thornbury

As we laid down a period within which the Old Stories Retold should not come,†4 so I suppose we should lay down a distance beyond which the Crow should not go, *off*†5 the road.†6 But this must be influenced by circumstances. I do

not see the possibility of laying down a strict straight line. But in the main I should say that the straighter the Crow flies, the better.

I have no doubt, I saw the specially gentle and beautiful face.†1 Hope I may see it again, this coming week!

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 25 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Sunday Twenty Fifth October | 1868

My Dear Wills

I had received the wonderful intelligence contained in your dispatch.[†2] Let me communicate another point of interest which may not have reached you.— Frank Beard will give away the Ber-ri-i-ide!

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 28 OCTOBER 1868*

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University. *Address:* Mrs. Cattermole | 4 Cedars Road | Clapham Common | London.

Liverpool

Wednesday Twenty Eighth October | 1868

My Dear Mrs. Cattermole

You may be sure that I shall prize the drawing you so kindly give me, and that it could not fall into the possession of any one who could appreciate it more highly. I return Evans's letter, agreeably to your desire. It grieves me to find you writing in such low spirits, though I cannot wonder at your being sometimes borne down by the load you have to bear.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 OCTOBER 1868

MS Dickens House. *Address* (MS envelope Beinecke Library, Yale University): Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham by | Rochester. PM Liverpool 29 Oct 68.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool

Thursday Twenty Ninth October 1868

My Dearest Georgy

I think the necessary stove[†3] had best be ordered at once from Strood.

Wilkie's affairs defy all prediction. For anything one knows, the whole matrimonial pretence may be a lie of that woman's intended to make him marry her, and (contrary to her expectations) breaking down at last.[†1]

In the matter of poor Stephen,[†2] of course the mother of the murderer would have a strong feeling against the man who did her the great injury of getting murdered.[†3] Any such story is good for nothing and is to be discountenanced severely.

I am truly glad to hear that you are really getting better. *I* cannot get right internally, and have begun to be as sleepless as sick.

Writing to Ellis for one cask of wine, and remembering Christmas, I altered my intention and ordered two. Perhaps their arrival may have already astonished you.

Very squally here, with driving showers of large hail.

Every my Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To HENRY MORLEY, 29 OCTOBER 1868

Extract in Swann Galleries catalogue, No. 293; *MS* 1 p.; dated Liverpool, 29 Oct 68; addressed Henry Morley.

I have made up and set a very good No. of 51 cols. In case The Abbot's Pool[†4] should come out longer than I have allowed for,[†5] you can take out `Midnight's Discourse'.[†6]

To MR and MRS J. T. FIELDS, 30 OCTOBER 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Friday Thirtieth October, 1868

My Dear Fields and Mrs. Fields.

I ought to have written to you long ago. But I have begun my 103 Farewell Readings, and have been so busy and so fatigued that my hands have been quite

full. Here are Dolby and I again leading the kind of life that you know so well. We stop next week (except in London) for the month of November, on account of the elections, and then go on again, with a short holiday at Christmas. We have been doing wonders, and the crowds that pour in upon us in London are beyond all precedent or means of providing for. I have serious thoughts of doing the murder from Oliver Twist; but it is so horrible, that I am going to try it on a dozen people in my London Hall one night next month, privately, and see what effect it makes.

My reason for abandoning the Christmas No. was, that I became weary of having my own writing swamped by that of other people. This reminds me of the Ghost Story. I don't think so well of it, my dear Fields, as you do. It seems to me to be too obviously founded on Bill Jones (in Monk Lewis's Tales of Terror),[†1] and there is also a remembrance in it of another Sea-Ghost-Story entitled, I think, Stand from

under, and written by I don't know whom.[†2] Stand from under, is the cry from aloft when anything is going to be sent down on deck, and the Ghost is aloft on a yard.

[†a] The latest Gad's Hill news is that my youngest boy is on his way to Australia,
— with an immense dog calculated to be an unspeakable comfort to the sheep, I should think! It was a sad parting, for he had been the baby all his life, and was the pet at home. He went away bravely, but we all broke down at last, I am afraid. He was most completely fitted out, and had a gorgeous stern-cabin to himself, with a small armoury of rifles, revolvers, bush saddles and holsters, woodman's knives, carpenters' tools, blacksmith's tools, powder, shot, and bullets. He could make bread, brew beer, cook, hammer out a horse-shoe, and shoe a horse. His next brother has just gone up to Trinity Hall, Cambridge: where I hope he may distinguish himself. Georgina is in possession. Mary is on her annual hunting visit in Hampshire. Katey is at home at South Kensington. Charles Collins may be a shade better, but will never keep better or be well. Wilkie always has the gout, and is always chronically injured by the public. — I know as little how or why, as he does. Fechter is awaiting Palmer or Jarrett,[†3] to settle for America.[†4] My son Charley has made a bankruptcy of his paper making business (through no fault of his own, except having to do with partners whom he should never have gone near), and, for the present at all events, is installed at "All The Year Round" office.[†a]

You know all about public affairs, Irish Churches,[†5] and party squabbles. A vast amount of electioneering is going on about here; but it has not hurt us;

though Gladstone has been making speeches, North, East, South, and West, of us. I hear, with gloom and terror, that Childs[†1] of Philadelphia is on his way here in the Russia — a good man but portentously heavy, and with a little hoarse wife — most distinguished Musical amateur in our country. Gad's Hill must be thrown open.

[†a] I read at Manchester tomorrow night, at Brighton on Monday, and in London on Tuesday. You are our stock subject — Dolbys and mine — now that we are on tramp again. He started off yesterday to see his wife and children at Ross, and rejoins me this evening. Scott and George are on duty, and look exactly as if they had never left the Parker House at Boston.

When do you mean to come to Gad's? I expect to finish these Readings and turn that page of my life, towards the last week in May. Commend me heartily to all Boston friends, and Believe me ever[†a]

Your most affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR J. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, OCTOBER 1868

Extract in John Anderson Jnr catalogue No. 530; *MS* 1 p.; dated Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, Oct 68; addressed Dr Sheridan Muspratt.

My Dear Muspratt.

It is indeed a sad experience to find how comrades fall,[†2] as the Life Fight progresses. There is nothing for it but to close up the ranks, march on, and fight it out. *Refers to Miss Cushman.*[†3]

November

To HENRY DICKENS, 1 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens.

Liverpool, Sunday First November | 1868

My Dear Harry

I enclose a cheque for your furniture bill. Have it properly receipted, and send it back to me.

How much of the £50 you have had, remains *after paying all other charges of beginning*: — as crockery, glass, and so forth? Let me know as soon as you can, and then I will remit the balance of your quarter.[†4] Address me at the office.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS KNIGHT,[†1] 3 NOVEMBER 1868

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Office of *AYR,* 3 Nov 68; addressed Mrs Knight.

Describing the hectic life he is leading giving readings from his works throughout the British Isles . . . . With the exception of a few days at Christmas, this has to go on through 103 Readings at the rate of 4 a week! . . . Give my love to dear Charles,[†2] and tell him his old manager is grinding at the mill.

To GEORGE W. CHILDS, 4 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Fourth November 1868

My Dear Mr. Childs

Welcome to England!

Dolby will have told you that I am reading again — on a very fatiguing scale — but that after the end of next week, I shall be free for a fortnight, as to country Readings. On Monday next I shall be in town, and shall come straight to pay my respects to Mrs. Childs and you. In the meantime will you, if you can, so arrange your engagements as to give me a day or two here in the latter half of this month? My

housekeeper-daughter is away hunting in Hampshire, but my sister in law is always in charge, and my married daughter would be charmed to come from London to receive Mrs. Childs. You cannot be quieter any where than here; and you certainly cannot have from any one a heartier welcome than from me.[†3]

With kind regard to Mrs. Childs
Believe me | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George W Childs Esquire

To MRS JAMES PITT,[†4] 4 NOVEMBER 1868

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Oct 1976; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 4 Nov 68; addressed Mrs. James Pitt.

Informing Mrs Pitt that he has no knowledge of the agent about whom she has asked for information but adding he has made some enquiries, and he privately recommends Mrs. Pitt to be very careful.

To MARK LEMON, 5 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fifth November 1868

My Dear Lemon

I am but just home for a very short holiday from Country Readings, and I have so much to do that my time is very uncertain. But I hope to come and see your Falstaff,[†1] one evening in this next week.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 5 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address*: Mrs. Norton | Keston Rectory | Bromley | Kent.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Fifth November 1868

My Dear Mrs. Norton

By great good fortune, your letter finds me at home for a day—almost an unaccountable and incredible circumstance to myself in these Farewell Reading times!

I am in deed concerned to read your account of dear Norton's illness, and to think of your own personal anxieties in a strange country so far from home. Give him my affectionate love (keeping a large share of it for yourself), and tell him how truly my heart is with him and with you, and how grateful I shall be for further and better tidings of him. When you get established in London I shall somehow contrive to fly in upon you in one of my fortnightly flights to that place from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and all the weary list of places to which I am bound. This brings me at once to business, and I hope I may prove useful to you.

When I take a furnished house in town, I always take it in what Londoners call "Tyburnia"—the Hyde Park district lying at the upper end of Oxford Street. It is beyond question the healthiest part of London, and offers the great advantage for your children that it is close to the best parks and to Kensington Gardens. I have always employed one House Agent[†2] there, and have always had cause to be satisfied with him. Enclosed is a letter to him. You may be sure that he will exert himself if you present it, and that he will be honest and zealous. He has houses in that district constantly on his books, and, if you pitch upon one to suit you, will tell you what offer is likely to be accepted.

My daughter Mary is hunting in Hampshire. My youngest boy is on his way to Australia, and we all had a hard parting of it. Dolby and I are very hard at work, and are likely to have little rest until May is over. The success of these Farewells is something overwhelming.

You and Norton may be interested in knowing that I have some idea of doing the Murder from Oliver Twist. But it is so very strong (in the horrible way), that I can not make up my mind how the public would take it. So on the evening of Saturday week, the 14th. I am going to try it privately, before some two dozen hearers,[†1] in St. James's Hall. How I wish you two could come! If Norton be but well enough, DO[†2] come. Write to me any day next week at "All The Year Round" office, 26 Wellington Street W. C.

You may be sure that Norton could not be in better hands than Simon's.[†3] Further, I have not the least doubt that the Tyburnian climate will compare most advantageously with that of Boston. Further again: tell Norton one thing from me. If, besides wearing the usual flannel garments, he will wear a broad flannel belt round the waist, he will find quite an extraordinary protection and comfort from it. I used, from a child, to be occasionally subject to violent inflammation in the side, attended with acute pain. On the Occasion[†4] of my last attack, now fifteen years ago, my doctor recommended me to wear this belt. Although I walk in all weathers, and have the wear and tear and atmospherical changes inseparable from these Readings, I have never had that illness since. Shall I send you one of my belts as a pattern?

My sister in law, who is in solitary possession here, sends her kindest regard. She hopes it may be some consolation to you to know that she is in a hideously swollen and suffering state from influenza; and that half the people she knows, are similarly afflicted. Again my love to Norton and to you, and my heartiest sympathy and friendship. Don't write me a long letter, as an obligation on you. A bulletin will be quite enough. I will lengthen it out, in imagination.

Ever My Dear Mrs. Norton | Most affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To B. W. PROCTER, 5 NOVEMBER 1868

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1995; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 5 Nov 68; addressed B. W. Procter

I am happy to be free from reading on the 21st. of this month, and will be with you please God.

I wish I could write as plainly as you do. . . .

Ever your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN WILSON,[†1] 5 NOVEMBER 1868

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue, No. 19 (1990); *MS* I p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 5 Nov 68; addressed Mr Wilson.

A highly esteemed American friend of mine, Mr Charles F. Norton—a distinguished and responsible gentleman—wishes to find a furnished house for himself and family . . . I have told him of my satisfactory experience of you on all occasions and I beg you to treat him as you would myself. You could not have a better client. . . you could not oblige me more than by helping him . . . with as little trouble to himself (he being in delicate health just now) as possible.

To G. M. TOWLE, 6 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Sixth November 1868

My Dear Sir

We have already had (in Household Words) so much about Vineyards and Vintages,[†2] that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed paper.

The Peasant's Wedding has been delayed by the necessity of clearing off a great number of articles in type, before commencing the new Series. It shall not be delayed a moment longer than is absolutely unavoidable.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Makepeace Towle Esquire

To THOMAS BEARD, 10 NOVEMBER 1868

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Tenth November 1868

My Dear Beard

I am going to do an odd thing on Saturday. I cannot make up my mind whether to read the murder from Oliver Twist, or no. So I am going to have a handfull of private friends in St James's Hall, to try how it affects them, and so decide. Can you come? At half past 8? It will not occupy more than an hour. I will send you a card of admission.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MARY DICKENS, [10 NOVEMBER 1868]

Mention in *To* Childs, 11 Nov. *Date:* written day before.

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,†1 10 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Robert W. Stilwell. *Address*: The Rev. William Harness | 3 Hyde Park Terrace | Kensington Gore | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Tenth November 1868

My Dear Harness

I have missed you sorely, at the Readings. We have had the most enormous houses, but your seat has always been ready for you. And the faithful Dolby has always reported: "No Mr. Harness".

I cannot quite make up my mind whether to read the Murder from Oliver Twist, or no. I cannot decide whether the Art of the thing should exalt the horror, or deepen it. Therefore I am going to try it in St. James's Hall, before a mere handfull of friends, next Saturday. Half past eight is the time, and it will not take an hour. If you *can*†2 come—do. You will receive a card of admission, a few hours after you receive this note.

With Kindest regard to your sister†3 | Believe me Ever
Your truly affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. William Harness.

To J. M. MOIR,†4 10 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Dickens House. *Address*: Macrae Moir Esquire | Scottish Corporation Hall | — Crane Court | Fleet Street | E.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Tenth November 1868

Dear Sir

I am obliged by the invitation you have had the kindness to honour me with, on behalf of the stewards of the next anniversary of your corporation.[†5] I

cannot however have the pleasure of accepting it, as I am otherwise engaged on St. Andrew's day.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Macrae Moir Esquire

To MR POPE,[†2] [? EARLY NOVEMBER 1868]

Extract in the *Scotsman,* 13 Nov 68. *Date:* no doubt written a few days earlier.

I beg to say I shall be happy to devote the gross amount of my next reading in London to the fund. What should I have been without printers? I am grateful, and wish to show it.

To GEORGE W. CHILDS, 11 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* George W. Childs Esquire | Langham Hotel.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eleventh November 1868

My Dear Mr. Childs

Immediately after seeing Mrs. Childs yesterday, I wrote to my daughter and told her you were *not* coming on Sunday. For this reason, and as I cannot consequently be sure of her, will you kindly let it stand as we arranged at the Langham:—that is, that Mrs. Childs and my daughter shall arrange days and hours, when they meet on Saturday evening?

—And by the bye. Will you tell Mrs. Childs with my kindest regard that I asked my sister in law, at breakfast this morning, the following grave question: "How do you mean to dress yourself on Saturday Evening?" To which she replied: "Just in the evening dress I wear at any Theatre."

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WILLS, 14 NOVEMBER 1868

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourteenth November 1868

My Dear Mrs. Wills

I am very sorry indeed that I shall not see you and Wills tonight:—though I think you will escape a rather horrible business![†3]

Tell Wills with my love that everything is right here, and going like a clock—a great deal more like a clock than this thing he bought me for my room here, which is an utterly unreliable, unreasonable, and incomprehensible Beast.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?15 NOVEMBER 1868]

Extract in F, XI, i, 800. *Date:* probably the day after the private reading of *Sikes and Nancy* on 14 Nov.

We might have agreed to differ about it very well, because we only wanted to find out the truth if we could, and because it was quite understood that I wanted to leave behind me the recollection of something very passionate and dramatic, done with simple means, if the art would justify the theme.

To J. J. BRITTON,[†1] 16 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Mitchell Library, Glasgow.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Sixteenth November 1868

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Britton, and begs to thank Mr. Britton cordially, for his very obliging note and its accompanying volume of poems.[†2] Mr. Dickens's absence for some days has prevented his receiving those esteemed communications until to day.

To THE REV. B. W. BUCKE,[†3] 16 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth November 1868

Dear Sir

I have been absent for some days, or your letter should have had an earlier answer.

You know, I presume, that I have had no knowledge of the unfortunate gentleman on whose behalf you address me, for more than thirty years. Indeed I do not even know, at this moment, which of the sons of Mr. Moule,[†4] formerly of Clapton, the gentleman is.

In that space of time the train I have to drag through life has become so long and heavy, that I cannot go thus far afield to render help. I have no course but to tell you with regret that it is not in reason possible.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. B. W. Bucke

To W. P. FRITH, 16 NOVEMBER 1868

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixteenth November 1868

My Dear Frith.

Thus the case stands:—if anybody sends money to †a Mrs. Cattermole,†a I know no more of it; neither does anybody else. But if anybody sends money for the family's benefit to "The †b Cattermole Fund†b account" at †b Coutts's,†b I can answer for the money's being forthcoming, simply because I have made the account payable to my draft only. Of course I have done this, as a temporary measure, and I have from the first taken it for granted that you and the third gentleman whose name I forget (but it was attached to the Prospectus with our names) will accept the administration of the money with me, or with any others whom we may join with us. There is the account open at †a Coutts's,†a and †a Mrs. Cattermole†a has no power over it. Consequently the object of the subscribers cannot be abused.

Come (early in January) and see a certain friend of yours do the murder from Oliver Twist. It is horribly like, I am afraid! I have a vague sense of being "wanted," as I walk about the streets.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 16 NOVEMBER 1868

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Sixteenth November, 1868

My Dear Kent.

I was on the very eve of writing to you.

We thought of keeping the trial Private, but Oxenford†1 has suggested to Chappell that he would like to take the opportunity of tomorrow night's Reading, of saying something about Oliver in *Wednesday's paper*.†2 Chappell has told

Levy[†1] of this, and also Mr. Dunphie[†2] of The Post—who was there. Consequently, on Wednesday evening your charming article can come out to the best advantage.[†3]

You have no idea of the difficulty of getting in the end of Sikes.[†4] As to the man with the inevitable composition!—My Dear fellow believe me, no audience on earth could be held for ten minutes after the girl's death. Give them time, and they would be revengeful for having had such a strain put upon them.—Trust me to be right. I stand there, and I know.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS CHAPPELL,[†5] 17 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Mrs M. G. Valentine.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventeenth November, 1868.

Dear Miss Chappell

Enclosed I have the pleasure of sending you, your box for Monte Cristo[†6] tomorrow night.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, 17 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS William Blatner. *Address:* The Rev. William Harness | 3 Hyde Park Terrace | Kensington Gore | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Seventeenth November 1868

My Dear Harness.

Your screaming tendencies[†7] horrify me!!! My only comfort is, that I don't

think many people have your freshness, or vividness of perception.

Anyhow—on the 5th. of January[†1] there will be bound to the stake—

Your ever affectionate Friend

CD.

To MRS PROCTER, 18 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Miss Alice J. Wilson. *Address:* Mrs Procter | 32 Weymouth Street | Portland Place | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eighteenth Novr. 1868

My Dear Mrs. Procter

Will you kindly tell me at what time we dine on Saturday.

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES DAWSON,†2 19 NOVEMBER 1868

Text from N, 111, 679.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | Thursday Nineteenth November, 1868

Sir,

I hope you will not suppose that I have slighted your little book.†3 I have read it with much interest and have found some very pretty thoughts in it. It is a remarkable production to have been achieved under the circumstances so modestly stated in your preface, and it has awakened genuine admiration in me.†4

Constant occupation and perpetual absence from home have combined to prevent my thanking you sooner, but I hope you will excuse my remissness when you understand that it has not proceeded from indifference.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. C. MACREADY, 19 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Nineteenth November 1868

My Dearest Macready

I should have written to you much sooner, but that I have been waiting on from week to week while the Chappells were doubtful whether or no to take

Cheltenham in the tour. The small size of the room was their objection, but I believe they have now resolved to take it in, at high prices. So I write at once, and will write again when I know more.

We are having the most astonishing houses, in London! It seems as though we could fill Saint Pauls.

On the fifth of January I am coming out with the Murder from Oliver Twist, which I have put together and got up with great pains and elaboration. It so horrified myself at last, that I got afraid of it, and tried it privately last Saturday upon about a hundred people at St. James's Hall. The verdict of ninety of them was: "It must be done." So it is going to be done. "Well," says Mrs. Keeley,[†1] drawing a very long and very tight breath after it was over: "the public have been wanting a sensation for a few years—and now they've got it!"[†2] How I wished for you on the Jury!

We are all well, except Charles Collins, who never will be well on this earth. Katie, Mary, and Georgina, are all here, and all send best love to Mrs. Macready and to you. My work is very hard at present; but I don't mind that, having health and spirits—and not being across the Atlantic. I am away to Scotland before Christmas, and to Ireland afterwards, and shall not get done before the end of May.

Ever my Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate

CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 20 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twentieth November 1868

My Dear Wills

The making up[†3] has been very cross to day, and I don't like it. Nothing would fit. Everything wandered and staggered.

At first I was against your idea of the two types. But becoming quite alarmed by the manner in which every plan got crowded out, I resolved in favor of that

idea and arranged with Birtles. Edmund, I, and FitzGerald's gambling story, are now in the new type; every thing else in the old.[†1] I have put Steele[†2] second; a very interesting paper to *us*, but I doubt the public interest in matters of that kind usually.

It is the best No. I could make.

Stick to Bark,[†3] Port, and Turtle. You won't be up to Sikes and Nancy on lower food, I can tell you!

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MISS NAYLOR,[†4] 21 NOVEMBER 1868

Text from N, 111, 679. *Address* (envelope MS Robson Lowe Ltd): Miss Naylor | 5 Grove Terrace | Grove Road | St. John's Wood | N.W. PM London Nov 21 68.[†5]

GAD'S HILL PLACE | Twenty-First November, 1868

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Miss Naylor, and regrets that he could not possibly think of interfering with anyone whomsoever on the subject of her letter, with which he has no reasonable concern.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, [?NOVEMBER 1868]

Mention in *Mary Boyle, her Book,* ed. Sir Courtenay Boyle, 1902, pp. 241-2. *Date:* shortly after Cavendish Boyle's death on 21 Nov.

A letter of condolence on the death of her youngest brother, Cavendish.[†6]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 23 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Charles E Norton Esquire | Keston Rectory | Bromley.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Third November | 1868

My Dear Norton.

I am delighted to learn that you are better and better, and also that you have taken a house in town. Please God I shall see you there before I go to Scotland towards the end of next week, and likewise as often as I return to London.

You can not think what a pleasure it is to me to know that you have been reading my books while you have been confined to your room! I almost feel as if I had been your doctor and companion, I declare.

We all send our love to all your house. We have often talked of Mrs. Norton as in a strange land,[†1] with a load of anxiety upon her, when we have exchanged letters.

Ever My Dear Norton | Your truly affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. WILLS, 23 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Third November 1868

My Dear Wills.

My meaning is, that the right hand page should always have the title of the running article upon it.[†2] That is what our readers seem to want. If we come to fancy headings referring to the single page (as in my C.D. edition)[†3] the top of the page will not help the reader *to the name of the article as set forth in the contents* (what I conceive is wanted), and would involve us in making-up difficulties, too. Therefore I have put the name of the article, instead of the minuter guidance.

I rejoice to hear that you are better. I am at work on another Uncommercial to bring up with me.[†4]

Charley takes this to the office.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 25 NOVEMBER 1868

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth November | 1868

My Dear Layard

Now that I am home again, will you come to us this Christmas? Do, if you can.

Best regard from all | Ever faithfully

CD

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Salisbury House Library, Iowa. *Address:* Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Sixth November 1868

My Dearest Georgy

Basket to Gravesend on Saturday, to meet the afternoon Express from Charing X.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 29 NOVEMBER 1868

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Sunday Twenty Ninth November | 1868

My Dear Layard

We are delighted, one and all, that you come to us at Christmas, and we hope you will stay with us as many days as you can.

Faithfully Yours Ever

CD

To [?JOHN W.] MOULE,[†1] [?LATE NOVEMBER 1868][†2]*

MS McGill University Library. *Date:* see *To* Bucke, 16 Nov; handwriting supports.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Mr. Moule, and regrets that his compliance with the request made known to him through that gentleman's letter, is not reasonably possible. He receives so many similar

communications that he can very rarely acknowledge any such (as he does in this case) under his own hand.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 30 NOVEMBER 1868*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, | KENT.
Monday Thirtieth November 1868.

My Dear Cartwright

I have not reported sooner, because at first I could not put the new plate into position; and knowing that to be the fault of my hand, and not of yours, I waited to overcome the difficulty. I can now handle it easily, and it is so very nearly perfect that there is nothing to trouble you about.

Will you kindly let me know (at 26 Wellington Street) for what amount I may send you a cheque. You remember our compact. Material and workmanship are to *count.*[†1]

Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR HELPS,[†2] 30 NOVEMBER 1868*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address* (MS envelope Christies' catalogue, Mar 1985): Arthur Helps Esquire | Privy Council Office | London. PM 30 Nov 68.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirtieth November | 1868.

My Dear Helps

I have been away, and am but now in receipt of your new book[†3] and kind letter. I promise myself as much pleasure in reading the first, as I have already had in reading the last. And that is saying very much indeed, for I heartily assure you that your remembrance of my writings is an encouragement and satisfaction to me of the very highest kind, and that very few things touch me so nearly as the knowledge that my fancies have become a part of lives like yours.

I often wish that we could see a little more of one another, but life seems to grow fuller and fuller of occupation every day. I am away this week to Scotland, reading, and shall be hard at it until May. However, please God I shall make a proposal to you, when the hops and cherries of this part of the country are, as Mr. Pepys says, "pretty to see", to set your feet though it be only from a Saturday to Monday upon Falstaff ground.

Believe me always | Very Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

My daughter and her Aunt hope you have not forgotten Lytton's driving of that poney, or how the Hermit[†1] took you aback.

December

To WILLIAM JAMES FARRER, 1 DECEMBER 1868

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday First December 1868

My Dear Sir

I should hardly think it worth while to send you the enclosed letter, but that perhaps Miss Coutts should be made acquainted with its existence, as it lays claim to two articles of property alleged to have been in the possession of the late Mr. Townshend.

I take it to be perfectly clear, from Mr. Townshend's papers, that he had not had for many years the least idea of giving this Mr. Norcott[†2] any thing but his annuity.[†3]

Will you let me know whether there are any papers still remaining impounded at Lausanne?[†4]

Those that I have, in which Mr. Townshend's religious opinions are recorded, are of so desultory and incomplete a kind that it becomes an extraordinarily difficult task to pick out the materials for an intelligible Volume from the whole mass. If there be no more of such papers still in reserve, the volume must be got together, however disheartening the process; and I have the materials indexed and abstracted with that view. I presume that the cost of its printing and publication will be paid by the Estate? No book-seller would entertain the notion of buying it, or taking the risk of it, I am certain.[†5]

And I doubt whether a score of copies will ever get into public circulation, extra the copies demanded by the privileged Public Libraries.[†6]

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Farrer Esquire

To JAMES BIRTLES, 2 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND
Wednesday Second December 1868

Dr. Mr. Birtles

Is my Uncommercial revise[†1] ready?

I shall be glad to speak with you for a moment, if you can come round.[†2]

CD.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 2 DECEMBER 1868*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Second December 1868.

My Dear Cartwright

Conscience money enclosed,[†3] with a thousand thanks. I read with the new plate last night, quite easily and comfortably.

I have taken the pledge to abstain from hydrocyanic acid,[†4] and have some thoughts of being exhibited at the Crystal Palace as an example of what may be done without it.

Ever faithfully,
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 2 DECEMBER 1868

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Galleries catalogue, 1909; *MS* 1 p.; dated office of *AYR*, 2 Dec 68; addressed Charles Kent.

To JOHN POOLE,[†5] 2 DECEMBER 1868

MS Chas. J. Sawyer.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Second December 1868

My Dear Poole

I will come up to you on Friday, bringing with me the largest typed Pickwick extant.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 3 DECEMBER 1868*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Third December 1868.

My Dear Cartwright.

If you will send the paper in question[†1] at once to me here, I will write you upon it in the course of to-morrow.[†2]

Ever faithfully,

CD

To JAMES BIRTLES, 4 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd. *Address:* Mr. James Birtles

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fourth December 1868

Dr. Mr. Birtles

I am away to Scotland early tomorrow morning, and shall be glad if you can come round to me for a moment at about 5 this afternoon.

I want "As the Crow Flies",[†3] in proof.

CD.

To WALTER THORNBURY, 4 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Night Fourth Decr. 1868

My Dear Thornbury

I was obliged to make up without As[†4] "The Crow Flies" yesterday, for Birtles hadn't got it. At this moment when I write (8 in the evening) no proof of it has come to me.

But I have placed The Death's Head Moth[†5]—which is highly picturesque, and which I like *very much*—in No. 4 New Series.[†6] Therefore the Crow does not press for the moment. Of course you understand that Holsworth has you on his book here for the weekly charge, and that all is right in that direction. I go to Scotland tomorrow morning, and the Crow will be sent after me. No. 4 is a story No. with an eye to Christmas.[†7] I have an unformed idea of making the New

Year No. a story No. too.[†1] The realization of that idea will depend on the value of the Material I have to do with. The Siren's Song has not yet reached these ears; but will, no doubt, in due time.

I entreat you not to be unhappy about the Crow. If you don't like it, [†a][———],[†a] away with it! Nothing is easier than to substitute something else, and hit out a new notion. But we must take the Crow at least North, East, West, and South, before dropping him.[†2] Therefore, once again, the matter does not press at the instant. "If the worst should come to the worst" (as the phrase goes, though I don't know what it means literally), make no more of an accidental Miss than I do—and that is, NOTHING.[†3] (Refer this principle for charming judgment,[†4] and I know I shall come out triumphant.)

I read in London on the 22nd. Until close upon that time, "Kennedy's Hotel Edinburgh" will find me. For any thing I know, the Crow as yet unknown to me and now in hand, may be a perfect Crow. Don't be disheartened any how. You are not so short of arrows, that you need make much of losing *one*!

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES BIRTLES, 6 DECEMBER 1868

Extract in City Book Auction catalogue No. 324; *MS* Ip; addressed James Birtles.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh | Sunday, Sixth December, 1868

I am particularly desirous of having the accompanying alterations made in "The Small Star."[†5] I hope it is not too late. If they should necessitate the omission of a few lines in the paper that follows it in the same No.,[†6] they can be easily taken out.

Faithfully yours,
CD

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 6 DECEMBER 1868†

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (Envelope only, MS Salisbury House Library, Iowa): Miss Hogarth | *AYR* Office | 26 Wellington Street | London | W. PM Edinburgh 6 Dec 68.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Sunday Sixth December, 1868

My Dearest Georgy

We got down here to our time, to the moment, and—considering the length of the journey—very easily. I made a calculation on the road that the Railway

travelling over such a distance involves something more than 30,000 shocks to the nerves. Dolby didn't like it at all.

The signals for a gale were up at Berwick and along the road between there and here. It came on just as we arrived, and blew tremendously hard all night. The wind is still very high, though the sky is bright and the sun shining. We couldn't sleep for the noise.

We are very comfortably quartered. I fancy that the "business" will be on the whole better here than in Glasgow, where trade is said to be very bad. But I think I shall be pretty correct in both places as to the run being on the final readings.†1

We are going up Arthur's Seat presently, which will be a pull for our fat friend.
†a An Edinburgh man whom I met on the platform at York yesterday, told me that Andrew†2 had remained here to attend the funeral of "Auld Leddy" Somebody; and that he was "no that poseteeve that the yoong mon was awa' yet."†a

Scott in a new Mephistopheles hat, baffles imagination and description.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

MRS LEHMANN,†3 6 DECEMBER 1868†

MS University of Texas, Austin.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Sunday Sixth December 1868

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann

†a Many thanks for your kindness in sending me the enclosed letter to read.†a

I hope you will see Nancy with the light of a great audience upon her, sometime between this and May:—always supposing that she should not prove too weird and woeful for the general public.

You know the aspect of this City on a Sunday, and how gay and bright it is. The merry music of the blithe bells, the waving flags, the prettily decorated houses with their draperies of various colors, and the radiant countenances at the windows and in the streets, how charming they are! The usual preparations are making for the Band in the open air, in the afternoon; and the usual pretty children (selected for the purpose) are at this moment hanging garlands round the Scott monument,†4 preparatory to the innocent Sunday dance round that edifice, with which the diversions invariably close.†5 It is pleasant to think that these customs were the customs of the early Christians—those early birds who *didn't* catch the worm—and nothing else—and choke their young with it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR JOHN MURRAY,[†1] 6 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. *Address:* Dr John Murray | 40 Bryanston Street | Portman Square | London | W.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh | Sunday Sixth December, 1868

My Dear Sir

Your letter has been forwarded to me here this morning.[†2]

I left out the Child[†3] of the Hospital,[†4] thinking it possible that such a precedent might alarm some preposterous Board of Guardians, as establishing a settlement. But "Justice to Poodles" is a cry I cannot resist! I send by this post a recognition of his great merits, to the Printer; also, a mention of the Nurses' room;[†5] and some half dozen other additional words, in pursuance of your reminder. I hope it may not be too late to make the change; but our pages go into the Foundry with all possible expedition, to be cast into stereotype plates; and these pages may already have got there. If so, you will understand that I could not help it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. John Murray

To WILKIE COLLINS, 8 DECEMBER 1868

Text from MDGH, 11, 396-7.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Tuesday Eighth December 1868

My Dear Wilkie,

I am hard at it here as usual, though with an audience so finely perceptive that the labour is much diminished. I have got together in a very short space the

conclusion of "Oliver Twist" that you suggested, and am trying it daily with the object of rising from that blank state of horror into a fierce and passionate rush for the end. As yet I cannot make a certain effect of it; but when I shall have gone over it as many score of times[†1] as over the rest of that reading, perhaps I may strike one out.

I shall be very glad to hear when you have done your play,[†2] and I *am* glad to hear that you like the steamer. I agree with you about the reading perfectly. In No. 3 you will see an exact account of some places I visited at Ratcliffe. There are two little instances in it of something comic rising up in the midst of the direst misery, that struck me very humorously at the time.

As I have determined not to do the "Oliver Murder" until after the 5th of January, when I shall ascertain its effect on a great audience, it is curious to notice how the shadow of its coming affects the Scotch mind. There was such a disposition to hold back for it here (until I return to finish in February) that we had next to no "let" when we arrived. It all came with a rush yesterday. They gave me a most magnificent welcome back from America last night.

I am perpetually counting the weeks before me to be "read" through,[†3] and am perpetually longing for the end of them; and yet I sometimes wonder whether I shall miss something when they are over.

It is a very, very bad day here, very dark and very wet. Dolby is over at Glasgow, and I am sitting at a side window looking up the length of Prince's Street, watching the mist change over the Castle and murdering Nancy by turns.

Ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S.—I have read the whole of Fitzgerald's "Zero,"[†4] and the idea is exceedingly well wrought out.

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 8 DECEMBER 1868

MS Berg Collection. *Address*: T. A. Trollope Esq. | Villino Trollope | Florence | Italy.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Tuesday Eighth December 1868

My Dear Trollope.

I am reading here, and had your letter forwarded to me this morning. The MS accompanying it was stopped at All The Year Round office (in compliance with

general instructions referring to any MS from you), and was sent straight to the printer's.[†1]

—O dear no! Nobody supposes for a moment that the English Church will follow the Irish establishment. In the whole great universe of shammery and flummery there is no such idea floating. Everybody knows that the Church of England as an endowed establishment is doomed—and would be, even if its hand were not perpetually hacking at its own throat—but, as was observed of an old lady in gloves, in one of my Christmas Books, "Let us be polite, or die!"[†2]

Anthony's[†3] ambition[†4] is inscrutable to me. Still it is the ambition of many men; and the honester the man who entertains it, the better for the rest of us, I suppose.

Ever My Dear Trollope | Most Cordially Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To W.H. WILLS, 8 DECEMBER 1868

Extract in N, III, 682.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh | [Eighth] December 1868

A great practical question in connection with Miss Chilton's[†5] story[†6] is its length. Ask Birtles to cast it off and let me know what it will make in the smaller type.[†7] I send you by this same post a Scotsman with an account of our opening here last night.[†8]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Wednesday Ninth Decr. 1868

My Dear Ouvry

Quarterly cheque enclosed. Made payable to your *order*. My address until next Tuesday is Kennedy's Hotel Edinburgh. Then here again for 3 days.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To ALEXANDER RUSSEL,[†1] [9 DECEMBER 1868]†

MS George Bayntun, Bath. *Date*: undated but clearly 9 Dec, the only night he stayed in Glasgow before the dinner on 12 Dec.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow

My dear Sir

Departing from my enforced rule of never having any social enjoyment while I am "reading", I have asked Peter Fraser[†2] and Ballantine[†3] to dine with me in Edinburgh on Saturday next at 6. And perhaps John Blackwood[†4] will come also. If I should be so fortunate as to find you disengaged, it would afford me the greatest pleasure if you would join us.[†5] [†a] No ceremony whatever, and no evening dress.[†a]

I shall be in Edinburgh again tomorrow evening; but I write from here, in order that I may have the better chance of laying friendly hands upon you.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Russell[†6]

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 10 DECEMBER 1868

MS British Library

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Thursday Tenth December 1868

My Dear Layard

I am reading on this side of the Tweed and had the pleasure of receiving your welcome letter at Glasgow this morning. From the day of D'Israeli's resignation[†7] I have been closely following Gladstone's arrangements,[†8] through the newspapers, in anxious pursuit of your name; for indeed you have no friend more earnestly interested in you than I am. It gives me inexpressible satisfaction to have the news of your acceptance of your office[†9] confirmed under your own hand. I most heartily congratulate you, and have not a doubt that you have done well.

Pray come to us in time for dinner on Christmas Eve the 24th. I am not likely to get to Gad's myself before that day.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. R. OSGOOD, 10 DECEMBER 1868

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* By Cunard Mail | Personal | James Ripley Osgood Esquire | Messrs. Fields Osgood & Co. | Tremont Street | Boston | U.S of America.

Edinburgh, Thursday Tenth December | 1868

My Dear Osgood

I am not easily astonished—few men are, I suppose, who have seen much of the world—but I WAS (in the largest capitals) astonished when I received your angry letter! You will hear, by this same mail, from Dolby that he has written to you twice; that he, in his turn, has been amazed by your vouchsafing him no reply; that we have talked the matter over, often; but that we have not been out of temper about it, remembering affectionately our old travelling friend.[†1]

For myself. I at once confess that *I* have *not* written to you, and that I have so far been remiss. But executing your commission in the matter of the wine, immediately, and sending you—as I did—explanatory messages and remembrances by Dolby, I laid down a piece of infernal pavement,[†2] and have promenaded on it ever since. From the time of my return home until this hour, Wills has been unable to do a stroke of work; the whole business of the Journal has fallen upon me; arrears of all kinds have pressed heavily upon me, after half a year's absence; and I have cropped my correspondence as close as an English convict's hair. But I don't think that I have ever been unmindful of you, or ungrateful to you. The remembrance of your ever ready interest and zeal, and of your cheery companionship in scorching railway cars and eccentric hotels, is never to be so lightly dealt with on my side.

We are reading all over the United Kingdom, to make an end of it, and are living the life that you know so well. Dolby is any large number of feet in circumference that you like to picture to yourself, but for some minutes after I gave him your letter to read, collapsed and became THIN.[†3] Scott, entering the room while he was in this frightful condition, became (through fear) much more jagged in the nose than you remember him, and will carry that deteriorated feature to the grave—or will have it carried there for him—which is on the whole more likely.

Come to England to have a fight for the Championship[†4] with Frederick Chapman, and I will back you to any extent, and train you at Gad's Hill. Meantime think of the unlucky Dolby and me, as the babes in the wood, and of the International Post Office as the cruel uncle.

Childs, and Mrs. Childs, and Mrs. Peterson,[†5] and the Doctor[†6] (without a wish ungratified, but without his library) have all been at the Langham Hotel, and are

now in foreign parts.[†1] Childs, after a long interval of speechlessness, expressed his conviction at Gad's Hill that you were one of the model men of our[†2] country.

Believe me My Dear Osgood | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES BIRTLES, [11 DECEMBER 1868]

Envelope only, MS British Museum. *Address:* Mr. James Birtles | Beaufort House | Beaufort Buildings | Strand | London | W.C. PM Edinburgh 11 Dec 68.

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 11 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Berg Collection.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Friday Eleventh December 1868

My Dear Mackay

You may be sure that you should not have to ask me to do that thing, twice, if it were reasonably possible to do it. But we have already three running headings:

Wrecked in Port
As The Crow Flies
Fatal Zero

(not to mention New Uncommercial Samples).[†3]

To add another,[†4] really would be to injure the journal gravely.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS CAPE & HARRIS, [12] DECEMBER 1868†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* misdated by CD; Saturday was 12 Dec.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Saturday Eleventh December, 1868

Messrs. Cape and Harris Gentlemen

†a Please to receive this letter as my undertaking to pay your charges in the matter of my son's bankruptcy.†a†5 I shall be at this address until next Saturday inclusive, and during Christmas at my own house as above.†6 On being informed

by you of the amount in which I am indebted to you, I will forward you a cheque on my bankers.†1

Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE HON. MRS CLIFFORD,†2 12 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Private.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Saturday Twelfth December, 1868

My Dear Madam

I have had your MS†3 forwarded to me, and have very great pleasure in retaining it for insertion in All The Year Round. It has interested and charmed me in the perusal; and I venture to remark that I think you may—if you will— take Mrs. Gaskell's†4 place in literature.†5

As The Brown paper parcel must be divided into smaller parcels, and as I have already two serial stories in progress together in All The Year Round, a little time must elapse before I can make room for this tale.†6 But you may rely on my clearing the way as quickly as possible, and on my desire to give the brown paper parcel the best opportunities at my disposal.

I notice several points where a little curtailment will, so far from injuring any points of character, set them off and make them more effective. That you may judge of this the better, I will send you a proof for your corrections, with my suggested omissions marked in ink. It did not occur to me until it was too late, to take this course with the Abbot's Pool. But if you had so followed the text, I think you would have observed that your story gained in force.

I am reading here, and shall remain here until next Saturday inclusive. Let me close this note by saying that I shall henceforth be strongly prepossessed in favor of any contributions you may entrust to me.

Believe me Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Mrs. Clifford

To F. D. FINLAY, 12 DECEMBER 1868

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Saturday Twelfth December, 1868

My Dear Finlay

The only day on which I shall be at leisure to dine with you in the course of my swift Irish trip, will be Saturday January 16th. I let you know this, as soon as Dolby lets *me* know it.

I shall be here until this day week, inclusive. Tell Mrs. Finlay (with as much love as I may venture to send her) that Dr. Russell[†1] dines with me to day along with Peter Fraser, Ballantine, and John Blackwood; the extreme rigor of the Spartan law being relaxed for this special occasion.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 12 DECEMBER 1868

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Saturday Twelfth December 1868

My Dear Fitzgerald

I do not quite understand from your kind note (forwarded here this morning) whether Sir Bernard Burke[†2] proposes to write those papers, or whether he suggests them to you.[†3] In either case I shall be delighted to have them for All the Year Round. It is necessary that they should appear under separate headings, each with its own title, as we have already three running titles.

Fatal Zero is going on famously, and I think will make a hit. I had a letter from Wilkie Collins yesterday, much interested in perceiving your idea and in following your working of it out.

We purpose being in Dublin on Thursday 7th. January, and going on to Belfast that afternoon.[†4] I hope we shall find you in readiness to go along with us. We are working away, here and at Glasgow, but must be in London on the 22nd. for a Christmas Reading of the Carol there.

"We" means Dolby and I. He sends you his kindest regard.

Ever My Dear Fitzgerald | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [12 DECEMBER 1868]

Extract in F, XI, i, 800*n*. *Date:* from Edinburgh, 12 Dec, according to Forster.

I think I shall be pretty correct in both places as to the run being on the Final readings. †a We had an immense house here last night, and a very large turnaway. But Glasgow being shady†1 and the charges very great, it will be the most we can do, I fancy, on these first Scotch readings, to bring the Chappells safely home (as to them) without loss.†a†2

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 DECEMBER 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Saturday Twelfth December 1868

My Dearest Georgy

I send another Scotsman†3 by this post, because it is really a good newspaper: well written, and well managed. We had an immense house here last night, and a very large turn-away.†a But Glasgow being shady, and the charges very great, it will be the most we can do, I fancy, on these first Scotch Readings, to bring the Chappells safely home (as to them) without loss.†a

We have four guests to dinner today! Peter Fraser, Ballantine, John Blackwood, and Doctor†4 Russell. Immense preparations are making in the establishment, "on accounts", Mr. Kennedy†5 says, "of a' four yon chiels being chiels wha' ken a guid dinner."—I enquired after poor Doctor Birt,†6 not having the least idea that he was dead.

My voice holds out splendidly, so far, and I have had no return of the American.†7 But I sleep very indifferently indeed.

†b This is my utmost news. I had your enclosures from Gad's this morning, and your letter. Tell Harry that as he mentioned *the end of December* as the time when he would want his balance, I have not remitted it. If he should want it before the 22nd. let him write me a line and tell me for what amount I am to draw the cheque; and he shall have it by return. He asked me in his last from Cambridge if I knew Elwin?†8 You can answer *that* question.

I hear of nothing but fortifications of the House of Dolby against scarlet fever, and of the wisdom and foresight of Marian†9—with which she herself seems much impressed, I should say. It struck me last night that the sum returned as

taken, was not as large as it should be, and we sat up late correcting the accounts. They show me plainly enough that when I was here with that worthy Jackass Headland,†1 I was robbed to any extent. We make out only £6 stopped upon the way last night; but Dolby, figures in hand, is now making as heavy a descent on all concerned, as though the Six were Sixty, wherein he is indubitably right.†b It blew appallingly here

the night before last, but the wind has since shifted northward, and it is now bright and cold. The Star of Hope that picked up those shipwrecked people in the boat, came into Leith yesterday, and was received with tremendous cheers.†2 Her captain†3 must be a good man and a noble fellow.

†b My love to Mary, if she be at home. I am glad to hear of the Sick list getting better, though they *do* drink the port wine.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.†b

To ARTHUR RYLAND,†4 12 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Benoliel Collection.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Saturday Twelfth December 1868

My Dear Mr. Ryland

I had almost made up my mind that, having got well through my Readings for good and all, I would hold no such office as that referred to in your kind letter.†5 But I am not proof against my old association with your Institution, and my old strong regard for the Birmingham people. Therefore I freely place myself at your—and the Committee's—disposal.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [?14 DECEMBER 1868]

Extract in F, XI, i, 800-1. *Date:* from Edinburgh, according to Forster, probably same date as *To* Miss Hogarth, 14 Dec.†6

The keeper of the Edinburgh hall, a fine old soldier presented me on Friday night with the most superb red camellia for my buttonhole that ever was seen. Nobody can imagine how he came by it, as the florists had had a considerable demand for that colour, from ladies in the stalls, and could get no such thing.

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 14 DECEMBER 1868†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Monday Fourteenth Decr. 1868

My Dearest Georgy

†a I am very sorry to hear such bad tidings of that unfortunate mouth of yours. It is, in the main, some remainder (I think) of that severe influenza, or catarrh, or what not, that has so long troubled you. I would by all means go to Cartwright as soon as the swelling subsides. Also I would see Frank Beard and try quinine, or a new tonic that they give now to people who cannot take quinine.†a

The dinner party of Saturday last†1 was an immense success. Russel†2 swore on the occasion that he would go over to Belfast, expressly to dine with me at the Finlays. Ballantine informed me that he was going to send you some Scotch remembrance (I don't know what) at Christmas!

The Edinburgh houses are very fine; †a but Glasgow limps dismally behind, and will certainly destroy the profit of the first Scotch trip, as far as the Chappells are concerned.†a The Glasgow room is a big wandering place, with five prices in it: which makes it the more aggravating, as the people get into knots which they can't break—as if they are afraid of one another.

†b Forgery of my name is becoming popular. You sent me this morning a letter from Russell Sturgis,†3 answering a supposed letter of mine (presented by "Miss Jefferies")†4 and assuring me of his readiness to give, not only the Ten Pounds I asked for, but any contribution I wanted, towards sending that lady and her family back to Boston!!†5

I wish you would take an opportunity of forewarning Lady Tennent that the first night's reading she will attend is an experiment quite out of the way, and that she may find it rather horrible.†b†6

†a As to the Cook's tickets, Dolby can only ask Chappell to send them to Gads. He has exactly as many St. James's Hall tickets here, as he has autographs of the Emperor of China; and it is clear that the Chappells do not encourage him to ask for any.†a

†b The Keeper†7 of the Edinburgh Hall, a fine old soldier, presented me on Friday night with the finest red camelia for my buttonhole, that ever was seen. Nobody can imagine how he came by it, as the Florists had had a considerable demand for that colour—from ladies in the stalls—and could get no such thing.

The day is dark, wet, and windy. The weather is likely to be vile indeed at Glasgow, where it always rains, and where the sun is never seen through the smoke. We go over there, tomorrow at 10.†b

†a Best love to Mamie | Ever My Dearest Georgy | affectionately

CD.†a

To JAMES PAYN,†1 [6-14 DECEMBER 1868]

Extract in James Payn, *Some Literary Recollections*, 1884, p. 178. *Date*: from Edinburgh during CD's visit in 1868 (6-14 Dec, with a short break in Glasgow).

Lancaster†2 is the most able fellow I have met in these parts.

To MESSRS SKINNER & CO., [6-14 DECEMBER 1868]

Envelope only, MS Fales Collection, New York Public Library. *Address:* Messrs Skinner & Co. | Tailors | 50 Jermyn Street | London | W. PM Edinburgh De [*rest illegible*]. *Date:* He was in Edinburgh (with a short break in Glasgow) 6-14 Dec 68.

To RUSSELL STURGIS, 14 DECEMBER 1868

Text from MDGH, 111, 267.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Monday Fourteenth December, 1868

My Dear Mr Russell Sturgis,

I am "reading" here, and shall be through this week. Consequently I am only this morning in receipt of your kind note of the 10th, forwarded from my own house.

Believe me I am as much obliged to you for your generous and ready response to my supposed letter as I should have been if I had really written it. But I know nothing whatever of it or of "Miss Jeffries," except that I have a faint impression of having recently noticed that name among my begging-letter correspondents, and of having associated it in my mind with a regular professional hand. Your caution has, I hope, disappointed this swindler. But my testimony is at your service if you should need it, and I would take any opportunity of bringing one of those vagabonds to punishment; for they are, one and all, the most heartless and worthless vagabonds on the face of the earth.

Believe me, faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 15 DECEMBER 1868

Extract in MDGH, 11, 399.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Tuesday Fifteenth December 1868

It occurs to me that my table at St. James's Hall might be appropriately ornamented with a little holly next Tuesday. If the two front legs were entwined with it, for instance, and a border of it ran round the top of the fringe in front, with a little sprig by way of bouquet at each corner, it would present a seasonable appearance.

If you will think of this, and will have the materials ready in a little basket, I will call for you at the office at half-past twelve on Tuesday, and take you up to the hall, where the table will be ready for you.

No news, except that we had a great crush and a wonderful audience in Edinburgh last night.[†1]

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD,[†2] 15 DECEMBER 1868

Text from John Hollingshead, *Gaiety Chronicles*, 1898.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Tuesday Fifteenth December 1868

My dear Hollingshead,

I send you many thanks for your kind remembrance of me. But as I do not leave Scotland until Sunday morning, and have to make a visit on my way home,[†3] I cannot be in town in sufficient time to accept the box you place at my disposal.[†4] I hasten therefore to return it.

With all good wishes,
Believe me, faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hollingshead, Esq.

To THOMAS BEARD, [16 DECEMBER 1868]

Envelope only, MS Dickens House. *Address:* Thomas Beard. *Date:* 16 Dec 1868 added in another hand. Signed by CD.

To MR and MRS J. T. FIELDS, 16 DECEMBER 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Glasgow,
Wednesday Sixteenth December 1868

My Dear Fields and Mrs. Fields

[†a] Having just received, in Scotland here, your last two letters (Fields's at Edinburgh, and Mrs. Fields's here this morning) I devote a little leisure to the very acceptable duty of achieving a reply to both.[†a†1] And first, as you are curious about the Oliver Murder, I will tell you about that trial of the same at which you *ought* to have assisted. There were about a hundred people present in all. I have changed my stage. Besides that back-screen which you know so well, there are two large screens of the same color, set off, one on either side, like the "wings" at a Theatre. And besides those again, we have a quantity of curtains of the same color, with which to close in any width of room from wall to wall.[†2] Consequently the figure is now completely isolated, and the slightest action becomes much more important. This was used for the first time on the occasion. But behind the stage—the orchestra being very large and built for the accommodation of a numerous chorus—there was ready, on the level of the platform a very long table, beautifully lighted, with a large staff of men ready to open oysters, and set champagne corks flying. Directly I had done the screens being whisked off by my people, there was disclosed one of the prettiest banquets you can imagine; and when all the people came up, and the gay dresses of the ladies were lighted

by those powerful lights of mine, the scene was exquisitely pretty; the hall being newly decorated, and very elegantly; and the whole looking like a great bed of flowers and diamonds.

Now, you must know that all this company were, before the wine went round, unmistakeably pale, and had horror-stricken faces. Next morning, Harness (Fields knows—Reverend William[†3]—did an Edition of Shakespeare—old friend of the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons)[†4] writing to me about it, and saying it was "a most amazing and terrific thing", added, "but I am bound to tell you that I had an almost irresistible impulse upon me to *scream*, and that, if any one had cried out, I am certain I should have followed." He had no idea that on the night, Priestley[†5] the great ladies' Doctor, had taken me aside and said, "My dear Dickens you may rely upon it that if only one woman cries out when you murder the girl, there will be a contagion of hysteria all over this place." It is impossible to soften it without spoiling it, and you may suppose that I am rather anxious to discover how it goes on the 5th. of January!!! We are afraid to announce it elsewhere without

knowing—except that I have thought it pretty safe to put it up once in Dublin. I asked Mrs. Keeley the famous actress, who was at the experiment: "What do *you* say? Do it, or not?"—"Why, of course do it", she replied. "Having got at such an effect as that, it must be done. But"—rolling her large black eyes very slowly, and speaking very distinctly; "the public have been looking out for a sensation these last fifty years or so—and by Heaven they have got it!" With which words, and a long breath and a long stare, she became speechless.—Again you may suppose that I am a little anxious! [†a] I had previously tried it, merely sitting over the fire in a chair, upon two ladies separately, one of whom was Georgina.[†1] They had both said—"O good Gracious if you are going to do *that*, it ought to be seen; but it's awful." So once again you may suppose I am a little anxious!

I have no domestic news. Charles Collins continues in the same state, and his pretty young wife's life is indeed a weary one. They come from London upon Christmas Eve, and Harry from Cambridge, and Charley and his wife and a child or two from wheresoever they are, and Layard from the new Government, and Chorley from travelling, and Marcus Stone[†2] from painting, and that is our Christmas party. I stop in London on Tuesday the 22nd, on my way from Scotland to Gad's; for a Christmas Reading of the Carol. I have told Mary to go to St. James's Hall, and ornament my table with Holly. She writes back that "she will do her best, but she knows I won't like it, after all I have said about Mrs. Fields's flowers."[†a]

Not a day passes, but Dolby and I talk about you both, and recall where we were at the corresponding time of last year. My old likening of Boston to Edinburgh has been constantly revived within these last 10 days. There is a certain remarkable similarity of *tone* between the two places. The audiences are curiously alike, except that the Edinburgh audience has a quicker sense of humour and is a little more genial. No disparagement to Boston in this, because I consider an Edinburgh audience perfect.

I trust my dear Eugenius that you have recognized yourself in a certain Uncommercial, and also some small reference to a name rather dear to you?[†3] As an instance of how strangely something comic springs up in the midst of the direst misery, look to a succeeding Uncommercial, called "A small star in the East"[†4]—published to day, by the bye. I have described, *with exactness*, the poor places into which I went, and how the people behaved, and what they said. I was

wretched, looking on; and yet the Boiler Maker and the poor man with the legs,[†1] filled me with a sense of drollery not to be kept down by any pressure.

The atmosphere of this place, compounded of mists from the Highlands and smoke from the town factories, is crushing my eyebrows as I write, and it rains as it never does rain anywhere else, and always does rain here. It is a dreadful place, though much improved and possessing a deal of public spirit. Improvement is beginning to knock the old town of Edinburgh about, here and there, but the Canongate and the most picturesque of the horrible Courts and Wynds are not to be easily spoiled—or made fit for the poor wretches who people them, to live in. Edinburgh is so changed as to its notabilities, that I had the only three men left of the Wilson[†2] and Jeffrey[†3] time, to dine with me there, last Saturday. [†a] What they did in the way of whiskey Toddy after dinner, I am afraid to recount in cold blood.—Would you think from 9 to 12 tumblers apiece, much?

I read here to night and tomorrow, go back to Edinburgh on Friday morning, read there on Saturday morning, and start Southward by the mail that same night. After the great experiment of the 5th.—that is to say on the morning of the 6th.—we are off for Belfast and Dublin. On every alternate Tuesday I am due in London, from wheresoever I may be, to read in St. James's Hall.[†a]

I think you will find "Fatal Zero"[†4] (by Percy Fitzgerald) a very curious analysis of a mind, as the story advances. A new beginner in A. Y. R (Hon. Mrs. Clifford—Kinglake's[†5] sister)[†6] who wrote a story in the series just finished, called The Abbot's Pool has just sent me another story. I have a strong impression that, with care, she will step into Mrs. Gaskell's vacant place. Wills is no better, and I have work enough even in that direction.

God bless the woman with the black mittens,[†7] for making me laugh so this morning! I take her to be a kind of public-spirited Mrs. Sparsit,[†8] and as such take her to my bosom. God bless you both, my dear friends, in this Christmas and New Year time, and in all times, seasons, and places—and send you to Gad's Hill with the next flowers!

Ever Your most affectionate

CD

To JOHN FORSTER, [?16 DECEMBER 1868]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 825. *Date: Fatal Zero* had begun in *AYR* on 5 Dec 68; CD described it in very similar words to Mr and Mrs Fields on 16 Dec; probably written same day.

I think you will find *Fatal Zero* a very curious bit of mental development, deepening as the story goes on into a picture not more startling than true.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 16 DECEMBER 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow.
Wednesday Sixteenth December 1868.

My Dearest Georgy

This is to report all well, except that I have wretched nights. The weather is diabolical here, and times are very bad—though we had a hundred and thirty pounds last night, to our surprise. I cut Copperfield with a bold dexterity that amazed myself and utterly confounded George at the wing; knocking off that, and Bob,[†1] by 10 minutes to 10.

[†a] You sent me a letter from Mrs. Fields this morning with the following good picture in it.

"There has been a Convocation here lately, for the Suffrage of Women.[†2] Mrs. Julia Ward Howe[†3] was chosen President, and bewildering speeches followed one another during two whole days, and a part of two nights. One woman, "Chaplain of a Michigan regiment", tall, in a hat, with a black veil fastened over her features, and in black mittens, made a vigorous address."

I have ordered for Gad's, a Scotch bun[†4] weighing 14 pounds, 6 sheets of shortbread, and some Sweeties. The dinner was a tremendous success, but they did go in at the Whiskey, Good Heaven! Russel[†5] was the worse for it, but nobody else. (On second thoughts, I believe I had already reported of the dinner.)[†a]

I don't know anything about the Liverpool banquet, except from the Times.[†6] As I don't finish there in February (as they seem to have supposed), but in April, it may perhaps stand over, or blow over altogether. Such a thing would be a serious addition to the work, and yet refusal on my part would be too ungracious.

The density and darkness of this atmosphere are fearful. I shall be heartily glad to start for Edinburgh again, on Friday morning.

Mrs. Dolby cheerful (!) when last heard of | Best love
Ever most affectionately
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?18 DECEMBER 1868]

Extract in F, XI, i, 800-1. *Date:* from Edinburgh, according to Forster, probably same date as *To* Miss Hogarth, 18 Dec.

The affectionate regard of the people exceeds all bounds and is shown in every

way. The audiences do everything but embrace me, and take as much pains with the readings as I do.[†1]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 18 DECEMBER 1868†

MS Huntington Library.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh
Friday Eighteenth December, 1868

My Dearest Georgy

†a I enclose the cheque for the wages.†2

Do understand about Dolby and tickets, that the Chappells have *requested* him never to write an order for St. James's Hall on any account.†3 We say nothing about it, because he is sensitive on the point; but it is perfectly clear that while their people have to calculate every place in the house, the discharge of their business would become impossible if places were anticipated.†a

I am heartily glad to get back here this afternoon. The day is bright and cheerful, and the relief from Glasgow inexpressible. †b The affectionate regard of the people exceeds all bounds, and is shown in every way.†b The Manager of the Railway being at the Reading the other night wrote to me next morning saying that a large Saloon should be prepared for my journey up, if I would let him know when I purposed making the journey. On my accepting the offer he wrote again, saying that he had inspected "our Northern saloons", and not finding them so convenient for sleeping in as the best English, had sent up to King's Cross for the best of the latter: which I would please consider my own carriage, as long as I wanted it. †b The audiences do everything but embrace me, and take as much pains with the Readings as I do.†b

I find your Christmas Present (just arrived) to be a Haggis, and short-bread!

†a We have come out of Glasgow very well after all. The expences at this distance are £160 a night!

Best love | Ever affectionately

CD.†a

To RUSSELL STURGIS, 18 DECEMBER 1868

Text from MDGH, III, 272.

Kennedy's Hotel, Edinburgh,
Friday, 18th December, 1868.

My Dear Mr Russell Sturgis,

I return you the forged letter, and devoutly wish that I had to flog the writer in virtue of a legal sentence. I most cordially reciprocate your kind expressions in

reference to our future intercourse, and shall hope to remind you of them five or six months hence, when my present labours shall have gone the way of all other earthly things. It was particularly interesting to me when I was last at Boston to recognise poor dear Felton's unaffected and genial ways in his eldest daughter, and to notice how, in tender remembrance of him, she is, as it were, Cambridge's daughter.

Believe me always, faithfully yours.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 21 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Messrs Pattinson & Brewer.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Twenty First December 1868

Dear Sirs

In reply to your obliging letter of yesterday, I beg to let you know that the last hurdles supplied to me at Gad's Hill are already fixed

Faithfully yrs
CHARLES DICKENS.

To JOHN FORSTER, 22 DECEMBER 1868

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Second December 1868

My Dear Forster

I arrive here only this morning, and find your sad letter. But I had seen the Times on my way here, and was consequently prepared for its contents.[†1] I cannot help adding that my first emotion, after the shock of the surprise was over, was one of thankfulness that your poor sister was spared a prolonged term of hopeless suffering. In talking with Georgina the night before I left for Scotland, we had recalled Mrs. Warner,[†2] and had said If it could only be soon, what a mercy it would be for her!

That Mrs. Forster should be quite worn out, I can readily believe. But she is such a good kind gentle creature, and has done so much out of her loving heart, that she has within herself a sustaining remembrance above all price or approach from without.

I hope to God you will not let this blow so fall upon you as to give your illness a chance it ought not to have, when it seems to be turning in a better direction. It is hard to close up the ranks and march on, but it must be done.

I have the necessary notice for Thursday, and of course shall be with you.

Ever Most affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL,[†1] 22 DECEMBER 1868

MS Liverpool Reference Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twenty Second December | 1868

Dear Sir

On arriving at home from Scotland, I have the honor and pleasure of receiving your letter, of the eleventh of this month, enclosing a copy of the Resolution passed at a Meeting held under your presidency in the Council Chamber of Liverpool on the same day.[†2]

I beg to assure you that I am deeply sensible of the worth of the compliment so handsomely proposed to be rendered to me, and that I readily and gratefully accept it.

My final readings in Liverpool are appointed for the evenings of Monday the 5th of April, Tuesday the 6th., Thursday the 8th., and Friday the 9th. I take the liberty of remarking that Wednesday the 7th. of April or Saturday the 10th. (but especially the latter) are days on which I am free to accept the hospitality of the Town Council.[†3]

With many thanks, I am Dear Sir
Your faithful and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

His Honor | The Mayor of Liverpool

To MRS LIPPINCOTT, 24 DECEMBER 1868

Extract in obituary article in undated *New York Tribune* from Massachusetts Historical Society. *Date:* Christmas Eve, 1868. *Address* (envelope only, MS Free Library of Philadelphia): By Cunard Mail | Mrs Lippincott | 570 New Jersey Avenue | Washington | D.C. | U.S. of America. PM London 24 Dec 68.

I rather doubt "The Poor Indian" as a subject of interest to the public. The wretched creature must pass away. When he comes to the point of stopping steam and scalping engineers, he must be remitted to that "equal sky"[†4] where there are no such relaxations.

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 24 DECEMBER 1868

Extract in Ximenes Rare Books Inc., Occasional List No. 57 (1981); *MS* 1 p. *Address* (envelope, MS Berg Collection): T. A. Trollope Esqre. | Villino Trollope | Florence. PM London W. C. 24 Nov 1868.

Saying that his [TAT's] *corrections for an article in his magazine have arrived too late, as the number* is now in the foundry for stereotyping. *Reassuring him however that he himself caught some errors in proof, and adding that he has given the article a new name,* The Last Ash of a Holy Fire.[†1] *Concluding with remarks about giving money to* the wife of the lost boilermaker.[†2]

To LADY MOLESWORTH, 25 DECEMBER 1868

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Christmas Day, 1868

My Dear Lady Molesworth

We all join in wishing you all the good wishes of the season. I am sorry to add that our poor Chorley is not here. He writes from Paris, where he lies in bed. He does not think he is in any danger, but his expression is that he is "completely prostrated". He was to have come here yesterday, and then we had a note written from Paris by his servant, at his dictation, and signed by himself. To day I have another note, which is wholly written by himself. He seems cheerful, but must be really disabled for the time, or he would indubitably be here, as he always is at Christmas.

I am just home from Scotland, and go next to Ireland. My "Farewell Readings" will keep me hard at work and always on the wing until the end of May. Every alternate Tuesday I am to read in London, but am merely brought up to town for that purpose, and instantly carried off again. As I have to keep "All The Year Round" going, wherever I am, you may suppose that my hands are pretty full.—My house is full too, for this week and next, or I should have been delighted to dine with you on the 29th. Very likely I shall not be here again for four months.

The other night I went into the new theatre in Long Acre,[†3] and saw the prettiest piece of acting I have seen for a long time. It is Burlesque acting (I am sorry to add) but quite original, and singularly graceful and pleasant. Miss Hodson[†4] as Mrs. Haller, in a burlesque on the Stranger.[†5] She is most charmingly

dressed as a Quakeress, dances with a modest piquancy that has a peculiar refinement in it, and, in captivating the Count, allows a coquettishness to sparkle out of her quaint quiet dress that is quite captivating.

Ever affectionately Yours
(And ever faithfully your co-old-stager)
CD

To J. C. PARKINSON, 25 DECEMBER 1868

MS Chas. J. Sawyer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Christmas Day, 1868.

My Dear Parkinson

When your letter was delivered at "All the Year Round" Office yesterday, I was attending a Funeral.[†1] It comes to hand here consequently to day.

I am diffident of addressing Mr. Gladstone on the subject of your desire to be appointed to the vacant Commissionership of Inland Revenue, because, although my respect for him and confidence in him are second to those of no man in England (a bold word at this time, but a truthful one), my personal acquaintance with him is very slight. But you may make, through any of your friends, any use you please of this letter, towards the end of bringing its contents under Mr. Gladstone's notice.

In expressing my conviction that you deserve the place, and are in every way qualified for it, I found my testimony upon as accurate a knowledge of your character and abilities as any one can possibly have acquired. In my editorship— both of Household Words and All the Year Round,[†2] you know very well that I have invariably offered you those subjects of political and social interest to write upon, in which integrity, exactness, a remarkable power of generalizing evidence, and balancing facts, and a special clearness in stating the case, were indispensable on the part of the writer. My confidence in your powers has never been misplaced, and through all our literary intercourse you have never been hasty or wrong. Whatever trust you have undertaken has been so completely discharged, that it has become my habit to read your proofs rather for my own edification, than (as in other cases) for the detection of some slip here or there, or the more pithy presentation of the subject.

That your literary work has never interfered with the discharge of your official duties,[†3] I may assume to be at least as well known to your colleagues as it is to me. It is idle to say that if the post were in my gift you should have it, because you have had, for some years, most of the posts of high trust that have been at

my disposal. An excellent public servant in your literary sphere of action, I should be heartily glad if you could have this new opportunity of distinguishing yourself in the same character. And this is at least unselfish in me, for I suppose I should then lose you?

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

J. C. Parkinson Esquire

To JOSEPH SLY,[†2] 25 DECEMBER 1868

MS Public Library & Museum, Lancaster. *Address:* Mr. Sly | King's Arms Hotel | Lancaster.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Christmas Day, 1868

Dear Mr. Sly.

Your bounteously filled box[†3] has arrived here safely to day, with its contents in the best condition. Accept my cordial thanks and all good wishes of the season, both for yourself and those around you, and for the rare old house in Lancaster.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE DOLBY, 26 DECEMBER 1868

Ms Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Saturday Twenty Sixth December 1868

My Dear Dolby

All good seasonable wishes to you and yours from all of us; and specially my love to Mrs. Dolby, the children, your sister, and Sainton.

I don't know whether you may deem it worth while to answer the enclosed letter from Preston;[†4] but anyhow, I send it.

Miss Hogarth so clearly wants a change, that I think I will take her to Ireland along with the Caravan, as she is a good sailor.

Ever Faithfully
CD

Commencing a course of "Oliver"[†5] to day, I so terrified Layard—in the front spare room with an official red morocco box of papers—that he came plunging out on the staircase to ascertain what had happened.

To THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF BRISTOL,[†1] 26 DECEMBER 1868

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 26 Dec 68; addressed The Dean of Bristol.

Acknowledges receipt of the book about the Dean's father[†2] ... full of bright pictures of society and nature *and containing* some excellent specimens of letter writing.[†3] *Had invitation from Lady Russell but the* insatiable "Readings" yawn for the whole *of January and February* as *well as for March, April and May* ... I have a wild fancy that I shall sometimes try to be idle afterwards, but it is one of the many things I have never been able to do yet. *Refers to Layard and his* ferocious designs in connexion with Public Works,[†4] *alluding to the chances the Government now has.*[†5]

To MISS MARGARET ELLIOT,[†6] 26 DECEMBER 1868

Extract and envelope in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 1 p.; dated 6 Southwick Place (on Gad's Hill paper), 26 Dec 68. *Address:* Miss Elliot | 6 Grosvenor Crescent | Belgrave Square.[†7]

He is unable to accept their invitation because he is not well and has a birthday engagement for Saturday.

To THE COUNTESS RUSSELL,[†8] 26 DECEMBER 1868

Extract in Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell, *Lady John Russell,* 1910, p. 218

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER | KENT
Saturday, December 26, 1868

My Dear Lady Russell,

. . . . I cannot tell you how highly I esteem your kind Christmas remembrances,

or how earnestly I send all seasonable wishes to you and Lord Russell[†1] and all who are dearest to you. I am unselfishly glad that Lord Russell is out of the turmoil and worry of a new Administration, but I miss him from it sorely. I was saying only yesterday to Layard (who is staying here), that I could not get over the absence of that great Liberal name from a Liberal Government,[†2] and that I lost heart without it.

Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Seventh December 1868

My Dearest Macready

I most heartily and fervently reciprocate the good wishes made so welcome here on receipt of your letter this morning, and so do all the house. To dear Mrs. Macready, and to you, and to my especial friend the Noble Boy, we send our most earnest love, one and all.

I was at poor Miss Forster's funeral on Christmas Eve. All things considered, I thought Forster better. But those Commissioners[†3] are a duller set of fellows than he was ever used to consort with, before he joined them, and I cannot but feel that he has got into *an old way* which is not wholesome. He has lost interest in the larger circle of tastes and occupations that used to girdle his life, and yet has a morbid sort of dissatisfaction in having subsided into an almost private personage. I notice this change in him, as influencing his health quite as much as his bodily illness, I think.

I told the Chappells that I wished to come to Cheltenham if it could be managed, and we are coming on Friday the 22nd. of January. But, the room being very small, they have made the prices very high; and herein are (to my thinking) mistaken. However, that is their affair.

Dolby irreverently doubts whether the Oliver Twist Murder is not "too strong for The dowagers and buffers of Cheltenham". (There's language!) So we are keeping back our Cheltenham bills, until we shall have seen precisely how it affects the audience when publicly read for the first time, in St. James's Hall on Tuesday the 5th. day of the New Year. I am just now home from Edinburgh, where we have been doing enormously.

The said Dolby having a house at Ross, and being now down there with his family for Christmas, I only know generally that we are coming to Cheltenham

from Clifton and Newport, and are going on to Ross, Clifton again, and Torquay. But I will ask him to patch me up time to dine with you on the Saturday, and will write to you again after we have conferred.

A stormy day here, blowing stiffly W. S. W (as we say at sea), and raining hard in heavy squalls. Great changes and improvements in this place since you saw it.

Ever My Dearest Macready
Your warmly attached | And affectionate old friend
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Seventh December | 1868

My Dear Wills

I most heartily reciprocate all your seasonable good wishes, and send you a muscular grasp of the hand.

Besides polishing the Murder minutely every day this next week, I must try to hammer out an Uncommercial[†1]—though I have not the faintest notion of a subject. If Friday will suit you for the audit, let us make it that day at 12 o'Clock. The division can be made in the meantime, and our respective cheques paid in.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS WILLS, 27 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Twenty Seventh December 1868

My Dear Mrs. Wills

I am very glad to have your note this morning (as an evidence that you are much better), and to send you our best seasonable wishes.

But you must not credit my moral account with the haggis. It was sent you by Jemmy Ballantine.[†2] I merely took charge of it from Edinburgh.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. W. DEVEY,[†1] 28 DECEMBER 1868

Text (pro forma letter) from facsimile in Christie's catalogue, Nov 1990. *Address* (in another hand): F. W. Devey Esqr | Carey House | West Hammersmith | W. PM 29 Dec 68.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Dec 28 1868

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled[†2] on having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

The Manuscript will be retained under cover, if applied for as above.

To DR JOHN PERCY,[†3] 28 DECEMBER 1868

MS John Wilson.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Eighth December 1868

My Dear Dr. Percy

I have written to Sir John Hay,[†4] enclosing him his paper, and explaining that I have read it with great interest, but that I fear it is too technical and special for presentation to a large circle of readers.

Many thanks to you. | Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD, [?LATE 1868]

Extract in Percy Fitzgerald, "The Miller and his Men | A Reminiscence" (*D*, IV [Dec 1908], 314).[†5] *Date:* probably not before 1868, when Hollingshead began his managerial career; but see *To* Hollingshead, 15 Dec and *fn*, and below.

What do you think? Hollingshead is putting on our good old friend, "The Miller and his Men"![†6] We positively *must* see it. Fix your own night, ... Come![†7]

To MESSRS JOHNSON & SONS,[†1] 29 DECEMBER 1868

MS Associated Lead Manufacturers Ltd. *Address:* Messrs. Johnson and Sons | 4 Waterloo Place | Limehouse | London | E.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth December, 1868

Gentlemen

I have not the slightest doubt of the strict accuracy of every word of your communication received here this morning.[†2] Knowing, from the instance of the Sheffield sword grinders and their magnetic mask, and from other analagous cases, how difficult it is to induce ignorant people to take precautions provided for them when doing dangerous work, the contents of your letter are no surprise to me.

You will have the goodness to observe that "The Lead Mills" were a mere abstraction to me when I wrote the paper which has attracted your attention, and that I did not even know where they were, or the name of your firm. But I was so anxious to be just, that although I was attended in my visit to Stepney by a physician, and although we saw other clear indications of Lead-Poisoning besides the one instance named (and that, only in the words of the Irishwoman:[†3] not in mine, or with remark of mine), I forbore to state them.

It will afford me pleasure to see your Works for myself; and I will give you a few hours notice of my coming, on my return from Ireland, about three weeks hence.

Mr. Cumming's[†4] letter is not so moderate as yours or so reasonable. He does not sufficiently discriminate between the Irishwoman and her visitor,[†5] and surely cannot in reason suppose that the latter, in graphically presenting her exact words, endorses them! If they were presented otherwise than as a piece of character, can he possibly suppose that a writer at all accustomed to read or observe would record that a young woman's brains were coming out at her ear?[†6]

Both he and you may rely on my being perfectly free from any prepossession or prejudice against you, and being more than willing to set you right.[†7]

I am Gentlemen | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Johnson and Sons.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 30 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Thirtieth December, 1868

Dear Holsworth

Send *No. 1 of the* FIRST[†1] *Series of A. Y. R.* to
The Right Hon.
A.H. Layard M P
130 Piccadilly
Place upon the Free List, from No. 1 of the New Series, henceforward:
Edward Lowndes[†2] Esqre.
Government House
British Columbia
I purpose being at the office next Friday.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN LANGFORD,[†3] 30 DECEMBER 1868

Extract in Ben Bloomfield Catalogue; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 30 Dec 68; addressed J. A. Langford; with envelope, marked "Private".

I congratulate you with all my heart.[†4] . . . You probably know that `ALL THE YEAR ROUND' is not a Review, and that the books of which its general plan enables it to take cognizance are but few. If yours can reasonably be brought within the number, it shall be.[†5]

To GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE, [30 DECEMBER 1868]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* George Makepeace Towle Esqre | United States Consulate | Bradford | Yorkshire. PM 30 Dec 68.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 30 DECEMBER 1868

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1888; *MS* 2 pp. with envelope; dated 30 Dec 68.

To MESSRS COCKBURN & CO.,[†1] 31 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Messrs Cockburn & Co.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Thirty First December 1868

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to enclose Messrs. Cockburn and Co. a crossed cheque payable to order, for £35.8.0. the cost of his cask of whisky. It arrived here safely, yesterday.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 31 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Free Library, Philadelphia. *Address:* George Dolby Esquire | Messrs. Chappell and Co | 50 New Bond Street | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirty First December 1868

My Dear Dolby

Many happy years to you and yours!

I cannot conceive how I happened to leave the Turkey and the Mistletoe out of my last note.[†2] Both arrived in blooming order, and were received with acclamations.

On Saturday I will remain at the office until I see you there. We propose to change the Venue to Verrey's on Monday; and to take a snug Private Box for a pantomime.

I go up to town tomorrow morning—straight to the office.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 31 DECEMBER 1868*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thirty First December, 1868

My Dear Ouvry

Clarke of Gravesend,[†3] Nurseryman who supplies my garden, gives somebody a bill of sale—God knows when, how, or why—under virtue of which Relph[†4] of Gravesend claims to receive my account due—as Clarke claims—to *him.* Each

giving me notice not to pay the other (see accompanying letters), I refer both to you, and enclose cheque for £45 . . 0 . . 0[†1]—rather more than the whole sum due.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?END 1868]

Extract in F, VIII, iii, 658. *Date:* Bumble appears to have been small, though no longer "an absolute infant" in July 68 (*To* Fields, 7 July); perhaps end of 1868.

He had given one of his Newfoundland puppies the name of Bumble, from having observed a peculiarly pompous and overbearing manner he had of appearing to mount guard over the yard when he was an absolute infant.

1869

January

To F.D. FINLAY, 1 JANUARY [1869]

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Date:* misdated by CD.

THE ATHENÆUM | New Year's Day, 1868

My Dear Finlay

First, my heartfelt wishes for many prosperous and happy years to you and those who are nearest and dearest to you.

Next, as to the Mayor's[†2] kind intentions. I feel really grateful to him and gratified by the whole idea, but acceptance of the distinction on my part would be impracticable. My time in Ireland is all anticipated, and I could not possibly prolong my stay, because I *must*[†3] be back in London to read on Tuesday fortnight, and then must immediately set forth for the West of England. It is not likely, besides, that I shall get through these Farewells before the end of May. And the work is so hard, and my voice is so precious, that I fear to add an ounce to the fatigues or I might be over-weighted. The avoidance of gas and crowds when I am not in the act of being cooked before those lights of mine, is an essential part of the training to which (as I think you know) I strictly adhere, and although I have accepted the Liverpool invitation,[†4] I have done so as an exception: the Liverpool people having always treated me in our public relations with a kind of personal affection.

I am sincerely anxious that the Mayor of Belfast should know how the case stands with me. If you will kindly set me straight and right, I shall be truly obliged to you.

My sister in law has been very unwell (though she is now much better) and is recommended a brisk change. As she is a good sailor, I mean to bring her to Ireland with me: at which she is highly delighted.[†5]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. A. HERAUD,[†1] JANUARY 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday First January 1869

My Dear Mr. Heraud

I have 4 papers of yours in hand, which I have several times placed, but have had driven out by press of matter, and irreconcileability[†2] of lengths.[†3] Let me begin the New Year by wishing that it may be a happy and prosperous one for you, and by sending you the enclosed cheque.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. A. Heraud Esquire

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 1 JANUARY 1869*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address*: Charles Eliot Norton Esquire | 18 Queen's Gate Terrace | Kensington | W. PM Charing C. [?] Jan 69.

New Year's Day 1869[†4]

My Dear Norton

When I brought you up from Gad's Hill to day, the Hand Book of London,[†5] I had not received your cordial letter, and kind remembrance in two Volumes.[†6] Accept my most hearty thanks for both, and with them the best wishes of my heart for many happy and prosperous years to you, and all nearest and dearest to you. God bless you and them!

Ever Your affectionate and attached
CHARLES DICKENS

To ANDREW HALLIDAY,[†7] 2 JANUARY 1869

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Second January 1869

My Dear Halliday

I have gone over your notes for a dramatized Copperfield,[†8] and although I notice the usual difficulties in the way of the endeavour to put so long a story

into so short a space, I have no other fault to find:-except that I do not think you can "change" after the Storm, without an anti climax.[†1] I would assuredly end upon the Beach, and get in what you want of Miss Dartle and Emily, before that scene.[†2] It is very important to Mr. Peggotty's character—this is another point— that he should be merciful with, and sorry for, Martha;[†3] and that he should never bully her.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Andrew Halliday Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 2 JANUARY 1869*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* CD's error for Saturday 2 January 1869.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Second January 1868

My Dear Ouvry

Here is the cheque for £45.

After I saw you yesterday evening, I saw Fechter behind the scenes. He asked me if I had received the loan from you?[†5] I replied, no. He said It had been received from Arnold[†6] and was all right.[†7] I think you ought to know this.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 4 JANUARY 1869

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1983; *MS* 1 p.; dated 4 Jan 69; addressed Mrs Cattermole.

I have been thinking over your Memorial,[†8] and I have come to the conclusion that it will be a bold stroke, and likely, as an unusual one, to attract prompt attention. Have it written out plainly on foolscap paper with a Margin; lose no time; and when it is done send it to me[†9] *CD will be in Ireland, but mark it* "Private—To be immediately forwarded". I will get it presented, and I think I can get that done by one of the Ministry.

To W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 4 JANUARY 1869†

MS Berg Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER
Monday Fourth January 1869

My Dear Cerjat,

I will answer your question first. Have I done with my Farewell Readings? Lord bless you, No; and I shall think myself well out of it, if I get done by the end of May. I have undertaken 103,[†1] and have as yet vanquished only 28.[†1] Tomorrow night, I read in London, for the first time, the Murder from Oliver Twist which I have re-arranged for the purpose.[†2] Next day I start for Dublin and Belfast; I am just back from Scotland for a few Christmas holidays; I go back there next month; and in the meantime and afterwards go everywhere else.

Take my guarantee for it,—you may be quite comfortable on the subject of Papal aspirations and encroachments. The English people are in unconquerable opposition to that church. They have the animosity in their blood—derived from the history of the past, though perhaps unconsciously. But they do sincerely want to win Ireland over, if they can. They know that since the Union she has been hardly used. They know that Scotland has *her* religion, and a very uncomfortable one. They know that Scotland though intensely anti-Papal, perceives it to be unjust that Ireland has not *her* religion too, and has very emphatically declared her opinion in the late Elections.[†3] They know that a richly endowed church, forced upon a people who don't belong to it, is a grievance with those people. They know that many things—but especially an artfully and schemingly managed Institution like the Romish Church—thrive upon a grievance, and [†a] that Rome[†a] has thriven exceedingly upon this, and made the most of it. Lastly, the best among them know that there is a gathering cloud in the West, considerably bigger than a man's hand,[†4] under which a powerful Irish-American body, rich and active, is always drawing Ireland in that direction.[†5] And that these are not times in which other Powers would back our holding Ireland by force unless we could make our claim good in proving fair and equal government.

Poor Townshend charged me in his will "to publish without alteration, his religious opinions: which he sincerely believes would tend to the happiness of mankind."[†6] To publish them without alteration, is absolutely impossible; for they are distributed in the strangest fragments through the strangest note books, pocket books, slips of paper, and what not, and produce a most incoherent

and tautological result.[†1] I infer that he must have held some always-postponed idea of fitting them together. For which reasons I would certainly publish nothing about them, if I had any discretion in the matter. Having none, I suppose a book must be made of them.[†2] The claim of the Canton de Vaud . . . worse. [†b] He . . . on his estate, is, I believe, not yet settled.[†b] His pictures and rings have gone to the South Kensington Museum, and are now exhibiting there.[†3]

Charley Collins is no better, and no worse. [†b] He can eat well, and that is about the only sign of a natural or healthy condition that can be detected in him.[†b] His wife looks very young and very pretty. Her sister and Miss Hogarth (my joint housekeepers) have been on duty this Christmas, and have had enough to do. My boys are now all dispersed in South America, India, and Australia: except Charley, whom I have taken on at "All The Year Round" office, [†b] on his making a sad mess of paper making:[†b] and Harry, who is an Under Graduate at Trinity Hall,[†4] and I hope will make his mark there. All well.

The Thames embankment is (faults of ugliness in detail, apart) the finest public work yet done. From Westminster Bridge to near Waterloo, it is now lighted up at night, and has a fine effect. They have begun to plant it with trees; and the footway (not the road) is already open to the Temple. Besides its beauty, and its usefulness in relieving the crowded streets, it will greatly quicken and deepen what is learnedly called "the scour" of the river. But the Corporation of London, and some other nuisances, have brought the weirs above Twickenham into a very bad and unsound condition; and they already begin to give, and vanish, as the stream runs faster and stronger.

Your undersigned friend has had a few occasional reminders of his "true American Catarrh". †b My Doctor is of opinion that the disorder in question originates in vegetable poison; and has attacked it with strong and sudden doses of quinine in hot brandy and water. They have been remarkably effectual.†b Although I have exerted my voice very much, it has not yet been once touched. In America I was obliged to patch it up constantly.

I like to read your Patriarchal account of yourself among your swiss vines and figtrees. You wouldn't recognize Gads Hill now; I have so changed it, and bought land about it. And yet I often think that if Mary were to marry (which she won't), I should sell it, and go genteelly vagabondizing over the face of the earth. Then indeed I might see Lausanne again.—But I don't seem in the way of it at present; for the older I get, the more I do, and the harder I work.

†b Take my best wishes, my dear Cerjat for the many happy years to you and all who are nearest and dearest to you, and always think of me as

Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS†b

To W. J. FARRER, 5 JANUARY 1869

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* I p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 5 Jan 69; addressed William James Farrer.

Assuring him that the cost of publishing Townshend's papers will be very moderate. They will be included in a single volume *and CD will furnish him with* an approximate estimate of the charges—at the most—for the paper, print, publishing &c., *as soon as it is completed.*

To THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF IRELAND,†1 5 JANUARY 1869*

MS L. Wilfred Webb. *Address*: The Chief Justice | 2 Mountjoy Square | Dublin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fifth January 1869.

My dear Chief Justice

Forster sent me your kind letter last night.†2 He is at Torquay, and it had followed him thither.

It is a most miserable fact that I have not one single free day in Dublin! I read there on three consecutive nights, and on the following day start back for Belfast where I shall already have read once. At Belfast I have engaged to dine out once, after reading; and I shall have then to come to London with the greatest precipitation, being announced to read there on Tuesday the 18th.

These arrangements are imposed on me by very considerate people and have really been rendered unavoidable by the complicated nature of the Farewell affairs in all the points of the compass. It would have given me very great pleasure to have profited by your hospitable remembrance, but see what a forlorn and helpless state I am in!

As to Percy FitzGerald, I believe he is going backwards and forwards between Dublin and Belfast with me, convinced that I am not to be found elsewhere.

My dear Chief Justice | Very Cordially Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES HAMILTON AIDÉ, 6 JANUARY 1869*

MS Dickens House

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth Jany. 1869

My Dear Sir

I am obliged (for want of space) to publish your story[†3] in 2 portions. Will you

have the kindness to look over the proof which the printer will send you, and return it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Hamilton Aidé Esquire

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 6 JANUARY 1869

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth January 1869

My Dear Mary

I was more affected than you could easily believe, by the sight of your gift lying on my dressing-table on the morning of the New Year. To be remembered in a friend's heart when it is sore, is a touching thing; and that, and the remembrance of the dead,[†1] quite overpowered me: the one being inseparable from the other.

You may be sure that I shall attach a special interest and value to the beautiful present, and shall wear it as a kind of charm.[†2] God bless you, and may we carry our friendship through many coming years!

My preparations for a certain Murder that I had to do last night, have rendered me unfit for letter-writing these last few days, or you would have heard from me sooner. The crime being comfortably off my mind and the blood spilled, I am (like many of my fellow-criminals) in a highly edifying state to day.

Ever believe me | Your affectionate Friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN, BRITISH MUSEUM,[†3] 6 JANUARY 1869*

MS Myers & Co.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth January 1869

Dear Sir

I take the liberty of presenting to you, one of my sons, Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens of Trinity Hall Cambridge. He wishes to obtain a ticket of admission to the Reading Room of The British Museum, and I beg to introduce him and vouch for him.[†4]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

John Winter Jones Esquire.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 6 JANUARY 1869

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth January 1869

My Dear Layard,

Can you—without violation of any official conventionality—kindly present the enclosed memorial to Mr. Gladstone? It is possible that your position may be incompatible with your doing so. In that case you will, of course, not hesitate to tell me as much. I go to Ireland tonight, but any note addressed here will be forwarded to me.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 6 JANUARY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

26 Wellington Street, Strand
Wednesday Sixth January 1869

My Dear Mrs. Cattermole

You will see by the note on the other side (from Mr. Layard, First Commissioner of Works) that I have lost no time with the Memorial,[†1] and that it is well presented to Mr. Gladstone already.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. D. FINLAY, 6 JANUARY 1869

MS Comtesse de Suzannet.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth January 1869

My Dear Finlay.

Here is the Devil to pay!

I am very much afraid, from your letter, that we have fallen *on the wrong Saturday* for dining with you. Neither Dolby nor I can remember. But the fact stands thus. To dine with you on Saturday the 16th. would be impossible, because [†a] I MUST BE[†a] in London on the morning of Monday the 18th. But I could dine with you, either on Saturday the 9th. or Thursday the 14th.[†3] I dispatch this in great haste, and will add no more. You will tell me what we are to do, when I see you.

Believe me | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 6 JANUARY 1869*

MS Messrs Farrer & Co.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixth January 1869

My Dear Ouvry

I am off for Ireland tonight, but I shall be very glad to hear that you have that Fechter money.[†1] Any note from you, addressed here,

"Private. To be forwarded"

—will be sent on to me straightaway.

I murdered the girl from Oliver Twist last night in a highly successful and bloodthirsty manner.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. J. FARRER, 10 JANUARY 1869*

Text from facsimile in Christophe Stickel Autographs catalogue No. 21.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin | Tenth January

My Dear Sir

I have had a careful estimate made of the cost of publishing Mr. Townshend's volume. It would certainly not exceed £100, and very likely would be £20 within that mark.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Farrer Esquire

To HENRY BARRY,[†3] [? 11 JANUARY 1869]

Mention in *To* Olliffe, 11 Jan 69. *Date:* presumably written same day.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 11 JANUARY 1869*

MS University of Kentucky.

Shelbourne Hotel Dublin | Monday Eleventh January 1869

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for the estimate.[†4] I hope to have the volume ready for you to get in hand very soon.

Will you kindly get a copy of Copperfield (Library Edition) handsomely bound for me in Mazarine blue morocco, with gilt edges. Let it be sent to me at the office when done. I want to send it here as a present.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, 11 JANUARY 1869

Extract in City Book Auction catalogue No. 228; *MS*, 2 pp.; dated Dublin 11 Jan 69; addressed Sir Joseph Olliffe.

Mr. Barry has delivered your letter, and I have written to him and called upon him this morning. This being the beginning of Hilary Term, and he being occupied with a case during the only part of the day in which I have any little leisure, it is not likely that we shall meet during my present short stay here. But we have established the understanding that our engagements are irreconcilable
. . . I send my love to Lady Olliffe. Ask her, in the event of your going to London, to see me imbue my

hands in innocent blood[†2] to let George[†3] know beforehand. Of course, I should be greatly vexed if you had indifferent places, and the Hall is always crowded.

My dear Olliffe, | Faithfully yours ever,
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 12 JANUARY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin | 12th. January 1869

My Dear Ouvry

I enclose Fechter's cheque,[†4] endorsed. Will you kindly have it paid in to my account, at Coutts's.

I shall be in London on Tuesday next, and will call upon you with a cheque for my purchase money.[†5]

Enormous Houses here,[†6] and unbounded enthusiasm on the part of Patrick.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY NEWS,* 14 JANUARY 1869

Text from the *Daily News,* 16 Jan 69.

Belfast, Jan 14

Sir,

I am required to discharge a painful act of duty, imposed upon me by your insertion in your paper of Saturday, the 9th,[†1] of a paragraph from the New York Times[†2] respecting the death, at Chicago, of "Mrs. Augustus N. Dickens, widow of the brother of Charles Dickens, the celebrated English novelist."[†3] The widow of my late brother in that paragraph referred to was never at Chicago; she is a lady now living, and resident in London;[†4] she is a frequent guest at my house; and I am one of the trustees under her marriage settlement. My temporary absence in Ireland has delayed for some days my troubling you with the request that you will have the goodness to publish this correction.

I am, &c.
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 15 JANUARY 1869

[a]MS (incomplete) Dr Gordon N. Ray;[aa] from Percy Fitzgerald, *Memories of CD,* p. 62.

Belfast,[†6] Friday Fifteenth January | 1869

My Dear Fitzgerald

It was very considerate and thoughtful in you to write to me, and I have been much gratified by your note. It is extraordinarily difficult to understand (from the point of action) an audience that does not express itself, and I certainly mistook mine on Wednesday night.[†7] When the Murder was done

in London, the people were frozen while it went on, but came to life when it was over and rose to boiling-point. I have now told Dolby that henceforth it must be set apart from all our other effects, and judged by no other "Reading" standard.

We all unite in kindest regard and remembrance to your [a] mother[†1] and sisters, and I am ever,

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS[a]

To THE REV. THOMAS HELMORE,[†2] 15 JANUARY 1869

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue, Autumn 1924; *MS* 1 p.; dated Belfast, 15 Jan 69; addressed The Rev. Thomas Helmore.

I cannot recall any written expressions of our late friend—either in his letters to me, or among his papers that would furnish such evidence as you describe. Of the fact of his regarding England as his home,[†3] I have of course, no shadow of doubt: but I remember no reference on his part to what was so notorious and trite to both of us.[†4]

To THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF BRISTOL, 17 JANUARY 1869

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 17 Jan 69; addressed The Very Rev. The Dean of Bristol.

Has just come home from Ireland, where he was oscillating between Dublin and Belfast.[†5] *Gives his many reading engagements,*[†6] *hopes* to get a sight of you but my Clifton engagements are all of a most scrambling character.

To STEPHEN FISKE,[†1] 17 JANUARY 1869*

MS National Library of Wales.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Sunday Seventeenth January 1869

My Dear Fisk

Coming here from Ireland this morning, I find your book.[†2] Accept my cordial thanks for the Dedication,[†3] and believe that it is truly gratifying to me.

Referring back to your unanswered letter (I was in Scotland when it reached me), let me note the circumstance that Edmund's[†4] next successor[†5] has been for some time at work. But this need be no bar to our discussing the proposal you have in your mind.[†6] I shall not be in London—except to read—until the 8th. of February, but in the week which begins with that day I can make an appointment with you. Or, any letter you address here, "Private. To be forwarded" will reach me promptly, wheresoever I may be.

Once again, my sincere and hearty thanks. Your book is going with me into the West of England.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Stephen Fisk Esquire

To ANDREW ARMSTRONG,[†7] 18 JANUARY 1869*

MS Birmingham Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighteenth January 1869

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Andrew Armstrong and begs with thanks to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Armstrong's book.[†8] It reached Mr. Dickens on Saturday evening when he passed through Dublin on his way home from Belfast.

To W. P. FRITH, [19] JANUARY 1869†

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Date:* CD's error: Tuesday was 19 Jan in 69.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twentieth January 1869

My Dear Frith.

I do not commit the murder again in London, until Tuesday, the 3rd.[†1] of March. Before we had tried its effects upon the public, the bills were issued for the present course; and we thought it would be a breach of faith to alter them, though urgently required.

[†a] You have indeed done wonders for Mrs. Cattermole. I hope she will not forget how deeply she is indebted to you.

The case of the Memorial for a pension stands thus. The original Memorial whose contents you know, and signed as you know, was presented to D'Israeli shortly before his resignation.[†2] Considering the time that would be lost if Mrs. Cattermole went about in weak health and in a generally weak way, to get those signatures again, I drew up, in her name, another memorial to Gladstone,[†3] reciting the former one, setting forth who signed it, and entreating him to accept those signatures as appended to the new document. The contents of this Memorial I explained to Layard (who passed Christmas with me), and gave

it to him to present to Gladstone: which he did, with a strong recommendation for himself. I do not think we could have done better.†a

I have not read The Chimes for ten years.†4 I am afraid it is a little dismal, but have shortened and brightened it as much as possible.†5 I hope you will see the Murder done.

Ever Faithfully My Dear Frith
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 20 JANUARY 1869*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twentieth January 1869

My Dear Mrs. Cattermole

I have barely time to write you a line before starting for the West of England. I shall not be in town again until Tuesday February 2nd. but I could see you here that day at 2 o'Clock. Or, any letter you may address to me here, "To be forwarded", will be sent straight on to me in the meantime.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 20 JANUARY 1869†

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Twentieth January 1869

My Dear Ouvry.

I send you round this line before starting for the West of England.

†a Will you let me know (*a fortnight beforehand*), when you will like to come to St. James's Hall.†a You will see the Readings set forth in every day's Times, and can choose your own. †a I commit my Murder again on Tuesday the 2nd. of March.†a

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 21 JANUARY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Clifton Down Hotel, Bristol
Thursday Twenty First Jany. 1869

My Dear Ouvry

You will probably know before you receive this, that I have left a cheque in your favor for £2,500,[†1] with our plump and rosy friend in the inner room at Coutts's.[†2]

I have booked you for the Murder of Tuesday 2nd. March in the front row, beside my daughter and sister in law, and Lady Molesworth.

The enclosed concerning Clarke's bill (the Gravesend Nurseryman) forwarded here this morning.[†3] A prodigious crowd to the Murder last night.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 JANUARY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Newport[†4] | Thursday Evening
Twenty First January 1869

My Dearest Georgy

This is to wish you many happy returns of tomorrow,[†5] and to send you my deepest love and attachment.

The excellent Dolby has become quite "spooney" on my informing him of the immediate occasion of my writing to you.

A tremendous house at Clifton last night, and decidedly by far the best Murder yet done.[†1] A capital Let here for tonight, in a queer out of the way place.

I forget how Mary's tickets stand for the next London Reading. I want one for Mr. Robinson—the "House" at Coutts's. Has she got a spare one? If not, I can get it from Dolby.

Reply. And tell me how Marcus is. Best love.

Ever affectionately CD.

Great haste. Doors to be opened very early.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 21 JANUARY 1869

Mention in John Heise catalogue No. 7; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 21 Jan 69.

Referring to money matters.

To W. C. MACREADY, 22 JANUARY 1869

Text from N, III, 701.

Plough Hotel [Cheltenham]
Friday Twenty Second January 1869

My Dearest Macready,

We just arrived here (¼ to 2) and I find a large packet of proofs that I must have ready to return to the office before my early dinner at 3. Will Mrs. Macready (my love to her) kindly let me know at what time Dolby shall await you at the little back entrance[†2] this evening.

We begin at 8.

Ever your most affectionate
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. H. CHAMBERLAIN,[†3] 23 JANUARY 1869

MS Birmingham and Midland Institute.

Cheltenham. Twenty Third January 1869

Dear Sir

I am but now in receipt of your letter, informing me that I have had the honour of being unanimously elected President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute for the present year.

I accept the distinction thus conferred upon me, with great satisfaction, and am proud of it.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Henry Chamberlain Esquire.

To MRS DALLAS, 23 JANUARY 1869*

MS Ashley W. Olmstead.

Cheltenham, Saturday 23rd. Jany. | 1869

My Dear Mrs. Dallas

Many thanks for your note, forwarded to me here this morning. My attention had been previously called to that execrable letter,[†1] by Russel of the Scotsman.

I shall be heartily glad to see you "assisting" at the Murder, in St. James's Hall. I came here expressly to do it for Macready, last night. He looks well in the face, but "Age with his stealing steps"[†2] has overtaken him too soon.

Always Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [?23 JANUARY 1869]

Extract in F, XI, i, 801. *Date:* probably the day after his reading of *Sikes and Nancy* at Cheltenham, which Macready had heard.

Macready is of opinion that the Murder is two Macbeths. He declares that he heard every word of the reading, but I doubt it. Alas! he is sadly infirm.[†3]

To H. P. SMITH, 23 JANUARY 1869

MS Huntington Library.

Cheltenham, Saturday Twenty Third Jany. | 1869

My Dear Smith

Let your social conscience be lightened. I knew at the time when you kindly invited me to meet the lady,[†4] that in all probability the design would break down; and I heard very shortly afterwards that it had done so. Of course she fully believed that she was going to America, when you believed so too.

Macready was at my Reading here last night, and I am going to have an early dinner with him to day. He is extraordinarily old. But I think (and

Mrs. Macready is of the same mind) that his total isolation from old friends and associations has much to do with his condition.

Happy New Years to you and yours

My Dear Smith | Faithfully as always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DORA WOOD,[†1] 23 JANUARY 1869*

MS Michael Silverman. *Address:* Miss Dora Wood | Ashleigh | Whalley Range | Manchester.

Plough Hotel, Cheltenham
Saturday Twenty Third January | 1869

My dear Dora

I should have sent you this little letter several days ago, but that I have been constantly travelling and otherwise occupied. Your christian name is so interesting to me,[†2] and your birthday is so important in my life (for I was born on the same day of the year, though not in the same year exactly), that I esteem you as a sort of Fairy-friend and offer you my love and this Kiss—O—When you grow old enough to read my books, and to write me a note saying that you are ready to begin them, mind you do write, then I will make you a little present of them. I hope you will like them as well as your Mama does, then I shall be pleased indeed.

That blue print up at top there, is the name of the place where I live.[†3] I am only staying at that written address higher up still, until this evening.

Believe me | Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS
(There's a queer flourish!)

Miss Dora Wood.

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 24 JANUARY 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

Ross Herefordshire
Sunday Twenty Fourth January | 1869

My Dearest Mary

I received your note here this morning, and have just time to send you in return the (I hope unnecessary) assurance of my love and fidelity.

The arrangement of the details of the third course of Readings in St. James's Hall, rests with the Chappells, subject to my approval. The second course ends with the Murder, on Tuesday March 2nd. The Third course will begin on Tuesday March 16th. and I should think will both begin and end with the Murder, and will take the Chimes about midway. As soon as this said Third

Course is settled, Georgy will give you full particulars of it.

Pray give Mrs. Cavendish[†1] my love, when you can. I have thought of her, very much and very often.

The waistcoat is my constant companion, and is the sympathetic witness of a deal of work. Macready came to the Murder at Cheltenham on Friday night, and delivered his criticism in the brief words:—"Two Macbeths".

Ever My Dearest Mary | Your affectionate Friend
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 24 JANUARY 1869*

MS Huntington Library

Ross[†2] | Sunday Twenty Fourth Jany. 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I have a letter from Frank Beard this morning, saying that you are all right again. I hope the fact stands as he states it.

I have also an incoherent[†3] letter from Mary Boyle. I will write her a line, and tell her generally how the Readings stand. It rests with the Chappells to suggest the third course, but I suppose they will at least begin it, and finish it, with the Murder. I should think the Chimes will come in again at about the middle.[†4]

Macready is of opinion that the Murder is "Two Macbeths". He declared that he heard every word of the Reading, but I doubt it. He gave us quite a magnificent dinner yesterday, but was most distressingly infirm and unintelligible at table, and, under some delusion quite incomprehensible, ordered the small boy[†5] (a capital boy) up to his room. The tact with which Mrs. Macready got him down again, was perfect. An old waiter whom I have seen there before, was in attendance; and the way in which Macready and he were at cross purposes about the decanters and wine glasses was dismally droll.

This is the coldest house I ever set foot in, in my life. Prettily furnished, like the best sort of Railway hotel, but wanting in cheap contrivances that would make it seem larger and be much more commodious. I could do wonders with it, and not spend more than £20. Miss Tatty,[†6] changed in appearance from being like her father to being the picture of her mother. Spoilt. Both children wholesome and fresh looking. "Aunt Jordon" and Marion's sister, sitting up last night after supper, blinking, and pitching off their chairs, but wanting courage to go to bed. Marion[†7] down to breakfast this morning. Awful foreshadowings of some female relative coming to dinner, considered detestable by Dolby. Doctor also darkly hinted at, as coming to dinner likewise. A fine frosty day, and a ten

miles walk to Monmouth impending. Rooms, all jostling one another. The Herefordshire maidens, and Scott in an apron, for ever laden with coals and dropping them in the hall on coming into collision with man, woman, child, beasts, birds, and inanimate objects.

Certainly if you do not get *quite rid* of that disagreeable discomfort,[†1] we will have another opinion. Best love to Mamie.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 27 JANUARY 1869

Text from MDGH, II, 412.

Torquay. Wednesday Jan. 27th 1869

My Dearest Mamie,

We have been doing immensely.

This place is most beautiful, though colder now than one would expect. This hotel, an immense place, built among picturesque broken rocks out in the blue sea,[†2] is quite delicious. There are bright green trees in the garden, and new peas a foot high. Our rooms are *en suite,* all commanding the sea, and each with two very large plateglass windows. Everything good and well served.

A *pantomime*[†3] was being done last night, in the place where I am to read tonight.[†4] It is something between a theatre, a circus, a riding-school, a Methodist chapel, and a cow-house. I was so disgusted with its acoustic properties on going in to look at it, that the whole unfortunate staff have been all day, and now are, sticking up baize and carpets in it to prevent echoes.

I have rarely seen a more uncomfortable edifice than I thought it last night.

At Clifton, on Monday night,[†5] we had a contagion of fainting. And yet the place was not hot. I should think we had from a dozen to twenty ladies borne out, stiff and rigid, at various times. It became quite ridiculous.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [? 29 JANUARY 1869]

Extract in F, XI, i, 801. *Date:* Forster's date of 27 Jan 69 impossible, since CD did not arrive in Bath until the 29th; probably written that day, before his reading.

Landor's[†6] ghost goes along the silent streets here before me. . . . The place looks to me like a cemetery which the Dead have succeeded in rising and taking. Having built streets of their old gravestones, they wander about scantly trying to "look alive". A dead failure.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 JANUARY 1869

MS Huntington Library.

Bath | Friday Twenty Ninth January 1869

My Dearest Georgy

You must not trust blank places in my list, because many have been, and will be, gradually filled up. After the Tuesday's Reading in London, I have *two*[†1] for that same week in the country—Nottingham and Leicester. In the following week I have none; but my arrangements are all at sea as yet, for I must somehow and somewhere do an Uncommercial in that week,[†2] and I also want to get poor Chauncy's "opinions" to the Printer.

This mouldy old roosting-place comes out mouldily as to Let, of course.[†3] I hate the sight of the byegone Assembly Rooms, and the Bath chairs trundling the Dowagers about the streets. As to tomorrow morning in the daylight!—

I have no cold to speak of, [†a] but am bilious and uncomfortable.[†a] Dolby sends kindest regard.

[†a] Best love to Mamie. | Ever affectionately Yours

CD.[†a]

To VISCOUNT TORRINGTON,[†4] 29 JANUARY 1869*

MS Mrs John Silcock

Bath, Friday Twenty Ninth January 1869

Dear Torrington

Your letter reached me here last night. The place is in its usual brilliant state; looking as if the dead in a cemetery had succeeded in rising and taking possession of it—had built a city with their tombstones—and were faintly trying to live in it.

Will you kindly charge yourself with my best thanks to the Duchess, and the assurance that I am highly sensible of the honour she does me in offering me the hospitality of Bestwood.[†5] Will you also represent on my behalf that while this exceptional "Reading" phase of my life is in progress, I am obliged to deny myself every social enjoyment, and to deliver myself up wholly to its requirements. I never go anywhere but to the best Hotel I can find, and have to live in it by line and rule. Even under these conditions I shall be in Nottingham but one night, and must away early next morning.

Always Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

February

To FREDERICK LEHMANN,[†1] 2 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Tuesday Second February 1869

My Dear Lehmann

I should have been very glad to say "Yes" if I reasonably could; but my work is too hard. That Friday is one of a very few days that I have to myself in this month, and I must manfully train and lie by. I have a great deal of Murdering before me yet, and social pleasure must yield to it! With love to Mrs. Lehmann, Believe me ever

Faithfully Yours

To W. H. WILLS, 2 FEBRUARY 1869

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Second February 1869

My Dear Wills

In case your cold should keep you at home both to day and tomorrow (and mind you don't come out, unless in a fit state to do so) I send you this line in reference to Charley.

Don't you think, as he has so much on his hands, that it will be fair to rate him on the ship's books at Six Guineas per week?[†2]

Affectionately Ever
CD

To MRS LEHMANN, 3 FEBRUARY 1869 †

MS University of Texas, Austin.

Office, Wednesday Third February 1869

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann.

Before getting your kind note, I had written to Lehmann explaining why I cannot allow myself any social pleasure while my Farewell task is yet unfinished. The work is so very hard that every little scrap of rest *and silence* I can pick up, is precious. And even those morsels are so flavoured with "All The Year Round", that they are not quite the genuine article.

Joachim[†3] came round to see me at the Hall last night, and I told him how sorry I was to forego the pleasure of meeting him (he is a Noble Fellow!) at your pleasant table.

I am glad you are coming to the Murder on the second of March. (The House will be prodigious). Such little changes as I have made, shall be carefully presented to your critical notice, and I hope will be crowned with your approval. But you are always such a fine audience that I have no fear on that head.

[†a] I saw Chorley yesterday, in his own room. A sad and solitary sight! The widowed Brake,[†1] with a certain gincoherence of manner, presented a blooming countenance and buxom form in the passage:—so buxom indeed, that she was obliged to retire before me, like a modest stopper, before I could get into the dining-decanter where poor Chorley reposed like the dregs of last season's last wine.[†a†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

My love to Rudie.[†3]

To W. C. MACREADY, 3 FEBRUARY 1869

Text from N, III, 703.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Third February 1869

My Dearest Macready,

The enclosed will appear in these pages on Wednesday week.[†4] It shall be sent round to all the papers, and I will privately call Delane's attention to it. I have thought it best to make it a piece of personal testimony which can be quoted a hundred years hence.

My love to dear Mrs. Macready and the Noble Boy.

Ever your most affectionate
[CHARLES DICKENS]

An enormous house in London last night.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 4 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Nottingham,[†1] Thursday Fourth February 1869

My Dearest Georgy

The Murder will be done on the 16th.[†2] and five places can certainly be taken for it in the best position, if taken at once. For the 2nd. it is quite impossible to get anything.

I shall be able, please God, to get down to Gad's by the 2 . . 10 (or whatever it is) train on Saturday. Scott and the luggage will be with me, and for the latter we shall want the Cart. If this should interfere with the Forsters, then have a carriage on hire for them—but only in the case of their coming to Strood,[†3] as the basket and brougham can come together to Higham if need be.

Ever Your affectionate
CD.

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 5 FEBRUARY 1869

Extract in Dobell catalogue No. 281 (1919); dated Gad's Hill Place (headed paper), 5 Feb 69, from Leicester,[†4] according to mention in N (111, 703); addressed Mr Holsworth.

Asking him to send a messenger to Corbyn's, Chemists, Bond St, for some of the colocynth pills.[†5]

To ROBERT BROADWATER,[†6] 7 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Washington State University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Seventh February 1869

Dear Sir

I regret to assure you that my compliance with your request is absolutely impossible. I cannot find leisure to make such an engagement.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Broadwater Esquire

To MISS MARY BOYLE, 10 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

Office, Wednesday Tenth February 1869

My Dearest Mary

I fear that subject will not do, and for this reason:-It was proposed, when the book[†1] came out, by an English gentleman resident in France who does the greater part, if not all, of our French subjects.[†2] I can not remember (though I have taken time to try) for what reason I was adverse to it, though I know I had some reason then. Whether it could have been that the book was not reliable, or that some French disproof of some statement had got into circulation, or what not, I can by no means call to mind; but I think I recollect that the gentleman himself agreed with me in thinking it better left alone. Now, he would be mortally offended—and really ill used—if I were to confide the same idea to another hand, after twenty years of his co-operation; and therefore, though most unwillingly on my part, I feel an obligation on me to give it up.

In haste | Ever affectionately
CD.

To W. H. WILLS, 12 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twelfth February 1869

My Dear Wills

Charley tells me you want a Guild[†3] cheque. Here it is—though I am afraid I have left you scant room for your signature. I have left the line "To Blank or Bearer" for you to fill in.

All right here. An Uncommercial has been snatched out of the Readings fire, by your active and intelligent Undersigned, and duly forms the first of the No. made up to day.[†4]

I start for Edinburgh and Glasgow on Wednesday Morning. Don't forget your engagement with me to dinner on Wednesday the 3rd of March.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MOWBRAY MORRIS,[†1] [MID-FEBRUARY 1869]

Mention in *To* Kent, 19 Feb 69. *Date:* presumably written a few days before that letter.

TO WILKIE COLLINS, [15] FEBRUARY 1869

MS Morgan Library. *Date:* misdated by CD: Monday falls on 15 but not on 25 Feb; he left for Scotland on 20 Feb. *Address* (envelope, MS Durham Western Heritage Museum, Omaha): Wilkie Collins Esquire | 90 Gloucester Place | Portman Square | W. PM London 1[5] Feb 6[9].[†2]

A. Y. R. Office | Monday | Twenty Fifth February | 1869

My Dear Wilkie

I have read the play[†3] with great attention, and with a stage eye; and I think it will be A GREAT SUCCESS.[†4] It is highly interesting, admirably constructed and carried through, and very picturesque. Characters well marked and contrasted, sharp dialogue, and all good.

I am now going to make a suggestion or two.

The introduction and carrying on of that cane is so new and strong, that I don't think the culminating situation [†a] of that act[†a] up to it.[†5] Have you and Fechter ever thought of making the blow fall on Miss Leclercq [†a] by accident[†a]: of her being struck on the bosom, and declaring that she will bear the mark as a mark of glory and not of shame, because she loves him?[†6]

That is what *I* should do with it.

Before that situation, turn back to page 35.[†7] Would it not be better if Maurice's "You shall feel my cane on your back", were followed by Wolf's rejoinder (unheard by him on going off) "You shall feel it on yours."[†8]

Page 49. I would be very careful not to have too much measuring, and in particular not too much speaking about it.[†9] I would express as much as possible of that in the actors doubtful manner and indecision—with the fiddles and mutes on, in the Orchestra.

Pages 55 and 56. *I* cannot understand Fechter's gaiety here. I took it for

certain, not having read to the end, that he had then got the letter for the Provost Marshal, in his pocket, and had read it. I cannot conceive his jesting at that time, under any other conditions. And I think that it destroys the effect of the letter when it does come.[†1]

This is all I have to say, except of praise and high hope.—And it's little enough, I think!

Ever affecy.

CD.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 15 FEBRUARY 1869

Extract from catalogue source in N, III, 705-6.

You know how earnestly I hope to get sword in hand again and that soon, and fight it out.[†2] I am as restless as if I were behind bars in the Zoological Gardens, and if I could afford it would wear a part of my mane away as the Lion has done by rubbing it against the windows of my cage.

To MR and MRS J. T. FIELDS,[†3] 15 FEBRUARY 1869†

MS Huntington Library.

A. Y. R. Office, London
Monday Fifteenth February 1869

My Dear Fields and Mrs. Fields.

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah! It is a remarkable instance of magnetic sympathy that before I received your joyfully welcomed announcement of your probable visit to England, I was waiting for the enclosed card[†4] to be printed, that I might send you a clear statement of my "Readings". I felt almost convinced that you would arrive before the Farewells were over. What do you say to *that*?

The Final course of Four Readings in a week, mentioned in the enclosed Card, is arranged to come off, on

Monday June 7th.
Tuesday June 8th.
Thursday June 10th.
and
Friday June 11th. Last night of all

We hoped to have finished in May, but cannot clear the country off in sufficient time. I shall probably be about the Lancashire towns in that month. There are to be 3 morning murders in London not yet

announced, but they will be extra to the London nights I send you, and will in no wise interfere with them. We are doing most amazingly. In the country the people usually collapse with the murder, and don't fully revive in time for the final piece; in London, where they are much quicker, they are equal to both. It is very hard work; but I have never for a moment lost voice or been unwell:—except that my foot occasionally

gives me a twinge. We shall have in London on the 2nd. of March for the 2nd. Murder night, probably the greatest assemblage of notabilities of all sorts, ever packed together. Dolby[†1] continues steady in his allegiance to the Stars and Stripes—sends his kindest regard—and is immensely excited by the prospect of seeing you. Gad's Hill is all ablaze on the subject. We are having such wonderfully warm weather that I fear we shall have a backward spring there. You'll excuse East [†a] winds—won't you—if they shake the flowers roughly[†a] when you first set foot on the lawn? I have only seen it once since Xmas, and that was from last Saturday to Monday when I went there for my birthday, and had the Forsters[†1] and Wilkie[†1] to keep it. I had had Mrs. Fields's[†1] letter four days before, and drank to you both, most heartily and lovingly.

I was with Macready[†1] a week or two ago. He is quite surprisingly infirm and aged. Could not possibly get on, without his second wife to take care of him: which she does to perfection. I went to Cheltenham expressly to do the Murder for him, and we put him in the front row, where he sat grimly staring at me. After it was over, he thus delivered himself, on my laughing it off and giving him some wine:—"No Dickens—er—"er—I will *not*"[†2]—with sudden emphasis—"er— have it—er—put aside. In my—er—best times—er—you remember them my dear boy—er—gone, gone!—no, I'll be *damned*"[†3]—with great emphasis again— "it comes to this—er—*Two Macbeths*!"[†3]—With extraordinary energy. After which he stood (with his glass in his hand and his old square jaw of its old fierce form) looking defiantly at Dolby[†1] as if Dolby[†1] had contradicted him; and then trailed off into a weak pale likeness of himself, as if his whole appearance had been some clever optical illusion.

I am away to Scotland on Wednesday next the 17th. to finish there. Ireland is already disposed of, and Manchester and Liverpool will follow within six weeks. "Like lights in a Theatre, they are being snuffed out fast"—as Carlyle says of the guillotined in his Revolution.[†4] I suppose I shall be glad when they are all snuffed out? Anyhow I think so, *now*.

The Nortons[†1] have a very pretty house at Kensington. He has quite recovered, and is positively getting fat. I dined with them last Friday at Forster's:[†1] having (marvellous to relate!) a spare day in London. The warm weather has greatly spared Forster's[†1] bronchitis; but I fear that he is quite unable to bear cold, or even changes of temperature, and that he will suffer exceedingly if East winds obtain. One would say they must at last, for it has been blowing a tempest from the S and S.W for weeks and weeks.

The safe arrival of my boy's ship in Australia has been telegraphed home, but I have not yet heard from him. His post will be due a week or so hence in London. My next boy is doing very well, I hope, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Of my seafaring boy's luck in getting a death-vacancy as Ist. Lieutenant, aboard a new ship of war on the South American Station,[†5] I heard from a friend, a captain

in the Navy, when I was at Bath the other day: though we have not yet heard it from himself. Bath (setting aside remembrances of Roderick Random and Humphrey Clinker)†1 looked, I fancied, just as if a cemetery-full of old people had somehow made a successful rise against Death—carried the place by assault—and built a city with their grave-stones:—In which they were trying to look alive, but with very indifferent success.

†b Unlucky Katie's unlucky husband†b is no better, and no worse. Mary†2 and Georgina†2 send all manner of loves, and have already represented to me that the red jacketed postboys must be turned out for a summer expedition to Canterbury, and that there must be lunches among the corn fields, walks in Cobham Park, and a thousand other expeditions. Pray give our pretty Mabel†3 to understand that a great deal will be expected of her, and that she will have to look her very best, to look as I have drawn her. If your Irish people (Annie's)†2 turn up at Gads at the same time—as they probably will—they shall be entertained in the Yard, with muzzled dogs. I foresee that they will come over, haymaking and hopping, and will recognize their beautiful vagabonds at a glance.

I wish Reverdy Johnson†4 would dine in private and hold his tongue. He overdoes the thing.†5 †b Childs of Philadelphia†b is trying to get the Pope†6 to subscribe †b to the Ledger,†b†7 and to run over to take the chair at his next Newsboy's†2 Dinner, on which occasion Victor Emmanuel†8 is to propose Childs's†3 health, and may all differences among friends be referred †c to him. With much love always, and in high rapture at the thought of seeing you both here, Ever Your most affectionate

CD.†c

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 15 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Sir James Emerson Tennent Bart:

A. Y. R. Office | Monday Fifteenth February 1869

My Dear Tennent.

I am very sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting this paper†9 for insertion. But the subject is one, which (if we touch it at all, and that is doubtful

as notices of books are rare with us), I stand beforehand bound to confide to another contributor.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 FEBRUARY 1869]

Extract in F, XI, i, 801. *Date:* 16 Feb 69, according to Forster.

Henry Thompson†1 will not let me read to-night, and will not let me go to Scotland to-morrow. Tremendous house here, and also in Edinburgh. Here is the certificate he drew up for himself and Beard to sign. "We the undersigned hereby certify that Mr. C. D. is suffering from inflammation of the foot.†2 (caused by over-exertion), and that we have forbidden his appearance on the platform this evening,

as he must keep his room for a day or two." I have sent up to the Great Western Hotel for apartments, and, if I can get them, shall move there this evening. Heaven knows what engagements this may involve in April! It throws us all back, and will cost me some five hundred pounds.

To JAMES BIRTLES, [FEBRUARY 1869]

Extract in John Anderson Jr catalogue No. 983; *MS* I p.; with proof of "On an Amateur Beat". *Date:* "On an Amateur Beat" appeared in *AYR*, 27 Feb 69, N.S. I, 300; CD would have sent the proof *c.* 17 Feb.

Here are two corrections in my "Uncommercial" not made in the proof I sent from the office yesterday.

Faithfully yours

C.D.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 18 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Dr and Mrs Gordon F. Madding.

Great Western Hotel | Thursday Eighteenth Feby 1869

My Dear Dolby.

I have received your Telegram, but have not otherwise heard from you. Foot decidedly better—much better. Good night last night. Airing in open carriage today. I have hopes of Saturday.[†3] Have seen both Arthur and Tom.[†4] Arthur will be in close attendance tomorrow, for the medical decision.

Kindest regard

Ever affecy.

CD.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 19 FEBRUARY 1869†

MS Maggs Bros Ltd.

Great Western Hotel | Friday Nineteenth February 1869

My Dear Dolby

First and foremost, there are three mistakes in the Scotch announcements.

1. I expressly overlooked your noting down Mr. C D. "*purposes to have* the honour of reading—" &c.[†1]

2. The terms of Thompson's certificate are altered.[†2] A liberty I should certainly not have taken with it myself, even if he had not been professionally particular about them.

3. I said to you in the strongest manner: "No Poor Traveller. Absurd to have to get it up for only one night. Particularly onerous to have to get anything up, under such circumstances."[†3] I could not have been more amazed if I had seen myself announced to read Jack The Giant Killer.

[†a] My growl being now growled out, I pass to the foot.

It is immensely better and free from pain. I am much the worse for pain and physic, but now await Beard's opinion whether I can start for Scotland in the morning. The weakness of the case, is, that I may start and get there, and still be unable to read! Because I cannot stand upon the foot now, and, if I cannot stand upon it then, cannot go upon the platform. That is clear. Both yesterday and this morning I was so very faint while dressing, that I was within an ace of Gone— and that might happen at night. There are the two days Saturday and Sunday, to be sure. But I must make a great rush in them, to be myself by Monday night. And then the journey and the effort may spoil me for our second London murder—by far (as it seems to me) the most important night of all. It is an immensely difficult question; and with every desire to be right, I don't know how to be right.

Later in the afternoon

We decide in favor of the Journey, so expect me by the usual train tomorrow at Edinburgh in the evening. Arthur Chappell kindly volunteers to take care of me, so expect him too. Kindest regard

Ever affectionately

CD.[†a]

To CHARLES KENT, 19 FEBRUARY 1869†

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Great Western Hotel | Friday Nineteenth February 1869

My Dear Kent

I am training and trying hard here, to get off to Scotland tomorrow. Constrained position makes it difficult to write.

[†a] I tell you, between ourselves, why I cannot write to Delane. His mother[†1] lying dead in his house, I could not write to him the other day about putting in the Times a paragraph I did for A. Y. R. about his, and my, old friend Macready[†a†2]— who had set his heart on my getting that done for him. But I wrote to Mowbray Morris instead. The Paragraph not being put in, and no notice whatever being taken of my private note, you see that I cannot write again without making some reference to this misadventure, which I would rather not do.

My foot is better, though it is not well. I had known for some days that the inflammation was coming on; but it is impossible to guard against it when that amount of standing in a hot place has to be encountered for months together.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT WALKER,[†3] 19 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT[†4]
Friday Nineteenth February 1869

Dear Mr. Walker

Mr. Fechter the French Actor, a great friend of mine, has been robbed by his servants (as indeed he has been by almost everybody else in this country), and wants a Detective officer to go to his house at St. John's Wood, and help him out of his difficulties. If you will kindly assist him, I shall be very truly obliged to you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Inspector Walker

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, [? 19-20 FEBRUARY 1869]

Mention in *To* Mrs Forster, 8 Mar 69. *Date*: answering Tennent's invitation to dinner, which reached him "immediately before I left town", probably 19 Feb. CD no doubt replied at once.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?21 FEBRUARY 1869]

Extracts in F, xi, i, 802 and *n*. *Date*: both extracts from same letter of 21 Feb, from Edinburgh, according to Forster.

I came down lazily on a sofa,[†5] hardly changing my position the whole way. The railway authorities had done all sorts of things, and I was more comfortable

than on the sofa at the hotel. The foot gave me no uneasiness, and has been quiet and steady all night.

The only news that will interest you is that the good-natured Reverdy Johnson, being at an Art Dinner in Glasgow[†1] the other night, and falling asleep over the post-prandial speeches (only too naturally) woke suddenly on hearing the name of `Johnson' in a list of Scotch painters[†2] which one of the orators was enumerating; at once plunged up, under the impression that somebody was drinking his health; and immediately, and with overflowing amiability, began returning thanks. The spectacle was then presented to the astonished company of the American Eagle being restrained by the coat tails from swooping at the moon, while the smaller birds endeavoured to explain how the case stood, and the cock robin in possession of the chairman's eye twittered away as hard as he could split.[†3] I am told that it was wonderfully droll.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [21 FEBRUARY 1869]

MS (envelope only) Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address*: Miss Hogarth | "All The Year Round" Office | 26 Wellington Street | Strand | London | W. C. PM Edinburgh 21 Feb 69.

Tell the Bootmaker to send that other boot *here* when done.[†4]

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [?23 FEBRUARY 1869]

Extract in F, XI, i, 802. *Date:* according to Forster, two days after his letter of 21 Feb, CD consulted Mr. Syme and wrote to his daughter.

Mr. Syme[†5] *warned him against over-fatigue in the readings, gave him some slight remedies and reported him in* "joost pairfactly splendid condition." *With care, he thought the pain might be got rid of.* "Wa'at mad' Thompson think it was goot?" he said often, and seemed to take that opinion extremely ill.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 FEBRUARY 1869*

MS Benoliel Collection

Glasgow,[†6] Thursday Twenty Fifth February 1869*

My Dearest Georgy

I received your letter at Edinburgh this morning. I did not write to you yesterday, as there had been no Reading on the previous night.

The foot bears the fatigue wonderfully well, and really occasions me no inconvenience beyond the necessity of wearing the big work of art. Syme saw me again this morning, and utterly scouted the gout notion altogether. I think the Edinburgh audience understood the Murder better, last night, than any audience that has heard it yet. "Business" is enormous, and Dolby jubilant.

It is a most deplorable afternoon here; deplorable, even for Glasgow. A great wind blowing, and Sleet driving before it in a storm of heavy blobs. We had to drive our train dead in the teeth of the wind, and got in here late, and are pressed for time.

[†a] I will write tomorrow to Justerini and Brooks, ordering wine and spirits for the Office.

In judging of Plorn's letter, we must remember the entirely new circumstances surrounding him, and the flutter of spirits consequent on writing at all.

I will write a line to Mamie tomorrow. Ever My Dearest Georgy

Your most affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

Strange that in the North we have had absolutely no snow. There was a very thin scattering on the Pentlands[†1] for an hour or two, but no more.

To CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT WALKER, 25 FEBRUARY 1869*

Ms Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address*: Mr Chief Supt. Walker | Great Scotland Yard | London | S.W.

Edinburgh, Thursday Twenty Fifth February | 1869.

My Dear Mr. Walker

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your highly satisfactory letter,[†2] forwarded to me here this morning. It is the more welcome to me because it affords me an opportunity of congratulating you on your new appointment. I do so, most heartily. And I quite as heartily congratulate myself and the public on the possession of such an officer as you; being thoroughly certain that there is no better in the world.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Chief Supt. Walker

To W. H. WILLS, 25 FEBRUARY 1869

MS Huntington Library.

Edinburgh, Thursday Twenty Fifth February 1869

My Dear Wills

Yours received this morning.

I have been getting on exceedingly well with my foot, so far. Although I feel it a little fatigued by the standing at night, it has caused me no other inconvenience. "Business" here is *tremendous!*[†1]

I shall hope to see you at the office on Tuesday. If not, I will write to you from thence, giving you the "fixture" for next day.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [26 FEBRUARY 1869]

Extracts in F, XI, i, 802 and *n*. *Date:* mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, no doubt written same day.

The foot goes famously, I feel the fatigue in it (four Murders in one week)[†2] but not overmuch. It merely aches at night; and so does the other, sympathetically, I suppose.

The night before last, unable to get in, B.[†3] had a seat behind the screen, and was nearly frightened off it, by the Murder. Every vestige of colour left his face when I came off, and he sat staring over a glass of champagne in the wildest way.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 FEBRUARY 1869†

MS Huntington Library.

Edinburgh, | Friday Twenty Sixth February 1869

My Dearest Georgy

Writing tomorrow morning would be all but impracticable for me; — would be quite so for Dolby, who has to go to the Agents' and "settle up" in the midst of his breakfast. So I write today, in reply to your note received at Glasgow this morning.

The foot conducts itself splendidly. [†a] Both feet were tired last night, and ached in bed. But nothing worse.[†a] We had a most enormous cram at Glasgow; [†a] and

turned £300 in a Hall supposed to hold £270.[†a] Syme saw me again yesterday (before I left here for Glasgow), and repeated "Gout!" with the greatest indignation and contempt, several times. The aching is going off as the day goes on, if it be worth mentioning again. The ride from Glasgow was charming this morning; the sun shining brilliantly, and the country looking beautiful.

[†a] You will see from my letter to Mary by this post that a letter of introduction from Sydney was delivered to me *here* to-day![†a]

I told you what the Nortons were. Mary's impression of Mabel Lowell is (as I wrote her) curiously wrong. She is a charming little thing, and very retiring in manner and expression.

We shall have a scene here tonight, no doubt. The night before last, Ballantyne, unable to get in, had a seat behind the screen—and was nearly frightened off it by the Murder. Every vestige of colour had left his face when I came off, and he sat staring over a glass of champagne in the wildest way. I have utterly left off *my* champagne, and, I think, with good results. Nothing during the Reading but a very little weak iced brandy and water.

I hope you will find me greatly improved on Tuesday.

Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

[†a] I have ordered for the office:

Sherry | Moselle | Brandy | Gin

Can you bring up to town with you, 2 more bottles of the very old brandy, for my travelling purposes?[†a]

To MESSRS JUSTERINI & BROOKS, [?26 FEBRUARY 1869]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 25 Feb 69. *Date:* presumably written the next day, as promised.

To ALEXANDER RUSSEL, 26 FEBRUARY 1869

Text from N, III, 707.

Edinburgh | Friday Twenty-sixth February 1869

My Dear Mr Russel,

I am as glad to have your friendly letter, as I am sorry to have missed you. But I shall hope when these Readings have subsided into the Past, to see you on some bright summer or autumn day at Gad's Hill. There is a cellar, deep in the chalk of that Falstaffian region, the contents of which have been stored up with some care. And as to its whisky—reference is kindly permitted to Peter Fraser and Ballantyne.

I shall be unaffectedly and heartily glad to see you, if you will give me a fair chance.

Many thanks for your remembrance of this my last night here. But the Oliver Twist murder driving all the breath out of my body, and this being the fourth[†1] time of my doing it in the present week,[†2] I have decided to remain mute on my own behalf; the rather as the precedent of taking leave would commit me at Manchester, Liverpool, and where not. Dolby will call at your office and duly explain this before dinner.

Believe me | Very faithfully yours

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To EDMUND HENDERSON,[†3] [28] FEBRUARY 1869

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1972; *MS* I p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 29 Feb 69 [*either CD's or cataloguer's mistake; probably 28 Feb*]; addressed Colonel Edmund Henderson.

Informing him humorously and apologetically about the strange desire of an old schoolfellow, Mr. Mitton,[†4] *for a post in the reorganisation of Scotland Yard.*[†5] There may be clerkly or secretarial employment for one who knows London and its ways well, who has a solid acquaintance with common law—and who is a Solicitor of thirty years standing, with his credentials as an acute practical man to be thoroughly trusted . . . even if you wanted such a person for the service, the odds are fifty thousand to one that your experience would have found him long ago.

March

To CHARLES BLACK,[†6] 2 MARCH 1869

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Second March 1869

My Dear Black

I am in town for today only,[†7] and find your letter. My "Farewell Readings" bring me from Scotland now, and carry me off again tomorrow. I regret to have been unable to support your friend.[†8]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Black Esquire

To MESSRS FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., [2 MARCH 1869]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To MESSRS FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., 2 MARCH 1869*

MS Buffalo and Erie County Public Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Second March 1869

Dear Sirs

Since writing to you by this mail in reference to Mr. Eytinge,[†1] I have received your letter concerning Mr. Booth. As I feel really obliged to that gentleman for his great zeal and energy, and as I am sure from experience that his charges will be correct, will you kindly inform him—without waiting for my receipt of his promised communication—that you are ready to pay them on my account, if he will let you know their amount?[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Fields Osgood and Co.

To JOHN FORSTER, [2 MARCH 1869]

Extract in F (1872-4), III, xvii, 412. *Date:* 2 Mar 69, *according* to Forster.

Telling Forster that, before leaving Scotland, he had consulted James Syme, indignant with Thompson's diagnosis of gout and declaring the disorder to be an affection of the delicate nerves and muscles originating in cold. I told him that it had shewn itself in America in the other foot as well. "Noo

I'll joost swear," said he, "that ayond the fatigue o' the readings ye'd been tramping i' the snaw, within twa or three days." I certainly had. "Wa'al," said he triumphantly, "and hoo did it first begin? I' th' snaw. Goot! Bah!—Thompson knew no other name for it, and just ca'd it Goot.—Boh!" For which he took two guineas.

To SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 2 MARCH 1869*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Sir James Emerson Tennent Bart|66 Warwick Square|S.W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Second March 1869

My Dear Tennent.

I thoroughly feel, and respond to, all that you say in your friendly letter.

But until I get these Readings over—there are 50 more to do—the occupation of my time is arduous and all but incessant. The only days I shall have at my disposal between this and the middle of June, are:

Wednesday 24th.	March
Thursday 25th.	"
Friday 26th	"
Saturday 27th	"

On either of these, I shall be truly and affectionately delighted to come to you, if either will suit your engagements.

And believe me My Dear Tennent | Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN, BRITISH MUSEUM, [3 MARCH 1869]

Mention in Register of Letters received, MS British Library. *Date:* dated 3 Mar 69.

Recommending Charles Dickens Jnr for admission to the Reading Room.[†1]

To H. C. MERIVALE,[†2] 3 MARCH 1869

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,|Wednesday Third March 1869

Dear Sir

I shall be happy to retain "The Last of the Low Comedians" for insertion, if you do not object to its being much condensed, and narrowed into a remembrance of Keeley.[†3] As I leave town tonight, have the goodness to address your reply to my son, Mr. Charles Dickens Junr. here.

You are incorrect, I think, in supposing the public to have been unacquainted with Keeley's pathetic side.[†4] In one of his most famous parts—Peter Spyk, in The Loan of a Lover[†5]—it was invariably recognized and highly acknowledged.

I take it for granted that you have seen him act *Dogberry*? I never did. But one of his most remarkable achievements, on the other hand, was *Verges.* Under

Mr. Macready's management of Drury Lane, he played that part with such unusual subtlety and skill, that he threw Dogberry into the shade. For he was so lost in admiration of that portentous Jackass, and became so much more and more absorbed in the contemplation of him as he became more and more ridiculous, that he in a manner appropriated Dogberry to himself. I remember his pride in being patted on the head by Dogberry, as something quite marvellous, by reason of the imbecile belief in him it expressed.[†1]

I think you do not mention the Sergeant's wife.[†2] His chronic terror, as servant in a murderous house, was wonderfully fine. In an unsuccessful piece at the Lyceum, founded on a story of Washington Irving's, he *had seen a ghost before the curtain went up.* It was marked in his face and manner, in the most extra-ordinary way.[†3] Such remembrances are essential to any review of his acting.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H.C. Merivale Esquire

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 5 MARCH 1869

Extract in MDGH, II, 415-16.

Birmingham, Friday March 5th., 1869

This is to send you my best love, and to wish you many and many happy returns of to-morrow, which I miraculously remember to be your birthday.[†4]

I saw this morning a very pretty fan here. I was going to buy it as a remembrance of the occasion, when I was checked by a dim misgiving that you had a fan not long ago from Chorley. Tell me what you would like better, and consider me your debtor in that article, whatever it may be.

I have had my usual left boot on this morning, and have had an hour's walk. It was in a gale of wind and a simoom of dust, but I greatly enjoyed it. Immense enthusiasm at Wolverhampton last night over "Marigold."[†5] Scott made a most amazing ass of himself yesterday. He reported that he had left behind somewhere three books—"Boots," "Murder," and "Gamp." We immediately telegraphed to the office. Answer, no books there. As my impression was that he must have left them at St. James's Hall, we then arranged to send him up to London at seven this morning. Meanwhile (though not reproached), he wept

copiously and audibly. I had asked him over and over again, was he sure he had not put them in my large black trunk? Too sure, too sure. Hadn't opened that trunk after Tuesday night's reading. He opened it to get some clothes out when I went to bed, and there the books were! He produced them with an air of injured surprise, as if we had put them there.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 5 MARCH 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Birmingham,|Friday Fifth March 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I am sorry to have your report of poor little Noggs.[†1] The best course will be to have him humanely and promptly killed. Toby,[†2] I should say, is certainly too large for the space. George[†3] had better look about him, and ascertain what he could buy for the purpose, and inform me through you of particulars.

Foot no worse, but sensitive. I am trying a boot this morning for a little while, but doubt if I shall be able to keep it on long.

Mamie shall be duly written to.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To HENRY DICKENS, 6 MARCH 1869*

MS Major P.C. Dickens.

Manchester, Saturday Evening, Sixth March 1869

My Dear Harry

I receive your letter here this afternoon.

I have so much to do with Reading and Travelling, that I seldom look into the Chappells' dates. It is quite clear that as to Cambridge they are altogether wrong. Taking action on your sensible suggestion, I let them know by this post (through Dolby) that the Cambridge Night must be changed.[†4]

Would Thursday 29th. April do? Reply by return—or Telegraph instead: which will be better—to me, Queen's Hotel, Manchester.

Dolby sends kindest remembrance

In haste|Ever Your affectionate Father

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE DOLBY, [6 MARCH 1869]

Mention in last. *Date:* written same day.

Telling the Chappells, through Dolby, that the night for reading at Cambridge must be changed.

To [?EDWARD] INDERWICK,[†5] [6 MARCH 1869]

Mention in *To* Fitzgerald, 7 Mar. *Date:* written day before.

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 7 MARCH 1869

Text from facsimile in Remember When Auctions catalogue, 1999. *Address:* Mrs. Cattermole | 32 Osborne Terrace | Clapham Road | London.

Queen's Hotel Manchester
Sunday Seventh March 1869

My Dear Mrs. Cattermole

Thanks for the catalogue.[†1] I am very sorry not to be in town to see the sketches or attend the sales, but I am not likely to be there for more than a single day at a time until next June.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 7 MARCH 1869

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

Manchester, Sunday Seventh Mar[ch 186]9[†2]

My Dear FitzGerald

I had a business letter of reference from your landlord, Mr. Inderwick, at Birmingham yesterday, and immediately replied to the same.

Don't hate me—more than you can help—when I say that I have been reading the Sixpenny Shakespeare, and that I don't see it.[†3] I don't think the joke is worth the great ingenuity expended on it, and I don't think the public would take it. "Wills and Will Making",[†4] most excellent. I have placed it—in two parts— already. It is capital!

Once again, Don't hate me more than you can help, and Your Petitioner will ever pray (I don't know what Petitioners pray for)

Ever Yours
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 MARCH 1869†

MS Huntington Library.

Queen's Hotel, Manchester[†5]
Sunday Seventh March 1869

My Dearest Georgy

[†a] Your yesterday's letter duly received here this morning. I wonder how you have got over the Birth Day Festivities![†6]

Nothing can be done about the Olliffe Tickets,[†1] without the tickets themselves. If you can return them to Arthur Chappell, pray do. *They are charged, in Chappell's account, to Dolby.* This reminder will enable them to understand the matter.

Both feet are still sympathetically sensitive. But I wear my regular boots, and have no other inconvenience. I can walk for an hour at a time, pretty comfortably.[†a]

We have had our sitting room chimney afire this morning, and have had to turn out elsewhere to breakfast; but the chamber has since been cleaned up, and we are reinstated. Manchester is (*for* Manchester) bright and fresh.

Tell Russell[†2] that a crop of Hay is to be got off the meadow this year, before the club[†3] use it. They did not make such use of it last year, as reconciles me to losing another hay-crop. So they must wait until the hay is in, before they commence active operations.

Poor Olliffe! I am truly sorry to read those sad words about his suffering, and fear that the end is not far off.[†4]

We are very comfortably housed here, and certainly that immense Hall[†5] is a wonderful place for its size. Without much greater expenditure of voice than usual, I a little enlarged the action last night; and Dolby (who went to all the distant points of view) reported that he could detect no difference between it and any other place. As always happens now—and did not at first—they were immensely taken by Noah Claypole's laugh. But the go, throughout, was enormous. Sims Reeves[†6] was doing Henry Bertram[†7] at the Theatre, and of course took some of our shillings. It was a night of excitement for Cottonopolis.

I received from Mrs. Keeley this morning, a very good photograph of poor old Bob.[†8] Yesterday I had a letter from Harry, reminding me that our intended Cambridge day is the day next after that of the Boat-Race![†9] Clearly it must be changed.

[†b] Will you send Mrs. Forster, for Forster, Charles Knight's address.[†10] He wants it, and—of course—I have not the faintest idea what it is except that it is somewhere, Hampstead.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.[†b]

To MRS KEELEY, 7 MARCH 1869*

MS Ipswich Borough Council.

Queen's Hotel, Manchester
Sunday Seventh March 1869

My Dear Mrs. Keeley

I cannot tell you how much I feel your sending me the portrait of your dear

good husband. It reached me here this morning, and the sight of it most truly affected me.

I was in Scotland when he died, and I[†1] did actually take pen in hand to write to you then. But a fear of causing you more pain than comfort at such a time, withheld me.

You know of old, I hope, that no one among his many friends can have had a higher respect for him, or a profounder admiration of his qualities as a great artist, than I have always had.[†2] Many and many a year ago, I remember how I was impelled to write to him after seeing you both in the Loan of a Lover,[†3] expressing the extraordinary pleasure I had had in that most charming acting. And but the other day—though before he was lost to us—when I was dining with Macready at Cheltenham, we both at the same instant cited his Verges as one of the most surprising instances within our experience of the manner in which a great actor can absorb an apparently much greater part than his, into his own, without the slightest obtrusion of himself.[†4]

Being in town a few days ago—in the course of this last week—I arranged to have a little paper in remembrance of him prepared for "All The Year Round",[†5] which I will send you when it is published, and which I hope will not displease you. I noted down for it, myself, two or three of his subtle touches, the record of which may be interesting and suggestive years hence.

Accept my most cordial thanks for the portrait, and the sincere assurance that I am Ever
Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. A. SALA, 7 MARCH 1869

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Queen's Hotel, Manchester
Sunday Seventh March 1869

My Dear Sala.

I feel the difficulty of introducing the name of the writer, to be insuperable. Because it would be a departure from the invariable custom of the Journal, for the express purpose of plunging into a controversy not of its originating or previous pursuing.

But surely you can express that you write the paper, without attaching your name in so many capital letters to it? If you feel with me that this can certainly be done, I will gladly accept it, and—in observance of my bounden duty to stand by my order—will give prominence to any temperate protest against this Mr. Maguire's[†6] attack[†7] in a place where answer cannot

be made.[†1] Only make sure in your mind of one thing:—Is the attack worth answering; or, by the very act of answering, do you give an obscure M.P. notoriety:—the gift of all others that he brays and prays for?[†2]

Let me know what you "conclude"—as our American friends say. A letter will find me at The Royal Station Hotel, Hull, almost any time this next week. Yours came to hand here this morning.

always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

To MRS FORSTER, 8 MARCH 1869

Text from MDGH, III, 273.

Queen's Hotel, Manchester | Monday, 8th March, 1869

My Dear Mrs. Forster

A thousand thanks for your note, which has reached me here this afternoon. At breakfast this morning Dolby showed me the local paper with a paragraph in it recording poor dear Tennent's death.[†4] You may imagine how shocked I was. Immediately before I left town this last time, I had an unusually affectionate letter from him, enclosing one from Forster, and proposing the friendly dinner since appointed for the 25th. I replied to him in the same spirit, and felt touched at the time by the gentle earnestness of his tone. It is remarkable that I talked of him a great deal yesterday to Dolby (who knew nothing of him), and that I reverted to him again at night before going to bed—with no reason that I know of. Dolby was strangely impressed by this, when he showed me the newspaper.

God be with us all!

Ever your affectionate
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CLARKE ASPINALL,[†5] 9 MARCH 1869

MS British Transport Hotels.

Royal Station Hotel, Hull[†6] | Tuesday Ninth March 1869

My Dear Sir

I am very unwilling to trouble you, but I have been applied to by four friends to help them to purchase tickets, and obtain suitable places at the Dinner with

which I am to be honoured next month in Liverpool.

The first is my eldest son.

The second is the Secretary of my Readings, Mr. George Dolby.

The third is Mr. Chorley, a distinguished musical critic and writer.

And the fourth is Mr. Charles Eliot[†1] Norton of Cambridge, Massachusetts, famous in America for his Italian scholarship.

If you can assist me to assist these gentlemen, I shall be greatly obliged to you. I must not omit to add that I should like Mr. Henry Hine[†2] of Liverpool to be able to obtain a ticket, as I have had a most favorable experience of his zeal and honorable dealing on all occasions. But I do not include him in the category of special places.

This address will find me until Saturday morning inclusive. After that time any letter addressed to me at my own house will be forwarded without delay.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Clarke[†3] Aspinall Esquire

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 10 MARCH 1869*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Charles E. Norton Esquire | 18 Queen's Gate Terrace | Kensington | London | W.

Hull, Wednesday Tenth March 1869

My Dear Norton

I am sorry to say that I must not dine out in Passion Week:—my only spare time until the end of these Farewells. My foot has recovered wonderfully; but I *must,* emphatically and severely, *rest* when I can.

Assuming you to be still in the same mind about the Liverpool dinner (10th. of April) I yesterday wrote to the Honorary Secretary giving him your name as that of a particular friend desiring a ticket and a special place. I have not the least idea what the arrangements are (except that I hear they are quarreling about seats), and will report his answer. No doubt it will be satisfactory.

Pray explain for me to Ruskin that I am not—and why I am not—a free agent just now, with this weight of work upon my back, and strict medical injunction atop of it.

I have great hope of Grant.—Charles Sumner, on the other hand, appears to me to be developing a genius for going wrong.[†4]

Forster and I have just lost a dear friend in Sir Emerson Tennent who died so suddenly last Saturday. He was at my last London reading, and I left London this last time with a letter from him in my hand.

My best love to Mrs. Norton and to all the house.

Ever My Dear Norton | Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To ANDREW W. TUER,[†1] 10 MARCH 1869

Text from Anderson Galleries, 10 Dec 1936. *MS* 1 p.; dated Hull, 10 Mar 69; addressed Andrew W. Tuer.

I am exceedingly sorry that any member of my audience at St. James's Hall on the 2nd should have been inconvenienced. Personally, however, I have no more to do with the arrangements in the front of the Hall than you have; except that I always lay great stress on the strictest faith being kept with the Public in all respects.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, [?12 MARCH 1869]

Mention in *To* Layard, 13 Mar 69. *Date:* probably written day before.

Introducing Thomas Hyde Hills[†2] *to him.*

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 13 MARCH 1869

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Thirteenth March 1869

My Dear Layard

Coming to town for a couple of days, from York, I find your beautiful present.[†3] With my heartiest congratulations on your marriage,[†4] accept my most cordial thanks for a possession that I shall always prize foremost among my worldly goods; firstly, for your sake; secondly, for its own.

Not one of these glasses shall be set on table until Mrs. Layard is there, to touch with her lips the first champagne that any of them shall ever hold! This vow has been registered in solemn triumvirate at Gad's Hill.

The first week in June will about see me through my present work, I hope. I came to town hurriedly to attend poor dear Emerson Tennent's funeral.[†5] You

will know how my mind went back, in the York[†1] up-train at midnight, to Mount Vesuvius and our Neapolitan supper.[†2]

I have given Mr. Hills, of Oxford Street (Bell and Co. Pharmaceutical Chemists, and in fact incarnate Oxford Street), the letter of introduction to you that you kindly permitted. He has immense local influence, and could carry his neighbours in favour of any good design.

My Dear Layard | Ever Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 13 MARCH 1869

Text from N, III, 712.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Thirteenth March 1869

My Dear Mackay,

I have informed Mr. Pike[†3] of the general contents of your letter, and have reserved your name.— Here is his book.[†4]

Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS TENNENT, 13 MARCH 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Night, Thirteenth March 1869

My Dear Miss Tennent

I am anxious that you should know that I have only just now received your letter: so constantly and rapidly have I been changing from place to place during the past week. It was most kind of you to think of me at such a time, and I deeply feel it.

I was at Manchester when I received the printed tidings of what had happened,[†5] followed within a few hours by a note from Mrs. Forster. It was difficult in the first shock of so terrible a surprise, to understand or believe it, and it was only when my thoughts had rested long upon your dear mother's grief and

yours, that I began to realize the loss of my dear good gentle friend. I loved him better than I can tell. It was only on the very day when I last left town, that I got such a tender note from him as brought the tears into my eyes. Somehow it so remarkably impressed me and so filled my mind with him, that several times on the day of his death, and all last Sunday, I spoke of him to my travelling companion, the Secretary of

my Readings—who had no personal knowledge of him. I reverted to him again as that gentleman and I were parting to go to bed on the Sunday night; and when he brought me the local newspaper on Monday Morning, and said "I am afraid I must prepare you for painful news here," he told me that he had been stricken dumb by the sight of the name when he rose, which had been the last words on my lips before he lay down.

I hope I know how good your mother is, and how consolation will come to her out of her own fine nature, and the mercy of God, and your ministrations. Among your many friends there cannot be one more faithfully bound to you both, in loving and honouring remembrance of the dead than I shall always be while I live. In true sympathy and affection.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. J. FARRER, 14 MARCH 1869*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Fourteenth March 1869

My Dear Sir

I beg to return you the Legacy Receipt duly signed.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William James Farrer Esquire

To MADAME CELESTE, 15 MARCH 1869

MS Laurence Senelick.

26 Wellington Street London
Monday Fifteenth March 1869

My Dear Madame Celeste

I would very willingly write to your daughter[†2] if I had any suggestion to offer, but I really have none. The ladies and gentlemen concerned are the best judges of what is in the compass of their powers and means, and are far more likely to be successful with something of their own originating than with anybody else's notion.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Madame Celeste Elliott

To MISS FLORENCE OLLIFFE,[†1] 16 MARCH 1869

Text from MDGH, 111, 275.

26, Wellington Street, Tuesday, 16th March, 1869

My Dear Florence,

I have received your kind note this morning, and I hasten to thank you for it, and to assure your dear mother of our most cordial sympathy with her in her great affliction, and in loving remembrance of the good man and excellent friend we have lost. The tidings of his being very ill indeed had, of course, been reported to me. For some days past I had taken up the newspaper with sad misgivings; and this morning, before I got your letter, they were realised.

I loved him truly. His wonderful gentleness and kindness, years ago, when we had sickness in our household in Paris,[†2] has never been out of my grateful remembrance. And, socially, his image is inseparable from some of the most genial and delightful friendly hours of my life. I am almost ashamed to set such recollections by the side of your mother's great bereavement and grief, but they spring out of the fulness of my heart.

May God be with her and with you all!

Ever yours affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 17 MARCH 1869

Text from N, 111, 713.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Seventeenth March 1869

My Dear Mackay

As Mr. Pike has grown reasonable, perhaps we may give a word of record of "the fact of the dispute"?[†3]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 20 MARCH 1869†

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (envelope, MS Chicago Public Library): Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | Rochester | Kent. PM 20 Mar 69.

Queen's Hotel, Manchester
Saturday Twentieth March 1869

My Dearest Georgy

Getting yours, and its enclosure Mary's note, at 2 this afternoon, I write a line at once in order that you may have it on Monday Morning.

†a The account of the Olliffe family quite horrifies me. I am haunted by it, and cannot get it out of my thoughts. But it is in the chin and cheekbone of the race by the mother's side, and they will be anatomical tell-tales for centuries.†a†1

The Theatre Royal Liverpool will be a charming place to read in. Ladies are to dine at the dinner, and we hear it is to be a very grand affair. Dolby is doubtful whether it may not "hurt the business" by drawing a great deal of money in another direction—which I think possible enough. Trade is very bad *here*,†2 and the gloom of the Preston Strike seems to brood over the place.†3 The Titiens Company†4 have been doing wretchedly. I should have a greater sympathy with them if they were not practising in the next room now.

My love to Letitia and Harriette,†5 wherein Dolby (highly gratified by being held in remembrance) joins, with the same to you.

I am ever my Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To W. P. FRITH, 21 MARCH 1869†

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

Manchester, Sunday Twenty First March 1869

My Dear Frith

†a I have your letter here. What you write of the murder gives me very high gratification. Because *I* know that *you* know what passion and expression are, and I esteem your praise accordingly.†a

My dear fellow, the Mrs. Cattermole case is one of the most difficult and dispiriting I ever had to do with. That vague evasiveness which was poor Cattermole's besetting sin, so wore out his friends for years and years, that it is impossible to kindle enthusiasm in the cause. The shadow of mistrust is always upon it. I hardly know why, but I cannot help suspecting that when Mrs. Frith†6 saw Mrs. Cattermole fireless, there was an uncommonly good fire in the next room. This is between ourselves, of course, but I notice

so much protestation and profession, and so much discrepancy in little things, that I rather wince. Just before Cattermole's death, I was particularly struck by the outward and visible aspect†1 of the two young men,†2 as compared with the utter forlornness and desolation of Mrs. Cattermole's family-picture.

I think a public appeal would be merely a waste of the money that making it would cost; for I believe that it would not be responded to. As to investing the money we have, there is so little to invest, that it's result would be infinitessimally helpful. Don't you think that the best way will be for you and I to call together that Clapham gentleman who is associated with us in the appeal— Bicknell—and two or three more of the chief subscribers—and take the general opinion what is best to be done? If you agree, and will send me the names and addresses, my people at the Office of All the Year Round shall send out a circular calling a meeting there—say for Tuesday April 13th. which will be a good long notice, and on which evening I read in town? Answer at your leisure, 26 Wellington Street Strand.

I send your kind message on to my eldest daughter today, and I know she will be—as she ought to be—proud of it. With kindest regard at home, I am always My Dear Frith

Cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 MARCH 1869

MS Huntington Library.

Manchester | Sunday Twenty First March 1869

My Dearest Georgy

†a I send the cheque for the horse-keep, forgotten yesterday.†a Will you tell Mary—I don't know where she is—that I have had a letter from Frith, in which he says that he will be happy to show her his pictures "any day in the first week of April".†3 I have replied that she will be proud to receive his invitation. His object in writing was to relieve his mind about the Murder:-of which he cannot say enough.

Tremendous enthusiasm here last night—calling in the most thunderous manner after Marigold—and again after the Trial,—shaking the great Hall, and cheering furiously.

Love to all | †a Ever my Dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate
CD.†a

To DR J. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 2[1] MARCH 1869

Text from N, 111, 714. *Date*: N probably misread "First" for "Fifth"; CD was in Manchester on 21, but not on 25 March.

Manchester | Twenty Fifth March 1869

My Dear Muspratt

I don't know what has become of the photograph you mention in your note of the 17th. Pending the accomplishment of these last Readings, I am so continually travelling, and have such a very large business correspondence (arising out of my journal) to receive and despatch, that it is possible that the letter may

have been detained at—or sent on to—All The Year Round Office, among some heap of papers. I shall be there on Wednesday, and will have a strict search made. No such letter has reached my travelling desk.

Many thanks for your kind invitation. But I am quite unable to accept it, for the simple reason that while these Readings last, every interval of rest and silence that I can possibly get, I am obliged to appropriate to myself. I have not made a visit of any kind since they began, and have sacrificed (it being impossible to do them by halves) every kind of social plans to their imperious demands. I saw Macready a few weeks ago. He is tolerably well, though very infirm. He cannot write, because he has a stiffness in his hands which renders the endeavour painful and distressing.

When I cannot come to you, it reasonably follows that I am not able to go to Mr. Adams Acton.[†1] As to sitting!—Never more, if I know it, to mortal man! I beg to send my compliments to Mrs. Muspratt,[†2]

And am always, faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 22 MARCH 1869

Extract in S. J. Davey catalogue, undated (given in F. G. Kitton, "Dickens Ana II", Dickens House); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 22 Mar 69.

It is impossible that any human creature can have less knowledge of the French Government and Court than I have. As one who utterly despises both, I have no personal interest in, or influence with either.

To THE LADIES and GENTLEMEN OF THE THEATRE, through MR CLARKE,[†3] 24 MARCH 1869

MS Dunedin Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth March 1869

Ladies and Gentlemen

I beg to assure you that I am much gratified by the desire you do me the honor to express in your letter handed to me by Mr. John Clarke.

Before that letter reached me, I had heard of your wish, and had mentioned to Messrs. Chappell that it would be highly agreeable to me to anticipate it, if possible. They readily responded, and we agreed upon having three Morning Readings[†1] in London. As they are not yet publicly announced,[†2] I add a note of the days and subjects:

Saturday May 1st. Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, and Sikes and Nancy from Oliver Twist.

Saturday May 8th. The Christmas Carol.

Saturday May 22nd. Sikes and Nancy from Oliver Twist, and The Trial from Pickwick.

With the warmest interest in your Art, and in its claims upon the general gratitude and respect.

Believe me always | Faithfully Your Friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To | The Ladies and Gentlemen, | My correspondents | Through Mr. Clarke

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 MARCH 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fifth March 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I am indeed deeply sorry to hear of poor Katie Macready.[†3] But I told you that instantaneous look of Mrs. Macready's seemed to me to convey everything. That she will be the kindest and best nurse Katie *could* have—if she should come back alive[†4]—I have not [in spite of the Forsters] one grain of doubt.

After making up the No.[†5] here to day, I have set myself to the ruthless destruction of every kind of paper stowed away in the hiding places of Wills's room. In so much useless beastliness I could hardly have believed, except for the filth with which I am begrimed from head to foot. The experience is like one of the old Miser Stories. However, I have laid about me right and left, and I mean to lay about me systematically right and left, and I *will have* the place in good order, and with no holes and corners in it, or I will flutter the Doves out of their lives.[†6]

I have been so hard at it here, that I have heard no news whatever. I went to look at a house yesterday—a corner house too—and on the verge of my own pet situation![†7] I only looked at it outside, as there is no announcement of its being to

be sold, and I had no card. But it was forwarded to me as a bargain by the Agents, and I have informed them that I am ready to pursue the subject.[†1]

Love to Harry, Laetitia, and Harriette.

[†a][

]

My Dearest Georgy | Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 26 MARCH 1869*

MS Huntington Library. *Date:* Good Friday was 26 Mar in 1869.

Good Friday, 1869

My Dearest Georgy

When you come up, please bring with you Mrs. Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare.[†2]

Love to all. | Ever Most affecy.

CD.

To MISS E. L. SMITH,[†3] 28 MARCH 1869

Envelope only (signed) mentioned in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1976; postmarked London 2 Mar 69; addressed Miss E. L. Smith | 54 India Street | Edinburgh.

To CHARLES HAMILTON AIDÉ, 29 MARCH 1869*

MS New York Public Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Ninth March 1869

My Dear Sir

I have read your story[†4] carefully; and I will now venture to suggest to you what it wants, for the purposes of such constantly-broken serial publication as it could have in these pages.

I don't think that the title expresses itself, or suggests any thing. Another title—for any form of publication—I strongly recommend.[†5]

It appears to me that the story misses perhaps its strongest point in John Miles.[†6] If he were presented in the beginning with much stronger individuality, and with something quaint in him that should be almost droll while exceedingly loveable,[†7] his influence in carrying the book would be immense. I would

make him the distinctest character in the story:-[†1] or quite as distinct as the heroine.[†2] (A little point of art-management would lie in his making the existence of that Aunt at Salisbury, and even her being subject to sudden illnesses, easily known to the reader at about that period of the story when his certificate is on the carpet.)[†3]

I would have no detective interference whatever. For two reasons. Firstly, because the whole army of novel writers have it; and secondly because Lowndes's[†4] doing the whole thing himself would not only render him the more important, but would be his first practical exhibition of indomitable perserverance. To set him up with the reader, no help would answer like self help alone.[†5]

I think that county-man who made the heroine the offer,[†6] should reappear towards the close. His affecting to congratulate himself on what he had *escaped,* and John Miles's roundly telling him (faithful to his ill-starred love) what he had *lost,* and therein depicting his own loss, would be very pretty, surely.[†7]

The whole of the story after the heroine goes to Salisbury, wants screwing up tighter, and to be brought closer, and made more picturesque and vivid in the acting out. And I would suggest to you that it morally wants, at last, a most generous, delicate, and fervent appreciation on the part of Lowndes of the worth of John Miles.[†8] Such appreciation to be known to John Miles.

Thus altered, and touched here and there at the end of weekly parts—to heighten expectation and lead to the next part—I should be very glad indeed to accept the Novel for these pages.

I have perfect confidence in your understanding that I do not expect you to see your work from my point of view, and that I am far from supposing myself to be infallible. My hints take the course that my pen would take if the story were mine, and also the course that I believe to be the most likely to enlist the sympathy of a large circle of miscellaneous readers. If you (as is very likely) prefer to keep your work in its present shape, there is no harm done, and I shall have had the pleasure of reading a book of great merit in advance of the public.

Believe me always My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Hamilton Aidé Esquire

To GEORGE GODWIN,[†1] 29 MARCH 1869†

MS Berg Collection.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Ninth March 1869

My Dear Mr. Godwin

I am heartily glad to receive your note, and to be held in your kind remembrance. But I fear that I must deny myself the pleasure of being with you on the 26th. of April (as [†a] I am forced to deny myself every social pleasure while my "Farewell Readings" last); for on the 27th. I read in London, and on the 28th. resume my tearing about the country,[†a] suspended for only two busy evenings.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Godwin Esquire

To HENRY BICKNELL, 30 MARCH 1869

Text from N, 111, 715.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday, Thirtieth March, 1869

My Dear Bicknell,

Will you meet Frith and Mr. Vokins[†2] here on Tuesday April 13th at 2, to consider what shall be done with the Cattermole Fund.[†3]

With kindest regards. | Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To W. P. FRITH, 30 MARCH 1869

Extract in John Wilson catalogue No. 18 (1974); *MS* ½ p.; signed initials; dated Office of *AYR*, 30 Mar 69.

2 o'Clock on Tuesday the 13th. April, here. I forget Bicknell's address.[†4] Will you kindly put it on the enclosed.

To CHARLES KENT, 30 MARCH 1869*

MS Ralph Crawford.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Thirtieth March 1869

My Dear Kent

I shall be here at a quarter before Three this afternoon.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To W.H. WILLS, 30 MARCH 1869

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Thirtieth March 1869

My Dear Wills.

You will be glad to hear that Wilkie's play[†1] went brilliantly last night. It was extremely well played throughout, and I have rarely seen Fechter to greater advantage. It was more like a fiftieth night than a first. Everything was exactly as I left it after four or five hours at it on Saturday. Not a word or a person out of place. I told Fechter that he ought to thank every one concerned, down to the Supers, for their

remarkable care and attention. Which he did when the Curtain fell. There is no doubt that it ought to run, for it has real merit and is most completely and delicately presented.

By this time I hope you will have had a touch or two of warm weather. Bitter East winds, hail, snow, and other ingenious congelations of rain, are the rule here. All well and brilliant personally. I have had a great burning of papers in your room—have destroyed everything not wanted—and have laid in a stock of Dictionaries and reference-books.

"Our Mr. C Greatorex"[†2] is in communication with me about a house that promises:—but I have not yet been inside it. He seems to be a very fair and honest fellow.

I went to see old Poole yesterday, who was full of interest about you. He was so dirty, smelt so ill, and scratched himself so horribly, that he turned my stomach. I came back in a Hansom, quite sick, and was revived (by Georgina) with brandy. N.B. I have scratched myself ever since, and am doing so now.

This is all my news, except that I send my love to Mrs. Wills. If that Church Organ in your head will but leave off playing Voluntaries,[†3] you have nothing else—that *I* know of—to trouble yourself about; so stick to the Mountains and the Spanish border.

Ever affectionately

CD

I am off for Sheffield,[†4] Birmingham,[†5] and Liverpool,[†6] tomorrow morning. Dombey tonight.[†7]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 31 MARCH 1869*

MS Morgan Library

Sheffield,
Wednesday Thirty First March 1869

My Dear Letitia

I think I have drawn the enclosed cheque for the right amount?[†1]—I have a strong belief and hope that Harriette will derive great benefit from the treatment. Tell her so, with my love.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

April

To DR ALFRED STEPHENS,[†3] 2 APRIL 1869*

MS Private. *Address:* Dr. Stephens | 4 Upper Parliament Street | Liverpool

Birmingham,
Friday Second April 1869

Dear Sir

Before receiving your letter here this morning I had already answered another invitation to inspect your noble Institution[†4] by expressing my regret that I could not undertake to do so on the occasion of my forthcoming visit to Liverpool.

I have absolute need of every interval of rest and silence that I can possibly obtain. I have now been constantly travelling, and speaking in great buildings, since last October; nor can I hope for any cessation of these fatigues until June. Added to them, I have always on my hands the active supervision of a weekly literary journal. While so engaged I find it impossible to make appointments or visits and am obliged to deny myself for the time all such sources of interest.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

Dr. Stephens

To R.S. BARTLETT,[†1] 3 APRIL 1869†

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Saturday Night, Third April 1869

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind offer of a Raven, and beg you to accept my cordial thanks. But [†a] my gardener waged such war with my last Raven (on account of his flower-destroying propensities), and that accomplished bird splintered so much carpentry work and achieved so much general desolation about the stable yard that, sorely against my will, I was obliged to part company with his Kind.[†a]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

R. S. Bartlett Esquire

To W. C. MACREADY, 3 APRIL 1869†

MS Morgan Library

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Saturday Third April, 1869

My Dearest Macready

†a I have received your letter here to day, and deeply feel with you and for you the affliction of poor dear Katie's loss.†2 I was not unprepared for the sad news; but it comes in such a rush of old remembrances and withered joys, that it strikes to the heart.

God bless you! Love and youth are still beside you, and in that thought I take comfort for my dear old friend.†a

With love to Mrs. Macready and my noble boy, I am ever My Dearest Macready

Your most affectionate and faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS MARY DICKENS, [4 APRIL 1869]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

To GEORGINA HOGARTH, 4 APRIL 1869

MS Berg Collection.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Sunday Fourth April, 1869

My Dearest Georgy

By this post I send to Mary, the truly affecting account of poor dear Katie's death.†3 It is as sorrowful as any thing so peaceful and trustful can be. You were a

little hasty about Mrs. Macready's first letter. It was disagreeable, but I have always observed that she writes as one conscious of a letter-writing reputation (which I have no doubt she has established at home), and that she founds her sentences on the Elegant Extracts and Speaker.†1 This last letter being written wholly under emotion has no such drawback.

God forgive me, but I *cannot* get over that mania for proprietorship which is rampant in Palace Gate House.†2 I have had a letter from Forster about poor Katie: "You may imagine the shock and blow it is to *me*—" and all that—me, me, me—as if there were no poor old broken friend in the case. Well! So challenged and defied to remember, as it were, I cannot forget when she gave offence to the dignity enthroned in Montague Square,†3 and how, one day at dinner when I threw in a word or two for her, the reply was:—"A very offensive and improper young person, and I wish to hear no more about her." I hate myself for harping on such strings, and yet I feel that I should hate myself much more as a monstrous humbug, if I didn't!

Both my feet are very tender and often feel as though they were in hot water. I have a cold too. But I am wonderfully well and strong, thank God, and had no end of voice for the two nights running in that great Birmingham Hall. We had enormous houses.

So far as I understand the dinner arrangements here, they are much too long. As to the acoustics of that Hall and the position of the tables (both as bad as bad can be) my only consolation is, that if any body can be heard, *I* probably can be. The honorary secretary tells me that 600 people are to dine. The Mayor,[†4] being no speaker and out of health besides, hands over the toast of the evening to Lord Dufferin.[†5] The town is full of the Festival. The Theatre Royal, touched up for the occasion, will look remarkably bright and well for the Readings,[†6] and our Lets are large. It is remarkable that our largest Let as yet is for Thursday night . . . not Friday. From this I infer that the Dinner damages Friday, but Dolby does not think so. There appears to be great curiosity to hear the Murder.—(On Friday night last, I read to two thousand people, and odd hundreds).

— XII - 325 —

I hear that Anthony Trollope,[†1] Dixon,[†2] Lord Houghton,[†3] Lemon,[†4] Esquiros[†5] (of the Revue des deux mondes) and Sala (!) are to be called upon to speak; the last for the Newspaper Press. As he is certain to be drunk, I am in great hesitation, whether or no to forewarn the innocent Committee.[†6] All the Liverpool notabilities are to muster, and Manchester is to be represented by its Mayor with due formality.

Such is my small news, now exhausted. We arrived here at 3 yesterday afternoon; it is now mid-day; Chorley has not yet appeared, but he had called at the local agents while I was at Birmingham.

[†a][

]

It is a curious little instance of the way in which things fit together, that there is a ship of war in the Mersey whose flags and so forth are to be brought up to St.

— XII - 326 —

Georges Hall for the dinner. She is the Donegal, of which Painter[†1] told me he had just been Captain, when he told me all about Sydney at Bath.

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 4 APRIL 1869*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Sunday Fourth April 1869

My Dear Norton.

I shall expect you on Saturday, and will order you a bed here for that night. On Sunday afternoon, please God, we will go back to London together. Enclosed is your dinner ticket.[†2]

My love to all your house.

Ever affectionately Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

To J. O. MARPLES,[†3] 5 APRIL 1869

Text from *D,* XXVIII (Spring 1931), 81.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Monday Fifth April

Sir

In reply to your letter of enquiry, I beg to inform you that I have never used any other armorial bearings than my father's crest: a lion couchant, bearing in his dexter paw a Maltese cross.[†4] I have never adopted any motto, being quite indifferent to such ceremonies.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM ALDRIDGE,[†5] 6 APRIL 1869

Mention in Anderson catalogue, No. 2298; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; addressed Mr Aldridge; dated 6 Apr 69.

To G. P. GRAINGER,[†1] 6 APRIL 1869*

MS Miss Grainger, *Address:* G. P. Grainger Esquire | Alexandra Theatre.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Tuesday Sixth April, 1869

Sir

I beg to assure you—and I entreat you to assure the ladies and gentlemen whom you represent—that I am exceedingly sorry to be unable to comply with the request you prefer to me.[†2] But I cannot now sanction any alteration of, or departure from, the public announcements that have been made of my Final Readings in this City.

The terms of your communication are truly interesting to me, and I am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. P. Grainger Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 APRIL 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Thursday Eighth April 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I did all the article about poor Keeley, except the opening references to Lamb[†3]—which were done by Young Merivale, [†a] and poorly done too.[†a]

[†b] I have been this morning to look at St. George's Hall and suggest what can be done to improve its acoustics. As usually happens in such cases, their most important arrangements are already made and unchangeable. I should not have placed the tables in the committee's way at all, and could certainly have placed the Dais to much greater advantage. So all the good I could do, was to show where banners could be hung with some hope of stopping echoes.[†b] I forget whether I have told you that Dufferin is to make THE[†4] speech.[†5] He will find it a mighty tough job, I can tell him!

None of the guests have arrived yet.

I received a Deputation with an address yesterday.—But I suddenly remember that I told you so.

Going down to the Theatre in the dark this morning (it is an exceedingly dark stage by daylight), I tripped over an extra "stay" of strong galvanized wire, used

for my batten, which is much higher than usual. I brought myself up without being pitched into the pit, but cut the shin of my left leg rather smartly, and have had to bathe it and bind it up surgically. A little unfortunate, for it is a bad place to heal.

Ever Most affecy.

CD.

To MR and MRS J.T. FIELDS, 9 APRIL 1869†

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (Envelope, MS Boston Public Library): Cunard Steamer 10th. April 1869 | James T Fields Esqre. | Charles Street | Boston | Mass: | U.S. of America. PM Liverpool 9 Apr 69.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Friday Ninth April, 1869

My Dear Fields.

The faithful Russia[†1] will bring this out to you, as a sort of warrant to take you into loving custody, and bring you back on her return trip.

I have been "Reading" here all this week, and finish here for good to night. Tomorrow the Mayor, Corporation, and Citizens, give me a Farewell Dinner in St. George's Hall. Six hundred and fifty are to dine, and a mighty show of Beauty is to be mustered besides.[†2] [†a] Norton[†a] had a great desire to see the sight, and so I suggested him as a friend to be invited. He is over at Manchester now on a visit, and will come here at mid day tomorrow, and go back to London with us on Sunday afternoon. On Tuesday I read in London, and on Wednesday start off again. To night is No. 68 out of 100. I am very tired of it, but I could have no such good fillip as you among the audience, and that will carry me on gaily to the end. So please look sharp in the matter of landing on the bosom of the used up, worn out, and rotten old Parient.

I rather think that when the 12th. of June shall have shaken off these shackles,[†3] there *will* be borage on the lawn at Gads. Your hearts' desires in that matter, and in the minor particulars of Cobham Park, Rochester Castle, and Canterbury, shall be fulfilled, please God! The red jackets shall turn out again upon the turnpike road, and pic nics among the cherry orchards and hop gardens shall be heard of in Kent. Then too shall the Uncommercial resuscitate (being at present nightly murdered by Mr. W Sikes), and uplift his voice again.

The chief officer of the Russia (a capital fellow) was at the Reading last night, and Dolby specially charged him upon the care of you and yours. We shall be on the borders of Wales—and probably about Hereford—when you arrive. Dolby has insane projects of getting over here to meet you:—so amiably hopeful and obviously impracticable, that I encourage him to the utmost. The regular little Captain of the Russia—Cook—is just now changed into the Cuba, whence arises dispute of seniority &c. I wish he had been with you, for I liked him very much when I was his passenger. I like to think of you being in *my* ship!

[†a] The terrible Childs is reported (by special warning from Mary) to be in Liverpool to day, previous to his embarcation in the same Russia tomorrow. Mrs. Peterson and Mrs. Childs[†a] have been taking it by turns to be "on the point of death", and have been complimenting one another on the fineness of the point attained. My people got a very good impression of [†a] Mrs. Childs,[†a] and thought her a very sincere and earnest little woman.

The Russia hauls out into the stream to day, and I fear her people may be too busy to come to us tonight. But if any of them do, they shall have the warmest of welcomes for your sake. [By the bye, a very good party of seamen from the Queen's Ship, "Donegal" lying in the Mersey, have been told off to decorate Saint George's Hall with the ship's bunting. They were all hanging on aloft upside down holding to the gigantically high roof by nothing, this morning, in the most wonderfully cheerful manner.]

My son Charley has come for the Dinner, and Chappell (my Proprietor, as— isn't it Wemmick?[†1]— says) is coming today, and Lord Dufferin (Mrs. Norton's[†2] nephew)[†3] is to come and make *the* speech:[†a] the Mayor being a Muff, oratorically speaking.[†a] I don't envy the feelings of my noble friend when he sees the hall. Seriously, it is less adapted to speaking than Westminster Abbey, and is as large.

[†a] My love to Mrs. Fields (of course), and tell her that if she dont take my people to her heart instantly, I shall sell off all I have and retire to an inaccessible Mountain. My daughter Mary says, "Mrs. Fields will expect too much of us, Pa, and I *know*[†4] she'll be disappointed." With that stern and Aged Wisdom which you know to be peculiar to me, I quench my austere regard in a smile of clemency, and merely remark that I am the parent of an Idiot race.[†a]

I hope you will see Fechter in a really clever piece by Wilkie.[†5] Also you will see the Academy Exhibition—which will be a very good one[†6]—and also we will, please God, see everything and more, and everything else after that. I begin to doubt and fear on the subject of Mrs. Fields's[†7] having a horror of me after seeing the Murder. I don't think a hand moved while I was doing it last night, or an eye looked away. And there was a fixed expression of horror of me, all over the Theatre which could not have been

surpassed if I had been going to be hanged to that red velvet table. It is quite a new sensation to be execrated with that unanimity—and I hope it will remain so!

†a[My dear Mrs Fields,†a is it Lawful—would that woman in the black gaiters, green veil, and spectacles, hold it so—to send my love to the pretty †a Mabel?†a—]†8

Pack up my Dear Fields and be quick.

Ever Your most affectionate

CD.

To MESSRS FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., 9 APRIL 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

Liverpool, Friday Ninth April 1869

My Dear Sirs

I am much obliged to you for your settlement with Mr. Booth on my account,†1 and I beg to acknowledge the safe arrival (enclosed in your last letter) of his receipt in full.

With thanks

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Fields Osgood and Co.

To HENRY SPICER,†2 9 APRIL 1869*

MS A. G. Newton.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool | Friday Ninth April 1869

My Dear Spicer

I am happy to report that before I received your note here this morning, Melusina had been settled for life. I have divided the narrative into two consecutive weekly portions, and the first will appear in next week's No.†3

I am heartily glad to know that Italy's school bell†4 is ringing so merrily.†5

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Spicer Esquire

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 10 APRIL 1869*

MS Doheney Memorial Library.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool
Saturday Tenth April, 1869

My Dear Mrs. Cattermole

I have a moment in which to let you know in reply to your enquiry, that I have had no official or authorized reply in reference to the Memorial. But I have been told in private (I cannot say how correctly) that Mr. Gladstone declines to recognize the claim.

You did ask me about the Charter House.[†6] I have no influence there. Indeed

my influence (if I had any) would be by no means of a hopeful character, as I have several times attacked some abuses in the Institution.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To DR J. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 10 APRIL 1869*

MS Lewis P. Kinsey, Jr.

Adelphi Hotel Liverpool | Saturday Tenth April 1869

My Dear Muspratt

I was truly sorry not to have seen you yesterday when I heard of your having kindly been here. It arose from my having been beset with occupation all day, and the time having come for my early dinner and rest (upon which I can never infringe) before the evening's work.

About tomorrow I cannot be clear. Charles Eliot Norton, the distinguished Italian scholar from Boston, is coming here to accompany me to the dinner and to travel back with me. I am at his disposition, and until he arrives I have no notion what the arrangements most to his liking may be.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, [3-10] APRIL 1869

Extract in Ernest Dawson catalogue No. 7; *MS* 1 p., dated Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, Apr 69; addressed G. Holsworth. *Date:* between 3 and 10 Apr when he was staying at the Adelphi Hotel.

Enclosed you will find Dr. Mackay's cheque[†2] with my signature attached. Faithfully yours

To F. C. BEARD, 13 APRIL 1869

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Thirteenth April 1869

My Dear Frank Beard

I have an occasional return of that effusion of blood from piles. Will you kindly send me the receipt that did me so much good before?

The foot is growling again, but I can reasonably expect nothing less from the work and the sudden heat.

I am off to Yorkshire tomorrow afternoon, but shall be here until ½ past 2.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 13 APRIL 1869*

MS Knox College, Illinois.

A. Y. R. | Tuesday Thirteenth April | 1869

My Dear F. C.

Since I saw you today, Mr. Yates has been with me, and I have noted on the other side[†1] exactly the purport of his business. Do you consent? If so, kindly let me know here before I leave again tomorrow afternoon.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To [JAMES BIRTLES], 14 APRIL 1869*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourteenth April 1869

A little paper on Odd ways of getting a living in Paris, we sent over yesterday, and is neither among the Proofs nor in the List.[†2]

CD

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 14 APRIL 1869*

MS Edward S. Moore III.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourteenth April 1869

Dear Mrs. Cattermole

We decided yesterday that we could do no better with the Fund that has been collected in aid of yourself and family, than hand it over to you with our strong recommendation that you will devote it to supporting yourself and family *within the estimate you gave to Mr. Vokins,* as long as it will last. We consider that estimate somewhat excessive, I may add.

Our hope is, that you will thus be enabled to keep your two unmarried daughters in a suitable home, until they marry; and that when you are so relieved of the charge of supporting them, your then greatly reduced expences may be borne among your children generally. According to our experience, this is by no means an unusual or extravagant expectation.

I deemed it right when I first communicated with you on the subject of this fund, to caution you against much hopefulness in the matter, and to add that I foresaw peculiar difficulties and coldnesses in the way. They have been encountered, and we are bound to represent the fact to you that we now altogether relinquish our task, and abandon the solicitation or receipt of any further contribution.

I do not doubt, however, that the Guild of Literature and Art will make their vote in your behalf, annual:[†1] though I have no legal authority (because I can have none, under the Guild's Charter) to give you that assurance.

I have this day closed the Fund account at Coutts's, and enclosed I send you a cheque[†2] which will enable you to draw the balance in full. At your leisure please send me a receipt.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN DELANE, 14 APRIL 1869*

MS *The Times* Newspapers Ltd.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fourteenth April 1869

My Dear Delane

I have been so unusually touched by a Leader of which I am the subject in The Times this morning,[†3] that I am sure you will not misunderstand my thanking you for it most heartily. I am away again directly, working out these "Readings" which will keep me in bondage until the middle of June; but I *must* relieve my mind by sending you these cordial words before I go.

Faithfully Yours alys

CHARLES DICKENS

John Delane Esquire

To HENRY BICKNELL, 15 APRIL 1869*

MS British Library, *Address:* Henry Bicknell Esquire | Clapham Common. PM London & Paddington 16 Apr 69

Leeds, Fifteenth April 1869

My Dear Bicknell

I send you above, a copy of my letter to Mrs. Cattermole[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. P. FRITH, 15 APRIL 1869*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum.

Leeds,[†1] Fifteenth April 1869

My Dear Frith

I send you a copy of my letter to Mrs. Cattermole. I had not time to do so, before leaving London yesterday.

As I do not remember her address, I also send you the letter itself. Kindly direct and send it to the post, and do likewise with the enclosed to Bicknell.

They are selling my Tickets here at a Guinea apiece (original cost, five shillings). I wonder who gets the money! I know who don't, and that is

Your Ever Illustrious friend
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 15 APRIL 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Queen's Hotel, Leeds
Thursday Fifteenth April, 1869

My Dearest Georgy

[†a] I have been constantly thinking about that cellar-key, and I will tell you how we will keep it. Order from Chubbs'[†3] man one of the ordinary little iron cash-boxes to keep it in. To that cash box have 2 keys, both electrotyped gold. Of those keys you shall always wear one, and I will always wear the other, and the box

itself shall be kept, not in your room but in mine, in some drawer that we will settle upon. Then, I think, we *must*[†4] be safe.[†a]

We have a large Let at Bradford tonight,[†5] and our five shilling tickets for tomorrow night here are advertised in the newspapers at a guinea each.[†6] We came down through a heavy thunder-storm. The foot was bad all the way, and was exceedingly inflamed and swollen when we arrived, and still is. But I had a splendid night. I regret to say that the foot is certainly no better this morning. It naturally makes us very anxious. By the way I never saw any man like Scott. He has everything with him that the foot can require if it should go worse. I was so afraid of it last night that I thought it prudent to send him out for poppy-heads.

He had a plentiful supply with him (it appeared) and the necessary flannels and everything else "for action in a moment, as the saying is". Sitch was that child's expression!

Best love to Mamie, to whom I will write next. I send you the addresses in case you should not have them.[†b][ ][†b]

Ever My Dearest Georgy | Your most affectionate

CD.

To WILLIAM VOKINS, 15 APRIL 1869*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

Leeds | Fifteenth April 1869

Dear Mr. Vokins

I send you herewith a copy of my letter to Mrs. Cattermole.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

To MARK LEMON, 16 APRIL 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds. *Address* (envelope, MS Benoliel Collection): Private. Please forward. | Mark Lemon Esquire | "Punch" Office | Fleet Street | London | E.C. PM 16 Apr 69.

Queen's Hotel, Leeds | Friday Sixteenth April, 1869

My Dear Lemon

I send you a hasty line to let you know that I have had your messages to day, and that I am heartily glad to know that you were but very slightly shaken by your "Railway accident".[†2] The phrase has had a dreadful significance to me, ever since the Staplehurst occasion.[†3] Be sure that you do right in being as quiet as you can. My watch (a chronometer) had palpitations six months afterwards, and I often wonder whether it would have escaped them if I had stopped it for rest.

Ever Faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS

Mark Lemon Esquire

To DR WILLIAM SPARK,[†4] 17 APRIL 1869*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Dr. William Spark.

Leeds, Saturday Morning | Seventeenth April, 1869

Dear Sir

I cannot leave this place this morning, without cordially thanking you for your interesting and obliging offer conveyed to me by Mr. Dolby. Few persons could

have derived a higher pleasure from hearing your noble instrument touched by yourself than I; but the fatigue and hurry attendant on my present visit here have compelled me to forego that gratification.

With many thanks, I am Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. William Spark

To THE REV. C. W. WOODHOUSE,[†1] 18 APRIL [1869]

MS D. Farringdon. *Date:* misdated by CD; clearly 1869.

Chester | Eighteenth April 1868

Dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for your proffered hospitality, and beg you to accept my cordial thanks. But when I am engaged as I shall be at Blackburn,[†2] I never under any circumstances make a visit—always live at an hotel with my Secretary in the strictest privacy—and devote myself wholly to what I have to do.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. C. W. Woodhouse.

To F. C. BEARD, 19 APRIL 1869

MS Dickens House.

Blackburn | Monday Nineteenth April 1869

My Dear Frank Beard

Is it *possible* that anything in my medicine can have made me extremely giddy, extremely uncertain of my footing (especially on the left side) and extremely indisposed to raise my hands to my head? These symptoms made me very uncomfortable on Saturday night, and all yesterday. I have taken the medicine twice a day only, and have taken barely a bottle in all.

If you can, send me one word in answer by return, to the Imperial Hotel, Blackpool, do.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To JAMES FREEMAN,[†1] 19 APRIL 1869*

MS The Coulthurst Trust.

Blackburn | Monday Nineteenth April, 1869

Dear Sir

Your obliging letter has reached me here to day.

I hasten to inform you that at about the time to which you refer, a communication was addressed to me from Birmingham on the subject of your favour.[†2] I replied that if any thing would induce me to forego a determination I formed in such wise long ago, the being offered the representation of Birmingham in conjunction with Mr. Bright[†3] would do so. But that my mind was thoroughly made up never to enter the House of Commons, and that I had satisfied myself to rest content with my present sphere of usefulness and occupation. I made no mention of this, or of similar proposals, at Liverpool, as it did not appear to me that anything but the statement of my own resolution was necessitated by Lord Houghton's reference.[†4]

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

James Freeman Esquire

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 20 APRIL 1869*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Charles E. Norton Esquire | 18 Queen's Gate Terrace | Kensington | London | W

Blackburn | Tuesday Twentieth April, 1869

My Dear Norton

I send you your ticket for the Newsmen's Dinner.[†5] Will you wait at home towards halfpast 5 that afternoon, until I send a Brougham to pick you up? Let me know at 26 Wellington Street Strand W. C.

I am half dead with travelling every day, and reading afterwards. As much of me as is alive, sends its love.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY GEORGIANA PEEL,[†1] 20 APRIL 1869

Extracts in American Art Association & Anderson catalogue No. 4424 and [aa]) N, III, 720; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Blackburn, 20 Apr 69; addressed Lady Georgiana.

I shall remain in Chester[†2] only a few hours: going there rapidly from London, and returning as rapidly to read again.[†3] I have not seen my own house since Christmas—shall not see it until midsummer—could not go to Pembroke Lodge[†4] at Easter—and have been almost incessantly "Reading" since last October, [a] in all points of the Compass.[a]

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 20 APRIL 1869

MS Huntington Library.

Blackburn | Twentieth April 1869

My Dear Mrs. Watson

I don't wonder at the Papers being confused regarding my whereabout, when I am confused myself! I am in a different place every day, and shall have no rest until after the 12th. of June, when I finish for good and all in London. Your note reaches me here to day; I shall be gone from here before noon tomorrow; I shall be gone from *there* (I forget where "there" is), before noon next day; when I come to London, it will be for but a few hours; and immediately after reading in town, I shall be away again as fast as an Express can carry me. Nothing would uphold me through such work but the prospect of soon working it out.

Ever Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F. C. BEARD, [21 APRIL 1869]

Telegram; mention in next.

To F.C. BEARD, 21 APRIL 1869

MS Dickens House. *Address:* F. Carr Beard Esquire | 44 Welbeck Street | Cavendish Square | London | W.

Blackpool | Wednesday afternoon
Twenty First April 1869

My Dear Frank Beard

I received your kind note on coming here this afternoon. As you evidently

thought the symptoms worthy of immediate attention, I at once telegraphed to you my tomorrow's and Friday's addresses. The said symptoms have greatly moderated since Sunday: but there they are, and they are all *on the left side.* Six weeks will carry me through the Readings, if you can fortify me a little bit, and then please God I may do as I like.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 21 APRIL 1869

MS Huntington Library.

Imperial Hotel, Blackpool
Wednesday Twenty First April 1869

My Dearest Georgy.

I send you this hasty line to let you know that I have come to this Sea-Beach Hotel (charming) for a day's rest. I am much better than I was on Sunday, but shall want careful looking-to, to get through the Readings. My weakness and deadness are all *on the left side*, and if I don't look at anything I try to touch with my left hand, I don't know where it is. I am in (secret) consultation with Frank Beard †a who says that it is quite impossible that these symptoms can†1 have come from my simple medicine, and that†a he recognizes in the exact description I have given him, indisputable evidences of over work, which he would wish to treat immediately. So I have said "Go in and win".

I have had a delicious walk by the sea to day, and I sleep soundly, and have picked up amazingly in appetite. My foot is greatly better too, and I wear my own boot.

Best love to Mamie. | Ever most affecy.

CD.

To S. ALFRED STEINTHAL,†2 21 APRIL 1869*

MS Professor K. J. Fielding.

Bolton | Wednesday Twenty First April 1869

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter received yesterday, I beg to enclose you a cheque for Five Guineas in aid of the fund for the family of the late Mr. Ernest Jones.†3 I did

not agree with his course of action in the hardest time of his life,†1 but I believe him to have been a thoroughly honest and conscientious man.

I cannot have the pleasure of becoming one of a London Committee: for the two reasons that I wish to pass the coming summer and autumn free from any public business; and that I very rarely (if ever) associate myself in name alone with any undertaking.

Allow me to add that I highly esteem your benevolent and generous interest in this matter.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. Alfred Steinthal Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 APRIL 1869]

Extract in F, XI, i, 803-804. *Date:* 22 Apr 69, according to Forster.

Don't say anything about it, but the tremendously severe nature of this work is a little shaking me.[†2] At Chester last Sunday I found myself extremely giddy, and extremely uncertain of my sense of touch, both in the left leg and the left hand and arms. I had been taking some slight medicine of Beard's; and immediately wrote to him describing exactly what I felt, and asking him whether those feelings *could be* referable to the medicine? He promptly replied: "There can be no mistaking them from your exact account. The medicine cannot possibly have caused them. I recognise indisputable symptoms of overwork, and I wish to take you in hand without any loss of time." They have greatly modified since, but he is coming down here this afternoon.[†3] To-morrow night at

Warrington[†1] I shall have but 25 more nights to work through. If he can coach me up for them, I do not doubt that I shall get all right again—as I did when I became free in America. The foot has given me very little trouble. Yet it is remarkable that it is *the left foot too*; and that I told Henry Thompson (before I saw his old master Syme) that I had an inward conviction that whatever it was, it was not gout. I also told Beard, a year after the Staplehurst accident, that I was certain that my heart had been fluttered, and wanted a little helping. This the stethoscope confirmed; and considering the immense exertions I am undergoing, and the constant jarring of express trains, the case seems to me quite intelligible. Don't say anything in the Gad's direction about my being a little out of sorts. I have broached the matter of course; but very lightly. Indeed there is no reason for broaching it otherwise.

To G. W. RUSDEN, 22 APRIL 1869

MS Trinity College, University of Melbourne.

Preston | Thursday Twenty Second April, 1869

My Dear Sir

I am finishing my "Farewell Readings"—to night's is the 74th. out of 100[†2]— and have barely time to send you a line to thank you most heartily for yours of the 30th. January, and for your great kindness to Alfred and Edward. The latter wrote by the same Mail, on behalf of both, expressing the warmest gratitude to you and reporting himself as in the stoutest heart and hope. I never can thank you sufficiently.

You will see that the New Ministry[†3] has made a decided hit with its Budget,[†4] and that, in the matter of the Irish Church, it has the Country at its back.[†5] You

will also see that the "Reform League"[†1] has dissolved itself:—indisputably because it became aware that the people didn't want it.[†2] I think the general feeling in England is a desire to get the Irish Church out of the way of many social reforms, and to have it done *with*, as already done *for*. I do not in the least believe, myself, that agrarian Ireland is to be pacified by any such means, or can have it by any legislation got out of its mistaken head that the land is of right the peasantry's and that every man who owns land has stolen it and is therefore to be shot. But that is not the question.

We receive periodical alarms through the newspapers of a contemplated invasion of England by Horne.[†3] He is better where he is, and would be sorely disappointed, I fear, if he came back. The clock strikes post time as I write, and I fear to write more, lest, at this distance from London, I should imperil the next Mail.

Believe me always | Most Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Rusden Esquire

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 22 APRIL 1869

Extract in MDGH, 11, 421.

Preston, Thursday Evening, April 22nd., 1869

Don't be in the least alarmed. Beard has come down, and instantly echoes my impression (perfectly unknown to him), that the readings must be *stopped.* I have had symptoms that must not be disregarded. I go to Liverpool to-night with him (to get away from here), and proceed to the office to-morrow.

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 23 APRIL 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Night Twenty Third April 1869

My Dear Letitia

I cannot induce Sir Thomas Watson to hear of more Readings anywhere.

Ever Affecy.
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [23 APRIL 1869]

Summary in F, XI, i, 804. *Date:* 23 Apr 69, according to Forster, but included in same envelope as letter dated 22 Apr.

Telling Forster that he was well enough, but tired; in perfectly good spirits, not at all uneasy, and writing this himself so that Forster should have it under his own hand.

To MESSRS CHAPPELL & CO., [?24 APRIL 1869]

Mention in Dolby, *CD as I Knew him,* p. 413. *Date*: shortly after the medical certificate, signed by Watson and Beard on 23 Apr, prohibiting further readings.

Expressing his grief at the turn matters had taken.[†1]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 24 APRIL 1869*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Charles E. Norton Esquire | 18 Queen's Gate Terrace | Kensington | W.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Fourth April 1869

My Dear Norton. I write under my own hand that you may be quite sure. I suddenly became aware of being (for the moment as I thought) greatly shaken by Express Trains and the immensely severe work. I described to my Doctors exactly how I felt this, and they instantly stopped the Readings and prescribed months of rest. "It *must be done,* or you will be severely ill. No half measures will do." Upon that, I gave in. Their Certificate[†2] will be published on Monday. I think I am as well as any man could be under such circumstances. I eat and drink well, and sleep well, and am in good spirits. The novel prospect of comparative idleness rather astonishes me, and I am deeply disappointed that I cannot have my remaining Readings in London. Still, I can put the disappointment —and the money loss too—aside.

With kind love | Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN POOLE, 24 APRIL 1869*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Fourth April 1869

My Dear Poole

Don't be uneasy about me. I suddenly found myself so shaken by Express Trains and very severe work, that the Doctors—*for fear I should be ill*—instantly stopped the Readings.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 25 APRIL 1869*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Sunday Twenty Fifth April 1869

My Dear Ouvry

†a You will be glad to know under my own hand that my sudden lying by from hard work (at a great loss of money by the bye) is a precautionary measure on the part of the doctors, and not a remedial one.†a

I want a new draft of a will (as short as possible) thus:

I give such legacies. (They are in my present will.)

I appoint Forster and Georgina Hogarth executor and executrix.

I give Georgina Hogarth so much absolutely.

I leave so much money in trust for my unmarried daughter Mary.

At her decease the principal to be divided among my surviving children share and share alike.

I leave so much money in trust for my wife, with exactly the same conditions.

The trustees in each case, my eldest son Charles, and my son Henry Fielding, now of Trinity Hall Cambridge, as the next most accessible of my boys.

I intend the sum in each of these three cases to be £10,000, but would rather write it in—and indeed write the whole will—myself.

Any house or land property of which I may die possessed†1 to be sold as soon as may be, and converted into money towards these purposes.

My copyrights to be sold or not as my executor and executrix may deem best. Anyway, my children to benefit by them, share and share alike.

And the whole residue of my estate to be divided among my children share and share alike, excepting my unmarried daughter Mary—as being already otherwise provided for—to whom I leave £1,000.

As in the existing will, the Executor and Executrix to be as free and unshackled as possible.

I am going to Gad's Hill for a day or two, but shall be here on Thursday.

Ever My Dear Ouvry | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To JOHN FORSTER, 26 APRIL 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Monday Twenty Sixth April 1869[†2]

My Dear Forster

I do not feel up to coming out to dinner, as I must be slow and quiet yet awhile. (Above all things I cannot bear to be hurried or flurried).

Will you and Mrs. Forster come and dine with Georgy and me here on Thursday at 6? A line in answer to Gads. I am all right, I think, except for a rather dazed sensation of being greatly fatigued.[†1] Ever affecy.

CD.

To J. H. NIGHTINGALE,[†2] 28 APRIL 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Eighth April, 1869

My Dear Mr. Nightingale

I am happy to be able to inform you by return of post, that I am—thank God—in a quite brilliant condition already. I should be almost ashamed of myself, if I didn't know the unconditional knocking off for a time, from all "Reading" wear and tear, to be a precautionary rather than a curative measure.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Nightingale Esquire.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 28 APRIL 1869*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Twenty Eighth April 1869

My Dear Ouvry

Many thanks. The Draft however is not quite what I mean, as I will explain tomorrow. [†a]*I wish the two boys to be only trustees as to their mother and eldest sister*[†a]. It appears to me that as the draft stands they usurp the functions of the exors and executrix; also I desire Miss Hogarth's money not to be left in

trust but to be left to herself absolutely, †b[See my note of instructions, which I will further explain tomorrow],†b I shall be at the office by 1, and will expect you as you go to Coutts's unless I hear from you to the contrary.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, 30 APRIL 1869

Extract in Christie's catalogue, Feb 1988 (Estelle Doheny Collection); *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 30 Apr 69; addressed "My dear Kent".

I shall be here from 1 to 2.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 30 APRIL 1869*

MS Armidale Folk Museum.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirtieth April 1869

My Dear Ouvry

Being at Coutts's this morning, I asked to see the Title Deeds of the Rochester School purchase,†1 supposing you to have deposited them there. Where are they? I want to look at them—when accessible—for this ridiculous reason: that I don't know for certain *which arable field in the prospect is mine*! I know that I let one to a farmer, and that he pays his rent, but I couldn't say which it is, without reference to a plan!! So I may as well learn.

I want to book you for a June holiday with Fields (publisher of Boston: a most charming fellow) and my people. Fields has a passion to be taken to see Canterbury, in an open carriage with the old scarlet jackets. He is now actually on his way from Boston to have this rare English enjoyment. The old road is charming in summer weather, between my house and Canterbury, and I will fix the time in June to suit you. Let this be a contract between us, Please God.

Ever Yours cordially
CHARLES DICKENS

May

To C. J. BAKER,†2 1 MAY 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Saturday First May 1869

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the Tickets of admission to the Festival at St. Paul's[†3] which you have had the kindness to enclose me. I do not doubt that they will greatly delight some intelligent American friends whom I expect by the next Cunard.[†4]

I have retired from hot rooms for this Season, or I should have been happy to have attended the Dinner.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. J. Baker Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 MAY 1869†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address* (envelope MS W. A. Foyle): Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham | by | Rochester. PM London 1 May 69.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday First May 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I am a little disappointed not to hear more decidedly good news of Mamie; but I hope that Monday morning's post will put all to rights.

[†a] I enclose you a Key. The Key of the top left hand drawer in my large writing table. I think if you will open that drawer *full out,* you will see lying at the back of it, a banker's pass-book labelled "Charles Dickens Esqre."—fastened with an elastic band and clasp—and having a line on the label in my writing to the effect: "Important Memorandum within". I want that book when you come up, and also a blue surtout with black silk facings hanging in the side of the Wardrobe.[†a] I don't think it is worth while having any thing else up. If I should want any thing more, I can send down.

Best love to Mamie | Ever Your most affectionate
CD.

To THOMAS CHAPPELL,[†1] 3 MAY 1869

Text from MDGH, 111, 279-281.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday, 3rd May, 1869

My Dear Mr. Chappell,

I am really touched by your letter. I can most truthfully assure you that your part in the inconvenience of this mishap has given me much more concern than my own; and that if I did not hope to have our London Farewells yet, I should be in a very gloomy condition on your account.

Pray do not suppose that *you* are to blame for my having done a little too much—a wild fancy indeed! The simple fact is, that the rapid railway travelling was stretched a hair's breadth too far, and that *I* ought to have foreseen it. For, on the night before the last night of our reading in America, when Dolby was cheering me with a review of the success, and the immediate prospect of the voyage home, I told him, to his astonishment: "I am too far gone, and too worn out to realise anything but my own exhaustion. Believe me, if I had to read but twice more, instead of once, I couldn't do it." We were then just beyond our recent number. And it was the travelling that I had felt throughout.

The sharp precautionary remedy of stopping instantly, was almost as instantly successful the other day. I told Dr. Watson that he had never seen me knocked out of time, and that he had no idea of the rapidity with which I should come up again.

Just as three days' repose on the Atlantic steamer made me, in my altered appearance, the amazement of the captain, so this last week has set me up, thank God, in the most wonderful manner. The sense of exhaustion seems a dream already. Of course I shall train myself carefully, nevertheless, all through the summer and autumn.

I beg to send my kind regards to Mrs. Chappell, and I shall hope to see her and you at Teddington[†1] in the long bright days. It would disappoint me indeed if a lasting friendship did not come of our business relations.

In the spring I trust I shall be able to report to you that I am ready to take my Farewells in London. Of this I am pretty certain: that I never will take them at all, unless with you on your own conditions.

With an affectionate regard for you and your brother,[†2] believe me always,

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 3 MAY 1869

MS Dr Gordon N. Ray.[†3]

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Third May 1869

My Dear FitzGerald

I answer your letter to Charley, myself.

It is perfectly understood between us, that you write the long serial story[†4] next after Mrs. Trollope's.[†5] That is a positive engagement.

When I told Charley to write to you respecting a shorter story meanwhile,[†6] I meant that to be quite apart from, and over and above, the aforesaid long one. May I look at the chapters you speak of, on decoration?[†7]

I am in a brilliant condition, thank God. Rest and a little care immediately *unshook* the railway shaking.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [3 MAY 1869]

Extract in F, XII, i, 846*n. Date:* 3 May 69, according to Forster.

I do believe that such people as the Chappells are very rarely to be found in human affairs. To say nothing of their noble and munificent manner of sweeping

away into space all the charges incurred uselessly, and all the immense inconvenience and profitless work thrown upon their establishment, comes a note this morning from the senior partner to the effect that they feel that my overwork has been "indirectly caused by them, and by my great and kind exertion to make their venture successful to the extreme." There is something so delicate and fine in this, that I feel it deeply.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 MAY 1869

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Monday Third May 1869

My Dear Wills

This is to send my love to Mrs. Wills and you, and to assure you that I am really *all right.* I had begun suddenly to be so shaken by constant Express travelling, that I might very easily have been ill. Said the Doctors: "Take warning. Stop instantly." I made the plunge, and became, Please God, well.

Ever affecy.
CD.

To MESSRS BANTON & MACKRELL, 4 MAY 1869*

MS Dr Steven J. Pachuta.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Tuesday Fourth May 1869

Dear Sirs

I have received a letter from my son Mr. Sydney Smith Dickens R. N. under date "Vancouver Island, Friday March 19th." in which he informs me that he has fallen into debt and "drawn very heavily" on you. He gives me no idea of the extent to which he has drawn on you. Will you be so obliging as to let me know.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Banton and Mackrell.

To MR and MRS J. T. FIELDS, 5 MAY 1869

MS Huntington Library.

Loving welcome to England. Hurrah!

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fifth May 1869

My Dear Fields and Mrs. Fields

I fear you will have been uneasy about me, and will have heard distorted accounts of the stoppage of my Readings. It is a measure of precaution, and not

of cure. I was too tired, and too jarred by the Railway fast express travelling night and day. No halfmeasure could be taken; and rest being medically considered essential, we stopped. I became, thank God, myself again, almost as soon as I could rest! I am good for all country pleasures with you, and am looking forward to Gad's, Rochester Castle, Cobham Park, red jackets, and Canterbury. When you come to London, we shall probably be staying at an Hotel.[†1] You will learn, *here,* where to find us. I yearn to be with you both again![†2]

Love to Mabel | Ever Your affectionate
CD.

I hope this will be put into your hands on board, in Queenstown Harbour.

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 6 MAY 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* T. A. Trollope Esq | Villino Trollope | Florence | Italy.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Sixth May 1869

My Dear Trollope

I am happy to reply to your kind and welcome letter that I hope I am all right. With too short a rest after the heavy American experience, I undoubtedly over-did the work of the Readings and the jar of

continual Express Trains; the latter, incessant and extending over great distances; the former, greatly enhanced by the Murder from Oliver Twist, continually done with great passion and fury. All of a sudden (as it seemed) I became exhausted,—giddy, faint, and oddly uncertain of touch and tread. I asked my Doctor[†3] (we were students together as boys)[†4] "What is this?" He immediately came to Preston to meet me, and said "It is a serious warning. I know it well. Leave off instantly, and come away with me." I didn't even read that night, but came away straight. Watson immediately endorsed the advice as thoroughly sound, and would not even let me finish the London Readings. The very day I rested, I began to recover myself. I am very rarely giddy even for a few moments—eat well, drink well, sleep soundly, and have almost recovered my usual face, they tell me. Probably I should have had a bad bout of it, but for being so promptly dealt with.

A thousand thanks for your kind tempting, but I must not travel. Through the summer and autumn I have promised to be as idle *as I can,* and to oscillate only between London and Gad's Hill. I am to be always in the air, but am to be as shy as possible of railway travelling.

I don't know whether Fanny[†1] has heard of poor Macready's having lost his eldest surviving daughter. She died on her passage home from Madeira (where she had been with a nurse, for her health) while Macready was waiting for her at Southampton. She was buried at sea in the early morning, and a majestic rainbow irradiated the place where the body dipped into the water. It had not happened when I saw Macready last at Cheltenham; but I knew from Mrs. Macready's look when he was not observing, that it would happen. He is dismally old, and infirm, and indistinct beyond belief. In talking with him, I could sometimes hardly believe that I had before me the grey ashes of the old fierce fire. His wife is really in all things the staff of his life. Yet he brightened up in talking of old times, and was very grimly interested in the Murder. When it was over, his jaw became square again, and he tried to say with energy: "Dickens —er—By Heavens I swear its—er—its—er—Two Macbeths!"

I saw your brother Anthony at the Athenænum not long ago, who was in the act of reading a letter from you. He is a perfect cordial to me, whenever and wherever I see him, as the heartiest and best of fellows.

With kind regard | Ever My Dear Trollope
Most affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES BIRTLES, 9 MAY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Sunday Ninth May 1869

Dr. Mr. Birtles

Here are two corrections in my "Uncommercial",[†2] not made in the proof I sent you from the office yesterday.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 9 MAY 1869†

MS Dr Gordon N. Ray.

THE ATHENÆUM, | Sunday Ninth May, 1869

My Dear FitzGerald

I think the plan of the story[†3] very promising, and suggestive of a remarkably good, new, and strong, interest.

[†a] What do you think of the pursuing relation[†1] so dying at last *of the same disorder as the Baronet's*[†2] *daughter,*[†a] and under such circumstances, as to make out the case of the Clergyman's[†3] daughter, and clear up the story? *As, for example,* [†a]*suppose the husband himself does almost the same thing in going for help, when this man*[†4] *is dying*? I think I see a fine story there.[†5]

As to the name—No. Certainly not. "What could she do?" No again. What will he do with it? [†b] Can you forgive her.[†b] Put yourself in his (or her) place. Remember these titles. All clap-trap (as I think) and none good.[†a†6]

I had your Wills and Will Making letter[†7] copied by Holsworth, and sent in his hand.

Ever Affecy Yours

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 MAY 1869]

Extracts in F, II, vii, 145*n. Date:* first extract 9 May 69 according to Forster (F, 1872, 1, 177);[†8] second extract, CD's comment when he read Forster's passage about little Nell according to Forster, probably part of same letter.

I see you have told, with what our friend[†9] would have called *won*derful accuracy, the little St. James's Square story, which a certain faithless wretch was to have related.[†10]

It was at a celebration of his birthday[†11] in the first of his Bath lodgings, 35, St. James's Square, that the fancy which took the form of Little Nell in *The Curiosity Shop* first dawned on the genius of its creator. No character in prose fiction was a greater favourite with Landor. He thought that, upon her, Juliet might for a moment have turned her eyes from Romeo, and that Desdemona might have taken her hairbreadth escapes to heart, so interesting and pathetic did she seem to him; and when, some years later, the circumstances I have named were recalled to him, he broke into one of those whimsical bursts of comical extravagance,

out of which arose the fancy of Boythorn. With tremendous emphasis he confirmed the fact and added that he had never in his life regretted anything so much as having failed to carry out an intention he had formed respecting it; for he meant to have purchased that house, 35, St. James's Square, and then and there to have burned it to the ground, to the end that no meaner association should ever desecrate the birthplace of Nell. Then he would pause a little, become conscious of our sense of his absurdity, and break into a thundering peal of laughter.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, [10 MAY 1869]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written day before.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 11 MAY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Tuesday Eleventh May 1869

My Dear Ouvry

When that money was raised[†1] to which Mr. Halliwell's[†2] note[†3] refers, we had a hope that Sheridan Knowles[†4] or some such appropriate person might be made custodian of Shakespeare's house.[†5] It was found quite a hopeless effort to bring any such thing to bear, and we divided the fund, by common vote, between him[†6] and Leigh Hunt. I forget its amount but it lasted some time, discreetly handled, and did a world of good. It has been extinct these many years.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

Over

I think a note of mine on another subject crossed yours to me.

To MRS CATTERMOLE, 13 MAY 1869

Extract in S. J. Davey catalogue (undated), in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", II; *MS* 1 p.; dated office of *AYR*, 13 May 69; addressed Mrs Cattermole.

I thank you for your kind words, and am happy to report myself thoroughly rested and in good health. It really had not occurred to me that there were any queries of yours remaining to be answered on my part. When my sister-in-law

spoke to me on the subject I told her that she must be mistaken. I had already written you the answer that I had no interest with Charter House Governors.[†1]

To SOL EYTINGE, [14] MAY 1869

MS Dickens House. *Date:* Misdated by CD; Friday was 14 May.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Friday Fifteenth May 1869

My Dear Sir

First, let me welcome you to England.

Next let me inform you that Mr. and Mrs. Fields and Miss Lowell are coming to stay with me at my little country house on Wednesday the 2nd. of June. Pray do me the favor to come with them, and make some sketches for yourself of Mr. Pickwick's early scenery at your leisure.[†2]

On Tuesday night next I am going to take Mr. Fields out, with some of the Police, to have a glimpse of the darker side of London life.[†3] I think the expedition would be interesting to you. Will you come? And will you dine with me first—I am staying at the St. James's Hotel 77 Piccadilly—at ½ past 6 punctually? No dress coat, as it would be a phenomonon in the regions we shall visit after dinner.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

S. Eytinge Esquire

To WILLIAM JERDAN,[†4] [14] MAY 1869*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. *Date:* misdated by CD; Friday was 14 May.

THE ATHENÆUM | Friday Fifteenth May, 1869

My Dear Jerdan

Thank God I can report myself in reply to your kind note—a welcome echo of old times!—quite well and flourishing. I grieve to find you describing yourself as "sorely crippled", but I hope and trust that the departure of these horrible winds and the coming in of balmy weather will let in a shower of genial influences upon you.[†5]

In the meantime I can declare this:—that I never saw a handwriting so unchanged as yours.

My dear fellow the out of the way village[†6] made a triumphant appearance immediately.

Ever Faithfully Your old friend

CHARLES DICKENS[†7]

W. Jerdan Esquire

To J. T. FIELDS, 18 MAY 1869*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* James T. Fields Esquire.[†1]

MD[†2]

St. James's Hotel | Eighteenth May 1869

My Dear Fields

I think the Molière[†3] a pretty and pleasant little picture, but I have no doubt it is copied from something, and I notice that the hand at the breast is "scamped" and woolly. I don't think it is worth £18. I should call £10 a quite sufficient price for it.

The No. you want, sent with this.

Ever affecly

CD

Kindest regard

To EDMUND HENDERSON, 18 MAY 1869

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue July 1972; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, Tuesday [18] May 69; addressed Colonel Edmund Henderson.

Referring to arrangements for showing my American friends *the British police system, mentioning his own close study of the American system in New York the previous winter, and promising to be* at Leman Street[†4] Station tonight.

To G. W. RUSDEN, 18 MAY 1869

MS Trinity College, Melbourne University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Eighteenth May 1869

My Dear Mr. Rusden

As I dare say some exaggerated accounts of my having been very ill have reached you, I begin with the true version of the case. I dare say I *should* have been very ill, if I had not suddenly stopped my "Farewell Readings", when there were yet five and twenty remaining to be given. I was quite exhausted, and was warned by the doctors to stop (for the time) instantly. Acting on the advice and going home into Kent for rest, I immediately began to recover, and within a fortnight was in the brilliant condition in which I can now—thank God!—report myself.

I cannot thank you enough for your care of Plorn, and I am heartily sorry that he should have disappointed you.[†5] I was quite prepared for his not settling down

without a lurch or two; for though I think he has more, au fond, than his brothers, he has always been a queer wayward fellow with an unformed character, and yet with the makings of a character restlessly

within him. I still hope that he may take to colonial life.[†1] I know that it is an experiment which may not succeed, and I know perfectly well that if it should not succeed, the cause of failure will be in himself alone. All I want is, to give him a reasonable trial. He will not fail to report himself unfit for his surroundings, if he should find that he is so. In his letter to me about his leaving that station to which he got through your kindness, he expresses his gratitude to you quite as strongly as if he had made a wonderful success, and seems to have acquired no distaste for anything but the one individual of whom he wrote that betrayed and very preposterous letter.[†2] I treasure up your adverse opinion carefully and do not at all combat it, you understand. But knowing the boy, I want to try him fully.

You know all our public news, such as it is, at least as well as I do. Many people here (of whom I am one) do not like the look of American matters, and I do not think Mr. Motley[†3] is the man to mend them. He is of an arbitrary, dogmatic turn. What I most fear is that the perpetual bluster of a party in the States will at last set the patient British back up. And if our people begin to bluster too, and there should come into existence an exasperating war-party on both sides, there will be great danger of a daily widening breach.[†4]

I hear dark unformed rumours of Horne's coming back? He had better not. He will be sorely and bitterly disappointed, I am certain.

The first shriek of the first Engine that traverses the San Francisco Railroad from end to end, will be a death-warning to the disciples of Jo Smith.[†5] The moment the Mormon bubble gets touched by neighbours, it will break.[†6] Similarly the red man's course is very nearly run. A scalped stoker is the outward and visible sign[†7] of his utter extermination. Not quakers enough to reach from here to Jerusalem will save him by the term of a single year.

I don't know how it may be with you, but it is the fashion here to be absolutely

certain that the Emperor of the French is fastened by Providence and The Fates on a throne of adamant expressly constructed for him since the foundations of the Universe were laid. He knows better, and so do the Police of Paris, and both powers must be grimly entertained by the resolute British belief: knowing what they have known, and doing what they have done, through the last ten years. What Victor Hugo calls "the drop curtain behind which is constructing the great last Act of the French Revolution" has been a little shaken at the bottom lately, however. One seems to see the feet of a rather large chorus getting ready.

I enclose a letter for Plorn to your care, not knowing how to address him. Forgive me for so doing (I write to Alfred direct), and Believe me my Dear Mr. Rusden

Yours faithfully and much obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

G. W. Rusden Esquire
&c &c &c

To J. T. FIELDS, 19 MAY 1869

Text from N, 111, 726-7.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday, Nineteenth May, 1869

My Dear Fields,

Suppose we give the weather a longer chance, and say Monday instead of Friday. I think we must be safer with that precaution. If Monday will suit you, I propose that we meet here that day,—your ladies and you and I,—and cast ourselves on the stonyhearted streets. If it be bright for St. Paul's, good; if not, we can take some other lion that roars in dull weather. We will dine here at six, and meet here at half past two. So IF you should want to go elsewhere after dinner, it can be done, notwithstanding. Let me know in a line what you say.[†1]

O the delight of a cold bath this morning, after those lodging-houses! And a mild sniffler of punch, on getting into the hotel last night, I found what my friend Mr. Wegg calls, "Mellering, sir, very mellering."[†2]

With kindest regards, ever affectionately
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To C. E. FRANCATELLI,[†1] [19] MAY 1869*

MS Ashley W. Olmsted. *Date:* misdated by CD; Wednesday was 19 May.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighteenth May, 1869

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Mr. Francatelli, and begs to let him know that Mr. Dickens's servant[†2] has made a very strong complaint to him respecting the conduct of the Hotel Porters this morning. He says that they passed the duty of helping him with his luggage, from one to another, in a manner which plainly showed they did not mean to help him at all, and that at last he had to bring down Miss Dickens's large trunk from the second floor, single-handed. This same servant has been with Mr. Dickens at innumerable hotels, and never made a complaint to him on any former occasion.

The St. James's Hotel is so admirably conducted under Mr. Francatelli's management, and the service is usually so quick and obliging, that Mr. Dickens feels it incumbent on him to bring this misconduct under Mr. Francatelli's notice.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 20 MAY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

Thursday Afternoon | Twentieth May 1869

My Dearest Georgy

In case Monday next will do for you—to be taken up at 4, as last time—it will suit perfectly. I believe the Fields party dine with me at the office that day. I think I should go back to Gad's with you for a couple of days, on the Tuesday. Let N[†3] know whether Monday is an engagement.

Ever most affecy

CD.

To MRS DALLAS, 24 MAY 1869*

MS New York Public Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twenty Fourth May 1869

My Dear Mrs. Dallas.

Pray do not worry yourself on the subject of your last note, and pray do not suppose that it has in the least worried me. Your good feeling and good sense in altering your view of the case are above all praise.[†4] Such a proof of them—though I did not need it—can not possibly be otherwise than a highly agreeable experience to one who is truly your friend.

Affectionately Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 25 MAY 1869

Extract in Alwin J. Scheuer catalogue No. 6 (1931); *MS* I p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 25 May 69; addressed Frederic Chapman.

Dear F. C.

... will you dine with me at the Star and Garter, Richmond, on Saturday at 6 sharp, to meet Mr. Fields of Boston.

To J. T. FIELDS, 25 MAY 1869

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Fifth May 1869

My Dear Fields.

First, you leave Charing Cross Station, by North Kent Railway, on Wednesday June 2nd. at 2..10 for Higham station, the next station beyond Gravesend.

—Now, bring your lofty mind back to the previous Saturday: next Saturday. There is only one way of combining Windsor and Richmond. That way will leave us but 2 hours and a half at Windsor. This would not be long enough to enable us to see the inside of the Castle, but would admit of our seeing the outside, the Long Walk, &c. I will assume that such a survey will suffice.[†1] That taken for granted, meet me at Waterloo Terminus (Loop line for Windsor) at 10..35 on Saturday morning.

The rendezvous for Monday evening will be *here at ½ past 8.*[†2] As I don't know Mr. Eytinge's number in Guildford Street, will you kindly undertake to let him know that we are going out with the great Detective?[†3] And will you also give him the time and place for Gad's?[†4]

I shall be here on Friday for a few hours; meantime at Gad's aforesaid.

With love to the ladies
Ever faithfully
CD.

To THE MANAGER, THE STAR & GARTER,[†1] 25 MAY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Fifth May, 1869

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to the Manager of the Star and Garter, and begs to bespeak a good little dinner for five persons[†2] on Saturday next at 6 exactly.[†3] The room to be ready to receive the ladies of the party by 3 o'Clock.

To BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 25 MAY 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Benjamin Webster Esquire | Theatre Royal New Adelphi.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Fifth May 1869

My Dear Webster

One of the Ladies of my little American party knocked up last night just as we were coming to the Theatre[†4] (and no wonder: they do tear about so all day) which put us all out and destroyed our evening.[†5]

They are away to the Isle of Wight now, to see Tennyson;[†6] if they return alive, I shall hope to take them to the Theatre yet.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EARL RUSSELL, 26 MAY 1869

Text from MDGH, 11, 422.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday, May 26th, 1869

My Dear Lord Russell,

I have delayed answering your kind letter, in order that you might get home before I wrote. I am happy to report myself quite well again, and I shall be charmed to come to Pembroke Lodge on any day that may be most convenient to Lady Russell and yourself after the middle of June.

You gratify me beyond expression by your reference to the Liverpool dinner. I made the allusion to you with all my heart at least, and it was most magnificently received.†1

I beg to send my kind regard to Lady Russell, with many thanks for her remembrance, and am ever,
My dear Lord Russell, faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MESSRS BANTON & MACKRELL, [27 MAY 1869]

Mention in Banton & Mackrell to CD, 28 May 69 (MS Messrs. Farrer & Co.). *Date:* written the previous day.

Enclosing a cheque for £50 to meet two bills drawn by Sydney Dickens,†2 dated 8 and 9 Apr 69.†3

To THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON,†4 [27 MAY 1869]

Envelope only in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1967; addressed His Honor The Mayor | Southampton. PM Rochester, 27 May 69.

To W. H. WILLS, 27 MAY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Twenty Seventh May, 1869

My Dear Wills

I call the "conceit", *Two to One*.†5 It goes very well indeed, I think.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MESSRS THURSTON & CO.,[†1] 28 MAY 1869*

MS Enthoven Collection, Theatre Museum. *Address:* Messrs. Thurston and Co. | Billiard Table Makers | Catherine Street.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Friday Twenty Eighth May 1869.

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Messrs. Thurston and Co. and begs they will be so good as send one of their workmen down to Gad's Hill, with a new supply of Kamptulicon[†2] for the Billiard Room.[†3]

To AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN,[†4] 31 MAY 1869

MS Brown University Library.

Thirty First May, 1869[†5]

My Dear Mr. De Morgan

If you will look at the Second Volume of Forsters Life of Landor,[†6] just published, you will see that the character is openly stated (obviously with my knowledge) to have been taken from him.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To THE EARL RUSSELL, 31 MAY 1869*

MS Private.

THE ATHENÆUM,
Tuesday Thirty First May, 1869

My Dear Lord Russell.

I shall have the greatest of pleasure in presenting myself at Pembroke Lodge on Saturday June the Nineteenth.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

June

To GEORGE DOLBY, 1 JUNE 1869

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Tuesday First June 1869

My Dear Dolby.

I am obliged to leave before your time today, and consequently write this note. Scott brings it.

Not a word have I heard from Fechter (except through Ouvry), and not a word from you about your going with him!!![†1] What are you up to???

Here have I been shewing the Lions to Fields until I am uncertain respecting the relative positions of my head and my heels. We were out with the Police last night for the second time.

Fields, and Annie, and Mabel Lowell, and Eytinge, are coming to Gads tomorrow for—I believe—a week. On Monday we are going to make the Canterbury Pilgrimage.[†2] The house is full, but if you can—and will—join the party, I can lodge you comfortably at the Falstaff. Perhaps after your sister's concert has taken place,[†3] you may have leisure for a little country frost and shiver. Write me a line at Gads, and say you are coming down, and when.

I have done the article for Fechter in America, and it goes out for the Atlantic Monthly by tomorrow's Mail.[†4]

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MRS ROSS CHURCH,[†5] 4 JUNE 1869

Extract in N, 111, 729 from catalogue.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT. | 4 June 1869

Regarding her health and his own. Mine returned before I had rested a week, and I now feel ashamed of myself as a sort of impostor in having rested at all![†6]

To JOSEPH ELLIS,[†7] 4 JUNE 1869*

MS Bodleian Library. *Address:* Joseph Ellis Esquire | Monks, Balcombe | near | Brighton.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Friday Fourth June 1869

My Dear Mr. Ellis

I have received your note and book of poems[†8] this morning, and lose no time in acknowledging their safe receipt and in sending you my cordial thanks. I am going to read the book forthwith.

My health is quite restored, thank God. It was only affected by over-fatigue and a hard American winter.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Ellis Esquire

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 4 JUNE 1869

Text from facsimile in Fitzgerald, *Memories of CD*, 1913, p. 52. *Address* (envelope only, MS Dickens House): Percy Fitzgerald Esquire | 32 Merrion Street | Dublin. PM Rochester 4 June 69.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Fourth June 1869

My Dear Fitzgerald

I am glad to know that the story[†1] is so far advanced and that you think well of it; for I have no doubt that you are right. I don't like either of your names,[†2] for the reason that they don't seem to me solidly earnest enough for such a story. But give me a little time to think of another, and I flatter myself that I may suggest a good one.[†3]

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS DORA GREENWELL,[†4] 4 JUNE 1869

Extract in Phillips' catalogue, Feb 1984; *MS* 1 p.; and envelope; dated Gad's Hill Place, 4 June 69; addressed Miss Dora Greenwell, North Bailey, Durham.

Thanking her for her sympathetic and interesting letter.

To MESSRS BANTON & MACKRELL, [6 JUNE 1869]

Mention in Banton & Mackrell to CD, 7 June 69 (Messrs Coutts & Co.). *Date:* no doubt written previous day.

Enclosing a cheque for £30, to meet a further bill drawn by Sydney Dickens.[†5]

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 6 JUNE 1869

MS Myers & *Co. Address:* Dr. Mackay | Fern Dell | near | Dorking.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Sunday Sixth June 1869.

My Dear Mackay

No work to do[†1] (the best name, I think, as having a double meaning) is very welcome indeed, and goes to the printer by this post.[†2]

Ever faithfully

CD.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, MAY-EARLY JUNE 1869

Extract in "A Day with Charles Dickens", *The Best of All Good Company*, ed. Blanchard Jerrold, 1871, p. 48. *Date:* "a very few weeks after the Readings at Preston had been stopped" (22 Apr 69), according to Jerrold; probably, therefore, written in May or June.

After all that has been said, I feel almost like an impostor; I am so unconscionably well.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 11 JUNE 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Eleventh June 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I find that I cannot very well get down to Gad's before Sunday. I purpose taking the train down that leaves for Higham from Charing X at 10..40: arriving at 12..7.

Love to all | Ever affectionately

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [?13 JUNE 1869]

Extract in F, XII, i, 845.†3 *Date:* Meadows died on 12 June 69; his death was reported in *The Times* the following day.

I see in the paper to-day that Meadows†4 is dead. I had a talk with him at Coutts's a week or two ago, when he said he was seventy-five,†5 and very weak. Except for having a tearful eye, he looked just the same as ever. My mind still

constantly misgives me concerning Macready. Curiously, I don't think he has been ever, for ten minutes together, out of my thoughts since I talked with Meadows last. Well, the year that brings trouble brings comfort too; I have a great success in the boy-line to announce to you. Harry has won the second scholarship at Trinity Hall,†1 which gives him £50 a year as long as he stays there; and I begin to hope that he will get a fellowship.

To FREDERICK LOCKER,†2 13 JUNE 1869

MS Armstrong Browning Library. *Address:* F. Locker Esquire | 91 Victoria Street | London | S.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Sunday Thirteenth June 1869

My Dear Mr. Locker

I have been for the last ten days perpetually journeying and sightseeing with some friends from America, and have been out of the way of all letters. Thus I have missed yours until now. If this should reach you while Tennyson is by you, pray give him my love and tell him I am heartily sorry to have missed your kindly offered opportunity of meeting him.[†3] And pray accept my thanks on your own account.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Locker Esquire

To J. H. NIGHTINGALE, 14 JUNE 1869*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourteenth June 1869

My Dear Mr. Nightingale

I have received Mrs. Boult's MS here this morning, with a note from Mr. Boult.[†4] The story shall have the earliest attention I can bestow upon it. Several similar claims are awaiting me at the office of All The Year Round in London, but I will clear the way for this one with all possible speed.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. H. Nightingale Esquire

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 15 JUNE 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fifteenth June 1869

My Dear F. C.

Please send a complete set of my C. D. Edition to J. Mac Gregor[†1] Esqre. Inns of Court Lending Library[†2] 4 Fig Tree Court Temple.

—And another set to General Freeman Murray,[†3] Government House, Chatham Barracks.[†4] Carriage paid.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, 15 JUNE 1869*

MS (copy) Huntington Library.[†5]

Gad's Hill Place
Tuesday Fifteenth June, 1869.

My dear Mrs. Fields—

A brief note, to say that we are always talking of you—and that I am delighted to find you dating from my pet rooms[†6]—and that I am ashamed to have forgotten the letter to Kennedy[†7] in a rush of office business—and that Harry's having won a good scholarship at Cambridge[†8] is a timely gleam in my boyoutlook, of which I make a great deal—and that the hay is spoiling in the cold and wet—and that we have come to the amazing conclusion that we miss you all, very much!!!

Ever affectionately yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To L. J. HOLLENIUS,[†1] 15 JUNE 1869*

MS Charles Lake. *Address: American Mail Steamer* | L. J. Hollenius Esquire | Box 6724 | Post Office | New York City | U.S. of America.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fifteenth June 1869.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hollenius, and begs to thank him for his very obliging note and his bright little Comedy.[†2] The latter evinces a remarkably accurate knowledge of the English language, and Mr. Dickens is much interested and pleased by having unconsciously assisted Mr. Hollenius in the study he has so ably mastered.[†3]

To JOHN MACGREGOR, 15 JUNE 1869

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Fifteenth June 1869

Dear Sir

I should have answered your letter sooner, but that I have been constantly engaged since the beginning of this month with some American friends.

[†a] By this post I write to my publishers, begging them to send a set of my books to the Inns of Court Lending Library. I hope I need not add that I most readily respond to your request.

And I shall feel truly obliged to you if you will give me the first opportunity the Athenaeum affords of becoming personally known to you. I am so very well acquainted with the Rob Roy Canoe,[†4] and have taken passage in her with so much pleasure, that I have a special interest in her Captain.[†a]

Believe me Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. MacGregor Esquire

To JAMES PORTER,[†5] 15 JUNE 1869*

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* James Porter Esq. | 30 Chaddock Street | Preston.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fifteenth June 1869.

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter dated a month ago (I am not a Free Mason as you

suppose me to be), I am happy to assure you that I am perfectly well, and that I thank you for your interest in my health. My arrangements for the winter are not so clear before me as that I can answer your enquiry in reference to a Farewell Reading at Preston.[†1] I should have answered you to this effect much sooner, but that I have been making holiday.

Your faithfull Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

James Porter Esq.

To CHARLES KENT, 16 JUNE 1869

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 16 June 69; addressed Charles Kent.

To SIR CHARLES LOCOCK,[†2] 16 JUNE 1869*

MS Free Library Philadelphia. *Address:* Sir Charles Locock | &c &c &c | 26 Hertford Street | May Fair | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Sixteenth June 1869

My Dear Sir Charles

I was delighted to see you on the occasion to which your kind note refers, and shall hope for a renewal of that pleasure in the same place next winter. I am happy to report myself quite well again and in full force.

Believe me ever | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Charles Locock.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 17 JUNE 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Seventeenth June 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I do not expect to be here tomorrow, but I shall be here on Saturday at mid day. I have no doubt that your appointment will stand for Saturday at ½ past 4.

Ever Most affecy.
CD.

To [?MRS WREFORD MAJOR], 19 JUNE 1869*

MS Nancy Cravens Chamberlain.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Nineteenth June 1869

My Dear [Mary][†1]

I have really no private friend in New York to whom I should feel myself justified in sending a letter of introduction. For this reason:-I have no private friend there (to the best of my knowledge) who would send a letter of introduction to me.

I am happy to report myself quite well again. Wishing you a pleasant voyage and a safe return, I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

[Mrs. Wreford Major][†2]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 19 JUNE 1869

Mention in second Dickens Exhibition at New Dudley Gallery, catalogue, 1908; *MS* 1 ½ pp.; dated office of *AYR*, 19 June 69.

Respecting Forster's Life of Landor.

To [CHARLES FECHTER], 20 JUNE 1869

Extract (in French), in Maison Charavay catalogue No. 713 (Oct 1963); *MS* 1 p.; dated Higham, 20 June 69; addressed à Falleter, clearly a misreading of "Fechter". Translated back to English by W.J. Carlton.

I was not there when your note arrived. Georgina sent it to me at the . . . (where I was not) and it came back here only to-day.

I see no objection at all to your sending that telegram to *Booth.*[†3]

C.D.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 22 JUNE 1869*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Second June 1869

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

Please to give the Bearer a copy of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble"[†4] for me.

CHARLES DICKENS

To [MESSRS SKINNER & CO.],[†1] 22 JUNE 1869*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Twenty Second June 1869

Mr. Charles Dickens sends the coat for alteration, and wishes to have a waistcoat of the same colour and material—a single breasted collarless waistcoat as usual.

To SIR THOMAS WATSON, [23 JUNE 1869]

Extract in F, XI, i, 805*n. Date:* 23 June 69, according to Forster.

I thank you heartily for your great kindness and interest. It would really pain me if I thought you could seriously doubt my implicit reliance on your professional skill and advice. I feel as certain now as I felt when you came to see me on my breaking down through over fatigue that the injunction you laid upon me to stop in my course of Readings was necessary and wise. And to its firmness I refer (humanly

speaking) my speedy recovery from that moment. I would on no account have resumed, even on the turn of this year, without your sanction. Your friendly aid will never be forgotten by me; and again I thank you for it with all my heart.

To J. T. FIELDS, [?LATE JUNE 1869]

Mention in *To* Norton, 26 June 69. *Date:* probably a day or two before that letter.

Sending him an enclosure from Norton.

To W. H. WILLS, 24 JUNE 1869

Text from MDGH, 11, 422-3.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Thursday, June 24th, 1869

My Dear Wills,

At a great meeting[†2] compounded of your late "Chief," Charley,[†3] Morley, Grieve,[†4] and Telbin,[†5] your letter was read to-day, and a very sincere record of regret and thanks was placed on the books of the great institution.[†6]

Many thanks for the suggestion about the condition of churches. I am so aweary of church questions of all sorts that I am not quite clear as to tackling this. But I am turning it in my mind. I am afraid of two things: firstly, that the thing would not be picturesquely done; secondly, that a general cucumber-coolness would pervade the mind of our circulation.

Nothing new here but a speaking-pipe, a post-box, and a mouldy smell from some forgotten crypt—an extra mouldy smell, mouldier than of yore. Lillie[†1] sniffs, projects one eye into nineteen hundred and ninety-nine, and does no more.

I have been to Chadwick's,[†2] to look at a new kind of cottage he has built (very ingenious and cheap).[†3]

We were all much disappointed last Saturday afternoon by a neighbouring fire being only at a carpenter's, and not at Drury Lane Theatre.[†4] Ellen's[†5] child having an eye nearly poked out by a young friend, and being asked whether the young friend was not very sorry afterwards, replied:
"No. *She* wasn't. *I* was."

London execrable.

Ever affectionately yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S.—Love to Mrs. Wills.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 25 JUNE 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

London, Friday Twenty Fifth June 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I will come back on Sunday morning by the same Sunday Train as before. A letter from Forster will probably await me at Gad's. I have given him any day next week except Monday and Friday, and have told him about your coming.

Glad to hear that Pope's[†6] foot is better.

Ever Most affecy.

CD.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 26 JUNE 1869*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

London, Saturday Twenty Sixth June 1869

My Dear Norton

Immediately on receiving your letter, I sent its enclosure to Fields in Edinburgh. He *might* have left there by the compass of a day or so, before it reached; but he was on his way to St. Andrew's, in that case, and it would be sent after him.

Long ago, I had a house at Lausanne for some months,[†7] and scoured the whole neighbourhood perpetually. I know every foot of the ground about

Vevay,[†1] and have scaled all the hills thereabout,[†2] and enjoyed all the weathers. It would be very pleasant to me to have such a holiday as your kindness offers, but I must remain at Gad's within easy reach of Babylon. For I could not at this time leave "All The Year Round" without the magnificent Editorial presence once or twice a week.

I have duly made my June visit at Lord Russell's, and I found Lady Russell full of her agreeable impressions of certain visitors from the other side of the Atlantic.[†3] He is in wonderful force, and made (as I dare say you know) an admirable speech on the Irish Church bill.[†4]

Georgina, or Mary, or both, shall be left to tell Gad's Hill news (comprising Harry's winning of the second Scholarship at Trinity Hall, and being greatly predicted of) and expressing the Gad's Hill enduring remembrance and affection. I send my love to Mrs. Norton and to all, and am Ever My Dear Norton

Your affectionate friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To SIR CHARLES LOCOCK, 29 JUNE 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Sir Charles Locock M. D. | Hertford Street | May Fair | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth June 1869

My Dear Sir Charles

I have been away for some days, or I should have written sooner to thank you for your kind note, and to assure you of the pleasure and interest with which I saw you so near me,[†5] on the occasion to which it refers, and looking so wonderfully young and fresh!

I hope I may see you there once more, when I resume my Readings—to finish them—on the turn of the year.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Charles Locock.

To P. S. FRASER, 30 JUNE 1869

Extracts from American Art Association catalogue, Nov 1923 and John Waller catalogue No. 105; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 30 June 69; addressed P. S. Fraser.

Can you come down to Gad's Hill (we have no company just now).... *giving directions and offering to meet him at the station.*

To FREDERICK LOCKER, ?JUNE 1869

Extract in *News of the World,* 15 July 1894. *Date:* "written about a year before his death", according to *News of the World,* above.

Replying to the question whether he had a copy of The Village Coquettes,[†1] No; and if I knew it was in my house, and if I could not get rid of it in any other way, I would burn the wing of the house where it was.

July

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 1 JULY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Thursday First July 1869

My Dearest Georgy

6 Gloucester Terrace Hyde Park.[†2] I have not heard from Fraser: so his room had best be prepared. Dolby and Fechter will probably be down on Tuesday, so the room can be used in any case.

Ever Most affecy.

CD.

To JOHN PERRY,[†3] 4 JULY 1869

MS W. A. Foyle. *Address:* John G. Perry Esquire | 12 Westbourne Street | Hyde Park | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fourth July, 1869

My Dear Mr. Perry

Many thanks for your precise corrections of dates in that wonderful story.[†4] I have been perpetually turning and turning it over, since you told it to me. There is great material in it; and I want to see its capabilities "all round", before devising a swoop upon it.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John G Perry Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, 8 JULY 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "Sun" office.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighth July 1869

My Dear Kent.

Of all the hopeless MSS I ever saw, I think I never met with a more hopeless one than your friend's immense packet! What can I say of it in writing that you can send to him?

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 9 JULY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Friday Ninth July 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I will come down at noon on Sunday, by my usual Sunday Train. Letters here this morning all right.

Ever most affectionately

CD.

To W. R. S. RALSTON,[†1] 12 JULY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twelfth July, 1869

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your kind note.

I will write to Mr. Turguenief[†2] at Baden,[†3] and thank him for his book.[†4]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Ralston Esquire

P.S. I have not yet received the volume, and await its arrival.[†5]

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, [13] JULY 1869

Text in MDGH, 11, 423 checked from MS Sotheby's, June 1955. *Date:* misdated by CD, Tuesday was 13 July 69.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twelfth July, 1869

My Dear Brooks

I have appended my sign-manual to the Memorial,[†1] which I think is very discreetly drawn up. I have a strong feeling of sympathy with poor Mrs. Cunningham,[†2] for I remember the steps by which she was drawn down in life, and the pretty home she managed charmingly.[†3] She has always done her duty well, and has had hard trials.

But I gravely doubt the success of the Memorial, I am sorry to add.[†4]

It was hotter here yesterday on this Kentish chalk, than I have felt it anywhere for many a day. Now, it is overcast, and raining hard—much to the satisfaction of great farmers like myself.

I am glad to infer from your companionship with the Cocked Hats,[†5] that there is no such thing as Gout within several miles of you. May it keep its distance!

Ever My Dear Brooks | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Shirley Brooks Esquire

To GEORGE RAGGETT,[†6] 14 JULY 1869*

MS Mrs T. J. P. York.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Fourteenth July, 1869

Sir

There can be no doubt of the truthfulness of the sad picture you present with much feeling in the letter you have addressed to me; or, that the combined action on a great scale of many people might immensely brighten it. But I grieve to add that the subject[†7] is one of many to which I cannot devote attention, and that I must concentrate myself on duties already undertaken.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Raggett Esq.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 14 JULY 1869

Mention in Merwyn-Clayton Sales Co. catalogue, May 1905; *MS* 1 p.; dated 14 July 69.

To JOHN FORSTER, [MID-JULY 1869]

Extract in F, XI, ii, 807. *Date:* middle of July 69, according to Forster.

What should you think of the idea of a story beginning in this way?—Two people, boy and girl, or very young, going apart from one another, pledged to be married after many years—at the end of the book. The interest to arise out of the tracing of their separate ways, and the impossibility of telling what will be done with that impending fate.[†1]

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, [15] JULY 1869

MS F. R. Dean. *Date:* CD's error: Thursday was 15 July 1869.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighteenth July 1869

My Dear Layard

I hope you may like this article.[†2] It will be published *next Wednesday week.*

Looking forward to the pleasure of your visit,

Ever cordially Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS J. T. FIELDS, [?17 JULY 1869]

Mention in Mrs Fields to her sister, Mrs James H. Beal, 17 July, given in George Curry, *CD and Annie Fields,* p. 45. *Date:* CD probably wrote the day the Fields's were returning to London from their provincial tour, 17 July.

Hoping to meet them in time to persuade them to go to Gad's Hill.[†3]

To THOMAS CHAPPELL, 19 JULY 1869*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Nineteenth July, 1869

My Dear Mr. Chappell

Your note has been brought down to me by a messenger to day. Saturday will suit me perfectly well and we will therefore book that day.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chappell Esquire

To J. T. FIELDS, [20 JULY 1869]

MS (envelope) Mrs Renée Métivier Black. *Address:* James T Fields Esquire | Edwards's Hotel | George Street | Hanover Square | London. PM Rochester 20 July 69.

To W. C. MACREADY, 20 JULY 1869†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twentieth July, 1869

My Dearest Macready

I am happy to report myself perfectly well, and flourishing. We are just now announcing the resumption and conclusion of the broken Series of Farewell Readings, in a London Course of Twelve, beginning early in the New Year.

Scarcely a day has gone by, this summer, in which we have not talked of you and yours. Georgina, Mary, and I, continually speak of you. In the spirit we certainly are even more together than we used to be in the body in the old times.

I don't know whether you have heard that Harry has taken the second scholarship (£50 a year) at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The Big Wigs expect him to do a great deal, there.

Wills having given up, in consequence of broken health (he has been my sub Editor for 20 years), I have taken Charley into "All The Year Round".[†1] He is a very good man of business, and evinces considerable aptitude in sub-editing work. [†a] You know that he made a terrible Mess of his paper-making?—And it happened most fortunately that this post fell in, just as he was stranded.[†a]

This place is immensely improved since you were here, and really is now very pretty indeed. We are sorry to have no present prospect of your coming to see it; but I like to know of your being at the Sea, and having to do—*from the Beach,*[†2] as Mrs. Keeley used to say in The Prisoner of War[†3]—with the winds and the waves, and all their freshening influences.

I dined at Greenwich a few days ago, with Delane. He asked me about you with much interest. He looks as if he had never seen a Printing office, and had never been out of bed after midnight.

[†a] For myself and my doings, I am taking it as easily this summer as I can:— which is not VERY[†4] easily, with a weekly publication always clutching at one's sleeve, and most complicated Literary-Executorial functions bequeathed by

Townshend. You will be concerned to hear that the following discovery was made (in a Sermon) last Sunday week by the Curate here;[†1] that is to say:—That the "spoliation" of the Irish Church[†2] is a wickedness committed in consequence of one of the Ministers having Popish connexions; and that if "that act of Apostacy and blasphemy" be carried out, Our Saviour will very shortly appear upon earth "to assert and avenge himself" by the establishment of his Kingdom!!— Pretty well this, within 30 miles of London, halfway through 1869!!!

Our loves to the noble boy (I take his freshness next, to remove the taste of the Curate), and to dear Mrs. Macready. I "enjoy" my Reverend Christian Brother so little, that I find I get on best without him.[†a†3]

Great excitement caused here by your capital news of Butty.[†4] I suppose Willy has at least a dozen children by this time.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your attached and affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

†a Forster is away on one of his official tours.†5 He has not been well; but I thought him better three weeks ago, than he has been for some time.†a

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 20 JULY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twentieth July, 1869

My Dear Ouvry

Will you kindly charge one of your clerks to give me the date of Townshend's death,†6 and a copy of that clause in his will which appoints me his Literary Executor, and directs the publication of his "Religious Opinions, without alteration".†7

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 21 JULY 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty First July, 1869

My Dear Trollope.

The American publishers seem of a sudden to have become rather shy of investing in early proofs. No advances have been made to me in respect of Veronica,†1 as yet. Possibly they wait to make her acquaintance before "proposing". I am on the watch, and have cautioned my son Charley—who has succeeded Wills, retired—to lure on any reasonable offerer. In all previous cases, the offer has originated on the American side.

After a very cold beginning of summer, we have had a few very hot days here. We tremendously large farmers want some rain—and apparently are not going to have it, for the skies look dry. That other matters are in a rather alarming state in these parts, I am sorry to let you know on the authority of the local curate. He has received a celestial Commission to announce (in a sermon) that the "spoliation" of the Irish Church is the result of one of the Ministers having popish family connexions, and that if that "act of apostacy and blasphemy" be completed, Our Saviour will presently come on earth "to assert and avenge himself".†2 This is the latest news of the latter half of the nineteenth century as it unfolds its wisdom within 30 miles of London!

A thousand thanks for the charming Italian Vista you open between October and November; but there is no chance of my being able to quit England this year.

Ever Your affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

To W. H. ALVAREZ,[†3] 22 JULY 1869*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Second July 1869

Sir

I have not the least knowledge of that former communication of yours to which you refer in your letter of the 18th. I can only suppose that some unaccountable mistake arose in the course of the transaction of the business of this office (its correspondence is impossible to be conducted by one person.)

Allow me to thank you for your book,[†4] and to express my regret that the enclosed verses are not adapted to the requirements of these pages.

I find no trace here of the receipt of "A Stumble over Steeples".[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Alvarez

To R. H. GOOCH,[†2] 22 JULY 1869

Text from N, 111, 732.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, Twenty Second July, 1869

Dear Sir

I shall be very happy to accept the dedication with which you propose to honour me.[†3]

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS EMILY JOLLY,[†4] 22 JULY 1869

Text from MDGH, 111, 283-4.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, 22nd July 1869

Dear Miss Jolly,

Mr. Wills has retired from here (for rest and to recover his health), and my son, who occupies his place, brought me this morning a story[†5] in MS., with a request that I would read it. I read it with extraordinary interest, and was greatly surprised by its uncommon merit.[†6] On asking whence it came, I found that it came from you!

You need not to be told, after this, that I accept it with more than readiness. If you will allow me I will go over it with great care, and very slightly touch it here and there. I think it will require to be divided into three portions. You shall have the proofs and I will publish it immediately. I think so VERY highly of it that I will have special attention called to it in a separate advertisement.[†7] I congratulate

you most sincerely and heartily on having done a very special thing. It will always stand apart in my mind from any other story I ever read. I write with its impression newly and strongly upon me, and feel absolutely sure that I am not mistaken.

Believe me, faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES KENT, 22 JULY 1869

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1908; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR,* 22 July 69; addressed Charles Kent.

Telling Kent that he is going to Gad's Hill on Sunday morning.

To MR and MRS J.T. FIELDS, 24 JULY 1869*

MS Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

CHARLES DICKENS
Wishes he had given this First Edition of Pickwick[†1]
To his friends
James and Annie Fields.
In witness that he did not,
He, at Edwards's Hotel, George Street,
Hanover Square, London,[†2]
Hereunto sets his hand:
On Saturday 24th. July 1869

CD.

To THOMAS CHAPPELL, [25] JULY 1869*

MS Princeton University Library. *Date:* CD's error: Sunday was 25 July 1869.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Sunday Twenty Sixth July 1869

My Dear Chappell

I brought away last night, Mr. Frisby's[†3] coat—including the contents of his pockets. I left behind, an exquisite garment in the nature of a sleeved cloak, in colour a cinnamon drab. If an exchange can be effected through your good offices, with many apologies on my part for my ridiculous readiness to take any coat offered to me, I shall be much obliged.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chappell Esquire

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 28 JULY 1869

MS Johns Hopkins University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Eighth July 1869

My Dear F. C.

Please send to The Countess Russell 37 Chesham Place Belgrave Square, a copy of *the best Edition* of the Uncommercial Traveller.[†1]

Faithfully Ever
CD.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 29 JULY 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Ninth July 1869

My Dear Ouvry

As Chapman is about (with my consent) to take a partner,[†2] it is necessary that we should have a Deed recording that all my books to this time are, half my copyright, half his; and that no change in form or price of publication can be made without my consent. This is the whole object and purpose.[†3]

Will you kindly have such a deed prepared,—for our execution any Thursday? If you want a schedule of the books, or any other business information, Frederick Chapman 193 Piccadilly will at once supply it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. B. WOOLMER,[†4] 29 JULY 1869

Mention in N, 111, 732; dated Office of *AYR*; addressed J. B. Woolmer.

Arranging to meet him.

To IVAN SERGEEVICH TURGENEV, [?JULY 1869]

Mention in *To* Ralston, 12 July. *Date:* no doubt CD wrote on receipt of the translation of his book.[†1]

August

To GEORGE DOLBY, 1 AUGUST 1869*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd. *Address:* George Dolby Esquire | Messrs. Chappell & Co. | 50 New Bond Street | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday First August 1869.

My Dear Dolby.

I shall not be in town tomorrow. I fear it is of little use asking you if you will come here by dinner time (as you probably are busy), but here I shall be, in association with "Neat Wines" and "Good Beds".

Palmer and Jarrett are inevitably not in a dangerous fever of enthusiasm, I should say, on the subject of Fechter's engagement.[†2]

Scott is drifting out on the Dead Sea of Poverty, with only one sham-brooch for a raft. When *that* capsizes, I think he will go down.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 3 AUGUST 1869

Text from MDGH, 111, 426.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday, Aug. 3rd., 1869

My Dearest Mamie,

I send you the second chapter of the remarkable story.[†3] The printer is late with it, and I have not had time to read it, and as I altered it considerably here and there, I have no doubt there are some verbal mistakes in it. However, they will probably express themselves.

But I offer a prize of six pairs of gloves—between you, and your aunt, and Ellen Stone,[†4] as competitors—to whomsoever will tell me what idea in this second part is mine. I don't mean an idea in language, in the turning of a sentence, in any little description of an action, or a gesture, or what not in a

small way, but an idea, distinctly affecting the whole story *as I found it.* You are all to assume that I found it in the main as you read it, with one exception. If I had written it, I should have made the woman love the man at last. And I should have shadowed that possibility out, by the child's bringing them a little more together on that holiday Sunday.[†1]

But I didn't write it. So, finding that it wanted something, I put that something in. What was it?[†2]

Love to Ellen Stone.

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. T. FIELDS, 3 AUGUST 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third August, 1869

My Dear Fields.

Sorry to find my "Transatlantic Cousin"[†3] in a growling state. Hope to induce him to purr on his return.

Enclosed is the story I spoke of.[†4] Chapter I will be published here on Wednesday August 11, Chapter 2 on Wednesday August 18.

My dear love to Mrs. Fields. Airy duty to Snowdrop.[†5] The General[†6] appeared with the Drag[†7] last Sunday, and we all went through appalling dangers. "All" includes Layard and his young wife (not from Nineveh), and Helps[†8] (not plain: H.E.L.P.S.), who was so terrified that he got inside. We took some curly variations on the turf in the Park of Cobham, in which my left check brushed the dew off the grass.—I was behind the box-lady.

We have a very wet day to day, which the Garden greatly wanted. There is a chair (without a bottom) at a shop near the office, which I think would suit you. It cannot stand of itself, but will almost seat somebody, if you put it in a corner, and prop one leg up with two wedges and cut another leg off. The proprietor asks £20, but says he admires Literature and would take £18. He is of Republican principles, and I think would take £17 . . 19 . . 6 from a cousin. Shall I secure this prize?*[†9] Please Telegraph without delay.†[†9]

At a shop in Bond Street, there is a portrait of the Gone Coon,[†10] By the Coming man. Price £1200. I have nailed *this* gem for you. Make cheque

payable to Coutts's 59 Strand, London, W.C. Add £2 for the man who gave me the information. (He was once in Waagen's[†1] service, but left in consequence of a misunderstanding respecting a tea spoon).

I am on the look out for more treasures.

Ever my dear Fields | Your most affectionate

CD.

*It is very ugly and wormy.

†It is related—but without proof—that on one occasion Washington declined to sit down in it.

To J. H. NIGHTINGALE, 3 AUGUST 1869*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Third August 1869

My Dear Mr. Nightingale.

I have not been able to find the book[†2] on my own shelves here, but my daughter has come forward with her copy. I send it by book-post, when I dispatch this note. Pray keep it until you come down to see me.

A pleasant trip to you, and success in everything!

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. H. Nightingale Esquire

To EDMUND OLLIER,[†3] 3 AUGUST 1869

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Edmund Ollier Esquire | Stretton House | Kemp Town | Brighton.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Third August, 1869

My Dear Mr. Ollier,

I am very sensible of the feeling of the Committee towards me; and I receive their invitation (conveyed through you) as a most acceptable mark of their consideration.[†4]

But I have a very strong objection to speech-making beside graves. I do not expect or wish my feeling in this wise to guide other men; still, it is so serious

with me, and the idea of ever being the subject of such a ceremony myself is so repugnant to my soul, that I must decline to officiate.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Ollier Esquire.

To W. H. WILLS, 3 AUGUST 1869

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Third August 1869

My Dear Wills.

Your account of your journey reminds me of one of the latest American Stories:—How a Traveller by Stage Coach said to the Driver: "Did you ever see a snail Sir?"—"Yes Sir"—"Where did you meet him Sir?"—"I *didn't* meet him Sir."—"Waal Sir, I think you did, if youll excuse me; for I'm damned if you ever overtook him."

As to Mrs. Dallas,[†2] Lord! If she only knew how ugly I am!—I do believe her to be—well—let me be calm—and yet—under that Skimpolian mask of childishness as to money and worldly affairs, what abysses of shallow cunning are discernible![†3]

All goes well here. I have been "at it" considerably. Look at a very remarkable story in 2 chapters, "An Experience", which begins next week.

Love to Mrs. Wills. I shall be here on Thursday.

Ever My Dear Wills | Your affectionate
CD.

To MRS ELLIOT,[†4] 4 AUGUST 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

26 Wellington Street, Strand, London
Wednesday Fourth August 1869

My Dear F.

A few days ago, I received a note from the Dean,[†5] copying that paragraph in your last note to him, respecting me, which you yourself copied in writing to me last; and asking me to make an appointment to see him. I appointed 5 o'Clock yesterday at the Athenaeum, and our interview lasted for an hour and a quarter.

The Dean said that as he could not write to you (it being useless because you declared you would not open his letter), he had set down the heads and general purport of a letter that he *would* write, if you two were in correspondence. I read it carefully, and took it away with me to re-read. It is not necessary for me to

recapitulate its contents, because the more clearly and shortly I state the main point at issue, the better you will understand it and the less you will be worried by it, most likely.

The great difficulty about the settlement[†1] is this—and this I did not derive, and could not possibly have derived, from your account of it.

It is mortgaged, you see. Money was borrowed on it, and you were a party to that borrowing transaction. The Dean's case is: "I cannot possibly admit that settlement to be a bad one (an illegal one) or that transaction was a fraud. If it were a fraud, and I admit it to have been so, nothing can place me in a worse position. Therefore I hold to its legality, and decide to enforce it. If that enforcement leads to a declaration on F's part of the secret between us,[†2] I must resign my Deanery, and fight it out: always holding to the settlement." At the same time, I elicited from him that although he claimed the money as his right, he did not want to appropriate it to himself, but, the interest on the borrowed money paid, would apply the rest (about £300 a year, I think?) towards the payment of the thousand pounds for which you are jointly responsible.

He repeatedly declared that you had done a great deal for him, and that he was bound to be grateful on that head, and *was* grateful. But that as to wasting your fortune, he positively denied it; on the contrary had so managed it as to leave you far less in debt than he found you. He said that he had kept the most exact accounts, and that they were producible in support of his statement. That he had repeatedly asked you to go over those accounts, but that nothing would induce you to look at them. And that you could not be expected to understand what they really established, without looking at them.

Over and over and over again, I brought the issue back to this: "The point is the settlement. You are determined to enforce it; she is determined to dispute it. If neither of you will yield anything, what can a mediator do?"—I never got beyond that. I think I could carry almost any other point you might stand out for. At the end of all, I got no atom further. I closed by saying I would write and tell you what had passed; and I very strongly and emphatically declared that you had been—to use the mildest expression—so injudiciously dealt with, that your state of mind was dangerously impulsive in respect of disclosure. I added that after hearing from you, I would communicate with the Dean again, but that I had little or no hope of being serviceable.

It appears to me (but Mr. Stephens[†3] must know for certain how this point stands: which I do not) that the Dean has a strong position in *not having seen the* CASE[†4] submitted to Counsel respecting the Doctor-Marriage,[†5] and only having seen the OPINION.[†4]

I do not think that Frederick Elliot[†6] can be relied upon to support you. I recommend you on no account to divulge anything to him or to anyone else,

without consideration as on a question of Life or Death. Do nothing (except write to me) until you have your daughter Frances[†1] beside you again.

I clearly see that you have been frightfully careless of your letters and papers. Take the hint for the future.

Affectionately Yours always

CD.

To MRS HOSKYNS,[†2] 5 AUGUST 1869*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fifth August 1869

My Dear Madam

I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the article returned separately by this day's post, "The Pariahs of Europe": though I am none the less obliged to you for offering it. The subject was, I think, sufficently treated for the purposes of this Journal by Mrs. Gaskell.[†3] I cannot suggest any other and more likely quarter.

There has been unavoidable delay in the publication of "May Day amongst the Mules". It has been several times placed in a No. and as often displaced by collisions of subject, length, pressing topics, and limited space. As I am writing to you, I beg to enclose a cheque for that paper, and I hope it will soon appear in print.[†4]

Mr. and Mrs. Wills have either just come home, or are just coming, to their own house in London: 22 Regents[†a] — [†a] Terrace N. W.

Dear Madam | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Hoskyns

To JOHN FORSTER, [6 AUGUST 1869]

Extracts in F, XI, ii, 807-8*n* and 807-8. *Date:* both extracts part of same letter, 6 Aug 69, according to Forster.

I have a very remarkable story[†5] indeed for you to read. It is in only two chapters. A thing never to melt into other stories in the mind, but always to keep itself apart.

I laid aside the fancy I told you of, and have a very curious and new idea for my new story[†6] *of the murder of a nephew by his uncle, the originality of which was to*

consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when its temptations were to be dwelt upon, as if, not he the culprit, but some other man, were the tempted. The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell, to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told of another, had brought him.[†1] Not a communicable idea (or the interest of the book would be gone), but a very strong one, though difficult to work.

To ARTHUR HELPS, 6 AUGUST 1869†

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Sixth August, 1869

My Dear Helps

I have been in town since Tuesday, and have but now received your letter. The book shall be sent to you tomorrow.

I was *not* punished for performing that act of beneficence.[†2] The squall caused me no inconvenience, and favored me with some excellent suggestions for a piece of description.[†3] So, if I may quote from my own account of a drama at a cheap Theatre, it shall be to the effect that [†a]"Virtue was quite as triumphant in this transaction as she usually is in real life: — indeed, I thought rather more so."[†4]

Your Worship flourishes in the general remembrance here, and one of your songs is being sung at this moment.[†a]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Helps Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 7 AUGUST 1869*

MS Folger Shakespeare Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventh August, 1869

My Dear Dolby

I cannot say that I agree with Fechter in his view of Booth's letter. It seems to me an innocent and straight forward letter enough. As to the incidental and natural use of the word "they", which he thinks so very suspicious, surely it is easily conceivable that "they" (having communicated by post) may be agreed up to the point of depositing a thousand pounds, and may not be agreed up to

the point of depositing two thousand four[†1] hundred pounds. As to consecutive nights and New York solely, I think Fechter's standing out on these points, injurious to himself. Surely it is the interest of Palmer and Jarrett to run him, and to run him in New York only, *if they can.*[†2] If they can not, then surely it is his interest to try two other chances.

Unless a Telegram arrives from America, as Booth promises, I would not answer the letter at all. By perpetually insisting on this, and that, and the other, Fechter will get the dangerous reputation there, of being a man unusually difficult to deal with—and they *won't* deal with him. But I think he does not take into consideration a very important circumstance:—You and I know perfectly well that Palmer will keep himself thoroughly informed of the business he does with Knowles;[†3] and if it should, from any cause, be below the mark, the Niblo[†4] proposal will go down too. There is no doubt about that.

With love to Mrs. Dolby and the babies | Ever affecy.

CHARLES DICKENS

To THE VERY REV. GILBERT ELLIOT, [8 AUGUST 1869]

Mention in next. *Date:* sent by same post.

To MRS ELLIOT, 8 AUGUST 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Sunday Eighth August 1869

My Dear F.

Pray make your letters to me as brief as you can, and confine yourself as closely to the immediate point before us as you can. You will not misunderstand my emphasizing this request, when I tell you that since I entered on these miserable complications between you and the Dean, I have had some distressing indications that I am not yet as well as I hoped I was; and that I am painfully reminded of the caution given me by the Doctors to add nothing, this summer and autumn, to the pressure of my own affairs.

By way of narrowing the confused heap of contradictions to one single issue for the present, I have, by this post, informed the Dean that you propose that he shall confide all to his brother Frederick and request him to see me on the whole

subject. I have begged him to let me have his answer, yes or no, that I may send it to you.

I think he will refuse.

Now that I know as nearly as I am likely ever to know, the history of this settlement, it appears to me that in repudiating it *so late in the day*, you will encounter the opposition of Mr. Jenings,[†1] Mr. Stephens, and even of your own daughters at last. As between you and me, I put it to you very seriously to consider whether you *can*, if pressed on to the utmost, take that extreme step.

For the present moment, however, we are limited to the question whether the Dean will consent to confide in his brother, and empower him to treat with me. Quite sufficient for the day, is this part of the evil.[†2]

I should tell you in concluding that I told the Dean you were much incensed by its having been put about—by Miss Elliott[†3] as you conceived—that you had taken yourself off and left him. He seemed agitated by this, and said that of course people talked at Clifton, and wondered at Clifton, but that obviously his part was to make everything seem natural and smooth; and he asked was it likely or conceivable that his daughter would do (apart from his conviction that she never had done), at the lowest, so foolish a thing? On Friday last he brought me a letter from her, altogether disavowing it in the most positive terms, and stating that on the only occasion on which she had been asked about you, she had said in effect that you found the change improved your health, and that you had a horror of the channel; and thought of waiting abroad until the Dean could rejoin you.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To MRS ELLIOT, 12 AUGUST 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twelfth August 1869

My Dear F.

Before I received your letter of the 8th. I had proposed to the Dean that he should confide in his brother and empower him to meet me. The paper marked "A" that will be handed to you by the Marchesa[†4] is his letter in reply.

The papers marked "B" and tied together, are labelled by the Dean himself in pencil. His labelling expresses what they are.

The paper marked "C" contains the Dean's notes on our general communications both verbally and in writing. These were made and brought to me by himself, before your letter of the 8th. Preserve these papers carefully.

I have written to Frederick and proposed that we shall meet any day next week, after Monday. It is still to be observed that he *may*, as from himself solely,

decline any such meeting. I am not clear that I can do any good by seeing Mr. Jenings, but I will consider that question.

All else that I have to say just now, you will hear orally told.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To SIR FREDERICK ELLIOT,[†1] 12 AUGUST 1869*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twelfth August, 1869

My Dear Elliot

I presume you have heard from your brother the Dean that his family affairs are in a very troubled condition. I am not very sanguine that you and I can do much good by trying to unravel them; but on the chance of our averting a great deal of Evil, I have proposed to him that we shall meet and try to mediate.[†2]

I can be in London any day and hour next week, after Monday. If you will suggest any appointment, at the Athenæum or elsewhere, you may rely on my keeping it.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Elliot Esquire[†3]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 13 AUGUST 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Thirteenth August, 1869

My Dear Ouvry

F. Chapman is here to day, and I have told him that you cannot draw up the deed,[†4] without having an express arrangement made for the payment of that money.[†5] He replies that he will not fail to call upon you, and arrange for said payment.

My idea has been, from the beginning, an entirely new Deed to supersede the existing conglomeration.

I reserve all foreign rights except those conceded to Fields's house.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 13 AUGUST 1869

Text from MDGH, 11, 426-7.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Friday, Aug 13th, 1869

My Dear Mr Ryland,

Many thanks for your letter.

I have very strong opinions on the subject of speechification, and hold that there is, everywhere, a vast amount too much of it. A sense of absurdity would be so strong upon me, if I got up at Birmingham to make a flourish on the advantages of education in the abstract for †a all sorts and conditions of men,†a that I should inevitably check myself and present a surprising incarnation of the soul of wit.†1 But if I could interest myself in the practical usefulness of the particular institution; in the ways of life of the students; in their examples of perseverance and determination to get on; in their numbers, their favourite studies, the number of hours they must daily give to the work that must be done for a livelihood, before they can devote themselves to the acquisition of new knowledge, and so forth, then I could interest others. This is the kind of information I want.†2 Mere holding forth "I utterly detest, abominate, and abjure."†3

I fear I shall not be in London next week. But if you will kindly send me here, at your leisure, the roughest notes of such points as I have indicated, I shall be heartily obliged to you, and will take care of their falling into shape and order in my mind. Meantime I "make a note of"†4 Monday, 27th September, and of writing to you touching your kind offer of hospitality, three weeks before that date.

I beg to send my kind regard to Mrs. and Miss Ryland, and am always,

Very faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS ELLIOT, 14 AUGUST 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fourteenth August 1869

My Dear F.

Before I can make an appointment with Frederick Elliot,†5 you must send me back all the papers I sent you by the Marchesa.

I believe you to be altogether wrong in your expectations of the result of this conference. As I told the Marchesa:—the monstrous absurdity of your utterly repudiating your marriage on the one hand, and requiring that the Dean shall live with you at such and such times to keep up appearances, on the other, is fatal. And I hold it to be absolutely impossible that Frederick Elliott can pursue a mediation begun on such terms.

Do you not see that Stephens has been with you solely to save himself? And that his visit has no more to do with the strength or weakness of your case, than it has with my digestion?

Ever affecy. Yours

CD.

To SIR FREDERICK ELLIOT, 15 AUGUST 1869*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifteenth August, 1869

My Dear Elliot[†1]

I have your letter of the 14th. Any communication from you will find me with little delay. I may not be here at the moment, but in that case shall be merely cruising about the country within a short circuit, and shall be in town every week.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

Frederick Elliot Esquire

I have a misgiving that I don't address you correctly, and that you are now "Sir F.E". Is that so?[†3]

To HENRY MORLEY, 15 AUG 1869

Mention in Alwin J. Scheuer catalogue No. 6 (1931); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill, 15 Aug 69; addressed Henry Morley.

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 16 AUGUST 1869*

MS Lytton Papers.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth August, 1869

My Dear Robert Lytton

Forster (who is staying here now) has given me your MS poems for All The Year Round.

I am particularly impressed by two of them:—"A Confession and Apology"[†1]—and "Auriel".[†2] I am not so sure of the suitability of the three shorter poems, but I hope to place them likewise.[†3] Account shall be kept with you in the books of the journal for each composition as it is published, and in the mean time I enclose you a cheque for Twenty Guineas.

I beg to send my kind regard to Mrs. Lytton, and also to Mr. Boffin[†4]—and Co.[†5]

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Hon. Robert Lytton

I shall be very glad to have the Austrian papers.[†6] Remember the large audience, and the necessity of being dramatic or picturesque.

To MRS ELLIOT, 17 AUGUST 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

Gad's Hill Place | Tuesday Seventeenth August, 1869

My Dear F.

I have your letter to-day with Stephens's enclosed. The latter is very strong indeed, and I will make the best use of it.

Frederick and I have appointed to meet on Saturday. *Meanwhile I want all the papers I sent you by the Marchesa.* Do not fail to send them, as everything depends on perfect openness between Frederick and me. He has unquestionably begun like an upright gentleman: which I do not doubt he is.

The Dean has written him a letter which he sends straight to me. I need not trouble you with its contents yet.

I send my kind regard to the Marchesa (more sensible and clear than three fourths of the men I know), and will do my best. Keep perfectly quiet.

In haste Ever affecy. Yours
CD.

To MISS MARY DICKENS, 19 AUGUST 1869*

MS Myers & Co.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth August 1869,

My Dearest Mamie

Charles Reade comes on Saturday.

Kindest love to all | Ever most affecy.

CD.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 19 AUGUST 1869

MS Private; transcribed before destruction in Prestwick air-crash, 1954.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth August 1869

My Dear FitzGerald

My difficulty about your story[†1] has been, a report from Birtles that "the copy of some part of another story had got mixed with it, and it was impossible to make sense." You were then just married[†2] and gone. I waited until you should have leisure. Now that I hear from you, I tell you why I have waited, and ask:— "*Is* the story made straight, and *is* it at the Printer's?" Reply, reply, reply, as Bishop's Duet[†3] says. Reply also to this:—How long is it?[†4]

"An Experience" is, according to my thinking, one of the most remarkable pieces I ever saw.

The Authoress of "Veronique"[†5] (Marryat's daughter)[†6] really had hit upon that title before Mrs. Trollope chose "Veronica."[†7] The fraudulent butler,[†8] you see, wouldn't change it: because he gets it advertized at our expence. Such are the wiles of fraudulent butlers in general!

I hope that Mrs. FitzGerald has wrought miracles in the way of diabolically direct and persistent decision on the part of an eminent literary personage. It will be the crowning triumph and glory of the great Institution of Matrimony!

You ask me about Wills and Will-Making.[†9] I think the Soane case altogether too grimly dismal[†10]—and too recent—for revival. With the Berkeley Family[†11] I will have nothing editorial to do, "in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy".[†12] Another case better not raked up, until years shall have softened it.

My Dear FitzGerald | Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS LIPPINCOTT, 19 AUGUST 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Nineteenth August 1869

My Dear Mrs Lippincott.

I have not written to you respecting "the Five Sisters", because I have been (and still am) very doubtful whether I can make use of it;[†1] and I hoped to receive some other paper of you which I could tell you I had at once published. I am happy to be able to make this report of the very pretty story of President Lincoln.[†2] The No. in which it has appeared, is posted to you by this Mail, and my publisher has remitted to Fields's House at Boston a cheque for five guineas in your favour.

I am happy to report myself quite well, and always Faithfully Your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 20 AUGUST 1869*

MS Dickens House.

A. Y. R. Office | Friday Twentieth August 1869

My Dear F. C.

Consider the following question at your convenience. There is no hurry. Take plenty of time.

If I were to decide on doing my new story in 12 shilling monthly Nos.[†3] what would you give for half the copyright, in ready money? You would purchase, understand, the right of receiving half of the profits of the serial publication from No. 1 inclusive, and afterwards as long as the copyright should exist.[†4]

I have some difficulty in making up my mind to publish the story apart from this Periodical. The terms of your proposal will influence my decision, of course.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To HENRY DICKENS, 20 AUGUST 1869*

MS Eric Dickens Hawksley

Office, Friday Twentieth August 1869

My Dear Harry

You must bear in mind that the new furnishing[†1] was not necessary—really was not in the slightest degree necessary, considering the manner in which you had furnished those top rooms so very recently—and that if your fancies go before your means, you never will, or can, be out of debt. I must not admit the accuracy of your expression "the double furnishing *that I have had to do*"—as though it had been forced upon you—because there is simply no reason in it.

I enclose a cheque for £35.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ELLIOT, 21 AUGUST 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Twenty First August 1869

My Dear F.

I have seen Frederick Elliot to day, and we have had a long talk together. I entered upon that talk with the conviction (which I kept to myself) that against the decided opinions of Stephens, Jenings,[†2] and your own daughters, you cannot possibly make a stand for the invalidity of the settlements, by force and daring.

Suppose these things:

1. That you could be left in the undisputed possession of your own means, and management of your own affairs.

2. That the settlements could be left, not called in question either one way or other: neither repudiated nor formally claimed.

3. That the Dean should receive from £300 to £400 a year to pay the interest &c. on the debt, and should receive it himself from the trustees, agreeably to some direction or order from you. The terms to be settled in writing between us. The rest of the £600 a year *not* to be demanded.

4. That the question of the will should remain (like that of the settlements) where it stands.

5. That an appearance of union should be preserved between you; you paying housekeeping for the Dean when he comes to you; the Dean paying housekeeping for you, should you go to him.

6. The Dean requiring no other money from you whatever.

Would this content you?

And supposing such a treaty of peace to be entered into, and faithfully observed, do you not think that *then*—these irritations being soothed by time, and over—the Dean would have some fair claim to some provision in your will?

I beg you to consider all this very attentively with the Marchesa, and above all things to remember that †a*you are not choosing and originating your position now*,†a but are trying to make †a*the best of a position in which you have put yourself*.†a

Understand that I have no warrant whatever—and that Frederick has none— for the Dean's coming to such an arrangement; but if *he* would, would *you*? These are the grounds that have been mooted ("without prejudice", as the lawyers say, to either side) between Frederick and me.

He leaves town on Thursday night, and sees me on Thursday morning. I hope there is time for me to receive your answer by that time.

In great haste to save the post

Ever affecy.

CD.

I particularly impress upon you the necessity of remembering the indisputable fact which I have underlined doubly.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 22 AUGUST 1869*

MS Roger Hecht.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Twenty Second August, 1869

My Dear F. C.

I have cautioned Charley against Mr. Austin.†1 I think it highly probable that Mr. Austin uses his name to you upon the smallest authority possible.

I hope Mr. Worthington's†2 statement may prove correct, but I shall not be surprised to find that a very large part of his sale is of piratical editions.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 22 AUGUST 1869

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Second August 1869

My Dear Ouvry

I will expect a call from you at the office on Thursday, at your own most convenient hour. I admit the soft impeachment concerning Mrs. Gamp:—I likes my payments to be made reg'lar, and I likewige likes my publisher to draw it mild.

Ever Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To W. H. ALVAREZ,[†1] 23 AUGUST 1869

MS (form letter) Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND | [†a] Aug. 23 1869[†a]

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled [†a] A Book of Nature, & "A Stumble over Steeples"[†a] for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

[†b] The Manuscripts are returned By Book Post.[†b]

To JOHN DELANE, 24 AUGUST 1869*

MS Peter C. Davalle.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Fourth August 1869

My Dear Delane.

Let me ask you a question "without prejudice". Have you (I suppose you have by this time) selected your correspondent to describe the conference[†2] at Rome?[†3] If you have not, I think I could suggest an upright man and a good writer,[†4] who has remarkable opportunities behind the scenes.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY JOHNSTON,[†5] 26 AUGUST 1869*

MS A. H. Reed.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth August | 1869

Sir

I beg to express my regret that my engagements render it quite impossible for me to comply with the request you do me the honor to prefer on behalf of the Glasgow Athenæum.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Johnston Esquire

To DAVID DRAKEFORD,[†1] 30 AUGUST 1869*

MS Mrs Lingard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirtieth August, 1869

Sir

I beg to thank you for your very interesting invitation,[†2] and to express my regret that my engagements do not admit of my accepting it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

D. Drakeford Esquire

To SIR FREDERICK ELLIOT, 30 AUGUST 1869*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Monday Thirtieth August 1869

My Dear Elliot

The enclosed letter[†3] reached Gad's Hill on Saturday, but unfortunately your list of addresses[†4] was here.

It speaks for itself, you will find. The divisions mentioned as numbered in my last to her, are merely the heads we took out and noted down together, you and I.[†5] Recapitulation on my part would only complicate them.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Frederick Elliot.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 30 AUGUST 1869

Extract in Scheuer catalogue No. 3 (1927); *MS* I p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 30 Aug 69; addressed Percy Fitzgerald.

Make yourself quite easy. There is not the slightest need for hurry[†6] . . . I have a story in two parts still to place in Nos. not yet made up.[†7]

To MRS BARROW,[†8] 31 AUGUST 1869*

Text from facsimile in unidentified catalogue sent by J. Sakmyster, New York.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Thirty First August 1869

My Dear Madam

You have my full permission. As the ancient gentleman usually says on the

stage: "Bless ye my children! Be happy!"—A thing, as Mr. Carlyle[†1] observes, very easily *said*.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Barrow

To CHARLES KENT, 31 AUGUST 1869

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Thirty First August 1869

My Dear Kent. I have instantly dispatched your charming Leader[†2] to Gad's, where I know it will be received with high delight and appreciation.[†3] A thousand thanks.

Do come and dine with me next Thursday, at the Pall Mall[†4] or somewhere else. I shall be here as usual.

No word from Delane. I think he *must* be out of town, though reported "not gone yet".

Ever affectionately
CD.

September

To WILLIAM DAY,[†5] 2 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Second September 1869

Dear Mr. Day.

Will you be so good as tell me, before I decisively answer your question, *about* how many more pages longer the two Discourses[†6] would make the book?[†7]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 2 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "The Sun" office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Second September 1869

My Dear Kent

Shall I expect you here at about 5?

Ever affecy.
CD

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 2 SEPTEMBER 1869

MS Lytton Papers.

26 Wellington Street, London
Thursday Second September 1869

My Dear Robert Lytton

I am very sorry that your corrections in the two longer poems[†1] arrive too late. They are both placed in Numbers already "worked",[†2] after having been carefully compared with your MS.

John Ackland[†3] is most willingly accepted, and shall come into the next monthly part. I shall make bold to condense him here and there (according to my best idea of story telling),[†4] and particularly where he makes the speech:— and with the usual fault of being too long. Here and there, I think you let the story out too much—prematurely—and this I hope to prevent artfully. I think your title open to the same objection, and therefore propose to substitute

[†a] *The Disappearance*
of John Ackland.[†a]

This will leave the reader in doubt whether he really *was* murdered, until the end.[†5]

I am sorry you do not pursue the other prose series.[†6] You can do a great deal more than you think for, with whatever you touch; and you know where to find a firmly attached and admiring friend always ready to take the field with you, and always proud to see your plume among the feathers in the Staff.

Your account of my dear Boffin[†7] is highly cheering:— I had been troubled with a misgiving that he was good. May his shadow never be more correct!

[†b] We are delighted to be remembered by your charming wife, and I am entrusted with more messages from Gad's Hill to her than you would care to give, or with-hold. So I suppress them myself, and absolve you from the difficulty.[†b]

I am wonderfully well, thank God, and going to finish my London Readings after Christmas. I wish I could have you at the Murder from Oliver Twist.[†1]

With kindest love to Mrs. Lytton and Boffin and Co.[†2] I am always My Dear Robert Lytton
Affectionately Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS HELEN TASKER,[†3] 2 SEPTEMBER 1869

Text from N, III, 740.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday, Second September 1869

My Dear Madam,

I thank you warmly for your earnest letter and beg you not to estimate the extent or nature of my appreciation of it by the brevity of myself.

The address you want is The East London Children's Hospital, Ratcliffe Cross, near Stepney Station.[†4]

My dear Madam | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CAPTAIN C. C. BROOKE,[†5] 4 SEPTEMBER 1869

Text from facsimile in Alexander Autographs, Inc, Oct 2000.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fourth September 1869

Dear Sir

Let me assure you that I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note. I cannot have the pleasure of visiting Farnborough[†6] (for I do not intend reading

anywhere out of London), and cannot therefore accept your proffered hospitality: but I beg you to accept my cordial thanks for your invitation.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Charles Clements Brooke

To MRS ROSS CHURCH, 5 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth September 1869

My Dear Mrs. Church

I have just come home here to find your book[†1] awaiting me. I will not delay writing to you until I shall have read it, but will at once thank you cordially for your earnest words of dedication,[†2] and assure you of the gratification with which I receive them.

Your discovery of your backsliding in the matter of your hero's pedigree, will probably be shared by very few people. As it is the easiest thing in the world to pass such a slip in correcting the proofs, when the writer's mind is too full of the whole subject to pause on details, so a reader interested in the story is very likely indeed to take your pedigree for granted, and not to dissect it.

With best wishes for Veronique's success and for yours in all things.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Do not allow yourself to be drawn into discussions with the writers of notices.

To WILLIAM DAY, 5 SEPTEMBER 1869

MS Reed Collection, Dunedin Public Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth September 1869

Dear Mr. Day

I have considered the question, and I think there is no need to add the two discourses to Mr. Townshend's book.[†3] Let us have a title-leaf before each section of the book, if you please:—an interleaved title.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 6 SEPTEMBER 1869

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Monday Sixth September 1869

My Dear Mr. Ryland.

I am sorry to find—I had a foreshadowing of it some weeks ago—that I shall not be able to profit by your kind offer of hospitality when I come to Birmingham for *our* Institution. I must come down in time for a quiet dinner at the Hotel with my "Readings" Secretary Mr. Dolby—and must away next morning. Besides having a great deal in hand just now (the trifle of a new book among other things), I shall have visitors from abroad here at that time,[†1] and am severely claimed by my daughter: who indeed is disloyal to Birmingham in the matter of my going away at all. Pray represent me to Mrs. Ryland as the innocent victim of circumstances, and as sacrificing pleasure to the work I have to do, and to the training under which alone I can do it without feeling it.

You will see from the enclosed[†2] that I am in full force, and going to finish my Readings, please God, after Christmas. I am in the hope of receiving your promised Notes in due course and continue in the irreverent condition in which I last reported myself on the subject of Speech Making.[†3] Now that men not only make the Nights of the Session hideous, by what the Americans call "Orating" in Parliament, but trouble the peace of the Vacation by saying over again what they said there (with the addition of what they *didn't* say there and never will have the courage to say there), I feel indeed that Silence, like gold across the Atlantic, is a rarity at a premium.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 7 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

THE ATHENÆUM,
Tuesday Afternoon | Seventh September 1869

My Dearest Georgy

Will you have a parcel made up (carefully, because of the books) of the Volumes set forth over leaf;[†4] and will you address it to John Poole Esqre. 8 Fitzroy Place Kentish Town, London, and send it up by Railway at once, Carriage Paid.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Eighth September 1869

My Dearest Georgy

I think I had best have my letters sent here, up to Saturday morning inclusive. I shall be down that day by the 2..10 from Charing Cross.

Ever affectionately

CD.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 11 SEPTEMBER 1869†

MS Nathan L. Bengis.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Eleventh September 1869

My Dear Dolby.

I shall be here next Thursday, and shall hope either to see or hear from you. The Birmingham day is *Monday the 27th.* I have told Ryland that I cannot possibly come to his house (as I had promised to do), and that I shall merely come down with you, to dine and sleep at the hotel. †a I have a notion, if it will suit you, of supplementing the speechmaking with a small N excursion†1 next Day to Stratford, or Kenilworth, or both, or somewhere else, in a jovial way. N.B. No substantial ground for the phantom of the Wye.†a†2

My Railway Assurance Premium may as well be kept up, I suppose, for another year.

I this day pay to your account at Coutt's, £200.

With love to Mrs. Dolby and the babbies, | Ever affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 13 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Thirteenth September 1869

Dear Holsworth

Please to get the undermentioned books for me,†3 and to put them on my table against my coming to town on Wednesday

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Ollendorff's Italian Grammar†4 | And Key.†5 | Blaaw's "Baron's War".†6

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 14 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth September 1869

My Dear Norton

You make me happy by what you write about the little speech.[†1] I send you enclosed a letter, chiefly concerning that same theme, which I received from Robert Lytton this morning.[†2] I thought I descried a good opportunity of saying something graceful and affectionate—and true—towards our friends in the States; and I seized it with all my heart.

That ridiculous Bear story I had seen in the French papers already![†3] The head and front of its beginning hath this extent[†4]—no more:—Some vansful of half drunken men halting at the Falstaff began to ill treat two itinerant French Exhibitors of Bears, who were before the door there. Seeing one of the two occupied with his bears (one of whom he had unmuzzled to scare those loafers), and the other down in the dust and set upon by several assailants, I dashed out, with a neat and appropriate exordium on the subject of British fair-play, and so shamed the offenders that they all fell to fighting together, while I got the unmuzzled bear muzzled again (principally, I fear, because he looked at me with an ugly confusion in his mind concerning my share in the affray), and drew the two poor fellows out of trouble. Even this business was such a short one that nobody in this house knew any thing about it until I recounted the adventure at dinner.

You recognize the twin brother of Smollett's[†5] old gentleman who was credibly reported to have vomited three black crows?[†6]

I hope you are all enjoying yourselves and are thoroughly well. My special love repaid (with interest due) to Mrs. Norton, and my kindest remembrances to all.

Ever My Dear Norton | Your affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 14 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Arthur Ryland Esquire | The Linthurst Hill | Bromsgrove | Birmingham.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth September 1869

My Dear Ryland (Pray let us drop the "Mr.", after all these years.)

I have not received the papers by book post; but I have received your notes,[†7] and I find them almost enough for me, if not quite. I can get at a good deal that I

don't know, from what I *do,* and your touches are exactly the touches for a great audience who are not to be wearied on any account by minute details. The great point is to be suggestive, and leave them the pleasure and interest of some working out on their own part.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 16 SEPTEMBER 1869

Text from Percy Fitzgerald, *Memories of CD,* 1913, p. 65.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, Sixteenth September, 1869.

My Dear Fitzgerald,

I enclose a cheque for £50. Will you kindly advise Holsworth[†1] of its safe receipt?

"The little victims play"[†2]

—with ready money—always under those circumstances, I am told![†3]

Ever your Venerable Sage,
CHARLES DICKENS

To JAMES HAMILTON, [16 SEPTEMBER 1869]

MS (envelope) Marion Public Library, Ohio. *Address:* American Mail | James Hamilton Esquire | care of | George W Childs Esquire | Ledger Office | Philadelphia | Pa | United States. PM 16 Sep 69.

To MRS BANKS,[†4] 21 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty First September 1869

Dear Mrs. Banks

I cannot forbear writing you a line to tell you that I am truly concerned to receive your account of your suffering; and that I would on no consideration have sent you the little poem[†5] for alteration, if I had known of your condition.

With sympathy and good wishes

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 21 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty First September 1869

My Dear Kent.

I will be at the A. Y. R. office at ¼ before 12 tomorrow (Wednesday.)

Ever affectionately

CD.

To J. R. ROBINSON,[†1] 21 SEPTEMBER 1869

MS (fragment) Beinecke Library, Yale University; transcribed before partial destruction in Prestwick air-crash, 1954.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty First September 1869

Dear Sir

Your letter has duly reached me here this morning.

I have already assured two correspondents from Birmingham, representing Birmingham newspapers, that I shall have no Manuscript address[†2] in my possession, and that such notes as I make on such occasions would be illegible to every one but myself.[†3]

But if any gentleman from the Daily News should be sent down to report me, I will readily place myself at his disposal immediately after the Meeting, and will go over his notes with him if he should require it, or give him any other facility in my power.[†4]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. R. Robinson Esquire

To DR W. S. SAUNDERS,[†5] 22 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Second September 1869

Dear Sir

I congratulate you very heartily on the success of your persevering and

honorable endeavours, so far.[†1] If I can ever assist you in advancing them through the columns of "All The Year Round", I use no mere form of words when I assure you that I will readily do so.[†2]

But I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. William Sedgwick Saunders

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 23 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Third September 1869

My Dearest Georgy. I am still undecided whether or no to come down to Gad's by the 2 . . 10 on Saturday. I rather think I ought to have some thicker clothes, and, if I can, I should like to get down and examine my stock. I have had a tough day of it, and (Charley being absent) must confer with the Printer again on Saturday morning. Until then I cannot be sure of my arrangements; so the best plan will be for you to expect me *unless I telegraph on Saturday forenoon.*

Love to all. Great and absorbing Estimate[†3] not yet sent in.

Ever Most affectionately

CD.

Send letters by tomorrow nights post, of course.

To J. C. PARKINSON, 23 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Mrs M. E. Parkinson

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Third September 1869

My Dear Parkinson.

I will with the greatest pleasure take whatever you may see your way to writing, out in the East.[†4] As you would not like to bind yourself, so I would not like to bind you, to any strictly conceived plan made beforehand. I shall have perfect confidence in you. Whatever you may see your way to, I will see mine to. We know enough of one another to be sure that we will both make the best of these conditions; but if you desire to suggest any others, tell me what they are.

For want of available space, I have been compelled slightly to abbreviate the Velocipede article.[†1] I have done this chiefly with reference to the Doctor.[†2] All that you wrote about him is substantially there, but not literally.

I heartily wish you a pleasant and safe journey. If any thing should be in your mind bearing on the conclusion of the first paragraph of this note, do not hesitate to make it plainly known to me.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. C. Parkinson Esquire

To THE REV. DR T. F. REDHEAD,[†3] 23 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* The Rev: Dr. Redhead | Rock Ferry | Cheshire.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Twenty Third September 1869

My Dear Sir

I am really obliged to you for your genial letter, and for its enclosure[†4] now returned. If any spiritual pastor and master could amaze me, this shining pillar of the Church would;[†5] but I am past the state of mind in that connexion.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev: Dr. Redhead

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 24 SEPTEMBER 1869

MS Johns Hopkins University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twenty Fourth Septr 1869

My Dear F. C.

Charles Collins wishes to try his hand at illustrating my new book.[†6] I want him to try the cover first.[†7] Please send down to him at Gad's Hill, any of our old green covers that you may have by you.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

To J. S. LE FANU,[†1] 24 SEPTEMBER 1869

Extract in N, III, 742.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | 24th September 1869

I had best let you know that I have safely received your MS.[†2] and have sent it to the printer.

I tried to read it in your writing, but could not succeed without devoting more time to the task than I could spare.

To MRS ELLIOT, 25 SEPTEMBER 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Fifth September 1869

My Dear F.

I have just received yours dated Florence, the 20th. I cannot quite make out from it whether you duly received the last letter I sent you addressed to Homburg;[†3] but I suppose it can hardly have missed you, as I wrote it before you announced your intention of leaving that place.

You will of course understand that you are now in the hands of Dr. Stephens, and that I altogether withdraw from any further mediation either with the Dean or with his brother. It seems to me a little inconsistent with the facts that Dr. Stephens should formally write to the Dean and declare he would interpose no further, and that he *should* interpose in the next breath—but that is his affair, not mine. I have no feeling towards him but grateful satisfaction in being freed of the business, and (for kindred reasons) I am perfectly satisfied with you.

I shall remain undemonstrative, unless the Dean should write to me. In that case I must answer him, and will merely reply that I have finished my mediation and have nothing further to say.

Affectionately Yours always

CD.

To MR and MRS J. T. FIELDS, [?29 SEPTEMBER 1869]

Mention in Annie Fields's Diary, (George Curry, *CD and Annie Fields*, p. 46). *Date:* probably written to await them at their London hotel, on their return from their continental tour, 29 Sep 69.

Confirming his invitation for them to come to Gad's Hill on 9 Oct.

To CHARLES KENT, 29 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "The Sun" Office | Strand | London | W. C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Twenty Ninth September 1869

My Dear Kent

I have just time before the post goes out, to let you know that the enclosed circular[†1] was awaiting me here with a private note. I have of course replied that I am pledged to non intervention.

Affecy. Ever

CD.

To J. H. NIGHTINGALE, 29 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Edward Caulfield. *Address:* J. H. Nightingale Esquire | 16 Castle Street | Liverpool.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Ninth September | 1869

My Dear Mr. Nightingale.

I am sorry that I cannot be of any service to you and your partner, in the matter of The Gazette.[†2] But I stand pledged (in behalf of another candidate) to non intervention. Let me add for your comfort that I know of no interest or power whatever in this connexion to which I could lay claim in the most sanguine of moments.

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. H. Nightingale Esquire.

To WILLIAM DAY, 30 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirtieth September 1869

Dear Mr. Day

I think that the sheets I now send you, comprehend all remaining to me to

correct.[†1] Please be sure of this, before going to press according to Mr. Fredk. Chapman's instructions.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES FECHTER, 30 SEPTEMBER 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirtieth September 1869

My Dear Fechter

I am very glad indeed that things had taken a turn for the better, when you wrote from Leeds. As the proverb says that "one good turn deserves another," I hope this good turn will be followed by many more.

There must be something wrong about your receipt of your letters—possibly because you are so often changing about. Dolby not only told me (he was with me at Birmingham on Monday) that he had written to you—I think he said— several times; but declared, beyond all possibility of my mistaking him, that he had definitely decided on not going to America, and had explained to you his position, and his reasons for that decision, in a letter. I am quite certain of this. He started away from me for Dover direct, to join his sister in her Concert-Tour.

We are all well here, and all send you best love. We often talk of you. A very satisfactory letter was received from Plorn the other day, who again emphatically underlined: *"Mind you give my best love to Mr. Fechter."*

I am getting to work on a new book, and that is the only piece of news I have to report of myself:—except the enclosed announcement,[†2] which I think you know of. O! I forgot.—Do look at the enclosed paragraph from a French newspaper.[†3] It was cut out and sent to me by Lady Molesworth. Is it not amazing?

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To MR SMITH,[†4] 30 SEPTEMBER [1869]*

MS John S. Barnet. *Date:* Thursday was only 30 Sep when CD was at Gad's Hill in 1869.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Thirtieth Septem[ber 1869]

Mr. Charles Dickens is not [desirous] of any new dog, and therefo[re declines]
Mr. Smith's offer with thanks.[†5]

October

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 1 OCTOBER 1869

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday First October 1869

My Dear Robert Lytton

I am assured by a correspondent that John Ackland[†1] has been done before! Said correspondent has evidently read the story—and is almost confident—in Chambers's Journal.[†2] This is very unfortunate, but

of course can not be helped. There is always a possibility of such a malignant conjunction of stars, when the story is a true one that has been narrated here and there.

You will of course understand that I do not tell you this by way of complaint. Indeed I should not have mentioned it at all, but as an explanation to you of my reason for winding the story up (which I have done to day) as expeditiously as possible.[†3] You might otherwise have thought me, on reading it as published, a little hard on Mr. Doiley.[†4] I have not had time to direct search to be made into Chambers; but as to the main fact of the story having been printed somewhere, I have not the faintest doubt. And I believe my correspondent to be also right as to the where. You could not help it any more than I could, and therefore will not be troubled by it any more than I am.

[†a] I beg to send my love (if I may) to Mrs. Lytton and the Boffins, and am ever

Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Oxford men did not behave handsomely to the Harvard men—as to receiving them as strangers—and the latter were sore about it when I saw them—But I am delighted to find that they took a hint I quietly dropped them in the little speech,[†5] and have magnanimously held their peace on the point, over yonder.[†a]

To WILLIAM DAY, 4 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Mr. Day | Messrs. Clowes and Son | Duke Street | Stamford Street | London S.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Fourth October, 1869

Dear Mr. Day

You may take it for granted that I have no corrections to make in the unreturned "revises",[†1] and that you may consider them as sent back for press. The only exception is the sheet in which the section on The Lord's Prayer begins.[†2] I should like to look at that, again.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. T. FIELDS, 6 OCTOBER 1869

Text from photocopy in Houghton Library, Harvard.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Sixth October, 1869.

My Dear Fields

Delighted to enjoy the prospect of seeing you and yours on Saturday. Wish you had been at Birmingham. Wish you were not going home. Wish you had nothing to do with the Byron matter.[†3] Wish

Mrs. Stowe was in the pillory.[†4] Wish Fechter had gone over when he ought.[†5] Wish he may not go under when he oughtn't.

With love | Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To H. S. PEARSON,[†6] 6 OCTOBER 1869

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Sixth October, 1869

Sir

You are perfectly right in your construction of my meaning at Birmingham.[†7] If

a capital P be put to the word People in its second use in the sentence, and not in its first, I should suppose the passage next to impossible to be mistaken;[†1] even if it were read without any reference to the whole spirit of my speech and the whole tenor of my writings.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Pearson Esquire[†3]

To J. S. LE FANU, [?EARLY OCTOBER 1869]

Mention in *To* Le Fanu, 24 Nov. *Date:* after CD had read the text of Le Fanu's "Green Tea", printed from MS: see 24 Sep.

To CHARLES KENT, 7 OCTOBER 1869

Text from MDGH, 11, 429.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, Oct. 7th, 1869.

My Dear Kent,

I felt that you would be deeply disappointed.[†4] I thought it better not to make the first sign while you were depressed, but my mind has been constantly with you. And not mine alone. You cannot think with what affection and sympathy you have been made the subject of our family dinner talk at Gad's Hill these last three days. Nothing could exceed the interest of my daughters and my sister-in-law, or the earnestness of their feeling about it. I have been really touched by its warm and genuine expression.

Cheer up, my dear fellow; cheer up, for God's sake. That is, for the sake of all that is good in you and around you.

Ever your affectionate Friend

To DR T. M. SUNTER,[†1] 9 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Evening Ninth October 1869

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Dr. Sunter, and in reference to Dr. Sunter's enquiry regrets that he has no clue whatever to the lecture in question.[†2] He heard it delivered, and remembered at the time that a portion of it had appeared, in another form, in Punch. He has no other knowledge of it.

To MRS ELLIOT, 10 OCTOBER 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Tenth October, 1869

My Dear F.

Do not for a moment suppose that I am in the slightest degree vexed with you, or that there is any atom of estrangement between us. I assure you with the utmost sincerity that it is *not the case.* You know I would not tell you so, if the fact were otherwise.

But I could not on any consideration meet Frederick Elliot with the pretence that you were acting under my advice, when your course was taken, to my certain knowledge, on other advice. Least of all could I do this, after Dr. Stephens had (so to speak) committed himself, in writing to the Dean, to non interference between you. Therefore my renunciation is absolute and final; but (once more understand) without the slightest reproach to you, expressed or implied.

Nay more: I sincerely think you are better in Dr. Stephens's hands than you were in mine. He is acquainted with the whole case, and must know how the facts and figures have come into existence, far better than I possibly can.

The Dean called upon me at my office on Friday. I told him that I had declined all further interference, because you had another adviser. He said immediately that he knew it to be Doctor Stephens. I said I knew nothing about that; how did *he* know, or why did he suspect? He was not clear in reply, but afterwards sent me an extract (underlined) from that letter of Dr. Stephens' to which I have already referred. Before he went away, he said he wished you to know that whatever proceeding he took, would be taken "in a friendly spirit." I replied that I could not undertake to make that communication to you, or any other. I now write to him that he will please observe that I do not bind myself to his assumption respecting Dr. Stephens, and that I express no opinion on any point at issue.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To THE VERY REV. GILBERT ELLIOT, [?10 OCTOBER 1869]

Mention in last. No doubt written same day.

To J. T. FIELDS, 10 OCTOBER 1869*

MS (copy) Huntington Library.

Gad's Hill Place | Sunday Tenth October, 1869

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his respectful compliments to The Hon. James T. Fields (of Boston, Mass. U.S.) and will be happy to receive a visit from the Hon. J. T. F. in the small library as above, at The Hon. J. T. F.'s leisure.†1

To F. D. FINLAY, 14 OCTOBER 1869

MS Comtesse de Suzannet. *Address:* Private | Frank D. Finlay Esquire | Northern Whig Office | Belfast.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourteenth October 1869

My Dear Finlay

I retain the paper†2 with pleasure, and am heartily glad it was no worse:— I don't mean the paper, but the adventure.†3

I saw the account of that poor boy's drowning,†4 and set it so strongly in my mind against the merry family-picture your wife had sketched to Georgina, that it abided by me sadly. My love to her, and to all.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Frank D Finlay Esquire

To JAMES BIRTLES, 15 OCTOBER 1869*

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | Friday Fifteenth October 1869

Mem:

Mr. Oxenford wants a proof of this†5 *as soon as convenient.*—I believe he is going away.

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 15 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fifteenth October 1869

My Dear Kent

The sudden doubt[†1] *does*[†2] appear in my eyes the wildest hallucination! I am perfectly certain that your impulse was thoroughly manly and noble, and to be acted upon with thorough confidence. I read the article with unqualified pleasure, sympathy, and respect. It could not have been better.[†3]

I take blame to myself now, for not having at once written and told you so. But I came to town (how *could* you know that, by the bye!) and hoped to see you.

Ever affectionately

CD

To MRS DALLAS, 17 OCTOBER 1869

Extract in unidentified catalogue at Dickens House; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 17 Oct 69; addressed Mrs Dallas.

You do not know how difficult it is for me to maintain a correspondence after the day's work is done. I have lost two Australian mails in succession in sheer inability to write to my pet boy.[†4]

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 17 OCTOBER 1869

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Seventeenth October, 1869

My Dear Fitzgerald

I have been unfortunate in missing you at the office. It is at once amusing and amazing to me to find you speculating whether your new state of life[†5] has anything to do with it!!! I am at work upon a new book, and have had occasional glimpses of a holiday, but have been there regularly to work—for all that—though not to sleep or stay.

I shall be there again on Thursday. In the meantime you shall have what is printed of the Bridge of Sighs,[†1] to abbreviate according to your knowledge of the story.

In haste | Ever affecy Yours

CD.

To CHARLES KENT, 17 OCTOBER 1869

Mention in Dickens Exhibition, New Dudley Gallery catalogue, 1908; *MS* 1 p.; with envelope and enclosure; dated Gad's Hill, 17 Oct 69; addressed Charles Kent.

Referring to the Editorship of The London Gazette,[†2] *and the patronage thereof.*

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 18 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Dr. Charles Mackay | Fern Dell | near | Dorking.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighteenth October 1869

My Dear Mackay

You are perfectly free to collect your papers from All The Year Round. My usual custom is to stipulate for a reasonable interval—say six months in fairness to the Journal—between publication in A. Y. R. and republication elsewhere.[†3] Serial stories have special agreements.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Charles Mackay

To W. C. MACREADY, 18 OCTOBER 1869†

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighteenth October 1869

My Dearest Macready

I duly received your letter nearly a fortnight ago, with the greatest interest and pleasure. Above all things I am delighted with the prospect of seeing you here next summer; a prospect which has been received with nine times nine and one more by the whole house. You will hardly know the place again, it *is* so changed. You are not expected to admire—but there IS[†4] a Conservatory building at this moment—be still my soul![†5]

This leaves me in the preliminary agonies of a new book; which I hope to begin publishing (in 12 Numbers: not 20) next March. The coming Readings,

being all in London, and being, after the first fortnight, only once a week, will divert my attention very little, I hope.

†a May you be as disgusted with Mrs. Stowe as I am!†1 There is a strong article upon her posthumous scandal, in the current Quarterly.†2 Her "facts" are as the stock in trade of the old china shop was to the dancing bull.

Forster, besides having had a very long Circuit, has had a very troublesome return of his bronchitis. Mrs. Forster was very much troubled about him a few weeks ago, but he has since taken a turn greatly for the better. I dined with them alone last Friday, and thought him looking far stronger than I had expected. His cough too was quite mild. But he lives in one perpetual terror of taking cold. I told him I had heard from you, and we fell into a long talk about the dear old days.†a

Harry has just gone up to Cambridge again, and I hope will get a Fellowship in good time. †a But I have learnt to be†3 moderate in such expectations.†a Wills is much gratified by your remembrance, and sends his warm regard. He wishes me to represent that he is very little to be pitied. That he suffers no pain—scarcely inconvenience, even—so long as he is idle.†4 That he likes illness exceedingly.

†a And that on the whole he thinks he has retired in a gentlemanlike manner.†a He has bought a country place by Welwyn in Hertfordshire†5—near Lytton's—and takes possession presently.

My boy Sydney is now a Second Lieutenant: the youngest in the service, I believe. He has the highest testimonials as an officer;†6 †a but I fear he has an inveterate habit of drawing bills, that will ruin him.†7

Think of Horne having come back from Australia!†8 You know, perhaps, that he never gave his wife†9 one shilling,†10 and that she has supported herself all these years by photographic printing, working from morning to night for a small pittance.†11 Yet (and although he owes me a good sum of money besides)†12 he wrote me a letter from off the Lizard, on the whole giving me his blessing, and announcing himself to be "now blest with a small independence, the result of his

energy and perseverance"!†1 I *could not* answer it, and I will not.†2 You see that he justifies your old opinion of him.†a †3

You may be quite sure there will be no international racing in American waters. Oxford knows better, or I am mistaken. The Harvard Crew were a very good set of fellows, and very modest—on this side of the Atlantic.

Ryland of Birmingham doesn't look a day older, and was full of interest in you, and asked me to remind you of him. By the bye: At Elkington's†4 I saw a pair of immense plated tea urns from a Railway station (Stafford) sent there to be repaired. They were honey-combed within in all directions, and had been supplying the passengers, under the active agency of hot water, with decomposed lead, copper, and a few other deadly poisons for Heaven knows how many years.

I must leave off in a hurry to catch the post, after a hard day's work.

Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate and attached

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS MACREADY, 18 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Fales Library, New York University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Eighteenth October 1869

My Dear Mrs. Macready

I have a mere moment before the departure of the post, to thank you heartily for your Postcript.

Give my love to my noble friend,[†5] and tell him that I have put his portrait in my book of pets:—which is a very small book. I hope to get a jollier portrait of him one of these days—say as Gavazzi[†6] in a highly Anti-Papal State.

Best love from Mary, Georgina, Katie, and your always affectionate friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. MAYER[†7] [? 11-18 OCTOBER 1869]

Mention in *The Times*, 20 Oct 69. *Date:* no doubt during previous week (see below).

Sending apologies for not attending the unveiling on 19 Oct.

To MESSRS ELKAN NATHAN & ELKAN, 19 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Messrs. Elkan Nathan & Elkan | 69 Aldersgate Street | London | E. C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Nineteenth October | 1869

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Messrs. Elkan Nathan and Elkan, and begs to thank them for their obliging note and box of cigars.

To JOHN MURRAY,[†1] 19 OCTOBER 1869†

MS Sir John Murray.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Nineteenth October, 1869

My Dear Murray

I think I am indebted to you for the current number of the Quarterly,[†2] which I received here on Sunday morning.

Anyhow, accept my thanks for the gratification I have had in reading the Byron paper.[†2] [†a] It is admirably done (though certainly with more command of temper than I could have brought to bear upon it, if I had had to do it), and should for ever dispose of Mrs. Stowe's bestiality, concerning which infamous piece of trading in the dead, I want a new language in which to express the strength of my abhorrence.

I was sent for, to have a very solemn interview alone with "Ada"[†3] when she was dying (She had wished for it in consequence of her having thought much, during her illness, of the death of the child in Dombey.)[†4] She little thought, in speaking to me of her father, that the Ghoules were even then growing their nails for his grave; but I think of it now.

Lord help us all! To be, even for a month, at the mercy of the Beecher Stowes and the Preacher Foes![†a]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

John Murray Esquire

To MRS ELLIOT, 20 OCTOBER 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twentieth October 1869

My Dear F.

Yours of the 14th. received this morning. Finding the Dean inclined to put his

own construction on things, I wrote him an emphatic letter the other day,[†1] saying that I must protest against his assuming *any* thing but that you had another adviser. He would please observe that he must not assume, either that I objected to the adviser, or to the advice, or to any thing else. This I put strongly, shortly, and explicitly.

Privately, I tell you that he is, beyond all question, at least as much at a loss as you can be. And further:—I do really believe that he is far more afraid of Dr. Stephens than of anybody else: immeasurably more so. You know that I never rated my own influence in the matter, as really worth Twopence. Dr. Stephens knows his way through the antecedents, and is, as to me, a Giant beside a Dwarf, or King Richard the First's mare in comparison with a walking cane.

Be sure that I am now and always | Affectionately Yours
CD.

To MESSRS NEWCOMB & CO., 20 OCTOBER 1869

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue, 1986; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 20 Oct 69; addressed Messrs Newcomb & Co.

Instructing them to make the bearer, George Butler,[†2] a new livery suit, and also a stable suit.

To R. H. HORNE, [21 OCTOBER 1869]

Mention in Horne to CD, 22 Oct 69 (MS Mr Thomas V. Lange). *Date:* Horne's copy of his letter to CD endorsed at top of page "Reply to his note of Oct 21 | 8."

Terminating their correspondence in response to Horne's first letter, written from the Lady Jocelyn *on his arrival in England;*[†3] *and refusing to accept Horne's claim to have achieved an independence, for reasons which Horne had evidently forgotten, but CD had not.*[†4]

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 21 OCTOBER 1869†

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty First October 1869

My Dear Robert Lytton

I am quite concerned that you should take John Ackland so much to heart.[†1] It is not worth a second thought. And I particularly entreat you to retain the enclosed cheque as balancing our account, to this time, for all of yours yet published in these pages. It would have been more, of course, but for the urgent reason for getting rid of our dear John speedily.

I have made no further discovery in detail. As my correspondent in cautioning me of the anticipation, told me what the end of the story was, concerning the watch,[†2] I have no doubt whatever that the story was previously told and printed. But I think it better to set no one here on to enquire about it or look it up. If it should never turn up, tant mieux.

[†a] In the case of a good story—as this is—liable for years to be told at table—as this was—there is nothing wonderful in such a mischance. Let us shuffle the cards, as Sancho says, and begin again.[†3] The more I get of your writing, the better I shall be pleased.[†a]

Affectionately Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 26 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Berg Collection. *Address*: Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "The Sun" Office | Strand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday Twenty Sixth October 1869

My Dear Kent.

If you have done with the Child's New Testament,[†4] will you kindly return it here.

Ever affectionately

CD

There are 49 applicants for that office.[†5]

To WALTER THORNBURY, 26 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND
Tuesday Twenty Sixth October 1869

My Dear Thornbury.

I shall be very happy indeed to bestow my best attention on your friend from Cuba.[†1]

My impression is, that Fitzball[†2] is dead. When last heard of, he did an Egyptian piece at Drury Lane[†3]:—a terrific failure. As I have not the least idea why I think he is dead, it is an even chance that he may be alive; so my information concerning him is highly worth having! (He is said to have married the Ghost from Richardson's[†4] show.)

Poole is still conversible. He is deeply interested at present in the death of Mrs. Mathews.[†5]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To G. W. RUSDEN, 24 and 28 OCTOBER 1869

MS Trinity College, University of Melbourne.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Fourth October, 1869

My Dear Mr. Rusden

I was amused, and not surprised, by your reference to Young Dilke's[†6]

book,[†1] in your letter of the 17th of June. The ease with which statements of inexperienced young men who "travel", and who cannot possibly have the means of forming correct judgments, are received, is always a perfectly astounding and inexplicable thing to me.

This very day a great meeting is announced to come off in London, as a demonstration in favor of a Fenian "amnesty".[†2] No doubt its numbers and importance are ridiculously over-estimated, but I believe the Gathering will turn out to be big enough to be a very serious obstruction in the London Streets.[†3] I have a grave doubt whether such demonstrations ought to be allowed. They are bad, as a precedent, and they unquestionably interfere with the general liberty and freedom of the subject. Moreover, the time must come when this kind of threat and defiance will have to be forcibly stopped; and then the unreasonable toleration of it will lead to a sacrifice of life among the comparatively innocent lookers on that might have been avoided but for a false confidence on their part, engendered in the damnable system of "laissez-aller." You see how right we were, you and I, in our last correspondence on this head, and how desperately unsatisfactory the condition of Ireland is:—especially when considered with a reference to America. The Government has, through Mr. Gladstone, just now spoken out boldly, in reference to this desired Amnesty. (So much the better for them, or they would unquestionably have gone by the board.) Still there is an uneasy feeling abroad, that Mr. Gladstone himself would grant this Amnesty if he dared,[†4] and that there is great weakness at the root of their Irish policy. And this feeling is very strong among the noisiest Irish howlers. Meanwhile our newspapers go on arguing Irish matters, as if the Irish were a reasonable people. In which immense assumption I have not the smallest faith.

Again I have to thank you most heartily for your kindness to my two boys.[†1] It is impossible to predict how Plorn will settle down, or come out of the effort to do so. But he has unquestionably an affectionate nature and a certain romantic touch in him. Both of these qualities are, I hope, more impressible for good than for evil, and I trust in God for the rest.

The Lady Jocelyn was so long coming over, that I began to think the Developer of the Australian Wine-trade,[†2] food for fishes. However, he turned up at last. As I could by no means under-write his public claims in that wise, or any other wise, I delicately hinted, on his reporting himself to me, that we had best keep wide asunder, beyond the danger of discussing them.[†3]

The news of Lord Derby's[†4] death[†5] will reach you, I suppose, at about the same time as this letter. A rash, impetuous, passionate man; but a great loss for his party, as a man of mind and mark. I was staying, last June, with Lord Russell—six or seven years older, but (except for being rather deaf) in wonderful preservation, and brighter and more completely armed at all points[†6] than I have seen him these twenty years.

I wonder whether you have taken much interest, over yonder, in the Byron scandal![†7] It seems to me that to knock Mrs. Beecher Stowe on the head, and confiscate everything about it in a great international bonfire to be simultaneously lighted over the whole civilized earth, would be the only pleasant way of putting an end to the business.

As this need not be posted until Friday, I shall leave it open for a final word or two, and am until then—and then—and always afterwards—My Dear Mr. Rusden Your faithful and much obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

Thursday Twenty Eight. We have no news in England, except two slight changes in the Government, consequent on Layard's becoming our Minister at Madrid. He is not long married to a charming lady[†8] and will be far better in Spain than in the House of Commons. The Ministry are now holding councils on the Irish Land Tenure question, which is the next difficulty they have to deal with, as you know.[†9] Last Sunday's meeting was a preposterous failure; still it

brought together in the streets all the ruffian part of the population of London, and that is a serious evil which any one of a thousand accidents might render mischievous. There is no existing law, however, to stop these assemblages, so that they keep moving while in the streets. The Government was undoubtedly wrong when it supposed it had the right to close Hyde Park; that is now universally conceded.

I write to Alfred and Plorn, both by this Mail. They never can say enough of your kindness when they write to me.

To ALFRED DICKENS, [28 OCTOBER 1869]

Mention *To* Rusden, 28 Oct. *Date*: written same day.

To EDWARD DICKENS, [28 OCTOBER 1869]

Mention in *To* Rusden, 28 Oct. *Date*: written same day.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 29 OCTOBER 1869

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Athenæum | Friday Twenty Ninth October | 1869

My Dear F. C.

If we do my new book together[†1] and Mr. Collins illustrates it,[†2] he must be paid what Marcus Stone was paid.[†3] I find that he knows how much that was, and as I hope he will do better—instead of worse—it would be unreasonable to offer him less. His cover is well worth £10. There can be no doubt about that. To offer him less would be absurd.

When you have made up your mind as to your proposal, you had better make it to me. Because I want to conclude an American negociation for simultaneous publication,[†4] and I am pestered with offers of various sorts.

I shall be at the office at One tomorrow, at 2 on Wednesday, and at any time on Thursday.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To EDMUND OLLIER, 30 OCTOBER 1869*

MS Chicago Public Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Thirtieth October 1869

My Dear Mr. Ollier

I beg to enclose you a cheque for £5 towards the deficiency.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edmund Ollier Esquire

November

To MESSRS ELKAN NATHAN & ELKAN, 1 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Fales Library, New York University. *Address:* Messrs. Elkan Nathan and Elkan | 69 Aldersgate Street | London.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday First November 1869

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his Compliments to Messrs. Elkan Nathan and Elkan, and begs to acknowledge with thanks the safe receipt of the box of cigars. His absence from this house has prevented his writing sooner.

To ROBERT BANKS,[†2] [?4 NOVEMBER 1869]

Mention in *To* Miss Hogarth, 5 Nov. *Date:* probably written day before.

To HENRY SPICER, 4 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Boston Athenæum.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth November 1869

My Dear Spicer

I am very sorry to have been engaged when you called this afternoon, and am still more sorry that you are engaged next Sunday. Could you not come to Gad's Hill on the following Saturday or Sunday? I should be really and heartily glad to receive you there, in some rare interval of your being on the wing.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Spicer Esquire

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 4 NOVEMBER 1869

MS Berg Collection. *Address* (MS Free Library of Philadelphia): T. Adolphus Trollope Esqre. | Villa Trollope | Ricorboli | Firenze | Italy.[†1] PM 4 Nov 69.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourth November 1869.

My Dear Trollope.

The money had been paid in to your bankers (as I settled with Fanny when she was here) before I received your letter accompanying your pretty story.

I am in the hopeless difficulty concerning the latter, that I have already *two*[†2] serial stories accepted and partly printed (for publication in the end of the Nos.: not the beginning),[†3] and consequently have no room for still another serial. Two progressing stories at a time are as much as the small space at command will bear; and I stand pledged to Veronica's[†4] successor,[†5] as well as to the writers— one after the other— of these two shorter tales.

Moreover: with the utmost care, it is sometimes impossible to prevent a topic from over-running a single article; and in that case I am driven to all sorts of expedients for renewing it without seeming to distract the reader with still another Continuation. This cramps me still more in the arrangement of the (only) four and twenty weekly pages.

I go into these details to explain to you that I am, for some time, at a deadlock as to stories to be continued. What shall I do? Shall I send your MS to you—or to any one—or shall I keep it by me?[†6] It shall safely abide your reply at your convenience.

Walk across the Alps? Lord bless you, I am "going" to take up my alpenstock and cross all the Passes, and I am "going" to Italy; I am also "going" up the Nile to the Second Cataract, and I am "going" to Jerusalem, and to India, and likewise to Australia. My only dimness of perception in this wise, is, that I don't know when. If I did but know when, I should be so wonderfully clear about it all! At present I can't see even so much as the Simplon, in consequence of certain Farewell Readings, and a certain new book (just begun) interposing their dwarfish shadow. But whenever (if ever) I change "going" into "coming", I shall come to see you.

With kind regard | Ever My Dear Trollope
Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Here's a state of things about Dr. Temple of Rugby![†7] Here's a state of things

about priesthood generally! Of course you are going (and probably on your knees) to the Council at Rome.[†1]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 4 NOVEMBER 1869

Extract in Goodspeed's catalogue No. 147 (Jan-Mar 1922); *MS* 1 p.; dated in Puttick & Simpson catalogue, Dec 1877, 4 Nov 69.

Many thanks for your note. I cannot be in Town Tuesday (having an engagement at home), but I really am so disgusted with Mrs. Stowe's diseased appetite for notoriety[†2] that I would rather not minister to it even to the extent of privately looking through papers that might never have left their resting place but for her late outbreak of that very gross disorder.

To JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, 5 NOVEMBER 1869

Text from N, III, 749. Envelope (MS Dickens House): John Henry Chamberlain Esquire | Birmingham and Midland Institute | Birmingham.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | Friday Fifth November 1869

My Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter I beg to say that the Council are at perfect liberty to print and circulate my address at Birmingham,[†3] and that I will readily correct the proofs if they be sent to me for that purpose.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 5 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Fifth November 1869

My Dearest Georgy.

Aldridge's letter is very comic. Tell him that you forwarded it to me. And ask him, whatever he does to the Billiard Room ceiling, to do something DURABLE.[†4]

I have not heard from Kent.—I suppose he must be away. If you know his hand, open any letter from him if any should come to Gad's.

Mr. Chappuis[†5] will come down himself, probably by the 2..10 from Charing Cross tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon, to see about the Reflectors. Of course,

the thing being done at all, we want it done as completely as possible. He is first to decide whether it *can* be done, observe.

Tell George[†1] that I have been strongly recommended by a hunting authority very learned in horses, to one Mr. Banks a dealer in London, and a Commission agent. That I have written to this Mr. Banks describing what I want to buy, and that I have told him I will send George up on Monday morning to see him.

Until Sunday and Ever, Most affectionately

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 5 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
5th. November 1869

No. 2

My Dearest Georgy.

Have a room ready for Spicer on Sunday. I believe he is coming down.

Ever affecy.

CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 5 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Fifth November 1869

No. 3!!!

My Dearest Georgy

Another Express! Kent comes also.

Ever CD.

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, [5 NOVEMBER 1869]

MS (envelope only) Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* Dr. Charles Mackay | Fern Dale Cottage | Boxhill | Surrey. PM 5 Nov 69.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 5 NOVEMBER 1869

Mention in American Art Association Catalogue No. 3823; MS 1 p.; dated 5 Nov 69.

Declining to prolong his series of readings.

To AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, 8 NOVEMBER 1869

MS British Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Eighth November 1869

My Dear Layard,

On Friday or Saturday next, I can come to you at any time after 12 that will best suit your convenience. I had no idea of letting you go away without my God Speed; but I knew how busy you must be; and kept in the background biding my time.

I am sure you know that there is no man living more attached to you than I am. After considering the subject with the jealousy of a friend, I have a strong conviction that your change[†1] is a good one; ill as you can be spared from the thin ranks of men who are in earnest here.

With Kindest regard to Mrs. Layard.
Ever Faithfully Yours.
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES LEVER,[†2] 8 NOVEMBER 1869

Text from N, III, 749-50.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | Monday Eighth November 1869

My Dear Lever

This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Charles Kent, a very particular friend of mine, an accomplished gentleman, an excellent writer, and for many years proprietor and Editor of the Sun Newspaper. He is merely "flying through;" but has read you so much, and has written about you so often, that he is naturally Desirous to see you. Wish I could bring him to you myself! I was dragged out of London by the hair of my head so ruthlessly when we ought to have met, this last spring, that I would spite any other friend but Kent by making a solemn declaration of your being absent on leave.

Believe me, my Dear Lever, | Ever Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES FECHTER, [EARLY NOVEMBER 1869]

Mention in *To* Georgina Hogarth, 12 Nov. *Date:* probably a day or two before that letter.

To CHARLES FECHTER, [? EARLY NOVEMBER 1869]

Telegram (mention in *To* Georgina Hogarth, 12 Nov). *Date:* no doubt same day as last.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 11 NOVEMBER 1869

Text from N, III, 750.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday, Eleventh November, 1869

My Dear Fitzgerald

I am afraid the monkey is anticipated. It has been exceedingly well done by F. Buckland[†1] in Land and Water,[†2] and would be a day after the Fair.[†3] I was going to place him today, but in the meantime caught sight of Buckland's paper, which has been extensively copied in weekly and country journals.

Ever faithfully
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To ARTHUR HELPS, 11 NOVEMBER 1869

Extract in Documents and Autographs catalogue, Feb 1968; *MS* 1 p.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Eleventh November, 1869

My Dear Helps,

Thanking him for sending a ticket,[†4] *but also returning it* because I cannot possibly go.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Twelfth November 1869

My Dearest Georgy. I had the Layard letter all right this morning, and I go there this afternoon. Tomorrow I give Palmer[†5] a little dinner (with only Dolby) in Regent Street.[†6] *He will engage Fechter at £90 a night*, if Fechter be not stark staring mad.[†7] I have telegraphed to him and written to him, and will settle the engagement at dinner tomorrow, in the improbable event of his turning out sane.

I intend to drop both tea and coffee in the morning. Please get in some of that Homœopathic[†1] Cocoa, and let me have a jug or pot of it containing 2 large cups—always boiled with milk, and no water—on the table at breakfast always.

Ever most affecy

CD.

To J. T. FIELDS, [?MID-NOVEMBER 1869]

Mention in *To* Harper & Brothers, 22 Mar 70. *Date:* answering Fields's letter written "immediately on his return home to Boston" from England (late Oct 69).

Acknowledging his Agreement to send early sheets of Edwin Drood *to Fields, Osgood & Co., which he had made considerably earlier, but forgotten.*

To MISS HARNESS, 17 NOVEMBER 1869

MS Mrs Duncan-Jones. *Address:* Miss Harness | Hyde Park Terrace | Kensington Gore | London | W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Seventeenth November, 1869

My Dear Miss Harness

I hope I may not intrude upon your sacred grief, by sending you my poor word of loving remembrance of one of the very best of men.[†2] I can think of none so hopeless of replacement. Dear good gentle noble heart!

God be with you—as He will—in your affliction. So prays

Your affectionate and mourning friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS NEWCOMB & CO., 17 NOVEMBER 1869

Extract in N, 111, 751.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday Seventeenth November 1869

Be so good as to make the page, Armatage, a new livery suit as before, and also morning clothes as before.

Messrs. Newcomb & Co.[†3]

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 18 NOVEMBER 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighteenth November 1869

My Dear FitzGerald.

For my sake—if not for Heaven's—do, I entreat you, look over your Manuscript[†1] before sending it to the printer. Its condition involves us all in hopeless confusion, and really occasions a great unnecessary cost. I was going to place the enclosed article[†2] just now, but found it really impossible to deal with, having regard to the other business to be done.

Ever Faithfully CD.

To HENRY PALMER, 18 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighteenth November 1869

My Dear Mr. Palmer

The enclosed letter was just going to be posted to you when a note (which I now answer) arrived from you at 5 minutes to 3. I am here until a quarter past 3, and will be here again at ½ past 4.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MOWBRAY MORRIS, [20 NOVEMBER 1869]

Mention in next. *Date*: written day before.

Recommending T. A. Trollope for a position on The Times.[†3]

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 21 NOVEMBER 1869†

Text from transcript by Edgar Johnson of MS in possession of unknown owner.

Gad' Hill Place
Sunday, Twenty First November, 1869

My Dear Trollope

I send you this hasty note to let you know that on receiving your letter yesterday, I wrote to Mowbray Morris in the strongest terms, setting forth my small testimony. I know him very well, but know Delane much better: before whom I have no doubt my letter will go.

The account of that precious Parsonic meeting[†1] which attracted your attention, attracted mine too. There is the usual tendency in that order to be more mad than usual, which precedes destruction.

[†a] O we have such a specimen here! A man who discourses extemporaneously, positively without the power of constructing one grammatical sentence, but who is (ungrammatically) deep in Heaven's

confidence on the abstrusest points, and discloses some of his private information with an idiotic complacency insupportable to behold.[†2]

We are going to have a bad Winter here in England too probably. What with Ireland, and what with the last new Government device of getting in the taxes before they are due, and what with vagrancy, and what with fever, the prospect is gloomy.[†a]

With kind regards Ever My Dear Trollope
Affectionately yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR EMIL LEHMANN,[†3] 22 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Mrs Miriam Green.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Second November, 1869

Dear Sir

It is quite understood between your brother Frederic and myself that the right of translating my new book into German shall be reserved to you,[†4] and that the business details shall be arranged by your brother on his return to England.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Emil Lehmann

To MRS ELLIOT, 23 NOVEMBER 1869†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Tuesday Twenty Third November 1869

My Dear F.

I am unable to give you any pledge or promise respecting the Dolomite paper, for the simple reason that I can not read it.[†5] Pretty well accustomed to messes in the way of manuscript, I never saw such a mess. I very much doubt whether my

printers can print from it, or will do so without protest. I will try them, however. If it be possible to make the paper pass muster, it shall go in. If it be impossible, I can't help it.[†a] I have been at work on a new work of my own, all day, and am half blinded and maddened by your unintelligibility.[†a†1]

Ever affectionately
CD.

To GEORGE CLOWES,[†2] 24 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
wednesday twenty fourth november | 1869.

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your kind note. I wish you *could* set up the whole of the book[†3] before we begin! But if I get nearly half of it ready by that time, I shall be more than satisifed.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Clowes Esquire

To J. S. LE FANU, 24 NOVEMBER 1869

MS University of Texas.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Fourth November 1869

My Dear Sir

In reply to your obliging letter, I beg to assure you that I shall be truly glad to count upon you as a very frequent contributor.[†4]

Your sketch is very new, striking, and touching. It should make a remarkable story.[†5]

Let me explain to you that I am now about to begin to publish in "All The Year Round" (at the end of each No.) a serial story by FitzGerald of about

one good Volume in length.[†1] A longer serial story being always in course of publication at the same time,[†2] and each No. containing only 24 pages, it is desirable that the rest of the matter should be always at such times, if possible, complete in itself. For the reason that the public have a natural tendency, having more than two serial stories to bear in mind at once, to jumble them all together, and do justice to none of them.

I think the enclosed letter will interest you, as showing how very admirably the story of "Green Tea"[†3] was told. It is from the lady I mentioned to you in a note: who has, for thirty or forty years been the subject of far more horrible spectral illusions than have ever, within my knowledge, been placed on record.[†4] She is an English lady married to a foreigner of good position, and long resident in an old Italian City:[†5]—its name you will see on the letter—Genoa. I became an intimate friend of her husband's when I was living in Genoa five and twenty years ago, and, seeing that she suffered most frightfully from tic[†6] (I knew of her having no other disorder,[†7] at that time), I confided to her husband that I had found myself to possess some rather exceptional power of Animal Magnetism (of which I had tested the efficacy in nervous disorders), and that I would gladly try her. She never developed any of the ordinarily-related

phænomona,[†8] but after a month began to sleep at night—which she had not done for years—and to change, amazingly to her own mother, in appearance. She then disclosed to me that she was, and had long been, pursued by myriads of bloody phantoms of the most frightful aspect; and that, after becoming paler, they had all *veiled their faces.* From that time, wheresoever I travelled in Italy, she and her husband travelled with me, and every day I magnetized her; sometimes under olive trees, sometimes in Vineyards, sometimes in the travelling carriage, sometimes at wayside Inns during the mid-day halt. Her husband called me up to her, one night at Rome, when she was rolled into an apparently impossible ball, by tic in the brain, and I only knew where her head was by following her long hair to its source. Such a fit had always held her before, at least 30 hours, and it was so alarming to see that I had hardly any belief in myself with reference to it. But in half an hour she was peacefully and naturally asleep, and next morning was quite well.

When I left Italy that time, the spectres had departed. They returned by degrees as time went on, and have ever since been as bad as ever. She has tried other Magnetism, however, and has derived partial relief. When I went back to Genoa for a few days, a dozen years ago, I asked her should I magnetize her again? She replied that she *felt* the relief would be immediate; but that the agony of leaving it off so soon, would be so great, that she would rather suffer on.

She is, as you will see, a very brave woman, and has thoroughly considered her disorder. But her sufferings are unspeakable; and if you could write me a few lines giving her any such knowledge as she wants,[†1] you would do an action of equally unspeakable kindness.

My Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. S. Le Fanu Esquire

To T. A. TROLLOPE, 24 NOVEMBER 1869

Extract in T. F. Madigan catalogue (*c.* May 1935); *MS* 1 p.; addressed T. A. Trollope; dated Gad's Hill Place, 24 Nov 69.

I received the note on the other side[†2] from Mowbray Morris this morning and immediately post it on to you.

To JOHN LANGFORD,[†3] 25 NOVEMBER 1869

MS Walter T. Spencer.

Private

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fifth November 1869

My Dear Sir

It appears to me that the non-payment of the teachers, in the case you so well set forth, is a point of vital weakness in the case. They have as good a right to be paid for their labour as the working man has to be paid for his; and they are not, in their degree, usually better paid than he is. I must say that if technical Education be of such importance to these recipients as they feel it to be, they are not truly independent (to my thinking) when they take it for nothing from men who can very indifferently afford to give it. And even if they were all men of fortune who could well afford it, the principle would be no less objectionable.[†4]

For this reason I cannot call attention to the effort with unqualified praise.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. A. Langford Esquire L L D

To THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 25 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Lytton Papers.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fifth November 1869

My Dear Robert Lytton

In great haste.—Hungarian subject[†1] safely received. Pray go on with it, and finish.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY D. PALMER, 25 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fifth November 1869

My Dear Mr. Palmer

It seems to me that the safest course will be for us to arrange to meet *here,* on Wednesday next at 3 o'Clock to settle the agreement.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry D Palmer Esquire

To GEORGE CLOWES, 27 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Seventh Novr. 1869

My Dear Sir

I send you, enclosed, the Conclusion of the MS of No. 2.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

George Clowes Esquire

To GEORGE DOLBY, 27 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Robert A. Baxter.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twenty Seventh November 1869.

My Dear Dolby.

In answer to your enquiry to N[†4]—I do not *think* I shall be here until

Wednesday in the ordinary course. But I can be in town on Tuesday at from 5 to 6, and will dine at the Posts[†1] with you, if you like.

Send me a line to Gad's in reply.

Ever affecy Yours
CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 28 NOVEMBER 1869

MS Johns Hopkins University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Twenty Eighth November 1869

My Dear F. C.

Charles Collins finds that the sitting down to draw, brings back all the worst symptoms of the old illness that occasioned him to leave his old pursuit of painting; and here we are suddenly, without an Illustrator! We will use his cover,[†2] of course; but he gives in altogether as to further subjects.[†3]

I knew this only last night, and I lose no time in writing to you. There is no time to be lost, and we must immediately consider what is to be done.

I will come up to town on Tuesday morning, and will hope to see you at A. Y. R. Office between 12 and 2.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To W. R. S. RALSTON, 29 NOVEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library. *Address:* W. Ralston Esquire | British Museum | London | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Ninth November | 1869

My Dear Sir

I regret that I cannot comply with the request of the tallest and handsomest lady in St. Petersburg. But I hold no communication with translators of my books in any country which does not recognize my right in them.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Ralston Esquire

To W. J. FARRER, 30 NOVEMBER 1869

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated office of *AYR*, 30 Nov 69 (not 1870 as in catalogue); addressed W. J. Farrer.

Wondering whether, as he assumes, the enclosed account[†1] *will be paid out of Townshend's estate.*[†2] But if the Executors have the slightest doubt in the matter, I will pay it myself.

To MESSRS HARPER & BROTHERS, 30 NOVEMBER 1869

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,|HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirtieth November, 1869[†3]

Dear Sirs

As I had fully intended communicating with you in reference to the early sheets of my new story (in token of my being perfectly satisfied with our past business relations in that wise), I think it courteous to let you know that I had made a great mistake in my remembrance. Messrs. Fields Osgood and Co. have reminded me that by an item of agreement between us dating so far back as April 1867, I agreed to sell the advance sheets of my next story to *them.* The fact had altogether passed out of my recollection.

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Harper & Brothers

December

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 2 DECEMBER 1869†

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Second December 1869

My Dearest Georgy. The Palmer dinner will come off on *Sunday Week*, the day after Fechter's last Princess's night.†4 I have asked Mary to be at home.

I believe Edmund†5 is coming sometime on Monday. If so, of course I must stay at Gad's for him. But I don't as yet know what his movements are in detail:—probably because he doesn't know, himself.

There is no doubt about the Milner Gibson†6 house.†7

Fechter played magnificently last night, and Carlotta†8 really was surprising.

House, poor; but great enthusiasm. They were a company of Doves, at the drawing up of the agreement, and could not coo too mildly.

I purpose being home on Sunday by the usual train. Sometime on Saturday I will look in here for letters.

Ever Most affectionately

CD.

†a Each of my Nos.†1 6 printed pages too short! Clowes came here yesterday, to break the tidings.†a

To HENRY D. PALMER, [2 DECEMBER 1869]

Envelope only, MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Henry D Palmer Esquire | Langham Hotel | Regent Street | W. PM London 2 Dec 69.

To CHARLES MATHEWS,†2 3 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Charles F. Heindl.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Third December, 1869

My Dear Mr. Mathews.

I hope you will render me due credit for unselfishness, when I tell you that I am glad you are going to Australia.†3 For I can very ill afford to lose, even for a time, so fine an artist; and if I were not interested in your enriching yourself, I should ferociously oppose your leaving home.

On the 4th. of January I promise myself the pleasure of attending your benefit.[†4] I must beg you to excuse me from saying anything on the occasion, as I shall go to see and hear you; and I could not possibly reconcile my doing anything else, with my own personal instinct of what is becoming in the matter.

With all good wishes
Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Mathews Esquire

To S. L. FILDES,[†1] [?EARLY DECEMBER 1869]

Extract from W.H. Chambers *to* Howard Duffield (28 Nov 1927: MS Dickens House). *Date:* shortly after 4 Dec 69, when Fildes's illustration, *Houseless and Hungry*, appeared in the 1st issue of the *Graphic*.

I see from your illustration in *The Graphic* this week that you are an adept at drawing scamps, send me some specimens of pretty ladies.[†2]

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 5 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth December, 1869

My Dear F.C.

It is a great deal of money.[†3] I will consider, and write to you again by tomorrow's post from here.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Fredk. Chapman Esquire

To MRS LEHMANN, 6 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixth December, 1869

My Dear Mrs. Lehmann

Remembering that Lehmann spoke to me about his brother[†5] at Hamburg,[†6] I had already communicated with him and ratified my promise,[†7] before hearing from you.

It is impossible to read your account of poor Chorley without laughing, and yet it is a very serious matter.[†8] I greatly fear that his labouring under so

preposterous a delusion as you describe, is the commencement of a drivelling insanity. It passes the tipsy confines, I am sore afraid, and ranges into far worse ground.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To F.F. COURTNEY,[†1] 7 DECEMBER 1869

Mention in Anderson Galleries Catalogue, No. 4242; *MS* 1 p.; addressed F. F. Courtney; dated Gad's Hill Place, 7 Dec 69.

Thanking him for a book.[†2]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Ninth December 1869

My Dear Ouvry

It seems to me that there is a wrong word in the last clause of the agreement for the New Book. It stands; "If the publication of the said work shall not be commenced *before* the month of March 1870." It is not intended to be commenced *before.* The 1st. No. will be published on the 30th. of March.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To HENRY [SCOTT],[†4] 12 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Charles Letts & Co.

Memorandum

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth December 1869

I want a new solid blotter on my table, Henry;—*not* a white one.

Post my letters to Gad's Hill, on Monday and Tuesday nights. I shall probably be here again on Wednesday.

CHARLES DICKENS

Get me 2 Letts's Diaries No. 9 for 1870.[†5]

To MISS ELISH LA MONTE,[†1] 12 DECEMBER 1869*

MS University of Kentucky.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Saturday Twelfth December 1869

Sir

I much regret that I cannot have the satisfaction of publishing any of the sketches you have sent me, in these pages. They are not suited to the requirements of the journal.

As I do not understand from your letter that you desire to have your MSS returned to so great a distance, I do not post them; but I hold them at your disposal.

With thanks for the terms in which you address me, and of course respecting your confidence strictly, I am

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. N. Lamont[†2] Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 13 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Thirteenth December 1869

My Dear Ouvry

I return you the agreement for the new work, with my signature attached.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To W. J. FARRER, 15 DECEMBER 1869

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, June 1979; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*; 15 Dec 69; addressed W. J. Farrer.

In reply to your question *of copyright arising out* of the publication of Townshend's *Religious Opinions: expressing his firm opinion that if he pays for the expenses of publication, the copyright is his, and that if the estate pays, it is theirs.* It is unquestionably mine at present, the papers being left absolutely to me. But it would be preposterous to pretend that it is worth any thing.[†4] *And assuring him*

that he would rather pay the money, as he has already paid a hundred pounds out of my own private purse for clerical assistance . . . to get such papers into order than haggle with any unwilling bargainer

To S. L. FILDES, 16 DECEMBER 1869

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Sixteenth December 1869[†1]

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for the highly meritorious and interesting specimens of your Art that you have had the kindness to send me. I return them herewith, after having examined them with the greatest pleasure.

I am naturally curious to see your drawing from David Copperfield, in order that I may compare it with my own idea. In the meanwhile I can honestly assure you that I entertain the greatest admiration for your remarkable powers.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S.L. Fildes Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 16 DECEMBER 1869*

Ms Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Sixteenth December 1869

My Dear Ouvry

Fechter, and his American Manager, and Webster his last manager, are coming to Gads on Sunday for a parting dinner.[†2] If you have no better engagement, will you come too?

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To JOSEPH SLY, 16 DECEMBER 1869

MS Public Library and Museum, Lancaster.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Thursday Sixteenth December 1869

Dear Mr. Sly

I have safely received your handsome present of game, in fine condition.—All good Christmas wishes to you, and yours, and the rare old house!

With many thanks | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To ARTHUR RYLAND, 18 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Mrs Quinney.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighteenth December 1869

My Dear Ryland

I *must,* I am sorry to say, perforce, excuse myself from attending the meeting in behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children.[†1] The work before me between this and March has obliged me to decline innumerable proposals of that kind; and in each case I have specially mentioned my *one promise to Birmingham.*[†2]

For the same reason I must get straight to the Hotel at night, avoiding fatigue and night air, and must get back to London with all speed. I am really very hard pressed.

With kind regard to your ladies
Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Ryland Esquire

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 20 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library. *Address* (MS envelope only, Mrs J. Felix-Davies): Miss Hogarth | Gad's Hill Place | Higham by Rochester. PM London 20 Dec 69.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Monday Twentieth December 1869

My Dearest Georgy

The Direction for the box will be:

Carriage Paid

The Secretary
School for the Indigent Blind[†3]
near The Obelisk
St. George's Fields

London.

Mary shall receive from me on Thursday morning (if not before) the notes concerning the Gardener. I purpose coming down on Thursday by the 2. .10 from Charing X.

We are all to meet on the Platform at 3, to see Fechter off.

Ever affecy.

CD.

Letters to be sent here till Thursday.

To JOHN FORSTER, [22 DECEMBER 1869]

Extract in F, XI, ii, 809-10. *Date:* [22 Dec 69, according to Forster.

When I had written and, as I thought, disposed of the first two Numbers of my story, Clowes informed me to my horror that they were, together, *twelve printed pages too short!!!*[†1] Consequently I had to transpose a chapter from number two to number one,[†2] and remodel number two altogether! This was the more unlucky, that it came upon me at the time when I was obliged to leave the book, in order to get up the readings,[†3] quite gone out of my mind since I left them off. However, I turned to it and got it done, and both numbers are now in type. Charles Collins has designed an excellent cover.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 23 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Third December 1869

My Dear Ouvry

The furniture will be really nothing but blinds and a few iron chairs and tables. I think if we say £50 for furniture and £100 for plants, we shall be near the mark; but as the pavement and walls will be of expensive tiles, I think we had best say £600 for the building.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To GEORGE BRUNT, 24 DECEMBER 1869

Mention in *D*, VII [January 1911], 13; in third person.

Engaging Brunt as his head gardener[†5] *at Gad's Hill.*

To GEORGE DOLBY, [?24 DECEMBER 1869]

Text from Dolby, *CD as I Knew him,* p. 358. *Date:* the day before Christmas Day, according to Dolby, when the turkey had not arrived from Ross as expected.

WHERE
IS
THAT
TURKEY?
IT
HAS
NOT
ARRIVED†1
!!!!!!!!!!

To W. H. WILLS, 24 DECEMBER 1869

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Fourth December 1869

My Dear Wills

I have been so put about by conflicting engagements—Readings, Writings, Editings, Birmingham correspondence, and other botherations—that I have not even written to you. And now I must put off my pleasant visit of inspection, until I get a little clear, for everything comes at once. Many Merry Christmases and Happy New Years to Mrs. Wills and you!

Ever Yours affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 26 DECEMBER 1869*

Text from transcript in Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Twenty Sixth†2 December, 1869

My Dear Madam,

I beg to send you a very large slice of Christmas pudding from America.

With all good seasonable wishes and kind regards
Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 27 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Twenty Seventh December 1869

Dear Holsworth

I have never heard from anybody but you, one word respecting Mrs. Scott's receiving money from the office. As I have no doubt of Scott's honesty, I can only suppose that Mr. Fechter intended to ask me for my consent to the arrangement, but forgot it.[†1] Therefore it will be best to pay Mrs. Scott, but at the same time to inform her that in writing to Scott she must tell him to remind Mr. Fechter that he has never asked me to do what we are doing in paying her.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 27 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esqre. | "The Sun" Office | Strand | London | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Seventh December | 1869.

Welcome home,[†2] my dear Kent! I am touched by your so swift remembrance of me on your return, and send you my affectionate and hearty wishes of the season for you and yours. The postman is waiting at the gate to tramp through the snow to Rochester, and is (unlawfully) drinking a glass of gin while I write this; consequently "this" is brief. All here unite in my message. And the green leaves[†3] are in progress.

Ever Affectionately
CD.

Didn't I tell you that Mackay's express object was, to publish those letters?[†4]

To W. C. MACREADY, 27 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Seventh December | 1869

My Dearest Macready

The remembrance that we had all drunk to you and yours on Christmas Day,

made it the more pleasant to receive your letter yesterday morning. We send you and Mrs. Macready and the N. B.[†1] all conceivable good Christmas and New Year greetings. They come out of a deal of snow, but are warm enough to thaw every flake of it.

Harry is at home, and is very proud of your sympathy with him in his carrying off of the Scholarship. He has just passed his Little Go with all the honors, and I hope will get a Fellowship at last. But I have learned to moderate my transports as to hopeful children.

As to me, I am getting up my Readings for the final twelve, and am working at my new book besides.

Charley is here, and Mary, and Georgina, and Katie, and Charley's wife, and a grandchild of the subscriber's (relationship never permitted to be hinted at) and they all send you best love. Charles Collins is here too, and does likewise; but I forgot him in his right sequence. I have taken Milner Gibson's house, 5 Hyde Park Place London W until the end of May, and we take possession early in the New Year. The Conservatory here is getting itself ready for a visit from you in the summer, meanwhile.

Our General Theatrical Fund[†2] has a hard enough life of it, though the poor subscribers pay up wonderfully, and it wastes no money, and does real good. But its annuitants have come on heavily, and the Dramatic College[†3] (which will burst one of these days)[†4] has divided the public interest, and made the public at a loss to know which is which. I always keep my eye on the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Funds, with the hope of clutching them for the whole profession at last.

It needs no Christmas time, my dearest Macready, to bring the thought of you and of our long and close friendship round to my heart, for it is always there. God bless and preserve you! So prays

Your most affectionate and faithful

CD.

To MRS MACREADY, 27 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Seventh December | 1869

My Dear Mrs. Macready

I send Macready by this post all the affectionate messages that proceed from all here to you, and him, and my most particular friend the Noble Boy. But I must add this little note to you, as a personal assurance (however needless I may hope it to be) of my special regard for you, and constant sense of the comfort and happiness you shed upon the path of the dear man I love.

Believe me always | Your affectionate and faithful

CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ELLIOT, 28 DECEMBER 1869

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Eighth December, 1869

My Dear F.

Many happy Christmasses and New Years!

I have called "Our Thebiad", "The Old Cardinal's Retreat"[†1] (nobody would have understood your title), and have carefully gone over it, and placed it in a No. now at press. Two copies of that No. shall be posted to you, in case one should miss. I think the whole of your description *very good*: some parts of it, excellent.[†2] Altogether, it is very curious and life-like—life-like in a weird and ghostly sense.[†3] I have been quite haunted by the statues on the high pedestals among the trees.

On Mary's account (as she will probably go somewhere else, the moment we take possession!) I have hired Milner Gibson's house, opposite the Marble Arch, until the 1st. of June. The address is 5 Hyde Park Place, London, W. We shall be there, in the first week of the New Year.

All well. I am as busy as the Bee who, if the poetical accounts of him be true, would seem to get on better than most busy people.[†4] This is my permanent excuse for short letters.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 28 DECEMBER 1869

Extracts in City Book Auction Catalogue No. 244 and American Art Association Catalogue, May 1925; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 28 Dec 69; addressed Charles Mackay.

Thanks. I will come by all means. So do we radicals get maligned.[†5]

To WILLIAM THOMAS,[†1] 28 DECEMBER 1869

Text from N, 111, 755.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER
Tuesday, Twenty-Eighth December 1869

My Dear Thomas

I regret that I cannot sit for a new photographic portrait.[†2] In my intense weariness and horror of that unremunerative investment of time and temper, I have warded off any similar proposals by pleading that I will not sit at all, and I could not justly be inconsistent now.

I am happy to find that my opinion of the Graphic[†3] has reached your ears without distortion on the way.

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 30 DECEMBER 1869*

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirtieth December 1869

My Dear Letitia

Here are some forms.[†4] Your note has been accidentally destroyed, and I forgot the total of the two amounts for which I am to send you the cheque.[†5] Will you let me have another Memorandum of it at Gad's?

Ever affectionately
CD.

To J. H. CHAMBERLAIN, 31 DECEMBER 1869†

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thirty First December 1869

My Dear Sir

I hope the consciences of my kind friends the Council[†6] will be set at rest by my assurance that I should very much like to dine with them on Friday,[†7] and that their invitation is most acceptable to me. I unwillingly decline it, as an act of real virtue for which I hope they will hold me in due reverence. [†a] The work I have

before me during the next three months is the Virtuous cause to which I am so true, and I sacrifice every tempting engagement to it: knowing that there is no happy medium between many festivities and none—at least, in my case.[†a]

Let me wish you and all who are dear to you, many happy years. And let me extend the cordial wish to the whole Council, with kind regard

My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

John Henry Chamberlain Esquire

To R. H. GOOCH, 31 DECEMBER 1869

Text from N, 111, 755-6.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday, Thirty-First December, 1869

Dear Sir,

I have safely received your little book[†1] to-day and beg to thank you for it, as well as for your very modest and earnest letter. Accept my good wishes for many happy years to you and all those dear to you, and Believe me,

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To ALEXANDER RUSSEL, 31 DECEMBER 1869

Text from N, 111, 756.

Gad's Hill Place
Friday Thirty-First December 1869

My Dear Dr.[†2] Russel,

I have never received the letter to which your correspondent refers; but I fear that even if it had reached me, I could have done nothing to advance the good cause.[†3] For I have been constantly occupied, and have at this time an unusual pressure of claims on my time and attention.

Nevertheless I have read your Collected Letters from the East[†4] with great interest and pleasure. I thank you for them heartily, and wish you would go there again—or somewhere else—and tell me similarly all about it!

Many happy years to you and all who are dear to you.

Believe me | Faithfully yours always
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To J. C. FRANCIS,[†1] [1859-69]

Mention in *Notes & Queries*, 11th series, v (3 Feb 1912), 83, as written from the *AYR* Office. *Date:* between 1859 and end of 1869, when he handed over *AYR* to Charles Dickens Jnr.

Advising him to learn shorthand.[†2]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1869

Extract in W. Waithman Caddell, "Charles Dickens", *Manchester Notes & Queries*, 22 Mar 1890, VIII, 204.

Many thanks for your great consideration and kindness in sending me that hideous paper. The people conducting it had asked my permission to reprint that passage, and I had given it. The portrait expresses the distorting ferocity with which I shall become inspired if they take advantage of my natural sweetness.[†3]

To W. H. WILLS, 1869

Extract in Maggs Bros catalogue, 1900; *MS* 1p.; dated 1869; addressed Wills.

I have seen Fredk. Chapman, and he flatly refuses to give more than £150 for the three years' use of Mrs Trollope's Veronica.[†4]

1870

January

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 2 JANUARY 1870*

MS Morgan Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Sunday Second January 1870

My Dear Letitia

I enclose the two cheques. We all unite in best wishes for many Happy Years to you, and also to Harriett.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 3 JANUARY 1870

Extract in Scheuer catalogue No. 3 (1927); *MS* 1p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 3 Jan 70; addressed Percy Fitzgerald.

I have to thank you for some delicious birds, and at the same time to wish you and Mrs. Fitzgerald many many happy years.

To T. J. OUSELEY,[†1] 5 JANUARY 1870†

Text from copy by Mr Walter Dexter.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Fifth January 1870

My Dear Sir,

I have received your letter here this morning. Having mislaid your address, I could not write to you safely or certainly until I received it.

[†a] Your book[†2] reached me in due course at Gads Hill. I beg to assure you that the Dedication afforded me inexpressible pleasure, and that its earnestness truly touched and affected me.[†a†3]

Very Dear Sir, | Faithfully Yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

I write hastily before leaving town for Birmingham.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 5 JANUARY 1870

Mention in Merwyn-Clayton Sales Co. catalogue, May 1905; *MS* 1 p.; dated 5 Jan 70.

To JOHN FORSTER, [9 JANUARY 1870]

Extract in F, XII, i, 846. *Date:* 9 Jan 70, according to Forster.

I am a little shaken by my journey to Birmingham to give away the Institution's[†4] prizes on Twelfth Night,[†5] but I am in good heart;[†6] and, notwithstanding Lowe's[†7] worrying scheme for collecting a year's taxes in a lump,[†8] which they tell me is damaging books, pictures, music, and theatres beyond precedent, our "let" at St. James's Hall is enormous.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 10 JANUARY 1870

Mention in Merwyn-Clayton Sales Co. catalogue, Nov 1905; *MS* 1 p.; dated 10 Jan 70; addressed George Dolby.

To THE REV. G. R. GLEIG,[†1] [?EARLY JANUARY 1870]*

MS Graham Storey. *Date:* CD had no doubt returned from Birmingham on 7 Jan; probably written one or two days later.

5 Hyde Park Place W

My Dear Gleig

I have been to Birmingham and elsewhere, and find your book[†2] on coming to town to day. Pray accept my cordial thanks for it, and be sure of an attentive and appreciative reader in your present correspondent.

My means of calling attention to its merits are, I am bound in honesty to avow, very slight. As a writer of fiction, I do not review it in All The Year Round; and, for the same reason, I am very delicate of intervention with reviewers. But I will not lose any opportunity that may come in my way.

I am in Milner Gibson's house until Gad's Hill is green again.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. G. R. Gleig

To WILLIAM V. WALLACE,[†3] 11 JANUARY 1870*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* William V. Wallace Esqre. | 10 Grove Place | Brompton | S. W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Eleventh January 1870

Dear Sir

My absence has prevented my returning an earlier reply to your letter.

I have read it with sympathy and interest, but I have no hope whatever of influencing "those in power", in such a case.[†4] I must beg you to take my experience in such wise for granted, and to believe that it is quite convincing and conclusive.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William V Wallace Esquire

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, [?12] JANUARY 1870*

MS Luke V. Fildes. *Date:* incorrectly dated by CD; Wed was 12 Jan in 70.

5 Hyde Park Place | Wednesday Eighteenth Jany. 1870.

My Dear F. C.

Make the call with Mr. Fildes, on Monday—not Saturday—as I find I must be absent on the last named day.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

To MRS DALLAS, [?12] JANUARY 1870

Text from MDGH, II, 434-5. *Date:* misdated by MDGH, Wednesday fell on 12 or 19 Jan in 1870; probably 12th, the day after his reading.†1

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday, Jan 16th, 1870.

My Dear Mrs. Dallas

It is perfectly delightful to me to get your fervent and sympathetic note this morning. A thousand thanks for it. I will take care that two places on the front row, by my daughter, are reserved for your occasion next time. I cannot see you in too good a seat, or too often.

Believe me, ever very faithfully yours.
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To JOHN FORSTER, [?12-13 JANUARY 1870]

Extract in F, VII, iii, 656. *Date:* perhaps a day or two before *To* Fields, 14 Jan.

Describing the new conservatory at Gad's Hill, glass and iron, brilliant but expensive,†2 with foundations as of an ancient Roman work of horrible solidity.

To MR and MRS J. T. FIELDS, 14 JANUARY 1870†

MS Huntington Library.

5 HYDE PARK PLACE, LONDON W
Friday Fourteenth January | 1870

My Dear Fields†3

†a I cannot overcome my instinctive feeling that it would be a very unseemly thing for me to engage in any single combats with the Pirates. I have already announced my own connexion with your house; and it is for you, and not for me, to make all appeals or protests or other announcements connected with that association. I am quite clear as to my silent part.†a

We live here (opposite the Marble Arch) in a charming house until the 1st of June, and then return to Gad's. The Conservatory is completed, and is a brilliant success:—but an expensive one!

†a I read this afternoon at 3†1—a beastly proceeding which I particularly hate— and again this day week at 3. These morning readings particularly disturb me at my book-work: nevertheless, I hope Please God to lose no way on their account. An evening reading once a week is nothing. By the bye, I recommenced last Tuesday evening with the greatest brilliancy.†a

I should be quite ashamed of not having written to you and my dear Mrs. Fields before now, if I didn't know that you will both understand how occupied I am, and how naturally, when I put my papers away for the day, I get up and fly. I have a large room here, with three fine windows, overlooking the Park— unsurpassable for airiness and cheerfulness.

You saw the announcement of the death of poor dear Harness.[†2] The circumstances are curious. He wrote to his old friend the Dean of Battle,[†3] saying he would come to visit him on that day (the day of his death). The Dean wrote back: "Come next day, instead, as we are obliged to go out to dinner, and you will be alone." Harness told his sister a little impatiently that he *must* go on the first-named day—that he had made up his mind to go, and MUST.[†4] He had been getting himself ready for dinner, and came to a part of the staircase whence two doors opened; one, upon another level passage; one, upon a flight of stone steps. He opened the wrong door, fell down the steps, injured himself very severely, and died in a few hours.

You will know—*I* don't—what Fechter's success is in America, at the time of this present writing.[†5] In his farewell performances at the Princess's, he acted very finely.[†6] I thought the three first acts of his Hamlet very much better than I had ever thought them before—and I always thought very highly of them. We gave him a foaming stirrup cup at Gad's Hill.

Forster (who has been ill with his bronchitis again), thinks No. 2[†7] of the new book, a clincher:—I mean that word (as his own expression) for "*Clincher*". There is a curious interest steadily working up to No. 5,[†8] which requires a great deal of art and self-denial. I think also, apart from character and picturesqueness, that the young people are placed in a very novel situation.—So I hope.—At Nos. 5 and 6[†9] the story will turn upon an interest suspended until the end.

I can't believe it, and dont, and wont, but they say Harry's 21st. birthday is next Sunday. I have entered him at the Temple just now;[†1] and if he don't get a fellowship at Trinity Hall when his time comes, I shall be disappointed, if in the present disappointable state of existence.

I hope you may have met with the little touch of Radicalism I gave them at Birmingham[†2] in the words of Buckle?[†3] With pride I observe that it makes the regular political traders, of all sorts, perfectly mad. Sich was my intentions, as a grateful acknowledgment of having been misrepresented.[†4]

I think [†a] Mrs Thaxter's[†a†5] prose very admirable—but I don't believe it! No,[†a]

Mrs. Fields,[†a] I do *not.* My conviction is that those Islanders get frightfully bored by the Islands,[†6] and wish they had never set eyes upon them!

Charley Collins has done a charming cover for the monthly part of the new book; [†a] but having achieved that success, instantly collapsed for the [†b] whole term of his natural life.[†b], [†a] At the very earnest representations of Millais (and after having seen a great number of his drawings) I am going to engage with a new man:[†7] retaining of course, C. C's cover aforesaid. Katie has made some more capital portraits and is always improving.

My dear Mrs. Fields, if "He" (made proud by chairs, and bloated by pictures) does not give you my dear love, let us conspire against him when you find him out, and exclude him from all future confidences. Until then

Ever affectionately Yours and His

CD.

To MRS BANKS, 15 JANUARY 1870†

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifteenth January 1870

My Dear Madam

†a I have been much interested by your letter, and am happy to retain the little poem enclosed in it for insertion.†a†1

Your account of your suffering is very sad, but your spirit under it is exemplary and beautiful.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs Banks.

To THE RT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, 15 JANUARY 1870*

MS Heritage Book Shop, Los Angeles.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Fifteenth January 1870.

Dear Mr. Gladstone

I am truly sensible of your remembrance, and of the kind manner in which it is conveyed to me. It will afford me great pleasure to dine with you on Wednesday the 26th.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Hon. | W. E. Gladstone

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 16 JANUARY 1870*

MS University of Reading.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Sunday Sixteenth January 1870.

My Dear F. C.

Knowing that you have had domestic trouble of late, I have forborne for a while to trouble you on the subject of the Illustrations of the new book.

There are many points of merit in the Copperfield design,[†2] but it is wanting in a sense of beauty. In the new book I have two beautiful and young women, strikingly contrasted in appearance, who will both be very prominent in the story. However, I suppose our new Artist will be up to that requirement.

I shall be at home all tomorrow morning, and all Wednesday morning; and have given instructions that I am always accessible to you when I really *am* at home. We had best settle this business finally, as soon as we can.

Faithfully Yours alwys
CD.

To FREDERICK LOCKER, 17 JANUARY 1870

MS Armstrong Browning Library. *Address:* Frederick Locker Esquire | 91 Victoria Street | S. W.

5 Hyde Park Place W
Monday Seventeenth January 1870.

My Dear Mr. Locker

[†a] It unfortunately happens that I am hopelessly engaged both for the 28th. and 29th. I have the greatest respect for, and interest in, the Dean of Westminster;[†1] and should be unusually grateful to any available opportunity of knowing him better. He is to my thinking foremost among the generous and wise spirits of this time.[†a†2]

I shall leave it to my daughter (who is away in Hampshire on a short visit) to thank Mrs. Locker[†3] for her proffered kindness and to tell her that we shall hope to see you both here.

Always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederick Locker Esquire

To ROBERT CHAMBERS,[†4] [?JANUARY 1870]

Mention in *To* Wills, 23 Jan 70. *Date:* no doubt soon after the death of Chambers's second wife[†5] on 18 Jan.

To FREDERICK LOCKER, 20 JANUARY 1870*

MS J. H. Locker-Lampson.

5 Hyde Park Place W

Thursday Twentieth January 1870

Dear Mr. Locker

I have no engagement at all for the week after next, excepting the Tuesday in that week. It will give me great pleasure to hold myself bound to you, for any day

you may name.[†1] My daughter sends her compliments to Mrs. Locker, and will be happy to accompany me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Locker Esquire.

To JOHN RUSSELL, 20 JANUARY 1870*

MS Mrs Valentine.

5 Hyde Park Place, London, W
Thursday Twentieth January | 1870

The enclosed letter was sent on to me this evening, Russell, from the Post-master at Rochester in mistake, and I opened it in mistake among other letters. I immediately re-post it on to you.

As soon as you are completely rid of the workmen, have the Horse-Shed in the Meadow thoroughly cleaned out, and all the rubbish in it burnt. It was in a very bad state when I came away.

CHARLES DICKENS

To FRANCIS FULLER,[†2] 21 JANUARY 1870

Extract in N, III, 761.

5 Hyde Park Place, W. | 21st January, 1870

It is unnecessary for me to express my cordial concurrence in the principle of raising the character of the people and raising the character of their amusements; always supposing that no endeavour towards that end either patronizes them, or otherwise treats them as children.

To W. H. WILLS, 23 JANUARY 1870†

MS Huntington Library.

5 Hyde Park Place, London W
Sunday Twenty Third Jany. 1870

My Dear Wills.

In the note I had from you about Nancy and Sikes, you seem to refer to some other note you had written me. Therefore I think it well merely to mention that I have received no other note.

I do not wonder at your not being up to the undertaking (even if you had had no cough) under the wearing circumstances. It was a very curious scene.[†3] The

actors and actresses (most of the latter looking very pretty) mustered in extra-ordinary force, and were a fine audience. I set myself to carrying out of themselves and their observation, those who were bent on watching how the effects were got:—and I believe I succeeded. Coming back to it again however, I feel it was madness ever to do it continuously. My ordinary pulse is 72, and it runs up under this effort to 112. Besides which, it takes me ten or twelve minutes to get my wind back at all: I being in the meantime like the man who lost the fight:—in fact, his express image. Frank Beard was in attendance to make divers experiments to report to Watson; and although, as you know, he stopped it instantly when he found me at Preston, he was very much astonished by the effects of the "Reading" on the Reader.[†1]

So I hope you may be able to come and hear it before it is silent for ever. It is done again on the evenings of the 1st. Feby, 15th. Feby, and 8th. March. I hope, now I have got over the mornings, that I may be able to work at my book. But up to this time the great preparation required in getting the subjects up again, and the twice a week besides, have almost exclusively occupied me.

I have something the matter with my right thumb, and Can't (as you see) write plainly. I sent a word to poor Robert Chambers, and I send my love to Mrs. Wills.

[†a] The patient[†2] was in attendance and missed you.[†a] I was charged with all manner of good and kind remembrance.

Ever My Dear Wills | Affectionately Yours

CD.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 24 JANUARY 1870*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Twenty Fourth January | 1870

My Dear F. C.

I write with some difficulty, having a gathering in my right thumb.

I have seen Mr. Fildes, and like him very much, and think he promises admirably. I have arranged with him that his original drawings shall remain his own (his reason for wishing it has a direct bearing on the efficiency of his work), and also that you will at once send him a proof of the Cover. Please do so, without delay.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To THE RT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, 26 JANUARY 1870*

MS British Library.

5 Hyde Park Place W
Wednesday Twenty Sixth Jany 1870

Dear Mr. Gladstone

It happens most unfortunately for me, but I cannot have the honor and pleasure of dining with you to day. An injury to the right thumb (which I increased by using it unbandaged last night) obliges me for the next four and twenty hours to keep it constantly poulticed in an unseemly bundle, not in the least adapted for presentation anywhere but at the fireside. My doctor only allows me to remove it, to write this note: which I do with some difficulty. I hope I may not be wrong in sending it to your official address, but I take my cue from the address of your kind note to me. You will readily understand that I send it to any address, most unwillingly

Believe me | Very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Right Hon: W. E. Gladstone.

To WILKIE COLLINS, 27 JANUARY 1870

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Wilkie Collins Esquire | 90 Gloucester Place | Portman Square.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Seventh January 1870

My Dear Wilkie

Within, you will find the original draft[†1] of the formal letter you want from me, with my version of the same under my hand.[†2] My departure, even from the original excruciating phraseology, is very slight. May the Spirit of English Style be merciful to me!

I have been truly concerned to hear of your bad attack;[†3] but I have two hopes of it; first, that it will not last long; second, that it will leave you in a really recovered state of good health. I don't come to see you, because I don't want to bother you. Perhaps you may be glad to see me bye and bye. Who knows!

Affectionately always
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILKIE COLLINS, 27 JANUARY 1870

MS Morgan Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Seventh January 1870

My Dear Wilkie

At your request I can have no hesitation in stating for your satisfaction that the Copyright in any of your novels tales and articles which have appeared in the periodicals entitled "Household Words" and "All The Year Round" was never purchased by the proprietors of those Periodicals: they having merely purchased from you the right of first publishing the same therein, and of course of always retaining them as an integral part of their stereotype plates. You have the right, hereby freely acknowledged, of disposing of and publishing the same novels tales and articles, in any way you think proper, without interference from the proprietors of the said periodicals, their successors or assigns.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Wilkie Collins Esquire

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 27 JANUARY 1870

Mention in N, III, 762.

Regarding contributions for All the Year Round.

February

To GEORGE BRUNT, 1 FEBRUARY 1870

Text from N, III, 763.

5 Hyde Park Place | Tuesday, First February, 1870

I send you enclosed, Brunt, an order to Mr. Clarke[†1] at Gravesend (whose business is set up again, I find) to furnish you with your list of seeds, etc. I also return your list as you will want it for your order.

To GEORGE S. NOTTAGE,[†2] 1 FEBRUARY 1870

MS Arnold Palmer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday First February 1870.

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your caution. I had not previously heard of the book, which is (of course) wholly unauthorized.[†3] But I have begged my

publishers to institute some immediate enquiries, and I will take care that the imposition does not succeed.[†1]

With many thanks | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George S Nottage Esquire

To THOMAS LONGMAN,[†2] 2 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS University of Reading.

5 Hyde Park Place W
Wednesday Evening Second February | 1870

My Dear Longman

On referring to my Readings list, I find that my people were wrong just now. The two remaining nights on which The Pickwick Trial is to be read, are Tuesday March 1st. and Tuesday March 15th.[†3]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Longman Esquire

To MISS LORETTA HUFFAM,[†4] 5 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Myers & Co. *Address:* Miss Loretta Huffam | 270 Mornington Place | Camberwell Road | S.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Saturday Fifth February 1870

Dear Miss Huffam

I was more amazed than displeased, I beg to assure you, by finding that your friends had used my name without my knowledge. I received a letter from Messrs. Hunt and Roskell[†5] of Bond Street, informing me that they had had the pleasure of voting for "my case". I innocently replied, that could not be, for I had no case. They then gave me your name. Not having the faintest idea that you were a candidate, I supposed them to have fallen into some conglomeration touching your elder sister; and said so. Upon which they explained in detail. I was very careful to tell them immediately that there could be no question of the merits of your case, and that I knew it to be a meritorious one.[†6]

I mentioned this in a general way to my sister, but would on no account have done so with the least intention of making you uneasy.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Loretta Huffam

To CHARLES KENT, 5 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Charles Kent Esquire | 1 Campden Grove | Kensington | W.

5 Hyde Park Place | Saturday Fifth February 1870

My Dear Kent

I have been obliged for the time being to change my day at the office to *Wednesday.* While the Readings last, the difficulty of fighting through all my other work is almost inexpressible.

I will go to Chapman and Hall's on Tuesday (I am just now back from two days' absence), and will take—or make—an opportunity to say what you desire. And of course I will say it as effectively as I can.

This will be, of course apart from the expression of any opinion on the scheme.[†1] Mr. Saunders's[†2] confidence in it, is, to me, absolutely inconceivable. The example of the Pall Mall Gazette[†3] tends, to my thinking, exactly the other way.[†4] You will remember that I doubted it very much (except as an immense relief for you) when you were last here; I have thought of it again and again since; and I looked upon it as an all but hopeless enterprize.

Ever affectionately
CD.[†5]

To J.C. KINGATE,[†1] 5 FEBRUARY 1870

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifth February 1870

Sir

In reply to your letter I beg to say that I have no doubt my Christmas fare[†2] was destroyed by an unavoidable accident, and that I bore the loss with unbroken good humour towards the Great Western Railway Company.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†3]

Mr. J. C. Kingate

To HENRY PALMER, 5 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Willard C. Grace.

THE ATHENÆUM | 5 Hyde Park Place W
Saturday Fifth February 1870

My Dear Mr. Palmer

I have just come back (as you may possibly have heard from Dolby) after 2 days in the country.

If you return home[†4] next Thursday, I have only one disengaged evening in the meantime. Can you dine with me tomorrow (quite alone) at half past 6 sharp? I shall be truly glad to see you, if you can.

Faithfully Yours alwys
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry D Palmer Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, 9 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Parker House, Boston

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth February 1870.

My Dear Kent.

Say at ½ past 2

Ever affecy.
CD

To HENRY LESLIE,[†1] 9 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS British Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth February 1870

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter of yesterday's date I beg to assure you that my entertaining your proposal[†2]—on any terms—is quite out of the question

Believe me Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Leslie Esquire

To G.M. TOWLE, 9 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* George Makepeace Towle Esquire | 25 Keppel Street | Russell Square | W.C.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Ninth February 1870

My Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note; and accept your book[†3]— as I am sure I shall read it—with great and real pleasure.

My son has already informed you that it will give *me* the utmost gratification to preserve our present relations in reference to these pages,[†4] after your return home. You carry with you to New England my best wishes for yourself, and my affectionate remembrance of the country.

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Makepeace Towle Esquire

To [THOMAS HYDE] HILLS, 10 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Dickens House.

5 Hyde Park Place, W | Thursday Tenth February 1870

My Dear Hills

I shall be very glad to dine with you on Monday week. My daughter and sister will not be available.

At what hour?

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To [FRANCIS] DANBY,[†1] [12 FEBRUARY 1870]

Envelope only, MS University of Chicago. *Date:* PM London, 12 Feb 70. *Address:* [Francis] Danby Esquire | [56 Lawford Road] | [N.W].[†2]

To LORD LYTTON, 12 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Lytton Papers.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Saturday Twelfth Feby. 1870

My Dear Lytton

The move initiated by Murray and Longman in the enclosed (or rather accompanying) papers, is very important, and refers to one of the most preposterous robberies ever systematically committed.[†3] I have so completely lost faith in the governing of my blessed country, "the dread and envy of them all", that I do not believe it cares to remedy any injustice, so long as it can possibly leave it alone. Nevertheless I

feel it right to go to this Meeting, just as I should feel it right to go a Station House if I were knocked down and robbed in the street. I wish you may think it well to come too. I understand it to be private, and merely to involve a delicate suggestion to the Supreme Powers that writers are not, ipso facto, felons, and that Rule Britannia may be sung to any extent, without necessarily demanding the confiscation of their property.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†4]

To GEORGE NOTTAGE, [12 FEBRUARY 1870]

Envelope only in Henry Bristow catalogue No. 282 (1983). *Address:* George S. Nottage | Sidmouth Lodge | Tulse Hill. PM 12 Feb 70.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 12 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

5 Hyde Park Place, W.
Saturday Twelfth February | 1870

My Dear Ouvry.

Mr. Hotten's[†1] letter to Charley asked him to ask me to let him use in a book on me "as a speaker", and as I don't know what else,[†2] a certain prologue I once wrote for Macready,[†3] and one or two other copyright trifles.[†4]

It was *not* from that letter (which I told Charley to leave wholly unanswered),[†5] that I heard about the book. It was from the Stereoscopic Company,[†6] who had been canvased for Advertisements to be inserted in "a Collection of Mr. Dickens's Speeches", which was sure of a very large sale. Their Manager asked whether the book was to be published with my sanction? The reply being evasive, he declined to advertize[†7] and immediately wrote to me. This transaction took place, may be a day or two after the date of the letter to Charley, but before I knew of its existence.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To CHARLES ELLIS, 14 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Charles Ellis Esquire | 71 Belgrave Mansions | Grosvenor Gardens | S.W.

5 Hyde Park Place W.

Monday Fourteenth February | 1870

Dear Mr. Ellis

I considered the subject of the Star and Garter, with a reference to All The Year Round, at the time of the fire.[†1] But I placed it in the category of topics which the newspapers anticipate, and the general interest in which has passed before they can be dealt with in a literary Journal that must always be at press two weeks in advance.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Ellis Esquire

To ARTHUR HELPS, 14 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Royal Archives, Windsor Castle.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Monday Fourteenth February | 1870.

My Dear Helps,

I shall be truly obliged to you if you will present my duty to the Queen, and my thanks for the gracious remembrance expressed in the Queen's enclosure to you for me. I shall always set a high value on those portraits and preserve them proudly.[†3]

The Queen's reference to the Frozen Deep emboldens me to ask you to explain what I think and hope (but cannot be sure) was explained at the time, when the Queen did me the honor to send for me on that Memorable evening. I was already dressed for the farce in a ridiculous wig and dressing gown, and felt, not being a professional actor, that there would be something incongruous in my so presenting myself for the first time before the Queen and the late Prince Consort.[†4]

My Dear Helps | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Helps Esquire.

To LORD LYTTON, 14 FEBRUARY 1870

MS Lytton Papers.

5 Hyde Park Place | Monday Fourteenth Feby. 1870

My Dear Lytton

I ought to have mentioned in my hurried note to you, that my knowledge of the consultation in question only preceded yours by certain hours; and that Longman asked me if I would make the design known to you, as he thought it might be a liberty to address you otherwise. This I did, therefore.

The class of writers to whom you refer at the close of your note, have no copyrights and do not come within my case at all.[†1] I quite agree with you as to their propensities and deserts.

Indeed I suppose in the main that there is very little difference between our opinions. I do not think the present Government worse than another, and I think it better than another by the presence of Mr. Gladstone; but it appears to me that our system fails.

Ever Yours
CD.

To B. H. TICKNOR,[†2] 14 FEBRUARY 1870

MS Berg Collection. *Address:* B. H. Ticknor Esquire | Messrs. Trubner and Co.[†3] | 60 Paternoster Row | E.C.

5 Hyde Park Place. W. | Monday Fourteenth February | 1870

My Dear Sir

I have waited for your return from Paris before answering your letter. I shall be at the office of All The Year Round, 26 Wellington Street Strand, on Wednesday from 12 to 2, and shall be happy to see you there if it will suit your convenience.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

B.H. Ticknor Esquire

To HENRY DICKENS, 17 FEBRUARY 1870

Text from facsimile in H. F. Dickens, *Memories of my Father*, 1928, p. 24.

5 Hyde Park Place W
Thursday Seventeenth February 1870

My Dear Harry

I am extremely glad to hear that you have made a good start at the Union.[†4] Take any amount of pains about it, open your mouth well and roundly, speak to the last person visible, and give yourself time.

Loves from all | Ever affectionately
CD

To W.F.A. WILSON,[†1] 17 FEBRUARY 1870

Text from N, III, 764.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Seventeenth February 1870

Dear Sir.

I more than readily send you the poor little document you require from me. If I can in any way amend it, pray command me.

With best wishes for your success | Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

[*Enclosure*]

I am happy to bear my testimony to the high merits of Mr. W.F.A. Wilson as a public servant of great experience, and also as an admirable instructor in imparting his experience and knowledge to students. One of my sons, now in India,[†2] had the great advantage of Mr. Wilson's tuition. I followed it closely, and was unusually impressed by the intelligent clearness of his method, his power of adapting himself to the comprehension he had to deal with, and the certainty with which he made his pupil confiding and industrious.

To GEORGE CLOWES, 18 FEBRUARY 1870

MS William Clowes & Sons Ltd.

5 Hyde Park Place W
Friday Night | Eighteenth February 1870

My Dear Mr. Clowes

Pardon the feelings of a parent,—but you got safely, the packet containing the last two thirds of No. 3,[†3] which I left at Duke Street last Sunday under cover to you? I am in no hurry for the proof. The safety of my precious child is my sole care

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To S.L. FILDES, 19 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* S. L. Fildes Esquire | 52 Hunter Street | Brunswick Square.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Saturday Nineteenth February 1870

Dear Mr. Fildes

I shall be at home on Monday from 10 to 3.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS LEHMANN, [?24 FEBRUARY 1870]

Envelope only (MS Pickering & Chatto). *Address:* Mrs Lehmann | 46 Marine Parade | Brighton. PM 24 Feb 70.

To THE REV. DR JOHN COX,[†1] 26 FEBRUARY 1870

Extract: N, 111, 764; dated 5 Hyde Park Place, 26 Feb 70: addressed The Rev. John E. Cox.

Here is your seat for next Tuesday, on my daughter's sofa. You will not hear the regular Yarmouth dialect,[†2] as I could not make it sufficiently intelligible in so large a place; but I hope you will not be disappointed in many other respects.

To G. H. LEWES,[†3] 26 FEBRUARY 1870

Extract in N, 111, 764.

This is merely to express my hope that Mrs. Lewes[†4] and you will not consider me a humbug *just yet.* Between my readings, my book, my weekly journal . . . I am really hard put to it occasionally.

To W. H. WILLS, 26 FEBRUARY 1870

MS Huntington Library.

THE ATHENÆUM | Saturday Twenty Sixth February 1870

My Dear Wills

You know that you are expected at a certain small dinner of four, next Thursday the 3rd. March[†5] at Blanchard's in Regent Street[†6] at 6 sharp? Don't you? A word in answer to 5 Hyde Park Place W.

Ever affecy.

CD

To SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, 27 FEBRUARY 1870*

MS British Library.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Sunday Twenty Seventh February 1870

My Dear Sir Charles

I write you an informal note in answer to your kind invitation, to explain—as I am unfortunate a second time—that I give a dinner on the 12th. of March to the gentlemen who have long been associated with the business-conduct of my Readings.[†1] Otherwise I should have been truly pleased and interested in dining with you, and renewing in your person the relations of friendship I held both with your excellent father and grandfather,[†2] and can never remember without emotion.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke.

March

To G. H. LEWES, [1 MARCH 1870]

Extract in N, III, 767. *Date*: CD almost certainly wrote "Tuesday" before "First March" (five days before going to lunch with the Leweses—misread in catalogue as "Twenty" and followed by N.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | 21st March, 1870

On Sunday I hope to attend service[†3] at the Priory.[†4] I like the healthy look of the walking expedition and the longer rest abroad.[†5] May you thoroughly enjoy both. With kind regard to Mrs. Lewes.

To THE REV. DR CHARLES TISDALL,[†6] 1 MARCH 1870*

MS (copy made by Tisdall) Thomas Wright Collection, Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, First March 1870

My Dear Doctor Tisdall,

I have read your excellent prologue[†7] with natural pleasure and satisfaction and I thank you heartily.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

The Rev. Dr. Tisdall

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 1 MARCH 1870

Mention in City Book Auction catalogue No. 602; *MS* 1 p.; dated 5 Hyde Park Place, 1 Mar 70.

To W. C. MACREADY, 2 MARCH 1870†

MS Morgan Library.

ATHENÆUM | Wednesday Second March 1870

My Dearest Macready

This is to wish you and yours all happiness and prosperity on the well-remembered anniversary[†1] tomorrow. You may be sure that loves and happy returns will not be forgotten at *our* table.

I have been getting on very well with my book, and we are having immense audiences at St. James's Hall. Mary has been celebrating the first glimpses of Spring, by having the Measles! She got over the disorder very easily, but a weakness remains behind. Katie is blooming, [†a] and her husband is as ailing as ever.[†a] Georgina is in perfect order, and all send you their very best loves.

It gives me true pleasure to have your sympathy with me in the second little speech at Birmingham.[†2] I was determined that my Radicalism should not be called in question. The electric wires are not very exact in their reporting, but at all events the sense was there. Ryland, as usual, made all sorts of enquiries about you.

With love to dear Mrs. Macready and the noble boy my particular friend, and a hearty embrace to you,

I am Ever My Dearest Macready | Your most affectionate
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a] I noticed Mrs. Stanfield[†3] in front last night; looking well, but curiously old.[†a]

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 3 MARCH 1870

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Thursday Third March 1870

My Dear F. C.

All right. I see no objection to their[†4] having casts of those stereotype plates.[†5] Are they paying us what they owe us?

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

To ARTHUR HELPS, 3 MARCH 1870

MS Benoliel Collection

5 Hyde Park Place W | Thursday Third March 1870

My Dear Helps

We will have of "Gad's Hill Place" attached to the title of the Baronetcy,[†1] please—on account of the divine William and Falstaff. With this stipulation, my blessing and forgiveness are enclosed. A more formal note accompanies this.

Ever Yours

CD.

I have been reading your book[†2] with great pleasure. It is full of matter to set one thinking, most charmingly suggested. I am reading it still.

To ARTHUR HELPS, 3 MARCH 1870

MS Benoliel Collection

5 Hyde Park Place W | Thursday Third March 1870

My Dear Helps

I am sure I need not tell you that I am much honored by the Queen's gracious message,[†3] and that I very highly esteem it. Will you kindly present my duty and thanks to the Queen and the assurance that I shall be proud and happy to wait upon Her Majesty whenever it may suit her pleasure.[†4]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Helps Esquire

To MRS LESLIE,[†1] 7 MARCH 1870

Extract in Nial Devitt Books catalogue No. 43 (1998); *MS* 1 p.; dated 5 Hyde Park Place, 7 Mar 70; addressed Mrs Leslie. *Address* (envelope in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1955): Mrs Leslie | 22 Charles Street | Berkeley Square | W. PM 7 Mar 70.

Suggesting a day for a meeting. . . I really do not see . . . why I should wait for my daughter Mary's return, to answer your kind note. Shall it be (this looks as if I were asking you to "name the day" in a more tender reference) on Saturday week?

To H. SIMPSON,[†2] 7 MARCH 1870

Extract in Precieux Autographes catalogue, Dec 1981; *MS* (retranslated into English) 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 7 Mar 70; addressed H. Simpson at Liverpool.

He thanks Simpson for his letter and for a very clear account of a very difficult case.[†3] I am happy to be so skilfully brought to the fore.

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 9 MARCH 1870

Text from MDGH, 11, 436-7.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday, March 9th, 1870

My Dear Fitzgerald,[†4]

You make me very uneasy on the subject of your new long story here,[†5] by sowing your name broadcast in so many fields at once, and undertaking such an impossible amount of fiction at one time. Just as you are coming on with us, you have another story in progress in "The Gentleman's Magazine,"[†6] and another announced in "Once a Week."[†7] And so far as I know the art we both profess, it cannot be reasonably pursued in this way. I think the short story you are now finishing in these pages[†8] obviously marked by traces of great haste and small consideration; and a long story similarly blemished would really do the publication irreparable harm.

These considerations are so much upon my mind that I cannot forbear representing them to you, in the hope that they may induce you to take a little more into account the necessity of care and preparation, and some self-denial in the quantity done. I am quite sure that I write fully as much in your interest as in that of "All the Year Round."

Believe me, always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 11 MARCH 1870

MS Brotherton Library, Leeds.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Friday Eleventh March 1870

My Dear Fitzgerald.[†1]

Of course the engagement between us is to continue, and I am sure you know me too well to suppose that I have ever had a thought to the contrary. Your explanation is (as it naturally would be, being yours) manly and honest; and I am both satisfied and hopeful.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 8 and 11 MARCH 1870*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Charles Eliot Norton Esqre | Villa d'Ecli | fuori di porta S. Gallo | Florence | Italy.

5 Hyde Park Place, London W.
Tuesday Eighth March 1870

My Dear Norton

I have been so closely occupied since I received your last letter, that I have had no time for my own friends and pleasures, and therefore have not written to you. I need not tell you how delighted we were to have your news of dear Mrs. Norton, and how often we think and speak of you all.

The weather here since the beginning of January (some half dozen days, at most, excepted) has been hideous. Foggy, gloomy, and bitterly cold. The East wind has been almost as bad in London as in (may I write it?) Boston. Mary has solemnized it by taking the measles from some unlucky boy in a country house. She had the disorder very lightly, but it has weakened her since it passed away.

The Readings have been splendidly successful. The last but one is tonight and the last of all this night week. They have not prevented my writing hard at my book, and I am well ahead. Furthermore, I am well in all respects. You will see changes at Gad's Hill when you next come there for some summer days; a horrible tendency to turn in workmen when I turn out myself, having seized upon me this time to an unprecedented extent.

Like you, I have been shocked beyond expression by Fields's house having published that vileness of Mrs. Stowe's.[†1] I have really felt impatient, uneasy, and compromised, by being in business relations with the establishment. And yet I can hardly believe, without reliable proof, that they sanctioned that newspaper statement[†2] you tell me of, of their being morally convinced of the truth of the statement. If they did, I should call it an unparalleled case of sham virtue and conceited lunacy.

Hayward[†3] told me the other day at the Athenaeum that Lord Broughton's (Hobhouse's)[†4] executors have decided to publish the Byron documents in their possession (understood to be quite exculpatory):[†5] holding, on examination and consideration that his injunction that a certain time should elapse before the publication of his papers, refers only to those which relate to affairs that came to his knowledge as a Cabinet Minister.

I lunched with the Leweses last Sunday, who were full of recollections of you and yours. Also the other day I dined with Motley,[†6] who lives in a wonderful house of Lord Yarborough's;[†7] something between the Louvre, a Genoese Palace, and the Arabian Nights.[†8] The United States are certainly most nobly represented while he is Minister in London; for (apart from good humour, good sense, and good taste, which were all conspicuous), the splendour of the entertainment was quite amazing. Some of our solemn Bigwigs seemed crushed by being so outdone.

I set in, when I started, for quite a long letter; but here comes in Dolby to take me down to the Hall—which I visit at one o'Clock on every Reading Day—and I must close. Mary and Georgina join with me in kindest love to Mrs. Norton, to your excellent mother, and to all the house. Dolby begs me to add his best regard.

Ever My Dear Norton | Your faithful and affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS

Friday Eleventh March. After all this is only posted now, as I had mislaid your address. I had (this is the last news) half an hour's interview with the Queen last Wednesday.[†9] She had signified in a note that she wished to "make my acquaintance", and we had a very interesting conversation. Again love.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 12 MARCH 1870*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Saturday Twelfth March 1870

My Dear F.C.

I want a Library Edition copy of Copperfield[†1] prettily bound in Morocco with gilt edges (say blue or green for the prevailing color) to give a lady.[†2]

And I want a best copy of [†a]*all my books*[†a] bound by Hayday[†3] for a special purpose[†4] in red morocco and gold with gilt edges. I want it with as little delay as is consistent with the best workmanship. Please have it put in hand at once.

Faithfully Always

CD.

To S. L. FILDES, 13 MARCH 1870*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* [S][†5]. L. Fildes Esquire | 52 Hunter Street | Brunswick Square | W. C.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Thirteenth March 1870

My Dear Mr. Fildes

You will find me at home here any time tomorrow (Monday) between 10 and ½ past 3.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

[S][†5]. L. Fildes Esquire

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 14 MARCH 1870

MS Dickens House.

5 Hyde Park Place S. W.

Monday Fourteenth March 1870

My Dear F.C.

Mr. Fildes has been with me this morning, and without complaining of Mr. Dalziel[†1] or expressing himself otherwise than as being obliged to him for his care in No. 1, represents that there is a brother student of his, a wood engraver, perfectly acquainted with his style and well understanding his meaning, who would render him better.[†2] I have replied to him that there can be no doubt that he has a claim beyond dispute to our employing whomsoever he knows will present him in his best aspect. Therefore we must make the change; the rather because the fellow-student in question has engraved Mr. Fildes most successful drawings hitherto.[†3]

Faithfully
CD.

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 14 MARCH 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

H. P. P. | Monday Fourteenth March 1870

My Dearest Georgy

Enclosed is the envelope for Mrs. Yates's[†4] tickets.[†5] If they come, please send them round.

My throat is queer, and I am obliged to gargle and poultice!

Cheques enclosed

Ever affecy.
CD.

To GEORGE HOLME,[†1] 14 MARCH 1870*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Address:* George Holme Esquire | 1 Cavendish House | Prince's Park | Liverpool.

5 Hyde Park Place, London W.
Monday Fourteenth March 1870

My Dear Sir

In acknowledging the receipt of both your letters (which has been a little delayed by my being at this address in London until the end of May), let me first assure you that I of course receive them in confidence.

Let me next congratulate you on your accession to fortune, and on your conscientious knowledge that you deserve it.

I have been much affected by what you tell me of the influence of my books upon your life and character. I shall not endeavour to express how deeply I feel such communication at any time, or what an inestimable reward it is to an earnest worker.

This brings me to your generous proposal; which separates you from all my other readers and correspondents.

I do not want money. If I did, I would take it, so offered.[†2] Emphatically, I do not. But I should deem it a most precious heirloom, if you would give me something for my dining table or sideboards, which would bear upon it the record that it was presented by one who had been cheered and stimulated by my writings, and who held them among his first remembrances when he became prosperous.[†3] No gift could be more acceptable to me; and I should live in it at my usefullest and best, not only among my children, but among their childrens' children, generations hence. I should regard it as my most valuable acquisition in life, and should be correspondingly proud of it.

It is difficult to turn from a subject so very near and dear to my soul, into general questions. But I must add that I perfectly agree with you in most of your opinions referring to the social welfare. I have always held Mr. Gladstone's Post Office Saving Bank scheme[†4] to be inestimably important and serviceable to the masses; and that thrift and self respect will ever go hand in hand among them, cannot be reasonably questioned. As to the manner in which, and the extent to which, shams and impostures are to be attacked, let me venture to impress on you that a writer of fiction has always to consider how he can tempt his readers into wholesome considerations into which they would not submit to be dragged, and that some of the deepest wounds he gives often come of what seem to be his lightest touches. Besides; in his Art as in all other things, the greater includes the less. If it be his happy privilege to awaken in many breasts a noble tone, and a scorn of all meanness and false pretence, both must comprehend, in time,

a whole catalogue of individual meannesses and false pretences that he has never named in detail.

Believe me My Dear Sir | With many thanks
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Holme Esquire.

To EDMUND YATES, [?15 MARCH 1870]

Mention in Yates, *Recollections*, p. 317. *Date:* Yates's message was to greet him at his farewell reading on 15 Mar. CD probably replied immediately after it.

Replying to his affectionate message.

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,[†1] 17 MARCH 1870

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912*, Leipzig, 1912, p. 58.

Gad's Hill Place, March 17th, 1870.

The first number of my new story (to be completed in 12 numbers) will be published on the last day of this month. Your terms shall be mine, and I will most readily accept them if you will kindly state them.[†2]

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 17 MARCH 1870

Extract in Thomas Madigan, *Autograph Letters, Manuscripts, Historical Documents*, 1927; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 17 Mar 70.

In reply to your obliging letter, I beg to inform you that I have already conceded the sole copyright of my new book for translation in Germany to Dr. Lehmann of Hamburg.[†3]

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 18 MARCH 1870*

MS University of Reading.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Friday Eighteenth March 1870

My Dear F.C.

I don't understand whether you send the enclosed[†4] to me as a proof of the general looking out for the new book, or to know what I think of the writer's[†5] request. If the latter, I should say that there will be no harm in granting it, as he seems to have been similarly trusted in another case, and not to have abused the trust.

Accounts?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 18 MARCH 1870*

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Friday Eighteenth March 1870

My Dear Dixon

Perhaps you will explain to Mr. Haydon[†1] that my injunction was, not to write a life of Mr. Townshend, but to publish his "Religious Opinions". That, I did, some months ago. He left me all his papers, including a very large correspondence. As they comprehended a vast number of delicate matters, and as I have no faith in the general discretion or reticence concerning such papers, I resolved that they should compromise nobody at any time, and destroyed them.[†2]

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

Heartiest thanks.

To PAUL FECHTER,[†3] [?20 MARCH 1870]

Text from Paul Féval, "Charles Dickens" (obituary), *Le Gaulois, Supplement Litteraire,* 13 June 70. *Date:* received on 21 Mar 70, according to Paul Féval's obituary of CD; presumably written the day before.

Mon petit ami Paul, je t'envoie mes adieux au public.[†4] C'est fini, je tâcherai d'écrire encore, mais je ne parlerai plus.

Ton vieil ami,
CHARLES.[†5]

To FREDERICK CHAPMAN, 21 MARCH 1870*

MS Morgan Library.

5 Hyde Park Place, W. | Monday Twenty First March | 1870

My Dear F. C.

What does this extraordinary letter[†1] mean? Pray let me see you sometime in the morning, as I must answer it by return.

Ever Yours
CD.

To S. LUKE FILDES, [21] MARCH 1870

MS Luke V. Fildes. *Date:* CD's error; Mon was 21 Mar in 1870. *Address:* S. L. Fildes Esquire | Hunter Street | Brunswick Square.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Monday Twentieth March 1870

Dear Mr. Fildes

[†a][ ][†a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS HARPER & BROTHERS, 22 MARCH 1870*

MS Benoliel Collection

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Twenty Second March, 1870

Dear Sirs

Your letter of the 5th. of this month[†2] is astounding to me, and I think will be equally so to you when you read what follows.

Last Autumn, when Mr. Fields was in England and was staying at my house, I told him (having altogether forgotten my contract with Fields Osgood and Co.) that I had always been highly satisfied with my transactions with you, and that I considered myself bound therefore to offer the early sheets of my new book to you; that I had a reason for declining to communicate with your London agent;[†3] but that I intended writing out to your house on the subject. Mr. Fields

expressed his regret that I could not let him have the sheets, and said no more. But immediately on his return home to Boston and arrival there, he wrote me a letter, enclosing a copy of the agreement for these early sheets, which I had made[†1] (along with other agreements) with his House, long before I had the book in contemplation: saying that he had thought there was such a document existing, but had supposed he must be wrong. I at once wrote back acknowledging the agreement,[†2] and also wrote to you informing you of the mistake I had made.

I leave you to judge whether it is possible that Mr. Fields or his house *can* have been surprised by the correspondence between your house and me on this subject, when, at their request, you forwarded it to them:—as you inform me you did, in the letter to which I now reply.

You may be quite sure that if I should find myself `free' to make a new arrangement concerning advance sheets of The Mystery of Edwin Drood, at any time during the issuing of the book in numbers, I will at once send them to you, and place myself in your hands.[†3]

Dear Sirs | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Harper and Brothers

To WALTER THORNBURY, 22 MARCH 1870*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Tuesday Twenty Second March 1870

My Dear Thornbury

I shall be proud and happy to accept the Dedication.[†4]

I am sorry you are aggrieved about the old soldier, but I hope the feeling may not last long. I particularly asked my son to represent to you that it unfortunately

came out too like several other papers of the same kind, at various times published in the erring but repentant pages.[†1]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Walter Thornbury Esquire

To THOMAS HYDE HILLS, 23 MARCH 1870

Extract in American Prices Current, v, 1919, 21; dated 5 Hyde Park Place, 23 Mar 70; addressed Thomas Hyde Hills.

I am sorry you did not come into my room on the night of the last Reading.

To MISS LULU KENNEDY,[†2] 23 MARCH 1870*

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Miss Lulu Kennedy | Warren Street | Boston Highlands | Mass. | U.S. of America.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Third March 1870

My Dear Madam

If you knew how much I felt the arrival of your charming present[†3] and your affecting letter, you would have a far higher sense of the worth of both to my heart than your own modest nature could ever arrive at. It is impossible for me to thank you enough, but I thank you deeply, and shall always hold you in remembrance. I gratefully and affectionately reciprocate all your good wishes; and mine include not only yourself, but all who are—or may become—nearer and dear to you.

Believe me ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Lulu Kennedy

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 23 MARCH 1870

Text from N, 111, 766.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Third March 1870.

Dear Sir,

I should be heartily ashamed of myself for not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of your kind note and the enclosed amazing verses, if I had not the excuse of constant occupation to offer you.[†4] Even so armed, I feel a little sheepish.

H. Jones is a wonderful creature, and I feel truly obliged to you for your introduction to him; for I have had more than one good laugh over his wonderful account of himself, I assure you.

Believe me Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

What a pity you can't shut him up in one of the imperfectly filled cases in the Birmingham Shakespeare collection![†1]

To MISS ELISE WASTNEY,[†2] 23 MARCH 1870*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Third March 1870

Dear Madam

I beg you to accept my cordial thanks, for your kind remembrance in sending me a German account[†3] of myself and my writings, most flattering to my feelings. The occasion on which I had the pleasure of travelling with you on the North Kent Railway is perfectly fresh in my remembrance.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Elise Wastney

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 24 MARCH 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fourth March 1870

My Dear Ouvry

At the end of April, Wills formally retires from "All The Year Round", and my son Charles takes his place.

On Wills's retirement, he will fall back on the Eighth share to which Mrs. Wills would be entitled in the event of his death; and another eighth share goes to my aforesaid son Charles from that date, said end of April.

Will you kindly consider (having, I think, the Agreement for the establishment of this Journal)[†4] what endorsement it will require, or what other deed may be necessary, to record these new arrangements?[†5]

And at the same time I should like a form of codicil to my will, leaving all my interest in the Journal, stereotypes, stock, &c to my son Charles twice aforesaid.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To BARON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, 24 MARCH 1870

Extract in Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1837-1912,* p. 58.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, | March 24th, 1870.

The terms you kindly propose are quite satisfactory, and I accept them with pleasure.[†1] . . . You shall receive the first No. as soon after this as possible, and the succeeding Nos. regularly. . . . Believe me always faithfully your friend

CHARLES DICKENS

To THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, 24 MARCH 1870*

MS Stanford University Libraries. *Address* (envelope, MS Robson Lowe Ltd): Thomas Adolphus Trollope | Villa Trollope | Ricorbole | Firenze | Italy. PM London 24 Mar 70 and Firenze 27 Mar 70.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Fourth March 1870

My Dear Trollope.

I have this day paid into your bankers £31. .6. .0; being the odd £25 due on Veronica[†2] after repaying Chapman, and £6. .6. .0 due for the Swiss Song Festival.[†3]

I make no claim on the right of translation into German; but in this case, and in all others, leave the privilege with the writer, as being a writer myself.

In haste | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 26 MARCH 1870

MS Johns Hopkins University.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Saturday Twenty Sixth March | 1870

My Dear F.C.

How is it that I cannot possibly get from you, *a copy of David Copperfield, Library Edition,* that I have now asked for *three times*?[†4]

Many thanks for the offer of the set of bound books, of which I return the specimen Volume. But the Queen knows that I ordered her set to be red and gold. Pray ask the binder when he sends them home here, to pack Vol 1, separately, so that I may write an inscription in it without disturbing all the rest.

And I want at once a set of the C.D. Edition, with the first Volume separate also.

No. 1 Edwin Drood may go at once to the Baron Tauchnitz Leipsig. And also to

Dr. Lehmann[†5] | Klostersteig | Pöseldorf | Hamburg.[†6]

To MRS ROSS CHURCH, 26 MARCH 1870*

MS W. A. Foyle.

5 Hyde Park Place, London W.
Saturday Twenty Sixth March 1870

My Dear Mrs. Church

I am here until the end of May, and shall be happy to see you when you come to town.

The friendly transaction of my business with Chapman and Hall would be impossible unless it was distinctly understood between us that they are free to act for themselves in reference to any introduction of mine, without offending me. I fear therefore that my good word in that quarter is far less powerful than you suppose. But you shall have it. And I think it will not be of the less worth if you leave me to speak it, and if you assume—as you may—that you are already known to Mr. Chapman, through my having personally mentioned you and your book[†1] to him, and entreated him to give his attention to both.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Florence Marryat Church.

To JOHN FORSTER, [26 MARCH 1870]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 832. *Date*: 26 Mar 70, according to Forster. *Address* (envelope, MS Miss Storey): John Forster Esquire | Palace Gate House | Kensington | W. PM 26 Mar 70.

As my soverign desires that I should attend the next levee,[†2] don't faint with amazement if you see my name in that unwonted connection. I have scrupulously kept myself free for the second of April[†3] in case you should be accessible.

To ARTHUR HELPS, 26 MARCH 1870

MS Benoliel Collection.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Saturday Twenty Sixth March 1870

My Dear Helps

The binder reports to me to day that he wants "another fortnight" for the completion of the set of my books which I have entrusted to him to bind for the Queen. Of course he must have it, or he will for ever believe that I spoilt his work by driving him.

En attendant, I send you for Her Majesty the first No. of my new story which will not be published until next Thursday the 31st. Will you kindly forward it to the Queen with my loyal duty and devotion? If Her Majesty should ever be sufficiently interested in the tale to desire to know a little more of it in advance of

her subjects, you know how proud I shall be to anticipate the publication.

You will receive soon after this, a copy of your Godson's[†1] most portable edition of his writings, for yourself. I hope you may like it, and, reversing and abbreviating the Catechism, "do one thing in his name"[†2]:—read it.

[†a] In the accompanying box is a bundle of those choice little cigars duly dried in the summer heat of Gad's Hill. If you continue to like them and will impress on Mr. Carlin[†3] that you confide in his supplying you as he supplies me, I think you will rarely get any worse.[†a]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Helps Esquire

To CHARLES KENT, 26 MARCH 1870

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Saturday Twenty Sixth March 1870

My Dear Kent

I received both copies of The Sun, with the tenderest pleasure and gratification.[†4]

Everything that I can let you have in aid of the proposed record[†5] (which, *of course*, would be far more agreeable to me if done by you than by any other hand), shall be at your service. Dolby has all the figures relating to America, and you shall have for reference the books from which I read. They are afterwards going into Forster's Collection.[†6]

Can you come and dine tomorrow at half past 6. Only my people.

Ever Affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 27 MARCH 1870*

Ms Berg Collection.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Sunday Twenty Seventh March 1870

My Dear F. C.

Mrs. Florence Marryat Church, one of Captain Marryat's daughters, has written to me for a note of introduction to you on behalf of herself and a novel she has in manuscript. I told her in reply, it was clearly impossible that you could manage your business, unless it was quite understood between us that you on all occasions regarded it from your own point of view, without giving me offence; and that she must not suppose my introduction to have any other influence than bespeaking attention for whomsoever I presented. I then added that I need give her no letter, as I would tell you of her, and she might consider herself introduced already. Will you bear this in mind when the lady besieges 193 Piccadilly.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

To HENRY BICKNELL, 28 MARCH 1870*

MS University of California, Los Angeles. *Address* (envelope, MS Houghton Library, Harvard): Henry Bicknell Esquire | Cavendish House | Clapham Common | SW. PM 28 Mar 70.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Monday Twenty Eighth March 1870

My Dear Bicknell

Let me cordially assure you that it gives me great pleasure to receive your kind letter, and that I shall be delighted to see Mrs. Bicknell again.

If next Wednesday fortnight, the 13th April, will suit your convenience I will book that day at the hour you mention — 7 o'Clock.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Henry Bicknell Esquire

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 28 MARCH 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Monday Twenty Eighth March | 1870

My Dear Ouvry

I return the Agreement[†1] with my signature attached.

You are right in supposing that the new All The Year Round Agreement will not be wanted for execution until the end of April.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

To HENRY DICKENS, 29 MARCH 1870

MS Henry C. Dickens.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth March 1870

My Dear Harry

Enclosed is a cheque for £25. .0. .0. Your next Tuesday's subject[†1] is a good one. I would not lose the point that narrow minded fanatics who decry the Theatre and defame its artists, are absolutely the advocates of depraved and barbarous amusements. For wherever a good drama and a well regulated theatre decline, some distorted form of theatrical entertainment will infallibly arise in their place. In one of the last chapters of Hard Times, Mr. Sleary says something to the effect:- "People will be entertained thomehow, Thquire. Make the betht of uth, and not the wortht."[†2]

Ever affectionately
CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 MARCH 1870]

Extract in F, XII, i, 848. *Date*: 29 Mar 70, according to Forster.

My uneasiness and hemorrhage, after having quite left me, as I supposed, has come back with an aggravated irritability that it has not yet displayed. You have no idea what a state I am in to-day from a sudden violent rush of it; and yet it has not the slightest effect on my general health that I know of.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, [?LATE MARCH 1870]

Mention in *To* Emil Lehmann, 1 May 70. *Date:* no doubt shortly after 26 Mar, when he requested Chapman to send Lehmann a copy of Edwin Drood, No. 1.

Requesting Chapman to send Lehmann three copies of every No. of Edwin Drood.

To [J. S. LE FANU],[†3] 31 MARCH 1870*

MS Bodmer Library, Geneva.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Thirty First March 1870

My Dear Sir

I have waited until to day to reply to your letter (extremely acceptable to me), because I vaguely discerned a possible change in my serial-story arrangements

for these pages. An opening has presented itself which might leave me at liberty some eight or nine months from this time.[†1] Will you kindly, at your leisure, let me know generally what the scheme of your story is, and will you excuse my hinting at the necessity of its being specially constructed for *serial* publication? Though that involves an additional difficulty, it certainly need not (so far as I know) be in the least injurious to the work as a whole.

It will give me the greatest pleasure to hear further from you on this subject.
Believe me My Dear Sir | always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Would your story be of the usual 3 Volume length?[†2]

To ANGUS FAIRBURNE,[†3] MARCH 1870

Mention in J. W. Jarvis catalogue, 1884; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Angus Fairburne; dated Mar 70.

April

To SAMPSON LOW, [?1 APRIL 1870]

Mention in next. *Date:* probably written same day.

To SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1 APRIL 1870*

MS New York Public Library.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Friday First April, 1870

My Dear Shirley Brooks

I have written to Mr. Low, expressing my regret that I cannot comply with his request, backed as it is by my friend S. B.[†4] But I have told him what is perfectly true:—that I leave town for the peaceful following of my own pursuits, at the end of next month; that I have excused myself from filling all manner of claims, on the ground that the public engagements I could make for the season, were very few and were all made; and that I cannot bear hot rooms when I am at work. I have smoothed this as you would have me smooth it.

With your longing for fresh air, I can thoroughly sympathize. May you get it soon, and may you enjoy it and profit by it but half as much as I wish!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†5]

To ARTHUR HELPS, 1 APRIL 1870

MS Huntington Library.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Friday First April 1870

My Dear Helps

I remember mysterious announcements in the newspapers, about people to be presented having to send their cards to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, "two clear days" before something. Is there any such obligation on your Godson? And at what time shall I call for you in Downing Street on Wednesday? A word on these two points will be esteemed as an act of charity by

Yours Ever
CD.

To GEORGE HOLME, 1 APRIL 1870*

MS Victoria & Albert Museum. *Address:* George Holme Esquire | Cavendish House | Prince's Park | Liverpool.

THE ATHENÆUM | Friday First April, 1870

My Dear Sir

Messrs. Hunt and Roskell sent to my house yesterday, the two most beautiful objects which you ordered of them as a present to me.[†1] I cannot sufficiently express to you how highly and proudly I shall always prize them, or with what affectionate and reverent care they will be preserved in my family,[†2] in remembrance of my books and one of their readers, long after I can write no more.

You may be sure that Messrs. Hunt and Roskell have no hint of your name from me. Knowing you to be sensitive on the point, I even abstained from calling on you when you were at the Grosvenor, to the end that I might truly say that I had never seen the generous donor of the gifts. I hope however that this precaution may henceforth be dispensed with, and that we may become personal friends. It would afford me uncommon interest and gratification.

Thanking you with my whole heart, I shall always remain

My Dear Sir | Your faithful Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

George Holme Esquire

To THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE, 2 APRIL 1870*

MS Dickens House.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Saturday Second April, 1870

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Authorities at the Lord Chamberlain's office, and trusts he is not mistaken in deeming it necessary to forward the enclosed note, and instruct his messenger to wait for two cards.

To SIR RODERICK MURCHISON,[†1] 3 APRIL 1870*

MS Dickens House.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Sunday Third April 1870

My Dear Sir Roderick

I was horrified to find on coming home last night, that I was pre-engaged for the 15th. In my eagerness to accept your welcome invitation, I quite forgot it. But coming face to face with my inexorable Diary, there I discovered the record of the fact.

Forgive me and pity me! And above all Believe me

Your faithful friend and admirer

CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Roderick Murchison

To PERCY FITZGERALD, 4 APRIL 1870

Text from N, III, 770.

5 Hyde Park Place | Monday Fourth April, 1870

My Dear Fitzgerald,

It strikes me that a quaintly expressive title for such a book would be:

The Doctor's Mixture.[†2]

What do you think of it?[†3]

Ever faithfully

[CHARLES DICKENS]

To F.C. BEARD, 5 APRIL 1870

MS Dickens House.

5 Hyde Park Place | Tuesday Fifth April 1870

My Dear Beard

I am getting better, "nicely," as the Nurse's phrase is. Tomorrow I am going to the Levee,[†4] and shall be absent (in a Fancy Dress) at our usual time. Let us

say Friday, if convenient to you; we can confirm or correct our appointment, on Thursday night.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To GEORGE HODDER,[†1] 5 APRIL 1870*

MS Walter T. Spencer.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT

Tuesday Fifth April 1870[†2]

My Dear Sir

I have just received your book,[†3] and hasten to send you my best thanks for it. I am so certain that you cannot have used my name in any way in the least distasteful to me, that I assure you you were heartily welcome to introduce it, before I have had time to cut your leaves.[†4]

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

George Hodder Esquire

To W.W. JONES, [6 APRIL 1870]

Envelope in Christie's catalogue, Dec 1986. *Address:* Mr. Walter Jones | The Savings Bank | Hercules Buildings | Lambeth | SE. *Date:* PM 6 Apr 70.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [? EARLY APRIL 1870]

Mention in *To* Lehmann, 1 May 70. *Date:* presumably early Apr, after publication of *Edwin Drood*, No. 1, 31 Mar.

To W. W. JONES, 7 APRIL 1870

Extract in John Heise List No. 2460; *MS* 1 p.; dated Office of *AYR*, 7 Apr 70; addressed Mr. Walter Jones.

Your receipt of my last subscription[†5] has come safely to hand, and I shall be happy to correct my remarks[†6] for you if you will send me a report of them as you propose.

To S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER,[†1] 7 APRIL 1870*

MS Iowa University Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Seventh April 1870

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, returning my additional subscription of Five Pounds in aid of the Leigh Hunt Memorial.[†2] I fully appreciate the trouble you have kindly taken in the matter, and the difficulties with which you have had to contend; and, as a friend to the cause, I beg to thank you.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

S. R. Townshend Mayer Esquire

To K. R. H. MACKENZIE,[†3] 8 APRIL 1870

MS Houghton Library, Harvard. *Address:* Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie Esqre. | 8 Tavistock Place | Tavistock Square | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Eighth April 1870

Dear Sir

I received, and perused with much interest, the book you were so kind as to send me many weeks ago.[†4] I fully believed that I had thanked you for it, and I entreat you to excuse my seeming remissness.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie Esquire

To THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 8 APRIL 1870

MS Huntington Library.

THE ATHENÆUM | Friday Eighth April 1870

My Dear Mrs. Watson

With the greatest pleasure I engage myself (and Mary) to you for the Second of May. You cannot too completely make me one of your family party. The dear old Rockingham days are always fresh in my heart.

Believe me | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To HERBERT BYNG,[†1] 10 APRIL 1870

Mention in Parke-Bernet catalogue No. SN 1054; *MS* 1 p.; addressed Herbert Byng; dated Wednesday 10 Apr 70.

To SAMUEL CARTWRIGHT, 11 APRIL 1870*

Text from transcript, British Dental Association.

5 Hyde Park Place, W. | Monday Eleventh April 1870.

My Dear Cartwright

I have been working hard out of town since Friday, or I would have written sooner.

It will give me the greatest pleasure to dine with you on Friday, the 29th.

Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS ELLIOT, 12 APRIL 1870*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Tuesday Twelfth April 1870

My Dear F.

I am very sorry to say that Bird's Eye Views of Central Italy will not do for A. Y. R. The thing has been done again and again. And you fall into the mistake, common to ten thousand contributors, of supposing that because we made a success with the Crow,[†2] the thing is to be imitated. On the contrary, it is to be, for that very reason, expressly avoided, and something else tried for. This has been an article of my Editorial faith these twenty years.

I have had a hard day's work, and am obliged to avoid writing after dinner or by candlelight:—under both of which conditions I write now. You hate me, for the moment, of course. Try to get over it.

I never for a moment disputed your good faith in the Ghost Stories,[†3] be certain.

Ever affectionately
CD.

To GEORGE BRUNT, 13 APRIL 1870

Text from N, III, 771.

5 Hyde Park Place, W. | Wednesday, Thirteenth April, 1870

I think your idea, Brunt, of partitioning the Vinery and so getting our hot-house *a very good one*. I have begged Messrs. Cottam and Co.[†4] to send down to make an estimate for the cost of the work, which I have told them you will

describe exactly. Remember that I want to avoid any unnecessary expense, and that what we want, is, merely to have efficient means of preparing plants for the conservatory.[†1]

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 14 APRIL 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fourteenth April 1870

My Dear Ouvry

I return the draft[†2] with some slight alterations.

The sole objects of the deed are: To confirm Wills in his eighth share, and no management. To invest my son C.D. junr. with the business management, and another eighth share while he retains such management. To give me my six eighths, and the supreme authority over the whole concern, *literary and otherwise.*

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

To W.P. FRITH, 16 APRIL 1870

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Saturday Sixteenth April 1870

My Dear Frith

I shall be happy to go on Wednesday Evening, if convenient.[†3]

You please me with what you say of my new Illustrator, of whom I have great hopes.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

W. P. Frith Esquire

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 16 APRIL 1870*

Text from John Heise Catalogue No. 44 (1911); *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place,[†4] 16 Apr 70; addressed Holsworth.

Dear Holsworth

Please to send the inclosed order for a cheque book round to Coutt's Bank[†5] on Monday morning, and then to send the cheque book up to me here.

Faithfully yours,
C.D.

To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 16 APRIL 1870

Mention in Sotheran catalogue No. 670 (Mar 1907); *MS* 1 p.; dated 5 Hyde Park Place, 16 Apr 70.

To J. T. FIELDS, 18 APRIL 1870

MS Wellesley College.

5 Hyde Park Place, London W
Monday Eighteenth April 1870

My Dear Fields

I have been hard at work all day until post time, and have only leisure to acknowledge the receipt, the day before yesterday, of your note containing such good news of Fechter; and to assure you of my undiminished regard and affection.

We have been doing wonders with No. 1 of Edwin Drood. *It has very, very, far outstripped every one of its predecessors.*[†1]

Georgina has just now heard from Mrs. Fields: to whom my faithful love.

Ever Your affectionate Friend
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, 20 APRIL 1870*

MS Cleveland Public Libraries.

5 Hyde Park Place, London W | Wednesday Twentieth April 1870

My Dear Buckstone

This is my address until the first of June.

I trust you may fully rely upon me for the 16th.[†2] Whatever you want me to do, I will do, as like a faithful trustee as possible.[†3]

Faithfully Yours Always
CHARLES DICKENS

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 21 APRIL 1870

MS Dickens House.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty First April 1870

My Dear Mackay

I have placed "God's Acre".[†4]

The prose paper, The False Friend,[†5] has lingered, because it seems to me that

the idea is to be found in an introduced story of mine (called The Baron of Grogzwig) in Pickwick.[†1]

Be pleasant with the Scottish people, in handling Johnson,[†2] because I love them.

Ever Faithfully

CD

To MESSRS NEWCOMB, 21 APRIL 1870*

MS F. & H. Newcomb.

5 Hyde Park Place, London W[†3]
Thursday Twenty First April 1870

Messrs. Newcomb

Please to make my Coachman a new suit of livery as before, and to send it up to this address as soon as you conveniently can.

CHARLES DICKENS

To MISS CONSTANCE CROSS,[†4] 22 APRIL 1870*

MS Dickens House. *Address:* Miss Constance Cross | Ashstead | Epsom.

Friday Twenty Second April, 1870
5 Hyde Park Place London W.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Cross, and begs to let her know that he will be at home, in town, on Thursday next at 5 o'Clock. He trusts he addresses *Miss* Cross correctly, but the lady gives him no means of avoiding a mistake in this respect.[†5]

To J.H. NIGHTINGALE, 22 APRIL 1870

MS Dickens House.

5 Hyde Park Place, London, W
Friday Twenty Second April 1870

My Dear Mr. Nightingale

Beware of London Correspondents, for they lead into ditches! See what comes of my having taken the house of an old friend *for a few weeks*, and of my daughter's having had *A party*![†6]

[†a] Some few weeks ago I ventured to hint that a great novelist had not been invited to Court for nothing. It now transpires that the popular writer

in question has taken the Hyde-Park mansion of an ex-Cabinet Minister[†1] for a town residence, and that his "at homes" are attended by the leading members of the aristocracy.[†a]

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS BENZON,[†2] 23 APRIL 1870*

MS Mrs Miriam Green.

5 Hyde Park Place W
Saturday Twenty Third April 1870

My Dear Mrs. Benzon

It is very kind of you to offer me so wide a margin, but I am truly sorry to add that it comes too late. On the last day of May I leave this for Gad's Hill; and every engagement that I can possibly make in the meantime, is made. Even as my list stands, it is difficult of reconcilement with my work; and my principle has always been to stick to that, like a Spartan, and compliment myself (with an ill will) for my self denial.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To CHARLES KENT, 25 APRIL 1870†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Address:* Private | Charles Kent Esquire | "The Sun" Office | Strand | W.C.

Monday Morning Twenty Fifth April, 1870

My Dear Kent

[†a] Starting off for a long country walk, after very hard work, I put this in my pocket to post at some airy receiving-house on the road. I address it to your office; not being quite sure that I correctly remember your private address.[†a†3]

I received your book[†4] with the greatest pleasure, and heartily thank you for it. It is a volume of a highly prepossessing appearance and a most friendly look. I felt as if I should have taken to it at sight; even (a very large even) though I had known nothing of its contents, or of its author!

For the last week I have been most perseveringly and ding-dong-doggedly at work, making headway but slowly. The spring always has a restless influence over me; and I weary, at any season, of this London dining out, beyond expression; and I yearn for the country again. This is my excuse for not having

written to you sooner. Besides which, I had a baseless conviction that I should see you at the office last Thursday. Not having done so, I fear you must be worse, or no

better? If you *can* let me have a report of yourself, pray do. [†a] I hope all is ready for the second of May,[†1] and that London will burst on the first into an eruption of posters. You could not have begun at a better time, I trust.

Believe me ever | Affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†a]

Charles Kent Esquire

To ARTHUR HELPS, 26 APRIL 1870*

MS Mrs Noelle Campbell-Sharp.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Tuesday Twenty Sixth April 1870

My Dear Helps

I have but just now come back from Gad's Hill, or I should have written to you. We expect you at dinner presently, and wouldn't miss you on any consideration.

Ever Faithfully
CD.

To J. B. COOKE,[†2] 27 APRIL 1870

Text from printed leaflet, Sotheby catalogue June 1955.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday, Twenty-seventh April, 1870.

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the lines of which you have done me the honour to make me the subject,[†3] and to assure you that I thank you, and that I have read them with high gratification.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Joseph B. Cooke

To S. L. FILDES, 27 APRIL 1870*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* S. L. Fildes Esquire | 52 Hunter Street | Brunswick Square | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Seventh April 1870

Dear Mr. Fildes

I shall be happy to see you at my office in Wellington Street tomorrow, at any time that may best suit you between 11 and 3.

[a[

]a]

Suggestions for *No.* 5[1]
The proposal at the Sun Dial
For one subject; and
The recognition between Mr. Crisparkle
and a strange gentleman[2]
For the other.

To D. F. MAC CARTHY,[3] 27 APRIL 1870*

MS Longfellow House. *Address:* Denis Florence Mac Carthy Esqre. | &c &c &c | 74 Upper Gardiner Street | Dublin.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Twenty Seventh April 1870

Dear Sir

I have accidentally omitted to thank you for your highly interesting translation from Calderon,[4] and your no less interesting remembrance of my friend Long-fellow.[5] Let me repair the omission, though tardily, and offer you my best acknowledgments.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Denis Florence Mac Carthy Esquire

To C. H. WIGRAM,[6] 27 APRIL 1870

MS Huntington Library.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Wednesday Twenty Seventh April 1870

Dear Sir

Having been out of town for the last two or three days, I had not the pleasure of receiving your letter (enclosing one from my esteemed friend Madame Sainton), until last night.

I am most reluctantly obliged to assure you that I cannot comply with the request you do me the honor to prefer. But I receive so many to the same purpose, and an accumulation of such engagements is so incompatible with

the quiet pursuit of my own avocations, that, with the exception of the Theatrical Fund (to which I stand pledged) I can attend no more public dinners this year. I have excused myself in many meritorious cases on this ground, and go back into the country next month expressly to avoid hot rooms and speechmaking.

I sincerely regret my inability to render service in a good cause, but I need not tell you that the efficient discharge of duties already undertaken must over-ride all other considerations

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

C. Hampden Wigram Esquire

To C. J. BAKER,[†1] 28 APRIL 1870

Mention in Myers & Co. catalogue, Oct 1952; *MS* (3rd person) 1 p.; dated 28 Apr 70; addressed Mr Baker.

Regretting that he cannot come to the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 28 APRIL 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Twenty Eighth April 1870

My Dear Ouvry

All three parties to the Deed[†2] will be here next Thursday the 5th. May at a quarter past one. Will you come round and attest its execution[†3] and take a morsel of lunch, on your way to Coutts's?

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To JOHN FORSTER, [29 APRIL 1870]

Extracts in F, XII, i, 848 and *n*. *Date:* both extracts part of same letter of 29 Apr 70, according to Forster.

Like you at Ely, so I at Higham, had the shock of first reading at a railway station of the death of our old dear friend and companion.[†4] What the shock

would be, you know too well. It has been only after great difficulty, and after hardening and steeling myself to the subject by at once thinking of it and avoiding it in a strange way, that I have been able to get any command over it or over myself. If I feel at the time that I can be sure of the necessary composure, I shall make a little reference to it at the Academy to-morrow.[†1] I suppose you won't be there.

It is very strange—you remember I suppose?—that the last time we spoke of him together, you said that we should one day hear that the wayward life into which he had fallen[†2] was over, and there an end of our knowledge of it.

May

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, [1 MAY 1870]

Mention in *To* Dr Emil Lehmann, 1 May 70. *Date:* no doubt written same day.

Repeating his request to Chapman to send Lehmann three copies of every No. of Drood.

To LORD HOUGHTON, 1 MAY 1870*

MS Houghton Papers, Trinity College, Cambridge.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Sunday First May, 1870

My Dear Lord Houghton

My daughter and I are delighted to book ourselves for Tuesday the 24th. Believe me

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To DR EMIL LEHMANN, 1 MAY 1870*

MS Mrs Miriam Green.

5 Hyde Park Place, London W | First May 1870

Dear Sir

Long before receiving your letter of the 21st. of April, I had given my publishers

written directions to send you 3 copies of every No. of Edwin Drood. As they seem not to have done so, I now repeat those directions to them.

There are no proof sheets ready in advance.

I return the two papers you enclosed me, signed.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Emil Lehmann

To MRS DALLAS, 2 MAY 1870

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Second May 1870

My Dear Mrs. Dallas

In addition to my usual engagements, I have been (and still am), in attendance on a sick friend at some distance.[†1] Thus I have missed your notes.[†2] I will be at home tomorrow (Tuesday) morning at ½ past 10.

Faithfully Yours
CD[†3]

To W. F. POLLOCK,[†4] 2 MAY 1870

MS Dickens House.

5 Hyde Park Place W | Monday Second May 1870

My Dear Pollock

I have only accepted two invitations to breakfast, in my life; one, from Rogers[†5] five and twenty years ago;[†6] one from the Premier, for this very week.[†7] I *can not* go out in the morning, and afterwards do anything that day. You know that men can only do their work according to their various organizations and habits; and I hope you will excuse my weakness.

Believe me | Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. F. Pollock Esquire

To MRS POLLOCK,[†1] 2 MAY 1870

Text from MDGH, 11, 440

5 Hyde Park Place, W | Monday May 2nd, 1870

My Dear Mrs. Pollock,

Pray tell the illustrious Philip van Artevelde,[†2] that I will deal with the nefarious case in question[†3] if I can. I am a little doubtful of the practicability of doing so, and frisking outside the bounds of

the law of libel. I have that high opinion of the law of England generally, which one is likely to derive from the impression that it puts all the honest men under the diabolical hoofs of all the scoundrels. It makes me cautious of doing right; an admirable instance of its wisdom!

I was very sorry to have gone astray from you that Sunday; but as the earlier disciples entertained angels unawares,[†4] so the later often miss them haphazard.

Your description of La Font's[†5] acting is the complete truth in one short sentence: Nature's triumph over art;[†6] reversing the copy-book axiom! But the Lord deliver us from Plessy's[†7] mechanical ingenuousness!!

And your petitioner will ever pray.

And ever be,

Faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To CHARLES DICKENS JNR, [3 MAY 1870]

Envelope only, MS Private. *Address:* Charles Dickens Esquire | "All The Year Round office" | 26 Wellington Street | W. C. PM 3 May 70.

To GEORGE DOLBY, 3 MAY 1870

MS Huntington Library. On mourning paper.

5 Hyde Park Place | Tuesday Third May 1870[†8]

My Dear Dolby.

I think there is at last a plain practicable service that you can render Mrs. Dallas. Look at Mr. Hingston's proposal[†9] which she will show you. If you will

reduce it to a plain agreement with him in writing and with the business details adjusted between yourself and him, you will do all that is to be done.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

To ARTHUR HELPS, 3 MAY 1870

MS Benoliel Collection

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Tuesday Third May 1870.

My Dear Helps.

I am going to get a breath of fresh air until Thursday morning, and in the meantime gasp for friendly information on the following points.

I have a card of invitation to the Queen's Ball.[†1] No answer necessary, I suppose?

What dress? Court, or private?

Do you go? If so will you dine here that day—quite alone—at any time you like best?

That's all.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MISS CONSTANCE CROSS, 4 MAY 1870

MS British Library. *Address:* Miss Constance Cross | Ashstead | near Epsom.

5 Hyde Park Place | Wednesday Fourth May, 1870

Dear Miss Cross

I write to you most unwillingly, for I know that the contents of my letter cannot be acceptable to you.

Besides that your river tale is a weak repetition of the form of your printed story,[†2] I find absolutely nothing in it but the manner of the story without an End. The German manner will not carry the feeble matter. If you will consider the River-story apart from that manner, I think you will find it extremely commonplace with nothing in the way of character or incident to support it. Your Ice King, and the Ermine Robe, and the like, reappear; and there is a vast deal too much proclamation of poetry, without the appearance of the reality after the trumpets have been blown. All the stock in trade of the miserable little books of verses that continually accumulate on my table, reappears in no new form:— I call them miserable, because they make *me* so, in the evidences they present of a mistaken vocation and its attendant inevitable bitterness of disappointment. The true romance or poetry of human life or external nature is not to be found so as to awaken a response in any reasonable breast, by crying "Lo here! Lo

there! See where it comes! Look where it goes. This is it! That is it! The other is it!"—but in unaffectedly presenting it, with the art of seeming to leave it to present itself. The River, on the contrary, is an extremely conscious river, with a great deal to say about what it has to tell, and with very little to tell after all is said.

If I consulted my own ease and my own wish to be agreeable to you, by disguising what I sincerely believe to be the self evident truth, I should be equally false to you and to Lord Lytton's presentation of you. You will get nowhere by the road you are now pursuing. What qualifications you may have for attaining some amount of literary success by any other track, I cannot pretend to know, having only the

pleasure of knowing that you are modest and earnest in your aspirations. But you are now in a worn out way that never was a very firm one, and has been trodden into a mere Slough of Despond.†1

Will you claim your manuscript of me by any conveyance that you prefer.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Constance Cross

To E.P. HINGSTON,†2 [?EARLY MAY 1870]

Mention in H.T. Taverner and [J.C. Hotten], *CD: The Story of his Life,* p. 320. *Date:* shortly after *To* Dolby, 3 May 70.

Returning an Agreement Hingston had drafted for Mrs Dallas's forthcoming visit to America†3 with his annotations and suggestions.†4

To SIR JOHN BOWRING,†5 5 MAY 1870

Text from MDGH 111, 295.

Gad's Hill, | Thursday, 5th May, 1870.

My Dear Sir John,

I send you many cordial thanks for your note, and the very curious drawing accompanying it. I ought to tell you, perhaps, that the opium smoking I have described, I saw (exactly as I have described†6 it, penny ink-bottle†7 and all) down

in Shadwell†1 this last autumn.†2 A couple of the Inspectors of Lodging-Houses knew the woman and took me to her as I was making a round with them to see for myself the working of Lord Shaftesbury's†3 Bill.†4

Believe me, always faithfully yours
[CHARLES DICKENS]

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 5 MAY 1870*

MS Chas. Sawyer Ltd.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fifth May 1870

My Dear F. C.

Schloss†5 is an Ass, and is always making the most preposterous mistakes. I have closely enquired into the circumstances, and I find it indisputable that the No. he saw here was bought at a bookseller's, a whole day after you had published it!

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

To LADY MOLESWORTH, 5 MAY 1870

Text in N, 111, 775, checked from MS Sothebys, July 1987.

5 Hyde Park Place, W
Thursday Fifth May 1870

My Dear Lady Molesworth

I have got into such a horrible state of complicated and constant engagements for this month, that the best thing I can do, in answer to your kind note, is to ask you to name your own day—and any day—in *June.* I strike as to all other engagements at the end of this month of May.

Of course I have booked the 29th. in capital letters.

Many thanks for our airy French friend; perhaps she IS just a trifle gay.

Ever affecy. Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P.S. I wish you had been at the Academy Dinner. My having been out of town since, is the cause of this tardy reply to yours.

To MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 7 MAY 1870

MS Berg Collection.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Saturday Night Seventh May 1870

My Dear Sirs

I return you the sheets of The Child's History for press.[†1]

I beg you to be so good as send this note on to Messrs. Virtue and Cos.[†2] reader, in order that I may expressly thank him for his great care and attention. I have observed all his notes, and have found them all perfectly correct: with the exception that he has not borne in mind that the double-spelling of Agincourt and Azincourt is explained in the text.[†3] It is there stated (when the battle is described) that the latter was the French name, but that our English historians changed it into the former. I accordingly use the former, ever afterwards.

I am sincerely sensible of the Reader's pains, and am truly obliged to him.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Chapman and Hall

To ARTHUR HELPS, 7 MAY 1870*

MS Benoliel Collection.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Seventh May 1870

My Dear Helps

Again many thanks.

I sent you the Queen's letter,[†4] in compliance with your generally expressed wish, dating some time back.

Look over leaf for a suggested title or two.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

[†a]*Brevities*
Derived from Reading and Reflection
(or without the second line altogether)
A Tesselated Pavement

— XII - 523 —

Of Many Little Pieces.
Short Cuts
To Several Destinations

I think the first title—one word—the best. In fact, hardly to be improved upon.[†a†1]

To [ARTHUR HELPS], 8 MAY 1870*

MS Johns Hopkins University.

Second Letter of this date[†2]

H.P.P.[†3] | Sunday Eighth May 1870.

Finger-Posts
To Short Cuts.[†4]

To THE HON. MRS PERCY FITZGERALD, 9 MAY 1870

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

ATHENÆUM | Monday Ninth May, 1870

My Dear Mrs. FitzGerald

I have delayed answering your kind note, on the chance of discerning some loophole in my engagements for to night. But I am sorry to say I have got into that complicated state of engagements that my life is positively made wretched. This almost always happens in the last month of any term of stay that we make in town, but this year it is worse than ever. I can do nothing that I want to do, and can go nowhere to please myself. Pray accept a dismal absentee's best wishes for a great success to night, and give FitzGerald my kindest regard.

To crown my distresses, I write with a steelpen (which I can never use) closely hemmed in on each side by a talkative parson of disagreeable opinions.

Believe me always | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 MAY 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Monday Ninth May 1870

My Dear Ouvry.

Please book Monday the 23rd. at 7 sharp, as an engagement to

Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS E. M. WARD,[†1] II MAY 1870

MS W. A. Foyle. *Address:* Mrs. Edward Ward | Kent Villa | Lansdowne Road | Notting Hill | W.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Wednesday Eleventh May 1870

My Dear Mrs. Ward

I grieve to say that I am literally laid by the heels and incapable of dining with you tomorrow. A neuralgic affection of the foot, which usually seizes me about twice a year, and which will yield to nothing but days of fomentation and horizontal rest, set in last night and has caused me very great pain ever since, and will too clearly be no better until it has had its usual time in which to wear itself out. I send my kindest regard to Ward, and beg to be pitied,

Believe me | Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To MRS HENRY AUSTIN, [12 MAY 1870]

Mention in next. *Date:* written same day.

Sending her a cheque.[†2]

To MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 12 MAY 1870

Text from N, 111, 776.

London | 12 May 1870[†3]

My Dearest Georgy,

I think I am on the whole better to-day. Last night I got a good night's rest under the influence of Laudanum but it hangs about me very heavily today. I have had the poultices constantly changed, hot and hot, day and night since I left. Will you send the enclosed cheque to Letitia—no on second thought, I will post it to her straight.

Those little risings that we noticed on the foot were blisters caused by very hot applications. They have much enlarged since. I shall appear at H. P. P. after office work tomorrow, all is understood here as to your change of day. Ever my Dearest Georgy, your most affectionate

C.D.[†4]

To GEORGE BRUNT, 13 MAY 1870

Text from N, 111, 776.

5 Hyde Park Place, W.
Friday, Thirteenth May, 1870

I enclose a cheque, Brunt, for Seven Pounds.

I will speak to Miss Mary at dinner time to-day about the Hanging Baskets for the conservatory.

You may get some hardy Ferns from Illmans[†1] for the rock work. Be careful not to get more than are absolutely necessary, as the garden expenses are becoming excessively heavy.

Miss Hogarth tells me that you want 18 more Mrs. Pollock Geraniums[†2] and 12 Lavender Plants. You may get them from Illmans too.

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 13 MAY 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Thirteenth May 1870

My Dear Ouvry

Can you give me a call here, as you go down to Coutts's to day?[†3] I would come to you but for a Neuralgic foot.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

To MESSRS FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., 14 MAY 1870

MS Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday Fourteenth May 1870

My Dear Sirs

I lose not a moment in replying to yours of the 29th. of last month.[†4] I need not assure you of my cordial desire to meet your wishes if it were reasonably possible, and need not remind you that I had no idea of your intended plan of republishing Edwin Drood in America, when we engaged for the proof sheets.

The first I heard of that design in detail, was from Mr. Ticknor[†5] in London. To whom I immediately pointed out that, if pursued, it would entail upon me

the loss of copyright in England *of any parts of the book, first published in America.* I said to him, "Imagine a Copyright in Pickwick, with no Copyright in the Trial!" And I might have followed the absurdity into a Nickleby copyright excluding the Yorkshire School or the Country actors; or a Dombey copyright, excluding the child's death; or a Copperfield copyright without the young married couple or the storm. I told him that it was my business to know how the law stood in such a case, and that I *was certain* of the English Copyright being lost as to any portion of Edwin Drood the publication of which should first take place in America, and that therefore I must positively prohibit such anticipation. I also told him that I knew there were people enough here, always on the watch, who would instantly avail themselves of my making so fatal a mistake.

Nevertheless, on the recipt of your letter to which I now reply,[†1] I at once placed it in the hands of my solicitor Mr. Ouvry. I stated the case to him as I now state it to you, and previously stated it to Mr. Ticknor; and I added the assurance (really not necessary in his case, for he knew it before) that I wanted to do the utmost for you that I could, without the least reference to any extra gain, consistently with the safety of my property. I enclose you his reply. You will see that it is quite final and conclusive.

My Dear Sirs

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Fields Osgood and Co.

To J. B. BUCKSTONE, 15 MAY 1870

MS University of Texas.

Sunday Fifteenth May 1870 | 5 Hyde Park Place W.

My Dear Buckstone

I send a duplicate of this note to your private address at Sydenham,[†2] in case it should miss you at the Haymarket.[†3]

For a few years past, I have been liable, at wholly uncertain and incalculable times, to a severe attack of Neuralgia in the foot, about once in the course of a year. It began in an injury to the finer muscles or nerves, occasioned by over-walking in deep snow. When it comes on, I cannot stand, and can bear no covering whatever on the sensitive place. One of these seizures is upon me now. Until it leaves me, I could no more walk into St. James's Hall than I could fly in.[†4]

I hope you will present my duty to the Prince, and assure His Royal Highness that nothing short of my being (most unfortunately) disabled for the moment, would have prevented my attending as a Trustee of the Fund, at the dinner,[†5] and

warmly expressing my poor sense of the great and inestimable service His Royal Highness renders to a most deserving Institution by so very kindly commending it to the public.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

J. B. Buckstone Esquire

To S. A. HART[†1] [MAY 1870]

Mention in *Reminiscences of Solomon Alexander Hart, RA*, ed. Alexander Brodie, priv. printed, 1882, p. 106. *Date:* presumably within a few weeks of Maclise's death on 25 Apr.

Declining to start a memorial for Maclise.[†2]

To JOHN FORSTER, [16 MAY 1870]

Extract in F, XII, i, 849. *Date:* 16 May, according to Forster.

I am sorry to report that, in the old preposterous endeavour to dine at preposterous hours and preposterous places, I have been pulled up by a sharp attack in my foot. And serve me right. I hope to get the better of it soon, but I fear I must not think of dining with you on Friday. I have cancelled everything in the dining way for this week,[†3] and that is a very small precaution after the horrible pain I have had and the remedies I have taken.

To THE DINNER COMMITTEE, ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND, [?16 MAY 1870]

Telegram mentioned in H. T. Taverner and [J. C. Hotten], *CD: The Story of his Life*, p. 321. *Date:* sent at "the last moment", probably on day of Dinner (see last).

Saying he was too unwell to attend the Dinner.

To W. R. S. RALSTON, 16 MAY 1870†

Text from transcript in Huntington Library.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday Sixteenth May, 1870

My dear Sir,

I am truly obliged to you for your kind note of the tenth.

But unfortunately I could not profit by it. For a few years past, I have been seized at erratic times (but generally about once in a year) with a violent neuralgic attack in the foot, that †a originated in over-walking in deep snow.†a At such times †a the foot,†a until gradually scalded back into form and usefulness, †a is a mere bag of pain which refuses to be carried about. This appendage and I have been struggling together for some days, and are still on ferocious terms.†a

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Ralston Esquire.

To EDMUND YATES, 16 MAY 1870

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

5 Hyde Park Place W. | Monday Sixteenth May 1870.

My Dear E. Y.

Let us have our little out, next month, after I have struck this tent. My foot has collared me again, and has given me great pain; I have not the use of it now.

Ever
CD.

To MRS ROSS CHURCH, 17 MAY 1870

Extract in unidentified catalogue in Kitton's "Dickens Ana", 111, 18; dated 17 May 70; addressed Mrs Church.

I have been much inconvenienced and pained this last week by a neuralgic attack in the foot, to which I am sometimes liable, and which originally came of over-walking in deep snow

To CHARLES KENT, 17 MAY 1870

Text from MDGH, 11, 441.

5 Hyde Park Place, W | Tuesday, May 17th, 1870

My Dear Kent,

Many, many thanks! It is only my neuralgic foot. It has given me such a sharp twist this time that I have not been able, in its extreme sensitiveness, to

put any covering upon it except scalding fomentations. Having viciously bubbled and blistered it in all directions, I hope it now begins to see the folly of its ways.

Affectionately ever
[CHARLES DICKENS]

P.S. I hope the Sun shines.

To W. JUSTIN O'DRISCOLL,†1 18 MAY 1870

Text from W. Justin O'Driscoll, *A Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A.,* 1871, Preface, p. vi.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Wednesday, May 18, 1870.

My Dear Sir,

I beg to assure you, in reply to your letter, that I have not one solitary scrap of the late Mr. Maclise's handwriting in my possession. A few years ago I destroyed an immense correspondence,†2 expressly because I considered it had been held with me, and not with the public, and *because I could not answer for its privacy being respected when I should be dead.* I have since allowed no letters from friends to accumulate in my possession, and hence this disappointing answer to your request.†3 The remarks I made at the Royal Academy dinner†4 were reported with perfect accuracy in the "Times."

My dear Sir, yours faithfully,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To W. J. O'Driscoll.

To ALFRED DICKENS, 20 MAY 1870†

MS R. L. Moline.

ATHENÆUM | Friday Night Twentieth May, 1870

My Dear Alfred

I have just time to tell you under my own hand that I invited Mr. Bear[†5] to a dinner of such guests as he would naturally like to see, and that we took to him very much, and got on with him capitally.

I am doubtful whether Plorn is taking to Australia. Can you find out his real mind? I notice that he always writes as if his present life were the be-all and the end-all of his emigration, and as if I had no idea of you two becoming proprietors, and aspiring to the first positions in the Colony, without casting off the old connexion.

From Mr. Bear I had the best accounts of you. I told him that they did not surprise me, for I had unbounded faith in you. For which take my love and Blessing.

[†a] I fear that Sydney is much too far gone for recovery, and I begin to wish that he were honestly dead.[†a]

They will have told you all the cheerfuler news here, and that I am hard at work. This is not a letter, so much as an assurance that I never think of you without hope and comfort.

Ever My Dear Alfred | Your affectionate Father

CHARLES DICKENS[†1]

To G. W. RUSDEN, 20 MAY 1870

MS Trinity College, University of Melbourne.

ATHENÆUM
Friday Evening Twentieth May 1870

My Dear Mr. Rusden

I received your most interesting and clear sighted letter about Plorn, just before the departure of the last Mail from here for you. I did not answer it, then, because another incoming Mail was nearly due, and I expected (knowing Plorn so well) that some communication from him, such as he made to you, would come by it. I was not mistaken. The same arguing of the squatter question—vegetables and all—appeared. This gave me an opportunity of touching on these points by this Mail, without in the least compromising you. I cannot too completely express my concurrence with your excellent idea that his correspondence with you should be regarded as confidential. Just as I could not possibly suggest a word more neatly to the point, or more thoughtfully addressed to such a young man, than your reply to his letter. I hope you will excuse my saying that it is a perfect model of tact, good sense, and good feeling.

I had been struck by his persistently ignoring the possibility of his holding any other position in Australasia than his present position; and had inferred from it a homeward tendency.[†2] He has always been the most difficult of boys to deal with, away from home. There is not the least harm in him, and he is far more reflective and more clever *au fond* than any of his brothers. But he seems to have been born without a groove. It cannot be helped. If he cannot, or will not find one, I must try again, and die trying. What is most curious to me, is, that he is very sensible, and yet does not seem to understand that he has qualified

himself for no public examination in the old country, and could not possibly hold his own against any competition for anything to which I could get him nominated.

But I must not trouble you about my boys, as if they were yours. It is enough that I can never thank you for your goodness to them in a generous consideration of me.[†1]

Alfred[†2] gave Mr. Bear of Melbourne a letter of introduction to me, and he dined with us in London the other day. We were much pleased with him. Horne is walking about here, but (as I think I have already told you), I found it necessary to write to him that I could not subscribe the Articles of Faith on which he assumed that we could renew our friendly communication, and therefore there is a gulf between us.

I believe the truth as to France, to be, that a Citizen-Frenchman never forgives, and that Napoleon will never live down the Coup d'Etat.[†3] This makes it enormously difficult for any well advised English Newspaper to support him, and pretend not to know on what a Volcano his throne is set.[†4] Informed as to his designs on the one hand, and the perpetual uneasiness of his Police on the other (to say nothing of a doubtful army), The Times has a difficult game to play. My own impression is that if it were played too boldly for him, the old deplorable national antagonism would revive on his going down. That the wind will pass over his Imperiality on the sands of France, I have not the slightest doubt. In no country on the earth—but least of all there—can you seize people in their houses on political warrants, and kill in the streets on no warrants at all, without raising a gigantic Nemesis; not very reasonable in detail perhaps, but none the less trouble for that. The commonest dog or man driven mad, is a much more alarming creature than the same individuality in a sober and common place condition.

Your friend Sir Charles Dilke is setting the world right, generally all round (including the flattened ends, the two poles), and, as a Minister said to me the other day, "has the one little fault of omniscience"[†5] You will probably have read before now that I am going to be everything the Queen can make me.[†6] If my authority be worth anything, believe on it that I am going to be nothing but what I am, and that that includes my being as long as I live

Your faithful and heartily obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

To GEORGE BRUNT, 21 MAY 1870*

MS Private.

5 Hyde Park Place, London
Saturday Twenty First May | 1870

I have been away from here for three days, Brunt, and during my absence the enclosed letter has arrived from Gad's Hill. You had better give it to Mr. Barton's[†1] workmen, as I do not know anything about it.

CD.

To ARTHUR HELPS, 21 MAY 1870*

MS University of Kentucky.

5 Hyde Park Place, W | Saturday Twenty First May 1870

My Dear Helps

I have no objection to that publication.[†2]

The Cornet carried his own Nemesis with him, and may such vengeance ever attend such crimes![†3]

Indignantly

CD.

To MISS HARRIET HANCOCK,[†4] 22 MAY 1870*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

5 Hyde Park Place | W
Sunday Twenty Second May 1870

My Dear Harriet

This is merely to let you know the book[†5] was sent to you last night, and should arrive about the same time as this note.

I am writing in great haste and have only the faintest recollection of the facts— Refresh your memory from the "Wollum" itself.

It will be impossible, I fear, for me to get to you before I leave town—but I will try!

Ever sincerely

CD

To JOHN DELANE, 23 MAY 1870*

MS Rothschild Archive, London.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Monday Twenty Third May 1870.

My Dear Delane.

I need not tell you how proud I am to have you for my presenting friend anywhere, or how conclusive a word of commendation from you is with me.

I have been unlucky with the Baron and Baroness,[†1] in consequence of having got into a tangled labyrinth of engagements, accumulating unreasonably before my return to Gad's Hill this day week. But I am specially unlucky in reference to to-day, and I really shall take it very kind in you if you will explain me to them.

About once or twice in a year, I am seized with a Neuralgic attack in the foot (the result of over walking, a few years ago, in deep snow), which causes me great pain and renders the foot so acutely sensitive that I can bear nothing upon it. I have been in this condition for nearly a fortnight; I am trying every means of qualifying myself to keep faith this week in an engagement to the Houghtons,[†2] and another to Lady Molesworth; I cannot at this moment walk at all, or stand upon the foot two minutes; and I know too well from experience that nothing but complete rest and keeping it on the grass will restore it.

I sincerely wish to respond to the kindness of the Baron and Baroness, and I hope to do so (living within an hour or so of town) as soon as I am literally on my feet again. Do, like a dear fellow, warrant for me that I am unaffected and in earnest.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS

John Delane Esquire

To J. MORTIMER,[†3] 23 MAY 1870

Mention in Thomas Thorp catalogue No. 380 (1927); *MS* I p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 23 May 70; addressed J. Mortimer.

To MESSRS FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., 25 MAY 1870

Extract in Merwin Clayton catalogue, May 1902; *MS* I p.; dated 25 May 70; addressed Messrs Fields, Osgood & Co.

Your bill at sight for £250, first payment on account of Edwin Drood safely received with thanks.

To HARRY LEMON,[†1] 25 MAY 1870

MS Benoliel Collection. *Address:* Harry Lemon Esquire | Crawley | Sussex.

GAD'S HILL PLACE | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER | KENT
Wednesday Twenty Fifth May, 1870

My Dear Sir

I was much shocked to hear of your father's death[†2] within a few hours of its occurrence, and have had your poor mother[†3] much in my thoughts ever since. I hope she will find in you and in her daughters,[†4] enduring comfort under her great bereavement.

Circumstances divided me from your father for some years,[†5] but there was never any serious estrangement between us, and I am glad to remember now that we embraced affectionately when we met at Mr. Stanfield's[†6] grave.[†7]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Harry Lemon Esquire

To THE HON. MRS PERCY FITZGERALD, 26 MAY 1870†

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth May 1870

My Dear Mrs. FitzGerald

[†a] I have been obliged to fly for a time from the dinings and other engagements of this London Season, and to take refuge here to get myself into my usual gymnastic condition.[†a] I am looking forward, when Mary shall rejoin us here (we leave her in town with her sister for the present), to the pleasure of welcoming you and FitzGerald to this pretty country.

[†a] I have been subject for a few years past to a Neuralgic attack in the foot, originating in over walking in deep snow and revived by a hard winter in America.[†a] For the last three weeks it has made me dead-lame, and it now obliges me to beg absolution from all the social engagements I had made. [†a] Deprivation

of my usual walks is a very serious matter to me, as I cannot work unless I have my constant exercise.

Your kind note therefore finds me helpless and moody, but intensely virtuous. I shall hope to be vicious again soon, and to report myself to you as a great example of dissipation and free living.[†a]

Until when, and always | Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To J. S. LE FANU, 26 MAY 1870*

MS University of Michigan.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth May, 1870

My Dear Mr. Le Fanu

I have been very tardy in answering your letter, but a Neuralgic attack in the foot to which I am occasionally liable (it originated in over-walking in deep snow, and was revived by a hard winter in America), has caused me great pain, and has lamed me, and distracted my attention.

I quite agree with you that no story should be planned out too elaborately in detail beforehand, or the characters become mere puppets and will not act for themselves when the occasion arises. But your story[†1] is so very slightly sketched in some of its most important stages, that I cannot yet see it as you see it, or feel its capacity as you feel it. I do not doubt, however, the strength of its leading ideas.

All I can clearly see, by way of suggestion, in the present imperfect state of my knowledge is, that the daughter's love-story should have begun before her intimacy with her unknown brother, and should be the express cause of her not being open with her mother as to her feeling towards him.[†2] This would prevent the very disagreeable suspicion on the reader's part (the reader being instructed on the subject), that she was in any danger of falling into tender relations towards her brother. I also think that if a love story on the part of the young man himself could be the mainspring of the mother's Nemesis,[†3] it would be strong and interesting.

It occurs to me, moreover, that you might weave into the innermost thread of the narrative with great point and advantage, such a character as this:—an Irish youth who is incapable of his own happiness or anybody elses, and attributes that incapacity—not to his own faults, but to his country's real or supposed wrongs. It seems to me that thus a most useful and striking mark might be set upon the time.[†4]

It will never be a trouble to me to be taken into council upon any refinement or enlargement of the idea that may present itself to your mind: indeed I shall highly esteem such a confidence on your part, and will do my best to be suggestive and helpful in reference to it.

Believe me alys | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. S. Le Fanu Esquire

To DR HARRINGTON TUKE,[†1] 26 MAY 1870

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Twenty Sixth May, 1870

My Dear Dr. Tuke

I am very sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation. But I am occasionally subject to a Neuralgic (or whatever else it may be) attack in the foot, which originated a few years ago, in over-walking in deep snow, and was revived by a very hard winter in America; and it has so plagued me, under the dinings and other engagements of this London Season, that I have been lame these

three weeks, and have resolved on an absolute rest in Kent here, and an avoidance of hot rooms, and an unbroken quiet training, for some months.

Believe me always | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Harrington Tuke.

To CHARLES FECHTER, 27 MAY 1870*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Twenty Seventh May, 1870

My Dear Fechter

I do not think it possible that you could have made a finer or better arrangement in every respect than you have made with Arthur Cheney.[†2] It is MOST SPLENDID AND BRILLIANT.[†3] Stick to it, and your fortune is most handsomely made. I am truly sorry that I shall not see you this year, but I am so happy for the cause that I can afford to wait until next.

It is too late to suggest a name for your Theatre. I feel that you will have settled it before you get this letter. I don't like The Odeon, simply because I should have preferred something addressed to the American national associations:

such as The Union Theatre, The Washington Theatre, The Republic Theatre, The National Theatre, The United States Theatre, or to that purpose.[†1]

I hope you will not lose sight of your excellent idea of having Paul over to Harvard. It is a fine manly place and its professors are first rate men. With the union of France and England that is already in his character, and with such teaching, he would have a very rare combination of advantages.[†2]

Regnier[†3] was here the other day, "avec son fils"; but my foot has bothered me again for three whole weeks, and I did not see him. His daughter is just married. He is playing now at The Princess's,[†4] and they have been doing La Joie fait peur,[†5] with Madame Laurent[†6] in Madame Allan's[†7] part. Lafont[†8] has given much satisfaction there, though people have found out (a grand discovery!) that he is old.[†9] Arnold[†10] told me that Felix[†11] has no subscription at all, and that they have been doing very poorly. Charles Reade has taken the Adelphi for a "Summer Season", to produce his own dramatic version of his last book,[†12] and also a translation from Molière[†13] for the due presentation of Mrs. Seymour.[†14] Not a very hopeful prospect, I should say! Neville[†15] does his leading business.[†16] You will have seen that poor Lemon died the other day.[†17] I believe his heart had been nearly broken by the rascality of his eldest son.[†18] He is buried today, close to

where he lived in Surrey.[†1] I could not go to the Funeral, but Charley has gone, and I have instructed him to try to find out in what circumstances the family are left. If they should be poor, I shall go to Mr. Gladstone, and try [him][†2] to get her a small pension.[†3]

Russell left for a general shakiness in money matters, and a general vague beeriness. I was glad to get rid of him as he was not a good gardener, and would have been quite unequal to the Conservatory. I have now a regular professed gardener[†4] in all branches of the Art, and have turned the whole garden topsyturvy, at a great expense. We have a forcing house for forcing every sort of flower; melon frames, cucumber frames, and mushroom beds to produce in every week in the year. One hundred loads of gravel have been put upon the paths to raise them. A model stable with zinc fittings, and water laid on for every horse, and drainage so ingeniously complicated that I expect it will never act, and the Devil knows what else to swell the items of the bill,[†5] astonishes mankind in the place of the old simplicities. All the dogs have got so fat during our stay in London, that they are a tight fit in the stable yard and nothing can get by them. A new staircase rears its modest form (gilded and brightly painted) in the old place, all the upper landing is inlaid in a banquet of precious-woods and the nice parlour maid is going to be married in a fortnight at Higham Church. Behold the family news! Georgina, Mary, and Katie, all send you their best love, and Charley Collins emits an affectionate croak of the weakest description. To which I may add that Wilkie and Frank Beard so incessantly compliment each other, [th] at[†6] they are obliged to sit up half the night together, to get time to do it in.

As you don't tell me where to address you, and as I think it likeliest that you may be near Boston when this letter comes plunging across the Atlantic, I address "to the care of Fields's house."[†7] Tell me in your next how I had best address usually. I leave London to day: to my great satisfaction; for I have been dining out, since January,[†8] beyond the utmost limits of my endurance.

Once more let me congratulate you with all my heart, on your magnificent prospects. They are quite astonishing, and exceed—don't they?—our most sanguine expectations. I hear that Palmer has sold the Hotel,[†9] and has been in a tottering way, but has paid everybody. Is it true? I am delighted to hear that the

blonde troupe are in a bad way. They will have to do some more horsewhipping, —as a Poster.

Pray give my love to Miss L,[†1] and congratulate her cordially on her steady and genuine success. I hear nothing of her, but what confirms it, and is most highly in her praise. I hope the Jackass, Scott,[†2] is grazing quietly, and has not been the death of too many Victims of Love. Ever my Dear Fechter, Your affectionate & faithful

[CD.][†3]

To JOHN FORSTER, [LATE MAY 1870]

Extract in F, 1, iv, 65. *Date:* written in the year he died, according to Forster; before his last letter to him, 29 May.

Remembering that it was most of all Black's[†4] *help which had started him on his career as a writer.* Dear old Black! my first hearty out-and-out appreciator.

To JOHN FORSTER, [1837-70]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 838. *Date:* any time between his meeting Forster in 1837 and his last letter to him, 29 May 70.

I give my heart to very few people; but I would sooner love the most implacable man in the world than a careless one, who, if my place were empty tomorrow, would rub on and never miss me.[†5]

To WILLIAM DAY, 28 MAY 1870*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

Saturday Twenty Eighth May 1870

Dear Mr. Day

See page 75 Edwin Drood No. 111, last paragraph.[†6]

It stands:

In the days when Cloisterham took offence at the existence of a Railroad afar off, as menacing that sensitive constitution, the property of us Britons, The odd fortune of which sacred institution it is &c

It should stand:

In the days when Cloisterham took offence at the existence of a Railroad afar off, as menacing that sensitive Constitution,[†1] the property of us Britons, the odd fortune of which sacred institution it is &c

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

To WILLIAM DAY, 28 MAY 1870*

MS University of Texas, Austin.

MEMORANDUM[†2]

Twenty Eighth May 1870

I have left Hyde Park Place; therefore, please send proofs in future, either to Gad's Hill, or Wellington Street. I am at the latter place every Thursday

CD.

To JOHN FORSTER, 29 MAY 1870

Summary and extract in F, XII, i, 850. *Date:* 29 May 70, according to Forster.

Briefly resuming a matter discussed that day with Ouvry.[†3] You and I can speak of it at Gads by and by. Foot no worse. But no better.[†4]

To FRANCIS BRET HARTE,[†5] [?LATE MAY 1870]

Mention in T. Edgar Pemberton, *The Life of Bret Harte*, 1903, p. 165. *Date:* "on its way across the Atlantic" at CD's death, according to Pemberton; presumably written, therefore, in late May.

Telling Harte how highly he thought of his work; asking him to contribute to AYR; *and bidding him, when he came to England, which he was* certain soon to do,[†6] *to visit him at Gad's Hill*—a spot with which you are no doubt already familiar in connection with one William Shakespeare and a certain Sir John Falstaff.

To MRS BANCROFT,[†1] 31 MAY 1870

MS Private. *Address:* Mrs Bancroft | Prince of Wales's Theatre | London | W. C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirty First May 1870

My Dear Mrs. Bancroft

I am most heartily obliged to you for your kind note which I received here only last night, having come here from town circuitously, to get a little change of air on the road. My sense of your interest cannot be better proved than by my trying the remedy you recommend; and that I will do immediately.

As I shall be in town on Thursday, my troubling you to order the magic band[†2] would be quite unjustifiable. I will use your name in applying for it, and will report the result after a fair trial.

Whether Mr. Pulvermacher[†3] succeeds or fails as to the Neuralgia, I shall always consider myself under an obligation to him[†4] for having indirectly procured me the great pleasure of receiving a communication from you. For I hope I may lay claim to being one of the most earnest and delighted of your many artistic admirers.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Bancroft.

To THOMAS WRIGHT,[†5] 31 MAY 1870

MS Rosenbach Museum and Library. *Address:* Thomas Wright Esquire | Berkeley Lodge | 5 Alpha Road | Regents Park | London | N.W.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Thirty First May, 1870.

Dear Sir

I owe you an apology for having left a letter of yours unanswered these three weeks. It is sometimes quite impossible for me to keep pace with my correspondents, and I hope you will excuse it.

Applications to take part in Testimonials of various kinds are so constantly made to me, that I am obliged to reserve my name for very special cases, or it would be obtrusive and valueless. I have no doubt of Mr. Banks's[†6] merits, but

I must beg to be an anonymous subscriber of the Enclosed Three Guineas to the fund in which you so handsomely and kindly interest yourself.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Wright Esquire

June

To DR CHARLES MACKAY, 2 JUNE 1870*

MS Alexander Turnbull Library, New Zealand.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Second June 1870

My Dear Mackay

I have been concerned to detect blunders in that article,[†1] and shall be happy to have your paper.[†2]

Faithfully yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

To FREDERIC OUVRY, 2 JUNE 1870*

MS Huntington Library.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Second June 1870

My Dear Ouvry

Were you not for Household Words in the case of the "Household Narrative of Current Events",[†3] to which the enclosed letter from Ashurst[†4] relates? And if so, may I refer him to you?[†5]

Ever Yours

CD.

To THOMAS CARLIN, 3 JUNE 1870*

MS Dickens House.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Friday Third June 1870

Mr. Charles Dickens begs Mr. Carlin to have the goodness to send him down, Four boxes of his usual cigars.

To MESSRS PULVERMACHER & CO., 3 JUNE 1870

MS K. P. Jeans.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Friday Third June 1870

Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co. and begs to say that he wishes to try a voltaic band across his right foot, as a remedy against what he supposes to be Neuralgia there (originating in over-walking in deep snow), to which he is occasionally liable.

Mr. Dickens writes on the recommendation of Mrs. Bancroft, who assures him that she has derived great relief from a similar complaint from the use of one of these bands. If Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co. will be so good as send him one, he will remit a cheque for its cost by return of post, and will give it the fairest trial.

To HENRY CHORLEY, 5 JUNE 1870

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth June 1870

My Dear Chorley

Believe me, I shall be charmed to have the picture,[†1] if you succeed in your negociation for it. Apart from its own interest (and you know beforehand how the subject attracts me), it will be priceless to me as a token of your regard.[†2]

I will find a place for it somehow and somewhere; and am already pervading the house with a two foot rule, measuring in all directions.

The improvements solicit inspection. Among them a toy-stable which has the air of being made for horses on wheels, with fur manes and tails. Bring a rocking horse with you, and it shall have the best stall of state.

Ever Faithfully and affectionately

CD

To MESSRS FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., 5 JUNE 1870

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library.

Enclosure in the foregoing.[†1]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth June 1870

My Dear Sirs.

My particular friend Mr. Edmund Yates has asked me if I will give him a letter of introduction to you, advancing (if I can) his desire of disposing of early proofs for publication in America of a new Serial Novel he is writing, called Nobody's Fortune.[†2]

Mr. Yates is the most punctual and reliable of men in the execution of his work. I have had the plan of his story before me, and have advised him upon it, and have no doubt of its being of great promise, and turning upon a capital set of incidents. It has not been offered in America as yet, I am assured.

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Fields Osgood & Co.

To EDMUND YATES, 5 JUNE 1870

MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday Fifth June 1870

My Dear Edmund

I enclose you a letter to Fields's House. You address them as Publishers, Boston, Mass: US of America.

There is this difficulty in the way. They republish from early proofs, in a weekly Magazine of their own, called "Every Saturday". In the case of Edwin Drood, their republication in those pages (tried with a Serial, I think, for the first time), to their own best advantage, would have anticipated, as to certain portions, the publication in England; and consequently *as to those portions* would have destroyed the English Copyright. This I was obliged to point out to them, and forbid.[†3] As they had not anticipated the objection, they *may* find the speculation, generally, not worth their money. But I merely mention this to you for your private preparation, and take no notice of it to them.

Ever Yours

CD.[†4]

To GEORGE HOLSWORTH, 5 JUNE 1870

Extract in Dickens Exhibition, Memorial Hall, Farringdon St, 1903 catalogue (lent by Sotheran).

Instructing Holsworth to purchase a mahogany slope[†1] to write upon, such as I have upon my table in my business room at the office.

To FREDERIC CHAPMAN, 6 JUNE 1870*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* (envelope, MS Berg Collection): Fredk. Chapman Esquire | 193 Piccadilly | London | W. PM 6 Jun 70.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Monday Sixth June 1870

My Dear F. C.

Some of my papers from Hyde Park Place are not here yet, and among them is the Townshend account. If I remember right, the enclosed cheque for £50 is very near the mark.[†2]

Faithfully Always

CD.

To HENRY CHORLEY, 7 JUNE 1870*

MS Liverpool Public Libraries.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Tuesday Seventh June 1870

My Dear Chorley

Don Juan is gone to the Printer, who will send proof to you.[†3]

London Chatham and Dovor will suit perfectly for the picture.[†4] I receive many packages by that route.

I have hardly a thought of getting beyond here this year. And we have had in A. Y. R. a very striking account of one of these plays by Mrs. Tom Trollope.[†5] For that purpose she has completely knocked the wind out of the subject.

You interest me very much by the glimpse of hope you give me of your play.[†1] Mrs. Rousby[†2] is not what Taylor[†3] would make her out; but there is a great deal in her, and she will do much better yet.

Ever Affectionately
CD.[†4]

To MISS MARY DICKENS AND MRS COLLINS, [7 JUNE 1870]

Mention in Kate Perugini, "`Edwin Drood', and the Last Days of CD", *Pall Mall Magazine,* XXXVII (June 1906), 654. *Date:* received in London "on Wed" (8 June), according to Kate Perugini.

To S. L. FILDES, 7 JUNE 1870*

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University. *Address:* S. L. Fildes Esquire | 52 Hunter Street | Brunswick Square | London | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Seventh June 1870

My Dear Mr. Fildes

I shall be here (probably alone with my sister in law) from Saturday to Tuesday or Wednesday. Can you come down on Saturday or Sunday? A bedroom will be ready for you, and I will send for you to Higham Station at any time you appoint.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

HENRY DICKENS, 8 JUNE 1870

Mention in F. G. Kitton, *Dickensiana* 1886, p. 494.

To CHARLES KENT, 8 JUNE 1870

MS British Library. *Address: Private* | Charles Kent Esquire | The "Sun" Office | Strand | London | W.C.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighth June 1870

My Dear Kent

Tomorrow is a very bad day for me to make a call, as in addition to my usual office business, I have a mass of accounts to settle with Wills. But I hope I may be ready for you at 3 o'clock. If I can't be—why, then I shan't be.

You must really get rid of those Opal enjoyments.[†1] They are too overpowering:

"These violent delights have violent ends."[†2] I think it was a father of your Church who made the wise remark to a young gentleman who got up early (or stayed out late) at Verona?

Ever affectionately
CD.[†3]

To JOHN MAKEHAM,[†4] 8 JUNE 1870

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighth June 1870

Dear Sir

It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much abused social figure of speech, impressed into all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connexion of it with its original source.[†5] I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake.

I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of Our Saviour; because I feel it; and because I re-wrote that history for my children[†1]—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them, long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak.

But I have never made proclamation of this from the house tops.

Faithfully Yours
John M Makeham Esqre. CHARLES DICKENS

To MESSRS PULVERMACHER & CO., 8 JUNE 1870

MS K.P. Jeans.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Eighth June 1870

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to enclose Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co. a P. O. order for the band safely received. It has been obtained by mistake for a shilling or two more than the right amount. They can, if they please, return the balance in postage stamps.

To HIS CHILDREN, [?1850-70]

Extract in F, XI, iii, 838. *Address:* according to Forster, CD repeatedly told, and wrote to, his children not to let indifference in others justify it in themselves. *Date:* any time in their mature years.

All kind things must be done on their own account, and for their own sake, and without the least reference to any gratitude.

To MRS EDWARD CHRISTIAN,†2 [?JUNE 1870]

Extract in Eleanor E. Christian, "Recollections of Charles Dickens", *Temple Bar,* April 1888, LXXXII, 506. *Date:* shortly before CD's death, according to Mrs Christian.

Declining to write a few lines in support of an application to the Premier†3 *for a pension in behalf of the widow of an author,*†4 *and saying that she had been* absurdly misinformed as to his having any influence in that quarter.

To JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, [?1860-8 JUNE 1870]

Extract in Dodd Mead catalogue, No. 66 (Jan 1903). *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Hollingshead; undated.

It has been during the last two years or so such a perpetual and never ceasing proposal to me, to sit for photograph-portraits, that I think I owe my being alive to write these lines, to my having it in my power to return the one unvarying reply that I have ceased to do such a thing.

To JOSEPH MAYER,†1 [?1850-8 JUNE 1870]

Mention in Kitton, *CD by Pen and Pencil,* p. 95. *Date:* Fontana became a friend of Mayer's during the 1850s.

Declining to sit for a portrait bust by Signor Fontana.†2

APPENDIX A

Addenda and Corrigenda to Volumes I - XI

(For information received too late for inclusion here, see also Addenda, p. ooo)

The aim here is to supplement the earlier volumes by including all further letters and information that have come to light, up to the time of this final volume's going to press. The present Appendix does not repeat information given in the previous such gathering of new material, Appendix A of Volume VII, though it may amplify or emend it. Specifically it contains:

(1) All letters which came to light too late to include in the appropriate volumes. Some are wholly new; others provide a fuller text, sometimes a correct dating, replacing a former catalogue extract, summary, or mention. However, small corrections (e.g. commas, initial capital letters etc.), which do not affect the substance of the letter will not be noted. Envelopes, whether or not related to existing letters, are also included.

(2) Additional notes to existing letters. These may entail substitution for original notes.

(3) Corrigenda given at the end of, or within, earlier reprints of Vols I, II, V, VI and VII (updated where necessary).

(4) Corrections of original errors and omissions in the indexes of each volume. These emendations do not extend to changes resulting from new textual information now supplied, which will be indexed, along with the letters 1868-70, at the end of this Volume.

References to the earlier volumes are by page and line, every printed line below the running head being counted. Where appropriate, note and column number are included.

Volume I, 1820-1839

I,xiv.4.

before studied *open double inverted commas*

I,xviii.

n. 1 *replace with* Excepting the "Travelling Letters" in the *Daily News,* 1846 (based on letters of 1844-45), which he himself afterwards included in *Pictures from Italy.*

I,xix.3.

for Tracy *read* Tracey

I,xx.

n. 3 line 5 *for* 149 *read* 123

I,xxii.10, 11.

for Townsend's *read* Townshend's

I,xxvi.19.

delete (*choke* from 1843)

20. *insert poney before recal,*

21. *delete* and *poney*

I,xxviii.4.

for word of *read* word or

I,xxix.5.

for III *read* IV

I,xxxiii.3 up.

delete the *before The Letters*

I,xxxvii.9.

for special *read* especial

I,xxxix.3.

for Marguis *read* Marquis

I,xlii.13.

for Mar-May *read* Feb-May

24. *for* ?1831 *read* ?1830

1832

July

I,7.2.

(*To* MR LONGHURST, [30 JULY 1832]) *replace* Photograph, Dickens House *with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

I,10.

n. 4 2nd col. line 13 *for* 1831 *read* 1830

1833

May

I,25.16.

(*To* MISS MARIA BEADNELL, [16 MAY 1833]) *after* anger" *add*[1a] *insert*[1a] *Hamlet,* I, ii, 23.

I,29.22.

(*To* MISS MARIA BEADNELL, [19 MAY 1833]) *after* necessarilly *add*[1a]

insert[1a] Thus in MS.

I,36.

n. 5 (35 cont.) line 12 *for* 11 May *read* 12 May

I,48.

n. 5 line 1 *for* Staples *read* Staple line 3 *for* 1906 *read* 1897

1835

I,57.17.

(*To* HENRY AUSTIN, [EARLY 1835]) *for* [our][4] read [our][3]

29. *for* last[3] *read* last[4]

I,58.3.

(*To* THOMAS BEARD, [2 MAY 1835]) *address should read* Thos Beard Esqre | Exeter | Favored by John Neilson Esqre

I,66.

n. 3 lines 6-8 for *abuses of the present System of competition in architecture* read *Abuses of the Present System of Competition in Architecture*

I,81.

n. 1 2nd col. line 13 *for* Vardon *read* Varden

I,102.

n. 2 line 1 for *Autograph Prices Current,* VI, 49, *read* Berg Collection *Dickens Anthology,* p. 17

1836

February

I,131.13.

(*To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 16 FEBRUARY 1836) *put headline date within square brackets*

14. *replace* Text from *D,* XXXIII (1936-7), 6 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

15. *after* 16th Feby 1836 *add*[1a]

insert[1a] Date added in another hand

I,132.

n. 2 2nd col. line 13 *for* 1834 *read* 1843

March

I,137.26.

(*To* MISS CATHERINE HOGARTH, [?4 MARCH 1836]) *after* recover *add*[3a] *and delete* [from]

insert[3a] See OED 15.

April

I,147.8 up.

(*To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 27 APRIL 1836) *replace* Text from *D,* XXXIII (1936-7), 7, *with* MS Dickens House

6 up. *for* Dear Sirs, *read* Dr Sirs—

I,150.

n. 1 line 6 *for* four songs *read* five songs

n. 4 line 1 *for* Vardon *read* Varden

I,167.

n. 4 line 2 *delete; DNB*

n. 6 line 2 *for* 1845 *read* 1843

I,176.

n. 3 1st col. line 2 *for* old Lowten *read* Jack Bamber *and delete final sentence in 2nd col.*

I,186.

n. 3 *add*; but possibly the Rev. Edmund Saul Dixon: see 1, 337 (below).

November

I,188.13 up.

(*To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 1 NOVEMBER 1836) *replace* Text from *D,* XXXIII (1936-7), 8 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

I,194.2 up.

(*To* JOHN MACRONE, [EARLY NOVEMBER 1836]) *for* Vardon *read* Varden

I,201.

n. 1 line 13 *for* 1871 *read* 1874

I,202.

n. 2 line 6 *for Back Through read back through*

I,203.

n. 1 2nd col. *for* Vardon *read* Varden

n. 2 line 2 *for* Vardon *read* Varden

I,209.

n. 1 *insert* i.e. Varden

December

I,212. 3.

(*To* P. W. BANKES, [?12 DECEMBER 1836]) *for* sportsman, *read* sportsmen,

I,213.

n. 4 lines 1-2 *for* Vardon *read* Varden

1837

February

I,233.25. *To* J. P. HARLEY,[†1] [4 FEBRUARY 1837]*

MS (copy) Huntington Library. *Date:* clearly the letter referred to in *To* Harley, 6 Feb 37 (Vol. I, p. 234). *Address:* Address Charles Dickens Esq | Mrs. Nash | Chalk near Gravesend

(Copy)

Chalk[†2] | Saturday night

My dear Sir

I was obliged to bring the latter part of the farce[†3] down here to day to alter not having had time last night when I got home. If you see any verbal mistakes in the copy (which I shall not be able to go over) will you have the kindness to correct them? I am obliged to send my rough MS to the copyist per Mail from Dovor.

The song[†4] you shall receive by Monday or Tuesdays post—when you have had it will you write me word to the address which I give below and tell me how you get on, and when the last rehearsal will be. I will attend it. Perhaps we had better say the last but one, in case you have any thing to say to me. You will see that I have given you the jokes which depend on the personal appearance of Gardner[†5] & Madame Sala[†6] as Mr. & Mrs. Linbury. In great haste, ever yours

(signed) CHARLES DICKENS

Keep the Authorship a SECRET. There is a special and important reason for wishing it in this case. Tell the Brahams[†7] so, or I might as well confide it to the Town Crier.

I,240.

n. 2 (239 cont.) 1st col. line 2 *for* 1835 *read* 1834 2nd col. last line *for* xi-xiii. *read* xi-xvii.

March

I,244.17.

(*To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [31 MARCH 1837]) *replace* Text from N, 1, 104 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

21. *for* Dear Sirs, *read* Dr Sirs.

245.6. *for* unbusiness-like *read* un-business-like

I,254.8.

(*To* J. P. HARLEY, [?SPRING 1837]) *replace* Composite text . . . 1944 *with* MS Mr Alfred Berol

16. *for* St. *read* Saint

8 up. *read* Believe me Ever faithfully Yours

7 up. *add subscription* J. P. Harley Esqre.

April-May

I,256.12. *To* JAMES EMERSON TENNENT,[†1] [?EARLY APRIL-6 MAY 1837]*

MS King's School, Canterbury. *Date:* after move to Doughty St in early Apr, and before death of Mary Hogarth on 7 May (not on mourning paper which he used from 8 May 37); handwriting supports.

48 Doughty Street | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I have most unaccountably forgotten not only the hour, but actually the place at which you invited me to dine to-day, possessing in such matters a most treacherous memory. I called on you yesterday to be enlightened but was not so fortunate as to find you at home. If *this* finds you, will you give me the needful information on these important particulars. If not will you consider it (supposing you get it after dinner) as a most undeniable reason for my not having availed myself of your kindness?

I have the honor to be my Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

Emerson Tennent Esqr. MP

I,258.18.

(*To* GEORGE COX [8 MAY 1837]) *for* Faithfully *read* Faithfully

I,264.

n. 2 col. 2 line 9 *for* Cornwall *read* Cornwell

I,266.

n. 1 line 2 *for* Cornwall *read* Cornwell

June

I,268.1. *To* JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 3 JUNE 1837*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* James Emerson Tennent Esqre. M.P. | &c &c | 25 Duke Street | Westminster. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty St. Mecklenburgh Square
Saturday June 3rd. 1837

My Dear Sir.

I fear that by this time you will have set *me* down as the rudest of *your* chance acquaintances. If so, let me make my apology in one word. On the night on which I was to have dined with you at Richmond, a very dear young relative was taken ill in my house, and after a few hours' suffering died.[†1] It has been a heavier blow to me than I could describe were I disposed; and, for a few weeks it has completely overwhelmed me.

I take the earliest opportunity of saying that I most cordially reciprocate the wishes you are kind enough to express for the furtherance of our acquaintance which I am sincerely desirous to improve. I am staying with Mrs. Dickens at a cottage of twelve feet square in Hampstead[†2] just now; but I have given you our address in town at the commencement of this epistle, and unless some nefarious person purloins this valuable autograph, shall hope to see you again before long.

Meantime my Dear Sir, believe me
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Emerson Tennent Esqre.
&c &c.

I,276.8.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [?23 JUNE 1837]) *headline for* [?23 JUNE 1837] *read* [?22 JUNE 1837]

I,280.

n. 3 *for* MS: *read* MS. *and delete rest of note*

July

I,288.11.

(*To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, 27 JULY 1837) *replace* Text from *D,* XXIII (1936-7), 9 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

I,289.1. *To* MISS ELY,†1 [?LATE JULY 1837]

Extract in Phillips catalogue, June 2000; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Doughty Street, Saturday Morning; addressed Miss Ely. On mourning paper. *Date:* handwriting and mourning paper support Summer 37, and see below.

Returning a copy of Paracelsus†2 *with apologies for the delay.* It *looks* very bad I know, but I had not forgotten it for an instant.

I return it now, and am happy to have the opportunity of again wishing you a pleasant voyage and a happy six weeks' stay in Paris; above all, let me entreat you not to be so happy as to forget to return in good and reasonable time.

I,289.2. *To* T. N. TALFOURD,†1 [LATE JULY 1837]*

MS Dickens House. *Date:* before Talfourd left for Scotland during Aug; handwriting, mourning paper†2 and formal address support Summer 37.

Doughty Street. | Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir.

Will you, if you remain in town so long, give me the very great pleasure of your company to dinner, on Wednesday next at half past five? Ainsworth and Forster dine with me on that day—and I hope Macready: no one else. I trust no better occupation of your time will prevent you from joining us.

Believe me ever, My dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. N. Talfourd Esqe.

I,293.

n. 4 line 3 *for* St *read* Ste

I,297.

n. 5 line 3 *for* Abulists *read* Fabulists

I,317.

n. 4 line 7 *for* continued *read* returned line 8 *for* until 1848. *read* in 1843-8.

I,331.

n. 2 (330 cont.), 1st col *add* CD received his first payment on the same day: "Received November 18th. 1837 of Messrs Chapman and Hall, the sum of six hundred and forty three pounds, being the balance of the consideration money for the Licence to print and

publish, and for the purchase of two thirds of the copyright of the Pickwick Papers | £643. .0. .0 | CHARLES DICKENS" (MS Beinecke Library).

November

I,337.1. *To* DR F. P. B. PICKTHORN,†1 [?23 or 30 NOVEMBER 1837]

Replaces N text (Vol. 1, p. 607)

MS Columbia University Libraries. On mourning paper. *Date:* Handwriting and mourning paper point to late 1837; the payment of Dr Pickthorn's bill (see below) makes Thursday, 23 or 30 November likely dates.

Doughty Street. | Thursday Morning

My Dear Sir.

I could not reply to your note last evening, as I was engaged when it arrived.

I shall be very happy to settle your account†2 in the course of next month. If it would serve you particularly, I should not object to your drawing upon me at such a date as will bring it—say to the 30th. of December. If you can do without my acceptance I would much rather that you did so, but if you are greatly pressed, I will give it to you.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Pickthorn Esqre.

December

I,337.2. *To* THE REV. E. S. DIXON,†1 2 DECEMBER 1837*

MS Private. On mourning paper.

48 Doughty Street. | Saturday December 2nd. 1837

My Dear Sir.

If you will have the kindness to leave the Foreigners[†2] under my protection for a very short time longer, I shall have much pleasure in introducing them to the Public. I am ashamed to say it, but the matter had really escaped my recollection.

I have just looked at the date of your letter. If blushes could be forwarded by the General Post this sheet of paper would be rose-coloured when it reached you.

Believe me, My Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Revd. E. S. Dixon.

I,340.4 up.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, 11 DECEMBER 1837) *after* birthday *add*[5a] *insert*[5a] In fact his christening, a slip of CD's.

341. n. 2 2nd col. line 4 *for* Edward *read* Edmund

I,348.

n. 1 line 3 *for* on Winifred *read* by Winifred

I,349.22. *To* DR F. P. B. PICKTHORN, [?LATE 1837]

Replaces N text, vol. I, p.528

MS Columbia University Libraries. On mourning paper. *Date:* Handwriting and mourning paper point to late 1837.

48 Doughty Street | Wednesday Evening

My Dear Sir

I very sincerely regret that I cannot do what you require just now, having had a most serious drawback this month which has rendered it necessary for me to draw a hundred pounds[†1] at a time when it was of the very utmost importance that it should lie elsewhere.[†2] If £10 *on the last day of this month* will be of service to you, and you will let me hear from you to that effect, you may depend upon it.[†3]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. Pickthorn Esqre.

1838

January

I,353.13. *To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, [?MID-JANUARY 1838] should come after *To* JOHN FORSTER, 16 JANUARY 1838 (p. 355)

I,355.

n. 2 line 6 *for* 5 *read* 3

I,375.

n. 4 col. 2 lines 6 and 7 *for* Durham Advertiser *read Durham Advertiser*

February

I,378.14.

(*To* [MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL], 22 FEBRUARY 1838) *delete square brackets round* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL

15. *replace* Text from N, 1, 160 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University *delete from Address:* It. . .*to fn*

20. *delete square brackets from* "Boz's"†2

27. *delete square brackets from* CHARLES DICKENS; *add subscription,* Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

n. 2 line 1 *after* "Don's" *add* incorrectly. *and delete rest of note*

I,379.1.

(*To* [MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL], 22 FEBRUARY 1838) *delete square brackets from* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, *and put headline date within square brackets*

2. *replace* Text from N, 1, 161 *with* MS Johns Hopkins University

3. *replace* 22nd Feby 1838 *with* 22 Feb 1838[1a]

17. *insert subscription* Messrs. Chapman & Hall *and delete square brackets from* CHARLES DICKENS

insert[1a] Date added in another hand.

I,379.18. *To* T. N. TALFOURD, [?LATE FEBRUARY 1838]†

Replaces extract[aa] (Vol. II, p. 94)

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* CD lived in Doughty St from Apr 37 to Dec 39, but the earliest date cannot be before 1838, since not on mourning paper; perhaps connected with the letters to Chapman & Hall, 22 Feb; in the end nothing came of the project; handwriting supports.

Doughty Street | Friday afternoon

[a] My Dear Talfourd.

Inclosed with this, are two letters—one which I received from Chapman and Hall last night, and one which I propose to send as an answer thereto *this evening.* I consulted with Forster this morning about the latter, and he quite acquiesces in its propriety, but I cannot prevail upon myself to send it without first asking your advice.

I went to your chambers an hour or two ago but you were not there. May I tax your friendship by asking you to return the inclosed to me when you have read them, with one line telling me whether you think I have done right or not? I shall be guided entirely by your opinion.

Always Faithfully Yours[a]
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd | &c &c

March

I,388.2.

(*To* FREDERICK YATES, [?MID-MARCH 1838]) *replace* MS Private. *with* MS University of Kentucky

April

I,396.10. *To* J. P. HARLEY, [16 APRIL 1838]†

Replaces extract[aa] (Vol. VII, p. 790)

MS Tollett and Harman, New York. *Date:* clearly the dinner given by Mitton on 19 Apr 38 (Diary entry, Vol. I, p. 633); Monday was 16 Apr.

Doughty Street | Monday Morning

My Dear Harley.

[a] A very old friend of mine, a solicitor who has just entered into a very advantageous partnership,[a] is going to give a little feed to his co-partners,[†1] and a very few friends on Thursday next at the Albion in Aldersgate Street. [a] Except the partners you know the seven who compose the party, for the others are Forster, my father, and myself.

As I am anxious to give as much pleasure as I can on this occasion; and as my friend has (as most men have) a high admiration of your abilities, in no wise diminished by his having met you here at the christening,[†2] I cheerfully take upon myself (at his request) the asking you to join us. Say "no" and I never forgive you. Say "yes" and join me here at ten minutes past six next Thursday, and I shall always remain

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

June

I,402.7 up.

(*To* G. H. LEWES, [?9 JUNE 1838]*) *for* 1838]* *read* 1838]

I,408.7.

(*To* CHARLES HICKS, [?29 JUNE 1838]) *heading amend date to* [23 JUNE 1838]

8. *amend date note* to PM JU 23, 1838 according to Anderson Auction Co., Mar 1909; *this letter belongs on p. 407. 8.*

I,410

n. 3 line 6 *after* Franklin *add* (Possibly George Franklin, brought up in Exeter, whose sister Eliza [b. *1813*] stayed with CD and Catherine, whom she had known as a girl, for several weeks in Oct 40. For her two lively and enthusiastic letters to Franklin, describing her visit see David Parker, Roger and Anno Wilson, "Letters of a Guest at Devonshire Terrace", *D,* 95 [Spring 1999], 51. CD himself she thought "the most noble minded dear man. His constant charity is giving away things to distressed authors" [ibid.]).

I,416.

n. 5 1st col. line 2 *for* James *read* Thomas 2nd Col 4th line up *for* the wife *read* the second wife

I,423.

n. 1 line 2 title of book should read *Zeitschrift für Bucherfreunde Beziehungen zu England*

I,429.

n. 1 2nd col. line 11 *for* To the Inimitable *read* to the inimitable

I,431.

n. 1 line 12 *for* Maclise *read* Laurence

December

I,468.9. *To* EDWARD WOOD,[†1] 12 DECEMBER 1838*

MS Peter Harries.

48 Doughty Street London | December 12th. 1838.

Dr. Sir.

If I could send a blush by the general post this sheet of paper would be rose-coloured by the time it reaches you. The birds arrived in due course and were most excellent. I should have acknowledged their receipt long ago, but constant occupation and many distractions have led to this long postponement from day to day.

Let me entreat you to believe that this most shameful delay has in no degree weakened the sincerity with which I thank you—both for your

present and the kind expressions[†2] that accompanied it, which enhanced its value a thousandfold.

I am | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Wood Esquire | &c &c

I,469.17.

(*To* HENRY JACKSON, 13 DECEMBER 1838) *for* Text from N, 1, 182 *read* MS Worcester Polytechnic

19. *replace greeting with* Sir.

20. *insert commas after* know *and* tell you

21. *for* favourably *read* favorably

29. *for* whatever *read* whatsoever

30. *for* and *read* for

33. *for* inadmissible *read* inadmissable (Thus in MS)

470.2. *for* assured *read* insured

4. *read* I am, Sir,

5. *read* Your most obdt. Servant

6. *delete square brackets round signature*

I,470.14.

(*To* JOHN HULLAH, [17] DECEMBER 1838) *after* p. 23 *add* MS checked at Sotheby's Oct 1970

16. *delete* December 1838

20. *open new paragraph with* Believe me that. .

21. *after* among *add* the

24. *new para at* I say God. . .

26. *left margin insert* John Hullah Esqre

I,471.

n. 1 line 9 *after* Grant, *insert* of Nuttall Hall, Ramsbottom,

[aa] *for* 111; *read* 111.

I,474.11.

(*To* EDWARD CHATFIELD, [23 DECEMBER 1838]) *heading for* 23 *read* 21

I,474.13.

(*To* S. LAMAN BLANCHARD, [23 DECEMBER 1838]) *heading for* 23 *read* 21

16. *headnote* line 3 *for* 23 *read* 21

17. *for* Sunday *read* Friday

I,483.

n. 2 line 10 *read* Pecksniff

I,483.20.

(*To* [E. M.] FITZGERALD, 29 DECEMBER 1838) *delete square brackets round initials*

22. *after* 227 *add* checked from MS Christie's.

23. *for* December 29th, *read* Dec. 29th.

29. *delete quotation marks from* Oliver Twist,

31. *for* enemy's camp, *read* Enemy's camp

484.9. *delete quotation marks from* Nickleby

14. *for* tending it, and *read* tendering it. And *after* believe me *add* Dear Sir

16. *insert subscription,* Edward Fitzgerald Esquire &c &c

I,484.25. *To* JOHN DE GEX,[†1] [?END DECEMBER 1838]*

MS Ann Thwaite. *Date:* handwriting supports Dec 38, when CD was still editing *Bentley's Miscellany.*

Doughty Street | Friday Night

My Dear De Gex

You so seldom shew here, that I am happy to hear from you, even though your letter be accompanied by a contribution. I hope this looks like friendship.

I have just glanced at your friend's paper, which between you and me does not prepossess me; for I see therein frequent mention of a certain "Squire" who, appearing to be a prosy gentleman addicted to moral speeches, will I fear turn out to be some relation of a villain in a maroon-coloured velvet jacket, who once fell in love with a Village Coquette, and went about insulting old farmers and making a beast of himself in every possible way.

I have had a detestation of the class ever since I fell in with this choice specimen, but I will be rigorously just, notwithstanding, and read the paper down to the very last line. It is very prettily written, and looks nice and long.[†2]

I consider myself grossly cut by yourself and Co. so subscribe myself

Fiercely Yours

[CHARLES DICKENS][†3]

John De Gex Esquire

1839

January

I,489.15.

(*To* DR F. H. F. QUIN, [3 JANUARY 1839]) *for* Text from N, 1, 195. *read* MS Mr and Mrs John Madden.

24. *for* half-way *read* half way

30. *add subscription,* Doctor Quin | &c &c *delete square brackets round* CHARLES DICKENS

I,499.

n.1 line 9 *for* 100 *read* 30

I,502.16. *To* THE REV. R. H. BARHAM,[†1] [?30 JANUARY 1839]

Extract in Charles W. Traylen catalogue 1989; dated 48 Doughty Street, London, Wednesday morning; addressed Rev. R.H. Barham. *Date:* Ainsworth and CD called on Barham on 30 Jan (Wednesday in 39).

Ainsworth[†2] and I purpose calling on you at a quarter before one to have some further conversation on the matter we spoke of yesterday.[†3] Say in a word by Bearer whether we shall put you out by doing so.

I,504.15.

(*To* J.A. OVERS, 31 JANUARY [1839]) *replace headnote with* MS Beinecke Library, Yale University

new line below *insert* Doughty Street. | Thursday Jany. 31st

above 17. *add* Sir

below 23. *add* I am | Your very obedt Servant | *subscription* Mr. J. A. Overs. *and signature* CHARLES DICKENS

February

I,505.4 up.

(*To* W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, [?3 FEBRUARY 1839]) *for* Tuesday *read* Sunday

March

I,515.23.

(*To* WILLIAM BRADBURY, 3 MARCH [1839]) *replace* Messrs Bradbury . . . Co *with* Free Library of Philadelphia

I,520.22

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [5 MARCH 1839]) *after* Cheatham *add*[6a]

insert[6a] i.e. Cheetham.

I,528.8.

(*To* DR F. P. B. PICKTHORN, [?MARCH 1839]) *delete letter delete nn 1 & 2 here*: See 349 (above)

I,530.26.

(*To* W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, 26 MARCH 1839) *after* God, *add*[1a]

insert[1a] Pope, *Essay on Man,* IV, 248.

531. n. 3 line 7 *for* 1,360 *read* 11, 360.

April

I,545.11.

(*To* ANDREW BISSETT, 25 APRIL 1839) *after* text from *insert Manchester Notes & Queries,* W. Waithman Caddell, VIII (22 Mar 1980), 204

15. *replace summary with* It is a most extraordinary one, and I have read it

May

I,548.1. *To* ANDRÉ FILLONNEAU,†1 8 MAY [1839]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* CD was at Petersham 30 Apr-31 Aug 39; Wednesday was 8 May.

Elm Cottage Petersham | Wednesday Evening May 8th.

My Dear Sir.

Thank you for the first part of the French Periodical.†2 I had written a note to you when it arrived, and having to add this new matter, substitute the present Epistle in its place.

I was anxious to tell you that on reflection I foresee so many and such very great difficulties in the way of your having the proof sheets of Barnaby†3 as it passes through the Press—difficulties, I mean, that would be raised by Mr. Bentley—that I cannot make it matter of negociation with that Individual myself. I am not, nor do I wish to be, on such terms with him as would render it pleasant or at all consistent with my feelings to ask anything of him as a favor, and I feel almost persuaded that such a concession would be made one, and a very great one too. He has the privilege (or at least he, and all booksellers claim it, when it is not specially exempted by their agreement with an author) of sending early proofs to America if he thinks proper—it is strongly his interest to keep the contents of the book a secret until the time of its appearance—he has no interest at all in its being translated into French—it will be open to

anybody to translate it, after its publication here—and I do not think he would allow his printer to furnish early proofs to anybody, unless he was very handsomely and largely paid for so doing.

It is possible that I may be wrong, and, if you feel so disposed, you can easily ascertain the point by making the application to Mr. Bentley. All I beg is, that it may not be made with any reference to me, or with any idea of its being made with my sanction or concurrence. The reasons I have stated, and many others arising out of my past connection with him, render it necessary for me to say most emphatically (after thinking upon the subject) that I feel I cannot sanction the proposal myself, or be a party to it in any way.

I am My Dear Sir | Very truly Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. Fillonneau Esquire

June

I,556.14. *To* MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL, [?17 JUNE 1839]*

MS Alan Newton. *Date:* CD was at Petersham 30 Apr-31 Aug 39; the two illustrations (below) appeared in Pt XVI of *Nicholas Nickleby,* published 29 June for 1 July 39; probably Monday 17 June.†1 Handwriting supports.

Petersham | Monday

Dear Sirs

The lettering will be

1†2

Mysterious appearance of the gentleman in the small clothes.†3

2†2

The last brawl between Sir Mulberry and his Pupil.†3

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS†4

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

I,558.

n. 1 *add* CD's daughter Kate wrote "For Maclise my father had a very great admiration and affection. He first made the painter's acquaintance in 1839, when Messrs. Chapman and Hall asked him to sit for his portrait to that artist, as they were desirous of bringing it out in `Nicholas Nickleby.' They were generous enough to make a present of the picture to my father, who, out of

gratitude for the gift, no less than of love for the artist, always had it hung in the dining-room of any house in which he was living." *The Magazine of Art,* "Charles Dickens, As a Lover of Art and Artists.—1. By His Younger Daughter", Jan 1903, pp. 127-29; *but see p. 577 and n which gives a different story of its acquisition by CD.*

I,559.

n. 1 line 2 *for* Burdett *read* Burdett-

I,561.

n. 2 lines 4 and 5 *for* well have been *read* was

July

I,572.21. *To* MISS CATHERINE HUTTON,[†1] 29 JULY 1839*

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Joseph R. Sakmyster.

Doughty Street London | July 29th. 1839.

Madam.

I comply with your request with much pleasure. [a] I hope you may live to increase your collection of autographs for at least eighty four years more, and that you may present in your own person a choice specimen of the light and gentle hand in which Time writes when he is in his very best humour.[a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Catherine Hutton.

August

I,575.13.

(*To* LADY HOLLAND, [EARLY AUGUST 1839]) *after* stay *add*[1a] *delete* [for]

insert[1a] *See* OED 17.

I,577.

n. 1 2nd col. line 12 *after* generosity *add* But see Vol. 111, p. 418 and *n.*

September

I,584.7.

(*To* THOMAS HILL, 21 SEPTEMBER 1839) *for* Sunday *read* Saturday

October

I,590.9. *To* J. P. HARLEY, [4 OCTOBER 1839]*

MS Case Western Reserve University. *Date:* Friday was 4 Oct in 1839; Harley is being reminded of the *Nicholas Nickleby* celebration dinner on Saturday.

Friday Night

My Dear Harley.

The place tomorrow is the Albion in Aldersgate Street. The time is 6 for half past precisely.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

I,594.9. *To* EDWARD DOWLAND,[†1] 25 OCTOBER 1839†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

Text from facsimile in Christophe Stickel Autographs catalogue No. 13.

London | October 15th. 1839.

Sir. [a] I have much pleasure in complying with your request,[†2] and beg to thank you for the obliging terms in which it is conveyed.[a]

I am Sir, | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Edward Dowland Esquire

November

I,607.26-608.6.

(*To* DR F. P. B. PICKTHORN, [?NOVEMBER 1839]) *delete letter:* See 337 (above)

December

I,612.17.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [?DECEMBER 1839]) *for* spare *read* spares

I,614.14.

(*To* WILLIAM HALL, [1838-9]) *for* Text from . . . cutting. *Read* MS Private

19. *for* Tuesday *read* Monday

I,631. APPENDIX A. DICKENS'S DIARY

n. 2 col. 2 line 1 *for Experiences read (Some Experiences)*

I,647. APPENDIX C. AGREEMENTS WITH PUBLISHERS

"Gabriel Vardon" (later *Barnaby Rudge*)

line 1 *for* Vardon *read* Varden

line 2 *for* Vardon *read* Varden

I,690. APPENDIX E. RELATED LETTERS

15. (Mary Hogarth *to* Mary Scott Hogarth, 15 May [1836]) *for* interest to *read* interest you

Index of Correspondents

705 Colburn *add* 701

Cruikshank *add* 701

Index of Names and Places

709 col. 1 A Beckett line 3 *for* 244 n, *read* 224 n,

710 col. 1 *Before* Ballantyne, James *add new entry* Ballantine, Serjeant William 631 n

714 col. 1 Broadstairs: line 2 *delete* 584,

715 col. 1 *Cabinet Cyclopædia, The for* 239 n, *read* 240 n,

col. 2 CHAPMAN & HALL line 19 *S by B* add 182 n

line 22 *SG delete* 182 n

716 col. 1 Cockburn, Alexander *delete Life of Lord Jeffrey* xxx; *add new entry* Cockburn, Henry Thomas, Lord: *Life of Lord Jeffrey,* xxx

717 col. 2 *after* Dewar & Culliford *add new entry* Dexter, J. F.: *Dickens Memento* 65 n Dexter, Walter line 2 *delete Dickens Memento* 65n;

718 col. 1 DICKENS, Charles John Huffam *Barnaby Rudge*: line 1 *for* Vardon *read* Varden

Master Humphrey's Clock line 4 *for* 678-9 *read* 681

721 col. 1 DICKENS, Charles John Huffam *Sketches by Boz, combined Series: for* Tuggses *read* Tuggs's

Sketches of Young Couples line 2 *for* 258n *read* 358n

Tuggses at Ramsgate line 1 *for Tuggses read Tuggs's*

col.2 DICKENS, Mrs Charles *Courtship and marriage*: line 3 *delete* 96

722 col. 2 Dickens, John: *Other references* line 8 *add* 5n.

730 col. 1 Landon, Letitia Elizabeth line 4 *for* 301 n, *read* 300 n,

Landor line 2 *for* 239 n, *read* 24on, line 3 *for* 554, 579 & n *read* 554n, 579n

LAURENCE, Samuel line 3 *add* 431n

733 col. 1 London line 2 *for* Art *read* Arts line 7 *for* Staples *read* Staple

col. 2 MACLISE, Daniel line 6 *delete* 431n line 9 *delete* 475n,

734 col. 1 MACREADY, William Charles *Paris in: for Othello 542n read Hamlet* 542n

735 col. 1 Manders *for* Manders, comedian *read* Manders, Thomas, comedian

Maxwell line 2 *for* 354 & n *read* 354n*

736 col. 1 Moore, Thomas line 3 *for* 461n; *read* 46on;

737 col. 1 NOYES, F., *for* 336 & n *read* 335 & n

OVERS line 3 *for* 547, *read* 548,

738 col. 1 Powell, Thomas, *after* Thomas *add* xix, *for* 14n *read* 15n

Price, T. E. *add,* 645

739 col. 1 Royal Academy of Art *for* Art *read* Arts

740 col. 1 Shakespeare, William line 4 *after Hamlet add* 25 & n (quot.), *after* 480 & n quot.), *add* 542n (Ophelia); line 12 *delete* 542n (Ophelia)

741 col. 1 *Stratford-on-Avon should read* Stratford upon Avon

742 col. 1 Thompson, James Pepper *for* James *read* Thomas

col. 2 Tracy, Lieut. *for* Tracy *read* Tracey

TROLLOPE, Frances (Mrs Thomas Anthony Trollope), line 5 *for Martin read Michael*

743 col. 2 Wilson, Mrs *for* Cornwall *read* Cornwell

744 col. 1 Wordsworth, William *delete* 639

Volume II, 1840-1841

II,xviii.

29 May 41 *for* MP *read* candidate

II,20.

n. 1 lines 9-10 *delete* Monckton Milnes

1840

March

II,42.17.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [?9 MARCH 1840]) *for* [?9 MARCH 1840]
read [?MID MARCH 1840]

19. *after* Forster *add,* but the title "Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey", not in the MS, must have been added to the proofs some days later.

II,44.1. *To* G. J. BENNETT,†1 14 MARCH 1840*

Replaces summary (Vol. VII, p. 815)

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate | 14th. March 1840

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Bennett, and begs to say that he is at full liberty to continue his name in the List of Vice Presidents for the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

April

II,51.9.

(*To* AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN and MRS DE MORGAN, 12 APRIL 1840) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

10. *after* York Gate, *insert* Regents Park,

II,52.

n. 2 2nd col. 8th line from bottom *read Hendrik*

II,57.12.

(*To* THOMAS HILL, 14 APRIL 1840) *for* Private *read* Beinecke Library, Yale University

May

II,64.13.

(*To* EDWARD MOXON, 5 MAY 1840) *for* the Executors of Miss E. H. Gray *read* Dickens House

II,64.

n. 1st col. line 1 *insert*[6]

II,66.1. *To* THOMAS HILL,[†1] 12 MAY [1840]*

MS Heritage Book Shop, Los Angeles. *Date:* Landseer received an identical invitation on 11 May 40.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday May 12

My Dear Sir

Can you dine with us on Friday next at 6? This is a short notice, but Allan[†2] the painter is immediately returning to Edinburgh, and has only that day—and I have made up a dozen for him.

Come if you can and always set me down as

Alwys faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Hill Esquire

II,69.26. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?16 MAY 1840]

Mention in *To* Macready, [6 May 1840].

Putting off the dinner invitation.

II.69.

n. 1 2nd col. *delete*—unless Martha Ball

II,70.20.

(*To* T. N. TALFOURD, [22 MAY 1840]) *replace* Text . . . 8 Dec 1964 *with* MS Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University

II,73.9.

(*To* W. C. MACREADY, 24 MAY [1840]) *delete* * (published in *Diaries*)

June

II,77.7.

(*To* THOMAS BEARD, 1 JUNE 1840) *for* Susannet *read* Suzannet

II,85.5.

(*To* THOMAS MITTON, 18 JUNE 1840) *for* Text from N, 1, 263 *read* MS E. Joseph and Chas J. Sawyer.

17. *insert* Thomas Mitton Esquire *and delete square brackets round signature*

II,86.

n. 4 2nd col. item 6 3rd line from bottom *replace from* may well *with* was the basis of Buzfuz.

87. n. 2 2nd col *delete final sentence* His daughter . . . 1859.

July

II,94.11.

(*To* T.N. TALFOURD, [?2 JULY 1840]) *Delete entry; replaced by MS: see* 1, 379. 18 (above).

II,95.2 up.

(*To* EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, 6 JULY 1840) *for* Forgiving *read* Forgive

II,109.19-20.

(*To* MESSRS CHAPMAN & HALL, [31 JULY 1840]) replace *and*
. . . *illustration.* with *indicating where the artist's subject*[4] *began.*

II,111.

n. 4 *replace with* Chapman & Hall announced in *Master Humphrey No.* 27 (3 Oct) that "cloth cases for binding Subscribers' Copies may be had after 15th instant". It was included in the *Athenæum*'s weekly "List of New Books" on 17 Oct.

II,112.

n. 1 1st col. line 1 *for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

August

II,113.19.

(*To* ALFRED DICKENS, 12 AUGUST 1840) *replace with* MS Maurice F. Neville.

114.14. *read* Alfred Dickens Esquire CHARLES DICKENS

September

II,125.13.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [?9 SEPTEMBER 1840]) *for* ?9 *read* ?8

II,126.1.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [SEPTEMBER 1840]) *read date as* [?10 SEPTEMBER 1840]

October

II,134.4.

(*To* WILLIAM SMITH WILLIAMS, 12 OCTOBER 1840) *for* N, 1, 275 *read* facsimile Swann Galleries Inc., June 1999

10. *after* Mr. *add*[1a]

12. *insert* William Smith Williams Esquire

delete square brackets round signature

insert.[1a] CD started to write something else and changed it into "Mr."

II,139.

n. 2 line 2 *for* Darby *read* Darley

II,140.

n. 1 *insert* CD's description is mistaken.

II,143.

n. 1 *replace last sentence with* The earliest advertisement found is 1842.

December

II,163.1. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 8 DECEMBER [1840]*

Facsimile in History-Makers catalogue, 1997. *Date:* Tues 8 Dec occurs only in 1840 and 1846; CD was in Paris in 1846, handwriting and signature support 1840.

Devonshire Terrace. | Tuesday Eighth December.

My Dear Sir

Will you come and dine with me next Sunday at 5? I ask you in a very unceremonious, plain, family way, thinking you will like it all the better.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

1841

January

II,184.24. *To* CAPTAIN BASIL HALL,[†1] 15 JANUARY 1841†

[a]Replaces catalogue extracts ([aa])

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace. | January Fifteenth 1841.

My Dear Sir.

[a] I have been breaking my heart with such constancy over the Curiosity Shop, that I have not been able to write one note since I received your welcome letter.[a†2] Even now, I am limited to

only very brief ones, and therefore defer sending such things I have to say in answer to yours, to a more favorable opportunity.

To poor Mrs Hewett,[†3] I shall be most happy to give my mite. Therefore put me down, if you please, for Three Guineas which I will pay as you direct. I shall give another two guineas to the cluster of widows belonging to the crew—but with that list, I think, you have nothing to do.

If you will kindly send me half a dozen copies of your worthy letter, maybe I can do some good with them.

I can't tell you what pleasure I had in reading your account of the Clocks nights at home. But I assure you most sincerely that you have amply repaid me for any pleasure I have afforded you; and that to be so remembered and so esteemed among such a circle as you describe, is a great happiness. To have a niche of ones own among Friends' household Gods is fame indeed.

Pray commend me to them all, heartily (with thanks to Mrs Hall in particular) and tell your second daughter that she and I think alike. After Nell, the small savant for *my* money!

Always my Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Captain Basil Hall.

P.S. [a] The clock does not stop, and was never intended to. It goes on—but with a new story.[a†4]

It has just occurred to me that I was born in the place you are living in, on the seventh of February one thousand eight hundred and twelve.

II,188.

n. 4 (187 cont.) col. 1 last line *for* Private *read* Beinecke Library, Yale.

February

II,207.8 up.

(*To* EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, 9 FEBRUARY 1841) *for* possibilty *read* possibility

II,238.

n. 27th line up *delete from* possibly for. . . CD's library *and substitute* probably for Dickens, as this edn is in the 1844 inventory: see Vol. IV, p. 718.

April

II,247.8 up.

(*To* HENRY COLBURN, 1 APRIL 1841) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

n. 3 *delete*

248.15 up. *for* our *read* your

II,248.6 up.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, 1 APRIL 1841) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

3 up. *read* April The First 1841.

249. n. 3 1st col. *delete final sentence.*

II,253.

n. 1 1st col. *delete final sentence and see* Vol. VII (Addenda) p. 844, *To* Mrs Burnett, 4 July 1852 n. 3.

II,259.5 up.

(*To* MISS CATHERINE HUTTON, 13 APRIL 1841) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

260.5. *for* I have *read* I *have*

6. *for* on cutting *read* in cutting

9. *for* DeFoe *read* De Foe

13. *insert* Miss Catherine Hutton. *at left margin and delete square brackets round signature*

II,261.1. *To* WILLIAM EMPSON,†1 15 APRIL [1841]*

MS Graham Storey. *Date:* Lord Jeffrey†2 accepted an invitation for 26 Apr 41; handwriting confirms.

Devonshire Terrace. | Thursday April The Fifteenth.

My Dear Sir.

I have asked Lord Jeffrey in redemption of a pledge of his, to dine with me on Monday week the Twenty Sixth—and if that day should be inconvenient to him, or you (whom I hope I may include in the

engagement)[†3] to name any other day in that week. May I[†4] ask you to take counsel together, and act accordingly?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Empson Esquire

II,262.1. *To* THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH,[†1] 16 APRIL 1841*

MS Alan Henne.

1 Devonshire Terrace | April The Sixteenth 1841

My Dear Sir.

Have you no better engagement for Monday week the Twenty Sixth, than to dine with me at 7 o'Clock—only to meet Lord Jeffrey, and one or two others whom you know?

If you have not, I assure you it will give me real pleasure if you will join us.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The Reverend | Sydney Smith

II,270.1. *To* WILLIAM SHOBERL,[†1] 23 APRIL 1841*

MS Allan Sutcliffe

Devonshire Terrace | Friday April The Twenty Third 1841.

Dear Sir.

The sooner, the better. If you can conveniently call upon me between twelve and two tomorrow, I shall be very glad to see you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Shoberl Esquire.

Over.

Can you ascertain in the mean time, from the Printer,[†2] whether my paper[†3] is over the quantity—two sheets, I think were left open for it—or under? If there be a blank page, I have a little Sonnet of Serjeant Talfourd's which will serve to fill it.[†4]

II,272.

n. 2 *replace with* Mrs Wilby: see *To* Ewart, 28 Apr. Talfourd wrote an introduction for CD to Ewart saying he "is desirous of speaking to you on some Petition which some lady in distress has committed—or desires to commit to your charge."

II,273.19. *To* WILLIAM EWART,†1 28 APRIL 1841

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Mar 1993; *MS* (3rd person) 3 pp.; addressed William Ewart MP; dated Devonshire Terrace, 28 Apr 41.

Pleading on behalf of Mrs. Wilby,†2 a widow who has been very sorely and mercilessly used *and who is the author of* a little book called "A cry from the opprest"; *explaining in some detail the circumstances of the case†3 and requesting a meeting with Ewart, enclosing a letter of introduction.*

II,274.

n. 4 line 2 *for* Campbell *read* Cowper

II,278.

n. 2 *replace with* Mrs Wilby: see *To* Talfourd, 27 Apr and *To* Ewart, 28 Apr (above)

II,283.

n. 2 line 2 *for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

May

II,288.2.

(*To* GEORGE LOVEJOY, 31 May 1841) *replace with* MS Jonathan Whitman Cross

3. *replace with* 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate, Regent's Park,

4. *replace with* Monday Evening, Thirty First May 1841.

11. *for* honour *read* honor

14. *new paragraph at* I am not the less. . . *Ending and signature cut off since publication in MDGH*

June

II,300.7. *To* J. C. PRINCE,†1 9 JUNE 1841*

MS Jonathan Whitman Cross.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Ninth June 1841.

From Mr. Charles Dickens in payment of his subscription to Mr. Prince's Poems.[†2] With every friendly wish that can encourage and cheer him in his onward path.

II,300.23.

(*To* GEORGE LOVEJOY, 10 JUNE 1841) *read* MS Jonathan Whitman Cross

24. *read* Devonshire Terrace | Tenth June 1841.

301.1. *read* . . . mention—though small, I am aware, in the abstract—is . . .

5. *for* honourable *read* honorable

7. *for* points *read* point

9. *new paragraph at* I am obliged. . .

11. *delete square brackets round signature*

II,306.

n. 2. *read* Henry Jackson, solicitor, of Malton, Yorks; friend of Charles Smithson: see Vol. I, p. 468 and *n.*

II,316.

n. 3 line 2 *for* created *read* became

317. n. 9 *replace 1st sentence with* 25 George Square.

July

II,343.20 *To* J. C. PRINCE, 27 JULY 1841

Replaces extract([aa]) (Vol. VII, p. 830)

Extract in Gerard A. J. Stodolski catalogue No. 4 (1995); *MS* 2½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 27 July 41; addressed Mr Prince. MS (envelope only) Mr David J. Holmes. *Address:* Mr. Prince | 74 Bridge Street | Manchester. PM 28 JY 1841.

I should have replied to your letter of the Sixteenth of last month before now, but that I have been in Scotland ever since its receipt, and have only just returned to town. I have read your poems with very great interest, pleasure and delight. I have been greatly struck by the history of your life and by the struggles and vicissitudes you have undergone. Your writings have a peculiar charm for me as I presume they would have for most persons, after reading your adventures; but there are many beautiful pieces in your book which would have attracted my

attention, I think, under any circumstances.[a] You will excuse me, however, if I beg you to consider this a private communication. I have a great objection to seeing my opinions quoted as though I had delivered them oracularly; and I cannot surmount it. You cannot desire, or have, a better testimony than Mr. Howitt's.[†1] He is a writer with whom most people of any thought, feeling, or taste, have sympathized most warmly; and [a] in whose books, I for one, have found great enforcement and gratification of heart[a]—much more than I can express in these few hasty words.

[a] Believe me that I am always, Your sincere well wisher[a]

CHARLES DICKENS

August

II,362.16. *To* DR JOHN ELLIOTSON,[†1] 20 AUGUST 1841†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace. | Friday Morning
August The Twentieth 1841

My dear Elliotson.

Lest the interesting circumstance of receiving a note from me with this address should startle you too much, I promise that I came to town yesterday, and am going away again on Sunday morning.

I want your leave (though I know I needn't ask it) to send a Patient[†2] to you tomorrow—a poor cabinet maker who has literary aspirations, is quite self taught, [a] really writes, in the intervals of his daily labour, *very well.*[a] The poor fellow is labouring under a chronic affection of the pleura, for which he is advised to see a skilful physician. He has written to me,—knowing I am much interested in him,—for a recommendation. I may send him over to you?

Always Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

Doctor Elliotson

II,365.

n. 7 last line *read* Hall, ?7 Apr 40, fn.

September

II,378.2.

(*To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 12 SEPTEMBER 1841) *replace with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

II,381.

n. 7 (cont.) line 2 *for* 25 *read* 26

II,382.2.

(*To* JOHN SCOTT, 13 SEPTEMBER 1841) *Note:* original sold at Sotheby's, 14 Mar 1979

II,404.

n. 4 line 4 *delete* Argus and *read* Britannia policy (see *To* Mitton, 29 Oct).

II,405.

n. 2 line 2 read "Postscript"

October

II,410.3 up.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [?OCTOBER 1841) *headnote* line 3 *after* CD's life *insert* since 1837

November

II,423.7.

(*To* GEORGE SHURY, 17 NOVEMBER 1841) *delete**

II,429.

n. 1 line 2 *read* Sforza (1 Nov)

II,433.

n. 1 line 3 *for* Edmund *read* Edmond

II,434.17. *To* MRS NOVELLO,[†1] 30 NOVEMBER 1841*

MS Private. *Address:* Mrs Novello | 4 Craven Hill | Bayswater.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Thirtieth November 1841.

My Dear Madame.

Let me thank you most heartily for your pleasant letter which has afforded me the greatest satisfaction and delight. My great ambition is

to live in the hearts and homes of home-loving people, and to be connected with the truth of truthful English life. A communication like yours gives me greater pleasure—especially when I am on the eve of going abroad—than the most boisterous notes Fame could possibly blow out of her Trumpet.[†2]

I am happy to think that I have moved and interested your daughter,[†3] and beguiled her of moments that might have been heavy. It is pleasant to repay a debt of gratitude, and I am among the crowd of bankrupts who owe her a very large one.

The slippers I have sent to be made up: and when I halt for the night in my half year's travels through America, I shall wear them; connecting those from whom they came with the most cheerful moments of my pilgrimage, and my recollections of my own hearth and images of those who sit about it.

When I return, I shall hope to become personally known to you both. In the mean time accept my sincere thanks, and the heartfelt assurance of my esteem and regard.

Dear Madame | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

December

II,453.1. *To* [W.A.] CHATTO,[†1] 27 DECEMBER 1841*

Text from facsimile in James Cummins catalogue No. 32 (1991); *MS* 1 p.; envelope accompanies; addressed Mr Chatto; dated 27 Dec 41.

Devonshire Terrace | Twenty Seventh December 1841

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Chatto, and begs, with his best thanks, to return the books Mr. Chatto was so kind as to lend him, nearly two years ago.

II,456.2.

(*To* FREDERICK SALMON, 30 DECEMBER 1841) *read* Facsimile in Paul Temperly, *Books and I,* Cleveland, The Rowfant Club, 1938, 11, 456.

II,457.15.

(*To* JOSEPH [HAYDN], [?1841]) *delete entry, the true date is 14 Jan 50: see Vol. VI, p. 10*

n. 3 delete

II,497.6.

(*To* COUNT D'ORSAY, 13 DECEMBER 1841) *read* MS Jonathan Whitman Cross

Index of Correspondents

502 Mitton, Thomas *for* 210 *read* 211

Index of Names and Places

505 col. 1 ADAMS, Henry Gardiner *delete*; also 452

506 col. 1 Argus Life Assurance *for* 404 and nn *read* 404 and n *for* Anthenæum *read* Athenæum

Athenæum Club line 2 *for* CD attends *read* CD did not attend

col. 2 Ball, Martha *delete* 69n

510 col. 1 CAMPBELL, Thomas lines 2-3 *delete* `Loss of the Royal George' 274*n*;

col. 2 Carlyle, Thomas 2nd col. line 3 *for* Chartism *read Chartism*

511 col. 1 Chalmers *for* Thomas *read* Alexander

512 col. 1 Chaucer *for* Milnes *read* Horne

Cockburn *for* Alexander . . . Justice *read* Lord Henry, Scottish Judge

513 col. 1 Cowper, William line 2 *add* `Loss of the Royal George' 274n

Craigcrook *for* West Lothian *read* Midlothian

514 col. 1 Darby, George: *delete entry*

Darley, George *add from above* ed. *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher* 139n

Dickens, Charles Culliford Boz lines 2-3 *delete* health 253n;

515 col. 2 Dickens, Charles John Huffam *Barnaby Rudge:* 2nd col. *for* Willett *read* Willet, after 253n *insert*; Willet, John

519 col. 2 Dickens, Kate Macready *for* Kate *read* Catherine

520 col. 1 Dickens, *for* Kate *read* Catherine

DIEZMANN, *after* 43n; *add* 7n,

526 col. 1 HOGARTH George *after* Christmas *add* Eve

528 col. 2 Kent, Charles *add* 444n

W. C. Kent *delete entry*

534 col. 2 Malone *for* Edmund *read* Edmond

535 col. 1 Melrose *for* Roxburgshire *read* Roxburghshire

col. 2 MILNES, Richard Monckton *delete* 2on

538 col. 1 Paris *delete* 117n

539 col. 1 Phillips, Bertha *delete entry*

541 col. 1 Rutherford, Arthur *read* Rutherfurd, Andrew

545 col. 1 TOWNSHEND *for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

col. 2 Trollope, Frances line 3 for *Martin* read *Michael*

547 col. 2 Wright, William for *Fitzgerald* read *FitzGerald*

Volume III, 1842-1843

1842

January

III,3.12.

(*To* EDWARD EVERETT, 1 JANUARY 1842) *for* Historica *read* Historical

III, 15.

n. I *for DAB read DNB*

III, 54.

n. 4 *add* CD may have included the following autograph note in his letter to Mrs Sigourney "A Family Party | Oliver Twist | Mrs. Nickleby | Mr. Pickwick | Samivel Weller | Master Humphrey | Barnaby Rudge | Little Nell | and | CHARLES DICKENS | All at Hertford. Tenth February 1842." (MS Princeton)

February

III,97.2.

(*To* THE REV. JOHN McVICKAR, 28 FEBRUARY 1842) *replace headnote with* MS (in Putnam's hand) Columbia University Library. *Address:* The Reverend Profr. McVicar[1a] | 8 Columbia College | *to be delivered*

insert [1a]George Putnam misspelt McVickar's name and in final line abbreviated it to "Mr. McV."

March

III,137.7. *To* JOHN HENDERSON,[†1] 16 MARCH [1842]*

Text from copy owned by Gerard Bultman. *Date:* clearly written during CD's first visit to America in 1842, with Mrs Dickens.

[Fuller's][†2] Hotel. March 16th.

My Dear Sir

I assure you that I fully participate in your regret that Mrs. Dickens & I cannot arrange to visit that part of the Country[†3] in which you reside, and from which you have conveyed to me such cheering and pleasant tidings. Pray assure the ladies of your family that I am proud and happy to live in their remembrance and to know that I have inspired them with some interest, and pleasure. Convey to them, if you please my cordial regards & thanks and believe me

My dear Sir
Faithfully Yours | (and theirs)
CHARLES DICKENS

John Henderson Esqre.

III,165.1. *To* CHARLES A. WAKEFIELD,[†1] 22 MARCH 1842*

Text from facsimile in Remember When Auctions, Inc. catalogue No. 40 (1997).

Barnum's Hotel | Twenty Second March | 1842.

Dear Sir.

I accept with great pleasure your print of the Presidents of the United States; and beg to thank you cordially, for your obliging letter.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles A. Wakefield Esquire

III,166.12.

(*To* WILLIAM [GUY], 23 MARCH 1842) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

III,173.1. *To* SAMUEL GORMLY,[†1] 31 MARCH 1842*

MS Chapin Library, Williams College, Massachusetts.

Exchange Hotel Pittsburgh | Thirty First March 1842.

Dear Sir

Let me thank you, in the name of Mrs. Dickens and myself, for your kindness in sending us the accompanying volumes of Indian Biography.[†2] I have been quite charmed with them; and I am much indebted to you for the interest I have derived from this most interesting source.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

—Gormly Esquire

April

III,218.9.

(*To* DAVID C. COLDEN, 29 APRIL 1842) *replace headnote with* MS Rowfant Club, Cleveland, Ohio

III,219.8.

(*To* MRS DAVID C. COLDEN, 29 APRIL 1842) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

III,237.

n. 1 line 20 *after* Charles *insert* James

III,246.

n. 4 line 3 *after* Charles *insert* James

July

III,269.1. *To* GIDEON MANTELL,[†1] 13 JULY 1842

Mention in Gideon Mantell, *Journal of Gideon Mantell, 1818-52,* ed. E.C. Curwen, 1940, p. 160.

III,275.

n. 4 *replace ref with* III, ii, 255

III,295.

n. 3 *replace with* Probably Charles Morgan:see Vol. VII, p. 844, *To* Mrs Burnett, 4 July 52, *n*3.

October

III,358.10. *To* [F.P. WATSON],†1 26 OCTOBER 1842*

MS Peter Harries.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents | Park
Twenty Sixth October 1842

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to his unknown friend, the author of the clever little book on whist;†2 and begs to thank him cordially, both for the presentation copy of his Volume, and for his pleasant letter.

III,371.

n. 1 line 7 *replace* (photostat . . . Library) *with* (MS Dartmouth College Library, New Hampshire)

November

III,372.7 *To* HERMAN SMITH,†1 12 NOVEMBER 1842*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park.
Twelfth November 1842

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Herman Smith, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging note. Mr. Dickens has no idea, whatever, of publishing any further remarks on America,†2 but he is not the less obliged to Mr. Smith for his polite communication.

III,372.

n. 4 *after* application *add* (MS Dickens House).

December

III,394.15.

(*To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 16 DECEMBER 1842) *replace headnote with* MS Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Mass.

22. *left margin add* George Cruikshank Esquire *delete square brackets round signature*

III,401.16.

(*To* COUNT D'ORSAY, [26 DECEMBER 1842]) *replace* Comte de Gramont *with* Jonathan Whitman Cross

III,402.11. *To* THOMAS CHAPMAN,†1 27 DECEMBER 1842

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Boston University

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday Morning
Twenty Seventh December 1842

My Dear Sir

I send you at last, a few sentences, wherewith to close (if you like them) your account of the Sanatorium.†2 But I have only hinted at the point you mentioned, touching disorders of the mind. I strongly feel, upon reflection, that it would be most unwise to put it forward prominently. [a]There is a natural repugnance on the part of most people to be in the society or neighbourhood of madmen.[a] And I think in this case the site of the house renders them still more objectionable company. I have no doubt in my own mind that it is as indispensable to our well-doing, to keep the subject quiet, as to keep them quiet, supposing we have any.

I have written little enough, but really the subject is exhausted, and I don't know what else to say. *You* availed yourself of the trees, and the facing gardens, and Mrs. Gibbons; and there is nothing left. I had some thoughts of sketching Mr. Scriven.†3 Then the chairman presented himself. Then the man servant in the full bloom of his livery.—

[a] Touching Mrs. Gibbons,†4 it occurs to me that it will be a great point to impress upon her, that the place should be as *cheerful* as possible. She appears rather to have gone into the matter as if the patients were, by the ordinary and established laws of nature, her natural enemies—as if she were a warranted mouser, and they all mice.[a] Now, if I had heard of her waltzing, even, with some convalescent gentleman of middle age, I should have liked her better.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Chapman Esquire

1843

January

III,434.5. *To* THOMAS MITTON,[†1] 31 JANUARY 1843*

MS Heritage Book Shop, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First Jan 1843

My Dear Mitton

I couldn't write to you last night, for I had no messenger. I shall be greatly obliged to you if you can spare time to look at the horses this morning. I am obliged to wait at home (having made some appointment)[†2] but will call on you at a quarter past 4.

Faithfully Always
CD.

Thomas Mitton Esquire

May

III,489.19. *To* THOMAS CARLYLE,[†1] 14 MAY 1843*

MS Varnhagen Collection, Jagiellonian University, Krakov.

Devonshire Terrace
Fourteenth May 1843

My Dear Carlyle.

You have received Longman's[†2] circular,[†3] touching next Wednesday? Pray attend, if by any means you can. I think something may be done in respect to Piracy. If so, let us, in Honesty's name, do it.

Faithfully Your friend
CHARLES DICKENS

I thank you heartily for Past and Present.[†4] If there had been more of *you* in the Past, there would have been less of your opposite in the present time.

III,497.7.

(*To* JOSEPH SOUL, 26 MAY 1843) *replace headnote with* MS Dickens House

18. *insert at left margin* Joseph Soul Esquire *and delete square brackets round signature*

June

III,500.18. *To* ROBERT HUGHMAN,[†1] 2 JUNE 1843†

[a]Replaces extract([aa]) (Vol. VII, p. 849)

Text from facsimile in Christophe Stickel Autographs catalogue No. 21.

1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park
Second June 1843.

My Dear Sir

[a] I am much gratified by, and am much indebted to you for, the Dedication of your Poem;[†2] which I am going to read, luxuriously, this very afternoon.[a]

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Hughman Esquire

October

III,580.3.

(*To* EDWARD WATKIN AND PETER BERLYN, 10 OCTOBER, 1843) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

November

III,601.13. *To* SAMUEL HUGHES,[†1] 21 NOVEMBER 1843*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd.

London. I Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park.
Twenty First November 1843

Sir.

Excuse my not having answered your note, sooner. Constant attention to other matters has prevented me.

I do not know my brother's[†2] address, or I should be glad to send it to you. He is somewhere in Yorkshire,[†3] but I do not know where; nor should I be able to address a letter to him without first hearing from himself.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Hughes

III,609.

n. 6 (608 cont.) last line *after* Huxley, p. 167). *add* Carlyle sent the address label for the *Carol* which CD had sent him ("Thomas Carlyle Esquire | 5 Cheyne Row | Chelsea"), to the Polish collector Varnhargen as an autograph, explaining "Charles Dickens `Boz': Author of `Pickwick' &c &c &c—translated in *Turkish,* they say: Ach Gott!". Handwriting supports the date, 1843.

III,617.21. *To* MISS MARIA FORSTER,[†1] [?1843]

Mention in *To* Maria Forster, 14 Oct 62, *fn. Date:* presumably sending her a copy of the *Carol* (1843).

Index of Names and Places

674 col. 1 *after* Mathew, Rev. Theobald *insert* Mathews, Charles: *Love, Law and Physic* at Covent Garden 237 & n

Mathews, Charles James line 3 *after* Covent Garden *delete* 237n

Volume IV, 1844-1846

1844

January

IV,29.3. *To* WILLIAM BROCKEDON,[†1] 24 JANUARY 1844*

MS National Portrait Gallery.

I Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fourth January | 1844.

My Dear Sir

Let me thank you, cordially, for your kind and welcome note in reference to my Christmas Carol. If anything would make it more agreeable to me than the feeling it expresses, it would be the discovery that we [†a]"swear by"[†a] the same sweet book.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Brockedon Esquire

IV,31.7 up.

(To W. B. HODGSON, 26 JANUARY 1844) *replace headnote with* MS Dickens House

IV,38.

n. 3 line 2 *delete DNB*

February

IV,40.11. *To* CLARKSON STANFIELD & FAMILY,[†1] 7 FEBRUARY 1844

Extract in Robert E. Batchelder catalogue, No. 101 (1995) *MS* 1½ pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 7 Feb 44; addressed Clarkson Stanfield & family.

How are you getting on? Say that you are well enough to come and dine here today at half past five—*do* say that much—for on this day two and thirty years ago, the planet Dick appeared on the horizon. To the great admiration, wonder and delight of all who live, and the unspeakable happiness of mankind in general. Best regards at home from all here

IV,40.12. *To* MRS CARPENTER,[†1] 8 FEBRUARY 1844

Extract from facsimile of p. 1 in Kenneth W. Rendell Gallery Inc. catalogue No. 254; *MS* 2 pp.; addressed Mrs Carpenter.

London. I Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park | Eighth February 1844

Dear Madam

I thank you earnestly for your kind letter, and am glad indeed to know that my little book[†2] has found such favor where I would have it favored most.

Although no stranger to the reputation of the late Dr. Carpenter,[†3] I have not read his biography by his son. I am much indebted to you for sending me a book in which I know I shall be strongly interested and[†4]

IV,44.13. *To* T. J. SERLE, 12 FEBRUARY 1844

[a]Replaces extract[aa] (Vol. IV, p. 726)

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Twelfth February | 1844

My Dear Serle.

[a] Not having received the promised exposition of the views of our

illustrious friends,[†1] I cannot answer the enclosed note. Which, to a man possessed of what the Americans (especially the Pennsylvanians)[†2] call "a moral sense," is distressing.[a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

T. J. Serle Esquire

IV,45.15. *To* THOMAS LONGMAN, 14 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Michael Silverman.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourteenth February 1844.

My Dear Longman

If Wednesday next, will suit you, we shall be happy to dine with you on that day in compliance with your pleasant Invitation. In saying "We", I answer for the Trio.[†1]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Longman Esquire

IV,50.8. *To* MRS HUGHES,[†1] 23 FEBRUARY 1844*

MS Klaus Schappert.

(written with one foot in the stirrup)

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty Third February 1844.

Dear Mrs Hughes.

A hundred thousand thanks for your kindness. I am running away to Liverpool and Birmingham, to preside at certain Institutions; but shall hope to call upon you, on my return, in about a week's time.

I have been incessantly occupied; and plead Not Guilty to anything that may look like anything else.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

IV,51.

n. 1 line 2 *for* Feb *read* Jan

March

IV,66.15. *To* J. P. HARLEY, 7 MARCH 1844*

Text from facsimile in Alexander Autographs Inc., June 1997.

Devonshire Terrace | March Seventh 1844.

My Dear Harley

Will you dine here (I shall hardly know you by sight) next Sunday at 6 exactly? We have no party.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. P. Harley Esquire

IV,79.

n. 2 *add* Catherine Dickens, writing almost certainly to Horne, probably in early May 44 (MS Mrs Margaret E. Coleman), said she "gladly" accepted a proof of its engraving (by J. C. Armytage, for Horne's *New Spirit of the Age,* March 1844). Also engraved by W. J. Linton for Howitt's *People's Journal,* 1846, and reproduced in F. G. Kitton, *CD by Pen and Pencil,* facing p. 51: see Vols III, p. 524 and *n,* and IV, p. 79 and *n.*

April

IV,101.8.

(*To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 13 APRIL 1844) *after* 152 *insert* Checked from MS Sotheby's, July 1983

12. *read* Devonshire Terrace Saturday Thirteenth April 1844

14. *read* Biography . . . Autumn?

15. *read* And . . . *I* do . . .

22. *read* Always Believe me | Faithfully Yours

23. *read* Charles Knight Esquire *and delete square brackets round signature*

IV,111.18.

(*To* THOMAS CHAPMAN, 25 APRIL 1844) *headnote after* envelope *read* MS Dickens House

n. 2 line 3 *for* 263*ns* read 263*n*

IV,121.

n. 6 *add* A form of entry for registering the copyright of the *Carol* at Stationers' Company exists, signed by CD and witnessed by Mitton (MS Beinecke Library)

IV,128.

n. 4 line 6 *for* II *read* I

May

IV,129.27. *To* JOHN OVERS,[†1] 20 MAY 1844*

MS Heritage Book Shop, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Twentieth May 1844

My Dear Mr. Overs

Your papers arrived yesterday afternoon, with the accompanying letter from Mr. Newby.[†2] I would recommend you to write to him straightaway, communicating as shortly as possible the substance of your honest friend's objection to the price and adding, if you like, that I am entirely of his opinion. Don't argue the point, or make any reference to anything else, but plainly say that ten and sixpence is too much for

your friends, who never contemplated more than five shillings; and that I believe five shillings[†3] to be quite as high a price as can with any show of reason be charged for such a book. If he holds to his price, you will break with him, I fear. It occurred to me when I looked at your agreement (which binds him to no time whatever) that he had it in his head to reserve that possibility for himself.

Let me know when you have any news.
Faithfully Yours always
CD

Mr. Overs.

June

IV,139.2.

(*To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 4 JUNE 1844) *after* 104 *read* Checked from MS Sotheby's, July 1983

7. *for* honourable *read* honorable

9. *insert* ever *after* I can

13. *read* Believe me always, | Faithfully Yours

14. *read* Charles Knight Esquire *and delete square brackets round signature*

October

IV,200.1 up.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [?MID-OCTOBER 1844]) *read* the life . . .

December

IV,234.1.

(*To* MRS CHARLES DICKENS, 2 DECEMBER 1844) *belongs on* p. 233 *after To* Leech, 1 Dec

IV,241.10.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [22 DECEMBER 1844]) *headnote after* 365 *replace comma with* semi-colon

1845

February

IV,267.27-8.

(*To* THOMAS MITTON, 17 and 22 FEBRUARY 1845) *replace* unidentified . . . Rochester *with* Sotheby's catalogue, June 1898.

n. 2 line 2 *for* show *read* shows

March

IV,287.13.

(*To* MRS ELISABETH JESSER REID, 25 MARCH 1845) *replace headnote with* MS Royal Holloway University of London

April

IV,293.21.

(*To* CHARLES BLACK, 12 APRIL 1845) *after* Taylor *insert* Collection, Princeton University

IV,310.

n. 2 line 2 *read* W. F. Pollock, . . .

June

IV,323. 8.

(*To* EMILE DE LA RUE, 29 JUNE 1845) *after* Brussels add *2a*

insert [2a] The hotel register lists, in CD's hand: Douglas Jerrold | Daniel Maclise | John Forster | Charles Dickens | Mrs Dickens and Miss Hogarth (MS Beinecke Library).

July

IV,325.5 up.

(*To* COUNT D'ORSAY, 5 JULY 1845) *replace* MS Comte de Gramont *with* MS Jonathan Whitman Cross

326. n. 3 *insert* 1 Chronicles 28:18.

IV,342.2.

(*To* CLARKSON STANFIELD, 28 JULY 1845) *replace headnote with* MS Salisbury House Library, Iowa

3. *for* Chatham Excursion is to *read* Chatham Excursionists

August

IV,346.32. *To* T. J. THOMPSON,[†1] [?3 AUGUST 1845]*

MS Jonathan Whitman Cross. *Date:* on 1 Aug CD invited Thompson to dine on Sunday (see Vol. IV, p. 345); handwriting supports.

Devonshire T. | Sunday Morning

My Dear Thompson

Undoubtedly and unquestionably I expect you today—and that too at the Gothic Hour[†2] of Halfpast 5, punctual to the moment.

Faithfully Yours always
CD.

T. J. Thompson Esquire

IV,359.8.

(*To* JOHN THOMPSON, 19 AUGUST 1845) *replace headnote with* MS Private.

9. *insert line* Broadstairs, Tuesday August Nineteenth 1845.

13. *insert line* CHARLES DICKENS

IV,359

n. 2 col. 2 *add* and p. 378, n. 1.

September

IV,369.25. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 3 SEPTEMBER 1845†

Replaces extracts ([aa]) (Vol. VII, p. 862)

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace | Third September 1845
Wednesday[†1]

My Dear George.

I never was more annoyed [than][†2] when I received your hearty letter two days ago. We dared not wait, on the uncertainty of your taking the part:[†3] and were obliged to fill it up with another (and a worser)[†4] man.[†5] For though it is not a long one in itself; it is mixed up with the principal "business" scenes of the play; and the effect of that gap on the others had begun to be of a very hideous kind—which it has not ceased to be, yet.

[a] I would have given almost anything to have had you in the Scheme.[†6] But Courage! We will have another play, please Heaven; and you shall choose your own part.[a] I will back you up with my best, in anything you like.

Now I do hope, my dear Cattermole, that that deplorable Ice which has been between us (God knows how) for sometime, is fairly broken at last; and that our intimacy will be again of the old kind—of the kind that we have all of us wished it to be, always.[†7] Cannot you come and dine

with us on Sunday at half past five—only ourselves, and no party at all? If you can, do, and tell Mrs. Cattermole that it will delight Kate to see her, if she will come with you.

[a] I write to you in an overflowing spirit. I have been bottled up so long, that I bless this Play for serving as a corkscrew. I have often thought, with sincere pain, that Life is not long enough for any separation between such friends as we have been and should be.[a] And it has been almost an aggravation of the thought, that there has been no quarrel—no indifference even—no reason on Earth to keep us asunder.

Always affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire.

IV,372.8. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 8 SEPTEMBER [1845]*

Replaces summary (Vol. VII, p. 863)

MS Martin R. Nason. *Date:* clearly 1845: see *To* Cattermole, 3 Sep.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Eighth September

My Dear George

Don't think of seeing a rehearsal, pray. Wait until the night; and see it at its best. Let it be quite fresh to you, too. It will want all that advantage—and more.

I can't, I am very sad to say, fix a day for our meeting at this moment; as I am not sure whether I may not start off to Broadstairs to see my Babbies who are bathing there. But I will come out to Clapham Rise as soon as I know my own projects. If I don't go to Broadstairs, I will come soon after this note. If I do go to Broadstairs—as soon as I return.

Ever Yours
CD

IV,384.7. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 19 SEPTEMBER 1845*

Replaces catalogue summary (Vol. VII, p. 863)

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace
Nineteenth September 1845.

My Dear Cattermole

After the Performance tomorrow night, there will be a little supper (limited, almost entirely, to the actors and their wives) in an empty house belonging to one of the company. No 9 Powis Place Great Ormond Street.[†1] I am requested to bid you and Mrs Cattermole to this high Festival.

For further particulars, enquire of my father, who is a Steward before the curtain, and whom you will see in the front all night, in the highest state of activity.

Would to Heaven we had you for Downright!

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Cattermole Esquire

IV,393.12.

(*To* MR ELLIS, 30 SEPTEMBER 1845) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

n. 1 *delete* (to whom CD . . . 30 Jan 57)

October

IV,397.1. *To* P. H. HATCH,[†1] 4 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Miss G. M. Dawson

1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park | Fourth October 1845.

Sir.

I need not assure you, I feel convinced, of the great interest I take in all such Establishments as the Crosby Hall Institution;[†2] or of the great store I set by such Invitations as that with which you have honored me.

I regret to say, however, that I cannot at this time have the pleasure of occupying your chair. My engagements are so very numerous that I have been obliged to decline many similar proposals from many places. And I cannot make an exception in this instance, without giving offence in other quarters.

May I beg you to convey to the committee, the assurance of my cordial sympathy and respect. Perhaps they will afford me some other opportunity of expressing these sentiments in my own person.

I am Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

P. Henry Hatch Esquire

IV,402.6. *To* WILLIAM CARPENTER[†1] and C. R. CARTER,[†2] [8 OCTOBER 1845]

Envelope only, MS D. R. Bentham. *Address:* W. Carpenter Esquire | Charles R. Carter Esquire | London Mechanics' Institution. *Date:* PM 8 Oct 1845.

IV,403.4. *To* J. S. STREETER,[†1] 11 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Patrick Flower.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Eleventh October 1845.

Dear Sir

I am sorry I had not the pleasure of seeing you, when you did me the favor to call here yesterday.

You quite mistake me if you suppose me to have expressed any desire that Mr. Thompson and Mr. Weller[†2] should meet.[†3] It seemed to me, after hearing both parties in reference to the

unquestionably hurried proceeding which has divided them, that I was in a manner bound to enquire if an opportunity for explanation could be arranged. But I must beg to say, most distinctly, that no consideration should induce me to merit the responsibility of expressing my personal wish on the subject, or of setting before either of the gentlemen any ultimate object whatever.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. S. Streeter Esquire

IV,403.18. *To* J. S. STREETER, 12 OCTOBER 1845*

MS Patrick Flower.

Devonshire Terrace. | Sunday October Twelfth | 1845.

Dear Sir

I have put Mr. Thompson in possession of our short correspondence

and have undertaken at his request to let you know that he will be happy to meet Mr. Weller at any time and place he may appoint.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. S. Streeter Esquire

IV,407.9.

(*To* T. J. THOMPSON, 17 OCTOBER 1845) *delete* 1882

IV,411.

n. 4 line 11 *for* William Scott Russell *read* John Scott Russell

IV,421.17.

(*To* THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, 31 OCTOBER 1845) *replace headnote with* MS Brigham Young University

insert line Devonshire Terrace | Thirty First October 1845.

21. *new para at* I have written . . .

22. *new para at* Enclosed is a note . . .

November

IV,424.19. *To* WILLIAM SHOBERL, 3 NOVEMBER 1845*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace | Monday Novr. 3rd. 1845.

Dear Sir

The Performance on the 15th. (which is at the St. James's Theatre, not Miss Kelly's)[†1] is for the benefit of an Institution called the Sanatorium; and although the tickets are privately issued, they are purchased at a Guinea each. I should have been very happy to have sent you an admission, I assure you, if I had had the power.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

W. Shoberl Esquire

IV,437.1. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 18 NOVEMBER [1845]*

Replaces catalogue mention (Vol. VII, p. 865)

MS Martin R. Nason. *Date:* 1845, since related to letters to Cattermole of Sep 45.

Devonshire Terrace
November Eighteenth

My Dear George

I have been busy all the week, and quite forgot to write to you until this moment. What can I say! Mrs. D had solemnly promised and vowed in my name that I would dine at Macready's today—and I have no choice. Shall our dinner stand over until this day week at 6? Or shall I take counsel with Forster and Mac to enlarge the party and

change the place (as the former told me you had been talking of). Let me know, and forgive this tardy notice, like a Christian artist.

Faithfully Yours
CD

IV,440.23. *To* ALBERT SMITH,[†1] 27 NOVEMBER 1845

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, 15 & 16 July 1998; *MS* 3 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 27 November 1845; addressed Albert Smith.

Discussing the dramatization of The Cricket, *is willing to exchange ideas with him on the subject when Smith has read the little book through. Notes that Willmott*[†2] *will have the concluding portion that night which he will send on to him.* Many interpolations will be necessary, I think, for stage purposes;[†3] as I have, for my purposes, touched the story through, with as delicate and quiet a hand as I could bring to bear upon it. . . . Mr. Wigan[†4] should certainly play the Deaf old Gentleman, as he would make the last part of the character very gallant and good. . . . Willmott. . . queries, in his note to me, Meadows[†5] for Tackleton, I say certainly.

December

IV,445.11. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 2 DECEMBER 1845*

MS Klaus Schappert.

90 Fleet Street
Second December 1845.
| Tuesday Evening

Dear Sir

I beg to return you the letters of Mr. Wilkinson,[†1] which are very plain, sensible, and straight-forward.

The usual terms for such communications, are Three Guineas for every letter inserted in the Paper. The conductors of The Daily News will be glad to begin on such conditions with Mr. Wilkinson; and to increase his remuneration if they should find him doing good service to the Paper.

I would rather, if you please, that Mr. Page[†2] did not make the proposal of which we spoke this morning, to the Times. It would place both newspapers in a disagreeable posture of antagonism, and would lead, I am persuaded, to

no other result.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

IV,446.2.

(*To* J. H. STOCQUELER, [?1-4 DECEMBER 1845]) *Replace* MS[2] . . . Ltd *with* MS[2] Free Library of Philadelphia

n. 2 line 1 *delete* salutation

IV,452.7. *To* J. T. DANSON,[†1] 18 DECEMBER 1845†

[a]Replaces catalogue extract[aa] (Vol. VII, p. 866)

MS (only ending and signature in CD's hand), Martin R. Nason.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY NEWS,
90, *Fleet Street,* and *Whitefriars.* | 18 December, 1845

Dear Sir

[a] I have no doubt whatever of the great importance of the suggestions contained in your letter of Tuesday night, or of the expediency of carrying the greater part of them into as rigorous effect as may be compatible with the innumerable demands upon the space of the paper.[a†2]

I am unwilling to bind you down to any particular day next week; when, I have no reason to doubt, that I shall be here every day from twelve o'Clock till two. Pray choose your own time, and believe that it will afford me the greatest pleasure to be favoured with your co-operation, and to carry out your very excellent and useful ideas.

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. T. Danson Esquire

IV,452.19. *To* GEORGE CATTERMOLE, 22 DECEMBER 1845†

[a]Replaces catalogue summary and extract[aa] (Vols IV, p. 416 [misdated] and VII, p. 867)

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Twenty Second December | 1845.

My Dear George. We are going to play at Miss Kelly's Theatre for Miss Kelly's benefit on Saturday the 3rd. of January—short notice, but we are

tied for time. We are going to act a play called The Elder Brother,[†1] and the enclosed Farce[†2]— don't mind the marks in the book; I have been learning my part from it: and have no other.

Gregory, in the Farce, is a very short part, but funny. Will you like to play it, in a red wig and wooden shoes? If not, Jerrold[†3] will. We rehearse tomorrow at 6, & shall take the Farce after the Play. The dresses will come from the Haymarket and will cost nothing.

[a] Let me know what you decide, like a Kittenmolian Trojan. And with love from all here to all there,

Believe me Ever | Heartily Yours
CD[a]

IV,472.1. *To* W. D. EWARD,[†1] [?DECEMBER 1845-FEBRUARY 1846]

Extract in Lion Heart Autographs Inc., May 2000; *MS* 2 pp.; dated *Daily News* Office, n.d.; addressed W.D. Eward. *Date:* between Dec 45 and Feb 46, when CD was actively involved in running the *Daily News.*

It is very painful to me to say that I am quite powerless to assist you. No such situation as you require is vacant in the establishment connected with the new morning paper: every kind of office attached to it is already filled and applications similar to yours are so numerous that I have

scarcely time to answer or even count them. I have left your manuscript under cover for you at my house. After what I have said I am sure you will not expect that I should give you any opinion on it, having so little leisure for my own affairs.

I am Sir | Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

IV,485.27. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [?DECEMBER 1845 — FEBRUARY 1846]*

MS Private. *Date:* clearly in the *Daily News* period, after its planning in Oct 45 and before CD's resignation from it in Feb 46.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday.

My Dear [ ][†1]

The Irish correspondent[†2] was appointed, and all that system

arranged, at least Three Months ago. Otherwise (apart from my regard for you) I should have been delighted to ensure immediate attention to any recommendation of Lady Morgan's.[†3]

Believe me always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

[ ][†1]

1846

February

IV,493.1. *To* J. T. DANSON, 9 FEBRUARY 1846†

[a]Replaces catalogue extract[aa] (Vol. VII, p. 868)

MS Martin R. Nason.

Whitefriars
Monday night Ninth February 1846

My Dear Sir

I am sorry to say that your Leader in today's paper[†1] (which I had not seen when I had the pleasure of seeing you this afternoon) has no warrant whatever in anything that had been previously written on the subject in the Daily News, and does go infinitely beyond any other writer associated with it. [a] From the first moment, all the writers of Leading articles here, have admitted that there is a great good in Sir Robert Peel's plan[†2] and that there is a great principle asserted in it; but
[†b] have contended[†b] that it is harnessed and yoked to petty drawbacks which impair its efficiency. To say that we "cannot approve of its general scope *or* of its details", and that it is "miserably

unsuited to the occasion, and paltry in the extreme", is to out-Herod Herod, most violently, and to stand quite alone by yourself and apart from the paper.[a] The writers of Leaders who met here today were unanimous in this opinion; and I share it, thoroughly.[†3]

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. T. Danson Esquire

IV,503.1. *To* MR GLOVER,[†1] 20 FEBRUARY 1846*

MS Private.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twentieth February 1846.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Glover, and begs to say that he has not the least objection to freely giving the permission Mr. Glover seeks to obtain, provided that the extracts be kept within reasonable limits.

IV,518.

n. 1 Col. 2 last line *for* xxxi *read* xxi

March

IV,520. 7. up. *To* MR HUDSON,[†1] 16 MARCH 1846

Text from digitized facsimile in Honesty Gallery website, 24 Apr 2001.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth March 1846

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hudson, and will be glad to receive Six Dozen of Punch,[†2] as soon as convenient to Mr. H. Mr. Dickens will send Mr. Hudson a cheque for the unpaid account, if that form of remittance will suit Mr. Hudson.

IV,520.

n. 3 *add* and see Vol. VII (Addenda), p. 869 for an additional note

IV,526.17. *To* SAMUEL PALMER,[†1] 28 MARCH 1846

[a]Extract and facsimile[aa] in Christie's catalogue, May 1995; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 28 Mar 46; addressed Samuel Palmer.

Mr. Evans informed me that besides the question of calculation in reference to the size, price, and form of the book:[†2] (always necessary when Illustrations are contemplated) there was a question in his mind whether your mode of drawing on the wood did not leave too much to the

Engraver, and would not materially increase the expense. . . . [a] Engraver, and (if I remember right) he mentioned to me that it would be Monday or Tuesday before he would be in a condition to see you again. I have, however, written to him by this Post, and informed him of your note.

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

Samuel Palmer Esquire

April

IV,531.5. *To* JAMES SHERMAN,[†1] 11 APRIL 1846

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Private.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Eleventh April 1846.

[a] Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Sherman, and begs to express his regret that he is prevented by other engagements from accepting the Invitation of the Officers and Stewards of the New Asylum for[†2] Infant Orphans,[a†3] to support Lord Morpeth[†4] on the 27th. of May.

IV,539.28. *To* CHARLES NIXON,[†1] 22 APRIL 1846

Extract in Unidentified catalogue; *MS* 1 p.; dated 22 Apr 46; addressed Charles Nixon.

Declining an invitation from the Parochial Committee. I think it very probable I may be induced to take my family to Switzerland this summer, and may remain there (for the more quiet execution of a literary project) some twelve months.

IV,539.29. *To* SAMUEL PALMER, 22 APRIL 1846*

Replaces catalogue summary (Vol. VII, p. 870)

MS Documenting History Ltd., Guernsey.

Devonshire Terrace
Wednesday Twenty Second April | 1846.

Dear Sir.

If you can spare me the little book containing the published letters[†1] I shall be much obliged to you, as I wish to refer to it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Samuel Palmer Esquire.

May

IV,544.22. *To* J. T. DANSON, 4 MAY 1846*

Replaces catalogue summary (Vol. VII, p. 870)

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth May 1846.

My Dear Sir

In reply to your letter appealing to my recollection of the circumstances under which you undertook "the two supplements" you prepared for the Daily News. I beg to say that I can only charge my memory with the understanding in reference to the *first.* It distinctly was, that as you had originally contemplated it in the form of a pamphlet, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, acting for the Proprietors of the Daily News, were to make you some recompense in money, over and above your salary, for it. And I recollect taking care to have that understood between myself and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans in the presence of Mr. Paxton.[†1]

I am Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. Towne Danson Esquire

IV,545.31. *To* J. T. DANSON, 7 MAY 1846*

Replaces catalogue summary (Vol. VII, p. 870)

MS Martin R. Nason. *Address:* J. T. Danson Esquire | 8 Shaftesbury Crescent | Eccleston Square.[aa] Written above caret.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh May 1846

My Dear Sir

I can have no possible hesitation in confirming your recollection [a] of what passed between yourself and me[a] touching the second supplement you prepared for the Daily News. Nothing, as you observe in your letter, was said on the subject of remuneration. But I sanctioned the preparation of the supplement, and encouraged the idea, beyond all kind of question.[†1]

Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

J. T. Danson Esquire

IV,546.10. *To* JAMES BINGLEY,[†1] 9 MAY 1846*

MS Margaret E. Coleman

Devonshire Terrace | Ninth May 1846

Sir.

I regret that it will not be in my power to have the honor of receiving

the Deputation[†2] on Monday, as I have a very special and particular engagement for that day.

I would appoint another immediately, but that I fear I might, by so doing, give the Deputation unnecessary and useless trouble. I am on the eve of going abroad for some months and have so many engagements to fulfil before leaving town, that I could not possibly add to the number. If the object of the Deputation should be to request me to preside at, or to attend, any Meeting of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution,[†3] therefore, I think it right to say, I could not have that gratification.

If their purpose in waiting on me be of any other kind, I shall be happy to make an appointment with you.

I have the honor to be | Sir
Your faithful Servant
CHARLES DICKENS

James Bingley Esquire

IV,546.18. *To* WILLIAM CULLENFORD,[†1] 13 MAY 1846*

Replaces catalogue summary.

MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirteenth May 1846.

My Dear Sir

I beg you to assure the Directors of the General Theatrical Fund,[†2] that I am much gratified by the Resolution conveyed to me in your letter of yesterday; and that I receive it as a very welcome mark of their regard.

Such services as I can render to the Institution will always be most freely at the Directors' command. I have the greatest interest in it, and shall ever esteem it a gratification to be able to render it the least assistance.[†3]

I am | Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

William Cullenford Esquire.

IV,549.

n. 3 line 2 *for* 207*n read* 217*n*

August

IV,601.17.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [9 and 10 AUGUST 1846]) *after* dungeon; *add*[2a]

insert. [2a] François de Bonivard (or Bonivard), (1493-1570); Prior of the Abbey of St Victor; opposed the Duke of Savoy who imprisoned him; subject of Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon,* 1816.

APPENDIX C

IV,704.2.

for MAY 1854 *read* MAY 1844

Index of Correspondents

731. Mitton, Thomas *after* 20 *add* (2)

Index of Names and Places

734 col. 1 *All the Year Round: add* CD's `The Haunted House' 195n;

745 col. 1 DICKENS, Mrs Charles *Other references: add* birth of Francis 21n, 22hn, 23, 36n

747 col. 1 Elton, Esther *after* 374 *delete* n

752 col. 1 *Household Words:* line 4 *delete* `The Haunted House' 195n

763 col. 1 Pollock, *for* F. *read* W. F.

col. 2 RADLEY, *for* Samuel *read* James

765 col. 1 Russell, William Scott *for* William *read* John

Volume V, 1847-1849

V,x.

bottom line *for* 1847 *read* 1847;

V,xii

5th line from bottom *for* 1980 *read* 1981

n. 8 *for* ed, Niva *read* ed. Nina

V,xx

line 14 *for* 15 Jan *read* 16 Jan

V,14.

n. 2 line 5 *read* Charles James Mathews

n. 5 line 10 *for* quartorze read quatorze

1847

February

V,21.19.

(*To* WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 5 FEBRUARY 1847) *for* Private *read* Beinecke Library, Yale University

V,21.

n. 1 line 2 *delete* Papworth *and substitute* Stokes

V,24.

n. 1 2nd col. line 1 *align quotation marks*

V,35.

n. 2 line 2 *for* two sides *read* one side

March

V,45.2.

(*To* THE REV. F. W. H. LAYTON, 25 MARCH 1847) *headnote read* MS Graham Storey.

V,47.6.

(*To* WILLIAM JERDAN, 30 MARCH 1847)

V,56.

n. 1 line 11 *for* adimred *read* admired

V,57.

n. 4 line 5 *for* Commissoners *read* Commissioners

May

V,75.13. *To* NICHOLAS TRÜBNER,[†1] 26 MAY 1847*

MS Varnhagen Collection, Jagiellonian University, Krakov.

148 King's Road, Brighton | Twenty Sixth May 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Trübner, and begs to say, in reply to Mr. Trübner's letter, that the question to which it refers, will certainly not arise until shortly before the publication of the next Christmas Book,[†2] when Mr. Dickens will authorize his publishers, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, to communicate with Mr. Trübner whom he begs to thank for his obliging note.[†3]

V,75.14. *To* ERASMUS WILSON,[†1] 26 MAY 1847

Extract in Charles W. Traylen catalogue (1989); dated Kings Road, Brighton, 26 May 1847; addressed Erasmus Wilson.

Thanking him for sending a book[†2] which I have read with the greatest interest and pleasure; not less for the very kind and welcome note accompanying it.

V,85.

n. 4 line 3 *for* IV *read* IV,

June

V,96.2.

(*To* DR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, 21 JUNE 1847) *for* Mrs Jessie Stewart *read* Free Library of Phildelphia

V,102.

n. 4 *replace with* CD was staying at 38 Albion Street when he wrote ch. 12 of *The Old Curiosity Shop* published in *Master Humphrey's Clock* No. XIII (27 June 40), at the end of which Nell and her grandfather flee from the shop.

V,106.

n. 6 line 5 *delete* and 263n

V,109.9. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, 30 JUNE 1847*

Replaces catalogue mention

MS W. A. Foyle.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Thirtieth June 1847.

My Dear B and E.

Will you tell the publisher of the D.N. to tell the newsman who sends my paper (I don't know who he is) to post it so that I may receive it here, on the day of publication.

Further, will you instruct Mr. Smith in your counting-house to pay my subscription for a copy of "Poems by Harriet and Rose Acton"†1 (which has been delivered to me) to whomsoever Miss Rose Acton may authorize to receive the same.

I think that's all I have to trouble you about at present.

Ever Faithfully
CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

V,109.

n. 3 line 4 *for* 18 16. *read* 1816.

V,110.

n. 4 line 3 *for* planned. *read* planned,

July

V,121.13.

(*To* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 9 [JULY] 1847) *after* CD *add* 1*a*

Insert. 1*a* In his own prompt copy of Duncombe's edn of *Turning the Tables* CD has written out the parts to be filled, in his own hand: "Knibbs . . . Mr George Cruikshank | Jeremiah Bumps . . . Charles Dickens | Edgar de Courcy . . . Dudley Costello | Thornton . . . T. J. Thompson | Jack Humphries . . . Lewes | Miss Knibbs | Mrs Humphries | Patty Larkins" (MS Cornell University Library); the names of the actresses to play the ladies parts are not given.

V,134.

n. 2 line 2 *for* 30 *read* 31

August

V,137.1. *To* [?THE REV. FRANCIS HODGSON],[†1] 2 AUGUST 1847*

MS Jonathan Whitman Cross.

Broadstairs, Kent.
Second August 1847.

Dear Sir

I am obliged to you for your letter, for I receive it as a mark of your confidence and good opinion. Excuse this tardy reply. It is occasioned by my absence from town in the first instance, and from this place afterwards.

You do me justice in taking it for granted that I am an admirer of Fielding.[†2] I knew his books, in a child's innocent way, so long ago, that

I can almost say I remember nothing before them. And my more mature acquaintance with his extraordinary wit and genius, has been as intimate and close as that first knowledge. But you will readily believe that in all cases of public subscription (so very numerous are they, in their appeals to me) I am obliged to discriminate somewhat nicely, or I should be very soon ruined. I do not question the propriety of putting Fielding's Bust in Eton College[†3]—it appears a most fit and proper proceeding—but I am sorry to add I more than question the reasonableness of my subscribing money to place it there. If it were proposed to set it up in some edifice belonging to the public, and always accessible by them, I should contribute my mite, instantly. But I fear in such a case as this, I must leave the purchase to those who are, or have been, connected with the Institution.

Let me assure you again, that I am sincerely glad to have received your letter,—and that I have perfect confidence in your not misunderstanding my[†4]

V,137.2. *To* MISS KELLY, 2 AUGUST 1847†

Replaces N catalogue extract[aa]

MS Roy Waters. *Address:* Miss Kelly | 73 Dean Street | Soho | London.

Broadstairs, Kent. | Second August 1847.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

[a] As I am making up the accounts of the late benefit[†1] (which you will be glad to hear has been brilliantly successful) will you do me the favor to send me a memorandum by post of the amount in which we are indebted to you,[a†2] that I may immediately discharge it.

Always Dear Miss Kelly | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Miss Kelly.

V,141.

n. 2 2nd col. lines 4 and 5 *delete* Catherine Dickens and *read* Mrs Lemon was pregnant

V,142.15. *To* T. N. TALFOURD, [4 AUGUST 1847]

Envelope only in Christie's catalogue, May 1995; addressed: Mr. Serjeant Talfourd M. P., Oxford Circuit, Monmouth PM 4 Aug 47 Ramsgate & Gloucester

V,153.5. *To* JOHN HENRY MACFARLANE,[†1] 26 AUGUST 1847*

MS Kevin MacDonnell. *Address:* John Henry Macfarlane Esquire | Broad Street | Bath.[†2]

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Sixth August 1847[†3]

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Macfarlane, and will be happy to become a subscriber to his book of church chants.[†4]

Mr. Macfarlane will have the kindness, perhaps, to cause the work to be delivered (when published) to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Bouverie Street London, who will pay the subscription.

V,153.15

(*To* [?CHARLES] HERBERT, 28 AUGUST 1847) *add after* 28 Aug 47. Checked from MS Sotheby's.

add above line 17: Broadstairs Kent, Twenty Eight August 1847.

V,157.

n. 4 line 2 *delete DNB*

n. 5 line 2 *for* 1845 *read* 1843

September

V,168.15. *To* THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BULL INN, ROCHESTER,[†1] 27 SEPTEMBER 1847*

MS Michael Silverman.

Maidstone | Monday Evening Twenty seventh September 1847.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Proprietor of the Bull Inn at Rochester, and begs to say that he wishes to have a sitting-room and three bedrooms prepared

for him tomorrow (Tuesday). Also a comfortable dinner, probably for five persons but certainly for four, at 5 o'Clock exactly.†2 Mrs. Dickens will arrive at about mid-day.

November

V,192.23.

(*To* JAMES CROSSLEY, 9 NOVEMBER 1847) *for* than *read* that

V,206.

n. 5 lines 1 and 2 *for* Robert Richard *read* Richard Robert line 3 *for* 5 Oct 47, *fn read* 5 Oct 48, *fn*

V,223.

n. 2 line 11 *for* Pubilc *read* Public

1848

January

V,234.3 up.

(*To* WILLIAM BROWN, [14 JANUARY 1848]) *for* be *read* by

V,237.6.

(*To* J. MACGREGOR, [?24] JANUARY 1848) *add a before* I write

13. *add* [a] *after* morning

after n. 2 *add* [aa] Given in N, 11, 70 from catalogue source.

V,240.

n. 3 *for* 27 *read* 26

V,241.

n. 7 line 3 *for* on *read* in

V,253.

n. 1 line 9 *for* MS Roger W. Barrett *read* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

V,255.

n. 2 lines 2-5 *delete* in the Throne Room *and* It remains there, unseen.

V,280.

n. 4 *replace with* The name deleted is Edward (i.e. Bulwer Lytton)

April

V,282.7 up.

(*To* G. H. LEWES, 16 APRIL 1848) *for* Emery's-Andrew *read* Emery's —Andrew

V,283.1. *To* CAPTAIN JOHNS,[†1] 17 APRIL 1848*

Extract in Sophie Dupré catalogue, No. 26 (1992); *MS* 1 p.; ending and signature removed; dated 1 Devonshire Terrace, 17 Apr 48; addressed "My Dear Johns".

Hastening to say (for self and Co) that I believe any early day in any week will suit us quite as well as Easter Monday . . . we shall hold ourselves in preparation for further orders.

V,288.

n. 5 *after* Given in *add* op. cit.

V,291.14. *To* THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD BROUGHAM,[†1] 27 APRIL 1848*

MS Messrs Maggs Bros.

1 Devonshire Terrace | York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Seventh April 1848.

Dear Lord Brougham.

Lord Robertson[†2] and one or two other friends whom you know, are going to dine here on Friday the fifth of May, at 7 o'Clock. In case you should have no other engagement than the House of Lords, and that should not hold you late, it would afford Mrs. Dickens and myself the greatest pleasure if you would dine with us.

Believe me | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

May

V,294.7. *To* C. A. COLE,[†1] [?1 MAY 1848]*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. *Date:* probably before letter dated 7 May enclosing pass to keep out strangers from the Amateurs' rehearsals; Mon was 1 May.

Athenaeum | Monday

My Dear Sir

I am glad to hear it:—I forgot to mention, in reply to your enquiry of the other day (and I can't bear to leave anything unanswered). No strangers certainly.

Faithfully Yours alwys
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Cole Esquire

V,294.

n. 5 (293 cont.) 2nd col. line 7 *for* han d *read* hand

V,302.15. *To* C. A. COLE, 9 MAY 1848

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace.
Ninth May 1848. | Tuesday.

My Dear Sir

I send you Every Man[†1] and have turned down the leaf of Formal's scene. It is a short one, as you see, but always tells well, and was played the last time we acted by Cruikshank.

we rehearse this play at the Haymarket, at one to day you know.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Augustus Cole Esquire.

V,302.16.

(*To* THOMAS BEARD, 10 MAY 1848) *for* Square *read* Place

V,303.

n. 5 line 9 *for* fo *read* of

V,309.7 up.

(*To* CHARLES EVANS, 19 MAY 1848) *for* EVANS,[7] *read* EVANS,[6]

V,317.

n. 3 line 6 *after* 3 Mar 49 *add* and n

V,319.22.

(*To* FRANCIS ROBINSON, 24 MAY 1848) *before* The *add a*

320.3. *after* Montague.[2] *add*[a]

after n. 2 *insert* [aa] Given in N.

V,320.20. *To* CHARLES KEMBLE,[†1] 25 MAY 1848*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Fifth May 1848.

My Dear Mr. Kemble.

Many very distinguished men in art, letters and station, have empowered Macready's friends to attach their names to a document of which I enclose a copy.[†2] I feel, as I know Macready would, that it would be signally incomplete without *your* name. Will you give me authority to use it?[†3]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Kemble Esquire

June

V,327.15. *To* DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 9 JUNE 1848

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue (Pencarrow), Dec 1999; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 9 June 48; addressed Dr John Elliotson.

Referring to the ill-health of his servant the "Brave Courier"[†1] of my little Italian book[†2]—the most honest and loving of servants *who has been unwell for some time and was seized* with a violent pain in the chest, and a deadness in the left arm; *adding that the man* expresses himself badly in English, but understands it perfectly well when spoken to plainly.

V,329.1. *To* DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, 10 JUNE 1848*

MS Michael Silverman.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth June 1848.
Saturday Evg

My Dear Elliotson

I am deeply sorry to receive the intelligence you send me of the Brave Courier, who is one of the gentlest and most genial natures in the world.

These fadings away, are dreadful things, and so are all the pains and

penalties of our mortal state. But I am sure if any man has reason to find comfort in them, you have, who can administer so much, and always with such kindness and consideration.

I thank you from my heart and am ever yours affectionately.

CHARLES DICKENS

Dr. Elliotson

V,339.1. *To* G. H. LEWES,[†1] 14 JUNE 1848*

MS Joseph Rubinfine.

Devonshire Terrace
Fourteenth June 1848.

My Dear Lewes.

Pray don't suppose that I, for a moment, misunderstood you. I know you gave up Andrew[†2] in pure sincerity and good nature. No fragment of doubt or annoyance was near my mind.

Topham[†3] is caged[†4]—at least Stone[†5] says so, with a damned, portentous, wooden-looking, pursed-up, air of mystery that the Devil couldn't understand.

Cordially always
CHARLES DICKENS

G. H. Lewes Esquire

V,340.2.

(*To* ANDREW S. DALGLISH, 16 JUNE 1848) *for* Robert K. Black *read* Beinecke Library, Yale University

V,352.

n. 6 line 9 *for* to him to *read* to him in *To*

V,354.

n. 3 line 2 *read* Charles James Mathews

July

V,372.18.

(*To* R.H. HORNE, 13 JULY 1848) *headnote read* MS Martin R. Nason

19. *for* Fallow *read* Fallon

26. *for* list and . . . children's *read* list. And . . . childrens'

27. *for* & Merton *read* and Merton

373.4. *for* must . . . out for *read* merely . . . out, for

10. *for* Esq. *read* Esquire

V,374.27. *To* H. M. CUSTOMS & EXCISE, 20 JULY 1848*

MS Jann Paton.

Glasgow | Twentieth July 1848.

This is to certify that I give my full permission for the introduction into England of one copy of a republication of "Dombey and Son", issued by M. Tauchnitz of Leipzig, and belonging to Mr. W.A. Platenius.[†1]

CHARLES DICKENS

V,389.

n. 1 2nd col. lines 6 and 7 *delete* She acted in CD's amateur theatricals 1850-1.

August

V,394.14.

(*To* MISS FANNY KELLY, 18 AUGUST 1848) *before* I should *add a*

27. *after* pieces on it *add* [a]

after n. 1 *insert* [aa] Extract in W.T. Spencer, *Forty Years in my Bookshop,* 1923, p. 141 (misdated 15 Aug.).

September

V,414.1.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [LATE SEPTEMBER 1848]) *for* vois *read* vous

V,415.

n. 4 line 1 *for* Robert Richard *read* Richard Robert

V,431.

n. 3 *replace with* Charles Morgan, the family doctor.

November

V,437.2.

(*To* EFFINGHAM WILSON, 7 NOVEMBER 1848) *replace headnote with* MS Robin Whitworth. On mourning paper.

4. *read* Seventh November 1848.

12. at left margin *insert* William Wilson Esquire *and delete square brackets round signature*

V,443

n. 1 line 2 *after Barnaby add* and *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

V,444.11. *To* LEIGH HUNT, 22 NOVEMBER 1848*

MS Private. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty Second November | 1848.

My Dear Hunt.

Of my interest in such a character in a play of yours,[†1] there is no sort of doubt; and I take your connexion of me with it in your mind as a great compliment.

But the playing at all, depends, (with me) so much on the where, with whom, and for what, that I must ask you to tell me all about these particulars before I can give my answer to your note.

I am going to Brighton today, to finish my little Christmas Book. Any note addressed to me at the Bedford Hotel there, will find me.

My Dear Hunt | Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

I am sorry I was out yesterday, when your son Vincent brought your letter.

December

V,451.11.

(*To* WILLIAM BRADBURY, 1 DECEMBER 1848) *for* Comtesse de Suzannet *read* Free Library of Philadelphia.

17. *for* straightaway, *read* straightway,

V,455.11.

(*To* CHARLES MANBY, 12 DECEMBER 1848) *delete The*

V,456.10 up.

(*To* MARK LEMON, [?13 DECEMBER 1848]) *after* paper. *add* Misdated 1 Mar 50 in N.

V,463.1. *To* FELIX JOYCE,[†1] [29 DECEMBER 1848]

Envelope only in Farahar & Dupré catalogue, 1993. *Address:* Mr Joyce, Messrs Bradbury & Evans, 11 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. PM 29 Dec 1848.

V,471.

n. 1 *replace with* Probably Capt. John Hewitt. See Vol. iii, pp. 7 and *n,* and 452 and *n.*

V,473.

n. 1 *replace 1st sentence with* Celebrated on Saturday, 6 Jan (Twelfth Night); Forster mistakenly says Sunday was the 6th.

1849

February

V,484.10.

(*To* CHARLES DE LA PRYME, 2 FEBRUARY 1849) *delete* THE REV.

V,490.2.

(*To* CHARLES ELLIS, 3 FEBRUARY 1849) *add* On mourning paper. *after* House.

V,499.1.

(*To* JAMES DONALDSON, 20 FEBRUARY 1849) *add* * *after* 1849

March

V,503.24.

(*To* FRANK STANFELL, 2 MARCH 1849) *delete* * *after* 1849

V,517.5.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 29 MARCH 1849) *add a before* As

28. *add* [a] *after* assistance

before n. 1 *insert* [aa] *Given in N.*

V,519.1.

(*To* P. O'BRIEN, [LATE JANUARY-MARCH 1849]) *for* P. O. BRIEN *read* P. O'BRIEN

n. 1 lines 1-2 *delete* Unidentified . . . P. O'Brien (
line 4 *delete closing bracket*

April

V,523.16. *To* EFFINGHAM WILSON,[†1] 10 APRIL 1849*

MS Robin Whitworth.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth April 1849.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. William Wilson, and begs, with many thanks, to acknowledge the receipt of his second pamphlet.[†2]

V.524.11 *To* MRS MORSON,[†1] 12 APRIL 1849*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS.

Devonshire Terrace
Thursday Twelfth April | 1849.

Dear Madam

The lady[†2] to whom the field belongs, is quite right, I enclose you another cheque for four pounds.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Morson

V.527.9 up.

(*To* DUDLEY COSTELLO, 25 APRIL 1849) *replace* Facsimile . . . 125, *with* MS Dickens House.

V,532.

n. 1 col. 2 *add* for Mrs Carlyle's comments see Vol. v, p. 539, n. 3 and below.

V,539.

n. 3 1st col. line 2 *for* Sat 31 Mar *read* Sat 12 May.

line 7 *for* 5 Apr *read* 17 May; *add* misdated by L. Huxley (ed. *Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to her Family, 1839-1863,* 1924, p. 326), who took "Holy Thursday" to be Maundy Thursday instead of Ascension Day

2nd col. lines 13 | 14 *delete* Mrs Gaskell . . . 4 May, *fn*)

May

V,540.2.

(*To* MRS JOLL, 15 MAY 1849) *for* G.F. Sims *read* Beinecke Library, Yale University

V,540.32. *To* MRS MORSON, 16 MAY 1849*

Replaces catalogue summary

MS Private.

Devonshire Terrace | Sixteenth May 1849.

Dear Mrs. Morson.

I am truly glad to hear that your letter to Isabella Gordon[†1] has produced so good an effect. I hope it will be a lasting one, and that an

attachment to you may get the better of a restlessness which I have no doubt will sometimes come upon her.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

V,569.9.

(*To* C.R. LESLIE, 10 JULY 1849) *replace* Extract in . . . 1930) *with* MS Lady Butterfield

after line 11 *insert* My dear Leslie

after line 14 *insert* Faithfully Yours always CHARLES DICKENS

insert subscription C.R. Leslie Esquire.

V,595.

n. 2 line 3 *for* Middlesex *read* Surrey

V,603.

n. 2 line 1 *for* Julie *read* Julia

August

V,606.8.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [AUGUST 1849]) *add square brackets round* 4-5 Aug

V,611.

n. 2 col. 2 *add* However A.P. Milyukov reports that Vvedensky gave him an account of his meeting with Dickens and opined that "the two hours which he spent with him" were unforgettable and were to be reckoned as the best time of his life (Appx by M.P. Alkseev of Yu. V. Fridlender & I.M. Katarsky, *Charlz Dikkens. Bibliografiya russkikh perevodov i kriticheskoi literatury na russkom yazyke, 1838-1960* (Moscow, 1962, p. 245).

V,622.

n. 3 *for* Stove, *read* Stone,

V,625.

n. 3 *add* and *after* Sep,

V,632.

n. 1 line 6 *for* Philadephis *read* Philadelphia

V,636.

n. 5 *replace with* A nickname for Augustus Egg.

November

V,644.9. *To* JOHN BRITTON,[†1] 13 NOVEMBER 1849*

MS British Library.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday Night | Thirteenth November 1849.

My Dear Mr. Britton

I am neither "afraid", nor "ashamed" nor "too bashful", to join the party to which you kindly invite me on Tuesday the 20th. But I am something quite as much to the purpose, and that is—*engaged.* For which reason I write an ill conditioned, vexed, and malicious reply. In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal, on the day and date first above written.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Britton Esquire.

V,657.13. *To* FREDERICK DOULTON,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1849

Summary in Christie's catalogue, Nov 1992; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 23 Nov 49; addressed Frederick Doulton.

Regretting that he is unable to attend the occasion to which his correspondent has called his attention.

V,658.5. *To* R.J. WATTS,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1849

Replaces small catalogue extract

Extracts in Heritage Book Shop catalogue, 1995 and[aa] Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1997; *MS* 2 pp.; dated 23 Nov 49; addressed R.J. Watts.

I beg to remind you, in reply to your letter, that *of course* I imagine and have no doubt that private executions would be tolerated in England, or I never should have written the letters to which you refer[†2]—or would have done so with the least honesty.

Allow me to add that you misapprehend (through some fault of mine, I dare say) my whole argument when you think [a] it would go to the "closing of every place of public resort in London, because it affords an opportunity for the assembling of bad characters." I know of no place of resort in London where bad characters can find any sight half so bad in its influence upon them as a public execution—half so indecent and bad itself—or at all like it in any respect.[a]

V,669.

n. 4. *replace with* An omnibus tout at the Ship Inn, Charing Cross: see Vol. vi, p. 576 and *n.*

December

V,670.1. *To* MR STRANGE,[†1] 12 DECEMBER 1849*

MS Heritage Book Shop, Los Angeles.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth December 1849.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Strange, and regrets that his engagements render it quite out of his power to avail himself of the invitation with which he is honored, to the annual meeting of the Westminster chapel Ragged School.†2

V,671.

n. 3. *After DAB add;* according to American news cuttings Powell had been ill for six weeks of Bright's disease and died at the home of his daughter in Newark, N.J. (Carlton Papers, Dickens House).

V,674.2.

(*To* MARK LEMON, 18 DECEMBER 1849) *after* 114. *add* Checked from MS Sotheby's.

3. *replace with* Dev: Terr: Tuesday 18th Decr. 1849 [*probably in Forster's hand*]

4. *read* My dear Lemon

5. *for* Box *read* Box, *for* play *read* Play

9. *new paragraph* I believe . . .

V,682.1. *To* MRS MORSON, 27 DECEMBER 1849*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS.

Devonshire Terrace
Thursday Twenty Seventh December | 1849.

Dear Mrs. Morson

I have received the money quite safely. I am sorry you took the trouble to send it.

Mrs. Macartney will have told you, I suppose, that next *Monday* is the committee Day. Will you let the gentlemen†1 know?

In the course of today, I hope to be able to send you word that Maria Cridge†2 is to go to Bartholomew's Hospital. Mr. Chesterton is endeavouring to obtain her admission there.

I shall be out before the Committee time on Monday, as I have still a little to do to my book.†3

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Morson.

V,682.

n. 3 line 4 *delete* de

683. n. 4 line 2 *delete* de

684. n. 3 line 1 *delete* de

Index of Correspondents

715 Cruikshank, George *add* 253n,

716 Dalglish *add* 333

717 Nugent *for* 421 *read* 521

718 Stone *add* 253n,

Index of Names and Places

720 col. 2 BALLARD, James *for* 565 *read* 568

725 col. 2 CRUIKSHANK, George: and amateur theatricals *add* 253n,

726 col. 2 DE LA PRYME *delete* Rev.

731 col. 1 EGG, Augustus line 6 *delete* hn *after* 634

734 col. 2 GREY, Henry George *add* * *after* 421nn

736 col. 1 HORNE, Richard Henry line 6. *for* 586 *read* 566

737 col. 2 JOYCE, *for* Mr *read* Felix

743 col. 1 Mathews, Charles *delete* 14n, 354n

insert new entry Mathews, Charles James 14n, 354n

745 col. 1 *delete the* Papworth *entry*

col. 2 Pollock, Sir *read* J.F.; *delete first ref*

insert new entry Pollock, (Sir) W.F.: *Personal Remembrances* 548n

746 col. 1 QUIN, *for* Robert Richard *read* Richard Robert *and add* * *after* 415n

col. 2 ROBERTSON, Patrick *for* 624n *read* 625n

749 col. 2 *after* Stirling, Fanny *add new entry* Stokes, Veronica: "CD: A Customer of Coutts & Co." 21n

STONE, Frank: amateur theatricals *add* 253n

751 col. 1 Townshend *for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

752 col. 2 White, Mrs James (Rose Hill) *add* 296

Volume VI, 1850-1852

VI,vii.

line 12 *for* November *read* October

lines 16-17 *for* had been . . . Sep 49); *read* had been in his mind at least since 1844 (see Vol. IV, p. xiii and p. 327, with plan for weekly called *The Cricket*);

VI,xiii.27.

after Dickens's reply *add*[[text ref]]1*a*

Insert [1a] On 23 Dec 50

1850

January

VI,16.9. *To* DAVID ROBERTS,[†1] 27 JANUARY 1850*

Text from facsimile in Unidentified catalogue.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty Seventh January 1850.

My Dear Roberts.

You could have offered me nothing more acceptable, but I am truly sorry to say that it is my ill fortune to be engaged on that day.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

David Roberts Esquire

VI,18.

n. 3 2nd col. line 10 *for* I *read* L

February

VI,31.10. *To* CHARLES MANBY,[†1] 7 FEBRUARY 1850*

MS Brian Lake.

Devonshire Terrace | Seventh February 1850.

My Dear Manby.

Allow me to present to you my brother Alfred, who is a Civil Engineer, and desirous of joining your Institute.[†2] I can very warmly commend him to your kindness—not quite impartially (I suppose you will think) but with a sincerely high opinion of his character and attainments.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Manby Esquire

VI,34.13.

(*To* MRS GASKELL, 9 FEBRUARY 1850) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

VI,36.

n. 5 (35 cont.) line 13 *for To* Macready, 31 Jan 52 *read To* Wills, 7 July 51

VI,47.

n. 4 2nd col. lines 24-5 *for* It . . . place *read* Its condition contributed to the quite different burial place

VI,50.

n. 8 last line *read* . . . from Ch. 28 in the Feb. No. . . .

VI,53.8.

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

March *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 4 MARCH 1850†

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace | Fourth March 1850.

My Dear Knight

I have gone over the enclosed again, carefully, and, I have not the least doubt of its being most capital for Household Words.[†1]

The only question that occurs to me is, whether it would be possible to make the second article, the first—and the first, the second. My only reason for this, is, that it might be better to begin with a subject unconnected with [a] our own immediate interest as engaged in a publication.[a] But I only suggest this possibility to you.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire

VI,54.

n. 1 line 2 *for* 1862 *read* 1882

VI,59.6. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 9 MARCH 1850†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS OFFICE,
Saturday Ninth March 1850

My Dear Knight

I called on you this morning in Fleet Street, but you had not arrived.

My object was to say that I think Miss Martineau's[†1] proposal[†2] a most useful and timely one; and that I am more than pleased to accept it. I shall look forward to the receipt of the first of the series.

[a] I read the Lucifer Match,[†3] as I was coming up from Brighton, and am greatly delighted with it.[a] The idea is a very happy one, and the treatment just what I would have it.

Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire

VI,60.2.

(*To* AUGUSTUS DICKENS, 10 MARCH 1850) *for* Comtesse de Suzannet *read* Free Library of Philadelphia

VI,75.

n. 6 line 3 *read* Maclise's

VI,79.

n. 1 line 2 *read* No. 4 (20 Apr)

n. 2 1st col. line 11 *for Summer in Italy read The Dream of the Lilybell,* 1845 line 13 *for* 1849 *read* 1847 or 1848

VI,80.2.

April

(*To* PERCIVAL LEIGH, 5 APRIL 1850) *replace headnote with* MS Case Western Reserve University

8. *for* C.D. *read* CD.

VI,81.171 *To* MRS MORSON, 8 APRIL 1850*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS.

Devonshire Terrace | Eighth April 1850.[†1]

Dear Mrs. Morson.

I send you both the salaries in one cheque.[†2] Please to acknowledge its safe receipt.

Faithfully yours

CD

VI,85.5.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 17 APRIL 1850) *read*—to put on her own clothes,

VI,89.

n. 2 line 2 *after* journalist *add* ; contributor to *HW.*

VI,90.16.

(*To* MRS HOWITT, 26 APRIL 1850) *replace headnote with* MS Ashley W. Olmsted. *Address:* Mrs Howitt | 28 Upper Avenue Road | Regents Park

VI,91.1. *To* MRS CARMICHAEL-SMYTH,[†1] 29 APRIL 1850*

MS Brian Lake.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

Monday Twenty Ninth April 1850.

My Dear Mrs Smyth.

I shall be here tomorrow at 2, and happy to see your brother in law[†2] if that hour will suit him.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Carmichael Smyth.

VI,91.2. *To* JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT,[†1] 30 APRIL 1850†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Michael Silverman.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth April, 1850.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the tickets.

I did not understand that you wished for permission to make any public mention of my name. If I had done so, I should have objected, for [a] I have a great objection to being supposed to "patronize" anything or anybody; and I think the term exceedingly unpleasant, in connexion with an effort so laudable and self-reliant as that in question.[a] It seems to me, opposed to the whole spirit of the undertaking.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Joseph Cartwright

May

VI,92.15. *To* JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT, 3 MAY 1850

Replaces smaller catalogue extract

Extract in Empire Autograph Auctions Ltd catalogue, Mar 1997; *MS* 1 p.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 3 May 50; addressed Joseph Cartwright.

He hopes that you will not make yourself uneasy on the subject of my letter, or think of altering any arrangement you may have concluded. The thing that I object to, is done. I am quite sure you have done it with the most upright intentions; and nothing can be farther from my thoughts than any disposition to trouble you or censure you.

VI,120.

n. 5 line 1 *after* du Crime *add* a section of the Rue du Temple

VI,121.13. *To* THE REV. EDWARD TAGART,[†1] [?1843—MID-1850]

Extract in *D,* xxi (April 1925), p. 26. *Date:* probably after 1843, when they met and before the Tagarts moved to Hampstead in 1850[†2]

He hopes that you will have a stick in your hand, and a hat on your head at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning, I will call for you and have you take a walk with me.

VI,131.3.

up. Replaces mention

July *To* MRS MORSON, 14 JULY 1850*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS.

Devonshire Terrace | Sunday Fourteenth July | 1850.

Dear Mrs. Morson.

Tell the girls who go tomorrow that Caroline Canlon's[†1] name is Hunt. That her address is "*Mrs. Hunt, Three Cups, near Cape Town.*" Tell them too, as my last message, that I hope they will do well, marry honest men and be happy.[†2]

Faithfully yours

CD

VI,132.

n. 2 line 5 *for* 6 Aug *read* 10 Aug

VI,134.15.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 24 JULY 1850) *for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

August

VI,141.21.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 1 AUGUST 1850) *read* . . . I can do so in the morning . . .

VI,143.1. *To* J. LLOYD,[†1] [4 AUGUST 1850]

Envelope only, MS Paul S. Smith. *Address:* J. Lloyd Esquire | 28 St. Paul's Terrace | Islington. *Date:* 4 Augst. 1850 in another hand; PM illegible.

VI,145.7. *To* CHARLES BLACK,[†1] 12 AUGUST 1850*

MS Jonathan Whitman Cross.

Devonshire Terrace | Twelfth August, 1850 | Monday

My Dear Black

I am extremely sorry to say that I must forego the pleasure of dining with you.

I have a bilious indisposition which I have been obliged to physic, and am going to take a violent walk for, before going early to bed. At this time of the month, it is so all-important to me to be in perfect training, that I am obliged at an hour's notice to take it by the throat and strangle it (I mean the complaint) without the least consideration for my own desires and pleasures.

I hope you have some legendary knowledge of my general punctuality, and know I wouldn't break an appointment except on necessity.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Black Esquire

VI,163.10.

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

September

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 4 SEPTEMBER 1850†

MS Martin R. Nason.

Broadstairs, | Wednesday night
Fourth September, 1850

My Dear Knight

As I am going up by the early express tomorrow, I write to say that I will have some talk with you over a cigar, either on Saturday or Sunday evening, at your pleasure (perhaps you will tell Georgina on which night I may expect you) about Mr. Devlin.[†1] [a] I cannot say that I derive a comfortable impression of him from his note, or that I think him easy to be hopefully assisted. But I am almost ashamed of building up any opinion on such slight premises. He writes about his books, rather as if he saw his future[a] biography in his mind's eye, with this letter [a] in it. Is it so,— or am I a Beast whom Begging Letter Writers have made, out of a Beautiful Prince?

Let us say Saturday, unless you object.

Ever My Dear Knight | Cordially Yours[a]
CHARLES DICKENS

VI,163.

n. 4 penultimate line *for* can made" *read* can be made"

VI,166.

n. 3 *replace with* Nall was clearly a clerk at the *HW* office.

n. 7 *amend date to read* 1801-65

VI,172.

n. I *add* Egerton Harcourt (see pp. 198-9 and *nn*) wrote a 5 pp. letter to CD on 7 Oct, complaining of misstatements made in the article on York and asking for withdrawal, since "it is a pity that the bright weapons of your rich armoury should be sullied in the cause of so rash a knight errant [*i.e. the "Mr Wallace" of the article, see p. 165*n] for Household Words should above all be Words of Truth". Wills wrote to CD, who was at Broadstairs, enclosing "statements for your answer to Harcourt"; this document has autograph corrections in CD's hand in which he says he "has received a series of statements from the writers of the article which I beg to place before you" (i.e. implying disclaimer of his own authorship) (MSS British Library).

October

VI, 183.16.

(*To* W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 1 OCTOBER 1850) *headnote for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

VI,198.

n. 3 *insert* Harcourt wrote a 4 pp. letter to CD on 22 Oct saying he is glad to find the article is not by him.

199. n. 2 *add* Harcourt wrote to Wills on 8 Nov, saying he did not see a proof of the "Chip" which has further errors; he asks that his letter be forwarded to CD as the matter as it stands is unsatisfactory and unfair, "therefore not worthy of his high reputation and character" (MSS British Library).

VI,201.1. *To* H.C. LLOYD,[†1] 30 OCTOBER 1850*

Text from facsimile in RWA Inc., New Hampshire, Auction Catalogue, Mar 1998.

Devonshire Terrace | Thirtieth October 1850.

My Dear Sir

On my return home from the country, I find the Minutes you have done me the favor to send me, for which I hasten to thank you.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

H. C. Lloyd Esquire

November

VI,213.7. *To* THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF BRISTOL,[†1] 14 NOVEMBER 1850

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 14 Nov 50; addressed The Very Rev. The Dean of Bristol.

Expresses great pleasure in receipt of your kind note. *Offers enthusiastic praise for his speech* . . . exactly what is wanted, and exactly what a really Christian minister, with a true sympathy for mankind and desire for their advancement and happiness, ought to say. *The Dean is* missed sorely here.

VI,220.1.

Replaces catalogue summary.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 28 NOVEMBER 1850*

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace | Thursday Night
Twenty Eighth November 1850.

My Dear Knight.

I look out of a sea of letters—oh the people who write to me, and the wonderful communications they indulge in!—to say that I am perfectly delighted with the Pudding.[†1] It is charmingly made, and nothing but a first-rate and most delicately flavoured dish.

Do you know what you have forgotten? The Salt! Will you put in that spoonful? And shall I send you the proof anywhere, or will you come

and dine with us in Wellington St at ½ past 5, when we make up the No. next Thursday? It could easily be done then.

Such shrieks of love to White, and Mrs. White, and "Lotty", and "Clara", and "Jemmy" arise, that I must positively leave off, and wallow in those troubled waters again.

Ever affectionately yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire

VI,225.

n. 7 line 1 *for* Courtenay *read* Cavendish

December

VI,233.29.

(*To* THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON, 14 DECEMBER 1850) *read* . . . making duties of pleasures. . .

VI,236.6. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 15 DECEMBER 1850†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace
Sunday Fifteenth December | 1850.

My Dear Knight

I have marked a few places in the enclosed,[†1] where I doubt, or dissent from, the illustration—not the principle. Elsewhere, I perfectly agree with you, and [a] greatly admire the point and condensation with which the case is stated.[a]

Ever cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire

VI,254.

n. 2 2nd col. line 2 *for* 30 Dec 50, *read* 27 Dec 50

VI,265.

n. 6 2nd col. line 2 for Exchequor read Exchequer

VI,269.18.

Replaces catalogue extracts ([aa])

1851

January

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 28 JANUARY 1851†

MS Martin R. Nason.

Devonshire Terrace | Tuesday night
Twenty Eighth January 1851.

My Dear Knight.

I am truly obliged to you for your more than kind note of this morning. I have taken the Board of Health[†1] to the House;[†2] and the Board report the situation unobjectionable, and the house ditto. Consequently, I have (cautiously) opened my fire on the agents; reserving needful mention of the piece of ground. I have identified that same, and

my knowledge of its existence this morning threw the attendant Virgin[†3] into paroxysms of wonder.

[a] The cottages[†4] had not escaped me.[a] Miss Coutts and I have frequently talked about them. I think they really matter little; the Willa in which I am chiefly interested, looking *from* them. As to any predatory habits in which their owners may indulge, I rather think they would gratify them further from home. It is not an unimportant item in my preference for such a spot, that [a] Holly Lodge would be (for my children's recreation and so forth) as good as my own.[a] And its proprietress would go my way, I have no doubt, in all reasonable local matters.

About the Paper duties.[†5]—I have [a] some mysterious men [†b](*un*connected therewith)[†b] coming[a] to me at The Household Words tomorrow at 11, [a] in whom I fancy I descry two or three good papers.[a] Wills has ferreted them out at my request, and I must be there. [a] But I write tonight to Mr. Huggett[†6] the Secretary, saying that you will represent me; and whatever you do, I will gladly do.[a]

Thursday is not a convenient day for my going out in the morning, but if you should see fit to bind me to attend the Deputation, and will let me know as much (I shall be in Wellington Street all tomorrow morning) I will do it. I place myself entirely in your hands, and beg you to say

[a] to Chambers[†7] that you have full power to answer[a] for me at your own discretion.

Ever my Dear Knight | affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VI,278.

n. 3. line 1 *for* 1776-1855 *read* 1776-1853

February

VI,288.17. *To* F. W. TOPHAM,[†1] 10 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Royal Watercolour Society, Bankside Gallery.

Devonshire Terrace | Tenth February 1851.

My Dear Topham

You have heard from Lemon, I know, that we have a project in agitation, important to all associated with Literature and Art—so

important, that I sincerely believe its success would change the entire position of Writers and Artists in this country.

I am happy to say that it is in my power to offer you a most excellent part in the new comedy Sir E B Lytton has written for the support of this plan. And I can heartily assure you that you will be received among us again, with open arms.[†2]

The comedy, being finished, will be read to the Company (by Mr. Macready) at Forster's rooms, 58 Lincolns Inn Fields, on Wednesday the 19th. at 3 o'Clock. May I consider you one of the Corps Dramatique, and particularly request your attendance?

In the meantime, you will receive Sir E. B. L.'s draft of the proposed plan, and judge for yourself of its importance.

My Dear Topham | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

F. W. Topham Esquire

VI,292.6. *To* MRS FINLAY,[†1] 18 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS University Archives of Stamford, Connecticut.

Devonshire Terrace, London | Eighteenth February 1851

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Finlay and regrets to say, in reply to her interesting and agreeable letter, that he cannot render her good object the service she requires. It is so often asked of him that compliance is absolutely impossible, with the least reasonable reference to any pursuit of his life.

VI,297.11. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 FEBRUARY 1851*

MS Morgan Library.

Devonshire Terrace | Twentieth February 1851.

Dear Sir

I regret that it is quite out of my power to have the pleasure of doing what you require. Every ticket[†1] that can possibly be issued is sold, and every inch of space appropriated.[†2]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

March

VI,302.18. *To* PHILIP HOWARD,[†1] 3 MARCH 1851*

MS Michael Silverman.

1 Devonshire Terrace | Third March 1851.

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you for your obliging letter, and to express my regret that you were not present at the dinner,[†2] and that I was not at home when you did me the favor to call.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Philip H Howard Esquire

VI,302.19.

(*To* SIR JAMES [MURRAY], 3 MARCH 1851) *heading should read* SIR JAMES [CLARK]

n.3 *replace with* Sir James Clark FRS 1788-1870; *DNB*); was consulted about Fanny Burnett in 1848: see Vol. v, p. 354 and *n.*

n.4 *replace with* John Forbes Clark (1821-1910); attaché to the embassy in Paris. Proposed by his father, who was a member; elected 3 Mar.

VI,304. 1. *To* THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF BRISTOL, 4 MARCH 1851

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Devonshire Terrace, 4 Mar 51; addressed The Very Rev. The Dean of Bristol.

Thanks him for his letter. We have fallen into such depths of sackcloth and ashes, at Trinity[†1]—have been sighing and groaning[†2] to such a deplorable extent—exhibiting such wonderful spectacles of inconsequential reasoning—and anatomising all the physical features of Death with such an odious little scalpel—that I began to think I was making a fool of myself. . . So we . . . are now perched high in Marylebone church,[†3] where there is at least nothing in the Sermon to send one home antagonistic and unchristianlike—for we never hear it.

VI,310.

n. 2 line 11 *for* Andrew Geddes, ARA. 1822, *read* Capt. Alexander Geddes, retired Army officer,

VI,321.

n. 1 *for* Lieut-Col *read* Col.

VI,323.5. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 20 MARCH 1851†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Private.

Knotsford Lodge, Great Malvern
Twentieth March 1851. | Thursday

[†b][ ][†b]

I am doomed not to go there with you, this season! I am here with Mrs. Dickens—who has been very unwell, but is much better—and cannot, I regret to say, possibly get to town for an early dinner on Saturday. [a] I shall have to work that day,[a] until long after any available train I can possibly get has left Worcester—the nearest point.

I should have written to you to day, in any case. As you may not know that I am celebrated among all my friends for perfect punctuality and reliability, I take leave to mention it. For really I feel like some other individual, when I find myself putting off what I am bound to, both by engagement and anticipation. But I should as soon have [thought][†1] of being in Egypt just now, as here.

Faithfully Yours Ever
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

VI,324.15.

(*To* LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C.B. PHIPPS, [21] MARCH 1851) *delete* LIEUT.

VI,325.31.

(*To* LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C.B. PHIPPS, [21] MARCH 1851) *delete* LIEUT.

VI,334.27.

(*To* LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C.B. PHIPPS, 26 MARCH 1851) *delete* LIEUT.

VI,337.6. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 28 MARCH 1851†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

Great Malvern | Friday night
Twenty Eighth March 1851

My Dear Knight

[a] Jerrold tells me you will do Hodge, the Country Servant, in Bulwer's Comedy. Is that so, my noble trump?[a] If yea, present yourself at the Rehearsals, Miss Kelly's Theatre, Tuesday evening and Wednesday evening at 7 to the moment and receive your part, with the paternal embraces of

Yours affecy always
CD.

Charles Knight Esquire

VI,343.12.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, 31 MARCH 1851) *read* . . . to know what is to be done. . .

VI,360.13.

Replaces catalogue mention and summary

April

To THOMAS BARLOW,[†1] 24 APRIL 1851*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia. On mourning paper.

Devonshire Terrace, | Twenty Fourth April 1851.

Dear Sir.

Constant occupation has prevented my replying to your note until now.

I will lose no time in referring it, and its accompanying packet of engravings, to Mr. Maclise. But, while I acknowledge the great liberality of your spirited offer—which I shall not fail to make known to the gentlemen concerned—it is right that I should tell you that I believe the right of engraving will be sold to a publisher, and that some steps have already been taken to arrange the terms. This would not, as I conceive, leave the question in our hands.

While I am sorry that you should have had the trouble of calling here in vain, I am glad to receive so frank and unaffected an avowal as you confide to me. My servant's duty, I assure you, is not an easy one. Unless he were firm (even at the cost of an occasional mistake as in your case, for which I heartily apologize to you) I should have no rest or privacy, and could not live, unless in hiding, a week.

Dear Sir | Yours Faithfully and obliged

CHARLES DICKENS

T. O. Barlow Esquire

May

VI,379.12.

(*To* MRS ADOLPHUS GILLET, 9 MAY 1851) *replace headnote with* MS Michael Silverman. On mourning paper.

VI,382.1. *To* MRS MORSON, 9 MAY 1851*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS. On mourning paper. *Address:* Mrs. Morson | Urania Cottage | Near The White Horse | Shepherd's Bush.

Devonshire Terrace | Friday Ninth May 1851.

Dear Mrs. Morson

I have ordered 1000 Mark Papers†1 from the Printer. As soon as they are ready, I will forward them without an hour's delay.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VI,401.4. *To* WILLIAM WILSON,†1 [24 MAY 1851]

Envelope in Heritage Book Shop catalogue, 1995. *Address:* Mr. William Wilson PM 24 May 51. On mourning paper.

VI,409.

n. 2 1st col. line 2 *for* 6th *read* 1st

June

VI,417.12.

(*To* MISS GERALDINE JEWSBURY, 25 JUNE 1851) *for* Words *read* Words[1]

23. *for* Words[1] *read* Words

VI,418.1.

(*To* THE REV, W. G. QUEKETT, 27 JUNE 1851) *for* REV, *read* REV.

August

VI,453.2 up.

(*To* WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 2 AUGUST 1851) *for* honor of *read* honor to

VI,461.

n. 2 2nd col. line 7 *delete* had line 8 *for* 49 *read* 59 [*after the Separation*]

VI,473.4. *To* GEORGE BARCLAY,†1 30 AUGUST 1851

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1997; *MS* 1 p. (a scrap of paper); dated Broadstairs, Kent, 30 Aug 51; addressed George Barclay.

Asking to see a revise of this.†2 *He will be at his own house* (1 Devonshire Terrace High Street Marylebone) from Wednesday next, until the following Saturday.

September

VI,475.12. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 1 SEPTEMBER 1851†

Replaces catalogue extracts ([aa])

MS Martin R. Nason. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs, Kent | First September 1851.

My Dear Knight.

I had put the book away so very carefully that I couldn't find it. We are very truly obliged for the kind offer of your house, and thank

Mrs. Knight and you most cordially. [a] But our part in Devonshire Terrace is amply sufficient[a] for our September wants.

Those pills really are a wonderful medicine, which [a]"no family should be without."[a] If you behave well, I'll bring you down a box from London, and a copy of the prescription.

Affecy always | CD.

VI,477.

n. 6 line 2 *for* 24 Sep 51 *read* 13 Sep 51

VI,479.19. *To* F. W. TOPHAM, 7 SEPTEMBER 1851*

MS Royal Watercolour Society, Bankside Gallery. On mourning paper.

Broadstairs | Sunday Seventh September 1851.

My Dear Topham.

Coming back last night I found your beautiful present.[†1]

I sincerely and truly want words to express my admiration of it. It is one of the most elegant, thoughtful, and delicate compositions I ever saw in my life. To have had any share in inspiring so pure and charming a work, is a new distinction that I most earnestly appreciate.

Accept my warmest thanks, and with them the assurance that you have given me one of the foremost graces of my new house—where I hope you will very often see it, in a cherished place.

Always Faithfully Yours
My Dear Topham
CHARLES DICKENS

F. W. Topham Esquire.

VI,479.32.

(*To* HENRY AUSTIN, 8 SEPTEMBER 1851) *for* chose *read* choose

VI,484.17.

(*To* WILLIAM J. CLEMENT, 18 SEPTEMBER 1851) *for* Philarmonic *read* Philharmonic

VI,491.12.

(*To* F. M. EVANS, 24 SEPTEMBER 1851) *for* 1639 *read* 1659

October

VI,505.5. *To* LIEUT. J. H. BROWN,[†1] 4 OCTOBER 1851

Extract in History-Makers catalogue No. 24 (1998); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Broadstairs, 5 Oct 51 (misdated 1857 in catalogue); addressed [?]. Brown.

I have directed Mrs Morson to call on you at your office Tuesday morning, to inquire where she shall pay for the three passages[†2] you have so thoughtfully secured. I am exceedingly glad of so good an opportunity.

VI,510.

n. 5 2nd col. line 10 *for* 586 *read* 581

VI,517.9. *To* T. N. TALFOURD, [10 OCTOBER 1851]

Envelope only in Phillips catalogue, June 2000. *Address:* The Honorable Mr. Justice Talfourd | Westbrook | Margate. PM 10 Oct Margate. Mourning border.

VI,526.12 up.

(*To* HENRY AUSTIN, 25 OCTOBER 1851) *delete full stop after* encountering

VI,527.1. *To* THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF BRISTOL, 25 OCTOBER 1851

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 25 Oct 51; addressed The Very Rev. The Dean of Bristol; on mourning paper.

As well as other engagements the slow agonies of removal into a new house[†1] *excuse his not replying to the Dean's note. He cannot accept invitation because of acting engagements including one on the* 10th at Bath.[†2]

November

VI,535.11. *To* J. H. CHUTE,[†1] 7 NOVEMBER 1851*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday Seventh November 1851

Dear Sir

As I sent Mr. Coe[†2] the Prompter down to you Express last night, to arrange about Friday—and as I hope all that is set right—I shall confine this to giving you a little more trouble respecting the Hotels.

We purpose going over to Bristol[†3] some time in the afternoon of Tuesday, and dining at our Bristol Hotel at 6 that day. We shall of course stay there, until we leave. Will you let them know this?

Also (as Mr. Forster dines with us on Sunday)[†4] will you let them know at the York House at Bath, that we shall want dinner for four persons? Further, that Mr. Forster will want a bed there *that night,* which can be assigned to any other name on the list, on Tuesday?

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VI,545.11. *To* MRS MORSON, 22 NOVEMBER 1851*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocpy of MS.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square

Twenty Second November 1851.

Dear Mrs. Morson

Summon the committee for Tuesday night if you please.

Faithfully yours

CD

VI,549.

n. 5 *add* "A Free (and Easy) School" (*HW,* 15 Nov 51, IV, 169) was by CD and Morley (*Uncollected Writings,* ed. Harry Stone, 1, 351).

December

VI,554.23.

(*To* CHARLES ELLIS, 16 DECEMBER 1851) *for* wold *read* would

VI,556.8. *To* MRS MORSON, 18 DECEMBER 1851*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS.

Tavistock House

Thursday Eighteenth December 1851.

Dear Mrs. Morson.

I think the best way will be to hold the committee on Tuesday Week, and then we will be so close on the end of the year, that the yearly bills can be all brought into the account, and the New Year's accounts fairly and freshly begun.

Faithfully yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

VI,568.

n. 6 2nd col. line 3 *delete* probably lines 4-5 *delete* but possibly George Cooke, 1807-63

1852

January

VI,574.36. *To* MRS CRESS,[†1] 14 JANUARY 1852*

MS (in another hand) Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

14 January 1852

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs Cress and begs to thank her for pointing his attention to the condition of the peasantry near Dartford.

Mrs. Cress.

VI,577.8. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 17 JANUARY 1852†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

Tavistock House | Seventeenth January 1852

My Dear Knight.

Many thanks for that very singular pamphlet, which I have read with great relish. I have no doubt in my own mind of its being a fraud.

[a]"O Sing Sweet bird"[†1]—a few Household notes![a] Are you *never* going to chirp in the groves of Wellington Street *any* more?

All cordial wishes, seasonable and unseasonable, From

Yours ever affectionately

CD.

VI,579.13.

Replaces catalogue mention

To W. WILKIE COLLINS, 20 JANUARY 1852

Extracts and facsimile[aa] in Phillips catalogue, Mar 1997; *MS* 4 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 20 Jan 52; addressed Wilkie Collins.

First I have to thank you for the present of a very pretty book,[†1] which I have read with a very great amount of pleasure and interest. I hope you will excuse the tardy nature of this acknowledgement. I was not slow as a reader, however slow I now confess myself (with shame) to have been as a letter-writer.

Next as to the Infants at nurse. Rendering all justice to the benevolent earnestness of the directors I do not think the case made out. *It would be very hard to supervise such a scheme and CD does* not *think it is relevant* to the *infant population as no allowance is made where parents are really anxious* to do *their duty but the infants die as a result of* the unhealthy

stews in which they are born. *Without the consent of the parents* these domiciliary visits could not be made. Nothing would induce loving parents to delegate to the projectors of the proposed

Society the *care of their children.* No quotation of opinion about Paris, where most of the younger women of the large Grisette†2 class have illegitimate children as a matter of course, can be accepted as an authority for London . . . I believe that the usefulness and [a] consequent success of the scheme, would be absolutely infinitessimal.†3 I don't think the wants, in this regard, of parents who wish to treat their children well, and yet are obliged to send them out to nurse, and cannot look after them or have them looked after, would yield sufficient, if supplied, to pay a Beadle of ordinary ambition.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

VI,579.

n. 3 2nd col. line 3 *for* 23 *read* 3

VI,580.

n. 2 2nd col. *add* See also "Railway Strikes", *HW,* 11 Jan 51, 361 for CD's view then.

VI,593.

n. 1 *replace with* As supporter (but he did not sign) of Thomas Henry Wyatt: see *To* Stone, 22 Feb 52.

February

VI,605.6.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 19 FEBRUARY 1852) *after* Architect); *add 2a*

insert [2a] Sir Philip Charles Hardwick (1792-1870; *DNB*), architect to the Duke of Wellington.

n. 6 *read* Philip Charles Hardwick

VI,606.

n. 1 line 13, *for* 1987 *read* 1989

VI,607.16,17.

(*To* FRANK STONE, 22 FEBRUARY 1852) *for*[2] *read*[3] *and for*[3] *read*[4]

2nd col. of nn. *for*[2] *read*[3] *and for*[†3] *read*[4]

n. 4 *after* elected *add* to the Athenæum

608. n. 4 (607 cont.) *delete* lines 3-5

VI,610.16.

(*To* JOHN HILLS, 28 FEBRUARY 1852) *replace headnote with* Text from facsimile in Thierry Bodin catalogue, No. 37, Mars 1989.

611.2. *after wish add*†1

*insert*1 CD first wrote and then crossed out "desire to"

3. *for* give *read* bestow

4. *replace colon after* decline it *with a comma*

5. *for* of *read* to

7. *insert* John Hills Esquire *at left margin and delete square brackets round signature*

March

VI,621.24. *To* MR RAWLINSON,†1 9 MARCH 1852

Mention in A. & Y. Cumming Antiquarian Book Shop catalogue [1999]; dated Tavistock House, 9 Mar 52; addressed Rawlinson.

Apologising for being unable to make an engagement.

VI,626.

n. 3 2nd col. *replace with* Philip Charles Hardwick (1822-92), who took over his father's practice in 1847.

VI,629.16. *To* MESSRS HUNT & ROSKELL, 22 MARCH 1852*

MS Liam Dunne.

Tavistock House | Twenty Second March 1852

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, and begs to say, in reference to the enclosed bill received from them on Saturday, that he had no intention of purchasing the cane charged in it, but merely wanted to †a hire it†a for the purposes of one scene in the acting of Sir Edward Bulwer's comedy by the Amateur Company.†1 In this service it has been in his hand on some eight or ten occasions, perhaps for as many minutes altogether, and has at all other times been kept wrapped up as he now sends it for Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's inspection. If they consider its value at all impaired, or really desire to regard it as having been purchased by Mr. Dickens, he is quite willing to pay for it, but has not the least need of it or use for it, and never had.

April

VI,640.22.

(*To* G. L. CHESTERTON, 12 APRIL 1852) *replace headnote with* MS Baumann Rare Books

31. *for* Browne. *read* Brown.

32. *insert* G. L. Chesterton Esquire. *at left margin*

VI,659.

n. 3 *add* See also p. 796 and *nn* for Forster's article on the ballad.

VI,665.

n. 1 lines 1-3 *replace* Patrick . . . Scottish law; *with* Peter S. Fraser, bookseller, publisher

(of Fraser & Co) and agent for the UK Life Insurance Co., of Edinburgh: see Vol. VIII, p. 563*n*

VI,678.13.

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

May

To ANTONIO GALLENGA,[†1] 20 MAY 1852†

Facsimile in Early American History Auction Inc., Aug 1998.

Tavistock House | Twentieth May 1852

Dear Sir

[a] Allow me to assure you, in reply to your letter, that I have no influence whatever in the affairs of the London Library. I have never taken any part in its administration, and am not now, even in name, a member of the Committee.[a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

A. Gallenga Esquire

VI,680.30. *To* ROBERT BELL,[†1] 22 MAY 1852*

Text from facsimile in *"Glenlivet", A Book with Six Scottish Stories,* owned by Dr C. van Steijnen.

Tavistock House | Saturday Evening
Twenty Second May 1852

My Dear Bell.

A thousand thanks for the two bottles of genuine Irish and the laugh I have had over your note!

A man in Edinburgh,†2 supposed to be unparalleled in his whisky education has just sent me what they would call in the City of London "a small parcel" of what he recommends as rare old Glenlivet. Try the accompanying specimen and drink some as heartily as I will drink to you.

Ever cordially Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Robert Bell Esquire.

VI,688.

n. 3. *Delete* married . . . Miss Mulock as his second wife (*it was his nephew of the same name*)

June

VI,694.1.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 11 JUNE 1852*) *after* Trip *add*[[text ref]]1*a*

insert [1a] See pp. 687-8

VI,696.20. *To* THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF BRISTOL, 18 JUNE 1852

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 18 June 52. *Address:* The Reverend | The Dean of Bristol | at Sir C Adams's | Royal Hospital | Greenwich.

Thanks him for Tigerous adventure *which will make a chip.*†1 *Welcomes* the suggestion of Greenwich Hospital, which . . . will afford a very good paper indeed; *speaks of his fortnight's removal* from human ken before emerging from a course of Bleak House and country walks. *Will ask Sir Charles Adam*†2 *for assistance.*

VI,701.

n. 4 line 9 *after* 1852. *add* Appointed Secretary to the Board of Trade from Nov 52. Congratulating him, Forster wrote: "I believe you to be a good free trader already, and am certain that this office will make you a still better Free Trader" (28 Sep; MS Morgan).

July

VI,710.11.

(*To* THE REV. THE HON. S. G. OSBORNE, 13 JULY 1852) *replace headnote with* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

VI,714

n. 3 line 5 *for* E. W. *read* E. S.

VI,716.11. *To* JOHN THORNTON,[†1] 17 JULY [1852]*

Text from copy in Committee Minutes Book of Newcastle upon Tyne Literary, Scientific and Mechanical Institution.

Tavistock House | July 17—1851[†2]

Sir.

I regret that it is quite impossible for me to entertain the idea of attending any Soiree[†3] during my proposed short visit to Newcastle. Every moment of my time is pre-occupied—and I shall have quite as much to do as my health and strength can reasonably bear.

Your faithful servant
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Thornton

VI,718.17. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 21 JULY 1852†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Wednesday Twenty First July 1852

My Dear Knight.

I am greatly vexed to see that by some inexplicable mistake of Wills's, the general head of Shadows[†1]—*your* head!—is put over an article which I myself named Day and Night, in the last No. [a] I cannot imagine how anything so preposterous came about, but pray believe that some demoniacal and asinine combination of accidents alone is to blame.

I am at 10 Camden Crescent Dover, where I shd be delighted to see you.

Ever affecy
CD[a]

VI,722.13.

Replaces catalogue summary.

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 23 JULY 1852*

MS Martin R. Nason.

10 Camden Crescent, Dover
Twenty Third July, 1852

My Dear Knight.

We shall be delighted to see you at your own time. You will not interfere with my work, as I will shut myself up during the regulation hours and blaze away.

I have had a correspondence with Potter[†1] relative to the opening of the Free Library, and have agreed to go. I daresay our men generally will go; the occasion being so very special and important. I hope we may be acting in Manchester for the second time [†a] during this next trip,[†a] that night. It will make an immense difference in our receipts if it can be brought to bear. I want to get a night in Liverpool too, but am not sure that it is feasible.

You will let me know from one of your sea-bird perches on the coast, when you may be expected among these crags?

I forgot to mention, In re Richard Cromwell[†2] &c that the paper originally formed part of another paper called Our Doubles.[†3] I separated that portion from the rest, as it was rather misplaced.

Affecy Yours ever
CD.

Charles Knight Esquire.

VI,736.

n. 1 *add* On 1 Sep Forster wrote to John Chapman from Tavistock House, saying that "I am very slowly recovering from the effects of a most severe & painful illness, and have been unable to attend to anything but the matters demanding my attention from week to week"; he had been "staying at the Dickens's for some weeks" but is going to Brighton on Saturday for a month. (MS Beinecke Library, Yale)

September

VI,757.13. *To* WILLIAM LOCKE,[†1] 7 SEPTEMBER 1852*

MS Falcon Books.

Dover, Seventh September 1852

Dear Sir

You were quite right in your assurance to your kind-hearted friend that I should be happy to give you my autograph for him.

And here it is, in proof of the fact.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. William Locke

VI,762.25.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 14 SEPTEMBER 1852) *after* do *add*
[, you] *4a*

insert [4a] Omitted by CD.

October

VI,782.26.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, [22] OCTOBER 1852) *after* Epitaphs *add 3a*

insert [3a] *HW,* 16 Oct 52, VI, 105.

VI,791.18. *To* MRS MORSON, 31 OCTOBER 1852*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocpy of MS.

Tavistock House
Thirty First October 1852

Dear Mrs. Morson,

Will you send under-clothing to Eliza Wilkin[†1] now living with her father at 18 Market Row Oxford Market—with money for her to get a warm bath—or two would be better, and instructions to her to do so, that she may be perfectly clean and wholesome; and make an appointment to call for her, say on Wednesday or Thursday next. She has a gown that will do for her to come in. I suppose you have not one ready? Bonnet and so forth, you had better send her, I think. She is rather a short girl.

I shall probably see you, almost as soon as you receive this, for I propose coming out on Monday on one or two points. CD

November

VI,809.6.

To THE REV. JAMES WHITE, 22 NOVEMBER 1852 *add to headnote Address* (envelope, MS Private): The Reverend James White | Bonchurch | Isle of Wight PM Ventnor 23 Nov 52

December

VI,819.7. *To* MRS MORSON, 11 DECEMBER 1852*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS.

Tavistock House
Saturday Eleventh December | 1852.

Dear Mrs. Morson

I enclose a note from Miss Coutts,[†1] preparing you to receive a new case.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VI,822.3.

(*To* MRS BROWN, 16 DECEMBER 1852) *after* office), *add*[[text ref]]1*a*

insert [1a] John Thompson: see pp. 70 and 72.

VI,832.27. *To* S. ALFRED STEINTHAL,[†1] 22 DECEMBER 1852*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, London
Thursday Twenty Second December | 1852

My Dear Sir

I beg to assure you that I have received your letter, and the invitation of the Bridgewater Literary and Scientific Institution, with much gratification and interest.

But I regret to add that my avocations render it absolutely impossible that I can have the pleasure of accepting the agreeable proposal you make to me.

I am my Dear Sir | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS.

S. Alfred Steinthal Esquire.

VI,833.

n. 3 *after* Collins *replace text with* (1818-84), MRCS, in practice at 33 Park St, Camden Town; said to be "very popular with the poor" and "an advanced sanitarian" (*Memoir* by his son Sir William Collins, privately printed 1923).

VI,854.

(APPENDIX D)

3. *for* accustomed pursuits *read* accustomed professional pursuits

1850

April

VI,860.

(*To* EDMUND FRY, 25 APRIL 1850)

n. 1 line 2 *for* Middlesex *read* Surrey

Index of Correspondents

865 *after* Claiborne *add* Clark, Sir James 302

866 Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn *add* 8,

867 James, George Payne Rainsford *delete*, 606

868 Lemon, Mark *for* 646, *read* 647

Morley, Henry *delete* 79

Murray, Sir James, *delete* entry

Phipps, *delete* Lieut.

869 Talfourd, Sir Thomas Noon *delete* 25,

Townshend, *for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

Index of Names and Places

871 col. 1 *for* Absolon *read* Absolon

col. 2 ALLINGHAM, William line 4 *for* Streets *read* Street

Almar, George *for* 129n *read* 128n

872 col. 1 *Athenæum* line 3 *for* 129n *read* 128n

874 col. 1 Boyle, Captain Cavendish Spencer line 2 *add* 225 & n, 226, 231, 242

Boyle, Captain Courtenay *delete entry*

875 col. 2 CAREY, Henry *for* 417n *read* 471n

876 col. 1 *after* CHALLINOR *add* Challis, Thomas 692n

CHAPMAN, Thomas *read* 553n, 612n *and delete* 686

Chute, James Henry *for* 464n *read* 465n

877 col. 2 COMPTON, Henry *add* 625n*

CONNOLLY, Thomas William John *add,* 592n

Cooke, George *delete entry*

879 col. 2 Derby, Edward *after* Smith *add* Stanley

880 col. 1 Dickens, Charles John Huffam *Bleak House*: col. 1 line 2 *for* 626, *read* 627,

882 col. 1 Dickens, Charles John Huffam col. 1 *after line* 5 *add* "A Poor Man's Tale of a Patent"

(with Cole) 180n

885 col. 2 FOWLER, John *add* (of Sheffield) 307n* *and delete* 617n

add Fowler, John (civil engineer) 617n

886 col. 1 *after* Gatliff *add* Geddes, Capt. Alexander 310n

GIBSON, Thomas Milner *add* 35n,

887 col. 2 HARDWICK, John *for* 120 *read* 120 & n* *and for* 604 *read* 605

delete 613 *and* `Nova Scotia' scheme entries

Hardwick, Philip *add* Charles 605 & n, 613; and `Nova Scotia' scheme 651, 661

Hardwick, Sir Philip Charles *add* 605 & n* *delete* 626n

888 col. 1 Highgate *after* 269, *add* 285

HOGARTH, George line 3 *for* 166 *read* 167

890 col. 1 HUNT, Leigh last line *for* 342 *read* 742

col. 2 *after* James, Charles Caldecott *add* James, George Payne Rainsford 22n*, 606n

891 col. 1 Jerrold, Walter, *for* 129n *read* 128n

KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, Sir James *for* 123n *read* 124n

892 col. 1 Lansdowne, Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice *for* 620, *read* 620 & n*,

894 col. 1 London *Churches* line 7 *delete* 775n *and add* 612, 754,

Clubs Athenæum line 2 *for* 606 *read* 607 & n

col. 2 Longman, Thomas *for* 690 *read* 690 & n*

896 col. 1 MACREADY, William Charles,

Reminiscences read (ed. Sir W. F. Pollock)

897 col. 2 MORLEY, Henry line 2 *for* Lemon *read* Hogarth

line 3 up *add* "Letter from a highly respectable old Lady" 79n;

898 col. 1 MORLEY, Henry line I *add* "My wonderful Adventures in Skitzland" 79n;

line 16 *add* "The Work of the World" 467;

col. 2 Murray, John Fisher *delete entry*

900 col. 1 Peto, Morton, contractor *delete entry*

Peto, Sir Samuel Morton *add* 57n

PHIPPS, Lieut. Colonel *delete* Lieut

Pollock, Sir Jonathan Frederick *delete* 105n *and* 771n

POLLOCK, (Sir) William Frederick *insert* 105n

add ed. *Macready's Reminiscences,* 771n

904 col. 1 STONE, Frank line 19 *for* 606 *read* 607

Stone, Lilian *add* Bertha

STONE, Dr Thomas line I *add,* 646n

905 col. 2 Thomas, William Moy *for* 38 *read* 738

THOMPSON, John, line 2 *after* 72 & n *add* 822

906 col. 1 TOWNSHEND, *for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

col. 2 Wakley, Thomas *add,* 692n

907 col. 2 Wellington, Arthur Wellesley line 4 *for* 470n *read* 670n

after WESTMINSTER REVIEW add WESTWOOD, John 589 & n

White, Charlotte *add* 629

908 col. 2 Wills, Mrs Willian Henry *for* 159 *read* 158

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VII,xiv.

n. 16 line 2 *for* Comedy *read* Charity

1853

January

VII,1.12. *To* MRS MORSON, 3 JANUARY 1853*

Text from digitized facsimile in Robin Fenner catalogue website, July 2001.

Tavistock House,
Third January 1853

Dear Mrs. Morson.

Elizabeth Mackin, 44 Clerkenwell Close, Clerkenwell Green (the daughter of one of Mr. Chesterton's[†1] wardens) is a case I have just accepted for the Home. Will you forward to her, clothes as usual, and write a line with them appointing a day and hour for calling to fetch her.

Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VII,6.14. *To* MRS MORSON, 12 JANUARY 1853*

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS.

Tavistock House
Twelfth January 1853.

Dear Mrs. Morson

I enclose you £5, petty cash. Will you let me know you have received it safely.

Faithfully yours

VII,13.26. *To* MRS MORSON, 20 JANUARY 1853*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Twentieth January 1853.

Dear Mrs. Morson

Yes,to both of your enquiries.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS

VII,14.9.

(*To* J. B. CARDALE, 22 JANUARY 1853) *read* MS Col J. I. G. Capadose

18. *read* . . . was him",—

21. *insert* John B. Cardale Esquire. *and delete square brackets round signature*

VII,22.

n. 5 col. 2 line 1 *read* Fodéré last line *read* Fodéré

VII,30.

n. 6 line I *read Mémoire*

n. 7 line 3 *read Mémoire*

31. n. 13 (cont.) line 1 *read Médecine*

n. 4 line 2 *read* Fodéré

April

VII,64.17. *To* MAJOR LAKE,[†1] 15 APRIL 1853*

MS Alan Newton.

Tavistock House | Friday April Fifteenth 1853.

My Dear Sir

I am most unfortunate in being unable to fix a day between the two days you so kindly mention. But I expect a friend from Edinburgh[†2] to be staying here all next week,[†3] and do not

feel myself at liberty to make any new engagements until his departure. I have waited a day on the chance of hearing from him that he was detained in Scotland; but not doing so, conclude that he is coming tonight or tomorrow.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Major Lake.

VII,68.20. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 APRIL 1853 †

Replaces catalogue extract([aa])

MS Martin R. Nason

Tavistock House | Twenty Second April 1853.

My Dear Knight.

Only two sentences on your note.

I never heard anything of a party, or the least hint of one. On the contrary, when Coote[†1] made his flying visit to me, he did most expressly say, that the Duke only intended to invite in the evening the "ladies of his own family."

You know Stone's damned mysterious manner, and what it is worth. He turned and conferred with Grieve![†2]—To my most absolute and certain knowledge, Grieve knew nothing about it—nor had he any lady belonging to him asked. Neither had Telbin,[†3] nor Louis Haghe,[†4] nor Pitt[†5]—the three persons present, with whom he might be supposed to have held conference. So little did I know of the arrangements myself [†b] beyond what I have accurately told you,[†b] that I should at least as soon have expected to have found the [a] statue at Charing Cross, or the Lion from the top of Northumberland House, in the drawing room, as Jerrold.[a]

Ever affectionately Yours
CD

May

VII,78.12. *To* EDWARD CHAPMAN, 5 MAY 1853†

Replaces catalogue extract([aa])

MS Martin R. Nason.

Tavistock House | Fifth May 1853.

Dear Sir

[a] The balance certainly appears rather small for the large sale; but I observe the cost you mention, and see nothing to object to in the accounts.[a]

Have the goodness at your convenience to pay the balance in my

favor, to my account at Coutts's;[†1] [a] settling the Oliver Twist account with Bradbury and Evans as usual.[a]

In reference to the [a] disagreeable serial books,[†2] [and][†3] the accounts of Household Words, are invariably so rendered, examined, and paid. And the result is that there is never any confusion or complaint.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

Edward Chapman Esquire.

VII,87.7. *To* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,[†1] [18 MAY 1853]

Envelope only in Ira & Larry Goldberg catalogue, June 2000. *Address:* W. Allingham Esquire Junr. | Ballyshannon | Ireland. PM 18 May 53.

June

VII,95.1. *To* MRS BUCKLAND,[†1] 11 JUNE 1853*

MS Private.

Pavilion, Folkestone | Eleventh June 1853

Dear Madam

I have been ill for nearly a fortnight, or I would have answered your interesting and welcome note before now.

I have commended the subject to which you call my attention, to a gentleman associated with Household Words; and have begged him to make it the ground work of a paper if he can.[†2] Mr. Malone[†3] had previously been so good as to send me his prospectus,[†4] and I assure you it will be a real gratification to me if I can at all advance his excellent design.

Dear Madam | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Buckland.

August

VII,134.1. *To* INSPECTOR C.F. FIELD,[†1] 27 AUGUST 1853†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Philip Rogers.

Chateau des Moulineaux, Boulogne
Saturday Twenty Seventh August 1853.

Dear Mr. Field

I am staying here for the summer, and Mr. Wills has just brought me your letter. [a] As I have no kind of connexion with any miscellaneous paper or periodical except Household Words,[a] I cannot serve you in any other direction. But I think I may call attention to your [a] new sphere of action,[a] in those pages, so as to make it known to a great many people.

To do this according to an idea I have in my mind, I should want to see you on the next occasion of my coming to Town—which will be, perhaps, in about a fortnight. Mr. Wills will return in a week or so, and will write and ask you to call upon him to make an appointment.

Heartily wishing you success, I am always

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Field.

VII,144.

n. 1 line 1 *for* Mullet *read* Moule

VII,150.

n. 12 *replace with* A play by Wills, performed in 1837: see Vol. 1, p. 265 *n.*

October

VII,161.1. *To* JOHN DELANE,[†1] 8 OCTOBER 1853*

MS Rothschild Archive, London.

Boulogne, Eighth October 1853.

My Dear Delane.

Mr. Hogarth[†2] did not tell me on what authority he had received that unquestionably mistaken information, but I know he believed it to be of the best. Pray excuse my having troubled you unnecessarily, though I never meant you to be at the trouble of writing to me on the subject.

I thoroughly concur in all you say about the threatened war,—which is something too deplorable and retrogressive to think of, calmly, at this time of day. I read a Leader on the subject

in the Times of Thursday[†3] which seemed to me most admirable, as discreetly suggesting to the brazen lungs that clamour for a revival of the wrongs and horrors which the civilized world should be for ever weary of, some of the enormous responsibilities and social dangers inescapable therefrom.

I hope, still, that it may not break out after all. If it do, of course Austrian Italy will be in a blaze within a month. In that case I am not at all clear (for I start on Monday)[†4] but that I may have a grievance to

communicate in the established "Now Sir" form, having reference to my under-ground detention in some strong fortress.

It is an extraordinary thing to me that a young lady can't go to the baths of Lucca without taking Exeter Hall in her reticule.[†5] Also, however exciting a little popular martyrdom may be to herself, that she has no temporal consideration for the unfortunate people who accept her books. I am very much afraid that Giant Despair is the only character an Italian peasant is likely to realize from the perusal of the Pilgrim's Progress just now. Don't you think that is something for a missionary to consider, before going to work?

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Delane Esquire.

VII,183.

n. 7 *read* Eleanor (Edith *d.* Nov 51).

VII,208.

n. 1 line 3 *read* (see 14 Nov, p. 194),

December

VII,227.23. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 15 DECEMBER 1853†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

Tavistock House
Thursday Fifteenth December | 1853.

My Dear Knight.

I have received your books and your friendly note with the greatest possible pleasure—have read the latter with a hearty interest—and shall read the former (I need not say) with like sympathy. As to your being an old friend though, in your *dashed* sense, I deny it altogether and

attaint you as a Humbug! For you are, in all good things, [a] by at least fifty years the youngest man I know.[a]

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire.

1854

January

VII, 237.12.

Replaces mention

To MRS MORSON,[†1] 4 JANUARY 1854

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; checked from photocopy of MS.

Tavistock House | Fourth January 1854.

Dear Mrs. Morson.

I am far from sure that I discharge the duty I owe to Miss Coutts, when I let you prevail upon me to listen to your entreaty to give that unhappy girl one more trial. For, every circumstance in her story that makes you pity her, makes her ingratitude towards the benefactress who has tried so hard to rescue her from ruin, the greater. You say that she has no friend in the world, no place to go to in this bitter weather, no chance before her but a jail, a hospital, disgrace, misery, despair, Death. I know all this as well as you do, and we both know it far better than she does. How horrible then, to know, at the same moment, that she can be so extraordinarily wicked as under that roof which alone protects her from the great black world of Crime and Shame, to slight the refuge it affords her and audaciously pretend that she desires to leave it! You say that if she left it, she would almost yield up her life to come back, the moment she passed the gate. I know she would. You know as well as I, that there never has been one case of a girl quitting the Home or sent away from the Home, in which this has not been proved to us. I pity this unfortunate creature, so young and so forlorn, with all my heart. But how *can* I reconcile it to myself to allow her to occupy in Miss Coutts's home, the place which a grateful girl sincerely trying to reform herself— one of the hundreds I could take out of the streets at this moment—would be glad and happy to fill?

However, at this forgiving Christmas time, and at your request, I will be weaker in my responsibility to my honored friend Miss Coutts, than I believe I have a right to be. Try Rhena Dollard[†2] once more. Let her stay. *But only on this condition. If you ever hear from her, one word expressive of discontent and an intetion to leave the Home; that instant put the dress upon her and shut the gate upon her for ever.*

And let it be distinctly known among the rest that the object of the Home is, to save young women who wish to save themselves. That it is *not* the place for those who are indifferent to their own misery and degradation, and that I WILL NOT, nor will any of the gentlemen who assist Miss Coutts in its' management, allow its' benevolent purpose to be so grossly trifled with for a moment. On behalf of Miss Coutts and on behalf of those gentlemen, I give you this express charge above all others.—If any young woman ever signifies that she wants to go, or conveys to you in any way a threat that she means to leave, make that circumstance immediately known to me, and she shall be taken at her word and instantly discharged. Miss Coutts and the gentlemen were convinced of the necessity of this rule when we last discussed the subject together; and I then obtained their consent to it being severely

and firmly carried out. I am certain that without it, it is unjust to carry on the Home. It is natural and womanly in you to pity this deluded Rhena Dolland or any other girl in the same tremendous danger; but the real object who properly demands your pity is the other girl still—the one who would try hard to do well whom such a girl keeps out.

Dear Mrs. Morson | Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

VII,242.13. *To* WILLIAM JONES,[†1] 13 JANUARY 1854*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Friday Thirteenth January 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. William Jones, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging note. The number of such proposals continually made to him in every variety of form, renders it impossible for Mr. Dickens to sanction or authorise the songs to which Mr. Jones refers:[†2] but he has neither the legal right (as he believes) nor the desire to interpose any objection in the way of their publication.

VII, 243.15. *To* MRS MORSON, 13 JANUARY 1854

Text from Robin A. Fenner catalogue, July 2001; chcecked from photocopyh of MS.

Tavistock House

Friday Thirteenth January | 1854

Dear Mrs. Morson

I take it for granted that you have received money from Miss Coutts since you wrote to me. Have you not? Because I saw Miss Coutts on this day week, and asked her if I should pay what was due? To which she replied, No. She would send it to you herself.

Faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS

VII,247.1.

(*To* LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS, 14 JANUARY 1854) *delete* LIEUT.

VII,253.14. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 18 JANUARY 1854†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Eighteenth January | 1854.

My Dear Knight.

I have read your letter with a great deal of interest, and shall be delighted at once to double the sum you have collected. I suppose there is [a] no better way of helping[a] the old man? It being that kind of poverty, I cannot think of any, nor am I quite sure that it would be right to devise any — unless there is any possibility of enabling the women to earn more money by any [a] slight extension of their little means.[a†1] Have you thought of this? Or will you turn it over for a few days?

Ever affectionately
CD

Charles Knight Esquire

February

VII,274.12. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 14 FEBRUARY 1854*

Replaces catalogue summary

MS Martin R. Nason

Tavistock House | Fourteenth February 1854

My Dear Knight.

Miss Coutts will give the Defoe family,[†1] ten pounds a year. Regard me as their banker to that amount, and let me know when you will prefer to have it.

Affectionately always
CD

VII,276.13. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 16 FEBRUARY 1854*

Replaces catalogue summary

MS Martin R. Nason.

Tavistock House | Sixteenth February 1854

My Dear Knight.

I will come to hold the proposed Council, with the greatest pleasure. But I cannot manage to dine out (in addition to pledges already registered above—or below) before Saturday the 25th. Either that day or the following Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, I am free.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD

VII,282.5. *To* MRS LIPPINCOTT,[†1] [LATE FEBRUARY 1854]

Mention in Mrs Lippincott *to* J. T. Fields, 3 Mar 54, MS Huntington Library. *Date:* no doubt a week or two before that letter.[†2]

VII,294.

n. 1 line 4 *delete from* "To . . . p. 68). *and substitute* see p. 312. *n.* 1.

April

VII,303.1 *To* WILLIAM BRADBURY, 5 APRIL 1854†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

Text from facsimile in Swann Galleries catalogue, Jan 1999.

Tavistock House

Wednesday Evening | Fifth April 1854

My Dear Bradbury.

[a] A capital sign indeed; and I am very much obliged to you for so promptly sending it up to me.[a]

Faithfully Yours always

CHARLES DICKENS

W. Bradbury Esquire.

VII,304.5 *To* CHAMBERS HALL,[†1] 5 APRIL 1854*

Text from facsimile in Alexander Autographs Inc, Oct 2000.

Tavistock House | Fifth April, 1854

My Dear Sir

I assure you that I am happy to enclose the autograph for the amiable lady. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this present spring morning, on the day and date first above written.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Chambers Hall Esquire.

VII,309.8. *To* MR STONE,[†1] 10 APRIL 1854*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | Tenth April, 1854

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Stone, and

regrets that he cannot accede to Mr. Stone's request; simply because he is asked, so many hundred times in the course of a year, to do the same thing, that compliance is absolutely impossible.

May

VII,328.13. *To* THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF BRISTOL, 6 MAY 1854

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 2 pp.; dated Tavistock House, 6 May 54; addressed The Very Rev. The Dean of Bristol.

Praises the Dean's excellent discourse . . . Stress of (Evangelical and very cloudy) weather, has driven me into the Foundling,[†1] whence I see no prospect of getting out until you are Bishop of London.

July

VII,372.27.

(*To* JULES BENEDICT, 20 JULY 1854) *delete all after* MS Private (*envelope must be 1848*)

VII,379.1.

(*To* LIEUT. COLONEL THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS, 26 JULY 1854) *delete* LIEUT.

VII,399.

n. 6 *replace present note with* "charges" suggests persons escorted by Cooper, but unidentified.

September

VII,427.12.

(*To* T.J. SERLE, 29 SEPTEMBER 1854) *insert at left margin* T.J. Serle Esquire

October

VII,441.28. *To* THOMAS BARLOW, 20 OCTOBER 1854*

Text from facsimile in Alexander Autographs Inc. Catalogue (June 1997).

Tavistock House | Twentieth October 1854.

My Dear Sir

On my return to town, I find your present awaiting me, for which I beg you to accept my cordial and hearty thanks. It is most welcome to me, both as a mark of your remembrance of which I am proud and as enriching me with two beautiful examples of the art in which you have won such high distinction.[†1]

Believe me | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas O. Barlow Esquire.

November

VII,469.8. *To* MRS JOHNS,[†1] 18 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Brian Lake.

Tavistock House,
London Eighteenth November, 1854

My Dear Mrs. Johns.

I have considered the whole question of the agreement,[†2] carefully, and I am sorry to add that I can give you no more helpful advice than to sign it.

Messrs. Longman have made up their minds in this matter, I clearly perceive. If I were to see them, I am sure in my own heart (forming my judgement on some knowledge of them) that I should not succeed in doing anything for your benefit. And if my visit had any effect at all, I have a strong misgiving that it might be to induce them to turn round angrily and say "Very well. Then we don't want the book at all, and will have nothing to do with it."

In that case, Mr. Nicolas[†3] would lose his hundred pounds. A book of this description is extremely costly to print;[†4] the times are very bad for such an outlay (for then the interest of former wars, is lost in the fever of the present war), very few houses would be disposed to undertake the enterprise; and I doubt if any house whatever would be disposed to pay anything down for it.

On the other hand, Messrs. Longman stand in the position of paying Two Hundred Pounds for it, and you achieve the object of getting it published. This is important for you, for three reasons. Firstly, because it was your dear husband's very earnest desire to have it published. Secondly, for Mr. Nicolas's sake. And, Thirdly, because if it should attract attention and become recognized as a work of reference, it may establish a claim for your son[†5] to advancement in his profession.

Taking the first and third objects into consideration, I would recommend you to get a stipulation inserted in the agreement, through your solicitor, to the effect that the name of Captain Johns of the Royal Marines, shall be always mentioned on the title page.

I will not enquire whether Messrs. Longman attach as much importance to my good opinion as you believe they do. But, whether or no, you may rely upon it that they suppose me to have been already made acquainted with the whole business.

Personally my opinion is, that they might — with no very great stretch of generosity — have reserved you some right in the book hereafter. But I am not a Bookseller, and Booksellers and Bookwriters look at such questions, in the eternal order of things, from the opposite poles of the earth.

Mrs. Dickens sends her love. We are greatly pleased to hear such cheering accounts of your children. May God preserve your son, and restore him to you happily!

My Dear Mrs. Johns | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VII,472.10. *To* JOHN DARLINGTON,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1854*

MS Private.

Tavistock House | London
Thursday Twenty Third November | 1854.

Dear Sir

Allow me to assure you that I feel cordially obliged to you for your kind invitation. But my stay in Bradford will be no longer than is absolutely necessary for my purpose, and I have arranged to remain at the Hotel. I am not the less sensible of your hospitable intentions.

Dear Sir
Yours faithfully and obliged
CHARLES DICKENS

John Darlington Esquire.

VII,472.20. *To* MRS EXALL,[†1] 23 NOVEMBER 1854

Mention in Heritage Book Shop catalogue (1995); dated 23 Nov 54; addressed Mrs Exall.

Declining an invitation.

VII,540.

n. 2 line 1 *after* Girardin *add,* née Delphine Gay

VII,557.

n. 1 *delete last sentence*

1855

April

VII,591.19.

(*To* W. H. WILLS, 13 APRIL 1855) *at* I know *add*[1]

21. *at* bothered *change to*[2]

insert[1] 1 Clearly CD himself

for n. 1 read n. 2 *delete* The story described . . . published in *HW replace with* This was the

MS of Chs I-II of an untitled novel by Wills himself, obviously given up as the result of CD's criticism. Perhaps a third or a quarter remains, besides an earlier draft and 44 pp. of rejected passages (details and extracts given in Quaritch's Victorian Fiction catalogue, ?Apr 1997); *continue* though Wills's . . .

VII,596.

n. 10 *for* Lieut. Col. *read* Col.

May

VII,610.1. *To* W. S. LINCOLN,†1 5 MAY 1855*

MS Keele University Library.

Tavistock House | Fifth May, 1855

Sir

The dream is very curious and pretty, and I am much obliged to you for it.†2

The Editor of the paper (enclosed)[†3] in which your foreign ramble appears, is rather cool in his affiliations, if I may judge from his use of my name.

I do not like to invite contributions to Household Words, in case they should not meet its requirements. But whatever contributions are offered at the office, are read; each I am always glad to accept, and sorry to reject.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. W.S. Lincoln

VII,614.15. *To* FRANK SMEDLEY,[†1] 8 MAY 1855†

Replaces misdated extract[aa] (Vol. VII, p. 610)

MS Kent Bicknell.

Tavistock House
Eighth May 1855, Tuesday.

My Dear Sir

I have read the enclosed with much interest, and greatly admire the point and brevity with which it is written. It is unaffected and spirited, and altogether worthy of its subject.

But [a] I cannot reconcile it to my heart, to publish these details so soon after Miss Brontés[†2] death. For anything I know, they might be saddening and painful to her husband;[†3] and I am not at all clear that I have any right to them. I have a particular objection to that kind of interest in a great mind, which prompts a visitor to take "a good look" at the mortal habiliments in which it is arrayed, and afterwards to catalogue them like an auctioneer. I have no sympathy whatever, with the staring curiosity that it gratifies.

And beyond the husband, and even the father,[†4] of this lady, I cannot help going to herself.[†5] It seems to me that she would have shrunk from this account of her trials; and that such as she wanted given, she has given herself; and that for the present there is enough said about them.

The subject does not present itself to you in this light. I quite understand; nor do I seek to convert you to my opinions. I state them plainly, merely as my sole reason for not retaining the paper.[a†6]

I perfectly remember our meeting at Mr. Stanfield's,[†7] and have read your note with much pleasure. It is a high gratification to me, I assure you, to be received (in my books) into such companionship as you describe.

Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS

F. E. Smedley Esquire.

VII,622.5. *To* SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 15 MAY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address: Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | &c &c &c. | Board of Trade.

Tavistock House | Fifteenth May 1855.

My Dear Tennent

I owe you many thanks for your book,[†1] which is full of curious and interesting matter. I am not clear that my friend Household Words will quite agree with you[†2] on some points; but I hope he can do you justice nevertheless, and shew a high regard for you.

I wish we were all going up Mount Vesuvius again,[†3] with no war and no disgraces and bedevilments at home to drive us out of our wits!

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

VII,622.20. *To* [EDWARD] CARDALE,[†1] 17 MAY 1855

Extract in David Schulson Autographs catalogue; *MS* 1 p.; dated Tavistock House, 17 May 55; addressed Mr Cardale.

I learn from your father[†2] you will be so kind as to receive the enclosed from me. I therefore send you a very inelegant parcel.[†3]

VII,624.24.

(*To* CLARKSON STANFIELD, 20 MAY 1855) *headnote read* MS Beinecke Library, Yale University

VII,631.28. *To* SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 24 MAY 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address: Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | Board of Trade.

Tavistock House
Thursday Twenty Fourth May 1855

My Dear Tennent.

I will *not* write to the Times this once.[†1]

And I will try you again, tomorrow (Friday) at half past 2.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

VII,631.

n. 3 col. 2 line 2 *for* Ethel *read* Ellen

June

VII,638.1. *To* W.M. THACKERAY, 2 JUNE 1855

Text from Helen Hartman Gemmill, *E.L.†1: The Bread Box Papers,* Doylestown, 1983, p. 101.

Tavistock House, | Saturday, Second June 1855

My Dear Thackeray.

A friend of mine wants the address of the man who makes the bells leap into people's hands, & does all those ticklish things with the extensive skirts of the ladies' dresses.†2 Will you get it for me? That little Darling†3 who sat opposite to me at dinner *must* know where he lives.

Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS

VII,649.13. *To* SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 14 JUNE 1855*

MS Morgan Library. *Address: Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | &c &c &c | Board of Trade.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth June 1855

My Dear Tennent

Your kind note made the case so clear, that I felt I had no right to trouble you by calling at the Board of Trade this morning. I will give Bulwer†1 the amended paper (which I will write out for the purpose), towards the close of next week, when both he and I will have a little more leisure.

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

VII,657.1. *To* SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 23 JUNE 1855*

MS King's School, Canterbury.

Tavistock House | Twenty Third June 1855

My Dear Tennent.

A thousand thanks for your capital suggestion[†1]—which is so tersely and pointedly conveyed that I have already so got it in my mind in your way that I doubt if I shall be able to put it in any other, when the time comes. I will certainly use it. It is a capital illustration, and just the thing for a popular assembly.

Mrs. Dickens shewed me a letter of yours a day or two ago, which quite delighted me.

Ever Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent

VII,666.1. *To* HENRY DIXON,[†1] 3 JULY 1855*

MS Mrs Diana O'Connor. *Address:* Mr. Dixon, | 83, Stanhope Street | Hampstead | London.

Tavistock House | Third July 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Dixon, and begs to say in answer to Mr. Dixon's obliging letter, that although he considers Local Administrative Reform Associations highly desirable, he believes his avocations will prevent him from joining any such Body, and will best enable him to help the movement in the aggregate.

VII,669.

n. 3 line 3 *for* Frank Robson *read* Frederick Robson

September

VII,699.8.

(*To* MR GARDINER, 7 SEPTEMBER 1855) *for* Peter Harries *read* Jonathan W. Cross

n. 4 *replace with* Secretary and "principal Magnetizer" at the London Mesmeric Infirmary (founded by John Elliotson in 1849), on its move in 1855 from 9 Bedford St, Bedford Sq. to 36 Weymouth St (see Alan Gauld, *A History of Hypnotism,* Cambridge, 1992, p. 213).

October

VII,719.21. *To* E. HUTCHINGS,[†1] 12 OCTOBER 1855*

MS Private.

OFFICE OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
Friday October Twelfth 1855

Dear Sir

I would comply with your request if I could, but it is quite impossible. I am too busily engaged with my own pursuits, and cannot find leisure for the purpose.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

E. Hutchings Esquire

November

VII,733.15.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 2 NOVEMBER 1855) *for* Tennent *read* Tennant

VII,734.24.

(*To* MRS BROWN, 3 NOVEMBER 1855) *for* Tennent *read* Tennant

VII,745.18. *To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [? MID-NOVEMBER 1855]*†1

MS Joseph R. Sakmyster. *Date:* probably after CD's return to Paris on 9 Nov 55; handwriting supports.

Dear B and E.

I return you the bill, endorsed as I suppose you to wish to have it. I will write to Mr. Weber†2 by this post, letting him know that you will forward him a Proof of No. 1†3 in great privacy and confidence by tomorrow's post (if you have not already done so). Taüchnitz's 2 copies†4 had best go at the same time.

You will, of course, keep me well informed as to the Go of No. 1.†5

The weather has been abominably dark here, and we have had the additional satisfaction of pulling our apartment to pieces again, in consequence of the ceilings beginning to tumble down. However, both the apartment and the weather have this day come all right again.

I see a good many French people here, and am not surprised to find a general impression (not to be concealed by any politeness) that England has become a mere second-rate power and is perfectly unable to do anything for herself — [the] result of toadyism and misgovernment, which will bear fruit.

I am sorry to hear of poor Hicks's†6 misfortune. When you write to him, pray tell him that I sent my regard and sympathy.

Faithfully Yours ever

CHARLES DICKENS

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

VII,745.19. *To* [?THEODOR] WEBER, [?MID-NOVEMBER 1855]

Mention in last. *Date:* written same day.

December

VII,761.10.

Replaces catalogue mention

To MRS BROWN,[†1] 9 DECEMBER 1855*

Text from facsimile in RWA Inc., New Hampshire, Auction Catalogue, Mar 1998.

Paris, 49 Avenue des champs Elyseés
Sunday Ninth December 1855

My Dear Mrs. Brown

Many thanks for your letter, which relieved me very much. I had been afraid that Miss Coutts was unwell, but knowing repose to be essential to her, had abstained from worrying her or you by writing. I hope to be in Stratton Street next Sunday, this day week, at about 2. Meanwhile and ever, Believe me

Your faithful friend
CHARLES DICKENS

VII,767.

n. 4 *for* Jane *read* Grace

VII,772.10. *To* THE HON. ROBERT LYTTON, 25 DECEMBER 1855

Replaces smaller extract [†aa] *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT

Extract in Swann Galleries Inc Autographs catalogue (May 1997); *MS* 1 p.; dated Paris, Christmas Day, 1855; addressed Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton.

Inviting him to attend a reading from Little Dorrit.[†1] For the last ten days I have been incessantly travelling, and reading Christmas Carols to thousands of people. I feel this morning like an enormous Top in full spin.

APPENDIXES:

A. ADDENDA TO VOLUMES I-VI

1837

January

782.

To (BENSON E. HILL, [?JANUARY 1837]) n. 4 *delete* The letter is endorsed . . . papers.

December

788.1.

(*To* RICHARD BENTLEY, [?DECEMBER 1837]) *reference should read* 1, 348. 1.

1839

September

806.

(*To* MESSRS BRADBURY & EVANS, [?23 SEPTEMBER 1839]) *delete entry; cataloguer misunderstood CD's joke about Hicks: see* Vol. I, p. 397. 18.

October

807.

(*To* EDWARD WORTHINGTON, 4 OCTOBER 1839) n. 1 *add* See Vol. 1, p. 591 & *nn*

1840

March

814.

(*To* MRS HALL, 13 MARCH 1840) *amend headnote to read* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

October

820.

(*To* THOMAS MITTON, 8 OCTOBER 1840) *amend headnote to* read MS Huntington Library

1841

December

837.

(*To* MESSRS COUTTS & CO, 20 DECEMBER 1841) *amend headnote to read* MS Stefano Anter

1845

October

865.

(*To* MR STACEY, [LATE OCTOBER 1845]) *after* IV, 419.11. *add* Replaces entry (Vol. V, p. 219)

1852

March

905.

(*To* CHARLES DE LA PRYME, 3 MARCH 1852) *amend headnote to read* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

906.

(*To* MRS WATSON, 29 MARCH 1852) *amend heading to read To* THE HON. MRS RICHARD WATSON,

Index of Correspondents

931 Phipps, *for* Lieut. Col. *read* Col.

INDEX OF PLACES AND NAMES

934 col. 2 Arcedeckne, Andrew *for* 449 *read* 499

936 col. 2 BOYLE, Mary *add* 765-6

938 col. 2 CARDALE, John Bate *after* 622 *add* & nn

943 col. 1 DICKENS, Catherine Macready lines 7-8 *delete* requests picture 800

946 col. 2 DICKENS, Mrs Charles col. 2 line 2 *after* (1839) *insert* requests picture 800;

948 col. 1 Evans, Frederick Mullet line 4 *for* 143 *read* 144

Evans, Frederick Mullet Jr. *for* Mullet *read* Moule

for 143 *read* 144

949 col. 1 Ford, Richard *for* 582n *read* 584n

953 col. 2 Holdsworth, (Holsworth) George *after* 429 *add* & n

959 col. 1 Long, James *for* 836 *read* 838

965 col. 1 PHIPPS, *for* Lieut. Col. *read* Col.

965 Pitt, William the younger *replace with* Pitt, Charles Dibdin

966 col. 1 Reed, *before* Andrew *insert* The Rev.

col. 2 Robson, *for* Frank *read* Frederick

967 col. 1 Ruskin, John *for* 54n *read* 55n;

for 518n *read* 517n

968 col. 2 SINNETT, John Taylor *for* 346 *read* 347

969 col. 2 Stone, Ellen *add* 631n

Stone, Ethel *delete entry*

970 col. 1 Stonehouse, J. H. line 5 *for* 73 *read* 74

970 col. 2 Taylor, Tom *after* 278 *add* & n;

after 400 *add* & n

TENNANT, Rev William *add* 733

Tennent, Eleanor *delete* (or Edith)

add entry Tennent, Edith 183n

TENNENT, Sir James Emerson, *delete* 733-4

973 col. 1 Watson, Mary Georgiana *replace* 765-7 *with* 767 & n

Volume VIII, 1856-1858

VIII,xxiii

31 Jan line 2 *read* 1 June 1857

VIII,4.

n. 5 *read* "The Poor Clare", which did not appear until 13-27 Dec.

VIII,5.

n. 5 *delete: clearly the godson*

VIII,6.

n. 1 line 1 *read* Katherine line 2 *read* daughter of Henry Wilkinson: see to Miss Hogarth, 14 Mar 70 *fn.*

7. n. 2 *add* On 12 June 69 *The Times* advertised "Helen Hogarth's Evening Concert" in the Hanover Square Rooms.

1856

January

VIII,14.1. *To* EDMUND WARDLEY,[†1] 7 JANUARY 1856

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Nov 1995; *MS* 1 p.; dated Paris, 7 Jan 56; addressed Edmund Wardley.

Regretting that, as he has no occasion to visit London, *he is* unable to see the girl in whom you are interested.[†2] *But suggesting instead that he arrange an appointment,* it will enable her to be spoken with by the lady[†3] who will forward this note to you, she will report her opinion of the case to me.

VIII,14.2.

(*To* MISS MARY BOYLE, 8 JANUARY 1856) *add to headnote Address* (envelope, MS Private): L'Angleterre | Miss Mary Boyle. Care of Captain Cavendish Boyle | Weedon. PM. 8 Jan 56.

15.7. after *Barriers* add[[text ref]]1*a*

insert [1a] City gates.

VIII,29.1 up.

(*To* WILKIE COLLINS, 19 JANUARY 1856) *after* hair *add*[[text ref]]9

insert[9] See John Morley, *Death, Heaven and the Victorians,* 1971, *passim.* He treats jewellers' work on hair as "the jewelry of sentiment par excellence", in which actual parts of a dead relation or friend were made from hair. "The 1840s | 1850s produced the finest hair work" (p. 67). Several of Morley's plates are devoted to artistry in hair.

VIII,32.

n. 4 lines 1-2 *for* 8 Mar *read* 16 Feb; *for* 172 *read* 97

VIII,34.2.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, 20 JANUARY 1856) *after* some Lady somebody *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

insert [2a] According to Alan Watts "Dickens and Pauline Viardot", *D,* 91 (Winter 1995), 173, a rather eccentric lady, Theodosia, Dowager Lady Monson.

VIII,38.6.

(*To* W. H. WILLS, 28 JANUARY 1856) *move*[1] *back to* shy

n. 1. *insert* Cautious, timid.

VIII,48.

n. 1 line 8 *after* Lodgings *add* 1.

February

VIII,50.32.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 9 FEBRUARY 1856) *after* consideration *add*[6]

insert[6] Details of the lease are given in a series of 12 letters between Wills and Hindle (MSS W. A. Foyle). It was agreed that CD's lease would begin on Lady Day (19 Mar 57). It was also agreed that if CD would look at the fixtures, they could settle on a price without calling in valuers. In his last letter Wills told Hindle of CD's plans for a visit the following week, together with Wills.

VIII,53.

n. 7 line 6 *for* brother *read* father

VIII,57.

n. 4 *add* Author not discovered, probably anonymous.

VIII,75.

n. 7 line 2 *for* 1841 *read* 1846

April

VIII,81.6. *To* EMILE DE GIRARDIN,[†1] [?EARLY APRIL 1856]*

MS Michael Silverman. *Date:* written before CD's letter *To* Girardin of 7 Apr, during his residence in Paris between Nov 55 and Apr 56.

Pardon mon cher M. Girardin, la faute est la mienne, et je rougis de l'avouer! Malheureusement nous sommes engagé également pour JEUDI.[†2] Vous me donnerez neanmoins le grand plaisir de vous voir, Vendredi?[†3] En attendant, mes erreurs (comme vos si charmants diners) ne comptent pas.

Votre fidele

CD

VIII,83.1. *To* EMILE DE GIRARDIN, 7 APRIL 1856*

MS Michael Silverman.

Champs Elysées, 7 avril, 1856

Lundi[†1] donc Mon cher M. Girardin, avec le plus grand plaisir. CD.

VIII,84.

n. 4 *read* Richard, son . . .

VIII,90.

n. 2 line 2 *for* 1864 *read* 1863

VIII,91.

n. 6 line 2 *after* patron *add* and epicure.

VIII,94.

n. 8 line 1 *for* 1829 *read* 1729

VIII,95. 35.

(*To* WILKIE COLLINS, 22 APRIL 1856) *after* Gustavus *add*[6]

insert[6] Probably J. R. Planché's extravaganza *Gustavus III; or, The Masked Ball,* an adaptation of Scribe's opera, with music by Auber, Covent Garden, 1833. Reference to final scene virtually impossible to find, since not even published in Planché's *Extravaganzas* (5 vols).

VIII,101.

n. 2 col. 2 lines 2-3 *change to read* (who, heated by brandy, strangled her with his hands),

May

VIII,119.24. *To* LADY TENNENT, 14 MAY 1856*

MS Morgan Library. *Address:* Lady Emerson Tennent | 66 Warwick Square | Belgravia.

Tavistock House | Fourteenth May 1856.

My Dear Lady Tennent

I am extremely sorry at this late moment to be denied the pleasure of dining with you today, the more so as any renewal of our travelling days is always delightful to me. But I got a letter by the post this morning, telling me that Mrs. Dickens and her sister are coming over this evening — sooner than I expected them — and I am not even clear of their having as much money as they ought to have, and am quite clear that I have the key of a case containing some little things I have bought in France, which they suppose to be among their keys, and which case must be opened at Folkestone. After passing half an hour in a wilderness of confusion, I have decided to set off and meet them — and this is the upshot of the present long story.

I beg my kindest regard to Sir James and to Miss Tennent and your son,[†1] and am Dear Lady Tennent

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VIII,127.17. *To* DR F. H. F. QUIN,[†1] [?31 MAY 1856]*

Replaces catalogue summary (Vol. VIII, p. 129)

Text from facsimile in Remember When Auctions Inc. catalogue, March 1997. *Address:* Dr. Quin. *Date:* Saturday before 5 June 56, the date of the first anniversary dinner of the Royal Hospital for Incurables: see Vol. VIII, p. 129.

Saturday

My Dear Quin. At the right hand corner on entering the room, where the chairman's table joins the corner table at right angles, Professor Ferguson[†2] will find his name, next to Daniel[†3] opposite to Harvey.[†4]

VIII,131.

n. 5 *add* Letters from Alfred and Frederick Dickens to Octavian Blewitt, Secretary of the Royal Literary Fund (MSS copies, Dickens House), show that Dickens left the application for a

grant to his uncle, J. H. Barrow (see Vol. 1, p. 33*n*), to his brothers, no doubt because he was then putting plans forward for reform of the Fund: see *To* Blewitt, 24 Apr 58 and *nn.* Barrow was suffering from an infection of the stomach and kidneys, and died on 29 Mar 58. The Fund made him a grant of £50 and his widow, Kitty, £25. Frederick also reported Barrow's death to Blewitt (MS *ibid.*).

VIII,136.

n. 4 *replace with* For the Adelphi theatre, soon to be rebuilt.

June

VIII,137.3. *To* MRS CARPENTER,†1 [?1854-JUNE 1856]

Envelope only in Henry Bristow catalogue No. 282 (1983). *Address:* Mrs Carpenter | Great George Street | Bristol. PM illegible. *Date:* while she was still living in Great George St (she died on 19 June 56).

July

VIII,156.10.

(*To* W. C. MACREADY, 8 JULY 1856) *after* my poor boy *add*[1a]

insert [1a] Henry Frederick Bulwer, Macready's third son.

VIII,160.

n. 3 col. 2 line 2 *delete* by

VIII,174.

n. 7 line 10 *read Boar*

August

VIII,180.8.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [?30 AUGUST 1856]) *delete* to

September

VIII,190.8.

(*To* GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, 19 SEPTEMBER 1856) *after* of that kind. *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

insert [2a] Sala was notoriously irresponsible over money and was declared bankrupt in 1867: see P. D. Edwards, *Dickens's `Young Men',* p. 120.

October

VIII,198.20.

(*To* MISS BURDETT COUTTS, 3 OCTOBER 1856) *headnote for* Roger W. Barrett *read* Free Library of Philadelphia

November

VIII,219.19.

(*To* MRS AUSTIN, 5 NOVEMBER 1856) *after* else. *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

n.1 *for* 1802-66 *read* 1793-1867

insert [2a] *The Frozen Deep.* Catherine Dickens invited her on 4 Dec (MS Vernhagen Collection, Krakov).

VIII,227.12 *To* [?B. H.] BECKER,[†1] 29 NOVEMBER 1856

Replaces extract (Vol. VIII, p. 220)

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, 24 Feb 2000; dated 29 Nov 56; addressed Mr. Becker.

Mr. Charles Dickens . . . begs to say that he has referred Mr. Becker's note to the Author of Sister Rose,[†2] in doing which his power of interference in the matter to which it refers, ends.

December

VIII,230.10.

(*To* THOMAS MITTON, 3 DECEMBER 1856) *for* Dirctors *read* Directors

VIII,231.15.

(*To* JAMES DUNN, 4 DECEMBER 1856) *for* Goodspeeds Book Shop *read* MS Beinecke Library, Yale University.

VIII,235.10. *To* MR BARROW, [10 DECEMBER 1856]

Mention in next. *Date:* no doubt same day.

VIII,235.11. *To* JOSEPH CROOK,†1 10 DECEMBER 1856*

MS Private.

Tavistock House, London | Tenth December, 1856.

My Dear Sir

The pressure of my avocations constrains me to reply to Mr. Barrow†2 that I cannot possibly comply with the request of my Bolton friends.

To you, I may add that I receive similar requests in such incredible numbers, that I can seldom even answer them under my own hand.

With many thanks for your kind offers, I am My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Crook Esquire.

VIII,238.

n. 3 *add* On 29 Nov 56 Lord Gardner wrote to Julia Fortescue: "The time has come when I am enabled to perform an old promise. | . . . [but] give out that it took place in France in 1847 or 48" (George Martell, *Julia Fortescue and her Circle,* 1959, p. 176). The actual date and place have never been discovered.

VIII,240.29.

(*To* WILLIAM CULLENFORD, 17 DECEMBER 1856) *for* Private *read* Beinecke Library, Yale University

VIII,246.

n. 3 col. 2 lines 8-9 *for* the following summer *read* in the summer of 1858

1857

January

VIII,253.22. *To* J. V. STAPLES,†1 5 JANUARY 1857

Replaces N text (Vol. VII, p. 1)

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square.
Fifth January 1857.

Dear Sir

I beg to explain to you in reply to your sensible letter, that I have purposely disencumbered the Child's History, of dates (though I think it mentions more dates than you suppose) in order to increase its romantic and attractive air. It is my hope, by presenting the truth in an agreeable and winning[†2] form, to lead young people to take an interest in the dates belonging to it,[†3] and to pursue it further.

I could not therefore embody more figures in the text of the little History without a departure from my original intention. If any striking way should occur to me of adding a reference to the periods of the principal events, to the last Volume, I will consider it.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

James Verry Staples Esquire.

VIII,255.22.

(*To* THE DEAN OF ST PAUL'S, 9 JANUARY 1857) *for* night *read* nigh

VIII,262.6. *To* SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 15 JANUARY 1857*

MS Morgan Library.

Tavistock House
Thursday Fifteenth January 1857.

My Dear Tennent

We were dancing the insanest of reels and country dances here (in consequence of having had nothing else to do)[†1] until 6 o'Clock this morning. Hence, when your kind note arrived, I had no one at hand to refer to, and confirm or dispel a horrible idea I had that Mrs. Dickens had engaged us, only yesterday, to the Frederick Pollocks[†2] for your day. I grieve to assure you that this is the dismal fact. We would far rather come to you, but we stand pledged to them, though I entered my protest against it (for no particular reason that I knew of), when I was so disposed of.

It is very unfortunate, and we all regret it very much.

Believe me ever | Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

VIII,264.19.

(*To* WILLIAM TELBIN, 19 JANUARY 1857) *after* one of them *add*[[text ref]]1*a*

insert [1a] No doubt a special signed note to insert in one of the books.

VIII,290.

n. 2 *read* Richard Warner

March

VIII,295.12. *To* SIR RODERICK MURCHISON,[†1] 4 MARCH 1857*

MS Frances Stimpson.

Tavistock House | Fourth March 1857

My Dear Sir Roderic[†2]

Your letter has interested me very much indeed, and is another proof to me (if I wanted one) of your manly championship on all occasions, of the claims of humanity and the dignity of science.

I have no belief in the justice or generosity of an English Ministry. I have no belief in their caring about any thing but themselves and their miserable party strife. I have no belief in their having the least interest in Franklin,[†3] or in any thing Polar except the polling at corrupt elections. As to Sir Charles Wood's[†4] being up in Lady Franklin's[†5] Map,—I would as soon take his opinion on a Map of the Kingdom of Heaven.

All this is so much a matter of course that I don't write to set it forth, but to assure you of my readiness to call attention to the subject again, and to serve it to the utmost extent of my power. Don't think I neglect it or postpone it, because you may not see it revived in the next few numbers of Household Words.[†6] Fearing you might do so, I write to explain to you that the mechanical and commercial necessities of the publication require every No. to be prepared three weeks before-hand.

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Roderic Murchison

VIII,303.7-11.

(*To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, [15-17 MARCH 1857]) *delete entry; see To* Lytton, 28 Jan, pp. 269-70

April

VIII,310.14. *To* H.M. CUSTOMS & EXCISE, 8 APRIL 1857*

Text from facsimile in University Archives, Conn., catalogue No. 142.

Tavistock House London | Eighth April 1857.

I beg to state that I give my free consent, on the solicitation of Mr. King of St. Michael's Hill, Bristol,[†1] to the admission into this country of one copy of a Leipzig reprint of David Copperfield, and one copy of a Leipzig reprint of Pickwick (I being the author of both books) brought over by a German passenger from Manila[†2] in the Hamburg ship Maitahan.

CHARLES DICKENS

VIII,314.36.

(*To* J. E. BRADFIELD, 16 APRIL 1857) *read* MS Berg Collection.

VIII,317.6. *To* L. MACKENZIE,[†1] 18 APRIL 1857†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

Tavistock House | Eighteenth April, 1857

Sir.

[a] Allow me to thank you for your note.[a] It gives me the first intelligence of a coincidence which I shall examine with interest when the completion of the labor I am at present engaged on shall leave me more leisure than I have just now. I do not know Mrs. Opie's[†2] story[†3] in the least; nor have I her books in my library to settle its place in her works. [a] I have observed Miss Wade in real life (as I dare say Mrs. Opie observed her gentleman), and know the character to be true in every respect. It quite fascinated me in its singular anatomy and I devoted great pains to it in [†b] the little narrative.[†b] I observe it to be out of the familiar experience of most people and that they regard it with an incredulous kind of astonishment,—though in reality it is often before them.[a]

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

L. Mackenzie Esquire

May

VIII,332.15.

(*To* THE HON. MISS EMILY EDEN, 25 MAY 1857) *heading delete* MISS

VIII,339.

n. 1 line 4 *delete* though this is not named

June

VIII,354.21. *To* MESSRS W. H. SMITH & SON,[†1] 16 JUNE 1857*

MS W. H. Smith Ltd.

Garrick Club | Tuesday Sixteenth June, 1857

Gentlemen

I beg to call your attention to the accompanying proof,[†2] setting forth an object which the Committee desire should in all cases be left to speak for itself without further explanation or comment.

You will assist it in a very powerful and important manner, if you will have the goodness to favor us with your written permission to post our bills at any Railway Stations we may deem expedient, during the next month or five weeks.

Requesting this favor at your hands, we have the honor to be

Your faithful Servants
CHARLES DICKENS
ARTHUR W. W. SMITH[†3]

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son.

VIII,355.21. *To* W. HEPWORTH DIXON, 19 JUNE 1857

Extract in L'Autographe S. A., Geneva, 1998; *MS 1* p.; dated Office of *HW,* 19 June 57; addressed W. Hepworth Dixon.

Writing about suggestions[†1] in reference to Mr. Lloyd[†2] *and since it is necessary to have a good name to serve as counterbalance he has taken the liberty of* adding yours too.

July

VIII,363.15. *To* JOSEPH LANGFORD,[†1] 2 JULY 1857†

Replaces catalogue summary

MS Brian Lake.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD
COMMITTEE OFFICE,
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET. | Second July 1857.

My Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of enclosing two cards for the Queen's night,[†2] for yourself and your sister. There will not be above five and twenty people present in addition to the Queen's party.

With many thanks for your kind and valuable aid.[†3]

Believe me always
Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Langford Esquire

VIII,379.

n. 3 line 3 *for* Frank *read* Edmund Smedley

n. 4 line 10 *for* then *read* née

VIII,389.1. *To* JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 27 JULY 1857†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester
Twenty Seventh July, 1857

Dear Mr. Hollingshead

I beg to assure you that I have been sensibly touched by your earnest and affectionate words, and that I thank you out of my heart. [a] I will not say that I think the thing too low, and too degrading to Literature, to be honored with such notice.[†1] This was certainly my first impression when I began to read your Proof;[†2] but as I proceeded, I felt that I could not spare such tenderness of appreciation as yours, or wish for any reason to lose the utterance of it.[a]

Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Hollingshead Esquire.

September

VIII,392.

n. 1 line 2 *for search read Search*

VIII,443.5.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [11 SEPTEMBER 1857]) *after* no streets to speak of *add* comma

VIII,446.18.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [15 SEPTEMBER 1857]) *replace* far from *with* not

VIII,448.19. *To* MRS TERNAN,[†1] 16 SEPTEMBER 1857*

MS Martin R. Nason.

Angel Hotel. | Wednesday Morning
Sixteenth September 1857

My Dear Mrs. Ternan.

We will be with you at a quarter past one to day.[†2] We will come away from the course at whatever time suits you best; and pray do me the favor to have no ceremony with me, but [be][†3] quite sure that your convenience is mine.

With kind regard | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

VIII,448.

n. 1 col. 2 line 3-4 *delete* (F, 1872-4 . . . Appx 511).

VIII,459.

n. 7 lines 8-9 *for* to be *read* finally

460. n. 8 (459 cont.) col. 2 line 3 *for* 193 *read* 393

October

VIII,468.23.

(*To* HENRY MORLEY, 18 OCTOBER 1857) *read* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

469.8. *for* suppositious *read* supposititious

VIII,475.1. *To* CAPTAIN HENRY HARVEY,[†1] 29 OCTOBER 1857

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, Dec 1995; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 29 Oct 57; addressed Captain Harvey.

Declining on behalf of Mrs. Dickens, and the Misses Dickens, *the invitation of Captain Harvey and the officers of* HMS Waterloo.[†2] But Mrs. Dickens is absent in ill-health, and Mr. Dickens *has an engagement in London the following night.*

November

VIII,481.15. *To* JOSEPH LANGFORD, 23 NOVEMBER 1857*

MS Brian Lake.

Tavistock House, W. C.
Monday November Twenty Third, 1857

My Dear Langford

Better late than never. I send you my remainder of Manzanilla. As I have had it several years, and it was a wine of very good repute when I bought it, I hope you will find it worth the having waited for.†1

Believe me
Always Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Joseph Langford Esquire

VIII,484.1. *To* SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, [?NOVEMBER 1857]

MS (envelope) Morgan Library. *Address: Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | Board of Trade | Whitehall. *Date:* envelope marked "November 1857" in another hand; not sent through post.

VIII,489.

n. 1 line 3 *for* VII, *read* VIII

VIII,492.6.

(*To* JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 12 DECEMBER 1857) *read* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

25. *for* Podgers *read* Dodgers

493.2. *for* solicitous *read* literary

4. *read* immortal Podgers, and the mortal Dodgers

7. *read* John Hollingshead Esquire

December

VIII,496.9. *To* DR J. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, 20 DECEMBER 1857

Summary in Skinner Books catalogue, Spring 2000; *MS* 1 p.; dated 20 Dec 57; addressed Dr Sheridan Muspratt.

Concerning communiqués with Manchester and Birmingham[†1] *and rejecting a group of dates sent to him.*[†2]

VIII,501.1.

for UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT *read* H.M. CUSTOMS AND EXCISE

1858

January

VIII,505.17.

(*To* WILKIE COLLINS, 17 JANUARY 1858) *after* Friday *add*[5a]

insert. [5A] CD recorded in the Hospital's Visitors Book: "Much delighted with the great improvement in the Hospital, under many difficulties—with the excellent demeanour of the attendants—and with the benign and wise spirit of the whole administration. CHARLES DICKENS January Fifteenth 1858" (given in Richard Hunter and Ida MacAlpine, *Three Hundred Years of Psychiatry* | 1535-1860, 1963, p. 999).

February

VIII,512.19.

(*To* W. M. THACKERAY, 2 FEBRUARY 1858) *for* expensive *read* expansive

19-20. *for* constitutes *read* constitutes

VIII,514.

n. 5 *read* Française *add*: see p. 37*n* for CD's criticism of their performances

n. 6 line 3 *read* Française

VIII,515.21.

(*To* CAVENDISH SPENCER BOYLE, 5 FEBRUARY 1858) *after To insert* CAPTAIN

22. *headnote read* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

516. n. 7 line 3 *read* took part in the second relief . . .

VIII,519.1. *To* ERNEST DE BUNSEN,[†1] 11 FEBRUARY 1858*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

Tavistock House | Eleventh February 1858

My Dear Sir

I beg to thank the fair authoress of the book[†2] with which I am favored through your hands, for that most welcome and interesting mark of remembrance.

I am not the author of the Drama called The Frozen Deep. It was produced under my direction, and I acted in it. But it was written by Mr. Wilkie Collins. It has never been printed, or published. The Prompt Book is in my possession, and is the only Manuscript copy of it that has ever been made. I of course consider that I have no right to part with it, save on Mr. Collins's authority. Hans Christian Andersen[†3] (with a view to the production of the play in Denmark)[†4] wrote to me for it but a little while ago, and I referred him to Mr. Collins, as I now refer Fraülein Gisela Von Arnim.[†5]

My Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Ernest De Bunsen Esquire

VIII,523.1. *To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 FEBRUARY 1858*

Replaces catalogue summary

MS Martin R. Nason.

Tavistock House
Monday Twenty Second February | 1858.

My Dear Knight.

Miss Coutts has been much engaged with a sick sister,[†1] and my reply to your note has been in consequence unavoidably delayed.

She begs me to remit you £10 for the De Foe Survivors; and wishes me to say to you that they ought to be very much obliged to you for your kind and thoughtful interest in them. We shall not forget (and never do forget) the 15th. of March.[†2] It will be a mighty awkward thing for you if

you ever want to get rid of us on that interesting day, for I doubt if it be practicable without chaining the Street Door.

Kind regard from all here to all there.

Ever affectionately
CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Knight Esquire.

My crossed Cheque on Coutts's for £10 (Ten Pounds), enclosed.

VIII,524.

n. 1 *insert* CD had known Delane for at least three years.

March

VIII,533.30. *To* SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, 16 MARCH 1858*

MS Morgan Library. *Address: Private* | Sir James Emerson Tennent | Board of Trade | Whitehall | S.W.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W. C.
Tuesday Sixteenth March 1858.

My Dear Tennent.

The address is, the Rev: Mr. Gibson, and the Rev: Mr. Bewsher, Rue de l'Oratoire, Haute Ville, Boulogne Sur Mer.[†1]

I suppose Edinburgh is too far off, for your company on such a trip, on a Carol Reading? I go there next Thursday week—read to a very large audience on the Friday—and return on the Saturday? But on Thursday the 15th. of April, I read the same book in London here, at St. Martin's Hall.

Ever Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir James Emerson Tennent.

VII,543.

n. 1 line 12 *for Perseus read Proteus*

n. 3 line 1 *for* 361 *read* 365-70

VIII,547.

n. 1 line 5 *read* intelligence

May

VIII,568.20.

(*To* FREDERIC OUVRY, 26 MAY 1858) *for* smashing *read* amazing

VIII,583.1.

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

June

To CHARLES KNIGHT, 11 JUNE 1858†

MS Martin R. Nason.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Eleventh June 1858

My Dear Charles Knight.

Your letter[†1] has touched me nearly, and I thank you for it with all my heart. We all send our kindest regard to Mrs. Knight and all your house.

You will be glad—I am sure—to hear, that on the anniversary of poor dear Jerrold's death,[†2] I had an excellent letter from his eldest son. [a] I immediately replied to it, and gave him my hand across his father's grave.[a]

Ever affectionately
CD.

VIII,585.

n. 3 *for* Blandford *read* Blanford

VIII,603.

n. 1 line 7 *for* 18 *read* 27

VIII,605.

n. 2 2nd col. line 5 *for* Rolfe *read* Rofe

July

VIII,615.14. *To* J. WHITMORE ISAAC,[†1] [30 JULY 1858]

Envelope only, MS Brian Lake. *Address:* J. Whitmore Isaac Esquire | Boughton | Worcester. PM 30 July 1858

VIII,646.

n. 1 *add* CD sent to Finlay a note written on the back of a Gad's Hill address card "Crest | A Lion Couchant | Holding in his dexter paw, | A Maltese Cross". Finlay added "This was sent as the crest to be painted on an Irish car." (MS Comtesse de Suzannet). See Vol. VIII, pp. 645-6 and *n.*

VIII,646.

n. 8 line 2 *for* three *read* four line 3 *for* 17 *read* 18, line 4 *read* 19, 20 and 21 Aug.

September

VIII,648.11.

(*To* FREDERIC OUVRY, 5 SEPTEMBER 1858) *for* to me *read* by me

October

VIII,689.7 up.

(*To* R.H. HORNE, 27 OCTOBER 1858) *for* Panwell *read* Parnell

November

VIII,694.34.

(*To* W.H. WILLS, 3 NOVEMBER 1858) *after* paper *add*[6]

insert[6] The paper is the actual material, the vouchers being the receipts for this, which CD and the other proprietors will require for the next *HW* audit: see below and p. 701, *To* Wills, 10 Nov.

VIII,702.12.

(*To* W. H. WILLS, 10 NOVEMBER 1858) *after* Sydney *add 2a*

insert [2a] Sidney; misspelt by CD.

VIII,713.

n. 5 *read* An heiress, according to Yates, *Recollections & Experiences,* p. 155, but not further identified.

VIII,717.30. *To* JAMES STEED,[†1] 10 DECEMBER 1858*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd. *Address:* Mr. James Steed | Police Station | Leman Street | Whitechapel.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Friday Tenth December, 1858.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Steed, and begs to say that he will come to the Leman Street Station House (in pursuance of the enclosed letter of introduction) tomorrow evening, Saturday, between 8 and 10.[†2]

VIII,736.7. APPENDIX D. Programme of Events in Remembrance of Douglas Jerrold, June—July 1857

after The Frozen Deep add[1]

insert n. 1 CD's MS Pass-List for the performance of *The Frozen Deep* before the Queen, at the Gallery of Illustration, on 4 July, has been published by the owner of the MS, Alan Newton, in *D* (Summer 1998), "When Found", p. 151. It is accompanied by a comment on the MS by Margaret Brown. For other arrangements for this performance see Vol. VIII, pp. 356-64 and *nn.*

Index of Names and Places

776 col. 1 Cole, Henry *for* 611 *read* 622

782 col. 2 DICKINSON, `Mrs' Frances line 4 *add* & n

786 col. 2 Gordon, Lieut. Andrew *delete entry*

Gordon, Andrew Rutherford *add* 107n;

delete 657-8, 660-1, 665

GORDON, John Thomson *add* 657-8, 660-1, 665

787 col. 2 Herbert, Sydney *read* Sidney

791 col. 1 Lehmann, Mrs Augustus Frederick *for* 214n *read* 224n

793 col. 1 Macready, Henry Frederick Bulwer *add* 156

794 col. 2 MORLEY, Henry *insert* 6n;

796 col. 2 Paris: *Theatres* line 5 *after* Français *add* or Comedie Française

after 95, *add* 514n

797 col. 2 *after* POWELL, Nathaniel *insert* Power, Mrs (mother) 152

Power, Miss (pretty sister) 152

803 col. 1 Ternan, Maria Susanna *for* 433 *read* 434

804 col. 2 Warner, Richard *add* 84 & n

805 col. 2 *after* Willes, *add* Williams & Clapham, Messrs 5n

Williams, Barney line 1 *read* 142n*,

line 2 *read* 490 & n *delete**

Williams, Mrs Barney line 1 *read* 115n, *delete**

line 2 *read* 142 & n*

806 col. 2 Yates, Mrs Edmund line 1-2 *read* Katherine

Yates, Frank *delete* Frank *and* Francis; *read* Edmund Smedley (Edmund's son)

Volume IX, 1859-1861

IX,v.

insert new first entry

ILLUSTRATION
after Appendix G *add*
H The Public Readings
(a) Second Provincial reading tour, October 1859
(b) Third provincial reading tour, October 1861-[January 1862]

IX,vi.

ILLUSTRATION

Ellen Ternan photographed by Charles Clarkington (reproduced by Courtesy of the John Culme Collection) *Frontispiece*

IX,xv.

n. 3 *add* 556-7

1859

January

IX,2.1. *To* J.T. SINNETT,[†1] 3 JANUARY 1859

Extract and facsimile[aa] in Kenneth W. Rendell Inc., catalogue No. 262 (1997); *MS* 2 pp.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 3 Jan 59; addressed John Taylor Sinnett.

Your letter has been forwarded to me here. It is exceedingly painful to me to receive such a complaint, but I have one plain answer to it, and no other. If the articles you have been so kind as to offer to Household Words—or any of them—had been suitable to that publication, it would have been equally my pleasure and my interest to accept them.

Unfortunately I have not found them adapted to the requirements of the Journal. When you refer to "channels of literature," generally, from which [a] you are undergoing "a long, cruel, and unnatural seclusion," I cannot discuss the question because I know nothing about it. But if you imagine that the articles you have offered to Household Words have been considered with a reference to any extraneous circumstance or consideration whatever, or that any article ever proposed to that publication ever is so considered, I beg to give you the assurance that you wholly deceive yourself.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS[a]

John Taylor Sinnett Esquire

IX,7.23. *To* JOHN THOMPSON, 8 JANUARY 1859†

Replaces catalogue extract in N[aa]

Text from facsimile in unknown catalogue, Mar 1998.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, | HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Eighth January 1859

[a] The Guard will give you the young gentleman's box, John. It is in the train.[a]

The enclosed letter for Mr. Arthur,[†1] take to the Egyptian Hall as soon after you get it as you can. Mr Arthur will be anxious to receive it.

[a] I want you to buy one more of those corner-things, like that which is fastened up over my bedstead[a] here, or at Tavistock House. As it is for a corner in the study here, it may be a little smaller than the two others, if you find a smaller one. But I am not very particular about that.

Yours
CD.

IX,9.5. *To* BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 11 JANUARY 1859

Text from *The Era,* 16 Jan 59.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Tuesday, 11th January, 1859.

Dear Webster,

I have read the draft of the Provisional Committee's report, and I

think the Provisional Committee perfectly right. I, for one, became a subscriber to the Institution proposed to be founded on Mr. Dodd's[†1] land, distinctly on the faith of Mr. Dodd's giving that land to the Institution unconditionally, and shackling the gift with no limitations or restrictions of his own. I heard Mr. Dodd overwhelmed with praises for entertaining this generous intention. When it, after all, comes out that this is *not* his intention, the Provisional Committee, having any care for the honour and credit of their profession, cannot do better than rely on the public generosity and have nothing more to do with him.

Faithfully Yours always
CHARLES DICKENS[†2]

Benjamin Webster, Esq.

IX,14.12.

(*To* THE REV. ASHTON BURROW, 22 JANUARY 1859) *read* MS Walter T. Spencer

August

IX,105.7. *To* T.C. EVANS,[†1] 10 AUGUST 1859*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday August Tenth 1859

My Dear Sir

I have received the enclosed letter from my Solicitor Mr. Ouvry, which I think it best to send you. Guided by his opinion (in which I concur: having had my own doubts, tending the same way), I must relinquish the idea of signing the conditions of agreement you had the kindness to propose.[†2]

My time has been so fully occupied since you sent me your proof sheets,[†3] that I have not had leisure to read them. But you may rely upon my doing so and returning them, by Monday at latest.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas C. Evans Esquire

October

IX,133.7. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 15 OCTOBER 1859*

MS Private.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday Fifteenth October 1859

My Dear Sir

Many thanks for your attention to my friend's Farce.[†1] There is nothing like frankness in such a case, and I am truly obliged to you for yours.

Faithfully Yours alwys
CHARLES DICKENS

November

X,164.21 *To* THE EDITOR, THE TELEGRAPH, [?18 NOVEMBER 1859]

MS Dan Calinesçu. *Date:* Frank Stone died on 18 Nov 59; no doubt CD sent the announcement as soon as he heard of it.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

DEATH

On Friday the 18th. at his residence, Russell House, Tavistock Square, Mr. Frank Stone A.R.A. in his 60th year. Telegraph

CHARLES DICKENS

1860

January

IX,192.22.

(*To* WILLIAM CULLENFORD, (5 JANUARY 1860) *after* Envelope only *read* MS Beinecke Library, Yale University

IX,201.22.

(*To* S.H. LANE, 25 JANUARY 1860) *after* New York University *add Address:* Private | Samuel Lane Esquire | Britannia Theatre | Hoxton | N.

February

IX,217.9. *To* PROFESSOR ANSTED,[†1] 28 FEBRUARY 1860*

Replaces mention in N

MS Brian Lake.

[OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,][†2]

Tuesday Twenty Eighth February 1860.

Dear Sir

I am happy to assure you that I have read your paper[†3] with great pleasure and that I have placed it in the No. made up to day. Allow me to explain to you that the American arrangements of this Journal oblige it to be always a fortnight in advance.

Allow me also, to enclose a cheque for Five Pounds, and to express the gratification I have in this correspondence.

A proof shall be enclosed to you at The Athenaeum tomorrow afternoon. Will you kindly return it with your corrections (if any) with as little delay as possible.

Dear Sir | Very faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Professor Ansted.

May

IX,253.21. *To* FREDERIC OUVRY, 16 MAY 1860

Replaces catalogue extracts ([aa])

MS Martin R. Nason.

Private

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON. W.C.
Wednesday Sixteenth May, 1860.

My Dear Ouvry.

I thank you warmly for your letter. I cannot better express my sense of it, and of the confidence I repose in you, than by saying that I will abide by your opinion.

But I must add that the [a] spirit of this transaction[†1] leaves an impression on my mind, as to Wills, which is new and disagreeable.[a] I do not expect you to regard it from my point of view, because you can hardly have the means of doing so. For example, you suppose that additional share of a sixteenth, in Household Words, to have been absolutely his, and not to have been a generous addition to his income, made, [a]*while he was sub editor of it and should continue so,* in a perfectly voluntary and unnecessary manner, by me. Here again, Forster (to whom I have not communicated one word concerning this matter) knows the truth.[a] That sixteenth was the half of an eighth share I had given to him, and which he gave back to me when its retention uncoupled with the means of being useful to the publication, became a cause of uneasiness to him.

[a] It is absolutely impossible but that Wills must know he has no *moral* right to that share in *the property,* and that in relinquishing it, he is relinquishing nothing at all.[a]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

IX,353.

n. 2 col. 1 line 12 to col. 2 line 7 *replace* inviting . . . 6 June 78). *with* "Sir | A desire has been manifested in several influential quarters, to render some public service and encouragement to Mr. Hullah at the present very trying period of his useful career. | With the view of ascertaining how this can be best assisted I have undertaken (after conferring with Mr.

Coleridge and Mr. Charles Dickens) to ask you if you will kindly attend a very small assemblage of some of Hullah's friends, at the British Hotel Cockspur Street *on Saturday next, the 10th, at a quarter before 4, for 4 exactly.* I beg to add that I address this circular note to not more than a dozen gentlemen in all." (Facsimile in Early American History Auctions, Inc., 1998).

1861

February

IX,384.33. *To* LADY MOLESWORTH, 2 FEBRUARY 1861

Extract in Sotheby's catalogue (Pencarrow), Dec 1999; *MS* 1 p.; dated 3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park, 2 Feb 61; addressed Lady Molesworth.

(the address[†1] is a fiction), *where he shall* be on, from, and after, Monday *and which, he says, is* almost within the sacred limits of civilisation.

IX,422

n. 1. *add,* or Edward T. Smith of Cold Pikehall, Lanchester, Co. Durham: see below.

n. 2. *replace* with Perhaps author of *The Tale of Home. A Poem,* 1847 *with Reliquiae Poems,* 1859 about his mother. The setting of the poems is North Yorkshire and Co. Durham countryside and hunting.

July

IX,440.15. *To* MRS FORSTER, 18 JULY 1861*

MS Brian Lake.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Eighteenth July 1861.

My Dear Mrs. Forster

I assure you I never thought of it afterwards. I am very glad to have your letter, but the need of it had not been in my thoughts for one moment.

In haste | Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

October

IX,479.7.

(*To* FRANCESCO BERGER, [16 OCTOBER 1861]) *replace* Free Library of Philadelphia *with* Walter J. Spencer.

November

IX,503.7.

(*To* THE EDITOR, *EASTERN PROVINCE HERALD,* SOUTH AFRICA, 12 NOVEMBER 1861) *replace headnote with* MS Tom Simpson. *Address:* George Impey Esqre. Jnr. | Eastern Province Herald Office | Port Elizabeth. On mourning paper.

13. *new paragraph from* Let me explain . . .

24. *new paragraph from* In reference to your . . .

29. *insert at left margin* George Impey Esqre. Junr.

IX,536.

n. 2 *replace with* His second wife, née Ann Neale, married 1860.

IX,537.

n. 2 *insert* William Roxby Beverley (1814-89; *DNB*), marine and scene-painter: see Vol. IX, p. 20 and n.

IX,555.

n. 4 *add* See Vol. 11, p. 401*n.*

IX,573.

APPENDIX H.

H. THE PUBLIC READINGS

(a) CHARLES DICKENS'S SECOND PROVINCIAL TOUR,

8-27 OCTOBER 1859

Ipswich, Corn Exchange	Monday, 10 October
Norwich, St Andrew's Hall	Tuesday & Wednesday, 11 & 12 October
Bury St Edmunds, Athenaeum Hall	Thursday, 13 October
Cambridge, Corn Exchange	Monday & Tuesday, 17 & 18 October
Peterborough, Corn Exchange	Wednesday, 19 October
Bradford, St George's Hall	Thursday, 20 October
Nottingham, Mechanics' Hall	Friday, 21 October
Oxford, Town Hall	Monday & Tuesday, 24 & 25 October
Birmingham, Town Hall	Wednesday, 26 October
Cheltenham, Old Wells Theatre	Thursday, 27 October (matinée & evening)

(b) CHARLES DICKENS'S THIRD PROVINCIAL TOUR,

OCTOBER-DECEMBER 1861†1

Norwich, St Andrew's Hall	Monday & Tuesday, 28 & 29 November
Bury St Edmunds, Athenaeum Hall	Wednesday, 30 October
Ipswich, Corn Exchange	Thursday, 31 October
Colchester, Theatre Royal	Friday, 1 November
Canterbury, Theatre Royal	Monday 4 November
Dover, Appolonian Hall	Tuesday, 5 November
Hastings, Music Hall	Wednesday, 6 November
Brighton, Town Hall Pavilion	Thursday & Friday, 7 & 8 Saturday, 9 November
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Music Hall	Thursday, Friday & Saturday 21, 22 & 23 November
Berwick-on-Tweed, King's Arms Assembly Hall†2	Monday, 25 November

Glasgow, City Hall	Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday, 3, 4, 5 & 6 December
Edinburgh, Queen Street Hall†3	Saturday, 7 December
Carlisle, Athenæum Hall	Monday & Tuesday, 9 & 10 December
Lancaster, Music Hall	Thursday, 2 December
Preston, Corn Exchange	Friday, 13 December
Manchester, Free Trade Hall	Saturday, 14 December†4
Birmingham, Music Hall	Monday & Tuesday, 30 & 31 December

Index of Correspondents

575 col. 1 *after* Ball *add* Barber, Charles 153, 528

Index of Names and Places

582 col. 2 Barber, Charles, gardener *for* Barber *read* BARBER *add* 528

BARBER, Charles Burton, painter *delete* 528

583 col. 1 Beverley, William *for* 536 *read* 537

BEWSHER, Rev. James *for* 54n *read* 53n

588 col. 2 Dickens, Charles John Huffam *Addresses from which letters written*: line 18 *after* Liskeard, Cornwall, 335; *add* Liverpool, 540-1;

597 col. 1 Hunt, William *for* Holmes *read* Holman

601 col. 1 Millais, (Sir) John *after* 87n *insert The Black Brunswicker*

delete 458n

607 col. 2 Townshend, Rev. *read* Chauncy

Volume X, 1862-1864

X,v.

after CONTENTS *insert*

ILLUSTRATION vi

vi.

add ILLUSTRATION

Dickens and the Three Ladies of Gad's Hill in the Basket Phaeton (Dickens House Museum Collection) *Frontispiece*

viii.29.

for descrying *read* decrying

xiii.29.

for Comer *read* Corner

xvii.

after 1863 *insert* 11 Jan returns to France

below 6 Mar-12 June *add* 20-25? Mar in France.

1862

January

X,2.22.

(*To* W.H. WILLS, 2 JANUARY 1862) *after* here *add*[8]

insert[8] Where CD read *Nickleby* and *Bob Sawyer* on Mon, 30 Dec and *Copperfield* on Tues, 31 Dec

X,3.

n. 5 line 2 *for* strength *read* power

X,8.24.

(*To* MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 8 JANUARY 1862) *after* Respirators *add*[[text ref]]11*a*

n. 5 *for* Collin's *read* Collins's

n. 9 line 3 *for* Mathan's *read* Nathan's

insert [11a] i.e. devices covering the mouth and nose of the wearer, serving to warm inhaled air (*OED*).

X,20.24.

(*To* WILKIE COLLINS, 24 JANUARY 1862) *for* two *read* tow

X,24.9.

(*To* SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, 24 JANUARY 1862) *after* float *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

insert [2a] A row of footlights (OED, 1862)

10. *after* Pyne *replace*[2] *with*[3]

X,25.10.

(*To* MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 28 JANUARY 1862) *after* Edinburgh *add*[[text ref]] [a]

14. *before* You *delete* [a]

February

X,39.13.

(*To* CHARLES KNIGHT, 27 FEBRUARY 1862) *after* Deerfoot *add* fn[2a]

insert [2a] An American Indian.

X,41.9.

(*To* BENJAMIN WEBSTER, 28 FEBRUARY 1862) *read* Free Library of Philadelphia

42. n. 9 (41 cont.) *add* E.S. Turner, *The Shocking History of Advertising!,* 1952, p. 66, says that "[*Thomas Holloway's name*] failed to find its way into the pages of Dickens, who refused an offer of £1,000 for a `puff'."

X,49.

n. 4 line 2 *for* Foster *read* Forster

X,55.

n. 1 line 4 *for* Edward's *read* the Prince's

n. 5 col.2 line 1 *for* 1782 *read* 1798

March

X,62.4.

(*To* HENRY MORLEY, 31 MARCH 1862) *for* repentence *read* repentance

April

X,63.2 up.

(*To* THOMAS BEARD, 2 APRIL 1862) *for* Mauscripts *read* Manuscripts

May

X,87.4. *To* GEORGE SCHARF,[†1] 27 MAY 1862*

Text from facsimile in Kenneth W. Rendell Gallery catalogue, Nov 1999.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Tuesday, Twenty Seventh May, 1872.

My Dear Sir

I send you many thanks for the tickets[†2] you have had the kindness to enclose to me.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

George Scharf Esquire

June

X,91.15. *To* MRS MENZIES,[†1] 5 JUNE 1862*

Text from facsimile in Empire Autograph Auctions Ltd catalogue, June 2001.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Thursday Fifth June 1862.

My Dear Mrs. Menzies

I am very sorry to say that I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed story for insertion here. I have considered it and re-considered it, but I cannot find sufficient case made out for the state of mind of Rose's father towards the other doctor. That such a man should do such a thing as the main incident involves, is too great an assumption within the limits of this story. It might be made to appear less monstrous in a longer work where he was psychologically tracked and the case elaborately wrought out, but it has too violent a look here. Moreover it is all painful, and the position of the only two people on the scene is unsatisfactory and distressing; and nothing would justify this in a reader's mind but a set of incidents that would be accepted as probable.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Mrs. Menzies.

X,97.6.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [28 JUNE 1862]) *after* If—*add*[[text ref]]2*a*

insert [2a] According to Dolby, had not CD's health given way in Apr 69, "it was his earnest desire to make a voyage to Australia." "His regret" Dolby records, "at the enforced abandonment of this trip was very great" (*CD as I Knew him,* pp. 416-18).

September

X,131.21.

(*To* W. C. MACREADY, 30 SEPTEMBER 1862) *after* Boy!" *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

insert [2a] Cf. "Am I not a man and a brother?", taken from a medallion made by Josiah Wedgwood in 1787, of a chained and kneeling Negro designed from the Anti-Slavery Society's seal; frequently used by the Abolitionists as an ornament and sent to prominent Americans, including Benjamin Franklin: see Julia Wedgwood, *The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood The Potter,* 1915, p. 252.

October

X,132.5.

(*To* J. T. FIELDS, 2 OCTOBER 1862) *after* sun-picture *add*[[text ref]]1*a*

insert [1a] i.e. a photograph

X,133.17.

(*To* A. H. LAYARD, 3 OCTOBER 1862) *read* MS Graham Storey

X,137.

n. 5 *replace with* CD presumably refers to the lost letter "turning up".

X,143.24.

(*To* MISS MARIA FORSTER, 14 OCTOBER 1862) *for* Collection *read* Collections

X,150.36.

(*To* W. H. WILLS, 24 OCTOBER 1862) *read* Miss Parr's[3]

37. *read* say.[4]

November

X,161.15.

(*To* THOMAS BEARD, 15 NOVEMBER 1862) *for* faction *read* fiction

X,166.

n. 4 *replace with* Probably "At Home in Teheran", VIII, 319. Murray contributed several articles about the Middle East to *HW* and *AYR.* CD was not uncritical of his style.

December

X,175 5 up.

(*To* E.S. DALLAS, 12 DECEMBER 1862) *for* possible *read* possibly

X,179 8.

(*To* MRS HENRY AUSTIN, 20 DECEMBER 1862)

after as good as *delete* if

X,180.7.

(*To* GABRIEL or JULES GUILLEMOT, 21 DECEMBER 1862) *for* vour *read* vous

1863

January

X,194.8 up.

(*To* MISS MARY DICKENS, 16 JANUARY 1863)

after Madame B.! *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

insert [2a] Mary's dog, Mrs Bouncer

X,195.15.

(*To* M. PITRE-CHEVALIER, 17 JANUARY 1863) *for* arrive *read* arrivé

X,197.

n. 5 col. 2 line 1 *read* intonation,

X,212.

n. 3 *amend dates to* (1766-1836; *DNB*)

n. 4 *replace with* Mechanical contrivances for regulating the supply of oil to the wick of a lamp.

X,237.

n. 2 line 1 *read* shellfishmonger [*one word*]

n. 9 line 11 *read* and "highminded . . .

April

X,241.19 *To* MRS ELSWORTHY,[†1] 30 APRIL 1863*

MS Michael Silverman.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Thursday Thirtieth April 1863

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs. Elsworthy, and regrets that he cannot render her the service she asks at his hands.[†2] It is

one so often sought of him, that unless he strictly observed a rule in this respect, he would have little leisure for any other occupation in this life.

X,252.

n. 2 line 6 *read* post-Jewish-exile

n. 4 line 5 *after* Temple *add* (later Archbishop of Canterbury) lines 13-14 *delete* (later Archbishop of Canterbury)

June

X,259.5 up.

(*To* EDWIN CHADWICK, 14 JUNE 1863) *after* Half Time System *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

insert [2a] See "The Uncommercial Traveller", *AYR,* IX, 20 June 63, 397.

X,261.

n. 7 *delete*: Mrs Sutherland . . . office

X,277.

n. 3 line 7 *for* Wilkie Collins *read* CD

X,283.

n. 1 *for* Liillie *read* Lillie

September

X,288.20. *To* JOHN BENNETT,[†1] 14 SEPTEMBER 1863

Text from MDGH, 1882, p. 222.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Monday Night, Fourteenth September, 1863.

My Dear Sir,

Since my hall clock[†2] was sent to your establishment to be cleaned it has gone (as indeed it always had) perfectly well, but has struck the hours with great reluctance, and after enduring

internal agonies of a most distressing nature, it has now ceased striking altogether. Though a happy release for the clock, this is not convenient to the household. If you can send down any confidential person with whom the clock can confer, I think it may have something on its works that it would be glad to make a clean breast of.

Faithfully yours,
[CHARLES DICKENS]

X,289.22. *To* W. C. MACREADY, 16 SEPTEMBER 1863†

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Martin R. Nason.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday Sixteenth September 1863
(at Night)

My Dearest Macready

[a] My answer to your last has been delayed by my not finding Forster,[†1]

and by the death of my mother,[†2] who has been in a fearful state, mental and bodily, for two or three years and whose funeral—tomorrow—I have come to town to attend, tonight.[a]

It may scarcely be worth mentioning, but when I received the enclosed note from Forster after showing him yours, I thought it simply right to repeat to him in a note the trust I undertook, exactly as I stated it to you; and to add that no such words as "if it would please Macready to tell him", had any place in my remembrance. He writes back:

"I will not for a moment question that you are right and I am wrong. I therefore empower you to say—as the only two points of my letter on which you raise a question—that I did not put it in the form of `if it would please Macready', but that I wished you to tell him, and further that (but I hope my letter does not imply it—though the tone of his acknowledgement to you compels me to fall back upon it) I never wished you to accompany my expression of my sense of being wrong, with my other remark".

With kind love to all at home, Ever my Dearest Macready

Your affectionate
CD

I return to Gad's Hill tomorrow.

October

X,308.25.

(*To* THOMAS BEARD, 29 OCTOBER 1863) *delete* the

X,317

n. 2 line 3 *read* nursery-maid

December

X,325.22.

(*To* THE COUNTESS COWLEY, 13 DECEMBER 1863) *for* hut *read* but

X,333.

n. 1 1st col. line 15-16 *delete* he and

X,335.15.

Replaces catalogue and typescript extracts[†1]

1864

January

To W. H. RUSSELL,[†2] 3 JANUARY 1864

MS Martin R. Nason. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT
Sunday Third January 1864

My Dear Russell

Your letter has given me very great pleasure, and I most heartily and cordially reciprocate your good wishes for the New Year, and for our meeting oftener in it than in the old one. Howsoever far apart we have been since we laughed and rode and talked with poor Jerrold, I have

always followed you closely, and have always found new occasion to express my sense of what England owes you for your manly outspeaking and your brilliant description.

Concerning the order so shabbily represented t'other day, he and I have often good-humouredly differed, though at heart we both knew and meant exactly the same thing—and that, what *you* mean in your reference.

As we get on in life, this constant closing-up of the ranks and marching on, grows startling. But the dream must be dreamed out, 'till we wake somewhere.

Always cordially Yours

W. H. Russell Esquire

X,341

n. 3 *replace with* See Vol X, p. 412 and *n.* (i.e. *To* Dixon & Halliwell, 23 July 1864.)

X,342 6 up.

(*To* THOMAS BEARD, 16 JANUARY 1864) *after* Court Newsman *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

insert [2a] Appointed to furnish news of the doings of the Court.

X,346.7.

(*To* WILKIE COLLINS, 25 JANUARY 1864) *read* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

18. *after* 20,000 *add*[[text ref]]2*a*

29. *read* . . . which I could have hardly supposed . . .

insert [2a] Written very large.

349.13. *after* Shirley Brooks[9] *add a*

15. *delete square brackets and*[[text ref]]12 *round* take

for motion *read* notion

19. *for* Patient *read* Parient

after room for *insert* my

21. *after* CD *add* [a]

after n. 8 *insert* [aa] Written above address.

delete n. 12

X,350.6 up.

(*To* MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 28 JANUARY 1864) *for* talk *read* task

February

X,352.4 up.

(*To* MAJOR R. W. CARTER [?EARLY FEBRUARY 1864]) *insert* parenthesis *before* MS

March

X,367.20.

(*To* MISS ANNE MANNING, 2 MARCH 1864) *for* though *read* thought

X,376.22.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, 29 MARCH 1864) *for* and ingrained *read* an ingrained

April

X,380.28. *To* MRS NICHOLS,[†1] 10 APRIL 1864*

Text from facsimile in Alexander Autographs, Inc., Apr 2000.

57 Glo'ster Place, Hyde Park Gardens W.
Sunday Tenth April, 1864

My Dear Mrs. Nichols.

I have been away, and am engaged again tomorrow, and have to preside at a Public Dinner on Tuesday. But I will try to get to you on Wednesday at four.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

May

X,389.21. *To* MESSRS HUNT & ROSKELL, 4 MAY 1864

Mention in Sotheby's catalogue, 15 & 16 July 1998; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 4 May 64; addressed Hunt & Roskell.

Sending his compliments.

X,391.

n. 8 *read* shirked, ignored (*OED*)

X,392.

n. 3 *amend to* John's wife and her sister.

X,414.

n. 3 2nd col. line 7 *delete* quotation marks

415. n. 3 (414 cont.) line 1 *read* Admiration."

September

X,426.24. *To* FREDERIC OUVRY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1864

Replaces catalogue extract[aa]

MS Maggs Bros. Ltd.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Friday Ninth September 1864

My Dear Ouvry

I enclose the [a] cheque for Mrs. Dickens, which I think is due tomorrow.[a]

Faithfully Yours ever
CHARLES DICKENS

Frederic Ouvry Esquire

October

X,435.20.

(*To* W. H. WILLS, 8 OCTOBER 1864) *after* longer than *delete* quotation mark.

X,442.13.

(*To* FREDERICK S. MILLS, 21 OCTOBER 1864) *for* Summary . . . 16 Jan 1994; *read* Extract in Sotheby's catalogue, July 1996;

15-16. *after* seaside, *read declining* the position you offer me. I have no spare time or attention to bestow on such a design.

November

X,454.4 up.

(*To* MRS DAVIS, 16 NOVEMBER 1864) *for* no do *read* do no

December

X,460.20. *To* LADY MOLESWORTH, 8 DECEMBER 1864*

MS Free Library of Philadelphia.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Thursday Eighth December 1864

My Dear Lady Moleworth

I just missed your first kind note. Unfortunately I am engaged on both days. We have not "done" our local neighbours in the dining way, for nearly a year; and being now engaged in clearing them off and dining with them besides, we have hardly a spare day before Christmas. (I am rather afraid that we regard these duties as a sort of Christmas bills, and lump them altogether at this time of the year.)

Unless I am much mistaken, I caught a glimpse of you at Ruy Blas[†1] last Tuesday night. A wonderfully fine performance—the very best presentation of the French romantic drama.

Welcome back to your native shores. | Ever Yours

CD.

X,464.

n. 1 *for* Everest *read* Everett

Index of Correspondents

484 Ward, Edward Matthew *add,* 298

Ward, Mrs Edward Matthew *delete* 242

INDEX OF PLACES AND NAMES

489 col. 2 Brisebarre, *after* E. L. A. *read* (pseudonym); *for* Nas *read* Nus

492 col. 2 DICKENS, Mrs Alfred Lamert line 4 *after* 185, *add* 291,

495 col. 2 Edwards, Amelia Ann *for* Blandford *read* Blanford

497 col. 2 Gad's Hill Place line 5 *delete* 291,

498 col. 2 Hedderley | Headerley, *delete entry*

499 col. 2 Hughes, Mrs Stephen Roose *insert* 30,

504 col. 1 Morris, Joseph *add* 291 & n

510 col. 1 Townshend, Rev. *for* Chauncey *read* Chauncy

col. 2 Watson, Mary Georgiana *delete* 55 & n

Volume XI, 1865-1867

XI,xiii.3.

for Dicken's *read* Dickens's

XI,xiv.2.

for (in Jan) *read* (in January 1864)

n. 2 *for Lfe read Life*

XI,xv.

para 1 line 2. *for* Dicken's *read* Dickens's

para 9 line 5 *read* collection

1865

January

XI,8.6.

(*To* EDMUND YATES, 18 JANUARY 1865) *for* en *read* an

February

XI,16.22. *To* GEORGE RUSSELL,[†1] 14 FEBRUARY 1865

MS J. W. Weaver. *Address:* George Russell Esquire | 18 St. James's Place. On mourning paper.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday Fourteenth February 1865

My Dear George Russell

Wills[†2] has received the enclosed letter from the Doubly Doubtful Dallas.[†3] There is no doubt that the person referred to in it, is Robert Bell,[†4]—and of course we may assume that the "worker in couples" with him is The great O'Dowd.[†5] I suppose neither of the two to be man enough openly to evince hostility at the committee; but in such case will you try to force out WHAT IT IS that the objector objects to. There was some old business-transaction in which Wills and Bell were concerned[+],[†6] which, misrepresented, might be the Devil knows what; but which, correctly stated and proved, is perfect clearness.

I have a strong impression (and so has Wilkie) that this is a go-between sort of tampering, really meaning nothing but that Bell is letting I dare not, wait on what I need. Still it is necessary to be armed and watchful at the Committee Meeting. And I freely rely on the observation and discretion of my honorable and learned friend.[†7] I am here, but am of course producible at any day or hour, if you want to see me in town.

Ever Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

[+] Whiting,[†8] Member of the Club, was the Principal, and knows all about it.

XI,17.6.

(*To* MRS PROCTER, 15 FEBRUARY 1865) *after* Mrs. Procter *delete*[2]

7. *after* Procter. *add*[2]

XI,21.

n. 6 line 1 *for* 1795 *read* 1793

XI,36.

n. 4 line 2 *for* 20 *read* c. 16

June

XI,59.11 up.

(*To* THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, [?JUNE 1865]) *headnote after* Lord Shaftesbury *replace with* had written asking for CD's views on greater railway safety (see p. 116).

XI,63.

n. 2 line 1 *for* Maryatt *read* Marryat; *for* 1837 *read* 1838

line 2 *for* youngest child *read* daughter

line 3 *after* 31 July *insert* 67

n. 4 2nd col. line 2 *AYR ref should read* 13 Jan-25 Aug 66 (XV, 1-XVI, 161)

XI,74.

n. 7 *insert* Walter Arnold of the Lyceum;

XI,79.

n. 1 line 4 *read A Library of British and Foreign Philosophy,* . . .

August

XI,84.12.

(*To* E.S. DALLAS, 17 AUGUST 1865) *for* veery *read* very

XI,93.

n. 5 *substitute* Mis-spelled by CD: Joseph Jefferson III (1829-1905; *DAB*), actor; born in Philadelphia; played frequently in America and at the Adelphi in London, under Webster. His best-known parts were Rip Van Winkle, Sep 65 (see n. 6), and Bob in *The Rivals,* 1866. His tours, both in America and London, became famous.

September

XI,94.27. *To* LADY MOLESWORTH, 20 SEPTEMBER 1865

Facsimile[aa] and extracts in Sotheby's catalogue (Pencarrow), Dec 1999; *MS* 3 pp.; dated Office of *AYR,* 20 Sep 65; addressed Lady Molesworth.

Notifying her that the enclosure to her letter has been forwarded to the editor and proprietor of that truly national Journal, the Gad's Hill Gazette, *commenting on the intensity of the heat in London compared with that in Paris, and giving news of our dear Chorley, who took some opium.* . . . He suddenly fell into intensely low spirits, and looked at himself in the glass with great mournfulness. One of our visitors . . . said: "But do you think he can ever look in the glass and be in good spirits?"

[a] I made an effort in Paris to see the Africaine[†1] at the Grand opera, but was too hot to get across the doorstep. I made another effort to see the piece at the Vaudeville[†2] about which there was the disturbance between Girardin[†3] and Dumas fils.[†4] Same result. I made another effort to see the show-piece at the Porte St. Martin.[†5] No better success. Out of the

Champs Elysées, I swooned into Franconi's;[†6] but the very horses were lazy, and the only creature taking any trouble about anything was the vicious mule who pitched off all riders. *He* seemed to have an intention in him.

Fechter has been doing wonders in Glasgow, and getting a great deal of money.

My daughter Mary has been fishing for Trout in Scotland—it is unnecessary to add has caught none. I have a new dog (Irish, but not Fenian) who has the horrible quality of hating small dogs, and who "took" Bouncer[†7] like a pill on the very first morning of his being established in the stable Yard. Somebody chucked him under the chin, and he brought her up again—A little surprised, but not hurt. The St. Bernard has been dreadfully ill of canker in the ear; and her human way of expressing her being in pain, and entreating sympathy, has been very moving indeed.

I am not surprised by what you tell me of our friend B.O.[†8] But is not Mrs. B.O. of the ice icy? I used to know her before she was married, and used to like her; but seeing her in her own house last season, thought her a most unsatisfactory petrifaction.

My report of myself is—All right. I had a touch of Neuralgia all through August (I almost always have when I am hard at work), but I got rid of it within a few hours of crossing from Folkestone. That Railway accident occurred on the 9th of June. I have not been able to bear an Express Train since, until this last week, when I was able to conquer the disagreeable sensations that beset me. The oddest of these, was, an impression against my own senses and knowledge, and against all reason, that the carriage was turning over—not on the side on which it really did pitch in the accident, but on the other side.

I send this to the address of your note. It will reach you somewhere in course of time, I dare say. Let me not forget to add that I wear all *my* orders over the left, and am descended from Adam de Clay[†9]—direct line—had the first Murderer[†10] in my family, and the first ruffian of every degree.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

P.S. I address you in town; seeing that you are due at the Mansion of the fair and stately W.[†11a]

November

XI,116.

(*To* W. W. F. DE CERJAT, 30 NOVEMBER 1865)

n. 5. 2nd col. line 4 *after* (caps) *read,* reprinting headlines from local newspapers:

117.19. *after* progress *add*[4]

insert[4] Including the fitting out of the *Bellerophon:* see p. 150.

XI,170.

n. 2 line 3 *for* 313 *read* 318;

line 3-4 *delete after Tillotson*

XI,170.

n. 4 lines 10-11 *delete brackets round* Gounod called him

XI,173.

n. 2 col. 2 last line *read* MS Free Library of Philadelphia

XI,180.

n. 2 *date should read* 2 June 66,

XI,188.

n. 2 *substitute The Cork Leg,* a comic song, popularised in America by William Burton. The cork leg has a will of its own and takes its owner unwillingly all over town at a rapid rate.

XI,189.

n. 1 *substitute* The Chinese dwarf Chung Mow frequently exhibited with Chang the giant 1865-6.

XI,198.

n. 1 line 2 *replace comma with full stop*

1866

June

XI,218.28.

(*To* MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 29 JUNE 1866) *for* by *read* be

XI,247.

n. 5 line 1 *for* 51 *read* 53

line 2 *for* 15 Feb *read* 18 July

XI,254.

n. 4 2nd col. line 8 *read* fiévreuse

XI,260.

n. 4 line 14 *for Athenaeum read* Athenæum

XI,267.

n. 4 line 2 *for* For *read* by

for Blandford *read* Blanford

November

XI,274.21.

(*To* GEORGE RUSSELL, 20 NOVEMBER 1866) *after* Rochester Banker *add*[[text ref]]3*a*

insert [3a] Probably either Octavius Jones Andrews, manager of the London & County Bank, or Alfred Hollister, manager of the Provincal Bank; both banks in High St, Rochester.

December

XI,283.26.

(*To* THOMAS BEARD, 15 DECEMBER 1866) *after* long burnt *add*[[text ref]]4*a*

insert [4a] Both Houses of Parliament were virtually destroyed by a fire which broke out on the evening of 16 Oct 34. The *Annual Register* for Oct 34, pp. 155-63, gives full details of what was destroyed, including the two libraries and the old painted chamber. The cause was generally accepted as a fault in the flues used for heating the Lords, helped by a large fire made by burning the old wooden Exchequer tallies in the Exchequer Yard.

XI,287.29. *To* SIR CHARLES RUSSELL,[†1] 22 DECEMBER 1866*

MS Tom Brown.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday, Twenty Second December 1866

My Dear Sir Charles.

It was very kind of you to give me such early information of George's appointment,[†2] and I thank you heartily. As the dear fellow is ill, I think it better on the whole not to write to him just now: the rather, as I know you will give him my cordial congratulations on his good fortune. It is a perfect Christmas Box to me, and thoroughly delights me.

My youngest daughter has been getting steadily, though slowly, better, all this last week. I fear she will not be strong enough to bear removal here before Tuesday; but I hope we shall get her down before the old year is out.

My house and I unite in kindest regard and all seasonable wishes towards your house and you. My love to the learned Judge.

Ever Faithfully Yours | and his
CHARLES DICKENS

Sir Charles Russell.

XI,310.

n. 1 2nd col. line 2 *for* Unlike *read* Like

XI,326.

n. 6 *substitute* Probably Stephen C. Massett (1820-98), London-born actor, singer and journalist who gave one-man shows in America, including the first public entertainment on the Pacific Coast. As "Jeemes Pipes of Piesville" wrote popular columns for *The Spirit of the Times.*

1867

March

XI,328.1 up.

(*To* MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, 6 MARCH 1867) *after* Time *add*[3]

insert[3] Home news; but allusion not traced.

XI,335.2 up.

(*To* THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF IRELAND, 16 MARCH 1867) *after* Fitzgerald *add*[5]

insert[5] Fitzgerald gave a dinner to CD in his own home on 16 Mar, to which, Dolby records, "were invited all the luminaries of the city, and amongst them many of the official dignitaries and several of the highest military authorities." (Dolby, *CD as I Knew him,* pp. 74-5). After the dinner, at CD's request, he was taken on a tour of Dublin, under police care, that lasted until about 2 a.m. (Dolby, *ibid.*).

XI,341.27. *To* J. K. FURLONG,†1 [23 MARCH ?1867]

Envelope only, MS Berg Collection. *Address:* Mr. J. Kennedy Furlong | [?]63†2 Broadway | New York City | U.S. of America. PM 23 Mar n.y. *Date:* Penny stamp shows it was posted in England; possibly the March before he went to America.

June

XI,375.8.

(*To* DR JAMES SHERIDAN, 5 JUNE 1867) *for* Stansfield *read* Stanfield *and add*[[text ref]]1*a*

insert [1a] Clarkson Stanfield (1793-1867; *DNB*), marine and landscape painter: see Vol. 11, p. 67*n* and later vols.

July

XI,388.1 up.

(*To* MRS MONTGOMERY ATWOOD, 4 JULY 1867) *after* Hugo *add*[3]

insert[3] Mrs Atwood, as agent for Benjamin Wood, publisher, of New York (see Vol. XI, p. 350*n*), was no doubt aiming to negotiate with Hugo over the publication of some of his works.

XI,405.1. *To* PERCY FITZGERALD, 28 JULY 1867

Extract in MDGH, 11, 294.

July 28th, 1867.

I am glad you like the children,[†1] and particularly glad you like the pirate.[†2] I remember very well when I had a general idea of occupying that place in history at the same age. But I loved more desperately than Boldheart.

XI,405.

n. 3 line 2 *for* first *read* fifth

XI,407.

n. 4 (406 cont.) line 3 *after* accouchers *add* (midwives, either male or female)

October

XI,442.16.

(*To* W. C. MACREADY, 2 OCTOBER 1867) *after* Thursday the 30th *add*[[text ref]]1*a*

insert [1a] CD's mistake, he probably meant Thursday, 31st.

XI,456.29. *To* LADY MOLESWORTH, 16 OCTOBER 1867*

MS Maggs Bros Ltd.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday Sixteenth October, 1867

My Dear Lady Molesworth

I can arrange to call on you on the 7th. of November at any time that will best suit you; but I cannot dine, as I must leave the day for my own

people. I depart from London next morning.

I have steadily refused to enter into any engagement whatever with any speculator, for America. I go entirely on my own account, and bound to nothing.

Many thanks for your kind note.

Ever affectionately Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

XI,467.23.

(*To* W. W. JONES, 31 OCTOBER 1967) *for* 1967 *read* 1867

November

XI,478.26.

(*To* MISS GEORGINA HOGARTH, [16] NOVEMBER 1867) *after* more super like *add*[[text ref]]4*a*

n. 1 *add* Possibly *Pierre, or The Ambiguities,* by Herman Melville, 1852, which does fit the description.

insert [4a] i.e. like a supernumary actor

XI,496.

n. 5 *replace with* i. e. American central heating creates an atmosphere hot and humid as in the days before Adam

XI,500.

n. 1 *replace with* Mathew B. Brady (*c.* 1823-1896, *DAB*), pioneer photographer, and leader in adapting new techniques, including daguerreotypes. Well-known for his studios in New York City and Washington, D.C. Published his *Gallery of Illustrious Americans,* 1850; renowned for his photographs of battle-fields during the Civil War, (2,000 bought by the US Govt in 1875).

XI,512.

n. 1 *replace with* A comic opera in 4 Acts, by Charles M. Barras, with music by Giuseppe Operti; it ran for nearly three years in America and was rewritten by Harry and Joseph Paulton for the revival at the Alhambra Palace, London in 1872, where it ran for over 300 nights.

n. 5 line 2 *for* Banward's *read* Banvard's

December

XI,517.34.

(*To* JOHN FORSTER, [22 DECEMBER 1867]) *after* "hurge the hartist hon"; *add*[3]

insert[3] Possibly a reference to Thomas Mitton's cockney pronunciation.

Addenda [to the addenda pp736-737]

Regrettably the following letters only appeared when Appendix A, the main Addenda and Corrigenda for the edition (pp. 553-708), was already in revised proof. They belong on pp. 611, 658, 702, and 703 respectively.

V,302.16. *To* BERNARD BARTON,[†1] 10 MAY 1848

Text from facsimile in Swann Galleries catalogue, 2001.

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park
Tenth May 1848.

Esteemed Friend.

I beg to assure you that I am happy to comply with your request, and that I will reserve my vote for William Murrell.[†2] I am very glad to correspond with you, no less for your own sake than in so good a cause; and I am not sensible of any "difference between the popular novelist and the quaker poet," except that the latter is the more modest of the two.

Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Bernard Barton

VII,328.24. *To* UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT, 11 MAY 1854

Text from facsimile in Steven S. Rabb Autographs catalogue 38, Sep 2001.

Tavistock House, London
Thursday Eleventh May, 1854

I beg to state that I was once associated with Mr. Charles Cole[†1] and other gentlemen who placed me at their head,[†2] in the discharge of duties requiring strict attention, ready cooperation and exact punctuality; and that he was always to be relied upon in all these particulars.

CHARLES DICKENS

XI,14.14. *To* ALFRED DICKENS,[†1] 6 FEBRUARY 1865

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Nov. 2001; *MS* 1 p.; dated Gad's Hill Place, 6 Feb 65; addressed Alfred Dickens. On mourning paper.

Discussing his allowance and touching on plans for his future.. . . Of course you will watch the China opening. Nobody interposing between you and the next one, there seems to me every reason to assume that all is quite right.

Ever Your affectionate Father

CD.

XI,61.29. *To* HENRY GLASSFORD BELL,†1 21 FEBRUARY 1866

Extract in Phillips catalogue, Nov. 2001; *MS* 1 p; dated Gad's Hill Place, 21 Feb 66; addressed Henry Glassford Bell.

Thanking him for his charming volume†2 . . . I have read it with great pleasure and admiration, and with renewed remembrance of a certain elegant sandal-wood box†3 that stands among my books. *He excuses himself for not having written earlier...* I have been too unwell to do much.

He sends his daughters' kind regards. It is not very unlikely that I may have the pleasure of seeing you in Glasgow†4 before long.

THE END OF
THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS